

[99-200] [SP-001852]

The Eureka Songster

— BY —

Wm. J. WILSON

An Old Confederate Captain from North Carolina,
Now of San Saba, Texas



A Small Collection of Choice Songs for

FAMILY AND SCHOOL USE

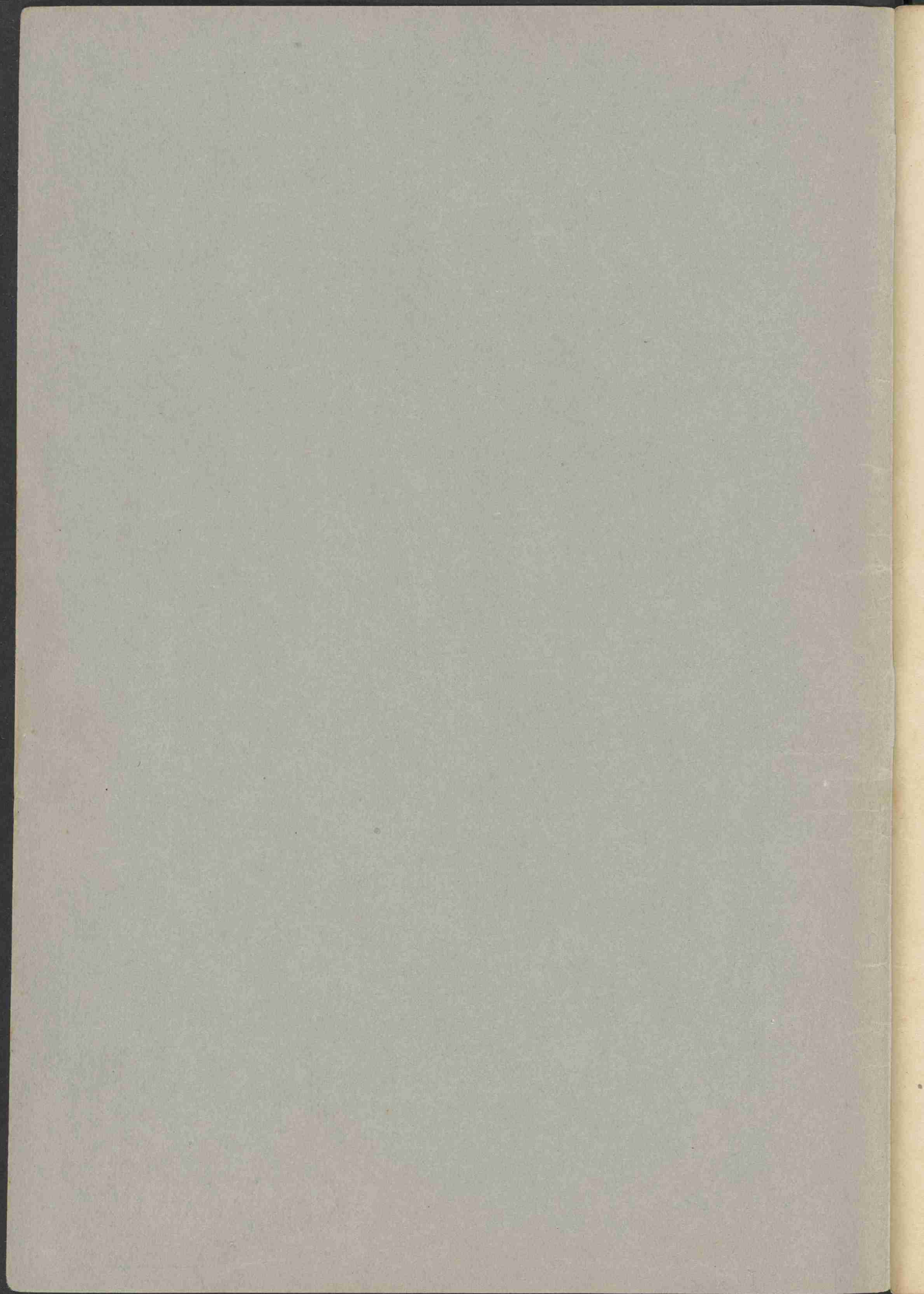


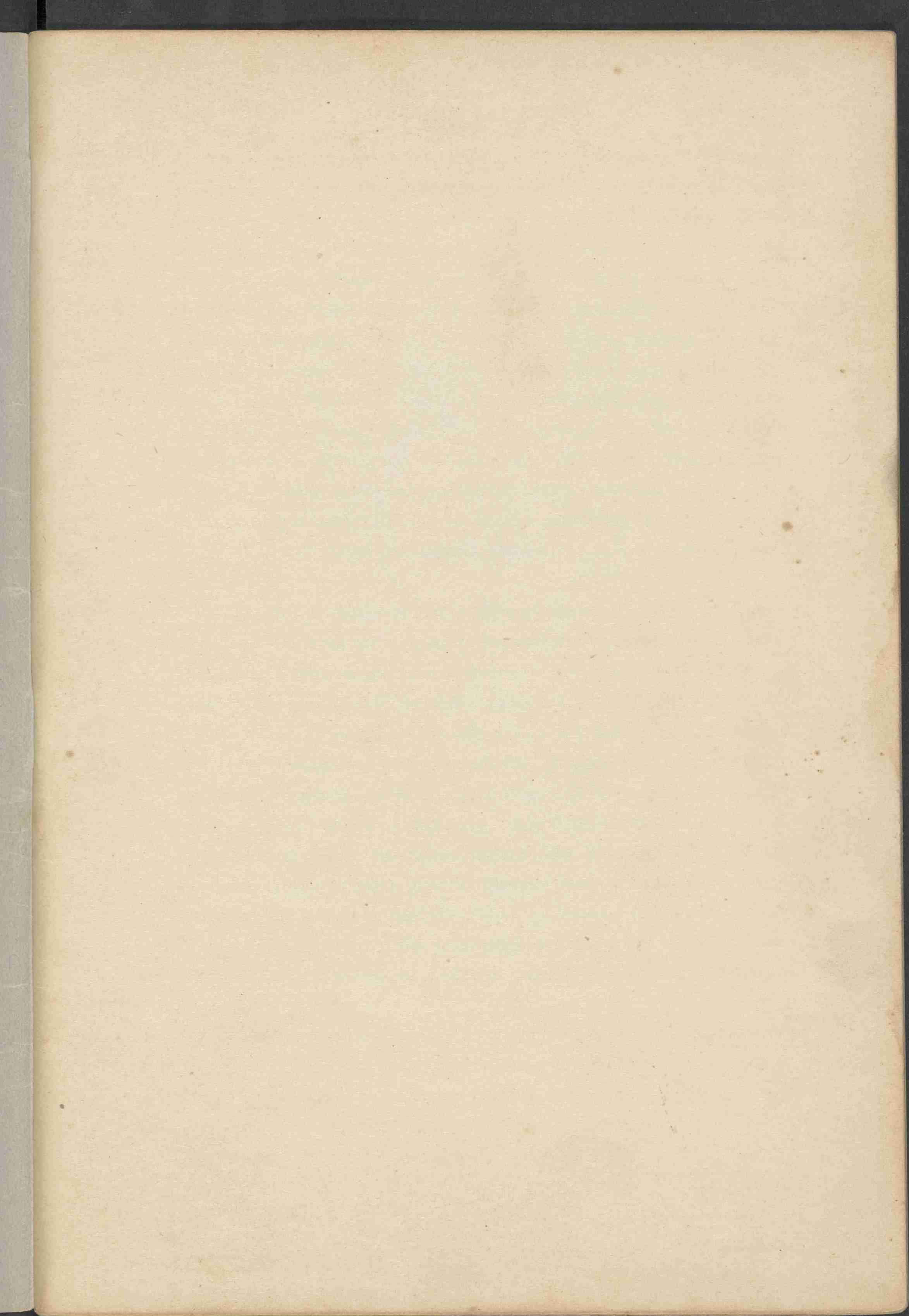
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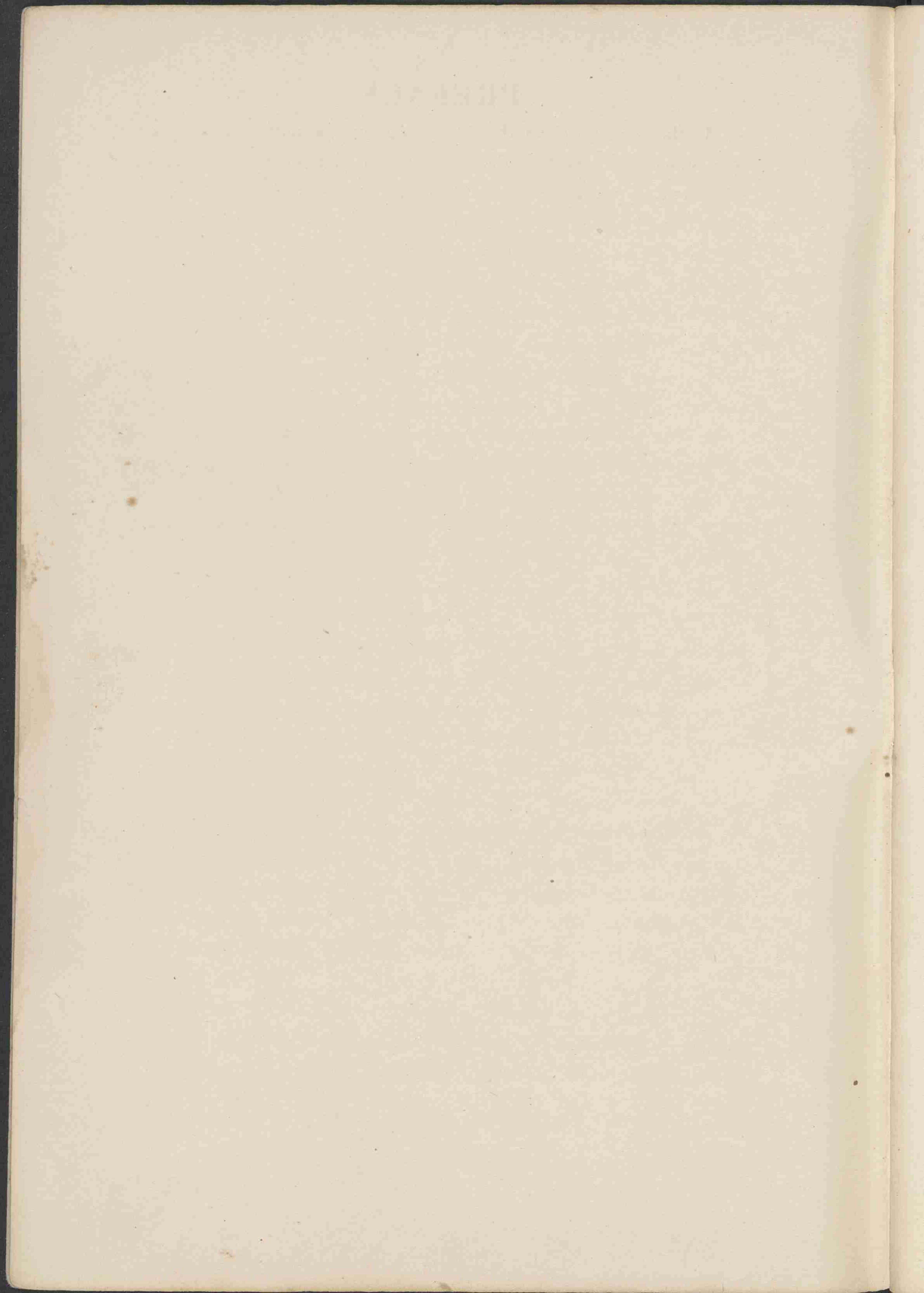


Improved Fifth Edition

April, 1917







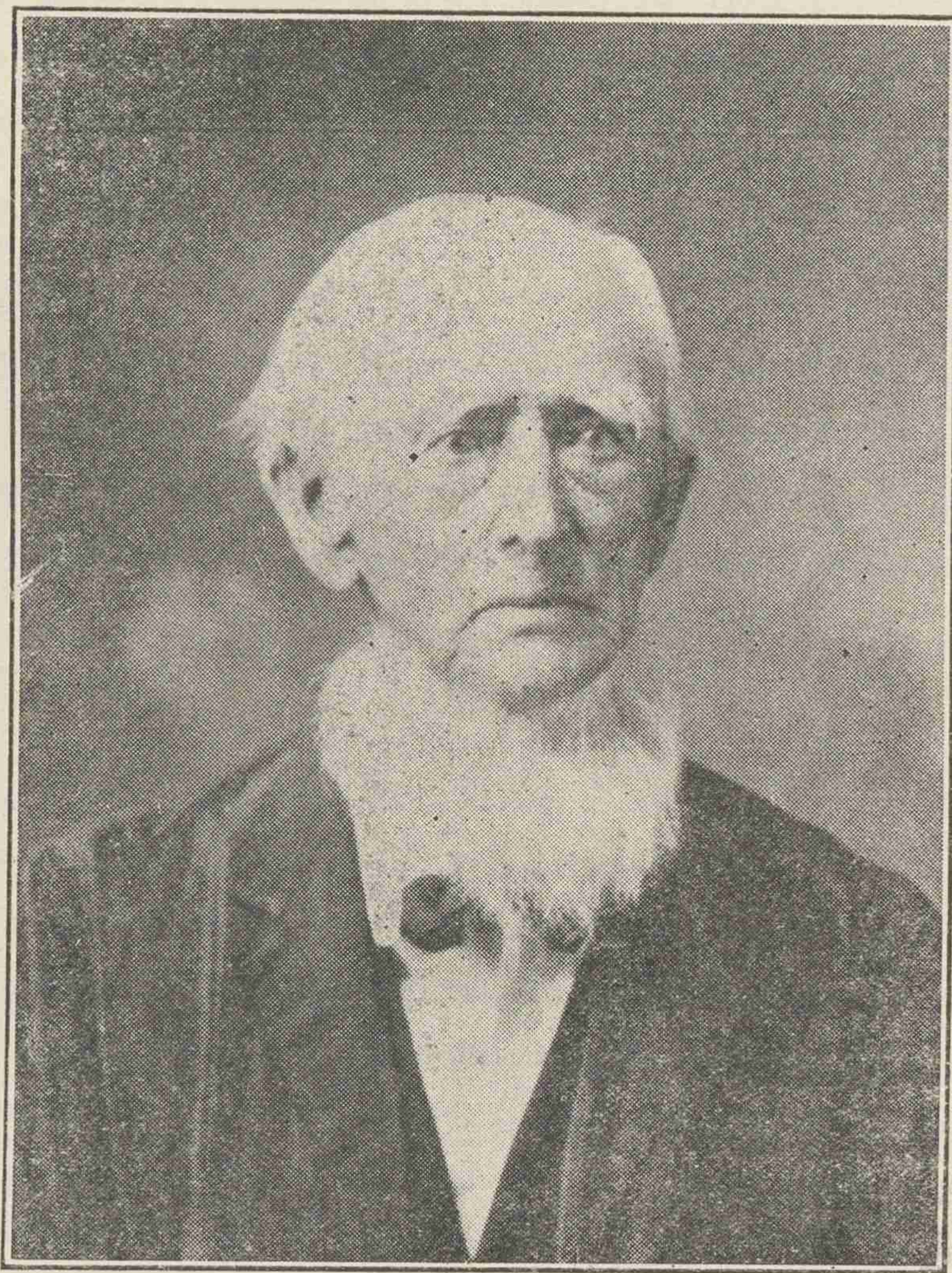
PREFACE

In the preparation of this little songster, the author has endeavored to set forth the best thought possible, and couch it with music calculated to impress the mind of both reader and singer. Sentiments expressed in poetry may be deeply embedded in the memory, and these, intensified by music, help to shape character which largely molds future destiny. Character, is generally fixed in childhood, and the young usually love music. There is nothing more impressive on their minds than noble sentiments couched in song. Hence, music should be a part of their education. Familiar names and faces, after long separation, may be forgotten, but sentiments contained in favorite songs are carried to the grave. Then, children should be taught home songs, school songs, patriotic songs. Love of home and country should be deeply embedded in the bosom of every child, and no parent should neglect it. It is a necessary part of education.

A talent for music is not a sign of absence of thought, but is rather an evidence of a genial disposition implanted in the soul. Music is of divine origin, and it pervades the whole earth. There is music in field and forest, on the mountain top and in the valley low. It rides on every breeze and hovers over every habitation, and should always be welcomed in every household. It helps make life enjoyable and heaven companionable. Angels sing, and the redeemed of earth make sweetest melody in Paradise. God himself will be pleased at the music of happy choirsters around His throne. Then let not man place a low estimate upon its worth. There are not many songs in this little collection, but the fewer in number the more apt are persons to learn them. But it is supposed there are enough to furnish musical entertainment sufficient for the family, for schools, or for solitary pastime.

Hoping this little song book may prove a pleasing companion to many a person and help in the education of children, I now place it before a liberal and appreciative public.

Wm. J. WILSON.



1828

W. J. WILSON

1917

The Eureka Songster.

No. 1.

LIFE.

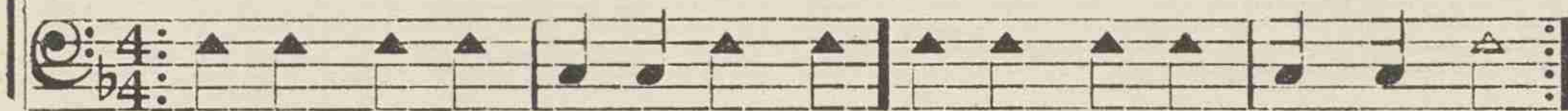
Words by W. J. WILSON.

Music by J. J. ROUSSEAU.

FINE.



1. { Life in - deed is what we make it, Be it short or be it long; }
 { What is right we sure must take it And a - void what-e'er is wrong. }
 D. C.—Let us nev - er think of sti - fling Pure con - vic-tions formed with-in.



D. C.



Life's too short to spend in tri - fling, Quite too long to spend in sin;



2 Paths of duty we must follow,
 Footprints of the good pursue;
 As we traverse hill and hollow
 Let us keep the end in view.
 Life's a journey sweet and pleasant
 If we loiter not along,
 Nor to just demands prove recreant
 In accepting what is wrong.

3 Let us then be ever active,
 Doing good to every one,
 Making everything attractive,
 That by virtue can be done.
 Seeds of kindness we can scatter,
 Words of cheer we all can give,
 And by making others better,
 We ourselves can better live.

No. 2.

IMMENSITY

(Music above.)

1 O the hour when this material
 Shall have vanished as a cloud,
 When amid the wide ethereal
 All the invisible shall crowd—
 When the naked soul, surrounded
 With realities unknown,
 Shall within the view unbounded,
 Feel herself with God alone!

2 Lo! it comes, that day of wonder,
 Louder chorals shake the skies,
 Hades' gates are burst asunder,
 See! the new-clothed myriads rise.
 Thought, repress thy weak endeavor,
 Here must reason prostrate fall;
 O the ineffable forever,
 And the eternal All in all!

—Josiah Conder.

No. 3.

AULD LANG SYNE.

(AN IMPROVEMENT ON BURNS.)

Words by W. J. WILSON.

Scotch



1. "Should old ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And nev - er brought to mind,"
2. The scenes and pla - ces of our youth Pos-sess a sweet com-bine,
3. Should com-ing days grow dark and drear, With fears of ill in - cline,



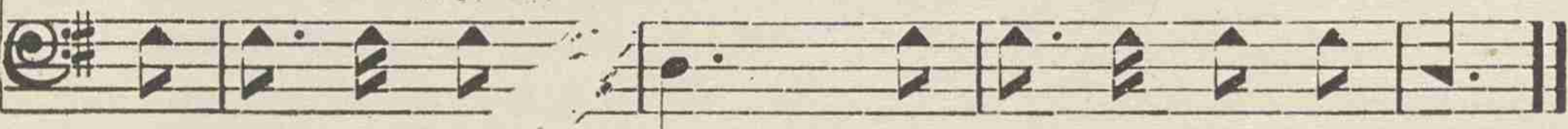
- D. S.*—We still will cher - ish man - y a thought, Of days of Auld Lang Syne.
D. S.—Of in - no-cence and sim - ple truth, The world can ne'er out - shine.
D. S.—We will com-mand them to the rear, By thoughts of Auld Lang Syne.



REFRAIN.

D. S. each verse.

- Of days of Auld Lang Syne, . . . Of days of Auld Lang Syne;
 The world can ne'er out - shine, . . . The world can ne'er out - shine;
 By thoughts of Auld Lang Syne, . . . By thoughts of Auld Lang Syne;



4 We grow old and lean and gray,
 With tortured limbs or spine,
 We still are buoyant when we stray
 To days of Auld Lang Syne.

5 As long as we to earth shall cling,
 Our dreams shall much incline
 To waft us back on fancied wing,
 To days of Auld Lang Syne.

6 And when our days on earth are up,
 And we our life resign,
 Our souls will mount on wings of hope
 Transcending Auld Lang Syne.

No. 4.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Words by JNO. HOWARD PAYNE.

Music by H. R. BISHOP.



1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my
3. Fare-well, peace-ful cot-tage! fare-well, hap-py home! For - ev - er I'm



hum - ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to
low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that
doomed a poor ex - ile to roam; This poor, ach - ing heart must be



hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
came at my call, Give me these, with sweet peace of mind, dear-er than all.
laid in the tomb, Ere it cease to re-gret the en - dear-ments of home.



REFRAIN.



Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so humble, there's no place like home.



Author of Words Unknown.

"An Old Song" arranged by W. J. WILSON.



1. Fare - well, fare - well is a lone - ly word, That
 2. Fare - well, fare - well may do for the gay When
 3. A - dieu, A - dieu, we hear it oft With a
 4. Fare - well, fare - well is nev - er heard, When the



al - ways brings a sigh, (*D.S.*) But give to me, when
 pleas - ure's throng is nigh, (*D.S.*) But give to me, that
 tear - per - haps with a sigh, (*D.S.*) But the heart feels most when the
 tear's in the moth - er's eye, (*D.S.*) A - dieu, a - dieu, she



loved ones part, That sweet old word, "Good Bye."
 bet - ter word, That comes from the heart, "Good Bye."
 lips move not, And the eye speaks a gen - tle "Good Bye."
 speaks it not, But "My Love, Good Bye, Good Bye."



REFRAIN.

D. S. each verse.

That sweet old word, "Good Bye," That sweet old word, "Good Bye;"
 That comes from the heart, "Good Bye," That comes from the heart, "Good Bye;"
 And the eye speaks a gentle "Good Bye," And the eye speaks a gentle "Good Bye;"
 But "My Love, Good Bye, Good Bye," But "My Love, Good Bye, Good Bye;"

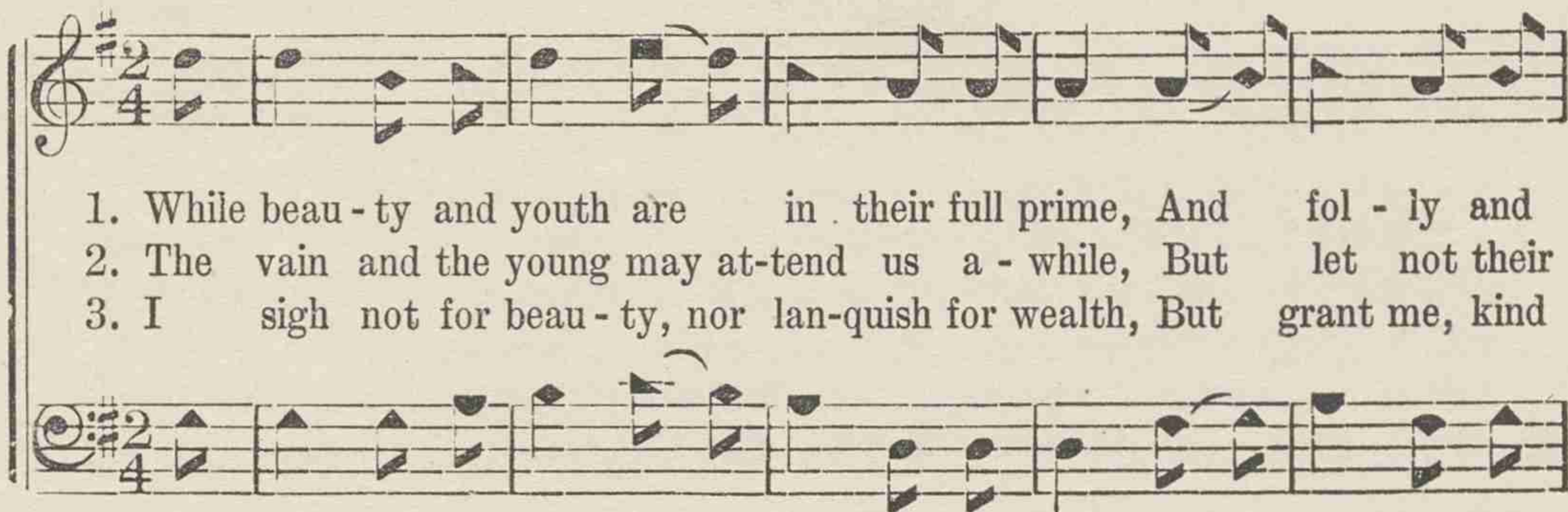


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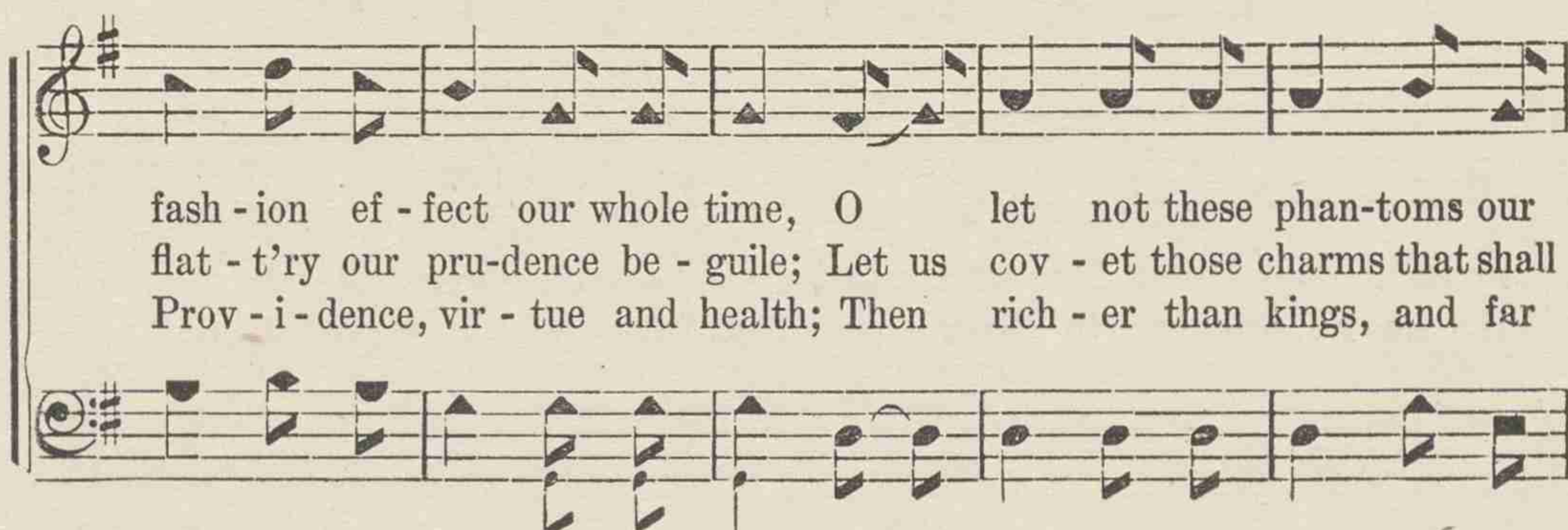
MORALITY.

