SACRED AND SECULAR SELECTIONS FOR LADIES' VOICES

By P. P. Bliss

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Sacred and Secular Selections

—BY—

PETER PHILIP BILHORN

—FOR—

LADIES' VOICES

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Preface.

SACRED AND SECULAR SELECTIONS is
A new book for Ladies' and Gents' Voices,
Crowned with the very
Richest Melodic and Harmonic
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..and..

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SACRED AND SECULAR
SELECTIONS....by

PETER PHILIP BILHORN.

Sacred and Secular Selections

FOR LADIES VOICES.

No. 1. Jesus, Our Master.

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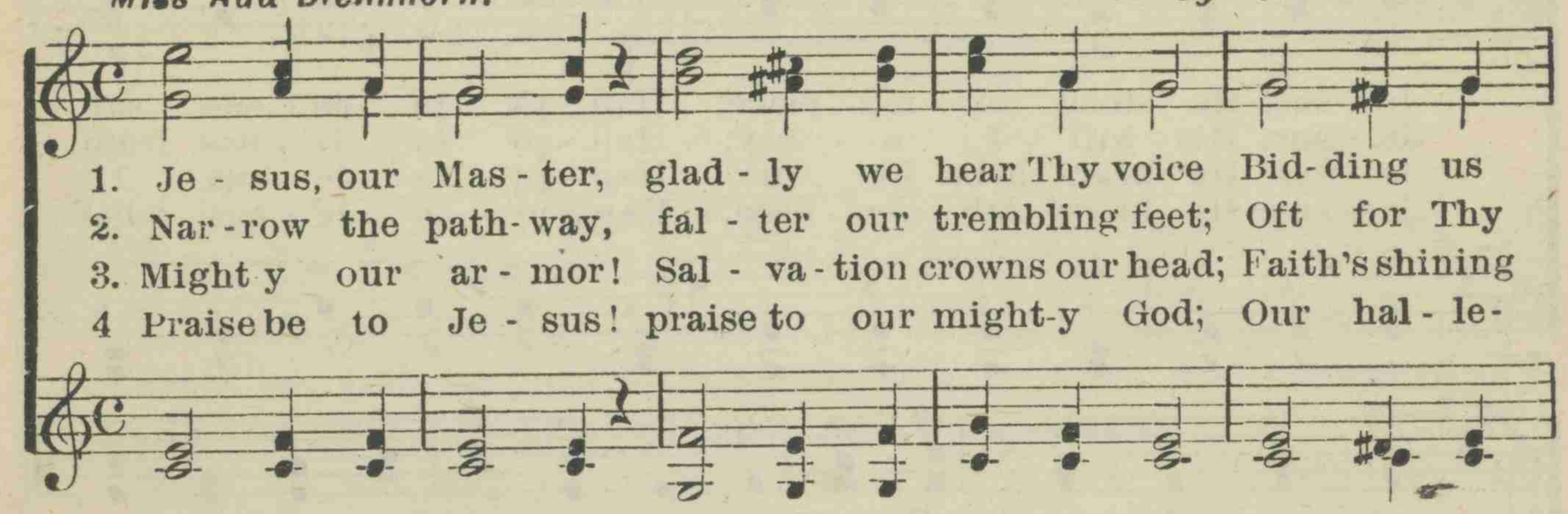
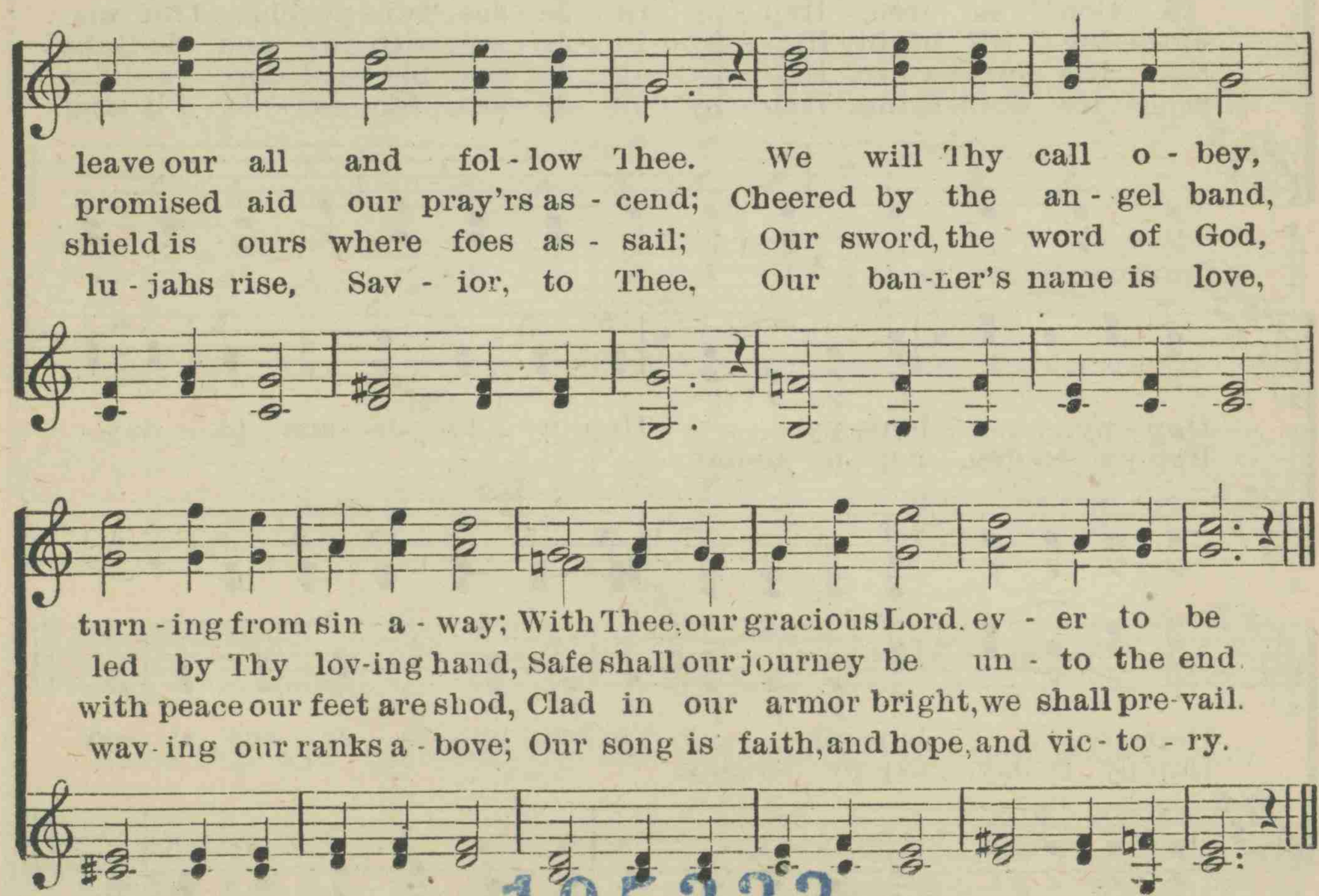
Miss Ada Blenkhorn. *Arr by P. P. Bilhorn.*





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No. 2. Happy in Jesus Alway.

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P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Hap - py in Je - sus, O won - der - ful grace, Hap - py in
2. Hap - py in Je - sus from day un - to day, Hap - py in
3. Hap - py in Je - sus, tho' bur - dens I see, Hap - py in
4. Hap - py in Je - sus, His prom - ise, I plead, Hap - py in

Je - sus, He stood in my place; Hap - py in Je - sus, sal -
Je - sus. His will I o - bey; Hap - py in Je . sus, from
Je - sus, He bears them for me; Hap - py in Je - sus, I
Je - sus, He know - eth my need; Hap - py in Je - sus, what

va - tion is free, Hap - py in Je - sus, 'twas purchased for me.
morn-ing till night, Hap - py in Je - sus, with joy and de-light.
hear His sweet voice, Hap - py in Je - sus, my soul doth re - joice.
peace He doth bring, Hap - py in Je - sus, for - ev - er I'll sing.

CHORUS.

Hap - py,..... hap - py..... Hap - py in Je - sus to - day;
Hap - py to-day, hap - py to-day,

Hap - py,..... hap - py,..... I'm hap - py in Je - sus al - way.
Hap py to-day, hap-py to - day,

No. 8. Day by Day.

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A. V. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Day by day our time is pass - ing, One by one our mo-ments go;
2. Day by day the Lord is say - ing, "Be ye read - y, be ye wise;
3. Day by day the blood of Je - sus Still a-bides to cleanse from sin;
4. Day by day the Ho - ly Spir - it Glo - ri - fies the Christ of God;
5. Day by day my time is pass - ing, One by one my mo ments flee;

Soon will end life's lit - tle sto - ry, We shall leave these scenes be-low.
Seek ye first the heav-'nly kingdom, Seek it now, the mo-ment flies."
Day by day the door of mer - cy O - pen stands, I en - ter in.
Day by day poor sin - ners lead-ing To the ev - er - last - ing word.
Lord, give grace that we may en - ter Heav-en for e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Day by day the time is fleet - ing, One by one the mo-ments go;
Soon will end life's lit - tle sto - ry, We shall leave these scenes be-low.

No. 4. Ever Keep Me.

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Kate Ulmer. *Prof. J. S. Fuller.*

1. Pre cious Sav - ior, how I need Thee, Thou, and on - ly Thou canst know;
2. With-out Thee I am but weak-ness, Fear and trembling reign with-in;
3. In Thy strength I lose my weak-ness, In Thy light the dark-ness fails;
4. Counsel, strengthen, guide, uphold me; Keep me safe what-e'er be - tide;

Thro' the dan-gers that sur-round me, Thou a - lone the way canst show,
Dark-ness casts its pall a - bout me, All seems hid-den, save my sin.
In Thy love all fear is ban-ished, In Thy pres-ence peace pre - vails.
From the path of Thine own choos-ing, Let me nev - er turn a - side.

CHORUS.

Ev - er keep me close be-side Thee, Firm - ly clasp my hand in Thine;
Let me, when my faith would fal - ter, Feel the touch of pow'r di - vine.

No. 5. Dare to Stand Like Joshua.

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C. M. Robinson. *P. P. Bilhorn.*

1. We are bound for Ca - naan land, Tent - ing by the way;
2. Ma - ny tri - als we have seen, Thus far on our way;
3. When the dark Red sea of doubt, Bil-lowed in our way;
4 Can we safe - ly trust a guide Who knows not the way;
5. Just be - fore us Jor - dan rolls, Right a-cross the way;

Who shall lead us on the road? Choose your king to - day.
He hath led us safe - ly through, Shall He lead to - day?
Then He part - ed ev - 'ry wave— So He will to - day;
God hath trav - eled ev - 'ry foot, Shall He lead to - day?
We can safe - ly trust the Lord, He shall lead to - day,

CHORUS.

Dare to stand like Josh - u - a, Dare to say the word;

As for me and for my house,
We will vote for pro - hi - bi - tion,
} We will serve the Lord.

No. 6.

In Thy Name.

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P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. We are com - ing to Thee for help, O Lord, For to
2. We are weak in our-selves, but Thou art strong, Wilt Thou
3. Sin and shame long have blight - ed our fair land, But the
4. In Thy name we shall con - quer in the fight, In Thy

no one else can we flee; We are trust - ing the prom - is - es
help us, Lord, by Thy might; We are will - ing to work and to
truth and right yet shall reign; So we go in Thy strength and at
name we shall win the race; All the pow - ers of sin shall then

of Thy word, Dear Lord, we are com - ing to Thee.
sing our song, But Thou, Lord, must con - quer the fight.
Thy com - mand, We go in Je - ho - vah's great name.
take their flight, And truth, right and love take its place.

CHORUS.

In Thy name we are bound to win, In Thy name we will con-quer sin,

In Thy name { let the fight be - gin! / the sa-loon must go! } In the name of God we shall conquer.

No. 7. What Wilt Thou Have Me to Do?

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B. A. R. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Lord, Thou hast granted sal-va-tion to me, What wilt Thou have me to do?
2. Since I am saved by the Cru - ci-fied One, What wilt Thou have me to do?
3. Pardon is granted thro' Him who hath died, What wilt Thou have me to do?
4. Read - y and will-ing Thy voice to o - bey, What wilt Thou have me to do?

From Sa-tan's bondage at last I am free, What wilt Thou have me to do?
I would point others to God's on - ly Son, What wilt Thou have me to do?
I am so hap - py with Thee at my side, What wilt Thou have me to do?
Bid me to fol-low Thee day un - to day, What wilt Thou have me to do?

CHORUS.

What wilt Thou have me to do? Where wilt Thou have me to go?

Je - sus, my Mas ter, Thy will shall be mine, What wilt Thou have me to do?

No. 8. Let Us Help Each Other On.

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P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Where-so - ev - er we may go, In this world of sin and woe,
2. Would you be a friend in - deed? Help thy broth-er then in need;
3. Ev - 'ry morn-ing, noon and night Let us seek to do the right;
4. There is much for each to do, But the faith-ful ones are few;

There some one is need-ed, char-i - ty to show, Let us help each oth-er on.
Ma - ny now are dy-ing, and for aid they plead, Let us help each oth-er on.
Scatter love and sunshine, making life more bright, Let us help each oth-er on.
Let us then be loy - al, to our trust be true, Let us help each oth-er on.

CHORUS.

Let us help *(each oth - er) on, Let us help *(each oth - er) on,

Do-ing deeds of kindness ev-'rywhere we go. Let us help *(each other) on.

**The following words may be used (The Children) (The Juniors) (The Pastor) (Our Brother) etc.*

No. 9. I Will Guide Thee.

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COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

Miss Flora Kirkland. *Ferd. Degen.*

1. We shall prove that blessed prom-ise, In the com - ing "by and by;"
2. Not a tri - al, not a sor-row, Com-eth near, but He is nigh;
3. Should the way be rough and dang'rous, He will need - ed grace sup-ply;
4. Hark! the prom - ise soundeth clear-er, As the days are go - ing by!

Thro' life's con - flicts, lo! it ring-eth, "I will guide thee with mine eye!"
No temp - ta - tion can o'er-come us If we trust that watchful eye.
Thro' life's storms, as thro' life's sunshine, He will guide us with His eye.
For the joy of heav'n draws nearer; He is guid - ing with His eye!

Rit.

REFRAIN.

Cres.

We shall prove that bless-ed prom-ise, In the com - ing "by and by;"

Cres. *p* *Rit.*

We shall see how He hath led us Thro' life's pathways to the sky.

No. 10. Speed Away! Speed Away!

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COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

Rev. C. Cooke. *I. B. Woodbury. Arr. J. E. H.*

1. Speed a - way! speed a - way! O ye her - alds of light, There are mil - lions en - shroud - ed in nature's dark night, Who are will - ing to hear, and the truth to re - ceive, But they know of no Sav - ior on whom to be - lieve. Oh, they're dy - ing by thousands in sin ev - 'ry day!
2. Let the Church to the help of Je - ho - vah draw dear—Come with love and with faith, and with fer - vor in prayer! Let her fling to the breeze the pure ban - ner of truth, And en - list in the strug - gle her warm - heart - ed youth; Let the parents and children, and ev - 'ry one say:
3. Speed a - way! speed a - way! with a mes - sage from heav'n, To all na - tions of men let the ti - dings be giv'n, That Mes - si - ah has triumphed, His foes are all slain, And the earth as an E - den is blush - ing a - gain! O great Sav - ior, let noth - ing this con - quest de - lay!

Rit. *Repeat pp.*

Speed a - way!..... speed a - way!..... speed a - way!
Speed a - way! speed a - way!

No. 11. Calling, Oh, Hear Him!

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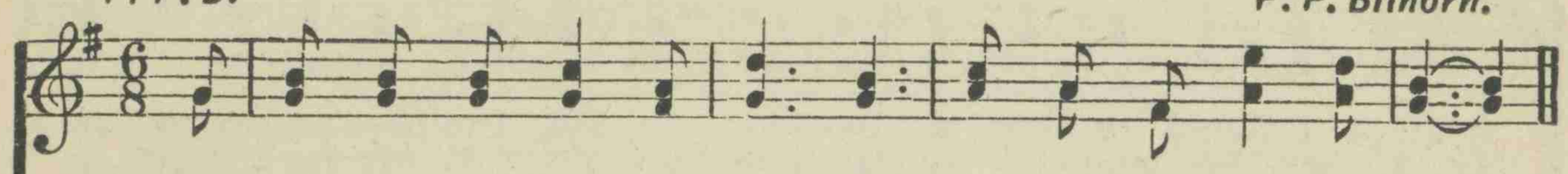
P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.



1. The Sav - ior in love is call - ing, Hear His sweet voice to - day;
2. He came from His home in glo - ry Down to this world of shame,
3. Thro' faith in His grace we en - ter In - to the realms of love;
4. But sad it will be for ma - ny Who will not heed His voice,

He pa-tient - ly waits to save you; Come now, and His call o - bey.
A par - don and peace to pur - chase; To save us He free - ly came.
He now with com - pas-sion call - eth To man-sions pre-pared a - bove.
And think there is time to en - ter, Neg-lect - ing to make their choice.

CHORUS.

Call - ing, oh, hear Him! Call - ing, oh, hear Him!

Call - ing, oh, hear Him! Je - sus is call - ing now.

No. 12. Happy Am I.

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J. McP. *John McPhail.*

1. Since I found Je - sus a Sav - ior to me, I've been as hap-py as hap - py can be; Prais-ing His name as the mo-ments go by,
2. I am no long - er en-slaved to my sin; E - vil no lon-ger is lurk - ing with - in; In strong temp-ta - tion to Je - sus I fly;
3. When Je - sus whispered the words of good cheer, "Lo, I am with thee!" my Friend ev - er near, Near to pro - tect me when dan - ger is nigh,
4. Now I am a - ble to trust all the day, Know-ing as - sur - ed - ly Christ is the way, Lead - ing to glo - ry and hon - or on high;

CHORUS.

Filled with His glo - ry, how hap - py am I!
With His sal - va - tion, how hap - py am I!
With this as - sur - ance, how hap - py am I!
Oh, hal - le - lu - jah, how hap - py am I!

Hap-py am I,

Hap-py am I, Working for Je-sus, how hap-py am I! Prais - ing His name as the mo-ments go by, Filled with His glory, how hap-py am I.

No. 13 The Watchman's Cry.

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Rev. Horatius Bonar, D. D.
Arr. by P. P. B.

P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Hark, 'tis the watchman's cry: Wake, brethren, wake, Jesus our Lord is nigh;
2. Call to each waking band, Watch, brethren, watch; Clear is our Lord's command,
3. Hear we the Sav-ior's voice, Pray, brethren, pray! Would ye His heart rejoice?
4. Now sound the fi-nal chord, Praise, brethren, praise! Thrice holy is the Lord;

Wake, brethren. wake, Sleep is for sons of night, Ye are the sons of light;
Watch, brethren, watch, Be ye as they that wait, Close at the Bridegroom's gate,
Pray, brethren pray, Sin calls for constant fear; We need the strong One near;
Praise. brethren. praise! What more befits the tongues, We'll join the angels songs,

CHORUS.

Yours is the glo-ry bright-Wake, brethren, wake! Wake,
E'en tho' He tar-ry late, Watch, brethren, watch Watch,
Long as we struggle here. Pray brethren, pray. Pray,
While heav'n the note prolongs, Praise, brethren, praise! Praise,

} brethren, wake, ring

out the battle cry, Wake, brethren, wake, the vic-to-ry is nigh, Wake, brethren,

cres. *f*

wake, We'll conquer in the fight, Shouting hal-le-lu-jah! for the truth and right.

No. 14. Happy in His Love.

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Mrs. Nellie M. Bilhorn. *P. P. Bilhorn.*

1. Since I have found my Je - sus dear, I'm hap-py in my Savior's love;
2. My sin and guilt on Him were laid, I'm hap-py in my Savior's love;
3. Since Je - sus conquered death for me, I'm hap-py in my Savior's love;
4. He fills my heart with joy and peace, I'm hap-py in my Savior's love;
5. With songs of praise He crowns my days, I'm hap-py in my Savior's love;

He calls me from my bur-dens here, I'm hap-py in my Sav-ior's love.
And with His stripes my debt was paid, I'm hap-py in my Sav-ior's love.
His spir - it gives me lib - er - ty, I'm hap-py in my Sav-ior's love.
He bids my fear and doubting cease, I'm hap-py in my Sav-ior's love.
In joy - ful lays my voice I raise, I'm hap-py in my Sav-ior's love.

CHORUS.

Hap-py in His love, hap-py in His love, Hap - py in my Sav-ior's love!

He calls me from my bur-dens here, I'm hap-py in my Sav-ior's love.
And with His stripes my debt was paid, I'm hap-py in my Sav-ior's love.
His spir - it gives me lib - er - ty, I'm hap-py in my Sav-ior's love.
He bids my fear and doubting cease. I'm hap-py in my Sav-ior's love.
In joy - ful lays my voice I raise, I'm hap-py in my Sav-ior's love.

No. 15

Julia

1. M
2. I
3. He
4. In

He
They
He
With

He
I
Ob
As

His
His
Our
Whil

ha

No. 15. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. *Arr. by P. P. B.*

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com-ing of the Lord;
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred circ-ling camps;
3. He has sound-ed forth the trumpet that shall nev - er call re - treat;
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - lies Christ was born a - cross the sea.

He is tramping out the vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
They have build - ed Him an al - ta in the eve-ning dews and damps,
He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat,
With a glo - ry in His bo-som that trans-fig - ures you and me;

He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter - ri - ble quick sword:
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flar - ing lamps;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet;
As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free,

CHORUS.

His truth is march-ing on.
His truth is march-ing on.
Our God is march-ing on.
While God is march-ing on.

Glo - ry, glo-ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo-ry

hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is marching on.

No. 16. Lead, Kindly Light.

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John H. Newman. *Thomas Sullivan.*

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on

The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone,

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one
I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re -
And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile Which I have loved long

step e - nough for me. Lead Thou me on, Lead Thou me on.
mem-ber not past years. Lead Thou me on, Lead Thou me on.
since, and lost a - while. Lead Thou me on, Lead Thou me on.

No. 17. He Satisfies My Soul.

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COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

Robert Johnson. *P. P. Bilhorn.*

1. I'm sat - is - fied with Je - sus, I walk the nar - row way, He
2. I'm sat - is - fied with Je - sus, In sor - row's dark-est hour, I
3. I'm sat - is - fied with Je - sus, My bur - dens He doth bear, And
4. I'm sat - is - fied with Je - sus, I near e - ter - ni - ty; The

fills my heart with glo - ry, I'll watch and fight and pray. His
know He'll nev - er leave me, I'll con - quer with His pow'r; His
now He lives in glo - ry A man - sion to pre - pare, I
light shines bright and bright-er, His spir - it sets me free; His

voice gives sweet est com - fort, When bil - lows near me roll, Oh,
grace is all suf - fi - cient, My ways He shall con - trol, Oh,
can - not keep from sing - ing, His good - ness I ex - tol, Oh,
love brings peace and glad - ness, I see the shin - ing goal, Oh,

CHORUS.

bless His name, I love Him, He sat-is-fies my soul. He sat-is-fies my soul; He

sat-is-fies my soul; Oh bless His name, I love Him, He sat-is - fies my soul.

No. 18. The Full Reward.

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Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D. *P. P. Bilhorn.*

1. There's a full re-ward a-wait-ing us in glo - ry; 'Tis for
2. There's a crown of life for hum-ble serv-ice ren - dered; There's a
3 There's a crown of righteousness a-waits our wear - ing; It shines
4. But to sit With Je - sus in His cor - o - na - tion, Will be

serv - ice giv - en un - to God's dear Son; It will make the joys of
crown un-fad -ing giv - en for our zeal, Crowns of joy and glo - ry
brighter than all oth - ers in His word, 'Tis for all who wait and
bet - ter than to wear the crowns a - bove, So we'll cast them at His

heav-en all the brighter; We'll re-ceive it when the vic - to - ry is won
for the hosts unnumbered, And thro' faith we all may have them if we will.
look for His ap-pear-ing, And have crowned Him King of kings and Lord of lords.
feet in ad - o - ra - tion; 'Twill be heaven just to re - a - lize His love.

CHORUS. *Cheerful.*

Crown of life..... and crown of glo - ry, Crown of
Crown of life and crown of glory,

Cres.

right - eous-ness and joy, Crown un - fad - - ing, full of
Crown of righteousness and joy, and of joy, Crown un-fad-ing,

The Full Reward.

No. 19. And That is What We Need.

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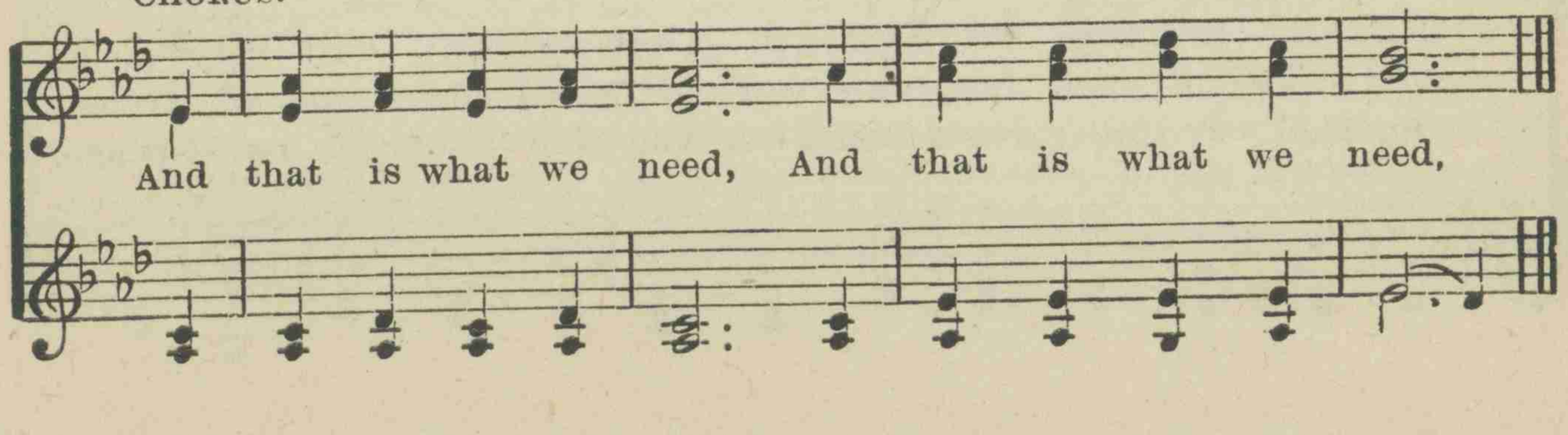
P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

CHORUS. *Use last line of each verse for D. S.*



No. 20. O Lord, Keep Watch Between Us.

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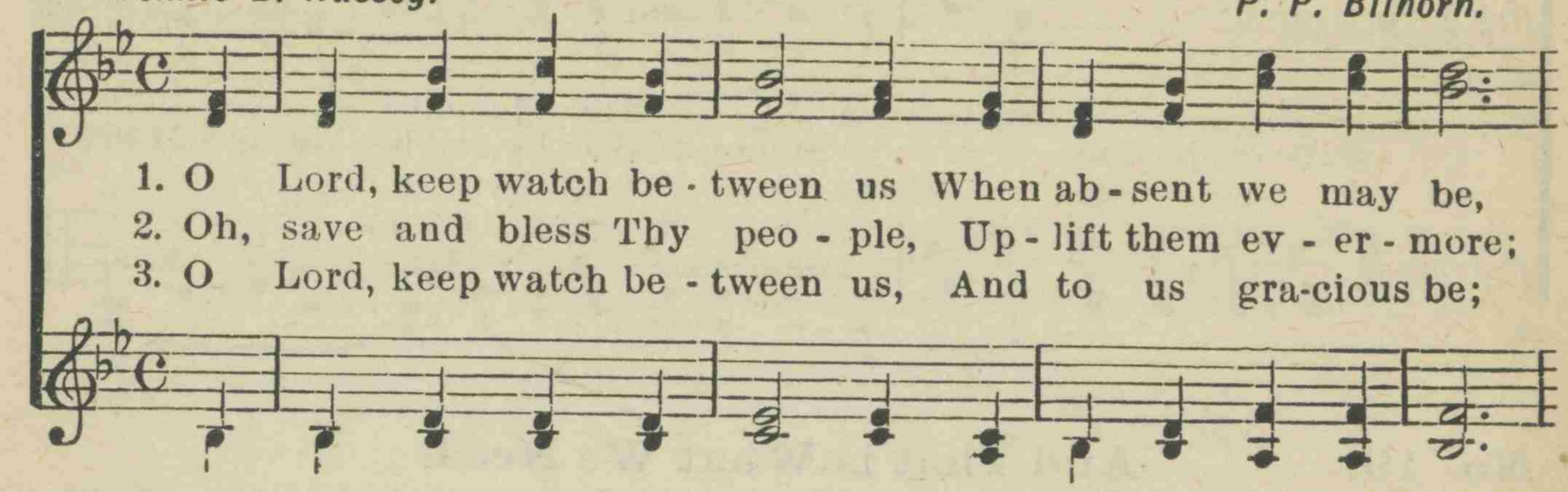
Jennie E. Hussey. *P. P. Bilhorn.*

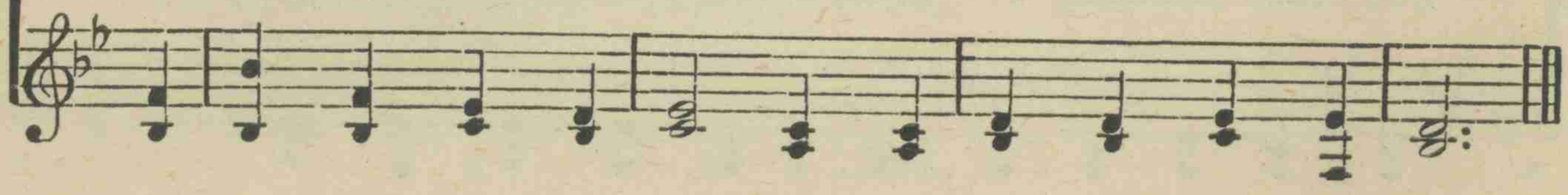
1. O Lord, keep watch be - tween us When ab - sent we may be,
2. Oh, save and bless Thy peo - ple, Up - lift them ev - er - more;
3. O Lord, keep watch be - tween us, And to us gra-cious be;



And make Thy face up - on us To shine in maj - es - ty.
May dark and rug - ged path-ways Lead up to heav-en's door.
Give rest with - in green pas - tures, And keep us close to Thee;

We have but Thee, our Fa - ther, With Christ, our Sav - ior, too;
Be round us, as the mountains In gran - deur all sub - lime,
Be - side still wa - ters lead us, From fears and doubts re - lease;

Oh, fill us with Thy Spir - it, That we Thy will may do.
And guide to that fair ha - ven Be - yond the shores of time.
Oh, lead us thro' earth's shad - ows, And give us "peace, sweet peace."



