WHEN THE MORNING STARS SANG TOGETHER & ALL THE SONS OF GOD SHOUTED FOR JOY.

THE MORNING STAR

A NEW COLLECTION OF

SUNDAY-SCHOOL MUSIC.

BY

KNOWLES SHAW.

FOLGER ENG. CIN.

CHRISTIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY,

St. Louis, Mo.

Single Copy, 35 Cents; per doz. by Mail, $4.20; by Express, $3.60; per hundred, $30.

BISHOP ROBERT WESTLY PEACH

COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC
AND
HYMNOLOGY

ACQUIRED BY THE

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

1939

PITTS
THEOLOGY
LIBRARY

EMORY UNIVERSITY
ATLANTA, GEORGIA 30322

THE

MORNING STAR:

A COLLECTION OF NEW SACRED SONGS,

FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL,

PRAYER MEETING, AND THE SOCIAL CIRCLE.

BY

KNOWLES SHAW,

Author of "Shining Pearls," "Sparkling Jewels," "Golden Gate," and "Gospel Trumpet."

CHRISTIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY,

CINCINNATI AND ST. LOUIS.

Hymn
1877
Shaw B

PREFACE.

NEARLY three years have elapsed since the author's last Sunday-school work was published. His extended acquaintance, as an Evangelist, warrants the statement, that he knows the demand of the age in Sunday-school music; and his experience as an author, for ten years, during which time he has written five books, having a circulation of many thousands, enables him to supply this demand. "THE MORNING STAR" is, therefore, a collection of Sacred Songs, mostly new and original, intended to meet the wants of the Sunday-school, Social Meeting, and Family Circle, containing, as it does, five departments:—Songs of Jesus, Invitation Songs, Songs of Comfort and Joy, Practical Songs, Temperance and Miscellaneous Songs, interspersed with some of the grand old standard pieces that never wear out. We have sedulously avoided all unscriptural sentiments, admitting no piece which breathes not pure gospel truth.

All contributors to the Morning Star have been duly credited where their compositions appear, but we here render our thanks for the same.

This book is the author's own copyright property, and all who may desire to use any of the pieces must obtain written permission from him.

The Morning Star is now sent on its mission of light and comfort, praying the blessing of God upon it, and hoping that many may be led by the rays of "*The Bright Morning Star*," which first shone in "*The Manger of Bethlehem*," to "*Believe*" in Him who was "*On the Cross*," but now reigns "King of kings"—who is "Coming again" to receive all who obey Him to Himself, to reign in the "Kingdom of Glory" forever.

KNOWLES SHAW.

COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY KNOWLES SHAW.

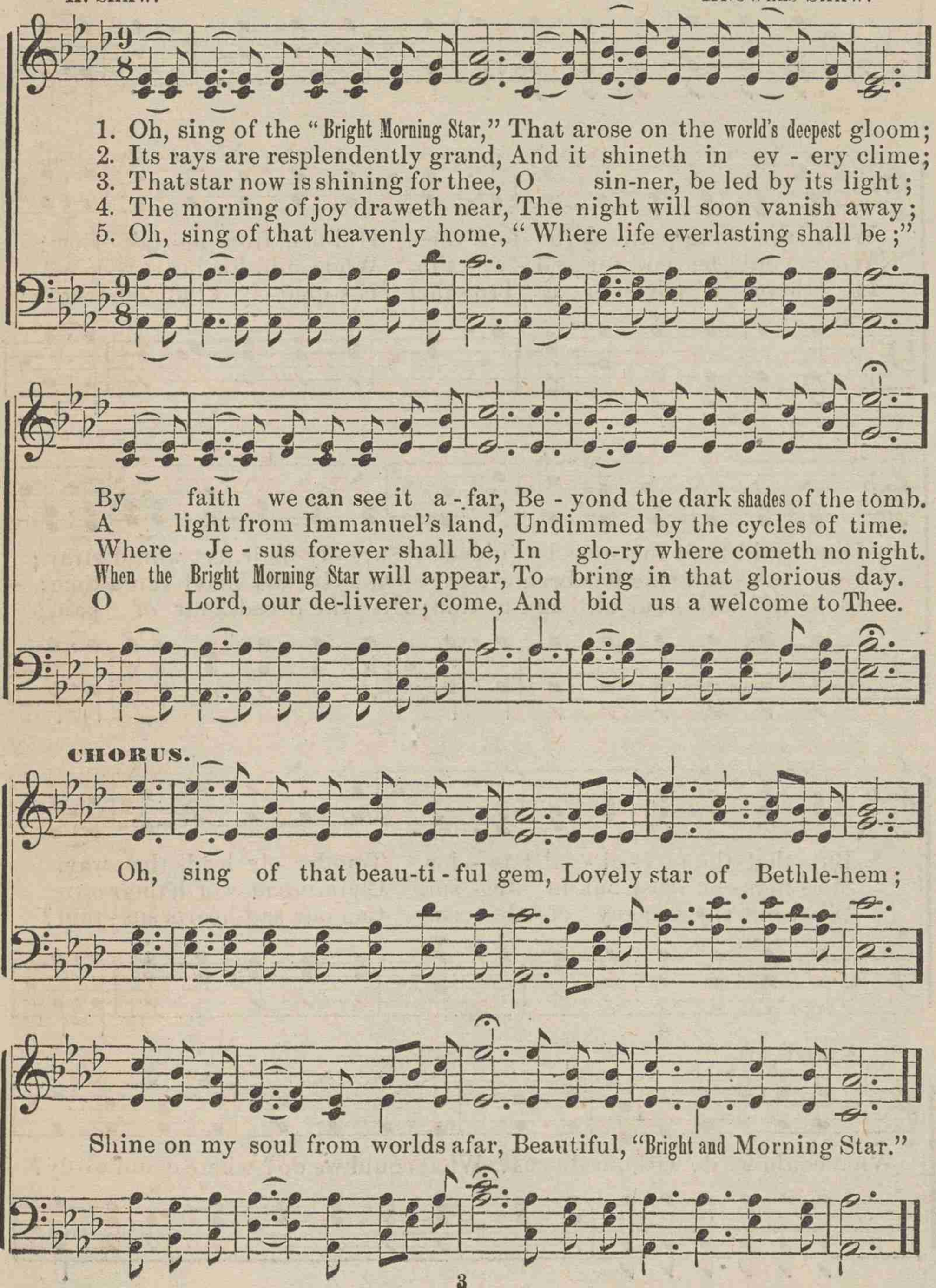
Electrotyped at Franklin Type Foundry, Cin., O.

THE MORNING STAR.

No. 1. THE BRIGHT MORNING STAR.

"I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star."—Rev. 22: 16.

K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.



No. 2. WHAT COULD WE DO WITHOUT JESUS?

"Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."—John 6: 68.

E. R. LATTA. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. What could we do with-out Je - sus? What could the children do?
2. What could we do with-out Je - sus? What could the sin-ner do?
3. What could we do with-out Je - sus? What could the Christian do?

With the long pathway be - fore them, Hid-den from mortal view;
Where could he go for sal - va - tion? Who could his heart re-new?
Is there a friend or a bro - ther E - qual - ly kind and true?

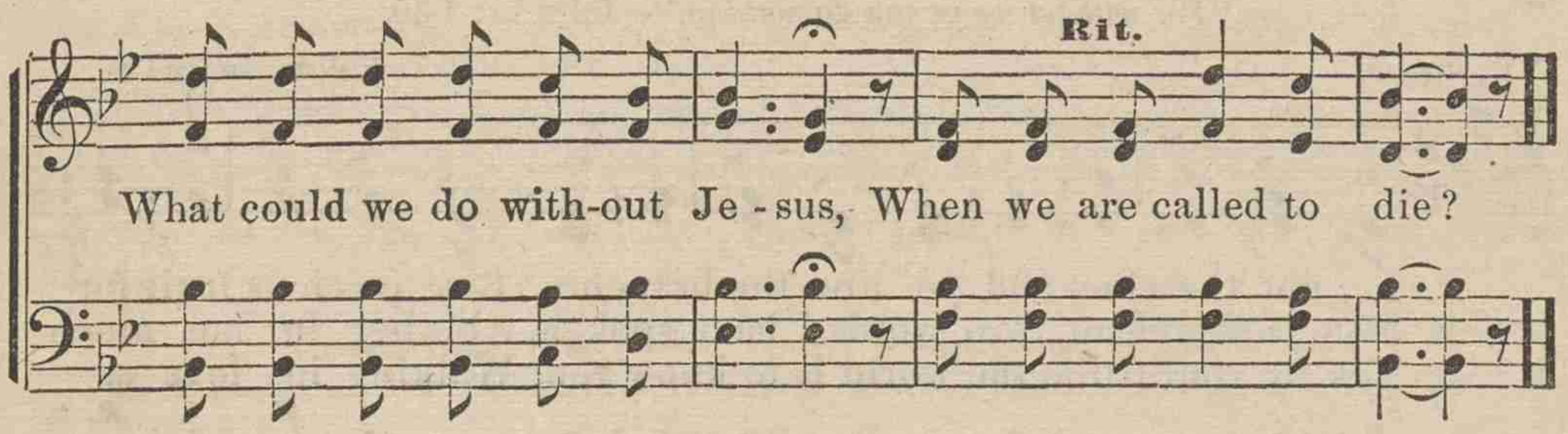
How could their footsteps be guided? Sure - ly their feet would stray;
No oth - er name has been giv-en; On - ly his blood can a-tone;
In the dark hour of tempt-a - tion; In the dread hour of pain;

But that the mer - ci - ful Sav - ior Ten-der - ly leads the way.
Sin - ners can trust but in Je - sus, Claiming no worth their own.
What but the mer - cy of Je - sus Can our sad hearts sus - tain?

CHORUS.

What could we do without Je-sus? What could we do? where could we fly?

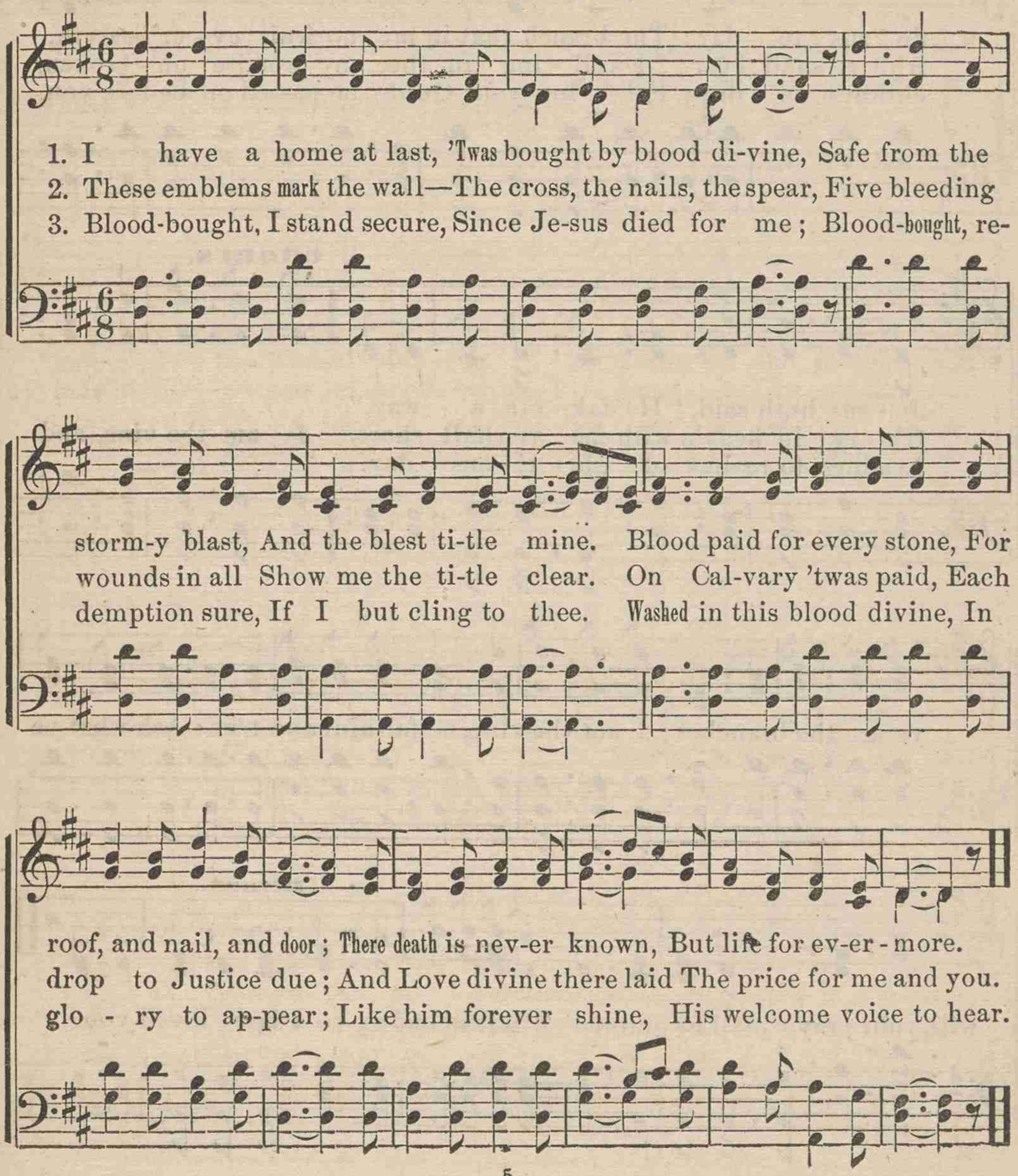
WHAT COULD WE DO? Concluded.



No. 3. BLOOD-BOUGHT.

"The precious blood of Christ as a lamb without spot."—1 Pet. 1: 19.

D. C. A. D. C. ADDISON.



No. 4. "I AM THE VINE."

"For without me ye can do nothing."—John 15: 1-10.

K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. I am the vine, and ye are the branches, Bear precious fruit for
2. Now ye are clean, thro' words I have spoken, Abiding in me, much
3. Yes, by your fruits the world is to know you, Walking in love as

Je - sus to - day; The branch that in me no fruit ev - er beareth,
fruit ye shall bear; "Dwell - ing in thee, my promise un - broken,
children of day; Fol - low your Guide, he passed on be-fore you,

CHORUS.

Je - sus hath said, "He tak - eth a - way."
Glo - ry in heav'n with me ye shall share. I am the vine, and
Leading to realms of glo - ri - ous day.

ye are the branches; I am the vine, be faithful and true; Ask what ye

Ritard.

will, your pray'r shall be granted; "The Father loved me, so I have loved you."

No. 5. THE MANGER OF BETHLEHEM.

"Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger."—Luke 2: 12.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND. KNOWLES SHAW.

DUET, or Semi-Chorus.

1. There's a song in the air! There's a star in the sky! There's a
2. In the light of that star Lie the a - ges impearled, And that
3. We re - joice in the light, And we ech - o the song That comes

FULL CHORUS. *ff*

mother's deep pray'r, And a babe's tender cry! And the star rains its
song from a - far Has swept o - ver the world. Ev - ery heart is a-
down thro' the night From the heaven - ly throng. Ay, we shout to the

fire, while the Beau-ti - ful sing, For the man - ger of Beth-le - hem
flame, while the Beau-ti - ful sing, In the homes of the nations, that
love - ly e - van-gel they bring, And we greet in His cra-dle our

cra - dles a King; And the star rains its fire, while the Beau-ti - ful
Je - sus is King; Ev - ery heart is aflame, while the Beau-ti - ful
Sav - ior and King; Ay, we shout to the love - ly e - van-gel they

sing, For the man - ger of Beth - le - hem cra - dles a King.
sing, In the homes of the na - tions, that Je - sus is King.
bring, And we greet in His cra - dle our Sav - ior and King.

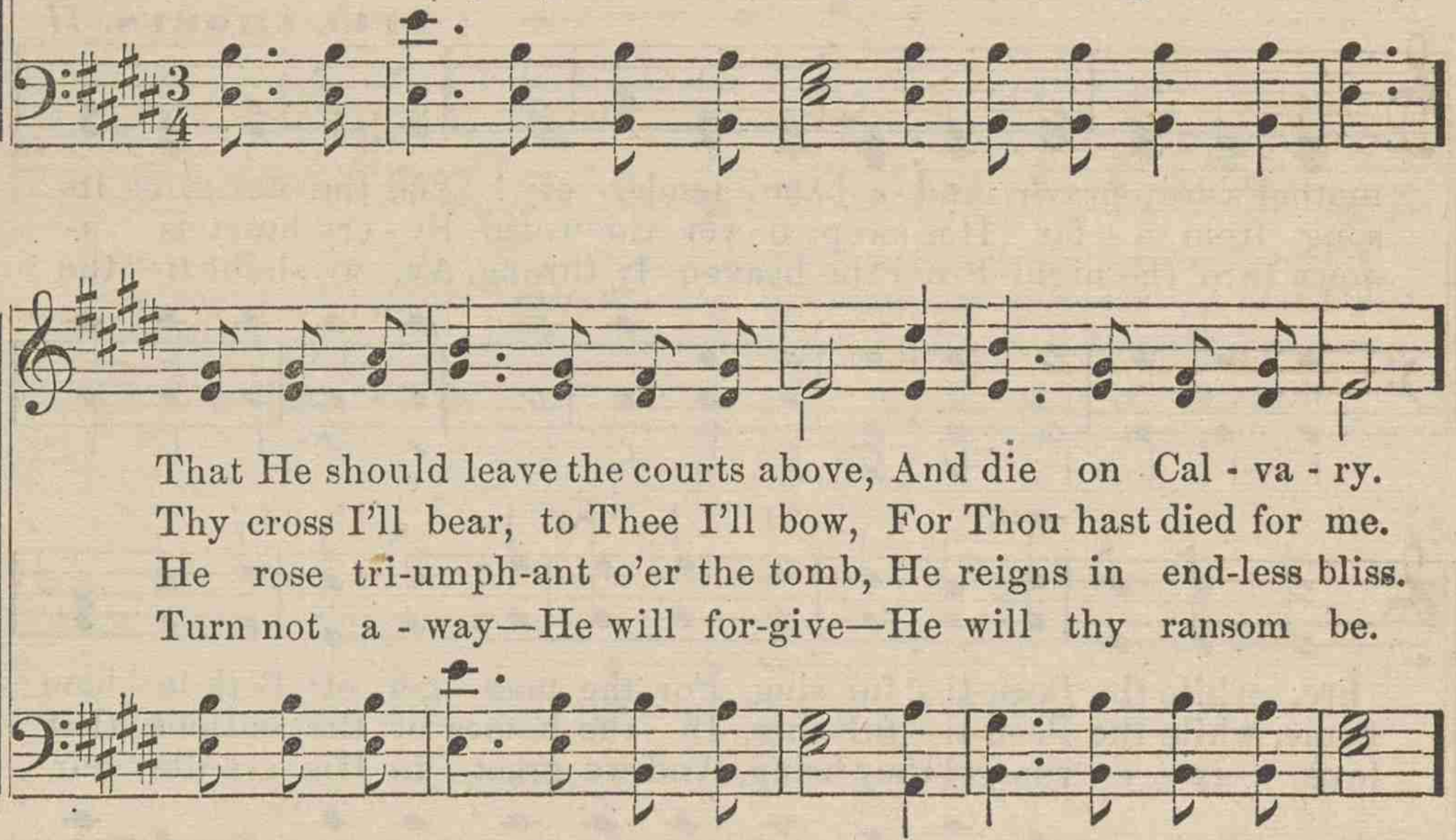
No. 6. ON THE CROSS.

"There they crucified him."—Luke 23: 33

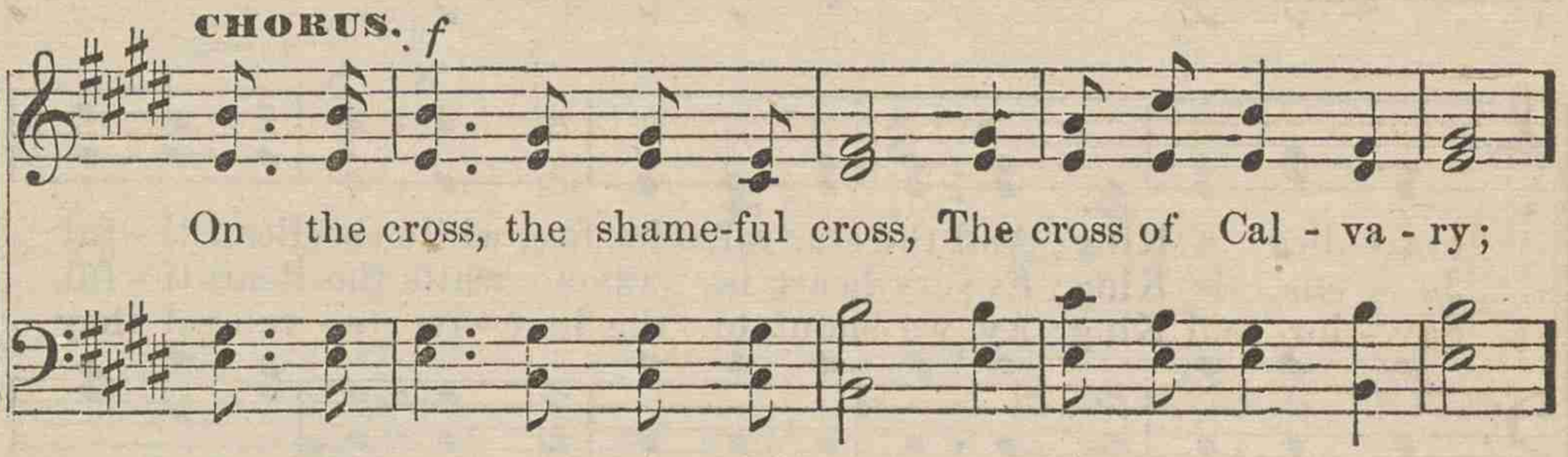
K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.



1. On the cross, oh, wondrous love! That Je-sus died for me;
2. Love for me. O Sav-ior, now, My heart I give to Thee;
3. On the cross, He died in gloom, Was ev-er love like this?
4. On the cross, oh, look and live, He calls a-gain to thee;



That He should leave the courts above, And die on Cal-va-ry.
Thy cross I'll bear, to Thee I'll bow, For Thou hast died for me.
He rose tri-umph-ant o'er the tomb, He reigns in end-less bliss.
Turn not a-way—He will for-give—He will thy ransom be.



On the cross, the shame-ful cross, The cross of Cal-va-ry;



On the cross, the shameful cross, The Sav-ior died for me.

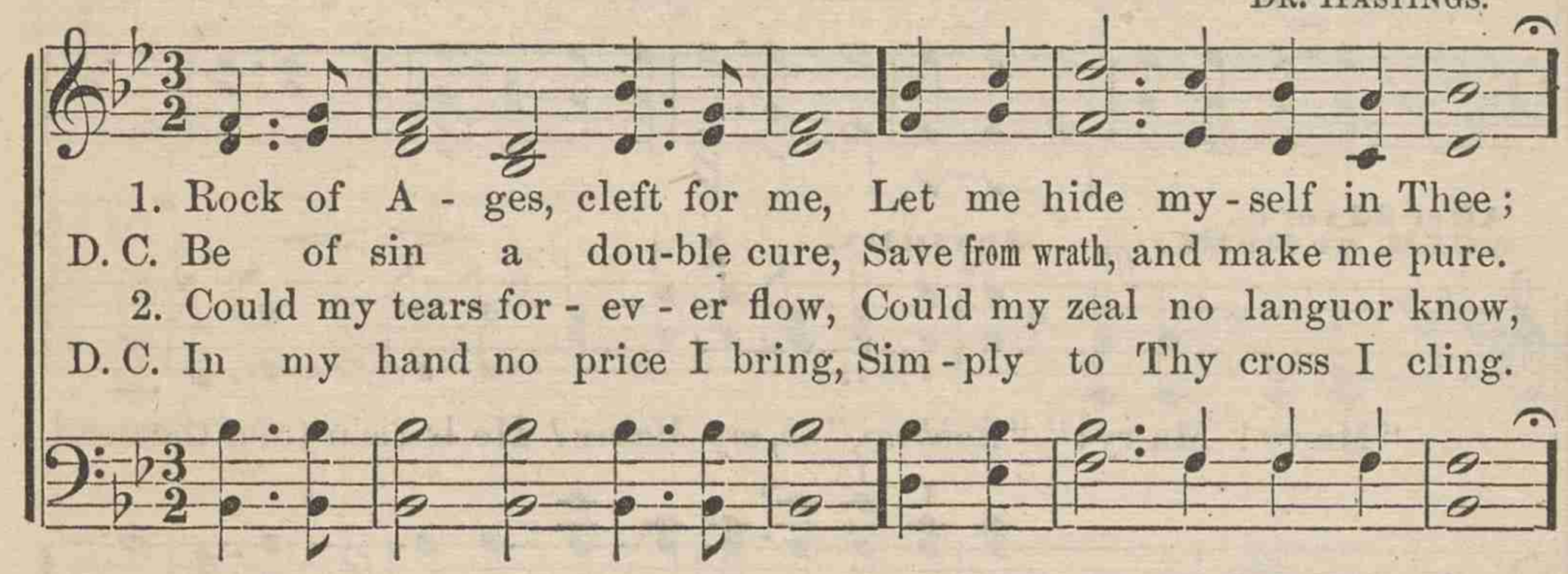
No. 7. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

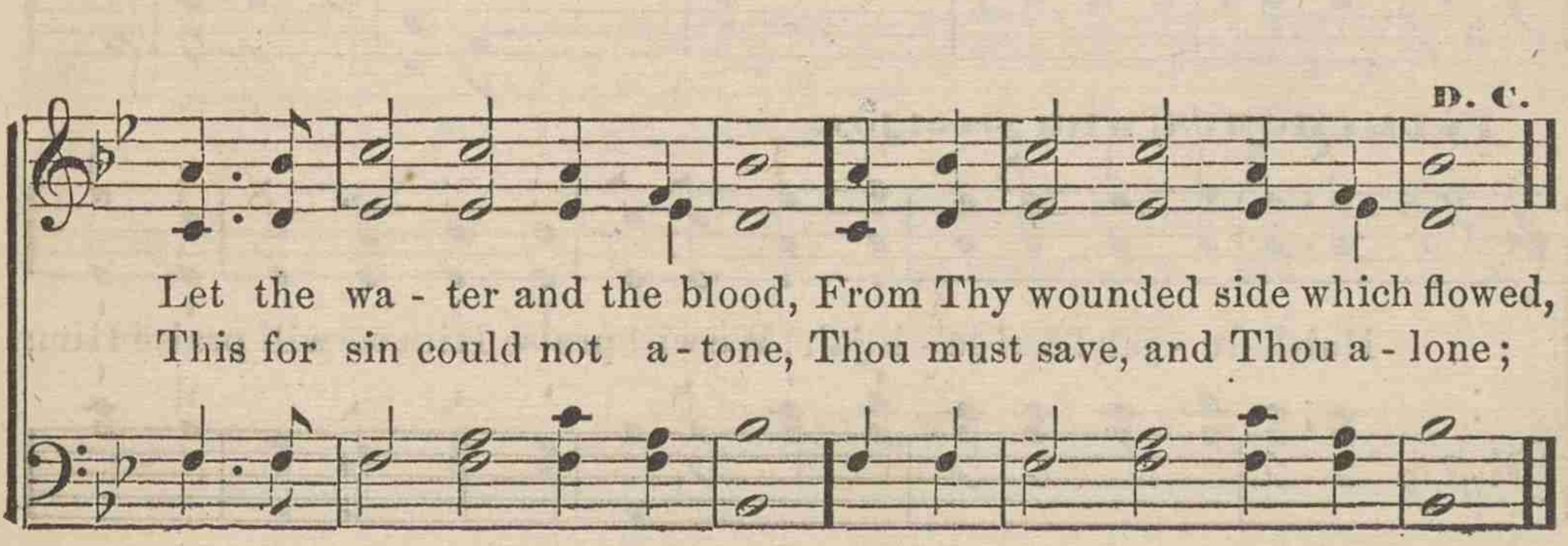




No. 8. ROCK OF AGES.

DR. HASTINGS.





No. 9. AT THE TOMB.

"But Mary stood without at the sepulcher weeping."—John 20: 11.

K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. To the tomb where they laid Him, At the dawn of the day, Mary came with her
2. By His grave she stood weeping, Filled with sorrow and gloom, But she gazed on the

spi - ces, There her homage to pay. She had thought there to find Him, In the
an - gels, In the midst of the tomb. As she turned, a voice addressed her, "Why this

cold, silent tomb, And her heart filled with anguish, When she knew He had gone.
weeping, tell me, pray?" Oh, where have you laid Him? I will take Him away.

After 2d verse.
SOLO, or DUET. *pp* **Joyfully.**

"Ma-ry! Ma-ry!" "*Rabboni,*" *oh, my Master!* He is ris'n from the dead.

FULL CHORUS, with great joy.

Hal-le-lu - jah! hal-le - lujah! We will praise Him, we will praise Him;

AT THE TOMB. Concluded.

Rep. Full Cho.

Ritard.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! He is ris'n from the dead.

No. 10. CORONATION.

HOLDEN.

FULL CHORUS.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall;
2. Let ev - ery kindred, ev - ery tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon-der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es' - ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - lasting song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 11. JESUS OUR FRIEND.

"I lay down my life for the sheep."—John 10: 15.

K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.

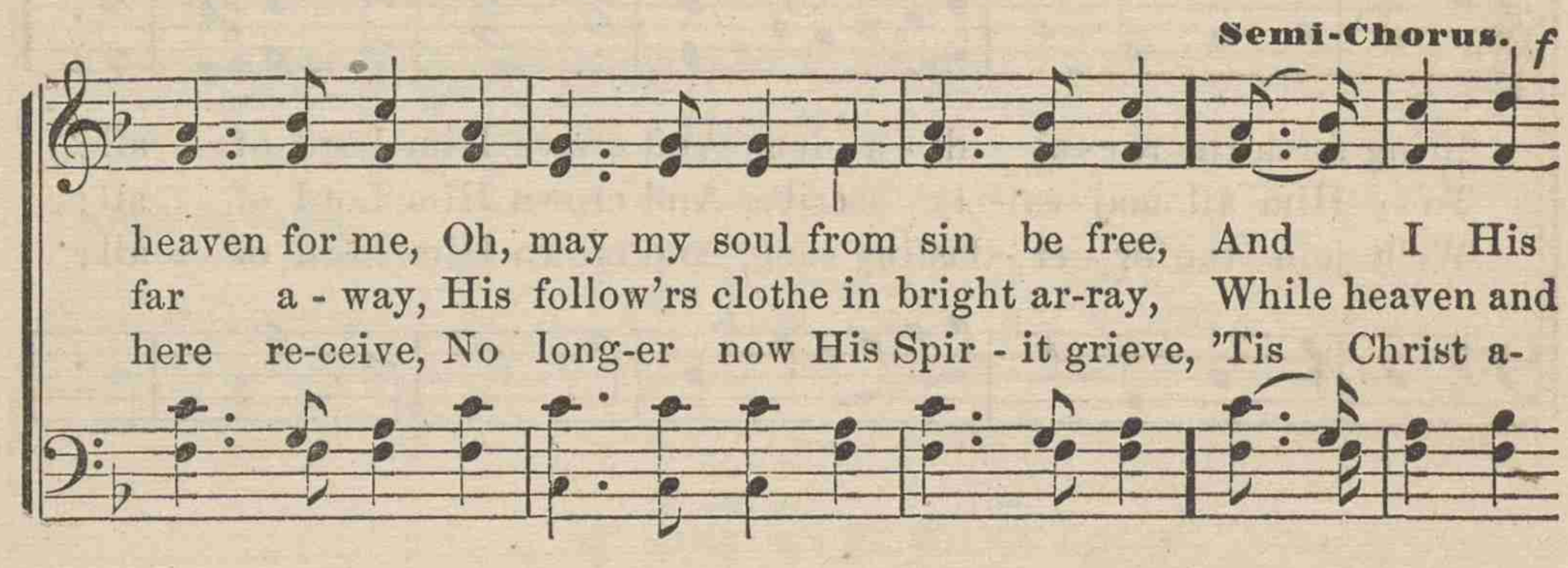


1. Be-hold the love of Christ for me, Was there ever such a friend as Jesus?
   He shed his blood on Cal-va-ry, [OMIT.] . . . . . .
2. Be-hold my love to live for Thee, Was there ever such a friend as Jesus?
   Wilt Thou, my Savior, dwell with me, [OMIT.] . . . . . .
3. Hear, O sinner, and obey, Was there ever such a friend as Jesus?
   Ac - cept His call without delay, [OMIT.] . . . . . .





Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus? He in - ter-cedes in
Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus? His foes He'll banish
Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus? Come, peace and pardon



heaven for me, Oh, may my soul from sin be free, And I His
far a - way, His follow'rs clothe in bright ar-ray, While heaven and
here re-ceive, No long-er now His Spir - it grieve, 'Tis Christ a-

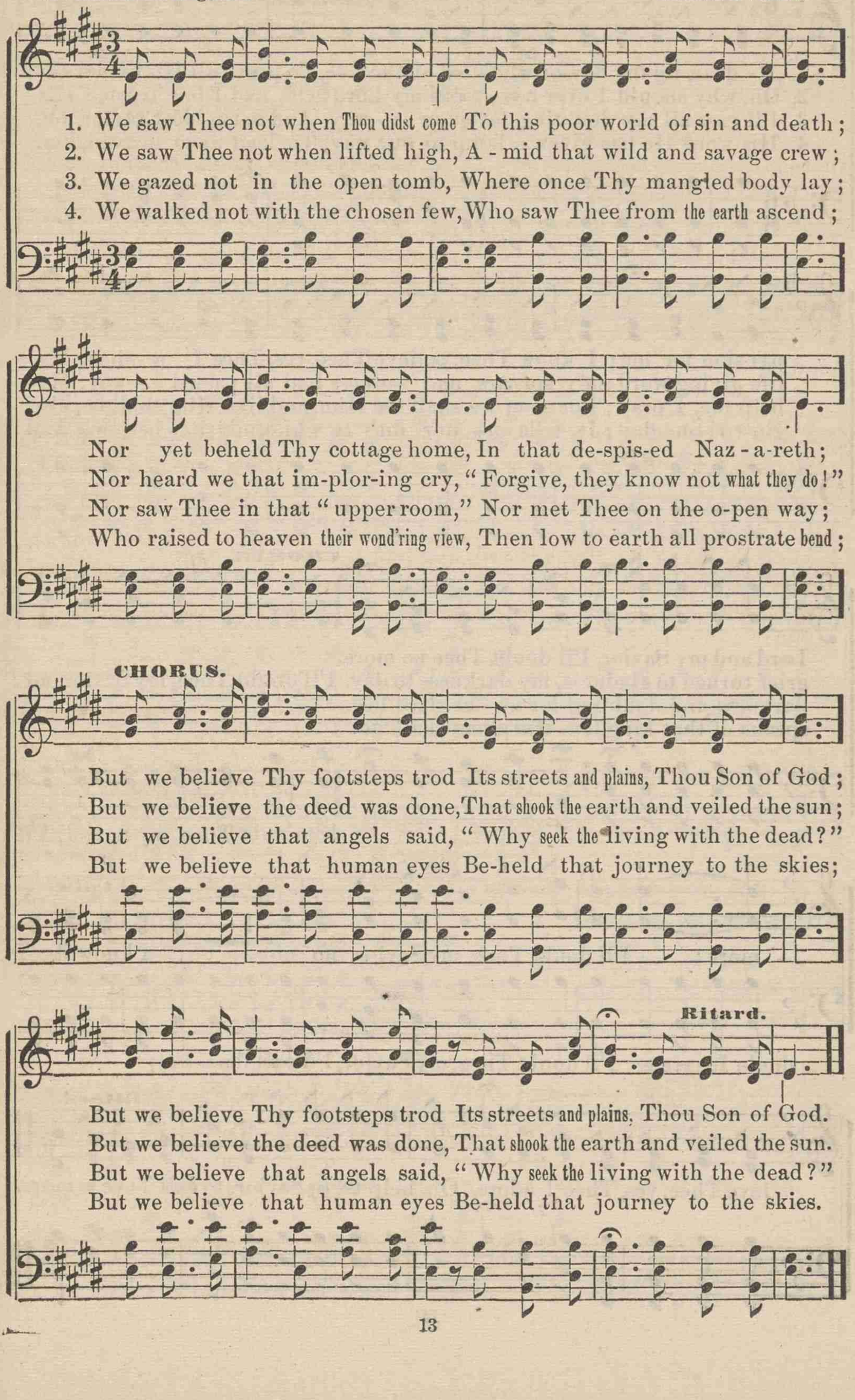


faith-ful follow'r be, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus?
earth combine to say, "Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus?"
lone who can relieve, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus?

No. 12. WE BELIEVE.

"We also believe, and therefore speak."—2 Cor. 4: 13.

A Favorite in England. KNOWLES SHAW.



No. 13. DOUBT NO MORE.

"Be not faithless, but believing."—John 20: 27.

K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. My dear, loving Savior, who died on the tree, To prove all His tender com-
2. Oh, why should I ever have doubted my Lord? Oh, had I but trusted His
3. I'll cast all my doubting for-ev-er a - way, And heed my blest Savior, oh,
4. His word He has given a lamp to our way, To lead us to heaven, and

pas-sion for me; I know Thee, believe Thee, yes, Thee I a - dore, My
life-giving word; My sor-row and sadness had all passed a - way, My
help me, I pray; For soon we shall see Him, and like Him shall be, Where
glo - ri-ous day; It tells us our du - ty while pilgrims be-low, And

CHORUS. *ff*

Lord and my Savior, I'll doubt Thee no more.
grief turned to gladness, my darkness to day. I'll doubt Thee, my Savior, no
darkness and doubting for-ev - er shall flee.
speaks of that kingdom where pilgrims shall go.

I'll doubt Thee, my Savior, I'll

more; . . I'll doubt Thee, my Savior, no more; . . I know Thee, I

p

doubt Thee no more; I'll doubt Thee, my Savior, I'll doubt Thee no more;

Ritard.

love Thee, yes, Thee I adore, Oh, help me, my Savior, to doubt Thee no more.

No. 14. THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

"Many other things Jesus did, if they should be written, I suppose the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."—John 21: 25.

K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.

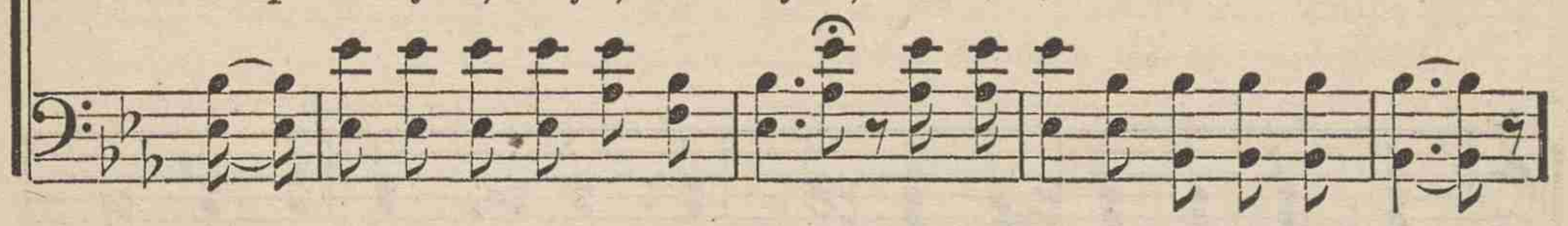


1. Man was lost—but wonderful story, Tho' he'd wandered away from the fold;
2. Jesus came—oh, wonderful Savior, He suffered that love to un-fold;
3. Jesus died on Calvary's mountain, His name with trangressors enrolled;
4. He arose—he ascended—blest Savior, He is coming again, we are told;
5. O sinner, come trust our Redeemer, He'll gather you into His fold;





There was love from the Father in glo-ry, But the half has never been told.
We have heard, and we speak of His favor, But the half has never been told.
To open for sinners a fountain, But the half has never been told.
We "shall see Him"—"be like Him" forever, But the half has never been told.
He will pardon you, bless you, and save you, But the half has never been told.



CHORUS.



But the half has never been told, . . The half has never been told; . .



never been told, never been told;



Till we meet our Sav-ior in glo - ry, The half *can* never *be* told.



No. 15. ALL FOR THEE.

F. R. HAVERGAL. D. C. ADDISON.

Not too slow.



1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - cra - ted all to Thee;
2. Take my lips and let them be Filled with im - a - ges from Thee;
3. Take my will and make it thine, It shall be no long-er mine;





Take my hands and let them move At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;
Take my heart, it is Thine own, Let it be Thy roy-al throne;





Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful to Thee;
Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise;
Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treasured store;





Take my voice and let me sing On - ly for my Lord and King.
Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev-ery power as Thou wilt choose.
Take my - self and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.



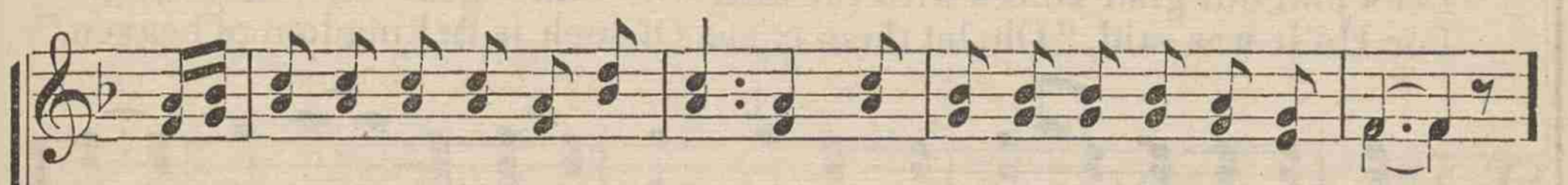
No. 16. BE IN OUR MIDST TO-DAY.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. F.

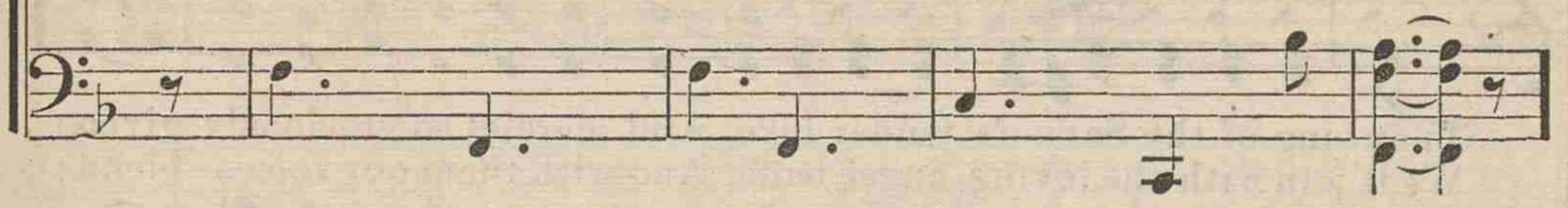


1. We haste to Thy temple, oh, Father! We long for Thy presence to-day;
2. We haste to Thy temple, oh, Father! Our fast fading strength to re-new;
3. We haste to Thy temple, dear Father, Smile down from Thy glory a-bove;





As thirst panting harts by the way-side De-light by the waters to stray.
Bind up thou the wounded in spir-it, Our faith and our courage re-new.
We shall not grow weary well-doing, If blest by Thy presence of love.





Greet with Thy presence Thy children, Lord, Grant us the promise of Thy word;



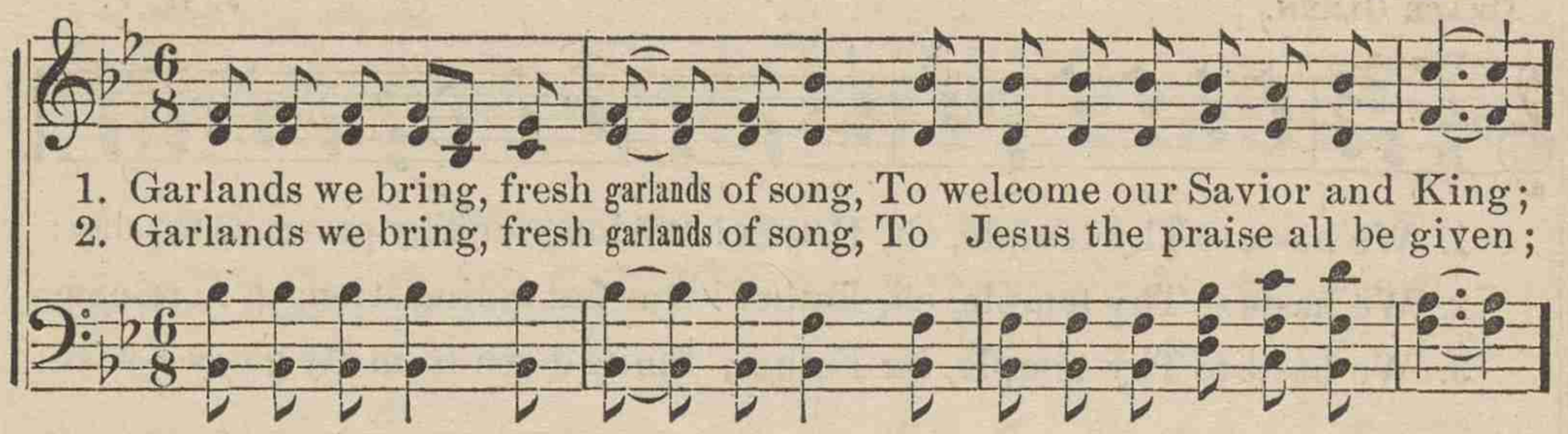


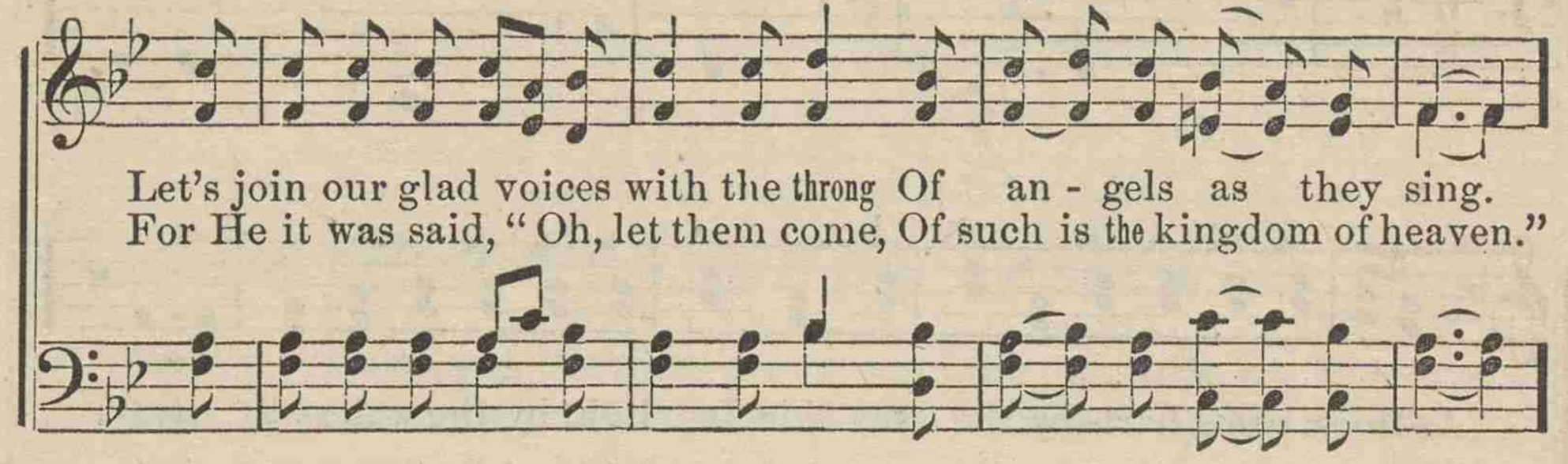
Je-sus, we need Thee on our way, Be in our midst to-day.

By per. FILLMORE BROS. From "Songs of Gratitude,"

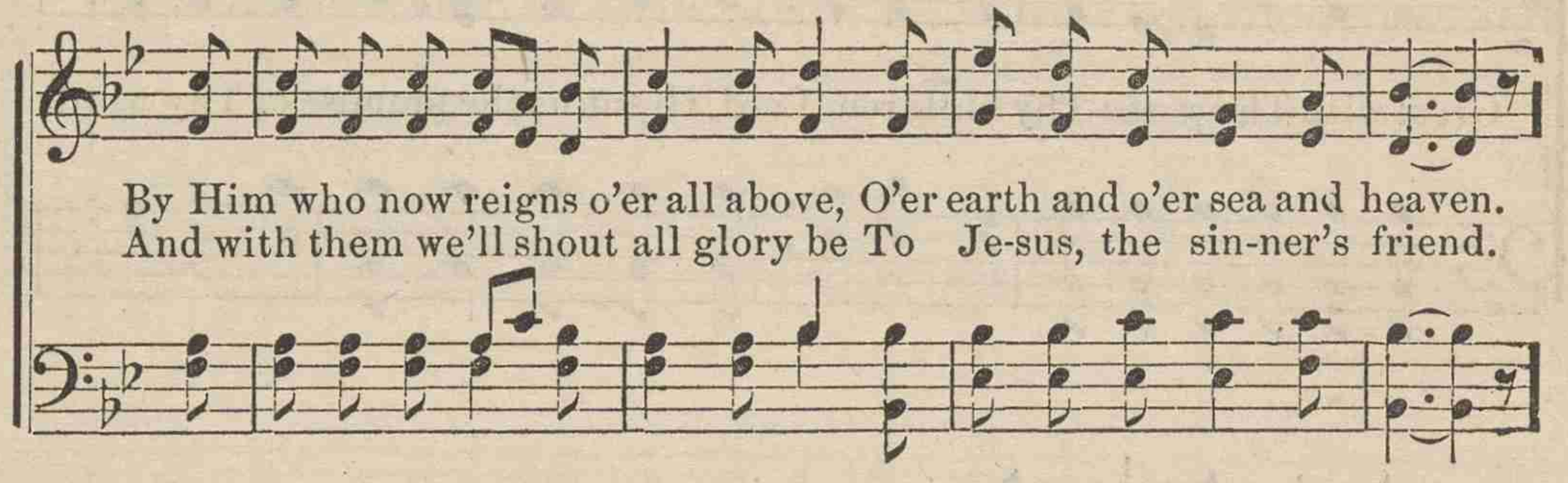
No. 17. SINGING FOR JESUS.