Author of Words Unknown.

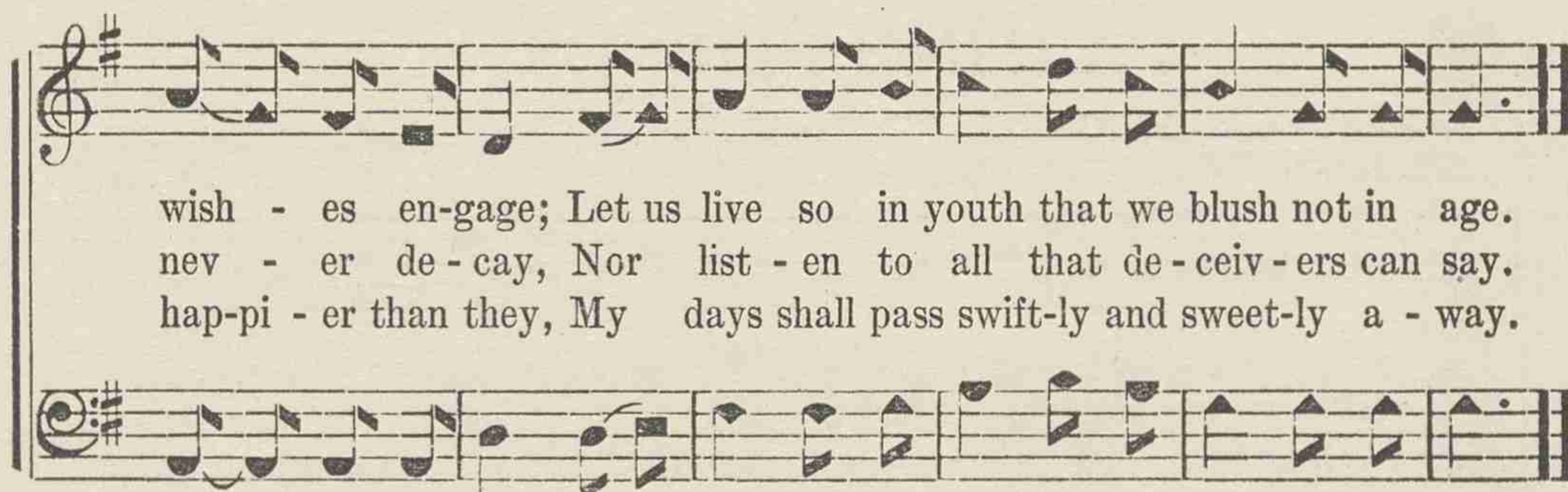
From Wm. Walker's "Christian Harmony."



1. While beau - ty and youth are in their full prime, And fol - ly and
 2. The vain and the young may at-tend us a - while, But let not their
 3. I sigh not for beau - ty, nor lan-quish for wealth, But grant me, kind



fash - ion ef - fect our whole time, O let not these phan-toms our
 flat - t'ry our pru-dence be - guile; Let us cov - et those charms that shall
 Prov - i - dence, vir - tue and health; Then rich - er than kings, and far



wish - es en-gage; Let us live so in youth that we blush not in age.
 nev - er de - cay, Nor list - en to all that de - ceiv - ers can say.
 hap - pi - er than they, My days shall pass swift-ly and sweet-ly a - way.


4. For when age steals on me, and youth is no more,
 And the moralist Time shakes his glass at my door,
 What pleasure in beauty or wealth can I find?
 My beauty, my wealth, is a sweet peace of mind.
5. That peace! I'll preserve it as pure as 'twas given;
 Shall last in my bosom an earnest of heaven;
 For virtue and wisdom can warm the cold scene,
 And sixty can flourish as gay as sixteen.
6. And when I the burden of life shall have borne,
 And death with his sickle shall cut the ripe corn,
 Reascend to my God without murmur or sigh,
 I'll bless the kind summons, and lie down and die.

No. 7. MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.

Words by W. J. WILSON.

Music by G. J. WEBB.

1 2 FINE.



1. { Am I my brother's keep - er? Must I his bur - den bear?
 } And guard him, tho' a sleep - er Be - reft of (*Omit.*) tho't and care?
 D.C. - And nev - er count the num - ber Of acts of (*Omit.*) kindness done?

2. { Yes, I'm my brother's keep - er, For God hath made me so,
 } And I must wake the sleep - er And tell him (*Omit.*) how to go.
 D.C. - And I shall share the leav - en That fills his (*Omit.*) cup with good.



D. C.



Must I watch o'er his slum - ber, And keep him from all harm,
 He may es - cape to heav - en, Then feast on an - gels' food,




No. 8. PARTING FRIENDS.

An Old Parting Song, Amended by
 W. J. WILSON.


Southern Harmony.

FINE.




1. { Fare-well, my love-ly friends, fare-well, We must be sep - a - rat - ed; }
 } In diff'rent re - gions we must dwell, Dis - tant - ly sit - u - a - ted. }
 D.C. - May truth and jus - tice guide our will, And God from e - vil screen us.

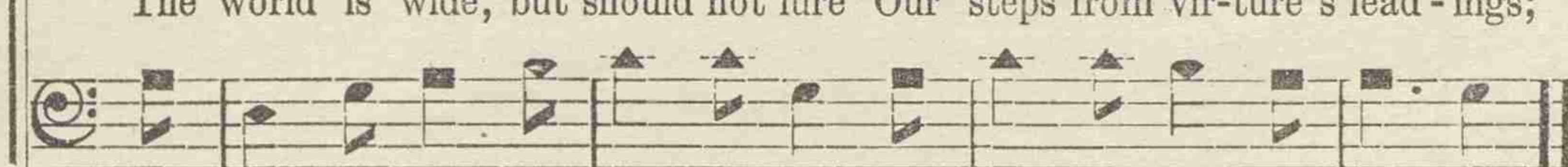
2. { We part, but may we meet a - gain, And oft in pleas - ant plac - es, }
 } And may no er - ror ev - er stain The haunts that mark our trac - es. }
 D.C. - Nor should we ev - er feel se - cure To part from conscience' plead - ings.



D. C.



O let not this our friendship chill, Tho' mountains rise be - tween us;
 The world is wide, but should not lure Our steps from vir - ture's lead - ings;



Author of Words Unknown.

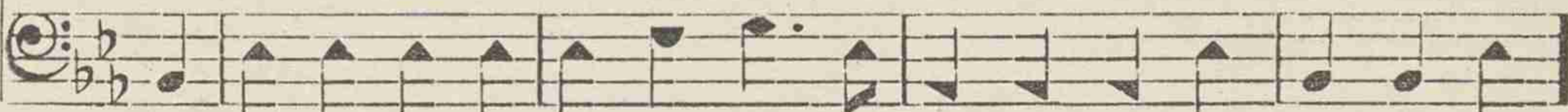
Music and Chorus by W. J. WILSON.



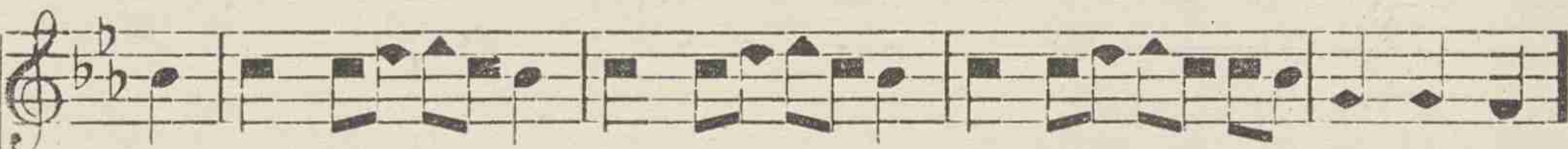
1. Hail, sol - i - tude! thou gen - tle queen, Of mod - est air and brow se - rene,
2. Par - ent of vir - tue, muse of thought, By thee are saints and patriots taught:
3. Whate'er's in thee, refines and charms, Excites to thought, to vir - tue warms;
4. With thee the charms of life shall last, E'en when the ro - sy bloom is past;
5. No more with this vain world perplexed, Thou shalt prepare me for the next:



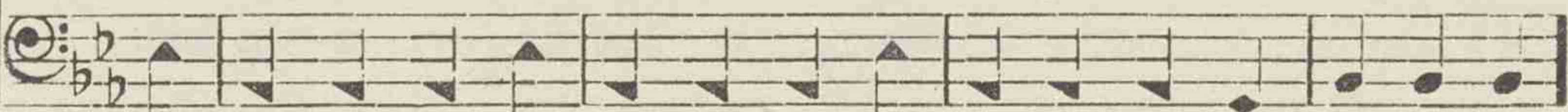
'Tis thou in-spires the poet's theme, Wrapped in sweet vi - sion's air - y dream.
 Wis - dom to thee her treas - ures owe, And in thy lap does sci - ence grow.
 What - e'er is per - fect, firm and good, We owe to thee, sweet sol - i - tude.
 When slow - ly pac - ing time shall spread Thy sil - ver blos - soms o'er my head.
 The spring of life shall gen - tly cease, And an - gels waft my soul in peace.



CHORUS.



O sol - i - tude! sweet sol - i - tude! Thou boon of life to all the good,



Thy med - i - ta - tions ev - er sweet, Shall end at last with joy complete.

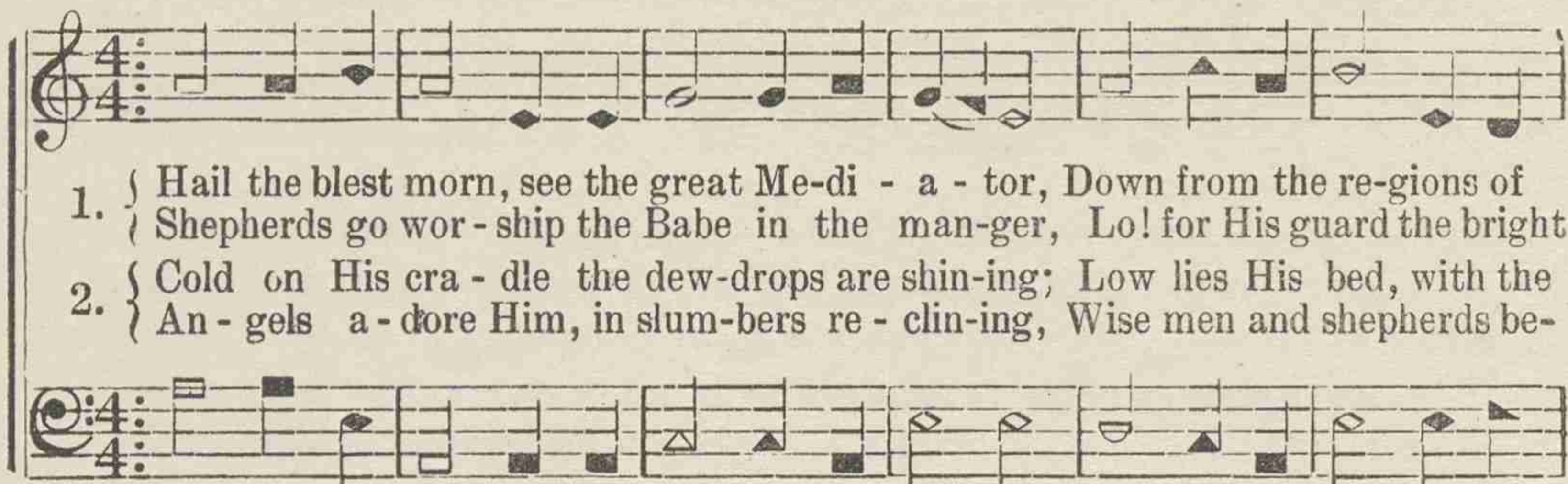


No. 10.

STAR IN THE EAST.

Words by BISHOP R. HEBER.

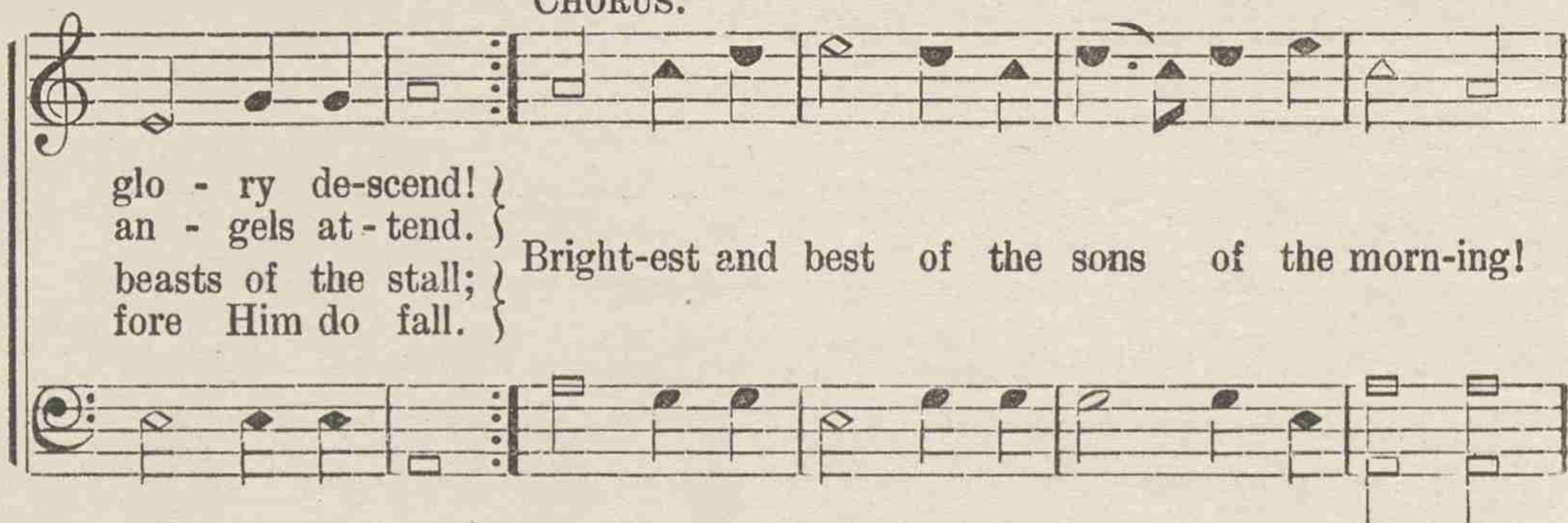
Music from Ch. Harmony.



1. } Hail the blest morn, see the great Me-di - a - tor, Down from the re-gions of
 { Shepherds go wor-ship the Babe in the man-ger, Lo! for His guard the bright

2. } Cold on His cra - dle the dew-drops are shin-ing; Low lies His bed, with the
 { An - gels a - dore Him, in slum-bers re - clin-ing, Wise men and shepherds be-

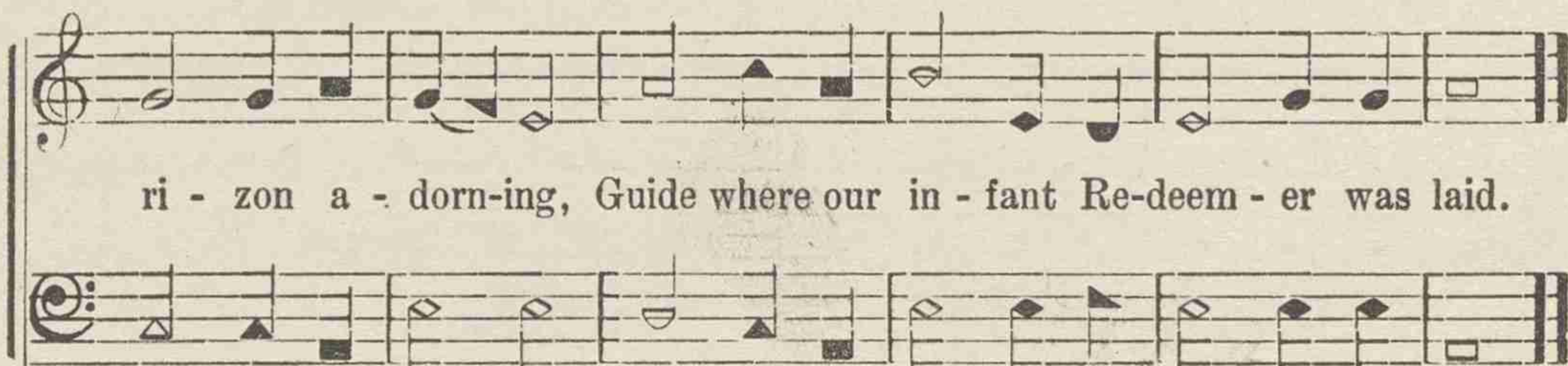
CHORUS.



glo - ry de-scend! }
 an - gels at-tend. }
 beasts of the stall; } Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing!
 fore Him do fall. }



Dawn on our dark-ness, and lend us Thine aid; Star in the east, the ho-



ri - zon a - dorn-ing, Guide where our in - fant Re-deem - er was laid.

3 Say, shall ye yield Him in costly devotion,
 Odors of Eden and offerings divine,
 Gems of the mountains and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold we His favor secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Words and Music by W. J. WILSON.



1. O Christ, Thou precious Lamb of God, Who was for sinners slain, And didst most freely
2. Much didst Thou here on earth endure, Our sinful souls to save, And didst by Thine own
3. O matchless love, O love divine, That bro't Thee to the grave, No oth-er love is



shed Thy blood To take a-way our stain, Thy sac - ri - fice for all our race Was death secure Our ransom from the grave. Although we most unworthy were, Of half like Thine, No oth-er love could save. We hon-or Thee, O blessed One, Our



more than man deserved; Yet still Thou didst the cross embrace, Nor from its terrors swerved. wil - ful sin pos-sessed, Thou didst our load of guilt incur To give us endless rest. grateful songs we raise; And till our work on earth is done, We'll utter loud Thy praise.



O wonderful One, O glorious One, Enthroned now in heaven with gates all a-jar,



Angels adore Thee, and saints bow before Thee, We, too, give Thee glory, Thou bright Morning Star.



No. 12. DAVID'S LAMENTATION.

(2 SAM. 18: 33.)

Words by WM. WALKER.

Last two last stanzas by W. J. WILSON.

Music by BILLINGS.

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in 2/4 time. It consists of four systems of staves. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some lines spanning across multiple staves. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The key signature is one flat (B-flat).

1. Da - vid the king was griev-ed and mov-ed, He went to his cham-ber, his
chamber, and wept; And as he went he wept and said, "O my son,
O my son; Would to God I had died, would to God I had died, Would to
God I had died for thee, O Ab - sa - lom, My son, my son!"

2 And thus each father with kindred emotions,
Is moved with deep sorrow for each fallen son;
And as he mourns, he sorely exclaims,
"O my son, O my son;
Would to God I had died, would to God I had died,
Would to God I had died for thee, O my dear son,
My own dear son."

3 O then, dear children, with tender compassion,
Your parents regard you with incessant care;
Now as you behold their constant concern,
O reflect, O reflect;
Turn from sin and repent, turn from sin and repent,
Turn from sin and repent, before it is forever
Too late, too late.

No. 13.

THE BONNY GIRL.

Words by W. J. WILSON.

Composer of Music Unknown.



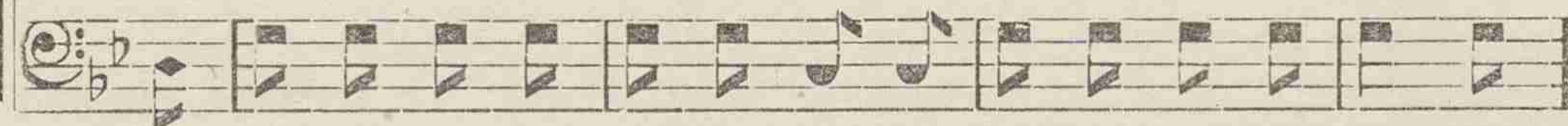
1. The bon - ny girl of gay six-teen Whose soul is blithe and air - y,
 2. Then moth-er plun - ges her full length To change her child's con-clu - sion,
 3. And so the con - test drags a - long Be - tween the child and moth-er,



Of all the girls we've ev - er seen, Strains ev - 'ry nerve to mar - ry.
 And in - ter - po - ses all her strength To thwart her wild de - lu - sion.
 While sharp re-torts, both weak and strong, Flow fast from each to oth - er.



And hence she sighs both night and day, To free her - self from moth-er,
 But still the gid - dy gay six-teen Re - sists her moth-er's no - tion,
 And all at once to speed her choice, The gid - dy girl grows fair - y,



And blind - ly plights her troth a - way To some gay beau or oth - er.
 And says her lov - er's nice and clean, And wor - thy her de - vo - tion.
 And at the top of strain-ed voice, Cries, "Moth-er, let me mar - ry."



4 "O, hush!" the mother loud doth cry,
 "You speak to me so illy,
 Your father knows, and so do I,
 You're acting mighty silly."
 "But O," the giddy girl doth say,
 "My aims you cannot parry,
 So, mother, let me have my way,
 I am resolved to marry."

5 And thus it is all o'er the land
 With middle teens a plenty,
 Yet truth and virtue both demand
 No girl should wed till twenty;
 For life's too precious and too short
 To waste in wild endeavor,
 And hence no one should e'er resort
 To risks that blight forever.

Words and Music by W. J. WILSON.



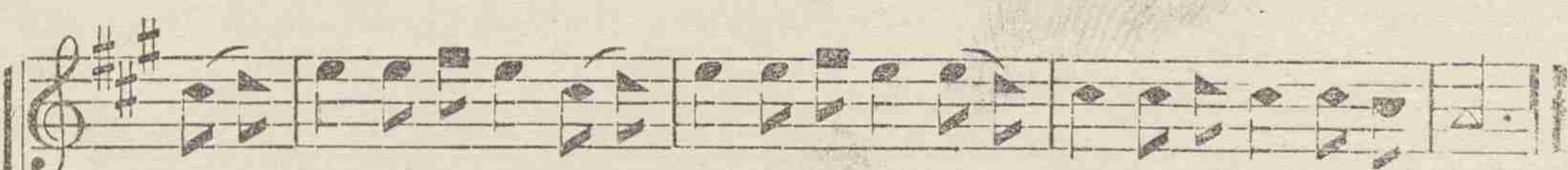
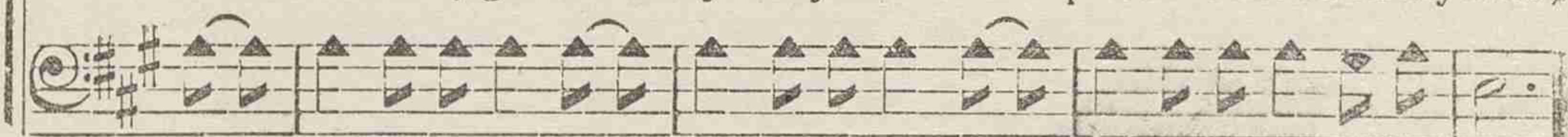
1. Beth-a - ny was a place of de-light-ful resort, To Jesus when here amongst men;
2. With pi - ous de-vo-tion this woman was moved To hon-or her Master di - vine,
3. Her act was condemned as wasteful and vain By murm'ers who knew not her grief;
4. O let her alone, she hath done what she could, She hath wrought a good work on her Lord;



There He rested in peace with those whom He loved, When He stopped there again and again.
And this thing to do she pro-cured at much cost, A rich ointment for burial design.
She had learned from her Lord that His stay here on earth, At furthest would be very brief;
Wher-so-ever this gospel on earth shall be preached, There this story of her shall be heard.



At the house of one, Simon, in this little place, A sup-per was giv-en the Lord,
And while at the ta-ble He qui-et-ly sat, She meekly advanced to His seat,
And quick-ly the Lord did reply in defense Of her conduct, and honored her deed.
O trouble her not, 'gainst the day of My death Hath she poured out this oil on My head;

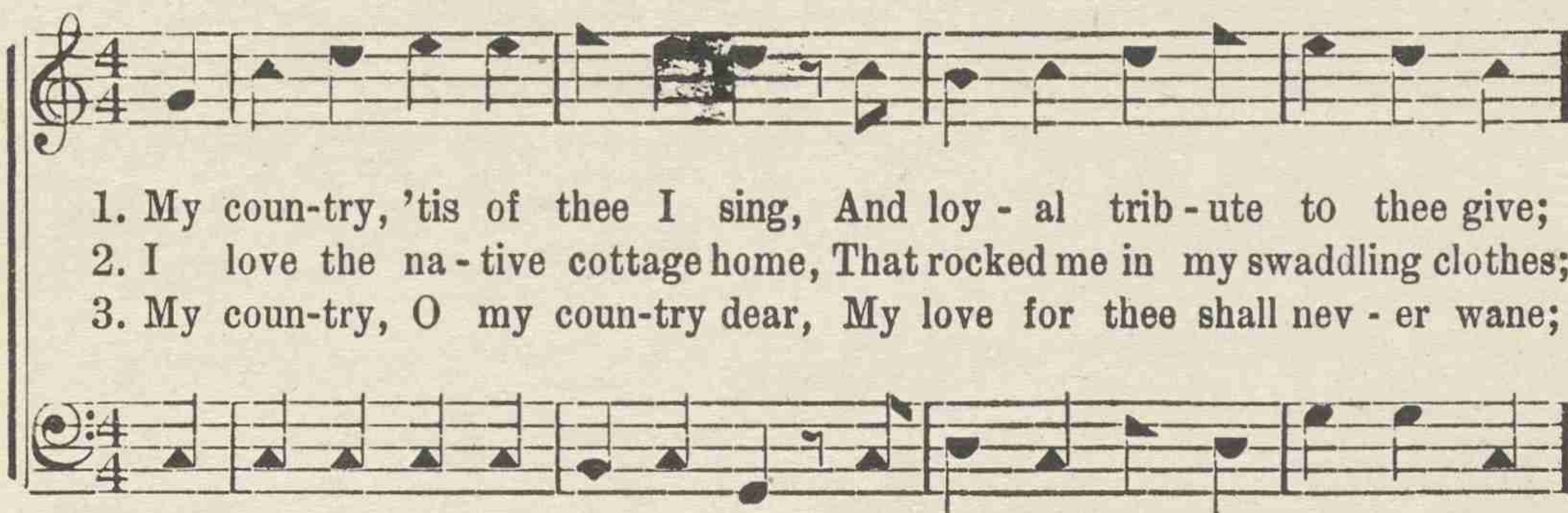


And there amongst others a woman was seen Who loved much to hang on His word.
And breaking her box of ointment she did Anoint there His head and His feet.
The poor ye have always, and when-e'er ye will Ye may do them the good they may need.
My feet, too, hath washed and with pious delight, Hath she wiped with the hair of her head.



