HEART SONGS

For Sunday Schools

BY FRED. A. FILLMORE.

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FILLMORE BROS: PUBLISHERS.

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HEART SONGS

—— A ——

NEW COLLECTION FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

BY FRED. A. FILLMORE

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PUBLISHERS

141 West Sixth Street,
CINCINNATI.

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NEW YORK.

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1893
Hear

HEART SONGS.

Heart Songs.

J. H. F. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. We come with songs of gladness, We come with notes of praise; Our grateful, hap-py heart songs To
2. We praise him for his mer - cy, That seeks us when a - stray, We praise him for his prom-ise To
3. We praise him for his good-ness, We praise him for his love; We trust him for his guid-ance To

CHORUS.

Christ, our King, we raise. { Glad heart songs, glad heart songs, In mel-o - dy we sing,
help us day by day. { Glad heart songs, glad heart songs, To Christ, our Lord, we bring.
heav'n our home a - bove.

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Singing With the Heart.

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

1. When with hap-py fa - ces Joy- ous - ly we stray, Seek-ing here our pla - ces On this ho - ly day;
2. If with voic-es on - ly We the Sav-iour praise, He will not ac - cept us, Nor the songs we raise!
3. Je - sus hath re - stor'd us To the Fa-ther's love! Je - sus hath prepared us Mansions bright above!

And when songs of beau - ty From our lips shall start, Be our singing ev - er Singing with the heart!
Ear - nest love for Je - sus, It must bear a part; Ay, our singing must be Singing with the heart!
Je - sus, of our wor - ship Thou de - serv-ing art! Be our singing ev - er Singing with the heart!

CHORUS.

Sing-ing with the heart, Sing-ing with the heart, Be our singing ev - er Sing-ing with the heart.

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Singing as We Go.

Miss Jessie H. Brown. Fred A. Fillmore.

1. Up Zi - on's hill the path is steep, And shadows oft - en o'er it creep: But blos-soms by the road - side grow, And we are sing-ing as we go.
2. On Zi - on's hill are partings sore, As those we love go on be - fore, But tho' our notes are sad and low We still are sing-ing as we go.
3. On Zi - on's hill a palace stands, With room for all our pil-grim bands; We there shall meet at last we know, And we are sing-ing as we go.

Chorus.

We praise our Leader all day long, (all day long) In words of ever grateful song, In measures glad, or measures slow. We still are singing as we go.

grateful song,

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Call the Reapers.

Mrs. W. W. Savage. J. H. Rosecrans.

1. Call the reap - ers to the har - vest, White on ev - 'ry hand, Call the tar - dy,
2. Call the reap - ers, oh, de - lay not, See the gold - en grain Waits the sic - kle
3. If thou call us, Lord of har - vest, Glad - ly will we come, Swift to gath - er
4. When we've reach'd the heav'nly gar - ner, With our pre - cious store, Thanks we'll give the

care - less glean - ers, I - dly now they stand.
of the reap - er, 'T will not long re - main.
for the mas - ter, Sheaves for har - vest home.
Lord of har - vest, Prais - es ev - er - more.

Chorus.

Call the reap-ers, call the reap-ers,
Har - vest time is here; Call the reapers, call the reap-ers, Har - vest time is here.

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The Two Ways.

CHARLES M. FILLMORE. F. A. F.

1. There is a way, a nar-row way, That leads to life e - ter - nal, Its paths are pleas-ant-
2. There is a way, a broad, dark way, That leads to pain and an - guish, And those who walk a -
3. Each step up - on the nar-row way, Will make you stronger, pur - er, Each step up - on the
4. Each day of life you walk a - long The one way or the oth - er, Your fate de-pends up -

CHORUS.
Vigorously.

ness and peace, It ends in joys su - per - nal. Then shun the broad and rough dark way, Be
long that way, In end - less woe shall lan - guish.
downward road, Will make your doom the sur - er.
on your choice, Be care - ful then, my broth - er.

found up - on it nev - er, But strive to find the narrow way, Which leads to joy for - ev - er.

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Building on the Rock.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Are you build - ing on the Rock, High a - bove the sand - y beach,
2. Years, like tides, will come and go; Tell me, are you ver - y sure,
3. Lay with pa - tience, faith, and prayer, Your foun - da - tions deep and wide;

Where no sudden wave can shock, Where no sudden wave can shock, Where no beat-ing tide can reach?
That they will not o - verthrow, That they will not o - verthrow, Much that seemed at first se - cure?
Build there-on, with watchful care, Build thereon, with watchful care, Far a - bove the an - gry tide.

CHORUS.

Are you hearing and obeying? Are you working, watching, praying? Tell me does your dwelling stand, On the

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Save Me from Sin.

VIOLA M. ZINK. J. H. FILLMORE.

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Walking in the Light.

IDA L. REED. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Walk - ing in the light, Walking day by day, Guide us, Lord, a-right, O lead us all the way.
2. Walk - ing in the light, Shin-ing from a-bove, Ev - 'ry face grows brighter, In thy ten - der love;
3. Walk - ing in the light, Shadows flee a-way, Clear-er grows our sight, And clearer day by day,

Keep us by thy side, Hold our hands in thine, Guide our wayward footsteps, By thy love di - vine.
Sav - iour ev - er dear, Walk we not a - lone, Ten-der - ly and clear, Thy voice doth cheer us on.
Yon - der cit - y fair, Soon we shall be-hold, Safe we all shall en - ter there With-in the fold.

CHORUS.

Walk - - ing in the light, Trust - ing still are we,
Walk-ing in the light, Walk - ing in the light, Trust-ing, trust - ing still are we,

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Lead . . . . . us, Lord, a-right, Guide us safe-ly home to thee.
Lead us, Lord, a-right, Lead us, Lord, a-right,

At Harvest Time.

GEORGE WEATHERLY. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. { When the world is radiant, Rich with summer hours, Wood and field and garden Gemm'd with brightest flow'rs,
When the wheat is gold-en, Gleaming in the sun, And the scythe and sic-kle Harvest have begun, }

2. { He who in the winter Clad the ground with snow, He who in the spring-time Caus'd the seed to grow
He who sent the show-ers, And the dew at morn, Then the sun-ny hours, Rip'ning fruit and corn— }

REFRAIN.

May our tho'ts turn oft-en, In our grat-i-tude, To the Lord of har-vest—Giv-er of all good.
He is Lord of har-vest, And to him we raise Songs of sweetest measure, Thankful songs of praise.

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Jesus Loved Me.

D. R. LUCAS. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Al - though I once was wan - der'd a - way, Je - sus lov'd me, Je - sus lov'd me;
2. My heart is new, by faith in his word, Word of his love, beau - ti - ful love,—
3. No an - gel bright now dwell - ing on high, Ev - er can think, ev - er can tell,

He gave him - self my ran - som, for aye— Dy - ing to set me free.
A love so great, so much like my Lord, Bound - ing from heav'n a - bove.
In phrase so rich as rings thro' the sky, Je - sus lov'd *him* so well.

CHORUS.

So I must love him since he has lov'd me, Since he is my own lov - ing Friend.

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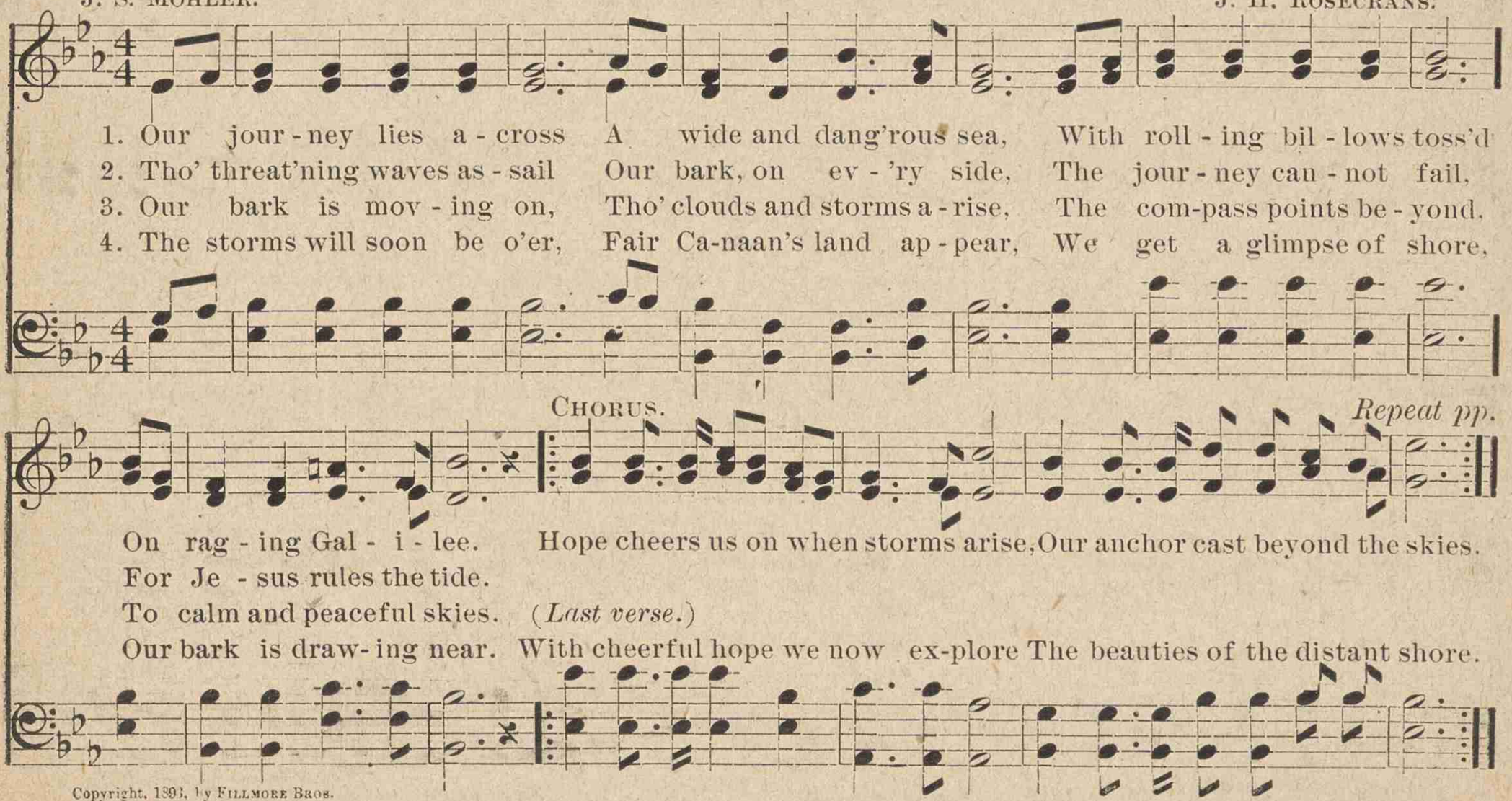
Jesus Loved Me. Concluded.

Hope Cheers Us On.

J. S. MOHLER. J. H. ROSECRANS.



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14 JESSIE H. BROWN.

Christ All in All.

J. H. FILLMORE.

Maestoso. All sing the melody in unison.

1. There is no flow - er fair - er Than Shar - on's per - fect rose,
2. There is no Ref - uge sur - er Than 'neath the Rock I see;
3. There is no foun - tain sweet - er Than is the Liv - ing Well;

CHORUS.

The Price-less Pearl is rar - er Than gems the mines dis-close. O Christ, thou high and ho - ly,
There is no of-f'ring pur - er Than that he made for me.
There is no Love com-plet - er Than that the ransom'd tell.

What - e'er thy name we call; Thou art the Meek and Low - ly, Thou art our All in All.

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Hold Up the Standard!

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Dare to stand for the right, tho' a host oppose, Dare to face the world for the Lord, (bless his name,) He is
2. Dare to think for yourself, guided by his word Pressing on to victories new; (bless his name,) Dare to
3. In the strength of the Master go forth to-day, 'Gainst the powers of darkness and sin; (bless his name,) Never

CHORUS.

might - y to save to the ut - termost, Nev- er fear but trust in his word. Hold up the standard
do what is right in the fear of God, Be a sol- dier faithful and true!
fear for the scoff, nev- er fear the frown, Go in faith de - termined to win.

of our King! Nev- er lay your armor down; Dare to be loy- al to the Lord And you shall wear a crown.

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Drop the Anchor.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Drop the an - chor of hope from the Ship of Life, When the winds and the waves meet in an-gry strife; Let the ca-ble be strong, lest it break and part—Let it hold ev - ermore to a steadfast heart.
2. Drop the an - chor of hope when the night is dark, And the star-gleams no long - er your pathway mark; Drop the anchor of hope—there are stars above, And your anchor will hold in a Saviour's love.
3. Drop the an - chor of hope when the port is won, You will need it no more with your voyaging done; From the Haven of Calm will the song uproll, "Praise the Lord for the anchor that kept my soul."

CHORUS.

Drop the an-chor of hope and de - fy the blast! Drop the an - chor of hope—it will hold you fast;

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What I'll Do for Jesus.

MRS. L. M. B. BATEMAN. FOR SMALL CHILDREN. J. H. FILLMORE.

All sing the melody in Unison.

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Draw me Nearer.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. I want my heart made pur - er, Lord, More sanc - ti - fied by thee,
2. I know my earth - ly sight is dim, But thou the blind can'st heal,
3. So cleanse me by thy won - drous grace, From sin so set me free.

CHORUS.

Till thro' the mist -y doubts of earth, Thy glo - ry I may see. So draw me near-er, near-er,
And clear-ly to my long-ing soul, Thy-self thou can'st re-veal.
That I in all His ho - li-ness My bless-ed Lord may see.

Make my path - way clear- er, So draw me near - er, near - er, My bless - ed Lord to thee.

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All for Jesus.

Mrs. Libbie S. Morgan. Fred. A. Fillmore.

1. Con - se - crat - ed lives he's ask - ing, Hear the Mas - ter's call, Plead - ing still for
2. Who will lift his droop - ing ban - ner, Bear it brave - ly on, Show - ing to the
3. All for us he gave so free - ly, Left his home a - bove, Bore our na - ture,
4. Hum - bly at thy feet, dear Sav - iour, We would lay our all, A - ny-where to

Chris - tian work - ers, Who will give him all? All, all, all for Je - sus,
world its col - ors, 'Till the vic - t'ry's won? All, all, all for Je - sus,
felt our sor - rows, O what won - drous love! All, all, all for Je - sus,
la - bor for thee, Read - y at thy call. All, all, all for Je - sus,

Who will give him all? All, all, all for Je - sus, Who will give him all?
Till the vic - t'ry's won, All, all, all for Je - sus, Till the vic - t'ry's won.
O what won - drous love! All, all, all for Je - sus, O what won - drous love!
Read - y at thy call. All, all, all for Je - sus, Read - y at thy call.

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Go and Work for Jesus.

F. A. F.

FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. Go and work for Je - sus, there is much, much to do, And the Lord need - eth work-ers,
2. Go and work for Je - sus, 'tis a grand work for all, Serve him now, la - bor ear- nest-
3. Go and work for Je - sus, he will bless and reward, All his ser -vants who love him

he hath work for you; See the grain is rip-'ning in the broad fields to - day,
ly what- e'er be - fall; In the fields of har-vest, you should ear - ly be found,
and o - bey his word; At the last day's la - bor, at the last set - ting sun,

CHORUS.

Stand ye not then i - dle, to the work a - way. O gath - er the beau -ti - ful
With your sick-les gleaming and your sheaves well bound.
Hear the words of Je - sus "faithful servant, well done." O gath - er, gath - er the beau- ti - ful

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grain, ... Bind the sheaves, ... and gar-ner them in, ... O
grain, beau - ti - ful grain, Bind the sheaves, the gold - en sheaves, and gar-ner them in, gar -ner them in, O

gath - er the beauti-ful grain, . . . Bind the sheaves and garner them in. . . . .
gath- er, gath-er the beau-ti - ful grain, beauti -ful grain, Bind the gold-en sheaves, and garner them in (garner them in).

Jesus, my Saviour.

FRONIA SMITH. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, I would be thy child, Ev - er o - be-dient, Gen-tle, sweet and mild.
2. Like lit -tle Sam-uel, Watching in the night, "Speak, Lord, I hear Thee" Thou art my de - light.
3. Some-thing for Je - sus Do-ing day by day— Thus am I climb-ing Up the heav'nly way.

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Thanks to Thee.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. For our need - ed dai - ly bread, Thanks to thee, thanks to thee; By thy care we all are fed,
2. For the strength to sow and reap, Thanks to thee, thanks to thee; For thy watch-es o'er our sleep,
3. For the Christ we know and love, Thanks to thee, thanks to thee; For the her - i - tage a - bove,

FINE.

Thanks, thanks to thee. For the sum-mer's shine and rain, For the har - vest's wealth of grain,
Thanks, thanks to thee. For our homes and dear ones there Held for - ev - er in thy care,
Thanks, thanks to thee. For the loved and lost who wait, At the ev - er o - pen gate,

D.C.

Thanks to thee, our heav'n - ly Fa - ther, Thanks, thanks to thee.

From "Harvest Festival" by permission.

"Children's Friend." J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. As on the path of life we tread, We come to many a place, Where, if not care-ful,
2. Some i - dle hab - it, word, or tho't, Some sin, how-ev - er small, May make us stum-ble
3. Our fel - low-trav-'lers on the road, We'll watch with anxious care, And when they reach some

we may fall And sink in - to dis - grace.
in the path, And stum-bling we may fall.
dang - 'rous spot, We'll warn them: "Don't step there."

CHORUS

Don't step there, Don't step there,

Don't step there, For if not care - ful we may fall, Don't step there.

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Bless the Lord, O Soul Within Me.

FRONIA SMITH. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Bless the Lord, O soul with - in me, He hath done so much for thee;
2. He has sent his an - gels to thee, Bear - ing mes - sag - es of love;
3. He hath made thy foes to van-ish, At his voice they fled a - way;

With his light as with a gar - ment, All thy years he's cov - ered Thee.
Thou hast felt their pres - ence near thee, In that peace that's from a - bove.
Low - ly list - en while he teach - eth, Thou shalt learn the per - fect way.

REFRAIN.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, Bless the Lord, . . O my soul.

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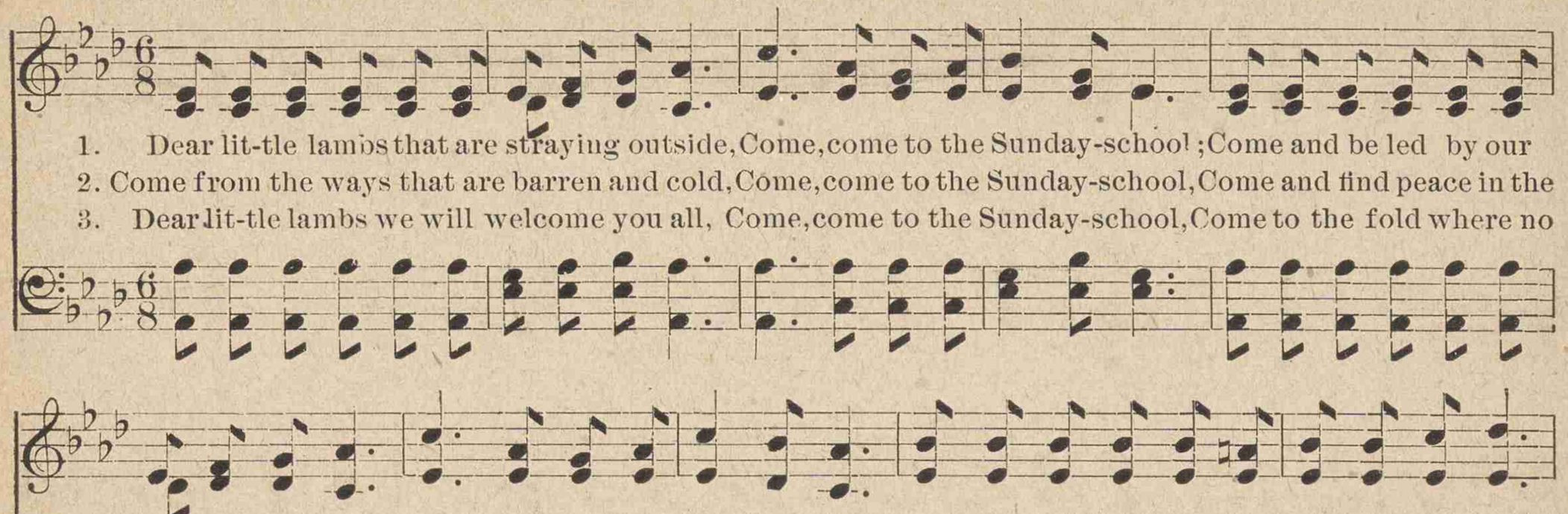
Come, Little Lambs.

HARRIET E. JONES. FRED. A. FILLMORE.



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His Wonderful Works.

Mrs. A. L. Davison. Fred. A. Fillmore.

1. How beau - ti - ful thy work, O God; In won - der we be - hold,
2. What wis - dom guides the won - drous course Of all the whirl - ing spheres,
3. The hand that made un - num - bered worlds, So in - fin - ite its pow'r,
4. The un - i - verse o - beys his law, The stars he rules them all!

Chorus.

The glo - ries that each new-born day, Doth ev - er- more un - fold. His might - y hand, his
And works in cease - less mir - a - cles, Thro' all the cir-cling years.
With grace and love - li - ness doth paint, The small - est earth-ly flow'r.
And yet his ten - der love doth heed, The dy - ing sparrow's fall.

might-y hand Doth wall cre - a - tion in, His might-y love, his might-y love, For-gives the darkest sin

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Where the Shepherd Leads I'll Go.

A. P. COBB. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Thro' the meadows green, inviting, Where the shepherd leads I'll go! Thro' the shadows dark, ex-cit -ing,
2. See! the gen-tle shepherd leading; Where the shepherd leads I'll go! Hark! his voice in mercy pleading;
3. Tho' my feet be worn and wea-ry, Where the shepherd leads I'll go! Tho' the mountain-side be drea-ry,

CHORUS.

Where the shepherd leads I'll go! Hark! his voice is gen- tly call-ing: On my ear its strains are falling,
Where the shepherd leads I'll go!
Where the shepherd leads I'll go!

Tho' the gloom may be appalling, Where the shepherd leads I'll go, I'll go, Where the shepherd leads I'll go.

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Love Everlasting.

Arr. from H. R. T. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. I love thee, I love thee, O Sav-iour di - vine, Saviour di -vine, O Sav-iour di - vine,
2. The world does not know thee nor care for thy love, care for thy love, Nor care for thy love,
3. The wa- ters un-bound-ed that rise from the sea, rise from the sea, That rise from the sea,
4. Love glows in thy blood-drops, It tells me I'm thine, Tells me I'm thine, it tells me I'm thine,

Thy blood has redeemed me, I know I am thine, Thy blood has redeemed me, I'm thine.
But O I have found thee, thy good-ness I prove, I've found thee, thy good-ness, I prove.
Are small when compared with thy mer - cy to me, Compared with thy mer - cy to me.
O who would not love thee, thou Sav-iour di - vine, Not love thee, thou Sav- iour di - vine.

CHORUS.

O love ev - er - last - ing, So bound - less and free, ...
O love, pre - cious love ev - er - last - ing So won - der - ful, won - der - ful, bound-less and free,

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Stay Near to Me.

MRS. W. W. SAVAGE. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

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Another Call.

ALEX. C. HOPKINS.

1. There's an- oth - er call for soldiers, In the arm - y of the king; Have you volunteered for service?
2. If we try to win life's battles In our own strength, we will fall; But God calls us to his service,
3. 'T is "the Lord of hosts" who leads us, And his might -y arm will save All who fol - low him to bat-tle,

Are there oth - ers you can bring? There is need of men and mon- ey, In the war against the wrong;
Let us then o -bey the call; Let us give him our al - legiance, And to him all praise ac-cord,
And are watchful, strong, and brave; Then "conquering and to conquer," We will bold- ly march a-long;

CHORUS.

But the right will sure - ly tri-umph, Tho' the con- flict may be long. There's an - oth - er call for
For "'Tis not by might nor pow - er, But my Spir - it," saith the Lord.
And "from vic - to - ry to vic - to - ry" Will be our tri-umph song.

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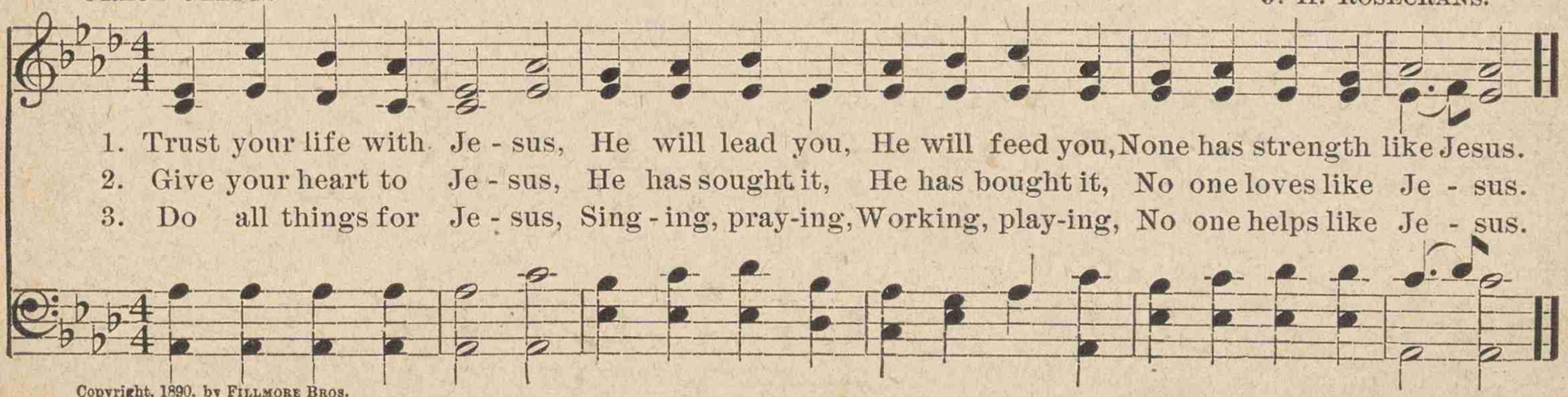
None Like Jesus.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. ROSECRANS.



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Step by Step.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. FILLMORE.

Marching time.

