Both young men and maidens,

Old men and children,

Praise ye the Lord,

SUNDAY-SCHOOL, SOCIAL, MEETING, AND FAMILY

SONGS FOR WORSHIP.

BY T. C. O'KANE.

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1873

HITCHCOCK & WALDEN,
CINCINNATI,
CHICAGO,
ST. LOUIS.

NELSON & PHILLIPS.
&
New York.

Make His praise glorious.

EMBURY M. E. S. S.
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No 140

Prov. xxiii, 12.—Apply thy heart unto instruction, and thine ears to the words of knowledge.

Prov. xiv, 8.—He that getteth wisdom loveth his own soul.

1st. The reader will please handle this book carefully.

2d. In no instance fail to return this book to your teacher, or report it at each session of your school.

3d.—While it is in your hands remember that others are awaiting the privilege of its perusal.

4th. And finally, we ask you to realize that this book has been dedicated to Sunday School interests, and any injury that it may receive at your hands, or a failure on your part to promptly return it, will embarrass the Librarians, cripple the interests of the School, and it is to be feared, may render you liable to divine censure.

71-73

SONGS FOR WORSHIP

IN THE

Sunday-School, Social-Meeting, and Family.

BY

T. C. O'KANE,

Author of "Dew-Drops of Sacred Song," "Fresh Leaves," etc.

HITCHCOCK & WALDEN, : CINCINNATI, CHICAGO, AND ST. LOUIS.

NELSON & PHILLIPS, NEW YORK.

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1873
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PREFACE.

THE chief design of this book is stated in its title, "*Songs for Worship in the Sunday-school, Social-meeting, and Family.*" This design has been constantly kept in view in its preparation for the press, and has determined the form and style of its publication.

These songs are *not for pastime*—mere musical recreation and entertainment—but are eminently devotional, embracing those forms of expression in which we may best worship the Lord by singing unto Him and making melody in our hearts.

A large number of the Hymns are entirely new; many are careful selections from the choicest modern Sunday-school and Church lyrics; and these new and selected pieces are supplemented by a large and varied collection of well-known hymns—pure, sweet, and grand hymns, endeared by a thousand associations, and which though sung often and every-where, can never grow old.

The character of the Tunes is in full keeping with that of the Hymns. Care has been taken to avoid the extremes of lightness and dullness, and to combine those elements which give and maintain solid cheerfulness, the golden mean in sacred song.

Worship in the Sunday-school, in Meetings for Praise and Prayer, and in the Family, is eminently social in its character, which of itself indicates that the same kind of song is adapted to each. Experience teaches that the devotional music used with best effect in the Sunday-school, will inspire and gladden all who worship in the Social-meeting, and delight the hearts of parents and children around the family altar.

To spiritualize the singing in our Sunday-schools; to render the Social-meeting in its song-worship attractive to both old and young; and to hallow the memories of the religious home with sacred song, are results which may be fully realized by the common use of spiritual and devotional songs in our worship.

To furnish a collection adapted to this end, for use in the Sunday-school, Social-meeting, and Family, is the design of this book.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1873, by T. C. O'KANE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

SONGS FOR WORSHIP

Our Song of Praise.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. { Come ye that love the Sav - ior's name, And joy to make it known, The
   { Sov'reign of your hearts proclaim, And [..... Omit .....] bow before his throne.

2. { Be - hold your Lord, your Master, crowned With glories all divine: And
   { tell the wond'ring na - tions round, How [..... Omit .....] bright those glories shine.

Chorus.

We come, O Lord, to sing thy praise And fill thy temple now with sacred lays.
We come, O Lord, to sing thy praise And fill, etc.

3. When, in his earthly courts, we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish, like them, to sing.

4. And shall we long and wish in vain!
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

"Thou art Worthy."

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Grateful praise to thee we bring, God our Savior and our King; While our joy-ful songs we raise,
2. Thou hast made us by thy power, Thou hast kept us to this hour, Guardian of our helpless days,
3. Tho' but creatures of a day, Soon like flow'rs to pass away, Thou canst raise us by thy pow'r,

Chorus or Coda, ad. lib.

1. Hear us from thy dwelling place.
2. Hear, O hear, our humble lays.
3. Up where seraphim a - dore.

Thou art worthy, Thou art worthy, God of glory, God of grace.

The Consecrated Cross.

H. D. MUNSON.

Earnestly.

Chorus.

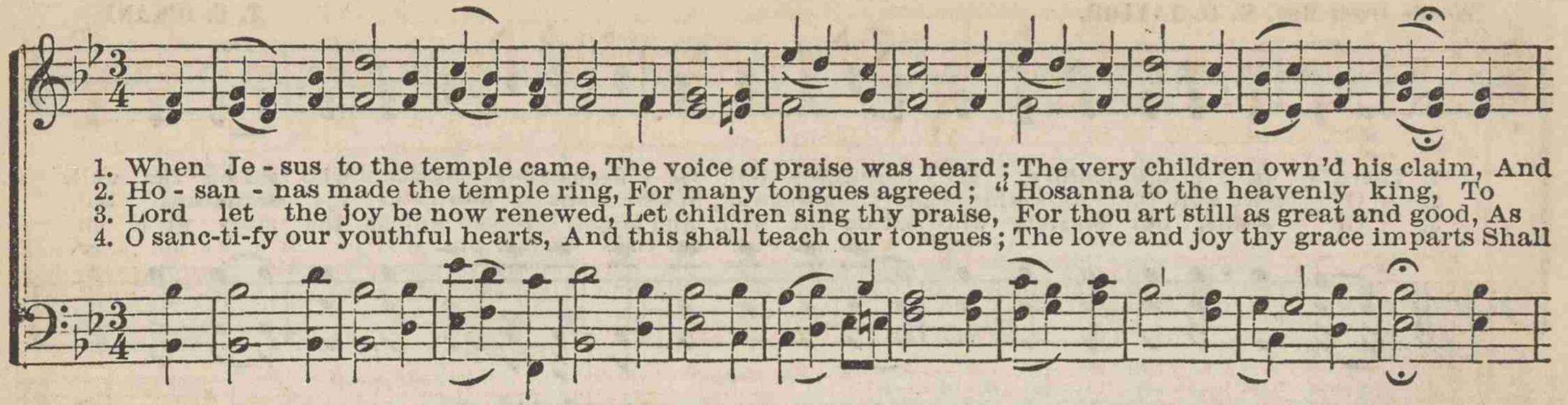
D. C.

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? [bear.
   No, there's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me. Dear Jesus hear my prayer, Help me the cross to

D. C. 'Till thou appear in glory here, And give the crown to wear.

D. C.

For concluding stanzas, see next page.



THE CONSECRATED CROSS. (Concluding stanzas.)

2. The consecrated cross I'll bear,
'Till death shall set me free:
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me. [CHOR.]

3. Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus, pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat. [CHOR.]

4. And palms shall wave and harps shall ring
Beneath heaven's arches high,
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die. [CHOR.]

5. Oh precious cross! Oh glorious crown!
Oh resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away. [CHOR.]

Jesus at the Well.

Words from Rev. E. G. TAYLOR. T. C. O'KANE.

1. There 's a beautiful story, the Scriptures tell, Of Jesus our Savior who sat on the well,
2. O pure were the waters which came from the well, Where Jesus sat down, as the Scriptures tell,
3. Of Jesus, our Master, who sat on the well, And taught this poor woman, the story we 'll tell

1. In the ci - ty of Sychar, and, wearied, there saw A woman who came there the water to draw.
2. But purer, far purer, and better are they Which flow from the wells of Sal - va-tion to - day.
3. To all who will listen, how free thou dost give Sal - va-tion's bright waters to all who will live.

1. She knew not the stranger, nor even could think 'T was Jesus who said to her, "Give me to drink;"
2. For Jesus declared, as he sat on the brink Of the well of Sa - ma - ria, "Who-ever shall drink
3. And grant that, like hers, our pe - ti-tion may be, "Lord give us this water so pure and so free,"

1. But quickly she learned it was Christ—even He, Who giveth the water of life so free.
2. Of water that I for the world have in store, And freely now offer, shall thirst no more."
3. That wells of Sal - va - tion may in us be found, To spring up to life and forever abound.

Chorus.

The water of life, So pure and so free, Is flowing for all,
Yes, flowing for all, for
The water of life, So pure and so free, Is flowing for all,
you and for me, And Christ is the Giver, the Scriptures tell, The Heav-en-ly stranger at Jacob's well.

Ringing, Sweetly Ringing.

From "The Guiding Star," by permission of Lee & Walker.

Rev. D. C. JOHN.

1. Ringing, sweetly ringing, the cheerful Sabbath bells; Ringing, sweetly ringing, the cheerful Sabbath bells,
2. Ringing, sweetly ringing, their silver chimes we love; Ringing, sweetly ringing, their silver chimes we love;
3. Ringing, sweetly ringing, those cheerful Sabbath bells; Ringing, sweetly ringing, those cheerful Sabbath bells;

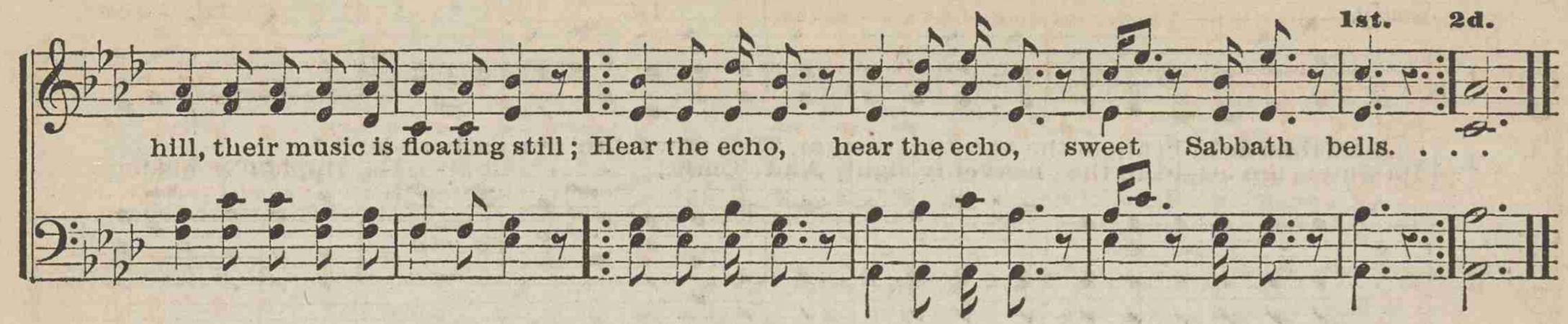
We lin-ger a mo-ment their call to hear, Then haste a-way to our school so dear;
A mis-sion of peace to the heart they bear, A wel-come call to the house of prayer,
Oh, let us be grate-ful to God a-bove, Who crowns our days with his light and love.

1st. 2d. CHORUS.

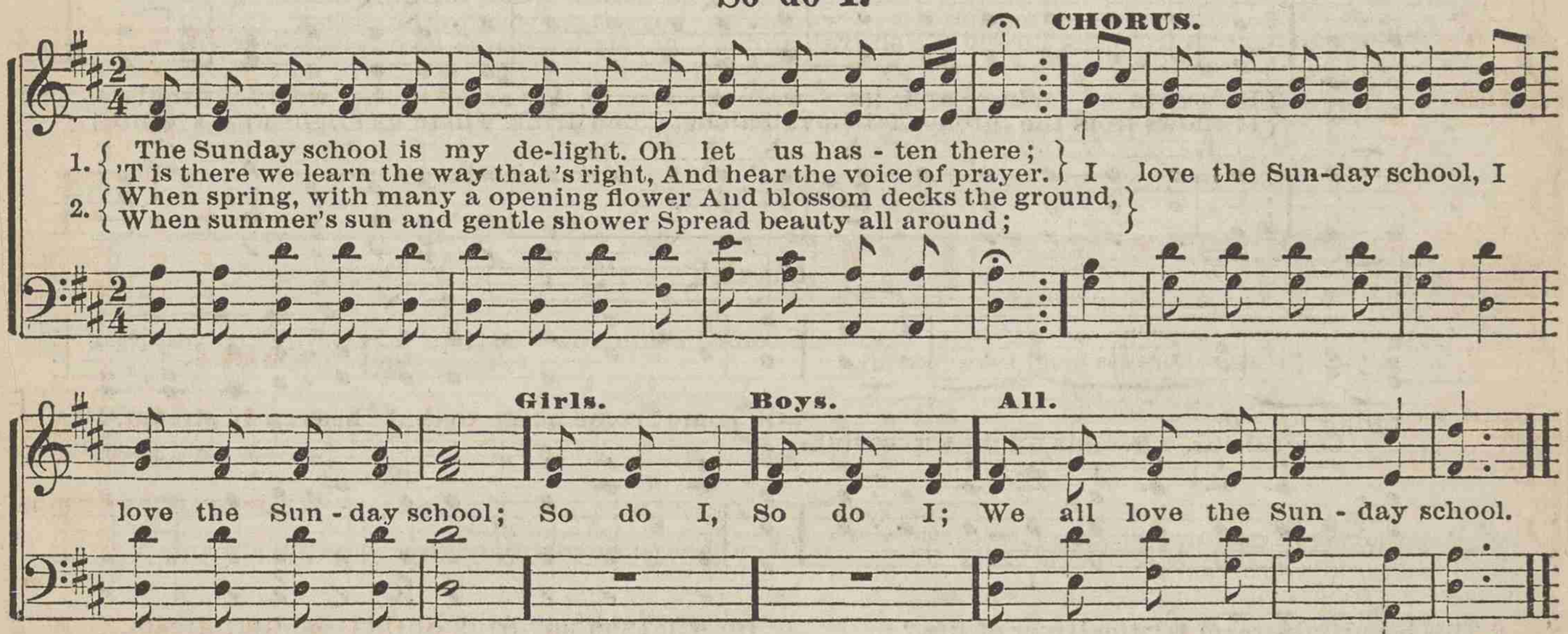
Over the green wood, joyous and free, Singing with gladness, happy are we; . While over the distant
Telling of rapture, telling of rest, Mansions of glory, tranquil and blest.
Blessed Redeemer, ev-er to thee, Praise from thy children offered shall be.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Lee & Walker, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Ringing, Sweetly Ringing. Concluded.



So do I.

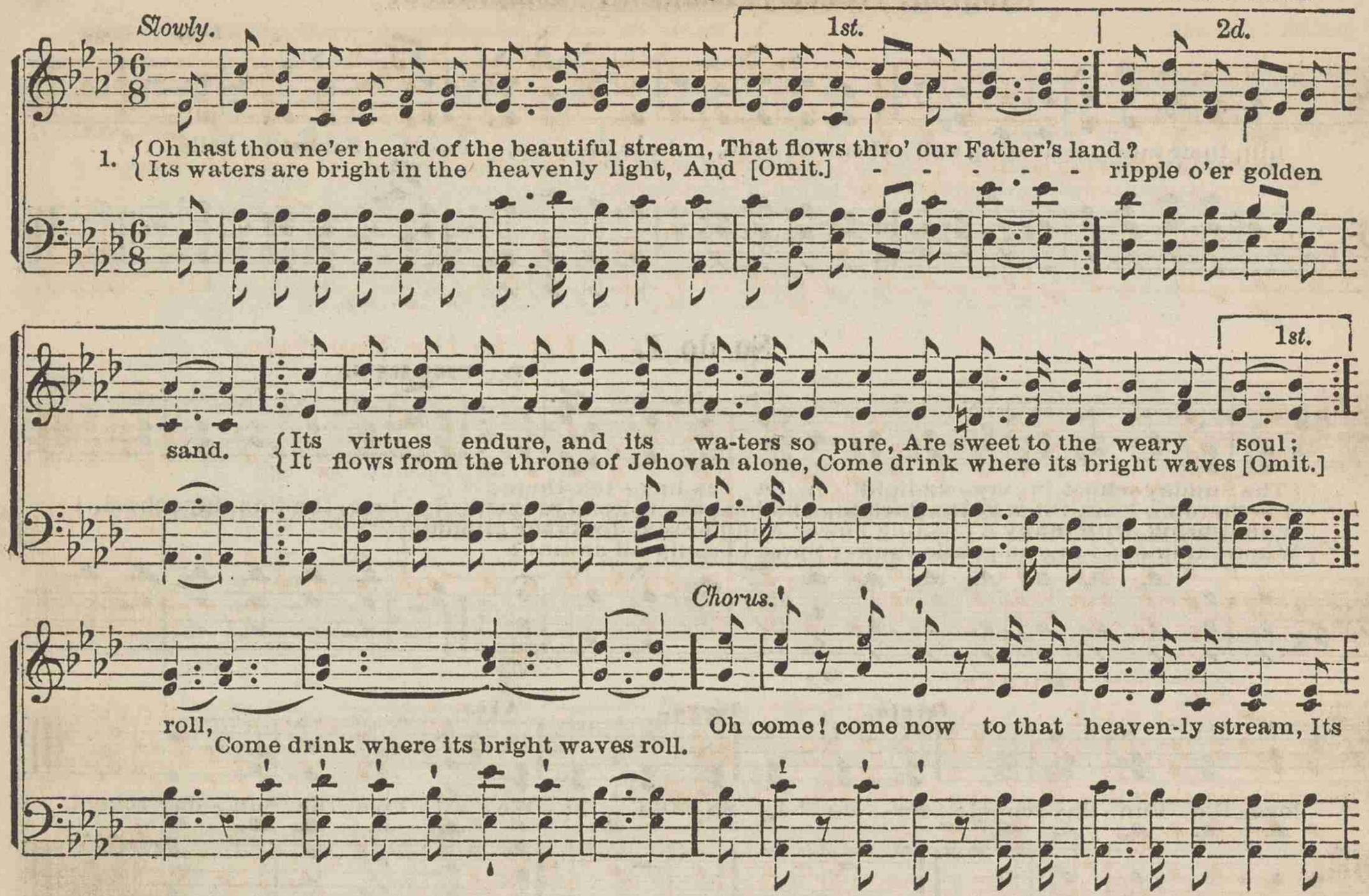


3. And when the cold and chilly blast
Shall steal away the flowers,
When winter's snow is falling fast,
This joy shall still be ours.

4. Yes, if the sweetest flowers abound,
Or earth is clothed in snow,
In Sunday school we will be found,
For there we love to go.

The Heavenly Stream.

T. C. O'KANE.



2 This beautiful stream is "the River of life,"
It flows for all nations free;
A balm for each wound in its waters is found,
O sinner, it flows for thee.

Oh wilt thou not drink of this beautiful stream,
And dwell on its peaceful shore?
The Spirit says "Come all ye weary ones home,
And wander in sin no more."—*Chorus.*

Fly to the Fountain.

2. 'T will cleanse the heart from every sin,
And purify the soul;
Yes, Jesus' blood will keep it clean,
And make the sinner whole. CHORUS.

3. "Ho! every one," the prophet cries,
For every one there's room;
"Ho! every one," my soul replies,
"Now to the fountain come. CHORUS.

Grateful Song.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Now condescend Al - migh - ty King To bless this waiting throng, And kindly list - en
2. We come to own the Power divine, That watches o'er our days, For this our cheerful
3. We come to learn thy ho - ly word And ask thy ten-der care, Be - fore thy throne, Al-
4. With grateful praise we will proclaim The mercies of our God, And sing the glo - ry

Chorus.

1. while we sing, Our grateful morning song. } { We come,.....We come..... To
2. voi - ces join, In hymns of grate - ful praise. } { We come,.....We come with joy To
3. migh - ty Lord, We bend in hum - ble prayer. } { We come,.....We come..... To
4. of his name, Who bought us with his blood. } { We come,.....We come with joy To

1. & 2. sing our grateful songs. { To Thee.....to Thee..... / To Thee.....to Thee, O Lord, } To whom all praise be - longs.

3. & 4. Worship at thy throne. We come { And Thee... and Thee..... / And Thee... and Thee, O Lord, } Our God and Father own.

I Love the Sabbath-School.

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1. I love the Sabbath-school—the place My youthful feet have trod, Where I have heard of wisdom's ways, That
2. I love the Sabbath-school—tis there The praise of God we sing. 'T is there we bow the knee in prayer To
3. I love the Sabbath-school—where we The Holy Bible read, Which tells of Christ who came to be A
4. O that, when life's few cares are past, We one and all may meet, Upon the blissful plains, and cast Our

Chorus.

lead to peace and God.
God, our heavenly King.
Sa - vior in our need.
crowns at Je - sus feet.

I love.....the Sabbath-school ..... May we all ev - er prize the
So do we, So do we,

Sabbath-school, I love.....the Sabbath-school.....May we all ever prize the Sabbath-school.
So do we, So do we

Scatter Seeds of Kindness.*

Words by Mrs. Albert Smith. **S. J. VAIL.**

1. Let us gather up the sunbeams Lying all around our path; Let us keep the wheat and
2. Strange, we nev-er prize the mu - sic Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown! Strange, that we should slight the
3. If we knew the ba - by fin - gers, Pressed against the window pane, Would be cold and stiff to-

1. ro - ses, Casting out the thorns and chaff; Let us find our sweetest comfort In the
2. violets Till the lovely flowers are gone! Strange, that summer skies and sunshine Nev - er
3. morrow, Nev - er trouble us a - gain, Would the bright eyes of our darling Catch the

1. blessings of to - day, With a patient hand re - mov - ing All the bri - ers from the way.
2. seem one-half so fair, As when winter's snow - y pin - ions Shake the white down in the air!
3. frown upon our brow? Would the print of ro - sy fin-gers Vex us *then* as they do now?

Chorus next page.

4. Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
   How they point our memories back
   To the hasty words and actions
   Strewn along life's backward track!
   How those little hands remind us,
   As in snowy grace they lie,
   Not to scatter *thorns*, but *kindness*,
   For our reaping by and by.

5. Lips from which the seal of silence
   None but God can roll away,
   Never blossomed of such beauty
   As adorns the mouth to-day:
   And sweet words that freight our mem'ry
   With their beautiful perfume,
   Come to us in sweeter accents
   Through the portals of the tomb.

* By permission of Philip Phillips, from his Singing Annual for 1870.

Chorus. *ad lib.*

Then scatter seeds of kindness, Then scatter seeds of kindness, Then scatter seeds of kindness, For our reaping by-and-by.

My Heavenly Home is Sure.

T. C. O'KANE.

Lively. *1st.* *2d.*

1. { Though clouds may fade be - fore mine eyes, My heavenly home is sure;
   { Though stars should fall from out the skies [.....Omit.....] My heavenly home is sure.

{ If I but strive and watch and pray,
{ And dai - ly cast my sins a - way, } And keep my conscience clean and pure, My heavenly home is sure.

2. Though loving friends should turn to foes,
   My heavenly home is sure;
   Though every earthly blessing goes,
   My heavenly home is sure.
   If I but seek Christ's pardoning grace,
   And humbly bow before his face,
   No matter what I may endure,
   My heavenly home is sure.

3. Though earthquakes rend the solid ground,
   My heavenly home is sure;
   Though tempests roll destruction round,
   My heavenly home is sure.
   If I but seek the better part,
   And give to God my contrite heart,
   In spite of sin and worldly lure,
   My heavenly home is sure.

Words by E. A. EAKINS, M. D.

Help us Savior.

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1. Oh help us, dear Savior to ev - er be thine, To give thee our hearts and our service and time;
2. "Oh may we, dear Je - sus, be ev - er like thee, So kind and so gentle, from every sin, free;
3. Dear Je - sus, command us! accept of each heart, Our cov'nant, Lord, seal, and thy image impart;

1. To work in thy vineyard, to love thee within, To la - bor for Je - sus and fight against sin.
2. Oh keep from temtation, and guide us we pray, For thou art our Leader, the Life, Truth, and Way."
3. In life we will serve thee, our Sa - vior and own; In death we 'll embrace thee, and shout by thy throne.

Chorus. Help.....us, dear Je - - - sus, Guide.....us we pray.....

Help us, dear Je - - - sus, Guide us we pray, Guide us we pray,
Help us, dear Je - sus, Help us, dear Je - sus, Guide.....us we pray.....

Guide us we pray, Guide us we pray.

Help us Savior. Concluded.

Thou.....art our Lead - - - - - er "the Life and the Truth and the Way."
Thou art our Leader, Thou art our Leader, "the Life and the Truth and the Way."

Jesus Bids you Come to-day.

Solo. *2d.* *Chorus.*

1. {Jesus, who on Calvary's mountain, Shed thy precious blood for me,
{Wash me in its flowing fountain That my soul may spotless..... be. Come and welcome, to the

Savior, Je - sus bids you come away, Come from sin's delusive pleasure, Je - sus bids you come to-day.

2. I have sinned, but, oh, restore me,
For unless thou smile on me,
Dark is all the world before me,
Darker, yet, eternity.

3. In thy word I hear thee saying,
"Come, and I will give you rest,"
And the gracious call obeying,
See, I hasten to thy breast.

4. Grant, oh grant thy spirit's teaching,
That I may not go astray,
Till the gate of Heaven reaching,
Earth and sin are passed away.

Up! and be Doing.

Words by SOPHIA T. GRISWOLD.

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1. Up! and be doing, With hand, heart, and mind, Something pursu - ing Of good to mankind;
2. Up! and be doing, Nor wear - i - ly cast Glances re - viewing The Scenes of the past;
3. Up! and be doing, For life is a span— Death is pur-su - ing The pathway of man.
4. Up! and be doing, With ban - ner unfurled— An-gels are viewing Thy strife with the world.

1. Willingness ev - er Hath light by the way— Time swiftly passes Then work while 't is day.
2. Fled is its pleasure Its joys and its cares— *Now* is thy treasure, Possessed un - a - wares.
3. Each hath a mission, What - ev - er be - tide; Work, in submission To Him who hath died.
4. Soon will be gi - ven E - ter - nal re - ward; Up! heir of heaven, And work for thy Lord.

Doxology. C. M.

To Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost Who sweet - ly all a - gree.
Who sweetly all a gree.

Words by PHŒBE CAREY.

Sowing Seed.

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1st. 2d.

{Go and sow be-side all wa-ters, In the morning of thy youth,
{In the evening scatter broadcast [.....omit.....] Precious seeds of liv-ing truth.

Chorus.

1st. 2d.

{Sow the seed be-side all waters, Trusting, hoping, toiling on,
{When the fields are white for harvest, [.....omit.....] God will send his an-gels down.

2. Altho' much may sink and perish
In the rocky, barren mold,
And the harvest of thy labor
May be *less* than thirty fold:

3. Yet some precious portion, scattered
In good soil, there, taking root,
Shall spring up, and grow, and ripen
Into never-dying fruit.

4. Then thy soul may see the value
Of its patient morns and eves,
When the everlasting garner
Shall be filled with precious sheaves.

Doxology. Concluded.

Rit.

To save a world.....of sinners lost
To save a world.....of sinners lost
E-ter-nal glo - - ry be. A - - men.

Rit.

Hills of the Blest.

D. E. BRYER.

Quartett.

1. Over the river the hills of the blest Smile in the peace of an in - finite rest;
   Meadows grow green in an un - ending day, Kissed by the sunshine that fades not a - way.
2. Sometimes the mists of the river roll back, And we look up from our slow onward track;
   And we can see, o'er the gloom of the tide, Those we have loved, on the further - most side.
3. Give us, O Father, a share in thy love; Keep us a mansion that 's builded a - bove;
   Show us the path that our Savior has trod, Leading to rest and a home with our God.

Solo.

Palm trees of Eden look up to the skies, Birds carol sweet in that dear par-a-dise;
Sounds of their singing we hear from a-far, Born in the land where the glo - ri-fied are;
Keep us from falt'ring, and go - ing astray, Out of the path of thy straight, narrow way;

Lil - y bells swing by the river's green shore, Fair in the sunlight to bloom ev - er - more.
Oh how we long for the rest that is there, Long their rejoicings and triumphs to share.
And when our life and its conflicts are o'er, Oh bid us welcome to that golden shore.

[*Chorus, next page.*]

Chorus.

1st. 2d.

{O - ver the riv-er the hills of the blest, O - ver the riv-er is qui-et and rest;
{When shall we see thee, O beautiful shore, When shall we reach thee to [Omit.] - - come back no more.

I ought to love Jesus.

Words by Hon. ABNER HAINES, Sr.
Written after his conversion late in life.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. When I was wand'ring far astray, The Sprit came to me, And thus divinely seemed to say,
"Open thine eyes and see."

Chorus.

I ought to love Je-sus, I ought to love Je - sus, I *will* love Je-sus, Who gave his life for me.

2 I looked around when Jesus spoke,
And told me what to do,
"My kindred spirit just invoke,
And thus thine own renew."—*Cho.*

3 I said, "Dear Lord, forgive the past,
For I have nought to give;
But I now come to thee at last,
That in thee I may live."—*Cho.*

4 In soul, I then will praise the Lord,
For light divine to me;
I once was blind unto his word,
But now, thank God, I see.—*Cho.*

Words by Mrs. S. T. GRISWOLD.

"The Morning Star."

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

With Spirit.

1. There's a star that shines on the blest highway, Where the ransom'd heav'n bound are, As a fire by night and a
2. The pil - grim weary and weak in faith, Hath smiled in its beams afar; One died to redeem him, 't is
3. O narrow and rugged the blood-bought way, That leads to the pearly bar, But they who pass it shall
4. Shall trial and sorrow; so sure to come, The peace of the spirit mar? Nay! brightest in gloom, is the

Chorus.

1. cloud by day— 'T is the Bright and Morning Star. The Bright and Morning Star,.....the
2. He who saith, "I 'm the Bright and Morning Star." The Bright and Morning
3. walk for aye By the light of the Morning Star. The Bright and Morning Star,.....
4. light of home, Of the Bright and Morning Star. The Bright and Morning

Bright and Morning Star.....
Star, Bright Morning Star,
A beacon light both near and afar, Is Jesus the Morning Star.

The Lord hath Need of Thee.

Earnestly.

1. Trav'ler upon the path that leads Up to the home on high, Press forward, on and murmur not, Tho'
2. Sol-dier in Gospel armor clad, Follow thy ris - en Lord, Un - furl the banner of the Cross, Un-
3. Lab'rer within the Master's field, 'Toiling 'mid living souls, Strive on tho' darkly all around, The
4. O Christian brother, Christian friend, On life's tempestuous way, Work thou for Jesus Christ the Lord While

1. sorrow cloud the sky: Oh, put thy trust in God above, What e'er thy lot may be, For on this earthly
2. sheath the spirit's sword; There's many a foe to be subdued Ere thou thy rest shalt see, There's many a battle
3. tide of ev - il rolls. Strive on and preach to every man Grace and salvation free, For in the cause of
4. it is called to-day. Pray on, hope on and thro' the bliss Of Heav'n's e-ter-ni - ty Thou shalt forev-er

Chorus.

D. C.

1. pil - grimage, The Lord hath need of thee.
2. to be won, The Lord hath need of thee.
3. heavenly truth, The Lord hath need of thee.
4. be with Him Who now hath need of thee.

The Lord hath need..... hath need of thee.

The Lord hath need of thee, The Lord hath need of thee,

D. C.

"Tell me ye winged winds."

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Tell me, ye winged winds, that round my path-way roar, Do ye not know some spot where mortals weep no more?
2. Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows round me play, Know'st thou some favor'd spot, some is-land far a - way?
3. And thou, serenest moon, that with such ho - ly face, Dost look upon the earth, a- - - sleep in night's embrace,
4. Tell me, my secret soul, oh tell me Hope and Faith, Is there no resting place from sorrow, sin, and death?

1. Some lone and pleasant dell, some val-ley in the west, Where free from toil and pain, the weary soul may rest?
2. Where weary man may find the bliss for which he sighs, Where sorrow never lives, and friendship nev-er dies?
3. Tell me, in all thy round, hast thou not seen some spot, Where miser - a - ble man might find a hap-pier lot?
4. Is there no hap - py spot, where mortals may be blest, Where grief may find a balm, and wea-ri - ness a rest?

1. The loud winds dwindled to a whisper low, And sighed for pity, as they answered,
2. The loud waves rolling in per - petual flow, Just stopped a while and sighed to answer,
3. Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe, And a voice, sweet, but sad, re - sponded,

No! - - - No!
No! - - - - - No!

4. [*For conclusion of this stanza, see next page.*]

No! No!
No! - - - - - - - - No!

4. Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given, Waved their bright wings, and whispered, Yes, Yes, Yes, in Heaven! - - - Yes, in Heaven!

"Ho every one that thirsteth."

With spirit.

1. Ho! every one that thirsteth, Ho! every one that thirsteth, Ho! every one that thirsteth, Come to the water of
2. "Come," saith the Ho-ly Spirit, "Come," saith the Holy Spirit, "Come," saith the Holy Spirit, Come to the water of
3. Come, every one that heareth, Come, every one that heareth, Come, every one that heareth, Come to the water of
4. Come, whoso - ev - er listeth, Come, whoso-ev - er listeth, Come, whoso-ev - er listeth, Come to the water of

Chorus.

1st. 2d.

life. { Come, for ev - ery thing is read - y, / "Come and buy with-out mon - ey," } Je - sus is waiting, hear him call; [Omit.] - - - - - - - - "Je - sus paid it all."

Words from the BRITISH.

"Waiting for the Adoption."

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Waiting amid the shadows For the blushing of the dawn; Waiting amid the darkness, For the sunlight of the morn.
2. Toil-worn and very weary— For the waiting time is long,— Leaning u-pon the promise,—For the Pro - miser is strong.
3. Waiting with hands still busy, O - ften chiding tears that fall; Stopping at times to listen, If hap - ly *He* should call.
4. Cheering the waiting moments, With enrapturing tho'ts of home, Breathing a yearning whisper, "When will the Master come"?

1. Waiting, because th'appointed age Has not told out in years— Waiting because a groaning earth, Has not wept all its tears.
2. Waiting, because some straying sheep Are on the mountains still, They must be sought, & found, & *saved*, It is the Father's will.
3. Waiting, because the mighty stream Flows on with ceaseless tide, There's room within the palace walls, The open door stands wide.
4. Hark! get thee to the mountains high, There's sound of distant song: Jesus, the Bridegroom's coming now, His Bride *has waited long*.

4. Com - ing, now com - ing For lo! his Bride has waited long; Glo - ry, now glo - ry, Shall be our endless song.

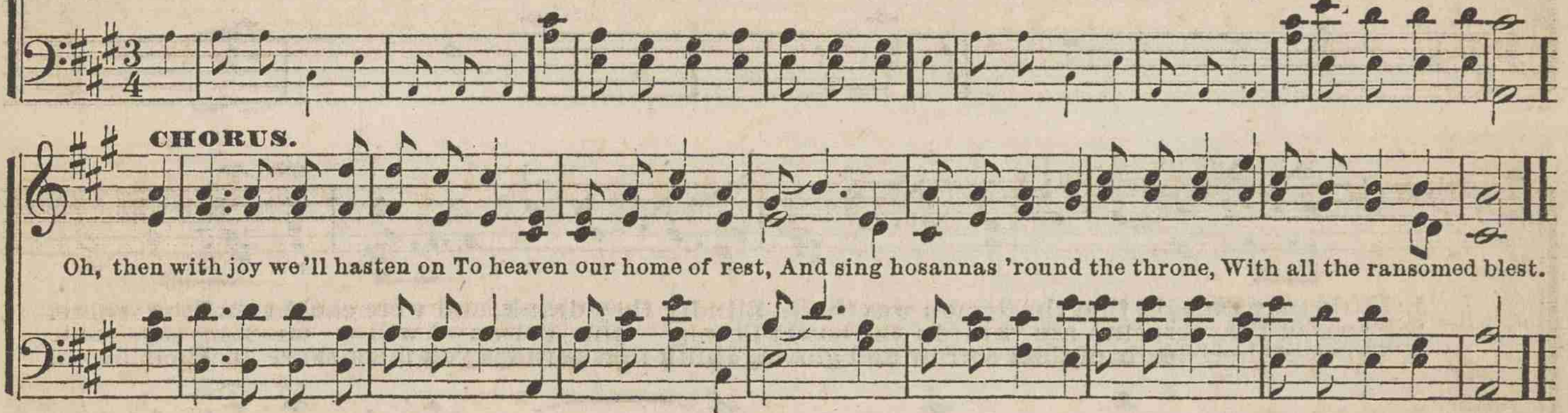
1., 2. and 3. { Waiting, still wait - ing, O - bedient to His gracious word, Wait - ing, still wait - ing, Yes, waiting for our Lord.
Waiting, waiting, waiting still, Obedient to His gracious word, Waiting, waiting, waiting still, Yes, waiting for our Lord.