No. 21. Illinois for the Lord.

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P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. We are marching a-long with our ban-ner and with song, Il - li-
2. We will ring out the call of the gos-pel un - to all, Il - li-
3. Keeping step in the light, ev - er striv-ing for the right, Il - li-
4. Till the har-vest is o'er, and we reach the oth - er shore, Il - li-

nois for the Lord, we will sing; With our sword gleaming bright, pressing
nois for the Lord, we will sing; To the mill-ions enslaved, who thro'
nois for the Lord, we will sing; Till our toil - ing shall end, on His
nois for the Lord, we will sing; We will seek for the lost, nev - er

for - ward in the fight, Il - li - nois to the Lord we will bring.
Je - sus may be saved, Il - li - nois to the Lord we will bring.
lov - ing arm de - pend, Il - li - nois to the Lord we will bring.
count-ing gain or cost, Il - li - nois to the Lord we will bring.

CHORUS.

p

Il - li - nois.....shall be our watchword, Il-li - nois..... to Je-sus bring;
Il-li-nois shall be our watchword, Il-li-nois to Je-sus bring;

p

Il-li - nois, press onward, upward. Il-li - nois... for Christ, our King.
Illinois, press onward, upward. Il li-nois, Illinois for Christ, our King (for Christ, our King).

No. 22. Full Assurance.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

Neva Parkhill Prentice. *P. P. Bilhorn.*

1. O to have all sins for-giv-en, To be washed in Je-sus' blood,
2. In my heart's most ho-ly cham-ber, I have Christ enthroned as king,
3. Canst thou not, O pil-grim, wea-ry, With a jour-ney, sad and long,
4. 'Tis a truth sub-lime, e-ter-nal, That the Sav-ior died for all,
5. O, di-vine and sweet companion! From the God-head—three in one—

And to have a full as-sur-ance That I am a child of God.
He can nev-er be a strang-er, Thro' the years of jour-ney-ing.
See the Sav-ior's smile more clear-ly, Change thy grief to glad-some song?
For our sins there's full a-tone-ment If we heed the Spir-it's call.
Thrice for-giv-ing our transgressions—God, the Spir-it and the Son.

CHORUS.

I am saved, I'm kept in Je-sus, I am washed in Je-sus' blood,
And the Spir-it bear-eth wit-ness That I am a child of God.

No. 23. Who Will Join Us?

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

M. G. Walker.
Arr. by P. P. B.

P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Be - hold! the ar - mies of the King Are marching forth in line;
2. And now a - mong the foremost ranks, Where foe meets foe to - day,
3. Be - hold! the King Him-self is near, And while His own ad-vance,
4. Oh, glo - rious, glo-rious vic - to - ry; With life's great bat-tle done,

Their roy - al banners, lift-ed high, In ra-diant splendor shine.
They stand erect with sword and shield, To brave the dread af - fray.
The trait - or le-gions backward fall Beneath their fearless glance.
The cross laid down, they wear the crown Their faith in Christ hath won.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Who will join us, who will join us, Who will join us in the fray?
* Why not join us, etc.
Come and join us, etc.

Who will join us, who will join us, Who will join our ranks to - day?

*Can use the words "Why not join us," or "Come and join us."

No. 24. Look to Jesus, When in Trouble.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

G. W. S. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Look to Je - sus, when in troub - le, Let Him al - ways for thee care,
2. Look to Je - sus, when the bil - lows Rush o'er thee, a might - y wave,
3. Look to Je - sus, when temp-ta-tions Lure thee from the nar-row road,
4. Look to Je - sus, when in troub - le, When by sin and sor-row pressed,
5. Look to Je - sus, when the dark - ness Of the night of death draws near,

Cast thy bur - dens on the Sav - ior, All thy griefs he came to bear.
Lift thy hand and soul to Heav - en, Christ, Himself will quick - ly save.
Touched with all thy hu - man feel-ings, He will bear thy heav - y load.
Don't re-ject His pre-cious prom-ise, "Come to me, I'll give thee rest."
Look! Oh faint-ing, dy - ing broth - er, Christ will ban - ish all thy fear.

CHORUS.

Look to Je - sus! look to Je - sus! See Him hang-ing on the tree!

Thro' his death, He came to save us; See Him dy - ing there for thee!

No. 25. Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

Mrs. J. E. Sheldon. *P. P. Bilhorn.*

1. See the Rum-fiend with his millions, Sweeping o'er our na - tive land,
2. See he clam-ors at your threshold Hunting down your precious sons,
3. "Fold-ed hands will nev - er aid us" To re-move this load of woe,
4. Weep-ing moth-ers, sis - ters, daughters, Tears prevail not o er this sin,

Spread-ing death and des - o - la - tion, Grief and woe on ev - 'ry hand.
Lies in wait at ev - 'ry cor - ner, With his wi - ly ser-pent tongue
Chris - tian fa - thers, husbands, broth-ers, No - bly dare, and brave-ly do.
We must work for home and loved ones If we ev - er hope to win.

Men of worth, be up and do - ing, Men of cour - age, men of zeal,
To in - vei - gle the un - wa - ry, And your children's hearts to steal,
Save the na - tion from de-struc-tion, You its des - ti - ny must seal,
God will sure - ly crown each ef - fort, And the na-tion's sor-row heal,

Help dethrone the ty - rant mon-ster, "Put your shoulder to the wheel"
Up and do - ing; men and brothers, "Put your shoulder to the wheel."
With a will then strong and stead-y, "Put your shoulder to the wheel."
If each loy - al heart and brave one, "Put their shoulder to the wheel."

No. 26.

Angels Sing On.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

Faber. *P. P. Bilhorn.*

1. Hark! hark! my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing, O'er earth's green
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, Come, wea - ry
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at ev-'ning peal - ing, The voice of
4. An - gels, sing on, your faith - ful watch-es keep - ing, Sing us sweet

fields and o - cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those
souls, for Je - sus bids you come; And thro' the dark, its
Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls by
frag-ments of the songs a - bove; Till morn - ing's joy shall

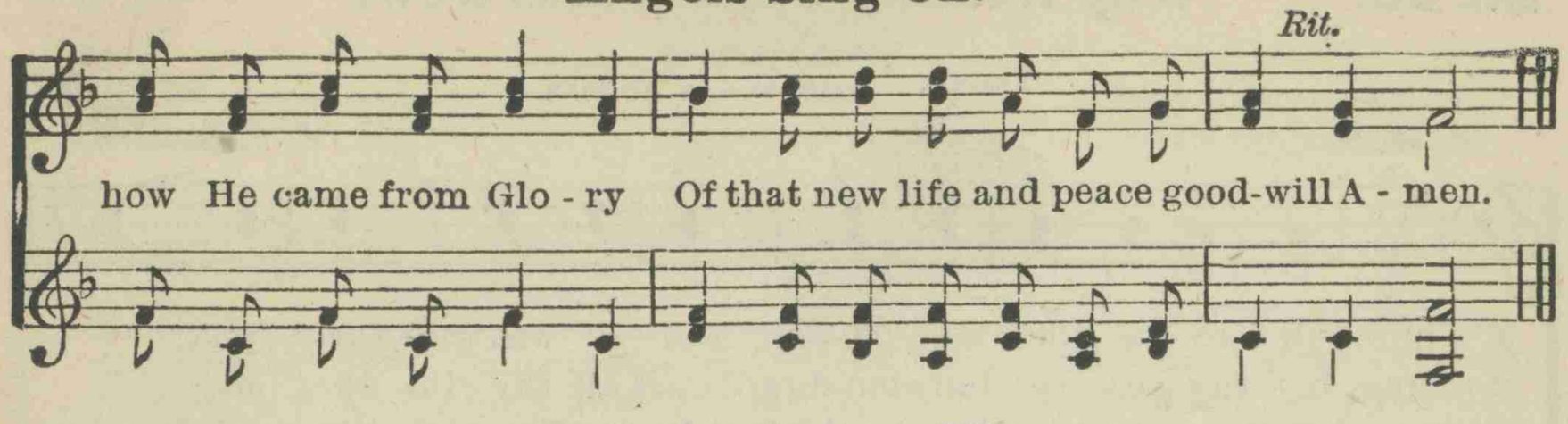
bless - ed strains are tell - ing, Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing, The mu-sic of the gos-pel leads us home.
thousands meek - ly steal - ing, Kind Shepherd turn their weary steps to Thee.
end the night of weep - ing, And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

CHORUS.

An - gels, sing on and tell the bless - ed sto - ry,

Tell of His birth, and of good-will to men: Sing of His love and

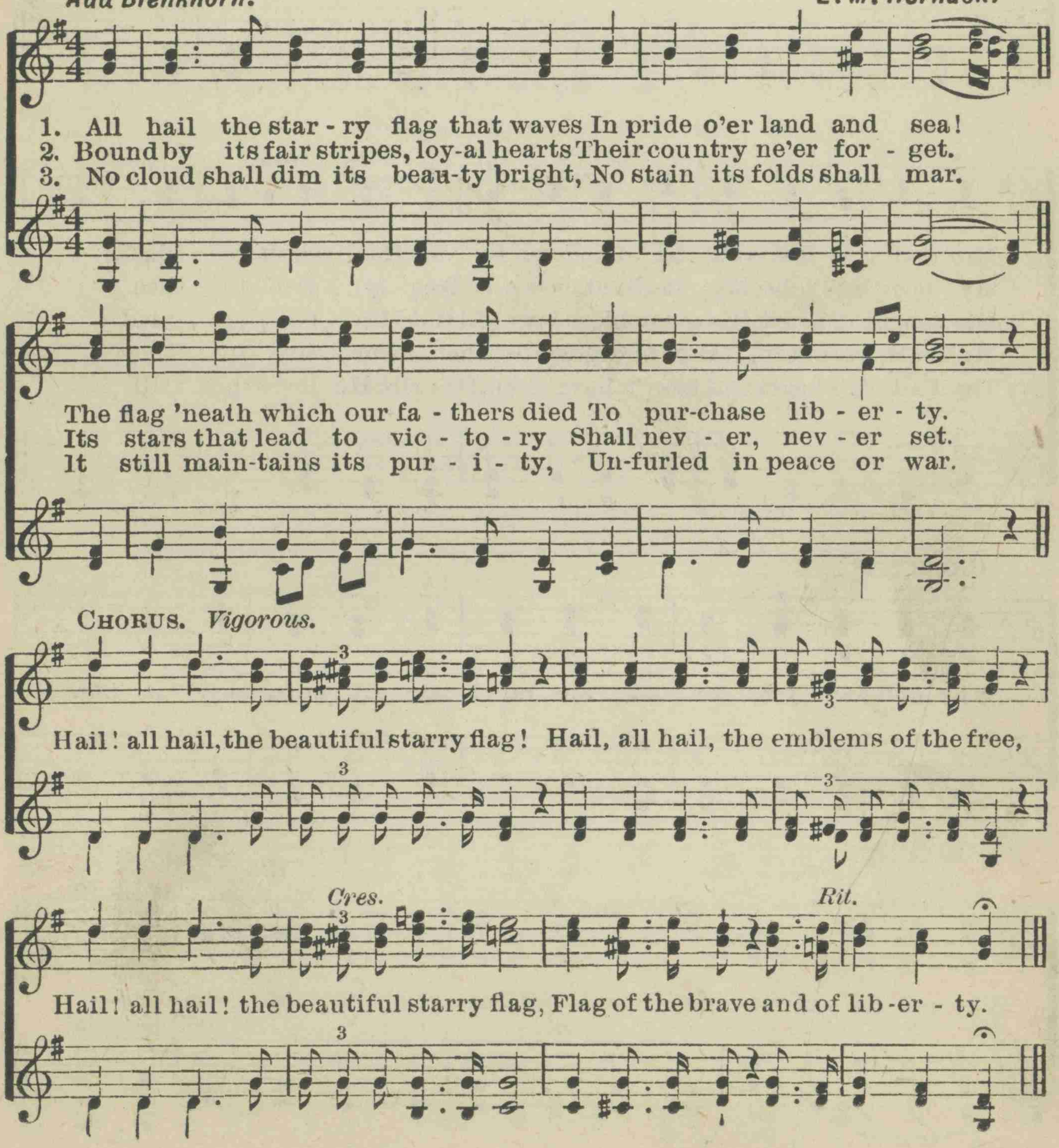
Angels Sing On.



No. 27. Hail the Starry Flag.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

Ada Blenkhorn. *E. M. Herndon.*



No. 28. Why Not Say Yes to Jesus Now?

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

G. W. S. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Come un - to me, thou wea - ry one, And I will give thee rest;
2. Come, lay thy wea - ry bur-den down; Cast all thy sins on Me;
3. Down from my Fa-ther's home a-bove, I came to seek His child;
4. Haste, for the night of death draws nigh, Oh, dark Geth-sem-a - nee!
5. Ho, ev - 'ry one that thirsteth, come! Come who-so-ev - er will!

Tho' guilt - y, lost and all un-done, In Me thou shalt be blest.
My spot-less robe, My ra-diant crown I free - ly give to thee.
His yearning heart, His quenchless love, Bid thee be rec - on - ciled.
My death were vain, if thou shouldst die; Then let me live in Thee.
Thy Fa-ther's heart and heav'n have room, He calls, He loves thee still.

CHORUS.

Why not say yes to Je - sus now? Say it now, say it now.

Rit.

Why not say yes to Je - sus now? Say yes to Je - sus now.

No. 29.

Waiting for Jesus.

WORDS AND MUSIC

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

Miss Ada Blenkhorn.

Miss Ada Blenkhorn.
Arr. by P. P. B.

1. Wait-ing for Je - sus, wait-ing for Je - sus, Lost in the
2. Wait-ing for Je - sus, pa - tient - ly wait - ing Heav - y their
3. Wait-ing for Je - sus, wait-ing for Je - sus, Is their no
4. Wait-ing for Je - sus, wait-ing for Je - sus, Hearts that are

dark - ness, lost in the night; Hearts there are wait - ing, long - ing to
bur - den, faint is their cry; Hearts that are ach - ing, hearts that are
Shep - herd guarding these sheep? Homeless, and help - less, pit - y them
wea - ry, hun - gry and cold; Tell them of Je - sus, glad - ly they'll

Rit.

know Him, Wait - ing for Je - sus, long - ing for light.
break - ing, Wait - ing to see the Sav - ior pass by.
Chris - tians O - ver these lost ones, Je - sus doth weep.
hear you, Ten - der - ly lead them in - to the fold.

CHORUS.

Wait - ing, long - ing. Wait - ing to know the way; Wait - ing
Waiting for Him, longing for Him, Waiting for Him,

long - ing; There Wait - ing, for Je - sus to - day.....
longing for Him; to - day.

No. 30. Be Hushed, My Sad Spirit.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

Rev. C. Perren. *Melody by F. Degen.*
Arr. by P. P. B.

1. Be hushed, my sad spir - it and do not com-plain, But trust thou in
2. He knows all thy sor-rows, and counts all thy tears, He'll strengthen thy
3. Yea, when thro' the death-shade thy path-way doth lie, E'en then thou shalt
4. Be hushed then, sad spir - it, and do not de - spair, By night and by

God, and His grace will sus - tain; Thro' dan - gers and tri - als He
weak - ness, and ban-ished thy fears; Up - hold and de - fend thee, tho'
know that His pres - ence is nigh; His rod will pro-tect thee when
day thou art un - der His care; And since He hath loved thee He'll

leads thee a - bove, Cor - rects thee in wis-dom, and chast-ens in love.
help - ers all fail, And when thou art vanquished, His might will pre - vail.
in the deep gloom, His staff will sup-port thee while near-ing the tomb.
love to the end; Unchanged and un-chang-ing, thy Sav - ior and Friend.

Rit.

CHORUS.

Moderato. *pp* *Rit.*

Be hushed, be hushed, Be hushed, be hushed.
Be hushed, be hushed, Be hushed, be hushed.

No. 31. Jesus Has Come to Abide.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

L. O Brown.
Arr. by P. P. B.

P. P. Bilhorn.

1. His peace pass-eth all un-der-stand-ing, For Je-sus has come to a - bide;
2. He died to re-deem me for-ev-er, And Je-sus has come to a - bide;
3. When yielding my all to His serv-ice, My Je-sus came in to a - bide;
4. The Spir-it of God ev-er helps me Since Je-sus has come to a - bide;

Each moment rich blessing He's granting, Since Je-sus has come to a - bide.
His pres-ence will leave me, oh, nev-er, For Je-sus has come to a - bide.
Se-cure-ly I rest in His prom-ise, For Je sus in me doth a - bide.
He's in, and a-round, and up-on me, And Je-sus has come to a - bide.

CHORUS.

Yes, Je-sus has come to a - bide, Yes, Je-sus has come to a - bide;
abide,

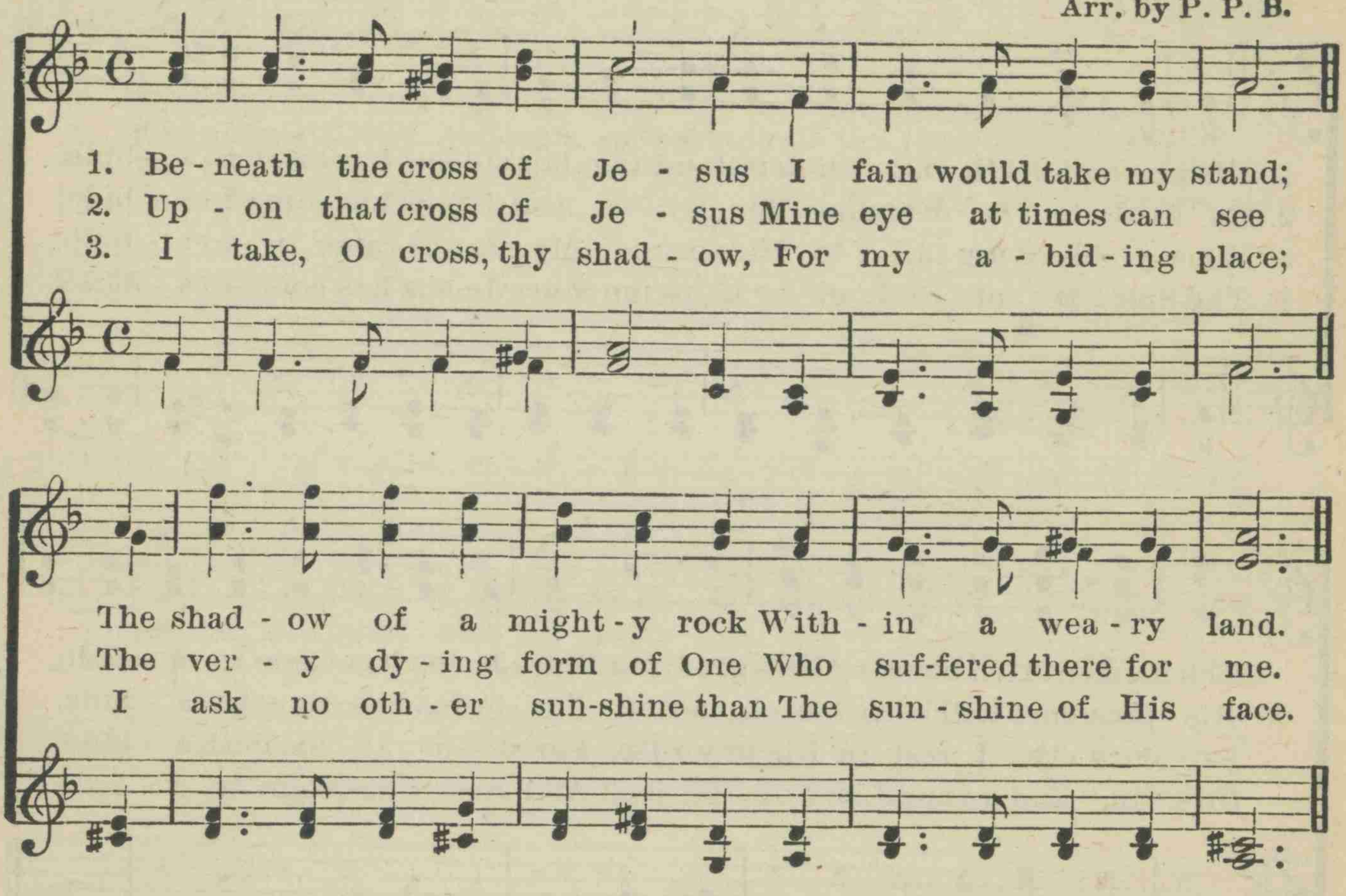
Rit.

All glo-ry to God, I am saved by the blood, And Je-sus has come to a - bide.

No. 32. Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

ARRANGEMENT
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

Elizabeth C. Clephane. *F. C. Maker.*
Arr. by P. P. B.



No. 33. Sowing and Reaping.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

Thomas Hastings. *P. P. Bilhorn.*

1. He that go-eth forth with weep-ing, Bear-ing precious seed in love,
2. Soft de-scend the dews of heav - en, Bright the rays ce - les-tial shine;
3. Sow thy seed, be nev-er wea - ry, Let no fears thy soul an - noy;
4. Lo! the scene of verdure bright'ning, See the ris-ing grain ap-pear;

Nev - er tir-ing, nev-er sleep - ing, Find - eth mer-cy from a - bove.
Precious fruits will then be giv - en Thro' a pow - er all di - vine.
Be the prospect ne'er so drear - y, Thou shalt reap the fruit of joy.
Look a-gain! the fields are rip - 'ning, For the har-vest time is near.

CHORUS.

Go ye forth, sow the seed, Soon the har-vest time will come;
Go ye forth, sow the seed,

Hear the call,..... gather in,..... Till He calls His reap-ers home.
Hear the call, gath-er in,

No. 34. Wait Upon the Lord.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. When my soul is sore dis-stressed, And my spir - it is op-pressed,
2. When my heart is filled with grief, And there com-eth no re - lief,
3. When my eyes are filled with tears, And my soul o'erwhelmed with fears,
4. When I'm near-ing Jor-dan's shore, And I'm sure to cross it o'er,

I will trust in Him who giv - eth rest, I will wait up - on the Lord.
I will trust in God, His word be - lieve. I will wait up - on the Lord.
I will come to Him who al-ways cheers, I will wait up - on the Lord.
I will trust in God yet more and more, I will wait up - on the Lord.

CHORUS.

They that wait up - on the Lord shall renew their strength: They shall

Unison.

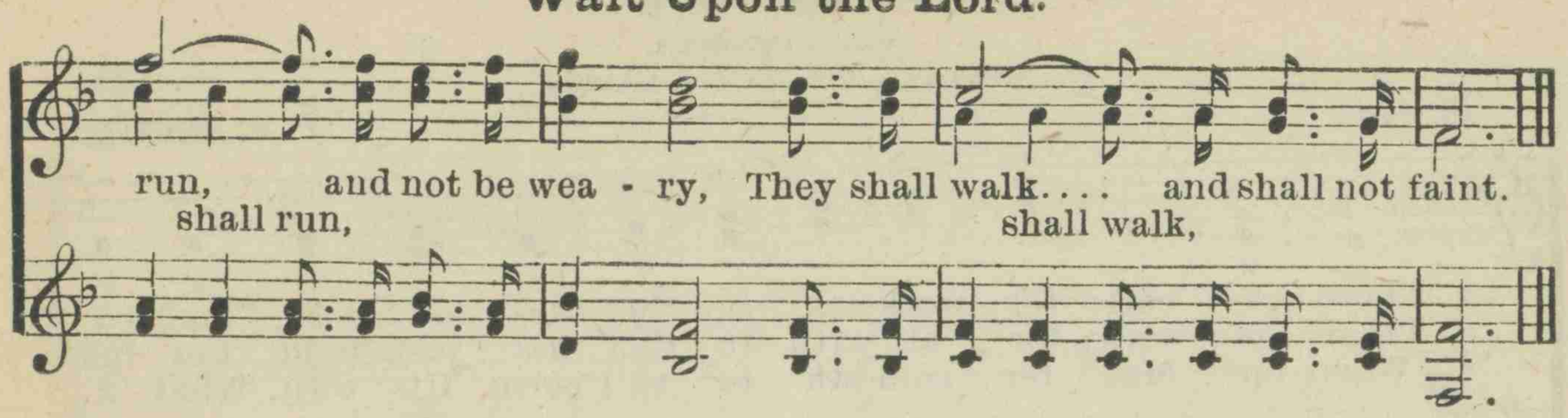
mount up with wings as ea - gles: They shall run, and not be

shall run,

wea - ry, They shall walk, and shall not faint: They shall

shall walk,

Wait Upon the Lord.



No. 35.

Shelter of Safety.

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COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

Celia M. Reynolds. *Ferd. Degen.*

No. 36.

Rally Song.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

B. A. R.

P. P. Bilhorn.

1. There's a call for work-ers in the Mas - ter's field, There's a
2. There is work for all with - in the har - vest field; Let us
4. When our Mas - ter com-eth to re - ceive His own, What a

har - vest white to gath - er in; Let us rise in our might, and with
gath - er in the gold - en grain, In the strength of the Lord and His
glo - rious meet-ing that will be; We shall hear the "well done" of the

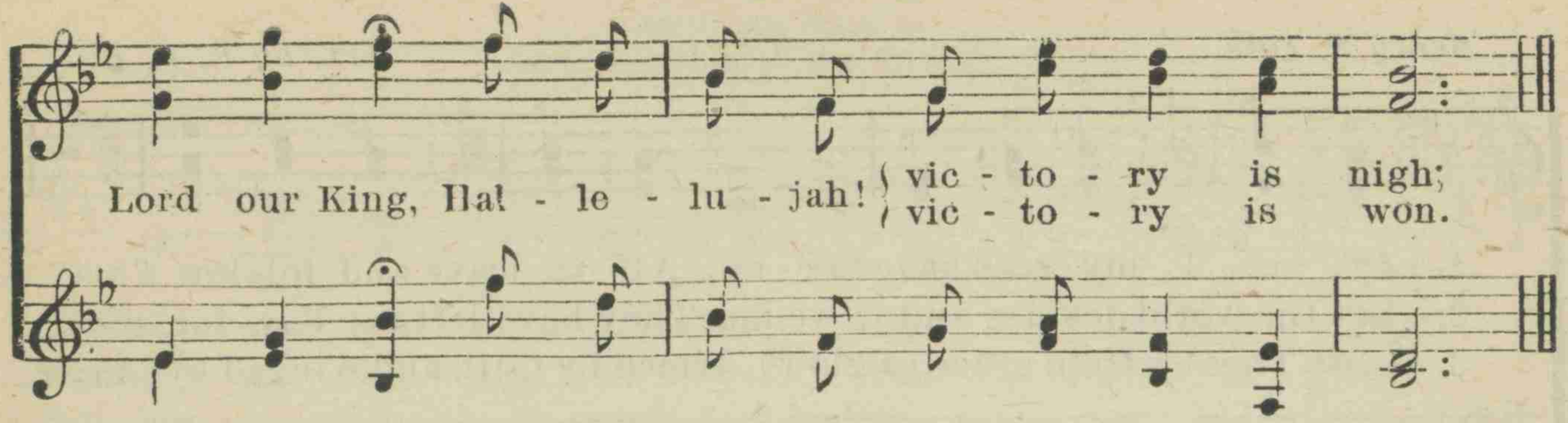
ar - mor, bright, On to vic - t'ry 'gainst the host of sin.
ho - ly word, Oh, the rich re - ward we then shall gain.
bless - ed One, And His lov - ing face we then shall see.

CHORUS.

March - ing on, march - ing on, On to vic - to - ry, { With the / The sa -

cross and its ban-ner lift - ed high,
loon and the liq - uor traf - fic gone, { Let us shout and sing to the

Rally Song.