1. Step by step, and day by day, March we on our for - ward way; (step by step, and)
2. Step by step, and one by one, Lives be - gin, and lives are done; (step by step, and)
3. Step by step, the task is small, None too great for each and all; (step by step, and)

Nev - er back - ward, nev - er still, Guid - ed by our Lead - er's will.
True and firm for Je - sus' sake Let us make each step we take.
Just by this, and noth - ing more Shall we reach fair Jor - dan's shore.

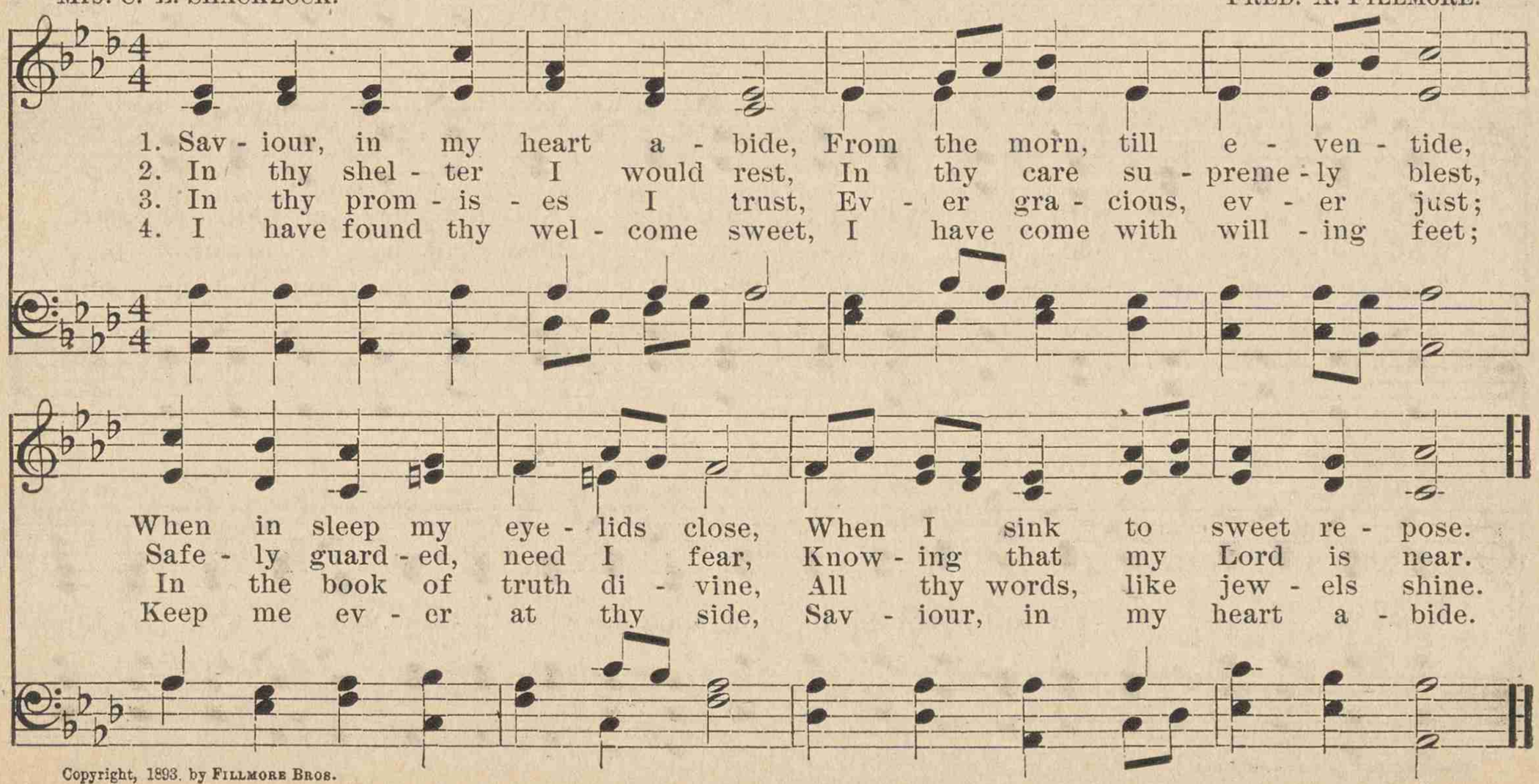
CHORUS.

Sav - iour, Mas - ter, teach us where All thy per - fect path - ways are; Weak and hum - ble

By permission.

Saviour, in My Heart Abide.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. FRED. A. FILLMORE.



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The Saviour Knocking.

F. A. F. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. List - en to the Sav - iour knock-ing, knock-ing At the por - tal of thy heart;
2. Let him in, O haste, make read - y, read - y, For this bless - ed heav'n-ly guest;
3. Yes, my heart, dear Lord, I'll o - pen, o - pen, Thou shalt sure - ly en - ter in;

Bid him en - ter with - out wait - ing, wait - ing, Bid him nev - er - more de - part.
While he's knock - ing bid him en - ter, en - ter, Thou shalt be su - preme-ly blest.
Thou shalt come and cleanse me whol - ly, whol - ly From my guilt, and from my sin.

CHORUS.

Sav-iour, en-ter, en - ter this poor heart of mine, Make me whol-ly thine, make me whol - ly thine,

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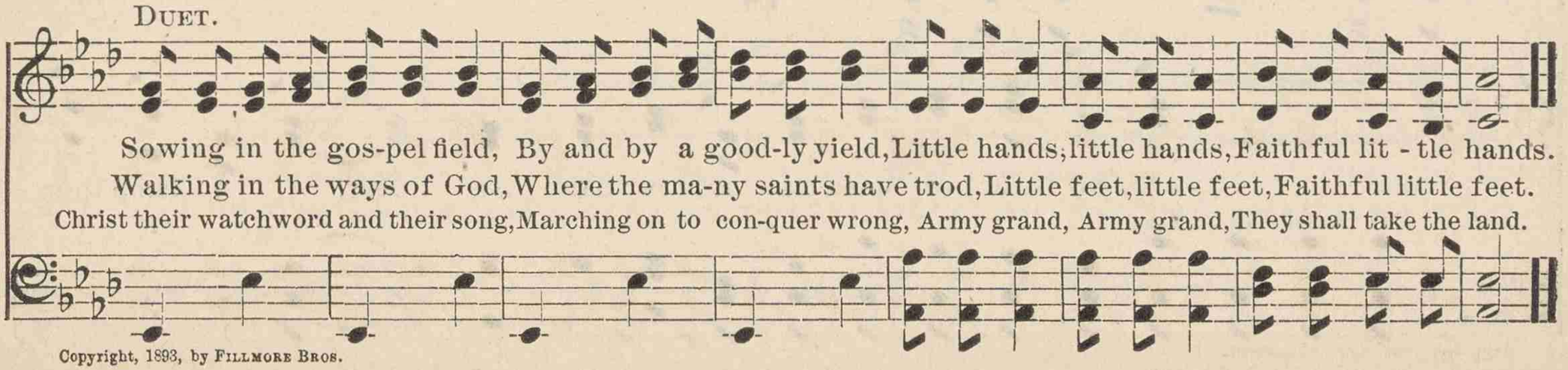
They Shall Take the Land.

HARRIET E. JONES. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

DUET.



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O Book of Books.

HARRIET E. JONES. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. O book of books, O precious word, With prom - is - es so broad! O message from our
2. When in the morn - ing time of life, Thou art a won-drous guide; A constant help a -
3. But oh, a mine of wealth thou art, When life has lost its bloom, O how thy truths can
4. O book of books, so dear, so dear, Thy worth can ne'er be told, That doth the wea - ry

CHORUS.

bless - ed Lord, A treas - ur - y of God! O book of books, ... O word di -
mid the strife, What-ev - er may be - tide.
cheer the heart, When near the si - lent tomb.
pil - grim cheer, And to the end up - hold.

O book of books,

vine, ... No oth - er book to us is half so dear, A lamp thou

O word di - vine,

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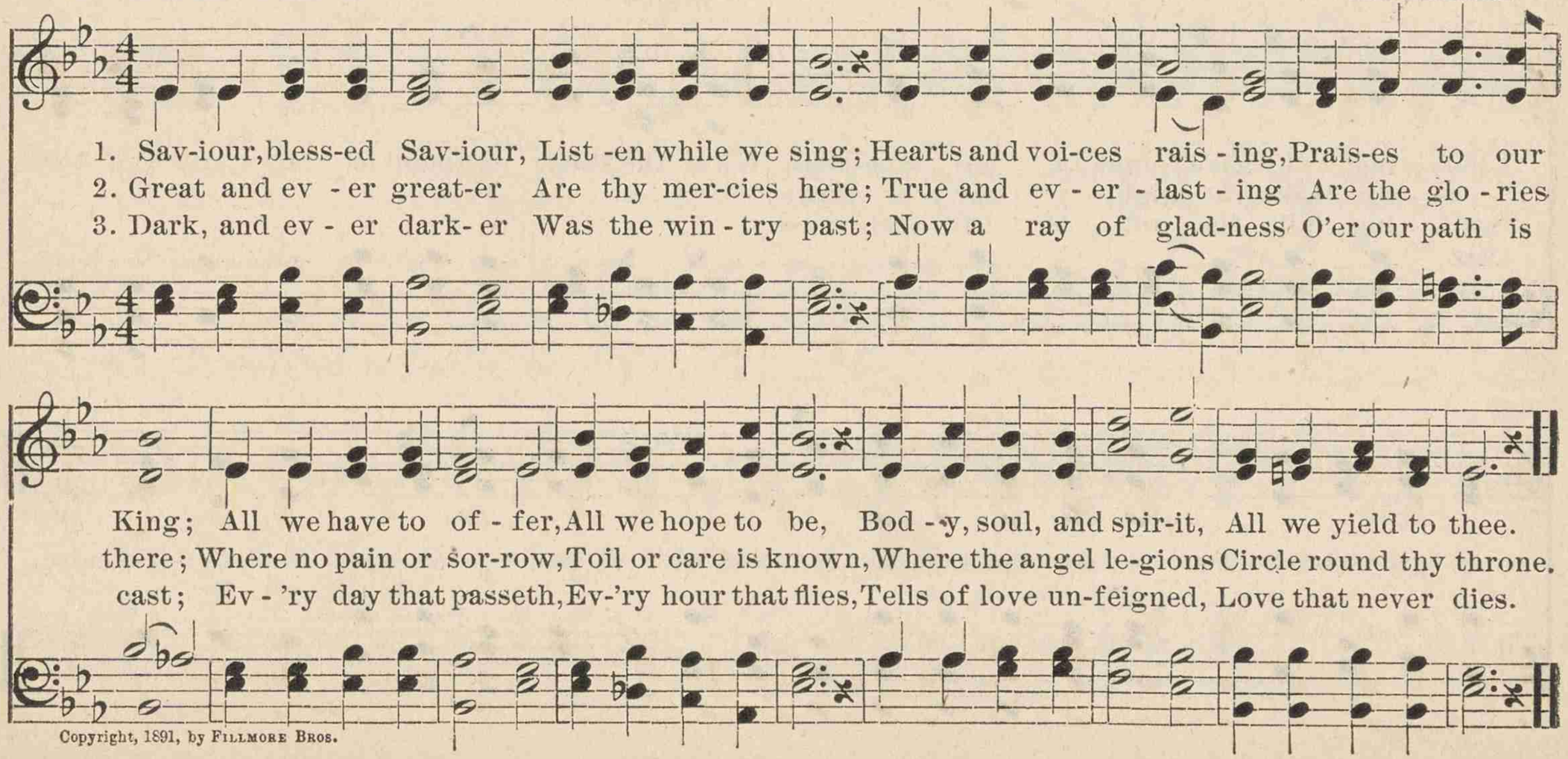
Saviour, Blessed Saviour.

Rev. Godfrey Thring. H. P. Danks.



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Hiding in the Rock.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. In the Rock of A - ges hid - ing, I have found a sure re - treat; In the ref - uge now a -
2. In the Rock of A - ges rest - ing, I en - joy a sweet re - pose, Where the grace of God for -
3. In the Rock of A - ges trust - ing, I am kept in per - fect peace; In the hope of glo - ry

Chorus.

bid - ing, I have found a joy com-plete. While the storm a-round me rag - es, And the
ev - er, Like a might - y riv - er flows.
wait - ing Till the toil of life shall cease.

an - gry bil-lows roar, I am hid - ing in the Rock of A - ges, I am safe for ev - er - more.

By Permission.

Plant Blossoms.

Mrs. H. E. Jones. D. B. Towner.

1. Plant blossoms, rare blossoms your pathway along, By sweet words of kindness, and bright gems of song,
2. Spread sunbeams, bright sunbeams in somebody's way, That sitteth in sor-row and darkness to-day;
3. Go smil-ing - ly onward the lone -ly to cheer—So ma - ny are need-ing your sym-pa - thy here;

Fine.

Thus chasing the shadows from ma- ny a heart, Thus un - to the wea- ry some comfort im- part.
Go whis- per of blessings that yet are in store, Till gladness shall en - ter the sad heart once more.
So ma - ny are groaning in want and distress, Go smil-ing - ly on-ward to comfort and bless.

D. S. *Plant ro - ses, the fair - est, to glad- den the way, By liv - ing for oth - ers from day un - to day.*

Chorus. D.S.

Spread sunbeams of kindness, your pathway along; Cheer hearts that are pining by sweet gems of song.

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We Are Marching.

Mrs. W. W. Savage. J. B. Herbert.

m

1. We're a band of hap - py chil-dren, And our Leader true and bold, Yes, our Leader true and bold,
2. Marching on - ward, ev - er on - ward, To the land of light a - far, To the land of light a - far;
3. Tho' we're lit - tle, we are val - iant, We o - bey our Captain's call, We o-bey our Captain's call;

Is the Prince of that fair coun - try Just be - yond the gates of gold.
To the fair and glo - rious cit - y Just be - yond the gates a - jar.
And we'll halt not in our march - ing Till the reb - el stand - ards fall.

Chorus.

f

We are marching for-ward, for-ward marching, With our ban-ner bright, our ban- ner bright unfurled:

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We Are Marching. Concluded.

p *cres.* *cres.*

We are fol - low - ing, fol - low-ing, fol- low- ing our Lead-er On to save a dy - ing world.

God is Love.

C. M. F. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. "God is love" the gen - tle breeze Whispers thro' the leaf - y trees, "God is love" the pret- ty flow'rs
2. "God is love" the bird - ies sing, As they soar up - on the wing, "God is love" the brooklets say
3. "God is love" re-peats each star Twinkling in the sky a - far, "God is love" sun, dew, and rain,
4. "God is love" our lips shall sing While our hearts their tribute bring, God is love; in all my ways

CHORUS.

1 2

Mur-mur in the fragrant bow'rs. { God is love, God is love, All things tell his love so free,
As they rip - ple on their way. { God is love, God is love, And he lov- eth (*Omit . . .*) e - ven me. }
All re-peat the sweet refrain.
Let me ev - er speak his praise.

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Peace Be Still.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON, D. D. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. 'T is night on Gal - i - lee, And hearts are faint with fear; Un-mind - ful that no harm can be When thou, the Lord, art near. Thou Lord of sea and land, Naught can withstand thy
2. Forth - with, at thy be - hest, The winds and bil - lows cease, And on the sea, and in each breast There reigns a ho - ly peace.
3. Thus toss'd on life's dark sea, Where an - gry bil - lows roll, Oh, may I find, dear Lord, in thee, Peace for my trou-bled soul.

CHORUS.

will! The tem - pest flees at thy com-mand, And winds and waves are still.

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Youth's Labor Song.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Go ear - ly to thy la - bor field; Thy youth life should be giv - en, To him, who gave so much for thee, Who waits for thee in heav - en. Ah! soon, yes, soon the night draws near, So soon the shad-ows gath- er, So soon there comes across the vales, The cru - el win-try weath - er.
2. And when thy life is sere and old, And all its beau - ty fad - ed, Its gold- en glo - ry dimmed with tears, With pain and sor - row shad - ed, Ah, then so sad will be thy heart, So full of bit - ter griev-ing, That thou hast left so small a gift, To bring for his re - ceiv - ing.
3. Re- mem-ber what he gave for thee, What ho - ly price-less treas-ure, What love and hope has crown'd thy life, What bless-ings with- out meas - ure. And lo! he wait - eth now for thee, Ere sin, thy soul en - thrall-ing, Shall lead thee in - to dark-er ways, O - bey thy Mas-ter's call - ing.

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Little Crusaders.

Mrs. W. W. Savage. J. H. Fillmore.

1. We're lit - tle Cru - sad - ers and bravely we're far- ing, Away toward the kingdom of light, (of light;)
2. Our cap - tain is Je - sus; we fear not to fol-low A lead-er so gen -tle and mild, (and mild;)
3. So great is our num- ber, so bold -ly we bat- tle, The foes of the Lord flee in fright, (in fright;)

The Cross is our em- blem and true to its lead -ing, We'll ev - er con- tend for the right.
No li - on or drag - on can harm us or fright us, For he will pro - tect ev - 'ry child.
We'll nev - er sur -ren - der nor give up the con- flict Till Je - sus pre-vails in his might.

Chorus.

We're lit - tle Cru-sad - ers, We're lit - tle Cru -sad - ers, . .
We're lit - tle cru - sad - ers, cru - sad - ers, cru - sad - ers, We're lit - tle cru - sad - ers, cru - sad - ers, cru- sad-ers,

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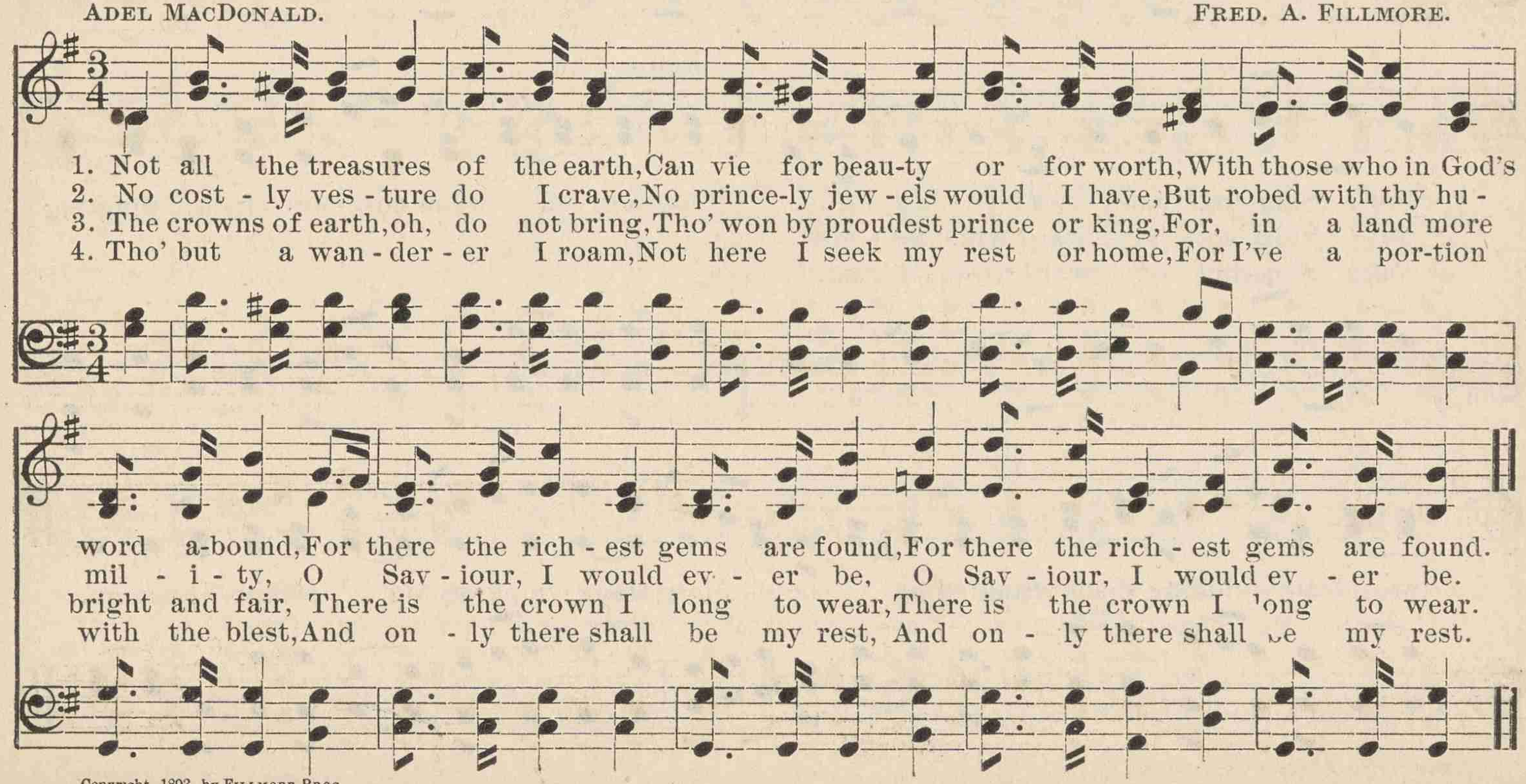
The Riches of Heaven.

ADEL MACDONALD. FRED. A. FILLMORE.



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Singing On.

A. P. COBB.
DUETT.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Sing-ing on thro' storm and shine, Sing-ing on, for Christ is mine; Sing-ing on, what-e'er be-
2. Sing-ing on, I can - not fall; Sing-ing on, till Christ shall call; Singing on, I on-ward
3. Sing-ing on thro' win - try rain; Sing-ing on, when life seems vain; Singing on, what-e'er be-

CHORUS.

tide; Sing-ing on, near Je - sus' side. Sing-ing on when flow - ers fade; Sing-ing
go; Sing-ing on - ward while be - low.
fall; Sing-ing on - ward thro' it all.

thro' death's chilling shade; Singing on the shin-ing shore; Singing on for-ev - er - more.

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Beneath His Wing.

EDWIN H. NEVIN, D. D. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Be - neath his wing I sweet - ly rest, While balm - y peace reigns in my breast; I
2. A - midst all dan - gers, seen or known, His guar-dian wing is o'er me thrown; It
3. This heav'n- ly wing, so wide - ly spread, Is o - ver me wher - e'er I tread; It
4. When wast-ing on the bed of death, I still can sing with dy - ing breath, For

nev - er need a foe to dread, While his bright wing is o'er me spread.
soothes me with its mag - ic power, And turns to light the dark - est hour.
ban - ish - es all gloom and fear To feel as - sured his wing is near.
round me I can clear - ly see Christ's wing of love o'er - arch - ing me.

REFRAIN.

repeat softly.

Be - neath his wing, be - neath his wing.
Be - neath his wing, my heart doth sing, be - neath, be - neath his wing.

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Send the Light.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the restless wave, "Send the light! Send the light!" There are
2. We have heard the Mac-e-donian call to-day, "Send the light! Send the light!" And a
3. Let us pray that grace may everywhere abound, "Send the light! Send the light!" And a
4. Let us not grow wea-ry in the work of love, "Send the light! Send the light!" Let us

Send the light! Send the light!

souls to res-cue, there are souls to save, Send the light! Send the light!
gold-en off-'ring at the cross we lay, Send the light! Send the light!
Christ-like spir-it ev-'ry-where be found, Send the light! Send the light!
gath-er jew-els for a crown a-bove, Send the light! Send the light!

Send the light! Send the light!

CHORUS. *(The first eight measures, or Bass Solo, may be omitted.)*

We will spread the ev-er-lasting light, With a will-ing, willing heart and hand,
We will spread . . the ev-er-last-ing light, With a will-ing heart and hand, ... Giv-ing

BASS SOLO.

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Giv -ing God the glo - ry ev - er-more, We will fol - low, fol- low his command.
God . . . the glo - ry ev - er - more, We will fol - low his com - mand. . . . . .

Send the light, . . the blessed gos - pel light, Let it shine . . from shore to shore! . . Send the
Send the light, the bless-ed gos- pel light, Let it shine from shore to shore!

light! and let its ra - diant beams Light the world . . for ev - er more. . . .
Send the light! and let its ra-diant beams Light the world for ev - ermore.

50

Room in my Heart for Thee.

Words arranged.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Thou didst leave thy home and thy king-ly crown, When thou camest to earth for me. But in Bethl'hem's home there was
2. Heaven's arch- es rang, when the an-gels sang, When they told of thy high de-gree; But in low- ly birth, thou didst
3. Fox - es found their rest, and the birds their nest, In the shade of the for - est tree; But thy couch was sod, O thou
3. Thou cam - est, Lord, with the liv - ing word, That should set thy peo - ple free, But with mock and scorn, and with

CHORUS.

found no room For thy ho - ly na-tiv - i - ty. Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is
come to earth, And in great-est hu-mil - i - ty.
Son of God! In the des - ert of Gal - i - lee.
crown of thorn, Did they bear thee to Cal - va - ry.

room in my heart for thee. Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for thee.

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Looking Backward.

Words and Melody by VIOLA M. ZINK. Harmonized and arranged by F. A. F.

1. When we've reach'd the heav'nly shore, All our griefs and tri - als o'er, Know-ing then that no more
2. When all shad - ows pass a - way, In the light of heav - en's day, When our ris - en Lord and
3. Short will seem the long - est life, With its pain, and care, and strife, All our earth - ly days as

sor - row we shall see, What will mat - ter all our tears, All our doubts and all our fears, Looking
Mas - ter we shall see, With our lov'd ones gone be-fore, We can smile at sor-rows o'er, Looking
but a dream will be, Prais-ing God for per - ils past, And for rest at home at last, Looking

D.S. *How our grate - ful hearts will sing, In the pres - ence of the King, Look-ing*

CHORUS. D.S.

backward from eterni-ty. Looking backward, looking backward, From the home where many mansions be.

backward from eter-ni - ty.

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Song of the Reapers.

MRS. L. M. B. BATEMAN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Where are the seeds we scat-tered in the spring-time, Down in the cold earth bur-ied from our sight?
2. Bur - ied a - lone, yet not a - lone a - bid - ing, Life all un-fold - ing in their shin-ing leaves,
3. Where are the deeds and lit - tle words of kind - ness, Sown by the hands and hearts of childish love?

Are they all dead and are they gone for - ev - er, Lost in the darkness of an end - less night?
Crowning with joy the reap - er's pa-tient wait - ing, Fill - ing his gar - ner with their gold-en sheaves.
Grow-ing and rip - 'ning till the an - gel reap - ers Gath - er the har-vest for the home a - bove.

CHORUS.