- 5 Then trouble her not, a good deed hath she done,
And her fame far and near shall be known;
And the blood I shall spill ere I enter the grave
Shall for penitent sinners atone.
O let her alone, O let her alone,
Let her meet all her Master's demands,
Let her show her good will and her duty fulfill,
Let her glory in the work of her hands.

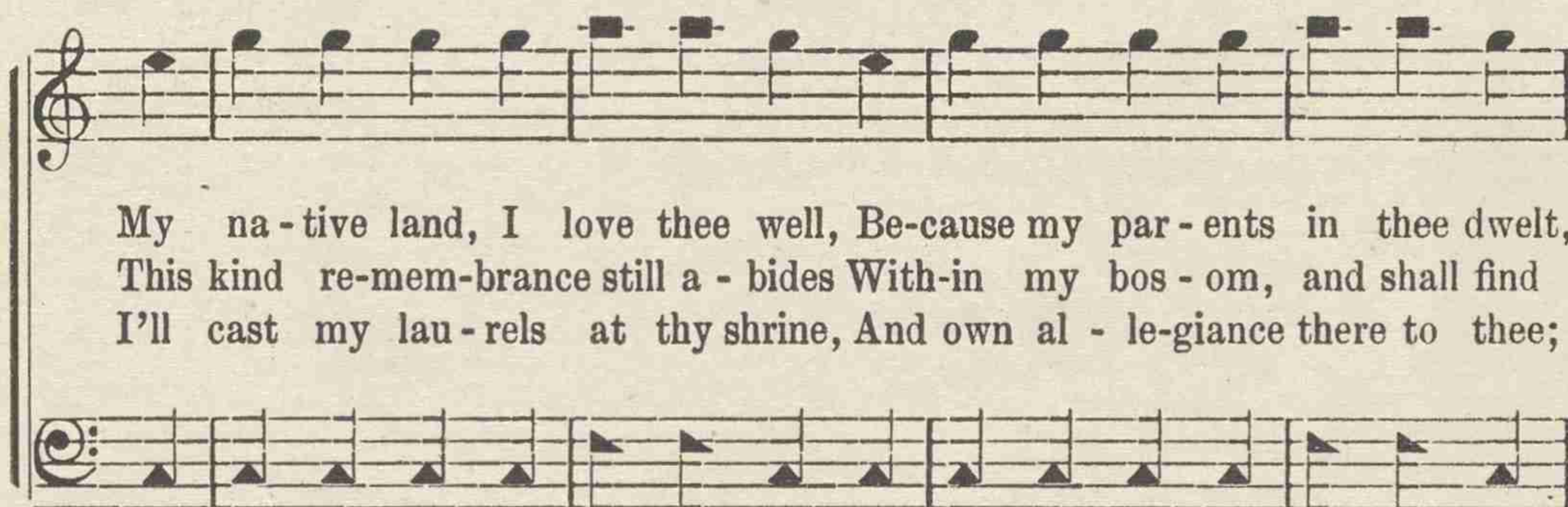
Words and Music by W. J. WILSON.



1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee I sing, And loy - al trib - ute to thee give;
 2. I love the na - tive cottage home, That rocked me in my swaddling clothes;
 3. My coun-try, O my coun-try dear, My love for thee shall nev - er wane;



My life's de - vo-tions e'er shall cling To thee as long as I shall live.
 And though I from it far do roam, Yet its fond mem-'ry with me goes.
 But while I live on this lone sphere, That love for thee shall still re - main.



My na - tive land, I love thee well, Be-cause my par - ents in thee dwelt,
 This kind re-mem-brance still a - bides With-in my bos - om, and shall find
 I'll cast my lau - rels at thy shrine, And own al - le-giance there to thee;

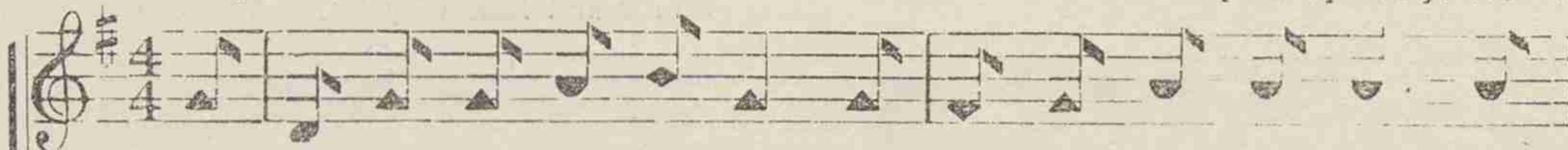


When life's pul-sa-tions first did swell My in - fant breast, tho' then un - felt.
 A welcome there, when much besides Has vanished from my wan - ing mind.
 And praise the Be - ing all di - vine, Who put me here and made me free.

No. 16. LOOK OUT FOR THE BREAKERS.

Words by W. J. WILSON.

Adapted by W. J. W.



1. We're in a world of dan-ger, where threat'ning break-ers stand, Some-
2. This life is our pro-ba-tion, while in the flesh we stay, It
3. Then true to no-ble in-stinct, im-plant-ed in the breast, Let



times in midst of o - cean, some - times up - on the land; Then
hath its good or e - vil, we choose each as we may; This
all be up and do - ing, in search of what is best; And



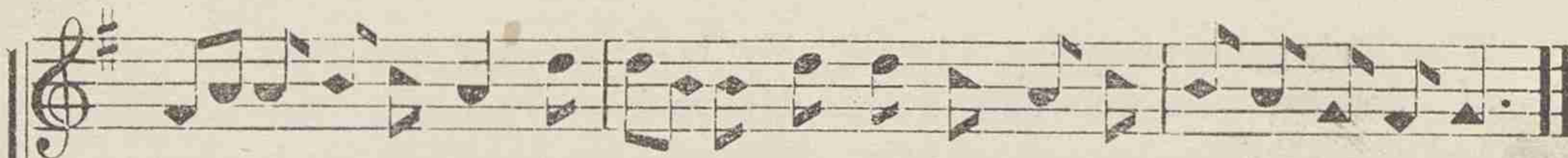
where-so - e'er we lin-ger, or where-so - e'er we go, We need be on the
world is full of tri - al, of toil and pain and woe, In - tend-ed for our
yield no time to tri - fling, or loit'ring as we go, For vig - i - lance is



CHORUS.



look out, to a - void each break-er's blow.
prof - it, while trav'ling here be - low. Look out for the breakers, Look
wis - dom, it wards off ev - 'ry blow.



out for the breakers, Look out for the breakers, When you hear the billows roar.



No. 17.

UPIDEE.

(A PARODY ON LONGFELLOW'S "EXCELSIOR.")

Author Unknown.

Arr. by W. J. WILSON.

1. The shades of night were fall - ing swift, U - pi - dee, U - pi - di, The

D. S.—U - pi - dee - i - dee - i - di, U - pi - dee, U - pi - di, FINE.

daz - zling snow lay drift on drift, U - pi - dee - i - di; When

U - pi - dee - i - dee - i - di, U - pi - dee - i - di.

D. S. for Chorus.

thro' the vil-lage a youth did go, Bear-ing a banner with this strange motto:

2 As he passed through the village he kept getting upper, Upidee, Upidi,
And passed some families sitting at supper, Upidee-i-di;
But his mind was fixed and his soul was bent,
And he went on hallooing and he hallooed as he went,—
Upidee, &c.

3 O! don't go near that sycamore tree, Upidee, Upidi;
Dodge all rolling stones you see, Upidee-i-di;
Saying which, a farmer went home to bed,
But a silvery voice he heard o'erhead,—
Upidee, &c.

4 O! don't go out such a shocking night, Upidee, Upidi,
Come rest on this bosom, says a maiden bright, Upidee-i-di:
On his Roman nose a teardrop come,
And he kept on hallooing and he hallooed as he clumb,—
Singing, Upidee, &c.

5 O! stop, say the monks of Saint Bernard, Upidee, Upidi,
Don't go out when its freezing so hard, Upidee-i-di;
But he waded on through the trackless snow,
And the wind brought back this faint echo,—
Of Upidee, &c.

6 About ix o'clock the next afternoon, Upidee, Upidi,
Some travellers happened to be going up soon, Upidee-i-di:
Found his youthful corpse on the snow a laying,
And there was no more use for him to be saying,
Upidee, &c.

Words and Music by W. J. WILSON.



1. Co - lum-bi-a, Co - lum-bi-a, our own dear father-land, We'll always give thee
2. To us has been trans-mit-ted this land so dear-ly won, As glo - ri - ous a
3. Great oceans with their tidal waves do lash our distant shores, While island seas belt
4. The first-born child of lib-er-ty in this new western world, Now ranks with greatest
5. Then, let us guard these sacred gifts, intact preserve each one, Transmit them to pos-



loy - al - ty, and for thy hon-or stand; In toil, in blood and per-il great, our
re - gion as lies beneath the sun; We take this good-ly her - it - age, both
both our sides, and plen-ty fills our stores; And con - sti - tu - ted law a-bides, with
governments wher-e'er our flag's unfurled; Henceforth may this strong union be a
ter - i - ty, as due from sire to son; And pray to God who rules supreme and



fa - thers peopled thee, And independence dearly gained—Sweet boon of liberty.
lib - er - al and free, A peace-a-ble pos - ses-sion—the home of lib-er-ty.
e - qual rights to all, And rulers of our own free choice fill ev'ry le-gal hall.
type of righteousness And peace, with which to conquest go, and all the world to bless.
shapes our des-ti - ny, To lead our na-tion in the right, and guard our liberty.



CHORUS.



- 1-4. O land of precious lib-er-ty! Home of the brave and free, We pledge thee loyal
5. O land of precious lib-er-ty! Home of the free and brave, May God our rulers



FINE.

D. S.



rev - er - ence, Dear land of lib - er - ty!
always guide, And our dear country save!

Dear land of lib - er - ty!
And our dear country save!



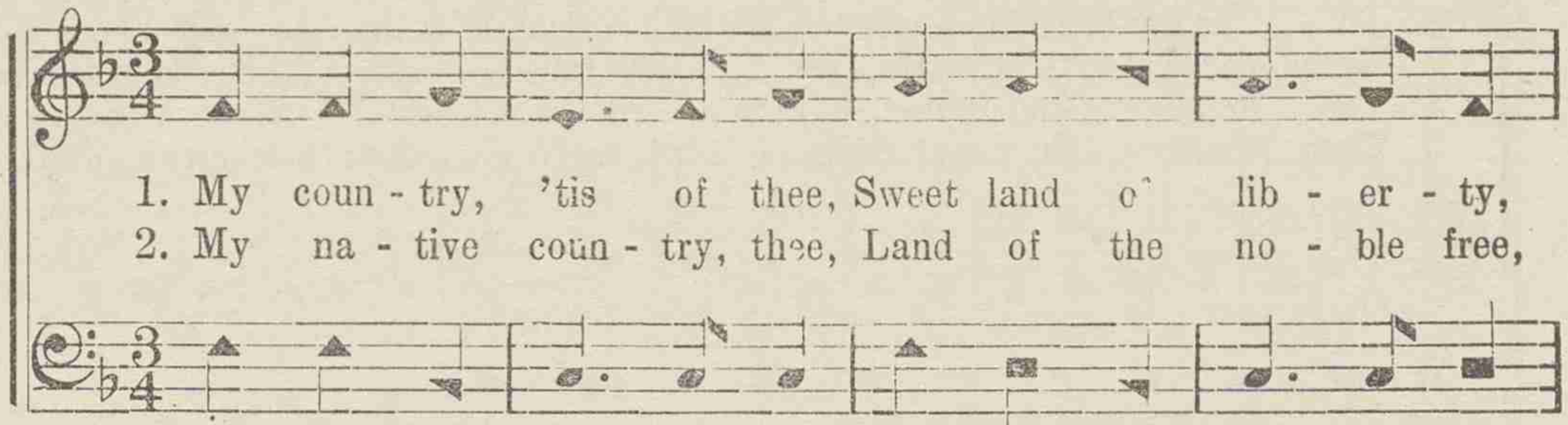
No. 19

AMERICA.

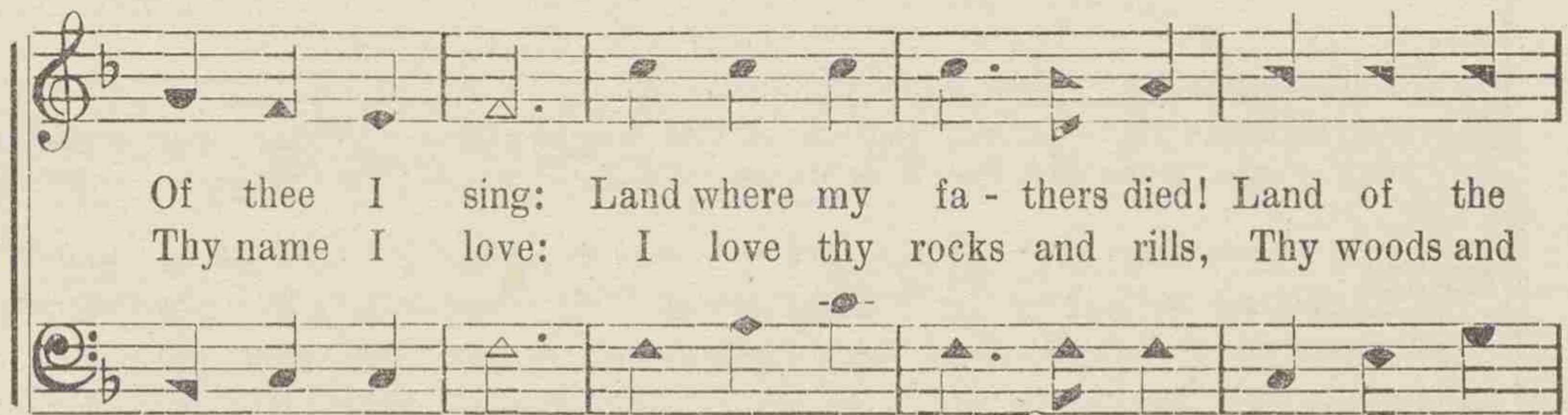
(THE NATIONAL SONG OF AMERICA.)

Words by S. F. SMITH.

Music by HENRY CAREY.



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land o' lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,



Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and



pil - grims' pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.

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!

No. 20. TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

Author

Unknown.

Arranged by W. J. WILSON.



1. The Lord is my Shep - herd, and I shall nev - er want;
2. And tho' I'm in death' val - ley its shad - ows I'll dis - dain,
3. Per-chance I'm with my en - e - mies, my bread doth nev - er fail;
4. Then sure - ly will God's good - ness and mer - cy fol - low me,



In pas - tures green He makes me lie, or stroll from haunt to haunt;
For God will there be with me its per - ils to re - strain;
My ta - ble with full boun - ty spread, no hun - ger can pre - vail;
And all the days of my short life will end most pleas - ant - ly;



And if my soul grows wear - y, re - stores it by His grace,
His rod and staff shall com - fort me; no e - vil can de - stroy
My cup will e'er run o - ver, my head with oint - ment glow;
Thenceforth the house not made with hands my heav'n - ly home shall be,



Then leads me by still wa - ters in paths of right - eous - ness.
The con - fi - dence He giv - eth me while in His loved em - ploy.
And ev - 'ry need - ed ben - e - fit from God will free - ly flow.
And I with Christ and saints shall dwell to all e - ter - ni - ty.



No. 21.

GETHSEMANE.

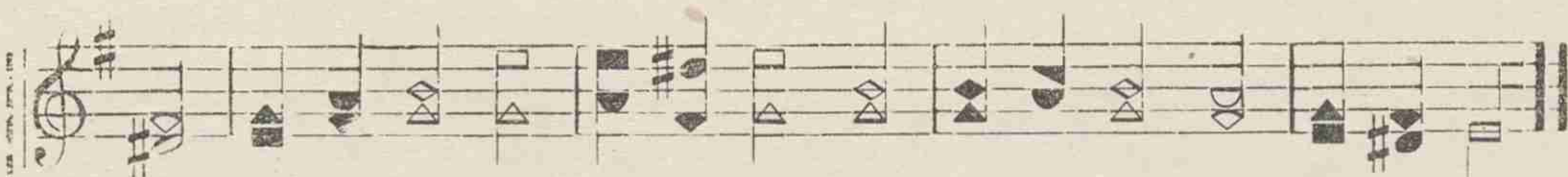
(Tune—Windham.

W. J. WILSON.

Composer of Music Unknown.



1. Geth-sem - a - ne, Geth-sem - a - ne, Thy mem-'ry may I ne'er for-get,
2. Ere I for-get thee, let my hand For-get her cun-ning and be still,
3. Geth-sem - a - ne, Geth-sem - a - ne, Re - peat thy throes be - fore my face,
4. Ne'er let me from thy Suf-f'rer stray, Let me my share of tor-ture take.



- Nor turn a - way my tho'ts from thee—Thy ag - o - ny and blood-y sweat.
 And let my tongue no more com-mand The bless-ings which thy dew's dis - til.
 And may I nev - er turn from thee, Till I thy tor-tured One em-brace.
 And meek-ly fol - low in His way, And bear the cross for His own sake.



- 5 O God! nerve me with strength divine
 Such as the angel gave Thy Son,
 And may my strengthened heart incline
 To quote the prayer, "Thy will be done."
- 6 And wheresoe'er I cast my lot,
 Help me erect a throne for Thee,
 And call that consecrated spot,
 My own, my dear Gethsemane.

No. 22.

FULL CONSECRATION.

- 1 O gracious Lord, help me to grow
 In grace and knowledge of Thy word,
 And as I wander to and fro,
 Wilt Thou all-needed strength afford?
- 2 I cannot live aright without
 The aid Thy Holy Spirit gives,
 Nor can I free myself from doubt,
 Unless that Spirit in me lives.
- 3 By day may His kind presence keep
 My heart from ev'ry inbred sin,
 And may His vigils watch my sleep,
 While His sweet presence dwells within.
- 4 And, O Thou Holy Paraclete!
 Take full possession of my heart,
 And may Thy presence, ever sweet,
 From my poor soul never depart.
- 5 Lord, to the end of life may I
 Keep pure in word and tho't and deed,
 And on Thy blessed Son rely,
 And to His ev'ry word take heed.
- 6 Thus may I live, thus may I die,
 Thus may I leave a world like this,
 And then mount up above the sky,
 To realms of everlasting bliss.

W. J. WILSON.

No. 23.

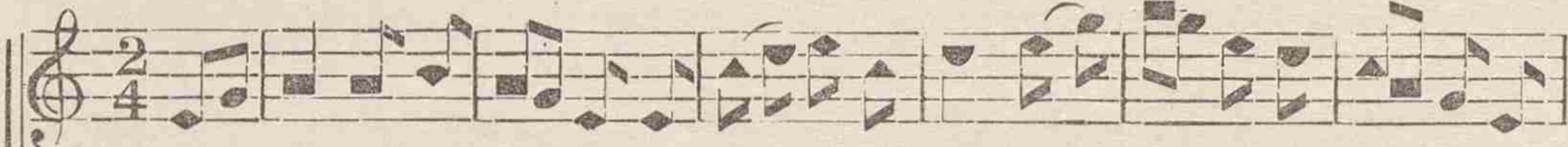
STAR OF COLUMBIA.

This patriotic poem is too good to be lost. It deserves to be kept in continual remembrance. It embraces our present and past achievements, and is prophetic of future greatness and virtues. Our great fleet, lately circumnavigating the globe, was evidence of our nation's influence for good.

W. J. W.

MISS DURHAM. Words by DWIGHT.

Arranged by W. J. WILSON.



1. Co - lum-bia! Co - lum-bia! to glo - ry a - rise, The queen of the world and the
2. To conquest and slaughter let oth - ers as-pire, Whelm na-tions in blood, or wrap
3. Fair sci-ence her gate to thy sons shall unbar, And the east see thy morn hide the
4. Thy fleets to all re-gions thy power shall display: The na-tions ad-mire, and the



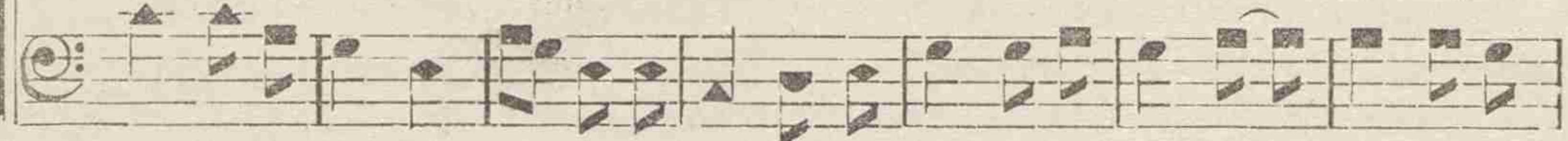
child of the skies, Thy ge-nius commands thee with rap-tures be - hold, While
cit - ies in fire; Thy he - roes the rights of man-kind shall de - fend, And
beams of her star; New bards and new sa - ges un - ri-valed shall soar To
o - cean o - bey; Each shore to thy glo - ry its tri - bute un - fold, And the



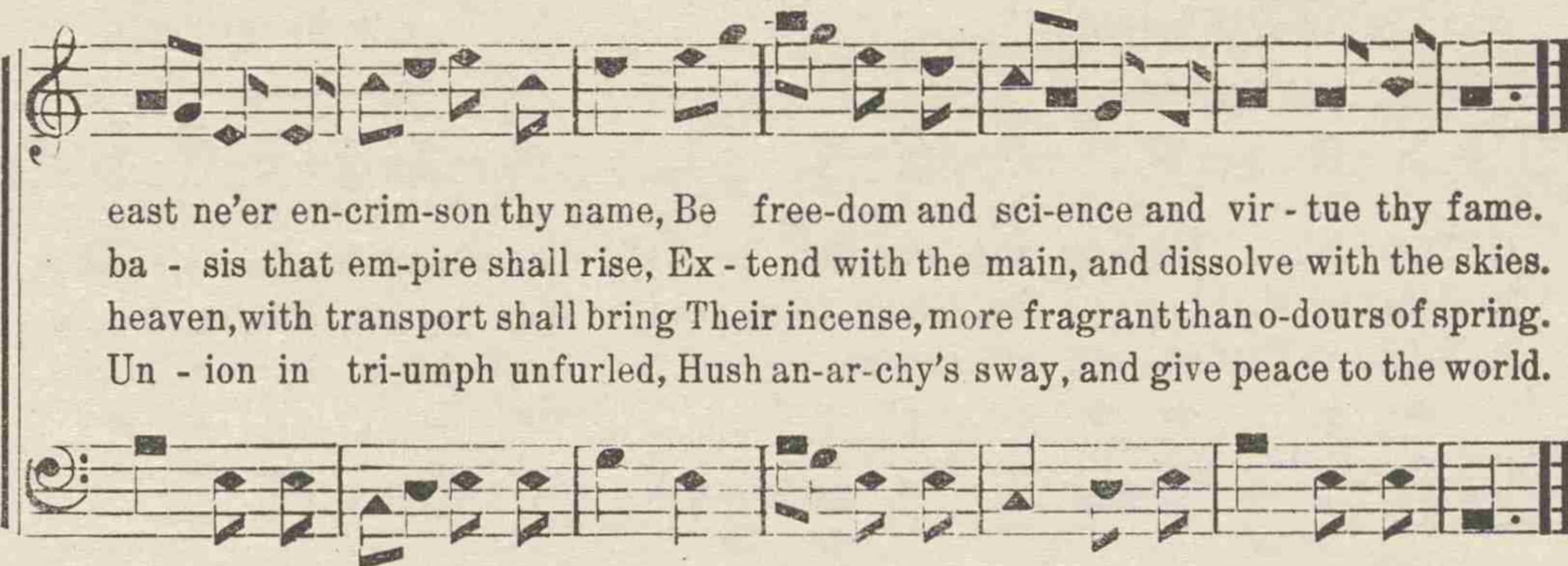
a - ges on a - ges thy splendors un - fold: Thy regin is the last and the
tri-umph pur - sue them and glo - ry at - tend. A world is thy realm, for a
fame un-ex-tin-guished when time is no more. To thee, the last ref - uge of
east and the south yield their spic-es and gold. As the day-spring un-bound-ed thy



no - blest of time, Most fruitful thy soil, most in-vit-ing thy clime; Let crimes of the
world be thy laws, Enlarged as thy em-pire, and just as thy cause; On freedom's broad
vir-tue designed, Shall fly from all na-tions, the best of mankind; They, grateful to
splendors shall flow, And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow; While the ensigns of



STAR OF COLUMBIA—Concluded.

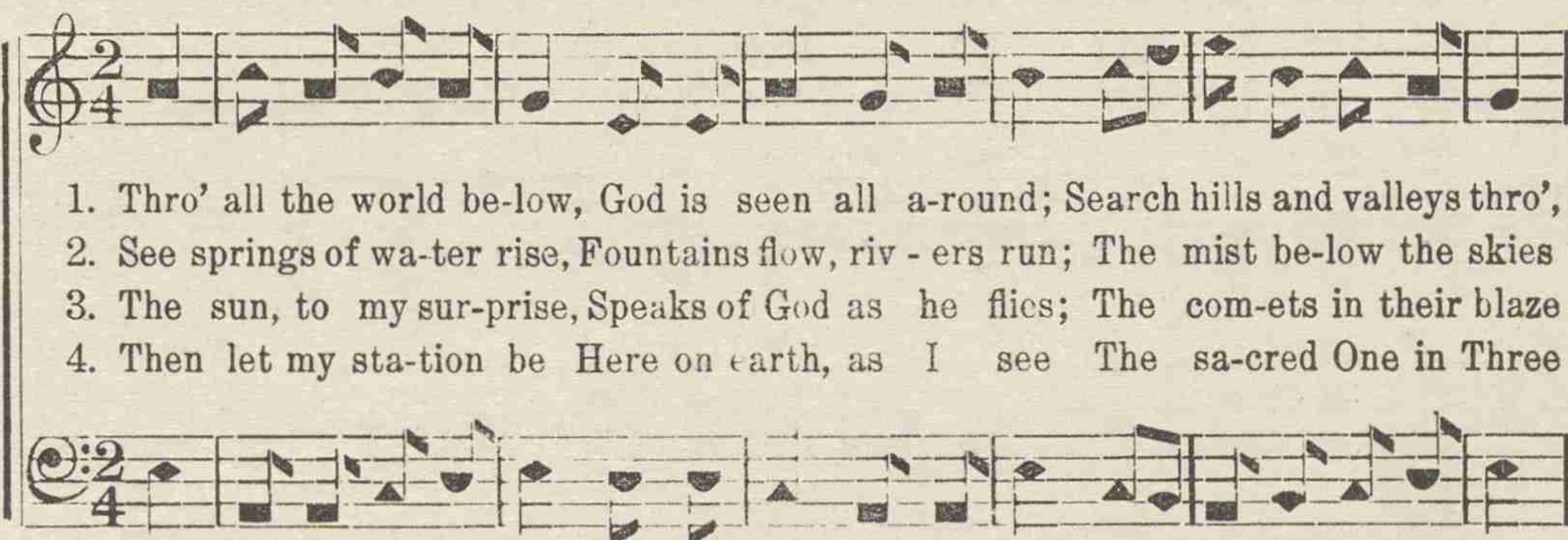


east ne'er en-crim-son thy name, Be free-dom and sci-ence and vir-tue thy fame.
ba - sis that em-pire shall rise, Ex - tend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.
heaven, with transport shall bring Their incense, more fragrant than o-dours of spring.
Un - ion in tri-umph unfurled, Hush an-ar-chy's sway, and give peace to the world.