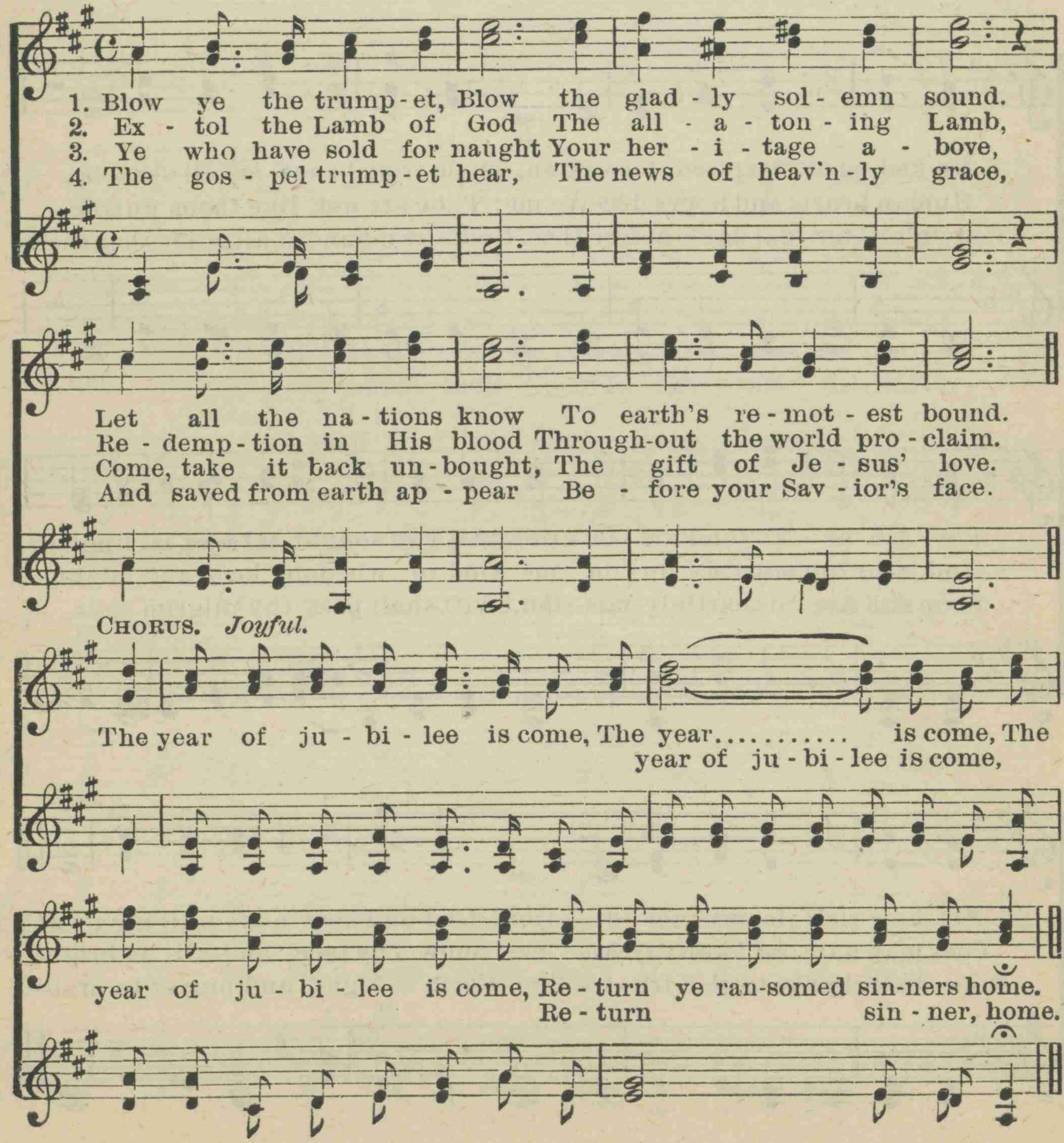


No. 37.

Return Home.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

Arr. *Chas. J. Rockwell.*



No. 38. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. *Arr. by P. P. B.*

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low Thee!
2. Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Sav - ior, too;
3. Haste Thee on from grace to glo-ry, Armed by faith and winged by pray'r;

Na-ked, poor, despised, for-sak-en, Thou, from hence, my all shall be.
Human hearts and hopes deceive me; Thou art not, like them, untrue
Heav'n's e - ter - nal day's before thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
And, while Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis-dom, love, and might,
Soon shall close this earth-ly mis-sion, Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,

Yet how rich is my con - di - tion. God and heav'n are still my own!
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

No. 39. Only Pennies.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

Jennie E. Hussey. *P. P. Bilhorn.*

1. Child.– I am but a pen - ny, But I'll add my mite,
2. Child.– I am but a nick - el, But I will u - nite,
3. Child.–I'm a dime, and will - ing To give all my store,
4. Child.–Pen-nies, dimes and nick - els, Tracts and bi - bles, buy,
All. –Then let all God's chil - dren Help us to u - nite,

And in - to the dark - ness Send the gos - pel light.
With the dimes and pen - nies Send the bless - ed light.
Thus to help the gos - pel Spread from shore to shore.
Which will tell the heath - en How Christ came to die.
And in - to the dark - ness Send the gos - pel light.

CHORUS.

Pen - nies, dimes and nick - els But we will u - nite,
And in - to the dark - ness Send the gos - pel light.

No. 40. Believe and Receive.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

Rev. H. B. Townsend. *P. P. Bilhorn.*

1. When we came to the Lord, And be-lieved on His word, What a par-don and peace we re-ceived; Then the Spir-it was giv'n, A rich fore-taste of heav'n, And our hearts were from bur-dens re-lieved.
2. We ac-cept-ed His will, And we nev-er feared ill. But we trust-ed His prom-ise and grace; While we walk in His way, Keep-ing step day by day, We move on to our heav-en-ly place.
3. We'll o-bey His com-mand, We'll be led by His hand, In the way that leads on to the Lord; We'll receive grace for grace, We'll be-hold His dear face, And re-joice in the prom-ised re-ward.

Rit.

CHORUS.

Then trust and be-lieve, And the bless-ing re-ceive; It is life ev-er-last-ing Un-to all who be-lieve.

Rit.

No. 41. The Wonderful Story.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

Kate Ulmer. *J. S. Fuller.*

1. I know of a sto - ry more pre - cious than gold, The won - der-ful sto - ry of Je - sus; Re - veal - ing His love that can nev - er be told, The won - der - ful sto - ry of Je - sus.
2. It gives us as - sur - ance of free - dom from sin, The won - der-ful sto ry of Je - sus; It scat - ters all gloom and all doubt - ing with - in, The won - der - ful sto - ry of Je - sus.
3. 'Tis won - drous - ly pre - cious when sor - rows in - crease, The won - der-ful sto - ry of Je - sus; E'en then it hath pow - er to give us re - lease, The won - der - ful sto - ry of Je - sus.
4. E'en thro' the dim shad - ows with me it will go, The won - der-ful sto - ry of Je - sus; Be - yond the great val - ley in full - ness I'll know, The won - der - ful sto - ry of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

The won - der - ful sto - ry of Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus;
The won - der-ful sto - ry of Je - sus, Je-sus who died for me.

No. 42. The Home in the Sweet By and By.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

Allegretto. ♩. = 72.

1. I stood all a-lone by the way-side, And gazed at the stars in the sky;
2. The stars had more beauty and splendor Than earth with its wealth could sup-ply;
3. Some day, on the wings of the morning, To yonder bright home I will fly;
4. And when I shall reach that fair country, Where sorrow shall ne'er dim mine eye,

Cres. *Rit.*

I thought of the many who en-tered The home in the Sweet By and By.
I longed for a glimpse of the portals, And a home in the Sweet By and By.
I'll en-ter the gates of that cit-y, And dwell in the Sweet By and By.
I'll sing forth for-ev-er the prais-es Of the home in the Sweet By and By.

CHORUS. *Andante.* 𝅗𝅥. = 82.

Sweet By and By,..... Sweet By and By.....

1

O land of beau - ty, home in the sky;.....

2

Rit.

I long to see thee, Sweet By and By (By and By).

No. 43. A Message of Love.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

P. P. B. *P. P. Bilhorn.*

DUET. SOP. & ALTO.

1. There came to my heart a sweet mes-sage of love, When I was for-
2. How sweet was the mes sage that came to my heart, And filled me with
3. And since I am His, and I know He is mine, How sweet is the

sak-en and sad; It came from a-bove like a heav-en-ly dove; It
sunshine and song! My hope did a-bound when the Savior I found; I
peace He has giv'n! From morning till night He's my joy and delight, A

bade me re-joice and be glad; New cour-age a-rose in my
think of Him all the day long, And fol-low-ing close-ly my
bless-ed as-sur-ance of heav'n; In per-fect sub-mis-sion I

Rit. *A tempo.*

soul when I heard Of One who deliv'rance could bring; I bowed in con-
Shepherd and Guide, He leads me where cool wa-ters spring; My soul is re-
fol-low a-long, For He is my Sav-ior and King; And when I have

tri-tion to Je-sus, my Lord; Now the wonderful sto-ry I sing.
freshed as in Him I a-bide, And re-joic-ing, His prais-es I sing.
joined with the glo-ri-fied throng, Then for-ev-er this theme I will sing.

CHORUS.

Sweet, sweet old sto-ry, oft has been told;....

Won-der-ful sto-ry that nev-er grows old (ne'er grows old).

No. 44. If Saved, Why Not To-night?

Eliza Reed. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN. *Chas. M. Robinson.*

1. Oh, do not let the Word depart, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long de - lud-ed sight;
3. The world has noth-ing left to give, It has no new, no pure de-light;
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls unite;

Poor sin-ner, harden not thy heart; Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?
This is the time, oh, then be wise; Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?
O try the life the Christians live; Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?
Then be the work of grace be-gun; Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?

REFRAIN.

Why not?.... why not?.....There's danger in de - lay;
Why not to-night? why not to-night? There's dan-ger, O my brother, in de-lay;

Why not?..... why not?..... O think a - gain, my
Why not to-night? why not to-night? O think a - gain, my

broth-er; If saved, why not to-night? why not to-night?
broth-er, think a-gain; If saved, why not to - night? .....

Rit.

No. 45. Since the Comforter is Mine.

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P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. I can sing the wondrous sto - ry, Since the Com - fort-er is mine;
2. Now I claim a full sal-va - tion, Since the Com - fort-er is mine;
3. All my task and toil is light - er, Since the Com - fort er is mine;
4. All the clouds have sil - ver lin - ing, Since the Com - fort-er is mine;

I can tell of Je - sus' glo - ry, Of His grace and love di - vine.
Jus - ti - fied from con-dem - na - tion, Thro' His grace and pow'r di - vine.
And the way keeps grow-ing bright-er, Walk-ing in the light di - vine.
And His love, the storm out-shin - ing, Bears me on to realms sub-lime.

CHORUS.

Since the Com - - - fort - er is mine,..... Since the
Since that He is mine, The Com-fort - er di-vine, I have

Com - - fort - er is mine,..... There is peace within my heart,
peace and joy sublime, Since that He is mine,

And it nev - er will de-part, Since the bless-ed Com - fort - er is mine.

No. 46. Not Servants, but Friends.

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Jennie E. Hussey. *P. P. Bilhorn.*

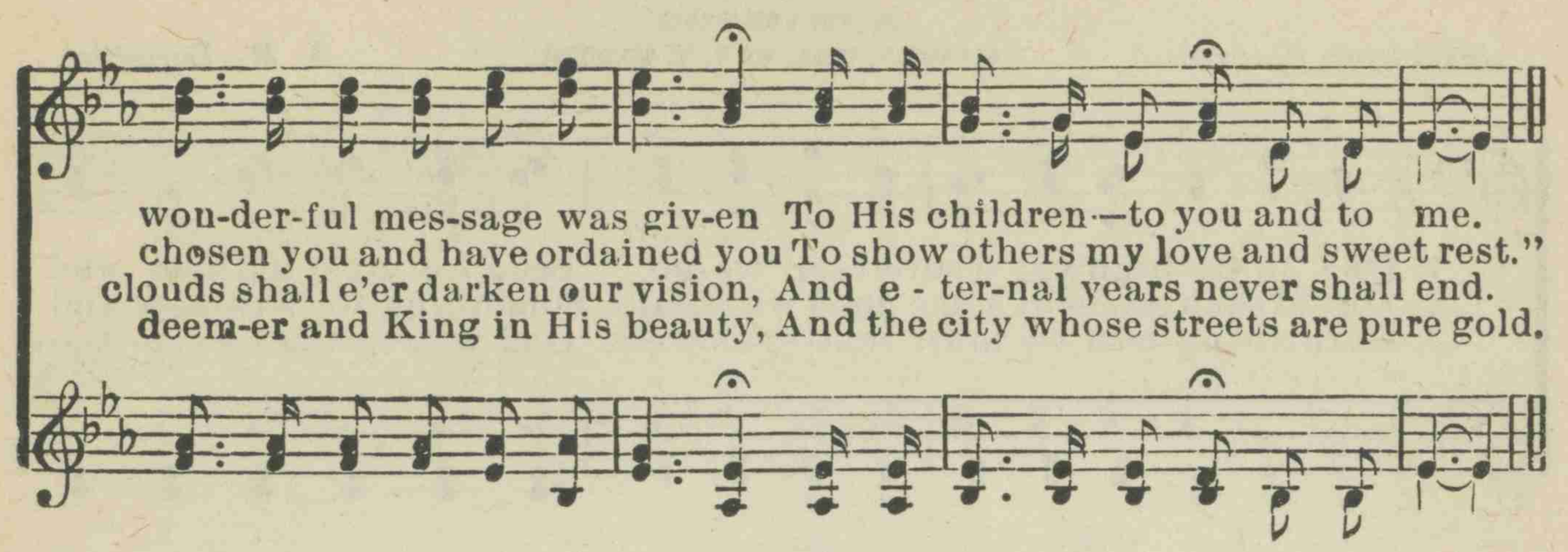
1. I think that a-mong the most pre-cious Of the prom-is-es
2. "Henceforth will I call you not serv-ants; For the serv-ant, a-
3. O think, when the way seems so lone-ly, That some-time we
4. Go forth then, the good seed to scat-ter; 'Tis for-ev-er your

writ-ten of old, Are the ones that we find in John's gos-pel,
lone, may not know Oft-en-times what his lord may be do-ing;
shall see His face, And shall join with the ransomed in glo-ry,
fruit shall re-main, And what-ev-er ye ask of the Fa-ther

Which our Lord to His fol-low-ers told: "If ye do what-so-
But with you it shall nev-er be so; For what-e'er I have
As they sing of His won-der-ful grace; Where no more as the
In my name, ye shall ask not in vain. When our la-bor and

ev-er I bid you, Ye are al-ways my friends," said He; And this
heard of my Fa-ther, I to you have made man-i-fest; I have
Mas-ter and serv-ants We shall meet, but as friend with friend, Where no
sor-row is end-ed, Then our eyes shall at last be-hold The Re-

Not Servants, but Friends.



No. 47. We are Little Children.

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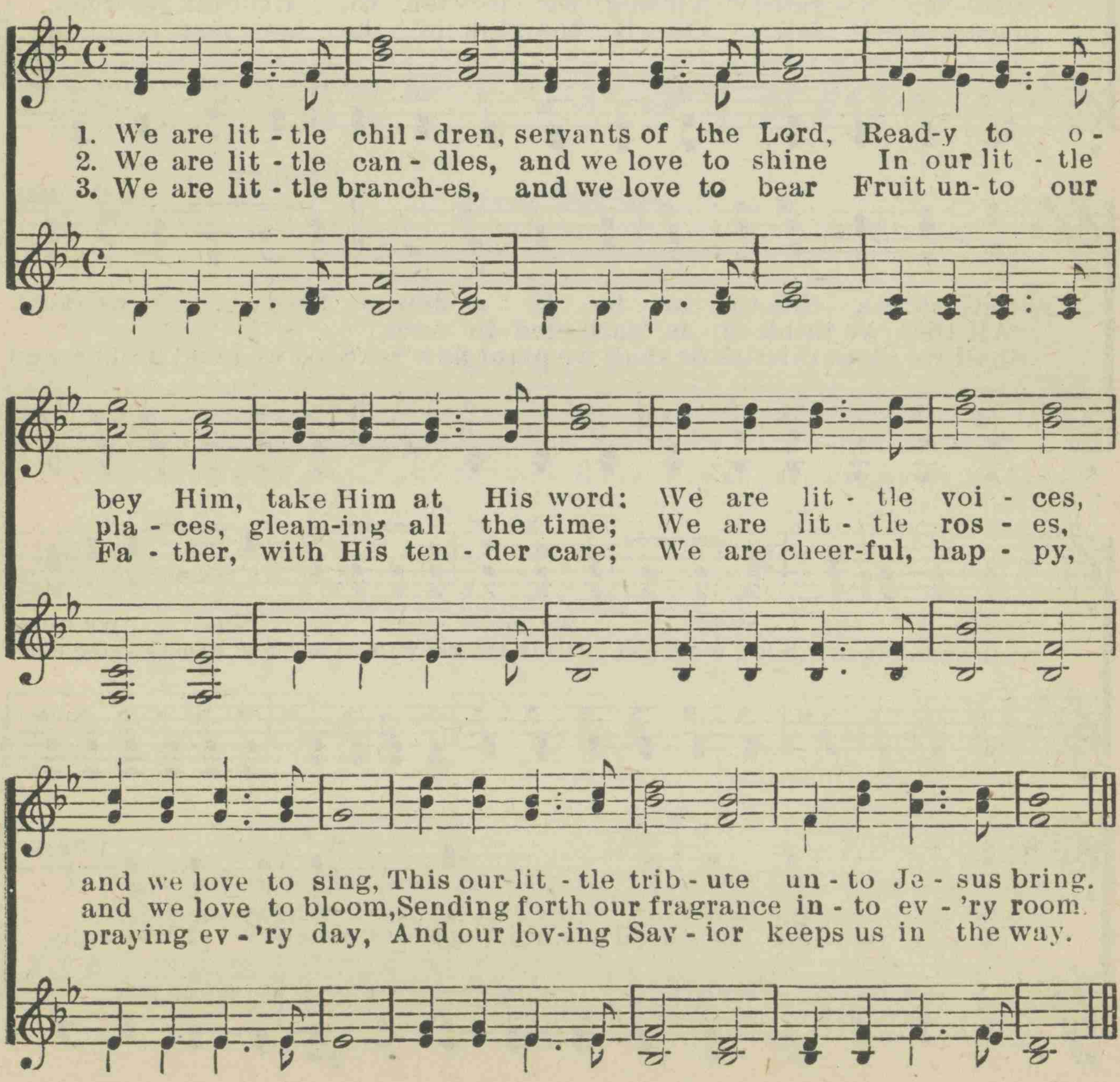
P. P. B. *P. P. Bilhorn.*



No. 48. Sowing Seed.

Josephine Pollard.
Arr. by P. P. B.

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R. M. Trumble.

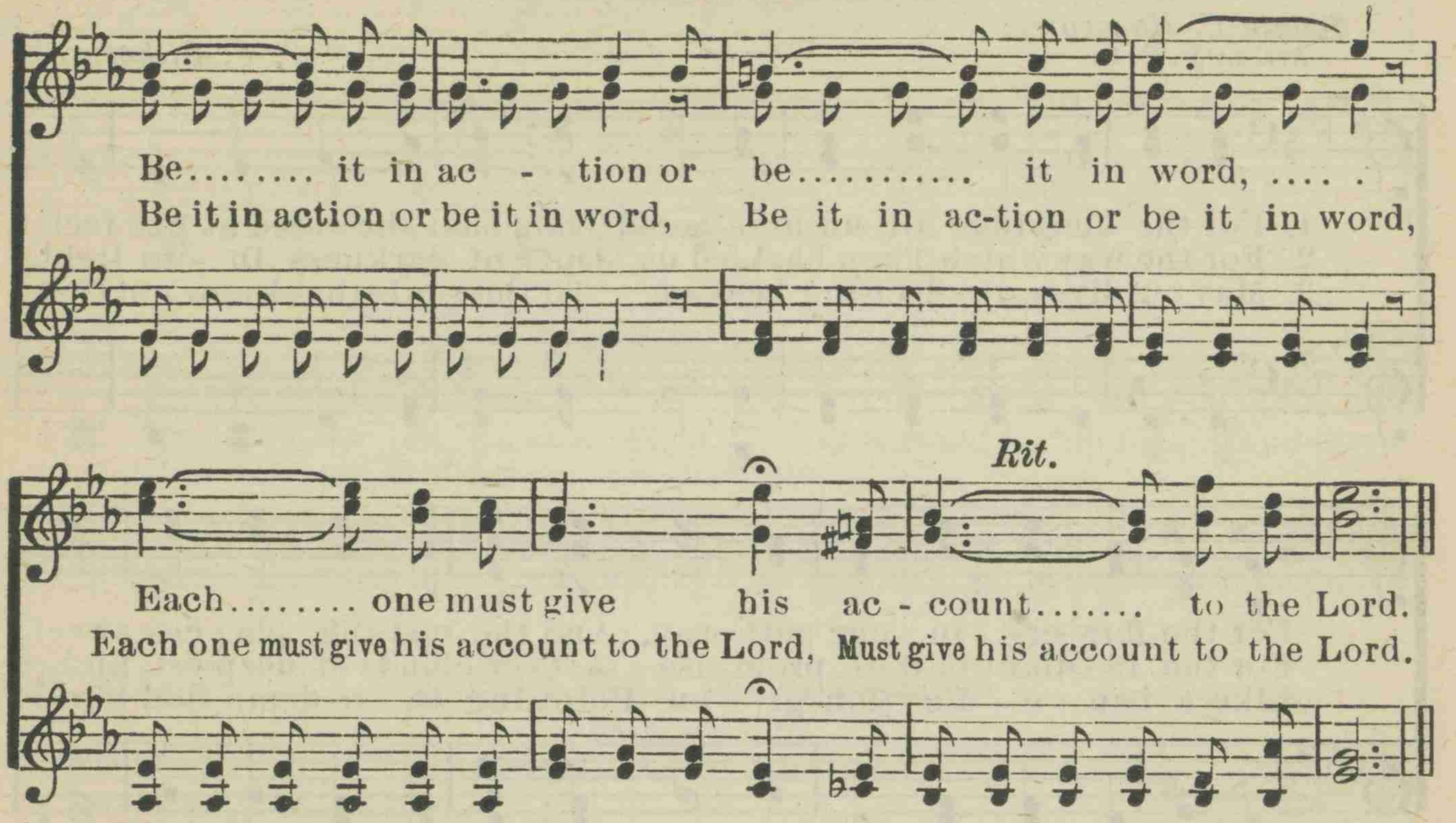
1. Out in the highway wher-ev-er we go, Seed we must gath-er, and seed we must sow;
2. Out of each moment some good we obtain, Something to win-now and scat-ter a-gain;
3. Gath-er-ing seed, we must scatter as well; God will watch o-ver the place where it fell;

E-ven the ti-ni-est seed has a pow'r,
All that we lis-ten to, all that we read,
On-ly the gain of the har-vest is ours,

CHORUS

Be it a this-tle or be it a flow'r. Seed..... we must gath--er, Seed..... we must sow:..... Seed..... we must scat--ter Wher-ev---er we go,
All that we think of, is gath-ered in seed.
Shall we plant thistles or shall we plant flow'rs? Seed we must gather, and seed we must sow, Seed we must gather, and seed we must sow; Seed we must scatter wher-ev-er we go, Yes, seed we must scat-ter wher-ev-er we go,

Sowing Seed.



No. 49. Give Praise.

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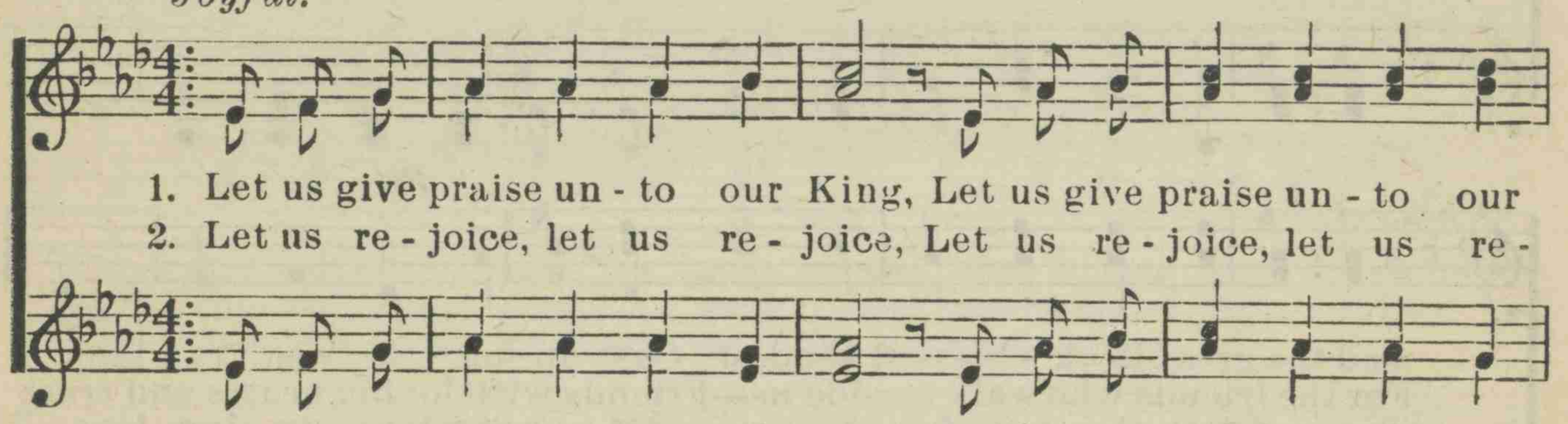
P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

Joyful.



No. 50. For Every Good and Perfect Gift.

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Jennie E. Hussey.
Arr. by P. P. B.

P. P. Bilhorn.

1. For the blessings all un-num-bered Thou hast showered at our feet,
2. For the way which Thou hast led us Out of darkness in - to light,
3. May our lives, re - flect-ing heav-en To the souls that know not God,

For the flow-ers in our path-way, And the rest-ing pla - ces sweet;
For the ra - diant bow of prom - ise Aft - er clouds of deep-est night;
Like a ben - e - dic - tion giv - en Point-ing to re-demp-tion blood;

There were palms and wells refreshing Aft - er heat - ed des - ert sand,
For new strength to bear our cross-es Pa-tient-ly, and hum-ble, too,
That we all in Thy great glo - ry, With the hosts redeemed a - bove,

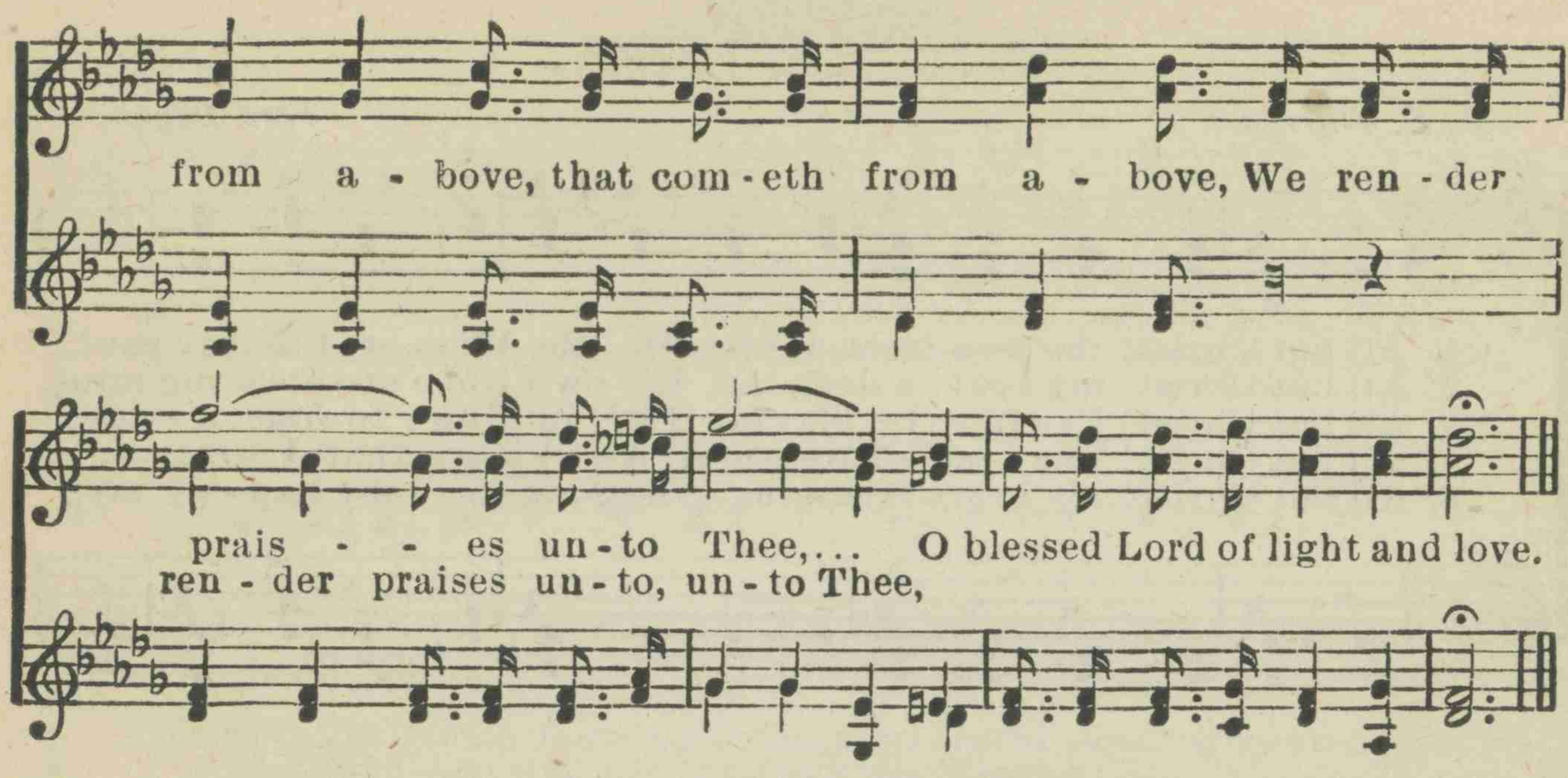
Rit.

And the great Rock's blessed shadow Cast up - on a wea - ry land.
For the friends who walk be-side us—Friends with loving hearts and true:
Sing and tell the joy - ful sto - ry Of our Sav-ior's dy - ing love.

CHORUS.

For ev - 'ry good..... and per-fect gift..... that com-eth
Ev - 'ry good and per-fect, per - fect gift that com-eth

For Every Good and Perfect Gift.



No. 51. Just a Ray of Sunshine.