No, nev - er lost, or by our God for-got - ten, Nour-ished by sun-shine, fed by dew and rain,

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Increase my Faith.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

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The Gates are Ajar for Thee.

Miss JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Thy ris - en Re-deem - er has bid - den thee come, His mer- cies are ten - der and free;
2. The dan-gers that threaten, the sins that de -stroy, No long - er thy ter - ror shall be;
3. The Val - ley of Shad - ow shall fright thee no more; A light e - ven there thou shalt see;

His Man - sion of Rest thou may'st claim as thy home, The gates are a - jar for thee.
With Christ as thy Guide, thou may'st jour-ney with joy, To gates left a - jar for thee.
For Je - sus has trod - den the val - ley be - fore, And gates are a - jar for thee.

REFRAIN.

The gates are a - jar for thee, Pil - grim, The gates are a - jar for thee;

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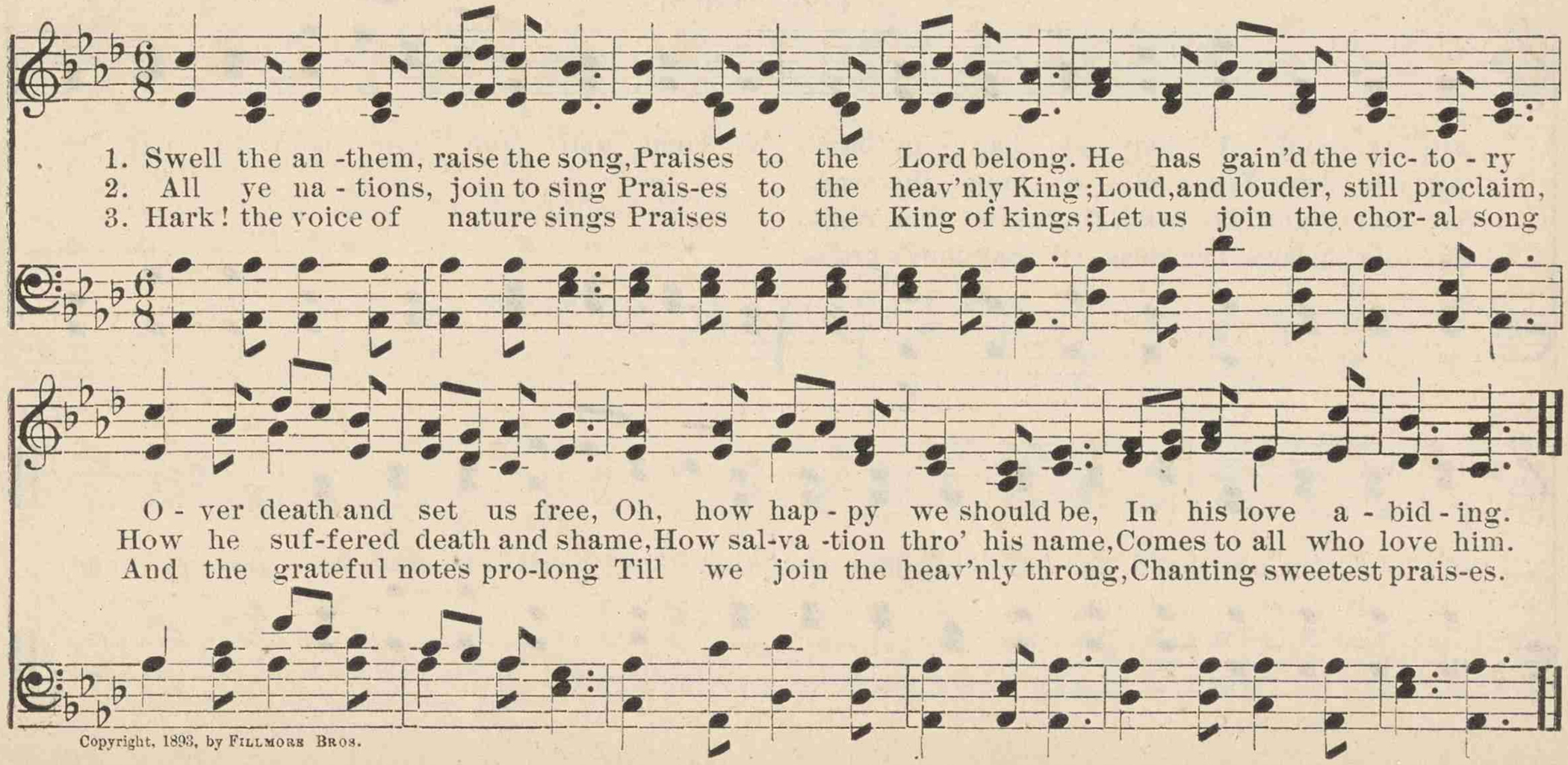
Swell the Anthem.

Words Arranged. FRED. A. FILLMORE.



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Glory Land.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

D.C. 1. We're on our way to glo - ry land, Glo - ry land, glo - ry land; We're on our way to
2. We'll work for Je - sus all the way, All the way, all the way; We'll work for Je - sus
3. The nar-row way is fair and bright, Fair and bright, fair and bright; The nar - row way is
4. Come, help us sing our Sav-iour's praise, Sing his praise, sing his praise; Yes, help us sing our

FINE. CHORUS.

glo - ry land, A hap - py, hap - py band. O come and join our band to - day, O
all the way, Yes, all a - long the way.
fair and bright, To walk there - in is right.
Sav-iour's praise, The bless - ed Sav-iour's praise.

come and join our band to - day, And jour - ney with us all the way to glo - ry land.

D.C.

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Peace Like a River.

MRS. H. E. JONES. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. My peace is like a riv - er; All glo - ry to the name Of him I 'm trust - ing
2. He soothes in times of sad-ness, Upholds when burdens weigh; He turns my grief to
3. He cheers when I am lone - ly, This Sav-iour ev - er near, 'T is Je - sus, Je - sus
4. O come, my doubt - ing broth-er, And take my Saviour's hand, He 'll lead you like no

CHORUS.

ev - er, Each day and hour the same. My peace is like a riv - er, All glo - ry to the
glad-ness, And takes the load a - way.
on - ly, Can light the path-way drear.
oth - er, Thro' hap - py Beu- lah land.

Giv - er, In whom I 'm trust-ing, trust-ing ev - er, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah!

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Marching to Zion.

MARY SPARKES WHEELER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Chris - tian sol - dier, ral - ly, in the fight be brave! Let the crim - son ban - ner
2. 'Tis a glo - rious war - fare; come and join our Band. True, and tried, and val - iant,
3. O this bless - ed ser - vice! 'tis a joy to be Where the great Com-mand - er

ev - er o'er you wave! Take the gos - pel trum - pet, give a cer - tain sound; Let the
heart to heart we stand; Hel - mets of sal - va - tion on our heads we wear, And to
can make use of me; When with con - flicts end - ed, we our home shall gain, He will

CHORUS.

tid - ings of sal - va - tion thro' the earth re-sound! We are march - - ing with trumpets and
conquer all our foes, the Spir - it's sword we bear.
crown us, and with him we shall for-ev - er reign.

We are marching with trum-pets and

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ban - - ners, And with hearts . . . . full of glad-ness we come, ... For in

ban - ners a - long, And with hearts full of glad - ness we come, we joy - ful - ly come,

tri - - - umph our army's ad - vanc - ing, We are march - - ing to Zion, our home. . . . . .

For in triumph our ar-my's ad-vanc-ing to-day, We are marching, marching to Zi-on, our home, our heav'nly home.

God is Ever Good.

J. H. F.

1. See the shining dew-drops On the flowers strewed, Proving as they spark-le —God is ev - er good.
2. Hear the mountain streamlet In the sol - i - tude, With its rip-ple say- ing—God is ev - er good.
3. In the leaf - y tree-tops, Where no fears in-trude, Mer -ry birds are singing —God is ev - er good.
4. Bring, my heart, thy trib-ute, Songs of grat-i - tude, While all na-ture ut - ters—God is ev - er good.

By permission.

Nearer Home.

PHOEBE CARY. *Dedicated to my Mother.* CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

Slowly and with feeling.

1. One sweetly sol-emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I am nearer home to-day, Than I have been be - fore.
2. Nearer the bound of life Where we lay our bur- dens down; Near - er leav - ing the cross, Near - er gain - ing the crown.
3. Oh, if my mor - tal feet, Almost have reach'd the brink, Oh, if I may nearer be To - day, than I may think.

Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where the
Yet ly-ing dark- ly be-tween,
Fa - ther, complete my trust, As I

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Published in sheet form, price 25 cents.

many mansions be;
Winding down thro' the night,
dai-ly draw nearer death,

Nearer the great white throne,
Is the silent unknown stream,
Grant me a still stronger hope.

Nearer the crystal sea.
That leads at last to the light.
Give me a still firmer faith.

CHORUS. *Slowly, softly, without accompaniment.*

Near-er home, near-er home, One day near-er home, Near-er home, near-er home, One day near - er

Ritard. *Softly.*

home, Nearer home, nearer home, I'm one day nearer home.

Praise the Lord.

Rev. Wm. Appel. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Praise the Lord, whose loving kindness endeth never-more, Praise the Lord, (praise the Lord,) Praise the
2. Praise the Lord for he is good, his mer- cy doth endure, Praise the Lord, (praise the Lord,) Praise the
3. Praise the Lord, his ev - er -last-ing grace is free to all, Praise the Lord, (praise the Lord,) Praise the

Lord; (praise the Lord;) Praise the Lord and sing the joy-ful an - them o'er and o'er, Praise the
Lord; (praise the Lord;) Praise the Lord whose kind - ly prov - i- dence is ev - er sure, Praise the
Lord; (praise the Lord;) Praise the Lord, his ho - ly cov - e -nant shall nev - er fall, Praise the

Lord, (praise the Lord,) praise the Lord. (praise the Lord.) All the twinkling stars, so beau - ti - ful, so
Lord, (praise the Lord,) praise the Lord. (praise the Lord.) All the sing - ers of the woods, so hap - py,
Lord, (praise the Lord,) praise the Lord. (praise the Lord.) All the saints in heav - en, glow-ing- ly ar-

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Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER.

1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter;
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying moment
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

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Nearer to Thee.

IDA L. REED. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Near - er to thee, pre - cious Sav - iour, Draw me near - er to thee now,
2. Draw me near - er, bless - ed Sav - iour, 'Neath the shad - ow of thy wings,
3. Sav - iour, in thy smile is heal - ing, Joy is in thy ten - der care,

For my soul is heav - y la - den, 'Neath my bur - den, low I bow.
Let me rest in thy dear fa - vor; Oh, what joy the glad hope brings.
O'er my heart sweet peace is steal - ing, And life's sky a - gain grows clear.

D.S. *Near - er to thee, O my Sav - iour, Let thy love my soul sus - tain.*

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Draw me near - er, Lord, I pray thee, In this wea - ry hour of pain;

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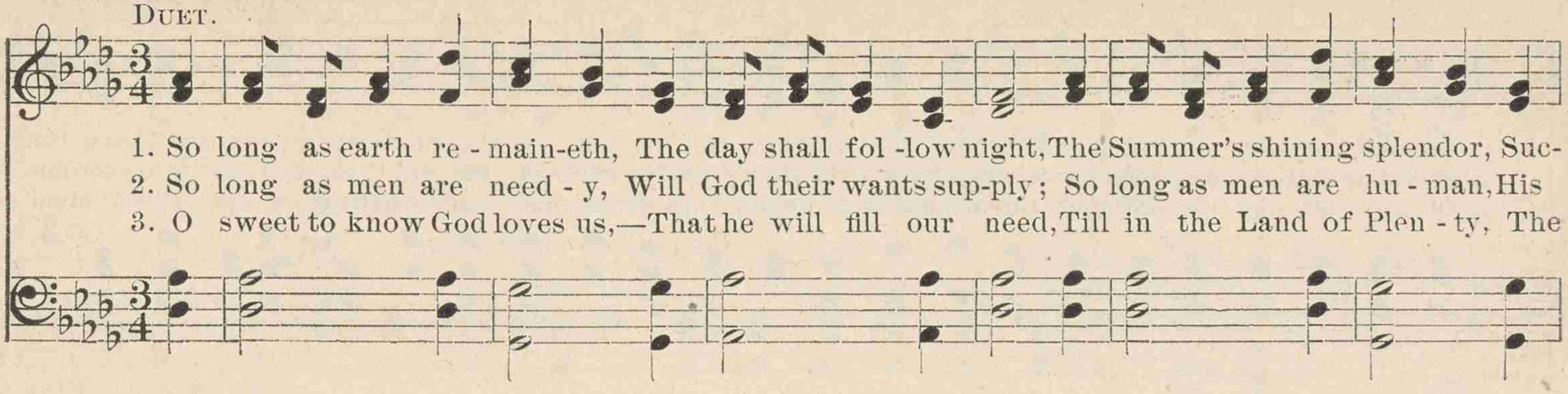
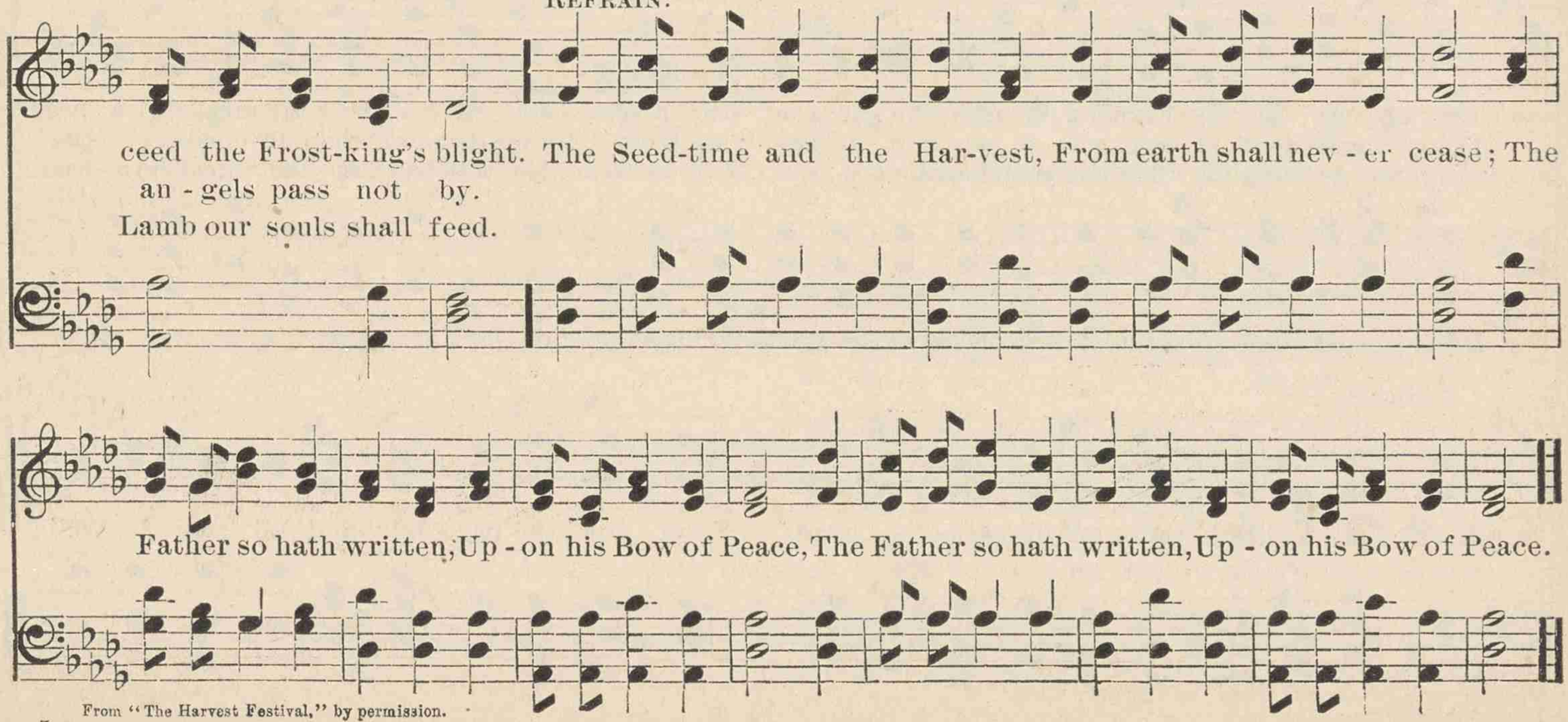
Miss Jessie H. Brown. J. H. Fillmore.

Duet.



Refrain.



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Breakers Ahead!

WM. H. GARDNER. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Oh, the sun shin - eth bright, and the sky smil-eth blue, And so fair is the course where you onward have sped;
2. Reef your sails, call "all hands," watch the wind and the sky; From the looks of the sea you had best throw the line.
3. Oh, so oft - en in life there are mo-ments of doubt, When we feel that our hopes hang by one sil-ver thread;

FINE.

But, oh, list to the warn-ing I give un - to you; Tho' it seem - eth so fair, there are breakers a - head.
There is great need of care, and of help from on high, When the watch gives the word, "there are breakers a - head!"
And for - get - ting the while our great Captain's a - bout, How we trem - ble with fear at the "breakers a - head!"

D.S. *Don't be cast on the rocks, don't be wrecked by the storm, "Port your helm," for I hear heaven's deep warning bell.*

CHORUS. D.S.

Break-ers a - head! there are breakers a - head! Steer for the har - bor and all will be well;

By permission.

I Will Follow Thee.

FRONIA SMITH SAVAGE. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. I have wan-dered far a - way, Sav - iour, from thy path a - stray, Like a wea - ry child I
2. Teach me all thy grace to know, As the thorn - y way I go, Help me curb my stub-born
3. There's no joy a - part from thee, Long I sought it faith - ful - ly, Now I give my - self and

CHORUS.

come, Seek-ing rest and peace in thee. I will fol-low thee, yes, I will follow thee, Whereso-
will, Yield-ing gen- tly un - to thee.
all, Give up all and fol - low thee.

e'er thou leadest I will go, I will follow thee, yes, I will follow thee, Follow where thou leadest me.

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Beautiful Star.

E. E. HEWITT.

May be sung as a Solo.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. The wise men of old, saw a beau - ti- ful star, Led on by its glo - ry they travelled a - far, O'er
2. The star of the east was the her-ald of day, The light ev-er - last-ing that fades not a - way, Its
3. The star of his word guards his people to-day, To sweet joy in Je -sus 'tis lead-ing the way, Then
4. To those who in darkness are straying a - far, We'll show the pure rays of the beau-ti - ful star, We'll

moun-tain and val - ley till wan -der -ings past, Their gifts at the feet of the Sav-iour they cast.
beams ris-ing high - er O hast - en and see, The "light of the world" shines for you and for me.
still let us fol - low and lov - ing - ly bring Our hearts and our off'rings to Je - sus, our King.
tell them of Je - sus, that at his dear feet, The saved of all na-tions shall joy - ful - ly meet.

CHORUS.

Beau - - - - ti - ful star, ... Beau - - - - - ti - ful star, ...
Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful star of the east, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful star of the east,

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There is a Happy Land.

A. YOUNG. HINDOOSTAN AIR.

He Slumbers Not.

CLARA LOUISE SHATTUCK. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Fret not thy-self, my heart! The Lord hath care for thee; Tho' des - o - late and poor thou art, He shall thy por-tion
2. He com-pass - es thy path And know-eth all thy ways; A pur-pose true of love he hath, Which runs throughout thy
3. To him a thousand years Are but as yes- ter - day; An hour, an age, the same ap-pears — He changeth not for
4. Be si - lent, O my soul! Let thy complaining cease; On him thy burden thou mayst roll, And walk henceforth in

be; His cov-e - nant . . stands firm and sure, . . . His mer-cy ev - - er shall en- dure.
days; He sees the end . . thou canst not see, . . And what he wills . . . is best for thee.
aye; And soon or late, . . in shade or sun, . . His plan is wrought, . . his will is done.
peace; Where he a - bides . all storms are stilled, . And ev - 'ry need . . . is more than filled.

1. His cov - e-nant stands firm and sure, His mer- cy ev- er shall en - dure.

CHORUS.

He slumbers not, . . . he will not sleep, . . . All safe thou art, . . . for he doth keep. . .

He slumbers not, he will not sleep, All safe thou art, for he doth keep.

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Thou Art my Shepherd.

M. E. THALHEIMER. J. CRAMER.

72 Are You Walking in His Footsteps?

Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford. J. H. Fillmore.

Solo or Duet.

1. Are you walk-ing in his foot-steps, Are you al-ways do - ing good, Do you fol - low aft - er Je - sus As sin - cere - ly as you should? Do you trav - el in the path - way That will
2. Are you walk-ing in his foot-steps, Do you ev - er seek the lost In the moun-tain and the des - ert, What - so - e'er may be the cost? In the high-ways and the by-ways, Are your
3. Are you walk-ing in his foot-steps, As he bids you dai - ly do, Do you fol - low near the Sav-iour, With him con - stant - ly in view? In the sun-shine and the shad - ow, In the

shine with bright-er light, Till you reach the man-sions yon-der, In the land of pure de-light?
foot-steps ev - er found, Where his wound-ed feet and bleeding, Left their marks up-on the ground?
dark-ness and the light, Are you press-ing in your jour-ney To the land of pure de-light?

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FULL CHORUS.

Are you walk - - - - - ing in his foot - - - - - steps? Are you

Are you walk - ing in his foot - steps? Are you walk - ing in his foot-steps? Are you

al - ways do - ing good? Do you fol - - - low aft - er

al-ways do- ing good? Are you al-ways do - ing good? Do you fol - low aft - er Je - sus? Do you

Je - - - - - sus As sin - cere - ly as you should?

rit. rit.

fol - low aft - er Je - sus As sin-cere - ly as you should, As sin-cere - ly as you should?

As sin - cere - ly as you should?

Are you Ready for the Judgment Day?

C. M. F.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

SOLO OR UNISON.

1. Christ the Lord has gone to glo - ry, but he's com-ing back a - gain, He is com-ing with his an - gels and a sword of fier - y flame;
2. There will be a sep - a - ra - tion on that fi - nal judgment day, On the right, the good; the left, the bad who walked in sin's broadway;
3. If you spend your time in seek-ing aft - er wealth and earthly fame, Un - re-pent -ant, dis - be - liev - ing in his ho - ly bless - ed name,
4. Now pre-pare to meet your Ma -ker, choose to-day the bet - ter part; While you hear his ear- nest plead-ing voice Oh, hard - en not your heart;

Then all na - tions, tribes and peo- ple shall be
"Come ye bless - ed" then the judge will say to
If you live in world-ly pleasures and the
Seek him while he may be found, and call up-

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gath-ered round his throne To re - ceive re-ward and rec - om-pense for all that they have done.
those up - on the right, But "de - part" to those up - on the left, "to dark-est end -less night."
Lord of life de - ny, In - dig - na - tion, wrath and an - guish is your por-tion when you die.
on him while he's near, Lest he laugh at your ca - lam - i - ty, and mock when comes your fear.

CHORUS.

Are you read- y for that judg -ment day? Are you read- y for that judg- ment day? You must

stand be -fore the Lord To re-ceive your just re-ward,—Are you read - y for that judgment day?

76

Make the World Brighter.

Rev. Wm. Appel. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Is the world bright-er for your be - ing in it? Say, are you let - ting your light sweetly shine?
2. Is the world bet - ter for your be - ing in it? Say, are you liv - ing for God and mankind?
3. Is the world sweet-er for your be - ing in it? Say, are you cheer-ing the heav - y and sad?

Are you re-flect-ing the brightness of Je - sus— And are you spread-ing his glo - ry di-vine?
Are you re-veal-ing the kind-ness of Je - sus, And are you help - ing the lost ones to find?
Do you ex-hib - it the sweetness of Je - sus, Mak-ing the lone - ly re - joice and be glad?

Chorus.

Bright - er, bet - ter,
Make the world brighter, make the world bet-ter, Make the world sweet-er by kind-ness and love;

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Bright - er, bet - ter,

Make the world brighter, make the world bet - ter, Scat - ter the sunshine which comes from a - bove.

He Loves Us.

FRONIA SMITH. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Earth is full of brightness, Field, and sky a-bove Speak with all their myriad voices Of the Father's love.
2. Brooklets thro' the wood-land, Flow-ers at our feet, Stars, that mount the sky at ev - en, Speak in language sweet.
3. Leaf, and bird and flow - er, Bear his im-press dear, Peace and gladness, friends and comfort, All he gives us here.

CHORUS.

He loves us, he loves us, All nature's wonders show; He loves us, he loves us, The Bi-ble tells us so.

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Tell the Sweet Story Again.

JENNIE WILSON. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Tell the sweet sto - ry of Christ and his love, How he came down from his king-dom a-bove;
2. Tell me the les - sons of truth that he taught, Tell of the mer - ci-ful deeds that he wrought;
3. Tell how his death on the Cal - va - ry tree, Purchas'd re - demp-tion for you and for me;

Shar - ing hu - man - i - ty's sor - row and pain, Tell the sweet sto - ry a - gain and a - gain.
Ho - ly and meek was his life a - mong men, Tell the sweet sto - ry a - gain and a - gain.
Tell how for - ev - er with him we shall reign, Tell the sweet sto - ry a - gain and a - gain.

CHORUS.

Tell . . . . the sweet sto - ry, . . . Tell the sweet sto - ry of Je - sus a - gain,
Tell the sweet sto - ry a - gain and a - gain,

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Tell . . . . . the sweet sto - ry, . . . Tell the sweet sto - ry a - gain.
Tell the sweet sto - ry a - gain and a - gain.

Able and Willing to Save.

Mrs. W. W. Savage. FINE. Fred. A. Fillmore.

1. There is a friend who came to earth, A - ble and will-ing to save. A Prince is he of
2. He left his heavenly home a - bove, A - ble and will-ing to save. To show us all a
3. His life he gave up - on the tree, A - ble and will-ing to save. That we might grace and

D.C. *A Prince is he of match-less worth, A - ble and willing to save.*

Chorus. *D.C*

matchless worth, A-ble and willing to save. He saves to the ut-most, For all his life he gave,
Father's love, A-ble and willing to save.
fav - or see, A-ble and willing to save.

