"KNOCK AND IT SHALL BE OPENED UNTO YOU."

The Golden Gate

for the

Sunday-School.

By

KNOWLES SHAW.

Z8
Sh26.2
1874

Published by JOHN CHURCH & CO., Cincinnati, O.

THE

GOLDEN GATE

A COLLECTION OF

NEW SONGS,

FOR THE

Sunday-School, Prayer Meeting, and Social Circle.

BY KNOWLES SHAW.

CINCINNATI:

Published by JOHN CHURCH & CO., 66 W. 4th St.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by JOHN CHURCH & CO., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

46145

1874
Gold A

PREFACE.

THE success that has attended his former works for Sunday-Schools has encouraged the author to open to his friends, young and old, the GOLDEN GATE.

In the following pages will be found, in addition to the songs for the children usually found in such works, *Temperance Songs*, *Songs for Special Occasions*, *Social Songs*, and a department of *solo and chorus* music, which is of rare merit, and crowns this the best work of the Author.

We have aimed to give credit to all who have so liberally contributed to these pages, where their words or music is found. The asterisk used in several places indicates that the writer is unknown. The author's own pieces, to avoid frequent repetition, are not marked at all.

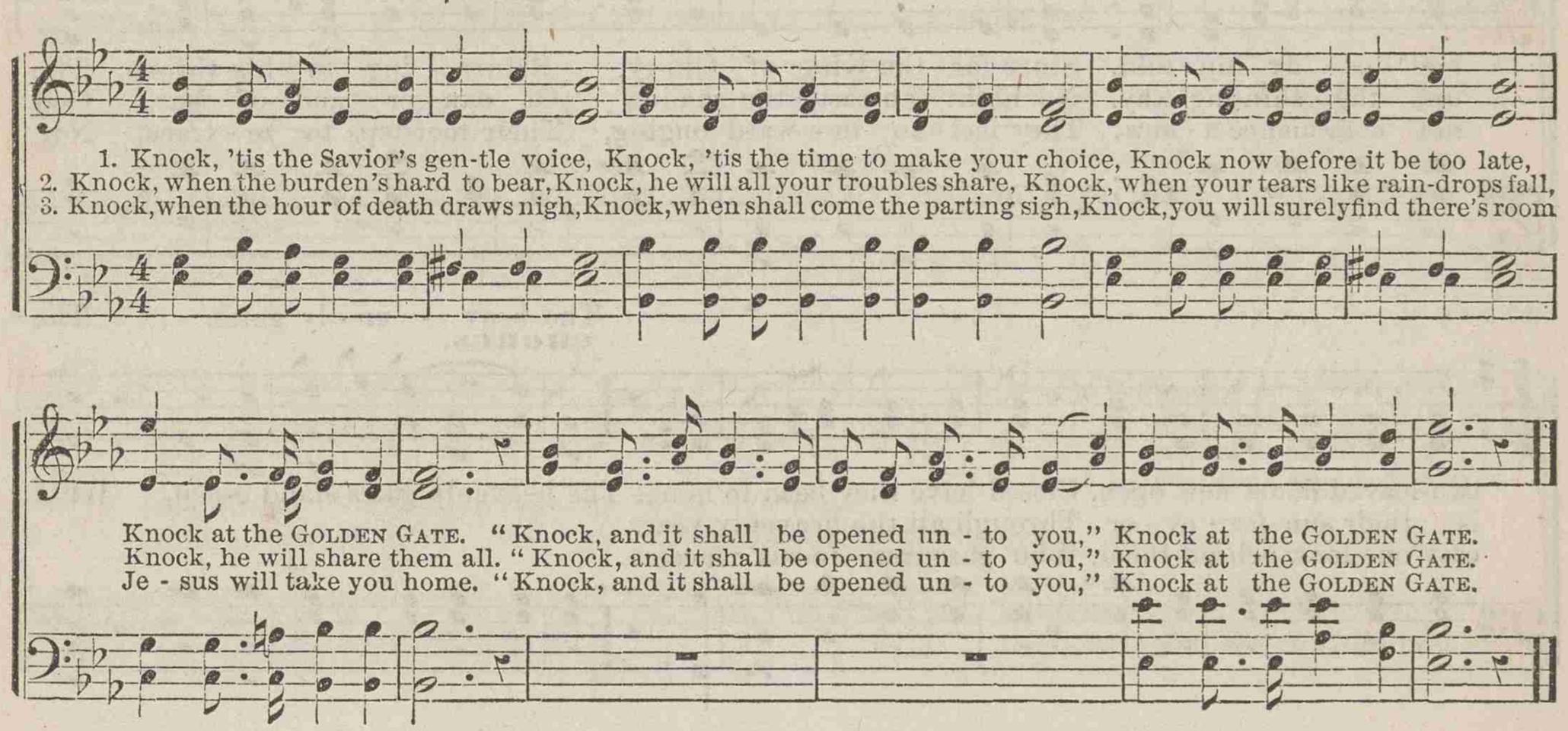
We send forth the GOLDEN GATE praying the blessings of the great Head of the Church to rest upon it, and bless it on its mission of love.

KNOWLES SHAW.

The music and nearly all of the words in the GOLDEN GATE are copyright property, and can not be used in any form without permission.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

"KNOCK, AND IT SHALL BE OPENED UNTO YOU."



THE HEAVENLY GATES.

Words by Mrs. GALUSHA ANDERSON. Music by C. T. DONDORE.

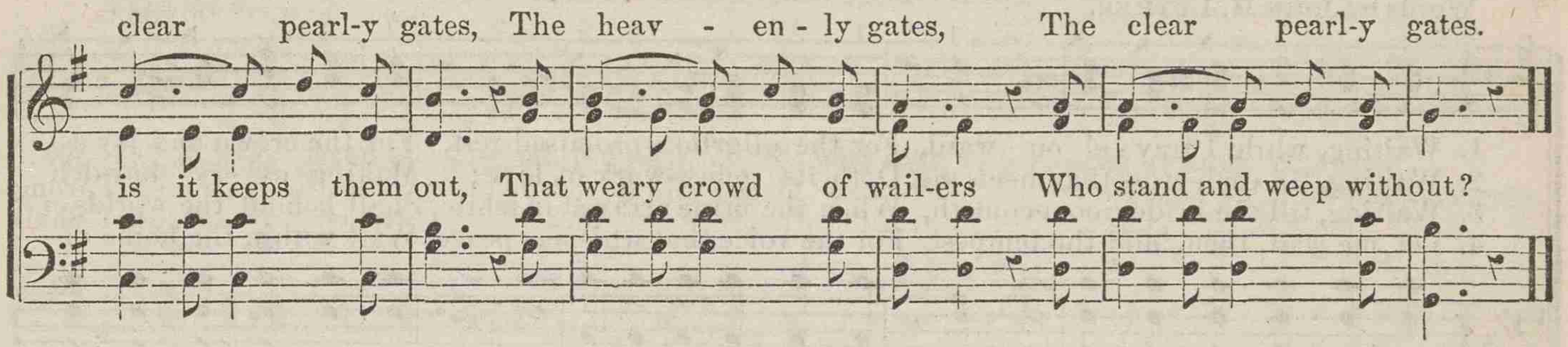
1. The pearly gates stand o-pen, Each hinge of beaten gold Hides in its heart for-ev-er A
2. The pearly gates stand o-pen Through the eternal day, The nations of the ransomed Throng
3. The pearly gates stand o-pen; But those who once pass thro' Their wanderings in the desert Shall

mel-o-dy un-told. Since for the King of Glo-ry, Return-ing to his throne, The
up the shin-ing way. No night can cast the shadow Of dan-ger and of fear, God
not com-mence a-new. They feel no in-ward longing, Their footsteps to re-trace, Nor

The heav-en-ly gates, The

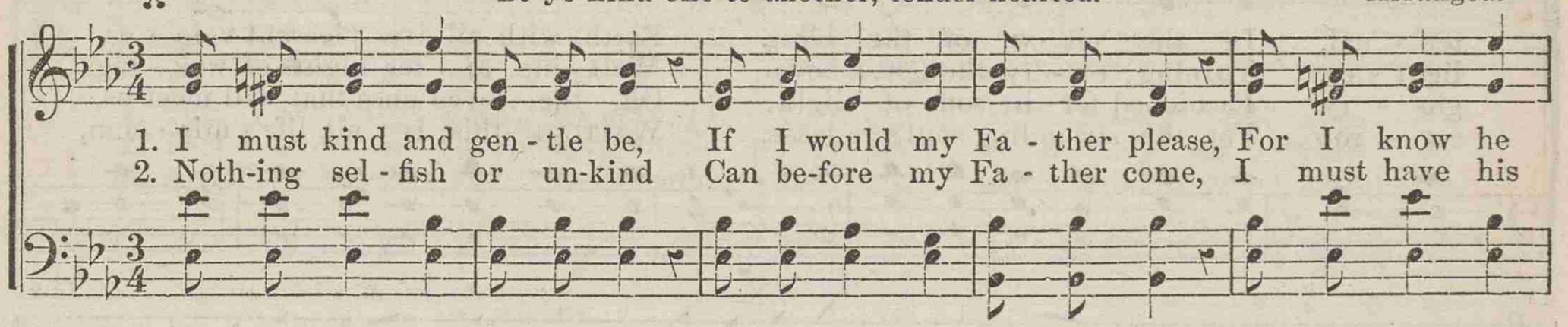
CHORUS.

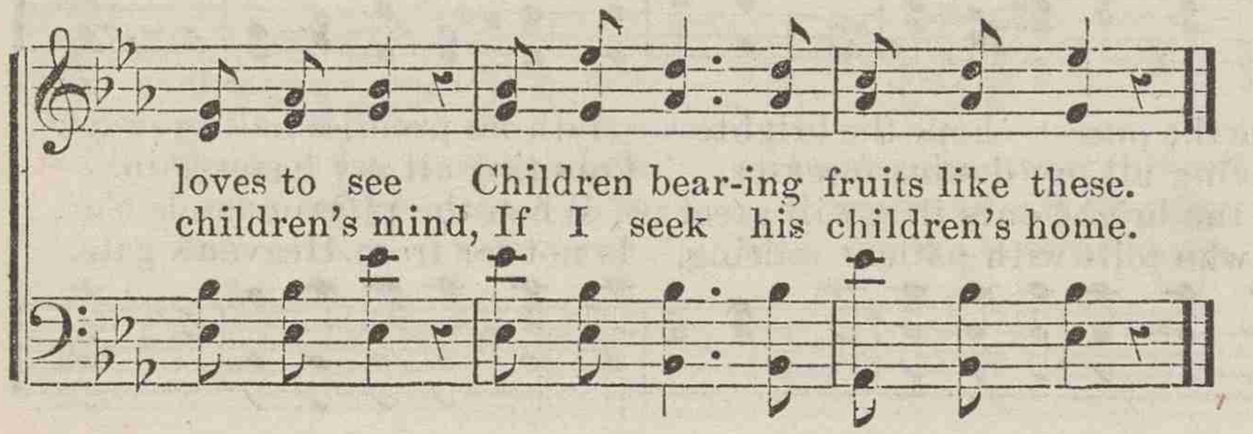
two-leaved doors flew open, Closed have they been to none. The heavenly gates stand o-pen, What
is their sun for-ev-er Through all the heavenly year.
cast one look behind them, Who gaze an Je-sus' face.



BE DOVE-LIKE.

"Be ye harmless as doves."
"Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted." Arranged.





3 No more angry thoughts or rude
Are allowed to enter there;
We shall seek each other's good,
And each other's pleasures share.

4 When these evil thoughts I feel—
As, alas, I often do!—
Lord, thy tender love reveal;
Surely thou wilt conquer so!

NOT FAR FROM HEAVEN'S GATE.

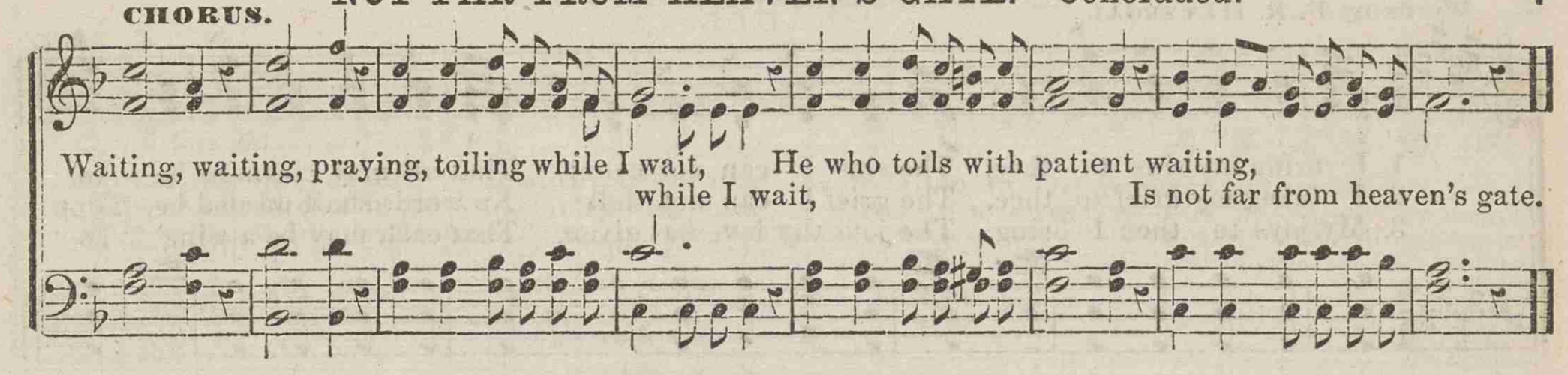
Words by JOHN H. LUTHER.

1. Waiting, while I trav - el on - ward, For the pilgrim's promised rest, For the crown and joy e-
2. Waiting, till each cross that meets me, Doth its office-work of love; Making ev'-ry bur-den
3. Waiting, till the bridegroom cometh, When the bride arrayed in white, Shall behold the worlds of
4. Let me wait, then, 'mid the tempest, For the voice that whispers peace, Wait within the home of

ter - nal, In the cit - y of the blest. Earth, with all its pleasant voic - es,
light - er, Turning ev - 'ry thought a-bove. Wait - ing, af - ter nights of wak - ing,
glo - ry Fashioned for the sons of light. Oh, the loved ones that will meet us,
sor - row For the struggling soul's re-lease. WAITING—this is all life's mis - sion,

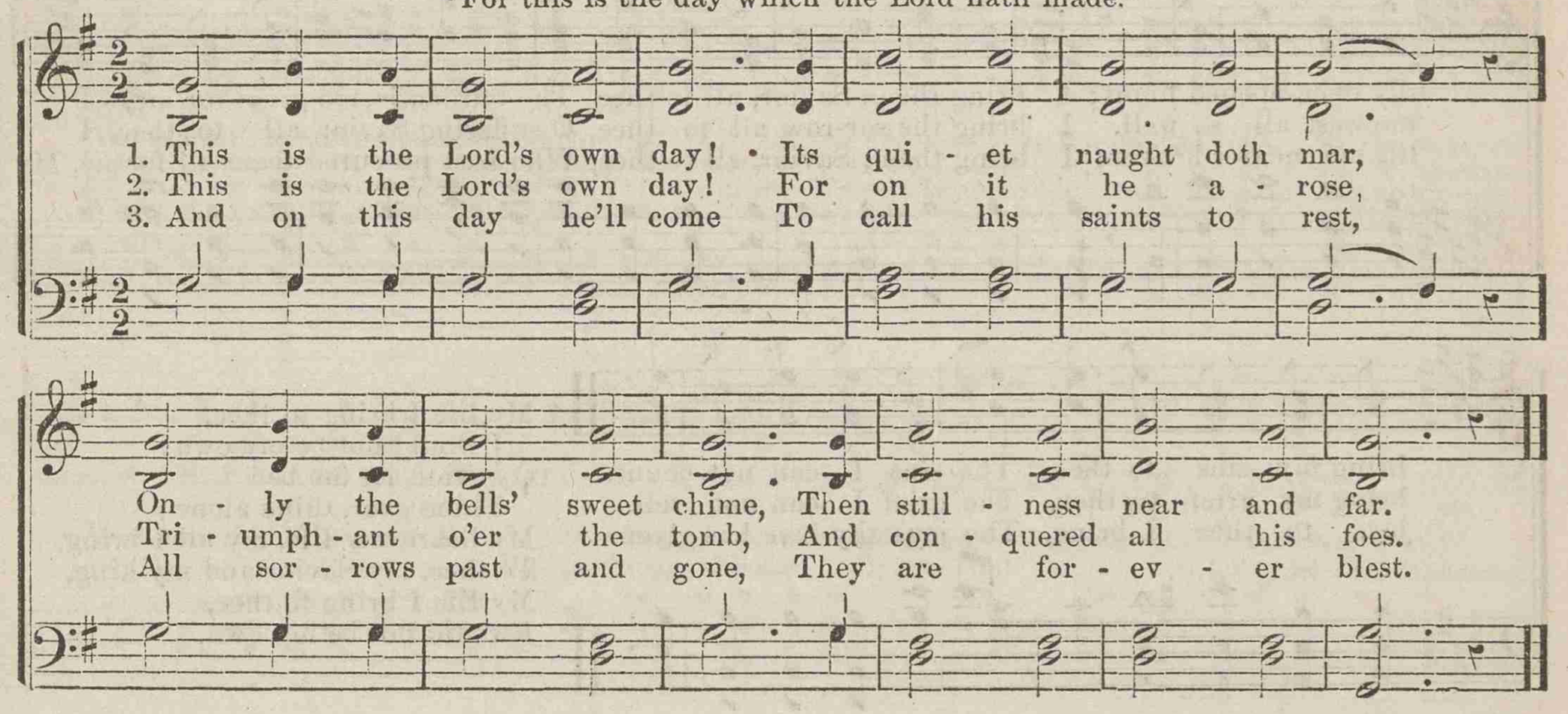
Can not stay my toil-worn feet; Love the purest—hope the brightest—Hath no promise half so sweet.
Af - ter days of toil and pain, Leaving all my doubts forev-er, Counting all my losses gain.
When we reach the other shore, Oh, the bright ones that will greet us, When the pilgrimage is o'er.
On the Prince of Life to wait, He who toils with patient waiting, Is not far from Heaven's gate.

CHORUS.



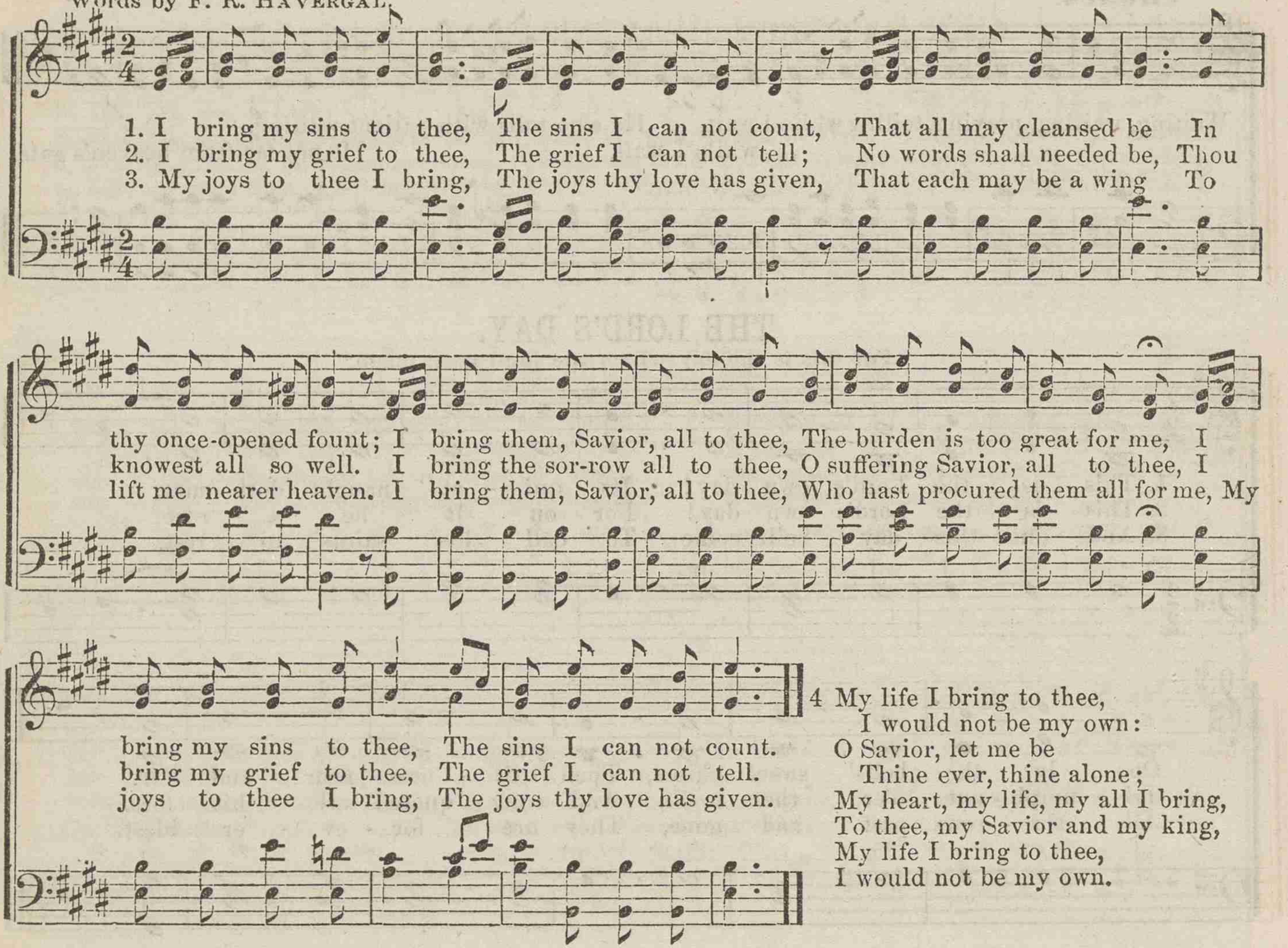
THE LORD'S DAY.

"For this is the day which the Lord hath made."



TO THEE.

Words by F. R. HAVERGAL.



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

1. Sow-ing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness; Sow-ing in the noontide and the dew-y eves;
2. Go and tell the na-tions now in heathen blindness; Tell them Je-sus died—now no ex-cuse he leaves;
3. Sow-ing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows; Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
4. Go, then, ev-en weeping, sowing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustained our spir-it oft-en grieves;

f. **Fine.**

Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping, We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
Bid them come to Je-sus, thus pre-pare the harvest, You shall come rejoic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
By and by the harvest, and the la-bors end ed, We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
When our weeping 's over, he will bid us welcome, We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.

D. S.

Bring-ing in the gold-en sheaves, Bringing in the gold-en sheaves,
the gold-en sheaves, the gold-en sheaves.

AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

E. A. HANCHET.

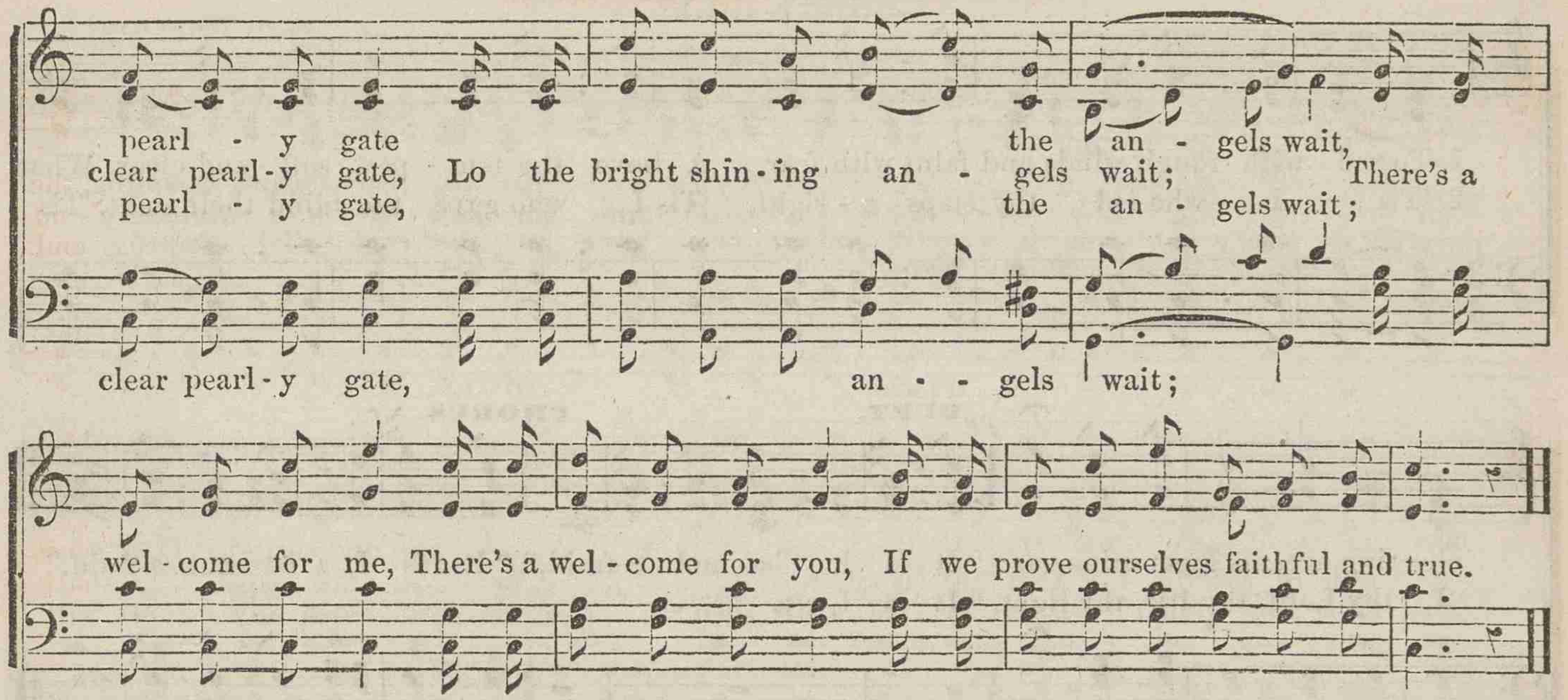
Not too Fast.

1. There's a glo - ri - ous cit - y, the home of the blest, Where the wicked cease troubling, the
2. Nothing un-clean or wick-ed shall en - ter there-in, There's no sorrow or pain, there's no
3. Leave the treasures of earth, leave its false glitt'ring gold, For the treasures un - fad-ing, and

wea - ry may rest; But the way to the cit - y is nar - row and straight, They must
sigh - ing or sin; In those mansions a - bove, in our home in the skies, God shall
pleas-ures un - told; Come and walk in this path, in this straight nar-row way, It will

CHORUS.

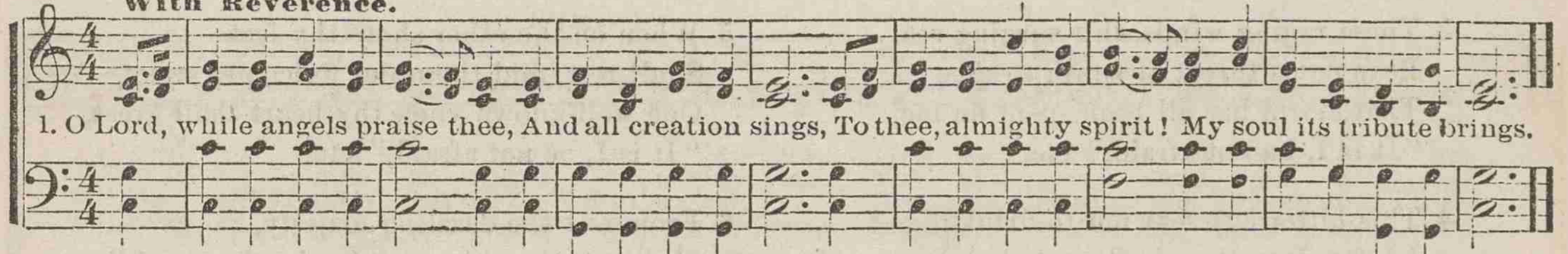
strife well who en - ter the beau - ti - ful gate. at the
there wipe a - way ev - 'ry tear from our eyes. At the beau - ti - ful gate, the
lead you to re - gions of bright end - less day. at the



HYMN OF PRAISE.

From "PRIZE."

Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

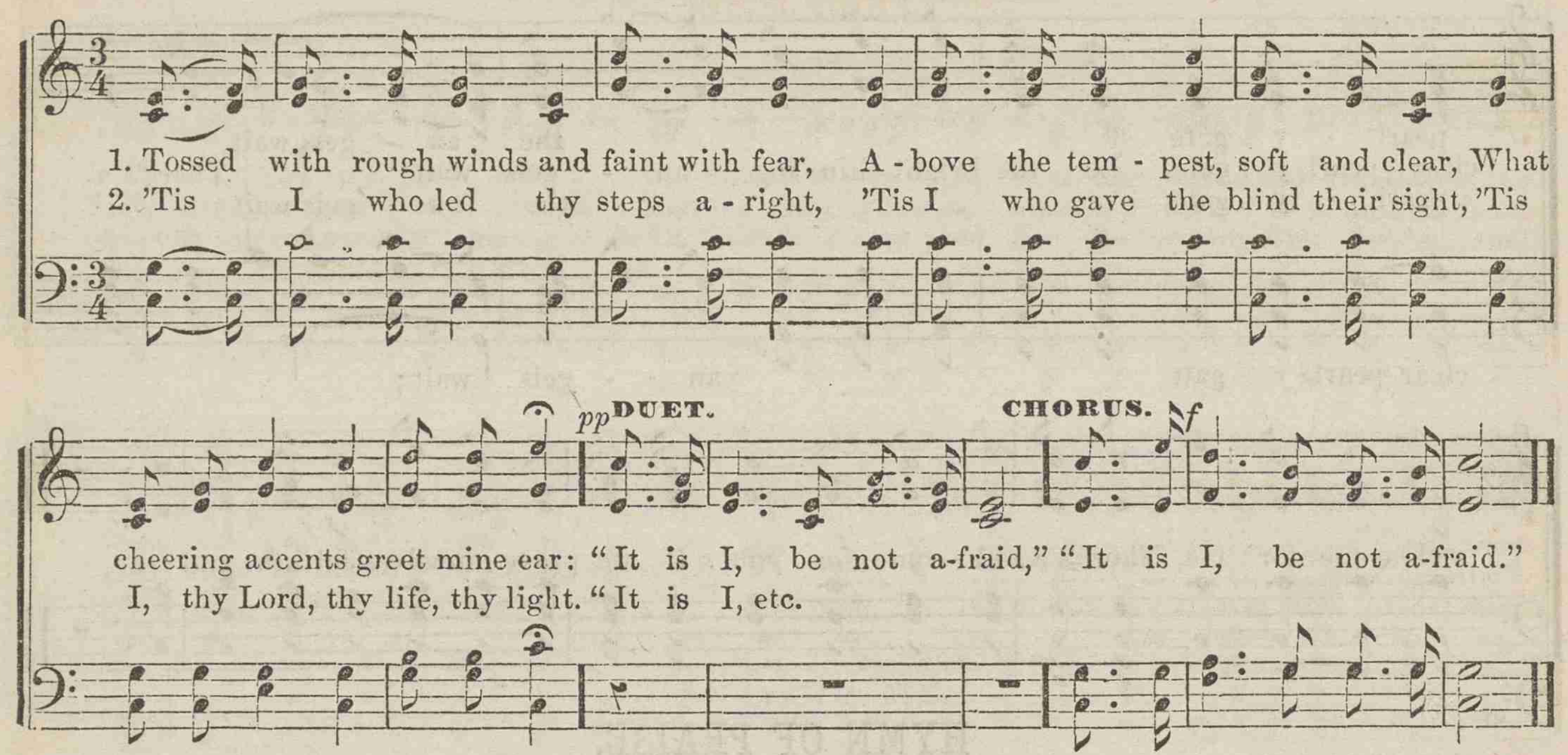


2 The morning stars all praise thee;
The heavenly host on high,
The beams of early dawning,
And purple evening sky.

3 The fragrant springing flowers,
And summer's glowing rays
The golden fruit of autumn,
And winter's chilling days.

4 O Lord, while all things praise thee,
My soul its tribute brings,
And gladly swells the chorus
That all creation sings.

"IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID."



3 These raging winds, this surging sea,
Bear not a threat of wrath to thee·
That storm has all been spent on me,
"It is I, be not afraid," etc.

4 This bitter cup fear not to drink;
I know it well,—oh, do not shrink;
I tasted it o'er Kedron's brink;
"It is I, be not afraid," etc.

5 When on the other shore thy feet
Shall rest 'mid thousand welcomes sweet,
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet,
"It is I, be not afraid," etc.

6 From out the dazzling majesty,
He'll gently whisper, "Lov'st thou me?"
'T was not in vain I died for thee,
"It is I, be not afraid," etc.

TELL JESUS.

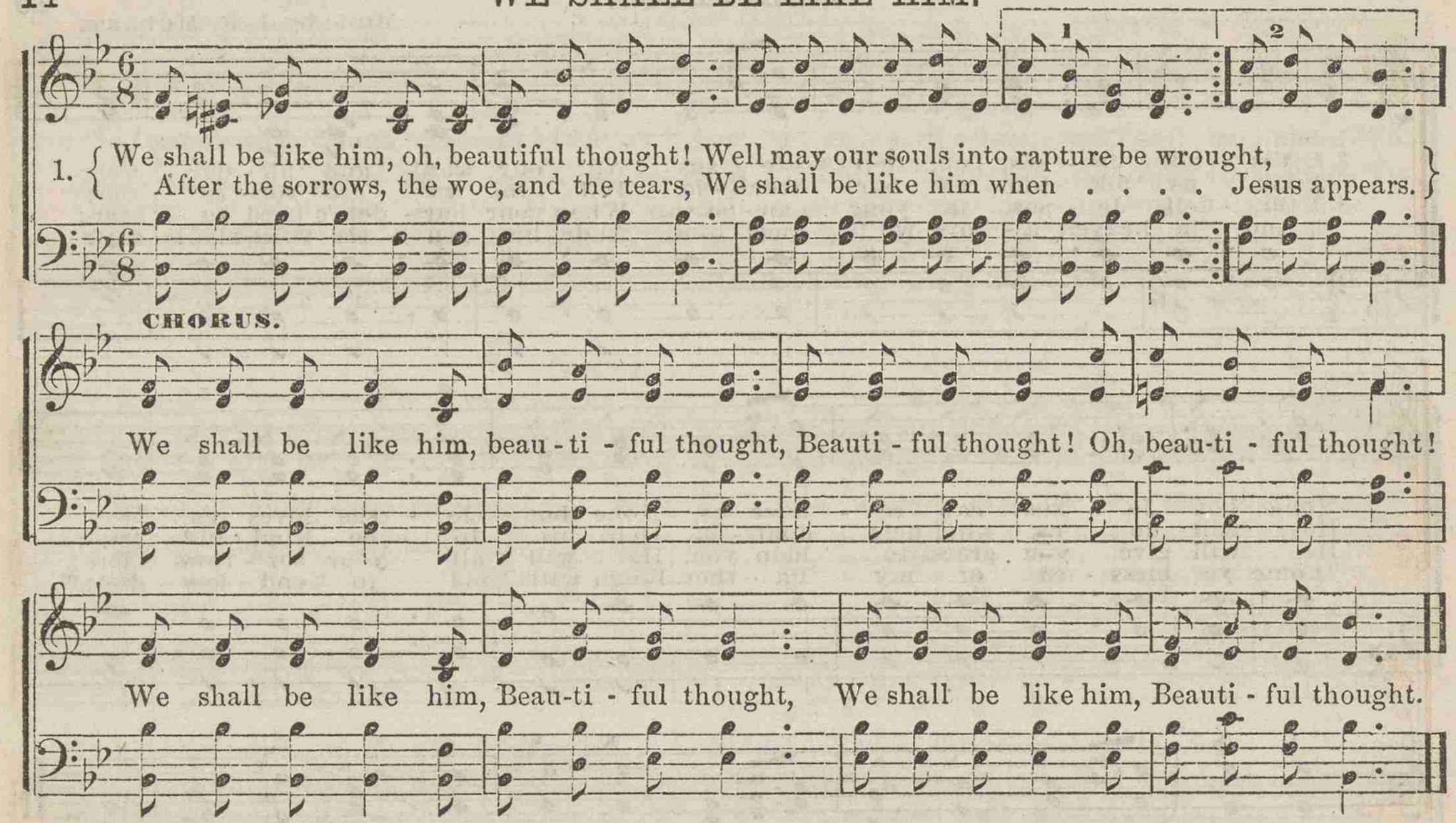
Music by J. R. MURRAY.

1. Yes, tell Je - sus, oh, tell Je - sus All our want and all our woe;
2. Let us tell him all our troub - le, Tell him we are sor - ry too;
3. Oh, tell Je - sus in your an - guish, When your bur - den's hard to bear;
4. And in heaven a - bove we'll meet him, And his gen - tle voice shall say:

None but Je - sus can re - lieve us, None but Je - sus loves us so;
He will do us kind-ness doub - le, Help us to be kind and true;
He will give you grace to help you, He will all your sor - rows share;
"Come ye bless - ed of my Fa - ther, Reign with me in end - less day;"

And to Je - sus, and to Je - sus, Ev - 'ry one is free to go.
And for - give us, and for - give us, Yes, oh, yes, and love us too.
He will guide us, he will guide us, And our souls for heaven pre - pare.
Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Lead and guide us all the way.

WE SHALL BE LIKE HIM.



2 After the conflict in peace to sit down,
After the cross to be wreathed with the crown,
After the dust and the soil of the way,
With him and like him forever to stay.

3 Never again shall the throbbing head ache,
Never again shall the beating heart break,
Never the task drop from wearying hands,
Nor the feet fail in the brightest of lands.

4 Never shall sin with the trail of its shame
Shadow love's sunlight, nor chill its clear flame;
Savior, oft grieved in the house of thy friends,
Ne'er will we wound thee when earth's frail life ends.

5 When thou appearest, oh, rapturous thought,
Well may our souls into rapture be wrought,
We shall be like thee when this life is o'er,
Wound thee, deny thee, offend thee no more.

HILLS OF THE BLEST.

From "Sunshine."

Words by E. E. Rexford.

Music by Geo. F. Root.

1. Soul of the Chris-tian, be hap - py in God, Fol - low the path that the Mas - ter has trod,
2. Soul of the Chris-tian, be ear - nest and true, God has a mis - sion, a life-work for you;
3. Soul of the Chris-tian, be strong in the faith, Read - y to dare if the need be to death;
4. Soul of the Chris-tian, be stead - fast in God, Trust you his hand tho' it hold - eth the rod;

Lead - ing you up to the hills of the blest, Hills where the wea - ry may tar - ry and rest.
Kind words to ut - ter and good deeds to do, Souls from their er - ror and dark-ness to woo.
Stand by your col - ors and bat - tle with sin, Fight like a he - ro and vic - to - ry win.
He lov - eth but whom he chas - ten - eth sore, Soul of the Chris-tian, oh, fal - ter no more.

CHORUS.

Hills of the blest on the shores far a - way, Tow'rd you we press in the din and the fray,

Hills of the glo - ri - fied, hills of the blest, Where all the wea - ry may tar - ry and rest.

JOURNEYING TOWARD THE RIVER.

Words by G. B. C.

1. We are journeying toward the riv - er, To that bright and peace-ful shore,
2. We are journeying toward the riv - er, Each day brings us near - er there,
3. We are journeying toward the riv - er, Bless - ed Sav - ior, guide our way.

Where, beyond, we'll live forev - er, With the glo - ri - fied and pure. We are journeying toward the
If we follow Christ, the shepherd, In his glo - ries we shall share. We are journeying toward the
Part from thee, oh! may we nev - er, But for - ev - er with thee stay. We are journeying toward the

riv - er, Come ye pil - grims, join the throng, Sin and death can nev - er
riv - er, We must reach the oth - er shore, There with Christ, our bless - ed
riv - er, Soon this earth we'll know no more, Come, go thith - er, hum - ble

CHORUS.

en - ter, Where we 'll sing with him the song. May we safe - ly cross the riv - er,
Sav - ior, We will rest for - ev - er more.
sin - ner, Be from sin and death se-cure.

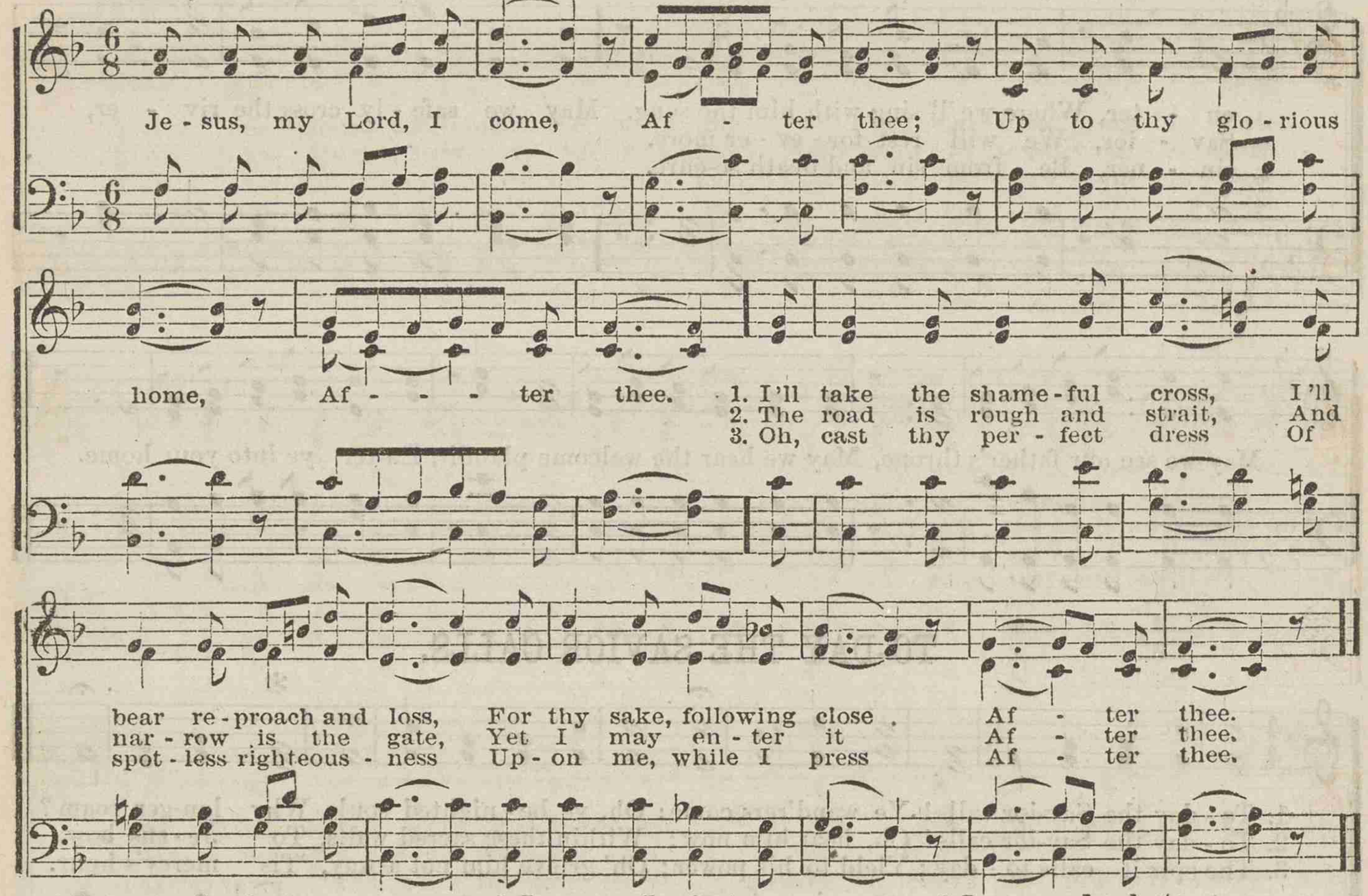
May we see our father's throne, May we hear the welcome plaudit, En-ter ye into your home.

