THE NATIONAL SINGER

EMORY COLLEGE

A. J. SHOWALTER AND J. H. TENNEY,

AUTHOR OF

"Singing-School Tribute," "Showalter's Harmony & Composition," "Temple of Song," "Good Tidings," Etc.

AUTHOR OF

"Tenney's Singing-School Banner," "Anthem Offering," "Golden Sunbeams," "Shining Light," Etc.

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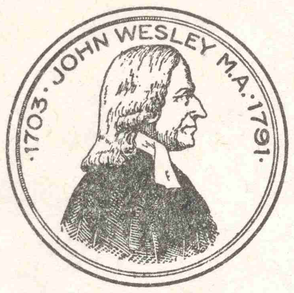

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THE

National Singer:

—CONTAINING—

A Musical Catechism, Graded Exercises, Glees, Part-Songs, Choruses, Hymn-Tunes, Gospel Songs, Chants and Anthems, for use in Classes, Conventions, Choirs, Institutes, Normal Schools and Musical Societies.

BY

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PREFACE.

In response to many calls for a book containing more music, and in greater variety than any of the popular character note books, we have prepared The National Singer, and would here call attention to some of the prominent features of the work.

1. The National Singer contains fully one-third more music than any previously published 75-cent book.

2. The greatest possible variety of music has been brought together, including many of the standard hymn-tunes, gospel songs, anthems, glees, part-songs, solos, and choruses.

3. The new music was selected with the greatest care, and only such pieces used as were known to be of superior worth and usefulness.

4. While there are many pieces somewhat difficult, and specially suited for Conventions, Normal Schools, and Concert purposes, there will be found more that is useful for elementary singing classes than in any previous publication.

5. The Musical Catechism is clear, concise, and practical, and will be found of great service to the singing-school teacher.

Believing that these characteristics make The National Singer an exceptionally good and useful book, we confidently send it on its mission, and in this connection we would thank all those who have in any way helped us in the preparation of its pages.

A. J. SHOWALTER, Dalton, Ga.
J. H. TENNEY, Georgetown, Mass.

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J. M. ARMSTRONG & CO.,
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THE MUSICAL CATECHISM.

NOTE TO TEACHERS.

THIS Catechism is intended for use after the lesson has been thoroughly explained and illustrated by oral and black-board exercises. Let the pupils commit to memory, for recitation at the next lesson, that portion of the Catechism which refers to the things taught at the previous lesson. Used in this way it will prove of great advantage to the student and quite a help to the teacher.

Lesson I.

1. *What is* SOUND?
Sound is anything that we hear.

2. *There are how many general classes of sounds, and what are they?*
Two. Musical and Unmusical.

3. *What is a musical sound called?*
Tone.

4. *What is an unmusical sound called?*
Noise.

5. *How many essential Properties has a tone, and what are they?*
Four. Pitch, Length, Power, and Quality.

6. *What does Pitch mean?*
Lowness or highness of a tone.

7. *What does Length mean?*
Longness or shortness, or duration of a tone.

8. *What does Power mean?*
Loudness or softness, or audability of a tone.

9. *What does Quality mean?*
Kind of tone.

10. *Into how many Departments are the Rudiments of Music divided, and what are they?*
Three. Melodics, Rhythmics and Dynamics.

11. *Of what does Melodics treat?*
The Pitch of tones.

12. *Of what does Rhythmics treat?*
The Length of tones.

13. *Of what does Dynamics treat?*
The Power and Quality of tones.

Lesson II.

14. *How many tones in the Musical Alphabet?*
Eight.

15. *What is this series of eight tones called?*
The Scale.

16. *What are the names of the tones of the Scale as used in singing?*
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Ti, Do.

17. *What names are used as Pitch names?*
The names of the first seven letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F and G.

18. *What represents the pitch of tones?*
Lines and Spaces.

19. *What is each line and each space called?*
A Degree.

20. *Taken together they form what?*
The STAFF.

21. *How many degrees has the Staff?*
Eleven.

22. *How may it be enlarged?*
By adding short lines, above and below.

Lesson III.

23. *What represents the relative Length of tones?*
Characters called NOTES.

24. *How many notes are there in common use, and what are they?*
Six. The whole note, the half note, the quarter note, the eighth note, the sixteenth note, and the thirty-second note.

25. *What is the shape of the whole note?*
It is like the letter O, elongated.

26. *How is the half note made?*
With an open head, and a stem.

27. *How is the quarter note made?*
With a full head, and a stem.

28. *What is the shape of the eighth note?*
A full head, a stem, and a hook.

29. *What is the shape of the sixteenth note?*
A full head, a stem, and two hooks.

30. *Describe the thirty-second note?*
A full head, a stem, and three hooks.

31. *What is a Beat in music?*
The pulsation of the mind while singing or listening to music.

32. *What is a strong beat called?*
Accented beat.

33. *What is a weak beat called?*
Unaccented beat.

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Lesson IV.

34. *What is a* MEASURE?
A measure is a group of two or more beats.

35. *What represents a measure?*
The space between two perpendicular lines.

36. *What are the perpendicular lines called?*
BARS.

37. *What is a Heavy bar called?*
A Broad bar.

38. *What does a Broad bar usually denote?*
The end of a musical phrase, or the end of a line of words.

39. *What does the Double bar usually denote?*
The end of a composition.

40. *What is a measure having two beats called?*
Double Measure.

41. *Which beat in Double measure is accented?*
The first.

42. *What is Counting Time?*
Indicating each beat of a measure by counting.

43. *What is Beating Time?*
Indicating each beat of a measure by a motion of the hand.

44. *What is each motion of the hand called?*
Each motion of the hand is called a Beat.

45. *How do we count the time in Double measure?*
One, two.

46. *Describe the beats in Double measure?*
Down and up.

47. *What is the sign for Double measure?*
The figure **2**.

48. *What is a measure having three beats called?*
Triple Measure.

49. *Which beat is accented?*
The first.

50. *How do you count Triple measure?*
One, two, three.

51. *How do we beat Triple measure?*
Down, left, up; or down, right, up.

52. *What is the measure sign for Triple measure?*
The figure **3**.

53. *What is a measure having four beats called?*
Quadruple Measure

54. *How is Quadruple measure accented?*
It has a primary accent on the first beat, and a secondary accent on the third beat.

55. *How is the time counted in Quadruple measure?*
One, two, three, four.

56. *Describe the beats in Quadruple measure.*
Down, left, right, up.

57. *What is the measure sign in Quadruple measure?*
The figure **4**.

58. *What is the name of a measure having six beats?*
Compound Double measure.

59. *How is Compound Double measure accented?*
It has a primary accent on the first beat, and a secondary accent on the fourth beat.

60. *How is the Time counted in Compound Double measure?*
One, two,—comprehending three musical beats to each count.

61. *How are the beats of the hand in Compound Double measure?*
Down, up,—comprehending three beats of the measure to each beat of the hand.

62. *What is the measure sign for Compound Double measure?*
The figure **6**.

63. *What is a measure having nine beats called?*
Compound Triple measure.

64. *Which beats are accented?*
The first, fourth and seventh.—the first being the primary accent.

65. *How do we count Compound Triple measure?*
One, two, three.

66. *Describe the beats of the hand?*
Down, left, up; or down, right, up.

67. *What is the measure sign for Compound Triple measure?*
The figure **9**.

68. *A measure having twelve beats is called what?*
Compound Quadruple measure.

69. *Which beats are accented?*
The first, fourth, seventh and tenth.

70. *How is the time counted in Compound Quadruple measure.*
One, two, three, four.

71. *Describe the beats of the hand in Compound Quadruple measure.*
Down, left, right, up.

72. *What is the measure sign of Compound Quadruple measure?*
The figures **12**.

73. *What does the lower figure of the measure sign denote?*
The kind of note which is reckoned as the beat note.

74. *If the lower figure is* **4** *what will be the beat note?*
The quarter note.

75. *If the half is taken as beat note what will be the denominator of the fraction or measure sign?*
The figure **2**.

Lesson V.

76. *What is a Silence in music called?*
A REST.

77. *How many rests are there, and what are their names?*
Six. The whole rest, the half rest, the quarter rest, the eighth rest, the sixteenth rest, and the thirty-second rest.

78. *Rests correspond to what as regards duration?*
To the notes of the same denomination.

79. *How is the whole rest made?*
A block below a line.

80. *How is the half rest made?*
A block above a line.

81. *How is the quarter rest made?*
Sometimes like the figure 7 reversed, and sometimes it has a head at each end.

82. *How is the eighth rest made?*
Like the figure 7.

83. *How is the sixteenth rest made?*
Like the figure 7 with two heads.

84. *How is the thirty-second rest made?*
Like the figure 7 with three heads.

85. *What is the rule for applyiny words to music?*
Apply one syllable of the words to each note.

86. *What is a Tie?*
A curved line connecting two or more notes upon the same degree of the staff.

87. *What is a* SLUR?
A curved line connecting two or more notes upon different degrees of the staff.

88. *What is the rule for applying the words when the tie or slur occurs?*
Apply one syllable of the words to as many notes as are so connected.

89. *Into how many classes are human voices divided, and what are they called?*
Four. Bass, Tenor, Alto, and Soprano.

90. *Describe Bass voices?*
Male voices of low pitch and heavy quality.

91. *Describe Tenor voices?*
Male voices of high pitch and light quality.

92. *Describe Alto voices?*
Female voices of low pitch and heavy quality.

93. *Describe Soprano voices?*
Female voices of high pitch and light quality.

94. *What is meant by* MIDDLE C?
The pitch C, which all voices have in common. It is in the middle of the vocal compass, and ladies sing as many tones above it as gentlemen sing below.

95. *What is a* CLEF?
A character which determines the pitch of tones as represented by the staff.

96. *How many clefs are there in general use, and what are they called?*
Three. The G clef, the F clef, and the C clef.

97. *What does the G clef indicate?*
That the pitches are so arranged as to fix Middle C on the added line below.

98. *What parts sing from the staff so arranged?*
The Soprano and Alto.

99. *What does the F clef indicate?*
That the pitches are so arranged as to fix Middle C on the added line above.

100. *What parts sing from the staff so arranged*
The Bass, and sometimes the Tenor.

101. *What does the C clef do?*
It so arranges the staff as to make the third space represent Middle C.

102. *What part sings from the staff so arranged?*
The Tenor.

Lesson VI.

103. *How many* POWERS *are there, and what are their names?*
Five. Pianissimo, Piano, Mezzo, Forte, and Fortissimo.

104. *What does Pianissimo mean?*
A very soft power.

105. *What does Piano mean?*
A soft power.

106. *What does Mezzo mean?*
A medium power.

107. *What does Forte mean?*
A loud power.

108. *What does Fortissimo mean?*
A very loud power.

109. *What does Crescendo mean?*
A gradually increasing power.

110. *What does Diminuendo mean?*
A gradually diminishing power.

111. *What does Swell mean?*
A union of Crescendo and Diminuendo.

112. *What does Sfortzando mean?*
A suddenly diminishing power.

113. *What is a Pressure tone?*
A suddenly increasing power.

114. *What does Staccato mean?*
That the passage should be performed in a short, disconnected manner.

115. *What does Legato mean?*
That the passage should be performed in a smooth and closely connected manner.

116. *What does Semi-staccato mean?*
The medium between Legato and Staccato.

Lesson VII.

117. *What is an* INTERVAL?
The difference of pitch between two tones.

118. *How many kinds of intervals in the scale, and what are they called?*
Two. Step and Half-step.

119. *Between what tones of the scale do we find half-steps?*
Mi and Fa, Ti and Do.

120. *Between what pitches then are the half-steps?*
Between E and F, and B and C.

121. *Between all other tones of the scale are what kind of intervals.*
Steps.

122. *What are* INTERMEDIATE TONES?
Tones which occur between the regular tones of the scale.

123. *What are the intermediate tones called?*
Chromatic tones.

124. *How are Chromatic tones represented?*
By the aid of Sharps (♯), Flats (♭), Naturals (♮), Double-sharps (𝄪), and Double-flats (♭♭).

125. *For what is a Sharp used?*
To make a degree represent a tone a half-step higher.

126. *For what is a Flat used?*
To make a degree represent a tone a half-step lower.

127. *For what is a Natural used?*
To make a sharped degree represent a tone a half-step lower, or to make a flatted degree represent a tone a half-step higher.

128. *For what is a Double-sharp used?*
To make a sharped degree represent a tone a half-step higher.

129. *For what is a Double-flat used?*
To make a flatted degree represent a tone a half-step lower.

130. *What is a* CHROMATIC SCALE?
A scale in which all the tones, Intermediate and Diatonic, occur in successive order.

131. *What are* ACCIDENTALS?
Sharps, flats, or naturals used throughout a composition, for the purpose of representing Chromatic tones.

132. *What is the rule for the continuance of accidentals?*
Accidentals continue their significance throughout the measure in which they occur, and effect only the staff upon which they are written.

133. *What are the syllable names of the Chromatic tones ascending?*
Di, Ri, Fi, Si, and Li.

134. *What are the syllable names of the Chromatic tones descending?*
Te, Le, Se, Me, and Ra.

Lesson VIII.

135. *What is a* BRACE, *and what does it indicate?*
A Brace is a character used to connect two or more staffs, and indicates the number of parts which are to be performed simultaneously.

136. *The staffs connected together by a brace form what?*
A SCORE.

137. *What is the use of a* DOT?
It adds one-half to the rhythmical value of the note or rest after which it is placed.

138. *How is the value of the Dot increased one-half?*
By the placing of a second dot after it.

139. *What is a* REPEAT, *and what does it mean?*
A Repeat is dots placed in the spaces of the staff at the left hand of a bar, and shows that the preceding passage is to be repeated.

140. *When only a part of the preceding passage is to be repeated, how is it indicated?*
By dots placed in the spaces at the right of a bar, in which case all between the two sets of dots is to be repeated.

141. *What does* BIS *mean?*
That the passage so marked is to be performed twice.

142. *What does the* HOLD, *or* PAUSE, *denote?*
That the tone indicated is to be prolonged at the option of the conductor.

143. *What does* D.C. *mean?*
Return to the beginning.

144. *What does* D.S. *mean?*
Return to the Sign.

145. *What does* FINE *mean?*
The place to end after a D.C., or D.S.

146. *What does the figure* 3 *placed over or under three notes mean?*
That they are to be performed in the time of two notes of the same denomination.

147. *What is such a group of three tones called?*
A TRIPLET.

148. *What is* SYNCOPATION?
Commencing a tone on the unaccented beat and continuing it into the following accented beat, thereby temporarily changing the usual accent.

149. *What are* PASSING TONES?
Tones introduced for the purpose of embellishing the melody, but which do not form an essential part of the harmony.

150. *What is an* APPOGGIATURA?
A passing tone which precedes an essential tone on an accented beat of the measure.

151. *How is the Appoggiatura represented?*
By a smaller note.

152. *What is an* ACCIACCATURA?
A passing tone, a half-step above or below the tone to which it is prefixed.

153. *How is it written?*
It is usually written with a dash across its hook.

154. *What is an* AFTER-TONE?
A passing tone which follows an essential tone on an unaccented beat.

155. *What is a* TRILL?
A tone sung in rapid succession with the one next above it.

156. *What is a* TURN?
A tone sung in rapid succession with the tones next above and below it.

Lesson IX.

157. *What is a* KEY?
A family of tones bearing a certain fixed relationship to each other.

158. *What is a* KEY-TONE?
The tone from which all others are reckoned; the point of repose, or home tone.

159. *How many kinds of keys are there, and what are they called?*
Two. MAJOR and MINOR.

160. *In the Natural, or Model scale, what pitch is taken as key-tone?*
The pitch C.

161. *What pitch is key-tone for the relative minor of C major?*
The pitch A.

162. *What pitches form the key of C major?*
C, D, E, F, G, A, and B.

163. *What pitches form the key of A minor?*
A, B, C, D, E, F, and G♯.

164. *What is the signature of the keys of C major and A minor?*
All the degrees natural.

165. *What would be a good signature for the key of A minor?*
G sharp.

166. *Changing the pitch of the scale, or of any exercise or composition, is called what?*
TRANSPOSITION.

167. *Changing the key during the course of a composition is called what?*
MODULATION.

168. *A very short modulation is sometimes called what?*
TRANSITION.

169. *What pitches form the key of G major?*
G, A, B, C, D, E, and F♯.

170. *What pitches form its relative minor key?*
E, F♯, G, A, B, C, and D♯.

171. *What is the signature of the keys of G major and E minor?*
One sharp. F♯.

172. *What pitches form the key of D major?*
D, E, F♯, G, A, B, and C♯.

173. *What pitches form its relative minor key?*
B, C♯, D, E, F♯, G, and A♯.

174. *What is the signature of the keys of D major and B minor?*
Two sharps. F♯ and C♯.

175. *What pitches form the key of A major?*
A, B, C♯, D, E, F♯, and G♯.

176. *What pitches form the key of F♯ minor?*
F♯, G♯, A, B, C♯, D, and E♯.

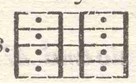
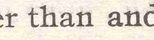
177. *What is the signature of the keys of A major and F♯ minor?*
Three sharps. F♯, C♯, and G♯.

178. *What pitches form the key of E major?*
E, F♯, G♯, A, B, C♯, and D♯.
179. *What pitches form its relative minor?*
C♯, D♯, E, F♯, G♯, A, and B♯.
180. *What is the signature of the keys of E major and C♯ minor?*
Four sharps. F♯, C♯, G♯, and D♯.
181. *What pitches form the key of B major?*
B, C♯, D♯, E, F♯, G♯, and A♯.
182. *What pitches form its relative minor key?*
G♯, A♯, B, C♯, D♯, E, and F𝄪.
183. *What is the signature of the keys of B major and G♯ minor?*
Five sharps. F♯, C♯, G♯, D♯, and A♯.
184. *What pitches form the key of F♯ major?*
F♯, G♯, A♯, B, C♯, D♯, and E♯.
185. *What pitches form its relative minor key?*
D♯, E♯, F♯, G♯, A♯, B, and C𝄪.
186. *What is the signature of the keys of F♯ major and D♯ minor?*
Six sharps. F♯, C♯, G♯, D♯, A♯, and E♯.
187. *What pitches form the key of F major?*
F, G, A, B♭, C, D, and E.
188. *What pitches form its relative minor key?*
D, E, F, G, A, B♭, and C♯.
189. *What is the signature of the keys of F major and D minor?*
One flat. B♭.
190. *What pitches form the key of B♭ major?*
B♭, C, D, E♭, F, G, and A.
191. *What pitches form its relative minor key?*
G, A, B♭, C, D, E♭, and F♯.
192. *What is the signature of the keys of B♭ major and G minor?*
Two flats. B♭ and E♭.
193. *What pitches form the key of E♭ major?*
E♭, F, G, A♭, B♭, C, and D.
194. *What pitches form its relative minor key?*
C, D, E♭, F, G, A♭, and B.
195. *What is the signature of the keys of E♭ major and C minor?*
Three flats. B♭, E♭, and A♭.
196. *What pitches form the key of A♭ major?*
A♭, B♭, C, D♭, E♭, F, and G.
197. *What pitches form its relative minor key?*
F, G, A♭, B♭, C, D♭, and E.
198. *What is the signature of the keys of A♭ major and F minor?*
Four flats. B♭, E♭, A♭, and D♭.
199. *What pitches form the key of D♭ major?*
D♭, E♭, F, G♭, A♭, B♭, and C.
200. *What pitches form its relative minor key?*
B♭, C, D♭, E♭, F, G♭, and A.
201. *What is the signature of the keys of D♭ major and B♭ minor?*
Five flats. B♭, E♭, A♭, D♭, and G♭.
202. *What pitches form the key of G♭ major?*
G♭, A♭, B♭, C♭, D♭, E♭, and F.
203. *What pitches form its relative minor key?*
E♭, F, G♭, A♭, B♭, C♭, and D.
204. *What is the signature of the keys of G♭ major and E♭ minor?*
Six flats. B♭, E♭, A♭, D♭, G♭. and C♭.

Lesson X.

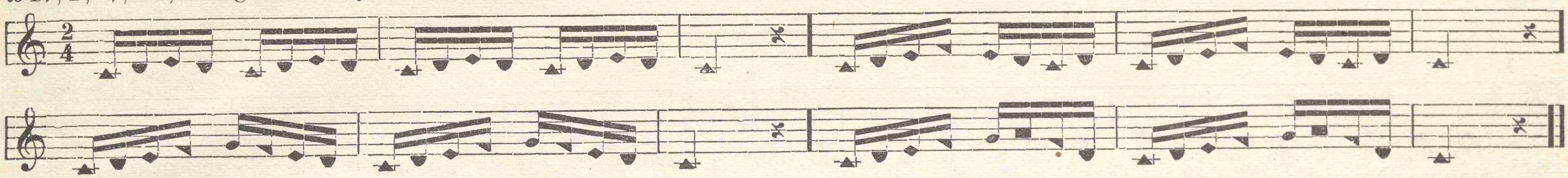
205. *What does* MOVEMENT *mean?*
The rate of speed at which a piece sounds best.
206. *What is a moderate movement called?*
MODERATO.
207. *What is a slow movement called?*
ANDANTE.
208. *A movement between Moderato and Andante is called what?*
ANDANTINO.
209. *What is a fast movement called?*
ALLEGRO.
210. *A movement between Moderato and Allegro is called what?*
ALLEGRETTO.
211. *What is a very fast movement called?*
PRESTO.
212. *What is a very slow movement called?*
ADAGIO.
213. *What does* TEMPO *mean?*
Time, or Movement.
214. *What does* ACCELERANDO *mean?*
Gradually increasing the tempo.
215. *What does* RITARDANDO *mean?*
Gradually slackening the tempo, with a corresponding diminution of power.
216. *What is a* SOLO?
A composition or passage for a single voice or instrument.
217. *What is a* DUET?
A composition for two voices or instruments.
218. *What is a* TRIO?
A composition for three voices or instruments.
219. *What is a* QUARTET?
A composition for four voices or instruments.
220. *The Quality of tones is divided into how many principal classes, and what are they?*
Two. Clear tones and Somber tones.
221. *What are some of the various emotions expressed by modifications of the clear tone?*
Tranquility, Cheerfulness, Gayety, Joy, Exultation, Boldness, and Courage.
222. *What are some of the various emotions expressed by modifications of the somber tone?*
Plaintiveness, Sadness, Grief, Fear, Awe, Reverence, Solemnity, and Devotion.
223. *What are some of the requisites of good Chorus singing?*
Promptness in the attack of tones, blending of the voices, right pronunciation of the vowels, articulation, phrasing, and expression.
224. *What would be a good proportion of voices in a chorus of 60 singers?*
Sopranos, 18; Basses, 16; Altos, 14; Tenors, 12.
225. *What is a good position for the parts in a chorus?*
Sopranos and Altos in front; Basses in the rear and at the side of the Altos, and Tenors in the rear and by the side of the Sopranos.

DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS.

Allegro (al-lay′gro). A fast movement.
Allegretto (al-lay-gret′to). Not so fast as allegro.
Andantino (an-dan-tee′no). Not so slow as andante.
Andante (an-dan′tay). A slow movement.
Adagio (a-dah′je-o). Very slow.
Ad libitum or *ad lib.* (ad-le-bi′tum). At pleasure.
A tempo. In time.
Accelerando or *accel.* (ah-tchel-e-ran′do). Increase the movement.
Affettuoso. With tender expression.
Arpeggio (ar-pej′je-o). A broken chord.
Bis. Sing the passage twice.
Brace. A perpendicular bar uniting two or more staffs.
Crescendo or *cres.* (cres-shen′do). Increasing power.
Cadence. Closing strain.
Cantabile (can-tah′be-lay). In a graceful style.
Con affet. See affettuoso.
Con energico (je′ko). With energy.
Con spirito. With spirit.
Con moto. With emotion.
Dim., or *diminuendo* or >. Gradually diminishing power.
Dolce (dol′chay). Soft, sweet, tender.
Doloroso. In a pathetic style.
D.C., or *Da Capo* (day-kah′po). Go back to the beginning, and end at the word *Fine* (fe-nay′).
D.S., or *Dal Segno* (dal-sayn′yo). Go back to the sign (𝄋), and end at the word *Fine.*
Energico (en-er-je′ko). Energetically.
Espressivo. With expression.
Forte (for′tay) or *f.* Loud power.
Fortissimo or ff (for-tee′se-mo). Very loud.
Fine (fe-nay′). The end.
Finale (fe-nah′lay). The ending.
Grave (grah-vay′). Slow and solemn.
Largo. A movement yet slower than andante.
Lentando. Gradually slower and softer.
Mezzo (mets′zo) or *m.* Medium.
Maestoso (mah-es-to′so). In majestic style.
Marcato (mar-kah′to). In a marked or pointed style.
Mosso (mos′so). } Quick; with much motion.
Molto (mole′to). }
Moderato (ah′to). In moderate time.
Piano (pe-ah′no) or *p.* Soft.
Pianissimo (pe-ah-nee′se-mo). Very soft.
Piu (pe′oo). More.
Piu mosso. More rapidly.
Portamento. A gentle gliding of the voice from one pitch to another.
Presto. Fast.
Prestissimo (pres-tee′se-mo). Very fast.
Primo (pre′mo). First part.
Pastorale (pas-to-rah′lay). Soft, gentle style.
Pressure mark (>). See sfortzando.
Rall., or *rallentando.* Slower and softer by degrees.
Rit., *ritard* { re-tard′. } Slower and slower.
Ritardando { re-tar-dan′do. }
Rit e dim. Ritard and diminish.
Recitative (res-i-tay-teve′). A musical declamation.
Repeat marks.  Little dots before or after a bar. When before a bar they mean to go back and repeat the strain; if after a bar, they indicate the beginning of a strain that is to be repeated.
Solo. One voice or instrument.
Soli (so′lee). Plural of solo; several voices.
Sostenuto (sos-te-noo′to). Sustained.
Sotto voce (vo′chay). Subdued; in an undertone.
Swell (or ). Increasing and diminishing power.
Staccato (stak-kah′to). Short and distinct.
Staccato marks (ꞏ ꞏ ꞏ ꞏ). When placed over or under notes mean that the tones shall be made short and distinct.
Semi-staccato. Not so short as staccato; indicated by small dots, thus: (• • • •), placed over or under the notes that are to receive a short and distinct utterance.
Sforzando (sfort-zan′do). Attack the tone with force, and suddenly diminish; usually indicated thus: > or V.
Solfeggio (sol-fej′je-o). A vocal exercise.
Scherzando (skert-zan′do). In a light, playful manner.
Scherzo (skert′zo). Ditto the above.
Score. Two or more staffs connected by a brace.
Tempo. Time, or in time.
Tasto solo. Without chords.
Tutti (too′te). All the voices.
Trio (tre′o). Three parts.
Vigoroso. Vigorously.
Vivace (ve-vah′chay). Quick and cheerful.
8vo. (or octavo). When placed over the notes means that they are to be played an octave higher than written. When placed below the notes they should be played an octave lower than written.

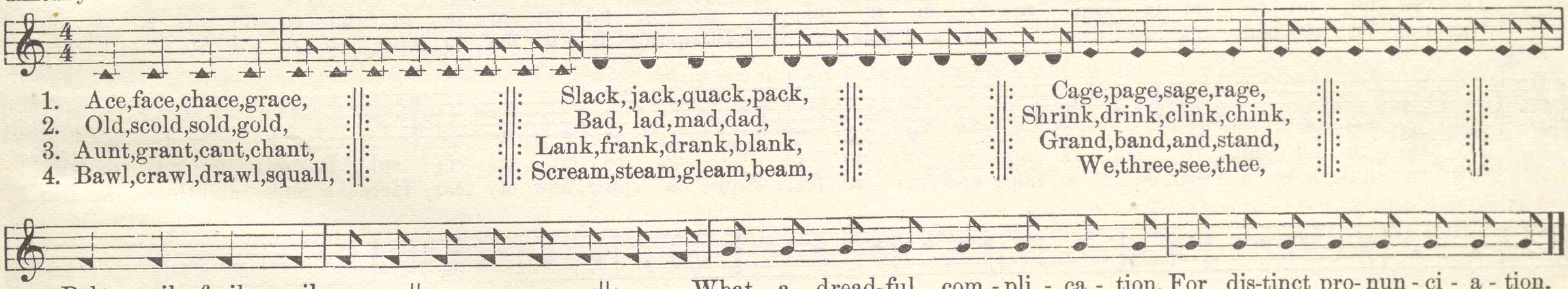
Exercises for Execution.