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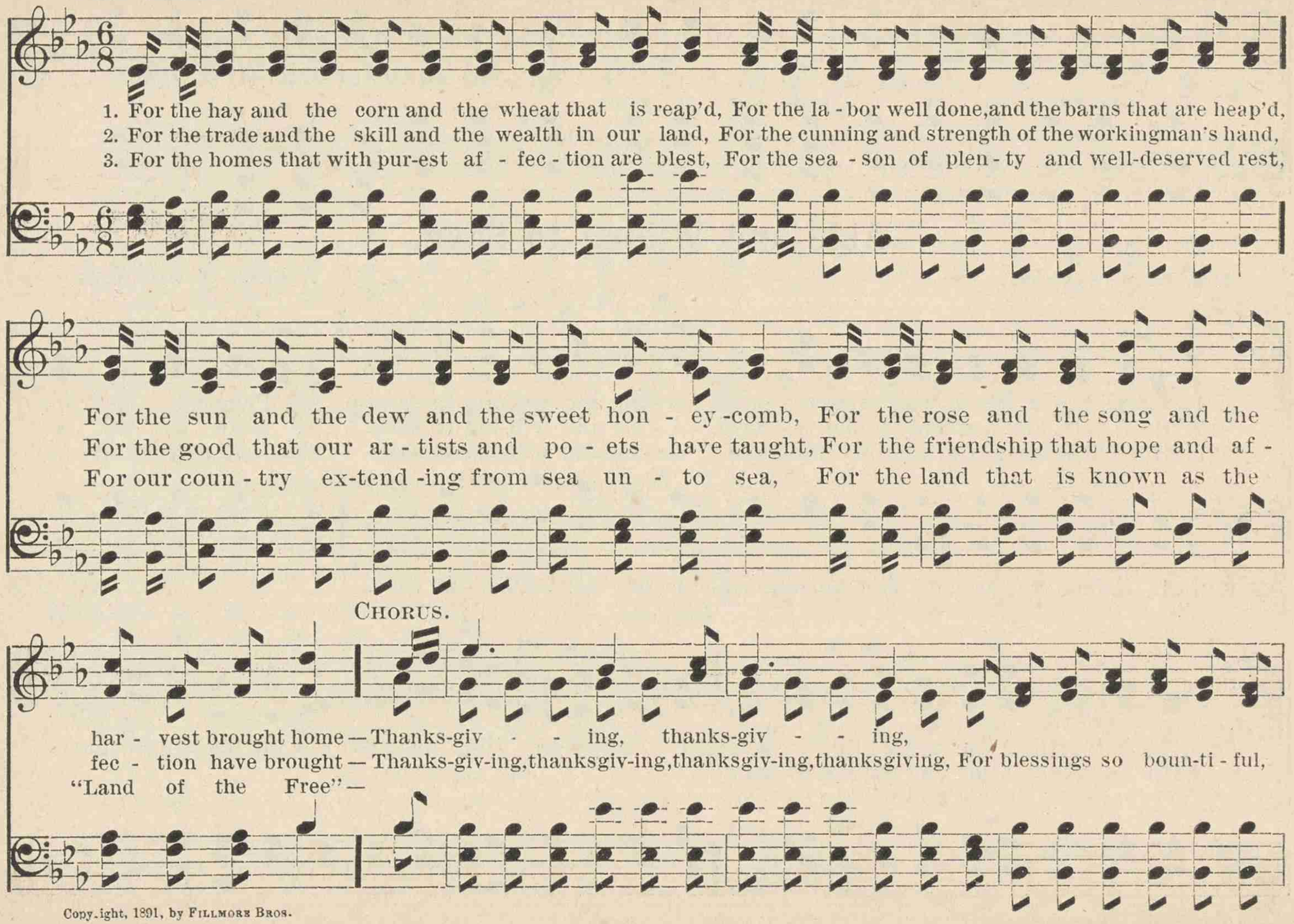
Thanksgiving.

Words Selected. J. H. FILLMORE.



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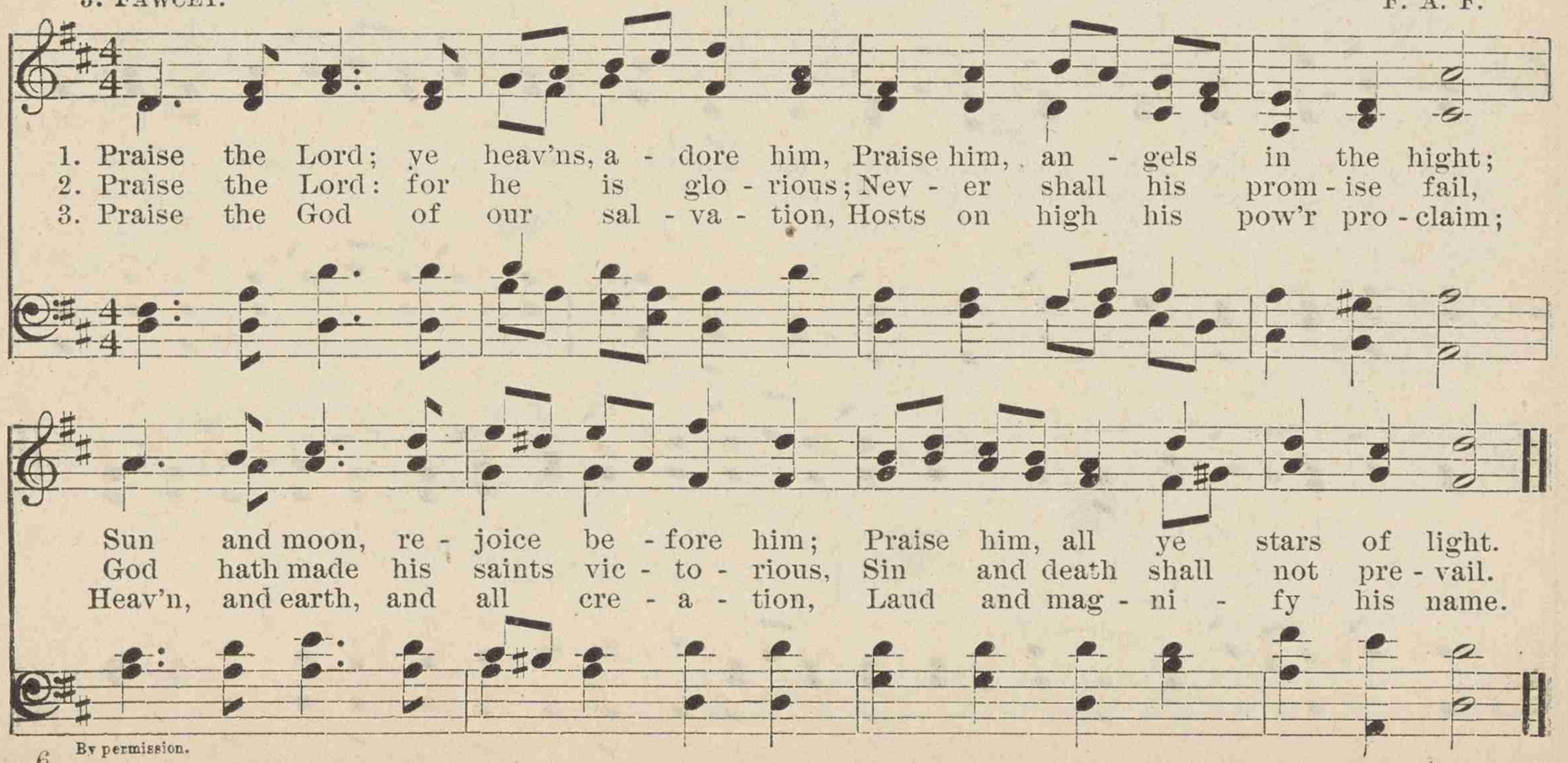
Praise the Lord.

J. FAWCET. F. A. F.



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Sing the Love of Jesus.

Arrangement and Chorus by Dr. S. B. JACKSON.

1. Sweet-ly sing the love of Je - sus, Love for you and love for me; Heav - en's light is not more cheer-ing, Heav - en's dews are not more free.
2. Soft - ly sing the love of Je - sus, For our hearts are full of tears, When we think how he in sor - row Walked this earth for ma - ny years.
3. Glad - ly sing the love of Je - sus, Let us lean up - on his arm; If he loves us, what can grieve us? If he keeps us, what can harm?

CHORUS.

Sing the love of Je - sus, Pre - cious, pre-cious love. . . Sing the love of Je - sus, Pre - cious, pre-cious love.

1. Sweet-ly
2. Soft - ly
3. Glad - ly

sing the love of Je - sus, Precious, pre-cious love.

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MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Be - hold the lil - ies of the field, No toil - ing do they know, No anx - ious
2. No Sol - o - mon in king - ly robes Was half so fair as they, These lil - ies
3. Oh, why such anx - ious care - ful thought For days that are to be, Each day its
4. So leave thy fu - ture in his hands, Thy Lord will still pro - vide; A - round thee

CHORUS.

tho't from day to day, Con - sid - er how they grow. He car - eth for the lil - ies, He
in their ten - der bloom Up - spring-ing by the way.
du - ty brings, and then The Lord will care for thee.
will his cease-less love For ev - er - more a - bide.

gives each bril - liant hue; O chil - dren, weak and faithless, Shall he not care for you?

By permission.

Little Soldiers of the Cross.

MRS. W. W. SAVAGE. J. H. FILLMORE.

ALL VOICES IN UNISON.

1. Lit - tle sol - diers of the cross, Follow'rs of a Lead - er grand, With our
2. To the earth's re - mot - est bound, Where the trop - ic is - lands are, We will
3. Where the na - tions bow them down, To their gods of wood and stone, We will

CHORUS.

fa - ces ev - er to the foe Firm - ly we will take our stand. Bear-ing high a - bove our
ev - er brave-ly on-ward march In the trail of Beth-l'hem's star.
bear the bless - ed word of God, With our heav'n-ly ar - mor on.

From "Little Crusaders," by permission.

heads, King Im-man-uel's ban - ner bright, All its blood-stain'd folds so dear shall be our

guid - ing light; All its blood-stain'd folds so dear shall be our guid - ing light.

Joy, Joy, 'T is our Bible.

E. E. HEWITT.
DUET.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Joy, joy, 'tis our Bi - ble, The whole bless - ed Book, Sal - va - tion we find there,
2. Joy, joy, 'tis our Bi - ble, This mes - sage Di - vine, Each word is a jew - el,
3. Joy, joy, 'tis our Bi - ble, Its tid - ings of love. Ring down like sweet mu - sic
4. Joy, joy, 'tis our Bi - ble, We'll sing and give praise, And take it, a light that

wher - ev - er we look, Each Tes - ta - ment pre - cious, the Old and the New,
each chap - ter a mine, In - spired by God's spir - it, a voice from each page,
from heav - en a - bove, It gives a bright prom - ise, to suit ev - 'ry need,
will shine on our ways; We'll stud - y it, love it, o - bey its com - mands,

CHORUS.
Vigorously.

Both tell us of Je - sus, The Faith - ful and True. Joy, joy, joy, The
Speaks bless - ing and guid - ance From child - hood to age.
In all times of trou - ble, a com - fort in - deed.
And send it to oth - ers in far dis - tant lands.

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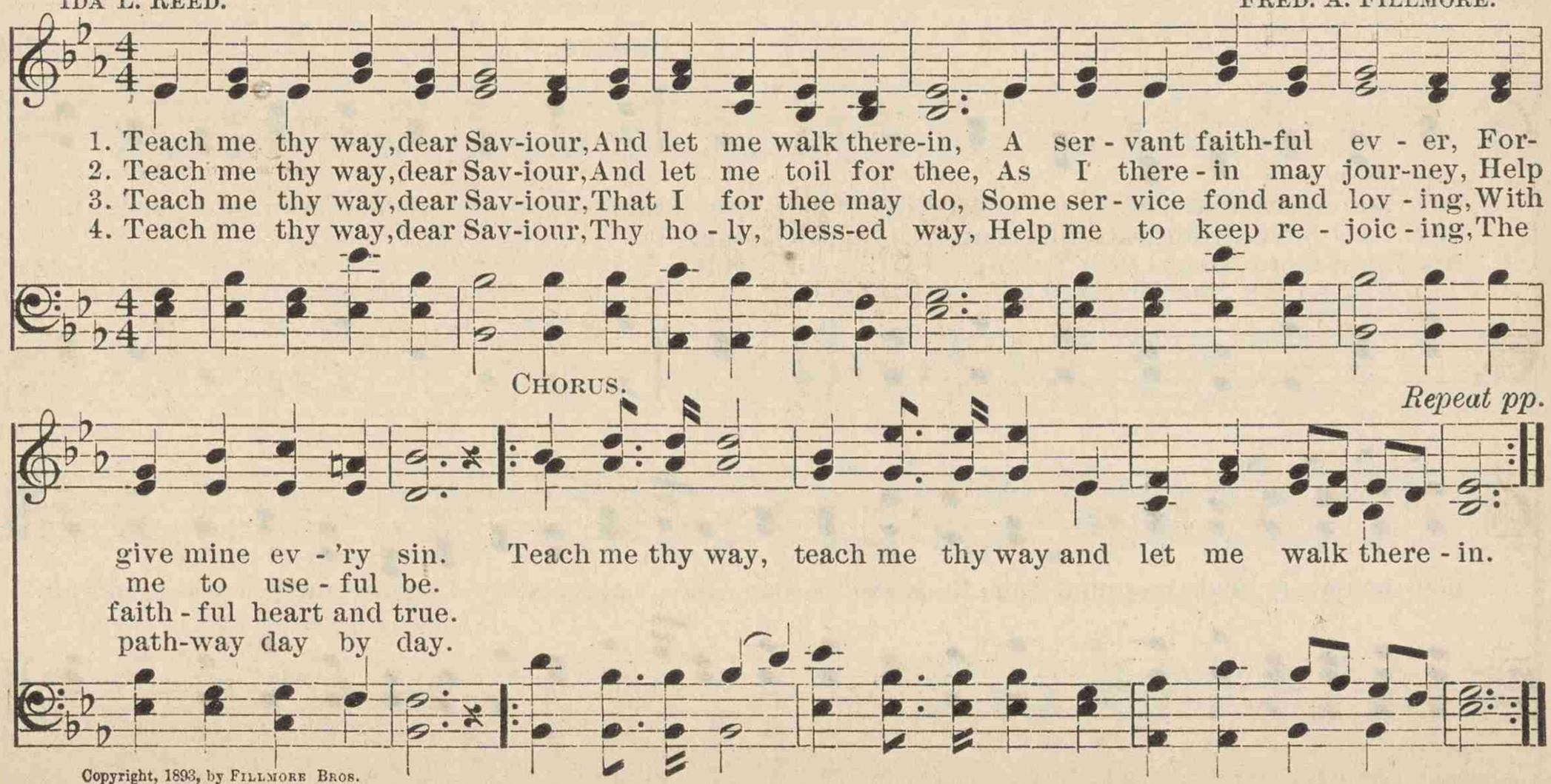
Repeat pp.

Teach Me Thy Way.

IDA L. REED. FRED. A. FILLMORE.



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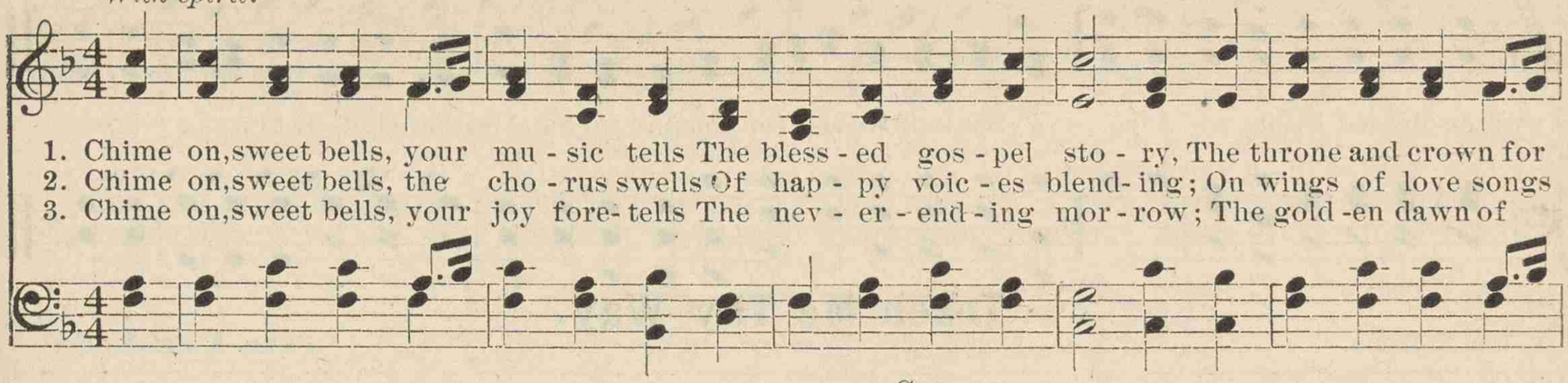
Chime on, Sweet Bells.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. H. FILLMORE.

With spirit.



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The Light of the World.

D. R. LUCAS. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. The light of the world you must be, T' en-light-en and res-cue man- kind, That they your ex-am-ple may see,
2. The light of the world, may your life Trans-par-ent with ex-cellence shine, A reproach to corruption and strife,
3. The light of the world, ev -'ry day Let your light on your fellow-men shine, That beholding your uprightness they,
4. The light of the world, as se - rene You march on your pilgrimage here, May the light of your goodness be seen,

CHORUS.

Of wis-dom and vir- tue com- bined. The light of the world, . . The
As you fol- low the Saviour di - vine.
By your works to the good may in - cline.
That men may your Fa - ther re - vere.

light of the world! The light of the world you must be, That all your ex- am-ple may see.
The light of the world you must be, (you must be,) The light of the world you must be;

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Do You Know the Song.

A. P. COBB. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Do you know the song that the an - gels sang On that night in the long a - go?
2. Do you know the song that the shep-herds heard As they watch'd o'er their flocks by night?
   Do you know the story that the wise men learn'd As they journey'd from the East a - far?

When the heav'ns a - bove with their mu - sic rang, Till it ech-oed in the earth be - low?
When the skies bent down, and their hearts were stirr'd, By the voi-ces of the an - gels bright?
O'er a path - way plain, for there night - ly burn'd In their sight a glo-rious guid - ing - star?

CHORUS.

All glo - ry in the high-est, Peace on earth, good will to men, Glo - ry, glo- ry in the high-est, in the

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high - est, Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo - ry in the highest, Glo- ry in the highest, Peace on earth, good will to men.

All Hail the Power.

EDWARD PERRONET. O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem,
2. Crown him, ye mar-tyrs of our God, Who from his al - tar call; Ex-tol the stem of Jes - se's rod,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball, To him all maj - es-ty as - cribe,

And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
And crown him Lord of all, Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown him Lord of all.
And crown him Lord of all, To him all maj - es - ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.

At the Landing.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Chas. H. Gabriel.

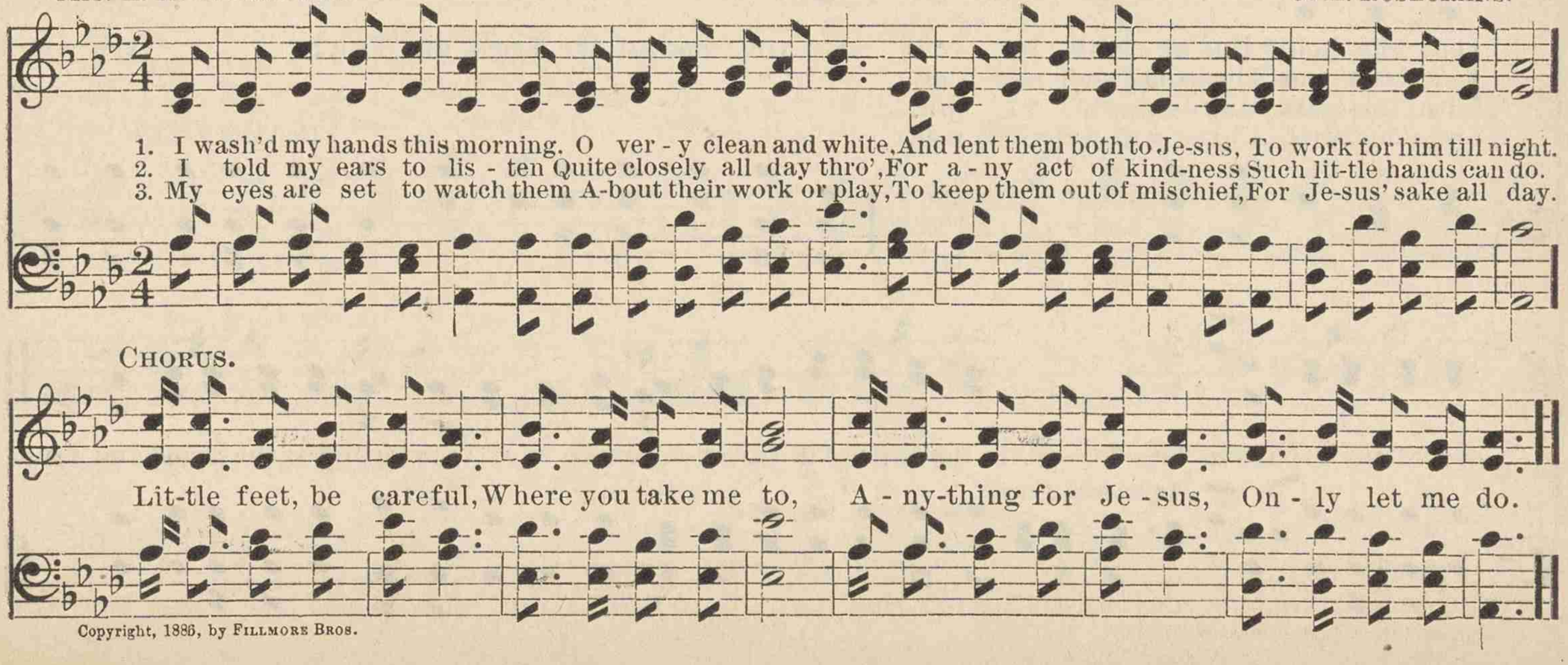
1. At the land-ing by the crys - tal sea, There are ho - ly ones a - wait - ing me, I can see a - cross the tide, To the oth - er side. To the land-ing by the crys - tal sea.
2. At the land-ing on the far - ther shore, My Re - deem-er stands to bring me o'er. I can see his form di - vine, With the glo - ry shine, At the land-ing on the far - ther shore.
3. At the land-ing by the crys - tal sea, Is a man - sion that was built for me; I shall soon be fer - ried o'er, To the oth - er shore, To the mansion that was built for me.

Refrain.

1. At the land - - ing by the crys - tal sea, At the land-ing, at the land - ing, At the land-ing, at the land - ing, At the land-ing, at the land - ing

Little Feet, be Careful.

MRS. L. M. B. BATEMAN. J. H. ROSECRANS.



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The Tried and True.

E. D. MUND. *"Many shall be purified and tried."*—Dan. 12: 10. E. S. LORENZ.

1. In the le - gion so brave is your name enroll'd, The Tried and True! Does the Lord know you well as a
2. O how bless-ed are they who have lost all fear! The Tried and True! Who with faith all serene see the
3. Daily conflicts will strengthen the steadfast heart. The Tried and True; Ev-'ry vic- t'ry will cour-age and
4. O- ver yon-der is gleaming the crown of life, Ye Tried and True! To the joy of that rest when ye

CHORUS.

vet - 'ran bold? Has he faith in you? Are you one of the Tried and True? Are you
foe draw near, They shall soon sub - due.
faith im - part, Give new pow'r to do.
end your strife, Christ will welcome you.

Tried and True?

one of the Tried and True? In the battle's din are you sure to win? Are you one of the Tried and True?

Tried and True?

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GRACE GLENN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. We may all be Stand-ard-bear - ers In the ar - my of the Lord; For the u - ni - form and
2. We may all be Stand-ard-bear - ers, If we keep the truth and right Firm - ly girt a - bout us
3. We may all be Stand-ard-bear - ers, If we ceaseless watch and pray; If we en - ter not temp-
4. We may all be Stand-ard-bear - ers In the ar - my of the Lord; If we press with vig - or

CHORUS.

ar - mor, Sword and Standard are the Word. Tho' the fight be fierce and long, We be
ev - er, And the bless - ed goal in sight.
ta - tion, Nor be i - dle by the way.
on - ward, Vic - t'ry is our sure re - ward.
fierce and long,

weak and our foes be strong, Bear the Sword of the Spirit high, For ours is vic-t'ry by and by.
our foe be strong,

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Sailing Heavenward.

E. E. HEWITT. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

Allegretto.

1. In the great v'yage of life, let our course be each day, T'ward the Beauti- ful Land where our hopes fondly stray,
2. There's a light on the waves shin-ing down from a- far, When we steer for the shore by the bright morning star,
3. Oh, no tem-pest can turn the frail ves- sel a- side, When it fol- lows the chart that was made for our guide,
4. Be the sea calm or trou-bled, the voyage long or short, Oh, how bless-ed the ha- ven, how peaceful the port,

Let us find the true bearings with vig- i- lant pray'r, Ev-er keep in the currents that car- ry us there.
And the souls that sail heavenward sing as they go, For the Mas-ter is with them, his blessing they know.
And our hope is an an- chor that holds in the storm, All that Je-sus has promised he 'll sure-ly perform.
Roll-ing bil- lows of grief we 'll re- mem- ber no more, When we "sight" the 'New World" when we land on its shore.

CHORUS.

On, hap- py Mar- i- ner, on and a- way; Heav- en-ward, heav- en-ward, day aft- er day;

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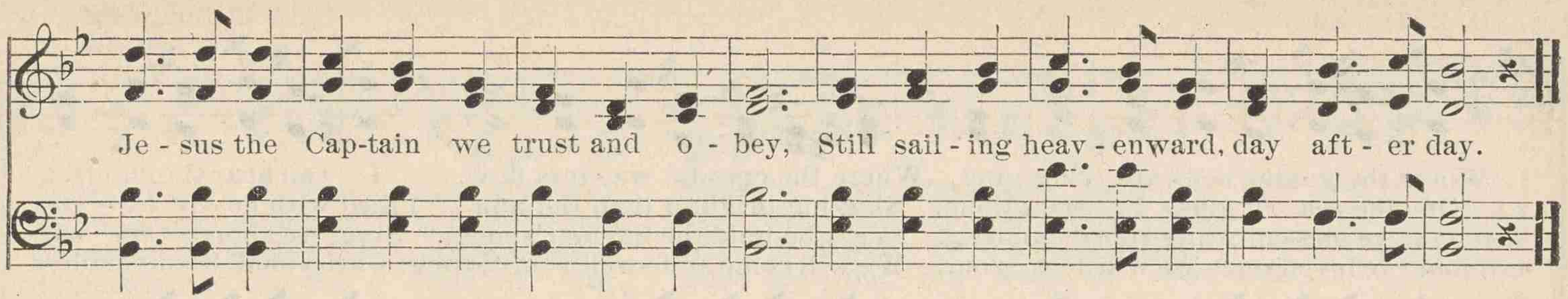

I Will Follow Thee.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. ROSECRANS.