4. Coming, coming, coming now, For lo! his Bride has waited long; Glory, glory, glory now, Shall be our endless song.

What Light is that?

From "Songs of Gladness," By permission of J. C. GARRIGUES & CO.

1. What light is that illumes my way? God's guiding star, heaven's beacon ray; And will it guide to endless day? Oh, yes, to heaven, thy home
2. Whose voice is that thrills in my ear? Thy Savior's voice, to calm each fear; And will he every trouble cheer? Yes, till thou rest at home.
3. What love is that which fills my breast? 'Tis Jesus' love, so sweet, so blest; And will he lead me to his rest? Oh, yes, to heaven, thy home.
4. Oh, why this boundless grace to me? 'Tis sovereign grace so rich and free; And shall I all his glory see? Yes, when thou reachest home.



Oh, then with joy we'll hasten on To heaven our home of rest, And sing hosannas 'round the throne, With all the ransomed blest.

Silent Night.

Words by J. F. WARNER. From "Devotional Harmonist."

1. Silent night! hallowed night!
Land and deep, silent sleep,
Softly glitters bright Bethlehem's star,
Beckoning Israel's eye from afar,
‖ Where the Savior is born.‖

2. Silent night! hallowed night!
On the plain wakes the strain,
Sung by heavenly harbingers bright,
Filled with tidings of boundless delight,
‖ Jesus, the Savior, has come.‖

3. Silent night! hallowed night!
Earth, awake! silence break!
High your chorus of melody raise,
Sing to heaven in anthems of praise,
‖ Peace forever shall reign.‖

Touch Not.

Solo. T. C. O'K.

1. Touch not the cup! 't will be death to thy soul; Man - y I know who have quaff'd from the bowl;
2. Touch not the cup! when the wine glistens bright, Though like the ru - by, it shines in the light,
3. Touch not the cup! O young man, in thy pride, Hark to the warning of thousands who 've died;

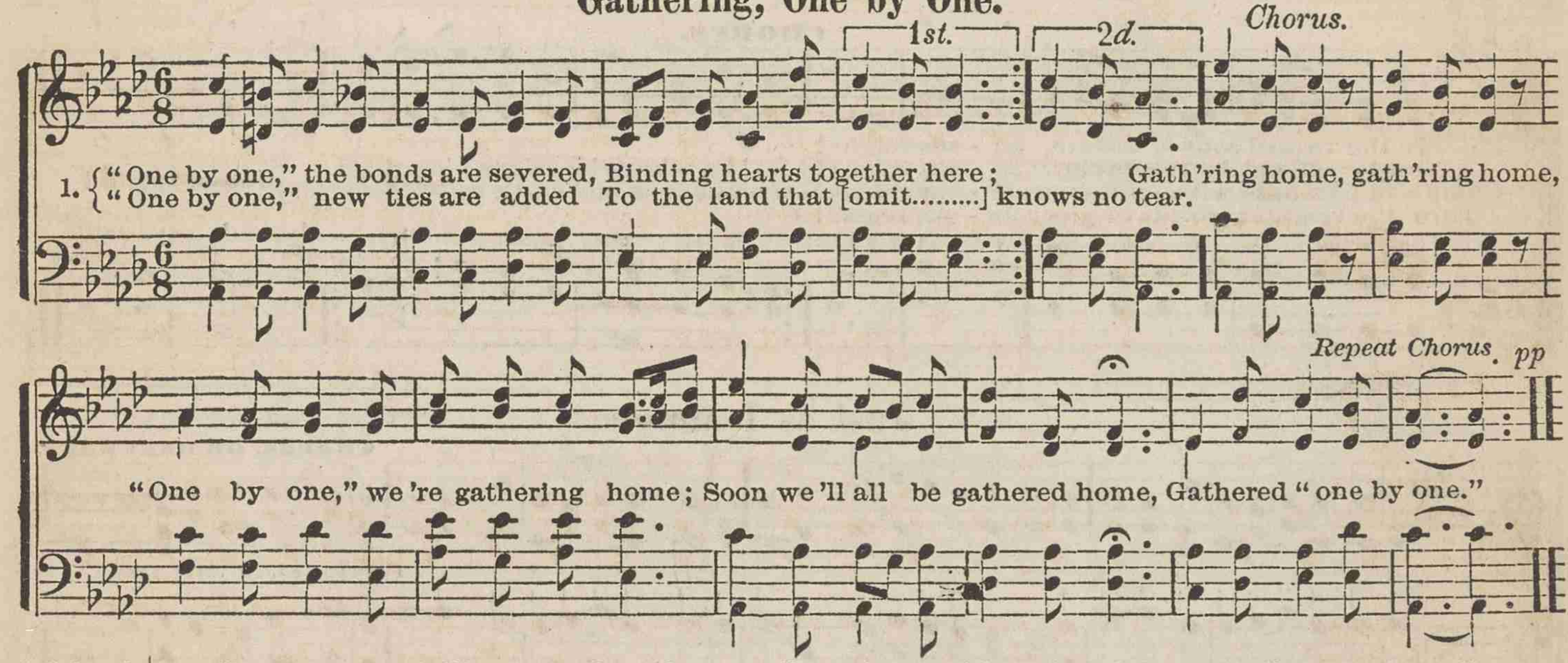
1. Little they thought that the demon was there; Blindly they drank, and were caught in the snare.
2. Fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl; Deeply the poison will en - ter thy soul.
3. Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom, Think that perhaps you must share in their doom.

Chorus.

Taste not the cup! 't is a death-dealing bowl! Soon it will plunge thee beyond thy control,

Touch Not. Concluded.

Gathering, One by One.



1. { "One by one," the bonds are severed, Binding hearts together here; Gath'ring home, gath'ring home,
{ "One by one," new ties are added To the land that [omit.....] knows no tear.

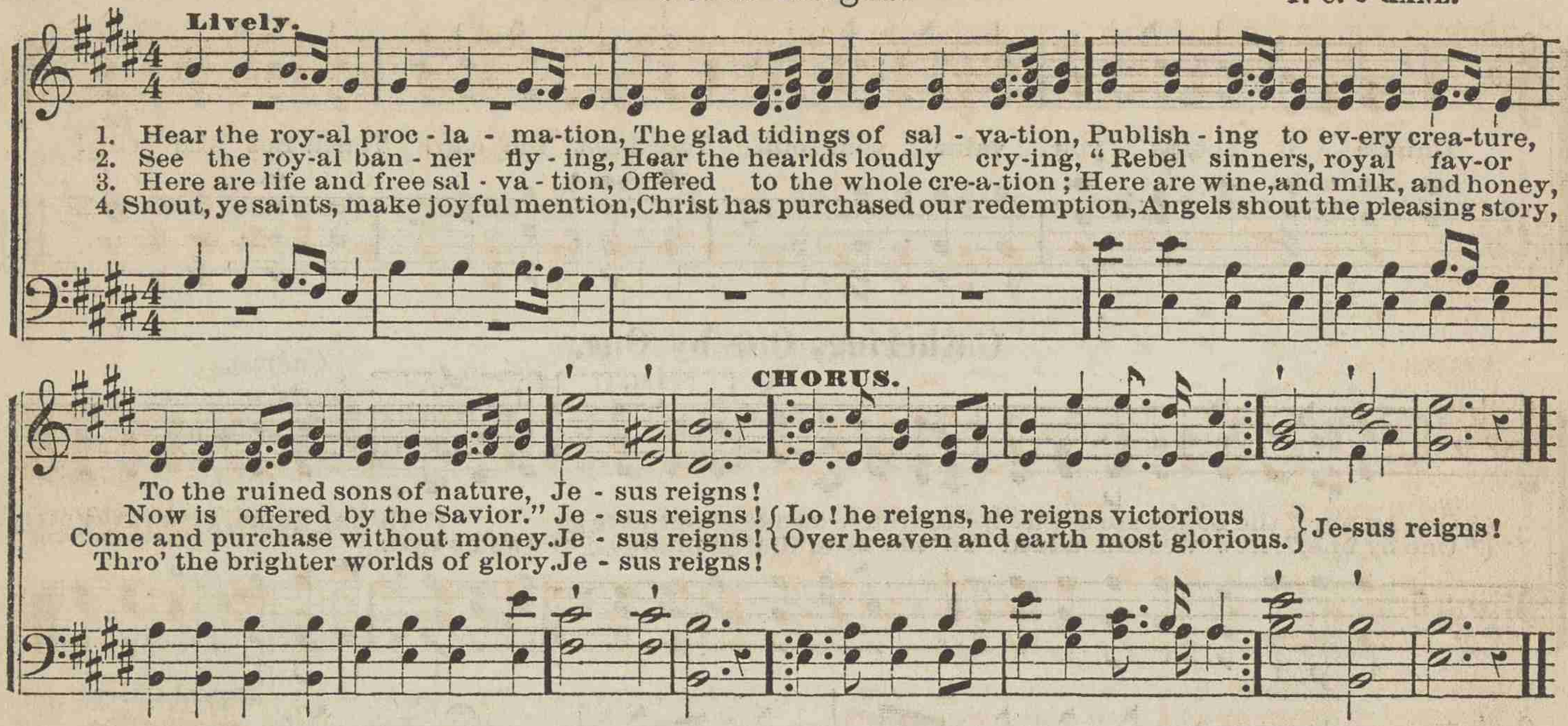
2 "One by one," we cease our toiling
For the Master here below;
By the angel bands attended,
To our endless rest we go.
[CHOR.

3 "One by one," we 're gath'ring
Out of every clime & land, [yonder,
"One by one," we 're crossing over,
To the distant heavenly strand.
[CHOR.

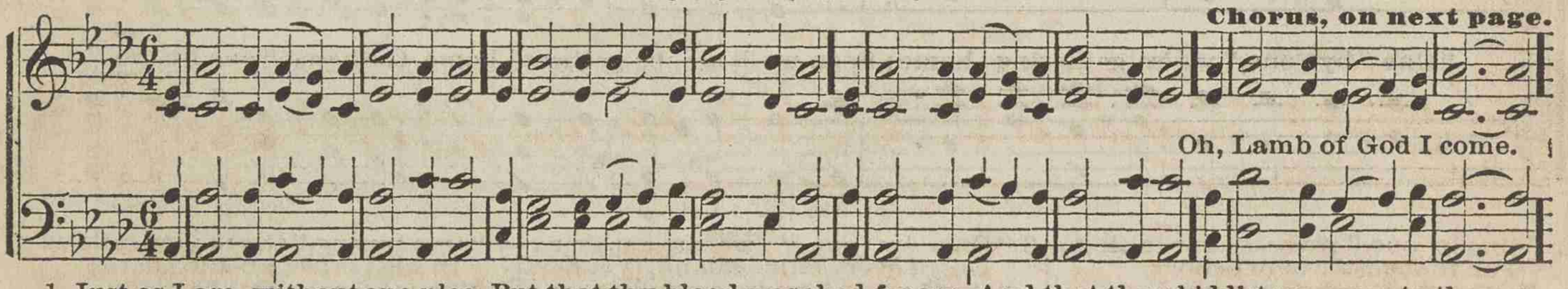
4 "One by one," the Savior calls us
In his perfect bliss to share;
May we for the call be ready—
O, may none be missing there!
[CHOR.

Jesus Reigns.

T. C. O'KANE.



Just as I am.



1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bidd'st me come to thee;
2. Just as I am, thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve, Because thy promise I believe;
3. Just as I am, thy love unknown, Has broken every barrier down; Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,

The Sunday School Army.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. The Sunday school army has gathered once more, Its num-bers are great-er than ev-er be-fore;
Its banners are spread and shall never be furled, Till the Prince of Salvation has conquered the world.

2. We fight a - gainst e - vil and bat-tle with wrong, Our sword is the Spir - it, both trusty and strong;
Our watchword is Prayer, and Faith is our shield, And nev-er, no, nev - er, to foes will we yield.

CHORUS.

We 'll march a - long, With shout and song, We all to the Sunday school ar - my be - long.
We 'll march, march, march along, With shout, yes, shout and song, We all to the Sunday school army belong.

3. In midst of our conflicts we 'll think of our Lord,
Who died on the cross and from death was restored,
To save us from sin, and to give us a place
With the angels who always behold his bright face.

4. To Jesus, our Captain, hosannas we raise,
And join with our teachers in singing his praise;
His soldiers we are, and his soldiers we 'll be,
Till we lay down our armor and death sets us free,

"Just as I am." Concluded.

CHORUS.

1st & 2d. Thy precious blood impart, Thy precious blood impart; From every sin my spirit free, Oh, Lamb, I trust in thee.
3d verse. Thy blood now cleanses me, Thy blood now cleanses me, And me as thine thou dost receive, Oh, Lord, I now be-lieve.

Mother's "By and By."

Words by Mrs. S. K. FURMAN. Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1. Lit - tle words so often spoken To the fondly trusting child, Where a mother's love and patience,
2. Tho' all pass'd & hush'd in silence Those dear lips so long have been, Still these words with gracious meaning,
3. Of - ten footsore cold and weary, In a lone and barren way, Seems the night-storm dark and dreary,
4. O, this hope of our to - morrow, Where no sorrows ever come, When from tearful tents to mansions,

1. All our wants and woes beguiled, Ev - er still her voice is ling'ring, Like a soothing lul - la - by,
2. Bring a cheer we knew not then. Tender mem'ries also bringing, Radiant flowers and golden sky,
3. And so distant still the day; Striving with our pain & weakness, On the mount we fix our eye,
4. Jesus calls his wand'rers home! No more anguish, pain, or parting, Lov'd ones then no more will die,

Refrain.

1. Whisp'ring words of cheer & comfort, "*'T will be bet-ter by and by.*" By and by.....Yes,
2. With youth's rosy-pinioned angel, Whisp'ring mother's "by and by." By and by, By and by, Yes,
3. Say - ing, lest we faint and falter, "Morning breaketh by and by."
4. O, the triumph, peace and gladness In the glorious "by and by!"

By.....and by,..... By.....and by,.....Yes, 'T will be better by and by."
"'T will be better, by and by"; By and by, By and by,

Remembered.

Solo or Quartett.

Words from BONAR.

1. Up and a - way like the dew of the morning, Soaring from earth to its home in the sun,
2. Shall I be missed, if an - other succeed me, Reaping the fields I in Spring-time have sown?
3. On - ly the truth that in life I have spoken, On - ly the seed that on earth I have strewn,
4. Oh when the Savior shall make up his jewels, When the bright crowns of rejoicing are won;

1. Thus too, would I pass away, peaceful, silent, On - ly remembered by what I have done.
2. No, for the sow - er may pass from his labor, On - ly remembered by what he has done.
3. These shall pass onward when I am for - gotten, Fruits of the harvest, and what I have done.
4. Then will his faithful and weary dis - ci - ples, *Each* be remembered by what he has done.

Never give up the Bible.

T. C. O'KANE.

1st. 2d.

1. { We'll not give up the Bi - - ble God's Ho - ly Book of truth
   { The bles-sed staff of hoary age The [.....omit.....] guide of ear - ly youth
D. C. The voice that speaks a Savior's love, And [.....omit.....] brings us home to God. (*Chor.*)

D. C. *Chorus.*

The sun that sheds a glorious light, O'er every drea - ry road, (D.C.) Give up the Bi - ble?

D. C.

nev - er! 'Till heart and flesh shall sever! We'll love it now and ev - er, And prize it more and more!

2. We'll not give up the Bible,
   For pleasure or for pain,
We'll buy the truth, and sell it not,
   For all that we might gain.
Tho' man should try to take our prize,
   By guile or cruel might,
We'll suffer all that man could do,
   And God defend the right!

3. We'll not give up the Bible,
   But spread it far and wide,
Until its saving voice be heard
   Beyond the rolling tide:
Till all shall know its gracious pow'r,
   And with one voice and heart,
Resolve that from God's sacred Word,
   We'll never, never part.

Alto.

Tenor.

*

1. The dewy, dewy rose of Sharon, How sweet it scents the air; A crown, a crown of matchless glory, Up-
2. How many, many souls have wandered, Without a helping hand, Their light, their light & beauty faded, Their
3. O may we, may we erring creatures, Tho' few our talents be, A band, a band of young disciples, Our

Soprano.

Alto.

1. on the forehead fair. So we in deeds of goodness, Un - til our life shall close, May scatter bloom and
2. bark upon the strand. When one small act of kindness, One lit-tle look of love, Might add another
3. Savior's footprints see. And may we humbly follow, 'Till life's uncertain close, And leave in death a

Chorus.

1. fragrance, Like Sharon's dewy rose.
2. je - wel, To Jesus' crown above.
3. fragrance, Like Sharon's dewy rose.

The dewy, dewy rose of Sharon, How sweet, how sweet it scents the
The dewy rose of Sharon, How

air, A crown, a crown of matchless glo - ry Up - on the fore-head fair.
sweet it scents the air, A crown of match - less glo - ry Up - on the fore-head fair.

* *Or Second Alto.*

Words by MERIBA A. BABCOCK.

Home and Friend.

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1. There's a beautiful home in the land of the blest, And its skies are unclouded and clear; Its hills and its
2. There a true Friend abides and his love is so pure, That it "casteth out ev-er - y fear", His friendship so
3. That friendship is ours & that love we may claim, And whenever life's pathway is drear, If we look to that

1. valleys in sunshine are drest, Such sunshine as never glows here. { Happy home.....ever fair..... / Happy home, Oh! happy home ever fair } In its
2. lasting, 't will always endure, Such friendship we can not know here. { Ever true.....nearest friend..... / Ever true, yes, ever true, nearest friend. } His a
3. Friend—if we call on his name, Our hearts he will gladden while here. [.....*Same as above.*]

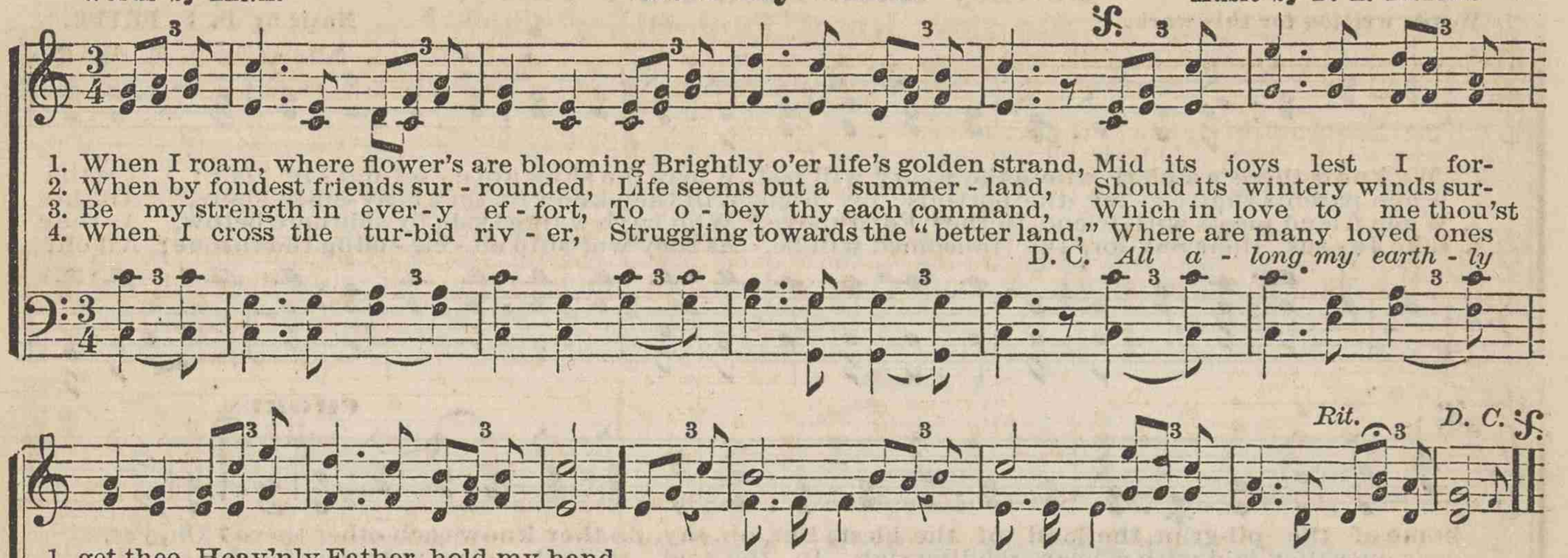
joys all the ransomed will share; { Be that home.....ever mine..... / Be that home, Oh be that home, ever mine } When I rise from the regions of time.
friendship that never will end; { Be that friend.....ever mine..... / Be that friend, Oh! be that friend, ever mine } Even *now* and thro' all coming time.

By and by.

Words by LENA.

Hold my Hand.

Music by D. E. BRYER.



"The Home of the Soul."

[May be sung to tune on opposite page—"*Home and Friend.*"]

1. I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

2. O that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the vale intervenes,
Between the fair city and me.

3. That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

4. O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

Do they Know Each Other There?

Words written for this work. Music by D. E. BRYER.

1. We know there 's a place where the weary will rest, Where the skies are e - ter-nal - ly fair; 'Tis the
2. When parents shall en - ter the port-als on high, Will they know on that heav-en-ly shore, All the
3. When friend meets with friend In the "Eden above," Who have walked side by side here below, As they
4. Like Je - sus, their Sav-ior, the ransomed will be, As they wor-ship en - cir - cling the throne; All our

CHORUS.

home of the pil-grim, the land of the blest; But, oh, say, do they know each other there? Oh, yes,
dear ones they laid with a heart-rending sigh, In the cold, si - lent grave years be - fore?
join in the singing of Christ and his love, Will they not sure - ly each oth - er know?
loved ones, if blood-washed, with rapture we 'll see, And will *know even as we are known.*

D.C. *geth - er the man-sions of light will we share, And be part-ed a - gain nev - er-more.* Oh, yes, we 'll know

we 'll know each oth - er there, When we meet on that bright "shining shore." *And to-*
each other there, Oh, yes, we 'll know each other there.

D. C.

1. I've been thinking of home—of "my" Father's house Where many man- [sions are 'T is the "better land" where the
2. I've been thinking of home, where they need not light Of sun nor moon, [nor star, Of the love of Christ their Re- Where the gates of pearl "are not For no night is there," but the

Chorus.

ransom'd sing. deemer, King; shut by day; wea - ry may } And the ho - ly a - lone are there. Find a rest—from the world a - far.

Oh "home, sweet home," upon the other shore, Pre- Oh "home, sweet home," upon the other shore, Pre-

pared thro' a Savior's love, Oh may I be ready, when life is o'er, For that bles-sed home a - bove.

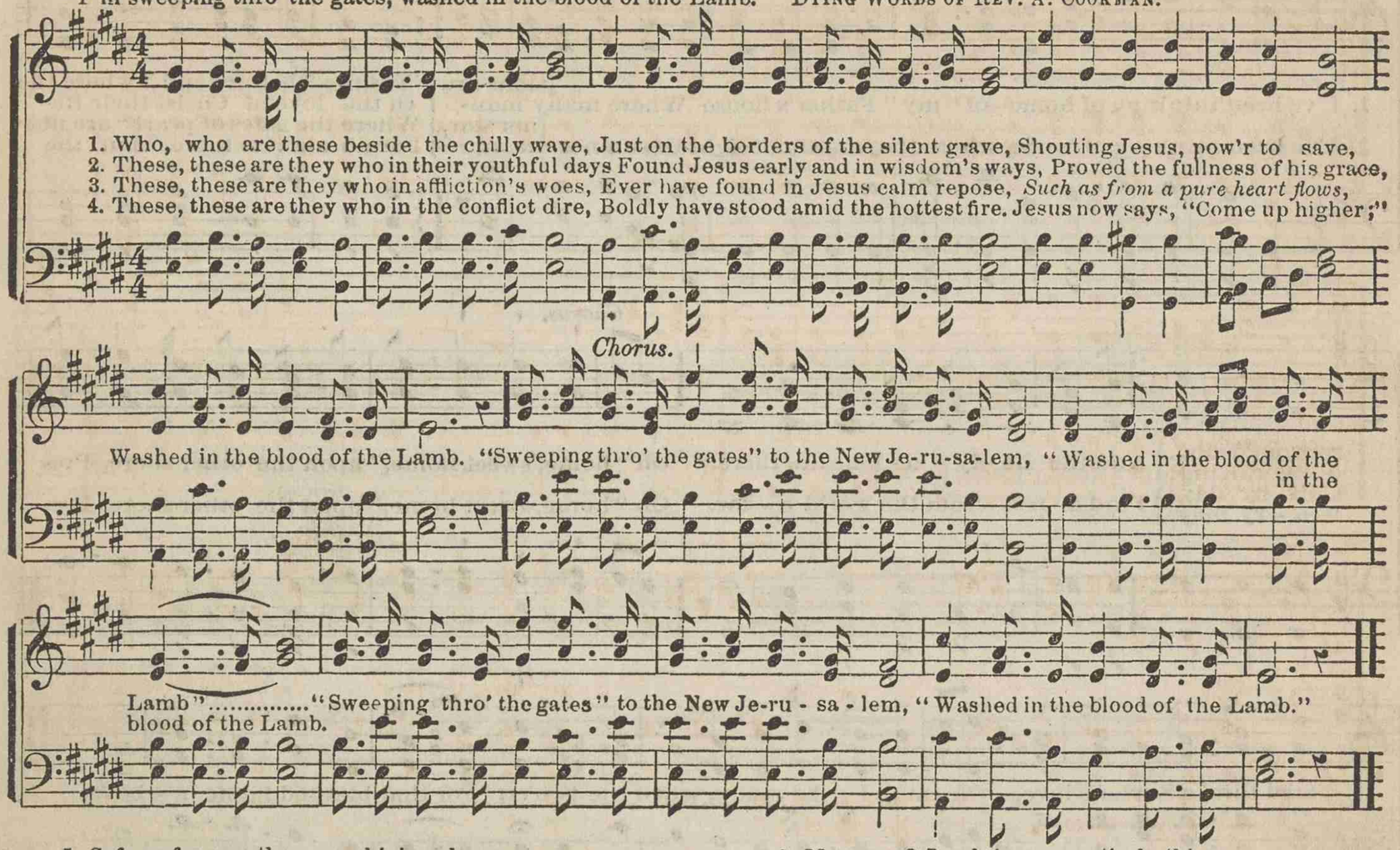
3. I've been thinking of home, of the lov'd ones there,
Dear friends who've gone before,
With whom we walked to the river side,
And sadly thought, as they crossed the tide,
Of the blest, happy days of yore. [CHOR.

4. I've been thinking of home: yea, of "home, sweet home,"
Oh there may all unite
With the white-robed throng that forever raise,
To the Triune God sweetest songs of praise,
Glory, honor, and pow'r, and might. [CHOR.

"Sweeping thro' the Gates."

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

"I 'm sweeping thro' the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb." DYING WORDS OF REV. A. COOKMAN.



5. Safe, safe upon the ever-shining shore,
Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow all are o'er;
Happy now and evermore, "Washed," etc.

CHO. { *Sweeping thro' the streets of the New Jerusalem,*
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

6. May we, O Lord, be now entirely thine,
Daily, from sin, be kept by power divine,
Then in heav'n the saints we 'll join, "Washed," etc.

CHO. { *Sweeping thro' the streets of the New Jerusalem,*
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Over There.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. O, think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light, Where the saints all immortal and
2. O, think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the

O-ver there,

Refrain.

fair, Are robed in their garments of white. O-ver there, o-ver there, O, think of a home o - ver
air, In their home in the palace of God. O-ver there, o-ver there, O, think of the friends over

Over there,

there, O - ver there, O - ver there, o - ver there, O, think of a home o - ver there.
there, O - ver there, o - ver there, O, think of the friends o-ver there.

O - ver there,

3 My Savior is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest:
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Savior is now over there.

4 I 'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there.
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there,
I 'll soon be at home over there.

The Cleansing Stream.*

Words by EDGAR PAGE.

Music by A. HULL.

1. Oh, come to the stream that nev-er runs dry, To the crim - son flood that is flow - ing by;
2. Yes, come to the fount, ye thirst-y, to - day, To the heal - ing wa - ters that flow this way;
3. That land far a - way, yet ev - er is nigh, Where the wear - y rest, free from tears or sigh;
4. The dear ones of earth have passed on be - fore, Where the ills of life en - ter nev - er - more

'T is giv - en most free - ly to wash a - way all sin, And make us all ho - ly and hap - py with-in.
Why tar - ry still long - er, a - mid the des - ert sand, And per - ish in sight of fair Ca - naan's land.
There wa - ters of life are a - bund-ant, full, and free, Are flow - ing for - ev - er for you and for me.
They dwell in the land of the glo - ri - fied a - bove, And drink of the flow-ing of Je - sus' love.

CHORUS.

Oh, come, . . . oh, come, .
Oh, come to the crim-son flood, to the crim-son flood now flow-ing by;
Oh, come to the cleansing stream, to the cleansing stream that [Omit.] nev - er runs dry.

1st. 2d.

* By permission, from "PRAISE SONGS."

Words by Mrs. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. T. C. O'KANE.

1st. 2d.

1. { I love to hear the story Which angel voices tell
   { How once the King of glory Came.....[omit]..... down on earth to dwell; I am both weak and

sin - ful, But this I surely know, The Lord came down to save me, Because he loved me so.

Because he loved me so, Because he loved me so, The Lord came down to save me, Because he loved me so.

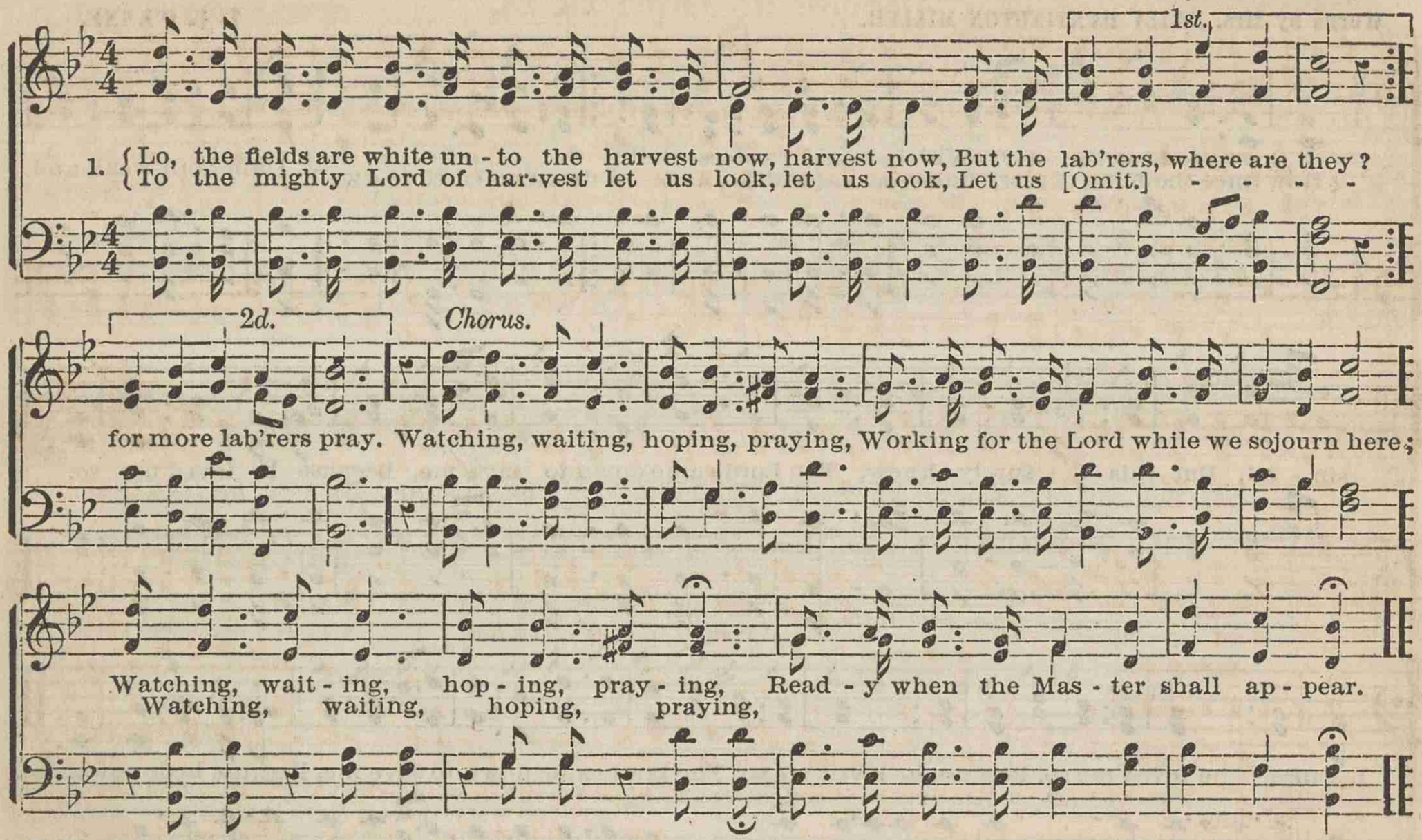
2. I'm glad my blessed Savior,
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His followers might be,
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
‖: He never will forget me,
Because he loved me so. :‖

3. To sing his love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise
And though I cannot see him
I know he hears my praise,
And he has kindly promised
That I may surely go,
‖: To dwell among his angels,
Because he loved me so. :‖

Chorus arranged from ASA HULL.

The White Fields.

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



2 Stand ye not the whole day long in ‖: idleness, :‖
For there 's work enough to do;
Every-where the waving grain is ‖: fully ripe, :‖
And the reapers are but few.—*Chorus.*

3 If we can not with the *reapers* ‖: bear the toil, :‖
Binding up the heavy grain;
If we only with the *gleaners* ‖: bear our part, :‖
We will labor not in vain.—*Chorus.*

4 Morn and eve should ever find us ‖: at our work, :‖
Resting not at noontide heat;
Patient be and persevering, ‖: though the grain :‖
Lie entangled at our feet.—*Chorus.*

5 But we know the glorious harvest ‖: home is near, :‖
And the time will not be long,
Till the Reapers and the Gleaners ‖: shall return, :‖
Bringing sheaves with joyful song.—*Chorus.*

Treasures of Heaven.

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

1. There 's a crown in heaven for the striving soul, Which the blessed Jesus himself will place On the head of each who shall faithful prove, Even unto death, in the heavenly race. Oh, may that crown - - in heaven be mine, And I among - - the angels shine; Be thou, O Lord! - - my daily guide, Let me ever in thy love abide.

Oh, may that crown in heaven be mine,

And I among the angels shine; Be thou, oh Lord! my daily guide, Let me ever in thy love abide.

2 There 's a Rest in heaven for the weary soul,—
'T is for all by care and by sin oppressed;
To the sons of God it remaineth sure,
And the Prophet says, 't is a "glorious rest."
Oh, may that Rest in heaven be mine, etc.

3 There 's a Joy in heaven for the mourning soul;
Though the tears may fall all the earthly night;
Yet the clouds of sadness will break away,
And rejoicing come with the morning light.
Oh, may that Joy in heaven be mine, etc.

4 There 's a Peace in heaven for the troubled soul,
Where the wicked shall from their troubling cease,
And to all the saints like a river flow,
Through the endless ages the stream of peace.
Oh, may that Peace in heaven be mine, etc.

5 There 's a Home in heaven for the faithful soul,
In the many mansions prepared above,
Where the glorified shall forever sing,
Of a Savior's free and unbounded love.
Oh, may that Home in heaven be mine, etc.

I Love to Tell the Story.

From "Joyful Songs" No. 2, by permission.

Music by WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things above, Of Jesus and his glo - ry, Of Je-sus and his love. I
2. I love to tell the sto - ry: More wonderful it seems Than all the golden fancies Of all our golden dreams. I
3. I love to tell the sto - ry: 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems, each time I tell it, More wonderfully sweet. I
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And

1. love to tell the sto-ry, Be-cause I know it's true; It sat - is-fies my longings, As nothing else would do.
2. love to tell the sto-ry: It did so much for me! And that is just the reason I tell it now to thee.
3. love to tell the sto-ry: For some have never heard The message of salvation From God's own holy word.
4. when, in scenes of glory, I sing the NEW, NEW SONG, 'T will be—the OLD, OLD STORY That I have loved so long!

Chorus.

