THE HARVEST —OF— SONG.







BY

C. C. CASE AND JAMES McGRANAHAN.

John Church & Co.,
CINCINNATI.

Root & Sons Music Co.
CHICAGO.

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W. H. Holsinger.

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Essay
Oration
Debate Resolved that early training
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Reading
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W. H. Holsinger.

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THE
HARVEST OF SONG:

A Collection of Sacred and Secular Music,

FOR

Elementary and Advanced Singing Classes, Choirs, Institutes and Conventions.

BY

C. C. CASE AND JAMES McGRANAHAN.

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN CHURCH & CO
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PREFACE.

THE "HARVEST OF SONG" opens with a carefully prepared course, in which the teacher and class appear face to face in the active practice of the lessons. They begin at the *beginning*, with that which all know and can do, and taking up *one thing at a time*, are lead along step by step, upward and onward, by means of the various exercises, through one grade of difficulty into another, until they are rejoicing in the midst of the "HARVEST OF SONG."

Those who have not already formed a method of their own, will appreciate the fullness and completeness of the lessons as here given, showing, as they do, not only *what to teach* but also *how to teach it.* They are not a mere theoretical experiment, but a careful presentation as repeatedly made by the authors.

While methods are many, Truth is one; and although it is not important that this particular method be adopted, yet a study of the lessons as given will be helpful in getting at the real truths they are calculated to teach.

In preparing this work, the authors have kept constantly in mind the wants of the Singing School, the Choir, the Musical Institute, and the Convention, as may be seen by the exercises, part-songs, glees, church music, anthems, heavy choruses, both sacred and secular, nearly all of which (some of the heavy choruses excepted) are fresh from the pens of the various composers.

The hearty approval which has greeted the "CHOICE" by the many teachers who have used it in their Singing Schools, Institutes, and Conventions, has greatly encouraged and stimulated the authors in their preparation of this work, and it is with the hope that this, too, in a still greater degree, may meet the wants of the musical public in the sphere for which it is intended, that it is submitted. And that it may do something toward leading to a higher appreciation of the power of song for good in this life, and inspire many with the desire to mingle their hearts and voices with the "Great Multitude" in the "Alleluiahs" of the redeemed, where indeed it will be one eternal "HARVEST OF SONG," is the united wish of the Authors.

C. C. CASE,
JAMES McGRANAHAN.

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THE SINGING CLASS.

Begin by doing something all can do.

I. A Tone.

Listen—(Teacher counts, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.)

Class count as I did, steadily and together.——*

Count again, for distinctness and clearness of utterance.—

Count again, as with *one voice*. (This *oneness* is an important element in good singing.)

When you ask me a question, I will answer it, if I can; and when I ask you one, I shall expect you to do the same.

T., (holding up two books of different kinds, asks): How many books do I hold in my hand?—

Are they alike, or different?—

Listen—(Sings or plays a tone, and raps on the desk, table, or book.)

How many sounds did you hear?—(Two.)

Alike, or different?—(Different.)

Which was musical, first or last?—

Which was not?—

With which shall we have most to do in our study?—

With which shall we have least to do?—

Are all sounds musical?—

A sound that is musical is called a Tone.

What is a tone?—(A musical sound.)

II. Properties of a Tone.

T., (holding up a piece of chalk): What do I hold in my hand?—

Let us examine and note the properties that belong to it.

(Holding it at arms-length, as if to estimate its weight, asks): **What is** one of its properties?—

Does every piece of chalk have weight?—

Let us note it down—(writes on the board the word *weight.*)

(Holds it up as if to determine its size.)

What other properties does it possess?—(Size.)

Does every piece of chalk have size?—(writes the word *size* under the word *weight.*)

(Holds it up as if to determine its form, and asks): What other property?—(Form.) (Questions and writes as before. In a similar way brings out *color*, and writes it.)

(To bring out quality, teacher says): Sometimes in writing, the chalk will cease to mark, and simply scratch; this must be owing to the coarseness of its—what?—

Has every piece some kind of quality?—

Thus you see every piece of chalk has how many properties?—(Four.)

Let us now examine tones in a similar way, and note their properties.

Sing a long tone, stopping when I raise my hand.—

Sing again, stopping without a signal.—

Sing again, a shorter tone.—Not so long.—Shorter.—As short as you can.—So short, it shall have no length.—Since it can not be done, what must every tone have?—(Length.) Let us make a minute of it. (Writes the word *length* on the board.)

Listen—(Sings D, fourth line, tenor staff.) Class sing it.—

Sing another tone, but not so high.—(If some sing *softer* and *not* lower, ask them to sing the high tone again, *full* and *free;* then say, *As if that were a large rich apple on a high shelf, give me a large rich apple on a lower shelf*, anywhere, only so it is lower.)

* **Let the dash (—) signify that a direction is followed, or a question answered.**

Another tone still lower.—As low as you can.—Again, so low that it shall have *no degree* of *highness* or *lowness*.—

Since it can not be done, what other property has every tone?—(Some degree of highness or lowness.)

Yes; but since "*some degree of highness or lowness*" is so long and awkward a name for this property, let us do as is often done in this as well as other sciences,—borrow a name that is *shorter*. The name upon which musicians have agreed for this property, is *Pitch*.

What is the common meaning of the word *pitch*?—(Gum of the pine-tree.)

Is it the article itself, or only the *name* that is used to name this property?—(Its name.) (Writes *pitch* under "length" on board.)

When a name is thus borrowed and a new meaning given to it, it is called a *Technical term*.

What is the name of the first property developed?—

Is it a technical term, or has it its common meaning?—

What is the name of the second property in order?—

Is it a technical term, or has it its common meaning?—

Sing a loud tone.—Another, not so loud.—Still less power.—Give a still softer power.—As soft as you can.—So soft, it shall have no power.—You see now, tones have not only length and pitch, but also—what other property?—(Writes *Power* under length and pitch.) Listen—(Sings "Bright is the light," with bright, cheerful quality.) Class sing it.—Again, for brightness and cheerfulness.—

(Teacher sings "Dark is the night," with deep, somber quality.)

Class sing it.—Again, for *gloomy*, *somber* quality.—

Sing la; make it full of *sunshine* and *cheerfulness*.—

Sing it again; make it *dark* and *somber*.—Again, make it neither cheerful nor sad, nor any other quality.—

Since it can not be done, what else has every tone?—(Quality.) (Writes it.)

We find now that every tone has how many properties?—

Make a full statement of the fact—together.—(Every tone has length, pitch, power, and quality.)

About a tone there are how many things for our study?—If each of these has a sign to represent it, how many signs will be necessary to represent a tone with all its properties?—(Four. One for its *length*, another for its *pitch*, another for its *power*, and another for its *quality*.)

These properties go in *pairs*—the first two (length and pitch) form the *first pair*, and (by the use of their signs) must always be represented.

The second two (power and quality) form the *second pair*, and *their* signs are often omitted, it being left with the singer to choose the appropriate power and quality.

III. Beats. Quarter Notes.

All place the ends of the fingers of the right hand upon the wrist of the left, at that point where the pulse beats.—

Notice the length of each pulsation—but as they will not likely agree, you may take mine as the guide. (Teacher indicates the beats by short downward motions of the hand.)

Sing a tone to each beat, as I indicate.

Ladies sing *four* tones, each *one* beat long.—

Gentlemen do the same.—All.—

Six tones, each one beat long.—Eight.—

How many different lengths did we use in the last exercise, eight, or one?—

How long was each length?—(One beat.)

This length of tone is named Quarter note.

We know it is unusual to apply the name "whole," "half," "quarter," etc., to what we *hear*, but we feel that it is as important to give a name to the *length* of a tone as to its pitch, power, or quality. We take, then, familiar names for the purpose, knowing that in many other cases in the science the same name is applied both to the thing and the sign, for instance—measures, rests, crescendo, and other dynamic forms.

Sing four quarter notes.—Six.—Eight.—

Is *quarter note* the name of something seen, or heard?—(Heard.)

Sing again, eight quarter notes.—I will now represent what you have sung, making use of the characters that are used for this purpose.—(Writes on the board ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩.)

These characters are also called *quarter notes*.

Are they seen, or heard?—

What is the name of that *length* which is *one beat long*?—

What is the name of the character which represents it?—

Quarter note is then the name of how many things, and what?—

IV. Double Measure. Bars. Beating Time.

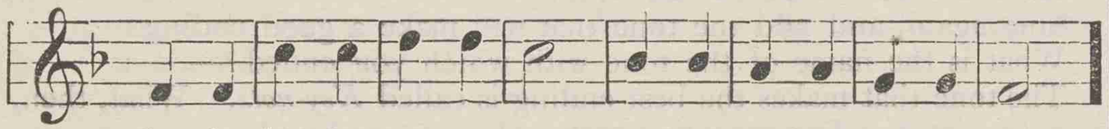
Sing the foregoing exercise (♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩), and make the first beat of every two, louder.—

Again, make them all even.—

Again, and accent the first of every three.—

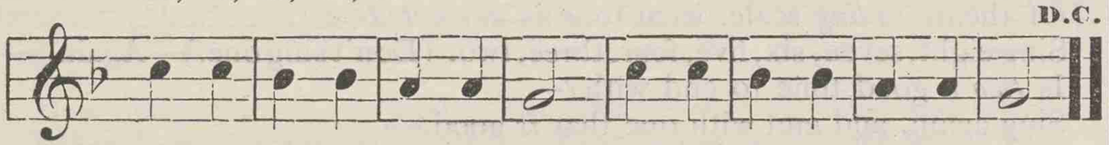
You may listen, and as I sing a tune that may be familiar to you, notice whether the beats are even or whether some are accented.

(Sings the following melody, marking well the accent.)



La, la, la, la, etc.

D.C.



Were the beats all alike, or were some accented?—

I will sing it again, and you may count *one* at every *accented beat*.—

Each accented beat was followed by how many unaccented beats?—

I will sing again, and you may count *all* the beats, beginning with the accented one each time, as before.—

As you counted, how many beats were grouped together?—

This group of beats is called a *Measure*.

What then is a measure?—(A group of beats.)

Which beat of the measure is the accented one?—

Which the unaccented one?—

This kind of measure is called *Double Measure*.

Now sing the exercise on the board, and, accenting the first, put it into double measure.—

After how many notes, shall I draw the line to show the end of the first measure?—Second?—Third?—Fourth?—

These lines are called *Bars*, and the *spaces* between them, which *represent* the *measures*, are also called *Measures*.

Which is the *real measure*, the group of beats, or the space which represents it?—

Measure is, then, the name of how many things?—(Two. A group of beats, and its sign—the space between the bars.)

Since the beats of a measure are not alike—the first being accented—let the motions of the hand which indicate them differ also. Indicate the accented beat by a downward motion of the hand, and the unaccented beat by an upward motion. This is called *Beating Time*.*

* For a full exposition of this subject, see "*Handbook*," by Dr. Geo. F. Root.

V. Half Notes.

Sing four measures, quarter notes, and beat the time.—

Ladies sing again, and gentlemen sing at the same time, tones each two beats in length.—

Change, and sing again, ladies singing the long tones.—How many lengths have we been using?—

What is the name of the *one-beat* length?—

The name of the *two-beat* length is? You who know may tell.—(Half note.)

Sing four measures, with quarter notes in the first two, and half notes in the others.—

If you sing the same through twice, it will make an exercise of how many measures?—(Eight.) Do it.—

Let us have it on the board. Tell me what to write for the first two measures?—(Quarter notes.)

How many in a measure?—

For the next two?—

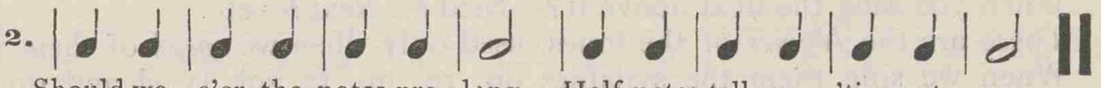
How many in a measure?—Next?—Next?—

Beat the time, and sing it.

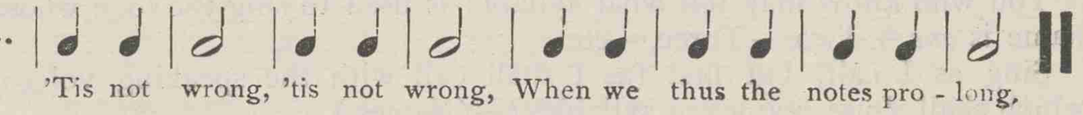
EXERCISES FOR PRACTICE.

1. 

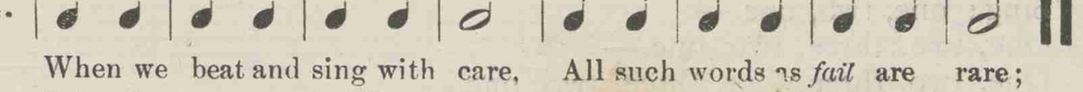
Here be-gins our win-ter's pleasure, Quar-ter notes and dou-ble measure.

2. 

Should we e'er the notes pro - long, Half notes tell us 'tis not wrong.

3. 

'Tis not wrong, 'tis not wrong, When we thus the notes pro - long.

4. 

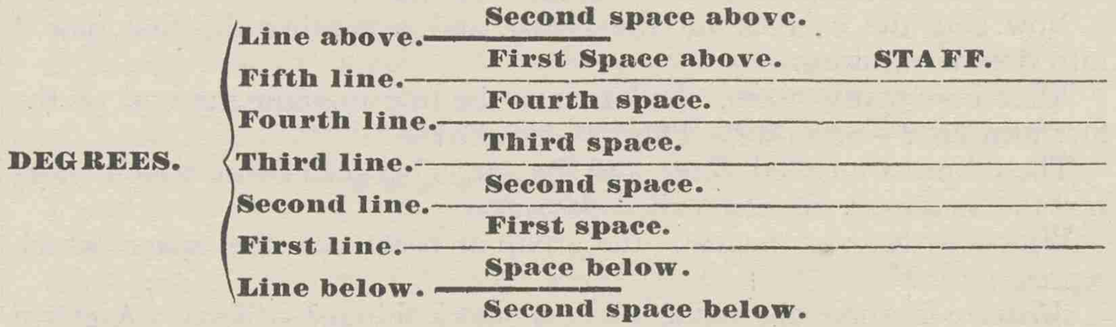
When we beat and sing with care, All such words as *fail* are rare;
Join the gay me -lo -dious throng, *Harvest* well the field *of* *Song*.

VI. Scale; Names of its Tones. Syllables. Key-note.

Review.—How many lengths have we been using?—(Two.)
Name them.—(Quarter note and half note.)
What property follows length in order?—(Pitch.)
Listen—(Sings one, two, three, and four with syllable la.)
How many tones did I sing?—All sing them.—
Did they differ in length, or in pitch?—
Ladies sing them.—Gentlemen sing them.—
Listen again—(Sings one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, and eight.)
How many did I sing?—All sing them.—
Ladies sing them.—Gentlemen.—All.—
Were any two of these the same in regard to pitch, or were they all different?—
Sing them again.—
This little tune is called the *Scale.*
How many tones are in the scale?—
How do they differ?—
What is the scale?—(A tune of eight tones in a certain order.)
Sing it again.—
Listen—(Sings it downwards.)
As *you* sang it, did it ascend, or descend?—(It ascended.)
As *I* sung it, which?—(It descended.)
How many forms, then, has the scale?—
Sing the ascending form.—The descending.—
Sing again, and listen as you sing.—(As they sing the teacher says, one, two, three, four, etc., thus giving out the names of the tones.)
When you sang the lowest tone what did I say?—
When you sang the next above it?—Next?—Next?—etc.
These are the *Names* of the tones, used only when we *speak* of them.
When we sing them the syllables do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si and do are used.
You who know may tell what syllable is used to sing the tone whose name is *one.*—Two.—Three,—etc.
Sing as I call, but first (as I shall call with the speaking voice), which shall *I* use, names or syllables?—(Names.)
Which will *you* use, as you sing?—(Syllables.)
Sing: one, two, one.—
One, two, three, two, one.—
One, two, three, four, three, two, one.—
One, two, three, four, five, four, three, two, one.—
One, two, three, four five, six, seven, eight. seven, six, five, four, three, two, one.
Sing one, two, three, four, five, six, seven. (Do'nt sing eight.)—Again.—
Is *seven* a good tone to end with?—
Sing again, and add the tone that will make a good ending.—
What is the name of the tone with which you ended?—
The tone that makes the best ending is called *Key-note.* What, then, is a *key-note?*—(The tone that makes the best ending.)
Of the *ascending* scale, what tone is *key-note?*—
Sing eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two. (Don't sing one.)—Again.—
Is *two* a good tone to end with?—
Sing again, and end with one that *is* good.—
What is the name of the tone with which you ended?—
What tone, then, of the *descending* scale is *key-note?*—
Of both forms of the scale, how many tones are *key-notes?*—
What tones are key-notes?—(One and eight.)

VII. Degrees. Staff.

Review.—How many different pitches have we been using?—(Eight.)
What is the name of the highest?—Lowest?—etc.
If we use a sign to represent each of these pitches, how many will be needed?—(Eight.)
How many lines are here?—How many spaces?—



These lines and spaces are called *Degrees.*
How many of the degrees are lines?—(Seven.)
How many are spaces?—
What is the name of the lowest degree?—Of the next above it?—Next?—etc.
These degrees taken together, as *one character,* form what is called the *Staff.*
How many degrees are in this staff?—

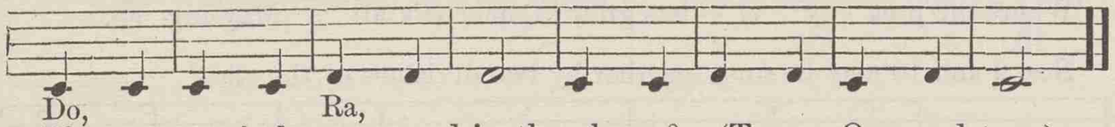
Of these, how many will be needed to represent the pitches we have learned—one, two, three?—etc.

How many will not be needed, just at present?—

Let the *line below* represent *one*. What, then, will represent *two?*—Three?—Four?—etc.

Sing the tones represented by the degrees on which the notes are placed, in the following exercise.—

1. Beat the time.—



How many pitches are used in the above?—(Two. One and two.)

What degrees represent them? (Line below, and space below.)

How many lengths are used?—Name them.—

Name the characters that represent them.—

How many properties are here represented?—Name them.—

By what are the lengths represented?–(Notes.) Pitches?–(Degrees of staff.)

What two properties are not here represented?—(Power and quality.)

While this is often the case, the singer should bear in mind that the proper *power* and *quality* are essential elements in good singing, and, whether indicated or not, should be well chosen.

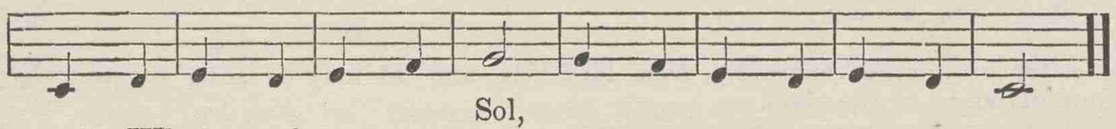
2. What is new in this?—(Three.)



3. What new?—(Four.)



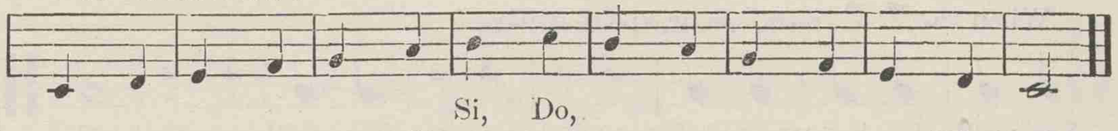
4. What new?—



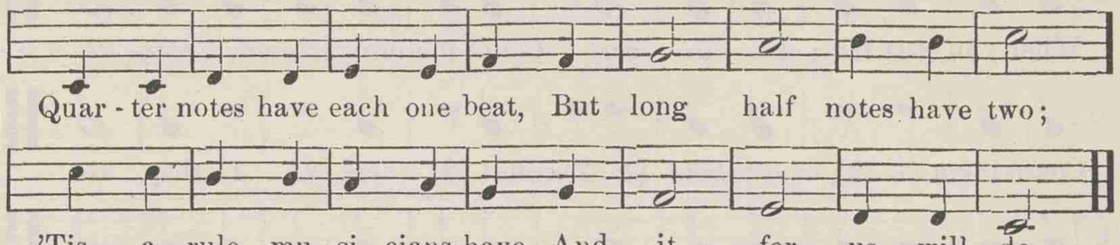
5. What new?—



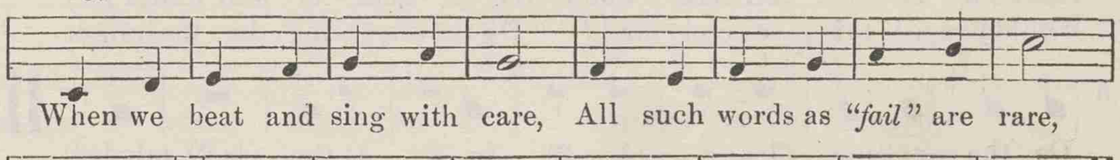
6. What new?—



7. Do not stop at the ‖ (Double Bar), but go on to the ‖ (Close.)



8.



9.



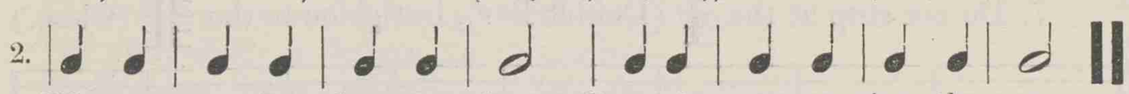
10.

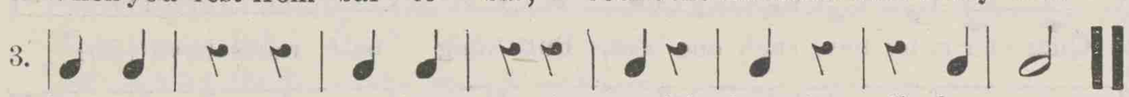


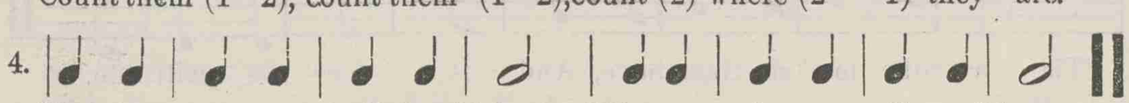
VIII. Quarter Rests. Half Rests.

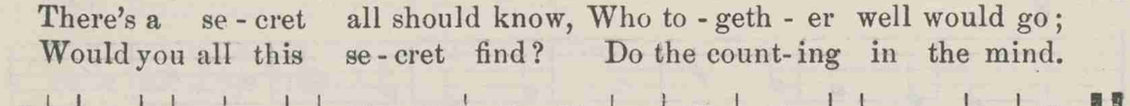
When the 𝄽 𝄼 (rests) occur, speak softly.

1. 
Yes, we'll la - bor, then we'll (rest,rest,rest,rest), then we'll (rest,rest) rest.

2. 
When you rest from bar to bar, Count the measures where they are.

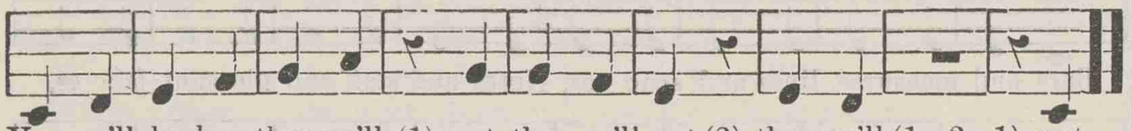
3. 
Count them (1 2), count them (1 2), count (2) where (2 1) they are.

4. 
There's a se - cret all should know, Who to - geth - er well would go;
Would you all this se - cret find? Do the count - ing in the mind.

5. 
Do the count-ing (1 2 1 2) in (2 1) the (1 2) mind(2).

6. 
Yes, (2 1) the count-ing (1 2) in (2) the (2 1) the mind (2).

7.


Yes, we'll la - bor, then we'll (1) rest, then we'll rest (2), then we'll (1 2 1) rest.

8.


Must we part? must we part? Do not let the tear-drops start.


Tho' we part we will not sigh, But, shaking hands, we'll say, "Hel-lo!"

9. SKIPS.


Come, let's all a May - ing go; gai - ly oh! light-ly trip-ping


Where the pret - ty vi - 'lets grow; Come, let's all a May-ing go.

10.

Nos. 9 and 10 may be sung together by two divisions of the class.


Come, let's all a May - ing go; gai - ly oh, light-ly trip-ping


Where the pret - ty vi - 'lets grow; Come, let's all a May-ing go.

11.


Do, mi, sol, etc.

12.


Mi, sol, do, etc.

13.


Sol, do, mi, etc.

14.

After practicing separately, Nos. 11, 12, 13, and 14 may be sung together by four divisions of the class.


Do, do, etc.

1.

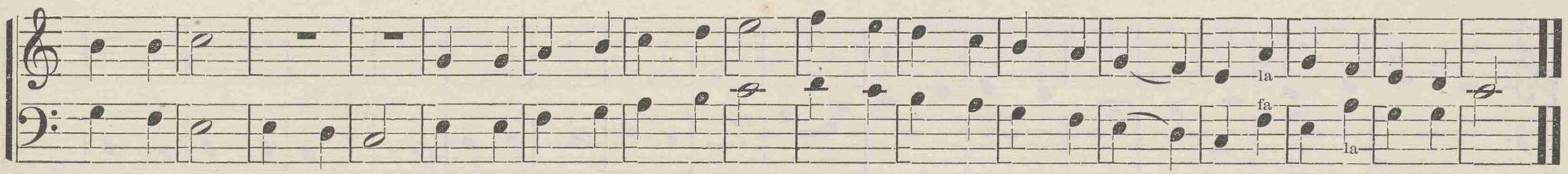


Like a stream we're on-ward glid-ing, Tho' our branches va - ried "B," Here and there the vale di - vid-ing, All will min-gle in the "C."