Sing first with syllables, then with "Ah." Use other vowels also. Sing *Moderato* at first, then increase the *Tempo* as you are able. After singing in C, transpose to D♭, D, E♭, etc., through all the keys.



Exercises for Articulation.

After singing the four words to the quarters, repeat them twice to the eighths, according to the repeat marks. Doubling the speed will greatly increase the difficulty of utterance. This Exercise should be practiced many times, and always carefully.



1. Ace,face,chace,grace,
2. Old,scold,sold,gold,
3. Aunt,grant,cant,chant,
4. Bawl,crawl,drawl,squall,

Slack, jack,quack,pack,
Bad, lad,mad,dad,
Lank,frank,drank,blank,
Scream,steam,gleam,beam,

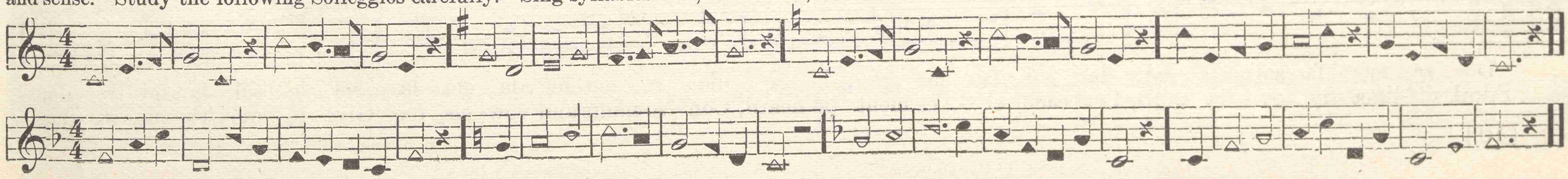
Cage,page,sage,rage,
Shrink,drink,clink,chink,
Grand,band,and,stand,
We,three,see,thee,

Pale, quail, frail, snail,
Make, cake, bake, steak,
Hang,twang, bang, gang,
Breeze,wheeze,freeze,sneeze,

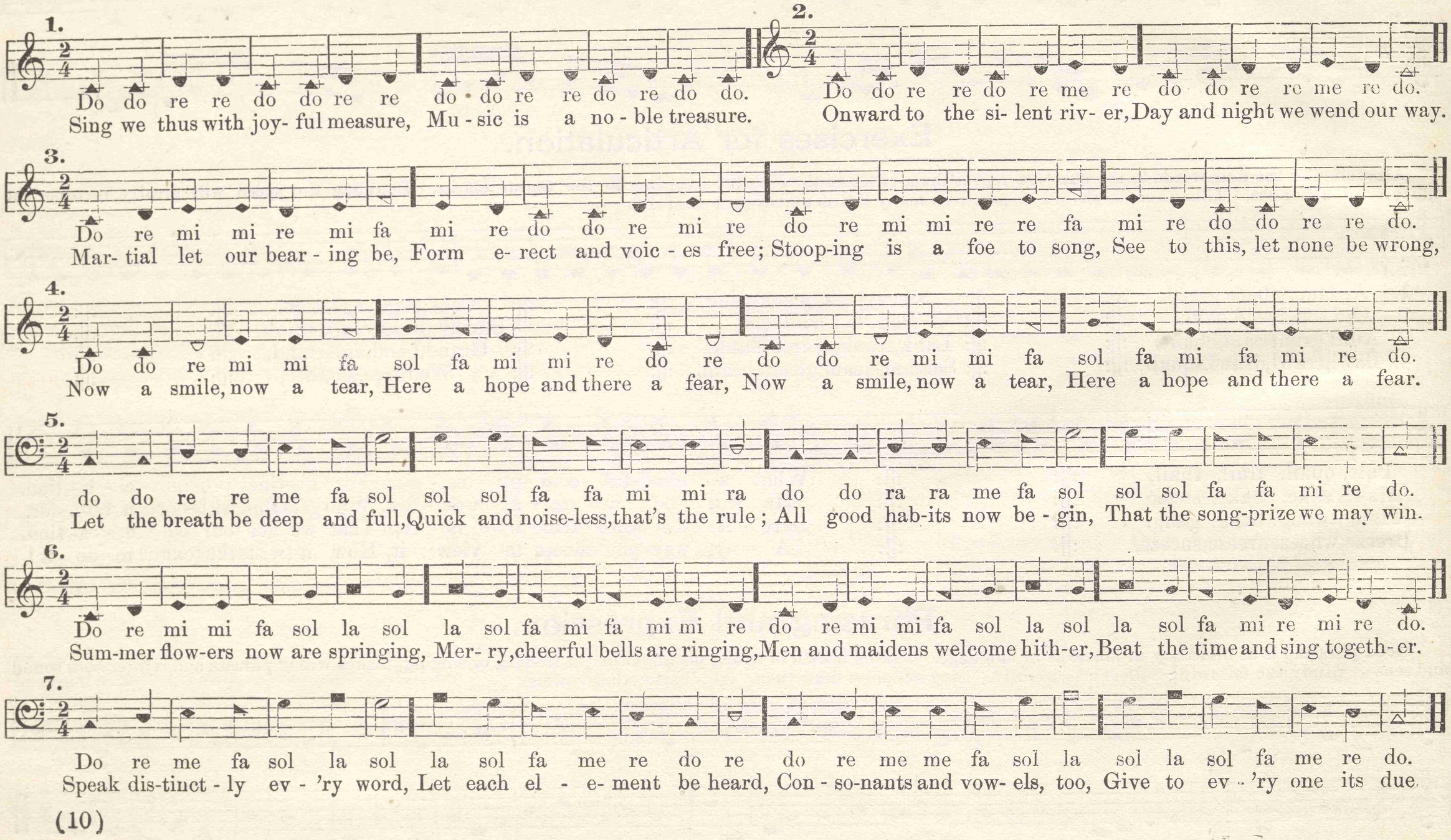
What a dread-ful com - pli - ca - tion, For dis-tinct pro- nun - ci - a - tion.
He will be a re - al won - der, Who gets tho' with-out a blun-der.
Sure it is thro' trib - u - la - tion That we get our ed - u - ca- tion.
A - ny way you choose to view it, How it twists the tongue to do it!

Phrasing and Expression.

Good phrasing is as necessary in music as in language. Taking breath in wrong places, either in reading or singing, makes wrong phrases and injures both sound and sense. Study the following Solfeggios carefully. Sing syllables first, then "Ah;" also other vowels.



GRADED EXERCISES.



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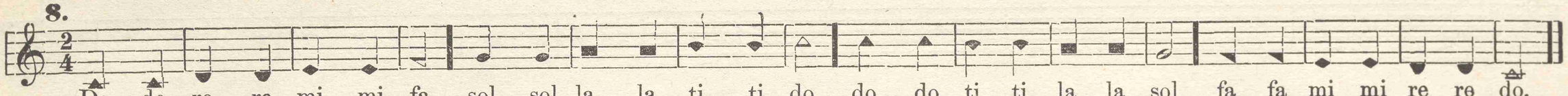

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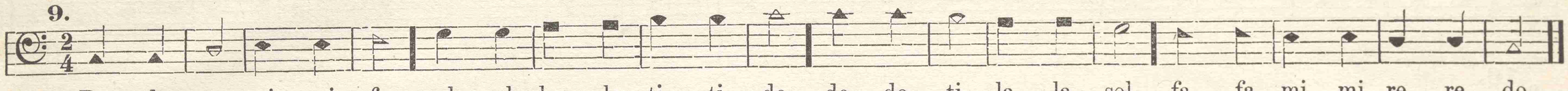

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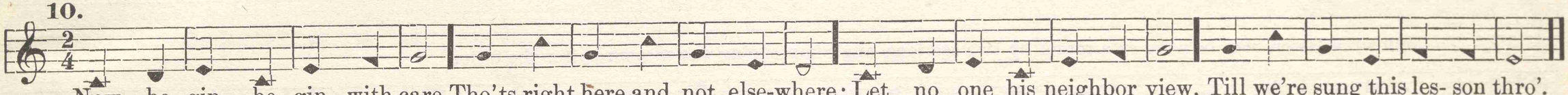
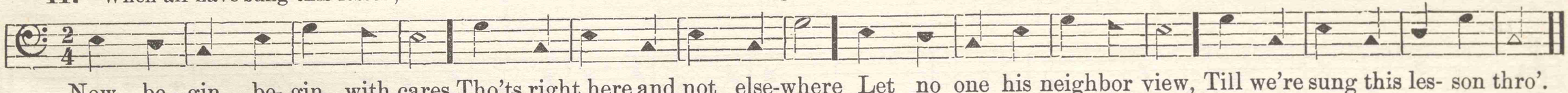


11. When all have sung this lesson, divide into two sections and let one sing No. 10, and the other No. 11 together; then change.



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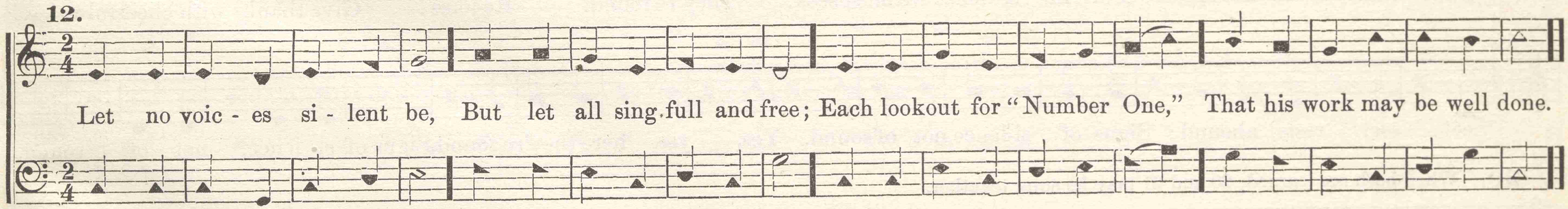

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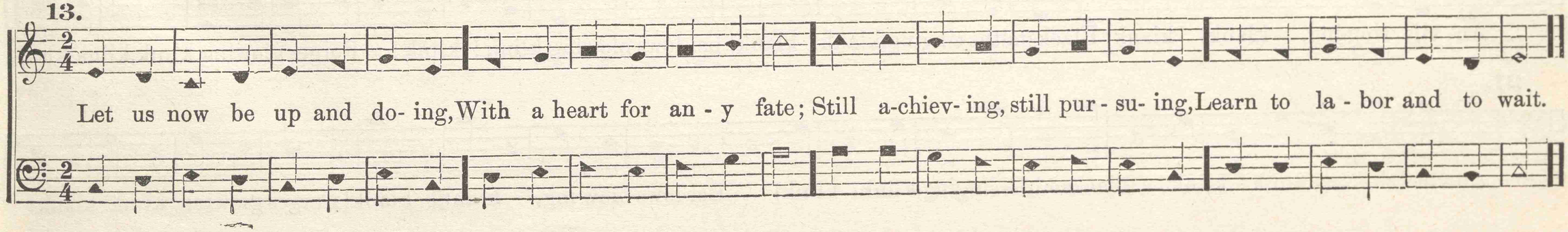

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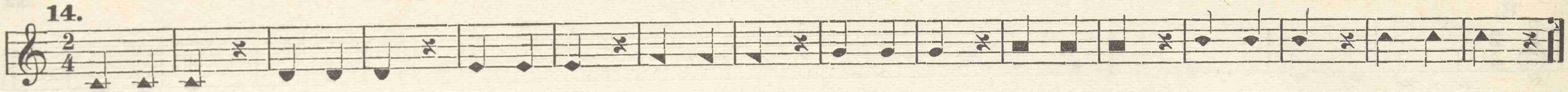
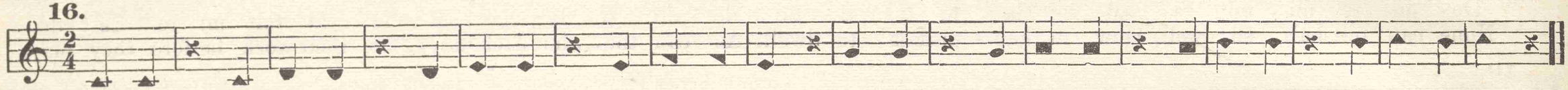
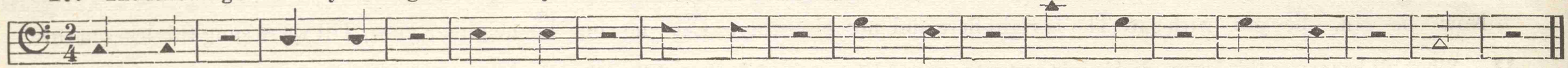


15.

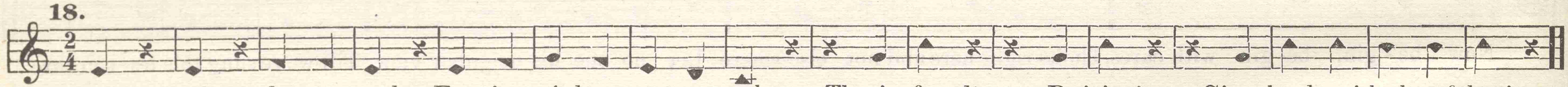
16.



17. The following lesson may be sung as a round by two sections, one commencing one measure after the other.

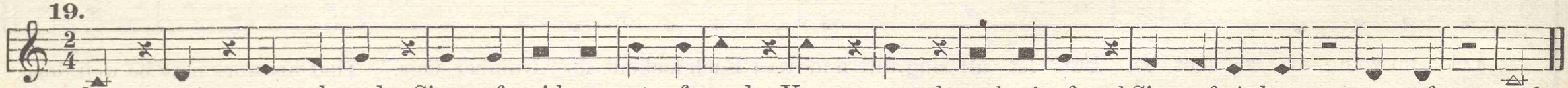


18.



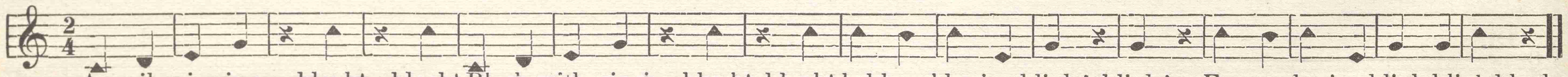
Hush! hush! do not speak; For in si- lence we must seek. They're found! Re-joice! Give thanks with cheerful voice.

19.



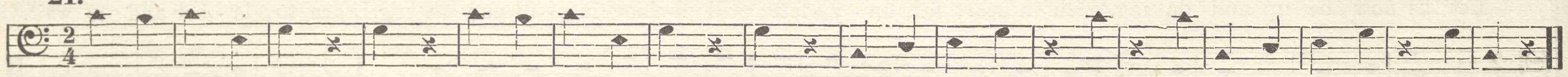
See! see! rests abound; Signs of si-lence,not of sound. Yes, yes, here they're found,Signs of si- lence, not of sound.

20. When both are learned, 20 and 21 may be sung together.



An- vils ring-ing, klank! klank! Blacksmiths singing,klank! klank! bel-lows blowing,klink! klink! Forges glowing,klink,klink.klank.

21.



An-vils ring-ing,klink! klink! Blacksmiths singing,klink! klink! Bel-lows blow-ing, klank! klank! Forges glowing, klink! klank!

22. **Triple Measure.**

Chang - es will fol - low the years as they go; Shad - ows must min - gle with sun - light, we know.

Flow - ers we gath - er will with - er at last; Songs that we sing will be lost in the past.

23.

Springtime is here, Springtime is here, Lov- li - est sea son of all the glad year; Love-li - est sea-son of all the glad year.

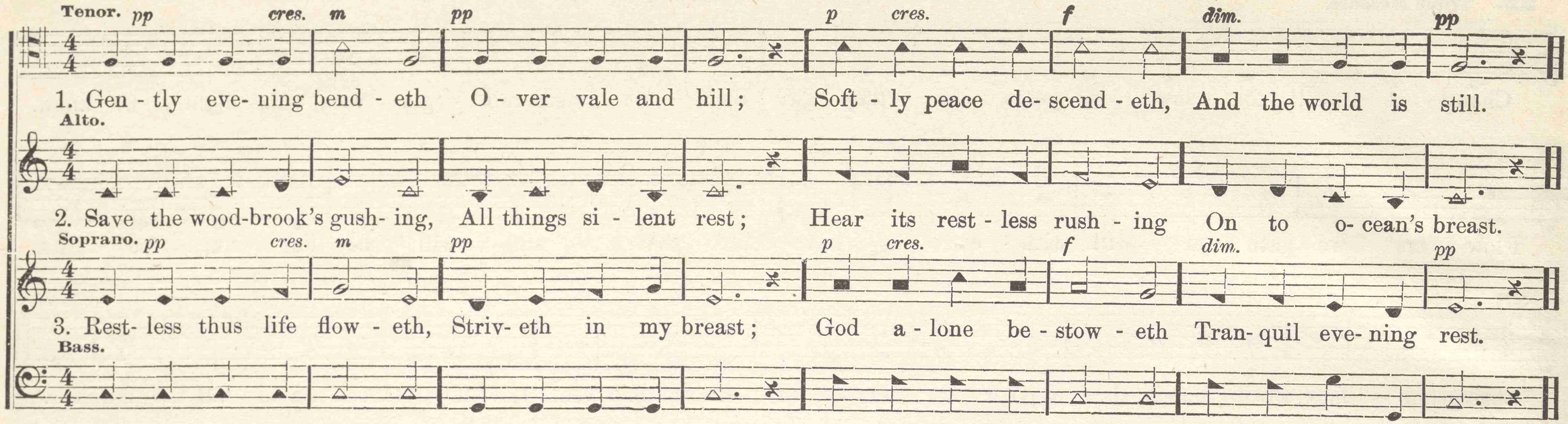
24.

1. A - way o'er the sea, So fresh and so free! With spir-its in mo- tion, As brisk as the o - cean,So fresh and so free, A-way o'er the sea.
2. A - far on the sea, How hap- py are we! A- way from life's hur-ry, Its bus- tle and wor- ry! How happy are we A- far on the sea!

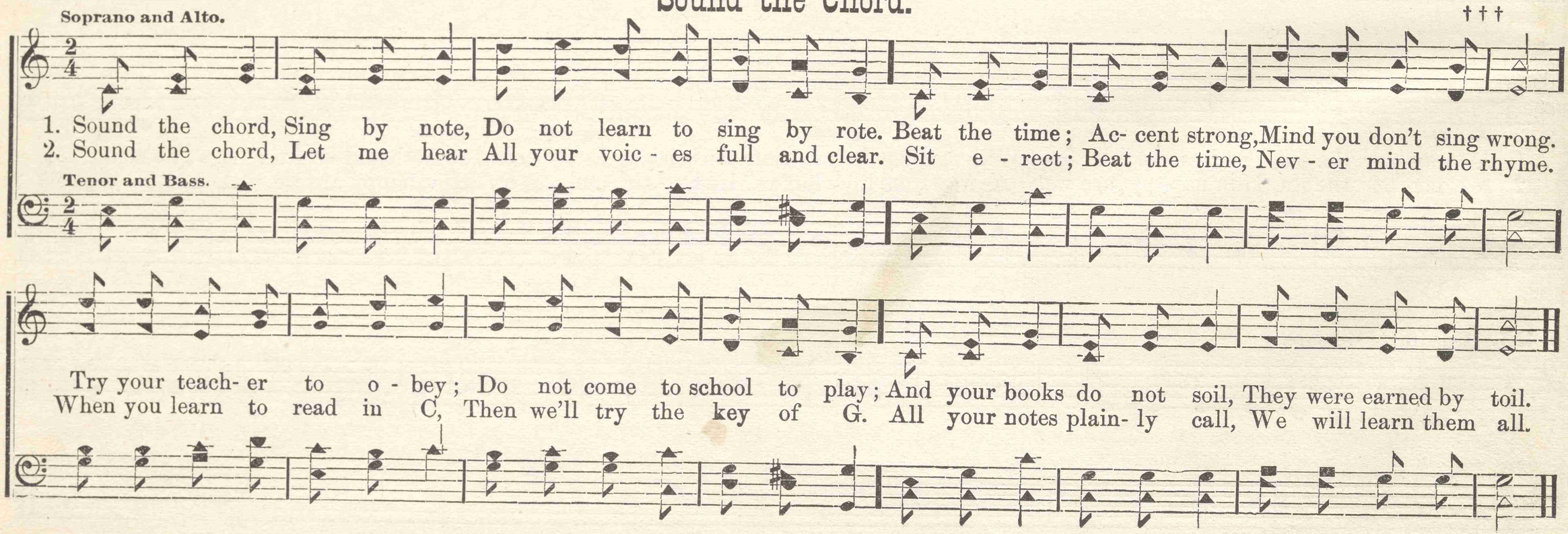
25. **Quadruple Measure.**

26.

Gently Evening Bendeth. 6s. & 5s.



Sound the Chord.



On our Way to School.

Allegretto.

1. We are on our way to school, Boys and girls so hap - py now, We'll not break a sin- gle rule, Nei- ther fuss nor row.
2. An - nie, keep up lit - tle Will; Ste-phen, do not drop your slate; Climb with all your speed the hill, Lest we be too late.
3. When our teach- er's face we see, We'll not greet him with a frown, At our books and les- son be When he looks a - round.
4. When our les - sons all are done, And our teach - er gives re - cess, We will play and skip and run, Ma - ry, Tom, and Jess.

CHORUS.

Oh, hap - py school-days! We in aft - er years will think of Bright hap - py school- days, Long, long a - go.

Oh, hap - py school-days! We in aft - er years will think of Bright hap - py school- days, Long, long a - go.

Summer's Gone.

†††

Andante.

1. Soft and low, Soft and low, Au- tumn breez- es blow; Oh, hear them, Summer's gone, Summer's gone, Win-ter has- tens on.
2. Fall- ing leaves, Fall- ing leaves, Tell us nat - ure grieves; Oh, see them, Summer's gone, Summer's gone, Win-ter has- tens on.

Come and Roam the Wildwood.

Moderato.

1. Come and roam the wild- wood, Thro' the ver- dant plain, O - ver hill and mead - ow, Spring is come a - gain.
2. Come, dear friends, and list - en, To the wa - ter - fall; See the sun-beams glis - ten, Joy is o - ver all.

See the Flakes of Fleecy Snow.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.

Allegro.

1. See the flakes of flee- cy snow Falling on the whiten'd earth below; Fall- ing, fall-ing, fall- ing slow, Falling on the whiten'd earth be-low.
2. See the flakes of snow come down; Earth is putting on her royal crown; Roy- al, roy - al, roy- al crown, Earth is putting on her roy-al crown.
3. Let us to the hills a- way; This is not the time at home to stay; Haste we, haste we, haste a- way, Haste we to the hills a- way, a - way.

See the flakes of flee - cy snow Fall - ing on the earth be- low; Fall-ing, fall- ing, fall- ing slow, Fall-ing on the whiten'd earth be- low.

Pollard. 7s.

W. H. KIEFFER.

Andantino.

1. Wea - ry, as with clos-ing eye, On my peace-ful bed I lie, Fa- ther, may thy an- gels keep Watch around me while I sleep.
2. Have I thro' the day in aught, Sinn'd in word, or deed, or thought, Father, from thy ho - ly throne, Send a sav - ing par- don down.

Away, Away!

A. S. KIEFFER. *Allegro.* J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. A- way, a - way, to the woods a- way, Where fountains are flowing clear; Away, a- way, to the woods a-way, And share in the fes- tal cheer.
2. There, there beneath spreading oak and vine, We'll sing merry songs of glee; While soft winds play thro' the giant pine, Their melodies light and free.
3. With laugh and shout and a mer- ry rout, We'll spend all the happy day; And when the bright, happy stars come out, We'll hie to our homes away.

CHORUS.

(Hurrah!) Hurrah! (Hurrah!) Hurrah! A-way to the woods, a- way! (Hur-rah! Hurrah! (Hurrah!) Hurrah! A-way to the woods, a- way.

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Twilight is Falling.

A. S. KIEFFER. *Andantino.* B. C. UNSELD.

1. Twi-light is steal- ing O - ver the sea, Shad-ows are fall - ing Dark on the lea; Borne on the night winds, Voi-ces of yore,
2. Voic - es of loved ones! Songs of the past! Still lin - ger round me While life shall last: Lone- ly I wan - der, Sad - ly I roam,
3. Come in the twi - light, Come, come to me! Bringing some mes- sage O - ver the sea, Cheer-ing my path - way While here I roam,

D. S.—Gleameth a man - sion fill'd with de-light,

Fine. *f* CHORUS. D.S.

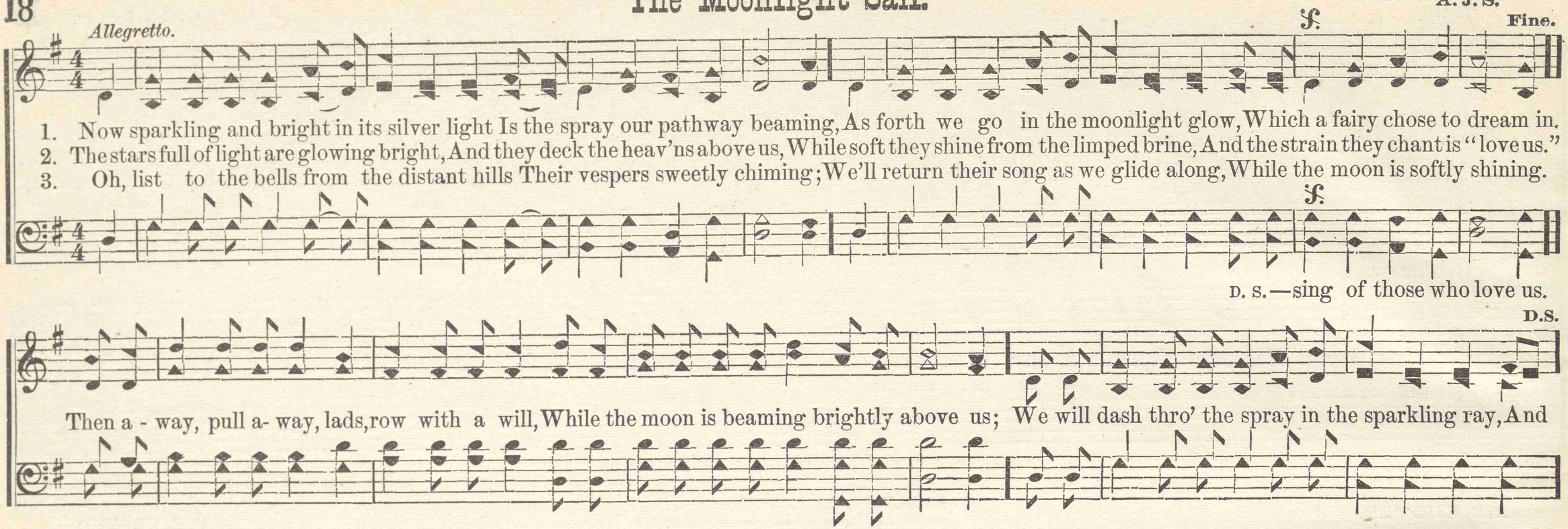
Come from the far - off shore.
Seek - ing that far - off home.
Seek - ing that far - off home.
} Far a - way be-yond the star - lit skies, Where the love - light nev - er, nev - er dies,

Sweet hap - py home, so bright!

The Moonlight Sail.