TO-DAY THE SAVIOR CALLS.

1. To - day the Sav-ior calls! Ye wand'rers come: Oh, ye be - nighted souls, Why lon-ger roam?
2. To - day the Sav-ior calls! Oh, hear him now; Within these sacred walls, To Je - sus bow.
3. The spir-it calls to - day; Yield to his power; Oh' grieve him not a-way, 'Tis mercy's hour.

AFTER THEE.

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN. Music by T. MARTIN TOWNE.



4 Jesus, my Lord, etc.
Thou art the only way,
And lest my feet should stray,
Oh, keep me, Lord, I pray,
After thee.

5 Jesus, my Lord, etc.
Thou hast the place prepared,
Thy kingdom and reward,
For all who follow hard,
After thee.

6 Jesus, my Lord, etc.
There would I sing thy praise,
Who didst my soul embrace,
And draw me by thy grace,
After thee.

1. I am wait - ing for the sum - mons, Which shall bid me hast - en home;
2. In the light of that fair coun - try, Ev - er fall - ing on my way,
3. Thus my wait - ing on - ly seem - eth Like love's vig - il, full of trust,
4. While I'm wait - ing, let me la - bor, While I'm watching, let me pray,

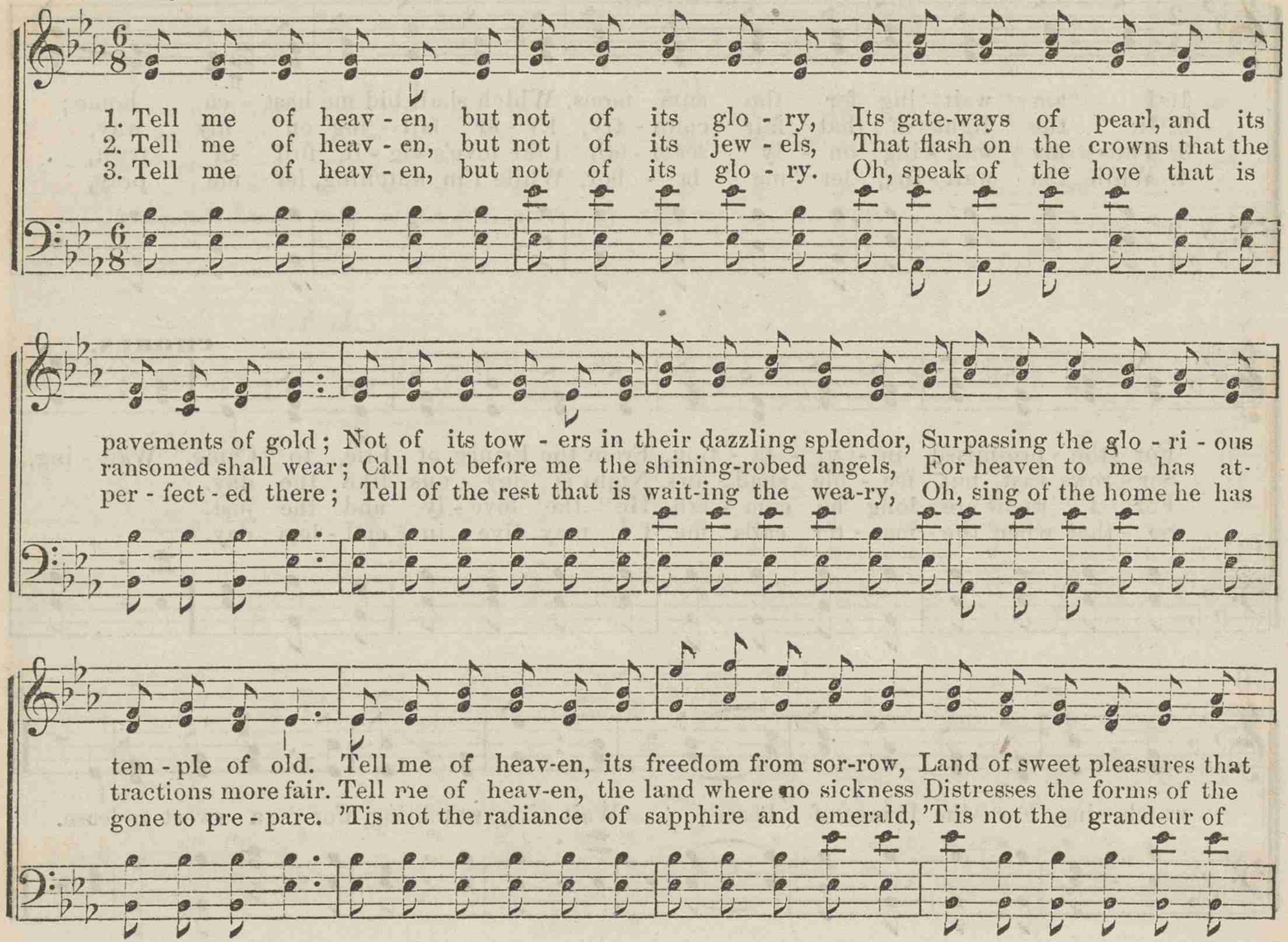
CHORUS.

For the pro-mised in - vi - ta - tion, From the Prince of Life, to "Come." Wait - ing,
Sor - rows cast but fee - ble shad - ows, Night is joy - ous like the day.
For I know ere long he com - eth, He the love - ly and the just.
So that when the mas - ter calls me, I may live in end - less day.

watch - ing, For the Prince of Peace; Wait - ing, watch-ing, For a sweet re-lease.

TELL ME OF HEAVEN.

Words by Mrs. M. J. BITTLE.



sin can not stain; Land where the loved ones that death has long part - ed, If
hap - py and blest; Land where they hun - ger not, nei - ther grow thirs - ty, The
heav - en's high dome, None of these things have a tithe of the sweetness That

CHORUS.

sleep - ing in Je - sus, shall all meet a - gain. Tell me of heav - en,
beau - ti - ful land where the wea - ry shall rest.
dwells in the prom - ise of love, rest, and home.

Tell me of heav - en, Tell me of heav - en, Of love, rest and home.

GROWING BRIGHTER.

Words and music by G. T. WILSON.

1. As we wend our way to Ca-naan, Walking in the nar - row way, Bright-er
2. Smil-ing fac - es brightly beam-ing Soon, ah soon must pass a - way, But the
3. Earth-ly scenes of won-drous beau-ty Soon, a - las, will all de - cay, While the
4. See that star! 't was once all bril - liant, Now it shines with fee - ble ray, 'T will be

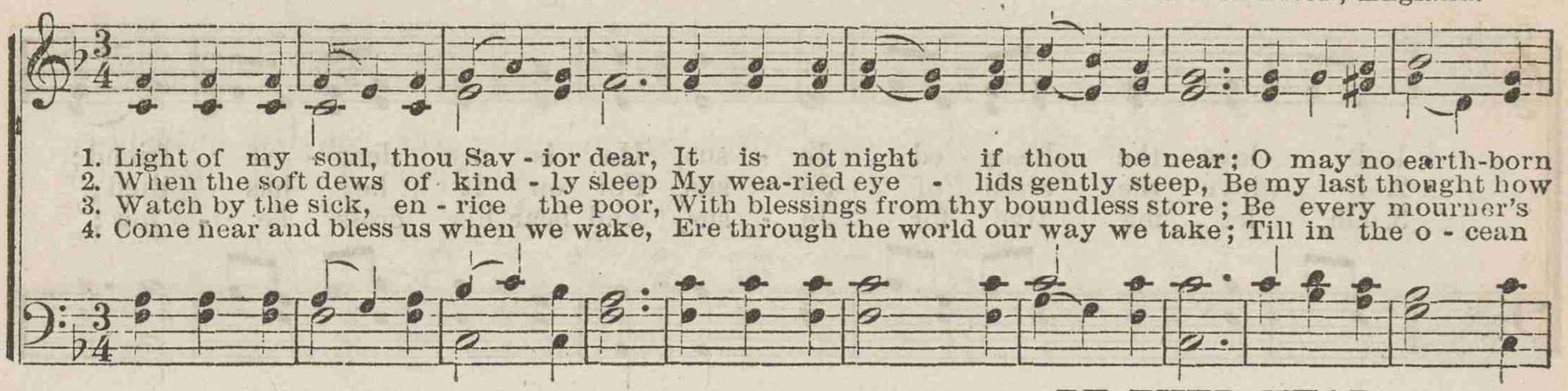
CHORUS.

still be-comes the glory, Growing brighter day by day. Growing brighter, growing brighter, As we
pure sweet light of heaven Is in-creasing day by day.
scenery o - ver Jor-dan Grows more charming day by day.
lost in spreading daylight, In the light of per-fect day.

move a - long the way, Growing brighter, growing brighter, E'en un-to the per-fect day.
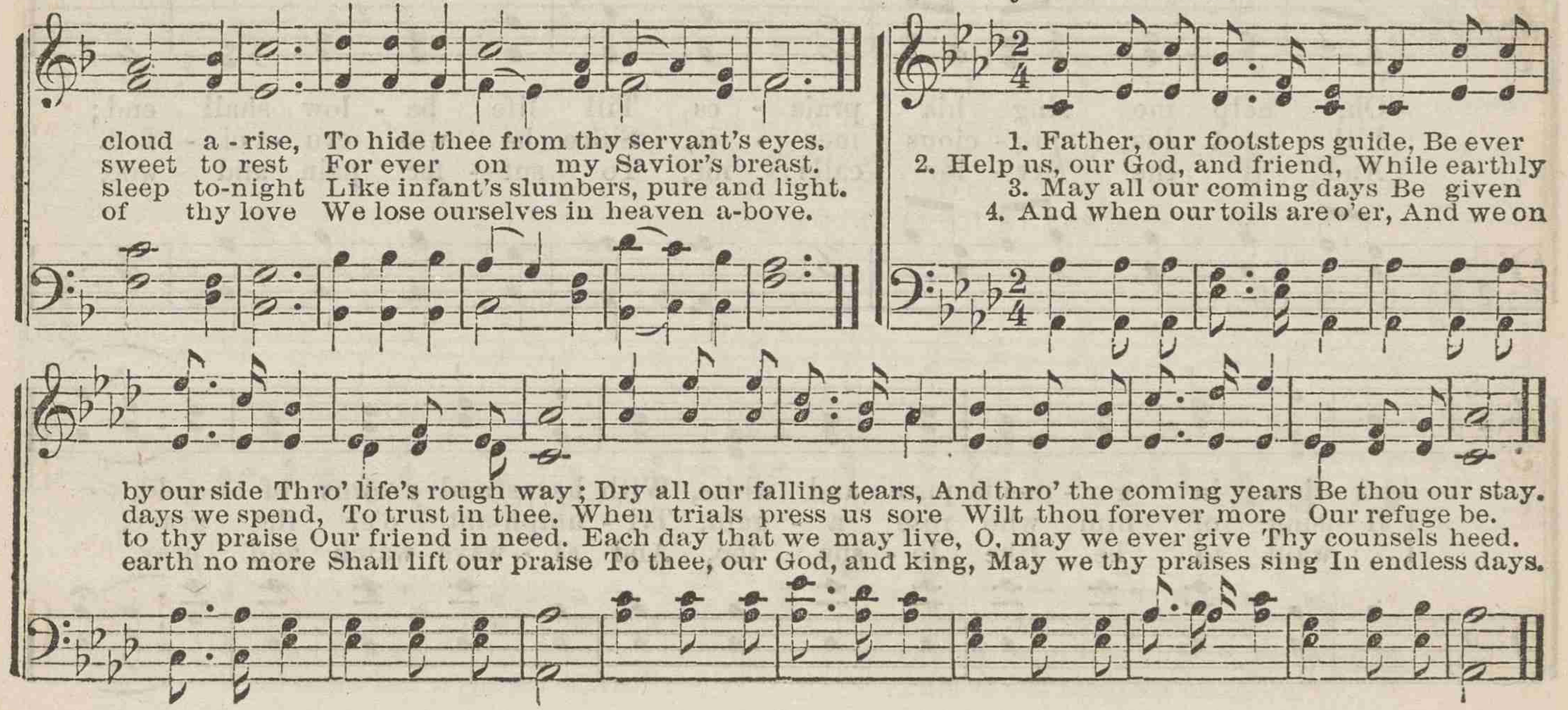
LIGHT OF MY SOUL.

Written for this Work. JAS. HARRISON, England.



BE EVER NEAR.

Words by Miss N. T. GAUNT.

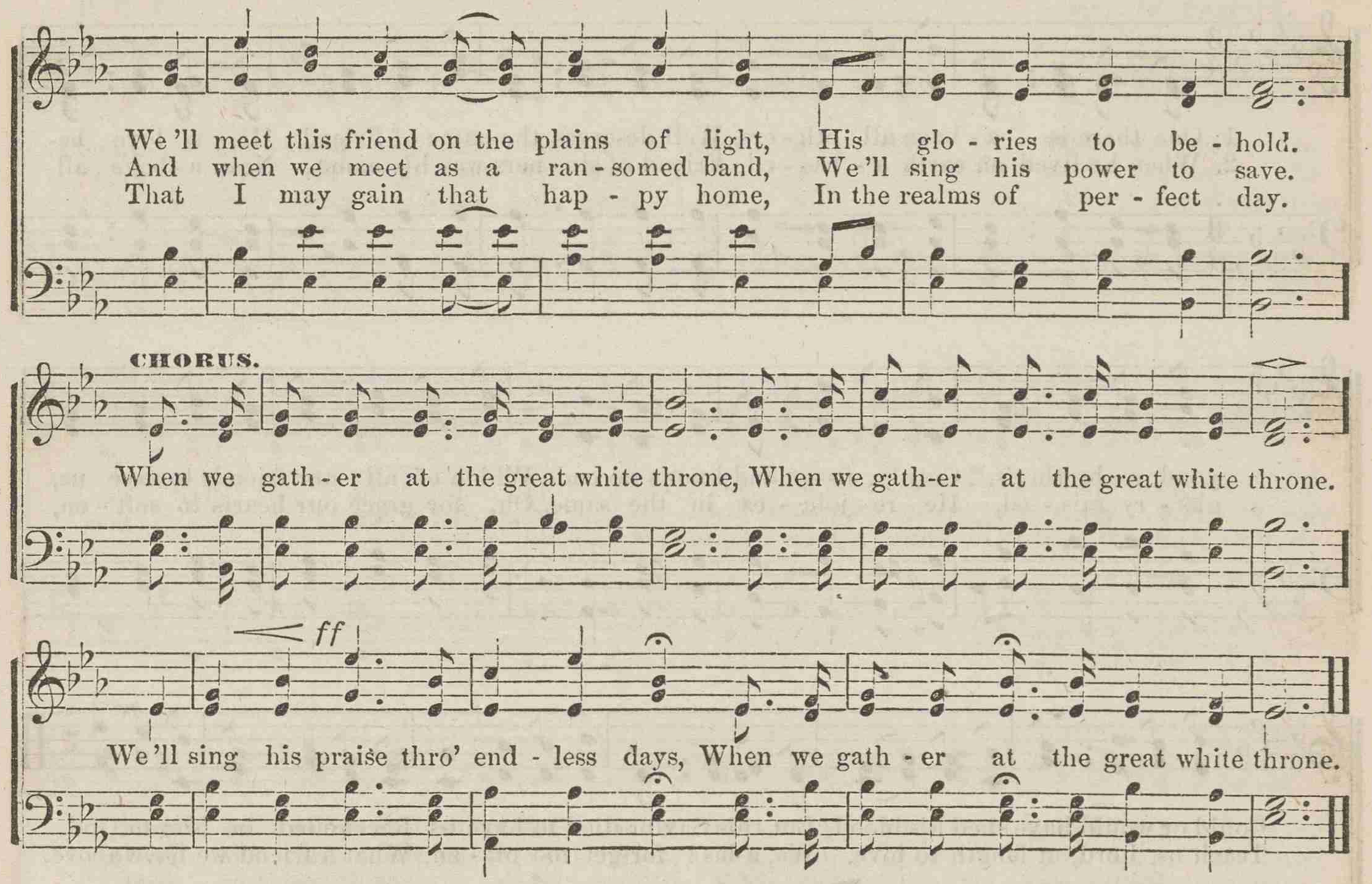


THE GREAT WHITE THRONE.

1. I love the bless - ed Je - sus, He is my dear - est friend;
2. I love the cross of Je - sus, For on it he has died;
3. Oh, let me live for Je - sus, And bear his cross be - low;

Oh, help me sing his prais - es Till life be - low shall end;
I'll trust his pre - cious mer - it, Since he was cru - ci - fied.
And if the Sav - ior calls me, To suf - fer pain and woe,

And then in gar - ments pure and white, With harps and crowns of gold,
I'll sing of him who rose a - gain, Tri - umph-ant o'er the grave,
I want to be like Je - sus too, And al - ways watch and pray,



4 Then let me die in Jesus,
His presence then I crave,
When crossing over Jordan,
To calm the troubled wave.

And when, triumphant over death,
I gain that happy shore,
I want to reign with the Savior, when
This world shall be no more.

ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, Well deserves the name of Friend; His is love be-
2. When he lived on earth a - bas - ed, Friend of sin - ners was his name; Now a - bove all

yond a brother's, Cost-ly, free, and knows no end. Which of all our friends to save us,
glo - ry rais - ed, He re - joic - es in the same. Oh, for grace our hearts to soft - en,

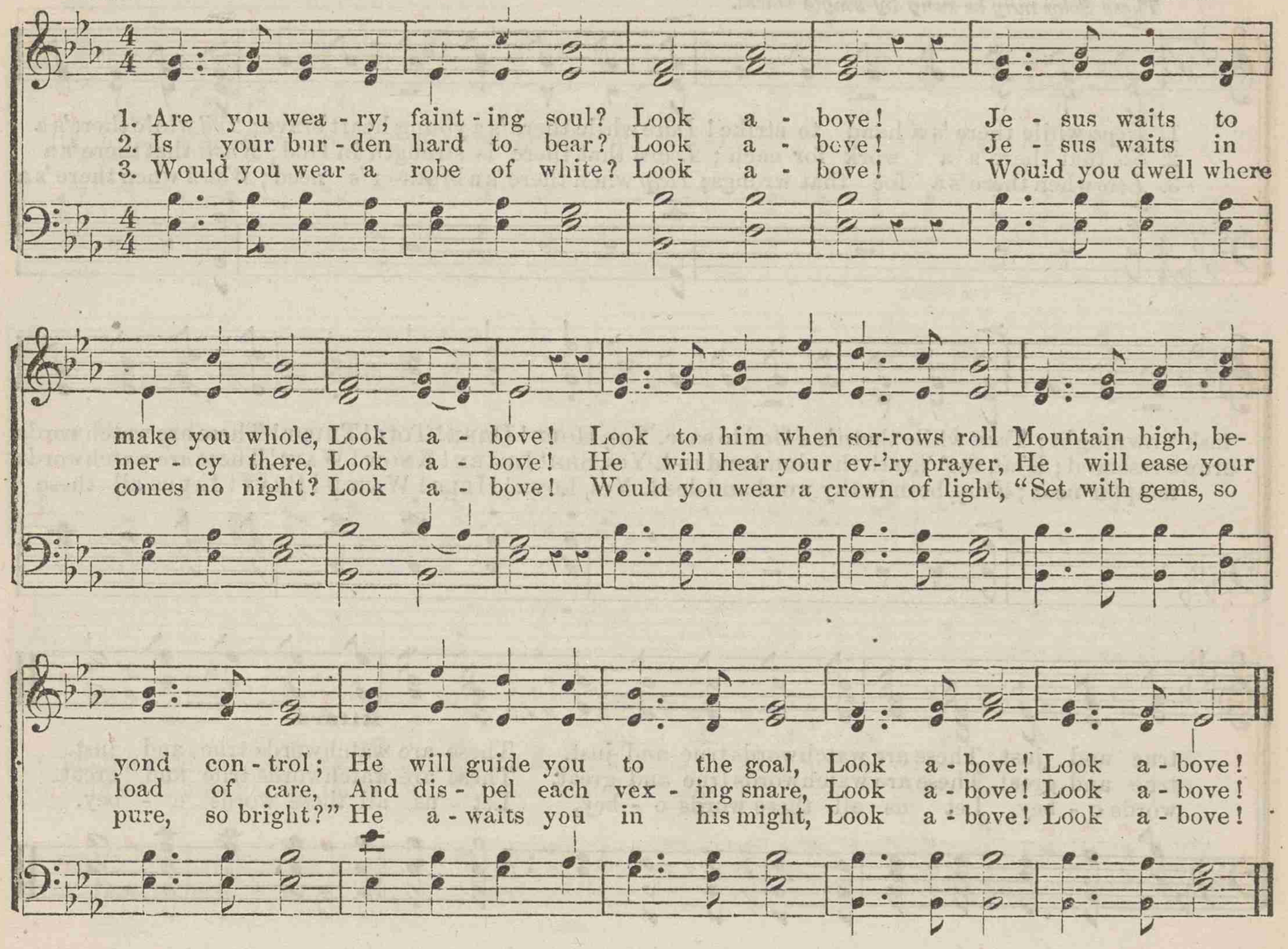
Could or would have shed his blood, But this Savior died to have us Reconciled in him to God.
Teach us, Lord, at length to love, We, a-las! for-get too oft - en, What a friend we have above.

LOOK ABOVE.

D. C. A.

GEO. W. PERSLEY.

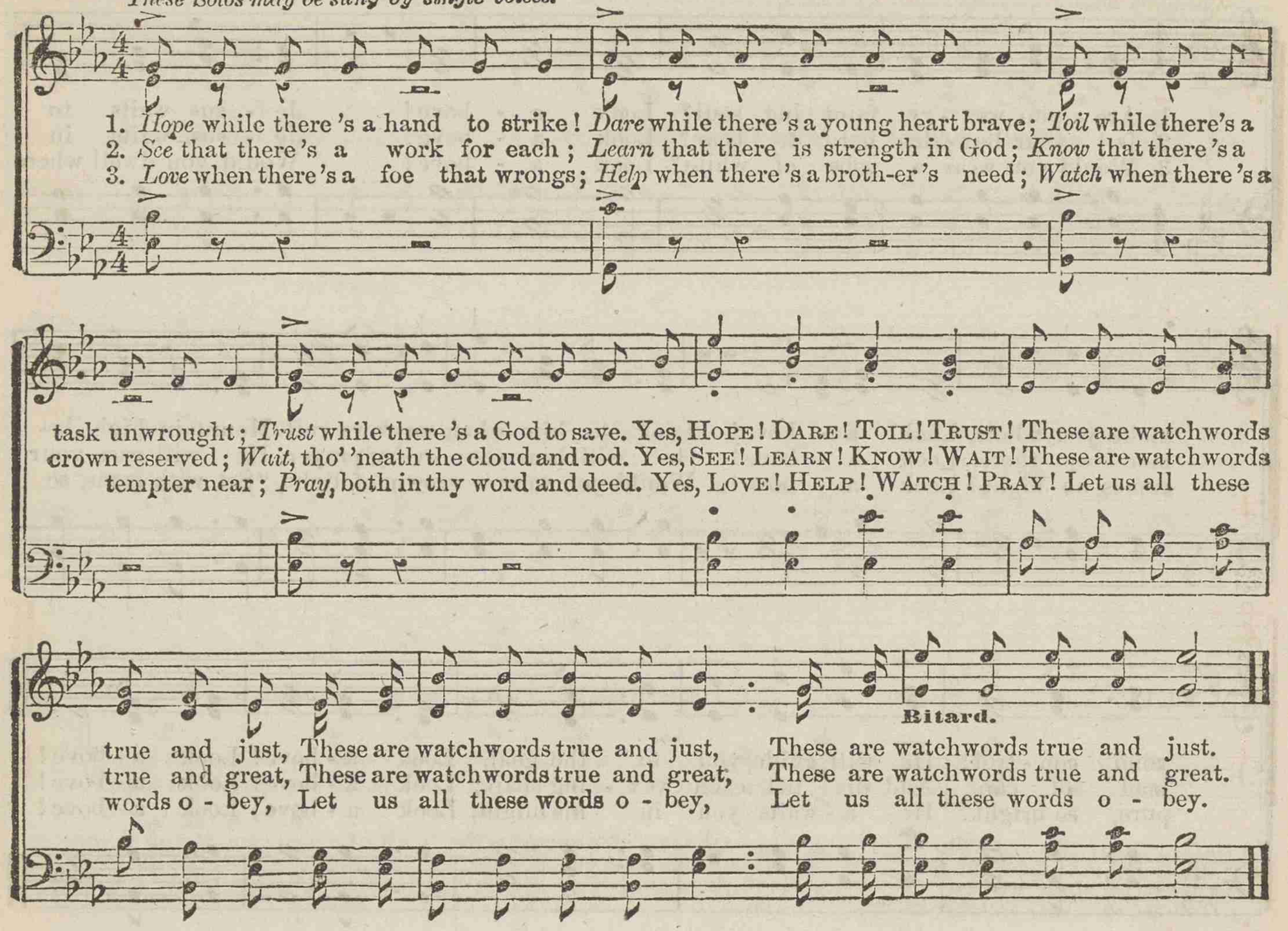
1. Are you wea - ry, faint - ing soul? Look a - bove! Je - sus waits to make you whole, Look a - bove! Look to him when sor-rows roll Mountain high, be-yond con - trol; He will guide you to the goal, Look a - bove! Look a - bove!
2. Is your bur - den hard to bear? Look a - bove! Je - sus waits in mer - cy there, Look a - bove! He will hear your ev-'ry prayer, He will ease your load of care, And dis - pel each vex - ing snare, Look a - bove! Look a - bove!
3. Would you wear a robe of white? Look a - bove! Would you dwell where comes no night? Look a - bove! Would you wear a crown of light, "Set with gems, so pure, so bright?" He a - waits you in his might, Look a - bove! Look a - bove!



WATCHWORDS.

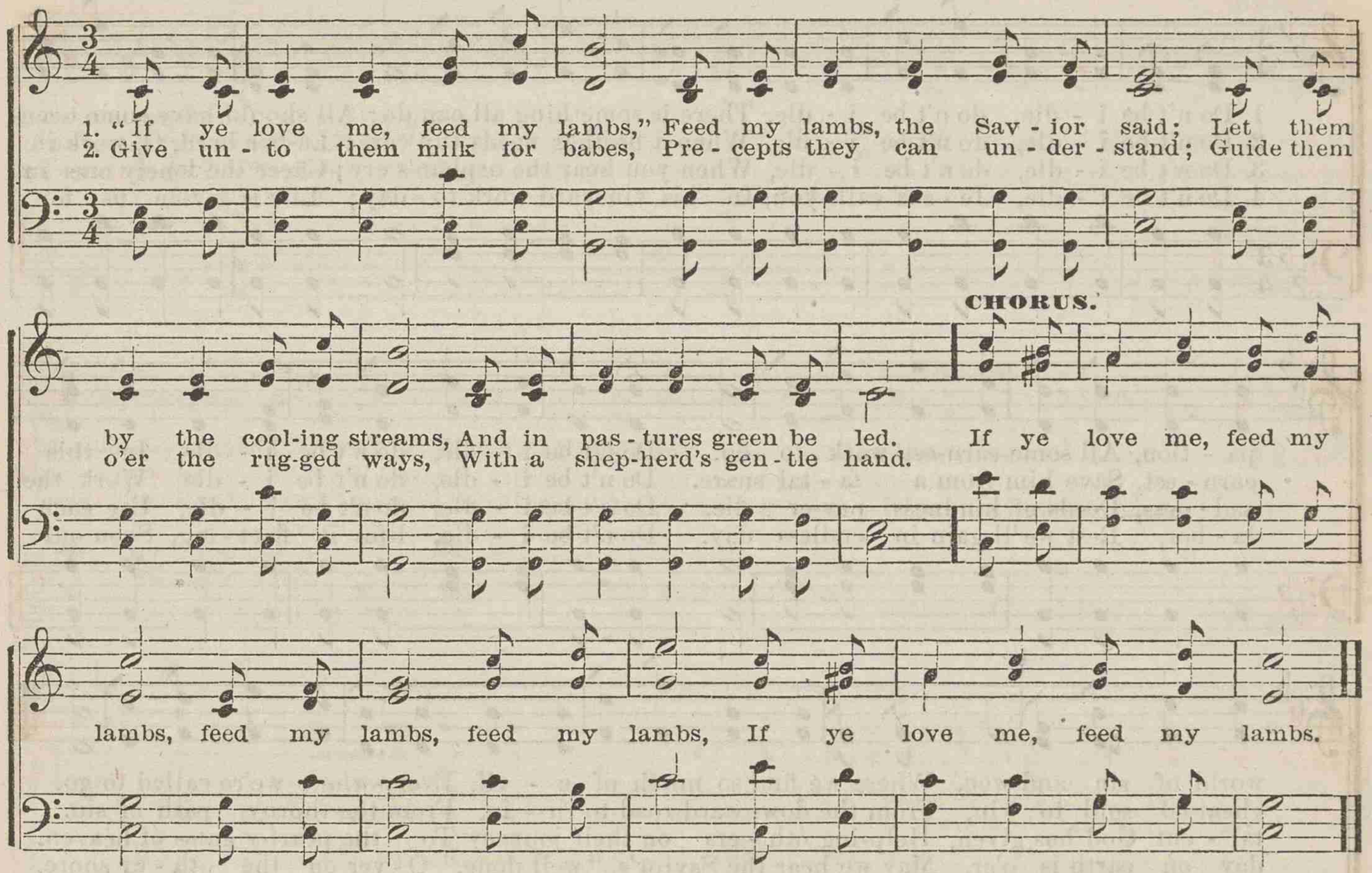
From "The Glory." GEO. F. ROOT.

These Solos may be sung by single voices.



FEED MY LAMBS.

Words by Mrs. MARY BAYARD CLARKE. From "The Amaranth," by per. R. M. McINTOSH.



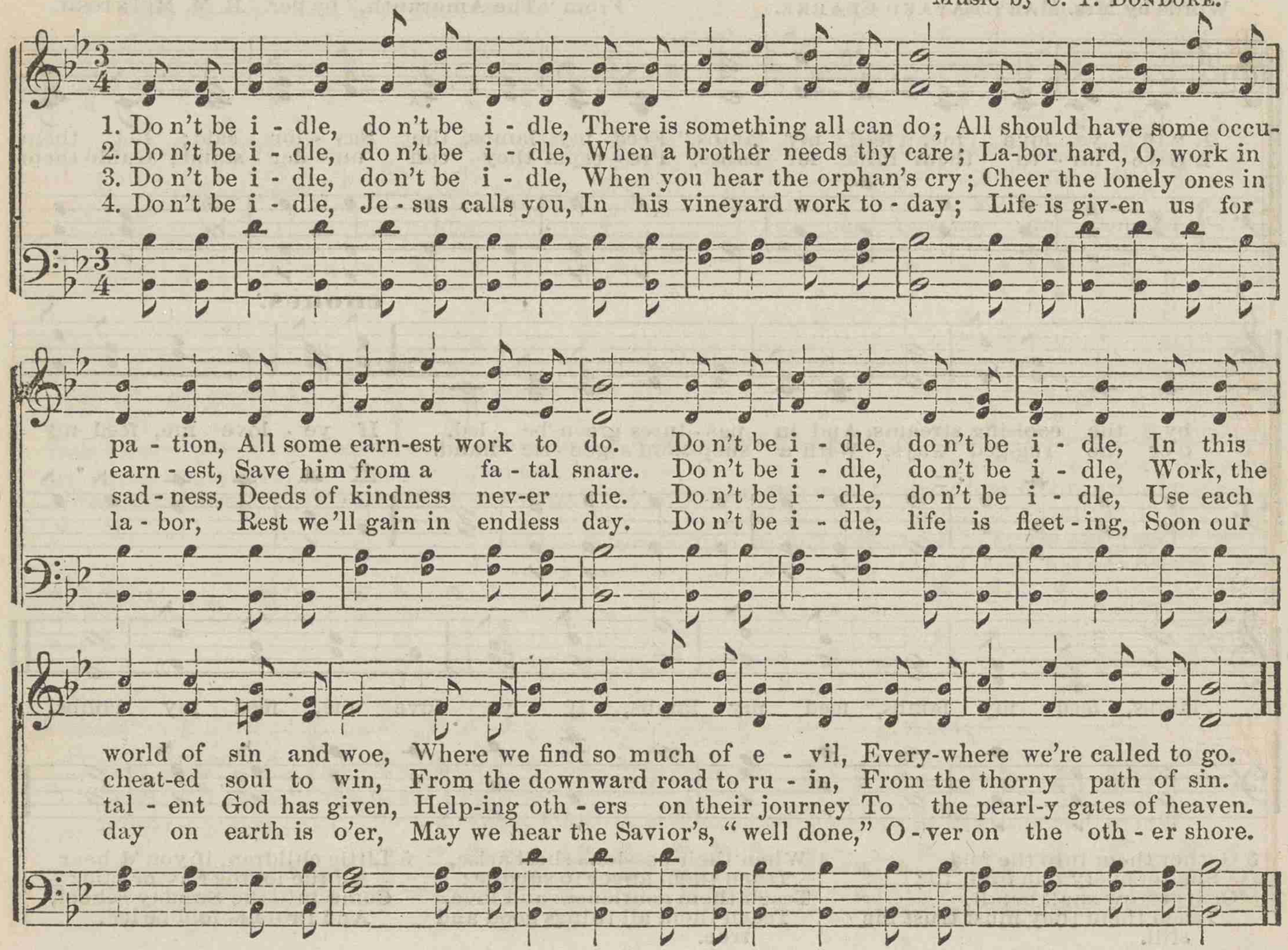
3 Gather them into the fold,
Shelter every one from ill;
Or if sorrow shall befall,
Teach them they must trust me still.

4 When their passions shall arise,
Teach them anger to subdue;
Teach them gentleness and love,
Teach them all things good and true.

5 Little children, if you'd hear
All the loving Savior said;
Come into the Sunday-school,
And into his fold be led.

DON'T BE IDLE.

Music by C. T. DONDORE.



THE LAND OF LIGHT.

From "Songs of Glory."
By per. Fillmore Bro's.

Rena L. Miner.

J. H. F.

1. There's a beau-ti - ful land, a land of light, A country just o'er the way, Where the night of life
2. There are sunny slopes and mountains high, And rivu - lets laughing sweet, And voic-es dear,
3. There are loving eyes that we've closed at night, 'Mid sighing and bitter tears; They are beaming bright
4. Look up, ye poor and suf - fer-ing, Ye weary, troubled and sad, Let the eye glow bright

CHORUS.

with its gloom and strife, Fades out into glo - rious day. There's a beautiful land of light,
that we loved so here, And th' patter of lit - tle feet.
'neath the brows of light, Untouched by the frosts of years.
with the old-time light, And the aching heart be glad.

Where darkness will be no more; There's a beautiful land of light On Jordan's golden shore.

LITTLE LAMBS. (Infant Class.)

Words from "Child's Paper."

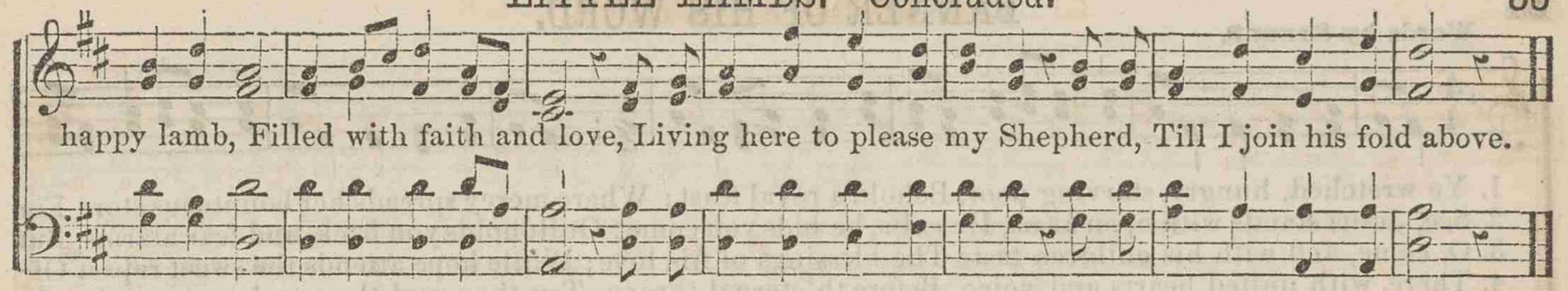
Lively.

1. I am Je-sus' lit - tle lamb, And my shepherd's ev-er near, Gen-tly leading me a-
2. I must be a trustful lamb, Holding on my shepherd's hand, Knowing he will lead me

long To the pastures green and fair. I must be a gen - tle lamb, Nev-er, nev-er go a-
on To a bright and heavenly land. I must be a lov - ing lamb, Al-ways ready to o-

CHORUS.

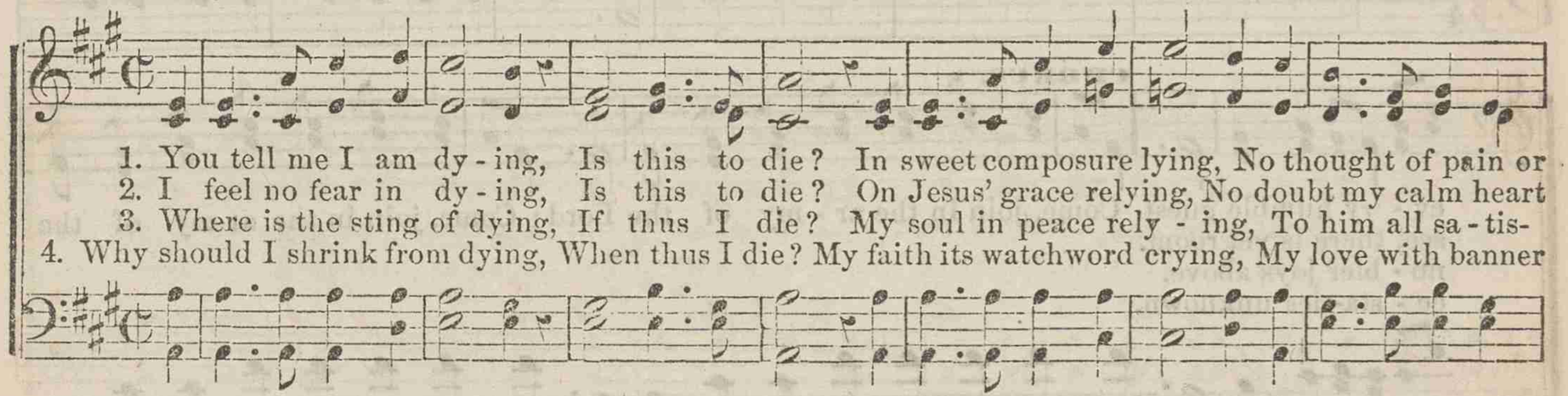
stray, But must seek to fol - low Je-sus In the straight and narrow way. Thus I'll be a
bey, Answering gai - ly his dear voice Without murmur or de - lay.



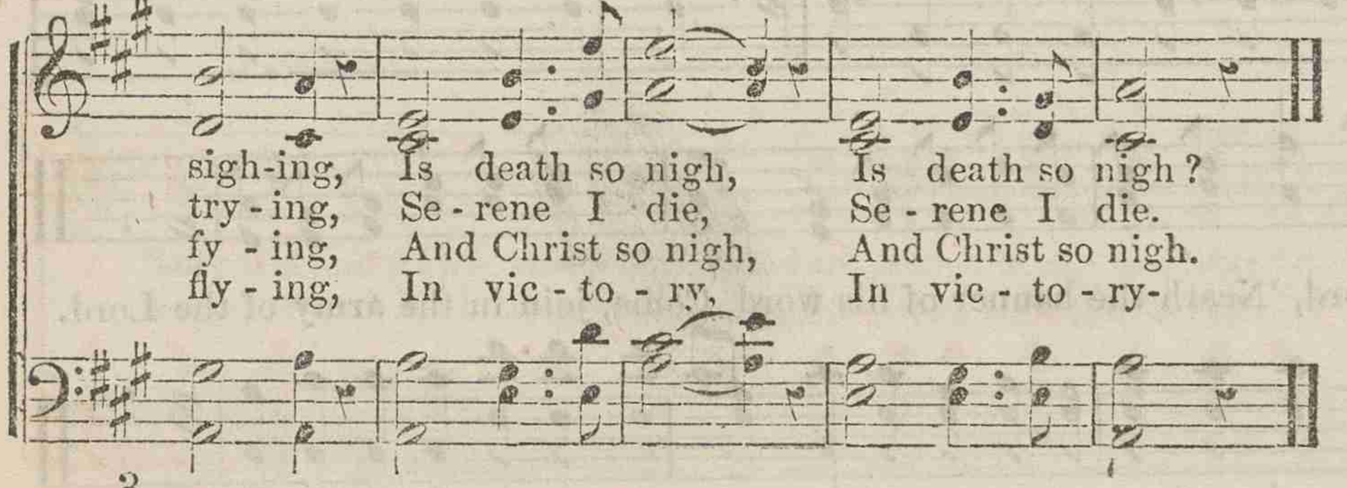
happy lamb, Filled with faith and love, Living here to please my Shepherd, Till I join his fold above.

IS THIS TO DIE?

Words by Rev. A. E. TAYLOR. D. W. MILLER.



1. You tell me I am dy - ing, Is this to die? In sweet composure lying, No thought of pain or
2. I feel no fear in dy - ing, Is this to die? On Jesus' grace relying, No doubt my calm heart
3. Where is the sting of dying, If thus I die? My soul in peace rely - ing, To him all sa - tis-
4. Why should I shrink from dying, When thus I die? My faith its watchword crying, My love with banner



sigh-ing, Is death so nigh, Is death so nigh?
try - ing, Se - rene I die, Se - rene I die.
fy - ing, And Christ so nigh, And Christ so nigh.
fly - ing, In vic - to - ry, In vic - to - ry-

5 From earth to heaven is dying,
I joy to die;
The blissful comforts nighing,
The light and glories spying,
I mount on high,
I mount on high.

6 My Savior comes in dying,
In him I die;
With this soft call complying,
On his warm bosom lying,
To live I die,
To live I die.

BANNER OF HIS WORD.

Words by STEELE.

1. Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor, Behold a royal feast; Where mercy spreads her bounteous store For
2. See, Jesus stands with open arms, He calls, he bids you come; Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms, But
3. O, come, and with his children taste The blessings of his love; While hope attends the sweet repast Of
4. There, with united hearts and voice, Before th'eternal throne, Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice In

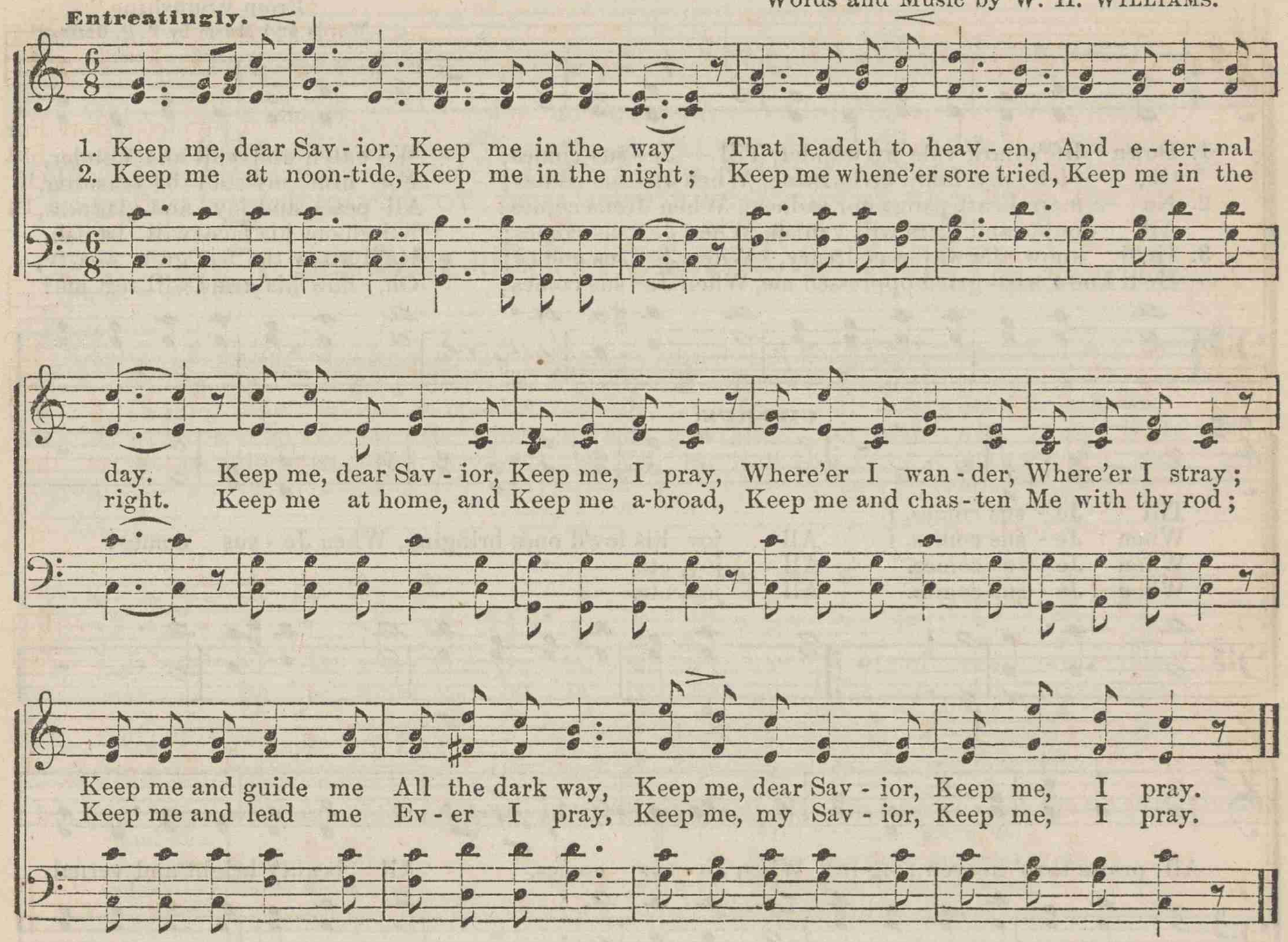
CHORUS.

ev - 'ry humble guest. Come, join in the ar - my of the Lord; Come, join in the ar-my of the
see, there is yet room.
no - bler joys above.
ec - sta-sies unknown.

Lord; In the army of the Lord, 'Neath the banner of his word, Come, join in the army of the Lord.

EVER KEEP ME.

Words and Music by W. H. WILLIAMS.



WHEN JESUS COMES.
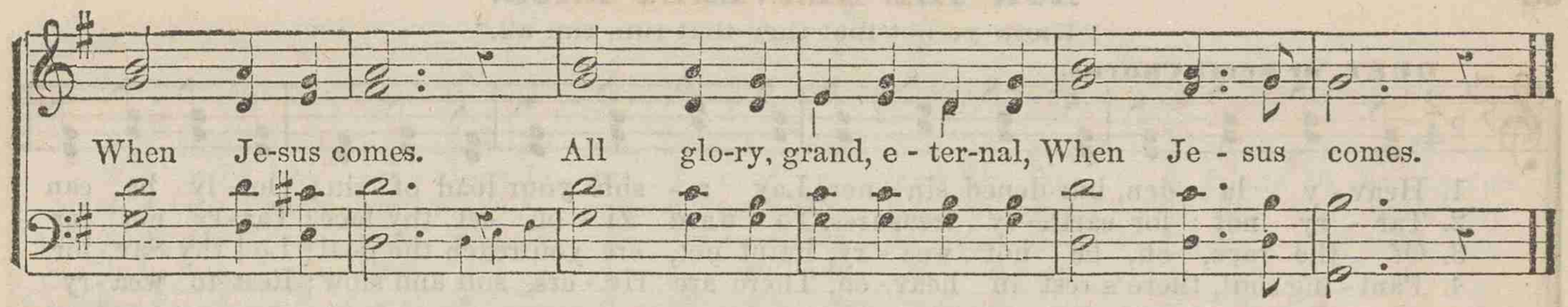
From "Sunshine."
Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. Down life's dark vale we wander, Till Je - sus comes; We watch and wait and wonder,
Oh, let my lamp be burning, When Je - sus comes; For him my soul be yearning,
2. No more heart-pangs nor sadness, When Jesus comes; All peace and joy and gladness,
All doubts and fears will vanish, When Je - sus comes; All gloom his face will banish,
3. He'll know the way was dreary, When Je - sus comes; He'll know the feet grew wea-ry,
He'll know what griefs oppressed me, When Je - sus comes; Oh, how his arms will rest me!

CHORUS.

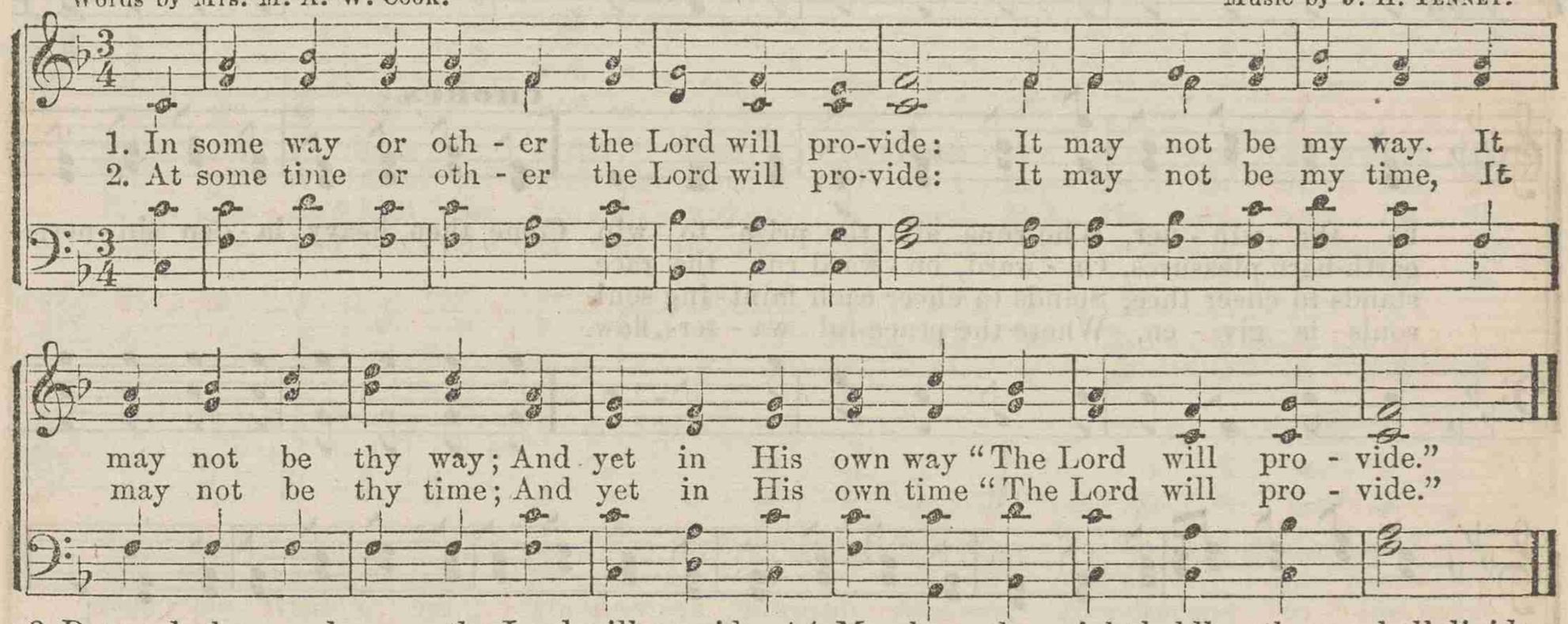
Till Je - sus comes.
When Je - sus comes. } All joy his lov'd ones bringing, When Je - sus comes:
When Je - sus comes. All joy, etc.
When Je - sus comes. All joy, etc.

All praise thro' heaven ring-ing, When Je - sus comes. All beauty bright and vernal,



JEHOVAH JIREH. ("The Lord Will Provide.")

Words by Mrs. M. A. W. Cook. Music by J. H. Tenney.



3 Despond, then, no longer; the Lord will provide:
And this be the token—
No word He hath spoken
Hath ever been broken—
"The Lord will provide."

4 March on, then, right boldly; the sea shall divide;
With Canaan before us,
With Heaven's mercy o'er us,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

RUN THE HEAVENLY RACE.

"Know ye not that they that run, run all."

DUET, or Semi-Chorus.

1. Heav - y la - den, bur-dened sin - ner, Lay a - side your load of sin; On - ly he can be the win - ner, Who runs all the prize to win. Come, then, heavy la - den sin - ner,
2. Tar - ry not for earth - ly treasures, To - ward Zi - on set thy face; Tar - ry not for earth-born pleasures, On - ward, on - ward run the race.
3. Of the race, oh, be not wea - ry, Faint not, ere you reach the goal; Lo! thy Sav - ior stands to cheer thee, Stands to cheer each faint - ing soul.
4. Pant - ing soul, there's rest in heav - en, There are riv - ers, soft and slow; Rest to wea - ry souls is giv - en, Where the peace-ful wa - ters flow.

CHORUS.

Come and run the heavenly race; On the crown that waits the winner, Fix thy steady, longing gaze.

1. I need thee, pre - cious Je - sus, For I am ver - y poor, A stran-ger and a pil - grim, I have no earth-ly store; I need the love of Je - sus, To cheer me on my way, To guide my doubting foot-steps, To be my strength and stay.
2. I need thee, pre - cious Je - sus, I need a friend like thee, A friend to soothe and pit - y, A friend to care for me; I need the heart of Je - sus, To feel each anx-ious care, To tell me ev - 'ry tri - al, And all my sor - rows share.
3. I need thee, pre - cious Je - sus, I need thee day by day, To fill me with thy full - ness, And lead me on my way; I need thy Ho - ly Spir - it, To teach me what I am, To show me more of Je - sus, To point me to the Lamb.
4. I need thee, pre - cious Je - sus, And hope to see thee soon, En-cir - cled with the rain - bow, And seat - ed on thy throne; Then, with thy blood-bought children, My joy shall ev - er be, To sing thy prais-es, Je - sus, To gaze, my Lord, on thee.

GROW NOT WEARY.

From "Every Sabbath," by per. of Publishers.

Words by Mrs. ANNIE H. THOMSON.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. O, toil - ers, grow not wea - ry, Wea-ry by the way; Tho' clouds and tempests
2. O, toil - ers, grow not wea - ry, Wea-ry by the way; And Sa - tan's hosts shall
3. O, toil - ers, grow not wea - ry, Wea-ry by the way; The Mas - ter walk-eth

drea - ry May dar - ken o'er thy way. The sunshine's still a - bove thee, And
fear thee The powers of hell o - bey. And on the shores of In - dia, And
near thee, To com - fort and to stay. Thy hands he'll be up - hold - ing, A-

soon thou'lt joy-ful hold The flow'rs and fruits of harvest With sheaves of burnished gold.
Chi - na by the sea, The sow-ing and the reap-ing Of Christ your Lord shall be.
mid the furrows deep, And at life's qui-et even-ing He'll give thee rest and sleep.

1. We are marching on to bat - tle, and our ban-ner is un-furled, 'T is the ban-ner of our
2. Our foes are close around us, and our foes are strong with-in, But bravely we will
3. Take the helmet and the breast-plate of the spir-it, take the sword, Come and buckle on the
4. There's a crown for ev'ry vic-tor, its the glo - rious crown of life, There's a crown for ev'ry

Fine.

Sav - ior, and we flaunt it to the world. We are fight-ing on for Je - sus, and of
bat - tle 'gainst temptation, fear and sin. We are, etc.
ar - mor, yes the arm - or of the Lord. We are, etc.
vic - tor at the end of this dark strife. We are, etc.

D. C. al Fine.

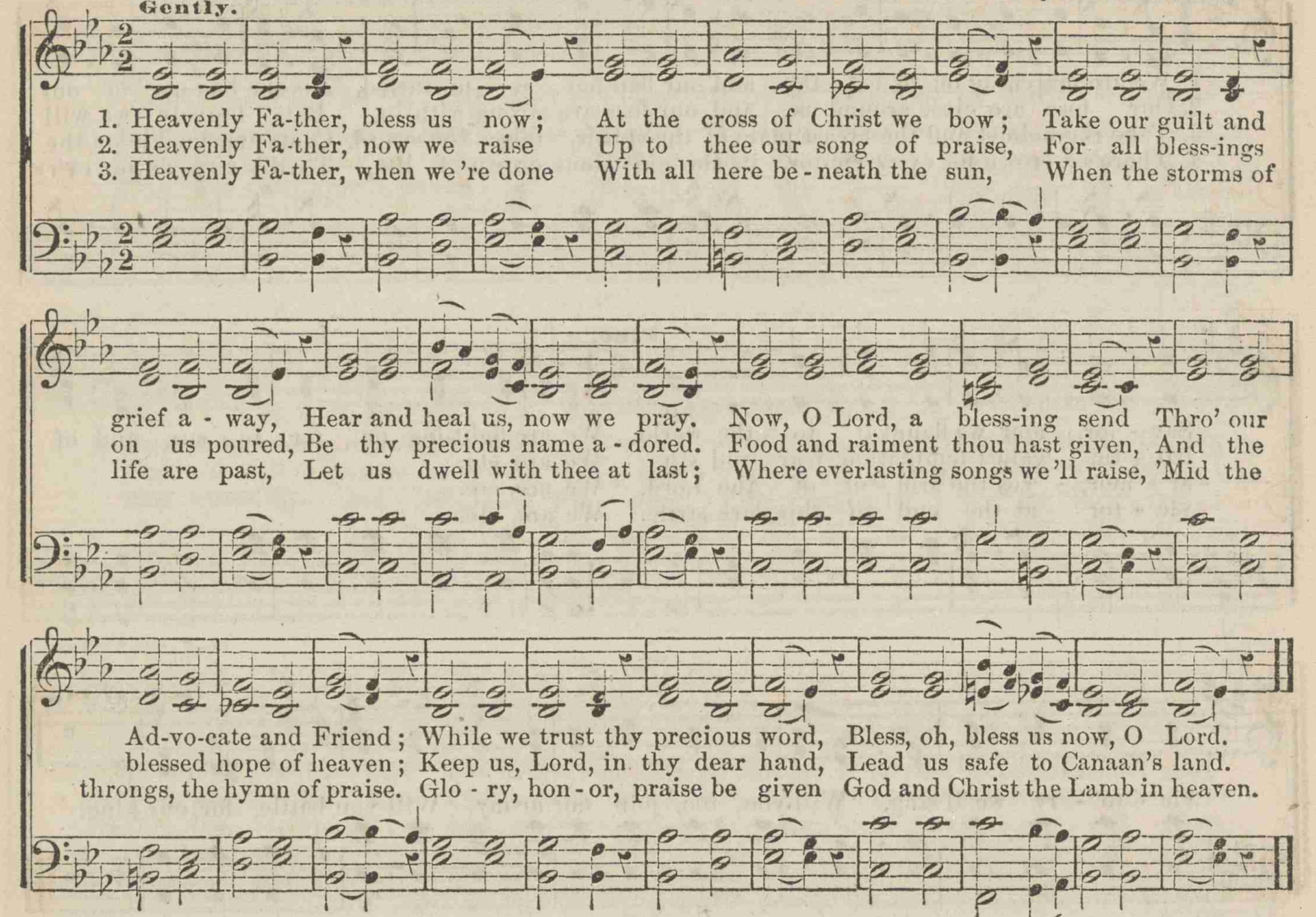
vic - to - ry we 'll sing, Will you, too, join our ar-my, Will you battle for our king.

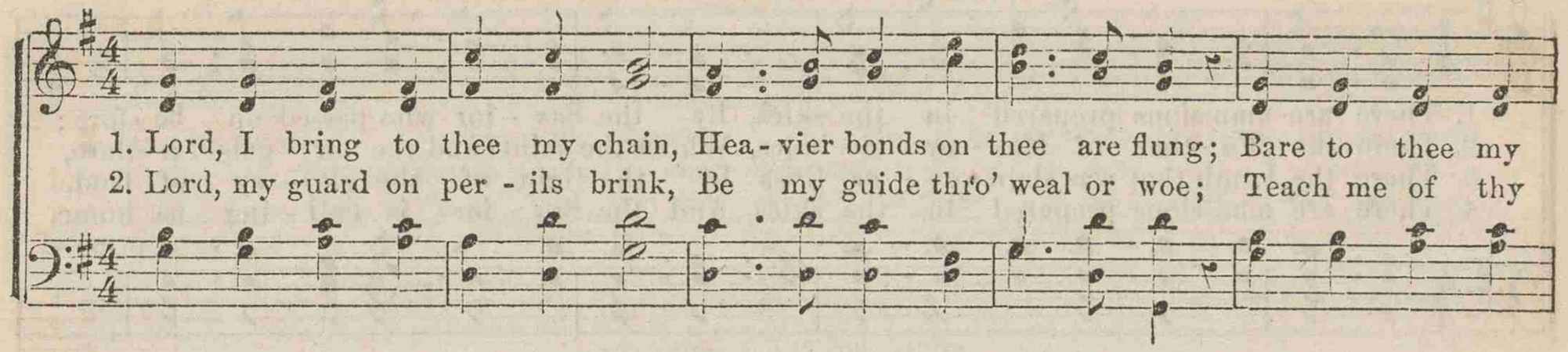
"NOW."

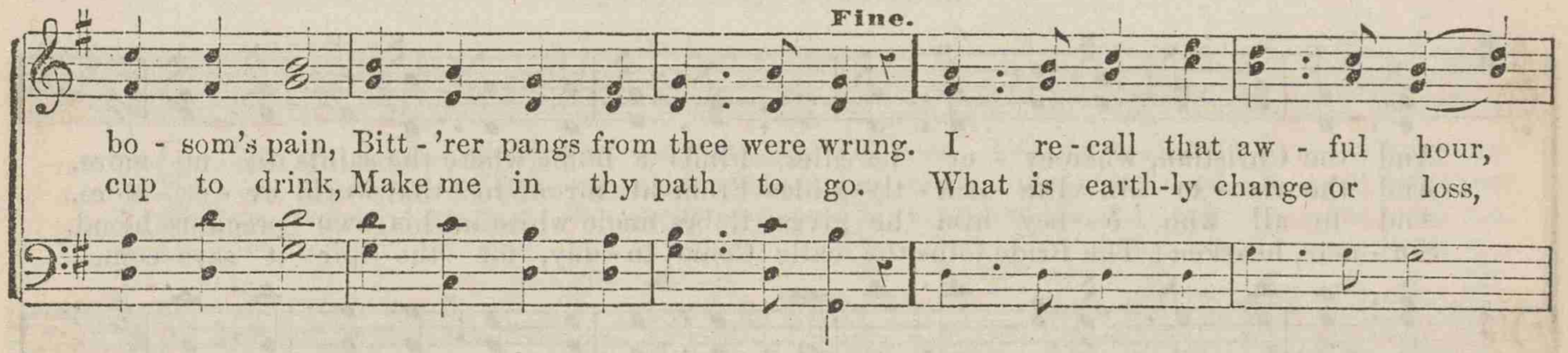
"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. vi: 2.

Words by K. S. Music by D. W. MILLER.

Gently.

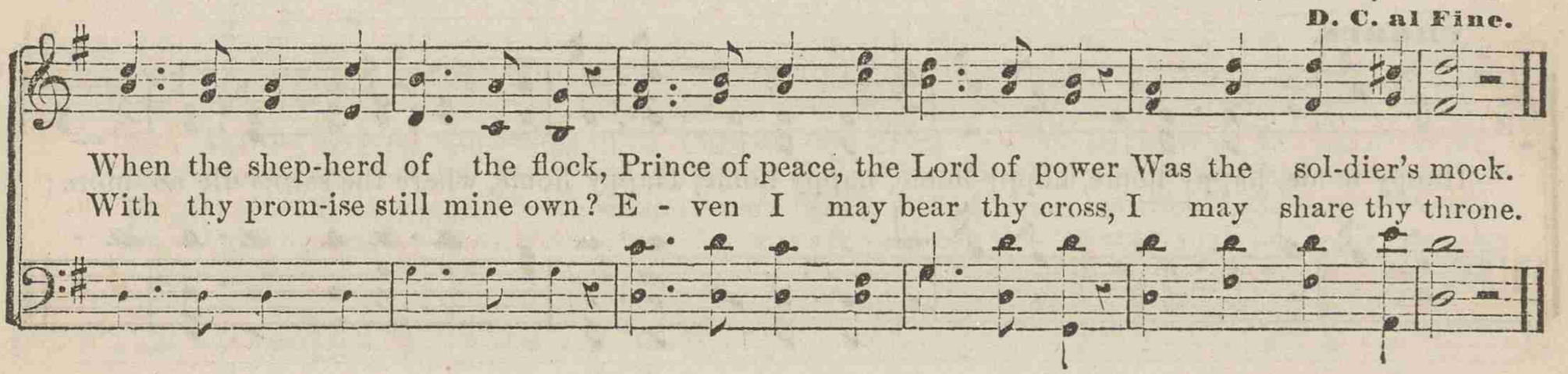






First four lines for Chorus.

D. C. al Fine.



HEAVENLY MANSIONS.
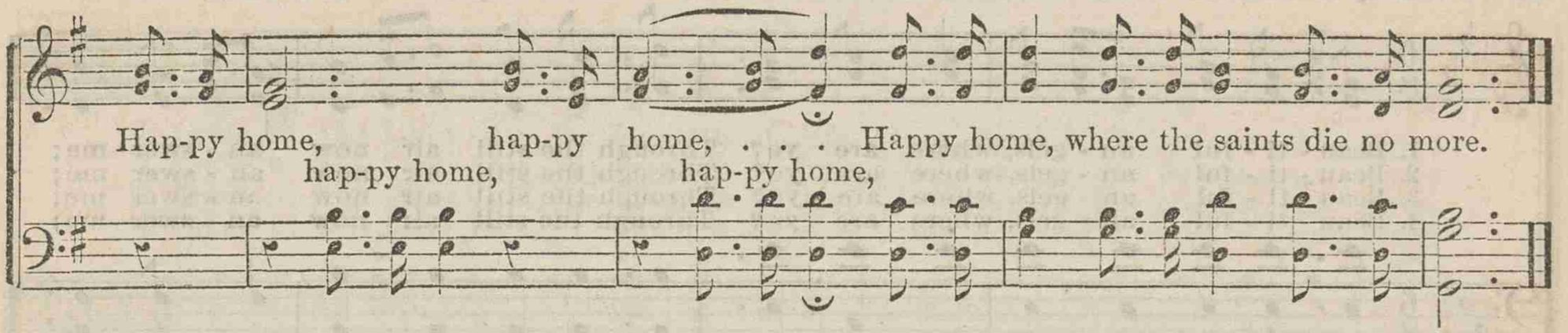
Words by L. H. JAMESON.

1. There are man-sions prepared in the skies, By the Sav - ior who passed on be - fore;
2. There the Fa - ther of Mer - cy a - bides, Whom the saints and the an - gels a - dore,
3. There the Lamb that was slain ev - er lives In the light of the glo - ry of God,
4. There are man-sions prepared in the skies, And the Sav - ior is call - ing us home,

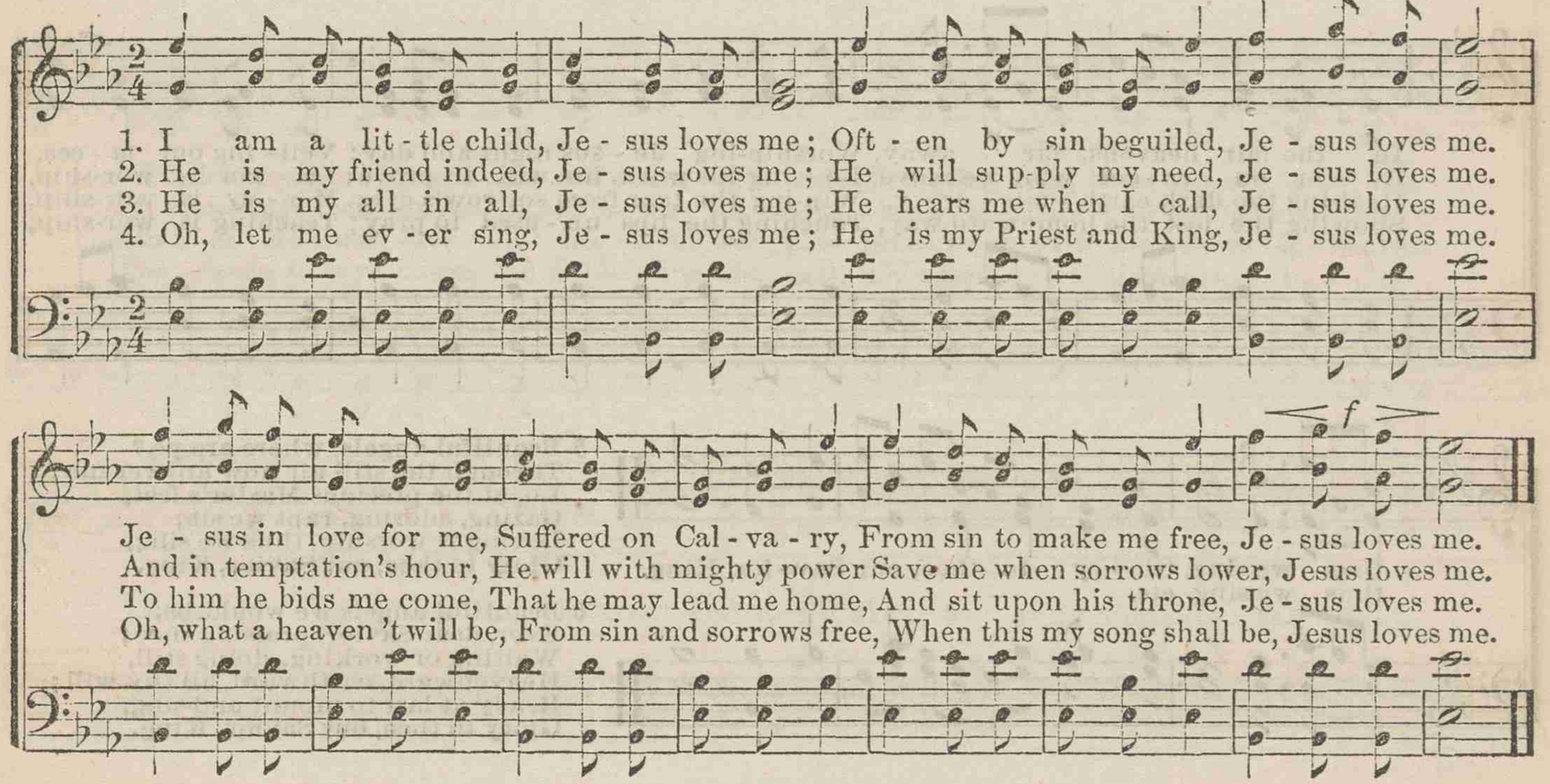
And the Christian, when-ev - er he dies, Finds a home where the saints die no more.
And the riv - er of life gen - tly glides From his throne in that world ev - er - more.
And to all who o - bey him he gives Robes made white in his own precious blood.
Sin - ners, hearken! The Bride joins the call: Come to - day, for the Spir - it says come!

CHORUS.

Happy home, happy home, happy home, happy home, Happy home, where the saints die no more;

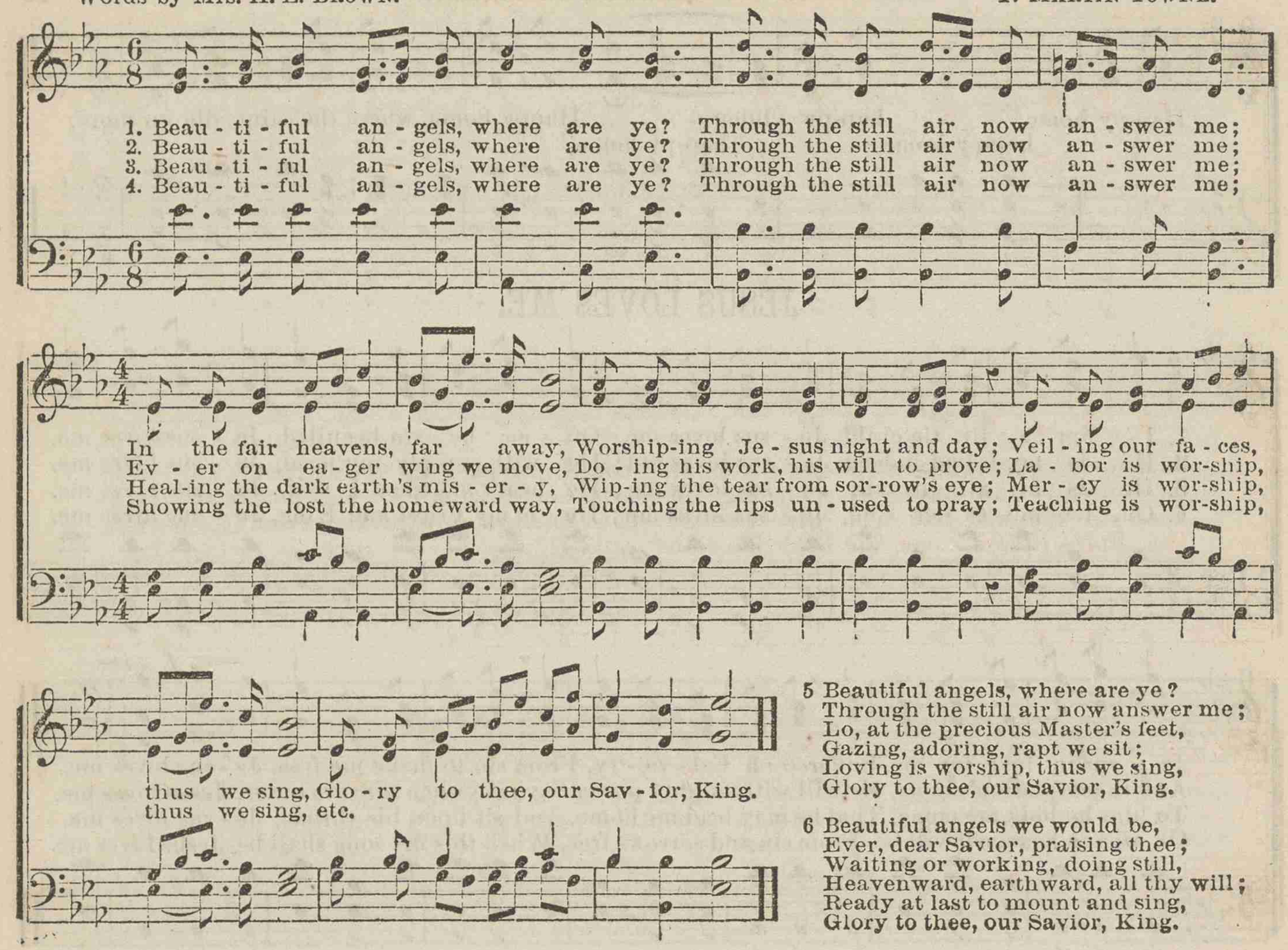


JESUS LOVES ME.



BEAUTIFUL ANGELS.

Words by Mrs. H. E. Brown. T. Martin Towne.



5 Beautiful angels, where are ye?
Through the still air now answer me;
Lo, at the precious Master's feet,
Gazing, adoring, rapt we sit;
Loving is worship, thus we sing,
Glory to thee, our Savior, King.

6 Beautiful angels we would be,
Ever, dear Savior, praising thee;
Waiting or working, doing still,
Heavenward, earthward, all thy will;
Ready at last to mount and sing,
Glory to thee, our Savior, King.

1. Come to the fount - ain, the fountain of life, Come, drink of it ev - er - y one;
2. Come to the fount - ain, the fountain of love, Its wa-ters are flow-ing so free;
3. Come to the fount - ain, the fountain of joy, The Sav-ior his promise has given,
4. Come to this fount - ain, O sinner, come now, Come, drink of it while yet you may;

With love, joy, and peace its wa - ters are rife, Bring-ing sal - va - tion a - lone.
Its source is in heav - en, shin - ing a - bove, Come, drink its wa - ters with me.
That all who will live in his blest em - ploy, Shall reign with him there in heaven.
The Spir - it says come, the Bride joins the call, Th' ac-cept - ed time is to - day.

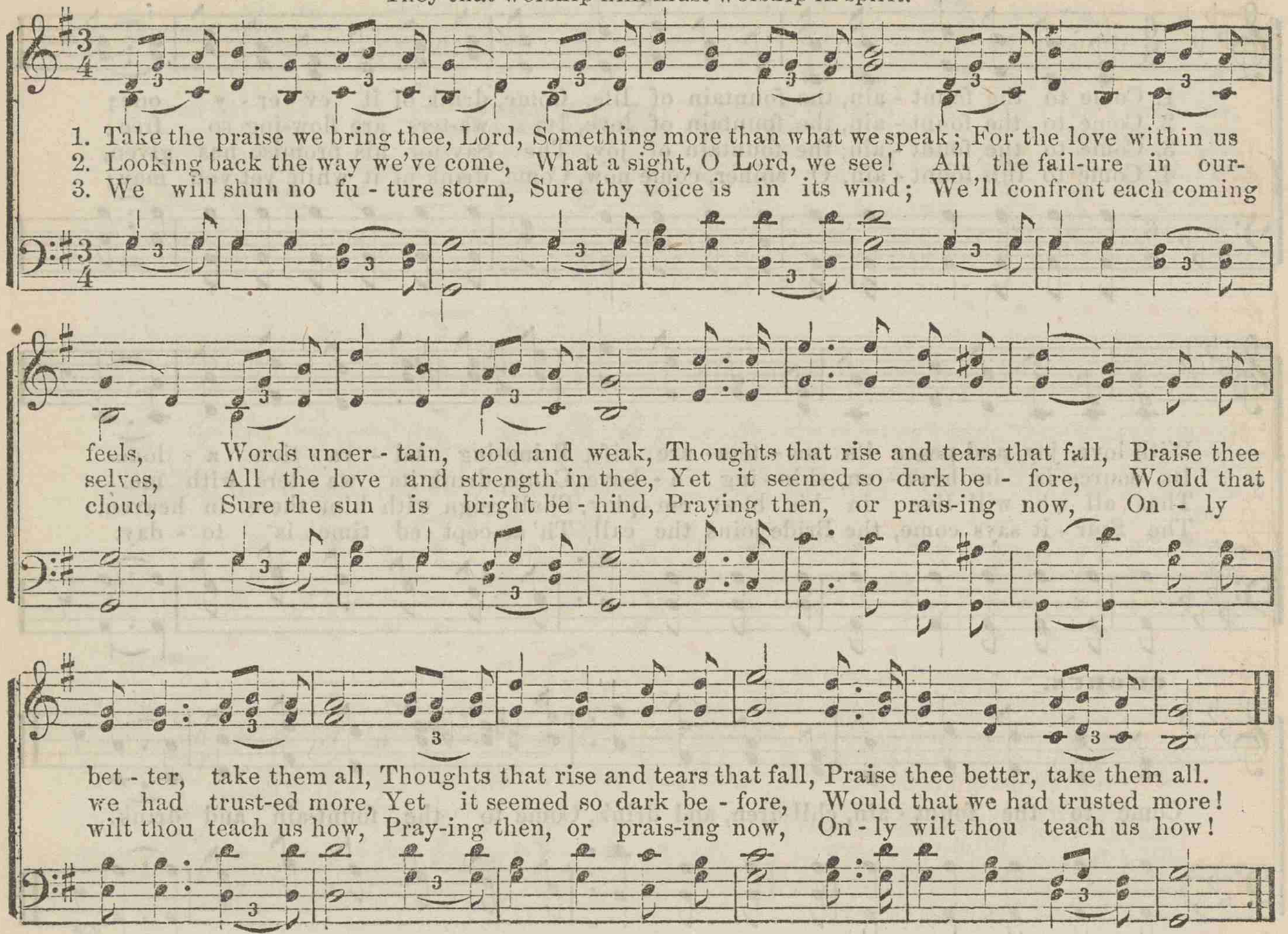
CHORUS.

Come to the fount - ain, chil-dren, and drink, Come to the fount-ain and drink.

THE HEART'S OFFERING.

Words by Eld. Jno. D. Dawson.

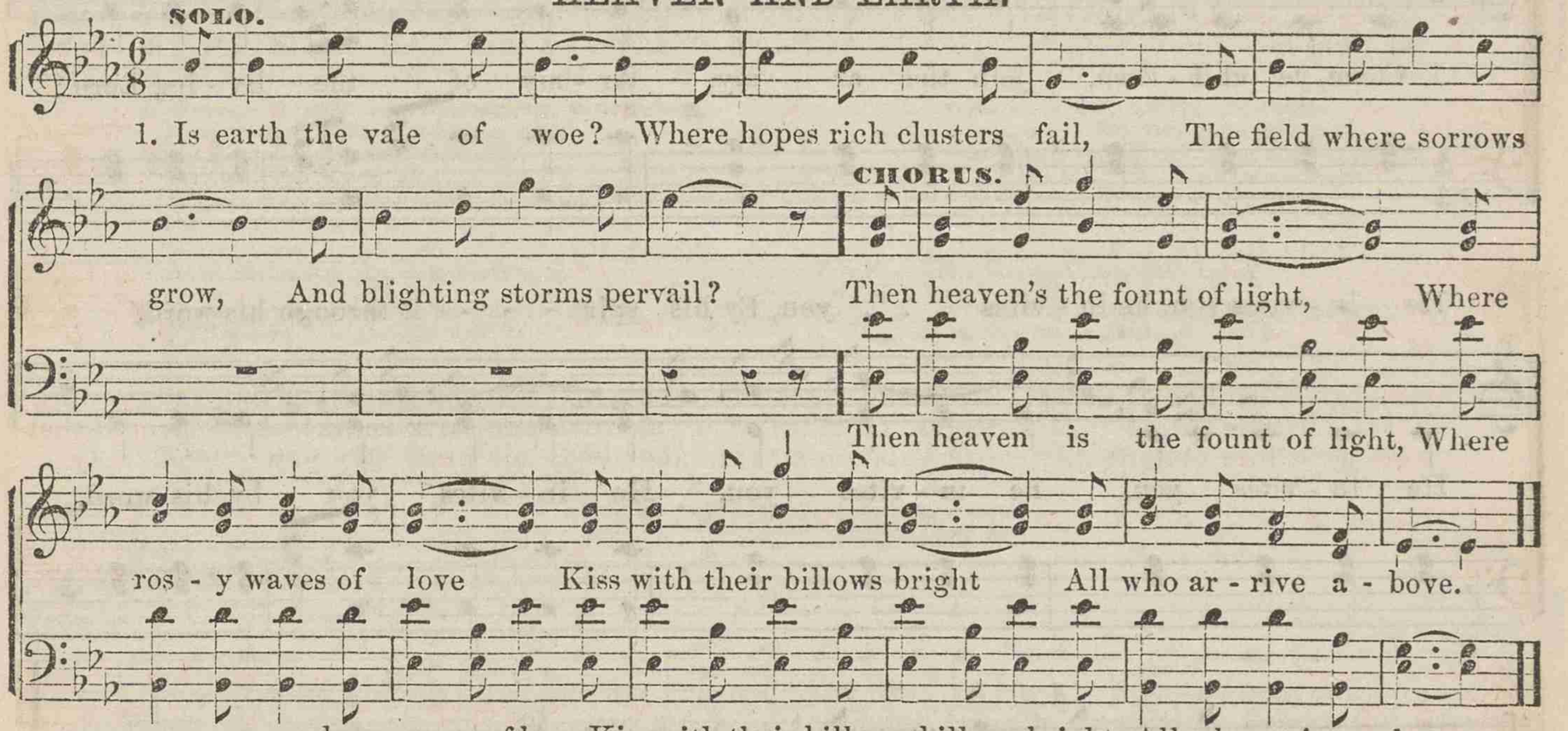
"They that worship him must worship in spirit."



4 Use us for thy glory, Lord,
In the way that seems the right,
Whether but to wait and watch,
Or to gird our limbs and fight.
‖: Marching on, or standing still,
Each is best, when 't is thy will. :‖

5 When at last the end shall come,
What, O Lord, is death but this,
Door of our dear Father's home,
Entrance into perfect bliss,
‖: Peril past, and labor done,
Sorrow over, peace begun! :‖

HEAVEN AND EARTH.
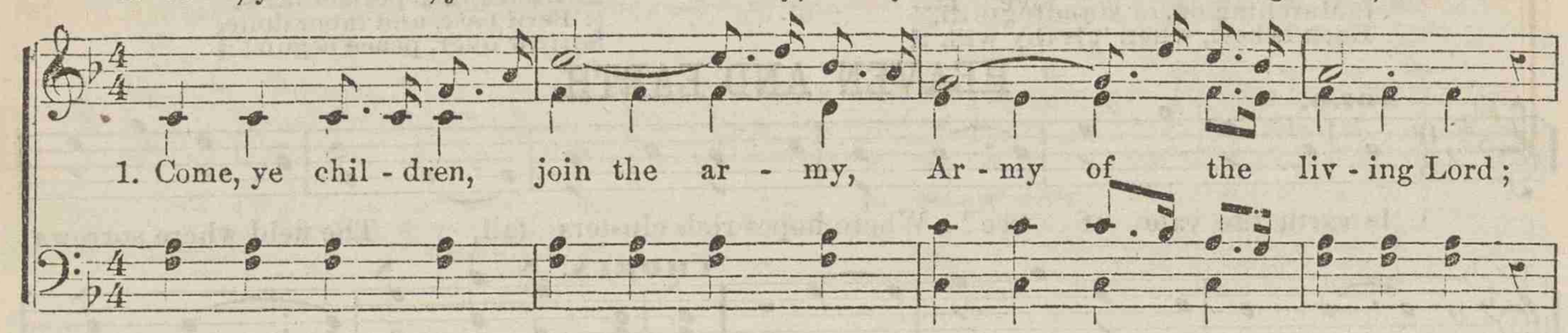


2 Is earth a chequered maze,
Like evanescent clouds,
That life's young morning haze
Wrapping the sun in shrowds?
CHORUS.
In heaven no clouds have been,
No change is feared or known,
An everlasting green
Is o'er its valleys thrown.