2.



Mid - dle C, all a - gree, But good-bye, for here we part; Some a - bove, some be - low, Do not let the teardrops start;



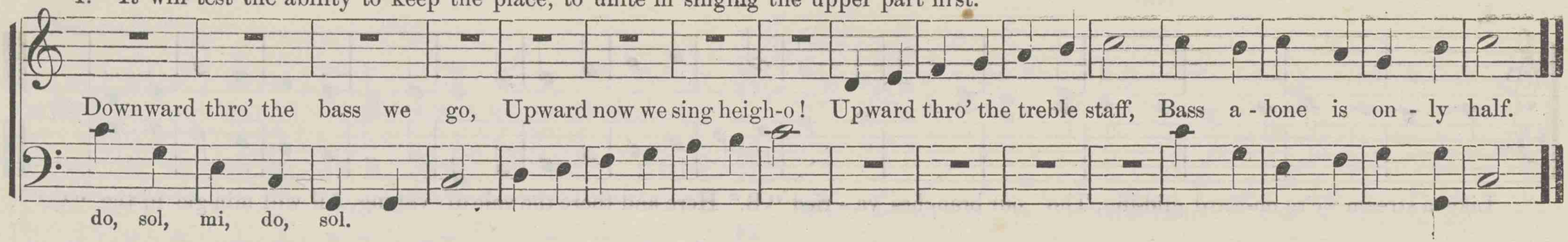
Tho' we go down be - low, Still our voic - es sweet - ly blend; Na - ture has de-signed it so, And we'll "C" you at the end.

3.

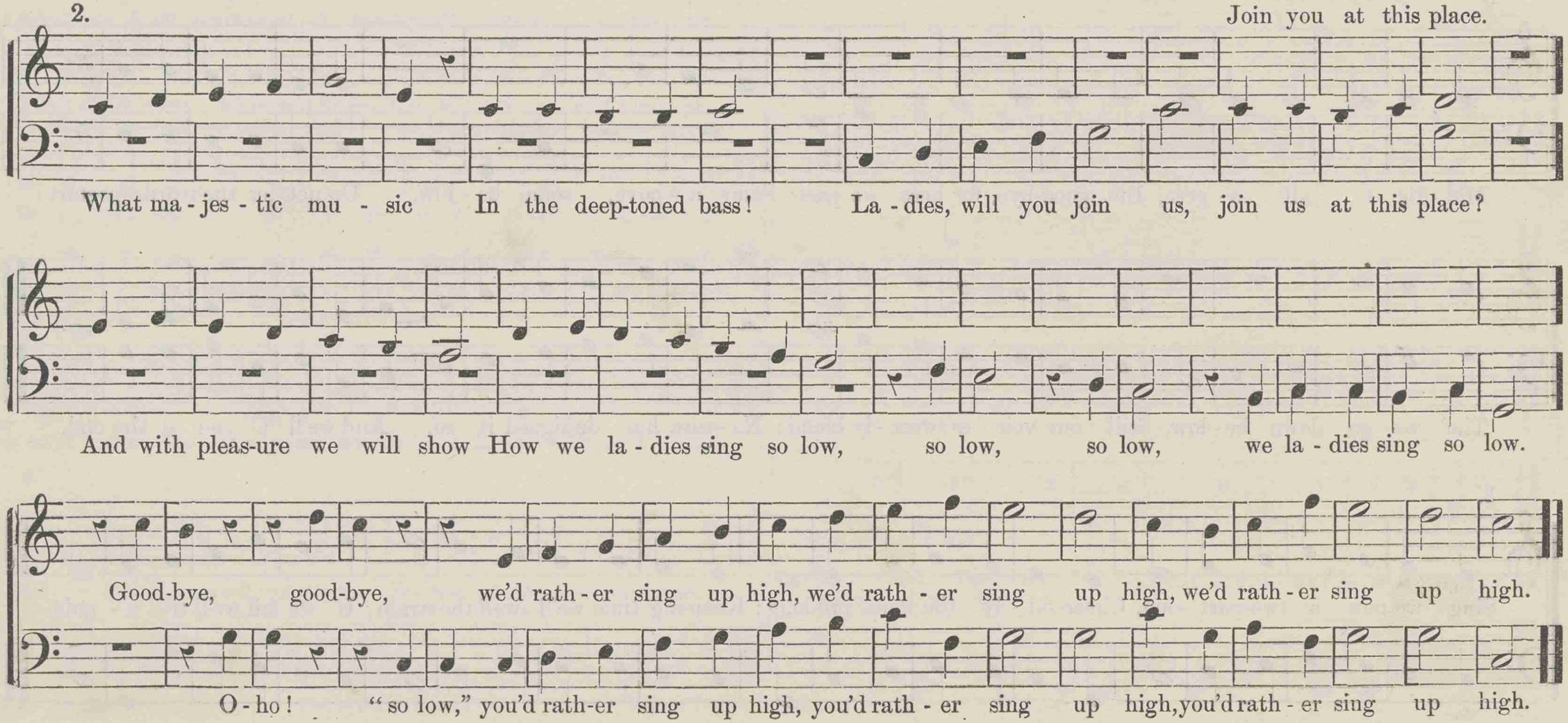


Sing we now a two-part song, Cheer-ful - ly the tones pro-long; Keep-ing time we'll swell the strain; If we fail we'll try a - gain.

1. It will test the ability to keep the place, to unite in singing the upper part first.



2.



1.

1. I know a pleas - ant val - ley Where gen - tle wa - ters flow A - long in crys - tal beau - ty, And sing-ing as they go.
2. I know a pleas - ant cot - tage En - cir - cled by a grove, Where parents, friends, and chil - dren To-geth-er dwell in love.
3. I love to sit at e - ven, When la - bor's task is o'er, And list to sweet-est mu - sic Around that cottage door.

2.

We will sing so - pra - no, But who will sing the bass? Is it prop - er? take the place.

And we will sing the bass. Is it just the prop - er thing that we should take the low - est place, when

so high, so high, so high, so, ha, ha, ha, ha, high! oh, why? too high?

we can sing so high, so high, so high, so high? good-bye, too high.

We are glad it is the case, For we want to hear the bass, we want to hear the bass.

Yes, in - deed, it is the case, Af - ter this you'll hear the bass, you 'll sure - ly hear the bass.

XI. MEZZO, FORTE, FORTISSIMO, PIANO, PIANISSIMO, AND ABREVIATIONS.

Review.—How many properties has a tone?—What are they?—(Length, pitch, power, and quality.)

What characters are used to represent lengths?—(Notes.)

What to represent pitches?—(Degrees of the staff.)

What property is next in order?—(Power.)

Listen—(Teacher sings a tone about E♭, with medium power.)

Without making an effort to sing either loud or soft, sing the same tone, syllable la.—

This power is called *Mezzo.* (Pronounced metzo.)

All sing a tone whose power is mezzo.—

This power is indicated by the letter *m.* (Writes it on the black-board.)

Sing a loud tone.—This power is called *Forte.*

Sing a tone whose power is *forte.*—This power is indicated by the letter *f.* (Writes it on the board to the right of the *m.*)

Sing as I point.—Sing mezzo.—Forte.—A *very loud* tone.—

This power is called *Fortissimo.* Its sign is *ff.* (Writes to the right of m and f and practices, having class sing as he points.)

Sing again, a *soft tone.*—

This power is called *Piano.* Its sign is the first letter of the word, (*p.*) (Writes it to the left of the others, and practices.)

Sing again, *very soft.* This power is called *Pianissimo,* and is indicated by *pp.* (Writes on the board to the left of the others, they stand thus: *pp, p, m, f, ff.*)

An excellent way of practicing these musical powers, and of introducing *cres., dim.,* etc., is found among the "devices" of the Handbook. Here it is: *

Put *pp, p, m, f, ff* in a line upon a board, and give the pitch G. Then say: "I am going to take a journey. When I touch any of these stations, give me the proper power. Don't sing unless my stick touches a letter, and do not continue the tone longer than it remains there." The teacher moves the stick around on the blank part of the blackboard, and then slowly approaches one of the dynamic marks. He holds the stick on the letter, longer or shorter, as he chooses; but goes around in various ways to all.

When they have sung all the degrees by this plan, he says: "Now, I am going straight through the whole line. Take a full breath; for I am going in an ox-wagon." He moves his stick slowly from pianissimo to fortissimo, and they make one tone a slow crescendo.

"Now let us go back again by the same conveyance." This brings out the diminuendo.

"Now by stage coach; but go and come in one breath." This brings out the swell.

"Now by railroad." (He goes but one way; from *ff* to *pp.*)

He then waits a little, saying: "Be careful, the next time, to begin exactly when I do; for I am going by telegraph," and then dashes his stick through all. This brings out the forzando, and, very likely, some wholesome amusement.

XII. TRIPLE MEASURE.

Review.—What kind of measure have we been using in our practice thus far?—(Double.)

Double measure has how many beats?—Which is accented?—Which is unaccented?—

You may listen as I sing a melody with which you may be familiar, and counting one to each accented beat, as it occurs, notice the number of *unaccented* beats that follow in each measure.

(Teacher sings the following melody, marking well the accent.)



La, la, la, etc.



Each accented beat was followed by how many unaccented ones?—(Two.)

As I sing again, you may count all the beats in each measure. (Sings it again.)

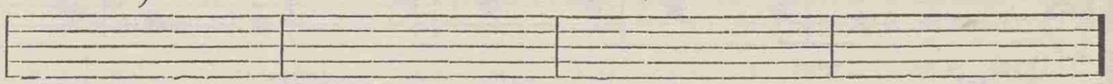
How many tones are grouped in each measure of this tune?—(Three.)

How many are accented beats?—(One.)

How many are unaccented?—(Two.)

What is the *name* of the kind of measure that has *two beats?*—(Double measure.)

What will be a good name for this kind, that has three?—(Triple measure.)



How many measures are here represented?—(Four.)

Count and beat them as double measures.—

Count and beat them as triple measures.—(One, two, three. Down, left, up.)

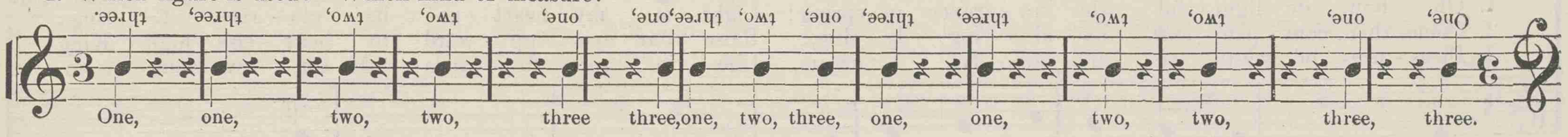
If we use *figures* to indicate the kinds of measure, what would be the best one to indicate double measure?—(2.) Triple?—(3.)

* The "*Handbook,*" by Dr. Root, furnishes the teacher with a complete *storehouse* of musical knowledge, as well as a smooth and beautiful method of imparting its truths to others.—C. C. C. and J. M. G.

First, beat and count the time throughout; second, beat the time and count aloud where the notes are, and in the mind on the rests; then let one division of the class count on the notes and the other on the rests. Alternate until well done.

1. Which figure is used? Which kind of measure?

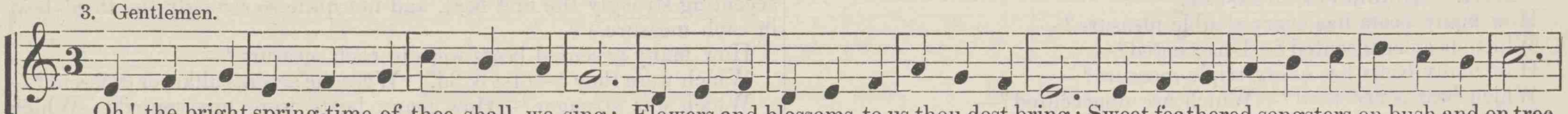
TOPSY-TURVEY.



2. Dotted half note (three beats in length).



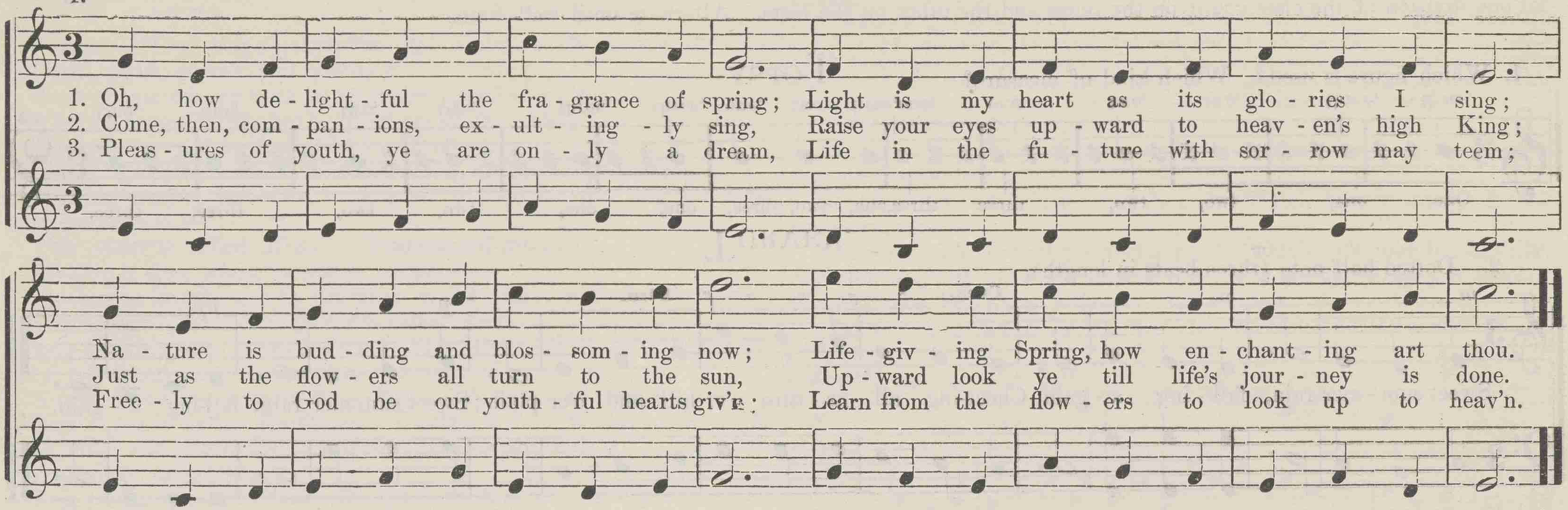
3. Gentlemen.



Ladies.



1.



XIII. Quadruple Measure.

How many beats has every double measure?—

Which beat is accented?—Unaccented?—

How many beats has every triple measure?—

Which beat is accented?—Which are unaccented?—

Give me some measures of four beats. Manifest them by counting.—

By beating time, thus—(shows them) ||: DOWN, left, *right*, up:||. Four measures, together.—

I will beat time and sing four measures with la, and you may notice, so as to tell me all about the accents. (Teacher beats time and sings, accenting strongly the first beat, and not quite so strongly the third beat in each measure.)

How many accented beats were in each measure?—

Which were they?—(1st & 3d.) Were the accents alike, or different?—

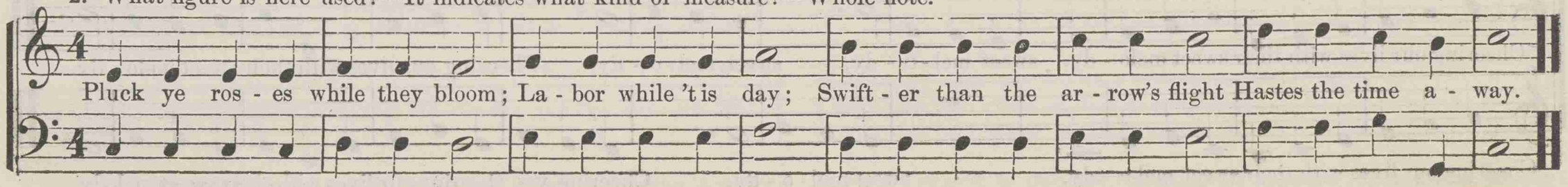
Which was stronger?—How many beats were unaccented?—Which ones?—

How many accented and unaccented beats in each measure?—(This kind is called *Quadruple Measure.*)

What will be a good figure to indicate it?—(4.)

Beat the time, and sing the following exercises:

2. What figure is here used?—It indicates what kind of measure?—Whole note.



1. Half rest. Slur.

1. Gen - tle peace is crown - ing Ev' - ry hill and dell, Na - ture slumbers, own - ing Night's en - chant-ing spell.
2. Ne'er doth right al - lure it, Soft re - pose to try, Nor the tink - ling ves - pers Sound its lul - la - by.

Still, with wild en - deav - or Falls the stream be - low, Rushing on - ward ev - er With un - ceas - ing flow.
So in all thy long - ings, None but God be - side Hath the pow'r to give thee Rest at e - ven - tide.

2. First, beat and count,—where the notes occur, count aloud—where the rests are, count in silence.

If I could, could beat, could beat, beat time, I'd beat, I'd beat and sing this song,

If what? could what? could what? beat what? O yes! what then? O yes, yes,

Yes, I'd beat, why, down, left, right, up, wrong, wrong, right, that's right! left, up, down, left, right, up.

yes, what? beat how? O yes, down, left, down, left, right, up, down, up, down, right, down, left, right, up.

XIV. SEXTUPLE MEASURE.

Give me two six-beat measures. You may manifest them by counting.—Do the same again, but place an accent on the first beat, and also, but not quite so strong, on the fourth beat.—This kind is called *Sextuple Measure.* What will be a good figure to indicate it?—(6.) In a slow movement the motions of the hand are | DOWN, left, left, *right*, up, up. | (Practice.) In the quicker movement it is common to manifest (by motions of the hand—beating time) the *accented* beats only, thus—

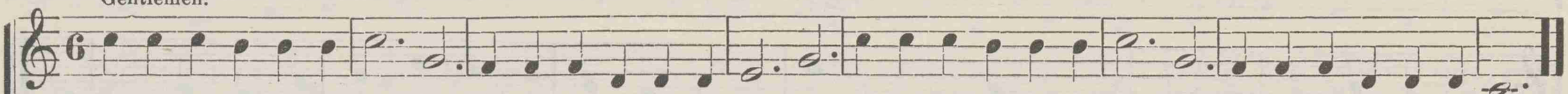
| 1 2 3, 4 5 6, | 1 2 3, 4 5 6. |
down——up——down——up——

When the *accented* beats *only* are manifested, it is sometimes called *Compound Double Measure.* Count and beat the following:

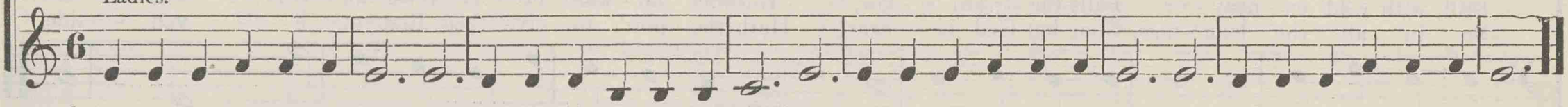
| 1 2 3, 4 5 6 | 1 2 3, 4 5 6 | 1 2 3, 4 5 6 | 1 2 3, 4 5 6 |
down——up—— down——up—— down——up—— down——up——

1. What kind of measure?—What beats are accented?—In beating the time, manifest the accented beats only, two in a measure.

Gentlemen.



Ladies.



2.



3. (For *beat-note*, see next chapter.)



XV. Whole Note, Half Note, Quarter Note, Eighth Note, Sixteenth Note, and their corresponding Rests. Beat Notes.

What note indicates a tone four beats long?—(Whole Note.)

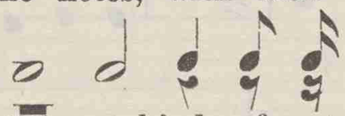
What half that length?—(Half note.)

What half the length of a half note?—(Quarter note.)

What will be a good name for the length half that of the quarter note, and the character which represents it?—(Eighth note.)

What half that of the eighth, and its character?—(Sixteenth note.)

Name the notes, with their corresponding rests, in the following example.



As the different kinds of notes are sometimes indicated by figures, which kind of note would 16 indicate?—(A sixteenth, 𝅘𝅥𝅯. 8?—(Eighth, ♪.) 4?—(Quarter.) 2?—(Half note.) 1?—(Whole note.)

Which kind of note have we been using as beat-note, *i. e.*, one beat in length, thus far?—(Quarter note.)

Other kinds are also used as beat-notes, (one beat long.)

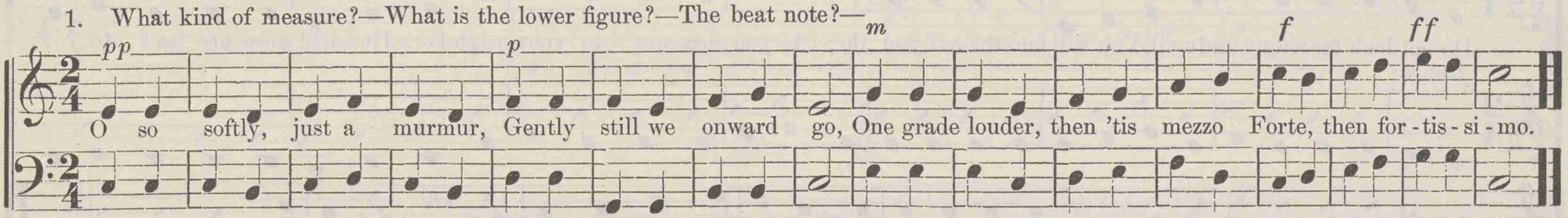
If a whole note were *beat-note* (one beat long), how many half notes would go with each beat?—

How many quarters?—Eights?—Sixteenths?—

In the following examples tell the kind of measures, and the beat-notes. (The lower figure indicates the beat-note.



1. What kind of measure?—What is the lower figure?—The beat note?—



When a quarter note is beat-note, how shall eighth notes be sung?—(Two to one beat.)

All beat time, double measure, but instead of counting the *beats* as they occur, count the notes that go with each beat as I call. But first—when I call for *quarter* notes, how many will you count to each beat?—(One.)

When I call for eighth notes, how many to each beat?—(Two.)

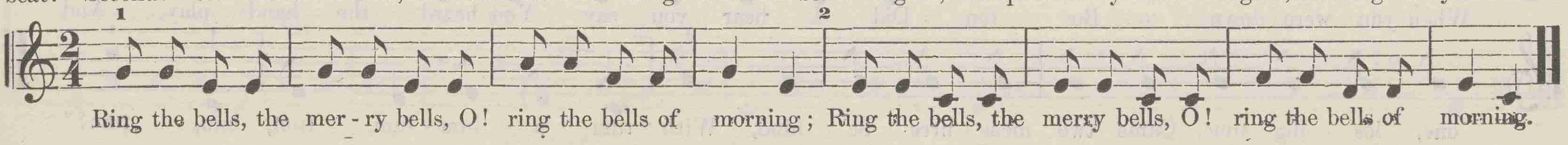
Count four measures quarter notes—(1 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 1.)

Count four measures eighth notes—(1 2, 1 2, | 1 2, 1 2 | 1 2, 1 2 | 1 2, 1 2)

Count four measures sixteenth notes—(1 2 3 4, 1 2 3 4 | 1 2 3 4, 1 2 3 4 | 1 2 3 4, 1 2 3 4 | 1 2 3 4, 1 2 3 4.)

The teacher may vary these exercises by calling for quarter notes, then, after a few measures, without stopping, for eighth notes; sixteenth; then rests; then one quarter note, and one rest; quarter rest; quarter note; one quarter, two eighths; all eighths; all quarters, etc.; class making the changes at the beginning of the measures, without interrupting the beating of time. The same kind of practice in the various kinds of measures, is excellent for discipline.

2. Eighth notes, and eighth rests. What kind of measure?—What, the lower figure?—What, the beat-note?—How many notes go with the first beat?—Second?—etc. Beat the time, and count the notes that go with each beat.—Again, and speak the syllables.—Again, and sing the syllables.—



1. First and second time.

1st time. 2d time.

1. { Autumn winds are sigh-ing, Sum-mer glo - ries dy - ing, Har-vest time is nigh, Har-vest time is nigh. }
   { Cool - er breez-es quiv'ring, Thro' the pine-groves shiv'ring, [Omit.] . . . . . } Sweep the troubled sky, Sweep the troubled sky.

2. { See the fields, how yel - low, Clusters bright and mel-low Gleam on ev - 'ry hill, Gleam on ev - 'ry hill; }
   { Nec - tar fills the fountains, Crowns the sunny mountains, [Omit.] . . . . . } Runs in ev - 'ry rill, Runs in ev'ry rill.

2. Gentlemen.

Do not look for wrong and e-vil, You will find them if you do; As you meas-ure to your neigh-bor, He will meas-ure back to you;

Ladies.

Look for goodness, look for gladness, You will find them all the while; If you bring a smil - ing vis - age To the glass, you'll meet a smile.

3. Each division stop after singing twice through.

1 2 3

When you were down to Bos - ton, Did I hear you say You heard the band play, And

4

one, los - ing time, Came two meas - ures be - hind, With "tum - a - lum - lum, tum, lum, tum?"

VERNE. 7s.

CHAS. CLINTON.

1. Swift-ly glide the hours a - way, Speed-ing from us day by day; Leaving ev - er as they move, Tokens of our Father's love.

2. In the darkness and the light, Keep us, Father, in thy sight, And to thy dear home above, Ev - er lead us in thy love.