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Children in Heaven.

H. R. TRICKETT. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Where the golden bells are ring - ing, Where the crys-tal wa - ters flow, I can hear the children
2. On the sea of glass I see them, Shin-ing brighter than the sun, Filled with ho - ly ex - ul -
3. O ye blessed white-robed children! Ye be-hold the Saviour's face; Sing, ye chor-is-ters of
4. Soon, ye loved ones, we will join you, We will come and swell your throng; Christ shall be our endless

CHORUS.

sing- ing, Those who left us long a - go. "Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu- jah!" Hark! the white-robed
ta - tion, End - less blessedness be - gun.
heav- en, Sing the wonders of his grace.
cho - rus, God our ev - er-last - ing song.

children sweetly singing, "Hal-le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Glo - ry, glo- ry, glo - ry to our King!"

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On the Heavenly Way.

FRED WOODROW.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

March tempo.

1. March-ing on the heav'nly way, Home to glo - ry and to God, Mov - ing on the
2. Cares may come, and trib-u- la - tion, And the cross we all must bear, But we seek the
3. Sins and doubts and sorrows man-y, Wea - ry watch - es in the night, But be - yond the
4. March-ing on the heav'nly way, Ends the jour - ney soon or late, And we all with

CHORUS

old, old route Where the saints of old have trod. Marching on, Marching on-ward
Jasper ram-parts, Of the cit - y bright and fair.
gloomy shad-ows, Shines the ev - er - last - ing light.
shouts and singing, En - ter in the pearl - y gate. We are march - ing, marching on - ward,

With the host that went be- fore, Marching on, marching onward, Marching to the shin-ing shore.
Marching on - ward, ev-er on - ward,

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100 Onward in Battle Array.

F. A. F. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. We've en - list - ed to fight, for the truth and the right, Un-der the
2. Ma - ny dan - gers a - wait us, the foe will op - press, But all
3. When the war - fare is o'er, and our ar - mor laid down, We will

ban - ner of Je - sus we are march - ing to-day; We'll o - bey his command, we will
dan - gers and tri - als we will brave - ly en-dure, With a faith firm and strong, we will
dwell in the pres-ence of our Sav - iour and King, We will join in the song of the

stand, brave - ly stand, Steadfast and sure 'gainst the en - e - my we meet in the way.
march, march a - long, Toward the tri - umph and vic - to - ry to us ev - er sure.
glad, hap - py throng, And the praise and the glo - ry of our lead - er we'll sing.

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CHORUS.

Not too fast.

On - - - ward, on - ward, march-ing in bat - tle ar - ray,
March - ing, march - ing, on in bat - tle ar - ray,

March - - ing on we're sure to win the day, Let vic - - to - ry o'er
March - ing on, we're sure to win the day, Vic - to - ry o'er

ev - 'ry foe be our aim, For con-quer we must, put-ting our trust ev - er in Je - sus' name.

Let Us Praise Him.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Let us praise our God with grateful heart and voice, Praise him ev - er glo - rious! Let our ran-som'd souls in
2. He has led us forth from dark-ness in - to light, Kings and priests made roy - al, Now we stand and wait to
3. Come and join his praise, the sweet new song a-waits, Heav - en's joy un - fold - ing; We shall meet to sing be

CHORUS.

him a - lone re-joice, Lift - ed up vic - to - rious. Let us praise . . . . him! Let us
of - fer as his right, Ser - vice true and loy - al.
yond the pearl - y gates, Glad his face be-hold - ing. Let us praise him, ev - er praise him! Let us

praise . . . . . him! At his feet . . . . most hum-bly fall! Let us
praise him, ev - er praise him! At his feet in ad - o - ra - tion hum - bly fall, most hum - bly fall! Let us

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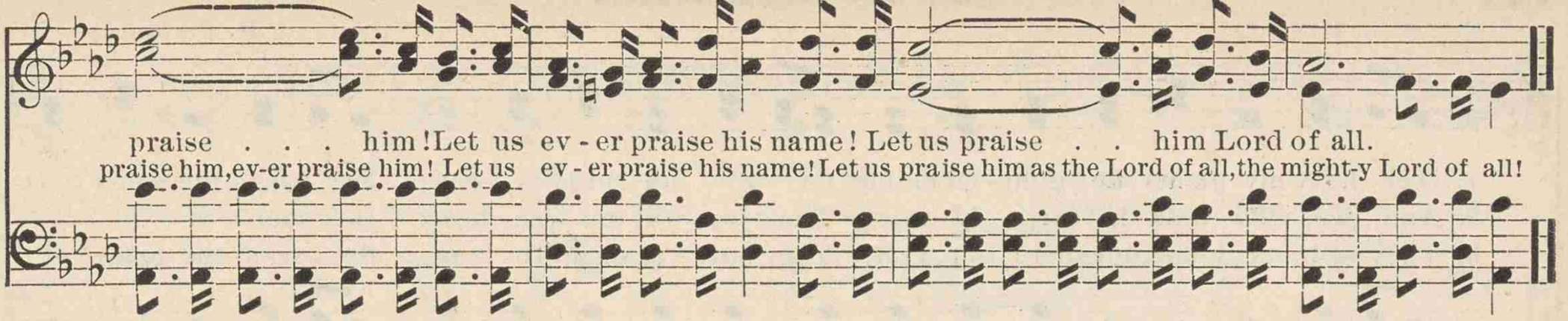
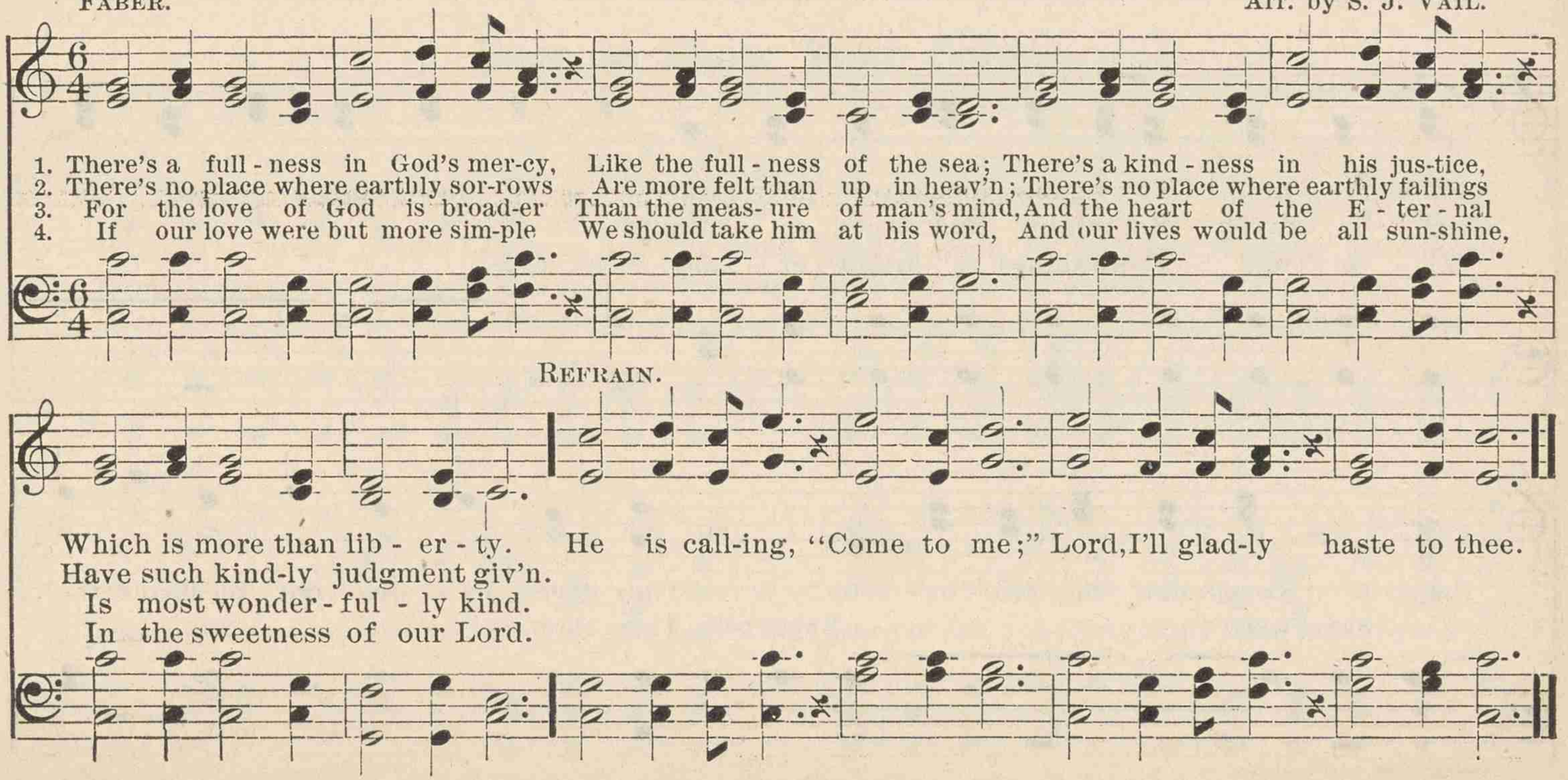
Let Us Praise Him. Concluded.



He is Calling.

FABER. Arr. by S. J. VAIL.



Sweet Zion Bells.

Mrs. A. L. Davison. J. H. Fillmore.

1. O'er heav'nly plains the gold - en chimes Of Zi - on ring to - day; For pass - ing souls those
2. And we, who walk in earth - ly vales, Their joy - ful mu - sic hear, In mel - o - dy di -
3. They call us home, not here our rest, They soft - ly seem to say; Be - yond the gates of

chimes are rung, To guide them on their way. Sweet chimes of Zi - on
vine - ly sweet, So faint and yet so clear.
Zi - on fair There shines a bright - er day. Sweet bells, ...

bells, Sweet chim - ing Zi - on bells, They cheer us on our pleas-ant way,
. . . Sweet bells, ... Sweet bells, They cheer our way, . . .

Copyright, 1882, in "Voice of Joy."

They cheer us on our pleas- ant way,
Sweet chim - ing bells, They cheer our way, Sweet chim - ing bells.

Dare to Show Your Colors.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

Eighth notes staccato.

1. Dare to live for Je-sus! Dare to brave-ly stand, Read -y when he calls you, Wait-ing his command.
2. Dare to speak for Je-sus! Dare to show the way From this land of shad-ows, To the land of day.
3. Dare to work for Je-sus! He has work for you, Something for his ser - vice, Something you can do.

CHORUS.

Dare to show your col - ors! Dare to own your King! Dare to be a Chris-tian! Dare to serve and sing!

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O Silvery Sea of Galilee.

FRONIA SMITH. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. O sil - v'ry sea . . . . . of Gal - i - lee, In east - ern land, so fair;
2. I hear the cry, ... "Save, Lord, I pray," From one faint-heart-ed there;
3. The night is dark, ... I 'm on a sea Where waves roll high and wide;

1. O sil - v'ry sea of Gal - i - lee, In east - ern land, so fair;
2. I hear the cry, "Save, Lord, I pray," From one faint-heart-ed there;
3. The night is dark, I 'm on a sea Where waves roll high and wild;

In fan - cy now . . . . I stand by thee, And see my Sav - iour there.
My sink-ing heart . . . . takes up that cry, When storms beat heav - y here.
I 'm lost un - less . . . . thou pi - lot me, O Mas - ter, strong and mild.

In fan - cy now I stand by thee, And see my Sav - iour there.
My sink-ing heart takes up that cry, When storms beat heav-y here.
I 'm lost un-less thou pi - lot me, O Mas - ter, strong and mild.

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I see him walk . . . up-on the wave, . . When billows roll . . . and clouds are dark; . .
For well I know . . . his gracious will . . . Can calm life's rough . . and troubled sea; . . .
Walk to me on . . . . this troubled sea, . . Dear Saviour, bid . . . me walk to thee; . . .

I see him walk, up-on the wave, When billows roll and clouds are dark;
For well I know his gracious will Can calm life's rough and troubled sea;
Walk to me on this troubled sea, Dear Saviour, bid me walk to thee;

His trembling ones . . . . from death to save, Tossed help - less in their bark.
And to its waves . . . say, "Peace, be still," As there on Gal - i - lee.
I shall not fail, ... for thou wilt save, As once on Gal - i - lee.

His trembling ones from death to save, Tossed help - less in their bark.
And to its waves say, "Peace, be still," As there on Gal - i - lee.
I shall not fail, for thou wilt save, As once on Gal - i - lee.

108 Jesus Has Redeemed Me.

HARRIET E. JONES. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. I'm a pil-grim go-ing home, . For Je-sus has re-deemed me, Tho' a stran-ger here I roam, . . Yes, Je-sus has re-deemed me, On the moun-tain, cold and gray, I had wandered far a-way, Je-sus found me one sweet day, . . Yes, Je-sus has redeemed me.
2. News so sweet I must pro-claim, . For Je-sus has re-deemed me, Hal-le-lu-jah to his name, . . Yes, Je-sus has re-deemed me, I am walk-ing in the light, Christ my song by day and night, Heav'n and glo-ry just in sight, . For Je-sus has redeemed me.
3. I shall meet him by and by, . . For Je-sus has re-deemed me, Meet him in his home on high, . . Yes, Je-sus has re-deemed me, Thro' the rich-es of his grace, I shall see him face to face, When I reach the heav'n-ly place, . For Je-sus has redeemed me.

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Arm for the Master! 109

A. P. COBB. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Saints of God! the day is speed-ing! Soon will eve-ning shad - ows fall, Je - sus on his
2. Oth - er arms the cross has car - ried, Oth - er hearts the dan - gers shared, While in safe - ty
3. Mil-lions far from Christ are dy - ing, Who have nev - er heard his name, Mil-lions for his
4. Fierce and long the fight is rag - ing, Heav'n and hell in com - bat dire, Ev - 'ry power in

CHORUS.

hosts is lead-ing, Hear ye not His trum-pet call? Arm, then, arm ye for the Mas-ter! Fight ere yet the
ye have tarried! While for selfish ease ye cared!
word are cry-ing, Are ye then de - void of blame?
strife en - gaging, To the no-blest now as - pire.

sun de - scend, Arm, then, arm ye for the Mas - ter! Faith-ful soldiers prove to the end.

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Ring the Joy-Bells.

E. N. GUNNISON. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Ring the joy-bells, Christ is ris - en!—He who for our sins was slain; From the bondage of his pris-on,
2. Ring the joy-bells, loud and gleeful, Sound their notes of praise and peace; Fill the world with glad vibration,
3. Ring the joy-bells,—saints in glo - ry, List-en to the glad re-frain; Ringing forth the old-en sto - ry,

REFRAIN.

Breaks to glad-den earth a - gain. Ring the joy-bells, ring the joy-bells, Ring the bells, the joy - bells,
Till the strife of earth shall cease.
How the Christ is born a - gain. Ring the bells, ring the bells, Ring the bells, joy - bells,

Ring, ring, ring, ring, Ring, ring joy - bells,

CHORUS.

Ring the joy-bells, ring the joy-bells, Ring the bells, the joy - bells. Ring the joy-bells, Christ is ris - en!
Ring the bells, ring the bells, Ring the bells, joy - bells.

Ring, ring, ring, ring, Ring, ring joy - bells.

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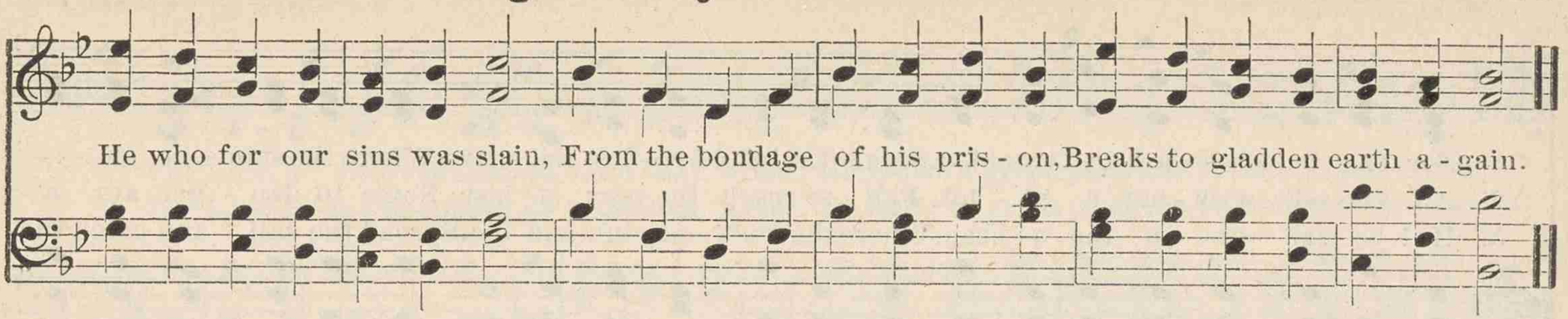
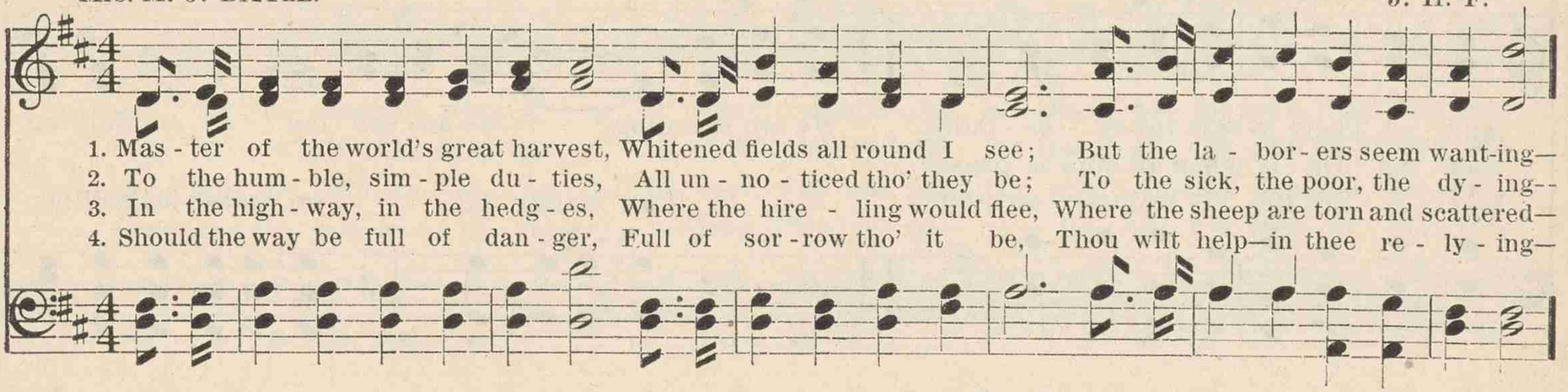
Ring the Joy-Bells. Concluded.



Send Me.

Mrs. M. J. BITTLE. J. H. F.



CHORUS.

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We Are Sailing.

FRED WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

CHORUS.

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The Lord is My Shepherd.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

CHORUS.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I fear, He leads in green pastures, be- side waters clear, My
2. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I fear, He leads in green pastures, be- side waters clear, My

:S: *rit.* FINE.

soul he re - stor-eth, when-ev - er I stray, And lead-eth me back to his own righteous way.
soul he re - stor-eth, when-ev - er I stray, And lead-eth me back to his own righteous way.

D.S. *thou still art with me, thy un - ceas-ing care, Thy rod and thy staff will still com- fort me there.*
D.S. *there in the man-sions of glo - ry a - bove, Thro' a - ges e - ter - nal I'll sing of his love.*

D.S.

No e - vil shall ev - er be - fall me, I know, E'en tho' thro' the val-ley of death I should go; Yea,
Sure, goodness and mer-cy will fol - low me on, Thro' all of life's conflicts, till vict'ry is won, And

Just Over the River.

ROBERT SPURGIN. J. H. F.

1. Just o - ver the riv - er, just o - ver the riv - er, I'm told is the cit - y of God;
2. Sust o - ver the riv - er, just o - ver the riv - er, The cit - y that knoweth no night;

Its gates are of pearl and its streets are of gold, And by glo - ri - fied be- ings they're trod.
It need-eth no sun, neith-er need - eth the moon, For the glo - ry of God is its light.

And Je - sus, my Sav-iour, has gone to that cit - y, A place for his own to pre - pare;
In that cit - y are loved ones a - wait - ing my com- ing, Ex - pect -ant they stand on the shore;

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In the house of the Fa - ther the man-sions are ma - ny, And one is a - wait-ing me there.
O when shall I en - ter my man-sion in heav - en, A pil - grim to roam nev- er - more.

CHORUS.
Just o - - - - - ver the riv - - - - - er, That beau - ti - ful cit - y I see;
Just o - ver the riv - er, just o - ver the riv - er, That beau - ti - ful cit - y I see;

Just o - - - - - ver the riv - - - - - er, A place in that cit - y for me.
And Je - sus, my Sav-iour, has gone to make read - y, A place in that cit y for me.

The Glad Tidings.

Mrs. A. L. Davison. Fred. A. Fillmore.

1. Heark-en, heark - en, ev - 'ry na - tion, O'er the farth-est - reach - ing sea, To the
2. Out a-cross the wide, wide wa - ter, Come the mes - sen - gers of heav'n, To your
3. Glo - ry, in the high - est glo - ry, Sung the an - gel choir of old, And the

Chorus.

an - thems of sal - va-tion, Ris - ing clear,and full and free. Ev - 'ry na - tion, ... ev - 'ry
wait - ing sons and daughters,Gos-pel grace and peace is giv'n.
world shall hear the sto - ry, Sweet-er one was nev - er told. Ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry
crea - ture, Love and mer - cy comes to thee, . . Full sal - va - tion, ...
Full sal - va - tion, full sal - va - tion,

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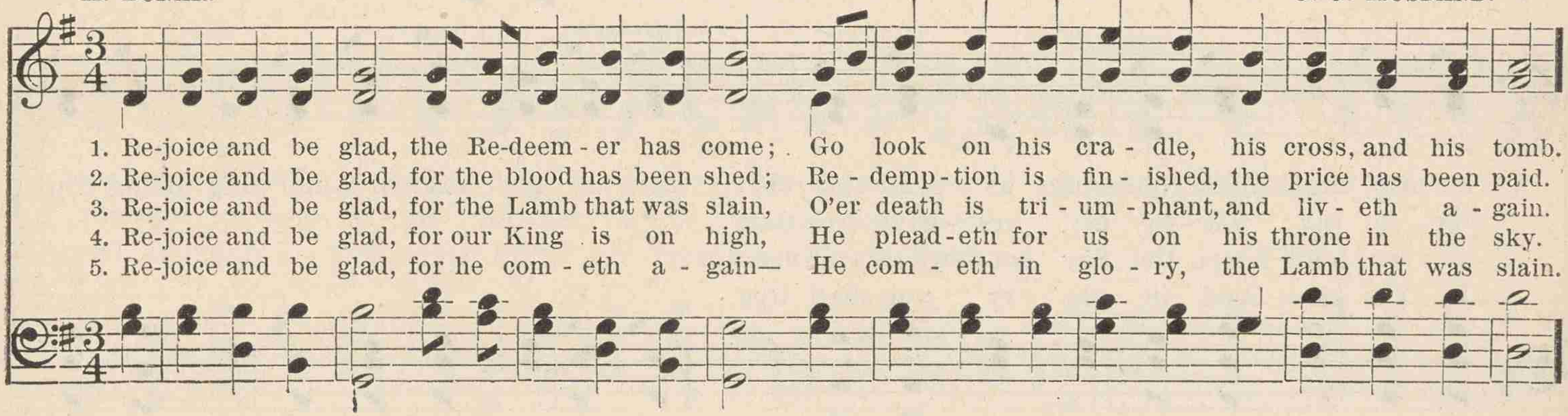
Rejoice and Be Glad.

H. BONAR. J. J. HUSBAND.



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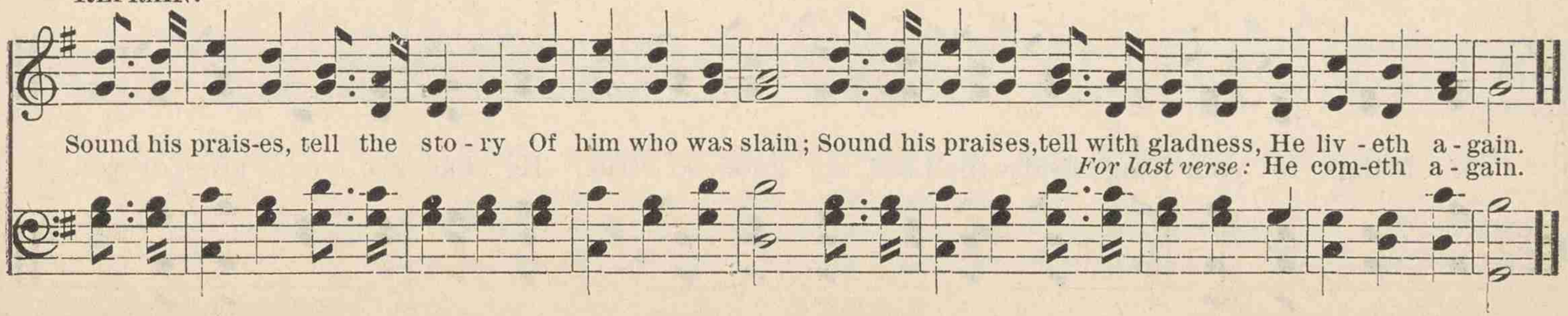

Little Givers.

Words arranged. Unknown.

1. Lit - tle giv - ers! come and bring Tri-bute to your Heavenly King; Lay it on the
2. Lit - tle giv - ers! do your part With a glad and will - ing heart, For the an - gel
3. Give to all the dark-ened earth Ti-dings of a heavenly birth, Till the youth in
4. Give your heart with ho - ly love; Give your praise like that a - bove; All your life to

al - tar high, While your songs as - cend the sky.
voic - es say: "Lit - tle giv - ers! give to - day."
ev - 'ry land Learn the Sav - iour's sweet command.
Je - sus give, And in glo - ry you shall live.

