LAST WORDS.

BISHOP ROBERT WESTLY PEACH

COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC
AND
HYMNOLOGY

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Last Words; or, Spirit Whispers:

A

COLLECTION OF HYMNS

SUGGESTED BY THE

LAST WORDS OF DYING CHRISTIANS;

AND

OTHER SONGS.

BY

Rev. W. T. DALE.

PUBLISHED BY

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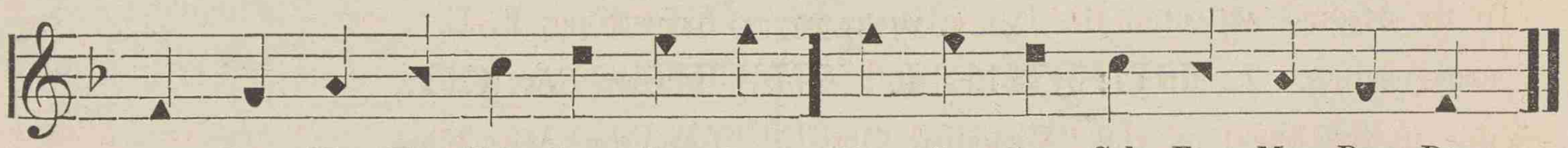
Hymn
1878
Last A

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, *by*

Rev. W. T. DALE,

in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D.C.

THE SCALE.



Doe, Ray, Mee, Faw, Sole, Law, See, Doe. Doe, See, Law, Sole, Faw, Mee, Ray, Doe.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS little book is designed for use in the room of the sick, at the couch of the dying, and on funeral occasions. It may also be used appropriately in the home circle and at concerts. It is wholly unlike any other work, being composed chiefly of hymns and songs suggested by the *last words* of dying Christians. In this respect it is entirely new, and occupies a field hitherto unoccupied by any other work.

In these songs we catch the last *whispers* of departed saints. Exulting in faith, and rejoicing in the blood of the "Crucified One," they passed over the "silent stream." And now, in the last expressive words that fell from their lips, they are calling to us from the other shore.

May we die as peacefully and triumphantly as they have died, and at last join them around the throne in crying,—"Worthy is the Lamb!"

In this little work may be found the productions of the following distinguished poets and musicians:—

Armstrong, F. L.
Bowers, Rev. E. T.
Cameron, Miss Kate
Christy, Wilbur A.

Darnall, D.D., Rev. W. H.
Davis, Frank M.
DeWitt, Mrs. Jennie
DeWitt, Rev. M. B.
Dortch, D. E.
Doughty, A. S.
Evans, J. M.
Gabriel, Charles H.
Geibel, Adam
Giffe, W. T.
Hugg, George C.
Kieffer, Aldine S.
Latta, E. R.
Leslie, J. H.
Lucas, D. R.
Mason, Lowell
McIntosh, R. M.
Montgomery, Rev. James
Munzinger, Mrs. P.
Newton, Rev. John
Orr, R. Porter
Parvin, Z. M.
Perkins, H. S.
Pollock, Charles Edwin
Reden, Karl
Rosecrans, J. H.
Williams. Faith

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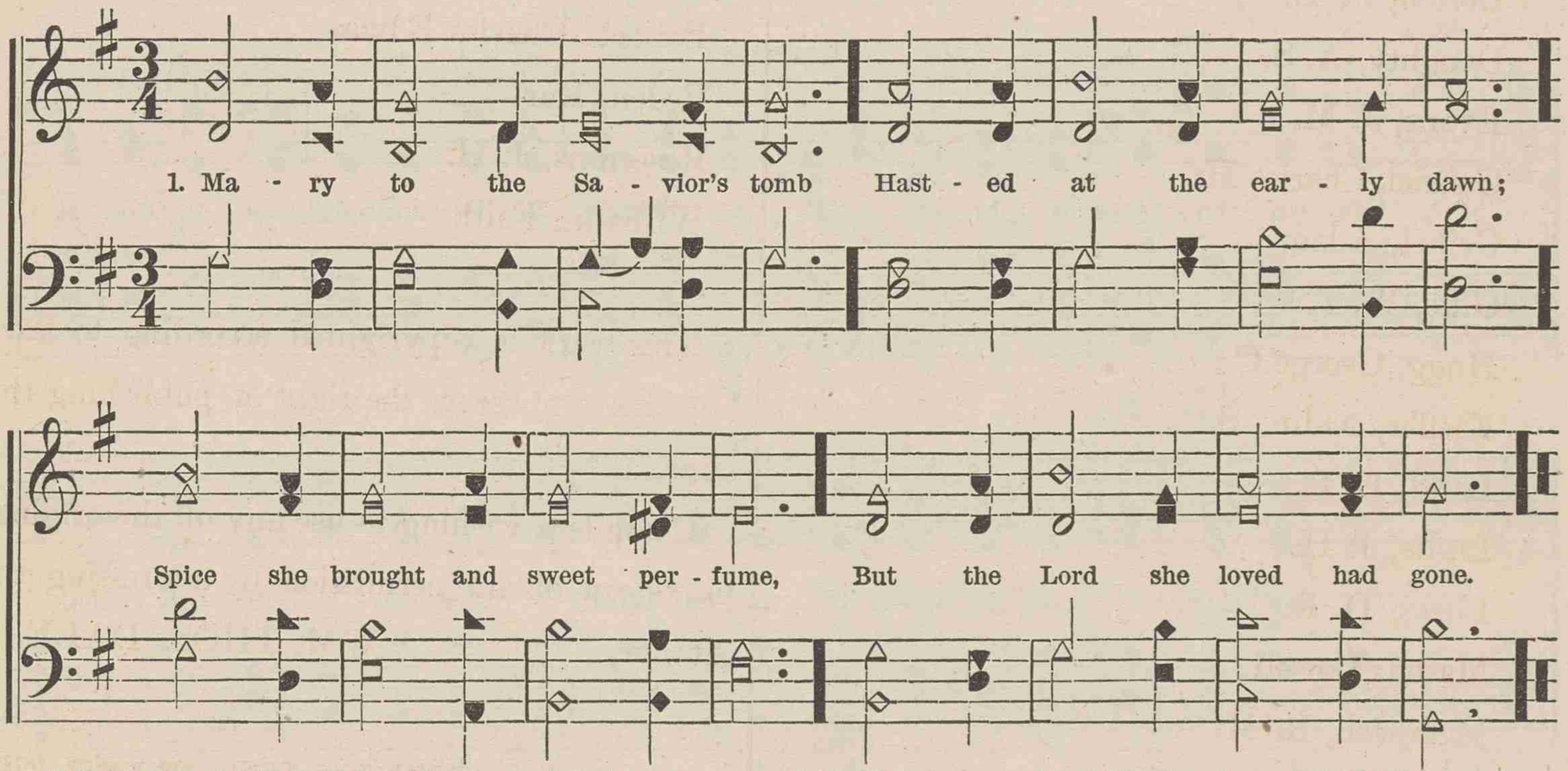
ARRINGTON, TENN., DECEMBER, 1878.

Last Words; or, Spirit Whispers.

Words by Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

WEEPING MARY.

Music by W. T. D.



2 For awhile she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

3 But her sorrows quickly fled,
When she heard His welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead,
Now He bids her heart rejoice.

4 What a change His word can make,
Turning darkness into day;
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

Words by W. T. DALE.

"IT IS FINISHED!"

Music by J. H. LESLIE.

1. "It is finished!" so He cried, Bowed His head and thus He died. Now re - deeming work is done;

REFRAIN.

Now our tri - umph is be - gun. "It is fin-ished! It is finished!" Man to God is re - con - ciled; "It is fin - ished! It is fin - ished!" I can now be - come His child.

2 "It is finished!" all is o'er,
All His pain and anguish sore;
All His sufferings here are past;
Now He conquers sin at last.

3 "It is finished!" blessed thought,
Comfort to our hearts is brought.
Man may now approach the throne,
Reconciled through Christ alone.

4 "It is finished!" heaven is near;
All through Christ may there appear;
Rebels doomed to endless pain,
May return to God again.

HOLD ON, MY HEART.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

Moderato.

1. Hold on, my heart, in thy be - liev - ing! The stead - fast on - ly wears the crown; He who, when storm - y waves are heav - ing, Parts with his an - chor, shall go down; But he whom Je - sus holds, thro' all Shall stand, though earth and heav'n should fall.

2 Hold in thy murmurs, heav'n arraigning;
The patient see God's loving face.
Who bear their burdens uncomplaining,
'Tis they who win the Father's grace.
He wounds himself who braves the rod,
And sets himself to fight with God.

3 Hold out! there comes an end to sorrow;
Hope, from the dust, shall conquering rise;
The storm proclaims a summer morrow;
The cross points on to Paradise.
The Father reigneth; cease all doubts;
Hold on, my heart! hold in, hold out!

Words by W. T. D.

SWEET ELLA MAY.

Music by C. E. POLLOCK.

1. Sweet El - la May has died and gone; She's with the an - gel band; And safe be - fore th' e-
2. Just like the flow'r that blooms and dies, So pass'd this love - ly form; And, soar - ing, sped be-

CHORUS.

ter - nal throne, She stands with harp in hand. Sweet El - la May has pass'd a - way; She's
yond the skies, On an - gels' wings up - borne.

with the an - gel band; And safe be - fore th' e - ter - nal throne, She stands with harp in hand.

3 That lovely flower so bright and fair,
In all the glow of health;
With dimpled cheeks and beauty rare,
Cut down, I see, by death.

4 But in that bright elysian plain,
Where verdure never dies,
That lovely flower shall bloom again,
And thrive above the skies.

5 She's gone to meet her father there;
And now, in his embrace,
She cries, "Mother, sweet mother, dear,
Come to this happy place."

NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

by Rev. E. T. Bowers.

1. A glo - rious rest is prom-ised, A home for - ev - er bright, Where clouds shall nev - er

Chorus.

gath - er, And where there is no night. No night, no night, But e-
No night, no night, no night, no night,

ter - nal day is given; No night, no night, There will be no night in heav'n.
No night, no night, no night, no night,

2 There palms and crowns await us,
And robes of spotless white;
But best of all a heaven,
A home where is no night.

3 When loosed from earthly trials,
The spirit takes its flight;
'Twill dwell in realms of glory,
Where Jesus is the light.

EACH DAY A LITTLE NEARER.

Words by FAITH WILLIAMS. Music by W. T. D.

1. Each day a lit - tle near - er, To Je - sus I would rise, And find His ser - vice ev - er, A
2. Though what each day is bring-ing, My soul may nev - er guess; But to His cross I'm cling - ing, And
3. And day by day I'm learn-ing, That though my earth - ly way, Is oft through shadows wind-ing, 'Twill

Chorus.

glad - ly sweet sur-prise. Near - er, Near - er, Still near - er I would
on my way I press.
lead to per - fect day. A lit - tle nearer, A lit - tle nearer,

come; Near - er, Near - er, Un - til I reach my home.
A lit - tle near-er, A lit - tle near-er,

4 Each day I know I'm nearing
His sheltering, restful arms;
My heart, this thought enfolding,
Is safe from earth's alarms.

