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QUARTETS AND CHORUSES FOR MEN

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Quartets and Choruses

FOR MEN

A Collection of New and Old Gospel Songs
to which is added Patriotic, Prohibition
and Entertainment Songs

Composed and Compiled by

J. H. Fillmore, Henry Fillmore and Palmer Hartsough,

With Original Contributions from Many Well-known
Musical Writers

PRICE, 35 CENTS

30 Cents Per Copy in Quantities
Mail or Expressage Not Prepaid

FILLMORE MUSIC HOUSE

528 Elm Street, Cincinnati, O.

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FOREWORD

OUR aim with this book is to promote male-voice singing. If we can multiply the number of young men singers in our churches we will feel that we are awakening one of the most attractive as well as effective agencies for good that the churches possess.

We have included in the collection a number of exceedingly easy songs suitable to the needs of beginners. The purpose of these easy songs is to encourage the organization of new male quartets and choruses. In a separate circular, for free distribution, we give directions for the use of these songs as starters.

As to the merits of the collection as a whole we leave it where it belongs — to a sympathetic public.

In its compilation we have been greatly helped by valuable contributions from brother composers. We thank them most sincerely, and ask those who sing their songs to make a note of the authorship, that they may accord gratitude to whom it is due.

THE EDITORS.

TO BE NOTED

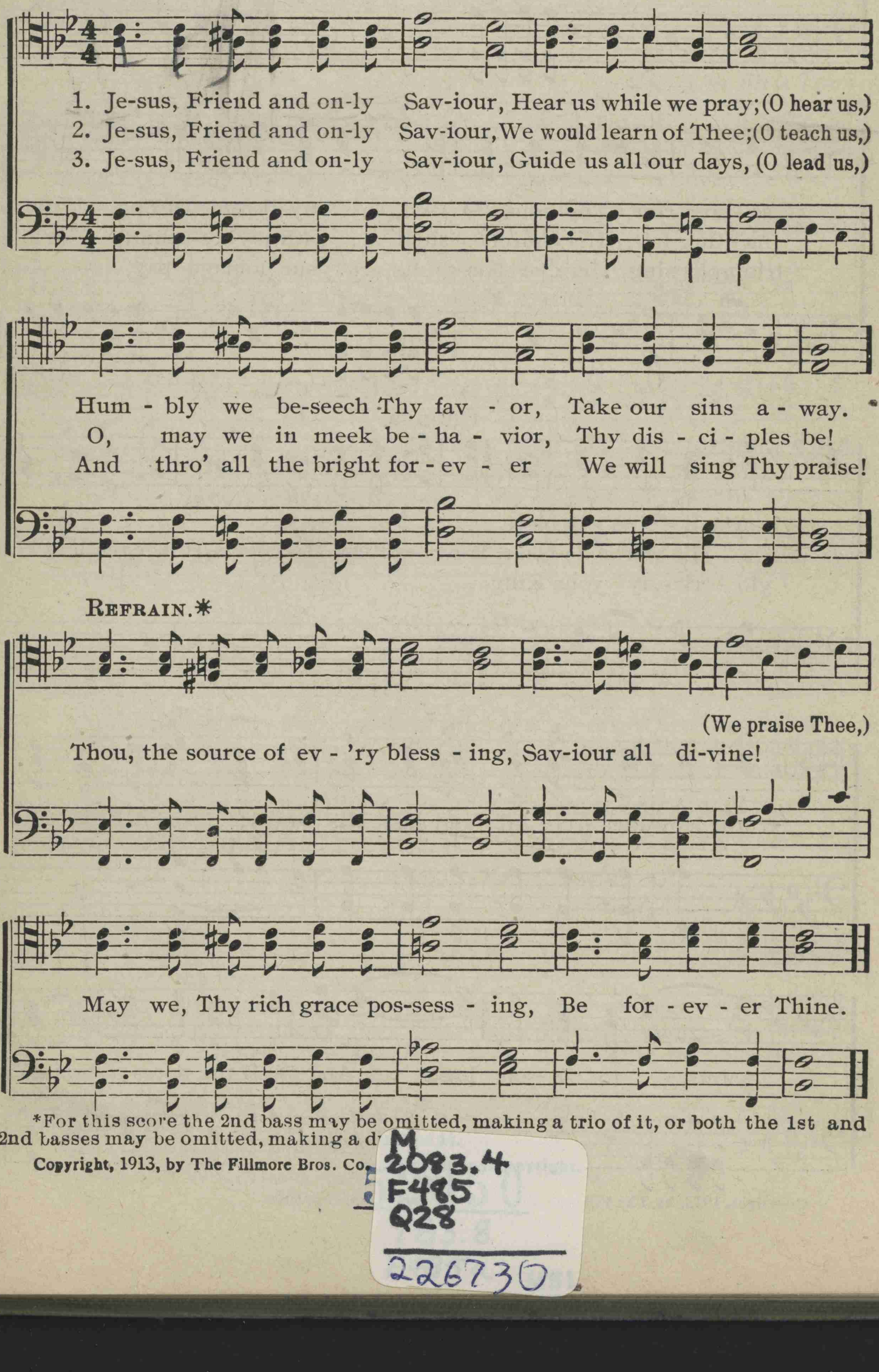
When the melody of the song is not in the first tenor, it is stated under the title in which part it will be found. When the melody is not in the first tenor it should be made a little more prominent than the other parts.

Note also, that the well-known gospel songs, that we have specially arranged and adapted for male voices, are kept in the same keys as originally used for the mixed voice arrangements. This preserves their identity and easy compass. Where the piano or organ is desired for accompanying these songs, they should be played from the original mixed voice score as found in other books.

QUARTETS AND CHORUSES
FOR MEN.

1 Jesus Friend and Only Saviour.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.



*For this score the 2nd bass may be omitted, making a trio of it, or both the 1st and 2nd basses may be omitted, making a d

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The Holy Day.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. STANLEY GREENWOOD.

1. Oft as re - turns.... the Ho - ly Day, The Day of
2. The Lord is good,.... His mer - cy shines, Thro'-out all
3. Here bless the Lord,.... here praise His name, And here His

sa - cred rest, Thy house, O God,.... Thy peo-ple throng, With
na - ture fair, His churches shall.... with joy re-sound, While
triumphs sing, Here,ye His saints,... your homage pay, And

CHORUS.

hearts di - vine - ly blest.
we His works de-clare. How beautiful His courts, How excellent His
glo - ri - fy your King.

truth, How mer - ci - ful and just His ways;..... All ye, His

saints,.. to Zi - on haste,.... And swell the notes of praise.

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3 Forward.

HENRY ALFORD. (*Melody in Second Tenor.*) J. W. LERMAN.

For - ward, For - ward,

1. For-ward! be our watch - word, Steps and voic - es joined;
2. For-ward! when in child - hood, Buds the in - fant mind,
3. For-ward! men of Je - sus, Salt of all the earth,

For - ward, For - ward,

Melody in First Tenor.

Seek the things before us, Not a look be-hind. Burns the fi-ery
All thro' youth and manhood, Not a tho't be-hind. Speed thro' realms of
Till each yearning purpose, Spring to glorious birth. Sick, they ask for

pil - lar, At our army's head; Who shall dream of shrinking, By our
na-ture, Climb the steps of grace, Faint not, till in glo-ry Gleams our
heal-ing, Blind, they grope for day, Pour up - on the nations Wisdom's

For - ward, For - ward,

Cap - tain led? Forward thro' the des - ert, Thro' the toil and
Fa - ther's face. Forward all the life - time, Climb from height to
lov - ing ray. Forward out of er - ror, Leave be-hind the

For - ward, For - ward,

fight, Jor - dan flows be - fore us, Zi - on beams with light.
height, Till the head be hoar - y, Till the eve be light.
night, For-ward thro' the dark-ness, For-ward in - to light.

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4 Lift a Song of Cheer.

E. E. HEWITT. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Lift a song of cheer, as we march a - long, Praise the
2. Lift a song of cheer, for He brings the light, Praise the
3. Lift a song of cheer, till it rings a - far, Praise the
4. Lift a song of cheer, for the fight we'll win, Praise the

Lord,..... bless His name; In the strength of Christ
Let our hearts re - joice
Till in darkened souls
Lord, Praise the Lord, bless His name, bless His name; And thro' pearly gates

we are glad and strong; Praise the Lord, bless His name.
in His sav - ing might,
shines the morn-ing star,
we shall en - ter in, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, bless His name.

CHORUS.

Lift a song of gladsome cheer,
Lift a song..... of gladsome cheer, Lift a

Rit.

Lift a song, the Lord is near, is near; Since He leads the way we will
song, ... the Lord is near,

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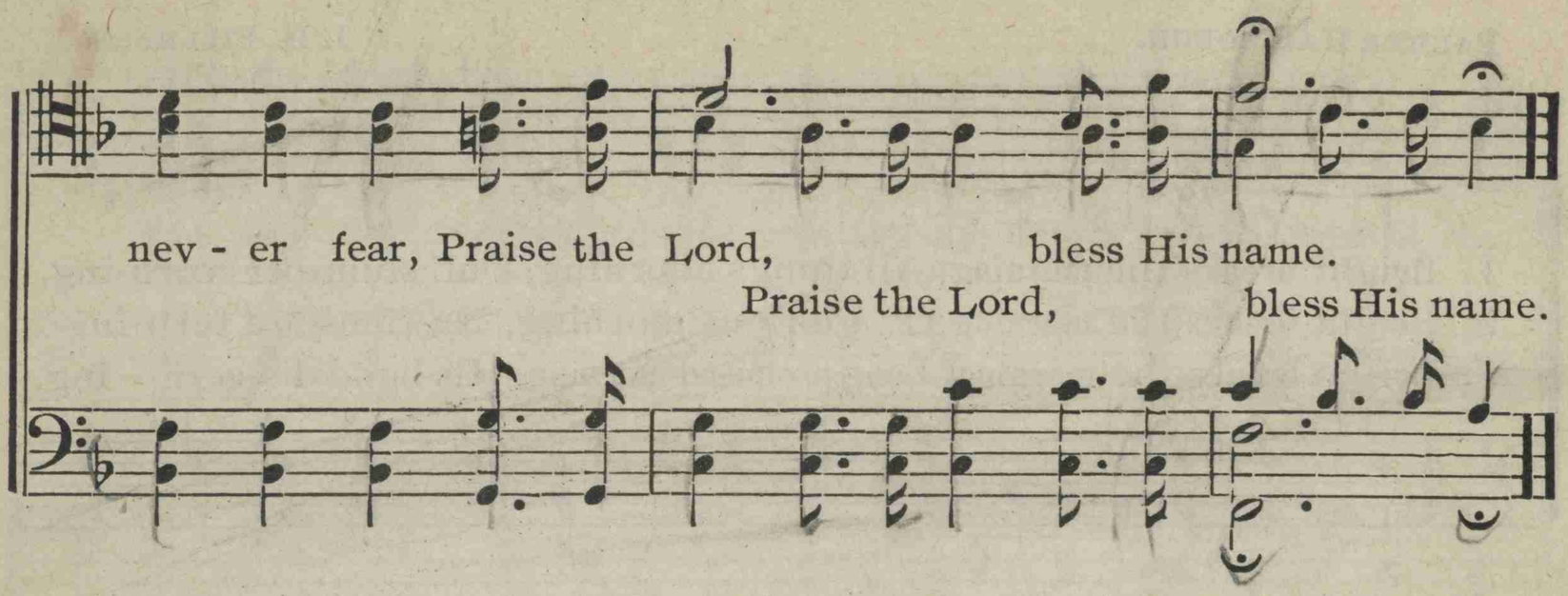
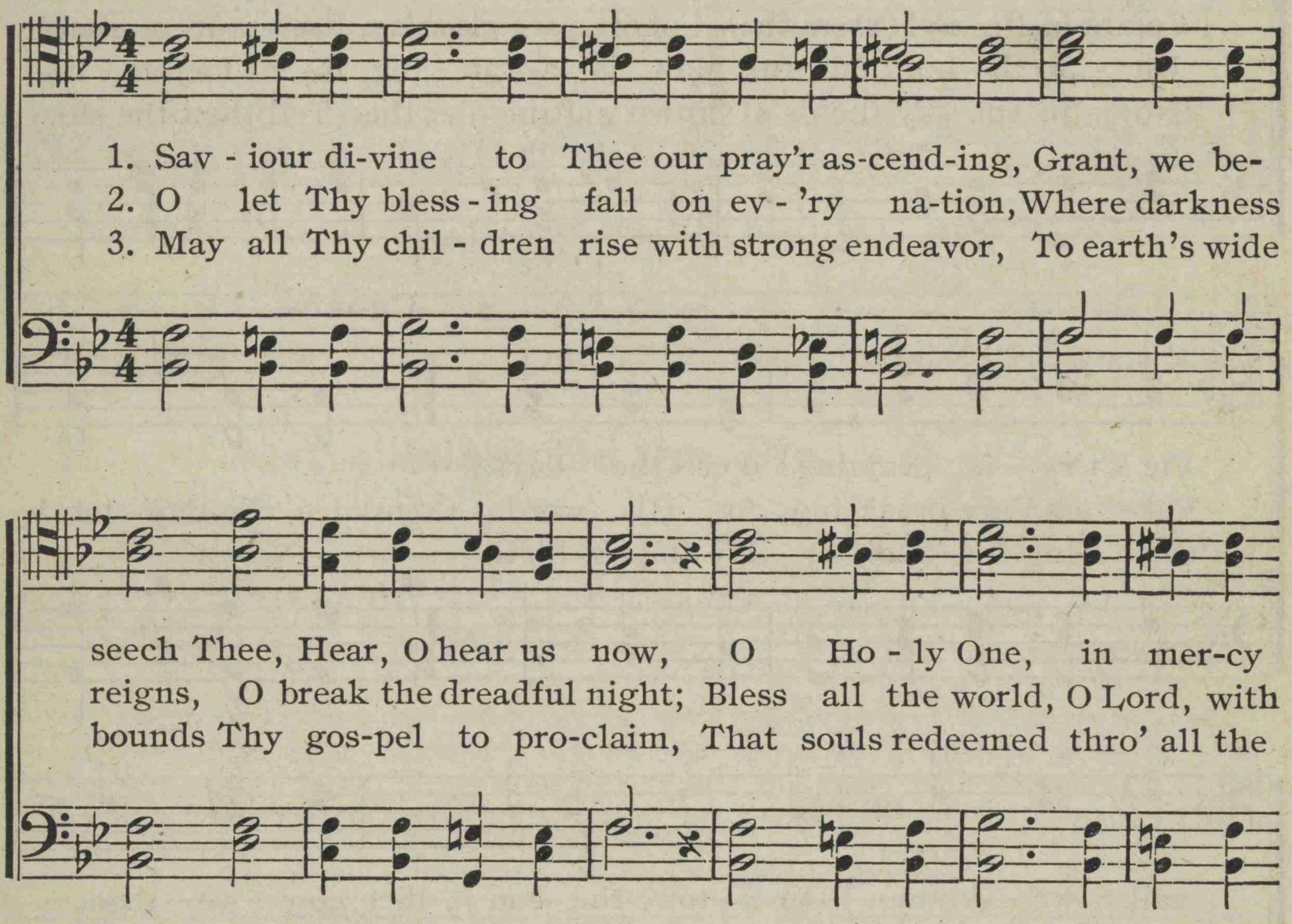
Lift a Song of Cheer.

5 Saviour Divine.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. GEO. B. NEVIN.

Con espressione.



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Bright Breaks the Morning.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Bright breaks the morning, All things adorning, Dull slum-ber scorn-ing,
2. Bright breaks the morning, O glorious morning, Na-tions are turn-ing
3. Bright breaks the morning, Long promised morning, His hand dis-cern - ing,

Comrades away! (where the) Cohorts are gleaming, Banners are streaming,
Un - to the Lord, (sin-ful) Man is a-wak - ing, E - vil for-sak - ing,
Now in the sky, (holds a) Crown waiting o'er thee, Tell then the story,

CHORUS.

Vic - t'ry is beaming o'er the day.
Fet - ters are break-ing At His word. Comrades, the Cap - tain's
Our King of glo - ry Tri-umphs high.

call we know, On to the con - flict now we go,

Fol - low His lead-ing, Dan - ger un-heed-ing, Joy - ful - ly speeding,

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Bright Breaks the Morning.

On we go. His ban-ner o'er us, Bright crowns before us,

Swell we the chor-us, With loud acclaim! (as we) March on to vic-t'ry,

Fight we for vic - t'ry, Win we the vic - t'ry In His name!

7 Blest Be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAEGELI.

Melody in 2d Tenor. May be sung in F. Arr. by HENRY FILLMORE.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The
2. Be - fore our Father's throne We pour our ar-dent prayers; Our
3. We share our mutual woes, Our mu-tual bur-dens bear; And
4. Here we must oft - en part, In sor-row and in pain; But

fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares;
oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz-ing tear.
we shall still be joined in heart And hope to meet a - gain.

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Day of Joy.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. There will come a day of joy and glad-ness, And its glo-rious
2. Thrones and kingdoms then will fall for-ev - er, Groans and sighs of
3. Deeds of kind-ness will we do to oth - ers, Words of cheer and

dawning will be soon; When will pass a - way all sin and
war be hushed and still; Peace be on - ward flow - ing like a
com-fort will we speak; We will be a loy - al band of

sad - ness, And the Fa - ther's ho - ly will be done.
riv - er, When we all shall do the Fa - ther's will.
broth - ers And the king - dom of the Lord we'll seek.

CHORUS. *Second Bass prominent.*

Let Thy name, O Lord, ex - alt - ed be, On earth, from shore to

shore, And in heav'n dominion, glo-ry pow'r, Be Thine for ev - er-

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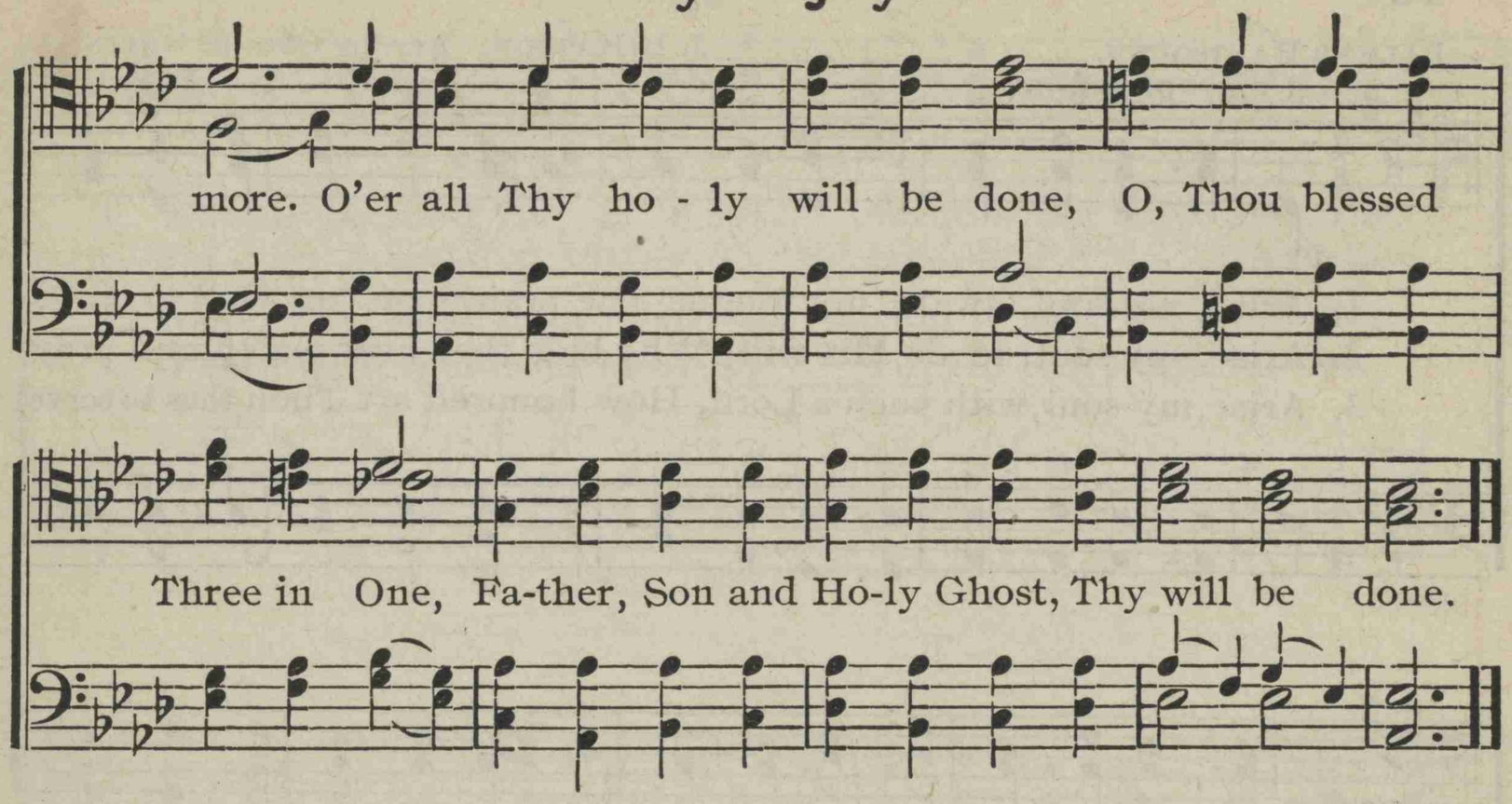
Day of Joy.

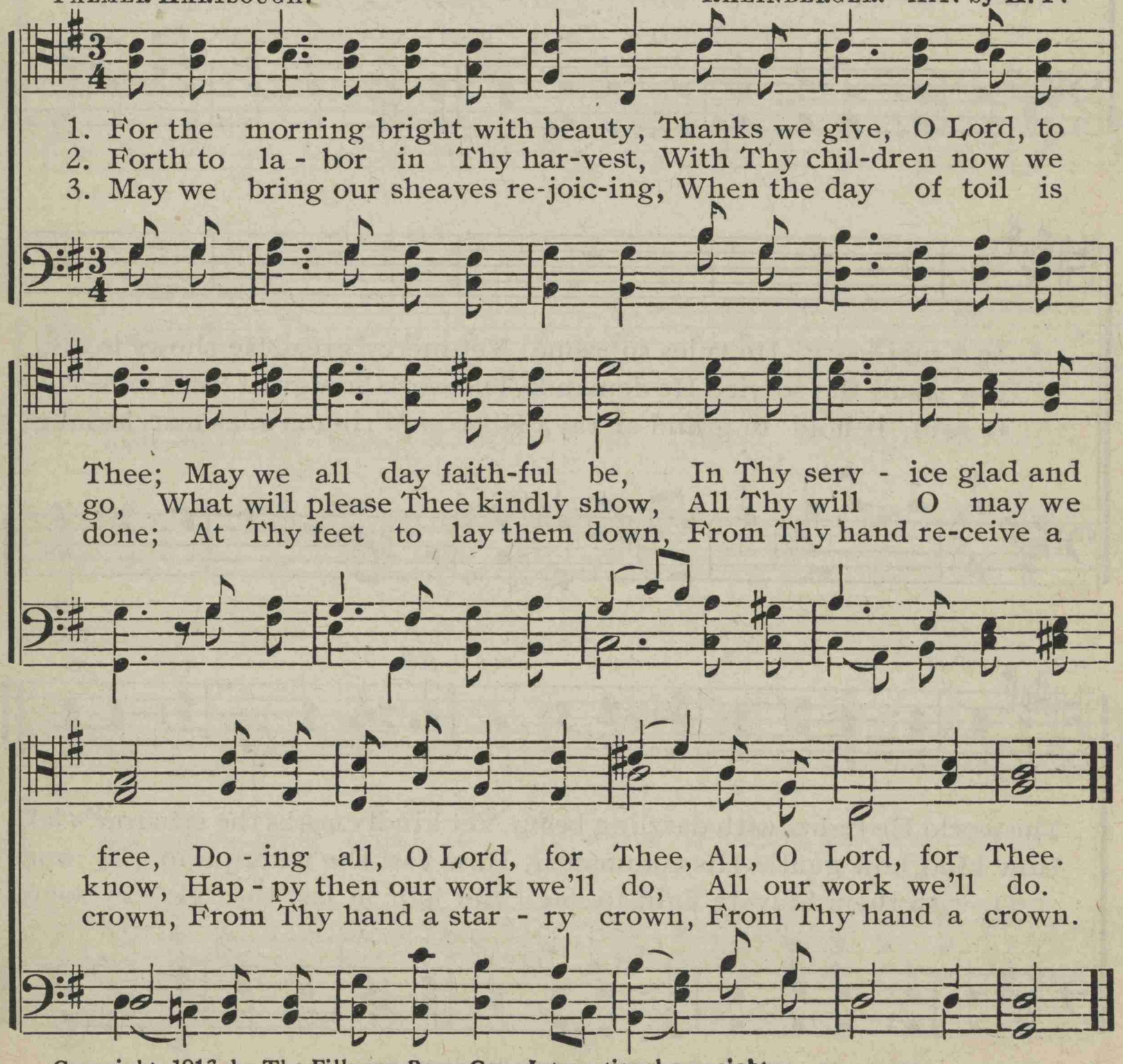


9 Morning Prayer.

The editors regard this as a very beautiful tune. They hope it will be studied faithfully and used frequently.

(*Melody in Second Tenor.*)

PALMER HARTSOUGH. RHEINBERGER. Arr. by H. F.



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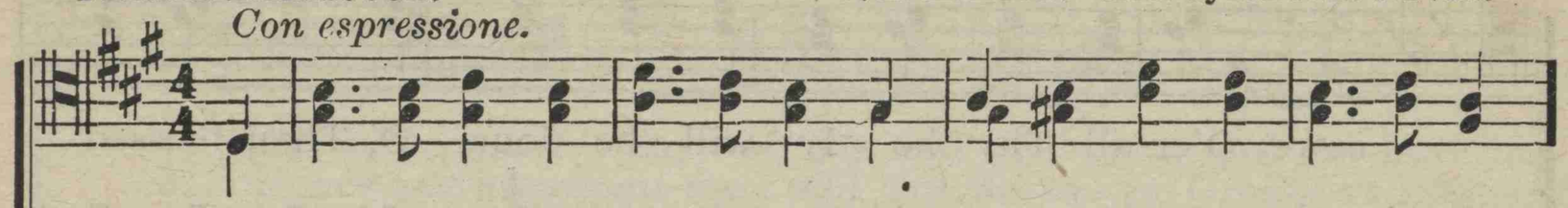
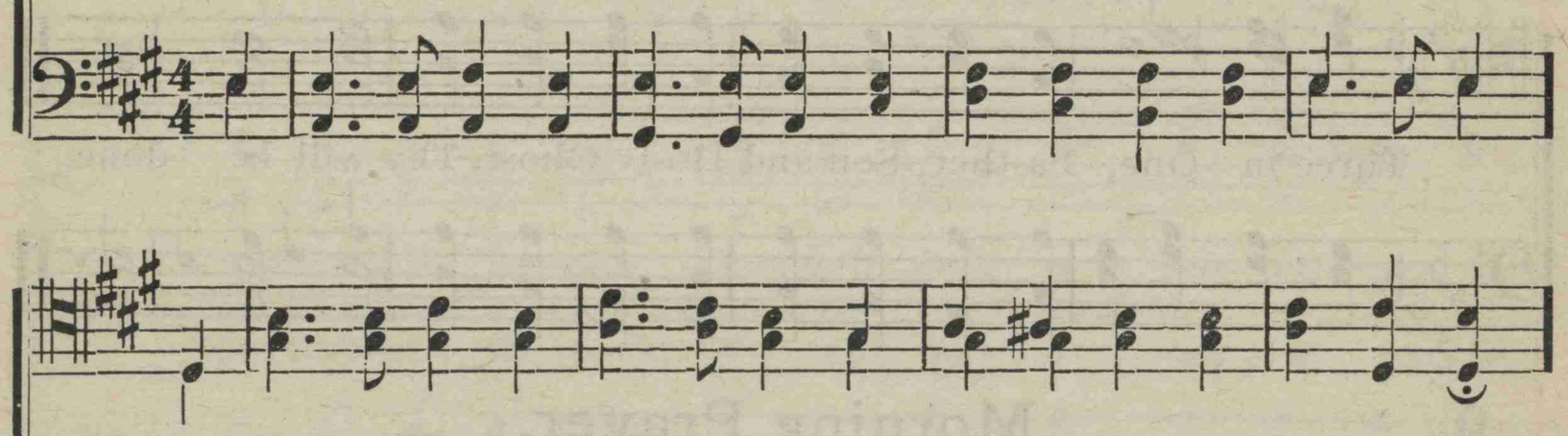
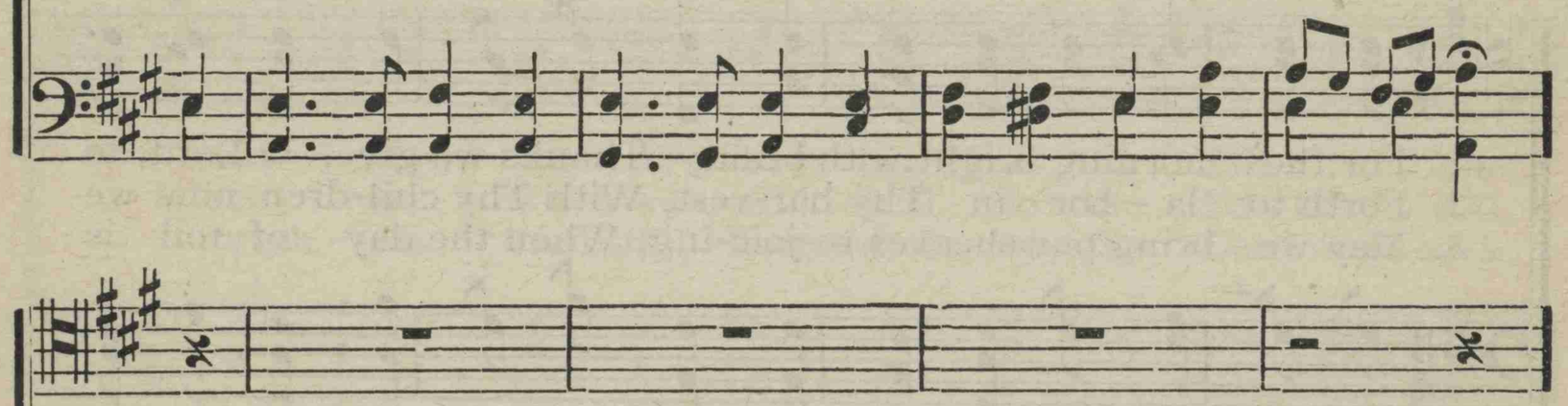
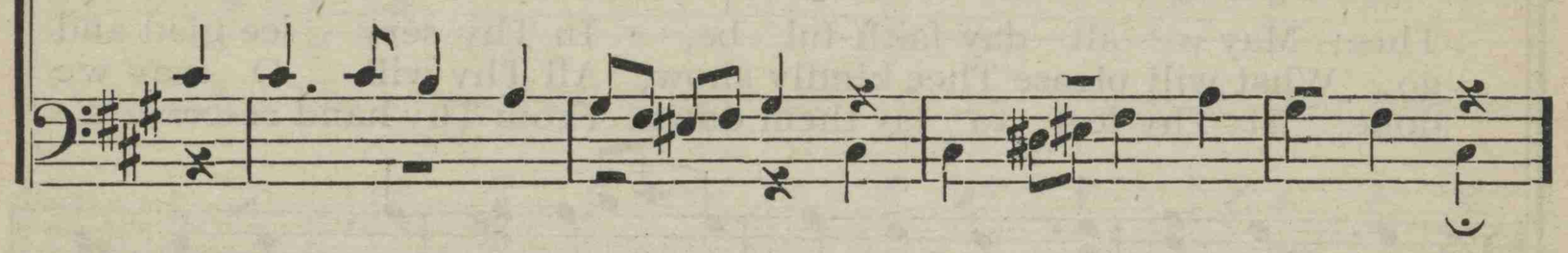
Arise My Soul.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. L. HATTON. Arr. by GEO. B. NEVIN.

Con espressione.

1. Arise, my soul, awake, my tongue, The praises of my God to sing;
2. Arise, my soul, to do His will, Who bids thee ever watch and pray;
3. Arise, my soul, with such a Lord, How honored art Thou thus to serve;

His name o'er all the earth be sung While heav'n adores her wondrous King.
A sol-dier brave, thy place to fill, And in the ranks to march a - way.
For such a place and such reward Strain ev'ry pow'r, stretch ev'ry nerve.



In maj-es-ty He rules supreme, Yet mercy great He shows to all,
How small the service He demands, The work how great that's to be done,
O soul, behold in grand ar-ray, His conqu'ring armies march along,

Rit.

The world He lights with dazzling beam, Yet kindly marks the sparrow's fall.
How kind, how gentle His commands, How vast the triumph to be won.
O, with them bravely fight to-day, And join at last the glo - ry song.

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11 We Will Be True.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. HENRY FILLMORE.

1. We will be true to Je - sus, Faithful and brave and true,
2. Sin shall no more de - light us, Je - sus will we o - bey,
3. Waken! O wake from sleep-ing, Bright is the har - vest day,
4. O with what wondrous bless-ing Will He His word ful - fill,

All that His will de - crees us We will so glad - ly do.
Dan-ger shall not af - fright us If He but lead the way.
Sheaves for the Master reap - ing, Now to the fields a - way.
If we His grace pos - sess - ing, Faith-ful-ly do His will.

REFRAIN.

Seek-ing to save, Read - y to do, We will be brave,

We will be true; True to Je - sus, Faithful and brave and true.

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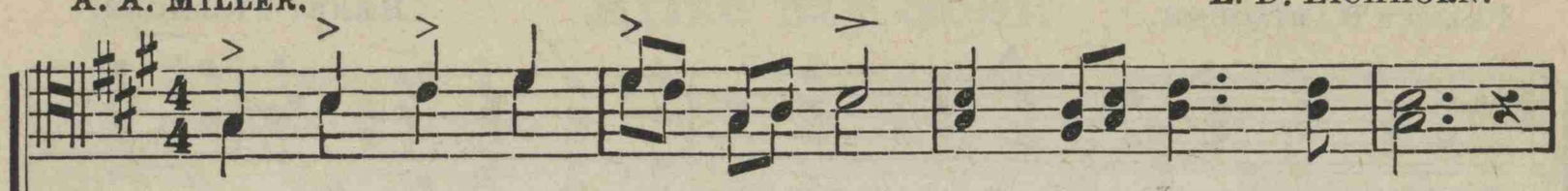
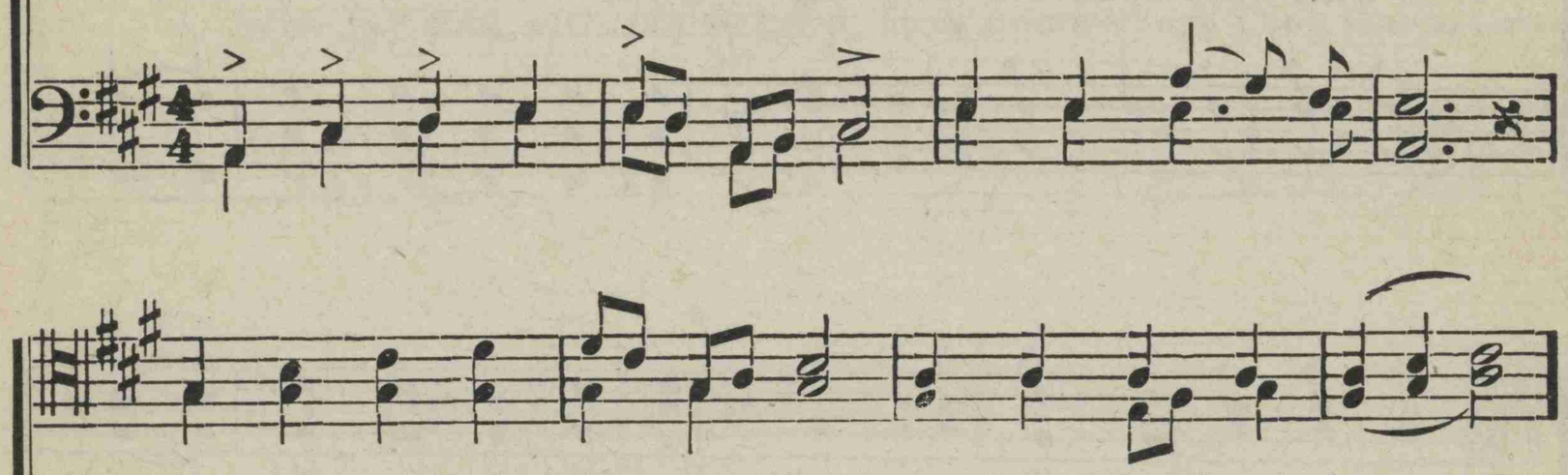
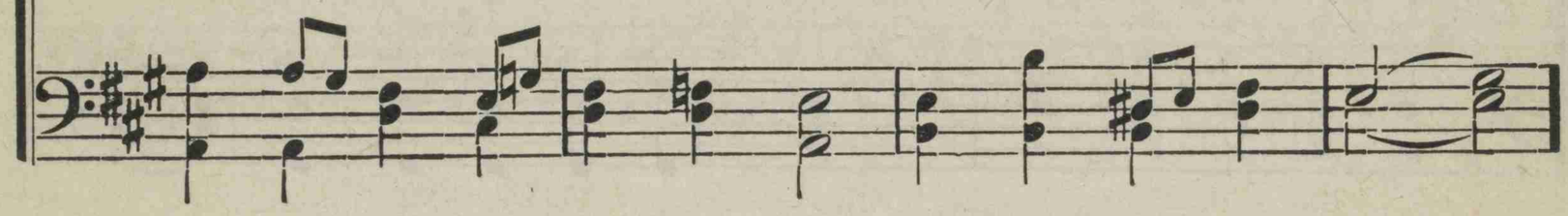
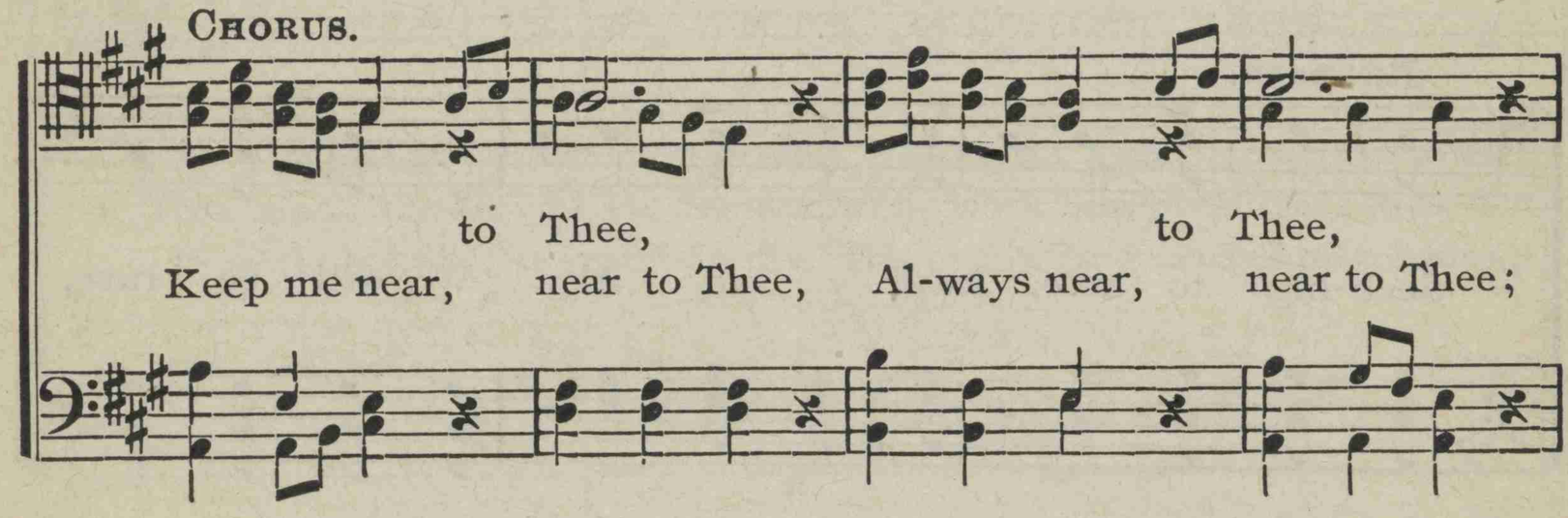
12

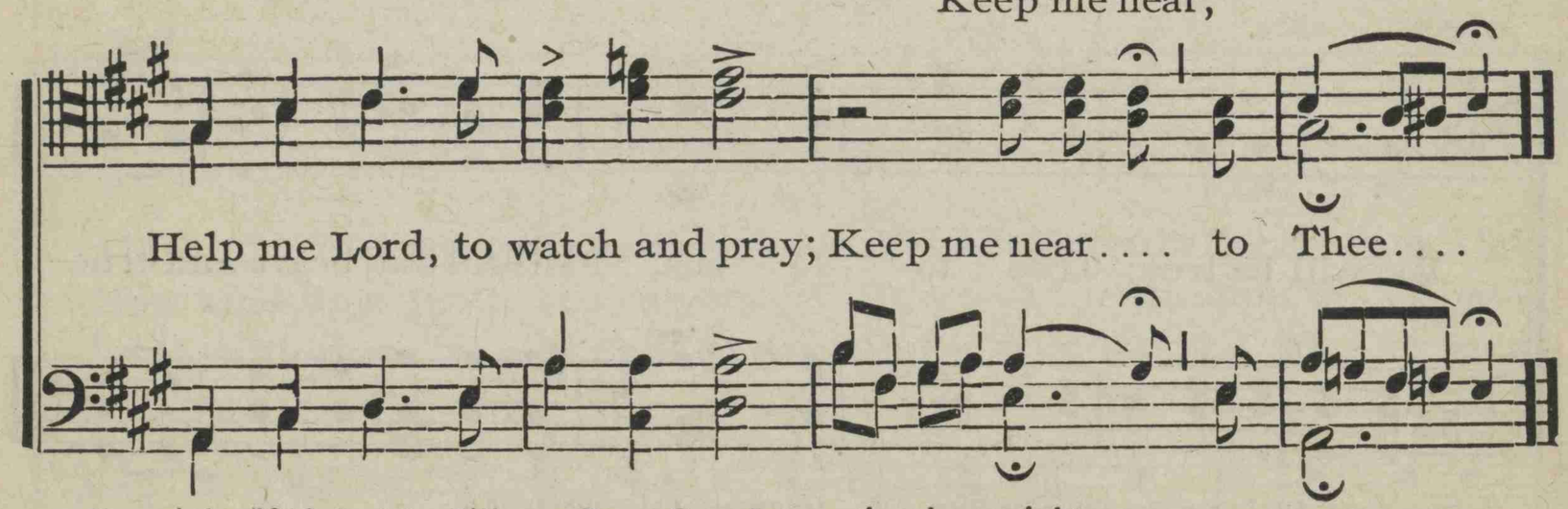
Keep Me Near to Thee.

A. A. MILLER. L. D. EICHHORN.

1. Rock of Life, my Hope and Stay, Keep me near to Thee;
2. Thou art just the friend I need, Keep me near to Thee;
3. May I have a pur - er heart, Keep me near to Thee;
4. All Thy prom-i - ses are sure, Keep me near to Thee;

Lead me safe - ly in the way; Keep me near to Thee.
Such a lov - ing friend in-deed; Keep me near to Thee.
May I not from Thee de -part, Keep me near to Thee.
Thy foun-da - tion is se -cure, Keep me near to Thee.

CHORUS.



to Thee, to Thee,
Keep me near, near to Thee, Al-ways near, near to Thee;

Keep me near,



Help me Lord, to watch and pray; Keep me near.... to Thee....

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13 Valiant Men and True.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Val-iant men and true, There's a call for you From the
2. Val-iant men and strong, With the shout and song, To the
3. Val-iant men and brave, There's a land to save, And a

front, where the battle is rag - ing; There the foes of right, In their
front, where the heroes are fall - ing;'Tis the Lord's command, Go and
fu - ture of glo - ry be - fore us; And our might-y Lord, Gives the

CHORUS.

furious might, With the hosts of the Lord are en-gag - ing. Val - -
take your stand, Tho' the danger and death are ap-pall-ing.
conq'ring word, And His banner of vic-t'ry is o'er us. Valiant men and true,

iant men and true, God..... is wanting you,
Valiant men and true, God is wanting you, God is wanting you,

To the fight He's lead - ing on, And He calls for soldiers true.

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14 Rejoice! Rejoice!

J. W. L. J. W. LERMAN.

1. Je - sus came from Heav'n a - bove, Praise His name!
2. When to man's es - tate He grew, Praise His name!
3. Cru - ci - fied at last was He, Praise His name!

Sought to win us by His love; Praise His name!
Grief and sor - row oft He knew; Praise His name!
Suf - fered death for you and me, Praise His name!

As a babe He came to earth; An-gels car-oled at His birth,
Ev - er sought to heal and bless; All who came in their dis-tress,
Once His pre-cious life He gave, Now, a Vic - tor o'er the grave,

Wise men re - cog-nized His worth, Praise His ho - ly name.
Preaching truth and right-eous-ness, Praise His ho - ly name.
Sin - ners He de-lights to save, Praise His ho - ly name.

REFRAIN.

Re - joice! re - joice!.. He came to set us free,....
Rejoice! re-joice! set us free,

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Rejoice! Rejoice!

Rit.

Re - joice!.. re - joice!.. Our Sav - iour He would be.....
Re-joice! re-joice! would be.

15 Are You Building On the Rock?

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. *Melody in Second Tenor.* J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Are you building on the Rock, High a-bove the sand - y beach,
2. Years, like tides, will come and go, Tell me are you ver - y sure,
3. Lay with patience, faith and pray'r Your foundations deep and wide,

Where no sud - den wave can shock, Where no beating tide can reach?
That they will not o - ver-throw, Much that seemed at first se-cure?
Build there-on with watchful care, Far a - bove the an - gry tide.

CHORUS.

Are you hear-ing and o - bey-ing? Are you work-ing, watch-ing,

Rit.

praying? Tell me, does your dwelling stand On the rock or on the sand?

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16 Make Some Other Heart Rejoice.

C. M. F. *Melody in Second Tenor.* CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Would you know earth's highest happiness, Would you know its greatest
2. Pleasant smiles will cheer a drooping heart, Kindly words relieve a
3. Man-y hearts are crushed with bitter woe, Many hearts with grief are

blessedness, Would you know its truest joy-ful-ness, Make some other
bitter smart, Helping hands to weakness strength impart, Make some other
bending low, Many hearts need help you can bestow, Make some other

CHORUS.

heart re - joice. Give a pleasant smile, Speak a kindly word,
Give a pleasant smile, Speak a kind-ly word,

Lend a hand to help a broth - er, Give a pleasant smile,
Lend a hand to help a broth - er, Give a pleasant smile,

Speak a kindly word, Lend a hand to help an - oth - er.
Speak a kind-ly word, Lend a hand to help an-oth - er.

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17 I'm Not Ashamed of Him.

Melody in Second Bass.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. Arr. from GATTY by J. B. HERBERT.

1. Un - til my sun sinks in the west, Un-til mine eyes grow dim,
1. Un - til my sun sinks in the west, Un - til mine eyes grow dim,
2. Since Jesus hath, with love di - vine, My cup filled to the brim,
3. As He was not a-shamed to die, For me on Calvary's tree,
4. And when up - on the judgment day, Be - fore Him I shall be,

My Je-sus sha ll be first and best, I'm not ashamed of Him.
My Je - sus shall be first and best, I'm not ashamed of Him.
The world shall see His life in mine, I'm not ashamed of Him.
May I ne'er cause my Lord on high, To be ashamed of me.
I hope to hear my Sav-iour say, "I'm not ashamed of Thee."

CHORUS. *Cres.*

Ashamed of Him? No! bless His name! His love drives out all shame!

Rit.

It was to save my soul He came; Not a - shamed of Him.
I am not a-shamed ..... of Him.

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18 We are a Band of Brothers.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. S. B. STAMBAUGH.

1. We are a band of broth-ers, In serv-ice of our Lord, His
2. We are a band of broth-ers, U - ni - ted do we stand, In
3. We are a band of broth-ers, We give a joy-ous call, To

work we're gladly do - ing, Ac-cord-ing to His word; Each in his
ev - 'ry land and na - tion, An ar-my great and grand; Good-will our
all who will to join us, Come, welcome one and all; Thro' Christ our

own good mis-sion, Each in his own good way, We're work-ing on to-
shin - ing ban-ner, Our pray'r that wars may cease, Our might the God of
Eld - er Broth-er, Will we proclaim a-broad, The son-ship of be-

f *Rit.* CHORUS. *May repeat.*

geth - er, To has-ten that glad day. Join, gladsome hands, all
jus - tice, Our King, the Prince of Peace.
liev - ers, The fa-ther-hood of God. Then join, ... gladsome

join, gladsome hands, Climes, all ye lands, all climes, all ye lands, The
hands, ... All climes, ... all lands, ... The

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We are a Band of Brothers.

king-dom to bring, The kingdom to bring of Je - sus our King.
king - dom bring of Je - sus our King.

19 Christian Dost Thou See Them?

J. M. NEAL. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Chris - tian, dost thou see them, On the ho - ly ground,
2. Chris - tian, dost thou feel them, How they work with-in,
3. Chris - tian, dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair?

How the pow'rs of dark - ness Rage thy steps a - round?
Striv - ing, tempt-ing, lur - ing, Goad-ing in - to sin?
"Al - ways fast and vig - il, Al - ways watch and pray'r?"

Chris-tian, up and smite them, Count-ing gain but loss,
Chris-tian, nev - er trem - ble, Nev - er be down-cast,
Chris-tian, an - swer bold - ly, "While I breathe I pray!"

Rit.

In the strength that com-eth By the Ho - ly Cross.
Gird - thee for the bat - tle, Watch and pray and fast.
Peace shall fol - low bat - tle, Night shall end in day.

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20 Don't Stop Praying.

E. E. HEWITT. J. W. LERMAN.

1. Don't stop pray-ing when the bil - lows roll, Christ, our Cap-tain,
2. Don't stop pray-ing, for the Lord is near, Ev - 'ry whis-per
3. Don't stop pray-ing when the an - swers wait, God's good time will

will the waves control; He can res-cue ev'ry sink - ing soul;
sink-ing, sink-ing soul;
will the Fa-ther hear; In the darkness will a light ap - pear;
light, a light ap - pear;
never come too late; You will praise Him when with-in the gate;
in, with-in the gate;

D. S.

FINE.

D. S.–*Don't stop pray - ing in the Sav - iour's name.*
the Sav-iour's name.

CHORUS.

Don't stop pray-ing; trust and pray; Don't stop pray-ing;

work a - way; Prove His mercies evermore the same;
ev - er-more the same;

D. S.

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21 In the Harvest Field.

C. R. BLACKALL. *Melody in Second Tenor.* DR. W. H. DOANE.

1. In the har - vest field there is work to do, For the
2. Crowd the gar-ner well with the sheaves all bright, Let the
3. In the glean - er's path may be rich re - ward, Tho' the
4. Lo! the Har - vest Home in the realms a - bove Shall be

grain is ripe, and the reap - ers few, And the Mas-ter's voice
song be glad, and the heart be light, Fill the precious hours,
time seems long, and the la - bor hard; For the Mas - ter's joy,
gained by each who has toiled and strove; When the Mas-ter's voice

bids the work - ers true Heed the call that He gives to - day.
ere the shades of night Take the place of the gold - en day.
with His chos - en shared, Drives the gloom from the darkest day.
in His words of love, Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day.

CHORUS.

La-bor on, la-bor on, Keep the bright reward in view, For the
Labor on, labor on,

Master has said, He will strength renew, Labor on till the close of day.

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22 God Doth His Own in Safety Keep.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL. D. S. HAKES.

1. Tho' sor - row and toil and care, Like might-y tempests roll,
2. When ar - mies of sin as - sail, When strife is hard and long,
3. From dawn till the set of sun, Thro' tri-umph or de - feat,
4. Thro' youth's ever chang-ing page, Thro' manhood's glowing years,

Tho' heav - y the bur-dens bear, And grief op-press the soul,
When ev-'ry-thing seems to fail, In right a-gainst the wrong,
We'll toil till the day is done, With this as - sur - ance sweet,
In fee - ble-ness and in age, When death's dark shadow nears,

REFRAIN.

God doth His own in safe - ty keep, He giv - eth His be-

be - lov - ed sleep, sweet sleep.

lov-ed sleep, He giveth His be-lov-ed, be-lov-ed sleep, sweet sleep.

be-lov - ed sleep,

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23 The Kingdom of the Lord.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. HENRY FILLMORE.

D. C. The king-dom of the Lord is now at hand, For
D. C. The king-dom of the Lord— pre - pare the way, Let
D. C. The king-dom of the Lord! it comes, be - hold, Ye

Him the world a - waits, And soon o'er all shall sound the
thrones and em - pires fall, Ye haught-y mon-archs bow be-
sin - ful souls, re - pent, To you the Lord of life in

FINE.

blest command, Swing wide, ye heav'n-ly gates, His heralds of peace e'en
neath His sway, And crown Him Lord of all! The long night of sorrow
love un - told, His on - ly Son hath sent. O cast out the e - vil

now pro - claim The joys of Mes - si - ah's reign; His
now is o'er, The sighs and the groans now cease, The
works of sin, The doors o - pen full and wide; The

D. C.

proph-ets of old ex - tol His fame: And blessings that fill His train.
na - tions of earth learn war no more, O'er all rules the Prince of Peace.
King in His glo-ry shall come in, And with you so blest a - bide.

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24 A Place in the Ranks for Me.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. *Melody in Second Tenor.* J. H. FILLMORE. Arr. by H. F.

May be sung in A.

Hum .....

1. List! the trumpet of God is sound-ing, Is sounding from sea to
2. See, the ar - my of God ad-vanc - es, In strength of His ho-ly
3. List! the trumpet of God is sound-ing, Is sounding for vic - to-

Hum .....

sea; On the field where the brave are fall - ing, There's a
might; See the flash of the mov - ing lanc - es, And the
ry; I must go, for the brave are fall - ing, And the

CHORUS.

place in the ranks for me!
glit - ter of hel - mets bright. There's a place in the ranks for
Cap - tain has need of me.

me!.... A place in the ranks for me!.... On the
for me! for me!

field where the brave are fall-ing, There's a place in the ranks for me.

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25 While the Days Are Going By.

GEORGE COOPER. J. B. HERBERT.

Hm.....

1. There are lone-ly hearts to cher-ish, While the days are go - ing by;
2. There's no time for i- dle scorn-ing, While the days are go - ing by;
3. All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go - ing by;

Hm.....

Hm.....

There are wea - ry souls who perish, While the days are go - ing by;
Let your face be like the morning, While the days are go - ing by;
One by one we leave be-hind us, While the days are go - ing by;

Hm.....

If a smile we can re - new, As the jour - ney we pur - sue,
O the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep-ing eyes,
But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow,

3

Rall.

O the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.
Help your fal - len broth-er rise, While the days are go - ing by.
And will keep our hearts a - glow, While the days are go - ing by.

go-ing by.

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26 Did You Think to Pray?

Melody in Second Tenor

MRS. M. A. KIDDER. W. O. PERKINS. Arr. by H. F.

1. Ere you left your room this morn-ing, Did you think to pray?
2. When you met with great temp-ta-tion, Did you think to pray?
3. When your heart was filled with an-ger, Did you think to pray?
4. When sore tri-als came up - on you, Did you think to pray?

In the name of Christ our Sav - iour, Did you sue for lov-ing
By His dy - ing love and mer - it Did you claim the Ho - ly
Did you plead for grace, my broth - er, That you might forgive an-
When your soul was bowed in sor - row, Balm of Gil-ead did you

CHORUS.

fav - or, As a shield to - day?
Spir - it As your guide and stay? O, how pray-ing rests the
oth - er Who has crossed your way?
bor - row At the gates of day?

wea - ry; Prayer will change the night to day; So when

life seems dark and drear - y, Don't for - get to pray.

By permission.

27 Come to Me.

C. M. F. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

DUET. *Solo in lower voice.*

1. When thy bur-den is too great to bear, When thy heart is o - ver-
2. When temp-ta-tion leads your feet a-stray, When your soul is full of
3. When you pass beneath the chast'ning rod; When loved forms you lay be-

Hm.....

borne with care; When thy fu-ture frowns in dark de - spair, O,
dread dis - may; When you do not e - ven dare to pray, O,
neath the sod; When you seem for-sak - en by your God, O,

CHORUS.

lis - ten to the Sav - iour say: Ye who la - bor, heavy
Come, O come

la - den, come, Lay your wea-ry head up - on my breast; Take my
learn of me, Come, O come, on my breast; Come, O

yoke up-on you, learn of me, Come, and I will give you rest.
come, learn of me, I will give you rest, sweet rest,

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28 Get Another.

E. E. HEWITT. J. W. LERMAN.

Moderato.

1. Get an-oth - er pil-grim to walk the blessed way, Shining more and more un - to the per - fect day; Get an-oth - er work - er to
2. Get an-oth - er sol-dier to wear the armor bright, Hold-ing up the banner, battling for the right; Get an-oth - er sing - er to
3. Get an-oth - er jew-el to gem the Saviour's crown, Liv-ing stars to spark-le, at His feet laid down; Get an-oth - er saved one, to

sow the seeds of love, Richer then the harvest that shall spring a-bove.
swell the happy song, Ringing cheer and gladness as we march a - long.
praise Him evermore, When the ransomed gather on the shining shore.

CHORUS.

Get an - oth - er friend or broth-er, . .
Get an-oth - er friend or brother,
Do the Heav'nly Father's will: . Get an-oth-er . . friend or
His will; Get another

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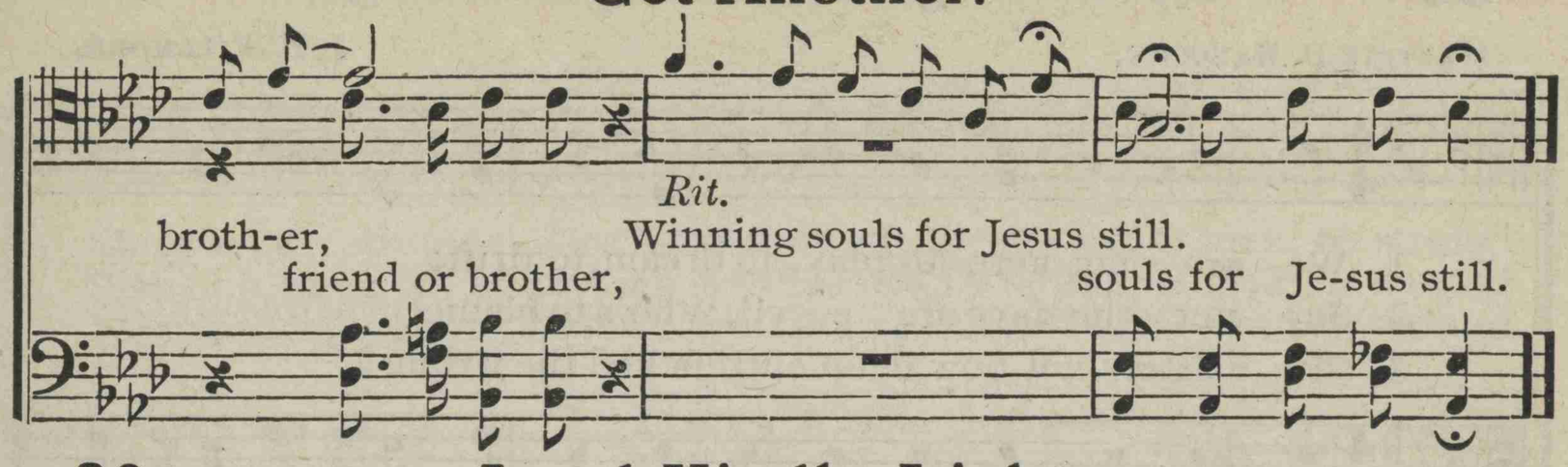
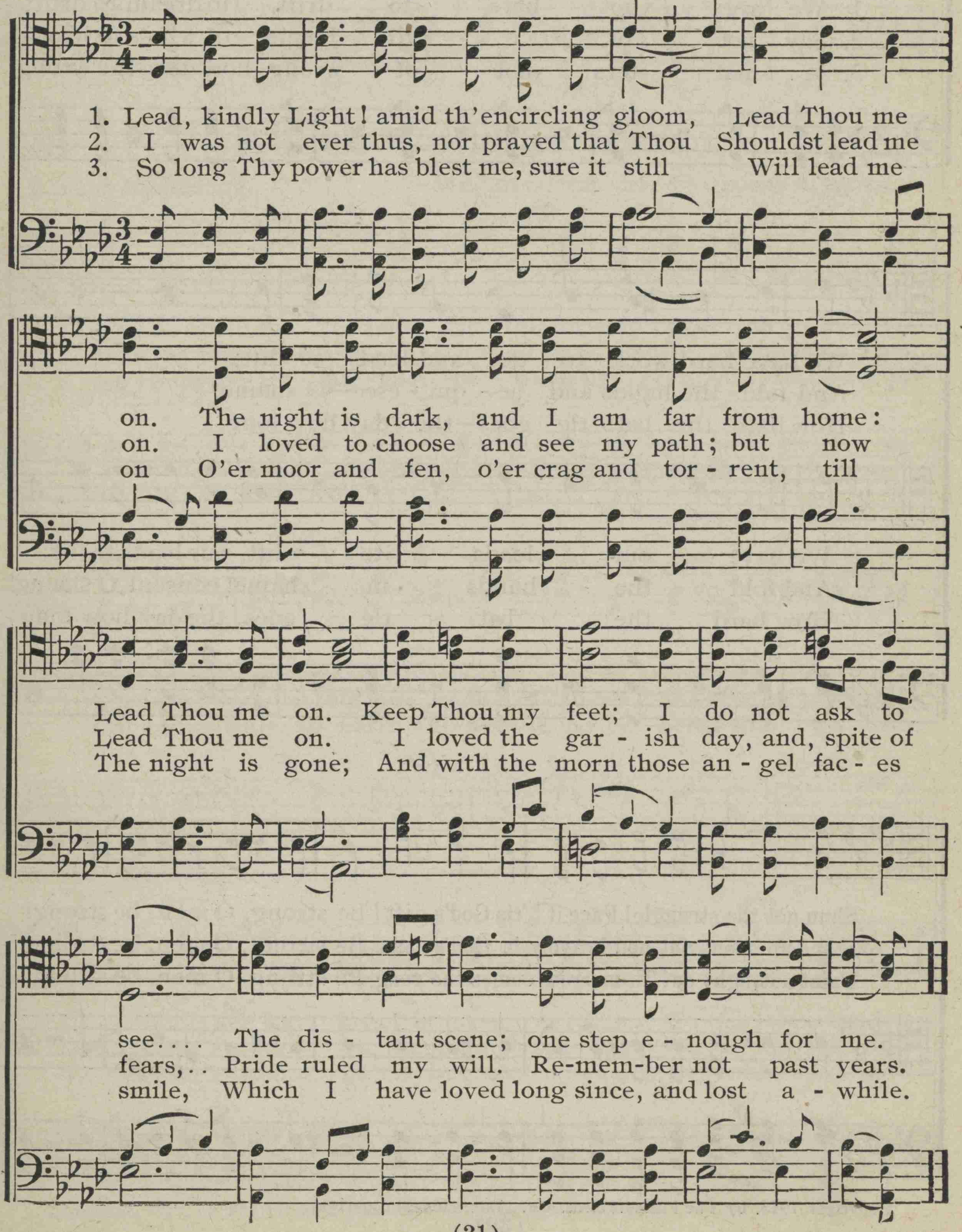
Get Another.

29 Lead Kindly Light.

J. H. NEWMAN. *Melody in Second Tenor.* J. B. DYKES. Arr. by H. F.



30 Be Strong O Men Be Strong.

MALTBIE D. BABCOCK. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
2. Say not the days are e - vil, Who's to blame?
3. It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong;

1. We are not here to drift, to dream, to drift;
2. Say not of e - vil blame, of who's to blame?
3. It mat - ters not of wrong, how deep the wrong,

We have hard work to do, and loads to lift;
And fold the hands and ac - qui - esce—O shame!
How hard the bat - tle goes—the day how long;

We have our loads to lift, our loads to lift;
And fold the hands in shame! consent, O shame!
How hard the bat - tle goes, the day how long;

Shun not the struggle! Face it! 'tis God's gift! Be strong, O men, be strong!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely in God's name Be strong, O men, be strong!
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song Be strong, O men, be strong!

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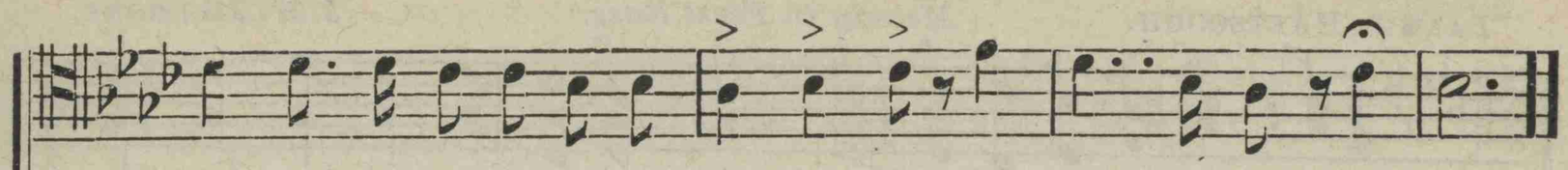
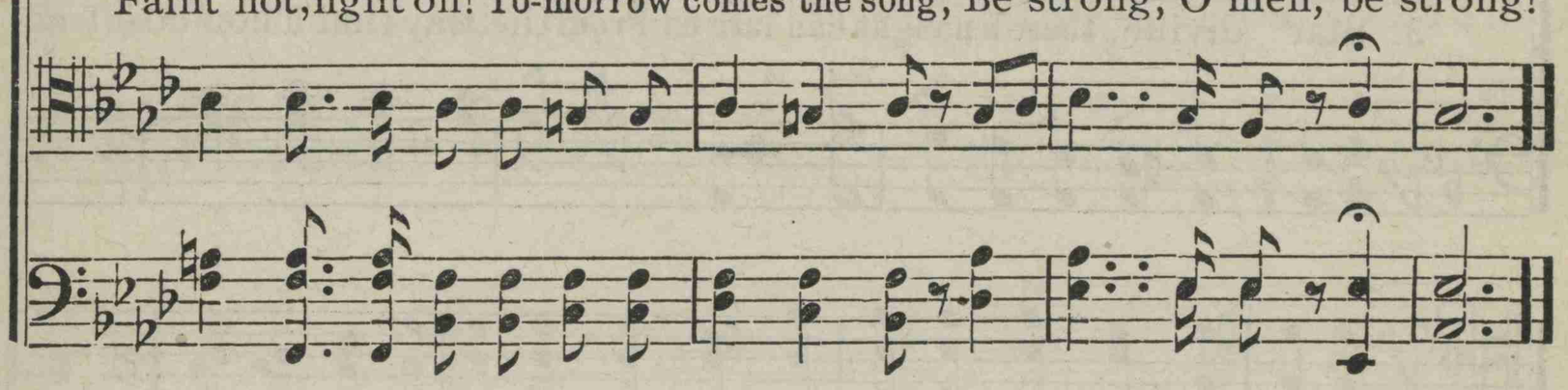
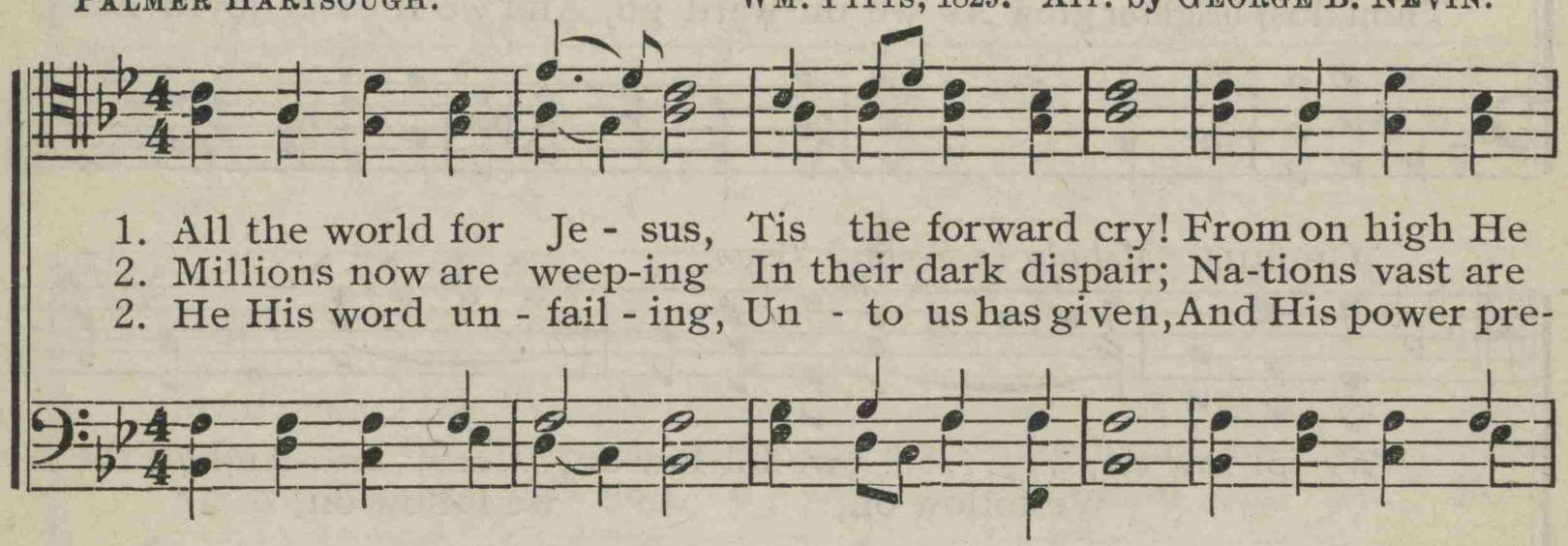
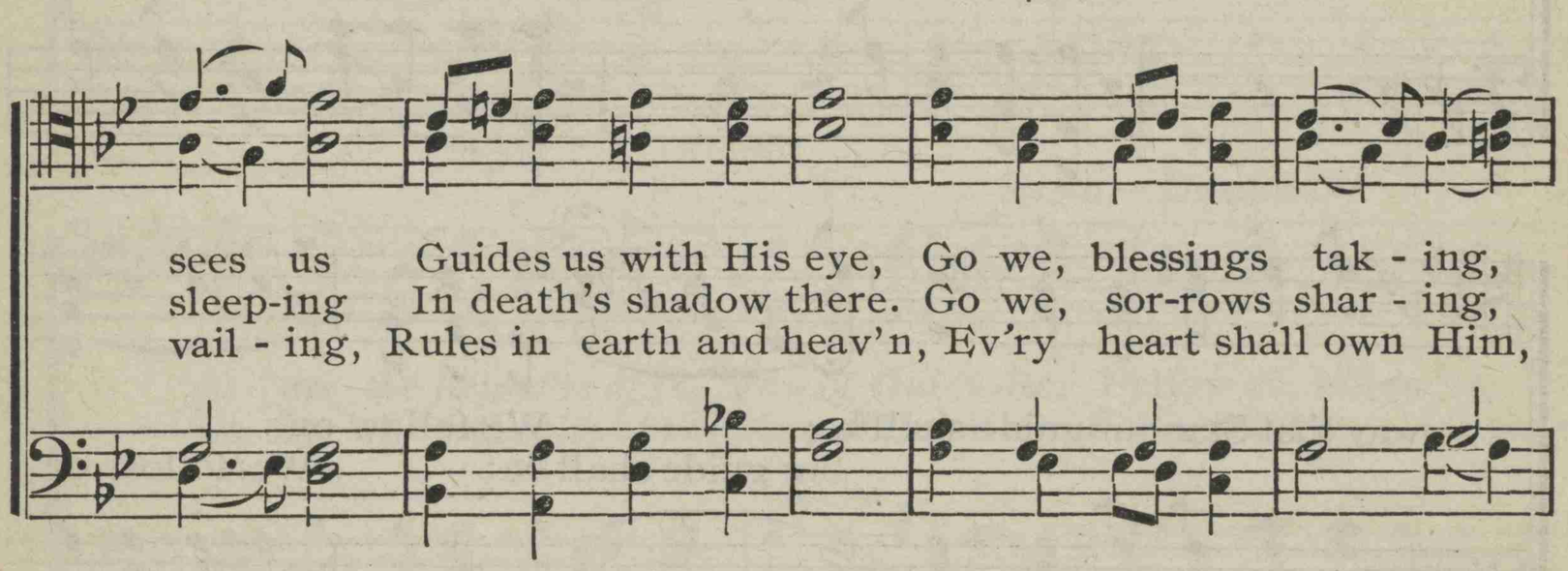
Be Strong O Men Be Strong.