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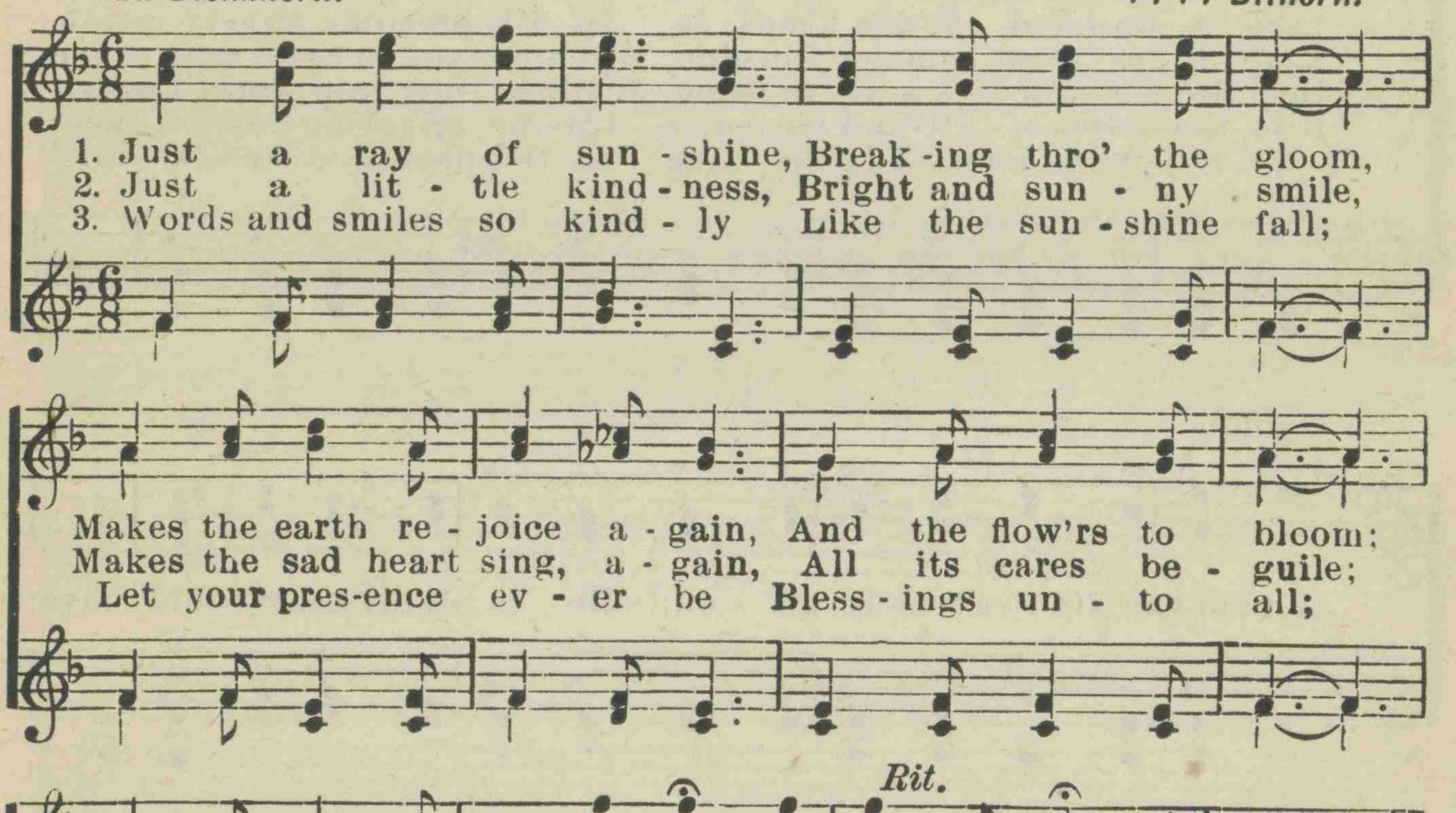
Ada Blenkhorn. *P. P. Bilhorn.*



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No. 52. All but Christ.

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B. E. Warren. *Ferd Degen.*

1. All but Christ! the wondrous se-cret, He, the Bless-or, fills my soul;
2. All but Christ! my soul a-dorn-ing, His own life o'er-spreading mine,
3. All but Christ! I've free-ly giv-en, I'm in Him to hide a-way;
4. All but Christ! The pearl of treasures, All I leave that I may see
5. All but Christ! My heart is singing, Sing-ing forth my hap-py lay;

Cres.

Like a wa-tered gar-den keeps it In His precious, sweet control.
Like a lus-trous summer morning, When the sun o'er all doth shine.
He's in me for ex-al-ta-tion, While in this vain world I stay.
Him, the source of life and pleasures, Liv-ing, reign-ing here in me.
I re-joice while whol-ly liv-ing In His pres-ence ev-'ry day."

CHORUS.

f *p*

All but Christ! I've free-ly giv-en; He is all my heart could crave;

ff

For in Him are stores of wis-dom, He, a-lone, has pow'r to save.

No. 53. Joyful Tidings.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. O sing the glad news of Je - sus, The spotless Lamb of God; He was born this Christmas morning, To bear our sinful load; Oh, spread the joyful ti - dings To all the world a - round, Of Christ, the King of Glo - ry,

2. The shepherd up-on the hill-side Who kept the watch by night, Heard the an-gels' voic-es sing-ing, And saw the shining light; The angels sang of Je-sus, And told them Christ was born, And that He lay in Beth-le-hem, guide them, They followed it by night, And came to Bethlehem's border

3. The wise men went forth and sought Him Who on this Christmas day Was born the world's Redeemer, Our sins and debts to pay. The star was sent to

CHORUS.

Who on this day was found.
Up - on this Christmas morn.
On Christmas morning bright.
} Joy, joy, joy! The Sav-ior of earth is born; Joy, joy, joy! Let us sing it this Christmas morn.

No. 54. Thy Faith Hath Made Thee Whole.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

John R. Clements. *P. P. Bilhorn.*

1. Je - sus is pass - ing a - long to - day, Just as He went on the
2. Ma - ny there are who still blind-ed lie, Heed - ing not Je - sus as
3. Blind was the beg - gar, he did not heed What oth - ers said, for he
4. Je - sus, have mer - cy on me, on me, Blind are my eyes, but I

Jer - i - cho way; If you will but call you may hear Him now say:
He pass- eth by; When glad - ly He'd an - swer, if they would but cry:
knew his great need; To Je - sus He went with all pos - si - ble speed,
fain would now see; Oh! where shall I go for my sight, but to Thee?

CHORUS.

"Thy faith hath made thee whole" "Thy faith hath made thee whole Thy

faith hath made thee whole," If you will but call you may

hear Him now say: "Thy faith hath made thee whole."

No. 55. Safely Thro' Another Week.

J. Newton. *L. M.*

1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way;
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; May we feel Thy pres-ence near:

Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day:
Show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face, Take a - way our sin and shame;
May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear:

Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest;
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee;
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast;

Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest.
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.

No. 56. Consider the Lilies.

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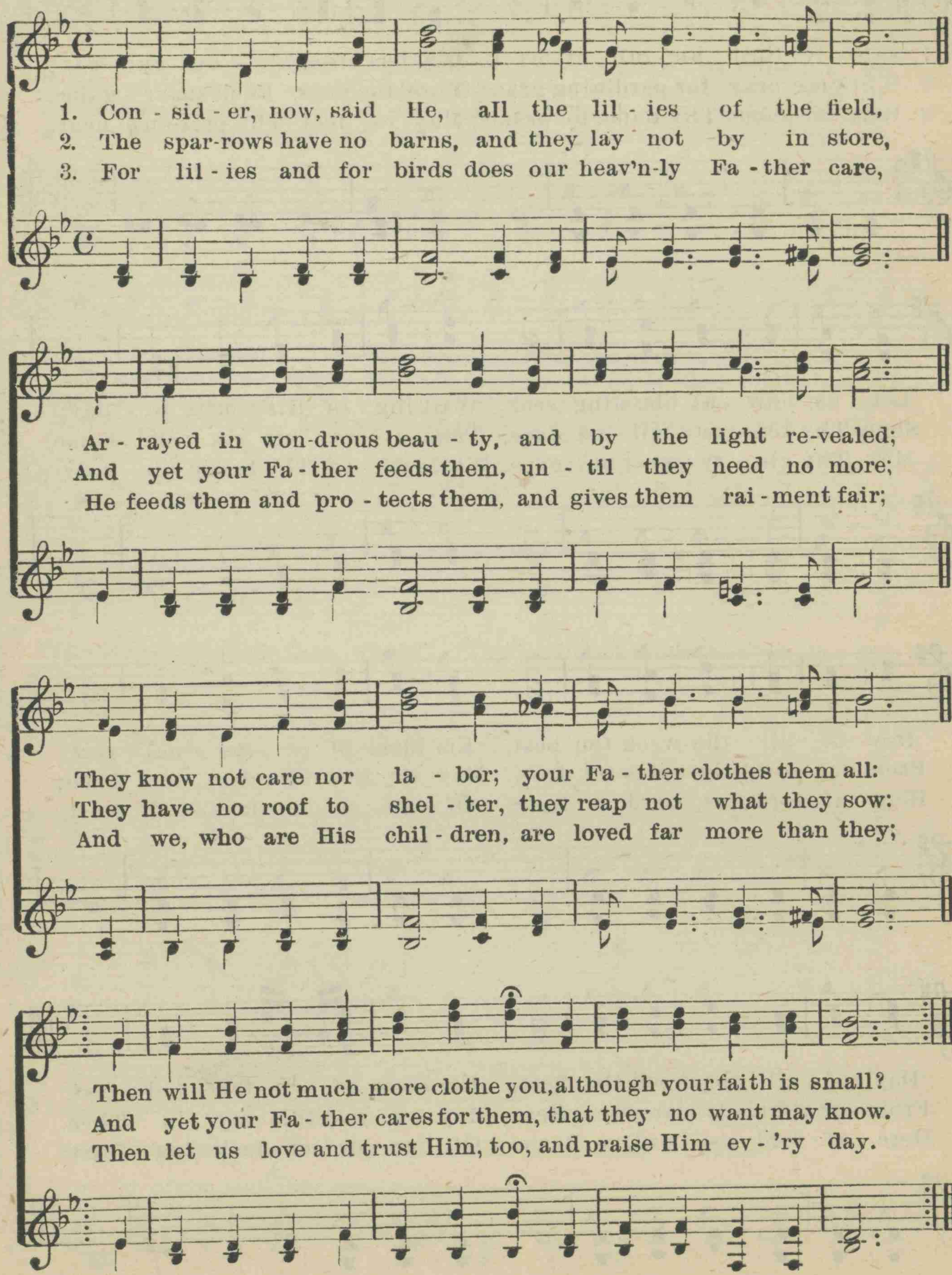
Jennie E. Hussey. *P. P. Bilhorn.*



No. 57.

Better Farther On.

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COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

Arr. by P. P. Bilhorn,
From Southern Melody.

1. Dark and storm-y is the des-ert Thro' which pilgrims make their way;
2. Hark! a voice from heav-en steal-ing Soft - ly, in an un - der-tone,
3. Night and morn it sings the same song, Sings it while I sleep a - lone;
4. At the grave I'll sing the same song, Tho' my lips to earth are dumb;

Just be-yond the vale of sor-row Lies the field of end - less day.
Hark! I hear the gen - tle whis-per, "It is bet-ter far - ther on."
Sings it so my soul can hear it, "It is bet-ter far - ther on."
Sing it till the morn-ing dawneth, "It is bet-ter far - ther on."

CHORUS.

Far-ther on, but how much far-ther? Count the mile-stones one by one;
Je - sus will for-sake us nev-er, It is bet-ter far - ther on.

No. 58. Scatter Sunlight.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Far out up-on the by-ways, Wherever you may go, You'll find the need of someone may be drifting Away from truth and right, so let the bless-ed
2. The snares of sin are many, Temptations, too, are strong, So trim your lamp, my days are quickly passing, The night is coming on, So let the bless-ed
3. Go out in-to the highway, Go thro' the lane and street, And spread the joyful ma-ny now are longing The peace and joy to know, So let the bless ed

1. 2.

sun-light, The way of life to show; For
[*Omit*.....] sunlight gleam All thro' the lonely night.
brother, Ring out redemption's song; The
[*Omit*.....] sunlight gleam To save a soul from wrong.
ti-dings To ev-'ry one you meet; For
[*Omit*.....] sunlight gleam In-to the paths of woe.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Scat-ter sun-light, Scatter it a-broad; Here and there and ev-'ry
Scat-ter sun-light, Scatter all the day, You may help some wea-ry

1. 2.

where, Send out the light of God;
[*Omit*.....] heart In-to the bless-ed way.

No. 59. Thy Shepherd Will Provide.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

Julia E. Burnard. *J. S. Fuller.*

1. When skies are dark, and winds blow chill, When passing days seem fraught with ill,
2. Thy way may lie o'er rock-y steep, The waters crossed be dark and deep;
3. If, by the qui - et wa-ters' flow, Thy footsteps should no per-ils know,
4. So, come what may of sun or rain, Of joy or sor - row, loss or gain,

Fear not; what-ev - er may be-tide, The Lord, thy Shepherd, will provide.
Led by His voice press bold-ly on, This way thy Lord be - fore has gone.
For - get Him not, whose loving care Is o'er thee still when skies are fair.
Re-mem-ber this: what-e'er be-fall, The Lord, Thy Shepherd, cares for all.

CHORUS.

Thy Shep-herd will pro - vide, Keep ev - er by His side; With
ten - der care He lead-eth where Heav'n's portals o - pen wide.

No. 60. He That Winneth Souls is Wise.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

John R. Clements. *P. P. Bilhorn.*

1. Souls all a - round you are dy - ing in sin, Each one to
2 Boys in their prime, see them drift - ing a - way, No one takes
3. Girls that are way-ward, oh, win them to God, Turn them from
4. Out in the high-ways, the wan-d'ring are there, Search to the

Sa - tan a slave;
tho't for their souls;
sin and from shame;
left and the right;

Who is there seek - ing a lost one to win?
Liv - ing in plea sures of sin ev - 'ry day,
Show them the dan-gers in paths that they trod,
Pray and go bring them with ten - der - est care,

CHORUS.

Je - sus is might-y to save.
Sa - tan each ac - tion con - trols.
Lead them to trust in His name.
Love them and pit - y their plight.

A-rouse fel-low christian, a -

wake to the call: Give heed: nor a mo-ment de - lay. The har - vest is

read - y, the reap e:s are few, Go forth and win them to - day!

No. 61. Beautiful Beams of Sunshine.

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COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Beau - ti - ful beams of sun-shine Scat-tered o'er all the earth,
2 Beau - ti - ful beams of sun-shine Com-ing from Cal - va - ry,
3. Beau - ti - ful beams of sun-shine, Stream-ing in gold - en rays
4. Beau - ti - ful beams of sun-shine, Mu - sic and joy they bring,

Com-ing in bless-ings to na - tions, Com-ing in Je - sus' birth.
Bright'ning the path-way to glo - ry, Com-ing to earth for me.
Down from the throne of His mer - cy, Pard'ning our sin - ful ways.
Giv - ing rich bless-ings and com - fort, Glad - ly His praise we sing.

CHORUS.

Beau - - ti - ful beams,..... Beau - - ti - ful
Beau - ti - ful beams, beau - ti - ful beams, Beau - ti - ful beams,

beams, Beau-ti-ful beams of sunshine Coming for you and me.
beautiful beams,

No. 62. Down by the River.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

Joyful.

1. Down by the riv-er, on { re - demp-tion ground, / the old camp ground, } Down by the flowing river's joy - ful sound,
2. Down by the riv-er, near the peb-ble brook, Down by the crystal riv-er, Christ I took,
3. Down by the riv-er where the stream is wide, Down by the peaceful river I'll a - bide,
4. Down by the riv-er where the lil - ies grow, Down by the shining river, will you go?

There I re - pent-ed, per-fect peace I found,
There I my sor - row and my sin for - sook,
There mer - cy flow-eth like a heal - ing tide—
There mem - 'ry lin - gers, I re - joice to know,

CHORUS. *f*

Drink-ing of the life - giv - ing wa - ters.
Drink-ing of the life - giv - ing wa - ters.
Come and drink the life - giv - ing wa - ters.
That I drank the life - giv - ing wa - ters.
} Down by the riv - er,

p *Cres.*

down by the riv-er, Down where the surging wa-ters cease to roll;

f *p* *Rit.*

Down by the riv-er, down by the riv-er, Down where He blest my weary soul.

No. 63. The Lord, My Rock and Salvation.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

Thomas Sullivan.

Friedrich Silcher.
Arr. by P. P. Bilhorn.

1. The Lord is my Rock and Sal-va-tion, My Refuge, whate'er may be-tide;
2. The Lord is my Fortress and Tow-er, In time of dis-tress ev- er near;
3. The Lord is my Strength; naught can harm me; Contented I rest 'neath His wing;

A Shel-ter from ev - 'ry temp-ta - tion, In Him I safe-ly a - bide.
His presence brings life-giv-ing pow - er To conquer; why should I fear?
He suf-fers no foe to a-larm me, He is my Guardian and King.

When trou-ble or sor- row as- sail me, His word brings peace to my breast;
The source of my soul's in-spi-ra - tion, To Him be glo - ry and praise;
And shall I de-ny Him? Ah, nev-er! Thro' life my purpose shall be.....

Well knowing, tho' oth-ers may fail me, My soul in Him finds rest.
My tongue in sin-cere ad - o - ra - tion Shall sing His love al - ways.
To tell of His love that for - ev - er Gives life and light to me.

No. 64. Look Away to Jesus and be Saved.

WORDS AND MUSIC
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Miss Ada Blenkhorn. *P. P. Bilhorn.*

1. From the cares of life, from the toil and strife,
2. When the storm-waves roll high a - bove your soul,
3. In temp - ta - tion's hour, from the tempt - er's pow'r,
4. When from out your heart oth - er friends de - part,
5. When the call shall come— when you're sum-moned home,

Look a - way to Je - sus and be saved; He will give you rest
Look a - way to Je - sus and be saved; At His words of peace
Look a - way to Je - sus and be saved; Thro' His grace so free
Look a - way to Je - sus and be saved; He will be your Friend,
Look a - way to Je - sus and be saved; To the peace-ful shore

on His lov - ing breast, Look a - way to Je - sus and be saved.
soon the storm will cease, Look a - way to Je - sus and be saved.
you shall vic - tor be, Look a - way to Je - sus and be saved.
"e - ven to the end," Look a - way to Je - sus and be saved.
He will bear you o'er, Look a - way to Je - sus and be saved.

CHORUS.

Look a - way.....when storm-waves roll, Look a -
Look thou a-way when storm-waves roll,

Look Away to Jesus and be Saved.

way, ... He'll save thy soul; Look to Je - sus,
Look thou a-way, He'll save thy soul; Look now to Him,

look and live, Ev - er - last - ing life He'll give.
look now and live; 'Tis ev - er-last-ing life He'll give.

No. 65. Sun of My Soul.

John Keble. *W. H. Monk.*

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep, My wearied eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
4. Watch by the sick; en -rich the poor With blessings from thy boundless store;
5. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,

Cres. *f*

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise, To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes
Be my last tho't how sweet to rest, For - ev - er on my Sav-ior's breast.
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
Be ev - 'ry mourner's sleep to-night, Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
Till in the o - cean of Thy love We lose our-selves in heaven a - bove.

No. 66. The Water-lily's Secret.

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Jennie E. Hussey. *P. P. Bilhorn.*

1. The beau-ti - ful wa - ter - lil - y, With its pet - als fair and white,
2. A - way from its dark surroundings Looks the lil - y tow'rd the sun,
3. If we grow in the gold-en sun-shine, Re - flect-ing heav'n's own blue,
4. As the lil - y that was not gathered Goes down in the sand a - gain,

Has its roots all deep - ly hid - den A - way from the air and light,
With - in its green leaves en-fold-ing Its pet- als when day is done.
To the twilight shutting our eye-sight, And the days of dis - mal hue,
To o - pen its pre-cious seed-pod, And scat - ter its seeds, so then

Up - springing a-mong the grass-es Which un-der the sur-face grow;
The lil-y-heart holds a secret Which the children of youth may share:
And drinking the dews of heav - en, The soft and refreshing rain,
It shall bloom some bright, glad morning, Like the soul that is hidden long,

Yet the gold-en-heart - ed lil - y Holds a wealth of sunlight glow.
How in low - ly, hid - den plac-es We may grow as pure and fair.
Tho' our lives seem low-ly and hid -den We have spent them not in vain.
Shall surprise us in the dawning, With the res - ur-rec - tion song.

No. 67. Jesus Knows.

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Wm. J. Scott. *Arr. by P. P. Bilhorn.*

1. What a sol - ace for my sor-row, Je- sus knows, Je-sus knows; Nev-er
2. What a balm for my poor heart, Je - sus loves, Je-sus loves; Nev - er,
3. What a force my arm to nerve, Je - sus helps, Je-sus helps: His most
4. What a sound my soul to cheer, Je - sus comes, Je-sus comes: Hark! the

mind about to-morrow, Jesus knows, Jesus knows; Let it bring whate'er it will,
nev - er will we part, Jesus loves, Jesus loves: He, Himself, has chosen me
blessed cause to serve, Jesus helps, Jesus helps: Helps me in the fierc-est fight,
Bridegroom's almost here, Jesus comes, Jesus comes; Comes His saints to sanc - ti - fy,

It shall prove a bless-ing still If I on - ly do His will, Je - sus
His, and His a - lone to be, Now and thro' e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus
Helps me put my foes to flight, Helps my weakness with His might. Je - sus
Comes, His bride to glo - ri - fy, Comes to take us to the sky, Je - sus

knows, Je - sus knows; If I on - ly do His will, Je - sus knows.
loves, Je - sus loves; Now and thro' e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus loves.
helps, Je - sus helps; Helps my weakness with His might, Je - sus helps.
comes, Je - sus comes; Comes to take us to the sky, Je - sus comes.

No. 68. The Priceless Diadem.

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Rev. Ford C. Ottman. *John B. Marsh.*

1. There are crowns of fade-less beau - ty, In the land be-yond the sky;
2. We are ea - ger for life's treasures, Which grow dim, then fade a - way;
3. Could we es - ti - mate the val - ue Of the vic - to - ries we win;
4. We shall see and be like Je - sus, This the "Full Reward" shall be;

There are cor - o - na - tion splen-dors, We shall see them by and by;
Which, by sparkling for a mo - ment, All our anx-ious tho'ts re - pay;
Could we know the joy and glad-ness Of the heart made pure from sin;
We shall live with Him for - ev - er, Thro' the long e - ter - ni - ty;

Crowns of life and crowns of glo - ry Shall the vic-tor's brow a - dorn,
Bet - ter far, the crowns of heav - en, Price-less treas-ure of the soul,
We would give our days to Je - sus, Who each hu-man ac-tion weighs,
By the won-ders of Re-demp-tion, In His im - age glo - ri - fied,

Wrought in forms of wondrous beau - ty, Purchased by the Crown of Thorn.
Grow-ing bright-er ev - 'ry mo-ment, While the count less a - ges roll.
And with crowns of un - told val - ue, Ev - 'ry sac - ri - fice re - pays.
We will cast our crowns be-fore Him, And with Him be sat - is - fied.

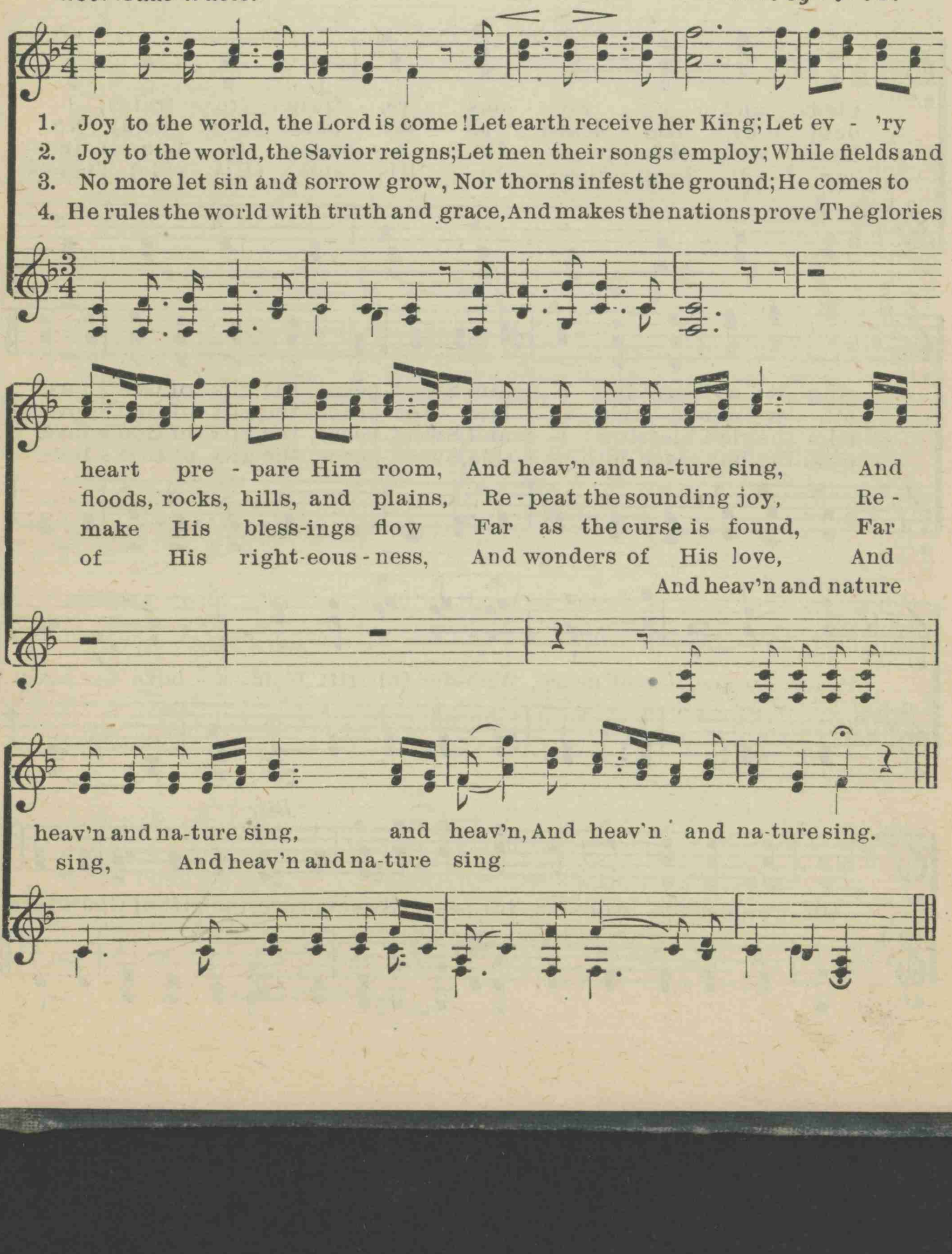
CHORUS. *Cheerful.*

But we'll give our crowns to Je - sus, Yield to Him each cost - ly gem;
4th v. Yes, we'll give, etc.

The Priceless Diadem.

No. 69. Joy to the World.

Rev. Isaac Watts. *Arr. by P. P. B.*



No. 70. Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain (sweet strain), A glad and a joy - ous re - frain (re - frain), I sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
2. Thro' Christ on the cross peace was made (was made), My debt by His death was all paid (all paid), No oth - er foun-da - tion is laid, For peace, the gift of God's love.
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned (had crowned), My heart with this peace did a - bound (a - bound), In Him the rich blessing I found. Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide (a - bide), And as I keep close to His side (His side), There's noth-ing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.

Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won-der-ful gift from a - bove (a - bove);

Rit.

Oh, won-der-ful, won-der - ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

No. 71. Lead Thou Me On.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

Rev. C. Perrin.
Prayerful.

Ferd. Degen.

1. Lead Thou me on, a - long my pil - grim way, Lest
2. Lead Thou me on, and let the pil - lar'd fire The
3. Lead Thou me on, the way is hard and steep, But
4. Lead Thou me on,— Thy pres-ence will suf - fice; With

from the path of life my feet should stray; The path is
dark-ness scat - ter, and my zeal in - spire; Oh, let the
led by Thee, the up - ward path I keep; While here a
Thee this des - ert land is Par - a - dise; And when at

rough, I'm faint, dark shadows fall: In weak-ness and in
cloud by day spread far and wide, And cast its cool - ing
heal - ing palm, a liv - ing spring Doth to my wea - ry
last death's sul - len stream I ford, Oh, let Thy pres - ence

Rit.

CHORUS. *m*

fear on Thee I call.
shade on ev - 'ry side.
soul re - fresh - ment bring.
then sus - tain me, Lord.

} Lead Thou me on,

Lead Thou me on,

p *m*

Lead Thou me on, Gen - tle Shep-herd, lead Thou me on.

Lead Thou me on.

No. 72. Have Faith in God.

DUET. SOPRANO AND ALTO. *Arr by P. P. Bilhorn.*

1. Do you ev - er feel down-heart-ed or dis - cour-aged? Do you ev - er think your la - bor all in vain? Do the burdens thrust up-
2. Darkest night will al-ways come be - fore the dawn-ing. Sil - ver linings shine on God's side of the cloud; All your journey He has
3. God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee from bond-age. God is a - ble to sub - due Thy ev - 'ry foe; Nev-er can temptations

on you make you tremble, And you fear that you shall ne'er the vict'ry gain?
promised to be with you, Naught has come to you but what His love allowed.
lure thee to distrust Him While thy heart is willing His own way to go.

CHORUS.

Have faith in God,..... The sun will shine,.....
Have faith in God, The sun will shine.

Tho' dark the clouds..... May be to - day,.....
Tho' dark the clouds May be to - day.

