

**AGGRESSIVE SONGS
FOR
MEN'S VOICES.
LORENZ.**

Z7

L887.5

27
887.5
Hymn
19--
Lore

CASE MEMORIAL LIBRARY

INDEX.

HARTFORD
SEMINARY FOUNDATION

Answer Yes to the Spirit	17
Are You Living for the Lord	1
Because He Promises Me	7
Find the Work Waiting for You	4
Free as a Bird	32
Gloria Patri	27
God Knows it All	30
His Loving Kindness	20
His Task is O'er	21
I Belong to Jesus	25
If I Were a Voice	22
Just As I Am	18
More and More	6
On! To Victory	14
Only Ask Him	5
Only Where Jesus Is	33
Pass the Good Tidings Along	16
Shall Angels Sing O'er You	2
Share Your Blessings	3
Soldier, Rest	28
The Best Friend of All	12
The Lord Will Provide	15
The Shining Way	9
The Victor's Crown	10
Thy Love To Me	11
To Make Men Free	19
We Must Answer to Our Names	8
We'll Never Pass Again This Way	26
When Jesus Knocks	13
Where Heroes Sleep	24

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my m/y - by

Aggressive Songs.



1 Are You Living for the Lord?

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

E. S. LORENZ.



1. Live for Him who died to save you From sin's baleful curse and pow'r;
2. Sitting at the feet of Je - sus, Learn from him the word of truth;
3. Bringing succor to the need - y, Com-fort-ing the sad, the lone,
4. Do-ing hum-ble, dai - ly du - ties, Faith-ful! - y as un - to Him,



Live for Him who all things gave you And who keeps you ev'ry hour.
Find the chart to guide your go-ings, Bless-ed guide for age and youth.
Giv-ing many a cup of wat-er To some loved one of His own:
Serving with your true heart service Till the day of life is dim:



CHORUS.



Are you liv-ing for the Lord? Are you liv-ing for the Lord?



On-ly life for him is worthy: Are you liv-ing for the Lord?



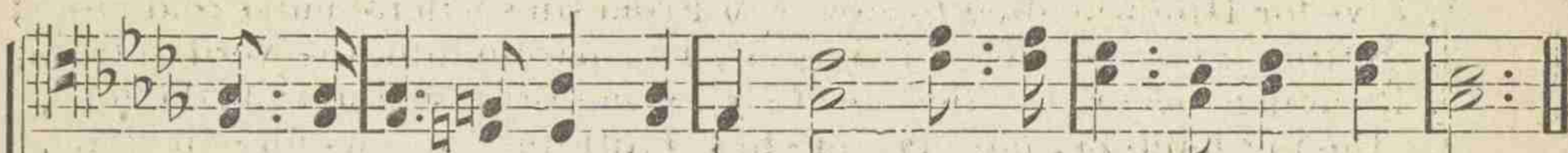
Shall Angels Sing O'er You?

W. C. MARTIN.

M. L. McPHAIL.



1. There is joy among the Angels When a soul is born a-new,
2. Je-sus sees your heavy burden, Sees you weary and distressed,
3. Days of grace will soon be ended, Bring your sins to him to-day;



When a sin-ner turns, to Je-sus: Shall they sing in heav'n o'er you?
 And he kind-ly calls you to him, Kind-ly offers peace and rest.
 Tho' they be as red as crimson, He will wash them all a-way



CHORUS.



Shall they sing..... o - ver you? Shall they
 Shall they sing in heav'n, shall they sing in heav'n o'er you?



sing..... o - ver you? Will you not accept sal-
 Shall they sing in heav'n, shall they sing in heav'n o'er you?



va-tion While they sing in heav'n o'er you?
 While they sing in heav'n o'er you?



Share Your Blessings.

3

E. S. L.

E. S. LORENZ.



1. You have heard the message of peace and love, In your heart is hope
2. If with love and zeal now your heart is filled, If the Master's voice
3. O'er the ocean wide lands in darkness lie, Sin and death are bus-



of a home a - bove, Now the Lord is calling, Clear his
all your soul has thrilled; If the light is shining, All your
y, the mill - ions die; Still the Lord is call - ing, Stern his



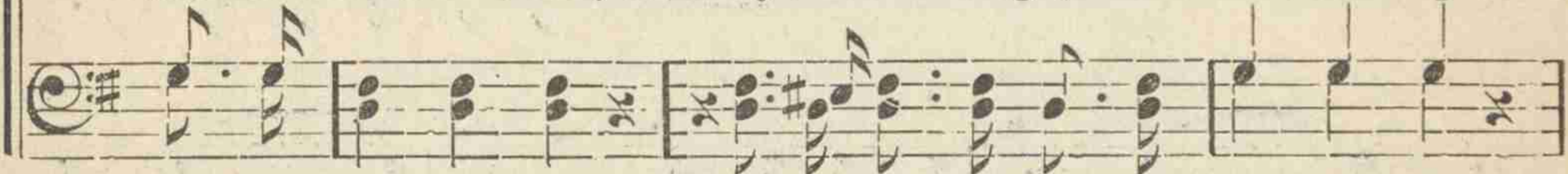
CHORUS.



accents falling, Share, gladly share your blessings! Share your blessings
love refining, Share, gladly share your blessings!
accents falling, Share, gladly share your blessings!



with the sons of need; Share your blessings, hear the Master plead;



Share your blessings, help with word and deed; Share, gladly share your blessings.



Find the Work Waiting for You.

MRS. LANTA WILSON SMITH.

E. S. LORENZ.



1. God plans for his children a mission be - low, Your life work no oth-
2. The an-gels might en - vy the pow'r you possess To make the world no -
3. The careworn and weary, the tempted and sad, Whose comforts and pleas-
4. There's much to be done for the sin weary world, Each impulse of good



er can do; O wake to the ser - vice of du - ty and love, Go
ble and true, To hasten the kingdom of God among men; Go
ures are few, Are needing the hand that will strengthen and bless, Go
to re - new; Go lighten life's burdens, go res - cue the lost, Go



find the work, find the work waiting for you! **CHORUS.**



find the work waiting for you!..... Go find the work waiting for
find the work, find the work waiting for you! find the work



you!..... Go find the work waiting for you!..... To -
waiting for you! find the work waiting for you!



Find the Work Waiting for You.—Concluded. 5

find the work waiting for you!



day the world needs the balm of good deeds, Go find the work waiting for you! . . .

find the work waiting for you!



E. R. LATTA.

Only Ask Him.

GEO. E. MYERS.



1. Would you be a child of Je - sus? On - ly ask him!
2. Would you feel the Sav - ior near you? On - ly ask him!
3. Would you be an heir of glo - ry? On - ly ask him!



For the love that nev - er ceas - es On - ly ask him!
He'll ac - com - pa - ny and cheer you! On - ly ask him!
He will show the way be - fore you! On - ly ask him!



CHORUS.



Ask in faith, his word be - liev - ing, Not the Ho - ly Spir - it



grieving; And rejoice in the re - ceiv - ing! On - ly ask him!