3 Do death's black banners wave
On all the plains of earth?
Digs he a midnight grave,
For every human birth?
CHORUS.
In heaven his frosty breath
Blights not a single flower;
Thy sting is lost, O death,
In glory's healing power.
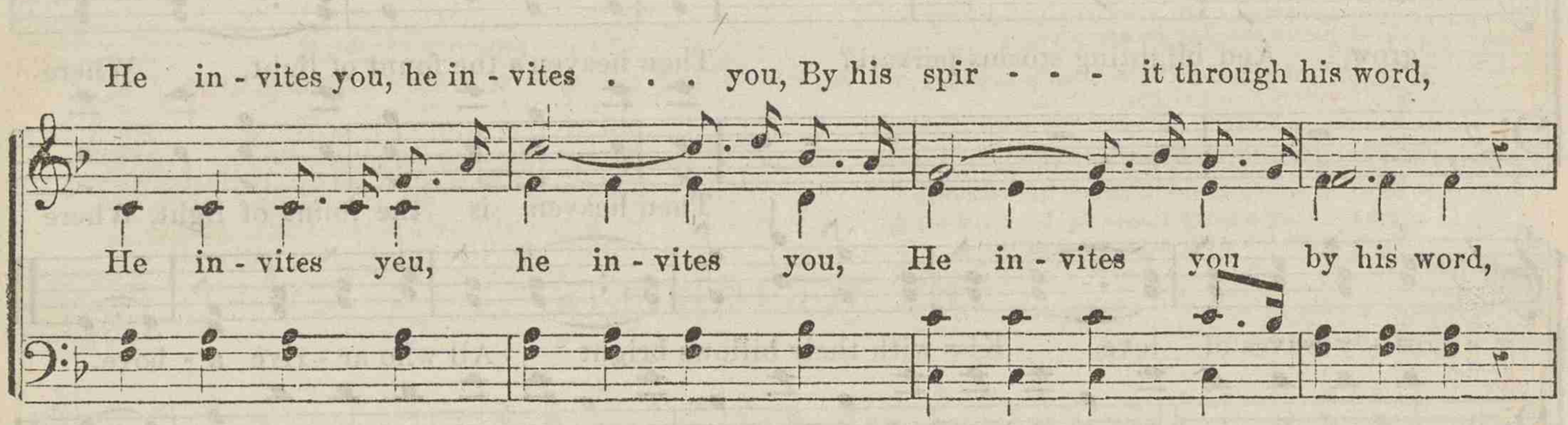
ARMY OF THE LORD.

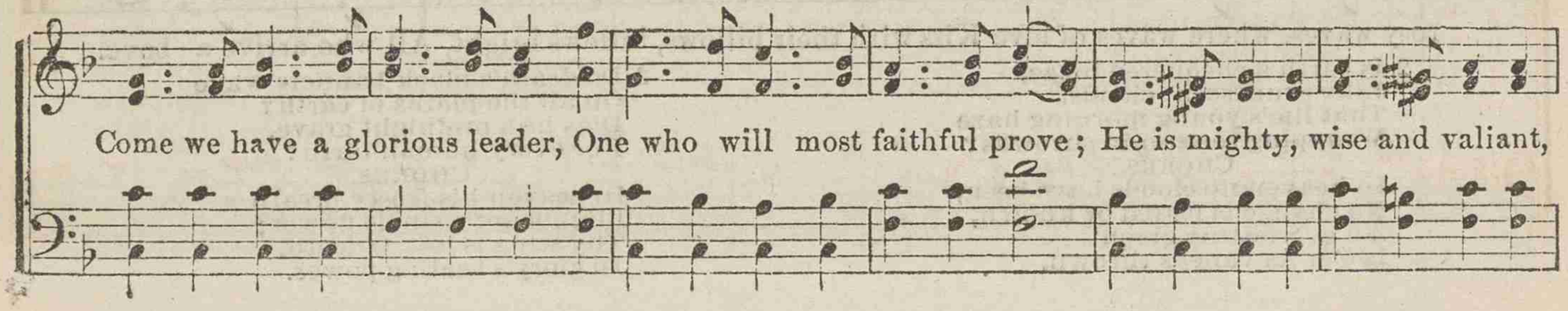
Words by G. K. MARINER. Music by D. W. MILLER.

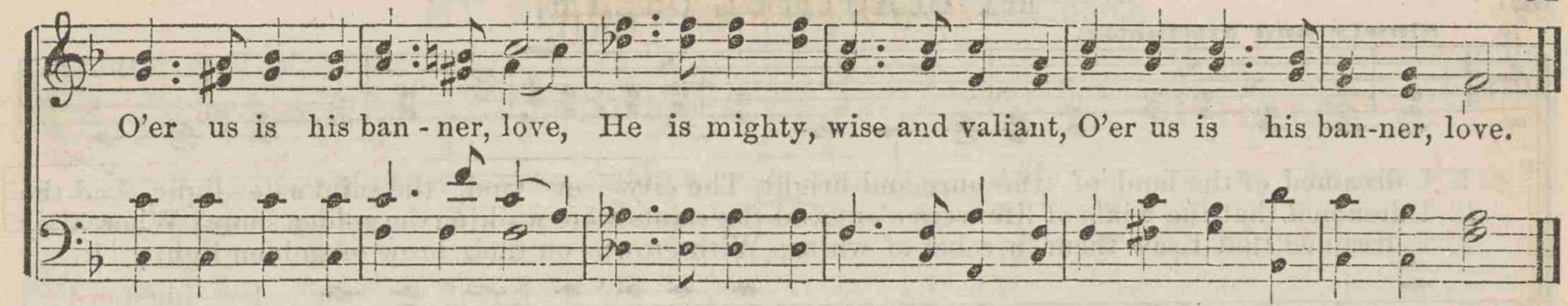
1. Come, ye children, join the ar - - - my, Ar-my of . . the living Lord;



He in - vites you, he in - vites . . . you, By his spir - - - it through his word,







2 We are marching, marching, marching,
Marching up the shining way,
To a city light and blissful,
To the realms of endless day;
Where our warfare will be over,
Cares and fears we 'll have no more,
Where we 'll camp with Christ forever,:‖
And have joy for evermore. :‖

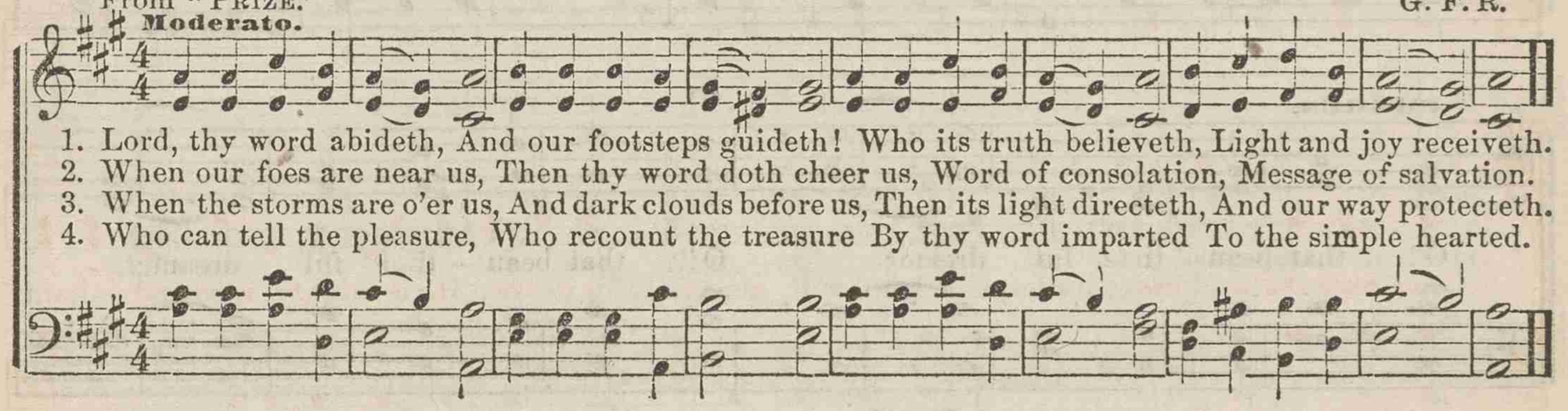
3 Then put on the Christian's armor,
Fall ye in the ranks, fall in;
Forward march, march on like heroes,
Fighting satan, self, and sin.
Though their forces are like legion,
And their ramparts high and strong,
‖: And their fiery darts fall round you,
Steady, forward, march along. :‖

4 Look to Jesus, perfect Leader,
In him let your heart be strong,
Though the battle 's long and fearful,
You shall sing the victor's song.
"Glory, honor to our Savior,
We have conquered through his blood,"
‖: You shall rest with him forever,
In his heavenly abode. :‖

5 One and all, come, join this army,
Army of the living Lord;
He invites you, he invites you,
By his spirit through his word.
Come, we're marching on to glory,
Glory on the "shining shore,"
‖: In our Savior's blessed mansions,
Where we 'll dwell for evermore. :‖

THY WORD ABIDETH.

From "PRIZE." G. F. R.



1. Lord, thy word abideth, And our footsteps guideth! Who its truth believeth, Light and joy receiveth.
2. When our foes are near us, Then thy word doth cheer us, Word of consolation, Message of salvation.
3. When the storms are o'er us, And dark clouds before us, Then its light directeth, And our way protecteth.
4. Who can tell the pleasure, Who recount the treasure By thy word imparted To the simple hearted.

MY BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

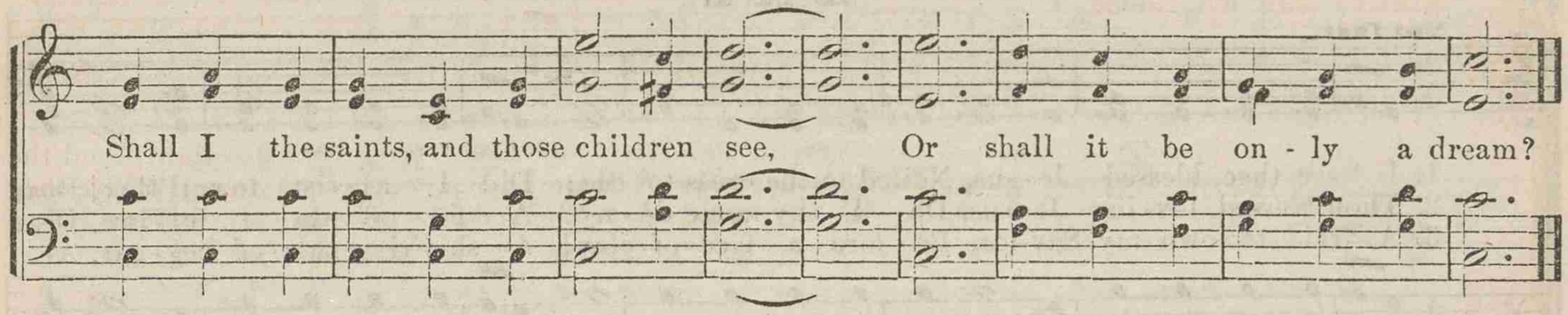
Slowly and distinctly.

1. I dreamed of the land of the pure and bright, The city of God, the saint's de - light, And the
2. I dreamed that the trials of life were o'er, And the saints were walking the golden shore; Where they
3. I dreamed that I saw them in robes of white; With crowns on their brow of golden light; I

saints of all ag - es and children were there, That city of God and that home to share.
ate of the fruit of life's ev - er - green tree, O! beauti - ful, beau - ti - ful dream to me.
looked as they wandered life's riv - er a - long, I listened and heard a most beauti - ful song.

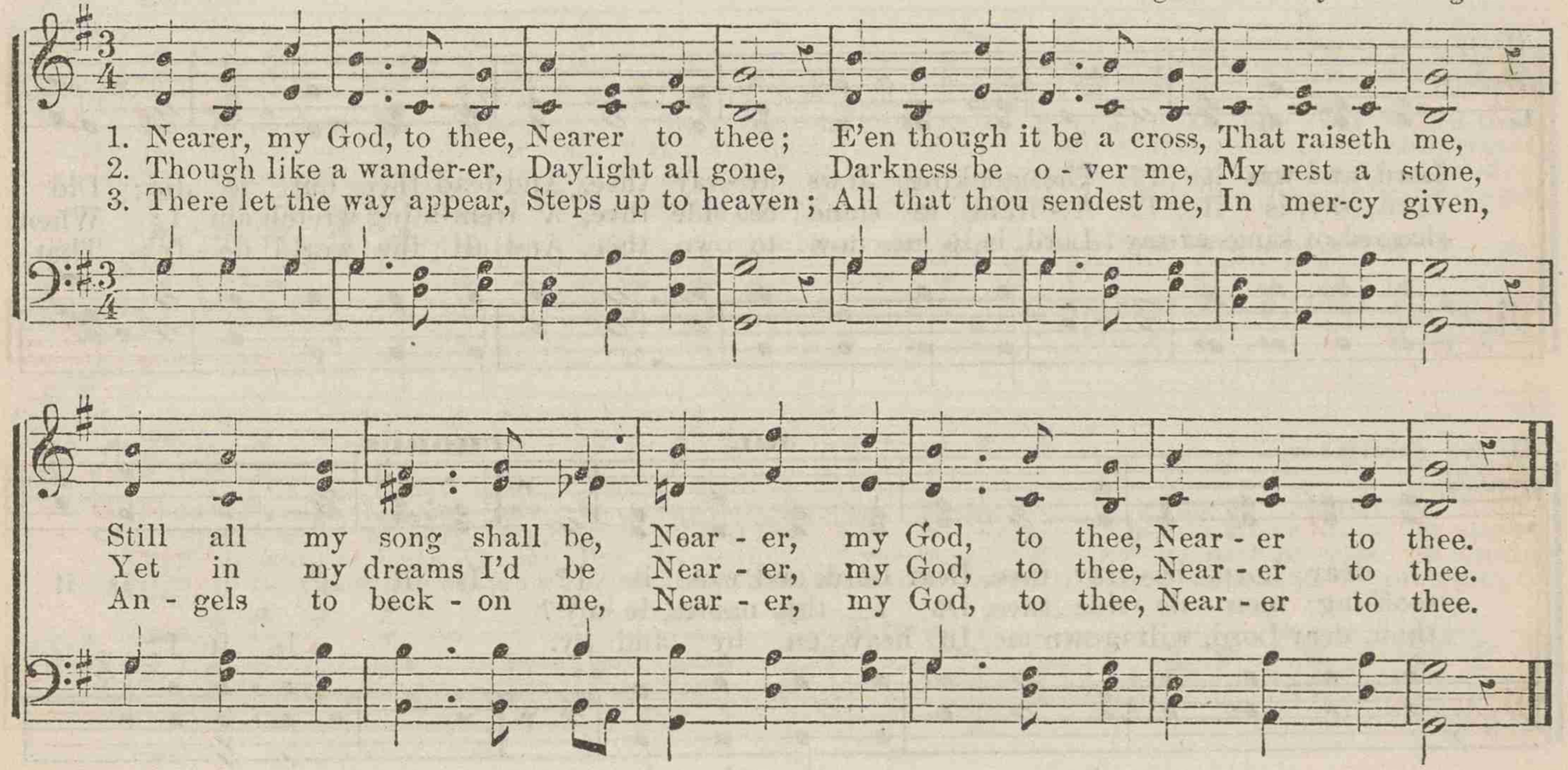
CHORUS.

O! that beau - ti - ful dream; O! that beau - ti - ful dream;



NEARER TO THEE.

English Melody. Arranged.



IS IT I.

Not fast.

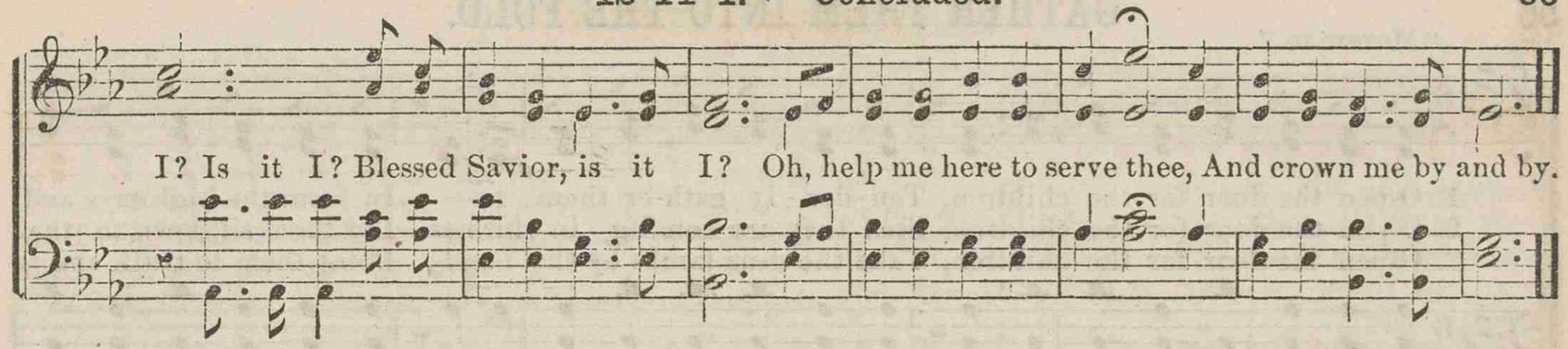
1. I see thee, blessed Je-sus, Nailed to the cross to die; Did I as-sist to nail thee, Dear
2. Thou blessed, lov-ing Je-sus, Do I thy name de-ny? A-far off do I fol-low, Dear
3. A-fraid to own my Sav-ior, Be-fore a face of clay! A shiv'ring nak-ed beg-gar, A-

Lord, and was it I? The mocking Jews ar-ray thee, And lead thee out to die; Did
Lord, say, is it I? A-fraid to stand be-side thee, A trem-bling wretch am I; When
shamed of kings ar-ray? Lord, help me now to own thee, And all the world de-fy; That

RIT.

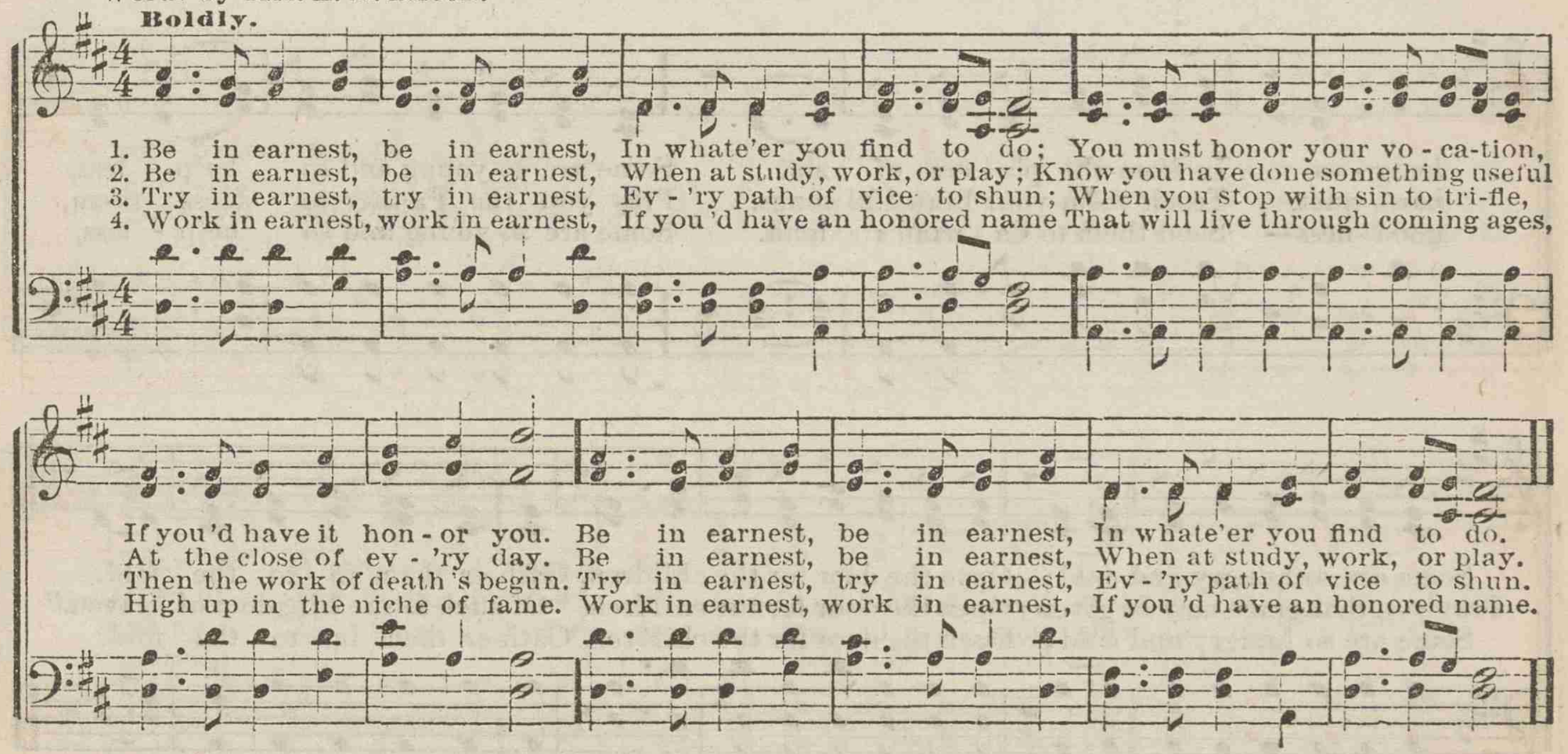
CHORUS.

I, dear Lord, be-tray thee, Dear Lord, and was it I? Is it I? Is it
scoff-ing men de-ride thee, Do I thy name de-ny?
thou, dear Lord, wilt crown me, In heav-en by and by. Is it I?



BE IN EARNEST.

Words by Mrs. E. A. Bacon.



GATHER THEM INTO THE FOLD.

"Moravian."

1. O-pen the door for the children, Ten-der-ly gath-er them in— In from the highways and
2. O-pen the door for the children, See! they are coming in throngs—Bid them sit down to the
3. O-pen the door for the children, Take the dear lambs by the hand; Point them to truth and to

hedg-es, In from the pla-ces of sin. Some are so young and so help-less,
ban-quet, Teach them your beautiful songs. Pray you the Fa-ther to bless them,
good-ness— Send them to Ca-naan's land. Some are so young and so help-less,

Some are so hungry and cold; Open the door for the children, Gath-er them in-to the fold.
Pray you that grace may be given; Open the door for the children, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."
Some are so hungry and cold; Open the door for the children, Gath-er them in-to the fold.

WHERE IS HEAVEN?

1. O, tell me where is heav - en, In yon - der beam-ing star? Where calm and constant
2. Just this I know of heav - en, No sun, nor moon, nor star Can with its light re-
3. And this I know of heav - en, There all is pure and bright, And saints of bright-est

ra - diance E'er shin-eth from a - far? O, tell me where is heav - en, In yon-der orb of
splendent In glo - ry e'er compare; Enough to know of heav - en, That in that land so
glo - ry Surround the throne of light; Enough to know of heav - en, While here on earth I

day? Where rays of spark - ling glo - ry A - round the ran - somed stray?
bright The Lord, our God, il - lum - es With ev - er - last - ing light.
stray, That there I 'll meet my Sav - ior In realms of end - less day.

O SING OF THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

From "FRESH GARLANDS," by per. T. W. HARRISON.

1. O, sing of that beautiful land, Where life everlasting will be, Where with crown, and with palms in your hand, From the
2. In visions my soul has been cheered By the rays of that heavenly light; The darkness of night disappeared, For the
3. The joys of that land never fade, The flow - ers are ever in bloom; No sor - row that land can invade, For it

world and its cares set free. O sing of that beautiful land, A land that no mortal hath seen, So far from this earth-ly
beams of that world so bright; Its beauties forever are new; Its treasures are fadeless and pure, Its skies of celes-tial
lies just beyond the tomb. O when will our spirits ascend, To dwell in that beautiful clime, Where pleasures will never

strand, The river of death flows between, So far from this earthly strand, The river of death rolls between.
hue, Its inmates alone are se - cure, Its skies of ce-les - tial hue, Its inmates alone are secure.
end, Beyond the dark sorrows of time, Where pleasures will never end, Beyond the dark sorrows of time.

"JESUS IS BORN."

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Words by CALLENA LISK.

1. Sing, sing, ye ser - aphs white, Je - sus is born! Past is the drear - y night,
2. Sing, sing, ye ransomed race, Je - sus is born! Hail! Sun of Righteousness!
3. Peace and good will to men, Je - sus is born! Cleanse now the sin - ner's stain,

Bright is the dawn. Hail! star of Beth - le - hem! Light of the prophet's dream;
Je - sus is born! Wel - come, O Prince of Peace, Bring - ing our souls re-lease,
Je - sus is born! Glo - ry to God a - bove, For his un-bound-ed love;

Hope now doth brightly beam, Je - sus is born!
Bid - ding our sor - rows cease, Je - sus is born!
Christ shall our sins re - move, Je - sus is born!

4 Hope shines from Calvary,
Jesus hath died!
He washed my sins away,
Jesus hath died!
Praise to the Lamb of God,
Our reascended Lord,
By heaven and earth adored,
Jesus is mine!

TARRY WITH ME.

"And he went in to tarry with them."—Luke xxiv: 29.

1. Tar-ry with me, oh, my Sav - ior, For the day is passing by; See, the shades of evening
2. Many friends were gathered round me, In the bright days of the past; But the grave has closed a-
3. Deeper, deep-er grow the shadows, Pa - ler now the glowing west; Swift the night of death ad-
4. Tar-ry with me, oh, my Sav - ior, Lay my head up - on thy breast Till the morning; then a-

CHORUS.

gath - er, And the night is drawing nigh. Tar - ry with me, blessed Je - sus, Leave me
bove them, And I lin - ger here at last.
van - ces; Shall it be the night of rest?
wake me, Morning of e - ter - nal rest.

not till morning light; For I'm lone-ly here without thee, Tar-ry with me thro' the night.

SPEAK GENTLY TO THE LOVING ONES.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. From "Golden Rule." Music by S. W. STRAUB.

Duett.—Tenderly.

1. Speak gent - ly to your fath-er dear, Speak gent - ly to your fath - er; Whose guardian care is
2. Speak gent - ly to your moth-er dear, Speak gent - ly to your moth - er; Whose ten - der love and
3. Speak gent - ly to your brother dear, Speak gent - ly to your broth-er; Who would de - fend your
4. Speak gent - ly to your sis - ter dear, Speak gent - ly to your sis - ter; Re - mem - ber that oft

Inst.

Chorus.

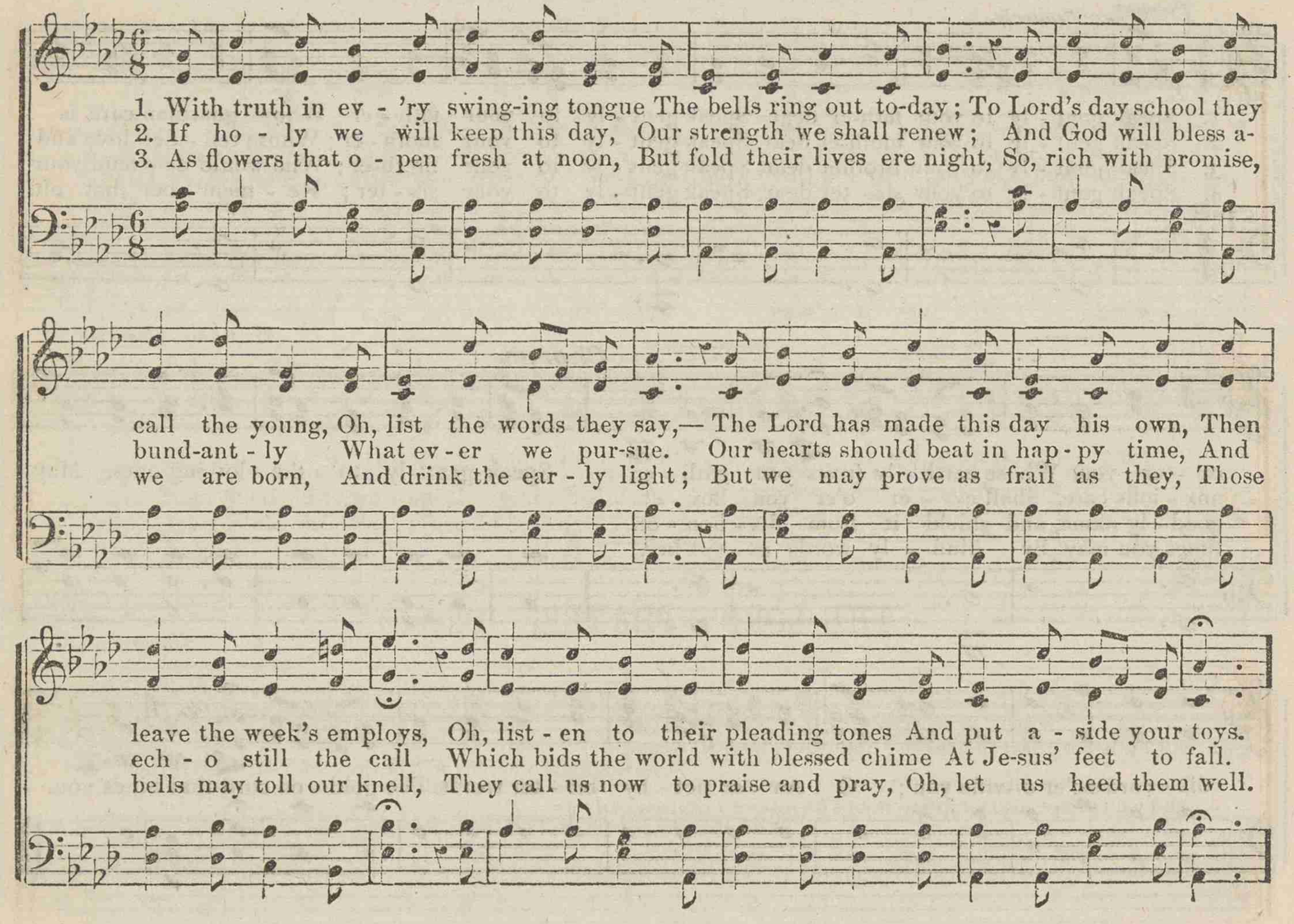
ov - er you, Whose earth - ly fruits you gath - er, Speak gent - ly to the lov-ing ones, May
anx - ious care, Shall ev - er o'er you hov - er
good - ly name, and shield it from dis - hon - or.
times you may by kind - ly words as - sist her.

dis - cord ne'er di-vide you; O sev - er not by bit - ter words The gold - en cord that binds you.

WHAT SAY THE BELLS?

Words by M. ANTOINETTE BARNARD. Music by C. T. DONDORE.

"Seek, and ye shall find." Matt. vii: 7.



Hear them ring - - ing to - day, List the words they would say, Time is

CHORUS.

Hear them ringing, hear them ring-ing, List the warn - ing words they say, Time is

wing - - ing a - way, Seek the Lord . . . while you may.

Repeat Chorus *pp*

wing - ing, time is wing - ing, Seek the Sav - ior while you may.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. (Chant.)

Gregorian.

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

WE GATHER IN THE CHILDREN.

From "Sunshine."

D. C. Addison.

Rather Fast.

1. We gath - er in the chil - dren From ev - 'ry street and lane, To train them up for
2. We gath - er in the chil - dren, De- vout - ly to im - part The Sav - ior's bless-ed
3. We gath - er in the chil - dren To teach them how to sing, As in the an-cient
4. We gath - er in the chil - dren With loving hearts, and true, And may we ne'er grow

Je - sus, E - ter - nal life to gain. For this we band to-geth - er And
gos pel To ev - 'ry youth - ful heart. Oh, may the Spir - it guide us, Its
tem - ple, "Ho - san - na to our King." And while we tune our voic - es To
wea - ry While there is aught to do! Tho' hard may be thy la - bor, Tho'

join our fer - vent pray'r, That Christ, the gracious Teacher, Would bless our earnest care.
joy - ful lines to trace, And while we try to teach them, May he be-stow the grace.
sing with sweet ac-cord, Oh, may they call him blessed, Their Sav-ior and their Lord!
toil - ing may be long, And tears be - dew the sow-ing, We'll bind the sheaves with song.

Lively and distinctly.

1. Good friend, don't crowd so very tight, There's room enough for two, Keep in your mind that I've a right To live as well as you;
2. 'Tis such as you, the rich and strong, If you had but the will, Could give the weak a lift along, And help him up the hill.
3. But thus it is on life's round path, Self seems the God of all, The strong will crush the weak to death, The big devour the small.
4. Up, heart, my boy! don't mind the shock: Up, heart, and push along! Your skin will soon grow rough with knocks, [Your limbs with labor strong.
5. And when you see amid the throng, A fellow toiler slip, Just give him, as you pass along, A brave and kindly grip.

f

You, rich and strong, I poor and weak, But think you I presume, When only thus poor boon I ask, A little elbow room?
But no—you jostle, crowd and drive, You storm, and fret, and fume; Are you the only man alive, In want of elbow room?
Far better be a rich man's hound, A vallet, serf or groom, Than struggle 'midst the mass around, When we've no elbow room.
And there's a star unseen to aid, A star to light the gloom, Up, heart, my boy, nor be afraid, Strike out for elbow room.
Let noble deeds, tho' poor you be, Your path in life illume, And with true Christian charity, Give others elbow room.

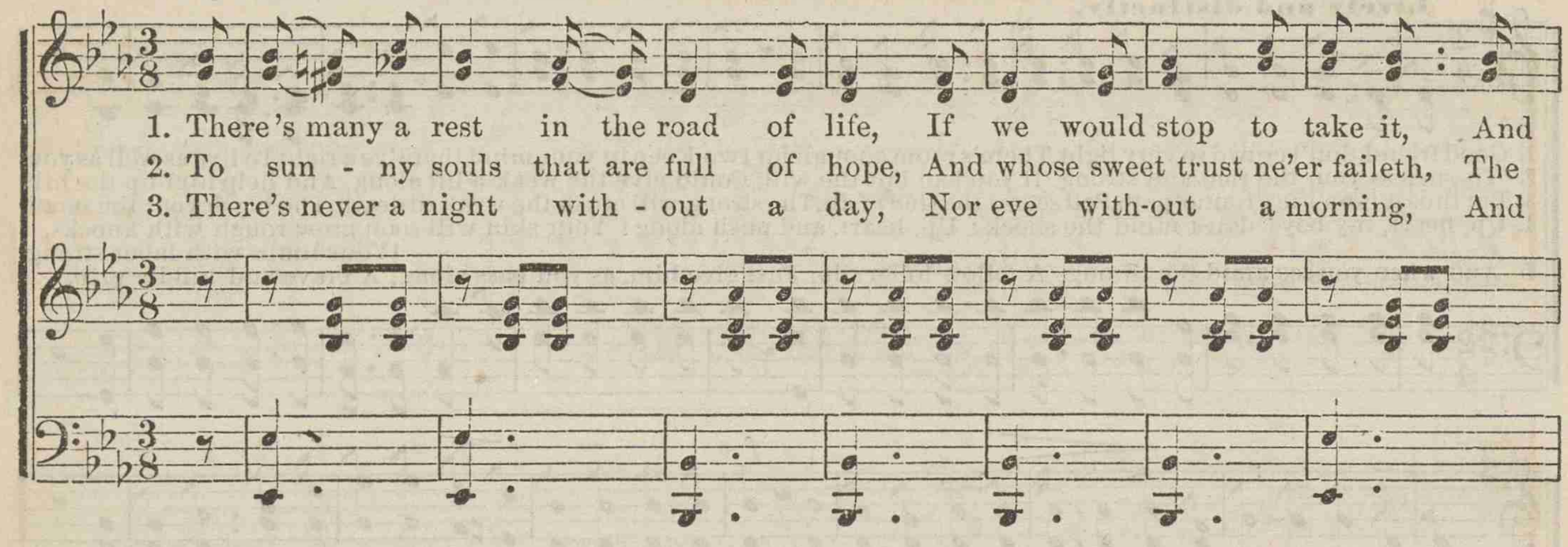
CHORUS. *p* *p*
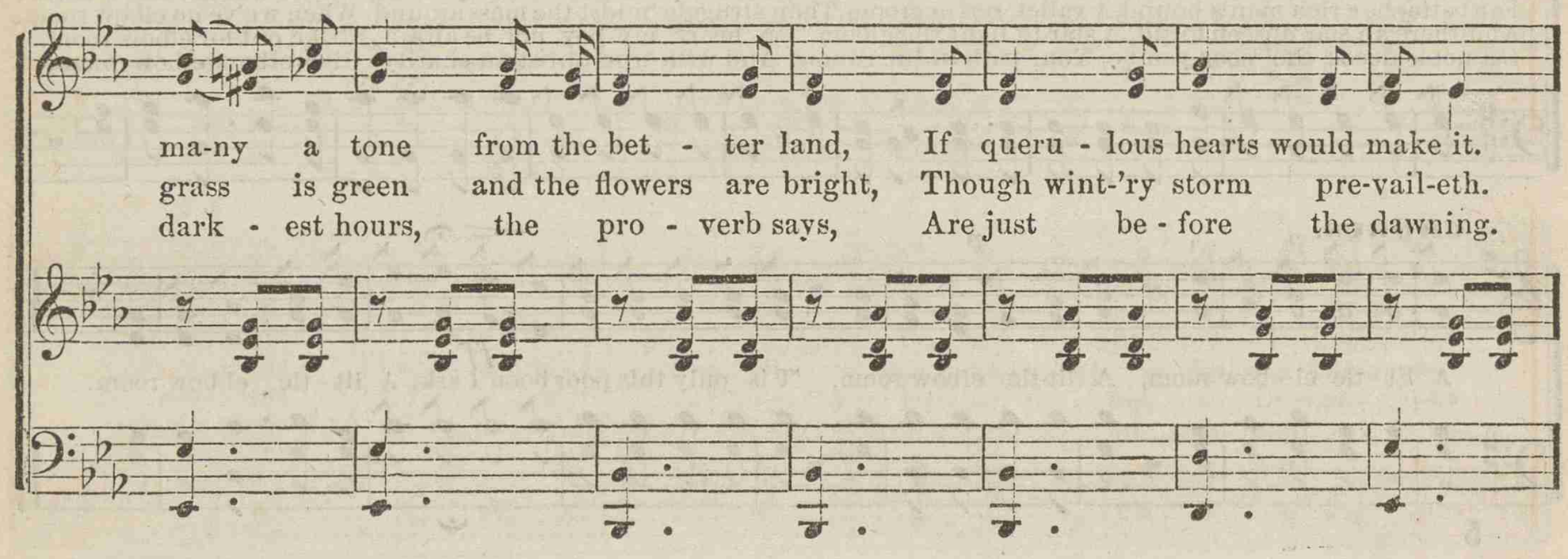
A lit - tle el - bow room, A lit-tle elbow room, 'T is only this poor boon I ask, A lit - tle el-bow room.

ff

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.





CHORUS.

Better to hope tho' clouds may blow, And keep the eyes still lifted, When darkest clouds are rifted.
For sweet blue sky must soon peep through,

SPEAK NO ILL.

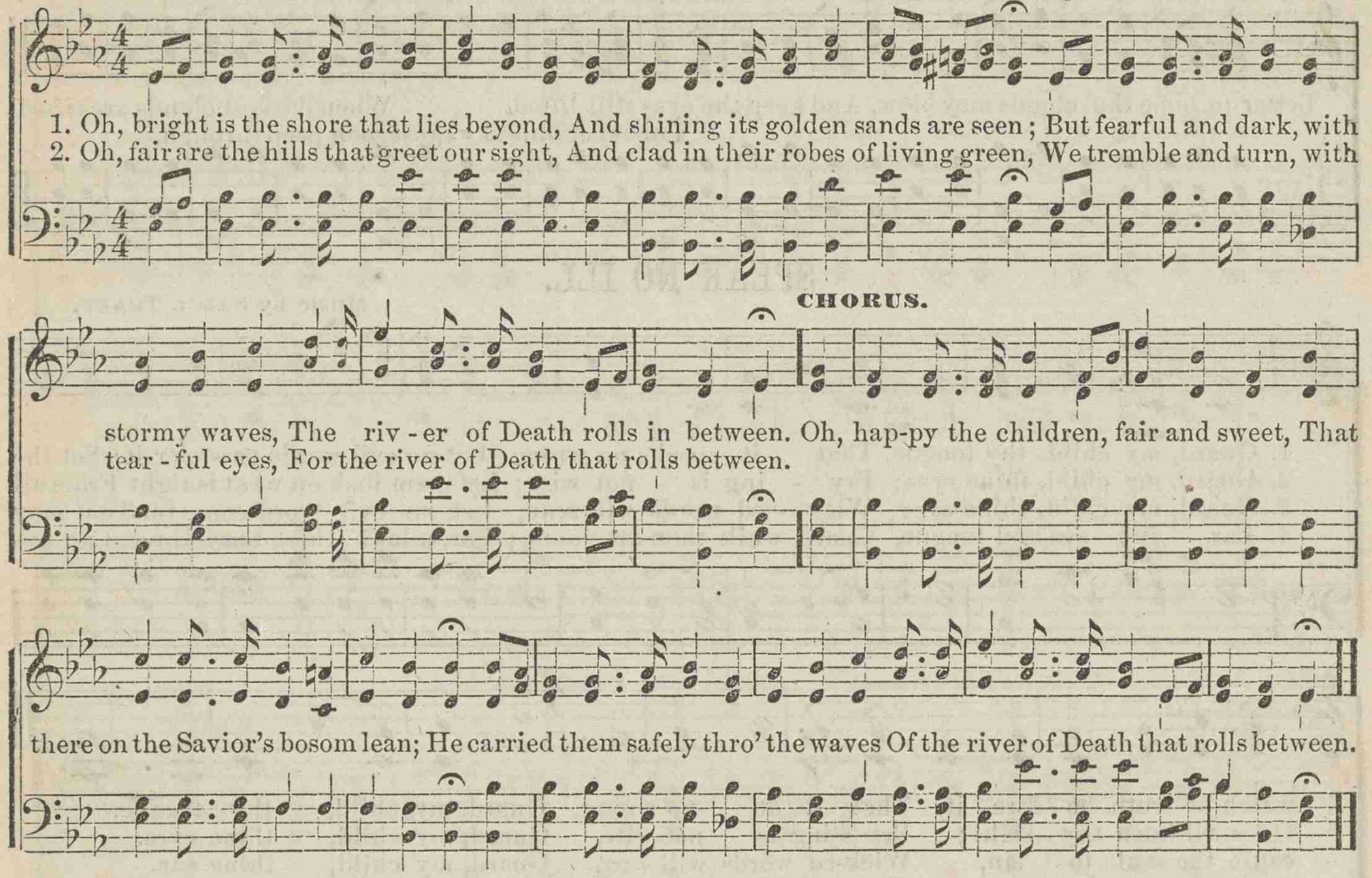
Music by SAM'L TRACY.