AMES. 7s.

PATTIE PEARL.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with thee.

f

2. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way; Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

ALPHA. 7S.

PATTIE PEARL.

(Tenor prominent in second line.)

1. Hasten, Lord, the glo-rious time When beneath Mes - si - ah's sway Ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry clime, Shall the gos - pel call o - bey.

cres.

2. Then shall wars and tumults cease, Then be ban-ished grief and pain; Righteousness, and joy, and peace Un-dis-turbed shall ev - er reign.

ROY. 7S.

CHAS. CLINTON.

1. Gracious Spir-it, love di-vine! Let thy light with-in me shine; All my guilt - y fears re-move, Fill me with thy heav'nly love.

2. Let me nev-er from thee stray, Keep me in the nar - row way; Fill my soul with joy di - vine, Keep me, Lord, for - ev - er thine.

Lively.

1. Love - ly May, love - ly May, Ev - er wel-come, ev - er gay; Fra-grance rare fills the air, Love - ly, love - ly May;

2. Fresh the air, fresh the air, Oh, how love - ly all things are; Bird-lings sweet, all so fleet, Love - ly, love - ly May;

O'er the mead-ows swal - lows fly, Lifts the lark her voice so high; Naught can with her beau - ty vie, Oh, charm-ing, love-ly May.

Buds and blos-soms fresh and bright, Leaves so green, en-chant - ing sight! Naught but joy from morn till night, Oh, charm-ing, love-ly May.

XVI. Key of G.

Review.—In what key have we been singing thus far?—

In the key of C, what tone is *one*, or key-note?—

What tone is two?—Three?—Four?—Five?—etc.

Sing C, syllable la.—Sing D.—E.—F.—G.—A.—B.—C.—Name the tones as I sing, and if you hear a tone that does not belong to the key of C, you may say "new tone." (Sings C, D, E, F, G, F, G, F, G, F♯,—they, naming each tone as he sings, at F sharp will say "new tone.")

Again, name as I sing; I will begin with G. (Sings G, F♯, G, F♯, G.)

The absolute name of the new tone is *F sharp*. Is it higher, or lower than G?—

All sing G, F♯, G, F♯, G.—

In singing downward from G, if we omit F, what will be next below F♯?—

I will sing downward, omiting F, and you may name as I sing. (Sings G, F♯, E, D, E, F♯, G.)

I will sing the same without your naming.



Sings la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Class sing it.—

Listen—(Sings again, using the words "*F sharp sounds right pleasantly.*")

Class sing the same.—What has always been our best ending or key-note?—(C.)

Listen, and I will sing the same tune, but ending with C. Sings:



Now we'll sing and end with C.

Does C make a good ending?—

I will sing again, all but the last tone, *that you* may sing, choosing the tone that will make a good ending.

(Sings, *Now we sing and end with*—they all sing "*G.*")

Teacher sings—*Yes, our ending tone is G.* All sing it.—

Teacher sings—*Now we're singing in what key?* Sing it.—

Teacher sing—*Surely 'tis the key of G.* Sing it.—

What tone is in the key of G that is not in the key of C?—(F♯.)

When F♯ came into use what tone was omitted?—What tone then become key-note?—

G becomes key-note, then, by the use and omission of what tones?—(By the use of F sharp, and omission of F.) When G is key-note, what tone is just below it?—What, then, is F♯'s relative name?—

What tone does the second line of soprano staff represent?—The second space?—Third line?—Third space?—Fourth line?—Fourth space?—

Does the fifth line represent the tone that is used, or the one that is omitted, in the key of G?—(Omitted.) If we use this line in its present condition, will it represent the right, or the wrong tone for the key of G?—

Let us change its condition, so as to have it represent the right one. (Places a ♯ on it, immediately after the clef.)

The fifth line, in this condition, indicates that what tone is used?—

What tone is omitted?—Then, what key?—

How many keys has our staff been made to represent?—(Two.)

Name them.—(Key of C, and key of G.)

Is the condition of the staff the same in both keys?—

What is its condition when it represents the key of G?—(Its fifth line is sharped.)

What, when key of C?—(Its degrees are all *without sharps*, or, as musicians have agreed to call it, "*natural.*" *Unnatural*, however, or any other word would have answered the same purpose, since the word "*natural*," as here used, is a technical term, and simply means the condition of the degrees *neither sharped, nor flatted*.)

The condition of the staff which represents the key is always indicated just to the right of the clef, and is called the Signature.

What condition of the staff forms the signature to the key of C?—(All the degrees natural; for sake of brevity, *Natural.*)

What, to the key of G?—(All natural but fifth line, which is sharped; for sake of brevity, *One sharp.*)

How many F's are represented by degrees of the the soprano staff?—

What degrees represent them?—(First space, and fifth line.)

Do F and F♯ ever go together as members of the same key?—

If one of these degrees be made to represent F♯, what must the other represent?—(F♯.)

If one of these represent F, what must the other?—

Of the degrees of the bass staff, how many represent Fs?—

What ones?—(Space below, and fourth line.)

When one of these is made to represent F♯, what must the other represent?—(F♯.)

How many degrees of each staff, then, is it necessary to sharp to show that F♯, and not F, is used?—(One.)

Listen as I sing F and F♯, and tell me which is higher?—(Sings.)

Which is lower?—

Which represents the higher tone, the fifth line *natural*, or sharped?—

Which, the lower?—

When a degree is sharped, does it represent a higher, or *lower* pitch than when natural?—

A degree may be made to represent a lower pitch by flatting it—that is, by using the character called a flat (♭), instead of a ♯.

When is a degree in the condition that is called *natural?*—

How may a degree be made to represent a higher pitch?—(By sharping it.) A lower?—(By flatting it.)

When the condition of the staff is natural, what key does it represent?—(Key of C.)

When one sharp is used?—(G.)

When two sharps are used, the staff represents the key of D

When three sharps are used, the staff represents the key of A.

When four sharps are used, the staff represents the key of E

When five sharps are used, the staff represents the key of B.

When one flat is used, the staff represents the key of F.

When two flats are used, the staff represents the key of B♭.

When three flats are used, the staff represents the key of E♭.

When four flats are used the staff represents the key of A♭.

When five flats are used, the staff represents the key of D♭.

A short way of finding the key-note is to regard the right hand sharp as syllable *si*, and the *flat* farthest to the right as *fa*, or the one next to it *do*. In a short course, when it is desirable to save time, this plan is recommended.

AGNES. 7s.

CHAS. CLINTON.

1. Lord we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow; Oh, do not our suit disdain, Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2. Grant that all may seek and find Thee a God su - premely kind; Heal the sick, the captive free, Let us all rejoice in thee.

LEONA. S. M.

CHAS. CLINTON.

Moderato.

1. Mourn for the thousands slain, The youthful and the strong; Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign, And the de - lu - ded throng.

2. Mourn for the tarnished gem, For reason's light di - vine, Quenched from the soul's bright diadem, When God has bid it shine.

3. Mourn for the ru - in'd soul, E - ter - nal life and light, Lost by the fier - y, maddening bowl, And turned to hopeless night.

SERVE THE RIGHT.

Firmly.

1. When the voice of du - ty calls, Serve the right! serve the right! Where the line of la - bor falls, Serve the right! serve the right!

2. Tho' the tyrant boast and frown, Serve the right! serve the right! Truth is nobler than a crown, Serve the right! serve the right!

Be the station high or low, Let the heart be true and brave, Never falter, never know Trembling fear that mocks the slave.

Every word that honor breathes, Heav'n in glowing light records; Deeds that ask no laurel wreaths, Win from heav'n their high rewards.

Andante.

1. One by one the sands are flowing, One by one the moments fall; Some are coming, some are go-ing, Do not strive to grasp them all.

2. Hours are golden links—God's token, Reaching heav'n, but one by one Take them, lest the chain be broken Ere thy pil-grim-age be done.

ALEC SCHOO.

HANS.

Allegretto.

1. If there's a pleas-ant lit-tle nook, Where all is green and fair, Thou mayst be ver-y sure, in-deed, shine there.

2. If there's a tree that's la-den down With fruit so rich and rare, 'Tis true a-gain, we can not doubt, { has / has / still } there.

3. If there's a face that's glad with smiles—The heart may know it's care, But, broad-ly smil-ing o-ver all, The sun- { been / been / is } there.

Compound 2 pulse.

DAME DIMPLE.

PRUDY. PATTIE PEARL.

Fine.

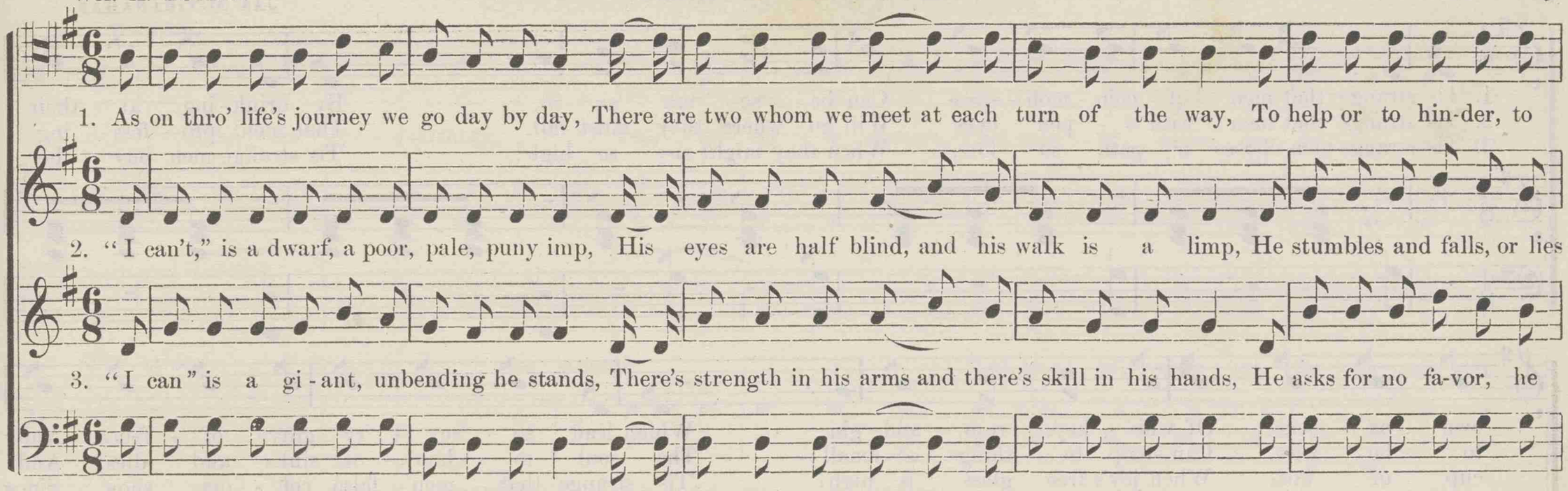
1. { Lit - tle Dame Dim - ple, so mer - ry and wise, Shak - ing your tan - gled locks o - ver your eyes,
   { What are you plot - ting this sun - shin - y day, Un - der the ap - ple trees o - ver the way?
D. C. Chas - ing the hon - ey bees home as you pass, Watch - ing the crick - ets that chirp on the grass.

2. { Lit - tle Dame Dim - ple, so mer - ry and wise, Shak - ing your tan - gled locks o - ver your eyes,
   { What are you plot - ting this sun - shin - y day, Un - der the ap - ple trees o - ver the way?
D. C. Lit - tle brown fin - gers that hide them so well, What will you do if your se - cret I tell?

3. { One chub - by hand holds the frock at your knee, Filled full of treas - ures most won - drous to see,
   { Bee - tles that crawled in the dust at your feet, Grass - hop - pers, peb - bles, and clo - ver so sweet.
D. C. Dear lit - tle Dim - ple, we eld - er folks, too, Drop our old treas - ures to reach for the new.

D. C.

All the birds know you, you queer lit - tle elf! Some - times I think you're a bir - die your - self,
Where is your sun - bon - net, dain - ty and neat? Where are your shoes for your bare lit - tle feet?
See, there's a but - ter - fly gleam - ing like gold, Down goes the frock with its rich - es un - told!





4 "I can't" is a sluggard, too lazy to work,
From duty he shrinks, every task he will shirk,
No bread on his board, and no meat in his bag,
And his house is a ruin, his coat is a rag.

5 "I can" is a worker, he tills the broad fields,
And digs from the earth all the wealth which it yields;
The hum of his spindle begins with the light,
And the fires of his forges are blazing at night.

6 Then up and be doing: the day is not long,
Throw fears to the wind, be patient and strong;
Stand fast in your place, act your part as a man,
And when duty calls, answer thou promptly, "I can."

Strange Things.

Jas. McGranahan.

1. 'Tis strange that men of com - mon - sense Can be so tak - en in, By drink - ing at their
2. 'Tis strange that men with o - pen eyes Will go where they must fall, That men, pro - fess - ing
3. 'Tis strange men choose a path so low, When they might rise so high! 'Tis strange men buy the

own ex - pense Of whis - key, rum, and gin, Which lead to ev - 'ry grave of - fence, And
to be wise, Can stoop to things so small; The soul to hon - or sinks and dies, And
cup of woe, When joy's free glass is nigh! 'Tis strange that men false col - ors show, Since

ev - 'ry form of sin, Since there's a shin - ing goal far hence, That all should aim to win.
sor - rows dark ap - pall, When there's a path in which to rise, In - vit - ing to us all!
all dis - claim to lie! 'Tis strange that men can live as though They nev - er were to die!

CHORUS.

Oh, 'tis ver - y strange, Yes, 'tis ver - y strange, That men of sense can be so tak - en

'Tis strange, ... 'tis strange, ... That men of sense can be so tak - en

Oh, 'tis ver - y strange, Yes, 'tis ver - y strange,

in, When there's a shin - ing goal for ev - 'ry mor - tal soul, And hap - pi - ness for all who win.

in, When there's a shin - ing goal for ev - 'ry mor - tal soul, And hap - pi - ness for all who win.

Poor Jilted Jonathan.

Words and music by P. P. Bliss.

1. Oh, dear! Mi - ran - da has gone! The joy of my bo - som has flown; 'T is *fort - nite* to - day, Since
2. Ah, me! She went not a - lone, These sad - dle - bags sad - ly I see. The young Doc - tor Stiles Was
3. But, oh! The worst is not told, Those jew - els I gave her last fall,— Her ab - sence I'm sure I'd
4. Oh, dear! Mi - ran - da has gone, The Doc - tor was duped by her smiles, But I' ll ped - dle his pills, And

she went a - way, And left me, and left me a - lone.
duped by her smiles, Ah, Doc - tor, dear Doc - tor! ah, me!
try to en - dure, But she's ta - ken, she's ta - ken them all!
bring in his bills, Tho' I'm sor - ry, I'm sor - ry for Stiles!

Tenor. CHORUS.

Oh, Jon - a - than! poor Jon - a - than!

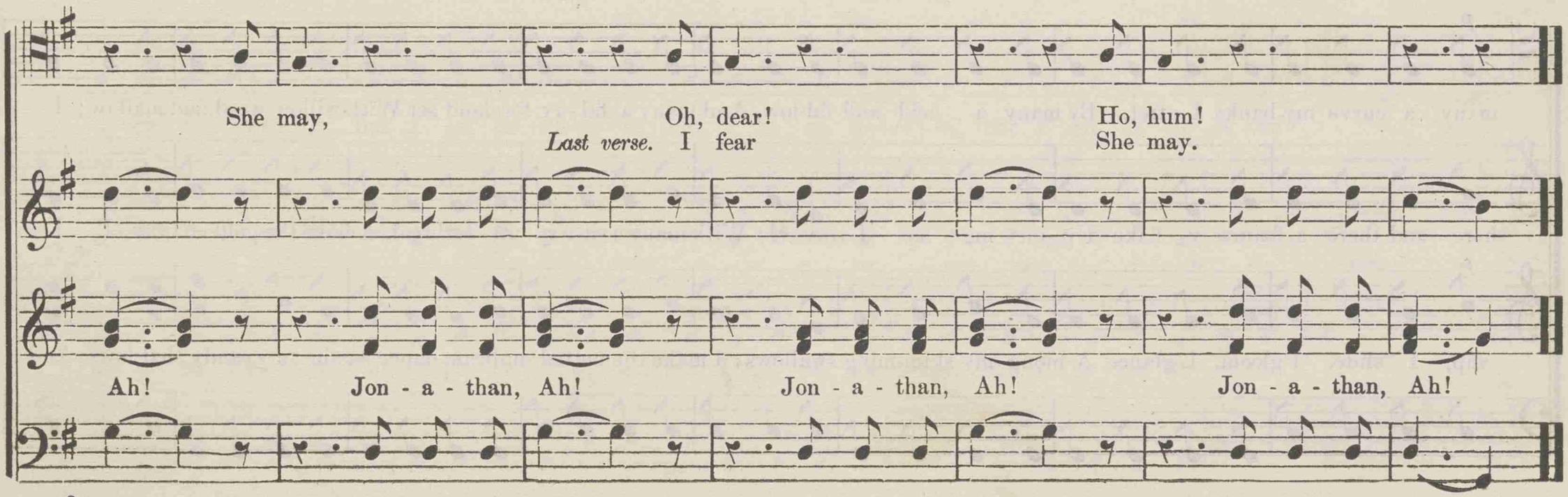
Alto.

Air.

Oh, Jon - a - than! poor Jon - a - than!

Base.


Jonathan.
We would as - suage your sor - row, Per - haps she'll re - turn to - mor - row. Per - haps
Tenor.
Air.
We would as - suage your sor - row, Per - haps she'll re - turn to - mor - row. Jon - a - than,
Alto.


She may, Oh, dear! Ho, hum!
Last verse. I fear She may.
Ah! Jon - a - than, Ah! Jon - a - than, Ah! Jon - a - than, Ah!

THE BROOK.

C. C. CASE.

m

1. I chat - ter o - ver sto - ny ways In lit-tle sharps and trebles; I bub-ble in - to ed-dying ways, I bab-ble on the peb-bles; With

2. I wind a - bout, and in and out, With here a blossom sail-ing, And here and there a lust-y trout, And here and there a grayling, And

m

3. I steal by lawns and grass-y plots, I slide by ha-zel cov - ers; I move the sweet for-get-me-nots That grow for happy lov-ers; I

p

many a curve my banks I fret, By many a field and fal-low, And many a fai - ry foreland set With willow, weed, and mallow; I

here and there a foam - y flake Up - on me as I trav - el; With many a sil-v'ry wa - terbreak, A-bove the gold-en grav-el, I

p

slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance A-mong my skim-ming swallows: I make the netted sunbeam dance Against my sandy shal-lows; And

f

chat - ter, chat - ter as I flow To join the brim-ming riv-er. For men may come, and men may go, But I go on for - ev - er, but

draw them all a - long, and flow To join the brim-ming riv - er. For, etc.

f

out and in I come and flow To join the brim-ming riv - er. For men may come, and men may go, But I go on for - ev - er, but

dim - - - in - u - - en - - do.

I go on for-ev - er, but I go on for-ev - er, but I go on for-ev - er, but I go on for - ev - er. . . . .

dim - - - in - - u - - en - - do.

I go on for-ev - er, but I go on for-ev - er, but I go on for-ev - er, but I go on for - ev - er. . . . .

Don't Leave the Farm.

Jas. McGranahan.

1. Come, boys, I have some-thing to tell you, Come near, I would whisper it low: Are you thinking of leaving the homestead?
2. You talk of the mines of Austra - lia, They're wealthy in gold, without doubt, But ah! there is gold on the farm, boys,
3. The great bu - sy West has inducements, And so has the bu - si - est mart, But wealth is not made in a day, boys,
4. The farm is the saf - est and sur - est, The orchards are loaded to - day, You're free as the air on the mountains,

Don't be in a hurry to go; The cit - y has many at - trac - tions, But think of the vic - es and sins!
If on - ly you'll shovel it out; The mercantile life is a hazard, The goods are first high and then low,
Don't be in a hurry to start! The bankers and brokers are wealthy, They take in their thousands or so;
And monarch of all you sur - vey; Better stay on the farm awhile longer, Tho' profits come in rather slow,

When once in the vortex of fashion, How soon the course downward begins.
Better risk the old farm awhile longer, Don't be in a hurry to go.
Ah! think of the frauds and deceptions, Don't be in a hurry to go.
Re-member you've nothing to risk, boys, Don't be in a hurry to go.

CHORUS.

Don't be in a hurry to go, boys, Don't
Don't be in a hurry, don't be in a hurry, Don't
Don't be in a hur-ry to go, boys, Don't
Don't be in a hur-ry, don't be in a hurry, Don't

be in a hurry, a hurry to go; Are you thinking of leaving, of leaving the homestead? Don't be in a hurry to go.
be in a hurry to go . . . Are you thinking of leaving the homestead? Don't be in a hurry to go.
be in a hurry, a hurry to go; Are you thinking of leaving, of leaving the homestead?

O. W. HOLMES.

THE LAST LEAF.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. I saw him once be-fore, As he passed the cot-tage door, (And a - gain) and a - gain The pave-ment - stones re - sound
2 They say that, in his prime, Ere the prun-ing-knife of time (Cut him down,) cut him down, Not a bet - ter man was found

3. But now he walks the streets, And he looks at all he meets (Sad and wan) sad and wan; And he shakes his fee - ble head,
4. The moss-y mar-bles rest On the lips that he has prest (In their bloom) in their bloom; And the names he loved to hear

5. My grand-ma - ma has said—Poor old la - dy, she is dead Long a - go, (long a - go) long a - go— That he had a Ro - man nose,
6. But now his nose is thin, And it rests up-on his chin Like a staff, (like a staff,) like a staff, And a crook is in his back,

As he tot - ters o'er the ground With his cane, (with his cane) with his cane.
By the cri - er on his round Thro' the town, (thro' the town) thro' the town.

That it seems as if he said, ("They are gone,") "they are gone."
Have been carved for many a year, (On the tomb,) on the tomb.

And his cheek was like a rose (In the snow,) in the snow.
And a mel - an - chol - y crack (In his laugh,) in his laugh.

7. I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer.

8. And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

Moderato.

1. Take me, O my Father, take me! Take me, save me thro' Thy Son; That which thou wouldst have me, make me, Let Thy will in me be done:

2. Fruitless years with grief recalling, Humbly I con-fess my sin, At Thy feet, O Father, fall-ing, To Thy household take me in;

3. Take me, O my Father, take me! Take me, save me, thro' Thy Son; That which Thou wouldst have me, make me, Let Thy will in me be done:

Long from Thee my footsteps straying, Thorny was the path I trod; Weary come I now and praying, Take me to Thy love, my God!

Freely to Thee now I prof-fer This re-lent-ing heart of mine, Freely life and soul I of-fer—Gift un-worthy love like thine.

Father, take me, all for-giv-ing, Fold me to Thy lov-ing breast, In Thy love for-ev-er liv-ing, I must be for-ev-er blest.

M. E. SERVOSS.

THE OLD, OLD HOME.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. The old, old home of my child - hood, That nes - tled a-mong the hills, . . The lit - tle brook
2. The old, old barn, with its hay - mow, Where the low - ing kine were fed; . . The cob - webs
3. The old, old elm by the door - side, Where the birds so loved to build, . . The orchard, whose

down in the val - ley, The birds, with their happy trills, . The song of the bu - sy mow-ers, The
hung from the raft - ers, And the swal-lows' nests o-ver-head; . The big gate down by the pas-ture, Where the
show-ers of blos - soms The air with their fragrance filled; . The bees in their quest of hon - ey, The

smell of the new-mown hay, The tas - seled ears in the corn - field, The flow - ers so bright and gay!
chil - dren used to swing; The spring-house set in the hill - side, With its nev - er - fail - ing spring!
ro - ses a - long the lane; Ah! when shall I cease my wan - d'rings, And seek the old home a - gain?

CHORUS.

Oh, oft - en-times in my dream-ing I seem once more to see The old, old home of my childhood, The dear-est place to

Oh, oft - en-times in my dream-ing I seem once more to see The old, old home of my childhood, The dear-est place to

me; The old, old home, the old, old home, The old, old home of my childhood, The dear-est place to me.

Rit.

me; The old, old home, the old, old home, The old, old home of my childhood, The dear-est place to me.

Rit.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

MY HEAVENLY HOME.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN. By per.

1. Oh, the home that a-waits us when earth life is o'er, There to meet with the loved who have gone on be-fore;

2. Oh, the sweet heav'nly home, free from sor - row and sin, Pain and part - ing are o'er when we en - ter therein;

3. Oh, thou bless - ed Re - deem - er, to Thee all we owe, For the glo - ry a-bove and the joy here be - low;

To be-hold in his glo - ry the Lamb that was slain, And with him, our Re-deem - er, for - ev - er to reign.

Life e - ter - nal be-fore us, what fear can we know? Per-fect peace like a riv - er for - ev - er shall flow.

Un - to thee, who art wor - thy, our prais - es we bring; Hal - le - lu - jah, for - ev - er, to Je - sus our king!

CHORUS.

O heav'n-ly home, my heav'nly home, Thy gold-en streets I long to roam;

O heav'nly home . . . . . my heav'nly home . . . . Thy gold-en streets . . . . I long to roam . . . .

O heav'n-ly home, my heav'nly home, Thy gold-en streets I long to roam;

To join the throng, with harp and song, All re-deem'd by the blood of the Lamb.

To join the throng . . . . . with harp and song . . . . .

To join the throng, with harp and song, All re-deem'd by the blood of the Lamb.

The Meadow.

C. C. Case.

Waltz time.
Duet Obligato.