MRS. J. G. BURROUGHS.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. In the foot-steps of our Sav - ior, We would walk from day to day,
2. In - to fur - na - ces of tri - al With our Je - sus we will go;
3. Bearing scorn in meek submission, Giving love for cru - el hate;
4. Ev - er up - ward, onward go - ing, Never, nev - er stand - ing still;



Seeking naught of earthly hon - or, Turning from its gems a - way.
 Al - ways blest in be - ing with him, Just his own sweet will to know.
 Ever blessing those who curse him, And content in a - ny state.
 Always read - y for his bidding, Glad his counsels to ful - fill



CHORUS.



More and more his friendship knowing, More and more in wisdom growing,
 More and more More and more



More and more his spir - it showing, More and more from day to day.



Because He Promises Me.

7

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

E. S. LORENZ.



1. When I am passing thro' waters chill, When painful trials I see,
2. In times of sorrow and sore distress, He hears and answers my plea;
3. What-ev - er troubles my life be - fall, My 'present help' he will be;
4. I give to Je-sus my eve-ry care, From anxious thought I am free;



I know my Savior upholds me still, Because he promises me.
 My lov-ing Savior is glad to bless, Because he promises me.
 His love will carry me safe thro' all, Because he promises me.
 Assured that he will my burdens bear, Because he promises me.



CHORUS.



Because he promises me!.... Because he promises me!....
 promises me! prom-is-es me!



He'll never forsake me, Whatever o'er-take me, Because he promises me!



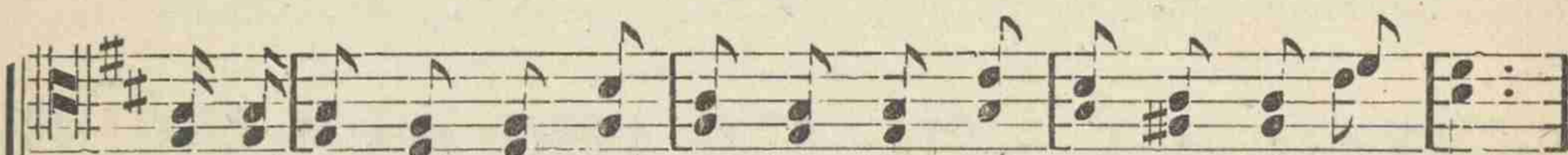
We Must Answer to our Names.

JENNIE WILSON.

E. S. LORENZ.

Not too fast.

1. There's a solemn day approaching When before the great white throne
- 2: 'Mid the sorrows and the pleasures, 'Mid the shadows and the light,
3. Fast the day of life is fleet-ing, Soon the shades of death will fall;
4. Let us now be true to Je - sus, Do - ing all his bless-ed will,



Countless mul-ti-tudes from ev - 'ry clime Shall meet a-bove the sky;
 Swiftly com-ing, swift-ly go - ing, As our earth-ly moments fly,
 Soon the scenes of time will van-ish, As e - ter - ni - ty draws nigh;
 Till his gen - tle voice shall call us, To the joys that nev-er die;



As the judgment book is opened And all secrets are made known,
 Let us ev - er - more re-mem-ber, Standing in God's ho - ly sight,
 Summoned to that great tri - bu - nal, By the sounding trumpet's call,
 Then his precious words of welcome Shall our souls with rapture thrill,

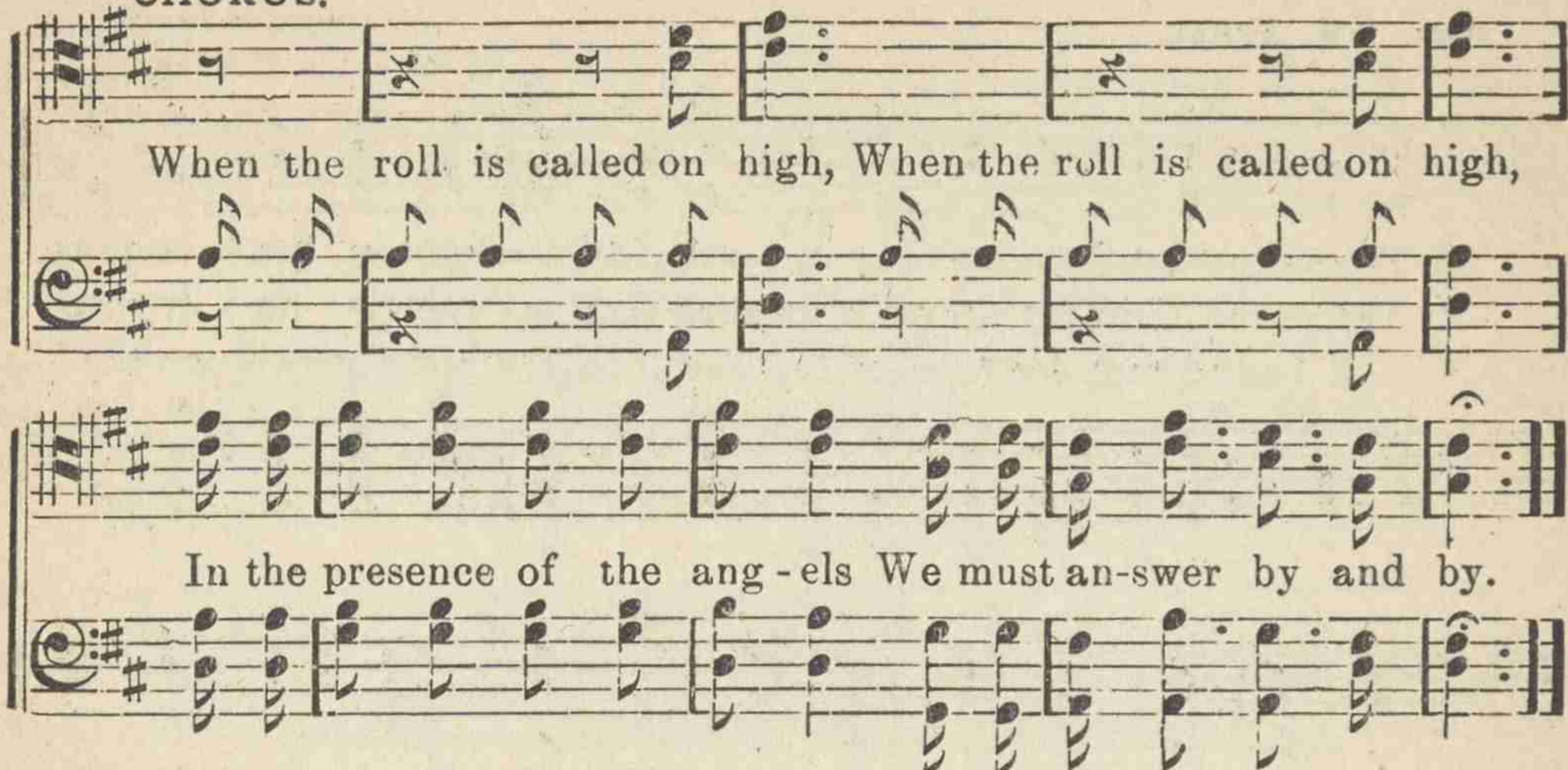


We must an-swer to our names When the roll is called on high.
 We must an-swer to our names When the roll is called on high.
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We Must Answer to our Names.—Concluded. 9

CHORUS.