1. Guard, my child, thy tongue, That it speaks no wrong; Let no evil words pass o'er it; Set the
2. Guard, my child, thine eyes; Pry - ing is not wise; Let them look on what is right From all
3. Guard, my child, thine ear; Wick - ed words will sear; Let no evil word come in, That may
4. Ear, and eye and tongue, Guard while thou art young; For, a-las! those busy three, Can un-

watch of truth be - fore it, That it do no wrong, Guard, my child, thy tongue.
e - vil turn thy sight; Pry - ing is not wise, Guard, my child, thine eyes.
cause the soul to sin, Wick-ed words will sear, Guard, my child, thine ear.
ru - ly mem-bers be, Guard while thou art young, Ears, and eyes and tongue.

RIVER OF DEATH.

Words by FANNY CHURCH. From "Little Sower," by per. J. H. TENNEY.



3 Oh, great is the throng of ransomed there,
Whose souls have been washed from every sin;
And why should we shrink and fear to pass
The river of Death that rolls between?

4 Oh, sweet is the thought to fearful souls,
That Christ through the waters dark hath been;
His power to save will bring us through
The river of Death that rolls between.

1. O, lead me to Je - sus, I'm tired of my sin, And weary with fighting Pollu - tion within;
2. O, lead me to Je - sus, I know he is love; To save er-ring children He came from above;
3. O, lead me to Je - sus, O, show me the way, My soul in its blindness Has wandered astray;

In mer - cy lead me Where I shall find peace, And where all my sorrow Forev - er will cease.
He surely will heal me, And pardon my sin, Then graciously fill me With comfort within.
Then take me to Jesus, How precious to see The dear loving Sav - ior, Who suffered for me.

CHORUS.

Lead me to Je - - sus, Lead me to Je - sus.
Lead me to Je - sus, The blessed, blessed Je - sus, Lead me to Je - sus, to Je - sus.

MAKE ROOM FOR JESUS.

Words by ALEXANDER CLARK.

1. Make room for Je-sus! room, sad heart, Beguiled and sick of sin; Bid ev - ery al - ien
2. Make room for Je-sus! soul of mine, He waits response from thee; His smile is peace; his
3. Make room for Je-sus! by and by, 'Midst saints and sera - phim, He'll welcome to his

guest de-part, And rise and let him in.
grace di-vine; Both prince and brother, he.
throne on high The soul that wel-comed him.

CHORUS.

Make room for Je - sus! make room for

Je - sus, His hand is at the door; Make room for Je - sus, He'll bless thee more and more.

JESUS DIED FOR ME.

From "LITTLE SOWER," by per. J. H. ROSECRANS.

"In due time Christ died for the ungodly."

1. Tho' oft mine eyes with wondering gaze The works of God may see, No work can
2. When burdened with a sense of sin, I to his cross will flee, And plead for
3. The world may lure me with its smiles, Its shal - low - ness I see, Its snares shall
4. On God I 'll cast my ev - ery care, To him I 'll bow the knee, To him my

CHORUS.

e'er with this compare; Jesus has died for me. For Je - sus died for me, He groaned up-
grace and peace within, For Je-sus died for me.
ne'er my soul beguile, Since Jesus died for me.
ev - ery want de-clare, For Je-sus died for me.

on the tree; I dai - ly to his cross will flee, For Je - sus died for me.

ONE MORE HEART IS FREE FROM SORROW.

Words by J. S. BARMORE. FOR FUNERALS. Music by R. A. KINZIE.

1. Slow-ly drops the freighted cof - fin; Hollow sounds the falling sod; One more heart is free from
2. Fa-ther, do not mourn so sad - ly; Mother, strive to bear the cross; Brother, sis - ter, strive to

sor - row, One more soul has joined its God. She of all was most be - lov - ed,
con - quer Each sad feel - ing for her loss. She is now with an - gels, watch-ing

Pure and lovely, meek and mild; She has gone where sorrow nev-er Rules with unrelenting rod.
Each and every move we make; She will make our entrance welcome, When we meet her at the gate.

DUET.

1. Far a - way in the land of the pure and bright, Is the cit - y of God with its gold - en light;
2. That beau-ti - ful land we are nearing now, Where a crown of bright glory encircles each brow;
3. With palms and bright crowns and robes of light, We shall roam the fair fields with eternal delight;

Oh, there is our home, and we ev - er shall stand, 'Mid the shining ones of that bet - ter land.
Where the tree of life grows on that beautiful shore, Where flowers shall freshen to fade no more.
We shall join in the songs of the pu - ri - fied band, 'Mid the shining ones of the bet - ter land.

CHORUS.

Oh, beau - ti - ful home! oh, beau-ti - ful home, Where beauti - ful saints sur-round the white throne;

How I long to be there, and for - ev - er to stand, 'Mid the shining ones of that bet - ter land.

4 Then come, brother pilgrims, let love freely flow,
As on to that beautiful home we shall go;
For Jesus has said we must go hand in hand,
If ever we enter that beautiful land.

5 Oh, my soul is now weary of toiling below,
To the home of the purified saints would I go,
With Jesus, my Savior, forever to stand,
'Mid the shining ones of the better land.

BE UP AND BE DOING.

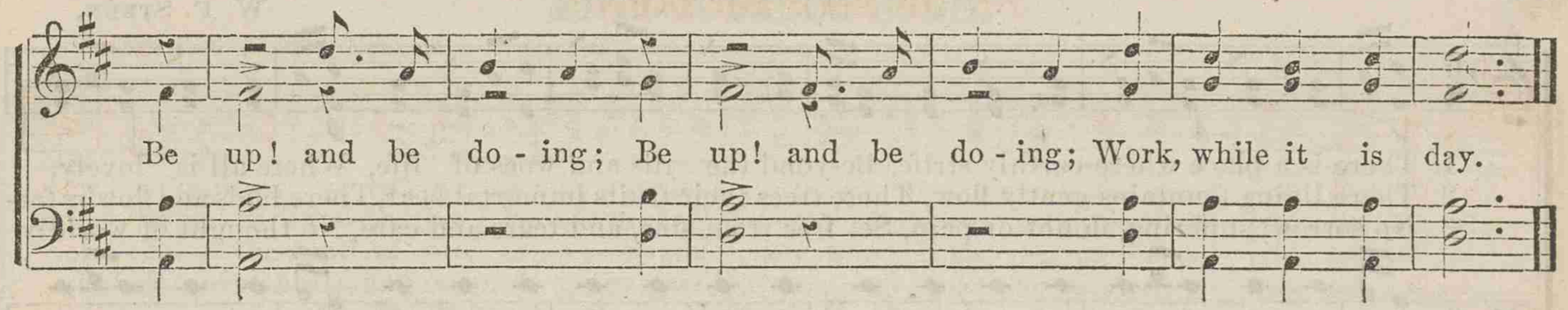
Words and Music by L. H. JAMESON.

1. Be up and be doing, fast pass-eth the day; The moments are rap-id-ly gliding a-way,
2. Be up and be doing, much needs to be done, Be-fore the brief day of our life is all gone.
3. Be up and be doing, be earnest and true, Whatev-er is du-ty, be read-y to do.
4. Be up and be doing, work while it is day, Re-mem-ber that time and tide never de-lay.

The night is approaching, the shadows come on, When moments of work will for-ev-er be gone.
We soon must appear and account to our Lord, And then, none but workers will get the re-ward.
Nor weary, while life with its toils may en-dure, The promise of God to the faith-ful is sure.
E-ter-ni-ty hastens,—Time soon will be o'er, And then, all that la-bor will la-bor no more.

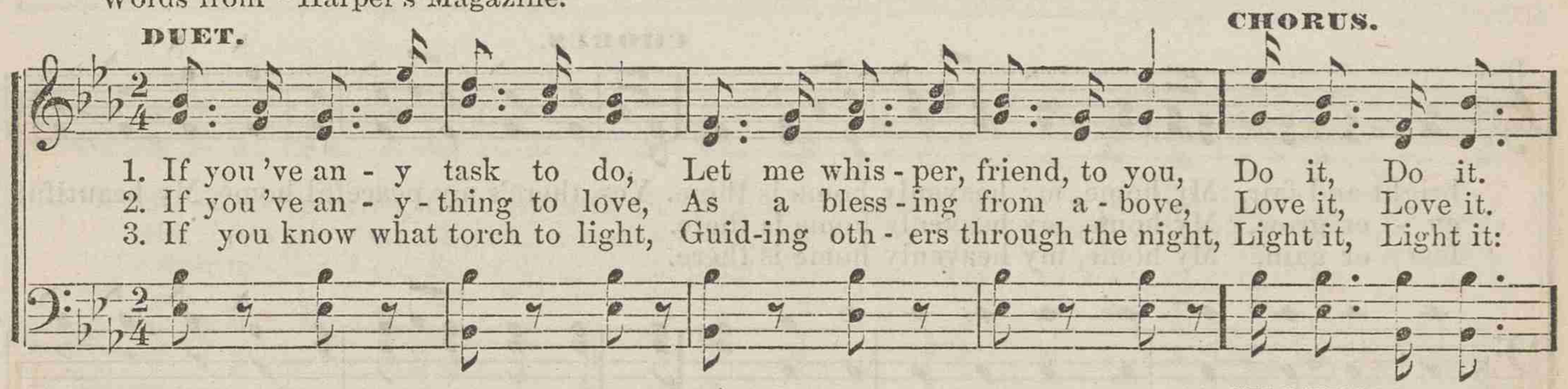
CHORUS.

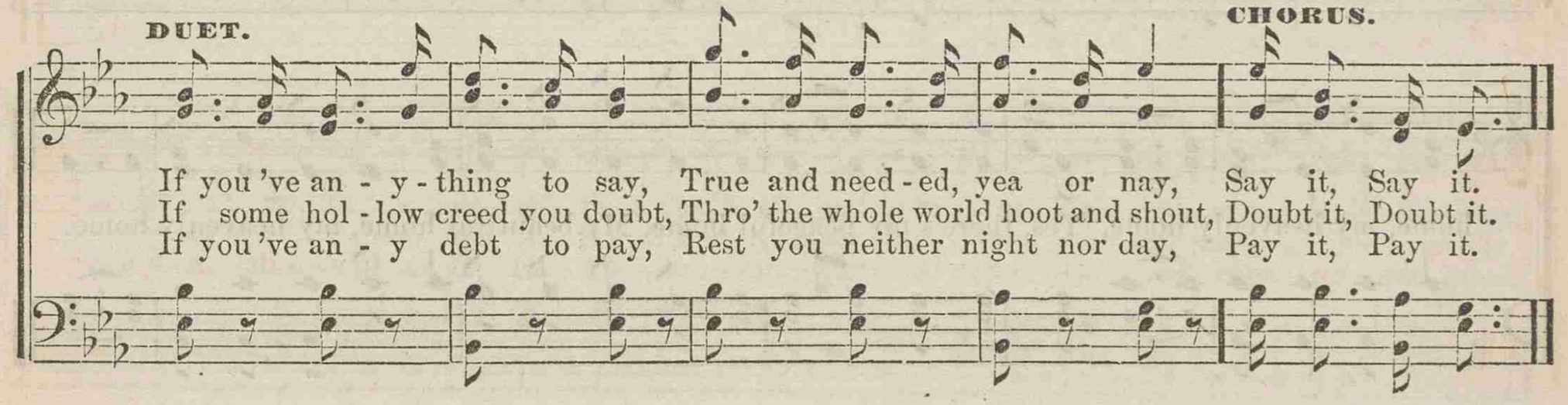
Be up! and be do-ing; Be up! and be do-ing, Time fli-eth a-way;



RESOLUTION.

Words from "Harper's Magazine."





HEAVENLY HOME.

W. F. STEEN.

1. There is a place where earthly strife, Be-yond the ills and woes of life, Where all is lovely,
2. There living fountains gently flow, There trees their fruits immortal bear, There buds and flow'rs for-
3. No sorrow, suffering, doubt or pain, Set free from sins, and tears and care, No thought of worldly

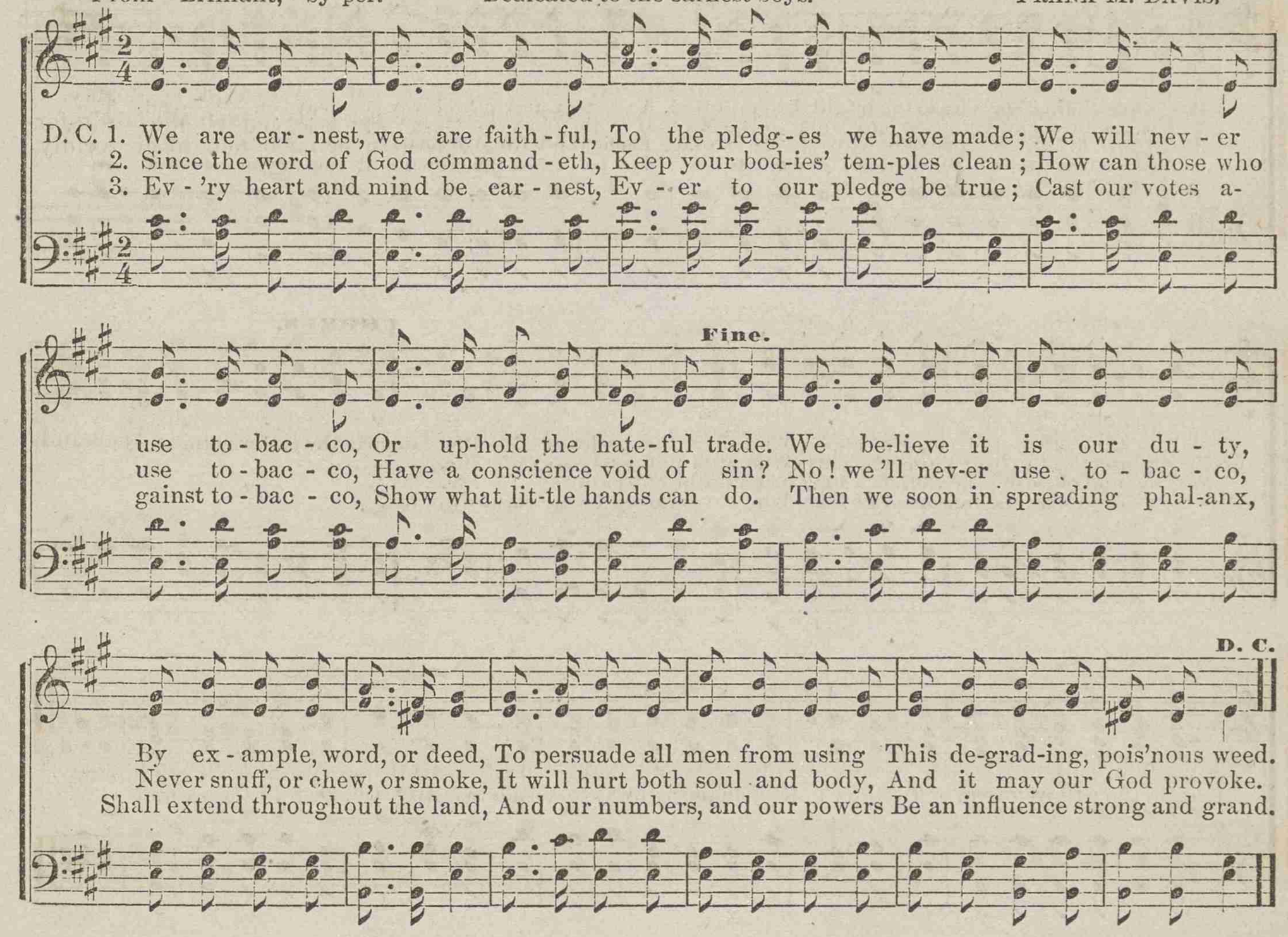
CHORUS.

bright and fair, My home, my heavenly home is there. Yes, there's my peaceful home, My beautiful
ev - er grow, My home, my heavenly home is there.
loss or gain, My home, my heavenly home is there.

home, my heavenly home, Yes, there's my peaceful home, My beautiful home, my heavenly home.

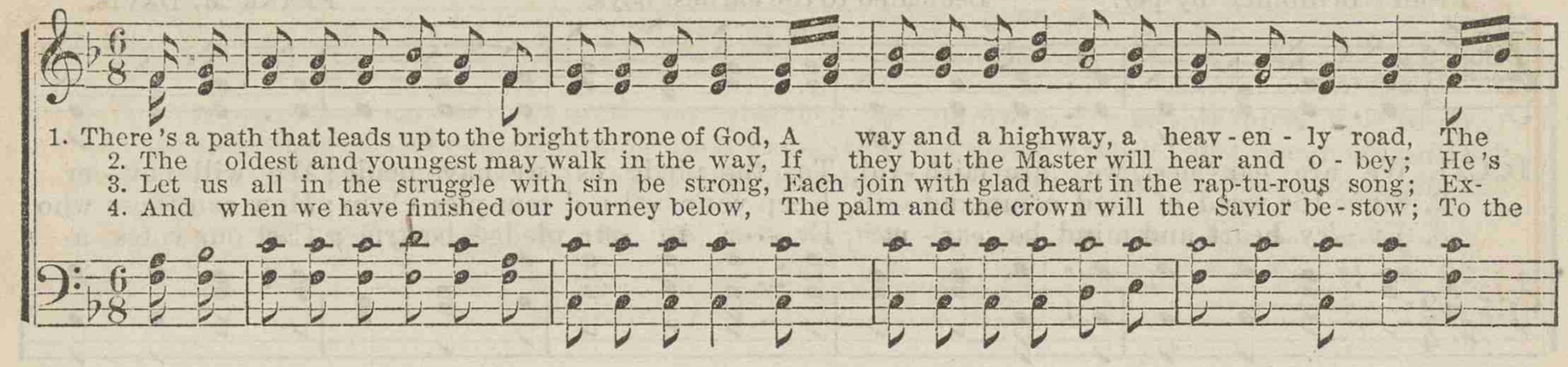
ANTI-TOBACCO SONG.

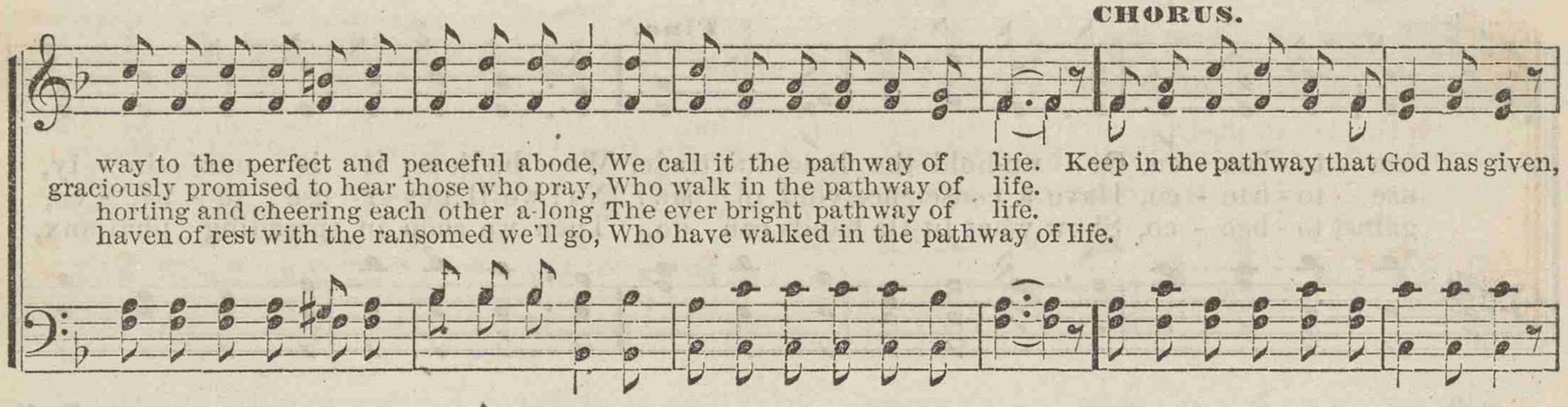
From "Brilliant," by per. Dedicated to the earnest boys. FRANK M. DAVIS.

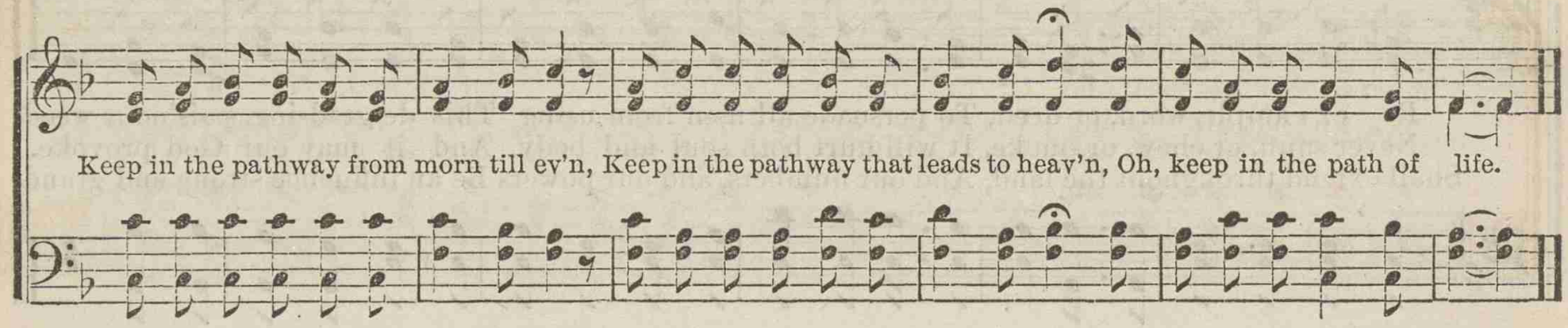


KEEP THE PATH.

Words by D. R. LUCAS. Music by G. T. WILSON.







CANST THOU COUNT.

Arranged.

1. Canst thou count the stars that twinkle, As they lie in God's dear hand? Canst thou count the clouds that
2. Canst thou count the insects dancing In the joy - ous sum-mer sun? Canst thou count the swallows
3. Canst thou count the gay young faces, That each morning's ray awake? All who their ac - cus-tomed

sprinkle Rain-drops on the thirst-y land? God, the Lord, he knows their reck'ning, None but
glancing Past us in their air - y run? God, he called them in - to be - ing, None is
plac - es In the round of life re - take? God, he knows them ev - er - y one, None is

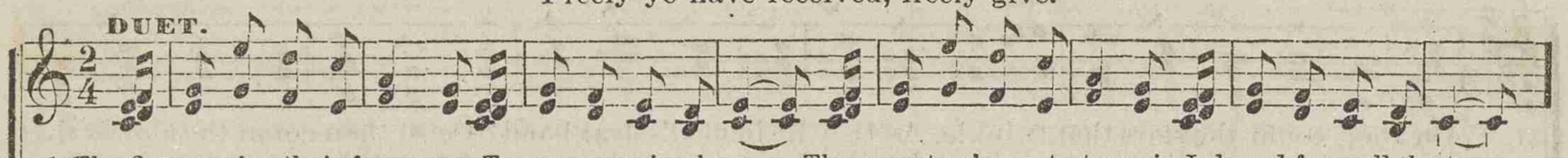
must o - bey his beck'ning, Of the shin - ing myriad host, Of the shining myriad host.
born without his see-ing Where they are, and what they need, Where they are, and what they need.
left by him a - lone, Each he knows, and each he loves, Each he knows, and each he loves.

GIVING.

Words by M. M. L.

"Freely ye have received, freely give."
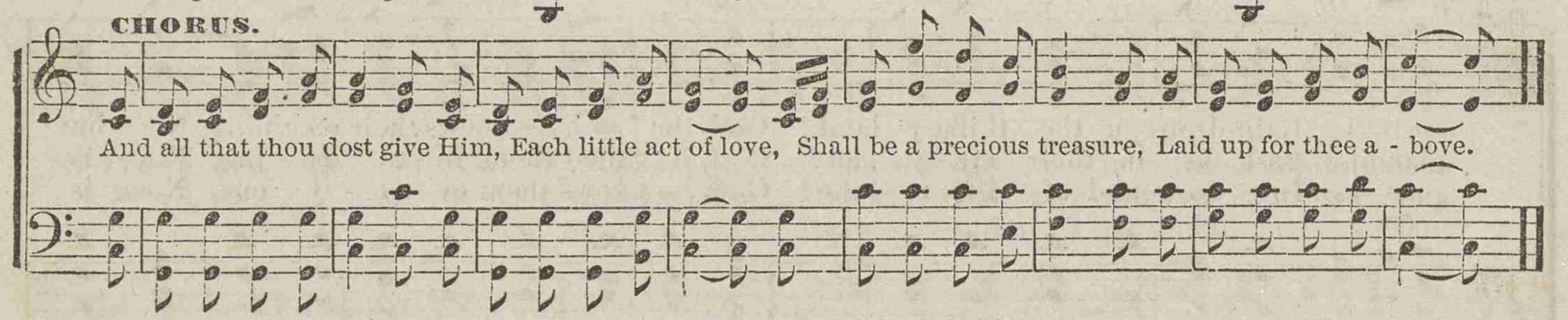
DUET.



1. The flowers give their fragrance, To every passing breeze ; The songsters' sweetest music Is heard from all the trees.
2. The sun gives forth its brightness, And bringeth back the day ; And earth is full of glory, Where're its bright beams play.
3. Thus nature giveth ev - er, Her choicest gifts a - way ; And we should heed the lesson,— Her gentle voice obey.
4. Then scatter blessings 'round thee, And strew them ev'rywhere, And that which thou possessest, Let others with thee share.
5. A Savior's blood was given, To ransom thee and me :— Then give thyself to Jesus, Who gave his life for thee.
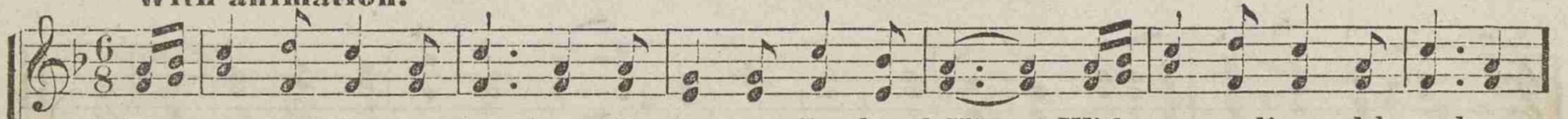


CHORUS.
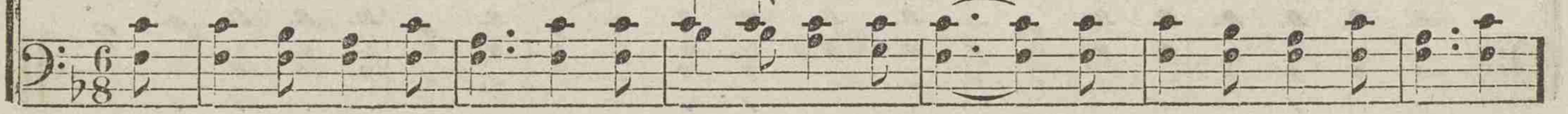


And all that thou dost give Him, Each little act of love, Shall be a precious treasure, Laid up for thee a - bove.

OUR SAVIOR'S PRAISE.

With animation.



1. We come with hearts of gladness, To thee, our Lord and King, With eyes undimmed by sadness,
2. Oh, fill our hearts, kind Father, With love from out thine own, While in thy courts we gather,
3. And hast-en thou the dawn-ing, Of that e - ter - nal day, When heaven and earth uniting,



Thy wondrous love to sing; To crave thy choicest blessings Up - on this hallowed hour,
As foll'wers of thy son; And all our plans and la - bor, Dear Fa-ther, deign to bless:
Shall own thy righteous sway; When every tongue shall bless thee, And every heart shall own

CHORUS. A little faster.

f

With grateful hearts confessing Thy wisdom and thy power. We come! we come! With
Look down with loving fa-vor, And crown them with success.
That kingdom, power, and glory Belong to thee a - lone.

We come! We come!

ff

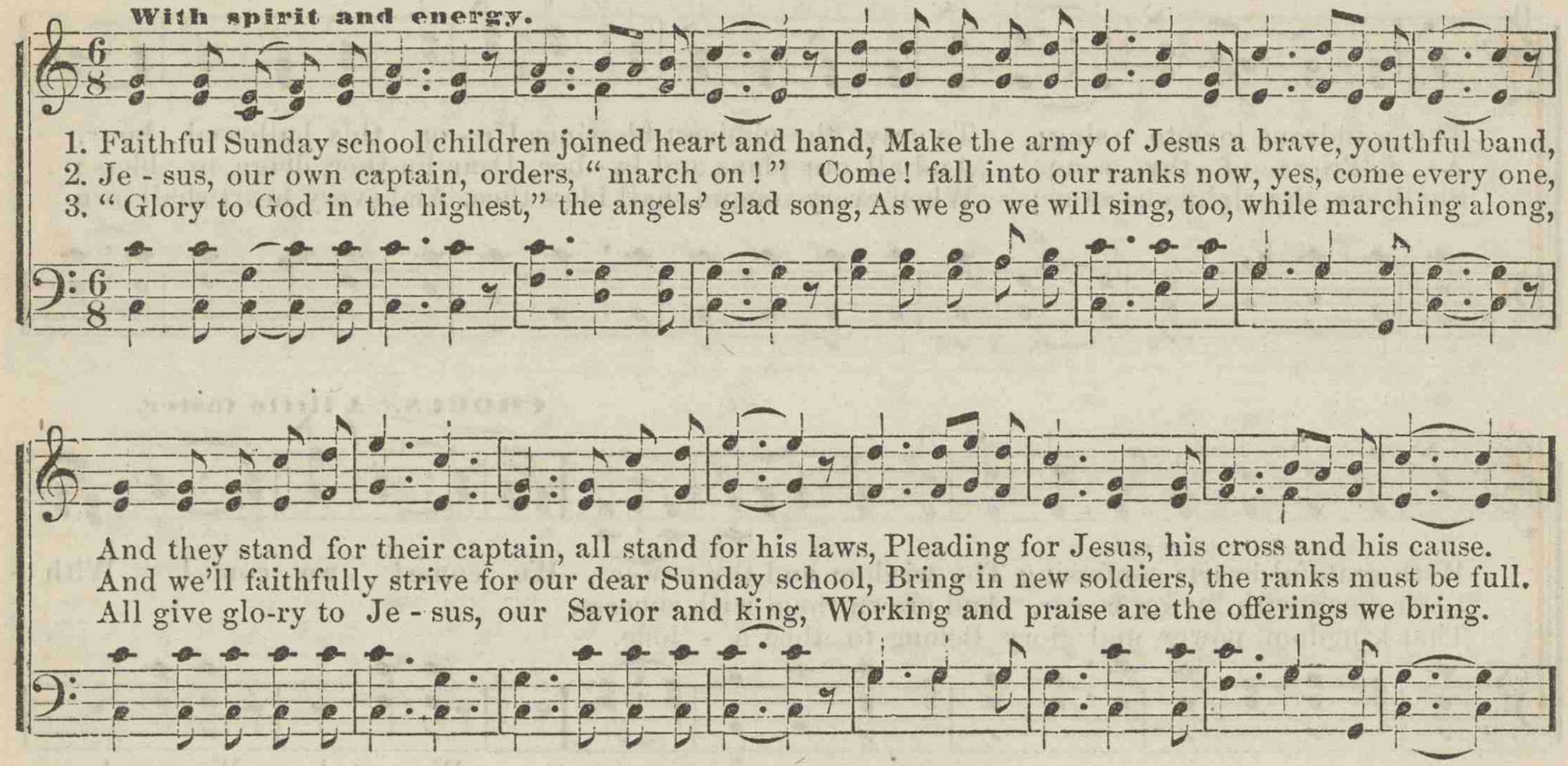
Repeat *pp*

eyes undimmed by sadness; We come with hearts of gladness, Our Savior's praise to sing.

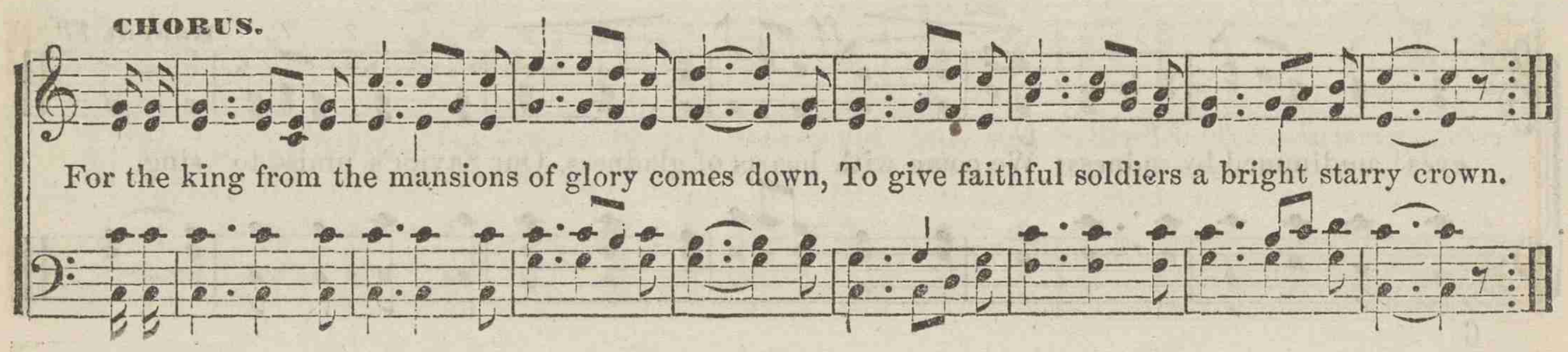
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ARMY.

Words and music by BENJ. SKENE.

With spirit and energy.



CHORUS.



1. Like the star-light of glad-ness, When it gleams in death's eye, Or the me - teor of
2. All the pleasures and pains, That pass o'er us be - low, Fade like col - ors and
3. She that drinks from time's dark cup, The bright nectar of heaven, And her spi - rit then

SOLO.

mad-ness, In the spi - rit's dark sky; Like the zeph - yrs that per - ish, With the
stains On the cold win - ter snow; All the loves of the bos - om That now
mounts up Mid the glo - ries of even; But the world drugs with death All the

CHORUS.

breath of their birth, Are the hopes that we cher - ish, Poor bonds-men of earth.
burn with de - light, Are but mil - dewed in blos - som, And withered with blight.
chal - ice of bliss, As the night - in - gale's breath Wafts the rattle-snake's hiss.

INVITATION.

Words by L. F. PARDUE. Music by R. A. KINZIE.

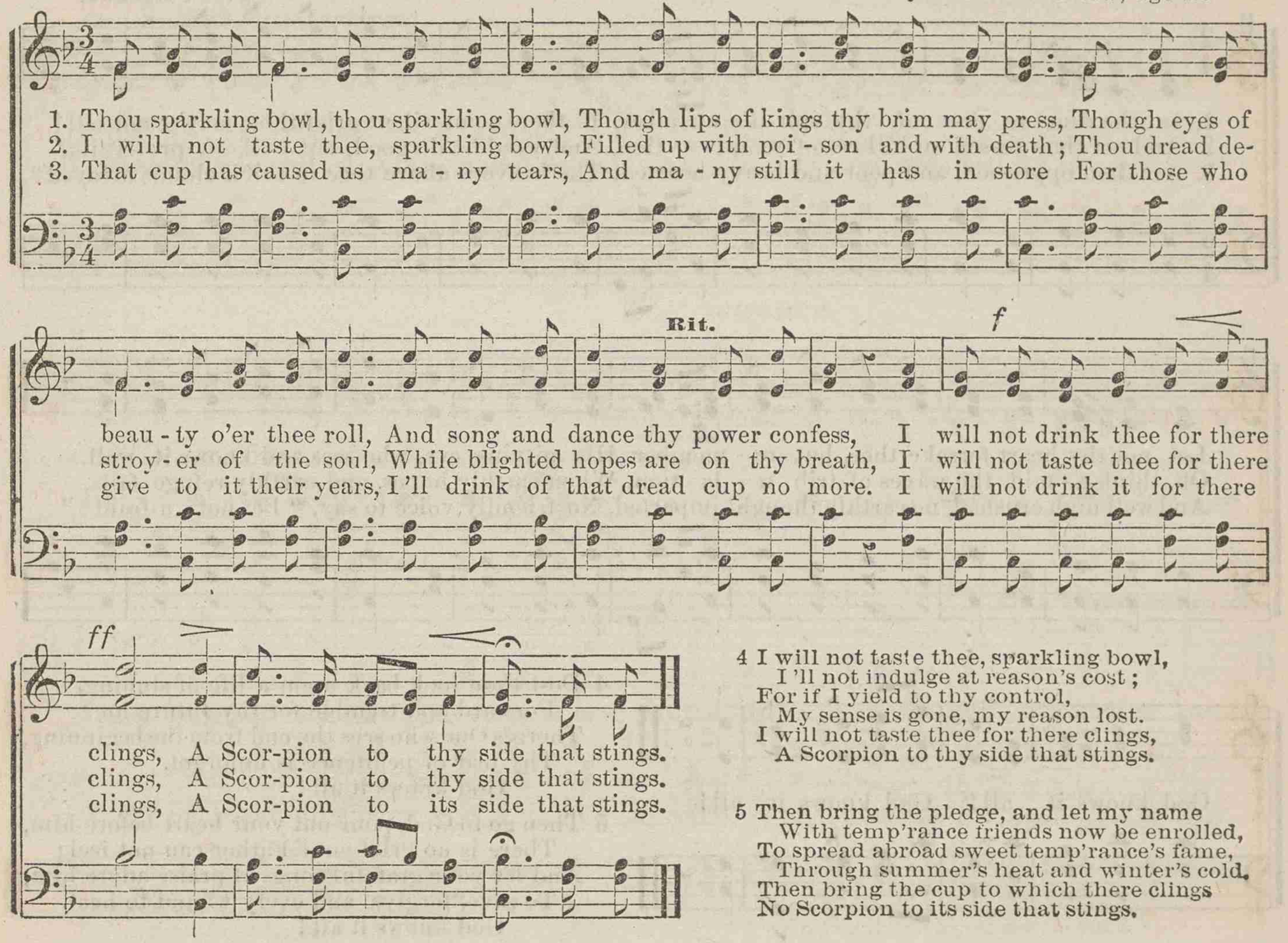
1. Lit - tle chil-dren, come to Je - sus, And in him, your Lord, con-fide; He will fill your
2. Lit - tle chil-dren, come to Je - sus, For the mo-ments swift-ly fly; Come, be - fore the

hearts with gladness, If your sins you do not hide. He will cleanse your robes to whiteness, Such as angels
bless - ed Sav - ior Does forever pass you by. He will ever watch and guard you, Though affliction's

on - ly know; If you'll on - ly love and serve him, And o - bey him here be - low.
storm-y blast, Like a might-y roll - ing bil - low, O'er your path-way should be cast.

THE PLEDGE.

Music by G. ANNIE SHAW, age 14.

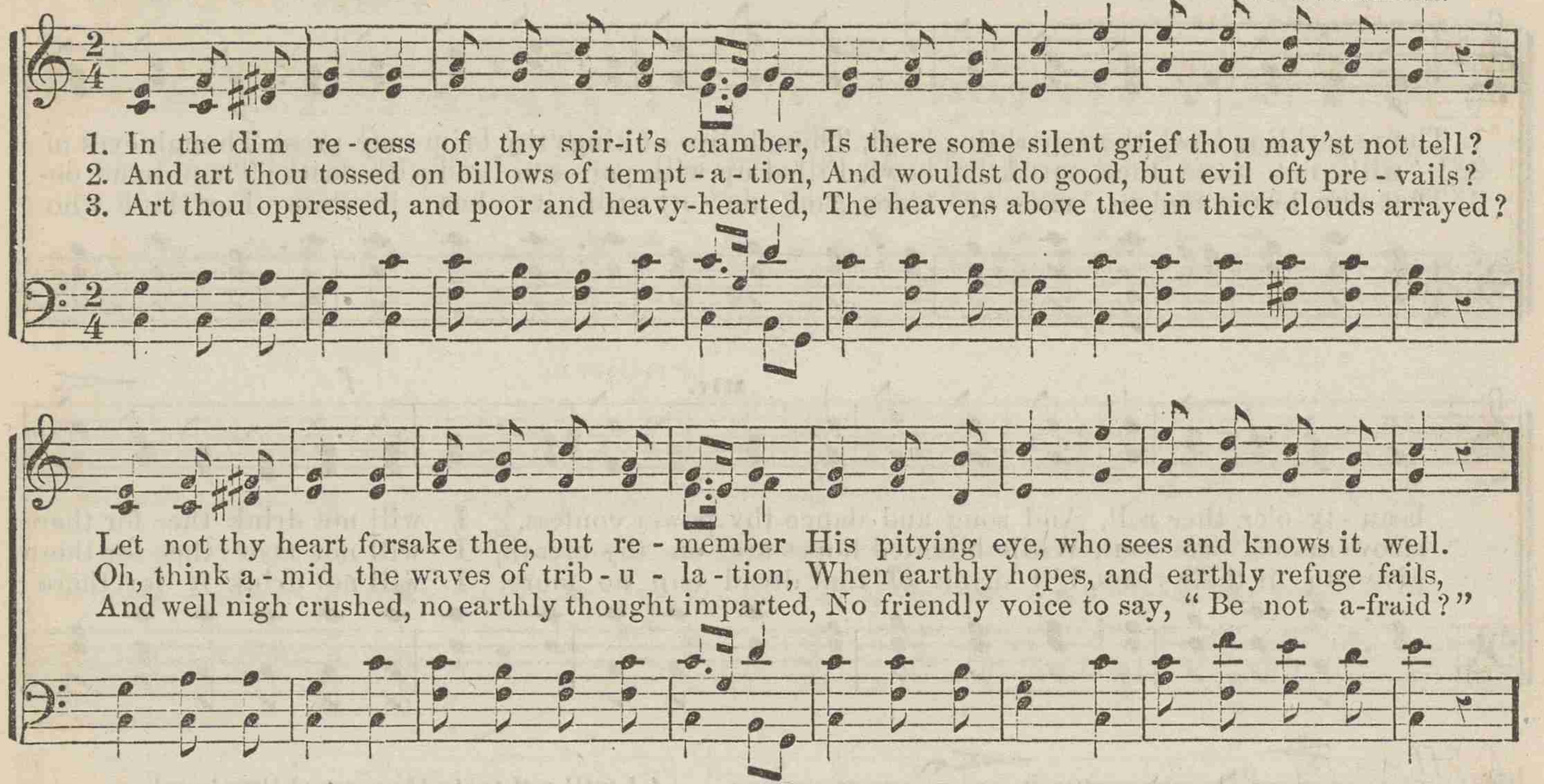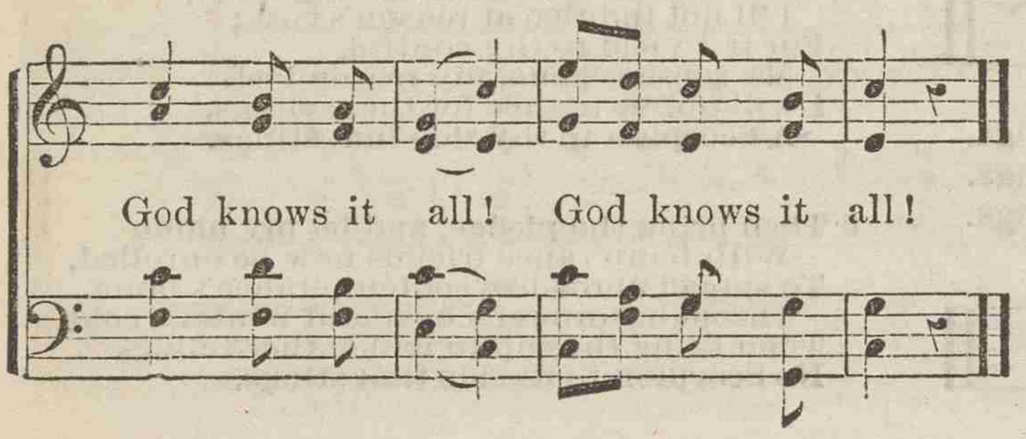


4 I will not taste thee, sparkling bowl,
I 'll not indulge at reason's cost;
For if I yield to thy control,
My sense is gone, my reason lost.
I will not taste thee for there clings,
A Scorpion to thy side that stings.