5 So, trusting to His mercy
And love so measureless,
Each day my soul is fuller
Of peace and joyfulness.

6 Each day, while life is given,
Still nearer I would come,
Till from on high my Saviour,
Shall call me to my home.

BY AND BY.

1. O - ver Jor - dan we shall meet, By and by, by and by; In that hap - py land so
2. All our sor - rows shall be past, By and by, by and by; We shall reach our home at

sweet, By and by, by and by; We shall gath - er on the shore, With our
last, By and by, by and by; With the ran - som'd we shall stand, There a

kin - dred gone be - fore, And the Sa - viour's name a - dore, By and by, by and by.
ho - ly, hap - py band, Crown'd with glo - ry in that land, By and by, by and by.

3 We shall join the heavenly choir, By and by, by and by;
We shall strike the golden lyre, By and by, by and by;
In our home so bright and fair,
Where the happy angels are,
We shall praise forever there, By and by, by and by.

4 There we'll join the ransomed throng, By and by, by and by;
Chanting love's redeeming song, By and by, by and by;
There we'll meet before the throne,
Then we'll lay our trophies down,
And receive a shining crown, By and by, by and by.

Words by
A. S. DOUGHTY.

THE CHRISTIAN'S TRIUMPH.*

Music by
GEO. C. HUGG.

Spirited.

1. Life's clos - ing hours pass swift - ly by, Earth's pains are felt no more; To heav'n I now di-

rect mine eye, To view the shin - ing shore.

Chorus.

Home - ward, home - ward,
On - ward, up - ward, we are marching,
Home to the shi - ning shore; Home - ward, home - ward, Home to the shi - ning shore.
On-ward, up-ward, we are marching,

2 With trials and with conflicts past,
And record placed on high.
By faith I see the crown at last,
And vict'ry drawing nigh.

3 The parting veil reveals the tide,
Where on the margin wait
My friends redeemed, the glorified,
To sweep me thro' the gate.

4 As nature sinks in Death's embrace,
So will my spirit rise
Triumphant thro' redeeming grace,
To rest in Paradise.

* From "THE CROWNING TRIUMPH," by permission.

MY BURIED FRIENDS.

Words from C. P. Col. Music by C. E. Pollock.

With feeling.

1. My bur - ied friends can I for - get? Or must the grave e - ter - nal sev - er? They lin - ger in my mem'ry yet, And in my heart they'll live for - ev - er. They lov'd me once with love sincere, And nev- er did their love de - ceive me; But oft - en, in my con- flicts here, They ral - lied quickly to re-lieve me.
2. I heard them bid the world a - dieu; I saw them on the roll- ing bil - low; Their far - off home ap - peared in view, While yet they pressed a dy - ing pil- low. I heard the part- ing pil-grim tell, While passing Jor-dan's storm-y riv - er, "A - dieu to earth, for all is well; Now all is well with me for - ev - er."
3. Oh, how I long to join their wing, And range their fields of blooming flow- ers! Come, ho - ly watch- ers, come, and bring A mourner to your bliss-ful bowers. I speed with rap- ture on my way, Nor would I pause at Jordan's riv - er; With songs I'd en - ter end - less day, And live with my loved friends for- ev - er.

Words by W. T. D.

THE NIGHT OF WEEPING.

Music by D. E. DORTCH.

1. Weep- ing may last for a night in the vale, But there is joy in the morn - ing for thee;
2. For but a mo - ment His an - ger shall last, Life in His fa - vor is giv - en at dawn;
3. So when the night of this life shall be o'er, Thou shalt a - wake on the morn- ing of rest;

Bright in the land where no sor - rows as - sail, Je - sus thy light and thy glo - ry shall be.
Lo! when the night of thy sor - row is past, Thou shalt a - wake and the clouds shall be gone.
Then shalt thou stand on that beau - ti - ful shore, And with the im - age of Je - sus be blest.

Refrain.

Weep - ing shall last, weep - ing shall last, Weep - ing shall last but a night in the vale;



REST, BROTHER, REST.

Words ANONYMOUS. Music by C. E. POLLOCK.



2 Brother, wake, the night is waning;
Endless day is round thee poured;
Then enter thou the rest remaining
For the people of the Lord.

3 Fare thee well, though woe is blending
With the tones of earthly love;
There triumph high and joy unending,
Wait thee in the realms above.

STEPHEN'S VISION.

Words by D. R. LUCAS. Music by Z. M. PARVIN. By per.

1. Martyred Stephen saw the Mas - ter Standing by the throne on high; Counted death no great dis-

as - ter, If he could for Je - sus die. He is stand - ing by the Fa - ther,—Stand-ing

by the great white throne; Faith still parts the veil that's out- ward, And we see the Ho - ly One.

2 Look, ye saints! behold the gleaming
In the perfect land above;
Sure there is no idle dreaming
In the faith that works by love.

3 All around the throne is beauty;
All is pure and holy there;
Angels fly on wings of duty;
Faith perceives their tender care.

1. What crowds of an - gels fill the sky? They're just from glo-ry come; Ce - les- tial mes - sen-gers are nigh,

Chorus.

They come to take me home. What crowds of them! What crowds of them! What crowds of beautiful

an - gels bright; What crowds of them! What crowds of them! What crowds of beau - ti - ful an - gels bright.

2 See how they speed their downward flight!
And hasten to my side;
They'll bear me on their pinions bright,
Beyond the rolling tide.

3 What crowds of holy watchers come,
They hasten me away;
And soon I'll reach my heavenly home,
And dwell in endless day.

4 Farewell! my weeping friends, farewell!
I'm done with all below;
My joy and bliss no tongue can tell,
To Jesus I shall go.

Words by W. T. D.

"FAREWELL, VAIN WORLD."

Music by D. E. DORTCH.

1. What glo - ry fills my soul to - night! What beams are bursting on my sight! The E - den fields in
2. I'm go - ing where the Sa-viour reigns, To bless His name in melt-ing strains; I'll lift my voice in
3. I'm go - ing where my friends have gone; I'll meet them at my Father's throne; To-geth - er we will

glo - ry rise, To greet my wandering, raptured eyes: What sweet mel - o - dious sounds I hear, The
ac - cents sweet, While hum - bly sit - ting at His feet; And all His wondrous love a - dore, And
ev - er dwell; To - geth - er all our triumphs tell; I'm go - ing now, I'll soon be there; I

songs of angels greet mine ear; My Saviour smiles and bids me come: "Farewell! vain world, I'm going home."
bless His name for- ev - er more; For now He kind-ly bids me come: "Farewell! vain world, I'm going home."
soon shall reach those mansions fair; For now my Sa-viour bids me come: "Farewell! vain world, I'm going home."

MAKE ROOM FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

Words by W. T. D.

Music by C. E. POLLOCK.

1. "Lord, make room for a lit - tle child," Room among the an - gel - ic throng; Room to sing in the

heav'n- ly choir, Where the sym - pho - nies flow in song. Make room for a lit - tle child, Make

room for a lit - tle child, At Thy call I am coming, Lord, Make room for a lit - tle child.

Chorus.

Make room, Make room,

2 "Lord, make room for a little child,"
In the mansions so bright and fair;
Room to dwell with my kindred dear,
Where the saints and the angels are.

3 "Lord, make room for a little child,"
In the bowers of Eden blest;
Room to stand on the mount of God,
Where I'll rest,—ever sweetly rest.

Words by Rev. M. B. De Witt.

THE AGED PILGRIM.

Music by W. T. D.

1. A - down life's short'ning jour - ney, The a - ged pick their way; There's much of darkness
round them, But yon - der's per - fect day; Their steps are short and fal - t'ring, For

2. But there is con - sol - a - tion From hope's tri - umph-ant light, That shines with - in the
spir - it, And glad - dens sor - row's night; Then cheer the a - ged pil - grim, Rich

3. A few more changing sun - sets, A few more cloud-ed morns, A few more times of
tri - al, A few more pierc - ing thorns; Then long and bright the fu - ture, Then

sight is now un - true; Life's hours are not so joy - ous, As when 'twas fresh and new.
grace to thee is giv'n; Though scant thine earth - ly pleas - ure, Yet boun - teous that of heav'n.
ma - ny, ma - ny joys; All glo - ri - ous, e - ter - nal, The home where naught an - noys.

1. "Weep not for her," the Sa- viour said, "She on - ly sleeps, She is not dead;" Her deathless spir - it
2. "Weep not for her," for she is blest, Her soul has en-tered in - to rest; And now ar - rayed in

Refrain.

shall sur -vive; Now let our mourning hearts re - vive. Weep not for her, weep not for her, She
robes of white, She stands a - mong the sons of light.

is not dead, she is not dead; She on - ly sleeps, She on - ly sleeps, She is not dead, She is not dead.

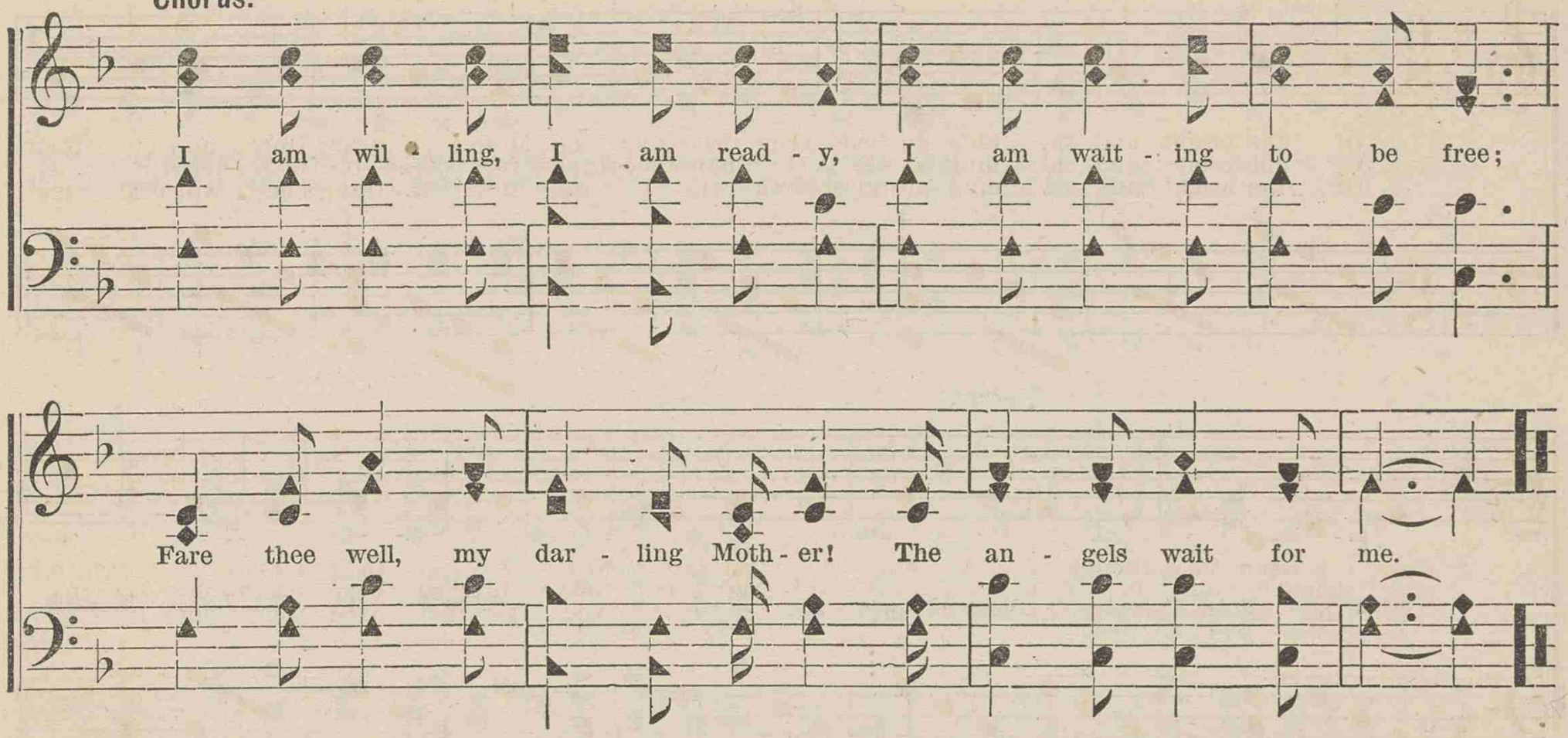
3 "Weep not for her," though tears arise,
For she is happy in the skies;
And there she stands with beck'ning hand,
And calls us to that peaceful land.