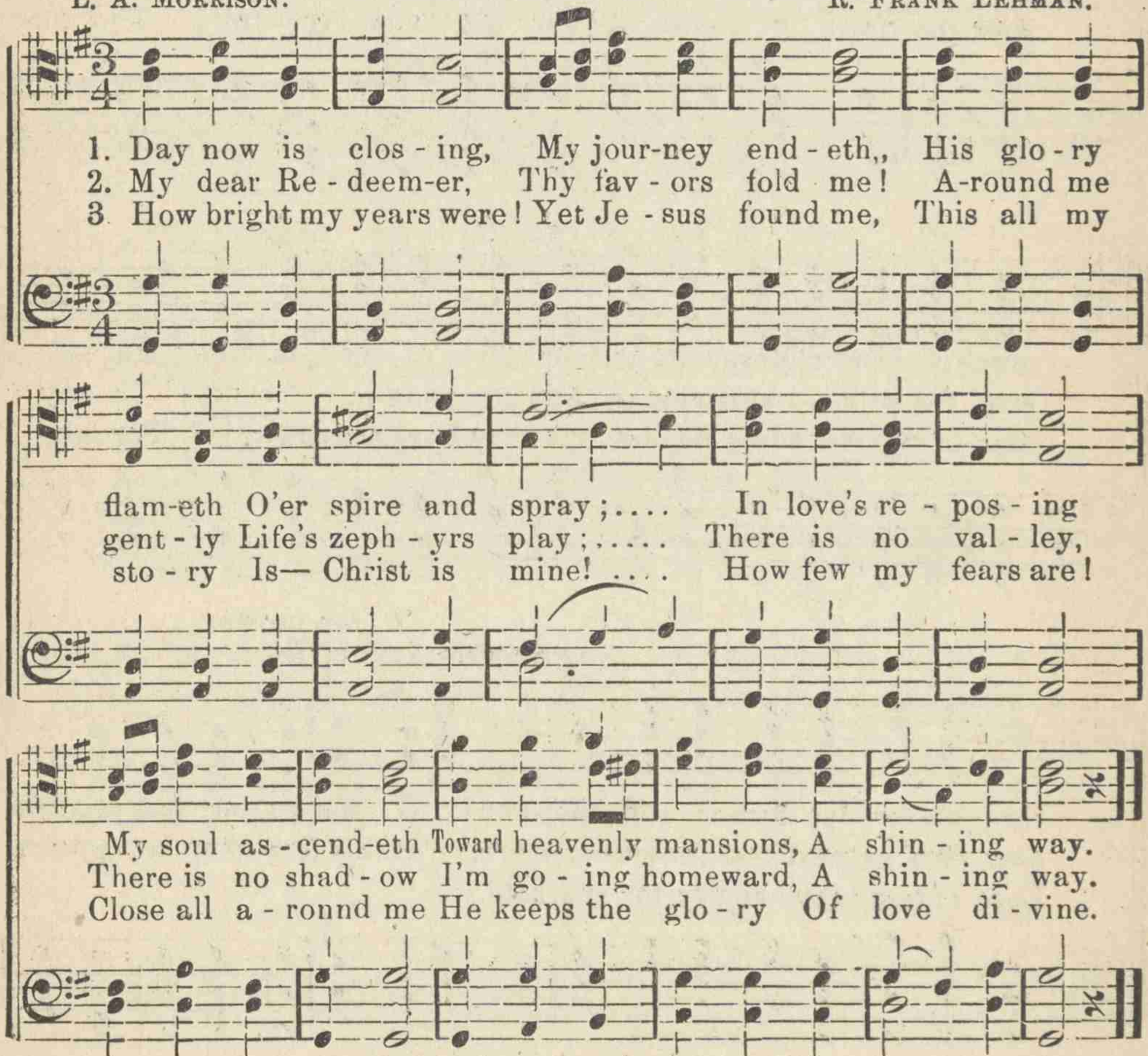


When the roll is called on high, When the roll is called on high,
In the presence of the ang - els We must an - swer by and by.

The Shining Way.

L. A. MORRISON.

R. FRANK LEHMAN.



1. Day now is clos - ing, My jour - ney end - eth,, His glo - ry
2. My dear Re - deem - er, Thy fav - ors fold me! A - round me
3. How bright my years were! Yet Je - sus found me, This all my
flam - eth O'er spire and spray;..... In love's re - pos - ing
gent - ly Life's zeph - yrs play;..... There is no val - ley,
sto - ry Is— Christ is mine! How few my fears are!
My soul as - cend - eth Toward heavenly mansions, A shin - ing way.
There is no shad - ow I'm go - ing homeward, A shin - ing way.
Close all a - ronnd me He keeps the glo - ry Of love di - vine.

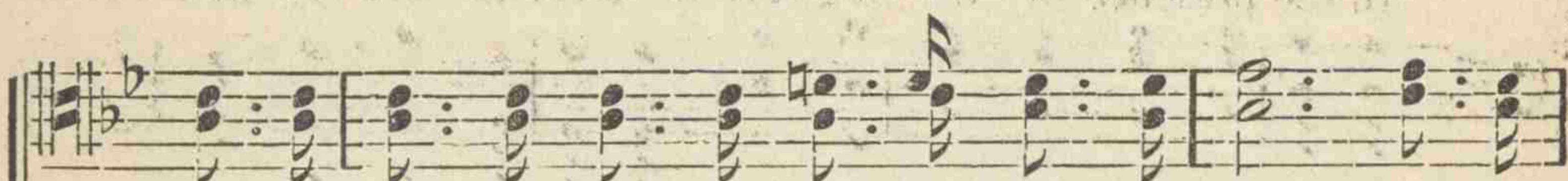
The Victor's Crown.

REV. WM. APPEL.

CHAS. GABRIEL.



1. Praise the Lord the strife is o - ver And the fight of faith is done,
2. Praise the Lord my course is finished And my race is du - ly run,
3. I have kept the faith of Je - sus, Tho' the hosts of hell assailed,



Hal - le - lu - jah for the ar - mor of the Lord; By his
I have pressed towards the mark that is be - fore; Now I
And the storm - y waves of sin did wild - ly roll; Tho' the



grace I stand triumphant and the vic - to - ry is won; Hal - le -
see the prize in splendor brightly gleaming in the sun; 'Tis my
foes of righteousness be - set me they have not prevailed, For the



O the crown.....
CHORUS. At his feet.....



lu - jah for the Spir - it and the sword. O the ev - er - last - ing crown,
own, thro' grace divine for - ev - er - more. At his feet when he appears,
Lord of hosts gave vict'ry to my soul.



The Victor's Crown.—Concluded.

11

the crown of glo - ry bright, Hal - le - lu - jah!
we'll lay our troph - ies down And re-



the crown of glo - ry bright, Hal - le - lu - jah! for the crown
we'll lay our troph - ies down And re - (omit.)



vict - ry is in sight.



and vic - t'ry is in sight! ceive the vic - tor's shin - ing crown!