Shun not the struggle! Face it! 'tis God's gift! Be strong, O men, be strong!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely in God's name, Be strong, O men, be strong!
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song, Be strong, O men, be strong!

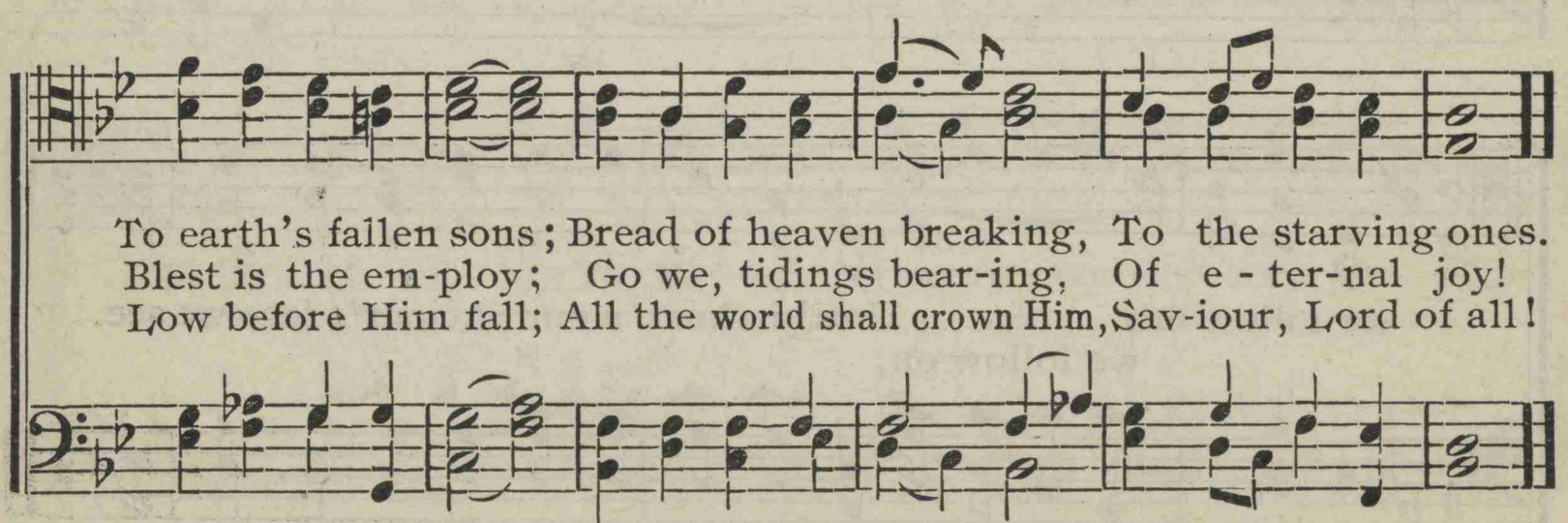


31 All the World for Jesus.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. WM. PITTS, 1829. Arr. by GEORGE B. NEVIN.

1. All the world for Je - sus, Tis the forward cry! From on high He
2. Millions now are weep-ing In their dark dispair; Na-tions vast are
2. He His word un - fail - ing, Un - to us has given, And His power pre-



sees us Guides us with His eye, Go we, blessings tak - ing,
sleep-ing In death's shadow there. Go we, sor-rows shar - ing,
vail - ing, Rules in earth and heav'n, Ev'ry heart shall own Him,



To earth's fallen sons; Bread of heaven breaking, To the starving ones.
Blest is the em-ploy; Go we, tidings bear-ing, Of e - ter-nal joy!
Low before Him fall; All the world shall crown Him, Sav-iour, Lord of all!

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32 Star Divine.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. *Melody in First Bass.* J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Star divine, that led the wise men To the cra-dle of our Lord,
2. Star divine, amid the dark - ness We had wandered far a - stray,
3. Star divine, there's naught can lure us From the way that Thou dost lead;

Thou art still as bright With a ho - ly light In the pag-es of His word.
When a beam so lone O'er the desert shone, And we found the blessed way.
Thou dost brighter grow As we on-ward go, And we'll ev-er joyful heed.

CHORUS. *Melody in Second Tenor.*

We fol-low on,..... we fol-low on,..... And all the way that Star our guide shall be;..... We follow on,.....
We follow on, we follow on, our guide shall be; We follow on,

we follow on,..... Until in heav'n our Saviour's face we see.
we follow on,

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33 Followers of the Man of Galilee.

E. E. HEWITT. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. We're press - ing still on-ward in the paths of righteousness, Ex-
2. Like Him, we would car-ry joy-ful ti-dings to the sad, Like
3. Then forth with the Gos-pel that shall fill the world with fruit; Till

ult - ing in la - bors that the Mas - ter loves to bless; Up-
Him, bear the oil of joy to make the mourner glad; With-
truth, love and pur - i - ty shall ev - 'ry-where take root; Make

hold - ing His ban- ner where-so - ev - er we may be, For
hold - ing no serv- ice when His beck'ning hand we see, For
known His sal - va - tion o - ver ev - 'ry land and sea, For

FINE. - CHORUS.

we are the follow'rs of the Man of Gal- i -lee. Follow'rs, follow'rs,
we are the follow'rs of the Man of Gal-i-lee. Follow'rs, happy follow'rs

D. S.

Faith - ful fol - low'rs, Loy - al workers for our Mas-ter, we. Up-
True and faithful follow'rs, Loyal to our Mas - ter, we.

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34 Work Watch Pray.

MRS. N. A. MONTFORT. Arr. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

mf *Cres.*

1. When the heart grows faint and the soul is wea - ry,
2. When the way seems lost and the staff is bro - ken,
3. All your work will bring you the rich - est treas-ure,

mf

Broth-er, work, watch, pray; When the nights are long and the
Broth-er, work, watch, pray; And the spir - it yearns for some
Broth-er, work, watch, pray; And your pray'r's reward is the

Cres. CHORUS.

days are drear-y, Brother, work, watch, pray.
kind - ly to-ken, Brother, work, watch, pray. Work, watch and
sweetest pleasure, Brother, work, watch, pray.

Cres. *f*

pray, Broth-er, bid the tempt - er flee. When the heart is faint,

Cres. *Slower.*

and when life seems vain, My broth-er, work, watch, pray.

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35 Sweet Chiming Bells.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. FILLMORE. New arrangement.

1. O'er heav'nly plains the golden chimes Of Zi - on ring to - day;
2. And we who walk in earth-ly vales, Their joy-ful mus - ic hear;
3. They call us home, not here our rest, They soft - ly seem to say:

For passing souls those chimes are rung, To guide them on their
In mel - o - dy di - vine - ly sweet, So faint and yet so
Be-yond the gates of Zi - on fair, There shines a bright-er

REFRAIN.

way. Sweet bells, ... sweet bells, . .
clear.
day. Sweet chiming Zi - on bells, Sweet chiming Zi - on

Bells, bells, bells,

sweet bells, They cheer us on our hap-py way, Sweet chim - ing
bells, They cheer our way, ... Sweet chim - ing
sweet bells,

bells,

Rit. - - dim.

bells, They cheer us on our hap-py way, Sweet chiming bells.
bells, They cheer our way, Sweet chiming bells.

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36 The Blessed Old Gospel.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. B. HERBERT.

1. Praise God for the gos - pel that came from a - bove, The gos - pel that scatters our night; The bless - ed old gos - pel of
2. Praise God that this gos - pel is free to the world, A gift to the chil-dren of men; Be - fore it sin's co - horts all
3. Praise God for the her - alds up - on Zi - on's walls, Who preach the old gos-pel of peace; O'er moun-tain and val - ley the
4. The bless - ed old gos - pel we'll love till we die, The gos - pel of light and of love; And when we have reached that fair

in - fi - nite love, The gos - pel of truth and of light.
backward are hurled; They nev - er its pro-gress can stem.
mess-age now falls That brings to the cap-tive re - lease.
cit - y on high. We'll sing of its won-ders a - bove.

CHORUS. (*Familiar air.*)

O the bless - ed old gos - pel, The life - giv - ing

Repeat pp

gos - pel, The soul sav - ing gos - pel, The gos - pel of love!

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37 Life's Bright Sunshine.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. *Melody in Second Tenor.* J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Is there aught so love - ly as the sun - ny day, Mak-ing
2. Is there aught so love - ly as the pleasant smile, Ev - 'ry
3. Is there aught so love - ly as the gen - tle word, When the
4. Is there aught so love - ly as the kind - ly deed; Here, where

with its brightness all so light and gay! How it comes in glo - ry
grief and sor - row sweetly to be-guile! How the shadows vanish,
angry tones of strife and wrong are heard! How it stills the tem-pest
all are burdened here, where all have need! How the load it light-ens,

from the beam-ing sun, Fill - ing all the world with gladness.
how the gloom departs: Loving smiles are life's bright sunshine.
in the troubled soul: Gentle words are life's bright sunshine.
clears the cloud-ed sky: Kind-ly deeds are life's bright sunshine.

CHORUS.

{ Sunshine, sunshine, making all so bright, }
{ Sunshine, sunshine, bringing pure de- } light. All so free-ly giv-en,

Showing us of heav - en, Let us love the bless-ed sun-shine.

*In quartet let the small notes be silent.

Copyright, 1905, in "Fillmore's Sunday School Songs."

38 Our God is Calling.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. Arr. from an old tune by GEO. B. NEVIN.

1. Our God is call - ing, call-ing us to - day, Ar - mies of
2. Our God is call - ing, call-ing ev - 'ry one, Why stand ye
3. Our God is call - ing, call-ing, I will go, His guid-ing

Je - sus, quick o - bey, And 'neath His ban - ner high un-furled,
i - dle in the sun, While har-vests in the field so great,
hand the way will show; The pain of death shall not af - fright,

On to the con-quest of the world. Go to the na - tions
All white the reap - ers hand a - wait? O, let the gos - pel's
His pow'r will keep me in the fight. On to the front with

fierce and wild, Go with the gos - pel meek and mild; The
joy - ful sound, Re - ech - o all the world a - round! Ye
one ac - cord, Ye val - iant sol - diers of the Lord; The

word of life to them proclaim, And conquer in the Saviour's name.
he - roes, rise, brook no de - lay, Go, take the world for Christ today!
foe shall fall, the vic - tors sing, And all the world hail Christ as King!

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39 Rock of Ages.

TOPLADY. L. D. EICHHORN

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands;
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breathe, When my eye-lids close in death,

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv-en side which flowed, Be of
Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears for-ev - er flow, All for
When I soar to world's unknown, See Thee on Thy judg - ment throne, Rock of

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riven side which flowed,

sin the double cure, Save me, save me, Save from wrath and make me pure.
sin could not a-tone; Thou must save, ... thou must save and thou alone.
A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide, ... let me hide myself in Thee.

Be of sin the double cure, Save me, save me, Save from wrath and make me pure.

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40 Hear the Trumpet Call.

MEN'S CHORUS.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. HENRY FILLMORE.

Tenors.

1. Hear the trumpet call that's sounding To the loy - al hosts to - day,
2. On the field of death now gleaming Stand the cohorts of the foe,
3. Courage, then, my comrade broth-er, Keep the step in brave ac - cord,

Far and wide its tones resound-ing, And it bids us march a - way;
And with truth's bright banner streaming, On to meet them we must go;
In the world there is no oth - er Like the serv-ice of the Lord;

For the foe, in proud de - fi-ance, Hath his standard dark unfurled,
Not the least of all shall quiv-er, Not the weak-est one shall fall,
Nev - er field so bright in glo - ry As the bat-tle-ground with sin,

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Hear the Trumpet Call.

But in God is our re - li - ance, And He bids us save the world.
For the mighty God, the giv - er, Hath a victor's crown for all.
Nev-er deed so great in sto-ry As the vic - t'ry we shall win.

CHORUS.

Basses.

Hear the trumpet call, Forward march, ye conq'ring legions, Forward,

one and all! In the cause of truth and right .....

Melody in Second Tenor.

Strike the pow'rs of wrong; Lighten up the darkened regions,
Strike the pow'rs of wrong, the pow'rs of wrong, Light up the darkened regions, And

And with joy and song, Forward march in Jehovah's might.
with joy and song, with joy and song, March in Je-ho-vah's might.

41 The World Needs Men To-day.

FRONA SCOTT. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. There's a call comes ringing o - ver land and sea, Re - sist - less,
2. Lift on high your standard, let it out-ward wave In truth and
3. For - ward march beneath the Cross of Cal - va - ry, With cour - age

loud and clear; All the foes of righteousness and lib - er - ty Are
pur - i - ty, It will tell the sto - ry that the Christ will save A
strong and true, For the King has promised certain vic - to - ry To

bold - ly draw-ing near. The mighty con-flict rag - es 'Round those we
lost hu - man - i - ty. Haste, haste, for souls are dy-ing In sin and
those who dare and do. With triumph songs ascending, Your faith and

hold most dear: The world needs men to-day, The world needs men to-day.
sla - ver - y:
hope re-new: needs men

CHORUS.

God is call-ing for the faith - ful, Call-ing for the true and loy - al,

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The World Needs Men To-day.

Use small notes in repeat.

The world needs men to - day, The world needs men to - day.

42 Get Thee Behind Me Satan.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

Not too fast.

1. Get thee be - hind me, Sa - tan! Thus spoke our tempted Lord;
2. Get thee be - hind me, Sa - tan! We, in the try - ing hour,
3. Get thee be - hind me, Sa - tan! Speak it when sins al - lure;
4. Get thee be - hind me, Sa - tan! Vain is thy pleas- ing voice;

Foiled and abashed, the tempt-er Fled at the sov'reign word.
In Je -sus' name may con-quer, By His al-might - y pow'r.
O how he quick will leave you, This is the prom- ise sure!
E - vil no more shall charm me, Je - sus is all my choice!

REFRAIN.

Hail Thee! vic - to - ri - ous Sav-iour, In Thee how safe we stand!

How flies the wi - ly tempt - er, At Thy supreme com - mand!

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43 Up and Be Doing.

E. E. HEWITT. *Melody in Second Tenor.* J. W. LERMAN.

Moderato.

1. Up and be do - ing, O friends of the King! Tal-ents and
2. Up and be do - ing, be faith-ful and true; Hon - or your
3. Up and be do - ing, Christ needs you to - day; Lis - ten for

ser - vi - ces cheer - ful - ly bring; Yield-ing them all in the
Sav-iour in all that you do; Man - ful - ly bat - tle a-
or - ders and prompt-ly o - bey; Pluck up the bri - ars of

spir-it of love, Yielding them all to the Mas-ter a - bove.
gainst the world's wrong, Turn sighs of an-guish to ju - bi - lant song.
e - vil and woe, Plant the sweet ro - ses with sunshine a - glow.

CHORUS. *Melody in first Tenor.*

Marcato. *Cres.*

Up and be do - ing, friends of the King! Lift up His

Melody in second Tenor.

ban-ner, loy - al - ly sing; Je - sus is call-ing for work-ers to-

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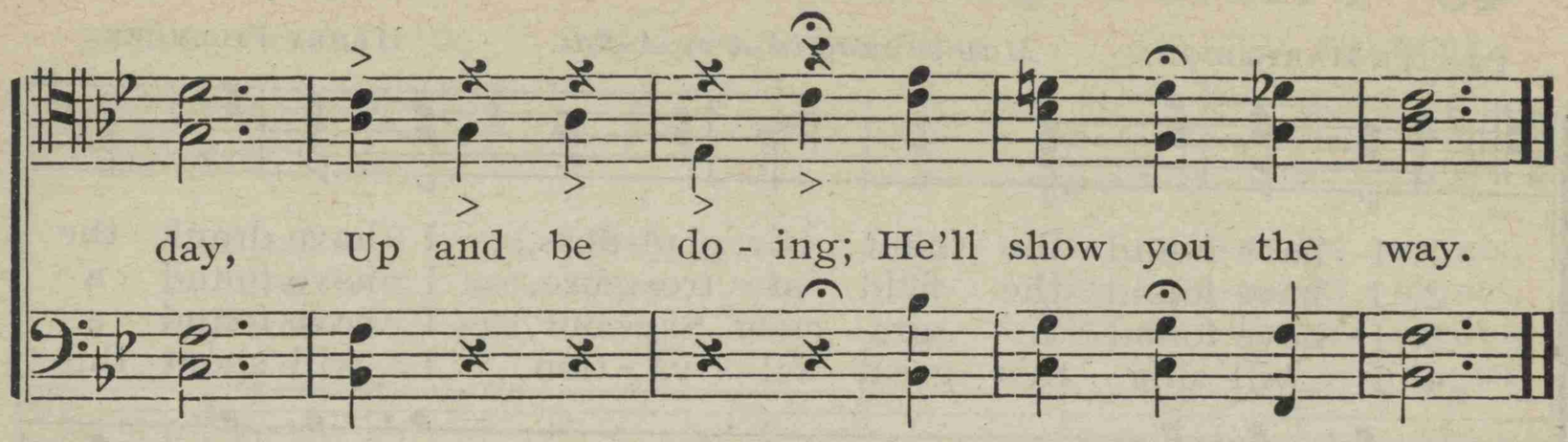
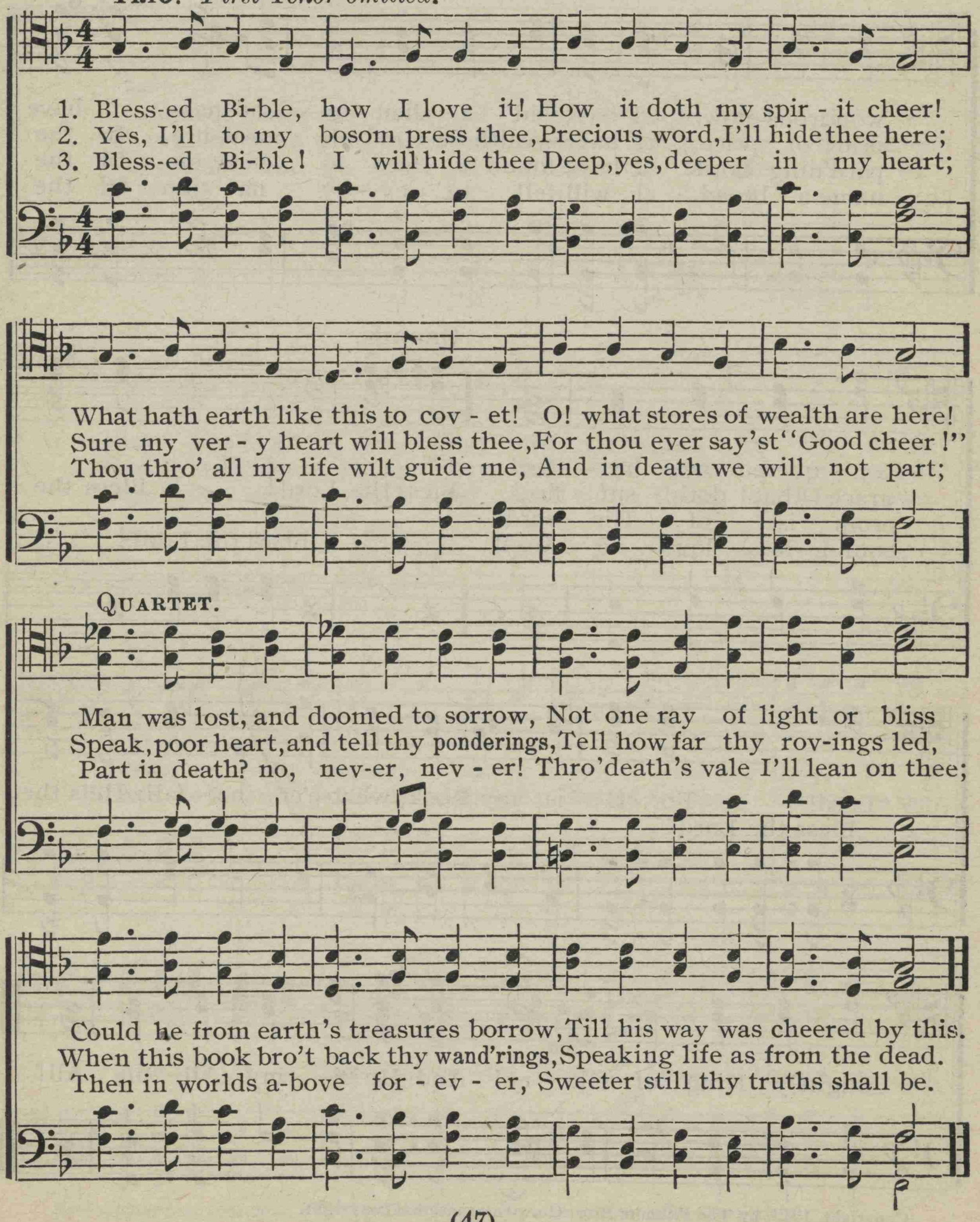
Up and Be Doing.

44 Blessed Bible.

MRS. PHŒBE PALMER. *Melody in First Bass.* ANNIE F. HARRISON. Arr.

TRIO. *First Tenor omitted.*



QUARTET.

45 I Have Found the Fount of Gladness.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. *May be sung in A or A-flat.* HENRY FILLMORE.

1. I have found the fount of glad-ness, I have drank the
2. I have found the field of treas-ure, I have found a
3. I have found a gra - cious Sav-iour, I have found a
4. I will sing this great sal - va - tion, I will shout this

wondrous flow, I have bid a - dieu to sad-ness, I have
pearl of price, I have wealth be-yond all meas-ure, In the
pard'ning Lord, I have found a deed to heav-en In the
name a - broad, I will tell to ev - 'ry na - tion Of the

CHORUS.

con - quered ev - 'ry foe!
grace that doth suf - fice! Bless the Lord! Bless the
prom - ise of His word!
bound - less love of God! Bless the Lord!

Lord! For He is my Rock, what-e'er be - fall; He's the
Bless the Lord!

might-y King of Glo - ry! And He is my All in All!

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46 Blessed are They.

H. R. TRICKETT. *Melody in Second Tenor.* J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Bless - ed are they who do His com-mand - ments,
2. Bless - ed are they who do His com-mand - ments,
3. Bless - ed are they who do His com-mand - ments,

They shall claim the tree of life; In - to the cit - y
They shall wear the robes of white; In - to the man - sions
They shall stand be - fore the throne: In - to the life of

they shall en - ter, They are vic - tors in the strife.
God will lead them, They shall serve Him day and night.
joy e - ter - nal, God shall claim them for His own.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed, bless - ed, bless - ed are they,
Blessed are they who do His commandments, Blessed are they, Blessed are they,

In-to the Cit - y they shall en - ter, Bless-ed, bless-ed, blessed are they.

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47 What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. Arr. by J. B. HERBERT.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus. All our sins and griefs to
2. Have we trials and temp-ta - tions, Is there trouble a - ny-
3. Are we weak and heavy-la - den, Cumbered with a load of

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our
2. Have we trials and temp-ta - tions, Is there
3. Are we weak and heavy-la - den, Cumbered

bear! What a priv-i - lege to car - ry,
where? We should nev-er be dis-cour - aged,
care? Pre-cious Saviour, still our ref - uge,

sins and griefs to bear!.... With a priv-i - lege to car - ry
trou-ble a - ny-where?... We should nev-er be dis-cour - aged
with a load of care?.... Precious Saviour still our ref - uge,

Ev'rything to God in pray'r..... O what peace we oft-en
Take it to the Lord in pray'r..... Can we find a friend so
Take it to the Lord in pray'r..... Do thy friends despise, for-
Take it to the Lord in pray'r..... to God in pray'r.
the Lord in pray'r.
the Lord in pray'r.

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What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

for-feit, O what needless pain we bear, ... All because we do not
faithful, Who will all our sorrows share? . . . . . Jesus knows our ev'ry
sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer, ... In His arms He'll take and

All be-
Je-sus
In His

car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r! . . . . . .
weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r! . . . . . .
shield thee, Thou wilt find a shel-ter there. . . . . .

cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r! (to God in pray'r!)
knows our ev'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r! (the Lord in pray'r!)
arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a shel - ter there. (a shelter there.)

48

Pleyel's Hymn.

Melody in Second Tenor.

W. HAMMOND. IGNACE J. PLEYEL. Arr. by H. F.

1. Lord, we come be-fore Thee now; At Thy feet we humb-ly bow.
2. Lord, on Thee our souls de-pend; In com-pas-sion now de-scend.
3. In Thine own ap-point-ed way, Now we seek Thee; here we stay;
4. Grant that all may seek and find Thee a God su-preme-ly kind;

O do not our suit dis - dain! Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
Lord, we know not how to go, Till a bless-ing Thou be-stow.
Heal the sick, the cap-tive free; Let us all re-joice in Thee.

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49 I Will Live for Christ.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

Risoluto.

1. I will live for Christ, my Sav - iour, He's to me of life the giv - er; Con - stant will I serve Him,
2. I will stand for Christ, my Sav - iour, Heed not scorn nor vile be - hav-ior; Tho' the great may chide Him,
3. I will die for Christ, my Sav - iour, Death nor hell can make me wav - er; When the con - flict ra - ges,
4. I will reign with Christ, my Sav - iour, Saved at last by His good fav - or; All this war - fare end - ed,

I, who least de - serve Him, Thro' all good and ill I'll faithful
Tho' all men de - ride Him, For Him, tho' a - lone, I'll stand and
O thou Rock of A - ges! On thee firm - ly plant - ed, Will I
There, with Him ascend-ed, Where all loy - al hearts and true with

be to Him, My Lord, I'll serve Him; He's to me of
His great name de-fend, re - joic - ing, Thro' all scorn and
sing, the bat - tle storm un-heed -ing, Death nor hell can
Him shall ev - er reign, in glo - ry, Saved at last by

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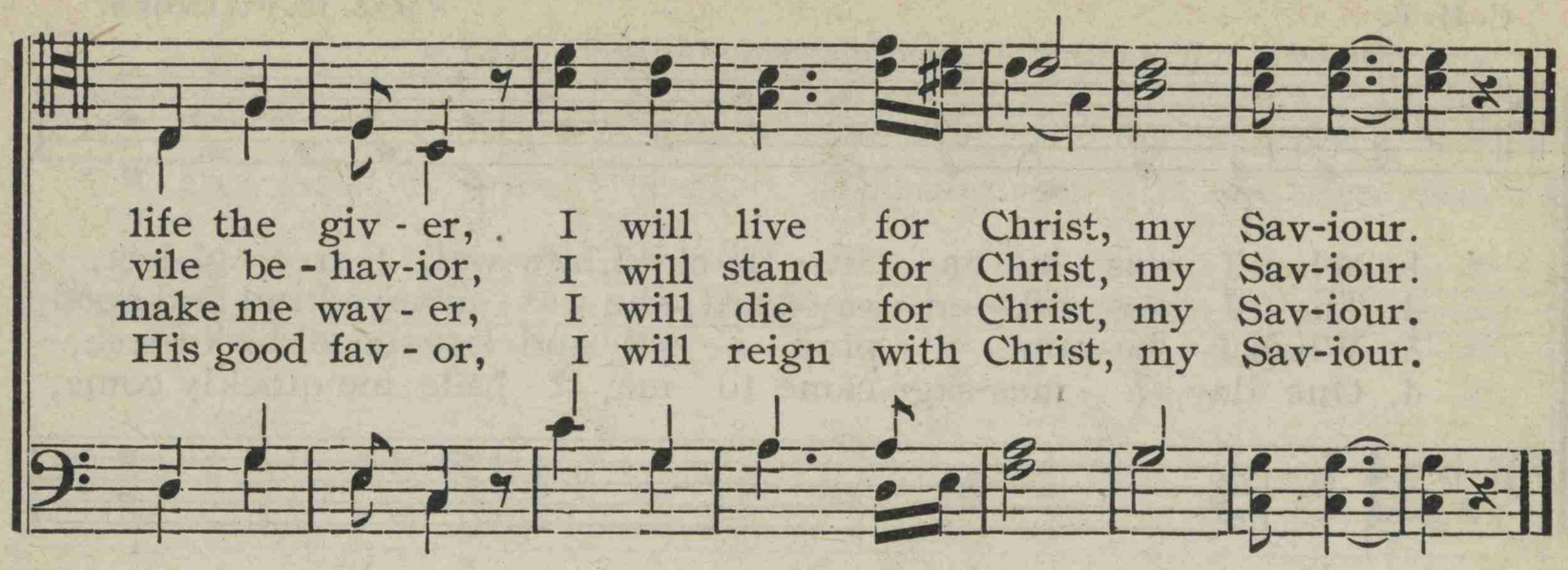
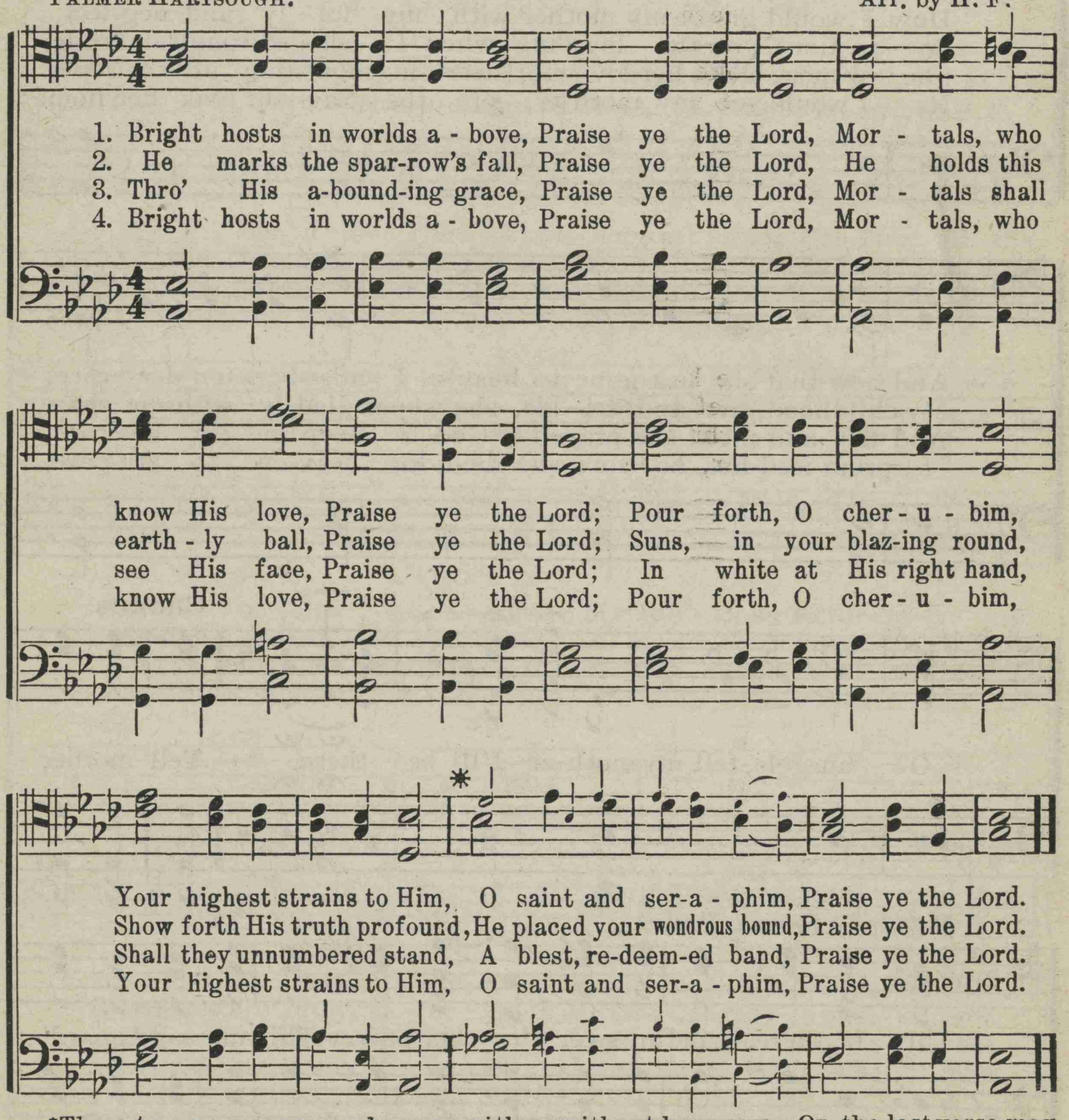
I Will Live for Christ.

50 Praise Ye the Lord.

(*Melody in Second Tenor.*)

PALMER HARTSOUGH. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN. Arr. by H. F.

*These two measures may be sung with or without harmony. Or, the last verse may be sung, *ad lib.* without harmony.

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51 Tell Mother I'll Be There.

C. M. F. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

SOLO. (When inst. is used play solo in treble clef.)

1. When I was but a lit - tle child, how well I rec - ol-lect,
2. Tho' I was oft - en way-ward, she was always kind and good,
3. When I be-came a prod - i - gal and left the old roof-tree,
4. One day a mes-sage came to me, it bade me quickly come,

How I would grieve my mother with my fol - ly and neg-lect,
So pa-tient, gen-tle, lov - ing, when I act - ed rough and rude,
She al-most broke her lov - ing heart in mourning aft - er me,
If I would see my moth-er, ere the Sav-iour took her home;

And now that she has gone to heav'n, I miss her ten-der care,
My childhood, grief and tri - als, she would glad-ly with me share,
And day and night she prayed to God to keep me in His care,
I prom-ised her, be - fore she died, for heav-en to pre-pare,

CHORUS.

O an-gels, tell my moth-er I'll be there. Tell mother

Melody in Second Tenor.

I'll be there, in an-swer to her prayer, This message, guardian

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Tell Mother I'll Be There.

an - gels, to her bear; Tell moth-er I'll be there, heav'n's

joys with her to share, Yes, tell my darling mother I'll be there.

52 My Jesus I Love Thee.

A. J. G. *Melody in Second Tenor.* A. J. GORDON. Arr. by H. F.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee because Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In mansions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a-

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re-deem-er, my
par-don on Cal - va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-ing the
long as Thou lendest me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright, I'll sing with the glit - ter-ing

Sav-iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.

53 The Half Has Never Been Told.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. *Melody in Second Tenor.* R. E. HUDSON.

1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth-ly joy,
2. I know that Thou art near-er still Than a - ny earth-ly throng,
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad;
4. O Sav-iour, precious Saviour mine! What will Thy pres-ence be,

For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth-ing can de - stroy.
And sweet-er is the tho't of Thee Than a - ny love - ly song.
With-out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee.

CHORUS.

The half has nev - er yet been told, Of love so full and free;
yet been told,
The half has nev - er yet been told, The blood it cleans - eth me.
yet been told, cleanseth me.

By permission.

54 Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P. *Melody in First Tenor.* H. R. PALMER.

DUET. (*Or Trio, if wanted.*)

1. Yield not to tempta-tion, For yielding is sin; Each vict'ry will help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language disdain; God's name hold in reverence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earnest, Kind-
3. To him that o'er-cometh, God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we will con-quer; Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-iour, Our

passions subdue, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you thro'.
hearted and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you thro'.
strength will renew, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you thro'.

CHORUS. *Melody in Second Tenor.*

Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Comfort, strengthen and keep you;

He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you thro'.

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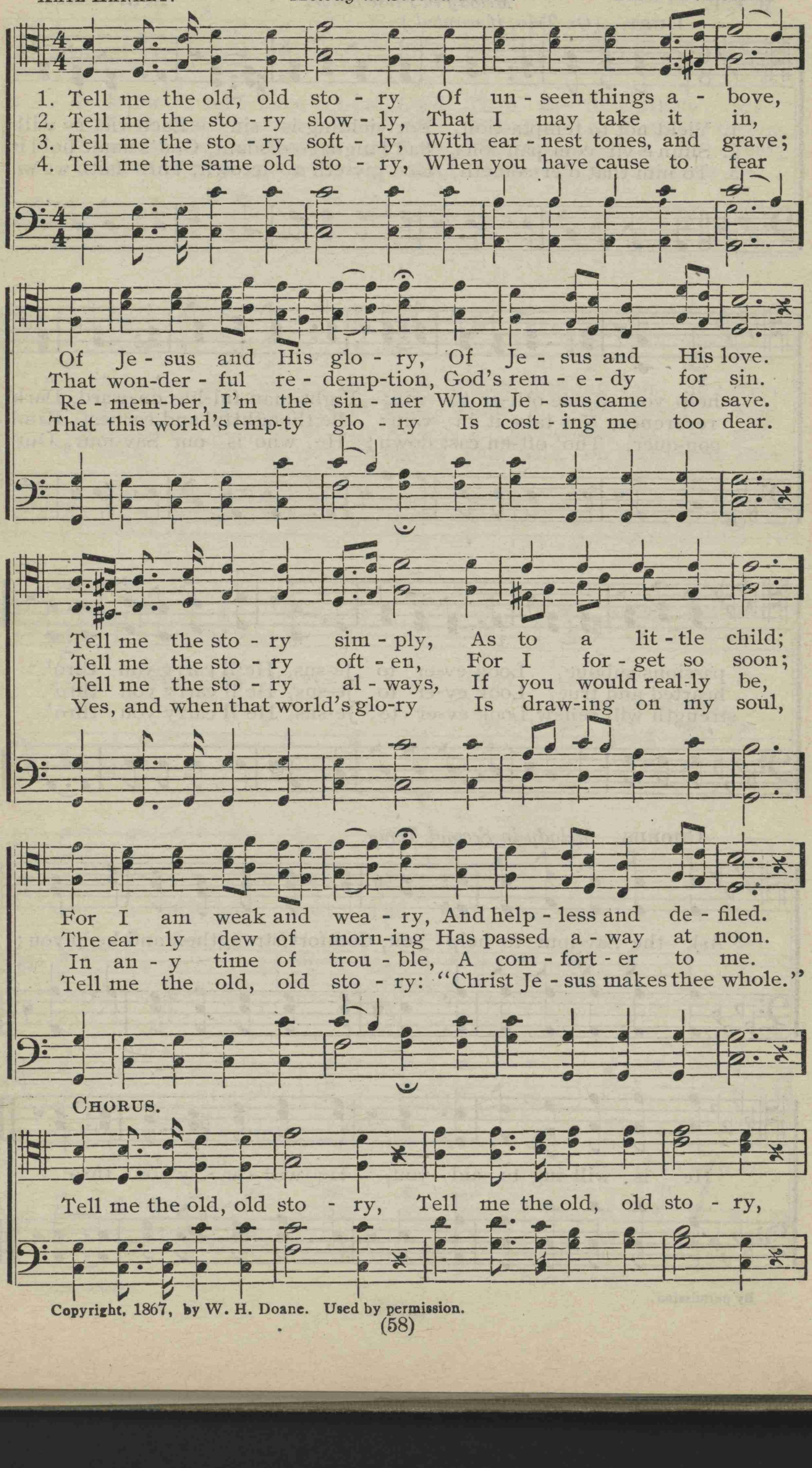
55 Tell Me the Old Old Story.

KATE HANKEY. *Melody in Second Tenor.* DR. W. H. DOANE.



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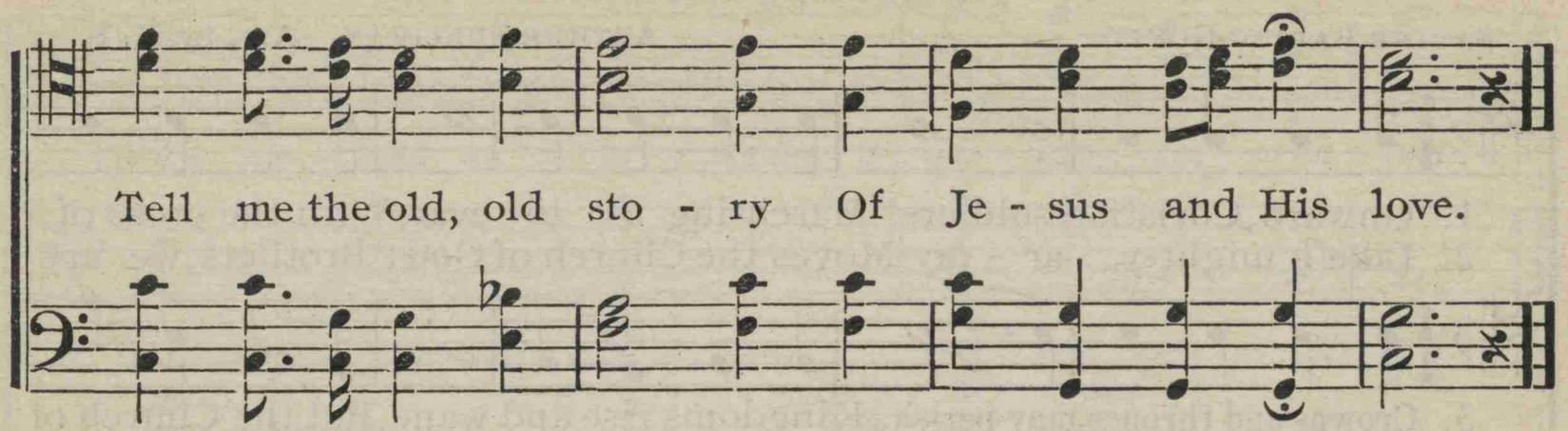
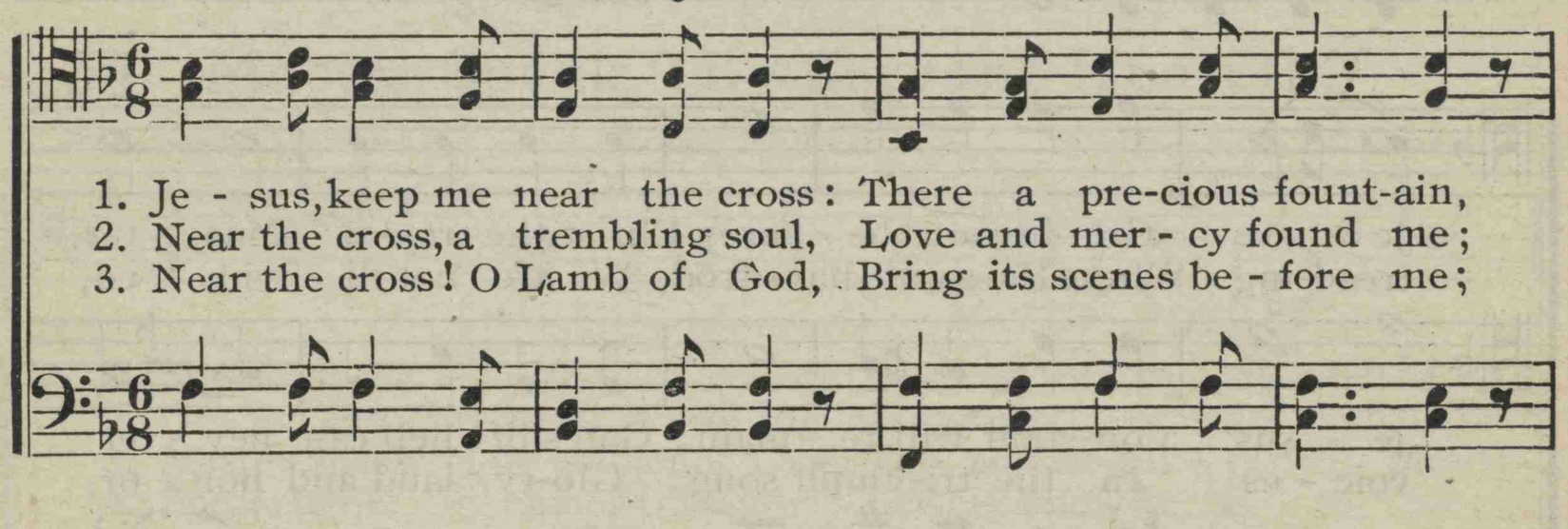
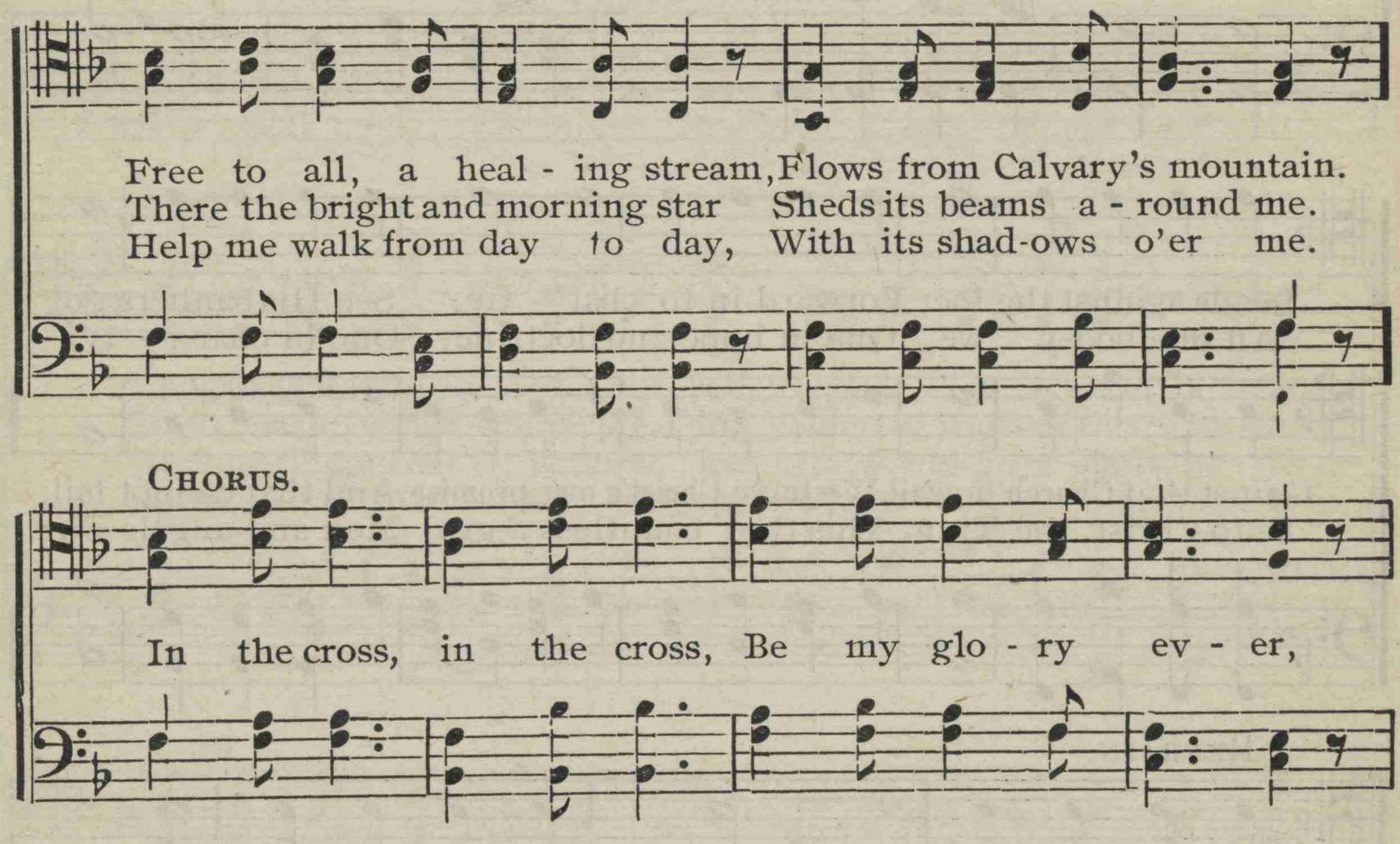
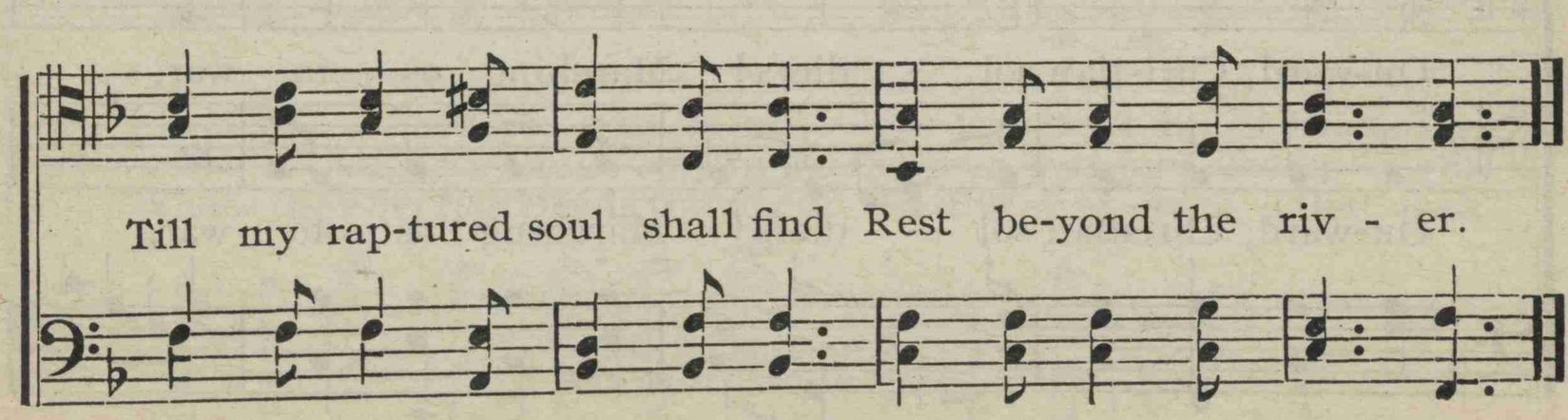
Tell Me the Old Old Story.

56 Jesus Keep Me Near the Cross.

FANNY CROSBY. *Melody in Second Tenor* DR. W. H. DOANE.





CHORUS.

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57 Onward Christian Soldiers.

Melody in Second Tenor.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Arr. by H. F.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. Onward, then, ye peo-ple, Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter,
tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,

Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
voic - es In the tri-umph song; Glo-ry, laud and hon - or,

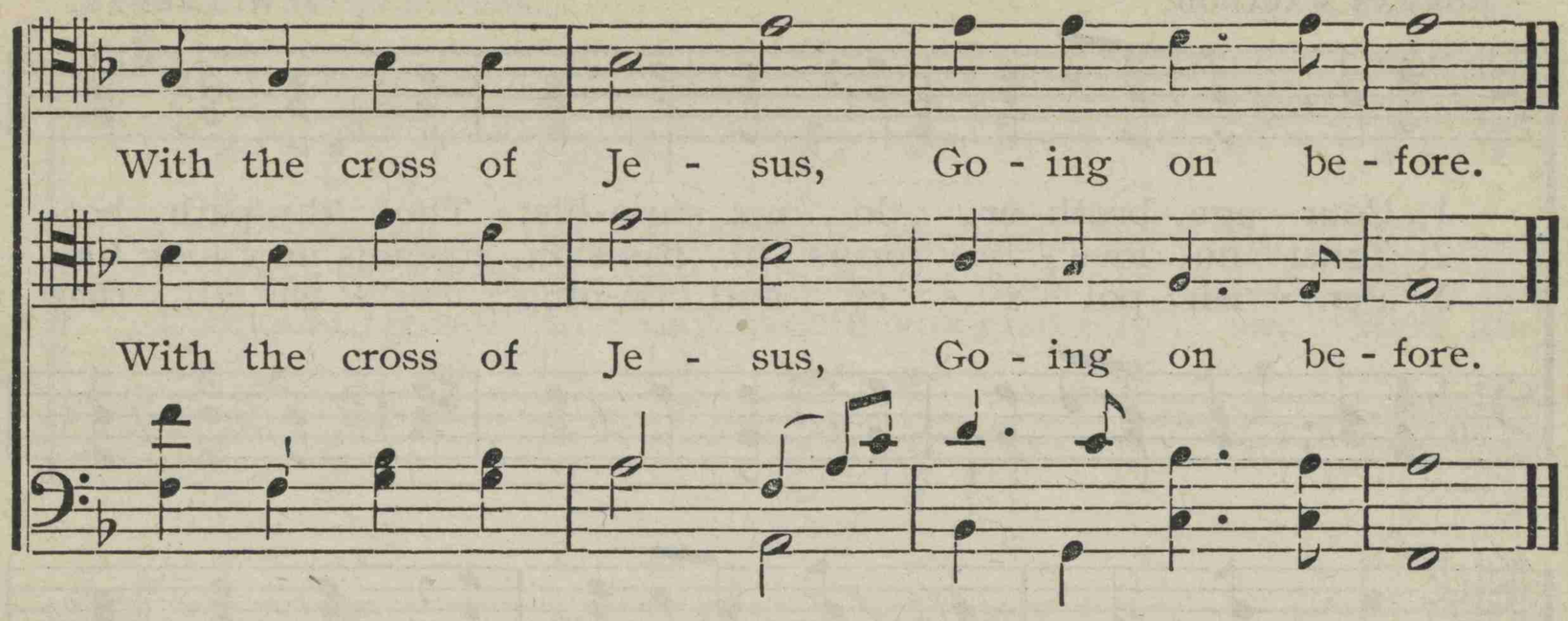
Leads against the foe; Forward in-to bat - tle, See His banners go!
All one bod-y we, One in hope and doctrine, One in char-i - ty.

'Gainst that Church prevail. We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
Unto Christ, the King, This thro' countless a-ges Men and angels sing.

REFRAIN.

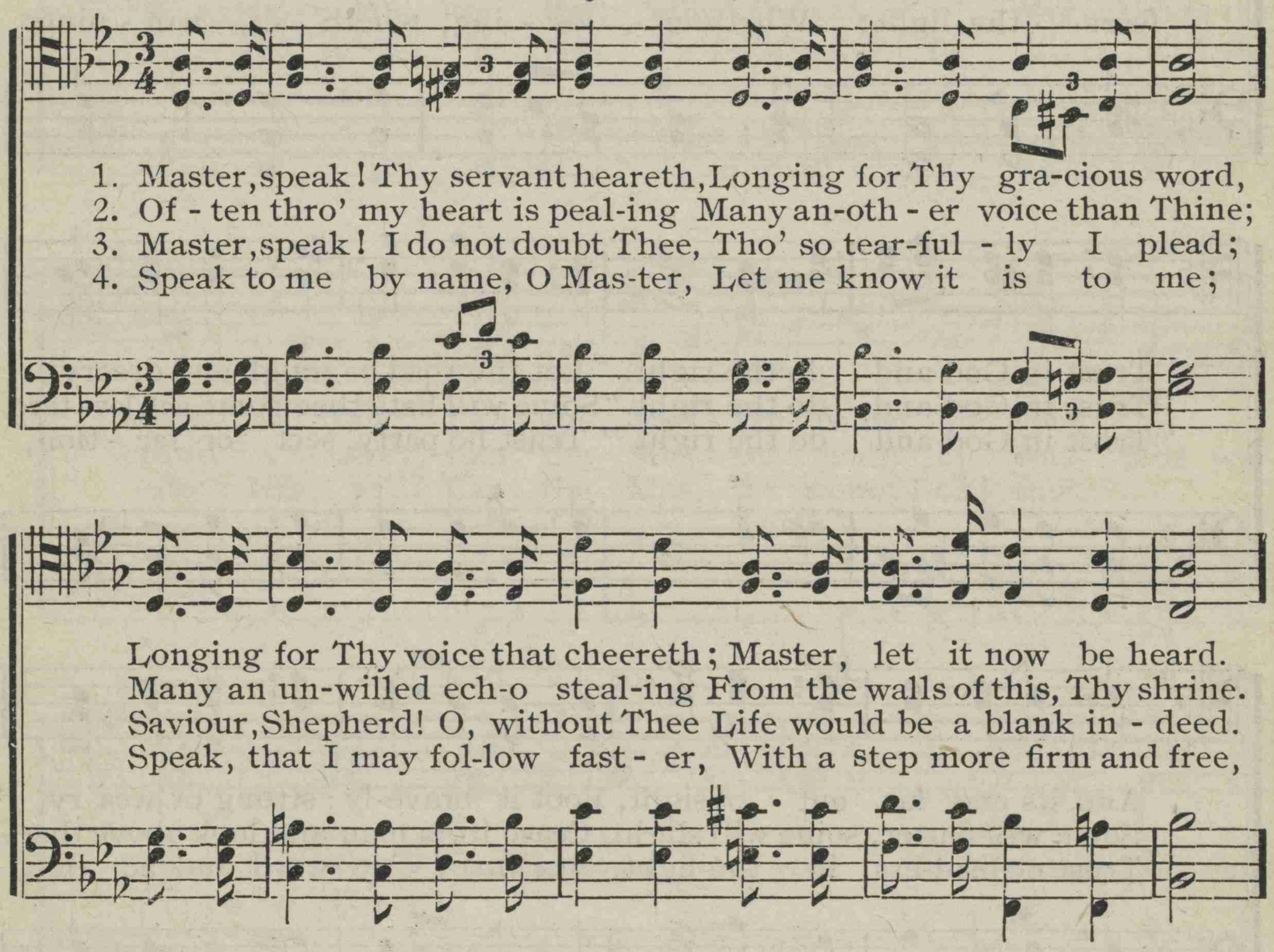
On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war,
On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war,

Onward Christian Soldiers.



58 Master Speak Thy Servant Heareth.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. *Melody in First Bass.* J. H. FILLMORE.



59 Courage Brother!

NORMAN MACLEOD. J. W. LERMAN.

1, Cour - age, broth - er, do not stum-ble, Tho' thy path be dark as night; There's a star to guide the hum - ble:
2. Trust no love - ly forms of pas-sion, Friends may look like an - gels bright; Trust no cus - tom, school or fash - ion:
3. Per - ish pol - i - cy and cun-ning, Per - ish all that fears the light; Wheth-er los - ing, wheth - er win - ning:

"Trust in God and do the right." Let the road be rough and dreary,
"Trust in God and do the right." Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
"Trust in God and do the right." Trust no party, sect or fac - tion,

And its end far out of sight, Foot it brave-ly: strong or wea-ry,
Some will flatter, some will slight; Cease from man and look above thee,
Trust no lead-ers in the fight, But in ev - 'ry word and ac - tion,

Trust in God, trust in God, Trust in God and do the right.

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60 Can He Count On You?

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. In the bat - tle's din, With the hosts of sin, Will you bear His ban - ner thro'? When the foe is strong, When the
2. When the fields a - wait, When the work is great, When the la - bor - ers are few; When the eas - y way Leads the
3. Should He call to - day, Would you glad - ly say Here am I Thy work to do; Then thro' good or ill, Will you

CHORUS.

strife is long, Can the Mas - ter count on you?
crowd a - stray, Can the Mas - ter count on you? Will you
do His will? Can the Mas - ter count on you?

then be true? Can He count on you? In the cause of right,

Will you brave - ly fight? Can He count, can He count on you?

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61 Life is a Battle.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. This life is a bat - tle of right with the wrong, And soldiers must all of us be
2. This life is a bat - tle, and we're in the field With ar - mor of truth and of right;
3. This life is a bat - tle, and for-ward we go, The ar - mies they shout and they sing;

The foe, he is wi - ly, the foe he is strong, But The sword of the Spirit, the weapon we wield, For At His or-der we fall on the ranks of the foe, And

CHORUS.

Je - sus, how mighty is He!
God and His kingdom we fight. Yes, Je - sus our Captain, how
conquer thro' Je-sus our King.

glo - rious is He! O, hail Him with lofty ac - claim! The
battle is on, and His soldiers are we, And vict'ry we'll win in His name.

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62 Spirit Divine.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. *Melody in First Bass.* HENRY FILLMORE.

1. Spir-it di - vine, from heav'n a-bove, Come, O come,
2. Spir-it di - vine, O hear our call, Low we bow;
3. Spir-it di - vine, Thou canst give pow'r O'er all sin;

Make in each heart, O sa - cred Dove, Thy blest home. O
In meas - ure full up-on us fall, Bless us now. O
Grant that God's hosts each day and hour, Vic - t'ries win. O

CHORUS.

Ho - ly Spir - it from a - bove, Now de-

scend with light and love; Then to God, whom we
O fill us;

a - dore, We'll give glo - ry ev - er - more.

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63 Jehovah Reigns.

MRS. OHMAN. J. W. LERMAN.

1. Tho' stars should fall and earth should shake, Tho' floods should rise and
2. Should choicest things too fleet-ing prove, A faith - ful friend have
3. The Lord of heav'n, what can ap - pall? What need - less woe on

mountains quake, Tho' suns their spheres should all for - sake—Je-
we a - bove; An arm to shield, a heart to love—Je-
Him can fall? What cher-ished sin can Him en - thrall—Je-

ho - vah reigns! Tho' sin and shame our hearts be-wail, Tho'
ho - vah reigns! Then trem-ble ye who dwell in vice, Watch
ho - vah reigns! Let glit-t'ring stars the lan-guage spell, While

right and jus-tice seem to fail, Yet truth is sure and must pre-vail—
ye who mourn sin's bitter price, Ye blood-bought sons, rejoice, rejoice—
rock and sea, and mount and dell, And heav'n and earth the chorus swell—

Je - ho - vah reigns, Je - ho - vah reigns!
The great Je - ho-vah reigns, The great, the great Je - ho-vah reigns!

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64 Bright Galilee.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. *Melody in First Bass.* J. H. FILLMORE.

D.C.–*Bright Gal - i - lee, O beau - ti - ful sea, How Je - sus our*
2. Bright Gal - i - lee, O beau - ti - ful sea, Our Sav-iour did
3. Bright Gal - i - lee, O beau - ti - ful sea, The storm in its

Lord did love thee! When thy soft flow, Was mur-mur-ing low, And
preach be- side thee Pre-cepts so pure, And prom-is - es sure, What-
wrath swept o'er thee! Death was so near, And men were in fear, While

FINE. *Melody in First Tenor.*

listened the skies a - bove thee! On thy sil - v'ry waves a - float,
ev - er of fate be-tide thee! There He spoke the precious word,
tearful the clouds wept o'er thee! Peace, be still, He gent - ly said,

In the light - ly tilt - ing boat, Gal - i - lee, Bright
There His teach-ings blest we heard, Gal - i - lee, Bright
Rag - ing winds, how quick they fled, Gal - i - lee, Bright

D. C.

Gal - i - lee, Our Sav - iour loved to be.....
Gal - i - lee, Where Je - sus loved to be.....
Gal - i - lee, How kind He spoke to thee.....
Love-ly Gal - i - lee,

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65

The Fight is On.

Mclody in First Tenor. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

MRS. C. H. M. Arranged by HENRY FILLMORE.

1. The fight is on, the trum-pet sound is ring - ing out, The cry "To arms" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is marching on to vic - to - ry, The tri - umph of the
2. The fight is on, a - rouse, ye sol-diers brave and true, Je- ho - vah leads, and vic - tory will as - sure; Go buck-le on the ar - mor God has giv - en you, And in His strength un-
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry, The bow of prom - ise spans the east - ern sky; His glo - rious name in ev - 'ry land shall hon-ored be, The morn will break, the

CHORUS. *Unison.* *

right shall soon ap - pear.
to the end en - dure. The fight is on, O Chris - tian
dawn of peace is nigh.

sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar - ray, . . . With ar-mor

*In the absence of piano or organ the small notes may be sung as an accompaniment.

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The Fight is On.

gleaming, and colors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-

Melody in Second Tenor.

day; The fight is on, but be not wea - ry,

Be strong and in His might hold fast; If God be for us,
vic- t'ry!

His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic - tor's song at last.
vic - t'ry!

66 Lord Dismiss Us.

J. H. F.

{ Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace: } A - men.
{ Let us each Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace. }

67 Make Me a Child of the Morning.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. *Melody in Second Tenor.* W. A. POST.

1. Make me a child of the morning, Bringing the brightness of day,
2. Make me a child of the morning, Ban-ish-ing sad-ness of night,
3. Make me a child of the morning, Anywhere shadows may be;

Make me a child, etc.

Banishing shadows of sad-ness, Driving all tear-stains a-way.
Bid me, dear Lord, to keep shining, Showing the on-ly true Light.
Brightly a bea-con light shining, Guiding the wand'rer to Thee.

CHORUS.

Make me a child of the morning, Lending a sunshine for Thee,
Blending in nature's adorning, Helping the blind ones to see; . . . .

Rit.

A tempo.

Striving to make the world better, Teaching the sad ones to sing;

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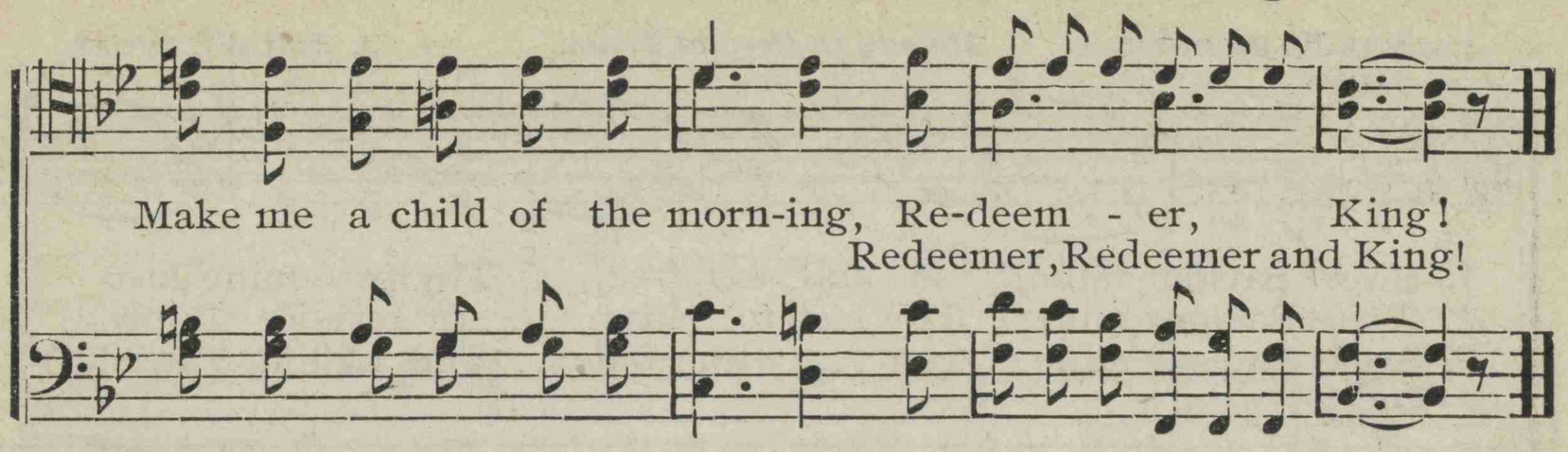
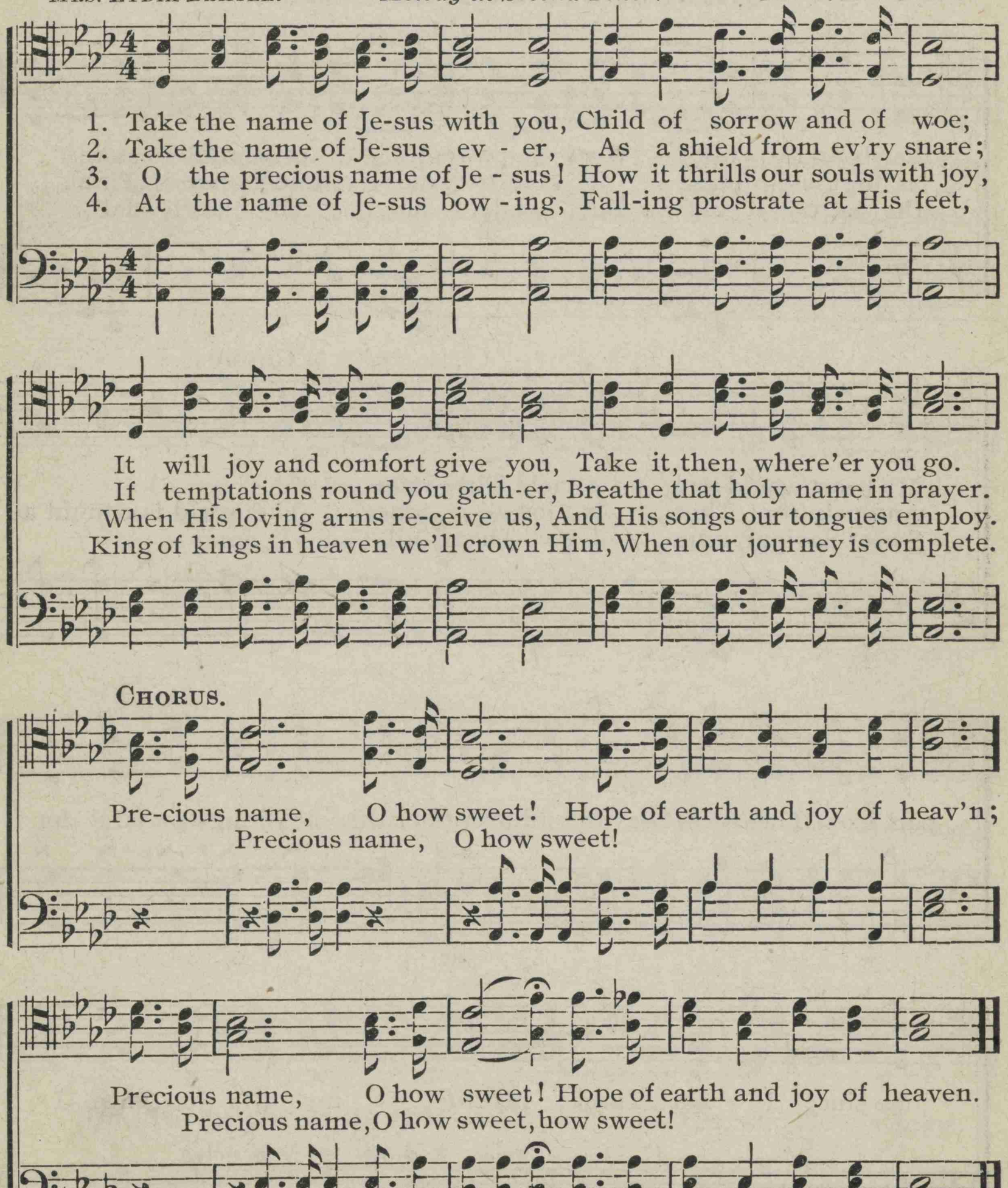
Make Me a Child of the Morning.

68 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. *Melody in Second Tenor.* DR. W. H. DOANE.



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69 Sweet Saviour Mine.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. *Melody in Second Tenor.* J. H. FILLMORE.

DUET.

1. Sweet Saviour mine, so full, so free, ... Thy pardoning love
2. Sweet Saviour mine, Thy feet to kiss..... In serv-ice low
3. Sweet Saviour mine, can I with-hold.... The trifling deed,

Inst.

has been to me; .... Were I possessed.... of boundless store, .
is high-est bliss; ... O, give to me..... one glance of Thine, ..
the pal-try gold? .. Nay, low-ly at..... Thy feet I fall, ...

CHORUS.