1. All yon - der in the mead-ow Is sunshine clear and bright; All yonder in the shad - ow Is cool - ness and de-
2. All brightly in the heav-ens The stars at e-ven glow; All love-ly bloom the flow - ers, The stars of earth, be-

La, la, la, la, etc.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, etc,

p

light; All yon - der in the mead-ow Is sunshine clear and bright; All yon - der in the shad - ow Is coolness and de-light; All
low; All bright - ly in the heav-ens The stars at e-ven glow; All love - ly bloom the flow - ers, The stars of earth, be-low; Than

ff

La, la, la, etc.

La, la, la, la, la, etc.

p

yon - der in the mountain Is act - ive life and health; All yon - der in the val - leys Is rest and peace - ful wealth; All
health, or wealth, or flow-ers, Than stars or sunshine bright, More sweet, more blest, more lovely When heart and heart u - nite; Than

La, la, la, la, etc.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, etc.

yon - der in the mountain Is act - ive life and health; All yon - der in the val - leys Is rest and peace - ful wealth.
health, or wealth, or flow-ers, Than stars or sunshine bright, More sweet, more blest, more lovely When heart and heart u - nite.

La, la, la, la, etc.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, etc.

Flow on, thou Shining River.

C. C. Case.

Obligato Duet.
Slow.

1. Flow on, . . thou shining riv-er! But ere thou reach the
2. But if, . . in wandering thither, Thou find'st she mocks my

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

sea, Seek El - la's bow'r and give her The breath I fling o'er thee; And tell her thus, if she'll be mine, The
pray'r, Then leave these leaves to with - er, Up - on the cold bank there; And tell her thus, when youth is o'er, Her

La, la, la, la, etc.

La, la, la, la, etc.

rit.

cur - rent of our lives shall be, With joys along their course to shine, Like those sweet flow'rs on thee.
lone and loveless charms shall be Thrown by up-on life's weedy shore, Like those sweet flow'rs from thee.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, etc.

La, la, la, etc.

TRIP LIGHTLY.

C. C. CASE.

1. Trip lightly o - ver trouble, Trip lightly o - ver wrong; We on - ly make grief double By dwelling on it long;

2. Trip light - ly o - ver sorrow, Tho' all the way be dark, The sun may shine to - morrow, And gai - ly sing the lark.

3. Trip light - ly o - ver sadness, Stand not to rail at doom, We've pearls to string of gladness, On this side of the tomb.

Trip Lightly. Concluded.

Why clasp woe's hand so tightly? Why sigh o'er blossoms dead? Why cling to forms un - sightly? Why not seek joy instead?

Fair hopes have not de - parted, Tho' ro - ses may have fled, Then nev - er be down - hearted, But look for joy instead.

While stars are nightly shining And heav'n is o - ver head, En - cour - age not re - pining, But look for joy instead.

Repeat

pp

Trip light - ly, trip light - ly, trip light - ly o - ver trouble, Trip light - ly, trip light - ly, trip light - ly, o - ver wrong.

Trip light - ly, trip light - ly, trip light - ly o - ver trouble, Trip light - ly, trip light - ly, trip light - ly o - ver wrong

The Hour of Singing.

M. E. Servoss.

Vivace.

Jas. McGranahan.

(Repeat this *pp*, almost a whisper.)

Repeat *pp*.

We meet, we meet, we meet once more, With voices clear and ringing, To pass to - geth - er here a - gain A pleasant hour of singing.

We meet, we meet, we meet once more, With voices clear and ringing, To pass to - geth - er here a - gain A pleasant hour of singing.

Then come with happy hearts and gay, With voices full of gladness, And banish every thought to-night That brings one shade of sadness.
Let every voice be sweet and clear, Let every eye be shin - ing, For we have come to spent this hour Sweet music's depths divining.

'Tis said that we should ne'er put off To-day's work till to - mor - row, This rule should always be reversed, When 'tis applied to sor - row.
Then come with cheery heart and song, And friendship's earnest greeting, And smiles, not tears, shall rule the hour, When friends of song are meeting.

* These repeats may be sung by four voices in another room—as an echo.

The Hour of Singing. Concluded.

Repeat *pp*

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, tra la la, tra la la la.

La, tra la la, la, la, la, la, la, la, tra la la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, tra, la la, la, la, la, la, la, la, tra la la, tra la la la.

La, tra la la, la, la, la, la, tra la la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, tra la la, la, la, la, la, tra la la, tra la la la.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, tra la la, tra la la la.

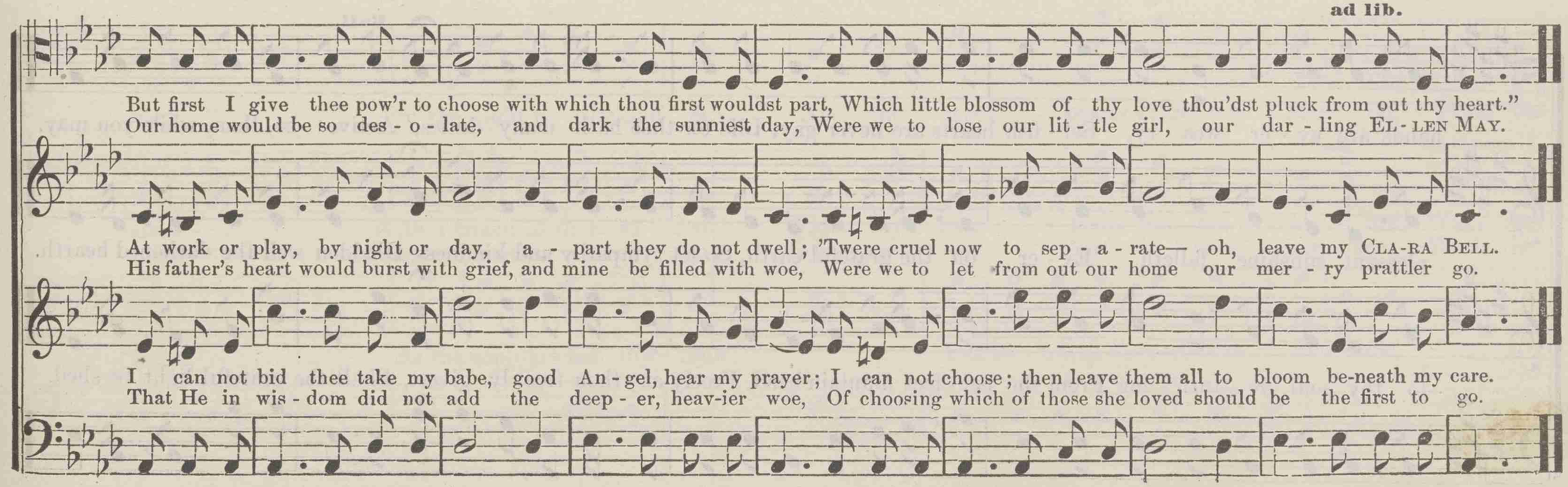
The Mother's Choice. Quartett.

Kate Woodland. Jas. McGranahan.

1. A moth-er sat, one sum-mer eve, with - in her lit - tle room, Her children hov - ered by her side a - mid the twilight gloom;
2. The mother gazed in grief and woe, "Oh, do not take," she cried, "The eldest born, the Rose that blooms so sweet - ly by my side;
3. "Her lit-tle sis - ter? No, oh, no! with - in our household bower She is the hon - ey - suckle sweet, which glad-dens ev - ery hour—
4. And yet I can not spare my son, my brave, my on - ly boy; His fa-ther's morn-ing glo - ry, and his moth - er's evening joy!
5. Yet oh, I can not, dare not say that thou, my youngest pet, My dai - sy, my sweet vi - o - let, my frag - rant mig-no-nette,
6. The an - gel sad - ly turned a - way, but soon he came a - gain, And bore a - way the eld - est flower; the moth - er's tears were vain.


She tho't an an - gel spake to her— "I've come," he said, "to bear A lit - tle lamb from out thy flock, a bird - ling from thy care;
She's grave and thoughtful, faithful, kind, and true in word and deed, So watchful o'er the younger ones, and mind - ful of their need;
Light-hearted and af - fec - tion-ate, each wish and want is twined, With sweet content and love a - round her sis - ter's guid-ing mind;
He's a - gile as a mountain deer, as reck - less and as free, And yet a warm and lov - ing heart has lit - tle WENDELL LEE;
Art an - y less be-loved by me be - cause that love is brief, Thou art to me what morning dew is to the sum-mer leaf;
She laid her dar - ling in the grave, and thought her heart would break, And yet she blessed the ho - ly Power which gave and could re-take;

ad lib.


But first I give thee pow'r to choose with which thou first wouldst part, Which little blossom of thy love thou'dst pluck from out thy heart."
Our home would be so des - o - late, and dark the sunniest day, Were we to lose our lit - tle girl, our dar - ling EL-LEN MAY.
At work or play, by night or day, a - part they do not dwell; 'Twere cruel now to sep - a - rate— oh, leave my CLA-RA BELL.
His father's heart would burst with grief, and mine be filled with woe, Were we to let from out our home our mer - ry prattler go.
I can not bid thee take my babe, good An - gel, hear my prayer; I can not choose; then leave them all to bloom be-neath my care.
That He in wis - dom did not add the deep - er, heav-ier woe, Of choosing which of those she loved should be the first to go.

Live for Something.

D. B. Towner.

1. Live for something, be not idle, Look a - bout thee for employ; Sit not down to useless dreaming, Labor is the sweetest joy; Folded

2. Scatter blessings in thy pathway, Gentle words and cheering smiles Better are than gold and silver, With their grief dispelling wiles; As the

3. Hearts there are oppressed and weary, Drop the tear of sympathy, Whisper words of hope and comfort, Give and thy reward shall be Joy un-

hands are ev - er wea - ry, Sel - fish hearts are never gay, Life for thee hath many duties, Active be, then, while you may.

Rall.

pleasant sunshine falleth Ev - er on the grateful earth, So let sympathy and kindness, Gladden well the darkened hearth.

- -to thy soul re - turn - ing From the per - fect fountain head, Freely as thou free - ly givest, Shall the grateful light be shed.

Listen, Lady, to the Lay. Serenade.

Henry E. Turner. For Male Voices. T. H. Tanner.

1st Tenor.

1. Lis - ten! la - dy, to the lay, Soft - ly steal-ing through the air; Chas - ing youth - ful dreams a-

2d Tenor.

2. Wake thee, la - dy! sleep no more, For the mid - night hour is near; Fan - cy wafts thee to a

3. Ech - oes kind our notes re - turn, Lu - na's charm - ing rays are lent; Soon the morn - ing stars will

1st Bass.

4. Listen, la - dy, 'ere we part, To the song we sing thee now, Welling freshly from each

2d Bass.

To the song,

way, For the night is calm and fair; And the moon - beams bright are glanc - ing From the

shore With a friend to thee so dear; While thy bark floats o'er the bil - low, Wake thee

burn, Crimson grows the o - ri - ent; Leaves are wav - ing in their num - bers, While the

heart, As the zeph-yrs fan thy brow; Fairies watch thee till the mor - row,

As the zeph - yrs

Listen, Lady, to the Lay. Concluded.

Ritard.

dew - drops lightly dan - cing, And the moon - beams bright are glan - cing From the dew - drops light - ly danc - ing

la - dy, leave thy pil - low While thy bark floats o'er the bil - low, Wake thee, la - dy, leave thy pil - low.
soft wind cools thy slumbers, Leaves are wav - ing in their num - bers, While the soft wind cools thy slum - bers.

Angels guard thee from all sor - row, Fairies watch thee till the mor - row, Angels guard thee from all sor - row.

Waiting for the Spring.

Wilbur A. Christy.

Mezzo.

1. No breezes stir the morning, A si - lence reigns in air, The sky is gray a - bove me, The trees are cold and bare.

2. The trees within the forest, The oak and poplar high, Stretch out their leafless branches, Against the wintry sky.
3. I strain my ears to listen, If happly where I stand But one strong note of mu - sic May sound in all the land.

4. O heart! thy days are darksome, O soul! thy nights are drear, But soon shall joyful sunshine Proclaim the coming year.

p

Yet un - to me the still - ness This les - son seems to bring, Patience! the earth is wait - ing, Waiting for the Spring.

p

And ev'n the swaying as - pen Hath ceased its quiver - ing, As tho' she, too, were wait - ing, Waiting for the Spring.
Why art thou mute, O blackbird? O Thrush, why dost not sing? Ah! surely they are wait - ing, Waiting for the Spring.

Soon shall the trees be leaf - y, Soon every bird shall sing, Tho' now they all are wait - ing, Waiting for the Spring.

CHORUS.

Rit.

Waiting, waiting, Waiting, waiting, Waiting for the Spring, Waiting, waiting, Waiting waiting, Waiting for the Spring.

Waiting, Wait - ing, Waiting for the Spring, Waiting, Wait - ing, Waiting for the Spring.

Waiting, Wait - ing, Waiting for the Spring, Waiting, Wait - ing, Waiting for the Spring.

Waiting, waiting, Waiting, waiting, Waiting, waiting, Waiting, waiting,

Mowers' Song.

German.

1. When ear - ly morning's rud - dy light Bids man to la - bor go,
   We haste, with scythes all sharp and bright, The meadow's grass to mow.
   We mow - ers, dal - de - ral dey, We

2. The cheer - ful lark sings sweet and clear, The black-bird chirps a - way,
   And all is live - ly, spright - ly here, Like mer - ry, mer - ry May.
   We mow - ers, dal - de - ral dey, We

3. The maid - ens come in glad - some train, And skip a - long their way,
   Re - joiced to tread the grass - y plain And toss the new-mown hay.
   The maid - ens, dal - de - ral dey, They

cut the lil - ies and ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! hay, hey day, yes, hay, hey day! We cut the lil - ies and hay.

roll the swaths of green ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! hay, hey day, yes, hay, hey day! We roll the swaths of green hay.

rake the lil - ies and ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! hay, hey day, yes, hay, hey day! They rake the lil - ies and hay.

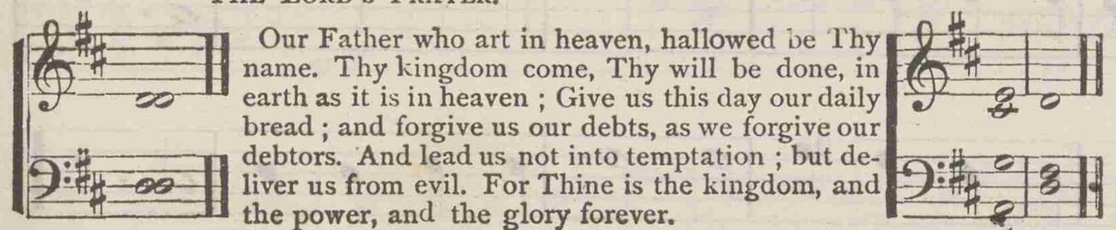
These services are prepared for those who wish musical exercises of a specially devotional character, for the daily opening of Convention or Institute work.

I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES.



1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence | cometh my | help.
   My help cometh from the Lord which made | heaven and | earth.
2. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved, He that keepeth thee | will not | slumber.
   Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither | slumber nor | sleep.
3. The Lord is thy keeper, the Lord is thy shade upon thy | right | hand.
   The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the | moon by | night.
4. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil, He shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
   The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for | ev - er- | more.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.



Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven ; Give us this day our daily bread ; and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation ; but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever.

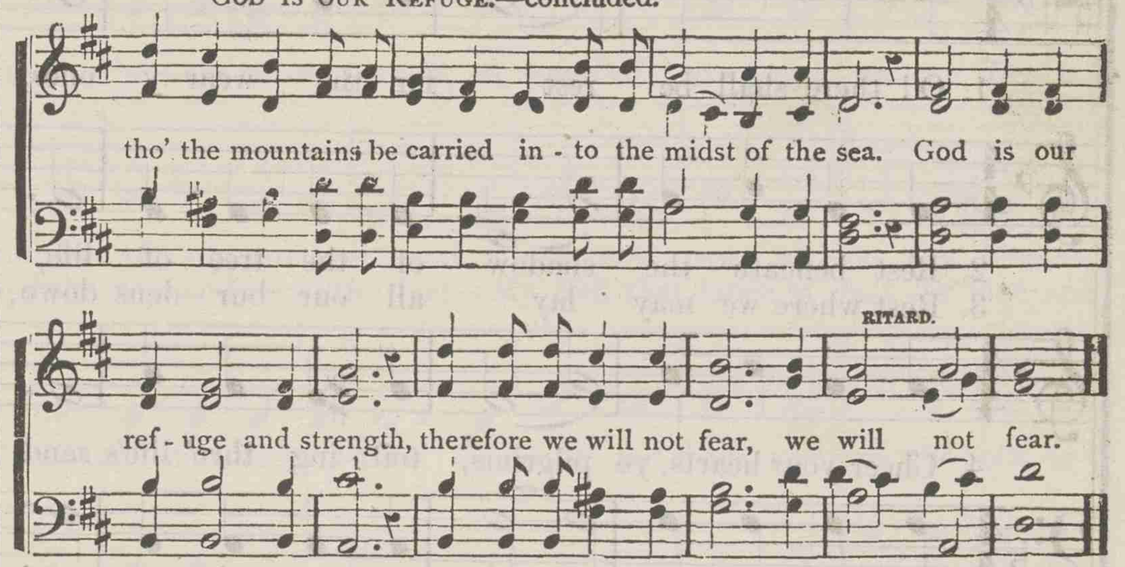
A-men.

GOD IS OUR REFUGE.

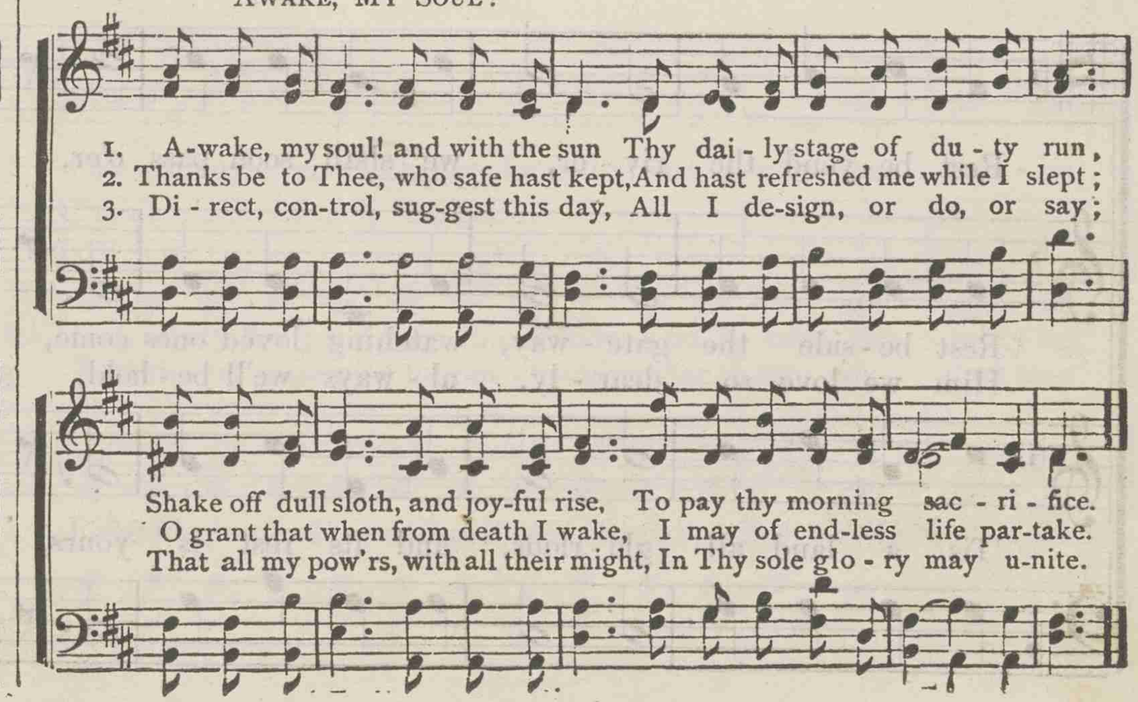
Moderato. G. F. R.



GOD IS OUR REFUGE.—concluded.



AWAKE, MY SOUL!



HELEN W TAGGART.

THERE SHALL BE REST.

HELEN W. TAGGART.

1. O! there shall be rest for the wear-y ones, O! there shall be rest for the wear-y ones,

2. Rest beneath the shadow of the tree of life, Rest in wor-ship ev-er free from care and strife;

3. Rest where we may lay all our bur-dens down, And with peace e-ternal, each shall wear his crown;

4. Cheer your hearts, ye pilgrims, toil-ing thro' life's sand, Keep your feet from faint-ing, there's an-oth-er land,

Rest be-yond the riv-er, we shall soon pass o'er, Rest beyond the gate-way, peace for ev-er-more.

Rest be-side the gate-way, watching loved ones come, Rest complete, e-ter-nal, in our Savior's home.
Him we love so dear-ly, al-ways we'll be-hold, Thro' the long, long "ev-er," shall His love be told.

'Tis a land all glo-rious, and its rest is yours, But that rest is giv-en him who "all en-dures."

THE FIRE BURNS LOW.

Moderato.

1. The fire burns low, the shadows gleam and fade, And darkness lingers where the sunset played; A hand of si - lence on my lips is laid, I can not find the light! I can not find the light! One ea-ger longing fills my clouded breast, I wait the com - ing
2. With good - ly fare my ta - ble is not spread, Hot tears have mingled with my wine and bread, I can not pour up - on thy blessed head The spikenard rare and sweet, The spikenard rare and sweet. But, if my few poor gifts thou condescend To take, thy tak - ing
3. My soul, consumed by sin's corroding rust, My soul, that spurn'd the stars and loved the dust—My soul that longs at last for love and trust—Is all I have to bring, Is all I have to bring. I strain my gaze now for one gleaming star, I sit in darkness
4. And I *do* hear, tho' clouds thy visage hide, I reach my hand out thro' the shadowy tide Of doubts and fears, and on the oth - er side Lo, it is clasped in thine! Lo, it is clasped in thine! I shuddering feel the nail-prints in the palm, But, oh, the wound drops

The Fire Burns Low. Concluded.

of a heavenly guest: Thou, who of old in Bethan - y didst rest, Tar - ry with me to-night, With me, with me to - night!

worthi - ness will lend, And I will pour my soul out, O my Friend! Like Ma - ry at thy feet, Like Ma - ry at thy feet.
with my door a - jar, That I may hear thy footsteps from a - far, The footsteps of my king, The foot - steps of my king!

healing, and a balm Of ten - der - ness, that blesses with a calm Of peace and love divine, Of peace and love di - vine.

The Water Mill.

C. C. Case.

1. Listen to the water mill All the live - long day, How the clinking of the wheel Wears the hours a - way;

2. Take the lesson to yourself, Lov - ing heart and true, Golden years are fleeting by, Youth is passing, too;

3. Work while yet the daylight shines, Man of thought and will; Never does the streamlet glide Useless by the mill;

Languid-ly the autumn wind Stirs the greenwood leaves; From the field the reapers sing, Binding up the sheaves.

Strive to make the most of life, Lose no hap - py day; Time will nev-er bring you back Chan s swept a - way.

Wait not till to - morrow's sun Beams up - on your way, All that you can call your own Lies in this to - day.

Repeat *pp*

And a mem'ry o'er my mind As a spell is cast; The mill will nev-er, nev-er grind, With the wa-ter that is past.

Leave no tender word unsaid, Love while love shall last; The mill will nev-er, nev-er grind, With the water that is past.

Power, in - tel - lect and health, May not al - ways last; The old mill can not, can not grind, With the water that is past.

Ripple, Little Brooklet.

C. C. Case.

1. Ripple, rip-ple, lit - tle brooklet, Danc-ing o'er the peb - bles white; Singing in the merry sunshine, Making mu-sic thy de-light.

2. Ripple, rip-ple, lit - tle brooklet, Flow - ing on - ward thro' the dell; And the rivers' fail-ing wa-ters Ev - er flow-ing thou dost swell.

3. Ripple, rip-ple, lit - tle brooklet, What a les - son thou dost teach! All the blessings God hath given, Like the brooklet, flow to each.

Repeat *pp*

CHORUS.

Danc-ing o'er the peb - bles white, Mak-ing mu-sic thy de-light; Dancing o'er the pebbles white, Mak-ing mu-sic thy de-light.

Dancing o'er the peb - bles white, Mak-ing mu-sic thy de-light; Dancing o'er the pebbles white, Mak-ing mu-sic thy de-light.

Repeat *pp*

Now for the Highlands.

Words Arranged. Male Quartette. C. C. Williams.

Allegro.

1. Now for the highlands, hasten away; Farewell, ye islands, ocean and bay; Morn is advancing, winds are at play, Shadows are dancing, all things are gay.

D. C. Now for the highlands, hasten away; Farewell, ye islands, ocean and bay, Morn is advancing, winds are at play, Shadows are dancing, all things are gay.

2. Quick thro' the valleys, hasten the throng, Joy fills the heart as we journey along, Bugles are blowing, loud sound the horns, Borne on the breezes, hear the glad song.

Andante. D.C.

Heav-ens are smil - ing Bright - ly a - bove, Now to the high - lands Free - ly we'll rove.

pp **in repeat.**

Heavens, heavens are smiling Brightly, brightly above Now to the Highlands, Freely, free - ly, freely we'll rove.

D.C.

Heav - ens are smil - ing Bright - ly a - bove, Now to the high - lands Free - ly we'll rove.

Heavens, heavens are smil-ing, Brightly, brightly above, Now to, now to the highlands, Free - ly, freely we'll rove.

Poor Old Joe.

Words and Music by Pro Phundo Basso.

ff 1st & 2d Tenor.

Hay!

ff 1st Bass.

Hay!

Joe.