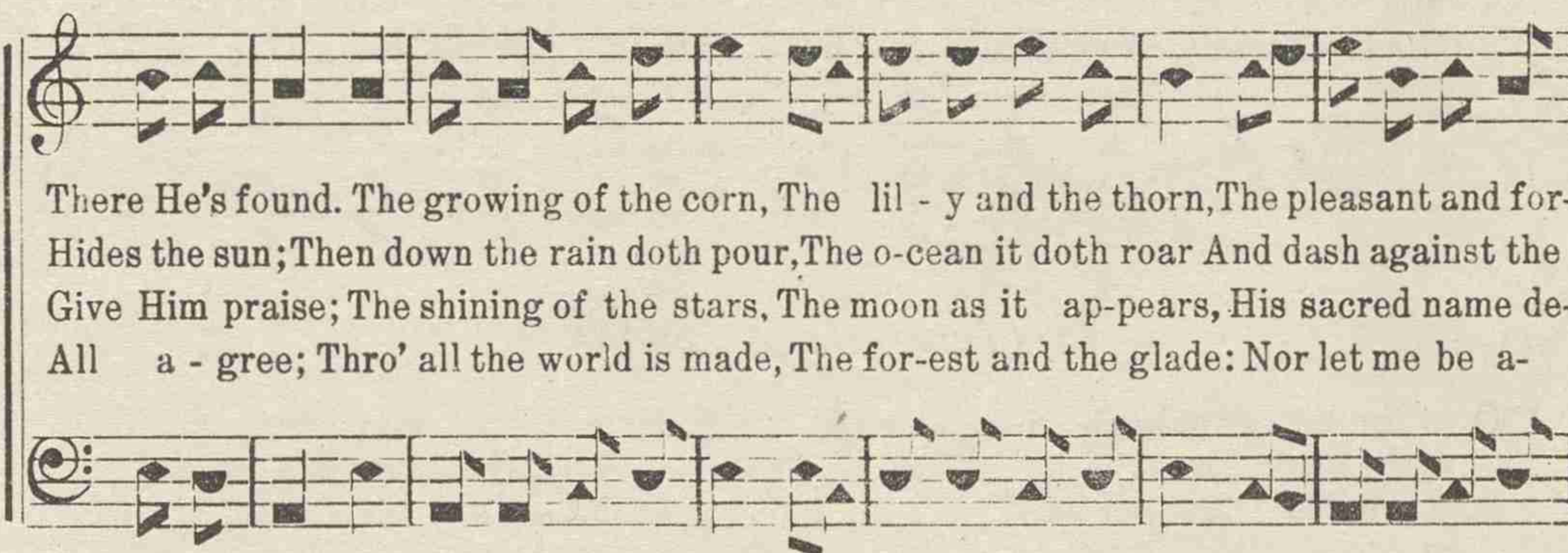
No. 24. GOD EVERYWHERE.

Author of Words Unknown.

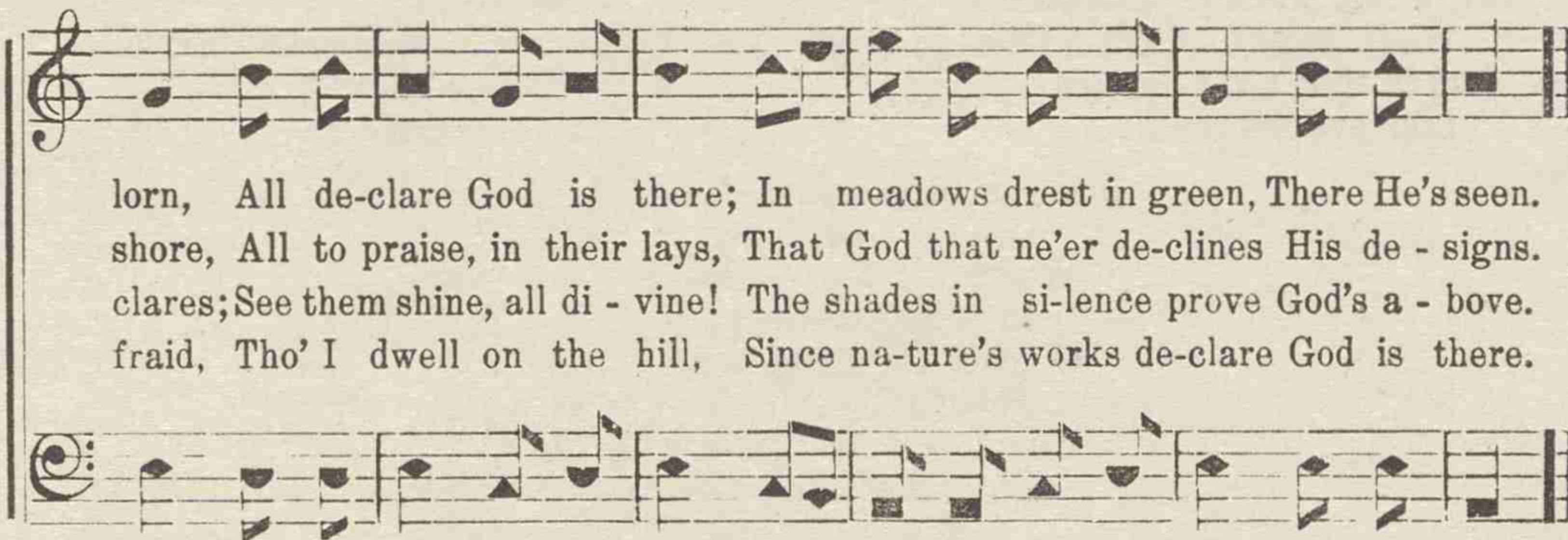
An Old Song.



1. Thro' all the world be-low, God is seen all a-round; Search hills and valleys thro',
2. See springs of wa-ter rise, Fountains flow, riv - ers run; The mist be-low the skies
3. The sun, to my sur-prise, Speaks of God as he flies; The com-ets in their blaze
4. Then let my sta-tion be Here on earth, as I see The sa-cred One in Three



There He's found. The growing of the corn, The lil - y and the thorn, The pleasant and for-
Hides the sun; Then down the rain doth pour, The o-ccean it doth roar And dash against the
Give Him praise; The shining of the stars, The moon as it ap-pears, His sacred name de-
All a - gree; Thro' all the world is made, The for-est and the glade: Nor let me be a-



lorn, All de-clare God is there; In meadows drest in green, There He's seen.
shore, All to praise, in their lays, That God that ne'er de-clines His de - signs.
clares; See them shine, all di - vine! The shades in si-lence prove God's a - bove.
fraid, Tho' I dwell on the hill, Since na-ture's works de-clare God is there.

No. 25.

HAPPY LAND.

Author of Words Unknown.

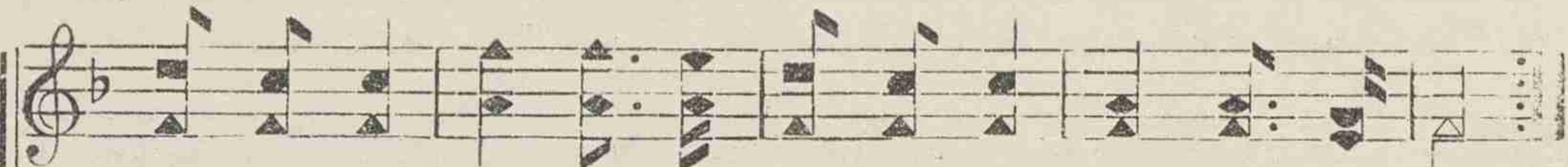
L. P. BREEDLOVE.



1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in glo-ry stand,
2. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come a-way; Why will you doubting stand?
3. Bright in that hap-py land Beams ev-'ry eye; Kept by a Fa-ther's hand,



Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, Wor-thy is our
 Why yet de-lay? Oh, we shall hap-py be, When, from sin and
 Love can-not die: Then shall His kingdom come, Saints shall share a



Sav-ior King, Loud let His prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye.
 sor-row free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye.
 glo-rious home, And bright a-bove the sun We'll reign for aye.



No. 26.

(Tune—Happy Land.)

1 O to the heavenly land
 We'll haste away!
 And join the Christian band
 In endless day.
 Then free from sin and pain,
 We in heav'n with Christ shall reign,
 And in that blest domain
 Live evermore.

2 High in that happy land
 We'll sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb,
 Loud, loud and long.
 O what a time 'twill be,
 When our Savior we shall see,
 And through eternity
 Praise evermore!

3 O for an antepast
 Of that blest love,
 Which will forever last
 In heav'n above!
 O let us steadfast be,
 'Then the joys of heav'n we'll see,
 And, Lord, we'll live with Thee,
 Blest evermore.

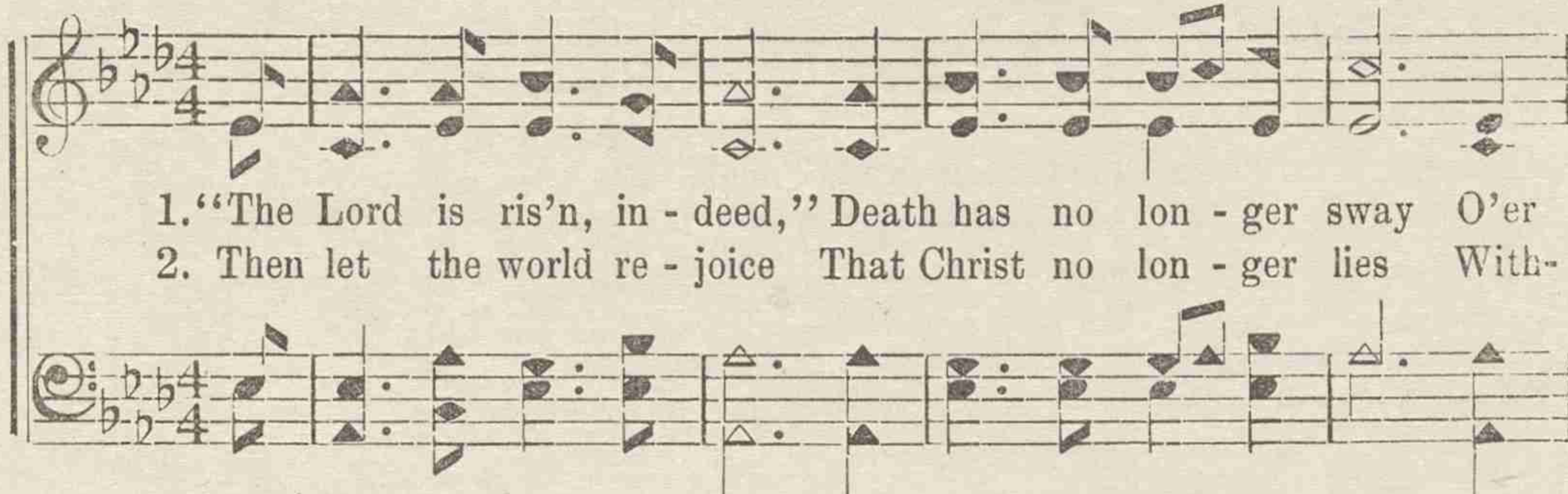
W. J. WILSON.

No. 27.

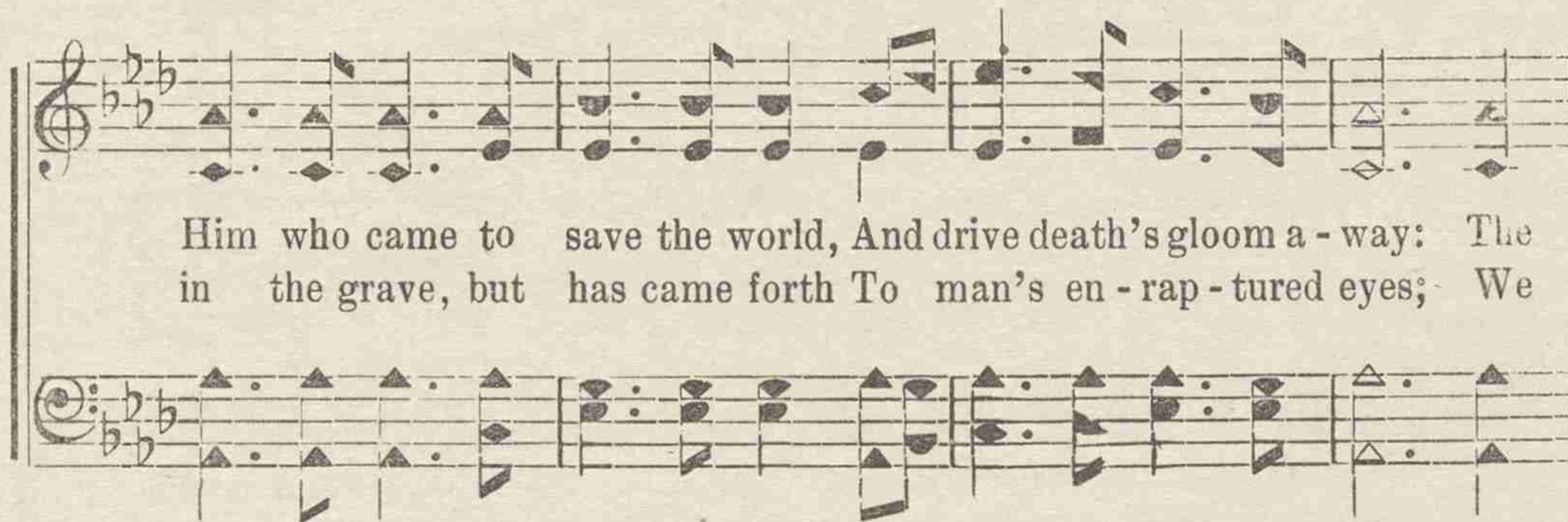
THE RISEN LORD.

S. H. M. OR 6S, 8S.

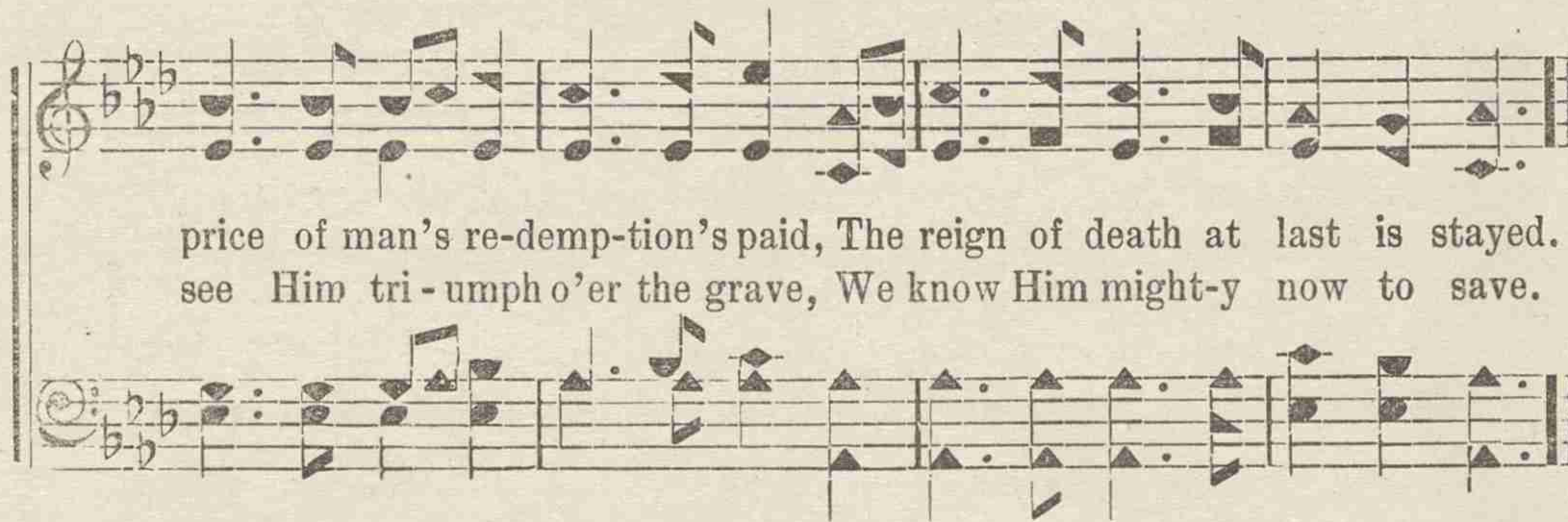
Words and Music by WM. JESSE WILSON.



1. "The Lord is ris'n, in - deed," Death has no lon - ger sway O'er
 2. Then let the world re - joice That Christ no lon - ger lies With-



Him who came to save the world, And drive death's gloom a - way: The
 in the grave, but has come forth To man's en - rap - tured eyes; We



price of man's re-demp-tion's paid, The reign of death at last is stayed.
 see Him tri - umph o'er the grave, We know Him might-y now to save.

3 Hosanna to the King!

Let Israel's hosts proclaim,
 And all the Gentile nations sing
 In honor of His name:
 The Lord of all ascends on high,
 And man no more need fear to die.

4 Then hallowed be His name,

His reign triumphant be,
 Let peace on earth, good-will to men,
 Abound from sea to sea;
 Let glory to His name be given,
 By all on earth and all in heaven.

No. 28.

DOXOLOGY.

The Triune God we bless,
 The Father and the Son,
 And Holy Spirit all divine,
 United Three in One:
 We laud, we magnify the Lamb,
 Father and Spirit, Great I Am.


No. 29.

A FESTAL ANTHEM.


(Tune—Hosanna. L. M. 6 lines.)

W. J. WILSON.

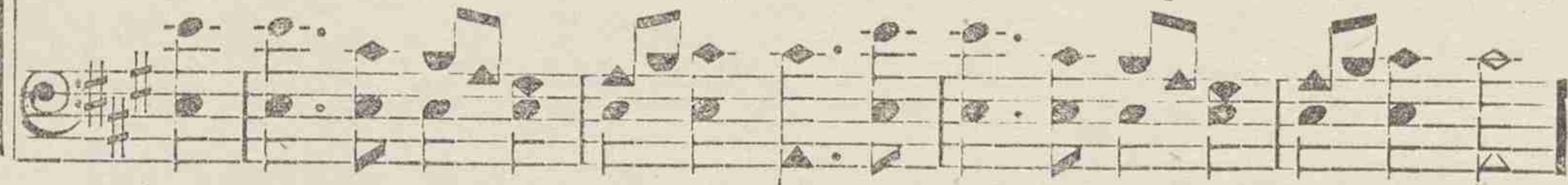
WM. WALKER'S Ch. Harmony.



1. { Come join a sim - ple song of praise, While we to heav'n our voi - ces raise; }
 { Let all u - nite to praise the grace That bro't sal - va - tion to our race; }
 2. { So Christ with love and will - ing mind Did come to earth to save mankind; }
 { But this to do His blood a - lone Could full - y for man's sin a - tone: }
 3. { Then sing to Him a grate - ful song, And chant ho - san - nas loud and long, }
 { With joy - ful mu - sic help pro - claim The homage due His ho - ly name; }



For God so loved the world that He Did give His Son to make us free.
 And hence He on the cross did give His life that we might thro' Him live.
 Let ev - 'ry soul ex - tol the love That bro't redemption from a - bove.



CHORUS. FINE.



Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na to the Lamb of God!



D. S.



Glo - ry, glo - ry let us sing Grate - ful hon - ors to our King!



4 Our souls do magnify the Lord;
 To Him all honor we accord,
 For He, above all earthly good,
 Grants full salvation by His blood:
 Then glory to Immanuel's name,
 And let this be our glad acclaim.

5 And when our days on earth are past,
 And we ascend to heaven at last,
 The many mansions there prepared
 Will be by saints and angels shared:
 And then amidst the heavenly throng,
 We'll shout God's praises loud and long.

No. 30.

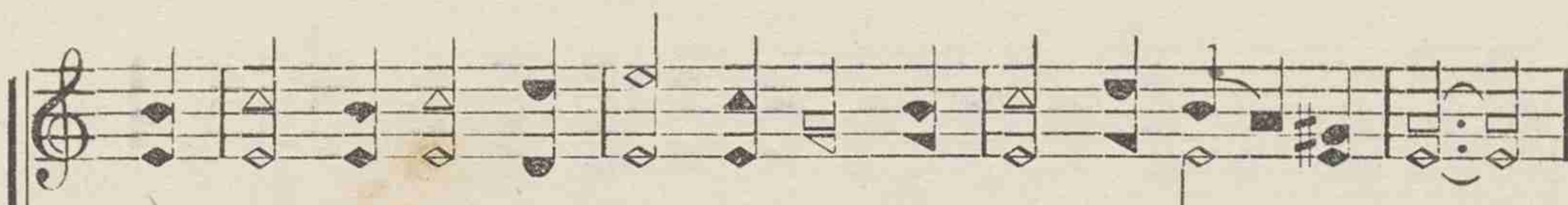
TIME AND DESTINY.

W. J. WILSON.

Composer of Music Unknown.



1. "Time, like an ev - er roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;
2. No meas - ured verse can tide us on Life's fit - ful jour - ney here,
3. The good or ill which he may choose Will sure to him be giv'n,
4. De - struc - tion is the sin - ner's sigh, And death the sin - ner's lot;



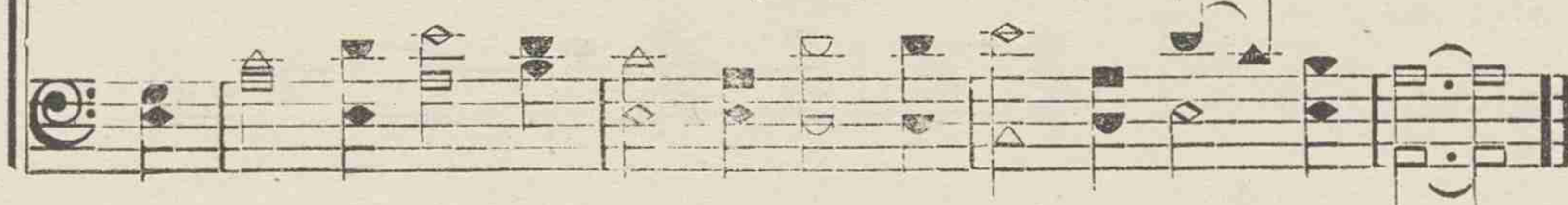
They fly for - got - ten as a dream Dies at the open - ing day."
 And keep us buoy - ant, bright and strong, Be - yond our doomed ca - reer.
 For God will nev - er once re - fuse To give us hell or heav'n.
 "The soul that sin - neth it shall die," Shall die and be for - got.



And we are pass - ing swift a - long To fill al - lot - ted time;
 Man has his lim - it here be - low; This lim - it he must fill,
 But heav - en comes at pre - cious cost, To all who choose it here;
 But life e - ter - nal God doth give, And this is free - ly giv'n



And tho' our days seem to pro - long, Yet they must fill the chime.
 And then lie down at death's fell blow, And yield to good or ill.
 But those who choose it not are lost, — De - struc - tion is their share.
 To all who serve Him while they live, And thus pre - pare for heav'n.



No. 31.

GOD OMNIPOTENT.

(Tune - Zion.)

W. J. WILSON.

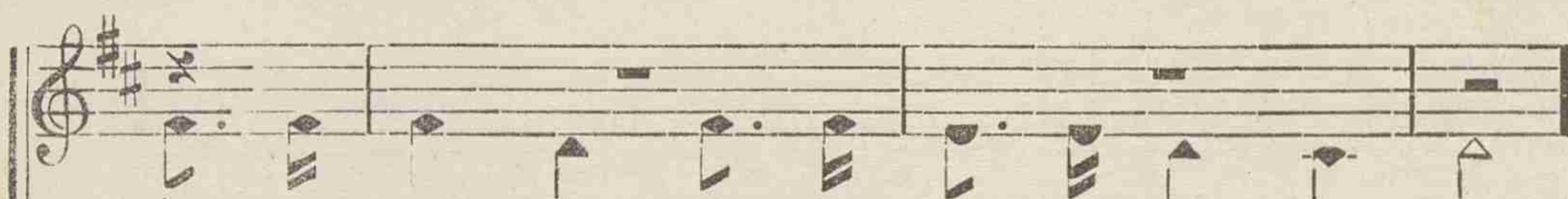
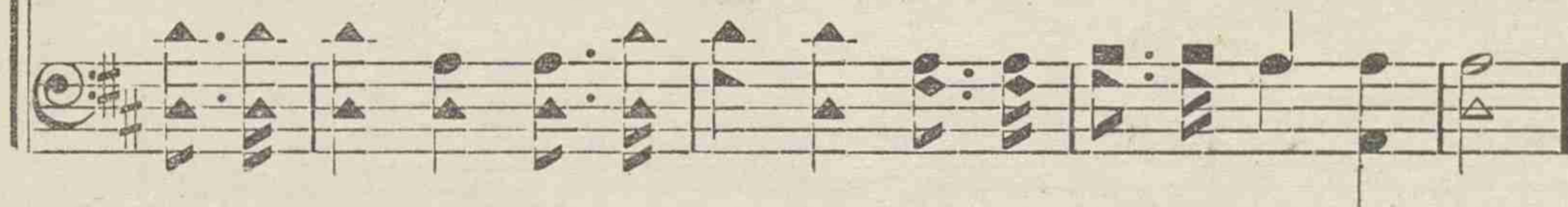
THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. Great Je - ho - vah, who dost tow - er O - ver heav-en, earth and hell!
2. Noth - ing here on earth is like Thee, Noth - ing in the realms of light;
3. When Thou wouldst Thy creatures hum - ble, Noth - ing can pre - vent Thy sway;
4. Oh, that men might fall be - fore Thee, And cry out, Thy will be done!



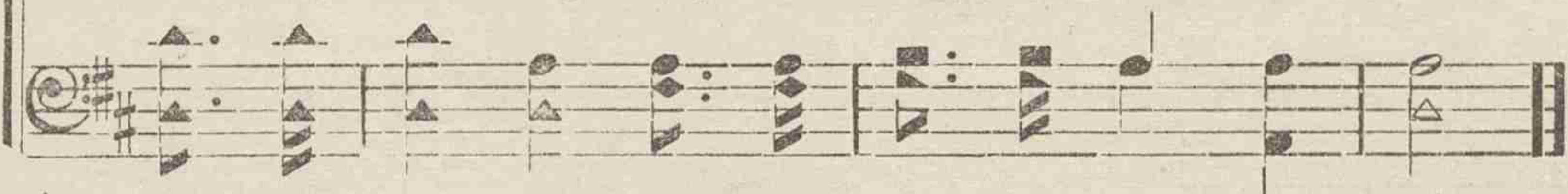
We a - dore Thy match - less pow - er; Of its sway no tongue can tell:
 Noth - ing can re - sist Thy fi - at, Thou canst put all foes to flight.
 Ev - 'ry ob - sta - cle must crum - ble, Ev - 'ry hu - man force give way.
 And all hu - man tho't a - dore Thee, Fa - ther, Spir - it, bless - ed Son:



All cre - a - tion Can't ex - press Thy might too well;
 Full do - min - ion Hast Thou of Thy sov - 'reign right;
 Dread - ful Sov - 'reign, Give not to Thy wrath dis - play;
 Tri - une Sov - 'reign, May the world to Thee be won;



All cre - a - tion Can't ex - press Thy might too well.
 Full do - min - ion Hast Thou of Thy sov - 'reign right.
 Dread - ful Sov - 'reign, Give not to Thy wrath dis - play.
 Tri - une Sov - 'reign, May the world to Thee be won.