4 Prepare us, Lord, by Thy rich grace,
To meet her in that happy place;
And there upon the mount of God,
We'll tell Thy wonders all abroad.

22 Words by E. R. LATTA. # THE ANGELS WAIT FOR ME. Music by H. S. PERKINS.



Chorus.



COGSWELL.

A. S. KIEFFER.



Words by W. T. D.

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.

Music by FRANK M. DAVIS.

Andante.

1. "Write, Blessed are the dead Who die in Christian faith; They rest from toil with Christ their head, For
2. "Their works of faith and love, Do fol - low where they go; And while they rest in heav'n a - bove, Their

Refrain.

thus the Spir - it saith:" Bless - ed are the dead Who die in the Lord; Blessed
names will live be - low. Blessed are the dead

Rit - - e - - dim.

are the dead Who die in the Lord.
Blessed are the dead

3 How highly blest are they,
Released from every pain;
They dwell in everlasting day,
And there with Jesus reign.

4 Like angels they shall stand
To guide our feet aright,
Until we reach that heav'nly land,
And dwell in endless light.

5 O Lord, by thy rich grace
Prepare us each to die;
And grant us all a dwelling-place
In mansions in the sky.

6 We'll sing thy wondrous love
With our expiring breath;
The wonders of Thy grace we'll prove,
And bless thy name in death.

LITTLE FEET.

Words by Rev. M. B. De Witt. Music by W. T. D.

Softly.

1. Hear the lit - tle feet Pat - ting on the floor; Out up - on the
2. What pa - rent - al heart Can its pleas - ure tell, As it hears the
3. Moth - er, on - ly thou Canst the an - guish know Of wait - ing still for

grav-ell'd walk; Climb - ing at the door; In the or - chard see, In the gar - den
lit - tle feet It doth love so well. Oh, the mu - sic sweet, Ring - ing all the
lit - tle feet Si - lent long a - go. Faith - ful mem-'ry oft Does the sound re-

fair; Print - ing ti - ny track - lets free, Point - ing ev - ry - where.
day, From the fall of lit - tle feet On their tire - less way.
store; And thou hear - est yet the foot - falls Pat - ting on the floor.

Words by W. T. D.

'TIS SWEET TO DIE.

Music by CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

1. "'Tis sweet to die and be with Je - sus," 'Tis sweet to rest from toil and pain; 'Tis
2. "'Tis sweet to die and be with Je - sus," 'Tis sweet to lay our ar - mor down; And
3. "'Tis sweet to die and be with Je - sus," 'Tis sweet to cross o'er Jor - dan's foam; 'Tis

Refrain.

sweet to look be - yond the con - flict, When with the Sa - viour we shall reign. 'Tis sweet to
sweet - er still to bring our tro-phies, And then receive our shi - ning crown.
sweet to rest in E - den's bow - ers, 'Tis sweet to die and be at home. 'Tis sweet to die, Yes,

die, Yes sweet to die, With Je - sus for our Friend and Guide; 'Tis
sweet to die, 'Tis sweet to die, Yes, sweet to die, 'Tis

sweet to die, Yes, sweet to die, And pass beyond death's chilling tide.
sweet to die, Yes, sweet to die, 'Tis sweet to die, Yes, sweet to die,

REST BEYOND THE TIDE.

Words by W. T. D. Music by CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

1. There's rest beyond the tide, Sweet rest for every soul; Where everlasting joys abide, And streams of pleasure roll.
2. I am a stranger here, A wan-der-er I roam; A pilgrim in a desert drear, But heaven is my home.
3. Oh, when shall I be there, In Canaan's goodly land? When shall I reach my mansion fair, And in God's palace stand?
4. Lord Jesus, quickly come, Nor longer yet delay; And take me to my heavenly home In realms of end-less day.

There's rest, sweet rest for you, Beyond the rolling tide; There's rest, sweet rest for me, And there we shall abide.

Words and Music

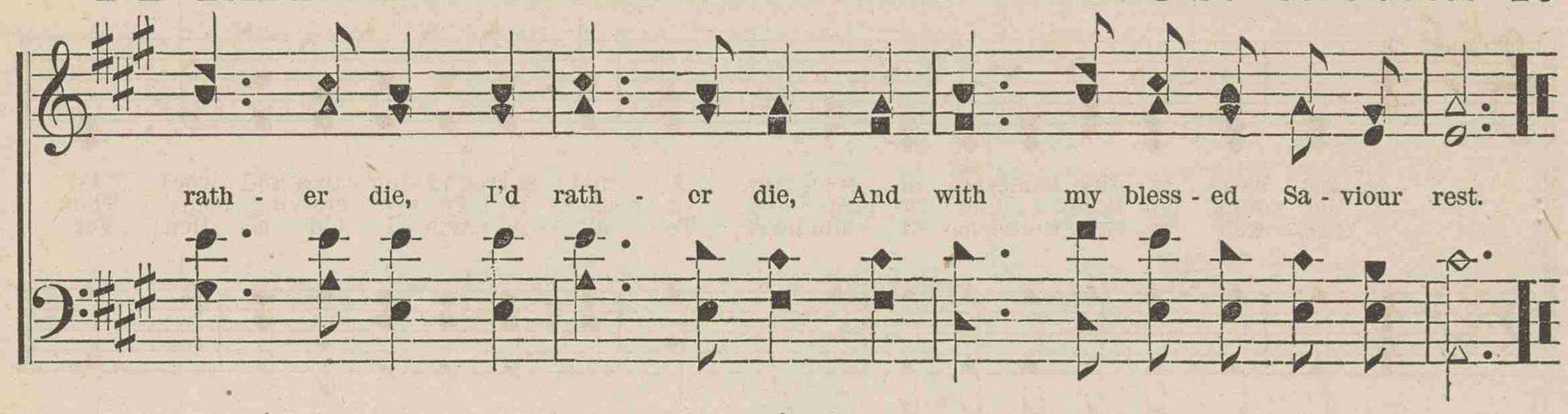
I'D RATHER DIE AND BE WITH JESUS.

by W. T. D.

1. Live here in this lone vale of sor - row, A - mid surround - ing cares and woe! "I'd rath - er die and be with Je - sus," Where tears of sor - rows nev - er flow.
2. I'm young, but here I find no pleas - ure To sat - is - fy my cra-ving soul; Then let me fly a - way to heav - en, Where streams of pleas - ure ev - er roll.
3. Fare - well to all the scenes of child-hood; To all on earth I bid a - dieu; For I am go - ing up to E - den, Where bright - er scenes I soon shall view.

Refrain.

I'd rath - er die, I'd rath - er die, And be with Je - sus, ev - er blest; I'd



4
Farewell! farewell! my loving father;
I'm passing over Jordan now;
But Jesus, He is going with me,
And soon before His throne I'll bow.

5
Farewell! my mother, loving mother;
You'll miss your daughter here, I know;
But, mother dear, I'll be in heaven;
For to my Saviour I shall go.

6
Farewell! my loving brother, sister;
I know you'll miss my presence here;
And when you gather round the hearth-stone,
You'll see my little vacant chair.

7
But gather up my toys, dear sister;
You'll put them all away, I know;
And when your happy voices mingle,
Let not a tear of sorrow flow.

8
Remember, when I've gone to heaven,
That I'll be standing at the gate;
I'll walk beside the peaceful river,
And for you all I'll watch and wait.

9
Farewell! farewell until the meeting,
When we'll strike hands to part no more;
And far beyond the reach of sorrow,
We'll gather on the peaceful shore.

RUEBUSH.

F. L. ARMSTRONG.



2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne;
Here thou mak'st thy glories known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love and sing thy praise.

Music by

THE SAVIOUR DIED FOR ME.*

F. L. ARMSTRONG.

Andante con espressione.

1. When time seems short, and death is near. And I am press'd by doubt and fear, And
2. If grace were bought, I could not buy; If grace were coined, no wealth have I: By
3. My faith is weak, but 'tis Thy gift; Thou canst my help - less soul up - lift. And

sins, an ev - er - last - ing tide, As - sail my peace on ev - 'ry side, This
grace a - lone I draw my breath, Held up from ev - er - last - ing death. Yet
say, "Thy bonds of death are riven; Thy sins by Me are all for - giv'n; And

thought my ref - uge still shall be,— I know my Sa - viour died for me.
since I know His grace is free, I know the Sa - viour died for me.
thou shalt live, from guilt set free; For I, thy Sa - viour, died for thee.

* From "THE CROWNING TRIUMPH," by permission.

p Chorus.

His name is Je - sus and He died,— For guilt - y sin - ners cru - ci - fied; Con-

ritard.

tent to die, that He might win Their ran - som from the death of sin.

SHAWMUT.

LOWELL MASON.

1. The Lord Je-ho-vah reigns, Let all the nations fear; Let sinners tremble at his throne, And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs, his attendants, stand,
Swift to fulfill his word.

3 In Zion stands his throne;
His honors are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

ANONYMOUS.

PEACEFULLY SLEEP.

Music by C. E. POLLOCK.

1. Peace - ful - ly lay her down to rest; Place the turf kind - ly o'er her breast;
Sweet is the slum - ber beneath the sod, While the pure soul is resting with God.

Refrain.

Peace - ful - ly sleep, Sleep till that morn- ng, Peace - ful - ly sleep.
Peaceful-ly sleep till that morn-ing, Peaceful-ly sleep till that morn - ing, Peaceful-ly, peaceful - ly sleep.