Introduction.

ff

f *m* *p* *pp*

He! Hi! Ho! Hum!* 1. We will sing a sweet, sad

f *m* *p* *pp*

He! Hi! Ho! Hum!* 2. We will sing just one more

f. *m* *p* *pp*

* Prolong the sound of m

song, Tho' 'tis mournful 'tis not long, And 'tis ver-y gen-tle, soft, and low, For the sake of

ff

song, 'tis not long, And 'tis ver-y gen-tle, soft and low, poor old Joe.

Rit.

Ha! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Poor old Joe, Nev-er yet ex-act-ly right, but just a lit-tle slow!

Rit.

Ha! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Poor old Joe, Nev-er yet ex-act-ly right, but just a lit-tle slow!

Poor old Joe, just a lit-tle slow!

Rit.

Poor Old Joe. Concluded.



* Joe is so attentive to the audience that he must be nudged and prompted.

Hubbard. C. M.

W. R. Scott.



Lively.

1. The doctors have been fighting long On this pretense and that, But on this point they all agree, To laugh will make them fat; Then

2. Then banish all long fac-es now, Complaining and all that, And ev-er keep in mind this truth, To laugh will make us fat; Then

laugh and we'll grow fat Ha! ha! Then laugh and we'll grow fat Ha! ha! Let doctors fight with all their might And we will laugh Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

laugh and we'll grow fat Ha! ha! Then laugh and we'll grow fat Ha! ha! Let doctors fight with all their might And we will laugh Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Laughing Glee. Continued.

Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! Now all to-geth-er, once a-gain we'll laugh, Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! Now

Then laugh Ha! ha! ha! once more, Ha! ha! ha! Now all to-geth-er, once a-gain we'll laugh, Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! a-gain, Ha! ha! ha! Now

once more

all to-geth-er, once a-gain we'll laugh, Ha! ha! ha! What a merry, merry time, What a merry, merry time, What a merry, merry time we're having

all to-geth-er, once a-gain, we'll laugh, Ha! ha! ha! What a merry, merry time, What a merry, merry time, What a merry, merry time we're having

* This strain to be sung after the last verse, and at the end of the piece laugh *as long as you feel like it.*

Accelerate to the end.

laughing all in tune, What a mer-ry, mer - ry time, What a merry, merry time, What a merry, merry time we're having

laughing all in tune, What a mer - ry, mer - ry time, What a mer-ry, merry time, What a merry, merry time we're having

laughing all in tune! Yes, we'll laugh, Ha! ha! ha! We'll laugh, Ha! ha! ha! We'll laugh, ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

laughing all in tune! Yes, we'll laugh, Ha! ha! ha! We'll laugh, Ha! ha! ha! We'll laugh, ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

The Picnic.

Words by S. P. F.

J. A. Butterfield, by per.

f **Tempo di Polka.**

SOLO.

Oh, come to the woods a - way, Let's have a hol - i - day, This love-ly morn in May, Oh come!

1. Sweet flowers gem the forest green,
2d time—2. Blithe birds car - ol mer - ri - ly,
D. S.—3. Yes, come then with eyes as bright

INTRODUCTION.

Come a - way! a - way, then,

SOPRANO.

f

Oh, come to the woods a- way, Let's have a hol - i - day, This love-ly morn in May, Oh, come!

ALTO.

Come,

FIRST

Where fair-y hands are seen, Bright'ning all with morn's silver ray; Yes, come, then, with flying feet, Hearts happy, voic-es sweet, Tripping lightly, Oh,
Where brooklets sing in glee, Ev - 'ry thing is glad-some and gay; Yes, come, etc.
As stars in summer night, Making mer - ry all through the day; Yes, come, etc.

a - way, then, a - way, then a - way; so cheer - y, so mer - ry, come, oh,

come, come, come, Hearts Songs come, oh,

TIME. SECOND TIME. * Omit this strain the second time over.

come, come away. Hearts happy, voices sweet, Mu-sic joyous there to greet, come away.

come a - way. so mer - ry a - way, then, come a - way. Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Come, oh, come away,

come a - way. Songs Come oh, come a - way. Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Come, oh, come away,

Dal Segno, 2d ending.

Tra, la, la, la, la, la. Come, oh, come away, Singing joyously our glad roundelay, Laughing mer-ri-ly, ha, ha, ha! Tripping lightly

Tra, la, la, la, la, la. Come, oh, come away, Singing joyously our glad roundelay, Laughing mer-ri-ly, ha, ha, ha! Tripping lightly

The Picnic. Concluded.

p

Not till evening

all the happy day, Singing gai - ly as we play; Thanking Him for joys so pure, "Whose mercies ev - er shall endure." La, la, la,

p

all the happy day, Singing gai - ly as we play; Thanking Him for joys so pure, "Whose mercies ev - er shall endure." Hap - py

Dal Segno.

f

shadows soft-ly creep, And the an-gels hush birds and flow'rs to sleep, Will we homeward haste on our way, So happy will we be this fes - tal day.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Mer-ry hearts, light and gay, Joy - ous, free, all the day.

f

we, full of glee, Mer-ry hearts, light and gay, Joy - ous, free, all the day.

The Maiden's Choice.

1. Oh! give me the life of a far - mer's wife, In the fields and woods so bright, so bright, 'Mong the
2. Oh! give me the breeze from the wav - ing trees, And the mur - mur of the leaves, the leaves; And the
3. Oh! give me the fruit of the tree or root That my own hands rear for food, for food; And the

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

sing - ing birds and the low - ing herds, And the clov - er blos - soms white. The note of the morning's
swal - low's song as he skims a - long, Or twit - ters be - neath the eaves; The ploughman's shout, while
bread so light and the hon - ey white, And the milk so pure and good! For sweet the bread of

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

heavenward lark, Is the mu - sic sweet to me; And the dew - y flow'rs in the ear - ly hours, Are the
turn - ing out His team at set of the sun; Or his glad "good-night," by the fire - fly's light, When his
la - bor is, When the heart is strong and true, And rich bles - sings come to the heart and home, If our

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

The Maiden's Choice. Concluded.

REFRAIN.
Solo.

gems I love to see!
dai - ly work is done.
best we brave - ly do.

la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Hoo - ah, ... hoo-

CHORUS.

Oh, she is the girl for the far - mer's life, Tra

- - ah, . . . hoo - ah, . . . hoo - ah, ... hoo - ah, hoo - ah, hoo - ah!

Repeat *pp*

la, la, la, tra la, la, la, She'll certain - ly make him a cap - i - tal wife, Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Beautiful Rain.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

CHORUS.

Pit, pat, pit, pat, pit, pat, pit, pat, Pit, pat, pit, pat, pit, pat, pit, pat,

Drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, Pit, pat, pit, pat, pit, pat, pit, pat,

Patter, patter, patter, patter, patter, patter, patter, patter, Pour.

Drip, drop, drip, drop, drip, drop, drip, drop,

Patter, patter, patter, patter, patter, patter, patter, patter, Pour.

Drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, Drip, drop, drip, drop, drip, drop, drip, drop,

Beautiful Rain. Continued.

ff

Pour.

DUET. Sopr. & Alto.

1. Hear the mu - sic of the rain, fall-ing
2. Hear the mu - sic of the rain, fall-ing

Dim. Rit.

CHORUS.

Drip, drop, drip, drop,drip,drop,drip,drop,drip,drop,drip,drop,drip,drop,drip,drop,drip,drop,drip.

ff

Pour.

Drip, drop, drip, drop, drip,drop,drip,drop,drip,drop,drip,drop,drip,drop,drip,drop,drip,drop,drip,drop,drip.

down, On the roof and win-dow-pane, fall - ing down, "Mur-mur not," it seems to say, For Our
down, On the roof and win-dow-pane, fall - ing down, What a les - son does it bring, What a

fall ing down, fall - ing down, Drop, drop,

fall - ing down, fall - ing down, Drip, drop, drip, drop,

Fa-ther's love to-day Or-ders on-ly in our way Good to fall. Like the gen-tle fall-ing rain, O-ver
cho-rus does it sing, What a mes-sage from our King of his love, And we seem to hear him say, Come, ye

Drop, drop, drop, drop, Good to fall. Drop, drop,

Drip, drop, drip, drop, drip, drop, drip, drop, Of his love. Drip, drop, drip, drop,

mountain, lake, and plain, Will his ten-der care re-main, O-ver all.
chil-dren, learn my way, From my fold no lon-ger stray, Look a-bove.

Drop, drop, drop, drip. O-ver all, Hear the mu-sic of the

Drip, drop, drip, drop, drip, drop, drip. Look a-bove, Hear the mu-sic of the

Beautiful Rain. Concluded.

beau-ti-ful rain, pat-ter-ing fall,

rain, beauti-ful rain, As the pearl-y drops in showers patter-ing fall; Hear the

rain, beauti-ful rain, As the pearl-y drops in showers patter-ing fall; Hear the

Hear the rain Tell of our Fa - ther's love for all.

sweet, sub-dued re-frain, On the roof and win-dow-pane, Of our Fa-ther's ten-der love for all.

sweet, sub-dued re-frain, On the roof and win-dow-pane, Of our Fa-ther's ten-der love for all.

f **Allegro.**

Jin - gling, jin - gling O'er snowy drifts and banks we glide Jin - gling, jin - gling with

1. A ride, a ride, O'er snowy drift and banks we glide, A ride, a ride, With
2. A - way, a - way, The heart must needs be light and gay, A - way, a - way, With

f

Jin - gling, jin - gling, O'er snowy drifts and banks we glide, A ride, jin - gling, jin - gling, with
Jin - gling, jin - gling, The heart must needs be light and gay, A - way, jin - gling, jin - gling, with

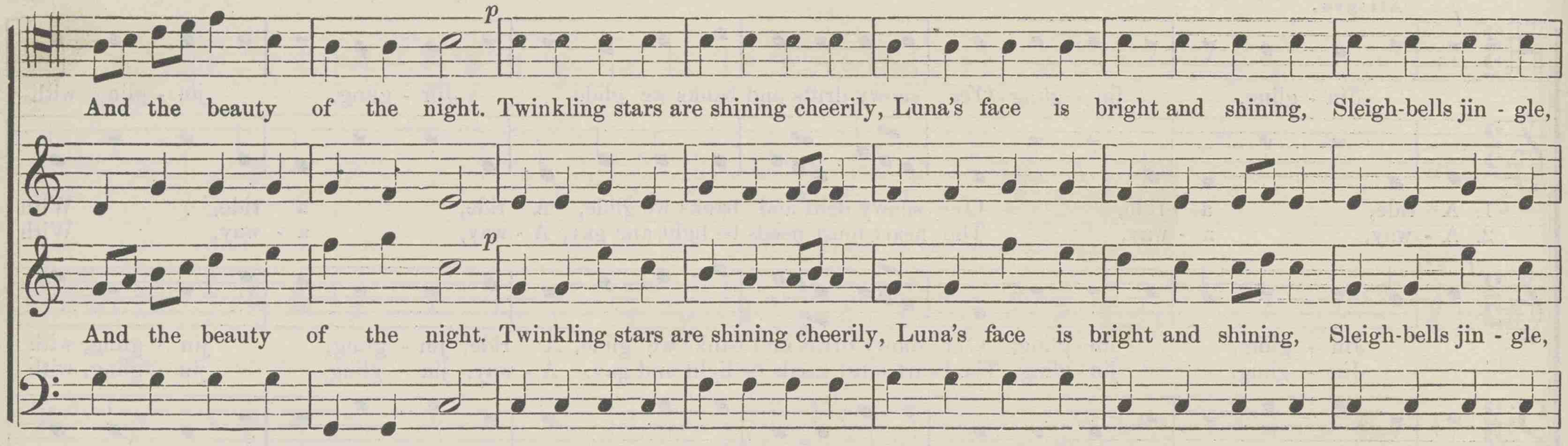
Repeat *pp* *f*

fac - es, fac - es bright.
friends, with friends so dear. Swiftly past each tree and dwelling, While our chorus, loud-ly swelling, Of our joy-ous ride is telling,

f

fac - es, fac - es bright.
friends, with friends so dear. Swiftly past each tree and dwelling, While our chorus loud-ly swelling, Of our joy - ous ride is telling,

The Sleigh Ride. Continued.





ff

jing, jing, jing, jing, jin - gling, jin - gling, jin - gling, jin - gling, jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, jing, jing, jing.

bright and smil - ing, Sleigh-bells jin - gle, jin - gle mer-ri - ly, And our hearts are gay and light.

bright and smil - ing, Sleigh-bells jin - gle, jin - gle mer-ri - ly, And our hearts are gay and light.

jing, jing, jing, jing, jin - gling, jin - gling, jin - gling, jin - gling, jin - gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, jing, jing, jing.

f

Swift - ly past each tree and dwell-ing, While our cho-rus loud - ly swell-ing, Of our joy - ous ride is tell - ing,

f

Swift - ly past each tree and dwell-ing, While our cho - rus loud - ly swelling, Of our joy - ous ride is tell - ing,

The Sleigh Ride. Continued.



snow - y drifts and banks we glide, jin - gling, jin - gling, With fac - es, fac - es bright.
heart must needs be light and gay, jin - gling, jin - gling, With friends, with friends so dear.

a ride, a ride, jing, jing, jing.
a - way, a - way,

snow - y drifts and banks we glide, jin - gling, jin - gling, With fac - es, fac - es, bright.
heart must needs be light and gay, jin - gling, jin - gling, With friends, with friends so dear.

jingle, jingle, jingle, jing, jing, jing, jing.

OVERTON. L. M.

C. C. CASE.

We all, O Lord, have gone a - stray, And wander'd from thy heavenly way; The wilds of sin our feet have trod, Far from the paths of thee, our God.

We all, O Lord, have gone a - stray, And wander'd from thy heavenly way; The wilds of sin our feet have trod, Far from the paths of thee, our God.

Greeting Glee.

C. C. Case.

Allegro.

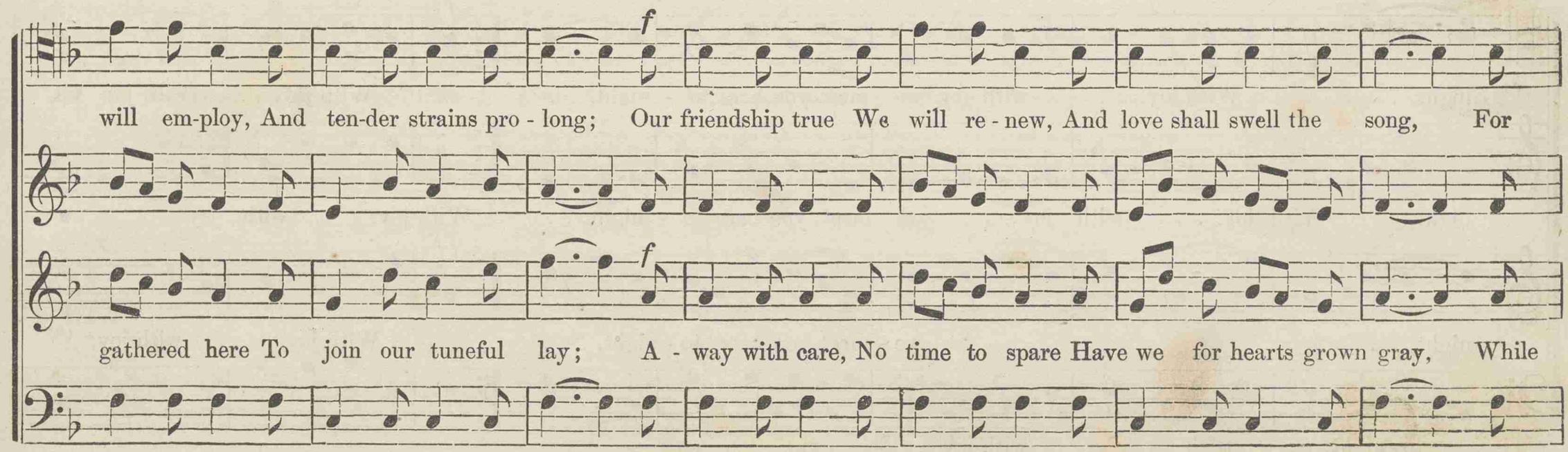
1. With joy, with joy, with joy, . . . And hearts that are merry and light, With joy, with joy, with joy, . . We welcome you here to-

2. We sing, we sing, we sing, Sweet music shall come at our call, . . . We sing, we sing, we sing, . . A greeting to one and

night; With joy, with joy, with joy, . . And hearts that are mer-ry and light, With joy, with joy, with joy, . . We

all; . . We sing, we sing, we sing, Sweet mu-sic shall come at our call, . . We sing, we sing, we sing, . . A


welcome you here to - night. Our friendship true We will renew, And love shall swell the song, For notes of joy We
greeting to one and all. . . A - way with care, No time to spare Have we for hearts grown gray, While friends so dear Are


will em-ploy, And ten-der strains pro - long; Our friendship true We will re - new, And love shall swell the song, For
gathered here To join our tuneful lay; A - way with care, No time to spare Have we for hearts grown gray, While

notes of joy we will em-ploy, And ten-der strains prolong. With joy, with joy we meet you here to-

With joy, . . . with joy . . . we meet you here to-

friends so dear are gathered here, To join our tuneful lay. . . With joy, . . . with joy . . . we meet you here to-

with joy, with joy,

night, . . With joy, with joy we meet you here to-night. . . With joy, with joy we

to-night

night, With joy, . . . with joy . . . we meet you here to-night. . . With joy, with joy we

night, . . we meet you here to-night. . . . With joy, with joy,

to-night, with joy, with joy

Repeat *pp* *ff* Accellerando.

meet you here to - night, With joy, with joy we meet you here to - night. With joy, with joy, with

With joy, with joy

ff

meet you here to - night, With joy, we meet you here to - night. With joy, . . . with

With joy, with joy, with

joy, With joy we meet you here to - night, . . With joy, with joy, with joy, with joy we meet you here to - night.

joy, . . We meet you here to - night, to-night, With joy, . . with joy . . we meet you here to - night.

joy, With joy we meet you here to - night, to-night, With joy, with joy we meet, with joy we meet you here to - night. . .

Hunting Chorus.

Jas. McGranahan.

With spirit.

The lark his flight is swift - ly winging, And gai-ly, gai-ly now he's sing - - - ing A welcome to the

The lark . . . his flight is swiftly, swiftly winging, And gaily now he's sing - - - - ing A welcome to the

m

The lark . . . his flight is swiftly, swiftly winging, And gai - ly now he's sing - - ing A welcome to the

The lark his flight is swift - ly winging, And gai-ly, gai - ly now he's sing - - - - ing

day, a welcome to the day; The deer are free - ly bound-ing, are free - ly bounding, hark! the horn, and

day, a welcome to the day; The deer . . . . are free - ly, free - ly bounding, And hark! the horn, the

cres.

day, a welcome to the day; The deer . . . . are free - ly, free - ly bounding, And hark! the horn, the

The deer are free - ly bounding, the deer are free-ly bounding, hark! the horn, and

f *p* *ff* *pp*

hark, the horn is sounding, To horse! to horse! a - way . . . to horse! to horse! a - way, a - way, a - way, . . a - way, a-

horn . . . is sounding, To horse! to horse! a - way, a - way, to horse! to horse! a - way, . . a - way, . . a - way, a-

f *p* *ff* *pp*

horn . . . is sounding, To horse! to horse! a - way, . . to horse! to horse! a - way, . . a - way, . . a - way, a-

hark! the horn is sounding, To horse! to horse! a - way, a - way, to horse! to horse! a - way,

way, . . a - way. Hark! the hunter's call To the woods, the woods, away, a - way, Haste! one and all, brave

way, . . a - way. Hark! the hunter's call, the woods a-way, a - way, Haste! one and all, brave

way, . . a - way. Hark! the hunter's call, the woods a - way, . . Haste! one and all, brave

Hark! To the woods, the woods a - way, . . Haste!

Hunting Chorus. Continued.

sport we'll have to - day. The wild deer is not sleep-ing, But gal - lant-ly he's sweeping, he's sweep - - - - - - - ing O'er

cres.

sport we'll have to - day. The wild deer is not sleep - ing, But gal - lant-ly he's sweeping, he's sweep - - - - ing O'er

cres.

sport we'll have to - day. The wild deer is not sleep-ing, But gal - lant-ly he's sweeping, he's sweep - - - - ing O'er

p cres. f

hill and dale a - far. The hounds togeth - er ral - ly, While o - ver hill and val - ley Resounds the signal sound, hurrah! hur-

p cres. f

hill and dale a - far. The hounds togeth - er ral - ly, While o - ver hill and val - ley Resounds the signal sound, hurrah! hur-

p cres. f

hill and dale a - far. The hounds togeth-er ral - ly, While o - ver hill and val - ley Resounds the sig - nal sound, hur-

hurrah!

rah! hurrah! hur-rah! A-way to the woods, a-way, . . . a-

rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! A-way to the woods, a-way, ... a-way to the woods, a-

p **cres.**

rah! hurrah! hur-rah! A-way to the woods, a-way! . . . . a-way to the woods, a-way, . . . a-

a-way to the woods, a-

accell. e cres.

way, a-way! A-way to the woods, a-way! A-way to the woods, a-way to the woods, a-way, a-way!

way, a-way! A-way to the woods, a-way! A-way to the woods, a-way to the woods, a-way, . . a-way!

ff **accell. e cres.**

way, a-way! A-way to the woods, a-way! A-way to the woods, a-way to the woods, a-way, . . a-way!

Hunting Chorus. Concluded.

ff

A - way to the woods, a - way, . . . A - way to the woods, a - way, . . . a - way, a - way, a - way, a-

A - way to the woods, a - way, . . . A - way to the woods, a - way, . . . a - way, a - way, a - way, a-

ff

A - way to the woods, a - way, . . . A - way to the woods, a - way, . . . a - way, a - way, a - way, a-

p

p

pp

dim.

- way, away, away, a-way, away, a - way, away, away, away, away, a - way, a - way. . . m* . . .

- way, away, away, a - way, a - way, a - way, away, a - way, a - way, a - way. . . m* . . .

pp

dim.

- way, away, away, a - way, a - way, a - way, away, a - way, a - way, a - way. . . m * . . . .

* Hum with closed lips.

Loud the Storm.

From "*Crispino e la Comare*," by Ricci, Arr. by F. W. Root.

Andante Maestoso. TENORS and BASES.

f

Loud the storm is roar - ing, Down the torrents pour - ing; Join we now the cho - rus, Tho' dark - ness is o'er us. Thun-ders crash a-

f

SOPRANOS and ALTOS.

-bove us, Still from hearts that love us Come sweet words, sweet words of hope and joy. Clear - er seem the bird songs, When storm blasts are

CHORUS.

o - ver; Brighter dawns the spring-time, When winter drear is past. All our fancied sor - row, Turn'd to hope to - mor - row,

All our fancied sorrow, Turn'd to hope to - mor-row,

Loud the Storm. Continued.

Will but give us joy, Will give us joy at last. Still the sun in beau-ty Bright . . . is shining, Tho' the clouds in dark - ness

Will but give us joy, Will give us joy at last. Still the sun in beau-ty Bright . . . is shining, in darkness

Hide their sil-ver lin - ing. And tho' for-tune send thee No . . . . bright ray . . Hope her light will lend thee All the wea - ry

hide their lining. And tho' fortune send thee No . . . . bright ray . . Hope her light will lend thee All the wea - ry

way. So all our fancied sor - row, Turn'd to hope to - mor - row, Will but give us joy, Will give us joy at

wea-ry way. So all our fancied sor - row, Turn'd to hope to - mor-row, Will but give us joy, Will give us joy at

Faster.

last. Thus tho' storms are wild-ly rag-ing o'er us, We will gai - ly laugh and sing . . . Ha, ha, ha, we'll laugh, ha, ha, ha, and sing, We will laugh and

last. Thus tho' storms are wild-ly rag - ing o'er us, We will laugh and sing, laugh and

Accellerando.

sing. Yes, tho' storms are wild ly rag - ing o'er us, We will gai - ly laugh and sing . . . . Ha, ha, ha, we'll laugh, ha,ha,ha, and sing,We will laugh and

sing. Yes, tho' storms are wild-ly rag - ing o'er us, We will laugh and sing, laugh and

sing, La, la, tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la, la, la; Yes, we'll sing, yes, we'll sing, We'll laugh and sing.

sing, Tra,la, etc.

sing, La, la, la la, tra, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la; Yes, we'll sing, yes, we'll sing, We'll laugh and sing.

BENTON. L. M.

E. C. GREENLEE.

Moderato.

1. The heav'ns declare thy glo - ry, Lord, In ev-'ry star thy glo-ry shines; But when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in fairer lines.

2. Wis - dom, and pow'r, and love divine, In all his works unrivalled shine; Let all the wond-'ring world now tell, That he alone did all things well.

3. Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise him all creatures here below; Praise him above, ye heav'nly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

AWAY! AWAY! AT BREAK OF DAY. Glee.

Arr. from WELSH by NATHAN BARKER.

p Allegretto.

A - way! a - way! at break of day, O'er hill and vale we'll roam; we'll bound a - long, And

With cheer - ful song we'll bound a - long, And

A - way! a - way! at break of day, O'er hill and vale we'll roam; we'll bound a - long, And

Repeat..

hail the ear - ly morn, And hail the ear - ly, ear - ly morn. A - way . . . . . cres.

A - way! away! at break of day, at break of

hail the ear - ly morn, And hail the early, ear - ly morn. A - way . . . . . cres.

ear - ly

A - way! a - way! at break of day, at break of day,

day, A - way! a - way! . . . . . And hail the ear - ly

day, A - way! a - way! . . . . . And hail the ear - ly

A - way! a - way! at break of day, at break of day.