No 32.

VITAL SPARK.

(A paraphrase of Pope's excellent ode, "Vital Spark," ending with his last stanza, the whole better suited to music.)

W. J. WILSON.


HUMPHREYS.



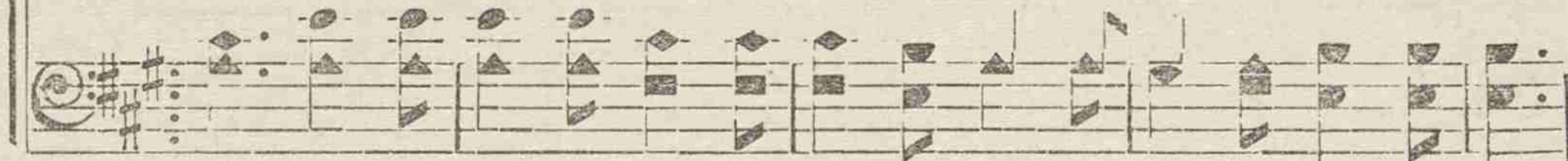
1. Oh, vi - tal spark of heav'nly flame, Dost thou now quit this mortal frame,
 2. Oh, what is this absorbs me quite, Dethrones my rea-son, dims my sight,
 3. Hark, hark the whis-per! An-gels say, "Come, sister spir - it, come a - way,
 4. The world re - cedes, it dis - ap-pears, Heav'n opens on my eyes, my ears,




Dost thou now quit this mor-tal frame, Of trem-bling, lin-g'ring strife?
 De - thrones my rea - son, dims my sight, And al - most steals my breath;
 Come, sis - ter spir - it, come a - way, And cling no more to earth;
 Heav'n o - pens on my eyes, my ears With sounds ser-aph - ic ring!

Let pain or bliss of dy - ing cease, And let me have a swift re-lease,
 That drowns my spir-its, racks my nerves, And only some fell purpose serves—
 Let death its might-y swoop dis-play, It on - ly opes to bright-er day,
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! O grave where is thy vic - to - ry?




And let me have a swift re - lease, And launch a - way to life.
 And on - ly some fell pur - pose serves—My soul, can this be death?
 It on - ly opes to bright-er day, To sweet ce - les - tial birth."
 O grave where is thy vic - to - ry? O death where is thy sting?



No. 33. TRIUMPHANT AT LAST.

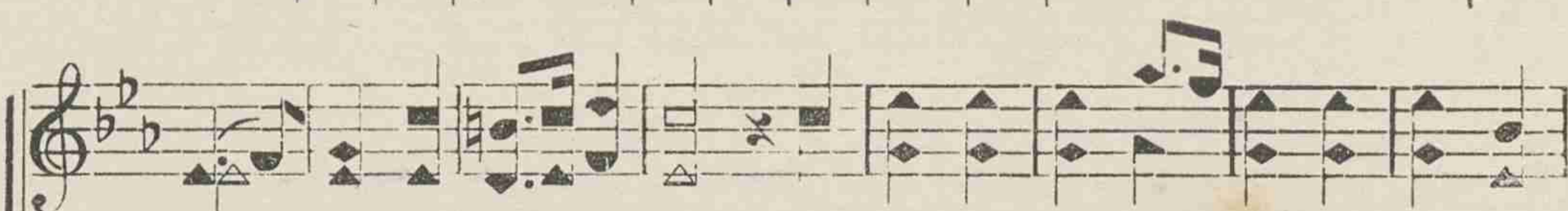
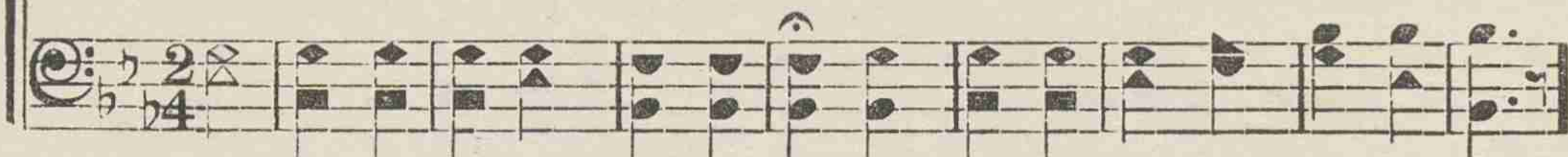
(Tune—Rhode Island.)

W. J. WILSON.

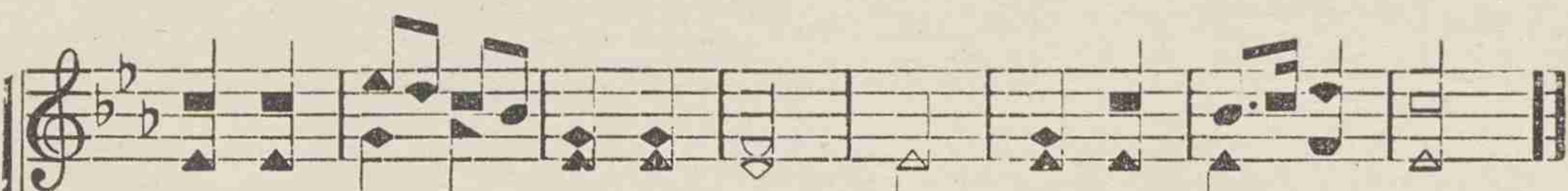
Author Unknown.



1. Man is the crea-ture of a day, Has but a mo-men-tar-y stay,
2. Lord, let our ransomed spir-its fly To bright-er man-sions in the sky,
3. From earth we'll wing our flight away, Nor will we court a lon-ger stay,
4. Thanks be to God, death has no sting, While we un-to our Sav-ior cling,



Where tran-sient life is giv'n; Hence he should seek an-oth-er sphere, Where
To ev-er-last-ing rest; Where our en-rap-tured souls shall be With
Where short-lived pleasures spring; On an-gel wings we'll mount and cry, "O
And in His foot-steps plod; The grave it-self no ter-ror hath, It



he can have a long ca-reer Of hap-pi-ness un-riv'n.
Christ the Lambe-ter-nal-ly, And be for-ev-er blest.
grave, where is thy vic-to-ry? O death, where is thy sting?"
sim-ply marks the nar-row path To glo-ry and to God.



No. 34.

(Tune above.)

- 1 Be it my only wisdom here
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude:
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And waking in the good.
- 2 O may I still from sin depart;
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given!
And let me through Thy Spirit know
To glory my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

—Charles Wesley.

No. 35.

"IT IS I."

W. J. WILSON.

Composer & Music Unknown.

1. "It is I, be not a-fraid," Christ, the bless-ed Sav - ior, said,
 2. "Tho' the tide and winds be high, I am ev - er, ev - er nigh,
 3. "It is I, be not a-fraid; If in Me thy trust is stayed

And He says it now to-day, "Come to Me, I am the Way."
 Quick to nerve the trem-bling soul, Ev - 'ry an - gry wave con - trol."
 Thou shalt nev - er, nev - er fall, I'm thy Christ, thine All in all."

"It is I, feel no dis - may, Sea and wind My voice o - bey;
 "It is I, poor sink - ing soul, Come, and I will make thee whole;
 "It is I, yes, it is I, Heav'n's e - ter - nal port is nigh;

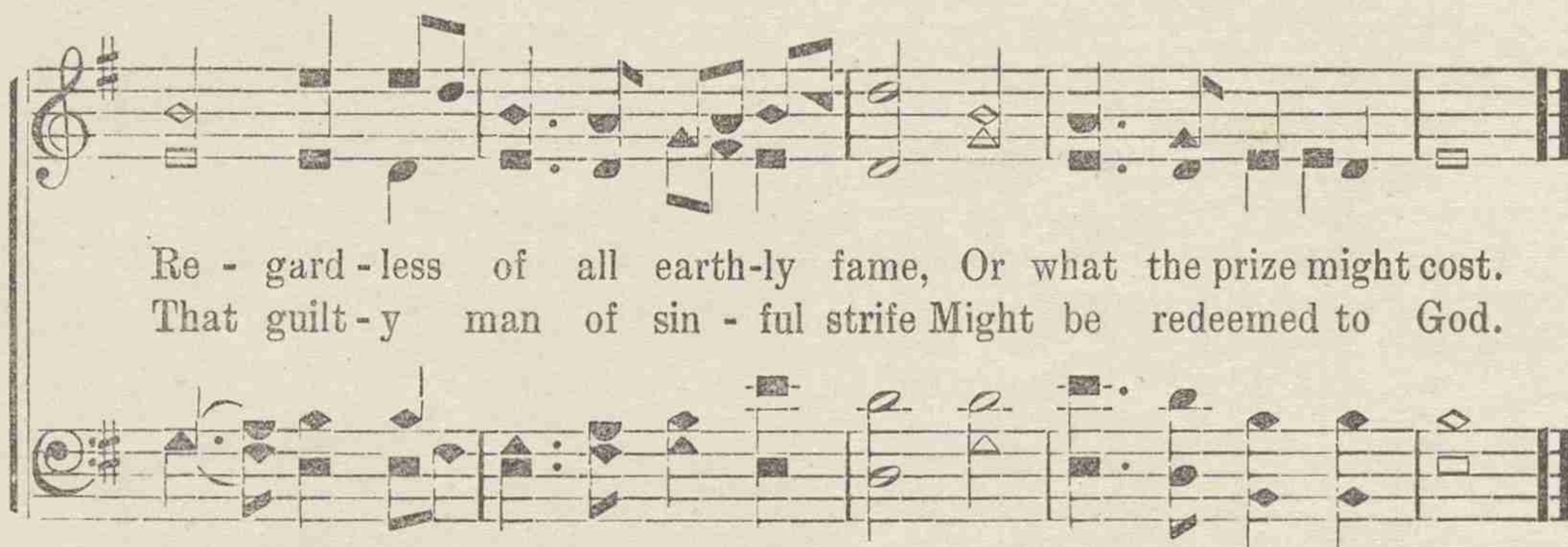
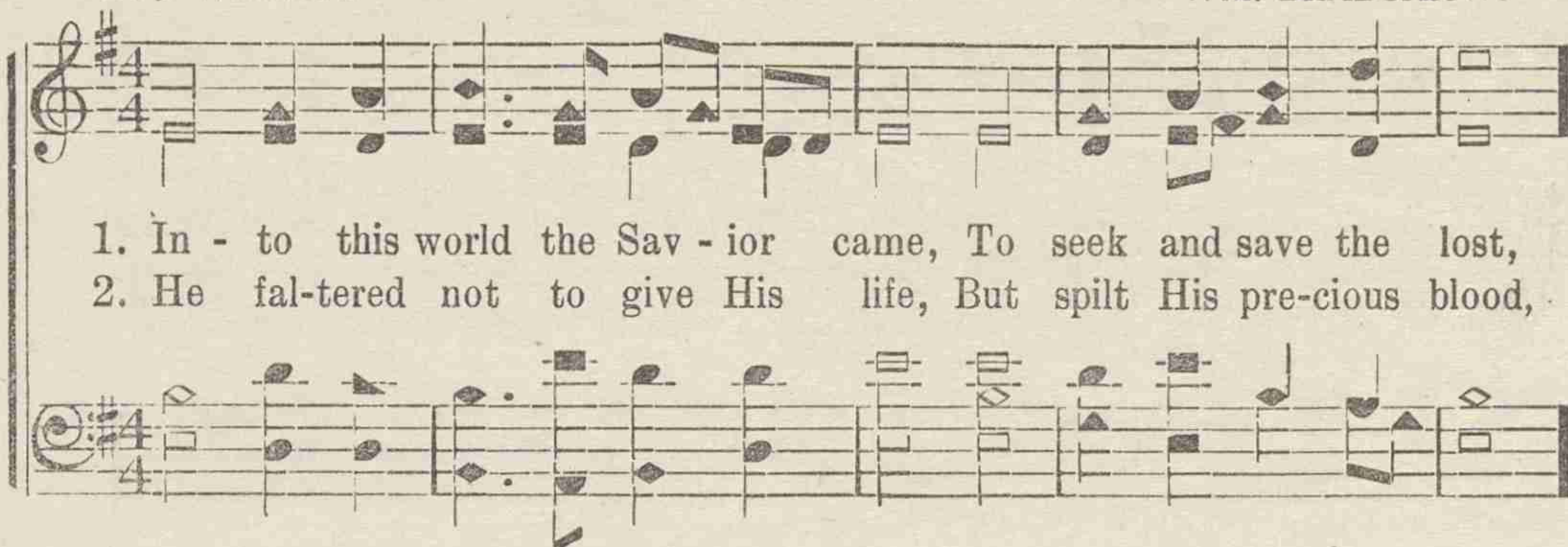
Tho' the dark - est clouds may lower, Noth - ing can with - stand My pow'r."
 Take My yoke, My bur - den bear, Cast on Me thy great - est care."
 All who shel - ter by My side, Shall with Me in heav'n a - bide!"

No. 36. CHRIST'S MISSION INTO THE WORLD.

(C. M.)

W. J. WILSON.

WM. BRADSHAW.



3 Our helpless state passed in review
Before His watchful eye,
And bidding heaven a glad adieu,
He to our help did fly.

4 And now He seeks the guilty soul,
With penitence possessed,
Who, in His wounds, would be made whole,
And find eternal rest.

5 "Come unto Me," He boldly cries,
"My yoke and burden take,
And him who on My word relies,
I never shall forsake."

No. 37.

RELIGION.

(C. M. Music above.)

1 Religion's the most vital thing
That appertains to life,
A force that is quite sure to bring
Relief from toil and strife.

3 So let each thoughtful soul embrace
The truth that's sure to win,
And gain the prize that comes by grace
And frees from fatal sin.

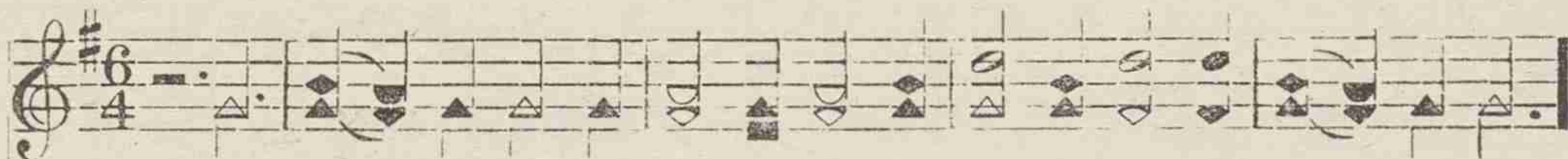
2 By its sure ministrations we
Great comfort can obtain,
While crossing life's tempestuous sea,
A peaceful port to gain.

4 Then through eternal ages there,
In the bright world above,
The ransomed hosts of earth shall share
The blessings of God's love.

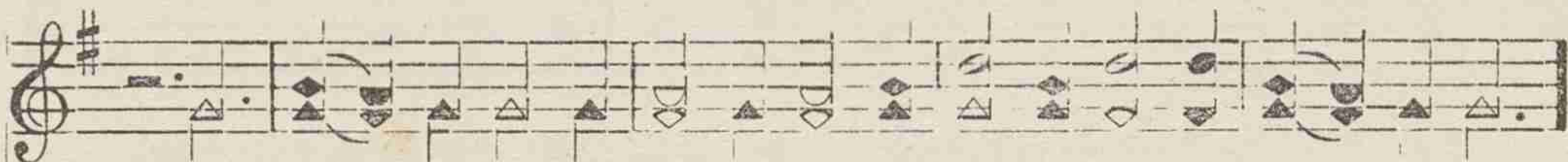
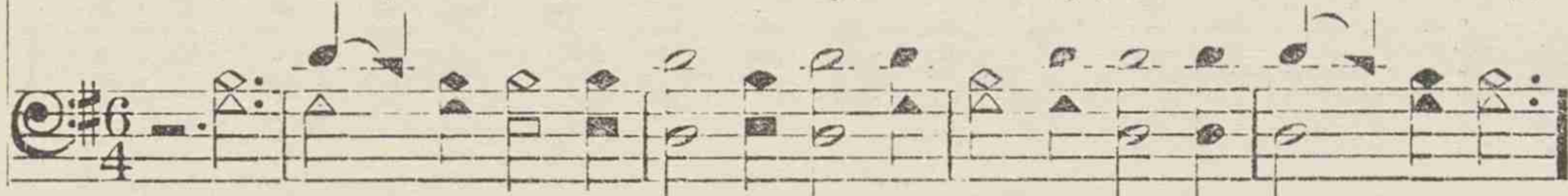
—W. J. Wilson.

W. J. WILSON.

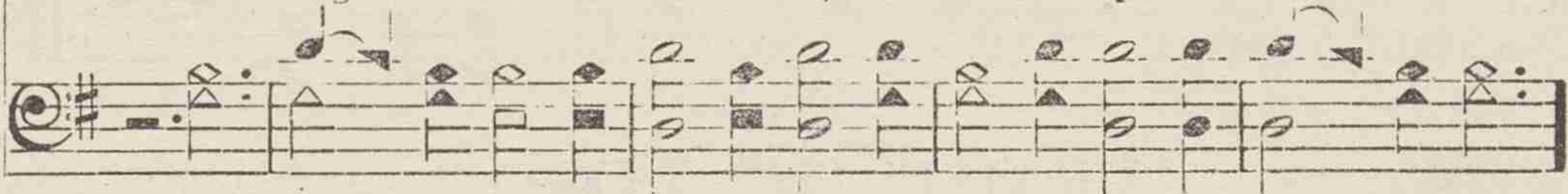
WM. WALKER.



1. Before His church the Savior stands, With cheering voice and out-stretched hands,
2. To that blest home we long to go, Where joys celes - tial ev - er flow;
3. O hap - py day of sweet employ! Where carnal cares no more an - noy:
4. Then come, come on, O bless - ed day, Nor let thy peaceful rest de - lay;



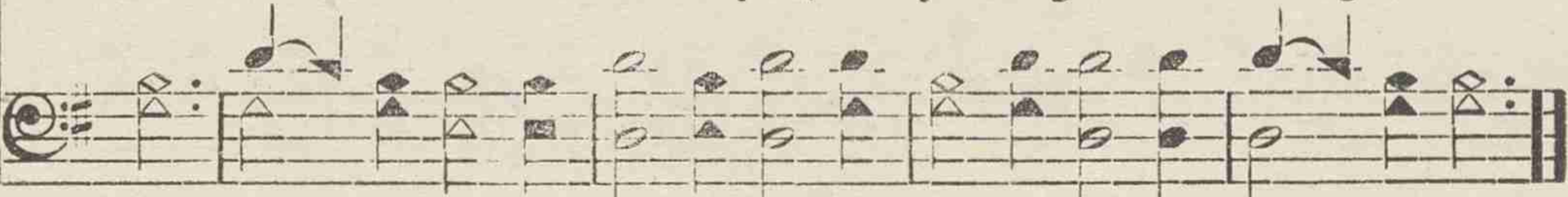
And bids His trusting foll'wers come, To share the blessings of His home.
 For while we in the flesh remain, We're doomed to suffer grief and pain.
 'Tis thy embrace we long to meet, And rest in peace at Je - sus' feet.
 We long to reach that blissful shore, Where sorrow's path we'll trace no more.



His Father's house—not made with hands, Has ample room for all de - mands,
 But in the heav'nly mansions high, No fear is felt, no pain or sigh,
 There with the saints of heav'n to share The bless - ings of God's love and care,
 There Christ will reign in righteousness, And heav'n is full of hap - pi - ness;



And there a wel - come all re - ceive Who stead - fast - ly in Him be - lieve.
 No bit - ing cares or mid - night woes, Can mar the joys of heav'n's re - pose.
 And nev - er cease to praise the grace That sought to save a fall - en race.
 To that dear land our souls as - pire, With yearning hearts of strong de - sire.



No. 39. GOODNESS OF THE SOUL.

Author of words unknown.

W. J. WILSON.

1. 'Tis not the leaves up - on the trees That make the tim - ber fine;
 2. 'Tis not the rai - ment peo - ple don That makes a glo - rious state;
 3. But right is right, and God is truth, And truth will make us whole;

'Tis not the vestments preachers wear That make their lives sub - lime;
 'Tis not the jew - els in a crown That make a king - dom great.
 The hope of man must be, for-sooth, The good-ness of the soul.

No. 40. PRAISE THE LORD.

(Tune—Lenox. H. M.)

W. J. WILSON.

LEWIS EDSON.

1. O ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, Thou God whom we a-dore, We rev - er-ence Thy
 2. Ye peo - ple of the Lord, His wondrous love proclaim, And tell to all a-
 3. The heav'nly host shall join The millions of our race In grand ser-aph - ic

word, Thy sov'reign aid im - plore; Let ev - 'ry heart be filled with fear,
 broad The hon - ors of His name; Let grate ful hom-age fill your hearts,
 song, To praise God's wondrous grace, And all the u - ni - ver - sal throng,

PRAISE THE LORD—Concluded.



Let ev-'ry heart be filled with fear, And all our wor-ship be sin - cere.
 Let grateful homage fill your hearts, While God His grateful love im - parts.
 And all the u - ni - ver-sal throng A-loud His prais-es shall pro - long.

4 Let loud hosannas ring
 Throughout God's vast domain,
 And all creation sing
 In one exultant strain—
 O holy, holy, blessed Lord,
 Thy name be honored and adored.

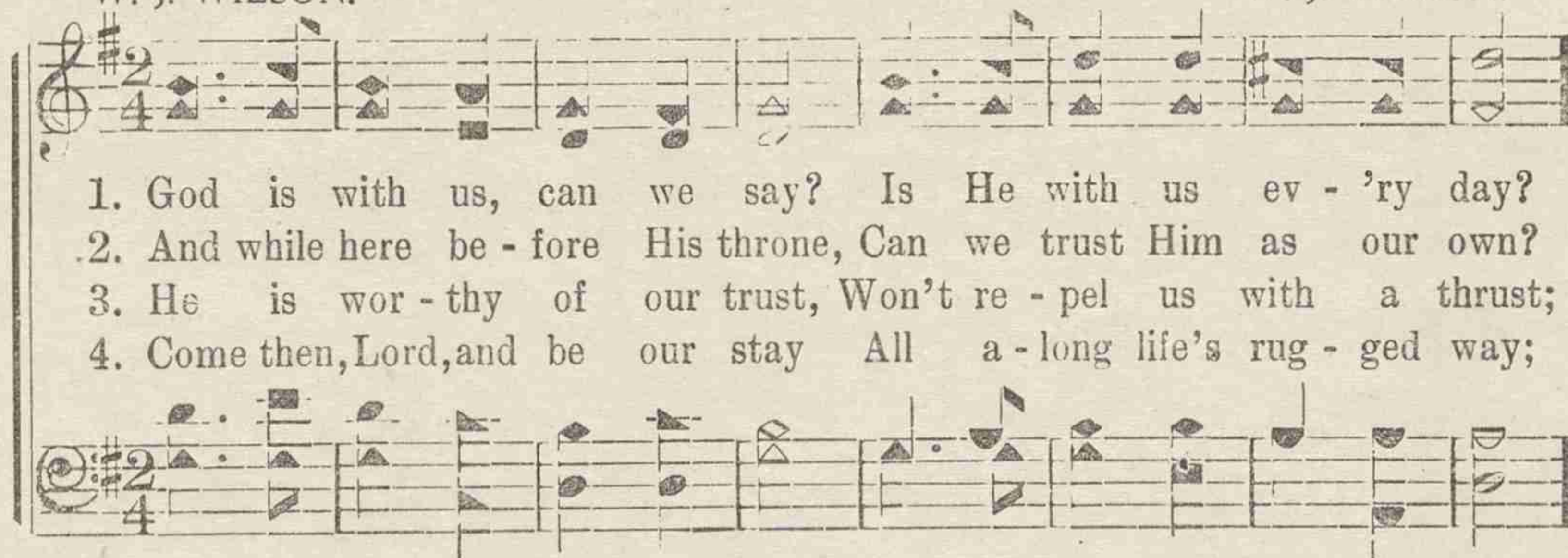
5 The Triune God we bless,
 The Father and the Son,
 The Spirit all divine,
 United Three in One:
 We laud, we magnify the Lamb,
 Father and Spirit, Great I Am.

No. 41.

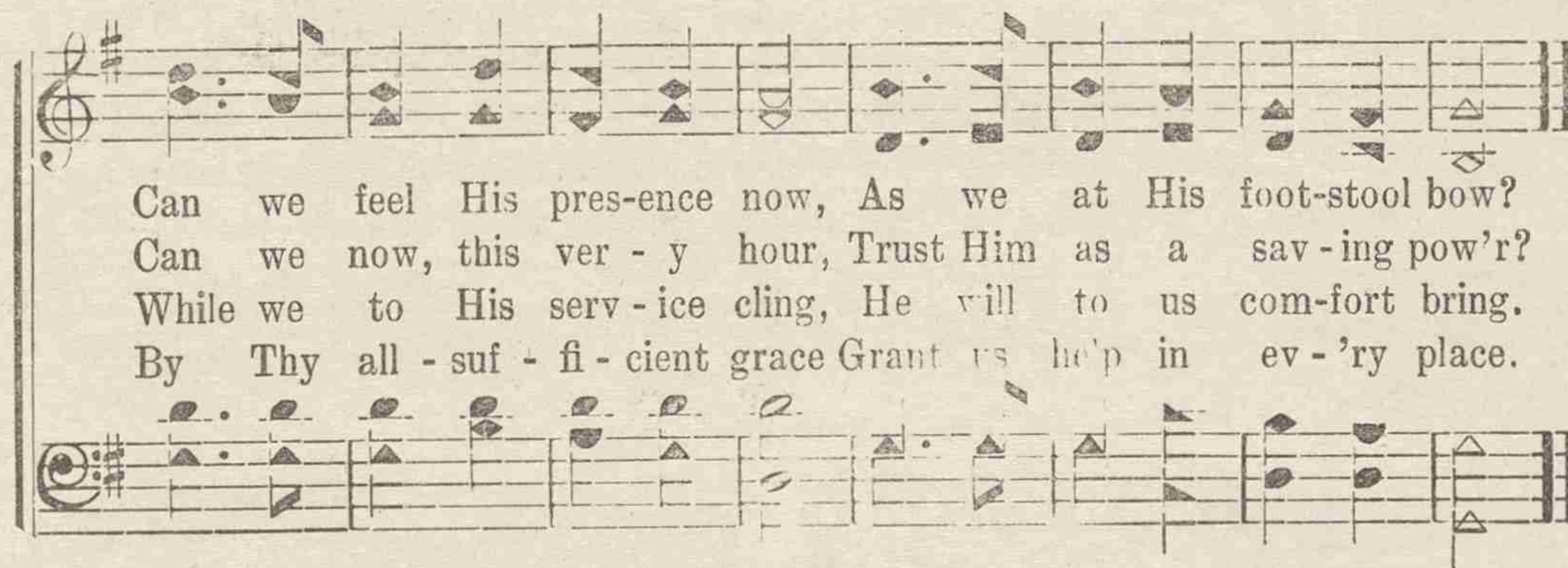
GOD WITH US.