I love to tell the sto-ry, 'T will be my theme in glory To tell the old, old sto-ry, Of Je-sus and his love.

Go bring them in.

Words by A. W. LIVINGSTON. Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1. There's many a poor little boy, Whose father & mother are dead, Whose heart is a stranger to joy, No
2. Go out in the hedges and find—For Jesus has given the rule—The halt, & the maimed & the blind, Go
3. Go, bearing the ensign of love, Its glories for-ever unfurled, Recruit for the army above, Your

Chorus.

home save a hov - el or shed.
bring them all in - to the School.
war-rant em - braces the world.

} We care not how poor or how rich they may be, Go bring them in, sal-

vation is free, Their souls all are jewels, whose light, by and by, May shine in your crown like stars in the sky.

From "THE CHARM," by per.

Who will Send or Go?

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. I wan-dered just at e - ven, Be - side the sound-ing sea; The whispring winds of heaven Their
2. The north wind told its sto - ry, With one loud piercing blast, Of In-dian off'rings go - ry It
3. The south wind said, I'm telling Of po - lar southern night, Where angry surg - es swelling, The
4. The eve-'ning winds passed o'er me, The piercing northern blast, A - cross the sea be-fore me, Went

sto - ry told to me; The east wind said, I'm hast-'ning From trop-ic Ganges' wave, Where
saw in rush - ing past, Where far - off north - ern na - tions, In for - ests dark and deep, With
dark - ened souls af - fright; I saw no off - 'rings burn - ing, No in - cense filled the air, No
hast - 'ning far and fast; The zeph - yrs ceased their wail - ing, And in my heart I heard This

CHORUS. *pp*

chil-dren they were casting In - to a wa - 'try grave. A soft wind whispered, "Who will send or go, To
fear - ful in - can - ta - tions Their heathen vigils keep.
souls to God were turning, No God they wor-ship there.
prom-ise nev - er fail - ing, "The earth shall know the Lord."

Jesus Loves even me.

Who will Send or Go? Concluded.

4 Jesus loves me, and I know I love him,
It was love brought him my soul to redeem;
Yes it was love made him die on the tree,
Oh I am certain that Jesus loves me.

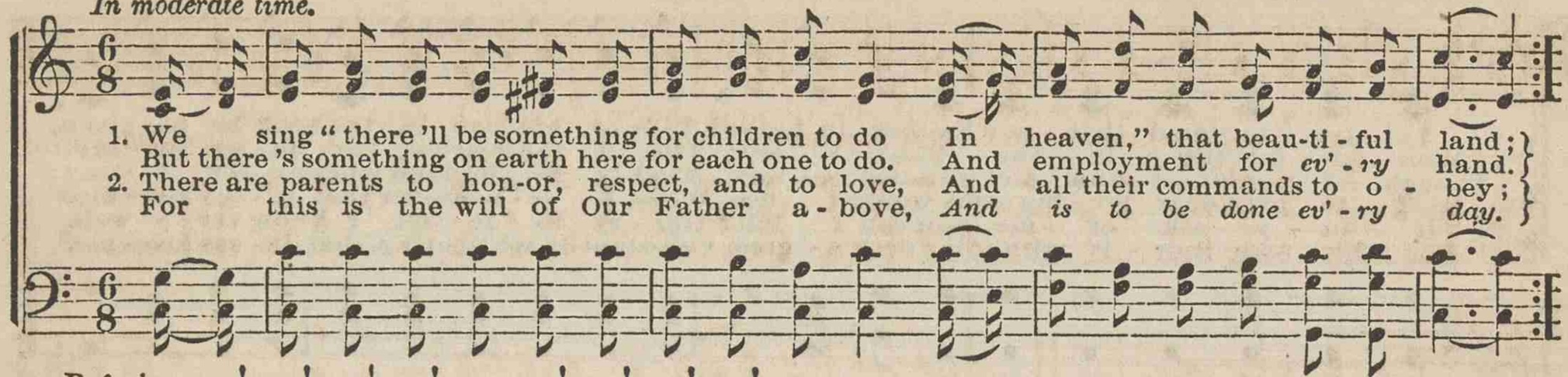
5. In this assurance I find sweetest rest
Trusting in Jesus I know I am blest;
Satan dismayed, from my soul now doth flee
When I just tell him that Jesus loves me.

6. Oh, if there 's only one song I can sing,
When in his beauty I see the great King;
This shall my song in eternity be,
Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me.

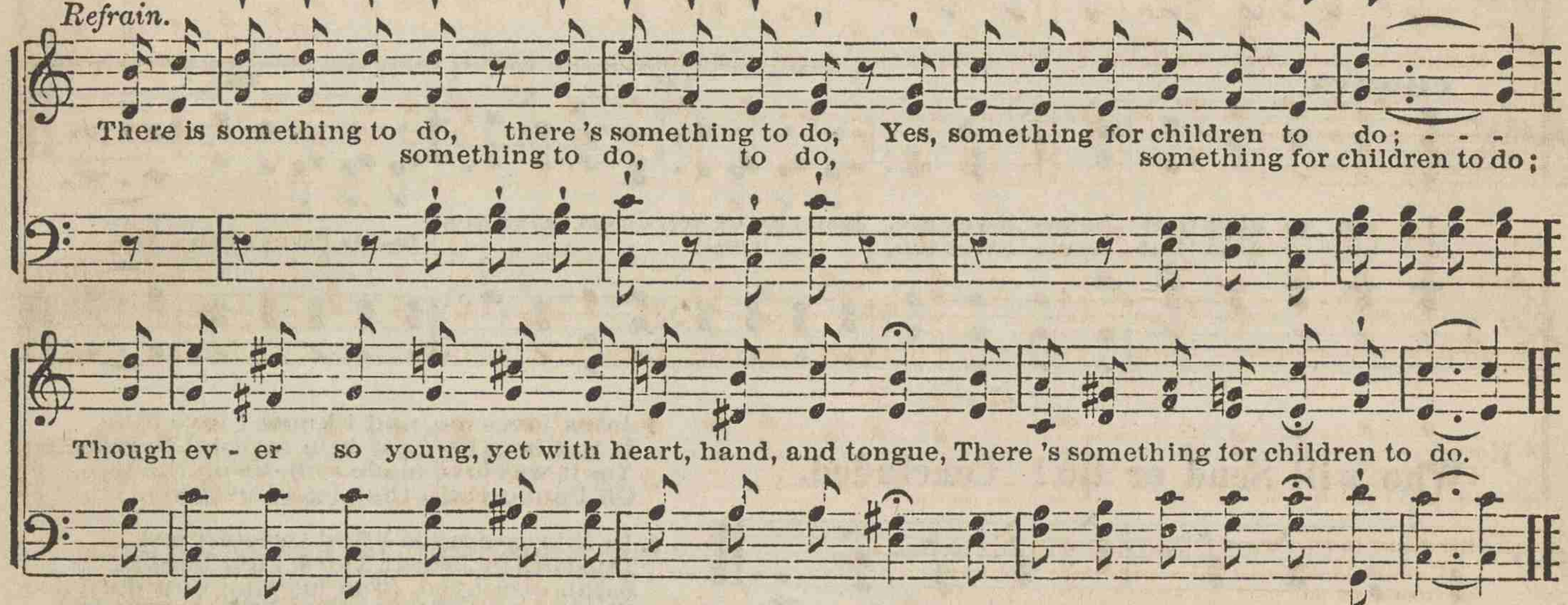
Something to do every day.

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

In moderate time.



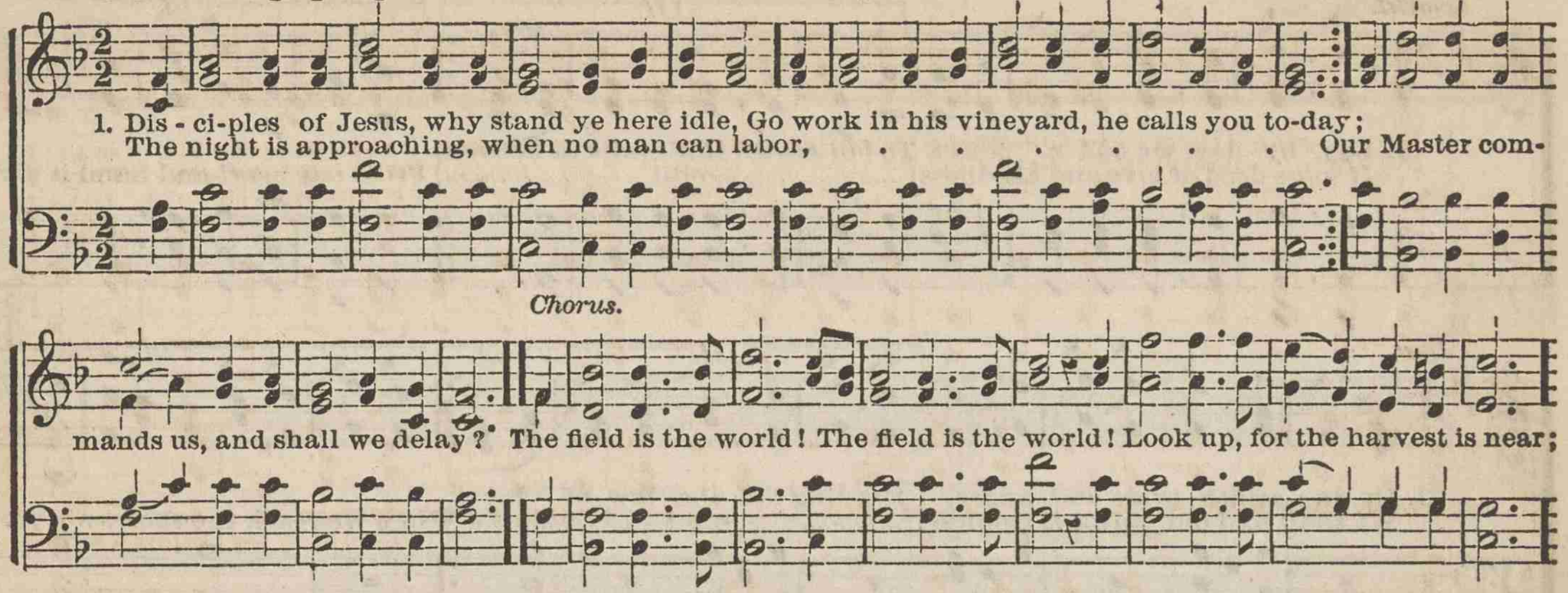
Refrain.



3 There are many, *so many*, kind words to be said,
So many good deeds to be done;
To "stand up for Jesus," the Truth and the Right,
And every thing evil to shun.—*Refrain.*

4 Let us all, as we journey along here below,
Do the good that may be in our way:
Be preparing for heaven as older we grow,
Finding some good to do every day.

Refrain for last verse. { There is something to do, there 's something to do, Yes, something for each one to do;
Tho' aged or young, yet with heart, hand, and tongue, There 's something for each one to do.



2 Our field is the world, and our work is before us,
To each is appointed a message to bear;
At home or abroad, in the cottage or palace,
Wherever directed, our mission is there.

3 Perhaps we are called from the highways and hedges,
To gather the lowly, despised, and oppressed;
If this be our duty, then why should we falter?
We 'll do it, and trust to our Savior the rest.

4 O'er islands that sleep in the wave-crested ocean,
We 'll scatter the truth, and its fruit it shall bear;
O'er ice-covered regions and rock-girded mountains
The Lord will protect as his children are there.

5 Instead of the thorn shall the myrtle be planted;
The desert shall blossom and bloom as the rose;
The palm-tree rejoicing shall spread forth her branches;
The lamb and the lion together repose.

Day by Day.

Theme of melody from HIMMEL.

Quartet.

1st. 2d.

1. Day by day we add a jewel, To our crown that waits in heaven,
If some deed of love and kindness [.....omit.....] From our heart and hand is given.

Duet.

1st. 2d.

1. Or in selfish pride and anger, Heeding not the law of love,
We shall find our crown is gemless, [.....omit.....] When we reach the shores above.

Chorus.

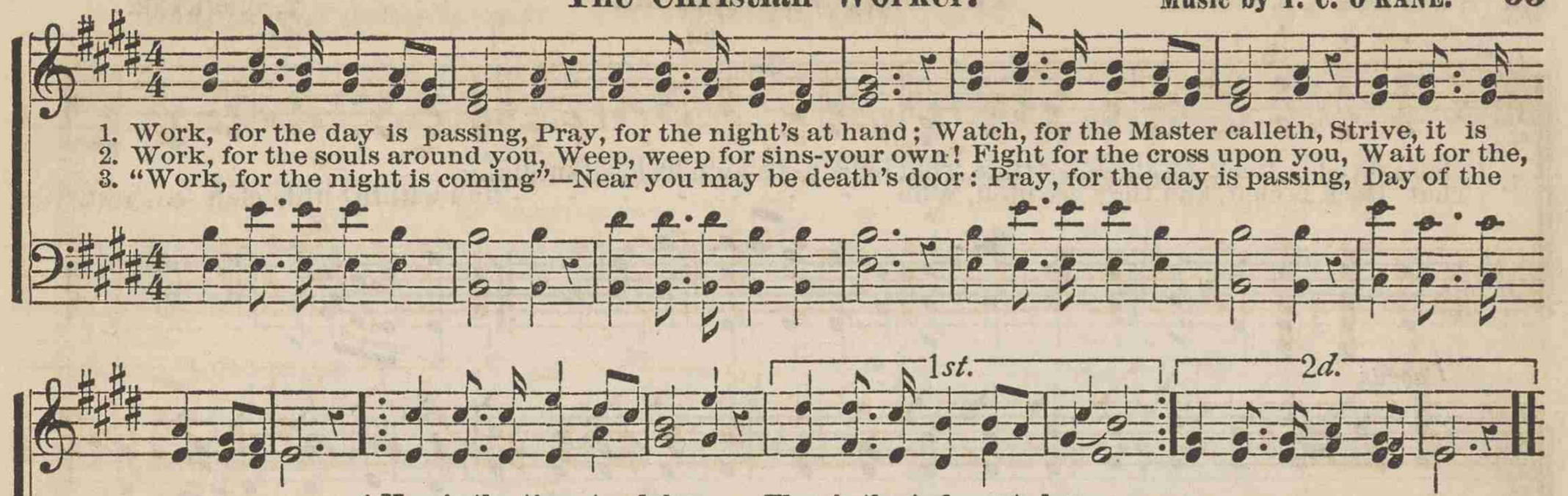
1st. 2d.

Day by day we near the borders Of that bet - - ter, brighter shore,
Leaving earthly scenes behind us, [.....omit.....] Pressing onward evermore.

2. Day by day we learn life's lessons,
Sometimes at a fearful cost—
Learn to prize the blessings slighted,
When they are forever lost.
And we learn to heed the whisper
Of the angel by our side,
Bidding us to cease our sinning,
And God's time in faith to bide.

3. So we live, and learn, and suffer,
As we journey, day by day,
From the darkness to the sunlight,
Learn to tread the better way.
And though oft our spirits falter,
As we climb the rugged steep,
Well we know, if faithful ever,
We eternal peace shall reap.

4. Then the crown of fadeless flowers
Shall each radiant brow begem,
And the fruits of truth and beauty
Deck each sparkling diadem.
And the vestments of our spirits
Shall be stainless, pure and white,
When we reach the soul's fruition,
In that Heaven's eternal light!



The Lord's Prayer. (Chant.)

GREGORIAN.

1. Our Father who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name: ‖ Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this | day our | daily | bread; ‖ And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us; [A- | men.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; ‖ For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, for- | ever.

Words from S. S. Journal.

The Sure Foundation.

T. C. O'KANE.

1st. 2d.

1. { There stands a Rock, on shores of time, That rears to Heav'n its head sublime;
{ That Rock is cleft, and they are blest, Who - - - - - - - find within this cleft a rest.

Chorus.

Some build their hopes on the ev - er drifting sand, Some on their fame, or their treasure, or their land.

Mine's on a Rock that for - ev - er will stand, Je - sus, the "Rock of A - ges."

2. That Rock 's a Cross, its arms outspread,
Celestial glory bathes its head;
To its firm base my all I bring,
And to the Cross of Ages cling.
Some build their hopes, etc.

3. That Rock 's a Tower, whose lofty height,
Illumed with Heaven's unclouded light,
Opes wide its gate beneath the dome,
Where saints find rest with Christ at home.
Some build their hopes, etc.

Love Divine.

T. C. O'K.

Gliding.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - celling, Joy of heaven to earth come down, Fix in us thy
2. Come, al - migh-ty to de - liver, Let us all thy love re - ceive; Sud - den - ly re-

hum - ble dwelling, All thy faith-ful mercies crown. Je - sus, thou art all compassion, Pure, un-
turn, and never, Never more thy temples leave; Thee we would be al-ways blessing, Serve thee

bounded love thou art; Vis - it us with thy sal - vation; En - ter ev - ery trembling heart.
as thy hosts a - bove, Pray, and praise thee without ceasing, Glo - ry in thy per-fect love.

SECOND HYMN TO "LOVE DIVINE."

1 Savior, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe if thou art nigh.

2 Tho' the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness can not hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

The Christian Crusade.

Words by MARY D. CHELLIS. Music by T. C. O'KANE, in "Golden Hours."

Lively.

1. There 's a bat - tle to be fought, A vic - tory to be gained; There 's a country to be saved. A
2. There 's an en - e - my a - broad, So sub - tle and so strong, That the conflict must be fierce, The
3. We 're re-cruit-ing for the ranks, For years and years to come, That our numbers may not fail, Ere

CHORUS.

host from sin re-claimed. Then we 'll march on, march on, with a steady aim, Trust on, trust on,
strug-gle must be long. But we 'll march on, etc.
tri-umph shall be won. And we 'll march on, etc.

in the Savior's name, Pray on, pray on, till the work is done, And vic-to-ry, glorious vic - to-ry, won!

Words by Mrs. ANNIE H. THOMSON.

Work and Wait.

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

Work and wait!.....Work and wait!.....
Work and wait! Work and wait!

1. Tho' the years move slowly by Though within your path thro'
2. Never waste the precious hours, Dreaming of a broader
3. Never murmur, sigh, nor fret, Though the burden heavier

1. life, Piercing thorns and pebbles lie; Tho' the future dark appears, Veiled in gloom its golden gate, There's a
2. path, Strewn with fragrant, blooming flowers. Up and watchful, active be, Never trust to chance or fate, Needed
3. grows, And your brow with toil is wet. Fame must be by labor won, Glory, gain, and honor's state, Up, from

1. joy for all your fears, There's a joy for all your fears,
2. good will come to thee, Needed good will come to thee—
3. morn till set of sun, Up, from morn till set of sun,

Patient be.....[* Work and wait] Work and wait.
Patient be, work and wait.

* These words can be omitted, or sung to the small notes, as may be desired.

"O City of the Jasper Wall."

From "The Guiding Star," by permission of Lee & Walker. Words and Music by Rev. D. C. JOHN.

1. O cit - y of the jas-per wall, And of the pear - ly gate! For thee a - mid the storms of life
2. O cit - y where they need no light Of sun, or moon, or star; Could we, with eye of faith, but see
3. O cit - y where the shining gates Shut out all grief or sin; Well may we yearn amid earth's strife,

Our wear-y spir - its wait. We long to walk the streets of gold No mortal feet have trod; We
How bright thy mansions are, How soon our doubts would flee away, How strong our trust would grow, Un-
Thy ho - ly peace to win. Yet we must meek-ly bear the cross, Nor seek to lay it down, Un-

CHORUS.

long to worship at the shrine, The temple of our God. Oh, land of bliss, . . . Oh, land of light, . . .
til our hearts should lean no more, On trifles here below. Oh, land of bliss, Oh, land of light,
till our Father calls us home, And gives the promised crown.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Lee & Walker, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Thou hast no shade nor night; Of ev - ery land the brightest, best, Thou art our long-sought rest.

Anchored Fast.

Words written for this work. **Music from "Songs of Gladness."**

1. On the Rock of A - ges, "Safe within the vail," We may cast our anchor, As o'er life we sail.
2. Sail-ing 'neath its shad-ow, To this Rock I cling; Tho' the waves are round me, Still my soul will sing.
3. Storms may be a - bove me, Loud may roar the blast; All is peace within me, While I 'm anchored fast.
4. May I, till the voy - age—All its per - ils past—Brings me safe to glo - ry, Still be anchored fast.

CHORUS.

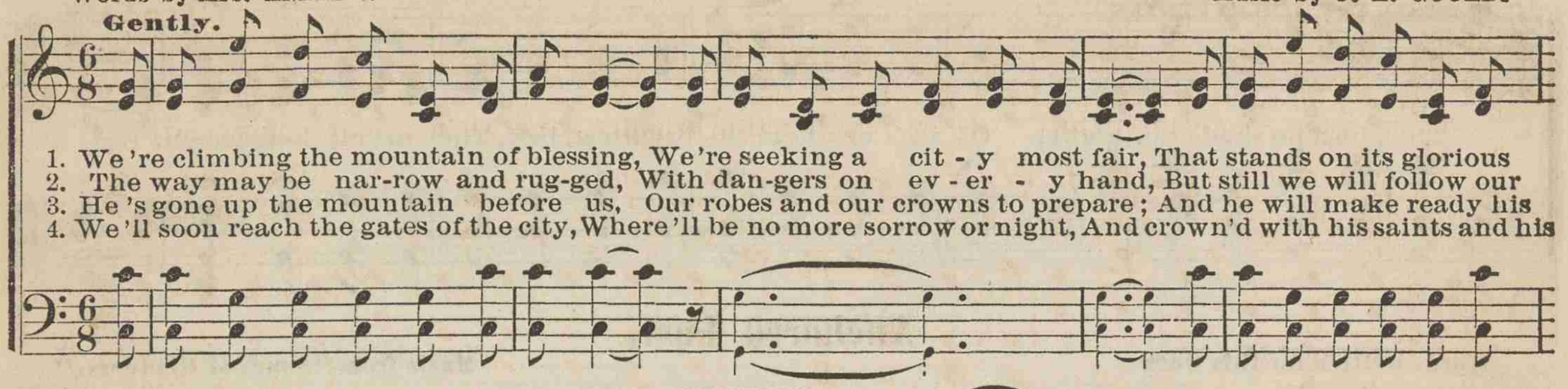
1st. **2d.**

While the tempest rages, To the Rock of A - ges I am anchored fast.
While the tempest rages, To the Rock of A - ges [. . . Omit. , , .] I am anchored fast.

The Mountain of Blessing.*

Words by Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMYER. Music by J. E. GOULD.

Gently.



* From "SONGS OF GLADNESS," by permission of J. C. Garrigues & Co.

The Royal Road.

Words by Rev. L. C. WEBSTER. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Children all to-geth-er, ev - er blithe and gay, Marching on to glo - ry in the nar-row way,
2. Sa - tan's arts be-guil-ing nev - er dare to heed, Stead-i - ly pur-su-ing where your Guide may lead;
3. Children, nev-er fal - ter, but be ev - er true, Con-stant-ly ad-vanc-ing, with the prize in view;

Let no word de - coy you from the Roy - al Road, Keep the marching or-der of our bless - ed God.
Keep the prize be-fore you, nev - er turn a - side—"Look-ing un - to Je-sus" as your faith-ful Guide.
Each a glo-rious kingdom in the sky may share—Di - a - dems of beau-ty ev - ery one may wear.

D. C. *Let no word de - coy you from the Roy - al Road, Keep the marching or - der of our bless - ed God.*

CHORUS.

For-ward! For-ward! in the heaven-ly way; For-ward! For-ward! mak-ing no de - lay.

D.C.

Hark to the Sabbath Bell.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Hark! hark to the Sabbath bell, Sweet is its call, Far over the leafy dell Its gentle echoes fall.
2. Oh there is a home above, Far, far a - way, Bright, bright is that world above, Where pleasures ne'er decay.
3. Soon, soon from this vale below, Gladly we'll soar, Where fountains of pleasure flow On Canaan's peaceful shore.

1. Come, come to the house of prayer, God waits for his children there, He will all our burdens bear, And all our sins forgive.
2. Haste, haste to that land of rest, Fly, fly to the Savior's breast, Come and be for-ever blest And with the angels live;
3. There, there in those radiant bow'rs, We'll gather am-brosial flow'rs, Crowns of life shall there be ours, And endless praises ring.

Chorus.

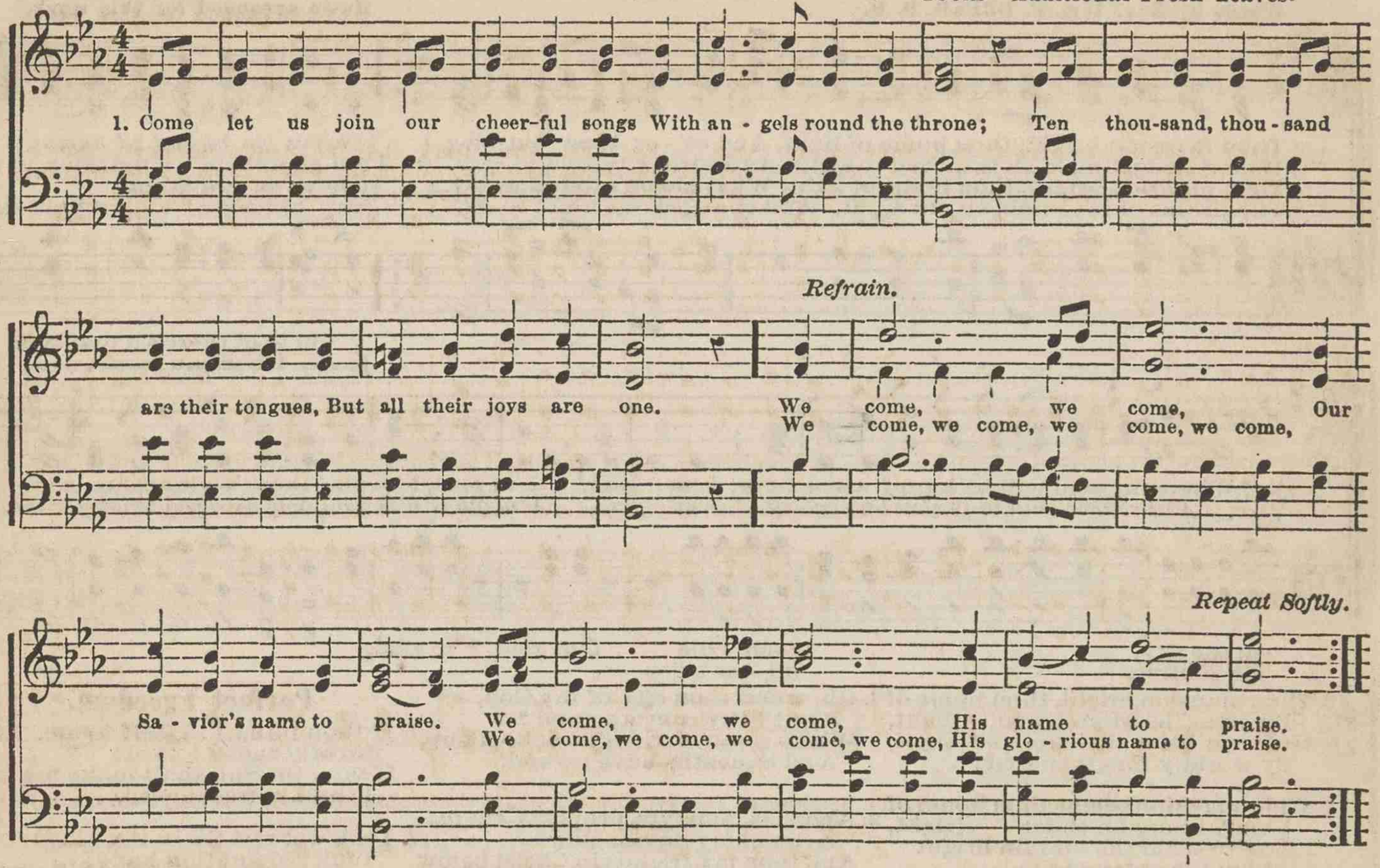
Come, come to the Sabbath School, Come, come a - way, Come, haste to the Sabbath School, This holy Sabbath day.
Come! Come! Come! Come!

* Let these notes be given with a subdued, but *firm*, *round* tone — in imitation of a bell. If preferred, the Tenor and Bass, by using the small notes, may sing the same words as the Soprano and Alto.

Scholar's Greeting Song.

From "Additional Fresh Leaves."

With Spirit.



2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
Worthy the Lamb," our hearts reply,
"For he was slain for us."

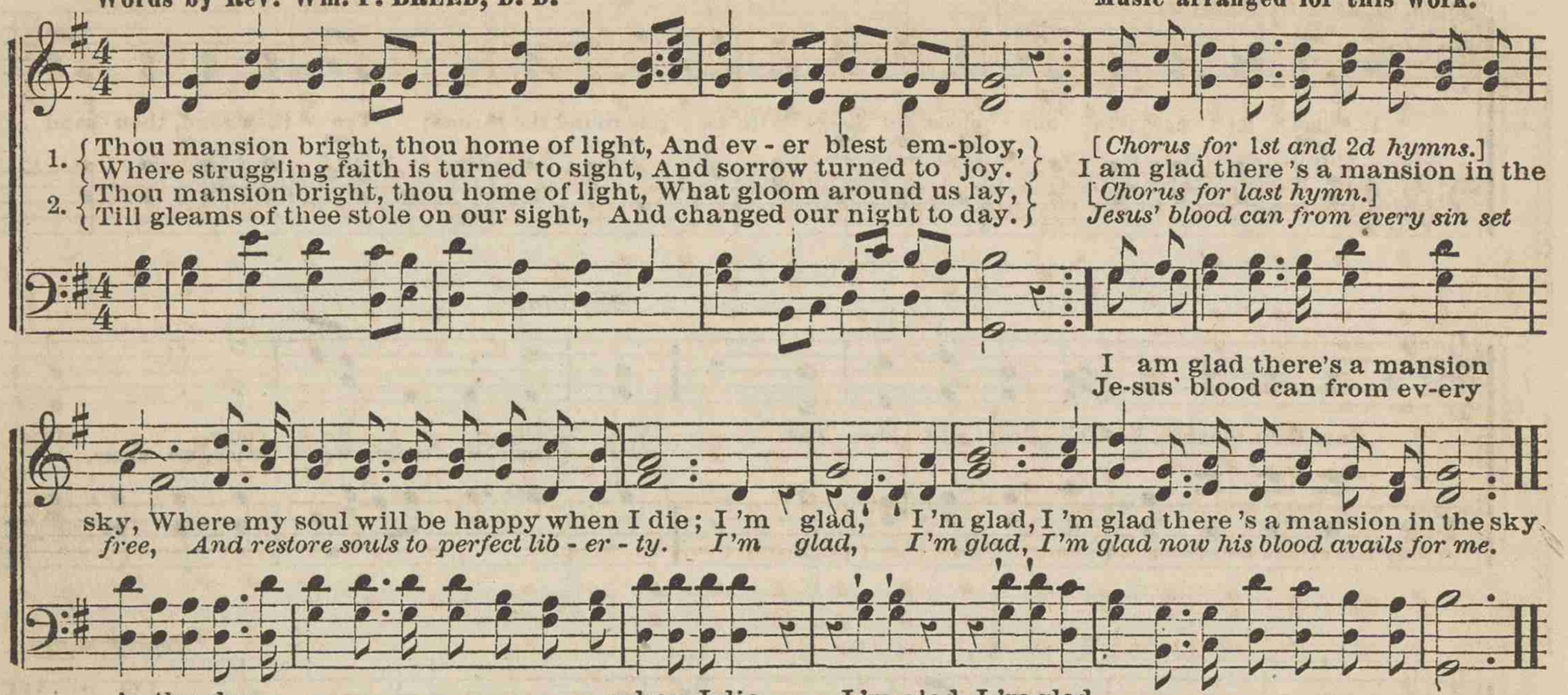
3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Bright Mansions.

Words by Rev. Wm. P. BREED, D. D.

Music arranged for this work.



3. Thou mansion bright, thou home of light,
By Jesus' hand prepared,
How can I lose thee from my sight,
By worldly magic snared?

4. Thou mansion bright, thou home of light,
I long, I long for thee;
I long to tread the margin bright
Along the emerald sea.

2. Oh, when thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend?
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.

3. Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Savior stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

New Jerusalem.

1. Jerusalem! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace with thee?

4. Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then will my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Perfect Freedom.

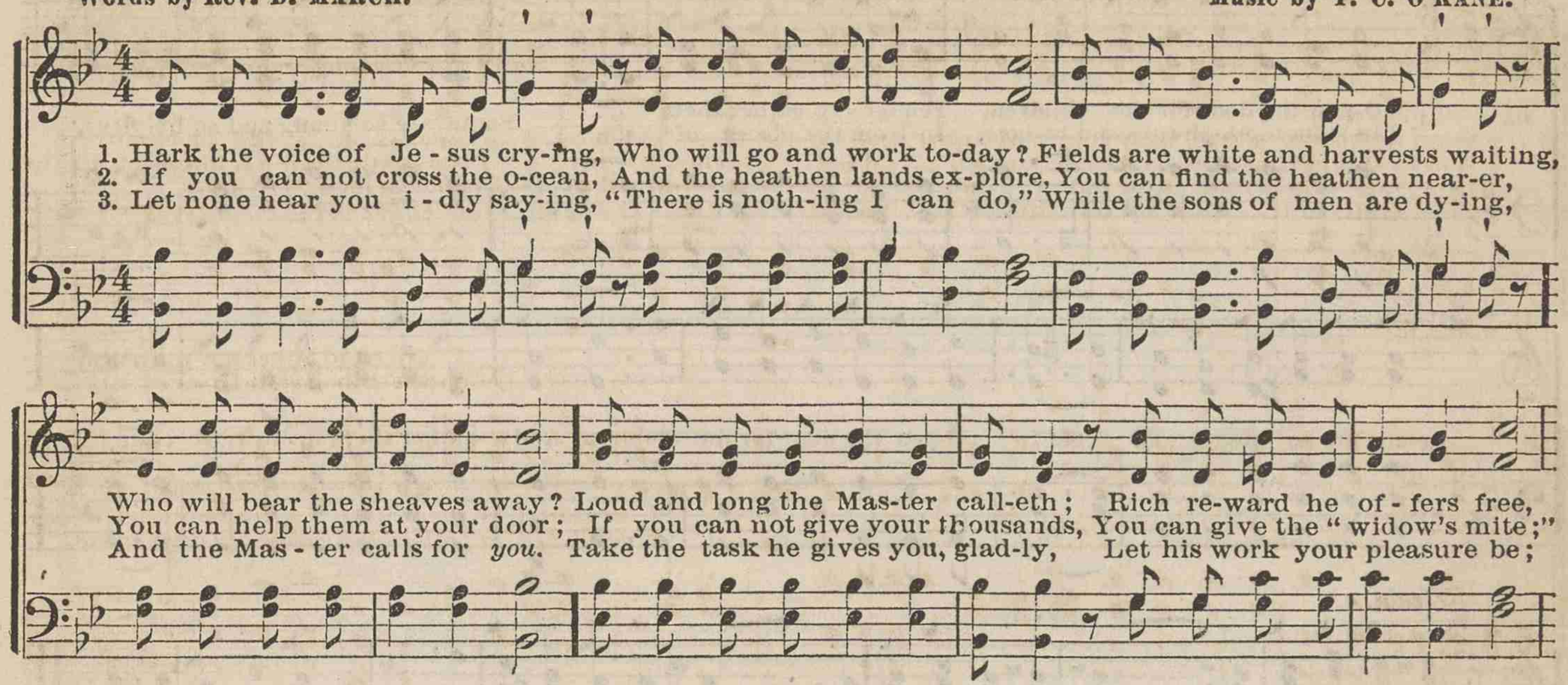
1. If thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need;
If thou the Son shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

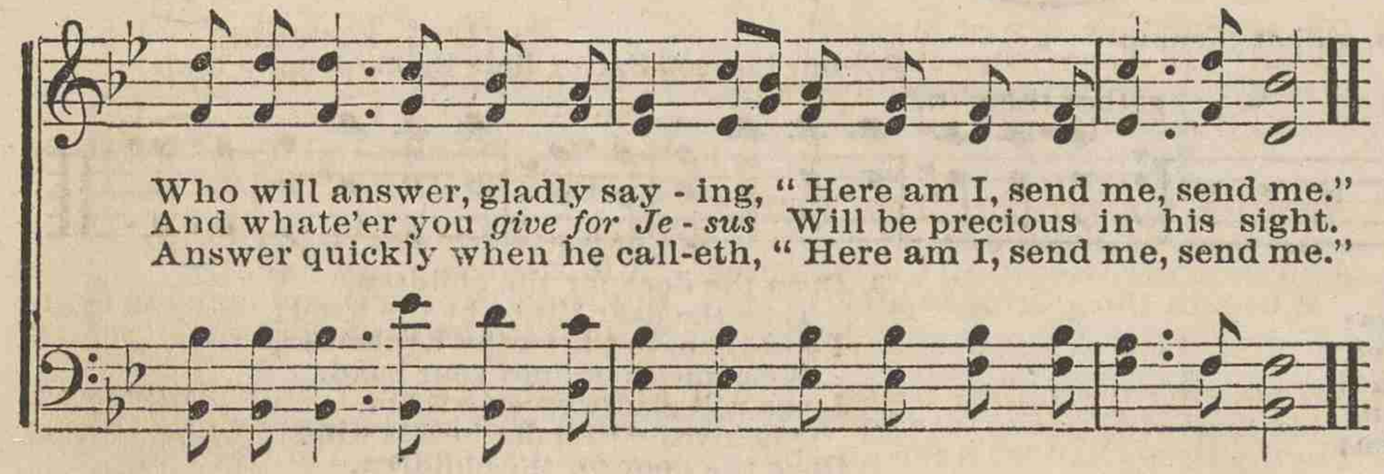
2. I can not rest till in thy blood
I full redemption have;
But thou thro' whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

3. From sin—its guilt, and power, and pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul;
Lord, I believe, and not in vain;
My faith shall make me whole.