J. W. S. J. WM. SUFFERN.





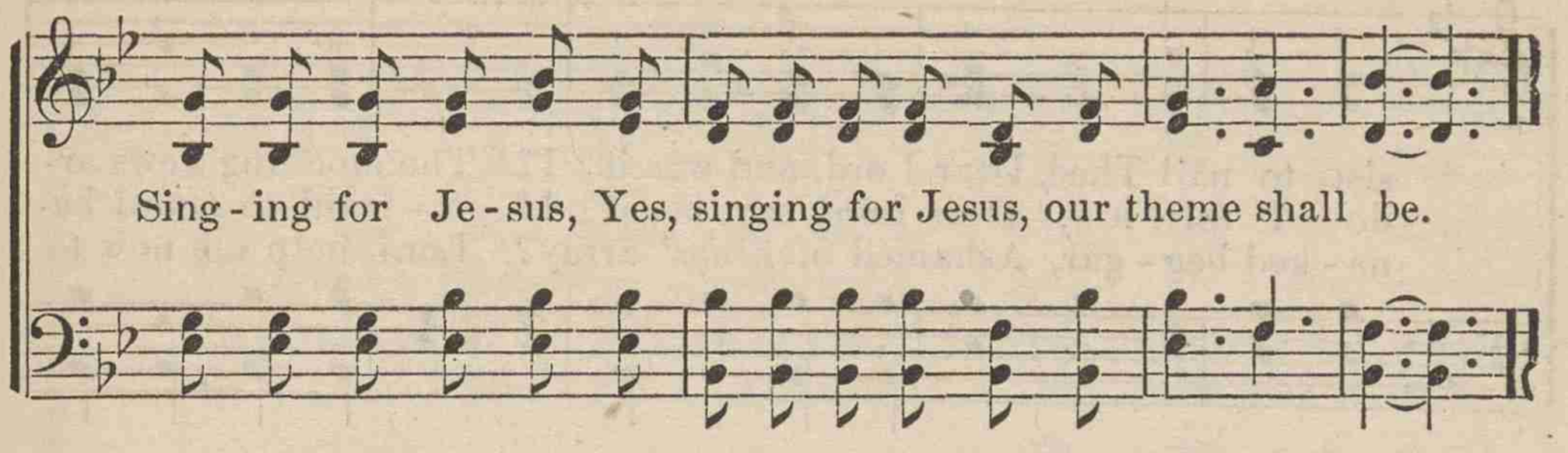




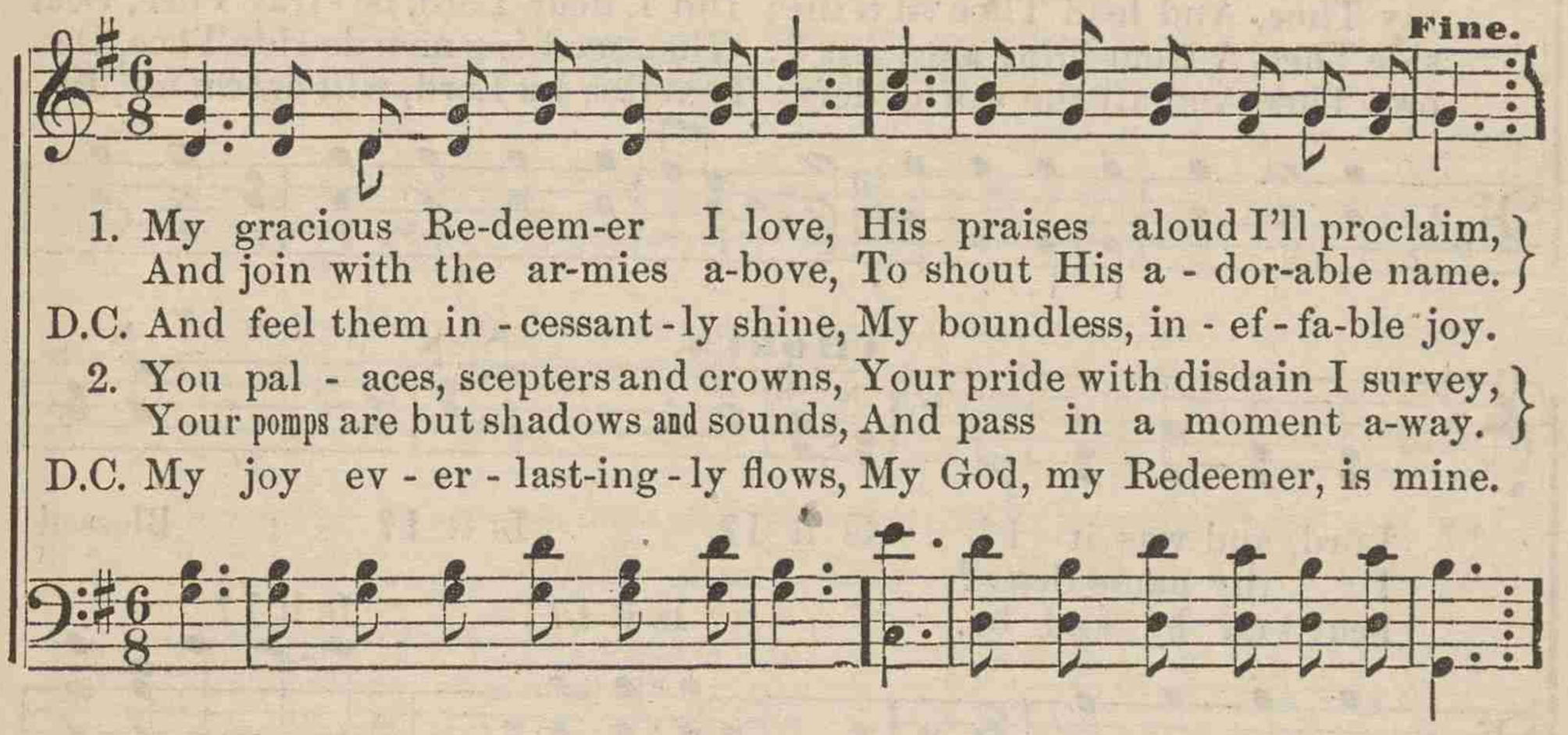


SINGING FOR JESUS. Concluded.





No. 18. MY GRACIOUS REDEEMER.





No. 19. IS IT I?

From "Golden Gate."

Not fast.

1. I see Thee, blessed Je-sus, Nailed to the cross to die; Did I as-
2. Thou blessed, lov-ing Je-sus, Do I Thy name de - ny? A - far off
3. A - fraid to own my Savior, Be - fore a face of clay! A shiv'ring

sist to nail Thee, Dear Lord, and was it I? The mocking Jews ar-
do I fol - low, Dear Lord, say, is it I? A - fraid to stand be-
na - ked beg - gar, Ashamed of kings' array? Lord, help me now to

ray Thee, And lead Thee out to die; Did I, dear Lord, be - tray Thee, Dear
side Thee, A trem-bling wretch am I; When scoff-ing men de-ride Thee, Do
own Thee, And all the world defy; That Thou, dear Lord, wilt crown me, In

CHORUS.

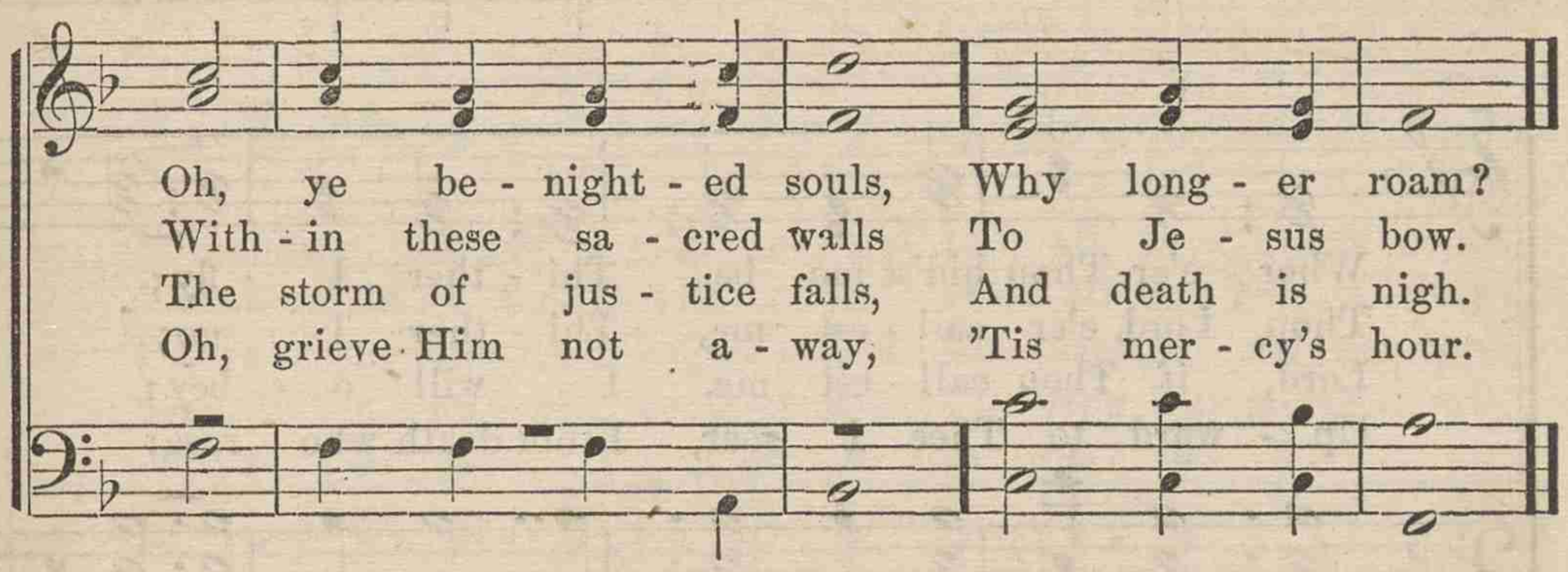
Lord, and was it I? Is it I? Is it I? Blessed
I thy name deny?
heav - en by and by. Is it I? Is it I?

Savior, is it I? Oh, help me here to serve thee, And crown me by and by.

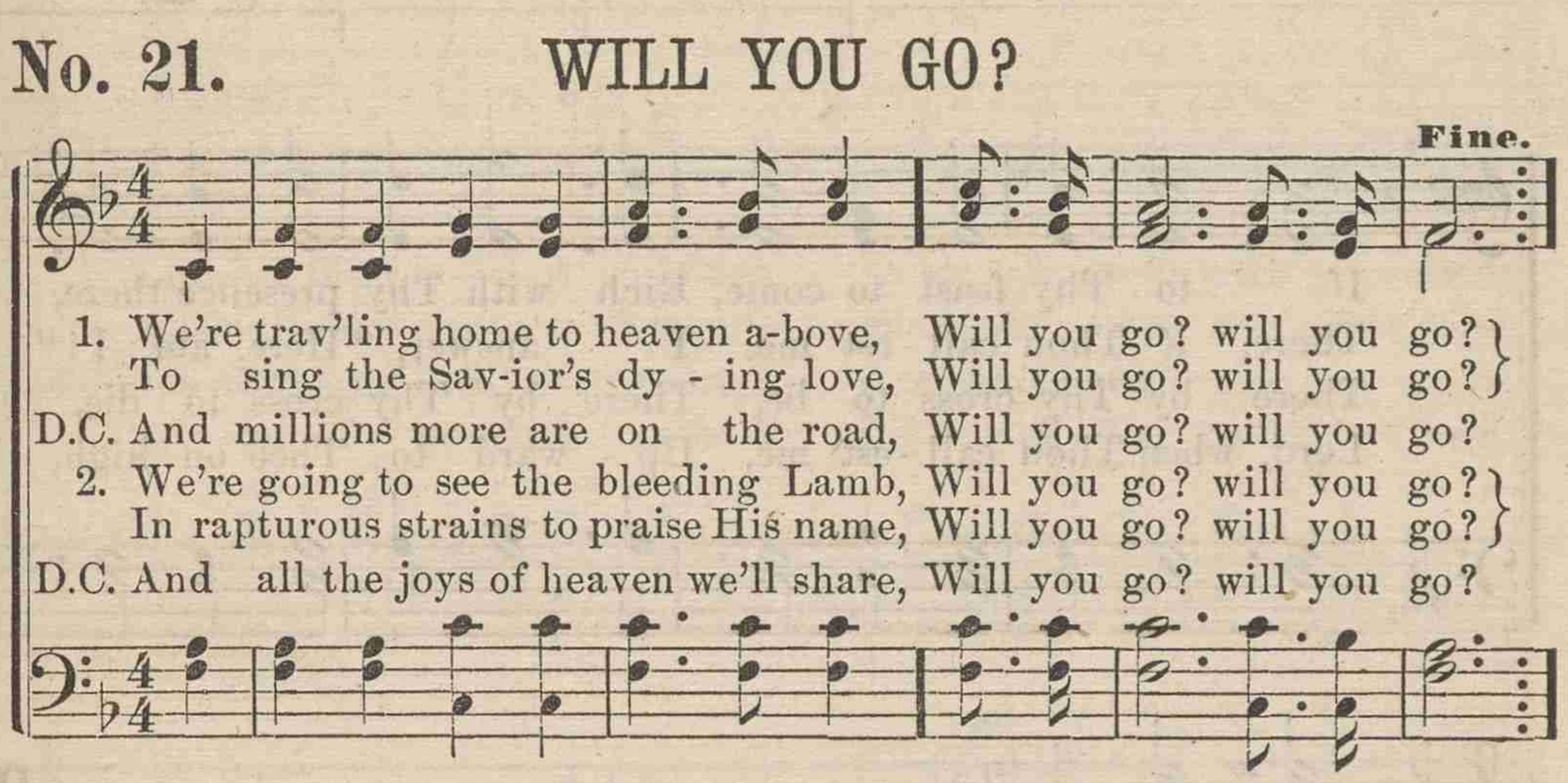
By permission of JOHN CHURCH & Co., owners of copyright.

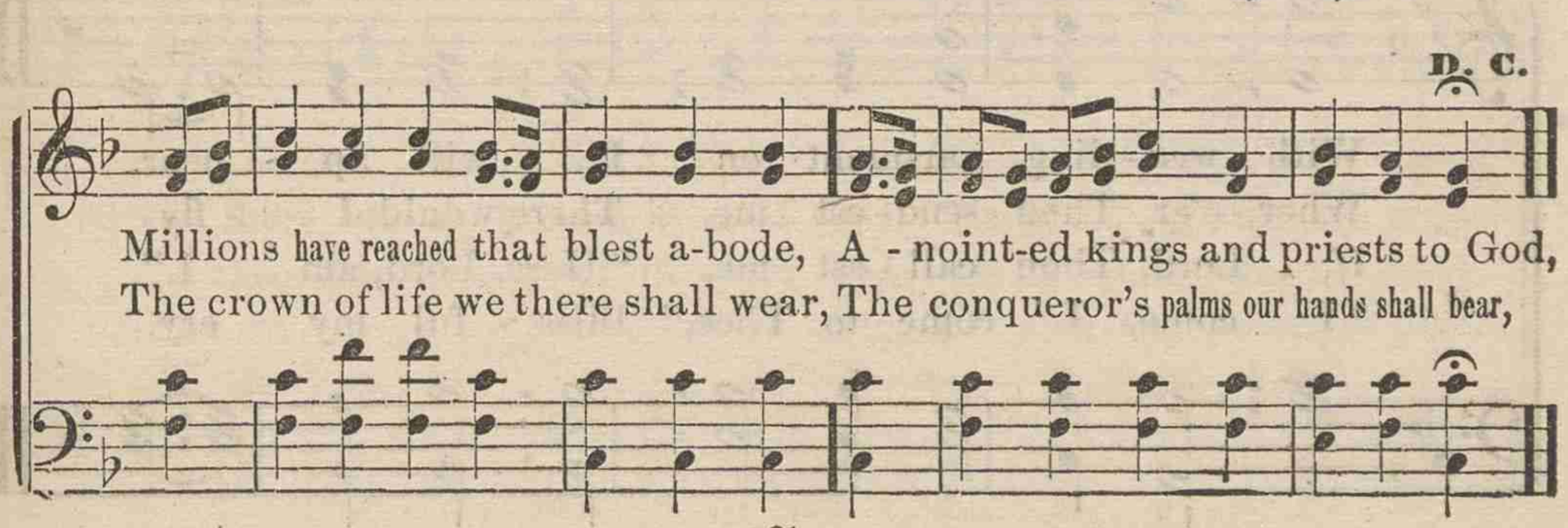
No. 20. TO-DAY THE SAVIOR CALLS.





No. 21. WILL YOU GO?





No. 22. IF, LORD, THOU CALLEST ME.

"I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die for the name of the Lord."—Acts 21: 13.

D. C. ADDISON. KNOWLES SHAW.

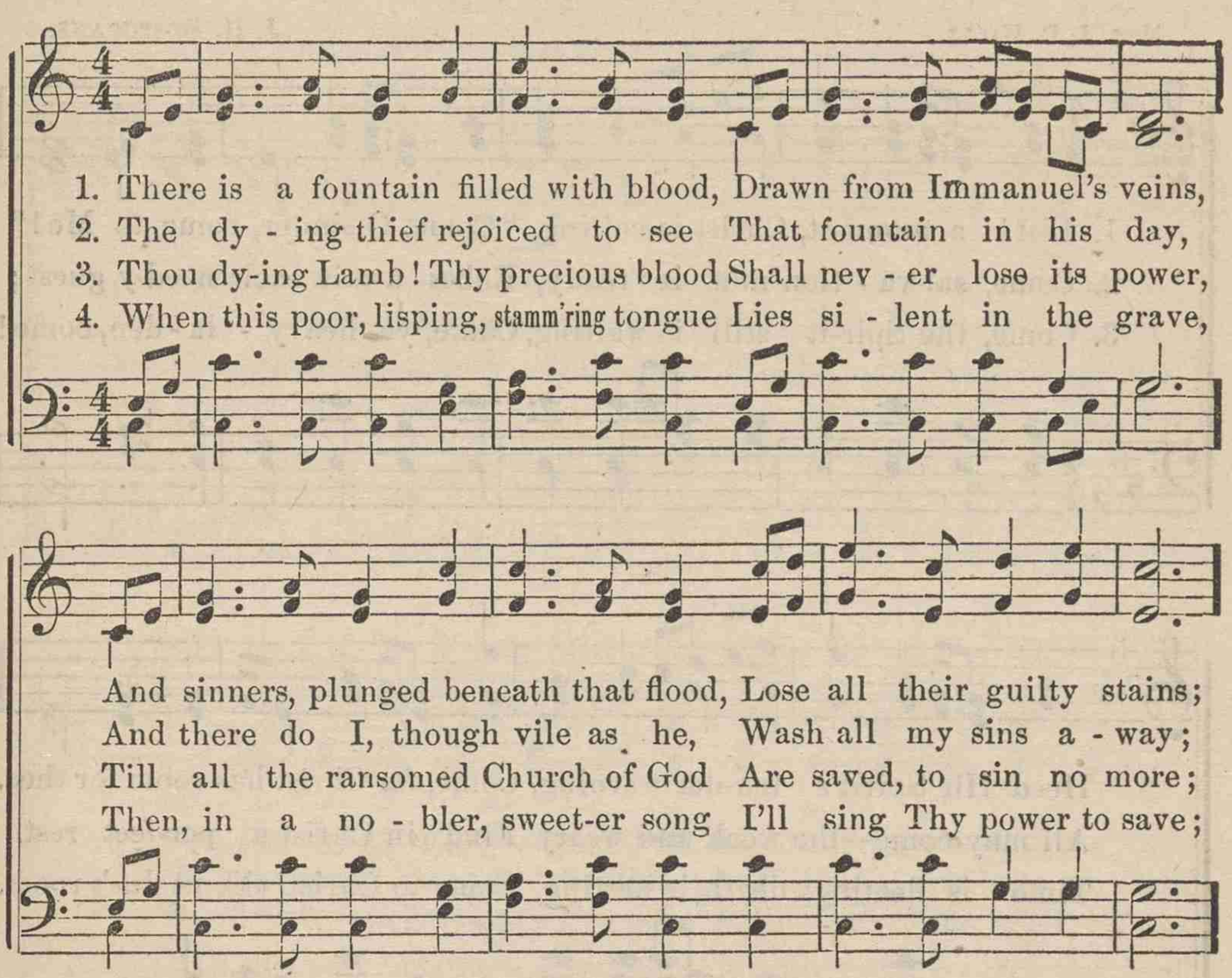
1. If, Lord, Thou call - est me, Here, Lord, am I;
2. If to Geth - sem - a - ne, To scenes of woe,
3. Or, if to Cal - va - ry, Lead - ing the way,
4. And, when this life is o'er, Oh, blest re - pose!

Wher - e'er Thou bid'st me be, Thi - ther I fly;
Thou, Lord, e'er call - est me, Thi - ther I go;
Lord, if Thou call - est me, I will o - bey;
Up - ward to Thee I soar, From death who rose;

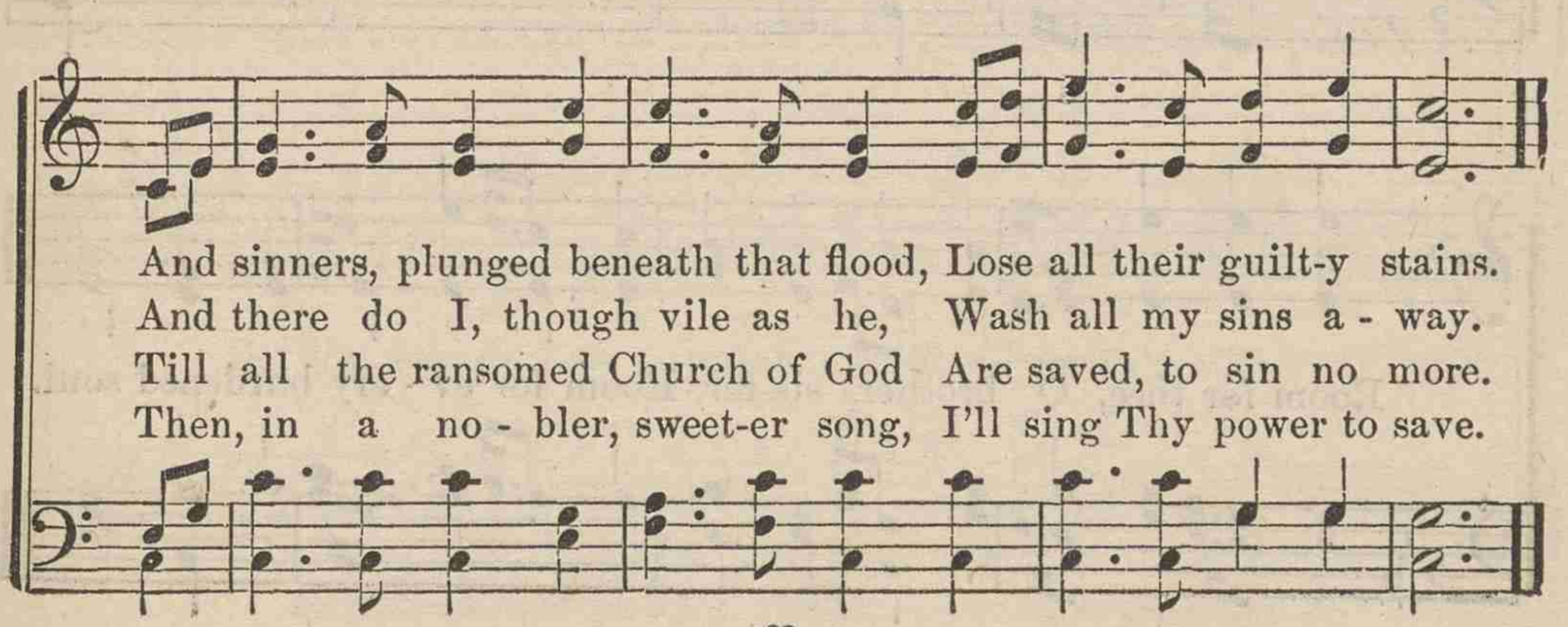
If to Thy feast to come, Rich with Thy presence there,
There, if Thou call - est me, I answer, "Here, am I!"
There by Thy cross to be, There by Thy cross to die,
Lord, when Thou call - est me, Up - ward to Thee on high,

With wed - ding gar-ment on I will ap - pear.
Wher - e'er Thou send - est me, There would I fly.
If, Lord, Thou call - est me, "Here, Lord, am I."
"I come, I come to Thee," Bliss - ful my cry.

No. 23. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

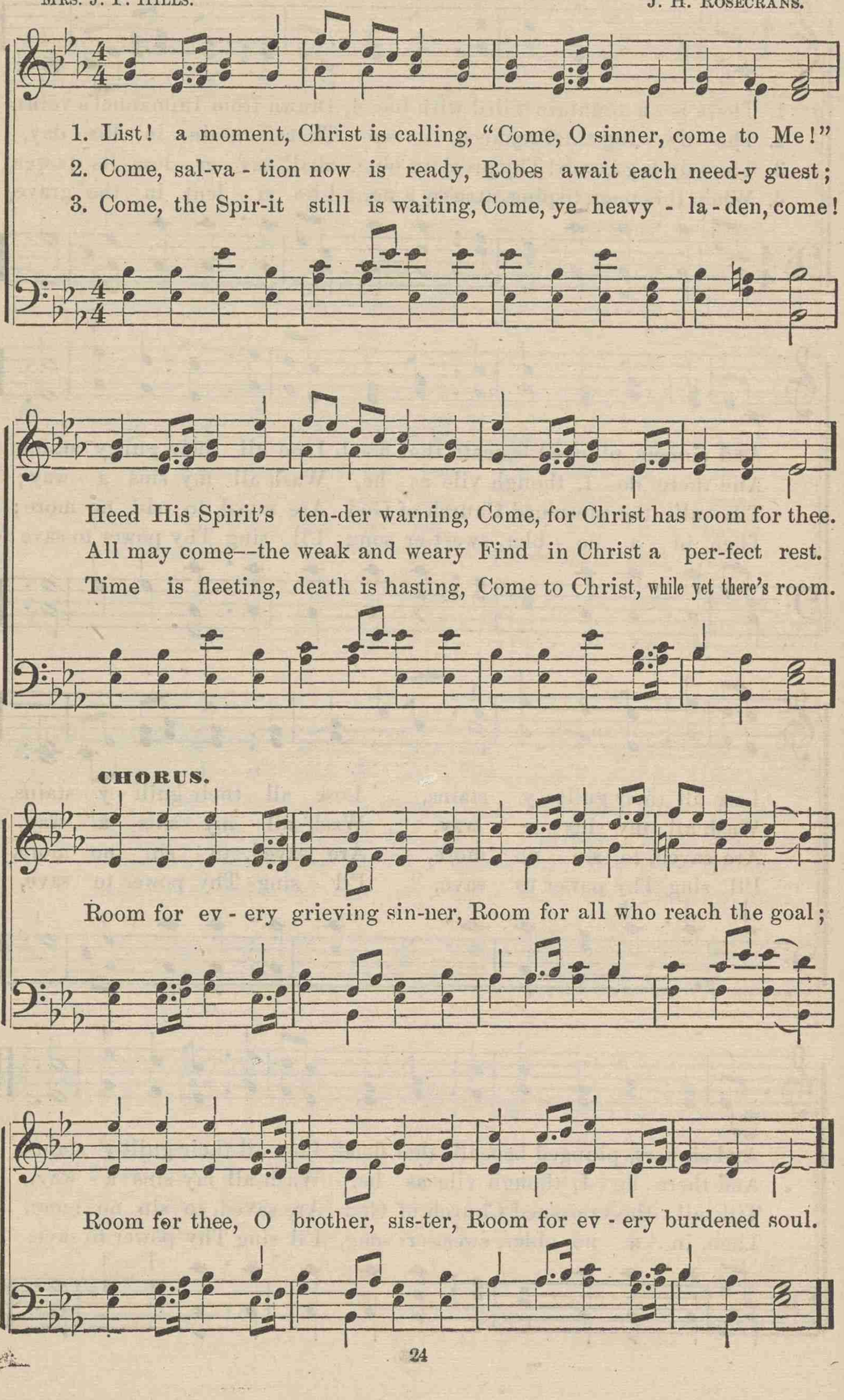






No. 24. THE SAVIOR'S CALL.

MRS. J. P. HILLS. J. H. ROSECRANS.



No. 25. TARRY WITH ME.

"And he went in to tarry with them."—Luke xxiv: 29.

KNOWLES SHAW.



1. Tar-ry with me, oh, my Sav-ior, For the day is passing by;
2. Many friends were gathered round me, In the bright days of the past;
3. Deeper, deep-er grow the shadows, Pa - ler now the glowing west;
4. Tar-ry with me, oh, my Sav-ior, Lay my head up - on Thy breast





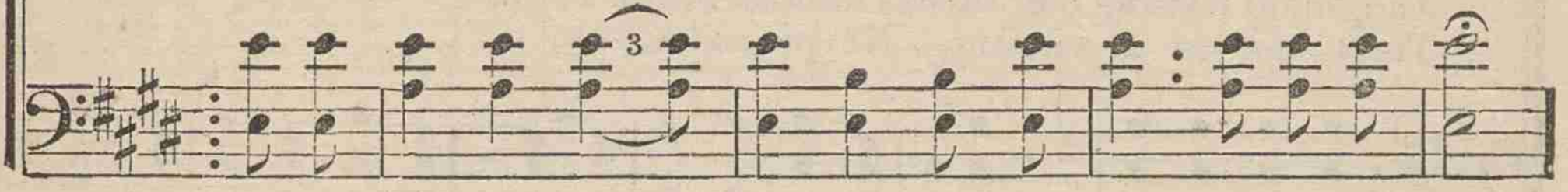
See, the shades of evening gather, And the night is drawing nigh.
But the grave has closed above them, And I lin - ger here at last.
Swift the night of death ad - vances; Shall it be the night of rest?
Till the morning; then a-wake me, Morning of e - ter - nal rest.



CHORUS.



Tar - ry with me, blessed Je - sus, Leave me not till morning light;



For I'm lone-ly here without thee, Tar-ry with me thro' the night.



By permission of JOHN CHURCH & Co., owners of copyright.

No. 26. STANDING, KNOCKING, WAITING.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

PETER VOGEL. KNOWLES SHAW.



1. Sinner, didst thou hear it, 'Tis the Savior's call, Standing, knocking, waiting,
2. Ten-der is His ac-cent, Winning is His tone, Standing, knocking, waiting,
3. Oh, canst thou refuse Him, Knocking day by day, Standing, knocking, waiting,
4. Soon the day is coming, When no more, as now, Standing, knocking, waiting,
5. Oh, I yield, I o - pen, Sav-ior at the door, Standing, knocking, waiting,



Christ the Lord of all, Seeking for an entrance In that heart of thine,
Wants thee for a son. Father's house of mansions, Beauti - ful and fair,
Yield without de - lay. Yes, the Lord Almighty, Humbled in the dust,
Christ to thee will bow; On His throne of glory, Thou the beggar then,
Thou shalt wait no more. Enter with forgiveness, Enter, Peerless One;



CHORUS. Lively.



Pleading to transform thee By His grace divine.
Stands in grandeur waiting, He would sup you there. Standing, knocking, waiting,
Beggeth thee as sov'reign, "Take Me as thy guest."
Judgment passing o'er thee, Thou wilt beg in vain.
Treat me as a servant, Never as a son.





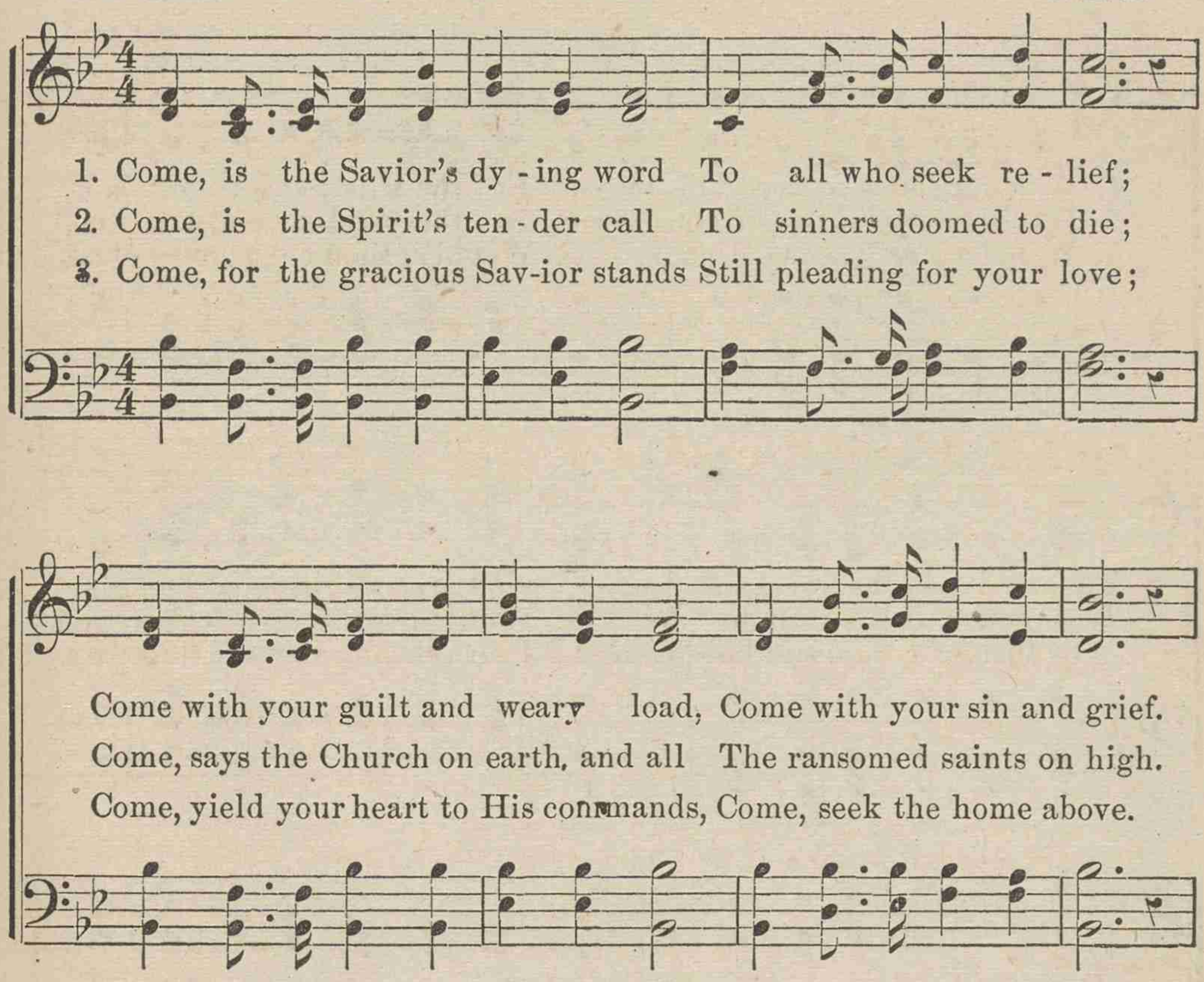
Hear His gentle voice; 'Tis the Savior calling, Make to-day your choice.

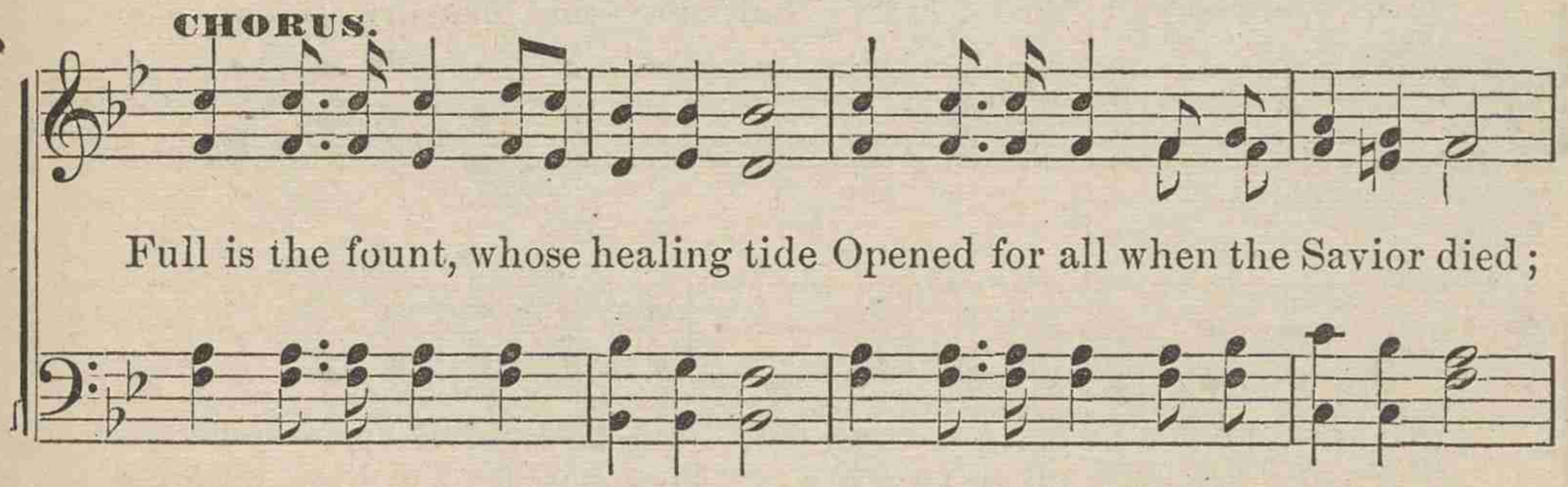


By permission of JOHN CHURCH & Co., owners of copyright.

No. 27. COME TO THE FOUNT.

W. T. TIBBS. J. H. F.



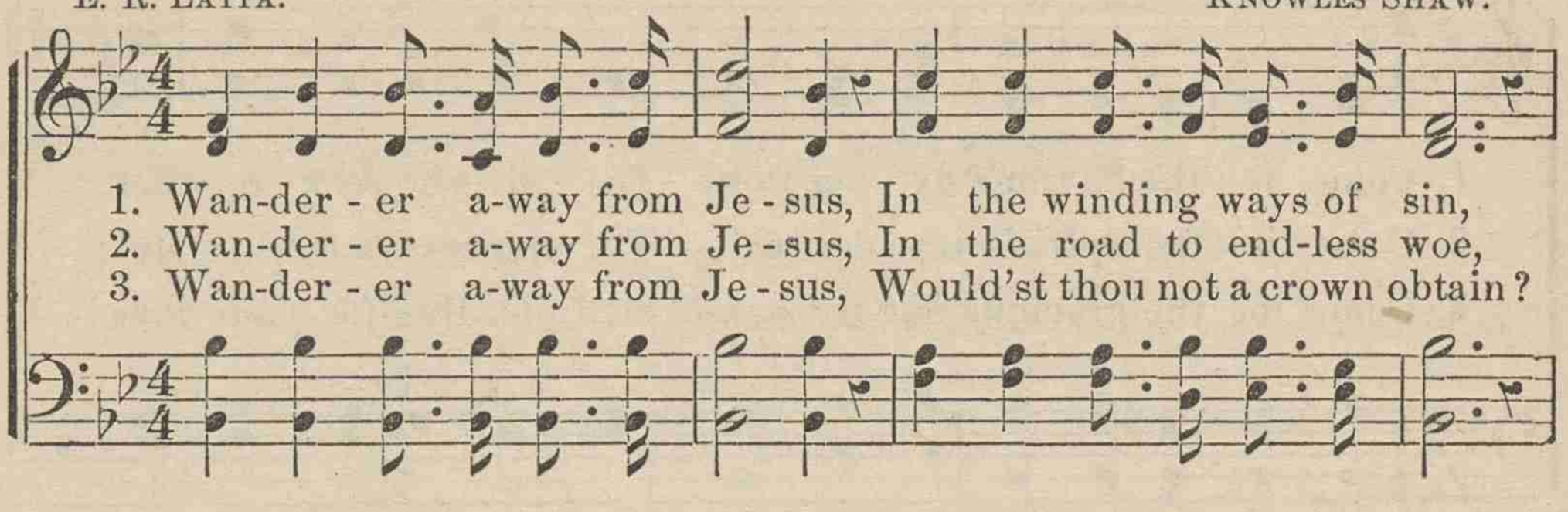


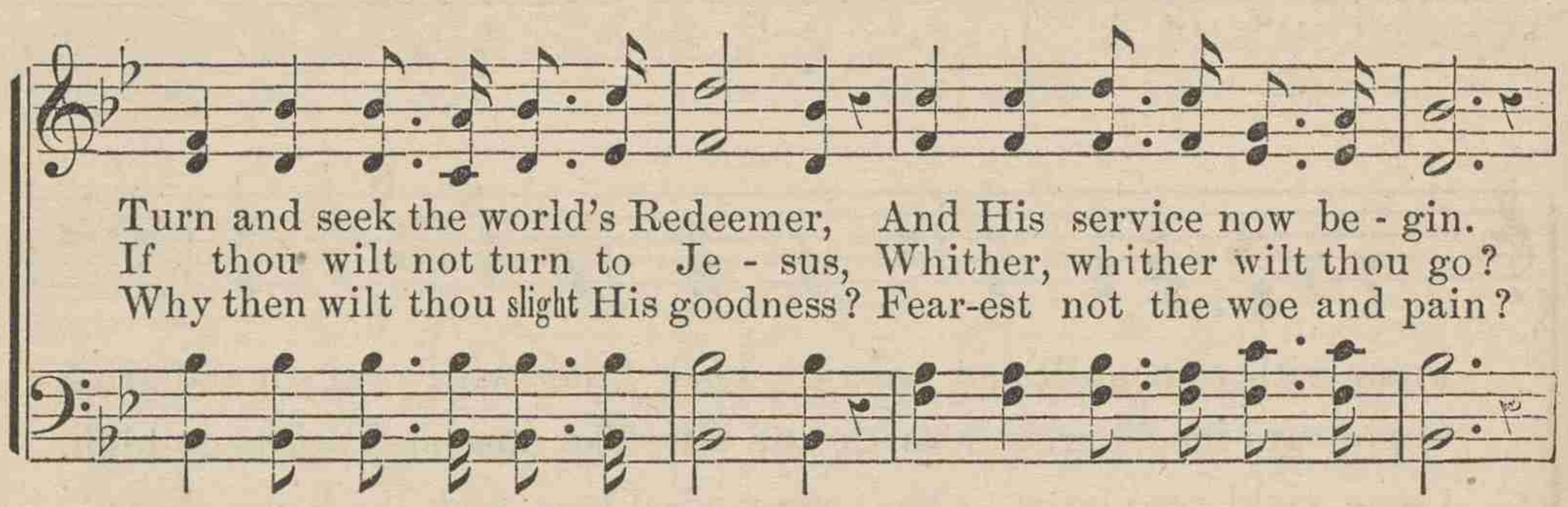
By per. FILLMORE BROS. From "Songs of Gratitude."

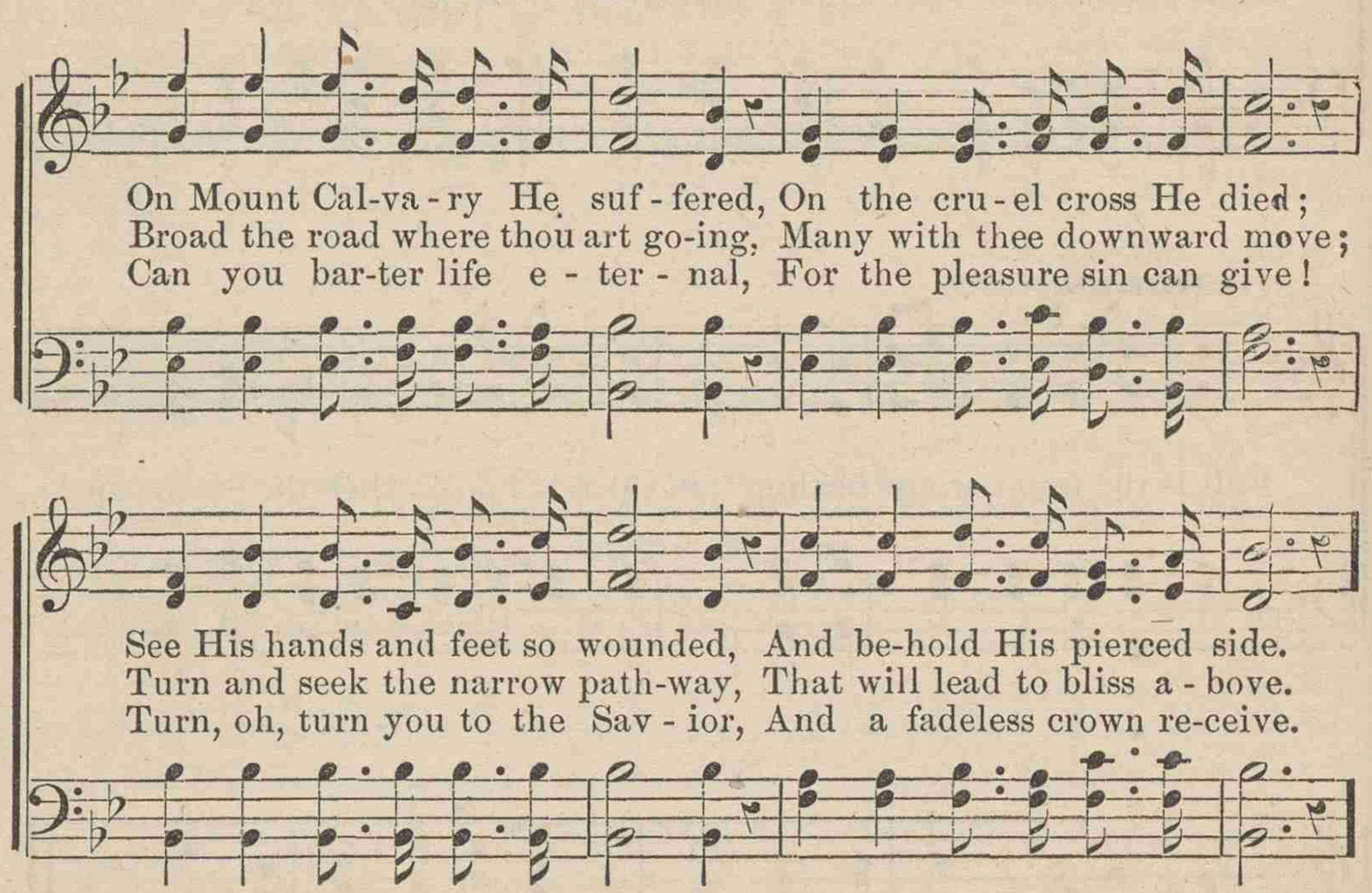
No. 28. WANDERING AWAY.

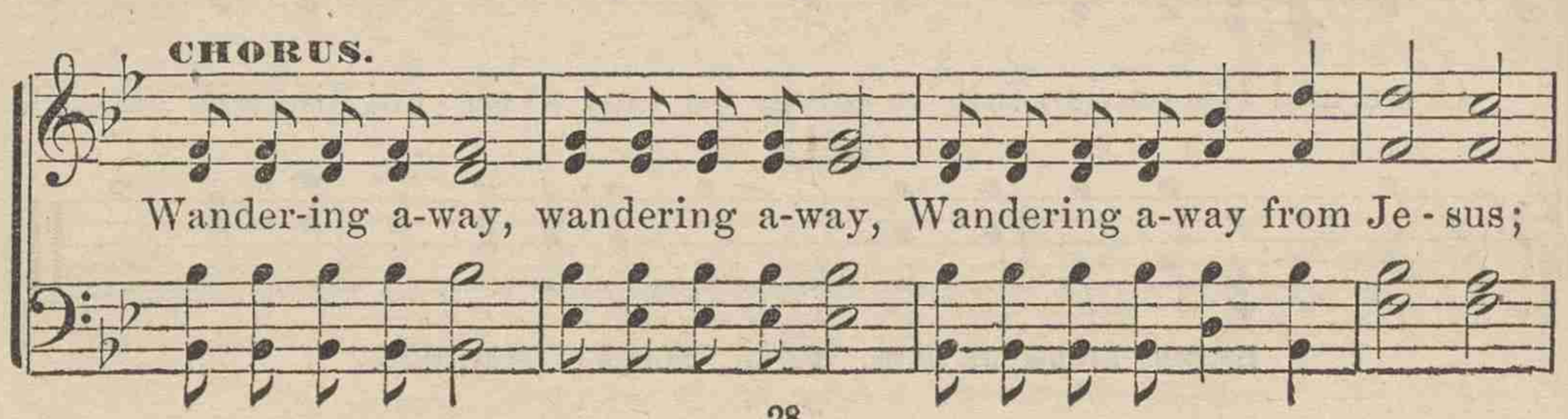
"Then said Jesus, Will ye also go away?"—John 6: 67.