CHORUS.

Lit - tle giv - ers! Give and sing, Bring your

of - f'rings to your King; Praise the Lord, so good, so true, He has giv - en all for you.

Behold! I Stand and Knock.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Be-hold! I stand at the door and knock, Oh, will you not let me come in? With you in
2. See! oth-ers knock and an en-trance find, Tho' oft-en un-worthy they be; Oh, why ad-
3. The time will come when I will not knock, And ask to a-bide in your heart, But leav-ing

bless-ing I will a-bide, And cleanse you from all of your sin.
mis-sion to such al-low, Re-fus-ing to o-pen to me?
you to your i-dols joined, Forev-er from you I 'll de-part.

CHORUS.

I knock — knock — o-pen to me,
O-pen the door of thy heart; I knock — knock — o-pen to me, O-pen — I soon may de-part.

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The Fire and the Sword.

H. R. TRICKETT. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Not by peace a - lone, the gen - tle Sav-iour said, Will the wrong and the false ex - pire;
2. Now in pow'r and might, the Prince of darkness reigns, While the good and the right-eous weep,
3. Let us pray to God, Oh, ev - er-conq'ring God, Hear our pray'r and our heart's de - sire,

Ere the day of right is the bat - tle and the fight, And I send the sword and the fire.
But the wrong must die, and the day is draw-ing nigh, For the sword will not al - ways sleep.
Make an end of sin; let thy ho - ly gos - pel win, And re - call the sword and the fire.

CHORUS.

The fire and the sword, the word of the Lord, The har - bin - gers shall be, Of the

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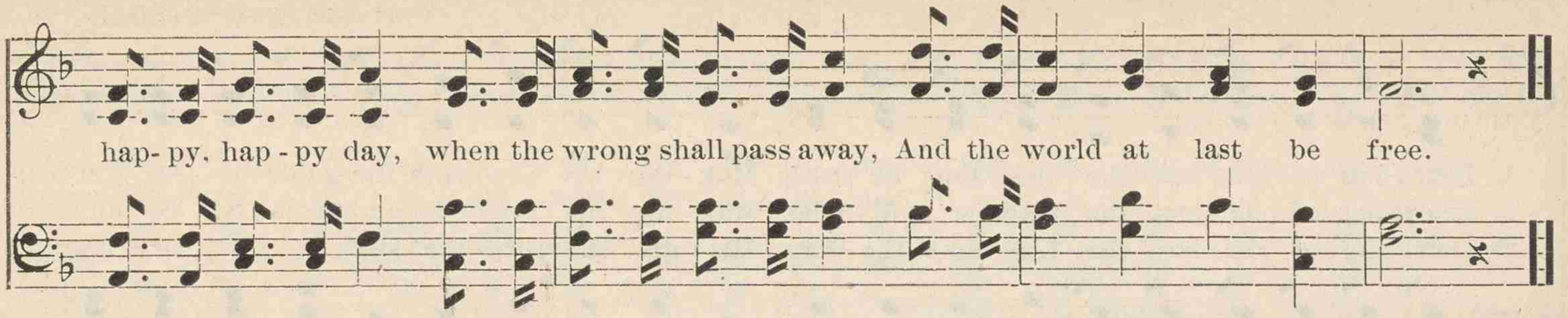
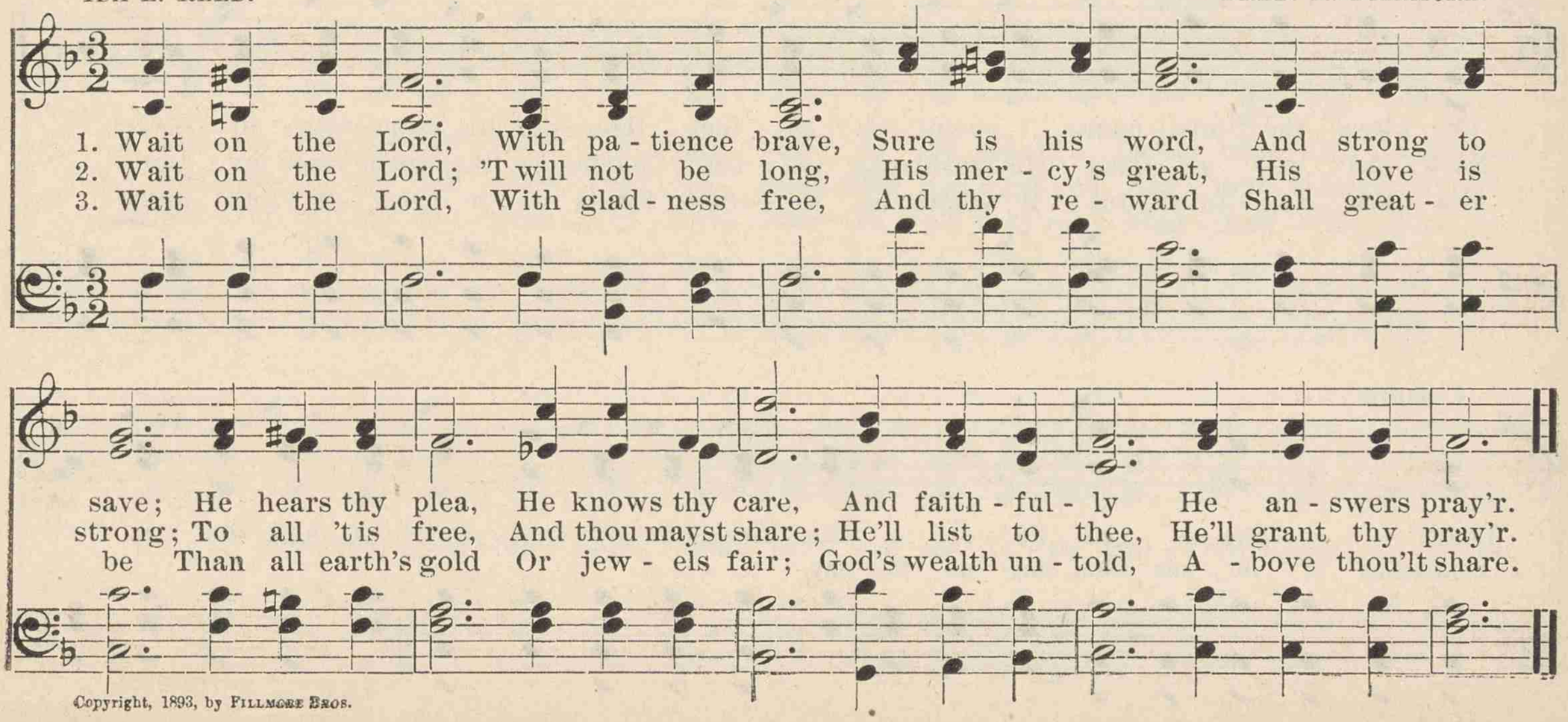


Wait on the Lord.

IDA L. REED. FRED. A. FILLMORE.



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Learning of Jesus.

Words and Music by J. H. F.

1. Learn-ing of Je - sus the les - sons of truth, Mak - ing his pre-cepts the guide of my youth;
2. Learn-ing of Je - sus, the teach-er di - vine, Mak - ing his pre-cepts and prom - is - es mine;
3. Learn-ing of Je - sus, the Life and the Way, His are the words that shall nev - er de - cay;

Pre - cious the mo - ments I spend at his feet, Heed - ing his coun - sels so sweet.
Noth - ing of all that the world can af - ford, Charms me like words from my Lord.
Fol - low - ing faith - ful - ly, where he says come, Leads me to heav - en and home.

CHORUS.

Learn - - ing of Je - - sus, Les - sons of faith, and hope, and du - ty, I'm
Learn - ing of Je - sus from day un - to day,

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learn - - ing of Je - - sus, He is the Life, the Way.
learn - ing of Je - sus from day un - to day,

Suffer Little Children.

Words and Music by J. H. F.

1. " Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren," Je - sus said, As he placed a bless - ing One ach head.
2. " Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren,"They are mine, Said the bless - ed Sav - iour, Friend di - vine.
3. " Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren," Let them come; In my heav'n-ly king - dom They have room.

CHORUS.

In my heav'n-ly king - dom Such shall be, Let the lit - tle chil - dren Come to me.

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Tell the Story, Children.

A. P. COBB. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Tell the sto - ry, children! Tell it far and wide, How the Lord of glo - ry has for sin - ners died.
2. Tell the sto - ry, children! Tell it yet a - gain, Of a Sav-iour's love un-to the sons of men!
3. Tell the sto - ry, children! With the mes-sage haste; Plant the Rose of Sharon, mid the desert's waste,
4. Tell the sto - ry, children, Thro' the wide, wide world! Let the crimson banner nev-er-more be furled;

How he left high heav-en, How the cross he bore, To re-deem our souls from death forev - er-more.
Till the hor-rid sin Of war and strife shall cease, And the thousand years begin of world-wide peace.
Neath the tro-pic sun, And midst the po - lar snow, Grace will guard the flower, love will make it grow.
Neath its folds we'll rally; Who would danger shun! In the cross we'll conquer, till the world be won.

CHORUS.

Tell the sto-ry, chil-dren! Tell it o'er and o'er; Let the gos-pel message spread from shore to shore,

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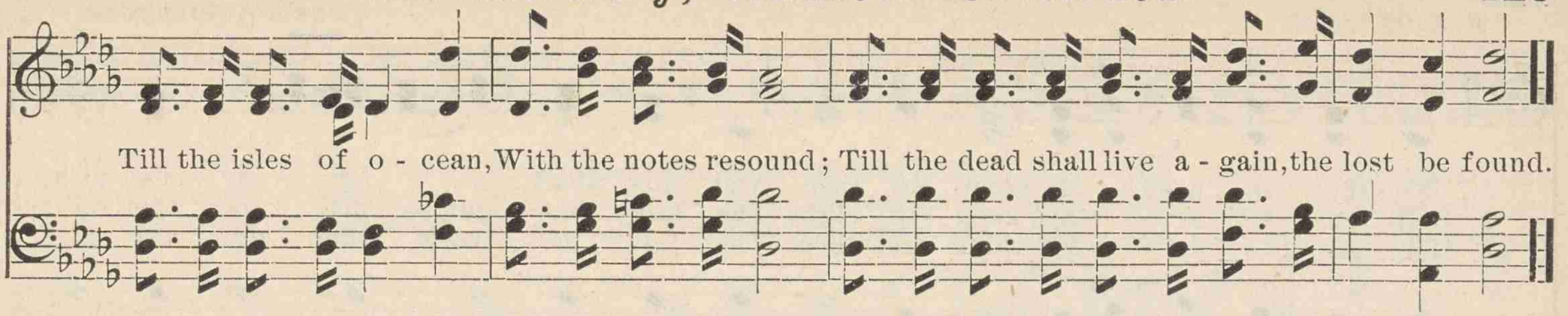

I Will Early Seek the Saviour.

Mrs. L. M. Beal Bateman. Fine. Fred. A. Fillmore.

Chorus. D.C.

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Thy Will be Done.

E. E. REXFORD. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Fa - ther, in need I come to thee, And this shall be my ear - nest plea:
2. Help me to al - ways keep in sight The Love that guides me to the light;
3. Help me to do for thine and thee What - ev - er work thou giv - est me;

:S: FINE.

Give me a spir - it like to thine, And make thy work and pur - pose mine.
The star of Faith the bea - con be That guides me o'er life's storm - y sea.
Faith-ful in all things to the last, Be heav'n the prize when earth is past.

D.S. *Not my will, Fa - ther, this I pray, Thy will be done by me each day.*

CHORUS D.S.

Not my will, Fa - ther, but this I pray, Thy will be done by me each day;

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As We Go Marching Home.

LAWRENCE W. SCOTT. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. The bells of heav'n are ring - ing, The bells of heav'n are ring - ing, As we go march-ing
2. The light of heav'n is shin - ing, The light of heav'n is shin - ing, As we go march-ing
3. The harps of heav'n are play - ing, The harps of heav'n are play - ing, As we go march-ing

home, As we go march-ing home. The bells of heav'n are ring - ing, The
home, As we go march-ing home. The light of heav'n is shin - ing, The
home, As we go march-ing home. The harps of heav'n are play - ing, The

choirs of heav'n are sing - ing, The pearl - y gates are swing- ing, As we go march-ing home.
shade of night's de - clin - ing, The clouds have sil - ver lin - ing, As we go march-ing home.
heirs of heav'n are pray - ing, To God their hom -age pay - ing, As we go march-ing home.

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Looking Up to Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Looking up to Je - sus, hum-ble, con-trite soul, Let his hands of blessing, touch, and make thee whole.
2. Looking up to Je - sus on the blood-stain'd tree, 'Tis the King of glo - ry "lift-ed up" for thee.
3. Looking up to Je - sus on his roy - al throne, Joy - ful-ly con-fess him, Christ thy Saviour own.

:S: FINE.

Look-ing up to Cal-v'ry where his life he gave, Find the friend of sin-ners mighty now to save.
See the foun-tain o - pen'd by the cru - el spear, Look- ing up to Je - sus, find sal - va - tion here.
Look-ing up when tempted, seek his gra-cious pow'r, Read - y and un-fail -ing help for ev - 'ry hour.

D.S. *Look-ing up to Je - sus thro' the shades of night, He will be thy dayspring, ev - er - last- ing light.*

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Look-ing up to Je - sus when he sends thee joy, Let his hap - py praises heart and tongue employ.

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The Haven of the Soul.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. We are sail - ing on the ship of Zi - on, While the storms a - bout us roll, To the Cit - y
2. Christ is Cap- tain of the ship of Zi - on, We can sure - ly trust his might, Thro' the dangers
3. Tho' the tempests beat in an - gry fu - ry, Tho' they lash the waves to foam, We can sing a -

CHORUS.

where our wealth is treas-ured, To the Ha - ven of the soul. Sail- ing, we are sail-ing, While the
that are round a - bout us, He will guide our ship a - right.
mid their wildest ra - ging, For we sail t'ward God and home.

storms a - bout us roll; We are sail - ing in the ship of Zi - on, To the Ha - ven of the soul.

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Do You See the Beacon Gleaming?

JESSIE H. BROWN. T. FRANK ALLEN.

1. Do you see the bea - con gleam-ing Far a - gainst the mid - night skies? Clear and
2. Tho' the night is dark and cheer-less, Tho' the winds are cold and damp, You can
3. When the lamp, thro' dark - ness tend - ed, Fades in morn-ing's ear - ly light, You will

CHORUS.

calm its light is beam-ing, Show-ing where the ha - ven lies. Watch the bea - con! It will
still be brave and fear-less, Trust-ing in the light-house lamp.
find your jour - ney end - ed, And the port of heav'n in sight. Watch the bea-con! It will

guide you, (It will guide you,) Till the rocks are safe - ly past, (safe - ly past;) Watch the

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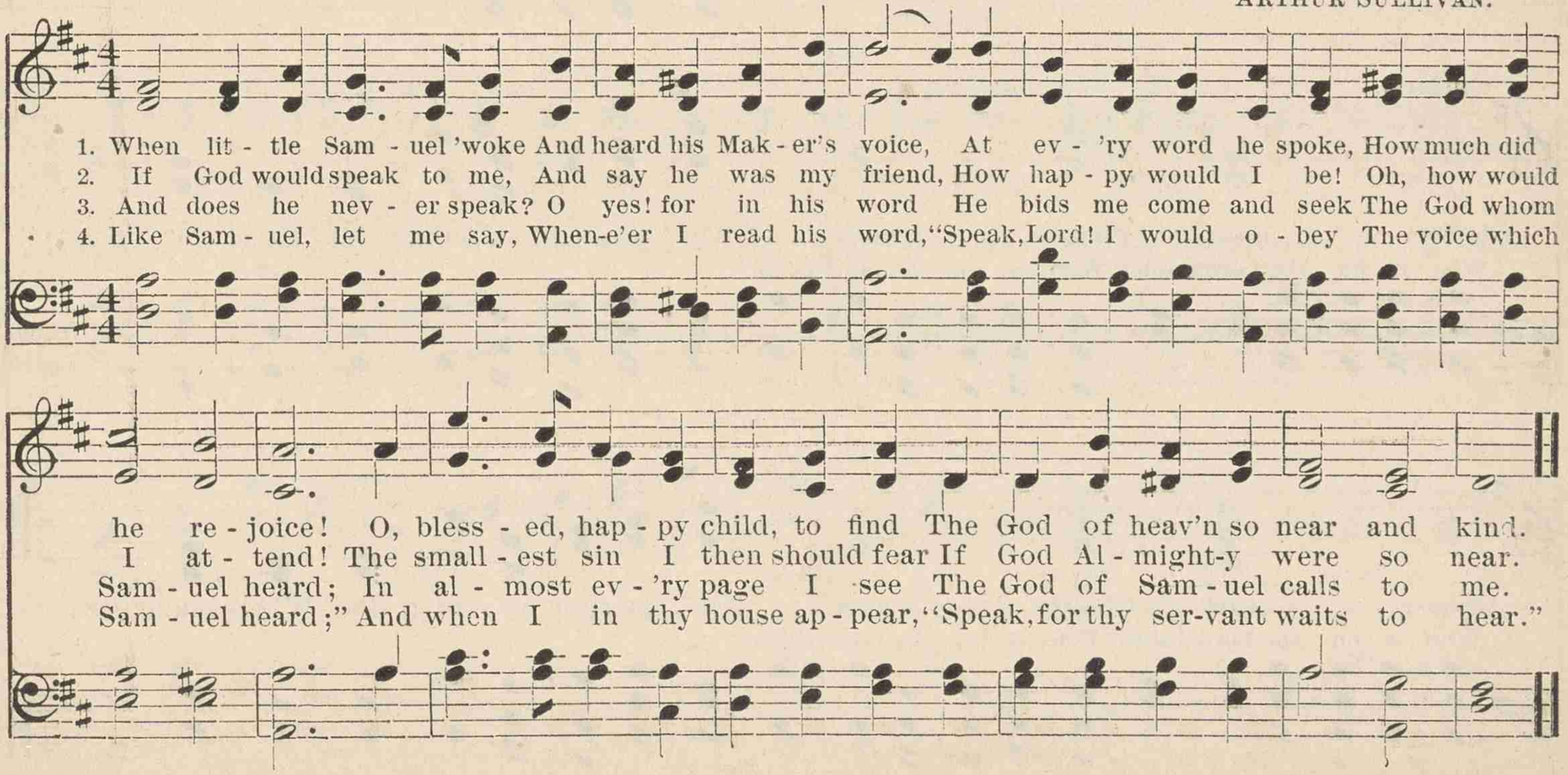
When Little Samuel.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



Who is on the Lord's Side?

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Al - ways true; There 's a right and wrong side — Where stand you?
2. Thousands on the wrong side Choose to stand, Still 't is not the strong side, True and grand.
3. Come and join the Lord's side — Ask you why? 'T is the on - ly safe side By and by.

CHORUS.

Choose now, Choose now, On the right or wrong side? False or true?
Who is on the Lord's side? Who is on the Lord's side?

Choose now, Choose now, On the right or wrong side? Where stand you?
Who is on the Lord's side? Who is on the Lord's side?

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Move Forward.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Move forward, soldiers of the cross, Move forward, tho' you suf - fer loss; Lo! Sa - tan's hosts a -
2. Move forward, there is much to do, By will - ing sol-diers, good and true; With shield of faith and
3. Move forward, you shall win the fight, For God is with the cause of right; While trusting in his

round you stand, In Je - sus' name go take the land. Move for - ward, for - ward,
sword in hand, Go brave - ly forth to take the land.
prom - ise grand, You sure - ly shall pos - sess the land.

CHORUS.

Move for - ward, for - ward, brave - ly for - ward,

Bold - ly march a - gainst the foe; For - ward, for - ward, For - ward go.

For - ward, for - ward, brave - ly for - ward, Brave-ly for - ward go.

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Seeds of Promise.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Oh, scat-ter seeds of lov-ing deeds, A-long the fer-tile field, For grain will grow from what you sow, And fruit-ful har-vest yield.
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' wea-ry years, The seed will sure-ly live; Tho' great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruit-age give.
3. The har-vest-home of God will come, And af-ter toil and care; With joy un-told your sheaves of gold, Will all be gar-nered there.

CHORUS

Then day by day . . . . . a-long your way, ... The seeds of prom - - - ise cast, ... That ri-pened a-long your way,

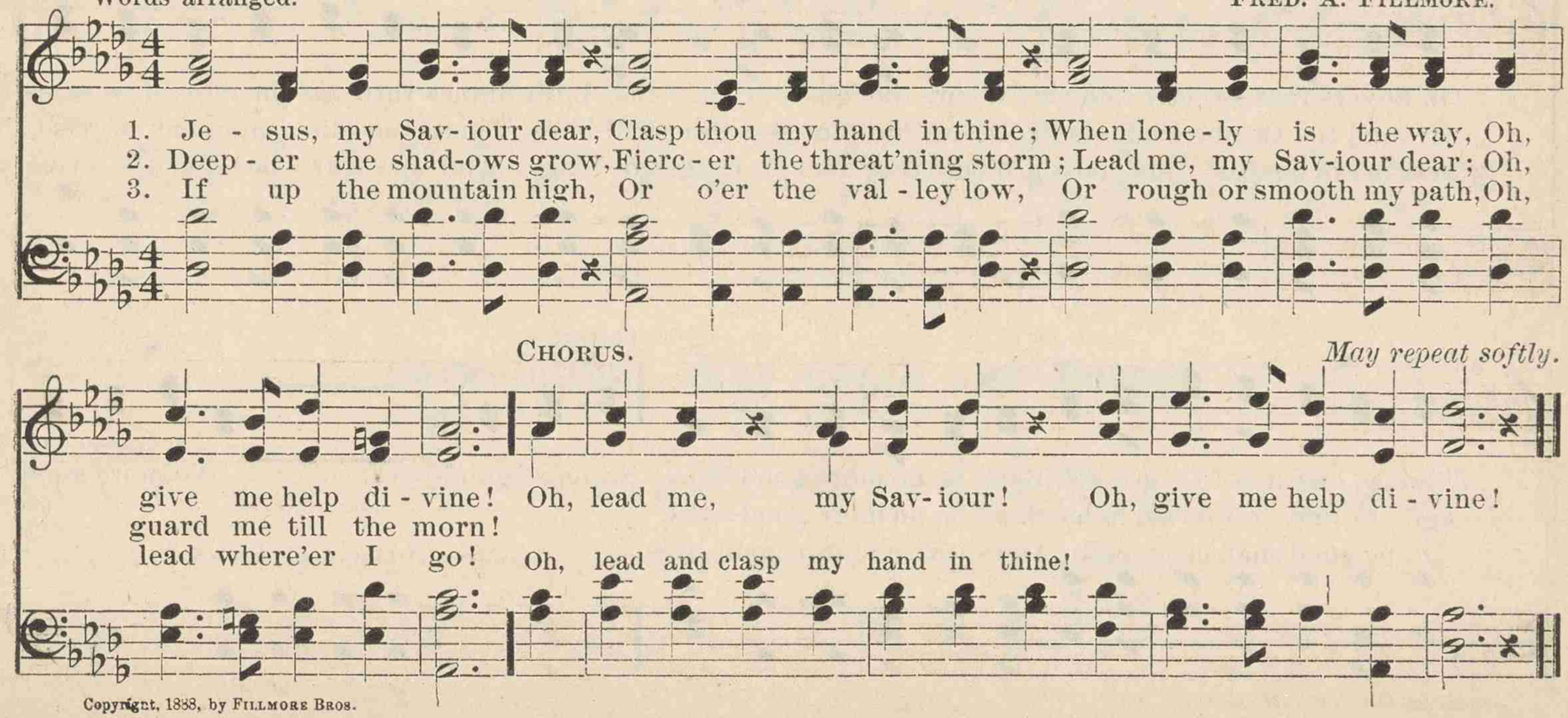
Then day by day

The seeds of prom-ise cast, the seeds of prom-ise cast,

By Permission.

Lead Me.

Words arranged. FRED. A. FILLMORE.



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No More Good-Byes.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. F.

1. Where life's crystal stream doth flow, And the tree of life doth bloom, Where no chilling frost can fall
2. There the good a - gain shall meet, Who have clasp'd the parting hand; Fathers, mothers, children dear
3. Where no signs of age are seen, And they nev - er sor-row more, Where no sick-ness e'er can come,

On flow'rs that sweetly bloom; Where the glo - ry of the Lord Shines thro' all the cloud-less skies,
Around the throne shall stand; There no tem-pest e'er shall blow, There no dis-mal cloud a - rise,
Where death has lost his pow'r, Where they feel no weight of care, And no tears be - dim the eyes;

CHORUS.