Send Me.

Words by Rev. D. MARCH. Music by T. C. O'KANE.





To Every One a Work.

1. If you can not be a watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all,
With your prayers and with your bounties,
You can do what God demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

2. If among the older people,
You may not be apt to teach,
"Feed my lambs," said Christ, our shepherd,
Place the food within their reach;
And it may be, that the children
You have led with trembling hand
Will be found among your jewels
When you reach the better land.

Open the Door.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. { O-pen the door for the children, / In from the highways and hedges, } Tender - ly gather them in. / In from the places of sin. } Some are so young and so helpless,

some are so hungry and cold; O-pen the door for the children, And gather them in - to the fold.

Refrain.

Go, gather them in.....Go, gather them in

For our blessed Savior Bids them come to him.

gather them in, gather them in,

2. Open the door for the children,
See! they are coming in throngs:
Bid them sit down to your banquet,
Teach them your beautiful songs!
Pray you the Father to bless them,
Pray that his grace may be given;
Open the door for the children,—
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

3. Open the door for the children,
Take the dear lambs by the hand;
Point them to Christ the Redeemer,
Welcome them into your band.
Jesus will gladly receive them,
Quickly their tender hearts win;
Open the door for the children,
And hasten to gather them in.

Ever to the Right.

Words by ISAAC W. SANBORN. T. C. O'K., in Golden Hours.

1. Ev-er to the right, boys, Ever to the right! Give a ready hand and true To the work you have to do,
2. Ev-er to the right, boys, Ever to the right! Never let your parents say, Why my wishes dis-o - bey?
3. Ev-er to the right, boys, Ever to the right! No known duty try to shun, Faithful be to ev-ery one—
4. Ev-er to the right, boys, Ever to the right! Speak the truth, the right pursue, Honest be in all you do—

Chorus.

Ev - er to the right, Ev - er to the right. Ever boys, ev-er boys,
Ev - er to the right, etc. to the right, to the right,

Ev-er to the right, boys, Ev-er to the right.

5 Ever to the right, boys,
Ever to the right!
Time is gold; do what you can,
Make your mark and be a man—
Ever to the right.

6 Ever to the right, boys,
Ever to the right!
Seek the Savior in your youth,
He 's the Life, the Way, the Truth—
Ever to the right.

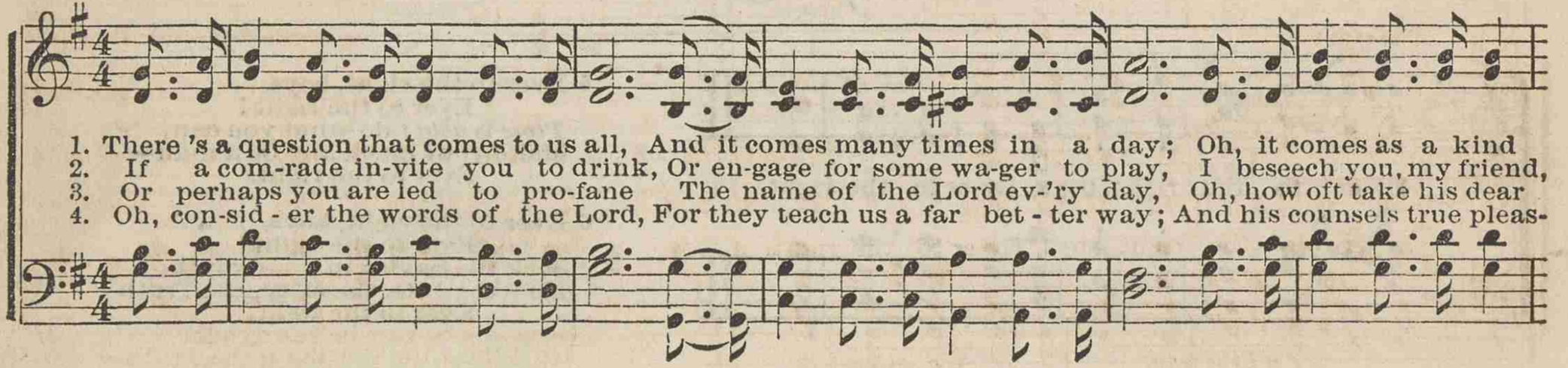
Jesus Loves.

T. C. O'KANE.

From "The Treasure."

Will it Pay?

J. W. RUGGLES.



angel's call, That says, "Count the cost—will it pay?" Will it pay in the conflict with sin, If we barter our
stop and think, Con-sid - er the cost—will it pay? Will it pay to lose Heaven for a cup That will only bring
name in vain! What think you, my boy—will it pay? Will it pay you to forfeit your right To the beau-ti-ful
ure af-ford, In them we can trust—it will pay? When this brief life of conflict is o'er, Oh, how blest if we

day of e - ter - ni - ty is near, Oh, then do you think it will pay?

soul-life a - way? Tho' the pleasures of time we may win, Do you think, af-ter all, it will pay?
grief and dis-may? "Oh, then, why will ye die?" give it up; Oh, break off from its chains while ye may.
man-sions a - bove? To be banished for - ev - er in night, Far a-way from God's bountiful love?
hear Je- sus say, "Come, ye faithful, and rest ev - er-more." Surely this will be joy; This will pay.
stand be - fore the great white throne, Oh, then we will find it will pay.

CHORUS.

Will it pay, Will it pay, Will it pay, Thus to tri - fle this brief life a - way? When the

After last verse—

It will pay, It will pay, It will pay, It will pay on the great judgment day, When we

Will it pay, Will it pay, Will it pay,

D. C.

"Let not your heart be troubled."

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

4 He sends his Holy Spirit,
As the Christian's daily guide,
And gives a blessed foretaste
Of those joys that e'er abide.—*Chorus.*

5 Then onward, brother Christian,
Ever keep the narrow road,
Till Jesus comes to bear you
To his heavenly abode.—*Chorus.*

While the Days are Going by.

Words by GEORGE COOPER. Music by T. C. O'K.

1. There are lonely hearts to cherish, While the days are going by; There are weary souls who perish, While the
2. There 's no time for idle scorning, While the days are going by; Let our face be like the morning, While the
3. All the loving links that bind us, While the days are going by; One by one we leave behind us, While the

days are go - ing by. If a smile we can renew, As our journey we pursue, *Oh, the good we all may do,*
days are going by. Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weeping eyes; Help your fallen brothers rise,
days are going by. But the seed of good we sow, Both in shine and shade will grow, And will keep our hearts aglow,

D. S. *Oh, the good*, etc.

CHORUS.

While the days are going by. While the days are going by, While the days are go - ing by.
While the days are going by, going by, While the days are going by, going by.

Who will Follow Jesus?

Words by Dr. J. D. VINTON. **Arranged from an old melody.**

1. Is there an - y one here who will *now* follow Je - sus, An - y one here who will *now* follow Je - sus,
2. Is there an - y one here who is longing for Je - sus, An - y one here who is longing for Je - sus,
3. Sinner will you come and bow at the footstool of Jesus, Will you come and bow at the footstool of Jesus,

Chorus.

1. Any one here who will *now* fellow Je - sus? Come, we 'll help you on your way. For you we are
2. Any one here who is longing for Je - sus? Come, we 'll help you on your way. For you we are
3. Will you come and bow at the footstool of Jesus? Come, we 'll help you on your way. For you we are

pleading, For you in - ter - ceding, Come, oh come to Je-sus, Come, oh come to Je - sus now.

4. Longer, ‖: will you slight the call of a sin-pard'ning Jesus :‖ Come, no longer stay away. [CHOR.
5. Oh there 'll ‖. be a time when some will be calling for Jesus ! :‖ You may find no pardon then.

Chorus. Vain, vain then your pleading, No one interceding, Come, oh come to Jesus, Come etc.

The City of our God.

Words by Rev. J. M. CREERY. Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1st. 2d.

1. I'm going un - to Mount Zion To the city of our God,
   To join the ransomed millions [omit .....] Within that blest abode. Enrobed in spotless
2. I'm going to see my Savior, In the city of our God,
   And view him in his glory [omit.....] Without a dimming cloud: To take the crown and
3. A lit - tle while a pilgrim To the city of our God,
   A lit - tle while a soldier [.....omit.....] Amid life's battle-crowd, And I will drop my

Chorus.

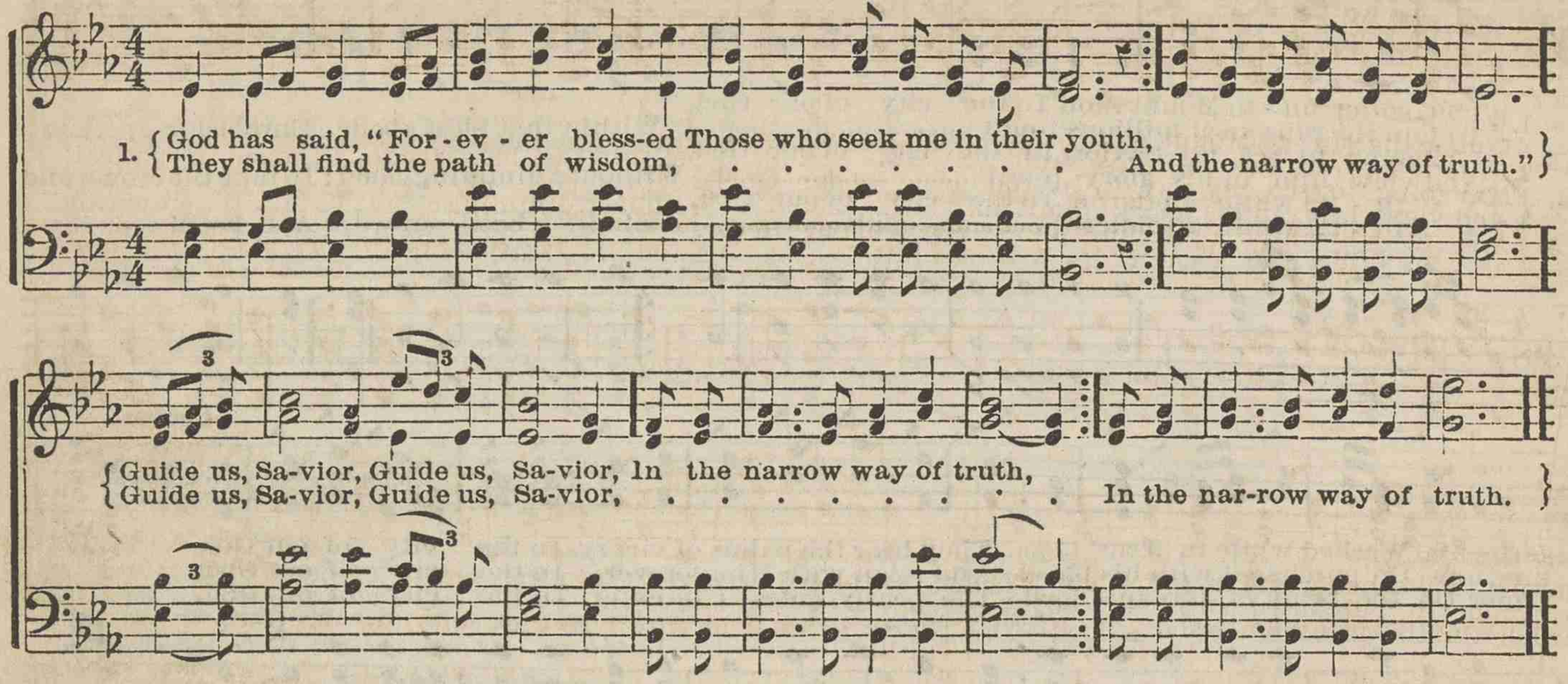
garments, Washed white in Jesus' blood, They bear the palms of vict'ry, In the city of our God. Press
kingdom He purchased with his blood, And reign with Him forever, In the city of our God.
armor On the brink of Jordan's flood—The pearly gates—I'll enter To the city of our God.

onward, brother pilgrim, In the way our fathers trod, Along the olden pathway, To the city of our God.

Guide us, Savior.

T. C. O'KANE.

"He will guide you into all truth."



2 Be our strength, for we are weakness;
Be our wisdom and our guide;
May we walk in love and meekness,
Nearer to our Savior's side.
‖: Naught can harm us, :‖
While with thee we thus abide.

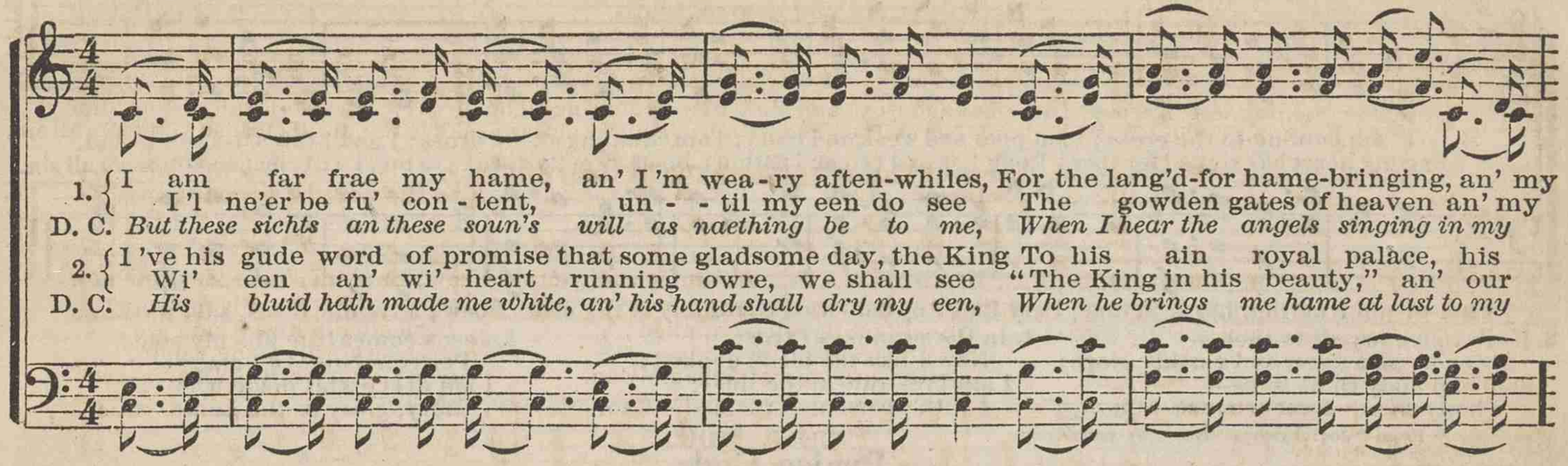
3 And when death at last o'ertakes us,
And we sink beneath his might,
May that blessed morn awake us,
Safe in yonder realms of light;
‖: There forever, :‖
Chant thy praise with angels bright.

SECOND HYMN TO "GUIDE US, SAVIOR."

1 Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears!
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
Oh, refresh us!
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.
Oh, refresh us!
Traveling through this wilderness.

"My Ain Countrie."



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

4 So I 'm watching aye, and singing o'my hame as I wait,
For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the gowden gate,
God gie his grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness, to our ain countrie.
I 'm far frae my hame an' I 'm weary aftenwhiles,
For the lang'd-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's welcome smiles,
I 'll ne'er be fu' content, until my een do see,
The gowden gates of heaven, an' my ain countrie.

Trusting, Lord, in Thee.*

Words by Rev. WM. McDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind; I am counting all but dross; I shall full sal-va-tion find.
2. Long my heart has sighed for thee; Long has evil reigned within; Jesus sweetly speaks to me, I will cleanse you from all sin.

Cho.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - vary; Humbly at thy cross I bow; Save me, Jesus, save me now.

3. Here I give my all to thee,—
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine—forever more.—Cho.

4. In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.—Cho.

5. Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am:
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.—Cho.

* From "Joyful Songs" No. 2, by permission.

Praise God.

With vigor.

Praise God from whom.....all bless - - ings flow; Praise Him, all creat.....ures here be - - - low;
Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;

Praise Him above.....ye heavenly host;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host; } Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

The Cross before the Crown.

Words by Rev. J. W. CARHART, D. D. Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1. Our light afflictions, which a moment last, Oft bring the joys of future glory down; They promise give of
2. O'er qui - et seas we sail not to our rest: The skies above us oft with tempests frown; Yet they who suffer
3. What though the whirlwinds shake thy fragile bark, And many waters threaten thee to drown;
God speaks to thee with

1. life when time is past, They bid us wait—the Cross before the crown. We'll wait— the Cross be-
2. with their Lord are blest—*He* bore the Cross, before he wore the crown. The Cross, be - fore He
3. voice of thunder—hark! Trust thou in Him—the Cross before the crown. Trust Him— the Cross be-

we'll wait— the Cross

1. fore the crown, Then we will wait, nor cast our armor down, The Cross before the crown.
2. wore the crown, We'll bear the Cross, tho' oft the tempests frown, The Cross before the crown.
3. fore the crown, We'll trust in Him, nor ev - er be cast down, The Cross before the crown.

before the crown,

Words by LAMPHERE.

Ye shall Shine among his Jewels.*

Music by A. HULL.

1. Ye shall shine as the stars, ev - er beau - ti - ful and bright, Ye who lead err-ing souls in the
2. Keep your lamp burning bright while you sojourn here be - low, It will light up the pathway of
3. Ye shall shine on for - ev - er in yon - der re-gion bright, Ye who go forth with weeping to

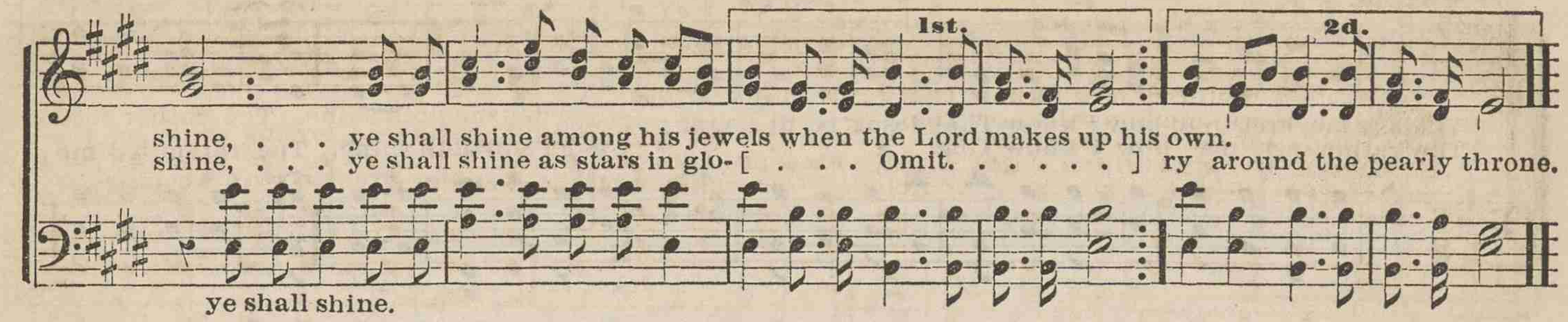
paths of truth and right, Ye shall shine a-mong his jew - els, when the Lord makes up his own;
oth - ers as you go, Your re-ward will be in heav - en, far be-yond these scenes of night;
scat - ter seed and light; Ye shall reap a-bun-dant harv - est if you prayer-ful - ly have sown,

CHORUS.

Ye shall shine as stars in glory when you stand by the pearly throne. Ye shall shine, . . . ye shall
Ye shall shine as stars in glory; you shall dwell with the Lord of light. Ye shall shine, . . . ye shall

Ye shall shine,

* By permission, from "PRAISE SONGS."



Safe in Heaven at Last.*

Words and Music by Rev. THOS. L. POULSON.

4. Here the burning tear-drop falleth,
And the sweetest pleasure 'palleth;
But when our good Master calleth,
'T will be heaven at last.

5. With the countless white-robed standing,
On the bright and cloudless landing,
All our ransomed souls expanding,
Safe in heaven at last.

6. While the mighty hosts are singing,
And the golden harps are ringing,
Christ his blood-washed will be bringing,
Home to heaven at last.

7. Free from sins that often bound us,
With our loved ones all around us,
We shall praise the King that crown'd us,
In bright heaven at last.

* By permission, from "SPARKLING RUBIES."

80 **Words by Mrs. E. M. SANGSTER, in S. S. Times.** **He saved my Soul.*** **T. C. O'KANE.**

Moderate.

1st. 2d.

1. { You ask me, brethren, how I know That Jesus is di - vine;
   { The rather ask me how I know That - - - - - yonder sun doth shine. The rather bid me

tell you how I know that billows roll, Or winds sweep on from north to south! Why, friends, "*He saved my soul.*"

Chorus.

Glory, glory to Je - sus, Let the chorus roll! Glory, glory to Jesus, Because "*He saved my soul.*"

Glo - ry, glory to Jesus, Let the chorus roll!

2. A wanderer from my Father's house, He took me by the hand;
A mariner on raging seas, He guided me to land;
A weary, storm-tossed man, He came, and made me like a child,
As hungry to receive the truth, as gentle and as mild.

3. He saved me! Saved me from myself, and saved me from my sins,
And here, just in that precious truth, my paradise begins;
I know that Christ, the blessed One, is Man, and is Divine,
I *know* because—oh! brethren hear! "He saved a soul like mine."

*The Christian Union tells of a backwoodsman, who, being a candidate for the ministry, was asked how he knew that Jesus was divine. "*Why, bless you!*" he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "*He saved my soul!*"

From "Dew Drops."

The Stranger at the Door.

Revelations, iii: 20.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Be - hold a stranger at the door, He gent-ly knocks—has knocked before, Has waited long, is wait-ing still, You treat no oth - er friend so ill. Oh, let the dear Sa-vior come in, He 'll come in, cleanse the heart from sin, Oh, keep him no more, out at the door, But let the dear Savior come in. from sin, come in.

2 Oh, lovely attitude—he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands;
Oh, matchless kindness—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need;
The Friend of sinners? Yes, 't is he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn—
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour 's at hand
You 'll at *his* door rejected stand.

From "The Charm," By permission. Music by Z. M. PARVIN.

1. If we on-ly sought to brighten Ev-ery path-way dark with care, If we only tried to lighten
2. If we on-ly strove to cher-ish Ev-ery pure and ho-ly thought, Till within our hearts should perish
3. If it were our aim to pon-der On the good that we might win, Soon our feet would cease to wander
4. If we only did our duty, Thinking not what it might cost, Then the earth would wear new beauty,

CHORUS.

All the bur-dens oth - ers bear;
All that is with e - vil fraught; We should hear the an - gels singing All a-round us
In for - bid - den paths of sin.
Fair as that in E - den lost. We should hear the angels, hear the angels singing

night and day, We should feel the angels winging At our side ‖:their upward way.:‖
all around us night and day, yes, We should feel the gentle angels winging At our side ‖:their upward way.:‖

Come in Dear Savior.

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1. O Jesus, thou art standing, Outside the fast closed door, In lowly patience waiting To pass the threshold
2. O Jesus, thou art knocking; And lo! thy hand is scarred, And thorns thy brow encircle, And tears thy face have
3. O Jesus, thou art pleading, In accents meek and low; I died for you, my children, And will ye treat me

1. o'er. { He waits our hearts to enter, / A - way our sins to bear, } Oh shame thrice shame upon us, To keep Him standing there.
2. marred. { Oh love that passeth knowledge, / So pa - tiently to wait, } Oh Sin that hath no equal, So fast to bar the gate.
3. so. { Oh Lord, with shame & sorrow, / We o - pen now the door, } Dear Savior, enter, enter, And leave us nev-er - more.

Chorus.

Come in, Come in, And { cleanse / keep } my heart from sin, Come in, Come in, Come in, Dear Lord, come in.
Come in, Come in, Come in, Come in, Come in, Dear Lord, come in.
from sin,

Land of the Blessed.

Words by Mrs. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. T. C. O'KANE.

1. { Oh! Land of the blessed! thy shadowless skies Sometimes in my dreaming I see:
   { I hear the glad songs that the glorified sing Steal over e - ter - ni-ty's sea. Tho' dark are the shadows that gather between, I know that thy morning is fair; I catch but a glimpse of thy glo - ry and light, And

Rit..... *Chorus.*

whisper: *would God I were there!* Oh! Savior, prepare...My spirit to share.....Forever with thee..... those mansions fair.

Rit.....

2. Oh! Land of the blessed, thy hills of delight
   Sometimes on my vision unfold;
Thy mansions celestial, thy palaces bright,
   Thy bulwarks of jasper and gold.
Dear voices are chanting thy chorus of praise,
   Dear eyes in thy sunlight are fair;
I look from my valley of shadow below,
   And whisper: *would God I were there!*

3. Dear home of my father, fair city, whose peace
   No shadow of changing can mar!
How glad are the souls that have tasted thy joy,
   How blest thine inhabitants are!
When weary with toiling, I think of the day—
   Who knows if its dawning be near?
When he who hath loved me, shall call me away
   From all that hath burdened me here.

We shall be satisfied by and by.

Theme of Chorus from WEBSTER.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Enthroned is Je - sus now Up-on his heavenly seat, The kingly crown is on his brow, The saints are at his feet. There with the glo - ri - fied, Safe by our Savior's side,

Chorus.

There with the glo - ri - fied, Safe by our Savior's side,

By and by.

We shall be sat - is-fied By and by, By and by, By and by.
We shall be sat - is-fied By and by. There, there with the glorified, Safe, safe by our Savior's side.

D. C. 𝄋

2 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

3 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry; [ground,
We're marching thro' Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

What the Flower said.

Words by ANNA CLEAVES. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Tell me, lit-tle wild-flower, Are you lonely here? Blooming in the shad-ow Of this rock so drear;
2. Are you nev-er wear - y Of this darksome mold, Where no sunlight falleth. Where 't is dark and cold?
3. Answered then the wild-flower, Nodding low its head, "Tho' this spot seems dreary, Tho' the sunlight's fled,

Cling-ing to this earth-bit, As if in mid-air, With your sweet face toward me, Looking strangely fair.
Why you look so hap - py I can hard-ly tell; I would learn thy se - cret, Pret-ty, bright Hare-bell,
Know that I 'm not lonely, That I ne'er despair; *God is in the shad-ow,* God is ev - ery-where.

REFRAIN. Rit.

"I am nev - er lone-ly, Why should I despair? God is ev - er with me, God is ev-ery-where."

Precious Blood.

1. O precious blood! and shed for me, A poor lost wan - der - er from Thee. Such roy - al
2. O precious blood! no oth - er name Has ev - er kindled such a flame; No oth - er
3. O precious blood! to me impart, Thy in - fin - ite, thy lov - ing heart; O fill my
4. O precious blood! now it is mine, And my best love shall all be Thine; Thine all my

Chorus.

1. love, so free - ly given, To draw my soul from earth to heaven. The precious blood of
2. love could ev - er win A ruined soul from in - bred sin. The etc.
3. soul with Thine own grace, And make me fit to see Thy face. The etc.
4. life, till death shall come, To take Thy grateful servant home. The etc.

Je - sus! 'T was shed on Cal-va - ry, From every sin it frees us, Just *now* it cleanses *me.*

The Christian's Rest.

T. C. O'KANE.

Cheerfully.

1. Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine, The joy and desire of my heart, For closer communion I pine, I
2. The pasture I languish to find, Where all who their Shepherd obey Are fed, on his bosom reclined, And

Refrain.

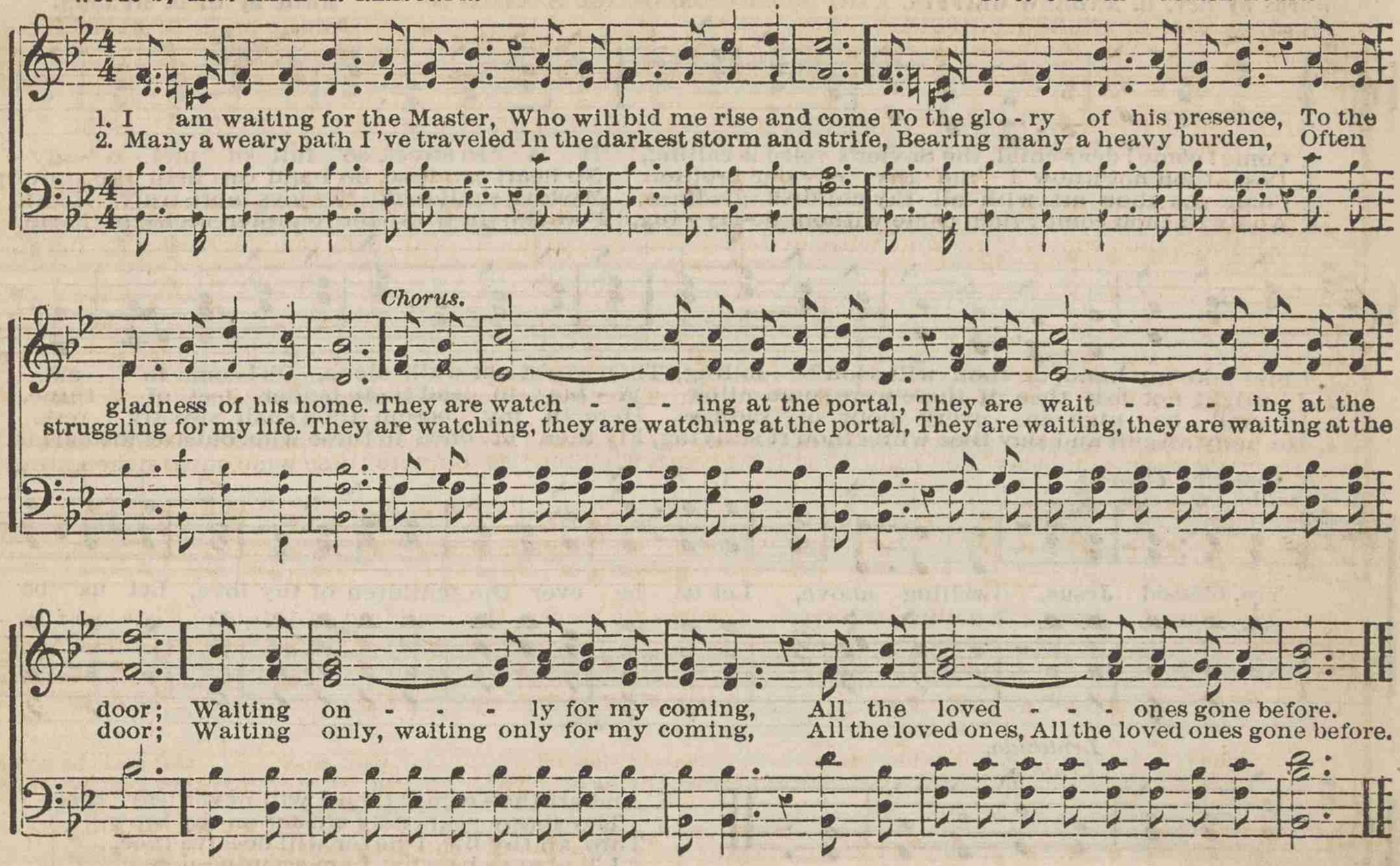
long to reside where thou art. There is rest, peaceful rest, For it, Oh how my soul doth pine!
screened from the heat of the day. There is rest, peaceful rest, For it, Oh how my soul doth pine, my soul doth pine! On the dear Savior's breast, Oh may that rest be mine!

3. 'T is there with the Lambs of thy flock,
There only, I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock.
Or rise to be hid in thy breast.

4. 'T is there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,—
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

Waiting at the Door.

Words by Mrs. KATE M. REASONER. T. C. O'K. in "Golden Hours."



3 Many friends that traveled with me
Reached that portal long ago;
One by one they left me battling
With the dark and crafty foe.
But they're watching, etc.

4 Yes, their pilgrimage was shorter,
And their triumphs sooner won;
O, how lovingly they 'll greet me
When the toils of life are done.
For they're watching, etc.

5 Yet, O Lord, I wait thy pleasure,
For thy time and ways are best:
Hear me, Lord, for I am weary;
O, my Father, bid me rest.
They are watching, etc.

The Elder Brother's Call.

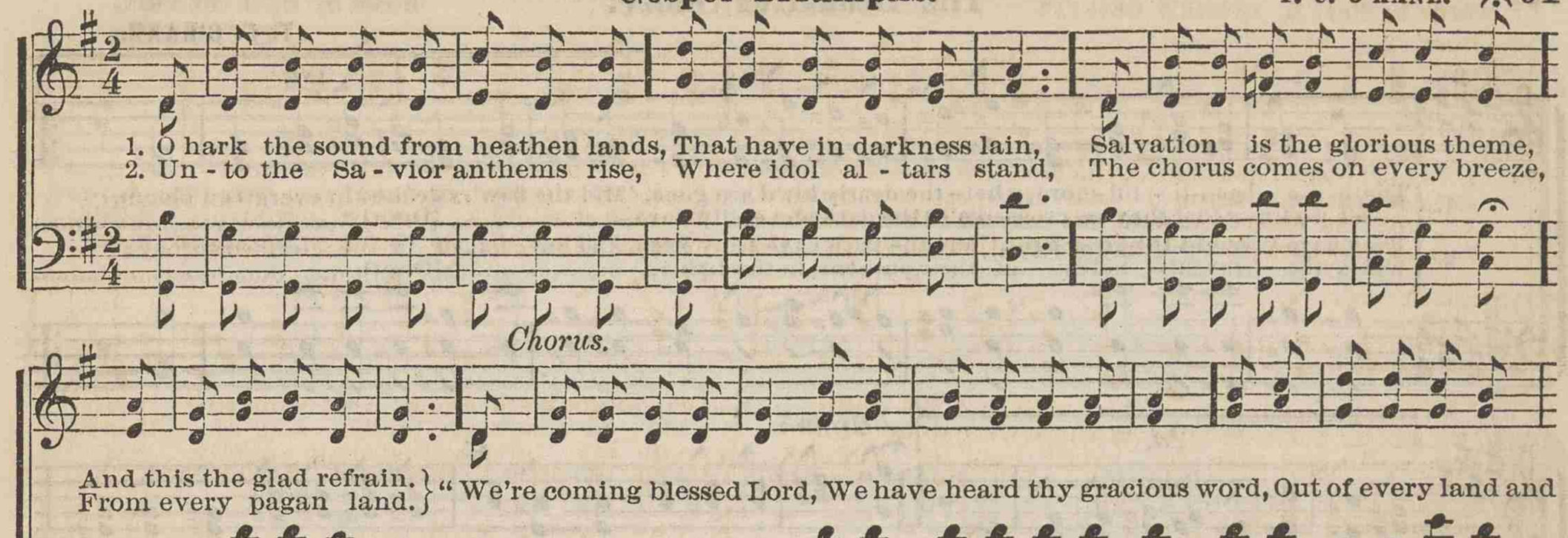
Words by Rev. R. ANDREW GRIFFIN. **Music by H. D. MUNSON.**

1. Come! come! dear child, the Savior's voice is calling, It is so sweet, so full of mel - o - dy—
2. Dost thou not know I am thy el - der brother. No heart can love, no hand can help like mine;
3. Come as thou art, with all thy childish gladness, My love shall make thy joys more truly blest,
4. And wilt thou come? then come without de-lay - ing, Foes lie in wait, the tempter seeks to harm,

1. Child take my hand, or thou wilt soon be falling, Thou can'st not walk alone, Oh! come to me.
2. I might not ask thee if there were some other A - ble to lead those tender feet of thine.
3. I will be nigh in every hour of sadness, Here in my bosom thou shalt sweetly rest.
4. He may assault and slay thee while thou'rt straying, Fly then at once to these wide outstretched arms.