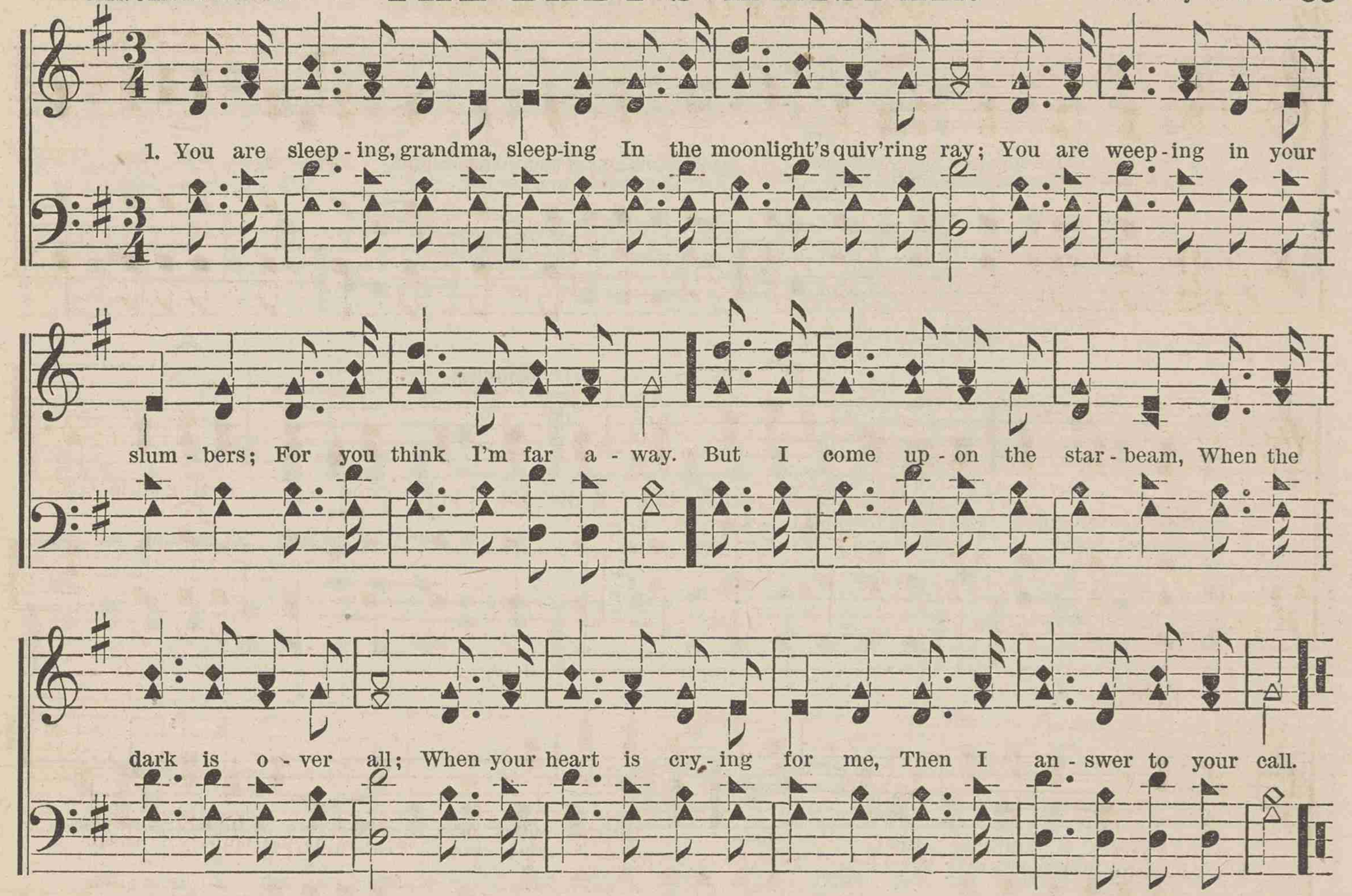
2 Close to her lone and narrow house,
Gracefully wave, ye willow boughs;
Flowers of the wildwood, your odors shed
Over the holy, beautiful dead.

3 Quietly sleep, beloved one;
Rest from thy toil: thy labor is done.
Rest till the trump from the opening skies
Bids thee from dust to glory arise.

THE BABY'S WHISPER.

Words by Mrs. JENNIE DE WITT.

Music by W. T. D.



2 Yet you think you are but dreaming
That you see your baby now.
Oh, I wonder you can think so,
When my breath is on your brow,
When I come to whisper to you,
In the holy hush of night,
Of my home and dearest mother's,
Where there's nothing else but light.

3 And we have no winter, either,
In these ever-joyous bowers;
But a never-ending summer,
With its changeless skies and flow'rs.
And your darlings, too, are with me
In this blessed home of mine;
Where no loved ones ever perish,
And no mourning ones repine.

4 Oh, I bless you for your kindness;
For the weary watch you kept;
For the ceaseless prayers you offered;
For the many tears you wept.
But I cannot see you sorrow;
You must dry the starting tear;
For you'll soon be with us, grandma,
And we'll have no weeping here.

Words and Music by

HOME TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.*

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. O fa - ther, come kiss me once more, And watch by my bed just to-night; Your Nettie will walk thro' the
2. O fa - ther, what news shall I take To Jesus and mother for you? I'll tell him to send ho - ly

Chorus.

Val-ley of Death Ere dawn of the sweet Sabbath light.
an-gels of light To bless and to comfort you too.

} O fa-ther, I'm go-ing to mother, so dear,

I dream'd that I saw her last night. And, o - ver the riv - er, sweet voi - ces I hear: They

* From "NEW STARRY CROWN," by permission.



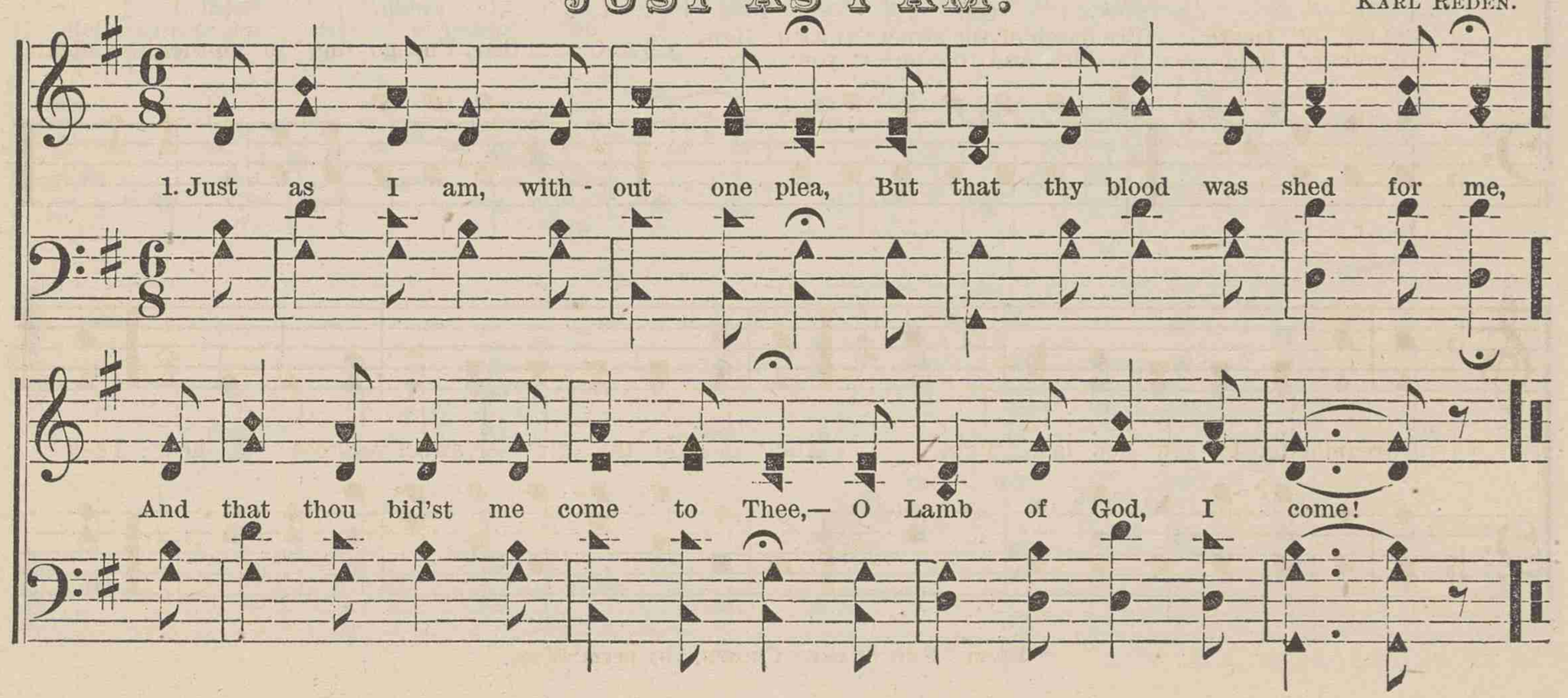
3 Our home here is lonely and dark,
And oft we are hungry and cold;
But I shall go home to my mother to-night,
Where pleasures are purer than gold.

4 O father, dear father, once more
Of Jesus I pray you to think;
And when I am gone to my mother in heaven,
O father, please give up your drink.

5 O father, dear father, once more
Please read in my Bible, and think:
"No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven."
O God, keep my father from drink!

JUST AS I AM.

KARL REDEN.



Words by W. T. D.

ALL IS WELL.

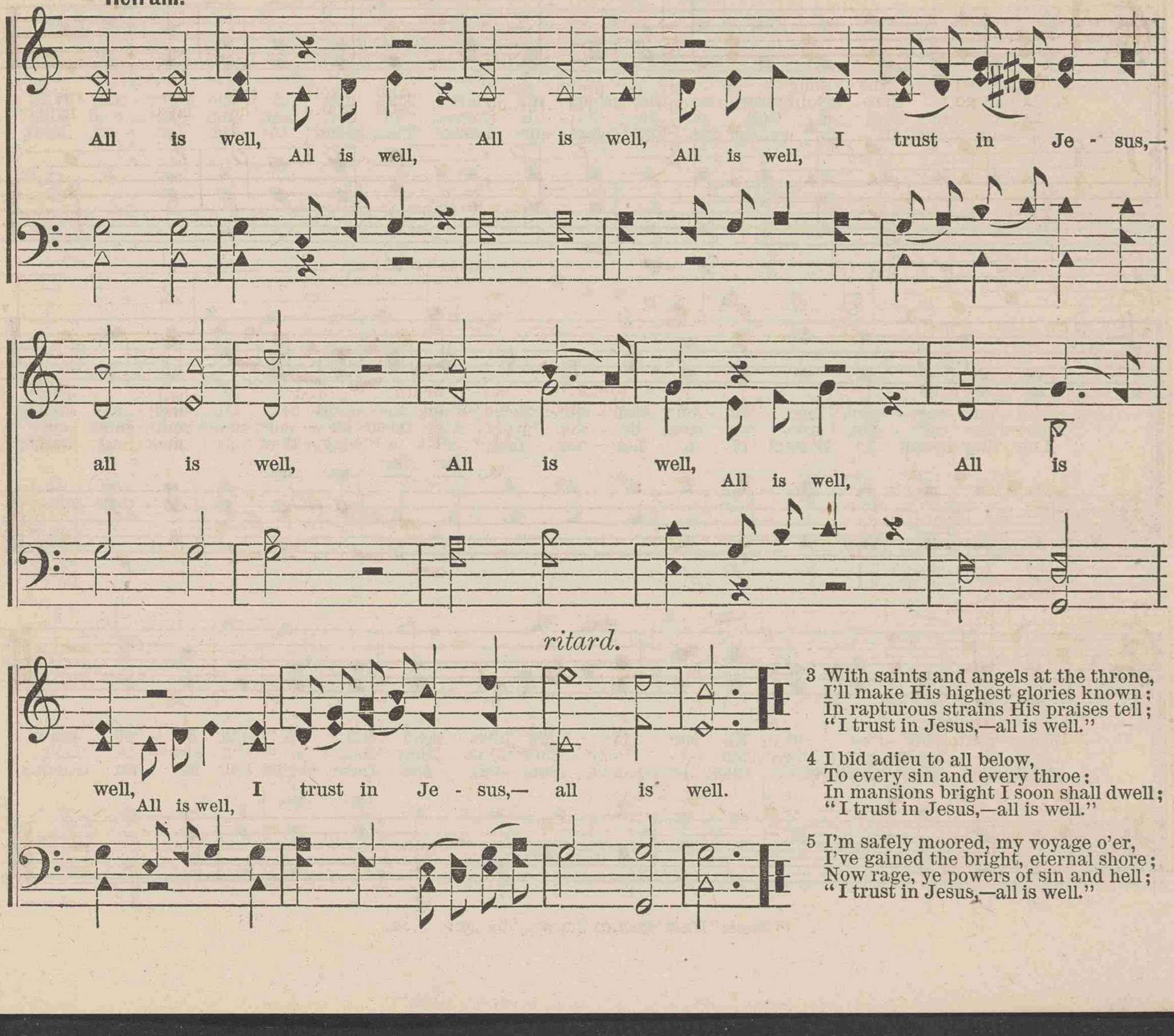
Music by R. PORTER ORR.