My heart would long to yield Thee more.
And pain for Thee is joy di - vine. The world is naught a-
Sweet Saviour mine, I give Thee all.

part from Thee, sweet Saviour mine, And crusts are king-ly fare for

me since I am Thine; My life, my all, to Thee I

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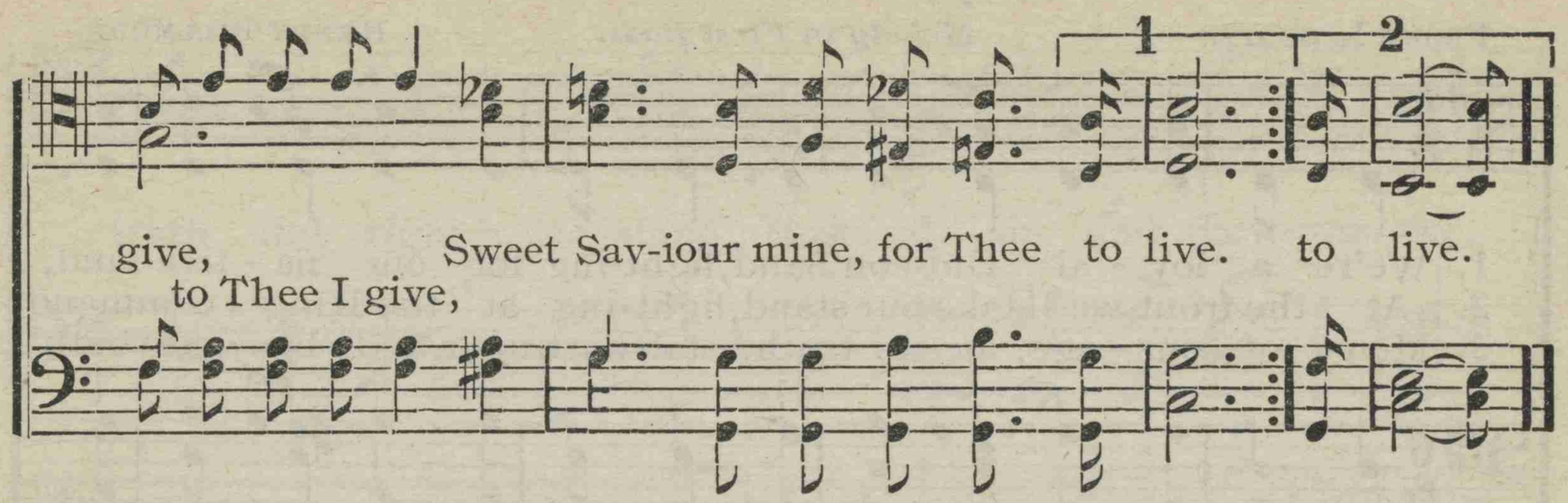
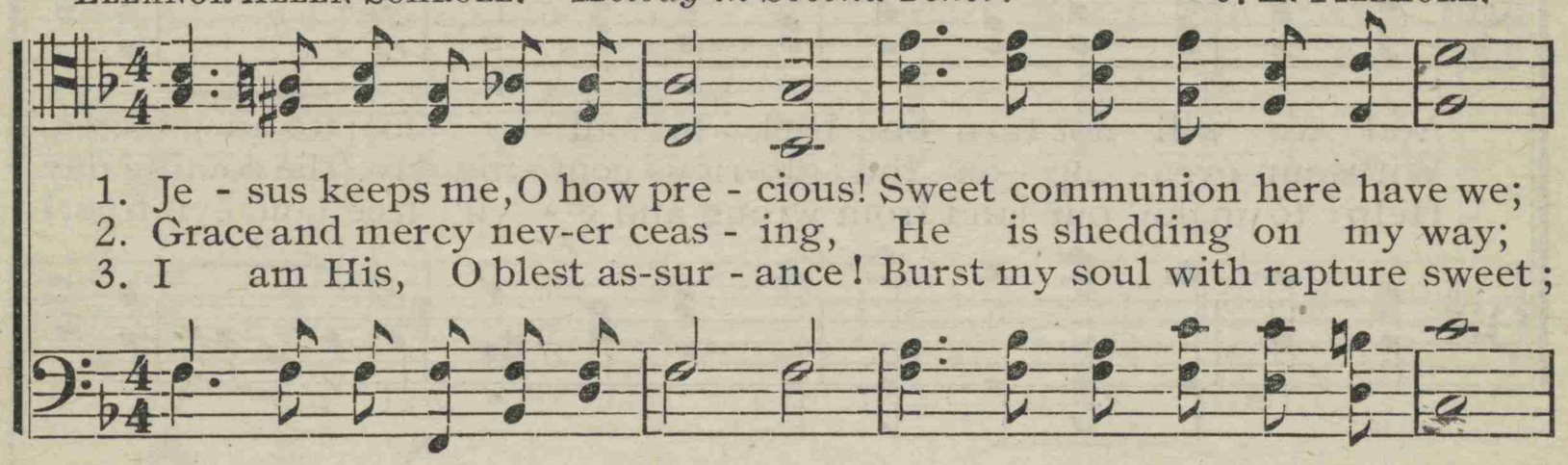
Sweet Saviour Mine.



70 I Am His and He is Mine

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL. *Melody in Second Tenor.* J. H. FILLMORE.



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71 A Loyal Gideon Band.

FRONA L. SCOTT. *Melody in First Bass.* HENRY FILLMORE.

1. We're a loy - al Gid-eon Band, fight-ing for our na - tive land,
2. At the front we'll take our stand, fight-ing at the King's command,
3. Men of cour - age, men of truth, stal-wart men and buoyant youth,

And we will not turn our back to an - y foe; (to an-y foe;)
With our eyes up - on the glo-rious com - ing day, (the coming day,)
Help to make our land from wrong and e - vil free; (and evil free;)

Not a - lone by hu-man might do we hope to win the fight,
When the Sun of Righteousness, ris - ing all the world to bless,
Come and join our ranks to-day, come, en - list with-out de - lay,

But our God will give the vic - to - ry, we know, we know.
Lifts and scat-ters clouds of dark-ness all a - way, a - way.
'Neath the en - sign of the Man of Gal - i - lee, Gali - lee.

CHORUS.

Loy - al, earn - est, ac - tive work - ers, For the

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A Loyal Gideon Band.

truth and right we stand; Hosts of sin and dark-ness flee,

As we march to vic - to - ry, 'Neath the ban - ner

of our Loy - al Gid - eon Band, (our band.)

72 Cast Thy Burden On the Lord.

Melody in First Bass.

JOHN CENNICK. GEO. RAWSON. L. M. GOTTSCHALK. Arr. by H. F.

1. Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, On - ly lean up - on His word:
2. Ev - er in the raging storm Thou shalt see His cheering form,
3. Cast thy bur-den at His feet: Ling-er at His mer-cy - seat;
4. He will gird thee by His power, In thy wea - ry, faint-ing hour;

Thou shalt soon have cause to bless, His e - ter - nal faithfulness.
Hear His pledge of com-ing aid: "It is I, be not a-fraid."
He will lead thee by the hand Gen-tly to the bet-ter land.
Lean then, lov - ing, on His word; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

73 Come Unto Me.

J. W. L. *Melody in First Bass.* J. W. LERMAN.

1. Broth-er, does life seem drear-y? Darkened be-cause of sin?
2. Have you sought earthly pleasure? Have you found naught but pain?
3. Do not de-spise the of - fer Je - sus pre-sents so free;
4. Flee from the con - dem-na - tion, Tak - ing Him at His word,

Is your heart faint and wea - ry, List to the voice with - in:
Seek for the heav'nly treas-ure, Heark-en to Christ a - gain.
Can you dis-dain the prof - fer, Lov-ing - ly made to Thee?
An - swer the in - vi - ta - tion, Say, "I ac - cept, O Lord."

REFRAIN.

"Come, come, come to me, Come, O
"Come," saith the Saviour, "O come un - to me, Come un - to

wea - ry one, come, O faint - ing one, I will
me, come un - to me Rest I will give you, from

give you rest, Safe thou shalt be, thou shalt be;
sin set you free, Safe in my love thou shalt be; . . . . .

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Come Unto Me.

Haste, haste, why de - lay, why de-
Hast - en, my brother, why long-er de - lay, why still de-

lay, broth-er, why de - lay, broth - er? See I of - fer
lay, why still de - lay? See I am waiting, with

life to thee, Ac - cept, ac - cept sal - va - tion to - day."
love un - a - bat-ing, Ac-cept my sal-va-tion to - day." .....

life to thee, Ac - cept, ac - cept to - day." .....

life to thee, Ac - cept, ac - cept to - day." .....

74 My Faith.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. METHFESSEL.

1. My faith is in the Ho - ly Word, The promise nev-er fail - ing;
2. He leads me where sweet pastures are, And by the wa-ters flow - ing;
3. And when the day is fad - ing fast, And death's dark night is nearing;
4. And so His goodness day by day, Shall be my song and sto - ry;

The arm of the al-might-y Lord, For me is all pre - vail - ing.
And till I reach that land a-far; And guides and guards my go-ing.
I'll walk with Him the vale at last, The shadow nev - er fear - ing.
That all may choose this joyful way, To heav'n and home, and glo-ry.

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Dedicated to Josiah Strong, D. D.

75 As Goes America.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. *Melody in Second Tenor.* J. H. FILLMORE.

1. As goes A-mer-i- ca, so goes the world, Here where the fight for truth is
2. As goes A-mer-i- ca, so goes the world, Here freedom makes her last en-
3. As goes A-mer-i- ca, so goes the world, Here lift we Christ, the light be-
4. As goes A-mer-i- ca, so goes the world, Foremost and highest is her

rag - ing, As goes, A-mer-i - ca, so goes the world, Here where the
deav - or, As goes, A-mer-i - ca, so goes the world, Fails she, and
stow - ing, As goes, A-mer-i - ca, so goes the world, Here serve we
sta - tion, As goes, A-mer-i - ca, so goes the world, Lead-er and

CHORUS.

hosts are now en-gag-ing.
all is lost for - ev - er. Stand thou for righteousness, people so blest,
God in rightful do - ing.
guide to ev-'ry na - tion.

Win thou the vic-to - ry, great-est and best; Lead on so grand and free,

f

Na - tion of des-ti - ny, As goes A-mer-i - ca, so goes the world.

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76 Forward We Go.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. L. D. EICHHORN.

1. For-ward we go 'gainst the foe in his might, For - ward we go for the truth and right; For - ward so read - i - ly,
2. For-ward we go to the lands dark with sin, Bear - ing the light that is bright with - in; For - ward so fear - ful - ly,
3. For-ward we go 'mid the lost of the street; Tell - ing to all of the gos - pel sweet; For - ward so care - ful - ly,
4. For-ward we go, and 'tis faith leads the way, Straight to the cit - y of end - less day; For - ward, be - liev - ing Him,

For - ward so stead - i - ly, For - ward in - to the fight.
For - ward so tear - ful - ly, Light that the world will win.
For - ward so prayer-ful - ly, Tell - ing to all we meet.
For - ward, re - ceiv - ing Him, Christ as our staff and stay.

p CHORUS.

Tho' we go in great-est dan-ger, God is watching, still is watching,
Tho' we go in dan-ger, God.... is watching o'er us still,

f

And to fear a stran-ger We can do His ho-ly will.
And to fear, with Him, a stranger, We can do His ho-ly will.

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77 The Saviour Calls.

SIDNEY WILLIAMS. *Tune: "Larboard Watch."* T. WILLIAMS. Arr.

DUET, SOLOS AND QUARTET.

1. The gate is wide, the way is broad, That leads to mis - er-
2. With ten-der love, the Sav - iour calls, O, come to Him and

y and woe; And sin-ners crowd a - long the path, As
He will save; Be-lieve that for your sins He died; That

on to death they blindly go. { But hark! amid the sin-stained throng
O, sweet-er than the sweetest song;

you might live, His life He gave. { That burden from your wea-ry soul;
And give to you e - ter - nal life,

A voice rings forth from heaven above,
O, full of mer - cy and of love.
That load of sin, He will re-move;
If you will trust Him and His love.
} Hear, sin - ner, hear; be-

lieve, believe and live; Hear, sin - ner, hear; believe, believe and

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The Saviour Calls.

live; Stay, the Sav - iour calls; Stay, the Sav - iour calls;

CHORUS.

O, who will stay and heed the cry Of Him who says, "why will ye

die?" Now is the time, O, do not wait; To - mor-row

it may be too late, O stay, the Sav - iour calls,

p *Rit.*

The Sav-iour calls, The Sav - iour calls, Stay, the Sav - iour calls.

78

To the Work.

FANNY J. CROSBY. DR. W. H. DOANE.

1. To the work! to the work! We are ser- vants of God; Let us
2. To the work! to the work! Let the hun - gry be fed; To the
3. To the work! to the work! There is la - bor for all; For the
4. To the work! to the work! In the strength of the Lord! And a

fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His
foun-tain of life let the wea - ry be led; In the cross and its
king-dom of darkness and er - ror shall fall, And the name of Je-
robe and a crown shall our la - bor re-ward, When the home of the

coun - sel our strength to re-new, Let us do with our might what our
ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we her-ald the tid- ings, "Sal-
ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be In the loud-swell-ing cho-rus, "Sal-
faith - ful our dwell-ing shall be, And we shout with the ransomed, "Sal-

CHORUS.

hands find to do. Toil-ing on, toil -ing on, Toil- ing
va - tion is free!"
va - tion is free!"
va - tion is free!" Toiling on, toil-ing on,

on, toil - ing on, Let us hope,
Toil - ing on, toil-ing on, and trust,

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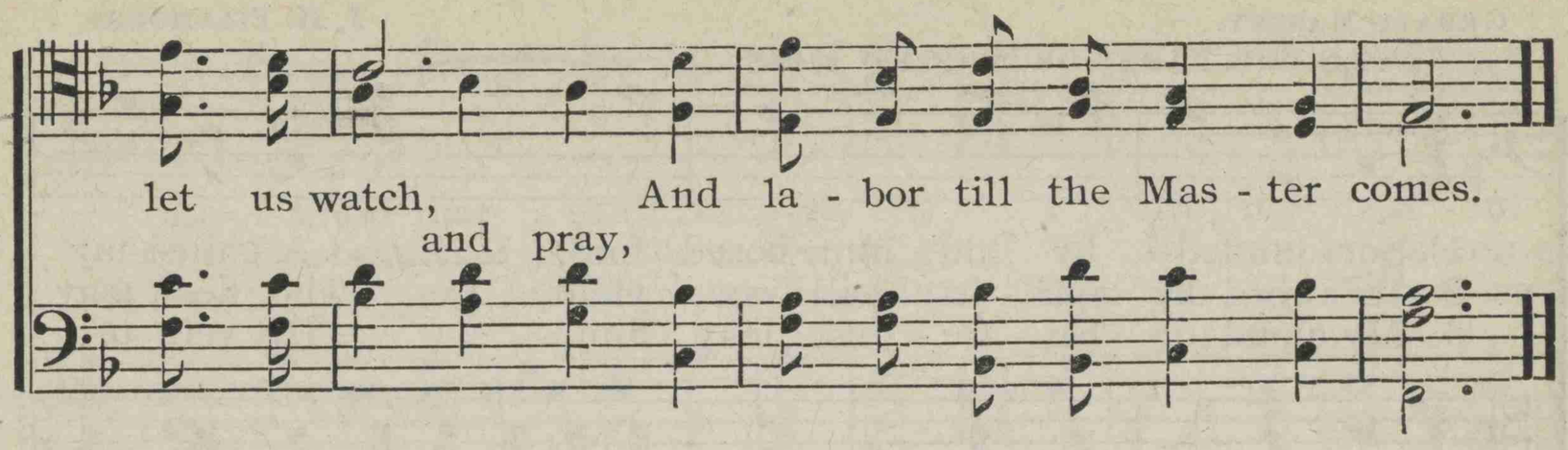
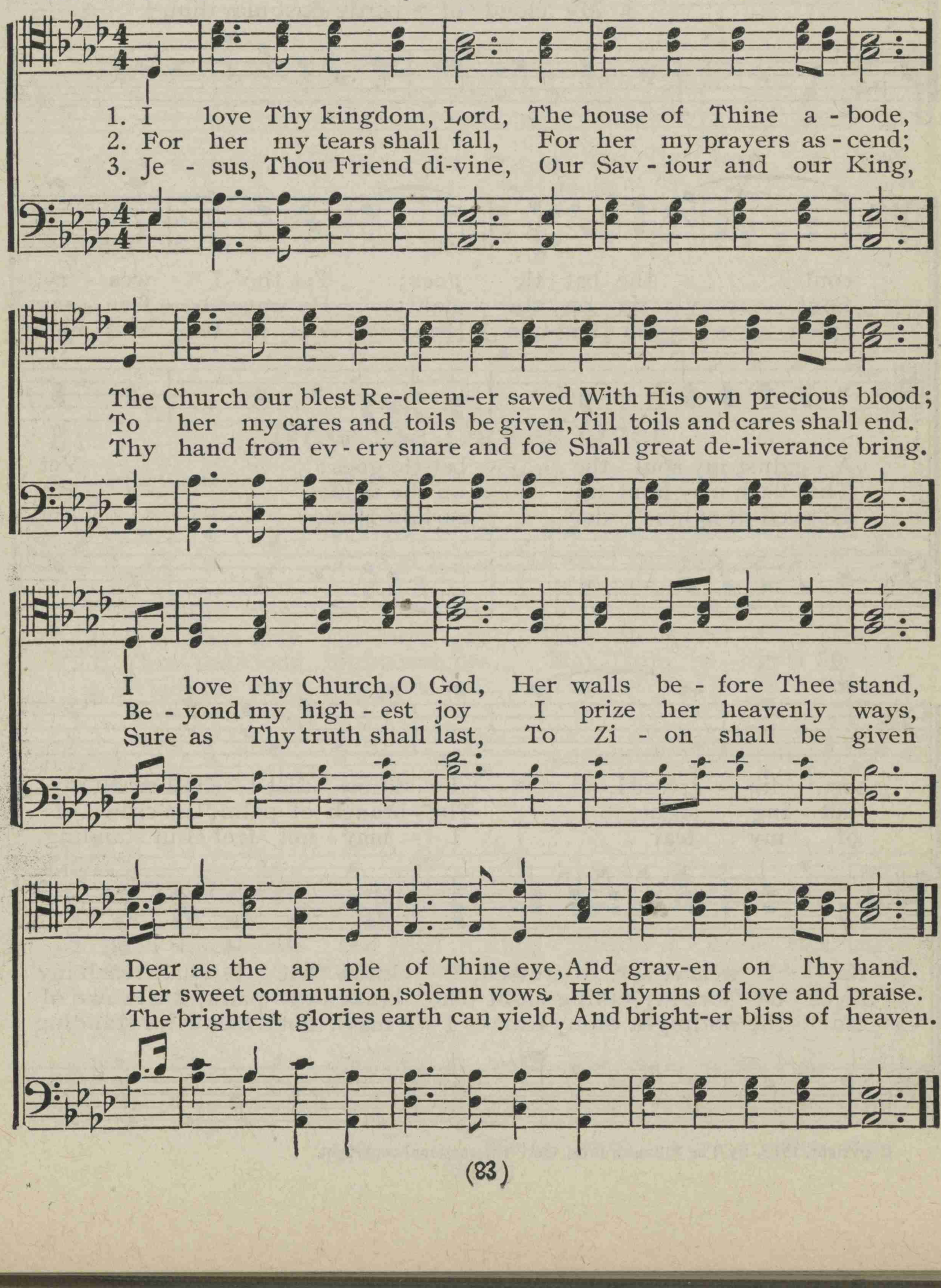
To the Work.

79 I Love Thy Kingdom Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. *Melody in Second Tenor.* A. B. EVERETT.



80 His Banner Over Me is Love.

GERALD MASSEY. J. H. FILLMORE.

SOLO FOR FIRST OR SECOND BASS.

1. Surrounded by un - num-bered foes,..... A-gainst my soul..... the bat - tle goes; . Yet tho' I wea - ry,
2. Its sword my spir - it will not yield,..... Tho' flesh may faint..... up - on the field; . He waves be - fore my
3. My cloud of bat - tle - dust may dim,..... His veil of splen - dor cur-tain Him; . And in the mid - night

1. Sur-round-ed by unnumbered foes, A - gainst my soul the bat-tle goes; Yet
2. Its sword my spirit will not yield, Tho' flesh may faint up - on the field; He
3. My cloud of battle-dust may dim, His veil of splen - dor curtain Him; And

sore dis - tressed,..... I know that I shall reach my
fad - ing sight..... The branch of palm, the crown of
of my fear ..... I may not feel Him standing

tho' I weary, sore distressed, I know that I shall reach my
waves be - fore my fading sight The branch of palm, the crown of
in the midnight of my fear I may not feel Him standing

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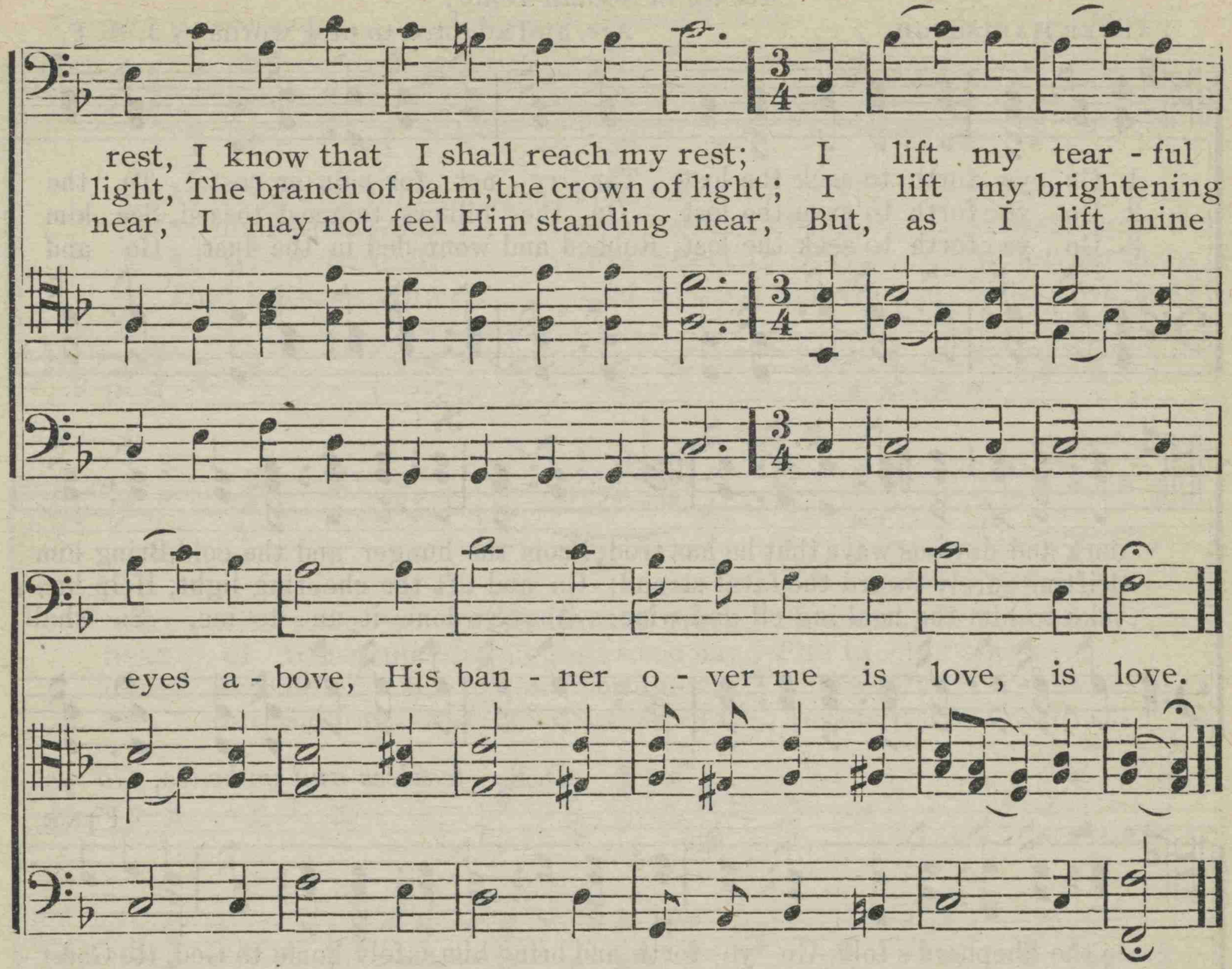
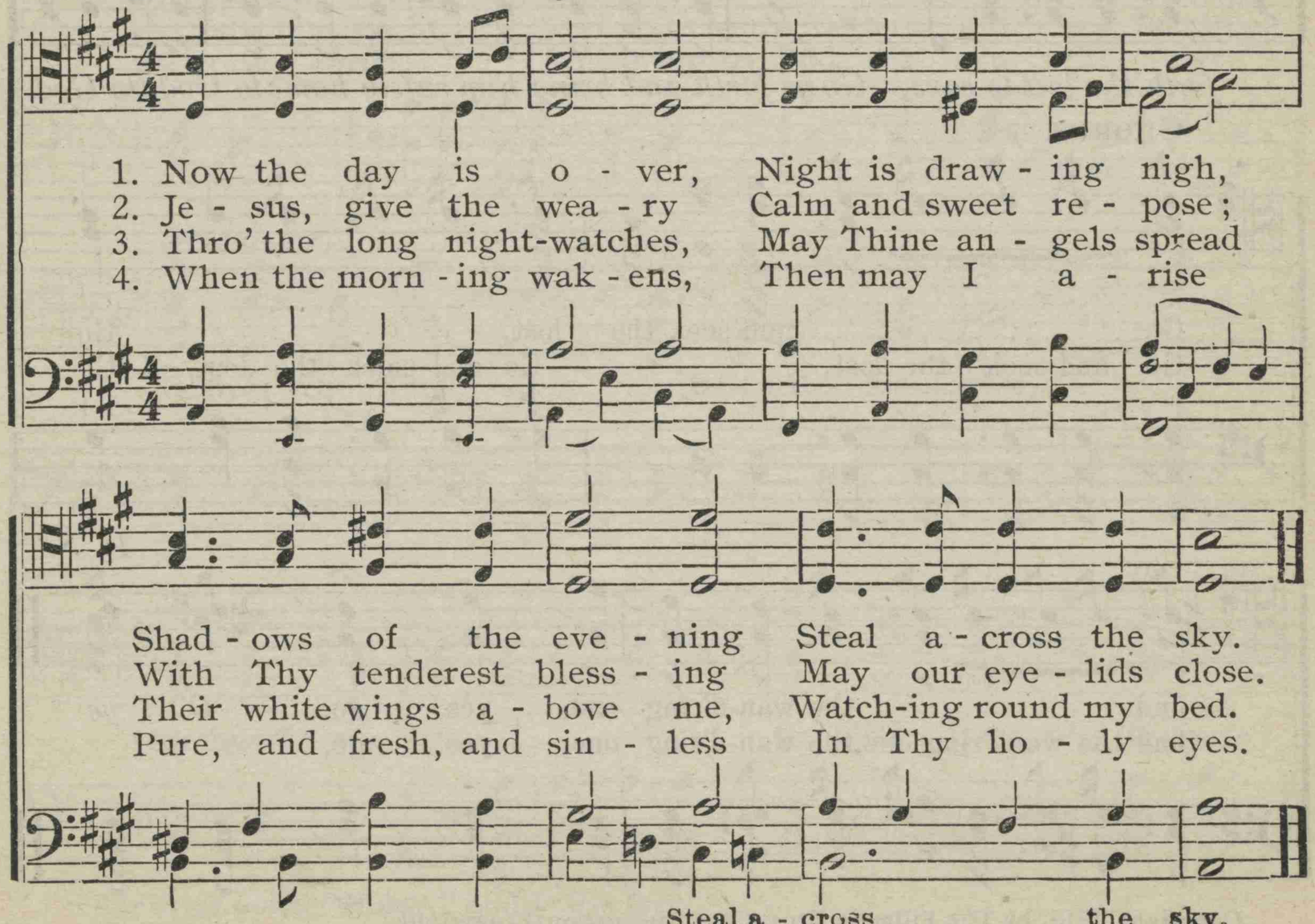
His Banner Over Me is Love.



81 Now the Day is Over.

S. Baring Gould. *Melody in Second Tenor.* J. Barnby. Arr. by H. F.



82 Go Ye Forth to Seek the Lost.

Melody in Second Tenor.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. Arr. and adapted to new words by J. H. F.

1. Go ye forth to seek the lost, Tar - ry not for pain or cost, To the
2. Go ye forth to save the lost, On the billows, tempest tossed, See him
3. Go ye forth to seek the lost, Robbed and woun-ded in the dust, Go and

dark and devious ways that he has trod; From the hunger and the cold, Bring him
drifting surely t'ward the fatal strand; Go and lift the cheering light, Help him
take to him the heal-ing oil and wine; As ye've done it un - to me, So shall

D. S.—*fearless and ye brave, Go ye*

FINE.

to the Shepherd's fold, Go ye forth and bring him safely home to God, (to God.)
steer his bark aright, Go ye forth and bring him safely to the land, (the land.)
it be done to thee, Go and bring to me this bleeding one of mine, (of mine.)

forth the lost to save, Go ye forth and bring him safely home to God. (to God.)

CHORUS.

Go . . . . . and seek the lost, Go
Go and seek the lost, Go and seek the lost, Go

D. S.

find . . . . . the wan-d'ring one, yes, go, *O ye*
find the wand'ring one, the wan-d'ring one, yes, go,

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83 How Sweet to Pray.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. *Melody in Second Tenor.* J. H. FILLMORE.

1. At morn-ing hour, ... how sweet to pray, ... When na - ture
2. At noon-tide hour, ... how sweet to pray, ... When slacks the
3. At twi - light hour, ... how sweet to pray, ... When earth-ly
4. That hallowed hour, ... that sa-cred place, ... Where we may

wakes with song so gay, (with song so gay,) The frame refreshed, ...
heat of toil-some*day; (of toil-some day;) The ta - ble spread .....
cares are flown a- way; (are flown a-way;) When soft-ly comes .....
see our Saviour's† face, (our Saviour's face,) Is when from earth .....

D. S. *Our troubled souls .....*

FINE.

He kind re-ceives, ... And blessings great He free - ly gives.

the spir - it calm, ... And sweet the air with dew - y balm.
with earthly good, ... The spir - it fed with heav'n -ly food.
the si - lent night, ... And stars beam forth in glo - ry bright.
we draw a - part, ... And bring to God the con - trite heart.

REFRAIN.

O dear the time, ... when free from care, ...

D. S.

Our hearts we lift ..... to God in pray'r; (in pray'r;)

*For after notes "of day," and †"His face."

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84 For the Man of Galilee.

S. J. DUNCAN-CLARK. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Shout a - loud the stir-ring summons, O'er the land from sea to sea,
2. Men are want-ed, men of pur - pose, Men of high or low de - gree,
3. From the count-ing-house and col - lege, From the forge and fac - to - ry,
4. On-ward! are His march-ing or - ders, He who leads to vic - to - ry;

Men are want - ed, men of cour- age, For the man of Gal - i - lee.
Each to be a fel - low - work-er, With the man of Gal - i - lee.
Lo! there throng a loy - al le - gion For the man of Gal - i - lee.
On- ward! till the world is ta - ken For the man of Gal - i - lee.

p Cres. *p Cres.* *Rit.* *A tempo.*

O thou Man of Gal - i-lee! Who didst die to set men free, We will
O thou Man of Gal - i-lee! In the fight to set men free, We will
O thou Man of Gal - i-lee! Countless hosts Thy glo - ry see, We will
O thou Man of Gal - i-lee! Ev - er - more our lead - er be, We will

Cres. *Rit.*

fol - low, fol-low on - ly Thee, Bless- ed Man of Gal - i - lee!
Glo-rious Man of Gal - i - lee!
Bless- ed Man of Gal - i - lee!
fol-low on - ly Thee, on - ly Thee, Glo-rious Man of Gal - i - lee!

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85 Slay the Giants.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. 1 Sam. 17: 23. 2 Sam. 21: 15-22. J. W. LERMAN.

March tempo.

1. Brave young soldier, see the e - vil hosts, All de - fy-ing with their loft - y boasts; Old Go - li-ath stalking forth a-broad, Slay him, sol-dier
2. Know now, soldier, Self, the gi - ant old, Had four children, giants great and bold; Slay them, soldier, slay them as they come, "Greed of money"
3. Fierce these giants, O the mur-d'ring bands, Blood of loved ones dripping from their hands; Who can face them ravaging a - broad; Slay them, soldier,

CHORUS. *Very marked.*

in the name of God. Who's this giant? Who's this Old Go-li - ath, "Pride," and "Lust," and "Rum." (*Chorus for 2d and 3d verses.*)
in the name of God. Slay these giants, sons of Old Go - li - ath,

Might-y gi - ant stalking forth a - broad? Self's this gi - ant,
Might-y gi-ants, slay them as they come; Slay them, sol-dier,

ff *Poco rit.*

Self's the great Go-li-ath; Slay him, soldier, in the name of God.
these four monster giants, "Greed of money," "Pride," and "Lust" and "Rum."

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86 Blessed Assurance.

Melody in First Bass.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP. Arr. by H. F.

1. Blessed as - sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va-tion, purchased of God, Born of His
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de - light, Visions of rap-ture now burst on my sight, Angels descending bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am hap-py and blest, Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Filled with His

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in His blood.
mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
good - ness, lost in His love.

song, Prais-ing my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.

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87 Something for Jesus Each Day.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL. L. D. EICHHORN.

1. The days are rap - id - ly pass - ing by, Pass - ing one by one; What are you do - ing, with pur - pose high,
2. The years are rap - id - ly pass - ing o'er, Ur - gent needs a - wait, Use what the Mas - ter has giv'n in store,
3. Our lives are rap - id - ly pass - ing on, T'ward the even - ing star, We shall ac - count for the days a - gone,

CHORUS.

Ere the set of sun?
Ere it be too late. Time is too pre - cious to
There a - cross the bar.

waste a - way, Du - ty a - waits, O why de - lay? This be your

mot-to, your aim al - way: Something for Je - sus each day.

Rit.

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88 The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P. DR. WM. S. PITTS.

Melody in Second Tenor.

1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild-wood, No love - li - er
2. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn- ing To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the

place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child - hood As the
clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call - ing, Oh,
loved so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps 'neath the wil - low; Dis -
wild flow-ers bloom, When the fare-well hymn shall be chant - ed, I shall

CHORUS.

lit-tle brown church in the vale.
come to the church in the vale. Come to the
turb nct her rest in the vale. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,
rest by her side in the tomb.

church by the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale; No
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

spot is so dear to my child - hood As the lit-tle brown church in the vale.

89

My Happy Home.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, O how I long for thee; When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy
2. Thy walls are all of pre - cious stones, Most glo - rious to be - hold, Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Thy
3. Thy gar - dens and thy pleas - ant greens My stud - y long have been,—Such sparkling gems by hu - man sight Have

CHORUS.

joys, when shall I see? Go-ing home,
streets are paved with gold.
nev - er yet been seen. We're going home,

go-ing home, Home to the new Je - ru - sa - lem,
home, We're going

Rit.

going home, going home, To the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
home, home,

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90 To Victory.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. FILLMORE.

Risoluto.

1. Arm for the bat-tle! Sol-diers of right! Send the word of our Lord
2. Ready for the bat-tle! Sol-diers we stand! Nev - er quail, nev - er fail,
3. On to the bat-tle! On-ward to win! God and right, give the might

Down the left and right! (go for-ward.) Arm for the bat - tle!
At your Lord's com-mand! (go for - ward.) Arm for the bat - tle!
O'er the hosts of sin! (go for - ward.) Arm for the bat - tle!

Tri - umph we see! On-ward march to vic - to - ry! To vic - to - ry!

CHORUS.

On - ward! heed the call! Ev - 'ry man a he - ro be! For - ward,

one and all, Ban-ners blazoned "Vic - to - ry!" Arm for the bat - tle!

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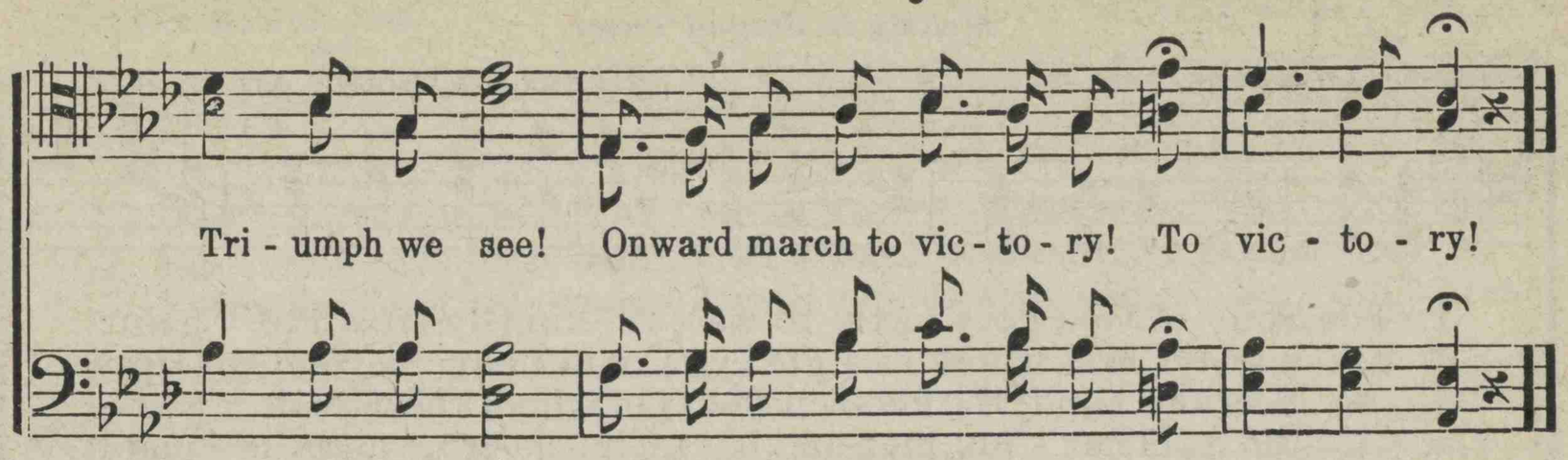
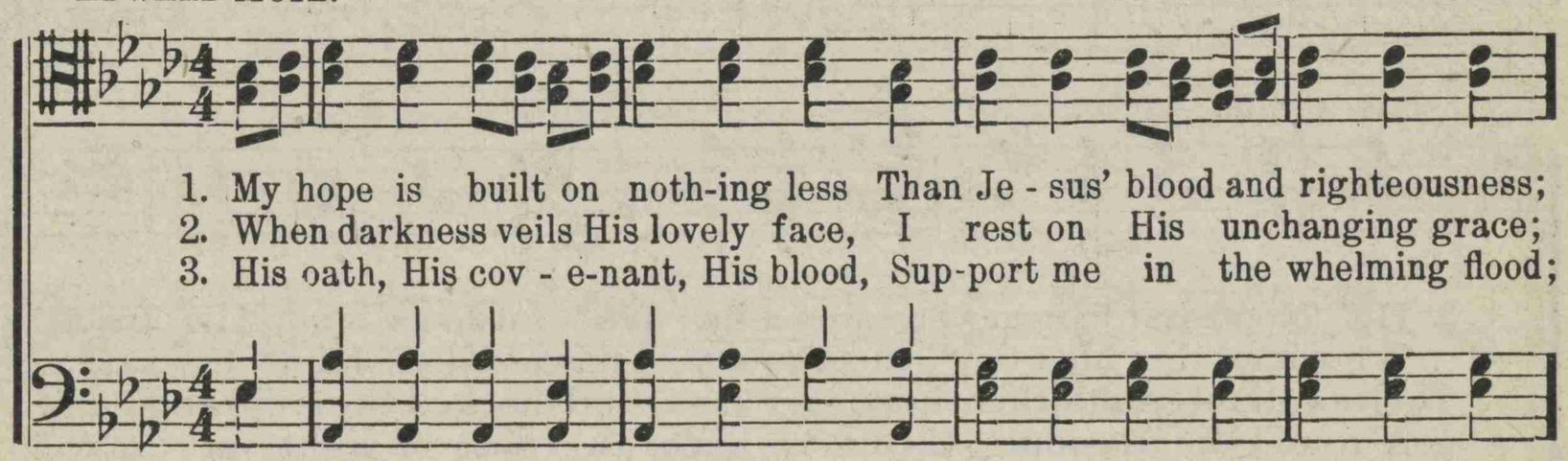
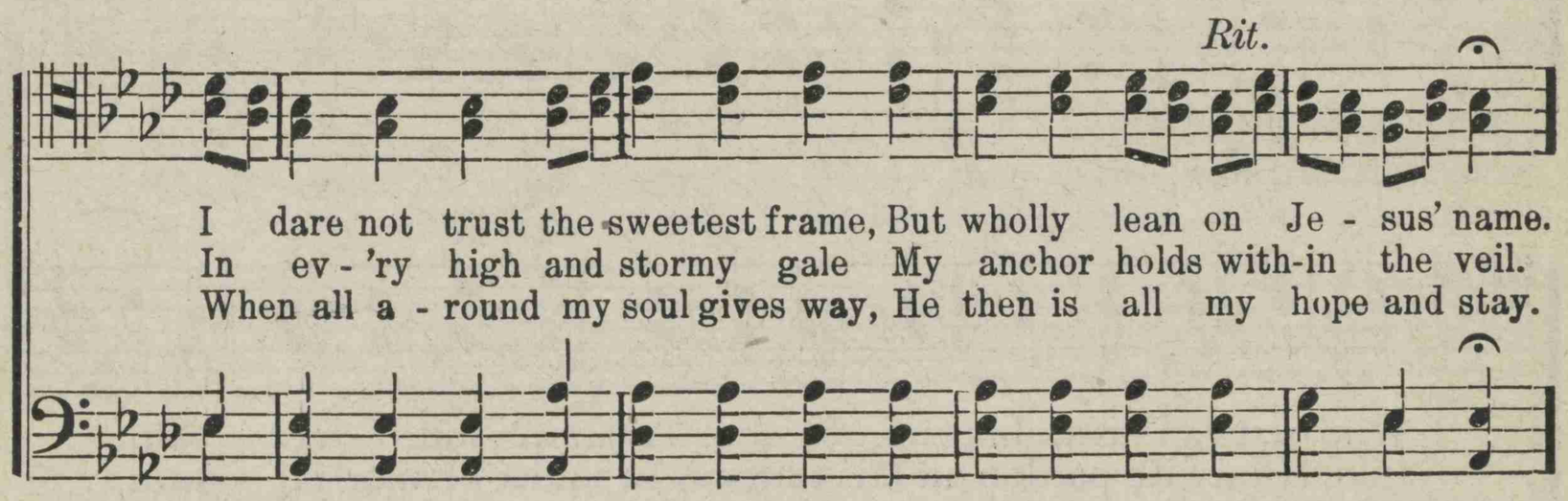
To Victory.



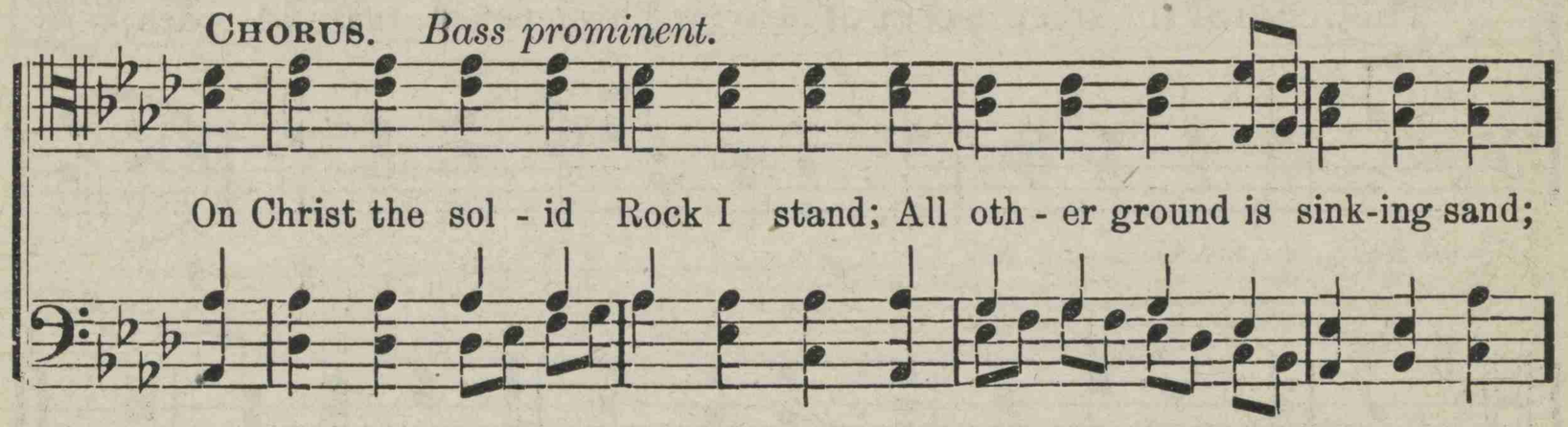
91 On Christ the Solid Rock.

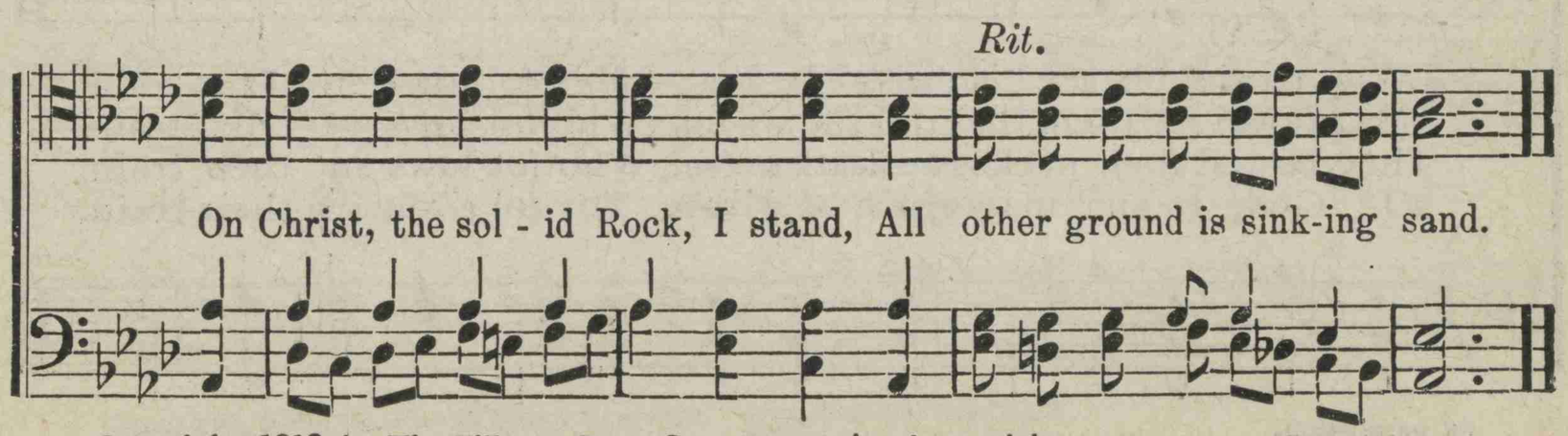
EDWARD MOTE. STANLEY GREENWOOD.





CHORUS. *Bass prominent.*





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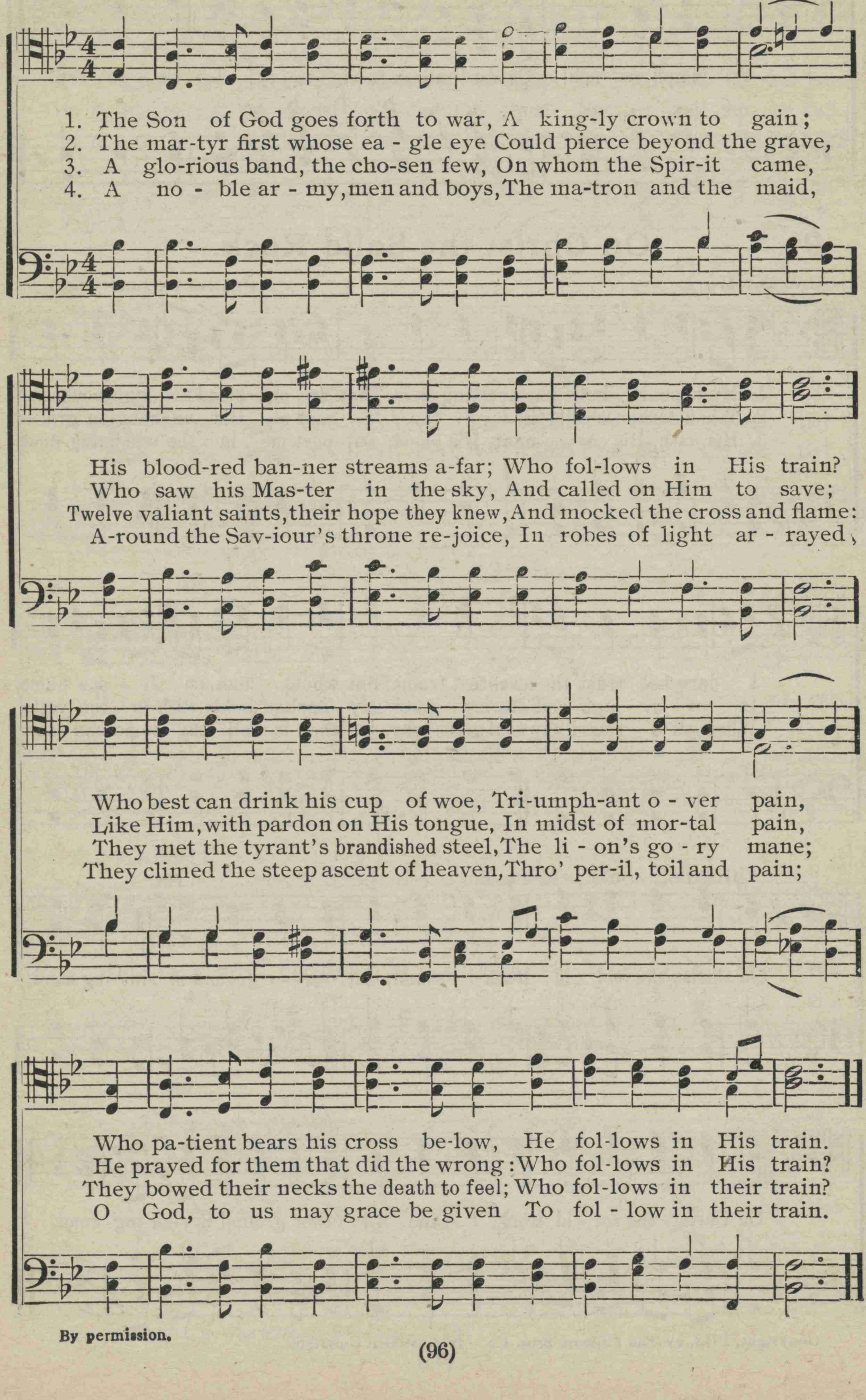
92 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

Melody in Second Tenor.

REGINALD HEBER. HENRY S. CUTLER. Arr. by H. F.



By permission.

93 Day of Hope Day of Joy.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Hail the bright morning! New day of glad-ness; Fly with the dark-ness, Sor - row and sad - ness. Thou hast bro't hope and joy,
2. Na - tions are gath'-ring, God's voice is sounding; Stand they for Je - sus, His cross sur-round-ing. Vain the as-saults of hell,
3. Form dar - ing com-rades, Death nev-er fear - ing! Sa - tan's great ar - mies, Gath-'ring and near - ing. See, on our ban - ners high,

Ban - ished re - pin - ing; O Son of Right-eous-ness,
That cross as - sail - ing! Je - sus, the con-qu'ring name,
Vic - t'ry and glo - ry! Brave com - rades, make this day

CHORUS.

Now o'er us shin - ing!
O'er all pre-vail - ing! Day of joy, Day of hope, Day of en-
Gold - en in sto - ry!

deav - or; Brave souls are making thee Glo-rious for - ev - er.

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94 The Comforter Has Come.

F. BOTTOME. *Melody in Second Tenor.* WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O spread the ti-dings round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher·
2. The long, long night is past, the morning breaks at last; And
3. Be - hold, the King of kings, with heal-ing in His wings, To
4. O bound-less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing till the ech-oes fly a - bove the vault-ed sky, And

ev - er human hearts and hu-man woes a-bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hushed the dreadful gale and fu-ry of the blast, As o'er the golden
ev - 'ry captive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace divine, That I, a child of
all the saints a-bove to all be-low re - ply, In strains of endless

D. S.–*Holy Ghost from heaven, The Father's promise given; O spread the ti-dings*

FINE.

tongue proclaim the joy-ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come.
hills the day ad-vanc-es fast; The Com - fort - er has come.
cells the song of triumph rings; The Com - fort - er has come.
hell, should in His im - age shine? The Com - fort - er has come.
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come.

round, Wher-ev - er man is found,—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS. D. S.

The Com-fort - er has come, The Com-fort - er has come, The

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95 Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. *Melody in Second Tenor.* DR. W. H. DOANE.

1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing,
2. Tho' they are slight - ing Him, Still He is wait - ing,
3. Down in the hu - man heart, Crushed by the temp-ter,
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de - mands it;

Snatch them in pit - y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the
Wait - ing the pen - i - tent child to re-ceive, Plead with them
Feel - ings lie bur - ied that grace can re-store; Touched by a
Strength for thy la - bor the Lord will pro-vide, Back to the

err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en, Tell them of
ear - nest - ly, Plead with them gent - ly, He will for-
lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness, Chords that were
nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them; Tell the poor

CHORUS.

Je - sus, the might - y to save.
give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
brok - en will vi - brate once more.
wan-derer a Sav - iour has died.

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer-ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

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96 The Victory May Depend On You.

GEORGE O. WEBSTER. *Melody in Second Tenor.* J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Thro' the land a call is sounding, And it comes to age and youth;
2. See the mighty hosts of e - vil Spreading death thro'out the land;
3. Lo, a tri-umph day is coming, When our arms shall be laid down,

'Tis a summons to the con-flict, In the cause of right and truth;
Who is there will an-swer quick-ly, And the hosts of sin withstand?
Then each faithful, loy - al sol-dier Shall re-ceive a victor's crown;

To the stand-ard of our Cap-tain, Lo, there come a faith - ful few;
Do not fear to join our standard, For our ranks are tried and true,
Would you stand among the vic-tors, With the band of faith - ful few;

But the vic - to - ry, my broth - er, May de-pend on you.
And the vic - to - ry, my broth - er, May de-pend on you.
Then the vic - to - ry, my broth - er, Must de-pend on you.

CHORUS. *Melody in First Tenor.*

The vic - t'ry may de-pend on you, The vic-t'ry may de-
on you,

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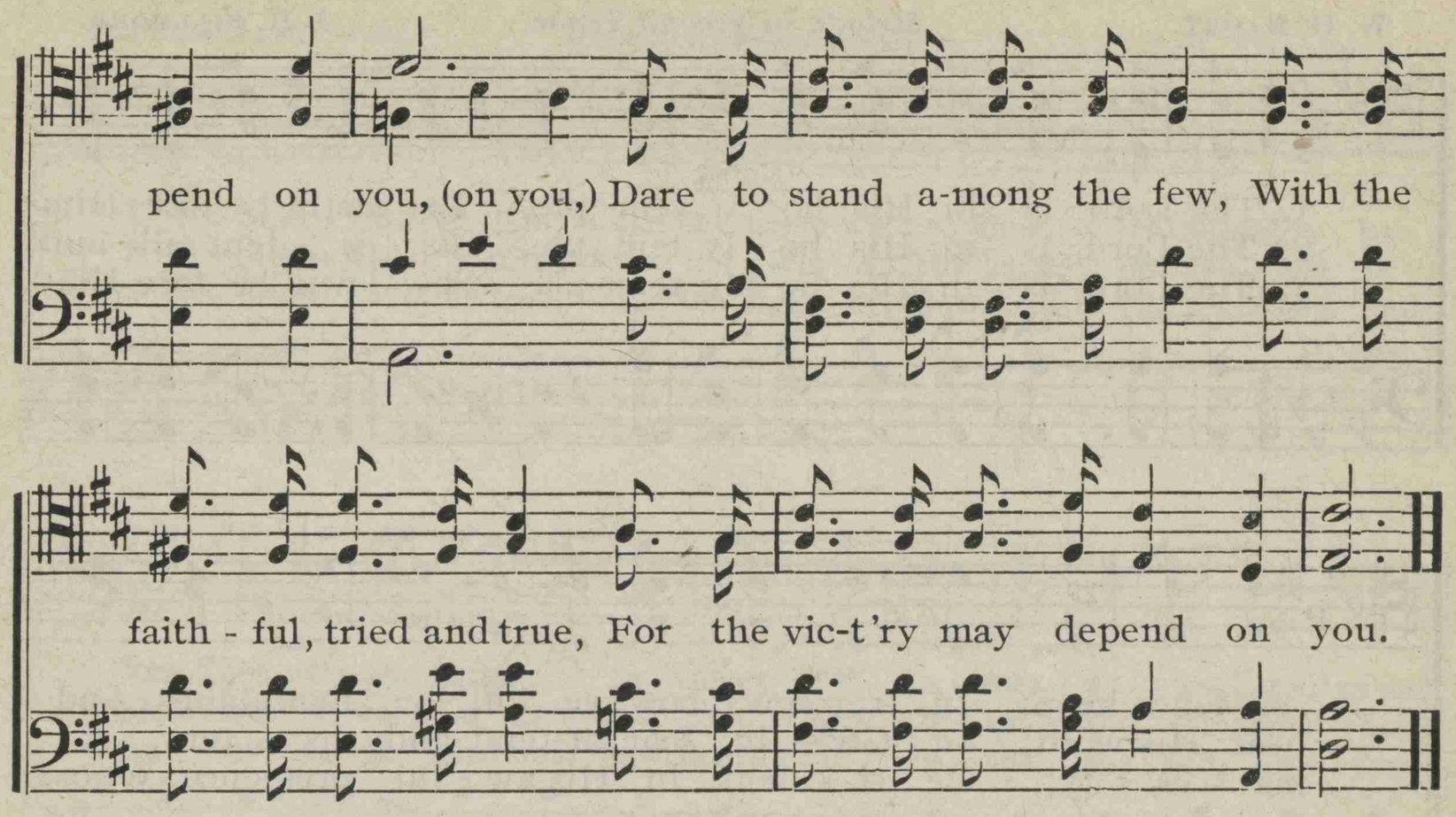
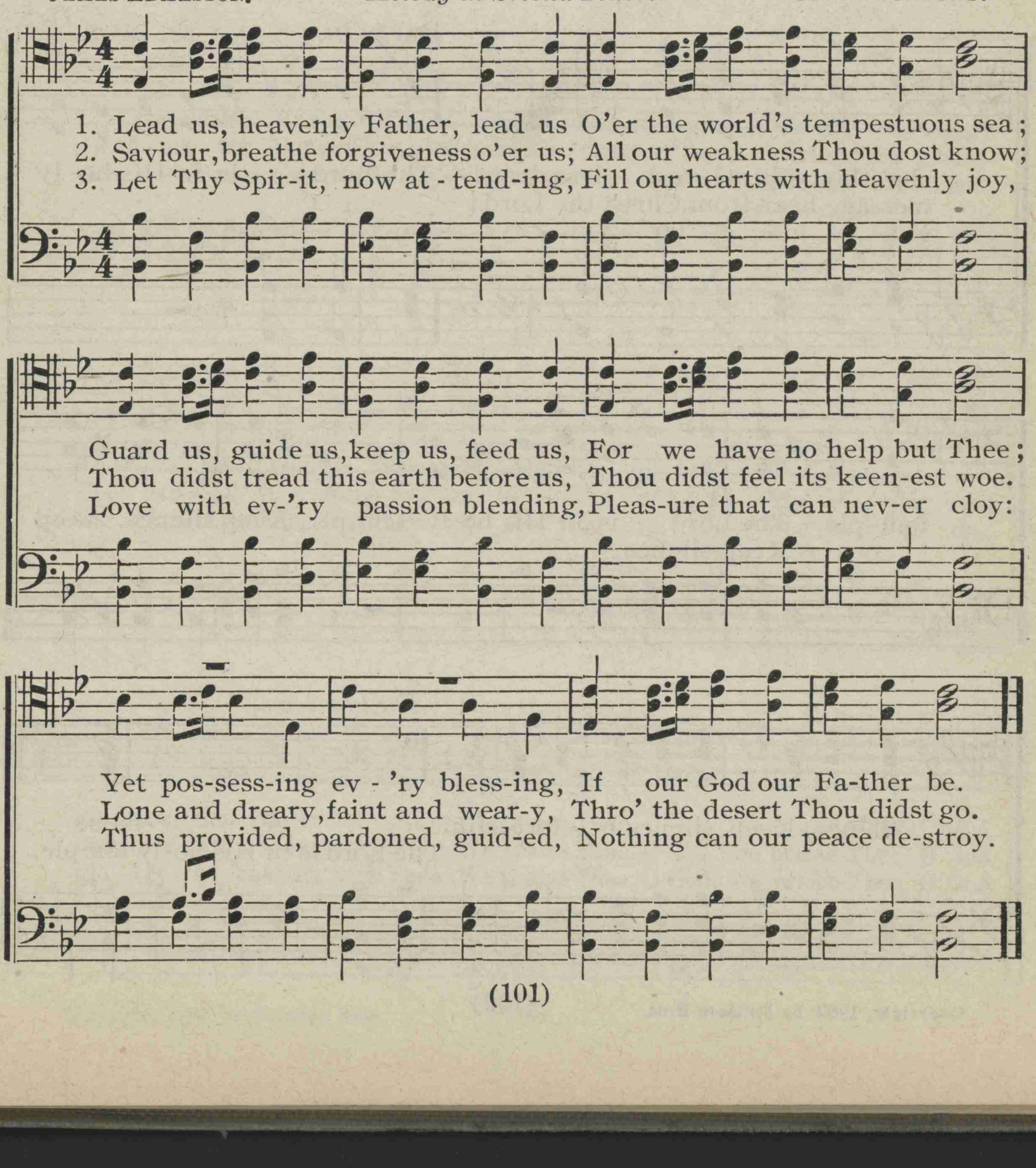
The Victory May Depend On You.



97 Lead Us Heavenly Father.

JAMES EDMESTON. *Melody in Second Tenor.* I. B. WOODBURY.



98 The Lord is in His Holy Temple.

W. H. BAGBY. *Melody in Second Tenor.* J. H. FILLMORE.

1. The Lord is in His ho - ly tem- ple, Let earth be-fore Him
2. The Lord is in His ho - ly tem- ple, Be si - lent all and
3. The Lord is in His ho - ly tem- ple, Bow down be- fore His

si - lence keep; In rev'rence bow, ye loft - y mountains, And
hear His word; In God - ly fear at-tend and lis - ten, A
maj - es - ty; Be si - lent in His aw - ful pres-ence, Whose

REFRAIN.

be thou still, O rest - less deep! The Lord is in His ho- ly
message hear from Christ the Lord!
glo - ry fills e - ter - ni - ty! Keep si - lence,

tem- ple, The Lord is in His ho-ly tem-ple, Keep silence, keep
Keep silence,

For last verse.

silence, Keep silence be - fore Him. A - men.
The Lord is in His ho-ly temple.

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99 We Praise Thee, O God!

PALMER HARTSOUGH. *Melody in Second Tenor.* J. H. FILLMORE.

1. We praise Thee, O God, in Thy name we re-joice, We wor-ship be-
2. We praise Thee, O God, for the gifts of Thy hand, So free and so
3. We praise Thee, O God, for the light of Thy word, The mes-sage of

fore Thee with the harp and the voice; For fa - vors un - num-bered sweet
pre - cious o - ver all this fair land; Thou giv - est the sun-shine, Thou
mer - cy we in glad-ness have heard; For Je - sus, Thy Son, who for

an- thems we sing, For boun-ties un-meas-ured glad off'rings we bring;
send - est the rain, Thou glad-'nest the pasture, Thou rip'n-est the grain;
sin - ful man came, For joys of sal - va - tion thro' faith in His name;

Thou Fa - ther, all gra- cious, who heed - est our call, Thou King of all
The har- vest Thou bring- est in bil - lows of gold, The glad year Thou
For strength in the con - flict vic - to - rious to be, For hope of the

p *f Rit.*

kindness, Thou Ru-ler of all. We praise Thee, O God, we praise Thee, O God.
crownest with goodness un-told. We praise Thee, O God, we praise Thee, O God.
glo - ry of heav-en with Thee, We praise Thee, O God, we praise Thee, O God.

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100 Onward Christian Brothers.

W. F. McCauley. J. W. Lerman.

Stirring march tempo.

1. On-ward Chris-tian broth - ers, in this ho - ly war!
2. Hear the cry of na - tions, bound with er - ror's chains,
3. Take the gos - pel ar - mor at your Lord's com-mand,

Firm the ranks and stead - y, strong our le - gions are!
See the mil - lions dy - ing in their woe and pains;
Quit your-selves with cour - age, and like he - roes stand;

For-ward in - to bat - tle, haste to meet the foe;
Heed the lost ones' plead - ing, grop-ing in the night,
Soon the con - flict end - ed, bur-dens all laid down,

Sig - nal for the on - set, hear the bu - gles blow!
Speed ye to the res - cue, all ye hosts of light!
Hailed you'll be as con-q'rors, with a robe and crown.

1. bugles, bugles blow!
2. hosts, ye hosts of light.
3. robe, a robe and crown.

Chorus.

Onward Christian brothers! hold the col - ors high! Triumph is be-

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Onward Christian Brothers.

fore you, truth can nev-er die!.... Strike for God and coun - try,
nev-er die!

Poco rit.

Marc.

ev'ry wrong assail; Looking unto Je - sus, by His might prevail.

101 All Hail the Power.

EDWARD PERRONET. *Melody in Second Tenor.* Arr. by H. F.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kind-red, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter-res - trial ball,
3. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy-al di - a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
To Him all maj-es - ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all,
We'll join the ev - er- last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all,

Ad lib.

Bring forth the roy-al di - a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj-es - ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

102 Going Down the Valley.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

With feeling.

1. We are go - ing down the val - ley one by one, With our
2. We are go - ing down the val - ley one by one, When the
3. We are go - ing down the val - ley one by one, Hu - man

fa - ces t'ward the set-ting of the sun; Down the valley where the
la - bors of the wea - ry day are done; One by one the cares of
com-rade you or I will there have none; But a ten - der hand will

mournful cypress grows, Where the stream of death in silence onward flows.
earth for - ev - er past, We shall stand up-on the riv-er-bank at last.
guide us lest we fall, Christ is go-ing down the val-ley with us all.

mf **CHORUS.**

We are go - ing down the val-ley, Go - ing down the val-ley,

f

Go-ing t'ward the set-ting of the sun; We are going down the valley,

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Going Down the Valley.

Rit - e - dim.

Go-ing down the valley, Go-ing down the valley one by one.

103 When the Lord Shall Call His Own.

A. P. Cobb. J. H. F. New arrangement.

1. There is a time, ... a happy time, . . . When the Lord shall call His own;
2. Like fertile seed . . . each loving deed, ... When the Lord shall call His own;
3. What heav'nly grace on ev-'ry face, ... When the Lord shall call His own;

Then all shall sing, . . and praise their King, When the Lord shall call His own.
Tho' lost to view . . . shall spring anew, ... When the Lord shall call His own.
As to each one . . . . . He says "well done," When the Lord shall call His own.

Chorus.

O angel song! O happy, happy throng! When the Lord shall call His own;

Shall I be there, ... your bliss to share! . . When the Lord shall call His own.

By permission.

104 Speed Away.

Words adapted by PALMER HARTSOUGH. I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Speed a - way! speed a - way! bless - ed gos - pel of light,
2. Speed a - way! speed a - way! love - ly her - alds of peace,
3. Speed a - way! speed a - way! with the mes - sage of love,

There's a re - gion that li - eth in dark-ness of night, There's a
To the cap - tives in sor - row go take thou re-lease, To the
And the lost will look up to the Fa - ther a-bove, They will

shad - ow of death on that des - o - late shore, And a sad call that
fall - en that moan on the dark fields of strife, To the dy - ing O
turn from the dark-ness of sin and of wrong, They will walk in the

comes to our ears ev - er-more; O spread thy bright pinions, O
speak thou the sweet words of life, O haste with thy heal-ing, Bright
sun - light of glad-ness and song, Thy God will be with thee, Then

Ad lib. *Rit*

make no de - lay; Speed a - way! speed a - way, speed a - way.
beams of the day; Speed a - way! speed a - way, speed a - way.
why dost thou stay; Speed a - way! speed a - way, speed a - way.

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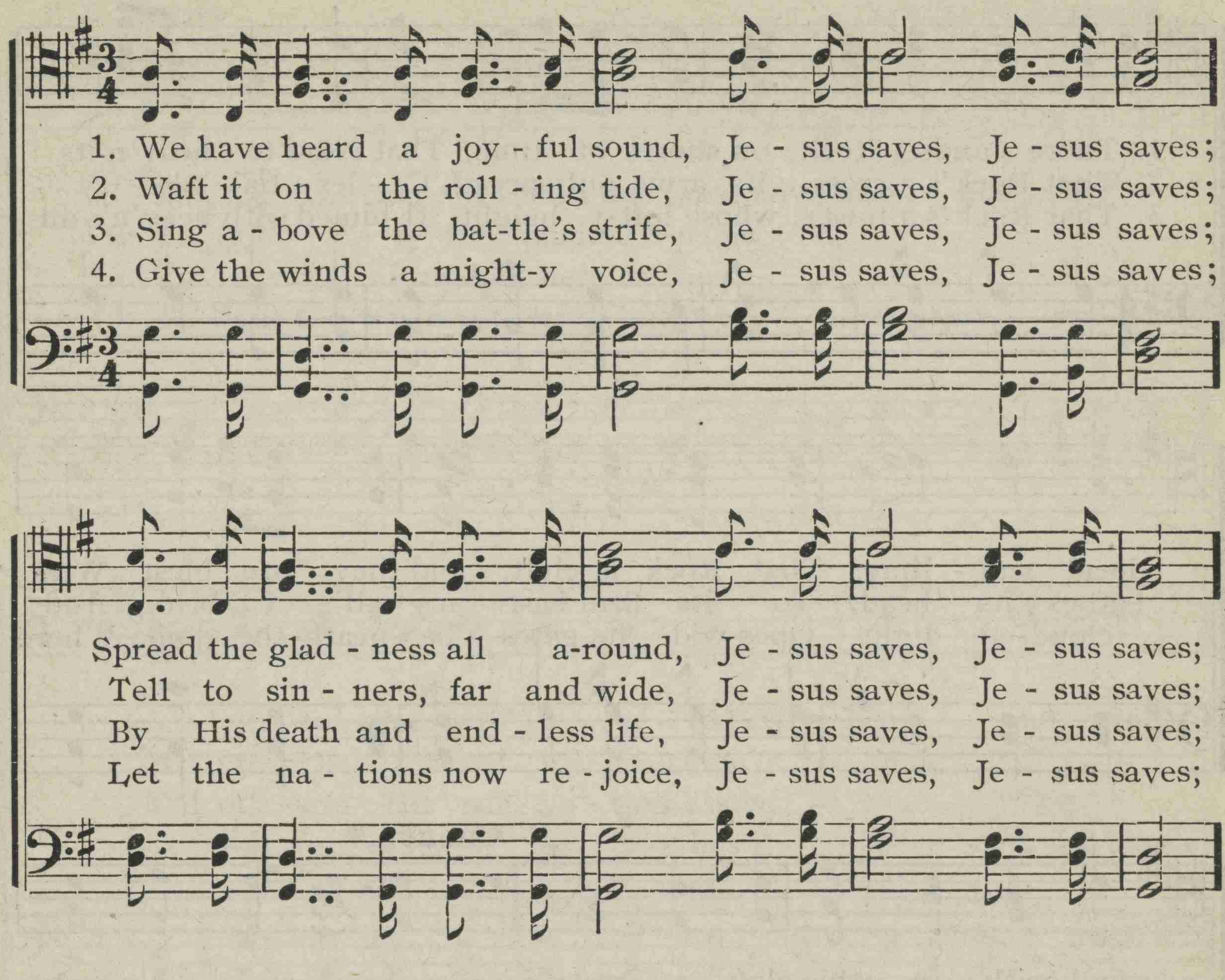
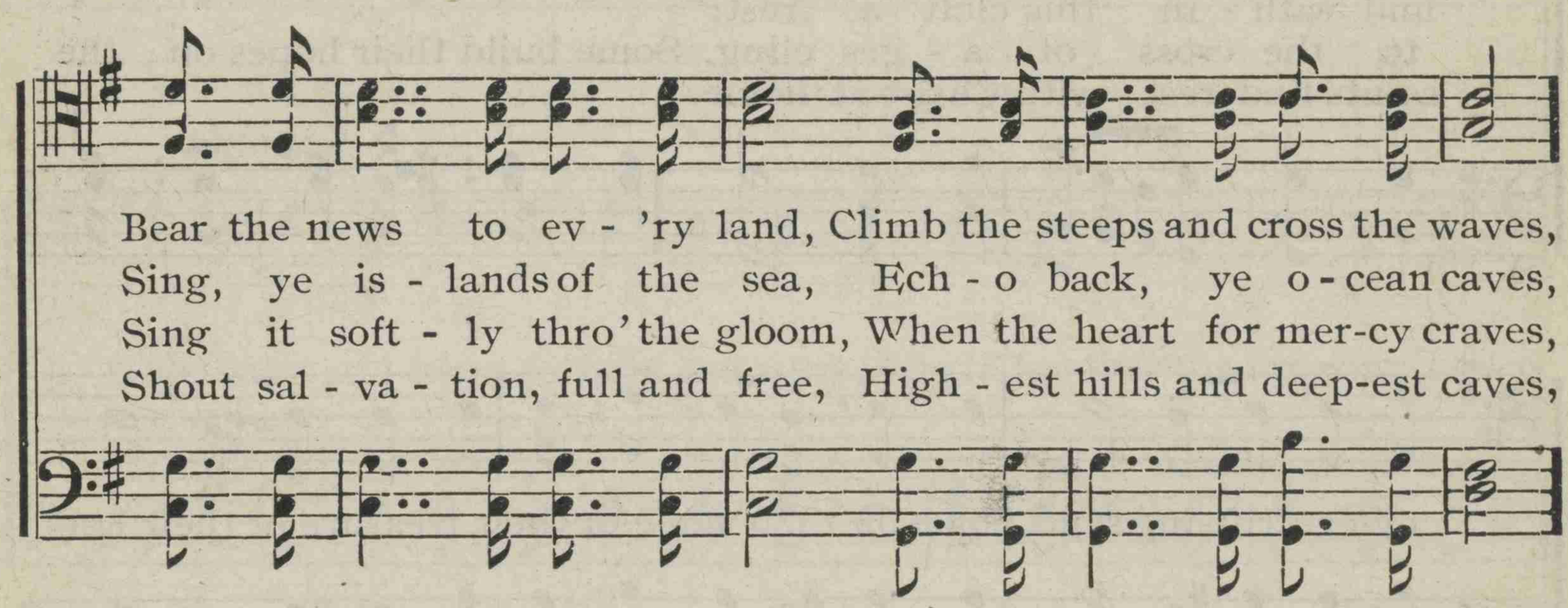
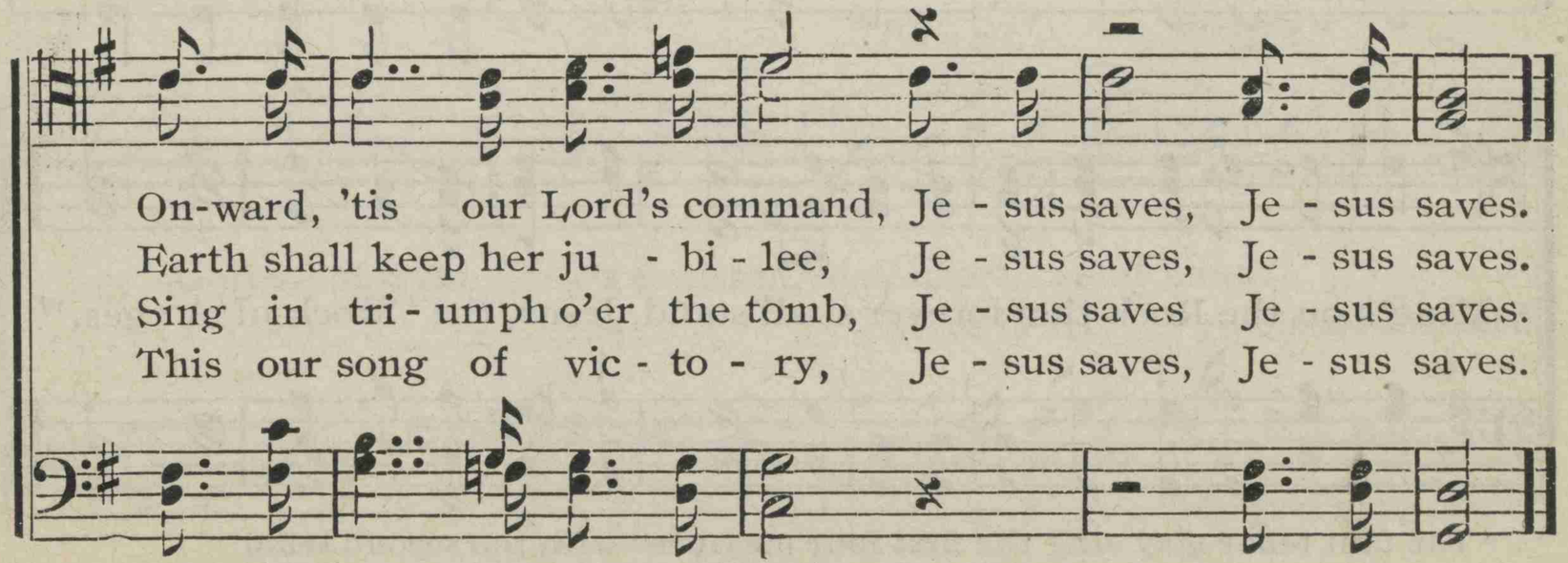
105 Jesus Saves.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. *Melody in Second Tenor.* WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.