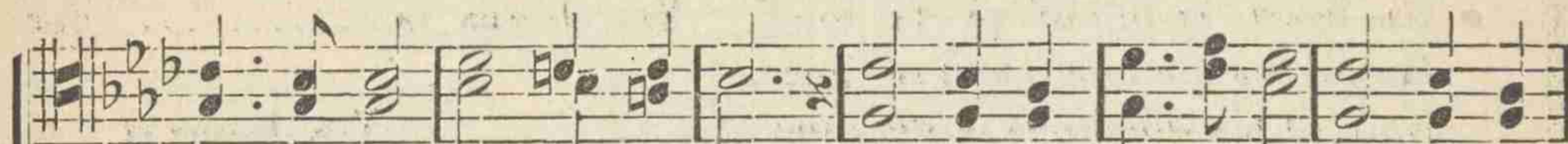
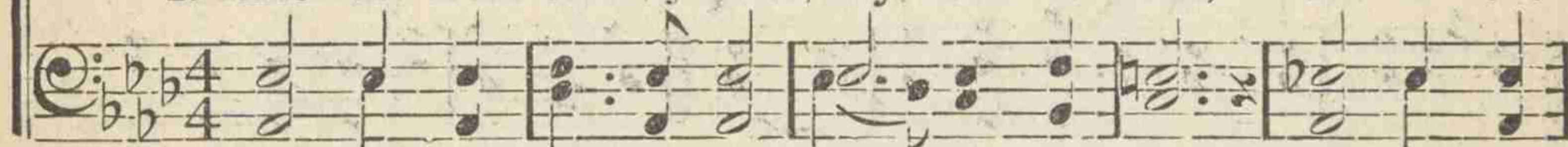
MRS. MARY C. GATES.

Thy Love to Me.

E. S. LORENZ.



1. Thy love to me, O Christ, Thy love to me, Not mine to
2. Let me more clear - ly trace, Thy love to me, See in the



thee, I plead, Not mine to thee! This is my comfort strong, This is my
Father's face, His love to thee. Know as he loves the Son, So dost thou



on - ly song, Thy love to me, to me, Thy love to me.
love thine own, Thy love to me, Thy love to me.





1. O, Je - sus is the dearest friend, (the dearest friend,) That a - ny
 2. O, Je - sus is the kindest friend, (the kindest friend,) His ten - der
 3. O, Je - sus is the greatest friend, (the greatest friend,) The Son of




longing soul may find; His priceless val - ue has no end, (it has no end,)
 touch, his gentle voice, To all the world in love extend, (in love extend)
 God, our gracious king; We'll on his mighty strength de - pend, (on his strength depend)



tender kindness hath no end, (it hath no end,)
 FINE.

CHORUS.



His heart is full of pi - ty kind. Yes, Je - sus is our
 He makes the lonely heart re - joice.
 And of his wondrous power sing. Yes, Je - sus is



His pow'r can make the vilest clean.



dearest friend, Upon his love and truth we lean, His
 our dearest friend,



When Jesus knocks.

13

Mrs. H. D. CARMICHAEL.

J. H. TENNEY.

Slowly, with expression.



1. When Je - sus knocks,..... our startled eyes..... See cherished
 2. He knocks a - gain and long-ing eyes... .. Catch a sweet
 3. When Je - sus knocks,..... sometimes we see..... But wea - ry
 4. When Je - sus knocks,..... oh heart of mine,..... Grieve not the
- When Je - sus knocks, our startled eyes, See



sins in loathsome guise; The e - vil thought,.....we
glimpse.... of Par - a - dise, Of "pastures green"of
pil - grim guest, may be, No food and shel - ter
mes - sen - ger di - vine; Say not to him,.... "some
cherished sins in loathsome guise; The e - vil thought



scarce confessed, Crawls out and mocks..... us with the rest,
"wat-ers still," And an - gel pin - ions fan and thrill,
crav-eth he,..... "Give me thine heart".... the on - ly plea,
oth - er day".... The gracious time... .. may pass a-way,
We scarce confessed, — Crawls out and mocks us with the rest,



Very slowly and softly.



When Je - sus knocks, When Je - sus knocks.
When Je - sus knocks,



With Spirit.

L. O. EMERSON.



1. Onward! onward! band vic - to - rious! Bear the temp'rance banner
2. Onward! onward! songs of prais-es Bring to heav-ens' top-most
3. To the vend-er and dis - till - er Thunder truth with startling



high! Thus far had your cause been glo - rious, Now your
arch, When - so - e'er your stand-ard ris - es, And your
tone; Swell the ac - cents, loud - er, thrill - er, Make their



day of triumph's nigh. Vice and er - ror flee be-fore you, As the
conquering legions march. Gird the temp'rance ar - mor on you, Look for
guilt enormous known. Onward! on - ward! nev - er fal-ter, Cease not

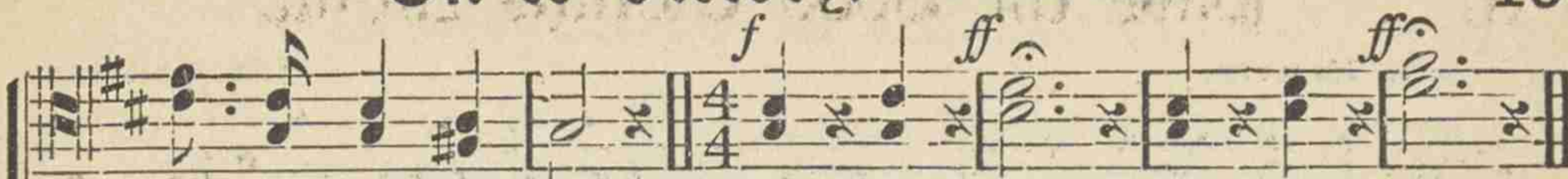


darkness flies the sun; Onward! vict'ry hov-ers o'er you, Soon the
guidance from a - bove; God and angels smile up-on you, Hasten
till the earth is free; Swear on virtue's ho - ly al - tar, Death is

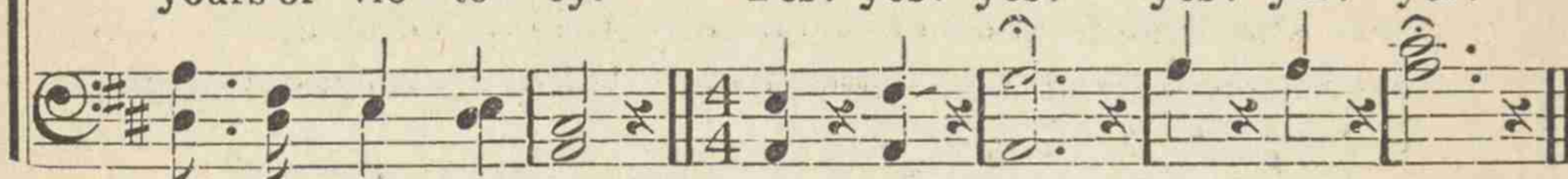


On to Victory.—Concluded.

15



bat - tle will be won! Yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! yes!
 then the work of love! Yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! yes!
 yours or vic - to - ry. Yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! yes!




On-ward! vict'ry hov-ers o'er you, Soon the ba-ttle will be won!
 God and an-gels smile up-on you, Hasten then the work of love!
 Swear on temp'rance ho-ly al - tar, Death is yours or vic - to - ry.



The Lord Will Provide.

MRS. A. W. COOK.
 Melody in the second tenor.

E. S. LORENZ.



1. In some way or oth-er The Lord will provide; It may not be my way,
2. At some time or oth-er The Lord will provide; It may not be my time,
3. March on, then, right boldly, The sea shall divide; The path made glorious




It may not be thy way, And yet in his own way, The Lord will provide.
 It may not be thy time, And yet in his own time, The Lord will provide.
 With shoutings victorious, We'll join in the chorus, The Lord will provide.