There, as end-less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good-byes. No more good-byes, . . . No more good-
And in that e - ternal home Shall be no more good-byes.
All the good shall meet again, And speak no more good-byes. No more good-byes,

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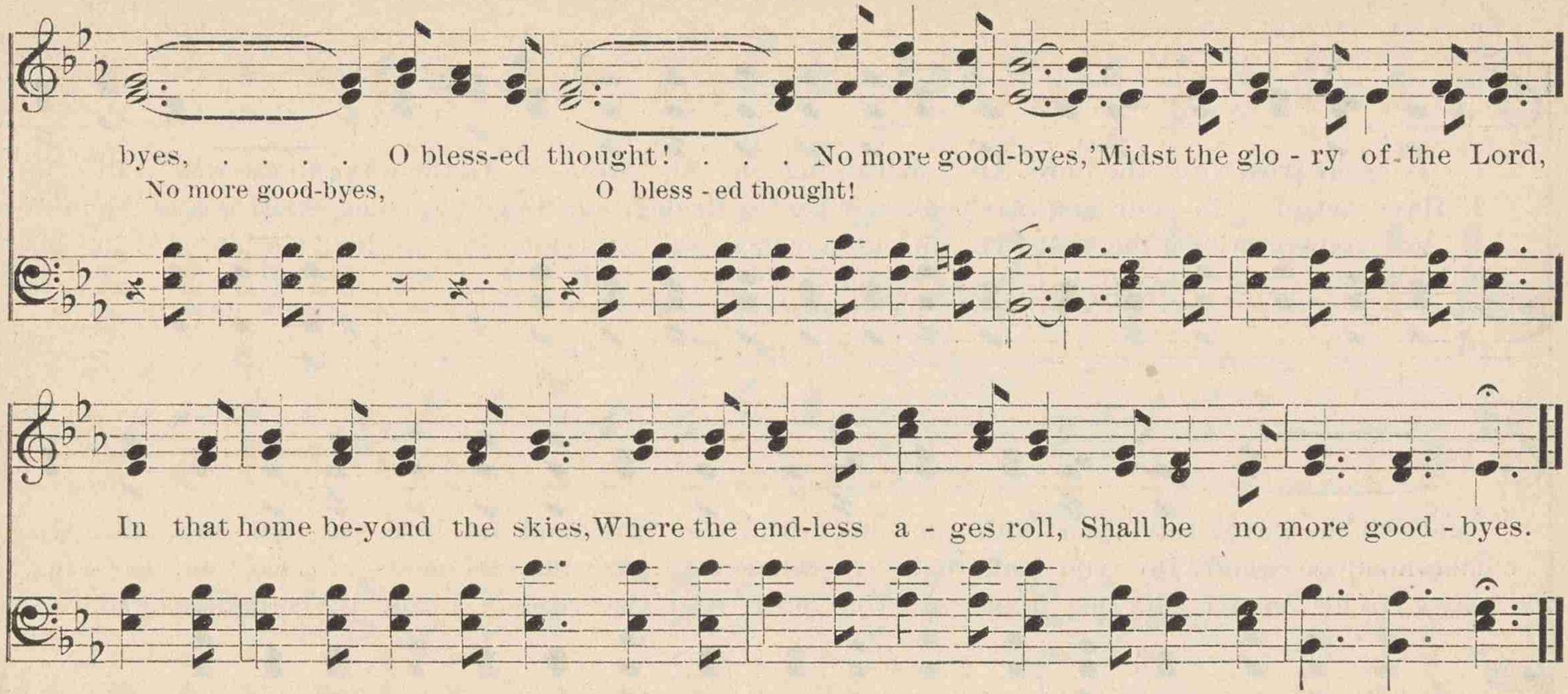

Benediction. May Grace and Mercy.

CHAS. M. F.

Is Your Trust in the Lord?

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Is your trust in the Lord, Are you lean-ing on his prom-ise All the way (all the way), all the
2. Have you oil in your lamp, Are you ready for the Bridegroom Should he come (should he come), should he
3. Are you point-ing the lost To an ut-ter-most sal-va-tion In his love (in his love), in his

way (all the way)? Have you faith in his word, Is your soul in love a-bid-ing, All the
come (should he come)? Do you make dai-ly camp On the bat-tle-ments of heav-en, Go-ing
love (in his love)? Oh, be found at your post, And be read-y for the sum-mons From a-

CHORUS.

way (all the way), all the way (all the way)? Is your trust in the Lord all the
home (go-ing home), go-ing home (go-ing home)?
bove (from a-bove), from a-bove (from a-bove).

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Stand Up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner:
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day.
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus—
Stand in his strength alone:
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

140 In the Palace of My King.

J. E. H. J. E. HAWES.

1. In the Pal - ace of my King, by and by, by and by, My Re - deem-er's praise I'll sing, by and
2. He will give to me a crown, by and by, When I see him on his throne, by and
3. I shall wear a spot - less robe, by and by, Giv - en by my liv - ing Lord, by and
4. What a meet-ing that will be, by and by, by and by, When my Sav - iour I shall see, by and

by, by and by, For my Fa - ther in his word, Says I shall be like my Lord; End - less
by, Stars up - on my crown will shine, For the souls which led by mine, Shall be
by, Je - sus' blood has washed it white, Oh, how grand will be the sight, When I
by, by and by, Oh, the bliss to then be - long To the star-crown'd white-rob'd throng, In that

joy he will af - ford, by and by.
saved through love di - vine, by and by.
greet the saints in light, by and by.
sum - mer land of song, by and by.

CHORUS.

By and by, by and by, by and

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Thou Art the Way.

G. W. DOANE. DR. MASON.

1 Thou art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou, only, canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

The Blood-Stained Banner.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. T. C. O'KANE.

1. My song I raise of thee, Blest em - blem of the free; Red-dyed on Cal - va - ry,
2. Most pre-cious thou must be, Since Je - sus on the tree Pour'd out his blood for me,
3. Be- neath thy folds I'll fight, In Je - sus' name and might, Till wrong gives place to right,

Dear ban-ner of the Cross; At men - tion of thy name, My heart and lips pro - claim,
Dear ban-ner of the Cross; His bleed -ing, wounded side, The crim - son stain ap - plied,
Dear ban-ner of the Cross; Then end - ing, war and strife, With which the world is rife,

REFRAIN.

Thy glo - ry and thy fame, Dear banner of the Cross. The blood-stain'd banner of the Cross, The
And made thy folds blood-dyed, Dear banner of the Cross.
I'll en - ter end-less life, Dear banner of the Cross.

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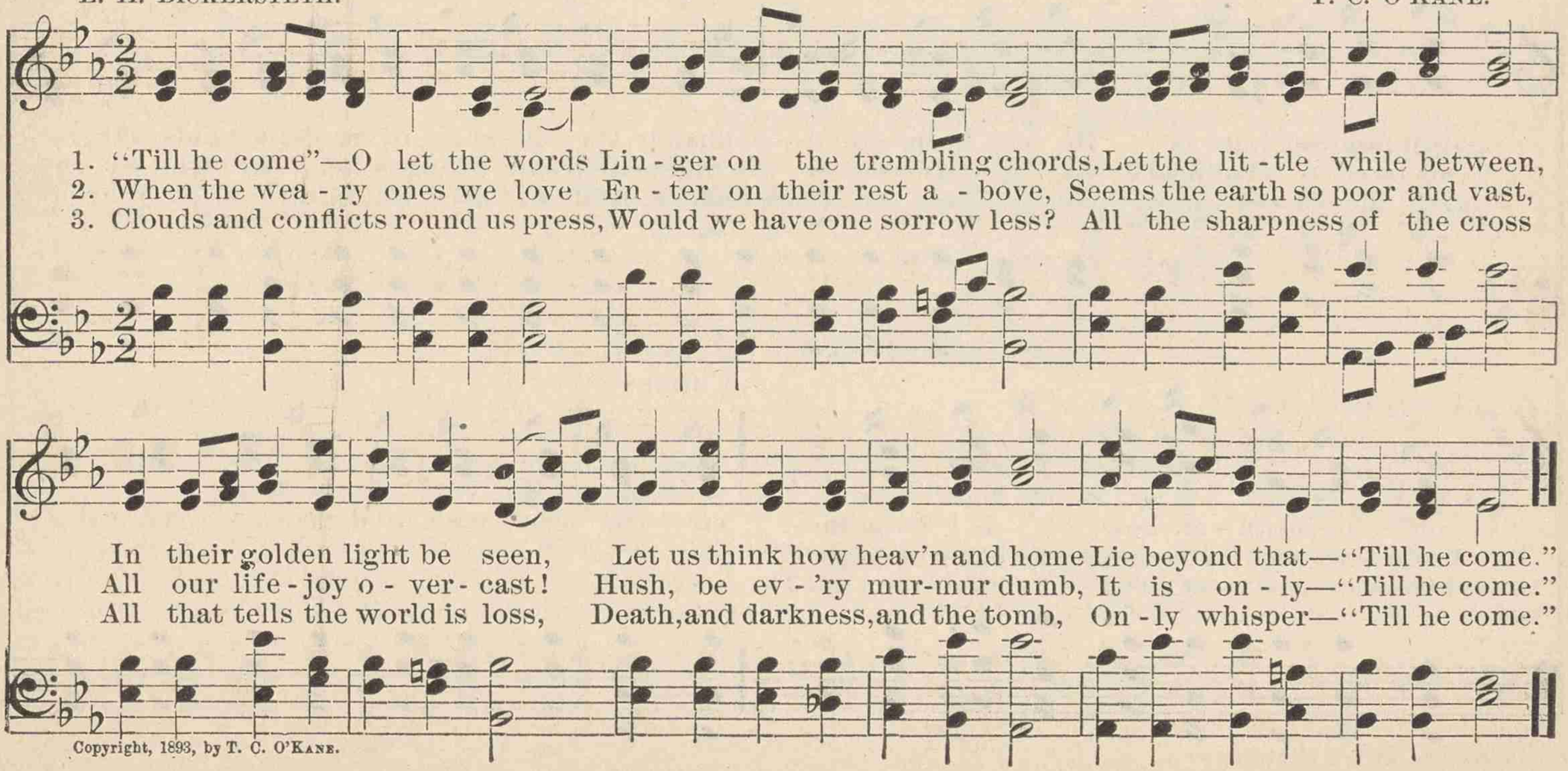
"Till He Come."

E. H. BICKERSTETH. T. C. O'KANE.



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144 Are You Serving Christ the Lord?

CHAS. M. FILLMORE. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Are you serv - ing Christ the Lord? Do you fol - low at his word? Eith - er for him or a -
2. Ev - 'ry deed that you may do, Ev - 'ry word both false and true, E'en the se - cret tho'ts un-
3. No one ev - er can be true, And yet serve with Masters two, He will hold to one and

gainst him you must be; He who keeps not his commands, On the side of Sa - tan stands, Tell me,
ut- tered in your heart; Ev - 'ry day and ev - 'ry night Helps the wrong or helps the right, O my
give the oth - er hate; You can nev - er Mammon love, And to Christ still faithful prove, Why not

CHORUS.

oh, my broth - er, how it is with thee. Are you serv - ing Christ the Lord, Are you
broth - er, why not choose the bet - ter part?
choose, my broth - er, e'er it be too late?

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How Sweet, How Heavenly.

J. SWAIN. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those that love the Lord In one another's peace delight, And so fulfill the word.
2. When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part; When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart;
3. When free from envy, scorn, and pride, Our wishes all a-bove, Each can his brother's failings hide, And show a brother's love.

As a Vine.

Mrs. L. M. B. Bateman. J. B. Herbert.

1. As a cling - ing, ten - der branch Of a liv - ing, grow-ing vine, Let me, Lord, in thee a - bide, Let my love to thee in - cline.
2. As a bough is prun'd and dress'd On the gar-d'ner's cho - sen tree, So would I be freed from sin, Cleans'd and pu - ri - fied by thee.
3. Faith-ful as a fruit - ful bough, Bend-ing with its har - vest fair, So may I with wor-thy deeds, Flour-ish in the Mas - ter's care.

Refrain. *Not too fast.*

Just as a vine, a ten - der vine, Oh, let my lov- ing heart en-twine! Fruit-ful as a fruit - ful tree, Be my la - bors bless'd of thee. heart en - twine! . . let my lov - ing heart en-twine!

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Some Happy Day.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Some day we shall lay our bur-dens down, Rest will then be sweet; Some day we shall wear the
2. Some day we shall chant the glad new song With the an - gel choir; Some day we shall join the
3. Some day we shall meet our kin-dred dear, Meet to part no more; Some day we shall know no

Chorus.

robe and crown, All our joy com - plete. Some hap - py day, some bless- ed day The
hap - py throng With the harp and lyre.
care nor fear, On that bliss - ful shore.

sweet-est songs we 'll sing; Some hap - py day, Some joy - ous day, We shall see the King.

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148 Banner of Jesus.

HARRIET E. JONES. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. We're un - der the ban - ner of Je - sus, We bear it a - loft for the right, And
2. Be - neath the fair ban - ner of Je - sus, We march forth to con - quer for him; As
3. Yes, un - der the flag he has giv - en, We're joy - ful - ly march-ing a - long, Our

un - der its shel - ter so gra - cious, For Je - sus, our Cap - tain, we fight.
long as our Cap - tain shall lead us, Our ar - mor shall nev - er grow dim.
fa - ces are turn'd un - to heav - en, With Je - sus the theme of our song.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

O beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful ban - ner, We bear it a - loft for the right.
We're march - ing un - der the beau - ti - ful ban - ner,

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God is Love.

HARRY LEE. J. H. FILLMORE.

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The Call for Volunteers.

EBEN E. REXFORD. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Lo! the banner of the King Float-ing o'er the field to - day; Hear the shouts of battle ring!
2. Ral - ly at the call to - day, Christ has need of you and me; In the thickest of the fray
3. Marching on to fight and win With the sol - diers of the King. When to heav'n we enter in,

DUET.

Christ, the Captain, leads the way. There's a fight to wage with sin, Fling a-side your doubts and fears,
Pay the debt of Cal - va - ry. We are sol-diers of the Cross, Treading where our fathers trod,
How the courts of God will ring! Hail the faith-ful and the true, In the bat - tle's storm and strife

DUET. CHORUS.

There's a bat - tle we must win, Sound the call for Vol- un-teers. Vol - un-teer for Christ to-day,
Death is gain and nev - er loss In the rank and file of God.
Sol-diers of the Cross of Christ En - ter to e - ter - nal life.

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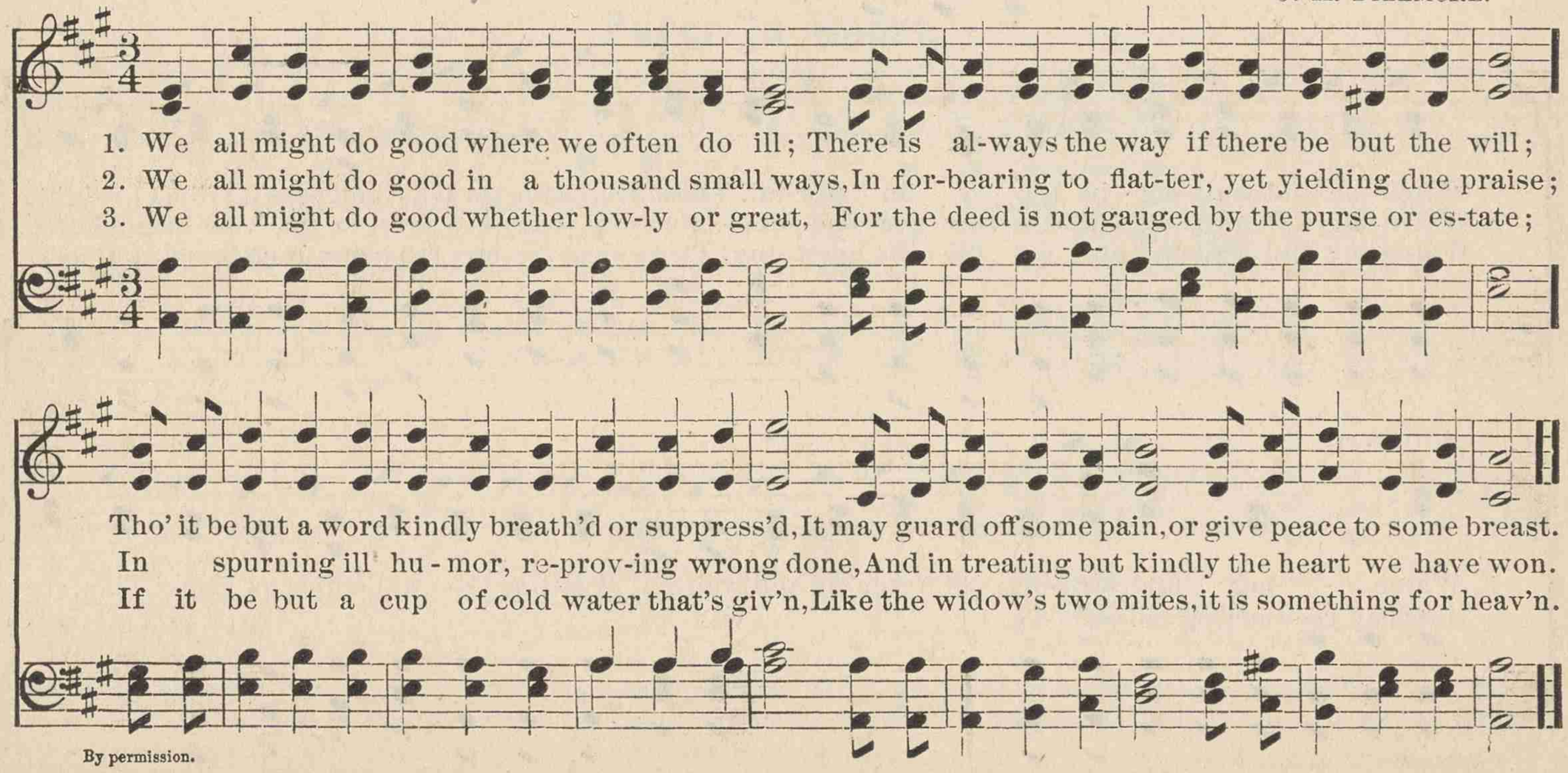
We All Might Do Good.

J. H. FILLMORE.



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Watching and Waiting.

MRS. W. W. SAVAGE.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

Not too fast.

1. Watching and wait-ing they stand at thy por - tals, Cit - y of God, where there fall-eth no night;
2. Watching and wait-ing where an-thems of glad-ness, Fill with their mel-o - dy heav-en's high dome;
3. Watching and wait-ing how hap - py the meet-ing, When we shall pass to the home of the blest;

Watch-ing and wait-ing in glo - ry im - mor-tal, Those who have lov'd us and pass'd from our sight.
Watch-ing and wait-ing where sorrow and sad -ness Nev - er can en - ter to mar that bright home.
Watch-ing and wait-ing how joy - ful the greet -ing, There shall be ours from our long loved, and lost.

CHORUS.

Watch - ing and wait-ing, yes watching and waiting, Wait-ing to wel-come us there, They are
Watching, yes watching and wait - ing, wait- ing,

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watch - ing and wait- ing, yes watch-ing and wait-ing To wel-come us home, ov-er there.
Watch-ing, yes watch-ing and wait - ing,

Purer in Heart.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; May I de - vote my life Whol - ly to thee.
2. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; Teach me to do thy will Most lov- ing - ly.
3. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; That I thy ho - ly face One day may see.

Watch thou my wayward feet, Guide me with counsel sweet; Pur-er in heart, Help me to be.
Be thou my Friend and Guide, Let me with thee a-bide; Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.
Keep me from se - cret sin, Reign thou my soul within; Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.

By Permission.

We are Going Down the Valley.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. We are go - ing down the val-ley, one by one, With our fac - es toward the set-ting of the sun;—
2. We are go - ing down the val-ley, one by one, When the la - bors of the wea - ry day are done;
3. We are go - ing down the val-ley, one by one, Hu-man comrade you or I will there have none,

Down the val-ley where the mournful cypress grows, Where the stream of Death in si-lence on-ward flows.
One by one, the cares of earth for- ev - er past, We shall stand up - on the riv - er bank at last.
But a ten - der Hand will guide us lest we fall, Christ is go - ing down the val - ley with us all.

CHORUS.

We are go-ing down the val-ley, go-ing down the val-ley, Go-ing toward the set-ting of the sun;

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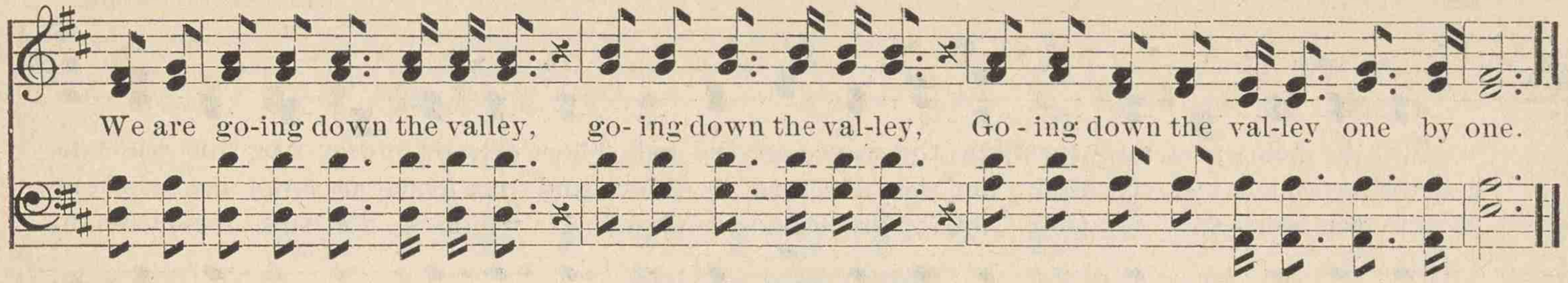

Abide With Us.

A. P Cobb. Fred. A. Fillmore.

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I Will be with Thee.

GRACE GLENN. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Mid the tem - pest and storm, mid the wave and the gale, There's the prom-ise of God which is nev - er to fail, Tho' the shad-ows are dark, and the thun - ders are loud, It is
2. Thou hast made me, O God, and the crea - ture is thine, And redeemed me from sin, what re- joic - ing is mine! From the depths of de - spair, I had cried un - to thee, From the
3. I was sin - ful, O God, but thy grace made me free; I will seek for thy face till thy glo - ry I see, I have called on thy name, gracious Lord, make me pure, I will

CHORUS.

there o - ver all like the bow in the cloud. Tho' the riv - ers be deep, they shall not o - ver-
heights of sal - va - tion, thou an - swer-est me.
fear not, but trust thee whose promise is sure.

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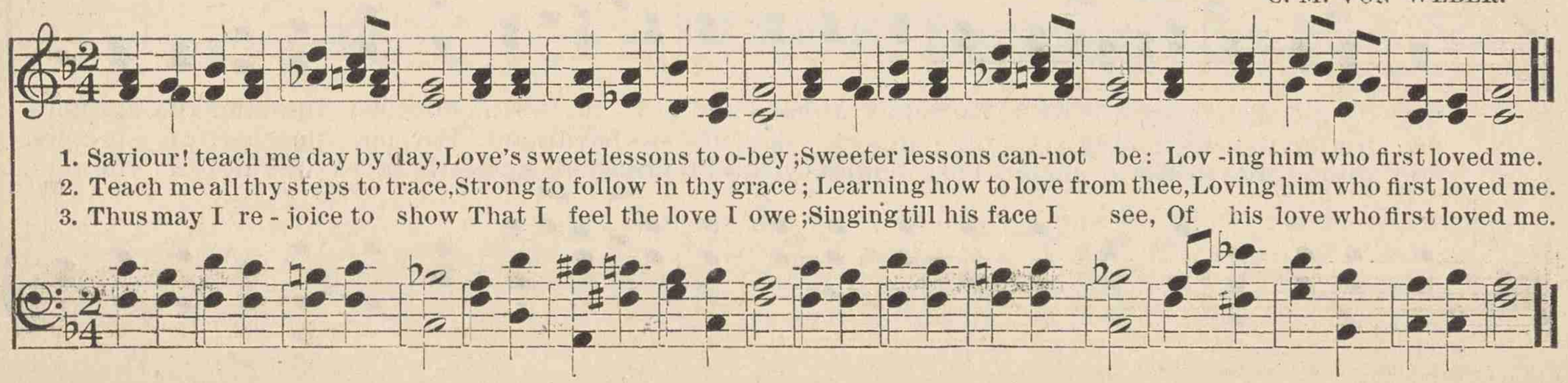
Saviour, Teach Me.

C. M. Von Weber.



158 Wondrous Love.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. O wondrous love! the Sav - iour died For me, the chief of sin-ners, On Calv'ry's mount was cru - ci - fied, For me, the chief of sin - ners, For me, for me the cross was borne, For
2. Up - on the cross he bow'd his head For me, the chief of sin-ners, Up - on the cross his blood he shed, For me, the chief of sin - ners, While nail'd be-tween the earth and sky, For
3. For me, for me that cru - el death, For me, the chief of sin-ners, I'll praise him with my lat - est breath, He saves the chief of sin - ners. For me, for me the Sav - iour came, For

me, for me that brow was torn, By many a sharp and cru - el thorn, For me, the chief of sin-ners.
me, for me that pier - cing cry, "E - lo - i la - ma sa - bachthani," For me, the chief of sin-ners.
me, for me that death of shame, Thro' endless years I'll praise his name, He saves the chief of sin-ners.

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CHORUS.

O can it be, ... O can it be That on the mountain Cal - va -
O can it be, O can it be

ry . The King of heav'n . . . has died for me, For me, the chief of sin-ners.
The King of heav'n has died for me,

Old Hundred.

1. From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Let the Creator's praise arise; Thro' every land, by every tongue.
2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Eternal truth attends thy word; Till suns shall rise and set no more.

160

The Voice of Jesus.

Dr. H. BONAR. W. A. OGDEN.

1. I heard the voice of Jesus say,—"Come un- to me and rest, Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down
2. I heard the voice of Jesus say,—"Be - hold, I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter, thirst - y one,
3. I heard the voice of Jesus say,— "I am this dark world's light, Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise,

Thy head up - on my breast." I came to Je - sus, as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
Stoop down and drink and live." I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
And all thy day be bright." I looked to Je - sus, and I found In him, my star, my sun;

CHORUS.

I found in him a rest - ing place, And he has made me glad. And he has made me glad,
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived, And now I live in him. And now I live in him,
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all my journey's done. Till all my journey's done,

Has made me glad,
I live in him,
My journey's done,

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Far O'er Hill and Dale.

2 Now thro' the charméd air, on the winds stealing,
List to the mourner's prayer solemnly bending:
Hark, hark, it seems to say, turn from those joys away,
To those which ne'er decay, for life is ending.

3 So, when our mortal ties death shall dissever,
Lord, may we reach the skies where care comes never,
And in eternal day, joining the angels' lay,
To our Creator pay homage forever.

Beautiful Land of the Blest.

Arr. by J. H. K.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. By the hut of the peas-ant where pov-er - ty weeps, And nigh to the tow'rs of the king,—
2. Each hour and each mo-ment a mes-sen - ger comes, And beck-ons us o - ver the way;
3. Not a charm that we knew ere the bound'ry was cross'd, When we stood in the val - ley a-lone—

Close, close to the cra - dle where in - fan - cy sleeps, And joy loves to lin - ger and sing,
Thro' heart-throbs and sighing and beat - ing of drums, An ar - my of mor - tals o - bey.
No trait that we miss in our dar - ling is lost; 'Tis fair - er and love - li - er grown.