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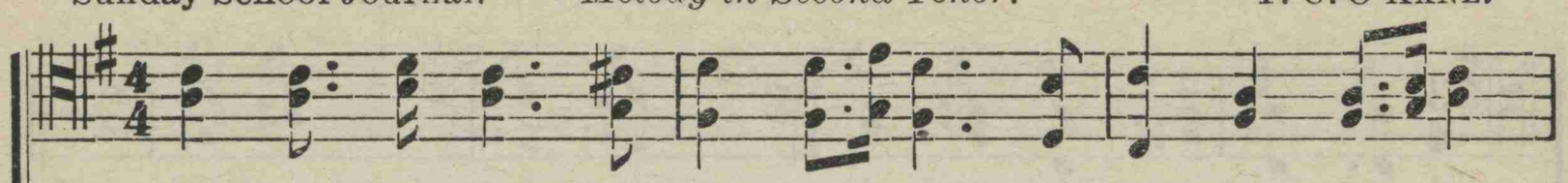
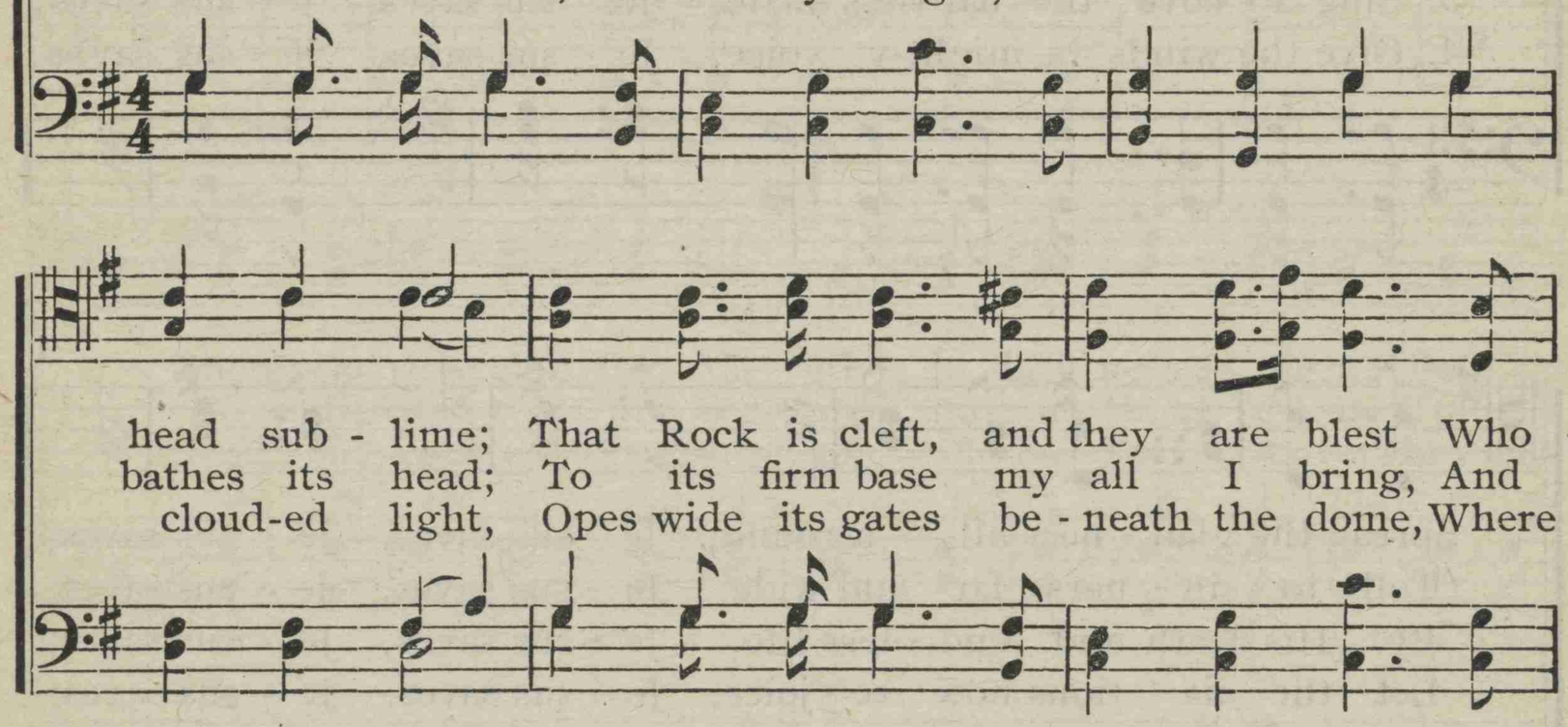
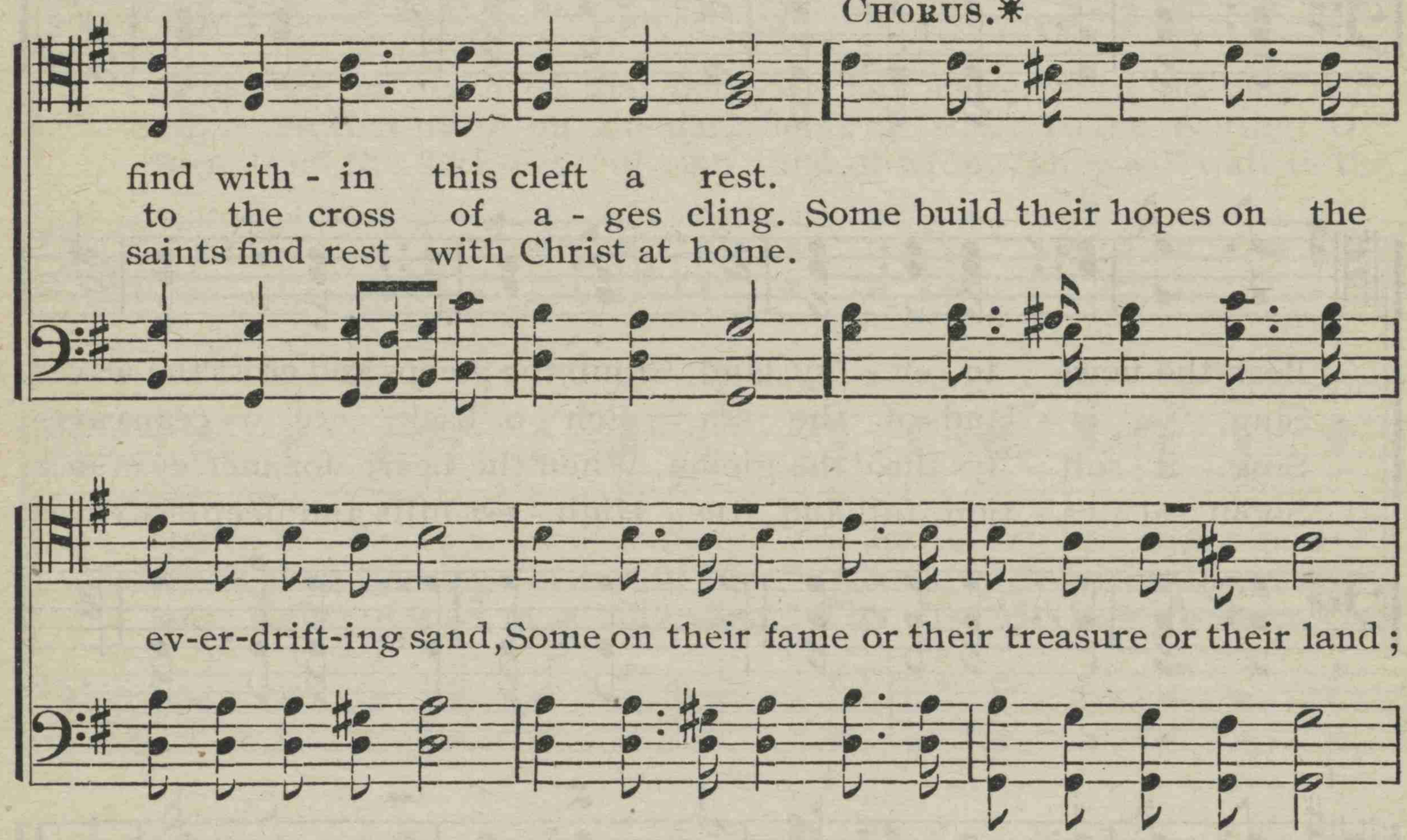
106 There Stands a Rock.

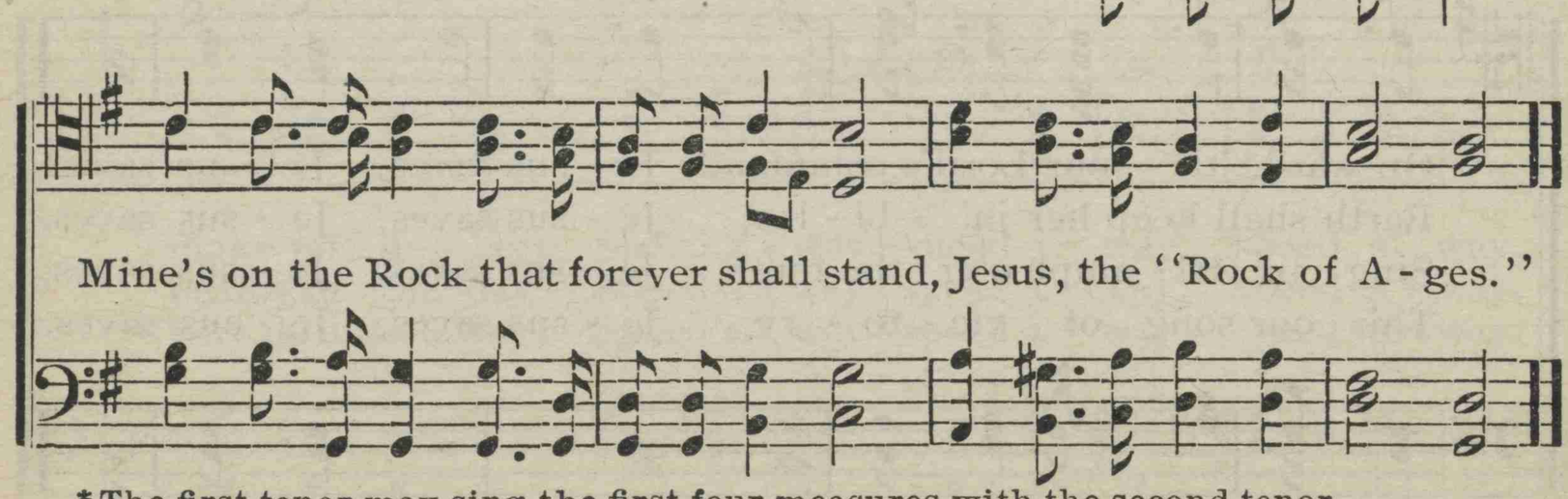
Sunday School Journal. *Melody in Second Tenor.* T. C. O'KANE.

1. There stands a Rock, on shores of time, That rears to heav'n its
2. That Rock's a cross, its arms out-spread, Ce - les - tial glo - ry
3. That Rock's a tower, whose loft-y height, Il-lumed with heav'n's un-



head sub - lime; That Rock is cleft, and they are blest Who
bathes its head; To its firm base my all I bring, And
cloud-ed light, Opes wide its gates be - neath the dome, Where

CHORUS.*



find with - in this cleft a rest.
to the cross of a - ges cling. Some build their hopes on the
saints find rest with Christ at home.

ev-er-drift-ing sand, Some on their fame or their treasure or their land;

Mine's on the Rock that forever shall stand, Jesus, the "Rock of A - ges."

*The first tenor may sing the first four measures with the second tenor.

By permission.

107 Give Heart and Hand.

E. E. HEWITT. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. To aid the cause of Christ our Lord, Give heart and hand;
2. To glor - i - fy your Saviour's name,
3. To spread His kingdom here be-low,
4. To light the world with truth and love, Give heart and hand;

A - bund-ant grace will He af - ford, Give heart and hand.
His pre - cious gos-pel to pro-claim,
Till oth - ers His sal - va - tion know,
To wak - en songs of joy a - bove, Give heart and hand,

CHORUS.

Give heart and hand to help the weak, The fallen lift, the straying seek;

Poco rit. *Rit.*

"Go ye," it is the Lord's command, Give heart and hand.
Give heart, give heart and hand.

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108 If Christ Should Come.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. B. HERBERT.

1. If Christ should come to our town to - night, Should come in
2. If Christ should come to our church to - night, Would we be
3. If Christ should come to our home to - night, Would we re-
4. Our Christ may come to the earth to - night, May come in

glo - ry and pow'r and might, Would all the peo - ple, with
watching with lamps trimmed bright? Would He find noth-ing but
ceive Him with great de - light? Would He be wel-come, a
glo - ry and pow'r and might! Let us be read - y our

glad ac - claim, U - nite to her - ald and shout His name!
per - fect love, His peo - ple liv - ing like those a - bove?
roy - al guest, Re - ceiv - ing from us each day our best?
gifts to bring! Let us be read - y to crown Him King;

Or would our rul - ers the Sav - iour slight, If Christ should come,
Could we show garments of spot - less white, If Christ should come,
Or would we trem-ble in great af-fright, If Christ should come,
Then we may hail Him with great de-light, If Christ should come,

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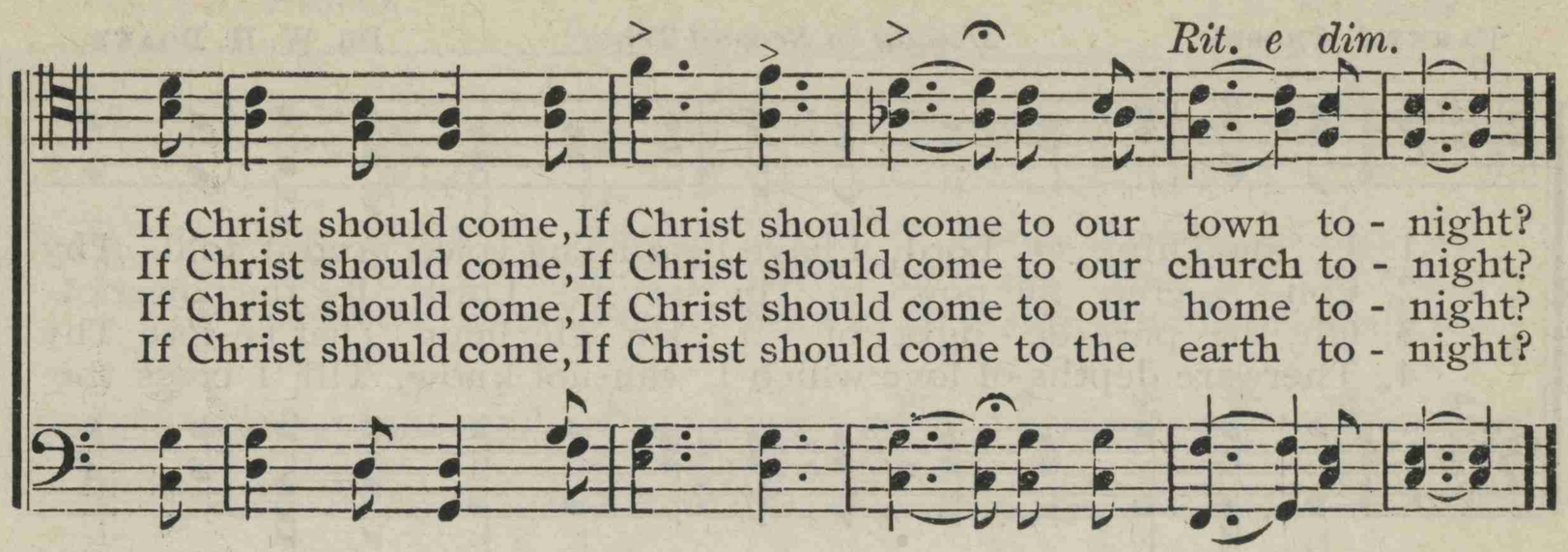
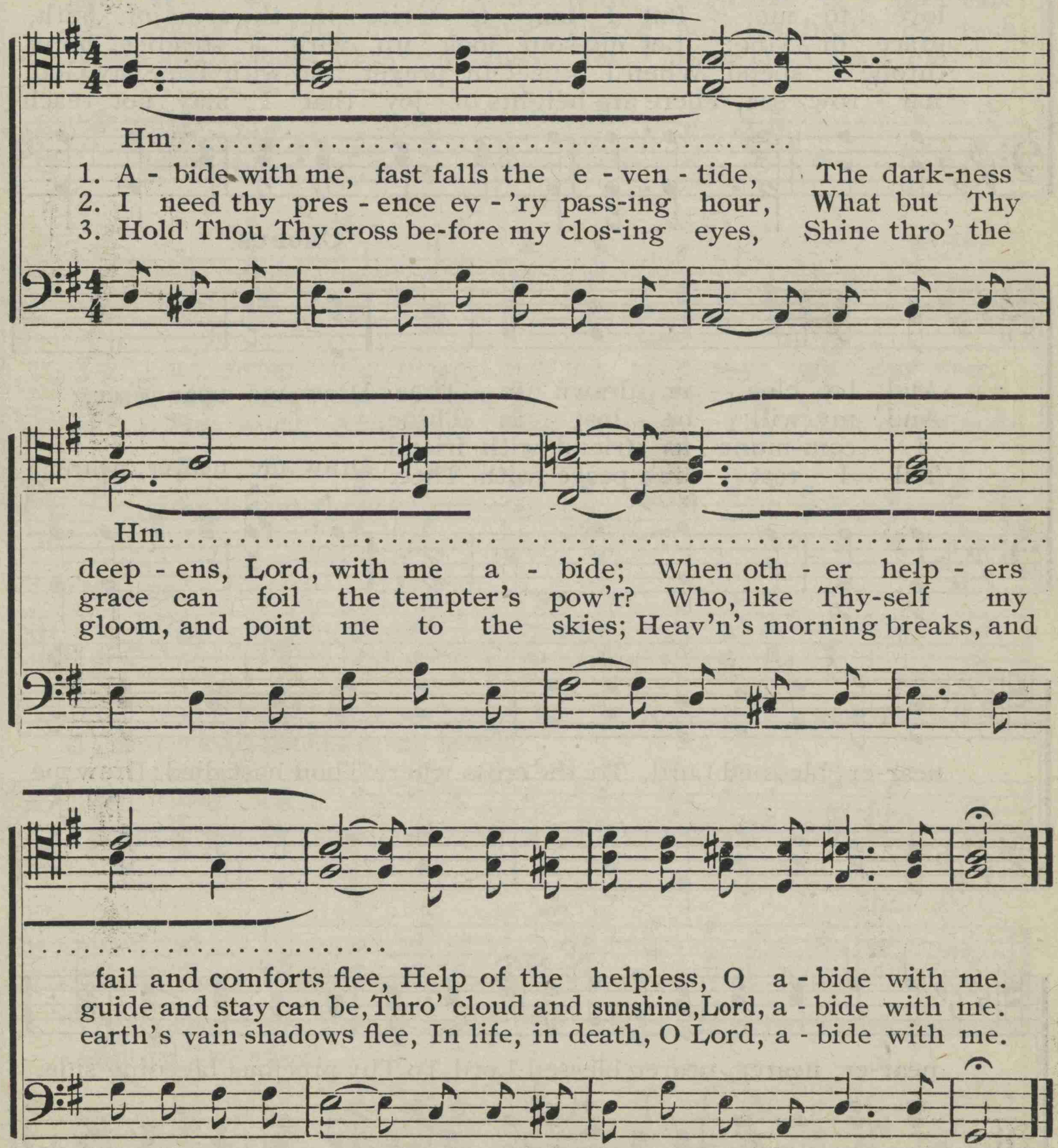
If Christ Should Come.

109 Abide With Me.

Trio for Second Tenor, Baritone and Bass.

H. F. LYTE. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.



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110 I Am Thine, O Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY. *Melody in Second Tenor.* DR. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
2. Con - se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the power of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
3. Oh, the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be-fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,
4. There are depths of love which I can-not know, Till I cross the nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I may not reach

CHORUS.

And be clos - er drawn to Thee. Draw me near - er,
And my will be lost in Thine.
I com-mune as friend with friend.
Till I rest in peace with Thee. Draw me nearer, nearer,

near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me

near-er, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

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111 Open the Windows of Heaven.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

D. C.—*O - pen the win - dows of heav'n, O Lord, And bless - ings up -*
2. Look on thy vine-yard, O Lord, and see The toil of Thy
3. O - pen the win-dows of heav'n, O Lord, And fields shall re-

on us now rich - ly pour, While to Thine al - tar with
ser - vants naught can a - vail, Fierce falls the heat on each
vive and bloom des - ert lands, Na - tions shall has - ten to

FINE.

joy we bring The tithes and the offer - ings of our store.
flower and tree And springs of re - fresh - ing all do fail.
do Thy word, And kings shall re - vere Thy blest commands.

CHORUS.

Thy voice, Lord, have we heard, We rise from our sin and sad - ness,
Thy blest voice, O Lord, have we heard,

Rit. D. C.

Thy sweet fav - or re-stored, We come to Thy courts with gladness.
And in Thy sweet

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112 Glory By and By.

E. E. HEWITT. FRED A. FILLMORE.

DUET.

1. A pres - ent help my God will be; All blessings at the cross I see;
2. What tho' the skies are sometimes gray, Faith sees a blessed golden ray;
3. There's grace to help in time of need, To bless me as I sow the seed;
4. Thro' good and ill, thro' sun and show'r, I'll trust the Saviour's mighty pow'r,

Grace, day by day, He's promised me, And glo - ry by and by....
There's grace suf-fi-cient for to - day, And glo - ry by and by....
To keep me, com-fort me and lead, And glo ry by and by....
For grace for ev'ry com-ing hour, And glo - ry by and by....

CHORUS.

Glo - - ry, by and by, Glo - -

Glo - ry by and by, by and by, Glo - ry by and
Glo - ry, glo - ry by and by, and by, Glo - ry,

Glo - ry by and by; Glo - -

ry by and by;

by, by and by; Grace day by day,
glo - ry by and by, and by;

ry,

Grace all the way, And glo - ry by and by, by and by.

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113 Bringing In the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. *Melody in First Bass.* KNOWLES SHAW. Arr. by H. F.

1. Sow-ing in the morn- ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow -ing
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing
3. Go, then, e - ven weep - ing, sow-ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the

in the noontide, and the dew - y eves; Wait-ing for the har-vest,
neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har-vest,
loss sustained our spir- it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's o- ver,

and the time of reap - ing, We shall come re - joic - ing,
and our la - bor end - ed, We shall come re - joic - ing,
He will bid us wel - come, We shall come re - joic - ing,

CHORUS.

bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves,

We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves.

114 Just Now.

J. W. L. J W. LERMAN.

1. Once more hear the sweet in - vi - ta - tion From Je - sus, the
2. The temp-ter, per - haps, is now say - ing: "There's plenty of
3. To - mor-row your heart may be hard - er, Your ear may be

Sav-iour of men; He of - fers to par - don you free - ly,
time to de - cide; Just go your own way for a sea - son,
deaf to His call, And tho' you have oft been in - vit - ed,

And give you sal - va - tion from sin. Tho' oft - en be-
And la - ter call Christ to your side." If Je - sus is
Your soul may be lost, aft - er all. Or, if there should

fore He has plead - ed, Till now He has pleaded in vain;
real - ly worth hav - ing, Then sure-ly 'tis wise to al - low,
be no "to - mor - row," If God called your spirit a - way,

Once more to your heart He seeks en - trance, Don't put off de-
That the soon-er you take Him, the bet - ter, So hast - en and
'Twould then be too late for re - pent - ance, So why not seek

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Just Now.

REFRAIN.

cid - ing a - gain. Just now, just now, O
take Him just now.
safe - ty to - day? Just now, just now, O

broth-er, no long - er de - lay; (de-lay;) The Sav - iour is

wait-ing to wel - come, Ac - cept His sal - va-tion to - day.(to-day.)

115 Duke Street.

ISAAC WATTS. *Melody in Second Tenor.* JOHN HATTON. Arr. by H. F.

1. Je-sus shall reign where'er the sun Does His suc-ces-sive journeys run;
2. For Him shall endless prayer be made, And praises throng to crown His head;
3. People and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
4. Blessings abound where'er He reigns; The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
5. Let ev-'ry crea-ture rise and bring Pe - cu - liar hon-ors to our King;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise With ev-'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
And in-fant voic - es shall pro - claim Their ear-ly bless-ings on His name.
The wea-ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
An - gels de-scend with songs a - gain, And earth re-peat the loud A - men.

116 Let Every Heart Ring True.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL. *Melody in Second Tenor.* J. H. FILLMORE.

1. When the day is bright, When the work is light, Let
2. Called to do and dare, Joy or grief to bear, Let
3. When temp-ta - tions rise, Turn and face the skies, Let
4. Till the day is done, Till the set of sun, Let

ev - 'ry heart ring true; When the night is long, When the
ev - 'ry heart ring true: Sad and sore op-pressed, Stronger
ev - 'ry heart ring true; E - vil ways al - lure, O, be
ev - 'ry heart ring true; Till, by wondrous grace, We shall

CHORUS.

need is strong, Let ev - 'ry heart ring true.
for the test, Let ev - 'ry heart ring true. Let ev-'ry heart ring
stead-fast, sure, Let ev - 'ry heart ring true.
see His face, Let ev - 'ry heart ring true.

true, Let ev - 'ry heart ring true, To the cause we love,

To our God a - bove, Let ev - 'ry heart ring true!

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117 Take Hold and Help.

E. E. HEWITT. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Take hold and help, ye Chris-tian men, E - ter - nal stars, your prize,
2. Take hold and help, wher-ev - er need, Wher-ev-er sin is found;
3. Take hold and help, the work demands Your highest, no-blest powers;
4. Take hold and help, the cause is great, The serv-ice most sub-lime;

Rit.

O, hear the Master's voice a - gain Resounding from the skies.
Proclaim your Christ by word and deed, And grace shall more abound.
Give Jesus head and heart and hands, And quickly-fly - ing hours.
Toil on, till at the pearl - y gate, The vict'ry bells shall chime.

CHORUS.

Take hold, take hold, take hold and help, Be loy- al brave and true, and true;

Take hold, take hold, take hold and help, The Lord de-pends on you.

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118 The Wireless S. O. S.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. HENRY FILLMORE.

1. List, O list! there's a sound from the sil - ver - y
2. See, O see! they have heard it,—that woe - ful com-
3. Help, O help! ye who know of the truth and the

wave; (from the silv'ry wave;) List, O list! far a-way, where the
mand; (they have heard it, and) See, O see! they are starting, that
right; (ye who know of it;) Help, O help to those lands in the

bright waters lave; (where the waters lave;) Come, O come! 'tis the
true lit - tle band; (they are starting, and) See, O see! they are
dark-ness of night; (in the dark-ness, yes), Help, O help! send the

call for the true and the brave; Come, O come! for the lost to
go-ing to help that sad land; Keep them, Lord, with Thine own right
gos-pel of joy and of light; Help, O help! gracious God of

CHORUS. *Melody in Second Tenor.*

save.
hand. Save our souls! Save our souls! Hear it, O hear it! so
might.

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The Wireless S. O. S.

soft, yet plain, Coming, still coming, from o'er the main; Save our souls!

Save our souls! Daily and nightly the call comes, Save our souls!

119 Fierce Was the Wild Billow.

J. B. H. J. B. HERBERT.

f

1. Fierce was the wild bil-low, Dark was the night, Oars la-bored heav - i - ly, Foam glimmered white. Trem-bled the mar - i - ners,
2. Ridge of the mountain wave, Low - er thy crest! Wail of Eu- roc - ly - don, Be thou at rest! Sor - row can nev - er be,
3. Je - sus, De - liv - er - er, Come Thou to me, Soothe Thou my voy - ag - ing O - ver life's sea. Thou, when the storm of death

p

Per - il was nigh; Then said the God of gods: "Peace! It is I!"
Darkness must fly, Where saith the Light of lights, "Peace! It is I!"
Roars, sweeping by, Whisper, O Truth of truths, "Peace! It is I!"

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120 I Love to Tell the Story.

KATE HANKEY. *Melody in Second Tenor.* WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things a - bove,
Of Je - sus and His glo - ry,— Of Je - sus and His love.

2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der - ful it seems
Than all the gold - en fan-cies Of all our gold-en dreams.

3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat
What seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet.

4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best
Seem hun - ger - ing and thirsting To hear it, like the rest.

I love to tell the sto - ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true;
I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me,—
I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

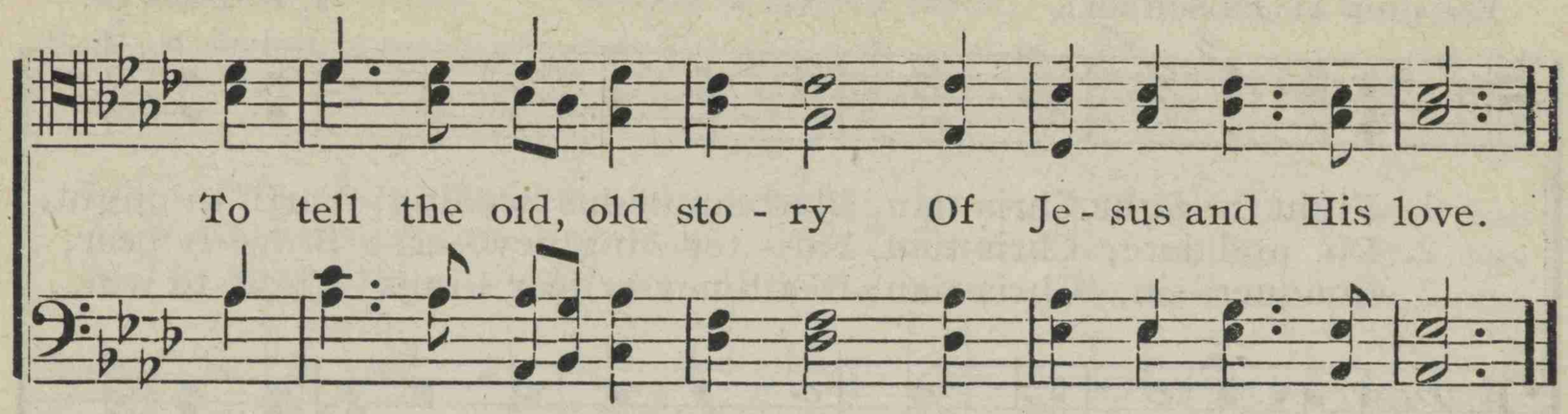
It sat - is - fies my long-ings, As noth - ing else can do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the sto - ry—'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,

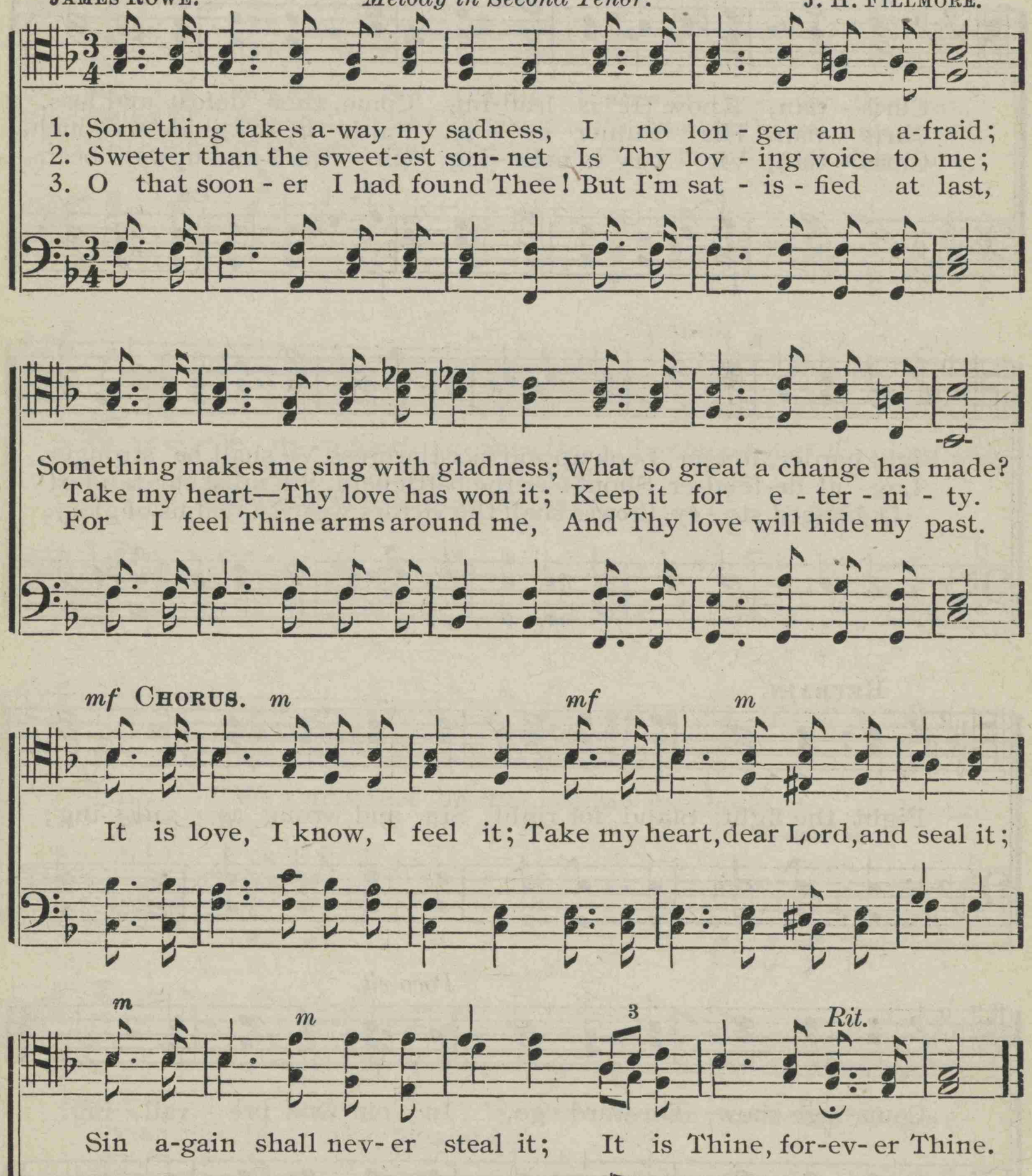
By permission.

I Love to Tell the Story.



121 It Is Love.

JAMES ROWE. *Melody in Second Tenor.* J. H. FILLMORE.



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122 Fight the Fight Christian.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL. J. W. LERMAN.

1. Fight the fight, Chris-tian, Blest summons heeding; Forth in might,
2. Do and dare, Chris-tian, Fal - ter - ing nev - er; Brave-ly bear,
3. Conquer sin, Chris-tian, Death nev-er fear - ing; Fight to win,

Chris - tian, Know He is lead-ing. Come, then, defeat and loss,
Chris - tian, His banner ev - er. Faith be thy guide and shield,
Chris - tian, Vic - t'ry is near - ing. On - ward and upward bear,—

Fight harder, longer, Look up and face the cross, Ye shall be stronger.
Loy - al de-fend-er, Shout o'er the battlefield, Sin must sur-render!
O blessed sto - ry, Crowns shall the victors wear In realms of glory.

REFRAIN.

Fight the fight, Stand for right, Sin and wrong as - sail - ing;

Poco rit.

Cour - age show, On-ward go, In our God pre - vail - ing.

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123 The Sweet By and By.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT. *Melody in Second Tenor.* JOS. P. WEBSTER.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove We will of - fer our

see it a - far, For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way,
songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more,
trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love,

CHORUS.

To pre-pare us a dwelling place there. In the sweet by - and-
Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest.
And the blessings that hal-low our days. In the sweet

by, We shall meet on that beauti - ful shore; In the
by-and-by, by-and-by;

sweet by - and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
by-and-by, by-and-by, by-and-by,

124 At the Beautiful Gate.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. Acts 3: 10. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Not fast.

1. At the beau-ti- ful gate of the tem- ple A poor man was ly-ing so
2. At the beau-ti- ful gate of the tem- ple He lingered in pain and in
3. At the beau-ti- ful gate of the tem- ple The healing of par-don is

lame; At the beau-ti - ful gate where the people With songs and with
grief; At the beau-ti - ful gate there so free - ly Was giv - en the
giv'n; At the beau-ti - ful gate is the Sav - iour To o - pen the

CHORUS.

of - fer-ings came.
perfect re - lief. At the beauti-ful gate, At the beau-ti-ful gate,
portals of heav'n.

Where the worshipers joy-ful have trod; (have trod;) O there let me wait

Poco rit. *Molto rit.*

At the beau- ti - ful gate, At the gate of the tem-ple of God. (of God.)

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125 Able to Keep You From Falling.

Words suggested by SADIE CRABB. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. A - ble to keep you from fall - ing, Je - sus, your
2. A - ble to keep you from fall - ing, Mak - ing the
3. A - ble to keep you from fall - ing, E'en tho' the
4. A - ble to keep you from fall - ing, Till in His

Sav - iour and Guide; A - ble to keep you from fall - ing,
dark plac- es shine; A - ble to keep you from fall - ing,
temp-ter al - lure; A - ble to keep you from fall - ing,
pres-ence you stand; Faultless, to heed the last call - ing,

CHORUS.

You who are tempted and tried.
O what as - sur-ance di - vine! A - ble to keep you from
Long as the soul shall en - dure.
There in the bright glo- ry - land.

fall - ing, A - ble to keep you from sin; A - ble to

save to the ut - ter - most, All who will come un - to Him.

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126 March Boldly On.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

With intensity.

1. March boldly on, march bold-ly on, And smite the pow'rs of sin ;(march on;)
2. This glorious war against the wrong Shall all our pow'rs employ; (em-ploy;)
3. One mighty shout, a won-drous shout, Shall rend the heav'nly dome; (the dome;)

In Je - sus' name, in Je - sus' name, Go forth thy crown to win.
The tow'ring holds of sin so strong, Our Lord will yet de - stroy.
When battles fought, the vic - t'ry won, God calls His ar - mies home.

Cres. *ff*

A sol-dier true, go take thy stand, And battle for the right ;(for the right;)
All armored with the shield of faith, And girded with His sword,(with His sword,)
Then when His blest "well done" we hear,In that resplendant scene,(resplendant scene,)

mf *Cres.* *ff* *Dim.*

Hear now thy Captain's blest command, Go, con - quer in His might.
We'll stand in life, ex - ult in death, And con-quer thro' His word.
These hardships will but small ap- pear, These suff'rings be but mean.

CHORUS.

March bold - ly on, march bold - ly on, And bat - tle for the right;

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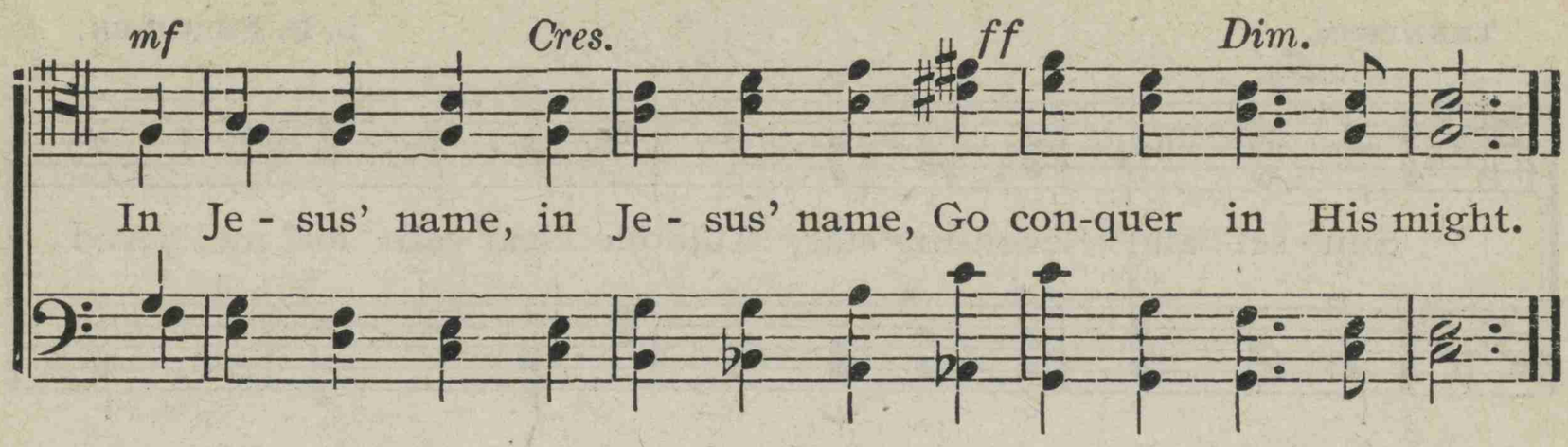
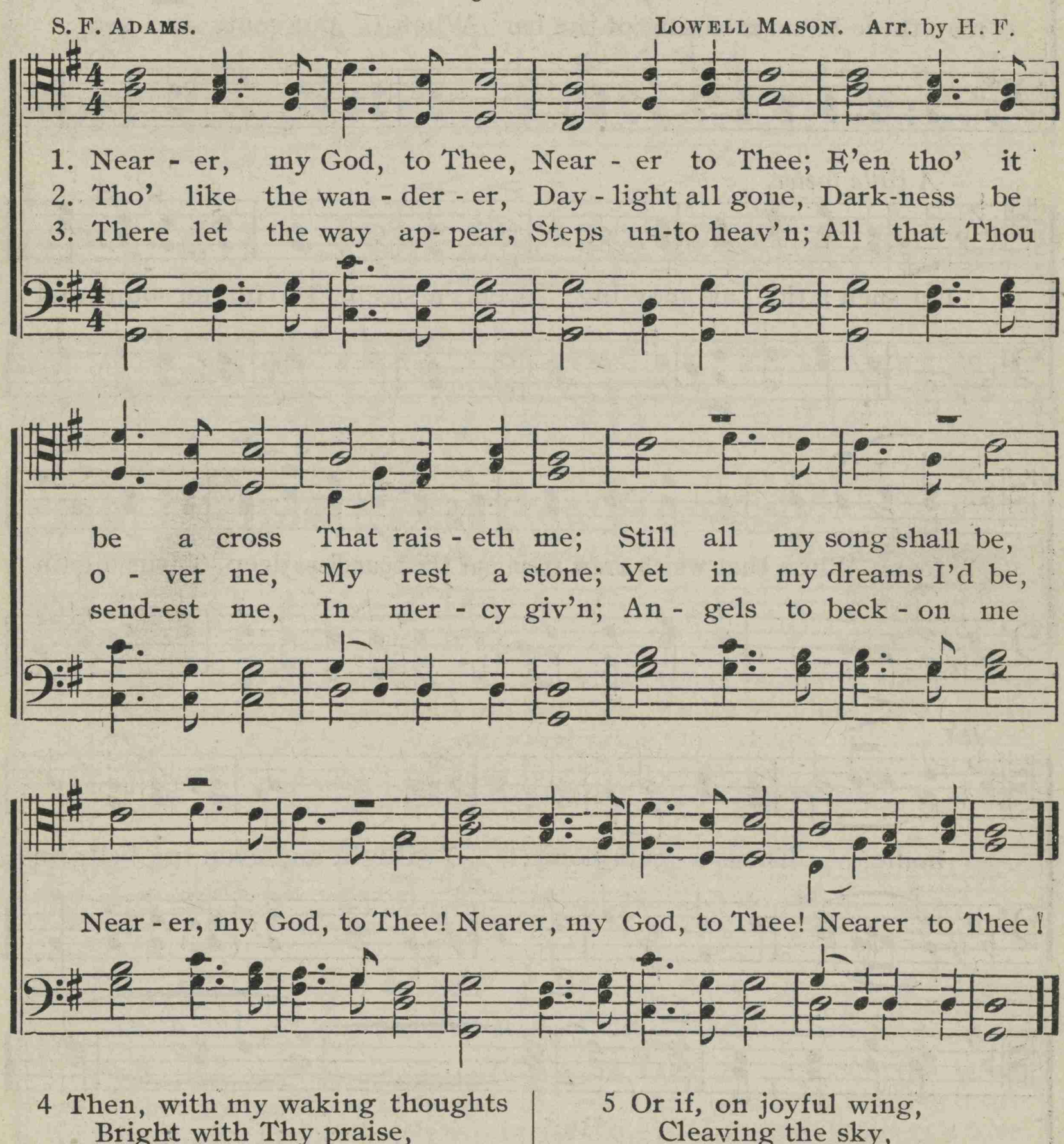
March Boldly On.

127 Nearer My God to Thee.

Melody in Second Tenor.

S. F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON. Arr. by H. F.



4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

128

Crossing the Bar.

TENNYSON. L. D. EICHHORN.

Slowly. *Cres.*

Sun - set and even-ing star, And one clear call for me, And

Rit.

may there be no moaning of the bar When I put out to sea.

A little faster.

But such a tide, as mov-ing, Seems a-sleep, Too full for sound and

foam, When that which drew from out the boundless deep, Turns a-gain

Rit.

home, . . Turns a - gain home. Twi-light and even-ing bell, And

Hm. . . . . .

af - ter that the dark! And may there be no sadness of fare-well,

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Crossing the Bar.

Faster.

When I em - bark. For, tho' from out our bourne of time and

place, The flood may bear me far, I hope to see my Pi - lot face to

face, When I have crossed the bar. *Ad lib.* A - men, A - men.

129 How Sweet How Heavenly.

J. SWAIN. *Melody in Second Tenor.* WM. B. BRADBURY.

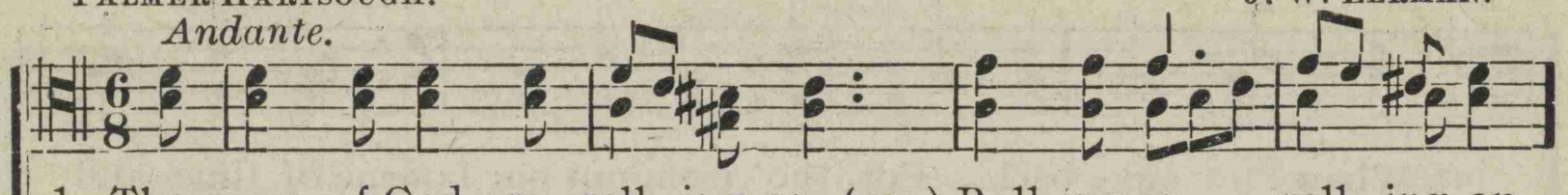
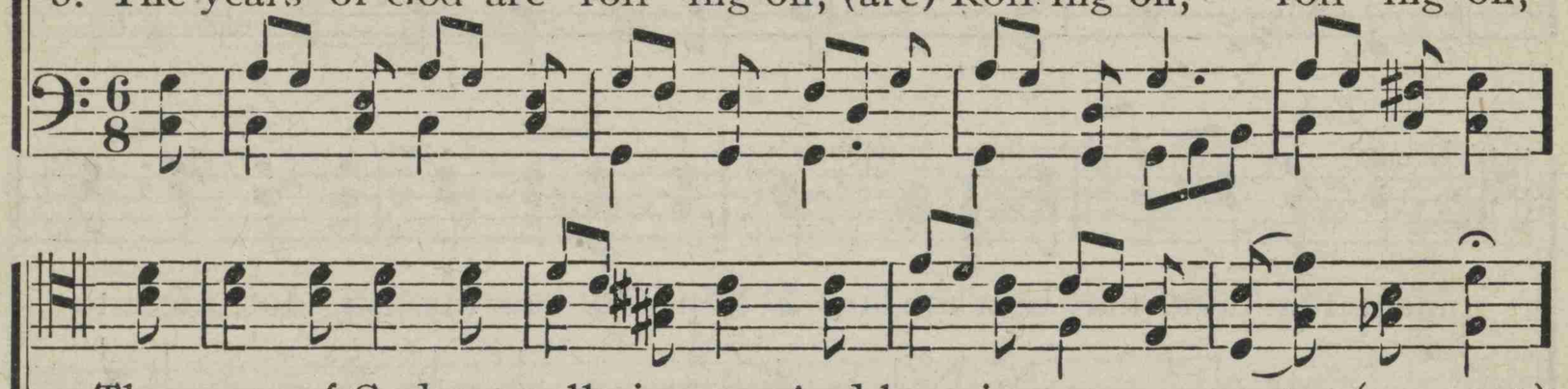
1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight When those that love the Lord
2. When each can feel his broth-er's sigh, And with him bear a part;
3. When, free from en - vy, scorn and pride, Our wishes all a - bove,
4. When love in one de-light-ful stream Thro' ev-'ry bo - som flows;
5. Love is the gold-en chain that binds The hap-py souls a - bove;

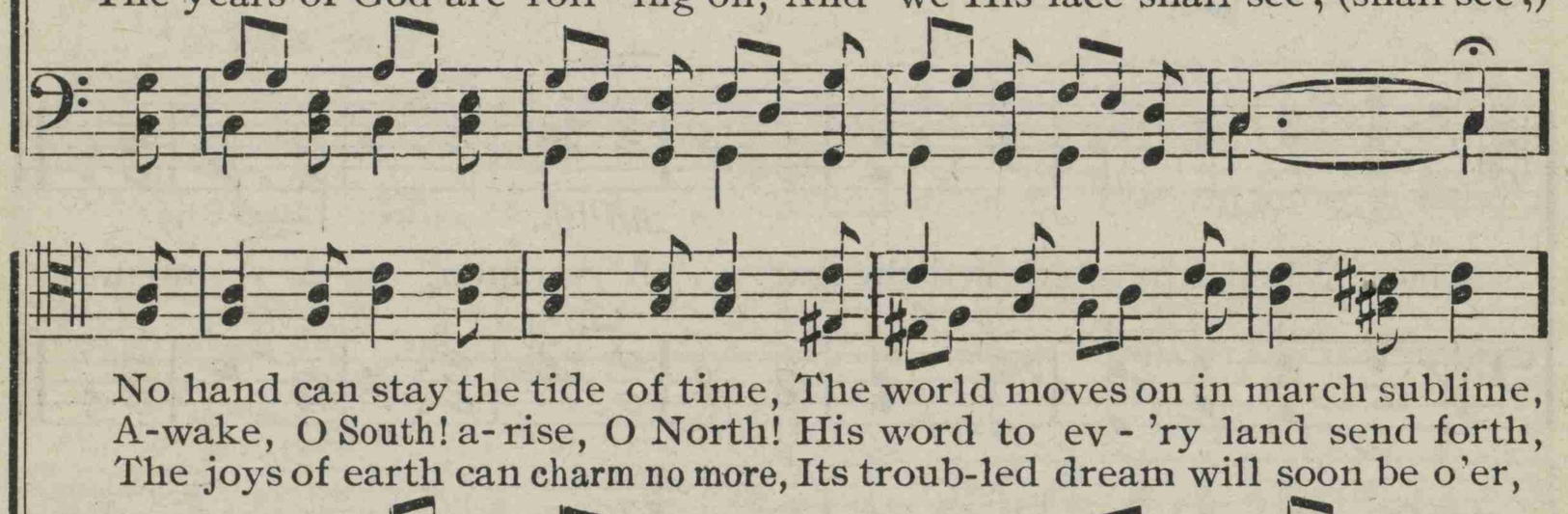
In one an- oth-er's peace de-light, And so ful - fill the word.
When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.
Each can his broth-er's fail-ings hide, And show a broth-er's love.
When un - ion sweet and dear es- teem In ev - 'ry ac - tion glows!
And he's an heir of heaven who finds His bo-som glow with love.

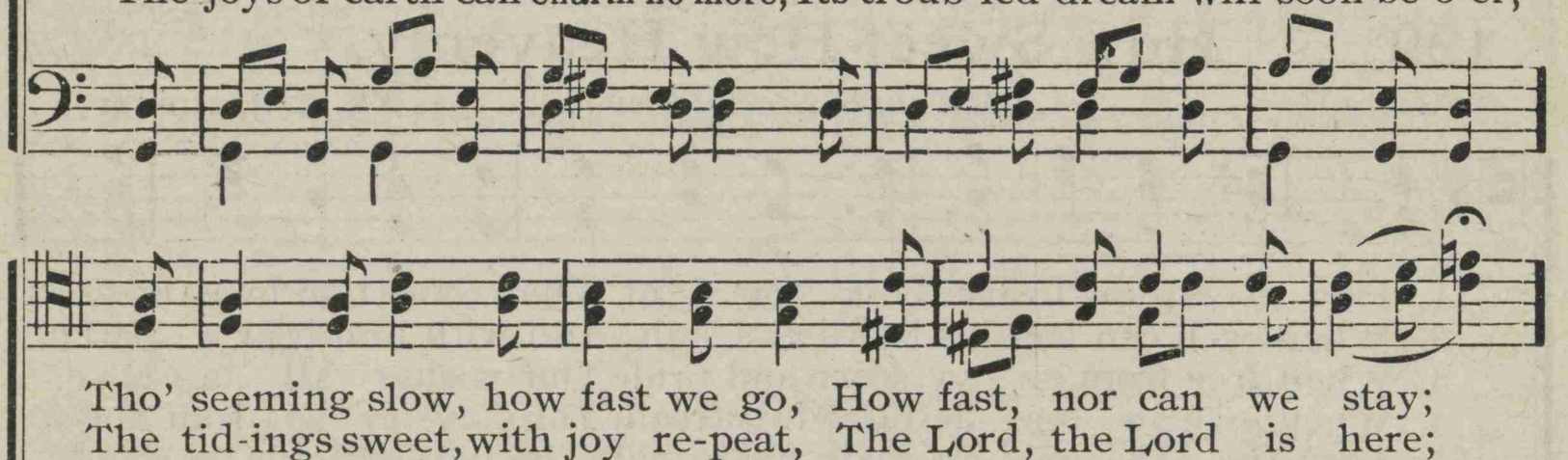
130 The Years Are Rolling On.

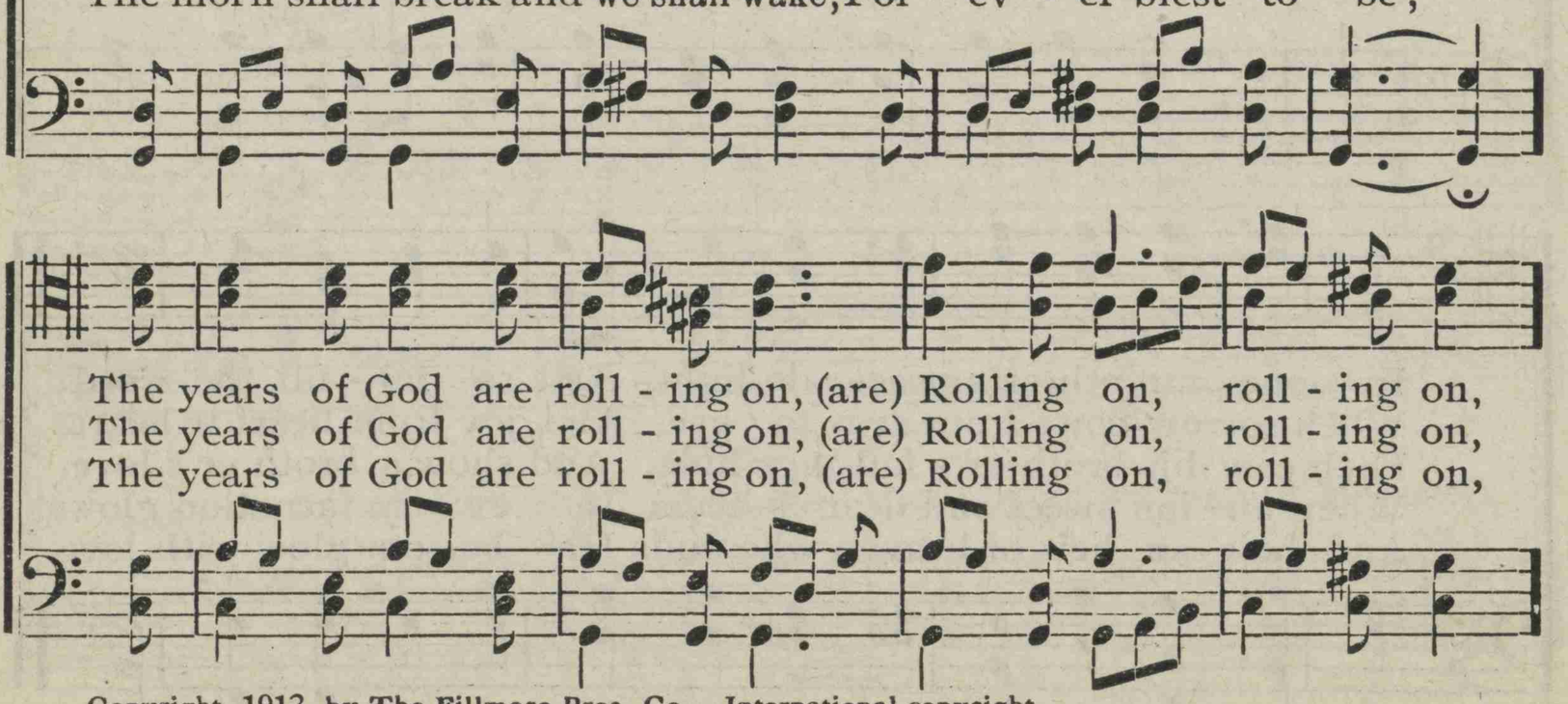
Baritone has the melody, and should be prominent throughout.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. W. LERMAN.

Andante.

1. The years of God are roll - ing on, (are) Roll-ing on, roll - ing on,
2. The years of God are roll - ing on, (are) Roll-ing on, roll - ing on,
3. The years of God are roll - ing on, (are) Roll-ing on, roll - ing on,

The years of God are roll - ing on, And bear-ing us a - way; (a - way;)
The years of God are roll - ing on, His kingdom draweth near;(draweth near:)
The years of God are roll - ing on, And we His face shall see; (shall see;)



No hand can stay the tide of time, The world moves on in march sublime,
A-wake, O South! a-rise, O North! His word to ev - 'ry land send forth,
The joys of earth can charm no more, Its troub-led dream will soon be o'er,

Tho' seeming slow, how fast we go, How fast, nor can we stay;
The tid-ings sweet, with joy re-peat, The Lord, the Lord is here;
The morn shall break and we shall wake, For - ev - er blest to be;



The years of God are roll - ing on, (are) Rolling on, roll - ing on,
The years of God are roll - ing on, (are) Rolling on, roll - ing on,
The years of God are roll - ing on, (are) Rolling on, roll - ing on,

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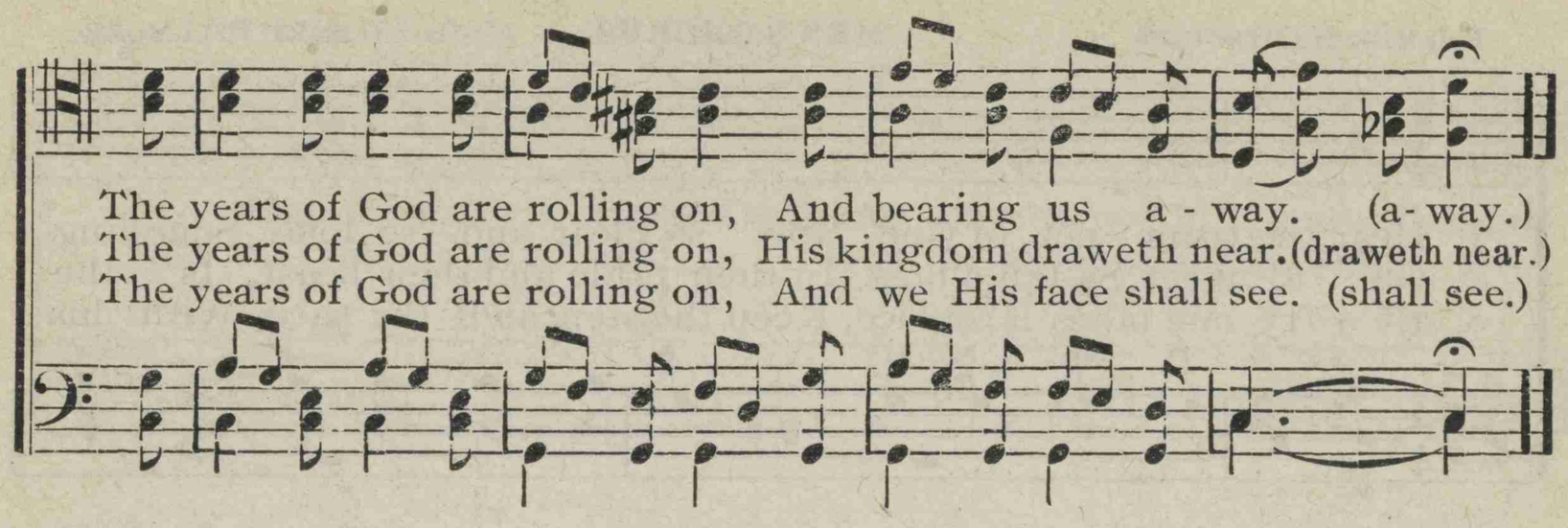
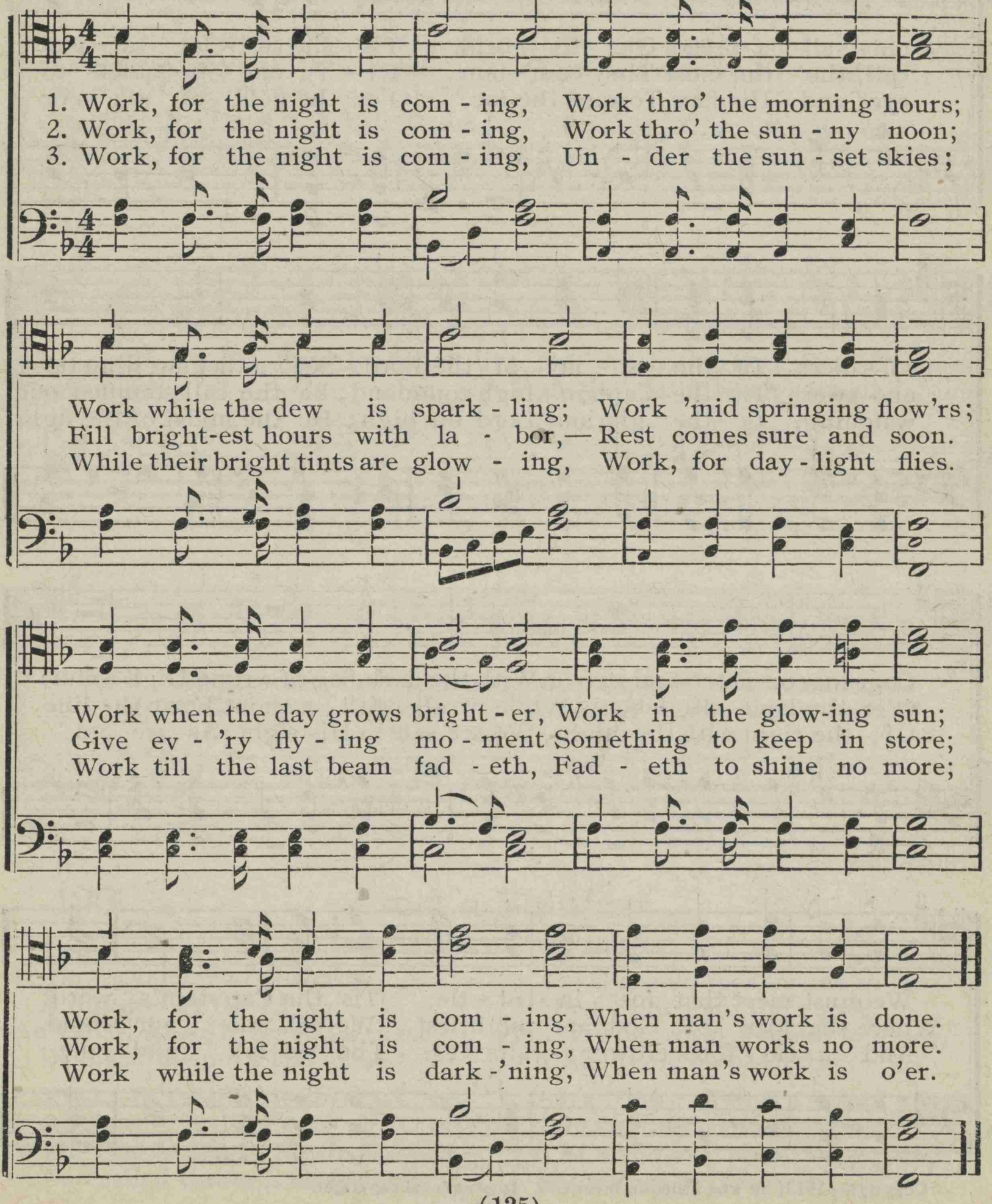
The Years Are Rolling On.

131 Work for the Night.

ANNIE L. COGHILL. *Melody in Second Tenor.* DR. LOWELL MASON.



132 The Trumpet Call of God.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. MEN'S CHORUS. HENRY FILLMORE.

1. Hear the trum - pet of God, Now so clear and so loud, Sounding out all a-broad O'er the world. 'Tis the call for val - iant
2. On to meet Sa-tan's host, In their pride and their boast, Is the call, tho' the most They com - bine. Ev - 'ry one be quick to
3. Ev - 'ry one takes His place, Keep the step and the pace, With his eye and His face Toward the foe. O'er the field of val - or

sol - diers In the ar - my of the Lord; See a vast swelling throng
an - swer, 'Tis the Captain's high command; Be the call sounded out
watching, Is the glorious Lord on high; In the midst of the fight,

Com-ing on fierce and strong, With the dark flag of wrong High unfurl'd;
O'er the land all a-bout, While we all with a shout, Form the line
Of the right with the might, We are safe in His sight As we go,

We must meet that foe in bat - tle, 'Tis the Cap - tain's word.
Where the foes of God are mightiest, We will take our stand.
And a vic - tor's crown a-waits us, Tho' we fall and die.