Away! Away! at Break of Day. Concluded.

hail! hail! A - way! . . at break of day, And hail the ear - ly

morn, And hail the ear - ly morn. Hail! A - way! a - way! at break of day, And hail the ear - ly

morn, And hail the ear - ly morn. A - way! a - way! at break of day, And hail the ear - ly

hail! hail!

morn, And hail . . . the ear - ly morn, And hail! hail! hail! . . . And hail the ear - ly morn.

morn, And hail the ear - ly morn, And hail! . . . hail! hail! . . . And hail the ear - ly morn.

morn, And hail the ear - ly morn, And hail! hail! hail! . . . And hail the ear - ly morn.

Gipsy Chorus.

In the gipsy's life you read The life that all would like to lead, In the gipsy's life you read The life that all would like to lead;

In the gipsy's life you read . . The life that all would like to lead, In the gipsy's life you read The life that all would like to lead;

pp Dolce. Cres.

Sometimes under roof, and sometimes thrown where the wild wolf makes his lair, where the wolf makes his lair, where the wolf

Cres.

Sometimes under roof, and sometimes thrown where the wild wolf makes his lair, where the wolf makes his lair, where the wolf makes his

where the wolf makes his lair, where the wolf

Cres.

Gipsy Chorus. Continued.

Rall. pp Tempo.

makes his lair; For he who's no home to call his own will find, will find a home some-where, For he who's no home to call his own will find a home some-

Cres.

lair. For he who's no home to call his own will find, will find a home some-where, For he who's no home to call his own will find a home some-

makes his lair;

Rall. pp Tempo.

Cres.

where.

Come with the Gipsy bride, and repair to the fair,

where.

Come with the Gipsy bride, . . . and repair . . . . to the fair,

p Allegretto. f

1st time p 2d time f

Fine.

Where the ma - zy dance, will the hours entrance.

Soprano.

Where the ma-zy dance, . . will the hours entrance. Come with the Gipsy bride, Where souls as light pre - side; Life can give nothing be-

yond One heart . . you know to be fond. Wealth with its hoards cannot buy The peace content can supply, Wealth with its hoards cannot buy The

Rall. piacere.

peace content can supply, And rank in its halls cannot find The calm of a hap - py mind, And rank in its halls cannot find The calm of a happy mind.

Gipsy Chorus. Continued.

Come with the Gip - sy bride, and re - pair to the fair, Where the ma - zy dance Will the hours en - trance.

f Tempo.

Come with the Gip-sy bride, . . and re - pair . . . to the fair, Where . . . the ma - zy dance Will the hours en - trance.

f

In the gipsy's life you read The life that all would like to lead, In the gipsy's life you read The life that all would like to lead;

p f p

In the gipsy's life you read . . The life that all would like to lead, In the gipsy's life you read The life that all would like to lead;

p f p

pp Dolce.

Cres.

p f p

Sometimes under roof, and sometimes thrown where the wild wolf makes his lair, where the wolf makes his lair, where the wolf

Sometimes under roof, and sometimes thrown where the wild wolf makes his lair, where the wolf makes his lair, where the wolf makes his

where the wolf makes his lair, where the wolf

Cres.

Cres.

Rall. pp Tempo.

makes his lair; For he who's no home to call his own will find, will find a home some-where, For he who's no home to call his own will find a home some-

Cres.

lair; For he who's no home to call his own will find, will find a home some-where, For he who's no home to call his own will find a home some-

makes his lair;

Rall. pp Tempo.

Cres.

Gipsy Chorus. Concluded.

where, will find a home some - where, For he who's no home, no home to

* p f

where, ah! . . . . . For he who's no home, no home to
will find a home some - where,

will find a home,

Cres.

p

call . . . his own . . . Will find a home some - where, ah! ah!

ff p Cres. fff D.C.

call . . . his own . . . Will find a home some - where, ah! ah!

ff p Cres. Cres. f ff D.C.

* This strain may be sung as a Soprano Solo.

CHURCH MUSIC.

KITTIE. L. M.

C. C. CASE.

Andante.



1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!



2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!



3. Just as I am, thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Because thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!



JAMES. L. M.

T. H. TANNER.

Cantabile.

1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays, At - tempt thy great Cre - a - tor's praise;

2. En - thron'd a - mid the ra - diant spheres, He glo - ry like a gar - ment wears;

3. In all our Ma - ker's great de - signs, Al - might - y pow'r with wis - dom shines;

But O, what tongue can speak his fame? What verse can reach the loft - y theme?

To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thous - and suns a - round him shine.

His works, thro' all this won - drous frame, De - clare the glo - ry of his name.

McGRANAHAN. L. M.

Moderato.

1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing the great Re - deem - er's
2. He saw me ruin - ed in the fall, Yet lov'd me not - with - stand - ing
3. Soon shall I pass the gloom - y vale; Soon all my mor - tal pow'rs must

praise; He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how free.
all; He saved me from my lost . . . es - tate; His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how great.
fail; Oh, may my last ex - pir - ing breath His lov - ing kind - ness sing in death.

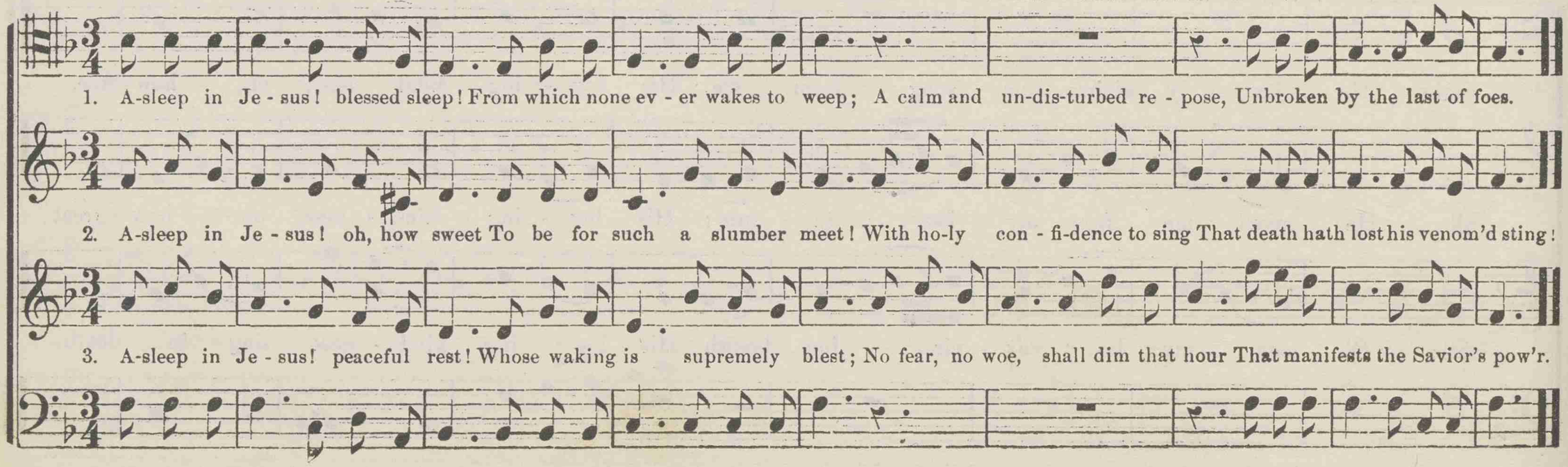
STANWOOD. L. M.

C. C. WILLIAMS.



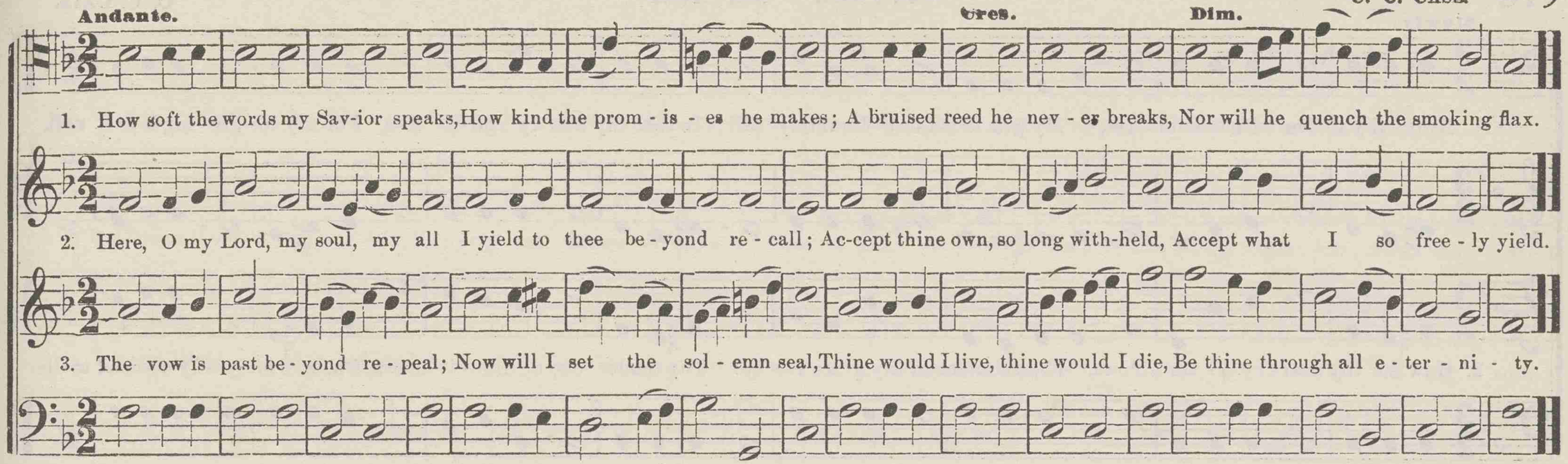
MIX. L. M.

C. C. CASE.



HOWARD. L. M.

C. C. CASE.



GREENLEE. L. M.

C. C. CASE.



Webb. L. M.

C. C. Case.

Slowly.

1. Before thy throne with tearful eyes, My gracious Lord, I humbly fall; To thee my wea-ry spir-it flies, For thy for-giv-ing love I call.

2. How far thy mer-cy o-ver-flows, When sinners on thy grace re-ly! Thy tender love no lim-it knows, Oh, save me, justly doomed to die.

Brainard. L. M.

C. C. Case.

Bold.

1. Arm of the Lord, a-wake, a-wake! Put on thy strength, the nations shake; Now let the world, ador-ing, see Triumps of mer-cy wrought by thee.

2. Say to the heath-en, from thy throne, "I am Je-ho-vah, God a-lone!" Thy voice their idols shall confound, And cast their altars to the ground.

3. Al-might-y God, thy grace proclaim, Thro' every clime, of eve-ry name; Let adverse powers before thee fall, And crown the Savior Lord of all.

MILTON. L. M.

H. A. LEWIS.



BROOKFIELD. L. M.

W. A. LAFFERTY.



THORN STREET. L. M.

T. W. COCHRAN.

1. All people that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice; Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell, Come ye before him and rejoice.

2. Oh, en - ter, then, his gates with joy, Within his courts his praise proclaim, Let thankful songs your tongues employ, Oh, bless and magnify his name.

3. Because the Lord our God is good; His mer - cy is for - ev - er sure; His truth at all times firmly stood, And shall from age to age endure.

WINIFRED. L. M.

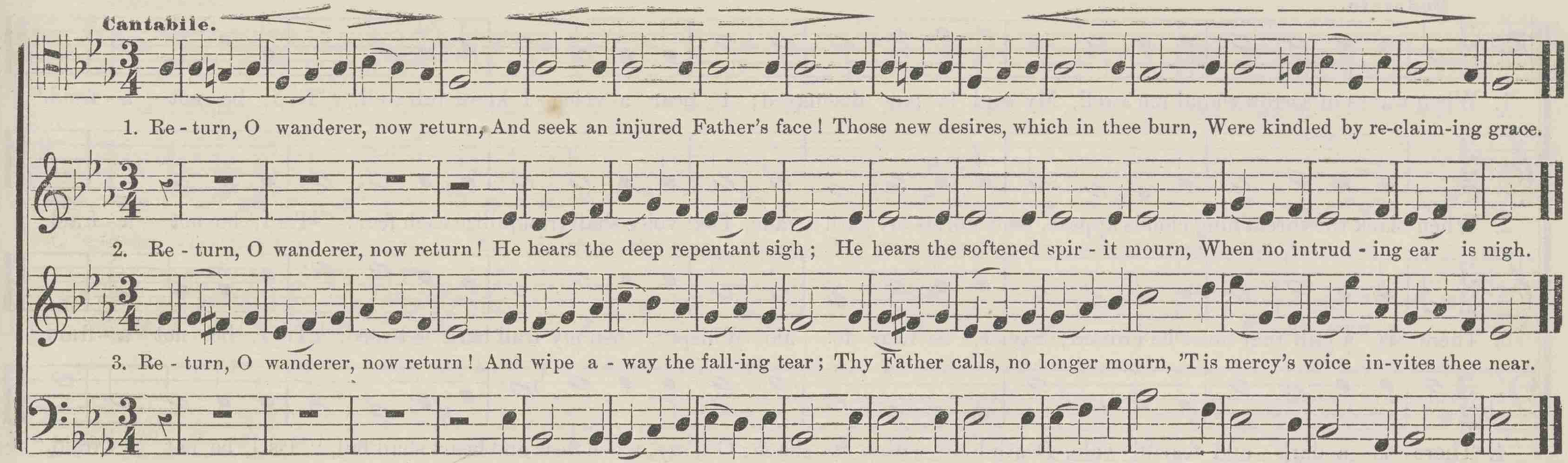
KITTIE KASE.

1. While foes are strong and danger near, A voice falls gen - tly on my ear, My Sav-ior speaks, he says to me, That "as my days my strength shall be."

ff

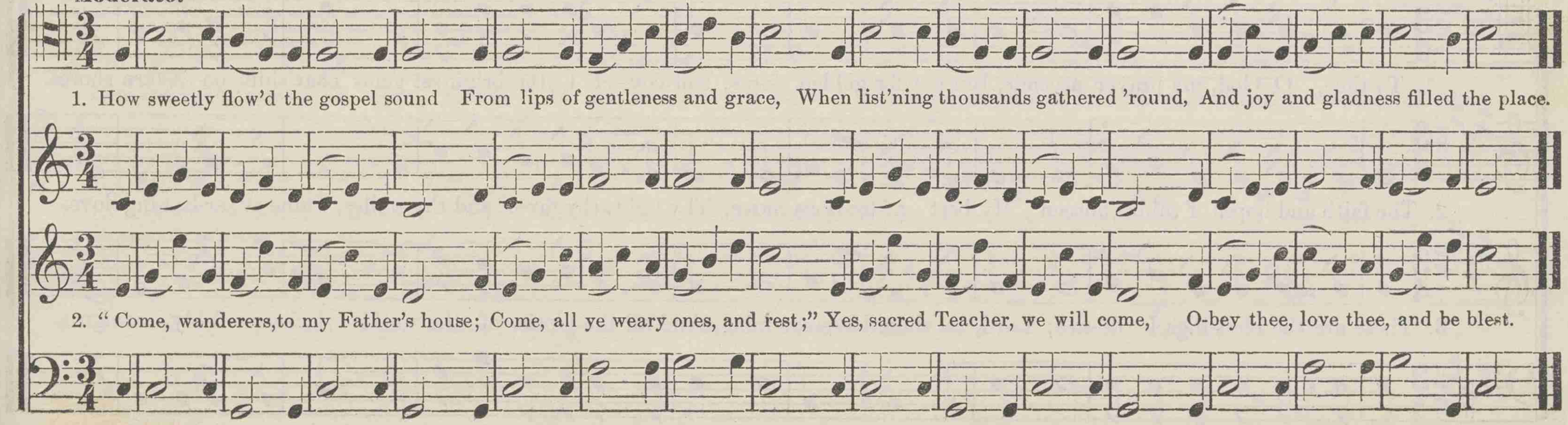
2. With such a prom-ise need I fear, For all that now I hold most dear? No, I will nev - er anxious be, For "as my days my strength shall be."

GEE. L. M.



NORMAL. L. M.

"OUR TUNE."



WHITTLE. C. M.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Moderato.

1. When waves of sorrow round me swell, My soul is not dis-mayed; I hear a voice I know full well, "'Tis I, be not a - fraid."

2. When black the threat'ning clouds appear, And storms my path invade, That voice shall tranquilize each fear: "'Tis I, be not a - fraid."

3. There is a gulf that must be crossed; Savior, be near to aid! Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed, "'Tis I, be not a - fraid."

4. There is a dark and fearful vale, Death hides within its shade; Oh, say, when flesh and heart shall fail, "'Tis I, be not a - fraid."

REED. C. M.

C. C. CASE.

Chanting style.

1. To thee, O God, my prayer ascends, But not for golden stores; Nor cov - et I the brightest gems That shine on eastern shores.

2. The faith and hopes of things unseen My best af-fec-tions move, Thy light, thy favor, and thy smiles, Thine ev - er-last-ing love.

3. These are the bless-ings I de-sire; Lord, be these blessings mine, And all the glories of the world I cheer - ful-ly re-sign.

Rootstown. C. M.

Cantabile.

1. Dear Father, to thy mer - cy - seat My soul for shel - ter flies: 'Tis here I find a soft re - treat When storms and tempests rise.

2. My cheerful hope can nev - er die, If thou, my God, art near; Thy grace can raise my comforts high, And ban - ish ev - 'ry fear.

3. My great Pro - tect - or and my Lord! Thy constant aid im - part; Oh, let thy kind, thy gracious word, Sus - tain my trembling heart.

Bret. C. M.

C. C. Case.

Tenderly.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis man-na to the hungry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.

3. I would thy boundless love pro - claim With ev'ry fleeting breath, So shall the mu - sic of thy name Re - fresh my soul till death.

Case. C. M.

Nathan Barker.

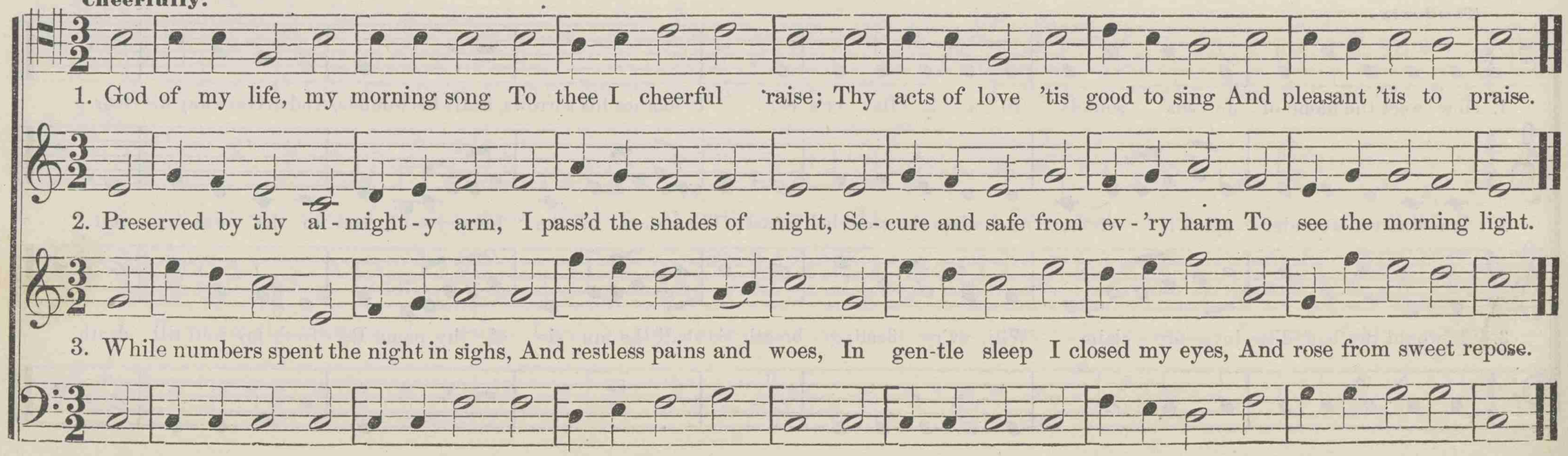
In Chanting Style.



Owa. C. M.

C. C. Case.

Cheerfully.



MATTOON. C. M.

C. C. WILLIAMS.

Andante.

1. Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat My soul for shelter flies; 'Tis here I find a safe retreat When storms and tempests rise.

2. My cheerful hope can never die If thou, my God, art near; Thy grace can raise my comforts high, And banish ev-'ry fear.

3. Oh, nev-er let my soul remove From this divine re-treat; Still let me trust thy pow'r and love, And dwell beneath thy feet.

TRUST. C. M.

T. H. TANNER.

Firm.

1. In time of fear when trouble's near, I look to thine a-bode; Tho' helpers fail, and foes prevail, I'll put my trust in God.

2. And what is life, 'mid toil and strife? What terror has the grave? Thine arm of pow'r in peril's hour, The trembling soul will save.

3. In darkest skies, tho' storms arise, I will not be dismayed; O God of light, and boundless might, My soul on thee is stayed.

Abbie. C. M.

Jas. McGranahan.

Moderate.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come unto me and rest, Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon my breast."

2. I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea-ry, and worn, and sad; I found in him a resting-place, And he has made me glad.

3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be-hold, I free - ly give The liv-ing wa - ter; thirsty one, Stoop down and drink, and live."

4. I came to Je - sus and I drank Of that life-giv - ing stream; My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in him.

Watson's Run. C. M.

M. A. Brown.

Andante.

1. There is a fold whence none can stray, And pastures ever green, Where sultry sun, or storm-y day, Or night is nev - er seen.

2. Far up the ev - er - last - ing hills, In God's own light it lies; His smile its vast do - min - ion fills With joy that nev-er dies.

PROMISE. C. M.

T. H. TANNER.

Cantabile.

1. How large the promise, how divine, To Abra'm and his seed! "I'll be a God to thee and thine, Supply-ing all their need."

2. The words of His ex-ten-sive love From age to age endure; The an-gel of the cov'nant proves, And seals the blessing sure.

3. Je-sus the an-cient faith confirms To our great fa-thers giv'n; He takes young children to his arms, And calls them heirs of heaven.

BENONI. C. M.

C. C. CASE.

Chanting style.

1. The Sav-ior calls at ev-'ry ear, At-tend the heavenly sound; Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fears, Hope smiles reviving 'round.

2. To ev-'ry thirst-y, longing heart, Here streams of beauty flow, And life and health, and bliss impart, To ban-ish mor-tal woe.

3. Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice, That gracious voice o-bey; 'Tis Je-sus calls to heavenly joys, And can you yet de-lay?

TORREY. C. M.

Mrs. JAS. McGRANAHAN.



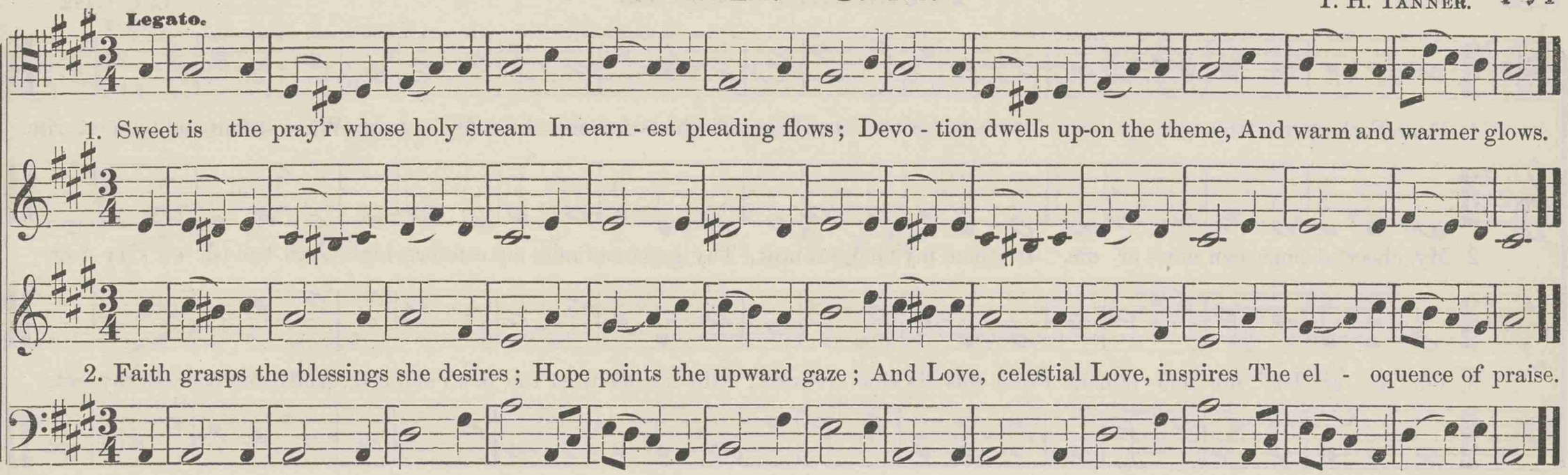
SELBY. C. M.