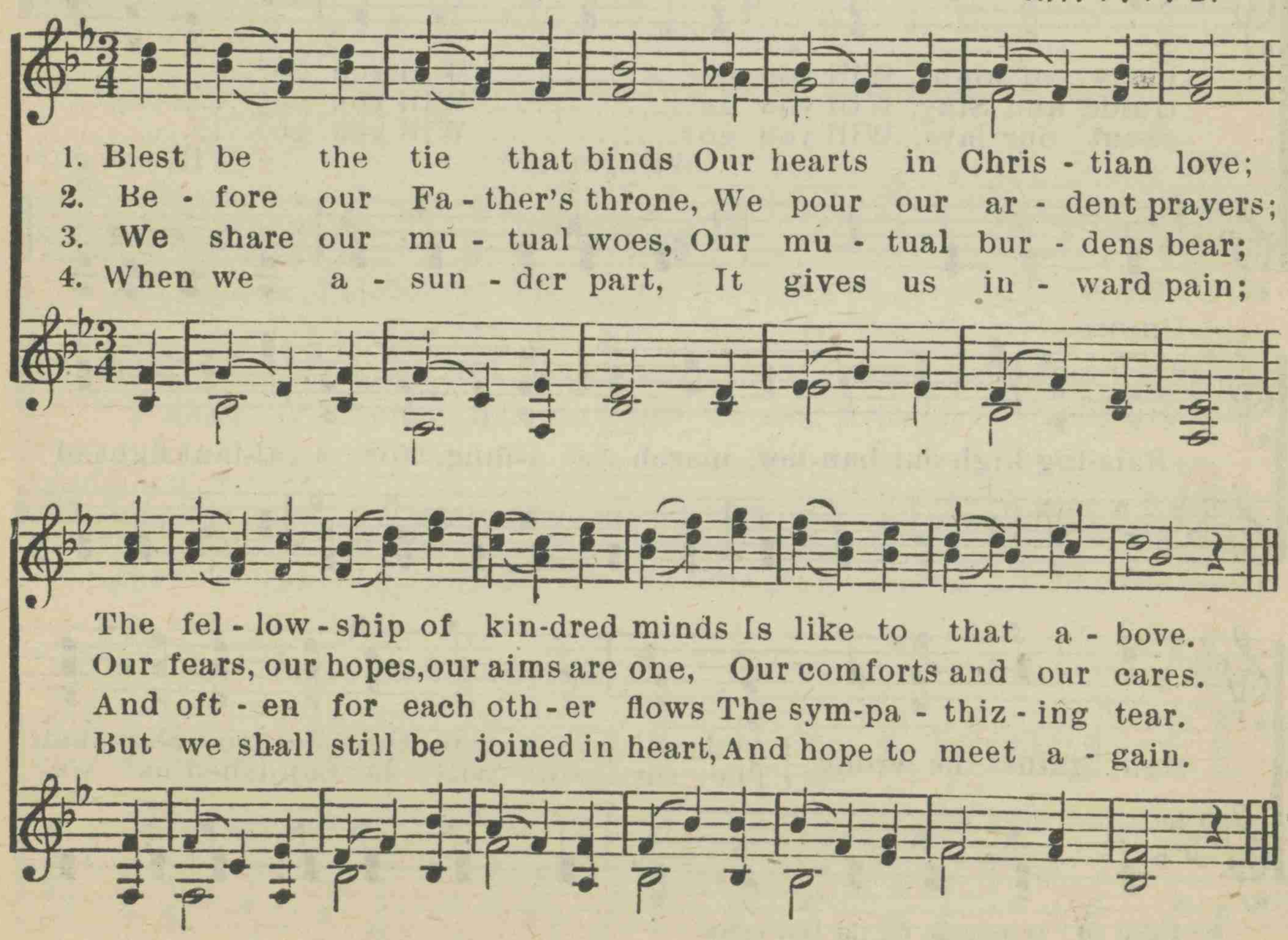
* 3d verse by by P. P. B.

From MAY AGNEW, by per. of B. B. and B. T.

Have Faith in God.

No. 73. Blest Be the Tie.

Arr. P. P. B.



No. 74. Will You Go?

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

B. A. R. *B. A. Robinson.*

1. We are sol-diers en-list-ed for a no - ble fight, Will you go?.....
2. With the cross as our banner, lifted high to-day, Will you go?.....
3. We'll go forward to vict'ry shouting hymns of praise, Will you go? .... .

* Will you go!

Will you go? We are marching to bat-tle 'gainst the
Will you go? And with Je - sus our Cap-tain as our
Will you go? Will you join in the cho - rus as we
Will you go?

hosts of night, Will you go?..... Will you go?.....
Guide and Stay, Will you go?..... Will you go?.....
shout our lays, Will you go?..... Will you go?.....
Will you go? Will you go?

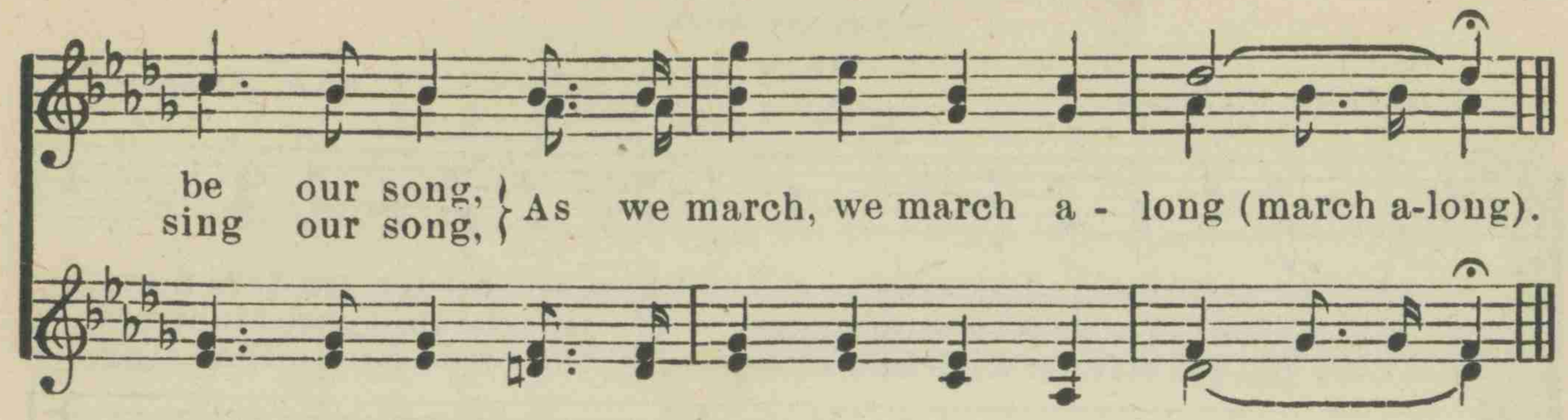
CHORUS.

Rais-ing high our ban-ner, march we a-long, For a val-iant fight of

right 'gainst the wrong, { And sal - va - tion thro' Je- sus e'er shall
{ The sa - loon will be ban-ished as we

* "I will go," if desired, for the last verse.

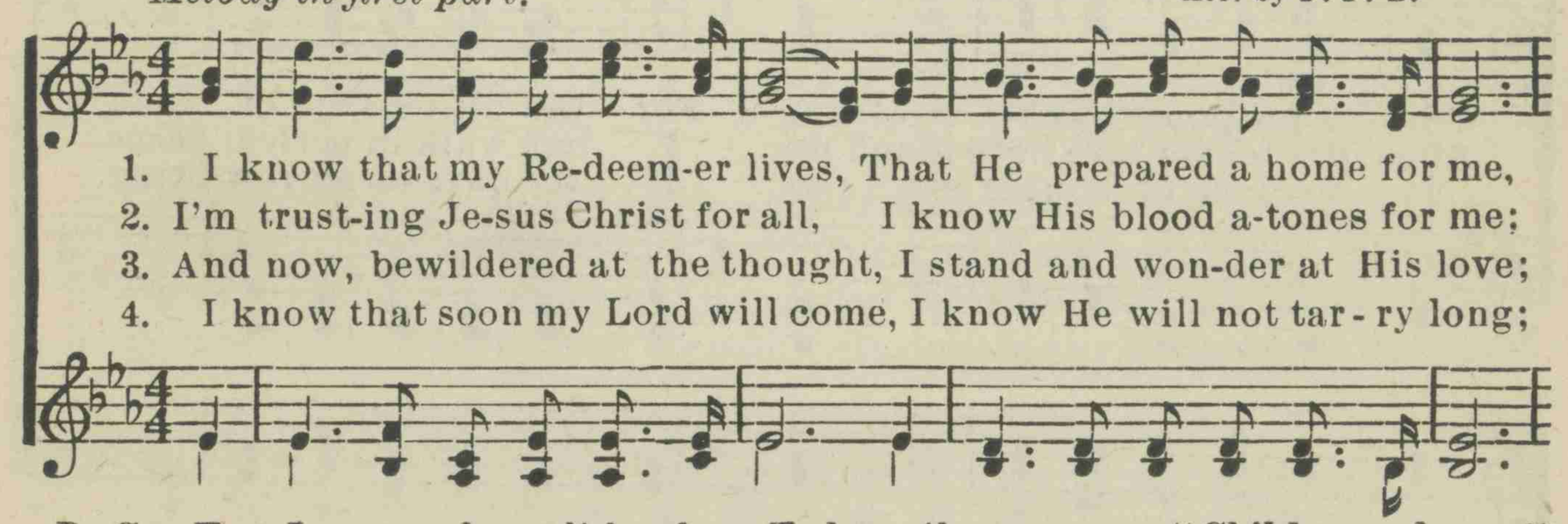
Will You Go?



No. 75. I Know that My Redeemer Lives.

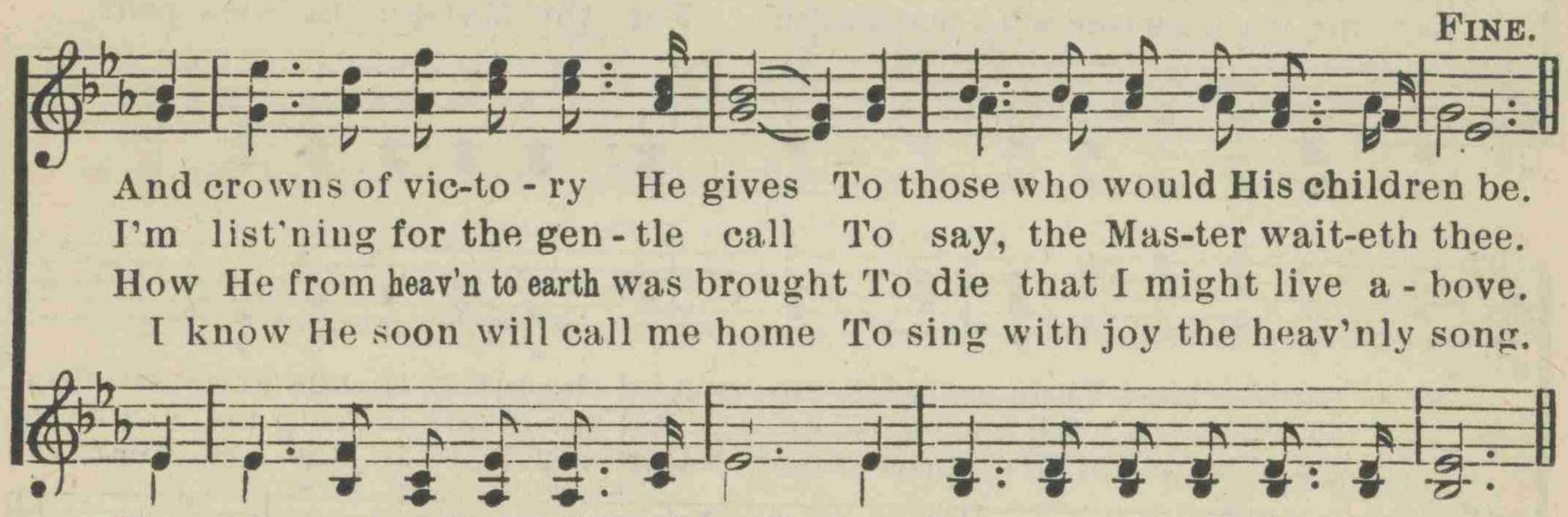
M. G. P.
Melody in first part.

Rev. M. G. Prescott.
Arr. by P. P. B.



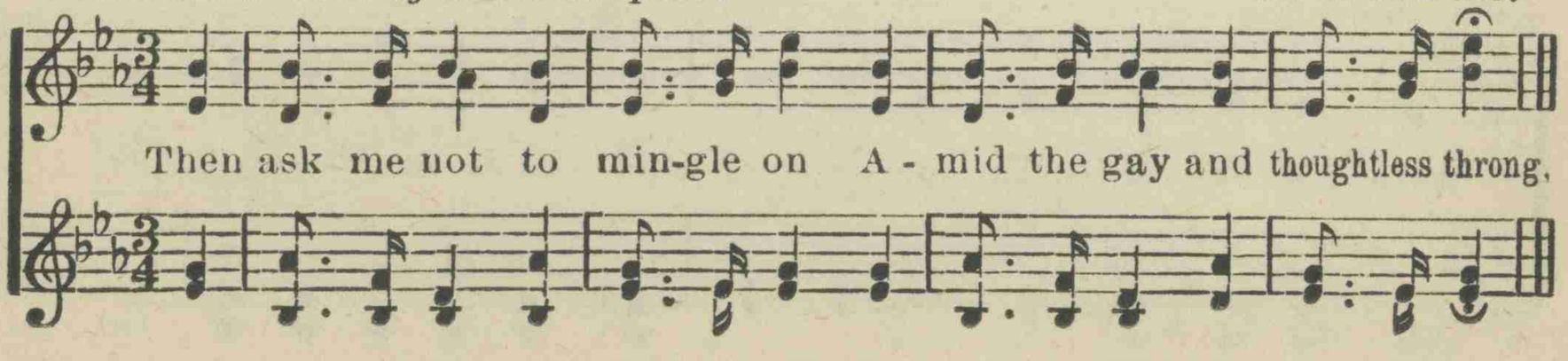
D. C.—For I am on-ly wait-ing here To hear the summons, "Child, come home;"

FINE.



CHORUS. *Melody in second part.*

D. C. al Fine.



No. 76. The Branch of Healing.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

Miss Flora Kirkland. *P. P. Bilhorn.*

1. If He will that I shall trav - el Where the bit-ter wa-ters flow,
2. If He will that strife sur-round me, If He will that cares increase,
3. If my path is strewn with blossoms, If the birds a-round me sing,

I've a precious "Branch of Heal - ing" For the bit-ter-ness of woe.
Since His tender love hath found me, I can walk in perfect peace.
If no cloud of trouble low - ers, If the days no sorrow bring,

By the brink of Marah's wa - ters Help me walk with steadfast feet,
An - y path, how-ev-er thorn - y, Is a path to glo-ry fair;
Let me walk as one who watch-eth For the Mas-ter to ap - pear;

For I know that Thou art with me, And the bitter things grow sweet.
And He walk-eth with me ev - er, All my griefs to help me bear.
Let me live as in His pres - ence, For my Lord is ev - er near.

CHORUS.

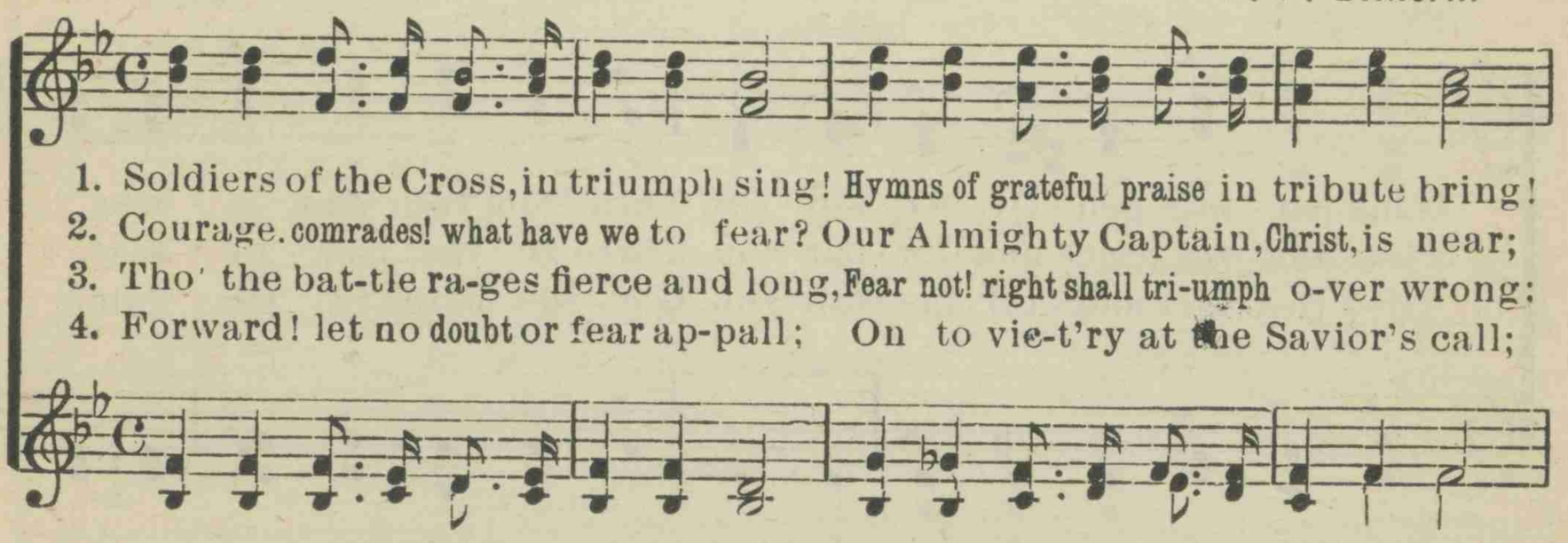
With me ev - er, with me ev - er! Bless - ed Je-sus, Friend divine!

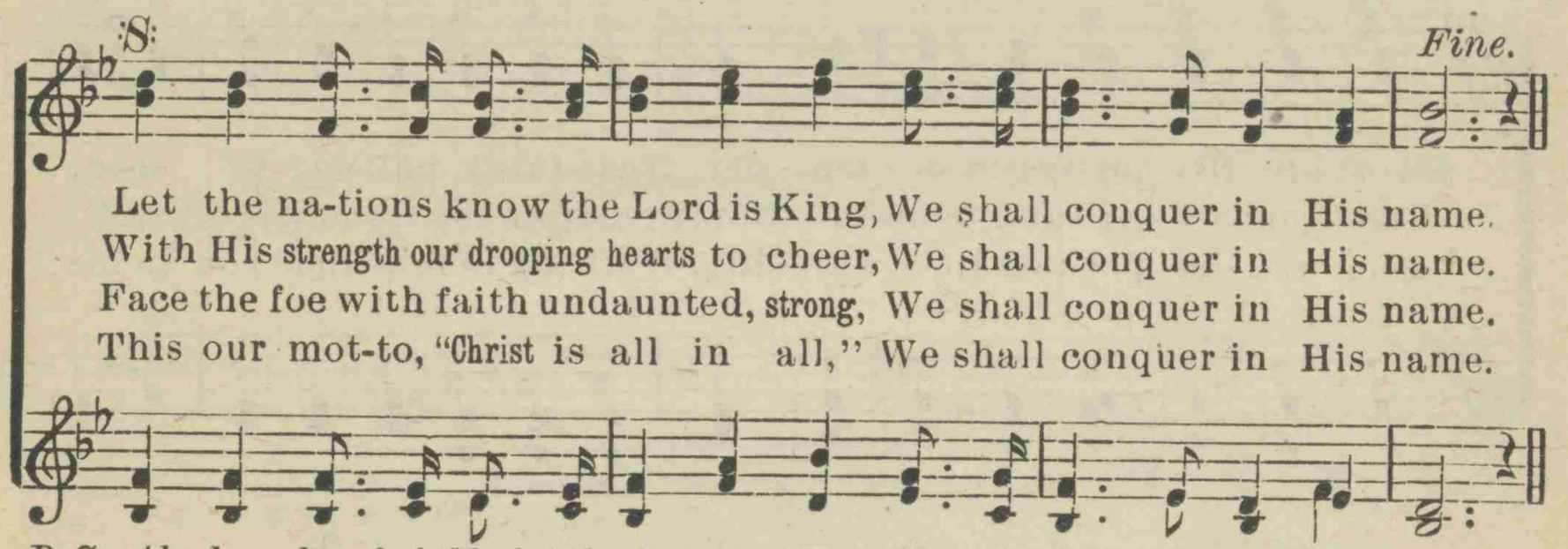
The Branch of Healing.

No. 77. We Shall Conquer in His Name.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

Thomas Sullivan. *P. P. Bilhorn.*





No. 78. Jesus is Tenderly Pleading.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY MRS. C. E. LESLIE.
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C. E. L.

C. E. Leslie.
Arr. by P. P. B.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly plead-ing, Plead-ing with you to - day,
2. Je - sus is ten - der - ly plead-ing, Plead-ing in ac - cents sweet,
3. Je - sus is ten - der - ly plead-ing; Why will you lin-g'ring wait?

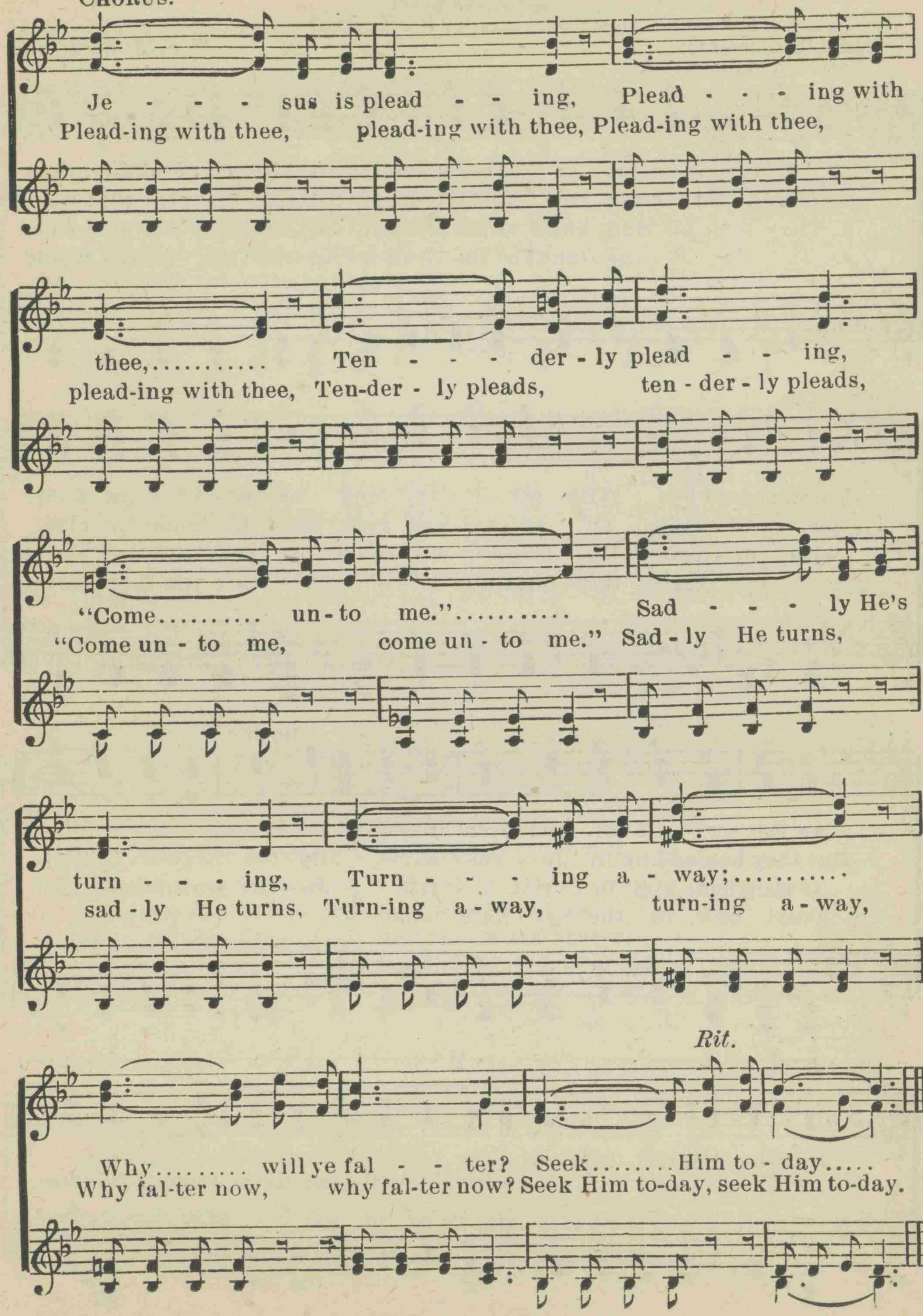
Whis-per - ing gen - tly, "O sin - ner, Turn from your sins a - way."
Plead-ing for peace and for par-don, There at the mer - cy - seat.
Glo - ries im - mor - tal a - wait you, Glo - ries with - in the gate.

Sweet are His ac - cents so ten - der, Tear-ful-ly call-ing to thee;
Free from all care and temp-ta - tion, Free from the trammels of sin,
See, at the por-tals He's wait - ing, Wait-ing to wel-come you home;

Hear the sweet voice of your Sav - ior, Say-ing, "Oh, come un-to me."
Je - sus stands read-y to greet you, Read-y to wel-come you in.
Heed the sweet voice of your Sav - ior; Come to Him, sin-ner, oh, come.

No. 79. Jesus is Tenderly Pleading.

CHORUS.



No. 80. The Beautiful Gate.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

John R. Clements.
Arr. by P. P. B.

P. P. Bilhorn.

1. A lame man sat at the Beau-ti - ful Gate, Un-heed -ing, the
2. They heard the sad cry at the Beau-ti - ful Gate Of him that was
3. They took his right hand at the Beau-ti - ful Gate, The peo- ple looked
4. To - day Je - sus stands at the Beau-ti - ful Gate, Oh, ye who would

throng passed by; With pit - i - ful look he asked for an alms,
poor and lame, Of sil - ver and gold they had none to give,
with sur - prise; He, leap-ing up, stood, to God giv - ing praise,
mer - cy claim; Have faith and be - lieve, new life you'll re - ceive;

CHORUS.

As the serv-ants of God drew nigh.
But they healed him in Je - sus' name.
As they bade him in Christ a - rise.
Trust now, in the Sav - ior's name.

} By the Beau-ti - ful Gate,
Je - sus wait-eth to heal

1

by the Beau-ti - ful Gate,
[*Omit.* . . . . .]

2

All who will come to the Beau-ti-ful Gate.

Rit.

No. 81.

Why Not Trust Jesus?

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

P. P. B.

Ferd. Degen.
Arr. by J. E. H.

1. "Life ev-er-last-ing" He of-fers to thee, Par-don-ing grace, setting
2. "Peace, pass-ing knowledge," He giv-eth His own; Joy that thou oth-er-wise
3. "Ful-ness of blessing" there dwelleth in Him— Ful-ness o'er-flow-ing that
4. "Mar-vel-ous love," passing all human tho't, Love which alone could these
5. Per-fect in love-li-ness, matchless-ly fair, Peer-less in beau-ty, be-

sin's cap-tive free; Love that is in-fi-nite, per-fect, di-vine,-
nev-er hadst known. Wilt thou not come? and, in com-ing, be blest,
fills to the brim: "His is the boun-ty"-but thine is the need;
won-ders have wrought; Such is the love that is wait-ing for thee,
yond all com-pare; Christ, the un-chang-ing, who loves to the end,-

CHORUS.

Such is the por-tion which now may be thine.
Prov-ing the sweet-ness of per-fect heart rest.
Grace, on-ly grace, can the poor sin-ner plead.
Ten-der-ly whis-per-ing: "Come un-to me."
This MY Be-lov-ed, and this is MY Friend.

Why not, oh, why not,
I will trust Je-sus,

Cres.

why not, oh, why not, Why not, oh, why not trust Je-sus?
I will trust Je-sus, I will trust Je-sus for ev-er.

No. 82. My Father Knoweth.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

A. V. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Pre-cious thought, my Fa-ther knoweth, In His love I rest;
2. Pre-cious thought, my Fa-ther knoweth, Car-eth for His child;
3. Sweet to tell Him all He knoweth, Roll on Him the care,
4. Oh, to trust Him then more ful-ly! Just to sim-ply move

For what-e'er my Fa-ther do-eth Must be al-ways best.
Bids me nes-tle clos-er to Him, When the storms beat wild;
Cast up-on Him-self the bur-den That I can-not bear;
In the conscious calm en-joy-ment Of the Fa-ther's love,

Well I know the heart that planneth Naught but good for me;
Tho' my earth-ly hopes are shat-tered, And the tear-drop fall,
Then with-out a care op-press-ing, Sim-ply to lie still,
Know-ing that life's chequered path-way Lead-eth to His rest,

Cres.

Joy and sor-row in-ter-wov-en, Love in all I see.
Yet He is Him-self my sol-ace, Yea, my "all in all."
Giv-ing thanks to Him for all things, Since it is His will.
Sat-is-fied the way He tak-eth Must be al-ways blest.

No. 83. Saved by Grace.

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F. J. Crosby. *Geo. C. Stebbins.*

DUET.—Melody in Alto.

1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the gold-en sun Be-neath the ro - sy-tint-ed west,
4. Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burn-ing bright,

But oh, the joy, when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
My bless-ed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en-ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav - ior opes the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.

CHORUS.

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto-ry—Saved by grace·
shall see to face,

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto-ry—Saved by grace.
shall see to face,

No. 84. The Bliss of Loving Thee.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

Thomas Sullivan.
Arr. by P. P. B.

1. Fare - well! in grief I turn to leave thee; Dear heart, I will not
2. Fare - well! dream not that I am blam-ing; The fault was mine. I
3. Fare - well! may per-fect joy and glad-ness Sur - round thy life and

cause thee pain; My pres - ence shall no lon - ger grieve thee; On
free - ly own; I can - not, dare not think of claim - ing That
light thy way; And nev - er shade of care or sad - ness Be-

earth we may not meet a - gain. Be mine the part to bear the
thou hast more than friendship shown. I knew thy worth; how far a -
dim the sun-shine of life's day. Tho' far from thee, my heart will

sor - row, While joy and love thy life shall know, For ere the
bove me, In peer - less beau - ty, thou dost move; And yet I
ev - - er In faith - ful, constant thought be thine; Fare-well! tho'

No. 85. The Bliss of Loving Thee.

day-star shines to - mor - row, A lone - ly wand'rer forth I go.
could not help but love thee, How tru - ly, fond - ly, time will prove.
lost to me for - ev - er, The bliss of lov - ing thee is mine.

CHORUS.

Fare-well! fare-well! The time has come to sev - er;
Fare-well! fare-well!

Our paths di - verge, we part to meet no more;

Deep in my heart, en - shrin - ed there for - ev - er,

Thine im - age dwells; sweet maid whom I a - dore.