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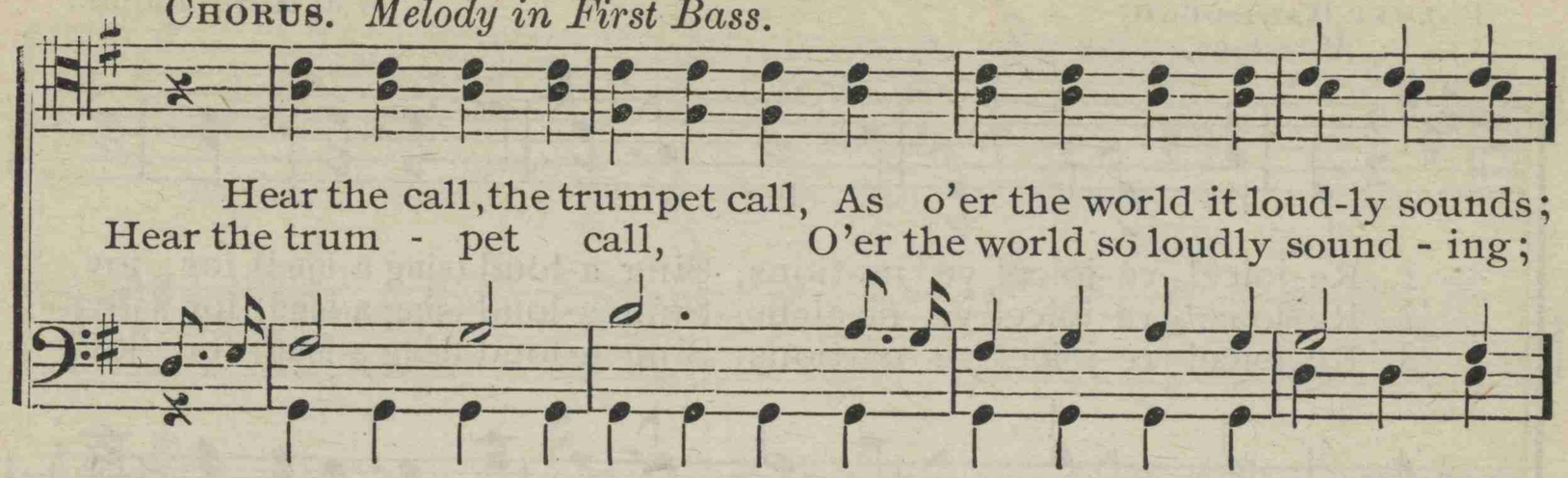
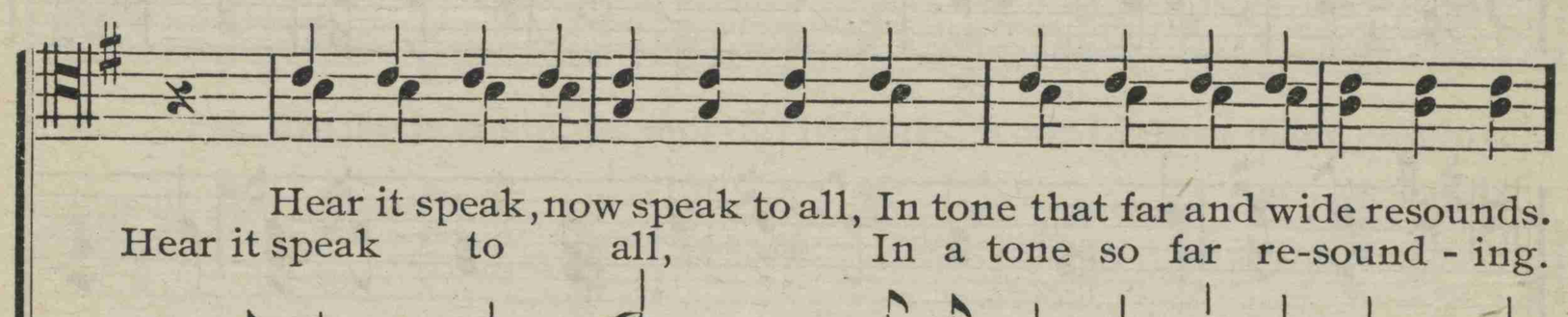
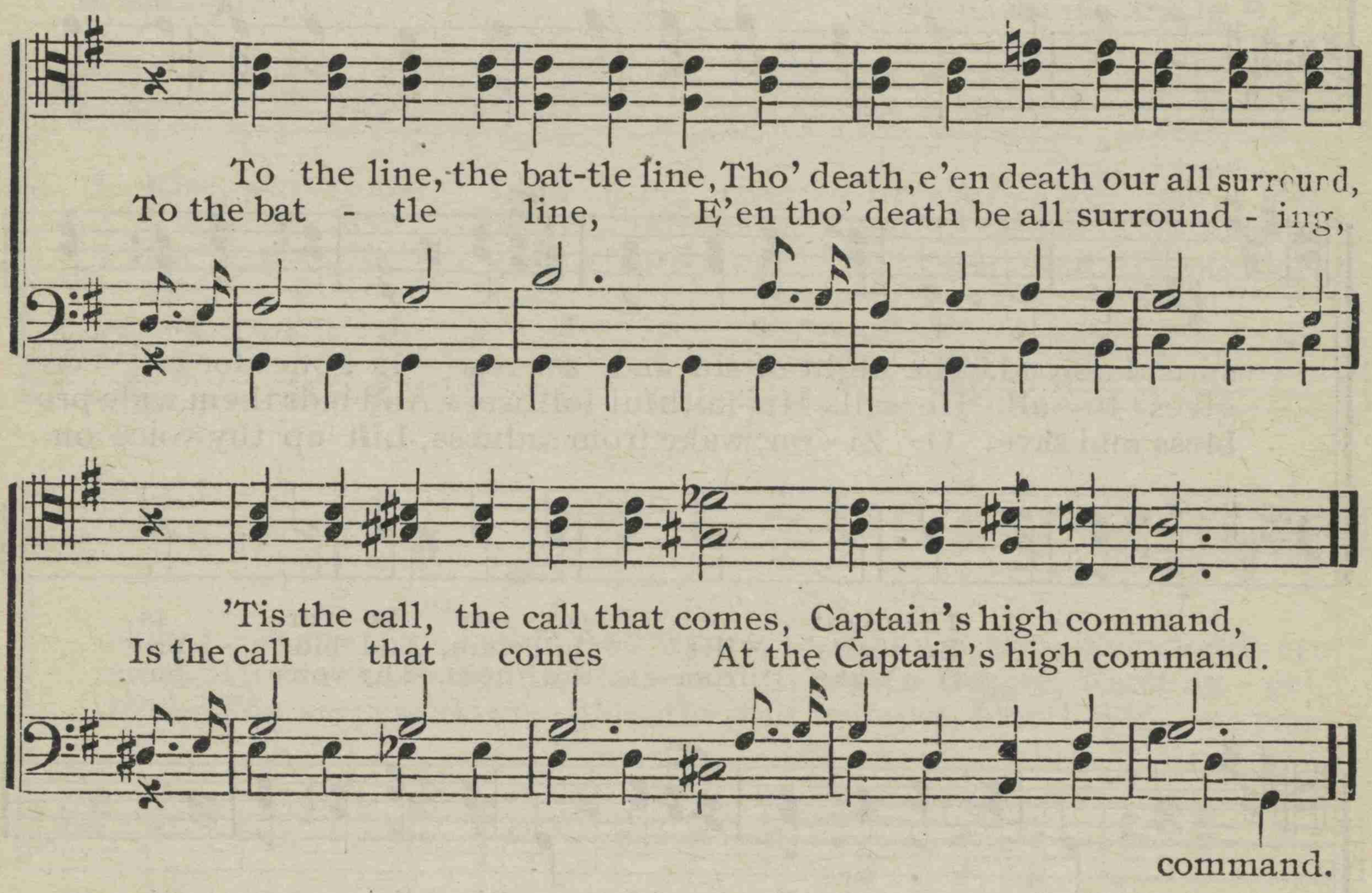
The Trumpet Call of God

CHORUS. *Melody in First Bass.*





133 Am I a Soldier?

Tune "Arlington" or "Azmon,'

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

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

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

134 Rejoice Ye Nations.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

Maestoso.

1. Re-joice! re-joice! ye na-tions, Sing a-loud (sing a-loud) for joy,
2. Re-joice! re-joice! ye na-tions, Sing a-loud (sing a-loud) for joy,
3. Re-joice! re-joice! ye na-tions, Sing a-loud (sing a-loud) for joy,

For the Lord is come, And His word of truth Thro' the world is
For the Lord is come, And His gra-cious gifts He so free - ly
For the Lord is come, In His might-y pow'r, All the world to

spread abroad. The night of sin and sor-row Is gone for ev - er-
gives to all. He calls His faithful foll'wers, And bids them wide pro-
bless and save. O Zi - on, wake from sadness, Lift up thy voice on

The night of sor - row Is o'er, is
He calls His foll'wers, And bids pro-
O wake from sad - ness, Thy voice on

more. The glo - ry of His gos-pel Now shines from shore to shore.
claim To all a free sal - vation, And pardon in His name.
high, Thy King goes forth before thee, Thy triumph draweth nigh.

o'er, The glo - ry gos - pel, (O re-joice!)
claim To all sal - va - tion,
high, Thy King be - fore thee,

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Rejoice Ye Nations.

CHORUS.

Re-joice! rejoice! ye na-tions, Sing a - loud for joy,
Sing a-loud

For Christ is come, ye mor-tal tongues, Your highest notes employ.

135 Italian Hymn.

Melody in Second Tenor.

M. BRIDGES. F. GIARDINI. Arr. by H. F.

1. Rise, glo - rious Lead - er, rise, In - to Thy na - tive
2. Vic - tor o'er death and hell, Cher - u - bic le - gions
3. En - ter, in - car - nate God; No feet but Thine have

skies; Assume Thy right; And where, in many a fold, The clouds are
swell Thy ra-diant train; Prais-es all heav'n inspire; Each an - gel
trod The serpent down. Blow the full trumpet, blow! Wid - er your

backward rolled, Pass thro' those gates of gold, And reign in light.
sweeps his lyre, And waves his wings of fire, Thou Lamb once slain.
por - tals throw! Sav-iour, tri - umphant go, And take Thy crown.

A Man's Job.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. W LERMAN.

Moderato.

1. If a man that's on the search For a man's job, Chance to
2. In the church, if we're awake, There's a man's job; Work the
3. Give to us the vi- sion grand Of a man's job; Give to
4. Not to us a children's game, But a man's job! Not a

drop into the church For a man's job, Would he take the backward pews,
greatest we may take, Sure, a man's job; O to do the Master's will
us to un-der-stand What's a man's job, And we're ready, one and all,
task so light and tame, But a man's job! Give to us the greatest thing,

Poco rit. *A tempo. Cres.*

Would he sit and id - ly muse, Don't you think he'd draw up near,
Is the high- est hon - or, still It must have, and free - ly, too,
At the bless - ed Mas-ter's call, Now to serve Him, an - y-where,
Ser - vice of our Lord and King! With His ban - ner high unfurled,

Ev - 'ry-thing to see and hear Of a man's job, Of a man's job?
Just the best that we can do, 'Tis a man's job, 'Tis a man's job!
Now for Him to do and dare, In a man's job, In a man's job!
For the conquest of the world— That's a man's job, That's a man's job!

CHORUS.

O a man's job, yes, a man's job, Quite a right old, tough old

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A Man's Job.

Molto rit.

man's job! Brothers, give a mighty cheer, That the whole wide world may hear,

A tempo.

For the man that will not shirk, For the man that's here
not shirk, not shirk,

to work On a man's job, On a man's job!
to work, to work

137 Father, Hear the Prayer We Offer.

Melody in First Bass.

Unknown. J. B. DYKES.

1. Father, hear the pray'r we of-fer; Not for ease that pray'r shall be,
2. Not for-ev - er by still wa - ters Would we i - dly, qui - et stay,
3. Be our strength in hours of weakness, In our wanderings be our guide;

But for strength that we may ev - er . . . Live our lives cour-age-ous-ly.
But would smite the living foun-tains From the rocks along our way.
Thro' en-deav-or, fail-ure, dan-ger, Fa-ther, be Thou at our side.

138 Unto the Hills I Lift Mine Eyes.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

Whence com-eth all my help,

Un - to the hills I lift mine eyes,.....

Second Bass. *First Bass.*

All Voices.

There will my God in might a - rise, Thence cometh all my help.

First Bass.

DUET. *Second Tenor and First Bass.*

1. When my foes are come up - on me, Raging fierce, my life they're seeking,
2. When Thy cause, O Lord, doth languish, And the pow'rs of darkness triumph,

TRIO.

From the hills, O God, a - rise,

From Thy throne, the ev - er-last-ing hills, O God, a - rise, Un - to the

To the hills I left mine eyes, Unto the hills of God; Un - to the hills,.....

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Unto the Hills I Lift Mine Eyes.

D. C. for second verse. *For Finale only.*

Rit.

hills I lift mine eyes, Un - to the hills of God. The hills of God.

139 If You Would Only See Jesus.

LEONA M. DEEG. L. D. EICHHORN.

1. If you would on - ly see Je - sus, Thro' ev-'ry joy or tear,
2. If you would on - ly see Je - sus, Yours is the privilege, sweet;
3. If you would on - ly see Je - sus, Then when death's shadow's dim;

Look with a faith in His prom- ise, Lo, He is stand - ing near.
Pray for the won-der-ful vis - ion, Turn then, your Lord and greet
Lo, there will shine thro' the valley Vis-ions of heav'n, and Him.

CHORUS.

If you would on-ly see Je - sus, On - ly see Him now—

you could, you could, Yes, you could see Him now.
O you could, you could, if you would,

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140 There's a Battle On.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. MEN'S CHORUS. J. H. FILLMORE.

*Tenors in Unison.**

1. There's a bat - tle on against the wrong, Come, ye sons of light,
2. O my brothers, 'tis a wondrous day, God is in the land,
3. Let no good heart faint at such a time, When the world is stirred,

Join ye in the fight, Brave and true, in line, a mighty throng For
God and for the right.
falling at His command.
now is the great call heard.

With His mighty hand, Thrones and empires, with their haughty sway, Are
By the Ho-ly Word We will now go forth to deeds sublime, For

Inst.

In the ranks we're ready, ev-'ry one,
See His banner, lift - ed far and wide,
Lead us on, still on, O Mighty King,

Basses in Unison.

Forward to move at the great Captain's call; 'Tis Je- ho - vah leads His
See them gather, the brave and the free, See the hosts advance on
Lead us on till the great war shall cease, Till the glorious triumph

ar - mies on, And the king - dom of Sa - tan will fall.
ev - 'ry side,— O the vic - t'ry by faith we can see.
we shall sing, And o'er all Thou shalt reign Prince of Peace!

*The accompanist plays as in G clef.

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There's a Battle On.

CHORUS. *Melody in Second Tenor.*

There's a bat - tle on a - gainst the wrong, Come, ye

sons of light, Join ye in the fight, Brave and true, in line, a

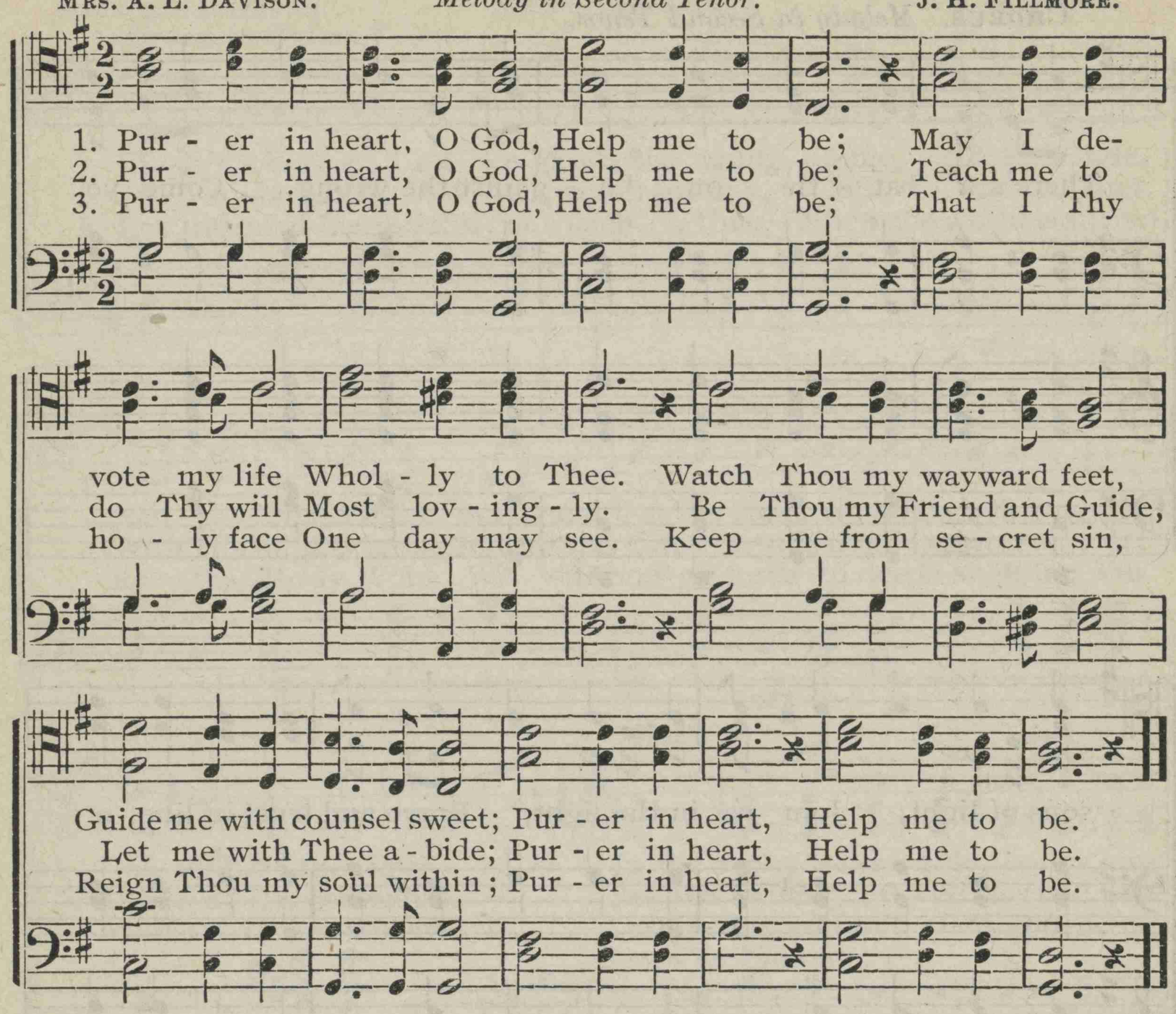
might - y throng, Valiant for God, strong in the right.
might - y throng Valiant for God,

Rit.

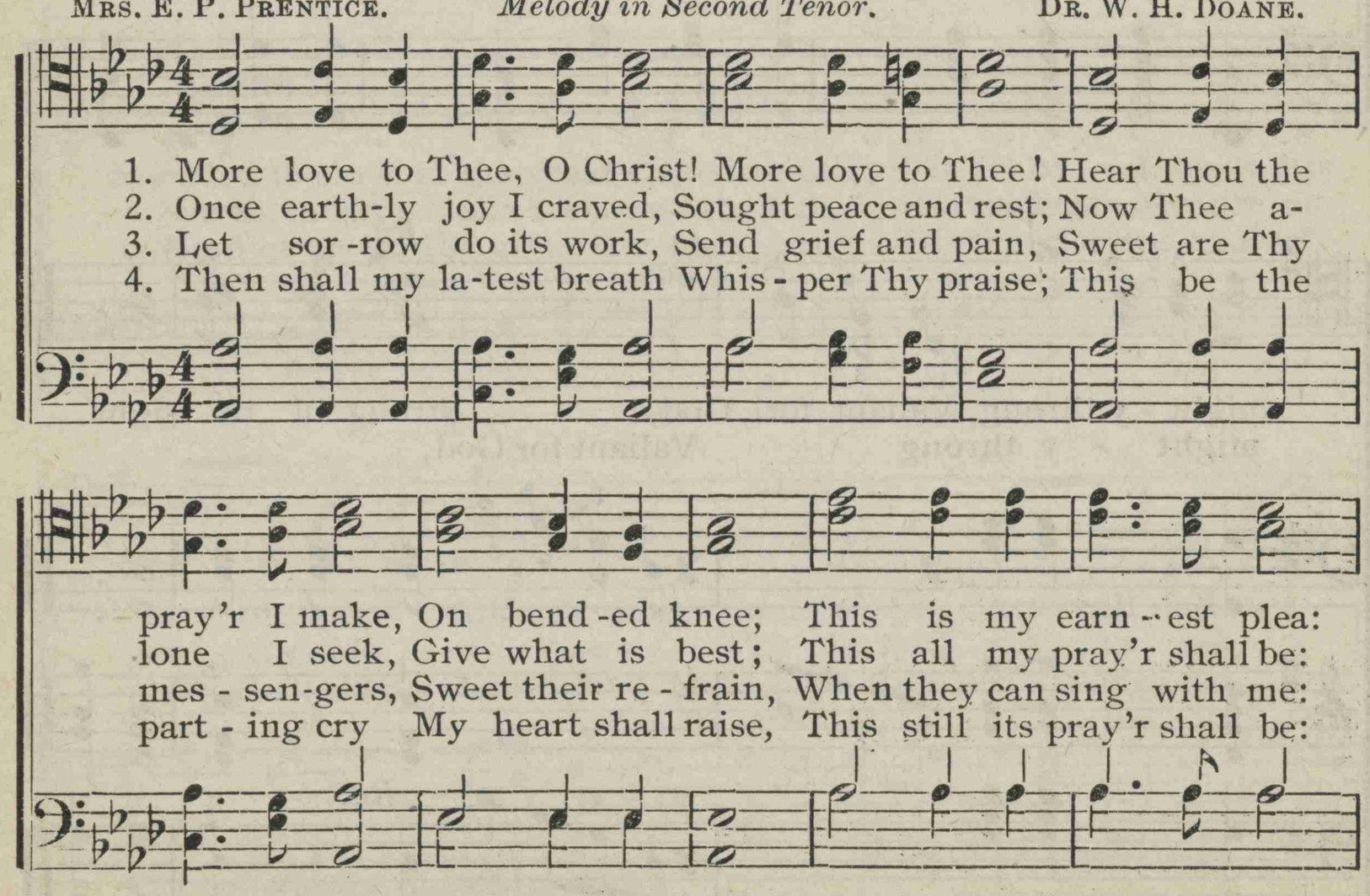
Rit.

141 Purer in Heart.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. *Melody in Second Tenor.* J. H. FILLMORE.



142 More Love to Thee.

MRS. E. P. PRENTICE. *Melody in Second Tenor.* DR. W. H. DOANE.

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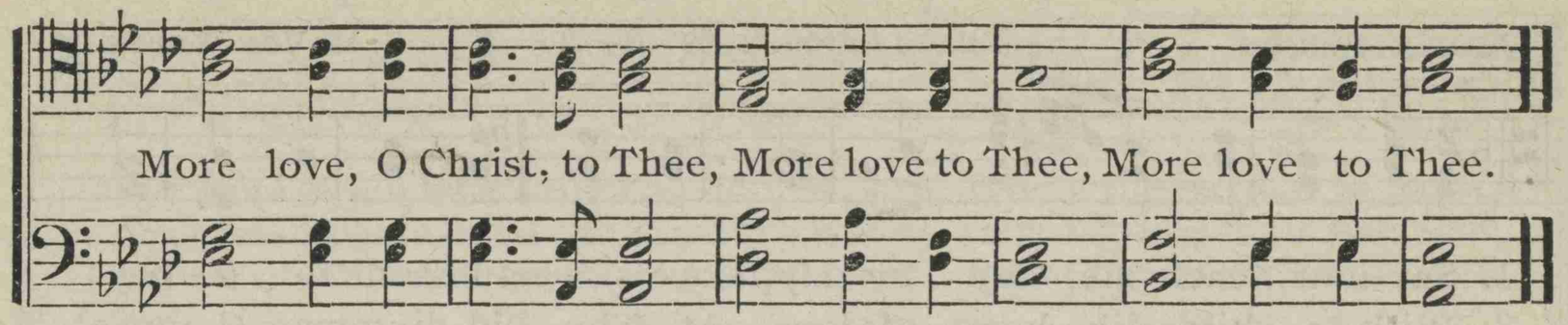
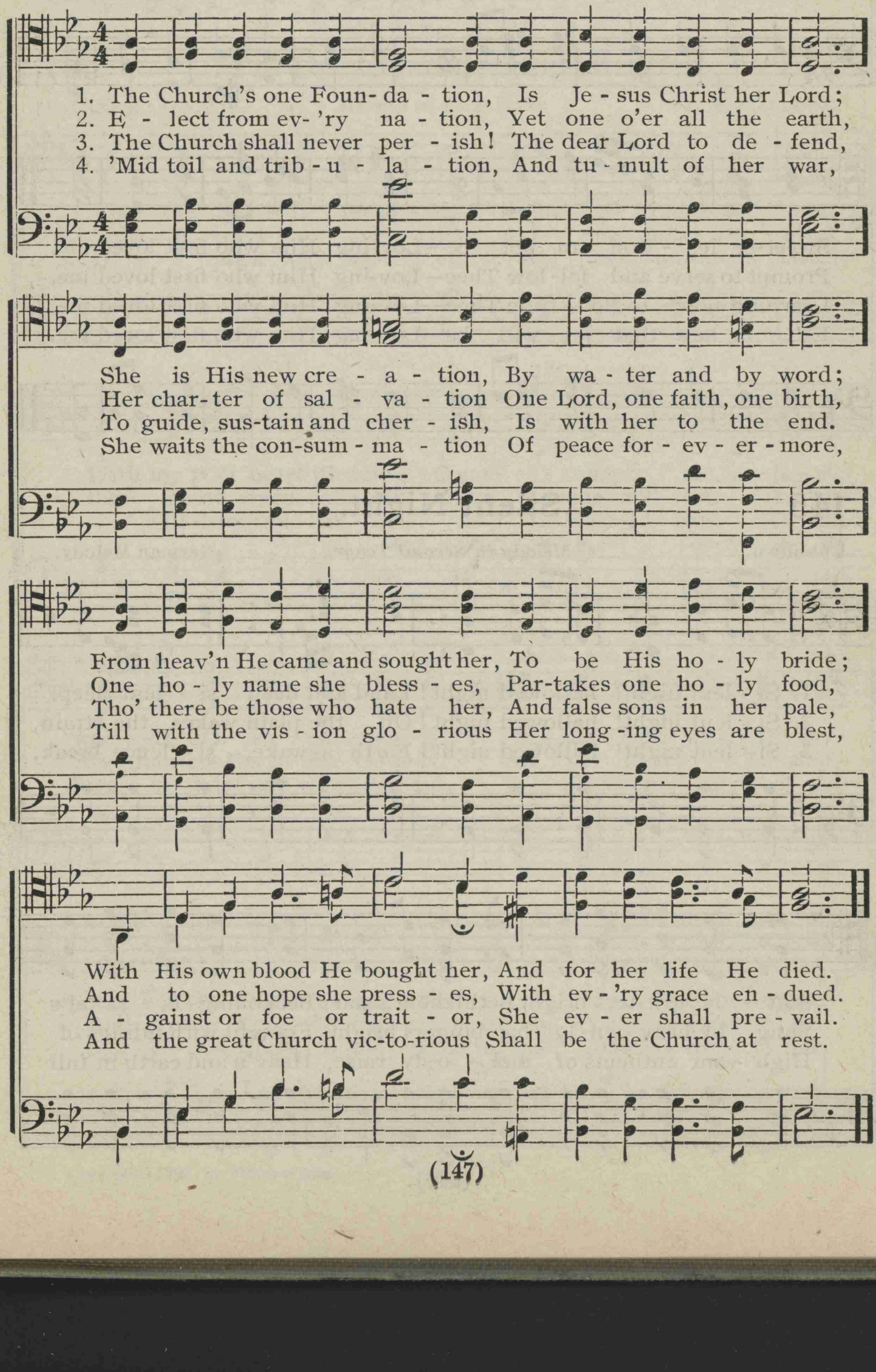
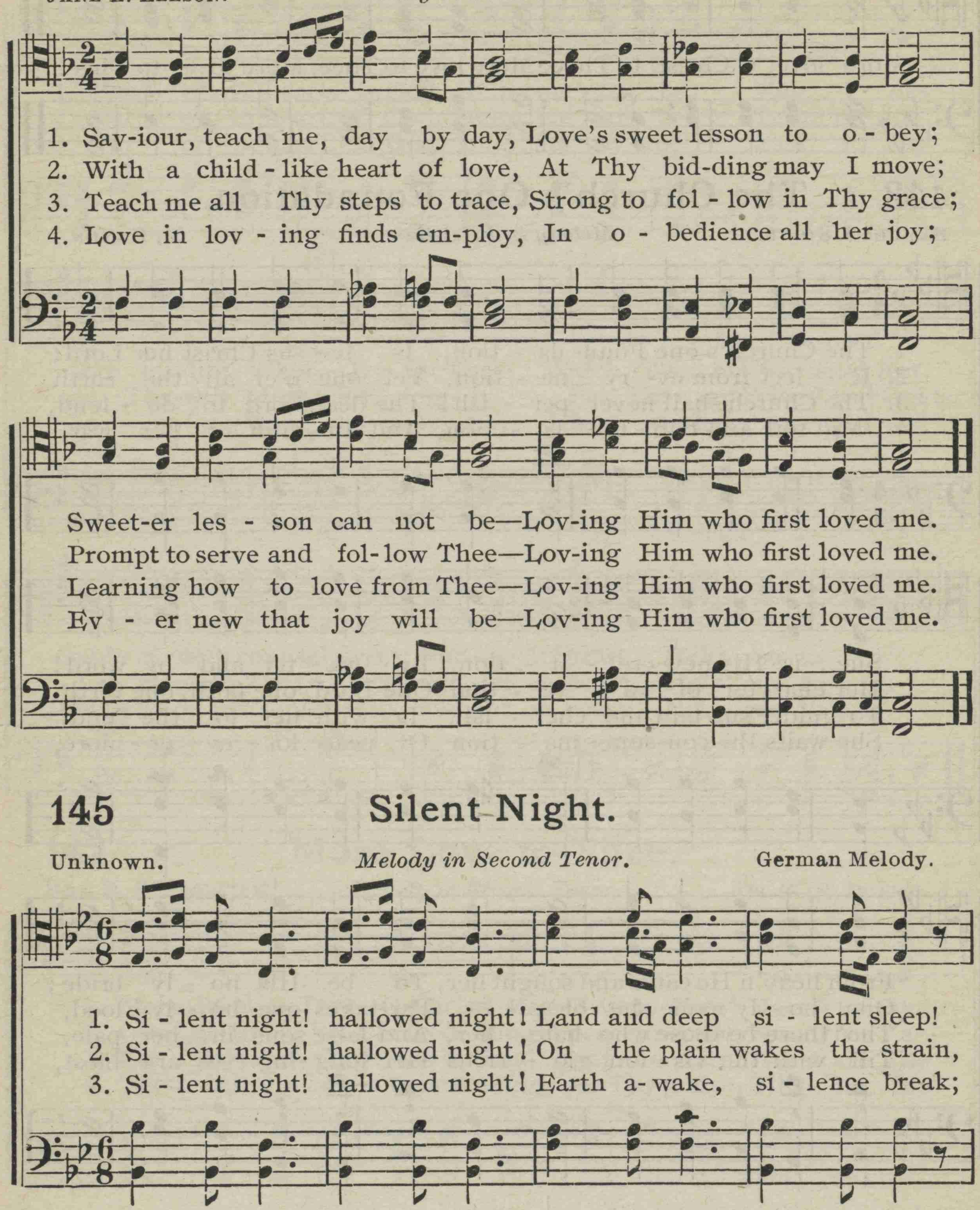
More Love to Thee.

143 The Church's One Foundation.

SAMUEL J. STONE. *Melody in First Bass.* M. HAYDN.



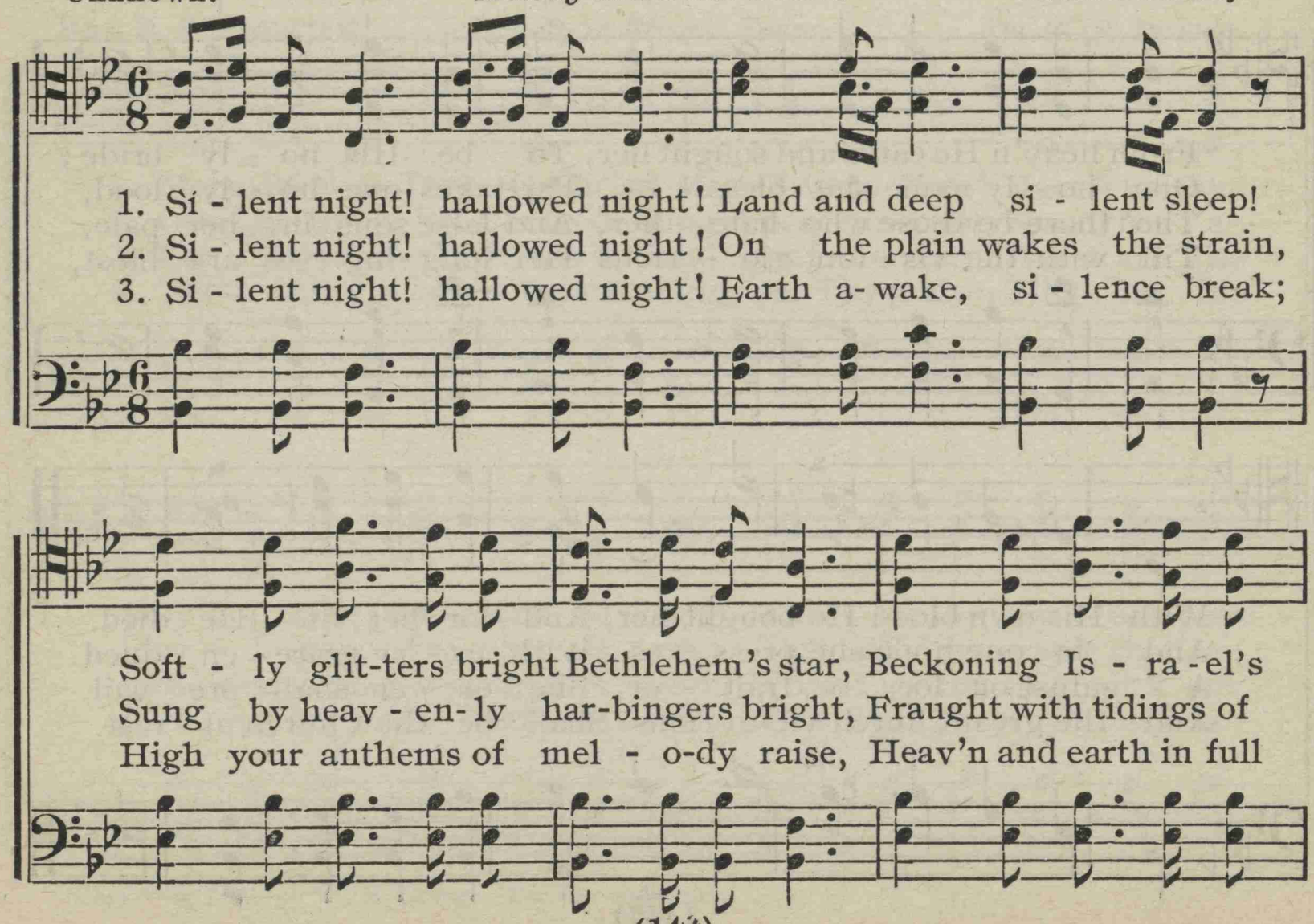
144 Saviour Teach Me.

JANE E. LEESON. *Melody in Second Tenor.* C. M. VON WEBER.

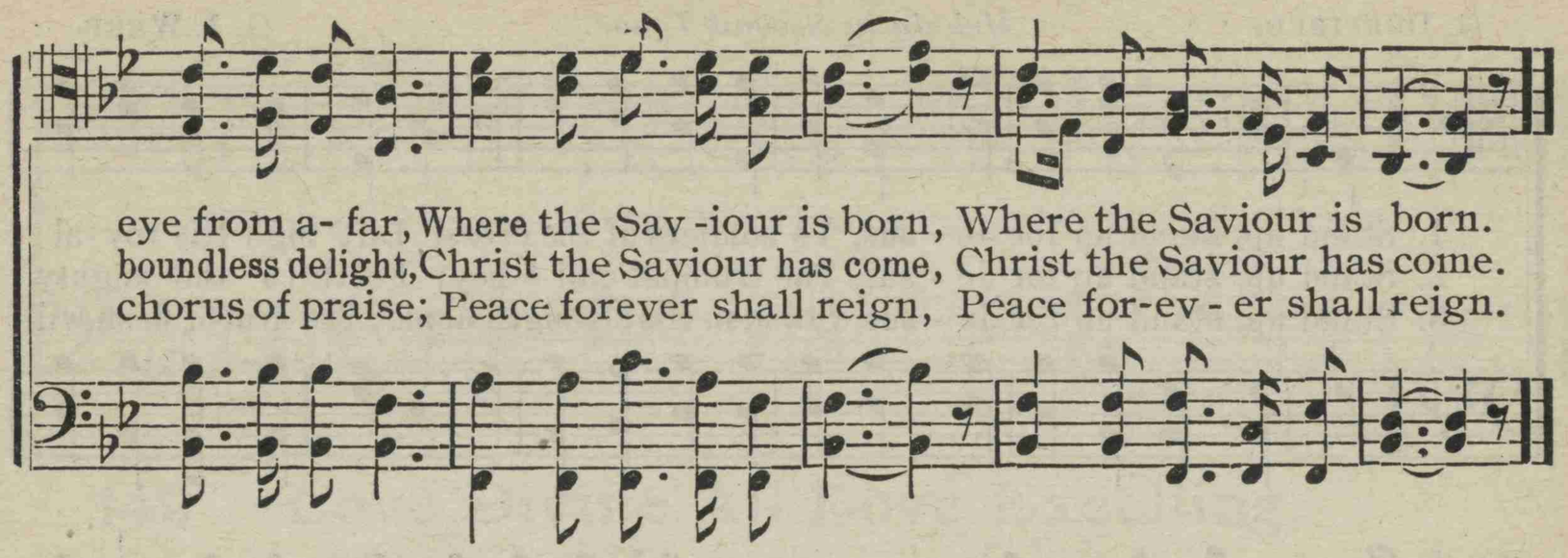


145 Silent Night.

Unknown. *Melody in Second Tenor.* German Melody.

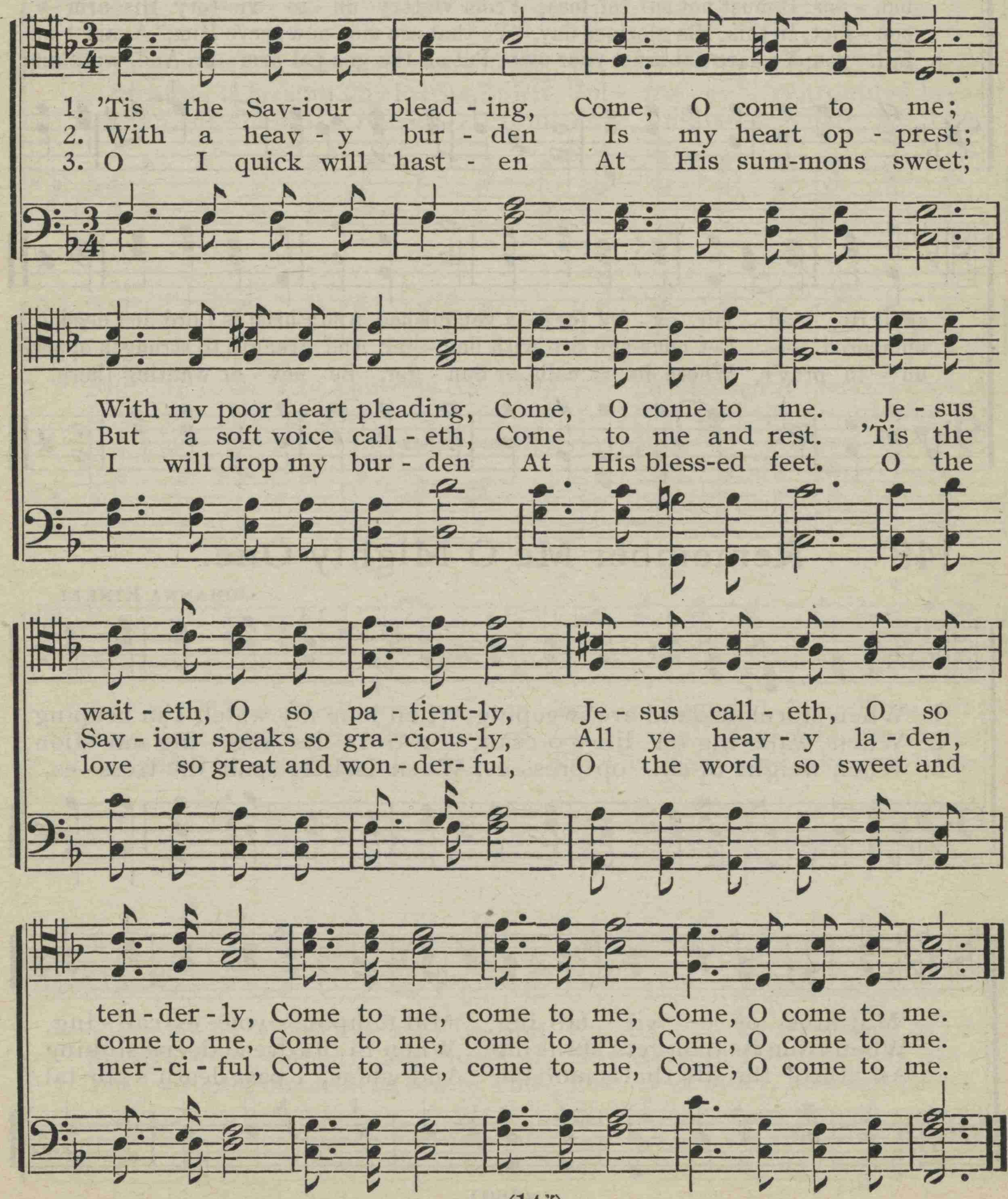


Silent Night.



146 'Tis the Saviour Pleading.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. *Melody in First Bass.* J. H. FILLMORE.



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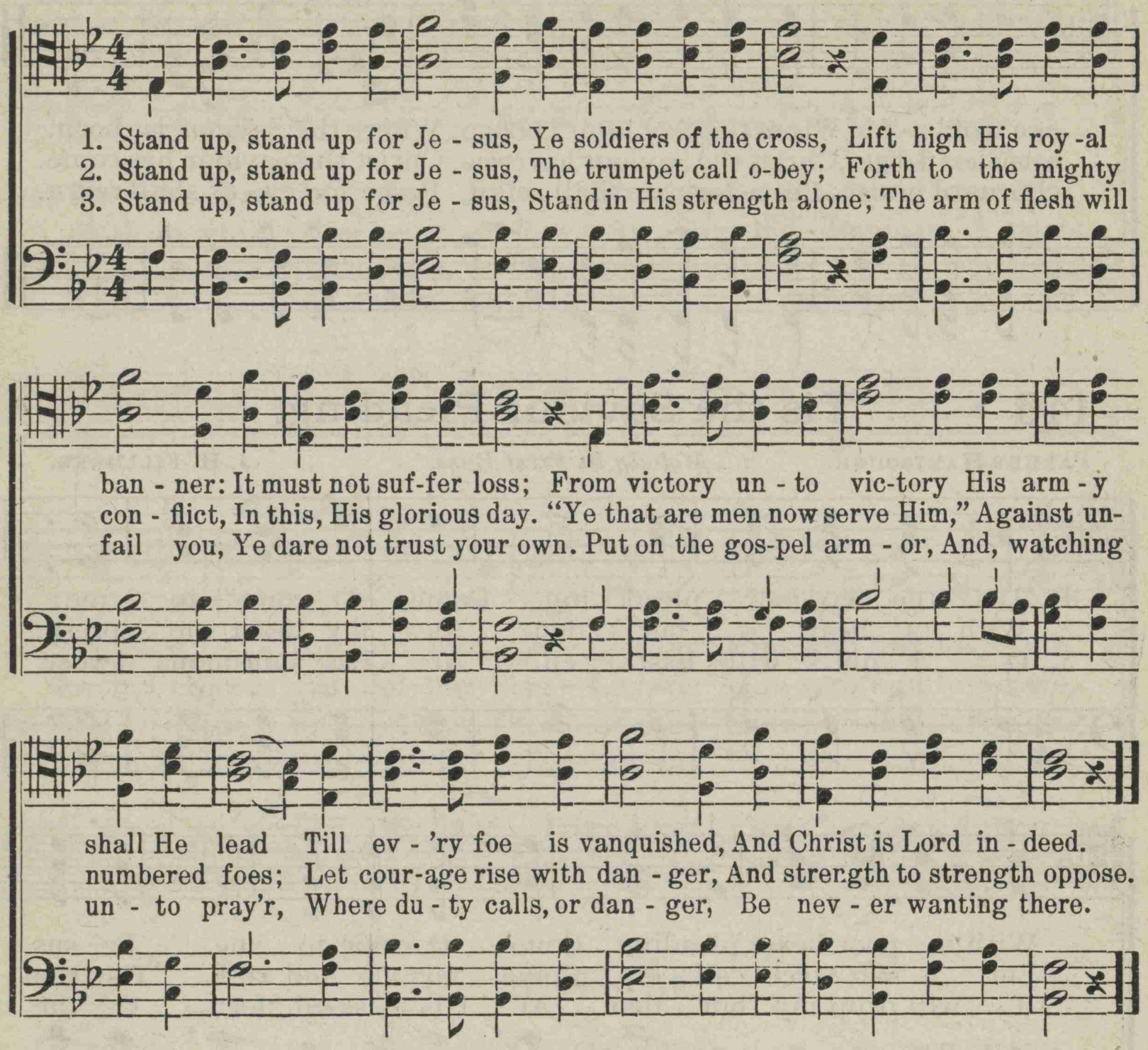
147 Stand Up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD. *Melody in Second Tenor.* G. J. WEBB.

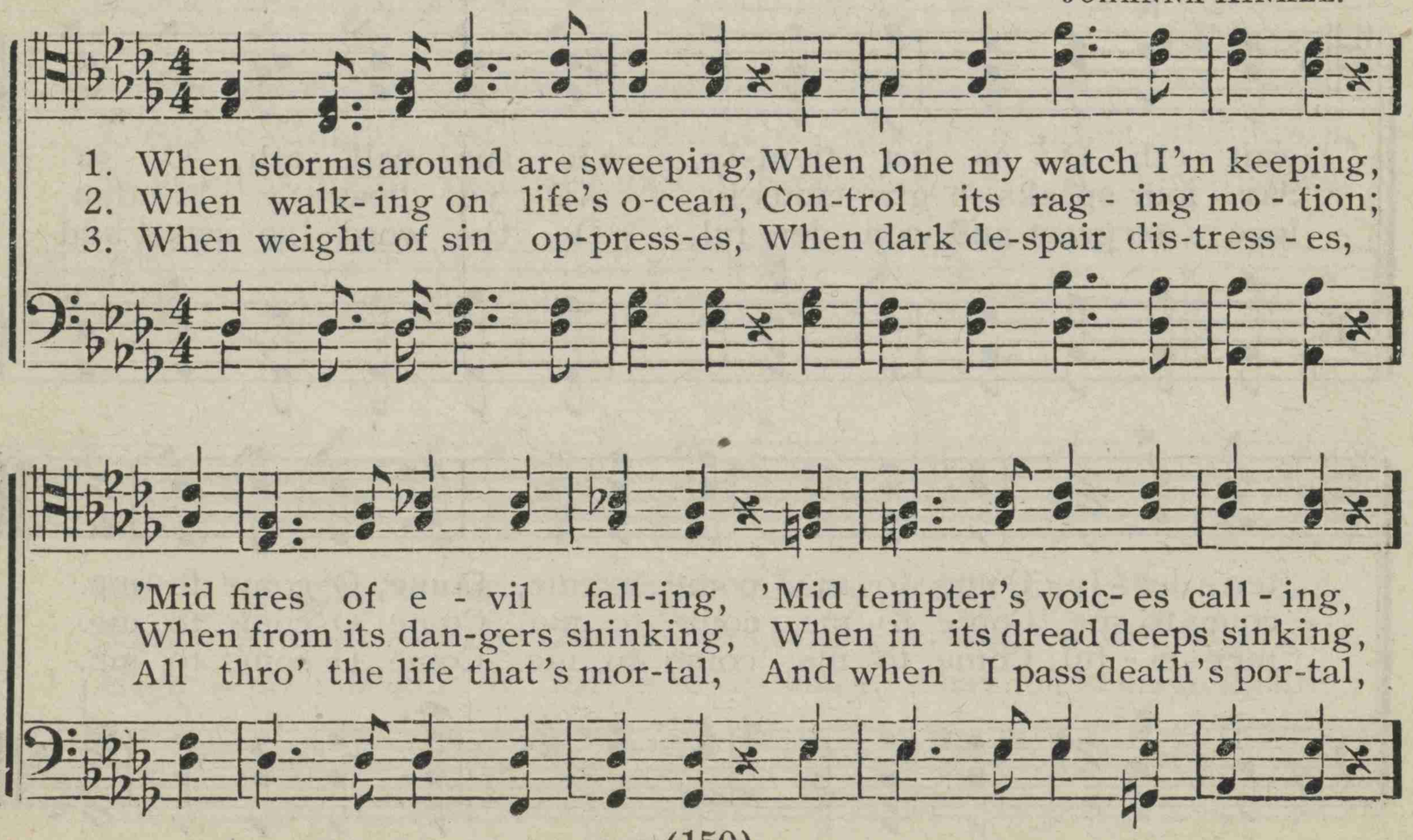
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross, Lift high His roy - al ban - ner: It must not suf-fer loss; From victory un - to vic-tory His arm - y shall He lead Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o-bey; Forth to the mighty con - flict, In this, His glorious day. "Ye that are men now serve Him," Against un- numbered foes; Let cour-age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own. Put on the gos-pel arm - or, And, watching un - to pray'r, Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er wanting there.



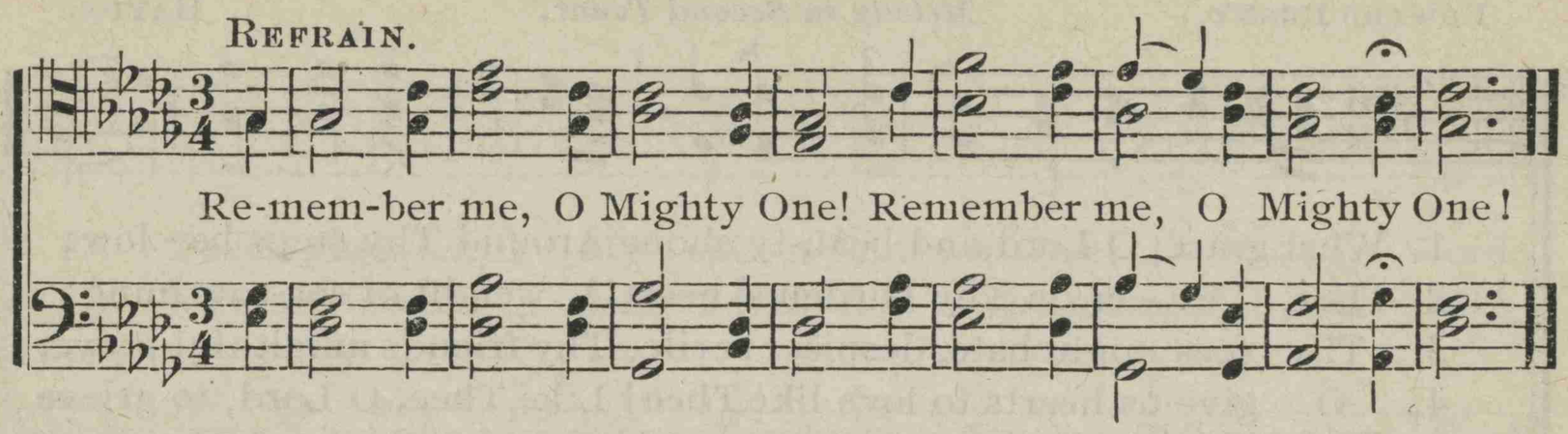
148 Remember Me O Mighty One.

JOHANNA KINKEL.

1. When storms around are sweeping, When lone my watch I'm keeping, 'Mid fires of e - vil fall-ing, 'Mid tempter's voic- es call - ing,
2. When walk- ing on life's o-cean, Con-trol its rag - ing mo - tion; When from its dan-gers shinking, When in its dread deeps sinking,
3. When weight of sin op-press-es, When dark de-spair dis-tress - es, All thro' the life that's mor-tal, And when I pass death's por-tal,

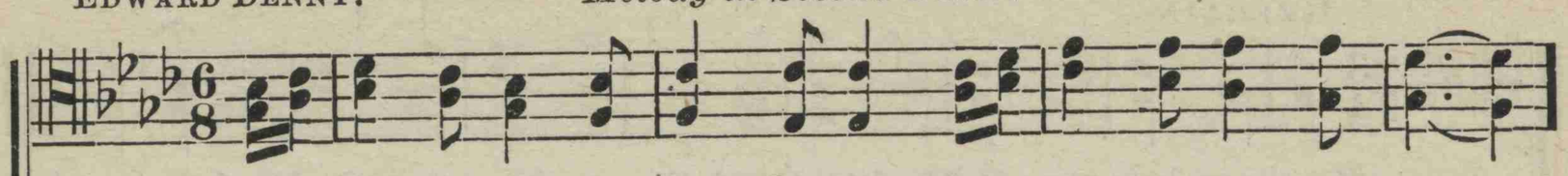
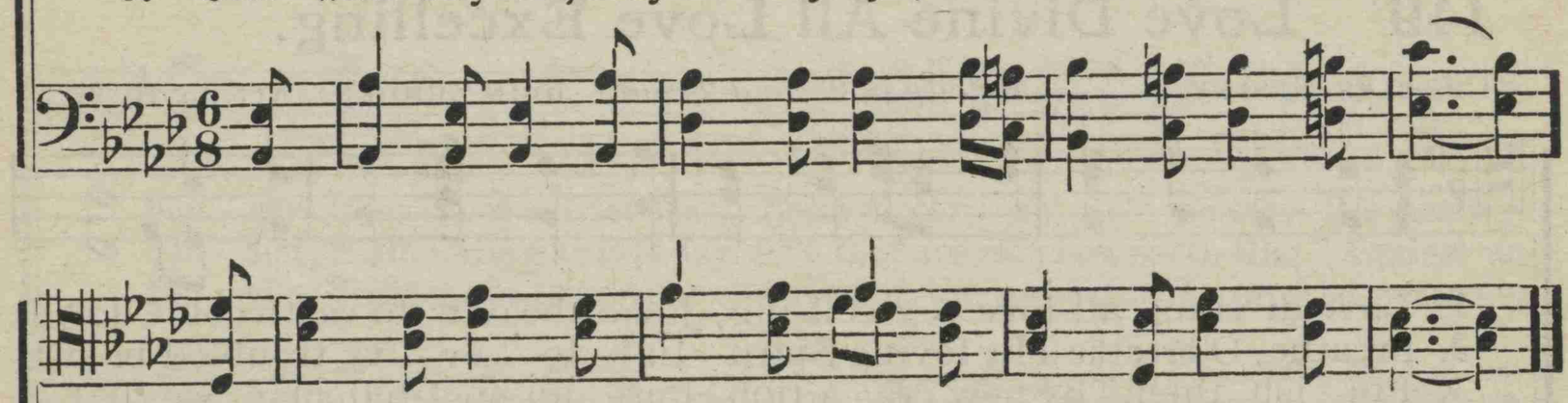
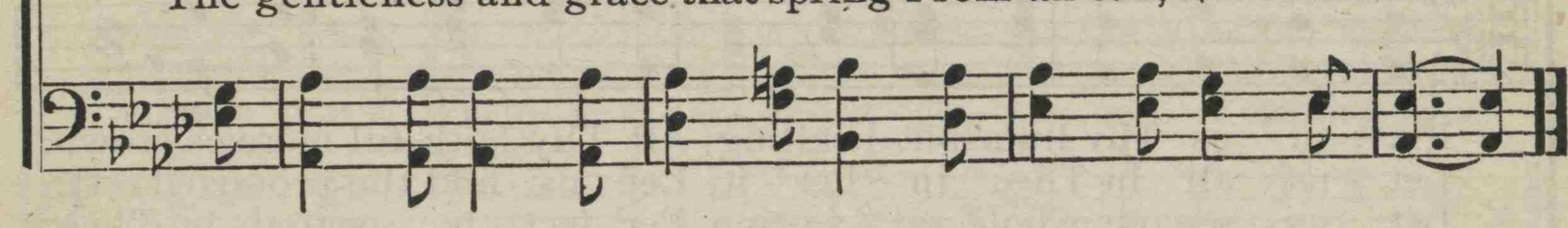


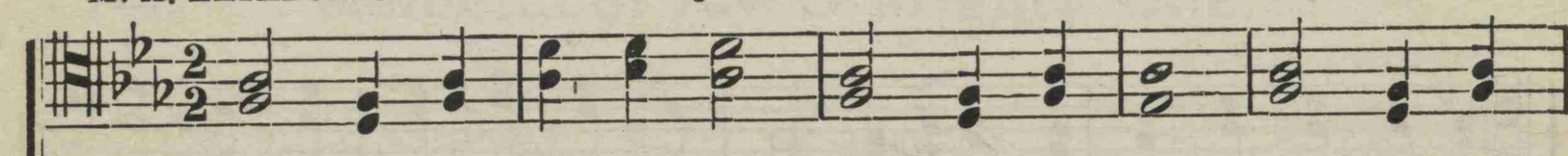
Remember Me O Mighty One.

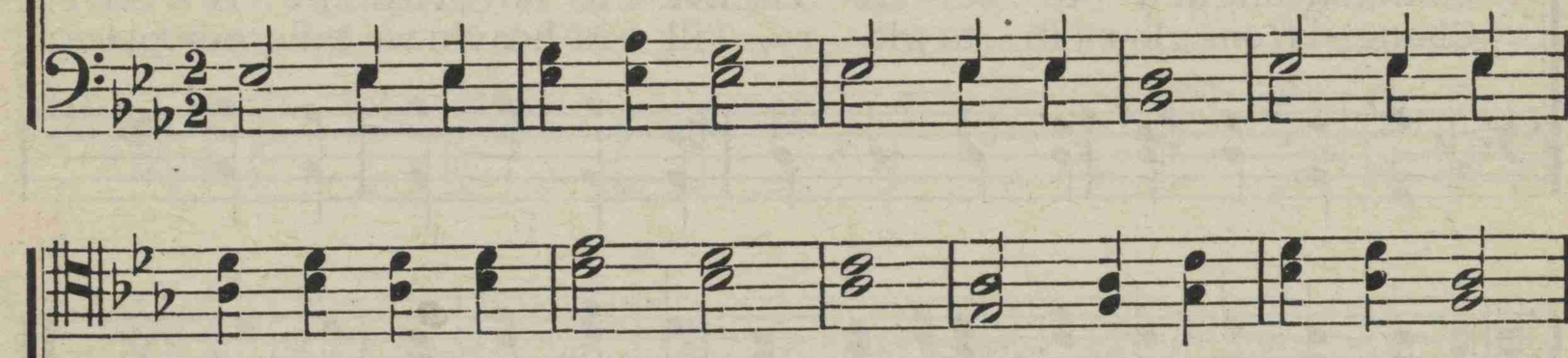
REFRAIN.

149 Love Divine All Love Excelling.

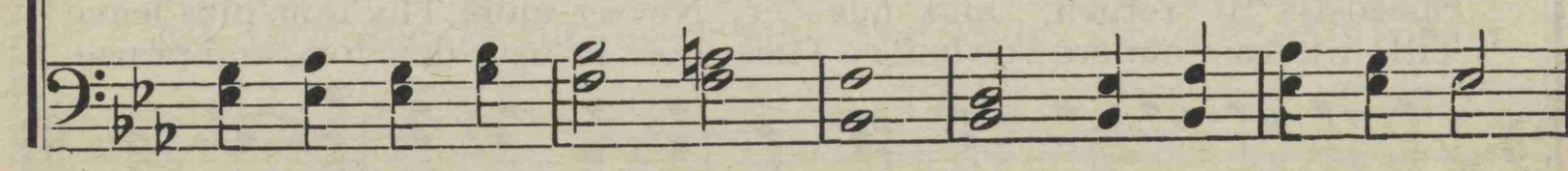
CHARLES WESLEY. *Melody in Second Tenor.* JOHN ZUNDEL. Arr. by H. F.

150 What Grace O Lord.

EDWARD DENNY. *Melody in Second Tenor.* HAYDN.

1. What grace, O Lord, and beau-ty shone Around Thy steps be - low;
2. For, ev - er on Thy burdened heart A weight of sor-row hung;
3. Thy foes might hate, despise, revile, Thy friends unfaithful prove;
4. O give us hearts to love like Thee! Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
5. One with Thyself, may ev - 'ry eye, In us, Thy brethren, see

What pa-tient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe.
Yet no un-gen-tle, murmuring word Es-caped Thy si - lent tongue.
Un - wear- ied in for-give-ness still, Thy heart could on - ly love.
Far more for oth - ers' sins, than all The wrongs that we re - ceive.
The gentleness and grace that spring From un-ion, Lord! with Thee.

151 Bread of Life.

M. A. LATHBURY. *Melody in Second Tenor.* W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, to me, to me, As Thou didst



break the loaves be-side the sea; Be - yond the sa-cred page
bless the bread by Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bondage cease,

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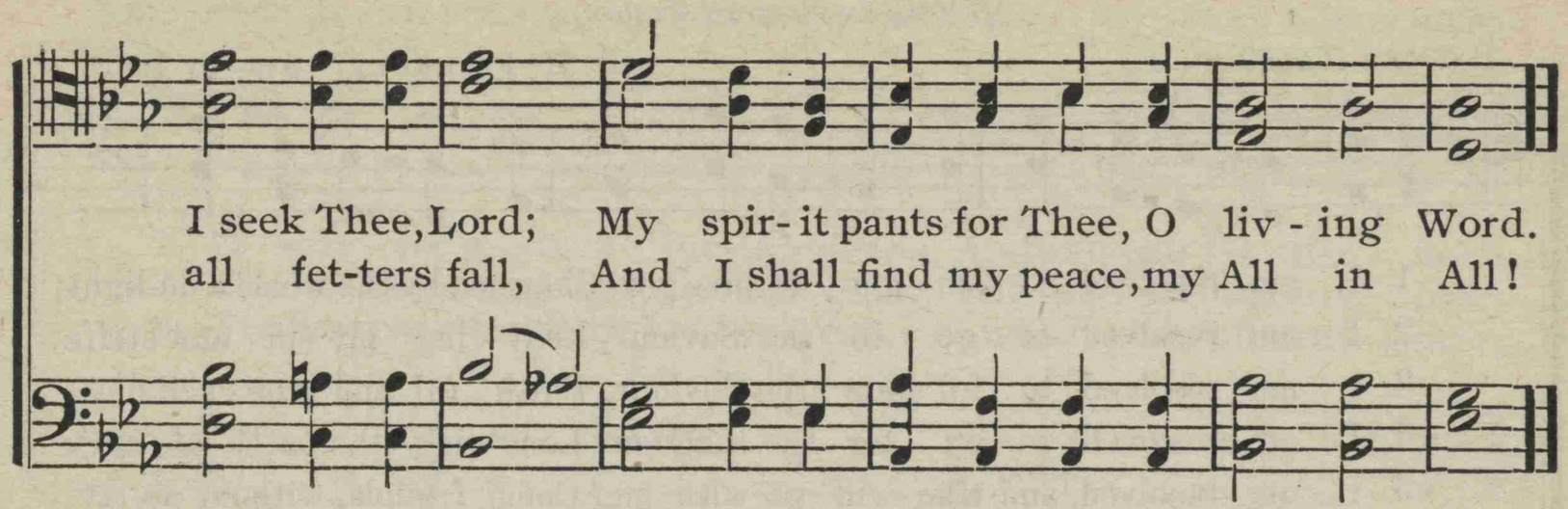
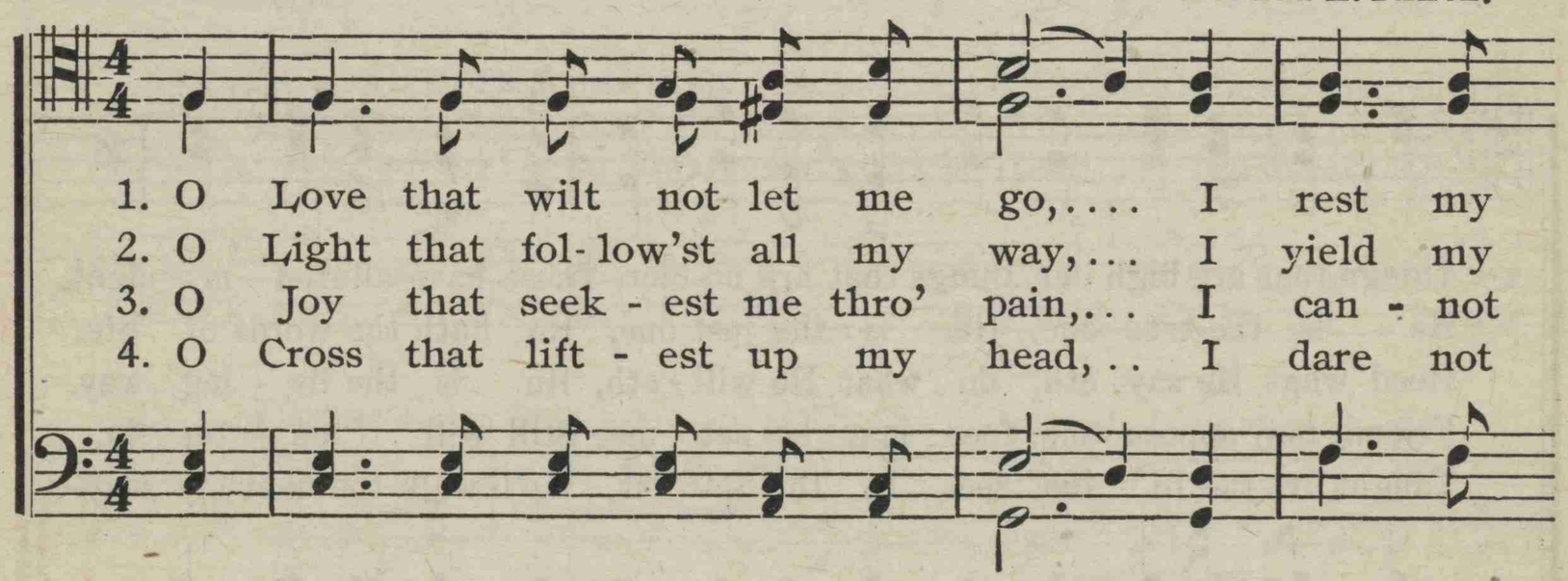
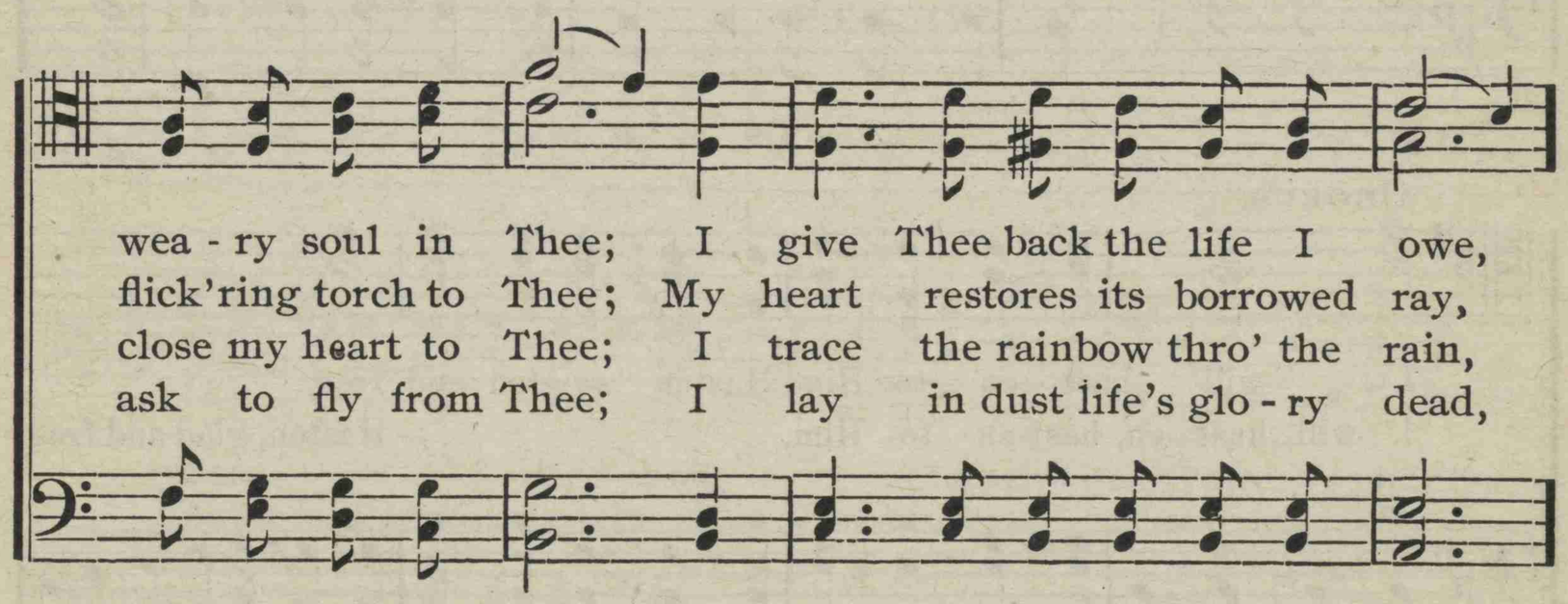
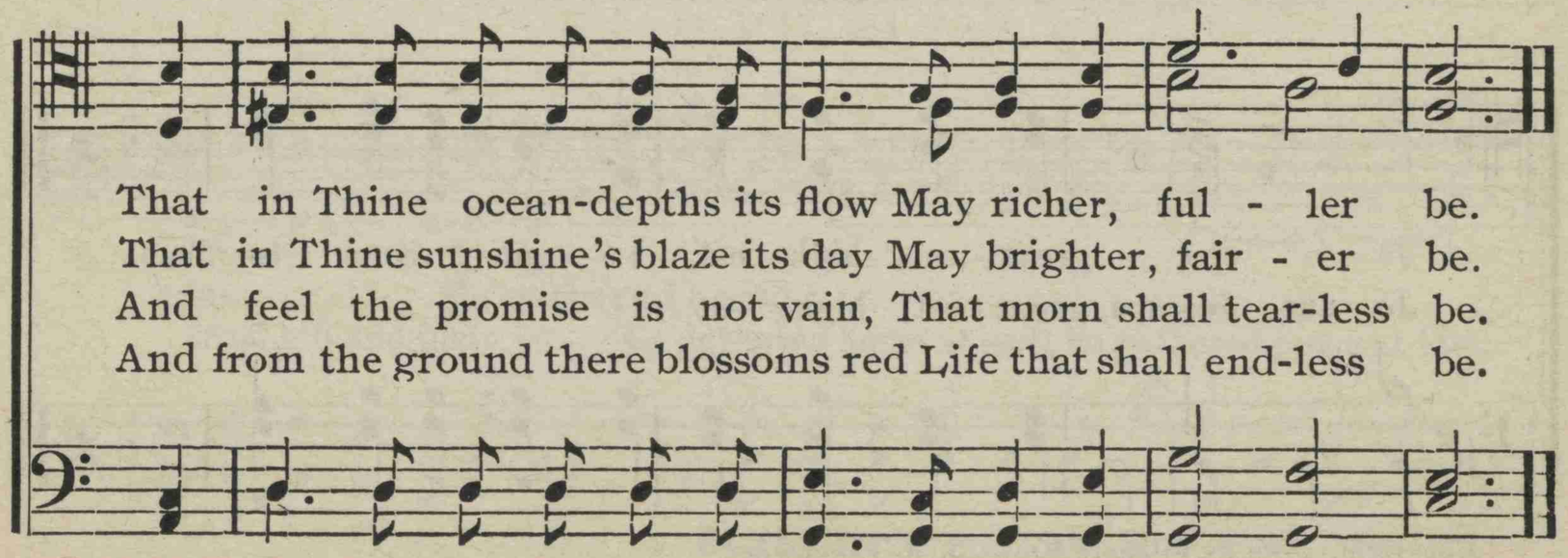
Bread of Life.

152 O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go.

GEO. MATHESON. ALBERT L. PEACE.





153 I am Resolved.

Melody in Second Tenor.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE. Arr. by H. F.

1. I am resolved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the world's de-light;
2. I am resolved to go to the Saviour, Leav - ing my sin and strife;
3. I am resolved to fol - low the Saviour, Faith - ful and true each day,
4. I am resolved to en - ter the kingdom, Leav - ing the paths of sin;
5. I am resolved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, without de-lay,

Things that are high - er, things that are no-bler, These have allured my sight.
He is the true one, He is the just one, He hath the words of life.
Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth, He is the liv - ing way.
Friends may oppose me, foes may be- set me, Still will I en - ter in.
Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it, We'll walk the heav'nly way.

CHORUS.

I will hast - en to Him, Hasten so glad and free,
I will hast - en, hast-en to Him, Hasten, glad and free,

Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to Thee.
Je - sus, Je - sus, great - est, high - est,

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154 O Scatter Seeds.

MRS. JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. *Melody in Second Tenor.* FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. O scat - ter seeds of lov-ing deeds, A - long the fer - tile field,
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' weary years, The seed will sure-ly live;
3. The har-vest home of God will come, And aft - er toil and care;

For grain will grow from what you sow, And fruit-ful har-vest yield.
Tho' great the cost, it is not lost, For God will fruit-age give.
With joy un-told your sheaves of gold Will all be garnered there.

CHORUS.