5 Then bring the pledge, and let my name
With temp'rance friends now be enrolled,
To spread abroad sweet temp'rance's fame,
Through summer's heat and winter's cold.
Then bring the cup to which there clings
No Scorpion to its side that stings.

GOD KNOWS IT ALL.

D. W. MILLER.





4 Dost thou look back upon a life of sinning,
Forward and tremble for thy future lot?
There 's One who sees the end from the beginning,
Thy tear of penitence is unforgot.
God knows it all!

5 Then go to God, pour out your heart before him,
There is no grief your Father can not feel;
And let your grateful songs of praise adore him,
To save, forgive, and every wound to heal.
God knows it all!

SHALL WE MEET EACH OTHER THERE?

From "Sunbeam." W. H. DOANE.

Gently, and with feeling.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll? Where in all the bright for-
2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er? Shall we meet and cast the
3. Where the mu - sic of the ransomed Rolls in har - mo - ny a-round, And cre - a - tion swells the

CHORUS.

ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul? Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we
anch - or By the fair ce - les - tial shore?
cho - rus With its sweet, me - lo - dious sound?

meet each oth - er there? Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Shall we meet each oth - er there?

Repeat softly.

4 Shall we meet with many a loved one,
Torn on earth from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

5 Shall we meet with Christ our Savior,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we hear him bid us welcome,
And sit down upon his throne?

THE ANGELS' WELCOME.

Cheerfully.

1. O - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, Beyond where the pearly gates stand; O - ver the cold i - cy bil - lows, To dwell in a fair sun - ny land. My Fa - ther has built me a man-sion, More precious than silver and gold; Yes, o - ver the riv-er I'm go-ing, To where there are pleasures untold.
2. O - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, To meet in the land of the blest, Loved ones, who are there wait-ing, To wel-come me home to my rest. The world with its pleasures no lon - ger My spir - it in bondage can hold, For o - ver the riv-er I'm go-ing, To where there are pleasures untold.
3. O - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, O, seek not to draw me a - side; See! the bright angels are wait-ing, To car - ry me o - ver the tide. My Sav-ior is there to re - ceive me, And shield me from suffering and cold; Yes, over the river I'm go-ing, To where there are pleasures untold.
4. O - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, To meet with the saints gone before; Soon shall I join with the ransomed, And dwell on the sweet E-den shore; 'Tis there I shall swell the glad anthem, And wander o'er pavements of gold; For o-ver the riv-er I'm go-ing, To where there are pleasures untold.

CHORUS.

The angels there will welcome me With harps and crowns of gold, Yes, o - ver the riv - er I'm

Repeat *pp*

going, To where there are pleasures untold.

MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise: The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
2. O, watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold-ly ev - ery day, And help di-vine im-plore.
3. Ne'er think the vic - tory won, Nor lay thine ar-mor down; Thy arduous work will not be done Till thou ob-tain the crown.
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll take thee at thy part - ing breath, To his di - vine a - bode.

WE'LL DRINK FROM THE PURE LAUGHING RILL.

(TEMPERANCE.)

From "The Golden Rule," by per. of Publishers.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

Sprightly.

1. We'll fill our cups from the laugh-ing rill, Its pure and crys - tal wa - ters, And nev - er dream of
2. There's life and health in the flow-ing stream, Heav'n's rich and rarest pleasure; There's beauty in each

Chorus.

fu - ture ill, We're nature's sons and daughters. Then away with the bowl bringing sorrow and woe To
crys - tal drop, Come share it with-out measure. Then away, etc.

those who in it rev - el. We'll drink, ever drink with a right good will, From the pure and laughing rill.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel-low-ship of love His spir - it on - ly
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made truly his Who dwells in cloudless
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed away, Because that Light hath
4. Walk in the light! thy path shall be Peaceful, serene, and bright; For God, by grace, shall

CHORUS. (Old Melody.)

can be - stow, Who reigns in light a - bove. Let us walk in the light,
light en-shrined, In whom no dark - ness is.
on thee shone, In which is per - fect day.
dwell in thee, And God him - self is light.

In the way our Sav - ior trod; Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.

TO BE THERE.

Words by L. H. JAMESON.

1. On the banks of the Riv - er of Life, In the midst of the cit - y of God;
2. There their sorrows and tri - als are o'er, With the Sav - ior for - ev - er they're blest;
3. There, shall friendships begun here be - low, That by death have been ruthless - ly riven,
4. With the an - gels and glo - ri - fied saints, In that cit - y of glo - ry to be;

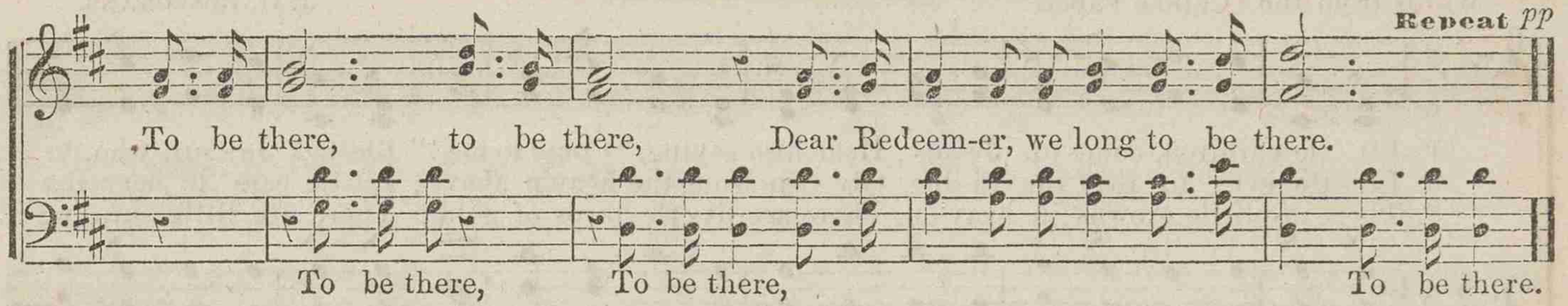
Far removed from con-ten - tion and strife, The redeemed have their hap - py a - bode.
There, the wick-ed an-noy them no more, There, the wea - ry e - ter - nal - ly rest.
Be re-newed, for we sure - ly shall know All our friends when we meet them in heaven.
As for fount-ains the wounded hart pants, So Je - ru - s'lem we're panting for thee.

CHORUS.

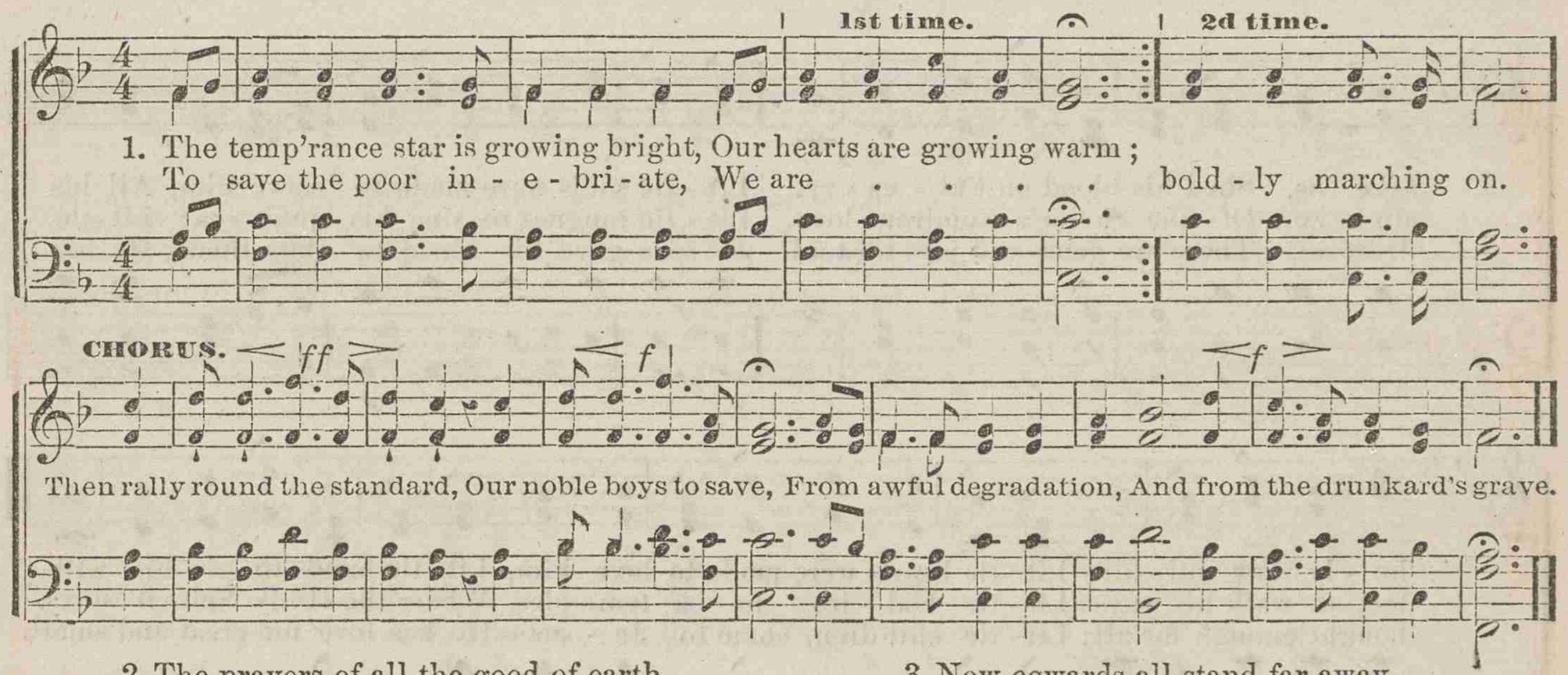
To be there, to be there, . . With our Savior and friends to be there, to be there;

To be there, To be there,

TO BE THERE. Concluded.



THE TEMPERANCE STAR.



2 The prayers of all the good of earth
Are with this noble band,
And victory shall be our shout,
Through all our happy land.

3 Now cowards all stand far away,
But soldiers true draw nigh ;
Resolved to conquer in the right,
Or fight until you die.

COME TO ME.

Words from the "Child's Paper." J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Lit - tle children, come to Je-sus; Hear him saying, "Come to me!" Blessed Je - sus, who, to save us, Shed his blood on Cal - va - ry. Lit - tle souls were made to serve him, All his ho - ly law ful - fill; Lit - tle hearts were made to love him, Lit - tle hands to do his will.
2. Lit - tle eyes to read the Bi - ble, Giv - en from the heav'n above; Lit-tle ears to hear the sto - ry Of the Savior's wondrous love. Lit - tle tongues to sing his prais - es; Lit-tle feet to walk his ways; Lit - tle bod - ies to be tem - ples, Where the Ho-ly Spir-it stays.
3. There are little crowns in heav-en, There are lit - tle harps of gold; There are little shin-ing dress - es, There are gems and joys un-told. Je - sus gave his blood to buy them; He has bought enough for all; Lit - tle chil-dren, come to Je - sus—He has love for great and small.

ALL FOR JESUS.

From "Every Sabbath," by per. of Publishers.

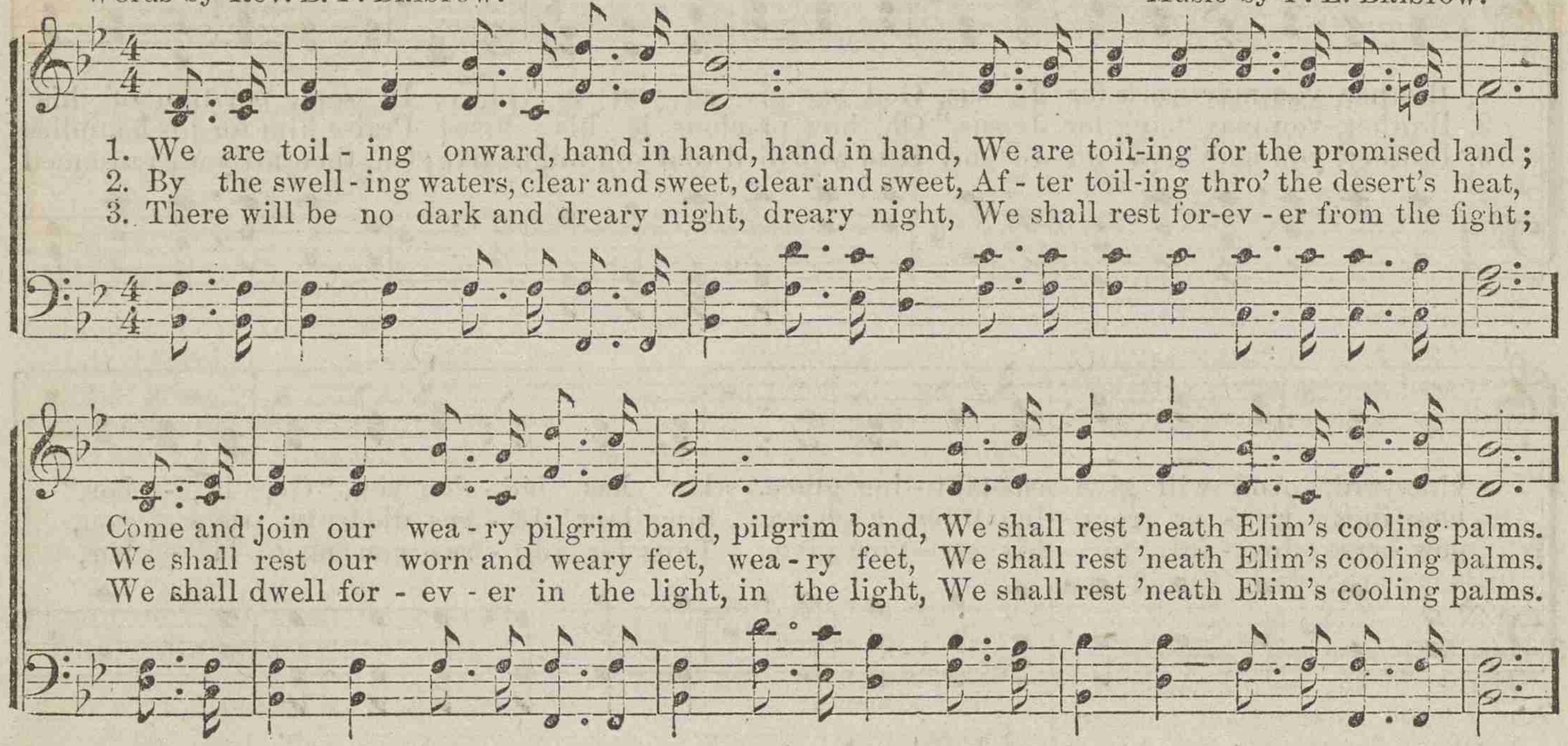
1. Brother, you may work for Je-sus, God has giv-en you a place, In some por-tion of his vine-yard, And will give sus-tain-ing grace. He has bid-den you, "Go, la-bor,"
2. Brother, you may "sing for Je-sus," Oh, how precious is his love! Praise him for his bouudless bless-ings Ev-er com-ing from a-bove. Sing how Je-sus died to save you,
3. Brother, you may live for Je-sus, Him who died that you might live; Oh, then all your ransomed pow-ers Joy-ful to his ser-vice give. Thus for Je-sus you may la-bor,

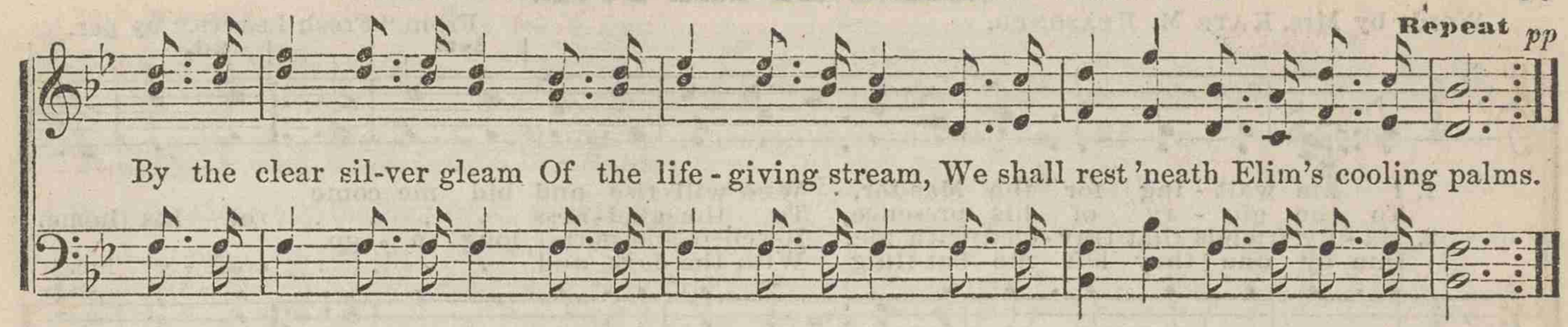
And has promised a re-ward, Ev-en joy and life e-ter-nal, In the kingdom of our Lord.
How your sin and guilt he bore: How his blood hath sealed your pardon, "Sing for Jesus" ever-more.
And for Je-sus sing and pray; Con-secrate your life to Je-sus—Love and serve him every day.

'NEATH ELIM'S COOLING PALMS.

"And they came to Elim—where were twelve wells of water and three score and ten palm-trees—and they encamped there by the waters."—Ex. xv: 27.

Words by Rev. B. F. BRISTOW. Music by F. L. BRISTOW.





1 O THOU Fount of every blessing!
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me ever to adore thee,
May I still thy goodness prove,
While the hope of endless glory
Fills my heart with joy and love.

3 Here I 'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I 've come,
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from thy fold, O God!
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

5 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I 'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind me closer still to thee.

1 SAVIOR! thy gentle voice
Gladly we hear;
Author of all our joys,
Be ever near;
Our souls would cling to thee,
Let us thy fullness see,
Our life to cheer.

2 Fountain of life divine!
Thee we adore;
We would be wholly thine
For evermore;
Freely forgive our sin,
Grant heavenly peace within,
Thy light restore.

3 Though to our faith unseen,
While darkness reigns,
On thee alone we lean
While life remains;
By thy free grace restored,
Our souls shall bless the Lord
In joyful strains!

1 WE speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there!

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold,
But what must it be to be there!

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there!

PRAISE God, ye heavenly hosts above!
Praise him, all creatures of his love!
Praise him each morning, noon, and night,
Praise him with holy sweet delight.

WAITING AT THE DOOR.

Words by Mrs. KATE M. REASONER. From "Fresh Leaves," by per.

1st. 2d.

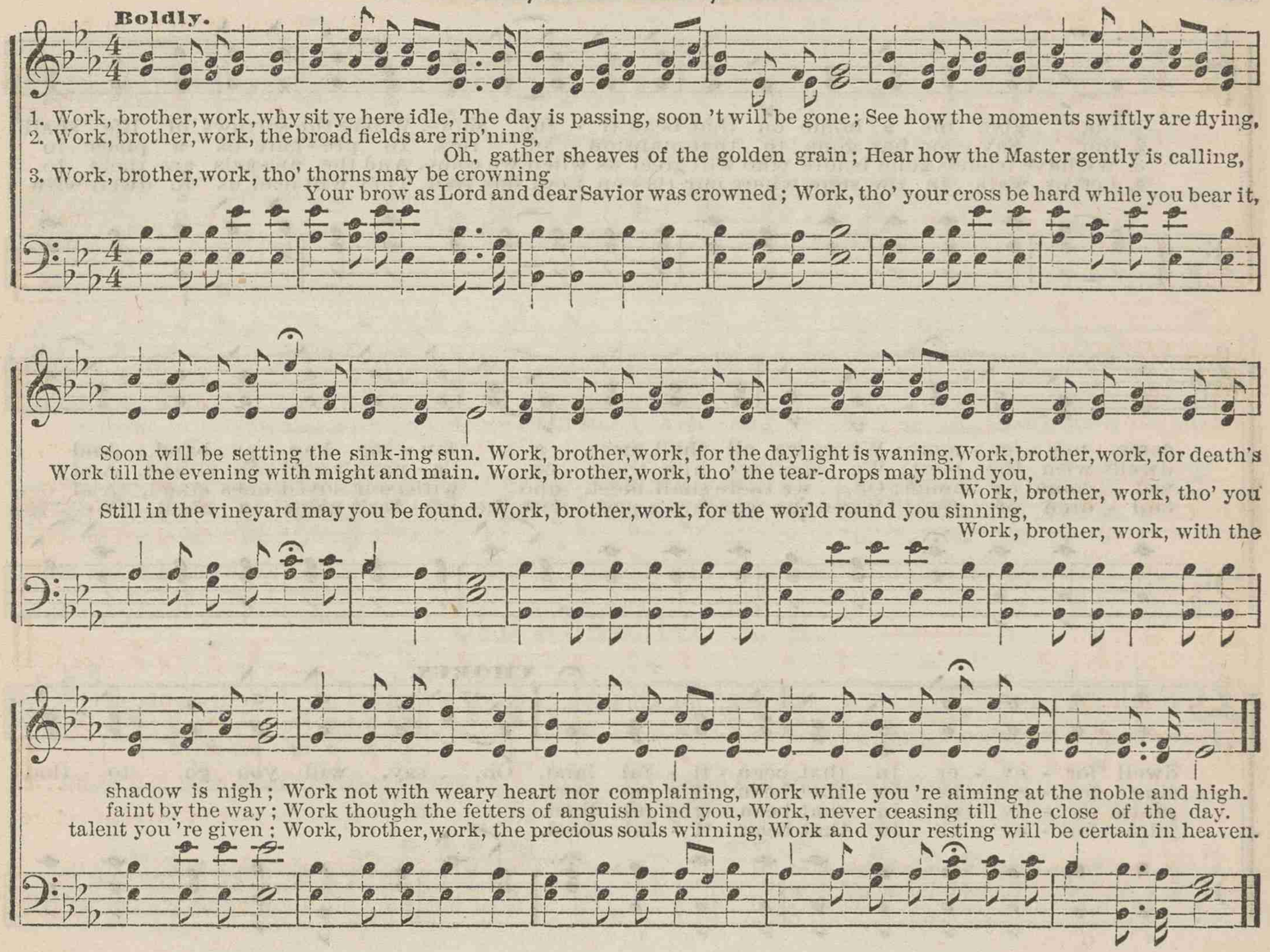
1. I am wait - ing for the Mas-ter, Who will rise and bid me come
To the glo - ry of his presence, To the glad-ness . . . . of his home.
2. Ma - ny friends that trav - eled with me, Reached that portal long a - go.
One by one they left me bat-tling With the dark and . . . . craft - y foe.

CHORUS.

They are watch - - - ing at the por - tal, They are wait - - ing at the door;
They are watching, they are watching at the por - tal, They are waiting, they are waiting at the door;
Wait-ing on - - - - ly for my com-ing, All the loved . . ones gone be-fore.
Wait-ing on - ly, wait-ing on - ly for my com-ing, All the loved ones, all the loved ones gone before.

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

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


Boldly.
1. Work, brother, work, why sit ye here idle, The day is passing, soon 't will be gone; See how the moments swiftly are flying,
2. Work, brother, work, the broad fields are rip'ning,
Oh, gather sheaves of the golden grain; Hear how the Master gently is calling,
3. Work, brother, work, tho' thorns may be crowning
Your brow as Lord and dear Savior was crowned; Work, tho' your cross be hard while you bear it,
Soon will be setting the sink-ing sun. Work, brother, work, for the daylight is waning. Work, brother, work, for death's shadow is nigh; Work not with weary heart nor complaining, Work while you 're aiming at the noble and high.
Work till the evening with might and main. Work, brother, work, tho' the tear-drops may blind you, faint by the way; Work though the fetters of anguish bind you, Work, never ceasing till the close of the day.
Work, brother, work, tho' you
Still in the vineyard may you be found. Work, brother, work, for the world round you sinning, talent you 're given; Work, brother, work, the precious souls winning, Work and your resting will be certain in heaven.
Work, brother, work, with the
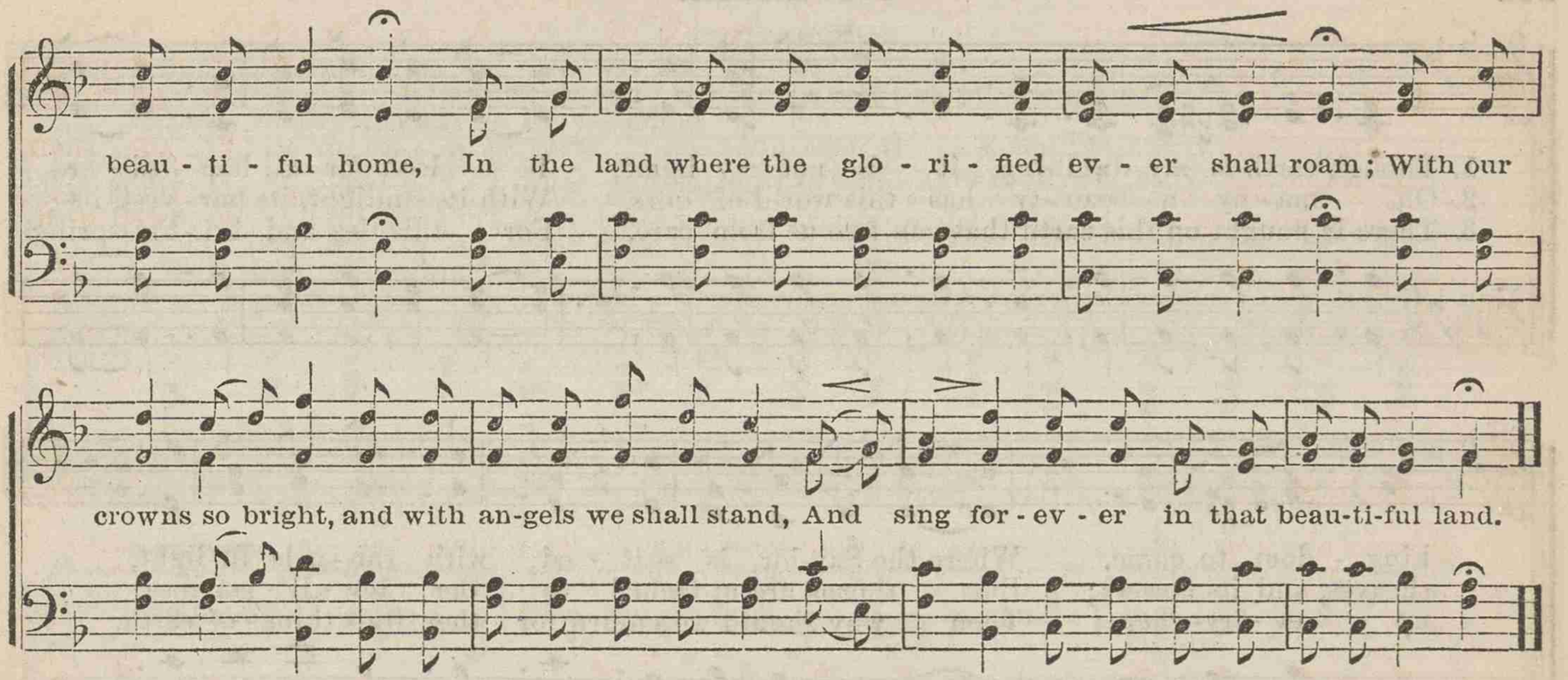
GIVE ME A HOME.

1. Oh, give me a home on that beau-ti - ful shore, Where the sorrows of life shall
2. Our Sav - ior has gone to that mansion of rest, To pre - pare us a place to
3. We have friends gone before who will greet us when we come, And the an - gels are there to
4. Let us walk in the steps where our ris - en Lord has trod, They will lead us to dwell with

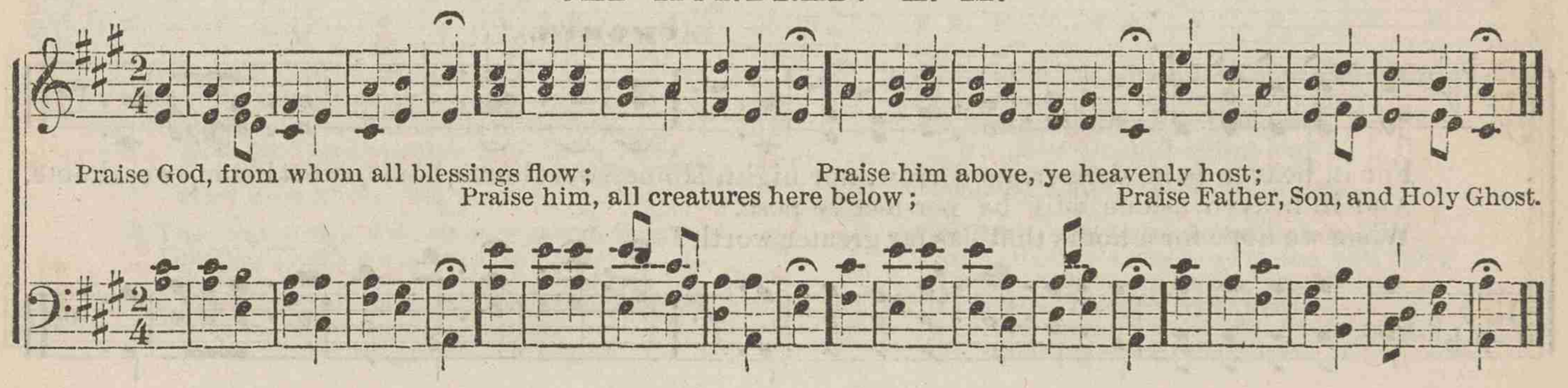
come nev - er - more; Where we all shall meet, a lov - ing, hap - py band, And
dwell with the blest; We shall see him there on Ca - naan's gold - en strand, And
wel - come us home; Oh, we there shall meet, and with our loved ones stand, And
chil - dren of God; When the war-fare's past, with the vic - tor's palm in hand, We 'll re-

CHORUS.

dwell for - ev - er in that beau - ti - ful land. Oh, say, will you go to that
sing for - ev - er in that beau - ti - ful land.
praise for - ev - er in that beau - ti - ful land.
joice for - ev - er in that beau - ti - ful land.



OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



MY HOME.

1. Though earth is my dwell-ing, it is not my home, I look for a hap - pi - er
2. Oh, ma - ny a beau - ty has this world of ours, With its sunlight, its har - vest, its
3. There is nought on this earth that can free us from care, For this-tles and bri - ars spring

king - dom to come, Where the Sav-ior is seat - ed with an - gels in light,
sheaves, and its flowers; But thorns are at-tached to the lov - li - est rose,
up ev - 'ry-where; Then why should we mourn for the frail things of earth,

CHORUS.

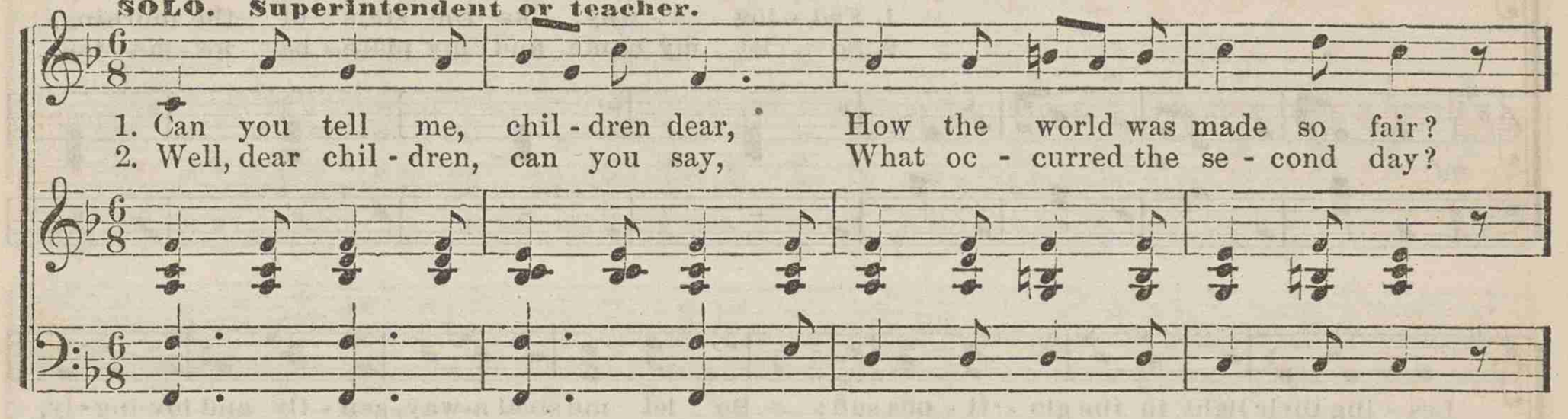
For in heaven is no danger, no sorrow, nor night. Home, sweet home, home, sweet home, sweet home.
And in heaven a-lone will be per-fect re-pose.
When we hope for a home that has far greater worth?

SOLO AND CHORUS DEPARTMENT.

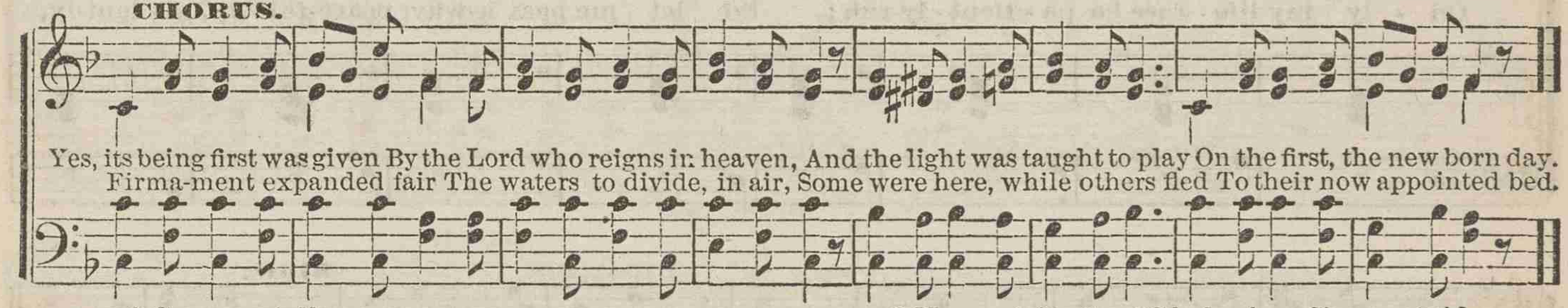
CREATION.

"For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth."

SOLO. Superintendent or teacher.



CHORUS.



3 Can you tell me, every one,
On the third day what was done?
The waters from the land divide,
And seas and oceans swell their tide;
The grass, and herb, and fruit trees stand,
And now adorn the beauteous land.

4 The fourth day's work can you define?
Done by God's own hand divine.
Yes, two lights doth now appear,
For signs, and seasons, and the year,
Sun by day to give his light,
Moon and stars adorn the night.

5 Now, while the fifth day's radiance staid,
Can you tell me what was made?
All the creatures in the deep
Now into life and being leap;
Fowls of every kind that fly
O'er the earth, 'mid air and sky.

6 Children, you have answered well,
The sixth day's work now can you tell?
Cattle, beasts, and creeping things
God now into being brings,
And to complete the wondrous plan
In his image made He man.

REMEMBERED.

From "Prize."

BONAR. BLISS.

Con Espressione.

1. Fad - ing a - way, like the stars of the morning,
2. So let my name and my place be for - got - ten,

mf

Los - ing their light in the glo - ri - ous sun;
On - ly my life - race be pa - tient - ly run;

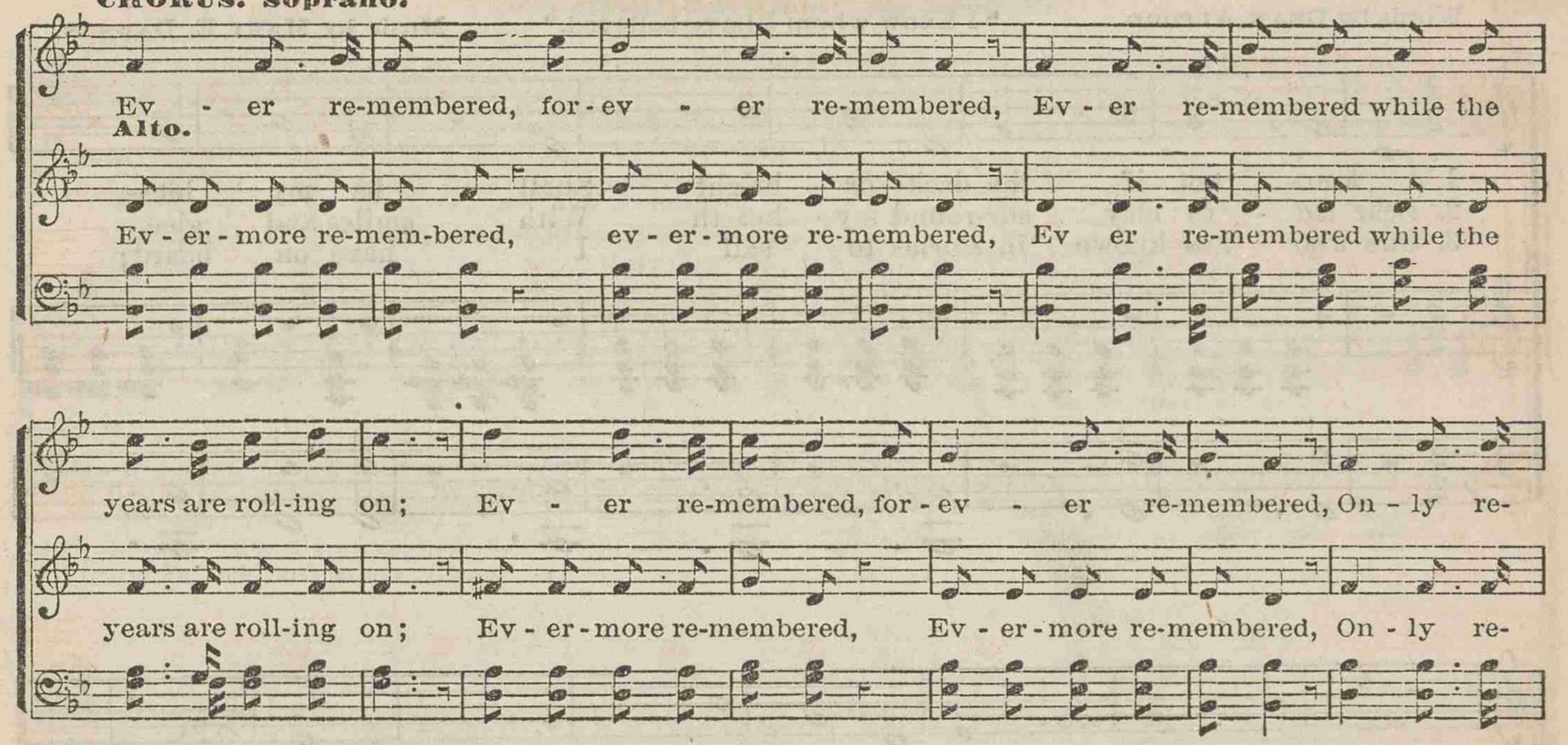
So let me steal a-way, gen - tly and lov-ing - ly,
So let me pass a-way, peace-ful - ly, si - lent-ly,

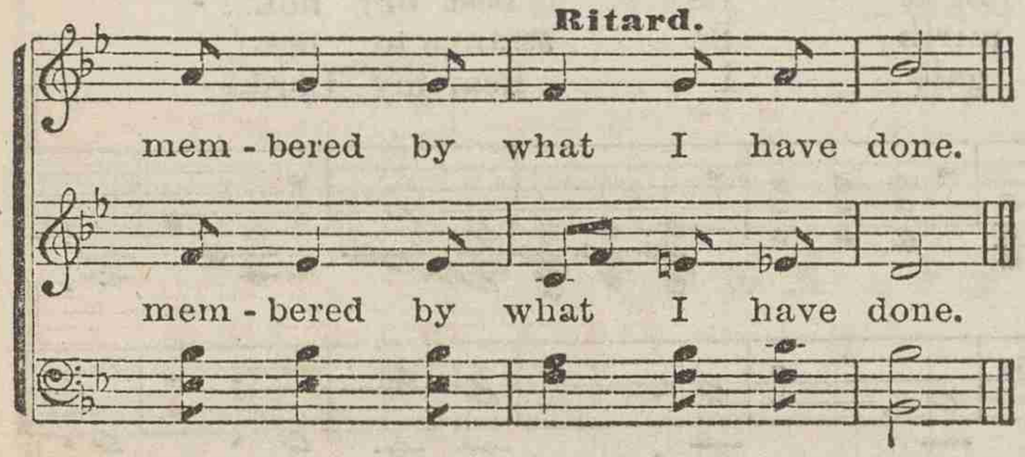
On - ly re-membered by what I have done,
On - ly re-membered by what I have done,

On - ly re-membered by what I have done.
On - ly re-membered by what I have done.

Slow.