A. J. S.

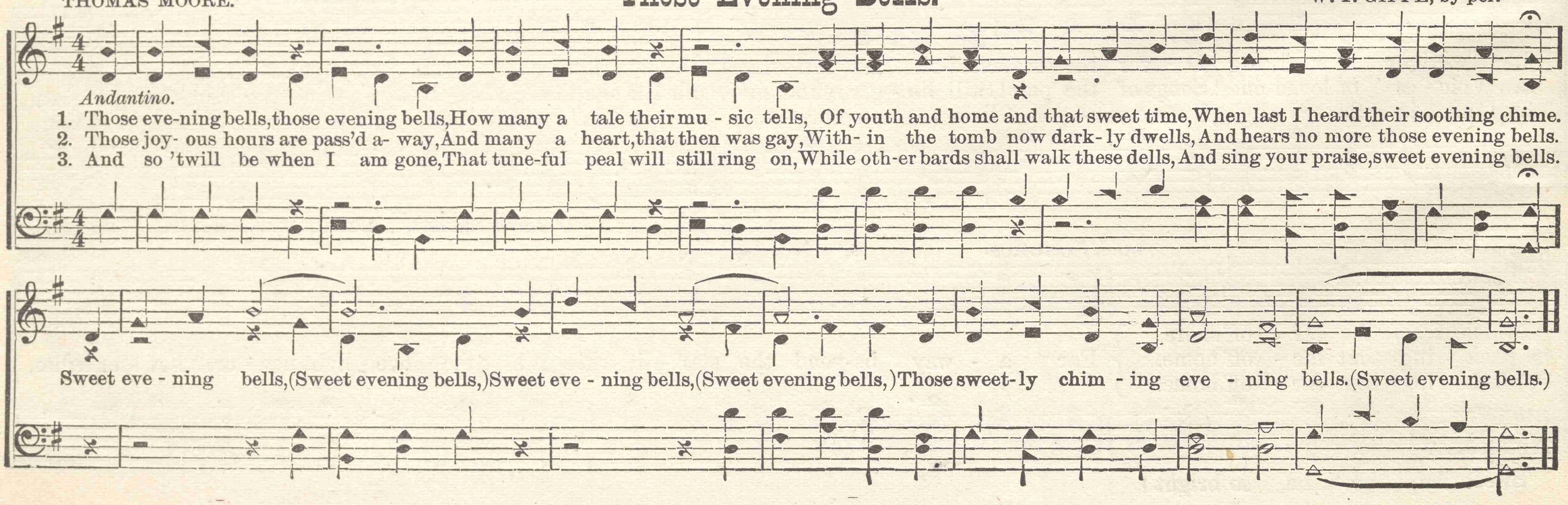
Allegretto.



Those Evening Bells.

THOMAS MOORE.

W. T. GIFFE, by per.



I Long to be There.

WILL L. THOMPSON, by per.

Moderato.

1. My heav'n-ly home is bright and fair,
2. My Fa- ther's house is built on high,
3. Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out- shine,

I long to be there;

No pain nor death can en - ter there,
Far, far a - bove the star - ry sky,
That heav'nly man- sion shall be mine,

I long to be there.

CHORUS.

Repeat pp.

Oh, an - gels, guide me home, An - gels, guide me home, An - gels, guide me home, I long to be there.
Oh, an- gels, an- gels, guide me home, An- gels, an- gels, guide me home, An- gels, an- gels, guide me home, I long to be there.

Serenade.

Popular Melody.

Allegretto.

1. This night we hold our rev - el - ry, The moon shines o'er the glassy sea; So now, in mar-tial pride you see Our sports of chiv - al - ry;
2. The myr- tle and the cy-press vine, The pas-sion flow'r, the sweet woodbine, To form a wreathe they all combine To deck the fair - y bow'r;

Se-cure - ly locked in sleep's entrance No mor- tal sees our midnight dance; Then haste! haste to yonder bow'r, We'll hail the happy hour.
For Obe'ron is our fair - y King, His birthright rules the mys- tic ring; Then join, join the fes-tive scene, We'll hail the hap- py hour.

Repeat pp.

CHORUS.

Fa, la, la, la, li - ty, O! Fa, la, la, la, li - ty, O! Fa, la, la, la, li - ty, O! Fa, la, li - ty, O!

Texas. C. M.

R. H. MOONEY.

1. Lord, when to- geth - er here we meet, And taste thy heav'nly grace, Thy smiles are so di - vine-ly sweet, We're loth to leave the place.
2. Yet, Fa - ther, since it is thy will That we must part a - gain, Oh, let thy gra-cious presence still With ev-'ry one re - main.
3. Thus let us all in Christ be one, Bound with the cords of love, Till we a-round thy glorious throne Shall joyous meet a - bove.

Sweet will Be thy Rest at Home.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. HARBIN.

1. O - ver there, O pil-grim stranger, O - ver there shall be thy home; No more trav-el-stain'd and dus-ty, Thou in wea- ri-ness shalt roam.
2. O - ver there, O wea- ry la- b'rer, On Mount Zi- on thy reward, When the ri- pen'd sheaves are gather'd In the gar-ner of the Lord.
3. O - ver there, O err - ing brother, Free thy soul from taint of sin; No tempta - tion in that mansion, When the pearly gates with-in.
4. O - ver there, O faith- ful watcher, When the Sav- iour calls for thee; If thy lamp be trimm'd and burning Joyful will thy welcome be.

CHORUS.

O- ver there, o - ver there, Sweet will be thy rest at home; O - ver there, o - ver there, Sweet will be thy rest at home.

O- ver there, o - ver there, Sweet will be thy rest at home; O - ver there, o-ver there, Sweet will be thy rest at home.

1. Now the veil of evening falls on West- ern skies, And to sounds of twilight ech - o soft re- plies, re- plies, Ech- o soft re-plies.
2. When the dews of evening to the flow - ers cling, Answ'ring ev- 'ry murmur ech - o then will sing, will sing, Ech- o then will sing.

Mother, Childhood, Friends and Home.

A. S. KIEFFER, by per.

Moderato.

1. Twin'd with ev - 'ry earth - ly tie, Mem'ries sweet that cannot die, Breathing still where'er we roam, Mother, childhood, friends and home.
2. Oth - er climes may charm a- while, Oth- er eyes in beau-ty smile, Yet we murmur as we roam, Mother, childhood, friends and home.

Green the gar - den where we play'd, Dear the old fa - mil-iar shade, In our dreams how oft they come, Mother, childhood, friends and home.
All of joy we fond - ly prize, Twin'd with all our fond- est ties; Sacred still where'er we roam, Mother, childhood, friends and home.

Dalton. S. M.

J. H. HALEY.

1. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh; 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
2. Beyond this vale of tears, There is a life a - bove, Un- meas-ured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.

Karl. 7s.

†††

Andantino.

1. Lov - ing Je - sus, gen - tle Lamb, In thy gra-cious hands I am; Make me, Saviour, what thou art, Live thy- self with- in my heart.
2. I shall then show forth thy praise, Serve thee all my hap - py days, Then the world shall always see Christ, the ho - ly Child, in me.

Evona. 7s.

HENRY SHEPHERD.

Andante.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades from out our sight a- way; Free from care, from la- bor free, Lord, we would commune with thee.
2. Soon for us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a- way; Then from sin and sor- row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

When the Stars above are Shining.

NYNOTHA.

†††

1. When the stars a - bove are shin-ing, And the moon is sink-ing low, I will call to see my dar-ling, Who will welcome me, I know.
2. When the stars a - bove are shin-ing, And the birds have gone to rest, With my dar-ling I'll be rambling Thro' the fields we love the best.
3. When the stars a - bove are shin-ing, And we're on our homeward way, We will talk of all our lov-ing, In our youth's bright gladsome may.
4. When we've lost our youth's bright glory, And our steps no lon- ger light, We will sing this same old sto - ry, For to love there is no night.

CHORUS.

Faster.

We'll be mer - ry, we'll be hap- py, As a-down the stream we glide; We'll be mer-ry, we'll be hap- py, Floating on - ward with the tide.

The Shadow of thy Wing. 7s.

1. Sav - iour, let thy love for me Keep me ev - er near to thee; Here I fear no e - vil thing, In the shad-ow of thy wing.
2. When the storms of care and doubt Toss my wea - ry soul a- bout, Then I flee for shel- ter- ing To the shad-ow of thy wing.

Sleighing Song.

J. P. L. J. P. LANE.

Allegretto.

1. Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly on - ward we go, Hap - py, light-heart - ed and free; O - ver the beau - ti - ful,
2. Jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling, beau - ti - ful bells, Ring- ing so loud - ly and clear; O - ver the val - leys and
3. Gai - ly we're sing - ing while swift - ly we ride, Sing - ing a beau - ti - ful song; O - ver the beau - ti - ful

CHORUS.

beau - ti - ful snow, Glid - ing so swift - ly are we.
o - ver the hills, Sweet is thy mu - sic to hear.
val - leys so wide, Swift - ly we're glid - ing a - long.

Tra la la la la la la la la la,

O - ver the beau - ti - ful snow; Tra la la la la la la la la la, Mer - ri - ly on-ward we go.

R. A. GLENN.

Our Parting Song.

B. F. SHOWALTER.

Moderato.

1. We now must sing our parting song, And bid each other good night, We'll seek to reach our quiet homes: Dear friends, we now bid you good night.
2. Then let us sing our part-ing song, Per-haps we'll meet nevermore ; Some one may go be-fore the morn To sing on the bright, happy shore.

CHORUS.

Good night, good night, May we all meet a-gain, good night; Good night, good night, May we all meet a-gain, good night.
Come again, come again, Good night, good night, good night.

I'll be There.

Jubilee Song.

Allegretto.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone,
2. His track I see, and I'll pur - sue,
3. This is the way I long have sought,

} When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there;

He whom I fix my hopes up-on,
The nar-row way, till him I view,
And mourned because I found it not,

} When the

CHORUS.

last trum - pet sounds, I'll be there. I'll be there, I'll be there, When the last trum- pet sounds, I'll be there.
I'll be there, I'll be there,

Sweet the Moments, Rich in Blessing. 8s. & 7s. D.

Rev. B. F. BRIGHT.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend; Life and health and peace possessing, From the sinner's dying Friend.
2. Here we feel our sins for- giv- en, While up - on the Lamb we gaze; And our thoughts are all of heaven, And our lips o'erflow with praise.

Tru - ly bless- ed is this sta- tion, Low be- fore his cross to lie, While we see di- vine compas- sion Beam-ing in his gracious eye.
Still in ceaseless con-tem- pla- tion, Fix our hearts and eyes on thee, Till we taste thy full sal- va- tion, And, unvailed, thy glo-ries see.

Greenville. 7s.

S. J. DALTON.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, bo - som fly, While the near - er wa- ters
2. Oth - er ref - uge here I none, have I none, Hangs my help- less soul on thee; soul on thee; Leave, ah, leave me not a -

roll, wa- ters roll, While the tem- pest still is high. Hide me, oh, my Sav- iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
- lone, not a - lone, Still sup-port and com - fort me. All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;

guide; ha - ven guide; Oh, re- ceive my soul at last.
head, defenceless head, With the shad- ow of thy wing.

D.S.—Safe in - to the ha - ven
D.S.—Cov - er my de- fence- less

Fine.

D.S.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

The Sun Shineth Bright Over All.

J. H. TENNEY.

Allegretto.

1. There are bright-tinted flow'rs where the soft breezes float, And the dews of the ev'ning fall, Where the bird and the bee from the honey cups drink,
2. There are beau-ti - ful souls with a calm-ness se- rene, And a hap - py content with - al, And they dwell in the glow of the ra - diant beam,
3. There are sor- row- ing hearts who the lone vigils keep, Where the storms of affliction fall, There are love-cherish'd mounds in the green-cover'd vale,

CHORUS.

For the sun shineth bright o - ver all.
For the sun shineth bright o - ver all.
But the sun shineth bright o - ver all.

O - ver all, o - ver all, For the sun shin-eth bright o- ver all,

O-ver all, o-ver all, o- ver all,

'Tis a beau- ti - ful earth, with its brilliance and shade, For the sun shineth bright o-ver all, (o - ver all,) For the sun shineth bright o- ver all.

Cadron. L. M.

J. H. LEWELLING.

1. My heart is fixed on thee, my God, Thy sacred truth I'll spread abroad; My soul shall rest on thee alone, And make thy loving kindness known.
2. With those who in thy grace abound, I'll spread thy fame the earth around; Till ev'ry land, with thankful voice, Shall in thy holy name rejoice.

Swinging 'Neath the Old Apple-Tree.

O. R. BARROWS.

1. Oh, the sports of child- hood! Roaming thro' the wild- wood, Running o'er the mead- ows, hap- py and free; But my heart's a-beat - ing
2. Sway-ing in the sun-beams, Floating in the shad - ow, Sail - ing o'er the breez - es, hap- py and free; Chas-ing all our sad - ness,
3. Oh, the sports of child- hood! Roaming thro' the wild- wood, Sing-ing o'er the mead- ows, hap- py and free; How my heart's a-beat - ing

For the old - time greet - ing, Swing - ing 'neath the old ap - ple - tree.
Shout - ing in our glad - ness, Swing - ing 'neath the old ap - ple - tree.
Think - ing of the greet - ing, Swing - ing 'neath the old ap - ple - tree.

CHORUS.

Swing - ing, swing - ing, Swing- ing, swing - ing,
Swing - ing, Swing - ing,

Lull - ing care to rest 'neath the old ap - ple- tree, Swinging, swing-ing, Swing-ing, swing-ing, Swing-ing 'neath the old ap - ple- tree.
Swing - ing 'neath the old ap - ple- tree, Swing - ing, swing - ing, Swing-ing 'neath the old ap- ple- tree.

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Triumph. C. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like mu-sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
2. It tells me of a Sav- iour's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me of his pre- cious blood, The sin-ner's per- fect plea.

Oh, Come with Me.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Oh, come with me o'er the wa - ters of the sil - ver lake, Oh, come, oh, come with me; Our joy - ous songs shall the ech - oes of the hills a - wake, Oh, come, oh, come with me.

2. Then o'er the lake in our lit - tle bark we'll gai - ly glide, Oh, come, oh, come with me; The hours will pass quick - ly with the gen - tly fleet - ing tide, Oh, come, oh, come with me.

lake, sil - ver lake,
glide, gai - ly glide,

wake, hills a - wake,
tide, fleet - ing tide,

me, come with me;
me, come with me;

CHORUS.

Oh, come, come, come, come with me, Oh, come, come, come, come with me, Come, come with me, come, come with me o'er the

Oh, come, come, come, come with me, Oh, come, come, come, come with me, Oh, come with me o'er he

Come, come with me, come, come with me o'er the

Oh, Come with Me. Concluded.

Repeat softly after last verse.

wa- ters of the sil - ver lake, Come, come with me, come, come with me, And with mu- sic sweet the dis-tant ech-oes wake.

wa- ters of the sil - ver lake, Oh, come with me, And with mu- sic sweet the dis-tant ech-oes wake.

Come, come with me, come, come with me,

The Sailor's Home Song.

J. M. PELTON.

Allegretto.

1. Tho' far from na- tive land I roam, Rock'd by the roll- ing sea, Yet still I love my na-tive home, The brave land of the free.
2. When stars pale out the east-ern sky, And dew-drops melt a - way, When o'er the hills the sun mounts high, Bright ruler of the day,
3. When moonlight sil-vers o'er the plain, And all is hush'd to peace, When si-lence reigns o'er all the main, And still is ev'- ry breeze,

Tho' winds are fair and skies are bright, And calm the rest-less sea, Yet, still by day and thro' the night, I think of home and thee.
When shadows long shine in the west And stretch a-cross the lea, When beast and bird have sunk to rest, Then think, oh, think of me!

When clouds rise dark and lightnings flash And show the threat'ning lea, And o'er the surg- es thunders crash, Then think, oh, think of me!

Song of Greeting.

E. O. LYTE, by per.

Allegro.

1 2

Fine.

Mer - ry greet- ing, mer- ry greet- ing, mer- ry greet- ing to all! all! 1. We come with mer - ry songs and gay, We
2. A mer- ry greet - ing we ex-tend, A

Mer - ry greet- ing, mer- ry greet- ing, mer- ry greet- ing to all! all! 1. We come with mer - - - ry
2. A mer - - - ry greet - - - ing

come wit.. mer - ry songs and gay, To drive dull care and gloom a - way, To drive dull care and
mer - ry greet - ing we ex - tend, A greet- ing warm to ev' - ry friend, A greet - ing warm to

songs and gay, To drive dull care and gloom a -
we ex - tend, A greet - - ing warm to ev' - - - ry

D.C.

gloom a - way; With mu- sic sweet the hours to cheer, And wel - come our com - pan - ions here.
ev' - ry friend; Our voi- ces all we'll join in song, While floats the mel - o - dy a - long.

- way; With mu - sic sweet the hours to cheer, And wel - come our com - pan - ions here.
friend; Our voi - ces all we'll join in song, While floats the mel - o - dy a - long.

Slumber, Dearest.—Serenade.

Arr. by A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Slum - ber, dear - est, while a- bove thee An - gels eyes are bend - ing now, And their star - ry pin - ions wav - ing,
2. Deep - er now the mid- night shad-ows Gath - er in the val - ley fair, Soft - ly thro' the lat - tice steal - ing,

Light - ly fan thy plac - id brow; All is hush'd and still a- round thee, While my lone - ly watch I keep;
Comes the cool re- fresh - ing air; Till the ro - sy fight of morn - ing Span- gles o'er the crys- tal deep;

Thou art dream - ing, sweet - ly dream- ing; Sleep on, dar - ling, peace - ful be thy sleep, Peace-ful be thy sleep.
Till the birds their songs a - wak - en, Sleep on, dar - ling, peace - ful be thy sleep, Peace-ful be thy sleep.

LONGFELLOW.

Stars of the Summer Night. (For Male Voices.)

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

rit. - - - pp.

1. Stars of the sum-mer night! Far in yon azure deeps, Hide, hide your golden light;
2. Moon of the sum-mer night! Far down yon western steep, Sink, sink in si-lent light;
3. Dreams of the sum-mer night! Tell her her lover keeps Watch while, in slumbers light,

} She sleeps! my la-dy sleeps! She sleeps! my la-dy sleeps!

There's no Place like Home.

CHARLES SWAIN. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Home's not mere- ly four square walls, Tho' with pict - ures hung and gild - ed; Home is where af - fec - tion calls—
2. Home's not mere- ly roof and room, Needs it some-thing to en - dear it; Home is where the heart can bloom;

Filled with shrines the heart hath build- ed. Home go watch the faith- ful dove Sail - ing 'neath the heav'ns a - bove us;
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it. What is home with none to meet, None to wel- come, none to greet us?

CHORUS.

Home is where there's one to love, Home is where there's one to love us.
Home is sweet, and on - ly sweet, When there's one we love to meet us.

} Home, sweet, sweet home!
Home, sweet home!

Home, sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home, sweet home, There's no place like home.
Home, sweet home! There's no place like home, There's no place like home.

Night Around is Softly Creeping. Serenade.

Arr. from WEINGAND, by E. P. ANDREWS.

1. Night a - round . . . . is soft- ly creep - ing, All the earths . . . . to rest is laid, to rest is laid;
2. Tho' a - round . . . . these cloisters night - - ly Spir-it awe . . . . the tim - id breast, the tim- id breast,

Grief, it - self, ... lies calmly sleep - - ing, Sleepest thou, . . . be - lov - ed maid? be-lov - ed maid?
Love fears not, ... where slumb'ring light - ly I - da lies . . . in heav'nly rest, in heav'nly rest.

I - da, hear . . . . my lute's soft num - - bers Floating on . . . . the balm-y air, the balm-y air,
Playful zeph - - - yrs, gen-tly steal - - ing, Up-ward waft . . . . my song to thee, my song to thee,

Yet, my lute, ... if I - da slum - - bers, Hush, nor wake . . . my la - dy fair, my la - dy fair.
May its tones, ... my love re - veal - - ing, Fill thy dreams . . . with tho'ts of me, with tho'ts of me.

My Mountain Home.

A. S. K.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER, by per.

1. I love my mountain home, Where wild winds love to roam! Where the cy-press vine and the whisp'ring pine A-dorn each gran- ite dome.

2. For here the wild flow'rs sweet Spring up around my feet, And the lau-rels bloom 'mid the cypress gloom Of many a sweet re - treat.

3. 'Tis sweet to wan- der here By fountains cool and clear, And talk of love where the coo- ing dove A- lone may see and hear.

4. My mountain home for me, Where wild winds wander free, With my own true love who will nev-er rove; My mountain home for me.

CHORUS.

I love my mountain home! I love my mountain home! Where the skies are blue and the heart is true, I love my mountain home.

I love my mountain home! I love my mountain home! Where the skies are blue and the heart is true, I love my mountain home.

I love my mountain home! I love my mountain home! Where the skies are blue and the heart is true, I love my mountain home.

1. I'm think-ing of the old - en time, The sweet long time a - go, When we were boys to -geth- er, Ray, With Har- ry, Tim, and Joe.
2. Tho' many years have pass'd since then, And we are men to - day, I'll ne'er for- get what boys we've been, The gay- est of the gay.
3. What fun we used to have when boys While on the way to school, How we did waste our time with toys, And thus we'd play the fool.
4. Oft we would gather wild-wood flow'rs Which grew along the way, And give them to the pret - ty girls Who came to school that day.

CHORUS.

I nev - - er will for - get the old time, I nev - - er will for - get the old time, I nev - - er will for - get the old time, The sweet long time a - go.

Nev - er, nev - er, nev- er will for- get, nev-er will for-get, Nev- er, nev - er, nev-er will forget, nev- er will for- get, Nev- er, nev - er, nev- er will for- get, nev- er will for- get The sweet long time a - go.

Boat Song.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

Allegro.

1. Our boat is off, our boat is off, See how she floats the wave, As if on wing, the fair - y thing Skims o'er the wa- ters brave;
2. We'll speed a- way thro' lash-ing spray, O'er waves of ev'- ry hue; And bound a- long with current strong, Up- on the wa- ters blue;
3. As safe are we, as proud- ly free, As birds that cleave the air, On wings as white, as swift our flight As sea-gulls dart - ing there;

CHORUS.

With laugh and song we glide a - long Up - on the rip - pling sea, All fa - ces bright with pure de- light, Oh,

With laugh and song we glide a - long Up - on the rip - pling sea, All fa - ces bright with pure de- light, Oh,

who are so mer- ry as we, Ha! Ha! Oh, who are so mer- ry as we, Ha! Ha! Oh, who are so mer - ry as we!

who are so mer- ry as we, Ha! Ha! Oh, who are so mer- ry as we, Ha! Ha! Oh, who are so mer - ry as we!

From "HOURS OF SINGING," by per.

Sign To-night!

W. W. DOWNS.
Earnestly.

WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.

1. Sign to- night, sign to - night, sign to-night, Why stand ye lon - ger wait-ing? The pledge is here with - in your reach, Why
2. Sign to- night, sign to - night, sign to-night, Ere Sa- tan's chains have bound you; Come, sign the pledge for God and man, And
3. Sign to- night, sign to - night, A mill - ion hearts are plead- ing, And fa - thers, moth - ers, chil- dren, too, For

Oh, sign to - night, sign to-night,

lin - ger hes - i - tat - ing? Sign to - night . . . . Sign to-night, Your heart will be the light - er; 'Twill
scat - ter joy a- round you. Be - hold the work of sor - row! A

you are in - ter - ced - ing. Sign to - night, sign to - night, You shall re - gret it nev - er; Come

Sign to-night,

cheer and com-fort oth- ers, too, And make your path the bright-er. Sign to-night, sign to-night, Oh, sign, sign to-night.
mill - ion homes are des - o - late! Oh, wait not for the mor-row.

cres. *f*

join our band and fight with us To ban - ish Rum for - ev - er. Sign to - night, sign to - night, Oh, sign, sign to-night.

Sign to-night, sign to-night,

Surf-Side.

J. C. JOHNSON.
QUARTET.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. The sound of the surf as it swings to the shore, So cool on the beach with smooth lev-el floor, It lulls and it soothes all the
2. O waves, roll - ing in from the far distant deep, Where winds hold their courts, where glad waters leap, What ship hast thou rock'd? and what
3. How plain-ly the course of our plan - et is seen, And sails cross the line of blue or of green! Then down, sailing down, till the

CHORUS.

cares of the soul, So swift on the sea, and so cease- less its roll. Friendly sea, sing to me! Friendly sea, sing to me! Lull thy
isles hast thou past, To min - gle thy - self in my dream at the last. Friendly sea, sing to me!

masts dis - ap-pear, And glide to the shores of a fair hem- is-phere. Friendly sea, sing to me! Friendly sea, sing to me! Lull thy

song all the long summer day! summer day! Friendly sea! sing to me! Friendly sea! sing to me! Lull my soul with thy great harmo-ny!

song all the long summer day! Friend-ly sea! sing to me! Lull my soul with thy great harmo-ny!
summer day! Friendly sea! sing to me! Friendly sea! sing to me!

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A Happy New Year.

Allegretto.

1. The mer- ry bells are ring- ing loud and clear On this hap- py new year; And joy- ful ones are greet-ing young and old With
2. Then, mer- ry, mer - ry ones, sing on, sing on, Ere the hap- py year's gone; And joy- ous - ly our song thro'-out the year Will

hap - py years un- told. The mer - ry bells are ring - ing On this hap- py new year, And joy - ful ones are greet - ing
fall up- on the ear. The mer - ry bells are ring - ing On this hap- py new year, And joy - ful ones are greet - ing

CHORUS.

This hap - py, hap - py, hap - py new year. A hap - py, hap - py, hap - py new year, (new year,) A

hap - py, hap - py, hap - py new year, (new year,) And joy - ful ones are greet- ing This hap-py, hap- py, hap- py new year.

By per. of S. T. GORDON & SON.

Annie Laurie.

Arr. as a Quartet by A. J. S.

1. Maxwell- ton braes are bon- nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And it's there that An - nie Lau- rie Gie'd me her prom- ise true,
2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on,
3. Like dew on the gow- an ly - ing Is the fa' o'her fair - y feet; And like winds in sum - mer sigh- ing Her voice is low and sweet,

Gie'd me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for- got will be;
That e'er the sun shone on; And dark blue is her e'e;
Her voice is low and sweet; And she's a' the world to me;

And for bon - nie An - nie Lau- rie I'd lay me doune and dee.

Farewell Serenade.

E. B.

EDWARD BROOKS, by per.

1. The twi- light is melt - ing a- way; Bright stars gem the brow of the night; Soft zeph-yrs steal forth to ca - ress,
2. May the pur - est and fair - est of earth E'er fond - ly thy path-way en-twine! May thy joys be as bright as thy worth,

As we has- ten the heart to de-light.
Round thy heart ev- 'ry bless- ing com-bine!

Then wake from thy slumbers, And list to our numbers, We soon are to wan- der a - far;

1st. time. 2d. time.

But we'll breathe choicest bless- ings for thee, As we sing to the flute and gui- tar; sing to the flute and gui- tar.

The Euphonian's Farewell.

J. C. TYRELL.
Moderato con espressione.

C. C. PRATT, by per.

1. 'Tis hard to part from friends we love Without one sigh or tear, But friendship still each feeling moves, And brings the absent near;
2. Tho' far in oth - er lands we roam From those we love and cherish, Fond mem'ry's wreaths around us bloom; The i - dol doth not per-ish,
3. For-give us if we could not speak This word of heart-felt sorrow To friends we're parting with to-night, And meet not on the morrow;

Some friend-ly word of days gone by, Or love we left un- spoken, Still calls the tear-drop to the eye— Af- fec-tion's dear-est token.
But lives enshrin'd with-in the heart When hope it- self is fled, Like some sweet flow'r that springs and blooms O'er friendship's early dead.
Each scene of pleasure'll bring to view Friends as we saw them last, And mem -'ry holds our all of you, Now reckoned with the past.

CHORUS.

Oh, yes, we trust we'll meet a- gain, With hearts both warm and true, No more to feel the part-ing pain, Or bid a- gain a - dieu.

Dreaming of Thee.

E. ROBERTS, by per.

1. Thou art near me, ev - er near me On thy snow - y pin-ions fair; Thou art floating in the moon - light, Thou art
2. Years have pass'd, and ma-ny chan - ges Mark the old fa - mil- iar spot Where the ev-ergreens are wav - ing O'er the
3. Long and deep the lines of sor - row Time has pen-ciled on my brow; There is none like thee to guide me, None like

sigh - ing in the air; Like the mur- mur of a wave - let, When it rip - ples on the sea,
sweet for - get - me - not; Oh, the lit - tle mound is sa - cred By a thou- sand ties to me,
thee to love me now; Dream- ing, yes, my heart is dream- ing All my sun - ny child- hood o'er,

Comes thy welcome voice, my moth - er, In a hap - py dream to me.
Where I hear the spir - it ech - oes In a hap - py dream of thee.
And the spir- it - ech-oes whis - per, "We shall meet to part no more."

CHORUS.
Soprano.

I am dream - ing of thee, I am

Alto.

I am dreaming of thee,

Dreaming of Thee.—Concluded.

dream - ing of thee; I am dreaming, ev - er dream - - ing, I am dream - ing of thee.

I am dreaming of thee; Moth-er, darling, thou art near me, ev - er near me, For I'm dreaming, yes, I'm dreaming of thee.

Repeat Chorus pp.

Would You meet Me in the Kingdom.

American Spiritual. Arr.