Then day by day..... along your way, ... The seeds of
Then day by day a-long your way,

prom - - ise cast, ... That ripened grain . . from hill and
The seeds of promise cast, the seeds of promise cast, That ripened grain

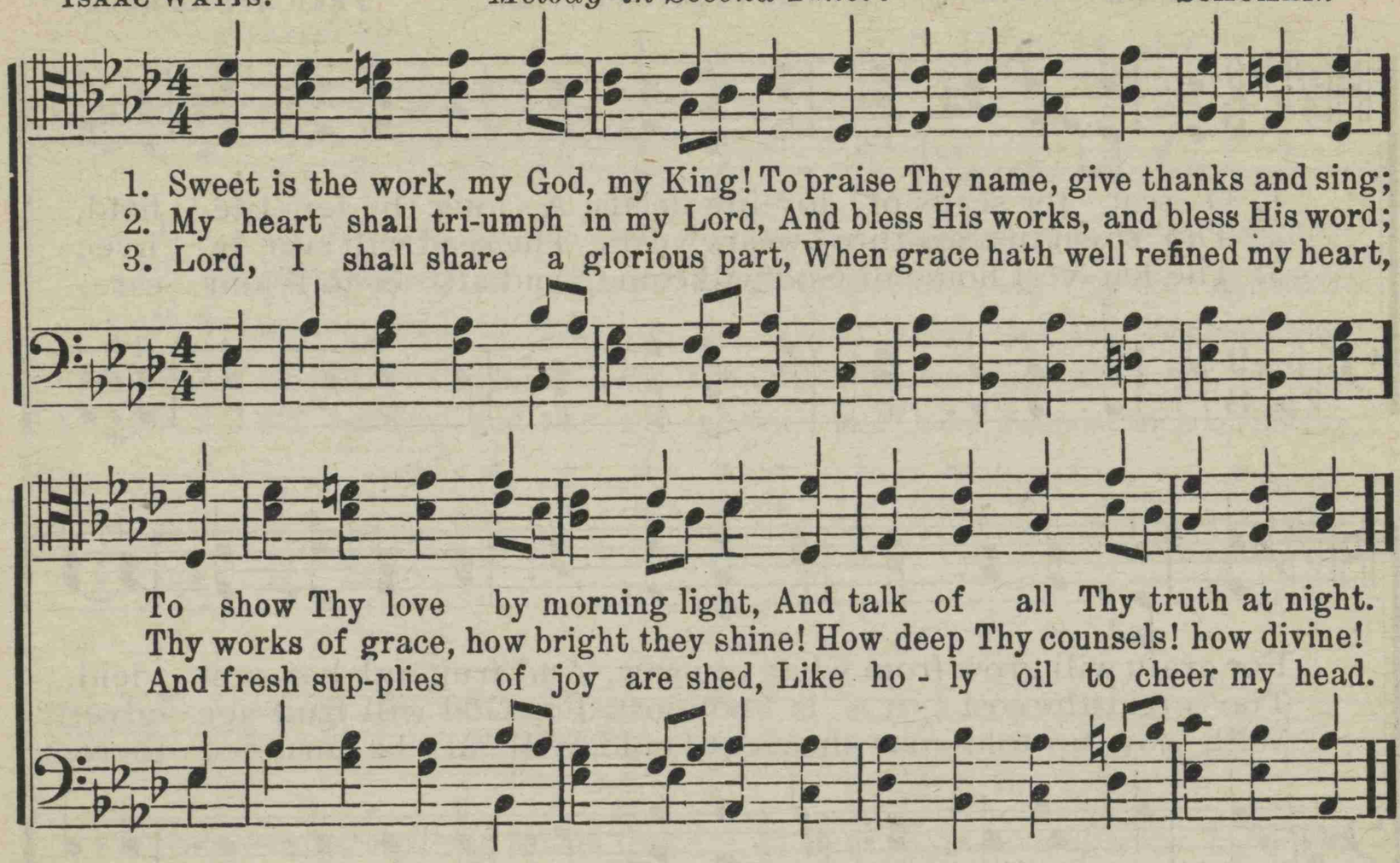
plain, ... Be gathered home ..... at last .....
from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.

Be gathered home at last.

By permission.

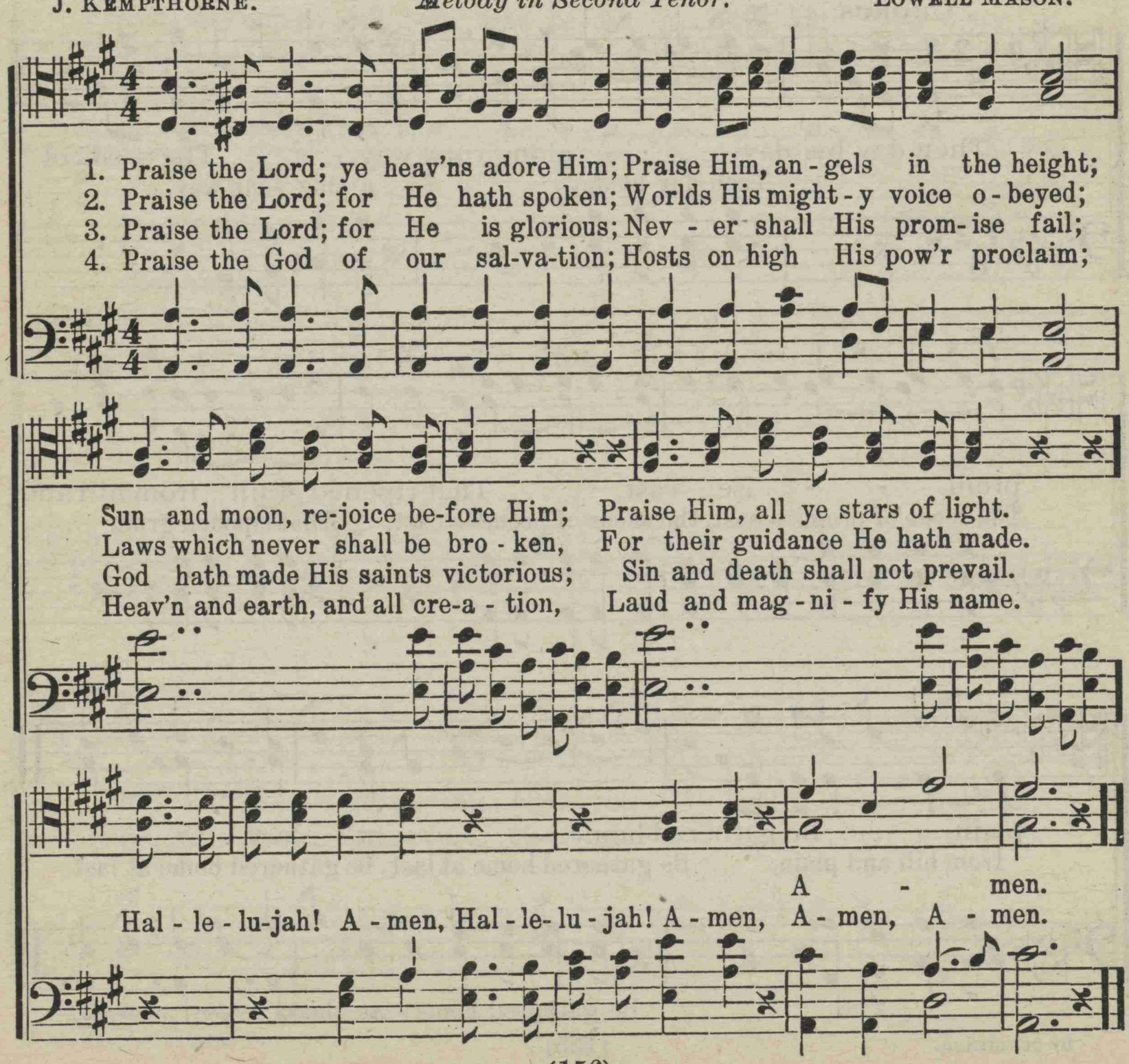
155 Sweet is the Work.

ISAAC WATTS. *Melody in Second Tenor.* SCHUMAN.



156 Praise the Lord Ye Heavens.

J. KEMPTHORNE. *Melody in Second Tenor.* LOWELL MASON.



157 Holy Holy Holy!

Melody in Second Tenor.

REGINALD HEBER. JOHN B. DYKES. Arr. by H. F.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, God Al-
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a-
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Tho' the dark- ness
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord, God Al-

might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to
dore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glass - y
hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glo - ry may not
might - y! All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky and

Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and
sea; Cher - u - bim and ser - aphim fall - ing down be-
see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly; there is none be-
sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and

might - y, God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love and pur - i - ty.
might - y; God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

158 O Worship the King.

ROBERT GRANT. *Melody in Second Tenor.* HAYDN.

1. O wor-ship the King, all-glo-rious a-bove, And grateful - ly
2. Thy bounti - ful care, what tongue can recite? It breathes in the
3. Frail children of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In thee do we
4. Our Fa-ther and God, how faith-ful Thy love! While an-gels de-

sing His won-der- ful love; Our Shield and De - fend-er, the
air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de-
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies, how ten-der! how
light to hymn Thee a - bove, The humbler cre - a - tion, tho'

An-cient of days, Pa - vilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.
scends to the plain, And sweetly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end, Our Mak-er, De-fend- er, Re-deem-er, and Friend!
fee - ble their lays, With true ad - o - ra - tion shall lisp to Thy praise.

159 Doxology. Old Hundred.

Melody in Second Tenor. LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

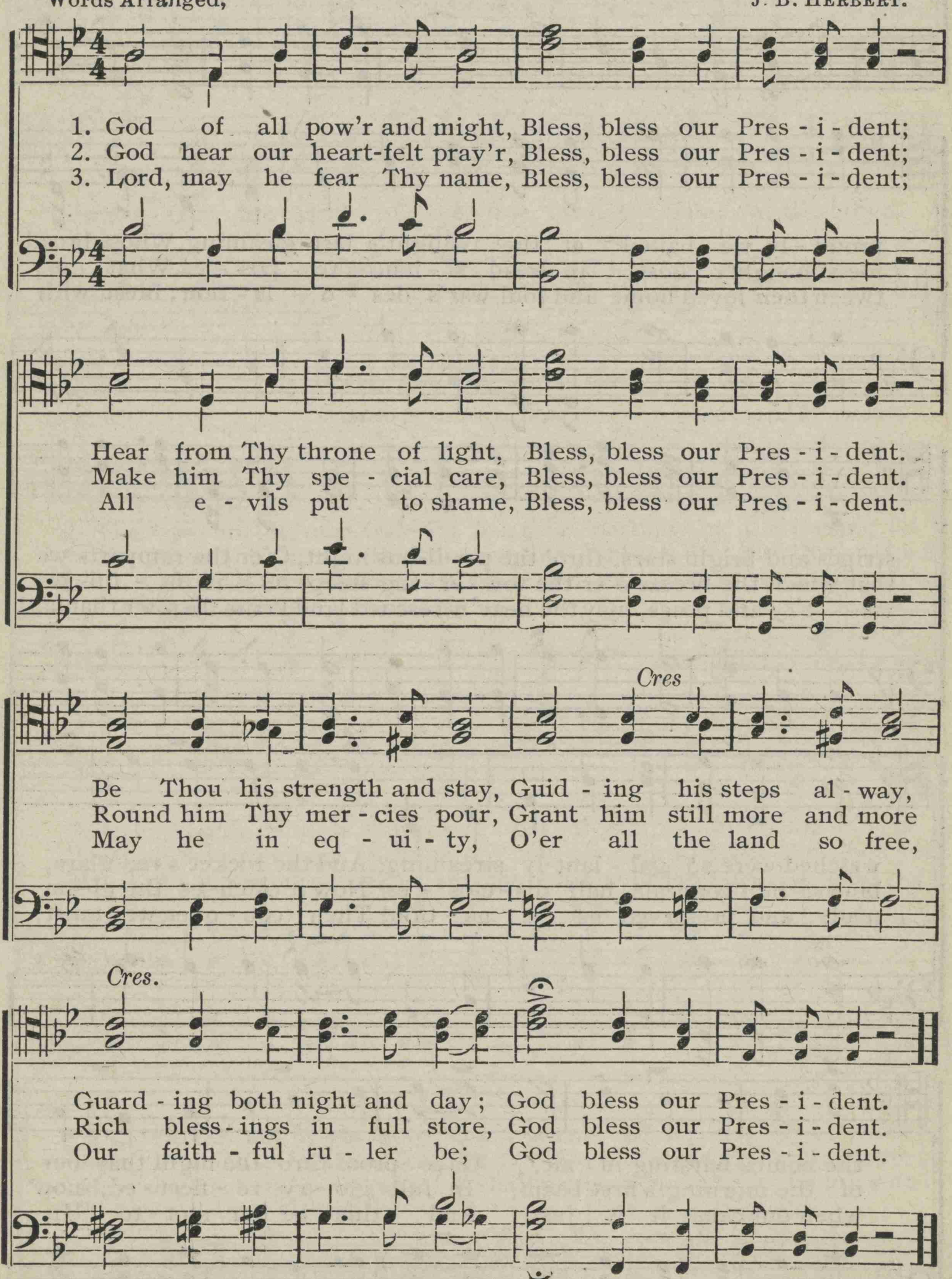
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here below;

Praise Him a-bove, ye heavenly hosts, Praise Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

PATRIOTISM, PROHIBITION, PROGRESS AND GOOD CHEER.

160 God Bless Our President.

Words Arranged, J. B. HERBERT.



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161 The Star-Spangled Banner.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY. *Melody in Second Tenor.* Arr. by H. F.

1. O say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so
2. On the shore dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the
3. O thus be it ever, when free men shall stand, Be-

proud-ly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad
foe's haughty host in dread si-lence re-pos-es, What is
tween their loved home and foul war's des-o-la-tion; Blest with

stripes and bright stars, thro' the per-il-ous night, O'er the ramparts we
that which the breeze o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it fit-ful-ly
vic-t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the pow'r that hath

watched were so gal-lant-ly streaming? And the rocket's red glare,
blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam
made and preserved us a na-tion! Then con-quer we must,

the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our
of the morning's first beam, In full glo-ry re-flect-ed, now
when our cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In

The Star-Spangled Banner.

CHORUS.

flag was still there. O say, does that Star-spangled Ban-ner yet
shines on the stream: 'Tis the Star-spangled Banner, O long may it
God is our trust!" And the Star-spangled Ban-ner in tri-umph shall

Ad lib.

wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

162 Not By My Vote.

F. E. R. *Melody in First Bass.* FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. The gi-ant liq-uor traf-fic has this na-tion by the throat; Of
2. If this old liq-uor traf-fic has this na-tion by the throat, And
3. O Christian men and women, come and let us take a hand, And

beer and booze enough is drank a bat-tle-ship to float; But it is
beer and booze enough is drank a bat-t!e-ship to float; Now look you
drive this monster e-vil ev-er-more from our fair land! It shall not

not, O no! not by *my* vote; O no, no, no, O no! not by MY vote!
here, it must be by *your* vote; Yes, yes, O yes, it must be by YOUR vote!
stay, no, no! not by my vote! It shall not stay, no, no! not by my vote!

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163 No Flag Like Our Own.

E. E. HEWITT. *Melody in Second Tenor.* J. H. FILLMORE.

1. O so ma - ny flags are waving, all a - flut - ter in the air;
2. 'Tis the flag that waves for freedom, for the people and their rights;
3. 'Tis the flag that led our fathers thro' the thunderstorms of war;

There are ma - ny loy - al hearts in ev - 'ry land; (in ev - 'ry land;)
'Tis the flag that shields these happy homes of ours; (these homes of ours;)
'Tis the flag of Union, true and grand and strong; (and grand and strong;)

But whate'er the col - ors floating, East, or West, or an - y-where;
And we praise the God of nations, who in ev - 'ry good delights,
May God's blessing be up-on it, we will praise Him ev-er-more,

CHORUS.

There's one flag for which Americans will stand.
For the flag that flies in sunshine and in show'rs. There's no flag like our
And to Him lift up our glad and grateful song.

own, hurrah, hur - rah, hurrah, hurrah! There's no flag like our, own, hur-

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No Flag Like Our Own.

rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah! Whether East or whether West, our stars and

stripes we love the best, There is no flag like our own, hur-rah, hur-rah!

164 My Country 'Tis of Thee.

Melody in Second Tenor.

S. F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY. Arr. by H. F.

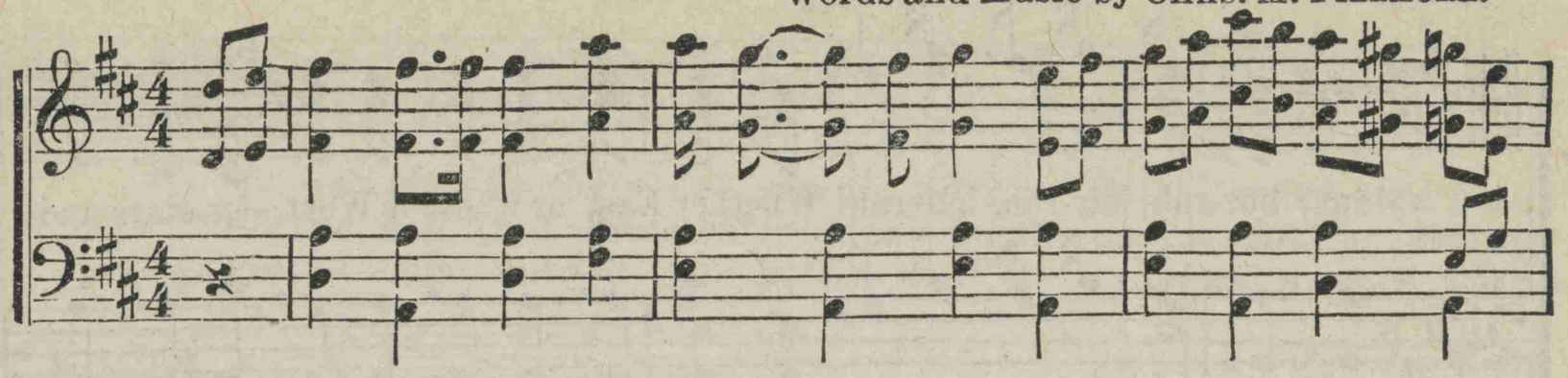
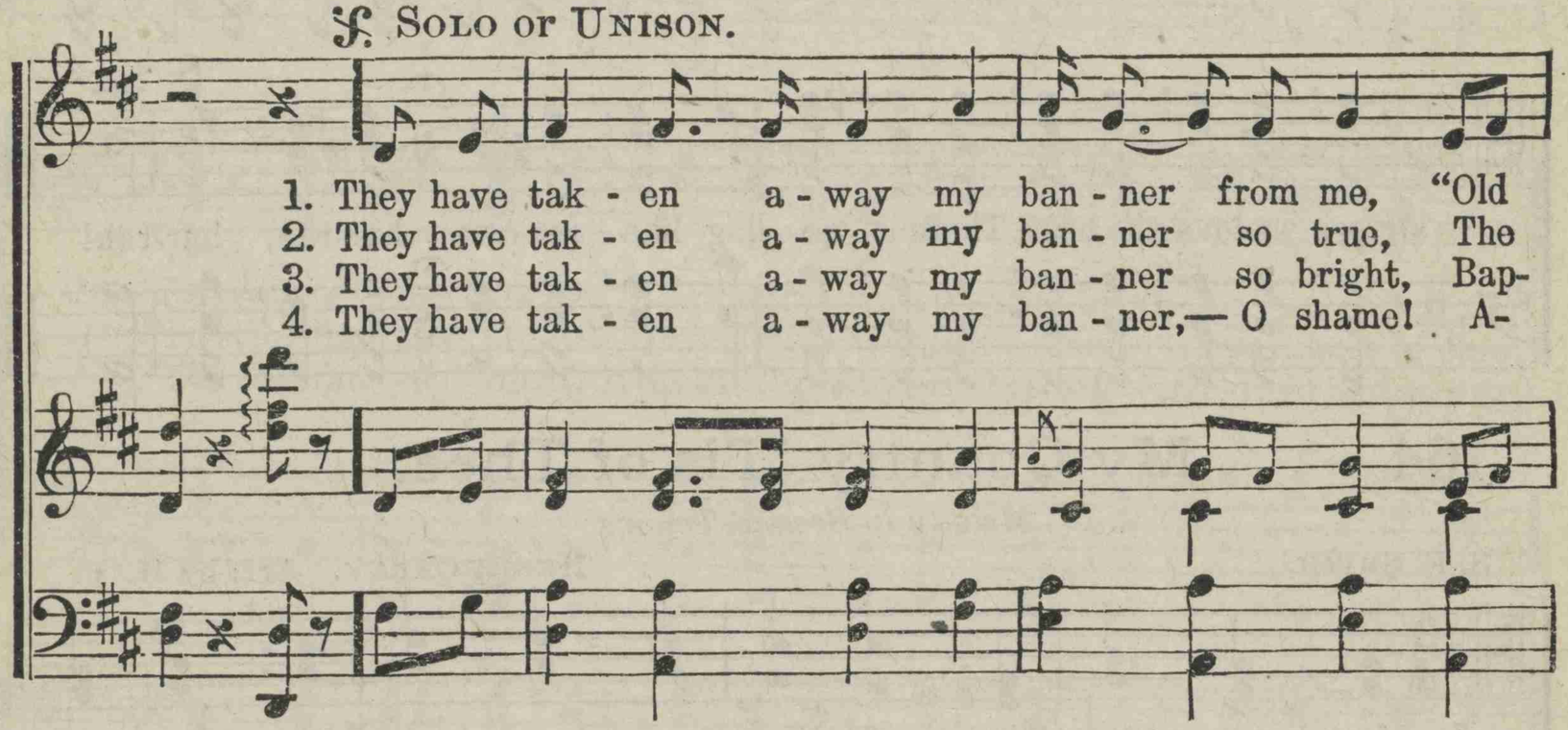
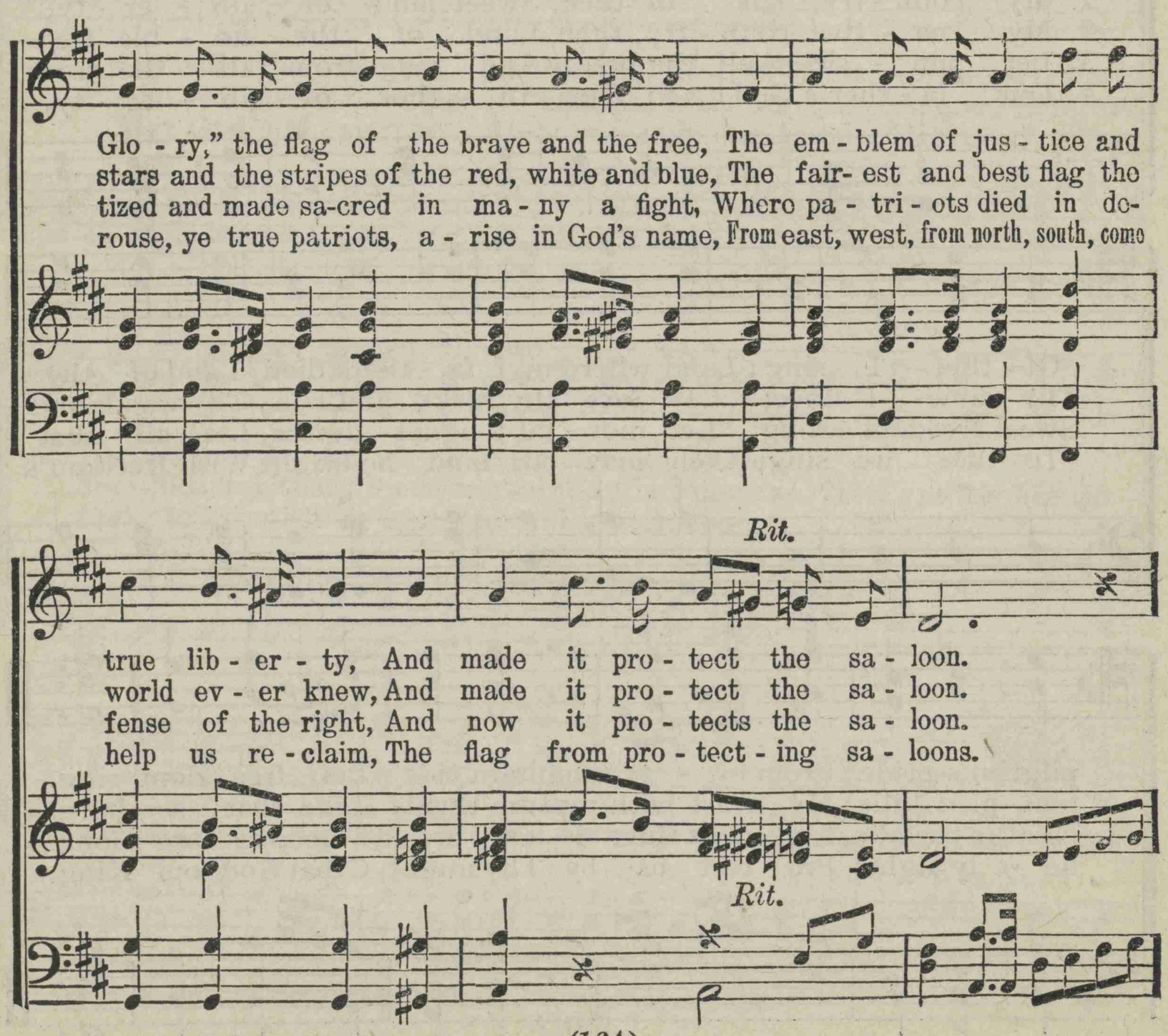
1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free—
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - ther's God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

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
Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal tongues awake, Let all that
To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's

pilgrim's pride; From ev - 'ry mountain side Let free - dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe partake, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

165

Bring Back My Flag.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.



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Bring Back My Flag.

Melody in Second Tenor.

Bring back my flag! bring back my flag! Bring back my dear old ban - ner to me;

Bring back my flag! bring back my flag! Let it float untrammeled and free.

166 God of Our Fathers.

Melody in Second Tenor.

DANIEL C. ROBERTS. GEO. W. WARREN. Arr. by H. F.

ff

Trumpets (before each verse.)

1. God of our fa-thers, whose al - might-y hand
2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the past;
3. From war's alarms, from dead - ly pest - i - lence,
4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil-some way,

Leads forth in beau - ty all the starry band Of shining worlds in splen-dor thro' the skies,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast; Be Thou our ru - ler, guardian, guide and stay,
Be Thy strong arm our ev-er sure de-fense; Thy true re - lig - ion in our hearts increase,
Lead us from night to nev - er-end-ing day; Fill all our lives with love and grace di - vine,

Our grate-ful songs be- fore Thy throne a - rise.
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.
Thy bounteous goodness nour-ish us in peace.
And glo - ry, laud and praise be ev - er Thine.

167 Banner of Beauty.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. *Melody in Second Bass.* J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Beau-ti-ful flag of the brave and free,..... Emblem of
2. Heroes have lain with their dy - ing eyes,..... Gazing with
3. Dear to Co - lum - bi - a's true and brave,..... O-ver the

hope and lib - er - ty; Gladly we hail thee, floating
love on thy gorgeous dyes; Floating above the gloom of
land and o'er the wave; Gladly we hail thee, floating

CHORUS.

far,.....Beauti-ful flag of the stripe and star. Ban - ner of
war,.....Beauti-ful flag of the stripe and star.
far,.....Beauti-ful flag of the stripe and star. Ban-ner of beauty,

beau - ty, Em-blem of the free,.....
Ban - ner of beau - ty, Emblem of the free, of the free,.....

Ban - ner of beau - ty, Flag of lib - er - ty.
Ban-ner of beauty, Banner of beauty, Flag of lib - er - ty.

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168 Flag of Stars.

MARY A. LATHBURY. *Melody in Second Tenor.*

1. The stars that float up - on the blue, The ho - ly white, the
2. We bear the flag be - fore our band, For God, and Home, and

crim - son hue, Are splendors lent us by the night, Are
Na - tive Land; For we are chil-dren of the King, And

glo-ries of the morning light. Our col - ors gathered from the sky,
ev - er as we march we sing. Our arms are truth and righteousness,

Our hands shall ev-er hold on high; To peaceful vic - tories, thro'
Our hope the land we love to bless; Be- neath the ho - ly white, the

ho - ly wars, We fol-low, fol - low still the flag of stars.
crim - son bars, We fol-low, fol - low still the flag of stars.

Published by Alice M. Guernsey, 17 Webster Place, East Orange, N. J. Used by per.

169 Victory Our Watchword.

JAMES ROWE. Arr. from Bishop's "Hail to the Chief," by J. B. HERBERT.

1. On - ward we march, mak-ing bet-ter the nation, Giv- ing our
2. On - ward we march, with the warning-bell ringing; Still there are
3. On - ward we march, in the bat-tle de-light-ing, True to our
4. On - ward we go, with an ar - my expand-ing, True to our

light to the val-leys of sin; E - vil de-nouncing and
cap - tives and slaves to be freed,— Souls who despair when they
coun-try, and true to our cause; Aft - er dis - till - ers of
na - tion and God we will be; Ev - er our birthright with

preaching sal- va-tion, Fearless - ly fighting, and fighting to win.
ought to be singing, Victims of graft- ers and lov- ers of greed.
whis- ky, and smiting All who are breaking A - mer - i - ca's laws
cour- age de-manding, Till we are sure that our country is free.

CHORUS. *Cres.*

Crime we are fet - ter-ing, All the land bet-ter-ing; Lov - ers of

Cres. *f*

e - vil in ter - ror shall flee. God is de - fend - ing us!

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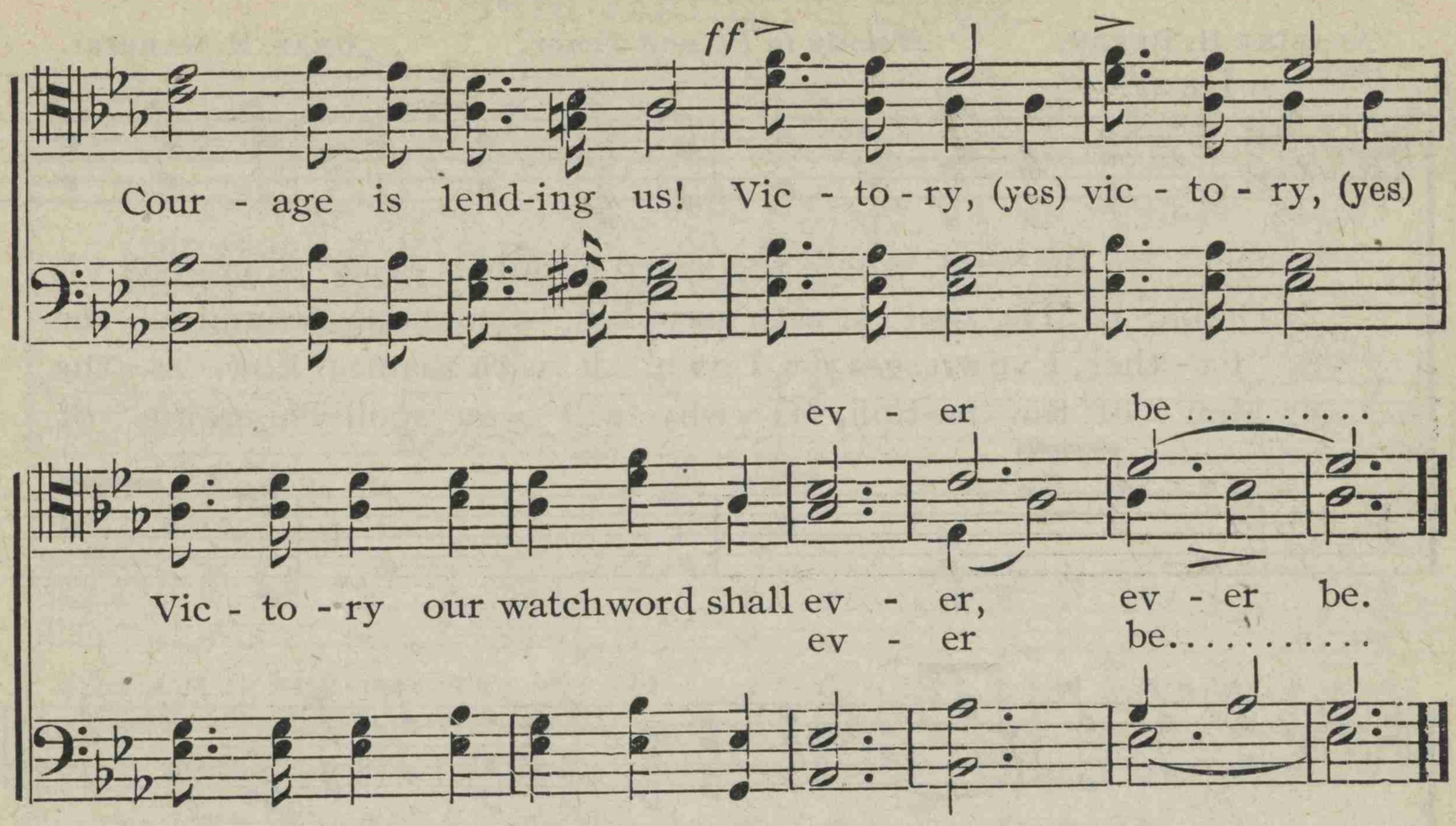
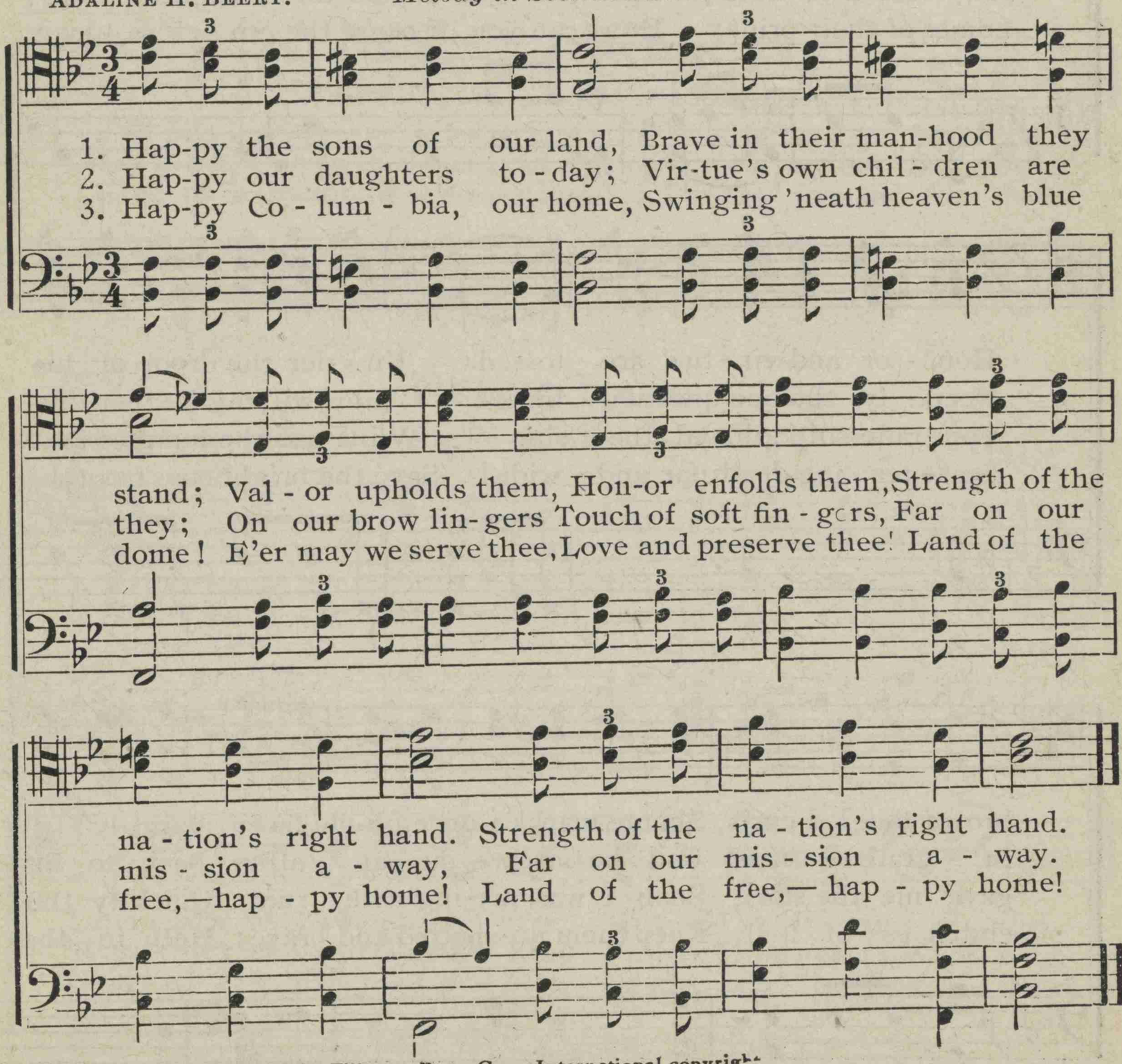
Victory Our Watchword.



170 Our Happy Land.

ADALINE H. BEERY. *Melody in Second Tenor.* HENRY FILLMORE.



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171 The Nation's Boys.

ADALINE H. BEERY. *Melody in Second Tenor.* CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

DUET.

1. Out in the wild, where the sharp brambles grow, Some-bod-y's dar - ling is lost;.... Somewhere below, in the whirlpool of sin,
2. Quick - ly He ris - es, with new kin - dled hope, Round to the home-road he turns;.. While, as each landmark fa-mil-iar appears,
3. "Fa - ther, I've wronged you, I own it with shame; Low as the low - est I've been;.. But with each step on the broad, beaten way,
4. Men of the na-tion, O why will you spoil Thousands of homes of their pride; .. How can you li-cense the cru - el sa - loon,

Hon - or and vir - tue are tossed. Un - der the droop of his brown tangled curls, Shame marks a once no-ble face; Faint-ly a
Deep - ly the one question burns: "How will my fa - ther his in - grate re-ceive? Can he forgive me at all? Back to his
Com-rade-ship gild - ed the sin. Wine was the tempter that gave me the start, Soon I was rav-ing with rum; Quick-ly the
Scat - ter - ing death far and wide! Save the bright boys from the clutch - es of hell, Keep them un-spotted and brave; Help in the

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The Nation's Boys.

long-ing creeps up in his soul, Wea - ry of sin's gid-dy chase.
threshold in tat-ters I'll go, Hum-bly con-fess-ing my fall."
dregs of dis- hon - or I drained, Till to this wreck I have come."
work of up - lift- ing the world, In - to God's kingdom to save.

CHORUS.

1 & 2. Bring him back home, my pen-i-tent boy! Back to the warm home nest;
3. Bring the best robe! welcome my boy! Here with my par- don crowned;
4. Strike the black flag! save all the boys! Give them their hopes of youth;

Tell him his father is lov-ing him still, Waiting to give him rest.
Let there be joy in the household a-gain, O - ver my boy that's found.
Give us a nation of he-roes in-deed, Dar-ing to stand for truth.

172 Native Land.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. *Melody in Second Tenor.* I. PLEYEL.

1. Native Land, our country bright, Land where shines the gospel's light,
2. Native Land, thy shores we love, Plains so fair, and hills a - bove;
3. Native Land, as years shall roll, Yield thee still to His con - trol;

Land where dwells the noble, free, Na-tive Land, we sing of thee.
Truth thy rock, and God thy King, Na-tive Land, of thee we sing.
Guid - ed by His high be - hest, Na-tive Land, be great and blest.

173 The Coming Snow Slide.

TUNE: "There's a Tavern in the Town."

AMELIA BECKWITH GATRELL. *Melody in Second Tenor.* Arr. by J. H. F.

1. A lit - tle stone goes roll - ing down, roll - ing down, Up-
2. No starv - ing chil-dren then shall wail, then shall wail, Nor
3. No stock of goods that can't be sold, can't be sold, While
4. The streets will then be paved with stones, paved with stones, Not

D. C.—*When drink, with all its fiend - ish crew, fiend - ish crew, Shall*

on a snowbank out of town, out of town, And gath'ring grows un-
mother's cheeks with fear be pale, fear be pale, With so - ber toil shall
peo - ple hun-ger and are cold, and are cold, Bnt clothing, food, en-
hu - man flesh, and blood, and bones, blood and bones, Nor household fires so

be snowed un - der, out of view, out of view, And hap-py wives and

FINE.

til a-cross the snows An av - alanche is rushing down. (rushing down.)
manhood make its way, While plenty spreads the board each day. (board each day.)
joyment, and employ For man and wo-man, girl and boy. (girl and boy.)
warm and bright and sweet, Be quenched to light the cit-y street. (cit - y street.)

chil-dren ev -'ry-where, With ring - ing car - ols fill the air. (*fill the air.*)

CHORUS.

So the time is sure - ly com-ing, You can hear it humming, humming,

D. C.

When the truth a-gainst old er - ror shall pre - vail, pre - vail,

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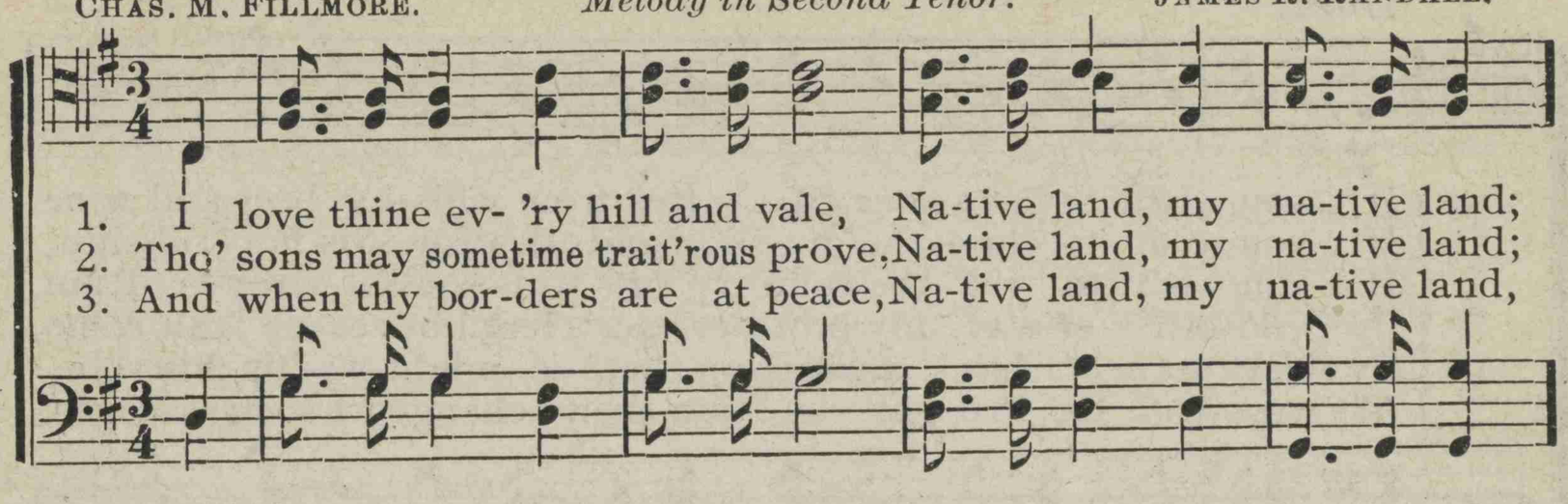
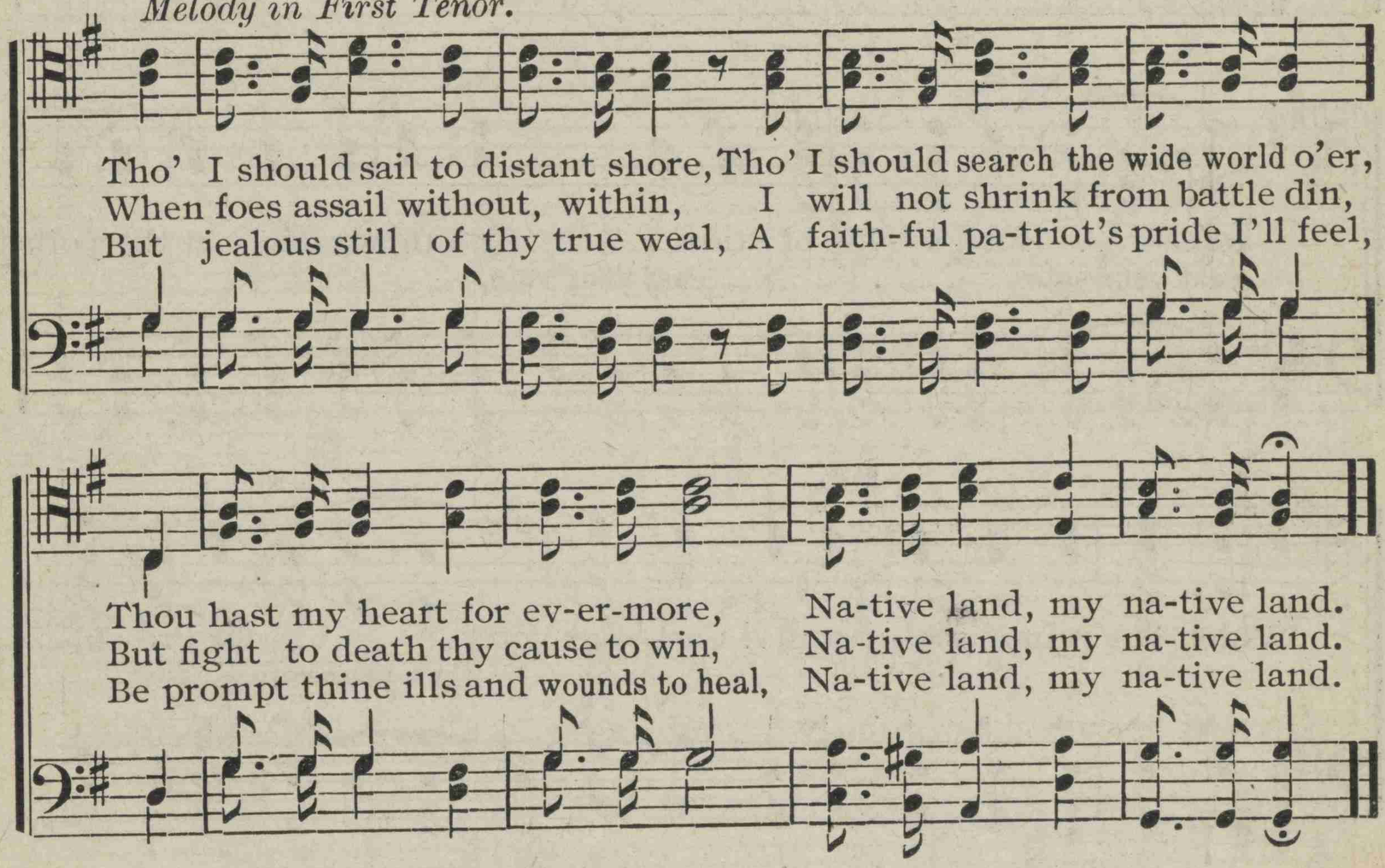
174 My Native Land.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE. *Melody in Second Tenor.* JAMES R. RANDALL.



Melody in First Tenor.



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The Coming Snow Slide. Concluded.

5 Policemen then would mostly quit, mostly quit,
Their business being nearly nit, nearly nit,
And wheels and shafts of industry would spin,
The "Good time coming" soon be in.

6 The night has been both dark and long, dark and long,
We scarce its gloom could cheer with song, cheer with song,
But morning breaks, and men the light shall see,
^nd from drink's bondage shall be free.

175 Vote It Dry.

JAMES ROWE. J. B. HERBERT.

DUET.

1. If you wish to have your cit - y free from whis-ky, beer and wine,
   If you wish to close the gin-shop and destroy its hor- rid sign,
2. If you wish to rid the coun-try of this soul-de-stroy-er, Rum,
   By no oth - er way, my broth-er, per - fect lib - er - ty can come,
3. Ev - 'ry vot - er has a weap- on that is might-y—'tis his vote,
   Al - ways vote for Pro - hi - bi - tion, then a change we soon shall note,

CHORUS.

Vote it dry, vote it dry, vote it dry, vote it dry! Cast your vote..... for Pro - hi - bi - tion, End this traffic at the polls
cast your vote cast your vote,

Which has ruined ma-ny souls! Cast your vote..... for Pro - hi - bi - tion; Vote it dry, vote it dry, vote it dry, vote it dry!
Cast your vote cast your vote

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176 Fall in Line.

R. O. SMITH. J. H. FILLMORE.

SOLO.

1. We have en - list-ed as vol-unteers, Fall in line, soldiers, fall in
2. Marching to-geth-er against the foe, Fall in line, soldiers, fall in
3. What do we care for their taunts and boasts? Fall in line, soldiers, fall in
4. Strongholds of rum we must now assail, Fall in line, soldiers, fall in

Inst.

line! Dan - ger or harm has for us no fears, Fall in
line! Rum's mighty hosts we will o - verthrow, Fall in
line! We're on the side of the Lord of Hosts, Fall in
line! God is our strength, and we shall, pre - vail, Fall in

CHORUS.

line, sol - diers, fall in line!.... Nev - er mind, tho' our
foes should scoff and sneer, Nev-er mind, for our God is ev - er near; O
Never quail, never falter, never fear! Fall in line, soldiers, fall in line!

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177 De Brewer's Big Hosses.

H. S. TAYLOR. J. B. HERBERT.

SOLO.

1. O de Brew-er's big hoss - es, com - in' down de road,
2. O de lick - er men's act - in' like dey own dis place,
3. O I'll har - ness dem hoss - es to de tem-p'rance cart,

Tot - in' all a-round ole Lu - ci - fer's load; Dey step so high,
Liv - in' on de sweat ob de po' man's face; Dey's fat and sas-
Hit 'em wid a gad to gib 'em a start, I'll teach 'em how

an' dey step so free, But dem big hosses can't run o - ver me!
sy as dey can be, But dem big hosses can't run o - ver me!
for to haw and gee, For dem big hosses can't run o - ver me!

CHORUS.

O no, boys, O no! De turn-pike's free where-

O no, boys, no, no, no!

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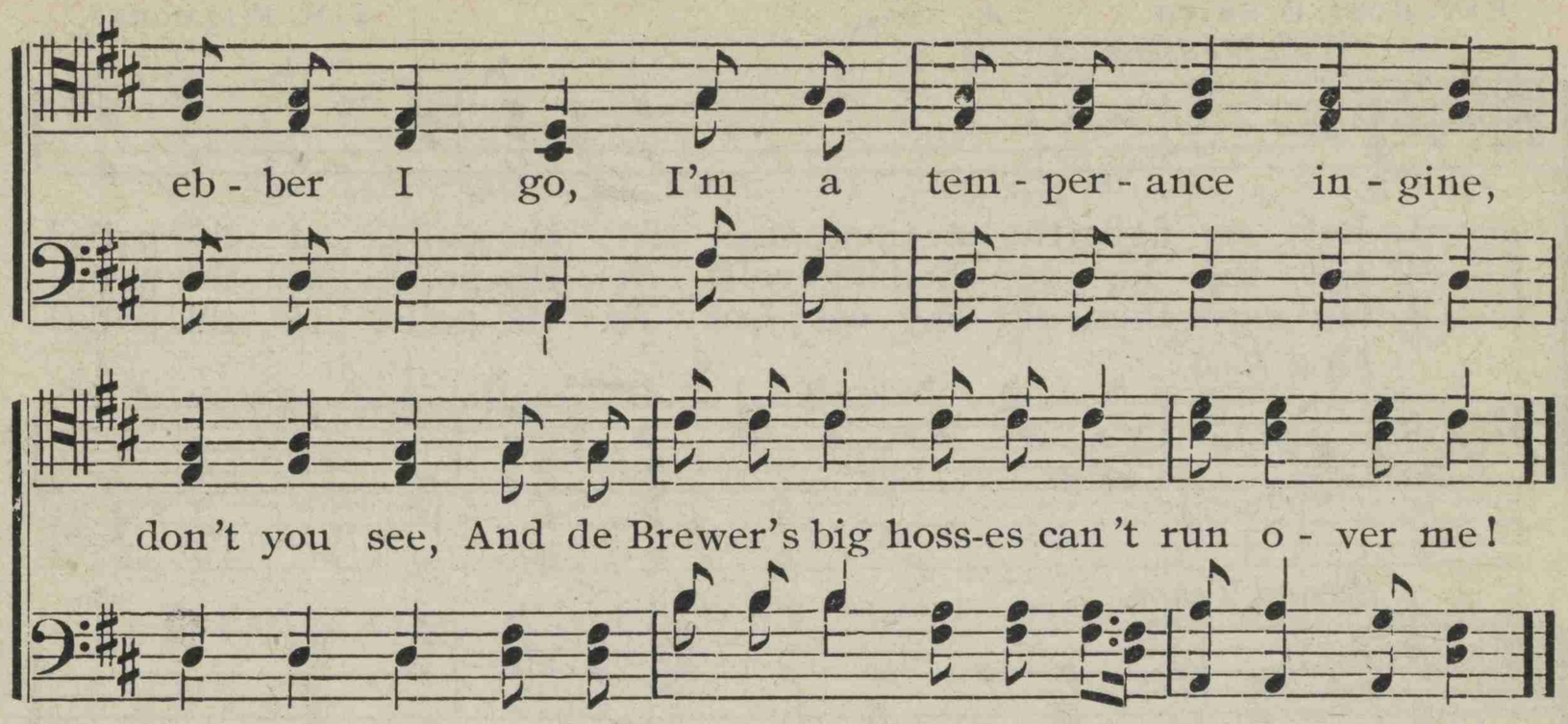
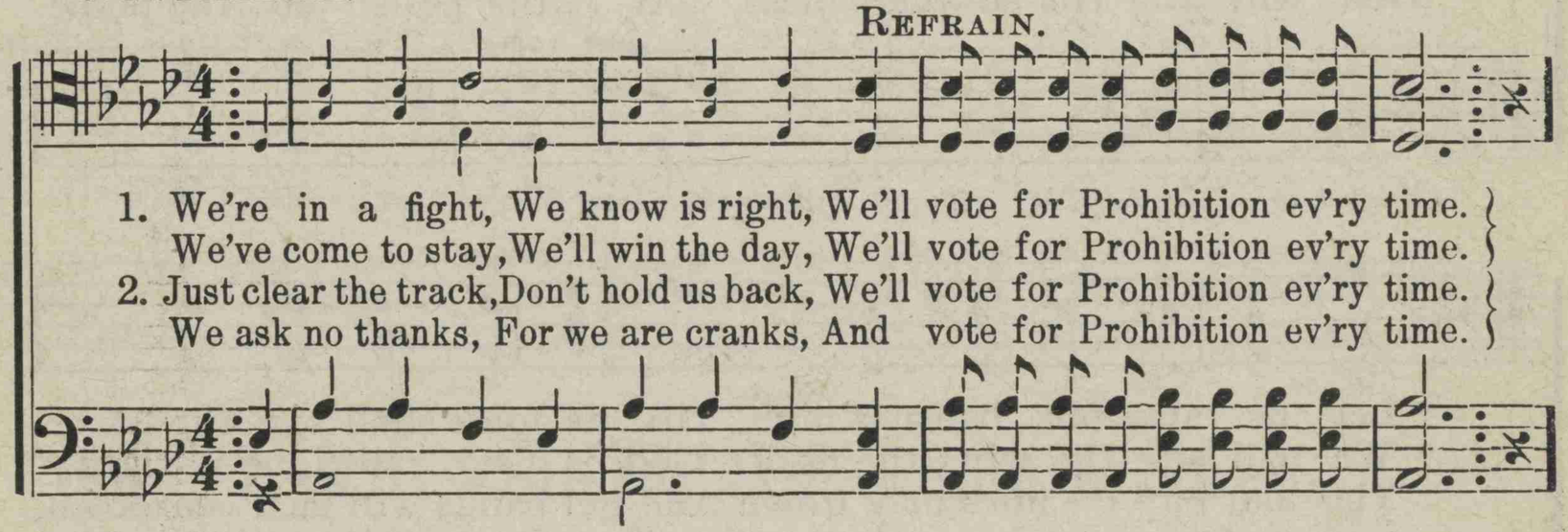
De Brewer's Big Hosses.



178 We'll Vote for Prohibition.

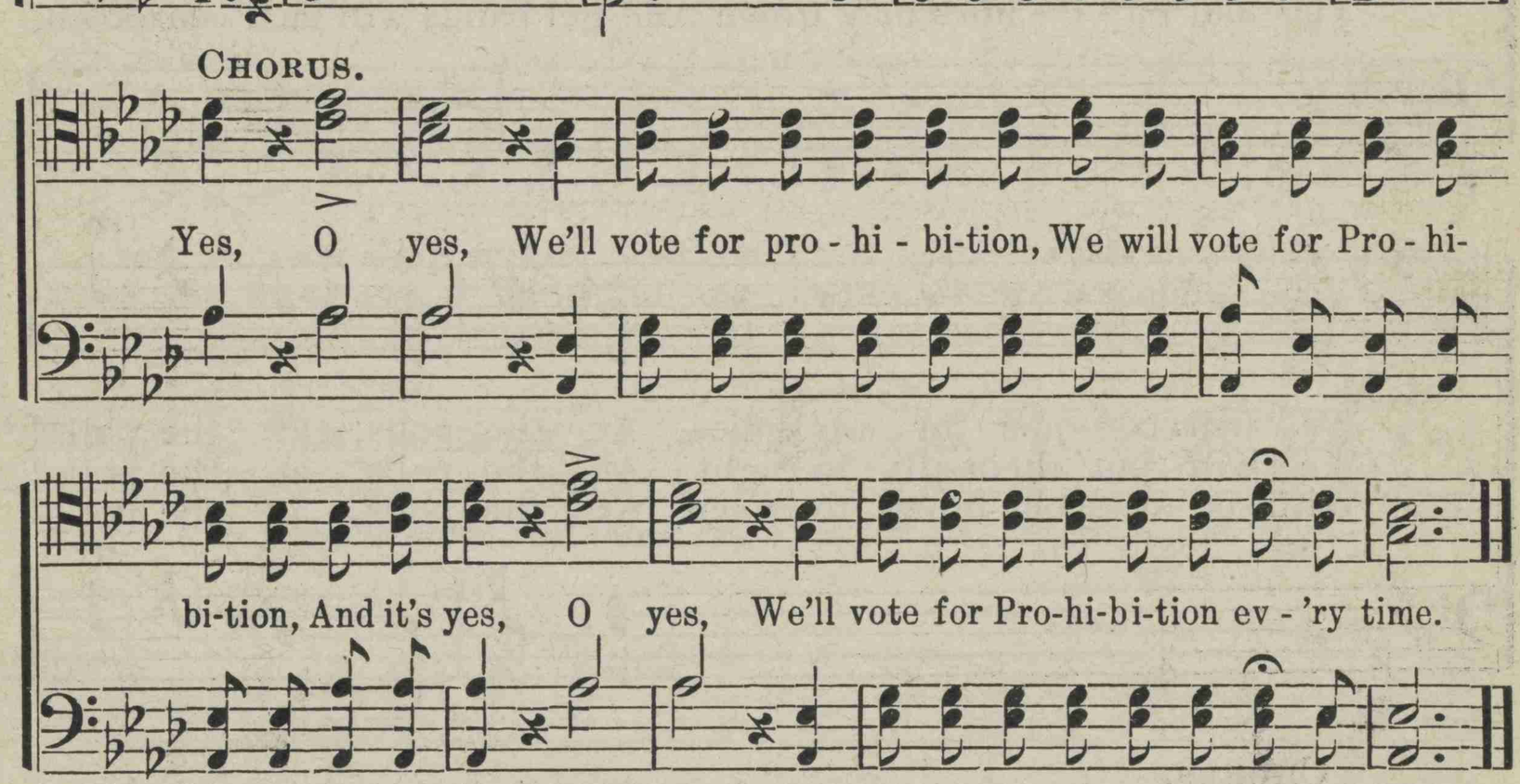
C. M. FILLMORE. J. H. FILLMORE.

REFRAIN.



1. We're in a fight, We know is right, We'll vote for Prohibition ev'ry time.
   We've come to stay, We'll win the day, We'll vote for Prohibition ev'ry time.
2. Just clear the track, Don't hold us back, We'll vote for Prohibition ev'ry time.
   We ask no thanks, For we are cranks, And vote for Prohibition ev'ry time.

CHORUS.



3 Say, Democrat, Where are you at?
We'll vote for Prohibition every time.
Republican, what is your plan?
We'll vote for Prohibition every time.

4 The boss may swear, But we don't care,
We'll vote for prohibition every time.
Saloonmen scowl, And growl and howl,
We'll vote for Prohibition every time.

5 O come along, And join our song,
And vote for Prohibition every time.
Take up the tune 'Gainst the saloon,
And vote for Prohibition every time.

NOTE.—Verses may be added, making local hits. For instrumental accompaniment use small notes only where they are given.

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179 At the Polls.

REV. ROBT. O. SMITH. J. H. FILLMORE.

With boldness.

1. Let us fight the na-tion's foe, At the polls, at the polls!
2. Let the liq - uor demons yell, At the polls, at the polls!
3. On-ward, then, our way we press To the polls, to the polls!

First Bass.

Second Tenor.

Let us strike the fa - tal blow, At the polls! at the polls!
Joined by all the hosts of hell, At the polls! at the polls!
God will all His sol-diers bless, At the polls! at the polls!

Let us raise our ban-ner high, Till its folds shall kiss the sky,
We will sure- ly win the fight, "God is God, and right is right,"
Tho' our en - e - mies may frown, An - gel bands will hast - en down,

We will con-quer or we'll die, At the polls, at the polls!
We will put them all to flight At the polls, at the polls!
With suc - cess our brows to crown, At the polls, at the polls!

CHORUS.

At the polls, meet the foe, At the polls, at the polls!

With resolution.

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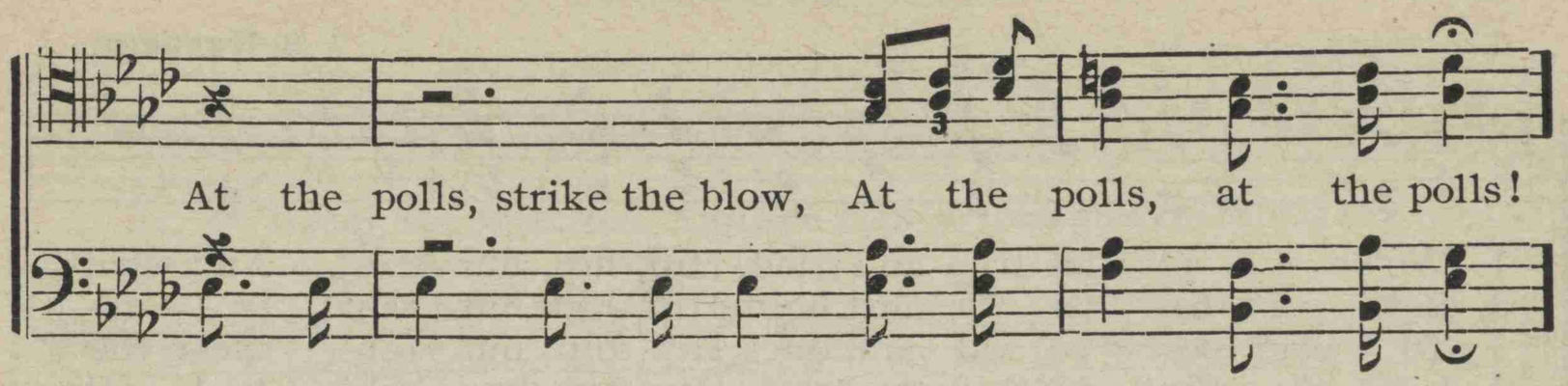
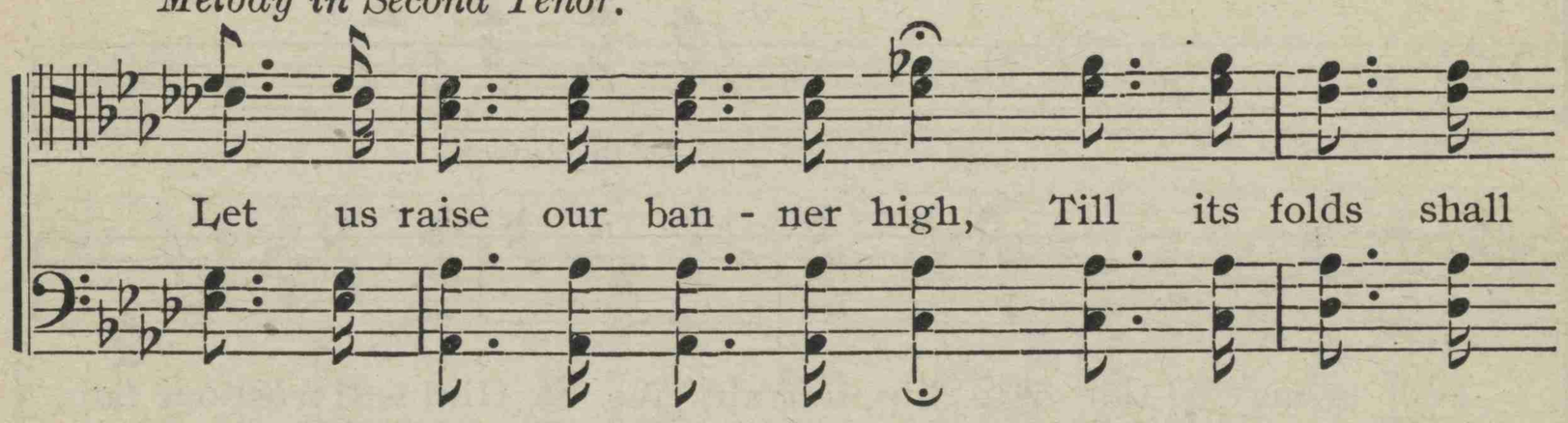
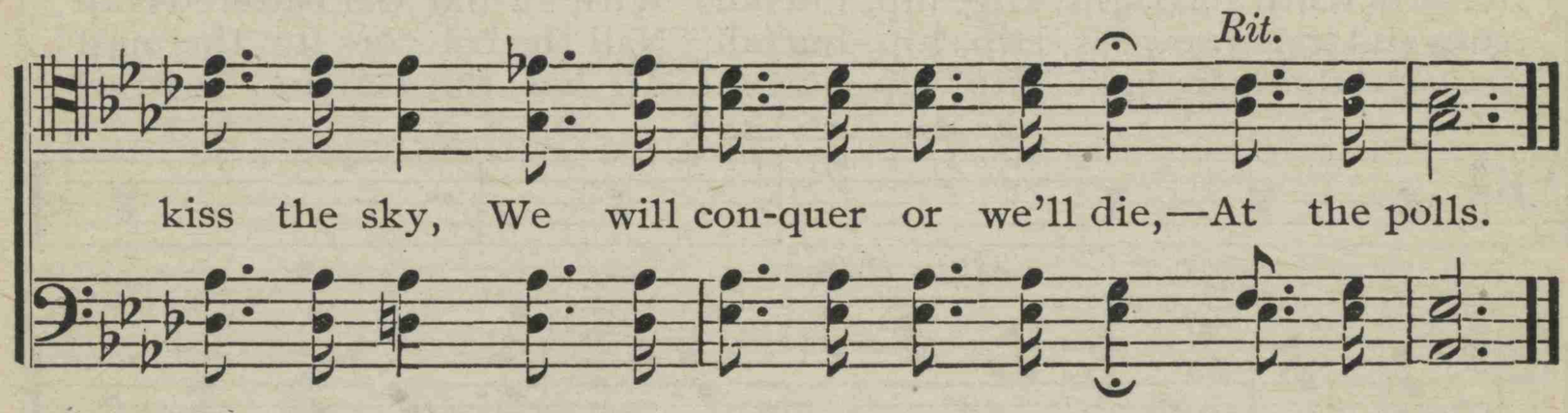
At the Polls.



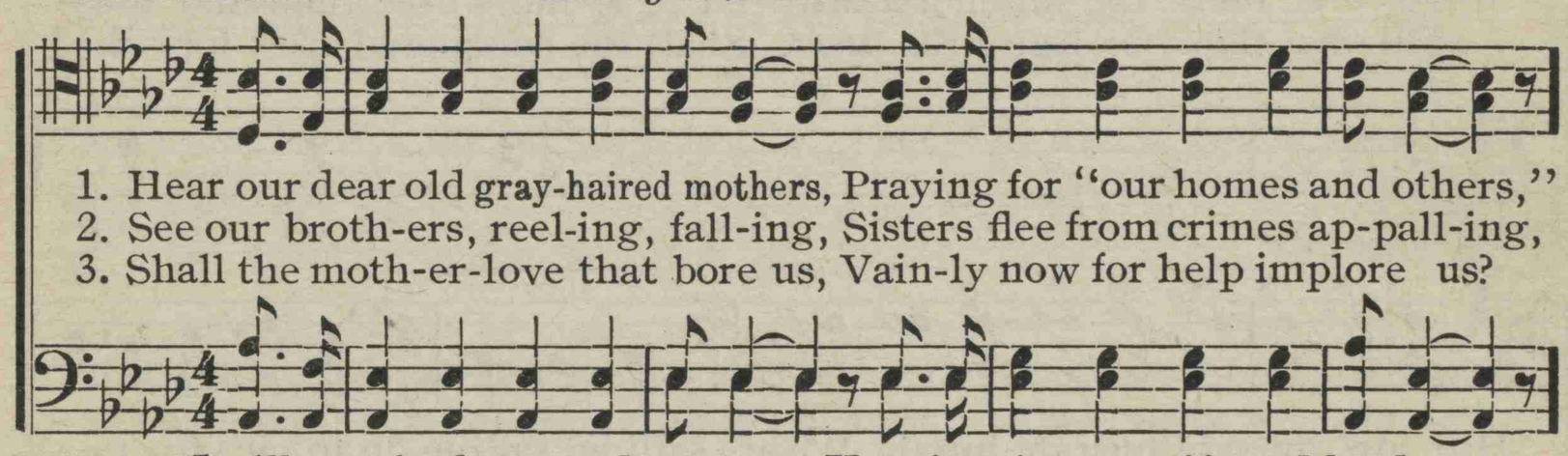
Melody in Second Tenor.



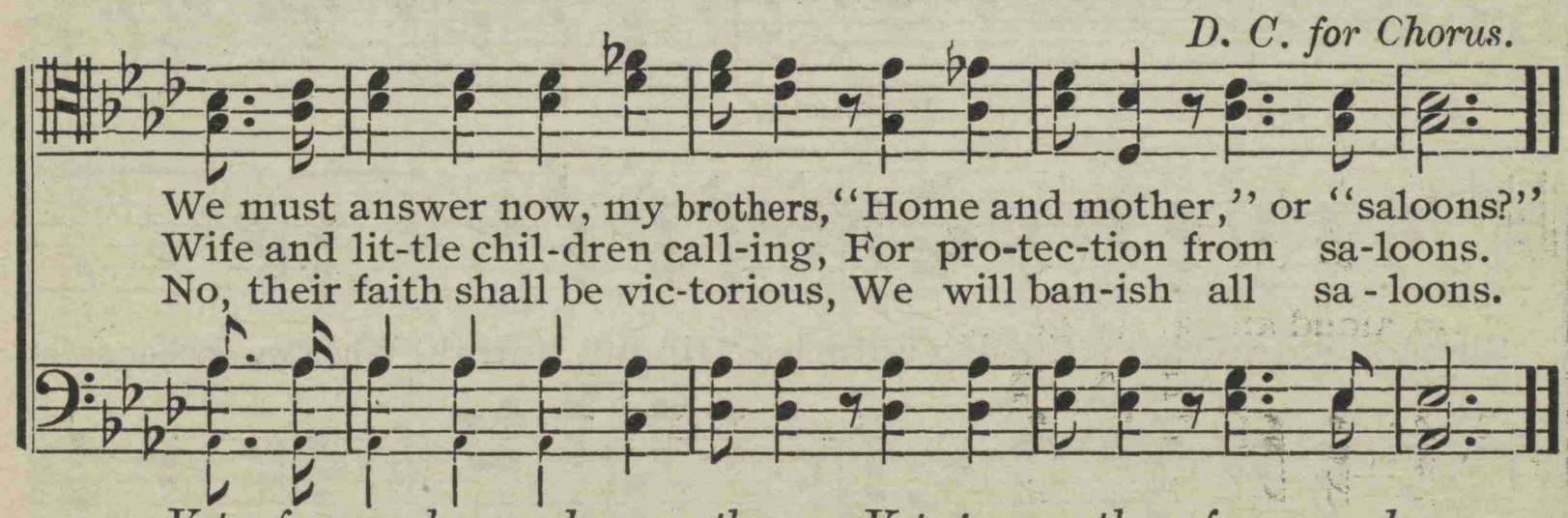


180 I Will Vote for Home and Mother.

J. E. RAMSEY. *Melody in Second Tenor.* CHAS. M. FILLMORE.



D. C. for Chorus.



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181 Hip Hip Hurrah!

J. P. IRVIN. J. B. HERBERT.

1. We've a pi - lot true and tried, Hip, hip, hur - rah! And what-
2. But a bat - tle we must fight, Hip, hip, hur - rah! In de-
3. To your posts ye val - iant ones, Hip, hip, hur - rah! Clear the
4. Let the sheet-ed lightnings break, Hip, hip, hur - rah! And with

ev - er may be-tide, Hip, hip, hurrah! We to Him will trust our fate,
fense of truth and right, Hip, hip, hurrah! With an old and battered craft,
ship and train your guns, Hip, hip, hurrah! Nail the col - ors to the mast!
hail and thunder shake, Hip, hip, hurrah! All her tim-bers to a wreck,

All in Unison.

All in Unison.

As He guides the ship of state, Tho' the storm be wild and wide.
That is leak - y fore and aft, See! she yon - der heaves in sight!
To a rock the an-chor's fast, Of a hun - dred thousand tons!
Till her flame-be-leag-ured deck, Shall the conquered crew for-sake!