5. And art thou come! then I will never leave thee,
Tho' many years may cluster on thy brow,
Thro' all thy life, I never will deceive thee,
I 'll always be what I am seeming now.

6. And thou shalt come to dwell with me forever,
A child at home beneath the Father's eye
So safely kept, no enemy shall sever
Thee from thy brother, or thy home on high.



3. From sea-girt isles, and Afric sand,
From India's fertile plain,
From far beyond old China's wall
Resounds the cheering strain.

4. In thy own time, O hasten, Lord,
The promised day along,
When *all* shall look to Christ, and join
In this triumphant song.

The Christian Soldier.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross—A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?

CHOR. { *We 'll triunph by and by, We will triumph by and by,*
Thro' the help of our Redeemer, We will triumph by and by.

2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
[CHOR.

3. Since I must fight, if I would reign, Increase my courage, Lord;
I 'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by thy word.
[CHOR.

4. Thy saints in all this glorious war, Shall conquer, tho' thy die;
They see the triumph from afar, By faith they bring it nigh.
[CHOR.

5. When that illustrious day shall rise, And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry thro' the skies, The glory shall be thine.
[CHOR.

The Beautiful Shore.

T. C. O'KANE.

1st.

1. There's a beau-ti - ful shore, where the dearly lov'd are gone, 'Mid the flow'rs decked in evergreen bloom,
   And we know that they've crossed o'er the dark and chilly wave, ...[Omit].....
2. They have "fought the good fight," and the faith have truly kept, And are joined to the glorified throng;
   While the heavenly notes of their anthem to the Lamb, ...[Omit].....

2d.

And are safe in that bright, happy home.
On the breezes are wafted along.

Refrain.

Oh that beautiful shore, Where we'll sorrow nevermore, But a-

gain with loved ones meet! Thro' eternity we'll sing Praises to our Savior, King, While we worship at his feet.

3. To that beautiful shore, where are gath'ring all the saints,
   To its flowers and its evergreen plain,
   May we every one pass when the cares of life are o'er,
   Free from conflict, from sorrow and pain.

4. We must choose "the good part"--must not shrink from any toil
   Till the Pilot shall bear us all o'er,
   To the union of hearts in the regions of the blest,
   Where no parting shall come evermore.

"I Long to Behold Him."

"To be with Christ, which is far better"

T. C. O'K.

1. I long to behold him arrayed, With glory and light from above; The King in his beauty dis-
2. I languish and sigh to be there, Where Jesus hath fixed his abode; Oh when shall we meet in the

Chorus.

played, His beauty of ho-li-est love. { When the storms all are o'er, I shall
air, And fly to the mountain of God! { When the storms all are o'er, "in the sweet by-and-by,"

1st time. *2d time.*

see him on that beau-ti-ful shore, by-and-by, see him on that beau-ti-ful shore, by-and-by.
[*Omit in Repeat.* . . . . .]

3 With him I on Zion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word;
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord.

4 But when, on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see;
My fullness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens in thee.

The Jeweled Walls of Jasper.*

Words written for this work.

Moderately.

1. On those jeweled walls of jas-per, Hear that bright cherubic band, Bid-ding us, beguiled and tempted,
2. On those jeweled walls of jas-per, Loved ones from our bosom gone, Gone thro' death and tribulation,
3. On those jeweled walls of jas-per, From his central radiant throne, Jesus calls us, way-worn pilgrims,
4. Pressing to those walls of jas-per, Work awaits us to be done, Tears to wipe and souls to rescue,

CHORUS.

Homeward from this weary land.
Beck - on, bid us, cheer us on. Yes, we're com-ing, com - ing, com - ing. Com-ing up to
Calls us—God's be - lov - ed Son.
As we struggle toward our crown.

join your throng, Strug-gling on thro' pain and sor - row, Sing - ing still our pil - grim song.

* From "Songs of Gladness," by permission of J. C. Garrigues & Co.

1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen-u - ry were there, Yet joy and peace with - al;
2. I saw the martyr at the stake, And not fierce flames his faith could shake, Nor death his soul appall;
3. I saw the Gos - pel her-ald go To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow, To save from Satan's thrall;

1. I asked the lonely mother, whence Her helpless widowhood's defense, She told me, Christ was all!
2. I asked him whence such strength was given, He looked triumphantly to heaven, And answered, "Christ is all!"
3. Nor home, nor life he counted dear, 'Midst wants and perils owned no fear, He felt that Christ was all.

Refrain.

All..... in all, Christ is all in all,
All..... in all, Christ is all in all,
Be this my trust whate'er befall, "Christ is all in all."
Be this my trust whate'er befall, "Christ is all in all."

4. I dreamt that hoary time had fled,
And earth and sea resigned their dead,
And fire dissolved this ball:
I saw the Church's glorious throng;
I heard the burden of their song,—
'T was Christ is all in all!

5. Then come to Jesus! come to-day!
Come! Father, Son, and Spirit, say;
The Bride repeats the call:
Come! he has blood for all your stains;
Come! he has balm for all your pains;
Come! he is all in all!

Victorious Faith.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' press'd by every foe, That will not tremble on the brink Of
2. That will not murmur or complain, Beneath the chast'ning rod, But in the hour of grief or pain Will
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without; That when in danger knows no fear, In

Chorus.

1. any earth - ly woe; — "This is the vict - ory," "this is the vict - ory, that over - cometh, over-
2. lean upon its God; — "This is the vict - ory," "this is the vict - ory, that over - cometh, over-
3. darkness feels no doubt; — "This is the vict - ory," "this is the vict - ory, that over - cometh, over-

cometh the world," "This is the vict - ory," "this is the vict - ory, that over - cometh the world—*our faith.*"

4. That bears, unmoved, the world's dread
Nor heeds its scornful smile; [frown,
That seas of trouble can not drown,
Or Satan's arts beguile:—

5. A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

6. Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We 'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

Lift Me Higher.*

Words by S. V. R. Ford. From "Additional Fresh Leaves." T. C. O'Kane.

Repeat Chorus.

3 "Lift me higher! lift me higher!"
In affliction's darkest hour,
Let my faith surmount the trial,
In the strength of Jesus' power.
"Lift me higher! lift me higher!"
Till by faith the land I see,
Where the ransomed, from affliction,
Grief, and pain, are ever free.
"Lift me higher," etc.

* A girl, thirteen years old, was dying. Lifting her eyes toward the ceiling, she said, softly, "Lift me higher! lift me higher!" Her parents raised her up with pillows, but she faintly said, "No, not that; but there!" again looking earnestly toward heaven, whither her happy soul flew a few moments later. On her tombstone is carved, "JANE B——, aged thirteen, LIFTED HIGHER."

Fading, Still Fading. Duet, Quartet and Chorus.

Gently.

Arranged from the PORTUGUESE.

Duet.

1. Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining: Father in heaven the day is de - clining
2. Father in heav-en, o hear when we call;... Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Savior of all;...

Quartet.

Safety and innocence fly with the light, Temptation and danger walk forth with the night;
Feeble and fainting we trust in thy might, In doubting and darkness, thy love be our light;

Duet.

From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime, Shield me from danger and save me from crime.
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns,—Wake in thy arms when the morning re-turns.

Chorus. *f* *ff* *Dim.*

Father have mer-cy, Father have mer - cy, Father have mer-cy thro' Jesus Christ our Lord. * A - men.
Father have mer-cy, Father have mer-cy, have mer-cy thro' Jesus Christ our Lord. * A - men.

* Only after last verse.

What will the Harvest be?

T. C. O'KANE.

1. They are sowing their seed in the daylight fair; They are sowing their seed in the noon-day glare; They are
2. They are sowing their seed of the word & deed; Which the careless know not nor the cold ones heed, Of the
3. They are sowing the seed of each noble deed With a never tir'd watch and an earnest heed; Nev - er
4. Whether sown in weakness or sown in might, Whether sown in darkness or in the light, Whether

1. sowing their seed in the soft twilight, They are sowing their seed in the solemn night. *What* will the harvest
2. tenderest word of the kindest deed, That have gladden'd the heart in its sorest need. *Sweet* will the harvest
3. ceasing the hand, o'er the earth they sow, And the meadows are rip'-ning where'er they go. *Rich* will the harvest
4. sown in meekness, or sown in wrath, In the sunny work-field or the shad'wy path. *True* will the harvest

Lentando.....

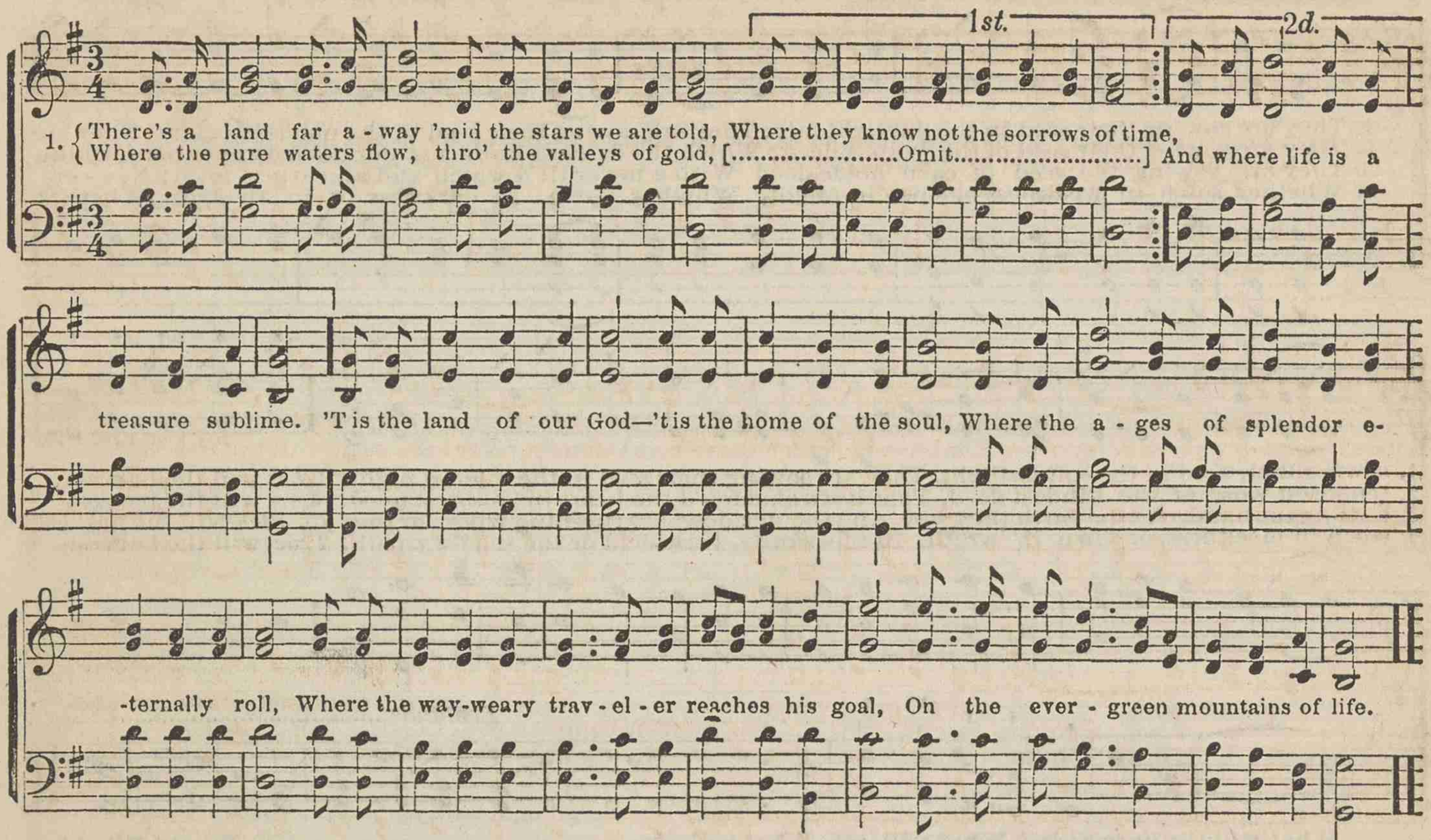
be?.....

What will the harvest be? What will, etc. What will, etc.
Sweet will the harvest be, Sweet will, etc. Sweet will, etc.
Rich will the harvest be, Rich will, etc. Rich will, etc.
True will the harvest be, True will, etc. True will, etc.

The harvest will be What? What?
Sweet, Sweet.
Rich, Rich.
True, True.

Evergreen Mountains of Life.

T. C. O'KANE.



2. Here our gaze can not soar to that beautiful land,
But our visions have told of its bliss;
And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fanned,
When we faint in the deserts of this.
And we sometimes have longed for its noiy repose
When our hearts have been rent with temptations and woes,
And we 've drank from the tide of the river that flows
From the ever-green mountains of life.

3. Oh the stars never tread the blue heavens at night,
But we think where the ransomed have trod;
And the day never smiles from his palace of light,
But we feel the bright smile of our God.
We are traveling home thro' earth's changes and gloom,
To a region where pleasures unchangingly bloom,
And our guide is the glory that shines thro' the tomb,
From the ever-green mountains of life.

Words by Rev. Wm. HUNTER.

A Home in Heaven.

From the Standard Singer. T. C. O'K.

1st time 2d time. *Rit. ad lib.*

1. { A home in heaven! what a joyful thought, As the poor man toils in his weary lot,
   { His heart oppressed, and by anguish driven . . . From his home below to his home in heaven.

Chorus.

Trav'ling on so glad and free, To a home for you and me,
so glad and free, for you and me,

Come and join our pil-grim band, Trav'ling to the promised heavenly land.
our pilgrim band,

2 A home in heaven! as the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home, what a joy is given,
With the blessed thought of a home in heaven.

3 A home in heaven! When our treasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
When strength decays and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.

4 A home in heaven! When our friends have fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mold'ring dead,
We rest in hope on the promise given
We shall meet up there in our home in heaven.

Stand up for Jesus.

From "The Singer's Friend."

T. C. O'KANE.

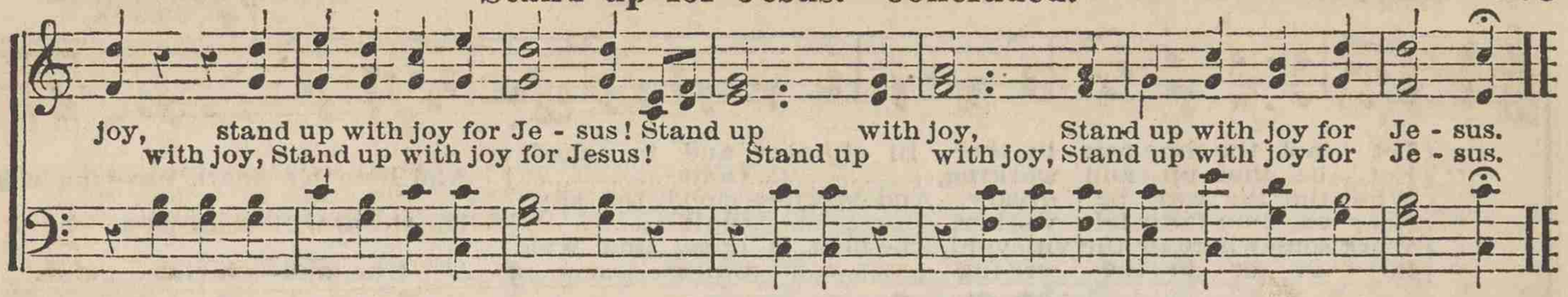
1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross, Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss.
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The trum-pet call o - bey; Forth to the might-y con - flict, In this his glorious day;
3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in his strength a - lone; The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own:
4. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long; This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic-tor's song;

From vict'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His ar - my shall he lead, Till ev - ery foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
"Ye that are men now serve him" A - gainst unnumbered foes; Your courage rise with dan-ger, And strength to strength oppose.
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And watching un - to prayer; Where du-ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev-er want-ing there.
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be, He with the King of glo - ry, Shall reign e-ter - nal - ly.

Chorus.

Stand up! with Stand up!

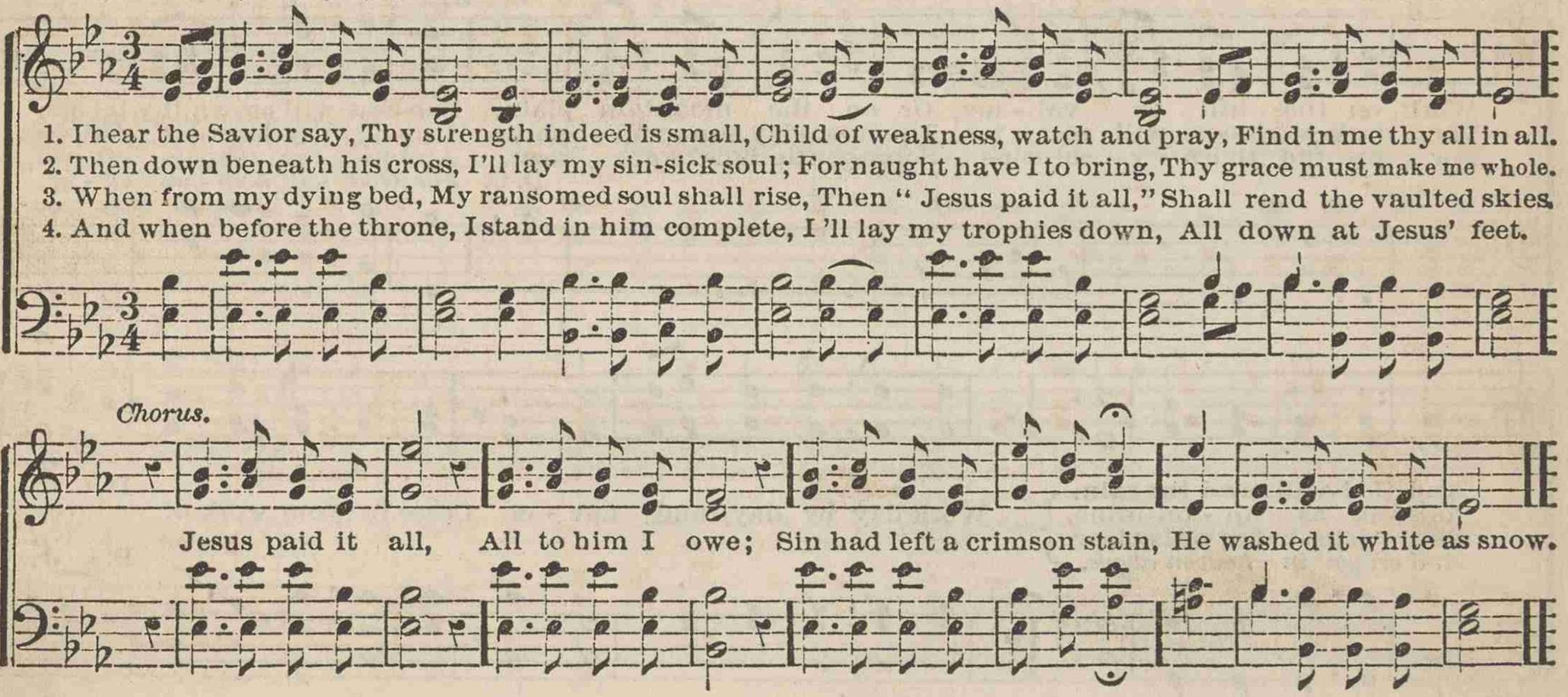
Stand up for Jesus. Concluded.



All to Christ I owe.

From Casket, No. 2, by permission.

ASA HULL.



Words by BEL SWANSTON.

Work Now and Ever.

Music by TOM C. NEAL.

1. Let not the time pass by thee, In slumber and in shade;
   But be thou up and working, [.....Omit.....] And here thy mark have made.
2. What tho' the way be dreary, And darkness cloud the sky;
   Keep on, thou faith-ful worker, [.....Omit.....] The storm will soon pass by.
3. Work somewhere in the vineyard, The field is broad and wide;
   Be ev - er to the err-ing [.....Omit.....] A true and loving guide.

Duet.

Work, on the hill or val - ley, Or on the mountain plain, Suc-cess will crown thy labors,
The darkest clouds will scat - ter, The noon-day sun will shine Up - on thy hum-ble pathway,
For up the thorn - y hillside, Some gentle flow'rs are seen, And here the reapers oft - en,
D. C. *For God will help you ev - er,*

And God will send the rain.
As well as up - on mine.
The richest harvests glean.
And crown in heaven above.

Work day by day, and nev - er Cease in your work of love,

D. C.

D. C.

Suffer them to Come.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. The Savior bids the children come Without delay to him, And, as in other days, he spreads His
2. For - ev - er blessed be his name, No earthly love like his! O may it draw our hearts to him, And
3. There may we come at last, to sing, In nobler strains his praise, And join with children robed in white, Be-

Chorus.

arms to take them in.
to the world of bliss.
fore our Father's face.

Suffer the children to come un - to him, Suffer the children to come un - to him; for of such is the kingdom, of such is the kingdom—the kingdom of heaven.

O Christian, Awake.

Arranged from "Singing Pilgrim."

"Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having the breastplate of righteousness."

1. O Christian, a - wake! for the strife is at hand, With helmet and shield and a sword in thy hand;
2. Whatev - er thy danger, take heed and beware, And turn not thy back, for no armor is there;
3. The cause of thy Master with vigor defend; O watch, fight, and pray—persevere to the end;
4. Press on, never doubting; thy Captain is near, With grace to supply, and with comfort to cheer;

1. To meet the bold tempter, go, fearless - ly go, And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
2. The legions of darkness, if thou would'st o'erthrow, Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
3. Wherev - er he leads thee, go, val - iant - ly go, And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
4. His love, like a stream, in the des - ert will flow; Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

Refrain.

Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave,

"Title Clear."

From "Additional Fresh Leaves." Rearranged with Chorus by T. C. O'KANE.

1. When I can read my ‖: title clear :‖ To mansions ‖: in the skies :‖ I 'll bid farewell to every fear,
2. Should earth against my ‖: soul engage, :‖ And fiery ‖: darts be hur'd, :‖ Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
3. Let cares like a wild ‖: deluge come, :‖ Let storms of ‖: sorrow fall— :‖ So I but safely reach my home,
4. There I shall bathe my ‖: weary soul :‖ In seas of ‖: heavenly rest :‖ And not a wave of trouble roll

Chorus.

And wipe my weeping eyes.
And face a frowning world.
My God, my heaven, my all.
Across my peaceful breast.

{ We will stand .....the storm,.....We will an - chor by and
{ We will stand, stand It will not be very long; We will anchor by and by, We will
[the storm,

{ by, by and by, We will stand.....the storm,.....We will anchor ‖: by and by. :‖
{ anchor by and by, We will stand, stand the storm; It will not be very long, We will anchor ‖: by and by. :‖

108 **Spirited.**

Onward.

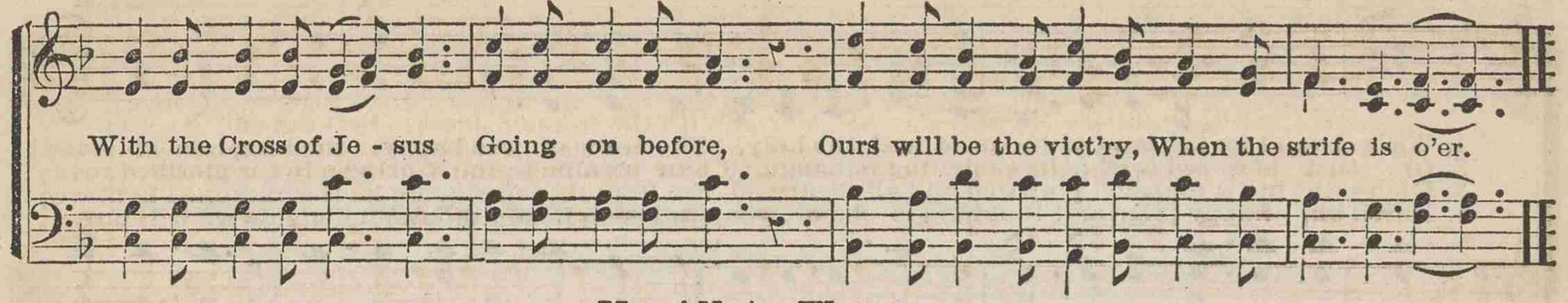
T. C. O'KANE.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Go - ing on be - fore,
2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading Where the saints have trod;
3. On-ward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;

1. Christ, the Royal Master, Leads against the foe, Forward in - to battle, See, his banners go.
2. We are not di - vided, All one bod - y we, One in hope and doctrine, One in char - i - ty.
3. Glory, praise, and honor Un - to Christ the King: This through countless ages Men and angels sing.

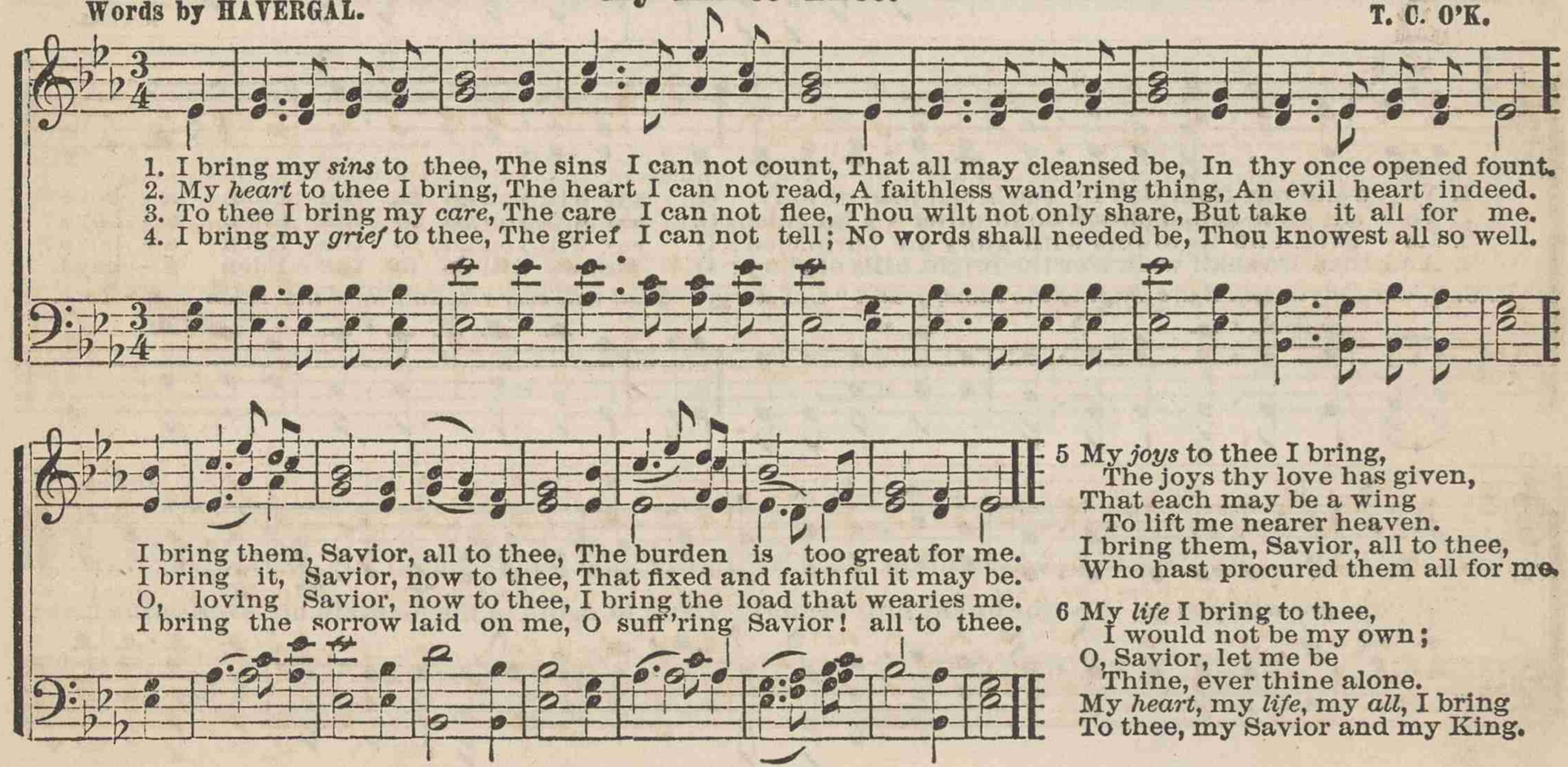
Chorus.

Christ - ian sold - iers! Onward let us go, Christ - ian sold - iers! Fearing not the foe!
Onward, Christian soldiers! Onward let us go, Onward, Christian soldiers! Fearingnot the foe!



My All to Thee.

Words by HAVERGAL. T. C. O'K.



5 My *joys* to thee I bring,
The joys thy love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven.
I bring them, Savior, all to thee,
Who hast procured them all for me.

6 My *life* I bring to thee,
I would not be my own;
O, Savior, let me be
Thine, ever thine alone.
My *heart*, my *life*, my *all*, I bring
To thee, my Savior and my King.

110 **Arranged for this Work.**

The Eden Above.

Theme of Melody from FOSTER.

1. We 're bound for the land of the pure and the holy, The home of the happy, the kingdom of love;
2. In that bles - sed land neither sighing nor anguish Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove;
3. Each saint has a mansion prepared and all furnished, Ere from this clay house he is summoned to move;
4. March on, happy pilgrims! that land is before you, And soon its ten thousand delights we will prove;

1. Ye wand'rers from God in the broad road of folly, O say will you go to the Eden a - bove?
2. Ye sin - bur-dened ones who in miser - y languish, O say will you go to the Eden a - bove?
3. Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished; O say will you go to the Eden a - bove?
4. And then we shall walk o'er the bright hills of glory; O yes, we will go to the Eden a - bove.

D. C. *Where the ransom'd are singing the same, grand "Old story,"* *That will ever resound thro' the Eden a - bove.*

D. C.

Will you go, will you go, To the bright hills of glory, There to drink of the fountain of everlasting love;

Room for Jesus.

H. D. MUNSON.

See Note, below.

Tenor.

Mezzo Soprano.

1. Have you an-y *room* for Je-sus? When we gather shall we say That the foll'wers of the Master
2. Oh, my brethren, are we wiser, Are we bet-ter now than they? Have we an-y room for Jesus
3. Have you an-y *time* for Je-sus? Oh, my brethren, you and I, When a few days more are ended,

Soprano.

Have no time for prayer to-day? He was cra-dled in a manger; His own angels sang the hymn
In the life we live to-day? Room for pleasure, doors wide open, And for business, but for him
Must have *room* and *time* to die. Have you an-y love for Je-sus? When we gather shall we say

Tenor Solo.

Chorus.

Of re-joicing at his coming, Yet there is no room for him. Room for Jesus, King of glory!
On-ly here and there a manger Like to that at Beth-le-hem. Room for Jesus, etc.
That the foll'wers of the Master Are not fol-lowers to day? Room for Jesus, etc.

Lentando.....

Time for whom, all times obey, Love for him who came to save us,—Let us ask these things to-day.

Note. The letters over the several measures indicate the Bass tones.

"Hold the Light up Higher."

Words by Rev. WM. HUNTER, D. D. T. C. O'K. in "Dew Drops."

1. Man - y souls on life's dark ocean, Void of helm or oar, Battling with the waves' commotion,
2. Like the light-house watcher, keeping Ev - ery beacon bright, Waking while the world is sleeping,
3. Hold the light for one an - other, 'Tis the Lord's command; Seize the shipwrecked, drowning brother,
4. Hold the light up higher, higher, Thousands need your aid: Throw its flashes nigher, nigher,

1. Seek a qui - et shore. Christian brother, thine the la - bor, By the light of love,
2. Wrapt in thickest night. There is man - y an ocean ranger Out up - on the shoals;
3. With a man - ly hand; Rouse him up to life and action, Ply the means to save,
4. Urge, constrain, persuade: Borrow torches from the al - tar, Blazing like the sun,

Chorus. Spirited.

1. To as - sist thy err - ing neigh-bor To the port a - bove.
2. Friends and comrades are in danger, Save their precious souls.
3. And by love's di - vine at - traction, Lift him from the wave.
4. Hold them up, nor flag nor falter, Till the work is done.

} Hold the light up higher,

higher! Hold the light up *higher*, HIGHER! Throw its flashes nigher, *nigher!* You a soul may save.

Still Marching On.

From "Dew Drops." Words and Music by T. C. O'K.

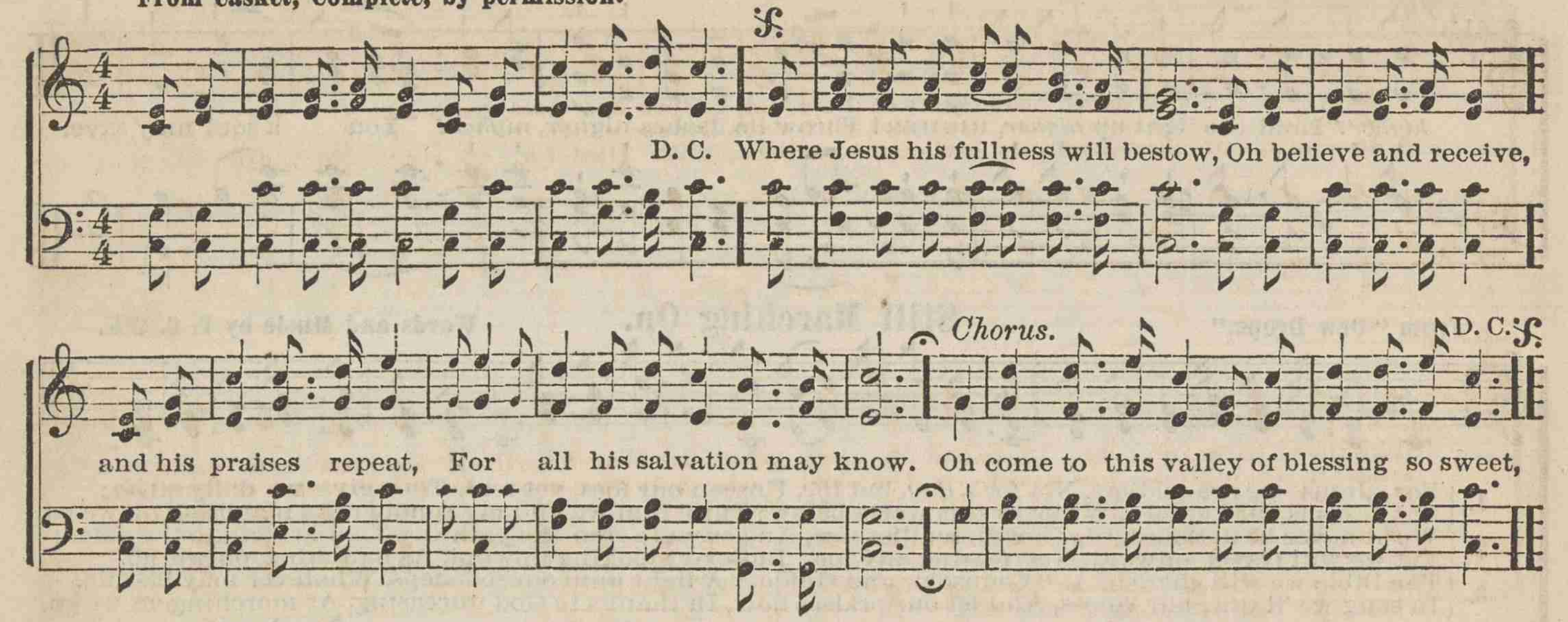
1. { For Jesus we are soldiers, Not for a *day*, but *life*, Unseen our foes, yet real, They give us daily strife;
   { But Jesus is our Captain, While in this world below; Thro' him we all may conquer, As marching on we go.
2. { We 'll never be discouraged, Tho' difficulties rise, And seem to stop the pathway That leadeth to the skies;
   { Yet we will travel onward, Not fearing any foe, But ev-er looking upward, As marching on we go.
3. { The Bible we will cherish, As "Counselor and Guide," A light unto our footsteps, Whatever may be-tide.
   { In song we 'll tune our voices, And let our praises flow, In thanks to God unceasing, As marching on we go.