1. High let the song of tri - umph rise, And swell the cho - rus
2. I go to join the cho - ral throng, And wake the lays in

of the skies; I tri - umph o - ver death and hell;
heav'n - ly song; Now let the peal - ing an - them swell;
I tri - umph o - ver death and hell.
Now let the peal - ing an - them swell.

"I trust in Je - sus,— All is well."
"I trust in Je - sus,— All is well."
Yes, I trust in

Refrain.



ritard.

3 With saints and angels at the throne,
I'll make His highest glories known;
In rapturous strains His praises tell;
"I trust in Jesus,—all is well."

4 I bid adieu to all below,
To every sin and every throe:
In mansions bright I soon shall dwell;
"I trust in Jesus,—all is well."

5 I'm safely moored, my voyage o'er,
I've gained the bright, eternal shore;
Now rage, ye powers of sin and hell;
"I trust in Jesus,—all is well."

38 Words and Music **GRAVE ON THE GREEN HILLSIDE.*** by A. S. KIEFFER.

1. There's a lit - tle grave on the green hill - side That lies to the morn - ing sun,
2. Ah! the land is full of the lit - tle graves, In val - ley, and plain, and hill;
3. And these lit - tle graves are but way - side marks That point to the far - off land,

And our way - worn feet oft - en wan - der there When the cares of the day are done;
There's an an - gel, too, for each lit - tle grave, And these an - gels some mis - sion fill;
And they speak to th' soul of a bet - ter day, Of a day that is near at hand;

There we oft - en sit till the twi - light falls, And talk of that far - off land,
And I know not how, but I some - times think They lead us with gen - tle hand,
Tho' we first must walk thro' the dark - some vale, Yet there Christ will be our Guide;

* From "NEW STARRY CROWN," by per on.

And we some-times feel in the twi - light there The soft touch of the van - ished hand.
For a whis - per falls on our wil - ling ears From the shores of a far off land.
And we'll reach the shore of the far - off land Thro' a grave on the green hill - side.

Chorus.

Grave on the green hill - side, . . . Grave on the green hill - side;

In the years to come we will calm - ly sleep In a grave on the green hill - side.

Words by Rev. M. B. DE WITT.

COMFORT IN GOD.

Music by FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. While trav'ling this mys - te - rious road That leads us on to death; Sur - round - ed by a
2. How sweet that He our wants doth know, And for them gen - tly cares; And ev' - ry grief, wher-
3. So though our path be dark and drear, As we pass hum-bly on; Light, glo - rious light, shall

thou - sand snares, To take a - way our breath; How sweet to feel that we can trust, With -
e'er we go, Most ten - der - ly He shares. That though He knows when - e'er we sin, And
yet ap - pear, More glo - rious than the sun. God is our Safe - ty,—God our Strength,—Our

out one need - less fear, To Him whose pow'r and good - ness give Life and its bless-ings here.
sees when-e'er we stray, His grace free par - don seals with - in, And shows our feet "the way."
ev - er - last - ing Light. His per - fect glo - ry shall at length Burst full up on our sight.

ANGEL THOU ART TO ME.*

1. An - gel thou art to me,— An - gel to me. Up from the depths of grief
2. Sad - ly each com - ing day Earth's sor - row brings; Yet heav'n - ly airs I breathe,
3. Sweet rise fond mem - o - ries Ev - er of thee; Life's fond - est earth - ly ties

Rise I to thee. First in the morn - ing light, Last in the dark - est night,
Fann'd by thy wings. Up - ward I fly to thee, An - gel, my child, to me,
Bind thee to me. Thy hand doth beck - on me, Up - ward to heav'n with thee.

Last in the dark - est night, An - gel to me.
An - gel, my child, to me, An - gel to me:
Up - ward to heav'n with thee, An - gel to me.

4 Angel thou art to me,
Ever in prayer;
Joyful I come to thee,
Led by thy care,
Where weary souls may rest;—
:‖: Mansions forever blest;:‖:
Angel to me.

5 Child of a mother's love,
Still thou art mine.
In that bright world above,
All joy is thine.
There angels, bright and fair,
:‖: Thy sweet companions are;:‖:
Angel to me.

* From "THE CROWNING TRIUMPH," by permission.

Words by W. T. D.

ALL IS PEACE.*

Music by D. E. DORTCH.

1. Now the song of tri - umph I will sing, For the la - bor of life is all
2. Ma - ny tri - als and sor - rows I've past, But through grace I have tri - umphed o'er
3. I shall sing on the waves of the tide The en - rap - tur - ing song of the

o'er; And the man - sions of glo - ry shall ring, When I stand on that beau - ti - ful shore.
all; Though I die, I shall con - quer at last,— Shall in tri - umph a - rise, though I fall.
blest; For my Sa - viour will be at my side, And will take me to man-sions of rest.

Refrain.

All is peace, Bless-ed peace, All is peace, Bless-ed peace, While the riv - er I'm wait - ing to cross,

* From "TIDINGS OF JOY," by permission.

ritard.

All is peace, All is peace, While the riv - er I'm wait-ing to cross.
Bless-ed peace, Bless-ed peace,

SEABURY.

F. L. ARMSTRONG.

1. Lo! the stone is roll'd a - way, Death yields up his might - y prey;
2. Praise him, ye ce - les - tial choirs, Praise and sweep your gold - en lyres;
3. Ev' - ry note with rap - ture swell, And the Sa - viour's tri - umph tell;

Je - sus, ris - ing from the tomb, Scat - ters all its fear - ful gloom.
Praise him in the no - blest songs, From ten thou - sand, thou - sand tongues.
Where, O Death, is now thy sting? Where thy ter - rors, van - quish'd king?

Written for this work.

HOME AT LAST.

Music by D. E. DORTCH.

Duet. Tenderly.

1. Hear them shout-ing, as they land, "Home at last! home at last!" Pil-grims on the far-ther strand. Home at last! home at last! home at last! Home at last! home at last! home at last! They are home, are home at last; They are home, are home at last,— Home at last, home at last.

Refrain.

Home at last! home at last! Home at last! home at last! They are home, are home at last; They are home, are home at last,— Home at last, home at last.

2 Hear the singing in that land,—
"Home at last! home at last!"
Pilgrims with the angel band,
Home at last, home at last.

3 Sainted ones are singing there,
"Home at last! home at last!"
Where the Saviour's love they share,—
Home at last, home at last.

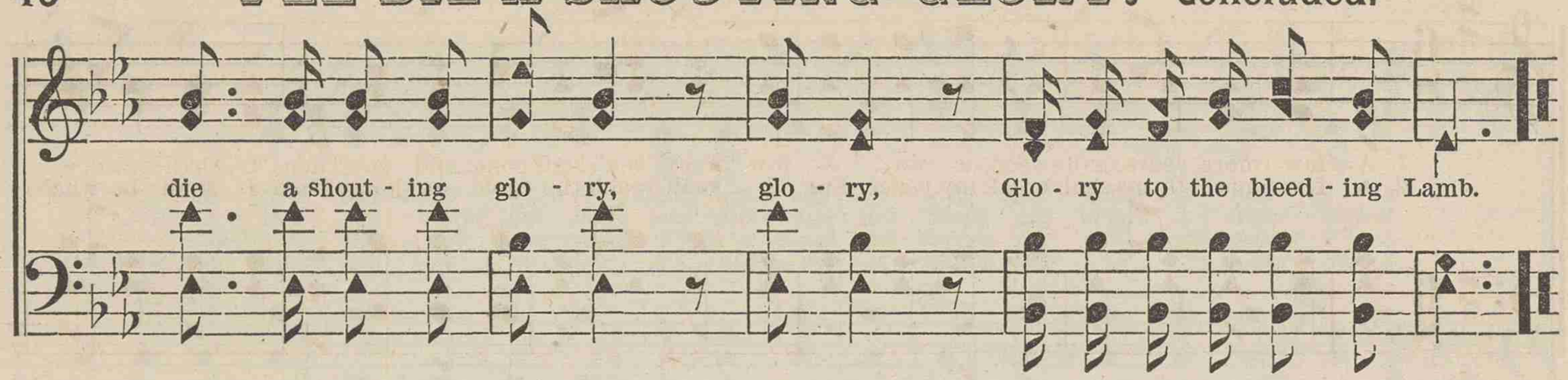
1. "I'll die a shout - ing glo - ry! glo - ry!" Yes, glo - ry to the Lord on high; And
2. And when I reach the pleas - ing sum - mit, And gain my home in Par - a - dise, I'll
3. I'll praise him for his match - less kind - ness; I'll praise him for his wondrous love; I'll
4. Oh, glo - ry to the might - y Fa - ther; Oh, glo - ry to his bless - ed Son; And

when in heav'n I'll sing the sto - ry, And shout for - ev - er in the sky.
shout a - gain, with glad e - mo - tion, And praise the Lord of earth and skies.
praise him for his great sal - va - tion; I'll praise him in his courts a - bove.
glo - ry to the Ho - ly Spir - it,—The Ho - ly Trin - i - ty in one.

Refrain.

I'll die a shout - ing glo - ry, glo - ry,— Glo - ry to the Saviour's name; I'll

I'LL DIE A SHOUTING GLORY. Concluded.



Words by W. T. D.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

Music by Mrs. D. E. DORTCH.



ONLY A LITTLE WHILE.

1. A few more years shall sweep a - way, A few more sea - sons come and go; Then I shall reach e-
2. A few more storms shall break my peace, Ere I shall reach the gold - en shore; Then I shall be where

ter - nal day, Where tears of sor - row nev - er flow.
tem - pests cease, And surg - ing bil - lows swell no more.