1. O broth - er, will you meet me On Ca- naan's bright and beau - ti - ful shore? In heav - en, will you
2. What is your hope, my broth - er? Is Christ the on - ly trust of your heart? To - day, if He should
3. Oh, bear the cross, my broth - er, Walk dai - ly in the path - way of light, And when the Sav - iour

CHORUS.

meet me, When the toils and sor - rows of this life are o'er?
call you, Could you an - swer, I am read - y to de - part?
calls you, In the king- dom you shall walk with Him in white.

} If in Heav - en you would meet me, You must

wash your gar-ments white in the Sav-iour's blood, You must wash them, you must cleanse them In the Sav-iour's pre- cious blood.

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EBEN E. REXFORD.

Away to the Woods, Away.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. A - way to the woods, a - way, To the temple God hath made; Where hap-py song-birds' lay Is heard thro' all the glade;
2. A - way to the woods, a - way, With a hap-py heart and song; Put by all toil to - day, For - get all sin and wrong.
3. A - way to the woods, a - way, There to read from Nature's book; She speaks to us to - day, By river and bird and brook:

Where nat - ure o - pens wide Her arms in wel- come sweet, And sum-mer's winds a - bide In ev - 'ry green re - treat.
There, in the brook's sweet voice, And whis- per of the wind, Earth bids us to re - joice, And leave our cares be - hind.
She tells us God is good And loves His chil- dren well; Of Him the green old wood Has much to - day to tell.

CHORUS.

A - way to the woods, a - way, All joy - ful - ly we sing, With our hap - py songs to - day,
a - way, we sing, to - day,

Let the green old arch - es ring, A - way to the woods, a - way! A - way to the woods, a - way
arch - es ring,

From "CAROLS OF JOY," by per.

Little Nan, with the Bright, Blue Eyes.

A. S. K.

A. S. KIEFFER, by per.

1. Ma - ny full moons have shone since we parted sad and lone On the street of a fair southern town, While the stars in the skies streamed their light up-on your eyes, And the sweet au-tumn moon glinted down.
2. Ma - ny dark, drear-y days have enshrouded all our ways Since we part- ed in si- lence and tears, But our Love burns as bright as the stars that gem the night, And 'twill light all our life's future years.
3. By - and- by we shall see, with a vis- ion clear and free, That our lone, thorny pathway was best; When the long, dreary night turns to gold- en morning bright, And our sad, wea- ry hearts shall be blest.

CHORUS.

But I ne'er can for-get that blest day when first I met Lit-tle Nan, with the bright, blue eyes; While the rich autumn day strewed its gold a-bout our way, As we stood 'neath the bright Georgia skies.

But I ne'er can for-get that blest day when first I met Lit-tle Nan, with the bright, blue eyes; While the rich autumn day strewed its gold a-bout our way, As we stood 'neath the bright Georgia skies.

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The Apple Bee; or, the Yankee Sleigh Ride.

J. C. JOHNSON.

Allegro. QUARTETTE.

1. Come, Mi - ra -bel - la Hopkins, hie a - way, For John-a - than is wait -ing in the sleigh; And Ma - ry Phebe Ann and Su - san Jane,
2. To Mrs. Deacon Tomkins' Ap-ple Bee The pret-ty lass-es, si - mul -ta-neous -ly, With all the merry lads of Cranberry Town,
3. And when the strings are swinging o-ver-head, We'll all a mer -ry measure light-ly tread, Till hunger, like a li - on, bars the way,

And An - na Bel - la Jones and Joth - am Lane, Will join us with a sing - ing, While ting - a - ling - a - ling -ling, go the bells,
Will hur- ry if the pungs should not break down, And cut the fruit in sli - ces, While ap - ple par-ings deft - ly fly a-round;
The hap -py call to sup - per we o - bey. O, lus - cious pie of pump - kin! O, honey-cake and doughnuts, crisp and brown;

CHORUS.

And time is swift - ly wing - ing, As mer - ri - ly the mu - sic swells! The mer - ry, mer -ry bells, the mer -ry, mer -ry bells,
'Tis one of love's de - vic - es To see if the true name is found! Then ting - a - ling - a - ling bells, clang-a - lang - a - ling,
The pie the black-birds jumped in, Not half so full it was of fun. Then ting - a - ling - a - ling bells, clang-a - lang - a - ling,

O merrily they ring, the sweet sleigh bells! O ting - a - ling-a -ling-ling, clang-a-lang - a - ling-ling, clang-a-lang-a-ling-ling, go the bells!

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On, Gallant Company.

German Melody. Arr. by HENRY SCHOELLER.

March time.

ff

1. On, gal- lant com- pa - ny, With measured step and glee, While cheerful songs resound, We're happy, gay and free! Come with the wild-woods,

2. Left, right, and strict in time, Firm step, close up the line, For-ward and naught shall stay Our happy, glorious way! Come with the wild-woods,

Fine. TENOR SOLO.

birds and flow'rs, Come! come! come! yes, come! Join with us now in songs of glee, And be from sorrow free, yes, free! Love, joy and

CHORUS. *pp*

birds and flow'rs, And laugh a-way the shin-ing hours; Join with us now in songs of glee, And be from sorrow free, yes, free! La, la, la, la,

come! Come! come! come! yes, come! Join with us now, yes, come!

D.C.

mu - sic In - vite us on - ward, Our mer- ry com- pa- ny Wanders light and free, light and free, Tra, la, la, la, la!

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la; la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la!

From "EVERY DAY SONGS," by per.

My Old Cottage Home.

R. A. GLENN, by per.

R. A. G.

1. I am think-ing to-night of my old cot-tage home, That stands on the brow of the hill, Where in life's ear - ly morn-ing I
2. Ma - ny years have gone by since in pray'r there I knelt, With dear ones a-round the old hearth; But my moth-er's sweet pray'rs in my
3. One by one they have gone from the old cot- tage home, On earth I shall meet them no more; But with them I shall meet 'round the

CHORUS.

once loved to roam, But now all is qui - et and still. Oh, my old cot - tage home, That
heart still are felt, I'll treas - ure them up while on earth.

beau - ti - ful throne, Where part - ing will come nev - er more, Oh, my old cot - tage home, That

stands on the brow of the hill, Where in life's ear - ly morn-ing I once lov'd to roam, But now all is qui - et and still.

stands on the brow of the hill, of the hill, Where in life's ear - ly morn-ing I once lov'd to roam, But now all is qui - et and still.

The Friends of my Childhood.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Oh, the pict-ures I drew up-on mem-o-ry's page, They were bright with the hopes that have fad-ed with age; But the fac-es of friends are as fair there to-day, As the smiles which they gave me while watch-ing my play; I ne'er shall for-get them, they smile on me now, The
2. Oh, the songs I have heard when with step light and free, I have wan-der'd at will with the bird and the bee, When my feet beat the time to the voice of the rill, When it sang in it's joy down the side of the hill; I ne'er shall for-get them, they still lin-ger near, The
3. Yes, a warm ros-y flush thro' the val-leys shall run, When the hill-tops are kiss'd by the bright morning sun, And the light of the dawn shall re-main in the sky, Tho' the day be o'er-cast, and its sun-shine should die; The bright-ness of child-hood I ne'er can for-get, Its

friends of my childhood my life shall en-dow; They smile on me now, they smile on me now, The friends of my childhood, oh, they smile on me now!
songs of my childhood so sweet to my ear; So sweet to my ear, so sweet to my ear, The songs of my childhood, oh, how sweet to my ear!
soft, rud-dy glow, it a-bides with me yet; I ne'er can for-get, I ne'er can for-get, The brightness of childhood, it a-bides with me yet!

Mrs. A. L. DAVIDSON.

Beyond.

GEO. BAKER.

1. Be - yond the si - lent vale, That bounds our earth-ly sight, Be - yond the days of pain, Be-yond death's sudden night,
2. How bright those gleam-ing walls, How pure the ra- diant air, How calm the peace-ful skies, How fair, my soul, how fair!
3. What though the gloom - y gate To that bright world is death, With- in whose por- tal dark Is still'd our mor - tal breath:

Are heav'nly hills, are mansions fair, Upbuild-ed by the ten- der care Of one whose promis- es en-dure, Of one whose love is ev - er sure.
Thou canst not think, thine earthly eyes Hath seen it not, but by and by With vis- ion freed thou'lt one day see That glory God reserves for thee.
A moment's pain, beyond the gate E - ter - nal joys our souls a-wait, And one who wash'd us from all sin, Shall say, "be- lov- ed, en - ter in."

CHORUS.

So sweet, so sweet, So sweet that prom - ised land, So fair, so fair, So fair its man- sions stand.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

There's a Home in Heaven.

M. W. VAUGHAN.

1. There is a gem of greater worth Than all the jew- els of the earth; There is a name, a bless-ed name, There is a life that we must gain.
2. There is a day, a bet-ter day, Bright hope doth cheer me on my way, A day of per- fect peace and love, E- ter- nal and in heav'n above.

There's a Home in Heaven.—Concluded.

There's a home in heav - en, There's a home for you and me; There we'll meet and nev - er, sev - er, Ere long I hope 'twill be.

Vote As You Pray.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY, by per.

1. There's a time that is com - ing at last, Oh, has - ten the long-look'd for day, When the rum-fiend no shack - les can cast, For all
2. And the pris - on shall close ev -'ry door, The poor - hous- es ten - ent- less stand, When the dram-shop shall darken no more The dear
3. When the church and the state shall a - rise In strength of their vir - tue and might, And improve ev -'ry mo- ment that flies, In the

CHORUS.

Chris-tians will vote as they pray.
homes of our beau - ti - ful land.
dar - ing to vote for the right.

Oh, the hap- py time is com-ing, yes, it's com- ing It was long, long, long on the com-ing, com-ing,

way, (it is com-ing,) Oh, the hap - py time is com - ing, yes, it's com- ing, (coming, coming,) When Christians will vote as they pray.

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Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel- low-ship, what a joy di- vine, Lean-ing on the Ev - er- last-ing Arms! What a bless-ed- ness, what a peace is mine,
2. O how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the Ev - er- last-ing Arms! O how bright the path grows from day to day,
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leav-ing on the Ev - er- last-ing Arms! I have peace complete with my Lord so near,

D.S.

Fine. CHORUS.

Lean-ing on the Ev - er-last-ing Arms! Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and secure from all alarms; Lean - ing, lean - ing,
Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus, Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Je-sus,

D.S.—Leaning on the Ev - er-last-ing Arms!

Jesus my Refuge.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. S. J. PERRY.

1. Wea- ry with toil- ing and burden'd with care, Un- to the Sav-iour I turn in my pray'r; He is so ten-der of heart and so kind,

D.S.—Therefore to Je- sus I go in my need,

D.S.

Fine. CHORUS.

Rest and refreshment in Je- sus I find. Tempted and tried, Seek I his side, Telling my grief, Find I relief,
For I have found him a help-er in-deed.

2 Tempted and tried, for a refuge I yearn,
And in my trouble to Jesus I turn;
He will not chide me, his heart is so kind;
Peace and deliverance in Jesus I find.

3 I am so weak from my struggle with sin,
Feeble and faint from the conflict within,
Therefore to Jesus I go in my need,
Sure that my Lord is a helper indeed.

Hunter's Glee.

C. A. F.

C. A. FYKE.

Vivace.

1. Up with the dawn and mounting our steed, Gai- ly we roam thro' the val- ley and mead; Thro' the wide for - est, hear the gay horn,
2. On to the fields, re - ech- oes the horn; O - ver the mountain each rid - er is borne, Chasing the mon-arch down the broad glen,

Call- ing the hun- ter a- way to the fields, Call- ing the hun- ter a - way to the fields. Back from the hill-tops ech - oes re-sound;
With the wild clat- ter of hors - es and men, With the wild clat-ter of hors-es and men. Up thro' the val - ley giv - ing him chase,

men.

Prestissimo.

On to the fields go the hun- ter and hound. On! on! on! On! on! on!
Rid-ers are vy-ing with hounds in the race. Fol-low on, fol-low on, fol-low on, fol-low on, Fol-low on, fol- low on, fol-low on, fol-low on,

a tempo. *Rall - - - en - - - tan - - - do.*

On to the fields go the hun- ter and hound. Follow on, On, fol- low on, Fol- low on, On, fol -low on. . . .
Rid- ers are vy- ing with hounds in the race. On, fol-low on, On, fol-low on, On, fol-low on, On, fol-low on.

Farewell, Old Ties.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Fare-well, old ties, once fondly mine, Old scenes by all but me for- sak- en, With - in my heart thy sweets entwine— I
2. Fare-well, the dear old grape-vine swing, I see it still in mem'ry's vis- ion, I hear the song we used to sing, I
3. Fare-well, the brave old oaken tree, Be- neath whose boughs one learned to love me; Whose shelt'ring shade was sweet to me, As

ORGAN.

love the tho'ts thou dost a- wak - en. The mead - ow with its daf - fo - dils, And pink and ros - es gay- ly spring - ing, I
see those groves, those groves e-lys - ian. A-cross the wide ex- panse of years I hear the wild hal- loo pre- vail - ing, I
sweet the birds that sang a- bove us. Old scenes! I yet for thee re- pine, Nor from my heart can time thee sev - er; Fare-

see them in my mem'ry still, I hear the brook still sweetly singing.
turn to check the foolish tears, Ah! can it be my sight is fail- ing?
well, old ties, once fondly mine, But mine no more, no more for- ev - er.

CHORUS.

Old scenes! I yet for thee re-pine, Nor
Old scenes! I yet for thee re-pine, for thee repine, Nor

Old scenes! I yet for thee repine, for thee re - pine, Nor
Old scenes! I yet for thee repine, I yet for thee repine, Nor

The River.

Mrs. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. ROSECRANS.

DUET. Treble and Alto.

1. My boat is floating light as air, Up - on the riv - er's breast; The sun is sink-ing low, so low, Out in the gold-en west.
2. I wait for thee, my love, my life! Oh, why so long de - lay? The shadows fall so long and wide A - cross the riv - er way.

3. A late bird singeth sweet and low Up - on the wil - low tree; Dost thou not hear, my beau - ti - ful, He stays to call for thee.
4. She com-eth not, I heard them say, A win - ter wind has blown From summer skies and home a - way To death, my love, my own.

CHORUS.

Float - ing, float - ing dream - i - ly, Float - ing, float - ing dream - i - ly, But the shin - ing riv - er Flow - eth toward the sea.

Last verse.

Float - ing, float - ing drear - i - ly, Float - ing, float - ing drear - i - ly, When, oh, wea - ry riv - er, Wilt thou find the sea?

By per. of FILLMORE BROS.

A Warrior Bold.

STEPHAN ADAMS. Arranged.

1. In days of old, when knights were bold, And barons held their sway, A war- rior bold, with spurs of gold, Sang mer - ri - ly his lay, Sang
2. So this brave knight, in arm - or bright, Went gayly to the fray, He fought the fight, but ere the night His soul had passed a - way, His

mer - ri - ly his lay,—My love is young and fair, My love hath golden hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true, That none with her com-pare.
soul had passed a - way. The plighted ring he wore Was crushed and wet with gore, Yet ere he died he brave-ly cried: I've kept the vow I swore.

CHORUS.

Rit.

I live for love, for love, or die,

1. So what care I, Tho' death be nigh? I live for love, or die; So what care I, Tho' death be nigh? I live for love, for love or die.

I've fought for love, for love I die,

2. So what care I, Tho' death be nigh? I've fought for love, I die: So what care I, Tho' death be nigh? I've fought for love, for love I die.

Soft o'er the Fountain.

Arranged. †††

1. Soft o'er the fount - ain Lin-g'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the mount-ain Breaks the day too soon!

2. When in thy dreaming Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day - light beam-ing Prove thy dreams are vain,

BASS SOLO.

slower.

In the dark eye's splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell, Wea-ry looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare-well!
Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh, In thy heart con - sent - ing, To a pray'r gone by?

a tempo. *cres.* *p* *cres.* *dim.*

Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Ask thy soul if we shall part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart!

Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Let me lin - ger by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride!

a tempo. *cres.* *p* *cres.* *dim.*

Over the Waters Away.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. Light as a fair - y, gal- lant and gay - ly, Part-ing the waves that so mer- ri - ly play; Winged like a plov-er, sum-mer seas o - ver,
2. Gal - lant and gay - ly, pret- ty sea fair - y, Bow to the sum-mer breeze, hasten a- way; Bright colors wav - ing, the wild wind braving,

CHORUS.

Glid- eth our bark o'er the wa-ters a- way. Light . . . as a fair - y, Gal - - lant and gay - ly,
Glid- eth our bark o'er the wa-ters a- way. Light as a fair - y, gallant and gay- ly, Part- ing the waves that so mer - ri - ly play,

Part - - ing the waves . . . that so mer - ri - ly, mer- ri - ly play; . . . Winged like a plov - er,
Light as a fair - y, gal-lant and gay - ly, Part-ing the waves that so mer-ri - ly play; Winged like a plov - er, summer seas o- ver,

sum - - - mer seas o - - ver, Glid - - - eth our bark . . . o'er the wa-ters, the wa- ters a - way, A -
Winged like a plov - er, summer seas o - ver, Glideth our bark o'er the waters a - way, Glid-eth our bark o'er the wa-ters a-way,

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- way, a - way, O- ver the wa- ters a - way, A - way, a - way, O - ver the wa- ters a - way!
Away, away, O- ver the wa- ters, the waters a-way, Away, a-way,

Blessed Home.

J. E. BIGBIE.

1. Oh, think of a home o-ver there, By the side of the river of light, Where the saints, all immortal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white.
2. Oh, think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God.
3. My Sav-iour is now over there, There my kindred and friends are at rest, Then away from my sorrow and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.
4. I'll soon be at home o- ver there, For the end of my journey I see, Ma-ny dear to my heart o-ver there, Are watching and waiting for me.

CHORUS.

1st. time. 2d. time.

Blessed home, hap- py home, How I long, how I long to be there; How I long, how I long to be there.
Blessed home, hap-py home,

Oak Bower. 8s & 7s.

W. V. VICKERY.

1 Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land; I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand.

Dearest May.

Arr. from an old and favorite Negro Melody.

1. Now darkies lis - ten to me, A sto - ry I'll re-late, It happened in the val - ley, In the old Car'- li - na State,
2. Old massa give me hol - i - day, I wish he'd give me more, I thanked him ver-y kind - ly As I shov'd my boat from shore,
3. On the banks of the riv - er, Where the trees they hang so low, The coon a-mong the branches play, While the mink remains below.

Way down in the meadow, Where I used to mow the hay, I always worked the hard-er When I thought of love-ly May.
Then gently down the riv - er, With a heart so light and free, To the cot-tage of my dearest May, I long so much to see.
O there is the spot, And May, she looks so neat, Her eyes they spar-kle like the stars, Her lips are red and sweet.

CHORUS.

Repeat pp.

O May, dear - est May, You're lovely as the day, Your eyes so bright, They shine at night, When the moon am gone a - way.

O May, dear - est May, You're lovely as the day, Your eyes so bright, They shine at night, When the moon am gone a - way.

Good-Bye, Sweet Day!

QUARTET.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Good - bye, sweet day, good-bye !..... I have so loved thee, but I can - not hold thee; Departing like a dream, the shad - ows fold thee; Slowly thy perfect beauty
2. Good - bye, sweet day, good-bye !..... Dear were thy golden hours of tran - quil splendor; Sadly thou yieldest to the eve - ning ten - der, Who wast so fair from thy
3. Good - bye, sweet day, good-bye !..... Thy glow and charm, thy smiles and tones and glan-ces, Vanish at last, and solemn night ad - vanc-es. Ah! could'st thou a little
4. Good - bye, sweet day, good-bye !..... All thy rich gifts my grateful heart re - mem-bers; The while I watch, thy sunset's smol - d'ring em-bers Die in the west beneath the

CHORUS.

fades a - way; Good - bye, sweet day!
morn - ing ray; Good - bye, sweet day!

Good - bye, sweet day, good - bye! Fair an - gel from on high, Thy train of gold and sil - ver hue Has

lon - ger stay! Good - bye, sweet day!
twi - light gray; Good - bye, sweet day!

Good - bye, sweet day, good - bye! Fair an - gel from on high, Thy train of gold and sil - ver hue Has

donned the twi - light gray. Good - bye, sweet day, good-bye! The fair - ies hov'ring nigh, Shall smooth thy brow with gen - tle hands, And lead thy star - lit way.

donned the twi - light gray. Good - bye, sweet day, good - bye! The fair - ies hov'ring nigh, Shall smooth thy brow with gen - tle hands, And lead thy star - lit way.

From "WIDE AWAKE GLEE BOOK," by permission of Fillmore Bros.

When Mary was a Lassie.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. The ma- ple trees are tinged with red, The birch with golden yel-low,
2. You'd hard-ly think that patient face, That looks so thin and fad-ed,
3. Now on her face, tho' once so fair, We trace the deep'ning furrows
4. And so you see I've grown to love The wrinkles more than ro- ses;

that's the way, thro' yon- der lane, That looks so still and grass- y,
when I went thro' yon- der lane, That looks so still and grass- y,
times to yon-der church-yard, Thro' the lane so still and grass- y,
car - ry us thro' yon- der lane That looks so still and grass- y,

And high a- bove the or-chard wall Hang apples rich and mellow;
Was once the ver - y sweet-est one That ev - er bon- net shaded;
That ma- ny a weary care has worn And ma-ny ten- der sorrows;
Earth's winter flow'rs are sweeter far Than all spring's dewy po-sies;

The way I took one Sun- day eve When Ma - ry was a las - sie.
Those eyes were bright, those cheeks were fair, When Ma - ry was a las - sie.
We've borne and laid a - way our dead Since Ma - ry was a las - sie.
A- down the lane I used to go When Ma - ry was a las - sie.

And
But
Four
They'll

CHORUS.

When Ma - ry was a las- sie, When Ma - ry was a las- sie,
When Ma - ry was a las- sie, When Ma - ry was a las- sie,

The way I took one Sun- day eve When Ma - ry was a las-sie.
Those eyes were bright, those cheeks were fair, When Ma - ry was a las-sie.

Since Ma - ry was a las- sie, Since Ma - ry was a las- sie,
When Ma - ry was a las- sie, When Ma - ry was a las- sie,

We've borne and laid a - way our dead Since Ma - ry was a las-sie.
A-down the lane I used to go When Ma - ry was a las-sie.

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win - ter snow twice wrapp'd the ground, The spring hath bloom'd, the summers shone In glorious robes, since thou art gone. A - gain..... the
We ask'd..... his

balm - y in - cense fill'd the air,—All nat - ure seem'd on bend - ed knee, And to her God we kneel'd for thee. A - gain the summer's
We ask'd his an - gel

sum - - mer's eve - - - ning breeze..... Comes mur - - m'ring through..... the rust - - - ling trees,..... Her
an - - - gel guard..... to keep..... Thy way..... a - cross..... the roll - - - ing deep,..... Thro'

eve - ning breeze, A - gain the sum - mer's eve - ning breeze Comes murm'ring thro' the rust - ling trees, Comes murm'ring thro' the rust - ling trees, Her
guard to keep, We ask'd his an - gel guard to keep Thy way a - cross the roll - ing deep, Thy way a - cross the roll - ing deep, Thro'

Softly Sleep. Serenade.

Andante.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Soft - ly sleep! in peace - ful pleas - ure, Now thy wea - ried eye - lids close; May some strain of heav'n - ly meas - ure Lull thy heart to calm re - pose.
2. Soft - ly sleep! oh, what can sev - er True af - fec - tion's con - stan - cy? Though those eyes should close for - ev - er, Ne'er should sleep my love for thee.

p *m* *ad lib.*

3. Soft - ly sleep! a bright - er mor - row, Wake thee with its fresh - 'ning light; Wake to life un - dimm'd by sor - row, Peace be with thee, love, to - night.

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O Father, Please Stop Drinking.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY, by per

1. O fa - ther, won't you please stop drink - ing? For it gives our hearts such pain; O fa - ther, please do stop your drink - ing, We'll be hap - py once a - gain.
2. O fa - ther, won't you please stop drink - ing? I have pray'd this o'er and o'er; Then ma a - gain would be so hap - py, As she was in days of yore.
3. O fa - ther, won't you please stop drink - ing? Stay a- way from those bad men, They al-ways make you break your prom - ise, They have done it time a - gain.

You used to be so kind and good In hap - py days that have gone by,
Then I no more would have to weep Un - til my heart is near - ly wild,
You al - ways are so kind and good When- e'er you stay with us at home;

I oft - en sit and think of them Un - til I almost wish I die.
To hear them, as I pass the street, Say there's the drunkard's lit - tle child.
Do, fa - ther, stay with ma and me, Where crime and danger can- not come.

win - ter snow twice wrapp'd the ground, The spring hath bloom'd, the summers shone In glorious robes, since thou art gone. A - gain..... the
We ask'd..... his

balm - y in - cense fill'd the air,—All nat - ure seem'd on bend - ed knee, And to her God we kneel'd for thee. A - gain the summer's
We ask'd his an - gel

sum - - mer's eve - - - ning breeze..... Comes mur - - m'ring through..... the rust - - - ling trees,..... Her
an - - - gel guard..... to keep..... Thy way..... a - cross..... the roll - - - ing deep,..... Thro'

eve - ning breeze, A- gain the sum- mer's eve- ning breeze Comes murm'ring thro' the rust - ling trees, Comes murm'ring thro' the rust- ling trees, Her
guard to keep, We ask'd his an - gel guard to keep Thy way a - cross the roll - ing deep, Thy way a - cross the roll - ing deep, Thro'

moon..... beams bright..... on spire..... and dome,..... And our..... own roof,..... Come home,..... come home!
bil - - l'wy wilds,..... 'Mid surge..... and foam,..... To hold..... thee safe,..... Come home,..... come home!

moon beams bright on spire and dome, Her moon beams bright on spire and dome,
bil - l'wy wilds, 'mid surge and foam, Thro' bil - l'wy wilds, 'mid surge and foam,

And our own roof, Come home, come home, come home!
To hold thee safe, Come home, come home, come home!

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

Good Night.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

Andante

1. Day is fad-ing, slow-ly fad - ing, Gen - tly passing from our sight; Faint - ly sigh- ing, breezes dy - ing, Calmly
2. Moon-light stealing, shades reveal - ing, Brings to evening new de-light; Stars are gleaming, brightly beam - ing With a

as the wav- ing light:
pure and ho - ly light:

Hark! they whis - - per, soft-ly whis - - per, Sweetly bid - ding us good night, Good

cres. *f*

night, Good night, Sweet-ly bid - ding us good night.

cres. *f*

Soprano. *m*

Hark! they whis - per, soft-ly

Alto. *m*

Hark! they whisper, soft - ly whisper,

Tenor and Bass. *pp*

O Father, Please Stop Drinking.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

O fa - ther, dear - est fa - ther, list - - - - - en, And stay at home with ma and
list - en, fa - ther, list - en,
me; (oh, stay,) At home no e - vil can be - tide you, And so hap - py we will be.

Lullaby.

HENRY SCHOELLER.

Gentle and flowing.

1. Bye, ba - by, day is o - ver, Bees are drows- ing in the clo - ver;
2. Bye, ba - by, birds are sleep- ing, One by one the stars are peep - ing;
3. Bye, ba - by, moth - er holds thee, Lov - ing, ten - der care en- folds thee;

Bye, ba - by, bye, Bye, ba - by, bye;

Very slow and soft.

Now the sun to bed is glid - ing, All the pret - ty flow'rs are hid - ing;
In the far - off sky they twink - le, While the cows come tink - le, tink - le;
An - gels in thy dreams ca - ress thee, Thro' the dark- ness guard and bless thee;

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

From "EVERY DAY SONGS," by per.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

Good Night.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

Andante

1. Day is fad-ing, slow-ly fad - ing, Gen - tly passing from our sight; Faint - ly sigh- ing, breezes dy - ing, Calmly
2. Moon-light stealing, shades reveal - ing, Brings to evening new de-light; Stars are gleaming, brightly beam - ing With a

as the wav- ing light:
pure and ho - ly light:
} Hark! they whis - - per, soft-ly whis - - per, Sweetly bid - ding us good night, Good

cres. *f*

night, Good night, Sweet-ly bid - ding us good night.

Soprano. *m*

Hark! they whis - per, soft-ly

Alto. *m*

Hark! they whisper, soft - ly whisper,

Tenor and Bass. *pp*

Good Night.—Concluded.

cres. *Rit.* *pp*

whis - per, Sweet-ly bid - ding us good night, Good night, Good night, Sweetly bid-ding us good night.

whis - per, Sweetly bidding us good night, Good night. Good night, Sweet- ly bidding us good night.