E. R. LATTA. KNOWLES SHAW.

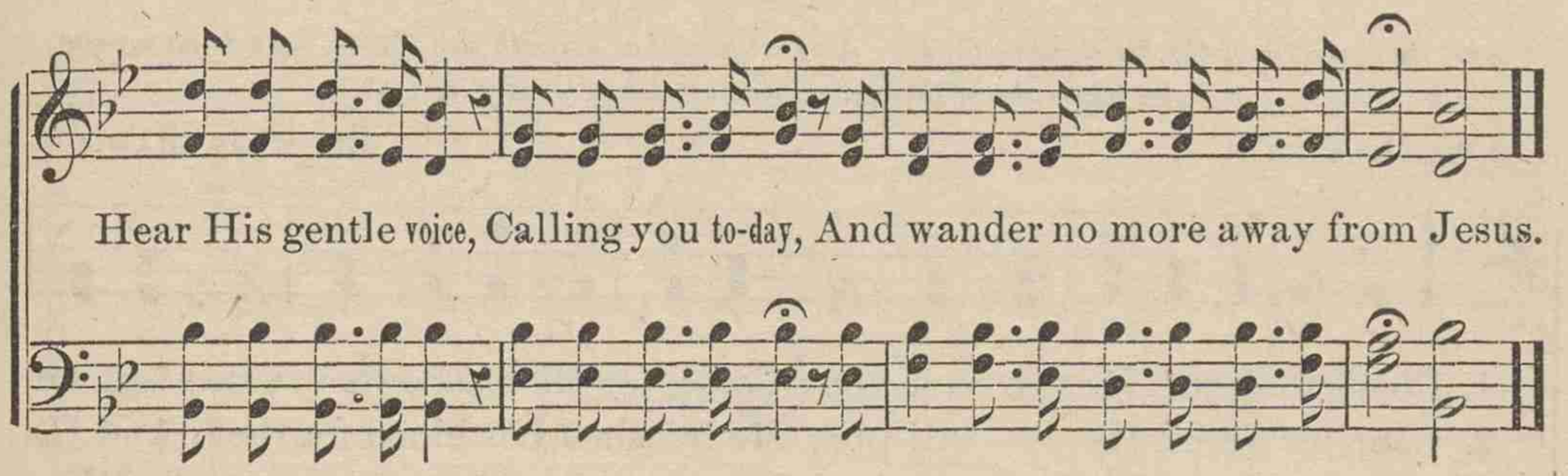






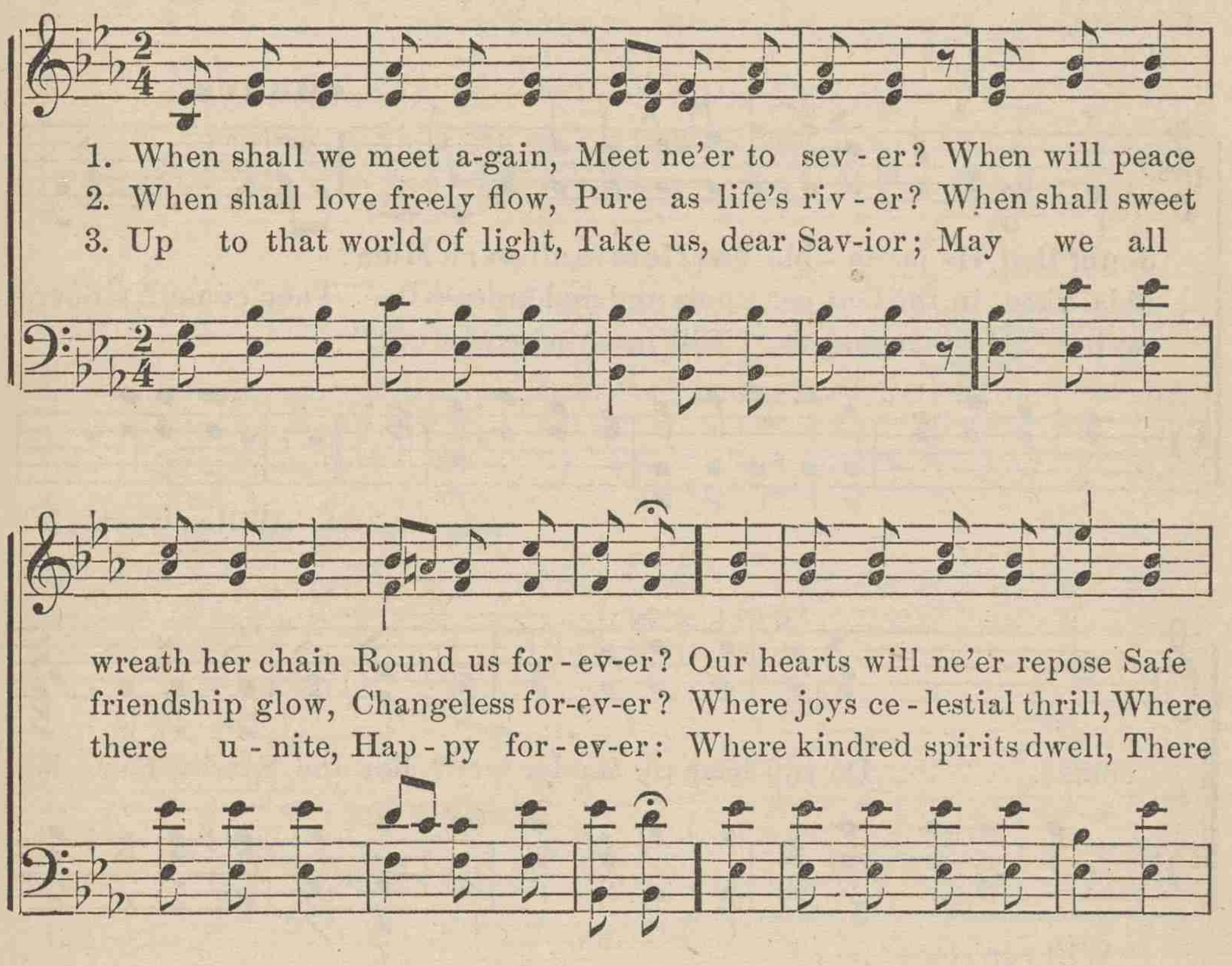


WANDERING AWAY. Concluded.



No. 29. WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

DR. L. MASON.



No. 30. COME TO JESUS.

"And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."—Rev. 22: 17.

WM. BAXTER. KNOWLES SHAW.



1. Come to Jesus, He can save you; Come, for He has pow'r divine; Canst thou
2. Come to Jesus, He is will-ing; He has shed His blood for thee; And He
3. Come to Jesus, He has promised Thee to save; oh, canst thou doubt? Hear Him



CHORUS.



doubt that He is a - ble, When He says all pow'r is Mine?
bids thee in the Gos-pel, Come and find forgiveness free. Then come, sinner,
saying, "He that cometh, I will in no wise cast out."



Will you come?



come; Do you hear the tender cry? For the Sav-ior now is
Will you come?

pleading, And mercy in-ter-ceding, Oh, why will you die?

Oh, why, sinner, why will you die?

No. 31. BORN AGAIN.

PETER VOGEL. *"Ye must be born again."*—John 3: 7. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. Long was I a wand'rer, Je - sus now is mine; Yes, I've found a
2. E - qual with the Fa-ther, Poor like man on earth, Mighty as Cre-
3. "I will ne'er forsake thee," Thus His promise stands; "In my hands I'll
4. Sweet, oh, sweet the service, Which to Him I give; Hearken—come, dear

Sav - ior, Hu - man and di - vine. High He lives in glo - ry,
a - tor, Weak as babes at birth; Hat - ed and re - ject - ed,
bear thee O'er the burning sands." Full on Him re - ly - ing,
sin - ner, Now my soul doth live. Taste the pre-cious Sav-ior—

Low to earth He came, Told the wondrous story, Life in Jesus' name.
Cru - ci-fied to die; Buried, ris'n, as-cend-ed, Pleads my cause on high.
Weakness is my strength; Waiting, toil-ing, dy-ing, Heav'n is mine at length.
Feel the joy di-vine; Know the love unbounded, Je-sus now is mine.

CHORUS. *f* *ff*

Then praise the Lord, my Sav - ior, Oh, praise His ho - ly name;

f **Rit.**

I'll sing His praise for - ev - er, For I am born a - gain.

By permission of JOHN CHURCH & Co., owners of copyright.

No. 32. ANY MAY COME.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

E. R. LATTA. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. A - ny may come to Je - sus, Who was for sin - ners slain;
2. A - ny may come to Je - sus; Who will the call o - bey?
3. A - ny may come to Je - sus; Oh, what a bless - ed thought!

And if they rightly will seek Him, They shall not seek in vain.
Say, will you trusting approach Him? He will not turn a - way.
Come from our sin - ful bond-age, He has our free-dom bought.

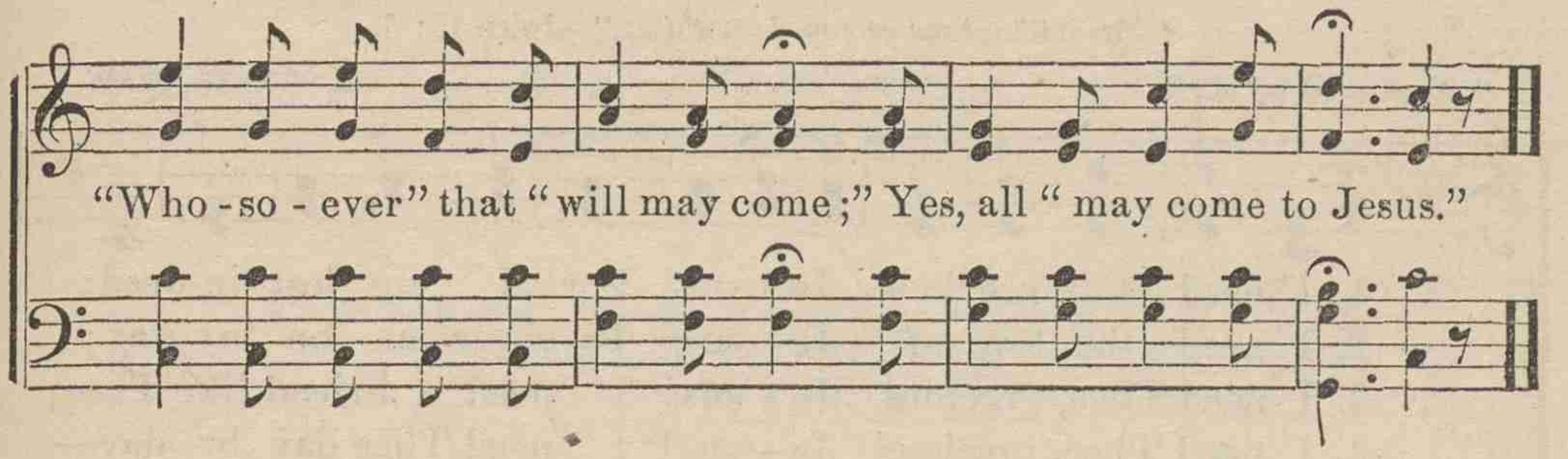
A - ny may claim His prom-ise, A - ny may taste His love;
Oh, what a blest as - sur - ance, When we are sore op - prest;
Not for the few He suffered, Not for the few His call;

A - ny who faith-ful - ly serve Him, Rest in His arms a - bove.
On - ly to know that the Sav - ior, Free-ly will give you rest.
Death for the world He has tasted, Par-don is free for all.

CHORUS.

A - ny may come, "free - ly come;" Come to this lov - ing Je - sus;

ANY MAY COME. Concluded.



No. 33. JOY TO THE WORLD.



2 Joy to the earth, the Savior reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

No. 34. I NEED THEE, PRECIOUS JESUS.

"For without me ye can do nothing."—John 15: 5.

* Arranged by K. S. KNOWLES SHAW.

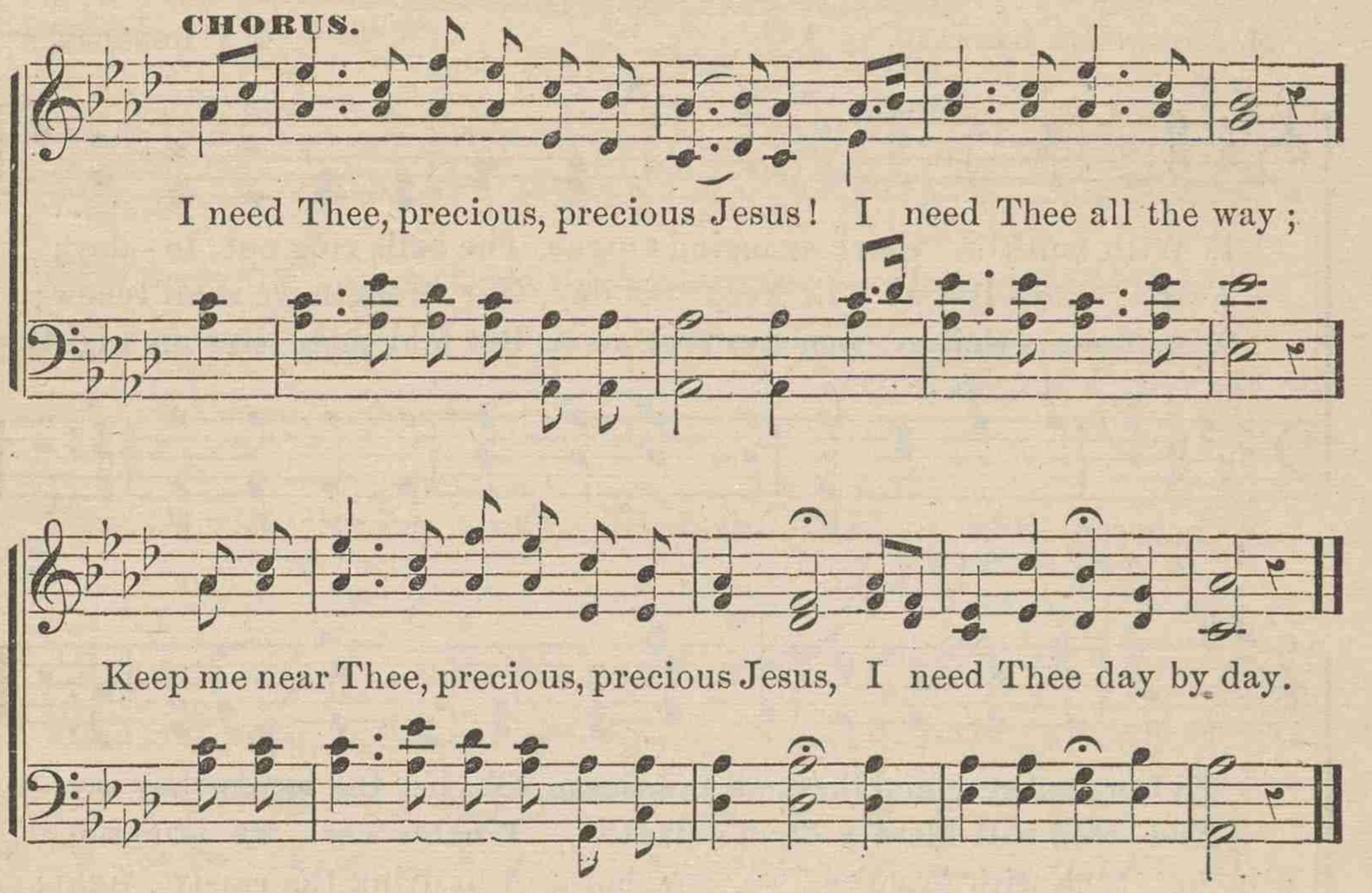
1. I need Thee, precious Je - sus! For I am lost in-deed;
2. I need the love of Je - sus, To cheer me on my way;
3. I need Thee, precious Je - sus! I need a Friend like Thee;
4. I need Thee, precious Je - sus! I need Thee day by day—

My soul is dark and guilt - y, No worth have I to plead.
To guide my wand'ring footsteps, To be my strength and stay.
A Friend whose love is constant, Who al - ways cares for me.
To fill me with Thy full-ness, To lead me on my way.

I need the cleansing fountain, Where I can al - ways flee;
I need the heart of Je - sus, To feel each anxious care;
I need the light of Je - sus, To tread life's thorny road,
I need Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, To teach me what I am,

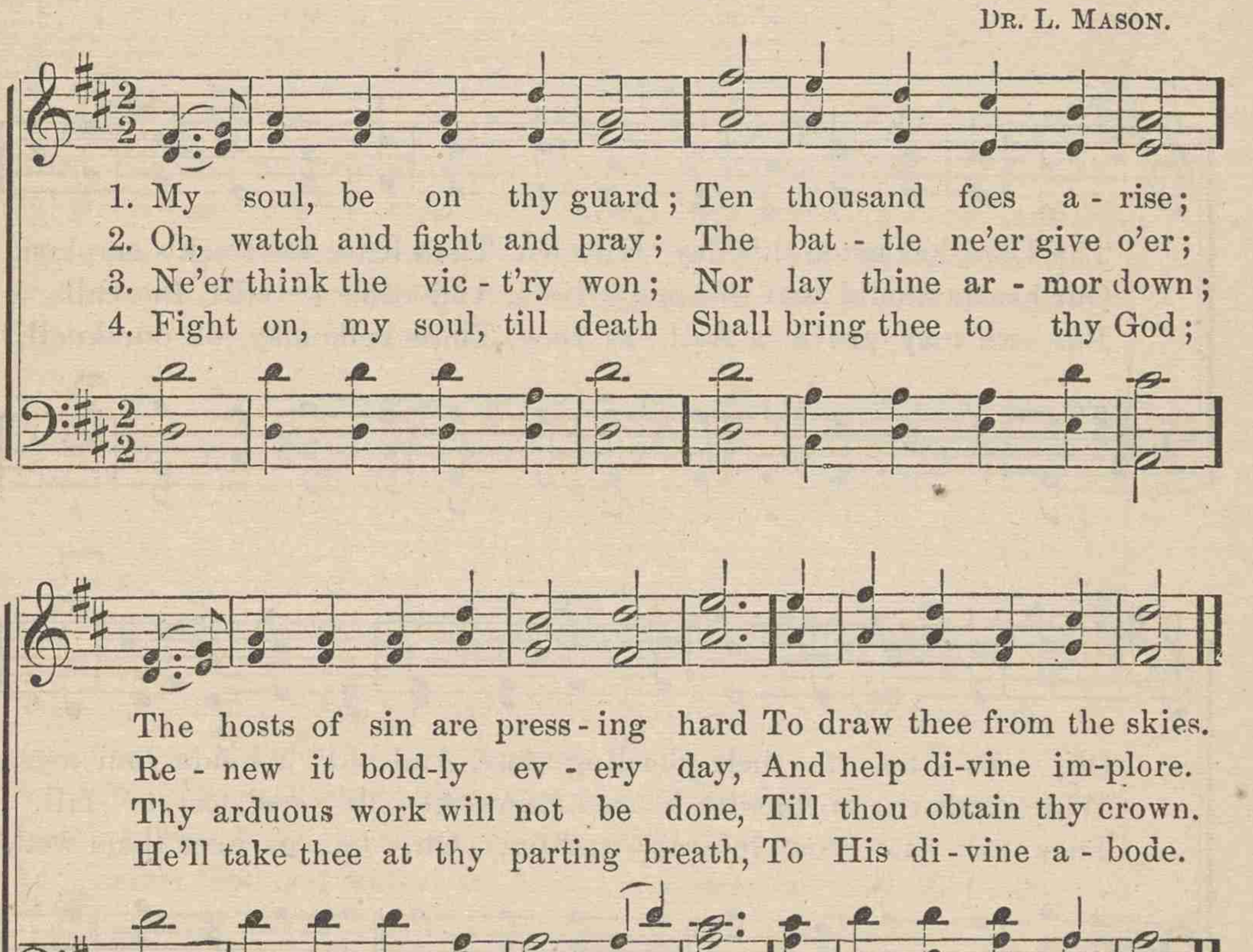
I need the blood of Je - sus—The sin-ner's on - ly plea.
To car - ry all my sor - rows, My heavy bur - dens bear.
To lead me safe to glo - ry, Where I shall meet my God.
To show me more of Je - sus—To lead me to the Lamb.

I NEED THEE, PRECIOUS JESUS. Concluded.



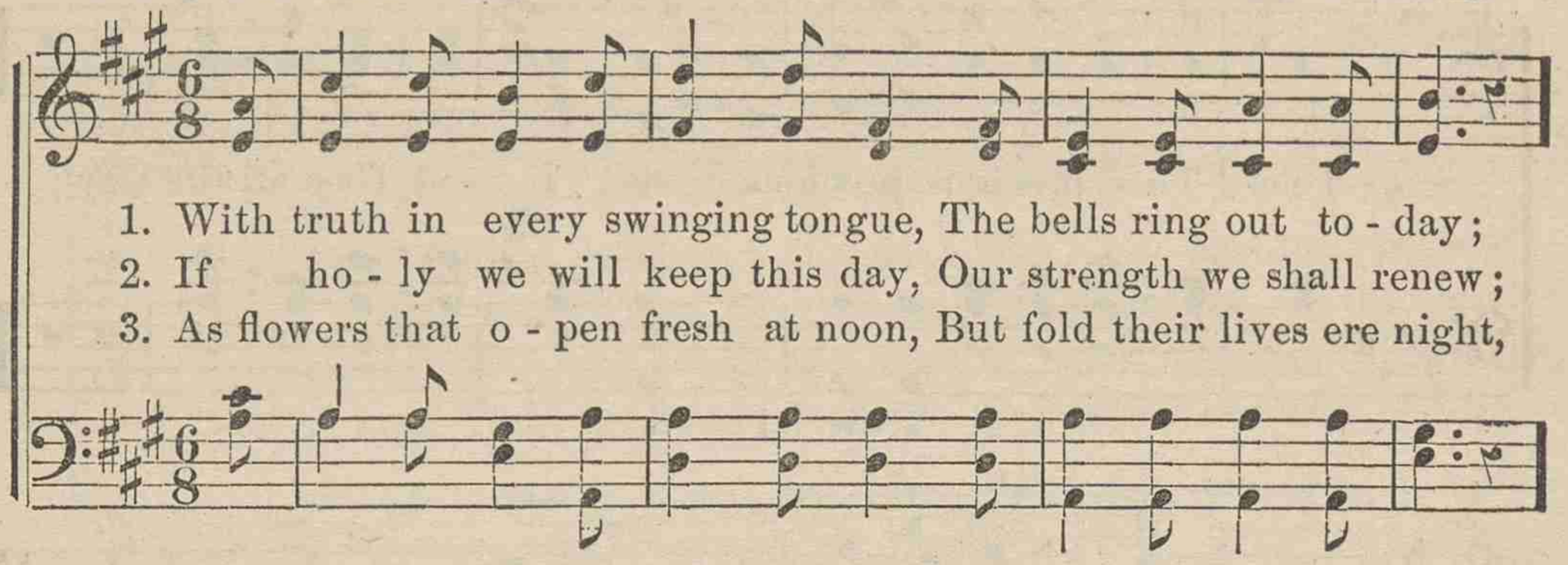
No. 35. MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

DR. L. MASON.

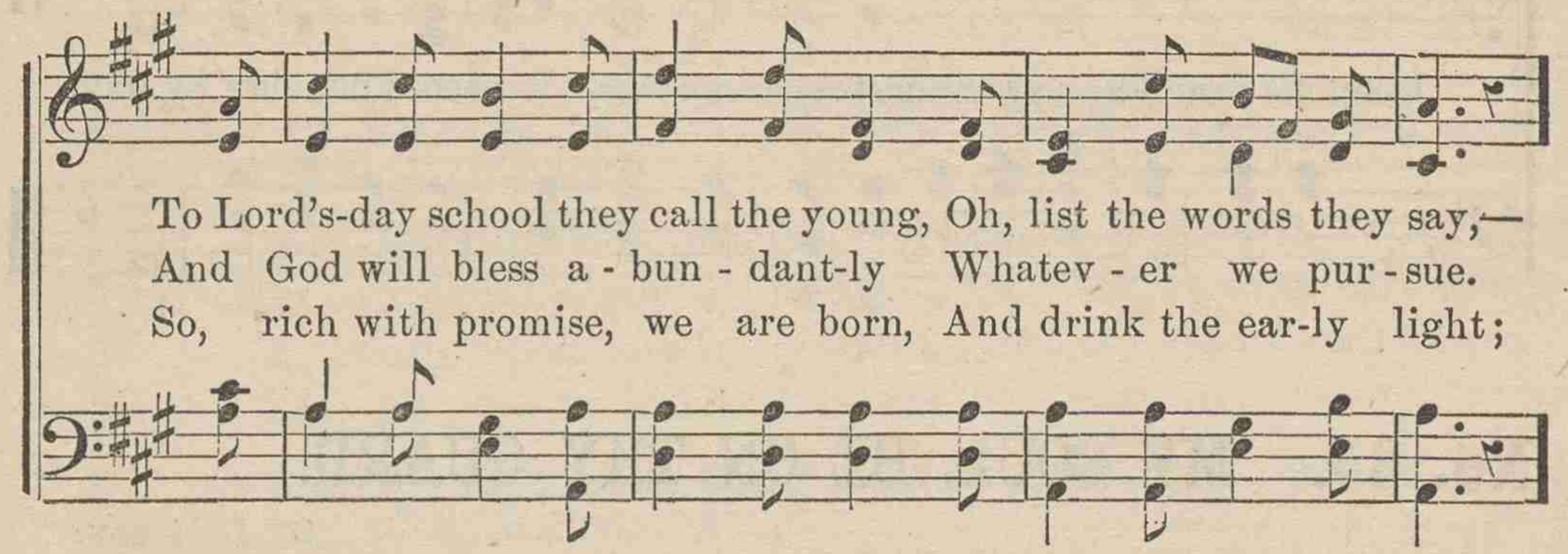


No. 36. WHAT SAY THE BELLS?

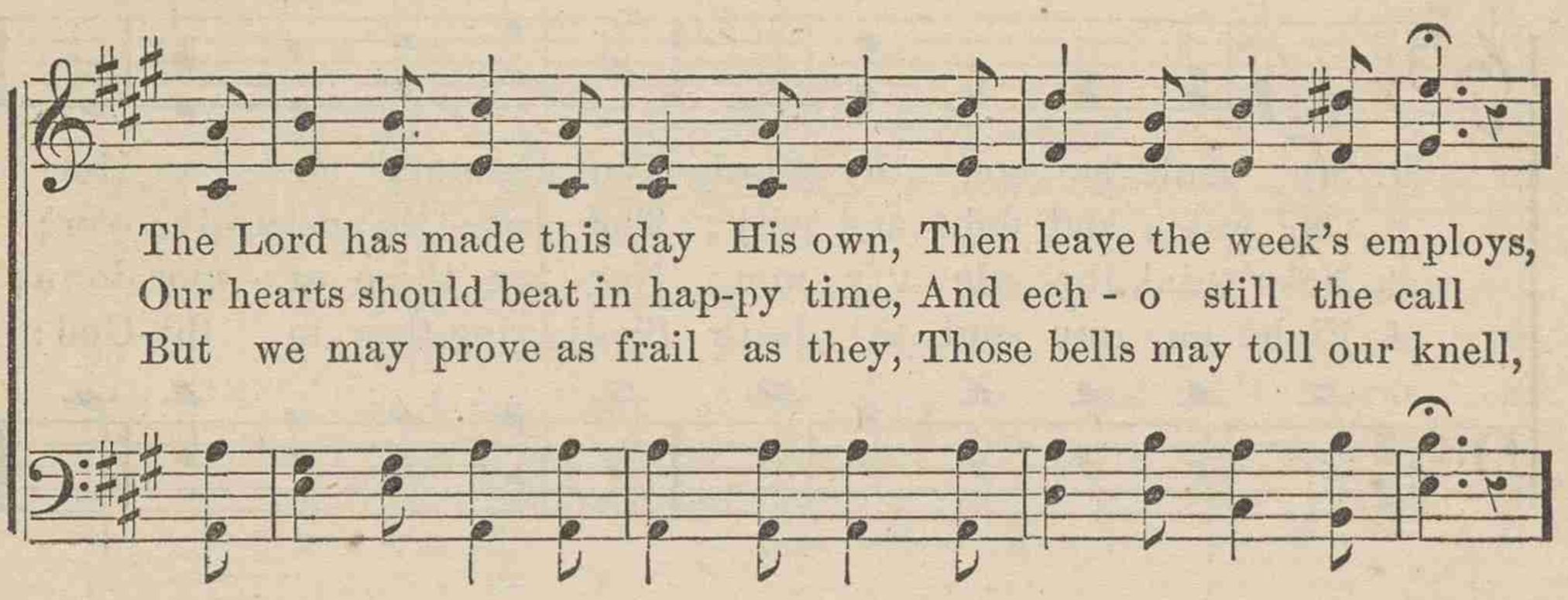
M. ANTOINETTE BARNARD. C. T. DONDORE.



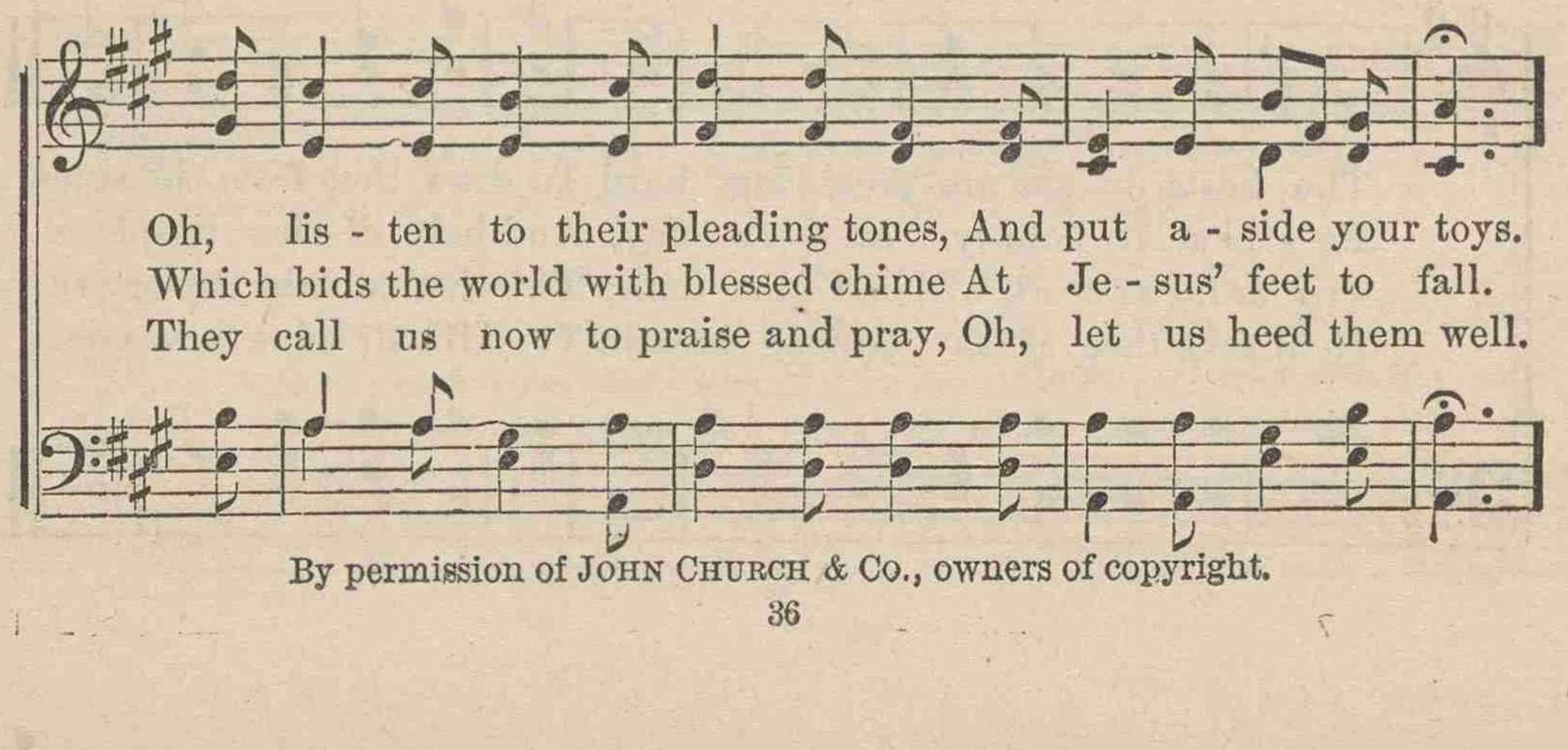
1. With truth in every swinging tongue, The bells ring out to - day;
2. If ho - ly we will keep this day, Our strength we shall renew;
3. As flowers that o - pen fresh at noon, But fold their lives ere night,



To Lord's-day school they call the young, Oh, list the words they say,—
And God will bless a - bun - dant-ly Whatev - er we pur - sue.
So, rich with promise, we are born, And drink the ear-ly light;



The Lord has made this day His own, Then leave the week's employs,
Our hearts should beat in hap-py time, And ech - o still the call
But we may prove as frail as they, Those bells may toll our knell,



Oh, lis - ten to their pleading tones, And put a - side your toys.
Which bids the world with blessed chime At Je - sus' feet to fall.
They call us now to praise and pray, Oh, let us heed them well.

By permission of JOHN CHURCH & Co., owners of copyright.

WHAT SAY THE BELLS? Concluded.

CHORUS. By K. SHAW.

Hear them ring - ing to - day, List the words . . they would say,

Hear them ringing, hear them ringing, List the warning words they say,

Time is wing - ing a-way, Seek the Lord . . while you may.

Repeat Cho. *pp*

Time is winging, time is winging, Seek the Savior while you may.

No. 37. CROSS AND CROWN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - crated cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crystal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierced feet,
4. And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring Beneath heav'n's arches high;
5. Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown! Oh, re - sur - rec-tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev - ery one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful I'll cast my golden crown, And His dear Name re-peat.
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing, That lives no more to die.
Ye angels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

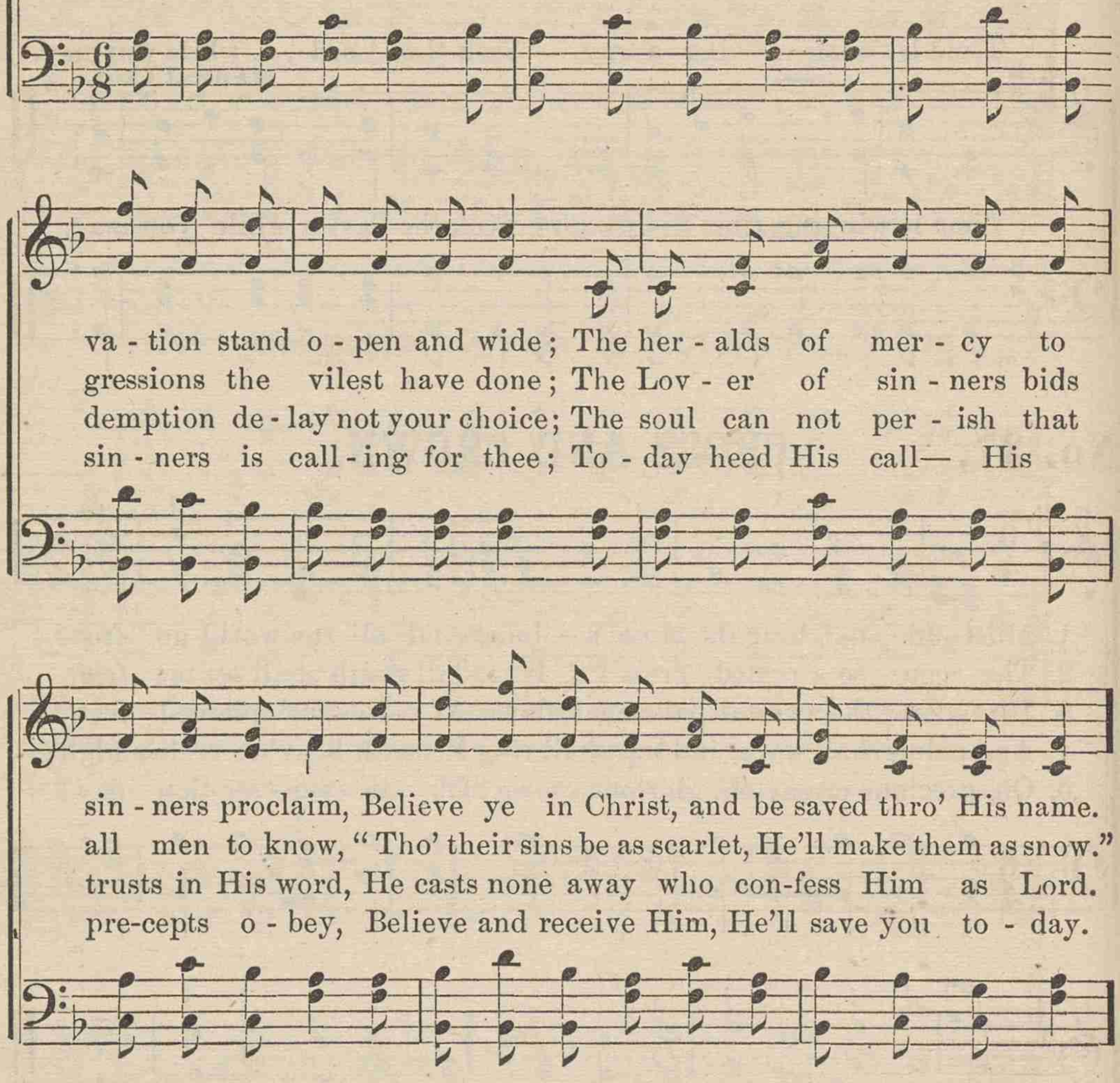
No. 38. SALVATION FOR ALL.

"A ransom for all, to be testified in due time."—1 Tim. 2: 6.

H. R. TRICKETT. J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. Sal - va-tion for all, the Sav - ior has died, The gates of sal-
2. Sal - va-tion for all, His blood can a - tone, For all the trans-
3. Sal - va-tion for all, "To-day hear His voice," For Christ and re-
4. Sal - va-tion for all— sal - va - tion is free, The Sav - ior of



va - tion stand o - pen and wide; The her - alds of mer - cy to
gressions the vilest have done; The Lov - er of sin - ners bids
demption de - lay not your choice; The soul can not per - ish that
sin - ners is call - ing for thee; To - day heed His call— His



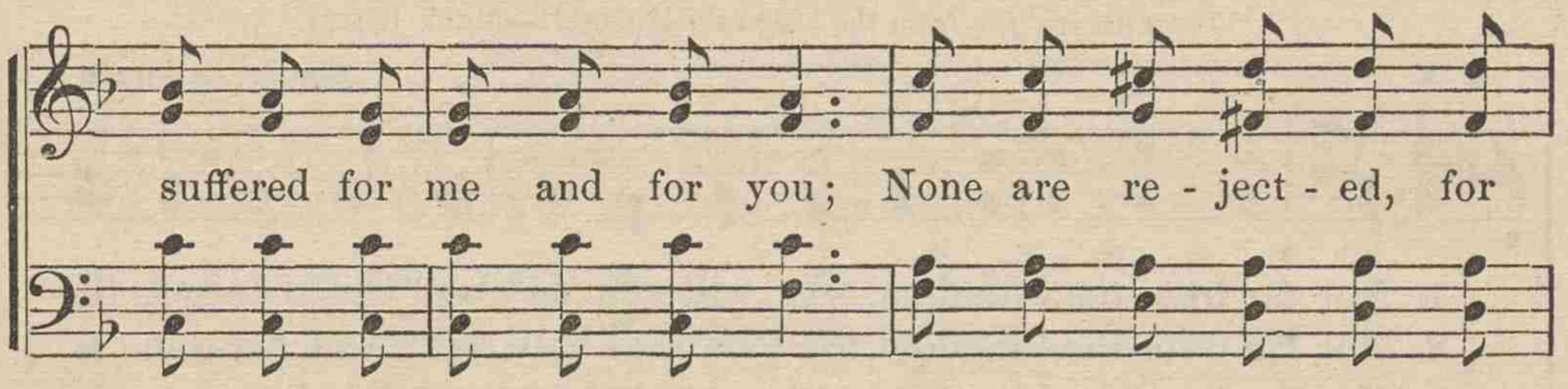
sin - ners proclaim, Believe ye in Christ, and be saved thro' His name.
all men to know, "Tho' their sins be as scarlet, He'll make them as snow."
trusts in His word, He casts none away who con-fess Him as Lord.
pre-cepts o - bey, Believe and receive Him, He'll save you to - day.



CHORUS.

Re-joice, and be glad, for the "say - ing" is true, The Sav-ior has

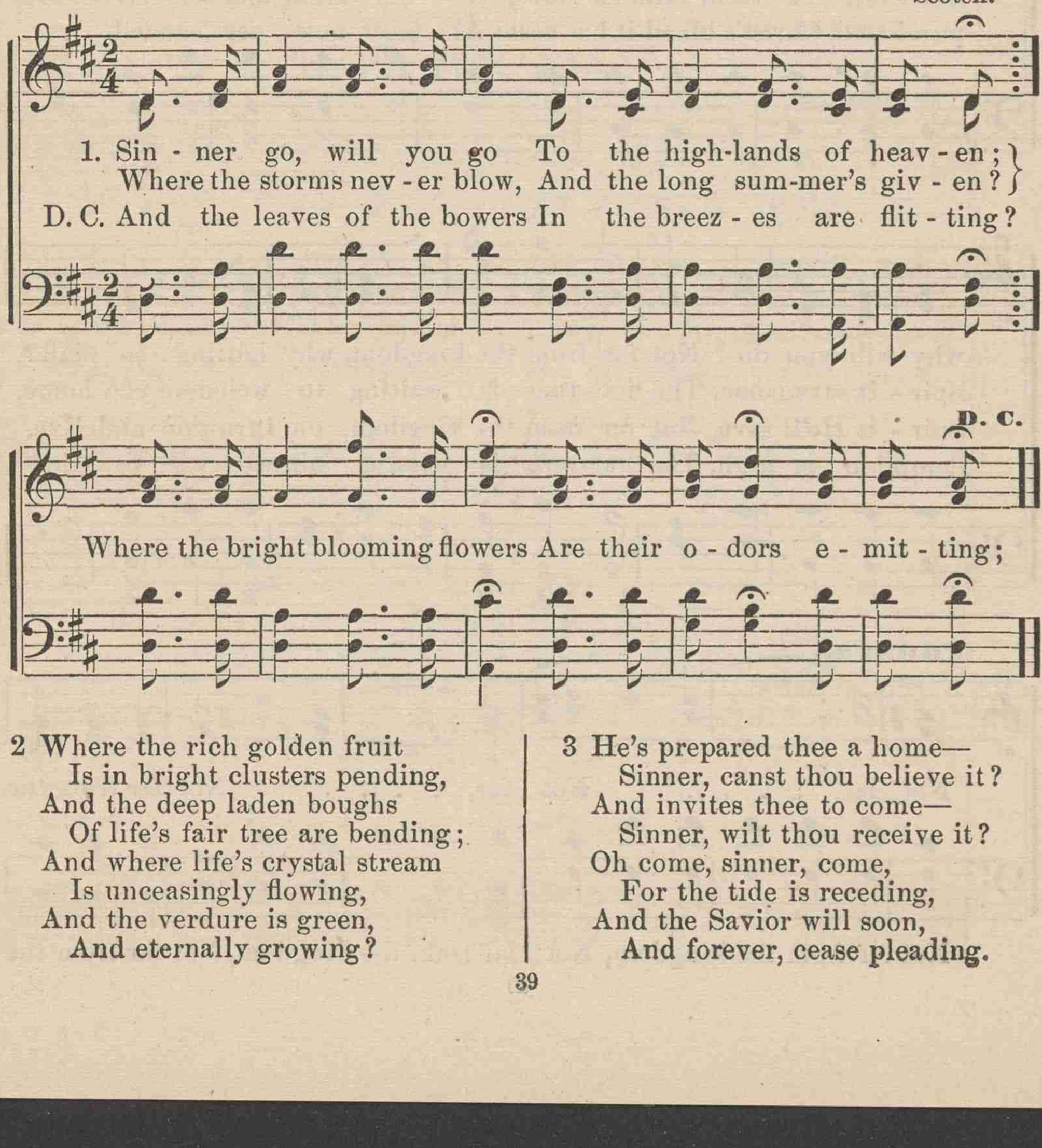
SALVATION FOR ALL. Concluded.





No. 39. THE LAND OF PROMISE.

Scotch.



2 Where the rich golden fruit
Is in bright clusters pending,
And the deep laden boughs
Of life's fair tree are bending;
And where life's crystal stream
Is unceasingly flowing,
And the verdure is green,
And eternally growing?

3 He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come—
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
Oh come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Savior will soon,
And forever, cease pleading.

No. 40. NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM.

"Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."—Mark 12: 34.

K. S. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. Not far from the kingdom, why will you de - lay? Since Je-sus, the
2. Not far from the kingdom, the Lamb has been slain, And par-don is
3. Not far from the kingdom, we're praying for you, Be - lieve on the
4. Not far from the kingdom, and yet to be lost, Sal - va - tion is

Sav - ior, is call-ing to - day; Oh, why are you waiting, say,
of - fered a - gain and a - gain; Then tar - ry no longer, the
Sav - ior, be - hold Him in view; O - bey Him, and serve Him, His
purchased, Christ's blood it has cost; Al - most now per - suaded, re-

why will you die? Not far from the kingdom, why halting so nigh?
Spir - it says come, The Fa - ther is waiting to welcome you home.
Spir - it He'll give, Not far from the kingdom, oh, turn you and live.
demption is nigh, The har-vest is passing, oh, why will ye die?

CHORUS.

Not far, ... Not far, ... Not far from the

Not far from the kingdom, Not far from the kingdom, Not far from the

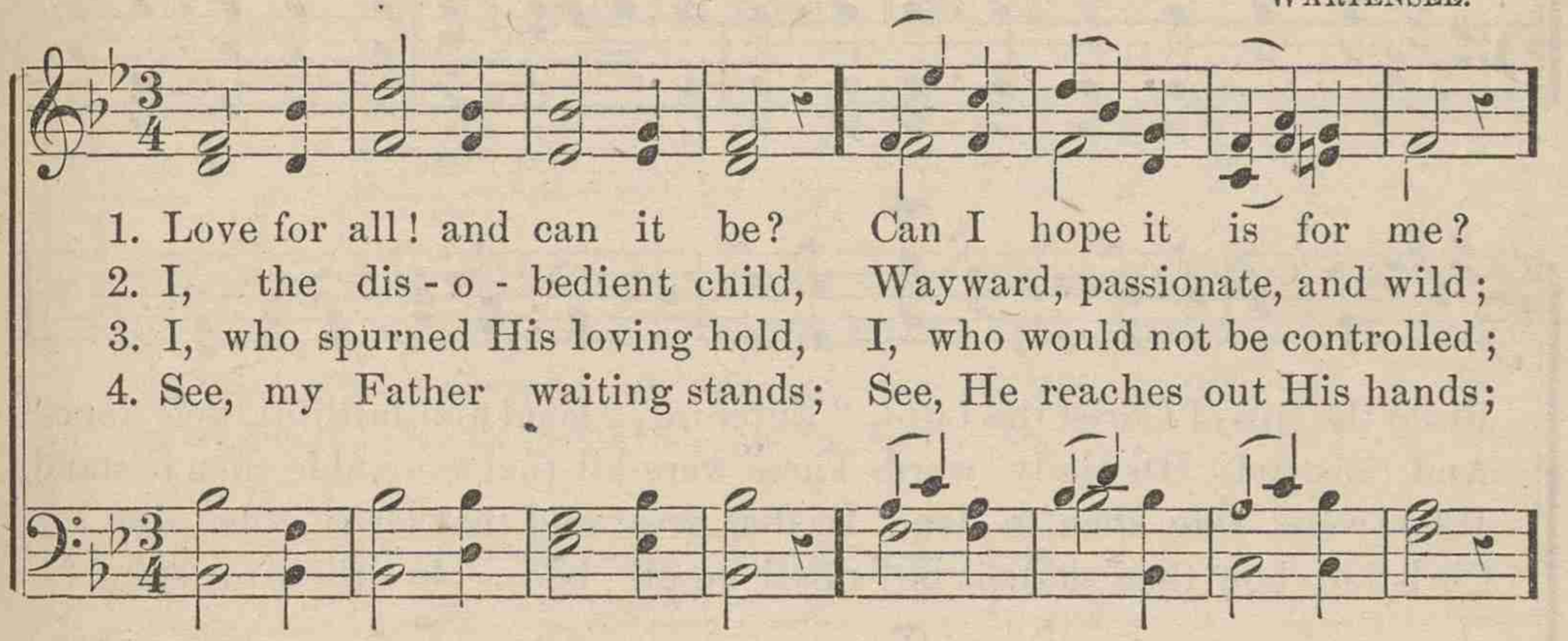
NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM. Concluded.





No. 41. LOVE FOR ALL.

WARTENSEE.





No. 42. WHO SHALL BE ABLE TO STAND?

"For the great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand."—Rev. 6: 17.

K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. When the trump of God shall sound, And the nations gather round, And the
2. When the deluge swept the world, And to death its millions hurl'd, And the
3. When the cities of the plain Were enveloped in the flame, And de-
4. When the day of wrath is come, And the day of mercy gone, And to

Judge shall sit upon His royal throne; Who will hear the welcome word,
wa - ters covered o - ver all the land; Those who trusted in the Lord,
struc - tion swept the mul-ti-tudes a - way; There was just a lit-tle band,
judgment they are called from every land; Sin-ner, how is it with thee?

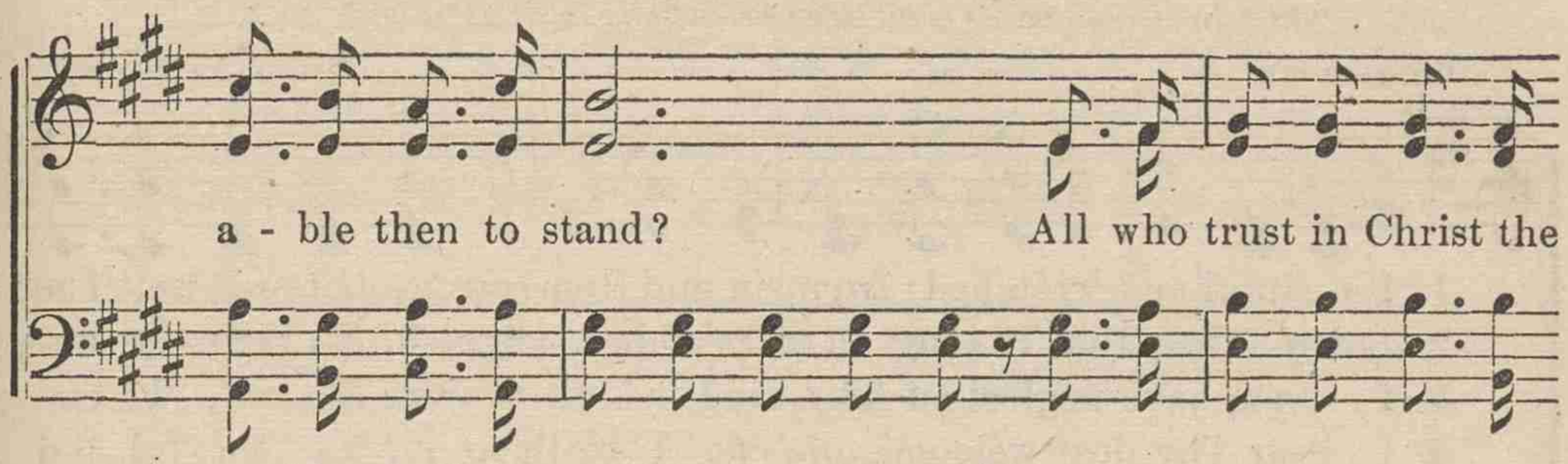
From the lips of Christ the Lord, "Enter in," "good and faithful, well done."
And obeyed His holy word, These were all that were able then to stand.
Who were able then to stand, In that great and that ter-ri - ble day.
Christian, how then shall it be? Shall we all be a-ble then to stand?