Chorus.

A lit - tle while, a lit - tle while, 'Tis on - ly just a lit - tle while; A lit - tle while, A lit - tle while, 'Tis on - ly just a lit - tle while.

3 A few more battles fought below,—
A few more partings here be given;
Then to my Saviour I shall go:
Then I shall find my rest in heaven.

4 "Fly swifter on, ye wheels of time!
Ye fleeting years speed on your way!"
And bring me to that blissful clime
Where all is one bright summer day.

48 Words by W. T. D.

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

Music by FRANK M. DAVIS.

Slow, with feeling.

1. When bowed with af - flic-tion and woes here be - low, As on in my way to bright Canaan I go;
2. When tri - als and loss - es fall un - to me here; When mingling the cup of thanksgiv-ing with tears;
3. When weep-ing I stand o'er the spoils of the grave,—My friends all de - part - ed be-yond the dark wave;

I hear a sweet voice: 'tis the voice of my God:—"I love thee, I love thee: pass un-der the rod."
I hear the same voice,—the sweet voice of my God:—"I love thee, I love thee: pass un-der the rod."
I hear the sweet voice of my Fa - ther and God: "I love thee, I love thee: pass un-der the rod."

rit. e dim.

Refrain.

Pass un - der the rod, pass un - der the rod. I love thee, I love thee: pass un - der the rod.

I HEAR THE ANGELS SINGING.

by Rev. E. T. Bowers.

1. I hear the an - gels sing - ing, What mu - sic greets the ear! Their joy - ous voic - es

Chorus.

ring - ing, So beau - ti - ful and clear. I hear them sing - ing,
I hear them, yes,

Sing - ing, sweet - ly sing-ing, I hear the an - gels sing - ing, And soon I'll join their song.

2 I hear the angels singing;
Yes, nearer still they come:
A message they are bringing,
'Tis Jesus calls me home.

3 I hear the angels singing
A welcome song to me:
The door ajar is swinging:
I'll enter and be free.

Words by W. T. D.

I'LL MEET YOU AT THE DOOR.

Music by Rev. E. T. BOWERS.

1. "Will you meet me at the door, When my mor - tal con - flict's
2. "Will you meet me at the door, When I reach the oth - er
3. "Will you meet me at the door, With our friends who've gone be-

o'er,— When I lay my ar - mor down, And re - ceive my shi - ning crown?"
shore,— When the trou - bled waves are past, And I reach my home at last?"
fore,— Who are watch - ing at the gate, And our com - ing now a - wait?"

Refrain.

"Will you meet me, will you meet me, Will you meet me at the



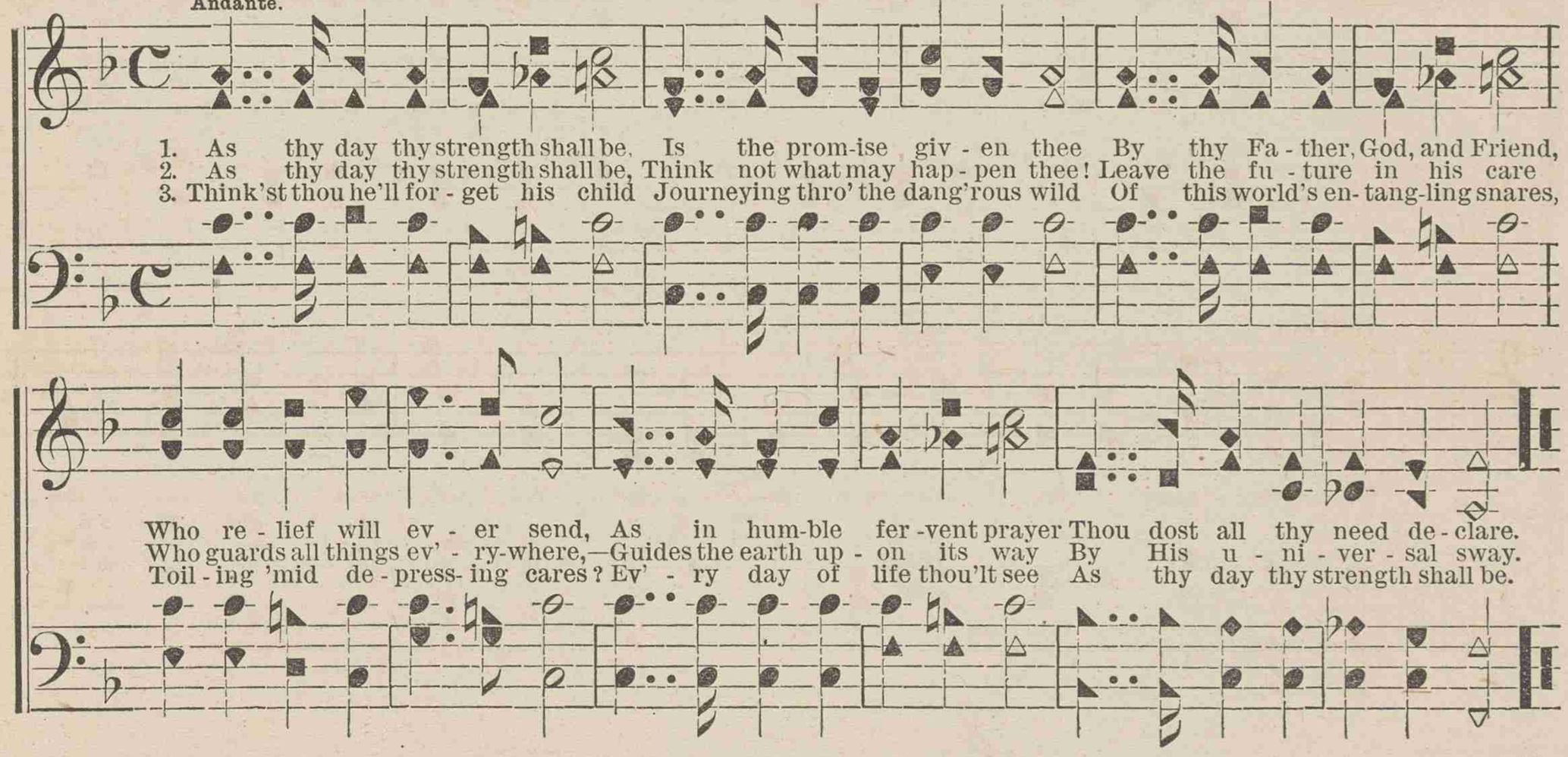
4 "Will you meet me at the door,
When above the stars I soar,—
When my weary, wandering feet,
Reach the heavenly land so sweet?"

5 When we've entered heaven's door,
Then we'll part, no, never more;
In that land with angels fair,
We shall sing forever there.

THE PROMISE.

Words by Mrs. P. MUNZINGER. Music by F. L. ARMSTRONG.

Andante.



THE MASTER CALLS.

Words and Music by W. T. D.

1. The Mas - ter calls,—is call-ing me; From ev' - ry pain I'll soon be free. I bid fare-well to
2. The Mas - ter calls,—is call-ing now; Be - fore his throne I soon shall bow; A - mong the ransomed

Refrain.

grief and fear, For I am done with toil and care.
take my stand, In E - den's bright and hap - py land.
} The Mas - ter calls and I must go,

ritard.

I must go, I must go; The Mas - ter calls and I must go, I must go, I must go.

3 The Master calls. Oh, blessed call!
At his own feet I soon shall fall.
I'll worship at his shrine above,
And sing of his redeeming love.

4 The Master calls. My friends, farewell:
I'm going where the angels dwell.
Farewell until, on Canaan's shore,
We meet again, to part no more.

HOLD OUT TO THE LAST FOR JESUS.

1. "Hold out to the last for Je - sus," Hold out with a pur- pose true; Un - til from our sins He frees us— Hold out till the crown we view.

Refrain.

Hold out to the last, Hold out to the last, Hold out to the last for Je - sus; Hold out to the last, Hold out to the last, Hold out to the last for Je - sus.

2 "Hold out to the last for Jesus,"
Stand up for the truth and right;
Oh, let now this spirit seize us
To win in the hottest fight.

3 "Hold out to the last for Jesus,"
Hold on to the cross that's giv'n;
In trials and woe He sees us,—
Hold on: there's a crown in heaven.

Words by W. T. D.

GOING HOME.*

Music by D. E. DORTCH.

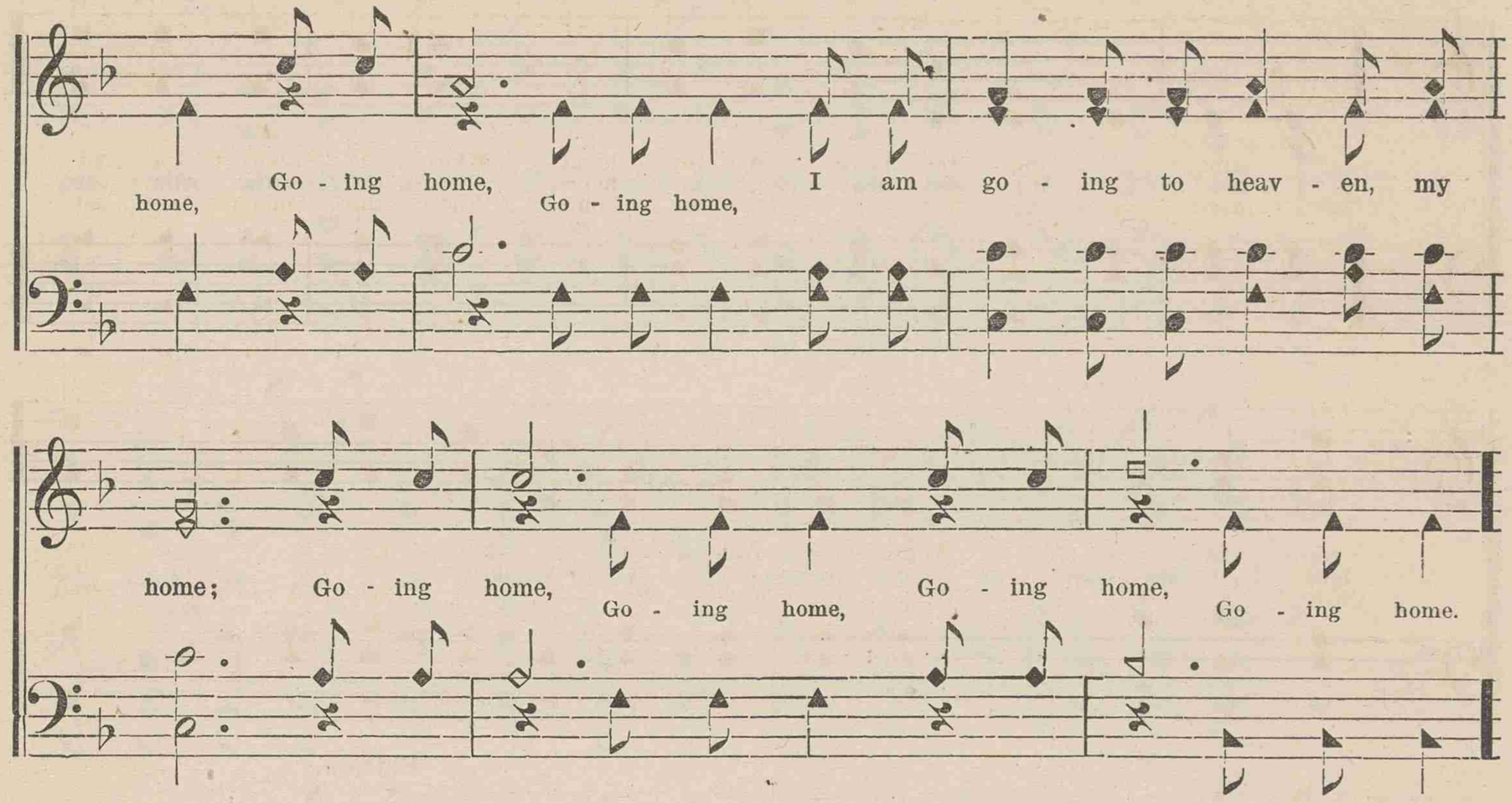
1. "I am go - ing to heav - en, my home," Where the win - ter of
2. "I am go - ing to heav - en, my home," To the land where the
3. "I am go - ing to heav - en, my home," Where the mar - tyrs of

sor - row is o'er; Where the rain - bow of glo - ry is cir - cling,
bless - ed shall reign; Where the glo - ry of heav - en is beam - ing,
Christ are now blest; Where the proph - ets of God are all gath - ered,

Refrain.