CHORUS.

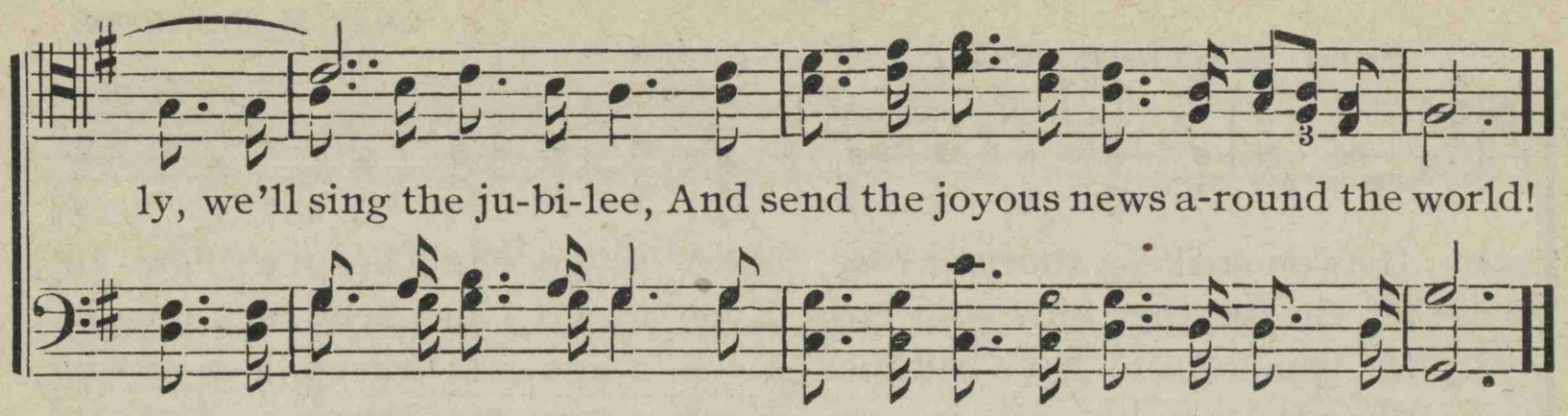
Hip, hip, hurrah, hurrah, hurah! We are sailing, sailing on to vic - to - ry,

All in Unison. *Harmony.*

Shout aloud and keep the flag unfurled, Hip, hip, hurrah! When we anchor safe-

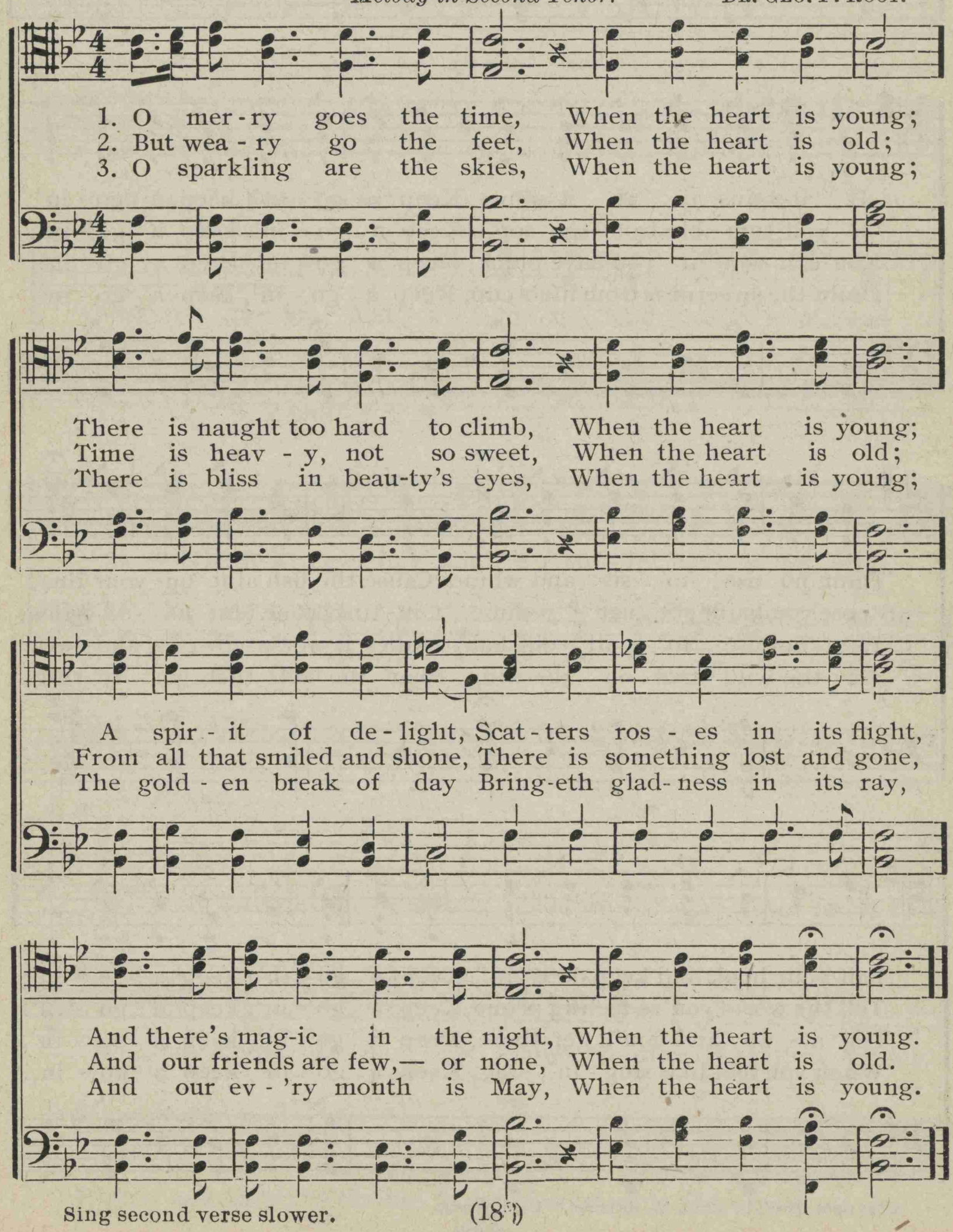
All in Unison.

Hip Hip Hurrah!



182 O Merry Goes the Time.

Melody in Second Tenor. DR. GEO. F. ROOT.



Sing second verse slower.

183 Keep A Goin'.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

SOLO. *Play as in G Clef.*

1. If you strike a thorn or rose, Keep a go - in', keep a go - in',
2. If the weather kills your crop, Keep a go - in', keep a go - in',
3. If you seem to have bad luck, Keep a go - in', keep a go - in',
4. When it looks like all is up, Keep a go - in', keep a go - in',

If it rains or if it snows, Keep a go - in', keep a go - in';
If you tum - ble from the top, Keep a go - in', keep a go - in';
You can win if you have pluck, Keep a go - in', keep a go - in';
Drain the sweetness from life's cup, Keep a go - in', keep a go - in';

'Taint no use to sit and whine 'Cause the fish aint on your line,
S'pose you haint got nar - y dime, Git - tin' broke aint an - y crime,
'Taint no use to pull your hair, Makes it worse to cuss and swear,
See the wild birds on the wing, Hear the bells that gai - ly ring,

Bait your hook and keep on tryin', Keep a go - in', keep a go - in'.
Tell the world you're feeling prime, Keep a go - in', keep a go - in'.
Peg a - way and you'll get there, Keep a go - in', keep a go - in'.
When you feel like sing - in', sing, Keep a go - in', keep a go - in,.

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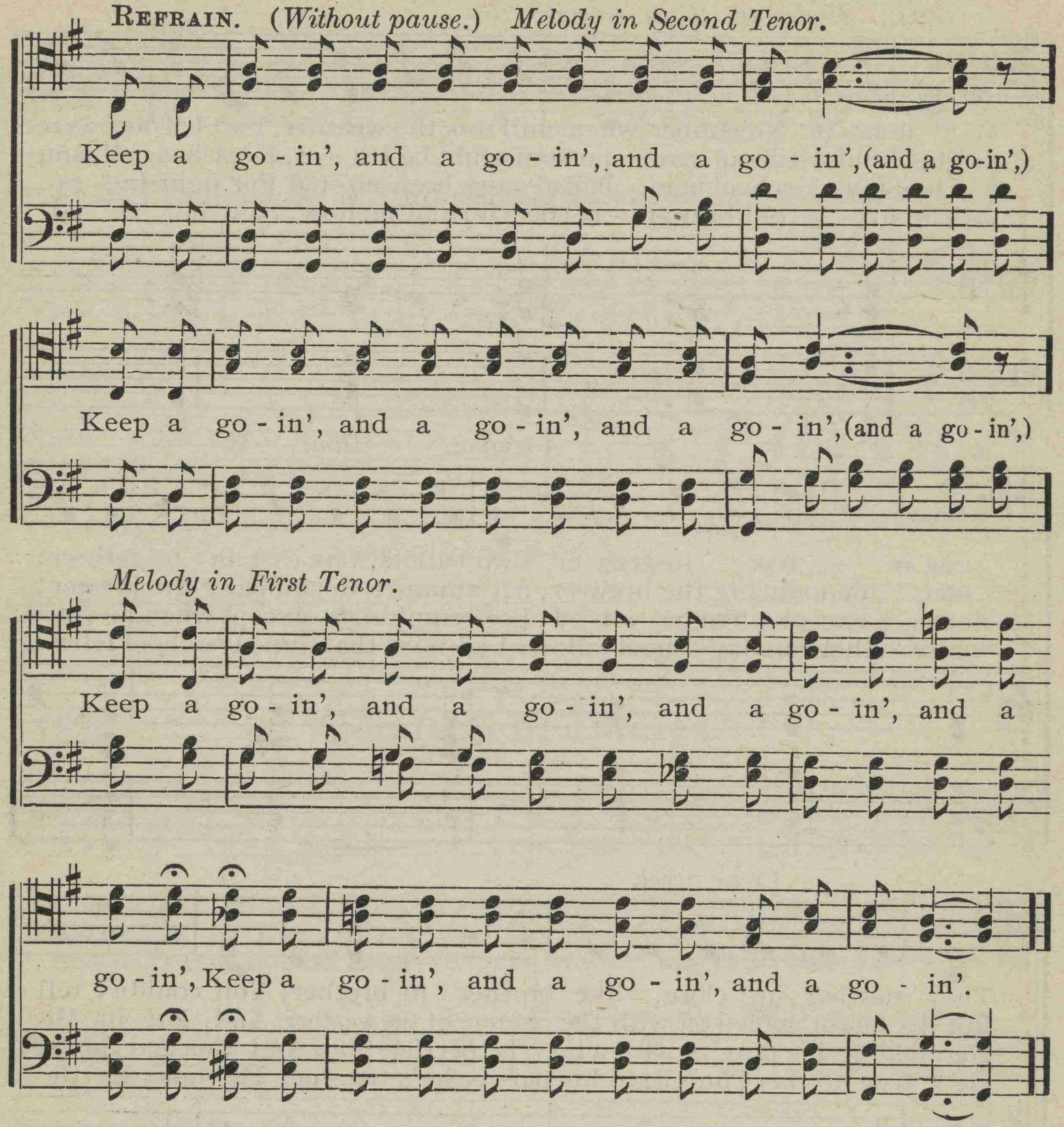
Keep A Goin'.



184 What are the Wild Waves Saying?

Chas. M. Fillmore.

185 The Twin Ballots.

H. S. TAYLOR. J. B. HERBERT.

SOLO. *Moderato. Cres. e accel.*

1. A - long in November, when chill was the weather, Two bal-lots were
2. The Sunday-school man — no man could be tru - er, Kept busy all sum-
3. The Sunday-school man had al-ways been no - ted For fight-ing sa-
4. The fox - y old brewer was cheerful and mellow; Said he, "I ad-

A tempo. Dim.

cast in a box to-geth- er, Two ballots were cast in to-geth-er;
mer denouncing the brew-er, All summer denouncing the brewer;
loons, except when he vot- ed; For temp'rance, except when he voted;
mire that Sunday-school fellow; I ad-mire that Sunday-school fellow;

Cres.e accel.

They nestled up close, like brother to brother, You couldn't tell
But his fervor cooled off with the change of the weather, And late in the
He piled up his pray'rs with a ho - ly per-fec-tion, And knocked them all
He's true to his Church, to his par- ty he's tru - er; He talks for the

A tempo. Rit.

one of the votes from the other, You couldn't tell one from the oth-er.
autumn they vot- ed to-geth-er, In autumn they vot- ed to- geth-er.
down on the day of e - lec-tion. But knocked them all down at election.
Lord, but he votes for the brewer, He votes ev-'ry time for the brew-er."

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The Twin Ballots.

f CHORUS.

They were both rum votes, And sanctioned the license plan; But one was cast by a

f *Spoken by a single voice.* *Rit.*

jol - ly old brewer, *And one by a Sunday-school man.* One by a Sunday-school man.

p

186 Good-night Ladies.

1. Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, la-dies! We're
2. Fare-well, la - dies! Fare - well, la-dies! Fare -well, la-dies! We're
3. Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, la-dies! Sweet dreams, ladies! We're

CHORUS.

going to leave you now. Mer - ri-ly we roll a-long, roll a - long,

Repeat pp

roll a-long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a-long, O-ver the dark blue sea.

187 Quit It Brother Quit It.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. *Melody in First Bass.* J. H. FILLMORE.

1. When you find you're doing wrong, Quit it, broth-er, quit it;
2. Do you let your tem-per rise? Quit it, broth-er, quit it;
3. Are you holding some old grudge? Quit it, broth-er, quit it;
4. Tight and stin - gy is your bent, Quit it, broth-er, quit it;

FINE.

E - vil grows so fast and strong, Quit it, broth-er, quit it;
Rage and fu - ry are not wise, Quit it, broth-er, quit it;
All your pleasure it will smudge, Quit it, broth-er, quit it;
Don't be pinching ev - 'ry cent, Quit it, broth-er, quit it;

Lit - tle wrongs we do to - day, Tho' they seem like i - dle play,
Nev - er let the an - gry word From your parted lips be heard,
Go and find him and make up, Pass a- gain the friend - ly cup,
Love of mon - ey is the root Whence all oth- er sins out - put,

Hab- its form, and soon we find Strong as i - ron do they bind.
Think before you strike the blow, Cool off, brother, and go slow.
Love makes sweetest joys to start, Hate's the cank-er of the heart.
Mis-ers starve, as might a rat, Lib - 'ral souls are al - ways fat.

D. C.

Don't stay in it, quit it, quit it, Just this minute, quit it, quit it.

NOTE.—Sing as many verses as you like. Verses of local interest may be added.

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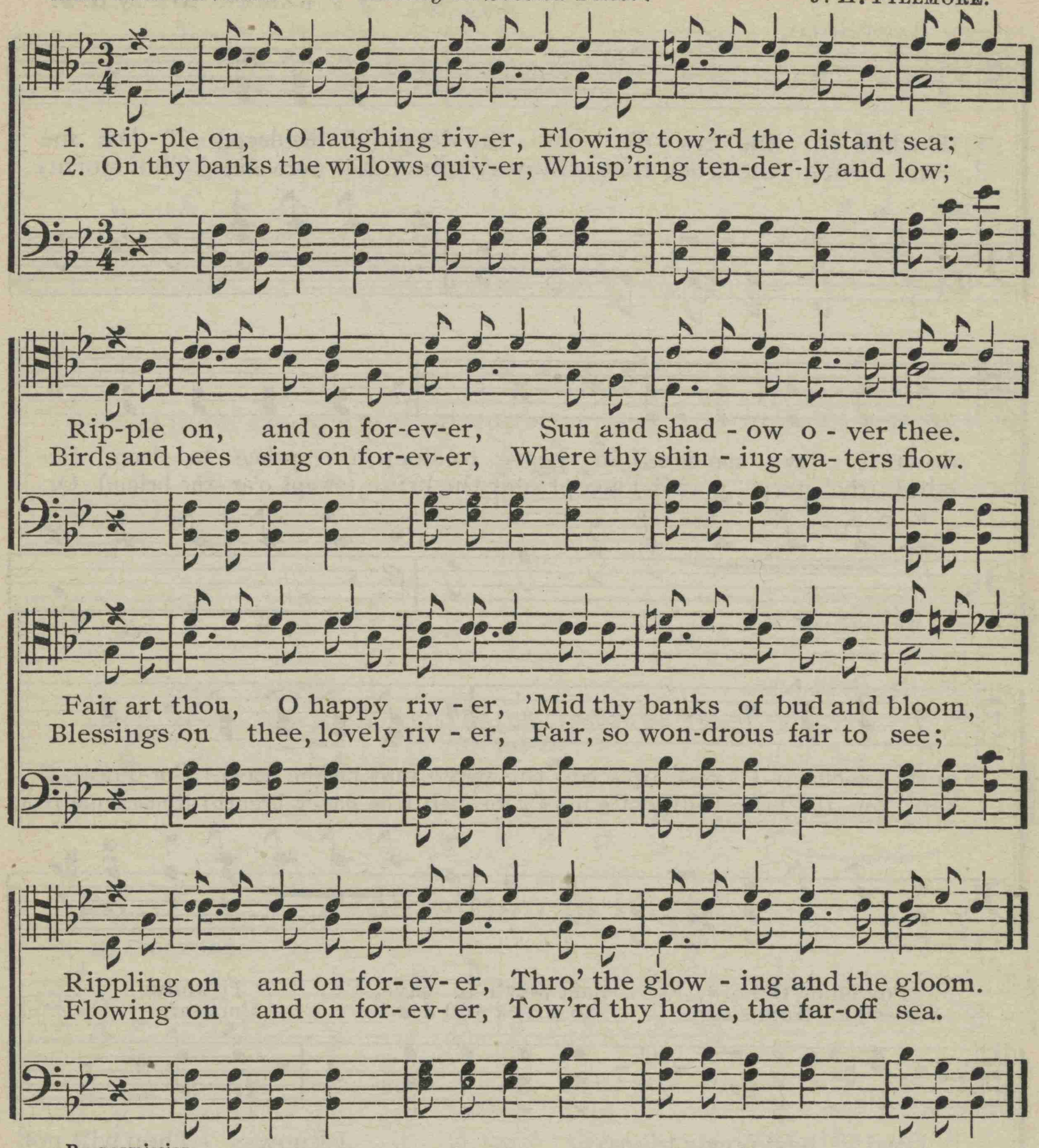
188 Lovely River.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. *Melody in Second Tenor.* J. H. FILLMORE.



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Quit It Brother Quit It. Concluded.

5 Are you lazy,—tired born?
Quit it, brother, quit it;
Then you are a case forlorn,
Quit it, brother, quit it;
Poverty will be your lot,
And in death you'll be forgot;
Break away from this dull sin,
Wake up, brother! work and win.

6 Do you lie, and steal, and swear?
Quit it, brother, quit it;
Yes, my boy, beware, beware,
Quit it, brother, quit it;
Every sin and every crime
Gets it full reward sometime;
Don't, by fools, be further led,—
Prison walls stand just ahead.

7 Are you flirting with the girls?
Quit it, brother, quit it;
They will beat you with their curls,
Quit it, brother, quit it;
As you meet them day by day,
Treat them in a manly way,
If you love one, tell her so,
But this fooling does not go.

8 Are you singing all this song?
Quit it, brother, quit it;
Don't you see its getting long?
Quit it, brother, quit it;
There's a time for everything,
Time to stop as well as sing,
People want to go to bed,
And they're wishing you were dead.

189 Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

J. P. KNIGHT. Arr. by H. F.

BASS SOLO.

1. Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep, (of the deep,) I lay me down (I lay me down) in peace to sleep, (in peace to sleep,) Se-
2. And such the trust that still were mine, (still were mine,) Tho' stormy winds (tho' storm - y winds) swept o'er the brine, (swept o'er the brine,) Or

cure, (se-cure,) I rest up - on the wave, (up - on the wave,) For Thou, O
tho' (or tho') the tempest's fier - y breath (the fier - y breath) Roused me from

For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save, I know
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death. I'm safe

Lord, . . hast pow'r to save. I know Thou wilt not
sleep. . . to wreck and death. In o - cean cave still

slight my call, (not slight my call,) For Thou (For Thou) dost mark the sparrow's
safe with Thee, (still safe with Thee,) The germ (The germ) of im - mor-tal - i-

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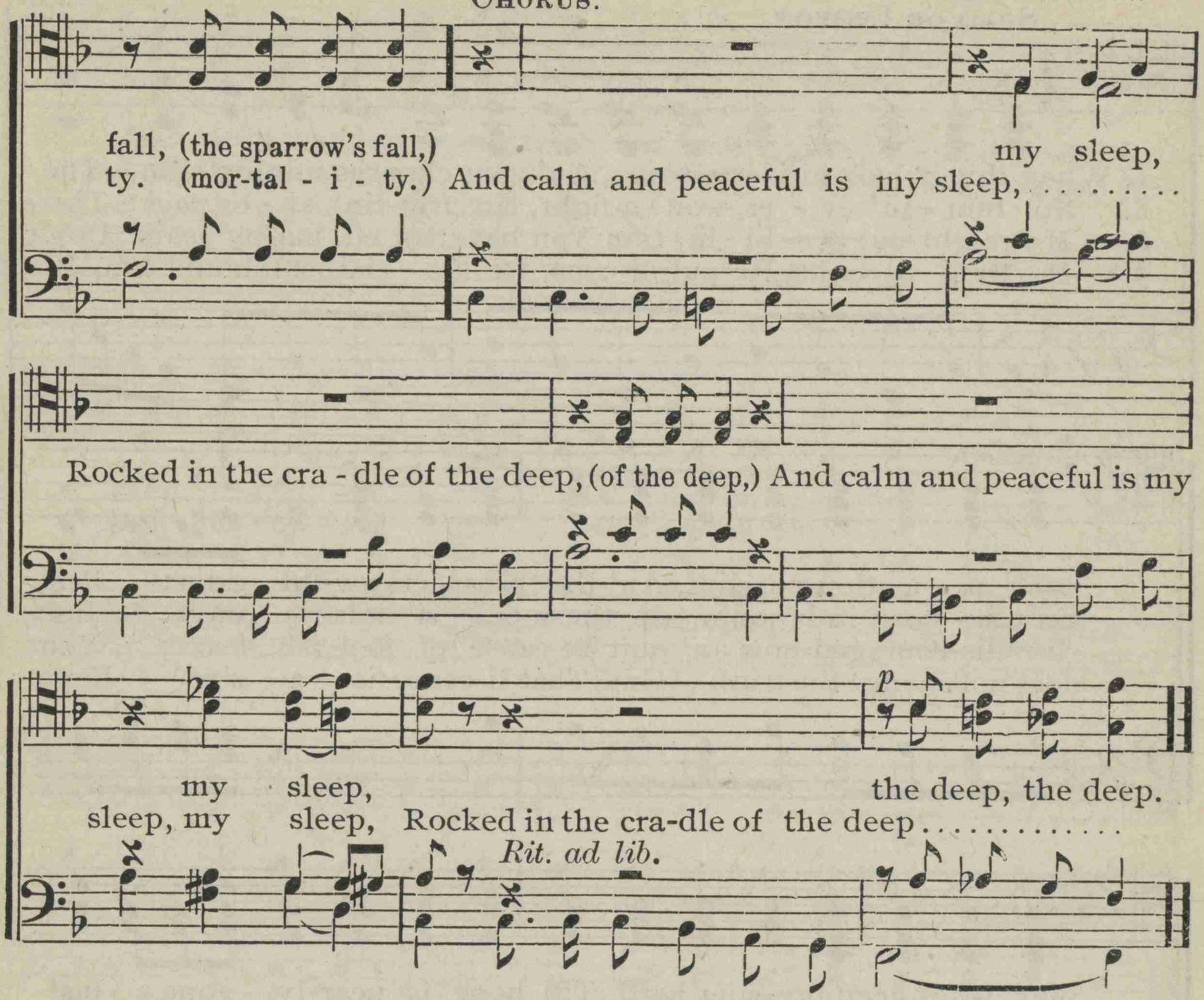
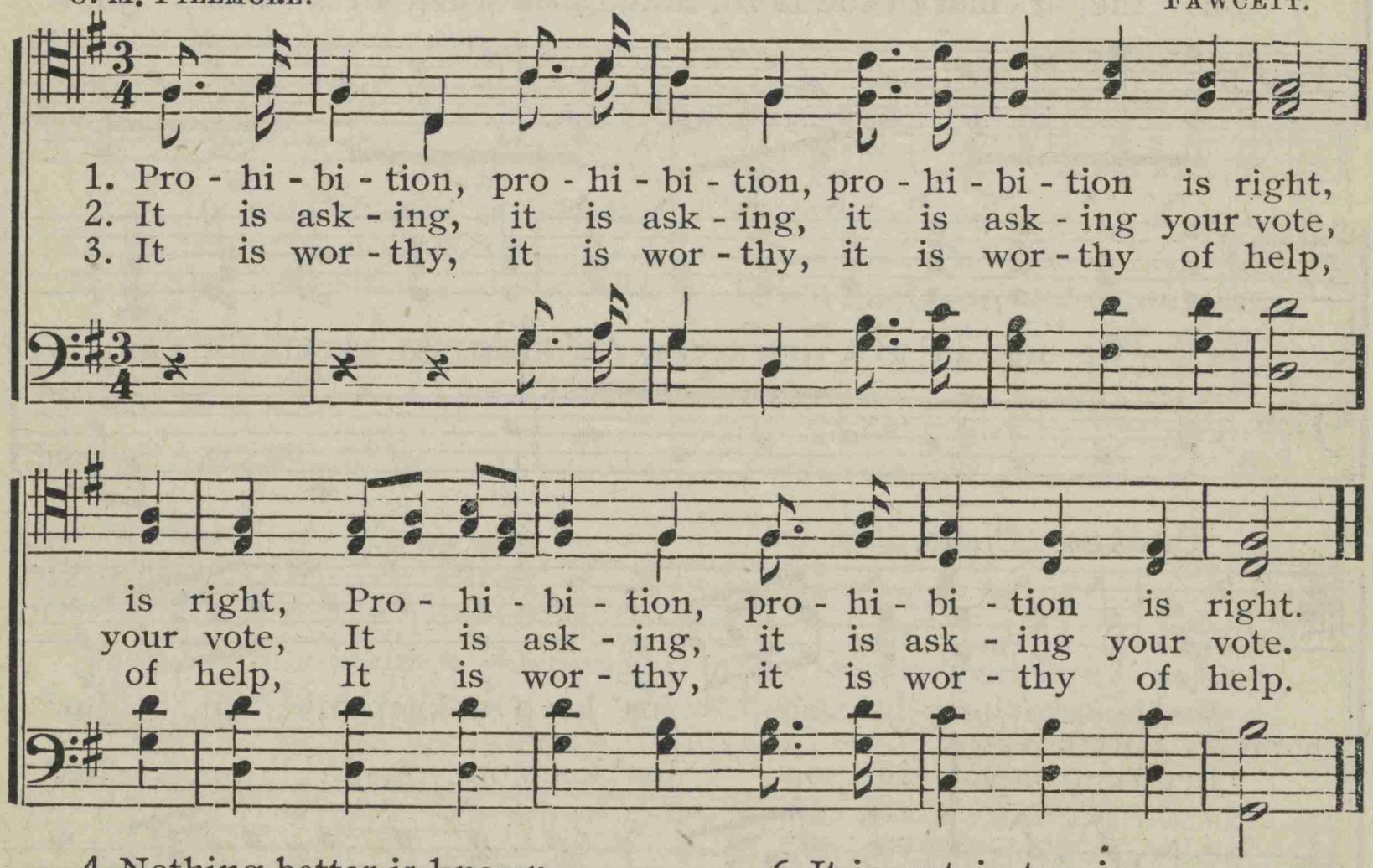
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

CHORUS.



190 Prohibition is Right.

C. M. FILLMORE. FAWCETT.



4 Nothing better is known.
5 It is growing each day.
6 It is certain to win.
7 It will triumph some day.

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191 Jus' Keep On Keepin' On.

Words Adapted. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

SOLO OR UNISON.

1. When things look kinder gloomy, An' your chances mighty slim, The
2. No fum - in' ev - er won a fight, No fret-tin' ev - er pays; There
3. If straight-out pro- hi - bi - tion You have vot-ed ma-ny years, Don't
4. If Dem - o - crats, Re-pub-li-cans, Or So - cial-ists should win, It

sit - u - a - tion puzzlin', An' the prospects aw-ful grim; Per-
ain't no good in broodin,' In these pes - si - mis-tic ways; Jus'
be dis-couraged now an' quit Be-cause of fool- ish fears; Your
does not change the truth of God, That li-cense is a sin; Keep

plex -i-ties keep pressing hard, Till hope is near-ly gone, Jus'
smile on bright and cheerfully, When hope is near-ly gone, Jus'
votes have not been thrown away, Tho' you have not yet won, Jus'
on the ar - mor of the Lord, Stand firm when all is done, Jus'

bris - tle up an' grit your teeth, An' keep on keep - in' on.

CHORUS. *Presto.*

Jus' keep on keep-in' on, Jus' keep on keep-in' on, Jus'

Chorus 3rd and 4th verses.

Jus' keep on vot - in' on, Jus' keep on vot - in' on, Jus'

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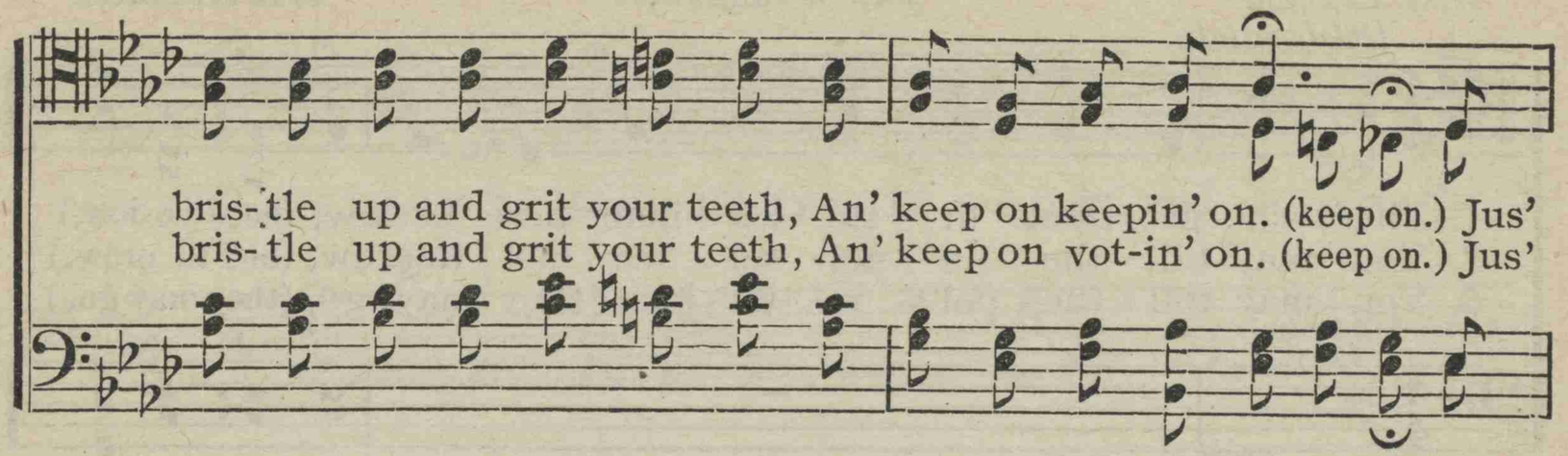
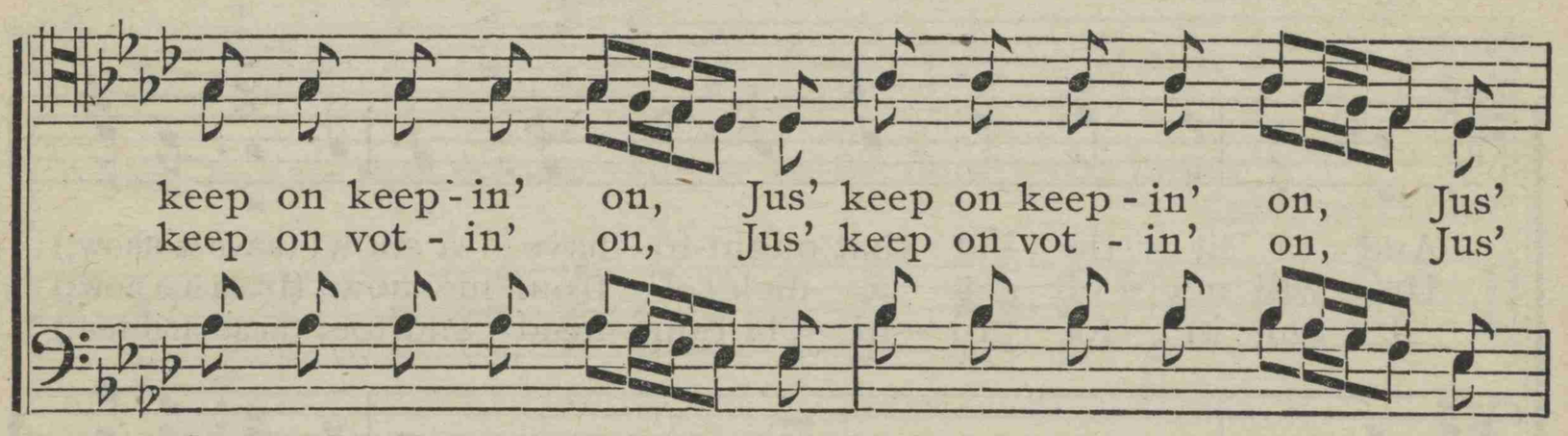
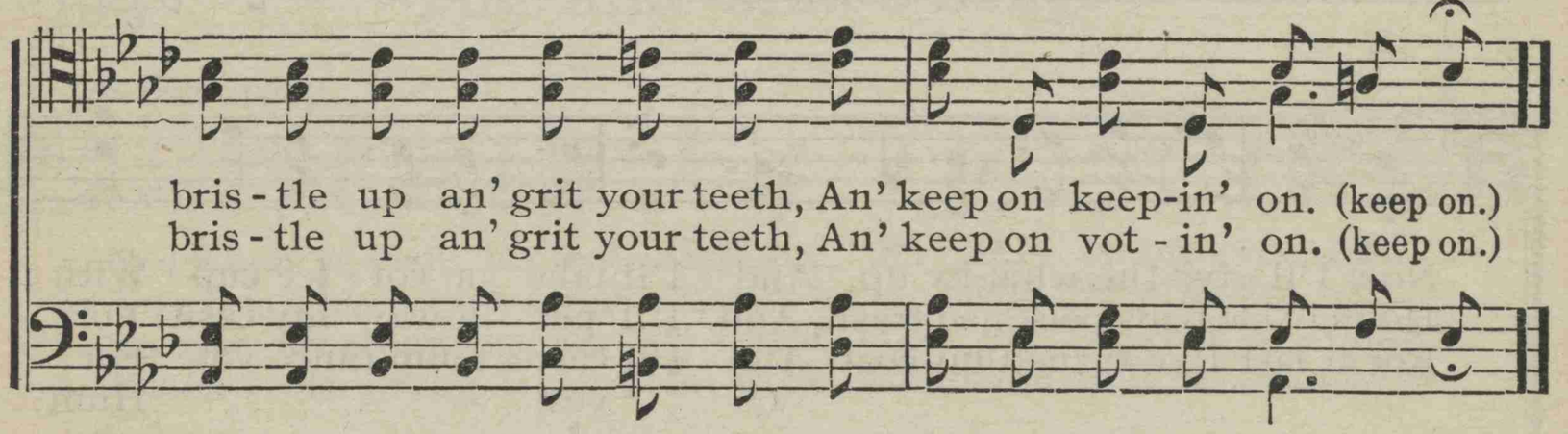
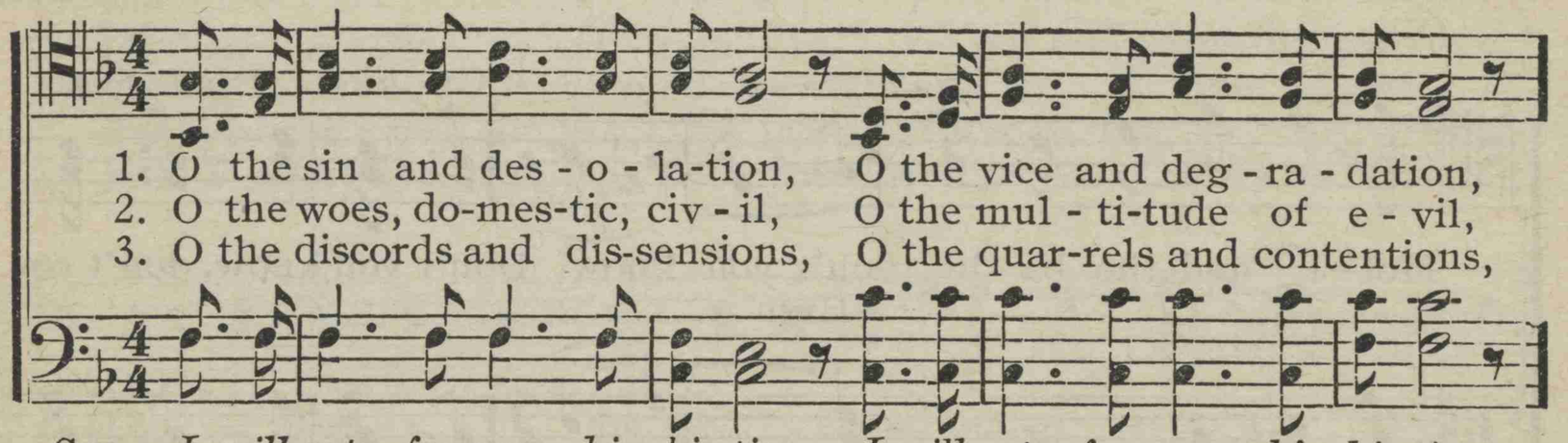
Jus' Keep On Keepin' On.

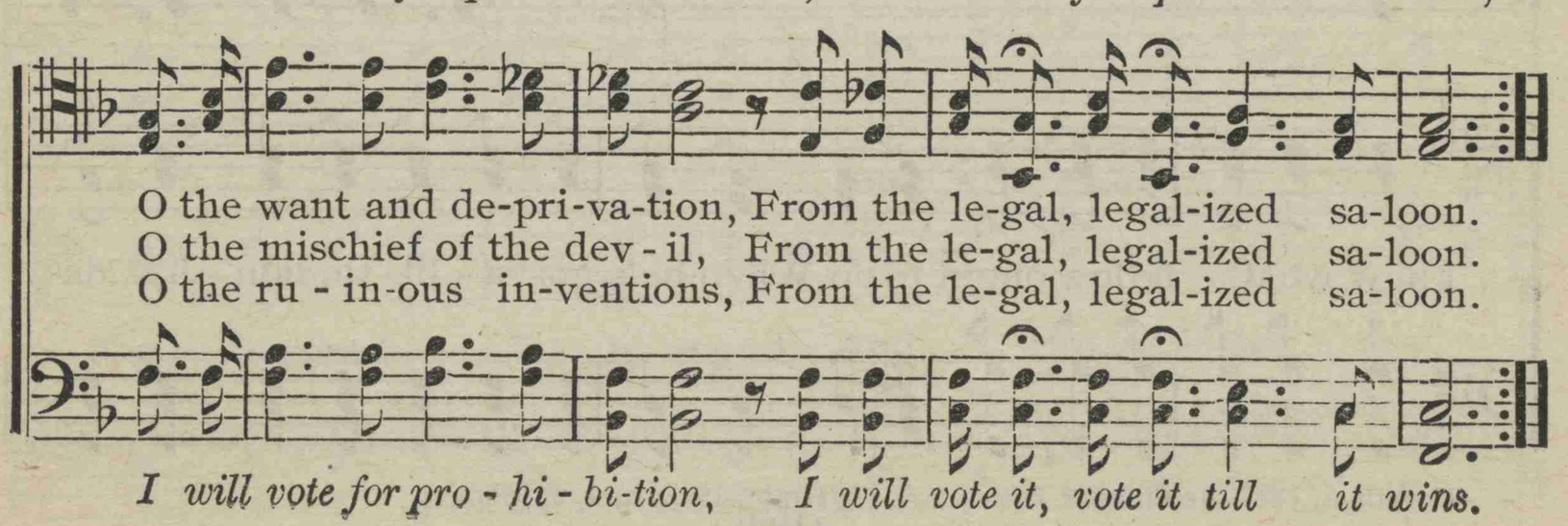




192 The Legalized Saloon.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE. P. P. BLISS.





193 Molly and the Baby.

H. S. TAYLOR. May be sung in F. J. B. HERBERT.

Deliberately.

1. There's a pa - tient lit - tle wo - man here be-low, (here be-low,)
2. You may tell the liq - uor sel - ler not to crow, (not to crow,)
3. You may tell the pol - i - tic - ians they may go, (they may go,)

And a lit - tle kid that ought to have a show; (have a show;)
He will nev - er get a nick - el from me now; (from me now;)
I am in for pro - hi - bi-tion, head and toe; (head and toe;)

Now I'll give the whis-ky up, And I'll take a cof - fee cup With
He may keep his poisoned trash, And I'll put a-way my cash For
For at last I've turned my coat, And I'll cast a temp'rance vote For
O yes! Hum..

Rall.

CHORUS. *A little faster.*

Mol - ly and the ba - by, don't you know! Don't you know, don't you
..... Hum.....

know what a fellow ought to do, When he's got a lit- tle fam - 'ly de-

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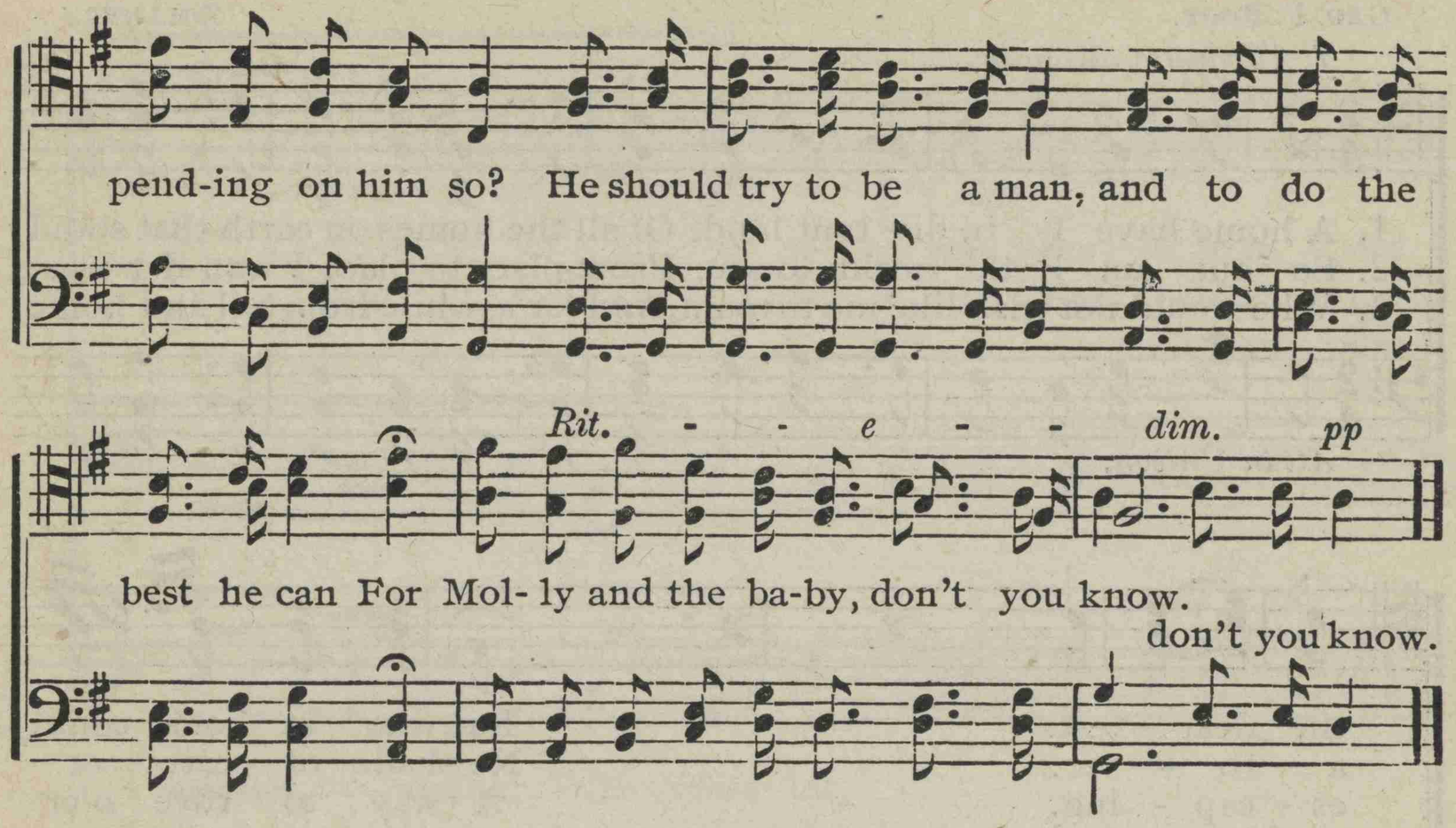
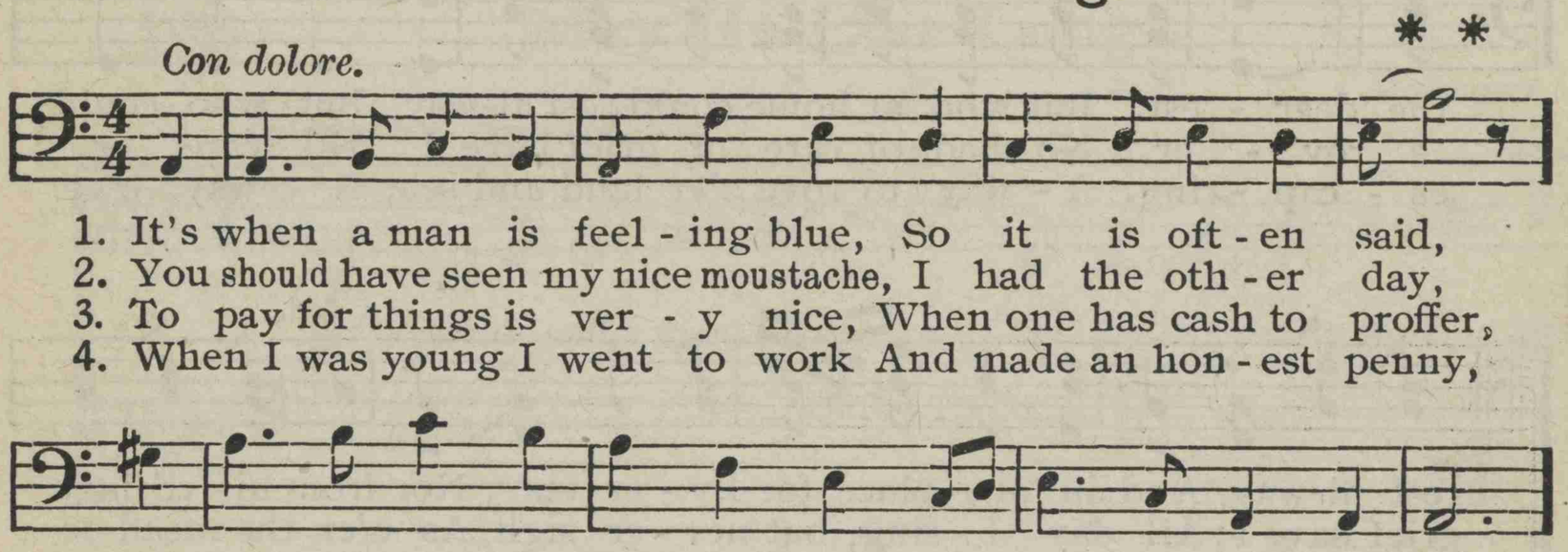
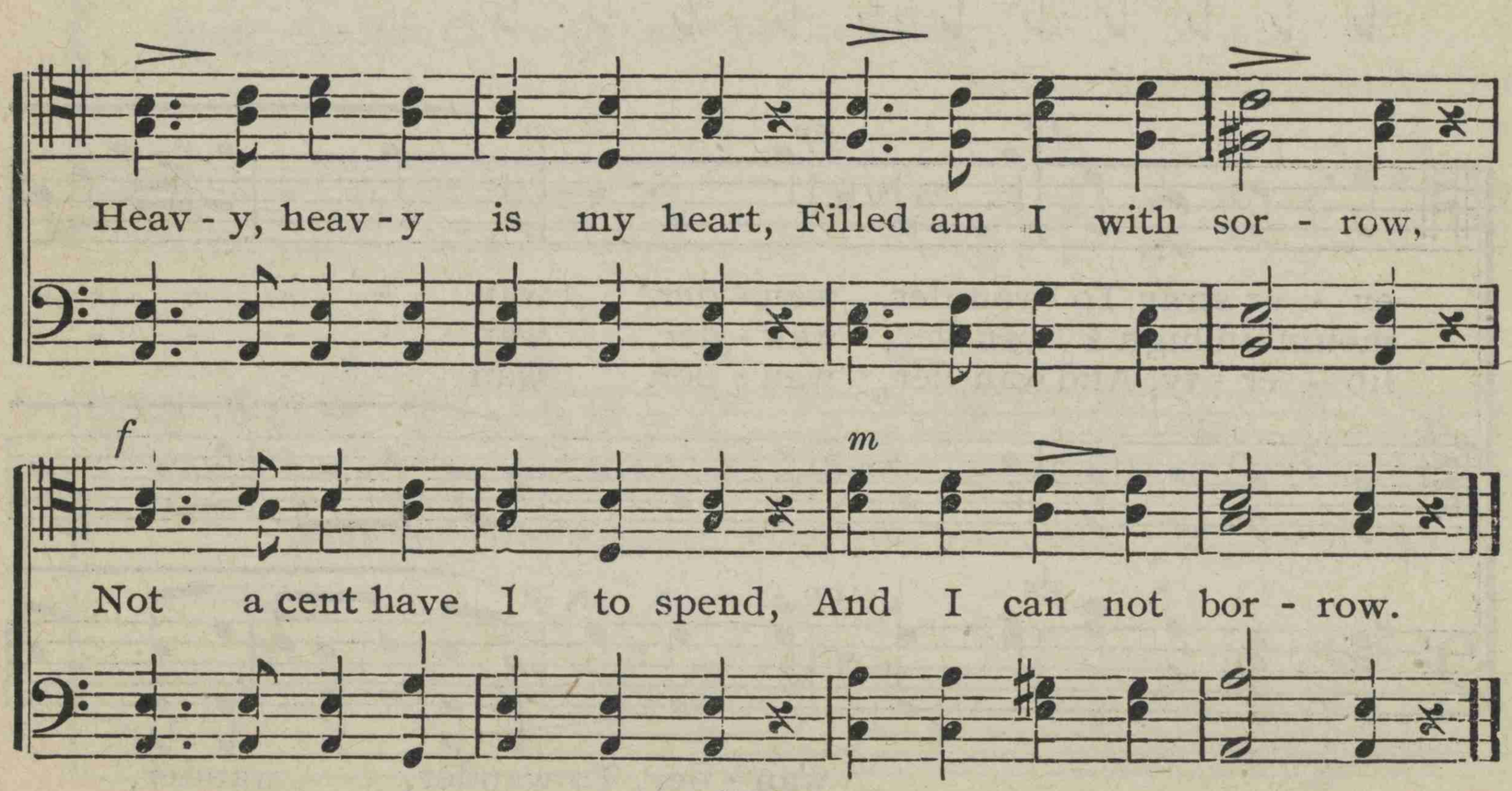
Molly and the Baby.



194 The Blue Man's Song.



195 The Wanderer.

GEO. F. ROOT. ZOLLNER.

f Allegretto animato.

1. A home have I in dis- tant land, Of all the homes on earth that stand,
2. So out am I the world to see; From place to place I wan-der free,
3. Who would not wish like me to roam, And for a-while from toil and home

All in Unison.

the dear - est. But who at home could
a ro - ver. No shade of care or
es - cap - ing. A - way to rove o'er

p

the dear - est. But who at home could rest al-way, But who could
a rov - er. No shade of care or grief have I, No care or
es - cap - ing. A - way to rove o'er land and sea, A - way o'er

Cres.

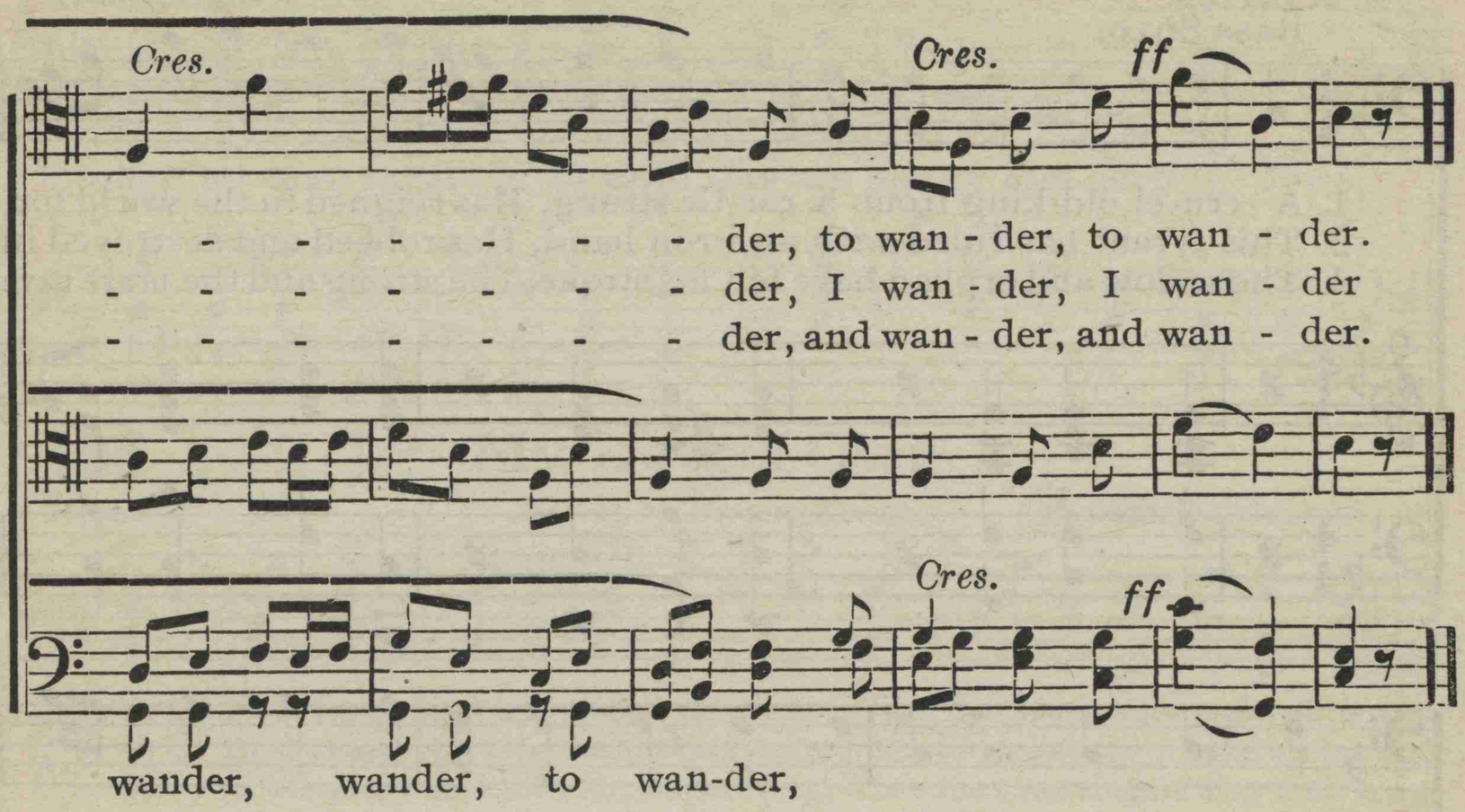
rest al-way, And in one place for- ev - er stay, Nor from his vil-lage
grief have I; All day I sing, but nev - er sigh, As o'er the mead or
land and sea, New sights and peoples strange to see, To taste the sweets of

ff *pp* *p*

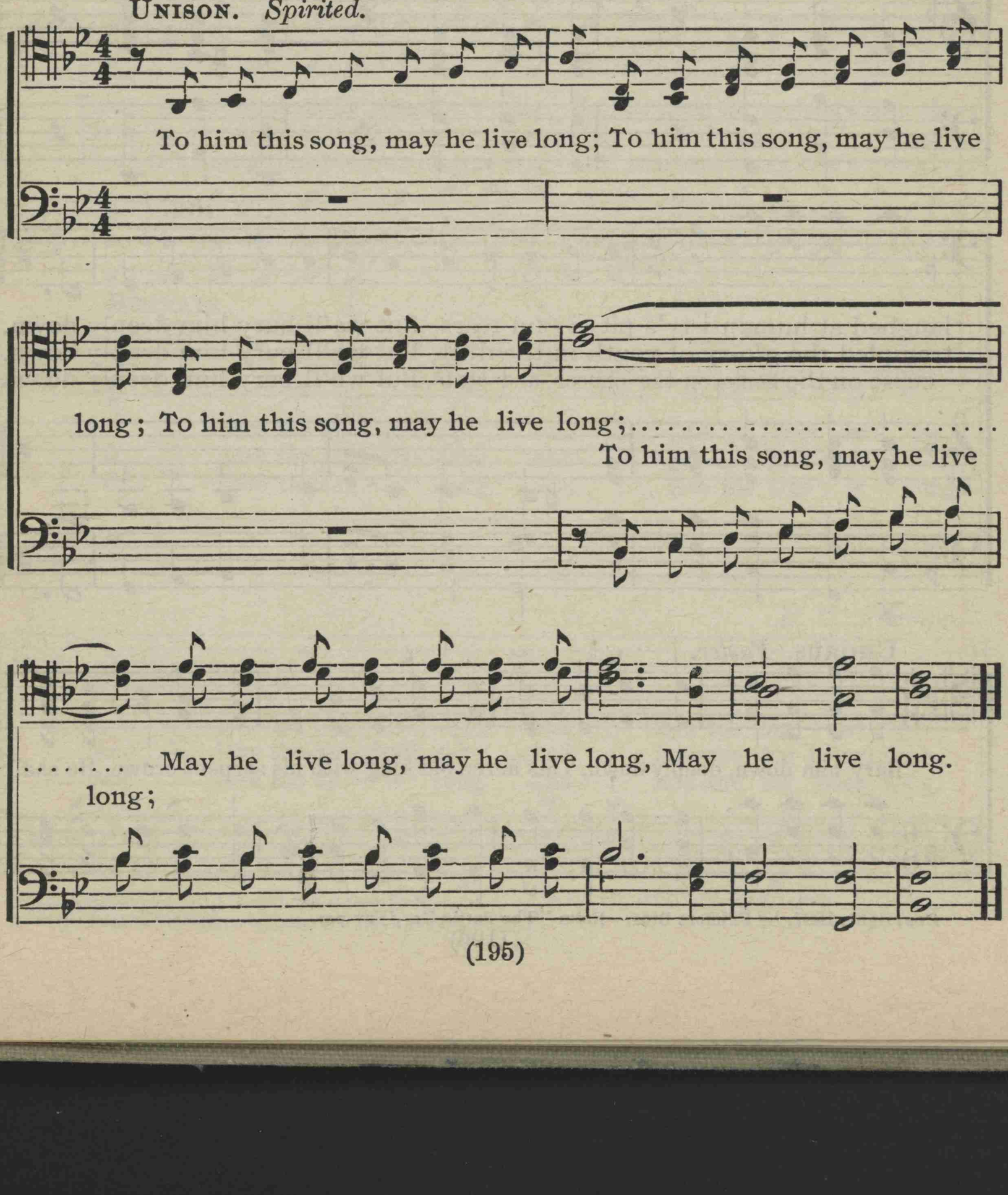
ev - er stray, To wan-der, wan - der, wan - - - -
mountain high I wan-der, wan - der, wan - - - -
lib - er - ty, And wan-der, wan - der, wan - - - -

ff *pp* *p*

wan - der, To wander, wander,

The Wanderer.

196 May He Live Long.

Unknown.



197 Bury Him Deeply Down.

H. S. TAYLOR. J. B. HERBERT.

BASS SOLO.

1. A cru-el old king from a cas-tle strong, Has reigned in the world for a - ges long; He has marched in wrath thro' the frightened years, And
2. This tyrant has ruled with an i-ron hand, Has robbed and destroyed in ev - 'ry land; He has pierced old age with a poisoned thrust, And
3. The widow and orphan have felt his stroke, The strong and the brave have worn his yoke; He has poured from bottomless springs of hate A

laughed at human-i-ty's pit - i - ful tears, But we'll bury him deeply down.
trampled the glo-ry of youth in the dust, But we'll bury him deeply down.
curse on the home, on the church and state, But we'll bury him deeply down.

Rit.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Bury him down, deeply down, This fierce old king with his serpent crown, He shall

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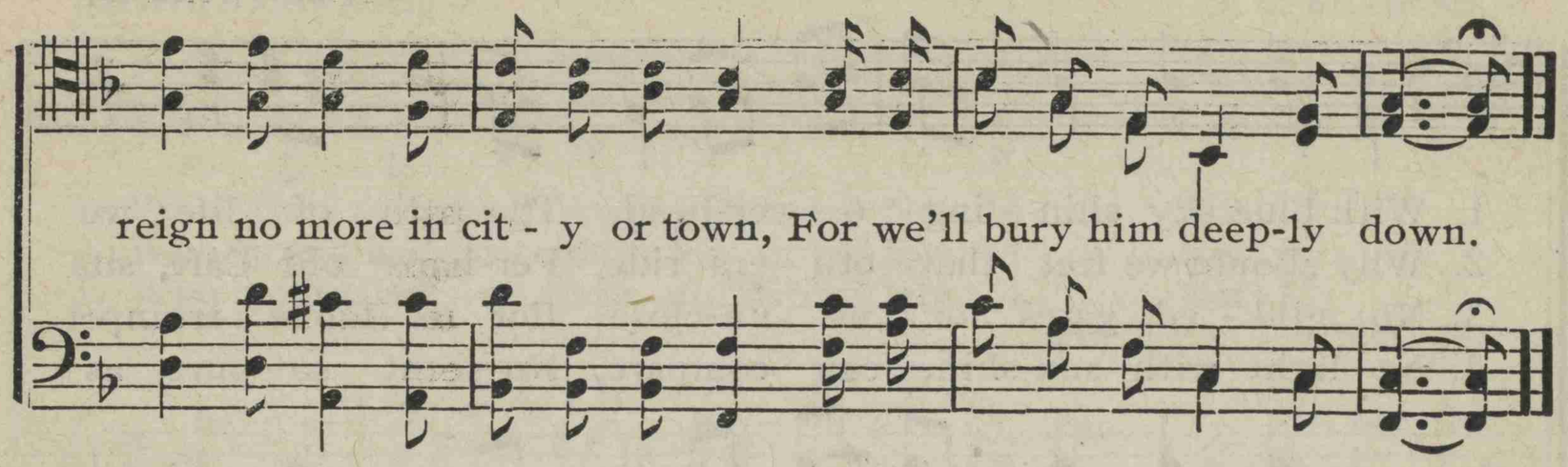
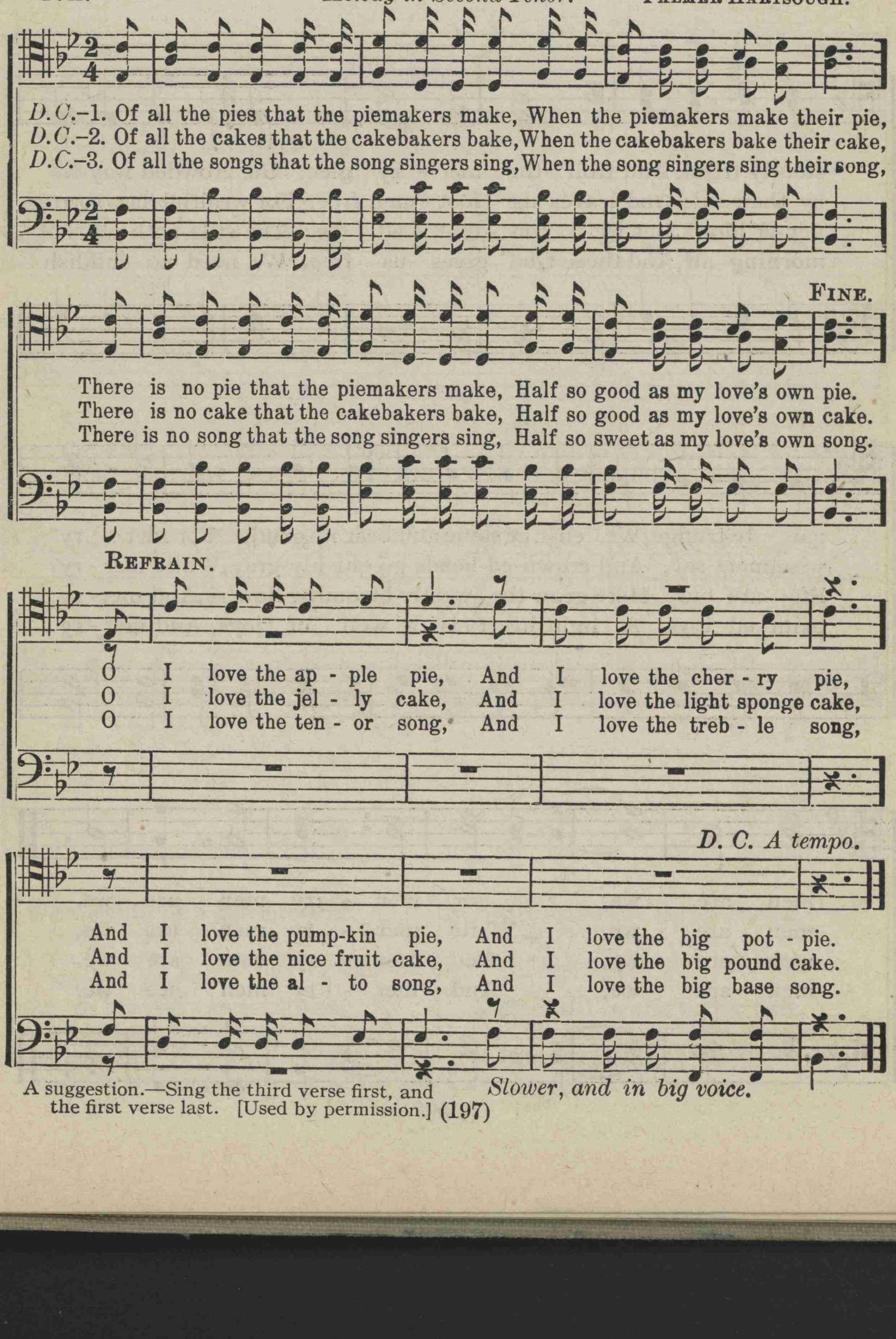
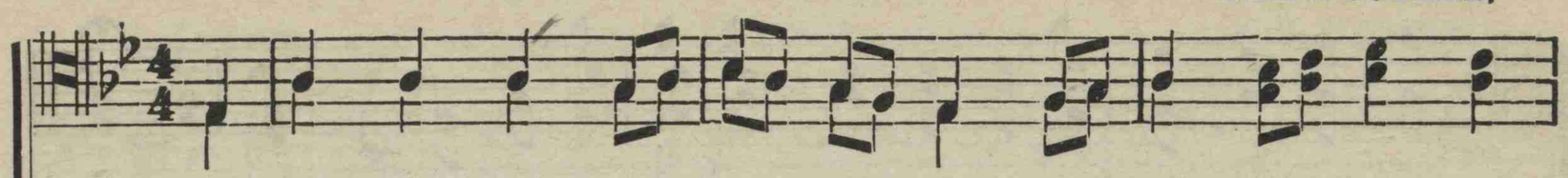
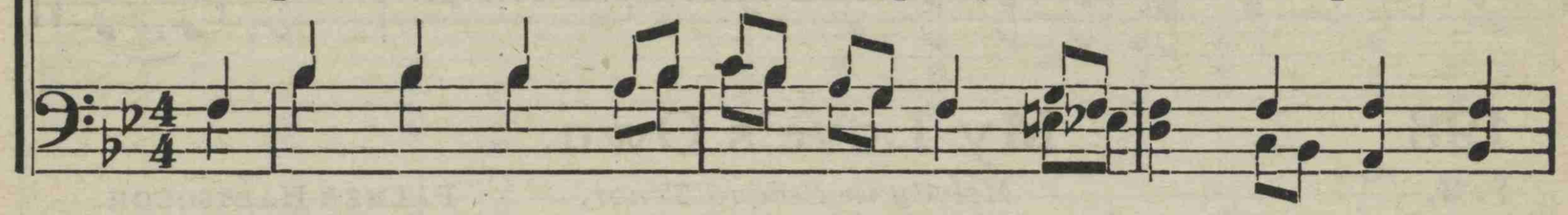
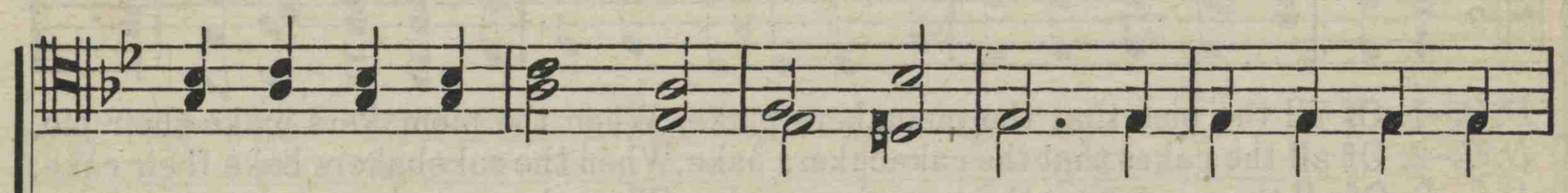
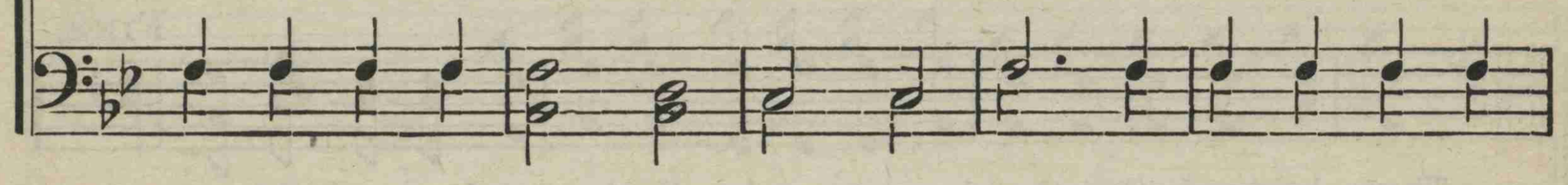
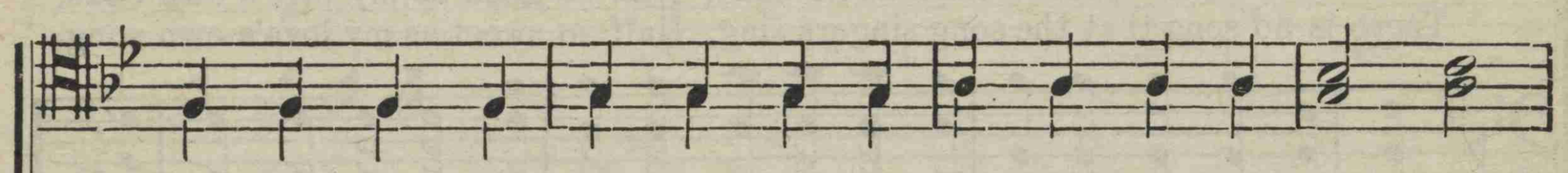
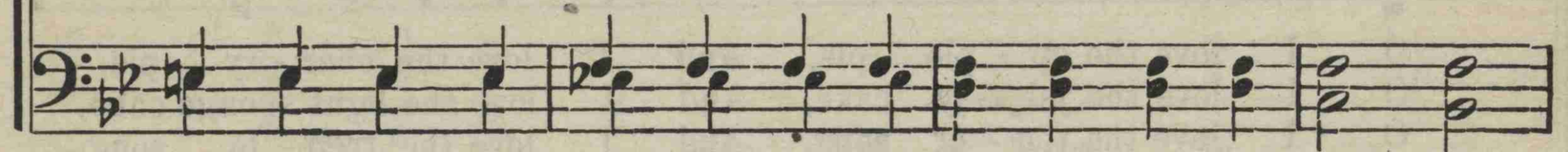
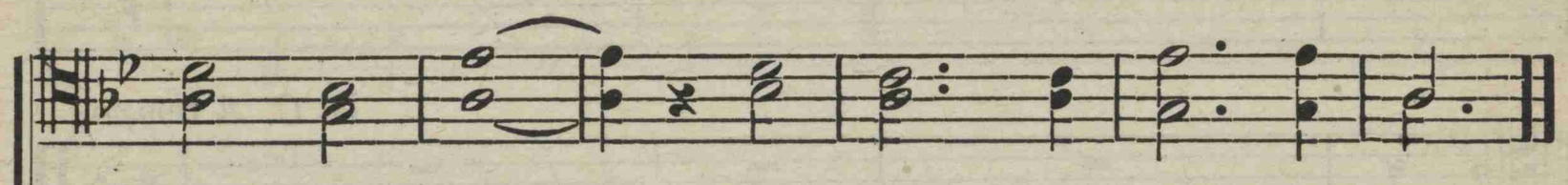
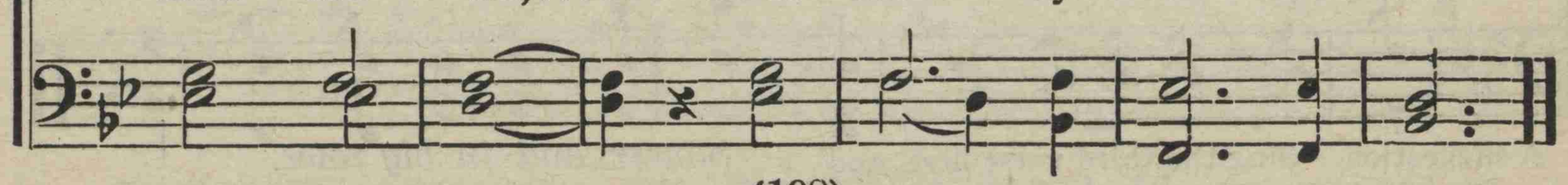
Bury Him Deeply Down.