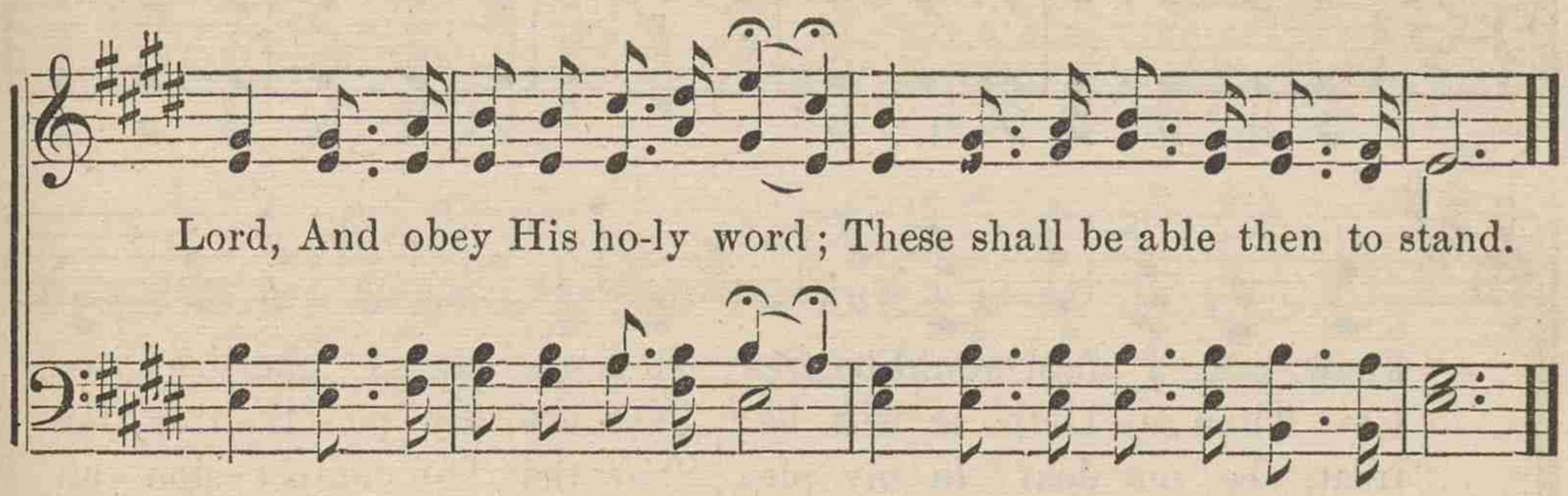
CHORUS.

Who shall be a - ble then to stand? Who shall be

Who shall be a - ble, shall be a - ble then to stand? Who shall be

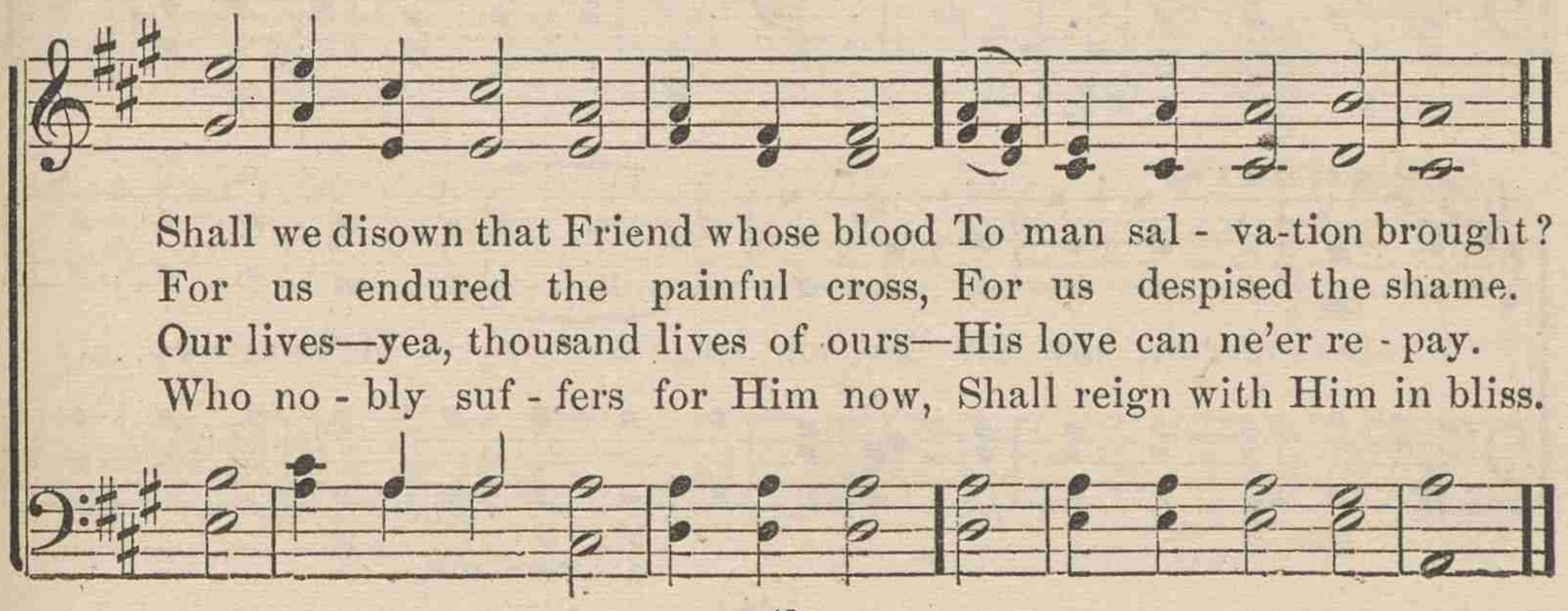
WHO SHALL BE ABLE TO STAND? Concluded.





No. 43. NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST.





No. 44. HAVE MERCY ON ME.

"Rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us."—Eph. 2: 4.

WM. BAXTER. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. I'm sinful and wretched; from sin and from sorrow, O Lord! well Thou
2. Before Thee I'm ly-ing in tears and in anguish, No Help-er, un-
3. I long have neglect-ed Thy kind in-vi-ta-tion, But oh, I en-
4. I hear Thy dear welcome, oh, can I be-lieve it? Ye sin-ful and
5. My glad heart re-joi-ces, my bur-den has fallen; From sin's galling

know-est, I fain would be free; No hope can I cher-ish; save,
less Thou my Help-er wilt be; Then hear my pe-ti-tion, for
treat, be not deaf to my plea; Show that Thy compas-sion can
wea-ry, oh, come un-to me! I'm sin-ful, I'm wea-ry, I
fet-ters my soul is set free; O Lord! I will praise Thee, for-

Lord, or I per-ish, O Je-sus, have mercy on me, e-ven me.
peace and for pardon, On me, Lord, have mercy on me, e-ven me.
reach to the vilest, Dear Savior, have mercy on me, e-ven me.
come, for Thou callest, For Thou wilt have mercy on me, e-ven me.
ever I'll praise Thee, For Thou hast had mercy on me, e-ven me.

Rit.

* CHORUS.

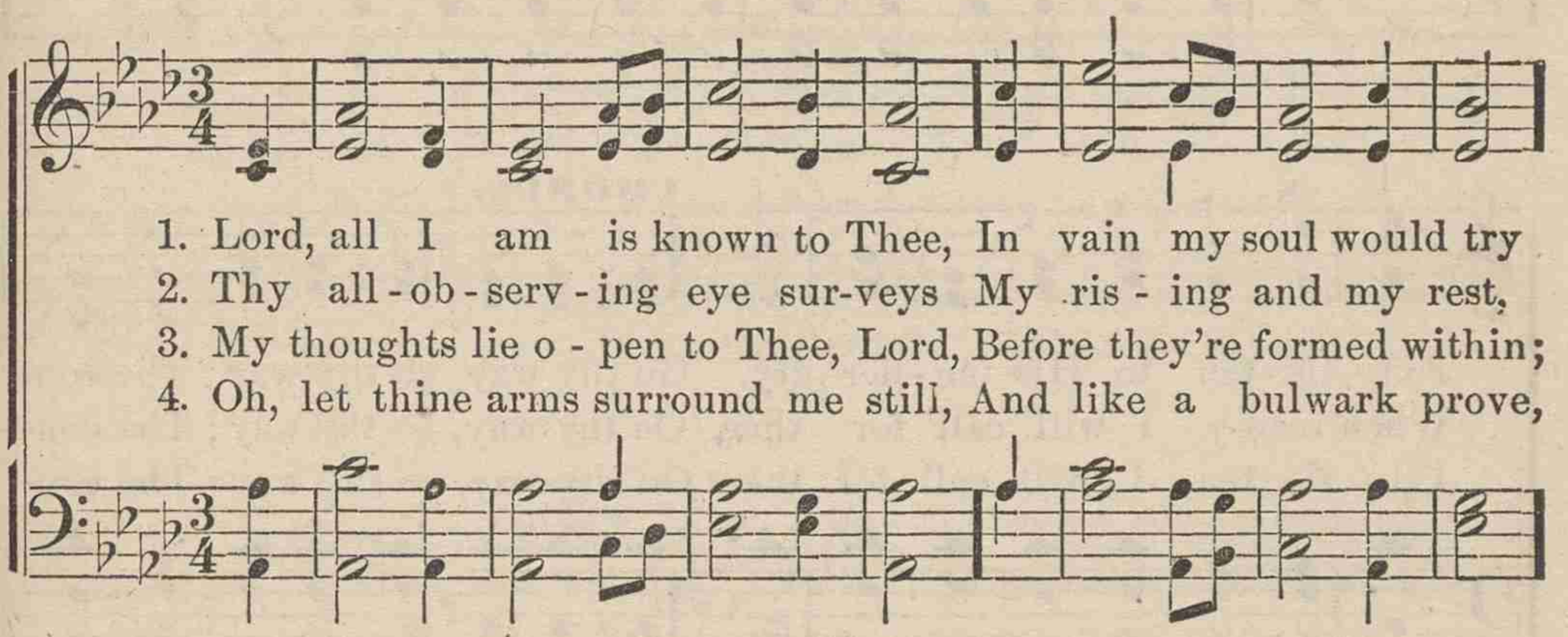
Have mer-cy, my Sav-ior, on me, ... Have mer-cy, my e-ven me,

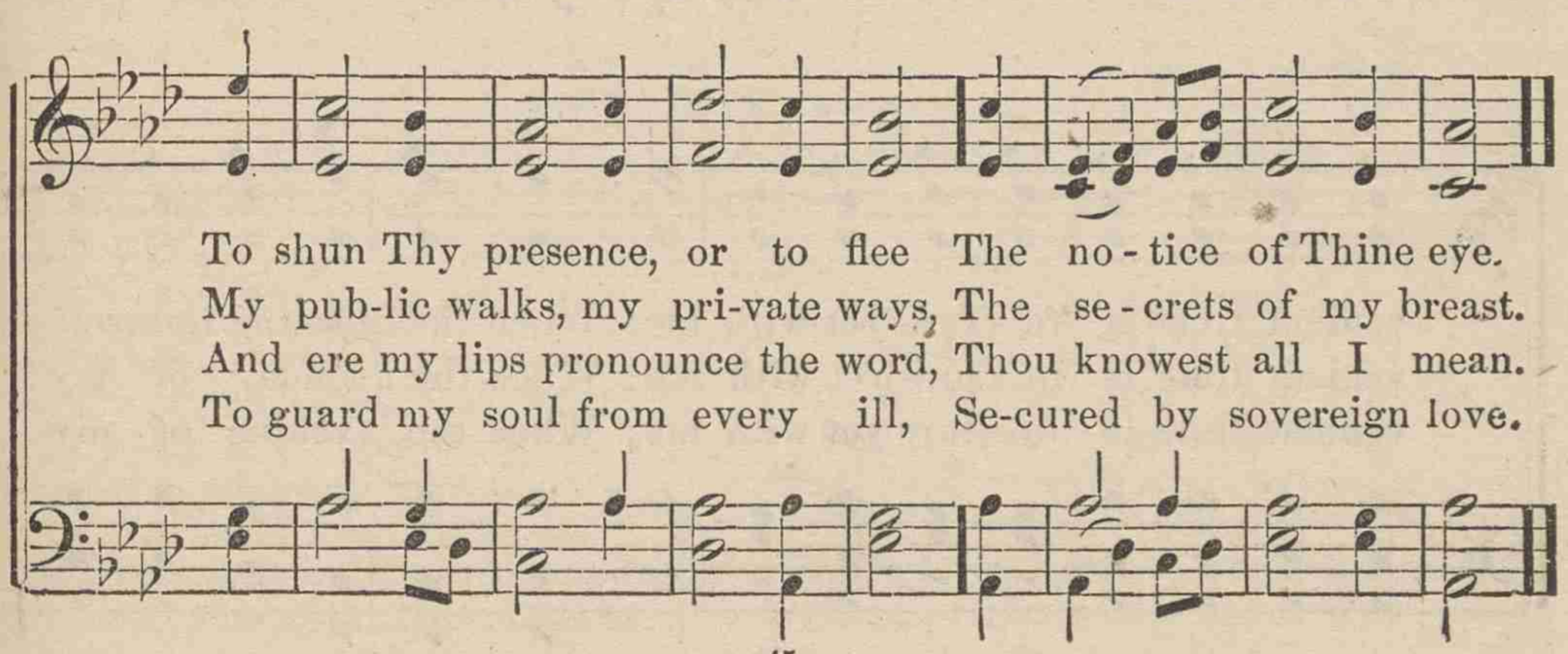
HAVE MERCY ON ME. Concluded.





No. 45. KNOWN TO THEE.





No. 46. "GO THY WAY FOR THIS TIME."

"When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."—Acts 24: 25.

K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. Go thy way, for this time, go thy way; The convenient time may come
2. Go thy way, for this time, go thy way; 'Tis the noon of joy-ous life
3. Go thy way, for this time, go thy way; For the world has thrown its shackles

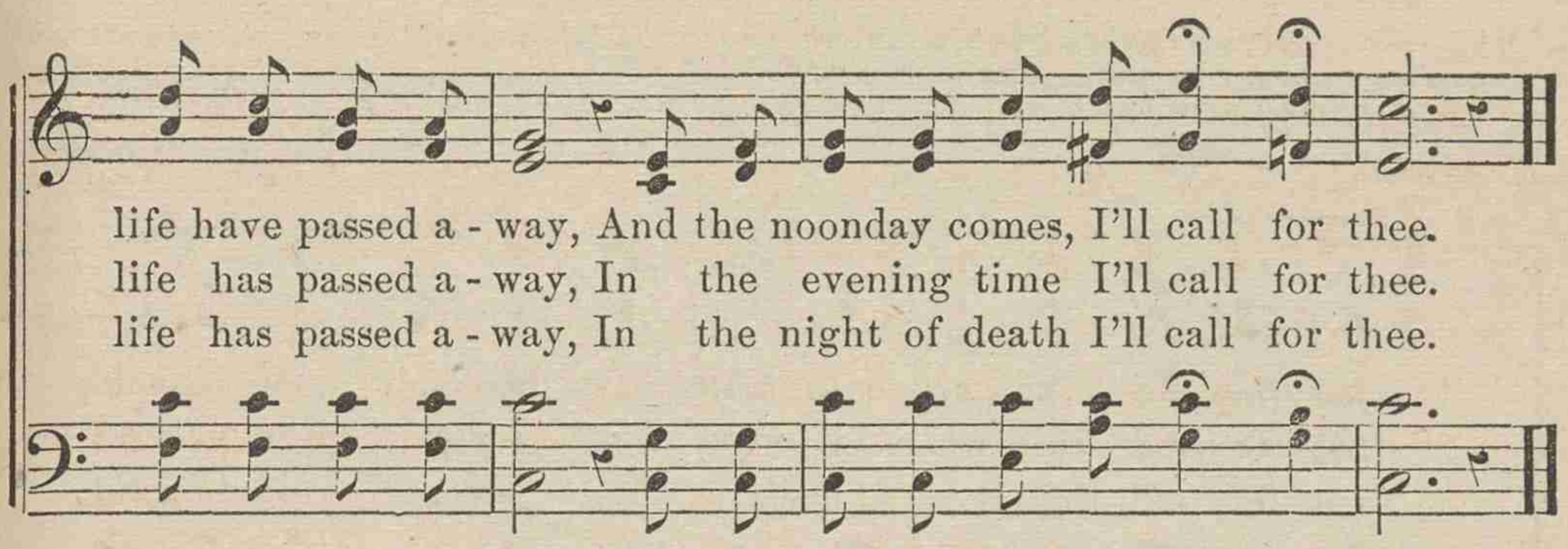
by and by, (by and by); But I'll not heed the call of Christ to-day,
now to me, (now to me); Let me not be hin-dered now, I pray,
o-ver me, (o-ver me); But when death comes knocking at my heart,

CHORUS.

Nor lis-ten to His ten-der cry. Go thy way, go thy way; The con-
When read-y I will call for thee. Go thy way, go thy way; The con-
I'll lis-ten, I will call for thee. Go thy way, go thy way; The con-

venient time is fu-ture yet with me; When the morning hours of
venient time is fu-ture yet with me; When the noonday of my
venient time is fu-ture yet with me; When the evening of my

GO THY WAY FOR THIS TIME. Concluded.



No. 47. I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD.



2 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

3 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Savior and our King!
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

No. 48. JUST BEYOND.

"Now our Lord Jesus Christ himself, and God, even our Father, which hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, comfort your hearts and stablish you in every good word and work."—2 Thess. 1: 16, 17.

MRS. M. J. BITTLE. KNOWLES SHAW.

Moderato.

1. Just beyond the care and strife, Just beyond, just beyond,
2. Just beyond this wea - ry way, Just beyond, just beyond,
3. Just beyond, though seeming far, Just beyond, just beyond,

Rise the gold - en hills of life; Just beyond, just beyond.
Ris - eth one uncloud - ed day; Just beyond, just beyond.
Though our trials heav - y are, Just beyond, just beyond.

DUET.

Pains and sighing soon will cease, Welcome we the sweet re - lease;
Weary souls by care oppressed, Soon you'll enter in - to rest,
Man y mansions waiting stand, Nearing now the silver strand;

CHORUS. *f*

Welcome we the dawn of peace, Just beyond, just beyond.
Swell the ar - my of the blest, Just beyond, just beyond.
Soon we'll reach the bet - ter land, Just beyond, just beyond.

By permission of JOHN CHURCH & Co., owners of copyright.

No. 49. A KINGDOM IN GLORY FOR ME.

"I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14: 2.

K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. The Savior was mocked and His crown was of thorns, Yet a kingdom in glory had He; He shall sit on His throne in heaven above;—Oh, is that bright kingdom for me?
2. He reigns in the hearts of His people below, His scepter is peace all divine; He conquers His foes by the power of His love;—Oh, say, shall that kingdom be mine? There's a kingdom in glory for me, . . .
3. Yes, Je - sus is King, and forev - er shall reign, Yet His kingdom is not of this world; To Him let us bow, His praise let us sing; His banner be ever unfurled.

CHORUS. Cheerfully.

Rit.

A kingdom in glory for me, . . . A kingdom of peace while I journey below, And a kingdom in glory for me. . . . .

in glory for me.

in glory for me,

in glo - ry for me.

No. 50. A HOME WITH JESUS.

"And so shall we be ever with the Lord."—1 Thess. 4: 17.

K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.



1. A home with Jesus, my Sav-ior, Who died on the cross for me;
2. We have but a glimpse of that mansion, While pilgrims we walk be-low;
3. Here hearts once united are severed, Here partings and tears ob-tain;





To dwell in His kingdom forever, For-ever with Jesus to be.
To that home where the dear ones shall gather, That kingdom where Christians shall go.
But all who are true to the Savior, Shall meet on that heavenly plain.





To reign with the Savior in glo-ry, When all our wanderings cease;
But sweet is the stream ever flowing, From the fountain of joy over there;
Oh, sweet is this glo-ri-ous prospect, That we from all pain shall be free;





He has gone to prepare me a mansion, A home and a kingdom of peace.
Blessed Savior, each day, oh, prepare me, That rest and that mansion to share.
The hope of a blest re-sur-rec-tion, For-ev-er with Jesus to be.



A HOME WITH JESUS Concluded.

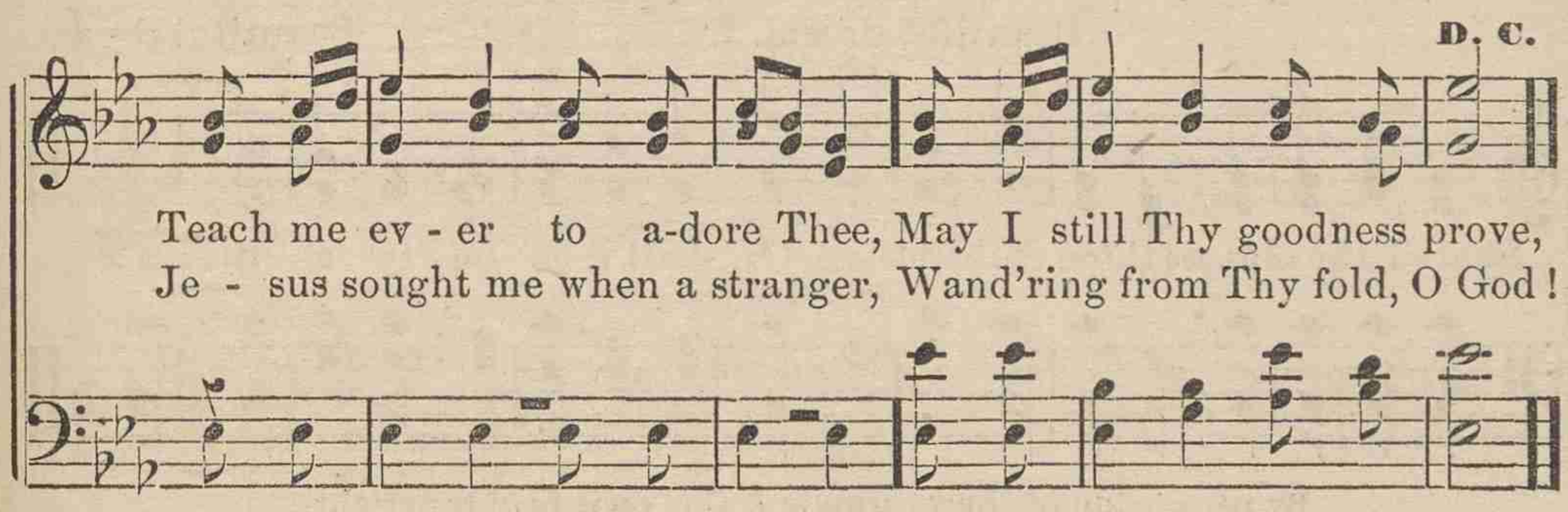
CHORUS.





No. 51. OH, THOU FOUNT.





No. 52. BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

KNOWLES SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. I dreamed of the land of the pure and bright, The cit - y of
2. I dreamed that the tri - als of life were o'er, And the saints were
3. I dreamed that I saw them in robes of white; With crowns on their

God, the saint's de - light, And the saints of all ag - es and
walking the golden shore; Where they ate of the fruit of life's
brow of gold - en light; I looked as they wandered life's

children were there, That cit - y of God and that home to share.
ev - er - green tree, O! beauti - ful, beau - ti - ful dream to me.
riv - er a - long, I listened and heard a most beau-ti-ful song.

CHORUS.

O! that beautiful dream; O! that beautiful dream;

Beautiful dream. Beautiful dream.

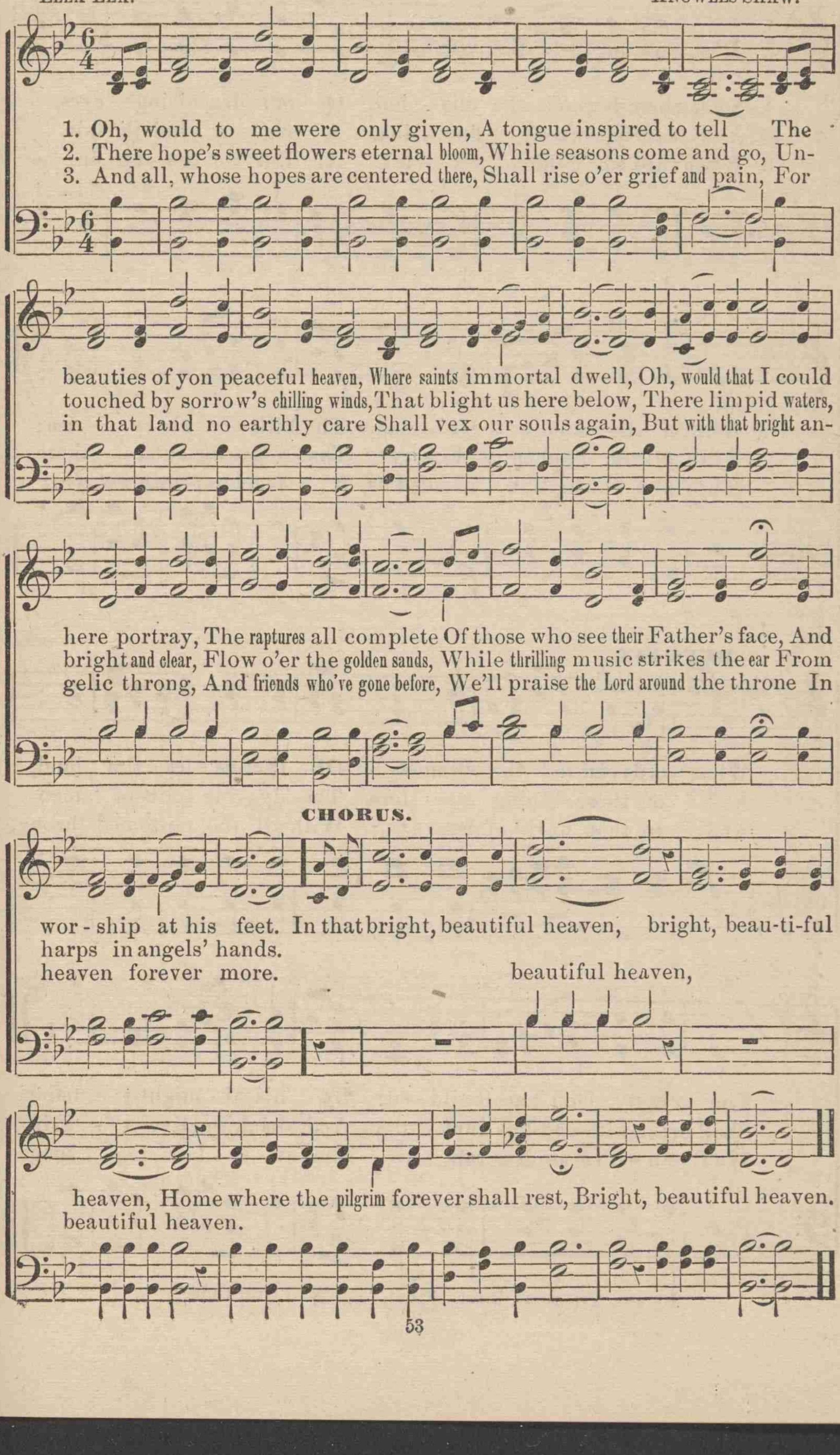
Shall I the saints, and those children see, Or, shall it be on - ly a dream?

By permission of JOHN CHURCH & Co., owners of copyright.

No. 53. BRIGHT, BEAUTIFUL HEAVEN.

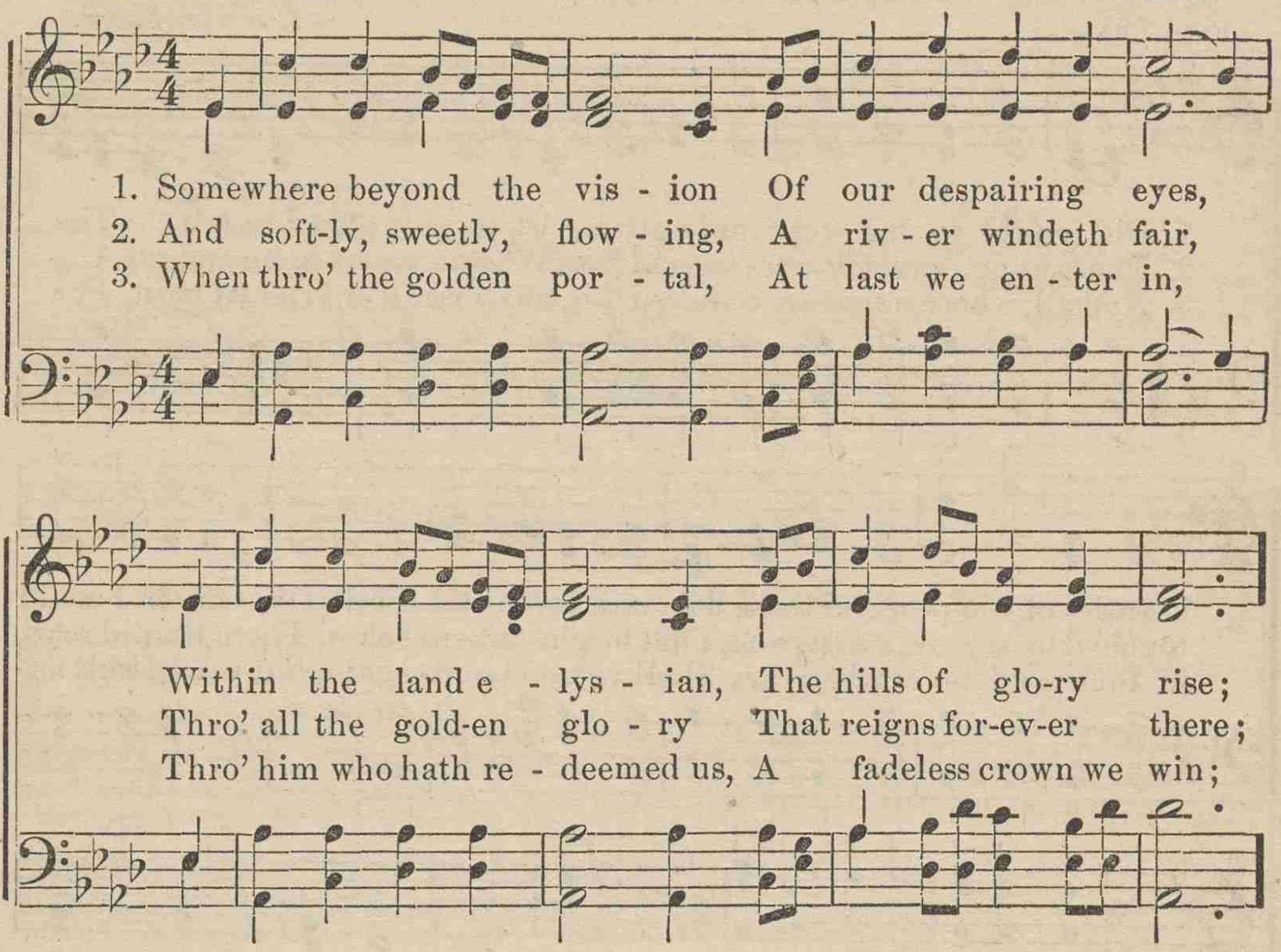
"For the glory of God did lighten it."—Rev. xxi: 23.

ELLA LEA. KNOWLES SHAW.

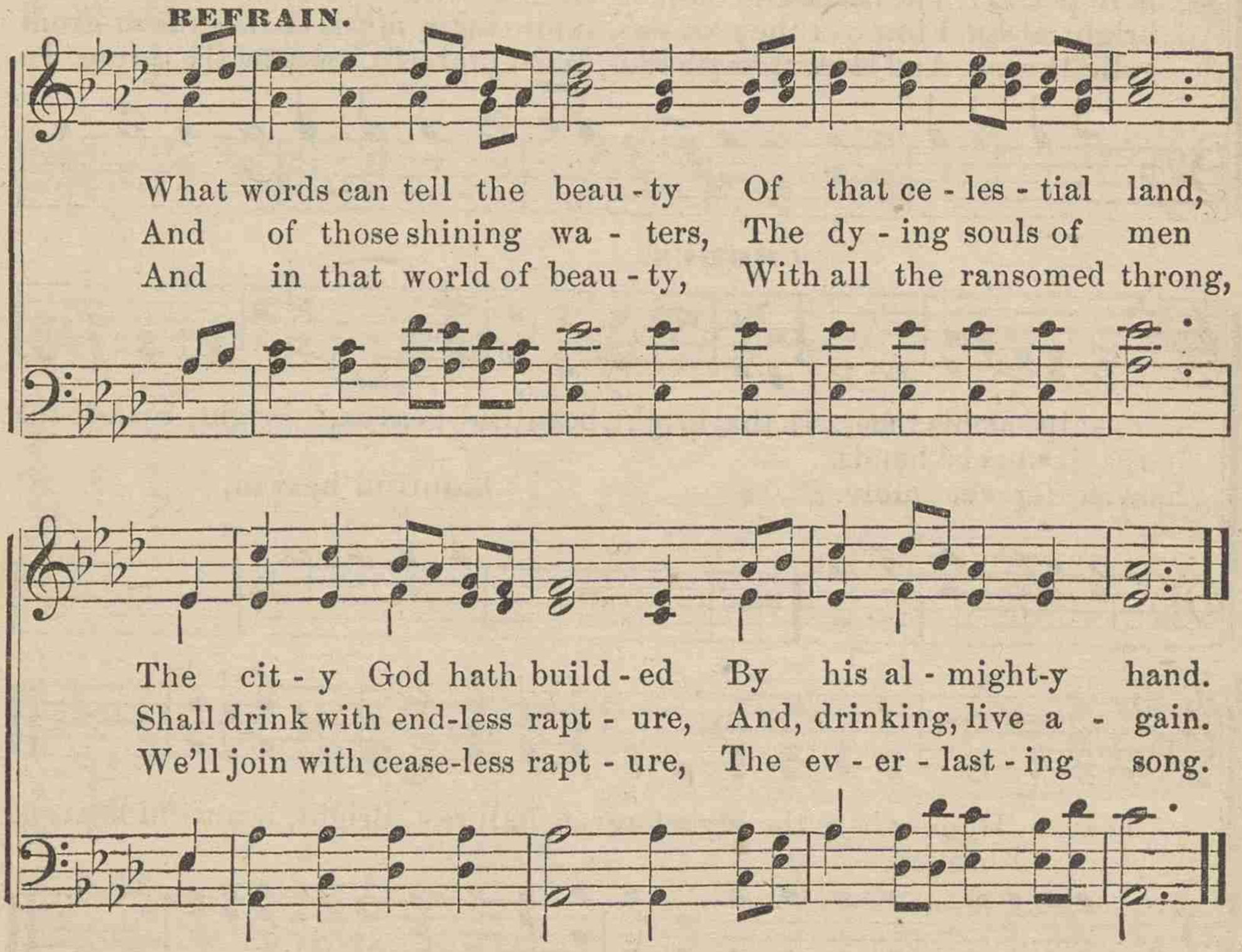


No. 54. THE OTHER LAND.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. F.



REFRAIN.



By per. FILLMORE BROS. From "Songs of Gratitude."

No. 55. HAPPY PILGRIMS.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. MCINTOSH.

Read Rev. xxi: 2, 18-27.

Semi-Chorus.

1. To the heav-en-ly Je - ru - sa-lem They are sing-ing, as they go;
2. In the heav-en-ly Je - ru - sa-lem, No more night their souls shall know;
3. In the heav-en-ly Je - ru - sa-lem, All their tears shall cease to flow;
4. To that heav-en-ly Je - ru - sa-lem, With the pilgrims will you go?

And the King thereof shall welcome them, For He loves, He loves them so.
There the Lord's dear face shall shine on them, For He loves, He loves them so.
No more sorrow, pain, nor death for them, For He loves, He loves them so.
Singing songs of endless praise with them, For He loves, He loves them so.

CHORUS.

Thro' the o - - - - - pen, pear-ly por-tals Sounds the

Thro' the o-pen, thro' the o-pen, pear-ly por-tals Sounds the

wond - - - - - rous new-made song; And the an - - - thems

wondrous, sounds the wondrous new-made song; And the anthems, and the an-thems,

of im-mor-tals Greet the hap - - - - py pil-grim throng.

of im-mor-tals Greet the hap-py, greet the hap-py pil-grim throng.

By permission of R. M. MCINTOSH, owner of copyright.

No. 56. WHEN THE COMFORTER COMES.

"He shall give you another Comforter."—John 14: 16.

K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. The hearts of the Savior's dis - ci - ples were sad, He had said He was go - ing a - way; But the promise was sweet, "when the
2. Con - vinc-ing the world of its sin and its woe, And to speak of a man-sion a - bove; To tell how to Christ poor
3. If we're children of God, then His Spir - it He'll give, For our comfort while pilgrims be - low; Then like Him, and with Him, we

Com-fort-er comes, For - ever with you He will stay;" But the promise was
sin - ners may go, For pardon, for peace, and His love; To tell how to
ev - er shall live, When to that bright kingdom we go; Then like Him and with

sweet, "when the Comforter comes, For-ev - er with you He will stay."
Christ poor sin-ners may go, For pardon, for peace, and His love.
Him we ev - er shall live, When to that bright kingdom we go.

CHORUS.

"When the Com - fort - er comes," Oh, prom-ise so sweet; "When the

WHEN THE COMFORTER COMES. Concluded.





No. 57. THE GOSPEL BANNER.



3 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

4 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified.

No. 58. THE HAPPY BEYOND.

"In thy presence there is fullness of joy."—Psalm 16: 11.

J. H. R. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. By the faith of the blest we can see thro' the vail, And we fear not the
2. In the happy beyond, o'er the time ocean's firth, We shall meet all our
3. Oh, what comfort and joy to the sorrowing heart, As we journey on

death angel's wand; For our partings with loved ones on this side we hail
friends gone before; And shall wait with a welcome for those upon earth,
life's rugged road, Is that "Happy Beyond," where no friends ever part,

CHORUS.

As a meeting with others beyond.
To the happy beyond evermore.
In that blessed e - ter - nal abode.

Oh, the happy beyond! Oh, the

blissful beyond! 'Tis a home where all wanderings cease; Where each

heart to its heart shall forever respond In a chorus of love, and of peace.

No. 59. SHELTER OF SAFETY.

M. T. HAUGHEY.

1. Oh, where can the soul find relief from its foes, A shelter of
2. Shall it leave the low earth, shall it soar to the sky, And seek for a
3. Oh, holy and sweet its rest shall be there! Free from all sin

safe - ty, a home of repose? Can earth's highest summit or deepest hid
home in the mansions on high? In the bright realms of bliss, will a dwelling be
and from sorrow and care; And the loud hallelujahs of angels shall

vale, Give a refuge, nor sorrow, nor sin can assail? No, no,
giv'n, And the soul find a home in the glory of heav'n? Yes, yes,
rise, To welcome the soul to its home in the skies. Home, home,

No home, no home
Yes, a home; yes, a home;
Sweet home, sweet home,

Rit.

there is no home; No home on this earth, here the soul has no home.
there is a home; There's a home in high heav'n; there the soul has a home.
home of the soul; The bosom of God is the home of the soul.

there is no home;
there is a home; The bosom of God is the home of the soul.
home of the soul;

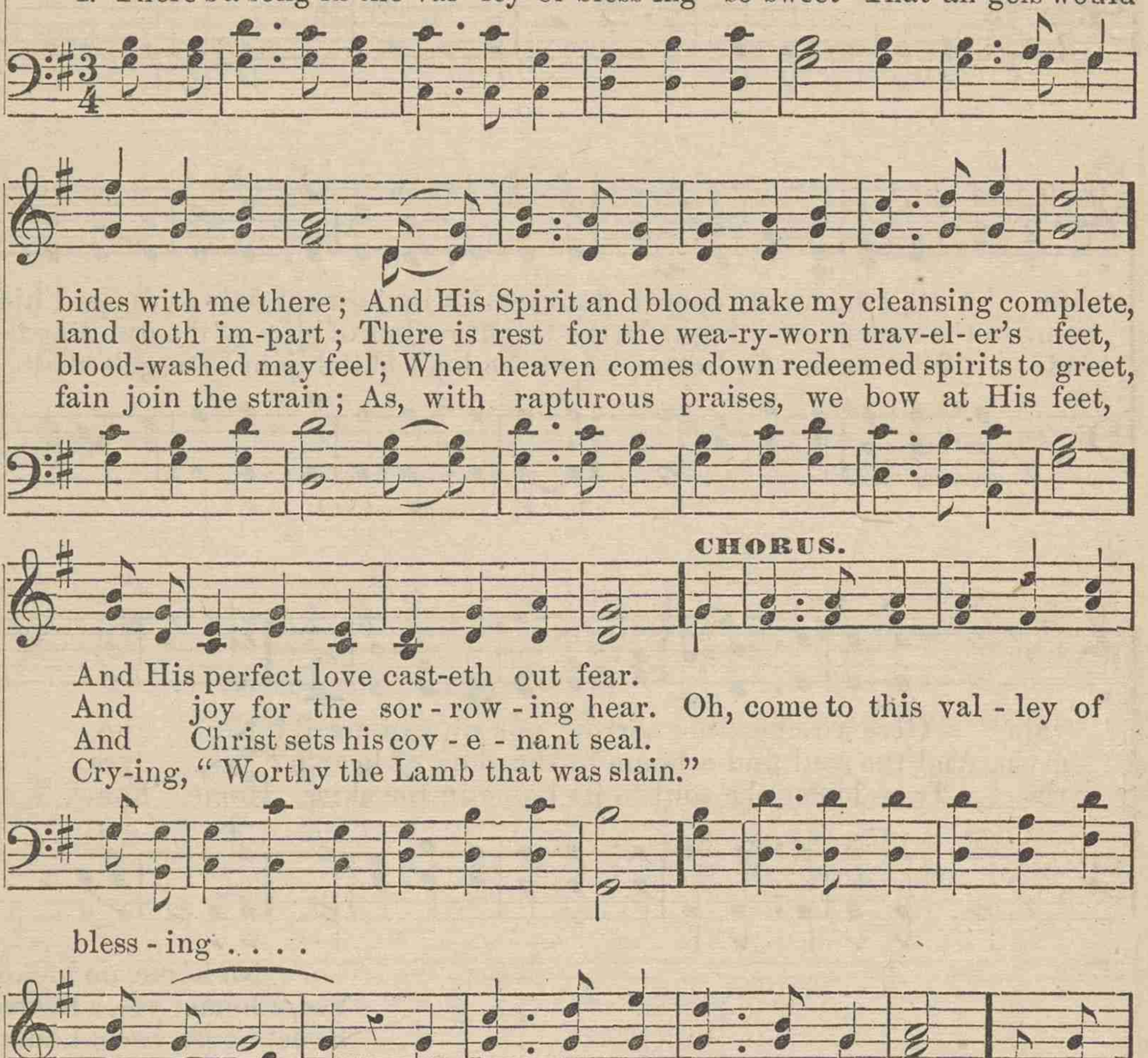
No. 60. VALLEY OF BLESSING.

"We who have believed do enter into rest."—Heb. 4: 3.

ANNIE WITTEMEYER. WM. G. FISCHER, by permission.



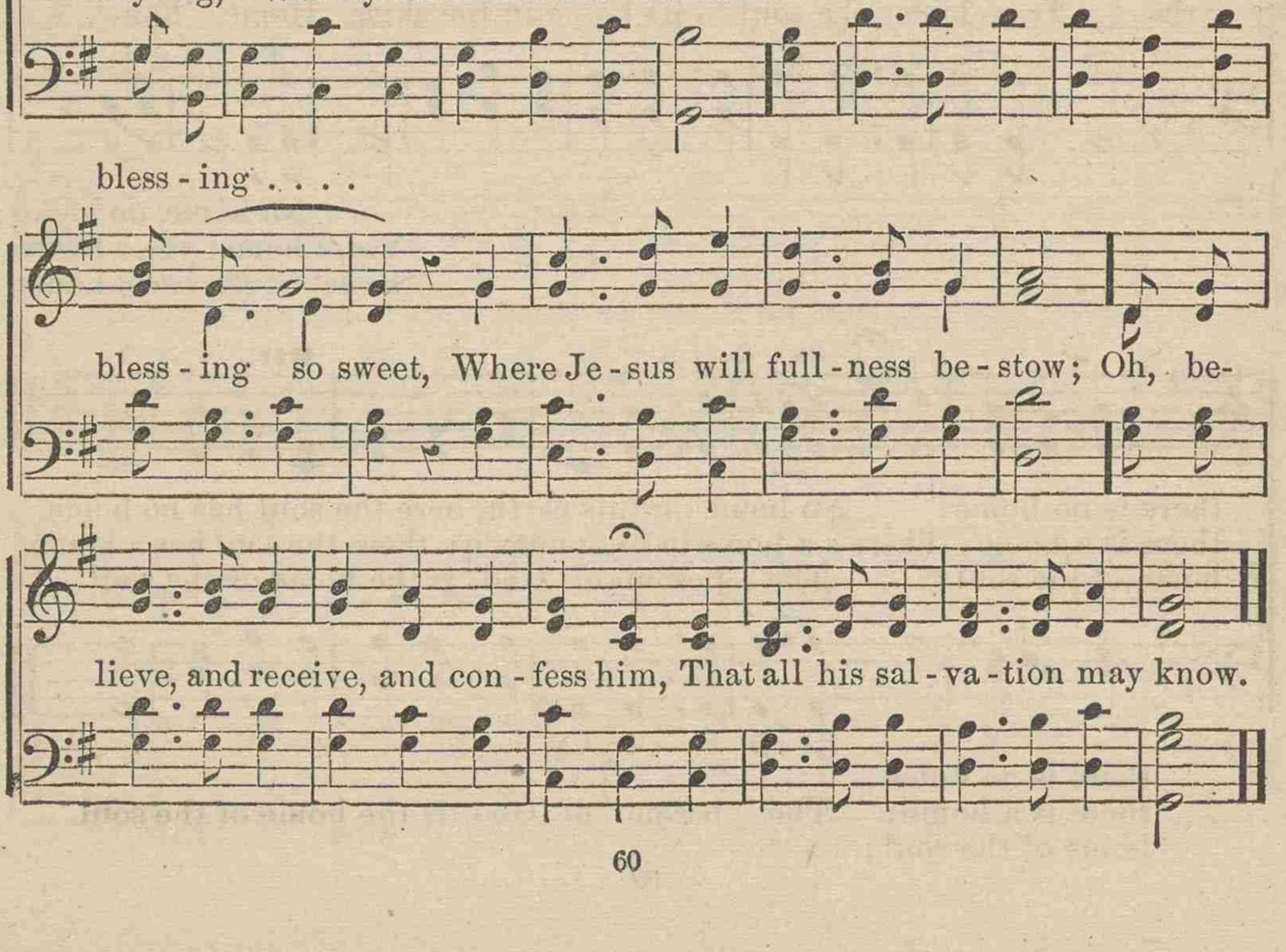
1. I have entered the val - ley of bless-ing so sweet, And Je - sus a-
2. There is peace in the val - ley of bless-ing so sweet, And plen - ty the
3. There is love in the val - ley of bless-ing so sweet, Such as none but
4. There's a song in the val - ley of bless-ing so sweet That an-gels would



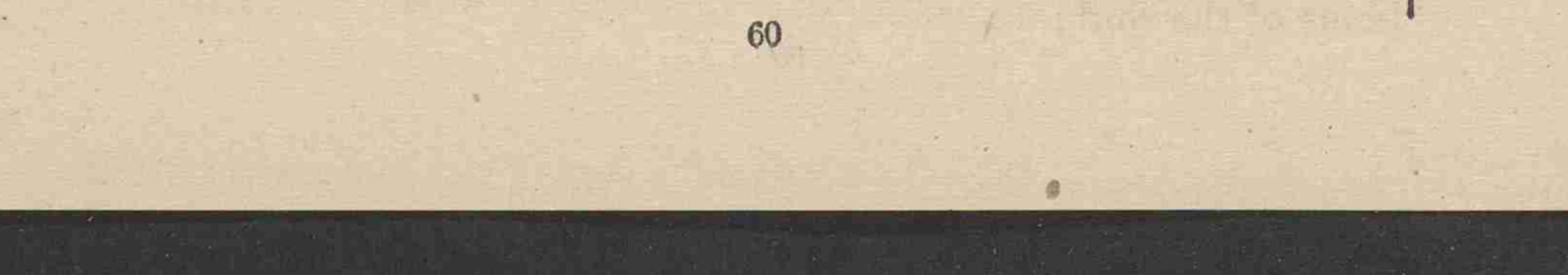
bides with me there; And His Spirit and blood make my cleansing complete,
land doth im-part; There is rest for the wea-ry-worn trav-el- er's feet,
blood-washed may feel; When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
fain join the strain; As, with rapturous praises, we bow at His feet,

CHORUS.