Hark! they whisper, softly whisper, Sweetly bidding us good night, Good night, Good night, Sweetly bidding us good night.

FREDERICK OGILBY.

Gather Around the Christmas Tree.

By per.

Fine.

Gath-er around the Christmas tree, Gather around the Christmas tree, Gather around the Christmas tree, The beauti- ful Christmas tree.

Gath-er around the Christmas tree, Gather around the Christmas tree, Gather around the Christmas tree, The beauti- ful Christmas tree.

D.C.

1. Our Christmas tree is deck'd once more; With hearts of joy we meet around; It tells of brighter things in store, Let songs of praise a - bound.
2. Our Christmas tree is fresh and green, While skies are cold and dark and drear; Its harvest store of fruit is seen When Winter blights the year.
3. Our Christmas tree is shinging bright, While evening shades our homes surround; Thus God doth give his children light When darkness falls around.

Little Brother's Gone.

Respectfully inscribed to Mrs. N. E. SNIPES, Olio, S. C.

J. L. SNIPES. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. O - ver the riv - er, the riv - er of death, Lit - tle broth - er has gone from our side, Yet we can see him in
2. Sad - ly we fold - ed his hands on his breast, Laid him down in his cold nar - row bed; Life thro' our tears seems so
3. Lone - ly and sad are our hearts since he died, For with him went the light of our home; Nev - er a- gain in this

snow - y white robes As he cross'd o'er the riv - er's cold tide. An - gels we saw not that fer - ried him o'er, Nei - ther
cheer- less and dark, All our hope's brightest hopes blighted, dead. Yet we shall meet him be-yond the dark wave Where the
life shall we meet, But up yon - der, in heav-en's blue dome. Yes, he is watch-ing and wait - ing for us On a

could we the cit - y be- hold, Yet o - ver there he is wait- ing for us In the cit - y, bright cit- y of gold.
ramsomed and an- gels a - bide, There, lit - tle broth-er is wait ing for us, On the shore o'er the dark rolling tide.
bright and a beau - ti - ful shore, Joy - ous- ly there we shall meet him a-gain, When the journey below shall be o'er.

CHORUS.

O - ver there, o - ver there, Lit - tle broth-er is wait- ing o - ver there, o - ver there, O - ver there, o - ver there, We shall

O - ver there, o - ver there, Lit - tle broth-er is wait- ing o - ver there, o - ver there, O - ver there, o - ver there, We shall

O - ver there, Lit - tle broth-er is wait- ing o - ver there, O - ver there, We shall

O - ver there, o - ver there, Lit - tle broth- er is wait- ing o - ver there, o - ver there, O - ver there, o - ver there, We shall

Repeat pp after last verse.

meet him by and by, in the glad for - ev - er, He is wait - ing, wait - ing for us there, for us there.

meet him by and by, in the glad for - ev - er, He is wait - ing, wait- ing for us there, for us there.

ad libitum.

meet him by and by, in the glad for - ev - er, He is wait - ing, wait - ing for us there.

Montmorenci.*

J. C. JOHNSON.

J. H. TENNEY.

Allegro.

1. From yon-der cliff, ... see the wa-ters are leap-ing, White as a bride . . . . to the riv-er be-low!
2. Pure from thy fount . . . . on the Lau-ren-tide mount-ains, Old-est of rocks . . . . that e'er rose from the sea,

1. From yon-der cliff, see the wa-ters are leap-ing,
2. Pure from thy fount on the Lau-ren-tide mount-ains,

White as a bride to the riv-er be-low!
Old-est of rocks that e'er rose from the sea,

And soft-ly yon boughs . . . on the hill-side are wav-ing, "Welcome, fair stream, . . . who art whit-er than snow!"
Soon dash-ing in glee . . . . from thy cliff, Mont-mo-ren-ci, Nev-er a riv - - - - - er more beauteous could be!

And soft-ly yon boughs on the hill-side are wav-ing,
Soon dash-ing in glee from thy cliff, Mont-mo-ren-ci,

"Welcome, fair stream, who art whit-er than snow!"
Nev-er a riv-er more beauteous could be!

Rushing and surging down, Swinging and dancing down, Rapid-ly, ceaseless-ly, all the bright day! All the brown cliffs around ech-o the tireless sound,

Rushing and surging down, Swinging and dancing down, Rapid-ly, ceaseless-ly, all the bright day! While all the breezes near catch at the spray in cheer,

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* The falls of Montmorenci are in a deep glen that extends back some little distance from the St. Lawrence river, four miles from Quebec. The cliff is more than two hundred feet high and a little sloping, so that the falls, fifty feet wide, are beaten into the whitest of foam, which extends from top to bottom. The cataract with the dark brown walls of the glen,—the green trees and bushes, with the constant rainbows in front of the falls, furnish a picture which once seen is never forgotten. The Laurentide hills or mountains, from which the Montmorenci comes, are, according to geologists, the very oldest on the continent.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Hear the Chiming of the Bells.

A. N. JOHNSON, by per.

Hear the chiming of the bells, How sweet! how sweet! Hear the chiming of the bells, How sweet!

1. This is God's own day of rest, Day we love the
2. Brighter skies have never been, Nor a Sabbath
3. God has made this Sabbath fair, Heav'nly music
4. To God's temple we re - pair, To the place of

most, the best! Oh, what gladness fills the breast, As the bells chime on.
more se-rene, Let us praise the Great Unseen, While the bells chime on.
fills the air, Hearts are hap-py ev'rywhere, As the bells chime on.
praise and pray'r, And we'll humbly worship there, As the bells chime on.

Sabbath bells, chime on, chime on! Sweet bells, chime on, chime on, chime on.

We've Met Again.

SOLO.

Old Scotch Air.

Chaplin. 8s & 7s.

E. HOWE BAILEY.

1. Hark! what mean those holy voic - es, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th'angel - ic host re-joic - es, Heav'nly hal - le - lu - jah's rise.

2. Hear them tell the wondrous sto - ry; Hear them chant in hymns of joy, Glo- ry in the high-est, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most high!

J. C. JOHNSON.

Montmorenci.*

J. H. TENNEY.

Allegro.

1. From yon - der cliff, ... see the wa - ters are leap - ing, White as a bride . . . . to the riv - er be - low!
2. Pure from thy fount . . . . on the Lau - ren - tide mount - ains, Old - est of rocks . . . . that e'er rose from the sea,

1. From yon - der cliff, see the wa - ters are leap - ing, White as a bride to the riv - er be - low!
2. Pure from thy fount on the Lau - ren - tide mount - ains, Old - est of rocks that e'er rose from the sea,

And soft - ly yon boughs . . . on the hill - side are wav - ing, "Welcome, fair stream, . . . who art whit - er than snow!"
Soon dash-ing in glee . . . . from thy cliff, Mont-mo - ren - ci, Nev - er a riv - - - - - er more beauteous could be!

And soft - ly yon boughs on the hill - side are wav - ing,
Soon dash - ing in glee from thy cliff, Mont-mo - ren - ci,

"Welcome, fair stream, who art whit - er than snow!"
Nev - er a riv - er more beauteous could be!

[illegible] - ron cours - ers That yon - der rush, with fie - ry breath, a - way o'er the lea!

For gleam-ing axe and hol- low gun, and ar- mor flash-ing in the sun, The sol - dier comes to you, ere meet- ing the foe.
Then soon he guides the shin- ing share thro' loam-y fields, and ev- 'ry-where, He strews the scattered seed for glad autumn's store.
And o'er the surg - ing sea and main your engines thresh the wa- tery plain, And yours the hon - or be on land and on sea!

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Hear the Chiming of the Bells.

A. N. JOHNSON, by per.

Hear the chiming of the bells, How sweet! how sweet! Hear the chiming of the bells, How sweet!

1. This is God's own day of rest, Day we love the
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most, the best! Oh, what gladness fills the breast, As the bells chime on.
more se-rene, Let us praise the Great Unseen, While the bells chime on.
fills the air, Hearts are hap-py ev'rywhere, As the bells chime on.
praise and pray'r, And we'll humbly worship there, As the bells chime on.

Sabbath bells, chime on, chime on! Sweet bells, chime on, chime on, chime on.

We've Met Again.

SOLO.

Old Scotch Air.

1. We've met a- gain a- round the hearth, Where oft we used to come, We've gathered from the wilds of earth, To this our Father's home.
2. The gathered dust of toil and care, The world hath o'er us flung, Shall van- ish in the pure clear air, We breathed when we were young.
3. The noi- sy clang of jar-ring throngs, Shall vex our ear no more, Nor break up- on the peace-ful songs, We loved and sang of yore.
4. We'll min-gle in the old home game, With all our old- en glee, No child shall fol-low pleasure's flame, More gay of heart than we.

CHORUS.

We'll wake a-gain the joys of old, The joys of old so dear, And mem'ry, with her chain of gold, Shall clos- er bind us here.

Gaily the Troubadour.

Arr. from T. H. BAILY, by † † †

1. Gai - ly the Troubadour touched his guitar, When he was hast- en-ing home from the war, Sing-ing, "From Pal-es- tine hith- er I come,
2. She for the Troubadour hopeless had wept, Sad - ly she tho't of him when oth-ers slept, Sing-ing, "In search of thee would I might roam.
3. Hark! 'twas the Troubadour breathing her name, Un-der the bat- tlement soft- ly he came, Sing-ing, "From Pal-es- tine hith- er I come,

La - dy love! La- dy love! welcome me home." Sing- ing, "From Pal-es- tine hith - er I come, La- dy love! Lady love! welcome me home."
Trou- badour! Troubadour! come to thy home." Sing- ing, "In search of thee would I might roam, Troubadour! Troubadour! come to thy home."

La - dy love! La- dy love! welcome me home." Sing-ing, "From Pal-es- tine hith - er I come, La- dy love! La-dy love! welcome me home."

Touch us Gently, Time.

ROSE LYON, by per.

1. In the spring of ear - ly years, Touch us gen - tly, gen - tly, Time; With its bud- ding hopes and fears, Touch us gen-tly, Time.
2. In the autumn's lone - ly grief, Touch us gen - tly, gen - tly, Time; Fad-ing light and fall- ing leaves, Touch us gen-tly, Time.
3. Twilight shad-ows o'er us creep, Touch us gen - tly, gen - tly, Time; We are wea - ry, let us sleep; Touch us gen-tly, Time.

Touch us Gently, Time.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Repeat pp after last verse.

Touch us gen- tly, gen - tly Time; Touch us gently, gen - tly, Time; Touch us gently, gen- tly, Time; Touch us gen-tly, gen- tly, Time.

Gen - tly, gen - tly, Touch us gen- tly, gen - tly, Time; Gen - tly, gen - tly, Touch us gen- tly, gently, Time.
Touch us gen- tly, gen - tly, Time, Touch us gen-tly, Touch us gently, Time; Touch us gently, gen- tly, Time; Touch us gen- tly, Time.

Morning Hymn.

Rev. W. F. COSNER.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. 'Tis sweet, blest Lord, when breaks the ro - sy morn - ing, Wak - ing, to feel that I am still with Thee;
2. A - bide with me to cheer me and to strengthen; Sus - tain me, for I am so weak and faint;
3. Still, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn is break - ing, 'Tis sweet, blest Sav - iour, to a - bide with Thee;

Each hour to Thee my wea - ry heart is turn - ing; Oh, let thy pres - ence still a - bide with me.
Should'st Thou for - sake me ere the shad - ows length - en, Ah! whith - er should I go with my complaint.

Be with me Lord, through all my hours of wak - ing; And when the night comes, still a - bide with me.

Gathering Home.

Dr. G. F. ROOT.

1. The sun - set fades a - long the hills; Floods of golden light Dy - ing in - to night; Soft twi- light now the val-ley fills; Dim the
2. The huntsmen ride a - long the hills In the gold - en light, While the com-ing night, From spir- it wings, the dew dis-tills; Bidding
3. Oh, soon for us no more shall be Morn or eve - ning light, Earthly noon or night; But death's unfathomed mys - ter - y, Settling

shadows fall O - er all, (o- ver all:) Hark! hark! the song the reapers sing, As they gath-er home, Blithely gath-er home; Hark!
qui - et fall O - ver all, (o - ver all:) Hark! hark! the huntmen's winding horn, As they gath - er home, Blithely gath - er home; Their
like a pall O - ver all, (o - ver all;) Then if the gold - en harps we hear, As we gath - er home, Safe-ly gath - er home, We'll

REFRAIN. *After each verse.*

how the vales and woodlands ring, As the ech-oes sweet loud- ly call. Oh, hear the strain, The joy- ful strain!
tones on twilight zeph - yrs borne, As the ech - oes sweet soft- ly call.
know our Father's throne is near, And for us the sweet heav'nly call. Oh, hear . . . . the joy-ful strain; Gath'ring

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Gathering Home.—Concluded.

Repeat p, and diminish to the end.

The joy- ful strain: Gath'ring home, gath'ring home; The glad refrain: We're gath'ring home, The glad refrain: Gath'ring home.

home, gath'ring home; Hark! hark! . . . the glad re-frain: Gath'ring home, Gath'ring home.

Flitting Away.

W. C. BRYANT.

C. C. CLINE, by per.

1. As shad-ows, cast by cloud and sun, Flit o'er the summer grass, So in thy sight, Al-might-y One, Earth's gener- a - tions pass.
2. And while the years, an end-less host, Come pressing swiftly on, The brightest names that earth can boast, Just glisten and are gone.
3. Yet doth the star of Bethl'm shed A lus- ter pure and sweet; And still it leads, as once it led, To the Mes- si - ah's feet.
4. O Fa- ther! may that ho - ly star Grow ev-'ry year more bright, And send its glo- rious beams a- far, To fill the world with light.

CHORUS.

Rit.

1–2. Flit- ting, . . flit- ting, . . Flit-ting like shadows a - way; Flit-ting, . . flit- ting a - way, Flitting like shadows a - way.
3–4. Brighter, . . brighter, . . Bright-er the ho - ly star shines; Brighter, . . bright-er it shines, Brighter the ho - ly star shines.

1–2. Flitting a- way, flit-ting a- way, Flit-ting like shad-ows a - way; Flitting a-way, flit- ting a- way, Flit- ting like shadows a - way.
3–4. Brighter it shines, brighter it shines, Brighter the ho- ly star shines; Brighter it shines, brighter it shines, Brighter the ho - ly star shines.

The Harvest Time.

German Air. By per. of A. N. JOHNSON.

Allegro.

Fine.

1. Hur - rah! hur - rah! the mer - ry har - vest time! time! So mer - ry, so mer - ry, so
2. Hur - rah! hur - rah! the sick - le and the wain! wain! So bus - y, so bus - y, so
3. Hur - rah! hur - rah! the mer - ry har - vest time! time! So mer - ry, so mer - ry, so

mer - ry, so mer- ry, so mer - ry, so mer- ry, and cheer-ful! Hur - rah! hur - rah! the mer - ry har-vest time! time!
bus - y, so bus - y, so bus - y, so bus - y, and use - ful! Hur - rah! hur - rah! the sick - le and the wain! wain!
bus - y, so bus - y, so mer - ry, so mer- ry, and cheer-ful! Hur - rah! hur - rah! the mer - ry har-vest time! time!

D. C.

Win - ter days are draw - ing near, Wea- ry, drear - y, Au - tumn fine, and au- tumn cheer, Ban - ish thought of fear.
Now the ox - en to the barn, Toil- ing, toil - ing, Draw the treas - ure of the farm, From the frost se - cure.
Shout, ye lust - y farm - er's men, Loud- ly, loud - ly, Ye have toiled this prize to gain, Many a wea - ry day.

Happy Childhood.

J. C. JOHNSON.

German Air. By per. of A. N. JOHNSON.

1. Ah, when in hap - py child - hood, Those fair - y tales were told, Of many a won-drous he - ro, Of tow'rs, and gems, and gold.
2. I loved the gorgeous sto - ries, Oh, how I loved to hear, When told me by my moth - er, In ac - cents kind and dear.
3. And yet I love to hear them, As in the days gone by, They bring me gold- en mem - 'ries, And cheer- ful then I cry.

Happy Childhood.—Concluded.

DUET.

{Gold - en are childhood's dreams of pleas - ure, pleas - ure, Hap - py the spring of life should ev - er be,
{Hap - py if au - tumn brings its treas - ure, treas - ure, Hap - py if win - ter days in peace we see.

FULL CHORUS.

Ring then, ring, ye light fair - y bells, Let sweet happy voic- es chime with the dan-ces, When the midnight ar - my ad-van-ces, Forth from shady dells.

1. 'Tis midnight, and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone: 'Tis midnight; in the gar-den, now, The suffering Saviour prays a - lone.
2. 'Tis midnight, and, from all re -mov'd, The Saviour wrestles lone with fears; E'en that dis - ci - ple whom He lov'd Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.

Retreat. L. M.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

Slow.

1. From ev - 'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev-'ry swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy-seat.
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads; A place of all on earth most sweet, It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

Rest. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep; A calm and un - disturbed re - pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su-premely blest; No fear, no woe shall dim that hour That man-i - fests the Saviour's pow'r.

Duke Street. L. M.

J. L. HATTON.

1. Come, O my soul, in sacred lays, Attempt thy great Creator's praise; But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame? What verse can reach the lofty theme?
2. Enthroned amid the radiant spheres, He, glory like a garment wears; To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thousand suns around him shine.
3. Raised on devotion's loft- y wing, Do thou, my soul, his glories sing; And let his praise employ thy tongue Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.

Nauweta. L. M.

R. M. McINTOSH.

mer - ry, so mer- ry, so mer - ry, so mer- ry, and cheer-ful! Hur - rah! hur - rah! the mer - ry har-vest time! time!
bus - y, so bus - y, so bus - y, so bus - y, and use - ful! Hur - rah! hur - rah! the sick - le and the wain! wain!
bus - y, so bus - y, so mer - ry, so mer- ry, and cheer-ful! Hur - rah! hur - rah! the mer - ry har-vest time! time!

D.C.

Win - ter days are draw - ing near, Wea- ry, drear - y, Au - tumn fine, and au- tumn cheer, Ban - ish thought of fear.
Now the ox - en to the barn, Toil- ing, toil - ing, Draw the treas - ure of the farm, From the frost se - cure.
Shout, ye lust - y farm - er's men, Loud- ly, loud - ly, Ye have toiled this prize to gain, Many a wea - ry day.

Happy Childhood.

J. C. JOHNSON.

German Air. By per. of A. N. JOHNSON.

1. Ah, when in hap - py child - hood, Those fair - y tales were told, Of many a won-drous he - ro, Of tow'rs, and gems, and gold.
2. I loved the gorgeous sto - ries, Oh, how I loved to hear, When told me by my moth - er, In ac - cents kind and dear.
3. And yet I love to hear them, As in the days gone by, They bring me gold- en mem - 'ries, And cheer- ful then I cry.

Hebron. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days; And ev-'ry ev'ning shall make known Some fresh memorials of his grace.
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home; But he for-gives my fol-lies past; He gives me strength for days to come.
3. I lay my bod-y down to sleep; Peace is the pil-low for my head; While well-appoint-ed an-gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.

Olive's Brow. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. 'Tis midnight, and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone: 'Tis midnight; in the gar-den, now, The suffering Saviour prays a-lone.
2. 'Tis midnight, and, from all re-mov'd, The Saviour wrestles lone with fears; E'en that dis-ci-ple whom He lov'd Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.

Retreat. L. M.

Slow.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

1. From ev-'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev-'ry swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads; A place of all on earth most sweet, It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

Rest. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. A-sleep in Je-sus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep; A calm and un-disturbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.
2. A-sleep in Je-sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su-premely blest; No fear, no woe shall dim that hour That man-i-fests the Saviour's pow'r.

Watson. L. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

Earnestly.

1. A- wake, my soul! and with the sun Thy dai- ly stage of du- ty run; Shake off dull sloth, and joy-ful rise To pay thy morning sac - ri - fice.
2. Thanks be to thee, who safe has kept, And hast re- fresh'd me while I slept; Oh, grant that when from death I wake, I may of end-less life par- take.
3. Di - rect, con-trol, sug-gest, this day, All I de- sign, or do, or say; That all my pow'rs, with all their might, In thy sole glo- ry may u - nite.

Farenzo. L. M.

Arr. from RINK, by J. H. TENNEY.

1. God is the ref-uge of his saints When storms of sharp distress in - vade; Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Be - hold him pres-ent with his aid.
2. There is a stream whose gentle flow Sup-plies the cit - y of our God; Life, love, and joy still gliding thro', And wa- t'ring our di - vine a - bode.

Rockingham. L. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. What var-ious hin-dran- ces we meet In com-ing to the mer- cy seat; Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r, But wishes to be oft - en there?

Windham. L. M.

DANIEL READ.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to- geth- er there; But wis-dom shows a nar- row path, With here and there a trav-el - er.

Shelby. L. M. D.

W. A. WILSON.

Fine.

D. C.

1. { Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays, Attempt thy great Cre - a - tor's praise; } Enthron'd a - mid the radiant spheres, He glo - ry like a gar-ment wears;
   { But, O, what tongue can speak his fame? What verse can reach the lofty theme? }
D.C.—To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thousand suns a - round him shine.

2. { In all our Maker's grand de-signs, Al-might- y pow'r with wisdom shines; } Rais'd on de - votion's loft - y wing, Do thou, my soul, his glo - ries sing;
   { His works, thro' all this wondrous frame, Declare the glo - ry of his name. }
D.C.—And let his praise employ thy tongue Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.

Georgetown. L. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. How sweet to leave the world awhile, And seek the presence of our Lord! Dear Saviour, on thy peo-ple smile, And come, ac - cord- ing to thy word.
2. From bus - y scenes we now retreat, That we may here con-verse with thee; O Lord, be-hold us at thy feet! Let this the "gate of heav - en" be.

Ionia. L. M.

Andante.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Sweet is the scene when Christians die, When ho - ly souls re - tire to rest; How mild-ly beams the clos - ing eye, How gen-tly heaves th' expir- ing breast.
2. So fades the sum - mer cloud a - way; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er; So gen - tly shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave a - long the shore.

Darius. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue, I'll praise my Maker in my song; Angels shall hear the notes I raise, Approve the song and join the praise.
2. I'll sing thy truth and mer-cy, Lord; I'll sing the wonders of thy word; Not all thy works and names below, So much thy pow'r and glory show.

Carolina. L. M.

J. H. HARBIN.

1. How pleasant, how di-vine- ly fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are! With strong desire my spirit faints To meet th'assemblies of thy saints.
2. Blest are the saints that sit on high, Around thy throne of ma- jes- ty; Thy brightest glories shine above, And all their work is praise and love.
3. Blest are the souls that find a place Within the temple of thy grace; Here they behold thy gentler rays, And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

Mille. L. M.

*

Cheerfully.

1. Now in a song of grateful praise, To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise; With all his saints I'll join to tell That Jesus hath done all things well.
2. Wisdom, and pow'r, and love divine, In all his works, un-rival'd, shine, And force the wond'ring world to tell That he alone did all things well.
3. How-e'er mys-terious are his ways, Or dark or sor-row- ful my days; And tho' my spir- it oft re-bel, I know he still doth all things well.

Ashville. C. M.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Far from these nar-row scenes of night, Un-bound-ed glo - ries rise, And realms of joy and pure de-light, Un-known to mor- tal eyes.
2. Fair dis-tant land! could mor-tal eyes But half its charms explore, How would our spir- its long to rise, And dwell on earth no more!
3. Pre- pare us, Lord, by grace di- vine, For thy bright courts on high; Then bid our spir - its rise and join The cho- rus of the sky.

Manoah. C. M.

HAYDN.

1. Help us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear, De - light-ing in thy will; Each oth - er's burdens learn to bear; The law of love ful- fill.
2. He that hath pit - y on the poor Doth lend un-to the Lord; And, lo! his rec-ompense is sure, For more shall be re- stored.
3. To thee our all de-vot - ed be, In whom we move and live; Free- ly we have received from thee, And free - ly may we give.

Brown. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. To our Re-deemer's glo - rious name A-wake the sa-cred song! Oh, may his love, im- mor - tal flame! Tune ev-'ry heart and tongue.

Marlow. C. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Let all the lands, with shouts of joy, To God their voi - ces raise; Sing psalms in hon - or of his name, And spread his glorious praise.

Ortonville. C. M.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear; It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, And drives away his fear.
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the wea-ry rest, And to the wea-ry rest.

Arlington. C. M.

Dr. THOS. ARNE.

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free: A heart that al - ways feels the blood So free - ly shed for me.
2. A heart resigned, sub - missive, meek, My great Redeemer's throne, Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.

Azmon. C. M.

C. G. GLASER.

1. Dear Father, to thy mer-cy-seat My soul for shel - ter flies; 'Tis here I find a safe re - treat When storms and tempests rise.
2. My cheerful hope can nev-er die, If thou, my God, art near; Thy grace can raise my com-forts high, And ban - ish ev' - ry fear.

Victoria. C. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The Saviour's pard'ning blood Ap-plied to cleanse my soul from guilt And bring me home to God.

Funeral Hymn. C. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

With Solemnity.

1. Beneath our feet and o'er our head Is e-qual warning giv'n; Beneath us lie the countless dead, A- bove us is the heav'n, A - bove us is the heav'n.
2. Our eyes have seen the ro- sy light Of youth's soft cheek decay; And fate descend in sudden night On manhood's middle- day, On manhood's middle-day.
3. Our eyes have seen the steps of age Halt feebly toward the tomb; And yet shall earth our hearts engage, And dreams of days to come? And dreams of days to come?

St. Nicholas. C. M.

Dr. HAVERGAL.

1. E - ter - nal Source of joys di- vine, To thee my soul as- pires; Oh, could I say, "the Lord is mine!" 'Tis all my soul de - sires.
2. My Hope, my Trust, my Life, my Lord, As-sure me of thy love; Oh, speak the kind, transporting word, And bid my fears re- move.
3. Then shall my thank- ful pow'rs re-joice, And tri-umph in my God, Till heav'nly rapt-ure tune my voice, To spread thy praise a-broad.

Norton. C. M.

*

1. Je - ho - vah God! thy gra- cious pow'r On ev -'ry hand we see; Oh, may the blessings of each hour Lead all our thoughts to thee.
2. If on the wings of morn we speed To earth's re-mot- est bound, Thy hand will there our footsteps lead, Thy love our path sur-round.
3. Thy pow'r is in the o - cean deeps, And reaches to the skies; Thine eye of mer - cy nev - er sleeps, Thy goodness nev - er dies.

Emory. C. M.

J. H. TURNER.

1. How long, dear Sav- iour! oh, how long Shall this bright hour de- lay? Fly swift a- round, ye wheels of time! And bring the promised day.
2. Lo! what a glo- rious sight ap-pears, To our be - liev - ing eyes; The earth and seas are passed a- way, And the old roll - ing skies.

Evan. C. M.

Arr. from HAVERGAL.

1. In mer - cy, Lord, re-mem-ber me, Thro' all the hours of night; And grant to me most gra-cious-ly, The safe-guard of thy might.
2. With cheerful heart I close my eyes, Since thou wilt not remove; Oh, in the morn- ing let me rise, Re- joic- ing in thy love.

Gates. C. M.

T. J. RIGGS.

1. Dear Fa-ther, to thy mer- cy- seat, My soul for shel- ter flies; 'Tis here I find a safe retreat, When storms and tempests rise.
2. My cheer-ful hope can nev- er die, If thou, my God, art near, Thy grace can raise my comforts high, And ban-ish ev - 'ry fear.

Elizabethtown. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame; A light to shine up- on the road That leads me to the Lamb!

Wrightson. C. M.

Andante.

1. Sweet is the pray'r whose holy stream In earn- est pleading flows; De - vo - tion dwells up- on the theme, And warm and warm- er glows.
2. But sweet- er far, the still, small voice, Unheard by hu- man ear, When God has made the heart re- joice, And dried the bit - ter tear.
3. No ac- cents flow, no words as-cend, All utt'rance fail- eth there; But saint - ed spir- its com-prehend, And God ac-cepts the pray'r.

Secret Place. C. M.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. Oh, that I knew the se- cret place Where I might find my God! I'd spread my wants be- fore his face, And pour my woes a-broad.
2. I'd tell him how my sins a - rise; What sorrows I sus- tain; How grace de-cays, and comfort dies, And leaves my heart in pain.
3. A - rise, my soul! from deep dis-tress, And ban- ish ev - 'ry fear; He calls thee to his throne of grace, To spread thy sorrows there.