C. C. CASE.



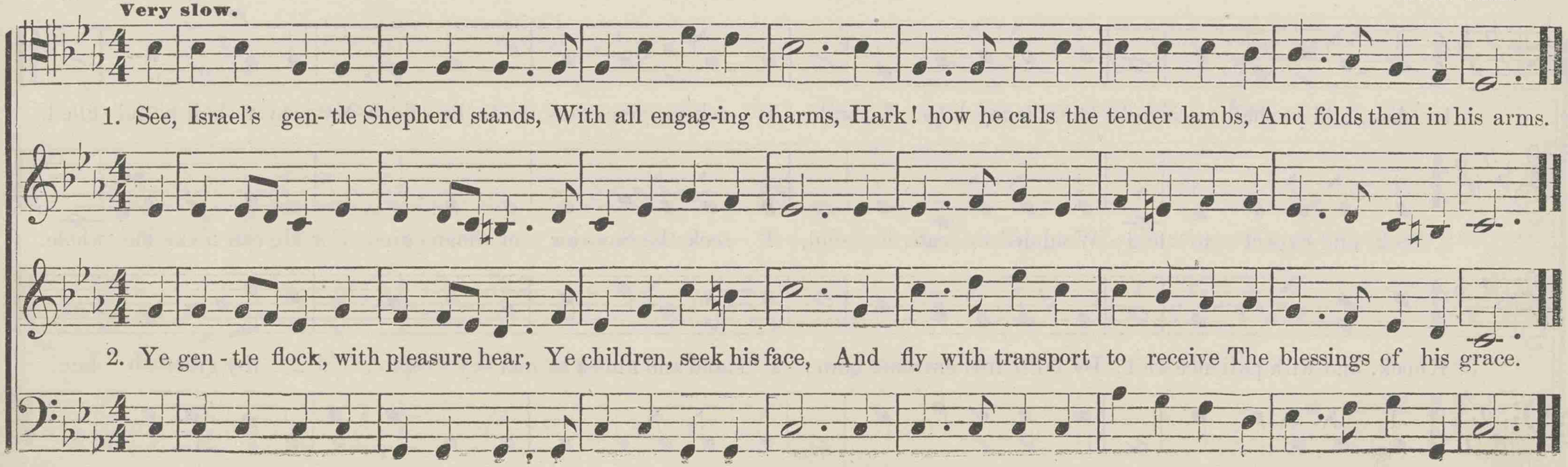
PRAYER. C. M.

T. H. TANNER.



CHRISTY. C. M.

C. C. CASE.



YOUNGMAN. C. M.

C. C. CASE.

1. Dear Father, to thy mer-cy-seat My soul for shel-ter flies; 'Tis here I find a safe re-treat When storms and tempests rise.

2. My cheerful hope can nev-er die, If thou, my God, art near, Thy grace can raise my comforts high, And ban-ish ev-'ry fear.

3. Oh, nev-er let my soul remain From this di-vine re-treat; Still let me trust thy pow'r and love, And dwell beneath thy feet.

MILLICENT. S. M.

KITTIE KASE.

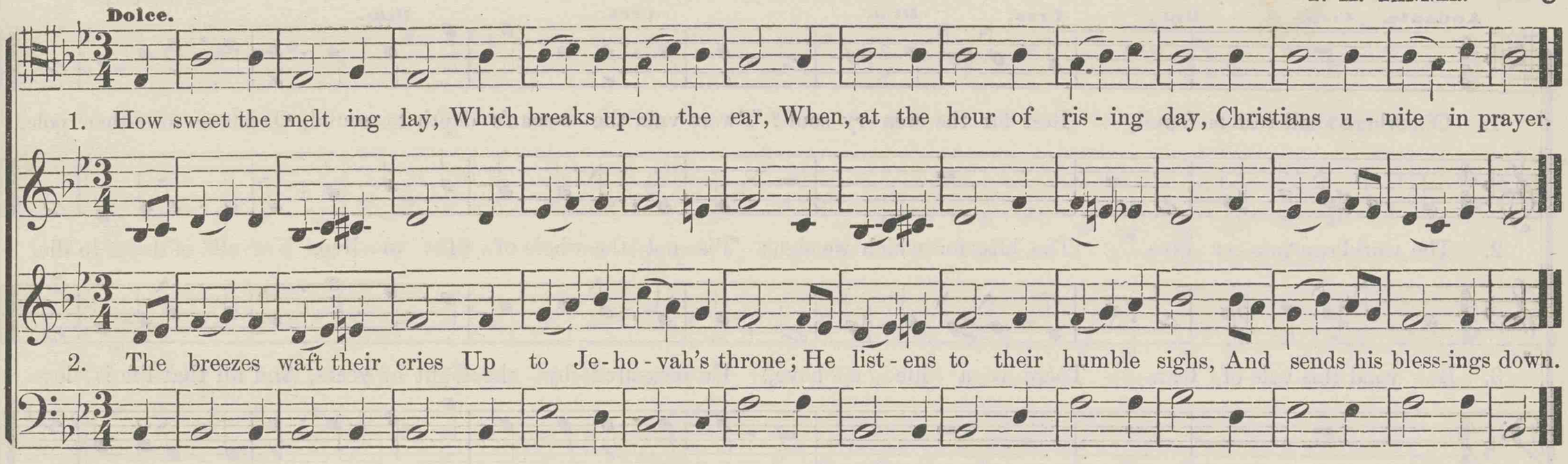
1. "Ask, and ye shall re-ceive"—On this my hope I build; I ask for-give-ness and be-lieve My prayer shall be ful-filled.

2. Seek, and expect to find; Wounded to death in soul, I seek the Sav-ior of man-kind, For He can make me whole.

3. Knock, and with patience wait; By faith free entrance gain; I stand and knock at mer-cy's gate, Till I thy grace ob-tain.

DEVOTION. S. M.

T. H. TANNER.



PERRY. S. M.

C. C. CASE.



TIDBALL. S. M.

C. C. CASE.



COLEBROOK. S. M.

N. E. BACON.



KING. S. M.

W. A. LAFFERTY.

1. A-wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb; Wake, every heart and every tongue, To praise the Savior's name.

2. Sing of his dy - ing love, Sing of his ris - ing pow'r; Sing how he in - ter-cedes a - bove, For those whose sins he bore.

3. Soon shall we hear him say, Ye bless - ed children, come; Soon will he call us hence a - way, To our e - ter - nal home.

FRANK. 7S.

L. D. DAGGETT.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way; Free from care, from sorrow free, Lord, I would commune with thee.

2. Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way; Then, from sin and sorrow free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

HATTIE. 7s.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



CELIA. 7s.

C. W. TOURJEE.

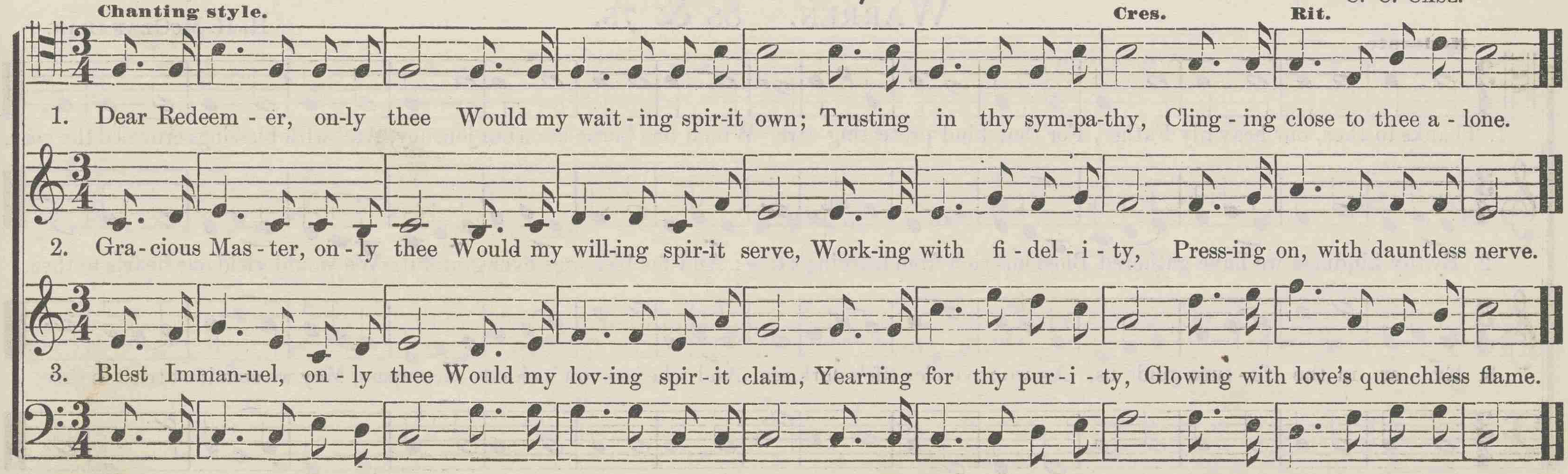


BUTLER. 7S.



DOVER. 7S.

C. C. CASE.



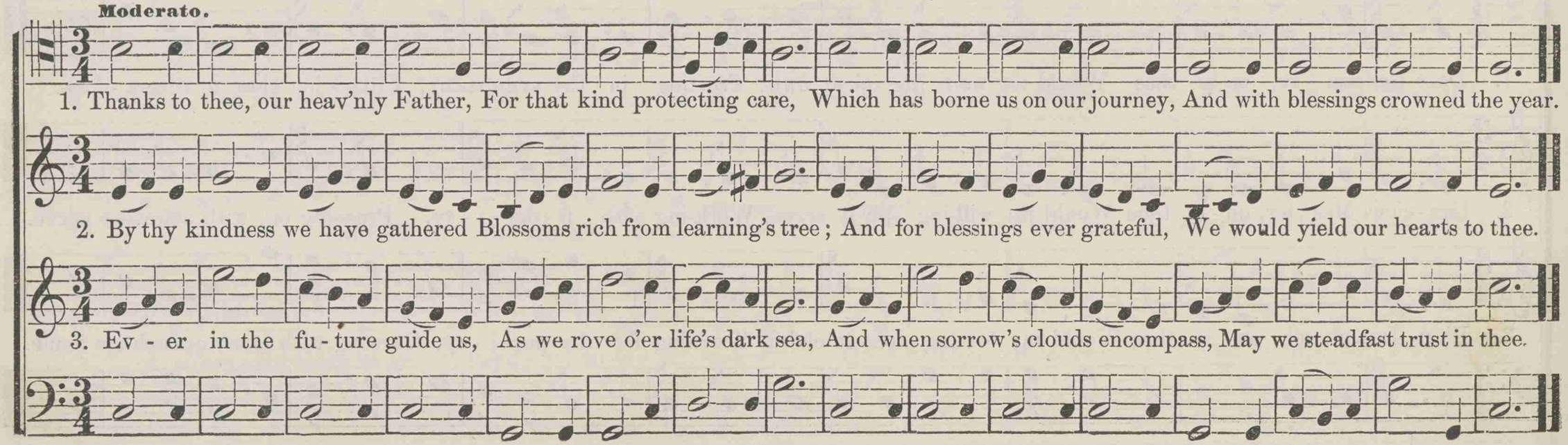
CREE. 7s.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



WARREN. 8s & 7s.

H. H. MCGRANAHAN.



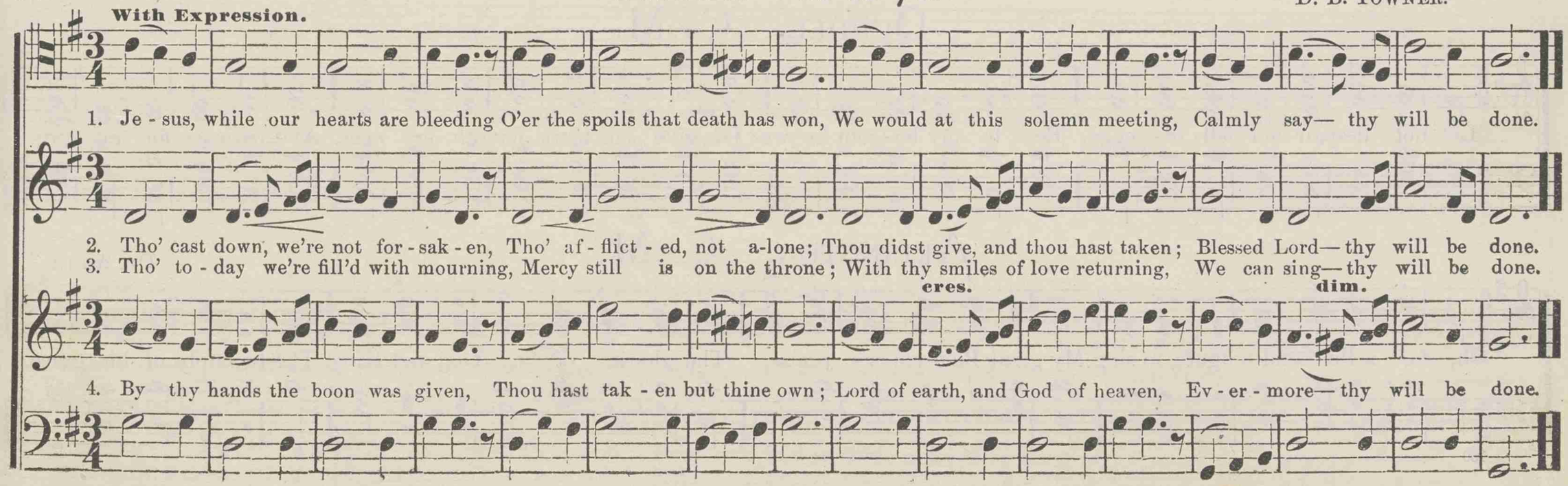
VICKERY. 8s & 7s.

JAS. MCGRANAHAN.



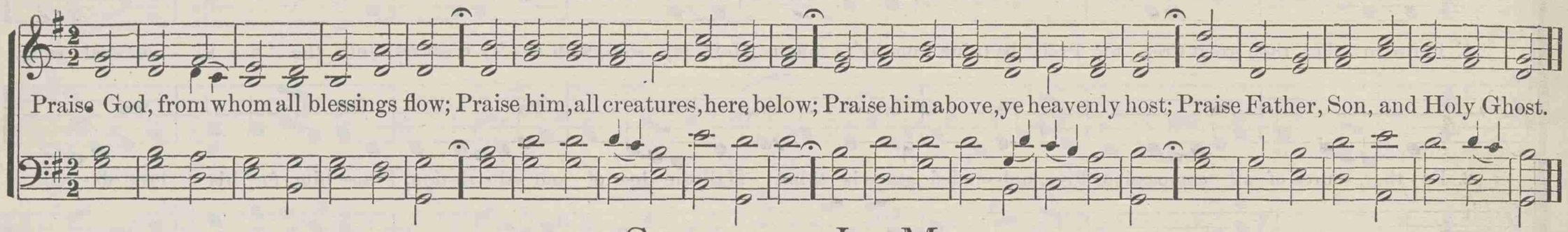
PHILIPS. 8s & 7s.

D. B. TOWNER.



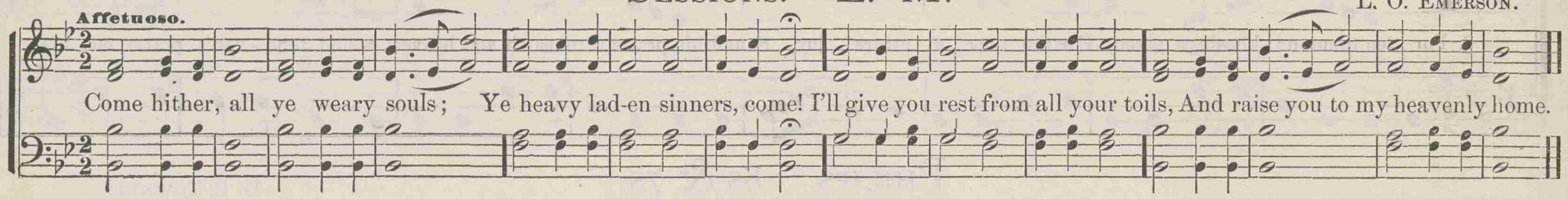
CONGREGATIONAL TUNES.

Old Hundred. L. M.

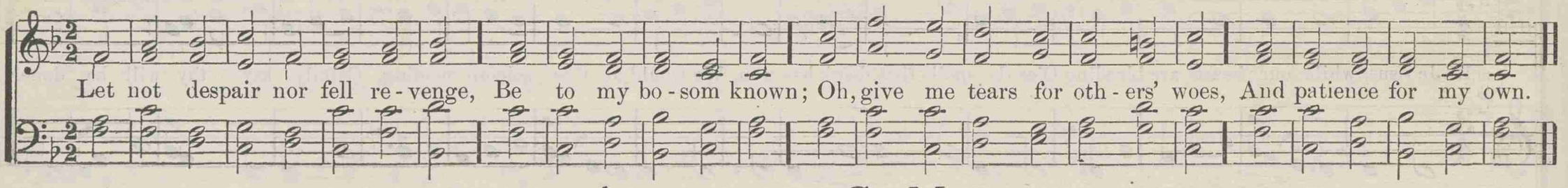


Sessions. L. M.

L. O. Emerson.



Dundee. C. M.



Arlington. C. M.

Dr. Arne.



Boylston. S. M.

Dr. L. Mason.

1. I love thy king-dom, Lord—The house of thine a - bode, The church our blest Re-deemer saved With his own pre - cious blood.

Olmutz. S. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by Dr. L. Mason.

To praise our Shepherd's care, His wisdom, love, and might, Your loudest, loft - iest song prepare, And bid the world u - nite.

Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

German.

1. Heavenly Fa - ther, sov'reign Lord, Be thy glo - rious name adored! Lord, thy mer-cies nev - er fail, Hail, ce-lestial Goodness, hail!
2. Though unworth-y of thine ear, Deign our hum-ble songs to hear; Pur - er praise we hope to bring, When around thy throne we sing.

Bethany. 6s & 4s.

1. Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee, E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.
2. Tho' like a wanderer, Daylight all gone, Darkness be over me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.
3. Or if, on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars forgot, Upward I fly, Still all my song shall be Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.

ANTHEMS.

MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE Ps. c.

JAS. MCGRANAHAN.

Allegro.

Make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, all ye lands, Make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord,

all ye lands, all ye lands,

Make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, all ye lands, Make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord,

all ye lands, all ye lands,

all ye lands; Make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, all ye lands; Make a joy - ful noise

all ye lands, all ye lands,

all ye lands; Make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, all ye lands; Make a joy - ful noise

all ye lands, all ye lands,

un - to the Lord, all ye lands.

un - to the Lord, all . . . . ye lands.

Instrument.

MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE. Continued.

SOLI, or a few voices.

Serve . . . the Lord with gladness, with glad-ness, with glad-ness, Come . . . be-fore his presence with

SOLI. or a few voices.

SOPRANO SOLI, or a few voices.

sing - - - - - - - ing: Serve . . . . the Lord with gladness, with glad - ness, with glad-ness,

CHORUS.

Serve the Lord with gladness, serve him, serve him, Serve the Lord with gladness, serve with gladness,

Slow.

Come . . . before his presence with sing - - - - ing. Know ye that the Lord he is God.

Come before his pres - ence, come with singing, come before his pres-ence, come with sing-ing. Know ye that the Lord he is God.

A tempo.

It is he that hath made us, it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves.

It is he that hath made us. We are his peo-ple,

It is he that hath made us, it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves.

Make a Joyful Noise. Continued.

we are his peo - ple, we are his peo-ple, and the sheep of his pas - ture; we are his peo-ple, and the sheep of his pas-ture;

we are his peo - ple, we are his peo-ple, and the sheep of his pas - ture; we are his peo-ple, and the sheep of his pas-ture;

En - ter in - to his gates, his gates with thanksgiving, and in - to his courts, his courts with praise, and in - to his courts, his

En - ter in - to his gates, his gates with thanksgiving, and in - to his courts, his courts with praise, and in - to his courts, his

courts with praise, and in - to his courts, his courts with praise. Be thank-ful un - to him and bless his name,

courts with praise, and in - to his courts, his courts with praise. Be thank-ful un - to him and bless his name,

For the Lord is good, the Lord is good, for the Lord is good; His mer-cy is ev - er - last - ing, and his truth endur-eth to

For the Lord is good, the Lord is good, for the Lord is good; His mer-cy is ev - er - last - ing, and his truth endur-eth to

Make a Joyful Noise. Concluded.



He Careth for You. Sentence.

P. P. Bliss.



First time, Soprano and Alto Duet.

all your cares up-on him, Casting all your cares up-on him, for he careth for you, Cast-ing all your cares upon him, Casting

all your cares up-on him, Casting all your cares up-on him, for he careth for you, Cast-ing all your cares upon him, Casting

Slow and Soft.

all your cares up-on him, Casting all your cares up-on him, for he careth for you. He careth for you, He careth for you.

all your cares up-on him, Casting all your cares up-on him, for he careth for you. He careth for you, He careth for you.

Sing Ye Jehovah's Praises. Thanksgiving Anthem.

C. C. Case.

Allegretto. *ff*

Sing ye Je-hovah's prais-es; Praise ye his name for-ev-er; Earth now to heav-en rais-es Her voice in grateful

ff

Sing ye Je-ho-vah's prais-es; Praise ye his name for-ev-er; Earth now to heav-en rais-es Her voice in grateful

ff

Not too fast.

m

lays. Sing his praise, Sing his praise, Sing his great sal-va-tion; Sing his praise,

m

Glo-ri-fy him, Glo-rify him, Let his great sal-va-tion now ap-pear; . . Glo-ri-fy him,

m

lays. Sing his praise, Sing his praise, Sing his great sal-va-tion; Sing his praise,

m

1st time Repeat pp. 2d time. ff

Sing his praise, Send the joy - ful news, news; Sing ye Je-ho - vah's prais-es;

ff

Glo - ri-fy him, Send the joy-ful tid-ings far and near, near, far and near.

ff

Sing his praise, Sing his praise, Send the joy-ful news, news; Sing ye Je-ho-vah's prais-es.

ff

Andante

Praise ye his name for - ev - er. Earth now to heav-en rais - es Her voice in grate-ful lays. Far, far a-way,

p

Praise ye his name for - ev - er. Earth now to heav-en rais es Her voice in grate-ful lays. Far, far a-way,

p

Sing Ye Jehovah's Praises. Continued.

Far, far away from him his peo - ple all have strayed, . Yet, yet his lov-ing, Yet, yet his lov-ing kind-ness nev-er is de-layed.

p Rit.

p

Far, far away from him his peo - ple all have strayed, . Yet, yet his lov-ing, Yet, yet his lov-ing kind-ness nev-er is de-layed.

ff **Allegretto.**

Sing ye Je - ho - vah's prais - es, Praise ye his name for - ev - er; Earth now to heav - en rais - es Her voice in grate-ful

ff

ff

Sing ye Je - ho - vah's prais - es, Praise ye his name for - ev - er; Earth now to heav - en rais - es Her voice in grate-ful

ff

ff **pp* *ff*

lays. Hal - le-lu - jah, a - men; Hal - le-lu - jah, a - men; Hal - le-lu - jah, a - men; Hal-le-lujah, a - men; Hal-le - lu - jah, a - men;

lays. Hal - le-lu - jah, a - men; Hal - le-lu - jah, a - men; Hal - le-lu - jah, a - men; Hal-le-lujah, a - men; Hal-le - lu - jah, a - men;

pp *ff*

pp *ff* *pp* *ff* *pp*

Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men; Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men; Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men; A - men, a - men.

Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men; Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men; Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men; A - men, a - men.

pp *ff* *pp* *ff* *pp*

*The small notes may be sung by an outside choir, for a concert effect.

Herein is Love.

P. P. Bliss.

For God so lov'd the world, For God so lov'd the world, That he gave his Son, his on - ly be - got - ten Son;

For God so lov'd the world, For God so lov'd the world, That he gave his Son, his on - ly be - got - ten Son;

That who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in him . . . . Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in

cres.

Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in him . . . be - liev - eth in

Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in him, be - liev - eth in

Fine. *

him . . . that who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in him should not per-ish, but have ev - er - last - ing life,

Fine.

f

him . . . that who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in him should not per - ish, but have ev - er - last - ing life.

Dal segno.

Here - in is love, Here - in is love, not that we lov'd God, but that he lov'd us, and sent his Son;

p *pp* cres.

Here - in is love, Here - in is love, not that we lov'd God, but that he lov'd us, and sent his Son;

* The ending would be more effective if an "amen" were added in the plagal cadence. Soprano, la, sol; Alto, fa, mi; Tenor, do, do; and Bass, fa, do.

Be Merciful unto Me.

C. C. Williams.

Adagio.

Be mer - ci - ful un - to me, un - to me, O God, un - to me,

Be mer - ci - ful un - to me, un - to me, O God, be mer - ci - ful un - to me, O God, be

Be mer-ci - ful un - to me, be mer - ci - ful un-to me, O God, be mer - ci - ful un - to me, O God, be

Be mer - ci - ful un - to me, O God, un - to me . . . . .

. . merciful to me, be merciful to me, O God, be mer-ci - ful, be mer - ci - ful, be

mer - ci - ful, be merciful to me, unto me, O God, be mer-ci - ful, be mer - ci - ful, be

merciful to me, be . . un-to me, O God, be mer - ci - ful, be mer - ci - ful, be

. . . be . . . . merciful to me, O God, be mer - ci - ful, be mer - ci - ful, be

Allegro.

mer-ci-ful un-to me, be mer-ci-ful un-to me. I will praise thy name, I will praise thy name, for my soul trusteth in

Rit. *m* *f*

mer-ci-ful un-to me, be mer-ci-ful un-to me. I will praise thy name, I will praise thy name, for my soul trusteth in

thee, for my soul trusteth in thee; I will praise thy name, I will praise thy name, for my soul trusteth in thee, my soul trusteth in thee.

m *ff*

thee, for my soul trusteth in thee; I will praise thy name, I will praise thy name, for my soul trusteth in thee, my soul trusteth in thee.

Andante.

Yea, in the shadow of thy wings, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my ref - uge.

Somber.

Yea, in the shadow of thy wings, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my ref - uge, in the sha - dow of thy

will I make, For thou hast delivered, for thou hast delivered, for thou hast delivered my

wings,

accel.

my ref - uge, For thou hast delivered, for thou hast delivered, for thou hast delivered my

Be Merciful unto Me. Concluded.

soul from death, for thou hast de - liv - ered, for thou hast de - liv - ered, for thou hast de - liv - ered my soul from death.

soul from death, for thou hast de - liv - ered, for thou hast de - liv - ered, for thou hast de - liv - ered my soul from death.

Teach Me Thy Way, O Lord.

Sophie C. Hall.

Moderato.