Pass the Good Tidings Along.

G. E. HEWITT.

J. S. FEARIS.



1. Send the glad tidings far o-ver the sea, E-cho the sweet angels' song ;
2. Jesus, who came from his home far away, Bent on a mission of love,
3. Trusting our Saviour, who reigneth on high, We in his strength shall be strong ;



Blessed salvation, so boundless and free! Pass the good tidings a - long.
 Tells us to "go" where he sends us to-day, Pass the good tidings a - long.
 Looking to him for the grace he'll supply, Pass the good tidings a - long.



CHORUS.



Pass the good tidings along, Pass the good tidings a - long,
 Pass the good tidings a-long,



Pass the good tid - ings, Pass the good tidings a-long.
 Blessed salvation so boundless and free,



Answer Yes to the Spirit.

17

JENNIE WILSON.

E. S. LORENZ.



1. Harken now to the voice of the Spir - it, That is call - ing to life
 2. He will give you a peace passing knowledge, And a glad-ness un-told
 3. Yield, oh, yield to the Spirit's en-trea - ty, And no longer God's mer-




and light. You have oft answered no to his plead-ing, Oh, my
 be - stow. When so sweet are the joys that he of - fers, Can you
 cy slight. As he asks you to turn to the Sav - ior, Won't you



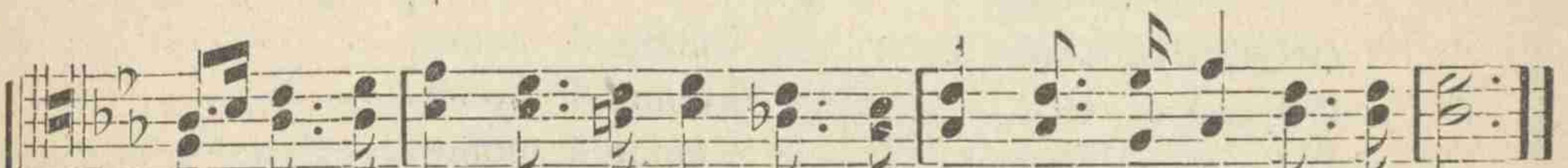
CHORUS.



broth-er, say yes to - night. Answer yes! yes! to the Spir-it!
 still to his call say no?
 free - ly say yes to - night? yes!




Answer yes! yes to the Spir - it tonight! Do not grieve him a -
 yes!

way And lose heaven for aye, Answer yes to the Spirit to-night!



CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

S. M. CHASE.

Moderato.

1. Just as I am with-out one plea,.....
 2. Just as I am and wait-ing not,.....
 3. Just as I am thou wilt re - ceive,.....



But that thy blood was shed for me;.....
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,.....
 Wilt welcome par - - - don, cleanse re - lieve;.....



And that thou bidst me come to thee,.....
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,.....
 Be-cause thy prom - - - ise I be - lieve,.....



O Lamb of God, I come, I come.....
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.....
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.....



CHORUS. Just as I Am.—Concluded.

19

A tempo.

I come, (I come!) I come, (I come!) O Lamb of God, I come! (I come!) I
 come, (I come,) I come, (I come,) O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Mrs. FRANK BRECK. To Make Men Free. JOHN TIBBALS.

1. We're a joy - ful temp'rance band, (temp'rance band,) Working on with
 2. We will love the good and true, (good and true,) Right we ev - er
 3. We would make temptations less, (make them less,) Seeking peace and
 heart and hand, (heart and hand,) To stay the curse in our fair land—
 will pur - sue, (will pur-sue,) Tho' 'tis not much that we can do,
 righteousness, (righteousness,) Oh! we will try the world to bless,

D. S. We work and hope and ev - er pray.
 FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

To make men free. To make men free, To make men free.

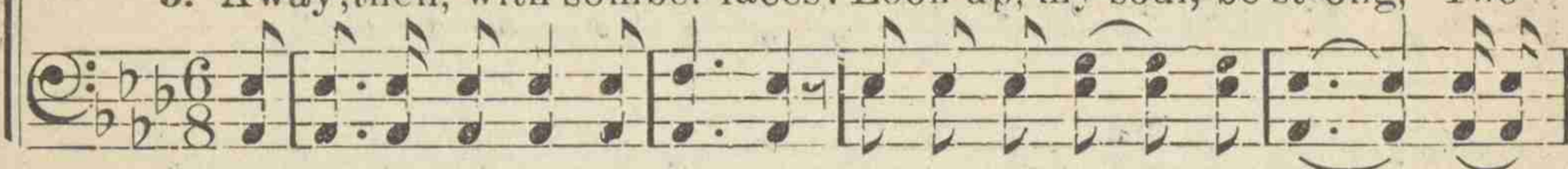
This Loving Kindness.

KATHARINE D. PARKISON.

E. S. LORENZ.



1. A song of His loving kindness, Singeth it - self to me. I
2. I hear its sweet music ringing Over the noise of the street, Where the
3. Away, then, with somber faces! Look up, my soul, be strong, The



hear it oft, murmuring soft, Or swelling in ec - sta-sy
 ceaseless strife of the battle of life, Halts neither for cold or heat.....
 gifts of God are scattered abroad The days with his mercies throng..



In the twi-
 With the heal-
 Thy calling



In the tw - ilight grey, at the close of day, The hill-side echoes re -
 With the heal-ing balm of a ho - ly psalm, Its rhythmic ca-den-ces
 Thy call-ing pur - sue, to du - ty true; And sing, whate'er may be-



light grey,
 ing balm
 pur - sue,



call The song of the lov-ing kindness That is round about us
 fall In praise of the lov-ing kindness That is round about us
 fall The song of the lov-ing kindness That is round about us



This Loving Kindness.—Concluded.

21

all. That is round a - bout us

That is round a - bout us all,..... That is

all,..... That is round a - bout us, a - bout us all!

That is round a - bout us all!.....

round a - bout us all,..... a - bout us all!

His Task is O'er.

J. ELLERTON.

E. L. ASHFORD.

1. Now the lab'rer's task is o'er, Now the bat-tle day is past,
2. 'Earth to earth, and dust to dust,' Calm-ly now the words we say;

Now up - on the fair - er shore, Lands the voy - a - ger at last.
Left be - hind, we wait in trust For the res - ur - rec - tion day.

Father, in thy gracious keeping, Leave we now thy servant sleep - ing.

If I Were A Voice.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

Arr. for Mens' Voices by E. S. LORENZ.

1. If I were a voice, a persuasive voice That would travel the wide world
 2. If I were a voice, a consoling voice, I'd fly on the wings of
 3. If I were a voice, a convincing voice, I'd trav-el with the
 4. If I were a voice, an im-mortal voice, I'd fly the earth a -

Hm! Hm!

through, I would fly on the beams of the morning light And speak to men with a
 air; The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek And calm and truth - ful
 wind; And wherever I saw a nation torn By war-fare, jeal-ous-y,
 round; And wherever man to his idols bowed, I'd pub-lish in notes both

Hm! Hm!

gen-tle might, And tell them to be true. I would fly o-ver
 words I'd speak, To save them from despair. I would fly o'er the
 spite or scorn, Or hat-red of their kind, I would fly on the
 strong and loud The Gos-pel's joy-ful sound. I would fly on the

Hm! I would fly!