Chorus. *Repeat softly.*

We 'll still keep marching on, We 'll still keep marching on, We 'll still keep marching on, to the end.....
We 'll still keep marching on, marching on, We 'll still keep march-ing on, to the end.

Comfort.

From Casket, Complete, by permission.



The Valley of Blessing.

1 I have entered the valley of blessing so sweet,
And Jesus abides with me there;
For his spirit and blood make my cleansing complete,
And love casteth out every fear.
CHORUS. *Oh, come to this valley, etc.*

2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
There is rest for the weary-worn traveler's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart. [CHOR.

3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such, none but the blood-washed may feel,
When the Savior comes down, ransom'd spirits to greet,
And on each sets his covenant seal. [CHOR.

4 There's a song in the valley of blessing, so sweet,
That angels would fain join the strain,
As with rapturous praises we bow at his feet,
Crying "Worthy the Lamb that was slain!" [CHOR.

Joy of the Christian.

1 O how happy are they who their Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasure above;
Tongue can never express the sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its *fullness of* love.
CHORUS. *Oh, come to this valley, etc.*

2 That sweet comfort is mine, as the favor divine,
I receive through the blood of the Lamb;
While I fully believe, what a joy I receive,—
What a heaven in Jesus's name! [CHOR.

3 T is a heaven below, my Redeemer to know,
And the angels can do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet, and the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore. [CHOR.

4 Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song;
Oh that all his salvation might see!
Lo! the all-cleansing tide of his blood is applied
To my heart, and it now cleanses me. [CHOR.

Our cherished ones. Quartette.

Slowly.

1. Gath - er the cher-ished ones Home to their rest, Strew the pale ros - es O - ver the breast;
2. Weep for the cherished ones, Hal - low with tears Graves which the love of Lost ones en-dears;
3. Je - sus, our cherished ones Wel-comes on high, With Him for - ev - er, No more to die;

Rit.

Like them in beau - ty, Flow-ers de - cay, When the heart's earth - ly joy Pass - eth a - way.
Trust to their pil - low Gent - ly the dead, An - gels from heav - en will Watch o'er their bed.
May we, Dear Fa - ther, When life is o'er, Meet them in glo - ry, to Part nev - er-more.

Jesus, I Love Thee.

Words and Music by **D. E. BRYER.**

* *Chorus ending.*

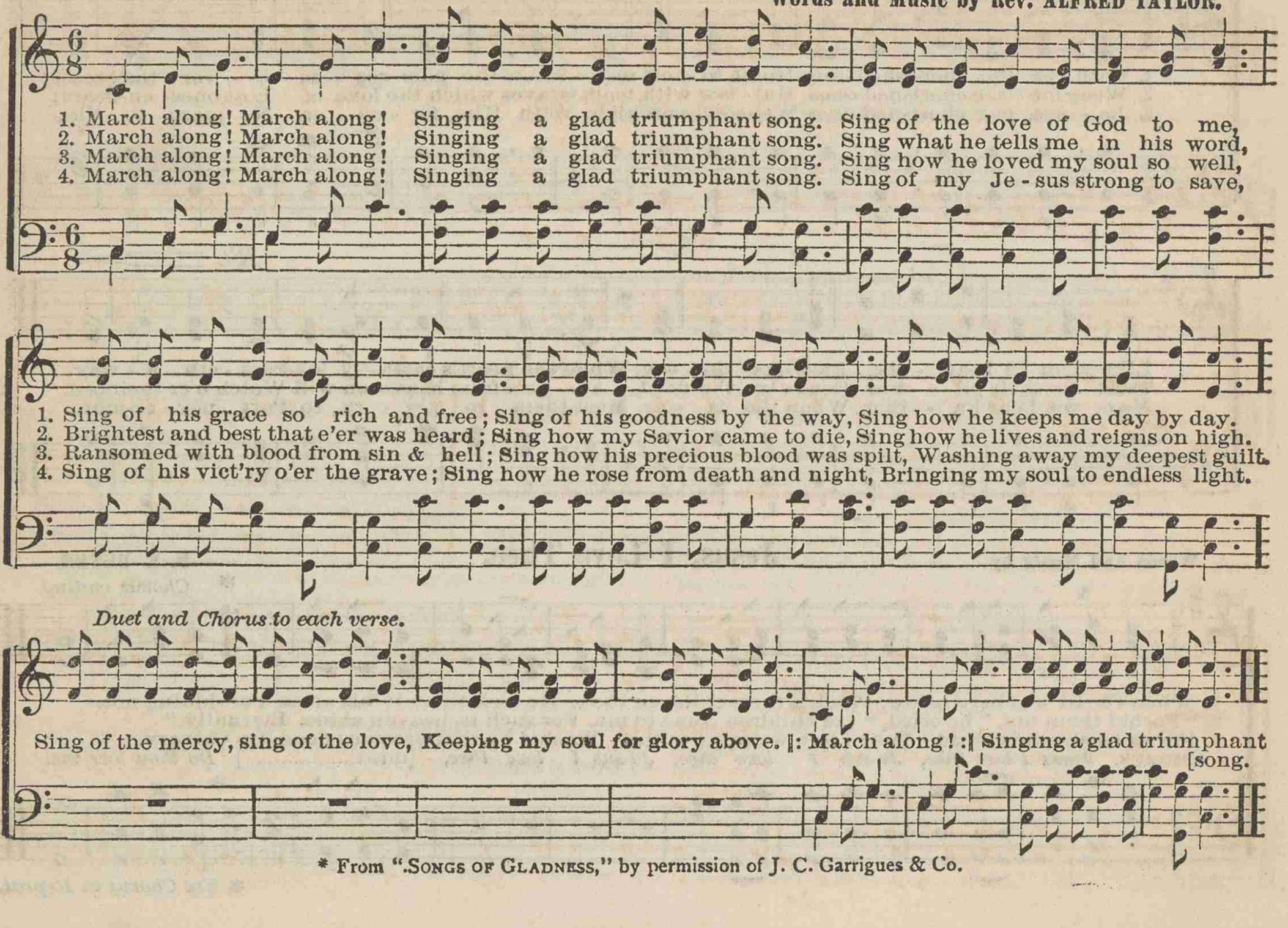
1. When Christ was here below, Parents their children bro't, He took them in his arms, Forbidding not.
2. "Forbid them not," he cried, "Let children come to me, For such in heaven abide, Eternally."
3. For us he shed his blood. Dear Lord, we come to thee, Wash'd by that precious flood, On Calvary.

CHORUS. *Jesus I love thee, Je-sus I love thee, Je-sus I love thee,* [omit.....] *Do thou love me.*

* *Use Chorus in Repeat.*

Our Song of Triumph. *

Words and Music by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.



* From ".Songs of Gladness," by permission of J. C. Garrigues & Co.

Tell us of the Night.

Soprano and Alto. *Tenor and Bass.* *

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are, Trav'ler o'er yon mountain's
2. Watchman, tell us of the night, Higher yet that star as-cends, Trav'ler, bles - sed - ness and
3. Watchman, tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn; Trav'ler, darkness takes its

Soprano and Alto.

1. height, See that glo - ry beaming star! Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy foretell?
2. light, Peace and truth its course portends. Watchman, will its beams alone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
3. flight, Doubt and terror are withdrawn. Watchman, let thy wand'rings cease, Hie thee to thy quiet home!

Tenor and Bass. *

1. Trav'ler, yes; it brings the day—Promised day of Is - ra - el.
2. Trav'ler, a - ges are its own, See! it bursts o'er all the earth!
3. Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come!

Chorus. f

Promised day of Is - ra - el,
See! it bursts o'er all the earth!
Lo! the Son of God is come!

* These parts may be sung by a Duo, or Second Semi-chorus of Sopranos and Altos, in which case the Alto may sing the *small note* at the end of each strain.

Promised day of Is - ra - el. Trav'ler, yes it brings the day—Promised day of Is - ra - el.
See! it bursts o'er all the earth! Trav'ler, a - ges are its own, See! it bursts o'er all the earth!
Lo! the Son of God is come! Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come!

"We'll Meet Again."

Music * by T. C. O'KANE.

Moderato.

1. "We'll meet a - gain"— how sweet the word! How soothing is its sound! Like strains of far - off music
2. "We'll meet a - gain," the true heart speaks, When dearest ones de - part; And in the pleasing prospect
3. "We'll meet a - gain"— then we'll not weep, What - ev - er may divide; Nor time, nor death can always
4. In Heaven's serene and endless rest, Secure from care and pain: There, in the mansions of the

Chorus.

1. heard On some en - chant-ed ground.
2. seeks Balm for the bleeding heart.
3. keep The loved ones from our side.
4. blest We'll sure - ly meet a - gain.

We'll meet..... a - gain.....We'll
We'll meet a - gain, We'll meet a - gain, We'll

Repeat softly.

meet on "the ever-green shore," We'll meet a - gain, Yes, meet to part no more.
meet on "the ever-green shore," We'll meet, We'll meet again, Yes, meet to part no more.

* Written for L. H. Hammond, A. M. — a College "Chum" in days of "lang syne."—*T. C. O'K.*

1. They are going— on - ly going— Jesus calls them, they must go; All the Winter-time they're passing,
2. They are going— on - ly going—When the Summer earth is dressed, In their cold hands holding roses,
3. All along the mighty a - ges, All a - down the stream of time, They have taken up their homeward
4. They are going— on - ly going—Out of pain and in - to bliss, Out of sad and sin - ful weakness

1. Softly as the falling snow. When the violets in the Spring-time, Catch the azure of the sky, They are
2. Folded to each silent breast; When the Autumn hangs red banners Out above the harvest sheaves, They are
3. March to that serener clime. Where the watching, waiting angels, Lead them from the shadow dim To the
4. In - to per-fect ho-li-ness. Snowy brows—no care shall shade them; Bright eyes—tears shall never dim; Rosy

1. carried out to slumber Sweetly where the violets lie.
2. go-ing—ev - er go-ing—Thick and fast, like falling leaves.
3. brightness of his presence, Who has called them unto him.
4. lips—no time shall fade them, Jesus calls them unto him.

5. Little hearts forever stainless,
   Little hands as pure as they,
   Little feet by angels guided
   Never a forbidden way.
   They are going—ever going—
   Leaving many a lonely spot:
   But 't is Jesus, who has called them,
   "Suffer, and forbid them not."

Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah.

From "Additional Fresh Leaves."

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Guide me, O thou great Jeho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land; I am weak, but thou art

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land; I am weak, but

might - y, Hold me with thy power - ful hand. Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en,

thou art mighty, Hold me with thy powerful hand. Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,

p *cres.*

Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more; Want no more, Feed me till I want no more.

Feed me till I want no more,

2 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow,
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer, Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises, Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

Words by Rev. WM. HUNTER, D. D.

"The House of the Lord."

T. C. O'KANE.

1st.

1. { You may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale, Of the silvery streamlet and flowers of the vale
   { But the place most delightful this earth can afford, Is the place of de-vo-tion, "the.....[omit].....

2d. *Chorus.*

House of the Lord." Oh the House of the Lord, yes, the House of the Lord, Blessed House of our Father above,

Where the Savior comes to meet, all who worship at his feet, With the ban-ner of his love.

2. You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn—
Of the sky's softening graces when day is just gone;
But there's no other season or time can compare
With the hour of devotion—the season of prayer.

3. You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades, the noble and sage:
But the friends that most cheer me, on life's rugged road,
Are the friends of my Master—the children of God.

4. You may talk of your prospects, of fame or of wealth,
And the hopes that so flatter the favorites of health:
But the hope of bright glory—of heavenly bliss!
Take away every other, and give me but this.

5. Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my Lord!
I will turn to thee often, to hear from his word;
I will walk to thy altar with those that I love,
And delight in the prospects revealed from above.

Matt. xxi, 16.

"Soul-Reviving Strains."

Arranged by T. C. O'K.

Spirited.

1. What are those soul-reviving strains, Which echo thus from Salem's plains? What anthems loud and louder still,
2. Lo! 'tis a youthful chorus sings, Hosanna to the King of kings: Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
3. Proclaim hosannas loud and clear, See David's Son and Lord appear! All praise on earth to him be given,

*Chorus.**

1. So sweetly sound from Zion's hill?
2. For we will join this song of praise.
3. And glory shout thro' highest heaven!

Sing, Hosanna! Blessed is he, He that cometh in the name of the

f *p* (*Echo.*) *f*

Lord..... He that cometh in the name of the Lord..... Ho - san-na, Ho-san-na, Un-
He that cometh, in the name of the Lord, Ho - san-na, Ho-san-na, Un-

f *p* *f*

* The strains in the Chorus, marked "*Echo,*" if sung by the whole school, should be sung *very softly*. They may be rendered also with fine effect, by a Quartet or Semi-chorus in a gallery or adjoining room; in which case let the Quartet or Semi-chorus, *before any verses are sung*, first sing the "Chorus" through once, omitting the "*Echoes,*" and singing *very softly*.

p (*Echo.*) *ff* *p* (*Echo.*) *Only after last verse.*

to the Son of David! Ho - san-na in the highest! Ho - san-na! Ho-s an - na! A - - - men.

p

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

Rest in Jesus.

Chorus.

1*st.* 2*d.*

1. { I now have found abiding rest, For which I long was sighing, * And when I 'm safe in
   { Now on my loving Savior's breast My [.....omit..... weary head is lying. Oh hap - py they who

heav'n above, A - mong the saints in glo - ry, I'll sing "of Jesus and his love"—That precious "old, old story."
find this place, And leave it never, never; Who rest within the Savior's arms For - ever and for - ever.

* *For last verse only.*

2. And now, oh Lord, I 'm wholly thine,
   And thou art mine, dear Savior,
   All fear and doubt I here resign,
   Confiding in thy favor.—Oh happy etc.

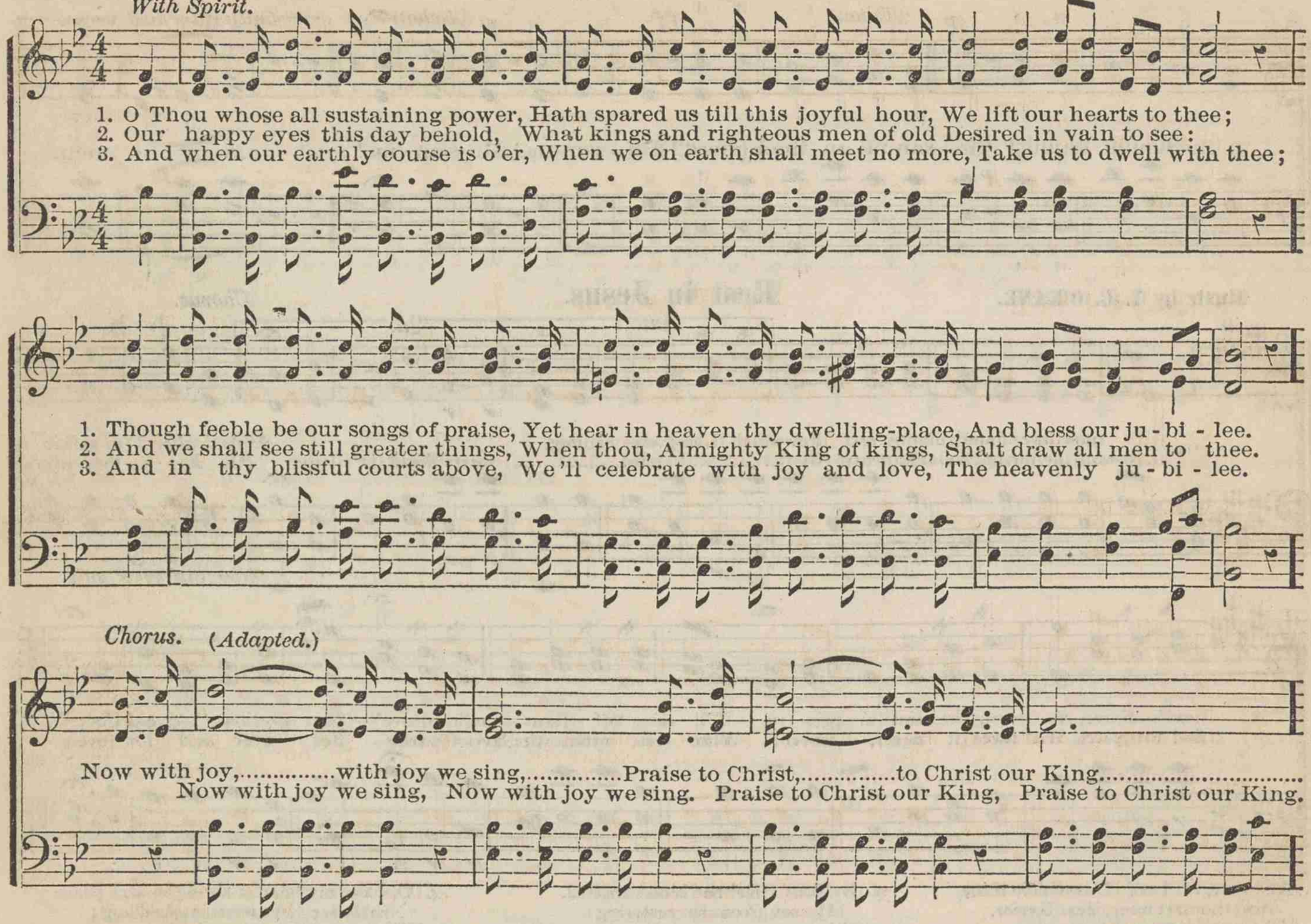
3. By faith I feel the blood applied.
   My soul from sin restoring:
   O keep me ever near thy side,
   Thy gracious love adoring.—Oh happy etc.

4. O make my heart a shrine, where peace
   Shall keep her constant dwelling;
   Where grateful praise shall never cease
   Abroad thy glories telling—And when etc.

Sunday-school Jubilee.

T. C. O'KANE.

With Spirit.



1. O Thou whose all sustaining power, Hath spared us till this joyful hour, We lift our hearts to thee;
2. Our happy eyes this day behold, What kings and righteous men of old Desired in vain to see:
3. And when our earthly course is o'er, When we on earth shall meet no more, Take us to dwell with thee;

1. Though feeble be our songs of praise, Yet hear in heaven thy dwelling-place, And bless our ju - bi - lee.
2. And we shall see still greater things, When thou, Almighty King of kings, Shalt draw all men to thee.
3. And in thy blissful courts above, We 'll celebrate with joy and love, The heavenly ju - bi - lee.

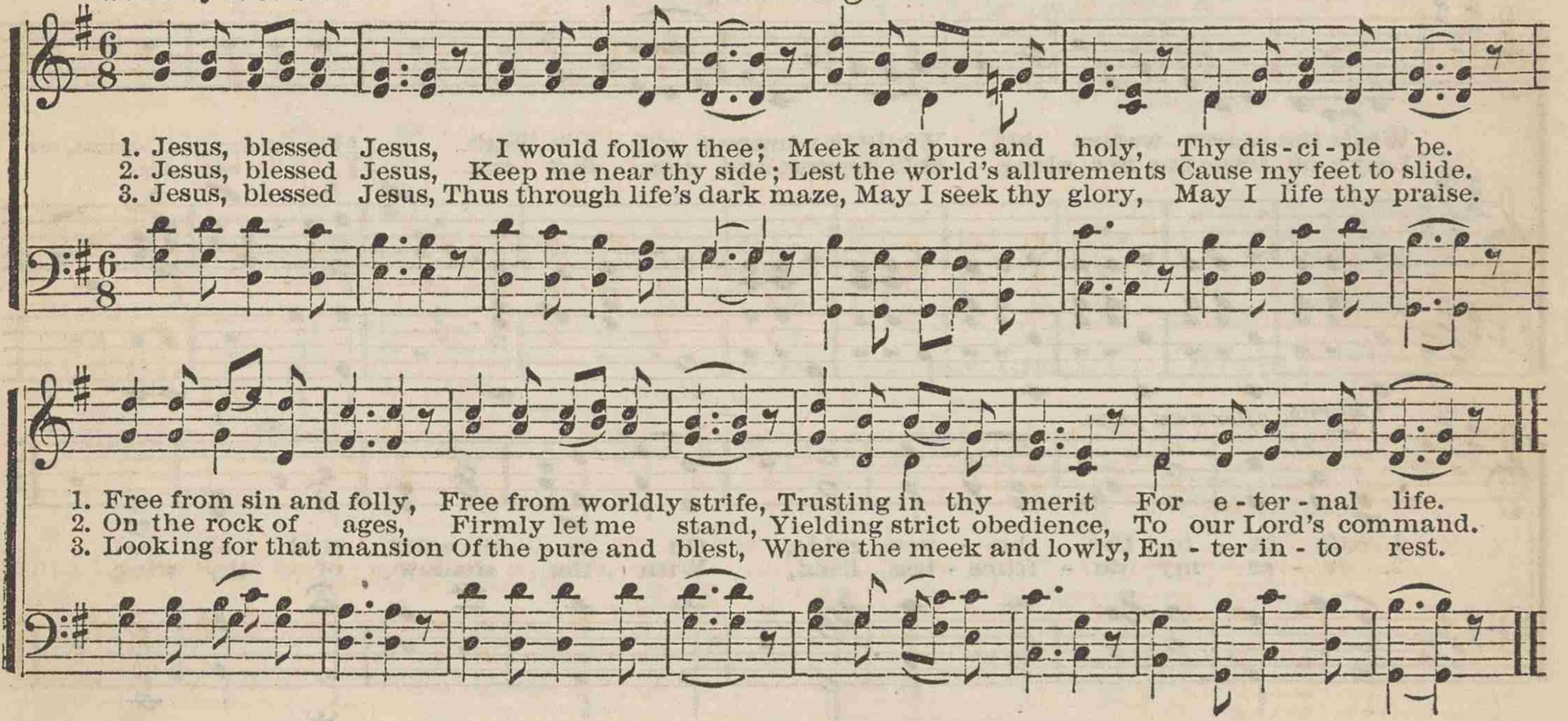
Chorus. (*Adapted.*)

Now with joy,.....with joy we sing,.....Praise to Christ,.....to Christ our King.....
Now with joy we sing, Now with joy we sing. Praise to Christ our King, Praise to Christ our King.

Sunday-school Jubilee. Concluded.

Trusting.

Words by S. J. VAIL.



Solo, Alto; or Bass an octave below.

Lover of my Soul.

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

MODERATO.

1. Je - sus Lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee,

While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high.
Leave, oh leave me not alone, Still support and com - fort me.

{For conclusion of stanzas, see next page.}

Chorus, after next page.

1. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh re - - ceive my soul at last.
2. Cov - er my de - fence - less head, With the shadow of thy wing.

Duet, Alto and Bass; or, as a Bass solo, by using the small notes.

Hide me, O my Sav - vior, hide, Till the storm of life is past,
All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring,

Return to chorus on preceding page.

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fenceless head, With the shad - ow of thy wing.

Lentando.....

Lentando.....

Return to Chorus on preceding page.

Star of the East.

Words by Bishop HEBER. Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1st. 2d.

1. { Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
   { Star of the East, the horizon adorning, [.....omit.....] Guide where the
2. { Say shall we yield him in costly devotion, Odors of Eden and off'rings divine—
   { Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean, [.....omit.....] Myrrh from the

Lentando.

infant Redeemer is laid. Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining, Low lies his head with the beasts of the forest and gold from the mine? Vainly we offer each ample oblation, Vainly with gifts would his favor se-

Vigoroso.

stall, Angels adore him in slumbers re - clining,— Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all.
cure; Richer by far is the heart's ad - o - ra - tion; Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

1. Hark! what mean those holy voi - - ces Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th' angelic host re-
Hark! what mean, etc. Sweetly sounding, etc.
2. Peace on earth, good will from heav - en Reaching far as man is found, "Souls redeemed and sins for-
Peace on earth, etc. Reaching far, etc.

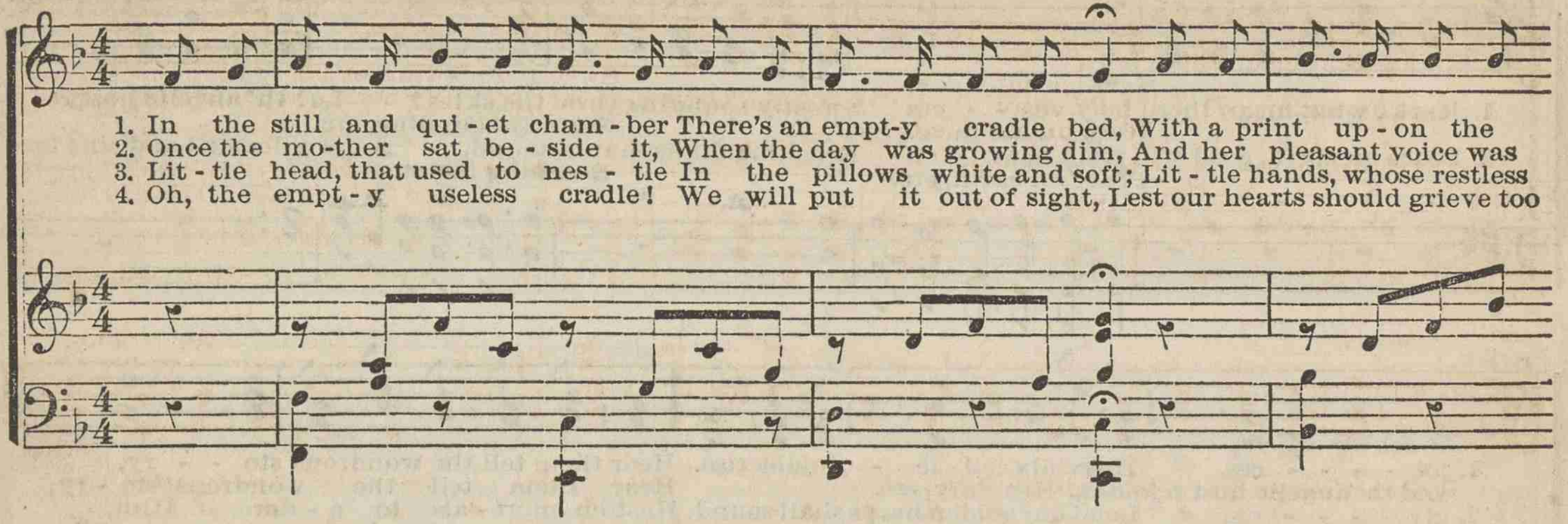
1. joi - - - - ces, Heav'nly hal - le - lujahs rise. Hear them tell the wondrous sto - - ry,
Lo! th' angelic host rejoic-es, Heav'nly, etc. Hear them tell the wondrous sto - ry,
2. giv - - - - en, Loud our golden harps shall sound, Hast-en mort - als to a - dore Him,
Souls redeemed and sins forgiv-en, Loud, etc. Hast - en mort - als to a - dore Him,

1. Hear them chant in hymns of joy, "Glo-ry in the highest, glo - ry, Glory be to God most high.
2. Learn his name and taste his joy Till in heav'n ye sing be-fore Him, "Glory be to God most high.

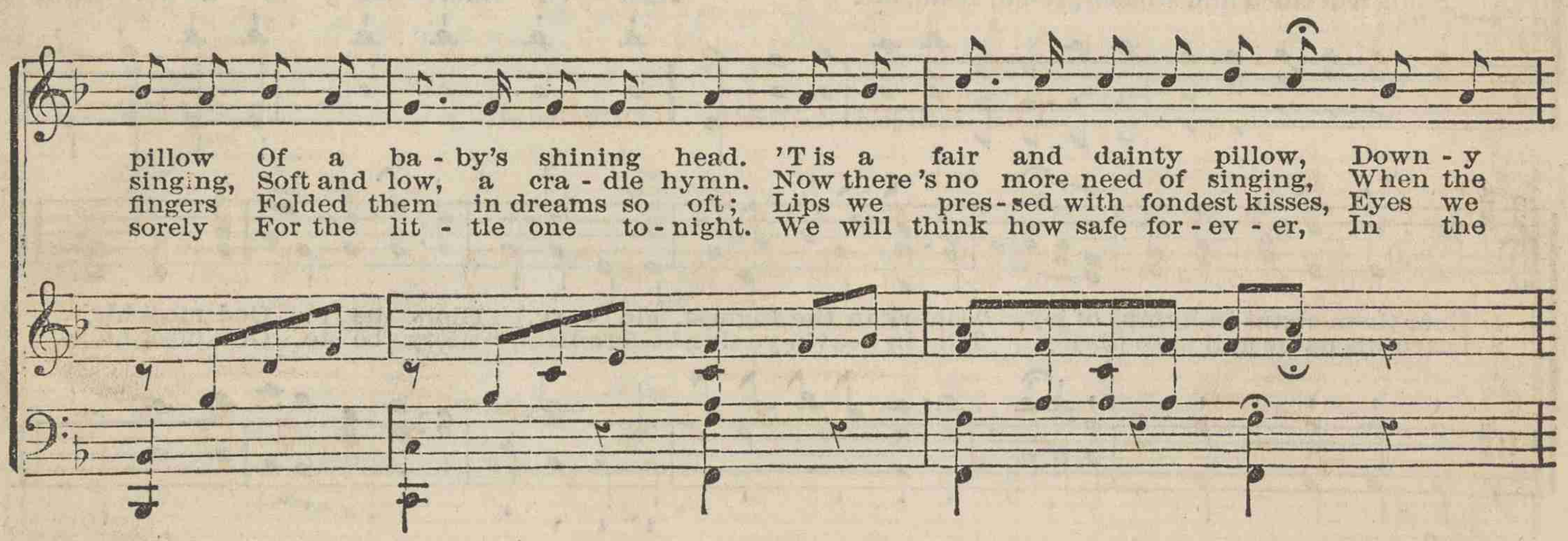
The Empty Cradle.

S. S. JACKSON, Detroit, Mich.

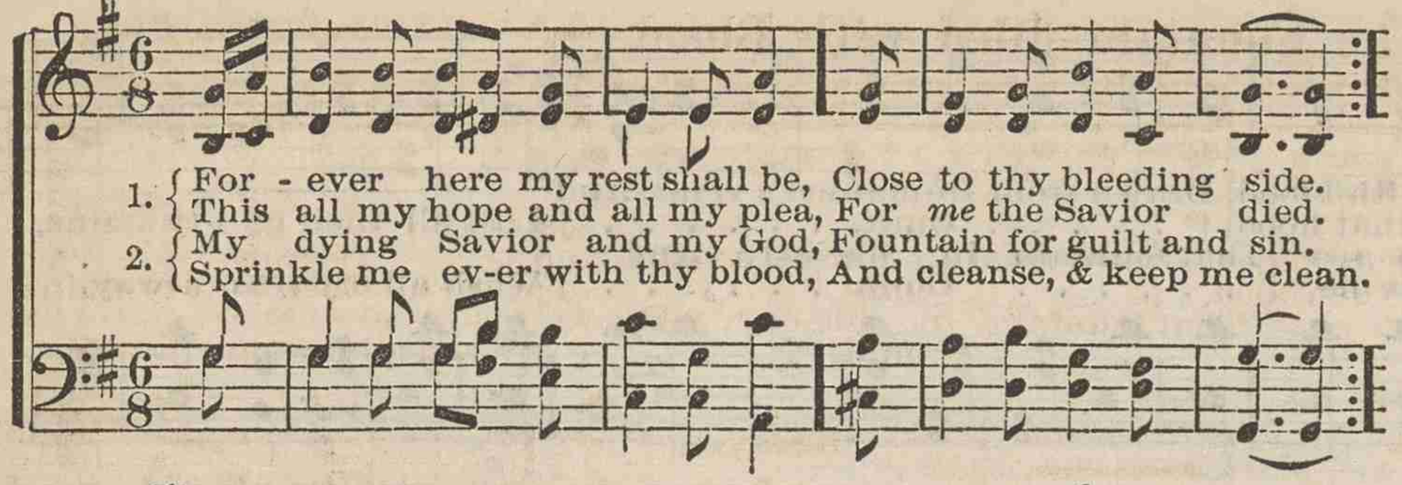
1. In the still and qui - et cham - ber There's an empt-y cradle bed, With a print up - on the
2. Once the mo-ther sat be - side it, When the day was growing dim, And her pleasant voice was
3. Lit - tle head, that used to nes - tle In the pillows white and soft; Lit - tle hands, whose restless
4. Oh, the empt - y useless cradle! We will put it out of sight, Lest our hearts should grieve too



pillow Of a ba - by's shining head. 'T is a fair and dainty pillow, Down - y
singing, Soft and low, a cra - dle hymn. Now there 's no more need of singing, When the
fingers Folded them in dreams so oft; Lips we pres - sed with fondest kisses, Eyes we
sorely For the lit - tle one to - night. We will think how safe for - ev - er, In the



Prayerfully.



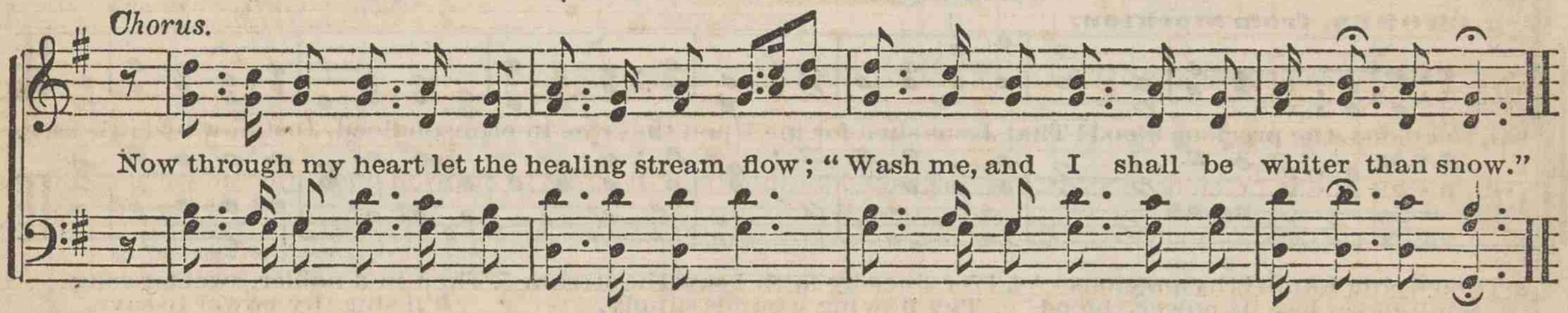
3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone—
My hands, my head, my heart.

CHORUS. Now through, etc.

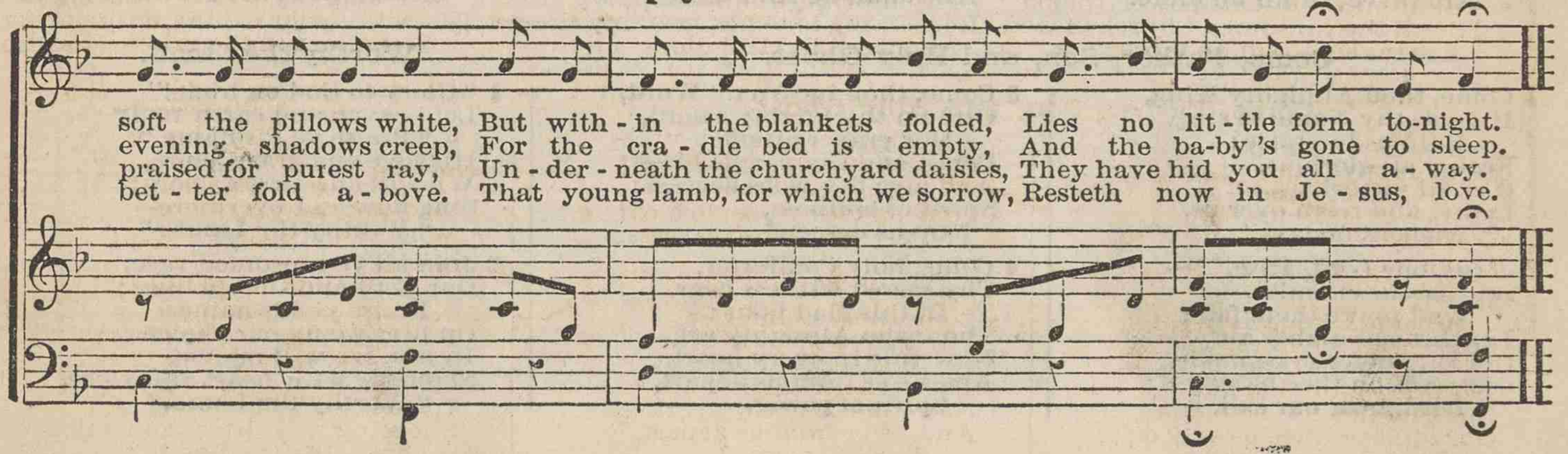
4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

CHORUS. Now through, etc.