W. J. WILSON.

W. J. WILSON.



1. God is with us, can we say? Is He with us ev-'ry day?
 2. And while here be-fore His throne, Can we trust Him as our own?
 3. He is wor-thy of our trust, Won't re-pel us with a thrust;
 4. Come then, Lord, and be our stay All a-long life's rug-ged way;



Can we feel His pres-ence now, As we at His foot-stool bow?
 Can we now, this ver-y hour, Trust Him as a sav-ing pow'r?
 While we to His serv-ice cling, He will to us com-fort bring.
 By Thy all-suf-fi-cient grace Grant us help in ev-'ry place.

5 When we near the gaping tomb,
 Wilt Thou drive away all gloom?
 And when we shall cross the bar,
 Wilt Thou be our guiding star?

6 Then at last before Thy throne,
 Wilt Thou claim us as Thy own?
 Housed then in Thy fold of rest,
 We shall be forever blest.

No. 42.

THY KINGDOM COME.

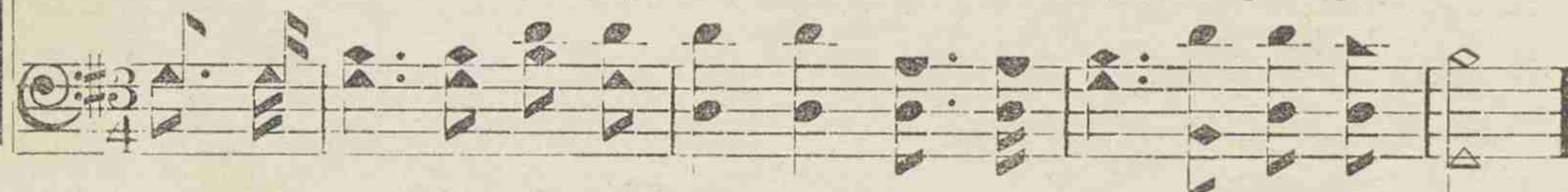
W. J. WILSON.

(Tune—Harwell. 8s, 7s. D.)

LOWELL MASON.



1. On-ward, on-ward, blessed king-dom, Fast roll on, ye wheels of time;
2. Let it come, O bless-ed Sav-ior, Let Thy bless-ed king-dom come;
3. Glo-rious news to ev-'ry na-tion Shall with rap-id speed pro-claim



Burst the bands of dire op-pres-sion Wrought by ig-no-rance and crime.
 We have wait-ed long and anx-ious For its glo-rious morning dawn.
 Back and forth, news of sal-va-tion, Ush-ered in in Je-sus' name.



Long have these held wide dominion, Long has been their ruthless sway,
 We will gladly give it wel-come, And ho-san-nas loud-ly sing,
 Glo-ry, glo-ry, be the watch-word, Glo-ry to our Christ the King,



But the com-ing reign of Je-sus Will dis-pel the dark-est day.
 As the prom-ised day of free-dom Shall its hap-py ti-dings bring.
 While the myr-iad sons of A-dam Trib-ute of-f'rings to Him bring.




No. 43.

DULCIMER. 11s, 8s.

(My Mother's Favorite.—W. J. W.)

JOSEPH SWAIN.

FREEMAN LEWIS.



1. O Thou, in whose pres - ence my soul takes de - light, On
 2. Where dost Thou at noon - tide re - sort with Thy sheep, To
 3. O why should I wan - der, an a - lien from Thee, Or
 4. Re - store, my dear Sav - ior, the light of Thy face, Thy



whom in af - flic - tion I call, My com - fort by day and my
 feed on the pas - tures of love? Say, why in the val - ley of
 cry in the des - ert for bread? And why should I find there no
 soul-cheer-ing com - fort im - part, And let the sweet to - kens of



song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all!
 death should I weep, Or a - lone in the wil - der - ness rove?
 friends that can see The sor - row - ful tears I do shed?
 par - don - ing grace Bring joy to my des - o - late heart.

No. 44. FRIEND AFTER FRIEND DEPARTS.

(For Music see No. 48.)

1 Friend after friend departs:
 Who has not lost a friend?
 There is no union here of hearts,
 That finds not here and end:
 Were this frail world our final rest,
 Living or dying none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond the vale of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime
 Where life is not a breath,
 Nor life's affections transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

3 There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown;
 A long eternity of love,
 Formed for the good alone;
 And faith beholds the dying here
 Translated to that happier sphere.

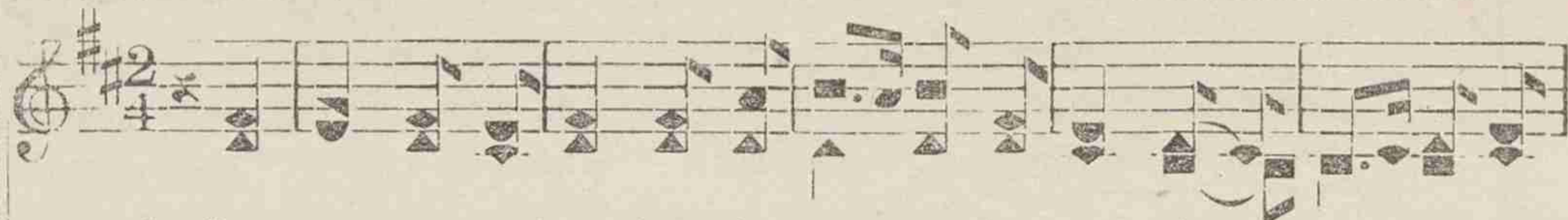
4 Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are passed away,
 As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day;
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,
 But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

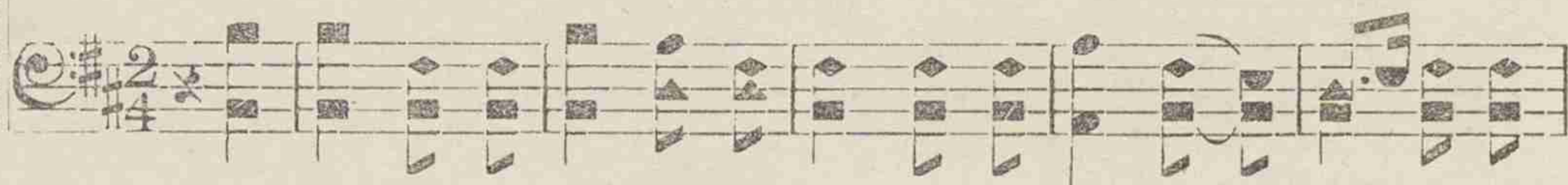
(Tune—"Columbia.")

W. J. WILSON.

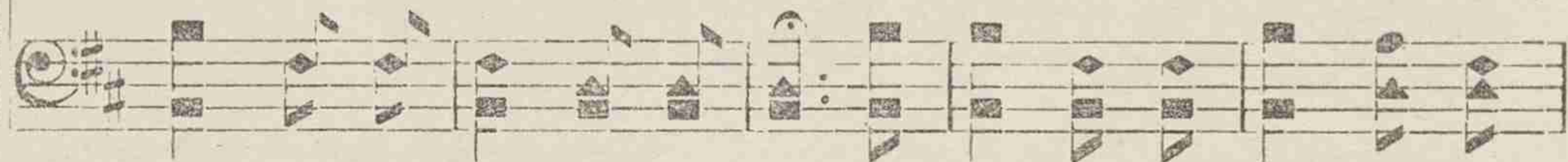
Old Southern Harmony.



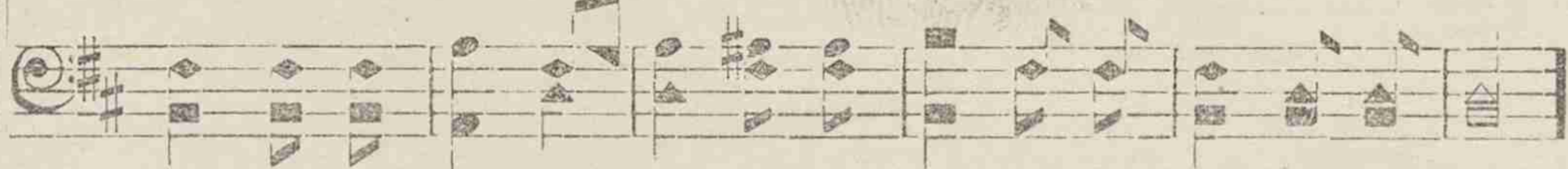
1. Our coun-try, we love thee, thy ways and thy wards, And thy peo - ple en-
2. Our coun-try shall al - ways be near to our hearts, Tho' rude hands have
3. Then be this our pleas-ure, our pur-pose, our fate, To serve one an-



throned in their cho - sen a - bodes: We prize the great free - dom se-
 tried to dis - mem - ber its parts; Thro' mis - guid - ed zeal once we
 oth - er, our God and our State; To bless hu - man kind, far and



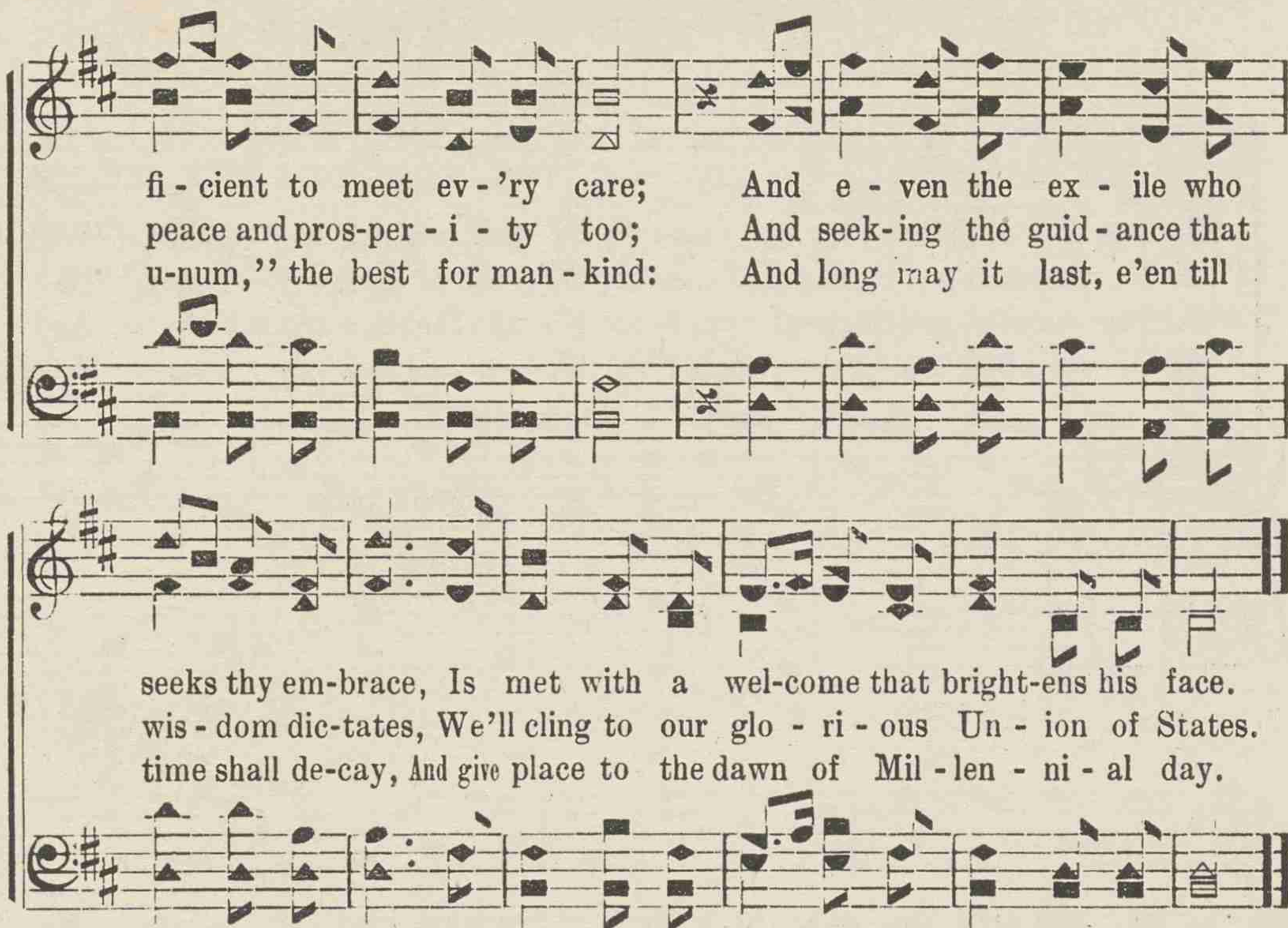
cured by thy laws, Thy great con - sti - tu - tion we greet with ap - plause:
 dar - ing - ly sought To break up the com - pact our fore - fa - thers wrought;
 near, high and low, And hon - or our race by de - creas - ing its woe.



Thy clime is pro - pi - tious, thy soil rich and rare, Thy bounds are suf -
 But now with more wis - dom we'll try to pur - sue A course that brings
 Then hail to our Na - tion of States so combined! "E plu - ri - bus



OUR COUNTRY—Concluded.



fi - cient to meet ev - 'ry care; And e - ven the ex - ile who
 peace and pros - per - i - ty too; And seek - ing the guid - ance that
 u - num, " the best for man - kind: And long may it last, e'en till

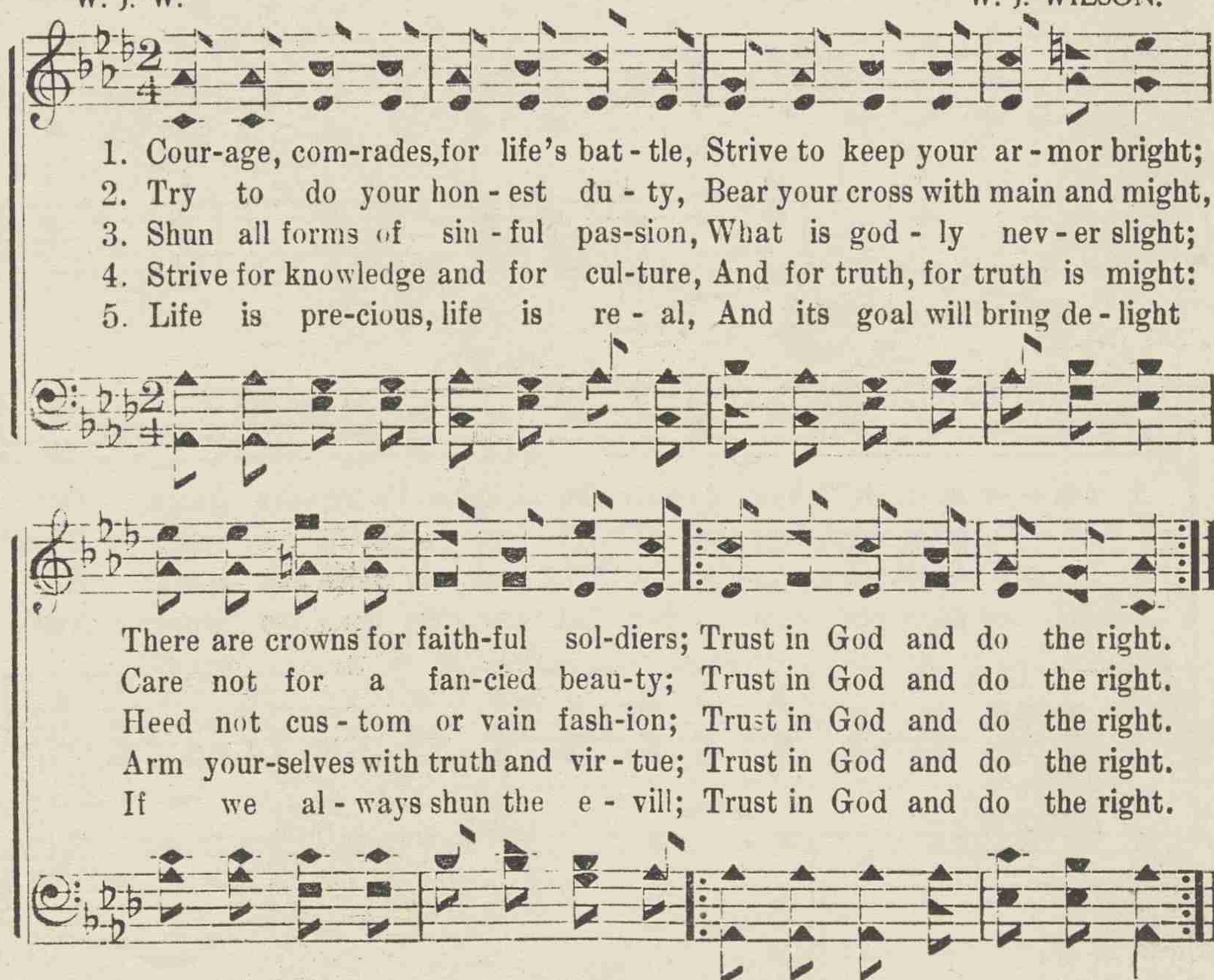
seeks thy em-brace, Is met with a wel-come that bright-ens his face.
 wis - dom dic - tates, We'll cling to our glo - ri - ous Un - ion of States.
 time shall de - cay, And give place to the dawn of Mil - len - ni - al day.

No. 46.

DO THE RIGHT

W. J. W.

W. J. WILSON.



1. Cour-age, com-rades, for life's bat - tle, Strive to keep your ar - mor bright;
2. Try to do your hon - est du - ty, Bear your cross with main and might,
3. Shun all forms of sin - ful pas - sion, What is god - ly nev - er slight;
4. Strive for knowledge and for cul - ture, And for truth, for truth is might:
5. Life is pre - cious, life is re - al, And its goal will bring de - light

There are crowns for faith-ful sol-diers; Trust in God and do the right.
 Care not for a fan-cied beau-ty; Trust in God and do the right.
 Heed not cus - tom or vain fash-ion; Trust in God and do the right.
 Arm your-selves with truth and vir - tue; Trust in God and do the right.
 If we al - ways shun the e - vill; Trust in God and do the right.

(Tune—"The Bonnie Blue Flag.")

Words by W. J. WILSON.

Arranged.

1. The dear-est place to us on earth Is that we call our home, With-
 2. It mat-ters not where home shall be, In town or man-or large, Or
 3. The sa-cred pre-cincts of our home No ty-rant dares in-vade, And
 4. O, then how hap-py we should be, With-in this fam-ily fold, Where

in the land that gave us birth, O'er which we glad-ly roam. No
 in some cit-y by the sea, Or hid in moun-tain gorge: It
 wrest from us a sin-gle room, Or drive us from one shade. The
 all are filled with love and glee,—More pre-cious these than gold. And

oth-er spot is half so dear To child-hood's ten-der years, Or
 is a place most dear to all Who love a state of ease, Where
 home is man's strong cit-a-del, With stur-dy walls and beam; He
 as we prize our own so well, Let oth-ers do the same, And

A HOME, A HOME—Concluded.



fur - ther on in life's ca - reer, As wid - er grow our spheres.
each one, be he large or small, De-lights the rest to please.
sways a force in - vin - ci - ble, The law makes him su - preme.
all in per - fect con - cord dwell, And love to all pro - claim.



CHORUS.



A home, a home, Where we can sway the throne; A



beau-ti-ful, love-ly, house-hold place That we can call our own.



Words and Music by WM. JESSE WILSON.



1. O to the Lord we sing A new song to His praise: O
 2. From day to day show forth His glo - ry far and near; His
 3. He makes the heav'ns a - bove, And all the world be - low; His



all the earth, your voi - ces ring, Ex - ult - ant with your lays: Sing
 won - ders to the ends of earth, So all the world may hear: For
 maj - es - ty a - bounds with love, His courts with beau - ty glow: Then



to the Lord and bless His name, His great sal - va - tion loud pro - claim.
 He is great and should be praised, And far a - bove all i - dols raised.
 to His house let all re - pair, And wor - ship Him in beau - ty there.



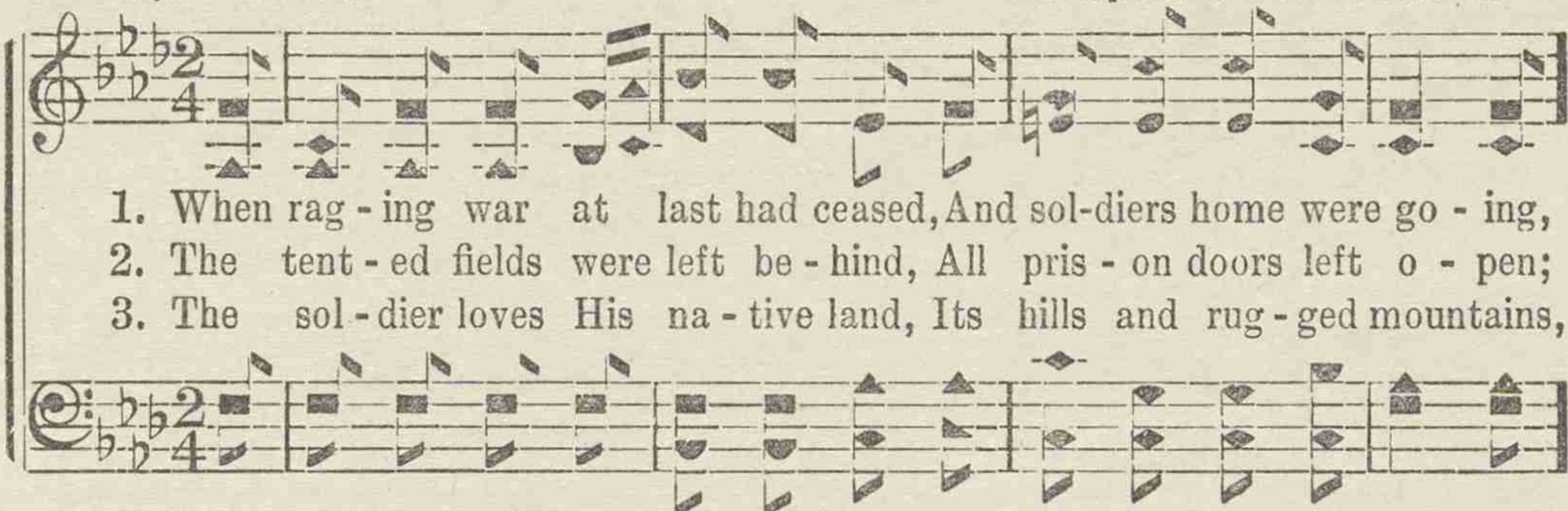
- 4 Let all the people praise
 And glorify His name,
 And worship Him in holiness,
 Through all the world the same:
 He reigns! let heaven and earth rejoice,
 And heathens tremble at His voice.
- 5 Above us God doth soar
 With angelic convoy,
 While seas and oceans gladly roar,
 And fields and forests joy.
 He comes, He comes to judge mankind
 With truth and righteousness combined.

No. 49. THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

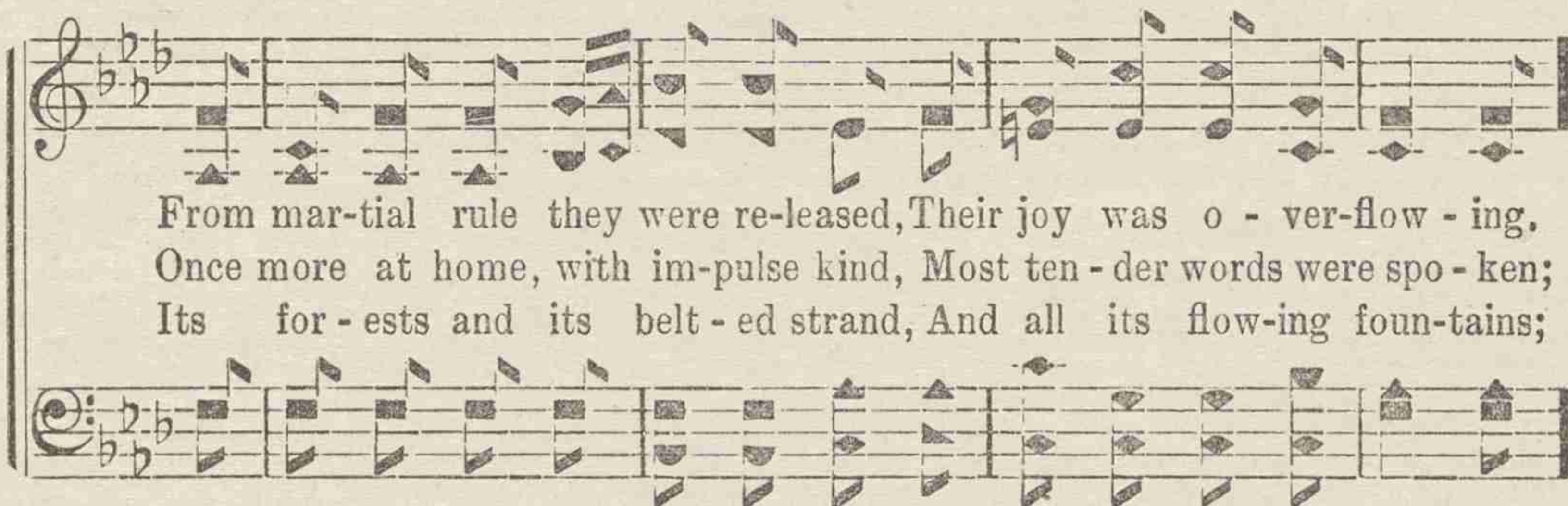
(In imitation of Burns, with his last stanza.)