And His perfect love cast-eth out fear.
And joy for the sor - row - ing hear. Oh, come to this val - ley of
And Christ sets his cov - e - nant seal.
Cry-ing, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."



bless - ing . . . .



bless - ing so sweet, Where Je - sus will full - ness be - stow; Oh, be-

lieve, and receive, and con - fess him, That all his sal - va - tion may know.

No. 61. THE GOLDEN CITY.

Read Rev. xxi : 18, 23.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

1. Say, have you read in the sto - ry old - en, Of the cit - y
2. Say, have you heard of the riv - er flow - ing? Clear as crys - tal
3. Say, have you read, in that wondrous sto - ry, How no moon nor

fair that waits? Jas-per the walls, and the streets are gold - en,
is its tide. Forth from the throne are its wa - ters go - ing;
sun need they? For it is light - ened with God's own glo - ry;

CHORUS.

And of pur - est pearl the gates. There we shall dwell with the
Shall we roam that stream be - side?
Shall we see that end - less day?

Lord for - ev - er, Go - ing out no more. There shall we go, when we

cross the riv - er; O - ver on the oth - er shore.

By permission of R. M. MCINTOSH, owner of copyright. From "Good News."

No. 62. IS IT FAR?

KNOWLES SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. Is it far to the land of rest? Where the weary feet shall never, never roam,
2. Is it far to that peaceful shore? Where the aching heart shall sorrow not again,
3. Is it far to the plains of light? To that cit - y with its jas-per walls a-glow,
4. It is nearer to-day than before; And our path is growing brighter day by day;

To the mansions of the pure and the blest; Where we all shall meet at home.
Where the friends who meet shall part never more; But with Christ for-ever reign.
Where the glory of the Lord is the light; To that home say will you go?
We shall soon reach that heavenly shore; Let us sing, and watch, and pray.

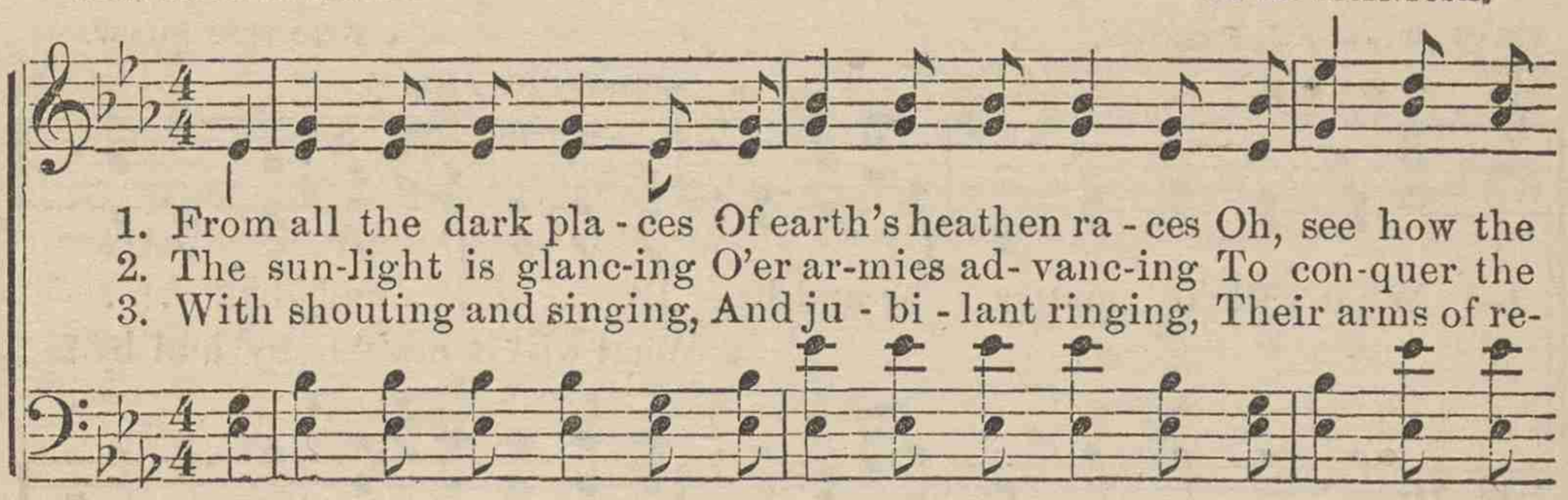
CHORUS.

Is it far? Is it far? Will you tell me,
Is it far to that beau - ti - ful home of the blest? Will you tell me,
broth - er pilgrim, is it far? To that mansion of the
broth - er pil-grim, is it far, is it far? To that man-sion of the
blest, where the wea - ry are at rest, O say, brother pilgrim, is it far?
blest, where the wea-ry are at rest, O say, brother pilgrim, is it far?

No. 63. THE SAVIOR IS COMING.

Read Isa. 11 : 9. *Rev.* 11 : 15. *Ps.* 20 : 5.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. MCINTOSH.



From "The Gem," by permission of R. M. MCINTOSH.

No. 64. "BY AND BY."

"If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."—1 Cor. 15: 19.

MARGARET J. PRESTON. KNOWLES SHAW.

DUET. **Semi-Chorus.**

1–4. What will it matter, by and by, By . . . . and by? . .
What will it matter, by and by?

DUET.

Whether my path below was bright, Whether it wound thro' dark or light,
Whether unhelped I toiled a-lone, Dashing my foot against a stone;
Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain, Close by the pal-lid an-gel pain,
If I'm but sure the way I've trod, Gloomy or gladdened, leads to God;

Un-der a gray or a golden sky, When I look back on it, by and by.
Missing the charge of the angel nigh, Bidding me think of the by and by.
Soothing myself thro' sob and sigh, All will be else-wise by and by.
Questioning not of the how or why, If I but reach Him by and by.

CHORUS.

By and by, by and by, Watching and waiting till by and by; { Summer will / Yes, we shall

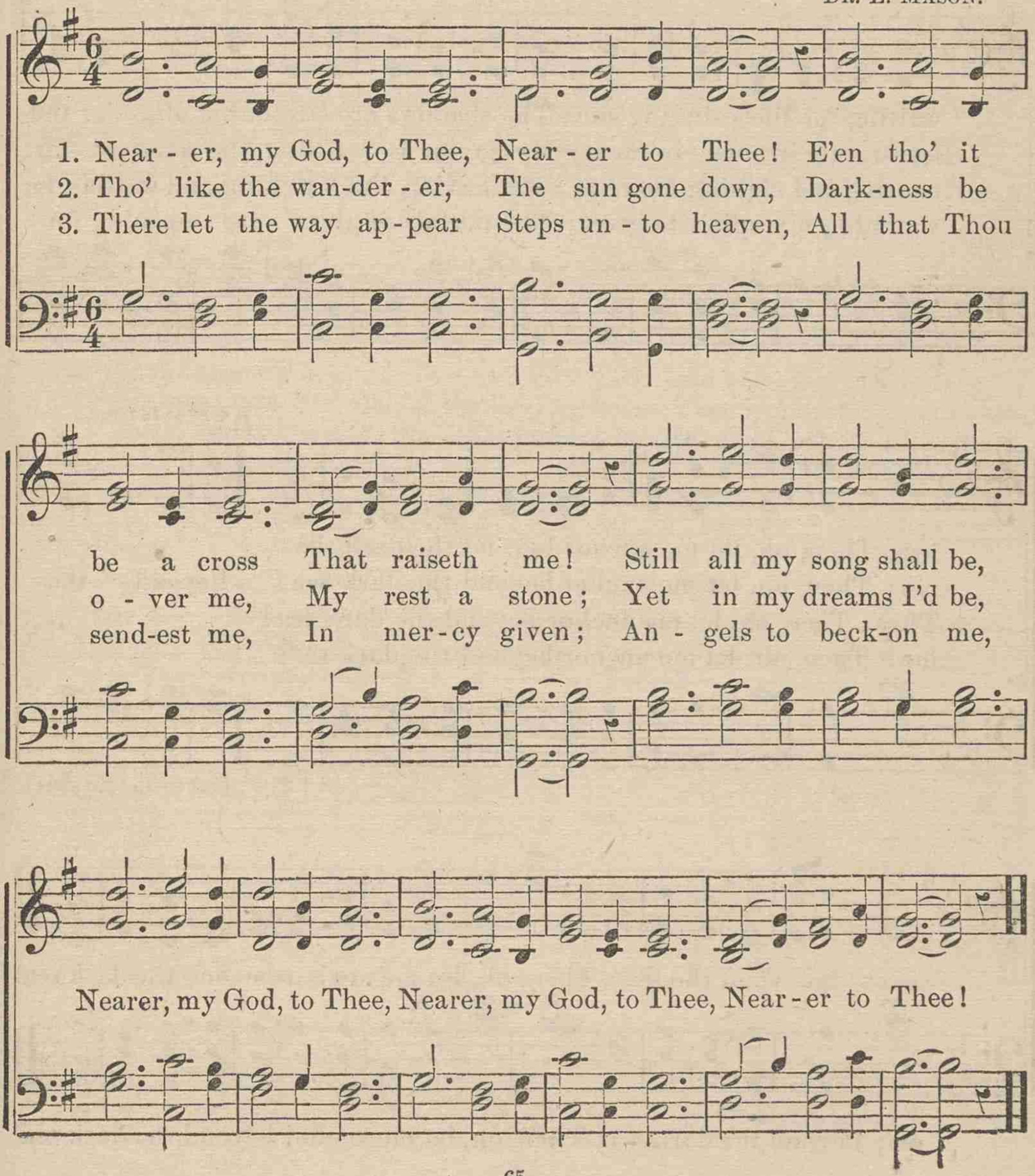
"BY AND BY." Concluded.



No. 65. NEARER TO THEE.

"Though He be not far from every one of us."—Acts 17: 27.

DR. L. MASON.



No. 66. BEYOND THE DARK SEA.

"And so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land."—Acts 27 : 44.

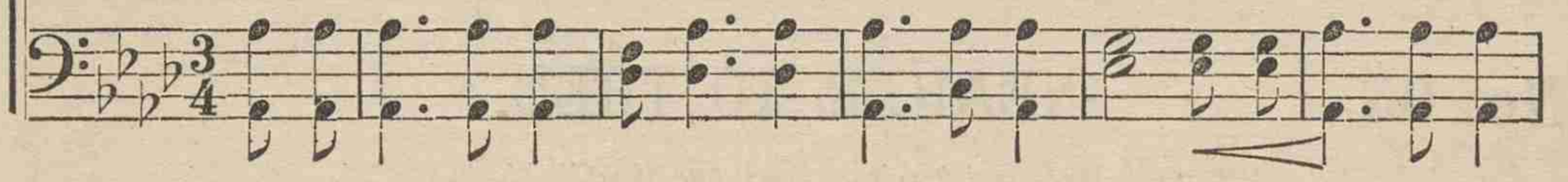
*——

KNOWLES SHAW.

With expression.



1. I am weary, I'm fainting, my day's work is done; I am watching, I'm
2. The cold surging billows, that dash at my feet, Have lost all their
3. Come, loving Redeemer, and take to Thy breast The heart that is
4. I'll lay my life's burdens, dear Lord, at Thy feet; For lov'd ones are



waiting for life's sinking sun; The shadows are stretching afar o'er the
terror, their music is sweet; My Savior is stilling the tempest for
panting and sighing for rest; Blest Savior, I'm watching and waiting for
watching my spirit to greet; The portals of glory are opening for





f CHORUS.

lea; Then, oh, let me anchor beyond the dark sea!
me; Then, oh, let me anchor beyond the dark sea! Beyond the
Thee; Then, oh, let me anchor beyond the dark sea!
me; Then, oh, let me anchor beyond the dark sea!



Beyond the dark



sea; Be - yond the sea; Then, oh, let me anchor beyond the dark sea!

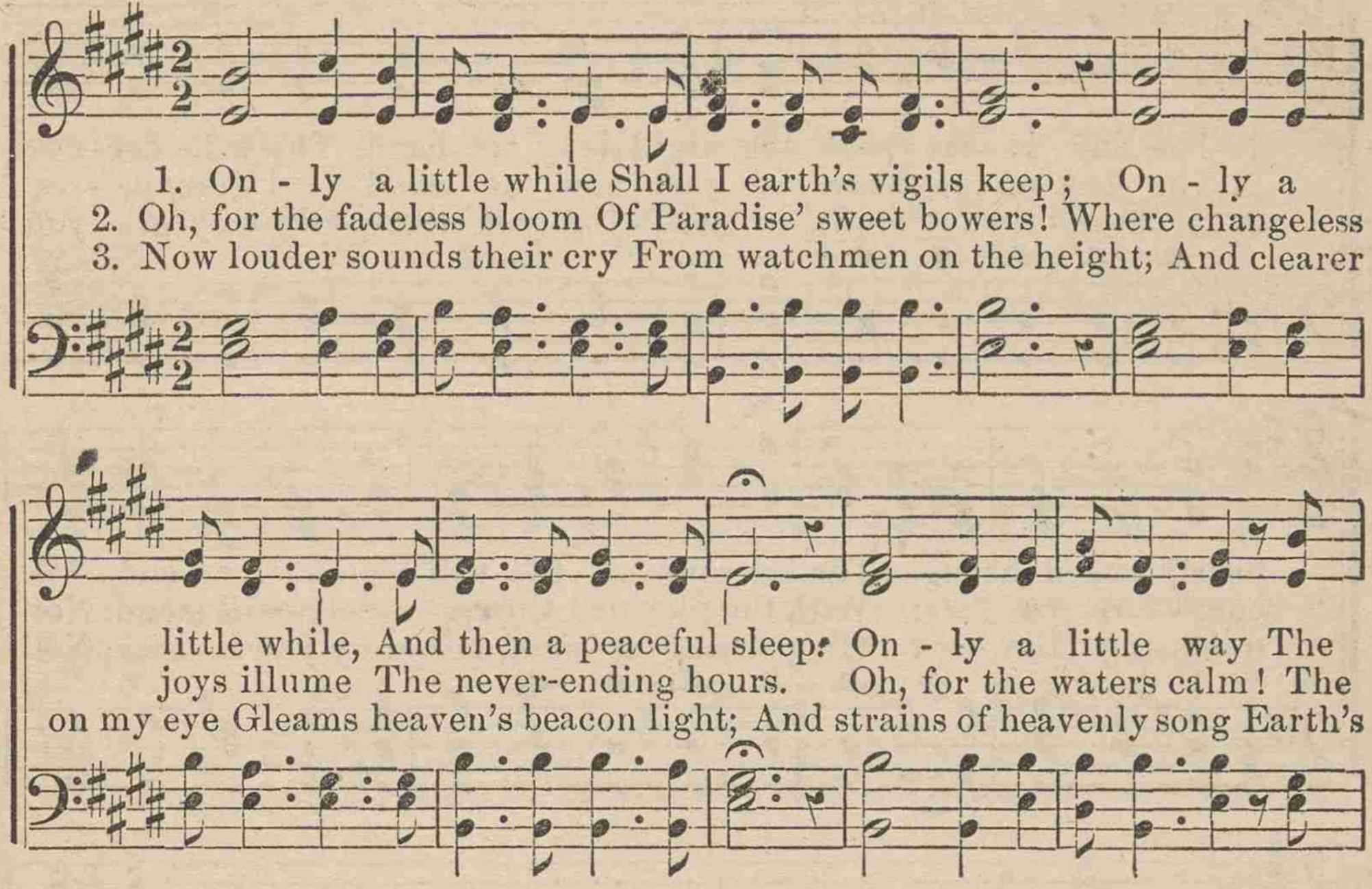


sea; Beyond the dark sea; Then, oh, let me anchor beyond the dark sea!

No. 67. ONLY A LITTLE WHILE.

"*Brethren, the time is short.*"—1 Cor. 7 : 29.

MRS. G. C. CHRISTIAN. KNOWLES SHAW.



No. 68. NOT MUCH FURTHER TO GO.

"The time of my departure is at hand."—2 Tim. 4: 6.

K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. The day is far spent, the night is at hand, The wil - der - ness
2. The year of re - lease is just now at hand, God's promis - es
3. A beau - ti - ful crown is wait - ing you there, Oh, why are you

nearly passed through; The sor-rows of life will soon have an end, Not
com - fort us so; With the glorified throng we soon will stand, Not
doubt-ing Him so? His promise is sure, His glory you'll share, Not

ver - y much fur-ther to go. We'll talk of the past, what the
ver - y much fur-ther to go. The friends of our youth have
ver - y much fur-ther to go. Dread not the cold wa - ters, for

Lord hath done, How Je-sus hath saved us from woe, And rejoice that we're
passed a - way, But Je-sus is One that we know Will nev-er for-sake
Christ will be there, His grace all-suf - fi - cient be-stow; Be ready and wait-

near the bor-der - land, Not ver - y much fur - ther to go.
us though aged and gray, Not ver - y much fur - ther to go.
ing, that crown you shall wear, Not ver - y much fur - ther to go.

NOT MUCH FURTHER TO GO. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Journeying homeward, oh, how sweet, Friends and kindred there to meet;

Journeying homeward, is it so? We have not very much further to go.

No. 69. SOUND THE TRUTH ABROAD.

1. Sound, sound the truth abroad! Bear ye the word of God Thro' the wide world;
2. Far o - ver sea and land, Go, at your Lord's command, Bear ye His name;

{ Tell what our Lord has done, } { Tell how the day is won, } Tell from his lofty throne Sa - tan is hurled,

{ Bear it to every shore, } { Regions unknown explore, } En - ter at every door, Si-lence is shame.

No. 70. THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

T. W. Harrison.

1. Oh, sing of that beautiful land! Where life ev - er - lasting will
2. In visions my soul has been cheered By the rays of that heavenly
3. The joys of that land never fade, The flow - ers are ev - er in

be, Where with crown, and with palms in your hand, From the world and its cares set
light; The darkness of night disappeared For the beams of that world so
bloom; No sor-row that land can invade, For it lies just beyond the

free. Oh, sing of that beautiful land! A land that no mortal hath
bright. Its beauties forever are new; Its treasures are fadeless and
tomb. Oh, when will our spirits ascend, To dwell in that beautiful

seen, So far from this earthly strand, The river of death flows be-
pure, Its skies of ce-les - tial hue, Its inmates alone are se-
clime! Where pleasures will never end, Be-yond the dark sorrows of

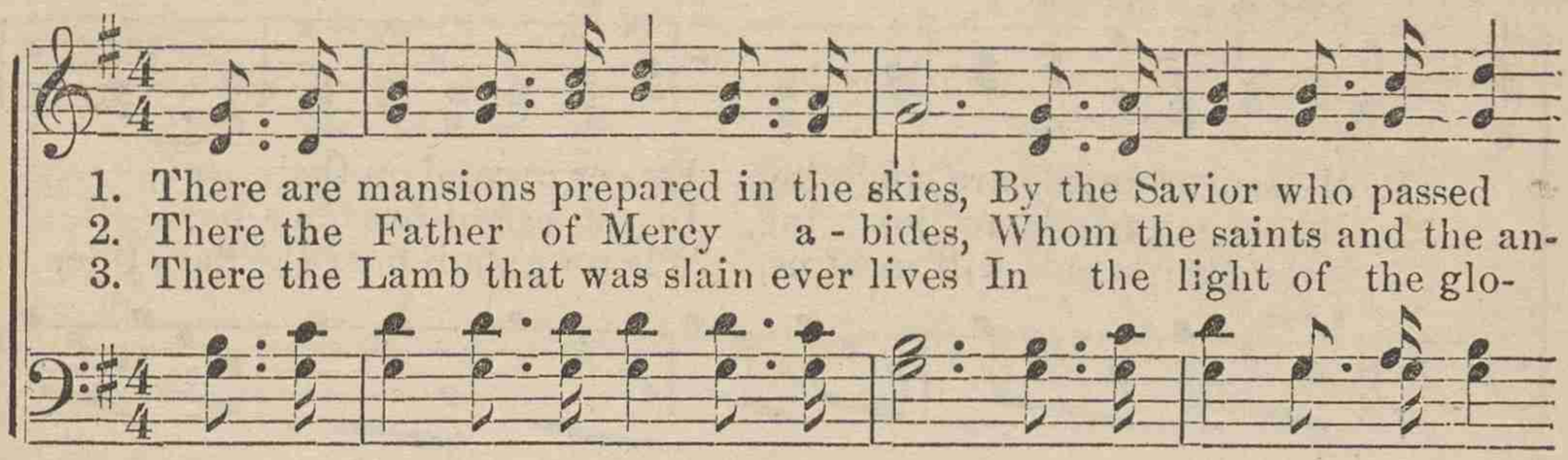
tween, So far from this earthly strand, The river of death rolls between.
cure, Its skies of ce-les - tial hue, Its inmates alone are secure.
time, Where pleasures will never end, Beyond the dark sorrows of time.

From "Fresh Garlands," by permission.

No. 71. HEAVENLY MANSIONS.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John 14 : 2.

L. H. JAMESON. KNOWLES SHAW.



No. 72. MESSENGER ANGELS.

"Are they not all ministering spirits."—Heb. 1: 14.

Arranged. C. FREDENMONT.

SOLO or DUET.

1. Messenger angels are sing - ing, Ev - er around on their way,
2. Messenger angels re - joic - ing, In yon bright heaven a-bove,
3. Messenger angels will meet us, When we shall near the dark tide,

Inst.

Joy - ful-ly, si-lent-ly bring - ing Gifts from the bright realms of day.
O - ver poor sinners re - pent - ing, Won by the dear Savior's love.
And by their presence will cheer us, Death's chilling waters divide.

Guarding the couch of the friendless, Bringing the sufferer rest,
Tell - ing the wonderful sto - ry, Shouting with saints round the throne,
Yes, they will sing us a wel - come, To the bright home of the blest,

Pointing to joys that are end - less In the bright land of the blest.
Giv - ing to Je-sus the glo - ry, Glo - ry to Je-sus a - lone.
And we shall join in the cho - rus, Where we're forever at rest.

CHORUS. By K. SHAW.

Mes - - - - sen - ger an - - - - - gels

Mes - sen - ger an - gels are joy - ful - ly sing - ing, Yes,

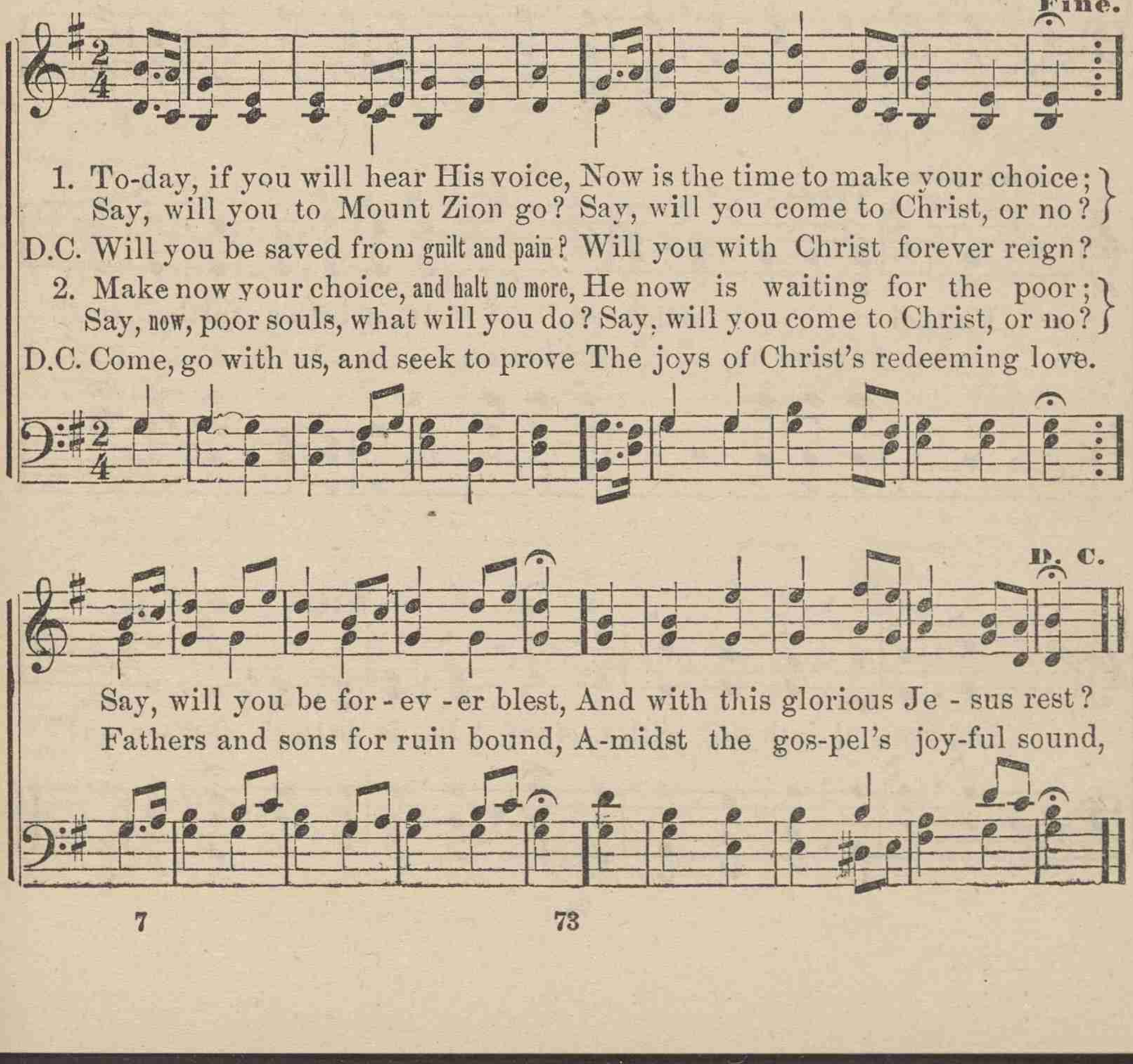
By permission of JOHN CHURCH & Co., owners of copyright.

MESSENGER ANGELS. Concluded.





No. 73. COME TO-DAY.



No. 74. BETTER FURTHER ON.

"The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—Prov. 4 : 18.

JOSEPH PARKER, D. D. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. Hope is singing, sweetly singing; Singing in an under-tone;
2. Night and day it sings the same song, Sings it while I sit alone;
3. Sits upon the grave and sings it, Sings it when the heart would groan;
4. Further on—but how much further? Count the mile-stones one by one?
5. Beyond the vale, beyond the shadows, Shines the ever-last-ing sun;

Sing-ing as if God had taught it, "It is better further on."
Sings it so the heart would hear it, "It is better further on."
Sings it when the shadows darken, "It is better further on."
No, not counting—on-ly trusting, "It is better further on."
Walk by faith a-mid the darkness; "It is better further on."

CHORUS.

Cres.

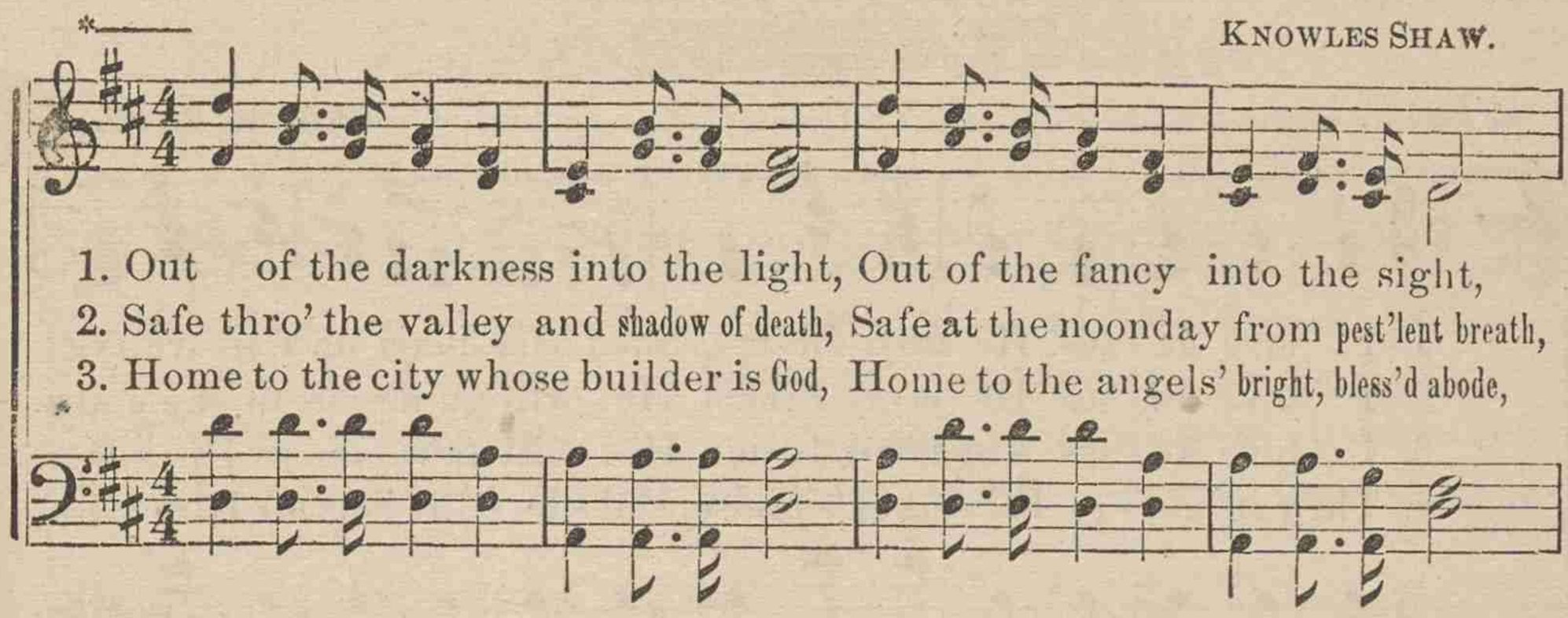
Further on, further on, "It is better further on."
Further on, further on,

Rit.

Oh, my soul doth sing with rapture, "It is better further on!"

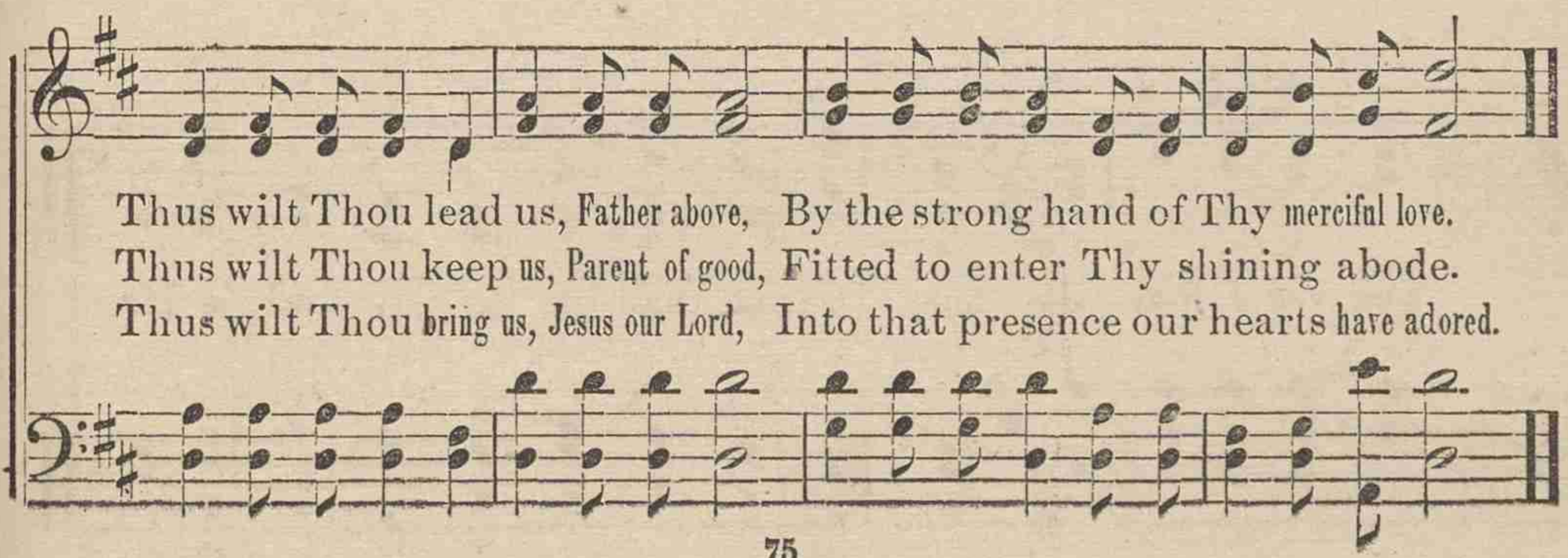
No. 75. OUT OF THE DARKNESS.

KNOWLES SHAW.









No. 76. I LOVE JESUS.

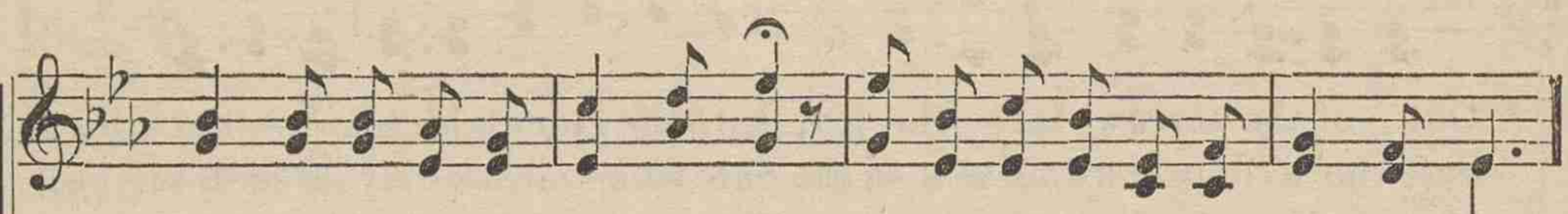
"If ye love me, keep my commandments."—John 14 : 15.

K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.



1. I love Je - sus, He died for me, Shed His blood on Cal - va-ry;
2. I love Je - sus, He is my Friend, He will guide me to the end;
3. I love Je - sus, When death shall come He will take me to His home;
4. Then in glo - ry I'll sing His praise, Hal - le - lu - jahs to Him raise;





I will follow Him day by day, Follow wherever He leads the way.
He my Leader, my all shall be, Dearer than life to my soul is He.
Crown and robe and a palm He'll give, Ever with Jesus in heaven I'll live.
Hon-or, riches, dominion, power, Be to the Savior for ev - er-more.



CHORUS.



Yes, yes I love Je - sus, He my Lead-er, my all shall be;



Yes, yes I love Je - sus, Dear-er than life to my soul is He.



No. 77. REMEMBER ME.

"Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom."—Luke 23: 42.

*—. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. Je - sus, Thou art the sinner's Friend, As such I come to Thee;
2. Re - member Thy pure word of grace, Re - member Cal - va - ry;
3. Thou mighty Ad - vo - cate with God! I yield my - self to Thee;

Now, in the fullness of Thy love, O Lord, remember me.
Re - member all Thy promis - es, And then remember me.
While Thou art sitting on Thy throne, O Lord, remember me.

even me.

CHORUS.

1–3. Re-member me! re-mem-ber me! O Lord, remem-ber me!

even me.

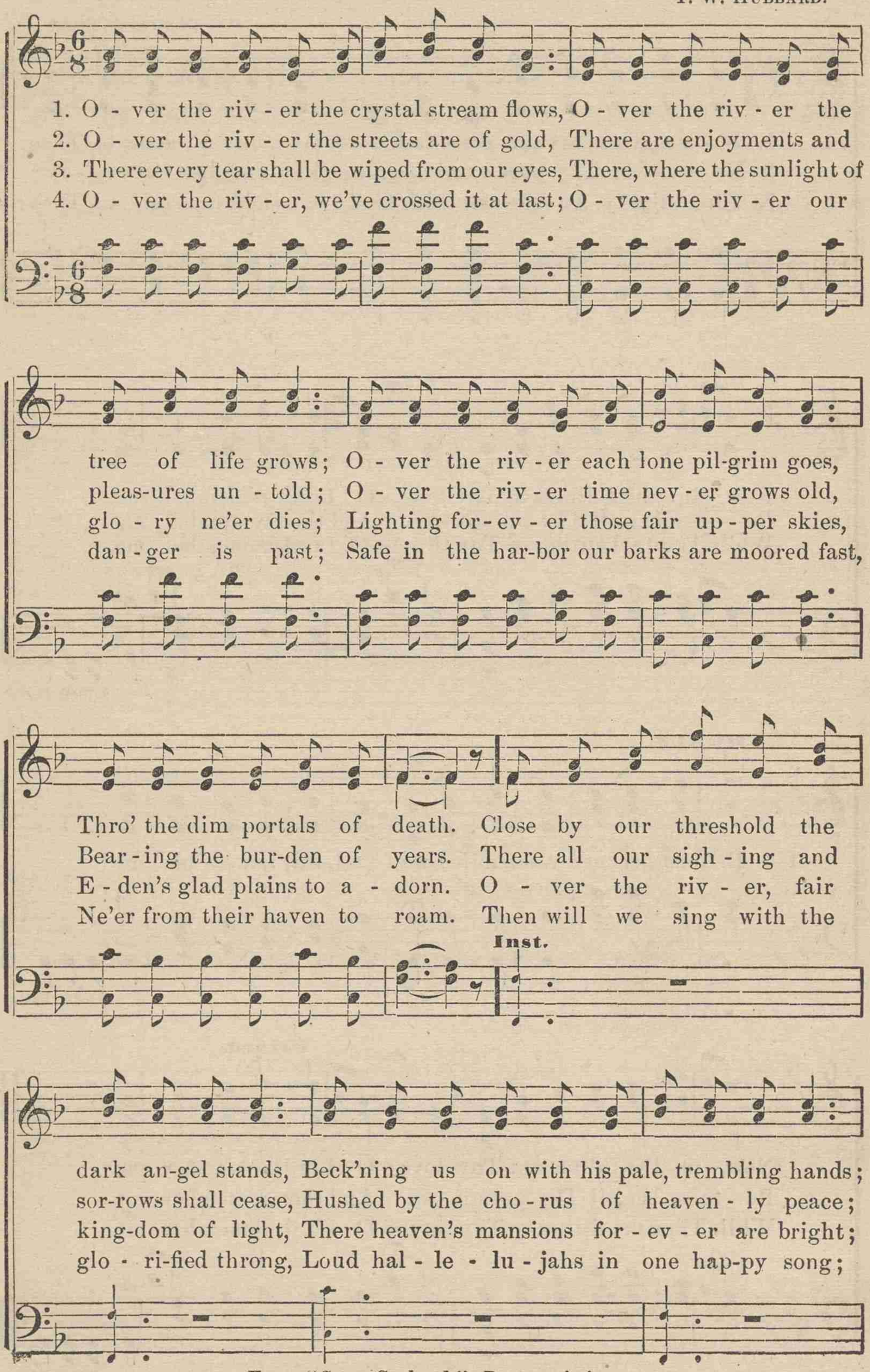
Ritard.

Now, in the fullness of Thy love, O Lord, remember me.
Re - mem-ber all Thy promis - es, And then remember me.
While Thou art sitting on Thy throne, O Lord, remember me.

even me.

No. 78. OVER THE RIVER.

T. W. HUBBARD.

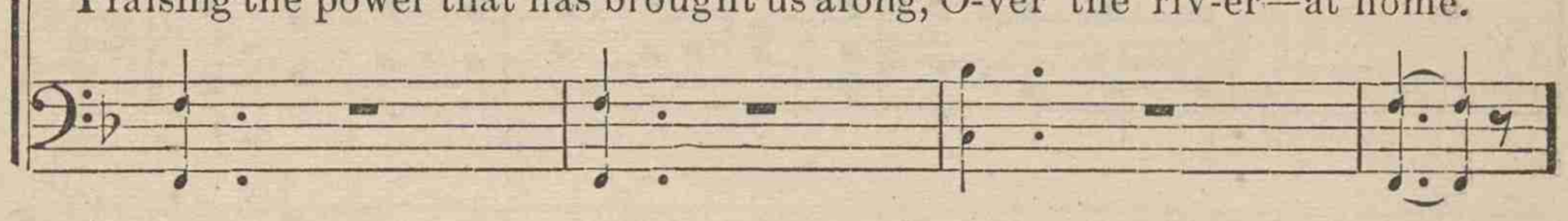


From "Song Garland." By permission.

OVER THE RIVER. Concluded.



Chilling our hearts with the cold icy bands, Stealing each quivering breath.
O - ver the river, thrice hap-py re-lease, We shall be free from our fears.
O - ver the river there com-eth no night, Long is e - ter-ni-ty's morn.
Praising the power that has brought us along, O-ver the riv-er—at home.



CHORUS.



Over the river the streets are of gold, There are enjoyments and pleasures untold;



Over the river time never grows old, Bearing his burden of years.

No. 79. OLD HUNDRED.



Praise God, ye heavenly hosts above, Praise Him, all creatures of His love;



Praise Him each morning, noon, and night, Praise Him with holy, sweet delight.

No. 80. WAITING AT THE DOOR.

MRS. KATE M. REASONER. T. C. O'KANE.

SOPRANO SOLO. Ad lib.

1. I am waiting for the Mas-ter, Who will rise and bid me come
2. Many a weary path I've traveled In the darkest storm and strife,
3. Many friends have traveled with me, Reached that portal long a - go;
4. Yes, their pilgrimage was shorter, And their triumphs sooner won;

To the glo - ry of His presence, To the gladness of His home.
Bearing many a heavy bur-den, Oft-en struggling for my life.
One by one they left me battling With the dark and crafty foe.
Oh, how lov-ing-ly they'll greet me When the toils of life are done.

CHORUS.

They are watch - - ing at the por-tal, They are

They are watching, they are watching at the por-tal, They are

wait ing at the door; Waiting on - - ly for my

waiting, they are waiting at the door; Waiting only, waiting on-ly for my

com - ing, All the loved . . . ones gone be - fore.

com - ing, All the loved ones, all the loved ones gone be-fore.

From "Additional Fresh Leaves," by permission.

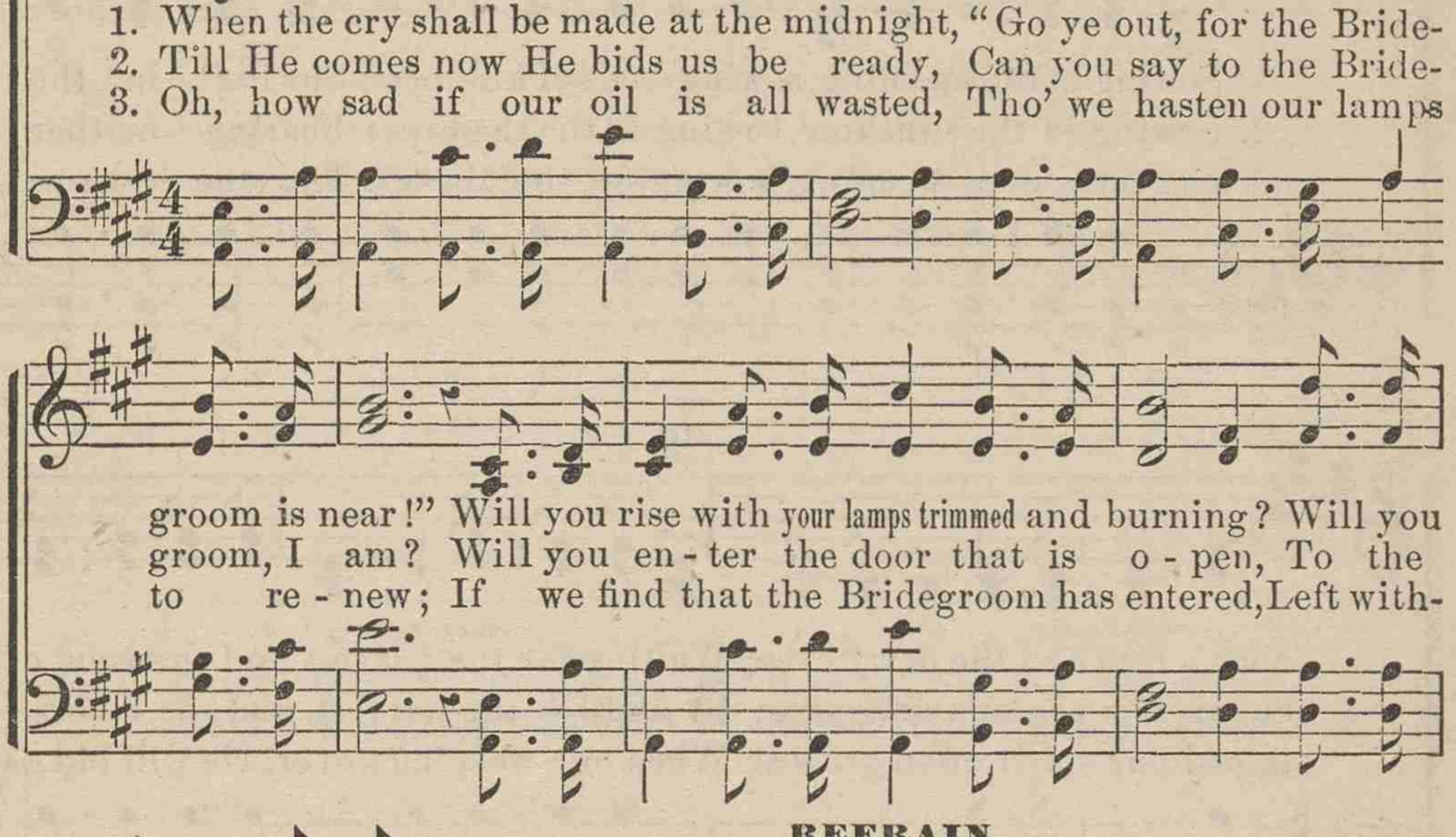
No. 81. WATCH.

"Watch therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—Matt. 24: 42.

MISS MARIANA B. SLADE. R. M. MCINTOSH.



1. When the cry shall be made at the midnight, "Go ye out, for the Bride-
2. Till He comes now He bids us be ready, Can you say to the Bride-
3. Oh, how sad if our oil is all wasted, Tho' we hasten our lamps



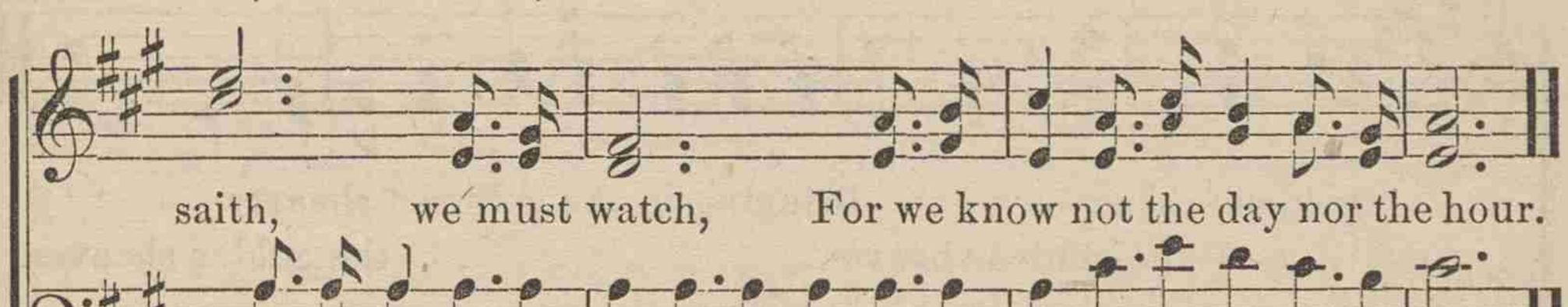
groom is near!" Will you rise with your lamps trimmed and burning? Will you
groom, I am? Will you en - ter the door that is o - pen, To the
to re - new; If we find that the Bridegroom has entered, Left with-

REFRAIN.

joy - ful - ly bid Him draw near?
dear marriage feast of the Lamb? We will watch, we will
out, then, oh, what shall we do?



We will watch, ev - er
watch, Till the Bridegroom shall come in his power; Je - sus
watch, we will watch,



saith, we must watch, For we know not the day nor the hour.
Jesus saith, we must watch, ever watch,

No. 82. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

"He shall come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Ps, 126 : 6.

K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.



1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness; Sowing in the
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows; Fearing neither
3. Go, then, even weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sus-





noon - tide and the dewy eves; Waiting for the harvest and the time of
clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, and the labors
tained our spirit often grieves; When our weeping's over, He will bid us



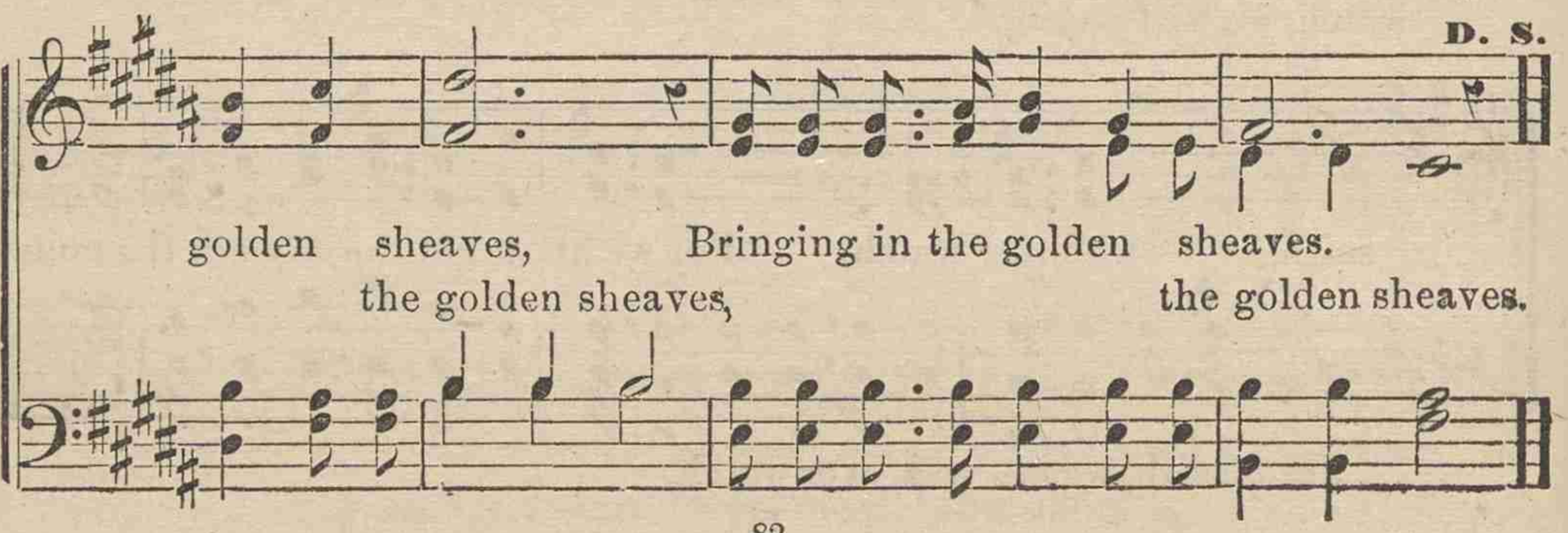
D. S. *Waiting for the harvest and the time of*



reaping, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
ended, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the
welcome, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.



reaping, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.



golden sheaves, Bringing in the golden sheaves.
the golden sheaves, the golden sheaves.