Hightower. C. M.

G. E. LEONARD.

1. Long have I sat beneath the sound Of thy sal - va - tion, Lord! But still how weak my faith is found, And knowledge of thy word!
2. How cold and fee - ble is my love, How neg - li- gent my fear! How long my hope of joys a - bove! How few af - fec-tions there!
3. Great God, thy sov'reign pow'r impart, To give thy word suc- cess; Write thy sal - va - tion in my heart, And make me learn thy grace.

That Glorious Song of Old. C. M. D.

B. F. SHOWALTER.

1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old, From an - gels bend-ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come With peace-ful wings un-furl'd, And still their heav'nly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;
3. But with the woes of sin and strife The world has suf-fer'd long; Be- neath the an - gel-strain have roll'd Two thou-sand years of wrong;

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men" From heavn's all-gra- cious King; The world in sol - emn still- ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov-'ring wing, And ev - er o'er its Ba- bel-sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
And man, at war with man, hears not The love - song that they bring— Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife, And hear the an - gels sing.

Belmont. C. M.

Arr. from MOZART, by A. J. S.

1. My God, my Fa - ther, bliss-ful name! Oh, may I call thee mine? May I with sweet as - sur-ance claim A por-tion so di - vine?
2. What e'er thy sa - cred will ob-tains, Oh, give me strength to bear! And let me know my Fa - ther reigns, And trust his ten- der care.

Spring. C. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. When verdure clothes the fer - tile vale, And blossoms deck the spray, And fragrance breathes in ev - 'ry gale, How sweet the ver - nal day!

Land of Pure Delight. C. M. With Chorus.

CHORUS.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain.
2. There ev - er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev - er - fad-ing flow'rs; Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heav'n-ly land from ours.

In that land . . . . of pure de- light,
In that land of pure de- light,
We shall dwell with saints in end-less light;
On that bright, gold- en shore,
On that bright, gold- en shore,
We will dwell there with Christ ev - er- more.
On that bright, gold- en shore, On that bright, gold-en shore,

Siloam. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill, How fair the lil - y grows! How sweet the breath, be-neath the hill, Of Sha-ron's dew - y rose!
2. Lo! such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod—Whose se - cret heart, with influence sweet, Is upward drawn to God.

Avon. C. M.

Scottish.

1. O Thou, whose ten - der mer - cy hears Con- tri - tion's hum - ble sigh; Whose hand in - dul- gent, wipes the tears From sor - row's weep- ing eye—

Laban. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

Spirited.

1. My soul! be on thy guard, Ten thou-sand foes a - rise; And hosts of sin are press - ing hard, To draw thee from the skies.
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di- vine im-plore.

Boylston. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn-ing flow'r; When blasting winds sweep o'er the field, It with-ers in an hour.
2. But thy com-pas- sions, Lord! To end-less years en - dure; And children's chil-dren ev - er find The words of prom - ise sure.

Lottie. S. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. How gen- tle God's commands, How kind his pre - cepts are; Come, cast your bur- den on the Lord, And trust his con- stant care.
2. His boun- ty will pro - vide, His saints se-cure - ly dwell; That hand which bears cre- a - tion up, Shall guard his chil-dren well.

Shirland. S. M.

STANLEY.

1. How per- fect is thy word! And all thy judg-ments just! For ev - er sure thy promise, Lord, And we se- cure- ly trust.

Dennis. S. M.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fel - low - ship of kin- dred minds Is like to that a- bove.
2. Be - fore our Father's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,— Our com-forts and our cares.

Burber. S. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

Soft and subdued.

1. Go to thy rest, my child! Go to thy dream-less bed, While yet so gen - tle, un - de - filed, With blessings on thy head.
2. Shall love with weak em-brace, Thy up - ward wing de - tain? No! gen - tle an - gel, seek thy place A- mid the cher - ub train.

Vesper. S. M.

Western Melody.

1. My Sav - iour and my Lord, To thee I lift mine eyes; In - struct me by thy ho - ly word, And make me tru - ly wise.
2. Be it my chief de- light To read this vol- ume o'er; To seek its Au- thor day and night, And love thee more and more.

State Street. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.

1. How sweet the melt- ing lay, Which breaks upon the ear, When, at the hour of ris - ing day, Christians u - nite in pray'r.

Home. S. M.

W. L. MONTAGUE.

1. My Fa- ther's house on high Is my e - ter- nal home; O God, for- bid that I should sigh, While trav'ling here a- lone.
2. My Fa - ther and my God, O lead me safe - ly on, Till in that heav'nly world a - bove I feel my work is done.
3. Then join the heav'n-ly throng, To sing re- deeming love; While endless a - ges roll a - long, We'll praise our God a - bove.

Shepherd. S. M.

WYATT MINSHALL.

1. The Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well supplied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be-side? What can I want be-side?
2. He leads me to the place Where heav'nly pasture grows, Where living waters gently pass, And full salva-tion flows, And full sal- va-tion flows.
3. If e'er I go as-tray, He doth my soul reclaim; And guides me in his own right way, For his most holy name, For his most ho- ly name.

Clara. S. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. If on a qui - et sea, Tow'rd heav'n we calmly sail; With grate-ful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fav - 'ring gale.
2. But should the sur - ges rise, And rest de - lay to come, Blest be the sor - row, kind the storm, Which drives us near - er home.

Neile. S. M.

N. BARKER.

1. If thro' un - ruf - fled seas, Tow'rd heav'n we calmly sail, With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fos - t'ring gale.
2. But should the sur - ges rise, And rest de - lay to come, Blest be the sor- row, kind the storm, Which drives us near- er home.

Hawthorn. S. M.

†††

1. How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zi - on's hill; Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re- veal.
2. How charming is their voice! How sweet the tid - ings are! "Zi - on, be - hold thy Sav- iour King; He reigns and tri-umphs here!"
3. How hap - py are our ears That hear this joy - ful sound, Which kings and prophets wait - ed for, And sought, but nev - er found.

Vanstene. S. M.

*

1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind designs to serve and please Thro' all their ac - tions run.
2. Blest is the pi- ous house, Where zeal and friendship meet; Their songs of praise, their mingled vows, Make their com- mun - ion sweet.

Rupert. S. M. Double.

J. H. T.

1. Come to the land of peace; From shad- ows come a - way; Where all the sounds of weep-ing cease, And storms no more have sway.

2. Come to the bright and blest, Gather'd from ev - 'ry land; For here thy soul shall find its rest, A - mid the shin-ing band.

Fear hath no dwelling here; But pure repose and love Breathe thro' the bright, ce - les - tial air, The spir - it of the dove.

In this divine a - bode Change leaves no sadd'ning trace; Come, trust - ing spir - it, to thy God, Thy ho - ly rest- ing - place.

Gillespie. S. M.

*

1. My God, my pray'r attend; Oh, bow thine ear to me—With-out a hope, without a friend, Without a help but thee, Without a help but thee!

2. Thy mer - cy I entreat; Let mer-cy hear my cries, While, humbly waiting at thy feet, My dai- ly pray'rs arise, My dai-ly pray'rs arise.

Hendon. 7s.

Rev. Dr. MALAN.

1. To thy past - ures fair and large, Heav'nly Shep-herd, lead thy charge; And my couch with tenderest care, Midst the springing grass pre - pare, Midst the springing grass prepare.
2. When I faint with summer's heat, Thou shalt guide my wea-ry feet To the streams, that, still and slow, Thro' the verdant mead-ows flow, Thro' the ver-dant meadows flow.

Josie. 7s.

A. S. K. — A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Hear me, Saviour, while I pray On this ho - ly Sab- bath day; Bless me as thou didst of old Bless the lambs of Israel's fold.
2. Hold my hand with-in thine own, That I may not walk a - lone; Guide my footsteps lest they stray In - to sin's dark des- ert way.

Prayer. 7s.

ASAHEL ABBOT.

1. Firm-ly trust-ing in thy blood, Noth-ing shall my heart confound; Safe-ly I shall pass the flood, Safe- ly reach Immanuel's ground.
2. When I touch the bless-ed shore, Back the closing waves shall roll; Death's dark stream shall nevermore Part from thee my ravished soul.

Toplady. 7s. 6 lines.

Dr. HASTINGS.

Fine.

1. Rock of a - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my- self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side that flow'd,

D. C.

D. C. Be of sin the per- fect cure; Save me, Lord, and made me pure.

Tribute. 8s. & 7s.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

Andante.

1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and lovely, Gen- tle as the sum-mer breeze, Pleasant as the air of eve-ning, When it floats a-mong the trees.
2. Peaceful be thy si- lent slumber, Peace-ful in the grave so low: Thou no more wilt join our number; Thou no more our songs shalt know
3. Yet a- gain we hope to meet thee When the day of life is fled; Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee, Where no farewell tear is shed.

Beaman. 7s.

1. Praise the Lord! his pow'r con- fess! Praise him in his ho - li - ness; Praise him as the theme inspires, Praise him as his fame requires
2. Let the trum- pet's loft - y sound Spread its loud- est notes a-round; Let the harp u - nite, in praise, With the sa- cred min-strel's lay
3. Let the or - gan join to bless God, the Lord of righteousness; Tune your voice to spread the fame Of the great Je - ho-vah's name

Anthony 7s.

J. L. HEMBREE.

1. Hear and save me, gra-cious Lord, For my trust is in thy word; Wash me from the stain of sin, That thy peace may rule with-in.
2. Leave me not my strength to trust; Oh, re-mem - ber I'm but dust; Leave me not a - gain to stray, Leave me not the tempter's prey.

Davenport. 7s. & 5s.

1. Work, and thou wilt bless the day, Ere the toil be done; They that work not can - not play, Can - not feel the sun.

2. All the roll-ing plan - ets glow Bright as burn- ing gold; Should they pause, how soon they'd grow Col - or - less and cold!

God is liv - ing, work- ing still; All things work and move; Work, wouldst thou their beau - ty feel, And thy Mak- er's love.

Joy and beau - ty where were they If the world stood still? Like the world, thy law o - bey, And thy call - ing fill.

Supplication. 6s. & 5s.

Dr. M. J. MUNGER.

1st. time. 2d. time. Fine. D.C.

1. God of our sal - va - tion, Un - to thee we pray,
Hear our sup- pli- ca - tion, [Omit. . . . .] Be our strength and stay. Wretched and un- wor - thy, Poor and sick and blind,

D.C.—Prostrate, we a- dore thee, [Omit. . . . .] Call thy grace to mind.

Crawford Street. 10s.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

p *cres.* *dim.*

1. The day is gen - tly sink - ing to a close, Faint - er and yet more faint the sun - light glows,
2. Our change - ful lives are ebb - ing to an end, On - ward to dark - ness and to death we tend;
3. In that last sun - set, when the stars shall fall, May we a - rise, a - wak - en'd by thy call,

m *cres.* *f* *dim.* May be omitted.

O Bright-ness of thy Fa - ther's glo - ry, thou, E - ter - nal Light of light be with us now.
O Conqueror of the grave, be thou our Guide, Be thou our Light in death's dark e - ven- tide.
With thee, O Lord, for ev - er to a - bide In that blest day which has no e - ven- tide. A - men.

Webb. 7s. & 6.

GEO. JAMES WEBB.

1. The morn-ing light is break- ing, The dark- ness dis - ap-pears; The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears:
2. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur- sue thine on - ward way; Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich- ness stay:

Each breeze that sweeps the o- cean Brings tid - ings from a - far, Of na - tions in com- mo - tion, Pre-par'd for Zi - on's war.
Stay not till all the low - ly Tri- umph-ant reach their home; Stay not till all the ho - ly Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

Bristow. 6s. & 9s.

J. H. T.

Allegretto.

1. Come a - way to the skies, My be- lov - ed a - rise, And re- joice in the day thou wast born; On this fes - ti - val day Come ex-
2. Now with sing- ing we praise All the mer - cy and grace, By our heav - en - ly Fa- ther be-stow'd; We our be - ing receiv'd From his
3. Hal - le - lu - jah we sing To our Fa- ther and King, To the great ev - er - last-ing "I AM!" To the Lamb that was slain, Hal-le -

- ult - ing a - way, And with singing to Zi - on re- turn.
boun- ty, and live To the hon- or and glo - ry of God.
- lu - jah a- gain, Hal - le - lu - jah to God and the Lamb.

Calais. H. M.

*

1. A bro - ken heart, O Lord! Thou nev- er wilt de- spise;
2. Break thou my heart, O Lord; The rock with-in me break;

'Tis writ - ten in thy word, This is the sac - ri - fice: The sac - ri- fice that thou wilt own— It is the bro- ken heart a - lone.

To trem- ble at thy word, And at thine an - ger quake: Let me in deep con - tri - tion lie, And heave the pen - i - ten- tial sigh.

Heaven is my Home. 6s & 4s.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. I'm but a stranger here,
   Earth's but a des-ert drear,
   Heav'n is my home; Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev - 'ry hand; Heav'n is my fatherland, Heav'n is my home.
2. What tho' the tempest rage,
   Short is my pil-grim-age,
   Heav'n is my home; Time's cold and wint'ry blast Soon will be o - ver-past; I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.

America. 6s & 4s.

S. F. SMITH. National Hymn.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my fathers died; Land of the pilgrim's pride;
2. My na - tive coun-try! thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills;
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal tongues a- wake; Let all that breathe partake;

From ev - 'ry mount- ain side Let free- dom ring.
My heart with rapt - ure thrills, Like that a - bove.
Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro-long.

New Haven. 6s & 4s.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart;

Sav - iour di- vine; Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt a - way; Oh, let me, from this day, Be whol - ly thine.
My zeal in- spire; As thou hast died for me, Oh, may my love to thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be— A liv - ing fire.

She is Sleeping.

Mrs. UNDERWOOD. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. She is sleep - ing,calmly sleeping, In a new - made grave to-day; We are weep- ing,sad-ly weep- ing, For the dar - ling gone away.
2. She is sing - ing,sweetly sing-ing, In the par - a-dise above,Where celes - tial courts are ringing With the mel - o- dy of love.
3. She is bloom - ing,brightly blooming,'Mid the fair - est flowers of light,In the gar- den of sweet E - den Where the flow - ers never blight.
4. She is wait - ing,ev- er wait - ing, For the friends she loved the best,And she'll gladly hail their coming, To the man - sions of the blest.

One by one the gentle Shepherd Gathers lambs from ev- 'ry fold,Folds them to his loving bo- som With a ten-der-ness un-told.
One by one the Saviour gathers Earthly min - strels for his own, And our Maud has joined the chorus Of the angels round the throne.
One by one the Fa-ther gathers Choicest flow - ers,rich and rare,And transplants them in his gar- den; They will bloom forever there.
One by one the Lord will call us,As our la - bor here is done; And then as we cross the riv- er, We may meet her one by one.

Here and Yonder.

Dr. W. O. PERKINS, by per.

Unison.

1. Here we are but straying pil-grims,Here our path is oft - en dim; But to cheer us on our jour-ney, Still we sing this way-side hymn:
2. Here our feet are oft - en wea- ry, On the hills that throng our way; Here the tempest dark-ly gath- ers, But our hearts within us say,
3. Here our souls are oft - en fear- ful, Of the pil-grim's lurking foe; But the Lord is our de- fend- er, And he tells us we may know.
4. Here,our shadowed homes are transient,And we meet the stranger's frown; So we'll sing with joy while go-ing,E'en to death's dark bil - low down.

CHORUS.

Yon-der, o- ver the roll-ing river,Where the shining mansions rise,Soon will be our home forever,And the smile of the blessed Giver Gladdens all our longing eyes.

112 F. A. EVANS.

Galilee. L. M. Double.

M. TURBYFILL.

1. O fragrant plains of Gal - i - lee, Where Je - sus lov'd so much to be, I oft - en see thee in my dreams, Thy sun - ny fields and purling streams.
2. High o'er the plains the star once shown, That led the wise men to the throne, Of Him who perish'd on the tree, But lov'd thee well, sweet Gal-i - lee.
3. Up - on the sea, a - midst a - larm, His voice I hear a - bove the storm, "Be not a - fraid, I'm with you yet," O Gal - i - lee canst thou for - get?

REFRAIN.

O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee, I love to sing, to sing of thee; O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee, I love to sing, to sing of thee.

By and By. 8s & 7s. Double.

A. J. S.

G. W. KESLER.

1. By and by, O wea - ry broth-er, By and by all toil will cease, And the ills which here be - fall us, Will be lost in end - less peace.
2. By and by, O soul dis-heartened, By and by we'll cease from sin, By and by we'll reach that cit - y, By and by we'll en - ter in.
3. By and by, O soul im - patient, By and by the call will come; By and by we'll hear the summons, "Weary child, come home, come home."

CHORUS.

By and by! O words of com-fort! By and by! O words of love! By and by we'll find our ha - ven In the port of heav'n a - bove.

Light in the Valley.

1. When to the earth I am bid-ding a-dieu,And, in the dis-tance,the mes-sen-ger see, 'Twill not be dark-ness my soul go-eth thro';
2. Je-sus, who suffered and died for my sake,Then will my Stay and my Com-fort-er be: Heaven's bright dawn on my vision shall break;
3. Now I am los-ing my hold up-on earth! Je-sus is ten-der-ly set-ting me free! Glo-ry is breaking, and heav-en has birth!

CHORUS.

There will be light in the val-ley for me. Light in the val-ley, Light in the val-ley, There will be light in the
There will be light in the val-ley for me. Light in the val-ley, Light in the val-ley, There will be light in the
val-ley for me; Light in the val-ley, Light in the val-ley, There will be light in the val-ley for me.
val-ley for me; Light in the val-ley, Light in the val-ley, There will be light in the val-ley for me.

114 Arr. by D. W. C.

Passing this Way.

D. W. CRIST, by per.

1. Je- sus of Naz'reth to Beth - le-hem came, Heal-ing the blind, the sick and the lame; Oh, it was won-der- ful, blest be his name!
2. Je- sus of Naz'reth, on Cal - va - ry's tree, Shed his dear blood and set my soul free; Oh, it was won-der- ful, how could it be?

D.S.—Oh, it was won-der- ful, blest be his name,

Fine. CHORUS.

Still he is pass - ing by. Pass - ing this way, pass - ing this way, Je - sus is pass - ing this way;

D.S.

Golden Light.

G. A. M.

GEO. A. MINOR, by per.

1. There's a bright gold-en light That is shin- ing on our way, And it com - eth from a- bove; 'Tis the precious light of truth That will
2. 'Tis the light that led me up, From the darkness of my sin, To the glo- rious light of day; 'Tis the light that fills my soul, And makes

D.S.—And brighten up the way That will

Fine. CHORUS.

D.S.

lead to end- less day; 'Tis the light of a Sav-iour's love. Gold - en light, shine on, Shine on us from a- bove.
peace and joy with-in: From this light I shall nev - er stray.
lead to end- less day; With the light of a Sav-iour's love. Gold - en light, shine on, shine on, shine on,

Star of Victory.

A. J. CRIDER. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Beau - ti - ful star (Beau - ti - ful - star) of the east- ern world, (east- ern world,) Thou hast a glo- (Thou hast a glo-)
- ri - ous flag un-furled, (flag unfurled) Send- ing thy light (Send-ing thy light) to us so far, (us so far,) Shine on to
D.S.—Send- ing thy light (Send-ing thy light) to us so far, (us so far,) Shine on to
vic- (Shine on to vic-) to - ry, beau - ti - ful star, (beau - ti - ful star.)
vic- (Shine on to vic-) to - ry, beau - ti - ful star, (beau - ti - ful star.)

Fine. CHORUS.

Shine on, (Shine on, shine on,) beau - ti - ful
star, ... Shine on, ... beau - ti - ful star, ...
beau- ti - ful star, shine on, Shine on, shine on, shine on, beau - ti - ful, beau- ti - ful star, shine on;

D.S.

2 Heaven's a beautiful world of light,
There is no shadow nor shade of night;
Nothing our happiness will mar,
Under the light of our beautiful star.

3 Star of the voyager thou shalt be,
Guiding his pathway on to the sea;
Shine as a beacon on seas afar,
Shine on to victory, beautiful star.

Rev. FRANK POLLOCK.

All the Day Long.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. All the day long would I look to thee, Lord, Look thro' the glass of thy glo - ri - ous word, See - ing the smile of thy
2. All the day long would I make thee my guide, Hold - ing thy hand while I walk at thy side, Cling - ing the clos - er when
3. All the day long would I come at thy call, Suf - fer thy will what - ev - er be - fall, Sing a sweet song thro' the
4. All the day long would my soul be at rest, Know-ing, Lord Je - sus, thy way is the best; Pa - tient - ly watching and

CHORUS.

heav- en- ly face, Seek-ing the help of thy won- der- ful grace.
darkness comes on, Trusting thy love till the shadows are gone.
} All the day long, let this be my song, I'll trust in the Lord till the

gloom of the rain, Sing thro' the sunshine that com-eth a- gain.
work- ing for thee, Till at last heav-en dawns brightly on me.
} All the day long, let this be my song, I'll trust in the Lord till the

shad - ows are gone; All the day long, let this be my song, I'll trust in the Lord till the shad- ows are gone.

shad - ows are gone; All the day long, let this be my song, I'll trust in the Lord till the shad- ows are gone.

1. Hark! the cho - ral band, With its mu - sic float- ing ev - er O'er the bright and sparkling riv - er, From the un - seen strand;
2. Now my brow is fanned By the breez - es from the mountains, And I hear the rippling fountains Of my na - tive strand;

3 But I wait - ing stand, And my eyes are ev - er turn-ing, And my heart is ev - er yearning For the gold - en strand;

Where the an- gels bright are winging, And the beau- ti - ful are sing-ing, While the gold-en harps are ring- ing, In the bet - ter land.
Well I love the rocks and tow- ers, Warbling birds and fragrant flowers, Of my spir - it's na- tal bow - ers, Of this earth - ly land.

Where with heart to heart u - nit - ed, We shall keep the vows here plighted, And the wrongs of earth be right-ed In the bet - ter land.

CHORUS.

In the bet - ter land, the bet - ter land, While the gold - en harps are ring- ing In the bet - ter land.
In the bet- ter land, In the bet - ter land,
Of this earth-ly land, Of this earth- ly land, Well I love the rocks and tow- ers Of this earth - ly land.

In the bet- ter land, In the bet- ter land, And the wrongs of earth be right- ed In the bet - ter land.
In the bet - ter land, the bet - ter land,

Ariel. C. P. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Oh, could I speak the match - less worth, Oh, could I sound the glo - ries forth, Which in my Sav - iour shine; I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Ga - briel while he sings, In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
2. I'd sing the char - ac - ters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears, Ex - alt - ed on his throne; In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to ev - er - last - ing days Make all his glo-ries known, Make all his glo - ries known.

The Everlasting Arms.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. 'Tis sweet to lie in the lov - ing arms, From sor-row and care set free, To lean my head on the Saviour's breast, And know that he cares for me.
2. Those arms of might will not let me fall, No fear shall my heart an- noy, While o'er my head are the wings of love, Well-filled is my cup with joy.
3. His smile can light-en the dark - est hour, Bright day shall succeed the night, As flow'rs un - fold in the dew - y morn, My soul doth re-joice in light.

CHORUS.

I know not what the fu-ture shall be, But my soul shall dread no a - larms; I know not what is in store for me, But un-derneath are the ev - er-lasting arms

By permission.

No More Good-Byes.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Where life's crys - tal stream doth flow, And the tree of life doth bloom, Where no chilling frost can fall On flow'rs that sweetly bloom;
2. There the good a- gain shall meet Who have clasped the parting hand; Fathers, mothers, chil- dren dear, Around the throne shall stand;
3. Where no signs of age are seen, And they nev - er sor - row more, Where no sick-ness e'er can come, Where death has lost his pow'r;

Where the glo - ry of the Lord Shines thro' all the cloud- less skies, There, as end - less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good-byes.
There no tem - pest e'er shall blow, There no dis - mal clouds a - rise, And in that e - ter - nal home Shall be no more good-byes.
Where they feel no weight of care And no tears be- dim the eyes, All the good shall meet a - gain, And speak no more good-byes.

CHORUS.

No more good- byes, . . . No more good- byes, . . . O, bless - ed thought! . . . No more good-byes;
No more good-byes, No more good byes, O bless- ed thought!

'Midst the glo - ry of the Lord, In that home be-yond the skies, Where the end- less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good-byes.

W. T. TIBBS.

Come to the Fount.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Come, is the Saviour's dy- ing word, To all who seek re - lief; Come with your guilt and weary load; Come with your sin and grief.

2. Come, is the Spir- it's ten- der call To sin-ners doom'd to die; Come, says the Church on earth, and all The ransom'd saints on high.

3. Come, for the gra-cious Saviour stands Still pleading for your love; Come, yield your heart to His command; Come, seek the home above.

CHORUS.

Full is the fount, whose healing tide Open'd for all when the Saviour died; Come, and His pardon full receive, Je-sus e- ter- nal life will give.

Full is the fount, whose healing tide Open'd for all when the Saviour died; Come, and His pardon full receive, Je- sus e- ter- nal life will give.

Full is the fount, whose healing tide Open'd for all when the Saviour died; Come, and His pardon full receive, Je-sus e- ter- nal life will give.

From "SONGS OF GRATITUDE," by per.

We'll be Gathered Home.

Popular Melody. Arr. by A. J. S.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair;
2. Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out- shine;

We'll be gath-er'd home; Nor death, nor sigh-ing vis - it there;
That heav'nly man-sion shall be mine;
We'll be gath-er'd home.

3. My Fa-ther's house is built on high; We'll be gath-er'd home; A - bove the arch'd and starry sky; We'll be gath-er'd home.

4. When from this earthly pris- on free; We'll be gath-er'd home; That heav'nly man-sion mine shall be; We'll be gath-er'd home.

We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till Je - sus comes; We'll wait till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - er'd home.

We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till Je - sus comes; We'll wait till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - er'd home.

We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till Je - sus comes; We'll wait till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - er'd home.

Come, Wanderer, Come.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Hark! 'tis the voice of Je - sus, Say - ing, wand'- rer, come, Still mer- cy's gate is o - pen, Come while there is room.
2. Come while the Spir - it calls you From the shades of night, When all is wrapped in dark-ness, He will give you light.
3. You who are heav - y la - den, Come where there is rest; Je - sus is still en- treat- ing, Lean on his dear breast.

CHORUS.

Come while the voice of mer - cy Calls to you to- day; Come to the arms of Je - sus, Come with-out de - lay.

Come while the voice of mer - cy Calls to you to- day; Come to the arms of Je - sus, Come with-out de - lay.

Crown Him Lord of All.

R. A. GLENN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an- gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
2. Crown him, ye mar- tyrs of our God, Who from his al - tar call; Ex - tol the stem of Jes- se's rod, And crown him Lord of all.
3. Ye chos- en seed of Israel's race, A rem-nant weak and small; Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

From "TEMPLE STAR," by per.

And crown him Lord of all, and crown him Lord of all, and crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di - a- dem, And crown him Lord of all.

And crown, and crown him Lord of all,
And crown him Lord of all, and crown him Lord of all, and crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di - a- dem, And crown him Lord of all.

Will the Waters be Chilly?

1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, for- give, Pre-pare me, Lord, to die; Let a re-pent- ing reb- el live, Prepare me, Lord, to die.
2. Are not thy mer - cies large and free? Pre-pare me, Lord, to die; May not a sin - ner trust in thee? Prepare me, Lord, to die.
3. O wash my soul from ev - 'ry sin, Pre-pare me, Lord, to die; And make my guilt-y conscience clean, Prepare me, Lord, to die.

CHORUS.

Will the wa- ters be chill - y, Will the wa - ters be chill - y, Will the wa - ters be chill - y When I am called to die!

Will the wa - ters be chill - y, Will the wa - ters be chill - y, Will the wa - ters be chill - y When I am called to die!

W. B. BLAKE.

Ring the Bells.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Ring the bells of heav'n to-day, let the glad,glad strain Of re- joic - ing and praise be - gin, O'er the wan-der-er's re-turn to his
2. Ring the bells of heav'n to-day,while the an- gels throng Round the portals of mer - cy's door; And the Father takes his hand,bids him
3. Ring the bells of heav'n to-day, ev - er - last- ing praise Be to God's ev - er-bless - ed Son, Who has bought us with his blood,made us

CHORUS.