W. J. WILSON.

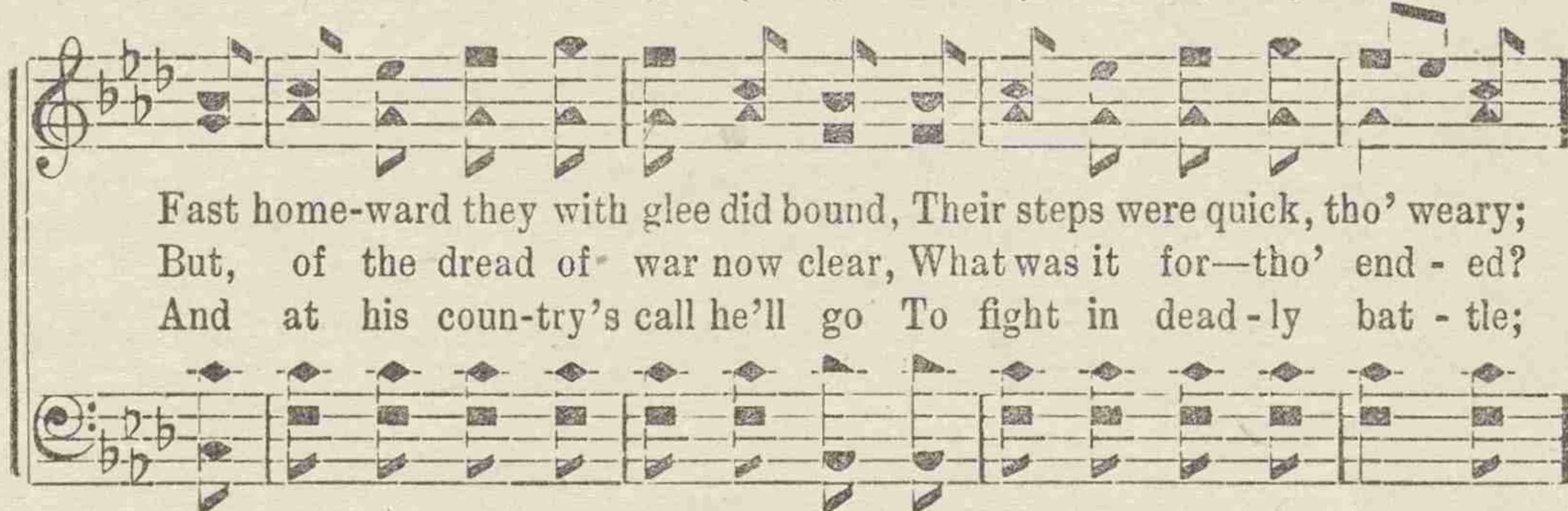
Composer of Music Unknown.



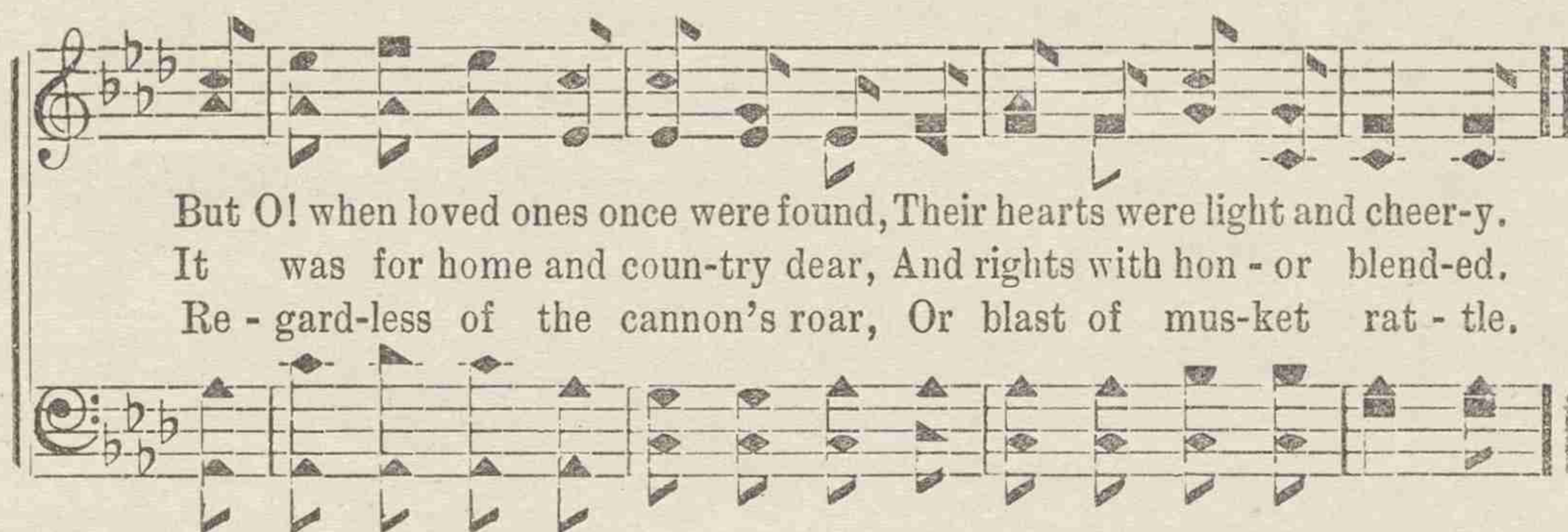
1. When rag - ing war at last had ceased, And sol - diers home were go - ing,
2. The tent - ed fields were left be - hind, All pris - on doors left o - pen;
3. The sol - dier loves His na - tive land, Its hills and rug - ged mountains,



From mar - tial rule they were re - leased, Their joy was o - ver - flow - ing.
Once more at home, with im - pulse kind, Most ten - der words were spo - ken;
Its for - ests and its belt - ed strand, And all its flow - ing foun - tains;



Fast home - ward they with glee did bound, Their steps were quick, tho' weary;
But, of the dread of war now clear, What was it for—tho' end - ed?
And at his coun - try's call he'll go To fight in dead - ly bat - tle;



But O! when loved ones once were found, Their hearts were light and cheer - y.
It was for home and coun - try dear, And rights with hon - or blend - ed.
Re - gard - less of the cannon's roar, Or blast of mus - ket rat - tle.


4 The soldier's lot is never good,
His life is fraught with trouble,
He often lives on scanty food,
His hardships oft come double.
Then give to him due meed of praise,
And help to light his labors,
When he returns to end his days,
At home with friends and neighbors.

5 "For gold the merchant plows the main,
The farmer plows the manor,
But glory is the soldier's aim,
The soldier's wealth is honor.
"The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay,
In day and hour of danger."


No. 50. THE LONE STAR STATE.

W. J. WILSON.


Adapted by W. J. W.



1. The Lone Star State of Tex - as, of ge - nial broad do - main, The
 2. All Tex-as blooms with prom-ise in na-ture's grand dis - plays; Her
 3. She's been the boast of pa-triots of val - or tried and true, Who
 4. Her home is in the Un-ion of proud Co - lum-bian fame; Her



land of great ad-ven-ture, and home of gal-lant slain; We'll al-ways do it
 fields and for-ests blos-som with wealth in va-rious ways; The clime is most pro-
 for her hon-or struggled 'gainst treach'rous foes not few; Her braves at San Ja-
 strength is in com-mu-nion with all who bear her name; Her boast is na-tive




hon - or, its wor-thy claims declare, And raise a - loft its ban - ner, and
 pi - tious, in - vi - ting all to come And nes-tle in her bor - ders, and
 cin - to and else-where did de-fend The cause of right and just - ice, and
 vir - tue, up-held on ev-'ry hand; She glo-ries in her cul - ture, broad-

CHORUS.



waft it in the air.
 find a health-ful home. The Lone Star State of Texas, The dear old State of
 tri - umph in the end.
 cast o'er all the land.



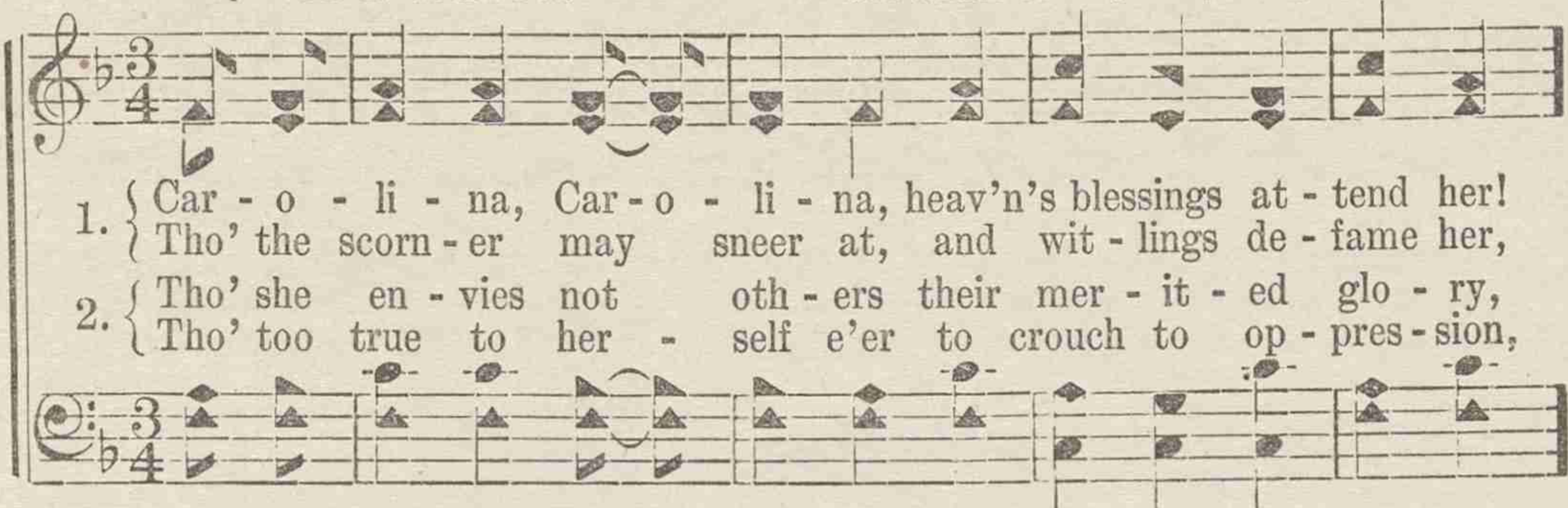
Tex-as, The Em-pire State of Tex - as, The grand-est State of all.

For balance of verses see Supplement. (44)

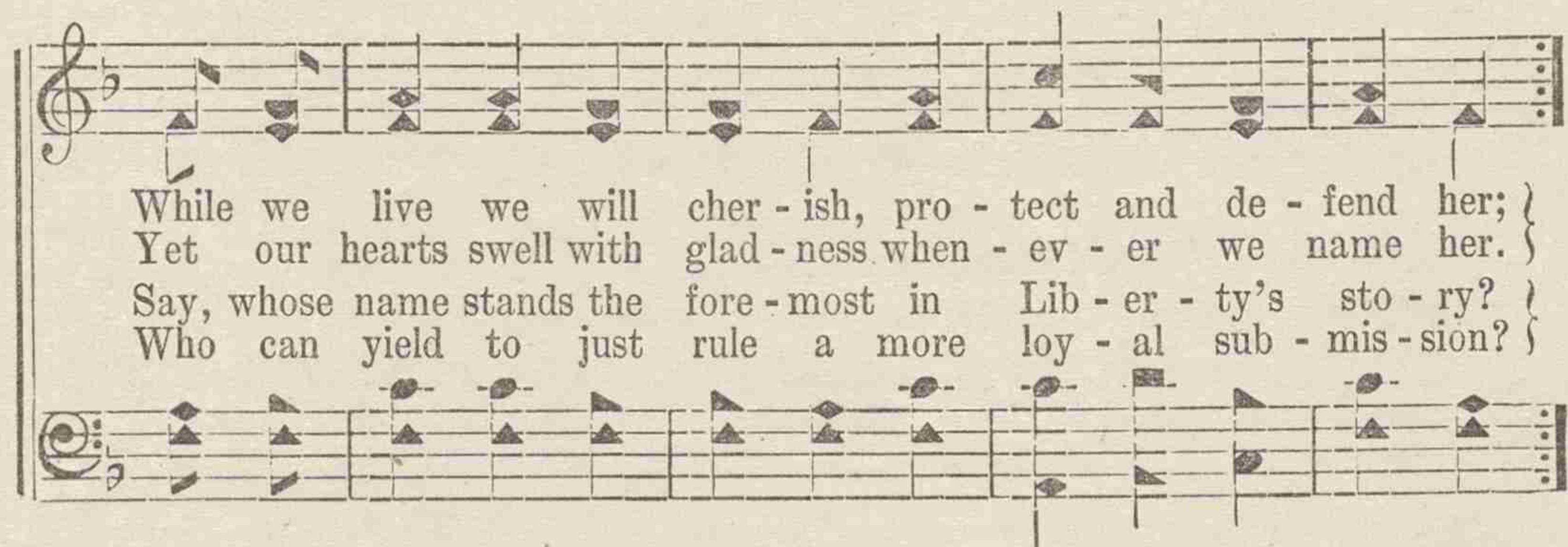
No 51. THE OLD NORTH STATE.

Words by WM. E. GASTON.

Old Music Arranged by W. J. WILSON.



1. { Car - o - li - na, Car - o - li - na, heav'n's blessings at - tend her!
 { Tho' the scorn - er may sneer at, and wit - lings de - fame her,
 2. { Tho' she en - vies not oth - ers their mer - it - ed glo - ry,
 { Tho' too true to her - self e'er to crouch to op - pres - sion,



While we live we will cher - ish, pro - tect and de - fend her; }
 Yet our hearts swell with glad - ness when - ev - er we name her. }
 Say, whose name stands the fore - most in Lib - er - ty's sto - ry? }
 Who can yield to just rule a more loy - al sub - mis - sion? }

CHORUS.



Hur - rah! hur - rah! the old North State for - ev - er,
 Hur - rah! Hur - rah! the good old North State.

- 3 Plain and artless her sons, but whose doors open faster
 To the knock of the stranger, or the tale of disaster?
 How like to the rudeness of their dear native mountains,
 With rich ore in their bosoms and life in their fountains!
- 4 And her daughters the queen of the forest resembling,
 So graceful, so constant, yet to gentlest breath trembling:
 And true lightwood at heart—let the match be applied them;
 How they kindle and flame! oh, none know but who've tried them.
- 5 Then let all those who love us, love the land that we live in;
 (As happy a region as on this side of heaven);
 Where plenty and freedom, love and peace smile before us;
 Raise aloud, raise together, the heart-thrilling chorus!

No. 52. FLAG SONG OF TEXAS.

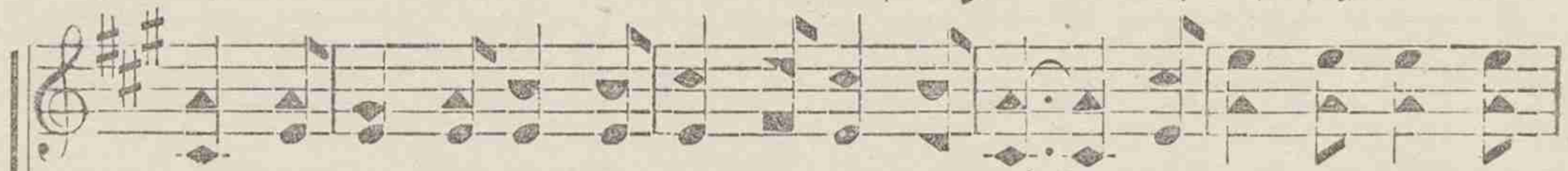
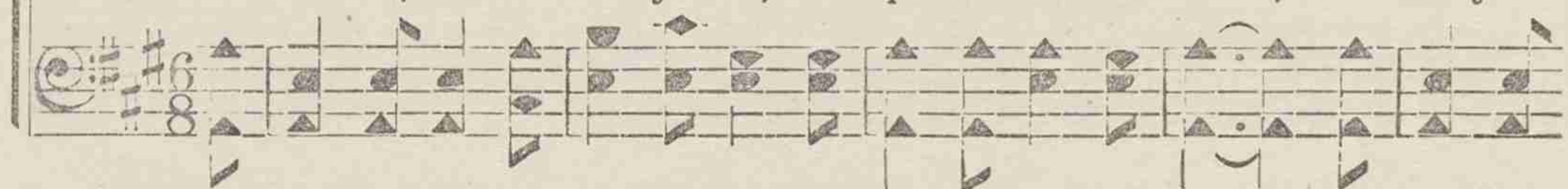
Dedicated to the late Hon. William L. Prather, president of the University of Texas, who gave a \$100.00 prize for this poem.

Mrs. LEE C. HARBY

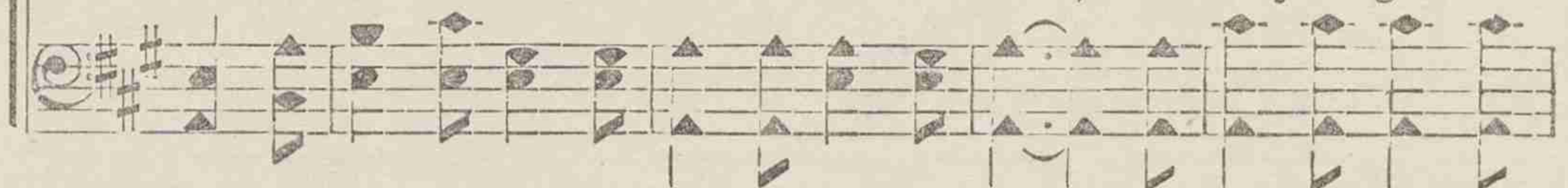
W. J. WILSON.



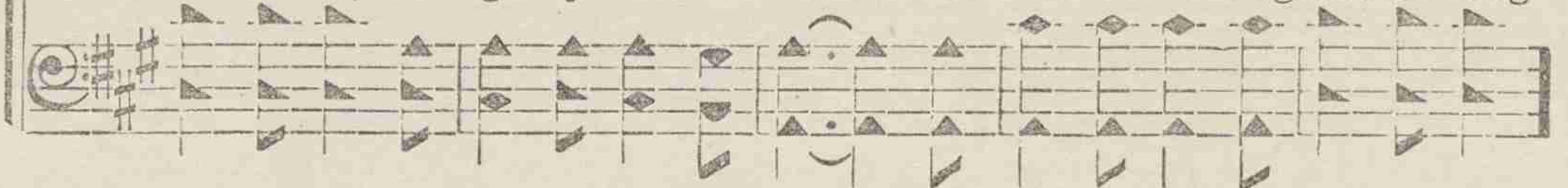
1. Oh! Prairie breeze, blow sweet and pure, And Southern sunshine bright To bless our
2. By deeds of arms our land was won, And priceless the re-ward! Brave soldiers
3. Oh! Tex-ans, tell the sto-ry o'er, With pride recall each name, And teach your



flag, wher-e'er may gleam Its sin-gle star of light; But should the sky grow
died and he-roes fell Her sa-cred rights to guard; Re-sist-less in their
sons to em-u-late Their vir-tues and their fame; So shall your grandeur



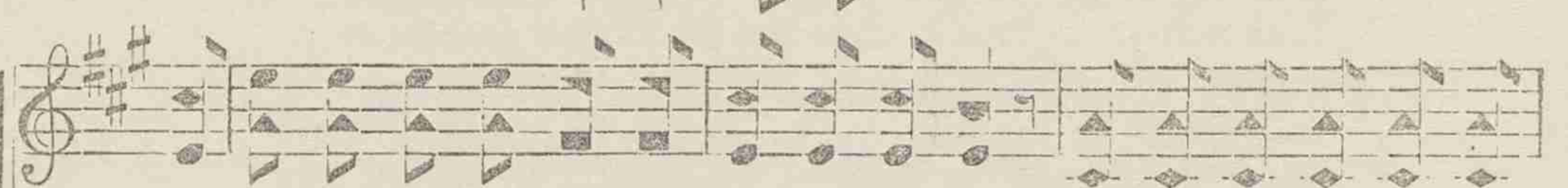
dark with wrath, The tempest burst and rave, It still shall float un-daunt-ed-ly—
high resolve, They forced the foe to yield, And freedom crowned the vict'ry gained
still increase, Your glo-ry shine a - far— For deathless honor guard the Flag



CHORUS.



The stand-ard of the brave!
On that il-lus-trious field! Oh! Flag of our State, Oh! glo-ri-ous Flag!
Where gleams the proud Lone Star!



Un-sul-lied in peace and tri-um-phant in war; Heroes have fought for you,



FLAG SONG OF TEXAS—Concluded.



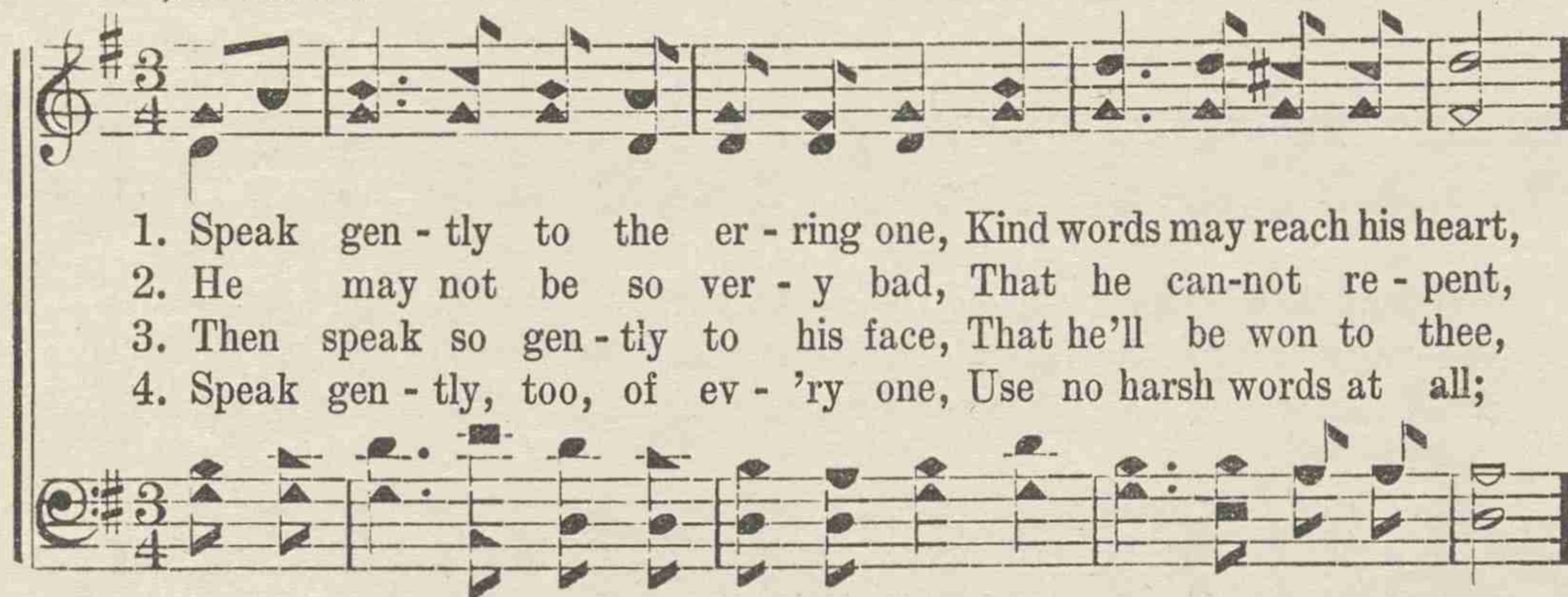
Statesmen have wrought for you,—Emblazoned in glory you bear the Lone Star!

No. 53.

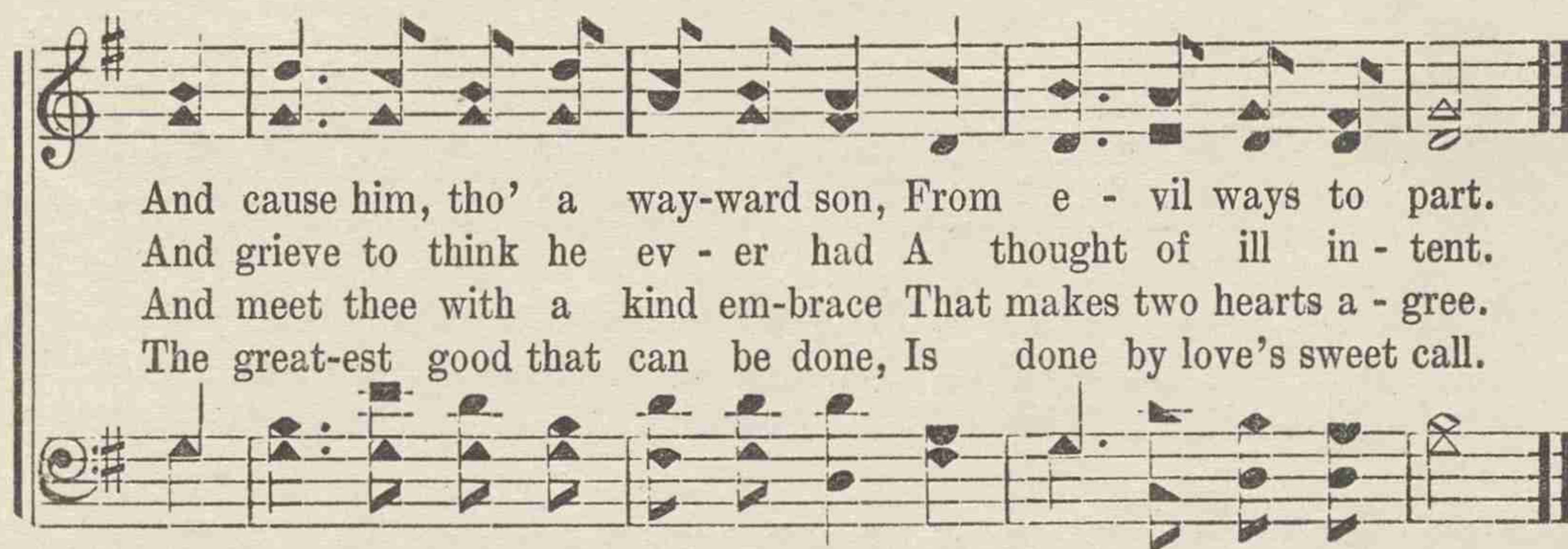
SPEAK GENTLY.

W. J. WILSON.

W. J. WILSON.



1. Speak gen - tly to the er - ring one, Kind words may reach his heart,
2. He may not be so ver - y bad, That he can-not re - pent,
3. Then speak so gen - tly to his face, That he'll be won to thee,
4. Speak gen - tly, too, of ev - 'ry one, Use no harsh words at all;



And cause him, tho' a way-ward son, From e - vil ways to part.
And grieve to think he ev - er had A thought of ill in - tent.
And meet thee with a kind em-brace That makes two hearts a - gree.
The great-est good that can be done, Is done by love's sweet call.

No. 54.

MY COUNTRY HOME.

(Music above.)

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O give to me my country home
The place I love so well,
Where I may in the woodland roam,
In field or forest dwell.</p> <p>2 To me a rural life is sweet,
Its pastime and its toil,
Nor do I dread the labor meet
To cultivate the soil.</p> <p>3 The plow, the hoe, the axe, the maul,
These have a real charm,
And now and then we need them all
In work upon the farm.</p> | <p>4 To ply them is a task I greet,
They utilize the sword;
The hay-time and the harvest meet,
Then comes a rich reward.</p> <p>5 Say, then why should the city claim
A man whose soul is bent
On ruralistic life, whose aim
Is towards the country leant?</p> <p>6 Then give to me a country home,
I'll grasp it in my arms,
And take the city till I come,
If e'er, to seek its charms.</p> |
|---|---|

No. 55. THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Music by W. J. WILSON.



1. The spa-cious fir - ma-ment on high, With all the blue e - the-real sky,
2. Soon as the eve-ning shades pre-vail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
3. What tho' in sol-emn si - lence, all Move round the dark, terrestrial ball?



And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal proclaim:
And night-ly to the list'ning earth Re-peats the sto - ry of her birth:
What tho' no re - al voice nor sound A - mid the ra-diant orbs be found?