No. 83. OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.

"Render to no man evil for evil."—Ro. 12 : 17.

K. Shaw. Knowles Shaw.

1. { Like Da-vid with Saul, who had sought for his life, Let us
   { Would we conquer our foes 'mid the din and the strife, We must
2. { When our hearts are oppressed by a wrong that was done, Let us
   { If we're injured, in-sult-ed, oh! quickly we'll run, And
3. { If de-sert-ed by friends or surrounded by foes, Let us
   { And trust for our strength in the Savior who knows How to

1st time. 2d time.

o-vercome e-vil with good;

. . . . . o-vercome e-vil with good.

o-vercome e-vil with good;

. . . . . o-vercome e-vil with good.

o-vercome e-vil with good;

. . . . . o-vercome e-vil with good.

CHORUS.

Overcome evil with good, brother; Overcome e-vil with good; 'Tis

human to err; di-vine to forgive; Then overcome evil with good.

No. 84. WHEN OUR WAYS,

"When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh his enemies to be at peace with him."—Prov. 16:7.

K. Shaw. Knowles Shaw.

1st time. 2d time.

1. By and by our foes we'll conquer, If our ways please the Lord;
Triumph, too, in each encounter, If our ways . . . please the Lord;
2. We must wear the Christian armor, If our ways please the Lord;
We must fight like men of valor, If our ways . . . please the Lord;
3. We shall reign with Him in glory, If our ways please the Lord;
We shall tell the wondrous story, If our ways . . . please the Lord;

Why, then, should we be retreating? Let each heart with hope be beating,
Take the helmet of sal - va-tion, Faith your shield in every station,
Onward, then, His banner o'er us; See our foes shall fall be - fore us;

Wait - ing for the Master's greeting, If our ways please the Lord.
Pub - lish Christ to every nation, If our ways please the Lord.
We shall join the mighty chorus, If our ways please the Lord.

CHORUS. *ff*

Sing the song of vic - to - ry; Sing the

Sing the song of vic - to - ry, of vic - to - ry;

song . . of vic-to - ry; We shall praise . . him

Sing the song of victory, of victory; We shall praise Him by and by;

WHEN OUR WAYS. Concluded.

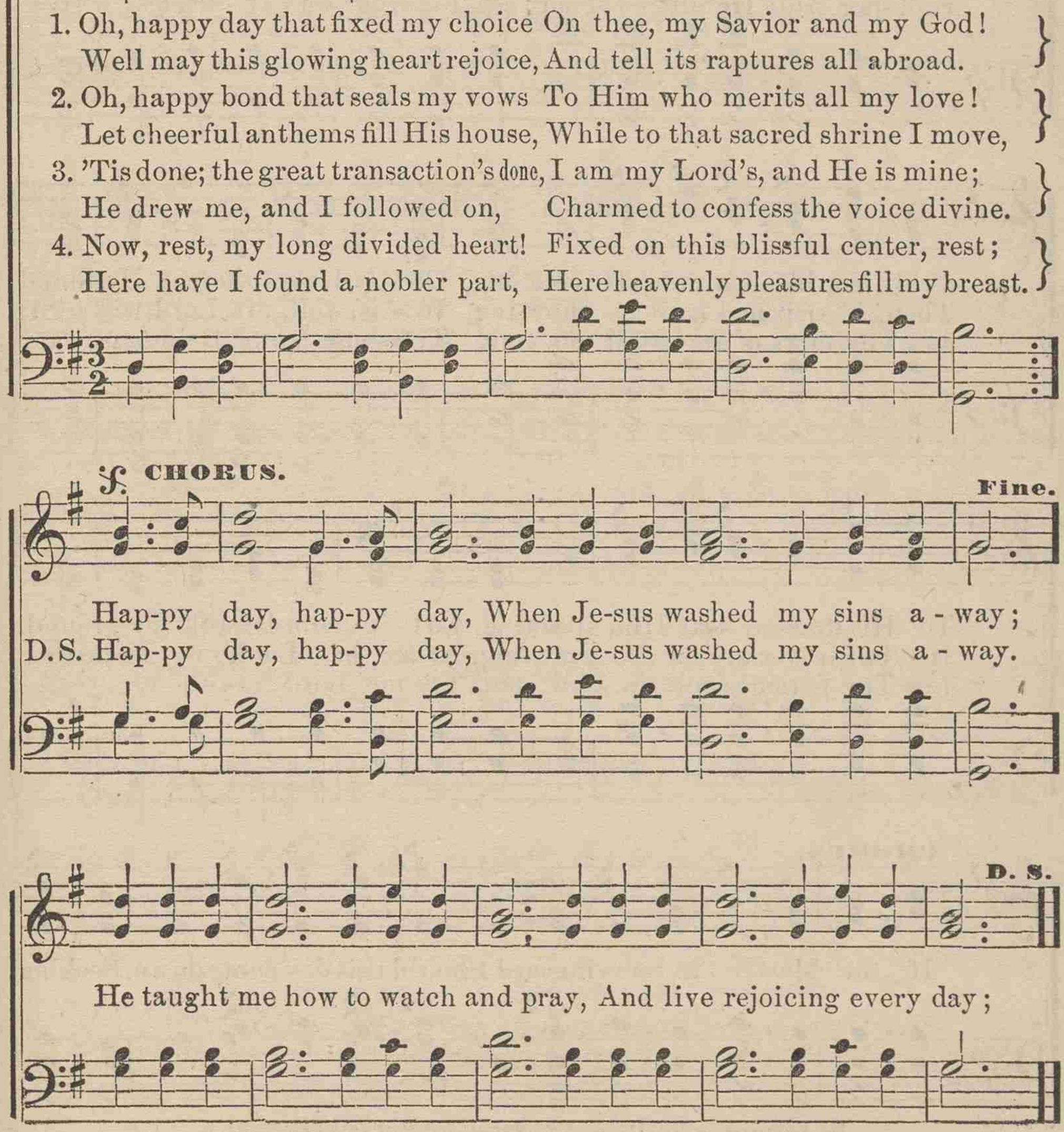


Yes, we'll praise him by and by, If our ways, if our ways please the Lord.

No. 85. HAPPY DAY.



1. Oh, happy day that fixed my choice On thee, my Savior and my God!
   Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad.
2. Oh, happy bond that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love!
   Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move,
3. 'Tis done; the great transaction's done, I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
   He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine.
4. Now, rest, my long divided heart! Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
   Here have I found a nobler part, Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.



No. 86. THE BARREN FIG-TREE.

Read Luke 13: 6–9.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. In the vineyard of the Mas-ter, There was growing once a tree;
Thither came He, oft-en hop-ing That some fruit thereon might be.
Fruit, not blossom, went He seek-ing, On-ly leaves thereon He found;
To His dresser, hear Him speaking, Lo! it cum-ber-eth the ground.

2. But the dresser then made answer, Leave it, Lord, an-oth-er year;
I with care will tend and keep it Till the bud and bloom ap-pear;
Then, if ripened fruit be show-ing, It is well, my Lord will own;
If but leaves are on it grow-ing, Af-ter that, Lord, cut it down.

3. In the vineyard of my Mas-ter, Oft my tree His patience tries;
Seek-ing fruit He oft-en com-eth, Finding on-ly useless leaves.
Let Thy dews of grace fall on me, Till some fruits divine ap-pear;
Let Thy patience rest up-on me, Try me, Lord, an-oth-er year.

CHORUS.

If the Master to our vineyard Should this day come down, Seeking,

By permission of R. M. MCINTOSH, owner of copyright.

THE BARREN FIG-TREE. Concluded.





No. 87. WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD.





3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with zeal from above.

No. 88. IF WE KNEW.

MRS. E. H. GATES. T. C. O'KANE.

SOLO or QUARTET.

1. If we knew, when walking tho'tless Thro' the crowded, noi - sy way,
2. If we knew, when genius struggled Thro' the weary nights and days,
3. If we knew, when friends around us Close-ly press to say "Good-by,"
4. If we knew, a - las! and do we Ev - er care or seek to know,

That some pearl of wondrous whiteness Close be-side our pathway lay,
Sigh - ing for some word of com-fort, Lit - tle word of hope and praise;
Which among the lips that kiss us, First should 'neath the daisies lie,
Whe-ther bit - ter herbs or ro - ses In our neighbor's garden grow?

We would pause, when now we hasten, We would often look a-round,
Boughs of palm, and leaves of laurel We would place within their hands,
We would throw our arms around them, Looking on them thro' our tears;
Bet - ter far along life's pathway, Keep this golden rule in view,

Ritard.

Lest our careless feet should trample Some rare jew-el in the ground.
Little deeds with pleasant meanings, Hungry hearts can un - der-stand.
Ten - der words of love e - ter - nal, We would whisper in their ears.
"You should always care for others, As you'd have them care for you."

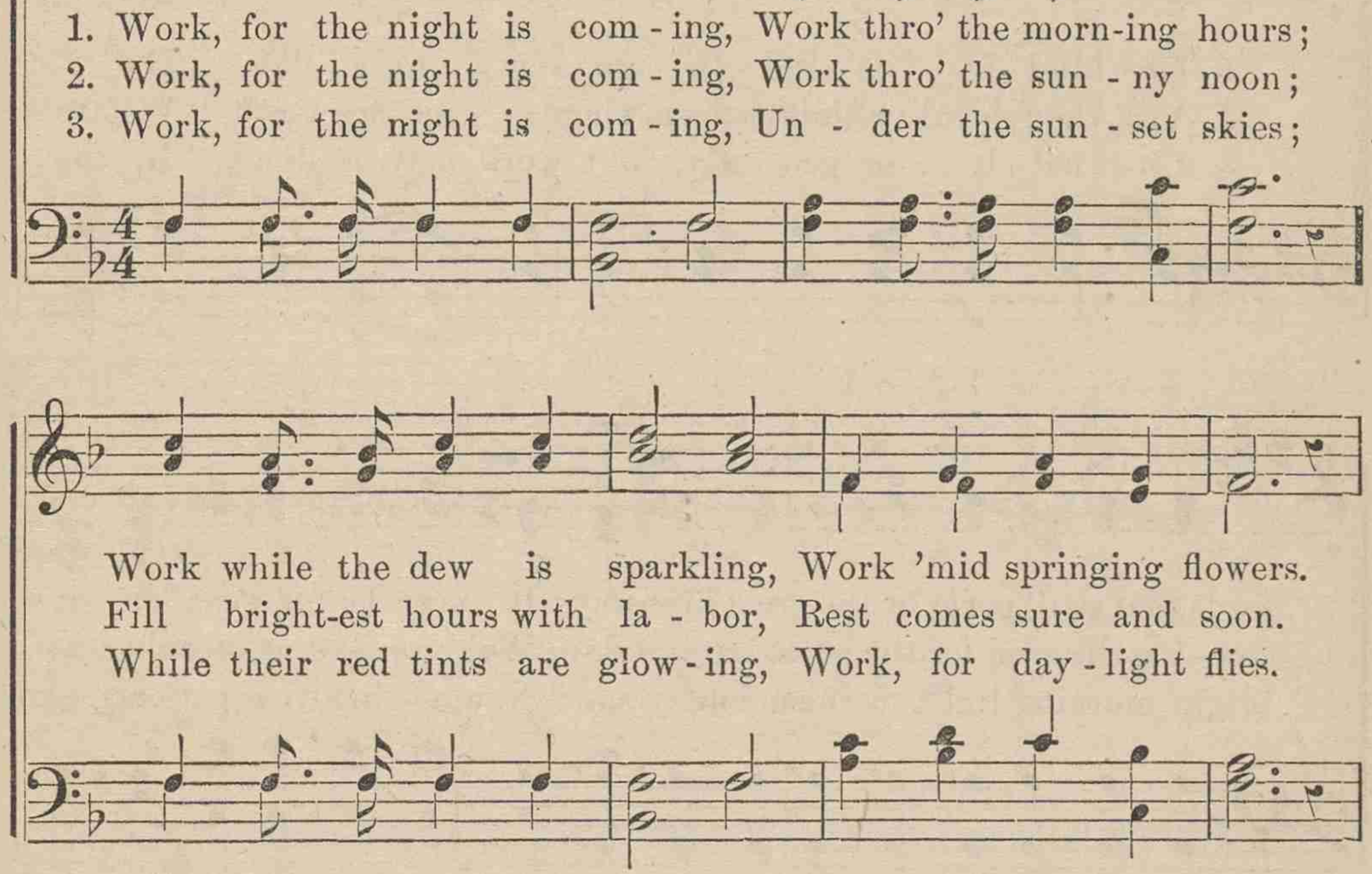
From "Additional Fresh Leaves," by permission.

No. 89. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

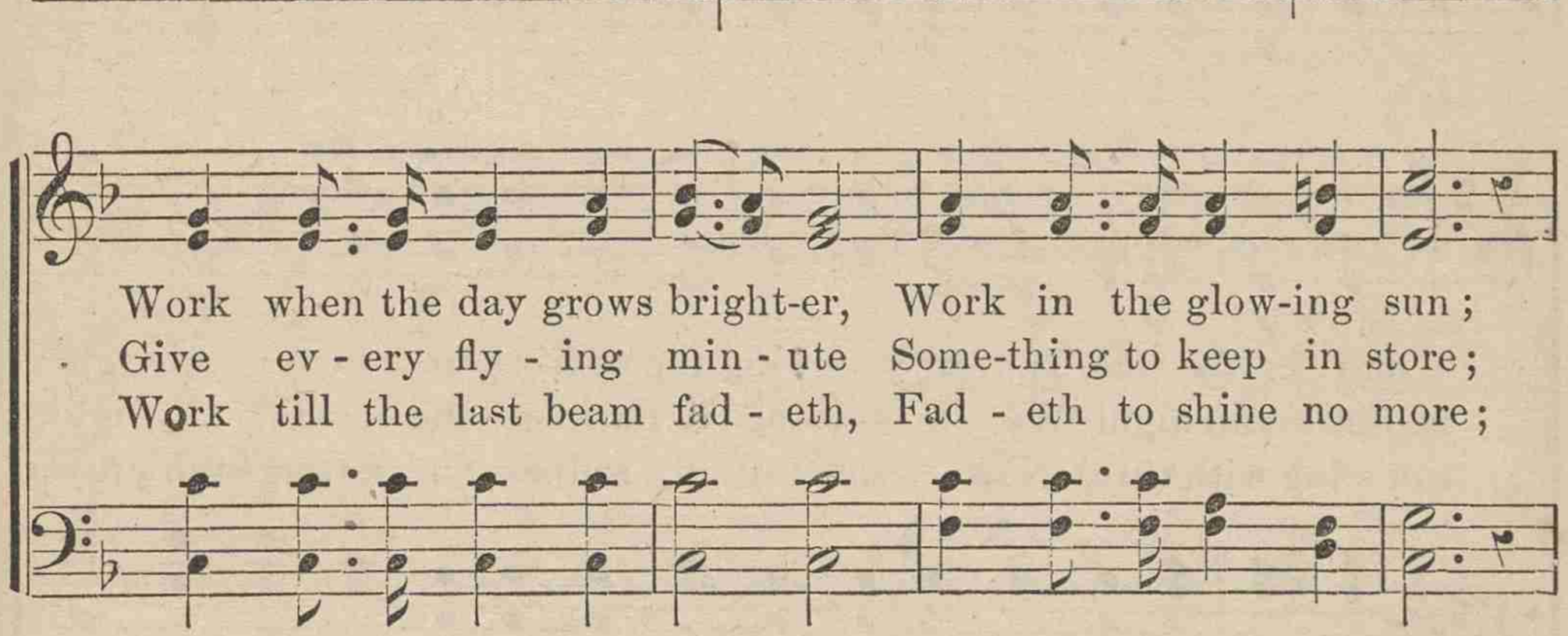
"The night cometh, when no man can work."—John 9: 4.



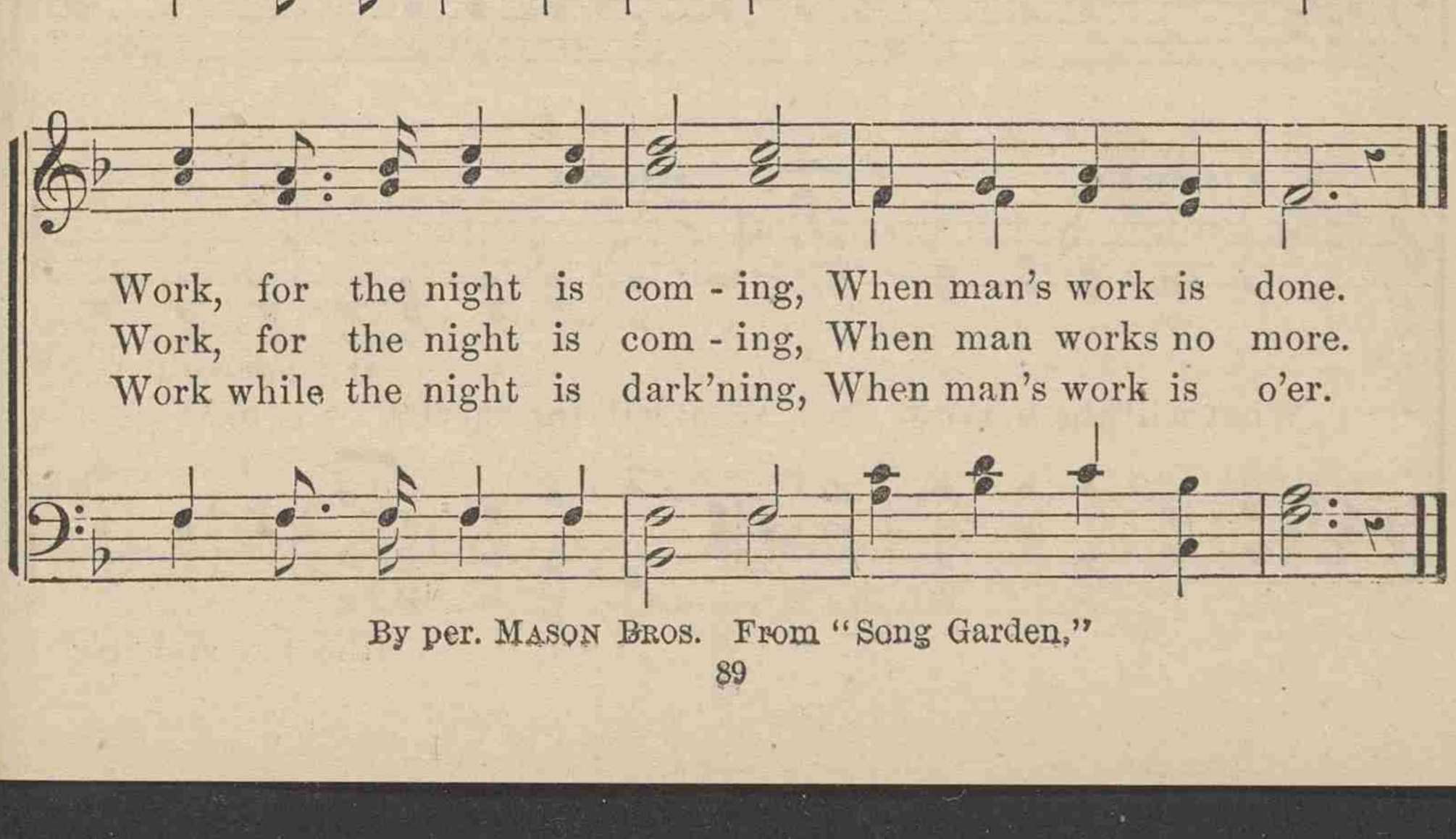
1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;



Work while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flowers.
Fill bright-est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon.
While their red tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies.



Work when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun;
Give ev - ery fly - ing min - ute Some-thing to keep in store;
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;



Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

By per. MASON BROS. From "Song Garden,"

No. 90. WHAT WILL THE HARVEST BE.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."—Ps. 126: 5.

MRS. J. P. HILLS. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Un - kind - ly or kind - ly we sow to - day, The
2. Yea, thoughtful or thoughtless, wherev - er we stray, We are
3. Un - kind - ly or gen - tly, our work may be done, In the

seeds that shall germ by the great highway; It may be for weal, or it
sow - ing the seed for the great harvest day; We're sowing at morning, at
bright morning light, or the noonday sun; Now sowing with patience and

may be for woe, That we're sowing the seed whereso-ev - er we go.
noontide and night, We are sow-ing in darkness and sow-ing in light.
sow - ing with care, Now sow-ing in sadness and sowing with prayer.

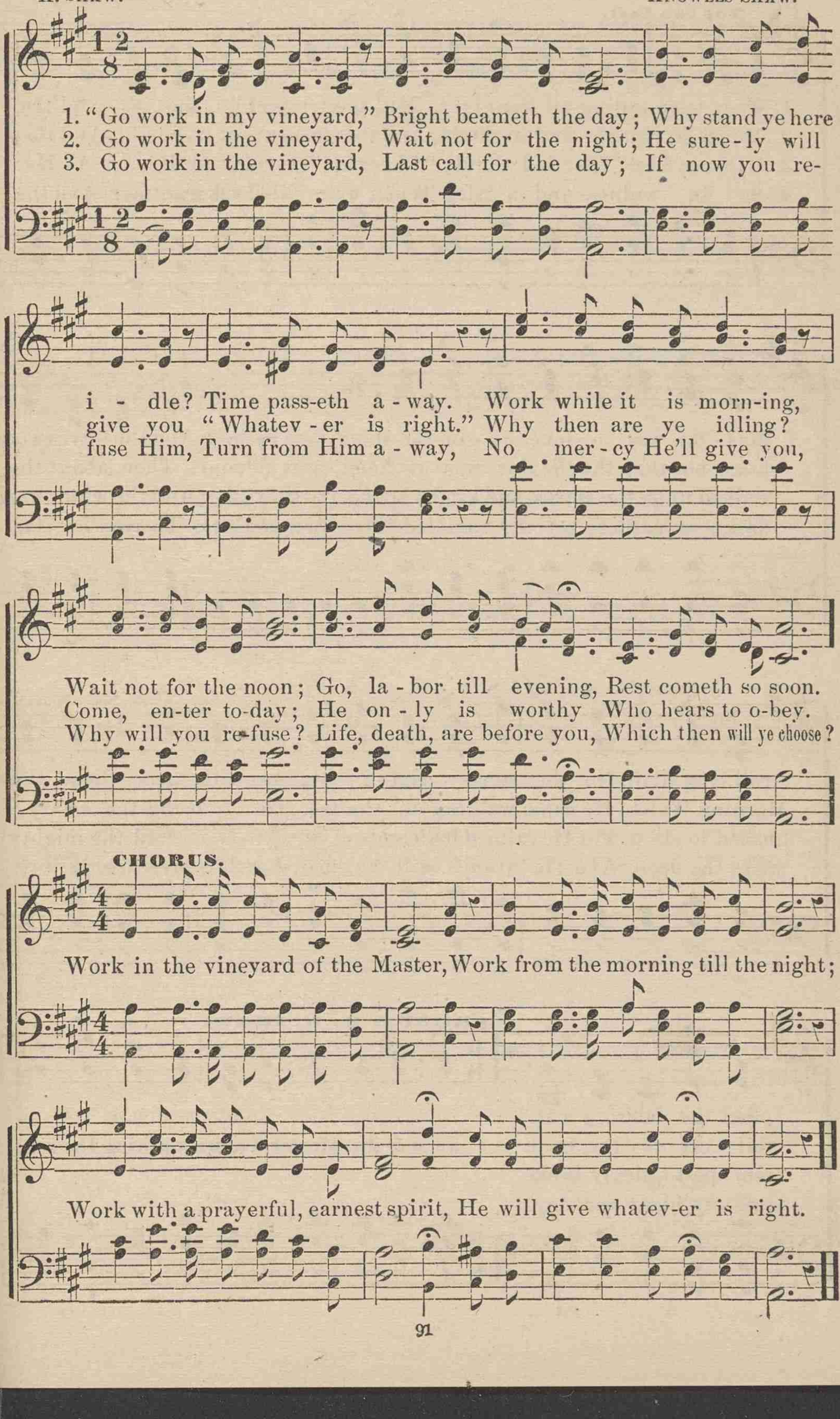
CHORUS. **Ritard.**

What will the harvest be? What will the harvest be?
the har-vest be?
the har-vest be?

No. 91. GO WORK IN MY VINEYARD.

"And whatsoever is right I will give you."—Matt. 20: 4.

K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.



No. 92. JESUS ON THE SEA.

"He cometh unto them, walking upon the sea."—Mark 6 : 48.

JAMES CHALLEN. JAMES CHALLEN.

Not too fast.

1. They were toiling all the night, 'Mid the tempest on the sea, And the
2. When in danger and in doubt, And the storm was at its height, And they
3. "Do not fear," He cried aloud; "Cheer up," friends, "for it is I;" As He
4. So in sadness and in grief, When we're filled with anxious fear, And the

Mas - ter was a - lone up - on the shore, (upon the shore); And the waves were
knew not that the Savior was at hand, (was at hand); Then about the
walked upon the waves, and kindly spoke, (and kindly spoke); And the winds were
darkness gathers on thy troubled way, (thy troubled way); 'Tis thy Sav-ior

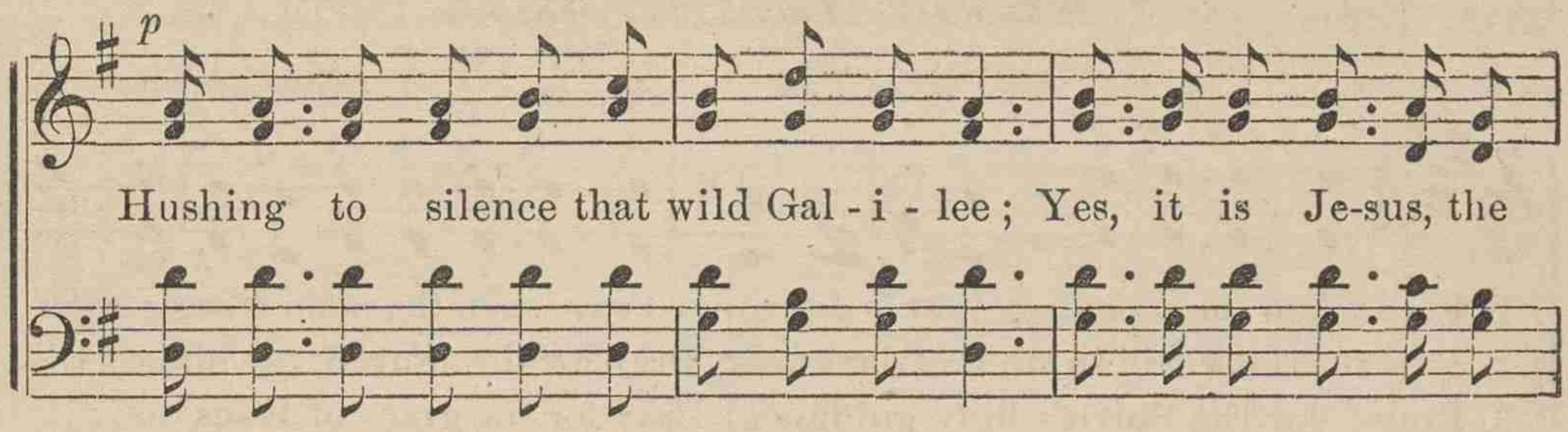
roll - ing high, On the stormy Gal - i - lee, As with weary hand they
Morning Watch, He came walking on the sea, To bring the weary
hushed to sleep, For He calmed both sea and sky, At His word the mighty
walks the deep, And He always will be near, For His presence is thy

CHORUS. By K. SHAW.

plied the lab'ring oar.
toil - ers to the land.
tem - pest quickly broke.
safe - ty night and day.

Je-sus, the Master, comes walking the sea,

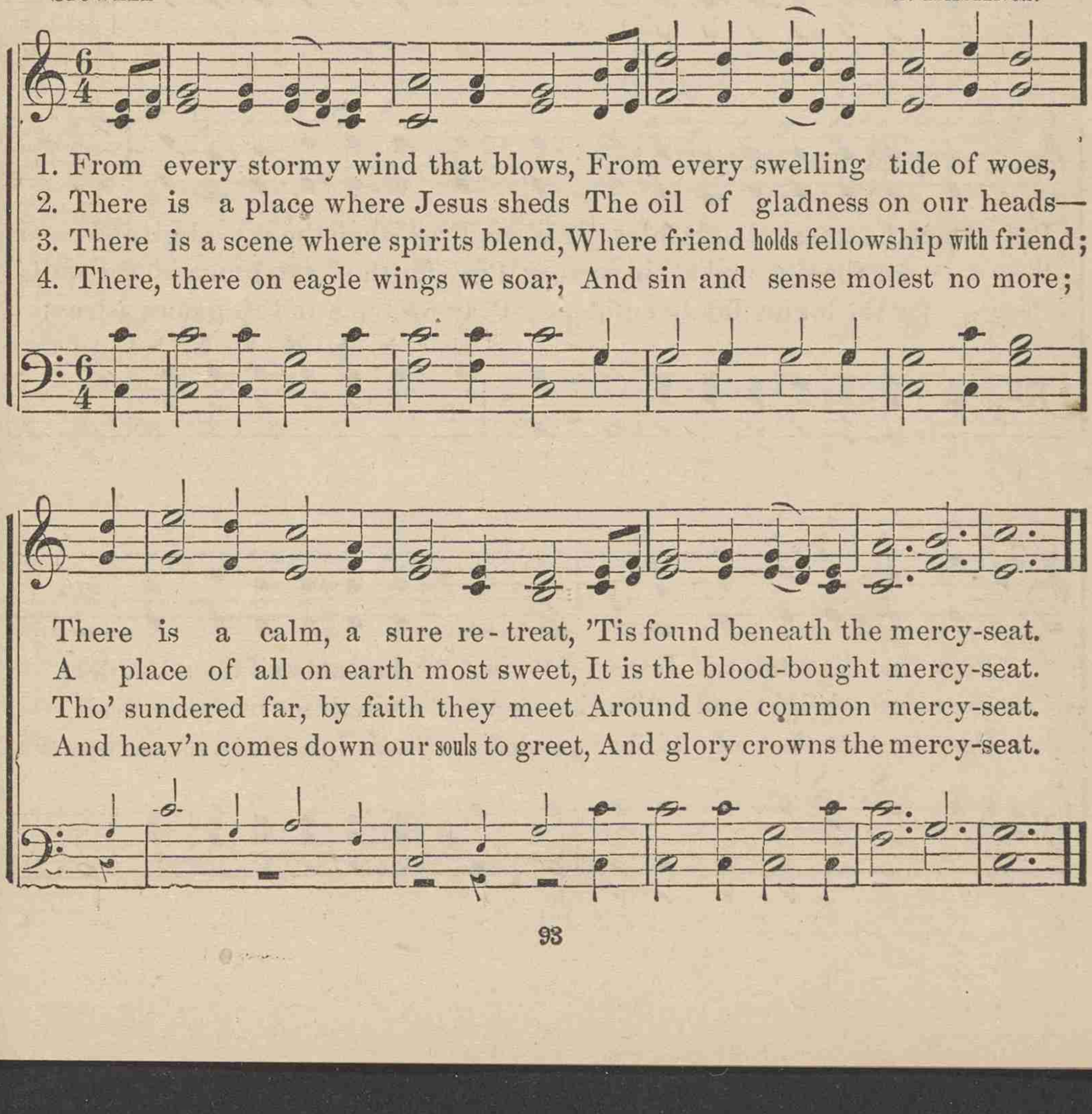
JESUS ON THE SEA. Concluded.





No. 93. FROM EVERY STORMY WIND.

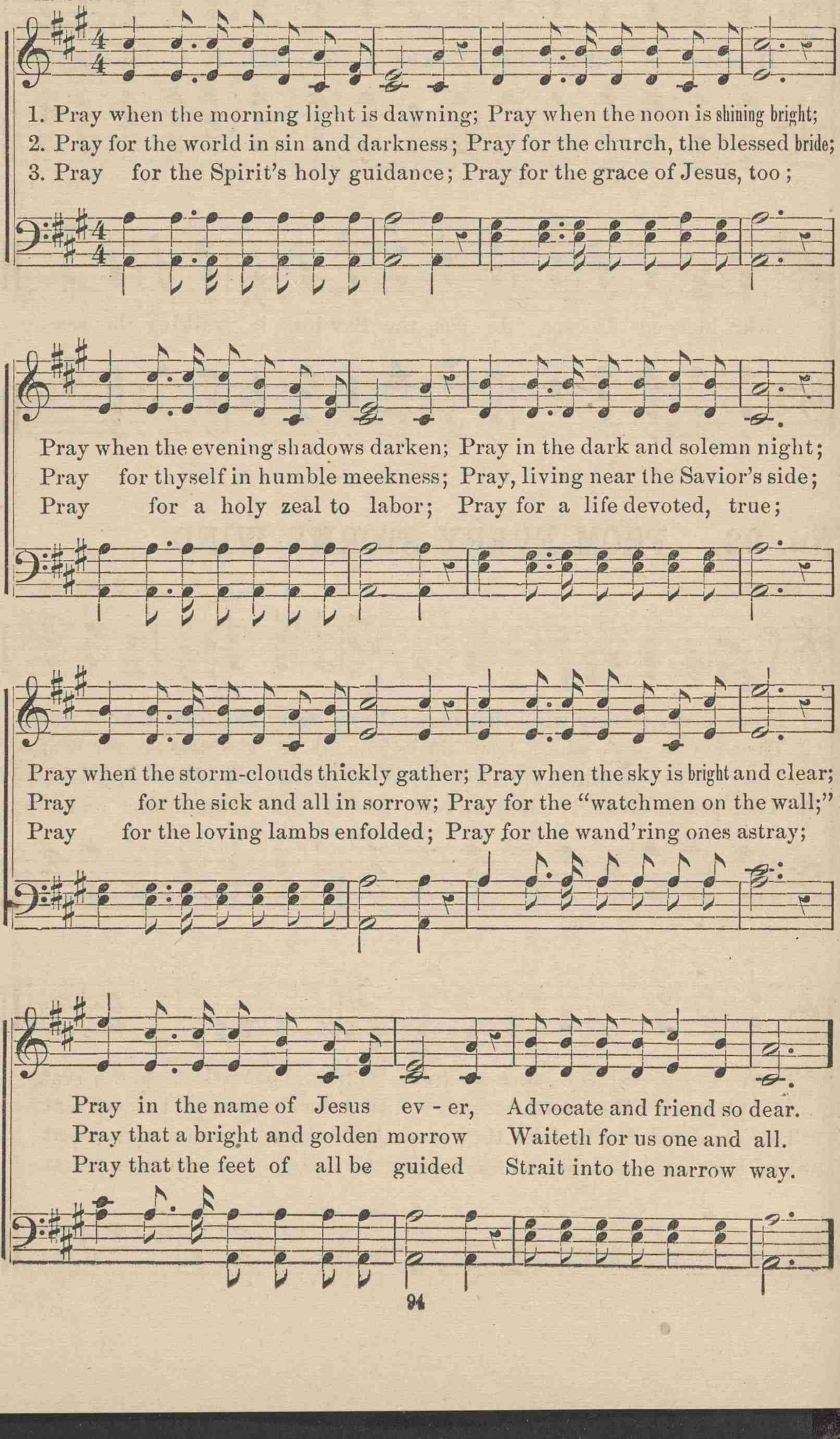
STOWELL T. HASTINGS.



No. 94. ALWAYS PRAY.

"Praying always with all prayer and supplication for all saints."—Eph. 6 : 18.

K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.



1. Pray when the morning light is dawning; Pray when the noon is shining bright;
2. Pray for the world in sin and darkness; Pray for the church, the blessed bride;
3. Pray for the Spirit's holy guidance; Pray for the grace of Jesus, too;

Pray when the evening shadows darken; Pray in the dark and solemn night;
Pray for thyself in humble meekness; Pray, living near the Savior's side;
Pray for a holy zeal to labor; Pray for a life devoted, true;

Pray when the storm-clouds thickly gather; Pray when the sky is bright and clear;
Pray for the sick and all in sorrow; Pray for the "watchmen on the wall;"
Pray for the loving lambs enfolded; Pray for the wand'ring ones astray;

Pray in the name of Jesus ev - er, Advocate and friend so dear.
Pray that a bright and golden morrow Waiteth for us one and all.
Pray that the feet of all be guided Strait into the narrow way.

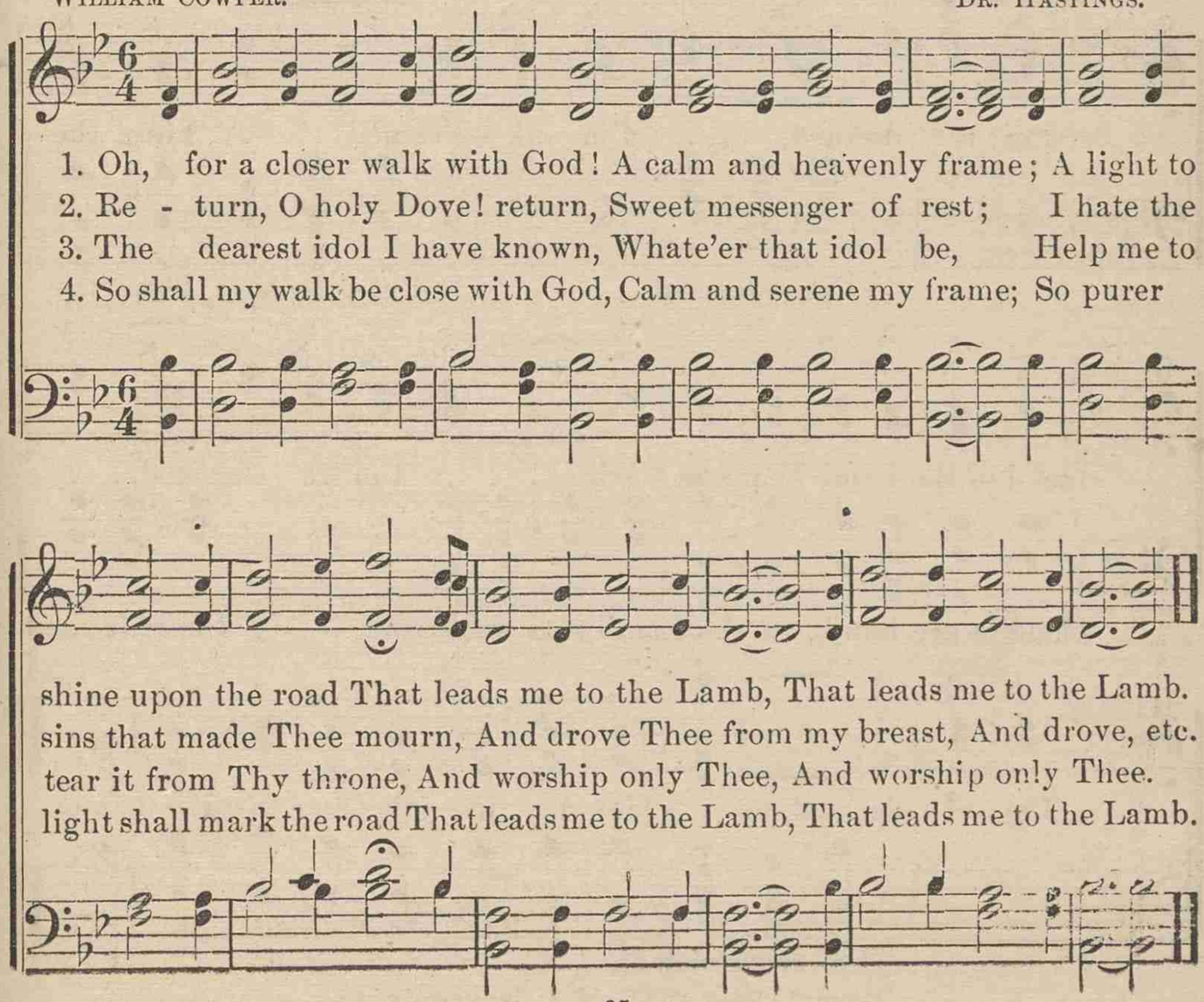
ALWAYS PRAY. Concluded.





No. 95. OH, FOR A CLOSER WALK!

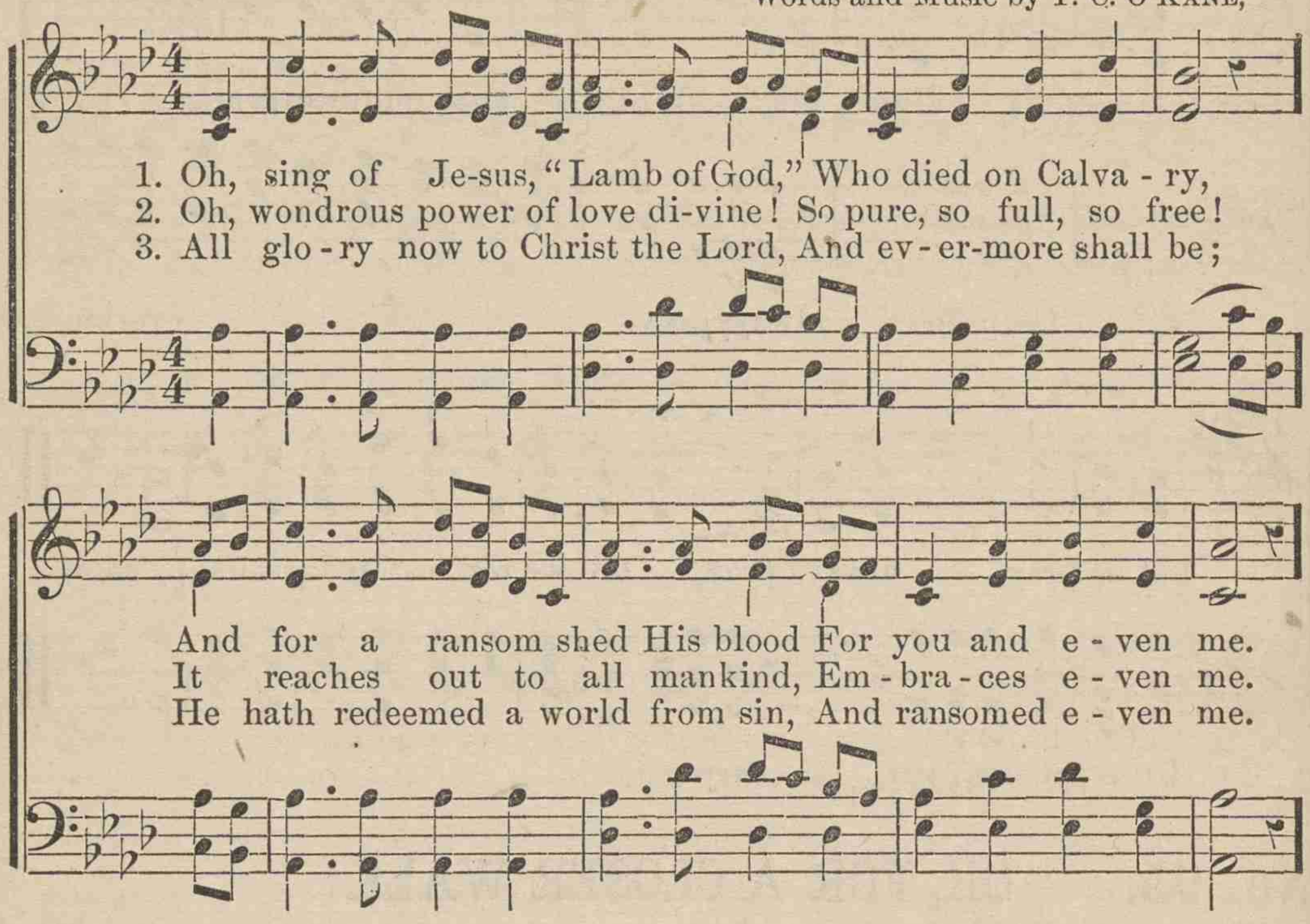
WILLIAM COWPER. DR. HASTINGS.



No. 96. REDEEMED.

"Behold the Lamb of God."

Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE,



From "Jasper and Gold." By permission.

No. 97. "IF I WERE A VOICE."

*——. KNOWLES SHAW.

SOLO. MELODY.



1. If I were a voice, a persuasive voice, That could travel this wide world
2. If I were a voice, a consoling voice, I would fly on the wings of the
3. If I were a voice, an immortal voice, That could travel this wide world



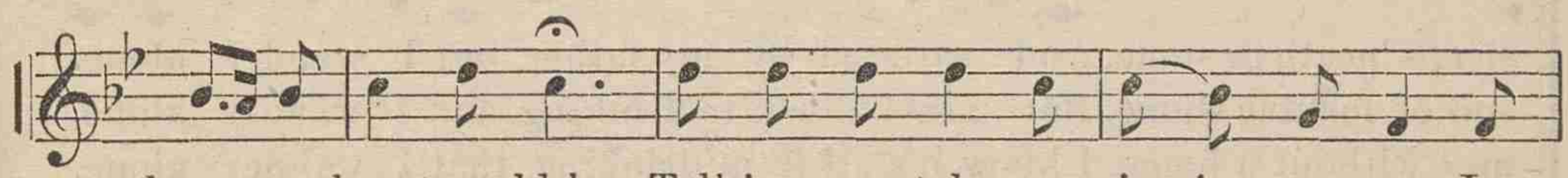
through; I would fly on the beams of the morning light, I would
air; The homes of sor-row and guilt I'd seek, And
round; Wher-ev-er man to his idols bowed, I'd



speak to men with a gentle might, I'd tell them to be true.
calm and truth-ful words I'd speak, To save them from des-pair.
publish in notes both long and loud, The gos-pel's joy-ful sound.



I would fly, I would fly o-ver land and sea, Wher-ev-er a
I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town, I'd drop like the
I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day, Proclaiming peace



hu-man heart could be; Tell-ing a tale, or sing-ing a song, In
hap-py sunbeam down In-to the hearts of suf-fer-ing men, I'd
on my world-wide way; Bidding this saddened earth re-joice, If



praise of the right, or in blame of the wrong.
teach them to look up a-gain. I would fly, . . I would
I were a voice, an im-mor-tal voice.



fly, I would fly, . . I would fly, I would fly over land and sea.

No. 98. SHIVERING IN THE COLD.

"The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty."—Prov. 23: 21.

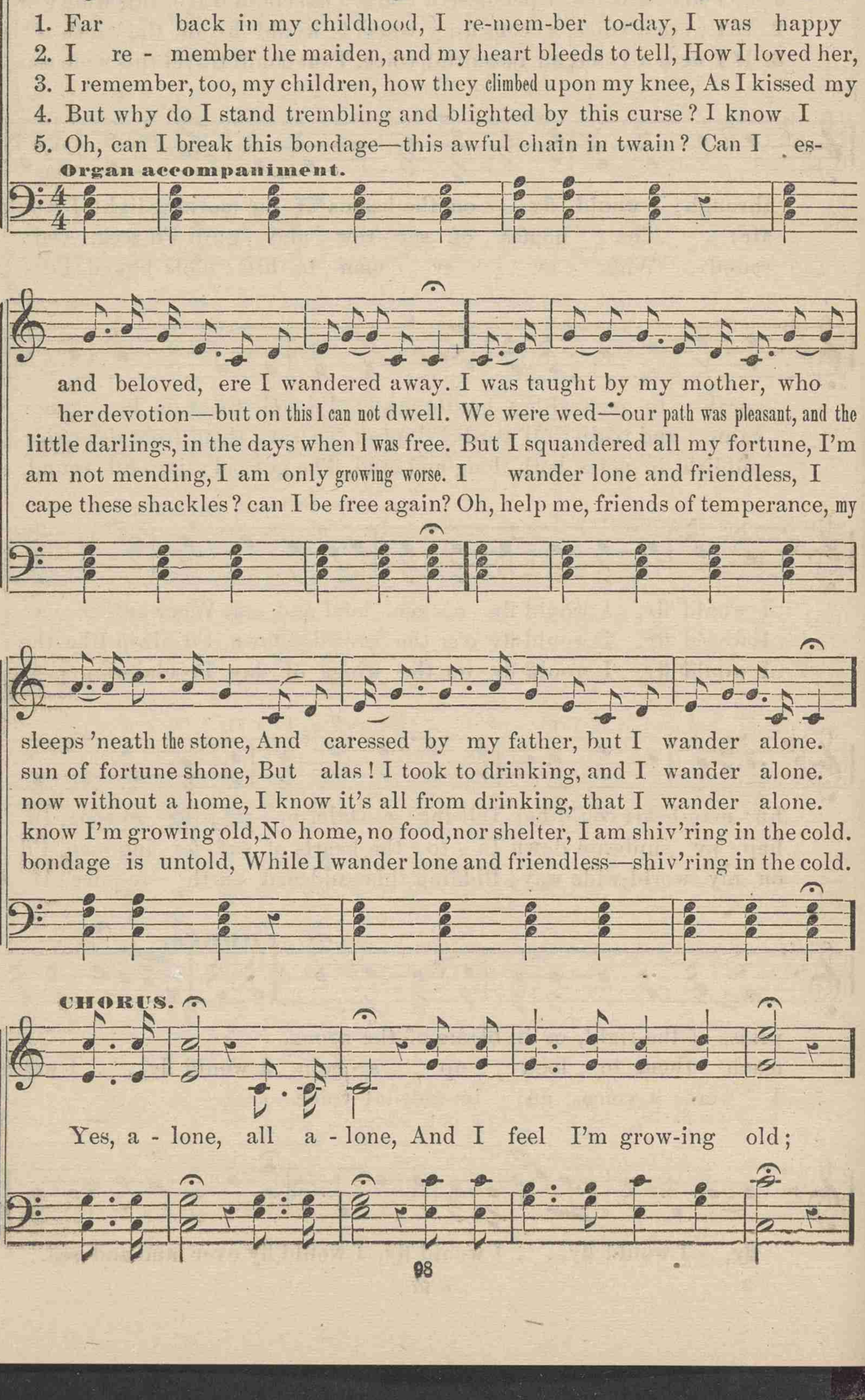
K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.