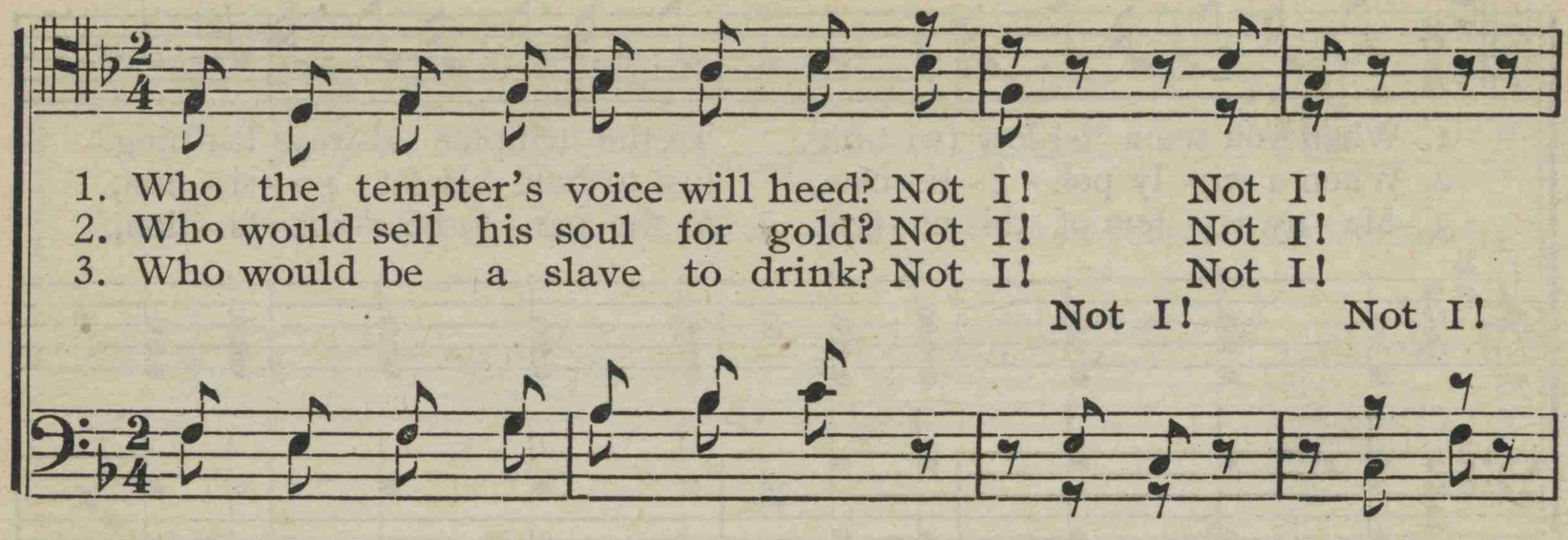
198 My Love's Own.

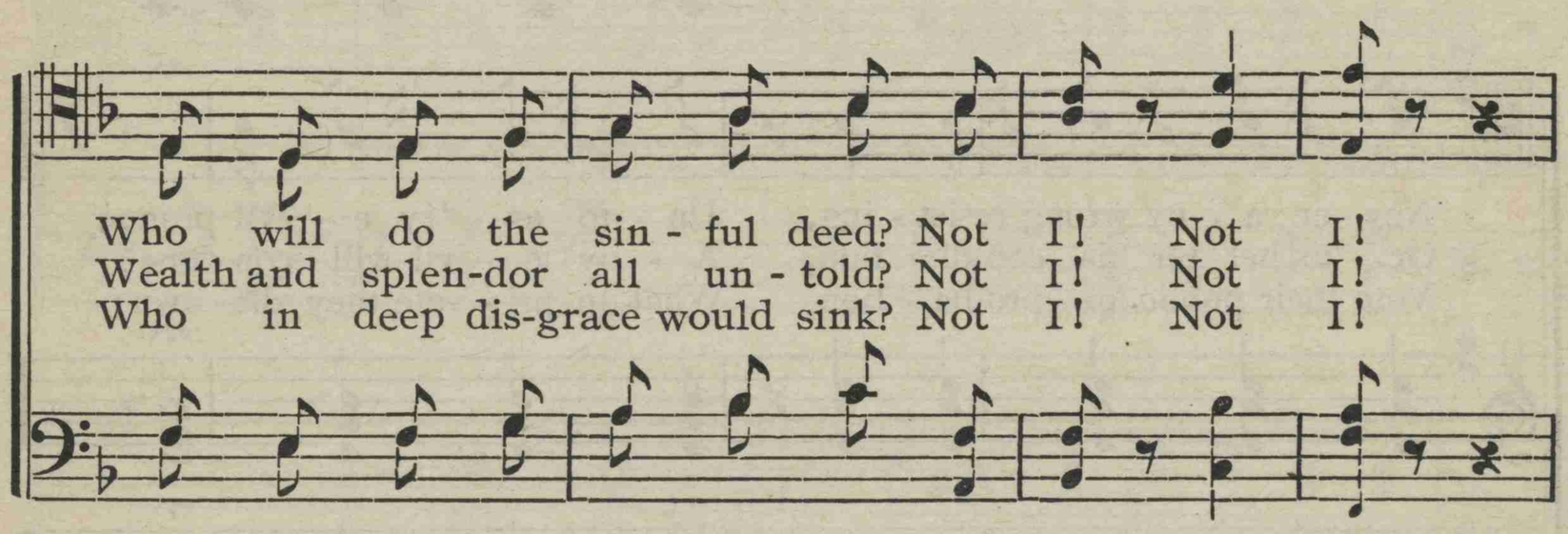
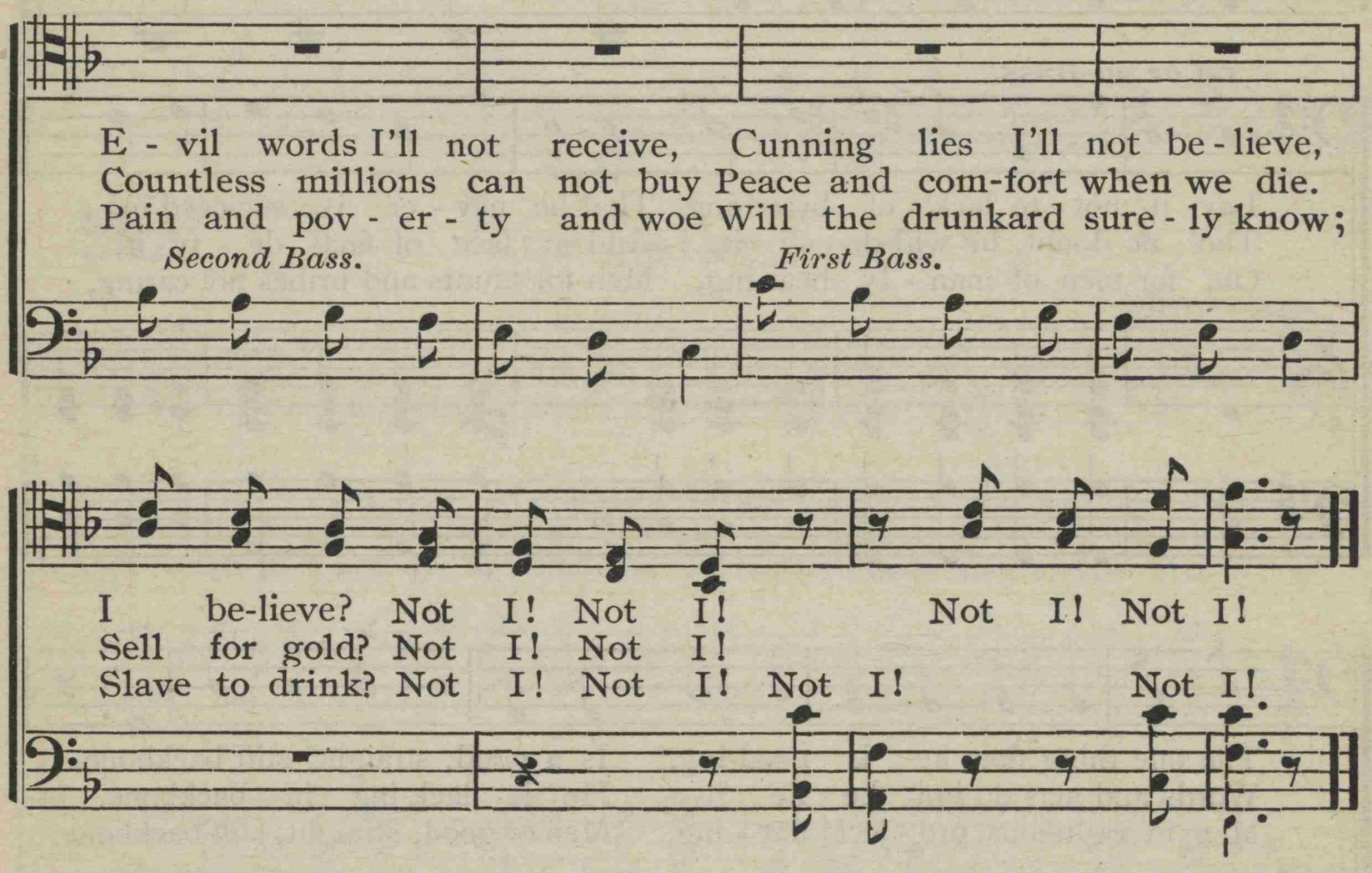
P. H. *Melody in Second Tenor.* PALMER HARTSOUGH.

A suggestion.—Sing the third verse first, and the first verse last. [Used by permission.]

199 Merry Men Are We.

FRANZ COMMER,

I. With blue sky shin - ing o - ver-head, The path of life we
2. Why should we fret that oth - ers ride, Per-haps old Care sits
3. No gild - ed gates for us un-close, For us Fame's trumpet
4. No light with sun-shine can compare, No scent so pure as

stoutly tread, And troll the mer - ry glee; The crowded way we
by their side, And leaves us foot - men free; For wealth brings sorrow,
nev-er blows, But we'll con - tent - ed be; The stile-path ways of
morning air, And these God gives us free; We need no childish

gai - ly trudge, We en - vy none and bear no grudge, For mer - ry
wise men say, And crown-ed heads go qui kly gray, While mer - ry
life are ours, Here grow the sweetly blooming flow'rs, And mer - ry
paint-ed toys, A light heart is a well of joys, And mer - ry

men are we,.... For mer - ry men are we.
men are we,.... While mer - ry men are we.
men are we,.... And mer - ry men are we.
men are we,.... And mer - ry men are we.

200 Not I Not I.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.





4 Who would be a slave to sin?
Not I! Not I!
Lose the crown that I may win?
Not I! Not I!
No, in heaven's sweet liberty
God's own freeman would I be;
Slave to sin? Not I! Not I!

5 I will make the better choice,—
Will I, Will I,
And with all the good rejoice,—
Will I, Will I.
Mine shall be the better part,
God shall have my life, my heart,
Live for Him, Will I, Will I.

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201 Backbone.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. When you see a fel-low twist-ing, To the tempter al-ways list'ning,
2. When a wi - ly pol - i - ti - cian, Just to hold his fat po - si - tion,
3. Ma - ny vo - ters of this na - tion, At the par - ty-boss' dic - ta - tion,

Nev - er a - ny wrong resist - ing, Un - to ev - 'ry e - vil prone;
Or to bet - ter his con-di - tion, A - ny e - vil will con-done;
Vote their public ap - pro-ba - tion, What in pri - vate they dis - own;

1st or 2d Bass.

Lay it not to lack of breed-ing, That he nev - er is suc-ceed-ing;
Tho', no doubt, he will de - ny it, And in face of facts de - fy it,
Oh, for men of man - ly bear-ing, Men for taunts and bribes not caring,

The one thing that he is need-ing, Is a good, straight, stiff backbone.
Words and acts do not be - lie it— He is lack-ing in backbone.
Men in righteous pro - jects dar - ing, Men of good, straight, stiff backbone.

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Backbone.

f CHORUS.

Stand erect! be firm and steady,(firm and steady,)Throw your moral shoulders back!

For it is backbone, bone,For it is backbone,bone,Good,straight, stiff backbone,

For it is backbone,bone,For it is backbone,bone That men most sadly lack.

202 The Fatherland.

METHFESSEL.

1. O sing with voic-es clear and strong, The song of songs up-rais - ing;
2. Thou great and glorious fatherland, Thou land of truth and beau-ty;
3. With thee for aye we cast our parts, To home and virtue tru - ly;

Our own, our fa-ther's na-tive song, Set woodland echoes prais - ing.
Thou dear, thou well be-lov-ed land, Thy praise is joy and du - ty.
We ded - i-cate our hands and hearts, And soul and spir-it new - ly.

203 Get a Transfer.

Words written and arr. by C. M. F. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

SOLO. *Deliberately.* QUARTET. *Quickly.*

1. If you are on the Gloomy Line, Get a transfer, get a transfer.
2. If you are on the Worry Train, Get a transfer, get a transfer.
3. If you are on the Grouchy Track, Get a transfer, get a transfer.

SOLO. QUARTET.

If you're inclined to fret and pine, Get a transfer, get a transfer.
You must not stay there and complain, Get a transfer, get a transfer.
Just take a Hap- py Special back, Get a transfer, get a transfer.

Get off the track of Doubt and Gloom, Get on the Sunshine
The Cheer- ful cars are pass - ing thro', And there is lots of
Jump on the train and pull the rope That lands you at the

CHORUS.

Line, there's room, Get a transfer, get a transfer. Get on the cheerful
room for you, Get a transfer, get a transfer. (Cho. 4th, 5th and 6th verses.)
station, Hope, Get a transfer, get a transfer. Get on the pro - hi-

Sun-shine Line, Where folks don't grum-ble, kick or whine; The
bi - tion Line, Where folks don't grum-ble, kick or whine; The

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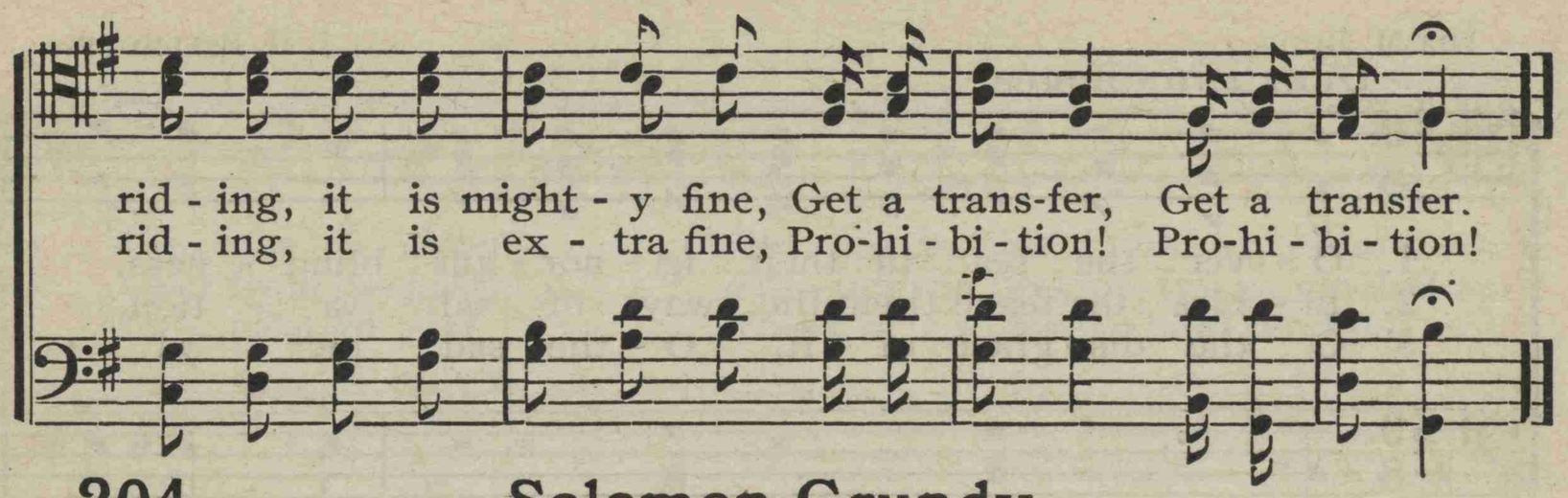
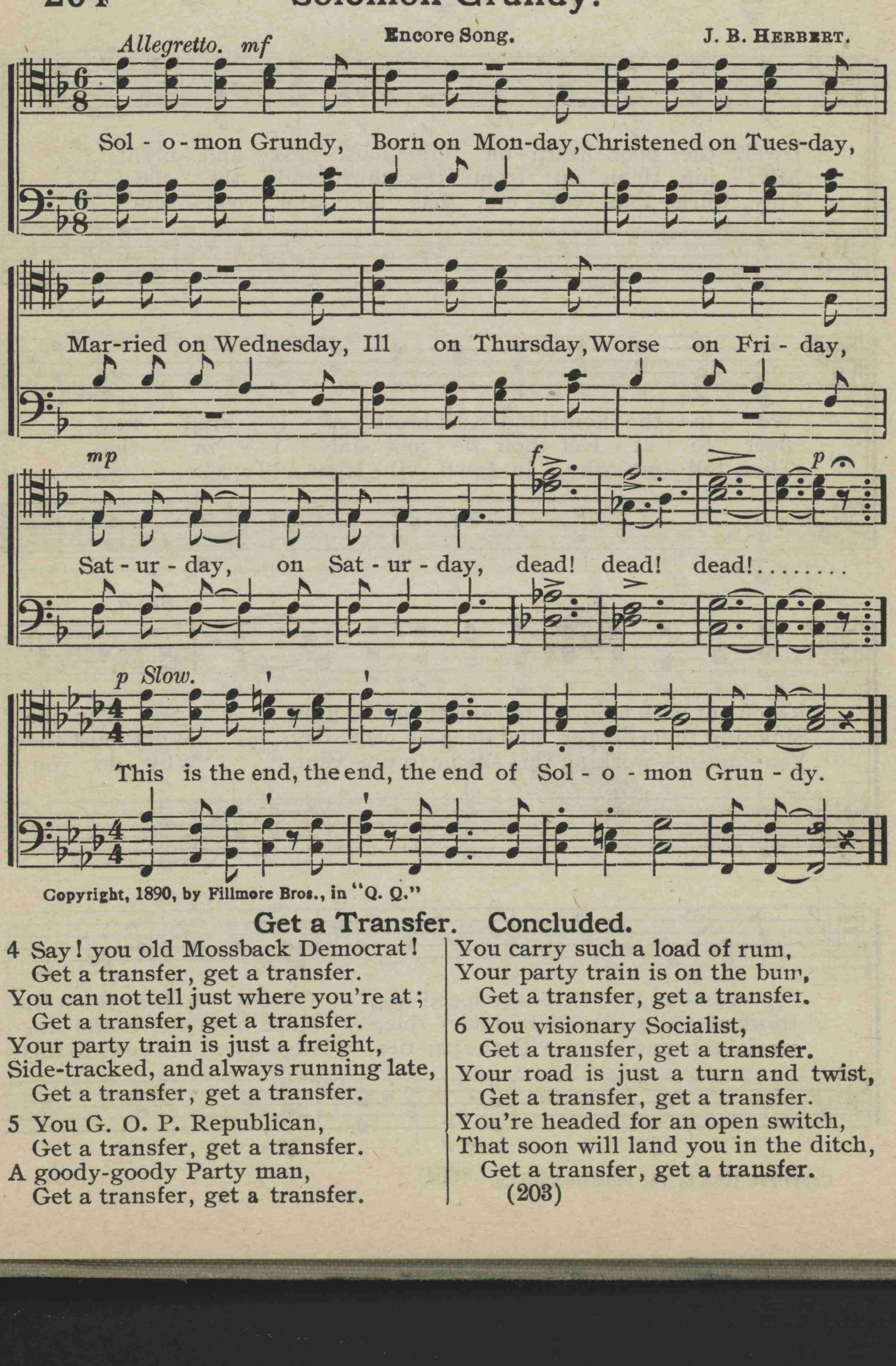
Get a Transfer.



204 Solomon Grundy.

Encore Song. J. B. HERBERT.

Copyright, 1890, by Fillmore Bros., in "Q. Q."

Get a Transfer. Concluded.

4 Say! you old Mossback Democrat!
Get a transfer, get a transfer.
You can not tell just where you're at;
Get a transfer, get a transfer.
Your party train is just a freight,
Side-tracked, and always running late,
Get a transfer, get a transfer.

5 You G. O. P. Republican,
Get a transfer, get a transfer.
A goody-goody Party man,
Get a transfer, get a transfer.
You carry such a load of rum,
Your party train is on the bum,
Get a transfer, get a transfer.

6 You visionary Socialist,
Get a transfer, get a transfer.
Your road is just a turn and twist,
Get a transfer, get a transfer.
You're headed for an open switch,
That soon will land you in the ditch,
Get a transfer, get a transfer.

205 Bibles and Beer.

IDA M. BUDD. J. H. FILLMORE.

DUET AND CHORUS.

1. O - ver the sea in their ig - nor - ant blind - ness,
2. Bi - bles to teach them the way of sal - va - tion,
3. O the dis - grace of it, O the sad pit - y!

Dwell the poor heath - en 'mid dark - ness and night.....
Lift - ing them up from the mire and the clay;.....
Pray, Chris - tian vot - ers, has this your con - sent?.....

We in the homeland with broth - er - ly kind - ness,....
Beer to ef - fect their de - mor - al - i - za - tion,....
Then tell me why, in town, vil - lage and cit - y,.....

SOLO.

Reach out with longing to send them the light..... So o'er the
Sink - ing them deeper and deep-er each day..... What must they
You are not working this shame to pre- vent..... Why do you

o - cean our good ships are speed-ing, Glad-ly to bear them the
think of us, giving them dou - ble,— Hope from above and de-
work, vote and shout with the par-ties, Pledged, as you know, to this

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Bibles and Beer.

DUET.

tid - ings of cheer;..... But side by side with the word of God,
spair from be- neath?..... Fill - ing the beckon - ing hands that en-
le - gal-ized sin?..... Think of a Christian land send-ing to

think of it! Trav - els its foe—our A - mer - i - can beer.....
treat us with Bread of life mingled with wa - ter of death.....
heathen lands Beer to be sold, with a Bi - ble thrown in!.....

CHORUS. *Vigorously.*

Bi-bles and beer! what a strange com-bi-na-tion! Who ev - er heard

of the like in cre - a - tion? Must - n't the heath-en con-

sid - er us queer, Send-ing them cargoes of Bibles and beer?

206 Smile, Don't Knock.

ANON. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Smile, smile, smile, smile, Smile and the world smiles with you; Knock, knock, knock, knock,
2. Hustle! hustle! hustle! hustle! Hustle and fortune awaits you, Shirk! shirk! shirk! shirk!
3. Sing, sing, sing, sing, Sing and the world is harmonious, Grumble, grumble, grumble, grumble,

Knock and you go it a - lone; For the cheer - ful grin Will
Shirk and de - feat is sure! For there's no chance For de-
Grum - ble and things go wrong, For all the time You're

let you in, The cheerful grin Will let you in, Where the "kicker" is nev-
liv - er-ance, For there's no chance For deliverance, For the fel - low who can't
out of rhyme, For all the time You're out of rhyme, With the bus-y, hust-

er known, Where the "kicker" is nev - er known. Growl, growl, growl, growl,
en - dure, For the fel - low who can't en - dure. Sigh, sigh, sigh, sigh,
ling throng, With the bus - y, hust - ling throng. Kick, kick, kick, kick,

Growl and the way looks drear - y; Laugh, laugh, laugh, laugh, Laugh and the
Sigh and you "rake in" noth - ing; Work, work, work, work, Work and the
Kick and there's trouble a - brew-ing; Whistle, whistle, whistle, whistle, Whis-tle and

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Smile, Don't Knock.

path is bright; For a wel-come smile Brings sunshine the while, And a
prize is won; For the ner - vy man With back - bone can, By
life is gay; The world's in tune Like a day in June, And the

frown shuts out the light, For a welcome smile Brings sunshine the while,
noth - ing be out - done, For the ner - vy man With back - bone can,
clouds all melt a - way, The world's in tune Like a day in June,

Rit.

And a frown shuts out the light, And a frown shuts out the light.
By noth - ing be out - done, By noth - ing be out - done.
And the clouds all melt a - way, And the clouds all melt a - way.

Slow.

207 Serenade.

HASTINGS. Arranged.

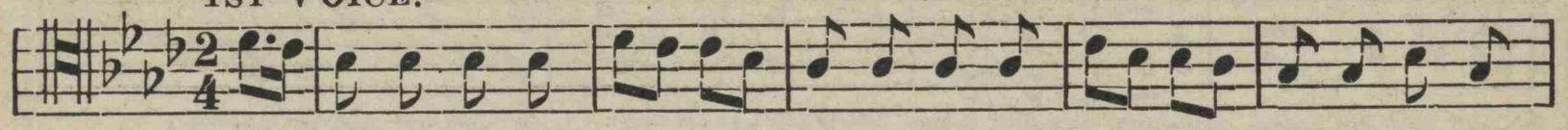
Slowly.

1. Sleep, O sleep, While breezes so soft-ly are blow-ing; Sleep, O sleep, While
2. Sleep, O sleep, While angele are watching beside thee; Sleep, O sleep, May

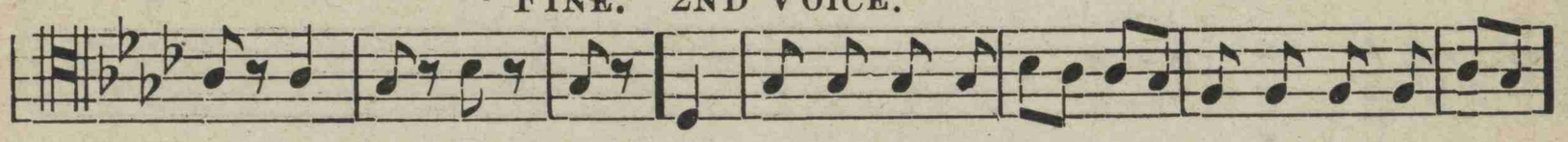
streamlets so gent-ly are flow - ing; Sleep, O sleep, Sleep, O sleep.
bless-ings for - ev - er be - tide thee; Sleep, O sleep, Sleep, O sleep.

208 A Little Farm Well Tilled.

Pantomime as the words suggest. Arranged.

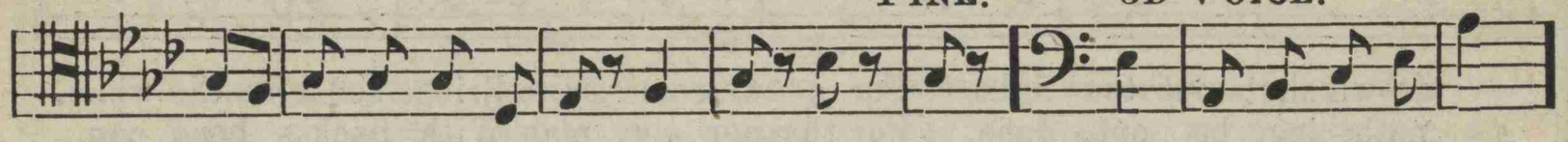
1st Voice.

A little farm well tilled, A little cot well filled, A little wife well

Fine. 2nd Voice.

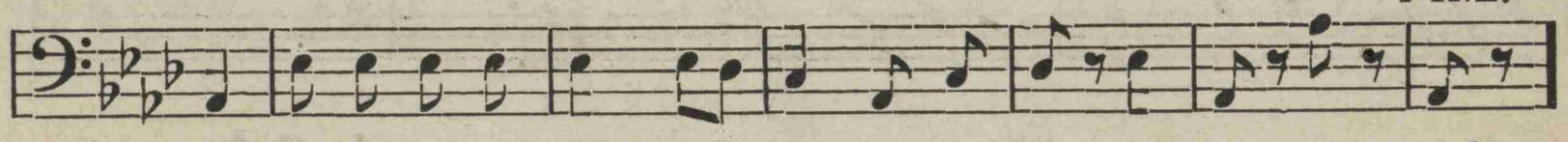
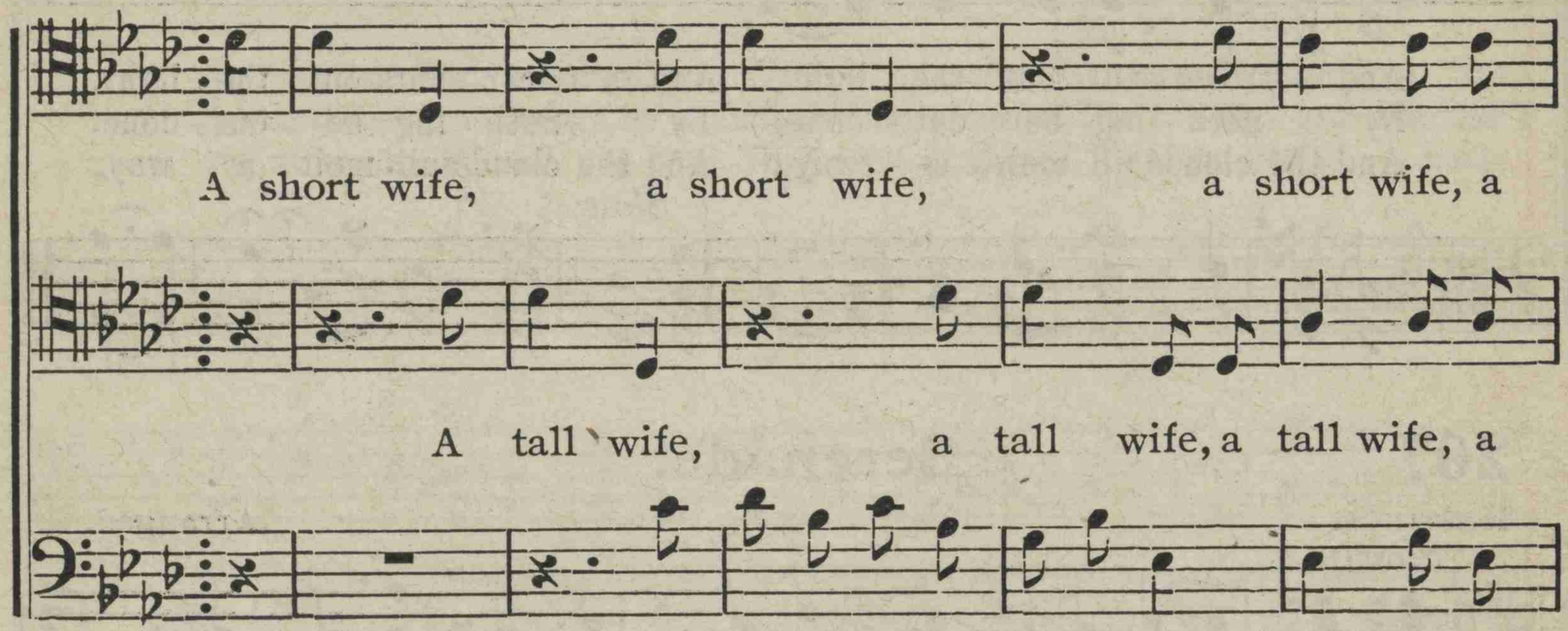


willed, give me, give me! A larger farm well tilled, A bigger house well filled,

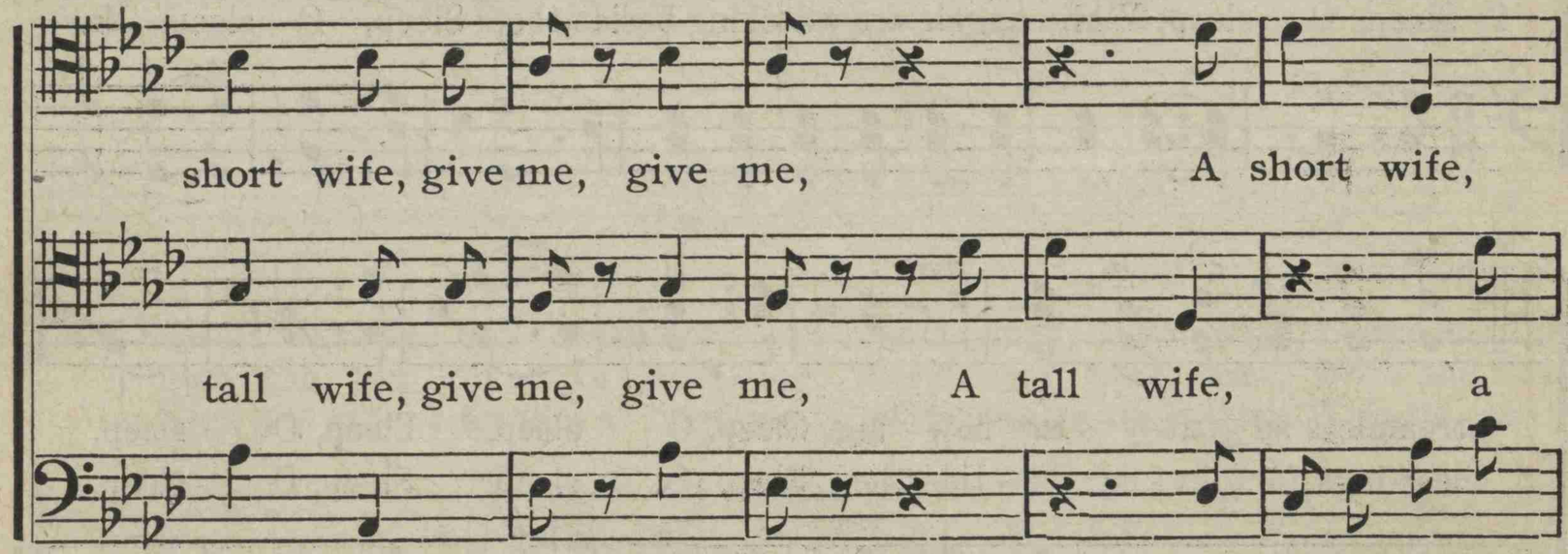
Fine. 3d Voice.



A taller wife well willed, give me, give me! I like a farm well tilled,

Fine.

I like a house well filled, But no wife at all, give me, give me!

A short wife, a short wife, a short wife, a

A tall wife, a tall wife, a tall wife, a

No wife at all, give me, give me; No wife at

short wife, give me, give me, A short wife,

tall wife, give me, give me, A tall wife, a

all, give me, give me! No wife at all, no

A Little Farm Well Tilled.

After repeat, D. C , singing together in harmony, ending at Fine.

A short wife, a short wife, a short wife, give me, give me!

tall wife, A tall wife, a tall wife, give me, give me!

wife at all give me, give me, No wife at all give me, give me!

209 Stars of the Summer Night.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. I. B. WOODBURY.

p Andante moderato. Dolce.

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps,
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steeps,

Hide, hide your gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps;
Sink, sink in gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps;

Rall. p

She sleeps, she sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

210 A Bachelor Song.

SULLIVAN. ARR.

Spirited.

1. We are a lot of jo - vial bach -e-lors, By scolding wives we'll nev - er be be - rat - ed. Un-hap-pi-ness to us a stran-ger is,
2. No mother-in-law's re-proofs are said to us, We nev - er see a bill for mil-lin - er - y, No cur-tain lec-tures e'er are read to us,

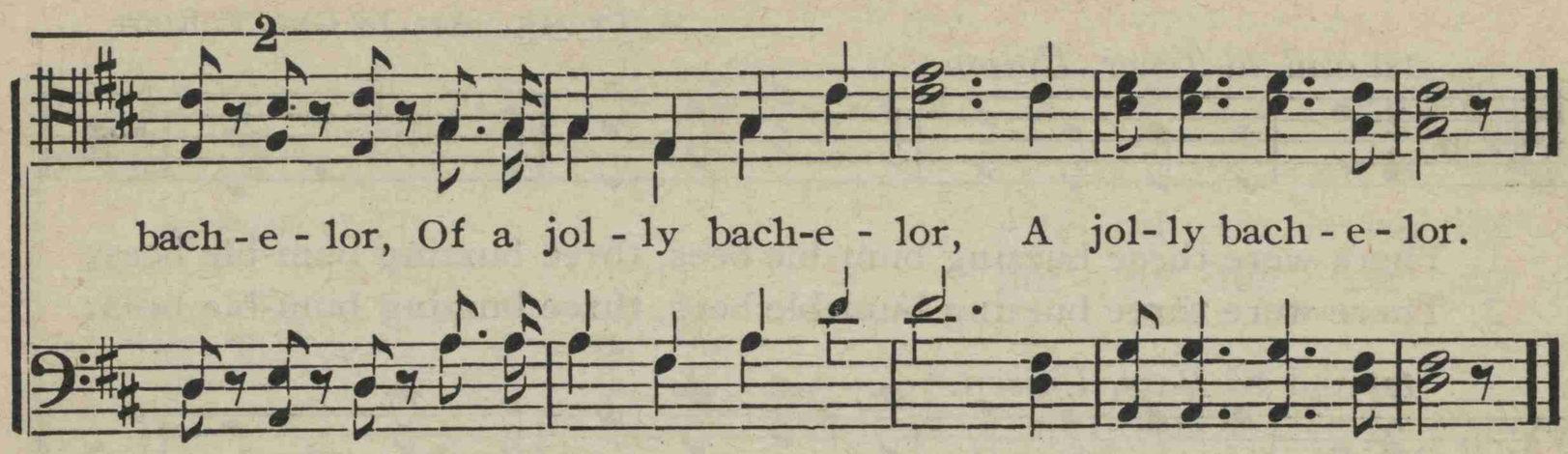
For we have pleas-ure un-a-dul - ter -a - ted. A - way, a-
For which we're ver-y, ver-y thankful, ver - y. A - way, a-

way with wrinkled care and mis-er-y, A - way, a - way with

care and strife, and a - ny life But that of a jol - ly bach-e - lor,

From "Fogel's Male Quartet and Chorus Book." By permission.

A Bachelor Song.



211 Music in the Air.

FANNY CROSBY. *Melody in Second Tenor.* DR. GEO. F. ROOT.

212 The Three Bumble Bees.

H. TRUHN. Arr. by GEO. F. ROOT.

1st and 2d Tenor, Unison.

1. There were three buzzing bum-ble bees, three buzzing bum-ble bees;
2. There were three buzzing bum-ble bees, three buzzing bum-ble bees;

1st and 2d Bass, Unison.

They swept the gar-den all the day With their zoom, zoom, etc.
They swept the gar-den all the day With their zoom, zoom, etc.

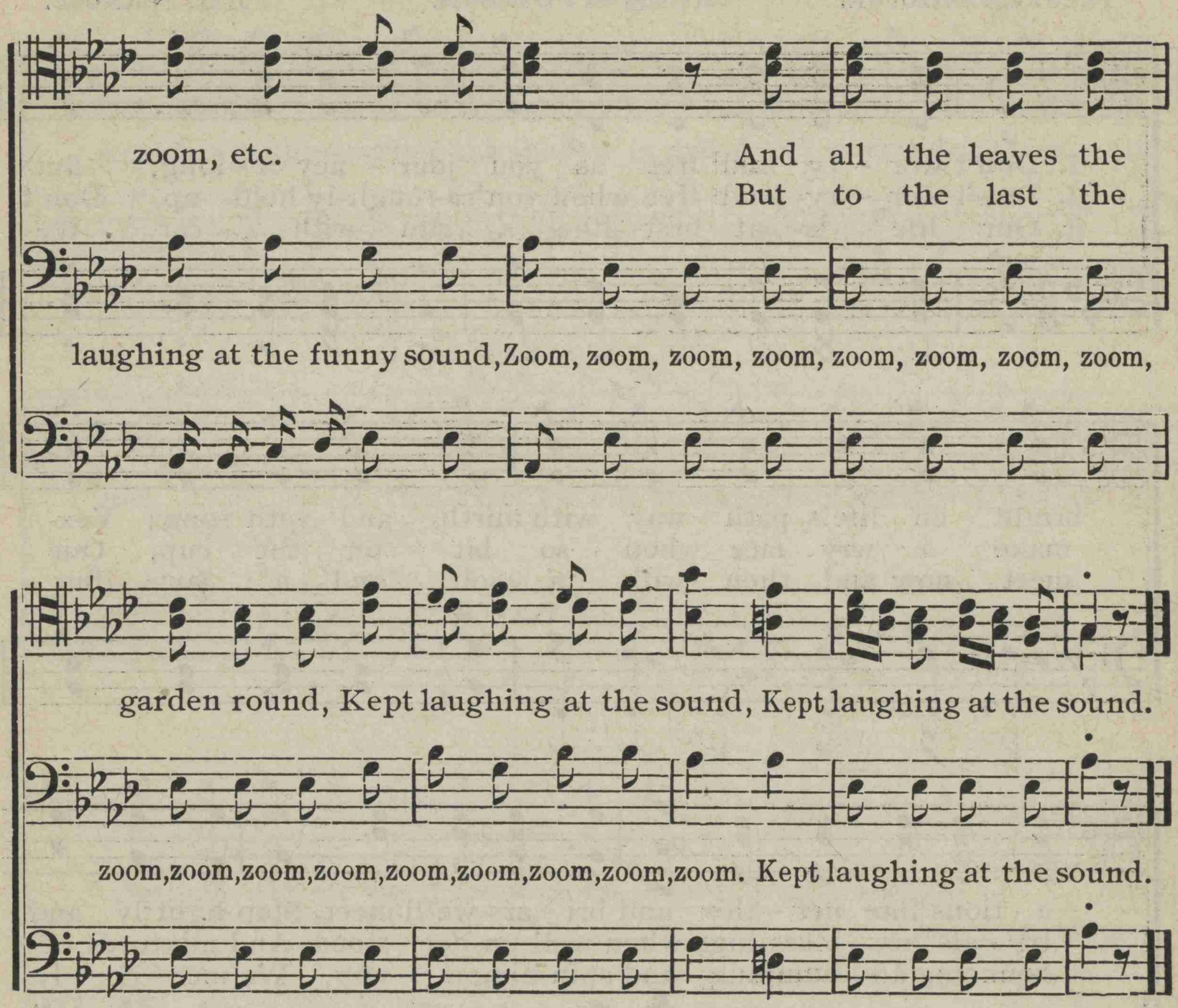
zoom, zoom, zoom, etc

1. And ev - 'ry flow'r they set - tled in Just shook its
2. They sang and buzzed till night came on, And ev'ning

zoom, zoom, zoom, etc.

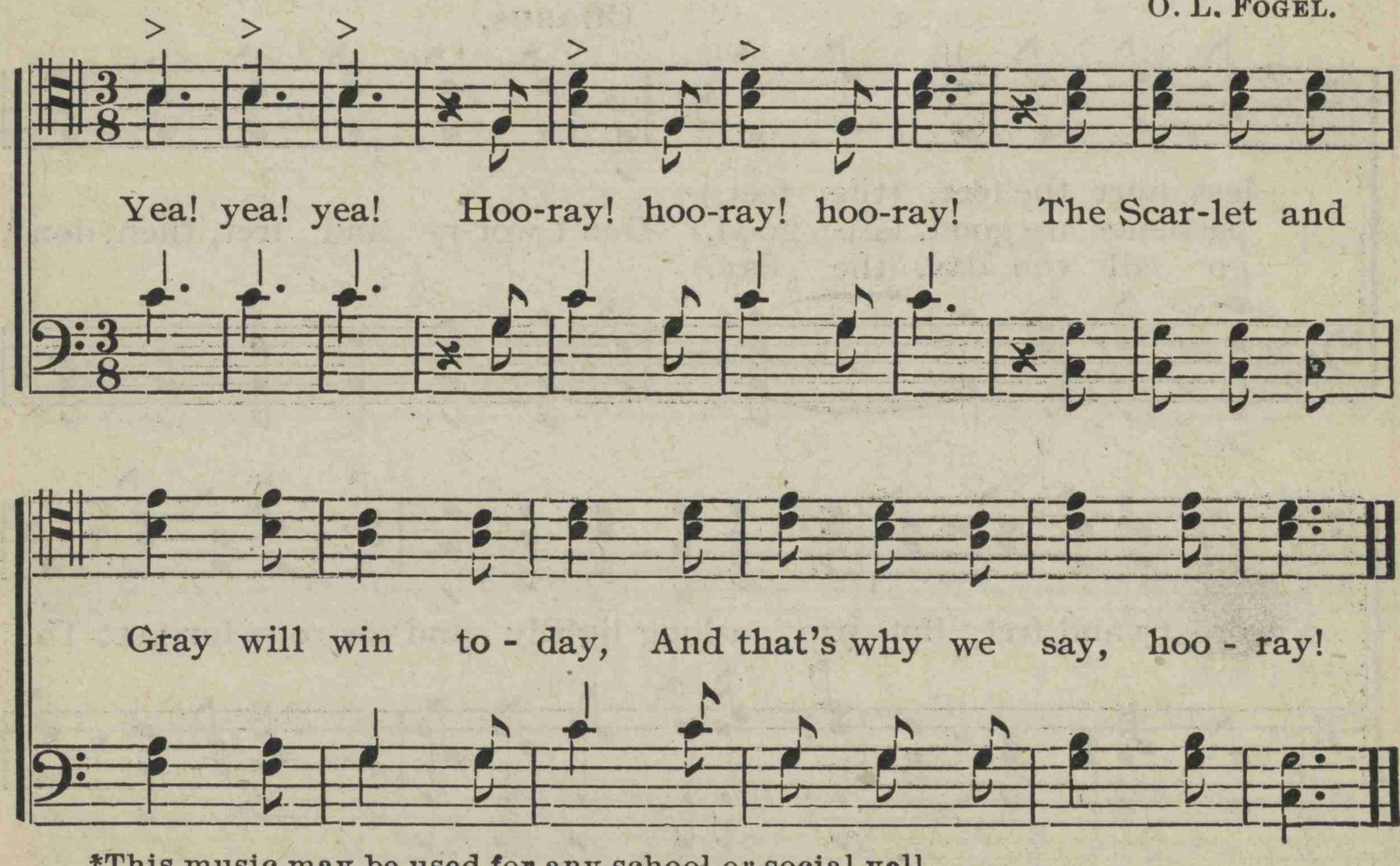
sides to hear the merry din, And all the leaves the gar-den round, Kept
breezes quivered chill and lone, But to the last the gar-den round, Kept

The Three Bumble Bees.



213 A Yell.*

O. L. FOGEL.



*This music may be used for any school or social yell.

214 Don't Worry and Fret.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. *Melody in First Bass.* J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Don't wor - ry and fret as you jour - ney a - long, But bright - en life's path - way with mirth and with song; Vex-
2. Don't wor - ry and fret when you're rough-ly held up, Don't make a wry face when so bit - ter the cup, Our
3. Our life is at best like a run with a car, . We meet now and then with a jolt and a jar; But

a - tions like net - tles and bri - ars we'll meet, Step light-ly and
tri - als are bless-ings when well un-der - stood, And mixtures of
bouncing and bumping and spin-ning a - way, We mer - ri - ly

CHORUS.

less hurt the feet. (the feet,)
pa-tience are good. (are good.) Don't wor-ry and fret, then, don't
go all the day. (the day.)

wor - ry and fret, But trip a-long lightly and sor-rows for-get; The

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Don't Worry and Fret.

Rit.

sun always shines when the shadow is met, Don't worry, don't worry and

A temp

fret, Don't fret, for our troubles, tho' sharp will not last, And

No, don't worry,

clear-er the air when the tempest is past, Don't worry Don't

and fret, then,

wor-ry, Don't worry, don't fret,

and fret, then, don't wor-ry and fret, Don't

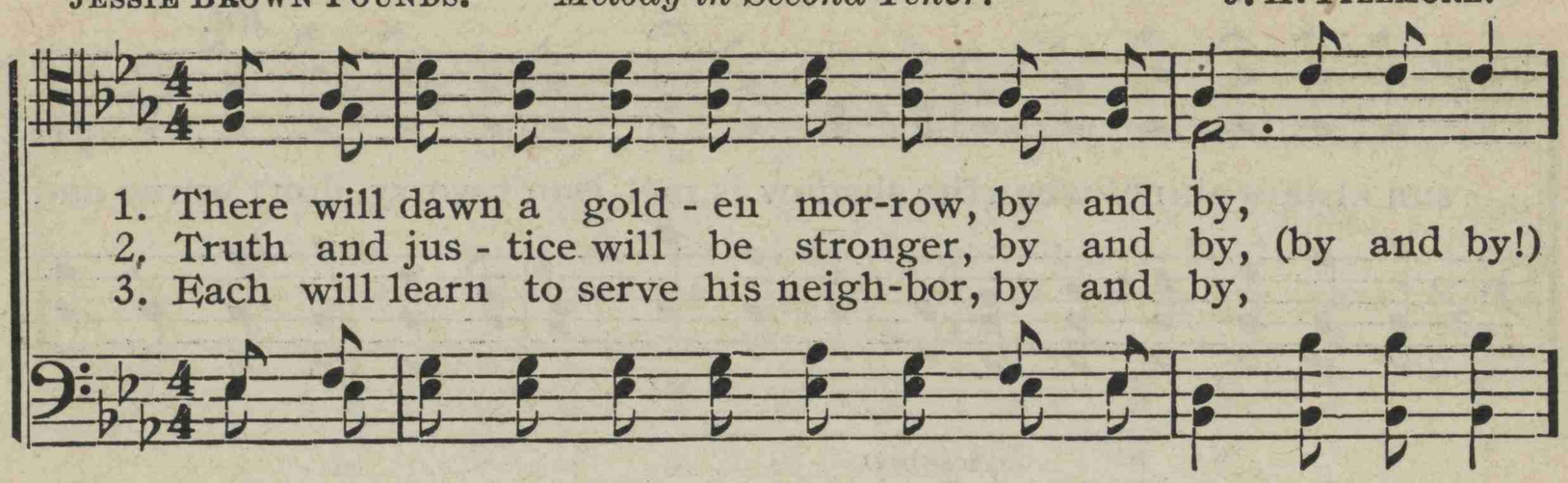
don't fret; don't fret.

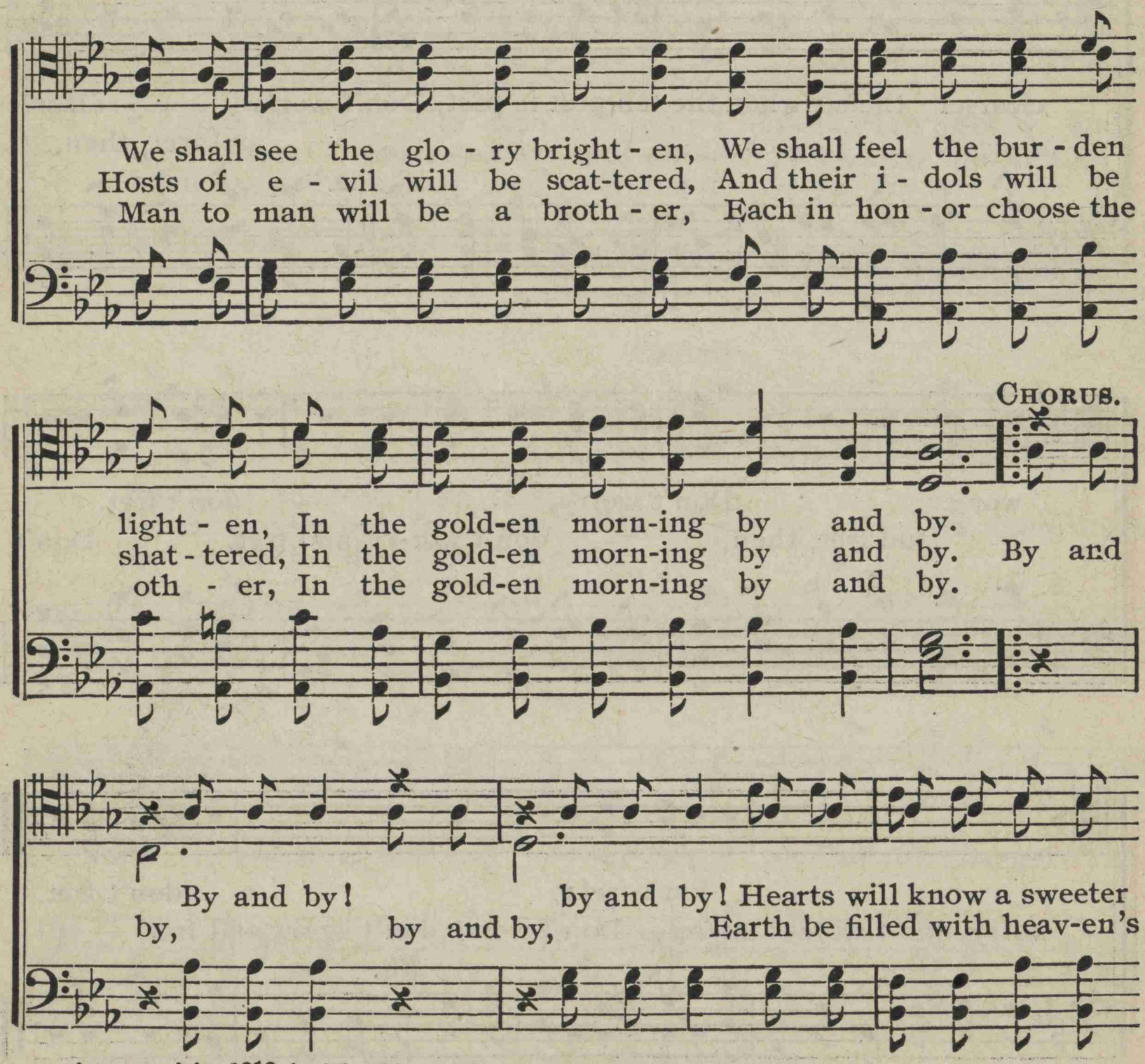
worry, don't worry and fret, Don't worry, don't worry and fret.

Rit.

215 There Will Dawn a Golden Morrow.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. *Melody in Second Tenor.* J. H. FILLMORE.





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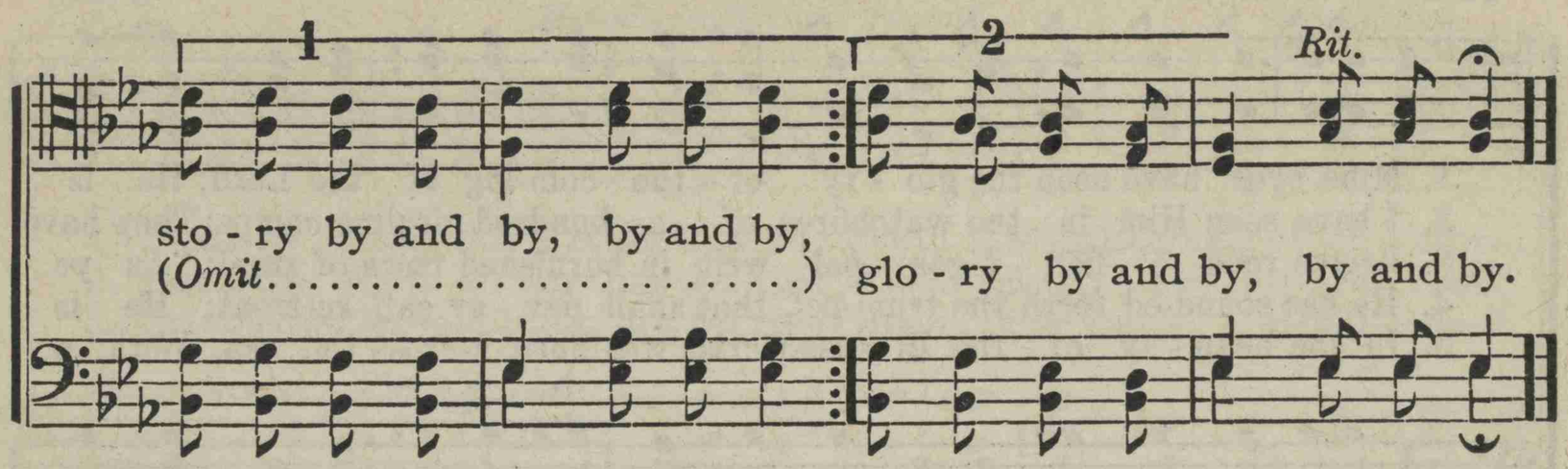
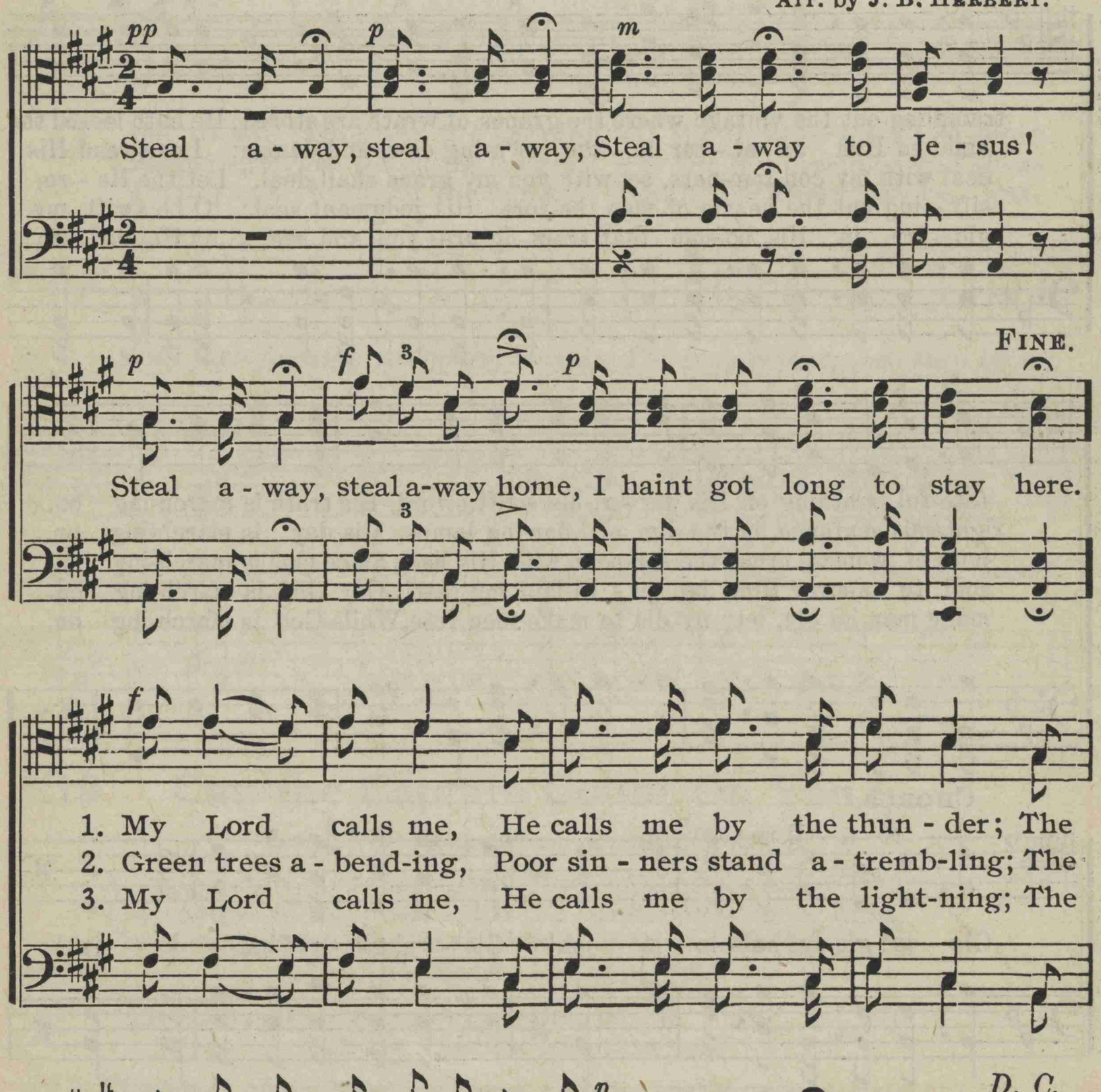
There Will Dawn a Golden Morrow.



216 Steal Away.

Arr. by J. B. HERBERT.



217 Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE. Anon.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps; They have
3. I have read a fier - y gos - pel writ in burnished rows of steel; "As ye
4. He has sound-ed forth the trum-pet that shall nev - er call re-treat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a

trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build-ed Him an al - tar in the ev'n-ing dews and damps; I can read His
deal with my con-tem-ners, so with you my grace shall deal." Let the He - ro,
sift - ing out the hearts of men be-fore His judgment seat; O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bo-som that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to

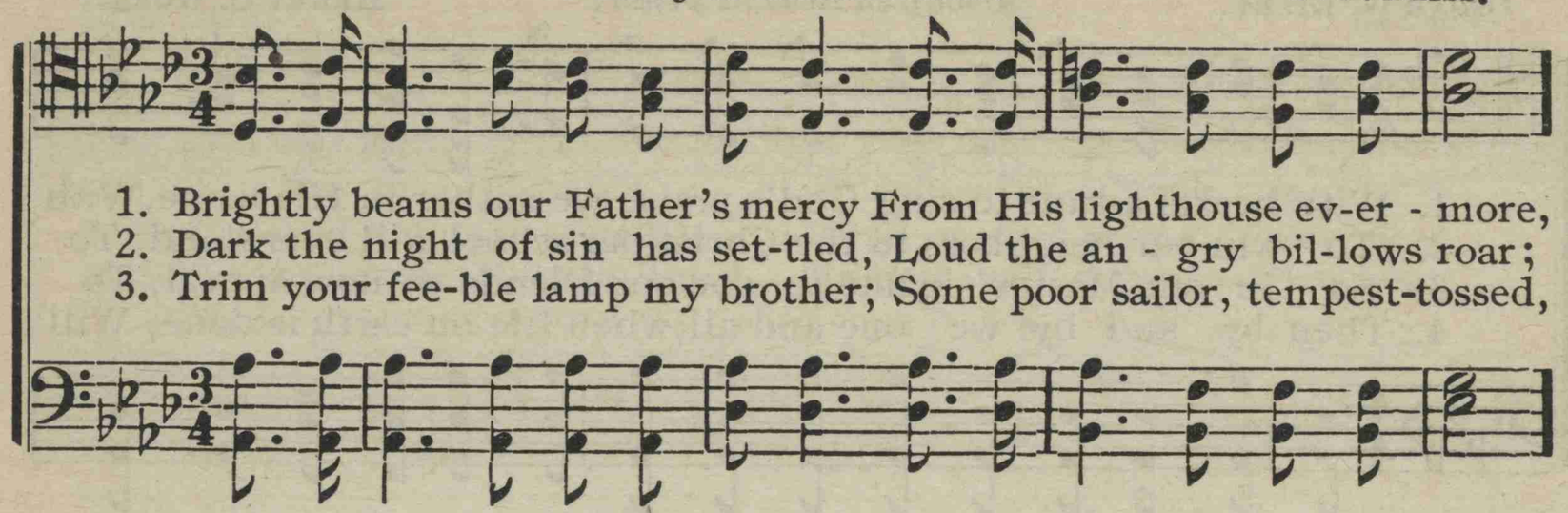
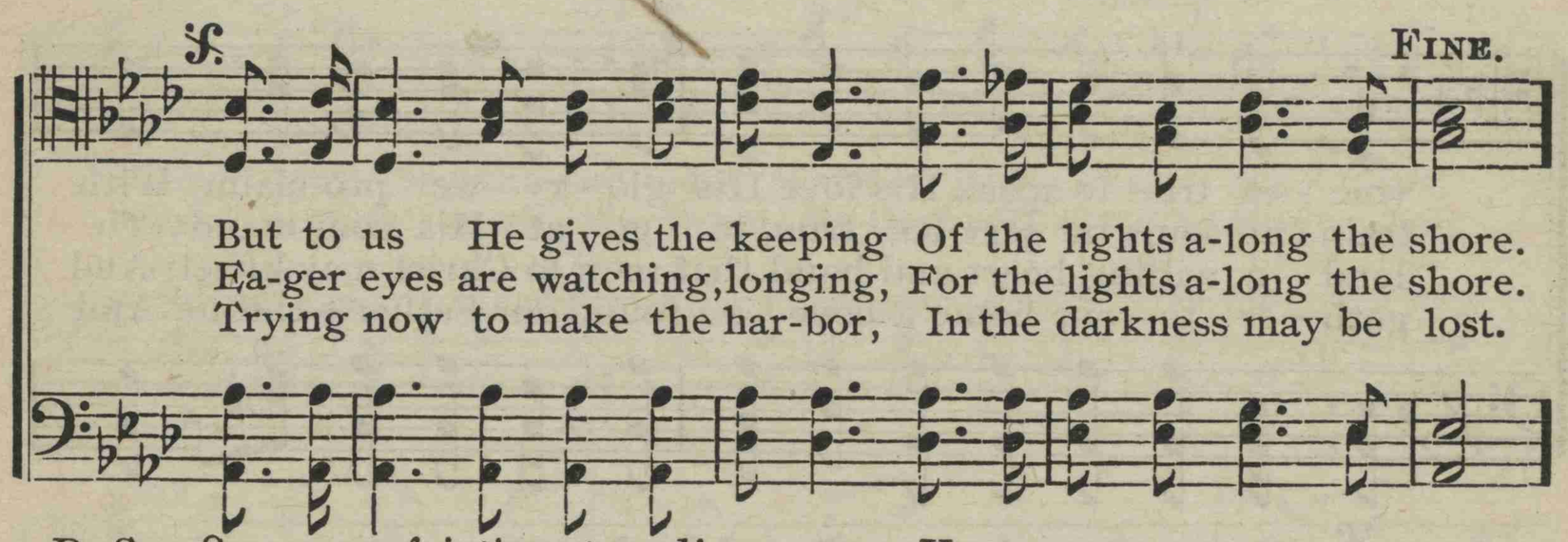
fate-ful lightning of His ter - ri-ble swift sword, His truth is march-ing on.
righteous sentence by the dim and flar-ing lamps, His day is march-ing on.
born of woman, crush the ser-pent with His heel, Since God is march-ing on.
soul, to an-swer Him, be ju - bi-lant my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.

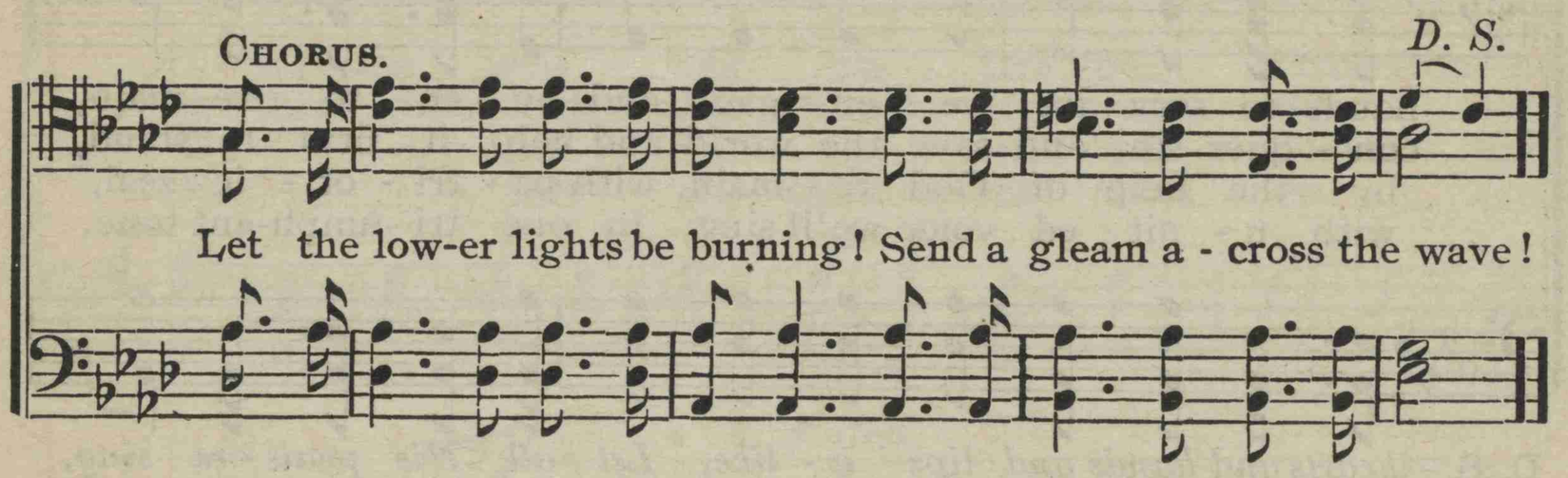
CHORUS.

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

Glo - ry! glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march-ing on.

218 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. *Melody in Second Tenor.* P. P. BLISS.





219 Can the Captain Count On You?

TUNE 217: "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

A conflict now is raging 'gainst the hosts of sin and night,
The captain of salvation leads the bannered hosts of light,
The victory is certain for the cause of truth and right,
Can the Captain count on you?

CHORUS.—‖:Glory, glory, hallelujah!:‖
Can the Captain count on you?

The hosts of sin have gathered and the battle may be long,
But right must ever triumph in its struggle with the wrong;
The day will surely come when you will sing the victor's song,
Can the Captain count on you?

The triumph day will surely come when every knee shall bow,
The Captain there a crown will place upon each victor's brow;
To-day the Captain calls to arms, what will you answer now?
Can the Captain count on you?

—GEORGE O. WEBSTER.

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220 Loyal to Jesus.

TUNE: "Marching Through Georgia."

OSCAR W. RILEY. *Melody in Second Tenor.* HENRY C. WORK.

1. With hearts a-tune to sing God's praise we gather in His name, With voic - es true to speak His love His glo - ry we pro-claim, With hands in serv - ice we en - gage, and ev - er to re- main,
2. To win our neighbors to the Christ, our school will ever stand, To train up souls in serv-ice true, to go at His com-mand; To con - quer sin and save the world and help it firm to stand,
3. So in our Master's name to you our friends we now appeal, To lend a willing heart and hand, that men to Christ may kneel; And by the help of God re - main, with pa - tri - ot - ic zeal,
4. Then by and by we one and all, when life on earth is done, Will gath - er to our home a-bove a - round our Father's throne; And with u - nit - ed voice we'll sing, in one tri -umph-ant tone.

D. S.—*hearts and hands and lips a - like, Let all His prais - es sing,*

FINE. CHORUS.

Loy - al to Je-sus for - ev - er. Awake, (awake,) arise, (arise,) ye soldiers of the King; Awake, (awake,) arise, (arise,) your loyal service bring; With

Loy - al to Je-sus for - ev - er.

D. S.

221 Sweet and Low.

TENNYSON. BARNBY.

pp Slowly.

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

ff *p*

Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea,
Rest, rest on moth-er's breast, Fa-ther will come to thee soon,

mf *pp*

O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the
Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver
O - - ver the wa - ters go, Come the
Fa - - ther will come to his babe, Sil - ver

f Cres.

dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me,
sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon,

p *Rall-e-dim.*

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

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DEC 14