No. 86. My Cup Runneth Over.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

B. A. Robinson. *F. Belden.*

SOLO. 2D SOPRANO.

Ad lib.

1. My life filled with num-ber-less blessings hath been; Sweet friendship and
2. There's fulness of joy in His serv-ice so sweet, And bless-ed-ness
3. The friend-ships of earth and its pleas-ures grow dim; Take Je-sus, there's

Deliberately.

love God hath helped me to win; But nev-er till Je-sus my
sit-ting at His ho-ly feet; I know by and by face to
glad-ness e-ter-nal in Him; Your cup will not on-ly be

Sav-ior came in, Could I sing, "My cup run-neth o-ver."
face we shall meet; At the thought, "My cup run-neth o-ver."
filled to the brim. But you'll sing, "My cup run-neth o-ver."

REFRAIN.

Run-ning o-ver, my cup of de-light,
Run-ning o-ver,

Not a
Rit.

Not a tear, but He mak-eth it bright; There is joy..... in the
tear,

There is joy

My Cup Runneth Over.

Final ending if preferred.

path-way of right; Praise God, my cup runneth o - ver. o - ver.

No. 87. Go in His Name.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

P. P. Bilhorn. *F. E. Relden.*

1. What are you do - ing for Je - sus? Have you been gleaning to-day,
2. Christian, be up and be do - ing; There is no time for de - lay;
3. Have you told some one the sto - ry, How Je-sus came from a - bove,
4. Pre-cious time spent in His serv - ice, Bless-ed when all else is giv'n;

Sheaves for the bright gold-en har - vest From the dark, lonely high-way?
Day beams are quick-ly de - clin - ing; La-bor for Christ while you may.
Suf - fered and died to re-deem us? Tell of His won-der-ful love.
Time, tal - ents, full con - se - cra - tion, Blessed reward waits in heav'n.

CHORUS.

Rit.

Go, go! go in the strength of the Master, Bring some poor lost one to Him;
Go, go! go in the name of the Master; Go, some poor wand'rer to win.
Go, go, go, go!

No. 88.

Be Strong.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

Julia E. Burnard. *Ferd. Degen.*

1. Be strong, ye people of the land, Work on with strong and tireless hand,
2. Be strong, ye people of my care, The child of God must ne'er de-spair;
3. Be strong, ye people, and rejoice; Sing praise to God with heart and voice;

of the land, tireless hand,

For I, the Lord, am with you still, My changeless pur-pose to ful-fil.
Your ev-'ry need I will supply, And guide you with unerring eye.
For not by mortal pow'r nor might Is promised vict'ry to the right.

with you still, to ful-fil.

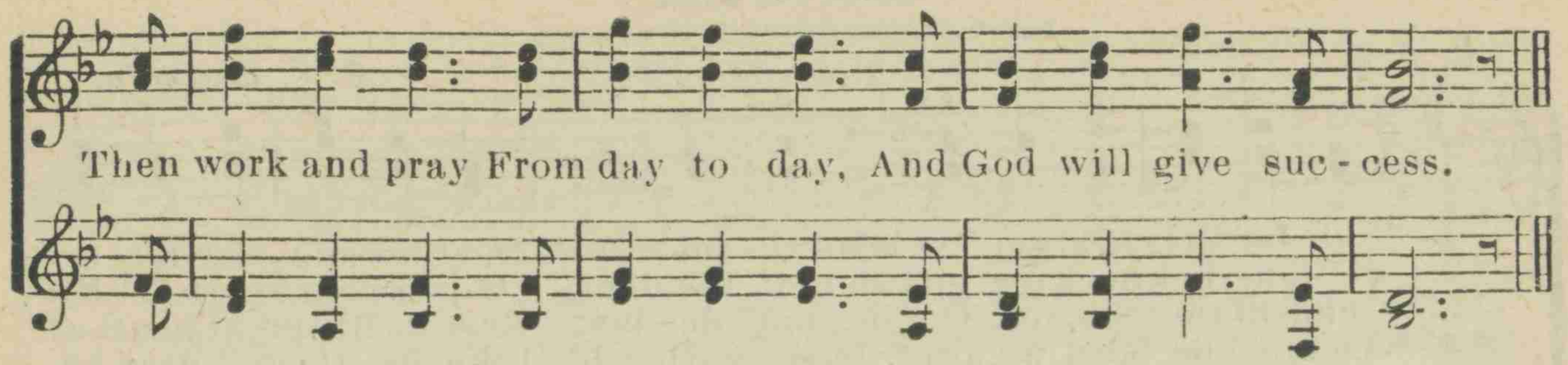
Be strong, be strong, And know ere long That with Je-ho-vah for your guide
Sil-ver and gold, And wealth untold, Are subject to your King's be-hest;
My Spir-it's pow'r From hour to hour With you shall ev-er-more a-bide;

No work can fail Nor foe pre-vail, No ill can e'er be-tide.....
On-ly o-bey, And work and pray, And leave with God the rest....
On-ly be-lieve, And Him re-ceive, And He will strength pro-vide....

CHORUS.

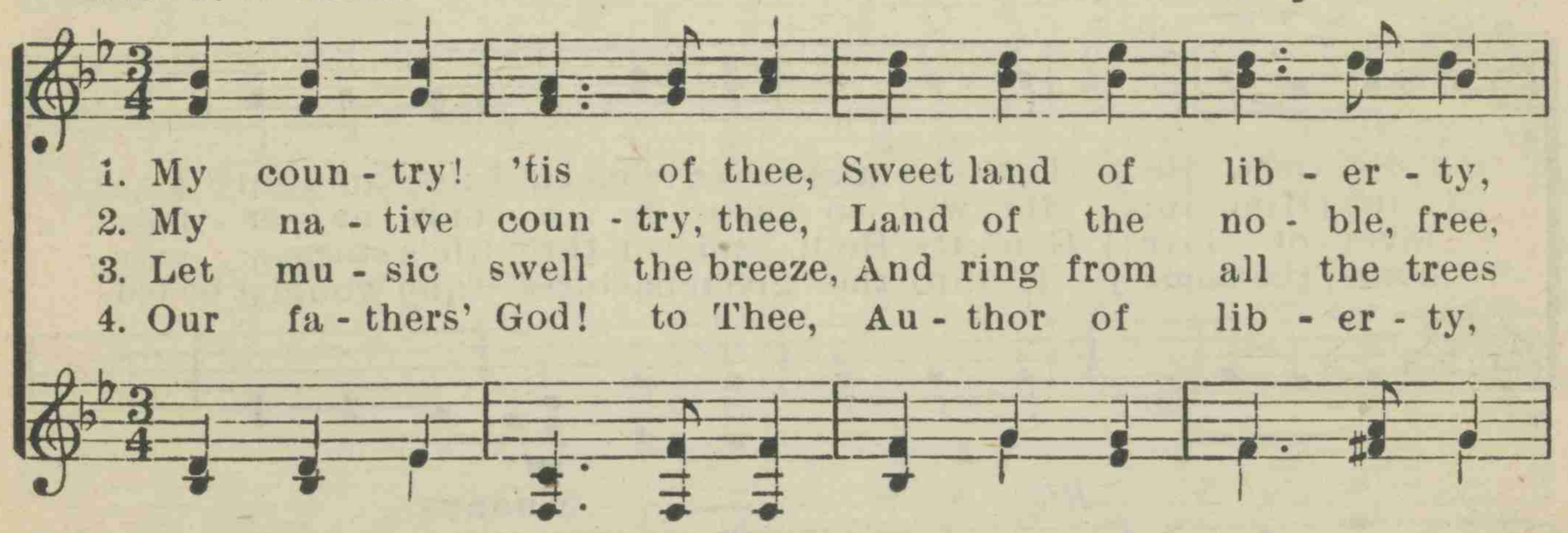
Be strong, be strong; The victor's song Will end the day of toil and stress;

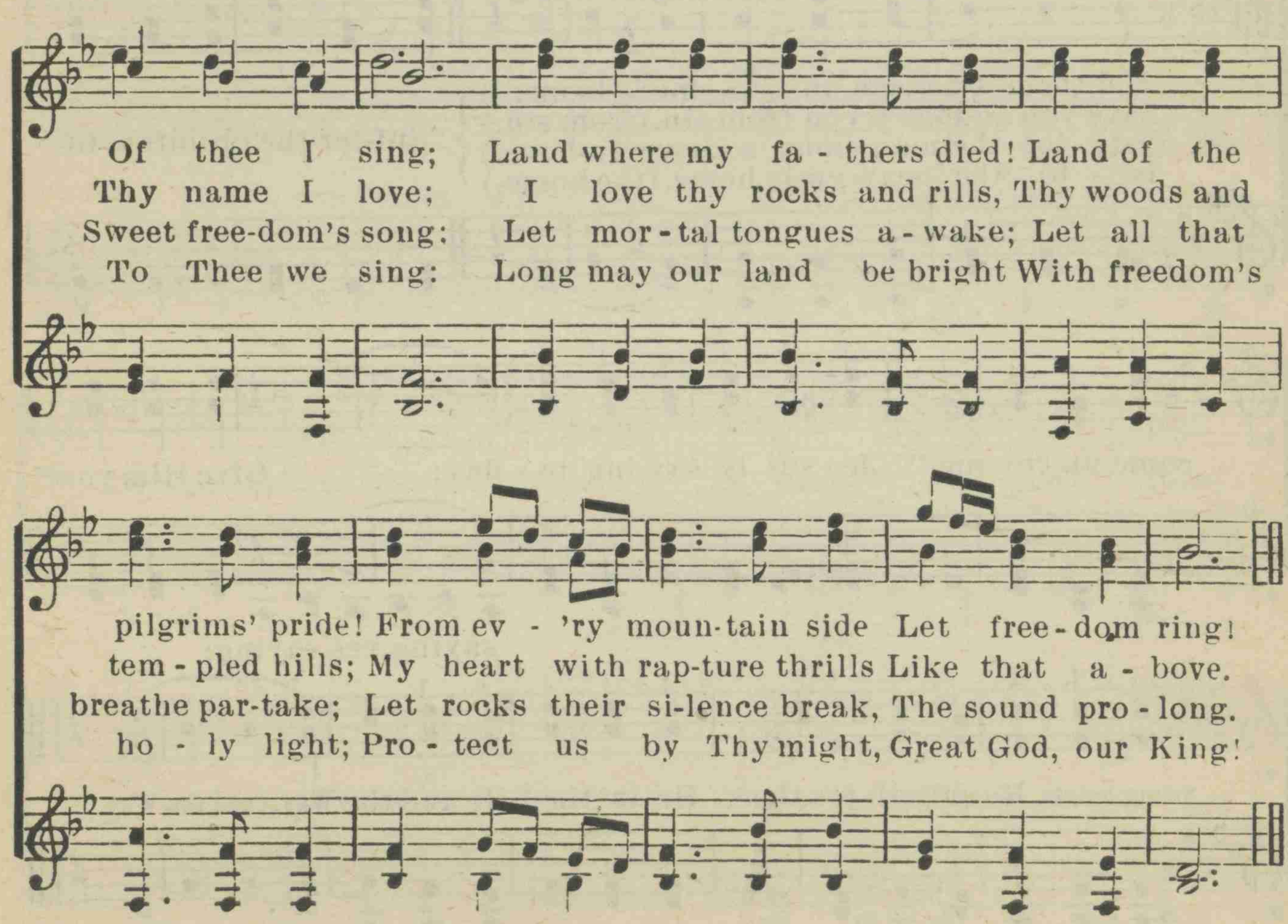
Be Strong.



No. 89. America.

Rev. S. F. Smith. *Arr. by P. P. B.*





No. 90. "Suffer the Children."

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

C. F. L. C. F. Louthain.

1. "Suf-fer the children," O beau-ti-ful words; Dear lov-ing Sav-ior is
2. Je-sus is knocking just now at the door, O-pen your heart, let Him
3. Come to the Sav-ior, O do not de-lay, Rest in His great heart of
4. "Ye must be born a-gain," Je-sus hath said, Like lit-tle chil-dren be-

He; (is He;) Ten-der and sweet from the lips of our Lord,
in; (Him in;) He will so sweet-ly a-bide ev-er-more,
love; (of love;) Gen-tly He'll lead you thro' life's storm-y way,
come; (be-come;) If thro' the "green pastures" thou wouldst be led,

Rit. CHORUS.

'Bid them to come un-to me."(to me.")
Save you and keep you from sin.(from sin.)
Safe to the man-sions a-bove.(a-bove.)
In-to the heav-en-ly home.(the home.)

"Suf-fer the children to come un-to me," Je-sus is say-ing to-day;..... Give Him your saying, yes, saying;

young hearts, He calleth for thee, He is the Life and the Way.(and the Way.)

No. 91. The Savior Waits for Thee.

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

Thomas Sullivan. *F. E. Belden.*

1. O wea-ry soul, for-get thy fear; Thy God, with saving love is near;
2. Look up! see Je - sus waiting stands To welcome thee with out-stretched hands;
3. Thy heart, bowed down in sad de-spair, O'er-burdened with its load of care,
4. Now is the time; to-mor-row's sun May rise and find thy life's work done.

He bids thee come just as thou art, That He may grace and strength im - part.
Too long thy feet have gone a-stray; O hear His voice, and come to - day.
Will find sal - va - tion, peace and rest, Se-cure from ill, on Je - sus' breast.
Come while He calls—no lon-ger wait,—Find mercy ere it be too late.

REFRAIN.

The Sav - ior waits for thee, He of - fers par - don free;
All who be-lieve may grace re-ceive, O broth-er! 'tis for thee;
All who be-lieve May grace re - ceive, O broth-er! 'tis for thee.

No. 92.

Go! Bring Them Back.

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C. D. Meigs. *P. P. Bilhorn.*

1. We hear the plea for try-ing to keep The lambs of the
2. 'Twas not a lamb that wandered a-way, In the par-a-ble
3. Out in the des-ert, out in the cold, A sheep the Good
4. And why should we so ear-nest-ly, long, For sheep of the
5. For lambs will fol-low aft-er the sheep As far as the
6. So with the sheep we ear-nest-ly plead For the sake of the

flock in the fold, And well we may; but what of the sheep, Shall
Je-sus told; A grown-up sheep had gone far a-stray From
Shep-herd sought; Back to the flock, safe in-to the fold, A
flock weep and pray? Be-cause there's dan-ger if they go wrong: They'll
sheep stray a-way; If sheep go wrong it will not be long Till
lambs to-day; If lambs are lost, what ter-ri-ble cost Will

they be left out in the cold?
nine-ty and nine in the fold.
wan-der-ing sheep He brought.
lead the young lambs a-stray.
lambs are as wrong as they.
fall on the sheep to pay.

CHORUS.

1. No! bring them back to-day, No! bring them back to-day; No! bring them back to-day, Bring the wand'ring back.
2. Go! bring them back to-day, Go! bring them back to-day; Go! bring them back to-day, Bring the wand'ring baek.
3. Who'll bring them back to-day, Who'll bring them back to-day; Who'll bring them back to-day, Bring the wand'ring back?

No. 93. Loyal to Jesus.

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Julia E. Burnard. *F. E. Belden.*

1. O Chris-tian, cheer up, move on to the land Where du ty may
2. Oh, why do you stand de - cid - ing so long? O fear not the
3. Press on, Christian, on, each du - ty to do, And prove to the

call thee with cour - age to stand; For glo - ry a - waits the
world, be it ev - er so strong, The toils of to - day will
world that you're loy - al and true, And God will then say, "Well

heav-en - ly band, If we will be loy - al to Je - sus.
tri - umph in song If we will be loy - al to Je - sus.
done!" un - to you, If we will be loy - al to Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Then on to the field with cour - age and might! Je -

ho - vah will help you to con - quer the right.

* Use grace notes for ending if desirable.

No. 94. That Dear and Blessed Country.

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COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

Flora Kirkland. *P. P. Bilhorn.*

1. To a dear and bless-ed coun-try I am go-ing by and by;
   He is faith-ful, who hath promised, He will keep His word with me;
2. Here are man-y bro-ken cis-terns Where the water seemed so pure;
   Deep-est joy and sat-is-fac-tion Wait for all who en-ter in
3. If He bid me tar-ry lon-ger, Let Him have His bless-ed will,
   Keep me faith-ful, bless-ed Je-sus, Hold my trembling hand in Thine;

1
I can al-most see the por-tal Of my man-sion in the sky.
But, up there, the liv-ing wa-ter Springeth full, and free, and sure.
For I long to do His bid-ding, And His pur-pose to ful-fil;

2
I shall see Him in yon cit-y, If I fol-low faith-ful-ly.
To that dear and bless-ed coun-try Where shall be no taint of sin.
I would fail and fall with-out Thee, But Thy hand en-fold-eth mine.

CHORUS.

I am go-ing by and by to my man-sion in the sky, To a
Where we'll meet to part no more on the bright and shining shore Where my

1 2
home where all the loved ones I shall see; Sav-ior and my loved ones wait for me.

No. 95. Nobody Knows What I Have in My Heart

WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY P. P. BILHORN.

M. B. Fountain. *Ferd. Degen.*
Arr. by P. P. B.

1. No - bod - y knows what I have in my heart, Since Je - sus the
2. No - bod - y knows what I have in my heart, A foun - tain of
3. No - bod - y knows what I have in my heart, Since Christ turned my

Mas - ter has come, And deigns, in a soul so un - wor-thy as mine,
rap - tur - ous joys; A faith that ex - ult - ant-ly bears me a - loft,
dark-ness to light; His pres - ence il - lu-mines the depths of my soul

CHORUS.

To a - bide and make it His home.
O - ver earth and its glit - ter - ing toys.
With a glo - ry that scat - ters the night.
} He on - ly knows,

He on-ly knows, He on-ly knows what I have in my heart;

He on-ly knows, He on-ly knows; No-bod - y knows but Je-sus.

No. 96.

A Message from Home.

WORDS AND MUSIC
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Thomas Sullivan. *F. F Belden.*

1. A mes-sage full of love has come, That fills my heart with joy to-day,
2. Be-tween the written lines I trace, With fan-cy's eye, up-on the page,
3. I seem to see her as she stands And gaz - es out a-cross the sea;

Tho' far from kindred, friends, and home, In dis - tant foreign lands I stray;
My dear old mother's kindly face, Deep-lined with sorrow, care and age.
She lifts her trembling, toil-worn hands. With ten - der love they beckon me;

And as I read—oh, mag-ic spell! I see, thro' tear-filled eyes once more,
'My son," she writes, "your mother's prayer Goes up to God both night and day,
And shall I cause one moment's pain To that dear heart that longs for me?

The dear old home I loved so well In hap - py days of yore.
That He will keep with - in His care The wan-d'rer far a - way."
Ah, no! by God's help, once a - gain My moth-er's face I'll see.

CHORUS. *f*

O heart of mine..... They think of thee at home;
Heart of mine, this joy is thine,

A Message from Home.

No. 97. There is Rest in Jesus.

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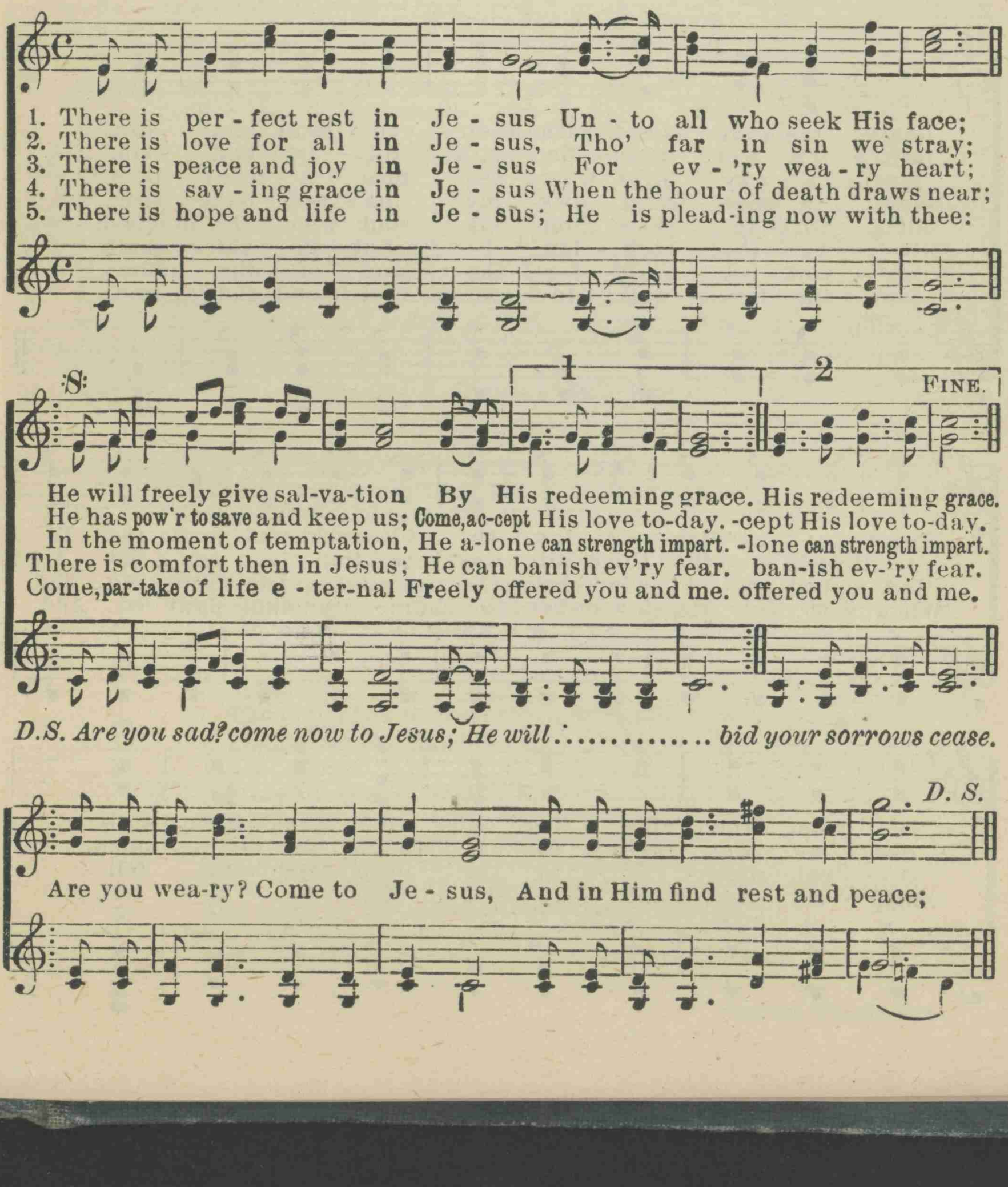
T. S. *Thomas Sullivan.*



No. 98. The Lilacs.

Rev. Robert McIntyre, D. D.
Melody in 2d Soprano.

E. Kiallmark.

1. One day in the cit - y where peo - ple were pour-ing A -
Where all the great cen - ter of com-merce was roar - ing With
2. I looked, and be - hold, the high build - ings all fad - ed To
And the Av - e - nue changed to a riv - er road shad - ed By
3. My wear - y old spir - it waxed young - er each min - ute, I
For there was the well, and the face that was in it, When
4. And then I saw moth - er, just as she was leav - ing This
There in her room, where we chil - dren were griev-ing And

long the wide street, with their tu - mult and din,
fash - ion and traf - fic, with fol - ly and sin.
far - a - way hills, where the firm - a - ment bent,
elms, in whose shad - ows my na - ked feet went.
flung for - ty years from my soul when I laughed,
o - ver the curb - ing, I gazed in the shaft.
sor - row - ful world for the land of the blest,
say - ing fare - well to our first friend and best,

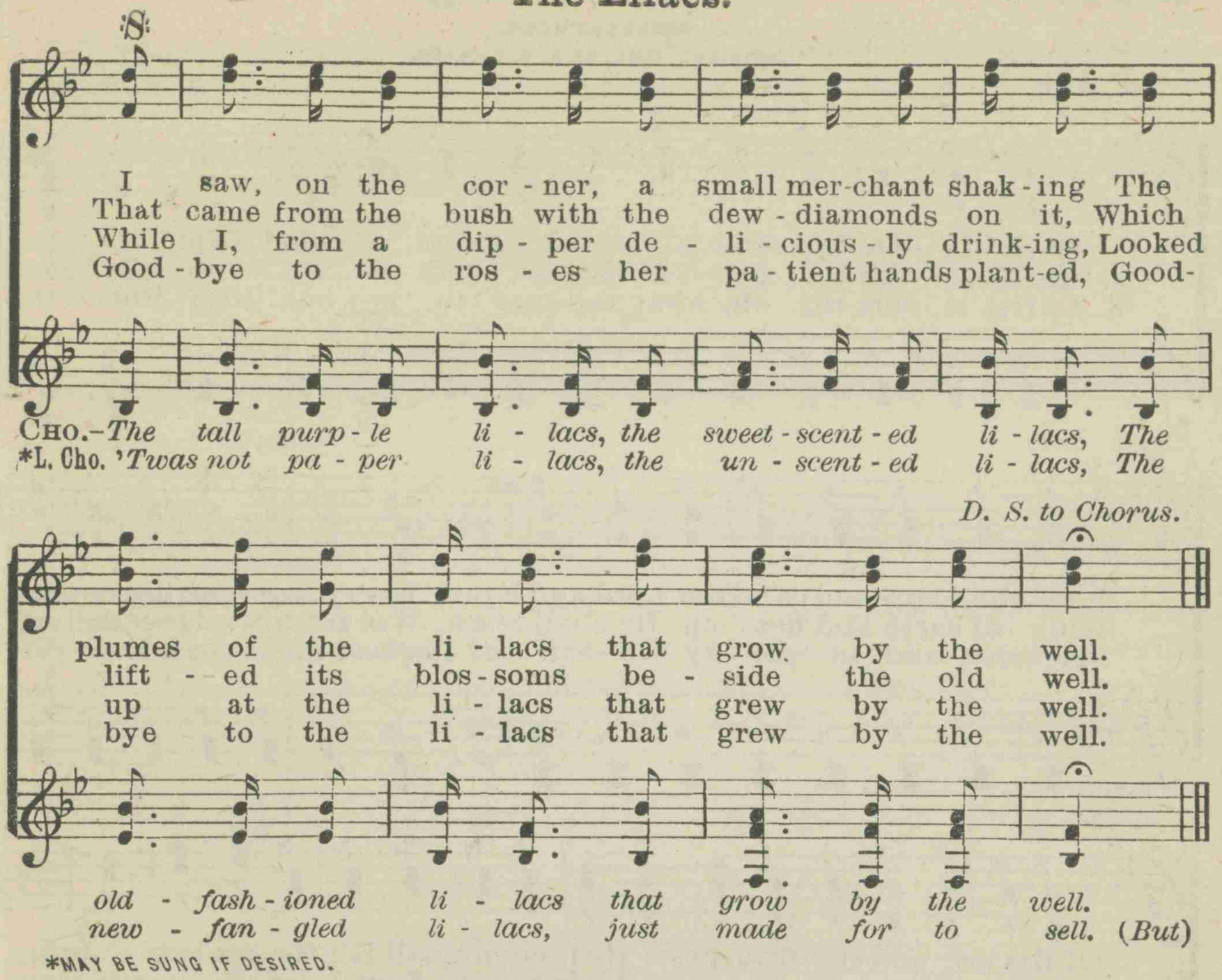
WORDS COPYRIGHT 1900, BY R. MCINTYRE.

Where in the May morn - ing, the wide world was wak - ing To
A thrush in the thick - et was sing - ing a son - net A -
The squeak - y old wind - lass the same thing was think - ing, The
When wist - ful she gazed where the sum - mre sun slant - ed And,

Rit.

life from the slum - ber of cold Win - ter's spell,
drift on the breez - es, I caught the faint smell
o - pal drops in - to the deep crys - tal fell,
whisp - er - ing soft - ly, she told us to tell

The Lilacs.



*MAY BE SUNG IF DESIRED.

WORDS COPYRIGHT 1900, BY R. MCINTYRE.

No. 99. The Old Oaken Bucket.

(*Music begins on opposite page.*)

1. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew,
The wide, spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.

CHORUS.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well.

2. That moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.

Samuel Woodworth.

No. 100. Christ is Coming.

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P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Christ is com-ing, and all na-tions shall be - hold Him; Ev - ry
2. Christ is com-ing, not as once,—a man of sor - row,—But as
3. Christ is com-ing, oh, what rap-ture to be - hold Him! Robed in

knee shall bow and call Him Lord and King; Ev-'ry tongue shall then confess
King of earth and heav- en He shall reign; War and strife and greed shall cease,
splen-dor and in glo - ry He shall be; Darkest night shall flee a-pace

Rit.

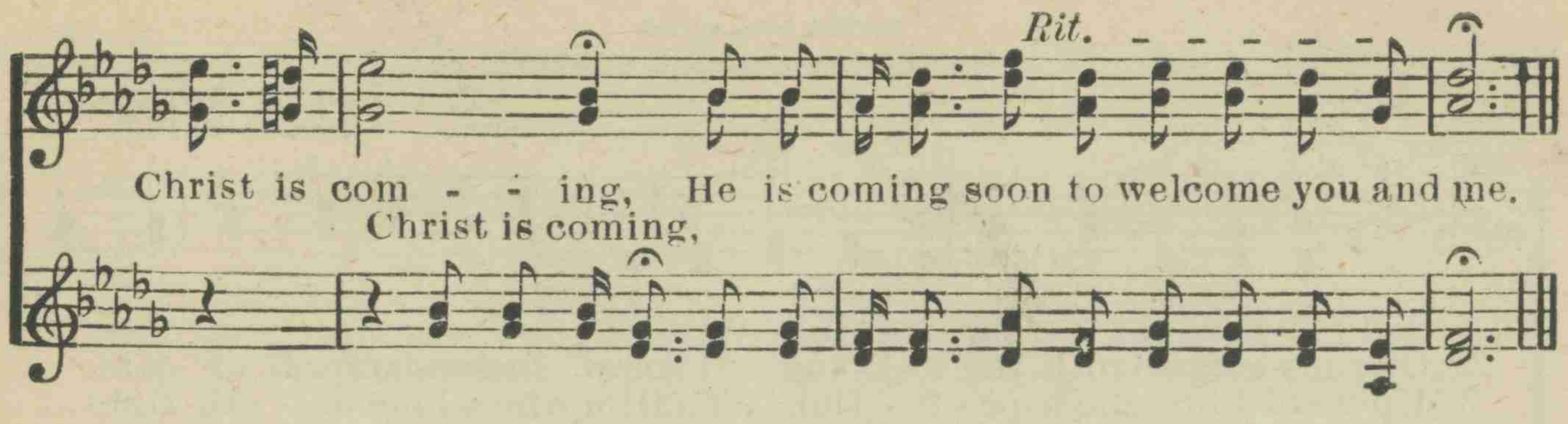
Of His love and righteousness; He is coming, all His ransomed home to bring.
O-ver all the earth be peace, He is coming, Christ the Lamb for sinners slain.
At the brightness of His face, Hal-le-lu-jah! He is coming soon for me.