Fa - ther's house,From the bleak,dreary plains of sin.
wel- come in, To go out from the fold no more.
heirs of God, And prepared for our rest a home.

} Ring the bells of heav'n to- day,Chant re- demp-tion's ho - ly song,Touch your harps in the might- y strain, For the wand'ring feet have turned to their rest at last, And the long -lost is home a- gain.

rit.

Vaughan. (For Male Voices.)

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wea - ry pilgrims found; They softly lie, and sweetly sleep, Low in the ground.
2. The storm that sweeps the wint'ry sky No more disturbs their deep re- pose Than summer evening's lat - est sigh, That shuts the rose.
3. I long to lay this pain- ful head And ach-ing heart beneath the soil; To slum-ber, in that dreamless bed, From all my toil.

If I Wash in that Fountain.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Thy blood, O my Sav - iour, was poured out for me, So pre - cious, so cost - ly, yet of - fer'd so free; Though
2. Tho' red as the crim - son, like wool I shall be, If plung'd 'neath the waves of this fath - om- less sea; I
3. My faith would re - ceive the re-demp - tion I crave; The pow - er to tri - umph o'er death and the grave; To

sins be as scar - let, this truth I would know, If I wash in that foun- tain I shall be whit - er than snow.
come, O my Sav - iour, where pure wa - ters flow;—If I wash in that foun- tain I shall be whit - er than snow.
stand, un - con-demn'd, for most sure - ly I know, If I wash in that foun- tain I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; If I wash in that foun - tain I shall be whit - er than snow.
Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; If I wash in that foun - tain I shall be whit - er than snow.

From "SHINING LIGHT," by per.

Coming Home Again.

A. T. WORDEN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Where the tur - rets of the man - sions Rise to-ward the gold - en sky; Where the shin-ing palms are wav - ing,
2. I will tell him I have wan- dered, And, low-bend-ing at his knee, Wound- ed, sore, and sad - ly plead - ing,
3. I be - hold him in the dis - tance, Tears are gush-ing from his eyes; And his hands reach out in plead - ing

There my wea - ry soul would fly,— To the out-stretched arms of mer - cy, To the gar-ments cleans'd from stain,
Just a serv- ant I would be; Sad - ly soiled my re - gal gar- ments, Lost, the treas- ures of my heart,
As the gold - en day- light flies; It is late, and now the eve - ning Com - eth down up - on us fast;

CHORUS.

From the sor- did husks of earth- life, From my sol - i- tude and pain.
To his o- pen arms I'll take me, Nev - er, nev - er more to part.
Soon I'll rest up - on his bo - som, And be safe at home at last.

I am com-ing, Fa-ther, coming, Wea-ry, worn, and full of pain,

Repeat pp after last verse.

rit.

To the wait - ing, lov - ing, Fa - ther, I am com-ing home a- gain, Com - ing, com- ing, I am com-ing home a- gain.

By permission of D. S. HAKES.

1. Oh, think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, (o- ver there,) Where the saints, all im-mor - tal and
2. Oh, think of the friends o - yer there, Who be- fore us their jour- ney have trod, (o- ver there,) Of the songs that they breathe on the
3. My Sav- iour is now o - ver there, There my kind- red and friends are at rest; (o- ver there,) Then a- way from my sor - row and
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I see; (o- ver there,) Ma-ny dear to my heart o - ver

REFRAIN.

fair, Are robed in their gar - ments of white. (o- ver there.)
air, In their home in the pal - ace of God. (o- ver there.)

O - ver there. o - ver there, Oh,
Oh,

care, Let me fly to the land of the blest. (o - ver there.)
there, Are wait - ing and watch-ing for me. (o - ver there.)

O - ver there, o - ver there, My
O - ver there, o - ver there, I'll

think of the home o - ver there, (over there,)
think of the friends o - ver there, (over there,)

Over there, o - ver there, o- ver there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there.
Oh, think of the friends o - ver there.

Sav - iour is now o - ver there, (o - ver there,)
soon be at home o - ver there, (o - ver there,)

O- ver there, o- ver there, My Sav-iour is now o - ver there.
I'll soon be at home o - ver there.

From "ADDITIONAL FRESH LEAVES," by per.

The New Song.

W. B. BLAKE. J. H. TENNEY.

1. In the courts of heav'n we'll sing a no - bler song Than our lips can raise be - low, Un - to Je - sus Christ our
2. Sure the sweet - est song e'er heard on earth by man Float - ed o'er Ju - de - a's plain; But a grand - er an- them
3. In that song of tri - umph we shall have a part Who are faith - ful to the last; And who stand with him up -

CHORUS.

El - der Broth- er's praise, Who has washed us white as snow.
will be ours a - bove When we go with him to reign.
on the shin - ing strand When the Jor - dan we have passed.

} 'Twill be "Glo - ry to Christ, our King," While the

heav - en - ly arch - es ring With the mel - o - dy of re - deem - ing love complete, (full and sweet,) Safe in

heav- en - ly man- sions fair, Its rich glo- ries e - ter - nal share, And with prais-es we'll cast our crowns at Je-sus' feet. (Je - sus' feet.)

From "SHINING LIGHT," by per.

Ere the Sun Goes Down.

1. I have work e- nough to do,
2. I must speak the lov- ing word,
3. As I jour- ney on my way,

Ere the sun goes down,
Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down,

For my- self and kind- red, too,
I must let my voice be heard,
God's command I must o - bey,

Ere the sun goes down;
Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down;

Ev -'ry i - dle whis- per still- ing, With a purpose firm and will- ing, All my dai - ly tasks ful - fill- ing,
Ev -'ry cry of pit - y heeding, For the in- jured in- ter - ced- ing, To the light the lost ones lead- ing,
There are sins that need con- fess- ing, There are wrongs that need redressing, If I would ob-tain the bless-ing,

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

CHORUS.

Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down, I must do my dai - ly du - ty Ere the sun goes down.
Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down, goes down.

r it.

Ollie. 7s.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. To thy past- ures fair and large, Heav'nly Shepherd, lead thy charge; And my couch, with tend'rest care, Midst the springing grass prepare.

Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

Dr. H. BONAR.

1. Be-yond the smil - ing and the weep - ing, Be-yond the wak - ing and the sleep- ing, Be-yond the sow - ing and the
2. Be-yond the bloom- ing and the fad - ing, Be-yond the shin - ing and the shad - ing, Be-yond the hop - ing and the
3. Be-yond the part - ing and the meet - ing, Be-yond the fare- well and the greet- ing, Be-yond the pul - se's fe - ver-

CHORUS.

reap - ing, I shall be soon.
dread - ing, I shall be soon.
} Love, rest, and home! Sweet, sweet home! Bless - ed Je - sus, tar - ry
- beat - ing, I shall be soon. Love, rest, and home! Sweet, sweet home! Bless - ed Je - sus, tar - ry

not, but come And take me to my home; Bless - ed Je - sus, tar - ry not, but come And take me to my home.
not, but come And take me to my home; Bless - ed Je - sus, tar - ry not, but come And take me to my home.

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee; E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me;
Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

Martyn. 7s. Double.

S. B. MARSH.

Fine. D.C.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
While the raging bil-lows 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 ha - ven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.

Just as I am

KARL REDAN.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!
3. Just as I am; thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, par - don, cleanse, relieve; Because thy prom-ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come!

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

It is Brighter Over There.

W. S. MARTIN, by per.

1. The sky with clouds is o - ver cast, No ray of light is beam-ing fair, But soft and sweet the whisper low; It is
2. With- in the cit - y deck'd with pearls, Where loved ones with the angels are, No grief dis-turbs, no tear-drop falls; It is

3. The jas - per walls, the crys- tal sea, The crowns of gold with jew- els rare, The Lamb, the glo- ry, and the light, Make it

REFRAIN.

brighter o - ver there. O- ver there, o - ver there, o- ver there, o - ver there,

brighter o - ver there. It is brighter, . . . It is brighter, . . . It is brighter . . . o - ver there,
O- ver there, o - ver there, o- ver there, o - ver there,

O - ver there, o - ver there, It is bright- er, yes, 'tis bright - er o - ver there, o - ver there.

It is brighter, . . . It is brighter, . . . It is bright- er, yes, 'tis bright- er o - ver there. (o - ver there.)
O - ver there, o - ver there,

E. R. LATTA.

What Shall Our Answers Be?

D. E. DORTCH, by per. 133

1. When we in the judgment stand, In that might - y com - pa- ny, And the Judge shall question us, Oh, what shall our answers be?
2. When the Lord has gather'd there, From the land and from the sea, All the fam - i - lies of men, Oh, what shall our answers be?
3. Lord, it is a sol- emn tho't, That we must account to thee! In that great and aw - ful day, What shall our poor answers be?

What for ev - 'ry tri - fling tho't, And each i - dle word we say? What for ev - 'ry sin - ful act We may do from day to day?
What for all our wants of faith, What for all our lack of love? Can we hope a crown to gain, And a mansion bright a-bove?
Oh, pre - pare us, Lord, we pray, In thy presence there to stand! Purge us from each sin- ful blot? Place us, Lord, on thy right hand!

CHORUS.

When that aw - - - ful day we see, Oh, what shall . . . . our an- swers be?
When that aw - ful day we see, day we see, Oh, what shall our an- swers be, our an-swers be?

When that aw - - - - ful day we see, Oh, what shall . . . . . our an - swers be?
When that aw - ful day we see, day we see, Oh, what shall our an - swers be?

J. C. B.

I'm Waiting for Thee.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

DUET.

1. I'm wait - ing, my Sav- iour, for thee, I've wait - ed and watch'd so long, Oh, when that bright home shall I see,
2. I'm wait - ing, my Sav- iour, for thee, Oh, when will the mo - ment come, From bur- den and care I'll be free,
3. I'm wait - ing, my Sav- iour, for thee, I'm wea - ry of sin and gloom, I long to be rest - ing with thee,

And join the an - gel - ic throng?
And rest - ing with thee at home?
In heav - en, my heav'n - ly home.

CHORUS.

I'm wait - ing, I'm wait - ing, I'm wait - - - ing for thee;
Yes, wait - ing, yes, wait - ing, I'm wait- ing, dear Sav - iour, I'm wait - ing for thee;
I'm wait - - - ing, yes, wait - - ing, I'm wait - ing, dear Sav - iour, for thee.
I'm wait- ing, dear Sav - iour, I'm wait - ing for thee, I'm wait - - - - ing for thee.

Jesus, My All.

A. D. LAIR.

1. Je- sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He, whom I fix my hopes up- on, His track I see, and I'll pur- sue The nar-row way, till him I view.
2. This is the way I long have sought, And mourned because I found it not; My grief a burden long has been, Be-cause I was not saved from sin.
3. Lo! glad I come, and thou bless'd Lamb Shalt take me to thee as I am; Nothing but sin have I to give, Nothing but love shall I receive.

The way the ho - ly prophets went, The road that leads from banishment, The King's highway of ho-li-ness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
The more I strove against its pow'r, I sinned and stumbled but the more; Till late I heard my Saviour say, "Come hither, soul, *I am the Way.*"
Then will I tell to sin-ners round What a dear Saviour I have found; I'll point to thy re-deem-ing blood, And say, "Behold the way to God!"

A. S. K.

Nearer Home.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Pilgrims in this land of sor- row, Day by day we jour-ney on; And each fast suc-ceed-ing mor-row Finds our life-work near-er done.
2. Day by day life's path grows drearer, Earthly joys pass swift-ly by; But the thought of heav'n grows dearer, As our hopes and pleasures die.
3. Earth-ly friendships soft de-ceive us, Beam-ing with in- con-stant ray; But the Sav-iour ne'er will leave us In the dark and drear-y day.
4. In our jour-ney may we nev- er Faint or fal - ter by the way; In the glo-rious glad for- ev - er We shall rest in end- less day.

CHORUS.

Near- er home! yes, bless the Sav-iour, Near-er to a Father's love! Near-er heav'n's e-ter- nal por - tal! Near-er to the home a- bove.
Near- er home! yes, bless the Sav-iour, Near-er to a Father's love! Near-er heav'n's e-ter- nal por - tal! Near- er to the home a- bove.

From "SHINING LIGHT," by per.

Sweet Home in Heaven.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. — A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. A- mid the toil and pain of life, A- mid its con- flict and its strife, A pre-cious tho't to me is giv'n, The tho't of my sweet home in heav'n.
2. When lov'd ones fade and pass a- way, And, left a- lone, on earth I stay; To cheer my heart this hope is giv'n, We'll meet in yon sweet home in heav'n.
3. We'll see our Saviour as he is, En - joy his love and taste his bliss; And endless life will there be giv'n, In yon-der peaceful home in heav'n.
4. No more we'll reach the parting hand, In yon-der bright and hap-py land; No more will sad fare-wells be giv'n, In yon-der bless- ed home in heav'n.

CHORUS.

Oh, home of peace, blest home of love, Sweet home of endless life above; When ties that bind to earth are riv'n, I'll seek thy courts, sweet home in heav'n.

Oh, home of peace, blest home of love, Sweet home of endless life above; When ties that bind to earth are riv'n, I'll seek thy courts, sweet home in heav'n.

What Must it Be to be There?

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS. — A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun - ty so bright and so fair, And oft are its glo - ries confess'd,
2. We speak of its path - way of gold, Its walls deck'd with jew - els so rare, Its won - ders and pleas - ures un- told,
3. We speak of its free - dom from sin, From sor - row, temp - ta - tion and care, From tri - als with - out and with- in,

CHORUS.

But what must it be to be there? Oh, beau- ti-ful realms of the blest,(the blest,) Those mansions so bright and so fair,(bright and fair,)

With Je - sus our Sav-iour to rest, (to rest,) Oh, what must it be to be there?

The Wicket Gate.

R. A. GLENN, by per.

1. There's nev - er a day so sun- ny,
2. There's nev - er a cup so pleas-ant,

CHORUS.

But a lit - tle cloud ap- pears; There's never a life so hap- py, But has had its time of tears.
But has bit - ter with the sweet; There's never a path so rug- ged, That bears not the print of feet.
} There is al- ways a guide to

point us, To the lit- tle wick-et gate, And the an-gels will be near-er, To the soul that's desolate.

3 There's never a dream that's happy,
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow,
But the waking makes us glad.

4 There's never a way so narrow,
But the entrance is made straight;
There's always a guide to point us,
To the little wicket gate.

He Leadeth Me.

Rev. J. H. GILMORE. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. He lead- eth me! oh, bless- ed tho't, Oh, words with heav'nly comfort fraught! Whate'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er troub-led sea, Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.
3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur-mur nor repine; Con - tent what ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by thy grace the vict'y's won, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jordan lead-eth me.

CHORUS.

He lead- eth me! He lead- eth me! By his own hand he lead- eth me! His faith-ful foll'wer I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

He lead- eth me! He lead- eth me! By his own hand he lead- eth me! He faith- ful foll'wer I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

Happy Bond.

A. S. KIEFFER.

Animated.

1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav-iour and my God; Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rapt - ures all abroad.
2. O hap-py bond that seals my vows To him who mer-its all my love; Let cheerful an-thems fill his house, While to the sa - cred shine I move.
3. 'Tis done, tis great transaction's done, I am my Lord's and he is mine: He drew me, and I fol-low'd on, Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

Happy Bond.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

1st. time. 2d. time.

Hap - py day, hap - py day. When he wash'd my sins a - way; When he wash'd my sins a - way.

Hap - py day,(Hap-py day,) Hap - py day,(hap-py day,)When he wash'd my sins a - way; When he wash'd my sins a - way.

Nettleton.

New Arrangement.

1. When the world my heart is rend- ing, With its heav-iest storm of care, My glad tho'ts to God as- cend- ing, Finds a ref- uge from de-spair.
2. There's a hand of mer - cy near me, Tho' the waves of troub-le roar; There's our hour of rest to cheer me, When the toils of life are o'er.
3. Oh! to rest in peace for - ev - er,Joined with hap- py souls a - bove,Where no foe my heart can sev - er From the Sav- iour whom I love.
4. This the hope that shall sus- tain me Till life's pil-grim- age be past; Tears may vex and troub-le pain me; I shall reach my home at last.

CHORUS.

I love Je - sus, Hal- le - lu - jah! I love Je - sus, yes, I do, I do love Je - sus, He's my Sav- iour, Je-sus smiles,and loves me,too.

I love Je- sus, Hal - le - lu- jah! I love Je- sus, yes, I do, I do love Je - sus, He's my Sav- iour, Je-sus smiles,and love me,too.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Abundantly Able to Save.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Who - ev - er re - ceiv - eth the Cru - ci - fied One, Who - ev - er be - liev - eth on God's on - ly Son,
2. Who - ev - er re - ceiv - eth the mes - sage of God, And trusts in the pow'r of the soul-cleans-ing blood,
3. Who - ev - er re - pents and for - sakes ev' - ry sin, And o - pens his heart for the Lord to come in,

A free and a per - fect sal - va - tion shall have, For he is a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to save.
A full and e - ter - nal sal - va - tion shall have, For he is both a - - ble and wil - ling to save.
A pres - ent and per - fect sal - va - tion shall have, For Je - sus is read - y this mo - ment to save.

CHORUS.

My brother, the Mas - - - - ter is call-ing for thee; His grace and his mer - - - cy are wondrously free;
Brother, the Master is come, and is calling for thee; Brother, his grace and his mercy are wondrously free;

His blood as a ran - - - - som for sinners he gave, And he is a - bun - - - - dant-ly a - ble to save.
Brother, his blood as a ransom for sinners he gave, And he is a - bun-dant-ly a - ble to save.

From "SPIRITUAL SONGS," by per

DOXOLOGY SERVICE.—Let the People praise Thee, O God.

(PSALM 67.)

A. J. SHOWALTER.

CHOIR.

Let the peo - ple praise thee, O God, Let all the peo - ple praise thee; Oh, let the na - tions be glad and sing for joy, For thou shalt judge the peo - ple right-eous - ly, And gov - ern the na - tions, gov - ern the na - tions, gov - ern the na - tions up - on - earth; Let the peo- ple praise thee, O God, O God, Let all the peo - ple praise thee.

Sessions.

CHOIR AND CONGREGATION.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise him, all creatures here below, Praise him a-bove, ye heav'nly host, Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

142 W. B. BLAKE.

Happy Morning.

W. W. JOINER.

1. Oh, the dawn of that morn o'er the hills of the East, When the King of the earth shall ap- pear! Not in sor - row's low cry, but in
2. 'Tis an an - chor of hope, 'tis a star- beam at might, 'Tis a prom - ise of heav- en - ly birth, That the leg - ions of sin will not
3. Yes, the King shall ap- pear, and the vir - gin of peace Shall a - bide in the fair, smil-ing land; And the beau - ty of Christ to his

an - thems of praise, Bright-ly dawns the mil- len - ni - al year.
al - ways pre- vail, But the meek shall in - her - it the earth.
Is - rael re-vealed As the lil - ies of E - den ex- pand.

CHORUS.

Hap- py morn, bless - ed day, ... When the Sav - iour shall come to earth a - gain; Hap- py morn, (Happy morn,) bless-ed day, (bless-ed day,) When the saints with the Sav - iour shall reign.

Hap- py morn, bless - ed day,

Mansions of Love.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

M. S. KERBY.

1. There are man-sions of love In the E - den a - bove, Which the Saviour will fur - nish with care; There are streets of pure gold, There are
2. There's a ha - ven of rest Where the pilgrims are blest, When this wea-ri- some jour- ney is o'er; There the Sav- iour will be, And his
3. There's a throne of pure white, Where the angels of light, Ev - er cir - cle in bright lov- ing bands, And the Ser - a- phim sing, While the

pleas- ures un - told, And the an- gels will wel-come you there. Will wel-come you there, Will wel-come you there, And the
face they shall see, And his glo - ry be-hold ev - er - more. And his glo - ry be-hold, And his glo - ry be-hold, And his
harps sweet - ly ring Notes of joy in those beau-ti - ful lands. And the Ser - a-phim sing, And the Ser - a- phim sing, Notes of

an- gels will wel-come you there; There are streets of pure gold, There are pleasures untold, And the an- gels will welcome you there.
glo - ry be-hold ev - er - more; There the Sav-iour will be And his face they shall see, And his glo - ry be- hold ev - er - more.
joy in those beau- ti - ful lands; And the Ser - a- phim sing, While the harps sweetly ring Notes of joy in those beau- ti - ful lands.

There'll be a Better Time.

J. B. VAUGHAN. *

1. Be- yond the mys - tic riv - er, There'll be a bet - ter time, Where sorrows come, no, nev - er, In the sun - light clime.
2. My fa - ther crossed the riv - er, There'll be a bet - ter time, And soon I hope to meet him, In the sun - light clime.
3. And there I'll meet my moth- er, There'll be a bet - ter time, Then troub-le will be o - ver, In the sun - light clime.

CHORUS.

There'll be a bet - ter time, There'll be a bet- ter time, With an - gels then I will be sing- ing In the sun-light time.

Beaulah Land.

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

EDGAR PAGE.

1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its riches freely mine ; Here shines undimm'd one blissful day, For all my night has pass'd away.
2. The Sav- iour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we; He gently leads me with his hand, For this is heaven's border-land.
3. A sweet perfume up- on the breeze Is borne from ev-er ver-nal trees, And flow'rs that never fading grow Where streams of life forever flow.
4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of heaven's mel-ody, As angels, with the white-robed throng, Join in the sweet redemption song.

CHORUS.

O Beu - lah land, sweet Beu - lah land, As on thy high - est mount I stand, I look a - way a- cross the sea,
Where man-sions are pre-pared for me, And view the shin - ing glo - ry shore, My heav'n, my home for - ev - er - more!

Randolph. C. M.

G. E. LEONARD.

1. Approach, my soul, the mer- cy- seat, Where Je- sus answers pray'r; There humbly fall be- fore his feet, For none can per- ish there.
2. Thy prom- ise is my on - ly plea, With this I vent-ure nigh ; Thou call'st the burden'd soul to thee, And such, O Lord, am I.

HENRY SOUTHWICK.

Worthy the Lamb that was Slain.

H. S. PERKINS, by per. 145

1. All hail, thou Prince of peace! Thou ev - er-pres - ent friend; We seek thy match-less love, To bless us to the
2. All hail, thou King of kings! Thou rul - er wise and just; There is no oth - er name Like thine, in whom we
3. All hail, thou Lord of lords! Thy name sweet peace doth bring To ev - 'ry liv - ing soul, Whose lips thy prais - es

CHORUS.

end. O'er death tri-umph - ant thou didst rise, To dwell with an - gels in the skies.
trust; We rest with faith up - on thy word, To lead us home to heav'n and God.
sing; Wor - thy the Lamb who once was slain, Through end - less years to live and reign.

All hail, tri-umph-ant

Lord! Heav'n with ho - san - na rings, While earth, in glo - rious strains, Thy praise re - spon - sive sings; Wor -

thy the Lamb . . . . who once was slain, ... Through endless years . . . . . to live and reign. . . . . .
Wor - thy the Lamb who once was slain, Through end - less years to live and reign.

I Love the Lord.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

Allegretto.

I love the Lord, be-cause he hath heard my voice, Be-cause he hath heard my voice,and my sup - pli - ca- tions; Because he hath in-

Inst.

clin-ed his ear un - to me, Be-cause he hath in- clin - ed his ear un - to me.

There- fore will I call up - on the Lord as long as I live, Therefore will I call up - on the Lord as long as I live.

There- fore will I call, There- fore will I call, There- fore will I call up - on . . . him as

There-fore will I call, There-fore will I call, Therefore will I call up - on him as

long as I live, Therefore will I call, Therefore will I call, Therefore will I call up - on him as
long as I live, Therefore will I call, Therefore will I call, will I call up - on him as

slower.

long as I live, Will call up - on him, Will call up - on him, Will call up - on him as long as I live. Praise ye the Lord.

Mattie. 8s. & 7s.

W. A. WILSON.

1 Saviour, bless the lit - tle children, Let them hear thy gracious voice; Draw them to thy bleeding fountain, Make them in thy love rejoice.
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, bless the children Wand'ring thro' this land of night; Lead them to the shin-ing glo - ry Of thine own e - ter-nal light.

Guide them in thy great com-pas-sion, They are weak and need thy strength; Take them, oh, thou tender Shepherd, To thy blessed arms at length.
Be to them the sa-cred Teacher, Guid-ing their in - quir-ing eyes; Lead them to the liv - ing wa-ters, Make them holy, strong and wise.

The Morning Light.

A. S. KIEFFER, by per.

1. O the night of time soon shall pass away, And the happy golden day will dawn, When the pilgrim staff shall be laid aside, And the kingly crown put on.
2. O the happy day that shall gild the hills, When the Lord shall come to earth again! O the happy hearts that shall welcome him, When he comes once more to reign.
3. What a joy-ful time when the earth shall gleam In the light of an eternal day, When the saints shall sing unto Christ their King, In their golden glad array.

CHORUS.

We are watching now for the morning light, For the New Jerusalem to come: We are waiting still for the Saviour, Christ, Who shall call his children home.

Glory to Israel's God.

J. H. ROSECRANS, by per.

Fine.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to Is - rael's God; Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to Is - rael's God.

A - wake, my tongue, thy trib - ute bring To him who gave thee pow'r to sing;

Glory to Israel's God.—Concluded.

Solo Obligato.

Praise him who is all praise a - - bove, The source of wis - - - dom

QUARTET.

Praise him who is all praise a - bove, Praise him who is all praise a - bove, The source of wis - dom and of love, The

1st time.

and . . . . of love;

2d time.

and . . . of love.

D. C.

source of wis - dom and of love; source of wis - dom and of love.

source of wis - dom and of love; source of wis - dom and of love.

Lucile. 6s. & 5s.

A. B. MORTON.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
Steal a - cross the sky.

2. When the morn a - wak - ens, Then may we a - rise Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In thy ho - - - - ly eyes.
In thy ho - ly eyes.

O God, be Merciful.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

Be mer - ci-ful, be mer - ci-ful, be mer - ci- ful! O God, be mer - ci-ful un- to me; For my soul trusteth in thee, O Lord, I trust in thee.

Yea, in the sha-dow of thy wings, . . . Yea, in the shadow of thy wings, . . .

Yea, in the shadow of thy wings, . . . Yea, in the shadow of thy wings, . . .

wings, . . . Yea, in the sha-dow of thy wings, the shadow of thy wings will I make my ref- uge. My heart is fixed, my heart is fixed on thee, Is fixed on thee, O God, For thou art my strong De-liv'rer. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal- le - lu - jah, A - men,

Yea, in the shadow of thy wings, . . . Yea, in the shadow of thy wings

f *ff* *rit.*

Hal-le- lu- jah, Halle- lu-jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A-men, A - men, A- men, A - men.

Even Song.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

Soft and Gentle.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw- ing nigh, Shad- ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky, Now the darkness
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re- pose, With the tend' - rest bless- ing May our eye - lids close. Grant to us, thy
3. Com- fort ev - 'ry suff' - rer, Watching late in pain, Those who plan some e - vil, From their sin re-strain, Thro' the long night
4. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, Sha - dows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky, When the morn-ing

gath - ers, Stars be - gin to peep, Birds, and beasts, and flow - ers Soon will be a- sleep, Soon will be a- sleep.
chil - dren, Vis - ions bright of thee, Guard the sail - or's toss - ing On the deep blue sea, On the deep blue sea.

pp

watch - es May thine an - gels spread Their white wings a- bove me, Watch-ing round my bed, Watch- ing round my bed.
wak - ens, Then may I a - rise, Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In thy ho - ly eyes, In thy ho - ly eyes.

Thou Wilt Keep Him.

DUET. Soprano and Tenor.

Andante.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee. Trust ye in the Lord, in the Lord for - ev - er, Trust ye in the Lord, in the

CHORUS.

Allegretto.

Lord for - ev - er, For in the Lord Je - ho - vah is ev - er- last - ing strength, is ev - er - last - ing strength.

Trust ye in the Lord, Trust ye in the Lord, Trust ye in the Lord, in the

Trust ye in the Lord, Trust ye in the Lord, Trust ye in the

Lord for - ev - er, For in the Lord Je - ho - vah is ev - er - last - ing strength, is ev - er - last - ing strength, For in the Lord Je - ho - vah is ev - er - last - ing strength, Is ev - er - last - ing strength.

Rit.

My Home is Over Jordan.

Arr. by S. J. OSLIN.