If I Were a Voice.—Concluded.

23

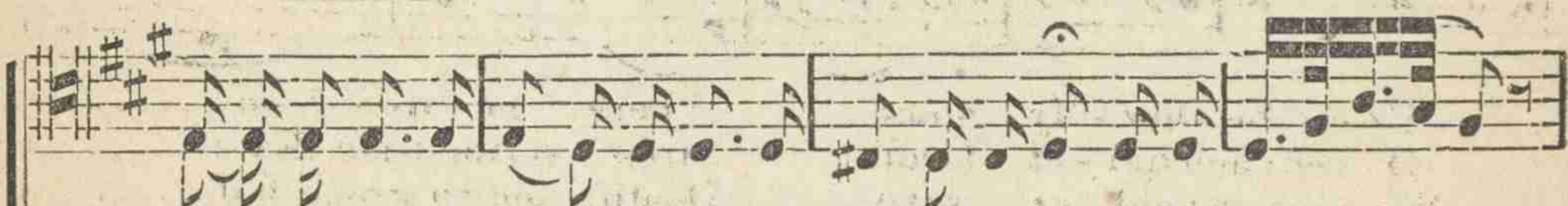
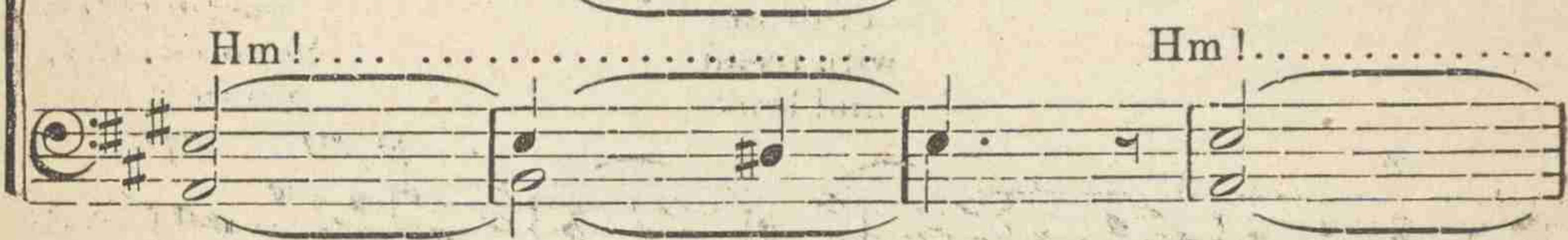


land and sea Wher-ev - er a human heart might be, Telling a tale or
crowded town, And drop like the happy sunlight down, In-to the hearts of
thunder crash, And into their blinded bosoms flash; Then with their evil
wings of day, Proclaiming peace on my world-wide way, Bidding the saddened



Hm!.....

Hm!.....

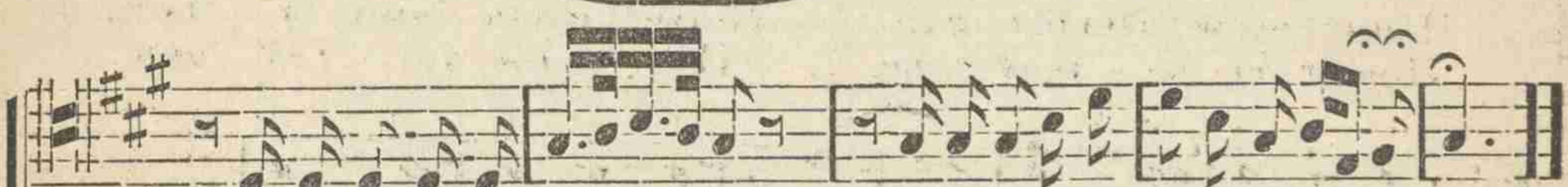
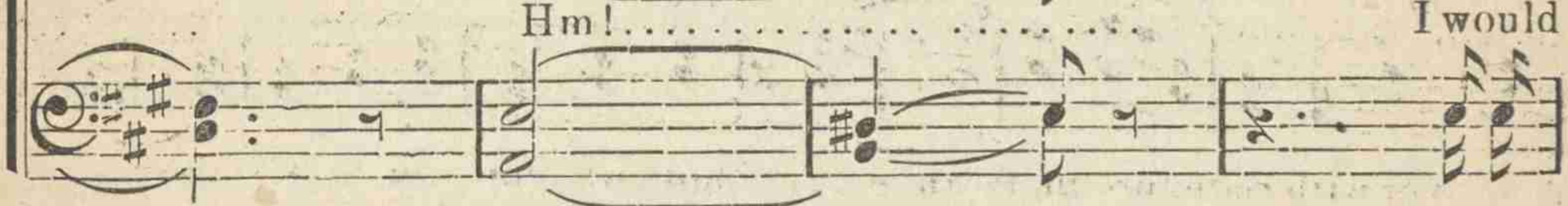


singing a song, In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong, I would fly!.....
suffering men, And teach them to look up a - gain, I would fly!.....
thoughts sub-dued, I'd teach them christian brotherhood, I would fly!.....
earth rejoice, If I were a voice, an immortal voice, I would fly!.....



Hm!.....

I would



I would fly! I would fly! ...
I would fly! I would fly!....
I would fly! I would fly!....
I would fly! I would fly!....

I would fly! I would fly! over land and sea.
I would fly! I would fly! o'er the crowded town,
I would fly! I would fly! on the thunder crash.
I would fly! I would fly! on the wings of day.



fly!

I would fly!

I would fly!

I would fly.



Where Heroes Sleep.

IDA REED SMITH.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.



1. Not with the beat of drum.... Nor blare of bu - gle come,....
 2. Come we with rev'rent tread... Near to the honored dead,....
 3. Hon-or the true and brave.... Hon-or the gift they gave,....



of drum,
with tread,
and brave,

bu-gle come,
honored dead,
gift they gave,



Un-to the low - ly home.... Where he - roes sleep:.....
 O - ver each qui - et head... Strew spring-time flow'rs.....
 Whether on field or wave.... Death's sharp stroke fell.....

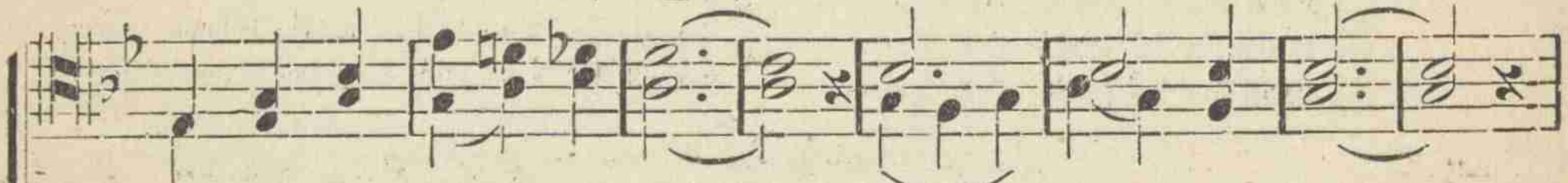
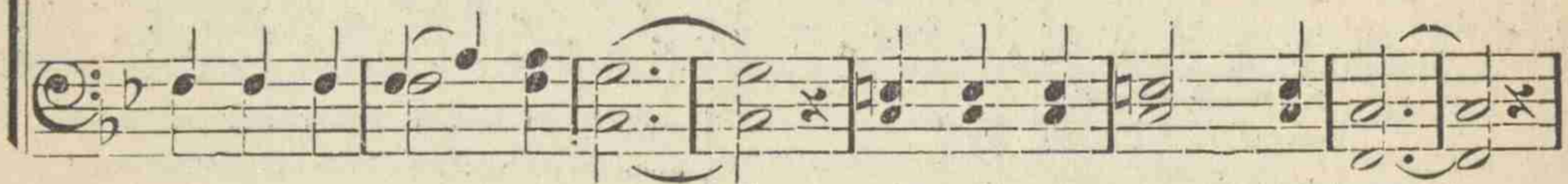


low-ly home,
qui-et head,
field or wave,

Where heroes sleep.
Strew spring-time flow'rs.
Death's sharp stroke fell.