CHORUS.

Christ is com - - ing, Christ is com - - ing, And His
Christ is com-ing, Christ is com-ing,

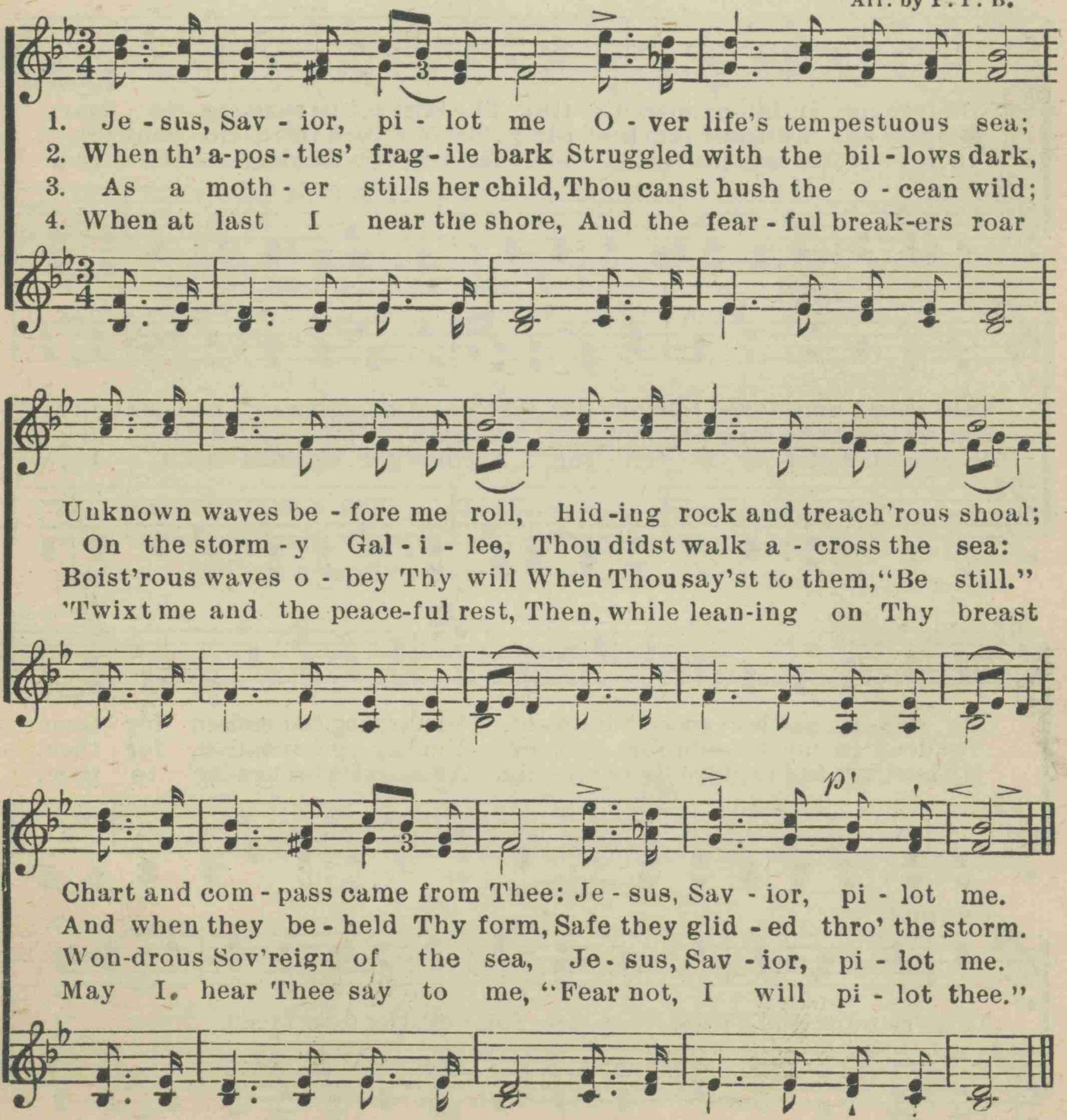
righteousness and glo-ry we shall see; Christ is com - - ing,
we shall see; Christ is coming,

Christ is Coming.



No. 101. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me!

Rev. E. Hopper. *J. E. Gould.*
Arr. by P. P. B.



No. 102. Longing, Dear Mother, for Thee.

WORDS AND MUSIC
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T. S.

Thomas Sullivan.
Har. by P. P. B.

1. Sad - ly to-night I am sit - ting, With no one to comfort or cheer;
2. O'er my cold heart rolls the feel - ing I knew in those days void of care;
3. Up-ward I breathe a pe - ti - tion To Him who a-lone do - eth right;

Be-fore me, in fan-cy, comes flit - ting The forms and the scenes once so dear;
Once more as a child I am kneel-ing Be-side thee in in - no - cent pray'r.
In answer there comes a sweet vi - sion That bright-ens the gloom of the night.

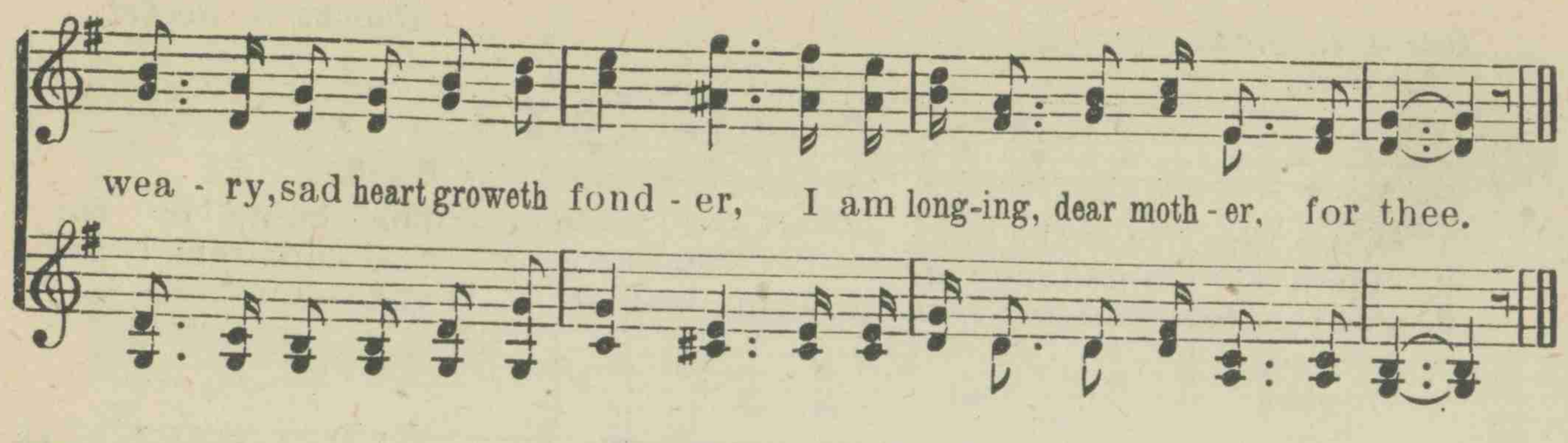
Scenes where I once loved to wan - der, In child-hood, with in - no - cent glee;
Gone are those bright days; Ah! nev - er A - gain will their joy come to me;
Hope a glad sto - ry is tell - ing, No lon - ger enthralled will I be;

My wea - ry, sad heart grow-eth fond - er, I'm long-ing, dear moth-er, for thee.
Yet deep in my bos-om for - ev - er I'm long-ing, dear moth-er, for thee.
My heart with fond rapture is swell - ing, As homeward I'm turn-ing to thee.

CHORUS.

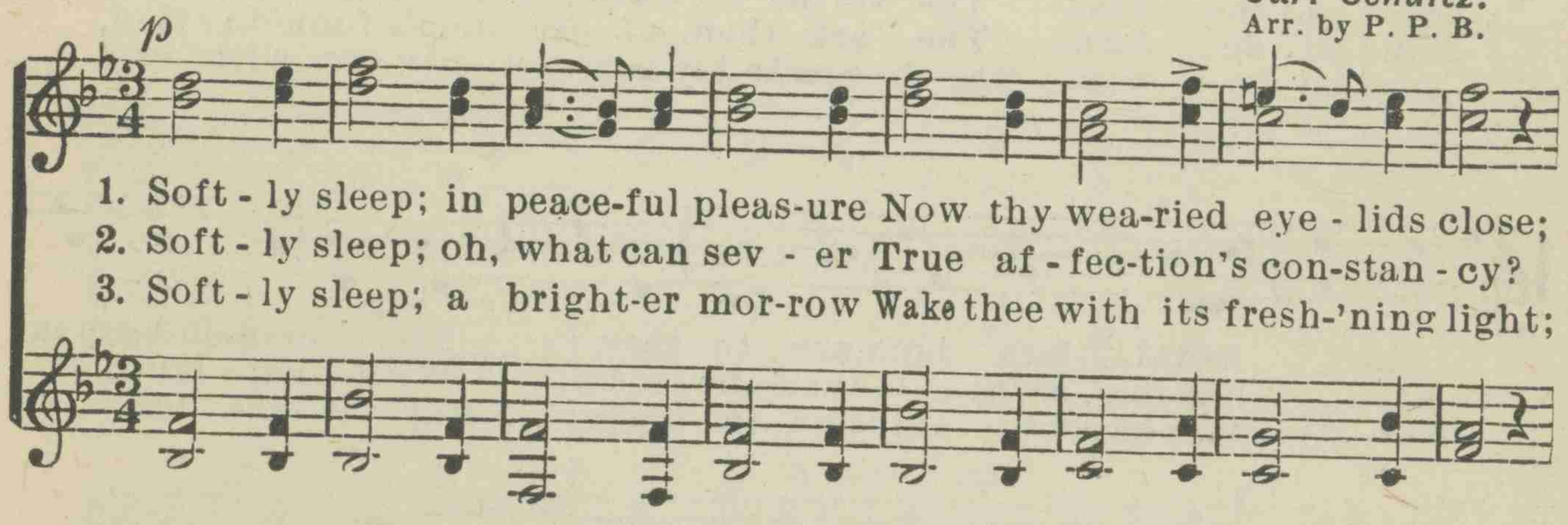
Tho' friend-less I wan - der, In fan - cy, thy dear face I see; My

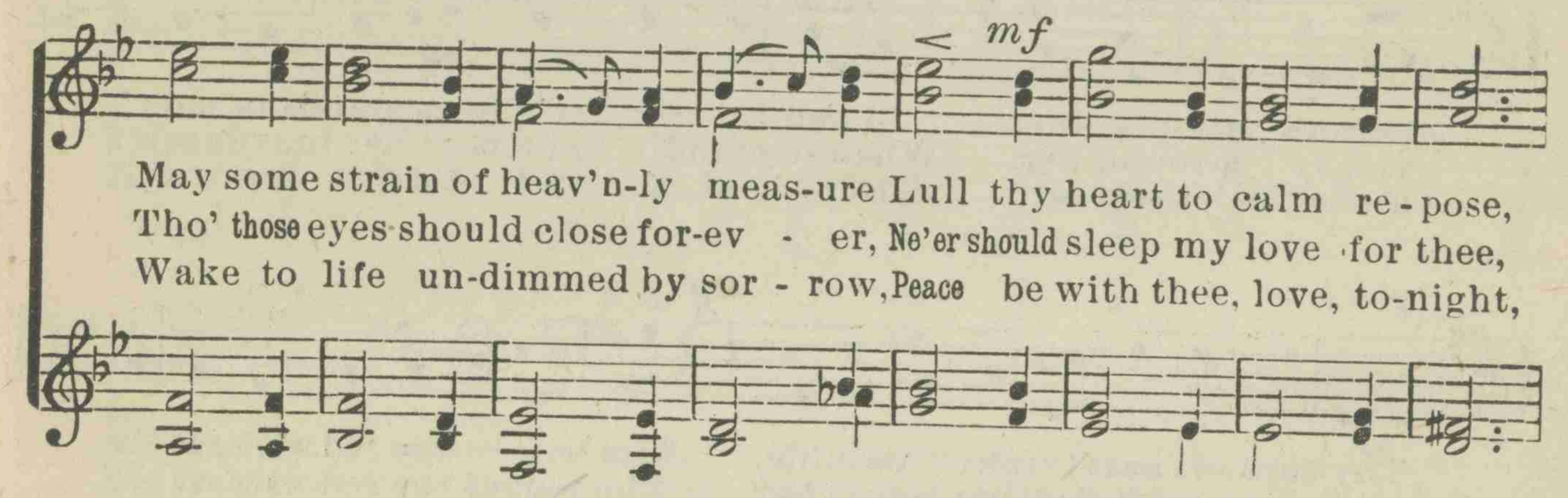
Longing, Dear Mother, for Thee.

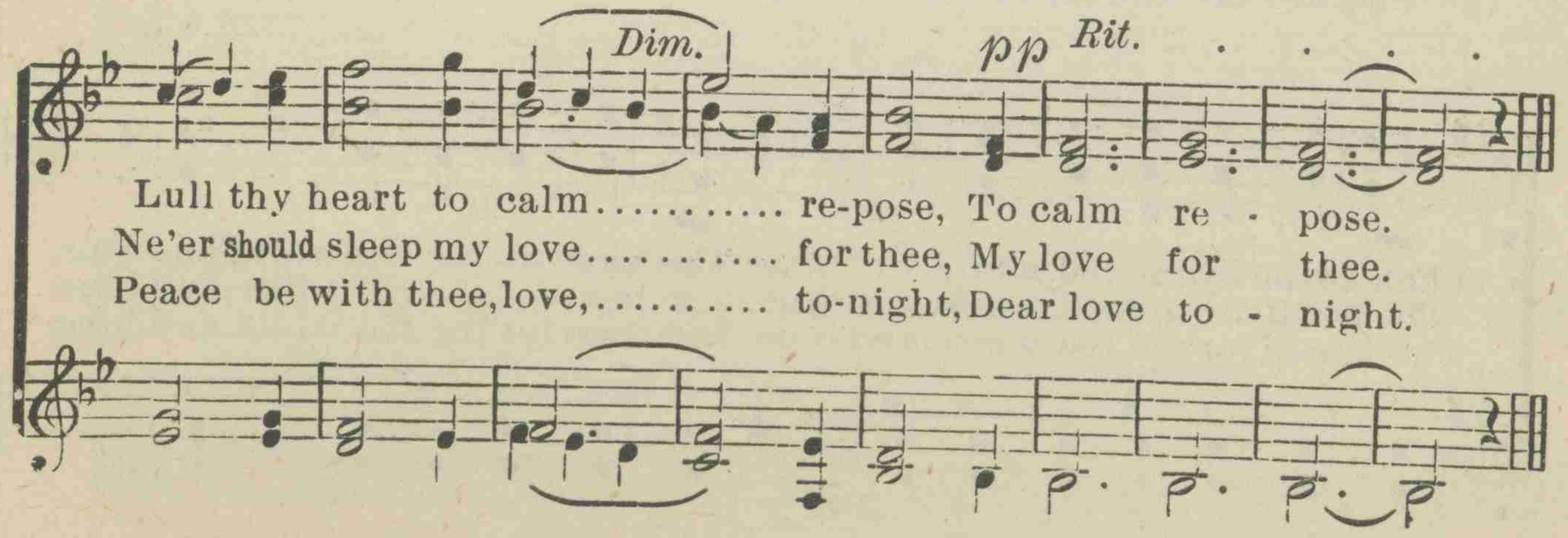


No. 103. Softly Sleep.

Carl Schultz.
Arr. by P. P. B.





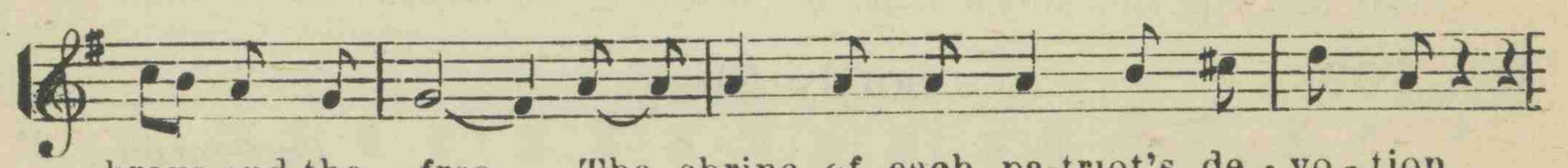


No. 104. Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

David T. Shaw. *Thomas A. Becket.*

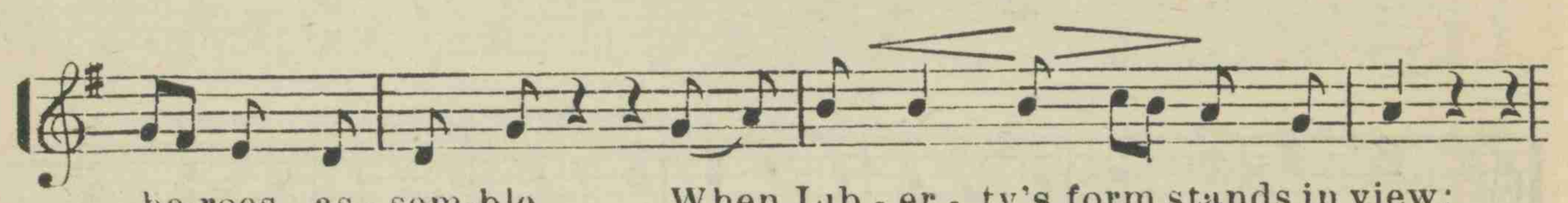
UNISON.

1. O Co-lum - bia, the gem of the o - cean, The home of the
2. When war winged its wide des - o - la - tion, And threatened the
3. Oh, the star-spangled ban - ner bring hith-er O'er Co-lum-bia's true



brave and the free, The shrine of each pa-triot's de - vo - tion,
land to de form, The ark, then, of free-dom's foun-da - tion,
sons let it wave; May the wreaths they have won nev - er with er,

The world of-fers hom-age to thee. Thy man-dates make
Co - lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm: With gar - lands of
Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave; May the serv - ice, u-



he-roes as - sem-ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view;
vict'ry a-round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
nit-ed, ne'er sev - er, But hold to their col-ors so true;

Thy banners make tyranny tremble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.
With her flag proud-ly floating before her, The boast of the red, white, and blue.
The ar - my and na-vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

When borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue,
The boast of the red, white, and blue, The boast of the red, white, and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

Thy banners make tyr-an - ny tremble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.
With her flag proudly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
The ar-my and na-vy for-ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

No. 105. Steal Away Home.

New Hebrides.
Arr P. P. B.

Steal a - way, steal a - way, steal a - way to Je - sus!

Steal a - way, steal a-way home, I have not long to stay here.

FINE.

1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun - der; The
2. Green trees are bend-ing, Poor sin - ners stand trem-bling; The
3. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the light- ning; The

trump-et sounds it in my soul: I have not long to stay here.

D. C.

No. 106. Hail! Columbia.

F. Hopkinson.
Arr. by P. P. B.

Maestoso.

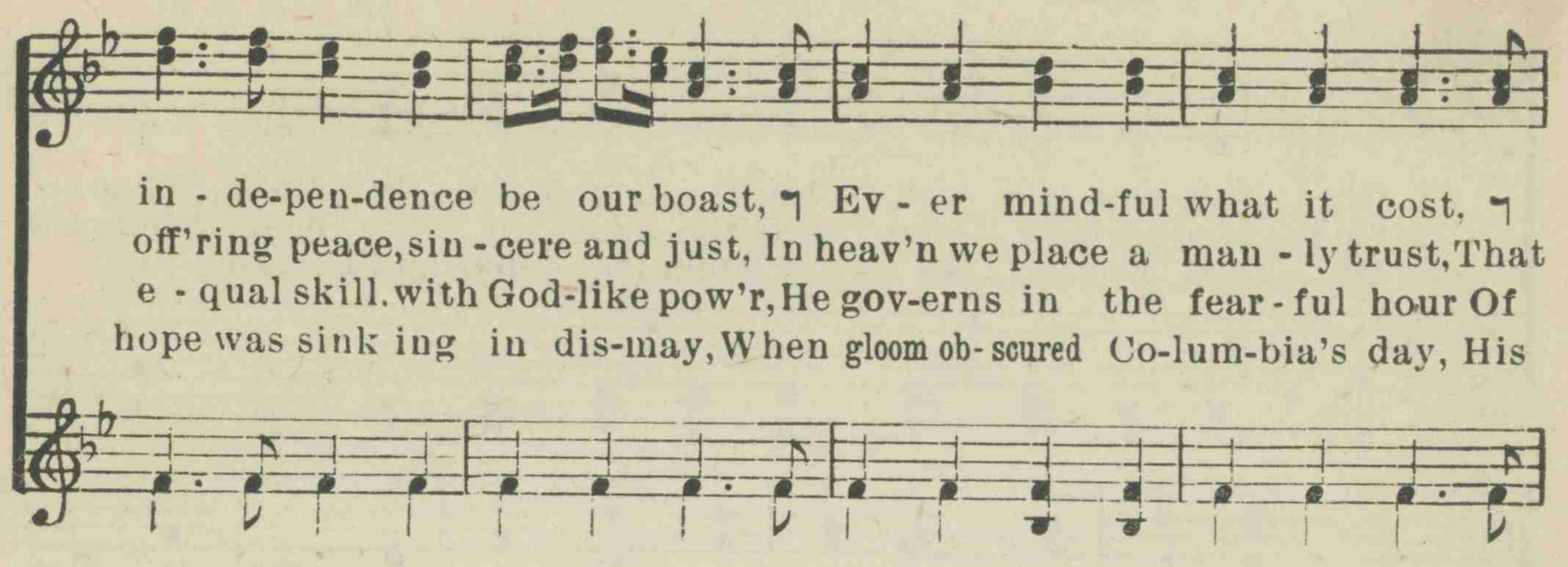
1. ꟾ Hail! Co - lum - bia, hap - py land! ꟾ Hail! ye he - roes,
2. Im - mor - tal pa - triots, rise once more! De - fend your rights, de-
3. ꟾ Sound, sound the trump of fame! ꟾ Let Wash - ing-
4. Be - hold the chief who now com-mands, Once more to save his

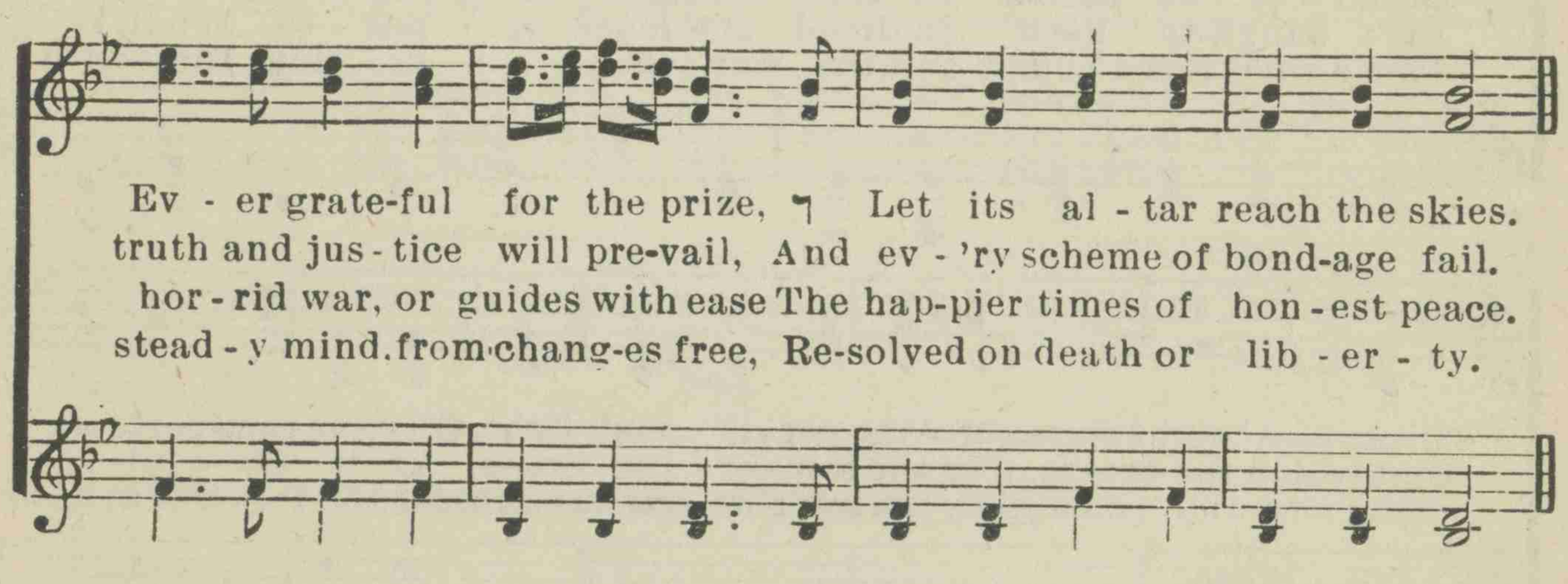
heav'n-born band, Who fought and bled in free-dom's cause, Who
fend your shore! Let no rude foe with im - pious hand, Let
ton's great name Ring thro' the world with loud ap - plause, Ring
coun - try stands, The rock on which the storm will beat, The

fought and bled in free-dom's cause, And when the storm of
no rude foe with im - pious hand In - vade the shrine where
thro' the world with loud ap-plause! Let ev - 'ry clime to
rock on which the storm will beat; But armed in vir - tue,

war was gone, En - joyed the peace your val - or won; Let
sa - cred lies Of toil and blood the well-earned prize; While
free - dom dear, 𝄽 Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear; Witn
firm and true, His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you. When

No. 107. Hail! Columbia.





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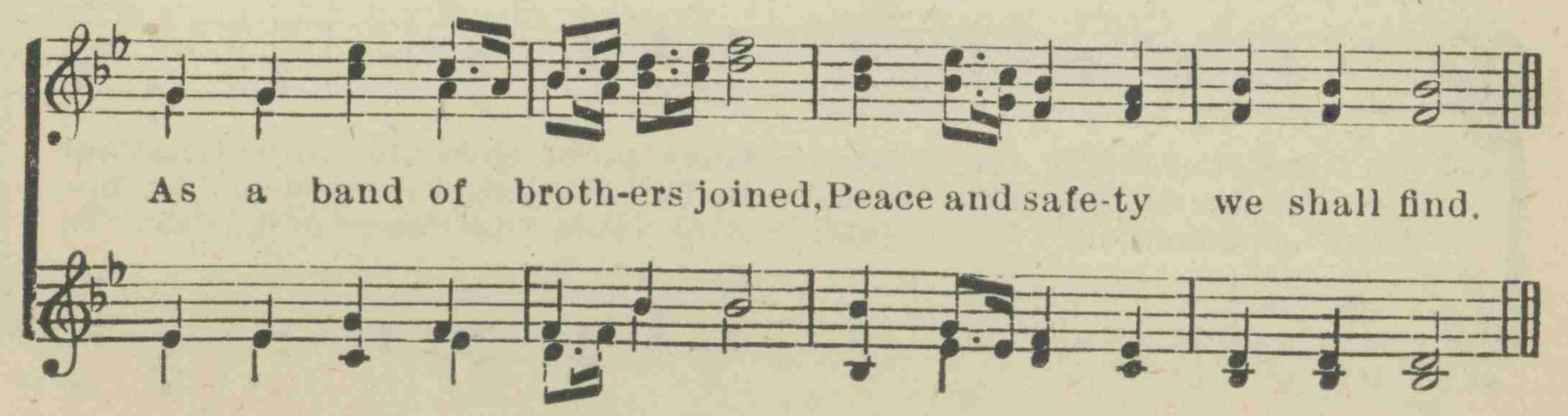


No. 108. The Star-Spangled Banner.