Slow.
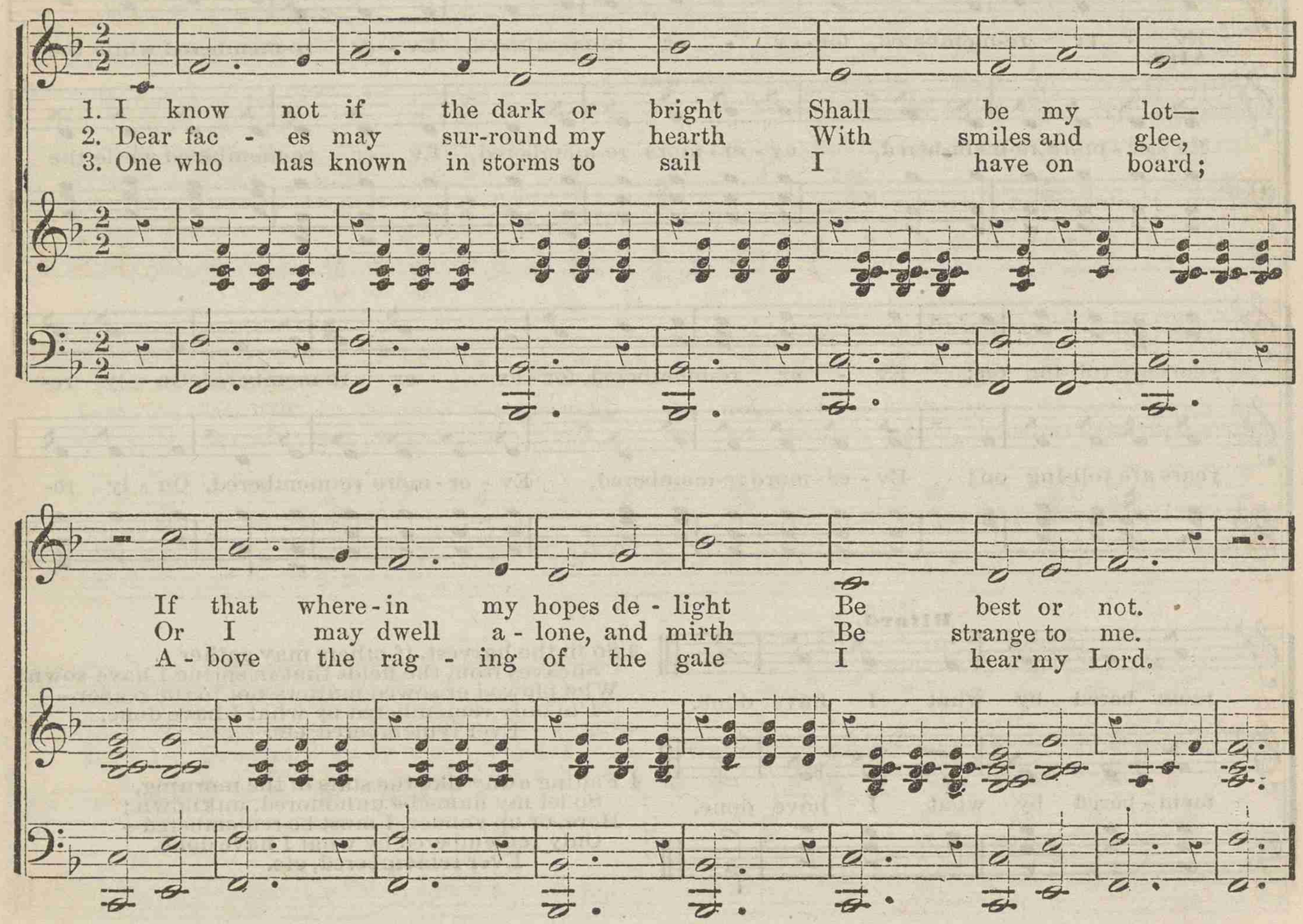




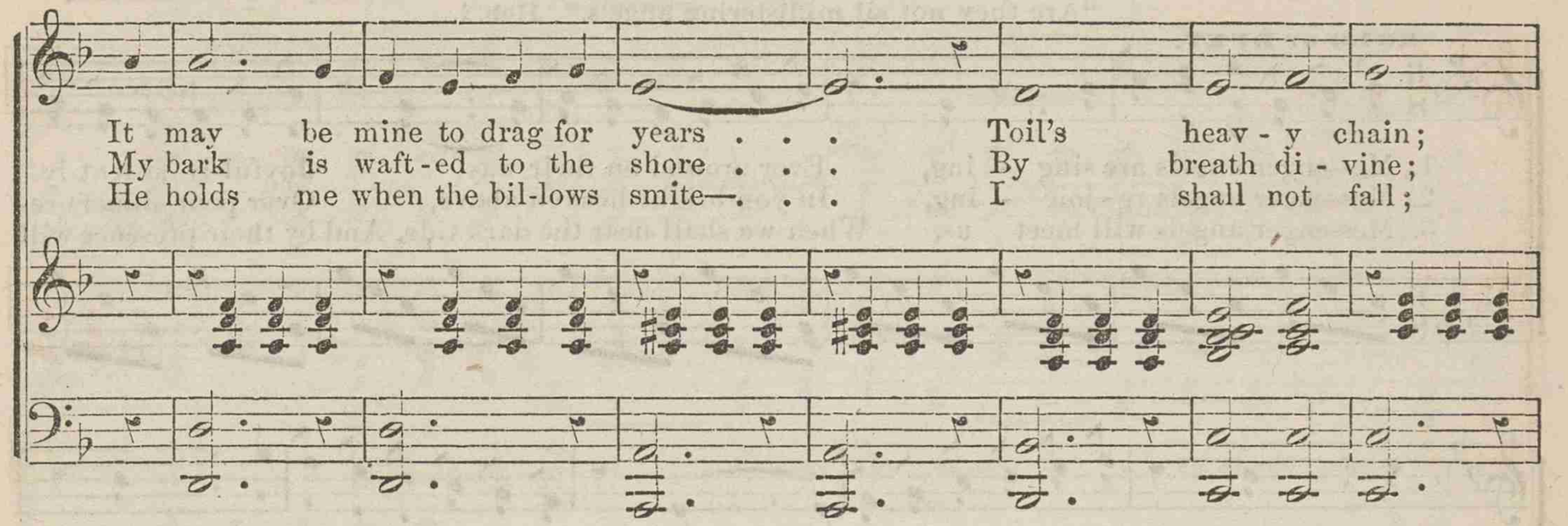
3 So in the harvest, if others may gather
Sheaves from the fields that in spring I have sown;
Who plowed or sowed matters not to the reaper—
I'm only remembered by what I have done.
Ever remembered, etc.
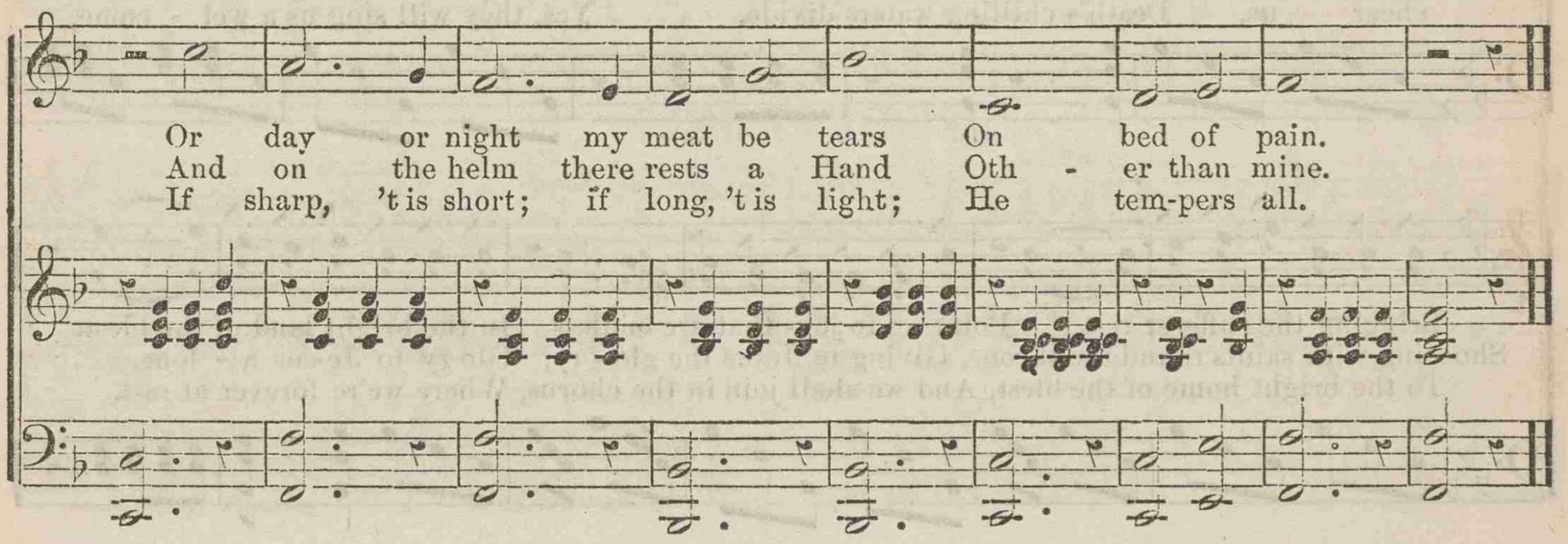
4 Fading away like the stars of the morning,
So let my name be unhonored, unknown;
Here, or up yonder, I must be remembered—
Only remembered by what I have done.
Ever remembered, etc.

SACRED TRUST.

Words by DEAN ALFORD. "I know whom I have believed." Music by MARY E. DAWSON.




It may be mine to drag for years . . . Toil's heav - y chain;
My bark is waft-ed to the shore . . . By breath di - vine;
He holds me when the bil-lows smite—. . . I shall not fall;


Or day or night my meat be tears On bed of pain.
And on the helm there rests a Hand Oth - er than mine.
If sharp, 't is short; if long, 't is light; He tem-pers all.

MESSENGER ANGELS.

Words arranged. Music by C. FREDENMONT.

"Are they not all ministering angels." Heb. i.
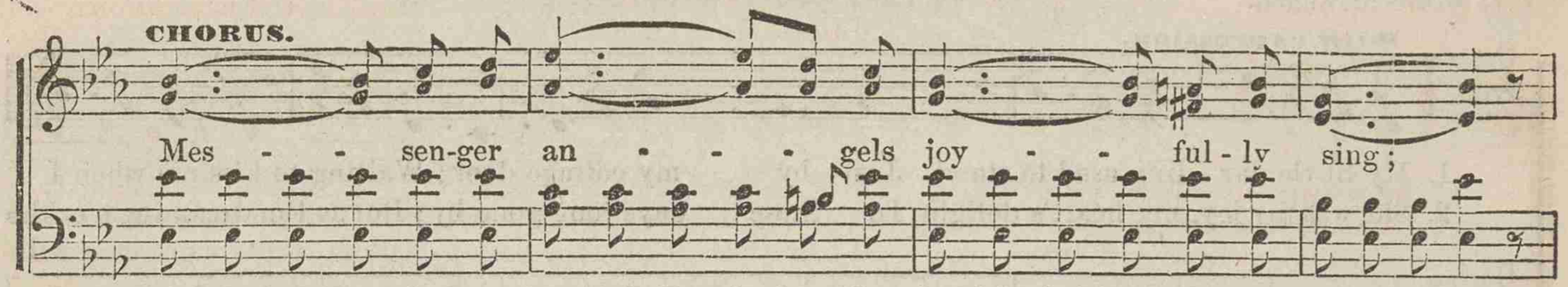
SOLO or DUET.

1. Messenger angels are sing - ing, Ever around on their way, Joyful-ly si-lent-ly
2. Messenger angels re - joic - ing, In yon bright heaven above, Over poor sinners re-
3. Messenger angels will meet us, When we shall near the dark tide, And by their presence will
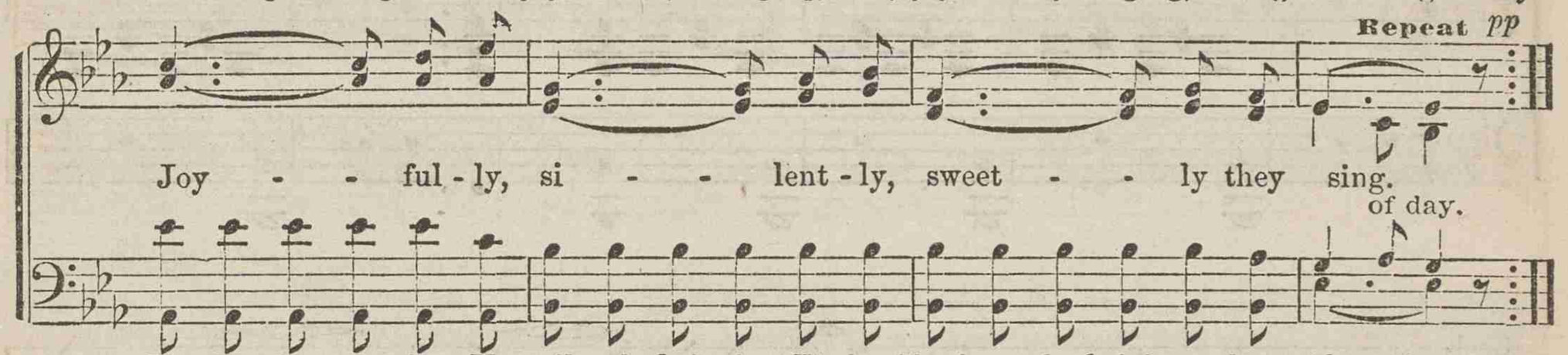
bring - ing Gifts from the bright realms of day. Guarding the couch of the friendless,
pent - ing, Won by the dear Savior's love. Tell-ing the wonderful sto - ry,
cheer us, Death's chilling waters divide. Yes, they will sing us a wel - come,

Bringing the sufferer rest, Pointing to joys that are endless In the bright land of the blest.
Shouting with saints round the throne, Giving to Jesus the glo - ry, Glo-ry to Je-sus a - lone.
To the bright home of the blest, And we shall join in the chorus, Where we're forever at rest.

CHORUS.

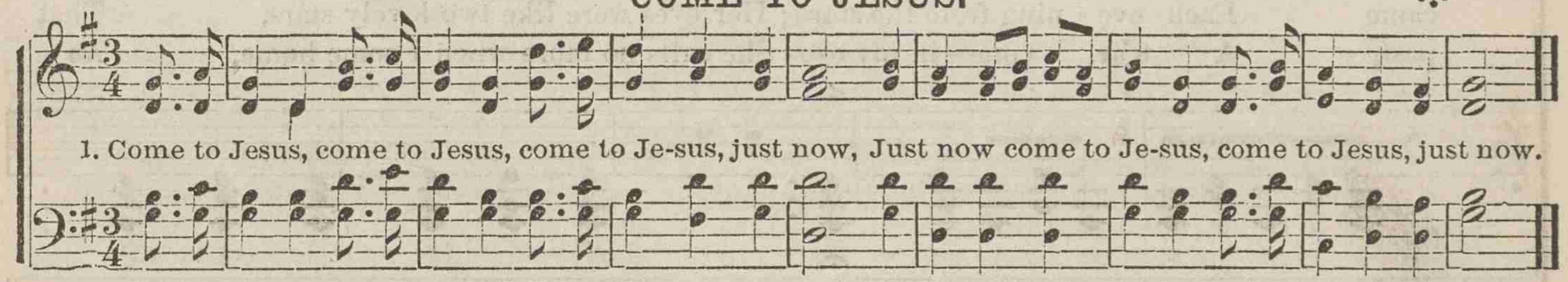


Mes-sen-ger an-gels are joy - ful - ly singing, Yes, joy-ful - ly singing, Along their bright way.



Joy-ful - ly sing-ing, Yes, silently bringing Their gifts from the bright realms of beautiful day.

COME TO JESUS.



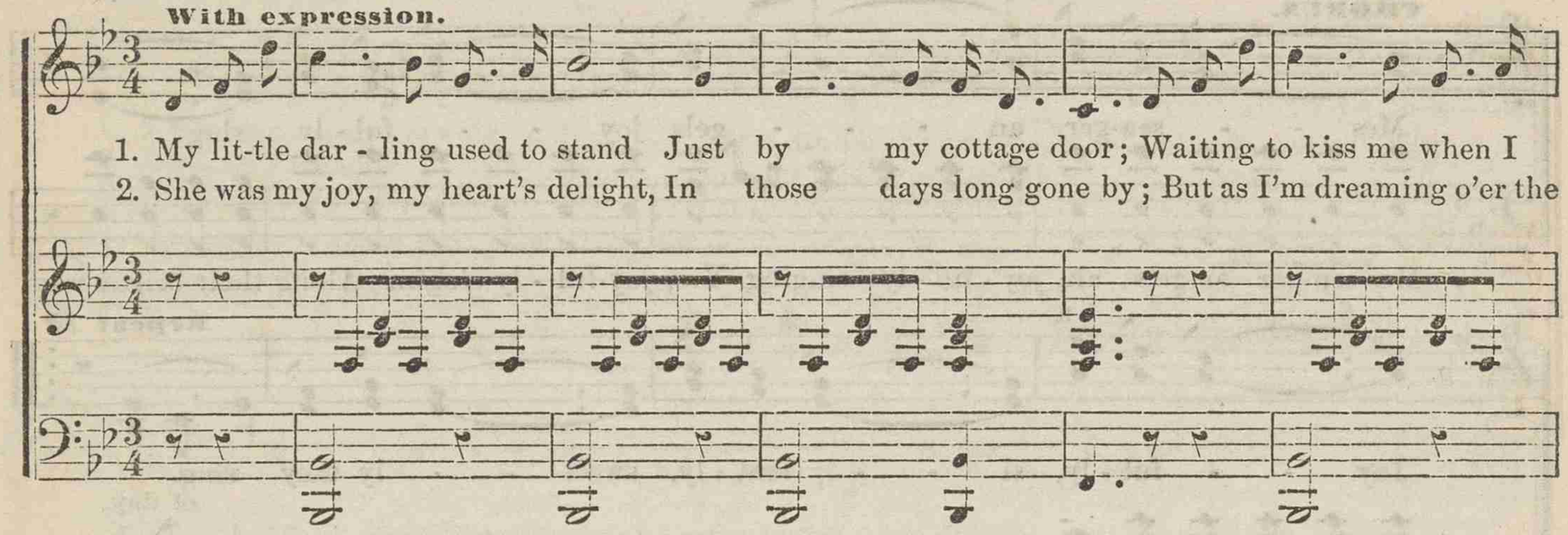
1. Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, come to Je-sus, just now, Just now come to Je-sus, come to Jesus, just now.

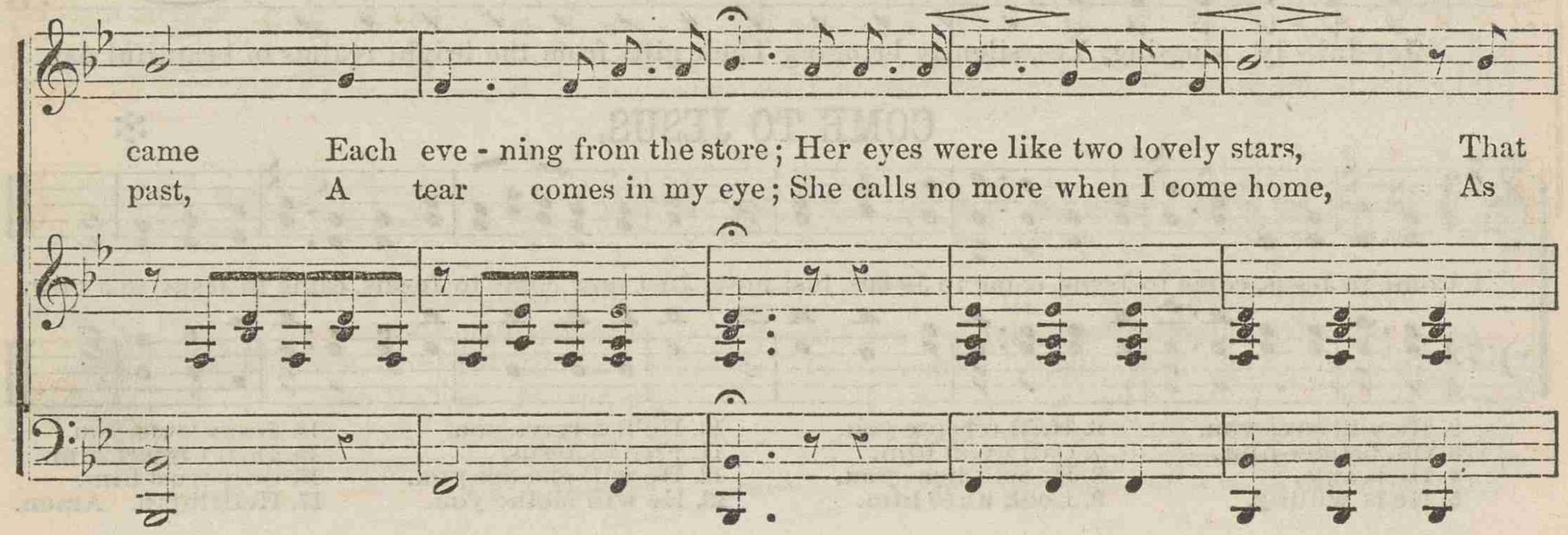
2. He will save you.
3. Oh, believe him.
4. He is able.
5. He is willing.
6. He'll receive you.
7. Call upon him.
8. He will hear you.
9. Look unto him.
10. He'll forgive you.
11. Flee to Jesus.
12. He will cleanse you.
13. He will clothe you.
14. Jesus loves you.
15. Do n't reject him.
16. Only trust him.
17. Hellelujah. Amen.

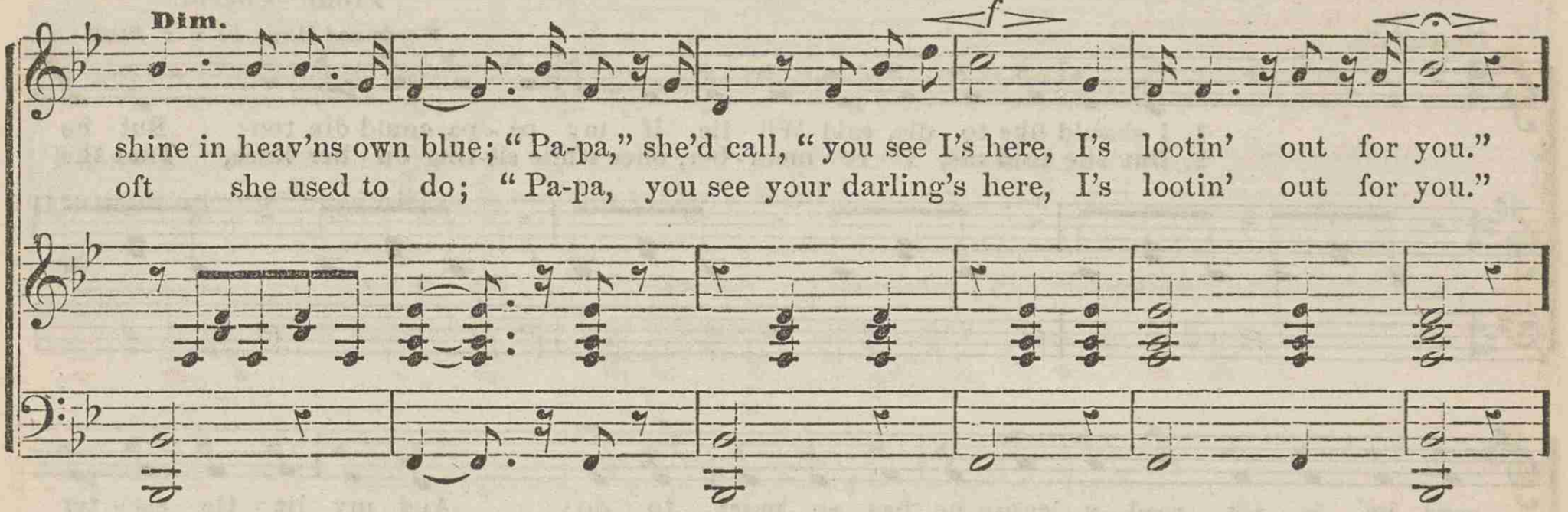
"I'S LOOTIN' OUT FOR YOU."
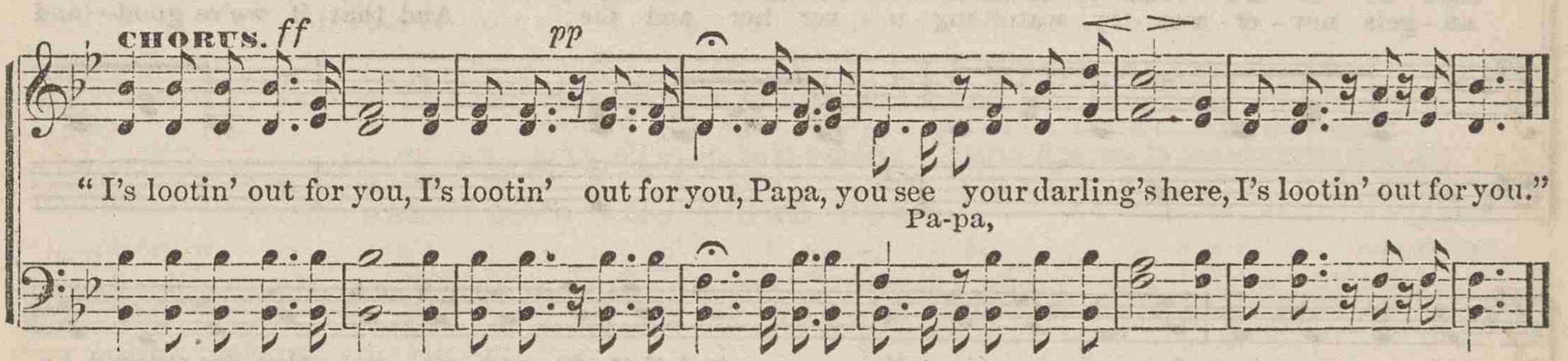
Words arranged.

With expression.









3 Alas! how lonely now our life,
As through the world we roam,
Since no sweet voice calls out to me,
To bid me welcome home.
No loving arms thrown 'round me now,
No eyes so sweetly blue,
No voice now calls from cottage door
"I's lootin' out for you."

4 Yet O, what comfort to my heart,
That when I'm called away
From toils below to joys above,
In heaven's eternal day;
That there she'll meet me at the gate,
Just as I'm passing through,
"Papa," she'll call, with her sweet voice,
"I's lootin' out for you."

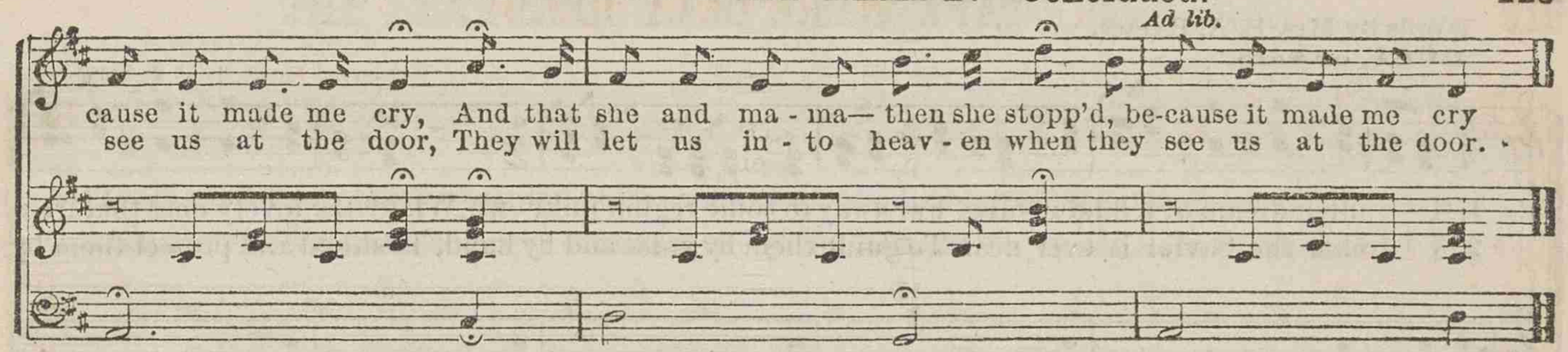
IF PAPA WERE ONLY READY.

From "Charm."

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

Thoughtfully.

1. I should like to die, said Wil - lie, if my pa - pa could die too; But he says he is - n't read - y, 'cause he has so much to do; And my lit - tle sis - ter
2. But she told me, I re - mem - ber, once while sit-ting on her knee, That the an - gels nev - er wea - ry, watch-ing o - ver her and me; And that if we're good—(and Nel - lie says that I must sure - ly die, And that she and ma - ma— then she stopp'd, be-
ma - ma told me just the same be - fore,) They will let us in - to heav - en when they

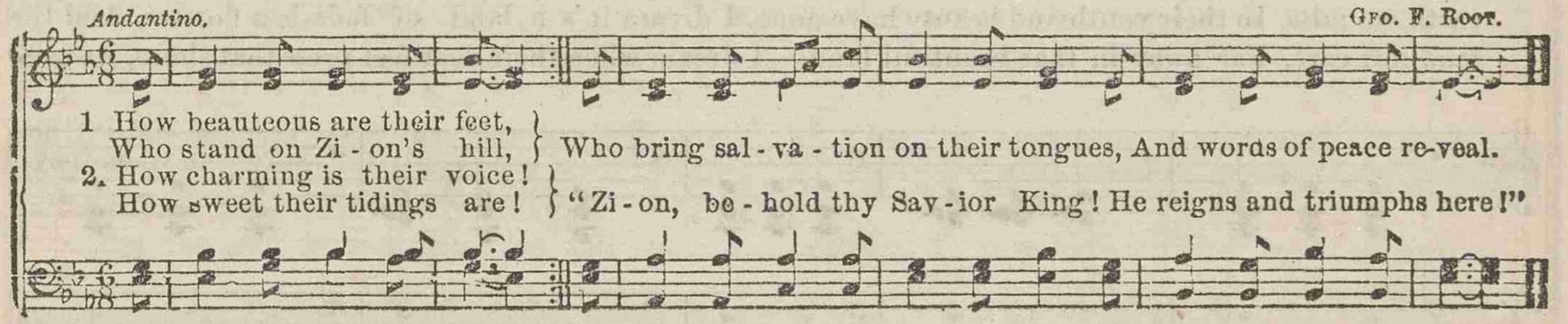


3. There I know I shall be happy, and will always want to stay;
I shall love to hear the singing, I shall love the endless day;
I shall love to look at Jesus, I shall love Him more and more,
:And I'll gather water-lilies for the angel at the door. :‖

4. There will be none but the holy—I shall know no more of sin;
Though I'll see mama and Nellie, for I know he'll let them in,
But I'll have to tell the angel, when I meet him at the door,
‖: That he must excuse my papa, 'cause he couldn't leave the store. :‖

5. Nellie says, that may be I shall very soon be called away;
If papa were only ready, I should like to go to-day;
But if I should go before him to that world of light and joy,
‖: Then I guess he'd want to come to Heaven to see his little boy. :‖

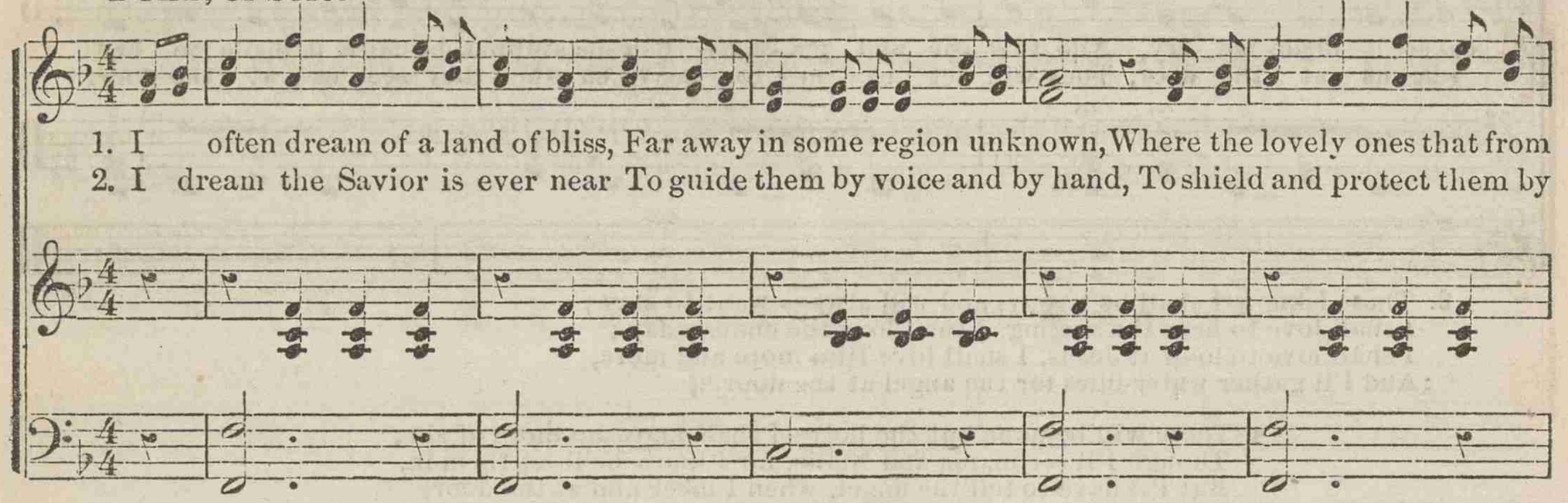
HOW BEAUTEOUS ARE THEIR FEET.
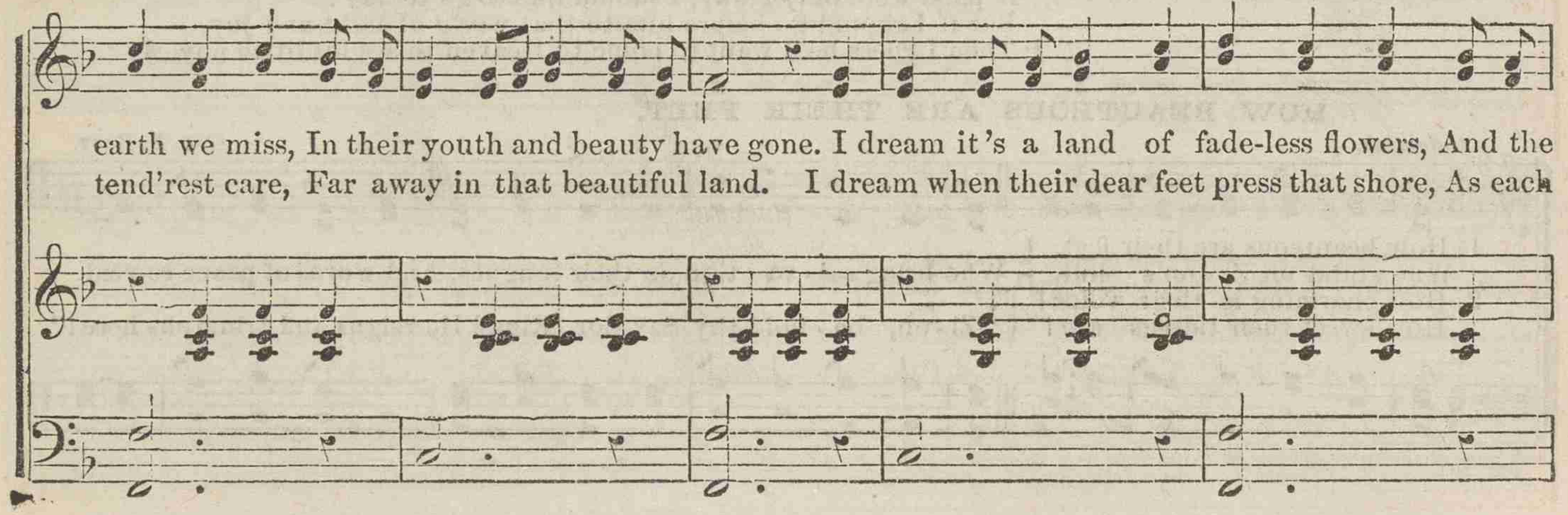


THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF HEAVEN.

Words by Mrs. E. A. BACON.

DUET, or Solo.





skies are of azure blue, And the children live in its sunny bowers, With hearts that are tender and true.
to the dear Savior's given, A new song is sung in that land evermore, That beautiful land of heaven.
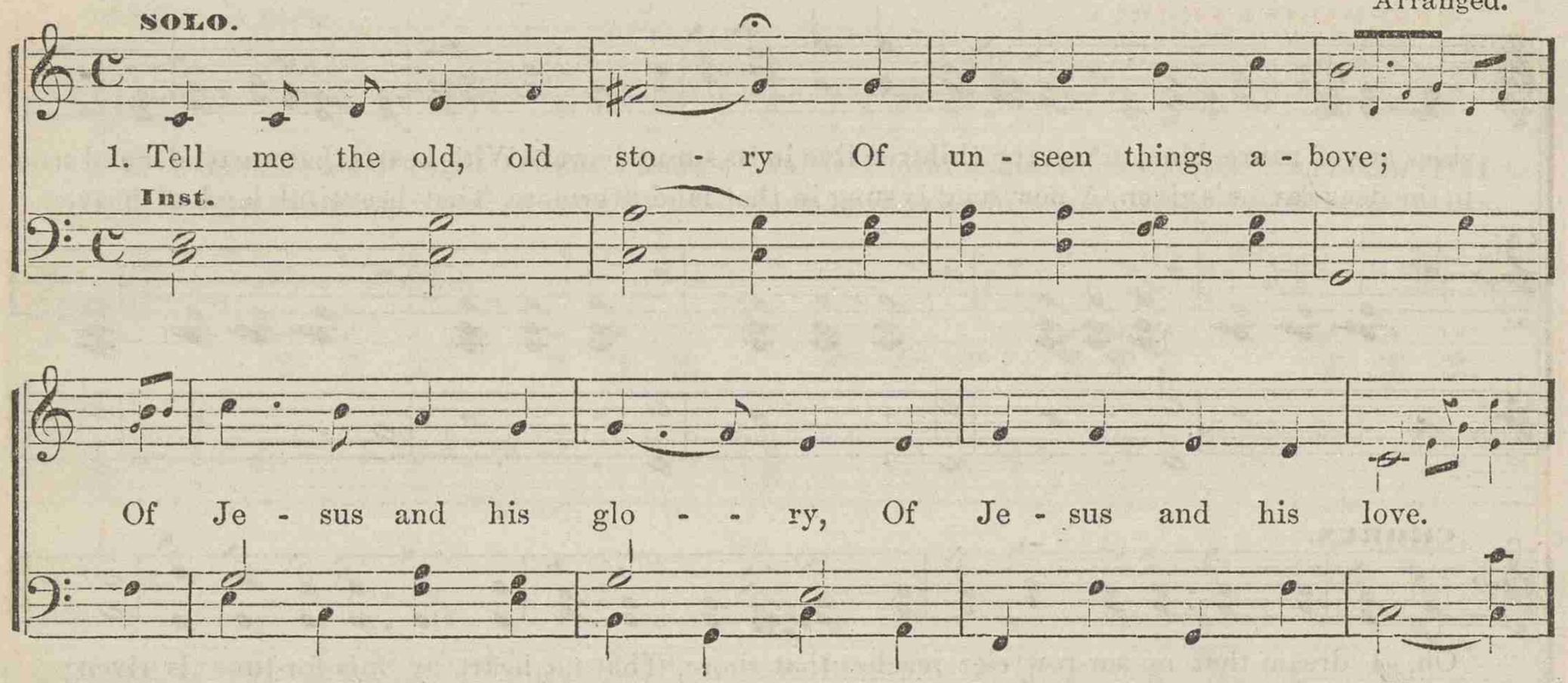
CHORUS.

Oh, I dream that no sor-row e'er reaches that shore, That no heart by mis-for-tune is riven;

But the soul mov-eth up-ward and on ev - er-more, In that beau - ti - ful land of heaven.

THE NEW, OLD STORY.

Arranged.



2 Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child;
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

3 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption—
God's remedy for sin!
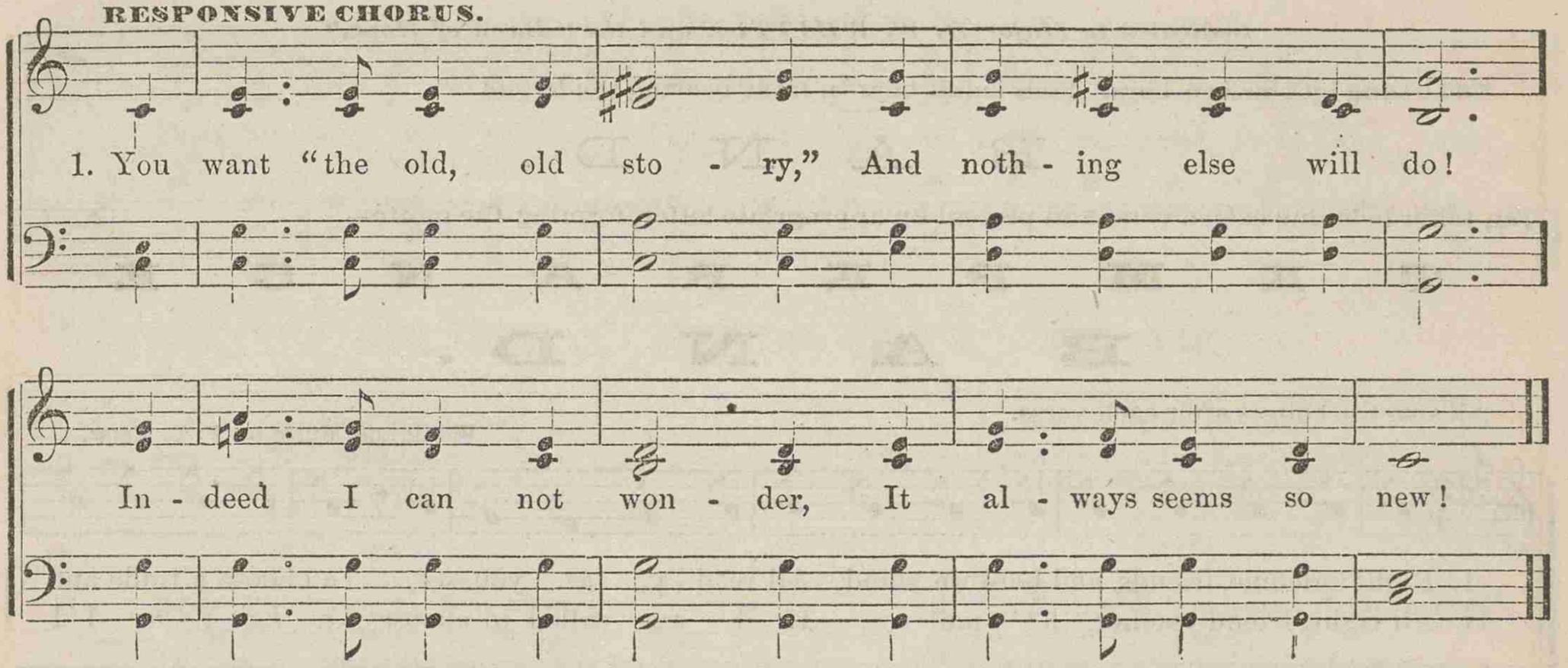
4 Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon!

5 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember, I 'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.