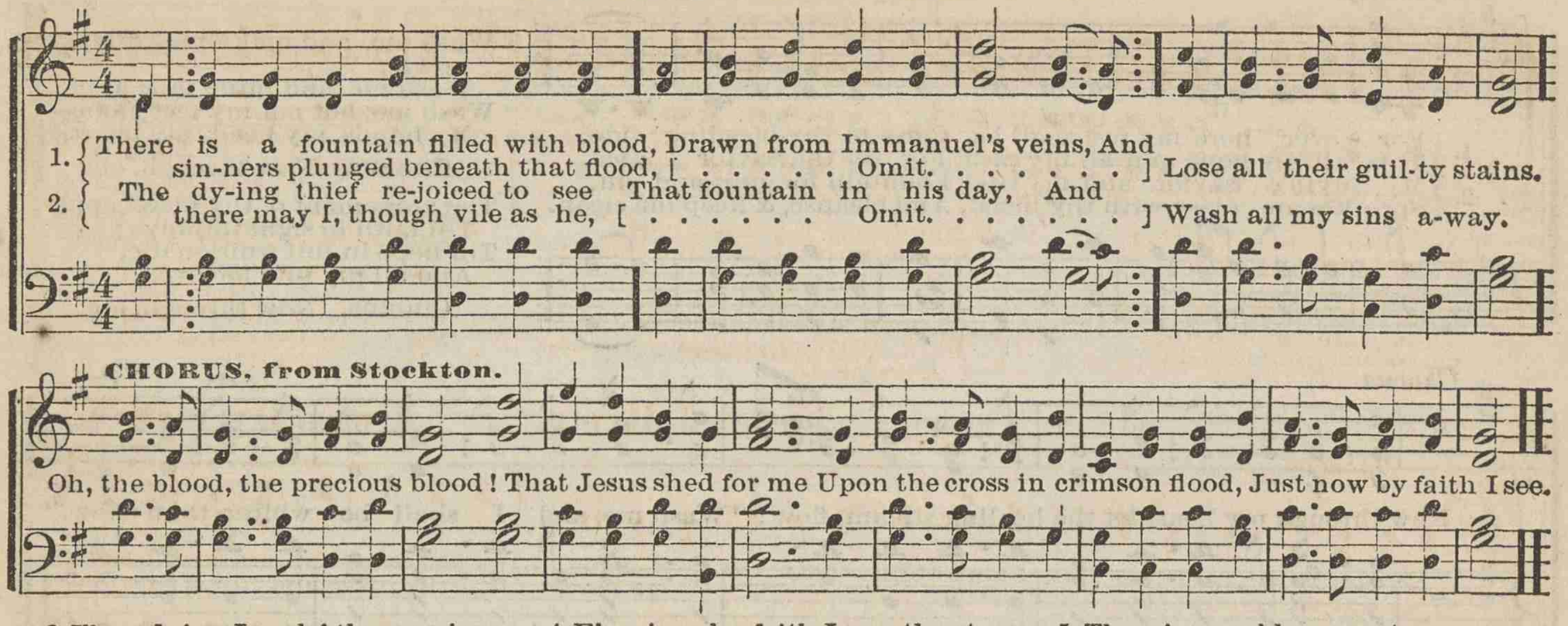
Chorus.



The Empty Cradle. Concluded.



The Fountain filled with Blood.



3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious
Shall never lose its power, [blood
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I 'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue

Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1 Come, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defense be made;
Our souls on thee be stay d;
Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

Worthy the Lamb.

1 "Glory to God on high!"
Let heaven and earth reply
"Praise ye his name."
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing now and evermore—
"Worthy the Lamb."

2 Join all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name:
On him we fix our choice
In him we will rejoice,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb."

Lamb of Calvary.

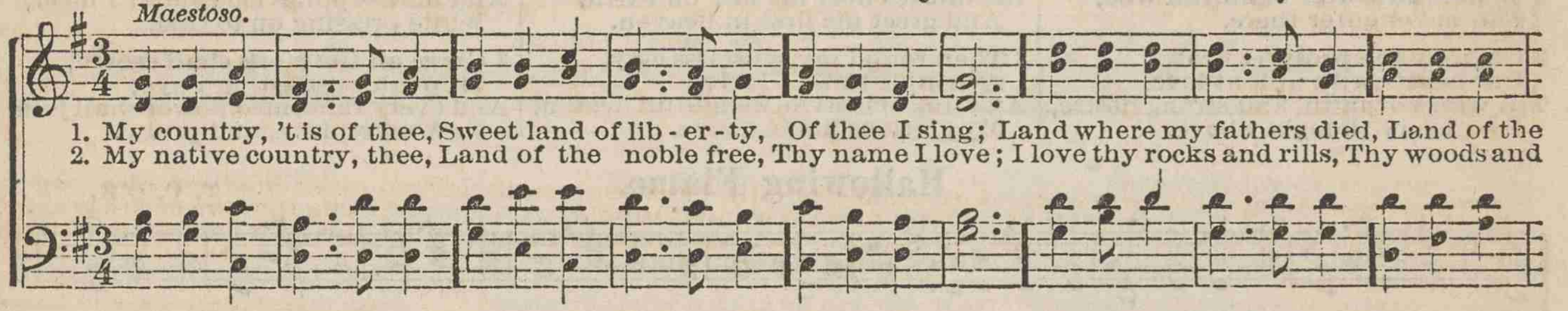
1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

America. National Hymn.

Words by S. F. SMITH.



3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

Heavenly Shore.

1. & 2. Ch. There 'll be no sorrow there, There 'll be no sorrow there; In heaven above, where all is love, There 'll be no sorrow there.
3d Chorus. I 'm glad salvation 's free, I 'm glad salvation 's free; Salvation 's free for you and me, I 'm glad sal-va-tion 's free.

1 Far from these scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 No cloud those regions know—
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

3 Oh, may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

1 Oh, sing to me of heaven,
When I am called to die,
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.

2 Then to my raptured soul
Let one sweet song be given,
Let music cheer me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

3 Then round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heav'n, delightful heav'n,
My glorious home above.

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

3 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
And every ransomed power shall join
In wonder, love, and praise.

Hallowing Flame.

T. C. O'K.

Chorus. Oh, for descending fire! Oh, for the hal-lowing flame! Come, Ho-ly Ghost, my heart's desire, I plead in Je-sus name.

1 Behold the throne of grace;
The promise calls us near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 Thine image, Lord, bestow—
Thy presence and thy love—
That we may serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

3 Teach us to live by faith—
Conform our wills to thine;
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

---

1 O Lord, thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2 Oh, let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer:
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Now lend thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry:
Oh, come, and bring salvation near;
Our souls on thee rely.

Our Refuge.

The Mercy-Seat.

2 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

3 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.
The mercy-seat! The mercy-seat!
The precious, heavenly mercy-seat!
Where Jesus comes our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

The Teachers' Plea.

1 Thou knowest, Lord, how long and late,
Some pilgrims knock at mercy's gate;
But when these little hands implore,
Sweet Savior, haste and ope the door!
I would be nothing! Be thou all!
Here at thy feet, O Christ! I fall;
Let thine own blood atonement make,
And save my class for thine own sake!

2 Sometimes I think, with tears and shame,
How little love I bear thy name:
Yet I could smile at pain and loss,
If these would clasp thy blessed cross,
And stand one day in robes of white,
Serene, on yon fair hills of light;
If there, one bright, unbroken band,
I meet my class at God's right hand!

Mrs. M. E. Sangster, in S. S. Times.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

1 Sweet hour of prayer!
Sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer!
Sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

Hebron. L. M.

1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on—
Thus far his power prolongs my days; [known
And every evening shall make
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home:
But he forgives my follies past, [come.
And gives me strength for days to

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

1 Assembled in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
We meet to read, and sing, and pray;
Be with us then through this thy day.

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends
For parents, teachers, foes, & friends,
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar; [more,
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

1 Jesus, from whom all blessings flow,
Great Builder of thy Church below;
If now thy Spirit move my breast,
Hear, and fulfill thine own request.

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Savior own—
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses;
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.

Retreat. L. M.

1 I know that my Redeemer lives—
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head!

2 He lives, to bless me with his love:
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3 He lives—all glory to his name;
He lives, my Savior, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,—
I know that my Redeemer lives.

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

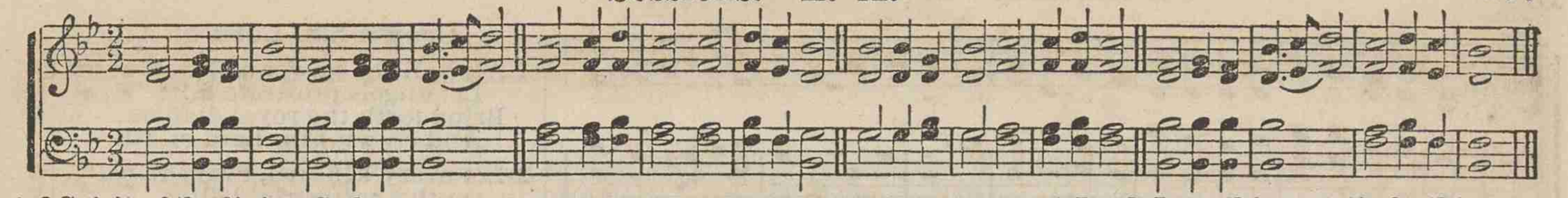
3 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Savior's power.

3 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

Sessions. L. M.



1 O Spirit of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify
Till every kindred call him Lord.

1 We have no outward righteousness,
No merits or good works, to plead;
We only can be saved by grace;
Thy grace, O Lord, is free indeed.

2 Save us by grace, thro' faith alone,—
A faith thou must thyself impart;
A faith that would by works be shown,
A faith that purifies the heart:

3 This is the faith we humbly seek,
The faith in thy all-cleansing blood;
That faith which doth for sinners speak,
O let it speak us up to God! [up

1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

2 Thine would I live—thine would I die;
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,—
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

Duke Street. L. M.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run:
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moon shall wax & wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his Name.

1 Of him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy—he 'll relieve!
Arise, ye guilty—he 'll forgive!

2 'T is thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

3 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

1 Except the Lord our labor bless,
In vain shall we desire success;
Except his guardian power restrain,
The watchman waketh but in vain.

2 'T is useless toil our stores to keep—
Early to rise and late to sleep—
Unless the Lord, who reigns on high,
His providential care supply.

3 Grant, Lord, that we may ever flee
For guidance and for help to thee;
Thy blessing ask what'er we do,
And in thy strength our work pursue.

Coronation. C. M.

1 Oh, for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy Name.

3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music in the sinner's ears,
'T is life, and health, and peace.

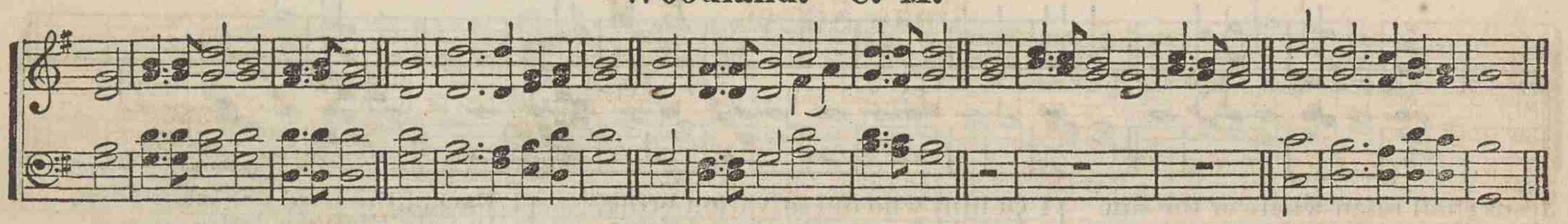
Crown him Lord of All.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We 'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Woodland. C. M.



1 There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'rers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,—
'T is found above in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

1 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come:
'T is grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

Balerma. C. M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

1 Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame:
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

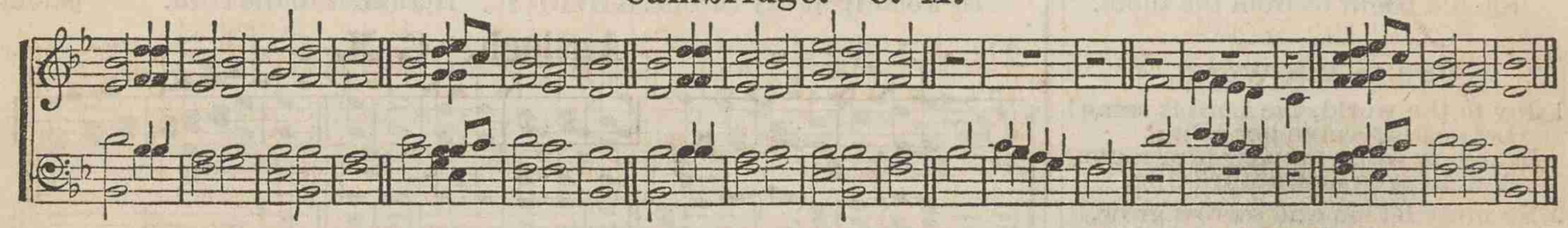
3 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high:
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye:

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints;
Presenting, at the Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

Cambridge. C. M.



1 I 'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I 've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

3 Then he will own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

1 When all thy mercies, oh, my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I 'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I 'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

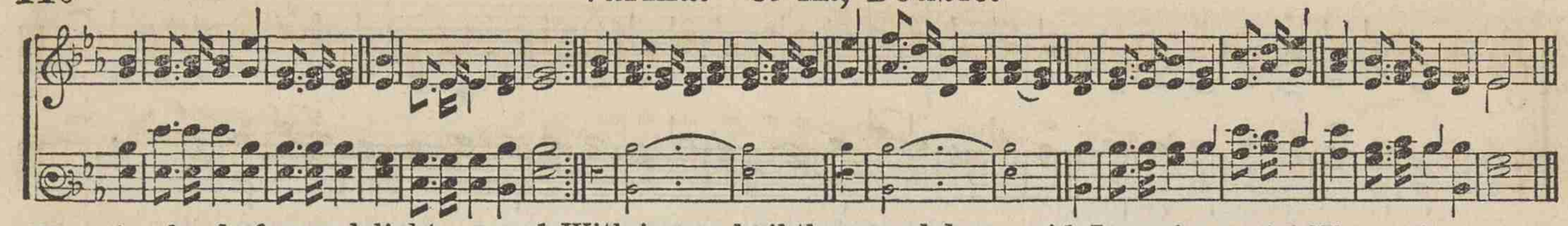
3 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I 'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

1 Salvation! oh, the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious world around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Varina. C. M., Double.



1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between,
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

Joy to the World.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

The Race for Glory.

1 Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is he whose hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

1 With joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.
Spirit of grace! oh, deign to dwell
Within thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

2 Let peace within her walls be found—
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with holy zeal around,
Her clear and shining light.
Great God, we hail the sacred day,
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at thy throne.

1 Jesus, immortal King, arise!
Assert thy rightful sway;
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.
Send forth thy word, and let it fly
The spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

2 Oh, may the great Redeemer's Name
Through every clime be known,
And heathen gods, forsaken, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Be thou, O Christ, adored,
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

Antioch. C. M.

3 Blest Savior, introduced by thee,
Our race have we begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
We 'll lay our trophies down.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water! thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light:
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.

1 How happy every child of grace,
That knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven;
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, oh, by faith I see;
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 Oh, what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near—
Our life in Christ concealed—
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessel's filled.

1 Lift up your hearts to things above,
Ye foll'wers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his Name.
Oh, let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to approve—
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

2 Let all who for the promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive;
And, raised to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live:
Live, till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to share:
He now is fitting up your home;
Go on, we'll meet you there.

Protection.

1 While thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.
Thy love the pow'r of tho't bestow'd;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;
That mercy I adore.

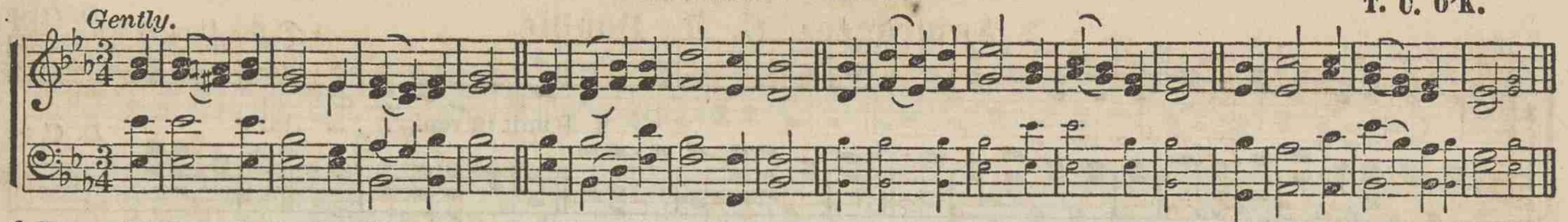
2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul most dear
Because conferr'd by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favor'd hour,
Thy love my tho'ts shall fill;
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see:
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

Munson. C. M.

T. C. O'K.

Gently.



1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod—
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 Oh, thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy Word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'T is, like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

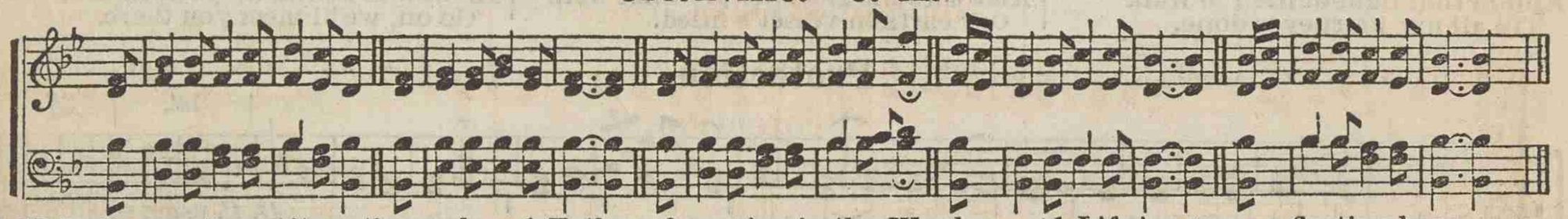
3 Thy Word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

1 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Savior bids thee live;
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely he 'll forgive.

Ortonville. C. M.



1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Savior's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

3 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be thine.

1 Father of mercies, in thy Word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

3 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
Our ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.

1 Life is a span, a fleeting hour—
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 That once-loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs:
We weep our earthly comforts fled,
And withered all our joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

Zion. 8s, 7s & 4.

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion—
What a favored lot is thine!

2 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

1 Round the Temp'rance standard rally,
All the friends of human kind,
Snatch the devotees of folly,
Wretched, perishing, and blind;
Loudly tell them
How they comfort now may find.

2 Plant the Temp'rance standard firmly,
Round it live and round it die,
Young and old, defend it sternly,
Till we gain the victory,
And all nations
Hail the happy jubilee.

1 On the mountain-top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion, long in hostile lands;
Mourning captive!
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

Sicilian Hymn. 8s, 7s & 4.

1 Now is past the time of teaching,
Ended is the hour we love;
Hushed, the voice of friends, beseeching
Us to seek for joys above:
Precious Sabbaths!
Swiftly, oh! they swiftly move.

2 Wake, then, every tender feeling,
Ere from school we go away,
Savior, come, thy grace revealing,
In our hearts assert thy sway,
Bless us, parting,
On this sacred Sabbath-day.

1 Oh, thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee,
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pard'ning favor,
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

1 Children, hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain,
'T is the Lord of life and glory;
Shall he plead with you in vain?
Oh, receive him,
And salvation now obtain.

2 All your sins to him confessing
Who is ready to forgive;
Seek the Savior's richest blessing,
On his precious name believe,
He is waiting:
Will you not his grace receive?

Luther.

1 Arise and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Arise, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Oh, for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.

3 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

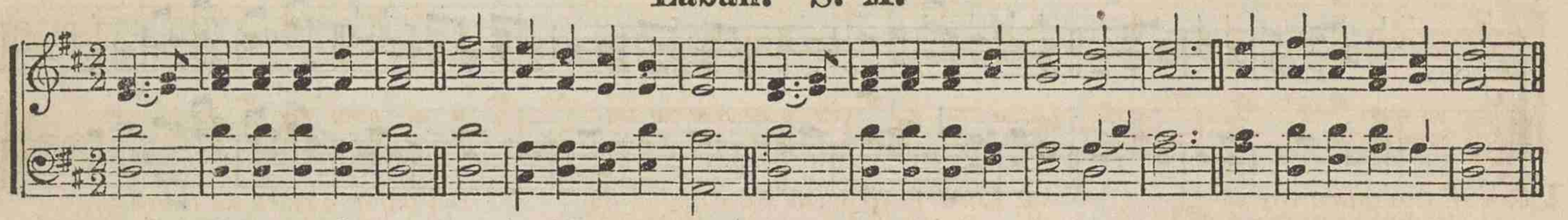
1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Laban. S. M.



1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

1 Oh let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And, foll'wing our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.

2 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his laborers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

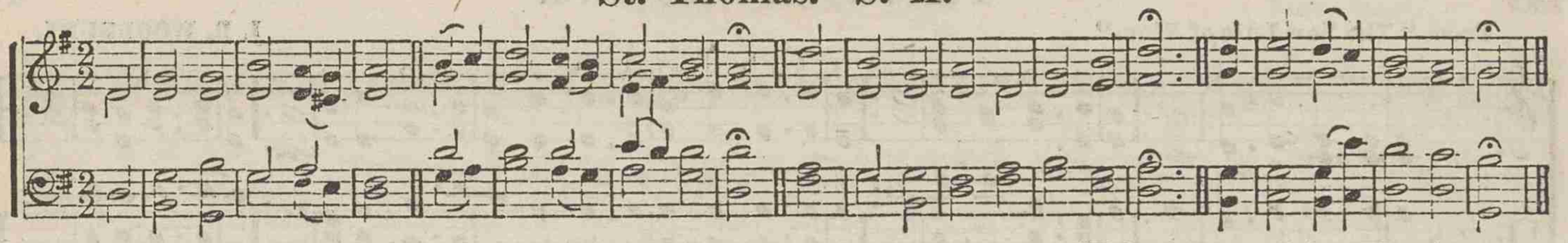
3 Oh, let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end.

1 The people of the Lord
Are on their way to heaven;
There they obtain their great reward,
The prize will there be given.

2 'T is conflict here below;
'T is triumph there, and peace;
On earth we wrestle with the foe,
In heaven our conflicts cease.

3 Then, let us joyful sing!
The conflict is not long;
We hope in heaven to praise our King
In one eternal song.

St. Thomas. S. M.



1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Savior's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

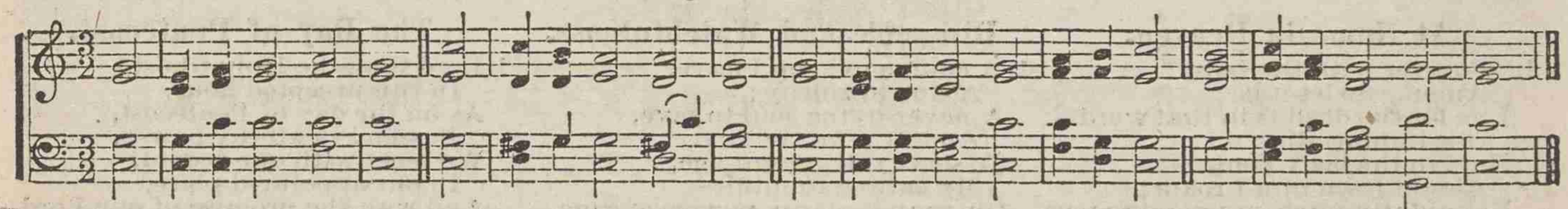
3 Ye pilgrims, on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ th' eternal King.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love and praise and pray.

3 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Boylston. S. M.



1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strewn.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

1 Lord, help us, as we sing,
To mean the words we use; [King,
And not to mock our heavenly
And all his love abuse.

2 Lord, help us, as we pray,
To come with hearts sincere;
And as we learn of wisdom's way,
To seek thy blessing here.

3 Lord, help us, while we live,
Thy servants to abide;
The aid of thy good Spirit give;
In mercy be our Guide.

1 Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.

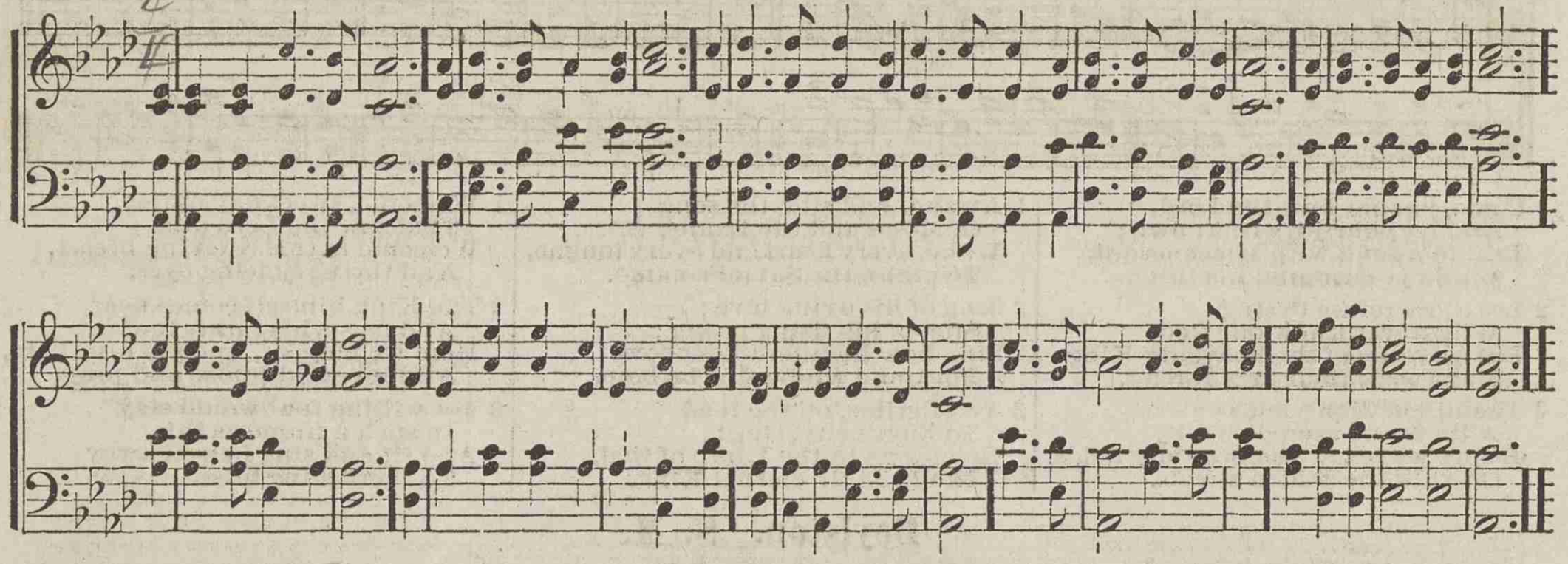
2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of bliss forever flow
And every heart is love.

"Forever with the Lord."

From "The New Lute of Zion."

I. B. WOODBURY.



At Home in Heaven.

1. "Forever with the Lord."
Amen. So let it be;
Life for the dead is in that word—
'T is immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home.
Nearer home, nearer home,
A day's march nearer home.

2. My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah, then, my spirit faints,
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
Home above, home above,
Jerusalem above.

Diligence and Watchfulness.

1. A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill—
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.
[Master's will, Master's will,
To do my Master's will.]

2. Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.
[Ever die, ever die,
I shall forever die.]

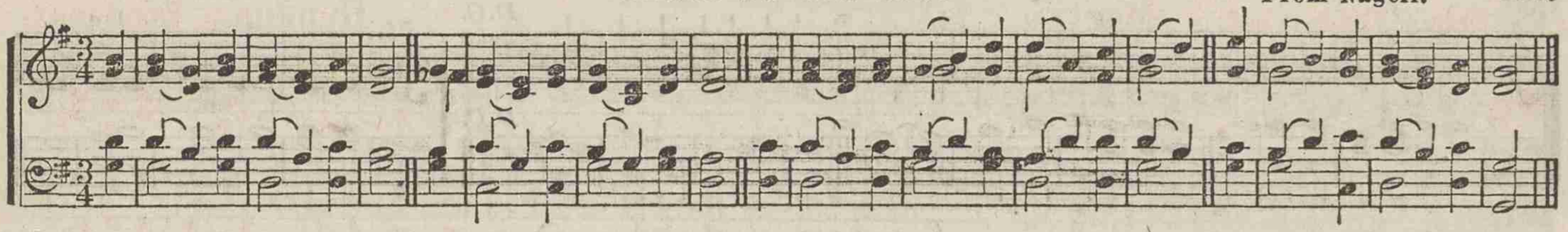
The Day of Pentecost.

1. Lord God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.
We meet with one accord,
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord—
The Spirit of all grace.
[Of all grace, of all grace,
The Spirit of all grace.]

2. Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,—
With luster, shining more and more,
Unto the perfect day.
Spirit of truth, be thou,
In life and death, our guide;
Oh, Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.
[Sanctified, sanctified,
May we be sanctified.]

"Blest be the Tie."

From Nageli.



1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

---

1 Oh, for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

2 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Savior they adore,
And reign with him above.

3 Oh, for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

Lenox.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly-solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God—
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

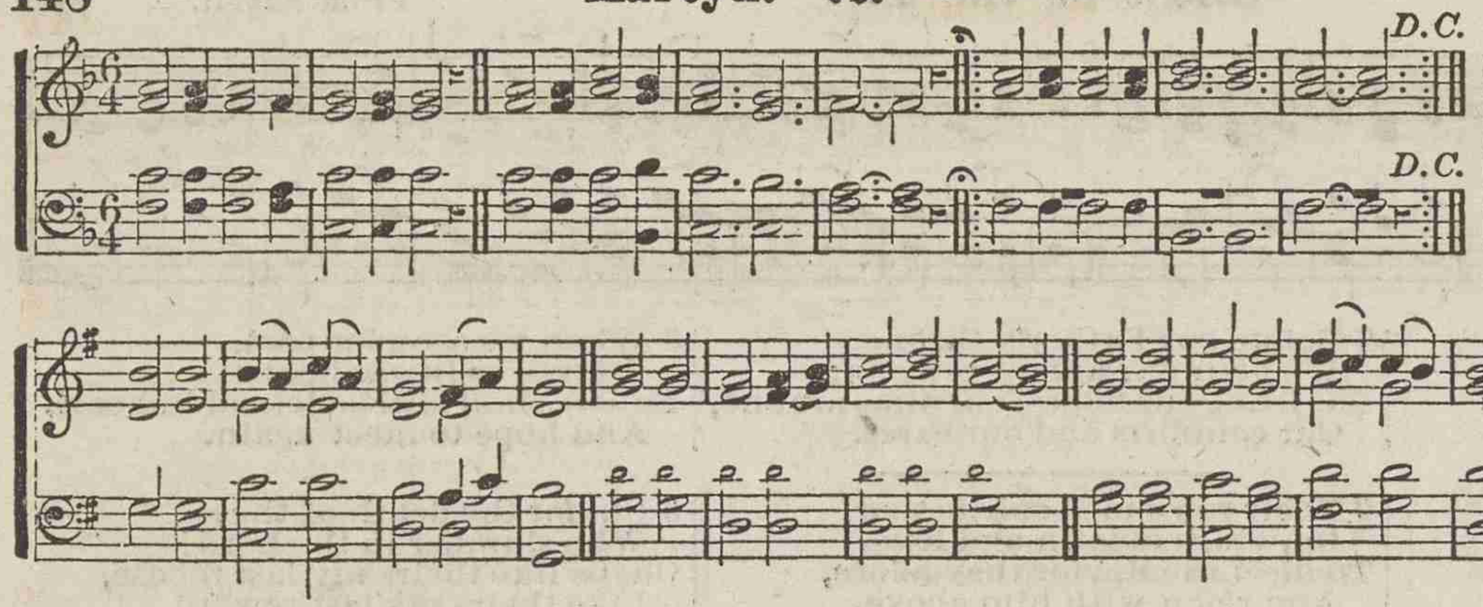
The Lord is King.

1 Rejoice, the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore; [voice;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus the Savior, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above; [voice;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom can not fail—
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given; [voice;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Martyn. 7s.



Hendon. 7s.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

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

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

The Banner of the Cross.

1 Go, ye messengers of God;
Like the beams of morning, fly;
Take the wonder-working rod;
Wave the banner cross on high.

2 Go to many a tropic isle
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile,
And th' oppress'd forever weep.

3 O'er the pagan's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away his wild despair;
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

4 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
High the bleeding cross display;
Spread the Gospel's richest feast.

For a General Blessing.

1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God and kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

The Precious Bible.

1 Holy Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am;—

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Savior's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit;—

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death;—

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!

Ives. 7s, Double.

1 Who are these in bright array,
This exulting, happy throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Singing one triumphant song?
These through fiery trials trod,
These from great afflictions came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name.

2 Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.
Joy and gladness banish sighs:
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

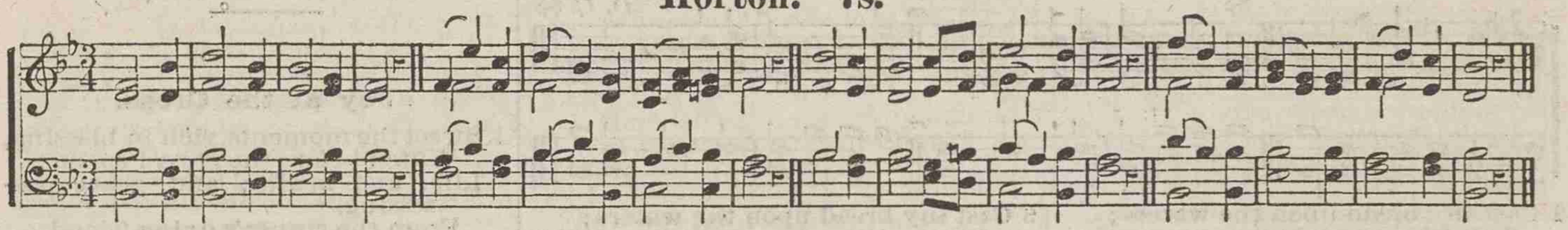
1 Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our Fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

2 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.
Lord! obediently we 'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

1 Hasten, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the Gospel call obey.
Mightiest kings his power shall own;
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease;
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record—
All his wondrous love proclaim.

Horton. 7s.



1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

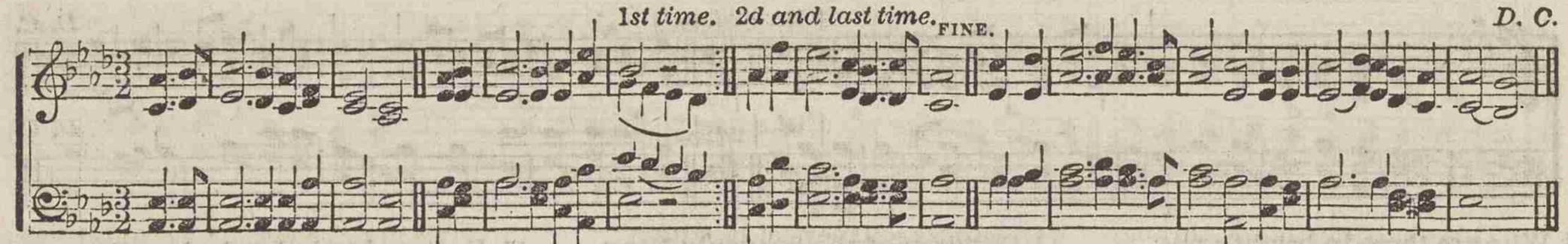
3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Soon, from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

Autumn.