And the saints shall be sev - ered no more. Go - ing home,
And the good shall be free from all pain.
And the saints of the Lord sweet - ly rest. Go - ing

* From "TIDINGS OF JOY," by permission.





4 "I am going to heaven, my home,"
To that land when the seraphim sing;
Where the song of redemption is swelling,
And the harps of eternity ring.

5 "I am going to heaven, my home,"
To my friends who have gone on before;
Who are standing and waiting and watching,
To receive me on Canaan's bright shore.

6 "I am going to heaven, my home,"
Where my friends, whom I love, will soon come;
For the angels will bear us o'er Jordan,
And we'll gather in heaven, our home.

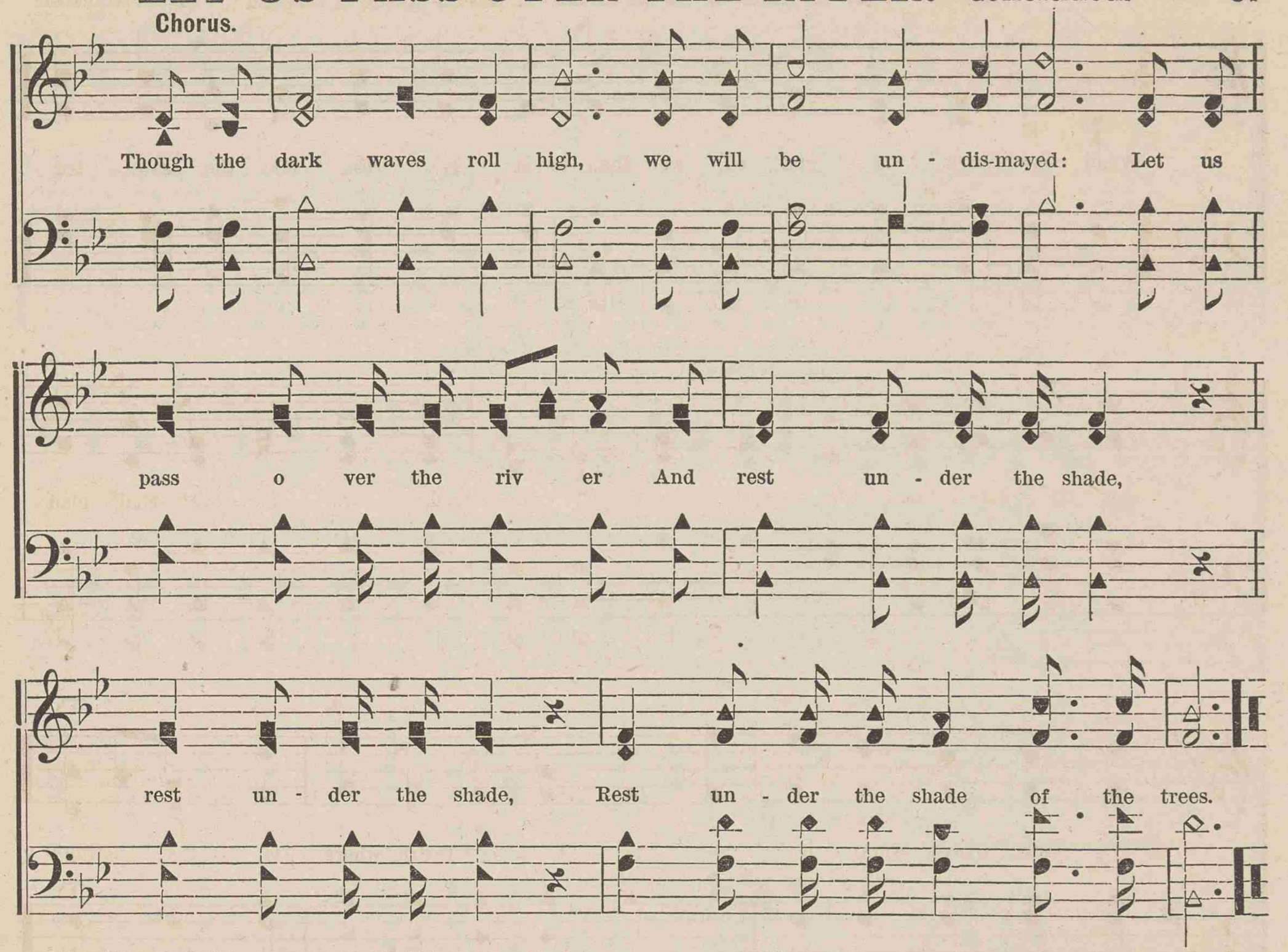
Words by
KATE CAMERON.

LET US PASS OVER THE RIVER.

Music by
R. M. McINTOSH.

1. When our work is end - ed, we shall sweet - ly rest, 'Mid the sain - ted spir - its, safe on Je - sus' breast; All our trials ov - er, we shall glad - ly sing, "Grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? Death, where is thy sting?

Chorus.



2 Earth hath many sorrows, but they cannot last,
And our greatest troubles quickly will be past;
If we look to Jesus, he will give us strength,
By his grace we shall be conquerors at length.

3 When the storm is over sweet will be the calm.
After life's long battle bright the victor's palm;
And the cross of anguish which now weighs us down,
We'll exchange in heaven for a shining crown.

58 Words by W. T. D. # SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES. Music by J. H. Leslie.

1. "I am sweep- ing thro' the gates," Thro' the gates of pur - est gold; I have oft - en heard of heav'n,
2. "I am sweep- ing thro' the gates," Sing-ing glo - ry to the Lamb; With my garments white and clean,
3. "I am sweep- ing thro' the gates," To the throne of God so bright; And the joy that there a - waits,
4. "I am sweep- ing thro' the gates," All my griefs and sor- rows past; Bless - ed Je - sus, I have come:

Refrain.

But the half has ne'er been told.
Washed from ev' - ry sin I am.
Now is burst-ing on my sight.
I am safe at home at last.

I am sweeping thro' the gates, I am sweeping thro' the gates,

Washed in the blood of the Lamb; I am sweep - ing thro' the gates, I am

ritard.

sweep - ing thro' the gates, Washed in the blood of the Lamb (of the Lamb).

WILLIE'S TOMB.*

Words by W. T. D. Music by F. L. ARMSTRONG.

1. The wail-ing winds sweep o'er his mound; The chill-ing blasts of win - ter come; Bnt ne'er dis-
2. In spring the ros - es sweet-ly bloom, And pour their fragrance on the air; A sleep - er

turb his rest pro-found: He sweet-ly sleeps with-in the tomb.
lies with - in that tomb, But naught a - wakes the si - lence there.

3 Oh, could I lay my weary head
Upon that grassy mound to-day,
I'd muse among the silent dead,
And softly wake the mournful lay.

4 Revolving years shall pass away,
The changing seasons come and go,
Ere I shall reach eternal day,
Where waves of light forever flow.

5 Come, gentle Zephyrs, breathe your lays
On this sad heart of mine to-day;
For now I think of other days,
And of that grave so far away.

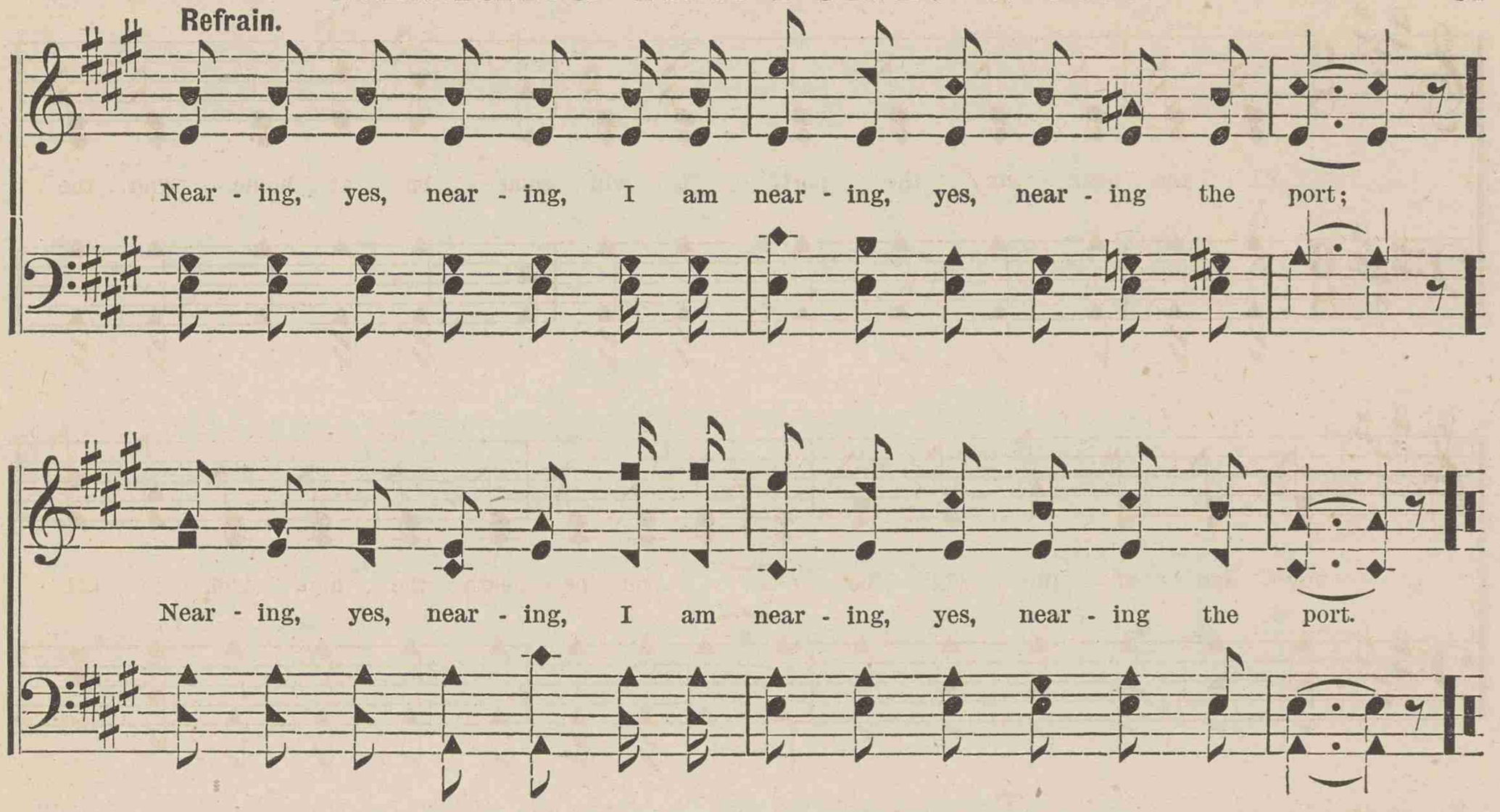
* TUNE.—"HAUSER."