1. Old Jor-dan's riv-er I'm bound to cross, Old Jordan's riv-er I'm bound to cross, Old Jordan's river I'm bound to cross, Poor sinner, fare you well.
2. Those golden slippers I'm bound to wear, Those golden slippers I'm bound to wear, Those golden slippers I'm bound to wear, Poor sinner, fare you well.
3. Those golden streets I'm bound to walk, Those golden streets I'm bound to walk, Those golden streets I'm bound to walk, Poor sinner, fare you well.
4. A gold- en harp I'm bound to play, A gold- en harp I'm bound to play, A gold - en harp I'm bound to play, Poor sinner, fare you well.

CHORUS.

My home is o - ver Jor- dan, My home is o - ver Jor- dan, Lord, My home is o - ver Jor- dan, Poor sin- ner, fare you well.

Great is the Lord.

Dr. JOHN W. CALCOTT.

Great is the Lord, and great - ly to be prais-ed, and great- ly to be prais-ed, and great - ly to be prais-ed, In the cit - y of our God, In the cit - y of our God, In the mountain of his ho - li - ness, In the mountain of his ho - li-ness. Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, Great is the Lord, and great - ly to be prais-ed, In the Great . . . . . is the Lord . . . . cit - y of our God, In the cit - y of our God, In the mountain of his ho - li- ness, In the mountain of his ho - li- ness.

Great is the Lord, and great - ly to be prais-ed, Great is the Lord, and great - ly to be prais - ed, In the cit - y of our

God, In the cit - y of our God, In the mountain of his ho - li - ness, In the mountain of his ho - li-ness. Great is the Lord, and

great - ly to be prais-ed, In the cit - y of our God, In the mountain of his ho - li - ness. A - men, A - men.

Federal Street. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing; To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truths by night.
2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest; No mortal care shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.
3. My heart shall triumph in the Lord, And bless his works, and bless his word; Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep thy counsels, how divine.

Let all the Earth Fear the Lord. With Doxology.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

CHOIR. QUARTET. QUARTET.

Let all the earth fear the Lord, Fear the Lord, Let all the in-hab-i-tants of Zi-on stand in awe of him, Stand in awe of him, For he

BASS SOLO. BASS SOLO. BASS SOLO.

QUARTET. QUARTET. SOPRANO SOLO.

spake and it was done, And it was done, For he spake and it was done, And it was done. Let all the earth praise the Lord, Let all the earth

BASS SOLO.

FULL CHORUS.

praise the Lord, and mag-ni-fy His name: Praise the Lord, and mag-ni-fy His name, and mag-ni-fy, and
Praise the Lord, and mag-ni-fy his ho-ly name, his ho-ly name, and mag-ni-fy, and

Repeat faster and louder. 1st. time. 2d. time. CHORUS.

mag-ni-fy, and mag-ni-fy his name; name. Let all the earth fear the Lord, Fear the Lord, Let all the in-hab-i-tants of

BASS SOLO. BASS SOLO.

Let all the Earth Fear the Lord.—Concluded.

CHORUS. CHORUS. CHORUS.

Zi - on stand in awe of him, Stand in awe of him, For he spake and it was done, And it was done, For he spake and it was done, And it was done.

BASS SOLO. BASS SOLO.

Old Hundred.

WILLIAM FRANC.

CHOIR and CONGREGATION.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here be - low, Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host, Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Jesus, I Come to Thee.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. Je- sus, I come to thee; no one be- side Cares for the sor- row I'm striving to hide; Helpless and des - o-late, tired of my sin, O-pen thine arms for me.
2. Un- to thy love, like a bird to its nest, Sad- ly out-wea - ried I come back to rest; Nothing I bring to thee, Christ, but my sin, O-pen thine arms for me.
3. Far from the nar-row way long I have stray'd, Dark clouds have cover'd me where I have pray'd; Now to thy mercy I come with my sin, Pity and comfort me.
4. Back to thy dear love for shel-ter and rest, Flee I, O Lord, like a bird to its nest; Nothing I bring thee but sor-row and sin, O-pen thine arms for me.

CHORUS.

Lord, take me in! O-pen now thine arms for me, Pit - y, Lord, and comfort me; O-pen now thine arms for me, O Lord, now take me in!

By the Rivers of Babylon.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT, by per.

By the riv-ers of Bab-y-lon, there we sat down, Yea, we wept when we remember'd Zi - on, re - mem - ber'd Zi - on, re-

mem-ber'd Zi - on. We hanged our harps up - on the wil - lows in the midst there - of; For they that car - ried us a-

- way cap - tive, required of us a song; And they that wast - ed us re-quired of us mirth, Say - ing, say - ing,

slower.

Sing us one of the songs of Zi - on. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I for-get thee, O Je-

faster.

ru - sa-lem, Let my right hand for- get her cunning, If I do not re- mem-ber thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth. If I pre-

fer not Je - ru - sa-lem a - bove my chief joy, If I pre-fer not Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove my chief joy, joy.

1st. time. 2d. time.

p

Gathering Home Within the Vail.

Words and Melody by
Mrs. P. A. SPURLOCK.

Harmonized by R. K. MOORE.
From "New Melodies of Praise," by per.

1. Time, like a stream, is glid- ing by; We're on its shore to - day; A mo-ment more, and we may pass From mor - tal sight a - way.
2. Thus, one by one, our friends have pass'd; Thro' pearly gates they glide, Where gath'ring hosts of loved ones meet, Far o'er the riv - er tide.
3. This land of rest is hid from view; Tho' gentle airs, so calm, Oft steal - ing from that view- less shore, Bring us their breath of balm.
4. We're gath'ring home within the vail, Its heav'nly joys to share; What glo- rious greet-ings will be ours, To meet our lov'd ones there!

CHORUS.

slower. Repeat pp after last verse.

We're gath - er - ing, we're gath - er - ing On life's ce - les - tial shore; We soon shall meet be-yond the stream, Shall meet to part no more.

O God, my Heart is Fixed.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

Moderato.

O God, my heart is fix'd to praise thy ho - ly name, My heart is fix'd to praise thy ho - ly name, My heart is fix'd to praise thy ho- ly name

my heart is fix'd,

Allegretto.

Then a-wake! awake! the timbrel and the harp, Then awake! awak nd praise his ho-ly name. I have thought of thy lov- ing kind - ness, I have

I have thought of thy loving

thought of thy lov - ing kind - ness, And I will call up - on thy great and marv'lous name with praise and thanksgiving. Then a -

kind - ness, I have thought of thy lov - ing kind - ness, and thy marv'lous name with praise and thanksgiving.

- wake! then a-wake! wake the tim - brel and the harp, Then a-wake! then a-wake! Sing his praise in joy - ful lays.

O God, my Heart is Fixed. Concluded.

Marcato e accelerando.

A - wake the tim- brel and the harp, the tim- brel and the harp, A - wake the tim-brel and the harp, the tim-brel and the harp.

I'll have a Golden Harp and Crown.

A. J. S. — A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. When that great il - lustrious day shall come, And my Mas - ter calls me to my home, I will lay my cross and ar- mor down,
2. Then to Him who wash'd and made me white, I will cling throughout e - ter - ni - ty; Oh, the rapturous joy and sweet de- light,
3. When that great il - lustrious day shall come, And for - ev - er more I'm safe at home, I will lay my cross and ar- mor down,

CHORUS.

And take up my gold-en harp and crown. Oh, I'll have a gold - en harp and crown, When I lay my cross and ar- mor
When my Saviour's radiant face I see.
And take up my gold-en harp and crown. harp and crown,

down, Yes, I'll have a gold - en harp and crown, When I lay my cross and ar - mor down.
ar- mor down, harp and crown,

Bless the Lord, O my Soul.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord, O my soul, And all that is with- in me, bless His Ho - ly name, And

all that is within me, bless His Ho-ly name, And forget not all His ben - e - fits, And forget not all His ben - e-fits. Who for-giveth all thine in-

iq- ui-ties, Who healeth all thy dis-eas- es, Who redeemeth thy life from destruction, Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and ten- der

mer-cies, Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and ten - der mercies. Bless the Lord, ... Bless the Lord.
Bless His ho-ly name . Bless His ho-ly name.

Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly While the rag - ing

2. Oth- er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on thee, Leave, oh, leave me

1. Je- sus, Lov - - er of my soul, . . Let me to . . . thy bo-som fly . . . While the rag - - ing bil-lows

bil - lows roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, O my Sav- iour, hide

not a - lone; Still sup - port and com - fort me. All my trust . . . on thee is stayed; . . All my

roll, . . . While the tem - - - - pest still is high; . . Hide me, O my Sav- iour, hide

ritard.

Till the storm of life be past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.

help . . . from thee I bring; Cov-er my . . . de- fenceless head . . With the shad - - ow of thy wing.

Till the storm of life be past; Safe in - to the ha- ven guide; Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.

Lord, with Glowing Heart I'd Praise Thee.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

Solo Obligato.

f

1. Lord, with glow- ing heart I'd praise . . . thee For the
2. Lord, this bo- som's ar - dent feel - - - ing Vain - ly

pp CHORUS.

1. Lord, with glow - ing heart I'd praise thee, Lord, with glow - ing heart I'd praise thee
2. Lord, this bo - som's ar - dent feel - ing, Lord, this bo - som's ar - dent feel - ing

bliss thy love be - stows, . . . For the pard'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it
would my lips ex press: . . . Low be - fore thy foot - stool kneel - ing, Deign thy sup-pli- ant's prayer to

For the bliss thy love be - stows, For the pard'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it
Vain - ly would my lips ex - press: Low be - fore thy foot- stool kneel - ing, Deign thy suppli - ant's prayer to

flows: Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull soul to rapt - ure raise:
bless: Let thy grace, my soul's chief treas - ure, Love's pure flame with - in me raise;

flows: Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull soul to rapt - ure raise:
bless: Let thy grace, my soul's chief treas - ure, Love's pure flame with - in me raise;

Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warmed to praise; Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my
And, since words can nev - er meas - ure, Let my life show forth thy praise; And, since words can nev - er meas - ure, Let my

Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my
And, since words can nev - er meas - ure, Let my

Inst.

CHORUS.

love be warmed to praise. Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull soul to
life show forth thy praise. Let thy grace, my soul's chief treas - ure, Love's pure flame with -

love be warmed to praise.
life show forth thy praise.

Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull soul to
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treas - ure, Love's pure flame with -

rapt - ure raise: Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warmed to praise.
- in me raise; And, since words can nev - er meas - ure, Let my life show forth thy praise.

rapt - ure raise: Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warmed to praise.
- in me raise; And, since words can nev - er meas - ure, Let my life show forth thy praise.

Hark! the Song of Jubilee.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

Allegretto.

Hark the song! Hark the song! Hark the song of ju - bi-lee! Hark the song! Hark the song! Hark the song of

Hark the song! Hark the song! Hark the song of ju - bi- lee! Hark the song! Hark the song! Hark the song of

ju - bi- lee! Hark the song . . . of ju - bi- lee! Loud as might - y thun-ders roar, Or the full - - ness of the

ju - bi- lee! Hark the song of ju - bi- lee! Hark the song! Loud as mighty thunders, thunders roar, Or the full-ness of the

Allegro.

sea, When it breaks upon the shore. { See Je-hov-ah's ban-ners furl'd, / He shall reign from pole to pole, } Now the kingdoms of this world / He shall reign, when like a scroll,

sea, of the sea, When it breaks up-on the shore. { See Jehovah's banners furl'd, Sheath'd his sword, he speaks, 'tis done; Now the kingdoms of this world / He shall reign from pole to pole With supreme, unbound- ed sway; He shall reign, when like a scroll, }

1st. time. 2d. time. *a tempo.*

Are the king-doms of his Son,
Yon - der heav'ns have pass'd a - - way. Hark the song . . . of ju - bi- lee! Loud as

Are the kingdoms of his Son, Are the king-doms of his Son,
Yon - der heav'ns have pass'd away, Yon-der heav'ns have pass'd a - - way. Hark the song of ju - bi- lee! Hark the song!

might - - y thun- ders roar, Or the full - - - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore.

Loud as might- y thun- ders roar, thunders roar, Or the full - ness of the sea, of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore.

Allegro.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A- men.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hark the song, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hark the song! A- men, A- men, A- men, A- men.

Sing, O Sing, and Magnify the Lord.

From the Oratorio of "Daniel"

f Maestoso.

Sing, O sing, and mag-ni-fy the Lord, And let us ex-alt his name togeth-er, Sing, O sing, and mag-ni-fy the Lord, And let us ex-alt his name to-geth-er; For he hath tri-umph'd glo-ri-ous-ly, For he hath tri-umph'd glo-rious-ly; Sing, O sing, and mag-ni-fy the Lord, and let us ex-alt his name to-geth-er; For he hath triumph'd glo-ri-ous-ly, glo - - - - - rious-ly, glo-riously, glo-rious-ly, glo-rious-ly, glo-rious-ly, He hath wrought salvation in the eyes of all the peo-ple, Wrought sal-vation in the eyes of all the peo-ple, and mag-ni-fy the Lord, and Sing, O sing, . . .

let us ex-alt his name to-geth-er; For he hath triumph'd glo-ri-ous-ly, And wrought sal-va-tion in the eyes of all the peo-ple.

He hath triumph'd glo-rious-ly, He hath triumph'd glo-rious-ly, glo-rious-ly, glo-rious-ly! Who can ut-ter the might-y acts of the Lord,

Who can show forth all his praise.

f

Take a psalm and bring the tim-brel, The pleas-ant harp and psal-ter-y,

p

Repeat faster and louder.

ff

Praise him with the sound of the trum-pet, Praise him with the psalt'ry and harp. Sing, O sing, and mag-ni-fy the Lord, And let us ex-alt his

Sing, O Sing, and Magnify the Lord.—Concluded.

name to - geth- er, Ex - alt his name, ...

Ex- alt his name, for he hath triumph'd glo - rious - ly,

Ex - alt his name, ... for

for he hath triumph'd

Repeat faster and louder.

Very slow and soft.

he hath triumph'd glorious-ly, Sing and mag- ni - fy the Lord, For he hath triumph'd gloriously. A - men, A - men!

Be Robed and Ready.

American Spiritual. Arr. by W. B. BLAKE.

SOLO.

1. There were ten vir- gins when the Bridegroom came, There were ten vir- gins when he came, Their were ten vir- gins, there were ten vir-gins, There were ten vir-gins when he came.
2. But five were fool- ish when the Bridegroom came, But five were fool- ish when he came, Their lamps were emp - ty, their lamps were emp- ty, Their lamps were empty when he came.
3. But five were read- y when the Bridegroom came, But five were read- y when he came, But five were read- y, but five were read - y, To meet the Bridegroom when he came.
4. My soul be read- y when the Bridegroom comes, Be quick to meet him when he comes, Be robed and read- y, be watch - ing ev - er To meet the Bridegroom when he comes.

CHORUS.

Be robed and read- y when the Bridegroom comes, Be robed and read-y when he comes;

Be robed and read-y, be robed and read-y, Be robed and read-y when he comes.

when he comes;

Under the Shadow of thy Wing.

1. I will rejoice with gladness deep, While in thy care I wake or sleep; Close to thy side will ev - er cling, Un - der the shadow, the
2. I will rejoice that thou art near, Thou wilt the faintest whis-per hear; Darkness may come, but I will sing, Un - der the shadow, the
3. Safe in its shel - ter I would hide, There let me ev - er - more a - bide; I can rejoice in ev - 'ry - thing, Un - der the shadow, the

shadow of thy wing, Un - der the shadow, the shadow of thy wing.

CHORUS.

Morn-ing and evening I will sing, Un- der the shad - -

Morn-ing and evening I will sing, Un- der the shadow, the

ow of thy wing; Morning and evening I will sing,

pp *m* *Rit.*

Un - der the shadow, Un - der the shadow, the shadow of thy wing.

p *pp*

shadow of thy wing; Morning and evening I will sing, Un - der the shadow, Un - der the shadow, Un - der the shadow, the shadow of thy wing.

From "GOOD WILL," by per.

172 LOUISA E.

My Home Above.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

1. I love to think of my home a - bove, In the glo-rious realms of light, Of the pearl- y gates and the gold- en streets, In that
2. I love to think of my home a - bove, Of that pure and ho - ly clime, Where the sor - rows of earth can nev - er come, But e -
3. I love to think of my home a - bove, Of the an - gel forms so bright, Of the bless- ed ones there a - round the throne, In the

D. S.—In that home a - bove, where all is love, And

D. S.

land where there is no night. Home, sweet home! Hap- py home, sweet home! Oh! say, will you meet me there,
- ter - nal joys will be mine.
land of pure de - light. Home, sweet home! Home, sweet home! Home, sweet home! Happy home, sweet home,

Fine. CHORUS.

joys be - yond com - pare?

R. A. EVILSIZER.

Blessed Words.

L. M. EVILSIZER.

1. I was weak in sin and a wan- der - er, When Je- sus whisper'd to me, "Come, ye weary one, with your sin oppress'd, There's rest and pardon for thee."
2. Tho' my sins were great and my heart oppress'd, My burden heavy to bear, Yet He bade me "Come" and with Him find rest, And droop no longer with care.
3. Then I bro't my care and my grief to Him, And laid them down at His feet: Je- sus took my bur - den up- on Him-self, And made my blessing complete.

CHORUS.

Oh, bless - - ed words, "There is rest and pardon for thee," How my heart re-joiced when the Saviour said These words of comfort to me.
What blest, sweet words,

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT.

On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. On Jordan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a w'sh - ful eye, To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
2. O'er all those wide-ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day; There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat- ters night a - way.
3. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for-ev - er blest? When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in his bo - som rest?
4. Filled with delight my raptured soul Would here no lon - ger stay; Tho' Jordan's waves a - round me roll, Fear- less I'd launch a - way.

We will rest in that fair and hap - py land, Just a - cross on the ev - er - green shore,..... Sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more.
by and by,
ev - er- green shore,

Mendota.

A. N. JOHNSON, by per.

May be sung in the Key of G.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill, How fair the lil - y grows! How sweet the breath be- neath the hill, Of Shar-on's dew - y rose.
2. Lo! such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod, Whose se - cret heart with influence sweet, Is up- ward drawn to God.
3. By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill, The lil - y must de - cay, The rose that blooms be- neath the hill, Must short-ly fade a - way.
4. O thou who giv - est life and breath! We seek thy grace a - lone, In childhood, man - hood, age and death, To keep us still thine own.

Dear Refuge of My Weary Soul.

Dr. M. J. MUNGER.

1. Dear Refuge of my weary soul! On thee, when sor - rows rise,—On thee, when waves of trouble roll, My faint - ing hope re - lies.
2. To thee I tell each rising grief, For thou a - lone canst heal; Thy word can bring a sweet relief For ev - 'ry pain I feel.
3. But, oh! when gloomy doubts prevail, I fear to call thee mine; The springs of comfort seem to fail, And all my hopes de- cline.
4. Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? And shall I seek in vain? And can the ear of sovereign grace Be deaf, when I com-plain?
5. Thy mercy seat is open still, Here let my soul re - treat; With humble hope attend thy will, And wait be- neath thy feet.

Father! Our Hearts We Lift.

*

1. Father! our hearts we lift Up to thy gra - cious throne, And thank thee for the precious gift Of thine in - car - nate Son.
2. Jesus, the holy Child, Doth by his birth, de - clare, That God and man are reconciled, And one in him we are.
3. A peace on earth he brings, Which never more shall end; The Lord of hosts, the King of kings, De-clares him - self our Friend.
4. Oh! may we all receive The new-born Prince of peace; And meekly on his spirit live, And in his love in - crease.

Come to Me.

1. With tearful eyes I look around, Life seems a dark and storm-y sea; Yet, 'midst the gloom I hear a sound, A heavenly whis-per, Come to me.
2. It tells me of a place of rest—It tells me where my soul may flee; Oh! to the weary, faint, opprest, How sweet the bid-ding, Come to me.
3. When nature shudders, loth to part From all I love, en-joy, and see; When a faint chill steals o'er my heart, A sweet voice ut- ters, Come to me.
4. Come, for all else must fail and die; Earth is no resting-place for thee; Heavenward direct thy weeping eye: I am thy por-tion, Come to me.
5. O voice of mercy! voice of love! In conflict, grief, and ag - o - ny, Support me, cheer me from above, And gently whis-per, Come to me.

Abide With Me.

1. Abide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness deepens, Lord, with me a - bide;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - - ries pass a - way;
3. I need thy presence every pass - ing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempt - er's power?
4. I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness;
5. Hold thou thy cross before my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

May be sung after each verse, or only after the last verse.

When other helpers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the helpless, O, a - bide with me. O, a - bide with me.
Change and decay in all a - round I see; O thou who changest not, a - bide with me. O, a - bide with me.
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a-bide with me. O, a - bide with me.

Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if thou a - bide with me. O, a - bide with me.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me. O, a - bide with me.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our dai - ly bread, And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass a - gainst us.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, For thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for-ever and ever. A - men.

INDEX.

	PAGE.
Abide with me, Chant	175
Abundantly able to Save	140
A Happy New Year	39
All the Day Long	116
America, 6s and 4s	110
Annie Laurie	40
Anthony, 7s	106
Ariel, C. P. M	118
Arlington, C. M	94
Ashville, C. M	93
Avon, C. M	99
A Warrior Bold	58
Away, Away!	17
Away to the Woods, Away	44
Azmon, C. M	94
Beaman, 7s	106
Belmont, C. M	98
Be Robed and Ready	170
Beulah Land	144
Beyond	50
Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping	130
Blessed Home	61
Bless the Lord, O my Soul, Anthem	162
Boat Song	36
Boylston, S. M	100
Bristow, 6s and 9s	109
Brown, C. M	93
Burber, S. M	101
By and By, 8s and 7s, D	112
By the Rivers of Babylon, Anthem	158
Cadron, L. M	26
Carolina, L. M	92
Calais, H. M	109
Chaplin, 8s and 7s	79
Cheerily the Bugle Sounds	78
Clara, S. M	102
Come to Me, Chant	174
Come and Roam the Wildwood	16
Come Home	68
Come to the Fountain	120
Come, Wanderer, Come	122
Coming Home Again	126
Crawford Street, 10s	108
Crown Him Lord of All	122
Dalton, S. M	21
Darius, L. M	92
Davenport, 7s and 5s	107
Dearest May	62
Dear Refuge of my Soul, Chant	174
Dennis, S. M	101
Dictionary of Musical Terms	8
Doxology Service, Anthem	141
Dreaming of Thee	42
Dream On, Serenade	65
Duke Street, L. M	88
Exercises for Articulation	9
Exercises for Execution	9
Emory, C. M	96
Elizabethtown, C. M	96
Ere the Sun goes Down	129
Evan, C. M	96
Evening Echoes	21
Even Song	151
Evona, 7s	22
Farewell Serenade	40
Farewell, old Ties	54
Farenzo, L. M	90
Father, our Hearts we Lift, Chant	174
Federal Street, L. M	155
Flitting Away	85
Funeral Hymn	95
Gaily the Troubadour	82
Galilee, L. M. D	112
Gates, C. M	96
Gather around the Christmas Tree	73
Gathering Home	84
Gathering Home within the Vale	159
Gently Evening Bendeth, 6s and 5s	14
Georgetown, L. M	91
Gillespie, S. M	104
Glory to Israel's God, Anthem	148
Golden Light	114
Good Bye, Sweet Day	63
Good Night	72
Good Old Chariot	56
Graded Exercises	10
Great is the Lord, Anthem	154
Greenville, 7s	25
Happy Bond	138
Happy Morning	142
Happy Welcome to All	66
Hark, the Song of Jubilee, Anthem	166
Hawthorne, S. M	103
Heaven is my Home, 6s and 4s	110
Hebron, L. M	89
He Leadeth Me	138
Hendon, 7s	105
Here and Yonder	111
Hightower, C. M	97
Home, S. M	102
Home Again	67
Home, Sweet Home	67
If I wash in that Fountain,	125
I'll be There	24
I'll have a Golden Harp and Crown	161
I Long to be There	19
I Love the Lord, Anthem	146
I'm Waiting for Thee	134
Ionia, L. M	91
It is Brighter over There	132
Jesus, I Come to Thee	157
Jesus, Lover of my Soul, Anthem	163
Jesus, my All	134
Josie, 7s	105
Just as I am	131
Karl, 7s	22
Laban, S. M	100
Land of Pure Delight, C. M	99
Let all the Earth Fear the Lord, Anthem	156
Light in the Valley	113
Little Brother's Gone	74
Little Nan with the Bright Blue Eyes	45
Lord, with Glowing Heart, Anthem	164
Lottie, S. M	100
Lucile, 6s and 5s	149
Lullaby	71
Manoah, C. M	93
Mansions of Love	142
Marlow, C. M	93
Martyn, 7s, Double	131
Mattie, 8s and 7s	147
Mille, L. M	92
Montmorenci	76
Morning Hymn	83
Mother, Childhood, Friends and Home	21
My Home is Over Jordan	153
My Mountain Home	34
My Old Cottage Home	48
Nauweta, L. M	88
Nearer, my God, to Thee	131
Nearer my Home	135
Neile, S. M	103
Nettleton	139
New Haven, 6s and 4s	110
No more Good-Byes	119
Norton, C. M	95
Oak Bower, 8s and 7s	61
O Come with me	28
O Father, Please stop Drinking	70
O God, be Merciful, Anthem	150
O God, my Heart is Fixed	160
Old Hundred, L. M	157
Olives' Brow, L. M	89
Ollie, 7s	129
On, Gallant Company	47
Ortonville, C. M	94
On our way to School	15
Our Parting Song	24
Our School-boy Days	35
Over the Waters away	60
Over There	127
Passing this Way	114
Phrasing and Expression	9
Pallard, 7s	16
Prayer, 7s	105
Randolph, C. M	144
Rest, L. M	89
Retreat, L. M	89
Ring the Bells	124
Rockingham, L. M	90
Rupert, S. M. D	104
Scatter Seed	33
See the Flakes of Fleecy Snow	16
Serenade	19
Sessions, L. M	141
Secret Place, C. M	97
Shelby, L. M. D	91
She is Sleeping	111
Shepherd, S. M	102
Shirland, S. M	100
Sign to-night	37
Siloam, C. M	99
Sing, O Sing, Oratorio Chorus	168
Sleighing Song	23
Slumber, Dearest, Serenade	31
Softly Sleep, Serenade	65
Soft o'er the Fountain	59
Song of Greeting	30
Sound the Chord	14
Spring, C. M	98
Stars of the Summer-night	31
State Street, S. M	101
Star of Victory	115
St. Nicholas, C. M	95
Summer's Gone	15
Supplication, 6s and 5s	107
Surf-Side	38
Sweet Home in Heaven	136
Sweet the Moments, 8s and 7s D	25
Sweet will be thy Rest at Home	20
Swinging 'neath the Old Apple-tree	27
Texas, C. M	120
That Glorious Song of Old, C. M. D	98
The Apple Bee; or, Yankee Sleighride	46
The Better Land	117
The Euphonian's Farewell	41
The Friends of my Childhood	49
The Everlasting Arms	118
The Lord's Prayer, Chant	175
The Morning Light	148
The Moonlight Sail	18
The Musical Catechism	3
The New Song	128
The River	57
The Shadow of Thy Wings, 7s	23
The Sun shineth Bright over All	26
The Sailor's Home Song	29
The Wicket Gate	137
There'll be a Better Time	143
There'll be Light in the Valley	55
There's a Home in Heaven	50
There's no Place like Home	32
Those Evening Bells	18
Thou wilt keep him, Anthem	152
Touch us Gently, Time	82
Toplady, 7s, 6 lines	105
Tribute, 8s and 7s	106
Triumph, C. M	27
Twilight is Falling	17
Under the Shadow of Thy Wing	171
Vanstene, S. M	103
Vaughan	124
Vesper, S. M	101
Victoria, C. M	94
Vote as you Pray	51
Watson, L. M	90
Webb, 7s and 6s	108
We'll be Gathered Home	121
What must it be to be there	136
What shall all our Answers be?	133
When Mary was a Lassie	64
When the Stars above are Shining	22
Will the Waters be Chilly?	123
Windham, L. M	90
Worthy the Lamb that was Slain	145
Would you meet me in the Kingdom	43
Wrightson, C. M	97
Zephyr, L. M	88
Blessed Words	172
Happy Childhood	86
Hear the Chiming of the Bells	81
Jesus, my Refuge	52
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms	52
Mendota	173
My Home Above	172
Oh, Shout Men of Strength	80
On Jordan's Stormy Banks	173
The Harvest Time	86
The Old Farm Gate	87
Waiting	80
We've Met Again	81

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