Th'un-wear-ied sun from day to day Doth his Cre - a-tor's pow'rs dis-play,
While all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan-ets in their turn,
In rea-son's ear they all re-joice, And ut - ter forth a glo-rious voice,



And pub-lish - es to ev - 'ry land The work of an Al - might-y hand.
Con-firm the ti - dings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
For - ev - er sing-ing as they shine, "The hand that made us is di - vine."

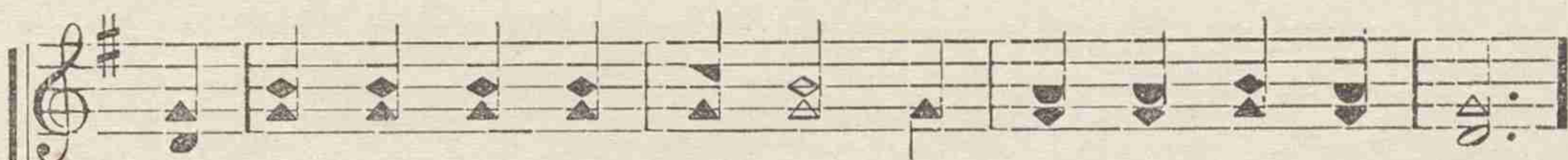
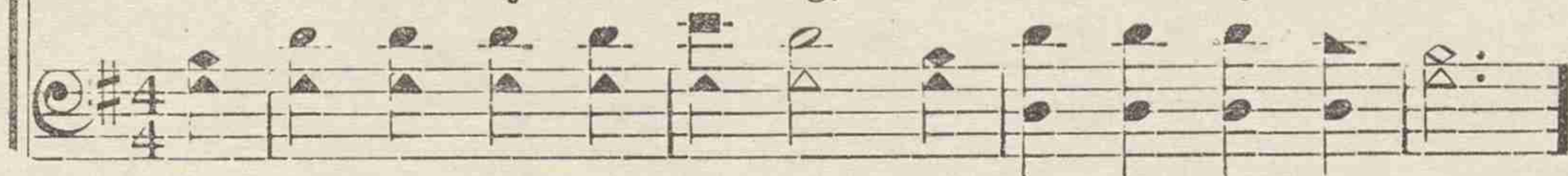


W. J. WILSON.

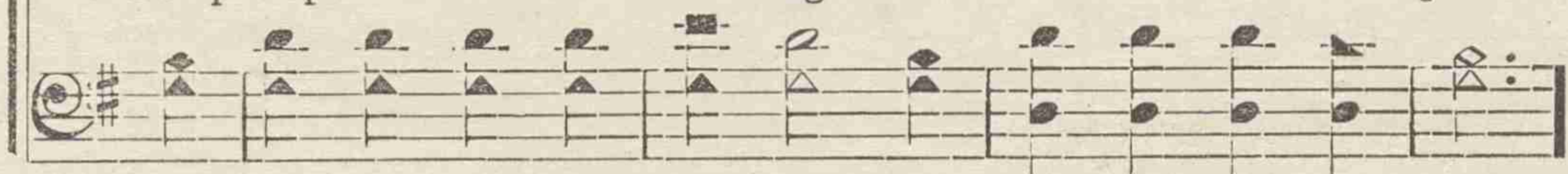
W. J. WILSON.



1. The heav'ns de - clare God's glo - ry, The sky His hand - i - work;
2. The law of God is per - fect, Con - vert - ing ev - 'ry soul
3. Still more, by them, Thy serv - ant, Is warned to keep them all,
4. Let words of my own choos - ing, And tho'ts of my own heart



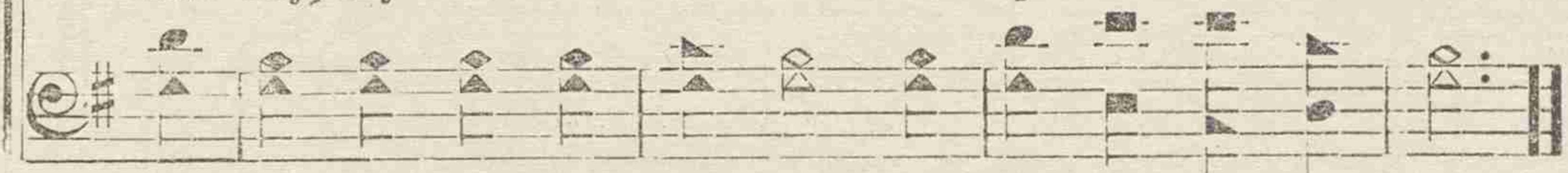
Each day re - peats the sto - ry Of what His hand has wrought!
 That yields to its just ver - dict And bows to His con - trol;
 And great re - ward is of - fered To them who do not fall.
 Be prompt in e'er re - fus - ing To act a sin - ful part.



Thro'-out His vast cre - a - tion Wis - dom and might are shown;
 His fear is clean and last - ing, His judg - ments true and fair,
 Then, Lord, keep back Thy serv - ant From sin's pre - sump - tuous sway,
 O Lord, my great Re - deem - er, My strength and wis - dom be,



And men of ev - 'ry sta - tion His sov - 'reign ge - nius own.
 And more to be de - sir - ed Than gold and hon - ey rare.
 Let not its dire do - min - ion A mo - ment o'er me sway.
 And may my whole de - mean - or Ac - cept - ance find with Thee.



LUTHER.*

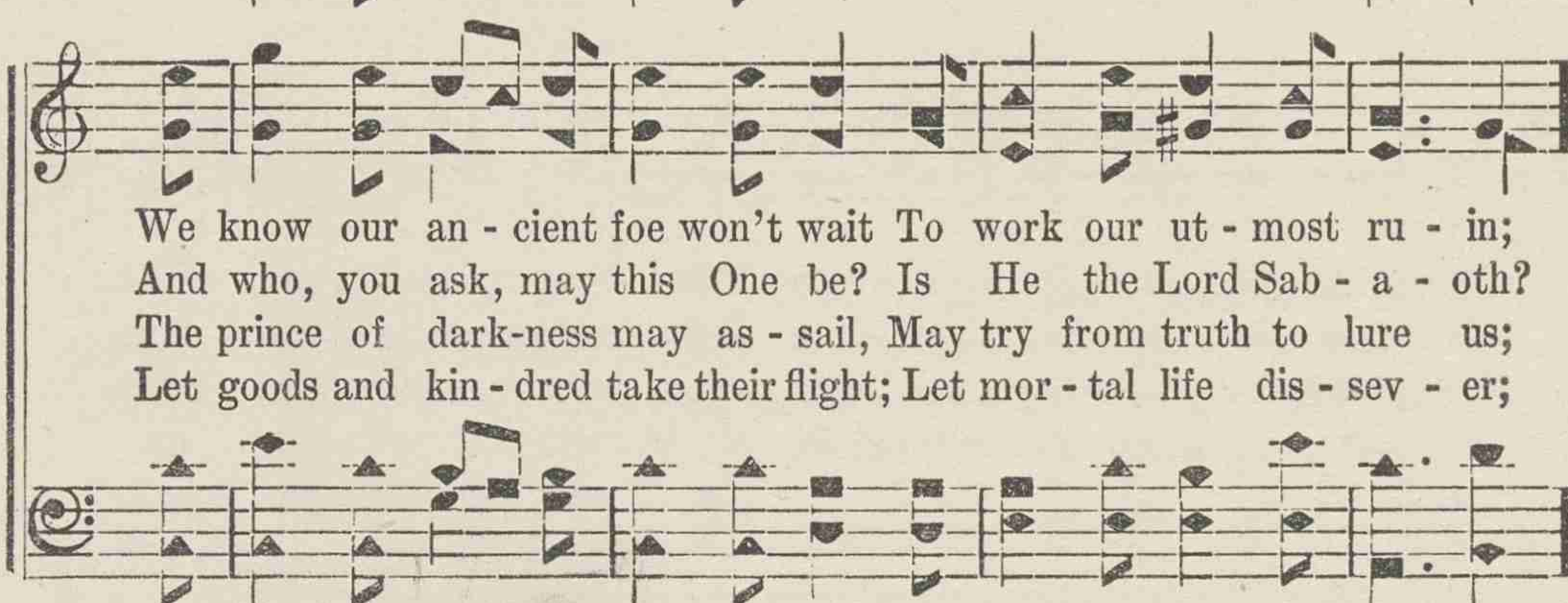
Southern Harmony.



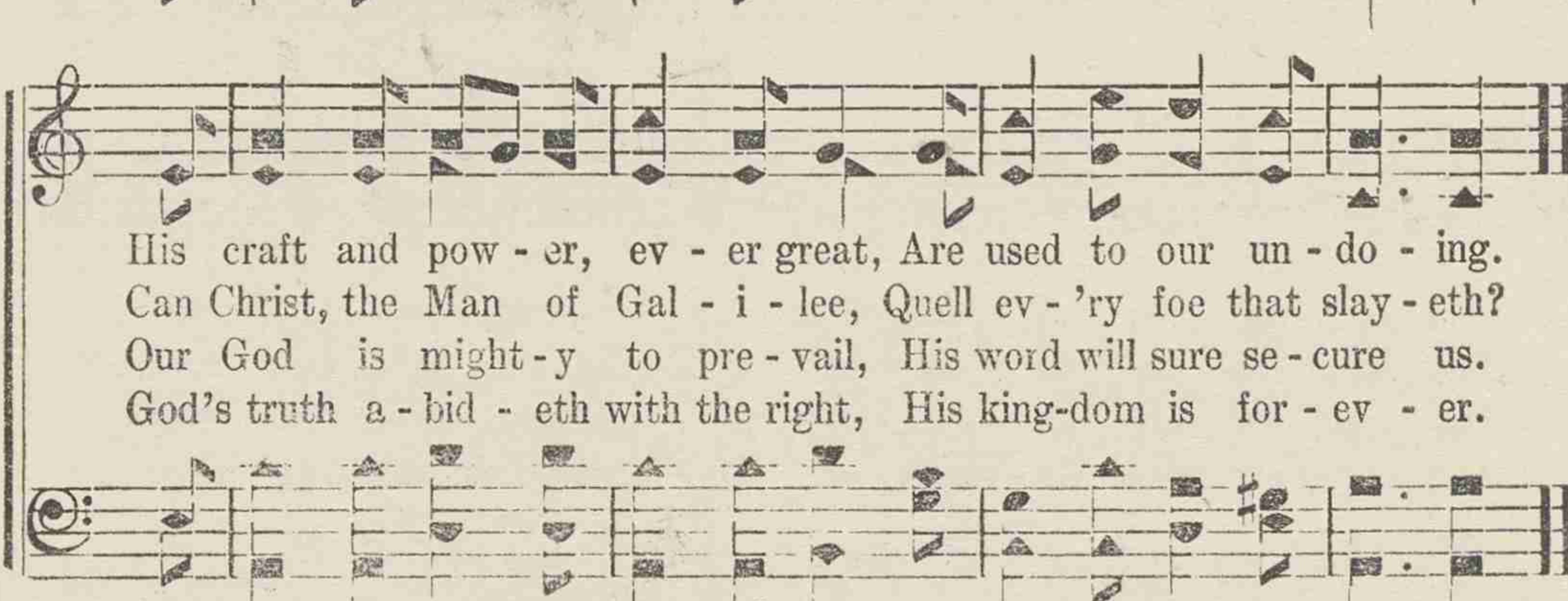
1. A might - y for - tress is our God, A bul-wark nev - er fail - ing;
 2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be los - ing,
 3. Yes, tho' this wrld, with dev - ils filled, Should threaten to un - do us,
 4. That word a - bove all earth-ly pow'rs — No thanks to them — a - bid - eth;



Our Help - er He, a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing.
 Were not the right One on our side The One of God's own choos - ing.
 We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph thro' us.
 The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him, who with us sid - eth.



We know our an - cient foe won't wait To work our ut - most ru - in;
 And who, you ask, may this One be? Is He the Lord Sab - a - oth?
 The prince of dark-ness may as - sail, May try from truth to lure us;
 Let goods and kin - dred take their flight; Let mor - tal life dis - sev - er;



His craft and pow - er, ev - er great, Are used to our un - do - ing.
 Can Christ, the Man of Gal - i - lee, Quell ev - 'ry foe that slay - eth?
 Our God is might - y to pre - vail, His word will sure se - cure us.
 God's truth a - bid - eth with the right, His king - dom is for - ev - er.

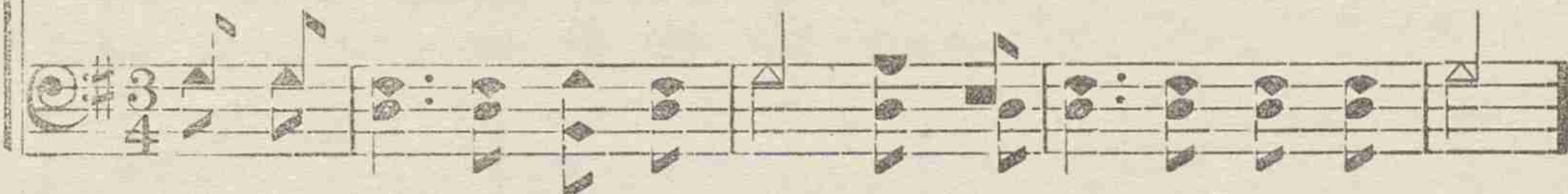
*Martin Luther's great hymn based on Psalm 46, somewhat paraphrased and modernized by W. J. Wilson.

W. J. WILSON.

Arr. by W. J. WILSON.



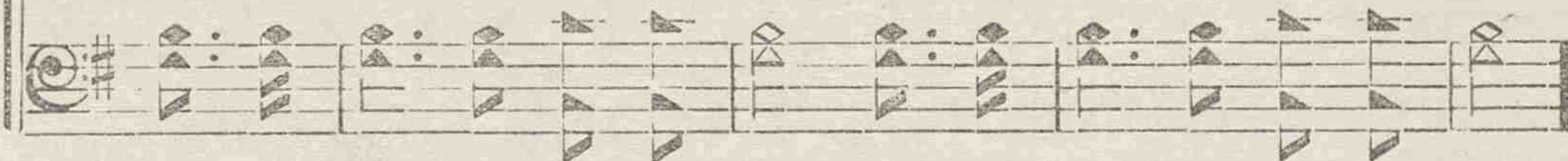
1. "Be thou faith - ful un - to death, And a crown of life I'll give,"
 2. If we meek - ly bur - dens bear, He will help us bear them well,
 3. Crowns of life which Christ will give Will re - ward for all our toil;



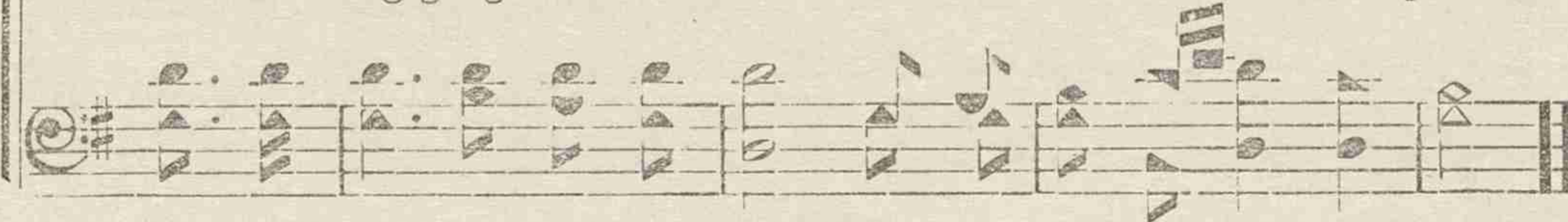
Is the word the Sav - ior saith, And His word will ev - er live.
 And will all our sor - rows share, And will need - less fears dis - pel.
 Trib - u - la - tions on - ly live For a - while in earth - ly soil.



Faith - ful - ness is all He asks, And He asks it not for naught,
 To the end of life may we Faith - ful to His coun - sel prove,
 Hap - py day with glo - ry crowned, Come, come on with sweet re - lease;



Nor im - pos - es heav - y tasks, Which a - lone with ills are fraught.
 Then we'll rest e - ter - nal - ly In the full - ness of His love.
 Let the strug - gling ran - somed bound To the realms of end - less peace.



No. 59. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

(Tune—Oak. 6s, 4s.)

SARAH F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it
 2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be
 3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou
 4. Then with my wak-ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
 5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and



be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
 o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
 send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me
 sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
 stars for - got, Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be

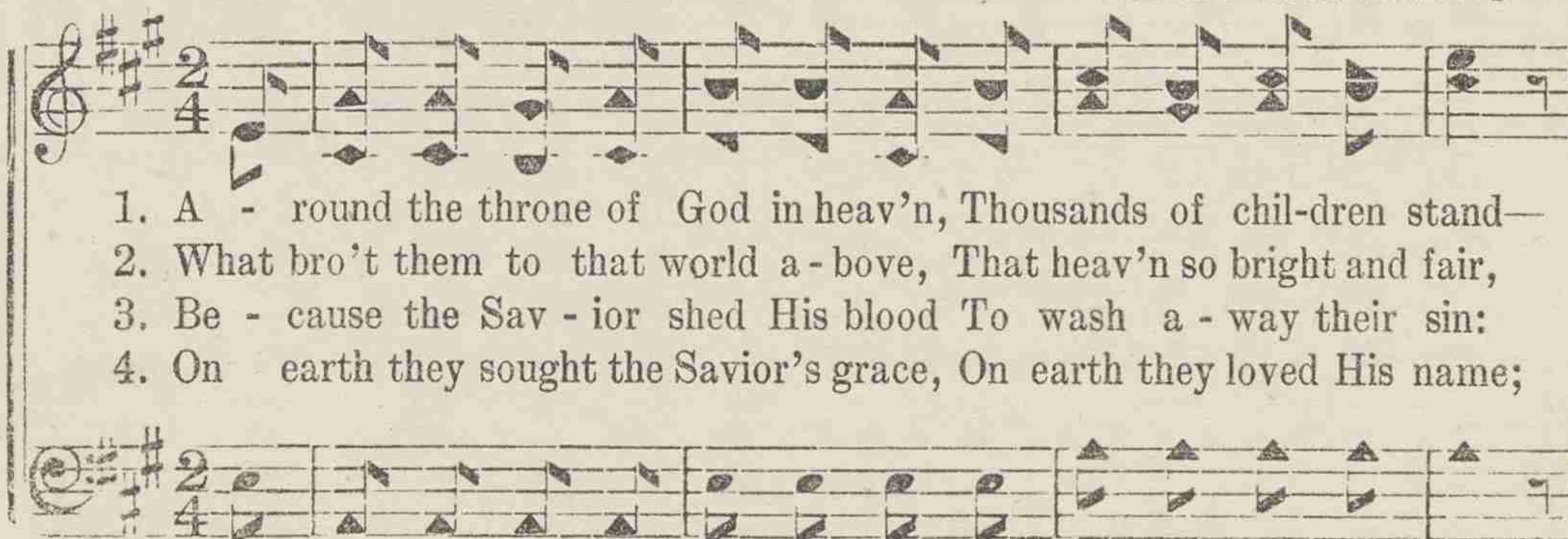


Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

No. 60. AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD.

ANNE SHEPHERD HOULDITCH.

HENRY E. MATHEWS



1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n, Thousands of chil-dren stand—
 2. What bro't them to that world a - bove, That heav'n so bright and fair,
 3. Be - cause the Sav - ior shed His blood To wash a - way their sin:
 4. On earth they sought the Savior's grace, On earth they loved His name;

AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD.—Concluded.



Chil - dren whose sins are all for-giv'n, A ho - ly, hap - py band,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love? How came those children there,
Bathed in that pure and pre-cious flood, Be - hold them white and clean,
So now they see His bless - ed face, And stand be - fore the Lamb,



Sing-ing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry be to God on high."



No. 61.

GRATITUDE.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

W. J. WILSON.



1. When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,
2. O how can words with e - qual warmth The grat - i - tude de - clare,
3. Ten thou - sand thou - sand pre-cious gifts My dai - ly thanks em - ploy;
4. When in the slip - p'ry paths of youth, With heed-less steps I ran,
5. Thro' ev - 'ry pe - riod of my life Thy good-ness I'll pur - sue;
6. Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty to Thee A grate-ful song I'll raise;



Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.
That glows with-in my ravished heart? But Thou canst read it there.
Nor is the least a cheer-ful heart That tastes those gifts with joy.
Thine arm, un-seen, con-veyed me safe, And led me up to man.
And aft - er death, in dis-tant worlds, The pleas-ing theme re - new.
But O, e - ter - ni - ty's too short To ut - ter all Thy praise.



No. 62.

VAIN WORLD, ADIEU.

From "ZION'S HARP."

W. J. WILSON.



1. { When for e - ter-nal worlds we steer, And seas are calm, and skies are clear, }
 { And faith in live - ly ex - er-cise, And dis-tant hills of Ca-naan rise; }
2. { With cheer-ful hopes her eyes ex-plore, Each land-mark on the distant shore, }
 { The trees of life, the pastures green, The golden streets, the crystal stream; }
3. { When near-er still she draws to land, More ea - ger all her pow'rs ex-pand, }
 { With stead-y helm and free-bent sail, Her an-chor drops with - in the vale; }



My soul for joy she spreads her wings, And loud her love-ly son-net sings:
 A - gain for joy she spreads her wings, And loud her love-ly son-net sings:
 Oh, then for joy she spreads her wings, And her ce - les - tial son-net sings,



Vain world a-dieu, vain world a-dieu, Vain world a-dieu, vain world a-dieu.
 Vain world a-dieu, vain world a-dieu, Vain world a-dieu, vain world a-dieu.
 On Canaan's shore, on Canaan's shore, On Canaan's shore, on Canaan's shore.



No. 63.

AT HOME AT LAST.

(Tune above.)

1 And so for all dear Christian bands
 Who're traveling for celestial lands,
 If we'll keep struggling as we go,
 And never let our zeal get low,
 We shall at last reach Canaan's land,
 And there with saints and angels stand
 In Paradise, in Paradise.

2 Then let all those who love the Lord
 Strive hard to keep in His accord;
 Endure temptations, crosses bear,
 But never give up in despair;
 For Christ is truth, the life, the way,
 And, following Him, we'll never stray
 From His embrace, from His embrace.

3 O, who would fail to join our band,
 And march with us to Canaan's land,
 Where all will taste the joyous food
 And share with us the common good?
 Then, let this be the will and prayer
 Of every penitential care:
 O God, save me, and save me now.

4 Then when at last we near God's throne,
 And hear the gracious words "Well done,"
 We'll enter in with sweet accord,
 Into the joys of the dear Lord:
 O, then we'll join the happy throng
 That shout God's praises loud and long,
 At home at last, at home at last!

SUPPLEMENT

The Lone Star State

(CONTINUED)

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>5. Her claims are modest mountains,
 Fine minerals and stone,
 And streams from buoyant fountains
 Which mostly are her own.
 Her chief wealth is her soil,
 For this is rich and rare,
 And all her sons of toil,
 Its fruitful products share.</p> <p>6. Her busy marts are moving,
 Her men of enterprise
 Are always up and doing,
 And growing rich and wise;
 She has no room for idlers,
 They crawfish to the rear,
 Their doom is that of triflers,
 The background is their sphere</p> | <p>7. Of all the gifts of Heaven,
 Profusely strewn around
 There's none excels the women
 In Texas' borders found,
 They've shared the fate of martyrs,
 They share our fortunes still,
 Have always been the partners
 Of either good or ill.</p> <p>8. Then one and all together
 We glory in our state;
 No adverse wind or weather
 Shall aught our love abate.
 We love our common country,
 But more than all the rest,
 We love our dear old Texas,
 By heav'n so highly blest.</p> |
|---|---|

NO. 64 THE LORD'S ANOINTED

For Music see No. 50

- 1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
 Great David's greater son!
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun!
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free,
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

CHORUS

Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
 Hosannah to his name.

2. He comes with succor speedy,
 To those who suffer wrong;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong,
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turned to light,
 Whose souls condemned and dying,
 Were precious in his sight. CH.
3. He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love and joy, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth:
 Before him on the mountains
 Shall peace the herald go,
 And righteousness in fountains
 From hill to valley flow. CH.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

NO. 65 The Creation. Music No 62

1. The great Creator made this earth'
 And formed it for intrinsic worth,
 In view to plant a future race,
 As subjects both of law and grace;
 And through the lapse of ages past,
 Has claimed man's service to the last,
 With love divine, with love divine,
2. Then who can claim the right to live
 And nothing to his maker give,
 And never honor the demands,
 That God requireth at our hands?
 Why no one now such right can claim,
 For God alone has right to reign,
 And rule supreme in his domain.
3. So ev'ry one should then give place
 To righteous rule of heav'nly grace,
 And all mankind with one accord,
 Should yield obedience to the Lord;
 Then peace will reign and right con-
 trol
 The actions of the human soul,
 And righteous rule will be the role.
4. Then let this be our highest aim
 To honor God in every claim,
 And give to him the service due,
 All evil shun, and good pursue:
 Then peace on earth, good will to men
 Will be the lovely song again,
 Throughout the world till time
 shall end,

W. J. Wilson.

No. 66. Will There Be Any Home?

Tune, "Will There Be Any Stars?"

1. There's no city on earth that continues from birth
As a refuge with permanence sure;
But the city above, that's prepared by God's love,
Is a home with foundation secure.
CH. Will there be any home, any homethere for me
In the city of God bright and fair?
Shall I find with the blest in the mansions of rest—
Shall I find a sweet home for me there?
2. A wanderer here, I have traversed this sphere,
In search of a home that would please;
I have worked and have prayed but have oft been dismayed
That I found not a home filled with ease. CH.
3. As through troubles I've plod and been lashed by His rod
I have often been made to repine;
But God's word is so pure, I have felt quite secure,
CH. And have leaned on the Arm all divine.
4. The pathway of life is a pathway of strife,
Which is oft filled with stones that do grind;
But, thanks be to God, there's a heavenly life,
For the weary and footsore to find.
Yes, there'll be a sweet home there for you and for me,
In the city of God bright and fair;
We shall find with the blest in the mansions of rest—
We shall find a sweet home for us there. CH.

W. J. WILSON.

No. 67

SWEET BY-and-BY.

S. Fillmore Bennett.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a-far; For the
Fa-ther waits o-ver the way, To pre-pare us a dwelling place there,
CH. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me-lo-di-ous songs of the blest,
And Our spir-its shall sor-row no more Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest, CH.
3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther a-bove, We will of-fer our trib-ute of praise, For
The glo-ri-ous gift of His love, And the Blessings that hallow our days.
CHORUS.

NO. 68

A GOOD RESOLVE

For Music See No. 36.

1. I'll try to do what seemeth right
And leave results with God,
And if He chooseth me to smite,
I'll bow before the rod.
3. His word has been my guide from youth
His will is my delight;
The Bible is the word of truth,
It tells me what is right.
3. I know I'm prone to go astray,
But if I do I'll stop,
And wrestle for the better way,
And make God's word my prop.
4. And what is right shall be my quest
Till I my race have run,
And then lie down in peaceful rest
With conscious duty done.

W. J. WILSON.