6 Tell me the story always
If you would really be
In any time of trouble
A comforter to me.

7 Yes, and when that world's glory
Shall dawn upon my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole!"

RESPONSIVE CHORUS.



2 I often wish that some one
Would tell it me each day;
I never should get tired
Of what they had to say.

3 But I am wasting moments!
Oh! how shall I begin
To tell "the old, old story,"
How Jesus saves from sin?

4 Listen, and I will tell you;
God help both you and me,
And make "the old, old story,"
His message unto thee!

5 Do you at heart believe it?
Do you believe it's true,
And meant for every sinner,
And therefore, meant for you?

6 Then take this "great salvation;"
For Jesus loves to give!
Believe! you may receive it!
Believe! and you shall live!

7 Soon, soon our eyes shall see him!
And, in our home above,
We 'll sing "the old, old story
Of Jesus and his love!"

TEMPERANCE BAND.

From "Sunshine."

Dedicated to Major D. W. WHITTLE and the "Band of Hope."

To be sung by fourteen boys. Four small boys in front bearing the letters

B A N D.

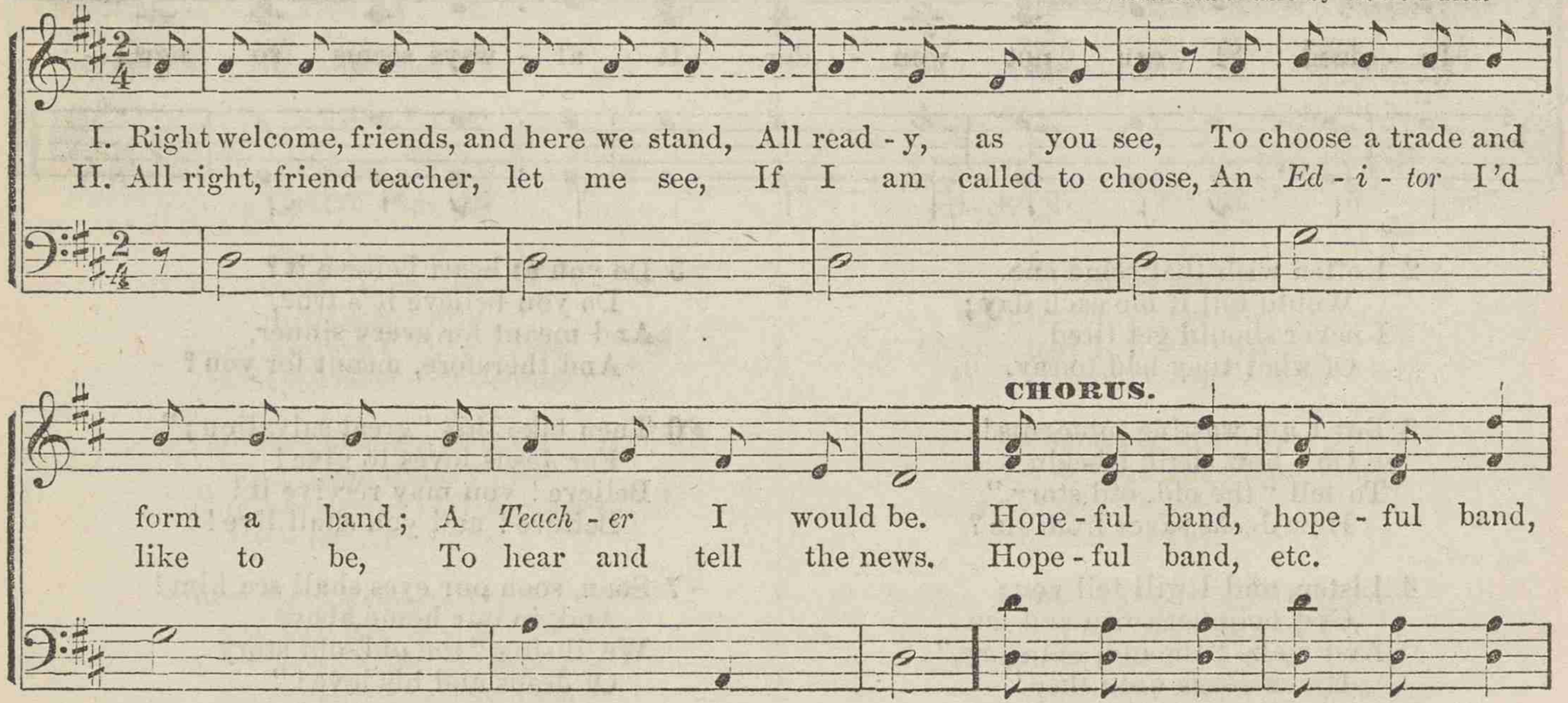
Ten taller lads sing each a verse and present an appropriate letter, forming the motto—

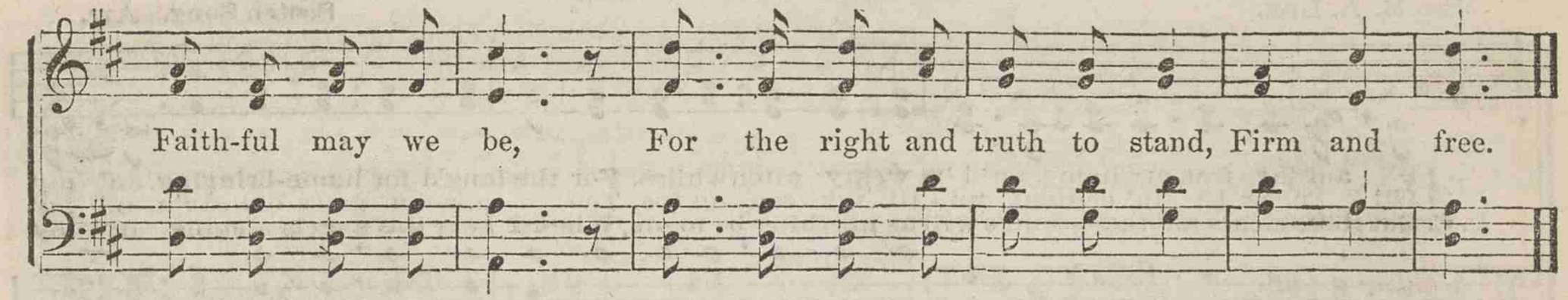
T E M P E R A N C E

B A N D.

All sing the chorus after each verse.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.





III.

I'll take your paper, Mr. E.,
If I may join your band;
For I a *Merchant* hope to be,
A merchant rich and grand.

IV.

Be true and honest, rich or not,
All ye who trade or teach,
And do your best whate'er your lot—
I think I'd like to *Preach*.

V.

My choice, I 'm free enough to say,
Perhaps you 'll think it queer,
Would be, if I could have my way,
To be an *Engineer*.

VI.

I'll go to Congress, if I can,
I have a point in view;
I'll try to be an honest man,
And be a *Ruler*, too.

VII.

No dwelling-place with naked walls,
A cheerful *home* can be;
A mystic voice my spirit calls—
An *Artist's* brush for me.

VIII.

I'll preach and teach and write and read,
And travel if I can;
I'll give whate'er my neighbors need,
And be a *Nice* old man.

IX.

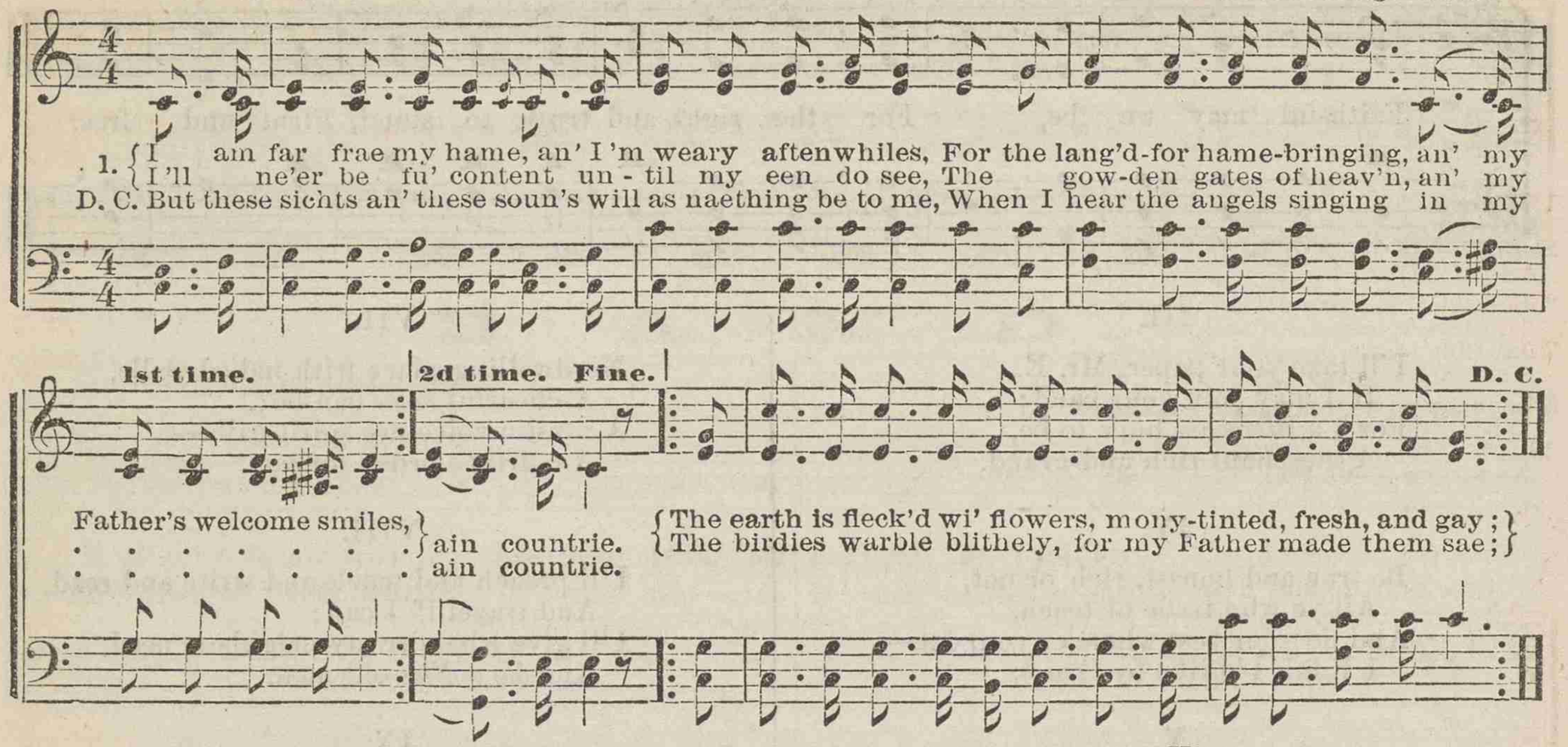
I may not serve my country so,
Nor live to be quite old.
So to the army I will go,
To be a *Captain* bold.

X.

For Temperance my voice shall tell,
Where'er my way may wend;
If all be well that endeth well,
I'll answer to the END.
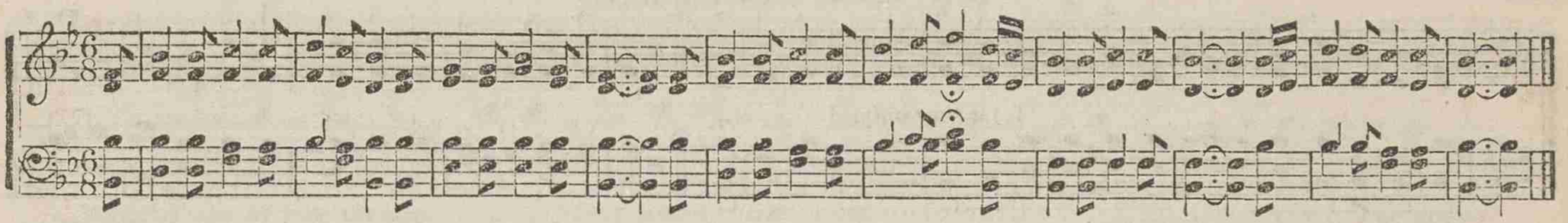
MY AIN COUNTRIE.

Miss M. A. Lee. Scotch Song. Arr.



2 I've his gude word of promise, that some gladsome day the King
To his ain royal palace, his banished hame will bring,
Wi' een, an' wi' heart running owre we shall see
"The King in his beauty," an' our ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, and my sorrows hae been sair;
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair.
For his bluid hath made me white, and his hand shall dry my e'e,
When he brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.

3 He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' he'll surely come again,
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
So I 'm watching aye, and singing o' my hame as I wait,
For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the gowden gate,
God gie his grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countrie.



1 With love the Savior's heart o'er-
Love spoke in every breath; [flowed,
Supreme it reigned throughout his
And triumphed in his death. [life.

2 Behold, this new command he gives
To those who bear his name,—
That they shall one another love,
As he hath loved them.

3 Let all who bear the name of Christ,
While they his sufferings view,
Think of his words, "Each other love,
As I have lovéd you."

1 Jesus, and didst thou condescend,
When vailed in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?

2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to see?
Jesus, thou Son of David, hear—
Have mercy, too, on me!
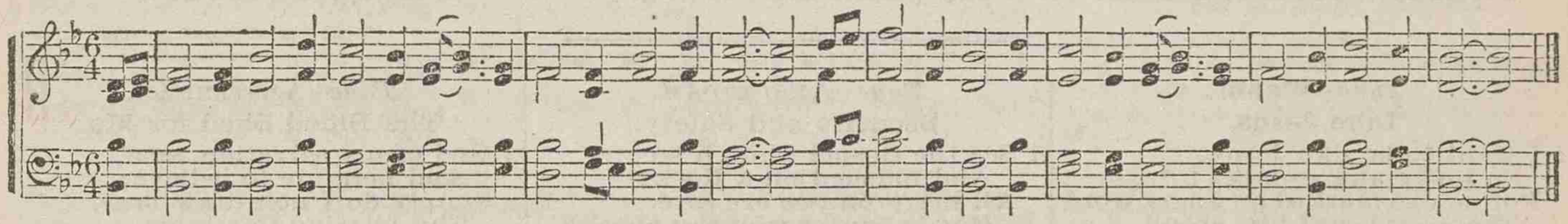
3 And didst thou pity mortal woe,
And sight and health restore?
Then pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more.

1 Lord, I believe; thy power I own;
Thy word I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Yes! I believe; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief;
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow;
"Help thou mine unbelief!"

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.



1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there 's a cross for every one,
And there 's a cross for me.

2 This consecrated cross I 'll bear
Till death shall make me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there 's a crown for me.

3 O, precious cross! O, glorious crown!
O, resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

1 O God of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who, thro' this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led:

2 Our vows, our prayers we now pre-
Before thy throne of grace; [sent
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.
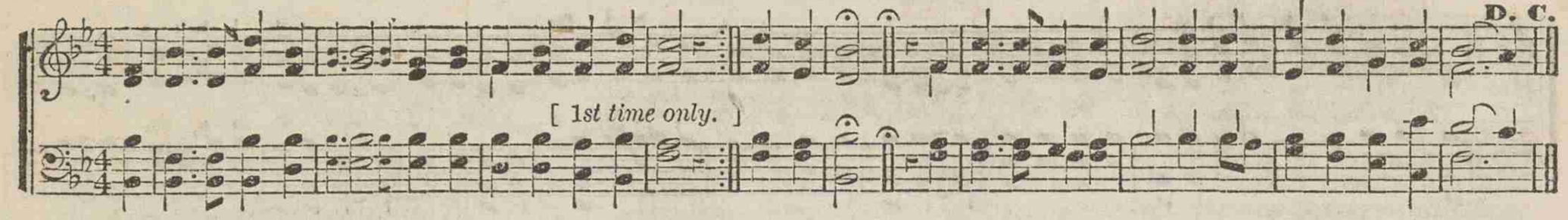
3 O, spread thy cov'ring wings around
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

1 Thy law is perfect, Lord of light;
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandment pure.

2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my ears,
The day-spring to my eyes.

3 So may the words my lips express,—
The tho'ts that throng my mind,—
O Lord, my strength and righteous-
With thee acceptance find. [ness,

WEBB. 7s & 6s.



1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

1 To thee, O blessed Savior,
Our grateful songs we raise;
Oh, tune our hearts and voices,
Thy holy name to praise.
'Tis by thy sovereign mercy
We're here allowed to meet,
To join with friends and teachers,
Thy blessing to entreat.

2 Lord, guide and bless our teachers,
Who labor for our good:
And may the Holy Scriptures
By us be understood;
Oh, may our hearts be given
To thee, our glorious King,
That we may meet in heaven,
Thy praises there to sing.

1 Ashamed to be a Christian,
Afraid the world should know
I'm on my way to Zion,
Where joys eternal flow!
Forbid it, O my Savior,
That I should ever be
Afraid to wear thy color,
Or blush to follow thee.

2 Ashamed to be a Christian,
To love my God and King!
The fire of zeal is burning,
My soul is on the wing.
I want a faith made perfect,
That all the world may see,
I stand a living witness
Of mercy, rich and free.

Tune—WEBB.

Like Jesus.

1 I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard him speak.
I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain-top,
He met his Father there.

2 I want to be like Jesus;
I never, never find
That he, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.
I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."

Tune—AMSTERDAM.

Security and Safety.

1 See the Gospel Church secure,
And founded on a Rock;
All her promises are sure,
Her bulwarks who can shock?
Count her every precious shrine;
Tell, to after-ages tell—
Fortified by power divine,
The Church can never fail.
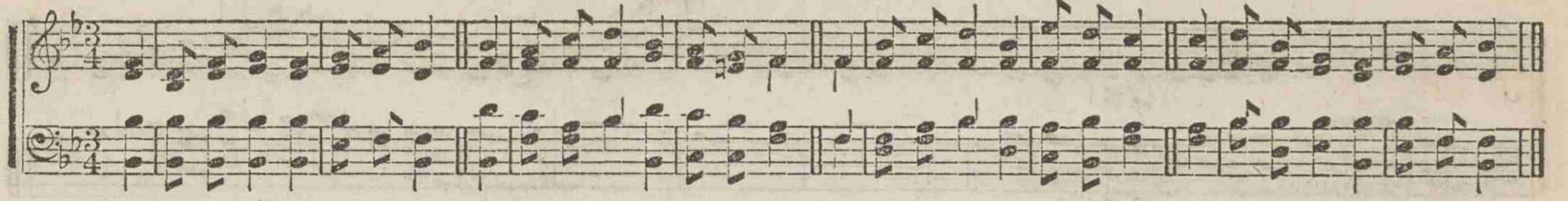
2 Zion's God is all our own,
Who on his love rely;
We his pard'ning love have known,
And live to Christ, and die:
To the New Jerusalem
He our faithful Guide shall be;
Him we claim, and rest in him,
Through all eternity.

Tune—AMSTERDAM.

The Blood Shed for Me.

1 God of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive.
Full of guilt, alas! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee.
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye;
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh.
Now as yesterday, the same
Thou art, and wilt forever be:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.



Memorials of his Grace.

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

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

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

Trusting in his Death.

1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting sinner live.
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 Guilty I stand before thy face;
On me I feel thy wrath abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place; [died!
'Tis just,—but oh, thy Son hath

Nothing but Jesus.

1 Wherewith, O Lord, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 What gifts delight the Lord most high?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favor buy,
Or slaughtered hecatombs appease?

3 What have I then wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my every boast;
My glory swallowed up in shame.

The Word.

1 Before the heavens were spread abroad,
From everlasting was thy Word;
With God he was, the Word was God!
And must divinely be adored.

2 By his own power were all things made;
By him supported, all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms; [clay,
The Word descends and dwells in
That he may converse hold with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

Grateful Praise.

1 Now, in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;
With all his saints I'll join to tell
That Jesus hath done all things well.

2 Wisdom, and power, and love divine,
In all his works, unrivaled shine,
And force the wondering world to tell
That he alone did all things well.

3 And when I stand before his throne,
And all his ways are fully known,
This note in sweetest strains shall swell,
That Jesus hath done all things well.

The Lord giveth Success.

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

2 'Tis useless toil our stores to keep—
Early to rise and late to sleep—
Unless the Lord, who reigns on high,
His providential care supply.
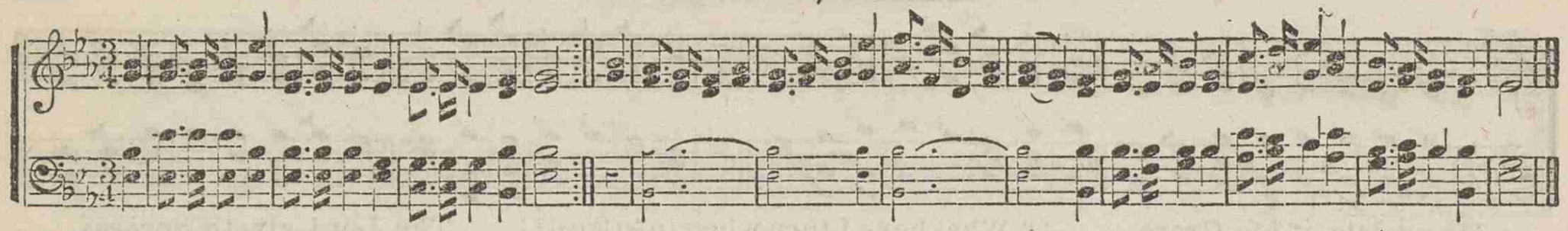
3 Grant, Lord, that we may ever flee
For guidance and for help to thee;
Thy blessing ask whate'er we do,
And in thy strength our work pursue.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

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

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

VARINA. C. M., Double.



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

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

Joy to the World.

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

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

The Race for Glory.

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

2 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is he whose hand presents the
To thine aspiring eye. [prize
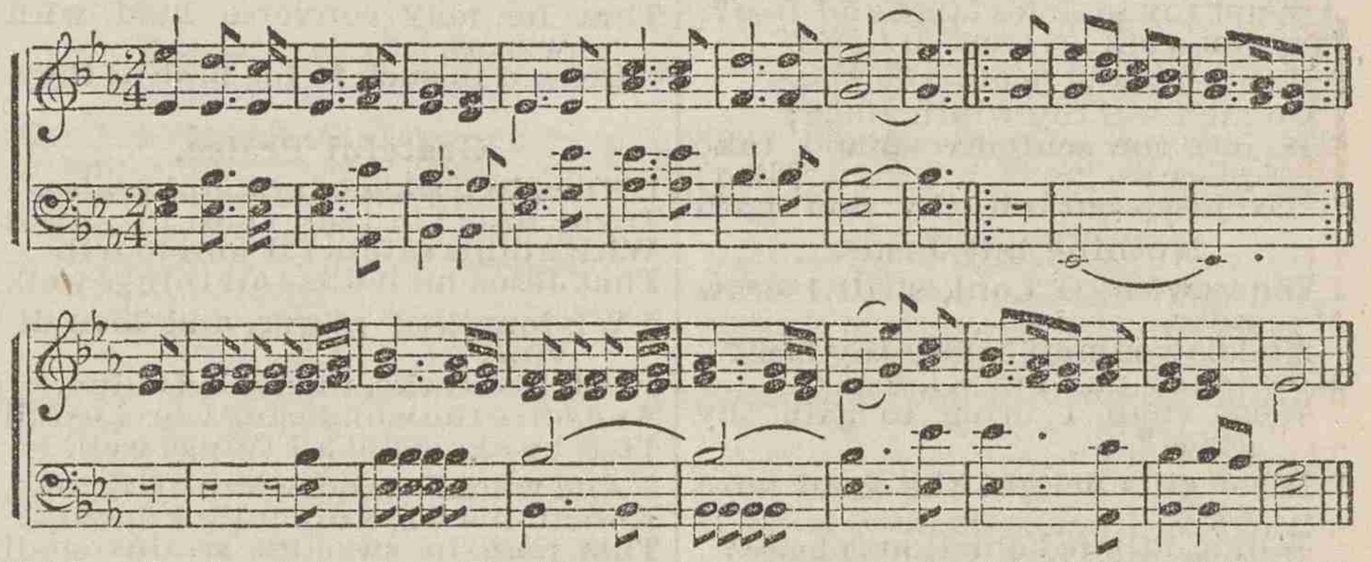
1 How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defense!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.
In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Thro' burning climes they pass un-
And breathe in tainted air. [hurt,

2 In midst of dangers, fears, and
Thy goodness we 'll adore. [deaths,
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
Our life, while thou preserv'st that
Thy sacrifice shall be; [life,
And death, when death shall be our
Shall join our souls to thee. [lot.

1 Jesus, immortal King, arise!
Assert thy mortal sway;
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.
Send forth thy word, and let it fly
The spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.
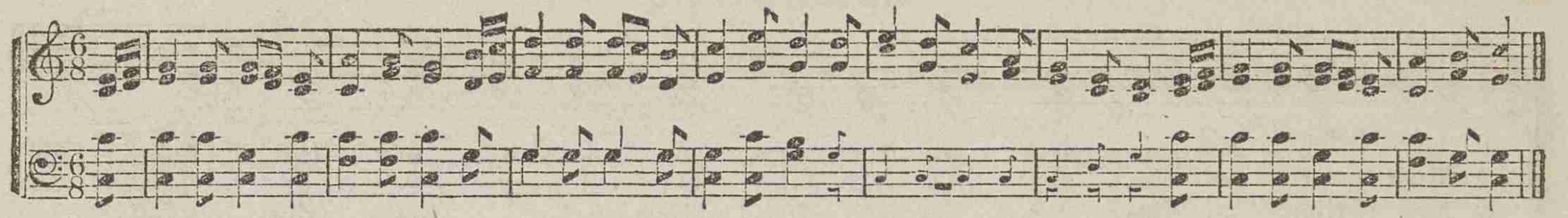
2 Oh, may the great Redeemer's Name
Through every clime be known,
And heathen gods, forsaken, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Be thou, O Christ, adored,
And earth, with all her millions
Hosannas to the Lord. [shout

ANTIOCH. C. M.



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

RETREAT. L. M.



1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

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

1 Thine earthly Sabbath, Lord, we love,
But there 's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.
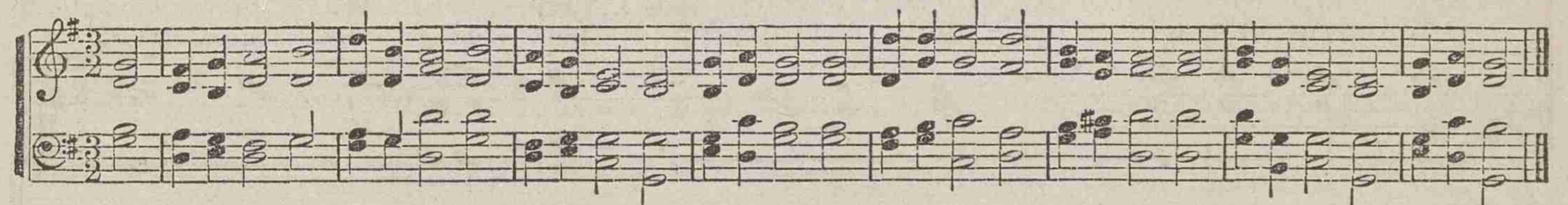
3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun;
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th'expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay—
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say—
How blest the righteous when he dies!

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.



1 O love, thy sov'reign aid impart,
And guard the gift thyself hast given;
My portion, thou, my treasure art,
My life and happiness and heaven.

2 Would aught on earth my wishes share?
Though dear as life the idol be;
The idol from my breast I 'll tear,
Resolved to seek my all in thee.

3 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To thee, my Lord, I here restore;
Gladly I all to thee resign;
Give me thyself, I ask no more.

1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Come all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wand'rers after rest,
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

3 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice;
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

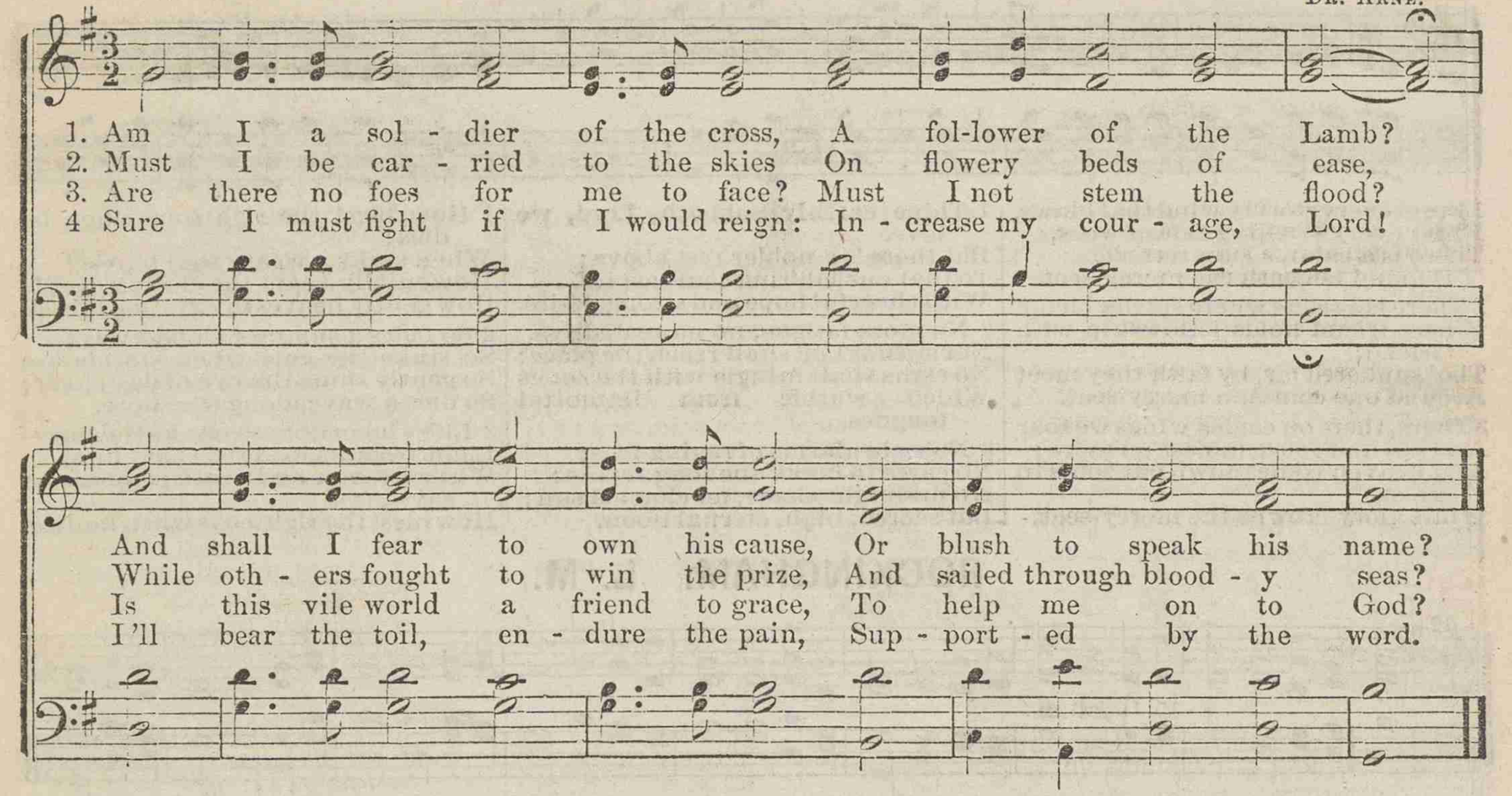
1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our work and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirit up,
While we expect that blessed hope—
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

ARLINGTON.

DR. ARNE.
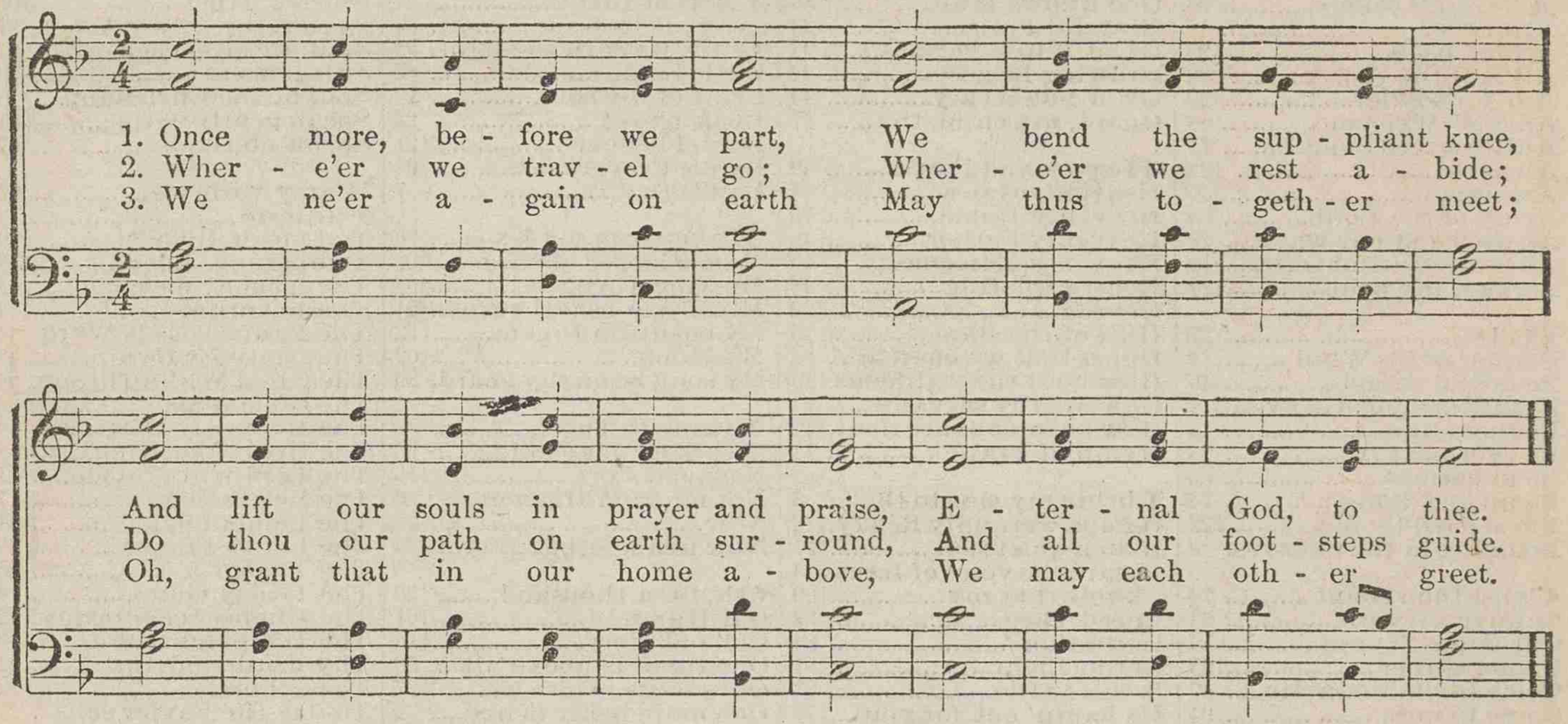


1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

4 O thou by whom we come to God—
The Life, the Truth, the Way—
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray!



1 Our times are in thy hand,
O God, we wish them there;
Our life, our friends, our souls we leave
Entirely to thy care.

2 Our times are in thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

3 Our times are in thy hand,
Why should we doubt or fear?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

---

1 If on a quiet sea
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We 'll own the fav'ring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

INDEX.

	PAGE
Above all others	26
After thee	18
All for Jesus	95
All hail the power	120
Am I a soldier	120
Angels' Welcome	88
Anti-tobacco Song	77
Antioch	124
Arlington	126
Army of the Lord	50
As we wend our way	22
At the Beautiful Gate	10
Awake, my soul	124
Badea	127
Banner of his Word	34
Beautiful Angels	46
Beautiful land of heaven	114
Be Dove-like	5
Be ever near	23
Be in earnest	55
Be up and doing	74
Blood shed for me	122
Bringing in the Sheaves	9
Canst thou count	79
Captive's Hymn	43
Christmas Hymn	59
Come, sinner	125
Come to the Fountain	47
Come to me	94
Come to Jesus	109
Come, ye children	50
Coronation	120
Creation	103
Cross and Crown	121
Crown him Lord of all	120
Don't be idle	30
Ever keep me	35
Feed my Lambs	29
From every stormy wind	125
Gather them into the	56
Giving	80
Give others elbow-room	65
Give me a Home	100
Golden Side	66
God knows it all	86
Grateful Praise	123
Great White Throne	24
Growing Brighter	22
Grow not Weary	40
Guard, my child, thy	67
Heaven and Earth	49
Heavenly Gates	4
Heavenly Home	76
Heavenly Father	42
Heavenly Mansions	44
Heart's Offering	48
Hebron	123
Hills of the Blest	15
Hopes that we cherish	83
How blest the righteous	125
How are thy servants	124
How beauteous are their	113
Hymn of Praise	11
I bring my sins to thee	8
If Papa were only Ready	112
If on a quiet sea	127
I heard the voice of Jesus	124
I know that my	120
I need Thee	39
Invitation	84
In the Light	91
Is this to Die	33
I 's lootin' out for you	110
Is it I	54
It is I	12
I want to be like Jesus	112
Jehovah Jireh	37
Jesus is born	59
Jesus died for me	71
Jesus loves me	45
Jesus, my Lord, I come	18
Jesus, immortal King	124
Jesus, if still thou art	120
Jesus, and didst thou	121
Journeying toward the River	16
Joy to the World	124
Keep the Path	78
Keep me, dear Savior	38
Knock, and it shall be	3
Land of Light	31
Lead me to Jesus	69
Let us walk in the light	91
Little Lambs	32
Light of my soul	23
Look above	27
Lord, I believe	121
Lord's Prayer	63
Lord's Day	7
Make room for Jesus	70
Memorials of his Grace	123
Messenger Angels	108
Must Jesus bear the Cross	121
My beautiful Dream	52
My Home	102
My soul, be on thy guard	89
Nearer to Thee	53
'Neath Elim's cooling	96
New, old story	116
Not far from Heaven's	6
Now	42
Now in a song of grateful	123
Oh, for a thousand	120
Old Hundred	101
Old, old Story	116
One there is above all	26
Once more before we	127
One more heart is free	72
Open the door for the children	56
Ortonville	121
O, sing of that beautiful	58
O, thou fount	97
O, toiler, grow not weary	40
Our Savior's Praise	81
Our times are in thy	127
Pledge (The)	85
Praise God, from whom	97
Praise God, ye heavenly	97
Remembered	104
Resolution	75
Retreat	125
River of Death	68
Rockingham	125
Run the Heavenly Race	38
Sacred Trust	106
Savior, thy gentle Voice	97
Shall we meet each other	87
Shining ones	73
Soul of the Christian	15
Speak gently to the	61
Speak no Ill	67
Tarry with me	60
Tell Jesus	13
Tell me of Heaven	20
Temperance Band	118
The Angels' Welcome	88
The Beautiful Land	114
The Banner of his Word	34
The Captive's Hymn	43
The Great White Throne	24
The Golden Side	66
The Heavenly Gates	4
The Heart's Offering	48
The Lord will provide	37
The Lord's Day	7
The Land of light	31
The Lord's Prayer	63
The Pledge	85
The Pearly Gates	4
The Sunday-school army	82
The Temperance Star	93
Thy word abideth	51
To be there	92
To-day the Savior calls	17
To Thee	8
Watchwords	28
Waiting, Watching	19
Waiting at the Door	98
Walk in the Light	91
We gather in the children	64
We shall be like Him	14
We speak of the realms	97
We are journeying	16
We 'll drink from the	90
We Come	81
What say the Bells	62
When Jesus comes	36
When we gather	25
Where is Heaven	57
Work, brother, work	99
Will you join our Army	41
Woodland	121

Popular Musical Works issued by the Publishers of this Book.

NEW MUSICAL CURRICULUM, $3.00

By Geo. F. Root.

This greatly improved work is the *best* **Piano Instructor** *ever published.* Teachers are specially recommended to examine a copy; with it they may defy competition.

***THE GLORY,** by Geo. F. Root, 1.50

A collection of new music for singing classes, musical conventions and choirs. 30,000 of the GLORY were ordered in advance of publication.

THE TRUE CHOIR, by A. N. Johnson, 1.50

It is believed that no book has ever been published which will prove more useful and interesting to choirs and singing schools than "*The True Choir.*"

CHURCH'S MUSICAL VISITOR.

The largest, handsomest and cheapest musical and art magazine published in America—28 pages, fine book paper, covered, bound, stitched and cut.

Each number will contain *three or four new pieces of Music*, which alone would cost more than a whole year's subscription. Specimen copy, free. Per ye[illegible] 1.50

***HOUR OF PRAISE,** by Geo. F. Root, .50

A new collection of the best p[illegible]es of this author for *Short Schools, Praye. Meetings, Congregational and Sunday Schoo[illegible] Singing.* A few lessons will enable all who are interested to read all the music in this book.

SONG KING, by H. R. Palmer, .75

The most popular convention book in the field.

This work contains *one hundred and ninety-two pages*, being *eighty pages* larger than its popular predecessor the SONG QUEEN.

For Sabbath Schools.

***SONGS OF LOVE,**
H. R. PALMER.
35c. **$3.60 per Doz.**

***EVERY SABBATH,**
T. C. O'KANE.
35c. **$3.60 per Doz.**

***SUNSHINE,**
P. P. BLISS.
35c. **$3.60 per Doz.**

THE CROWN,
L. H. DOWLING.
35c. **$3.60 per Doz.**

***THE GOLDEN RULE,**
S. W. STRAUB.
35c. **$3.60 per Doz.**

THE SILVER SPRAY.
W. H. DOANE.
35c. **$3.60 per Doz.**

THE PRIZE,
G. F. ROOT.
35c. **$3.60 per Doz.**

THE CHARM,
P. P. BLISS.
35c. **$3.60 per Doz.**

Sparkling Jewels,
K. SHAW.
30c. **$3.00 per Doz.**

THE TRUE SINGING SCHOOL TEXT BOOK, by A. N. Johnson, .75

Contains the easiest method for teaching scholars to read music that has ever been invented. It is the *best book* for singing schools ever issued.

THE TRUE JUVENILE SONG BOOK, .50

By A. N. Johnson,

This attractive book is believed to teach the "true" mode upon which children ought to be taught, and contains one of the best collections of Juvenile Songs ever published.

FOREST CHOIR, by Geo. F. Root, .60

A collection of music for the use of the day school, to which is prefixed a department entitled "Our Song Birds' Singing School."

SILVER CLARION, by D. Shryock, .45

For day schools and Juvenile classes.

***RYAN'S TRUE INSTUCTORS.**

Particular attention is directed to the books comprising this new series of improved Instruction Books. Each work is complete, and contains all necessary instruction, with a large collection of popular music.

Price of each book, .75

They are acknowledged to be the best and most complete, for the money, ever published.

***THE GOLDEN KEY,** by D. Shryock, .25

Contains, in the first 20 pages, a preparatory course, consisting of easy and progressive lessons, and Songs with sacred and secular words. The following pages contain the theoretical course as far as the transposition of scales. Next follow the exercises which are in SHRYOCK'S NEW MUSIC CHARTS.

**New.* ☞Specimen copies of any of the above sent by mail on receipt of *retail price.* Catalogues sent on application, FREE.