A little faster.

Not with rude tur- moil wake.... Those who for du - ty's sake..
 Heap them with tender care.... Leave them in beau - ty there,
 Hon-or the he - roes gone,... Hon - or the vic - t'ry won,..



Shrank not death's cup to take,
Heart off rings, fra-grant, fair,
Hon - or the du - ty done,

Draught dark and deep....
This trib - ute ours....
Brave - ly and well....



Where Heroes Sleep.—Concluded.

25

p rit. pp

Shrank not death's cup to take, Draught dark and deep.....
 Heart off' rings, fragrant, fair, This trib - ute ours.....
 Honor the du - ty done, Brave - ly and well.....

deep, and deep.
 trib - ute ours.
 well, and well.

I Belong to Jesus.

E. S. L.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. { With ev - 'ry pow'r, with heart and soul, I be - long to Je - sus!
 He shall my ev - 'ry thought control, I be - long to Je - sus!
 2. { What tho' temp-ta-tions sore be - set, I be - long to Je - sus!
 What tho' earth's cares annoy and fret, I be - long to Je - sus!
 3. { In vain the world my heart al - lures, I be - long to Je - sus!
 In weakness this my soul as - sures, I be - long to Je - sus!

CHORUS.

I be-long to Je-sus! I be-long to Je-sus! I be-long to

4. No threat'ning danger then I see,
 Je-sus, He be-longs to me. I belong to Jesus!
 Through time and through eternity,
 I belong to Jesus.

26 We'll Never Pass Again this Way.

Mrs. M. M. NEWTON.

E. S. LORENZ.



1. As the path of life we tread, 'Tis the thought of joy we dread
 2. As we ev - er on-ward go, Seeds of truth and love we'll sow,
 3. There's no du-ty we should shun, There's no task to leave un-done,
 4. For the past 'tis vain to grieve, Since its loss we'll ne'er re-trieve,
 5. Tho' the fu - ture is un-known, Still the pres - ent is our own,




We shall nev - er pass a - gain this way!
 We shall nev - er pass a - gain, nev - er pass a - gain this way!




Tho' the way be dark or bright, Let us strive to walk a - right,
 Still for oth - ers they will bloom, And will send a sweet per-fume,
 Let us do what good we can, Let us help our fel - low man,
 All the wrong has been for-giv'n, Blot-ted from the book of heav'n,
 Let us care - ful be each day, What we do and what we say,




We shall nev - er pass a - gain this way!.....
 We shall nev - er pass a - gain nev - er pass a - gain this way! No!



We'll Never Pass Again.—Concluded.

27

CHORUS.

Never!..... never! We shall nev-er pass again
 Never, no nev-er! never, no nev-er!

1 2

this way! this way!
 nev-er pass again this way! nev-er pass a-gain this way!

Gloria Patri.

S. M. CHASE.

Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the

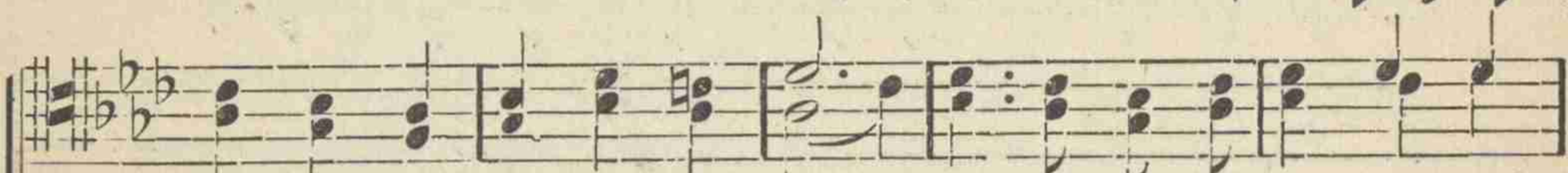
Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the be-gin-ing is

now, and ev-er shall be, World without end. A-men, A-men.

rit.



1. Soldier, rest in peace, for the war-fare is o'er; Wea-ry watches
2. Soldier, rest in peace, may thy slumber be deep, For a na-tion



end-ed, the vic-to-ry won. Rat-tle of re-veil-ie shall
crowneth thy mem'ry with flow'rs; Till the res-ur-ec-tion a-



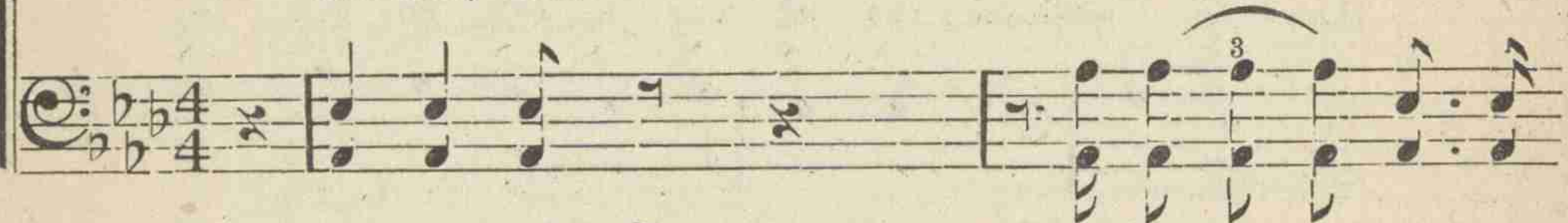
call thee no more; Sleep—the battle's o-ver—thy du-ty is done.
wake thee from sleep, Wrapped in shroud of glo-ry, rest, he-ro of ours.



CHORUS.



O rest,..... for the bat-tle is end-ed
Sol-dier, rest! the bat-tle is end-ed,



Long and wea-ry march-ing o'er;
Long and wea-ry marching o'er; Sleep



Soldier, Rest.—Continued.