SOLO.



1. Far back in my childhood, I re-mem-ber to-day, I was happy
2. I re - member the maiden, and my heart bleeds to tell, How I loved her,
3. I remember, too, my children, how they climbed upon my knee, As I kissed my
4. But why do I stand trembling and blighted by this curse? I know I
5. Oh, can I break this bondage—this awful chain in twain? Can I es-

Organ accompaniment.



and beloved, ere I wandered away. I was taught by my mother, who
her devotion—but on this I can not dwell. We were wed—our path was pleasant, and the
little darlings, in the days when I was free. But I squandered all my fortune, I'm
am not mending, I am only growing worse. I wander lone and friendless, I
cape these shackles? can I be free again? Oh, help me, friends of temperance, my

sleeps 'neath the stone, And caressed by my father, but I wander alone.
sun of fortune shone, But alas! I took to drinking, and I wander alone.
now without a home, I know it's all from drinking, that I wander alone.
know I'm growing old, No home, no food, nor shelter, I am shiv'ring in the cold.
bondage is untold, While I wander lone and friendless—shiv'ring in the cold.

CHORUS.

Yes, a - lone, all a - lone, And I feel I'm grow-ing old;

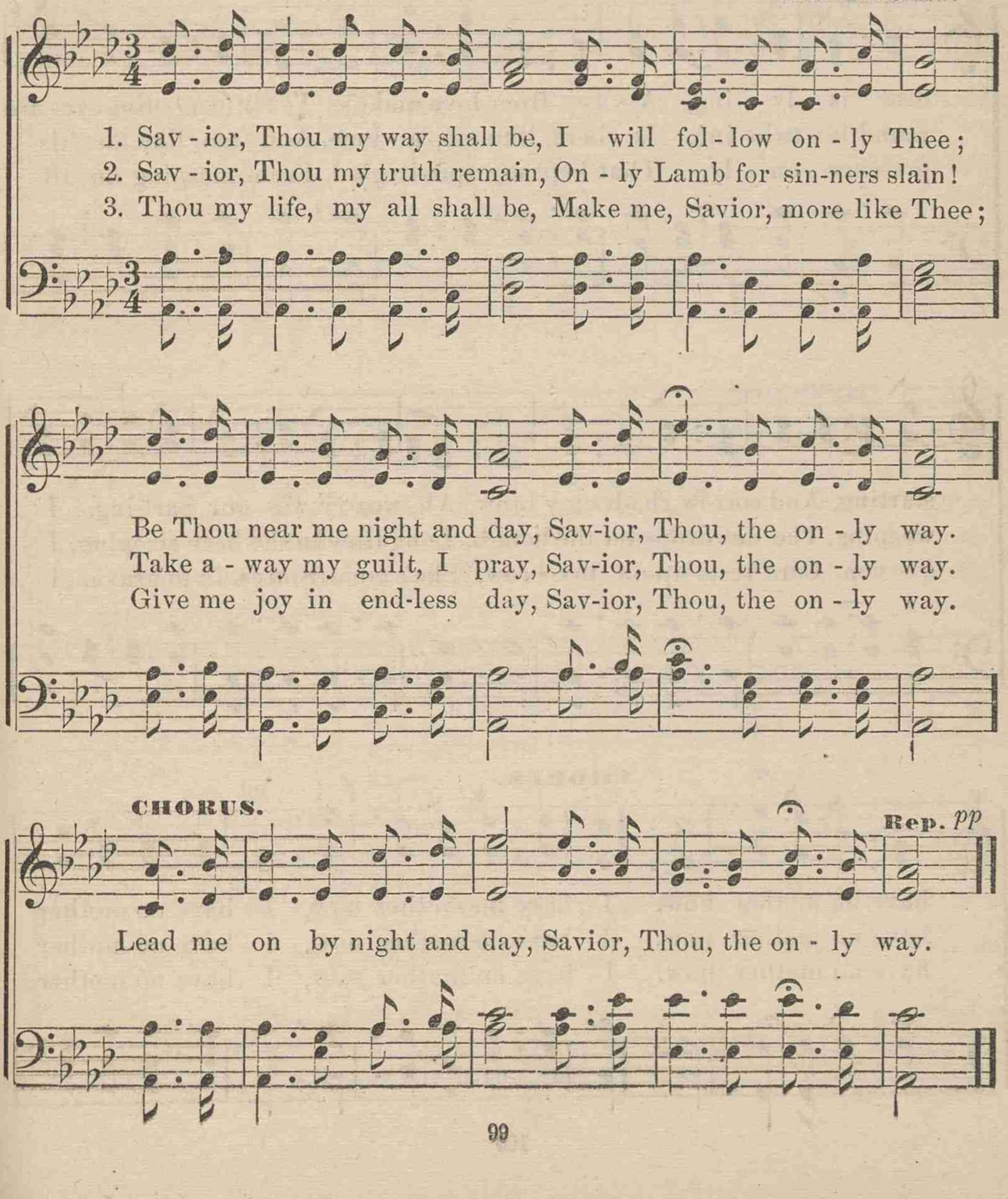
SHIVERING IN THE COLD. Concluded.



No. 99. CHRIST, THE ONLY WAY.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life."—John 14: 6.

K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.



No. 100. I HAVE NO MOTHER NOW.

"When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

SOLO or DUET. KNOWLES SHAW.

With tender expression.

1. I hear the soft wind sighing Thro' every bush and tree, Where mother dear is ly - ing, A - way from love and me. Tears from mine eyes are
2. I see the pale moon shining On mother's white grave-stone, The rose-bush round it twin-ing, Is here, like me, a - lone. And too, like me, 'tis
3. My heart is ev - er lone - ly, My spir - it ev - er sad, 'Twas her dear presence on - ly, That kept my spir-it glad. From morning un - til

starting, And sorrow shades my brow, Ah, wea-ry was our part-ing, I have no mother now.
weeping, The dewdrops on the bough, Long time has she been sleeping, I have no mother now.
e - ven, Care rests up-on my brow, She's gone from earth to heaven, I have no mother now.

CHORUS. *f* *pp*

I have no mother now, I have no mother now, I have no mother
I have no mother now, I have no mother now, I have no mother
I have no mother now, I have no mother now, I have no mother

I HAVE NO MOTHER NOW. Concluded.

Dim.



No. 101. OH, HOW I LOVE JESUS.

Arranged.



CHORUS.



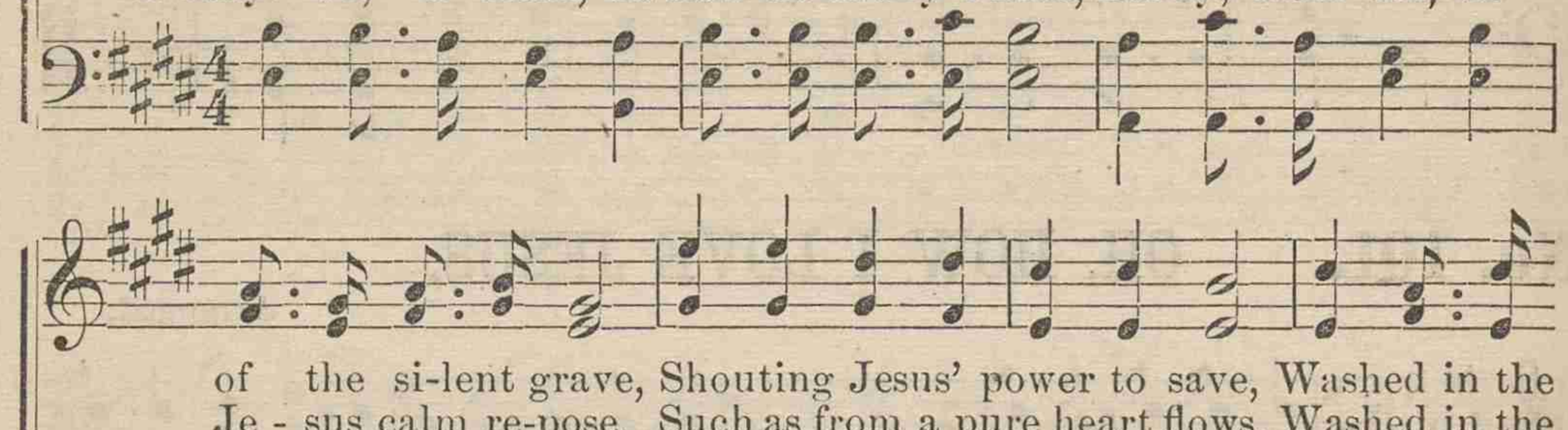


No. 102. SWEEPING THRO' THE GATES.

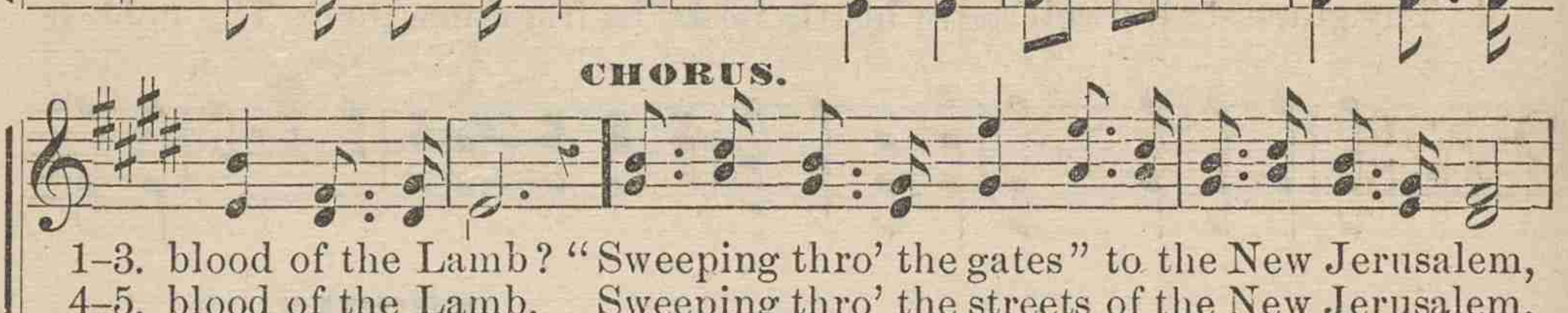
Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE.



1. Who, who are these be-side the chilly wave, Just on the bor-ders
2. These, these are they who in affliction's woes, Ev - er have found in
3. These, these are they who in the conflict dire, Boldly have stood a-
4. Safe, safe up - on the ev - er-shining shore, Sin, pain, and death, and
5. May we, O Lord, be now en-tire-ly Thine, Dai-ly, from sin, be



of the si-lent grave, Shouting Jesus' power to save, Washed in the
Je - sus calm re-pose, Such as from a pure heart flows, Washed in the
mid the hot-test fire, Jesus now says, "Come up higher," Washed in the
sor - row are all o'er, Hap-py now and ev - er-more, Washed in the
kept by power divine; Then in heav'n the saints we'll join, Washed in the



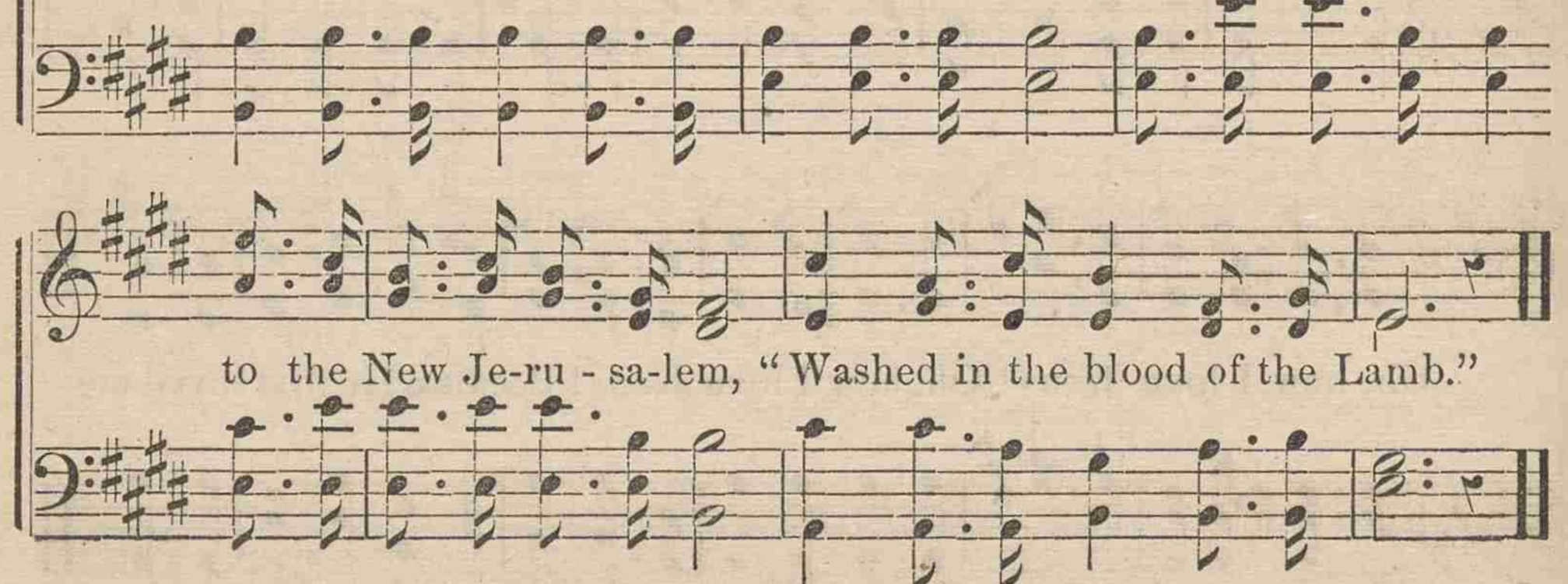
CHORUS.



1–3. blood of the Lamb? "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New Jerusalem,
4–5. blood of the Lamb. Sweeping thro' the streets of the New Jerusalem,



"Washed in the blood of the Lamb," . . . "Sweeping thro' the gates"
in the blood of the Lamb,



to the New Je-ru - sa-lem, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

From "Songs of Worship." By permission.

No. 103. GO TO THY REST.

Arranged. (FOR FUNERAL OCCASIONS.) KNOWLES SHAW.

Slow and solemn.

1. Go to thy rest, sweet child! Go to thy dreamless bed;
2. Fresh ro - ses in thy hand, Buds on thy pil - low laid;
3. Ere thy young heart could learn, In way-ward paths to stray;
4. Though thy young cheek was fair, Thy lips and eyes were bright;
5. Shall, there-fore, love's em-brace, Thy home-ward flight de - tain?

Sin - less and un - de - filed, With bless-ings on thy head.
Fly from this drear - y land, Where flow'rs but bloom to fade.
Ere thy young feet could turn Down life's de - lu - sive way.
Though thy sweet ten - der care Was one prolonged de - light.
No, loved one, take thy place 'Mid yon - der an - gel train.

CHORUS.

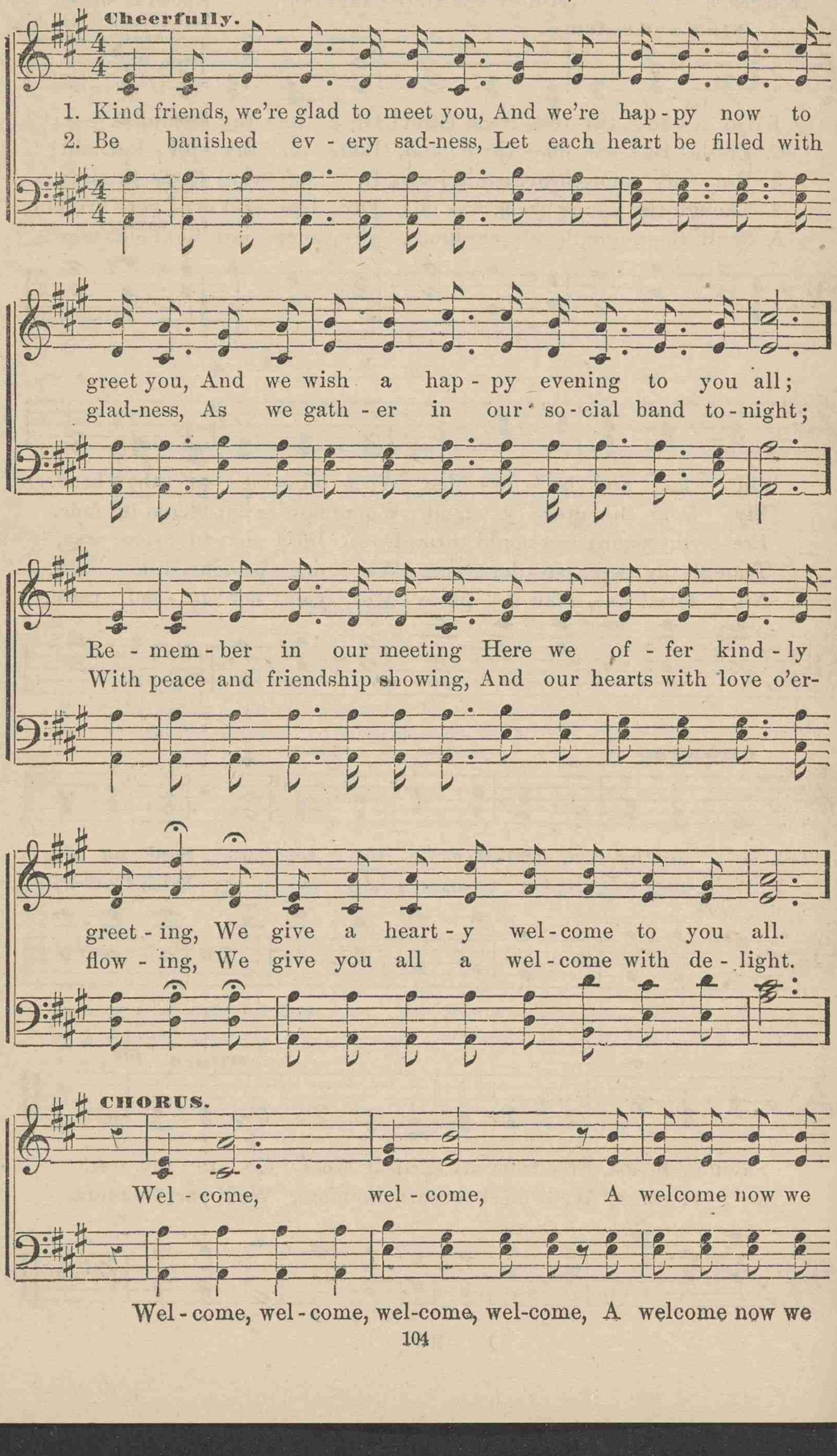
1–4. Go to thy rest, And sweet be thy re - pose; Safe on thy
5. We'll meet a - gain, On Ca-naan's hap - py shore; With Christ for-

Sav-ior's breast, Free from all earth-ly woes, Go to thy rest.
ev - er reign, We'll meet to part no more, We'll part no more.

Ritard. *pp*

No. 104. SONG OF WELCOME.

K. S. (CONCERT OPENING PIECE.) KNOWLES SHAW.



SONG OF WELCOME. Concluded.





No. 105. "MY AIN COUNTRIE."

Scotch Melody.



2 I've his gude word of promise that some gladsome day, the King
To His ain royal palace, His banished hame will bring.
Wi' een an' wi' heart flowing owre, we shall see
"The King in His beauty," in His ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair:
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair:
His bluid hath made me white, an' His hand shall wipe my ee',
When He brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.

3 Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I fain wad noo be ganging unto my Savior's breast,
For He gathers in His bosom, witless, worthless lambs like me,
He "carries them Himsel'," to His ain countrie.
He's faithfu' that has promised, He'll surely come again,
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken:
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment, to His ain countrie.

No. 106. "DRIFTING AWAY."

How many homes are made sad, by the dear ones drifting away.
"Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging."—Prov. 20: 1.

KNOWLES SHAW.

*—.

Not too fast.

1. Drift-ing a - part, drift-ing a - part, Snapping the cords that are
2. Drift-ing a - way, drift-ing a - way, Drift-ing still fur - ther and
3. Drift-ing a - part, drift-ing a - part, How sadly that feel-ing sinks
4. Drift-ing a - way, drift-ing a - way, Drift-ing in si-lence, hence

wound round the heart; Sun - der - ing ties that for - ev-
fur - ther each day; Fur - ther and fur - ther out
in - to the heart; I thought that I had on this
no one can say; But a prayer will be offered that one

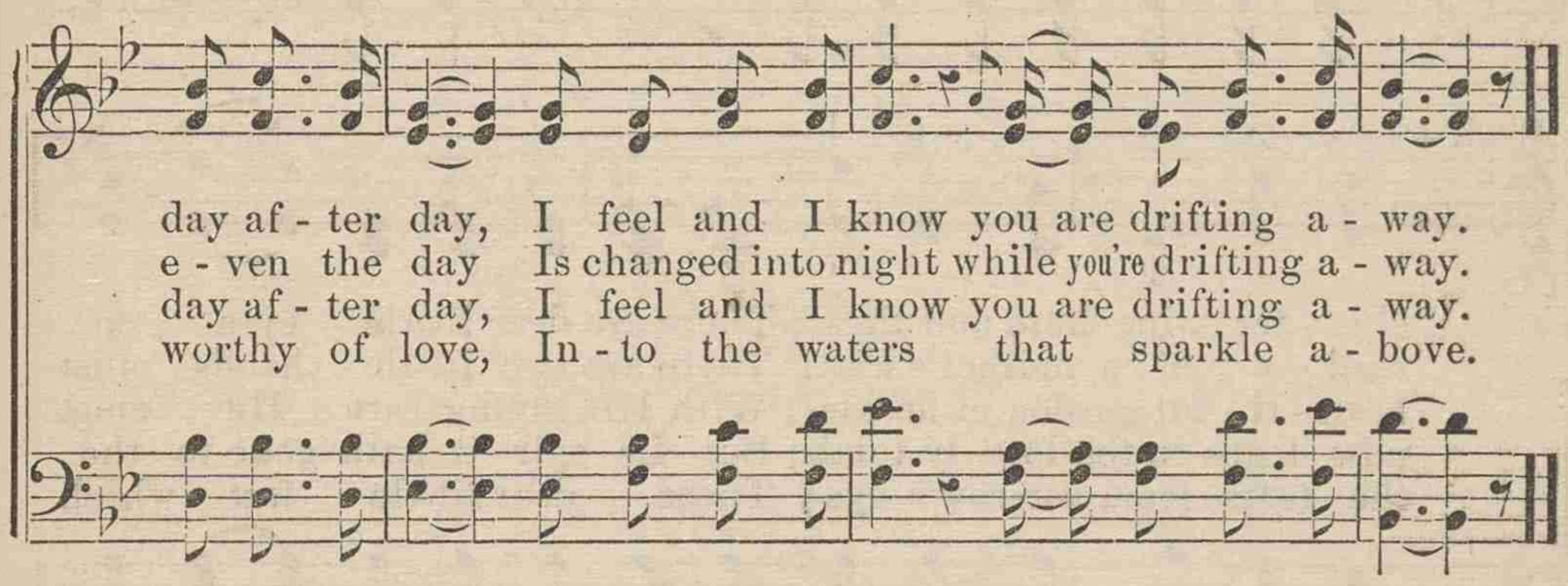
er should be Firm ties for life, be - tween you and me.
of my sight, Leav-ing me lone-ly—a - lone with the night.
earth one friend, Faithful as truth, and true to the end.
drift - ing bark, May nev-er drift into the un - known dark.

pp

But oh, as I see you day af - ter day, I feel and I
Yes, a - lone with the night, for e - ven the day Is changed in-to
But oh, as I see you day af - ter day, I feel and I
But drift with its soul once worthy of love, In - to the wa-

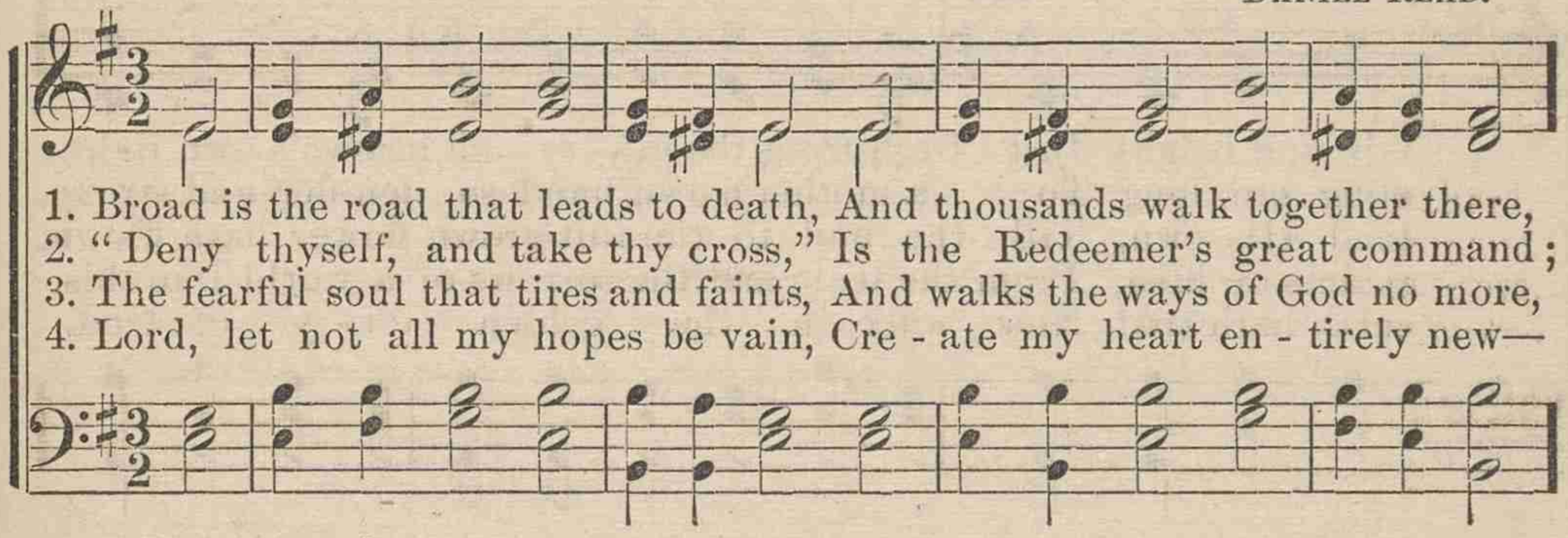
"DRIFTING AWAY." Concluded.

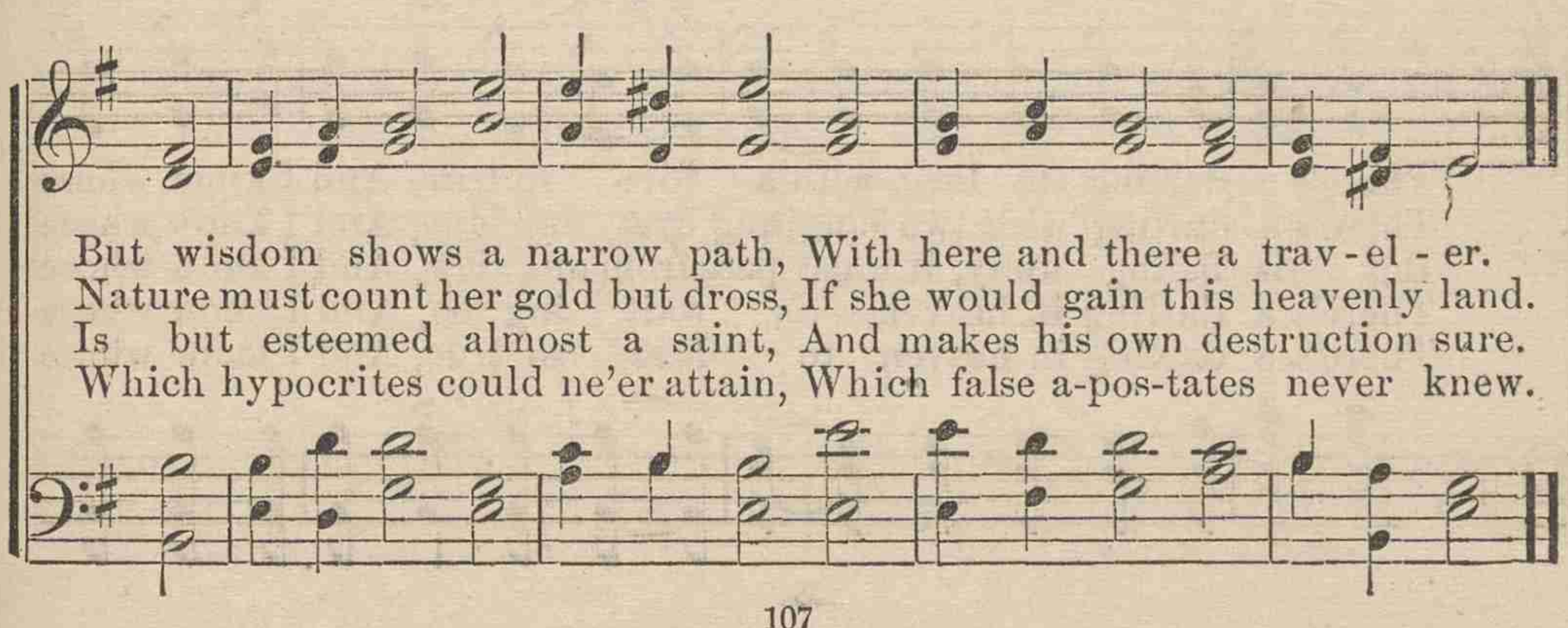




No. 107. BROAD IS THE ROAD.

DANIEL READ.





No. 108. OUR DEAR LITTLE DARLING.

"We all do fade as the leaf."

KNOWLES SHAW.

*

Tenderly.

1. There's a dear lit - tle darling with ringlets fair, So sweet - ly
2. There are two lit-tle lips that have known the bliss, So of - ten al-
3. There's a dear lit - tle bud that God hath given, So pure from the
4. There's a new-made grave where the flowers bloom, Where our darling
5. Then lay the lit - tle one's garments by, Though wet with

clus - ter - ing here and there; There are dear lit-tle eyes so
read - y of a mother's kiss; There are two lit-tle hands must
beau - ti - ful garden of heaven; With His loving care He must
now sleeps in the low - ly tomb; But its spir - it hath gone to the
the tears from sor-row's eye; Those dear lit-tle feet which

fair and bright, Just fresh from the glo - ry of heaven's own light.
cling ere long To a mother's own hand so ten-der and strong.
tend His own, Till the bud to the full-grown flower hath blown.
realms of bliss, From the tears and the sorrows of a world like this.
earth hath trod, Now walk in the golden cit - y of God.

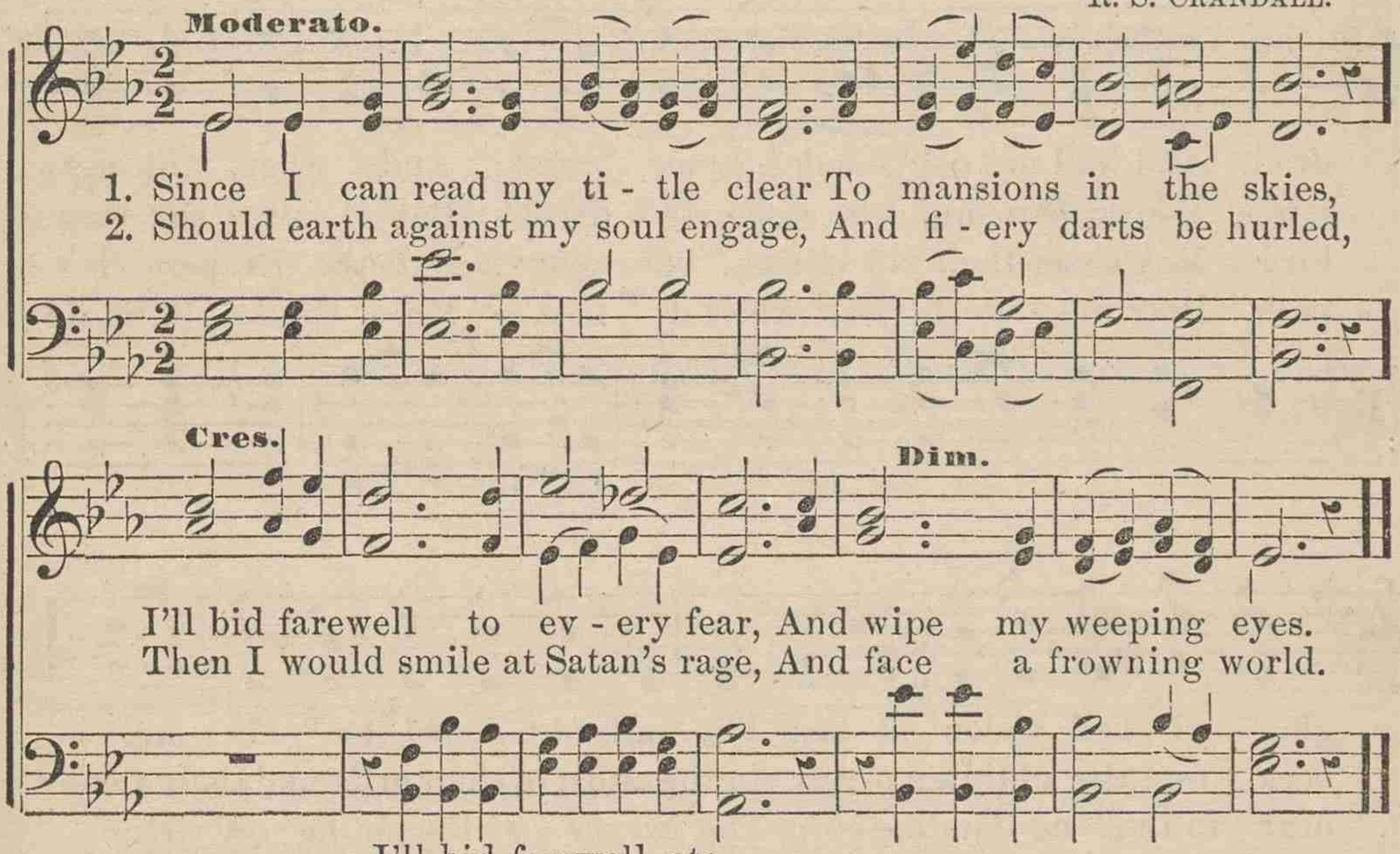
There's a darling to love, with a love so true, And I know whose
There's a darling with two laughing eyes so blue, And I know whose
But 'tis fading away, it must pass from our view, And I know whose
There's a darling in heaven—'tis wait - ing too, And I know whose
There's a darling in heaven to love so true, And I know whose

OUR DEAR LITTLE DARLING. Concluded.



No. 109. TITLE CLEAR.

R. S. CRANDALL.



3 Let cares, like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

No. 110. WAITING AND WATCHING.

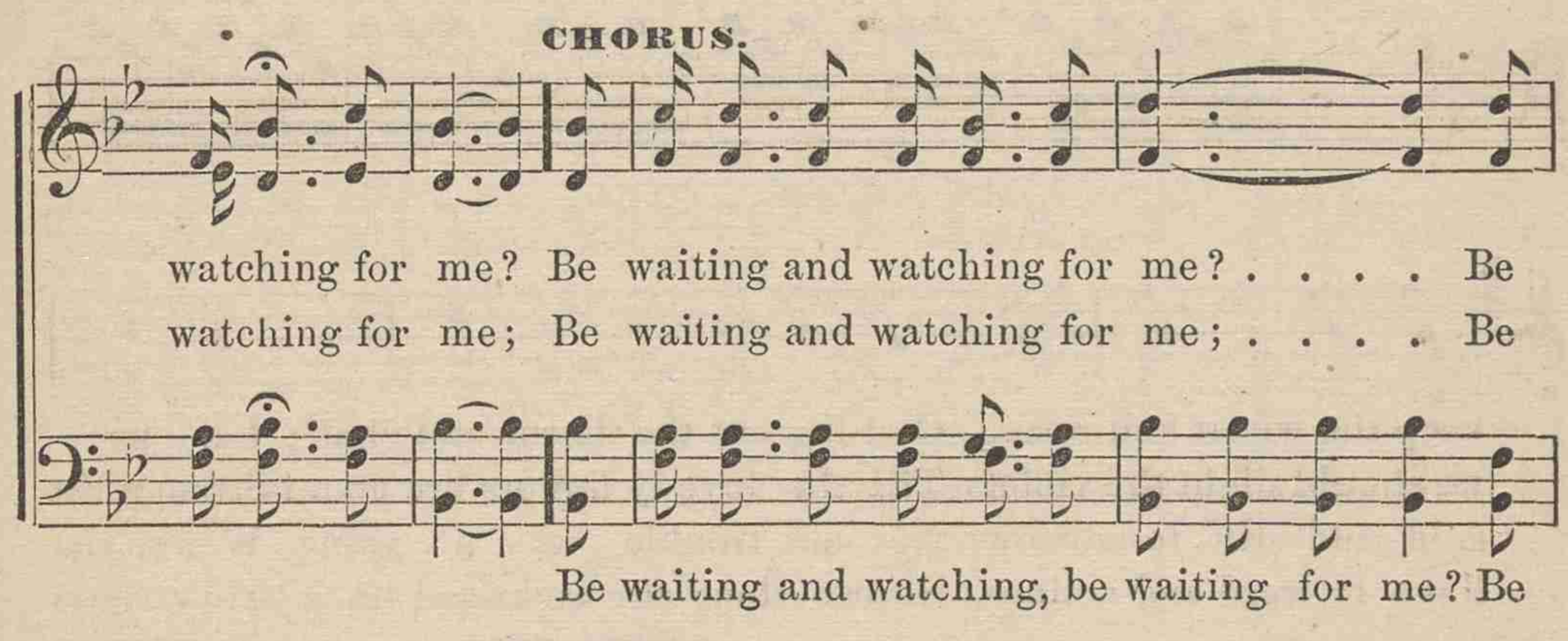
KNOWLES SHAW.

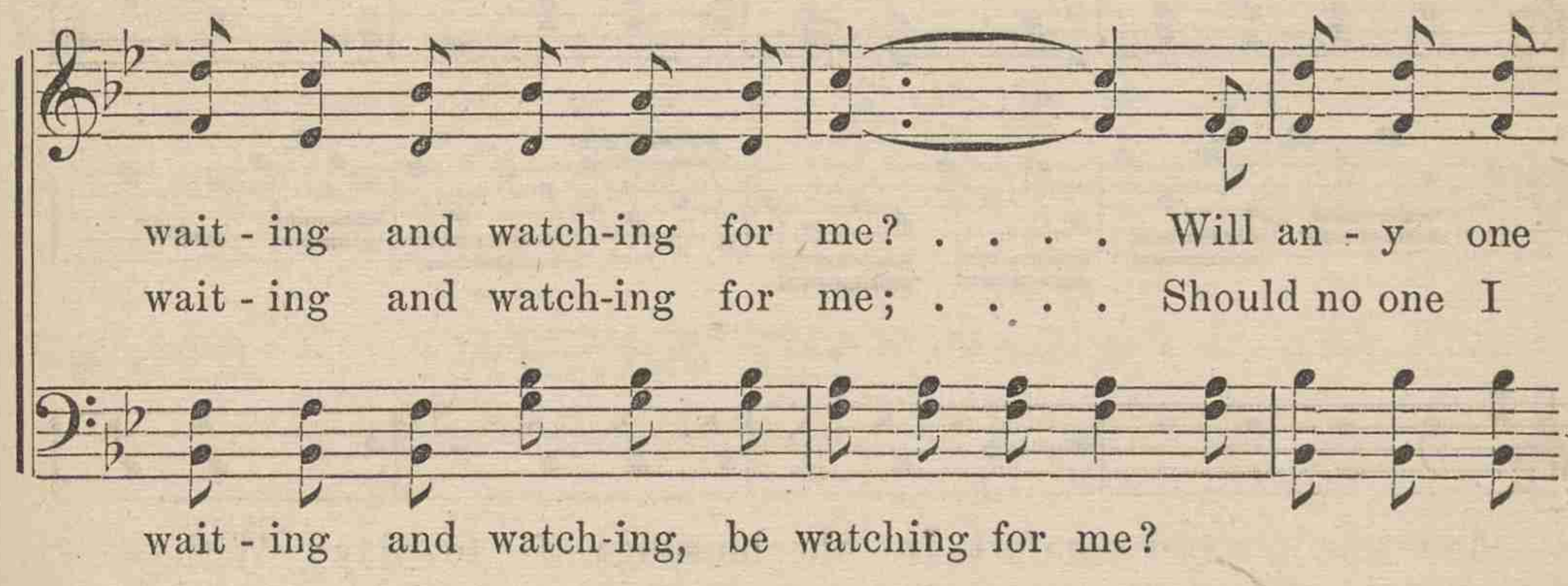
1. When my fin - al fare-well to the world I have said, And gladly lie down to my rest; When soft - ly the watchers shall say, "He is dead," And fold my pale hands o'er my breast; And when, with my
2. There are lit - tle ones glancing a-bout in my path, In want of a friend and a guide; There are dear lit-tle eyes look-ing up in - to mine, Whose tears might be easi - ly dried; But Je - sus may
3. There are old and for - saken who lin - ger a-while In homes which their dear - est have left; And a few gen-tle words or an ac - tion of love May cheer their sad spirits be - reft; But the Reaper is
4. Oh, should I be brought there by the bountiful grace Of Him who de- lights to for - give; Though I bless not the weary a - bout in my path, Pray on - ly for self while I live,— Me - thinks I should

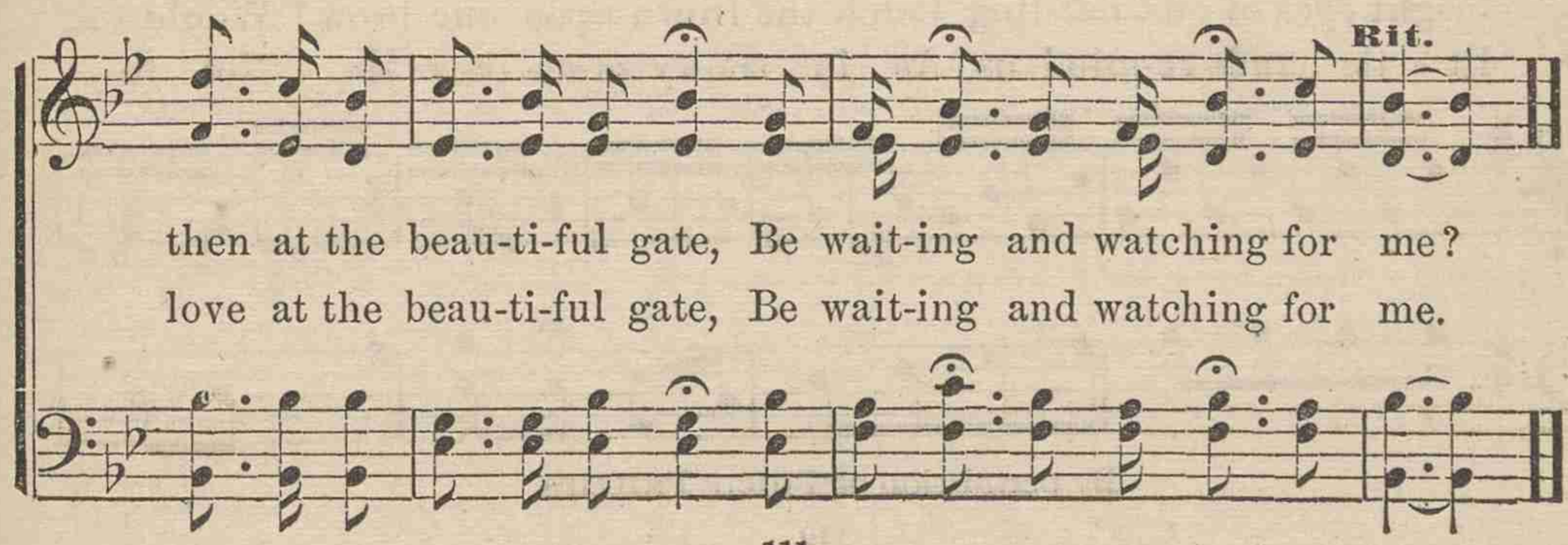
glo - ri - fied vision at last The walls of "That Cit-y" I see,
beck - on the children a-way In the midst of their grief and their glee—
near to the long-standing corn, The weary will soon be set free—
mourn o'er my sin-ful neglect, If sorrow in heav-en could be,

WAITING AND WATCHING. Concluded.









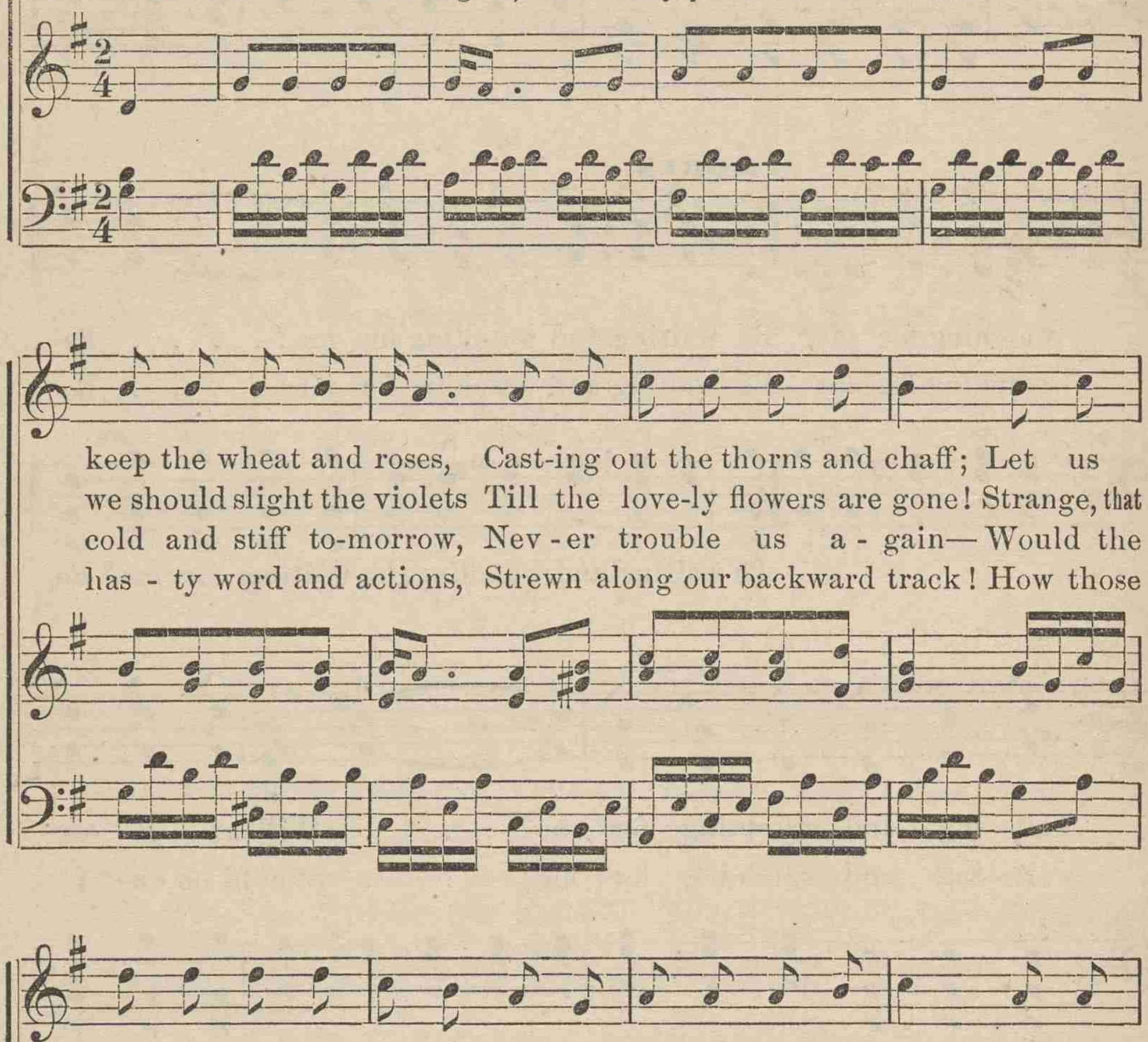
No. 111. SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—Gal. 6: 7.

MRS. SMITH. S. J. VAIL.