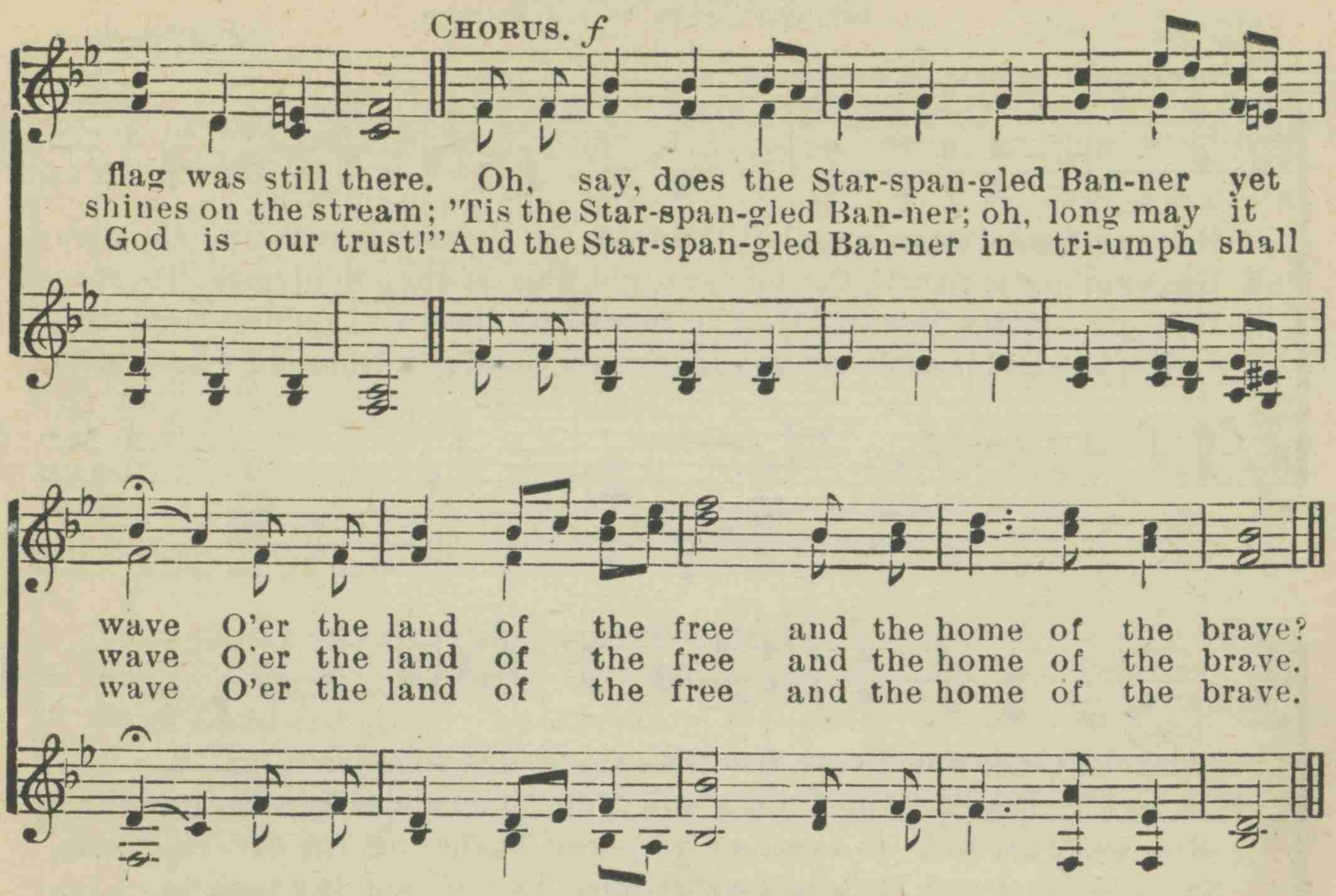
Francis Scott Key. *John Stafford Smith.*
Arr. by P. P. B.

1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we hailed at the twi-light's last gleam-ing? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram-parts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly stream-ing; And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-spangled ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

2. On the shore dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haugh-ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-spangled ban-ner! O long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

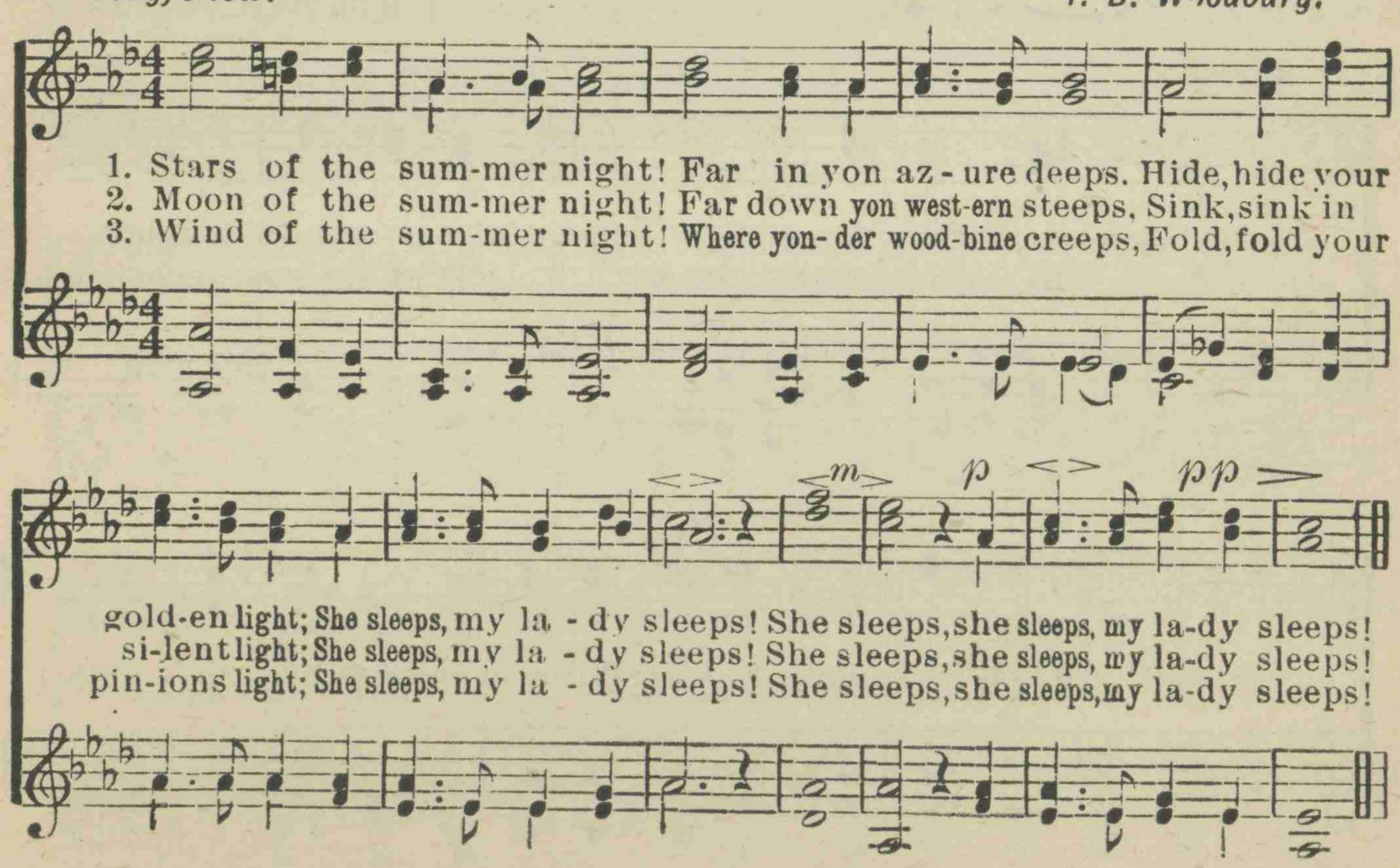
3. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be - tween their loved homes and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-res - cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na - tion! Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our mot - to: "In

The Star-Spangled Banner.



No. 109. Stars of the Summer Night.

Longfellow. *I. B. Woodbury.*



No. 110. Answer Him To-night.

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V. H.

SOPRANO & ALTO DUET, or ALTO SOLO.

F. E. Belden.

1. Have you heard of the one who left the fold, On the moun-tains of sin to stray,
2. Have you heard of the wild, the bit-ter night, When the Shep-herd sought His sheep?
3. Have you heard how the wan-der-er re-turned, By the lov - ing Shep-herd won!
4. The Shep-herd is seek-ing you, my friend, To save you from sin's dark blight;

And lis-tened not to the Shep-herd's voice, But wan-dered far a - way.
How he left the ran-somed "ninety and nine," And climbed the mountains steep?
How heav'n and earth to - geth-er re-joiced At the com-ing of the one.
Shall heav'n and earth to - geth-er re-joice At your com-ing back to - night?

REFRAIN.

Will you an-swer Him to - night, Far up the moun-tain height?
Will you an-swer Him to-night? Far up the mountain height?

Dim. *f* *p*

He call - eth you with love so true, Will you an-swer Him to - night?

No. 111. Praise and Magnify Our King.

USED BY PERMISSION J. R. S.

L. Edwards. *Jno. R. Sweney.*

1. Great is the Lord who rul - eth o - ver all! Wake, wake, and sing,
2. Great is the Lord who spake, and it was done; Wake, wake, and sing,
3. Great is the Lord, and ho - ly is His name! Wake, wake, and sing,

wake, wake, and sing; Down at His feet in ad - o - ra - tion fall,
wake, wake, and sing; Hon - or and strength, do - min-ion He has won,
wake, wake, and sing; An - gels and men His won-drous works pro-claim,

CHORUS.

Praise and mag - ni - fy our King. { O ye re-deemed a- bove, / Strike, strike your harps of love, }

Hail the bless-ed One, Hail the Might-y One; Sweet-ly His won-ders tell,

Loud - ly His glo - ry swell, Praise and mag - ni - fy our King.

No. 112. Cold is the Night.

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T. S. *Thomas Sullivan.*

1. Cold is the night, and the tem - pest is rag - ing, Darkness hath fall - en o'er al - ley and street; Un - der a gas - light a bent form is stand-ing, Bare to the fu - ry of wind, rain, and sleet. The light from a win - dow falls soft - ly up - on him,

2. Bright is the scene in that well-light - ed cham-ber, Com - fort and peace find a rest - ing-place there; Hus-band and wife with their chil - dren be-side them, Oh! how the sight fills his heart with de- spair. Back-ward his tho'ts turn to hap - pi - er hours,

3. List to his words: "I have lost them for - ev - er; Ne'er shall I see their loved fa - ces a - gain; Wretch-ed, for - lorn, I am naught but an out - cast, Ru - ined by {drink / sin} that has mad-dened my brain. God of my moth - er, O look down in pit - y!

4. Heed - less of storm now, he turns to the Sav - ior, Tear - ful - ly plead - ing for mer - cy and grace; Je - sus hath an-swered the prayer of re-pent - ance, Peace comes with par - don and lights up his face; Love en - ters in, all his fu - ture to bright-en,

No. 113. Cold is the Night.

Gaz - ing with-in, with a sad, wist- ful eye; Friend-less and
Tears fill his eyes as he views his past life; Mem - 'ry re-
Res - cue and save my poor soul, tem-pest-tossed!" Swift to his
Home-ward re - turn - ing with joy in his breast. Think of the

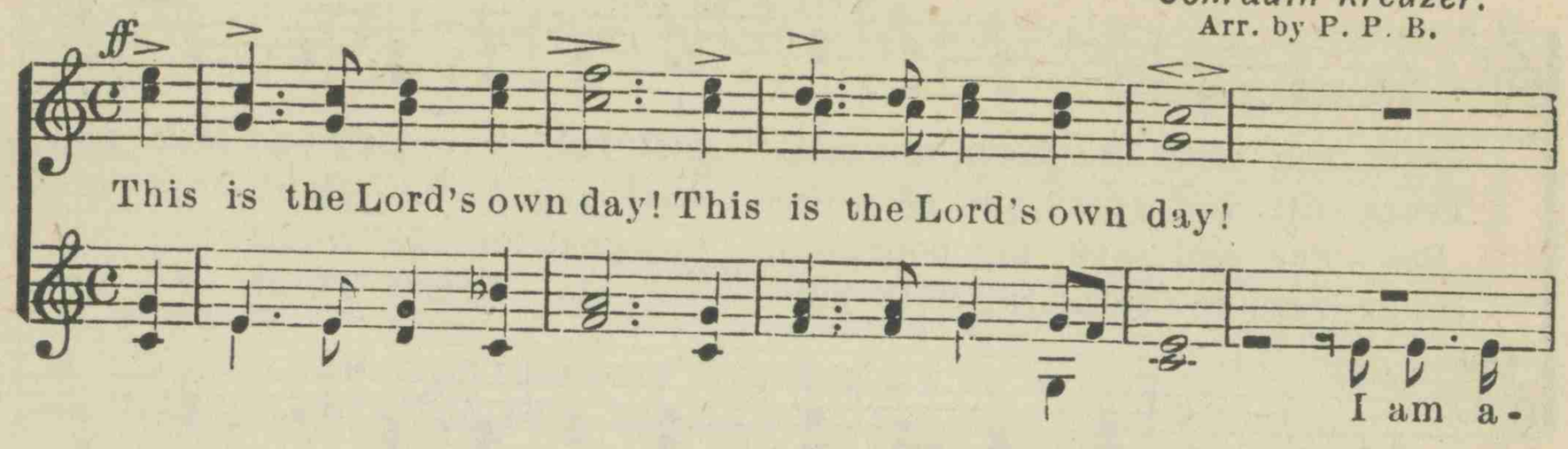
hope-less, he stands sad - ly mus - ing, He cares not to live, yet he
calls once a - gain the old home-stead, With fa-ther and moth-er, and
heart comes the les - son of child-hood, Christ came to suf - fer and
bliss that will come to the loved ones Pray-ing so long for the

dares not to die; Friend-less and hope - less, he stands sad - ly
dear lov - ing wife; Mem - 'ry re - calls once a - gain the old
die for the lost; Swift to his heart comes the les - son of
one they love best; Think of the bliss that will come to the

mus - ing, He cares not to live, yet he dares not to die.
home-stead, With fa - ther and moth - er, and dear lov - ing wife.
child-hood, Christ came to suf - fer and die for the lost.
loved ones Pray - ing so long for the one they love best.

No. 114. This is the Lord's Own Day.

Conradin Kreuzer.
Arr. by P. P. B.



No. 115. This is the Lord's Own Day

te - - rious pow'r Per-vaded a-new this bless-ed hour, And

these en-chant-ing plains. O heav'n - ly joy, mys-
O heav'n-ly joy,

O heav'nly, heav'n - ly joy, mys-te-rious, mys-

Cres.

te - - rious pow'r! The heav-ens on my way So sol-emn

Cres.

are, so bright and clear, And shed their lus-ter far and near, This

is the Lord's own day, This is the Lord's own day.

No. 116. Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne. *Bishop. Arr.*

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it
2. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain— O
3. To us, in de - spite of the ab - sence of years, How

ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home! A
give me my low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The
sweet the re - mem - brance of home still ap - pears; From al-

charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which,
birds sing - ing gai - ly that came at my call, Give me
lure - ments a - broad, which but flat - ter the eye, The un -

REFRAIN.

seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where.
these and the peace of mind dear - er than all.
sat-is - fied heart turns and says with a sigh:
} Home, home,

sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home! There's no place like home!

No. 117. The Merry Sailor Lad.

Anon. *Isaac B. Woodbury.*

1. Oh, I am a mer - ry sail - or lad, With heart both light and free;
2. Where bound-ing bil - low rears its head, To play with tem-pest cloud;
3. I love to tread the ves-sel's deck, A - mid the howl-ing gale;
4. Oh, see the viv - id light-ning play A- round me, bold and free;

I high - ly prize my gal-lant ship, I love the deep, blue sea,
Where storm's deep voice comes o'er the main In mur-murs hoarse and loud.
And lis - ten to the sea-gull's scream. And to the thun-der's rail.
Yet some will love the dull, tame shore, But an o - cean life for me.

CHORUS.

Hur-rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! I love, I love, I love the
hur-rah! I love, I love,

deep blue sea, I love, I love, I love the deep blue sea.
I love, I love,

No. 118. Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

Emma Willard. *J. P. Knight. Arr.*

1. Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep, I lay me
2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' storm - y

down in peace to sleep; Se - cure I rest up - on the
winds swept o'er the brine, Or tho' the tem - pest's fier - y

wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save. I know Thou
breath Roused me from sleep to wreck and death; In o - cean

wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's fall;
cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im - mor-tal - i - ty;

REFRAIN.

And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep,

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

Rit.

And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep.

No. 119. Remember Me, O Mighty One!

Anon. *Joanna Kinkel. Arr.*

1. When storms a-round are sweep-ing, When lone my watch I'm keep-ing,
2. When walk-ing on life's o - cean, Con-trol its rag - ing mo-tion;
3. When weight of sin op-press-es, When dark de-spair dis-tress-es,

'Mid fires of e - vil fall-ing, 'Mid temp-ters' voi - ces call - ing,
When from its dan-gers shrink-ing, When in its dread deeps sinking,
All thro' the life that's mor-tal, And when I pass death's por-tal,

CHORUS.

Rit.

Re-mem-ber me, O Might-y One! Re-mem-ber me, O Might-y One!

No. 120. Sweet and Low.

Alfred Tennyson *Joseph Barnby.*

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea, Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa-ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest,

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; O-ver the roll - ing
O - - ver the
on mother's breast, Fa-ther will come to thee soon; Father will come to his
Fa - - ther will

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a-gain to
wa - ters go, Come..... from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west. Un-der the sil-ver
come to his babe, Sil - - - ver sails out of the west,

me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret-ty one sleeps.....
moon, Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret-ty one, sleep.....

No. 121. Old Folks at Home.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.

1. Way down up - on de Swan-nee rib-ber, Far, far a - way,
   All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,

2. All round de lit - tle farm I wandered, When I was young;
   When I was play-ing wid my brud-der, Hap - py was I,—

3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush-es, One dat I love,
   When will I see de bees a-hum-ming, All round de comb?

Dere's wha' my heart is turn-ing eb-ber, Dere's wha' de old folks stay,
Still long-ing for de old plan-ta-tion, And for de old folks at home.

Den man-y hap-py days I squandered—Man-y de songs I sung.
Oh, take me to my kind old mud-der. Dere let me live and die.

Still sad - ly to my mem-'ry rush-es. No mat-ter where I rove.
When will I hear de ban - jo tumming, Down in my good old home?

CHORUS.

All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - 'ry-where I roam;
O dark-ies, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home!

Rit.

No. 122. My Old Kentucky Home, Good-night.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck - y home, 'Tis sum - mer, the dark-ies are gay; The corn-top's ripe and the
2. They hunt no more for the 'pos - sum and the coon, On the mead-ow, the hill, and the shore; They sing no more by the
3. The head must bow, and the back will have to bend Wher - ev - er the dark - y may go; A few more days and the

mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day; The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py, and
glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab - in door; The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart, With sorrow where all was de-
troub-le all will end In the field where the su - gar-canes grow; A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter, 'twill never be

bright; By'n - by Hard Times comes a - knock-ing at the door,
light, The time has come when the dark - ies have to part,
light; A few more days till we tot - ter on the road,

My Old Kentucky Home, Good-night.

CHORUS.

Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night! Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh, weep no more to-day! We will sing one song for the old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home far a-way.

No. 123. Till I Shall be Sleeping.

WORDS AND MUSIC
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Mrs. Dana Shindler. *P. P. Bilhorn.*

1. Till I shall be sleep-ing In the qui-et grave,
2. Tho' His way be hid-den, He is al-ways true;
3. He who sows with weep-ing, Good and pre-cious seed,

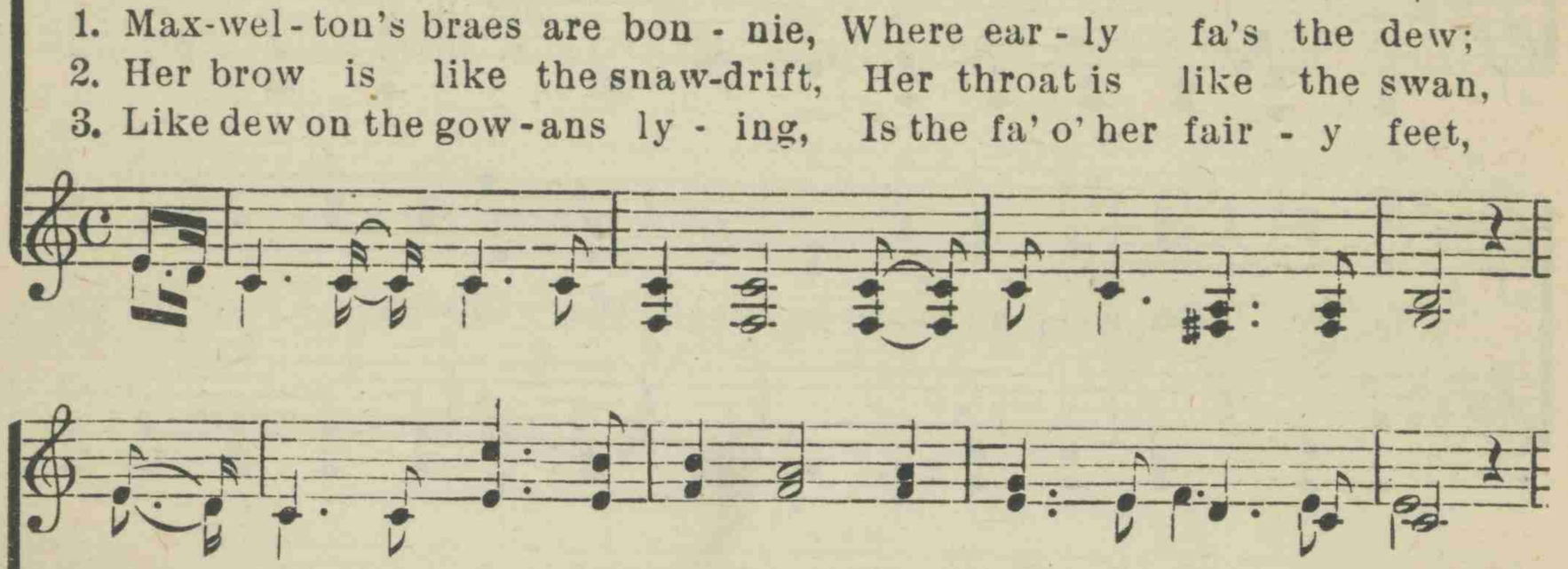
Rit.

God my soul is keep-ing, Who is strong to save.
Dai-ly come un-bid-den, Bless-ings ev-er new.
Shall with joy be reap-ing In the time of need.

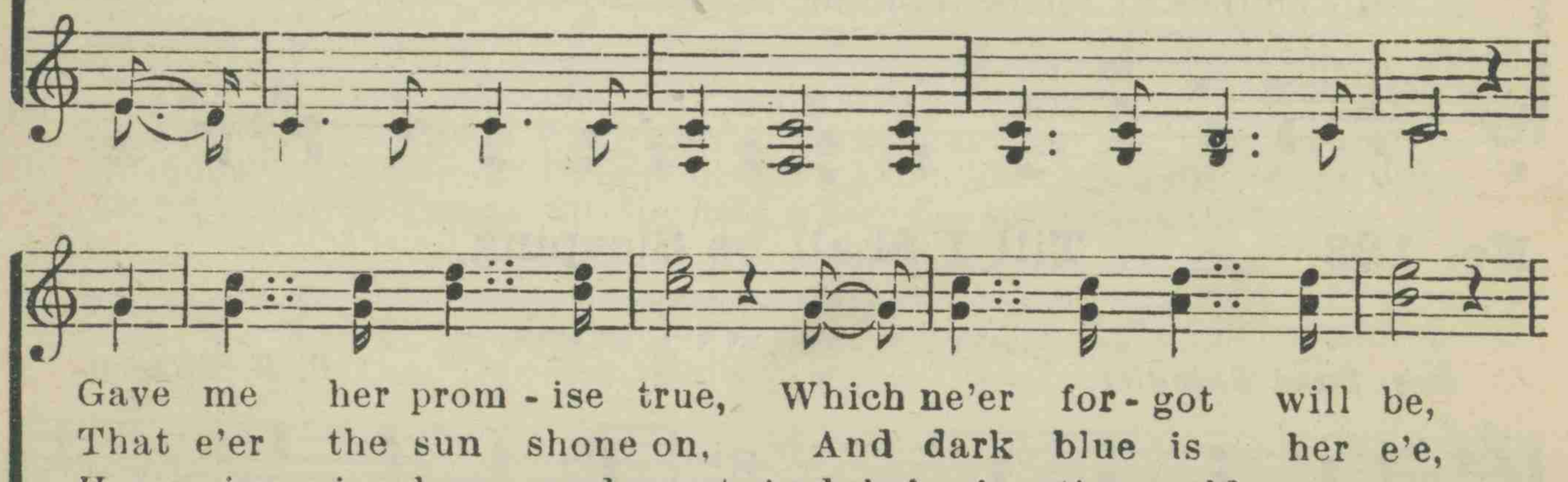
No. 124. Annie Laurie.

Scotch Air.

1. Max-wel-ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew;
2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan,
3. Like dew on the gow-ans ly - ing, Is the fa' o' her fair - y feet,



And 'twas there that An - nie Lau-rie Gave me her prom-ise true;
Her face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on;
And like winds in sum-mer sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet;



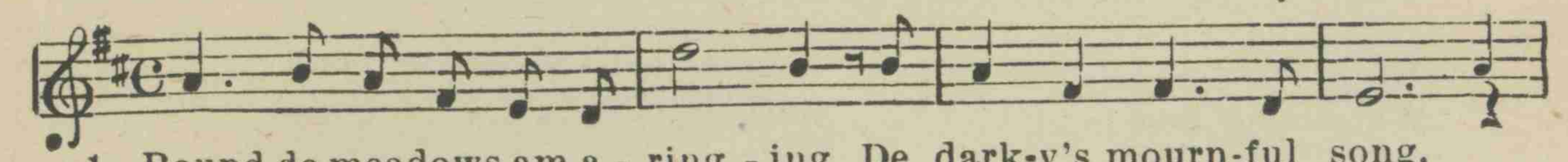
Gave me her prom-ise true, Which ne'er for-got will be,
That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e,
Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me,

And for bon-nie An - nie Lau-rie I'd lay me down and dee.
And for bon-nie An - nie Lau-rie I'd lay me down and dee.
And for bon-nie An - nie Lau-rie I'd lay me down and dee.
And for bon-nie An - nie Lau-rie I'd lay me down and dee.

No. 125. Massa's in de Cold Ground.

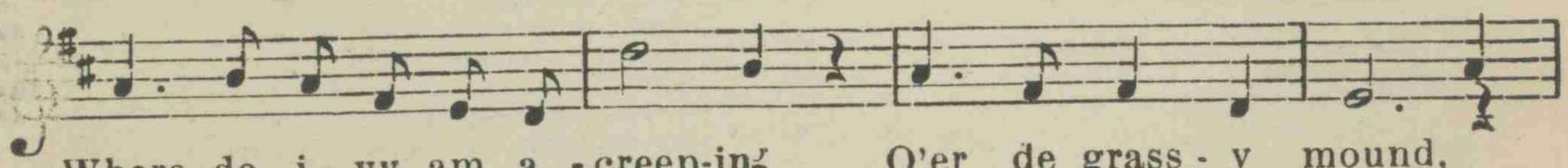
Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.

Arr. by P. P. B.

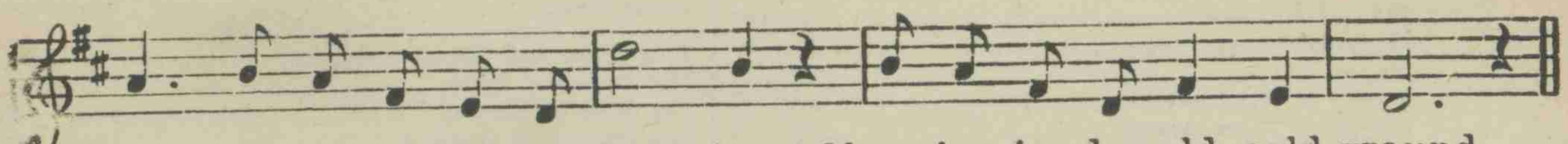


1. Round de meadows am a - ring - ing De dark-y's mourn-ful song,
2. When de autumn leaves were fall-ing, When de days were cold, 'T'was
3. Mas - sa make de darkies love him, Ca'se he was so kind,

While de mocking-bird am sing-ing, Hap-py as de day am long.
hard to hear old mas-sa call - ing, Ca'se he was so weak and old.
Now dey sad-ly weep a - bove him, Mourning ca'se he leave dem be hind. I



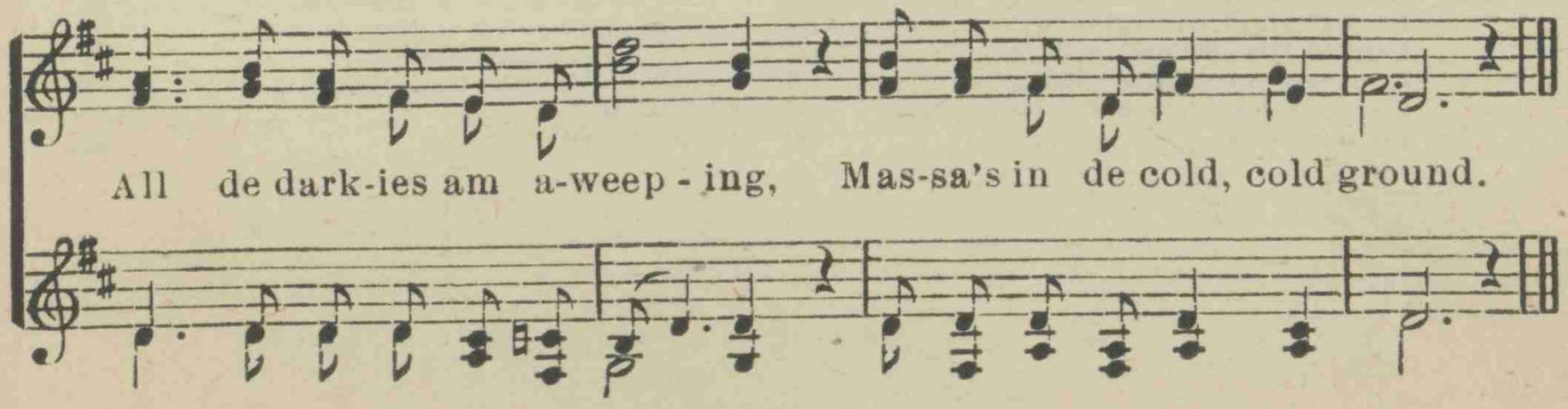
Where de i - vy am a - creep-ing O'er de grass - y mound,
Now de or-ange tree am bloom-ing On de sand - y shore,
can - not work be-fore to - mor - row, Ca'se de tear-drops flow; I



Dere old mas-sa am a - sleep - ing Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground.
Now de sum-mer days am com - ing, Mas-sa neb-ber calls no more.
try to drive a- way my sor - row, Pick-in' on de old ban - jo.

CHORUS.

Down in de corn - field Hear dat mourn - ful sound·



All de dark-ies am a-weep - ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

No. 12

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NOT SUBJECT TO CIRCULATION