Teach me thy way, teach me thy way, teach me thy

p *m* *f*

Teach me thy way, O Lord, teach me thy way, O Lord, teach me thy way, O teach me thy

Teach me thy way, teach me thy way, teach me thy

TEACH ME THY WAY, O LORD. Continued.

way, I will walk in thy truth, I will walk in thy truth, U - nite my heart to fear thy name

m Cres. Dim.

way, I will walk in thy truth, I will walk in thy truth, U - nite my heart to fear thy name, U-

way, I will walk in thy truth, I will walk in thy truth, U - nite my heart to fear thy name, U-

U - nite my heart to fear thy name, And

-nite my heart to fear thy name,

-nite my heart to fear thy name, U - nite my heart to fear thy name.

Legato. Duet obligato. Tenor and Alto.

I will praise thee with my . . . . whole heart, . . . And I . . . . . will praise thee O Lord, with all my heart,

p *m* cres. *f*

I will praise thee with my whole heart, I will praise thee with my whole heart, I will praise thee with my whole heart, praise the Lord with all my heart,

Duet, Soprano and Alto.

And I . . . . will praise thee with all . . . . my heart, . . And I . . . . . will praise thee, O Lord, with all my heart.

p *m* cres. *f*

I will praise thee with my whole heart, I will praise thee with my whole heart, I will praise thee with my whole heart, praise the Lord with all my heart.

Teach me thy way, O Lord. Concluded.

Allegretto.

And I will glo - ri - fy thy name, I will glo-ri - fy thy name, I will glo-ri - fy thy name for-ev - er, ev- er - more.

cres.

And I will glo - ri - fy thy name, I will glo-ri - fy thy name, I will glo-ri - fy thy name for-ev-er, ev - er - more.

Forevermore, forevermore,

Rit. e dim.

And I will glorify thy name, I will glo - ri - fy thy name, I will glo - ri - fy thy name for-ev-er, ever-more, A - men.

And I will glorify thy name, I will glo - ri - fy thy name, I will glo - ri - fy thy name for-ev-er, ever-more, A - men.

Rit. e dim.

Forever - more, forev-er-more,

I Will Joy.

Duet for Sop. or Tenor, and Alto.

Jas. McGranahan.

Altho' the fig - tree shall not blossom; Neither shall fruit be on the vine, The labor of the olive, of the olive shall fail, The

fields shall yield, shall yield no fruit, The flocks shall be cut off from the fold, And there shall be no herd in the stall.

Yet will I re - joice, will re - joice in the Lord, Yet will I re - joice, will re - joice in the Lord, I will

I will joy,

Yet will I re - joice, will re - joice in the Lord, Yet will I re - joice, will re - joice in the Lord, I will

I Will Joy. Continued.

joy, I will joy, will joy in the God of my sal - va - tion, I will joy in the God of my sal - va - tion,

I will joy, I will joy, will

joy, I will joy, will joy in the God of my sal - va - tion, will joy . . . . will

I will joy in the God of my sal - va - tion, I will joy in the God of my sal - va - tion, I will joy in the

joy, ...

I will joy in the God of my sal - va - tion, I will joy in the God of my sal - va - tion, I will joy in the

Joy, - - - - - - - -

God of my sal - va - tion; Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord for - ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more.

God of my sal - va - tion; Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord for - ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more.

Praise the Lord for-ev - er - more, for-ev - er - more, Praise the Lord forev-er-more, for - ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more.

Praise the Lord for-ev - er - more, for-ev - er - more, Praise the Lord forev-er-more, for - ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more.

Blessed Are The People. Anthem.

J. A. Butterfield, by per.

f **Moderato.** *ff* *f*

Bless - ed, blessed, Bless-ed are the peo-ple, Blessed, Blessed are the peo-ple, O Lord, that can re-

f *f*

that can re - joice in

f *ff* *f*

Bless-ed, blessed, Bless - ed, blessed, Bless - ed are the peo-ple, O Lord, that can rejoice in thee, re-

Bless-ed are the people, Blessed, Blessed are the people, O Lord,

ff *p* *pp* *ff*

joice in thee, that can re-joice, re-joice, re - joice in thee; they shall walk in the light, in the light of thy countenance. A - men.

thee, that can rejoice, that can re-joice,

Slower.

ff *p* *pp* *ff*

joice, that can rejoice, that can re-joice, re-joice in thee; they shall walk in the light, the light of thy countenance. A - men.

f

that can rejoice in thee, in the light

Andante.

m

rit.

Bless - ed is he that con - sid - er - eth the poor, Bless - ed is he that con - sid - er - eth the poor, Blessed

m

Blessed, bless-ed, bless - ed is he that con - sid - er - eth the poor, Blessed, bless-ed,

blessed, bless-ed, bless-ed,

Blessed, bless-ed, bless - ed is he that con - sid - er - eth the poor, Blessed, bless-ed,

Blessed is He. Continued.

rit.

Allegro.

Bless-ed is he that con-sid-er-eth the poor.

p

The Lord will de-liv-er him in time of troub-le, The

Bless-ed is he that con-sid-er-eth the poor.

p

The Lord will de-liv-er him in time of troub-le, The

p

Lord will de-liv-er him in time of troub-le, The Lord will de-liv-er him, The Lord will de-liv-er him, The

Lord will de-liv-er him in time of troub-le, The Lord will de-liv-er him, The Lord will de-liv-er him, The

ff **Obligato Duet.**

The Lord will de - liv - er him, The

p

Lord will de - liv - er him in time of troub -le. The Lord will de - liv - er him in time of troub -le, The

p

Lord will de - liv - er him in time of troub -le. The Lord will de - liv - er him in time of troub -le, The

p

Lord will de - liv - er him, The Lord will de - liv - - er him, in

Lord will de - liv - er him in time of troub -le, The Lord will de - liv - er him, The Lord will de - liv - er him, The

Lord will de - liv - er him in time of troub -le, The Lord will de - liv - er him, The Lord will de - liv - er him, The

Blessed is He. Continued.

1mo.

time of troub - - le, . . .

Lord will de-liv-er him in time of troub-le,

Lord will de-liv-er him in time of troub-le,

2do.

time of troub - - - le.

Lord will de-liv-er him in time of troub-le,

Lord will de-liv-er him in time of troub-le.

Slow.

Bless-ed, bless-ed,

Bless-ed, bless-ed,

Faster.

bless - ed, bless - ed, Bless - ed is he, for the Lord will preserve him, The

The Lord will preserve him, the Lord will preserve him,

bless - ed, bless - ed, Bless-ed is he, for the Lord will preserve him, The

Lord will preserve him, and keep him a - live, The Lord will preserve him, the Lord will preserve him, The Lord will preserve him, and

Lord will preserve him, and keep him a - live, The Lord will preserve him, the Lord will preserve him, The Lord will preserve him, and

keep him a - live. And he shall be bless - ed, he shall be bless - ed, he shall be bless - ed up-

keep him a - live. And he shall be bless - ed, he shall be bless - ed, he shall be bless - ed up-

Blessed is He. Concluded.

ff *ff* *ff* *ff* rit. *ff* rit.

- on the earth, And he shall be bless-ed, he shall be bless-ed, he shall be bless-ed up - on the earth.

- on the earth, And he shall be bless-ed, he shall be bless-ed, he shall be bless-ed up - on the earth.

The Lord's Prayer.

Tallis.

1. Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name; | Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in | earth as it | is in | heaven. |

2. Give us this day our | dai - ly | bread; | And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors. |

3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | e-vil; | For thine is the kingdom and the | power, and the | glory for- | ever. | A - men.

Behold, What Manner of Love.

Be - hold, Be - hold, what man - ner of love the Fa - ther hath be-

Be - hold, be - hold, . .

Be - hold, be - hold, be - hold, . . Be - hold, what man - ner of love the Fa - ther hath be-

stowed up - on us, that we should be call - ed the sons of God; Be - hold, what manner of love the Fa - ther hath be-

stowed up - on us, that we should be call - ed the sons of God; Be - hold, what manner of love the Fa - ther hath be-

Behold, What Manner of Love. Continued.

stowed up-on us, that we should be call-ed the sons of God, That we should be called the

That we should be call - ed the sons of

stowed up-on us, that we should be call-ed the sons of God, That we should be call - ed the sons of

sons of God; That we should be call-ed the sons of God, That we should be call-ed the sons of God; There-fore the

God.

God; That we should be call-ed the sons of God, That we should be call-ed the sons of God;

world, the world knoweth us not, be - cause it knew, it

Therefore, the world, the world know-eth us not,

be - cause it knew, it

Rit. Tempo.

knew him not, it knew him not, it knew him not. Be - lov - ed, now are we the sons of

Rit. Tempo.

knew him not, it knew him not, it knew him not. Be - lov - ed, now are we the sons of

Behold, What Manner of Love. Continued.

God, are we the sons of God, . . And it doth not yet ap - pear what we shall be, And it doth not yet ap-

God, are we the sons of God, . . And it doth not yet ap - pear what we shall be, And it doth not yet ap-

pear what we shall be, But we know that when he shall ap - pear, shall ap - pear, we know that when he shall ap-

pear what we shall be, But we know that when he shall ap - pear, . . we know that when he shall ap-

when he shall ap - pear, we know that when he, when

he shall ap-pear we shall be like him, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is, as he is,

pear, . . we shall be like him, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is, ...

he shall ap-pear, we shall, we shall be

We shall be like him, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is. . . . .

We shall be like him, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is. . . . .

We shall be like him, we shall

Hark the Song of Jubilee.

C. C. Case.

Maestoso.

m *ff*

Hark! the song of ju-bi-lee, Loud as mighty thunder's roar, Or the fullness of the sea When it breaks up-on the

m *ff*

Hark! the song of ju-bi-lee, Loud as mighty thunder's roar, Or the fullness of the sea When it breaks up-on the

Cres. Dim. Cres. *ff*

shore. See Jehovah's banners furl'd, Sheath'd his sword, he speaks, 'tis done; Now the kingdoms of this world, Are the kingdoms of his Son.

shore. See Jehovah's banners furled, Sheath'd his sword, he speaks, 'tis done; Now the kingdoms of this world, Are the kingdoms of his Son.

ff

m

He shall reign from pole to pole, With supreme, un-bounded sway, He shall reign from pole to pole,

He shall reign from pole to pole, With supreme, un-bounded sway, He shall reign from pole to pole,

m

With supreme, unbounded sway.

Baritone Solo.

3 3

He shall reign from pole to pole, With su - preme, unbounded

With supreme, unbounded sway.

HARK THE SONG OF JUBILEE. Continued.

sway, He shall reign from pole to pole, With supreme, unbounded sway, He shall reign when, like a scroll, Yonder

heavens have passed away, He shall reign when, like a scroll, Yonder heavens have passed away. He shall

reign from pole to pole With su-preme, unbounded sway, He shall reign from pole to pole With su-preme, unbounded

He shall reign from pole to pole With supreme, un - bounded sway, He shall reign from pole to pole With supreme, un -

He shall reign from pole to pole With supreme, un - bounded sway, He shall reign from pole to pole With supreme, un -

sway, He shall reign, when, like a scroll, Yonder heav'ns have passed away, He shall reign, when, like a

bounded sway, He shall reign when, like a scroll, Yonder heav'ns have passed away, He shall reign,

bounded sway, He shall reign when, like a scroll, Yonder heav'ns have passed away, He shall reign,

scroll, Yonder heavens have passed a - way.

When, like a scroll, Yon-der heav'ns have passed away, passed a - way. Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord God om - nip - o -

When, like a scroll, Yon-der heav'ns have passed away, passed a - way. Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord God om - nip - o -

tent shall reign, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Let the word ech - o

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

tent shall reign, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Let the word ech - o

round the earth Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! let the word ech-o round the

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

round the earth Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! let the word ech-o round the

ff *ff*

earth. Hal-le-lu-jah! let the word, Hal-le-lu-jah! let the word, Hal-le-lu-jah! let the word ech-o round the earth, the earth and main.

earth. Hal-le-lu-jah! let the word, Hal-le-lu-jah! let the word, Hal-le-lu-jah! let the word ech-o round the earth, the earth and main.

ff *ff*

Before Jehovah's awful Throne.

James McGranahan.

Maestoso.

Before Je-ho-vah's aw - ful throne, Ye nation's bow, with sacred joy; Know that the Lord is God a - lone, He can cre-ate and

Before Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye nations bow, with sacred joy; Know that the Lord is God a - lone, He can cre-ate and

SOLO.

f *p*

he de - stroy, He can cre - ate and he de - stroy. His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid, Made us of clay and form'd us men,

Organ.

f *p*

he de - stroy, He can create and he destroy.

And when like wand'ring sheep we strayed, He bro't us to his fold a - gain, He bro't us to his fold a - gain. We'll crowd thy gates with

We'll crowd thy gates with

thank - ful song, High as the heav'ns our voic - es raise, And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill

thank - ful song, High as the heav'ns our voic - es raise, And earth, with her ten thous - and tongues, Shall fill thy

And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, shall fill

Before Jehovah's Awful Throne. Continued.

thy courts with with sounding praise; We'll crowd thy gates with thank - ful songs, High as the heav'ns

we'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heav'ns our

courts with sound - ing praise; We'll crowd thy gates with thank - ful songs, High as the heav'ns our

thy courts we'll crowd thy gates, with thankful songs, High as the heav'ns

our voic - es raise, And earth, with her ten thous - and tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding

voic - es raise, And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill thy courts with sounding

voic - es raise, And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill thy courts with sounding

our voic - es raise, And earth, with her ten thous - and tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding

praise, And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise,

shall fill thy

praise, And earth, with her ten thous - and tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise,

praise, And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise,

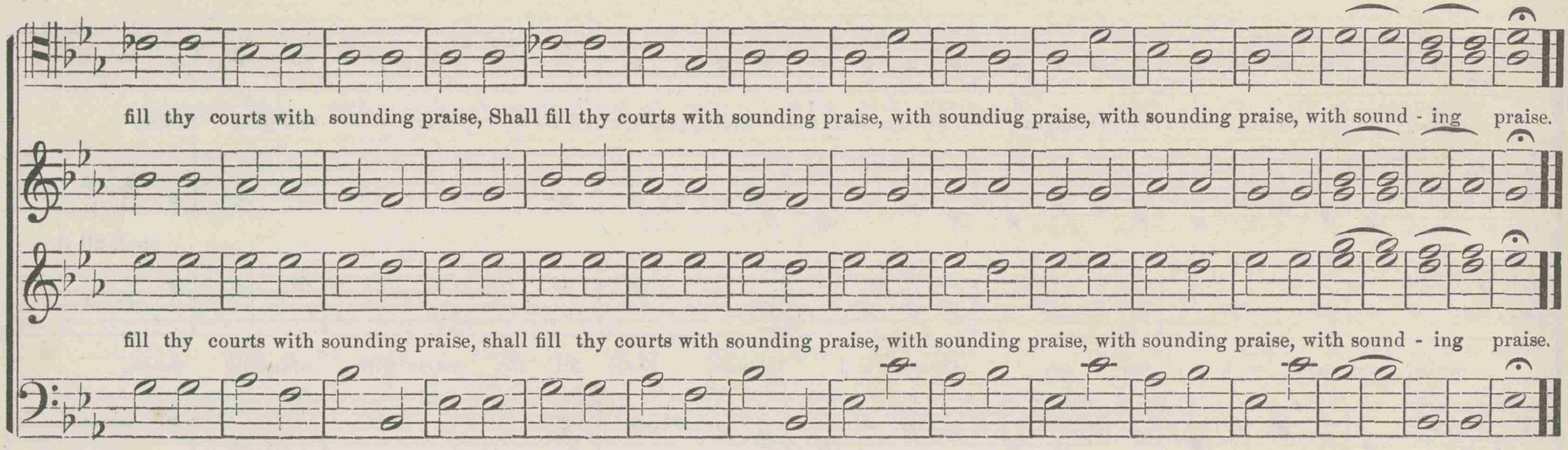
praise, And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise,

Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, with sounding praise, And earth, with her ten thousand tougues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall

courts, shall fill thy courts,

Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, with sounding praise, And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall

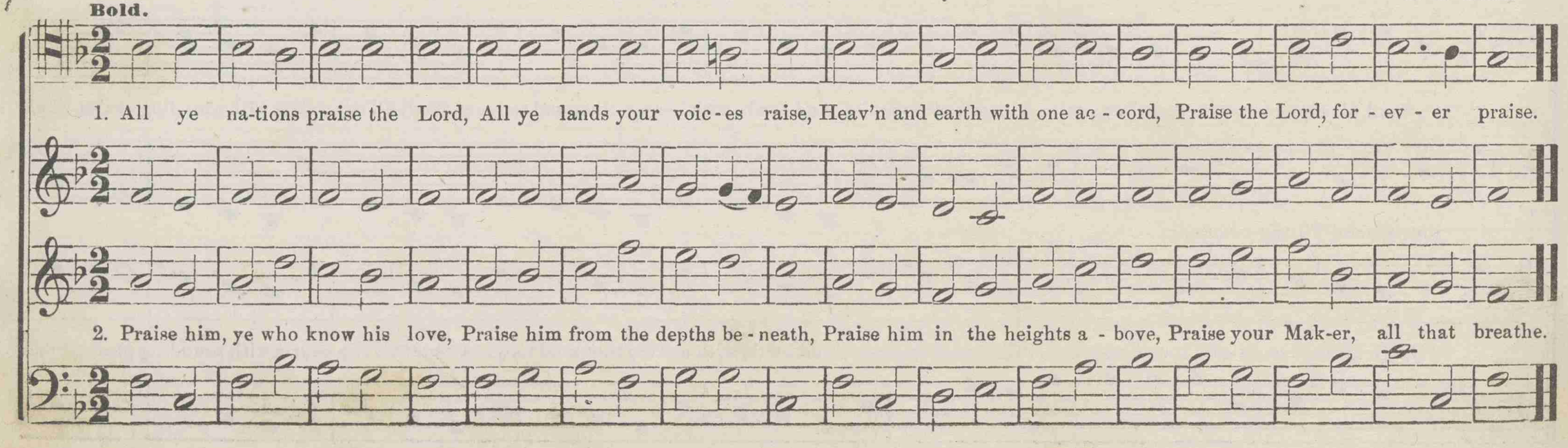
Before Jehovah's Awful Throne. Concluded.



Garrettsville. 7s.

C. C. Case.

Bold.



Andante grazioso.

I will both lay me down in peace and sleep: For thou, Lord, for thou, Lord, on - ly makest me to dwell in safe - ty. I

Dim.

p

I will both lay me down in peace and sleep, For thou, Lord, for thou, Lord, on - ly makest me to dwell in safe - ty. I

will both lay me down, will lay me down in peace and sleep, and sleep; For thou, Lord, on-ly mak - est me to dwell in safe - ty.

I will both lay me down in peace and sleep, etc.

will both lay me down in peace . . . . and sleep, and sleep; For thou, Lord, on-ly makest me to dwell in safe - ty.

will lay me down in peace

Now Elevate The Sign of Judah.

HAYDN.

f **Maestoso.**

Now el - e vate the sign of Ju - dah! Now el - e - vate the ban - ner, Now el - e - vate the ban - ner, Call it forth in Zi - on!

Now el - e - vate the sign of Ju - dah! Now el - e - vate the ban - ner, Now el - e - vate the ban - ner, Call it forth in Zi - on!

Call it, Call it, Call it forth in Zi - on!

Call it, Call it, Call it forth in Zi - on!

p

Oh! put your trust in God: He will save us; He is al - ways, al - ways gra - cious

He, He is

Oh! put your trust in God: He will save us; He is al - ways, al - ways gra - cious

to his ser - vants, Oh, praise the Lord, the Lord of hosts,

to his ser - vants, Oh, praise the Lord, the Lord of hosts,

the Lord of hosts! ex - alt his name, ex -

ex - alt his name, ... ex - alt his

the Lord of hosts! ex - alt his name, ex -

alt his name and glo - ri - fy him, ex - alt and glo - - - - - - - - - -

name . . .

alt his name and glo - ri - fy him, ex - alt and glo - - - - - - - - - -

Now Elevate The Sign of Judah. Concluded.

- - ri - fy him ev - er - more! Ex - alt and praise him, Ex - alt and

- - ri - fy him ev - er - more! Ex - alt and praise him, Ex - alt and

glo - - - - - - - - - ri - fy him ev - er - more,

glo - - - - - - - - - ri - fy him ev - er - more,

for - ev - er ev - er - more. A - men, a - men, a - men, a - men.

for - ev - er ev - er - more. A - men, a - men, a - men, a - men.

Hark! What Celestial Notes.

From the Oratorio of "David."
Adapted & arranged, Nathan Barker.

Allegro Moderato.

pp

pp

mp

1st Soprano. *p*

Hark! what ce-les-tial notes, What melo - dy we hear; Soft on the morn it floats, And fills the rav-ished ear; The

2d Soprano. *p*

Hark! what ce-les-tial notes, What melo - dy we hear; Soft on the morn it floats, And fills the rav-ished ear; The

Alto. *p*

p

mp

Hark! What Celestial Notes. Continued.

tune - ful shell, the gold - en lyre, And vo - cal choir the an - them swell, In notes divine . . . . . the

tune - ful shell, the gold - en lyre, And vo - cal choir the an - them swell, In notes divine, in notes, in notes divine the

Tenor.

Alto.

ff Chorus.

cho - rus join, the cho - rus join. Glo - ry to God, to God in the high-est, Ye mortals catch the sound,

cho - rus join, the cho - rus join. Glo - ry to God, to God in the highest, Ye mortals catch the sound,

And let your rap-tures fly To earth's re - mot - est bound, ... To earth's re - mot - est bound, To

And let your rap-tures fly To earth's re - mot - est bound, To earth's re - mot - est bound, To earth's re - mot - est bound, To

ff

earth's re - mot - est bound. Glo - ry to God on high, ... Glo - ry to God on high,

ff

earth's re - mot - est bound. Glo - ry to God on high, ... Glo - ry to God on high,

ff

ff

8va.

Hark! What Celestial Notes. Continued.

f Cres. *ff*

Glo - ry to God on high, to God, to God on high, . . .

f Cres. *ff*

Glo - ry to God on high, to God, to God on high, . . .

Cres. *ff*

mf

Let all the earth u - nite . . . . . to spread th' ex - alt - ed strains, th' exalted strains,

mp

Let all the earth u - nite to spread th' ex - alt - - - - - -

Let all the earth u - nite to spread th' ex - alt - - - - - -

Let the earth u - nite to spread th' exalt-ed strains, th' exalted strains, to spread th' ex - alt - ed strains, Let all the

- - - - - - ed strains, ... to spread th' ex-alt - ed strains, Let all the

earth unite to spread th' exalted strains, th' exalted strains, th' exalt - - - ed strains. Hal-le-

earth unite to spread th' exalted strains, th' exalted strains, th' exalt - - - ed strains. Hal-le-

Hark! What Celestial Notes. Continued.

lu - iah! Hal - le - lu - iah! Hal - le - lu - iah! Hal-le - lu - iah! Halle-lu - iah!

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, the Lord.

ff *f*

Glo - ry to God, to God on high, Glo-ry, Glo-ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry to

Glo - ry to God on high, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo . . . ry to

fz *fz* *fz* *fz* *fz*

Cres.

God . . on high, to God, to God on high, *f* to God, to God on

f

high, Glo - ry . . . . . on

God . . on high, to God, to God on high, *f* to God, ...

3

ff *ff*

. high, to God, to God . . on high, to God on high. . . . .

ff

high, Glo - ry . . . . to God on high, to God on high. . . . .

ff

3

ff

Oh, Come Let us Sing Unto the Lord.

Nathan Barker.

Come, let us sing un - - to the Lord, Let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our sal - vation;

For the Lord is a great God, And a great king a - bove all gods;

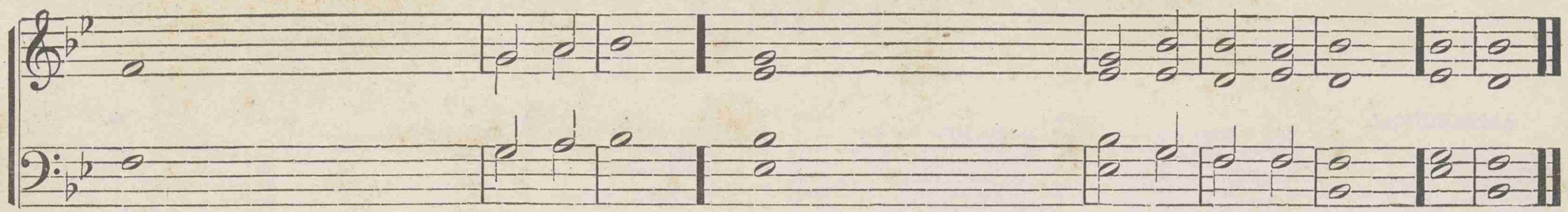
The sea is his, and he made it, And his hands formed the dry land.

Let us come before his presence with thanks-giving, And make a joyful noise un - to him with psalms.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth; The strength of the hills is his also.

Oh, come, let us worship and bow down; Let us kneel be - fore the Lord, our maker.

Have Mercy. Chant.



1. Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lov - ing kindness; According to the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my trans - gressions.
2. Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin; For I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever be - fore me.
3. Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight; That thou mayest be justified when thou speakest, and be clean when thou judgest.
4. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit with- in me; Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.
5. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free Spirit; Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee. A - men.

God be Merciful. Chant.

C. C. Case.



1. God be merciful unto us and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us,
2. That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.
3. Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the peo - ple praise thee.
4. Oh, let the nations be glad and sing for joy, for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the na - tions up - on earth.
5. Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the peo - ple praise thee.
6. Then shall the earth yield her in - crease, and God, even our own God, shall bless us.
7. God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear him. A - men.

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Last Shark is Seven or $S_{\overset{\pi}{7}}$

" Flat " Four or $F_{\overset{\pi}{4}}^{i}$

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