Words by W. T. D.

NEARING THE PORT.

Music by R. M. McIntosh.

1. "I am near - ing the port," I will soon be at home, And the
voy - age of life will be' o'er; And be - neath the high arch - es of
hea - ven's bright dome, I shall dwell with my friends gone be - fore.



2 "I am nearing the port." I will soon be at rest;
I will anchor at peace on the strand;
I will stand on that shore 'mid the throng of the blest,
I will dwell in that beautiful land.

3 "I am nearing the port." for the land is in sight,
And the mountains in grandeur are seen;
And the landscapes of Eden I hail with delight,
And the plains that are covered with green.

4 "I am nearing the port." See the blessed have come,
And are gathering along on the shore;
Now they watch to receive me and welcome me home,
Where we'll part never, no, nevermore.

5 *I am anchored in port.* I have reached the bright strand,
And the voyage of life is now past;
With my Saviour I'll dwell in this beautiful land,
And with rapture I'll shout, "Home at last!"

SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

Music by J. M. Evans.

1. "Land a - head!" its fruits are wav-ing O'er the hills of fade-less green; And the liv - ing wa - ters
2. On - ward, bark! the cape I'm rounding. See! the bless - ed wave their hands. Hear the harps of God re-

Chorus.

lav - ing Shores where heaven-ly forms are seen.
sounding From the bright im- mor - tal bands.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on

that e - ter - nal shore. Drop the an - chor! furl the sail! I am safe with - in the vail!

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

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

GRANDMOTHER RESTS IN HEAVEN.

Words by Rev. W. H. DARNALL, D.D. Music by W. T. D.

1. In far - off bright e - ly - sian fields, She walks in youth - ful beau - ty's bloom; Im - mor - tal, stainless,
2. Her soul the an - gel an - them trills, And floats the liq - uid sound a - bove; As - cend - ing in - cense

ra - diant, pure,— A spir - it ex - haled from the tomb.
to the Son,— The melt - ing mel - o - dy of love.

Chorus.

Beau - ti - ful mur-murs float to me,—
An - gel-whisperings given; Mel - low - ing down through the star-ry night, "Grandmother rests in heaven."

3 With crown, and palm, and precious stone,
The sinless throng, the robe of white,
She mounts the starry way of bliss,
The singing, joyous child of light.

4 From star to star where glories break
In lovely, radiant, rainbow dyes,
Till rapture's vision floods the sight,—
The resting spirit upward flies.

Words by W. T. D.

JUST WAITING.

Music by W. T. GIFFE.

1. Just wait - ing the sum - mons to wel - come me home, Just wait - ing the time when my Sa - viour shall come To take me a - way to his pal - ace on high, And give me a place with the saints in the sky.

2. Just wait - ing to step from the bor - ders of time, Just wait - ing to en - ter the hea - ven - ly clime; Just wait - ing the fi - nal a- dieu here be - low; Just wait - ing with Je - sus my Sa - viour to go.

Refrain.

Wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing, Wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing, Just

wait - ing till Je - sus shall come; Wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing,

Wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing, Just wait - ing till Je - sus shall come.

3 Just waiting to stand on the beautiful shore,
With kindred and friends who have gone on before;
Just waiting to sing with the angels above;
Just waiting to chant the sweet anthem of love.

4 Just waiting with angels and seraphs to fall,
And worship the Saviour as Sovereign of all;
Just waiting to tell of his triumph and fame,
And shout in my ecstasy, "Worthy the Lamb."

66 Words by Rev. M. B. DeWITT. # I'M ALMOST AT HOME. Music by W. T. D.

1. My vis - ion of faith has been cleared; My view o - pened wide to the skies;
2. Be - hind me are con - flicts and fears; Be - fore are the joy and the crown;
3. I see the grand pil - lars of light: The tem - ple and ci - ty of God;—

The dark - ness has all dis - ap - peared; I'm filled with a joy - ous sur - prise.
Be - hind lies the val - ley of tears; Be - fore rise the hills of re - nown.
The vis - ion grows won - drous - ly bright, Its glo - ry is stream - ing a - broad.

The sor - rows of life are all o'er; My soul has its foes o - ver - come;
God's grace its full tri - umph has wrought; My soul feels the pow - er di - vine;
I see, and my spir - it, a - flame, Cries out, "O my Sa - viour, I come!"

I haste to the ev - er - green shore,—"My broth - er, I'm al - most at home."
Mine ear has the har - mo - nies caught, That ring where the arch - an - gels shine.
Sal - va - tion to God and the Lamb! I'm al - most, I'm al - most at home.

p **Refrain.**

Al - most at home, Al - most at home, My broth - er, I'm al - most at home;

pp

Al - most at home, Al - most at home, My broth - er, I'm al - most at home.

ETERNITY DAWNS.*

by WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

1. 'Mid the dark - ness where our path must lie, When clouds ob - scure the sun - lit sky,
2. Thro' the tri - als that a - wait our feet, And the cross - es that we must meet;

With dan - gers lurk - ing ev - er nigh, We'll sing and pray till e - ter - ni - ty's dawn.
Ere we can tread the gold - en street, We'll sing and pray till e - ter - ni - ty's dawn.

Chorus.

We'll sing and pray, We'll sing while the hours are swift fleet - ing on; We'll sing and pray, We'll sing and pray;

* From "SONGS OF THE CROSS," by per.



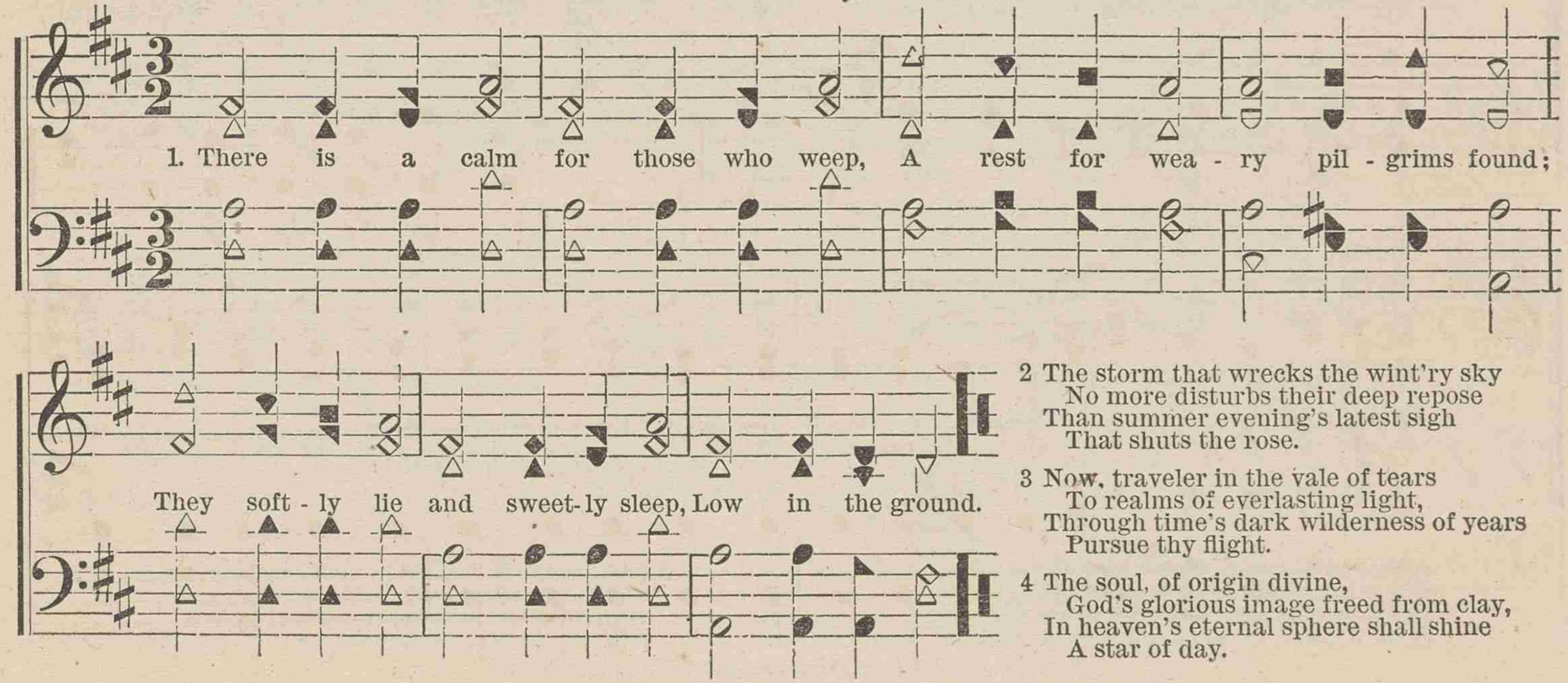
3 Through all the way that we must tread,
Where'er by heavenly goodness led,
To Him who for our sinning bled,
We'll sing and pray till eternity's dawn.

4 And when this life shall be no more,
When all its troubled scenes are o'er,
When we have gained the other shore,
We'll sing and pray *at* eternity's dawn.

Words by Rev. JAMES MONTGOMERY.

A CALM FOR THOSE WHO WEEP.

Music by W. T. D.



2 The storm that wrecks the wint'ry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

3 Now, traveler in the vale of tears
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years
Pursue thy flight.

4 The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day.

Words by A. S. DOUGHTY.

OUR HEAVENLY HOME.*

Music by F. L. ARMSTRONG.

Cheerfully.

1. A home in heav'n! what a blissful thought, As we toil a - long in our wea- ry lot; With heart oppress and by

Chorus.

an - guish riv'n We look from earth to a home in heav'n. Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home,

Beau-ti - ful hea-ven - ly home, Beau- ti - ful, beau-ti - ful home, Waiting for me in the glo - ry - land.

2 A home in heav'n, where we toil no more,
But reign with Christ on the golden shore.
In songs of praise we will there unite
With the great throng arrayed in white.

3 Dear home in heav'n! may we all meet there;
With the redeemed all its glories share;
And with the angels around the throne
Forever dwell in that sweet, sweet home.

* From "THE CROWNING TRIUMPH," by permission.

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