1 Brother, you may *work* for Jesus,
God has given you a place
In some portion of his vineyard,
And will give sustaining grace.
He has bidden you "Go labor,"
And has promised a reward,
Even joy and life eternal,
In the kingdom of your Lord.

2 Brother, you may *live* for Jesus,
Him who died that you might live;
Oh then all your ransomed powers
Cheerful to his service give.
Yes, for Jesus you may *labor*,
And for Jesus *sing and pray;*
Consecrate your *life* to Jesus—
Love and serve him every day.

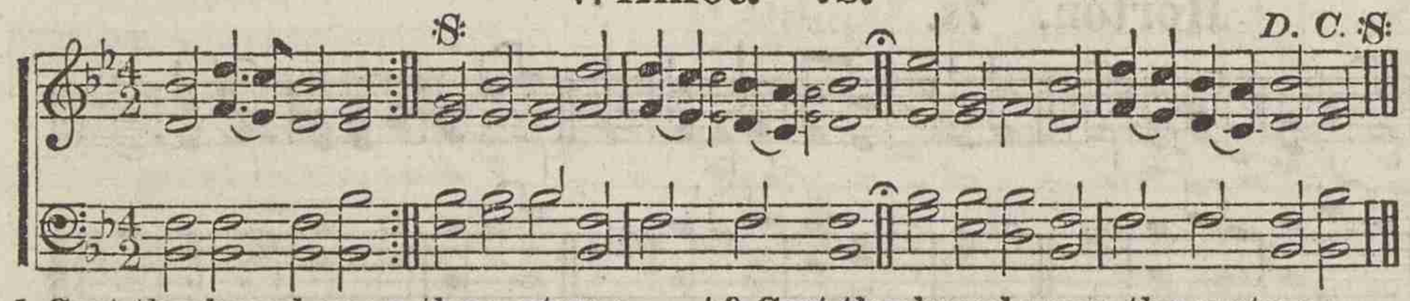
1 Heavenly Father, grant thy blessing,
While once more thy praise we sing;
Sinful hearts & lives confessing,
Nothing worthy can we bring;
Yet thy book of love hath taught us,
Thou wilt kindly bow thine ear;
For the sake of Him who bought us,
We may call and thou wilt hear.

2 What a boon to us is given,
Thus to lift our voice on high!
Well assured the ear of heaven
Hears our wants, and will supply.
Weak and sinful—oh, how often
Must we look to God alone,
For his grace our hearts to soften,
And sustain us as his own!

1 Toil on, teachers, toil on boldly,
Labor on, and watch and pray;
Men may scoff and treat you coldly,
Heed them not, go on your way;
Jesus is a loving master:
Cease not then this work to do;
Cleave to him, still closer, faster,
He will own and honor you.

2 Toil on, teachers! earnest, steady,
Sowing well the seeds of truth;
Always willing, cheerful, ready,
Watching, praying, for your youth;
Patient, firm, and persevering,
Leaning on the promise sure;
Prayer will surely gain a hearing,
Faithful to the end endure.

Wilmot. 7s.



1 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Thinking not 't is thrown away;
God himself saith thou shalt gather
It again some future day.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Wildly though the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

4 Give then freely of thy substance—
O'er this cause the Lord doth reign;
Cast thy bread, and toil with patience,
Thou shalt labor not in vain.

Joy at the Cross.

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

3 Here I 'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

Harwell. 8s & 7s, Double.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

2 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new luster to the day.
Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified:
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

1 Shout the tidings of salvation
To the aged and the young,
Till the precious invitation
Waken every heart and tongue;
Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the prairies of the west,
Till each gathering congregation
With the Gospel sound is blest.

2 Shout the tidings of salvation,
Mingling with the ocean's roar,
Till the ships of every nation
Bear the news from shore to shore;
Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the islands of the sea,
Till, in humble adoration,
All to Christ shall bow the knee.

1 Onward! onward! band victorious,
Bear the Temp'rance banner high!
Thus far has your course been glorious,
Now your day of triumph's high.
Vice and error flee before you,
As the darkness flies the sun;
Onward, victory hovers o'er you,
Soon the battle will be won.

2 Onward! onward! songs and praises
Ring to heaven's topmost arch,
Wheresoe'er your standard raises,
And your conquering legions march;
Gird the Temp'rance armor on you,
Look for guidance from above;
God and angels smile upon you,
Hasten then your work of love.

Nettleton. 8s & 7s, Double.

1 Come, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it;
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I 'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I 'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I 'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it—
Seal it for thy courts above.

Webb. 7s & 6s.

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

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1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation!—oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

1 To thee, O blessed Savior,
Our grateful songs we raise;
Oh, tune our hearts and voices,
Thy holy name to praise.
'T is by thy sovereign mercy
We 're here allowed to meet,
To join with friends and teachers,
Thy blessing to entreat.

2 Lord, guide and bless our teachers,
Who labor for our good:
And may the Holy Scriptures
By us be understood;
Oh, may our hearts be given
To thee, our glorious King;
That we may meet in heaven,
Thy praises there to sing!

1 Ashamed to be a Christian,
Afraid the world should know
I 'm on my way to Zion,
Where joys eternal flow!
Forbid it, oh, my Savior,
That I should ever be
Afraid to wear thy color,
Or blush to follow thee.

2 Ashamed to be a Christian,
To love my God and King!
The fire of zeal is burning,
My soul is on the wing.
I want a faith made perfect,
That all the world may see,
I stand a living witness
Of mercy, rich and free.

Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s.

Watcher.

1 When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign.

2 Then from the craggy mountains,
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujahs swelling,
In one eternal sound!

1 Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the moon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Drive earthly thoughts away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
And who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then, for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

1 I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard him speak.
I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain-top,
He met his Father there.

2 I want to be like Jesus;
I never, never find
That he, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.
I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."

Guide. 7s.

M. M. WELLS.

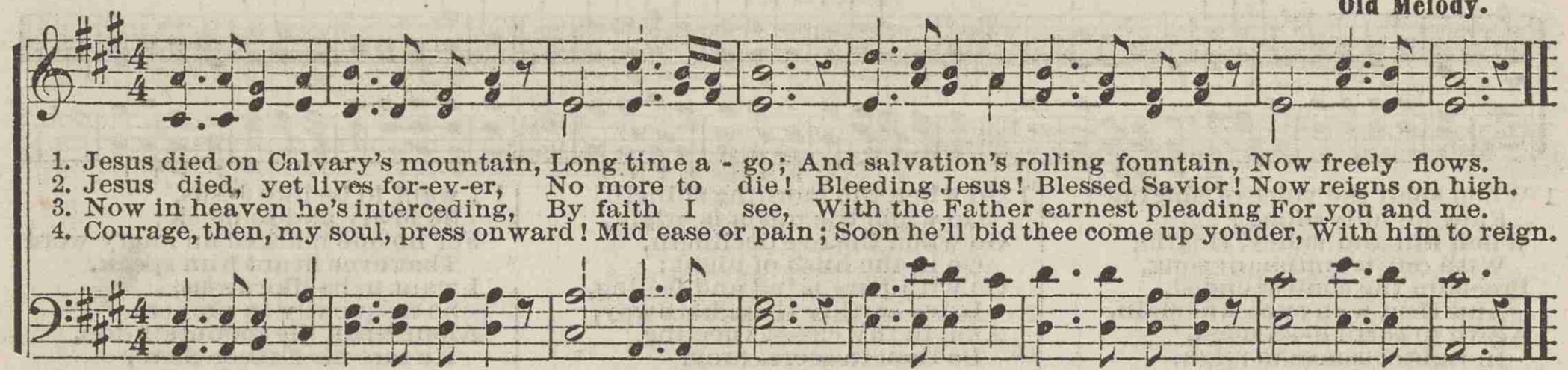
1 Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land.
Weary souls, fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I 'll guide thee home.

2 Ever present, truest friend,
Ever near, thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I 'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I 'll guide thee home.

Jesus Died on Calvary's Mountain.

Old Melody.



1. Jesus died on Calvary's mountain, Long time a - go; And salvation's rolling fountain, Now freely flows.
2. Jesus died, yet lives for-ev-er, No more to die! Bleeding Jesus! Blessed Savior! Now reigns on high.
3. Now in heaven he's interceding, By faith I see, With the Father earnest pleading For you and me.
4. Courage, then, my soul, press onward! Mid ease or pain; Soon he'll bid thee come up yonder, With him to reign.

Depth of Mercy.

Moderato legato. *Staccatto.* *Repeat pp.*

CHORUS. { *God is love! I know, I feel,*
Jesus weeps and loves me still, Je - sus weeps, he weeps, and loves me still.

Plea for Mercy.

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear!
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face,
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 There for me the Savior stands;
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Clinging to the Cross.

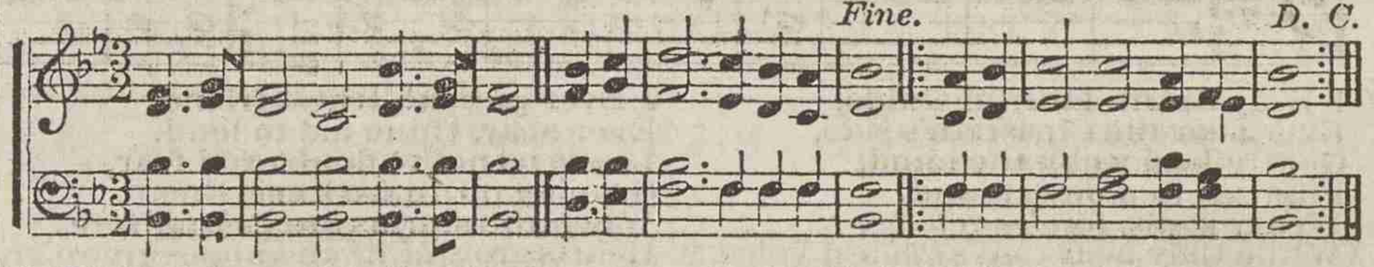
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure—
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow—
Could my zeal no languor know—
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to the cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Toplady.

Fine. *D. C.*



1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
'T is by the cross of Christ
Thou raisest me;
And all my song shall be,
‖: Nearer, my God, to thee, :‖
Nearer to thee!

2 When sunbeams gild my way,
Serene the sky,
Tempting my soul to stray,
By earthly joy,
Then let thy gifts all be
Fingers that point to Thee,
Glad voices calling me
Nearer to Thee.

3 When tempests shroud the day,
And earth is drear,
Be Thou, O God, my stay;
My sadness cheer,
And through the gathering night,
Lead upward to the light,
The portals ever bright:
Nearer to Thee.

4 When life's last pulses wane,
Jesus be near;
My sinking heart sustain;
Banish my fear.
To Thee my hands shall cling;
Of Thee my lips shall sing;
My soul in glory bring,
Nearer to Thee.

Battling for the Lord.

1 We 've listed in a holy war,
Battling for the Lord!
Eternal life, eternal joy,
Battling for the Lord!

CHORUS.

We 'll work till Jesus comes,
We 'll work till Jesus comes,
We 'll work till Jesus comes,
And then we 'll rest at home.

2 Under our Captain, Jesus Christ,
Battling for the Lord!
We 've listed for this mortal life,
Battling for the Lord!

3 We 'll fight against the powers of sin,
Battling for the Lord!
In favor of our heavenly King,
Battling for the Lord!

4 And when our warfare here is o'er,
Battling for the Lord!
This strife we 'll leave, and war no more,
Battling for the Lord!

5 Our friends and kindred there we 'll meet,
On the heavenly shore!
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet,
On the heavenly shore!

CODA FOR LAST VERSE.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory, my home.

Climbing up Zion's Hill.

1 "I 'm trying to climb up Zion's Hill,"
For the Savior whispers, "Love me;"
Though all beneath is dark as death,
Yet the stars are bright above me.
Then upward still to Zion's Hill,
To the land of joy and beauty,
My path before shines more and more,
As it nears the golden city.

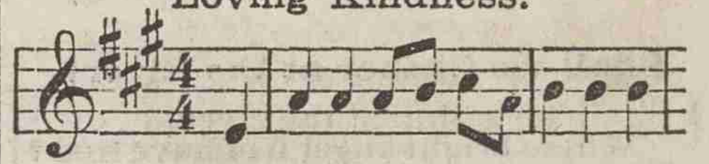
CHORUS.

I 'm climbing up Zion's Hill,
I 'm climbing up Zion's Hill,
Climbing, climbing,
Climbing up Zion's Hill.

2 I know I 'm but a little child,
My strength will not protect me;
But then I am the Savior's lamb,
And he will not neglect me.
Then all the time I 'll try to climb
This holy hill of Zion,
For I am sure the way is pure,
And on it comes "no lion."

3 Then come with me, we 'll upward go;
And climb this hill together;
And as we walk, we 'll sweetly talk,
And sing as we go thither.
Then mount up still God's holy hill,
Till we reach the pearly portals,
Where raptured tongues proclaim the songs
Of the shining-robed immortals.

Loving Kindness.



1 Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise:
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, oh, how free!

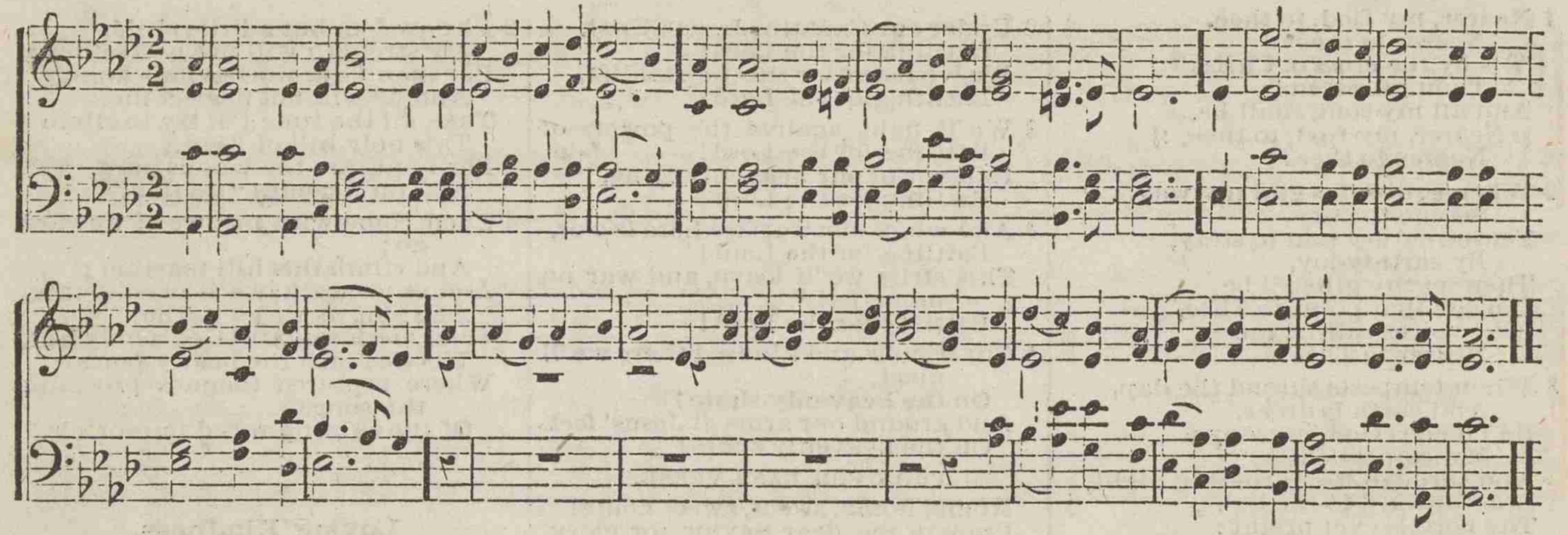
2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, oh, how great!

3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, oh, how good!

4 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

Portuguese Hymn.

Arranged for this Work.



Shall we Gather at the River?

1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod?
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

Yes, we 'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

2 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirit will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Yes, we 'll gather, etc.

3 Soon we 'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
With the melody of peace.
Yes, we 'll gather, etc.

Courage.

1 ‖: Oh, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend! :‖
He will give you grace to conquer,
He will give you grace to conquer,
And keep you in the end.

CHORUS.

I am glad I 'm in this army,
‖: Yes, I 'm glad I 'm in this army, :‖
And I 'll battle for the school,
‖: And the Savior will be with us, :‖
Will be with us to the end.

2 ‖: Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win; :‖
‖: For the Savior is your Captain, :‖
And he has vanquished sin.

3 ‖: And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand; :‖
‖: You shall sing his praise forever, :‖
In Canaan's happy land.

Shining Shore.

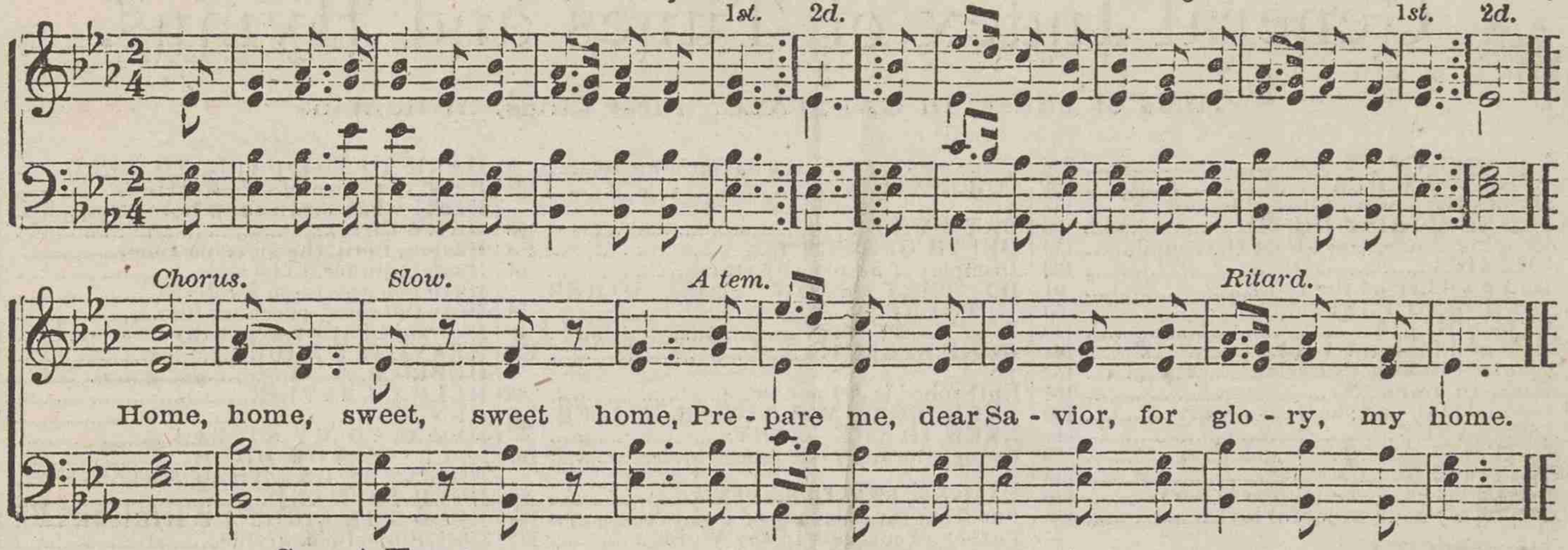
1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
These hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.

For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We 'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For now we stand, etc.

3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever,
Our king says come, and there's our home,
Forever, O forever!
For now we stand, etc.



Sweet Home.

1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there 's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice gracious Jesus, whose love can not cease,
Tho' oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.

3 Whate'er thou deniest, oh, give me thy grace!
Thy Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face:
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

I would not Live Alway.

1 I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's joys, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns?

4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

How Firm a Foundation. [Music on opp. page.]

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
‖: You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled? :‖

2 Fear not; I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I 'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
‖: Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand. :‖

3 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
‖: I 'll never, no, never, no, never forsake. :‖

General Index of Tunes and Hymns.

Titles of Tunes, in CAPITALS. First Lines, in Roman.

A charge to keep I have..... 146
A HOME IN HEAVEN..... 101
All hail the power of Jesus' name..... 138
ALL TO CHRIST I OWE..... 103
Amazing grace, how sweet the sound..... 138
AMERICA..... 133
Am I a soldier of the cross..... 91
ANCHORED FAST..... 59
ANTIOCH..... 140
Arise and bless the Lord..... 144
Ashamed to be a Christian..... 152
Asleep in Jesus..... 136
Assembled in our shool once more..... 136
ASSURANCE..... 141
AUTUMN..... 150
Awake and sing the song..... 145
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve..... 140
Awake, my soul, to joyful lays..... 155

BALERMA..... 139
BECAUSE HE LOVED ME SO..... 43
Behold a stranger at the door..... 81
Behold the throne of grace..... 134
BLEST BE THE TIE..... 147
Blow ye the trumpet, blow..... 147
BOYLSTON..... 145
Brightest and best of the Sons..... 128
BRIGHT MANSIONS..... 64
Brother, you may work for Jesus..... 150
By cool Siloam's shady rill..... 142

CAMBRIDGE..... 139
Cast thy bread upon the waters..... 150
Children, all together..... 61
CHILDREN GOING HOME..... 119
Children, hear the melting story..... 143
Children of the Heavenly King..... 149
CHRIST IS ALL..... 95
Come, come, dear child..... 90
COMFORT..... 114
Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove..... 139
COME IN, DEAR SAVIOR..... 83
Come, let us join our cheerful songs..... 63
Come, thou Almighty King..... 132
Come, thou Fount of every blessing..... 151
Come, ye that love the Lord..... 145
Come, ye that love the Savior's name..... 3
CORONATION..... 138

DAY BY DAY..... 52
DEPTH OF MERCY..... 154
Disciples of Jesus, why stand..... 51
DO THEY KNOW EACH OTHER THERE..... 38
DOXOLOGY, C. M..... 18
DUKE STREET..... 137

Enthroned is Jesus now..... 85
EVERGREEN MOUNTAINS OF LIFE. 100
EVER TO THE RIGHT..... 67
Except the Lord our labors bless..... 137

FADING, STILL FADING..... 98
Far from these scenes of night..... 134
Father of mercies, in thy Word..... 142
FLY TO THE FOUNTAIN..... 11
Forever here my rest shall be..... 131
FOREVER WITH THE LORD..... 146
For Jesus we are soldiers..... 113
From every stormy wind..... 135
From Greenland's icy mountains..... 152
From Zion's sacred mountain..... 11

GATHERING, ONE BY ONE..... 29
Gather the cherished ones..... 115
Gently, Lord, O gently lead us..... 74
"Glory to God on high"..... 132
Go and sow beside all waters..... 19
GO BRING THEM IN..... 47
God has said, Forever blessed..... 74
GOSPEL TRIUMPHS..... 91
Go when the morning shineth..... 153
Go ye messengers of God..... 148
Grace, 'tis a charming sound..... 134
Grateful praise to thee we bring..... 4
GRATEFUL SONG..... 12
GUIDE..... 153
GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH..... 120
GUIDE US, SAVIOR..... 74

HALLOWING FLAME..... 134
HARK TO THE SABBATH BELL..... 62
Hark, the voice of Jesus crying..... 65
Hark! what mean those holy voices..... 129
HARWELL..... 151
Hasten, Lord, the glorious time..... 149
Hasten, sinner, to be wise..... 149
Have you any room for Jesus..... 111
Hear the royal proclamation..... 30
Heavenly Father, grant thy blessing..... 150
HEAVENLY SHORE..... 134
HEBRON..... 136
HELP US, SAVIOR..... 16
HENDON..... 148
HE SAVED MY SOUL..... 80
HILLS OF THE BLEST..... 20
HO, EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH. 25
HOLD MY HAND..... 37
HOLD THE LIGHT UP HIGHER..... 112
Holy Bible, Book divine..... 148
Holy Spirit, faithful Guide..... 153
HOLY VOICES..... 129
HOME AND FRIEND..... 36
HOME, SWEET HOME..... 157
HORTON..... 149
How firm a foundation..... 157
How happy every child of grace..... 141
How shall the young secure..... 142

I am coming to the cross..... 76
I am far from my home..... 75
I am so glad that our Father..... 49
I am waiting for the Master..... 89
I bring my sins to thee..... 109
I entered once a home of care..... 95
If thou impart thyself to me..... 64
If we only sought to brighten..... 82
If you can not be a watchman..... 65
I have entered the valley..... 114
I heard the voice of Jesus say..... 141
I hear the Savior say..... 103
I know that my Redeemer lives..... 136
I LONG TO BEHOLD HIM..... 93
I LOVE THE SABBATH-SCHOOL..... 13
I love to hear the story..... 43
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY..... 46
I love thy kingdom, Lord..... 144

I'm going unto Mount Zion..... 73
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord..... 139
I'm trying to climb up Zion's hill..... 155
I now have found abiding rest..... 123
In the cross of Christ I glory..... 151
In the still and quiet chamber..... 130
In the weary tasks of toiling..... 79
I OUGHT TO LOVE JESUS..... 21
Is there any one here who will..... 72
I've been thinking of home..... 39
IVES..... 149
I wandered just at even..... 48
I want to be like Jesus..... 153
I will sing you a song..... 37
I would not live alway..... 157

Jerusalem, my happy home..... 64
JESUS AT THE WELL..... 6
JESUS BIDS YOU COME TO-DAY..... 17
Jesus, blessed Jesus..... 125
JESUS DIED ON CALVARY'S MOUNTAIN..... 154
JESUS, I LOVE THEE..... 115
Jesus, immortal King, arise..... 140
Jesus, from whom all blessings flow..... 136
Jesus, lover of my soul..... 148
JESUS LOVES..... 68
JESUS LOVES EVEN ME..... 49
JESUS REIGNS..... 30
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun..... 137
Jesus, who on Calvary's mountain..... 17
Joy to the world, the Lord is come..... 140
JUST AS I AM..... 30

LABAN..... 144
LAMB OF CALVARY..... 133
LAND OF THE BLESSED..... 84
LENOX..... 147
Let not the time pass by thee..... 104
LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED..... 70
Let party names no more..... 145
Let us gather up the sunbeams..... 14
Life is a span..... 142
LIFT ME HIGHER..... 97
Lift up your hearts..... 141
Little words so often spoken..... 32
Lord God, the Holy Ghost..... 146
Lord, help us as we sing..... 145
Lord, I am thine, entirely thine..... 137
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear..... 139
Lord, we come before thee now..... 148
Lo, the fields are white..... 44
LOVE DIVINE..... 55
LOVER OF MY SOUL..... 126
LUTHER..... 144

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned..... 142
Many souls on life's dark ocean..... 112
March along, march along..... 116
MARTYN..... 148
'Mid scenes of confusion..... 157
MISSIONARY HYMN..... 152
MOTHER'S BY AND BY..... 32
MUNSON..... 142
Must Jesus bear the cross alone..... 4
MY AIN COUNTRIE..... 75
MY ALL TO THEE..... 109
My country, 't is of thee..... 133
My days are gliding swiftly by..... 156
My faith looks up to thee..... 133
MY HEAVENLY HOME IS SURE..... 15
My soul, be on thy guard..... 144

Nearer, my God, to thee..... 155
NEVER GIVE UP THE BIBLE..... 34
NETTLETON..... 151
Now condescend, Almighty King..... 12
Now is past the time of teaching..... 143

O, CHRISTIAN, AWAKE..... 106
O CITY OF THE JASPER WALL..... 58
O help us, dear Savior..... 16
O, Jesus, thou art standing..... 83
O, Lord, thy work revive..... 134
O precious blood! and shed for me..... 87
O spirit of the living God..... 137
O think of a home over there..... 41
O thou God of my salvation..... 143
O thou, whose all-sustaining power..... 124
Of him who did salvation bring..... 137
Oh come to the stream..... 42
Oh do not be discouraged..... 156
Oh for a closer walk with God..... 139
Oh for a faith that will not shrink..... 96
Oh for a thousand tongues to sing..... 138
Oh for the death of those..... 147
Oh hark! the sound from heathen lands... 91
Oh hast thou ne'er heard..... 10
Oh how happy are they..... 114
Oh how precious, oh how dear..... 68
Oh let us still proceed..... 144
Oh sing to me of heaven..... 134
One by one the bonds are severed..... 29
On the mountain-top appearing..... 143
On the Rock of Ages..... 59
On those jeweled walls of jasper..... 94
ONWARD..... 108
Onward, Christian soldier..... 108
Onward, onward, band victorious..... 151
OPEN THE DOOR..... 66
ORTONVILLE..... 142
OUR CHERISHED ONES..... 115
Our Father who art in heaven..... 53
Our light afflictions which..... 77
OUR REFUGE..... 135
OUR SONG OF PRAISE..... 3
OUR SONG OF TRIUMPH..... 116
OVER THERE..... 41
Over the river the hills of the blest..... 20

PORTUGUESE HYMN..... 156
PRAISE GOD..... 76
PRECIOUS BLOOD..... 87
PROTECTION..... 141

Rejoice, the Lord is King..... 147
REMEMBERED..... 33
REST IN JESUS..... 123
RETREAT..... 136
Return, O wanderer..... 142
RINGING, SWEETLY RINGING..... 8
Rock of Ages, cleft for me..... 154
ROOM FOR JESUS..... 111
Round the Temperance Standard..... 143

SAFE IN HEAVEN AT LAST..... 79
Salvation! oh the joyful sound..... 139
Savior, breathe an evening blessing..... 55
SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS..... 14
SCHOLAR'S GREETING SONG..... 63
SEND ME..... 65
SESSIONS..... 137
Shall we gather at the river..... 156
Shout the tidings of salvation..... 151
SICILIAN HYMN..... 143
SILENT NIGHT..... 27
SO DO I..... 9
Softly now the light of day..... 149
SOMETHING TO DO EVERY DAY..... 50
SONGS OF THE UNSEEN..... 82
SOUL-REVIVING STRAINS..... 122
SOWING SEED..... 19
Sow in the morn thy seed..... 145
STAND UP FOR JESUS..... 102
STAR OF THE EAST..... 128
STILL MARCHING ON..... 113
ST. THOMAS..... 145
SUFFER THEM TO COME..... 105

SUNDAY-SCHOOL JUBILEE..... 124
SWEEPING THRO' THE GATES..... 40
Sweet hour of prayer..... 135
Sweet is the work, my God and King..... 136
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing..... 150

Tell me, little wild-flower..... 86
TELL ME, YE WINGED WINDS..... 24
TELL US OF THE NIGHT..... 117
THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE..... 92
THE CHRISTIAN CRUSADE..... 56
THE CHRISTIAN'S REST..... 88
THE CHRISTIAN WORKER..... 53
THE CITY OF OUR GOD..... 73
THE CLEANSING STREAM..... 42
THE CONSECRATED CROSS..... 4
THE CROSS BEFORE THE CROWN.... 77
THE EDEN ABOVE..... 110
THE ELDER BROTHER'S CALL..... 90
THE EMPTY CRADLE..... 130
THE FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD..... 132
THE HEAVENLY STREAM..... 10
THE HOUSE OF THE LORD..... 121
THE JEWELED WALLS OF JASPER. 94
THE LORD HATH NEED OF THEE... 23
THE LORD'S PRAYER..... 53
The morning light is breaking..... 152
THE MORNING STAR..... 22
THE MOUNTAIN OF BLESSING..... 60
The people of the Lord..... 144
THE ROSE OF SHARON..... 35
THE ROYAL ROAD..... 61
The Savior bids the children come..... 105
THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR..... 81
THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL ARMY..... 31
The Sunday-school is my delight..... 9
THE SURE FOUNDATION..... 54
THE WHITE FIELDS..... 44
THE WORLD IS MY PARISH..... 51
There are lonely hearts to cherish..... 71
There is a land of pure delight..... 140
There is an hour of peaceful rest..... 138
There's a battle to be fought..... 56
There's a beautiful home..... 36
There's a beautiful shore..... 92
There's a beautiful story..... 6
There's a crown in heaven..... 45
There's a land far away..... 100
There's a star that shines..... 22
There's a question that comes..... 68
There's many a poor little boy..... 47
There stands a Rock..... 54
They are going, only going..... 119
They are sowing their seed..... 99
THINKING OF HOME..... 39
Tho' clouds may fade..... 15
THOU ART WORTHY..... 4
Thou knowest, Lord, how long..... 135
Thou mansion bright..... 64
Thou Shepherd of Israel..... 88
Thus far the Lord hath led..... 136
TITLE CLEAR..... 107
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost..... 18
Toil on, teachers, toil on boldly..... 150
TOPLADY..... 154
To thee, O blessed Savior..... 152
TOUCH NOT..... 28
Trav'ler upon the path that leads..... 23
TREASURES OF HEAVEN..... 45
TRUSTING..... 125
TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE..... 76

Up and away, like the dew..... 33
UP AND BE DOING..... 18

VARINA..... 140
VICTORIOUS FAITH..... 96

Waiting amid the shadows..... 26
WAITING AT THE DOOR..... 89
WAITING FOR THE ADOPTION..... 26
WATCHER..... 153
Watchman, tell us of the night..... 117
WEBB..... 152
We have no outward righteousness..... 137
We know there's a place where the..... 38
Welcome, sweet day of rest..... 145
WE'LL MEET AGAIN..... 118
We'll not give up the Bible..... 34
We're bound for the land..... 110
We're climbing the mountain..... 60
We sing there'll be something..... 50
WE SHALL BE SATISFIED, BY AND BY..... 85
WE WILL PRAISE THE LORD..... 5
We've listed in a holy war..... 155
What are those soul-reviving strains..... 122
WHAT LIGHT IS THAT..... 27
WHAT THE FLOWER SAID..... 86
WHAT WILL THE HARVEST BE..... 99
When all thy mercies, O my God..... 139
When Christ was here below..... 115
When I can read my title clear..... 107
When I roam where flowers..... 37
When I was wandering far astray..... 21
When Jesus to the temple came..... 5
When shall the voice of singing..... 153
WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY. 71
While thee I seek, Protecting Power..... 141
WHITER THAN SNOW..... 131
Who are these in bright array..... 149
Who, who are these beside the..... 40
WHO WILL FOLLOW JESUS..... 72
WHO WILL SEND OR GO..... 48
WILL IT PAY..... 68
WILMOT..... 150
With joy we hail the sacred day..... 140
WOODLAND..... 138
WORK AND WAIT..... 57
Work, for the day is passing..... 53
WORK NOW AND EVER..... 104

YE SHALL SHINE AMONG HIS JEWELS..... 78
Ye shall shine as the stars..... 78
You ask me, brethren..... 80
You may sing of the beauty..... 121

ZION..... 143
Zion stands with hills surrounded..... 143

Special Index of Hymns Referring to certain Subjects.

ACTIVITY—18, 19, 33, 44, 50, 51, 53, 57, 61, 65, 102, 104, 108, 113, 116, 140, 144, 145, 150, 155.
ATONEMENT—11, 42, 64, 87, 103, 132, 137, 154.
BIBLE—34, 142, 148.
CLOSING—18, 76, 143.
CONSECRATION—16, 21, 30, 76, 109, 114, 131, 133, 137, 139, 148.
DUTY—4, 23, 47, 65, 66, 67, 71, 77, 82, 111, 112, 139, 144, 146, 150, 152.
HOLY SPIRIT 137, 139, 146, 153.
HOPE—26, 32, 59, 141, 157.
HOUR OF PRAYER—55, 121, 134, 135, 139, 148, 150. 152, 153.
INVITATION—10, 17, 25, 72, 81, 90, 105, 142, 143, 149.
LIFE—14, 35, 40, 52, 68, 74, 96, 99, 120, 142.
MISSIONARY—48,91.117, 147,140.137, 148, 151. 152, 153.
OCCASIONAL—86, 98, 122, 124, 125, 126, 129, 130.
OPENING—3, 4, 5, 12, 53 63, 136.
SABBATH—8. 62. 136, 140, 144.
SALVATION—6, 30, 46, 55, 80, 123, 139, 141.
TEMPERANCE—28, 56. 106, 143, 151.
TROUBLE AND SORROW—97, 115,118,119, 136,142,148.

FIRST LINE INDEX
(pp 147-160)

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187