There's a gar - den of light full of heav-en's per-fume, On its por - tals no shad-ows e'er rest,
And the friends that in tears kiss'd the mo-tion-less brow, Shall a - gain meet the lov'd they have miss'd;
As the lil - ies burst forth, when the shadows of night In - to bond-age at day-light are press'd,

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And the ro - ses and lil-ies are ev - er in bloom,'Tis the beau - ti - ful land of the blest.
There,beyond the dark vale, they beck -on us now, To the beau - ti - ful land of the blest.
So they bask in the glow of the pil - lar of light, In the beau - ti - ful land of the blest.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful land! . . . The land . . . of the blest: . . . 'Tis the
Land of the beau-ti - ful, land of the blest; Beau-ti - ful land of the saved and blest!

land . . . . of the beau - - - ti - ful; Beau-ti - ful land of the blest!
Land of the beau - ti - ful, land of the beau - ti - ful, Beau - ti - ful land of the blest!

The Shepherd's Voice.

ADEL MACDONALD. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Hark! I hear a lov - ing voice, Full of ten - der plead - ing, How it bids the soul re -joice,
2. Wand'ring feet too oft - en stray, From the vale's sweet fountain, Lured by sin - ful wiles a - way,
3. When our faint-ing cry we raise, Lo, how soon he hears us, O'er the steep and rug- ged ways,
4. None can pluck them from his hand, By the Fa - ther giv - en, He will guide them thro' this land,

In his pastures feeding. Oh, how well that voice we know, Who could e'er mistake it, Where it leadeth
To the dang'rous mountain. Then how earnest is the call, Oh, how full of yearning, 'Till it gath-ers
Ten - der-ly he bears us. For so dear-ly doth he love Those whom he is leading To his precious
Thro' the gates of hea-ven. All his lambs he 'll safely bring, Sheltered on his bo-som, In - to that e -

CHORUS.

we will go, We will ne'er for-sake it. We will fol- low, we will fol- low, Fol- low this sweet
lost ones all, Back to E - den turn- ing.
fold a-bove, Hear, oh, hear him pleading.
ter-nal Spring, Sweet with vernal blossoms.

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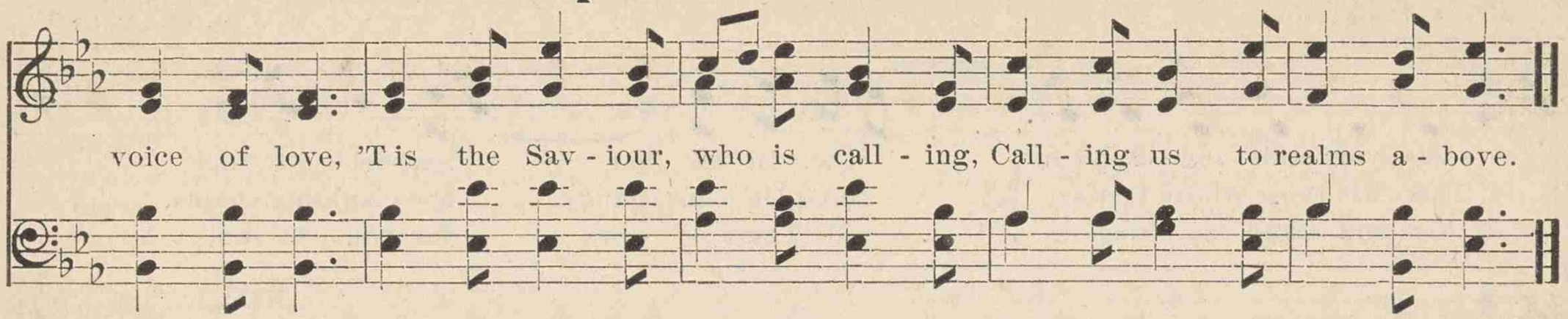
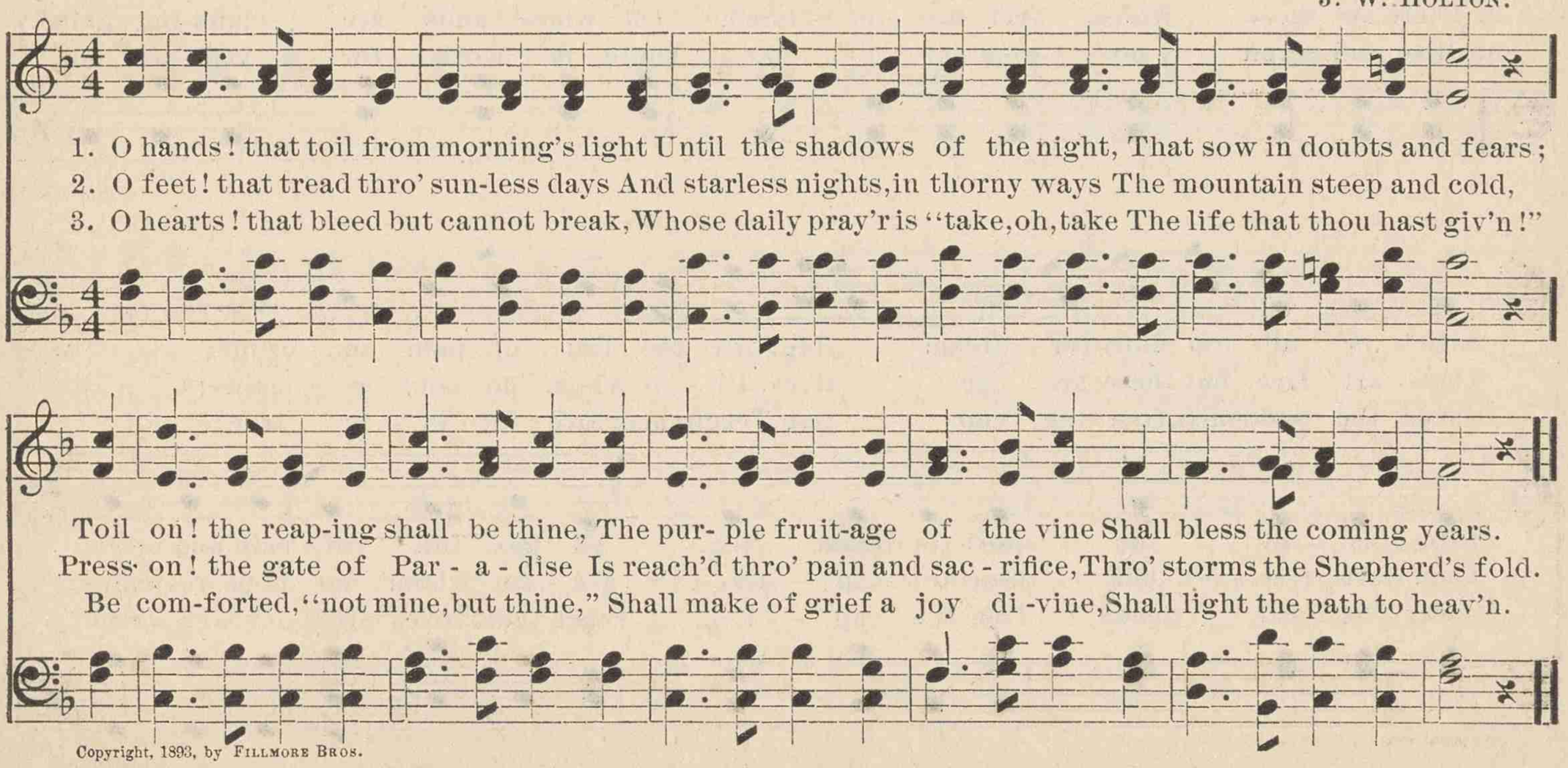


Consolation.

J. W. Holton.



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166 Stand Not Idle.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON.

J. H. FILLMORE.

SOPRANO.

1. Cease your wait - ing, stand not i - dle, In the har - vest-fields of time,
2. There are those whose feet are fet - tered, On whose hands are clank-ing chains,
3. Rise and stand no long-er i - dle, There is work for you to do,

ALTO.

1. Cease your wait - ing, stand not i - dle, In the har - vest - fields of time,
2. There are those whose feet are fet - tered, On whose hands are clank-ing chains,
3. Rise and stand no long - er i - dle, There is work for you to do,

Life is all too short for dream - ing, All too full of pain and crime;
Thou art free, but these are cap - tives, Un - to whom no hope re - mains;
Cheer the saddened, free the cap - tive, Teach them love for - ev - er true;

Life is all too short for dream - ing, All too full of pain and crime;
Thou art free, but these are cap - tives, Un - to whom no hope re-mains;
Cheer the sad - dened, free the cap - tive, Teach them love for - ev - er true;

By permission.

Lin - ger thou no long - er i - dle, Work while yet God grants thee time,
All the love of Christ, thy Sav - iour, To this work thy soul con-strains,
Fear not, faint not; all your toil - ing Is for Christ, he'll strengthen you,

Lin - ger thou no long - er i - dle, Work while yet God grants thee time,
All the love of Christ, thy Sav - iour, To this work thy soul con-strains,
Fear not, faint not; all your toil - ing Is for Christ, he'll strengthen you,

Lin - ger thou no long - er i - dle, Work while yet God grants thee time.
All the love of Christ, thy Sav - iour, To this work thy soul con - strains.
Fear not, faint not; all your toil - ing Is for Christ, he'll strengthen you.

Rit.

Lin - ger thou no long - er i - dle, Work while yet God grants thee time.
All the love of Christ, thy Sav - iour, To this work thy soul con-strains.
Fear not, faint not; all your toil - ing Is for Christ, he'll strengthen you.

Jesus Is the Sinners' Friend.

H. R. TRICKETT.

SOLO OR UNISON.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Je - sus, full of truth and grace, Died to save a fall - en race; On - ly
2. Oh, ye ran - somed race, be glad; Christ has full a - tone - ment made; In his
3. From his pierced and wound-ed side, Flows a crim - son heal - ing tide; Who - so -
4. His a change - less love shall be, Love thro' all e - ter - ni - ty; End - less

Christ such love could show,— Let a world of sin - ners know.
bod - y on the tree, Bore your sins and set you free.
ev - er there will go Shall be whit - er than the snow.
a - ges still shall show End - less love be - gun be - low.

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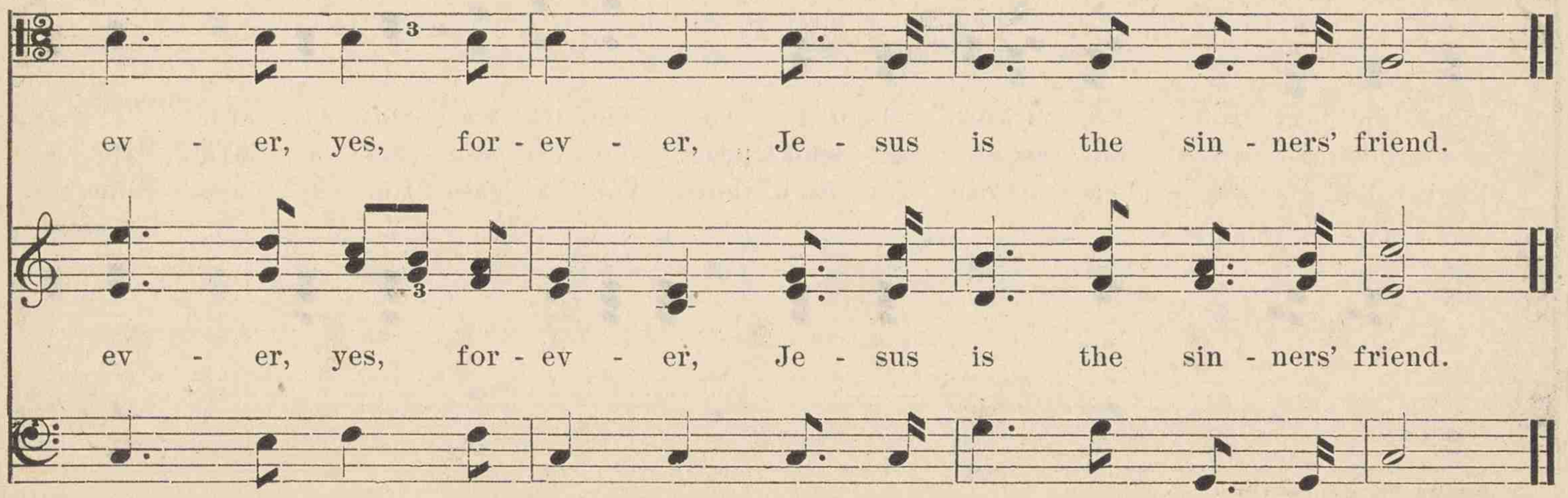
CHORUS.

Lov - ing ev - er, chang - ing nev - er, He will love us to the end. Lov - ing
Lov - ing ev - er, chang - ing nev - er, He will love us to the end. Lov - ing


ev - er, yes, for - ev - er, Je - sus is the sin - ners' friend.
ev - er, yes, for - ev - er, Je - sus is the sin - ners' friend.

170 He Has Risen for Me.

MRS. L. M. B. BATEMAN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

DUET.

1. There's a song on my lips, There's a song in my soul, Tho' the waves of dis- tress Deep- ly
2. There's a light in my sky, Since the break-ing of day, When the seal rent in twain And the
3. There is joy in my heart All the long, wea - ry day, For the storm ov - er - past, And the

round me may roll; For I know whom I trust, Tho' the way may be dim, I shall
stone rolled a - way; For an an - gel spoke peace To my spir - it's a - larm: He is
clouds rolled a - way. There's a rose for each thorn, And a gain for each loss, Since my

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CHORUS.

safe - ly go home, If I cling close to him. I will not be a - fraid, When the
ris - en for thee; There is noth - ing to harm.
Sav - iour him - self Gain'd a crown by the cross.

I will not be a - fraid When the

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

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

Choose To-day.

C. M. F.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Now is the time to ac - cept the Lord, Now is the time to o - bey his word;
2. Yes - ter-day's rec-ord is all com-plete, Its oppor-tu - ni - ties no more you 'll meet;
3. Put not your trust in a fu - ture day, Weakness not strength comes from vain de - lay;

Do not de - lay for an - oth - er day, Come and be pardoned while yet you may.
What has been done is for - ev - er done, Nev er re - turn -eth the day that 's gone.
When once to - day with its chance has fled, Death may be yours in to - mor-row's stead.

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CHORUS.

Time was is past, . . Thou canst not it re - call; . . . Time is thou hast, . . Im-

Time was is past, is past, Thou canst not it re-call; Time is thou hast, thou hast, Im-

prove the por - tion small; Time fu - ture is not, and may nev - er

prove the por - tion small; Time fu - ture is not, and may

be; . . . . Time pres - ent is the on - ly time for thee. . . . . .

nev - er be; Time pres - ent is the on - ly time for thee, the time for thee.

A Friend Forever.

MRS. FRONIA SAVAGE.

SOLO.

J. B. HERBERT.

1. Do you want a friend for - ev - er? Faith - ful friend, faith - ful friend,
2. Best and dear - est, ev - er pre - cious, Is that friend, faith - ful friend!
3. Read the mes - sage he has sent you, Pre - cious word, ho - ly word!

Seek and find your lov - ing Sav - iour, Dear - est friend, dear - est friend.
Watch -ing, guard - ing all his chil - dren, To life's end, to life's end.
Wis - est coun - sel, sweet - est mes - sage, Ev - er heard, ev - er heard.

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CHORUS.

O Christ's a friend that nev - er fail - eth, He is ev - er, ev - er near.

O Christ's a friend that nev - er fail - eth, He is ev - er, ev - er near.

O seek him ere the dark hour com - eth, Trust in him with - out a fear.

O seek him ere the dark hour com - eth, Trust in him with - out a fear.

The Wonderful City.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I hear them tell of a wondrous country, A land of pure de - light, Where summer suns are for-
2. I hear them tell of a ris - en Saviour, A mighty King of kings, The build - er of that im -
3. O broth-er, let us be-lieve the sto-ry That comes to me and you, Its truth appears in the

ev -er shining, And nev- er there falleth night;
mor-tal cit - y,—The world with his glory rings;
stars of heaven, And shines from the pearly dew;

I hear that within that do -min - ion fair, A
They tell me that he has pre-pared for all A
That country's the home of im-mor - tal souls, That

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cit -y im-mor-tal stands, A cit - y whose beauty is yet un-told, A cit - y not built with hands.
place in that land so fair, And sends down a full invi-ta-tion, too, That all may be present there.
cit-y's the throne of love, That king is the Saviour who shed his blood, To build us that home above.

CHORUS.

Bless -ed cit - y, love - ly cit - y Cit - y in a world so fair; Bless - ed cit - y,
Bless - ed cit - y,

love - ly cit - y, Brother, may we one and all meet there, May we one and all meet there.
love-ly cit - y, meet there, meet there.

Marching to the Land Above.

Mrs. W. W. Savage. J. H. Fillmore.

Sopranos and Altos in Unison.

1. We are marching to a land a-bove, Beau-ti-ful land a-bove, beau-ti-ful land a-bove;
2. We are marching toward the cit-y fair, Beau-ti-ful cit-y fair, beau-ti-ful cit-y fair;
3. We are marching to the home of God, Beau-ti-ful home of God, beau-ti-ful home of God;

To a land where dwells e-ter-nal love, The beau-ti-ful land a-bove.
Where the an-gel an-thems fill the air, The beau-ti-ful cit-y fair.
And our guide-book is his ho-ly word, The beau-ti-ful word of God.

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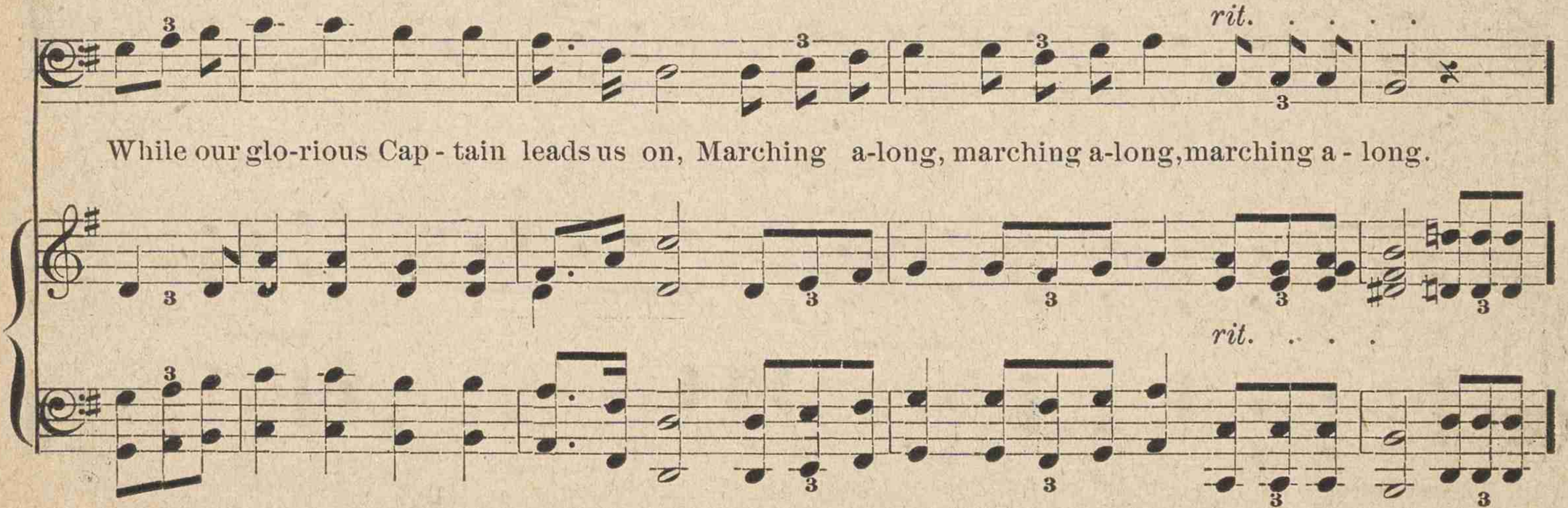
BASSES AND TENORS IN UNISON.



180 Marching to the Land Above. Concluded.

All voices in Unison.

CHORUS.

We are marching to a land a-bove, Beauti-ful land a-bove, beau-ti-ful land a-bove;
We are marching t'ward the cit-y fair, Beauti-ful cit-y fair, beau-ti-ful cit-y fair;
We are marching to the home of God, Beauti-ful home of God, beau-ti-ful home of God;

To a land where dwells e-ter-nal love, Beau-ti-ful land a-bove, land a-bove.
Where the an-gel an-thems fill the air, Beau-ti-ful cit-y fair, cit-y fair.
And our guide-book is his ho-ly word, Beau-ti-ful word of God, word of God.

8va.

O Praise the Lord.

ANTHEM. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

DUET.

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O Praise The Lord. Concluded.

How Beautiful Upon the Mountains.

ANTHEM. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

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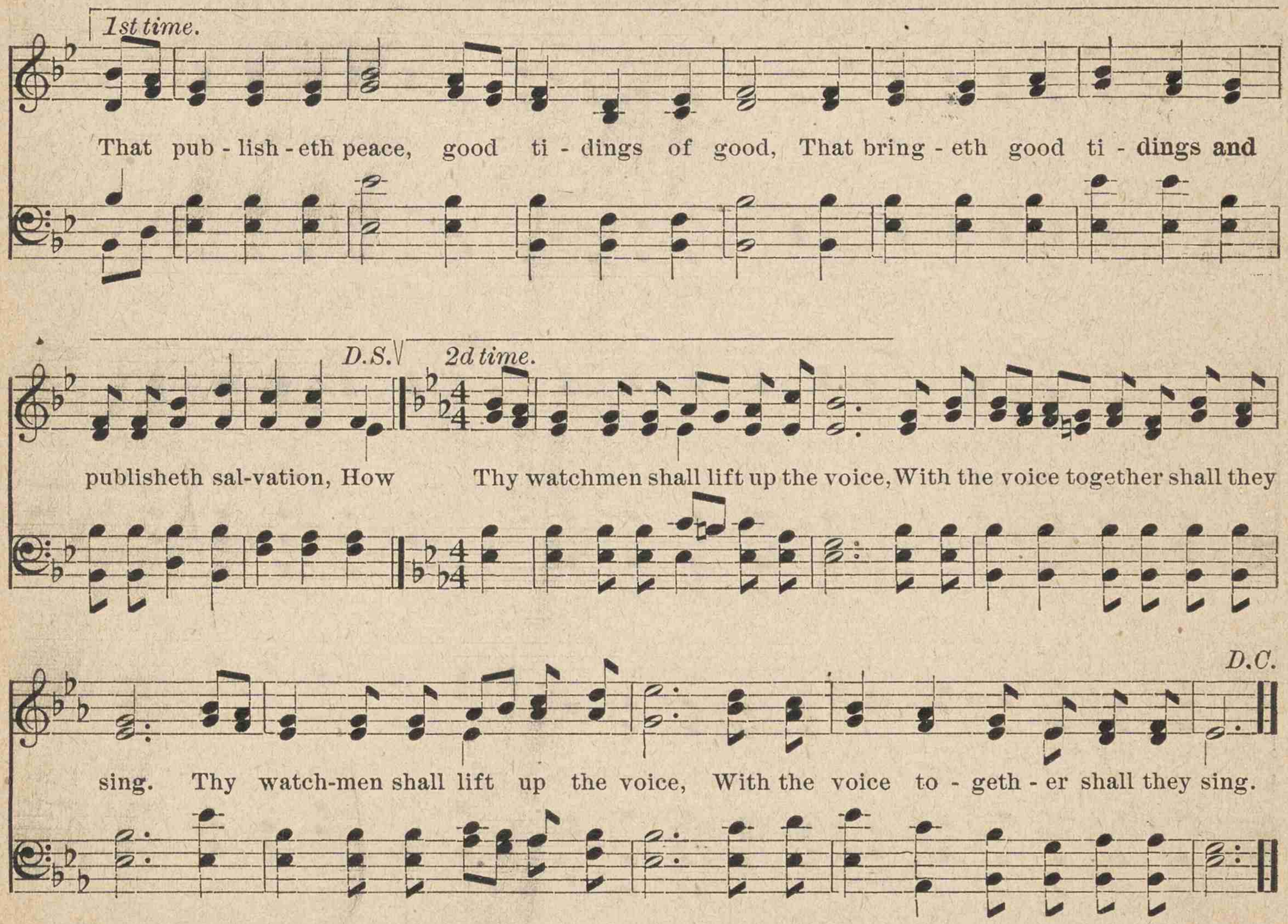
1st time.
That pub - lish - eth peace, good ti - dings of good, That bring - eth good ti - dings and
D.S.
2d time.
publisheth sal-vation, How
Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice, With the voice together shall they
D.C.
sing. Thy watch-men shall lift up the voice, With the voice to - geth - er shall they sing.

O Sing Unto the Lord.

ANTHEM.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

O sing un - to the Lord, un - to the Lord a new song, O sing un - to the Lord, un - to the
O sing a new song, O

Lord a new song, O sing un - to the Lord, O sing un - to the Lord and
sing a new song, O

FINE.

bless his ho - ly name. De - clare his glo - ry a -
sing un - to the Lord and bless his ho - ly name.

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mong the hea - then, His glo - ry and won - ders a - mong the

peo - ple, For the Lord is great, and great - ly to be

D.C. to Fine.

prais - ed, He is to be fear - ed a - bove all gods.

Prepare Ye the Way.

ANTHEM.

F. A. F.

Pre-pare ye the way of the Lord, (of the Lord,) Pre-pare ye the way of the Lord. Pre-

Omit Amen 1st time.

FINE.

pare ye the way, Pre-pare ye the way of the Lord. A - MEN.
pare ye the way, Pre - pare ye the way,

Ev - 'ry val - ley shall be filled, ev -'ry mountain brought low, and the crooked shall be straight, And the

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rough pla -ces smooth ; Ev - 'ry val - ley shall be filled, ev - 'ry mountain brought low, And the

First time Solo, second time Full Chorus.

crook-ed shall be straight, and the rough pla- ces smooth ; And all flesh shall see the sal-

va - tion of our God, And all flesh shall see the sal - va - tion of our God.

D.C.

Break Forth Into Joy.

ANTHEM. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

Break forth in - to joy, sing to - geth - er, Break forth in - to joy,

sing to - geth - er, For the Lord . . hath com - fort-ed his peo - ple, his

The Lord

peo - ple. He hath . . re - deem - ed, he hath re - deem - ed Je - ru - sa - lem.

He hath

FINE.

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First Time as a Tenor or Soprano Solo.
Second Time Full Chorus.

The Lord hath made bare his ho - ly arm in the eyes of all the na - tions

and all the ends of the earth shall see the sal - va - tion of our God, And

D.C.

all the ends of the earth shall see the sal - va - tion of our God,

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