29



on,..... for the rat-tle of can - non
Sol-dier sleep, the rat-tle of can-non shall dis -



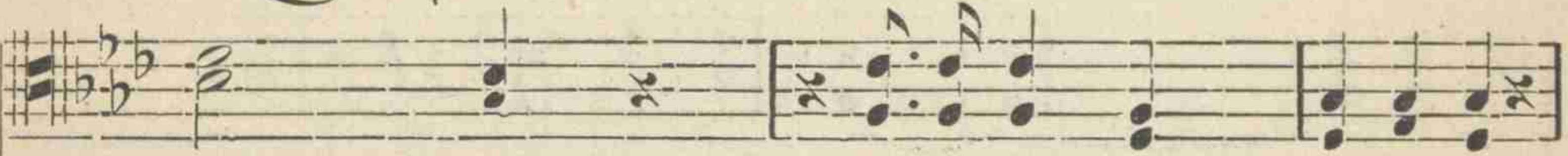
Shall disturb thy dreams no more. O rest,..... for the
turb..... thy dreams no more. Soldier, rest,



bat-tle is end - ed, Long and wea -
the bat-tle is end - ed, Long and wea - ry



ry march-ing o'er, Sleep on, for the rat-tle of
march - ing o'er Sol-dier sleep,



can - non Shall disturb thy dreams no more
the rattle of cannon shall disturb thy dreams no more.



Soldier, Rest.—Concluded.

May be used as Coda.

Sleep till the res - ur - rec - tion morning! Dream not of battle, nor of
bat - tle,

foes; In hon - or sleep the years a - way, And
nor of foes; the years a - way,

sweet be thy calm re - pose. Sol - dier rest! Rest, sol - dier, rest!

God knows It All.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. When we suf - fer pain and loss,
2. When we grieve because of sin,
3. Ev - 'ry tear that dims our eyes,

When we patient
Longing to be
All the burden

Hm!..... God knows it all; Hm!.....

God knows It All.—Concluded.

31



bear our cross,
pure with-in,
of our sighs,

When we tread the thorn-y way,
He will wash us white as snow,
There's no life so sad and drear,

..... God knows it all! Hm!.....



Walk-ing by his side each day,
Cleanse us in the crimson flow,
But some joy-bud bloometh near,

Hm!.....

He will be our guide and stay, Our
Till our hearts with rapture glow, Our
That doth like God's smile appear, Our

CHORUS.



God knows it all! God knows it all! God knows it all!



He will be our guide and stay, Our God knows it all!

Free as a Bird.

E. E. HEWITT.

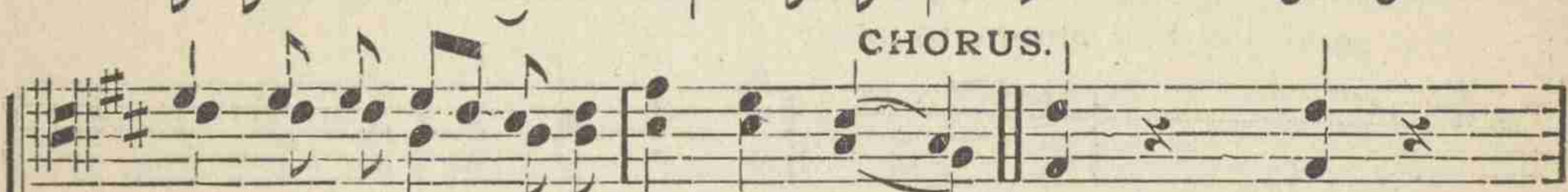
J. S. FEARIS.



1. As free as a bird in the balm-y air; The hand of the Lord
 2. As free as a bird, while I live in him, In joy-giv-ing light
 3. As free as a bird, with no anx-ious care; His won-der-ful love



broke the fowler's snare; He bids me mount up on the wings of love, And
 in the shadows dim; I'm un-der his grace, free to do his will, The
 will my way prepare; He will fill my needs from his rich sup-ply, While



CHORUS.

lift happy songs to the throne a - bove. Free, free,
 faith that obeys, bring deliv'rance still.
 leading me on to his home on high. Free as a bird, for my



free as a bird! Free, free, free as a bird!
 Sav-ior heard The cry the poor cap-tive gave;



Free as a bird, so true is his word That Jesus is mighty to save.



Only Where Jesus Is.

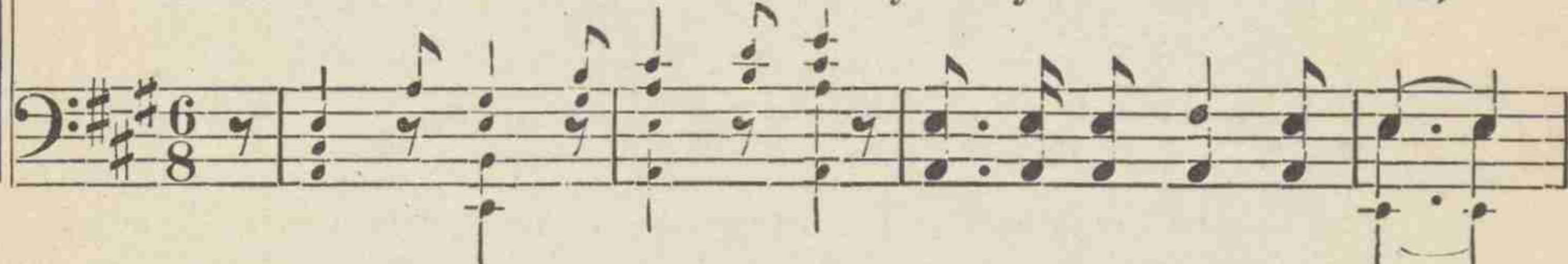
33

EMMA S. STILLWELL.

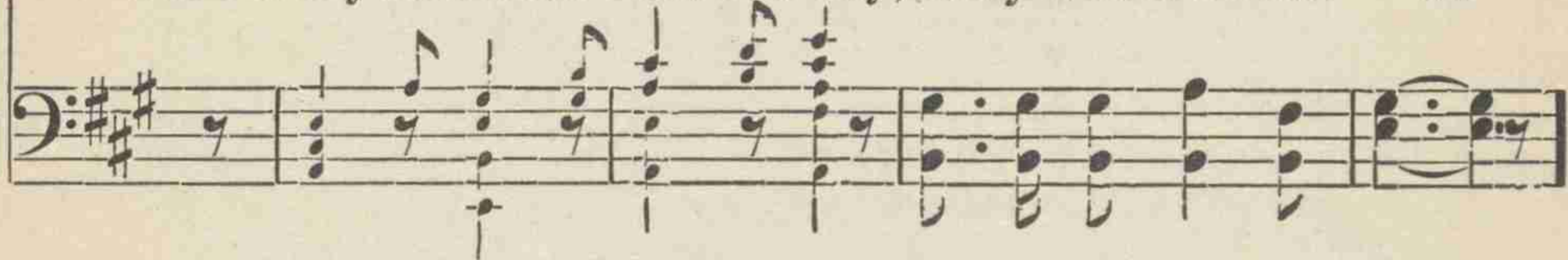
E. S. LORENZ.



1. Where Je-sus is there all is bright, Only where Je-sus is,
2. Where Je-sus is love reigns alone, Only where Je-sus is,
3. Where Je-sus is faith finds her wings, Only where Je-sus is,
4. Where Je-sus is I fain would stay Only where Je-sus is,



There no dread clouds make dark the night, Only where Je-sus is!
 No room for hate, distrust or moan, Only where Je-sus is!
 Beyond all doubt exultant springs, Only where Je-sus is!
 For oh! my soul finds heaven's day, Only where Je-sus is!



On - ly where Jesus is!.... On - ly where Jesus is! Where
 Je-sus is! Je-sus is!



Je - sus is there all is bright, On-ly where Jesus is!.....
 Je - sus is!