1. Let us gather up the sunbeams, Lying all a-long our path; Let us keep the wheat and roses, Cast-ing out the thorns and chaff; Let us
2. Strange, we never prize the music Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown! Strange, that we should slight the violets Till the love-ly flowers are gone! Strange, that
3. If we knew the baby fingers, Press'd against the window-pane, Would be cold and stiff to-morrow, Nev-er trouble us a-gain—Would the
4. Ah! those little ice-cold fingers, How they point our mem'ries back To the has-ty word and actions, Strewn along our backward track! How those

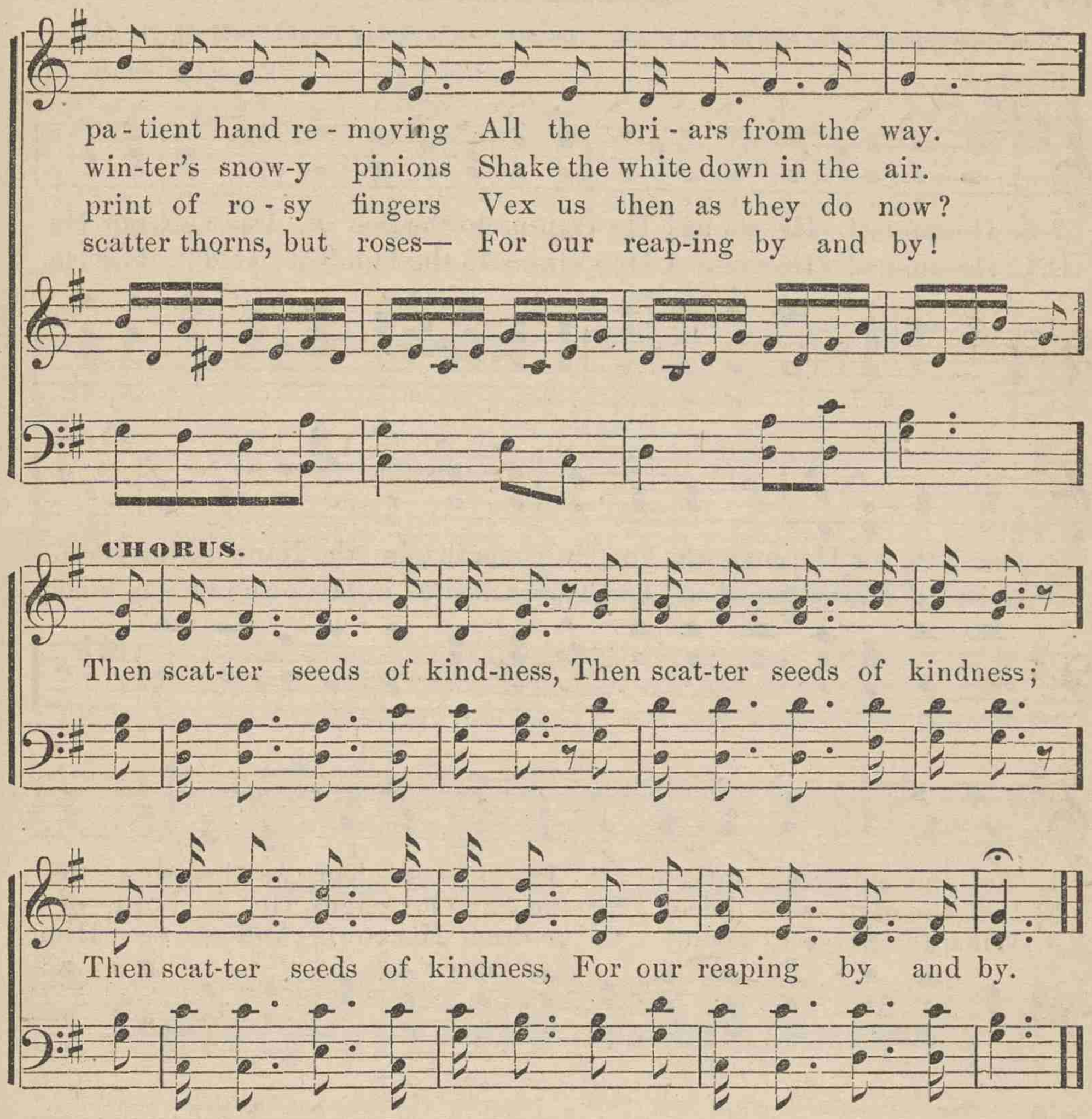


find our sweetest comfort In the blessings of to-day; With a
summer skies and sunshine Nev-er seem one-half so fair, As when
bright eyes of our dar-ling Catch the frown upon our brow? Would the
lit-tle hands re-mind us, As in snowy grace they lie, Not to



By permission of PHILIP PHILLIPS.

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS. Concluded.



No. 112. "WHITER THAN SNOW."

"Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity."—Ps. 51: 2.

K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.



No. 113. "HOSANNA."

"Children crying in the temple and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David."—Matt. 21: 18.

K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.

ff

1–3. Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na! Ho - san-na to the Son of Da - vid! For He
D. C. Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na! Ho - san-na to the Lamb of God! For He

com - eth, for He com-eth, For He com-eth in the Name of the Lord.
saved us, He redeemed us, And He washed us in His own precious blood.

Fine.

1. 'Tis the children's anthem in Je - rū - sa - lem, As they sing the
2. Let the earth re - joice, for the Sav - ior reigns, He is Lord of
3. When the Sav-ior comes to re-deem His own, And we see Him

praises of the Savior's name; We will join the cho-rus, and the
lords, He is King of kings; Let us tread the pathway that His
sitting on the great white throne; May we gather round Him and a-

notes pro - long, And shout ho - san - na in the children's song.
feet have trod, And sing ho - san - na to the Lamb of God.
loud pro - claim, And sing ho - san - na to His glo-rious Name.

D. C. al Fine.

No. 114. "PASS ME NOT"

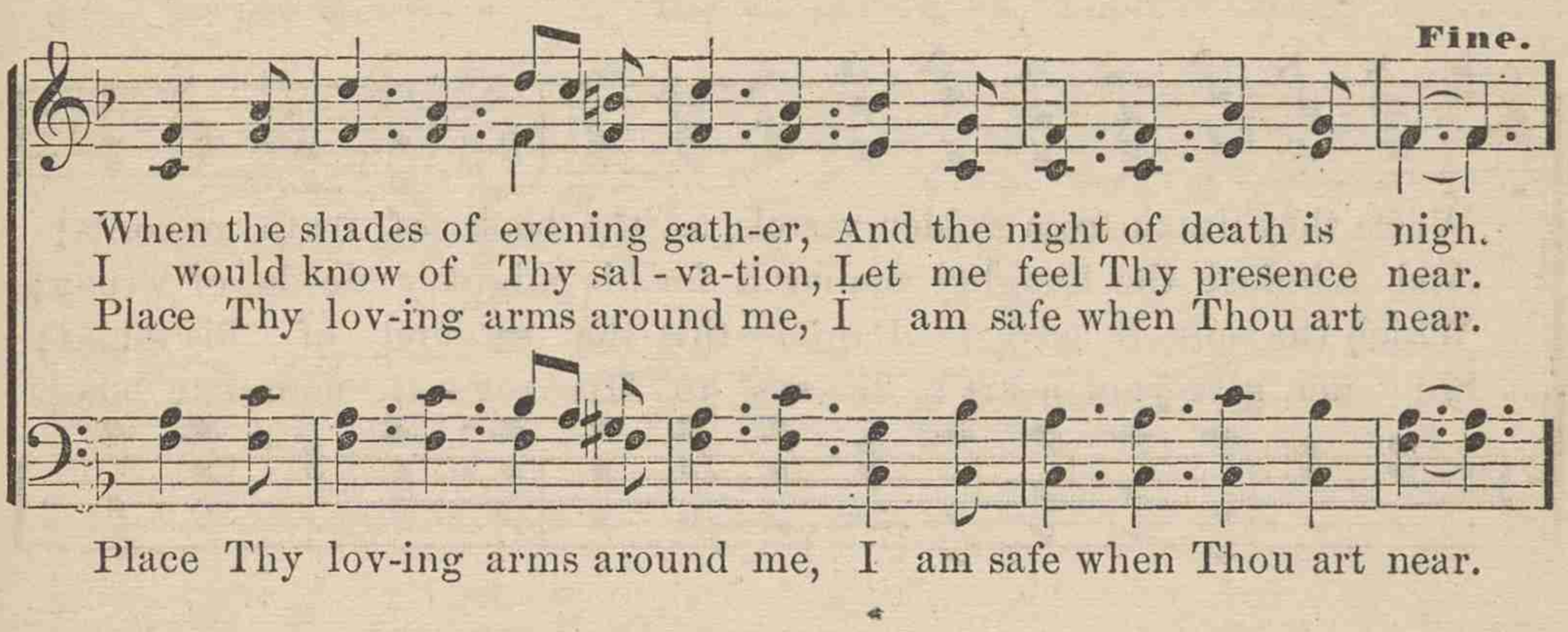
Anon. R. S. CRANDALL.



1. "Pass me not, oh, gen-tle Sav-ior," While the days are gliding by;
2. "Pass me not, oh, gen-tle Sav-ior," Lis-ten to my humble prayer;
3. "Pass me not, oh, gen-tle Sav-ior," Speak a-gain my heart to cheer;

D.C. "Pass me not, oh, gen-tle Sav-ior," Speak a-gain my heart to cheer;

Fine.



When the shades of evening gath-er, And the night of death is nigh.
I would know of Thy sal-va-tion, Let me feel Thy presence near.
Place Thy lov-ing arms around me, I am safe when Thou art near.



Dimm'd for me is earthly beauty, Yet my spir-it's eye would fain
O - pen now the flowing fountain, Cleanse my guilty soul with-in,
Je - sus lead me thro' the darkness, While I sleep still watch by me,

D. C. al Fine.



Rest up-on Thy love-ly features, Shall I seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
Tar-ry with me, bless-ed Sav-ior, Wash me wholly from my sin.
Till the morning then a-wake me, Dearest Lord, to dwell with Thee.

No. 115. THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

"And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."—Dan. 5: 5.

K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. At the feast of Bel - shaz-zar and a thousand of his lords,
2. See the brave cap - tive Dan-iel as he stood be-fore the throng,
3. See the faith, zeal, and cour-age, that would dare to do the right,
4. So our deeds are re - cord - ed—there's a Hand that's writing now,

While they drank from golden vessels, as the book of truth re-cords;
And rebuked the haughty monarch for his might-y deeds of wrong;
Which the spir-it gave to Daniel—this the se - cret of his might;
Sin - ner, give your heart to Je - sus, to His roy - al man-date bow;

In the night as they rev - el in the roy - al pal-ace hall,
As he read out the writing—'twas the doom of one and all,
In his home in Ju - de - a, or a cap-tive in the hall—
For the day is ap-proaching— it must come to one and all,

They were seized with consternation, 'twas the hand up - on the wall.
For the kingdom now was finished—said the hand up - on the wall.
He un-der-stood the writing of his God up - on the wall.
When the sinner's con-dem-na-tion, will be writ - ten on the wall.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL. Concluded.



No. 116.

1 Shout the tidings of salvation,
To the aged and the young;
Till the precious invitation
Waken every heart and tongue.

CHORUS.

Send the sound
The earth around,
From the rising to the setting of the sun;
Till each gathering crowd
Shall proclaim aloud,
The glorious work is done!

2 Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the prairies of the west;
Till each gathering congregation,
With the gospel sound is blest.

3 Shout the tidings of salvation,
Mingling with the ocean's roar;
Till the ships of every nation,
Bear the news from shore to shore.

No. 117.

1 Come, you sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power;
He is able,
He is willing—doubt no more.

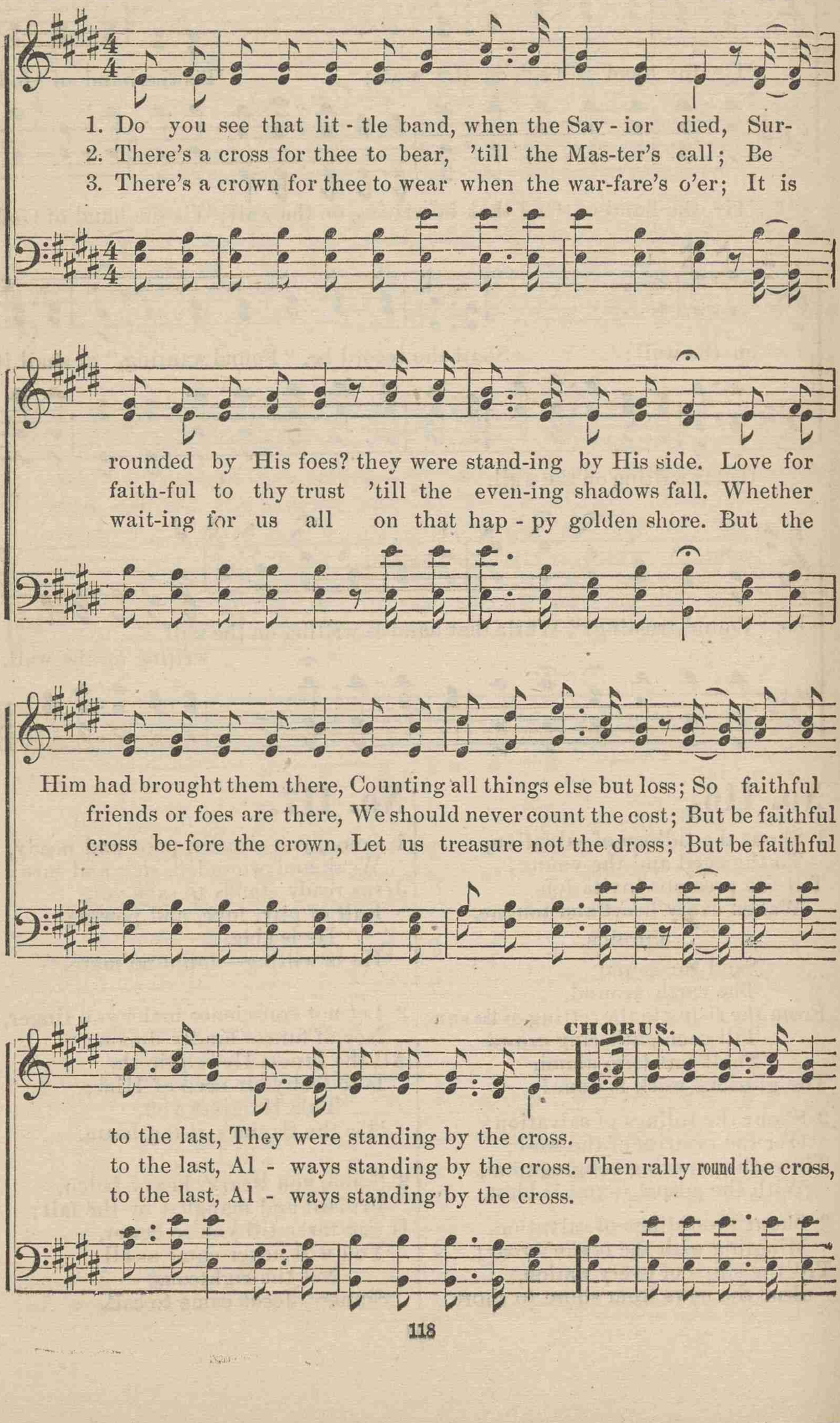
2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you,
'Tis the Savior's rising beam.

3 Come, you weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

No. 118. STANDING BY THE CROSS.

Read John 19 : 25–27.

K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.



STANDING BY THE CROSS. Concluded.





No. 119.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, oh, my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none
Hangs my helpless soul on thee!
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring,
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

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

No. 120.

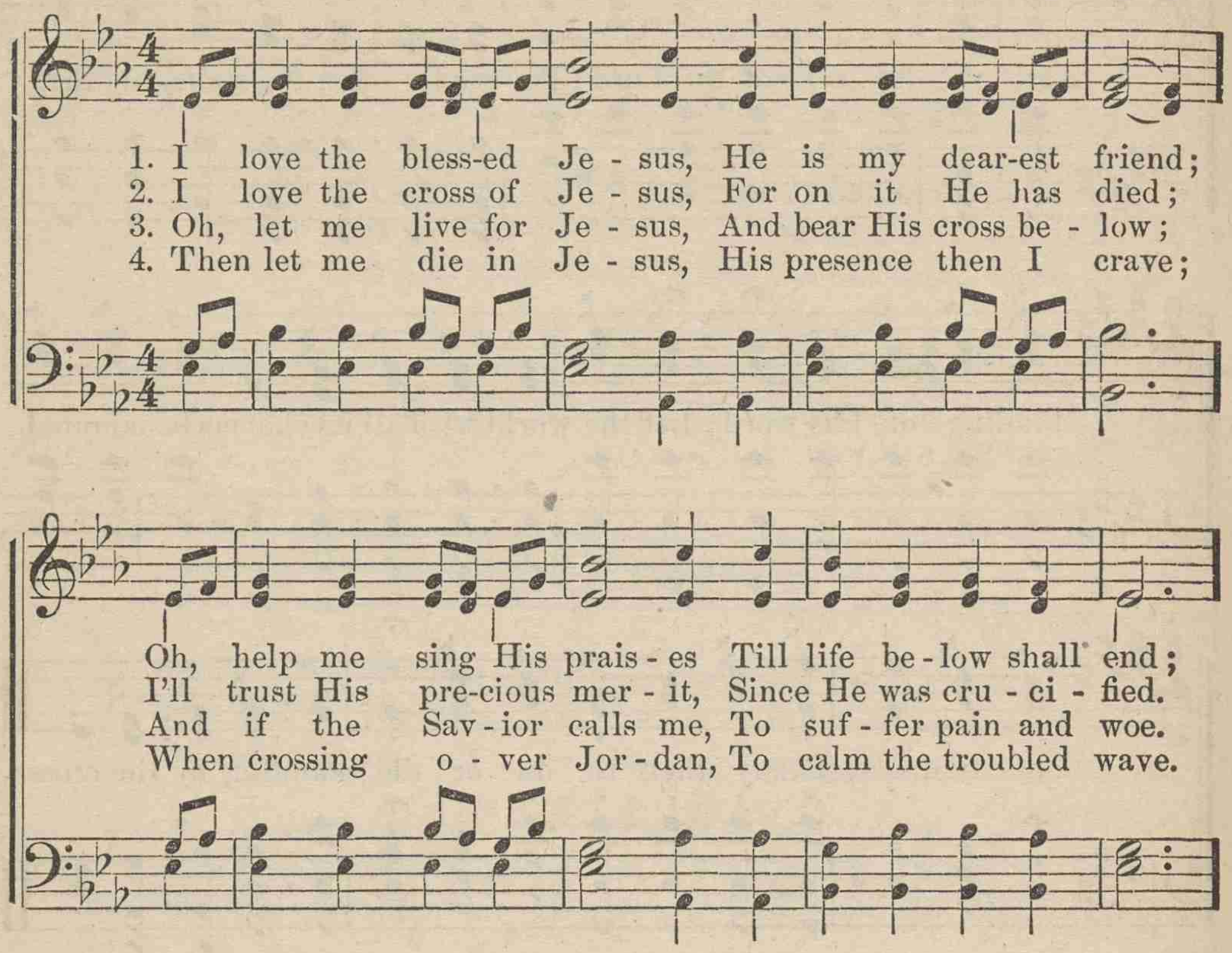
1 When we hear the music ringing
In the bright, celestial dome,
When sweet angel voices singing,
Gladly bid us welcome home
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care,
In that land of light and glory,
Shall we know each other there?

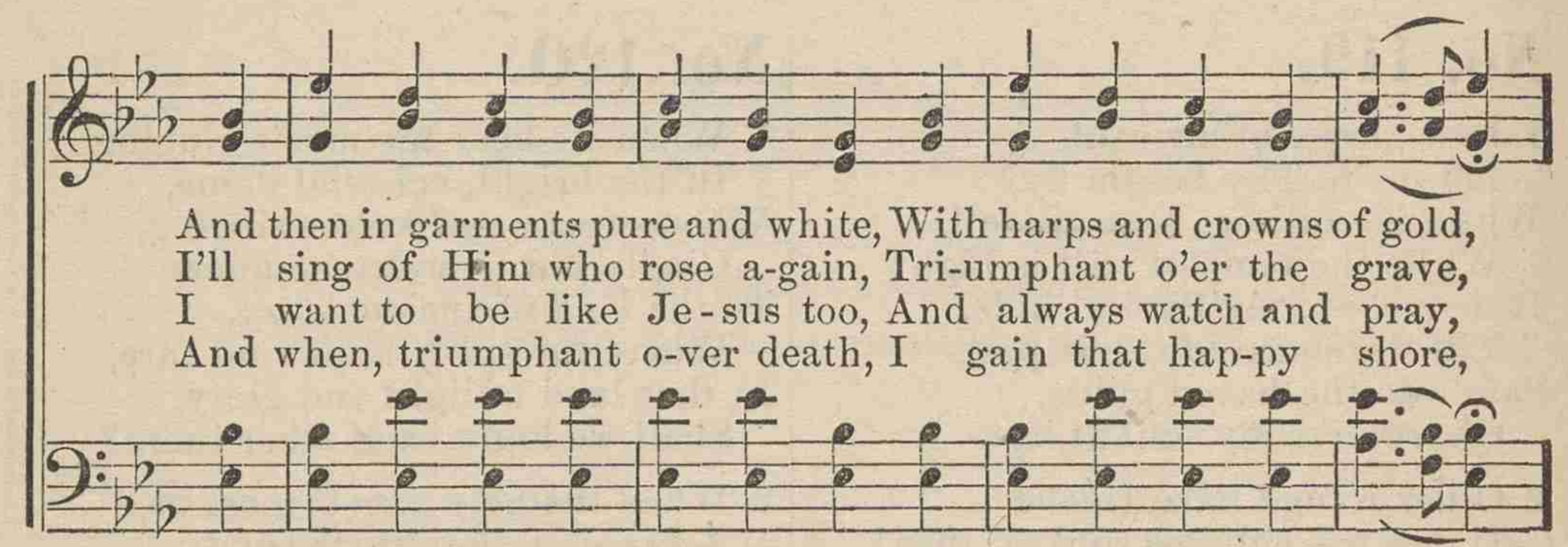
2 When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In that glorious spirit land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us as in days of yore?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining
Fondly round us as before?

3 Oh, ye weary, sad, and tossed ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
You shall join the loved and just ones
In the land of perfect day.
Harp-strings, touched by angel fingers,
Murmured, in my raptured ear—
Evermore their sweet song lingers—
We shall know each other there.

No. 121. THE GREAT WHITE THRONE.

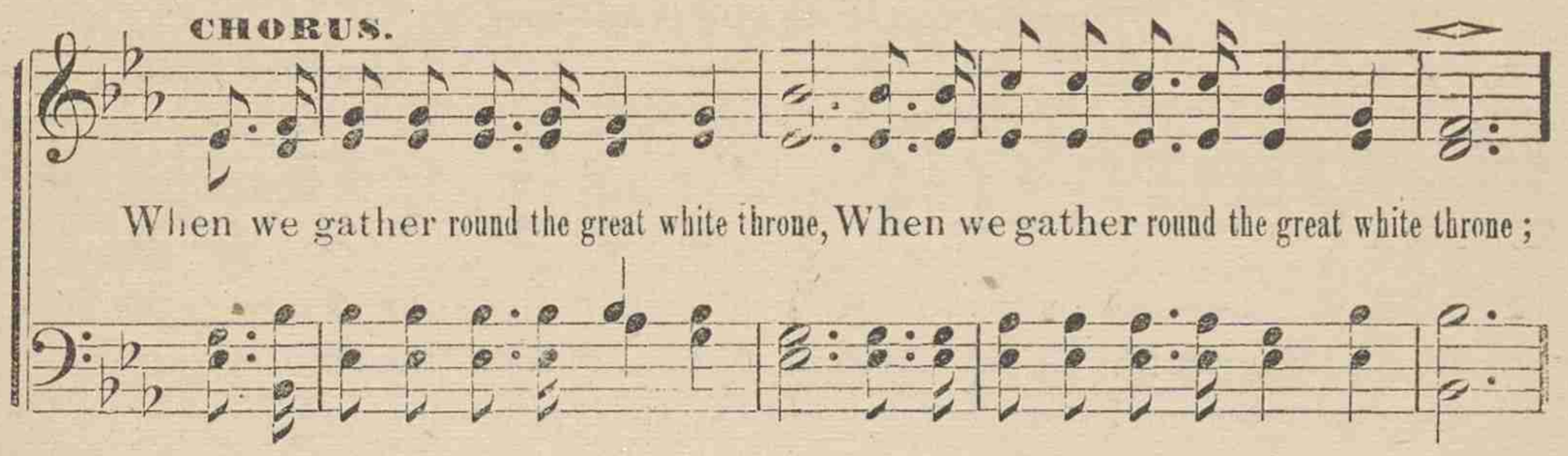
K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.





By permission of JOHN CHURCH & CO., owners of copyright.

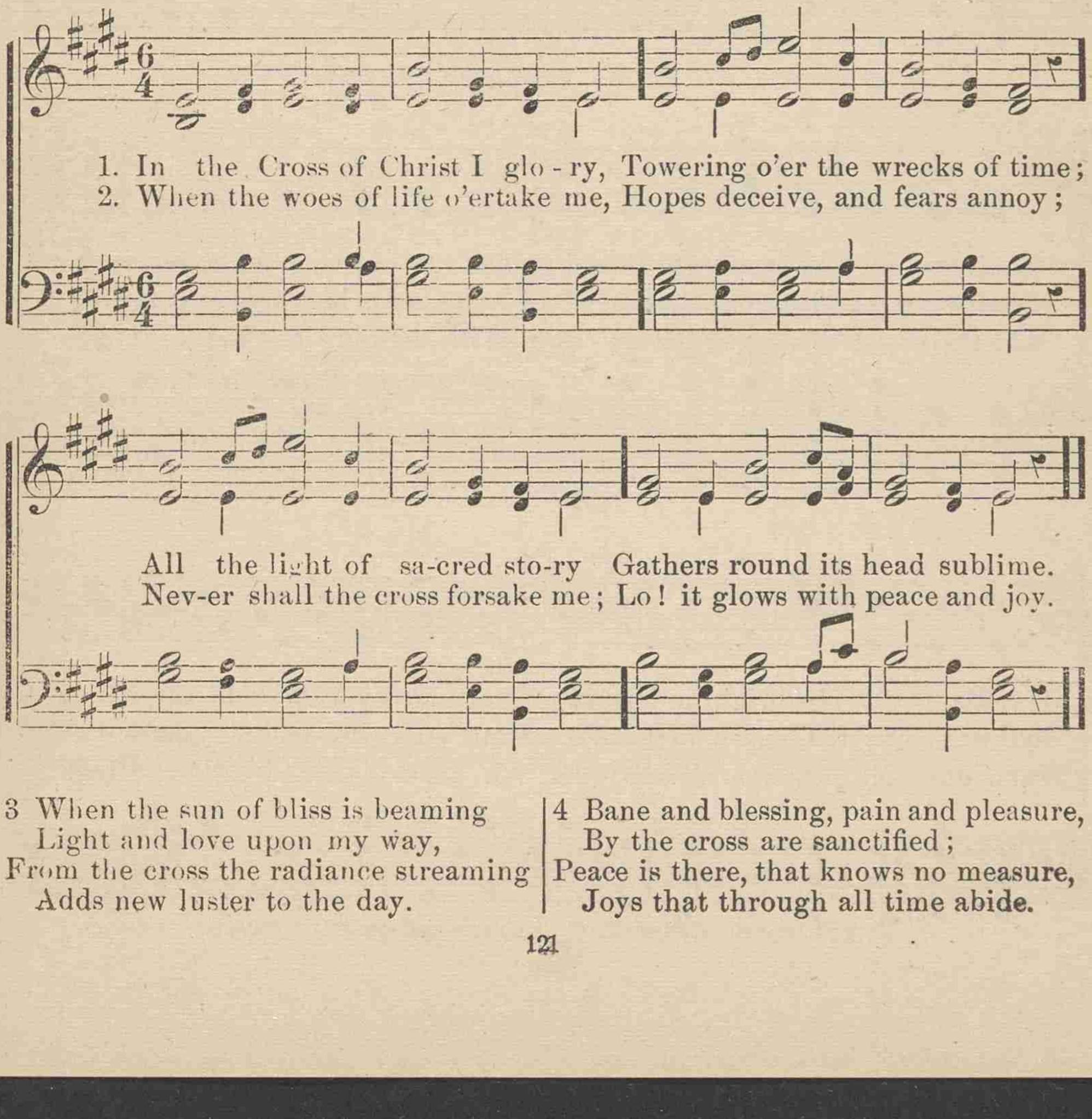
THE GREAT WHITE THRONE. Concluded.





No. 122. THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

DANIEL READ.



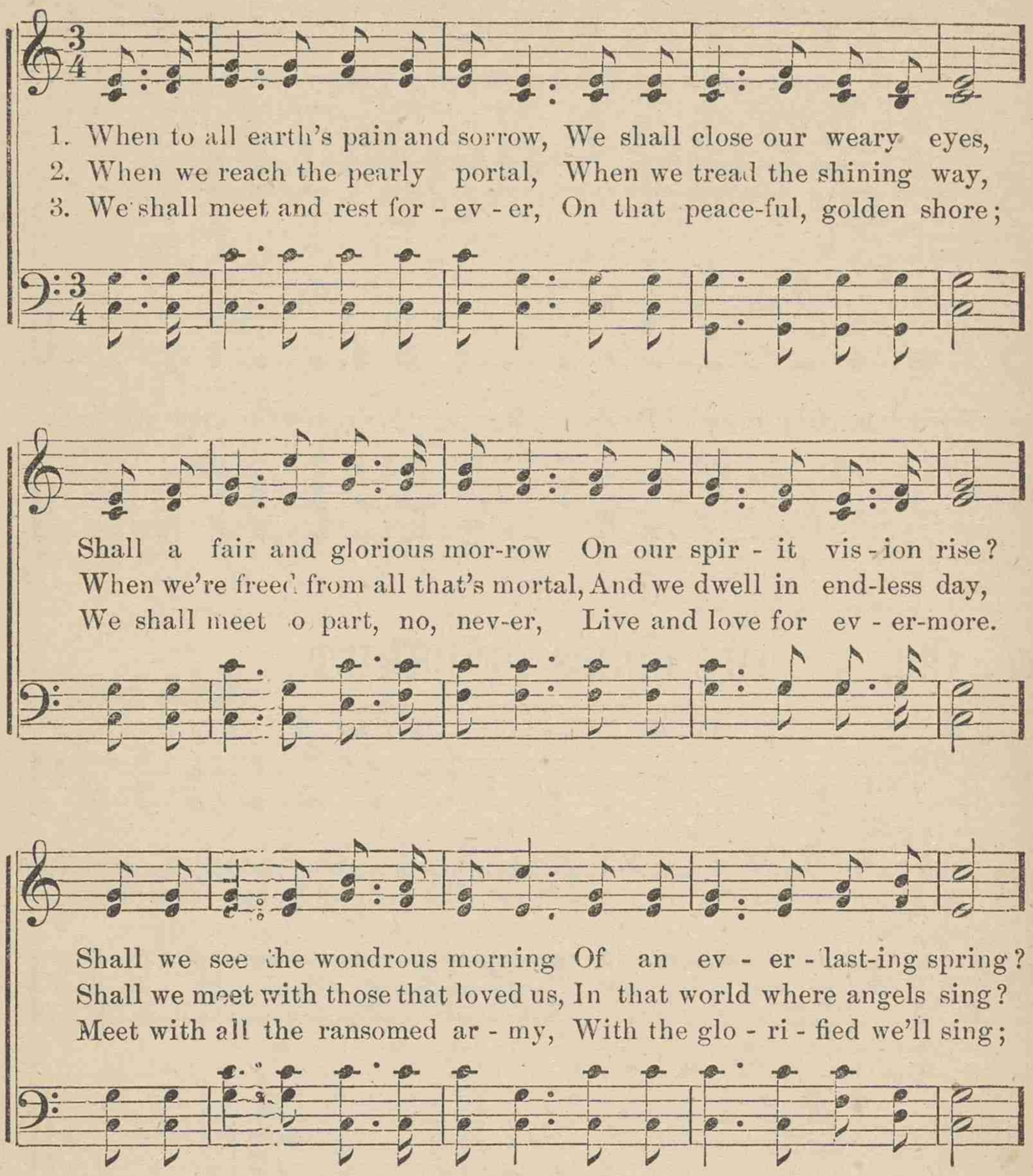
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 123. THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty."

E. L. & K. S. KNOWLES SHAW.



THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY. Concluded.

CHORUS.



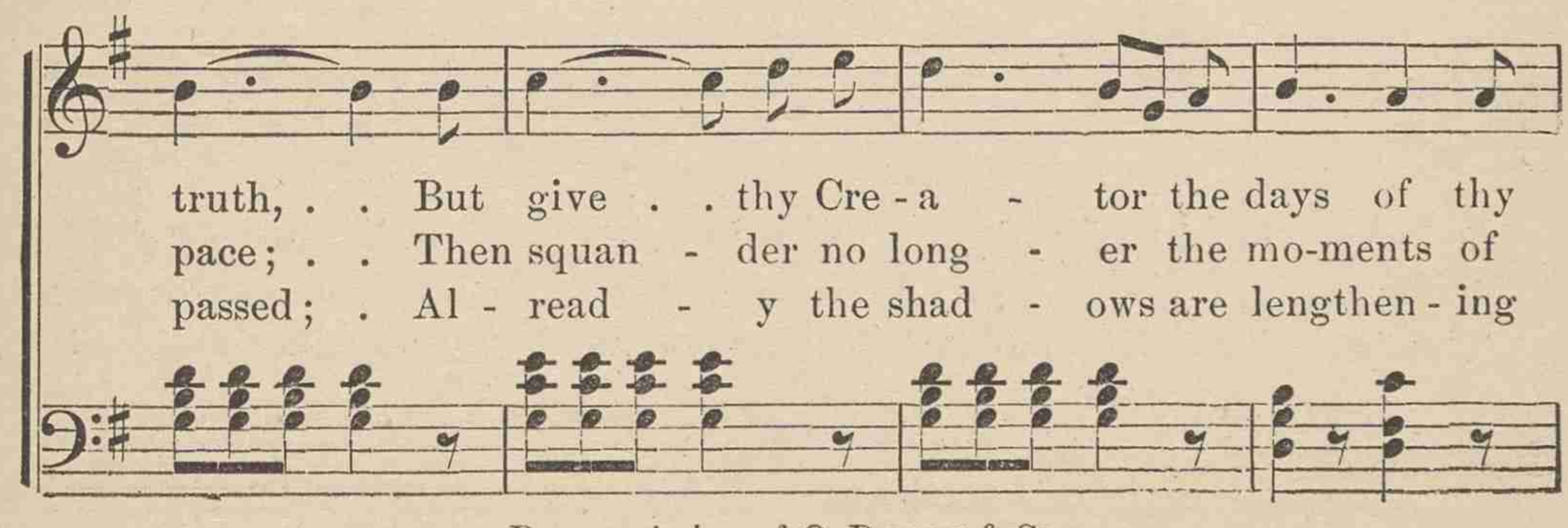
No. 124. THE THREE CALLS.

The "Third," "Sixth and Ninth," and "Eleventh Hour."--Matt. 20: 3, 5, 6.

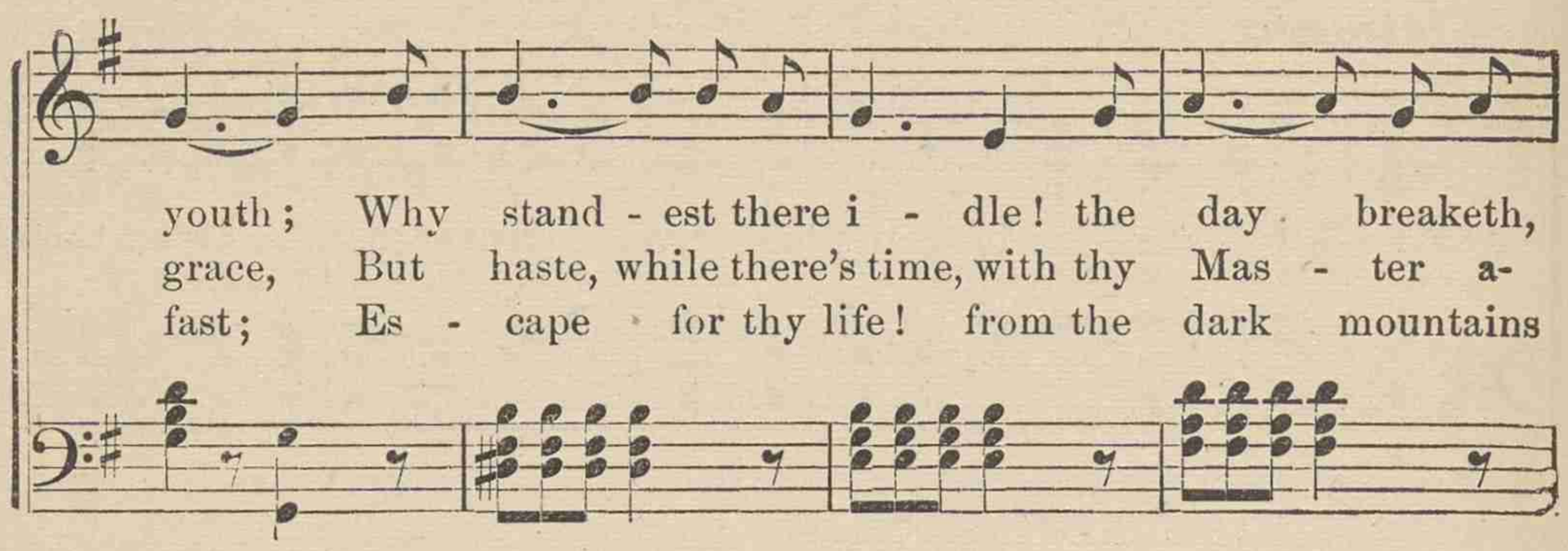
I. B. WOODBURY.

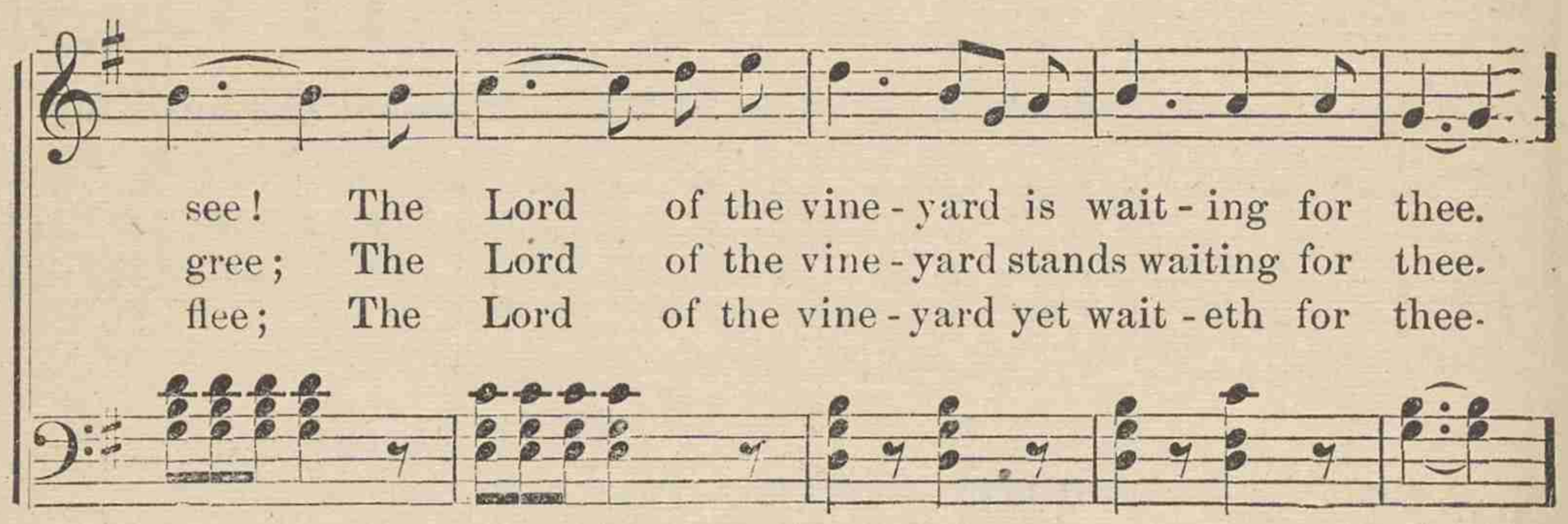
Allegretto.



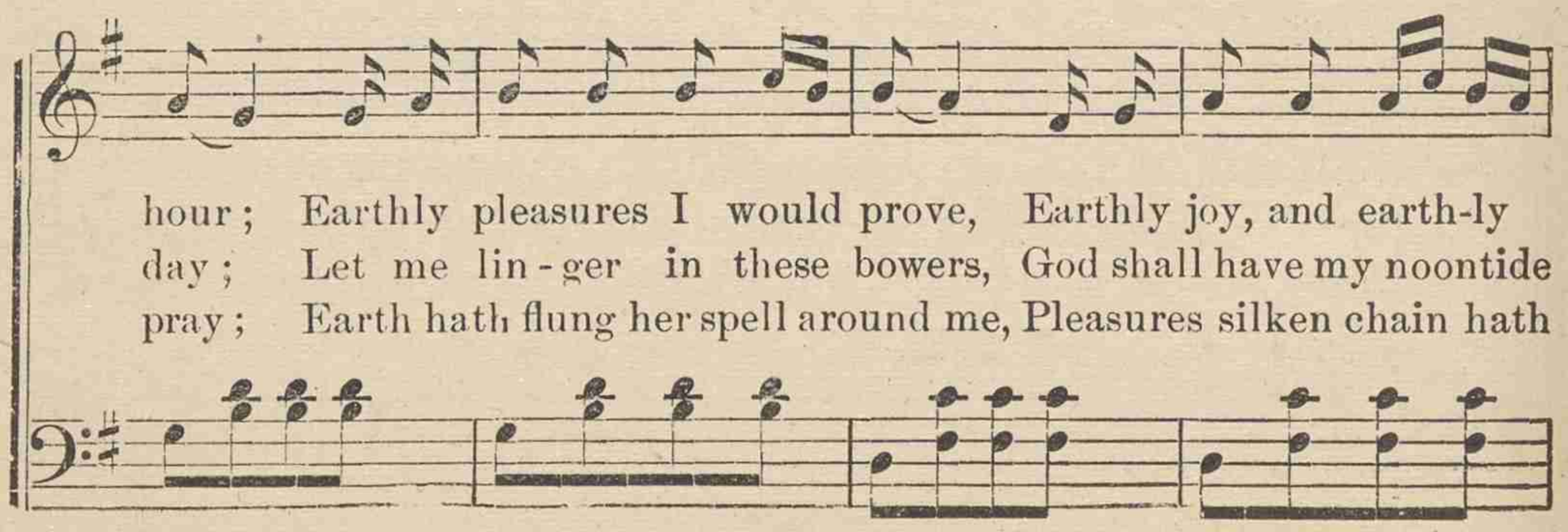


By permission of O. DITSON & Co.


youth; Why stand - est there i - dle! the day breaketh,
grace, But haste, while there's time, with thy Mas - ter a-
fast; Es - cape for thy life! from the dark mountains


see! The Lord of the vine - yard is wait - ing for thee.
gree; The Lord of the vine - yard stands waiting for thee.
flee; The Lord of the vine - yard yet wait - eth for thee.


Andante affetuoso.
"Ho - ly Spir - it, by Thy power, Grant me yet an - oth - er
"Gen - tle Spir - it, stay, oh, stay, Bright-ly beams the ear - ly
"Spir - it, cease Thy mournful lay, Leave me to my-self, I


hour; Earthly pleasures I would prove, Earthly joy, and earth-ly
day; Let me lin - ger in these bowers, God shall have my noontide
pray; Earth hath flung her spell around me, Pleasures silken chain hath

THE THREE CALLS. Concluded.

love; Scarce-ly yet has dawned the day, Ho - ly
hours; Chide me not for my de - lay, Gen - tle
bound me; When the sun his path hath trod, Spir - it,

After 3d verse.
Penseroso recitando.

Rit.

Spir - it, wait, I pray!"
Spir - it, wait, I pray!" Hark! borne on the winds is the
then I'll turn to God!"

bell's solemn toll; 'Tis mournfully pealing the knell of a soul—The

Spir - it's sweet plead - ings and strivings are o'er; The

Fine.

Lord of the vineyard stands wait-ing no more. . .

No. 125. "I'S LOOTIN' OUT FOR YOU."

Arranged. KNOWLES SHAW.



1. My lit - tle dar - ling used to stand Just by my cot - tage door; Waiting to kiss me when I came Each evening from the by; But as I'm dreaming o'er the past, A tear comes in my roam, Since no sweet voice calls out to me, To bid me wel - come way From toils be - low to joys a - bove, In heaven's e - ter - nal





store; Her eyes were like two love-ly stars, That shine in heav'n's own eye; She calls no more when I come home, As oft she used to home. No loving arms thrown round me now, No eyes so sweet - ly day; That there she'll meet me at the gate, Just as I'm pass - ing



blue; "Papa," she'd call, "you see I's here, I's lootin' out for you." do; "Papa," you see your darling's here, I's lootin' out for you." blue, No voice now calls from cottage door, "I's lootin' out for you." thro', "Papa," she'll call, with her sweet voice, "I's lootin' out for you."



"I's lootin' out for you, I's lootin' out for you, Pa - pa, you see (Pa - pa,) your dar - ling's here, I's lootin' out for you."

By permission of JOHN CHURCH & Co., owners of copyright.

No. 126. ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

"Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."—Heb. 11: 16.

PHEBE CAREY. PHILIP PHILLIPS.



From "Song Sermons." By permission of PHILIP PHILLIPS.

INDEX.

	NO.
At the tomb	9
All for thee	15
Any may come	32
A kingdom in glory	49
A home with Jesus	50
Always pray	94
Broad is the road	107
Blood bought	3
Bringing in the sheaves	82
Better further on	74
Beyond the dark sea	66
By and by	64
Bright, beautiful heaven	53
Beautiful dream	52
Born again	31
Be in our midst to-day	16
Come you sinners	117
Christ the only way	99
Come to-day	73
Cross and crown	37
Coronation	10
Come to Jesus	30
Come to the fount	27
Drifting away	106
Doubt no more	13
Doxology (Old Hundred)	79
From every stormy wind	93
Go to thy rest	103
Go thy way for this time	46
Go work in my vineyard	91
Happy day	85
Heaventy mansions	71
Happy pilgrims	55
Have mercy on me	44
Hosanna	113
I's lootin' out for you	125
I have no mother now	100
If I were a voice	97
If we knew	88
I love Jesus	76
Is it far?	62
I need thee, precious Jesus	34
If, Lord, thou callest me	22
Is it I?	19
I am the Vine	4
I love thy kingdom, Lord	47
Joy to the world!	33
Jesus, lover of my soul	119
Jesus on the sea	92
Just beyond	48
Jesus our Friend	11
Known to thee	45
Love for all	41
My ain countrie	105
Messenger angels	72
My soul, be on thy guard	35
My gracious Redeemer	18
My faith looks up to thee	7
Not much further to go	68
Nearer to thee	65
Not ashamed of Christ	43
Not far from the kingdom	40
Oh, how I love Jesus	101
Oh, for a closer walk	95
Overcome evil with good	83
Over the river	78
Out of the darkness	75
Only a little while	67
Oh, thou fount	51
One sweetly solemn thought	126
Our dear little darling	108
On the cross	6
Pass me not	114
Remember me	77
Redeemed	96
Rock of Ages	8
Shout the tidings	116
Scatter seeds of kindness	111
Song of welcome	104
Sweeping through the gates	102
Shivering in the cold	98
Standing by the cross	118
Sound the truth abroad	69
Shelter of safety	59
Salvation for all	38
Standing, knocking, waiting	26
Singing for Jesus	17
The King in his beauty	123
The three calls	124
The great white throne	121
The cross of Christ	122
The handwriting on the wall	115
Title clear	109
The barren fig tree	86
That beautiful land	70
The Savior is coming	63
The golden city	61
The happy beyond	58
The gospel banner	57
The other land	54
The land of promise	39
Tarry with me	25
The Savior's call	24
There is a fountain	23
To-day the Savior calls	20
The half has never been told	14
The manger of Bethlehem	5
The bright Morning Star	1
Valley of blessing	60
Will you go?	21
Whiter than snow	112
Waiting and watching	110
What will the harvest be	90
Work, for the night is coming	89
We praise thee, O God	87
When our ways	84
Watch	81
Waiting at the door	80
When the Comforter comes	56
Who shall be able to stand?	42
What say the bells	36
When shall we meet again?	29
Wandering away	28
We believe	12
What could we do without Jesus	2
When we hear the music ringing	120

THE CHRISTIAN HYMNAL.

REVISED 1882.

No. 1.	Cloth, red edge	75 cents.	Per dozen,	$7 50
No. 2.	Silk cloth, gilt side		Per copy,	1 20
No. 3.	Morocco back, cloth side		" "	1 50
No. 4.	All morocco		" "	2 60
No. 5.	Morocco, antique, gilt edge		" "	3 25
No. 6.	Morocco, full gilt		" "	3 75
Cheap edition, bound in boards		50 cents.	Per dozen,	4 80
Word edition, without music,	boards	25 "	" "	2 40
" " " "	cloth	35 "	" "	3 60
" " " "	silk cloth, red edge,	50 "	" "	4 80

SUNDAY SCHOOL MUSIC BOOKS.

NEW FOUNT OF BLESSING.

By R. G. STAPLES. 192 pages of choicest music adapted to Sunday schools, Prayer and Praise Meetings. Price, 35 cents. Per dozen, by express, $3.60.

FOUNT OF BLESSING.

By R. G. STAPLES. All the best writers and composers are represented. No time, labor or expense has been spared to make it the BEST. Send 30 cents for a copy for *examination*. Price, 30 cents. Per dozen, by express, $3.00.

THE MORNING STAR.

By KNOWLES SHAW. The author's last book. A favorite from the beginning, and *does not wear out*. Price, 35 cents. Per dozen, by express, $3.60.

GOSPEL ECHOES.

By R. G. STAPLES. A new and choice collection of Hymns and Songs for the Sunday-schools, Prayer-meeting and Home Circle. Price, per copy, 30 cents. Per dozen, by express, $3.00.

PEARLY GATES.

A collection of new songs for the Sunday-school. By J. H. ROSECRANS. Per copy, 25 cents. Per dozen, by express, $2.50.

APOSTOLIC HYMNS AND SONGS.

A collection of hymns and songs, both new and old, for Protracted Meetings and the Sunday-school. By D. R. LUCAS. Revised and enlarged. Price, per copy, by mail, 20 cents. Price, per dozen, by express, $2.00.

Books sent at dozen rates are at purchaser's expense for carriage.

CHRISTIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY.