S.L.M.

SOLO OF THE ANGEL MESSENGER:

I come, I come from the Land of Song,
And I bear on my lightsome wings
The fragrant breath of the flowers that bloom
By the bright perennial springs.

S.L.M.



SONG-LAND MESSENGER

·COMPLETE·

A NEW SONG BOOK

For Revivals, Praise and Prayer Meetings,
Singing and Sunday Schools, and Churches,
and for the Home Circle.

BY H. N. LINCOLN.

J. M. ARMSTRONG, C. PHILA.

For sale by Music Dealers everywhere, and by the Author,
at Brownwood, Texas, in the Music Department
of Howard Payne College.

Price, 50 cents per copy, postpaid; $5.00 per dozen by express, not prepaid.

Published by H. N. LINCOLN, Dallas, Texas.

SONG-LAND

MESSENGER

COMPLETE.

By H. N. LINCOLN.

A New Song Book

FOR

USE IN ALL PUBLIC GATHERINGS WHERE
SELECT MUSIC IS DESIRED.

PUBLISHED BY

H. N. LINCOLN, Dallas, Texas.

**For Sale by Booksellers and Music
Dealers Everywhere.**

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L5S4
1892
(S)

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PREFACE.

IN preparing this book we have traversed up and down our "Song Land" by correspondence and otherwise and secured what we deem as some very valuable acquisitions to the world of song.

The imagination of a song-writer soars away to song land and brings back the message.
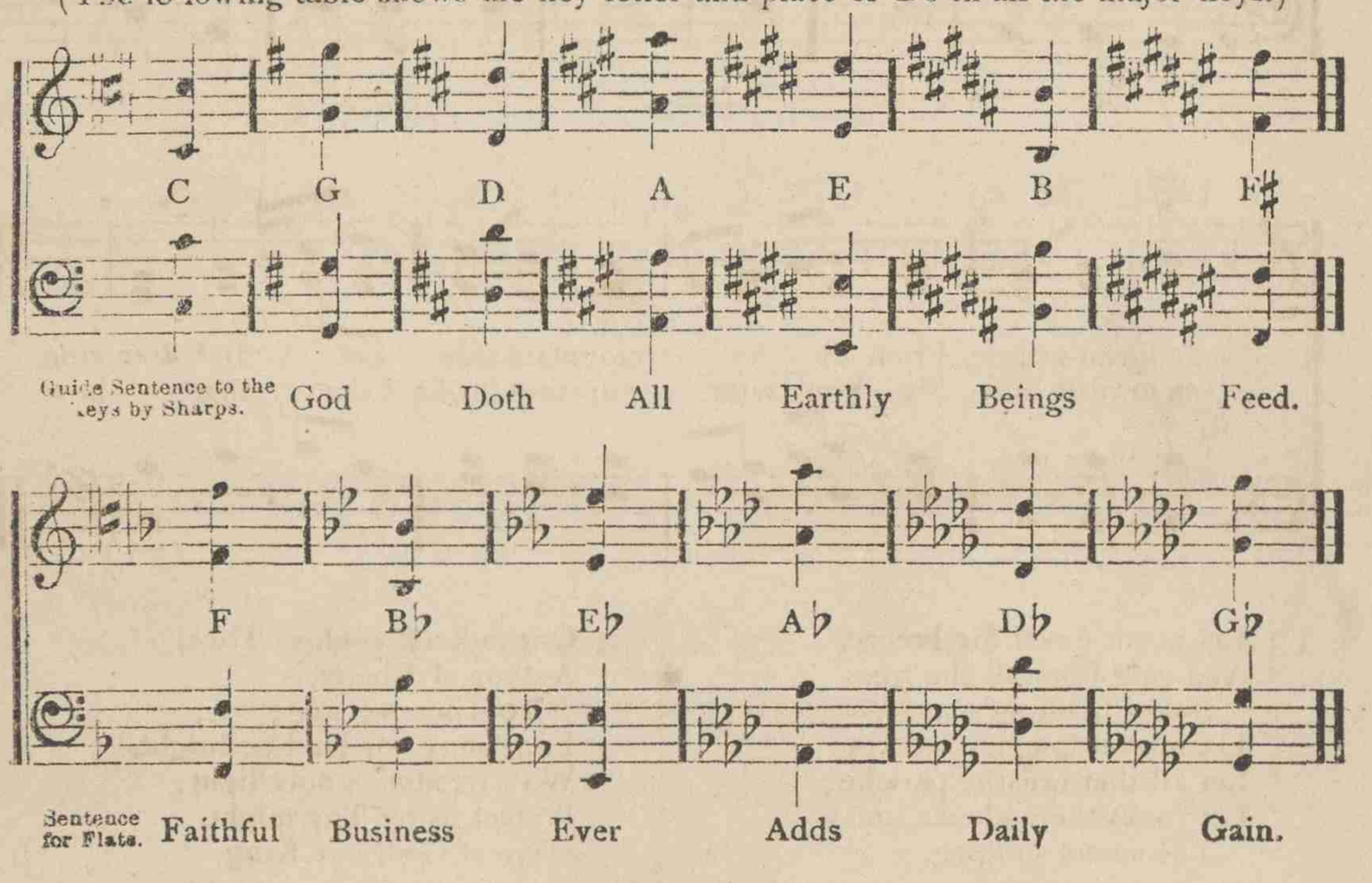
We send this "Messenger" out to the world laden with some of these messages, and trust its journey may not be in vain.

In 1889, was published "The Song-Land Messenger" which was the title of Book 1 of the Song-Land Messenger series. In 1890, was added Book 2, which combined with Book 1 was entitled "The New Song-Land Messenger." In 1892 was added Book 3, which combined with Books 1 and 2, is called "SONG LAND MESSENGER COMPLETE."

Thanking the many eminent composers whose uames and contributions adorn the pages of this book—and the musical public for the generous reception of Books 1 and 2 combined, and bespeaking a grand welcome in thousands of hearts, homes, schools and churches—for Song-Land Messenger Complete; the author sends it forth on its mission. May God add His blessing.

Your servant in song,
H. N. LINCOLN.

(The following table shows the key letter and place of Do in all the major keys.)
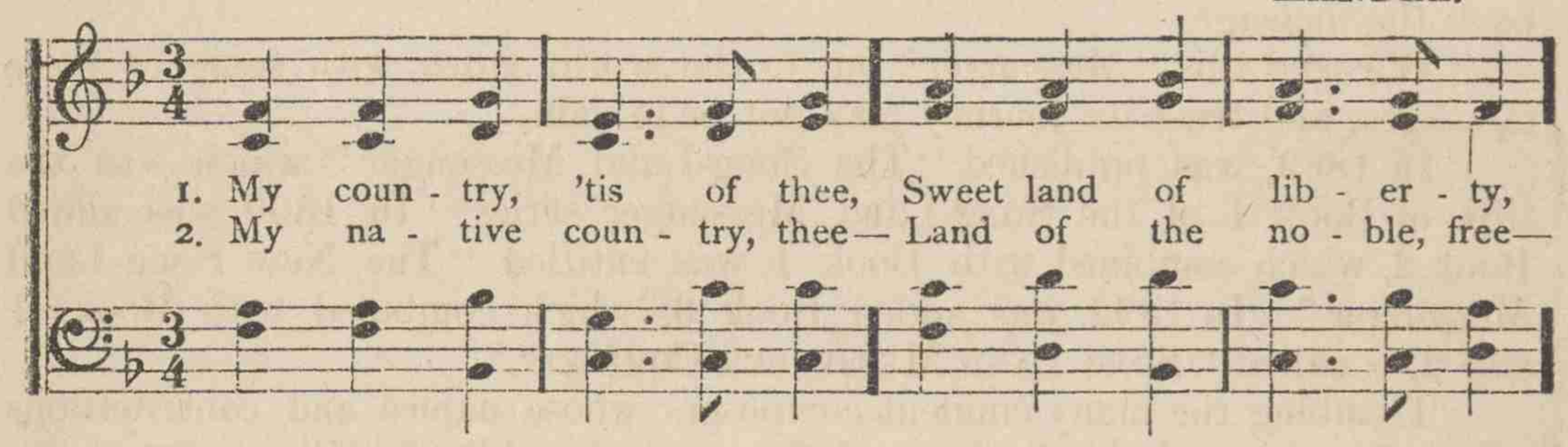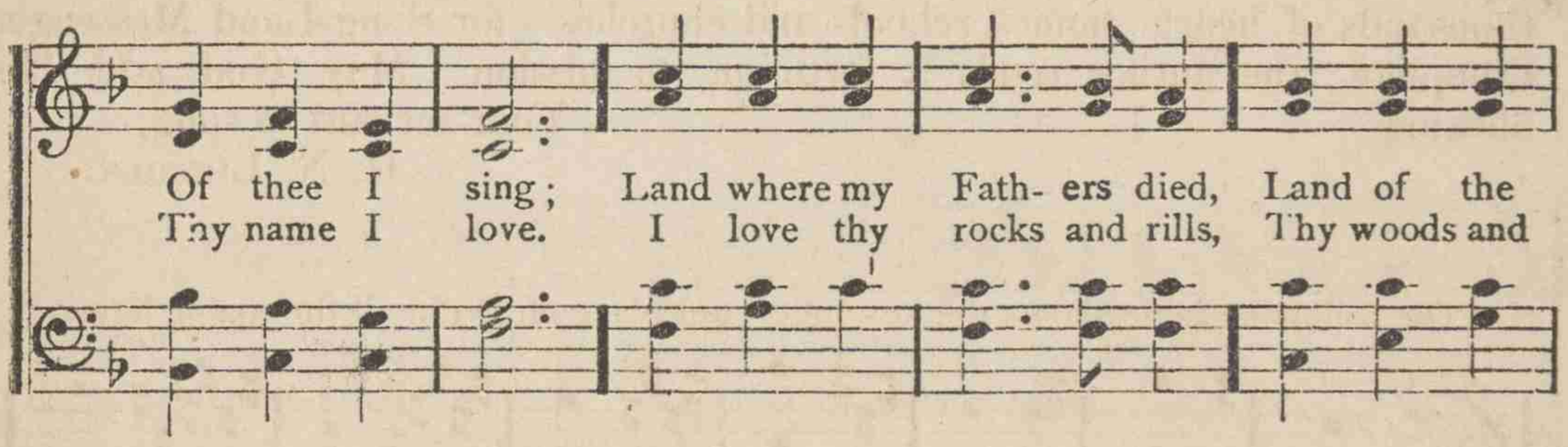


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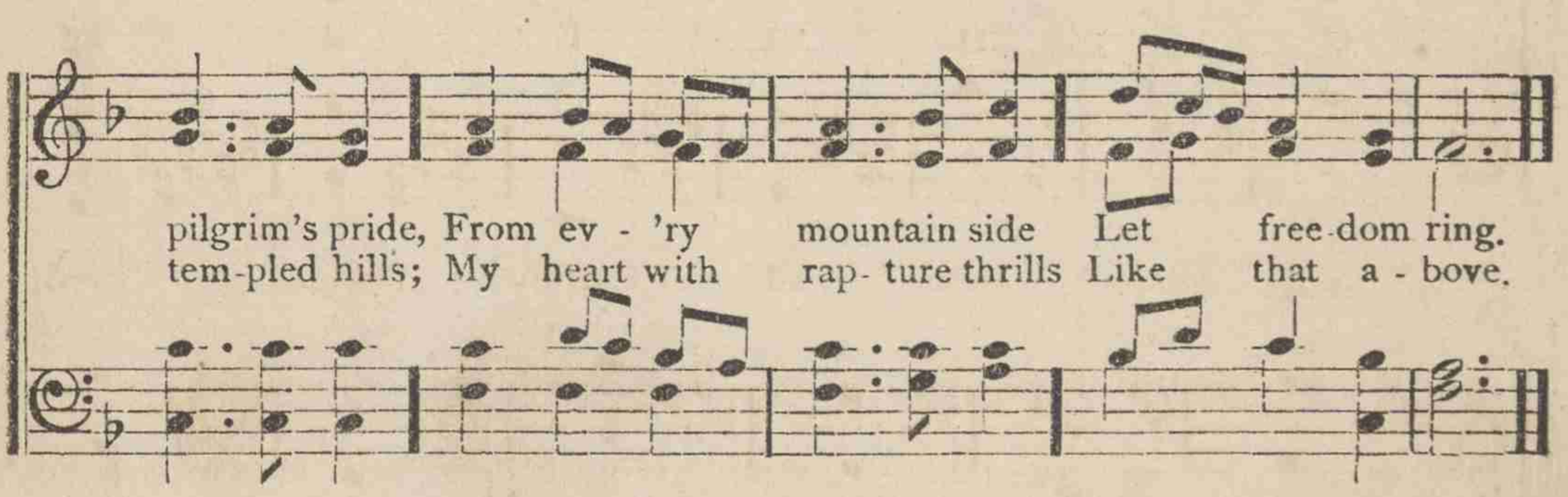
SONG-LAND MESSENGER.

No. 1. America. 6s. & 4s.

HANDEL.







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

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

19929

No. 2. Music In Heaven.

W. F. COSNER. H. J. LINCOLN.

1. There is mu- sic o - ver yon- der, On the bright e - ter - nal shore,
2. There is mu- sic o - ver yon- der, Where the crys - tal wa - ters glide,
3. There is mu- sic o - ver yon- der, And the song shall nev - er cease,

Where the saints shall dwell with Je - sus All the bright for - ev - er more;
Where the tree of life is ev - er, Bloom- ing by the sil- ver tide;
For the saints shall dwell for - ev - er With the Lord in perfect peace;

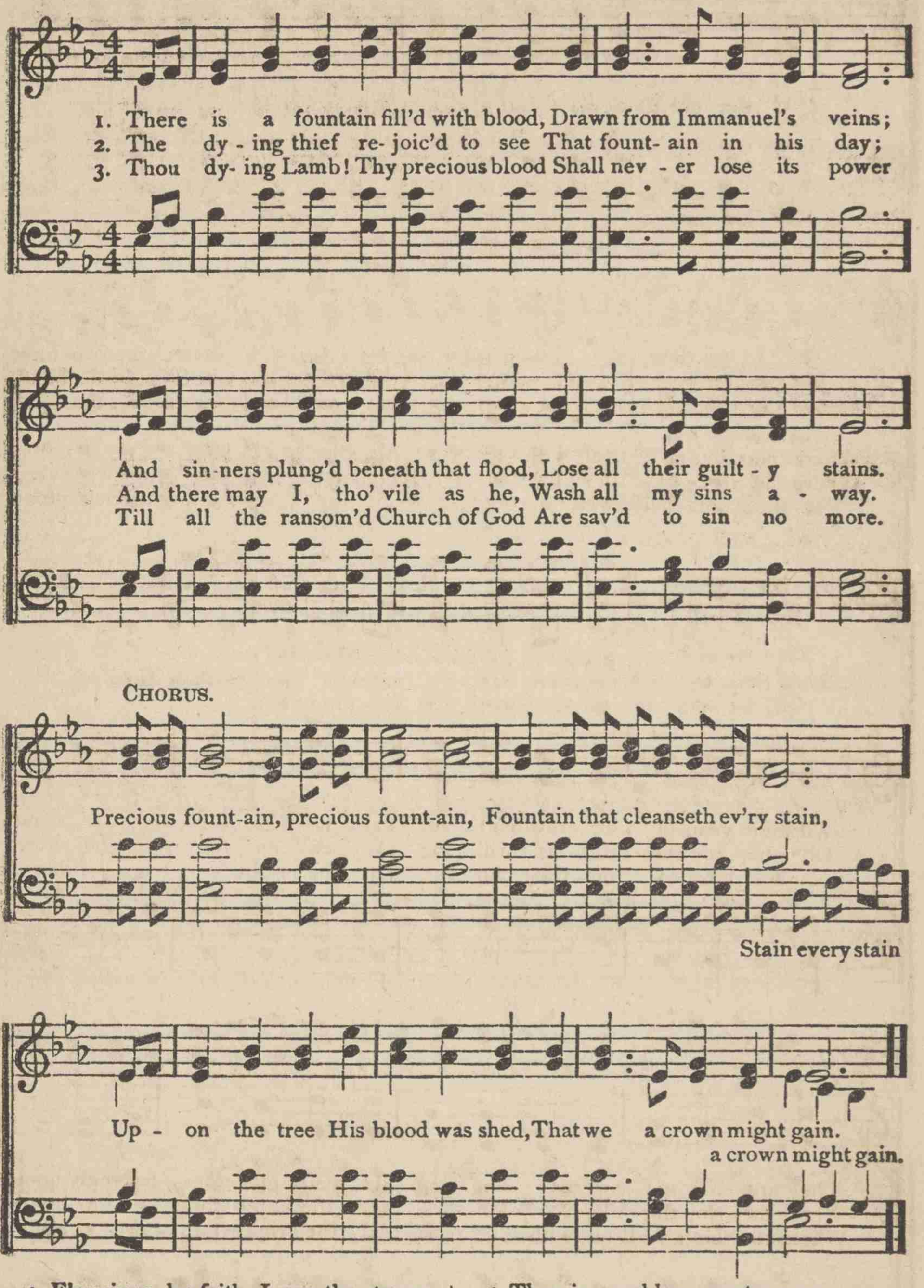
All their years of sor - row end - ed, Where no night can ev - er come,
Oh what joy the heart is thrill - ing Ov - er on the shin - ing shore,
Soon we hope to join their cho - rus, On the bright e - ter - nal shore,

They are sing- ing sweet-ly sing - ing In their glo- rious heavenly home.
Where they sing the song of Mo - ses And the Lamb for - ev - er more.
Where the saints shall be with Je - sus All the bright for - ev - er more.

No. 3.

Precious Fountain.

Music and Chorus by J. M. HUNT, by per.
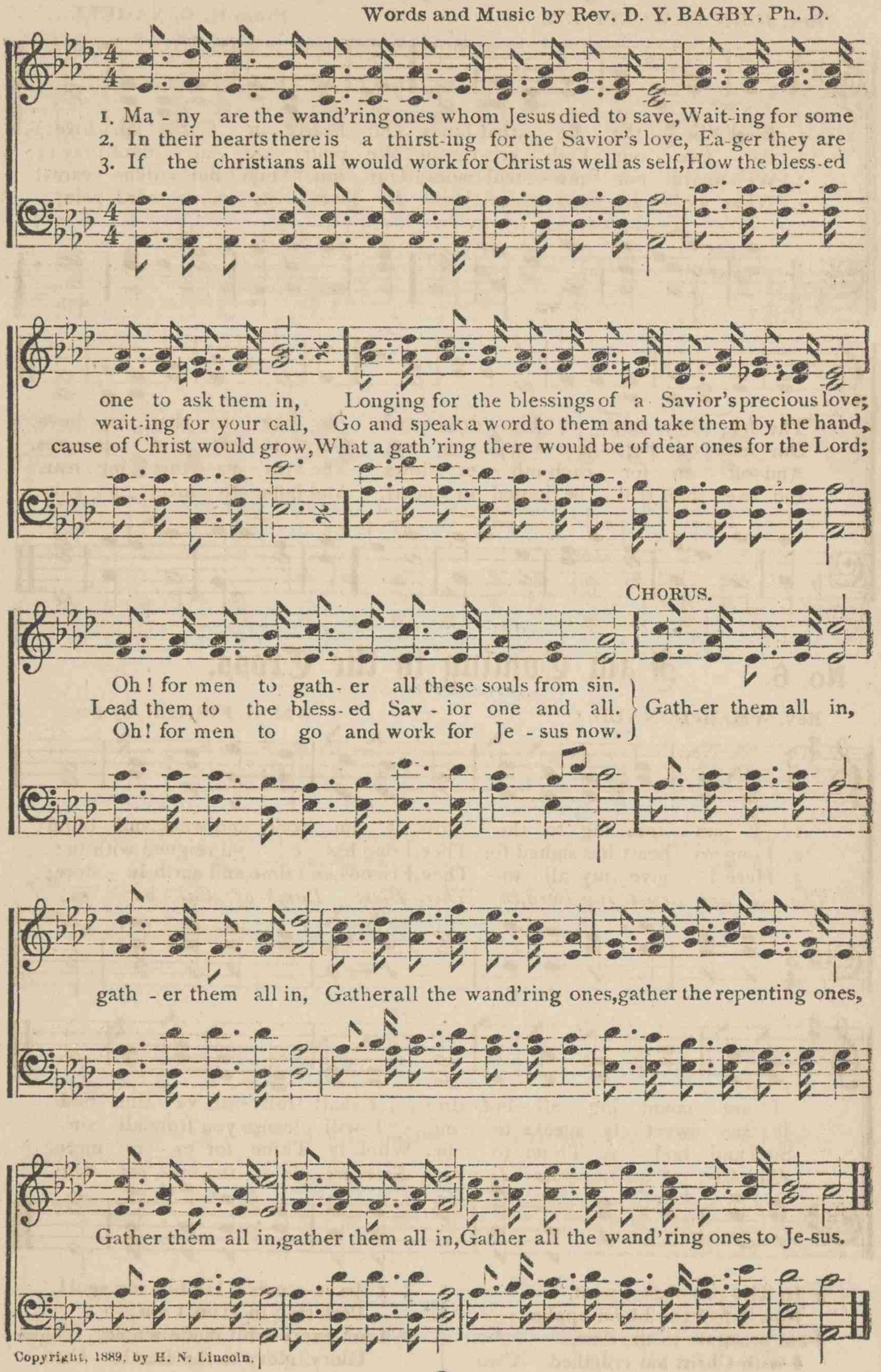


4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

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

No. 4.

Gather Them In.

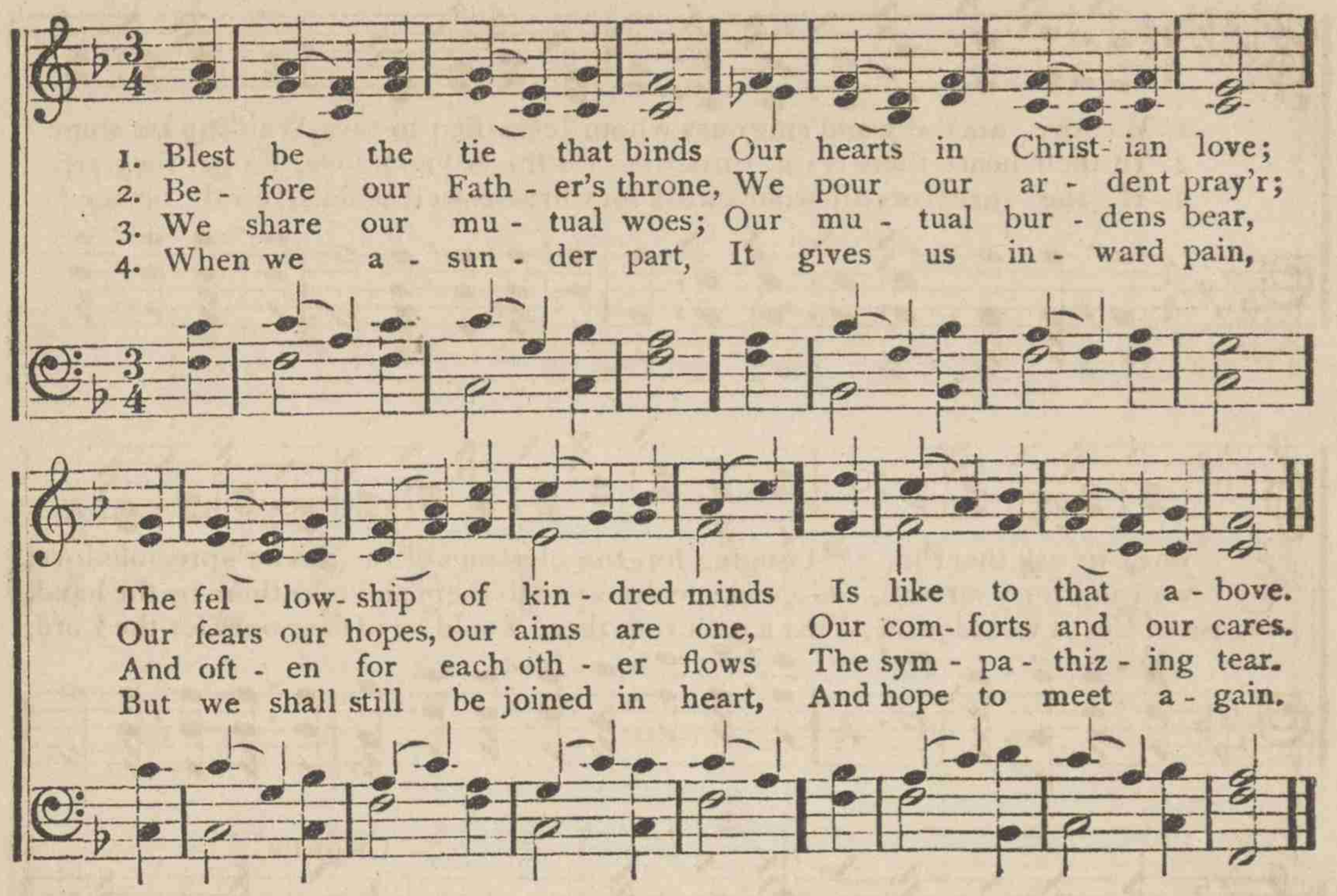
Words and Music by Rev. D. Y. BAGBY, Ph. D.



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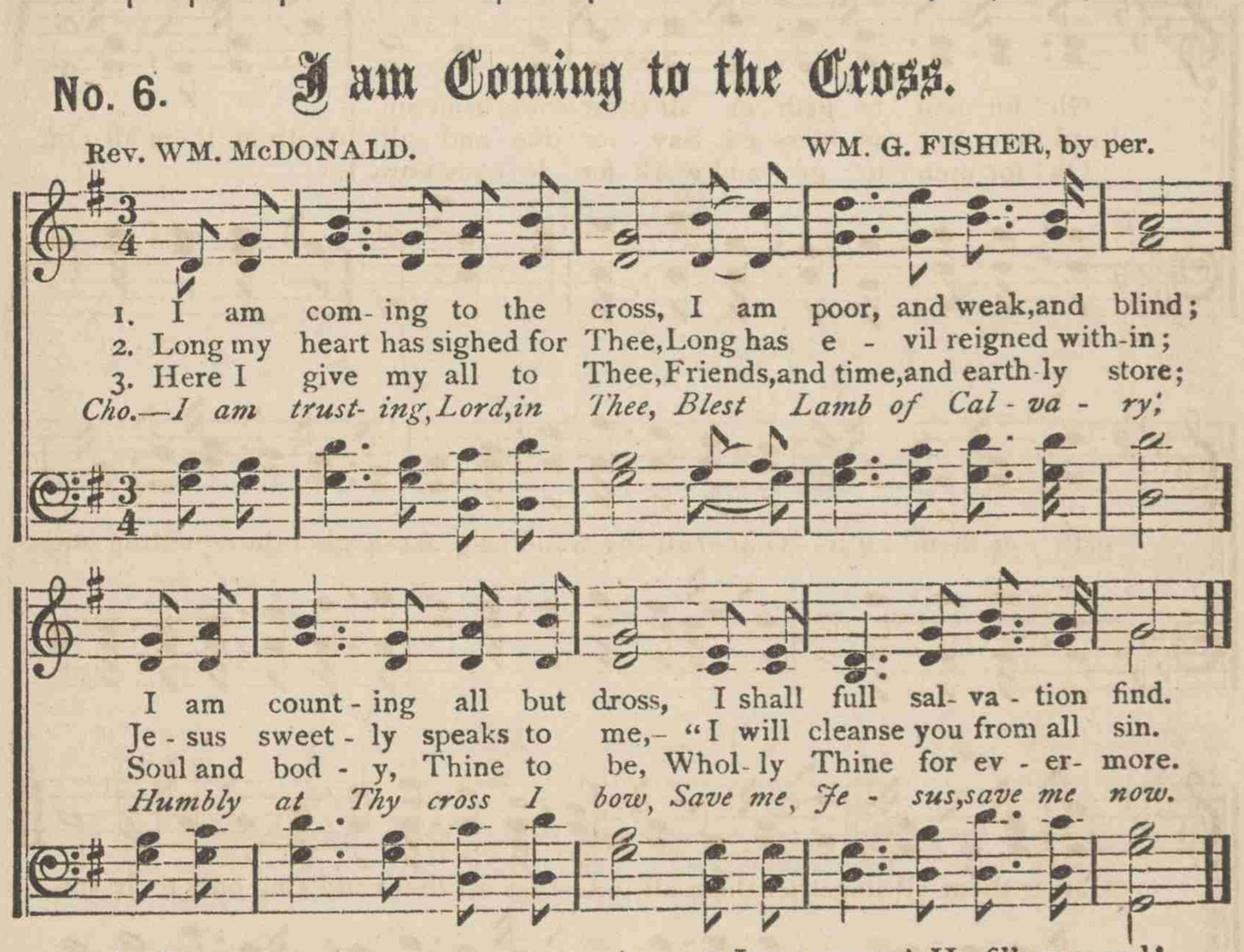
No. 5. Dennis. S. M.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772. From H. G. NAGELI.



No. 6. I am Coming to the Cross.

Rev. WM. McDONALD. WM. G. FISHER, by per.



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

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole,
Glory, glory to the Lamb.—CHO.

No. 7. Lift me Higher.

G. W. L. G. W. LYON.

1. Lift me high - er, Sav - iour, Near - er to Thy throne,
2. I am poor and need - y, Weak, and full of sin;
3. Guide my fee - ble foot - steps Through this world of strife,
4. Let Thy grace il - lu - mine My be - night - ed soul,

Make me pur - er, bet - ter, Make me Thine a - lone.
Make me meek and hum - ble, Dwell my heart with - in.
Help me on - ward, Sav - iour, To a bet - ter life.
Come, Thy - self pos - sess it, Take and make me whole.

No. 8. Lincoln.
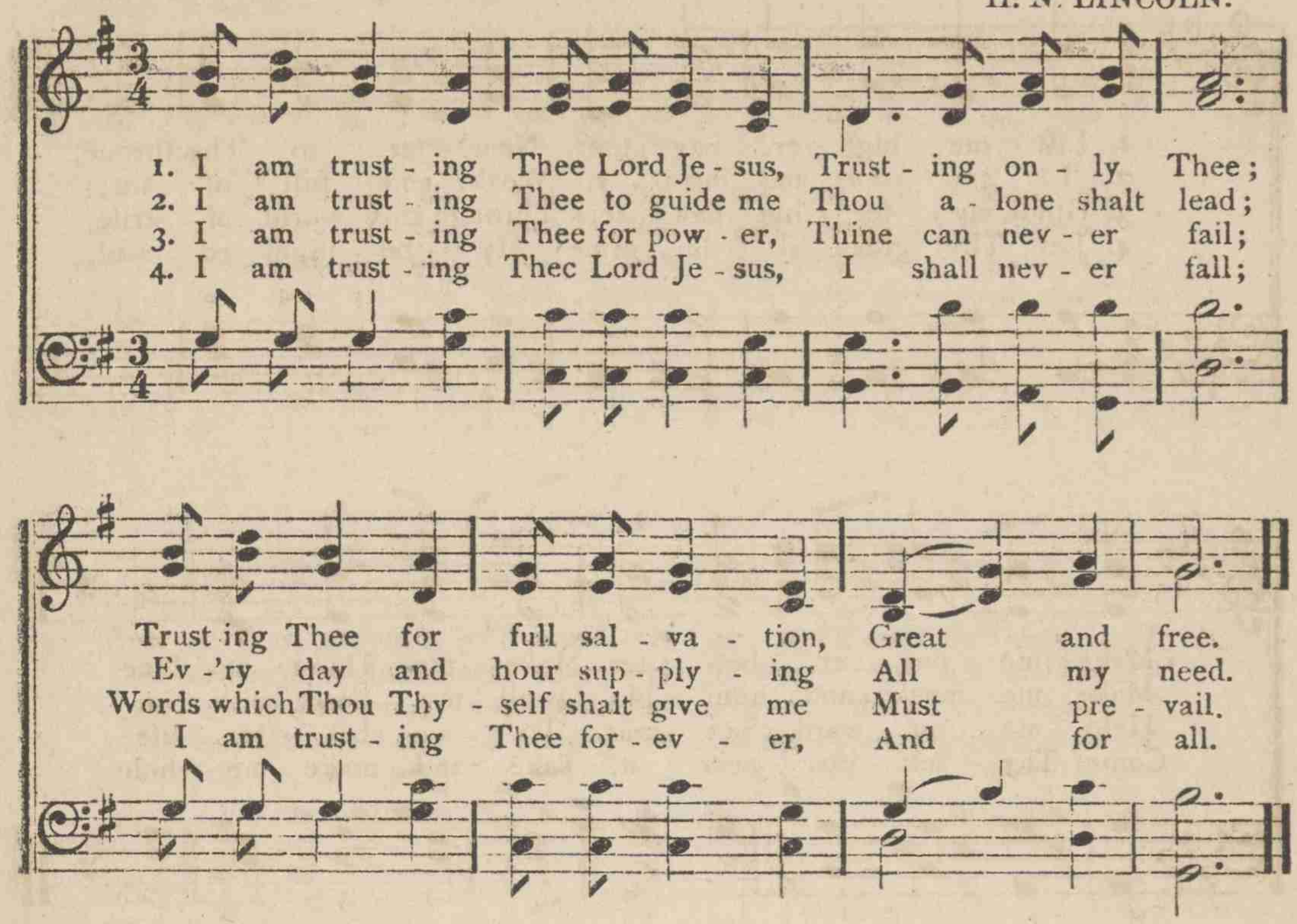
J. M. J. M.

1. Good bye till we meet a - gain, Sing an - oth - er sweet refrain,
2. Good bye teach- ers, stu dents, all, Soon the shad- ows thick will fall,
3. Good-bye 'till we meet a - gain, Here or on sweet glo ry's plain,

Of the Ho - ly One once slain To wash sin's stain.
May you heed the Sav - iour's call Both great and small.
May you in God's care re - main 'Till ends life's pain.

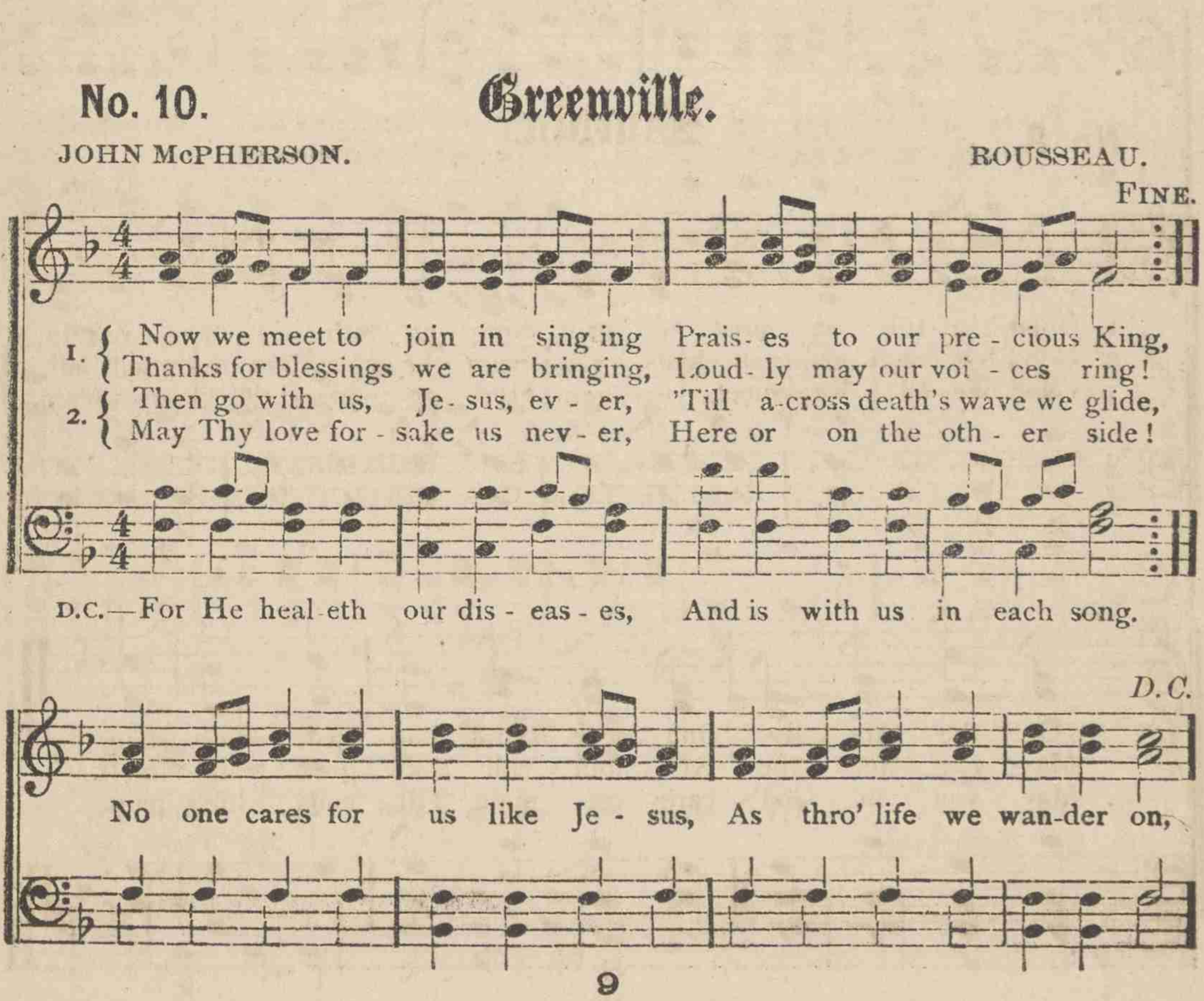
No. 9. I am Trusting Thee.

H. N. LINCOLN.



No. 10. Greenville.

JOHN McPHERSON. ROUSSEAU.



No. 11. We shall be Satisfied By and By.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. En - thron'd is Je - sus now, Up - on His heav'n - ly seat,
2. There shall we see His face, And nev - er, nev - er sin,
3. Yes! and be fore we rise To that im mor - tal state,
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry,

The king - ly crown is on His brow, The saints are at His feet.
There from the riv - ers of His grace Drink endless pleasures in.
The thoughts of such a- maz - ing bliss, Should constant joys cre - ate,
We're marching through Im manuel's ground To fair- er worlds on high.

CHORUS.

There with the glo - ri - fied Safe by our Saviour's side, We shall be
There with the glo - ri - fied, Safe by our Saviour's side,

sat - is - fied by and by, By and by, by and
by and by, There, there with the glorified, Safe, safe by our

by, We shall be sat - is - fied by and by.
Sav - iour's side, by and by.

No. 12. The new Jesus Lover of my Soul.

I. C. M. J. E. THOMAS, Arr. by H. N. L.

1. "Je-sus lov - er of my soul," Bids me in His bosom stay,
2. "Other ref - uge have I none," He my hab - i- ta-tion is;
3. "Thou, O Christ, art all I want," Rests my help- less soul in Thee;
4. "Thou of Life the fountain art," Thou dost wash me white as snow;

And though billows round me roll, I am safe - ly hid a - way;
Here no e - vil can be - fall, I am kept in per - fect peace.
Thou wilt nev - er leave a - lone, Nor for - get to com-fort me.
I'm con-tent to dwell a - part From all else, Thy love to know.
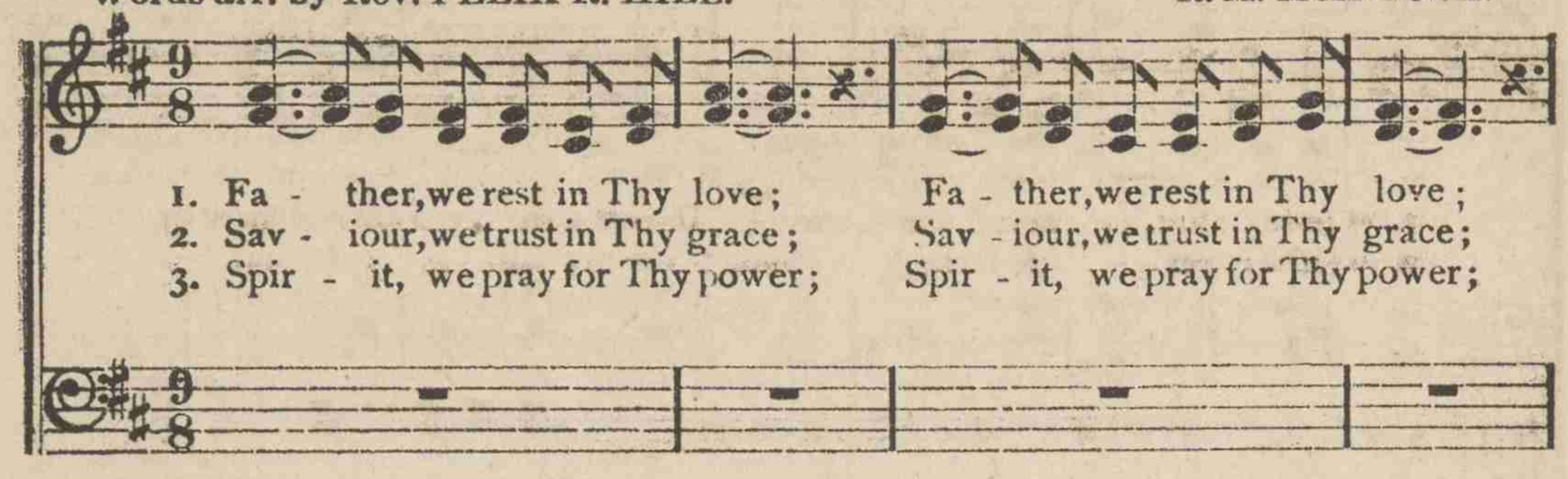
For He holds me in His arms, Quite be-yond the tempest's reach;
I am cov - ered all day long, With the shad - ow of His wing;
Thou hast saved my soul from death, Thou hast scat- tered doubts and fears,
Bless-ed Son of Righteousness, I so love to look on Thee,
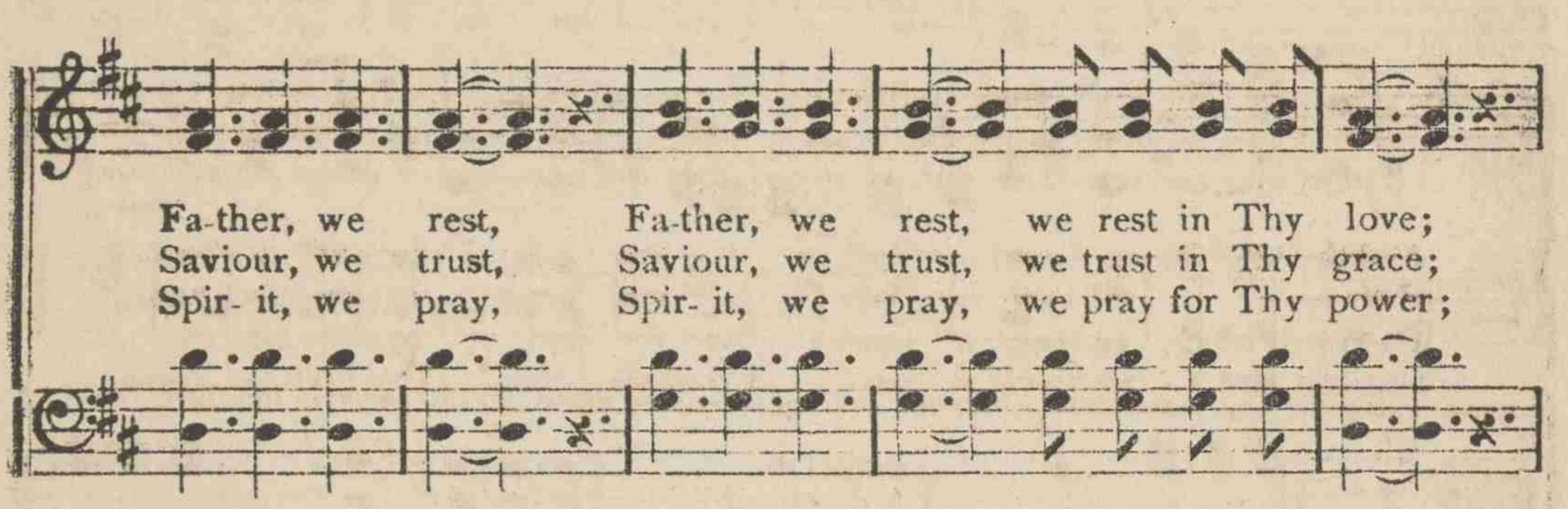
And He whis - pers in my heart Words un- known to hu-man speech.
Dwell in safe - ty through the night, Wak-ing, this is what I sing.
And the sun - shine of Thy face Sweet-ly, dri - eth all my tears.
That my eyes are growing blind To the things once dear to me.
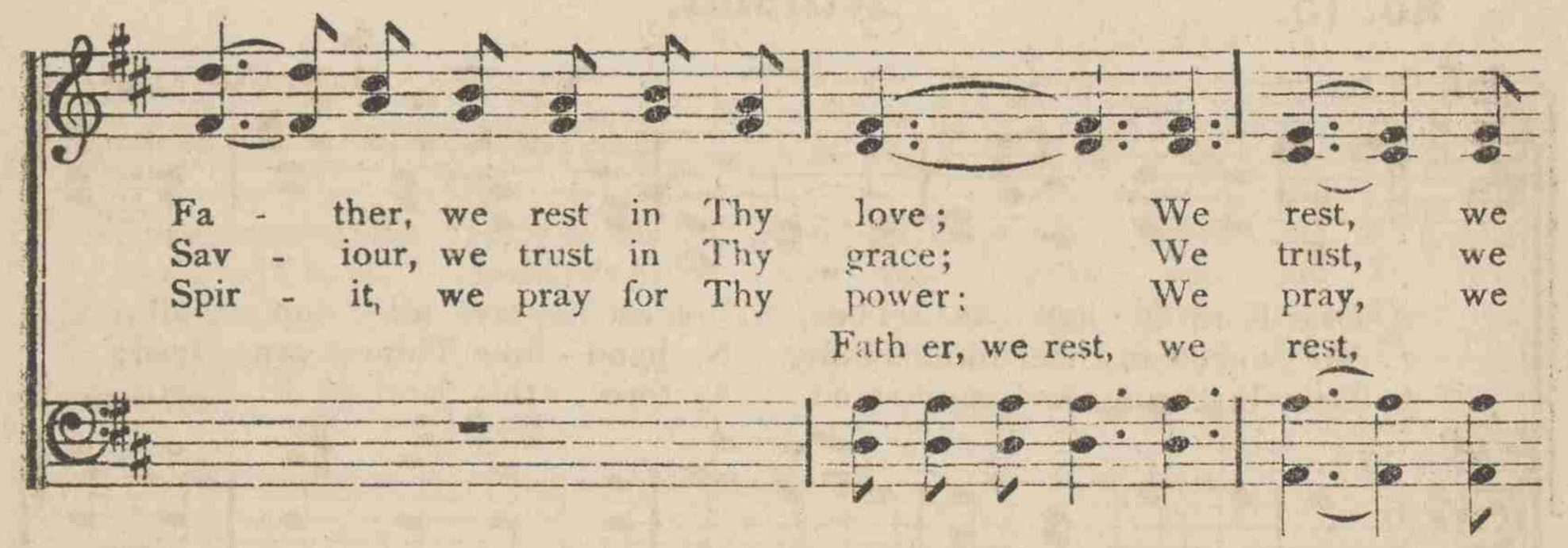
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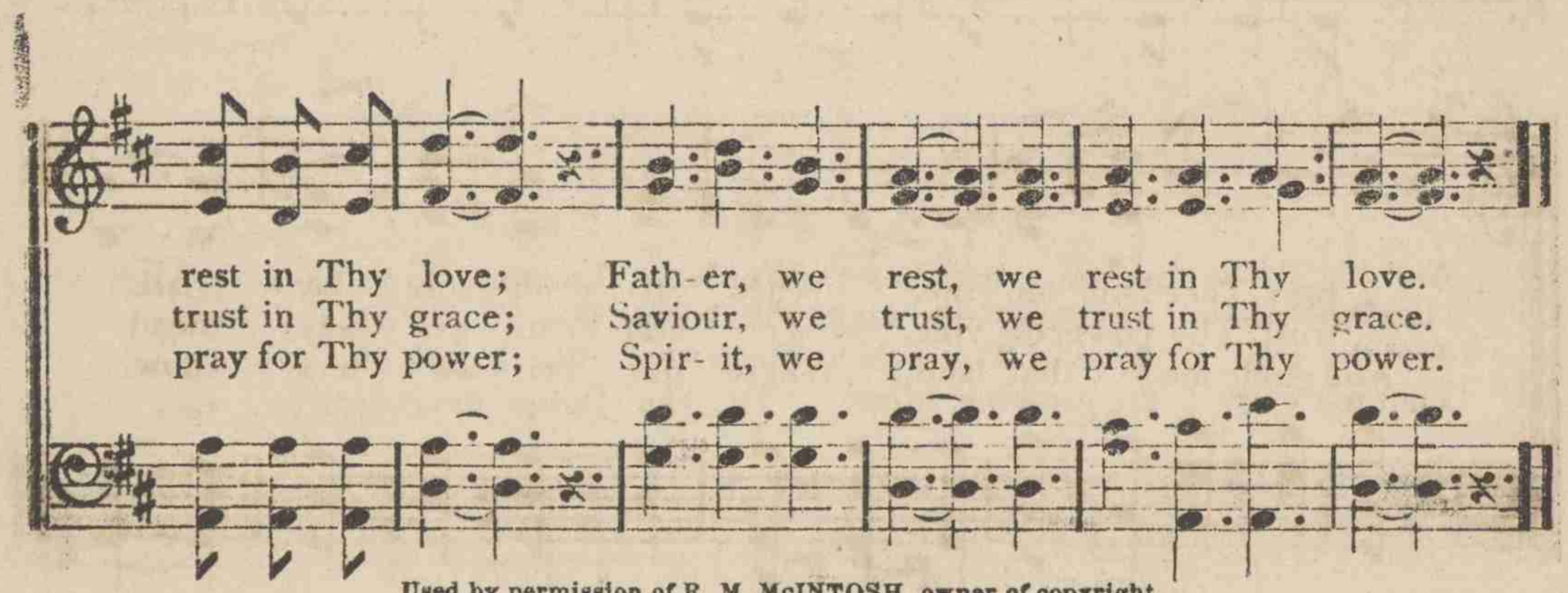
No. 13. Father, we Rest in Thy Love.

Words arr. by Rev. FELIX R. HILL. R. M. McINTOSH.





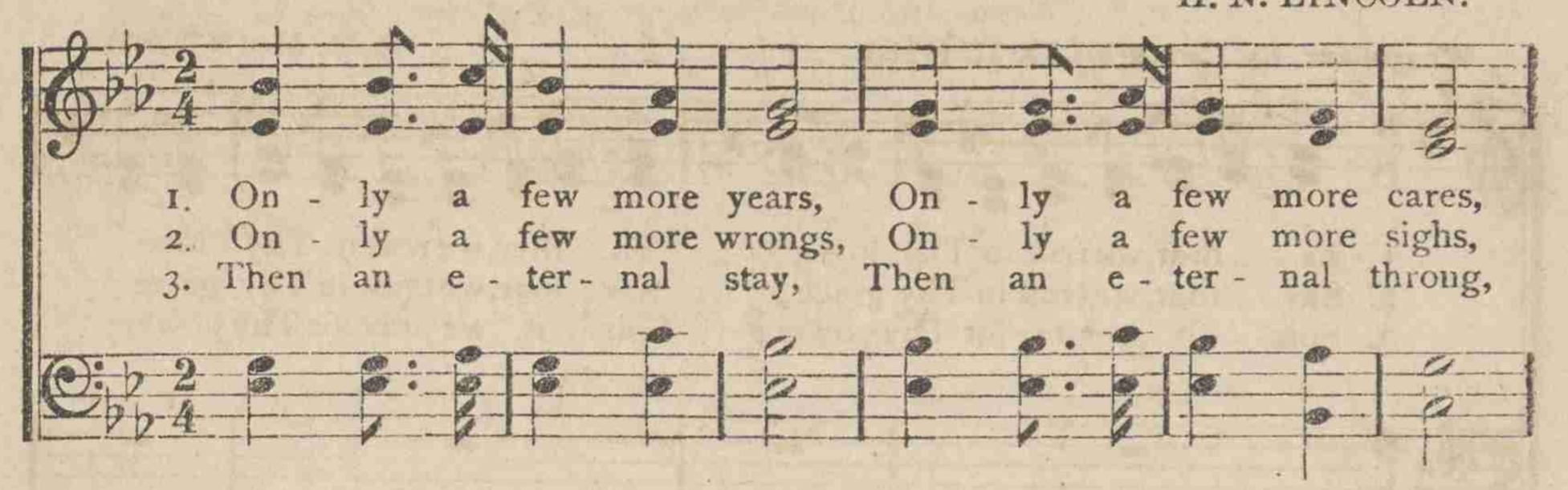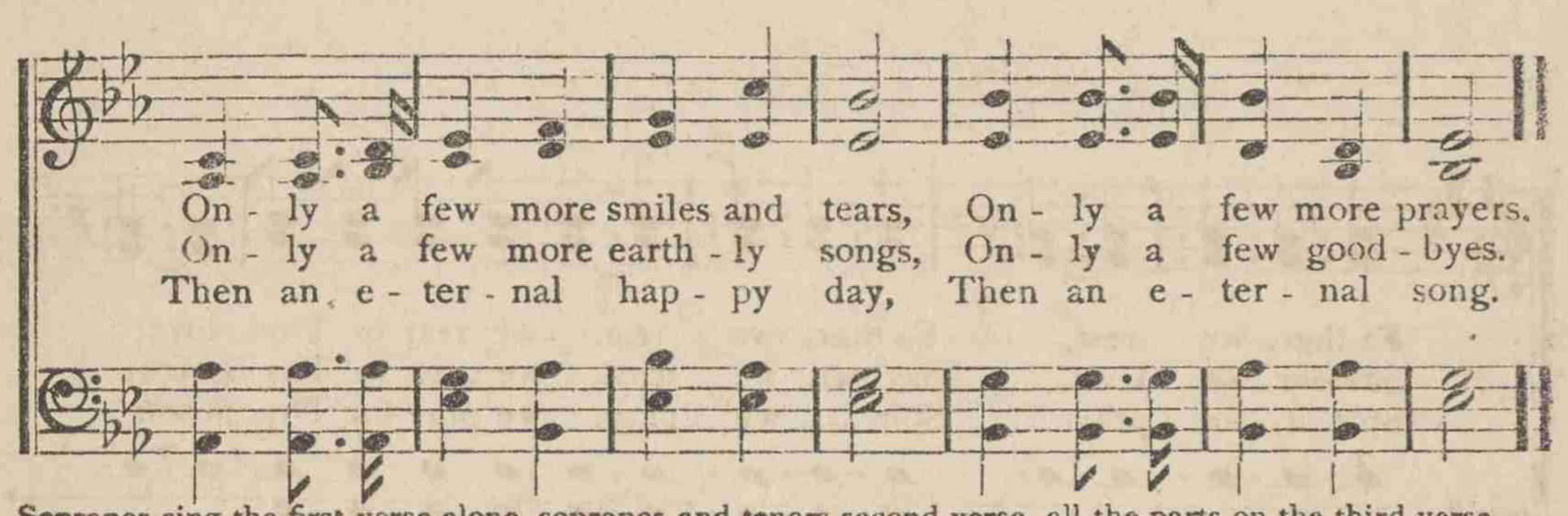




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No. 14. Now and Then.

H. N. LINCOLN.
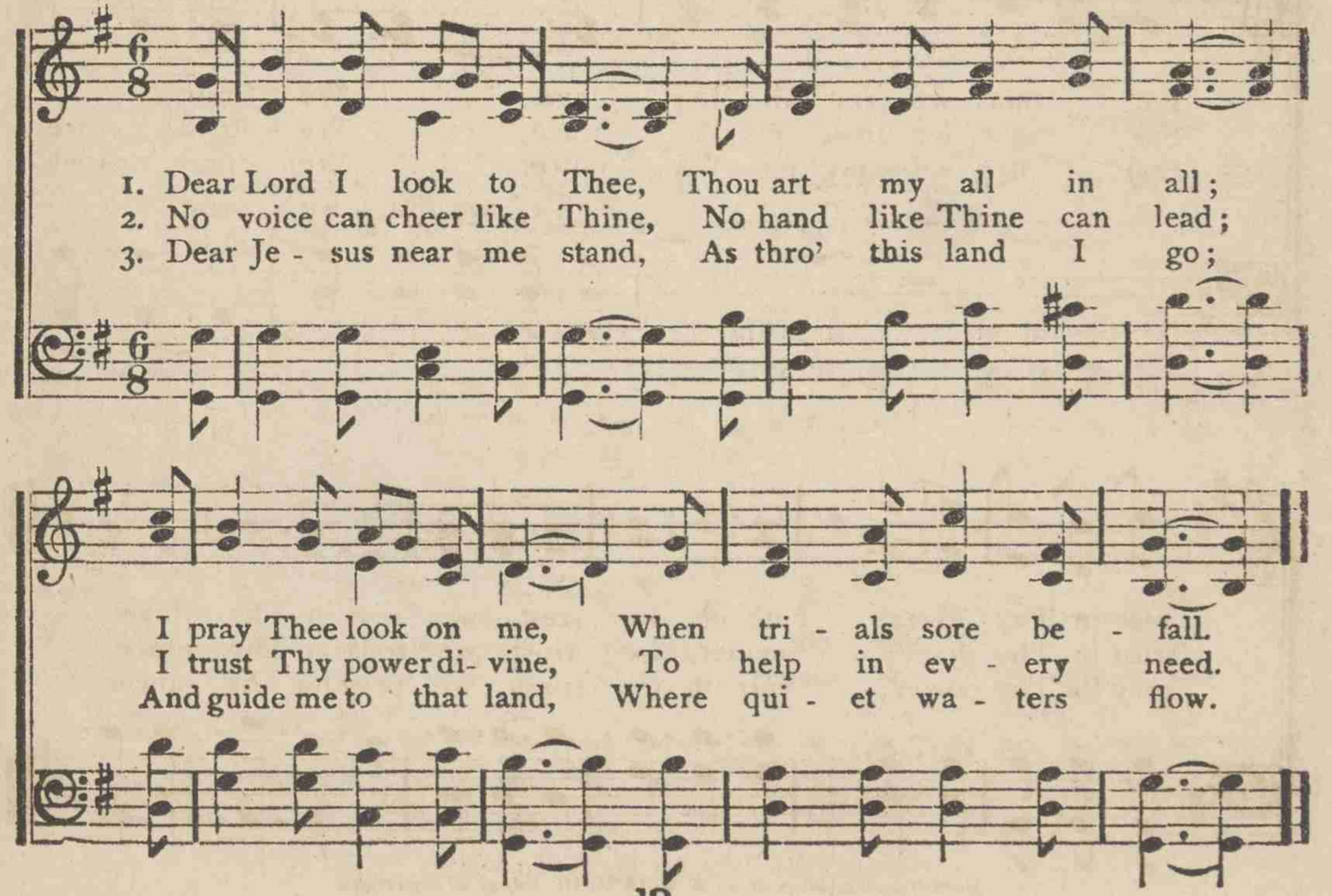




Sopranos sing the first verse alone, sopranos and tenors second verse, all the parts on the third verse.

No. 15. Allison.

H. N. L. H. N. LINCOLN.



No. 16. Saints Immortal Home.

Words and Music by D. P. AIRHART. Arr. by H. N. L.

1. Beau- ti - ful cit - y, built so far a - bove, Beau- ti - ful
2. Won-der- ful cit - y, deck'd with jew-els rare, Won-der-ful
3. Glo- ri - ous cit - y, streets all pav'd with gold, Glo - ri-ous

cit - y, none on earth so fair, Beau- ti - ful cit - y, home of peace and
cit - y, brighter far than day, Won-der- ful cit - y, crowns a- wait us
cit - y, mansions of the blest, Glo- ri - ous cit - y, half has not been

love, Beau-ti - ful cit - y, saints of earth shall share.
there, Won-der- ful cit - y, where we'll dwell for aye.
told, Glo - ri - ous cit - y, saints e- - ter - nal rest.

CHORUS.

Beau - - ti - ful cit - y, Won - - der ful cit - y,
Beau ti- ful cit - y, Beautiful cit - y, Wonderful cit - y, Wonderful cit - y,

Glo - - ri - ous cit - - y, cit - y of our King.
Glo- ri- ous cit - y, Glo-ri-ous cit - y.

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No. 17. Do They Know Each Other There?

Words Copyrighted. D. E. BRYER, by per.

1. We know there's a place where the wea - ry shall rest, Where the
2. When par - ents shall en - ter the por - tals on high Will, they
3. When friend meets with friend in the "E - den a - bove" Who have
4. Like Je - sus their Sav - iour the ran somed shall be As they

skies are e - ter - nal - ly fair, 'Tis the home of the pil - grim the
know on that heav-en - ly shore, All the dear ones they laid with a
walk'd side by side here be - low, As they join in the sing - ing of
wor - ship en - cir - cling the throne, All our loved ones if blood-wash'd with
D.S.—sions of

land of the blest, But oh say do they know each other there?
heart - rend - ing sigh, In the cold si - lent grave years be - fore?
Christ and His love, Will they not sure - ly each oth - er know?
rap - ture will see, And will know ev - en as we are known.
light will we share And be part - ed a - gain nev - er more.

CHORUS.

Oh yes we'll know each oth - er there,
Oh yes, we'll know each oth-er there, Oh yes, we'll know each oth-er there,

When we meet on that bright shining shore, And to geth - er the man-

No. 18. Softly and Tenderly.

"Come unto me." — Matt. 11: 28.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Slow.

m

1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh, for the wonderful love He has promis'd, Promis'd for you and for me;

See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

m CHORUS. *cres.*

Come home, Come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home;
Come home, Come home,

p *rit.* *p*

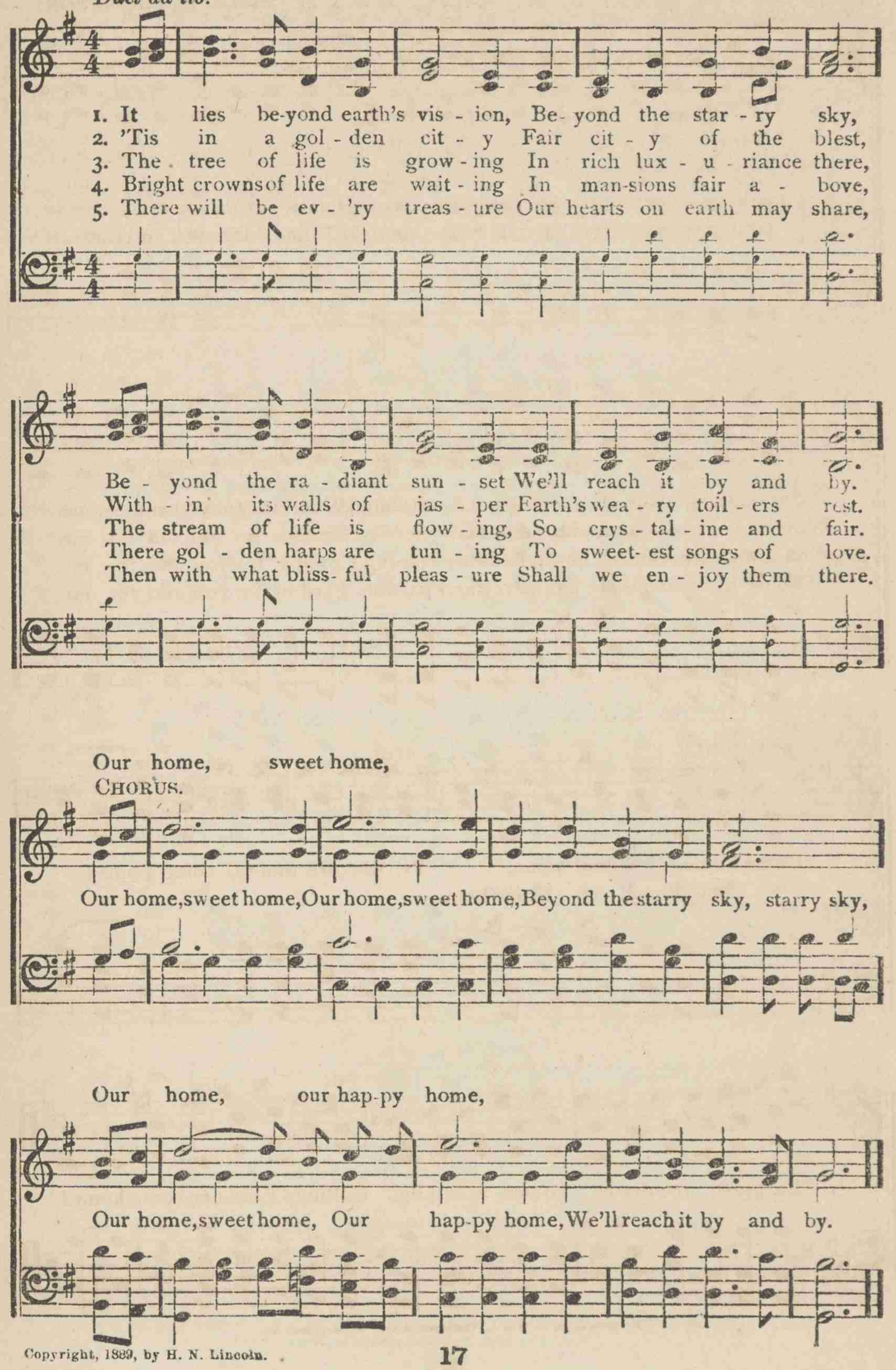
Earnestly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Calling, O sin-ner, come home!
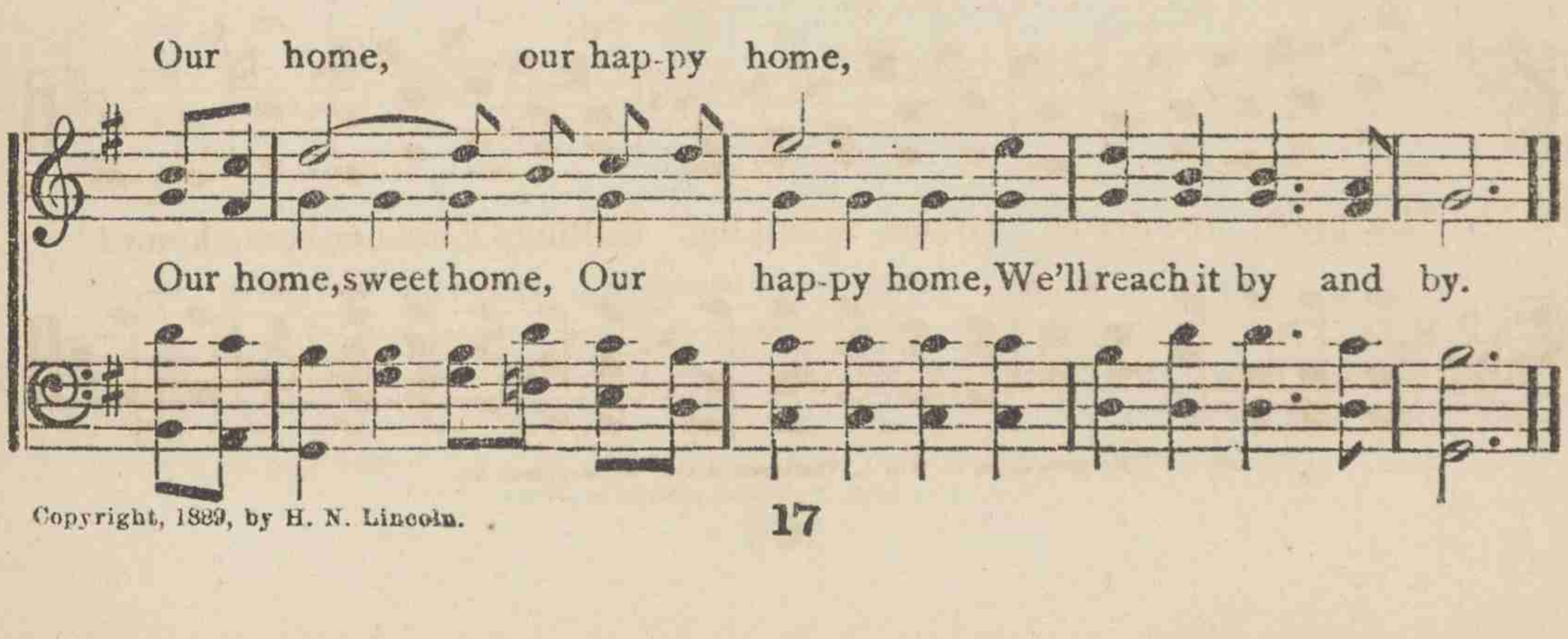
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No. 19. Our Other Home.

MILDRED MERLE in "Musical Million." CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Duet ad lib.

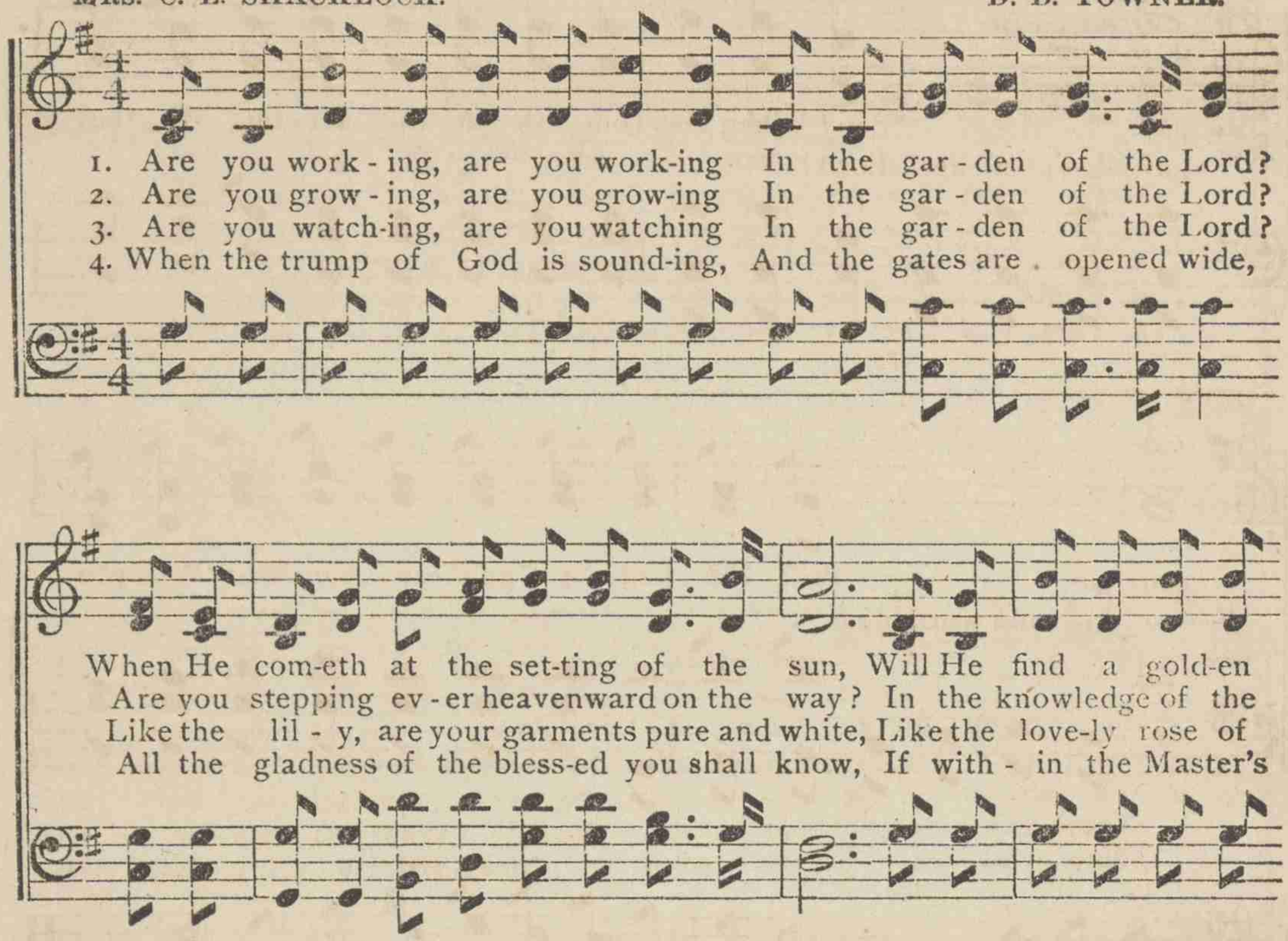




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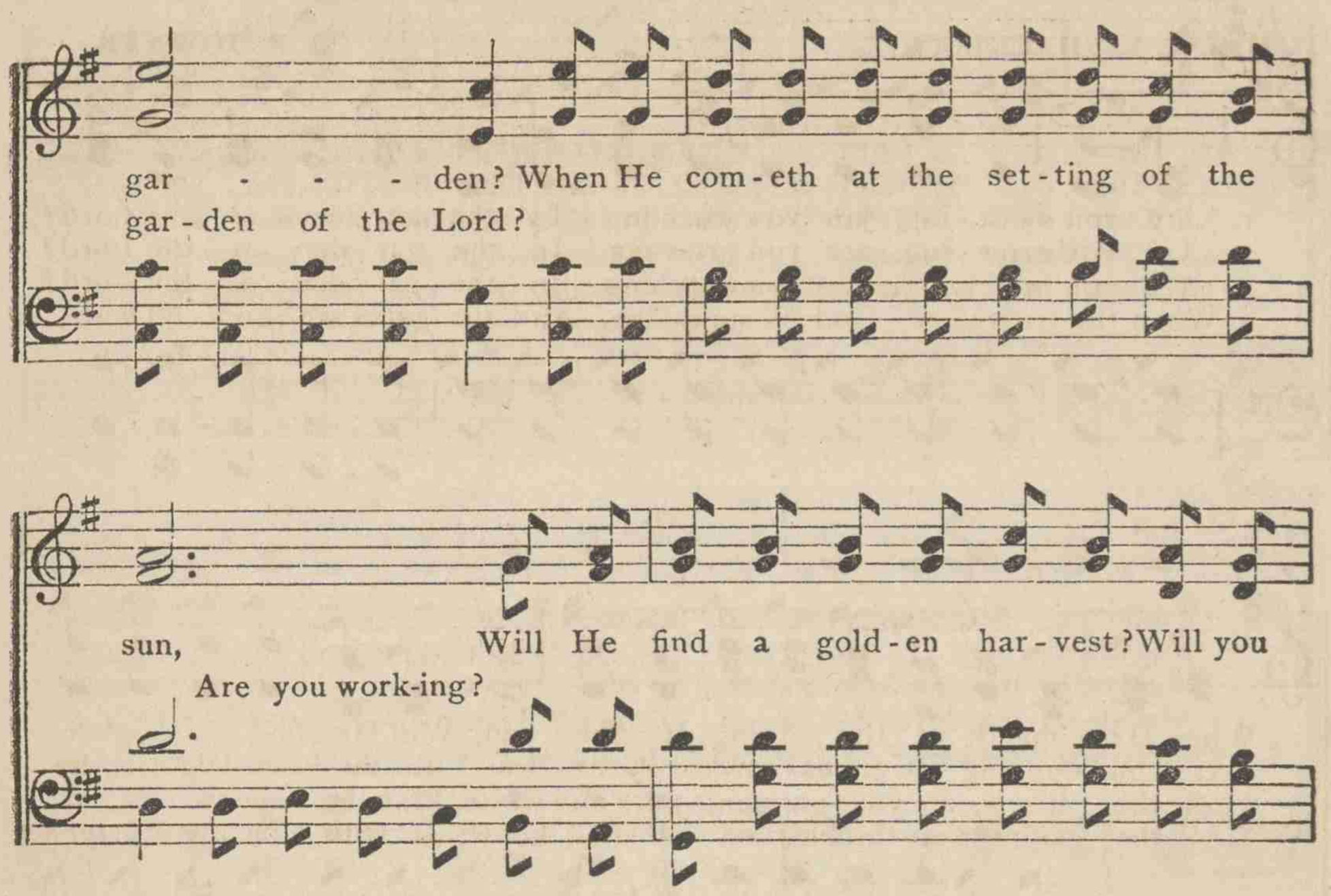
No. 20. The Garden of the Lord.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. D. B. TOWNER.
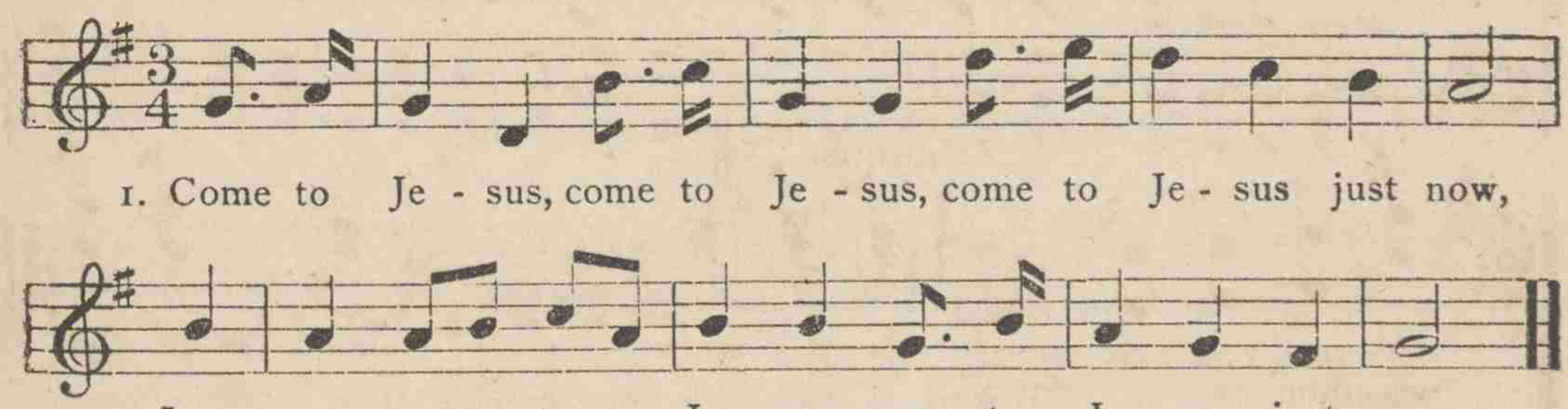


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The Garden of the Lord. Concluded.



No. 21. Come to Jesus, just now.



2 He will save you.
3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 He is waiting.
6 O believe Him.
7 O receive Him.
8 Jesus loves you.
9 He will bless you.
10 He will cleanse you.
11 Only trust Him.
12 Let us praise Him.
13 Hallelujah. Amen.

No. 22.

The Fountain.

COWPER. A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. There is a fount - ain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see, That foun - tain in his day,
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb! Thy prec - ious blood Shall nev - er lose its power,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
5. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy power to save,

And sin - ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ran - somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
While this poor, lisp - ing, stamm - 'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

CHORUS.

Sav - iour wash me in the blood, To the
Sav - iour wash me in the blood in the blood the blood of the Lamb To the

foun - - tain let me go; Wash me in the crimson
fountain let me go to the fountain let me go Wash me in the crimson flood, Wash me

flood, And I shall be whiter than the snow (the snow.)
in the crimson flood And I shall be whiter whit - er than the snow.

Copyright, 1889 by H. N. LINCOLN.

No. 23. Because my Dear Saviour so Loves me.

D. Y. B. Rev. D. Y. BAGBY, Ph. D.

DUET. SEMI CHORUS.

1. Why am I so hap-py and free from all sin? Be-cause my dear
2. When I was a sin-ner why was I His choice; Be-cause my dear
3. And still I re-joice, when much old-er I'm grown, Be-cause my dear

SEMI CHO.

Saviour so loves me. Why do I re-joice and am hap-py with-in? Be-
Saviour so loved me. When I'm in af-flic-tion, why do I rejoice? Be-
Saviour so loves me. My poor heart re-joic-es with pleasures unknown Be-

REFRAIN.

cause my dear Sav-iour so loves me. 'T is Je-sus, my Saviour, all
cause my dear Sav-iour so loves me.
cause my dear Sav-iour so loves me.

blessings bestows, 'Tis Je-sus relieves me from all of my woes, My sins He for-

gives, for my weakness He knows, Because my dear Saviour so loves me.

Copyright, 1888, by Geo. Rob't Cairns.

No. 24. Come to Jesus.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. TENNEY. By per.

1. Come to Je - sus! He will save you, Tho' your sins as crim-son glow;
2. Come to Je - sus! do not tar - ry; En - ter in at mer - cy's gate;
3. Come to Je - sus, dy - ing sin - ner! Oth - er Sav-iour there is none;

If you give your hearts to Je - sus, He will make them white as snow.
Oh, de - lay not till the mor - row, Lest thy com - ing be too late.
He will share with you His glo - ry, When your pil-grim-age is done.

CHORUS.

Come to Je - - - sus! Come to Je - - - sus! Come to
Come, come to - day! Come, come to - day! Come to

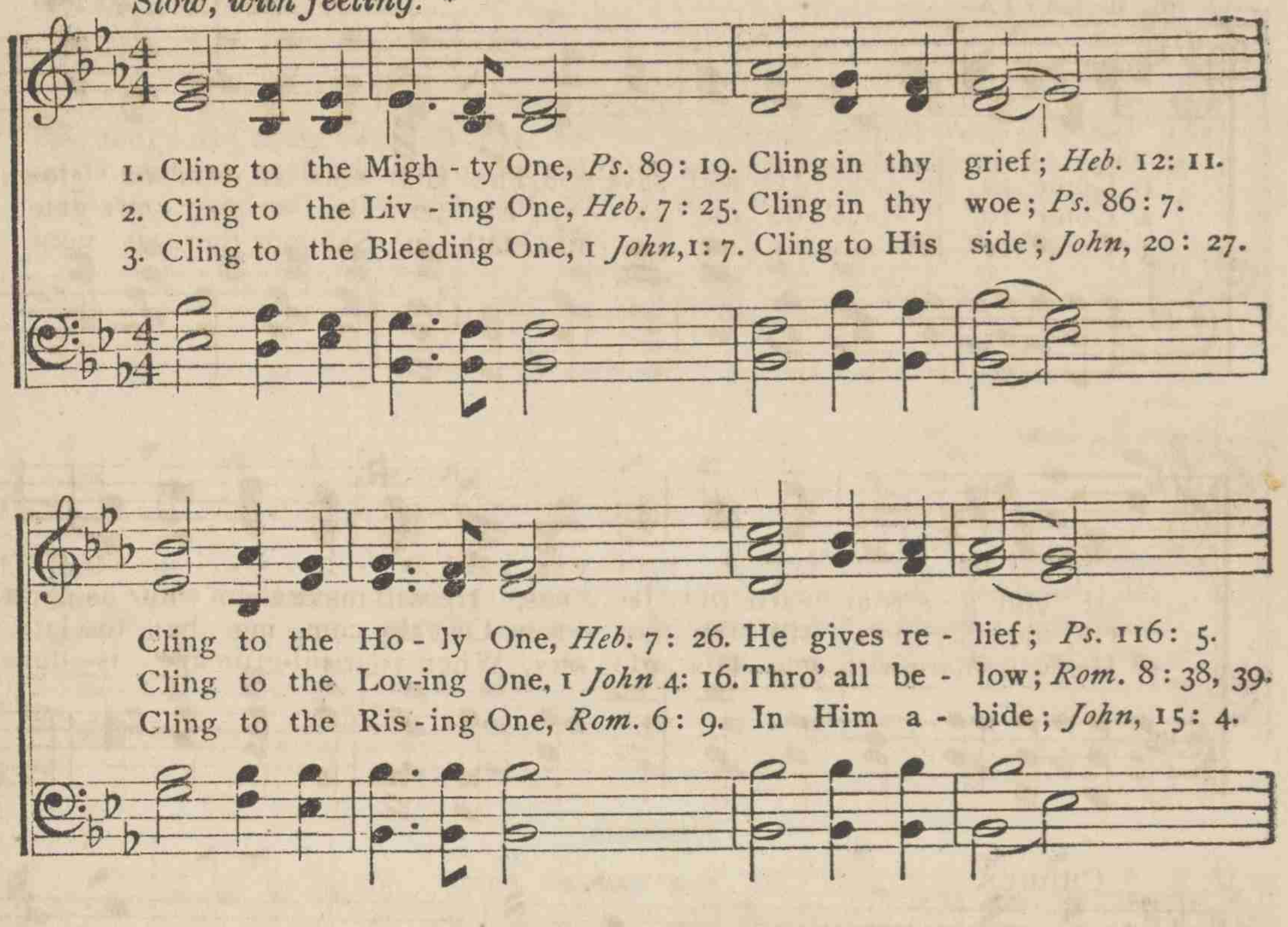
Je - sus! come to - day! Come to Je - - sus!
Je - sus! come, yes, come, come to-day! Come, come to - day!

Come to Je - - - sus! Come to Je - sus! come, come to - day!
Come, come to - day!

No. 25. Cling.

H. N. LINCOLN.

Slow, with feeling. *



* This poem is formed from the Bible references at the close of each line. It will make a good exercise to have the texts selected beforehand and read them after each phrase of the music, which occurs every two measures.

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No. 26. Glory to Jesus, He Saves.

P. B. P. BILHORN.

1. Glo - ry to Je - sus who died on the tree, Paid the great price that my
2. Once in my heart there was sin and de-spair, Now the dear Sav-iour Him -
3. Come then, ye wea - ry, who long to be free, Come to the Sav - iour, He

soul might be free; Now I can sing hal - le - lu - jah to God,
self dwell-eth there, And from His pres-ence comes peace to my soul,
wait - eth for thee; Then with the ran-som'd this song you can sing,

CHORUS.

Glo - ry! He saves, He saves. Glo - ry! He saves, glo - ry! He saves,

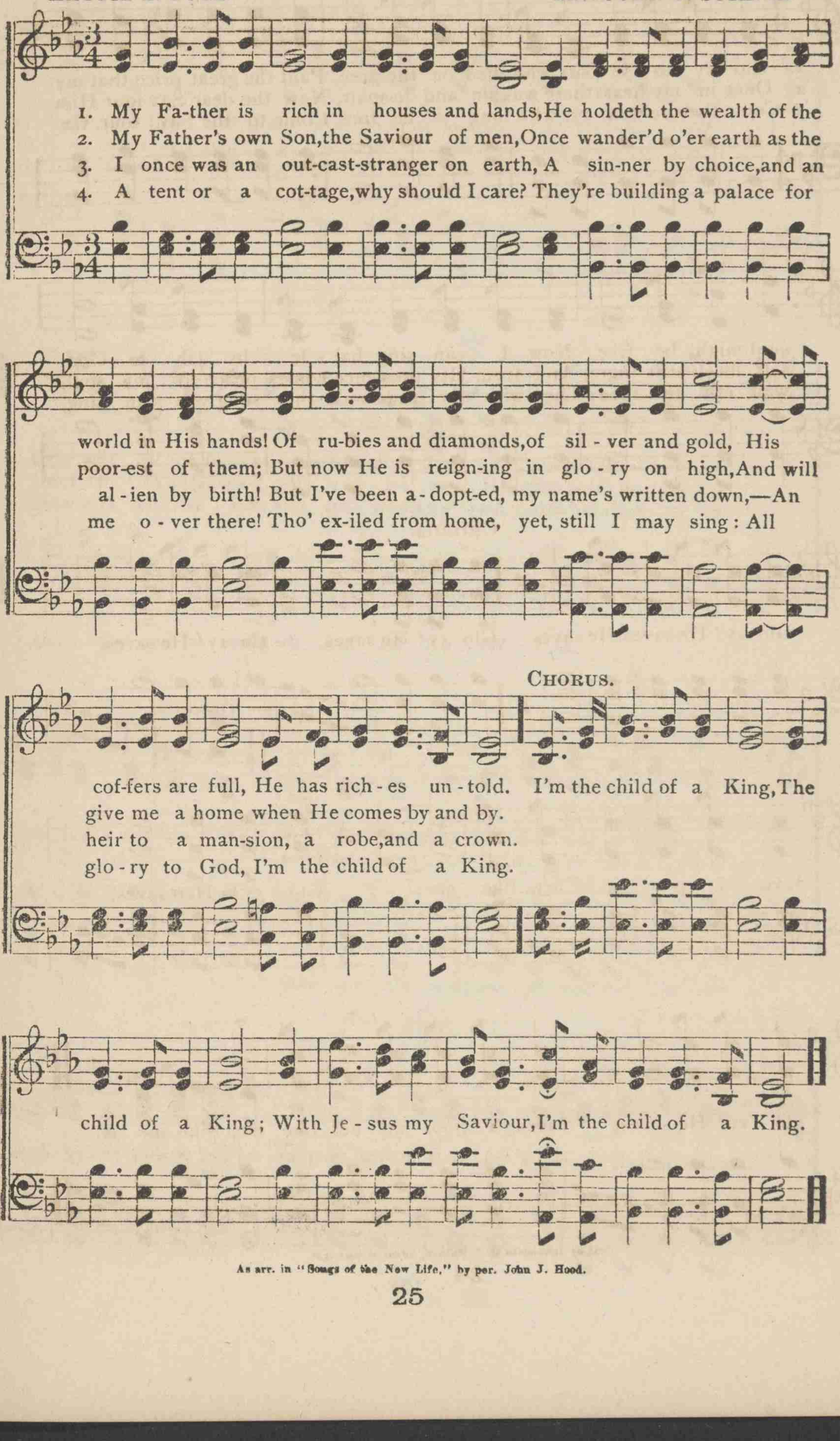
Saves a poor sin - ner like me; Glo - ry! He saves,

glo - ry! He saves, Saves a poor sin - ner like me, like me.

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No. 27. The Child of a King.

HATTIE E. BUEL. REV. JOHN B. SUMNER.



As arr. in "Songs of the New Life," by per. John J. Hood.

No. 28. Walking with Jesus.

D. Y. B. Rev. D. Y. BAGBY, Ph. D.

1. We will walk in the foot- steps of our Lord, We will walk where the
2. There is work for each one of us to do, There's no time now to
3. While we walk in the way we'll trust our Lord, We will trust in His

Sav- iour leads the way, We will walk where we're guid-ed by His word,
loi- ter on the way, If we fol - low the foot- steps of our Lord,
ev - er will- ing arm, And we know that His pow - er and His word,

D.S.—We will fol - low the bless - ed one who leads,

FINE. CHORUS.

We will fol- low Je- sus, yes, ev - 'ry day.
We must la- bor for Him each pass- ing day.
Will pro- tect us from all dan - ger and harm.
} Yes, our Sav - iour com-

We will fol- low Je - sus then all the way.

mands us all to come un - to Him, And to take up our crosses ev -'ry day.

D. S.

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No. 29. Seeking the Lost Sheep.

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice."—Heb. 3 : 15.

G. A. J. M. HUNT, by per.

1. How ma - ny sheep are stray - ing, Lost from the Sav - iour's fold!
2. O who will go to find them, Who, for the Sav - iour's sake
3. O who will seek to find them, From pleas - ant bow'rs of ease?

Up - on the lone - ly mount - ains, They shiv - er in the cold;
Will search with tire - less pa - tience, Thro' bri - er and thro' brake?
Will you go forth de - ter - min'd To find the least of these?

From "Gospel Alarm."

With - in the tan - gled thick - et, Where poi - son vines do creep,
Un - heed - ing thirst and hun - ger, Who still from day to day,
For still the Sav - iour calls them, And looks a - cross the wold,

And o - ver rock - y ledg - es, Wan - der the poor lost sheep.
Will seek as for a treas - ure, The sheep that go a - stray?
And still He holds wide o - pen The door in - to His fold.

No. 30. Pray for Your Boy, To-night.

Mrs. T. M. GRIFFIN. GEO. ROB'T. CAIRNS.

SOLO. *Slow.*

1. Once I was pure as dews that fall From the morn - ing
2. Wea - ry the world, and dark and wild, And with ma - ny a
3. Moth - er, my heart is hard and cold, And is blight- ed with
4. Tho' in the toils of sin, your boy, Yet is wan- der - ing

ACCOMP.*

* Play the Accomp. for the right hand an octave higher than it is written.

clouds a - bove; . . . Now I am held, in the
fa - tal snare; . . . As on - ward sweeps the
grief and care; . . . Pray for your boy! as
far from home, . . . Oft - en he yearns for
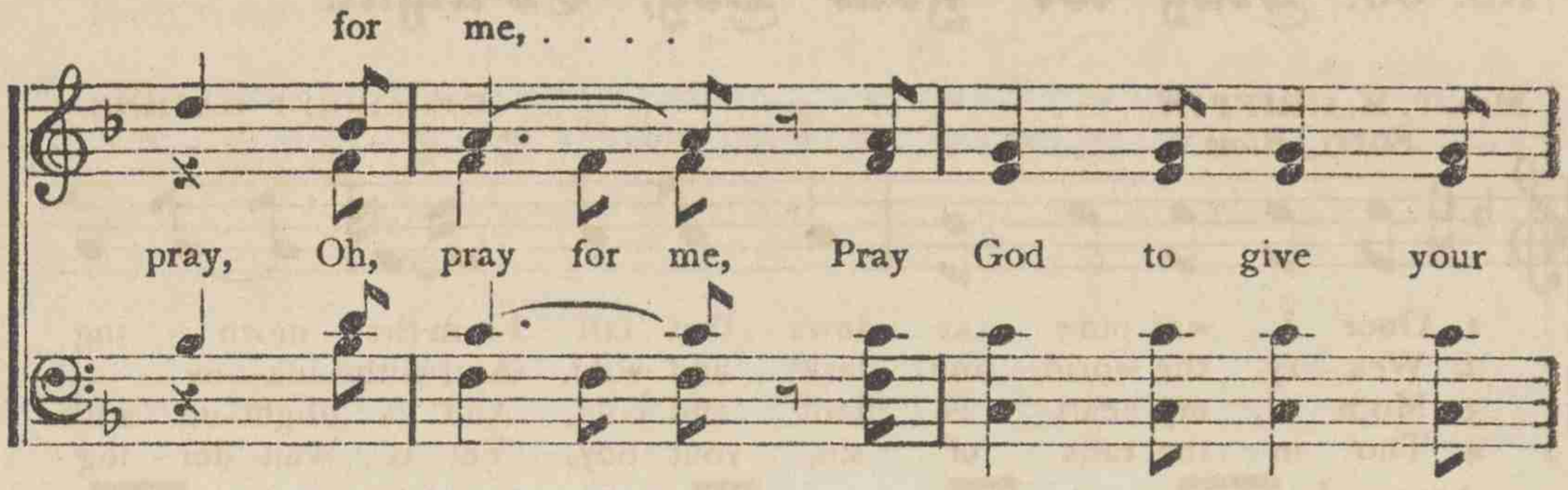
worlds dark thrall, A - way from the Fa - ther's love. . .
surg - ing tide, Far a - way from God and pray'r. .
oft! of old, When a child be - side your chair. .
old - en joy, Be - fore he be - gan to roam. .
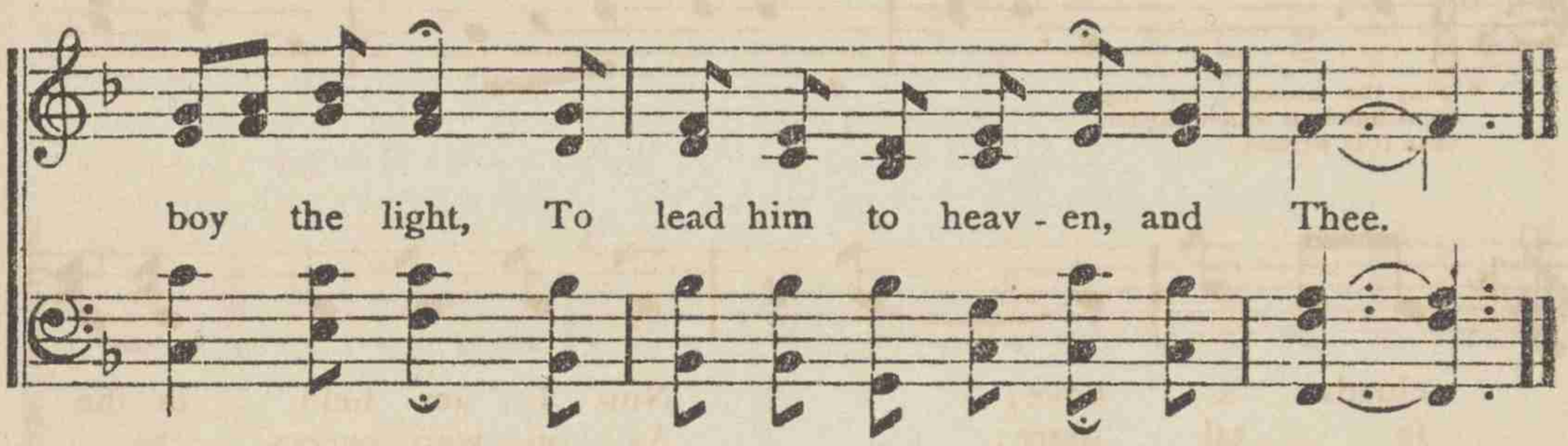
CHORUS.

Then pray for your boy, to - night, . . To - night, Oh!

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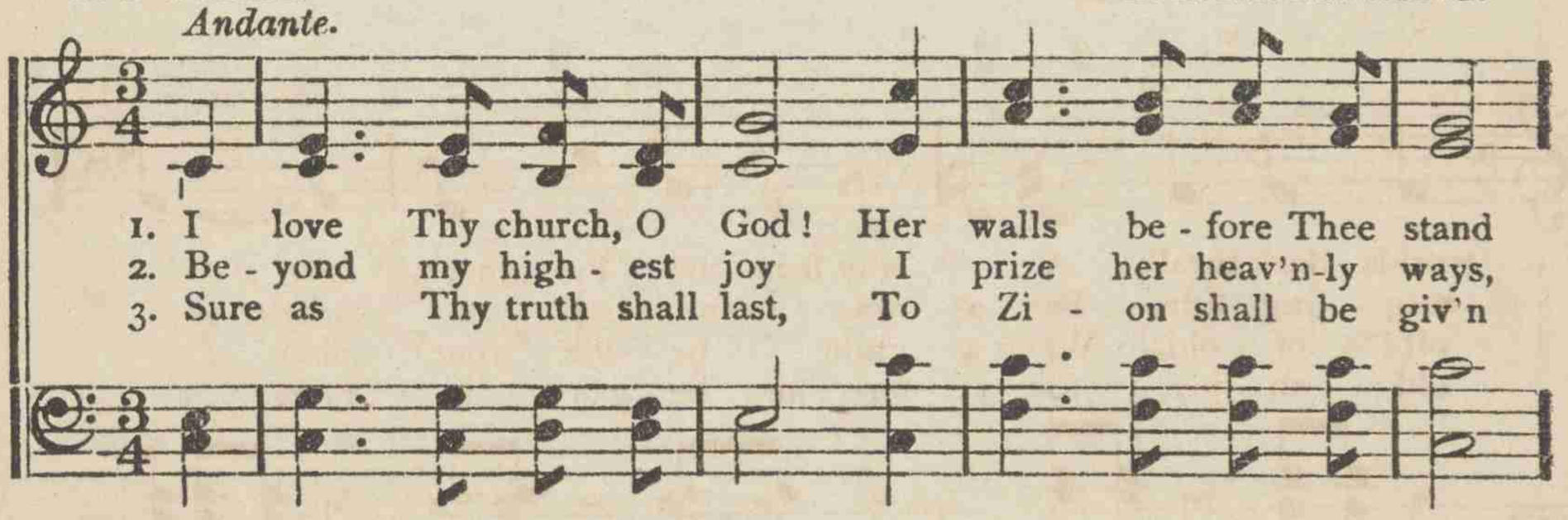
Pray for Your Boy, To-night.—Concluded.
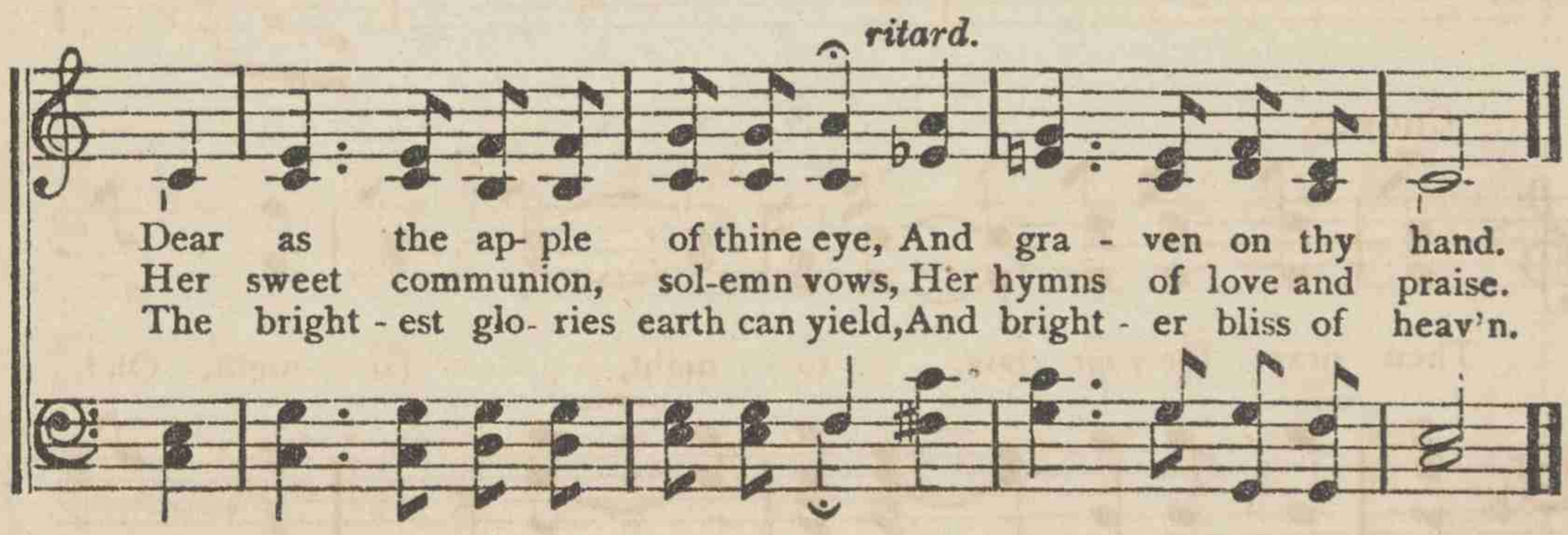




No. 31. Servoss. S. M.

T. DWIGHT. F. L. ARMSTRONG.





No. 32. The Lily of the Valley.

English Melody.

1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry - thing to me, He's the
2. He all my griefs has ta - ken, and all my sor - rows borne; In temp -
3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here, While I

fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val ley, in
ta - tion He's my strong and mighty tow'r; I have all for Him for - sa - ken, and
live by faith and do His bless - ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, I've

D.S.—Lil - y of the Val - ley, the

FINE.

Him a - lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole.
all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power.
nothing now to fear, With His man - na He my hun - gry soul shall fill.

bright and Morning Star, He's the fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul.

In sor - row He's my com - fort, in troub - le He's my stay,
Tho' all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempts me sore.
Then sweep - ing up to glo - ry, to see His bless - ed face,

D.S.

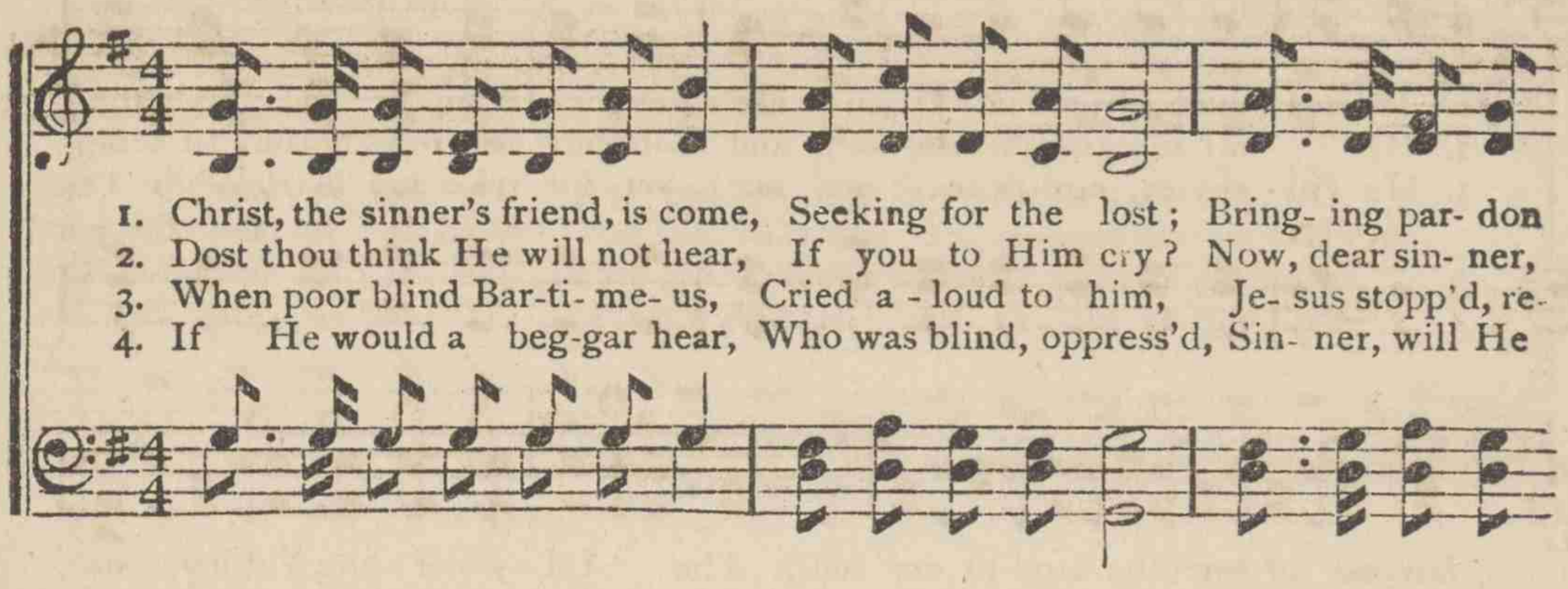
He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll. He's the
Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal. He's the
Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll. He's the

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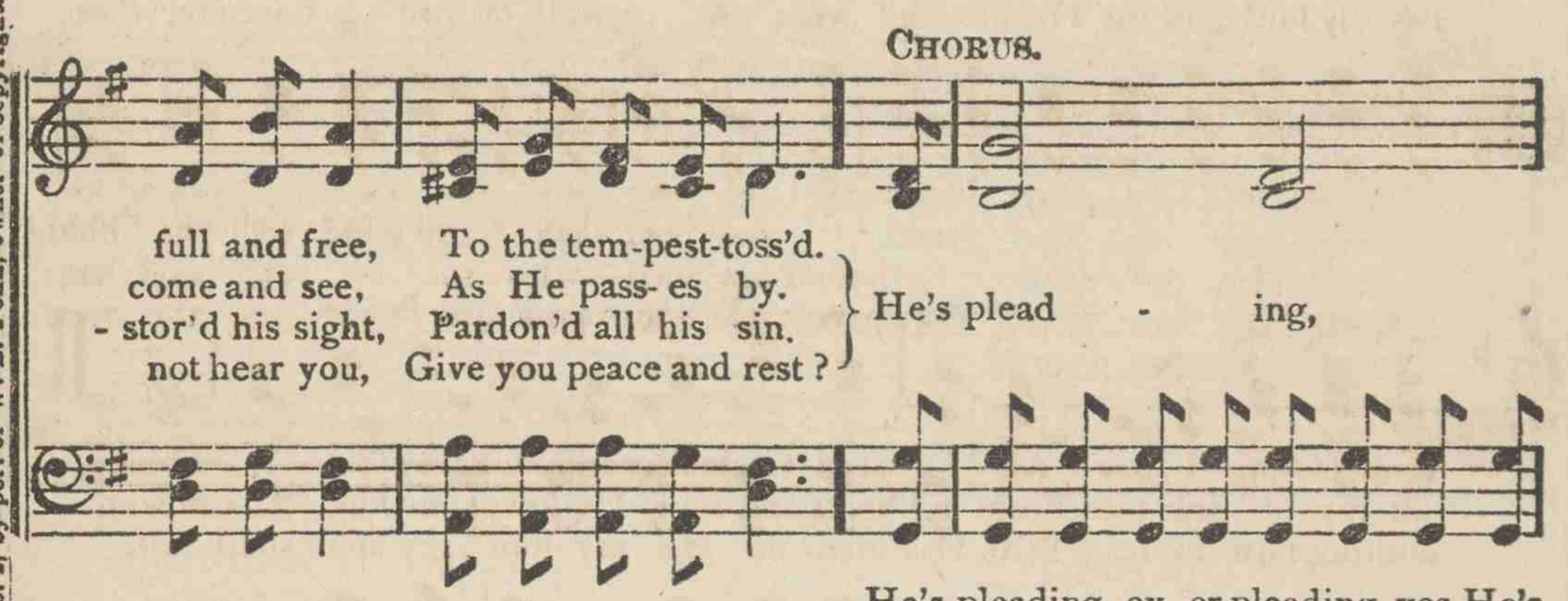
No. 33. The Sinner's Friend is Come.

Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—1 Tim. 1 : 15.

J. M. HUNT. J. M. HUNT.



1. Christ, the sinner's friend, is come, Seeking for the lost; Bring- ing par- don
2. Dost thou think He will not hear, If you to Him cry? Now, dear sin- ner,
3. When poor blind Bar-ti- me- us, Cried a - loud to him, Je- sus stopp'd, re-
4. If He would a beg-gar hear, Who was blind, oppress'd, Sin- ner, will He
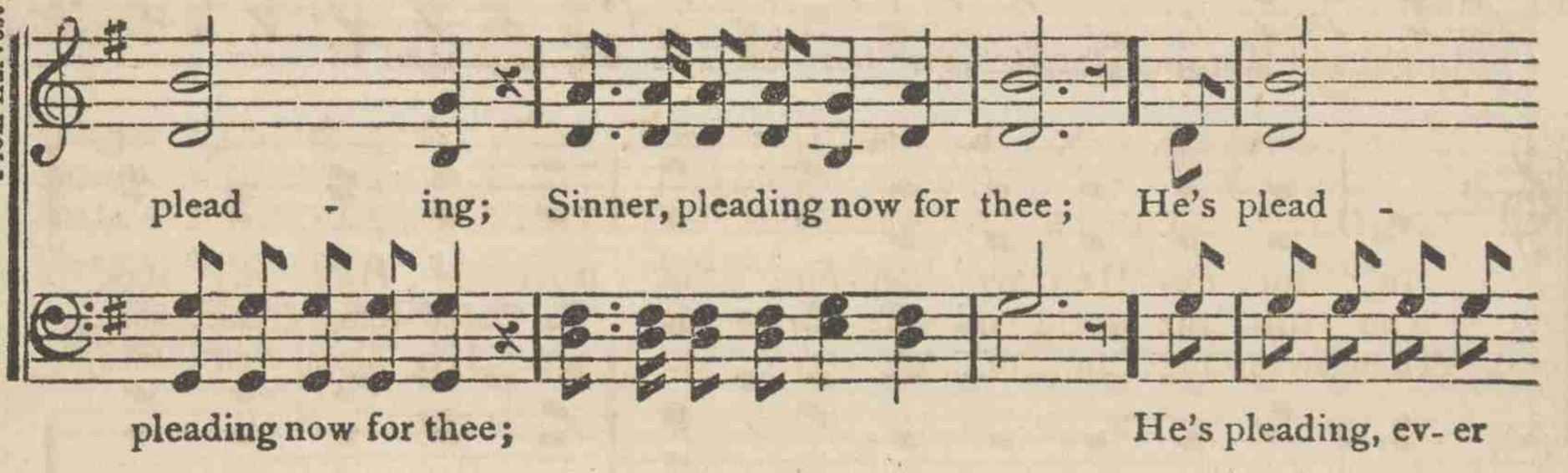


CHORUS.

full and free, To the tem-pest-toss'd.
come and see, As He pass- es by.
- stor'd his sight, Pardon'd all his sin.
not hear you, Give you peace and rest?
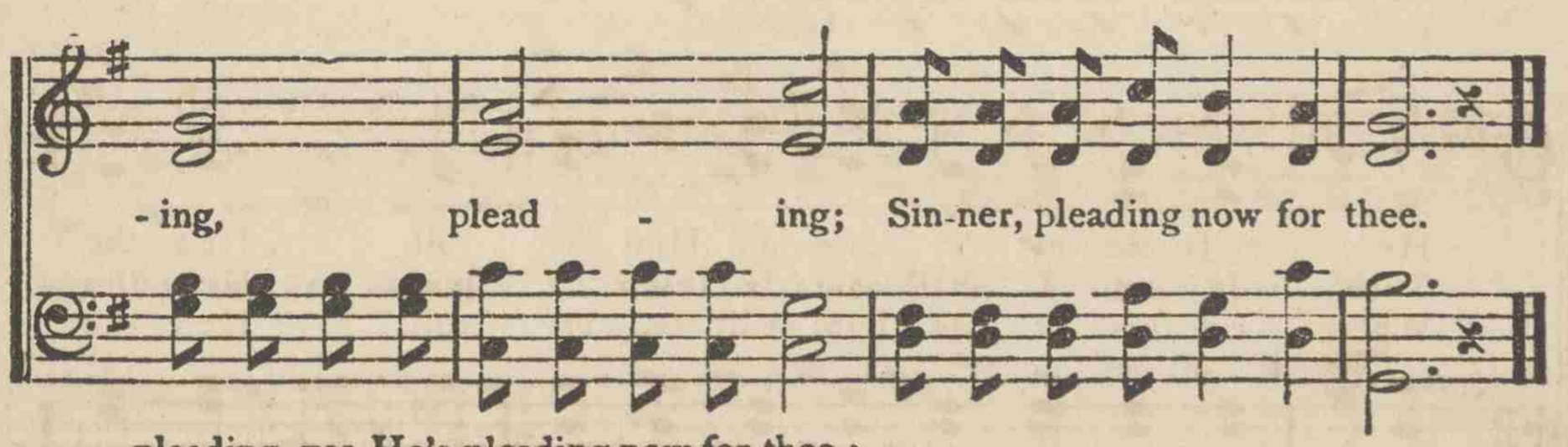
} He's plead - ing,

He's pleading, ev- er pleading, yes, He's



plead - ing; Sinner, pleading now for thee; He's plead -

pleading now for thee; He's pleading, ev- er



- ing, plead - ing; Sin-ner, pleading now for thee.

pleading, yes He's pleading now for thee;

From Harvest Bells No. 2, by per. of W. E. Penn, owner of copyright.

No. 34. Tell it Again.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. In - to the tent where a gip - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone, at the
2. "Did he so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good
3. Bending, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en-tered the
4. Smil-ing he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad that for

close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we car - ried,—said he
tid - ings of joy? Need I not per - ish?—my hand will he hold?
val - ley of death; "God send his Son!—who - so - ev - er!" said he:
me he was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west:
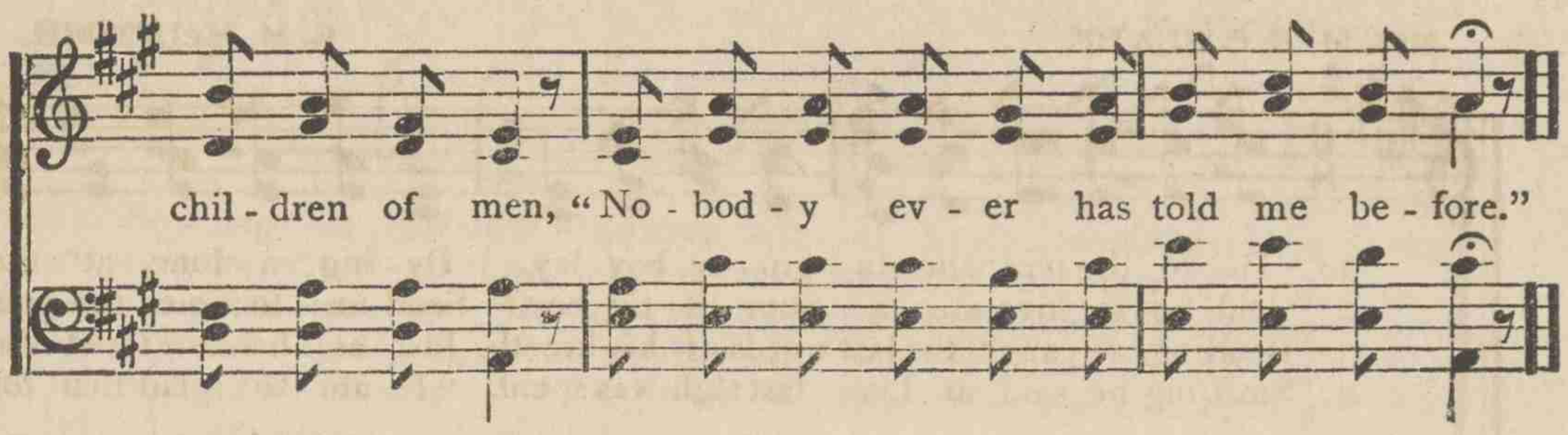
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REFRAIN.

"No-bod - y ev - er has told it to me!" Tell it a - gain! tell it a-gain!
"No-bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!" Tell it a - gain! tell it a-gain!
"Then I am sure that he sent him for me!" Tell it a - gain! tell it a-gain!
Lord, I be-lieve! tell it now to the rest!" Tell it a - gain! tell it a-gain!

Sal - vation's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er, Till none can say of the

Tell it Again.—Concluded.



No. 35.

The Ninety and Nine.
Key A.

1 There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 "Lord, Thou hast here thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer, "'Tis of mine
Has wandered away from me,"
"And although the rocks be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep"
I go to the desert to find my sheep.

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found the sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick and helpless and ready to die,
Sick and helpless and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They're pierced to-night by many a thorn"
"They're pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a glad cry to the gates of heaven,
"Rejoice I have found my sheep."
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own,"
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own."

No. 36. Here am I, send me.

Rev. DAN'L MARCH. S. M. BROWN, by per.

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus cry-ing, "Who will go and work to - day?
2. If you can - not cross the o-cean, And the heath - en lands ex-plore,
3. If you can - not speak like an-gels, If you can - not preach like Paul,
4. If you can - not be the watchman, Standing high on Zi - on's wall,
5. If a-mong the old - er peo-ple, You may not be apt to teach;
6. Let none hear you i - dly saying, "There is noth - ing I can do,"

Fields are white and har - vest wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"
You can find the heath - en near - er, You can help them at your door.
You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say He died for all.
Point - ing out the path to heav-en, Off - 'ring life and peace to all.
"Feed my Lambs," said Christ, our shepherd, "Place the food with-in their reach."
While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you.

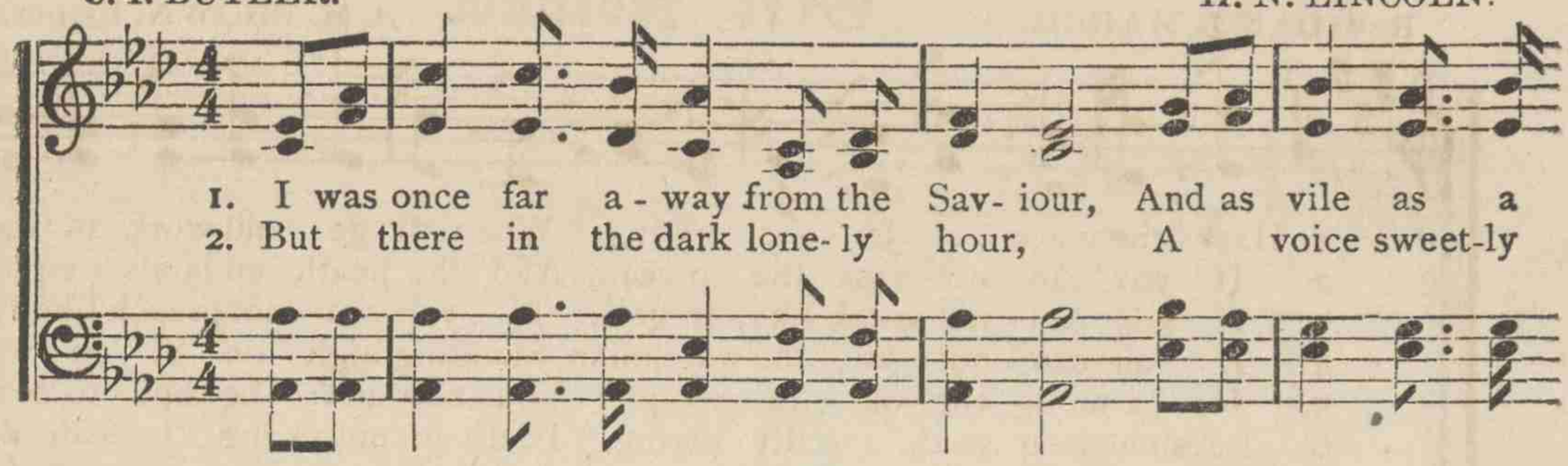
From "Gospel Alarm."

Loud and strong the Mas - ter call-eth, Rich re-ward He of - fers thee:
If you can - not give your thousands, You can give the wi-dow's mite,
If you can - not rouse the wick-ed With the judgment's dread a-larms,
With your pray'rs and with your bounties You can do what heav'n demands;
And it may be that the children You have led with trembling hand,
Take the task He gives you glad - ly, Let His work your pleas-ure be;

Who will an - swer, glad-ly say-ing, "Here am I; send me, send me?"
And the least you do for Je - sus, Will be pre - cious in His sight.
You can lead the lit - tle children To the Sav - iour's wait - ing arms.
You can be like faith - ful Aa-ron, Hold-ing up the prophet's hands.
Will be found a-mong your jew-els, When you reach the bet - ter land.
An-swer quick - ly when He call-eth, "Here am I; send me, send me!"

No. 37. A poor Sinner like Me.

C. I. BUTLER. H. N. LINCOLN.



3 Then fully I trusted in Jesus,
And oh, what a joy came to me;
My heart then was full of praises,
For he saved a poor sinner like me.
No longer in darkness I'm dwelling,
For the light now is shining on me,
And the story to others I'm telling,
How he saved a poor sinner like me.

4 And when my life's journey is ended,
And I my dear Saviour shall see;
I'll praise him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.
I'll sing the sweet song of redemption,
With loved on es who passed on before;
I'll drink of life's fountain forever,
On that beautiful, beautiful shore.

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No. 38. Over Jordan.

F. A. B. E. A. BLACKMER.

1. In that coun- try which lies o - ver Jor - dan, In that sweet par - a -
2. O - ver there are the beau - ti - ful man-sions That the Sav- iour has
3. All the dear ones we lov'd, and who lov'd us, We shall meet on that
4. We shall there see the face of the Fa - ther, Who for mor- tals such

- dise o - ver there, We are go - ing to dwell with the Sav- iour, And with
gone to pre-pare; And the cit - y of God, bright and gold- en With its
sor - row-less shore Glo- ri- fied, made im mor- tal and tear- less; We shall
won - ders has done; Who to die for us while we were reb - els, Sent His

CHORUS.

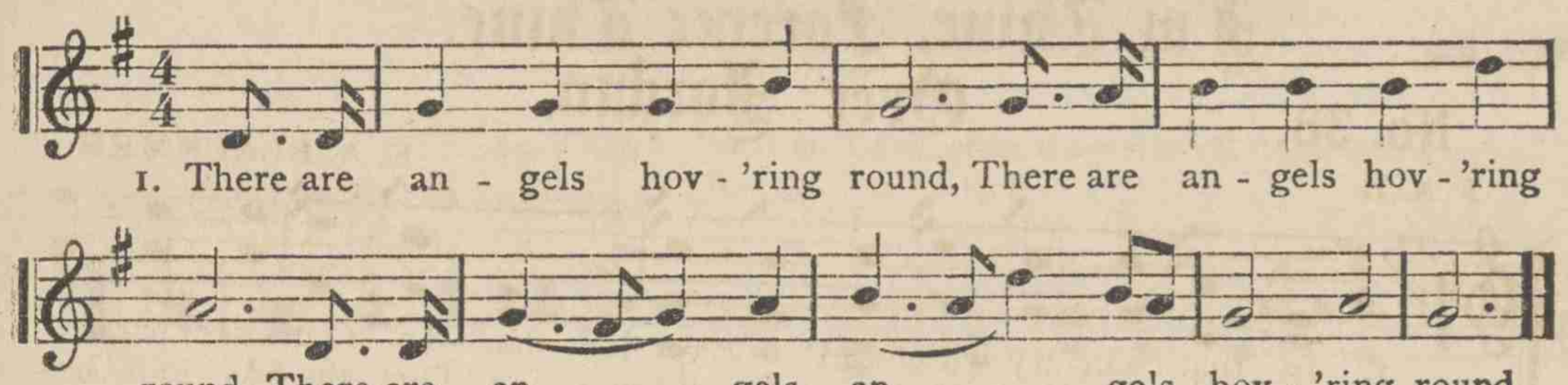
Him end - less glo - ry share.
walls deck'd with jew - els rare.
meet there to part no more.
on - ly be - got - ten Son.

} O - ver Jor - dan, O - ver

Jor - dan, In that sweet par - a - dise o - ver there, We are
go - ing to dwell with the Sav - iour, And with Him endless glo - ry share.

From "Gospel Awakening," by per.
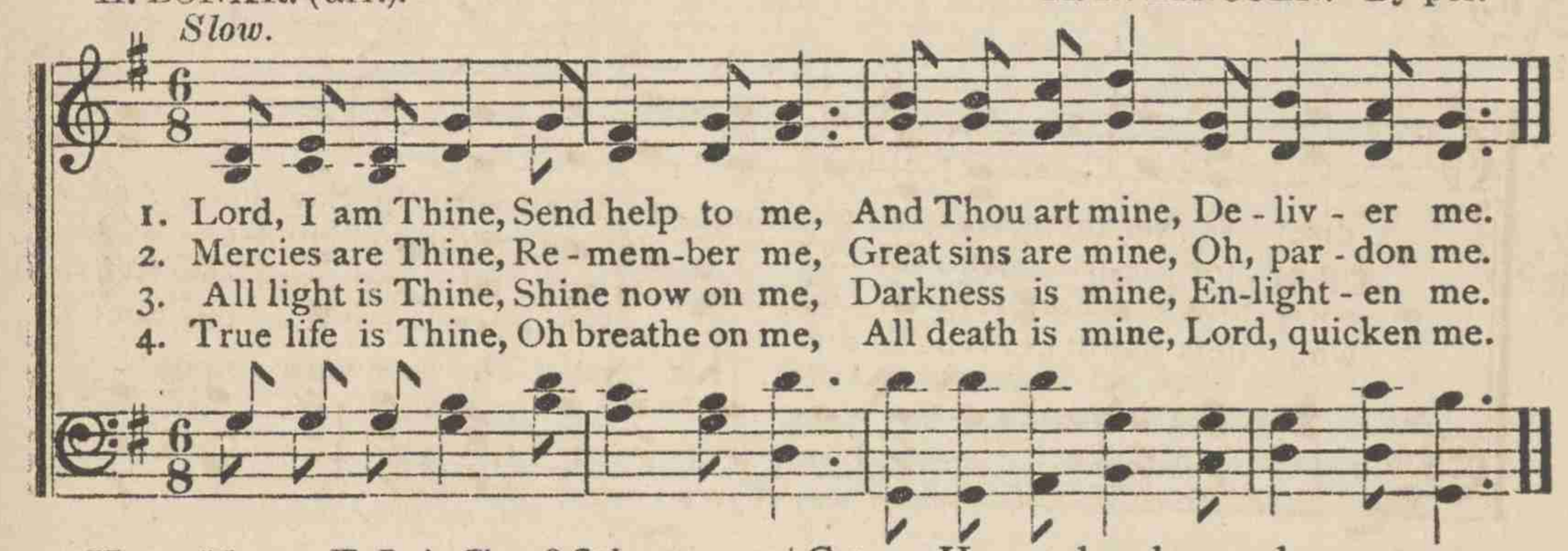
No. 39. Angels Hovering Round.



2 To carry the tidings home, etc.
3 To the New Jerusalem, etc.
4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.
5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.
6 There's glory all around, etc.

No. 40. Thine, Mine.

H. BONAR. (arr.). H. N. LINCOLN. By per.



No. 41. We Praise Thee, O God. Key of G.

1 We praise Thee, God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above!

Cho.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah, amen,
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

No. 42. Happy Day. Key of G.

1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Cho.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how, to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy happy,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done—
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

3 Now rest my long divided heart:
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart.
With Him of every good possessed.

No. 43. Come, Ye Disconsolate. Key of D.

1 Come, ye disconsolate! where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure.

No. 44. I'm Thine, Forever Thine.

"My beloved is mine, and I am His." Cant. ii. 16.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.

1. No more my own, Lord Je - sus, Bought with thy pre- cious blood;
2. I give the life Thou gav - est, My pres-ent fu - ture, past,
3. I give the love, the sweet- est Thy goodness grants to me;
4. Out - side the camp to suf - fer, With - in the vale to meet,

I give Thee but Thine own, Lord, That long Thy love with - stood.
My joys, my fears, my sor- rows, My first hope and my last.
Oh, take and make it meet, Lord, For of - fer- ing to Thee.
And hear the soft - est whis- per, From out the mer - cy - seat.

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CHORUS.

Now fash- ion, form, and fill me With light and love di - vine;

So, one with Thee, Lord, Je - sus, I'm Thine, for- ev - er Thine.

No. 45.

Work for the Night.
Key of F.

1 Work for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter;
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 46.

Martyn.
Key of F.

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

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

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer, the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

No. 47.

Cross and Crown.
Key of A.

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

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
With joy I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

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

No. 48.

What a Friend we have in Jesus.
Key of F.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer,
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 49.

The Soldier of the Cross.
Key of A.

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

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

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

4 Since I must fight, if I would reign,
Increase my courage. Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.

No. 50.

Doxology.
Key of E.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

No. 51. Shall we Meet?

Words and Music by A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. Shall we meet with one a- noth- er When the march of life is o'er,
2. Ma- ny loved ones have pass'd o - ver, To that home of all the blest,
3. When at last by that bright riv - er With the shin- ing ones we stand,

With im-mor - tals dwell for - ev - er On the hap - py glo - ry shore?
Shall we meet them at the riv - er In the land of peace and rest?
Shall we meet no more to sev - er In the glo-rious heav - 'nly land?

*Chorus.

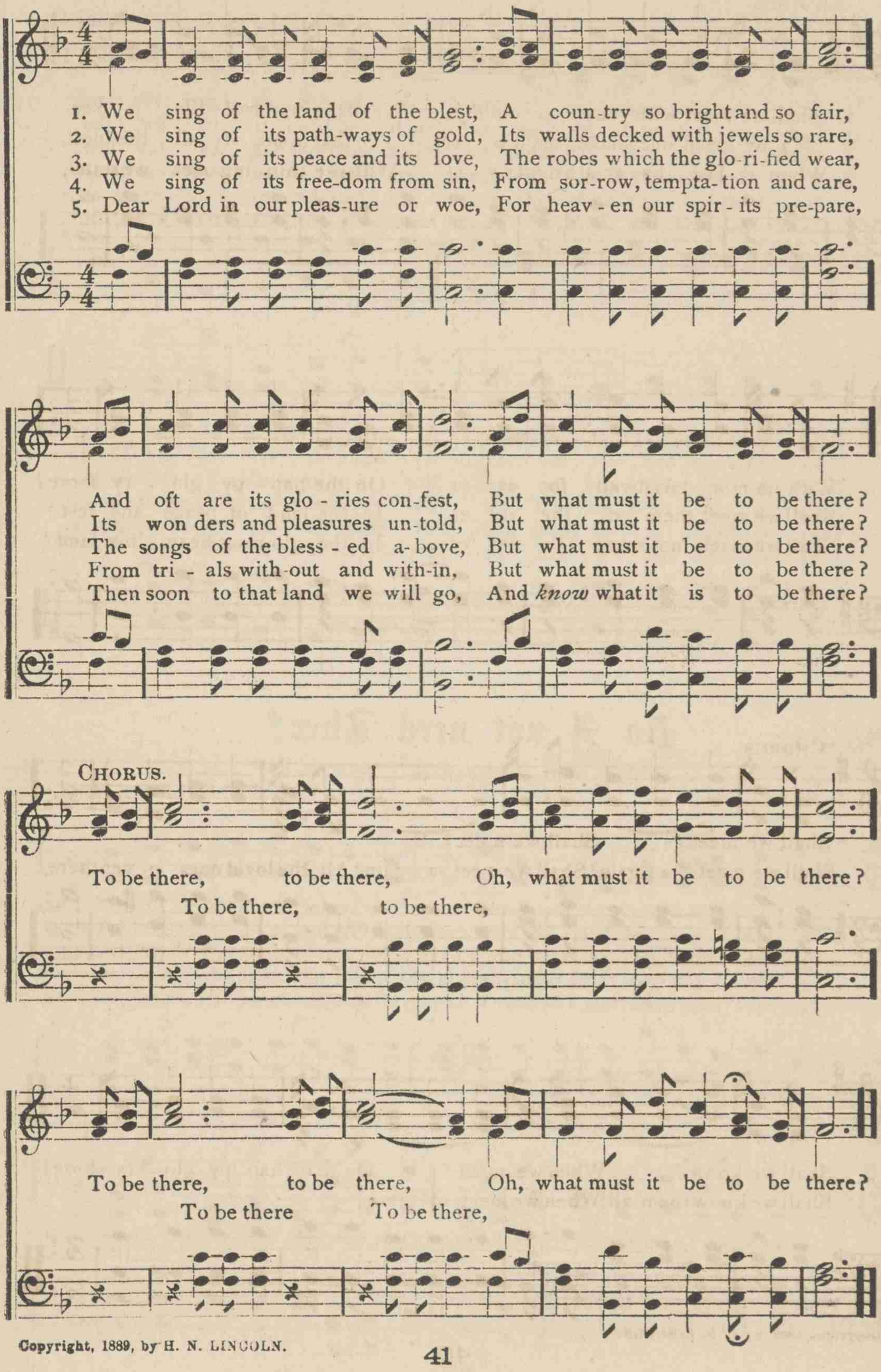
Shall we meet? Shall we meet?
Shall we meet a - gain? Shall we meet a - gain? All the lov'd ones o- ver there,

Shall we know? When we meet? On that hap- py glo - ry shore.
Shall we know them all When we meet up there?

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No. 52. What must it be to be There?

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS. A. J. BUCHANAN.

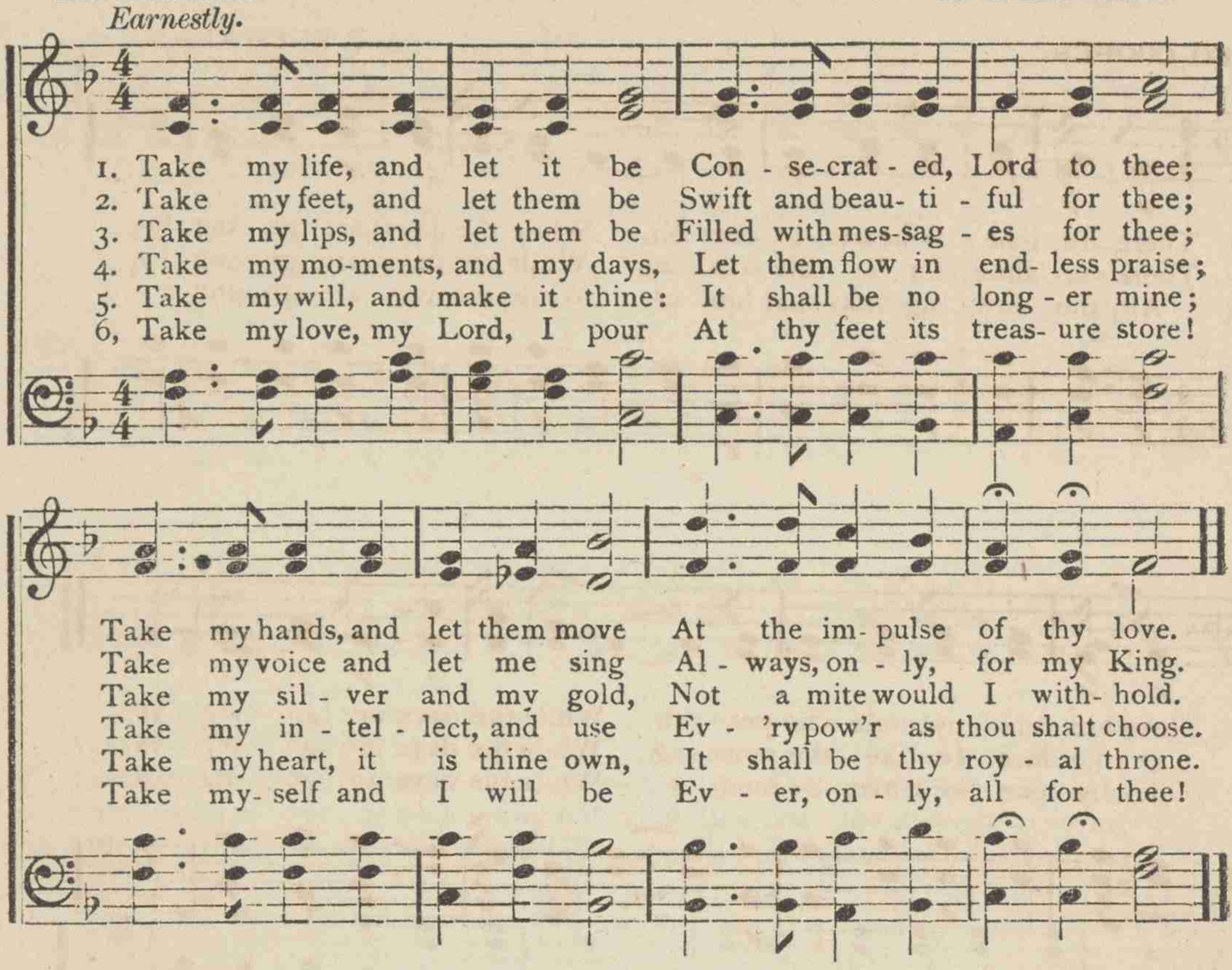


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No. 53. Consecration.

HAVERGAL. H. N. LINCOLN.

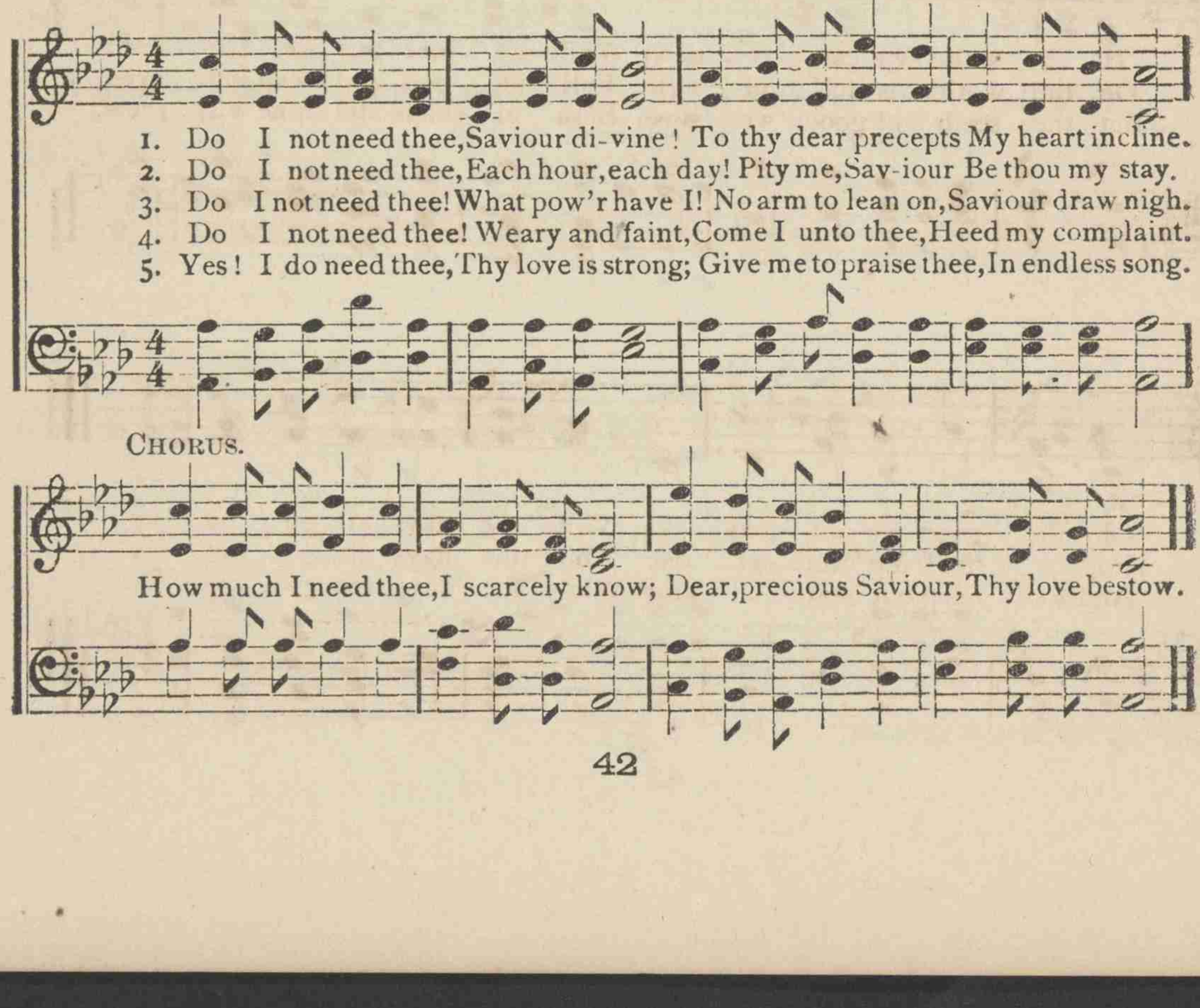
Earnestly.



No. 54. Do I not need Thee?

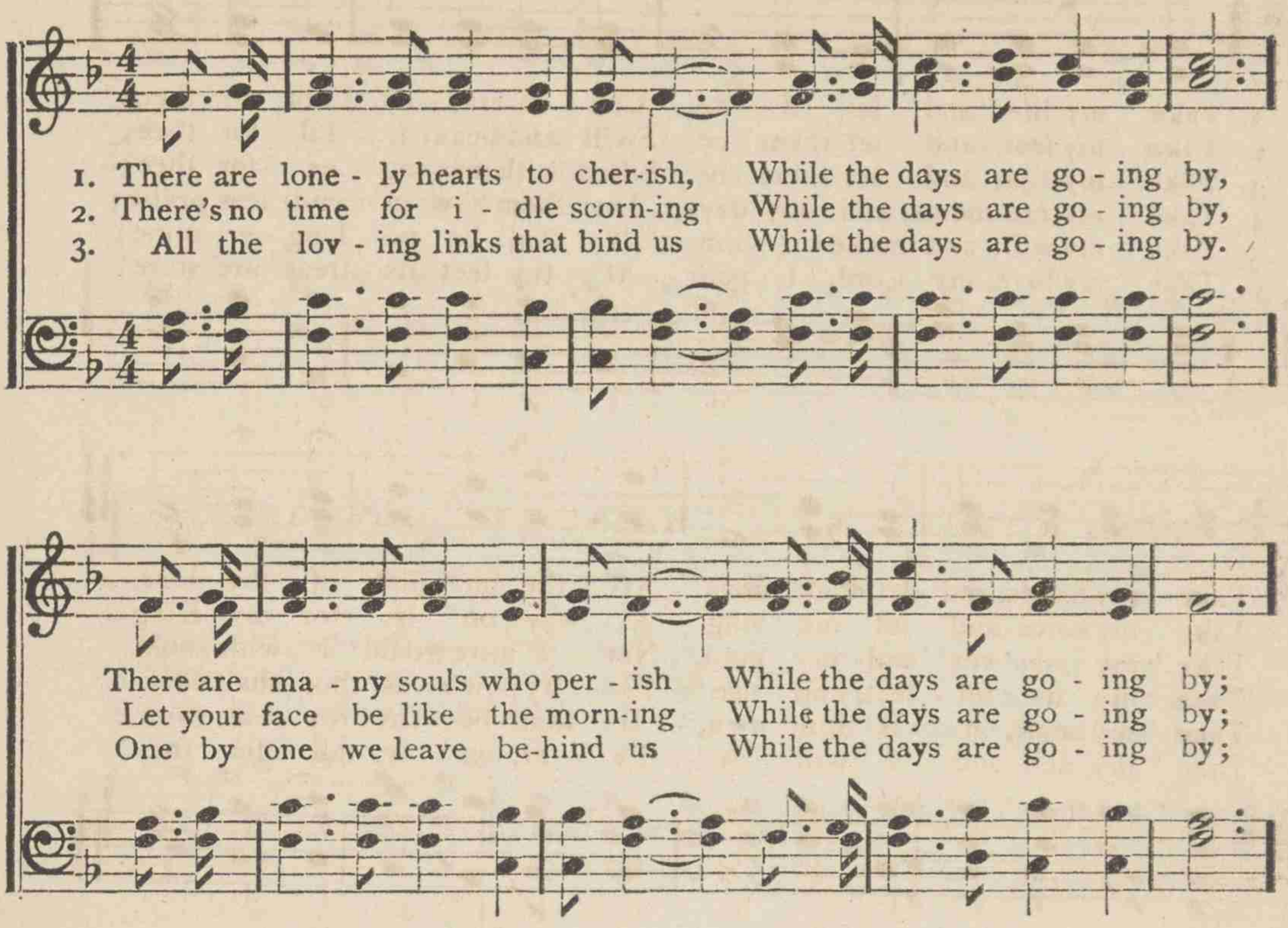
"Without me ye can do nothing." John 15: 5.

R. G. STAPLES. H. N. LINCOLN, by per.



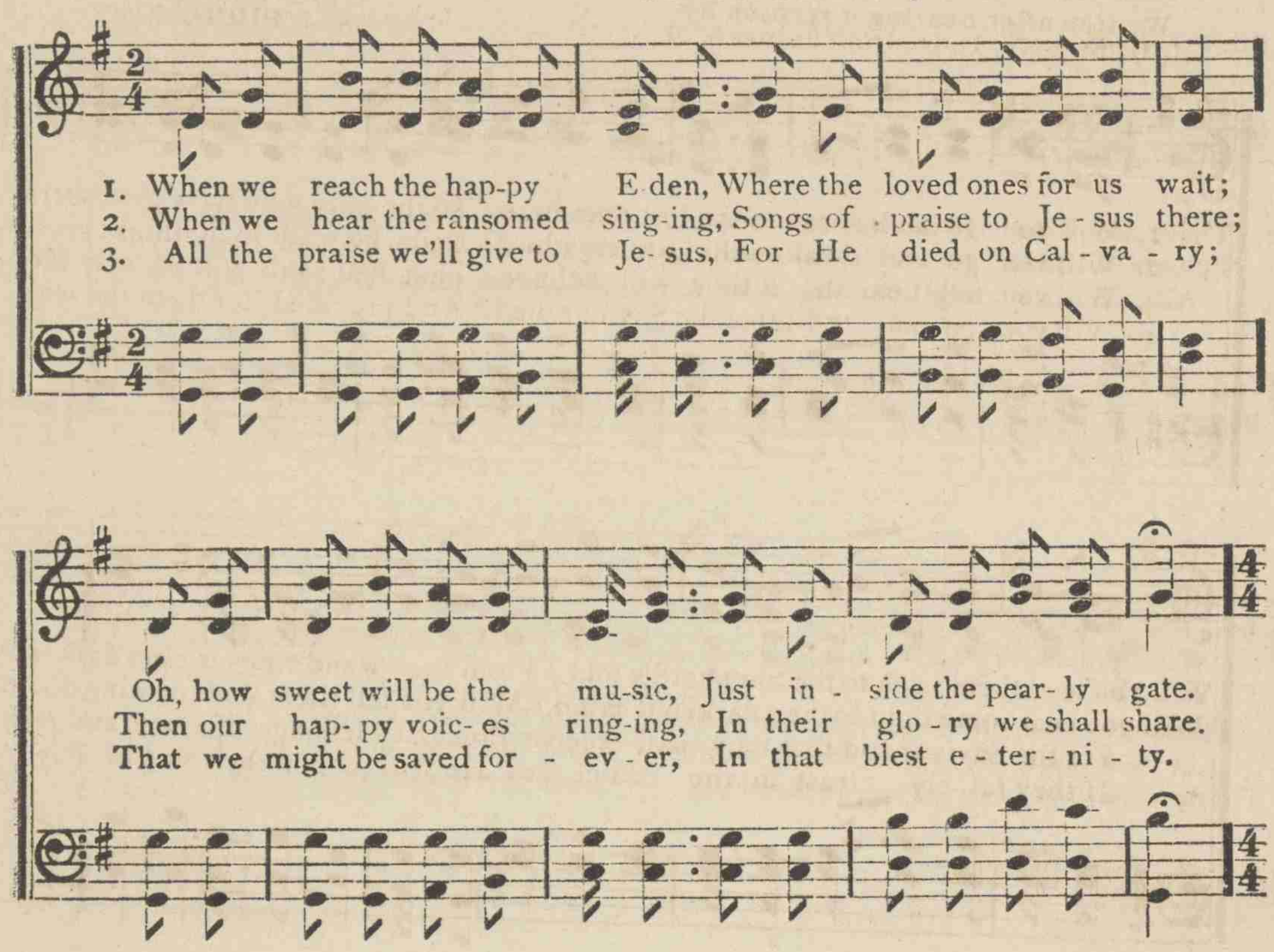
No. 55. While the Days are Going by.

GEO. COOPER. A. J. BUCHANAN.



No. 56. The Beautiful Eden Above.

Words and Music by A. J. BUCHANAN.



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No. 57. Seeking The Lost.

Written after hearing a sermon by
J. H. BOYET, D. D., from James 5. 20.

Words and Music by
A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. Will you go and speak to the lost ones here? To the ones who have gone astray,
2. Will you go and speak to the sinners blind? And who walk in midnight gloom,
3. Will you tell them all if they will believe? That their souls will be truly blest,
4. Will you go and tell them the Saviour died? And provided for them the way,

Will you lead them back to the Shepherd's fold? From their wand'rings in sin's dark way.
Will you bear some light to their darken'd mind? Will you tell them their coming doom?
For the Saviour said that they shall receive Precious blessings of peace and rest.
If they ful - ly trust in the cru-ci- fied He will pardon their sins to- day.

CHORUS.

Will you seek them now? Will you
Will you seek them now, Will you seek them now? Will you

show them the way?
show them the way? Will you show them the way? Some one may be lost,

That you might lead home, To that bright land of per - fect day.

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No. 58. As Doves to their Windows.

W. E. PENN. H. N. LINCOLN, by per.

Quartette legato.

1. As doves to their win-dows, when darkness draws nigh My souls in its longings to
2. The win- dows of heav -en stand open and wide Where earth's weary pilgrims may
3. The storm clouds are gath'ring the tempest is high The day is far spent and the
4. Then come trembling sin-ner, no long- er de- lay, As doves to their windows fly

Je - sus would fly, When dark waves of sor - row would o - ver me roll, In
ev - er a-bide, Why then do we tar - ry in dark- ness and sin, When
dark night is nigh Why then stand we i - dle 'mid dan- gers so great, We
quick - ly a- way, A - way from the sins that will sink thy poor soul, Where

p REFRAIN. *cres.*

Je-sus my Saviour, there's rest for my soul.
Je- sus is wait-ing to welcome us in.
know that this moment may close mercy's gate.
dark waves of death must eter-na- ly roll.

} As doves to their win - dows, when
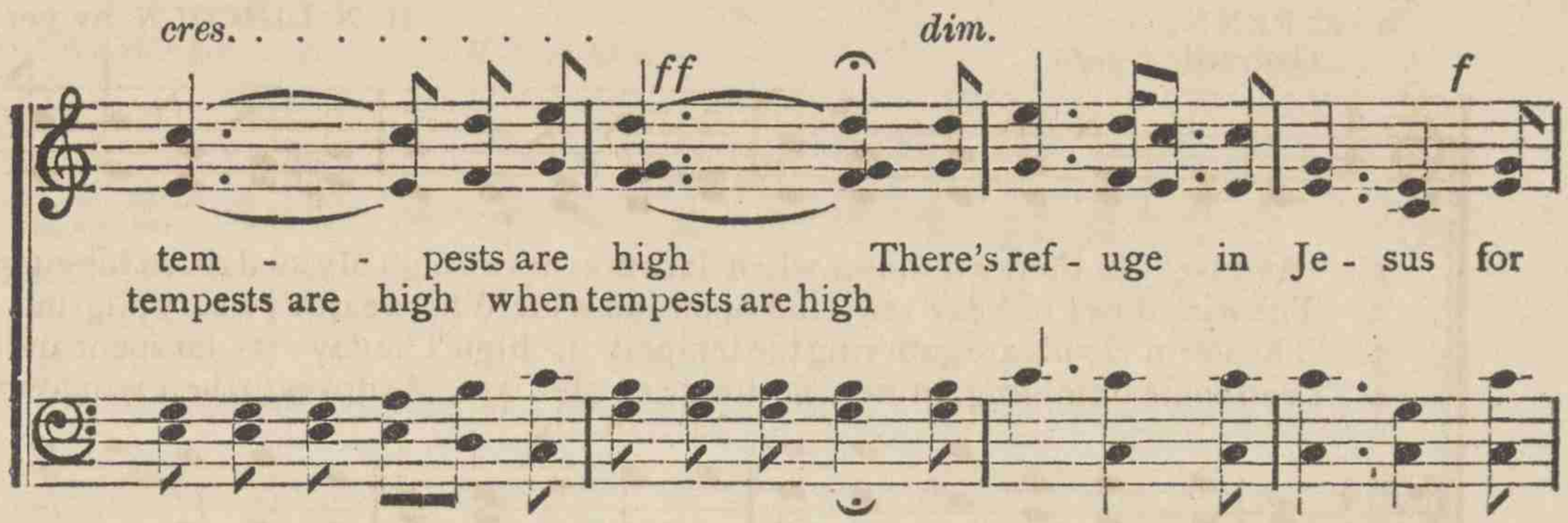
As doves to their windows when
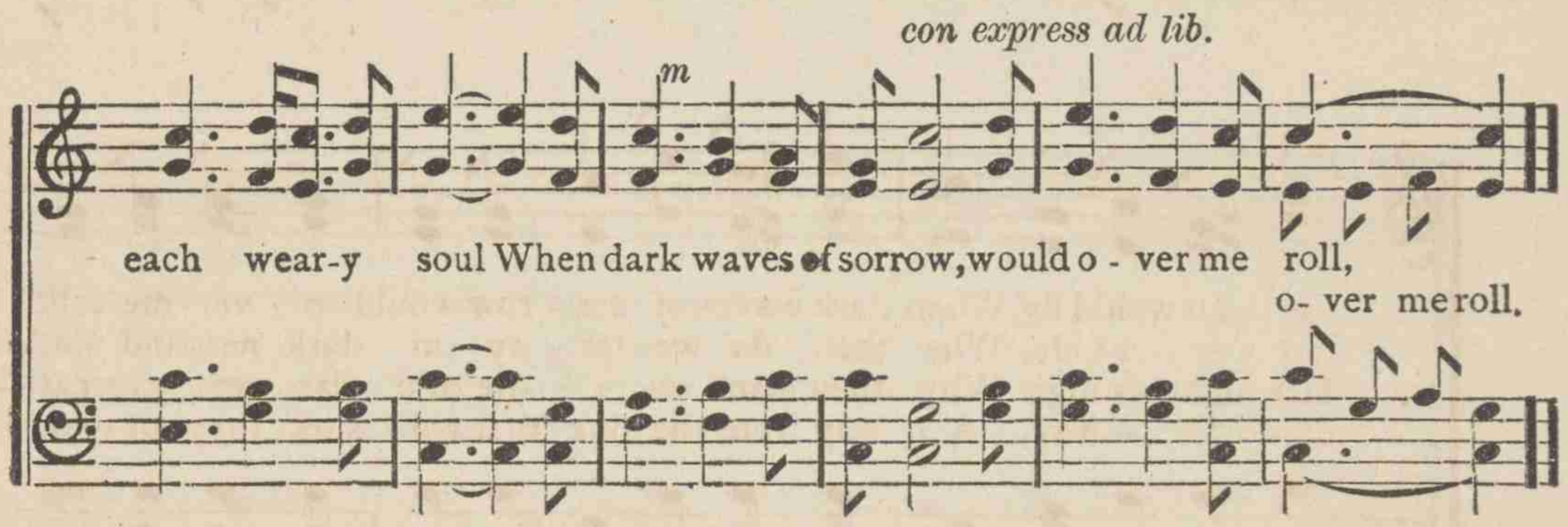
dim. *p* *m*

dark - ness is nigh, As doves to their win - - dows, when
darkness is nigh when darkness is nigh, As doves to their windows when

From Harvest Bells No. 3. W. E. Penn owner of copyright.

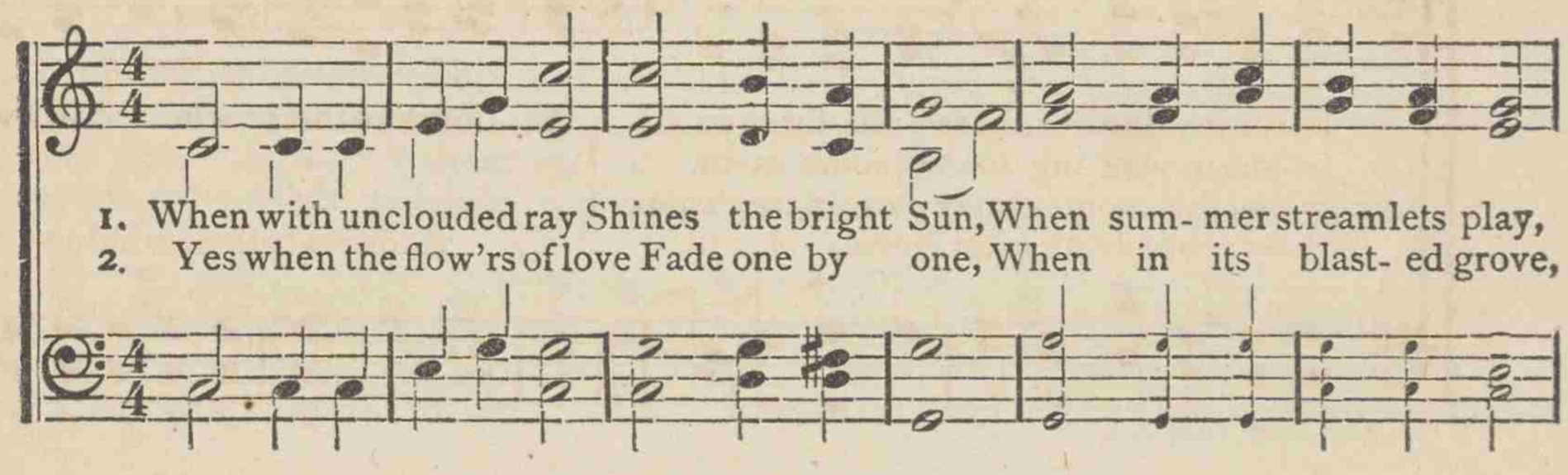
As Doves to their Windows. Concluded.





No. 59. Thy will be Done.

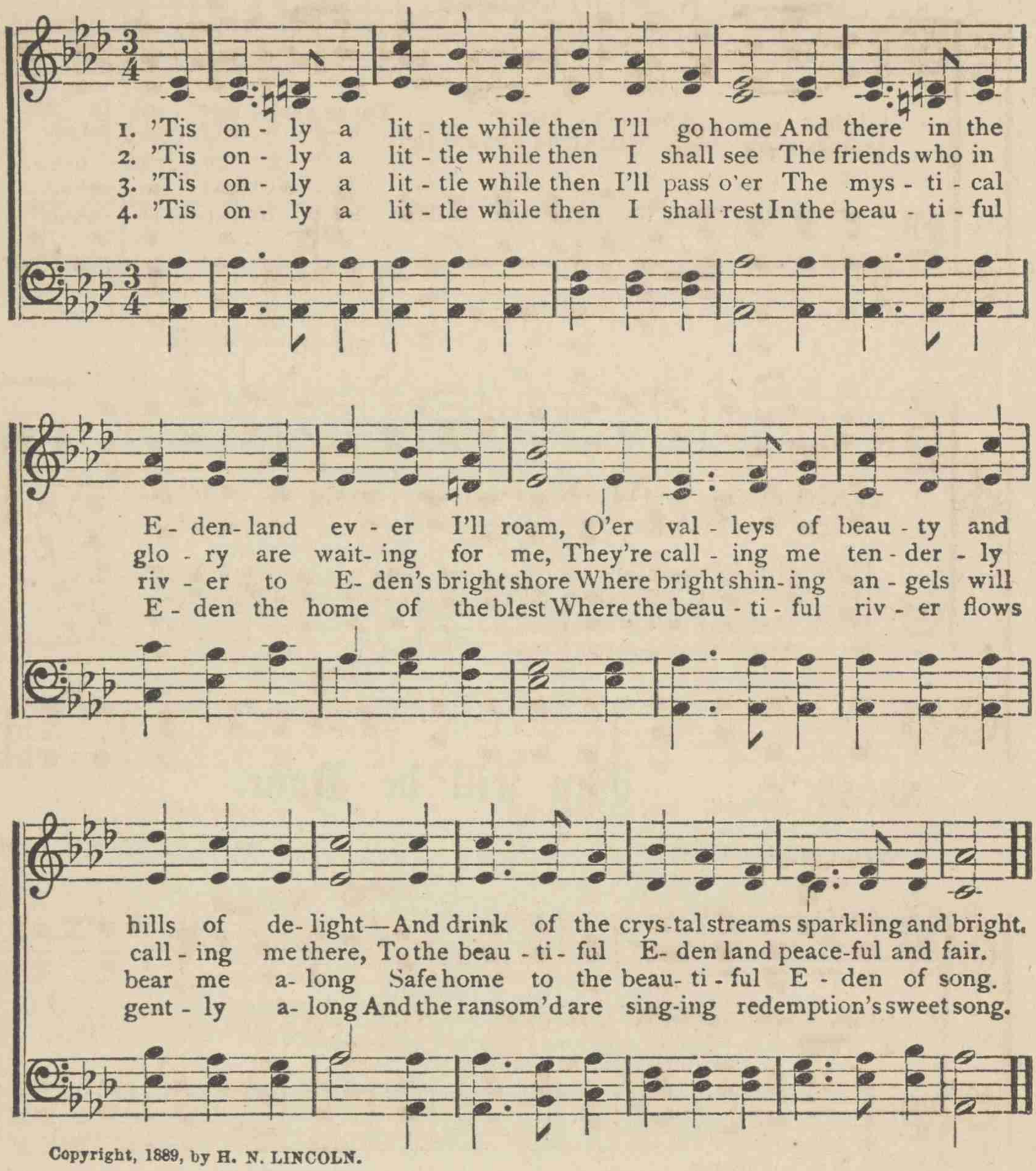
LYDIA SIGOURNEY. H. N. LINCOLN, by per.



From Harvest Bells No. 3, Rearranged.

No. 60. Only a Little While.

Words and Music by A. J. BUCHANAN.



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No. 61. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Key of D.

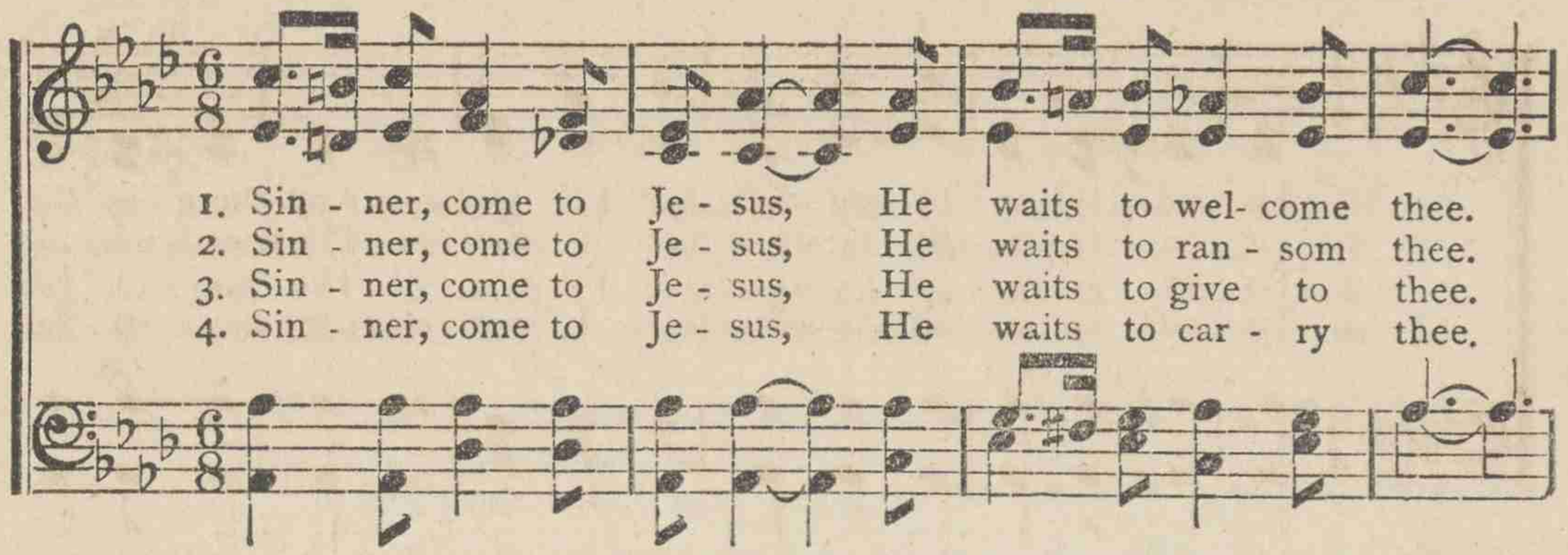
1 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
‖: And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer. :‖
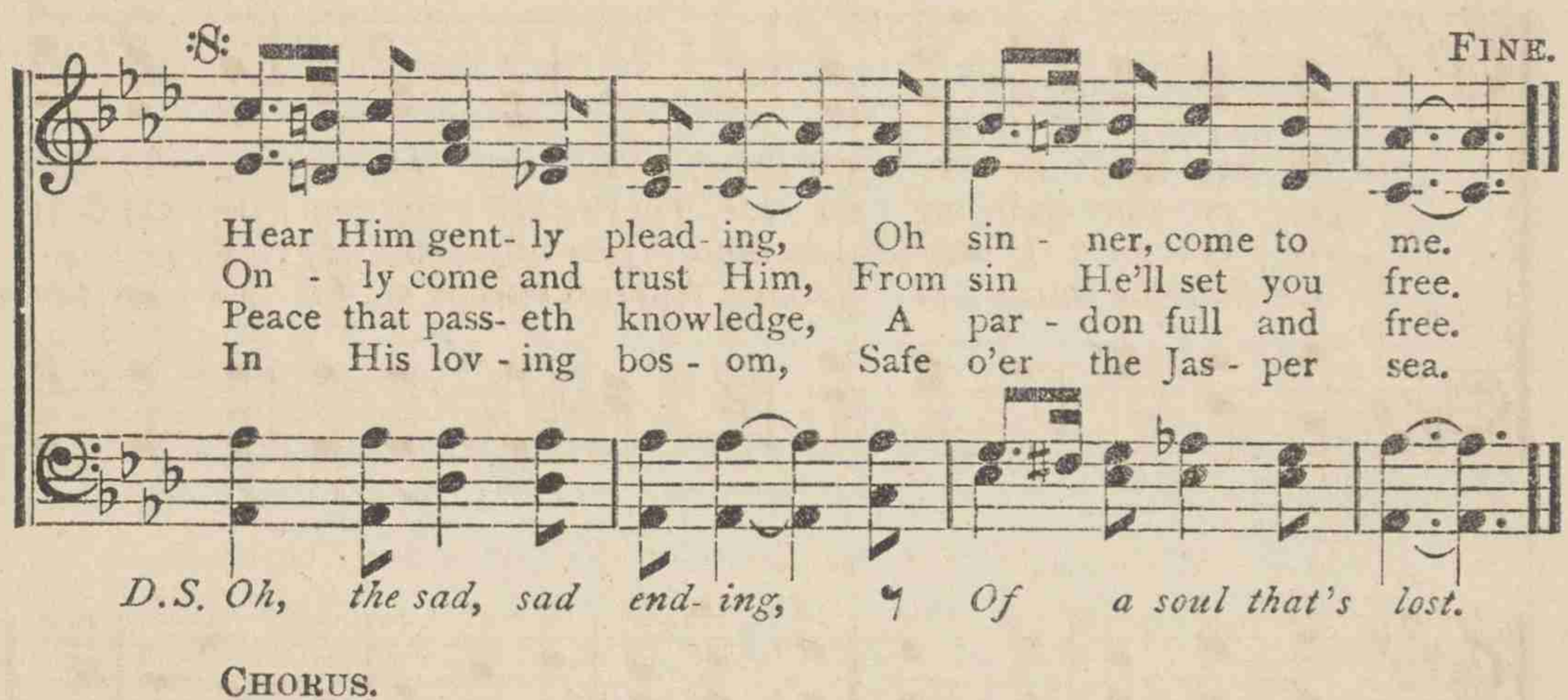
2 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
‖: I'll cast on Him my ever care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r! :‖
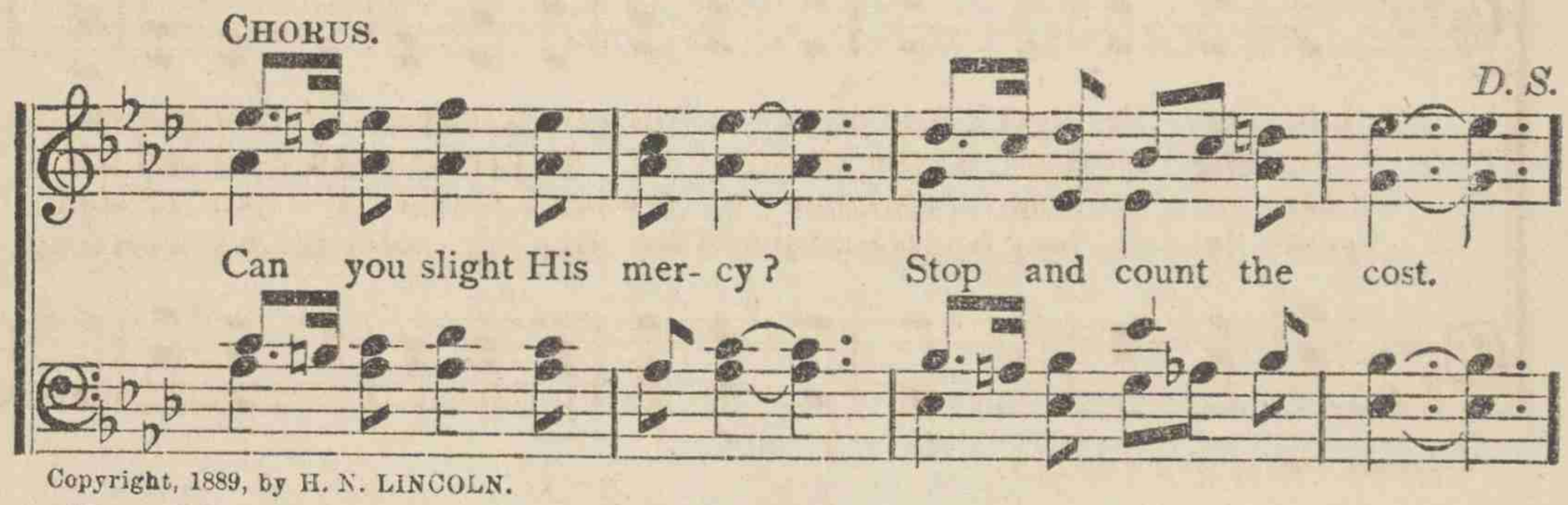
3 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
May I thy consolation share,
'Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize,
‖: And shout, while passing thro' the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r. :‖

No. 62. Sinner, Come to Jesus.

Words and Music by A. J. BUCHANAN.







Copyright, 1889, by H. N. LINCOLN.

No. 63. Amazing Grace.

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

CHO.—O how I love Jesus, O how I love Jesus,
O how I love Jesus, because He first loved me.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.
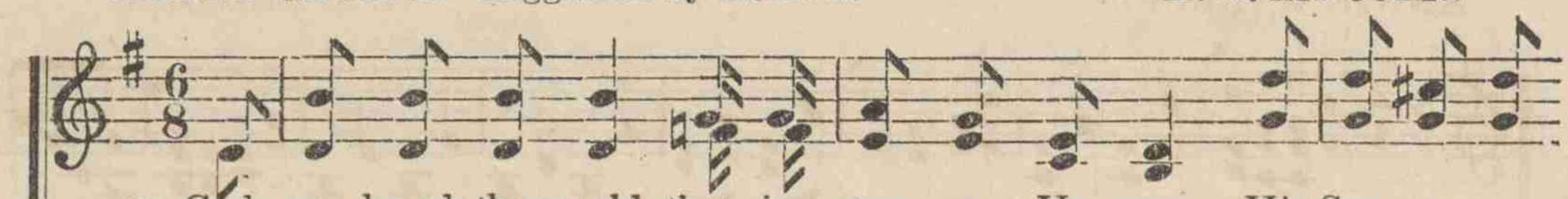
3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace that leads me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.
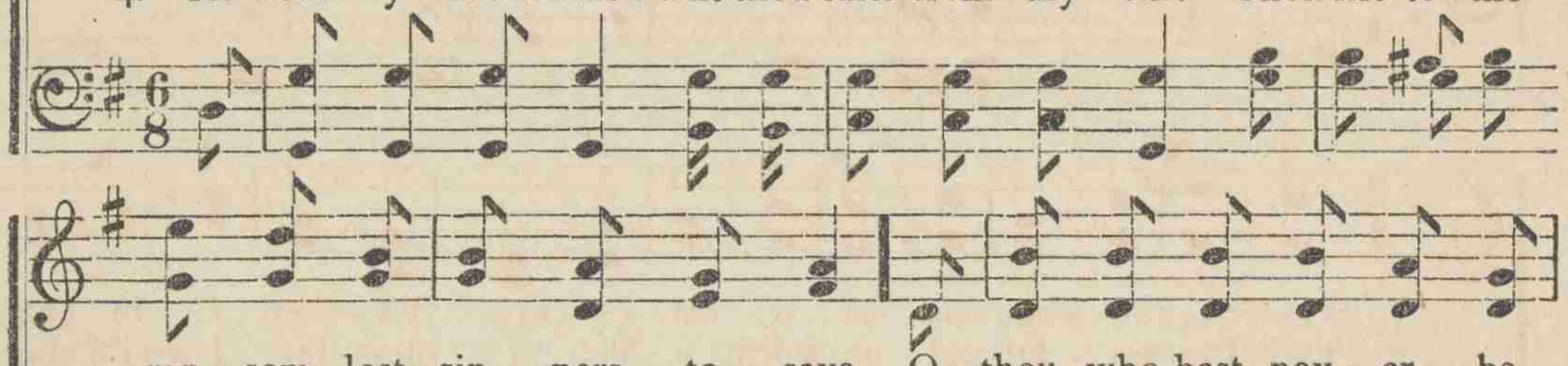
No. 64. Already Condemned.

He that believeth not, is condemned already. John 3: 18.
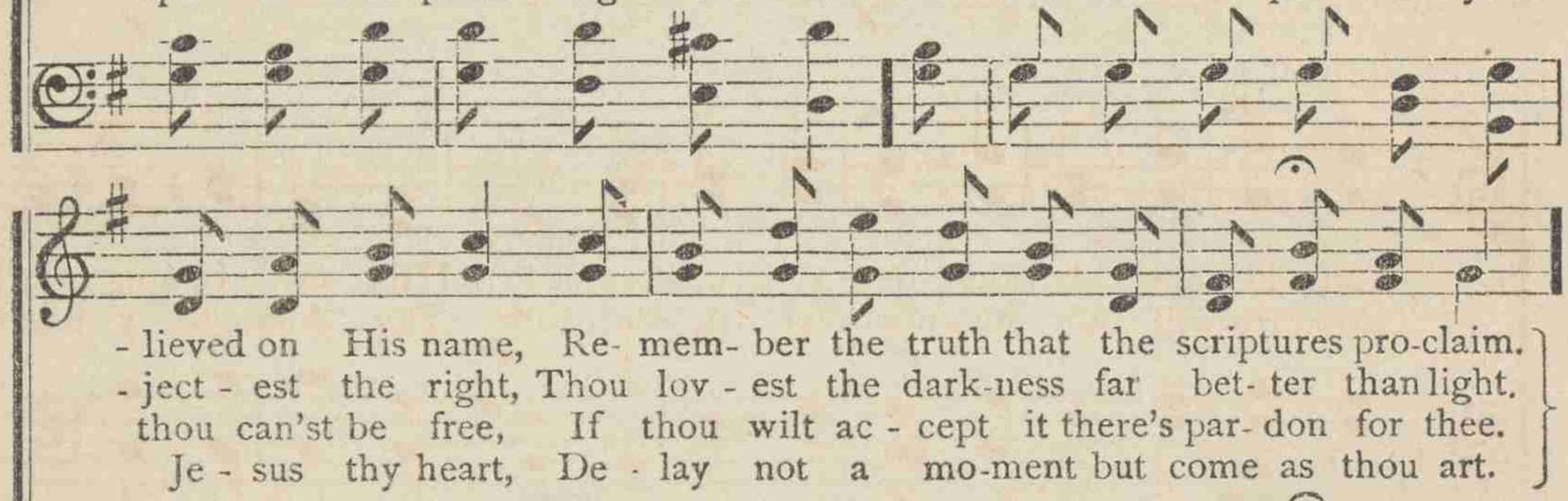
FANNY CROSBY. Suggested by H. N. L. H. N. LINCOLN.
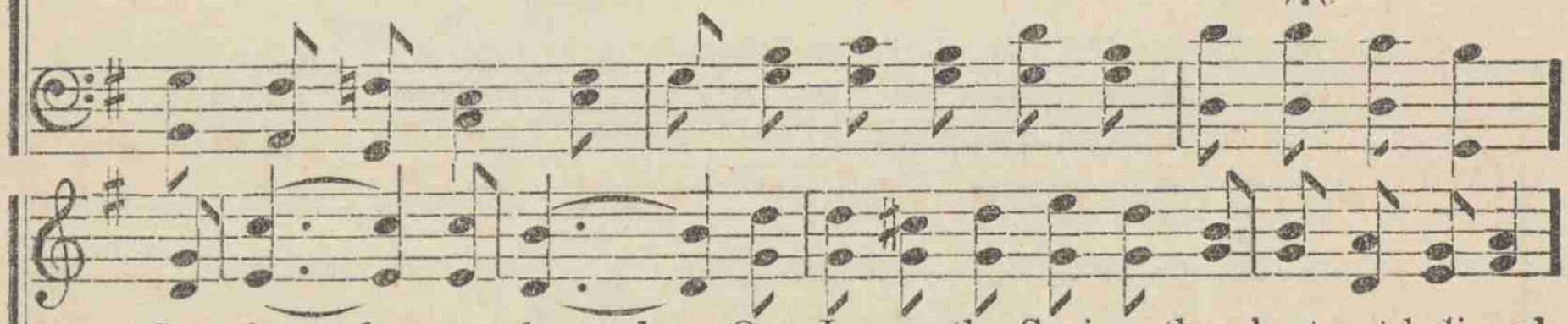


1. God so loved the world that in mer - cy He gave, His Son as a
2. Al- read - y condemned in the sight of the Lord, Be-cause thou art
3. Al- read - y condemned un- be - liev - er thou art, O think what a
4. Al- read - y condemned wilt thou turn from thy sin! Then list to the



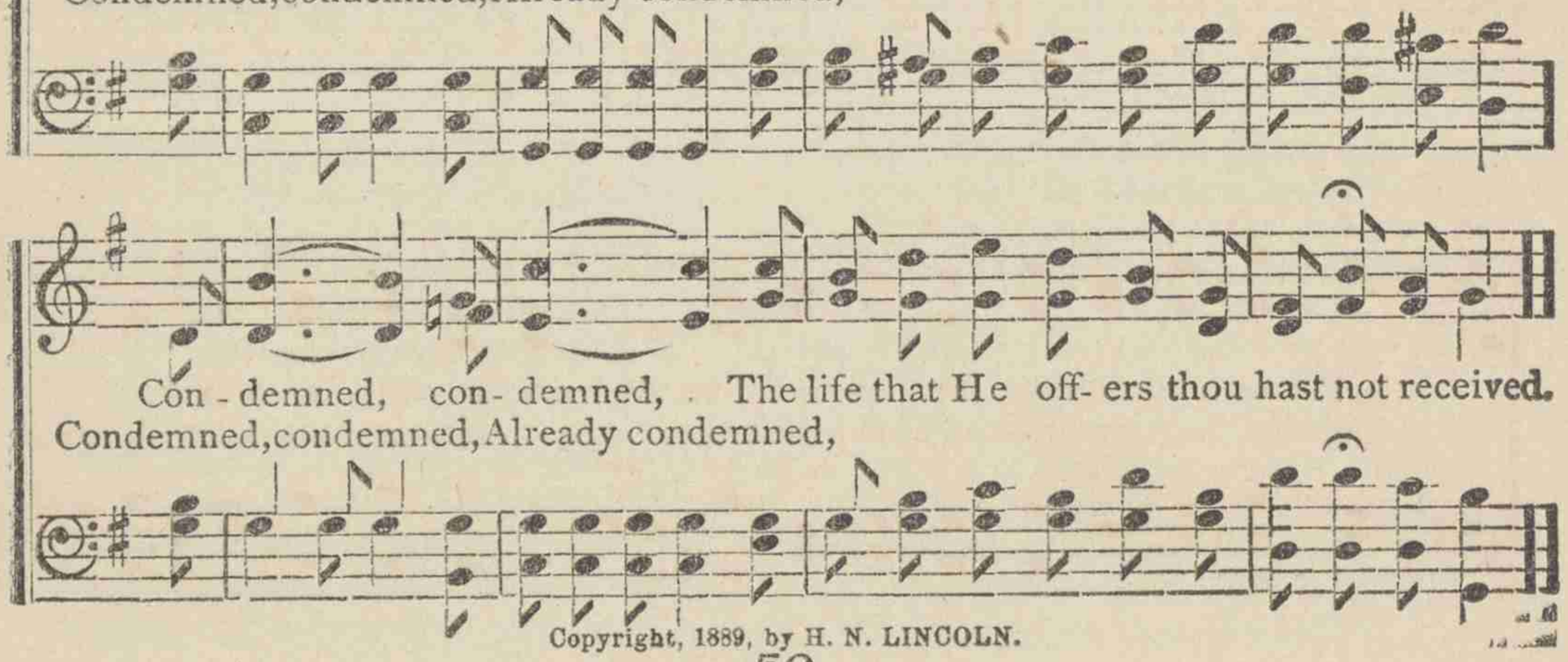
ran - som lost sin - ners to save, O thou who hast nev - er be -
turn - ing a - way from His word, Thou choos-est the e - vil re -
sen- tence hangs o - ver thy heart, Yet why wilt thou per - ish? when
spir - it now plead - ing with - in Thro' faith and re - pen- tance yield



- lieved on His name, Re- mem- ber the truth that the scriptures pro-claim.
- ject - est the right, Thou lov - est the dark-ness far bet- ter than light.
thou can'st be free, If thou wilt ac - cept it there's par- don for thee.
Je - sus thy heart, De - lay not a mo-ment but come as thou art.



Con - demned, con- demned, On Je- sus the Saviour thou hast not believed,
Condemned, condemned, Already condemned,



Con - demned, con- demned, The life that He off- ers thou hast not received.
Condemned, condemned, Already condemned,

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No. 65.

Evening Prayer.

Arr. by per. from
ANNIE HARRISON.

Music arr. and Words by
H. N. LINCOLN.

1. When the toil- some day is o - ver, To my Fa - ther I re - pair,
2. Tho' I'm sin - ful and un-worth- y, Yet a bless - ing I would claim,

And in hum - ble, true de - vo-tion, Breathe to Him my eve-ning pray'r.
Not thro' self nor hu - man mer - it, But thro' Thy Al-might - y name:

SOLO.
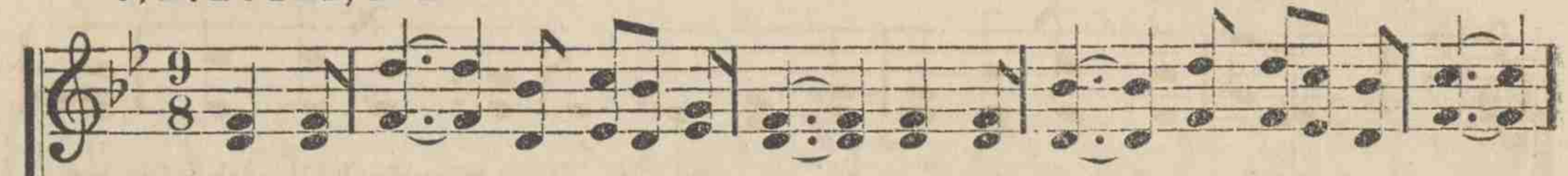
Bless - ed Fa - ther I am thank - ful For thy bless- ings thro' this day,
May Thy spir - it guard and guide me, While I sleep and when I wake,

All I've done a-miss for-give me, Take my ma - ny sins a - way.
And at last in heav-en crown me, All I ask for Je - sus' sake. A - MEN.

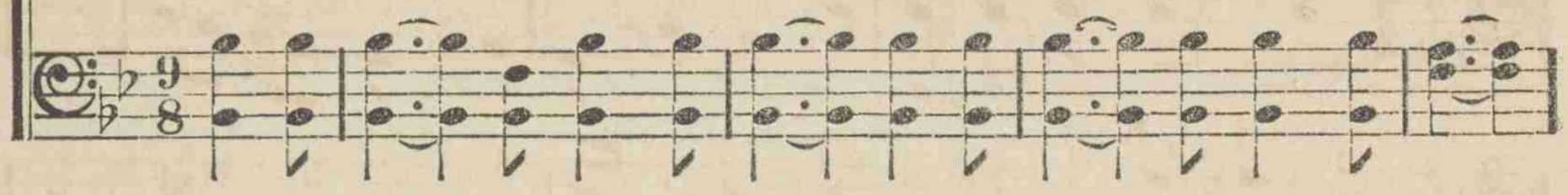
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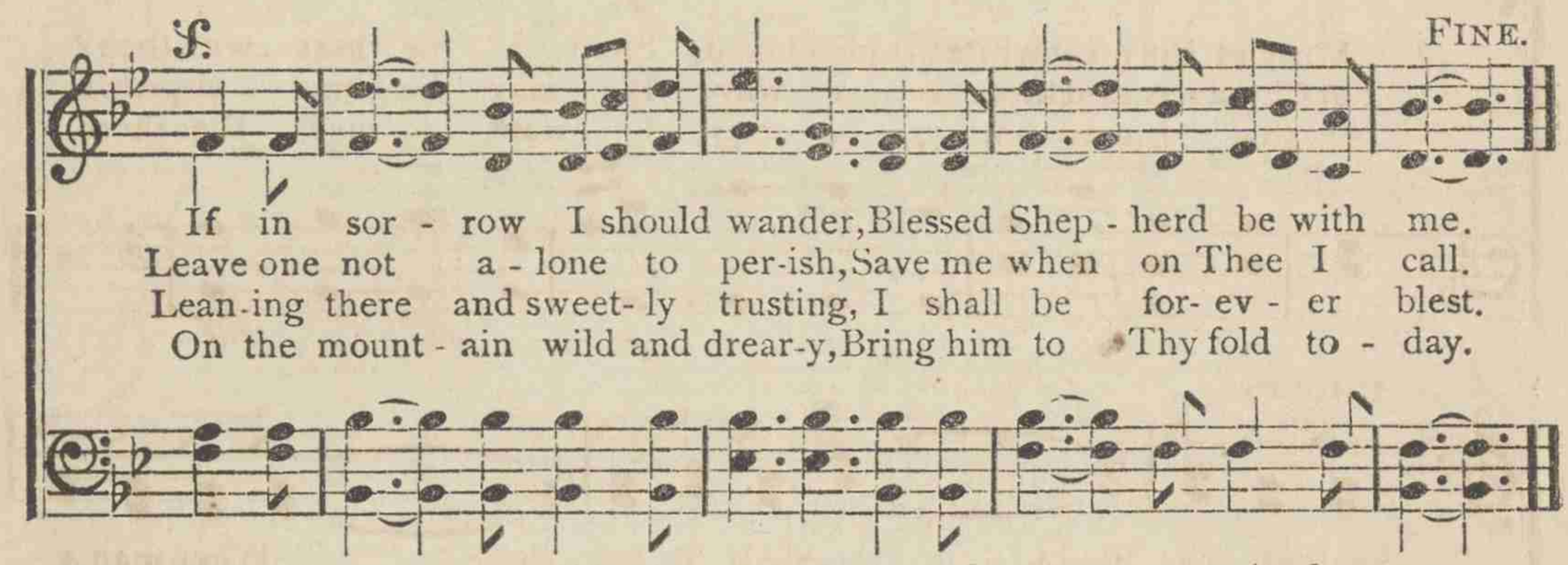
No. 66. Blessed Shepherd.

J, H. BOYET, D. D. A. J. BUCHANAN.
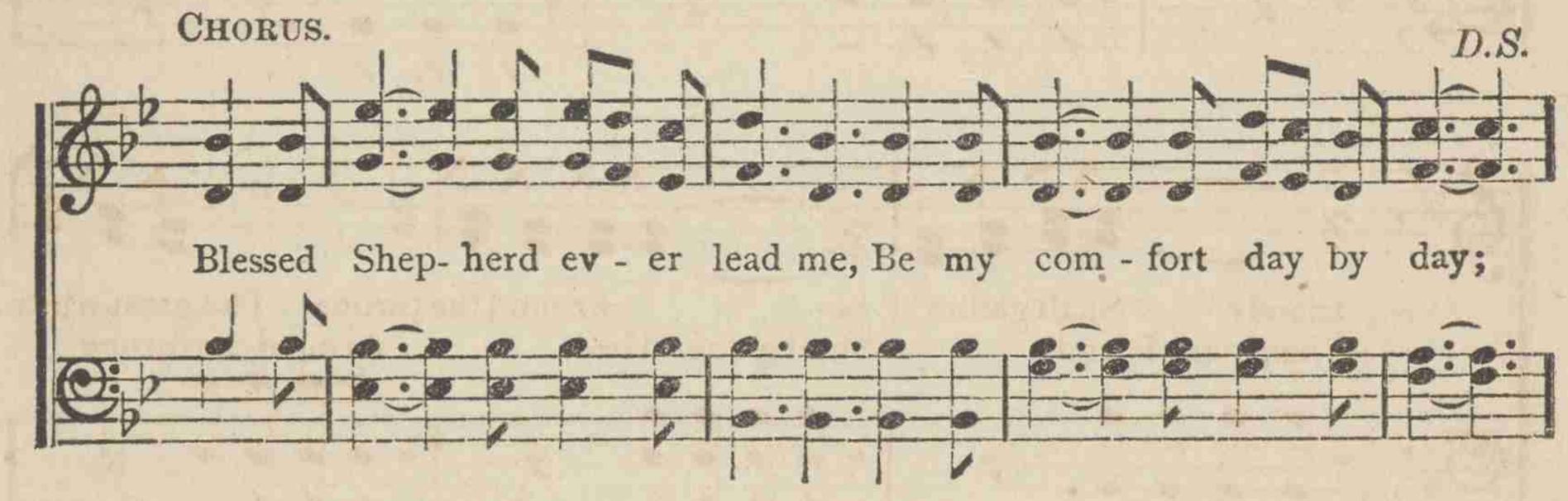


1. Blessed Shep- herd of my soul, Let me in Thy presence be;
2. Mighty Shep- herd of my life, In Thy arms I help-less fall;
3. Blessed Shep- herd of my soul, Let me on Thy bos- om rest;
4. Shepherd Bish - op of the sheep, Dost Thou love the one a - stray?





If in sor - row I should wander, Blessed Shep - herd be with me.
Leave one not a - lone to per-ish, Save me when on Thee I call.
Lean-ing there and sweet- ly trusting, I shall be for- ev - er blest.
On the mount - ain wild and drear-y, Bring him to Thy fold to - day.

D.S.—Till this wear - y life is end-ed, And these tears are wiped a - way.



Blessed Shep- herd ev - er lead me, Be my com - fort day by day;

No. 67.

Come, Holy Spirit.
Ortonville,
Key of B♭.

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

2 In vain we tune our formal songs
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

3 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

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

No. 68. Around the Great White Throne.

ABBIE C. McKEEVER. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. A - round the great white throne some day Dear friends shall gather'd be,
2. A - round the great white throne sweet tho't I may be kneel- ing there,
3. Teach me the way O Sav- iour dear, I am so weak in pray'r,

A-round the great white throne O God, Shall I be there with thee?
For Christ has said there is a way It may be found by pray'r.
O that I may not go a - stray, I want to meet thee there.

CHORUS.

Shall I be there? Shall I be there? When man-y
Shall I be there? Shall I be there

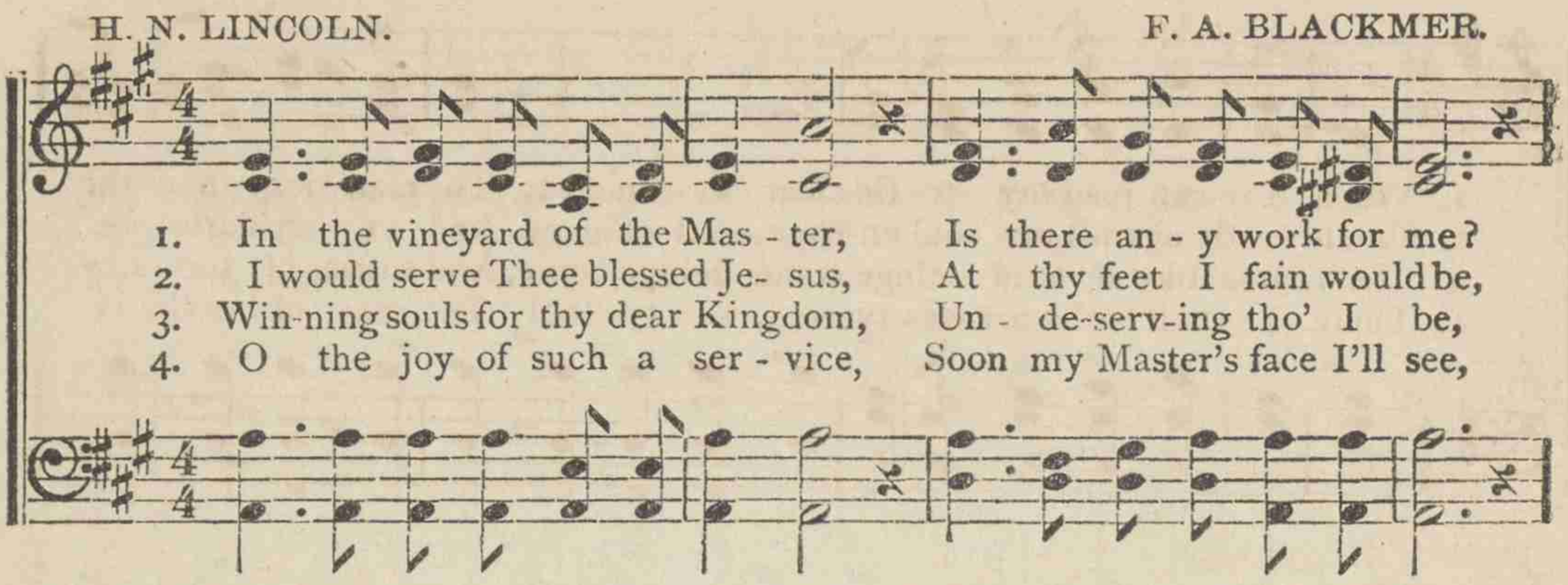
friends Shall gather'd be Around the throne The great white
When many friends Shall gather'd be Around the throne
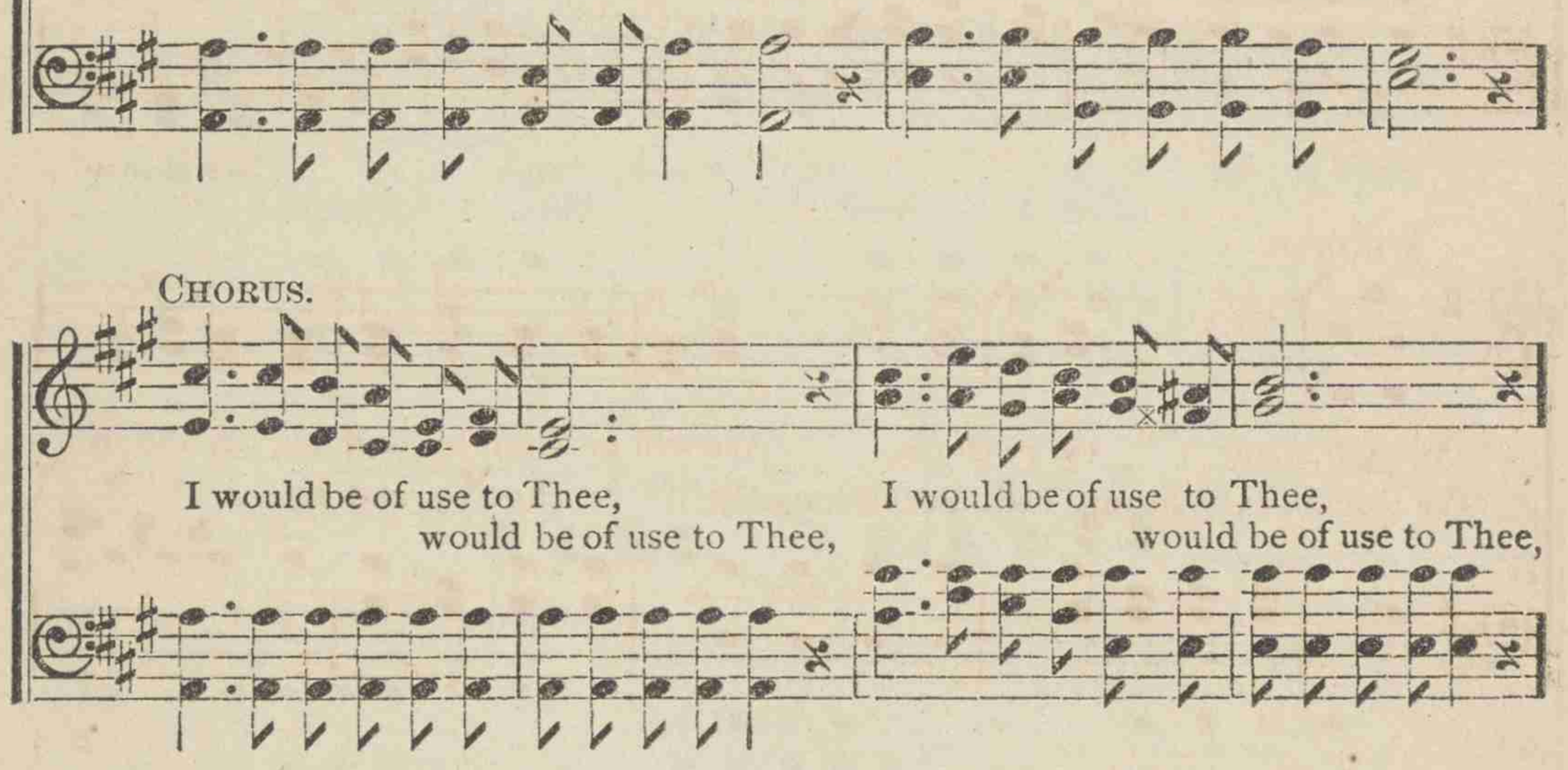
throne Shall I be there Dear Lord with thee.
the great white throne Shall I be there dear Lord with thee?

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No. 69. I would Be of use to Thee.

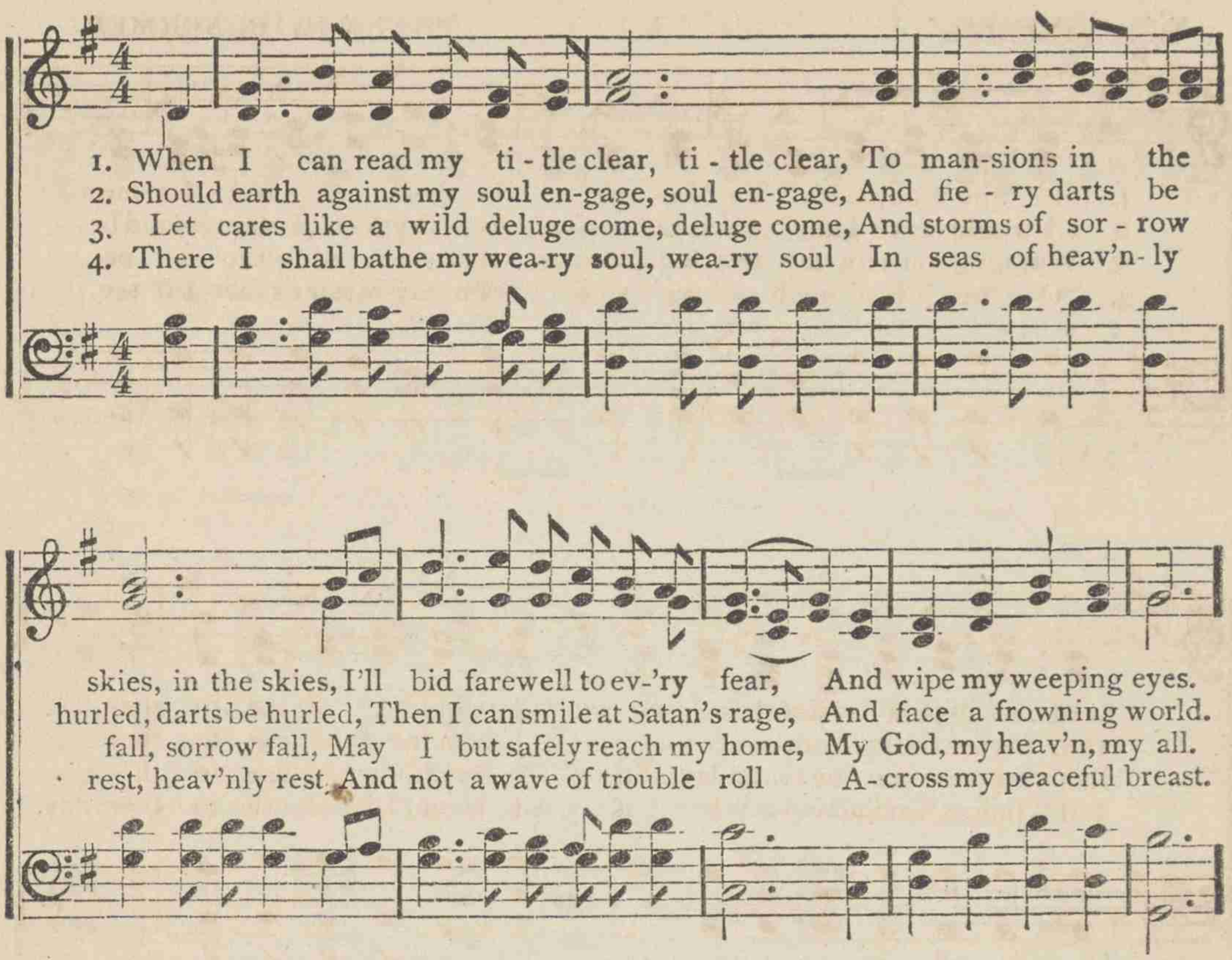
H. N. LINCOLN. F. A. BLACKMER.





No. 70. When I can read my Title Clear.

Arr. by H. N. LINCOLN.



No. 71. Some Day.

And they sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. Rev. 15 : 3.

E. E. REXFORD. **FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.**

DUET.

Slow, with expression.

1. I hear a song, a song so sweet, I try all vain - ly to re -
2. Some day my jour - ney will be done, Earth will be lost and heav-en
3. "Some day" I say con - tent to wait The opening of the jas- per
4. When comes the time for me to go, The homeward path I may not

- peat, Its mel- o - dy and feel- ing say, I'll sing it if God will some day.
won; And when the long rough way is trod, I shall be-hold the face of God.
gate, Come soon or late that day will be The dawn of end - less rest to me.
know, But in God's hand my own I'll lay, And He will lead me home "some day."

CHORUS.

Some day some happy, day to be, My voice will learn its mel-o - dy.

Some happy day, a day to be My voice will learn its melody.

cres. *ritard.*

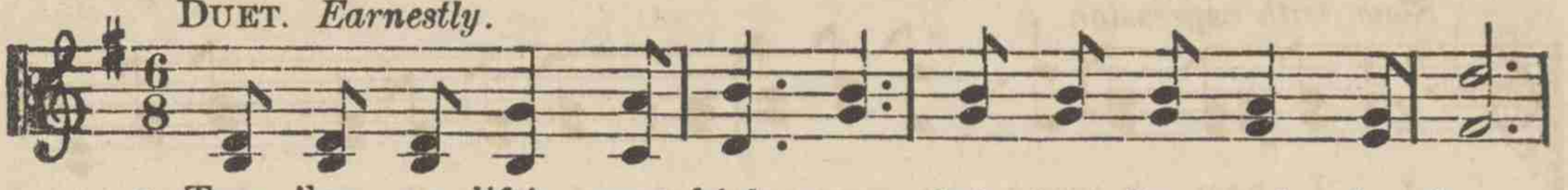
And I shall sing the songs so sweet, Of rest and heav'n at Je- sus' feet.

No. 72. Seek first the Kingdom of God.
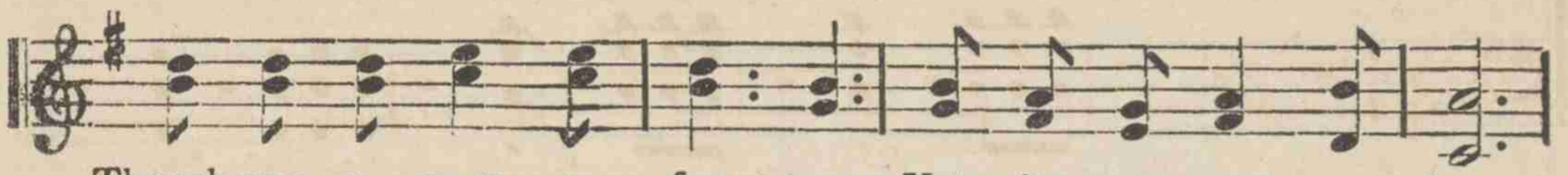
Words and Music by H. N. LINCOLN, by per.

Moderato.
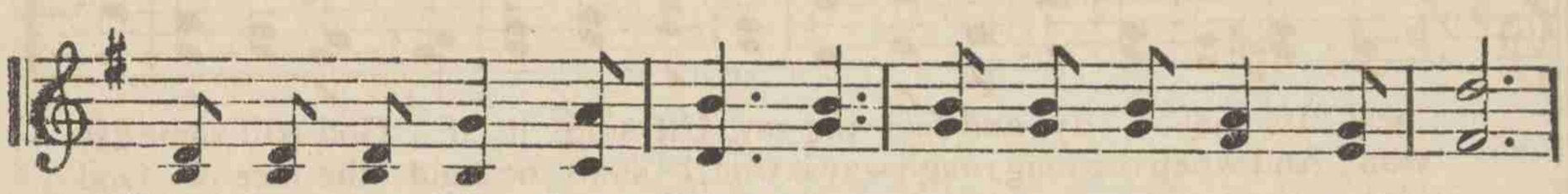
DUET. *Earnestly.*
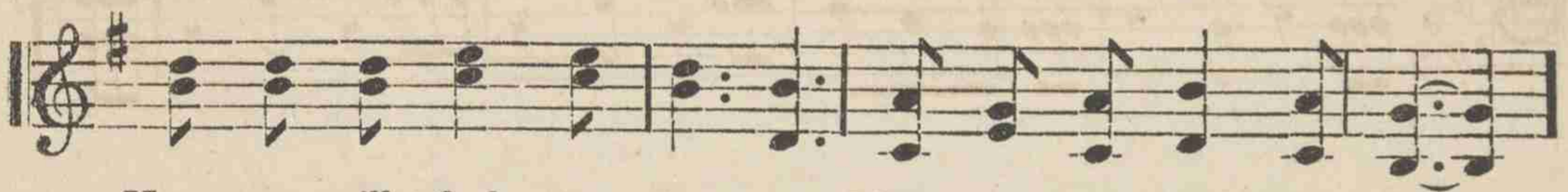


1. Trav- 'ler on life's great high - way, Striv- ing for earth - ly dross,
2. See to it now my broth - er, Be not de- ceived I pray,
3. Vain are the world's al - lur - ments, Fleet- ing the joys of sin,



Though you a - mass a for - tune, Yet it may prove a loss,
Shun the broad road of fol - ly, En - ter the nar - row way,
Fail not to seek God's King - dom, Je - sus will let you in,
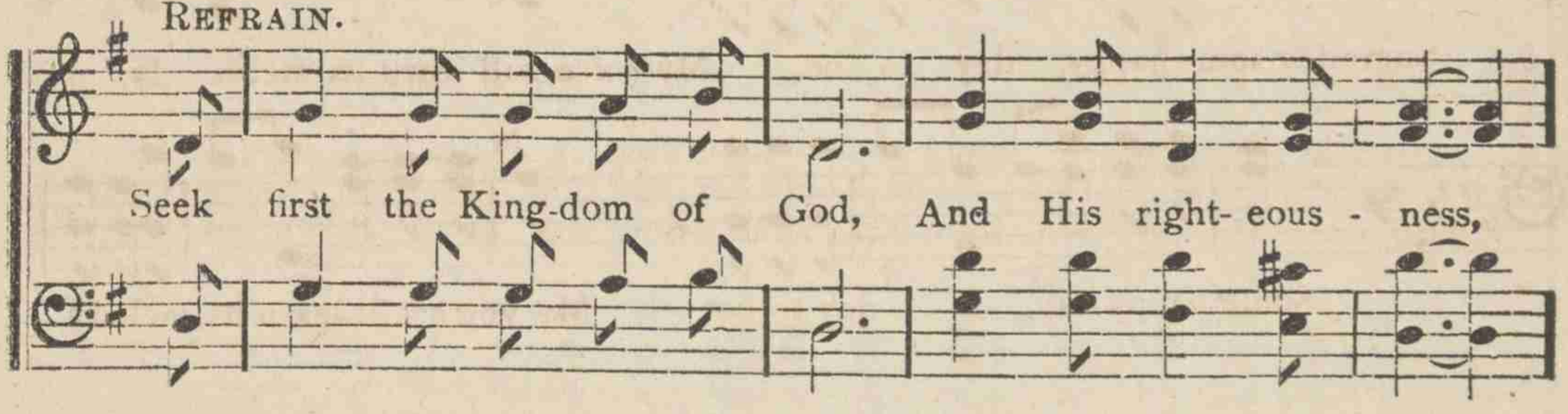


Come to our Fa - ther's King- dom, En - ter His peace - ful fold,
Look to your fu - ture wel - fare, While the bright mo- ments roll,
Then to you shall be add - ed, Rich- es in earth - ly store,

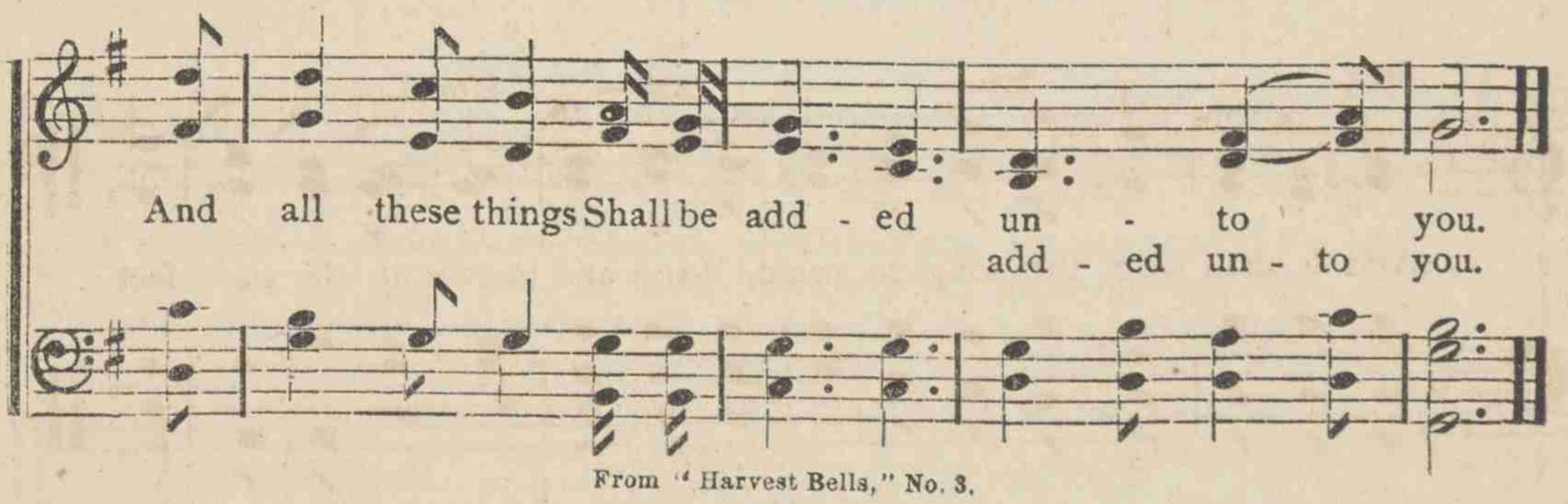


Here you will find a treas - ure, More to be sought than gold.
When this brief life is end - ed, How then will fare your soul?
All that you need He'll give you, How could you wish for more?

REFRAIN.



Seek first the King-dom of God, And His right- eous - ness,



And all these things Shall be add - ed un - to you.
add - ed un - to you.

From "Harvest Bells," No. 3.

No. 73. Oh Land of the Blessed.

EMILY H. MILLER. A. M. BUCHANAN.

1. Oh, land of the bless - ed thy shad-ow-less skies Some-times in my
2. Oh, land of the bless - ed thy hills of de-light Some-times to my
3. Dear home of my Fa - ther thou cit - y of peace No shad-ow of

dreaming I see, I hear the glad songs that the glo- ri - fied sing, Steal
vis- ion un - fold, Thy man- sions ce - les - tial, thy pal- a - ces bright, Thy
changing can mar, How glad are the souls that have tast-ed thy joy, How

o - ver e - ter - ni - ty's sea. Though dark are the shad- ows that
bul- warks of jas - per and gold. Dear voi - ces are chant-ing thy
blest thine in - hab - i - tants are. When wea - ry of toil - ing I

gath-er between; I know that thy morning is fair, I catch but a
cho-rus of praise, Their forms in thy sunlight are fair, I look from the
think of the day, Who knows if its dawning be near, When He who doth

pp *Ritard.*

glimpse of thy glo - ry and light, And whis-per would God I were there.
val - ley of shadows be - low And whis-per would God I were there.
love me shall call me a - way From all that hath burdened me here.

No. 74. I gave My Life for Thee.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

A. J. BUCHANAN.
Colorado City, Tex. Sept., 19, 1889.

1. I gave My life for thee, My pre- cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa- ther's house of light,— My glo - ry cir- cled throne
3. I suf- fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from my home a - bove,

That thou might'st ransomed be, And quick- ened from the dead;
I left, for earth- ly night, For wand-'rings sad and lone;
Of bitter- est a - go - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and My love;

REFRAIN.

I gave My life for thee, for thee, What
I left, it all for thee, for thee, Hast
I've borne it all for thee, for thee, What
I bring rich gifts to thee, to thee, What

I gave, I gave My life for thee, I gave, I gave My life for thee, What
I left, I left it all for thee, I left, I left it all for thee: Hast
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What

hast thou given for Me, for Me?
thou left aught for Me, for Me?
hast thou borne for Me, for Me?
hast thou brought to Me, to Me?
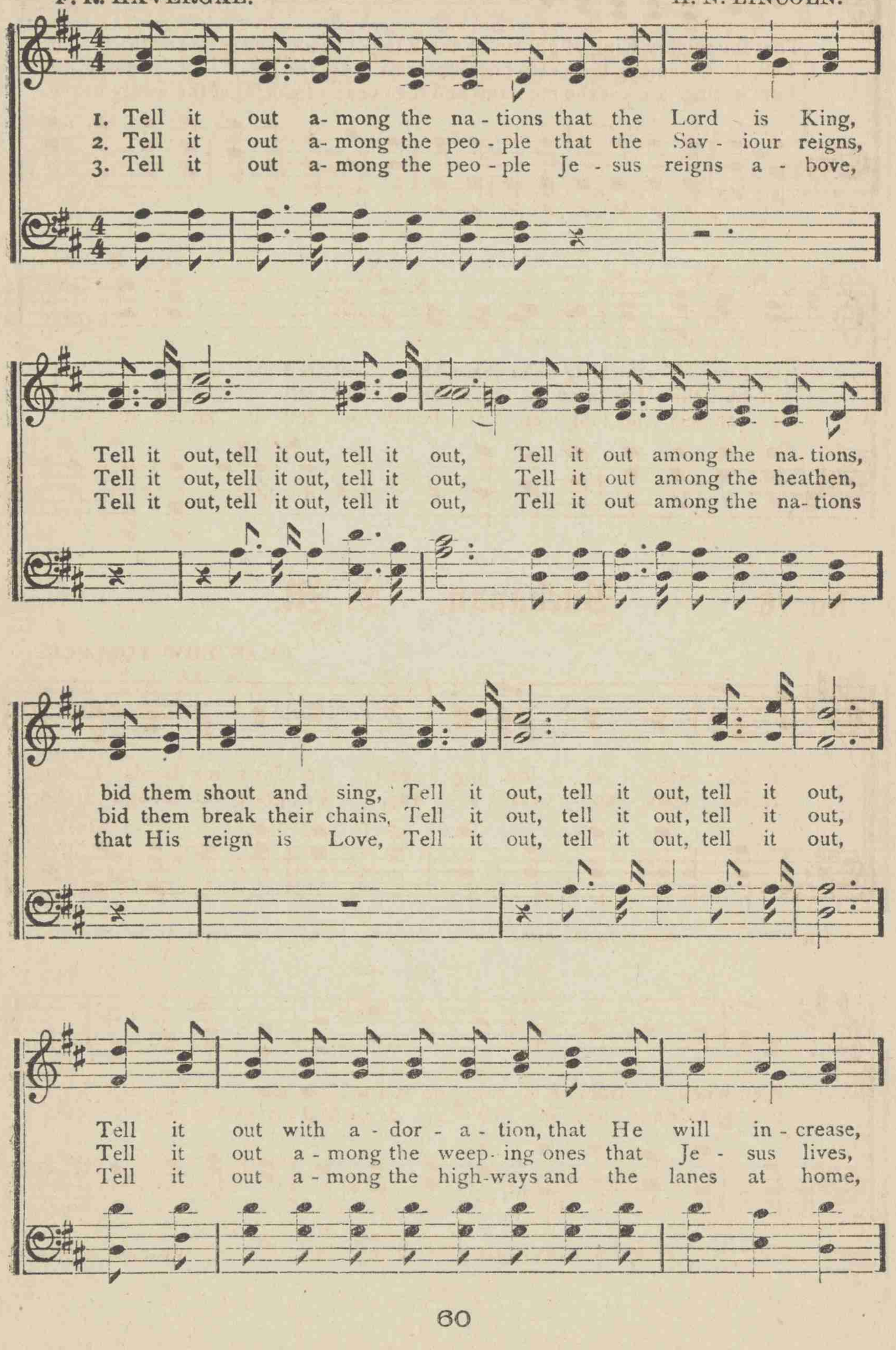
hast thou given for Me, for Me? What hast thou given for Me, for Me?
thou left aught for Me, for Me? Hast thou left aught for Me, for Me?
hast thou borne for Me, for Me? What hast thou borne for Me, for Me?
hast thou brought to Me, to Me? What hast thou brought to Me, to Me?

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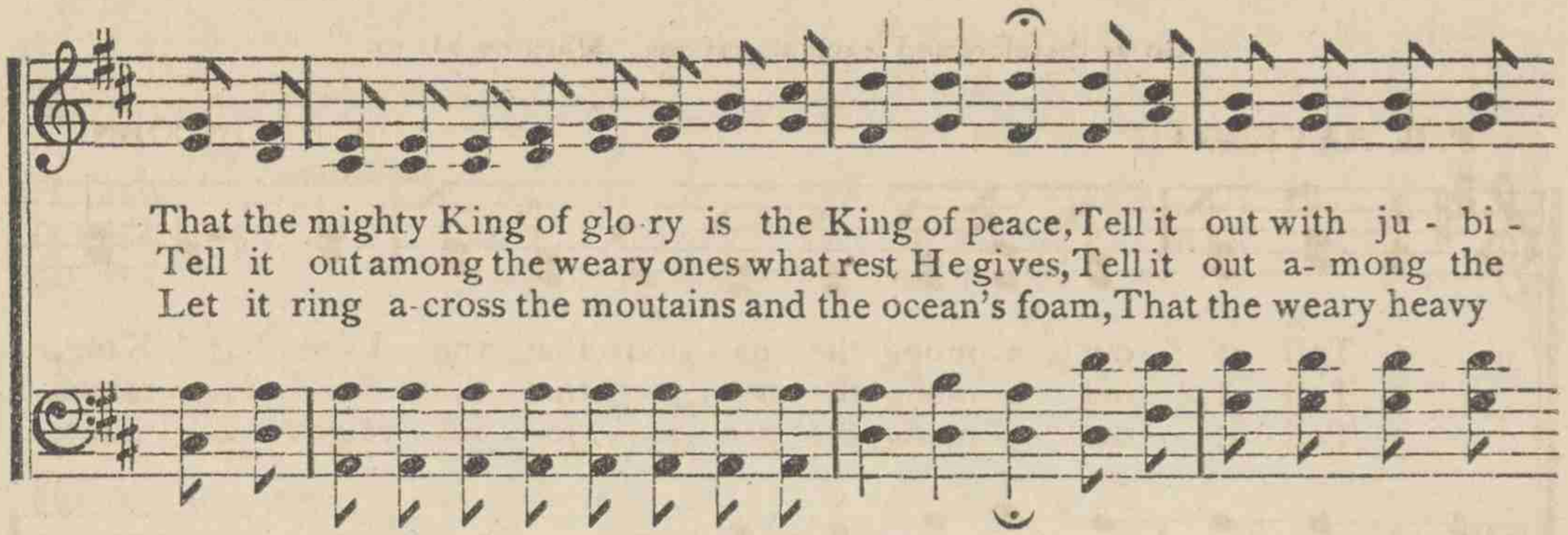
No. 75. Tell it Out.

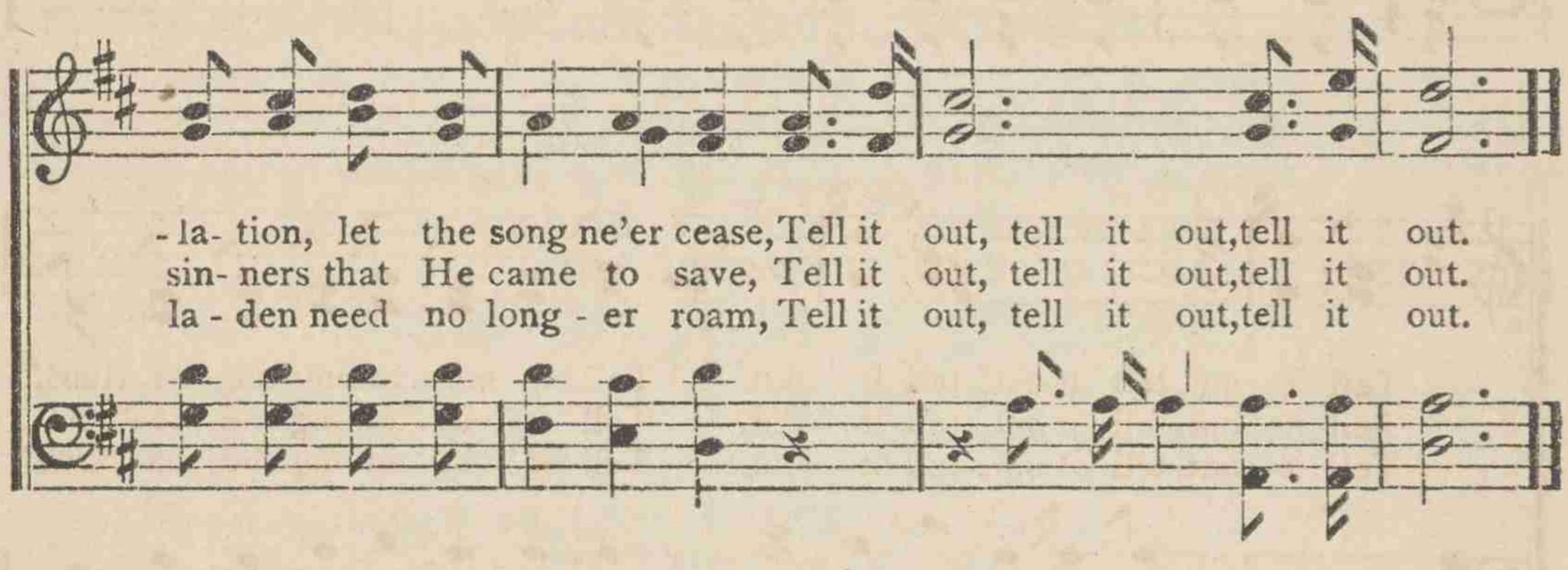
Go ye therefore and teach all nations. Matthew 28: 10.

F. R. HAVERGAL. H. N. LINCOLN.
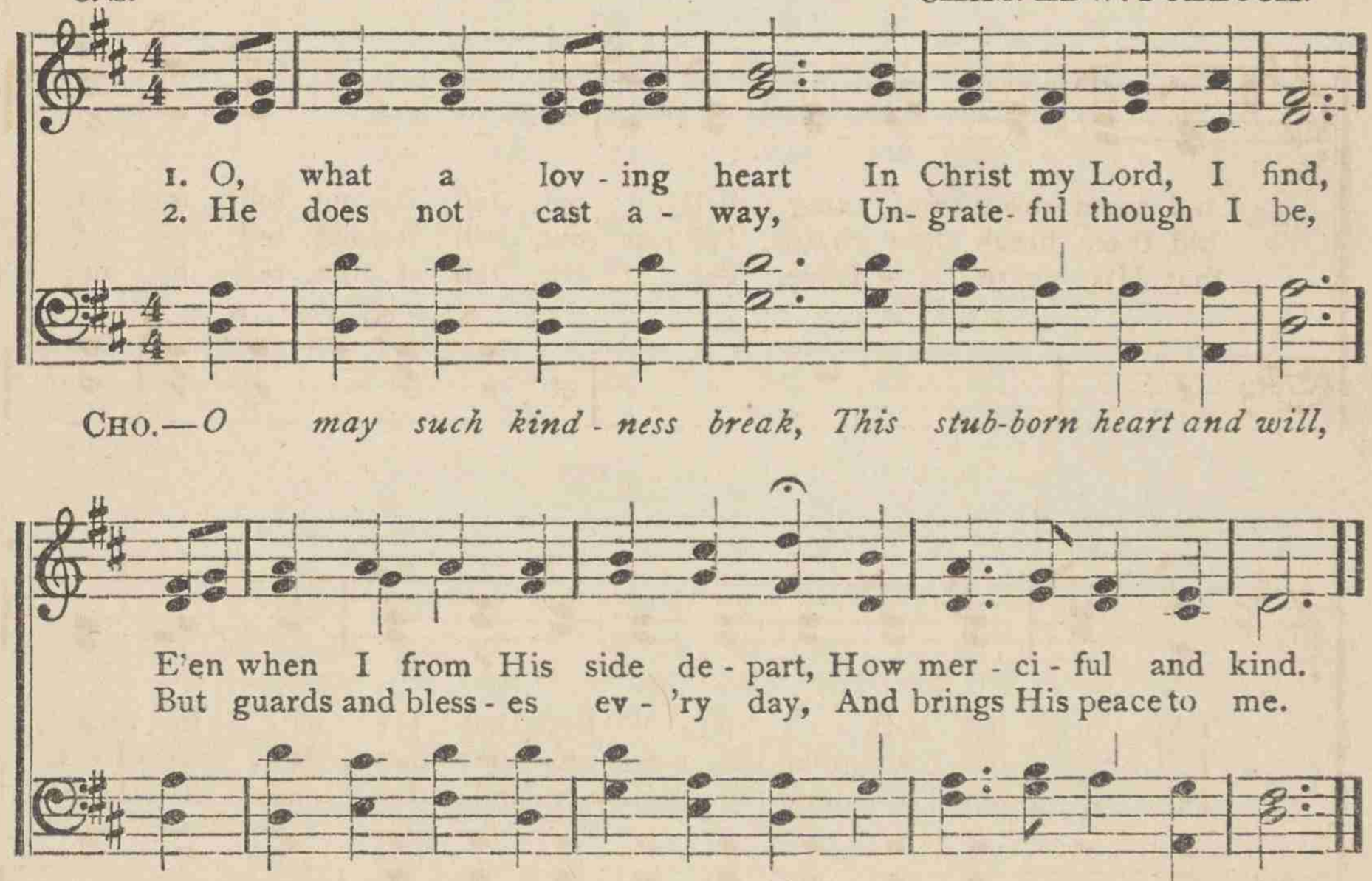


Tell it Out.—Concluded.





No. 76. Buchanan. S. M.

C. S. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



No. 77. In the Shadow of the Rock Let me Rest.

Dr. H. BONAR. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. In the shadow of the rock let me rest, ... When I
2. On the parch'd and des- ert way where I tread . . . . . With the
3. I in peace will rest me here till I see . . . . . That the

1. In the shad-ow of the rock let me
2. On the parch'd and des- ert way where I tread
3. I in peace will rest me here till I see, till I see That the

feel the temp- est's shock thrill my breast, All in
scorch- ing noon- tide ray o'er my head, Let me
skies a - gain are fair o - ver me, That the

rest . . . . . When I feel the tempest's shock thrill my
With the scorch-ing noon - tide ray o'er my head
skies a - gain are fair o - ver me, o - ver me, That the

vain the storm shall sweep While I hide, ...
find a wel - come shade Cool and still, ...
burn - ing heats are past And the day, ...

breast, ... All in vain the storm shall sweep
Let me find a wel - come shade cool and still,
burn - ing heats are past and the day, and the day

And my tran - quil vig - il keep by thy side.
And my wea - ry steps be stay'd by thy will.
Bids the trav - el - er at last go his way.

While I hide . . . . . by thy side. . . . . .
And my wea - ry steps be stay'd by thy will.
Bids the trav - el - er at last go his way, go his way.

In the Shadow of the Rock etc.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

In the shadow of the rock let me rest, In the shadow of the rock let me rest,

When I feel the tempest's shock thrill my breast, In the shadow of the rock let me rest.

No. 78. Jesus for You is Pleading.

Mrs. T. M. GRIFFIN. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Je - sus for you is plead-ing, Plead-ing from day to day,
2. Pre-cious the hours you squander, Pre-cious the wast - ed days,
3. Close by your door He's grieving O - ver your heart of sin,

While all His love un - heed - ing, Wand'ring you go a - stray.
While in your pride you wan - der Out in the world's sad maze.
Ere in His wrath He's leav - ing Has - ten to let Him in.

FINE.

D.S. How can you be de - lay - ing? Come while He's ling'ring near.

CHORUS. D.S.

While to your heart He's say - ing Come while thy Sav - iour's near,

No. 79. Never Ashamed of Jesus.

JOSEPH GRIGG. To be sung as a Solo. A. J. BUCHANAN.

Legato.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man
2. A - sham'd of Je - sus! soon - er far Let even - ing blush
3. A - sham'd of Je - sus, that dear Friend On whom my hopes
4. A - sham'd of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt

a - sham'd of Thee? A - sham'd of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose
to own a star; He sheds the beams of light di- vine O'er
of heav'n de - pend! No, when I blush, be this my shame, That
to wash a - way, No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No

CHORUS.

glo - ries shine thro' end - less days?
this be- night - ed soul of mine.
I no more re - vere His Name.
fear to quell, no soul to save.

} A - sham'd of Je - sus my

Sav - iour I nev - er, I nev - er can be . . . . . .
Je - sus my Saviour, I nev - er, I nev - er, I nev - er can be,

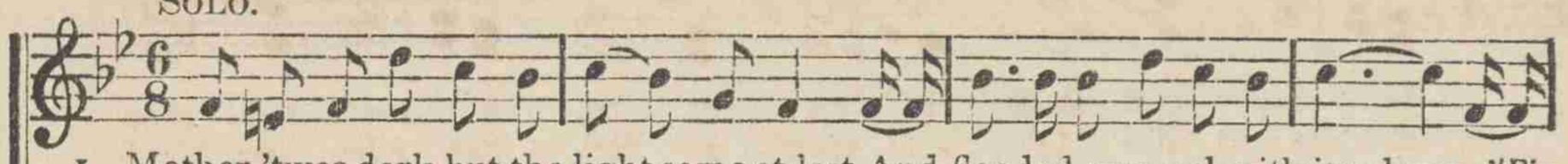
For Je - sus my bless-ed Re-deem - er, Has died for me.
For Jesus my bless-ed, my blessed Redeemer, Has died on Calv'ry for me.

No. 80. Death is only a Dream.
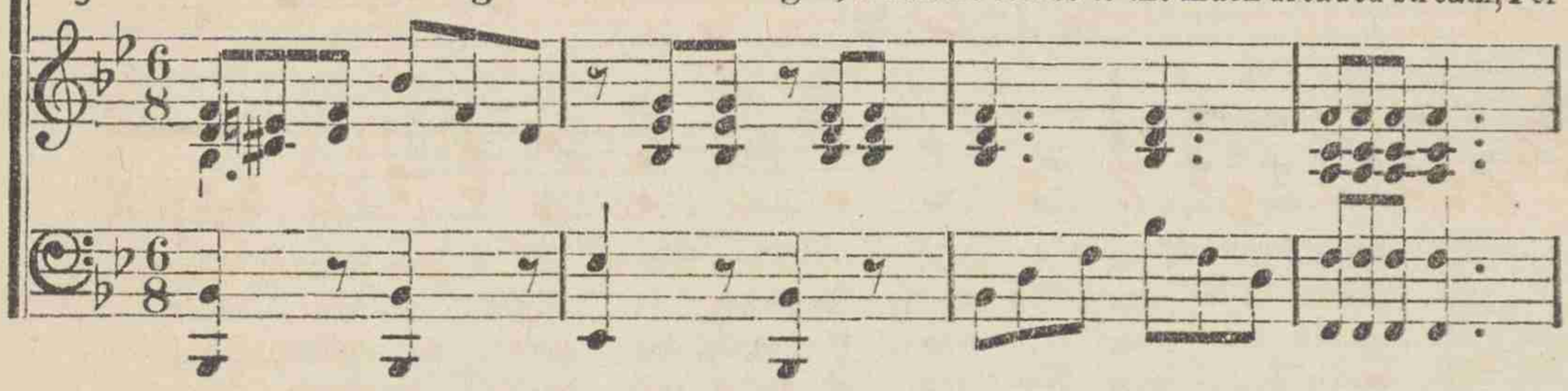
The last words of a Minister's daughter.

REV. H. B. PENDAR. Music and Chorus by A. J. BUCHANAN.
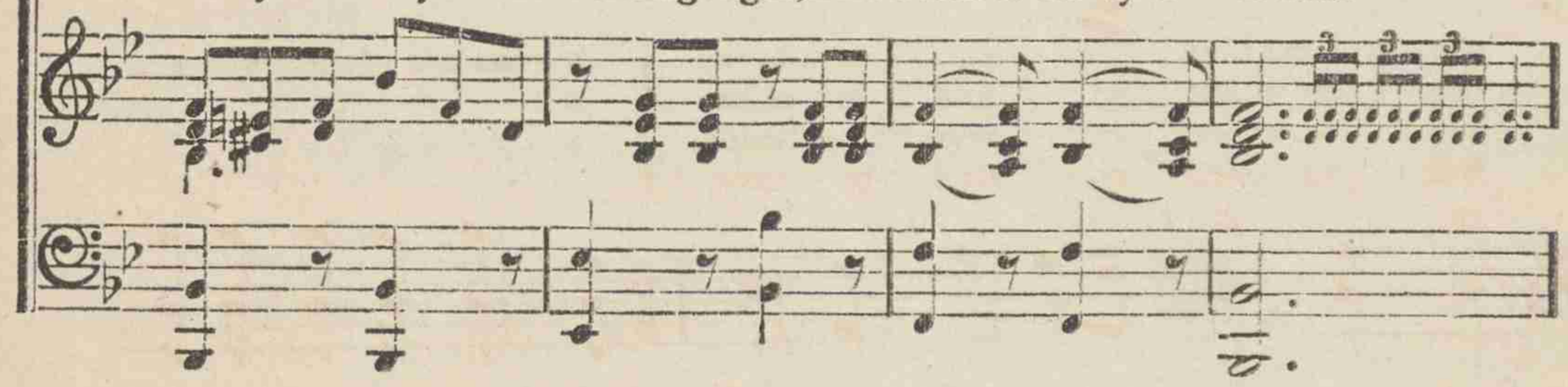
SOLO.



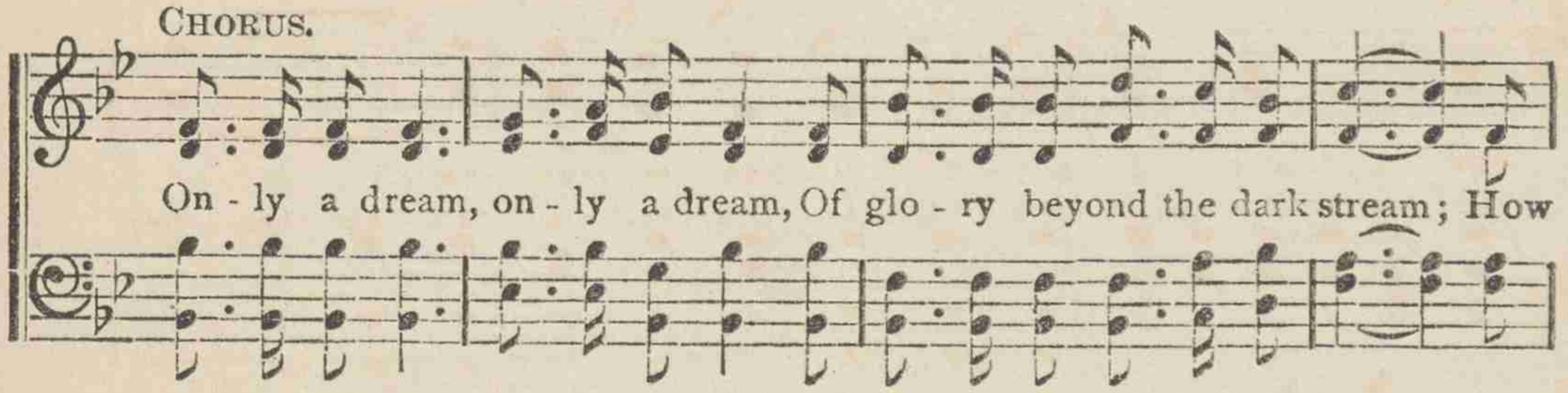
1. Mother 'twas dark but the light came at last, And flooded my soul with its gleam, "Tis
2. Mother I've often-times tho't during life Oh, how shall I cross the dark stream, But
3. Mother I saw thro' the vail clear across To the banks of the beautiful stream, Where the
4. Mother tell father I've seen the bright host That God gave His Son to redeem, I
5. Tell him that trusting will make all bright, When he comes to the much dreaded stream, For



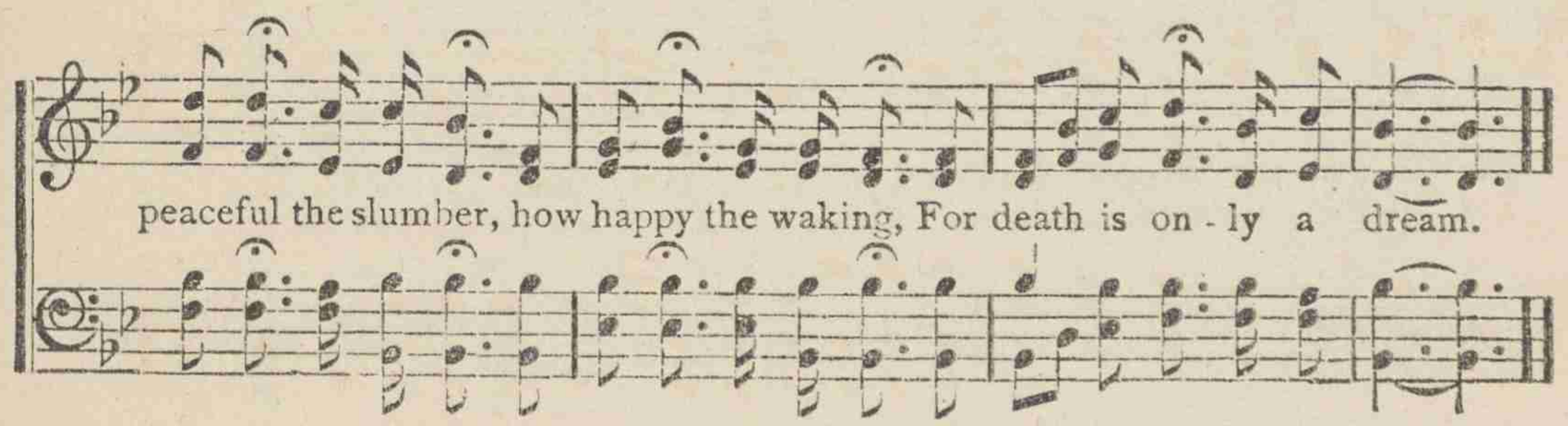
true that this life is by clouds o'er-cast, And death is on- ly a dream.
Je-sus hath giv-en me gracious re-lief For death is on- ly a dream.
Saints are re-paid for all earth - ly loss For death is on- ly a dream.
know He will faithfully stand at His post For death is on- ly a dream.
tru- ly 'tis on-ly the soul taking flight, And death is on- ly a dream.



CHORUS.



On - ly a dream, on - ly a dream, Of glo - ry beyond the dark stream; How



peaceful the slumber, how happy the waking, For death is on - ly a dream.

No. 81. Gathering Home.

Words arr. H. N. LINCOLN.

SOLO OR DUET. SEMI-CHORUS.

1. They're gath'ring in glo - ry earth's pilgrim band, Gath - er - ing home
2. They're rest - ing in peace from all care and strife, Gath - er - ing home
3. And we too shall come to the riv - er side, Gath - er - ing home

SOLO OR DUET.

one by one; As wea - ry their feet touch the shin- ing strand,
one by one; Thro' wa - ters of death they are ent'ring life
one by one; We're near - er its wa - ters each ev - en- tide,

SEMI-CHORUS. QUARTETT.

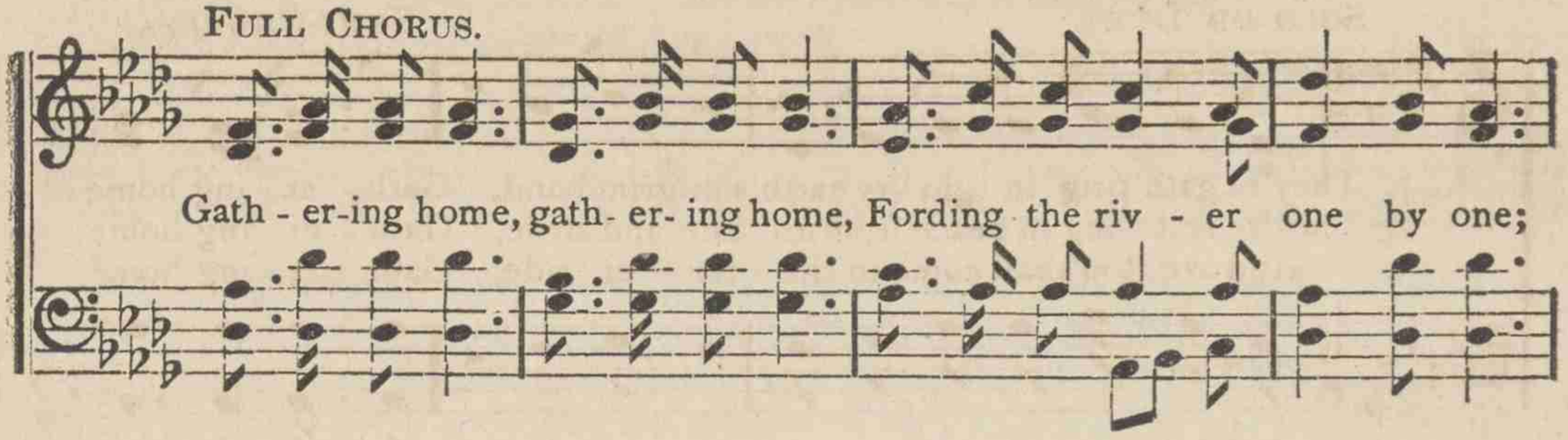
Yes, one by one. Their brows are enclos'd in a golden crown Their
Yes, one by one. To some are the floods of the riv - er still While
Yes, one by one. We hear the dread sound of the chil- ly stream, A -
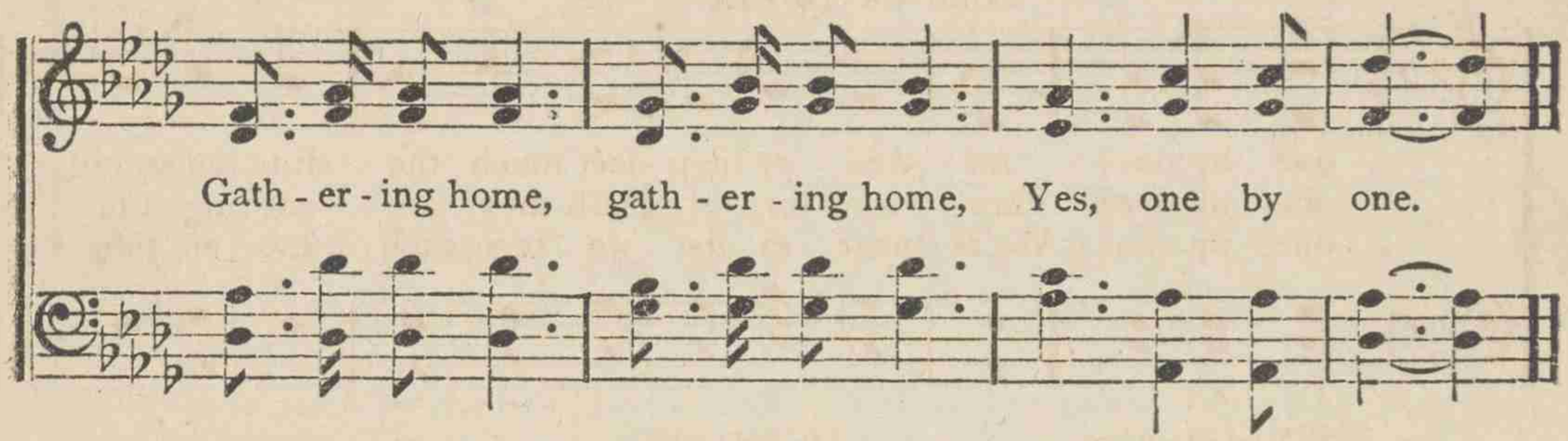
trav - el stain'd garments are all laid down, And cloth'd in white raiment they
wend-ing their way to the heav'nly hill, To oth - ers the billows roll
- round us it roars thro' life's fev'rish dream, But o'er the dark riv - er is

rest in the mead, Where Je - sus doth love His saints to lead.
fierce - ly and wild, Ere reach-ing the home that's un - de - filed.
Ca-naan's bright land, Where dwell-eth the blood washed pil - grim band.

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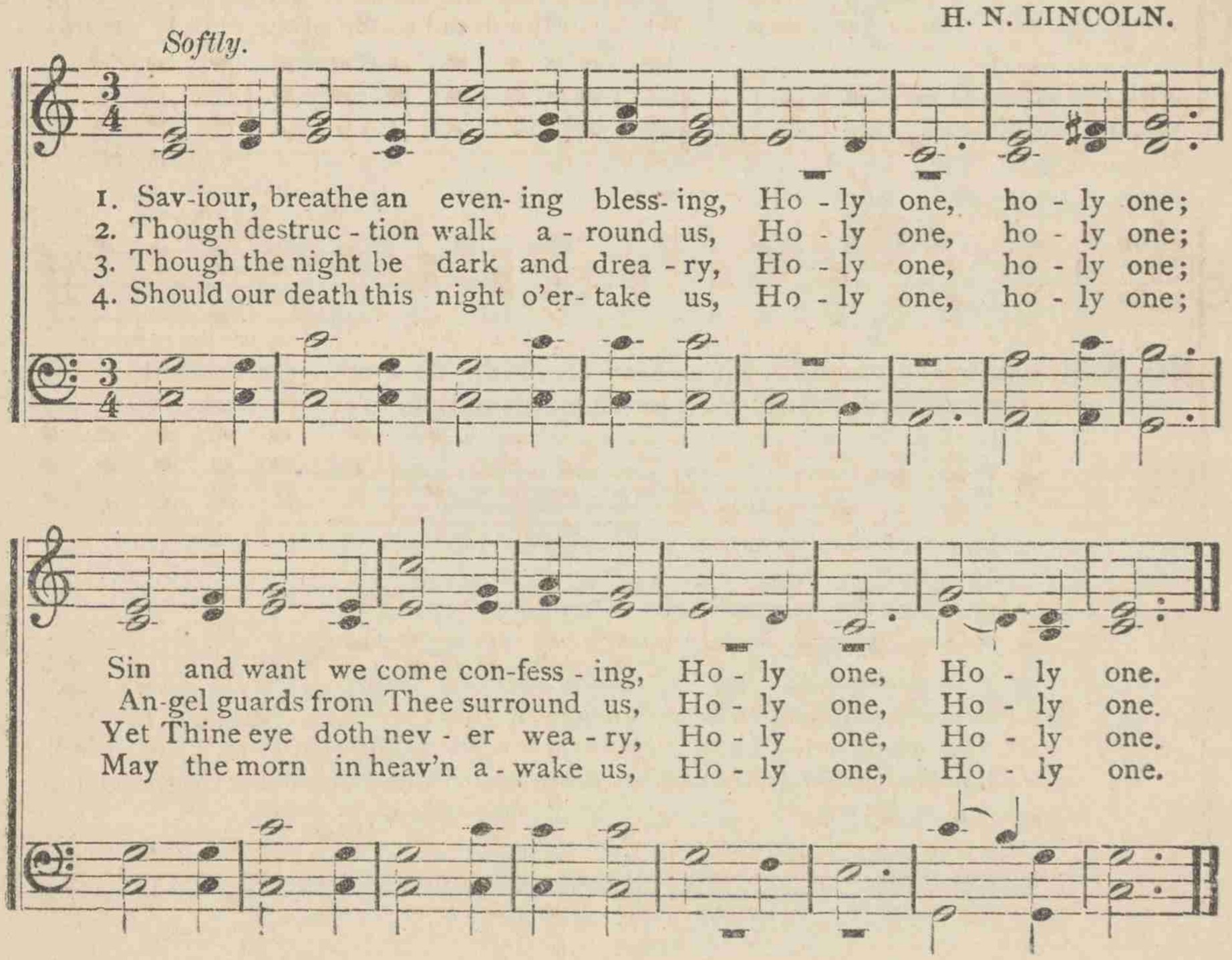
Gathering Home. Concluded.





No. 82. Evening Blessing.

H. N. LINCOLN.

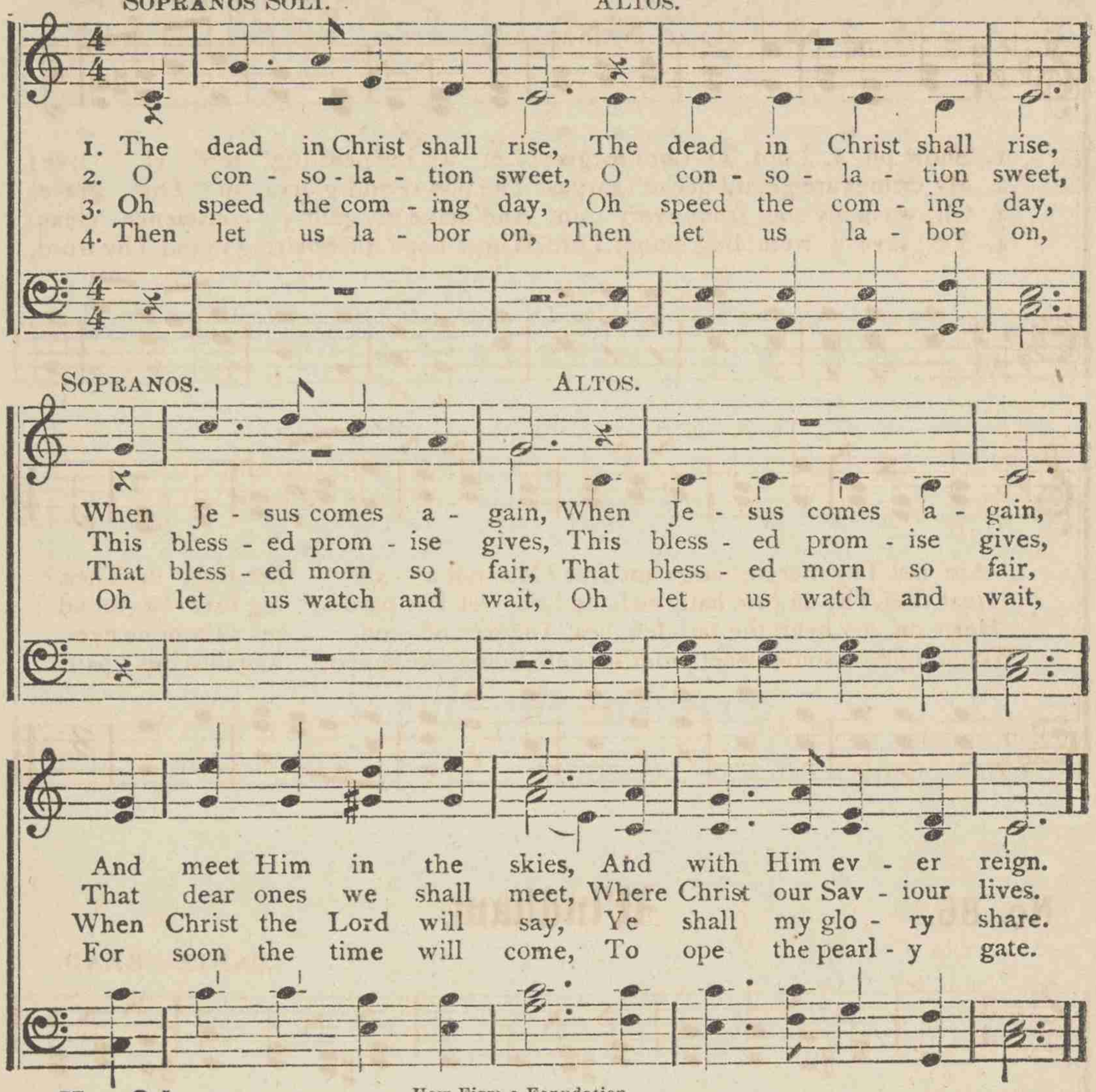


No. 83. The Dead in Christ shall Rise.

Suggested by the picture of a departed friend.

"And the dead in Christ shall rise first." 1 Thess. 4—16.

Words and Music by A. J. BUCHANAN.



No. 84.

How Firm a Foundation.
Key of A.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said—
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

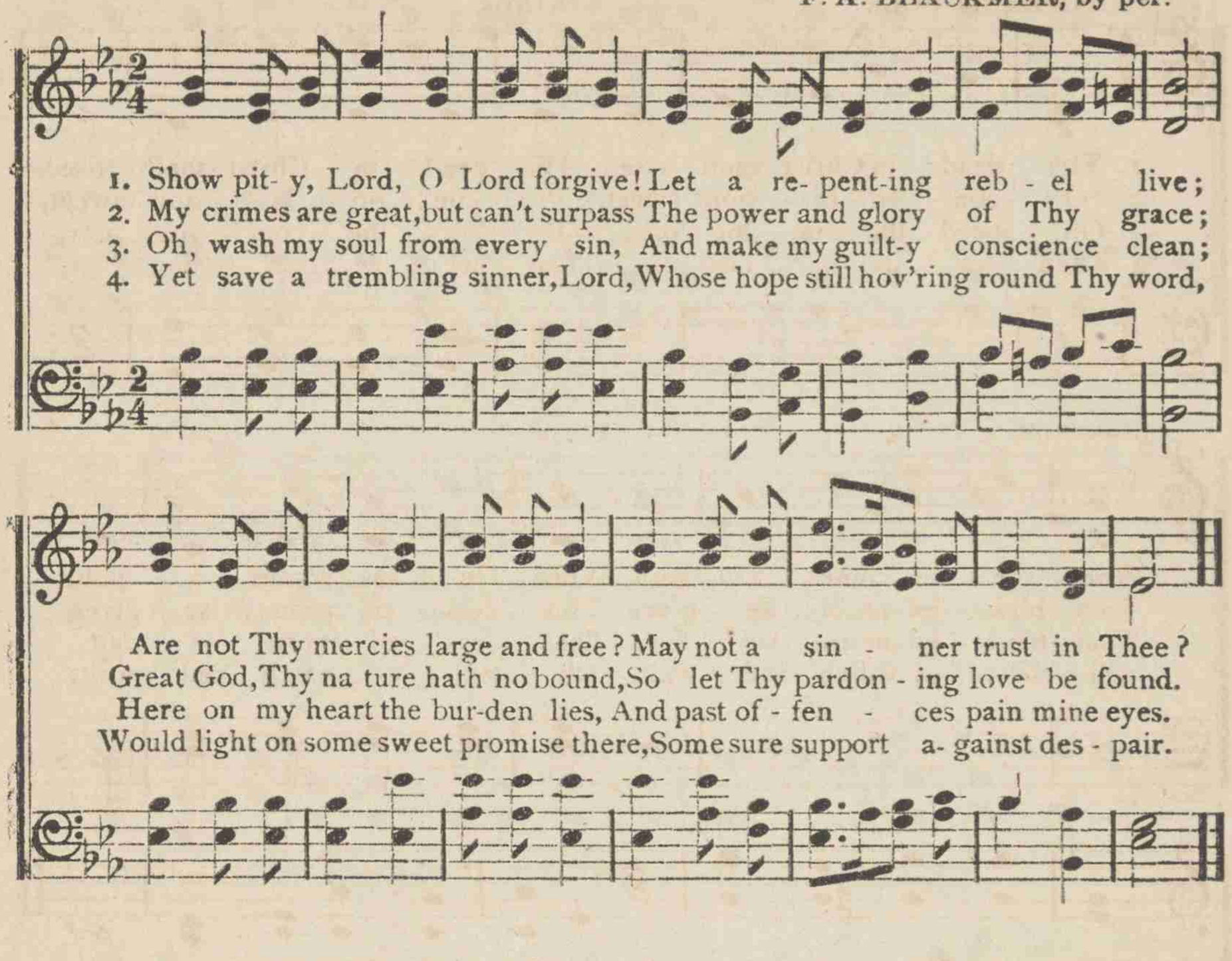
2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,—
As thy day may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

4 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never, forsake!

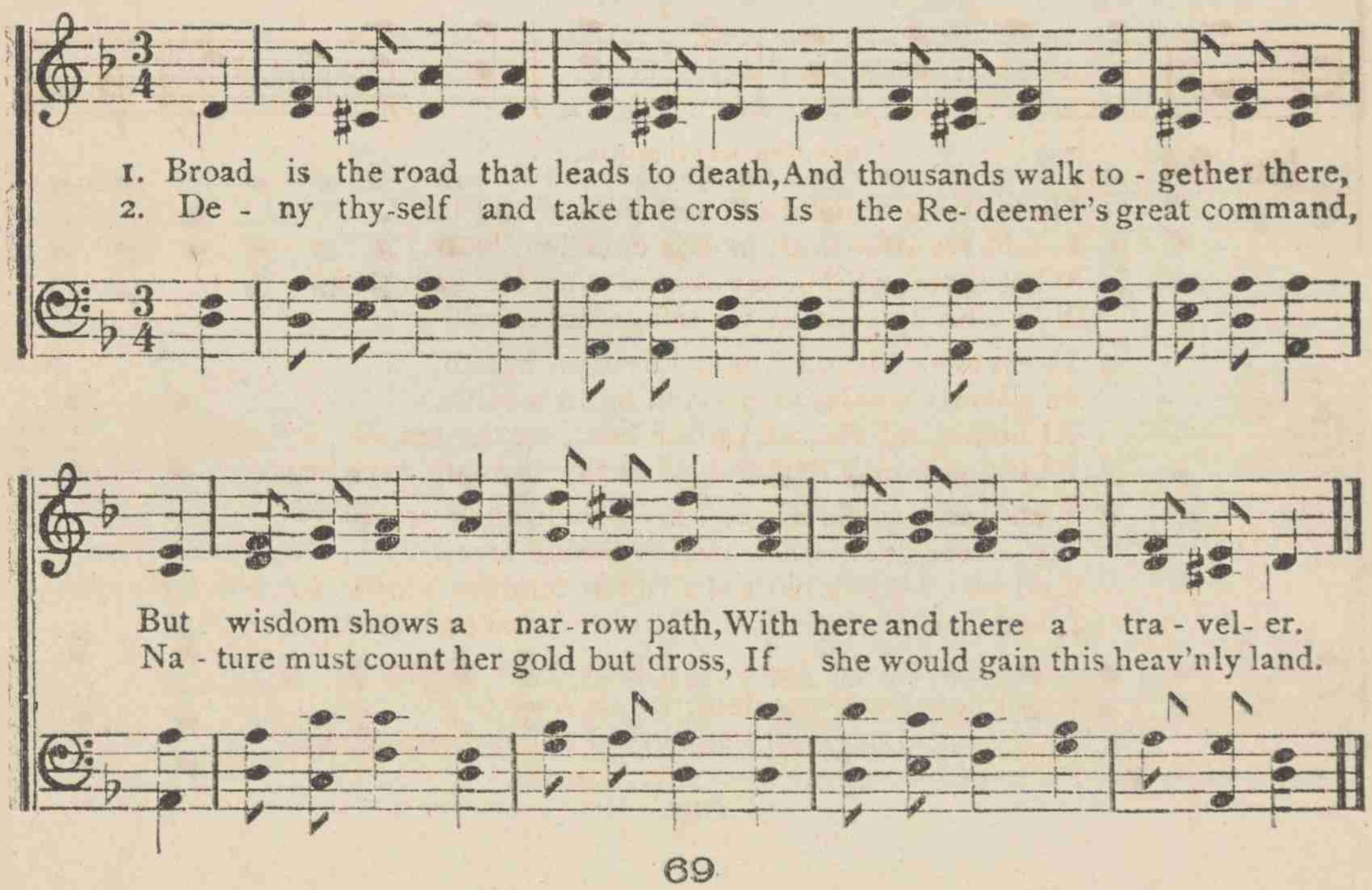
No. 85. Newcomb. L. M.

F. A. BLACKMER, by per.
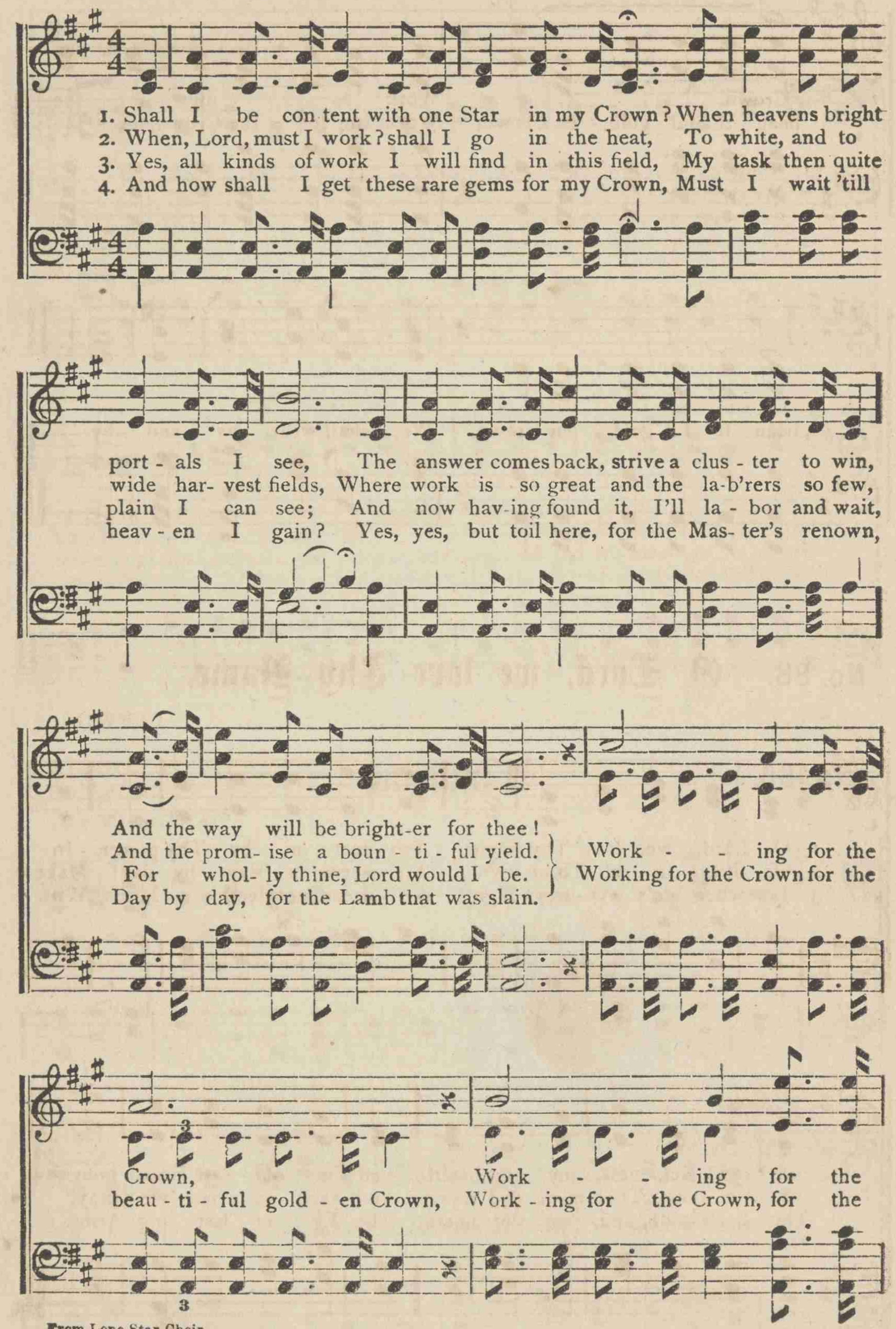


No. 86. Windham.

DANIEL READ.
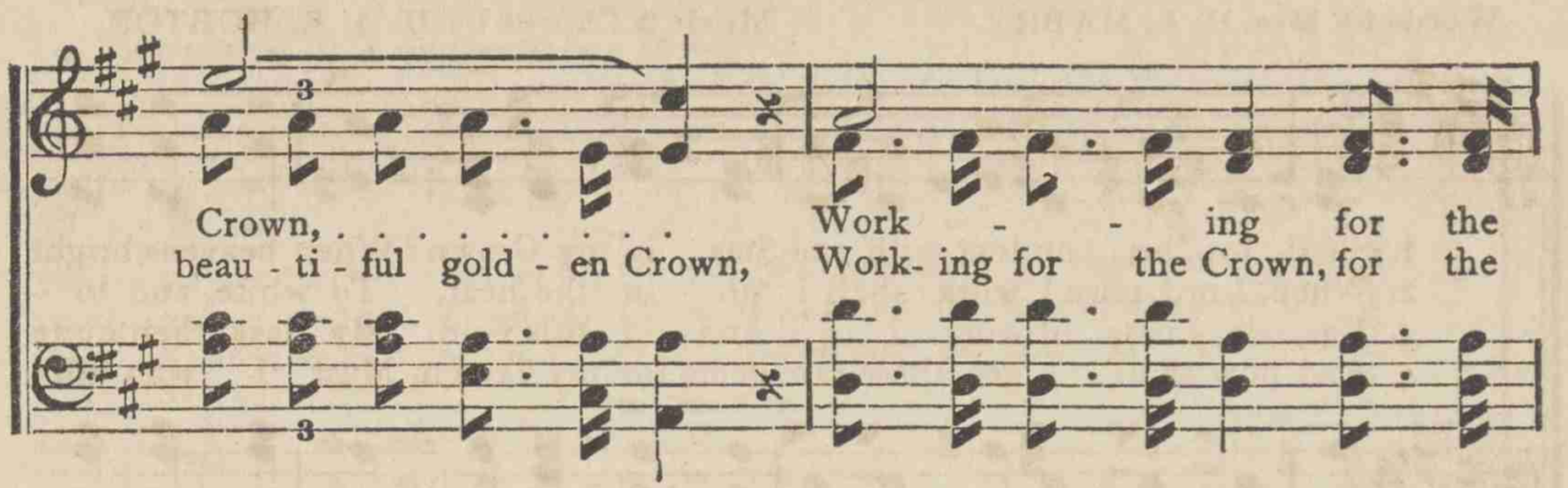


No. 87. Working for the Crown.
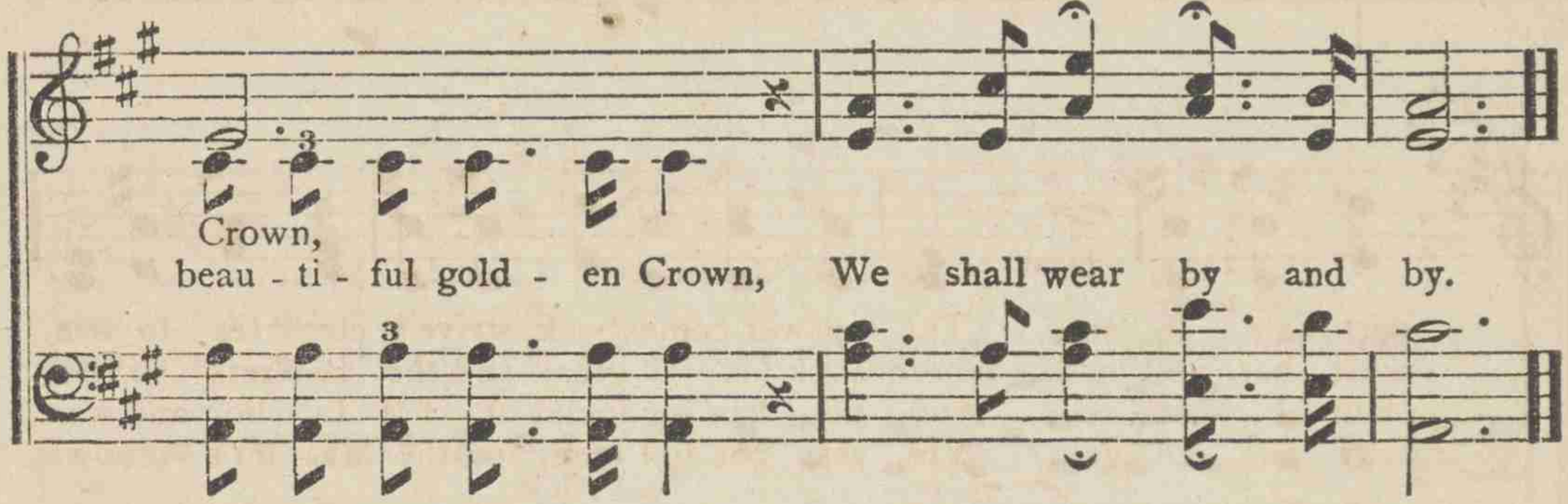
Words by Mrs. H. A. MABRY. Music & Chorus by H. A. R. HORTON.



From Lone Star Choir.
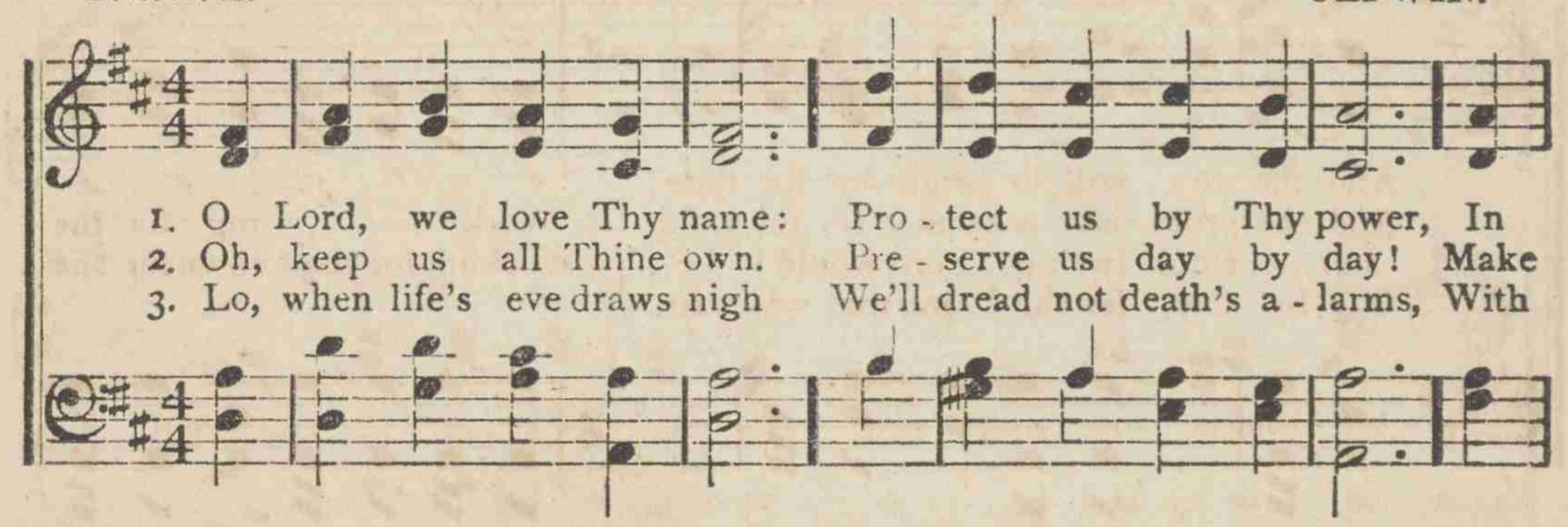
Working for the Crown.—Concluded.

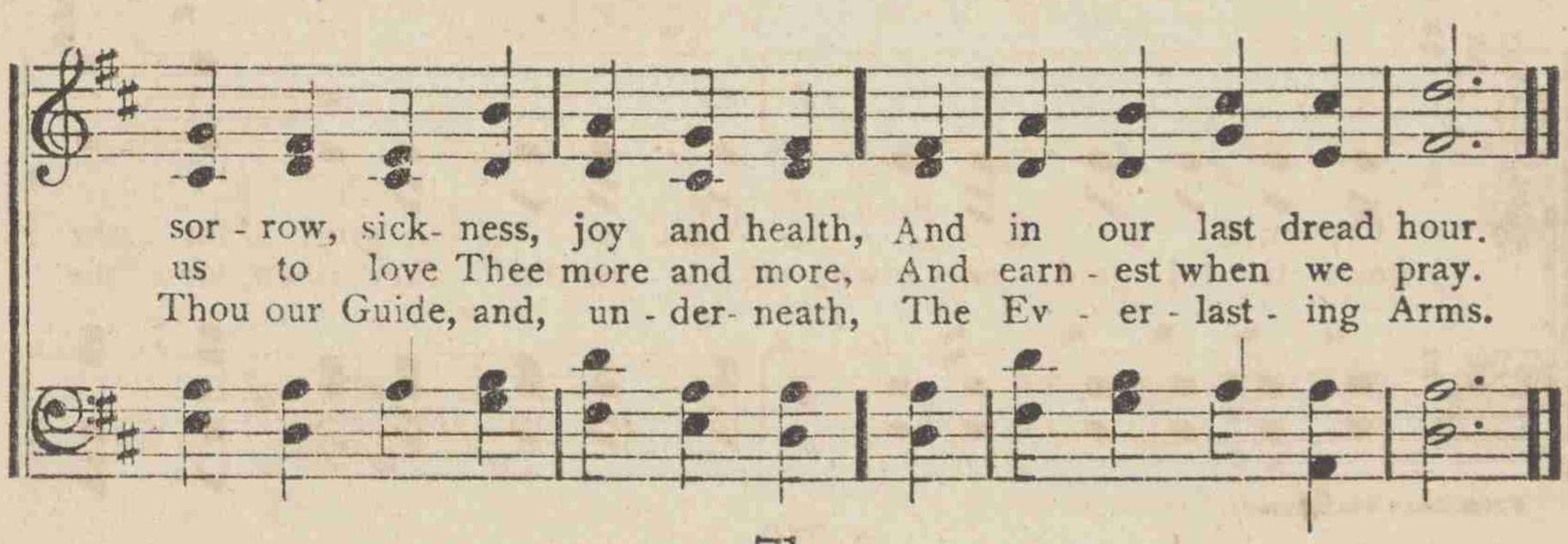




No. 88. O Lord, we love Thy Name.

L. S. E. L. ULFWIN.





No. 89. Beautiful Home of the Blest.

Words and Music by A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. O the day is pass- ing swift-ly by, Soon the eve will bring us rest,
2. There the stream of life flows clear and bright, By the banks in verdure drest,
3. Let us la - bor on and watch and wait, For the promised time of rest,

In a hap- py land be-yond the sky, In the beauti- ful home of the blest.
And the shining ones in robes of white, Sing the beautiful songs of the blest.
Soon the an- gels will un- bar the gate, To the beauti-ful home of the blest.

CHORUS.

Oh that beau - ti - ful home, Where the wear - y soul Finds e-

- ter - nal joy and rest, We are go - ing to dwell Where the

Sav - iour reigns, .In the beau - ti - ful home of the blest.

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No. 90. Memories of Galilee.

Dr. R. MORRIS. H. R. PALMER.

QUARTET.

1. Each coo- ing dove, ... and sigh- ing bough . . . . That makes the
2. Each flow-'ry glen, ... and mos - sy dell, ... Where hap-py
3. And when I read . . . . the thrill-ing lore, ... Of Him who

eve . . . . . so blest to me, ... Has some-thing
birds . . . . . in song a - gree, ... Thro' sun - ny
walk'd . . . . . up - on the sea, ... I long, oh,

far . . . . . di- vin-er now, ... It bears me back . . . . to Gal-i -
morn . . . . the praises tell . . . . . Of sights and sounds . . in Gal-i -
how . . . . I long once more . . . To fol-low Him . . . . in Gal-i -

CHORUS.

- lee. . . . .
- lee. . . . . } Oh, Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee Where Je- sus lov'd so
- lee. . . . .

much to be, Oh, Gal- i- lee, Blue Gal- i lee, come sing thy song again to me.

Come sing thy song a-gain to me.

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No. 91. Lead Me, Saviour Lead Me.

E. R. LATTA, by per.
Arr. by H. N. L.

H. N. LINCOLN.
by per.

1. Lead me Sav - iour, lead me, lest I go as - tray,
2. Sin is all a - round me, I am help - less too,
3. Lead me Sav - iour, lead me, by Thy spir - it still,

Let my steps be ev - er, in the nar - row way,
Lest Thou be my help - er, I can noth - ing do,
Keep my heart sub - mis - sive, to Thy ho - ly will,

O let not temp - ta - tion, cause my way - ward heart,
But I know Thy mer - cy, in each time of need,
All my wand'rings o - ver, all my trou - bles past,

From Thy bless - ed pre - cepts, ev - er to de - part.
Thou art ev - er pres - ent, and a help in - deed.
To a home in glo - ry, lead me safe at last.

No. 92. The Song and the Star.

Dr. J. G. HOLLAND. For Christmas. A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. There's a song in the air, there's a star in the sky,
2. There's a tu - mult of joy, o'er the won - der - ful birth,
3. In the light of that star, lie the a - ges im-pearl'd
4. We re - joice in the light, and we ech - o the song,
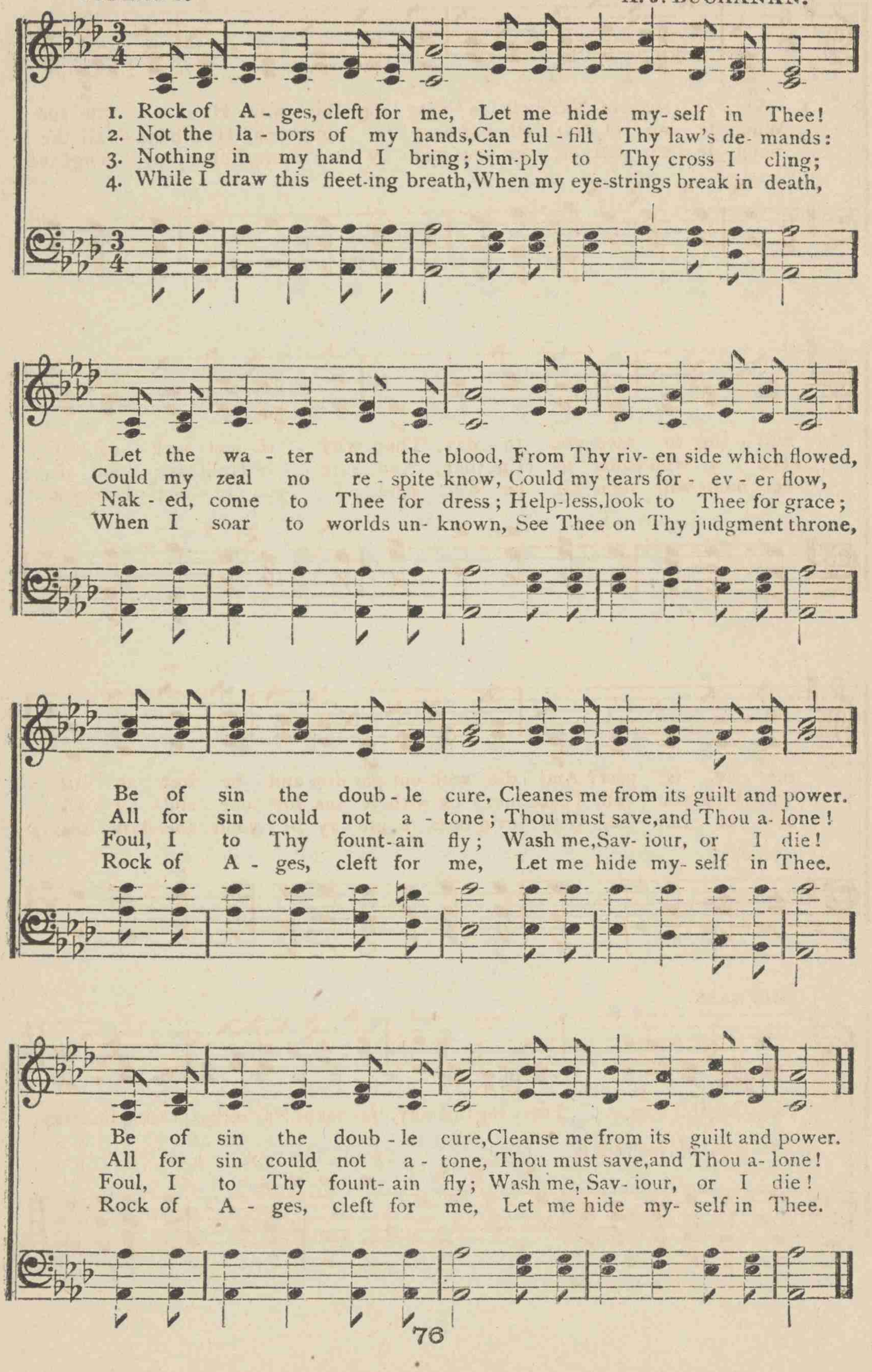
There's a moth-er's deep pray'r, and a ba - by's low cry,
For the vir - gins sweet boy, is the Lord of the earth,
And that song from a - far, has swept o - ver the world,
That comes down thro' the night, from the heav - en - ly throng,

And the star rains its fire, while the beau - ti - ful sing
And the star rains its fire, while the beau - ti - ful sing
Ev - 'ry heart is a - flame, while the beau - ti - ful sing
Ay! we shout to the lov - ly e - van - gel they bring,

For the man- ger of Beth - le - hem, cra - dles a King.
For the man- ger of Beth - le - hem, cra - dles a King.
In the homes of the na - tion, that Je - sus is King.
And we greet in His cra - dle, our Sav - iour and King.

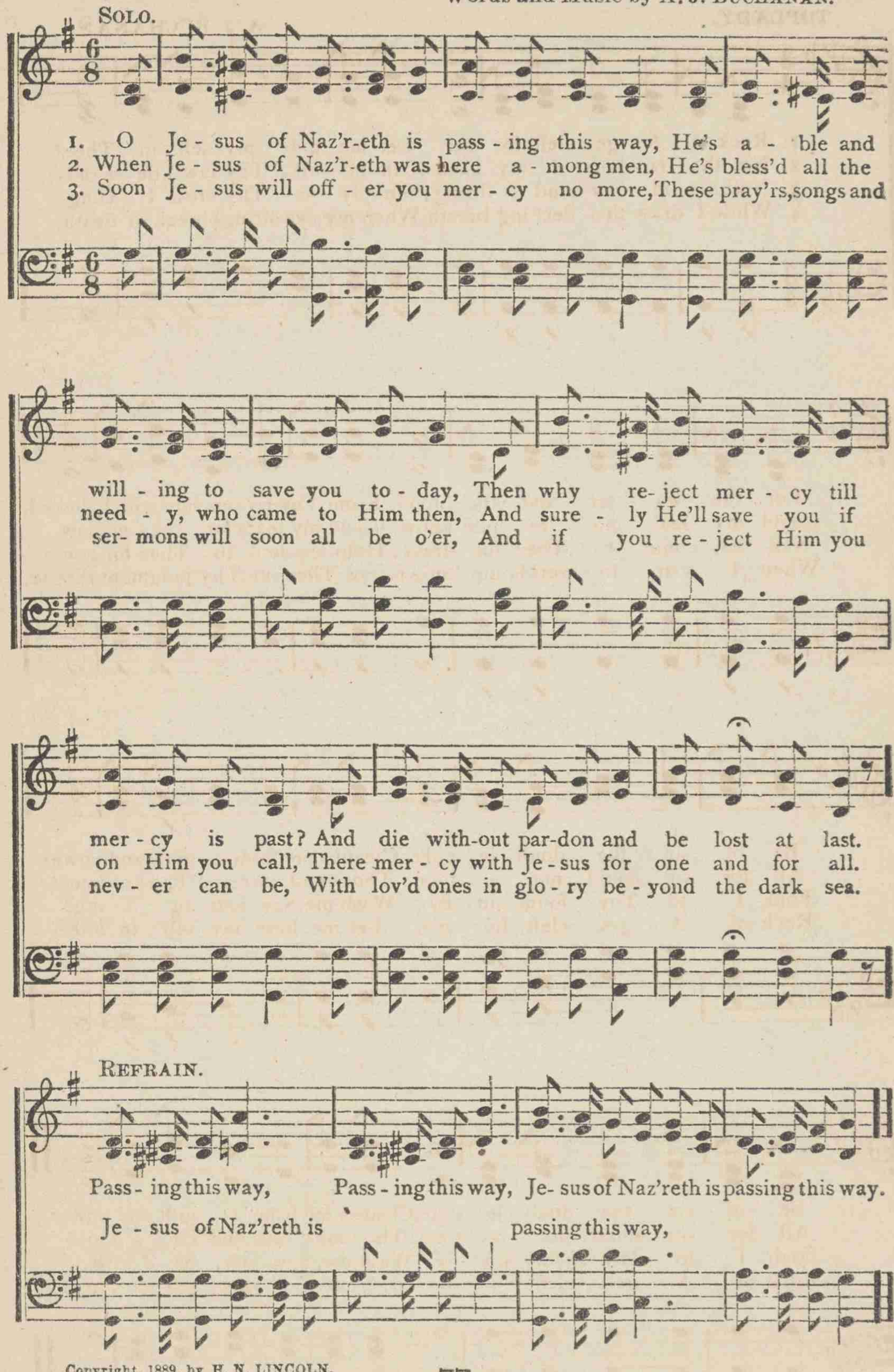
No. 93. Rock of Ages.

TOPLADY. A. J. BUCHANAN.



No. 94. Jesus of Nazareth is passing this way.

Words and Music by A. J. BUCHANAN.



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No. 95. The City of Refuge.

FANNY CROSBY. H. N. LINCOLN.

SOLI. *Earnestly.*

1. O guilt - y one haste, to the cit - y of ref - uge
2. O guilt - y one haste, for the day - beams are fad - ing
3. O wear - y one haste, for the night - clouds pur - sue thee,
4. O wear - y one haste, He is cheer - ing thee on - ward

DUET. *Tenderly.*

Where safe - ty and mer - cy a - wait thee, so free
A - far on the des - ert say why wilt thou roam,
How dark - ly they frown on the cold mount - ain brow
One step and the cross of thy Lord thou wilt gain

TUTTI. *Pleadingly.*

O haste with thy bur - den of sin and of sor - row,
The arms of thy Sav - iour will glad - ly en - fold thee,
The voice of the tem - pest is wail - ing a - round thee,
The voice of His love through the dark - ness is break - ing

Encouragingly.

Thy lov - ing Re - deem- er is wait - ing for thee.
He longs with for - give- ness to wel - come thee home.
And none but thee Sav- iour can shel - ter thee now.
All glo - ry to Je - sus the Lamb that was slain.

CHORUS.

O fly to the ref - uge To the ref - uge free
O fly to the cit - y of ref-uge to-day To the ref - uge sure and free

With thy sin and sor - row Je - sus waits for thee.
Haste with thy bur-den of sin and of sor-row Je - sus waits He waits for thee.

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96

"Go ye therefore and teach all nations."
Matt. xxviii : 19.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle!
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

97

1 How happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And whose treasures are laid up above,
Tongue can not express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
O, what joy I received!
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
The Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
Oh, that all His salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as me.

98

I Need Thee.
Key of A♭.

1 I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

REF.—I need Thee, oh, I need Thee;
Every hour I need Thee;
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour:
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by:
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour
Teach me Thy will:
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

99

The Beautiful River.
Key E♭.

1 Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God.

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.
CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down,
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.
CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.
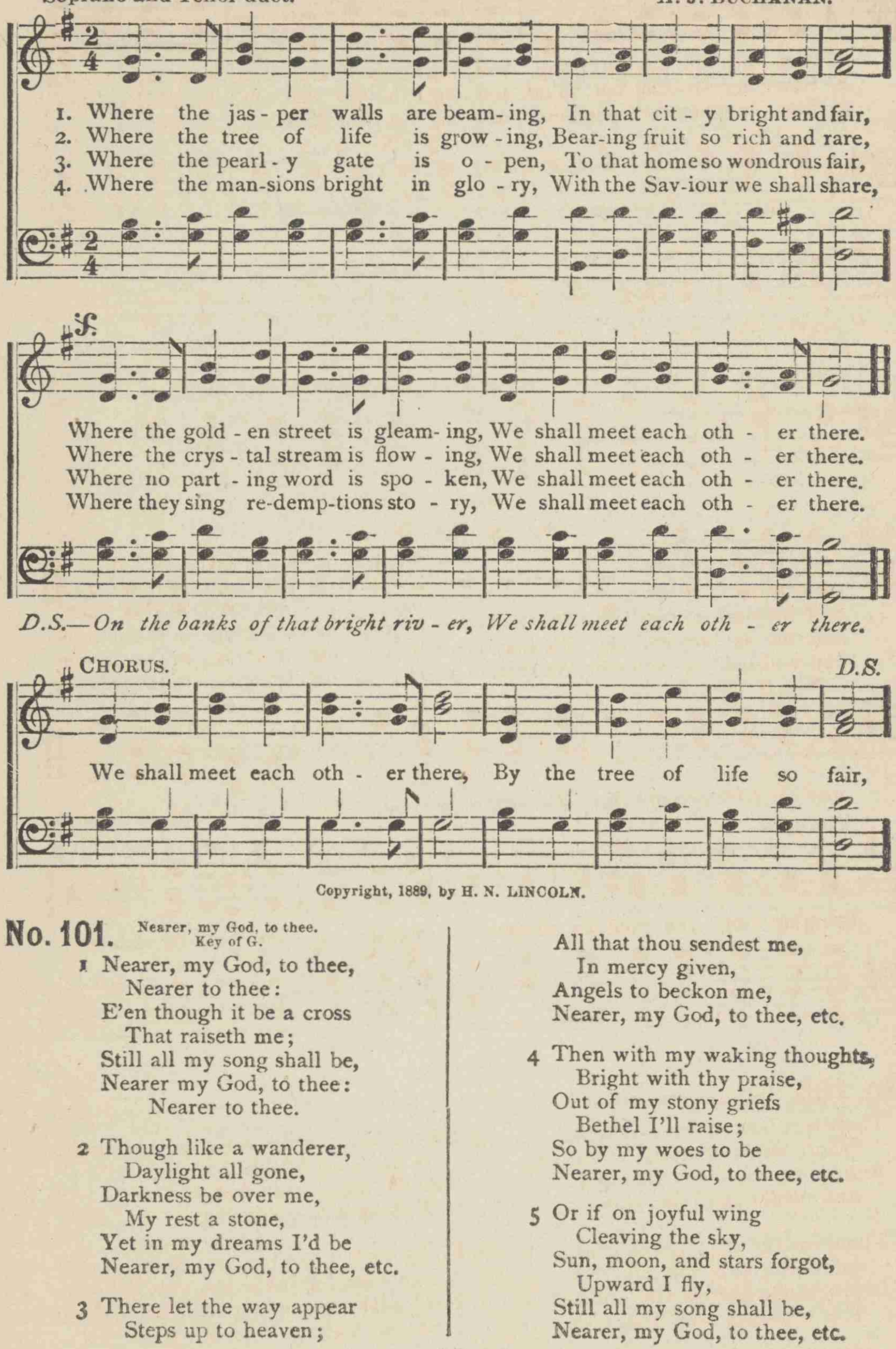
5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
With the melody of peace.
CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

No. 100. We shall meet each other there.

(Answer to Shall we Meet? No. 51.)

May be sung as a Soprano and Tenor duet.

Words and Music by A. J. BUCHANAN.



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No. 101.

Nearer, my God, to thee.
Key of G.

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee:
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer my God, to thee:
Nearer to thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.
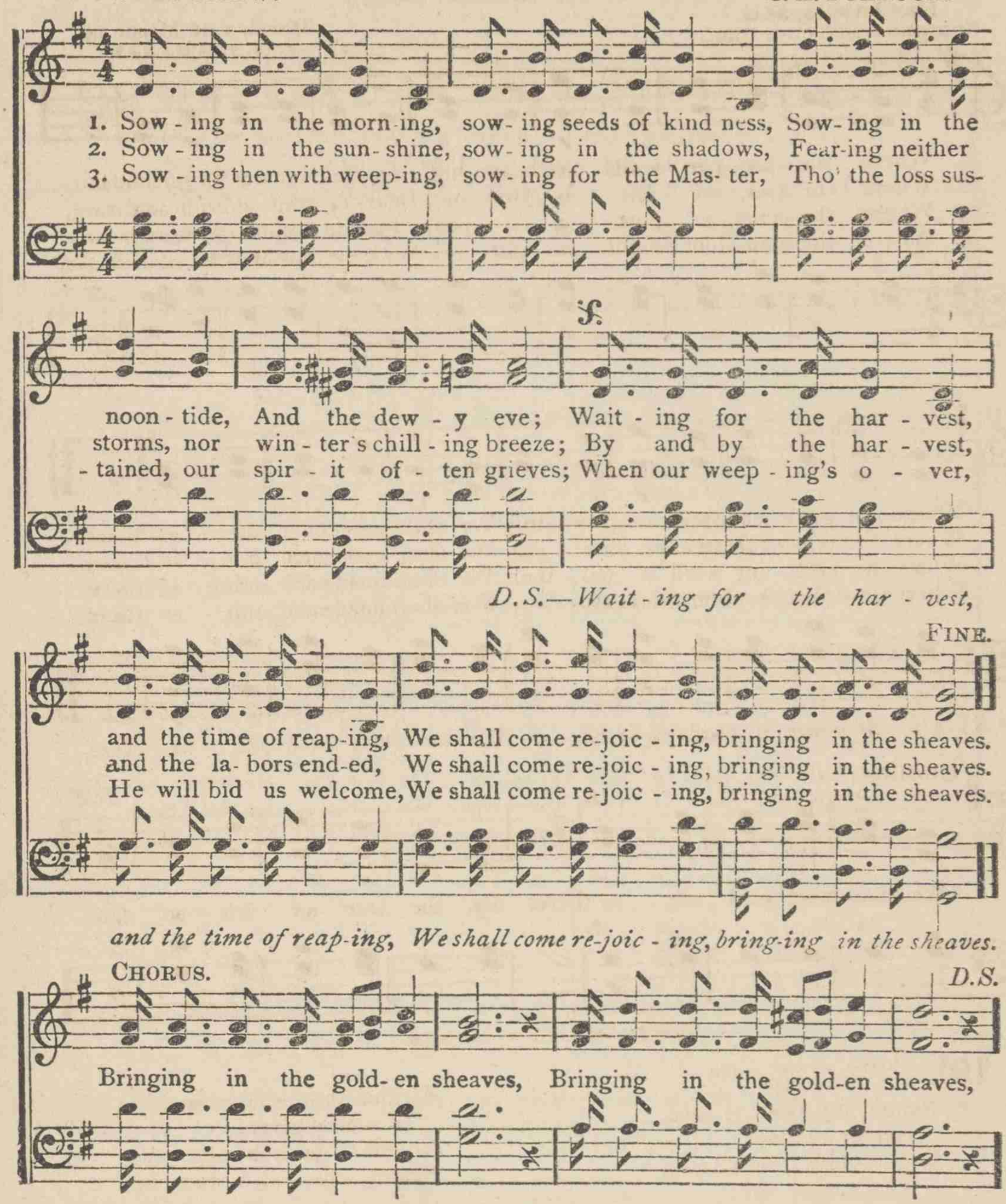
3 There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.

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

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

No. 102. Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. C. E. POLLOCK.



No. 103. The Land of Pure Delight.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
The gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood.
Should fright us from the shore.

No. 104. Light will Greet Thee By and By.

LATTA C. LORD. L. B. SHOOK.

1. Is thy trembling heart a wear - y? Are thy foot- steps al - most gone?
2. Is thy spir - it sad with - in thee? Raise thy heart in earn - est prayer,
3. Has thy spir - it grown a wear - y? Do not fal - ter in the strife,

Does life seem a bur - den drear- y? Courage, broth- er, strug- gle on,
Trust a Fath- er's lov - ing kindness, Trust a Fath- er's ten - der care;
God has work for thee my brother, As thou treadst the path of life;

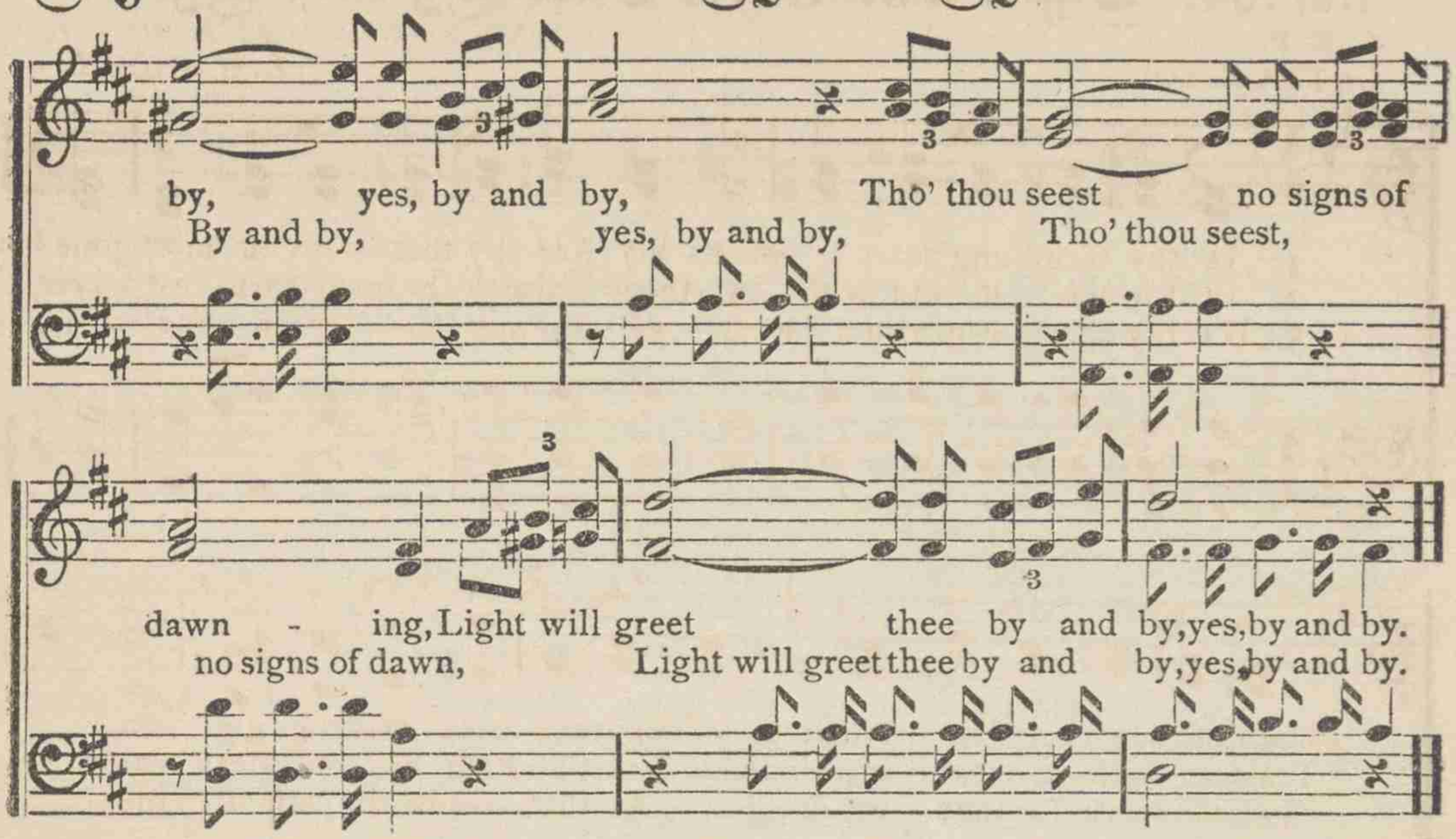
Bear it pa - tient-ly and brave - ly, Do not stop to weep or sigh,
Call up - on Him in thy sor - row, He will hear thy fal-t'ring cry,
Darkness may ob-scure thy path - way, Clouds may gather in thy sky,

Af- ter night the morn-ing dawn- eth, Light will greet thee by and by.
Tho' thou seest no sign of dawn - ing, Light will greet thee by and by.
Storms may rage, but do not fal - ter, Light will greet thee by and by.

CHORUS.

By and by the morn-ing dawn - - eth, By and
By and by, the morn- ing dawns,

Light will Greet Thee By and By.—Concluded.

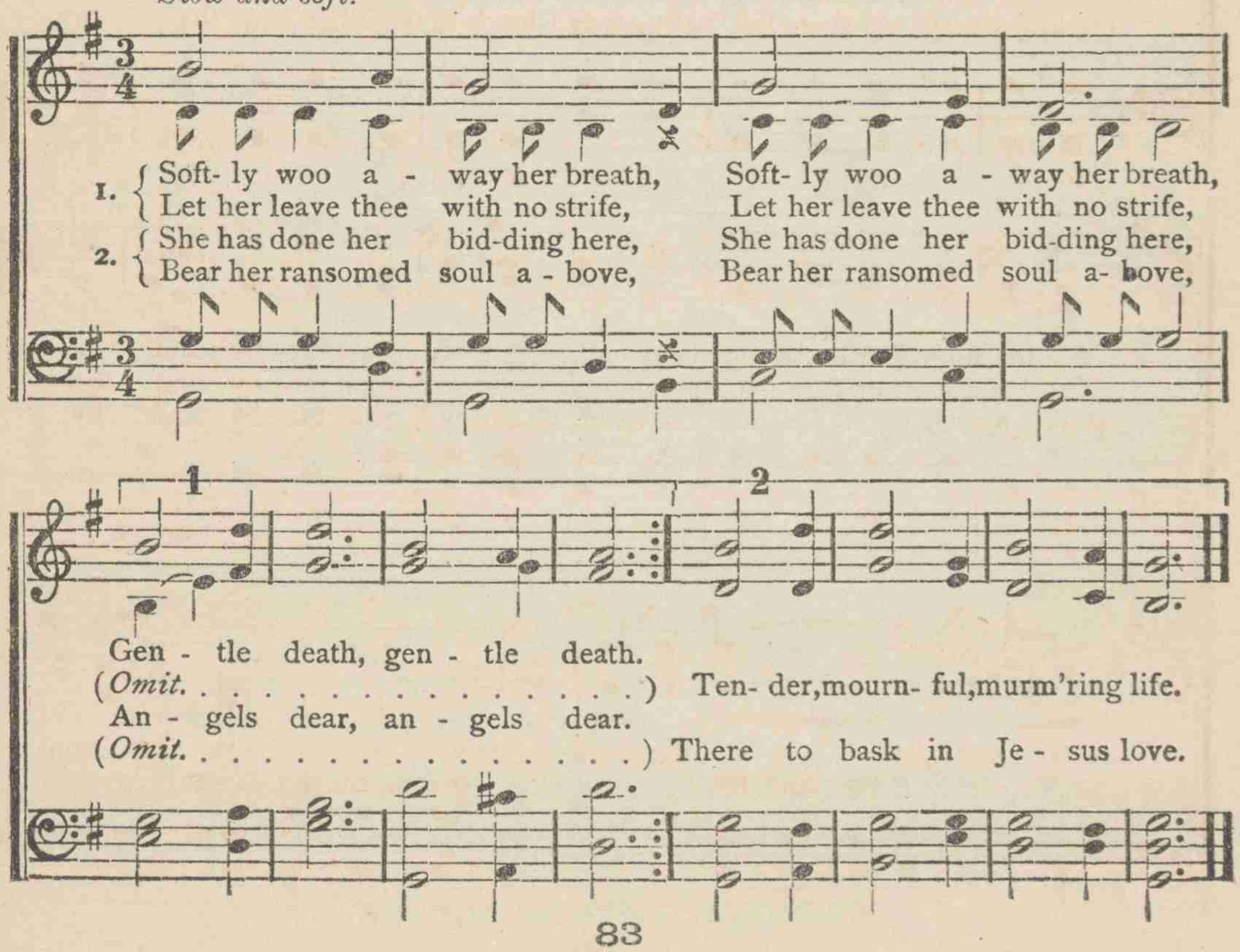


No. 105. Softly Woo Away Her Breath.

BARRY CARNWALL. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. { Soft - ly woo a - way her breath,
   { Let her leave thee with no strife,
2. { She has done her bid - ding here,
   { Bear her ran - somed soul a - bove,

Slow and soft.



No. 106. The Happy Land.

C. E. P. CHAS EDW POLLOCK, by per.

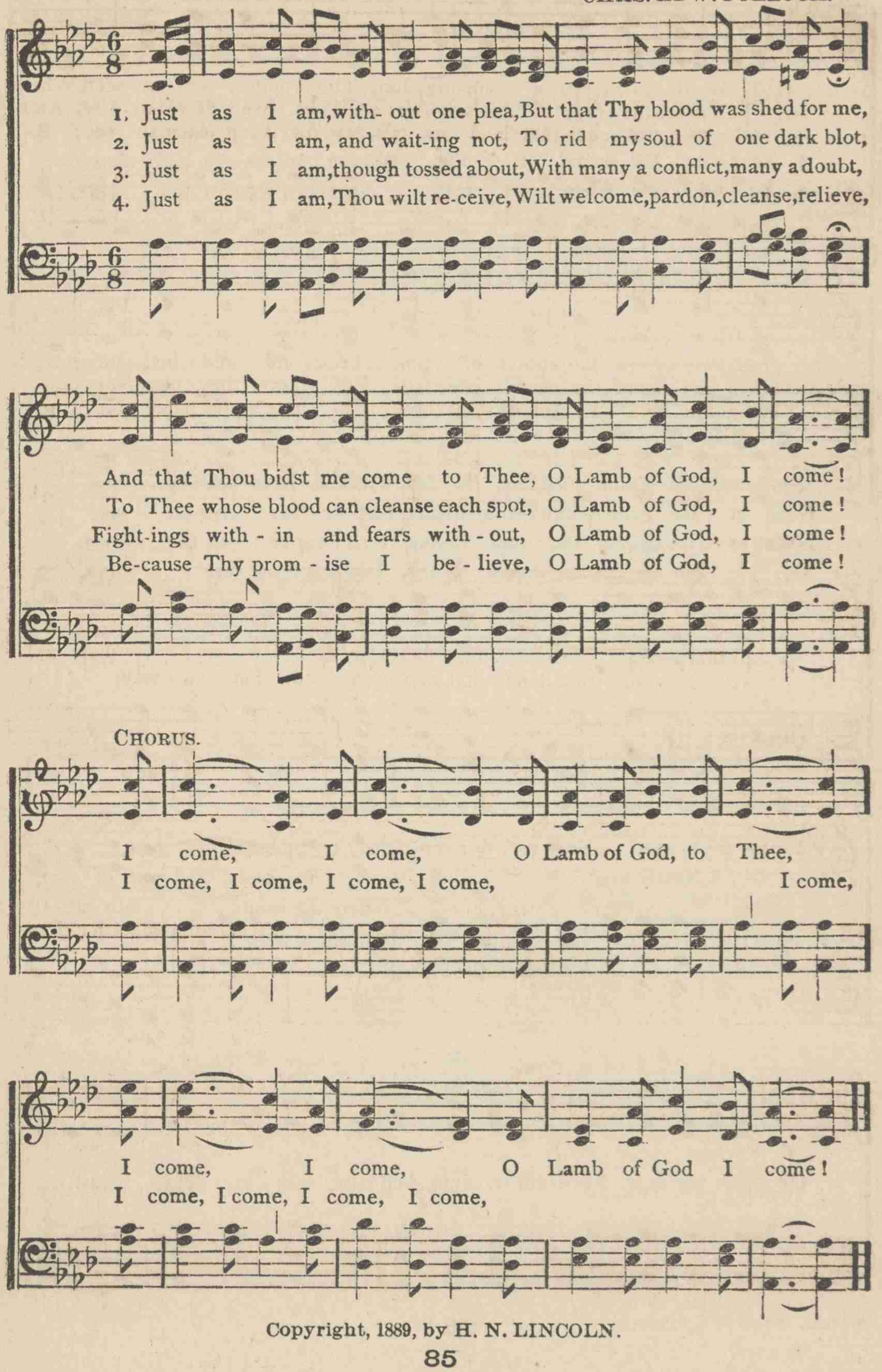
1. There is a land, a sun- ny clime, The brightest ev - er seen, Which lies be - yond the shores of time, Be - yond cold Jor - dan's stream.
2. Be - neath the Tree of life's dense shade Life's riv-er flow- eth by, And youth and beau - ty nev - er fade, For there they nev - er die.
3. I long to reach that land so fair, My dwell-ing place to see; A- mong the ma - ny man- sions there, Is one pre- pared for me.

CHORUS.

Oh, that land, ... that hap - py land! Far a - way, far a - way, Where the saints . . in glo- ry stand, Bright as day, bright as day.
Oh, that land, that hap - py land, Far a - way, far a - way, Where the saints in glo- ry stand, glo - ry stand Bright as day, bright as day.

No. 107. Just As I Am.
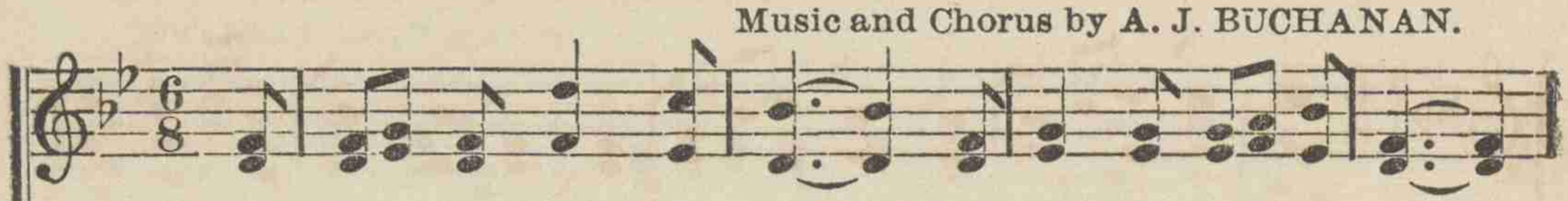
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



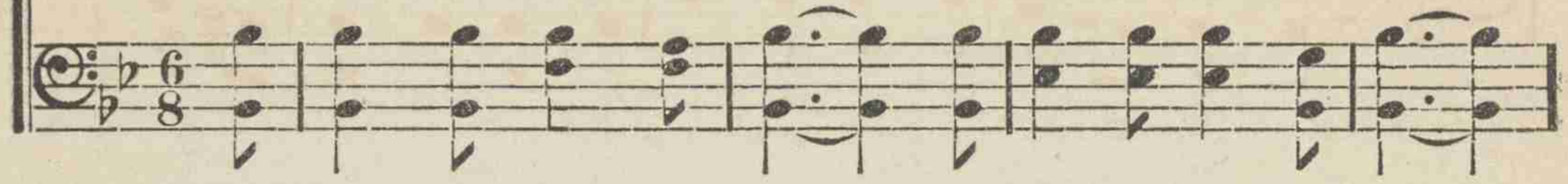
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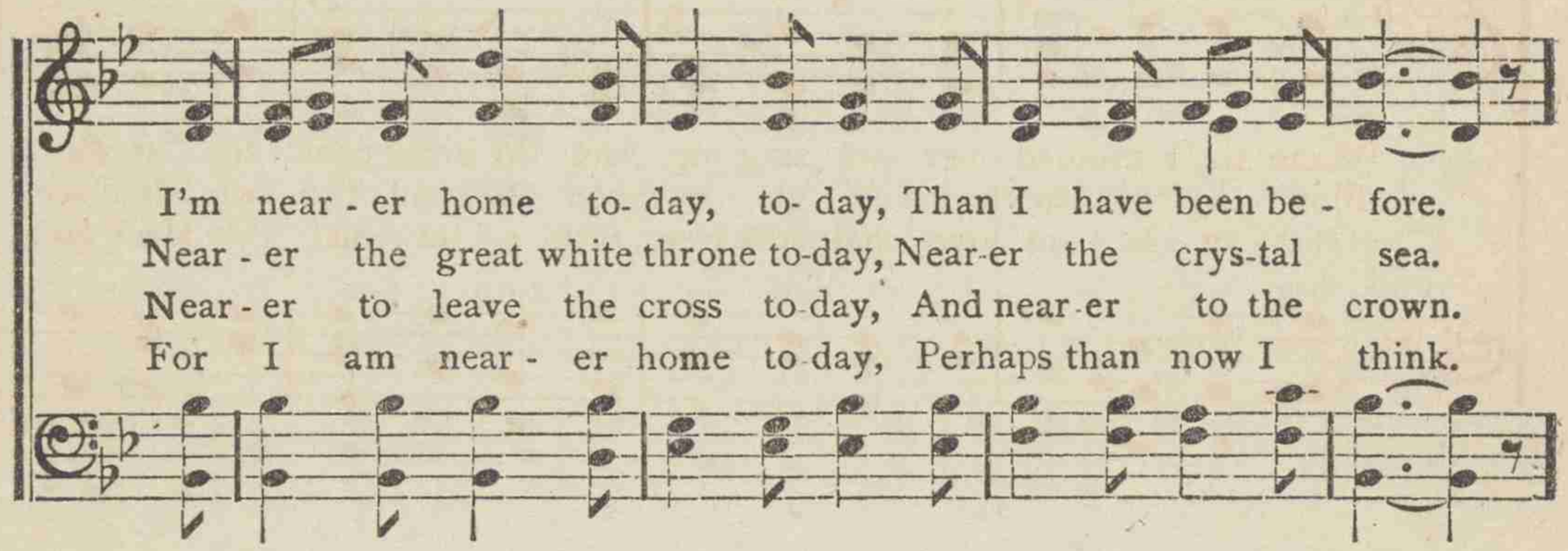
No. 108. Nearer Home.

Music and Chorus by A. J. BUCHANAN.
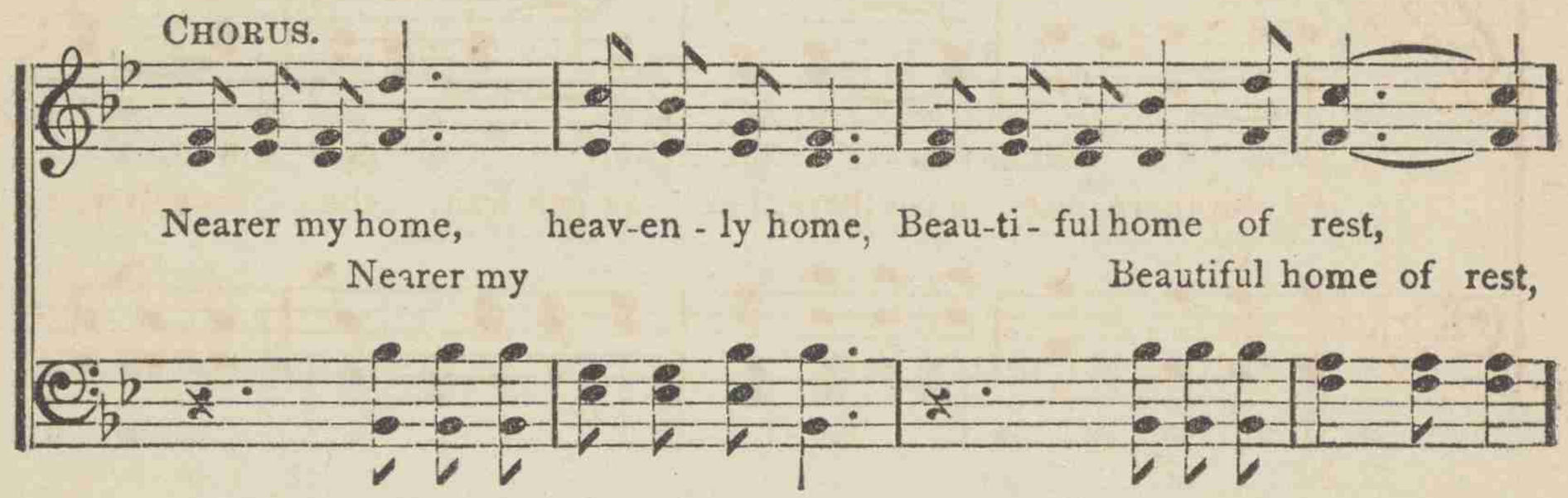


1. One sweet- ly sol - emn thought, Comes to me o'er and o'er,
2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma- ny mansions be,
3. Near - er the bound of life, Where burdens are laid down,
4. Be near me when my feet, Are slip- ping o'er the brink,



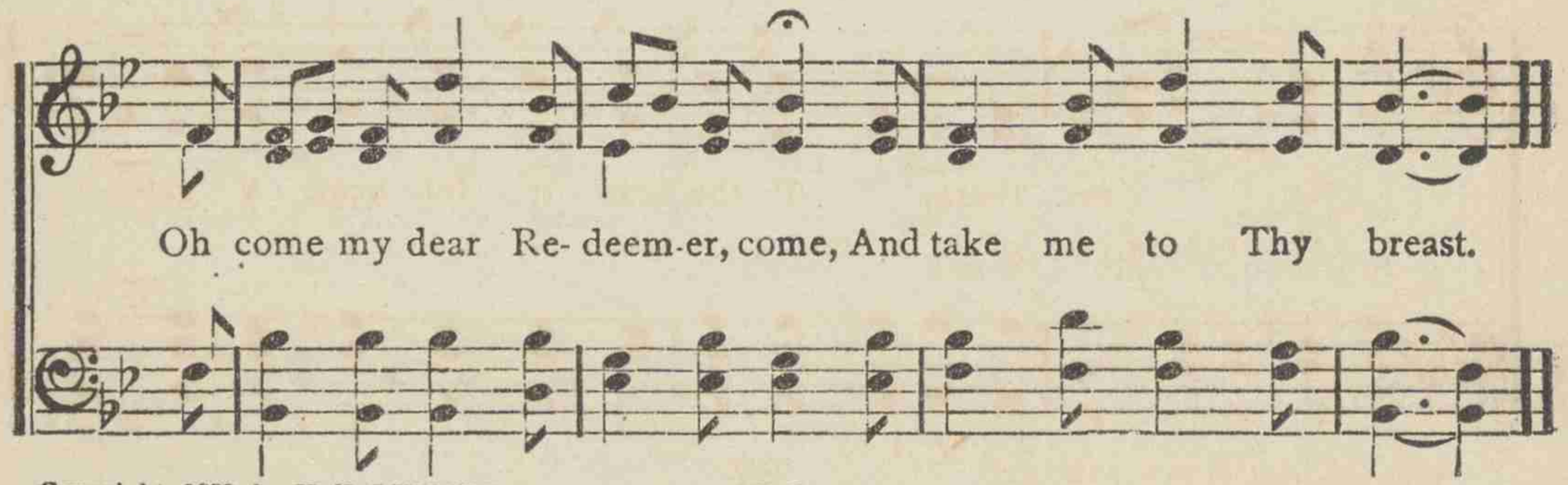


I'm near - er home to- day, to- day, Than I have been be - fore.
Near - er the great white throne to-day, Near-er the crys-tal sea.
Near - er to leave the cross to-day, And near-er to the crown.
For I am near - er home to-day, Perhaps than now I think.



CHORUS.

Nearer my home, heav-en - ly home, Beau-ti - ful home of rest,
Nearer my Beautiful home of rest,

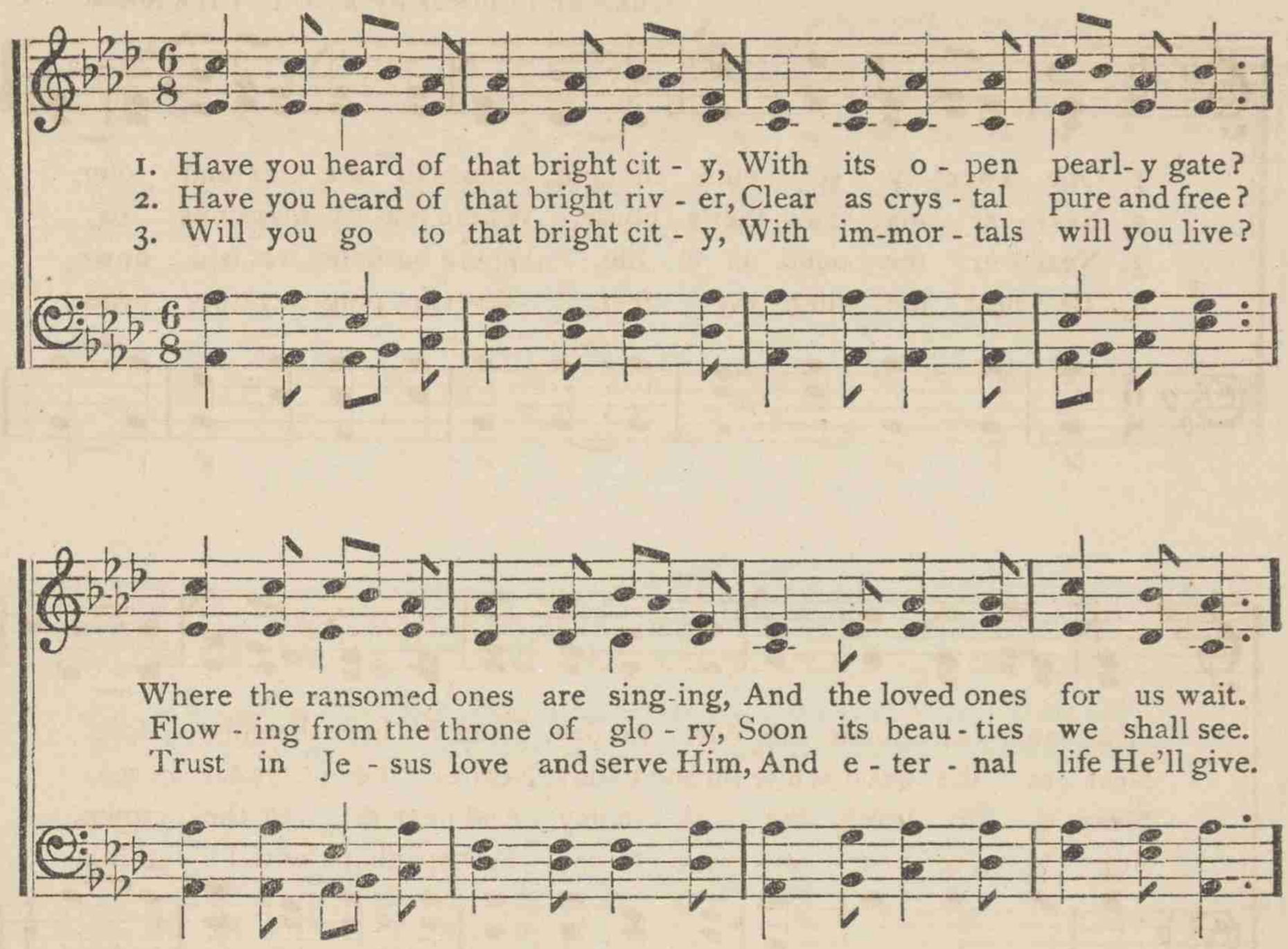


Oh come my dear Re- deem-er, come, And take me to Thy breast.

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No. 109. The Beautiful Pearly Gate.

Words and Music by A. J. BUCHANAN.

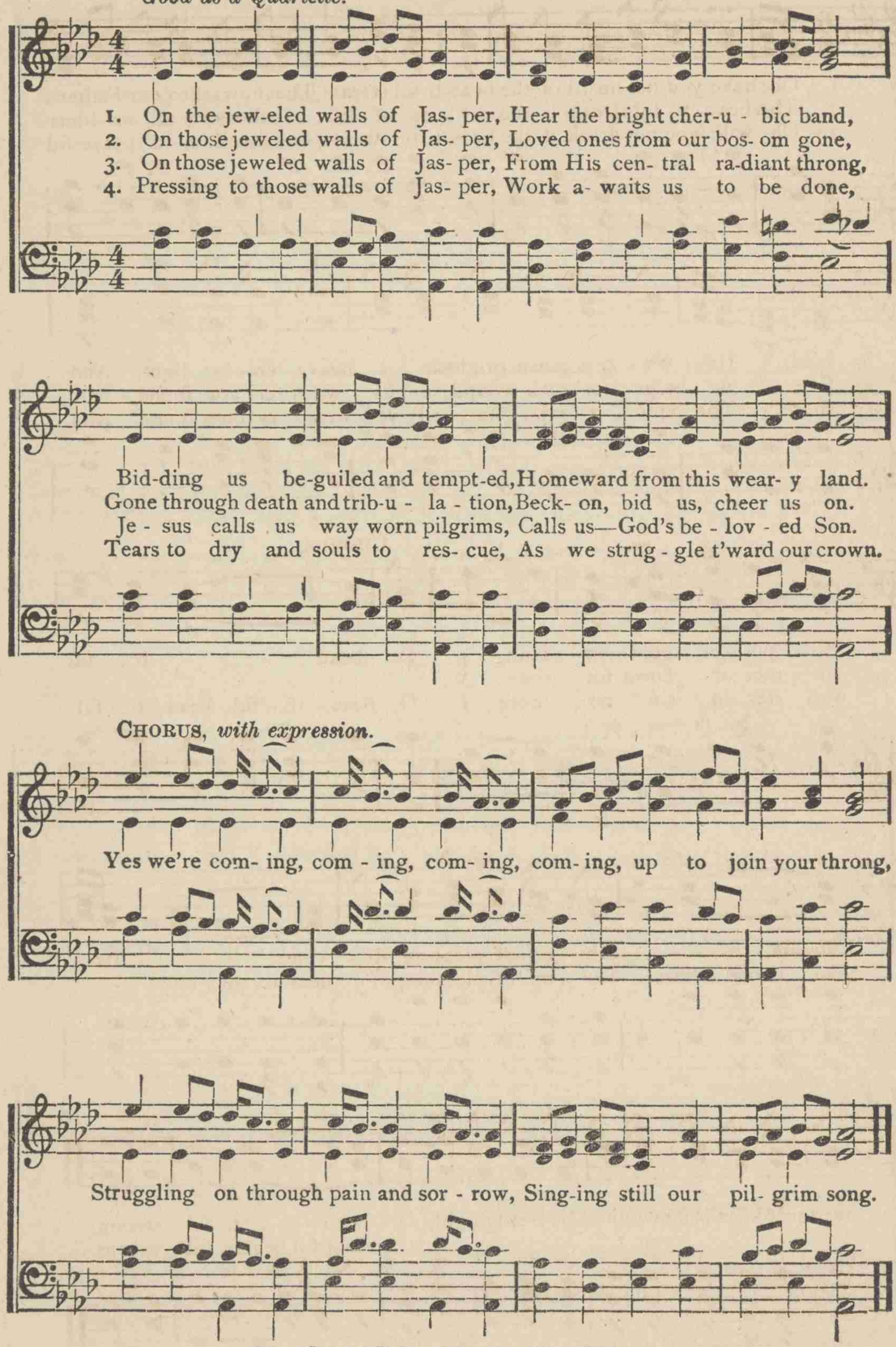


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No. 110. The Jeweled Walls of Jasper.

Words and Music copyrighted.

Good as a Quartette.



From "Songs of Gladness," by per. of the publishers.

No. 111.

Beautiful Stream.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Oh, have you not heard of the beau-ti-ful stream, That flows thro' our Father's land, Its wa - ters gleam bright in a heav - en - ly light, And
2. This beau- ti- ful stream is the riv - er of life, It flows for all na- tions free, A balm for each wound in its wa - ters are found, O
3. Oh will you not drink of the beau-ti-ful stream, And dwell on its peace-ful shore, The Spir - it says, come, all ye wea - ry ones home, And

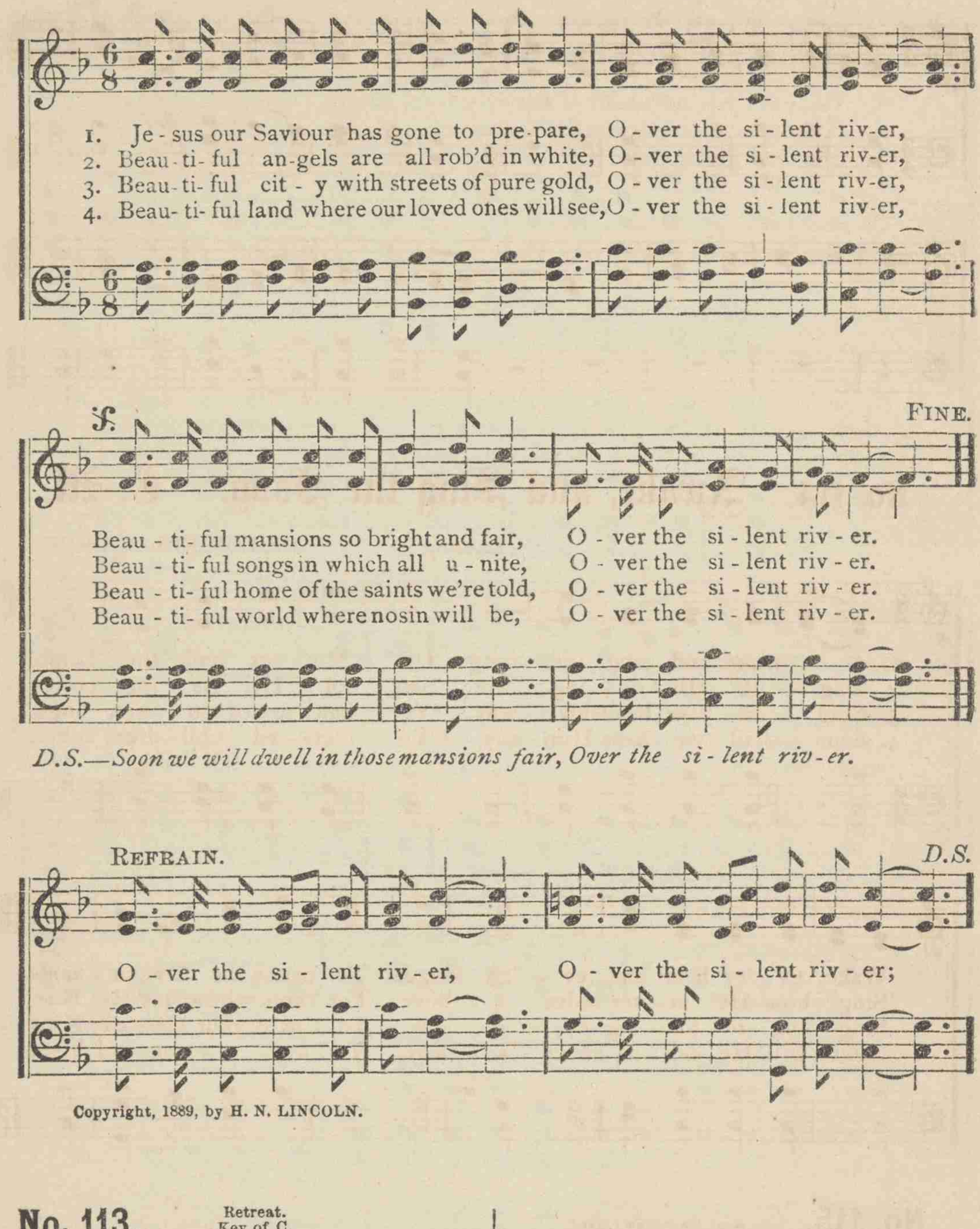
CHORUS.

rip - ple o'er gold - en sand.
sin - ner it flows for thee.
wan - der in sin no more.

O beau - - ti - ful stream, ... Riv - er of pleasure di - vine, ... Its
O beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful stream, Riv - er of pleasure, of pleas-ure di - vine,
wa-ters gleam bright with its heavenly light, O beau - - ti- ful stream.
beautiful, beauti- ful stream.

No. 112. Over the Silent River.

Words and music by A. J. BUCHANAN.



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No. 113.

Retreat.
Key of C.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a safe retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
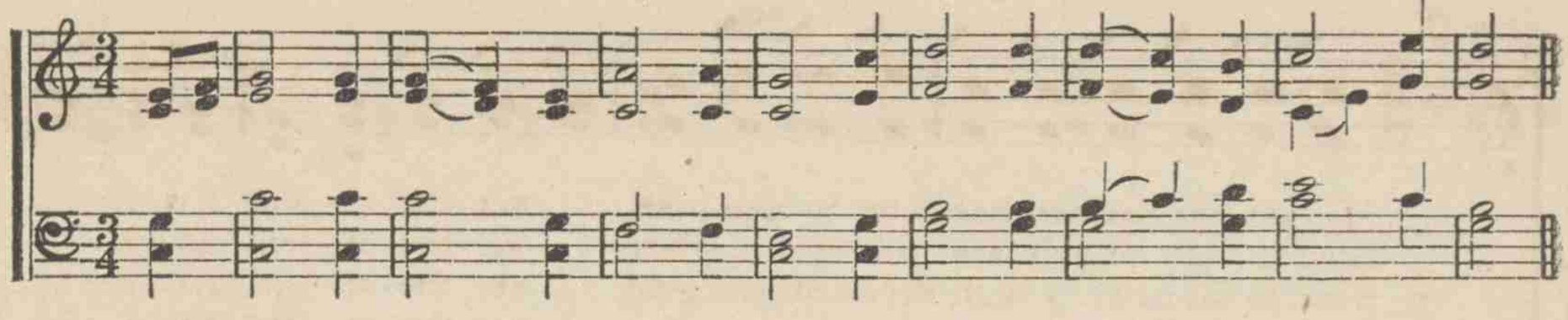
2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

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

4 Oh, let my hands forget their skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
Ere I forget the mercy-seat.

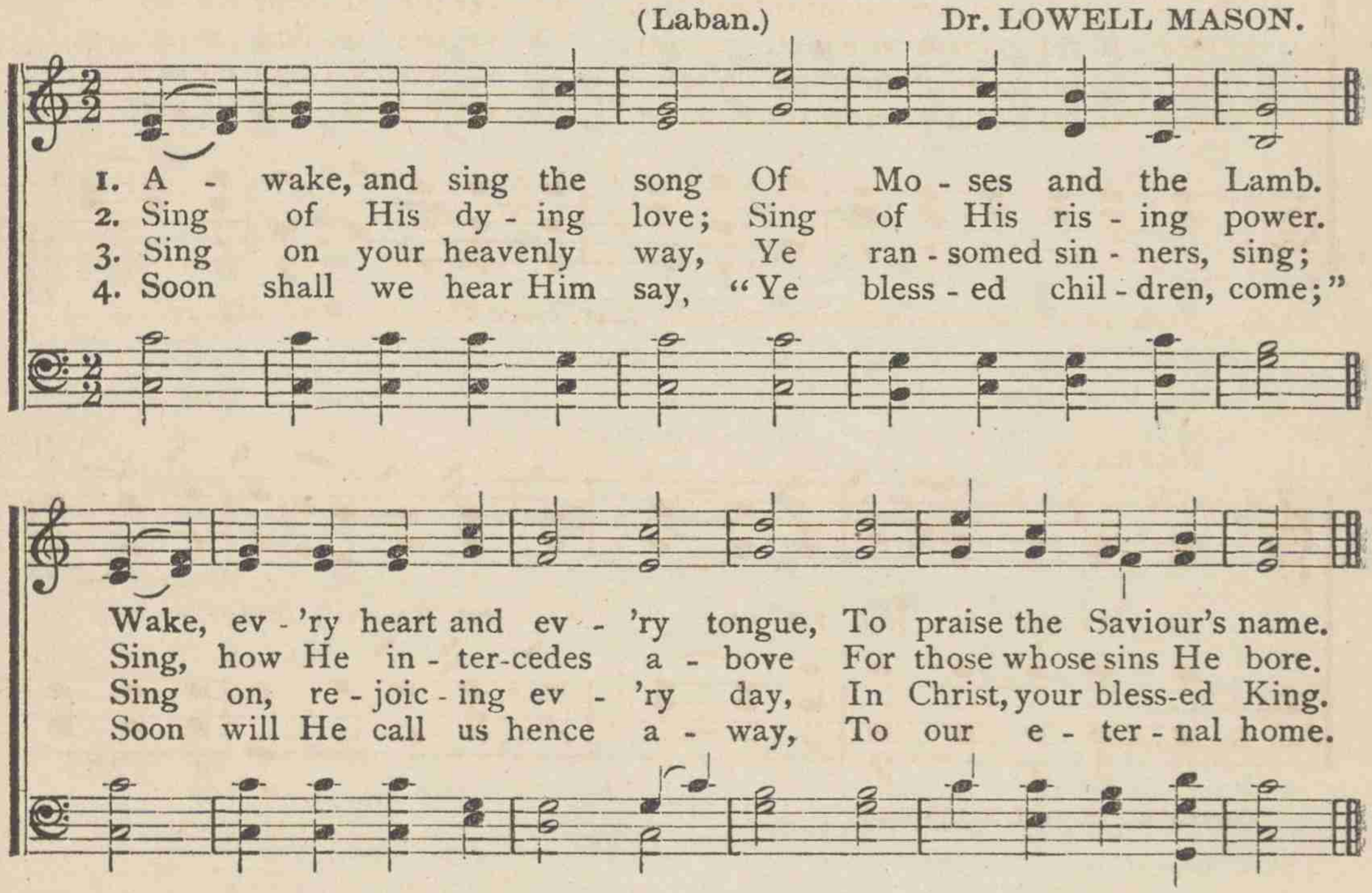
From every Stormy Wind that Blows. L. M.

Use words No. 113 (Retreat.)



No. 114. Awake, and Sing the Song. C. M.

(Laban.) Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb.
2. Sing of His dy - ing love; Sing of His ris - ing power.
3. Sing on your heavenly way, Ye ran - somed sin - ners, sing;
4. Soon shall we hear Him say, "Ye bless - ed chil - dren, come;"

Wake, ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue, To praise the Saviour's name.
Sing, how He in - ter-cedes a - bove For those whose sins He bore.
Sing on, re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day, In Christ, your bless-ed King.
Soon will He call us hence a - way, To our e - ter - nal home.

No. 115. My Soul, be on thy Guard.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
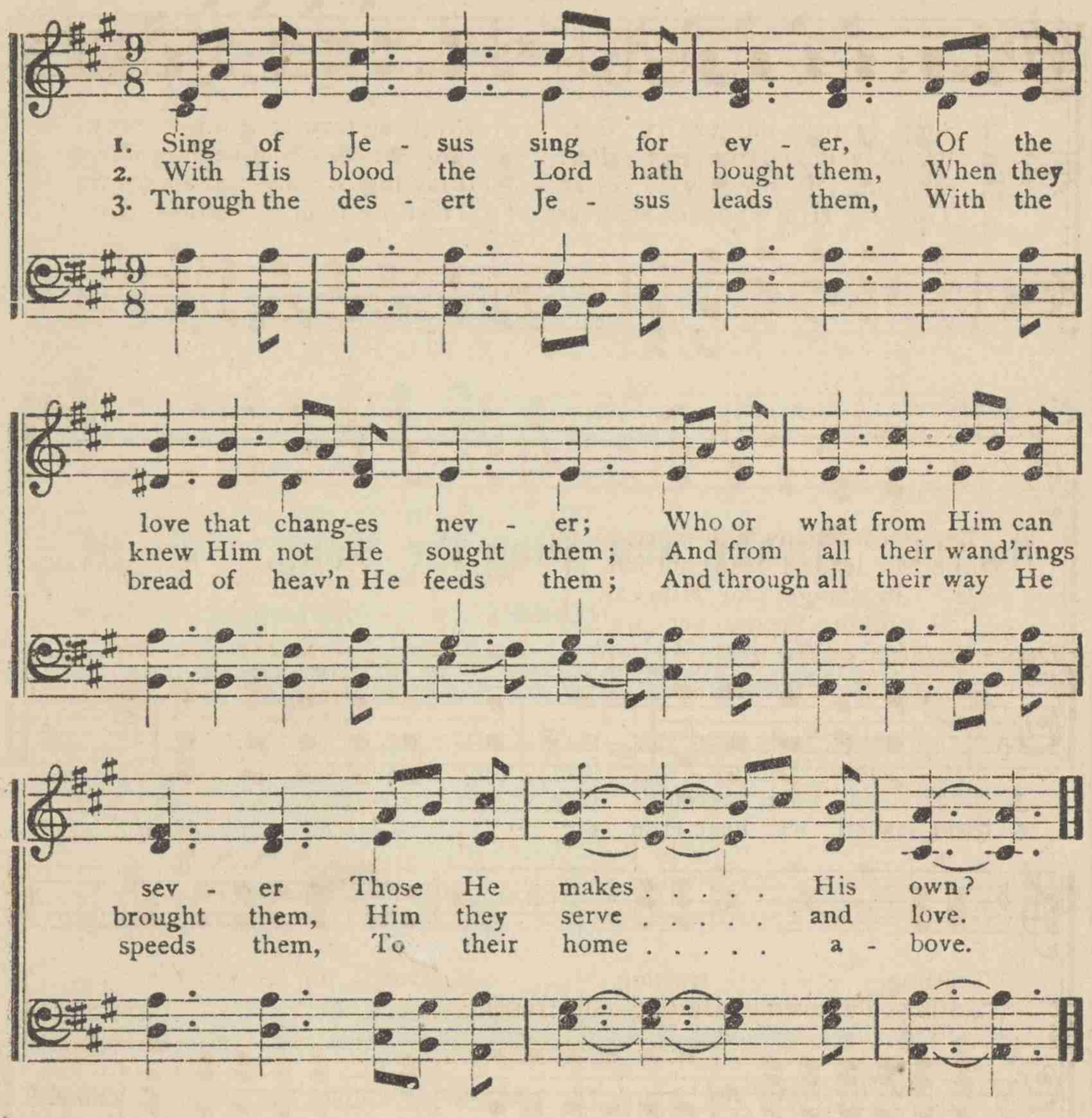
2 Oh watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

No. 116. Sing of Jesus.

KELLEY. A. J. BUCHANAN.



No. 117. Come, Humble Sinner.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose:

3 Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone,
Without His sovereign grace:

4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps He may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 Perhaps He may admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
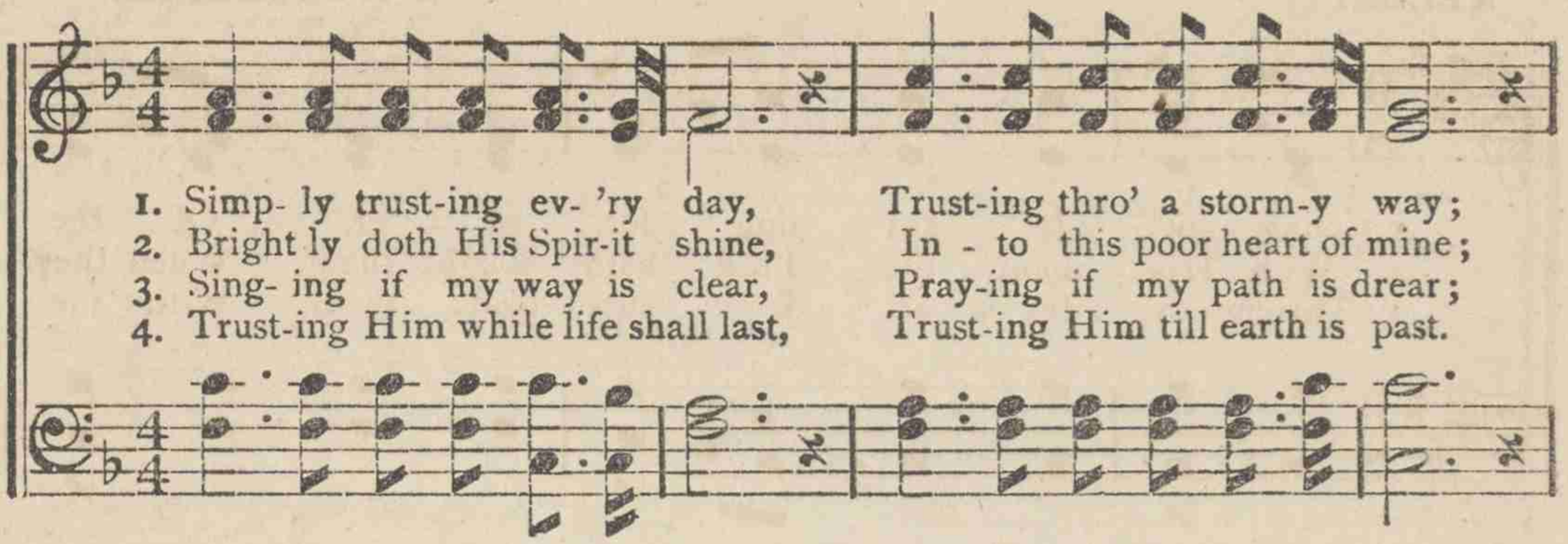
6 I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

7 But if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
This were to die (delightful thought!)
As sinner never died.
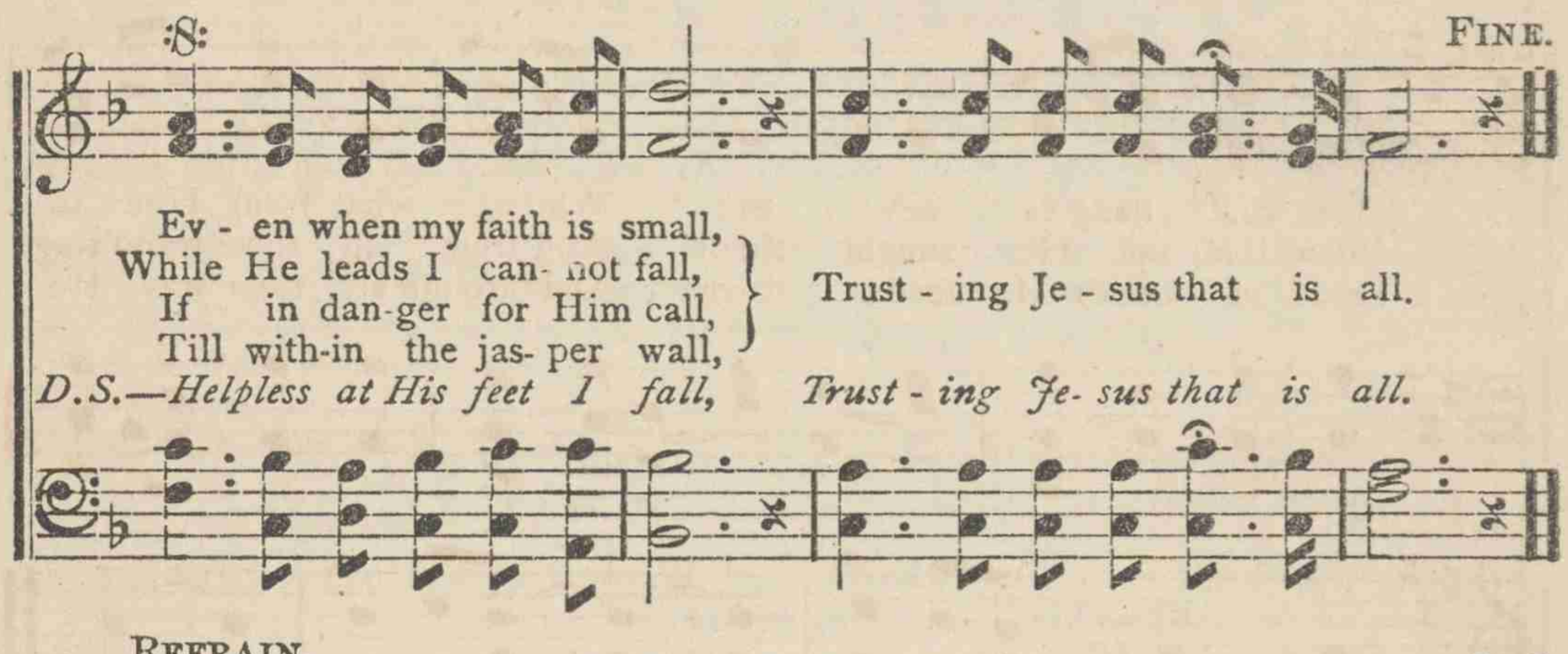
No. 118. Trusting Jesus.

EDGAR PAGE.
Cho. arr. by A. J. B.

A. J. BUCHANAN.
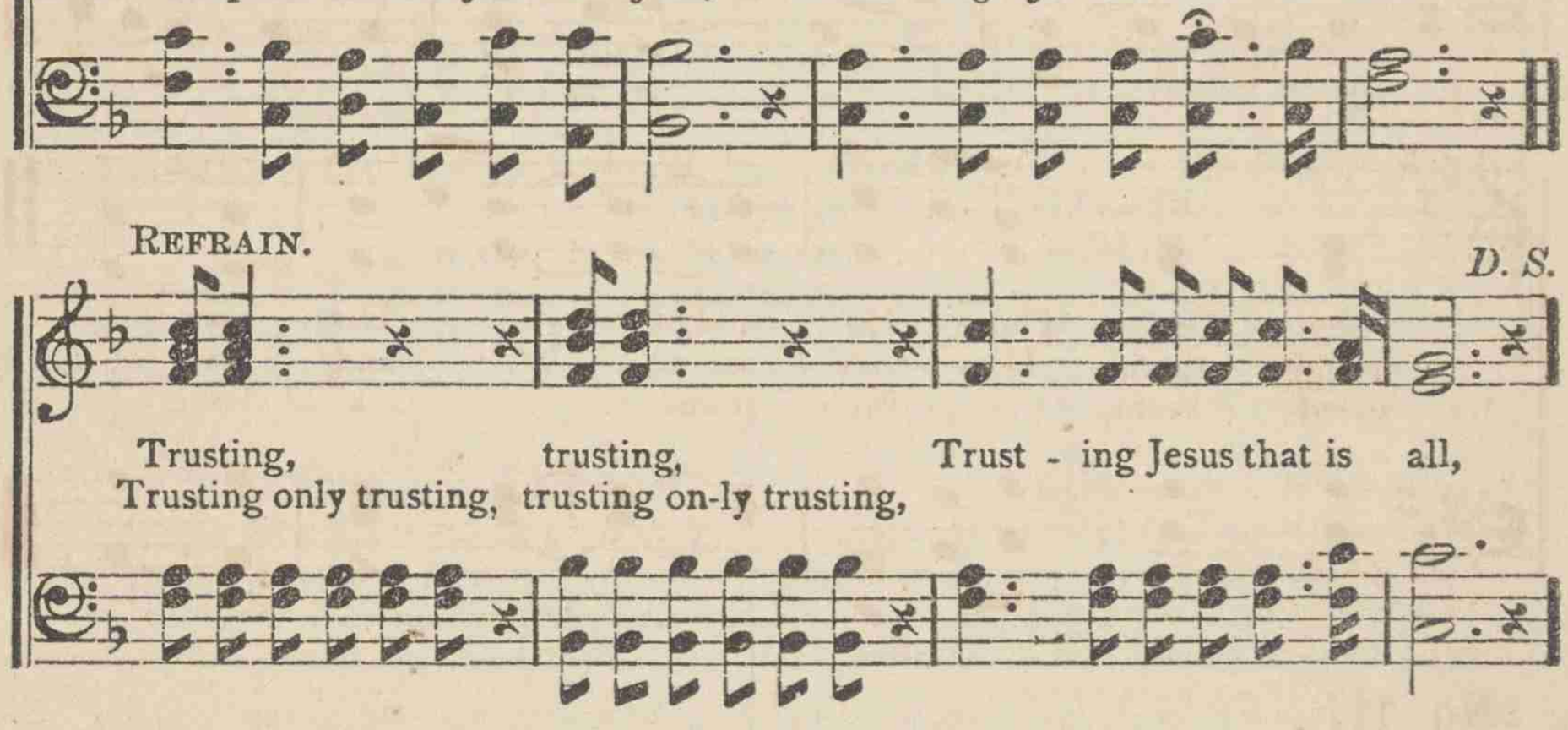


1. Simp- ly trust-ing ev- 'ry day, Trust-ing thro' a storm-y way;
2. Bright ly doth His Spir-it shine, In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing- ing if my way is clear, Pray-ing if my path is drear;
4. Trust-ing Him while life shall last, Trust-ing Him till earth is past.



FINE.

Ev - en when my faith is small,
While He leads I can- not fall,
If in dan-ger for Him call,
Till with-in the jas- per wall,
} Trust - ing Je - sus that is all.
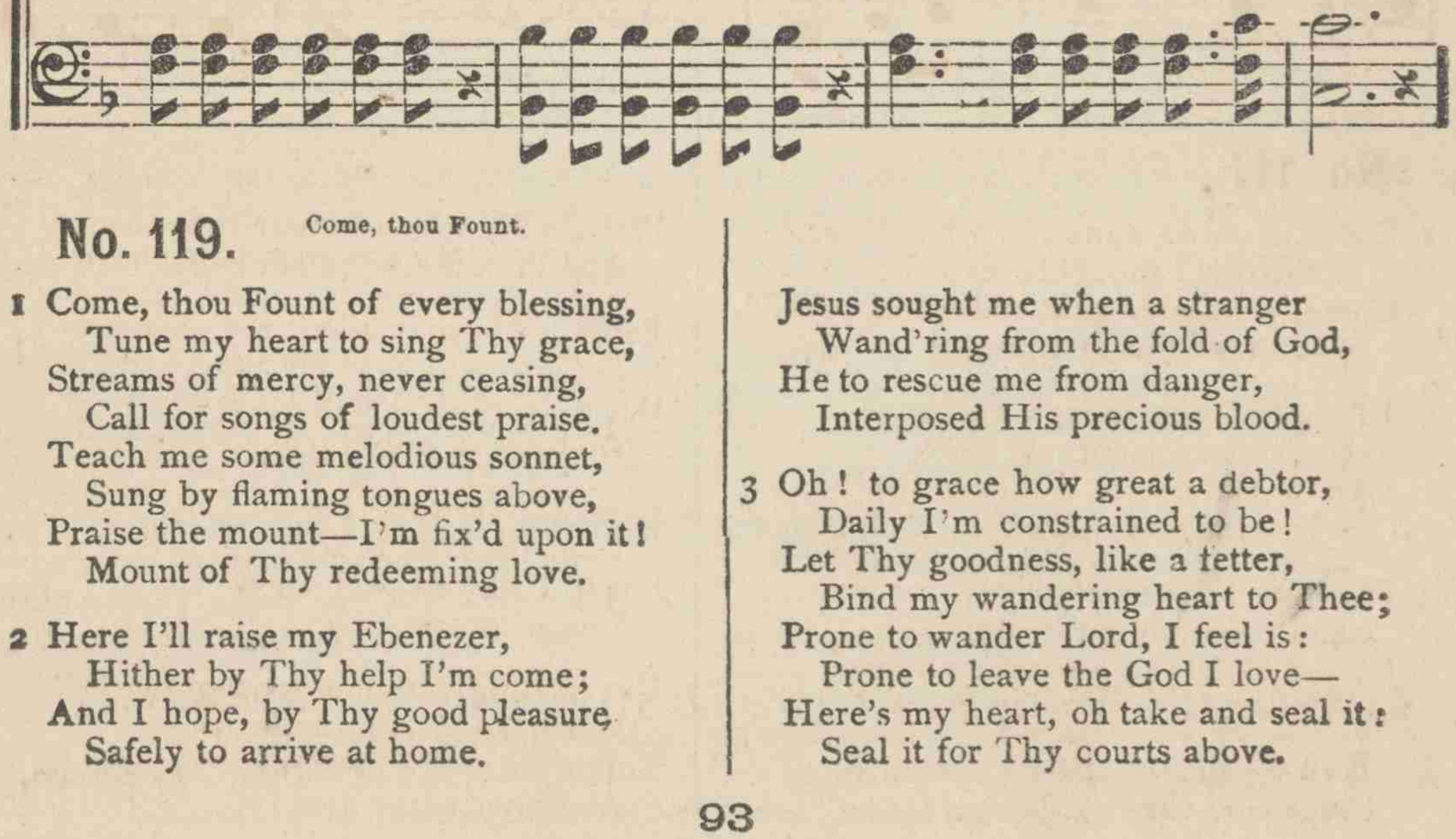
D.S.—Helpless at His feet I fall, Trust - ing Je- sus that is all.



REFRAIN.

D. S.

Trusting, trusting, Trust - ing Jesus that is all,
Trusting only trusting, trusting on-ly trusting,



No. 119. Come, thou Fount.

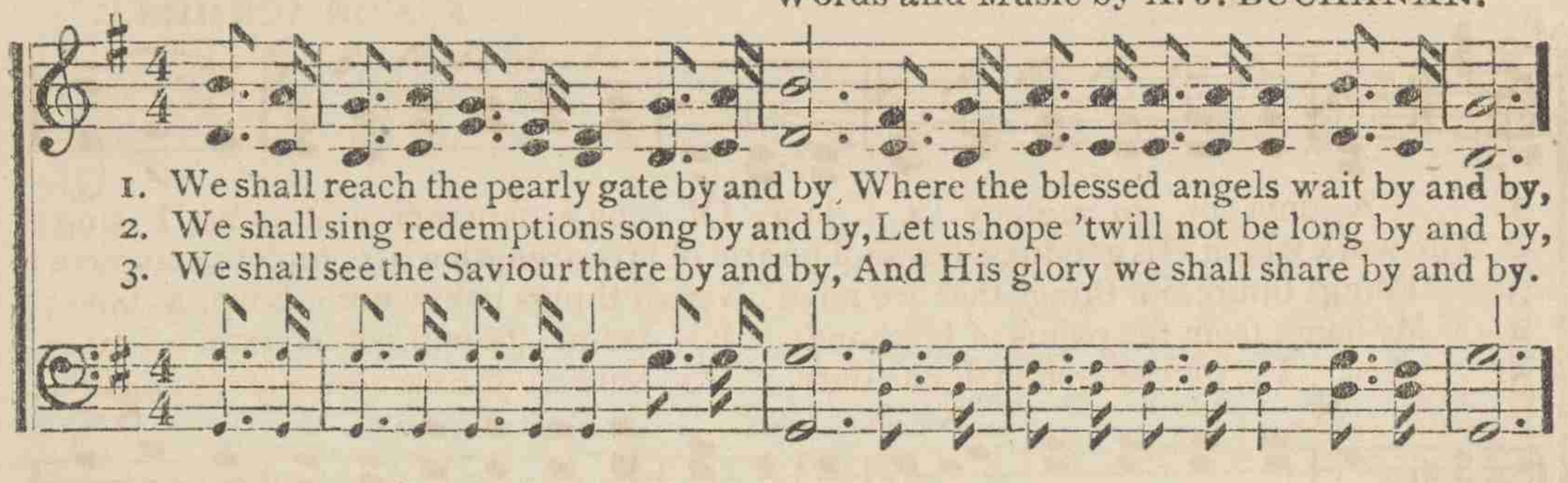
1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above,
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.
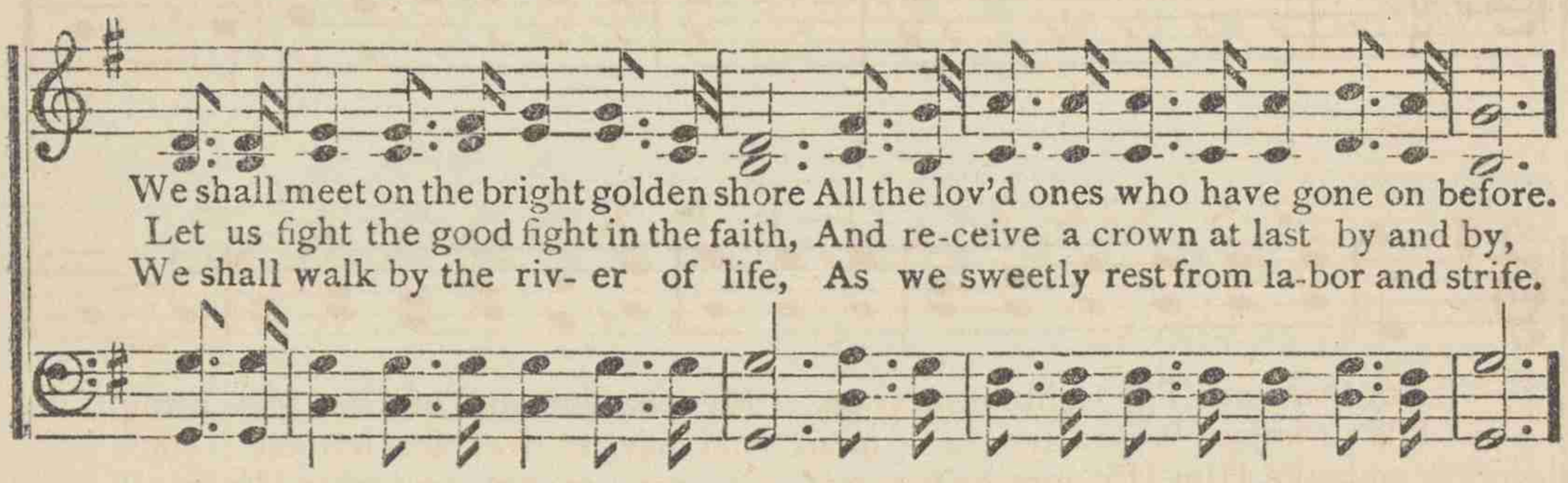
2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wand'ring from the fold of God,
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

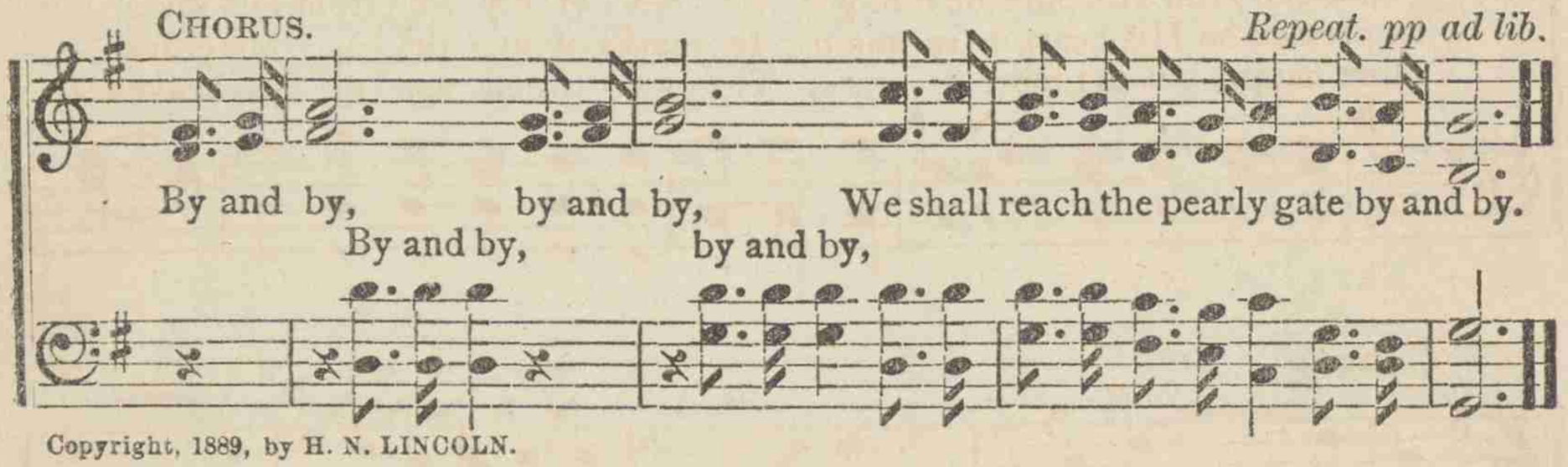
3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander Lord, I feel is:
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh take and seal it:
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 120. We shall Reach the Pearly Gate by and by.

Words and Music by A. J. BUCHANAN.







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No. 121. He Leadeth me.

1 He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought,
Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy Grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

No. 122. The Backslider's Prayer. Balerma. Key of A.

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

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

No. 123. Song of Trust.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. A debt-or to mer-cy a - lone, Of cov-e-nant mercy I sing, I sing;
2. The work which His goodness began, The arm of His strength will complete, complete:
3. Things future, nor things that are now, Nor all things below nor a-bove, a- bove;
4. My name from the palms of His hands, E - ter-ni - ty will not e- rase, e - rase;
5. Yes, I to the end shall en- dure, As sure as the earnest is given, is giv'n;

Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on, My per- son and off-'ring to bring.
His promise is yea and a - men, And nev- er was for-feit-ed yet.
Can make Him His purpose fore-go, Or sev - er my soul from His love.
Impressed on His heart it re- mains, In marks of in - del - i - ble grace.
More happy, but not more se - cure, The glo - ri-fied spir- its in heaven.

CHORUS.

The ter - rors of law and of God, With me can have nothing to do;
The ter-rors of law and of God, have nothing to do;

My Saviour's obedience and blood Hide all my transgressions, from view.
My Saviour's obedience and blood, transgressions from view.
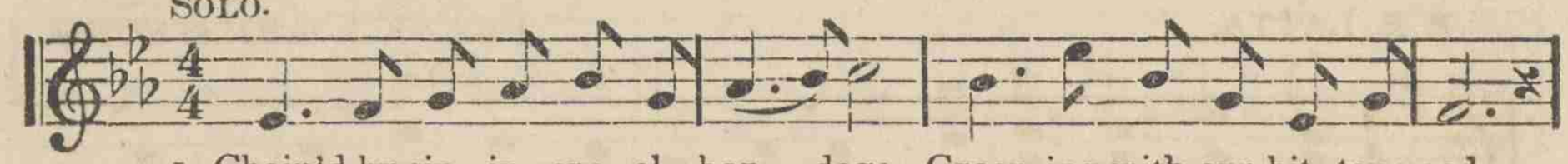
Copyright, 1890, by H. N. LINCOLN.

No. 124. Jehovah's Promise.
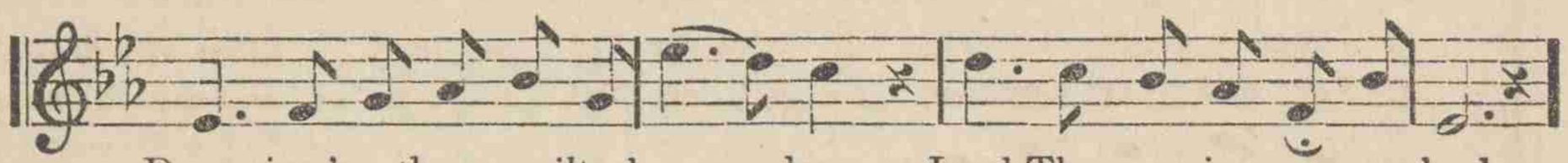
Exodus. 6. 1—8.

MARY A. BAKER. H. R. PALMER.

SOLO.
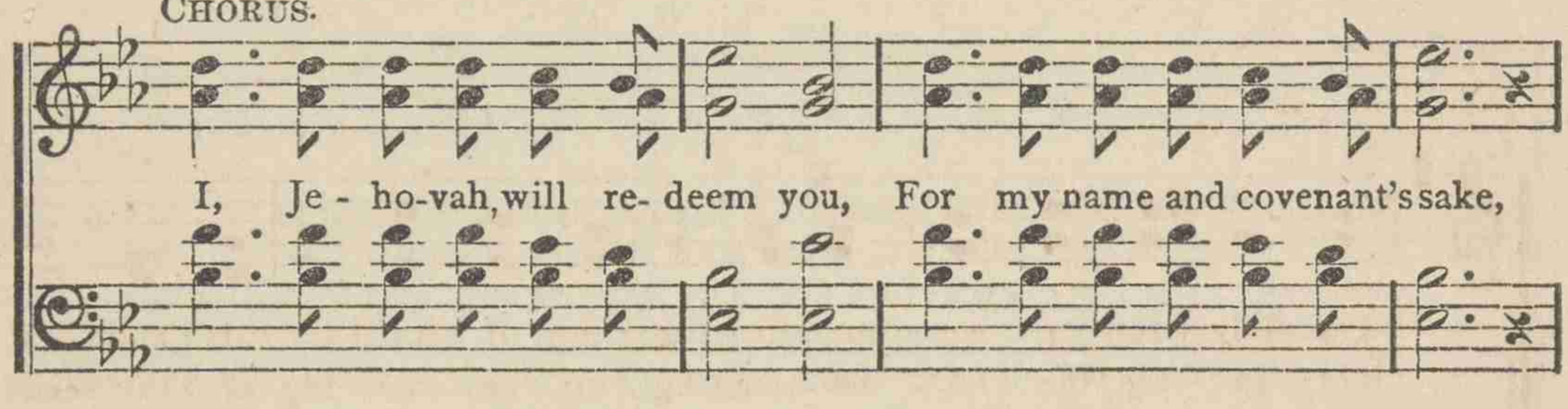


1. Chain'd by sin in cru- el bon - dage, Groan-ing with our bit ter need,
2. Oh, the wondrous, wondrous mer-cy, When Je - ho vah, Lord of all,
3. Oh the blessed, bless-ed prom - ise; Not one tit - tle e'er shall fail,
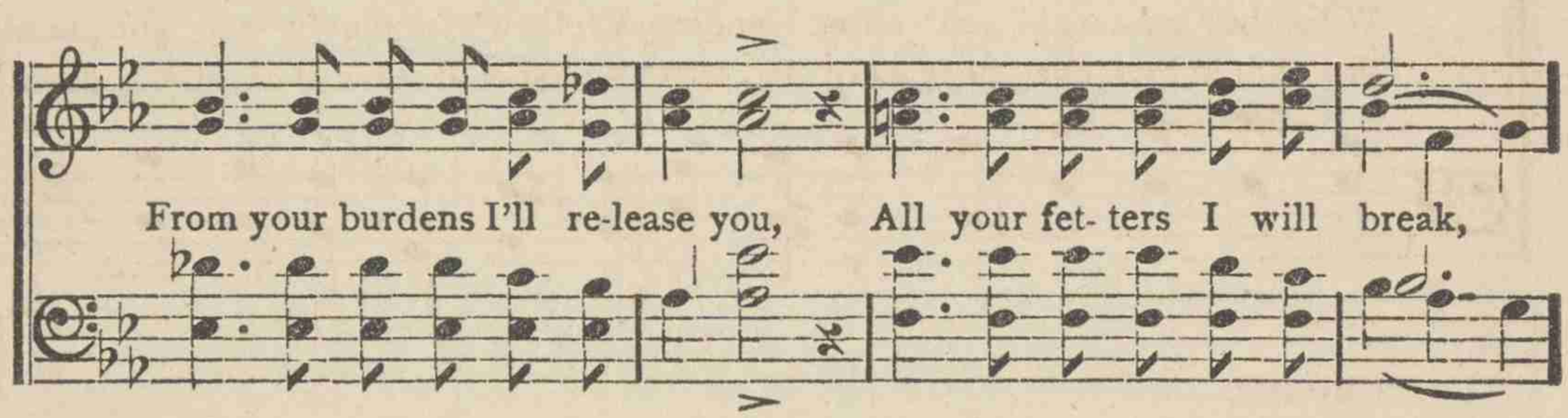


Droop-ing 'neath our guilty bur - den, Lord, Thy promis - es we plead.
Bend- ing from the glo-rious heav - en, An- swer-eth our fee - ble call.
Tho' the earth should burn to ash - es, And the suns and stars grow pale.

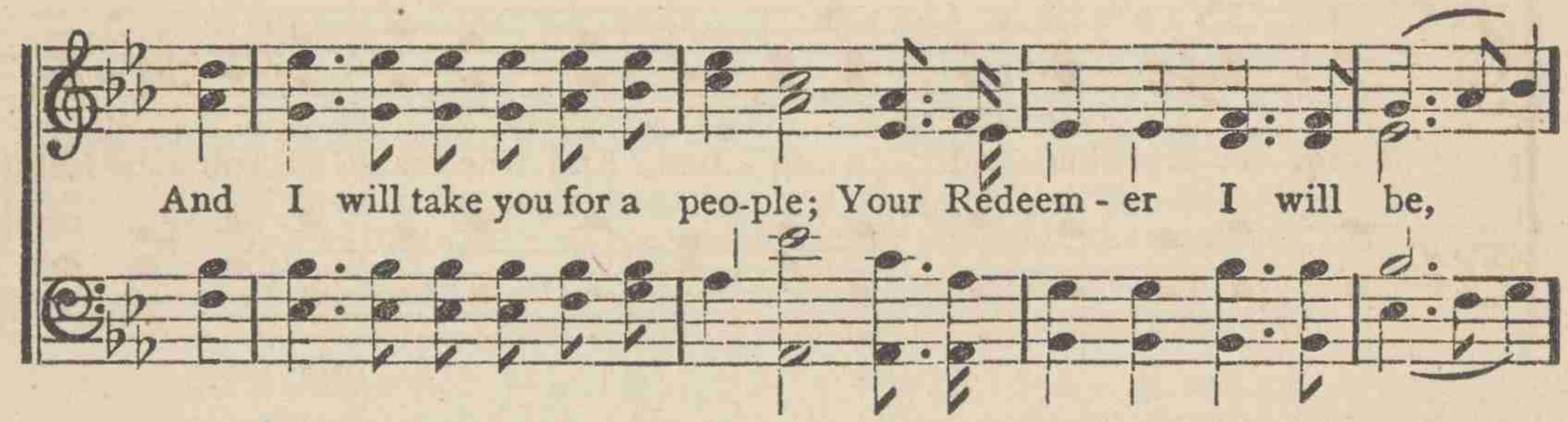
CHORUS.



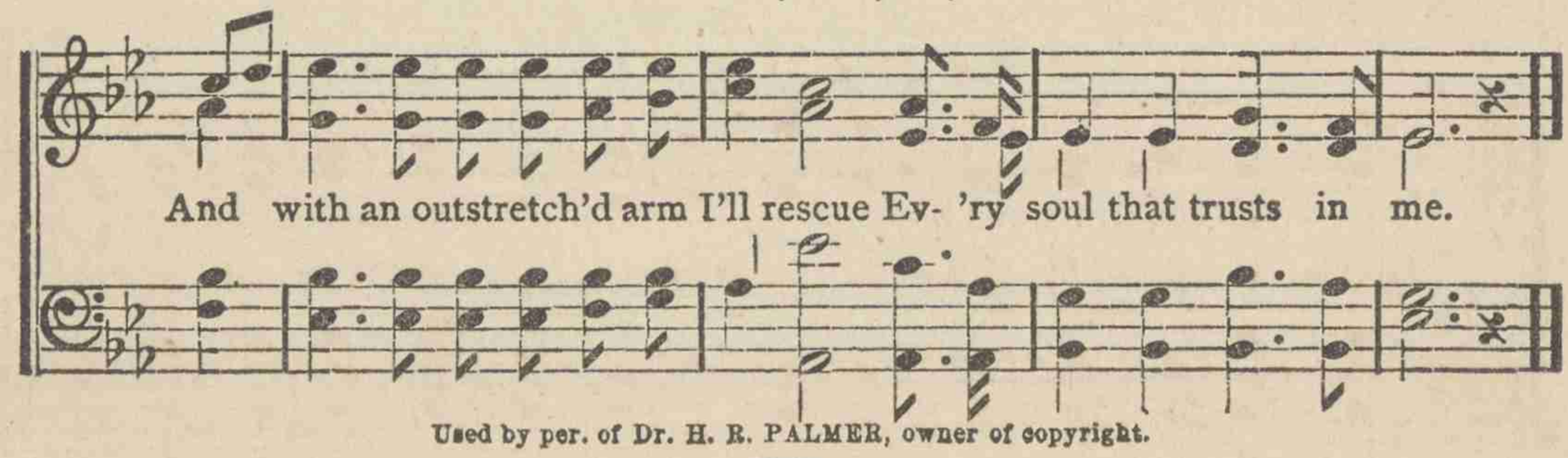
I, Je - ho-vah, will re- deem you, For my name and covenant's sake,



From your burdens I'll re-lease you, All your fet- ters I will break,



And I will take you for a peo-ple; Your Redeem - er I will be,
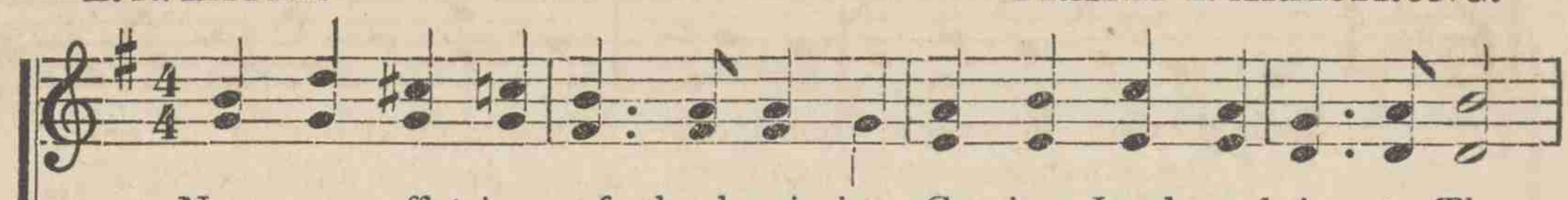


And with an outstretch'd arm I'll rescue Ev- 'ry soul that trusts in me.

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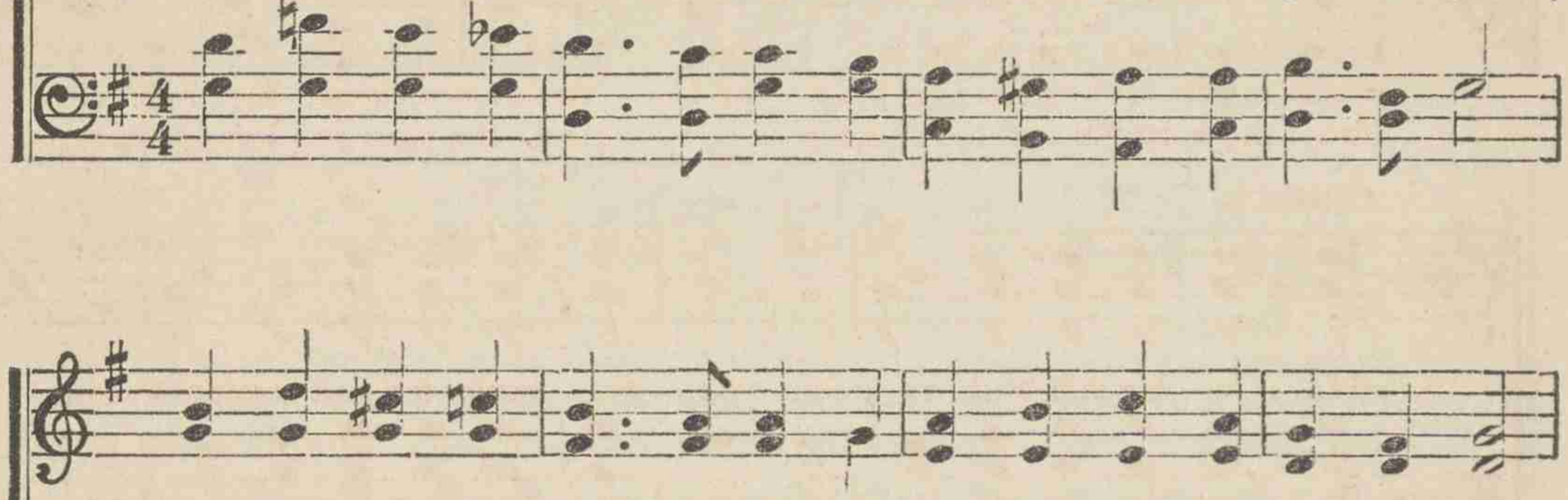
No. 125. Thanksgiving Hymn.

"For Thanksgiving and New Year's Service."
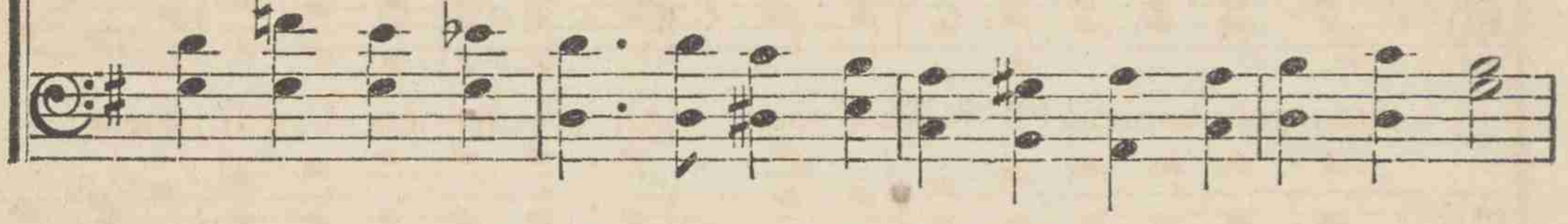
E. R. LATTA. FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.
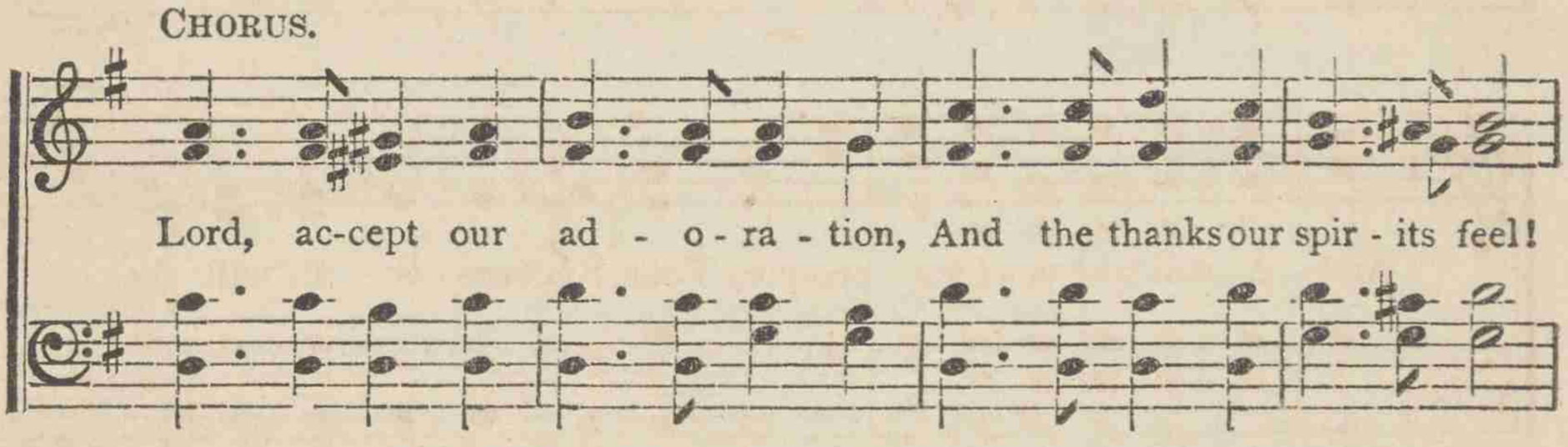


1. Now an off-'ring of thanks-giv-ing, Gracious Lord we bring to Thee,
2. At the gen - tle Spring's a- wak- ing, When the cap - tive earth was freed,
3. Time- ly rains, to earth de-scend-ing, On the need - y grass and grain,
4. For the har- vest that we gath- er, Not a - lone our lips should praise;
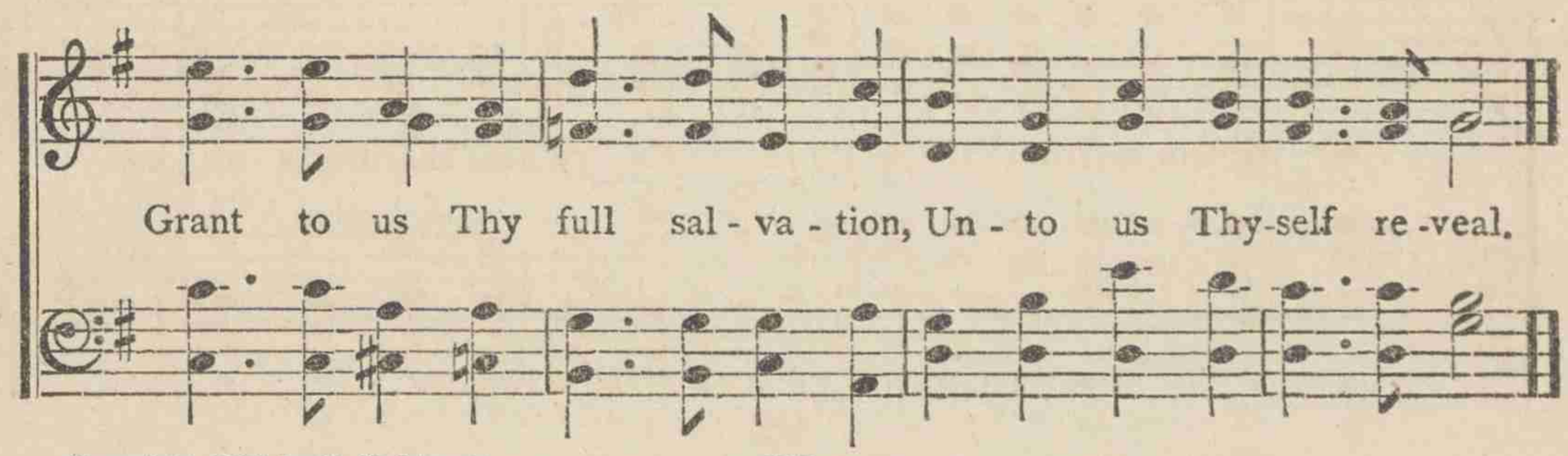


On Thy boun- ty we are liv - ing King of heav'n and earth and sea.
Not in vain, the fal - low-breaking And the sow - ing of the seed!
With the ge - nial sun - shine blending, Clothed with plenty, vale and plain!
We should love our heav'n- ly Fa- ther, And should serve Him, all our days!



CHORUS.



Lord, ac-cept our ad - o - ra - tion, And the thanks our spir - its feel!



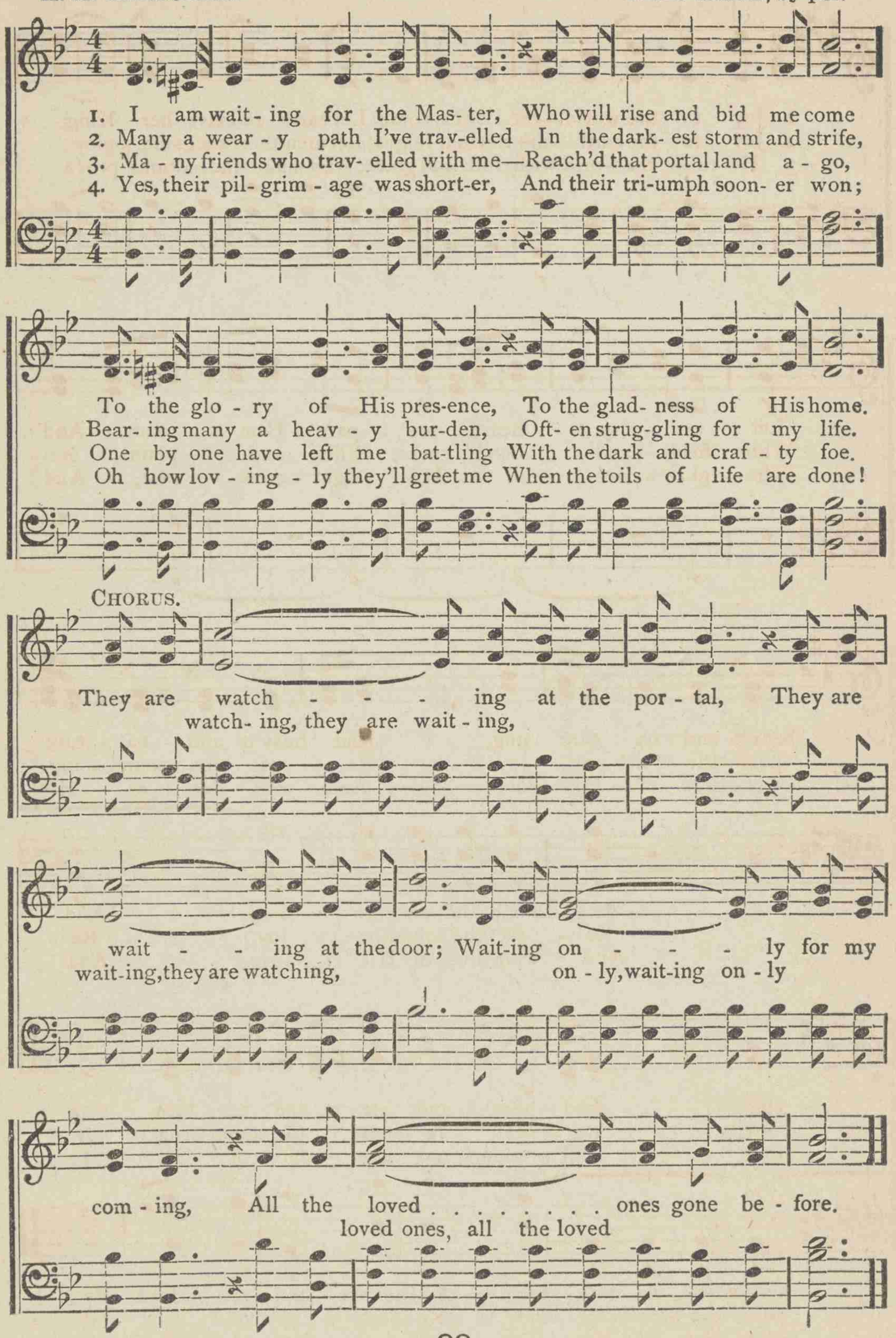
Grant to us Thy full sal - va - tion, Un - to us Thy-self re -veal.

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No. 126. Waiting at the Portal.

"I will come again, and receive you unto myself."—JOHN 14: 3.

K. M. REASONER. T. C. O'KANE, by per.



No. 127. Joy to the World.

1. Joy to the world—the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King;
2. Joy to the earth—the Saviour reigns! Let men-their songs em - ploy;
3. He rules the world with truth and grace; And makes the na-tions prove

Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re -
The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness, And

heav'n and na - ture sing. And heav'n and na - ture
peat the sound- ing joy. Re - peat the sound - ing
won- ders of His love. And won - ders of His

And heav'n and na- ture sing, And
Re - peat the sounding joy, Re -
And won-ders of His love, And

sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
love And won-ders, and won - ders of His love.

heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.
peat the sound-ing joy, Re- peat the sound - ing joy.
won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His love.

No. 128. Be Faithful.

F. A. B. F. A. BLACKMER, by per.

1. Would you have the Lord in the last great day, When be - fore Him
2. Oh, the wondrous joy that shall thrill us then, If the Judge, the
3. But what aw - ful ter - ror shall then be felt! What re-morse shall
4. Seek the Sav- iour, then, while He may be found, For He is the

you shall stand, Welcome you as He shall the "well done" say, To a
Righteous One, Shall be-fore His Fa - ther con-fess us there And shall
seize the heart Of the poor, lost one, when the Judge that day Shall pro-
on - ly one Who can save you now and in that great day, And can

CHORUS.

place at His right, hand?
say to us "well done,"
nounce those words "de-part."
say to you "well done."
} He will say "well done" If you have been faithful,

Ev - er faith-ful in the ser-vice of the Lord; He will say "well done" if you

have been faith-ful, Ev - er o - be - di- ent un - to His word.

No. 129. The Hollow of God's Hand.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ, by per.

1. I am safe, what - ev - er may be - tide me; I am
2. What tho' fierce the storm- y blasts roar 'round me; What tho'
3. Ev - ev - last - ing, arms of love en - fold me; Words of

safe who - ev - er may de - ride me; I am safe, as
sore life's tri - als oft con - found me; I am safe, for
peace the voice di - vine has told me; I am safe, while

D.S.—While

long as I con - fide me In the hol - low of God's hand.
naught of ill can wound me In the hol - low of God's hand.
God Him- self doth hold me In the hol - low of His hand.

God Him- self doth hold me In the hol - low of His hand.

CHORUS.

In the bless- ed hol-low of His hand! In the
In the hol-low, in the hol - low of His hand!

bless- ed hol - low of His hand! I am safe
In the hol - low, in the hol-low of His hand!

No. 130. Beyond the Swelling Flood.

A. E. CHILDS. [Text: Rev. vii, 9—14.] J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Yes, we shall meet be- yond the flood, In robes made white thro'
2. I care not now what ills may come, Since hope sus - tains this
3. That meet - ing, O how sweet - ly dear! What sounds shall greet the
4. Dear Sav - iour, guide my will - ing feet, That I may have that

Je - sus' blood, And hold sweet con - verse, free from pain, Nor
thought of home, And spir - it voic - es soft - ly say, "Thy
list - 'ning ear! What thrills of rapt - ure wake the soul As
joy com- plete; And live to praise thro' end - less day The
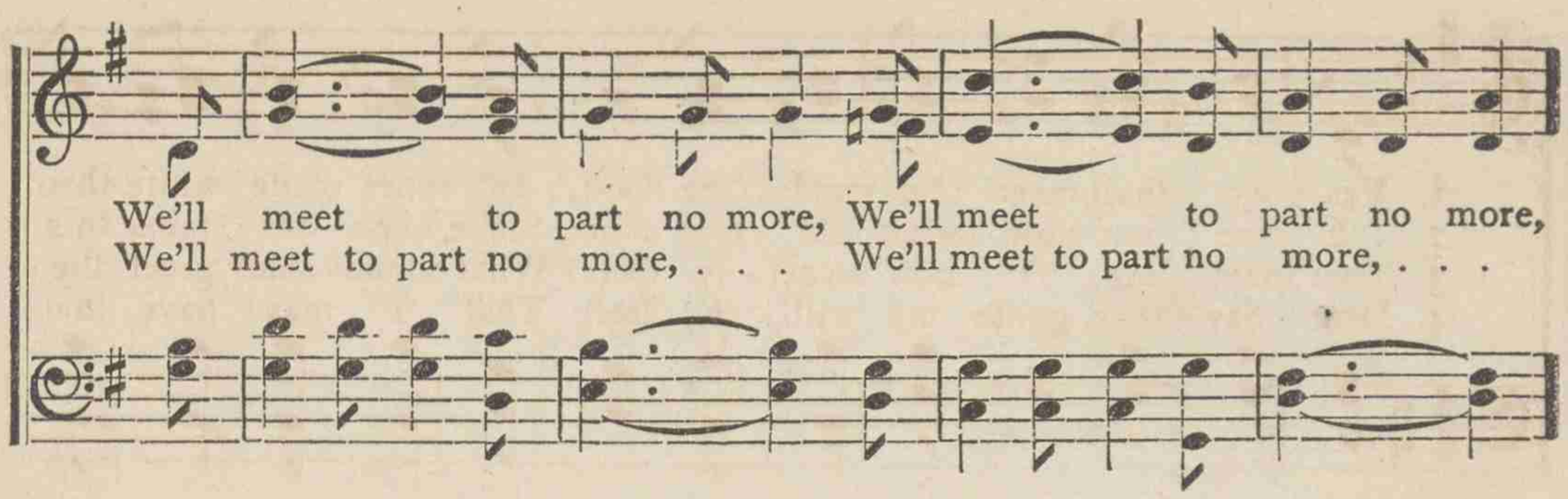
ev - er fear to part a - gain, Be- yond the swell-ing flood!
God shall wipe all tears a - way, Be- yond the swell-ing flood!"
back those gold - en gates shall roll, Be- yond the swell-ing flood!
love that dries all tears a - way, Be- yond the swell-ing flood!
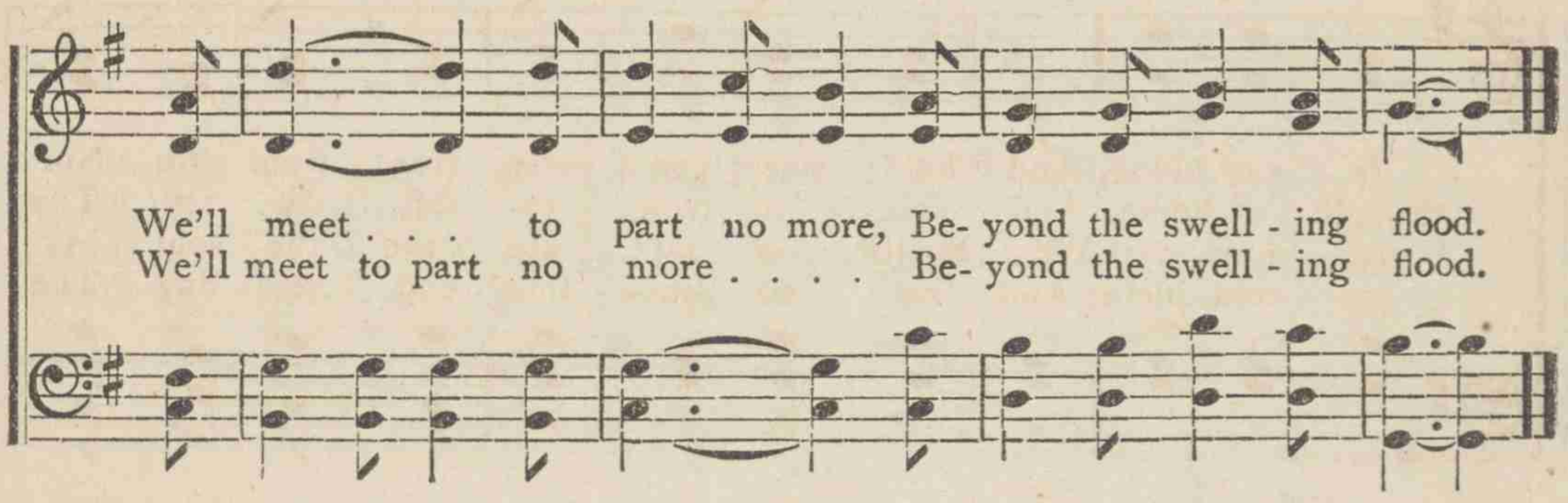
CHORUS,

Be - yond the swell-ing flood, Be - yond the swell - ing flood,
Be - yond the swelling flood, . . . Be - yond the swelling flood, . . .

Be - yond the swell- ing flood, We'll meet to part no more,
Be - yond the swell- ing flood,

Beyond the Swelling Flood.—Concluded.

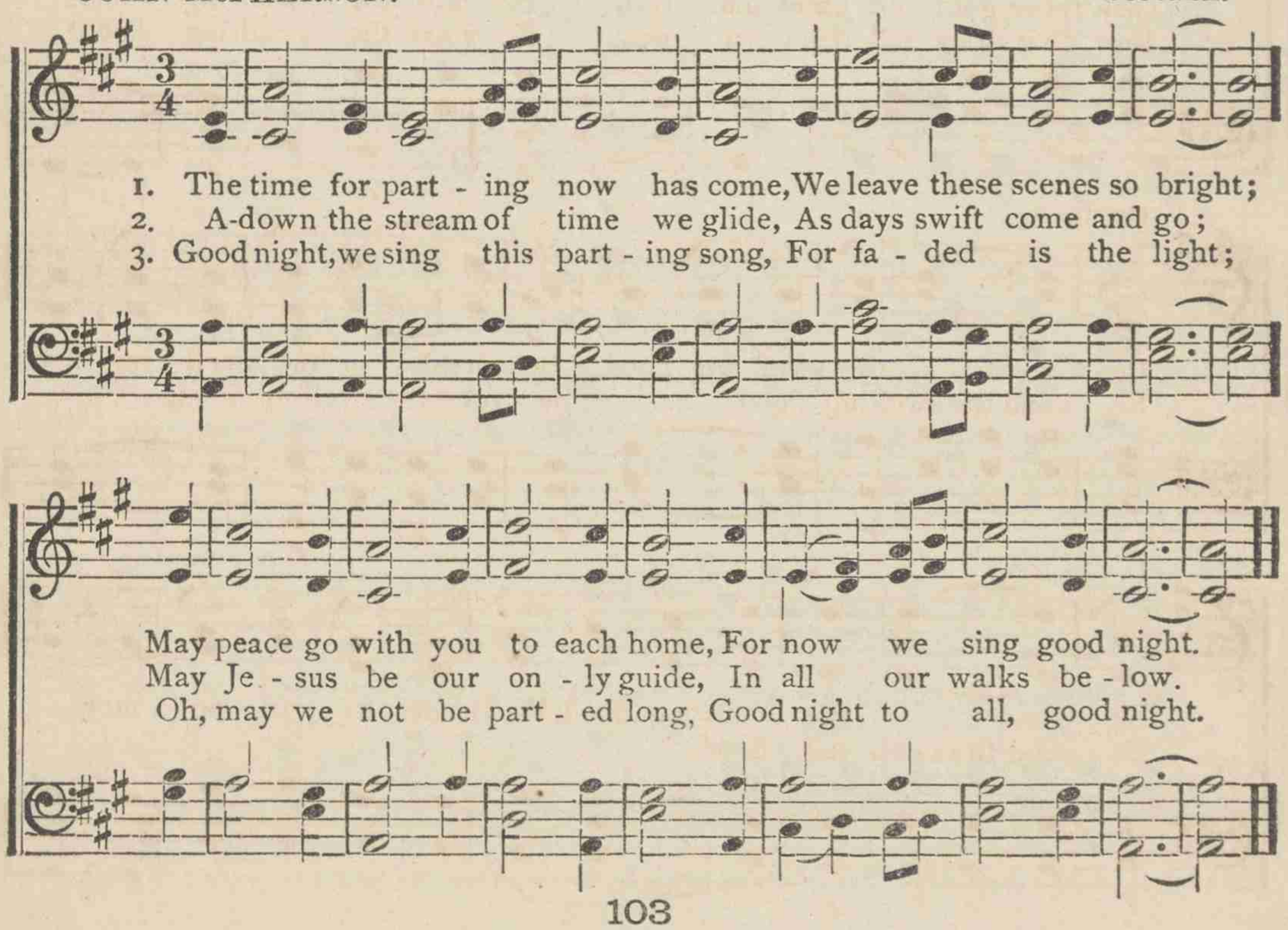




No. 131. Good Night.

(AVON.)

JOHN McPHERSON. Scottish.



No. 132. Soldiers For Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Sol- diers for Je - sus, rise, and a- way, Hark! 'tis the war - cry
2. Sol- diers for Je - sus, hap - py are we; He, our Protect - or,
3. Sol- diers for Je - sus, glad - ly we go Smil- ing at dan - ger,
4. Sol- diers for Je - sus, vic- t'ry is nigh, Work till we gain it,

sound - ing to - day; Lo! our Comman - der calls from the skies:
near us will be, Trust in His mer - cy, change-less di-vine;
brav - ing the foe, Bright are our land- marks, bright- ly they shine;
rest by and by; Oh! let our cour - age nev - er de-cline;

* CHORUS.

For- ward to con-quest, lose not the prize!
March on with firm-ness, keep in the line.
March on re-joic - ing, keep in the line.
March on with boldness, keep in the line.

Now like an ar - my

march- ing a- long Fear- less and faith -ful, va - liant and strong,

Up with our ban-ners, brightly they shine; March on together, keep in the line.

* Sing in the key of A flat from chorus to the end of 4th score.

No. 133. Is My Name Written There?

M. A. KIDDER. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Lord I care not for rich- es, Neith-er sil-ver nor gold, I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are ma- ny, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, oh, my
3. Oh! that beau-ti - ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glo- ri-fied

heav- en, I would en - ter the fold, In the book of Thy kingdom, With its
Sav- iour! Is suf - fi - cient for me; For Thy prom-ise is writ-ten In bright
be- ings, In pure garments of white, Where no e - vil thing cometh, To de-

pa- ges so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav-iour, Is my name writ- ten there?
let- ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar- let, I will make them like snow."
spoil what is fair; Where the an-gels are watching, Is my name writ-ten there?

REFRAIN.

Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?

In the book of Thy king-dom, Is my name writ - ten there?

No. 134. Are you Ready for the Lord to Come?

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
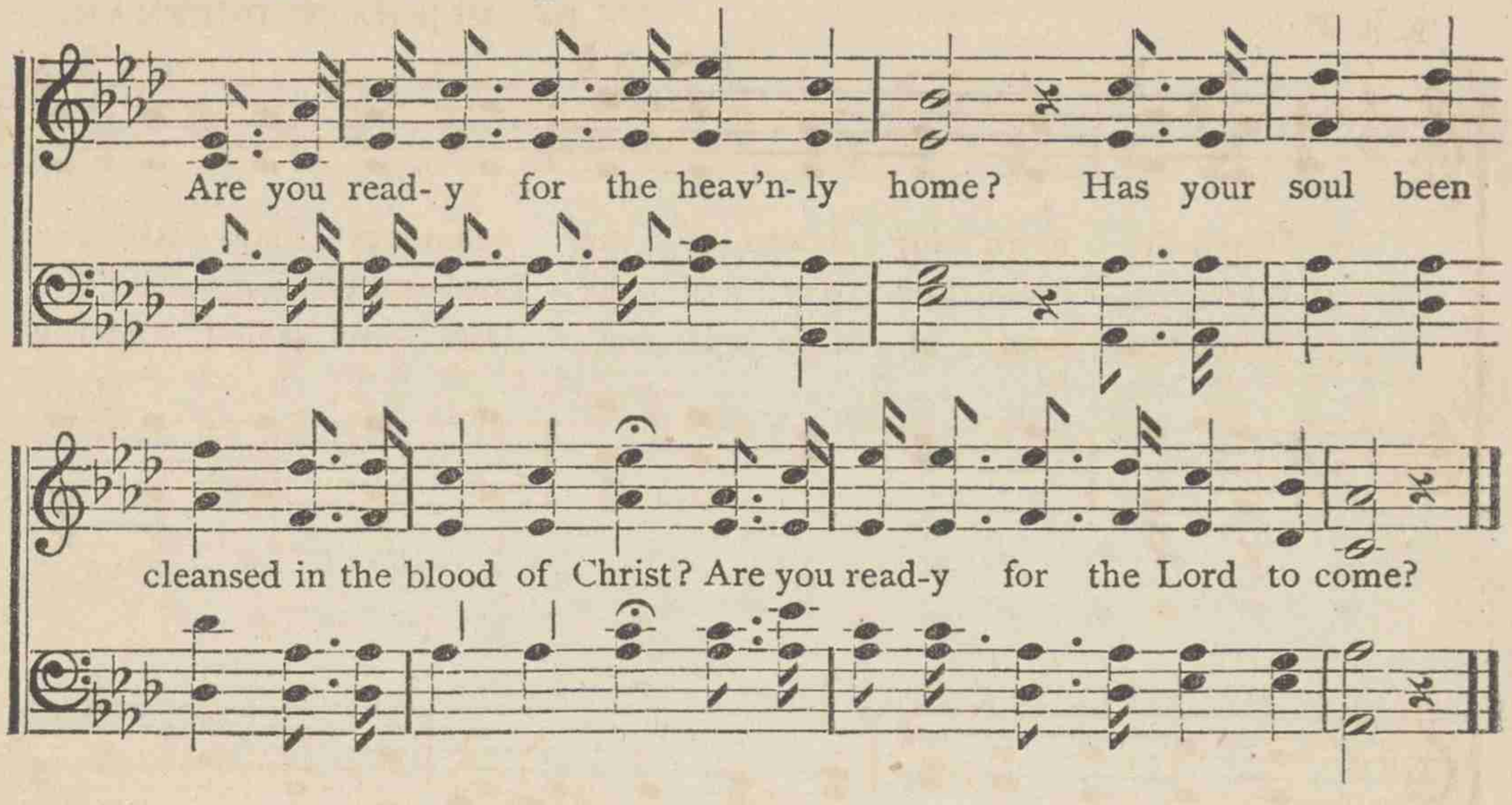
1. When the morn - ing dawns, of the beauteous day, And the earth is bright with mil - len- nial ray. When the trum-pet sounds and the Lord shall come, Will your soul be read- y for the heav'n-ly home?
2. When the prom- ised day of the Lord draws near, And in judg-ment you at His bar ap - pear, With His own re-deemed will you hum - bly stand, And be robed and read-y for the Lord's right hand?
3. When the Book of Life is at last un - sealed, And the name of those who are Christ's re- vealed, Will you stand con fessed as a child of God, Wash'd from all de - file- ment in His pre-cious blood?

CHORUS.
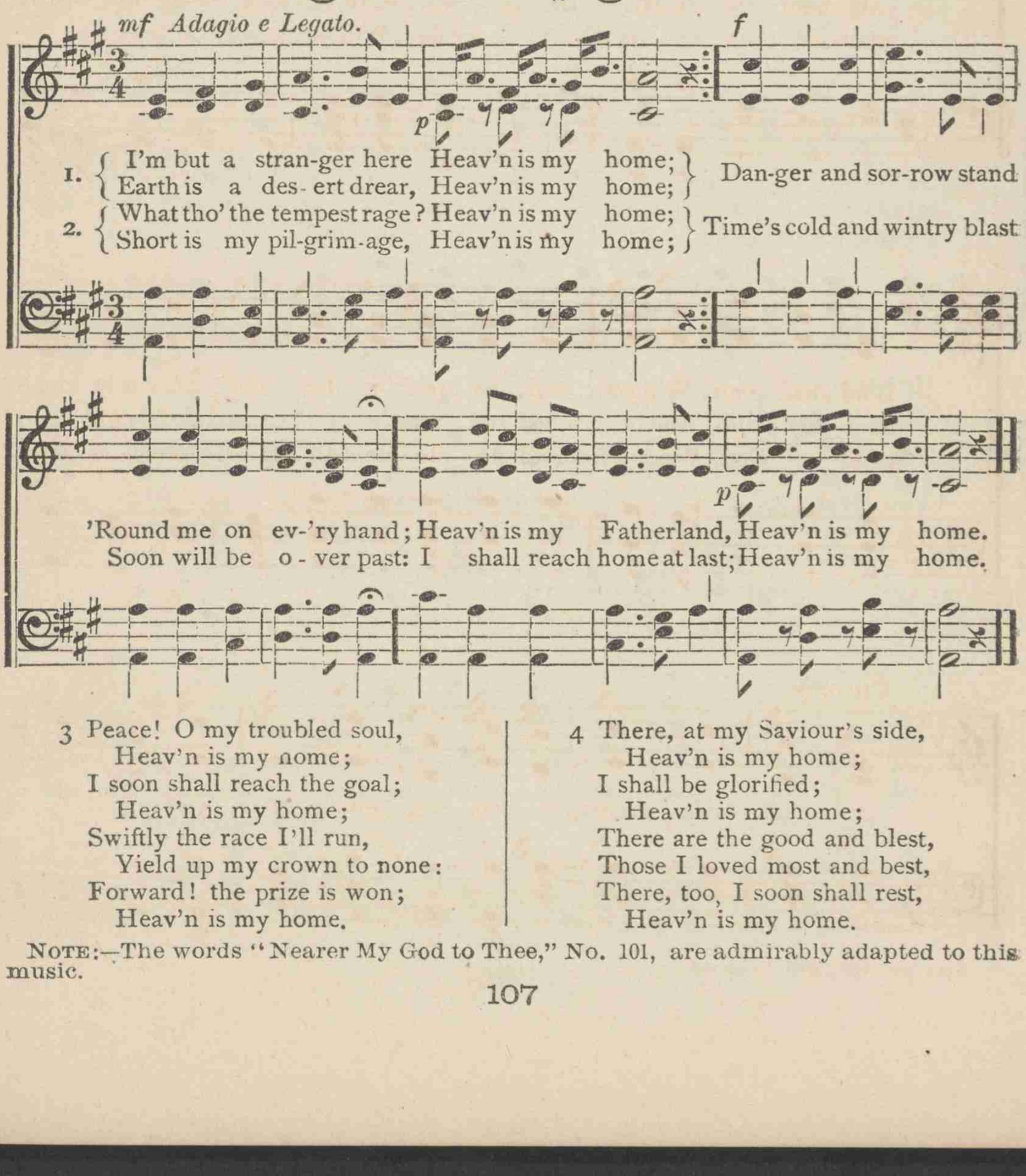
O the bride - groom, is com- ing, quick - ly com- ing;

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Are you Ready, Etc.—Concluded.



No. 135. Heaven is my Home.



1. I'm but a stran-ger here Heav'n is my home;
   Earth is a des- ert drear, Heav'n is my home;
   Dan-ger and sor-row stand
   'Round me on ev-'ry hand; Heav'n is my Fatherland, Heav'n is my home.

2. What tho' the tempest rage? Heav'n is my home;
   Short is my pil-grim-age, Heav'n is my home;
   Time's cold and wintry blast
   Soon will be o - ver past: I shall reach home at last; Heav'n is my home.

3 Peace! O my troubled soul,
  Heav'n is my nome;
I soon shall reach the goal;
  Heav'n is my home;
Swiftly the race I'll run,
  Yield up my crown to none:
Forward! the prize is won;
  Heav'n is my home.

4 There, at my Saviour's side,
  Heav'n is my home;
I shall be glorified;
  Heav'n is my home;
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest,
  Heav'n is my home.

NOTE:—The words "Nearer My God to Thee," No. 101, are admirably adapted to this music.

No. 136. Let Jesus In.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Who is this knock-ing long at the door of thy heart, Standing there with com-pas-sion- ate pleading? It is Je - sus, the Sav - iour and Lord, In the ten - der - est love in - ter - ced - ing.
2. It is Je - sus, the Sav - iour, who pa - tient - ly waits While the dews of the morn- ing are fall - ing, Who, tho' oft - en re- ject - ed, still stands at the door, And in ten - der com - pas- sion is call - ing.
3. Let Him in, let Him in, it is Je - sus, the Lord, At the door for an en- trance ap-peal - ing; Let Him in, let Him in, He will cleanse thee from sin, All His won - der - ful mer - cy re - veal - ing.

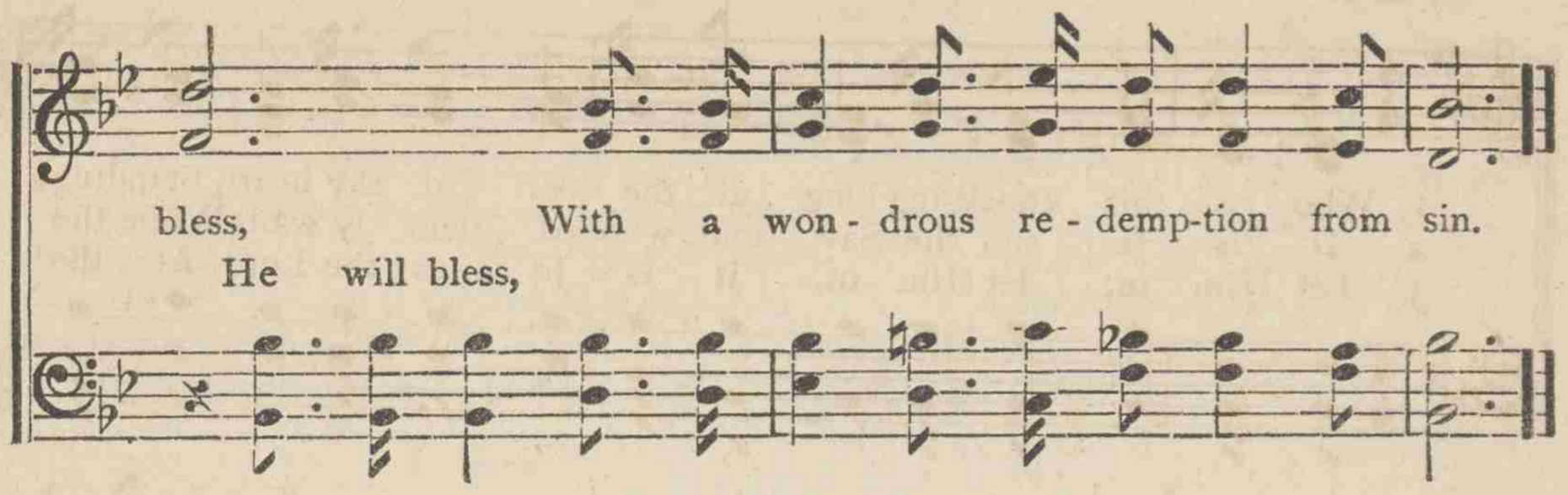
CHORUS.

Let Him in, let Him in, Rise and Let Him in, let Him in,
let Je - sus in; He will save, He will Rise and let He will save,

ritard. . .

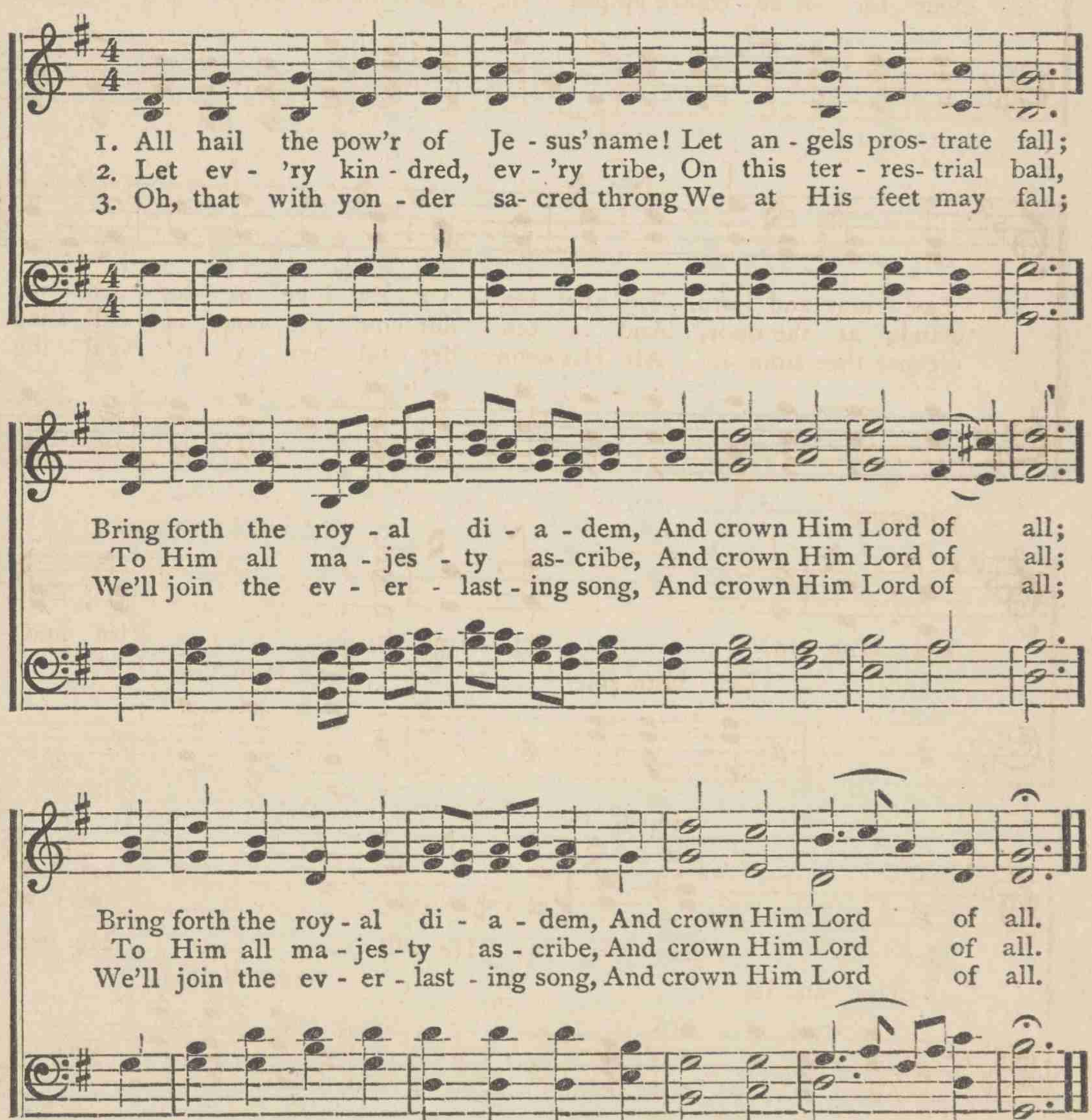
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Let Jesus In.—Concluded.



No. 137. All Hail the Power.

Rev. E. PERRONET, 1780. O. HOLDEN, 1793.



No. 138. We Love Thy Cause.

CHAS. CLINTON. Good, as a Quartette. C. C. CASE.

1. We love Thy cause, ... O! Sa-viour dear, ... We love to work . . . . . and love to be . . . . . With all that
2. We love Thy cause . . . . and love to see, ... Thy children all . . . . . with one ac - cord, ... Work cheer-ful -
3. O glo- rious work, ... O bless-ed cause, ... We'll all u - nite, ... in songs of praise, ... For soon we'll

are . . . . . Thy fol-lowers true, ... In this good
ly . . . . . and will - ing - ly, ... To help a -
meet . . . . . in heav'n a - bove, ... And with the
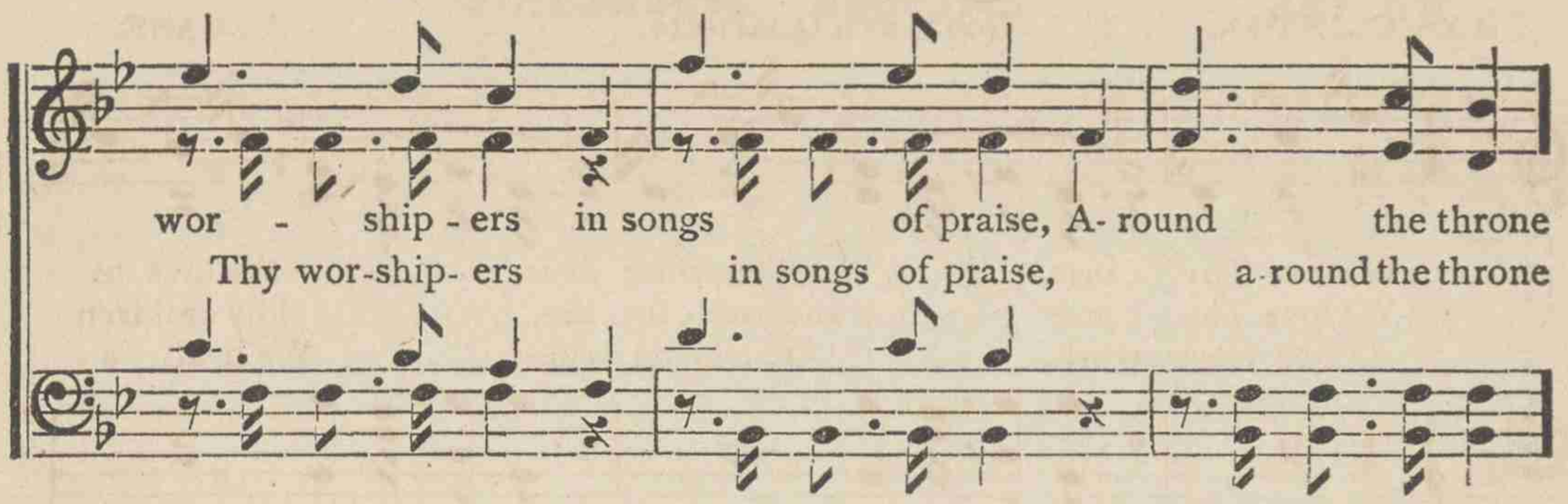
work, ... this work for Thee. . . . . .
long . . . . . Thy cause O! Lord. . . . . .
saints . . . . . our voic - es raise. . . . . .

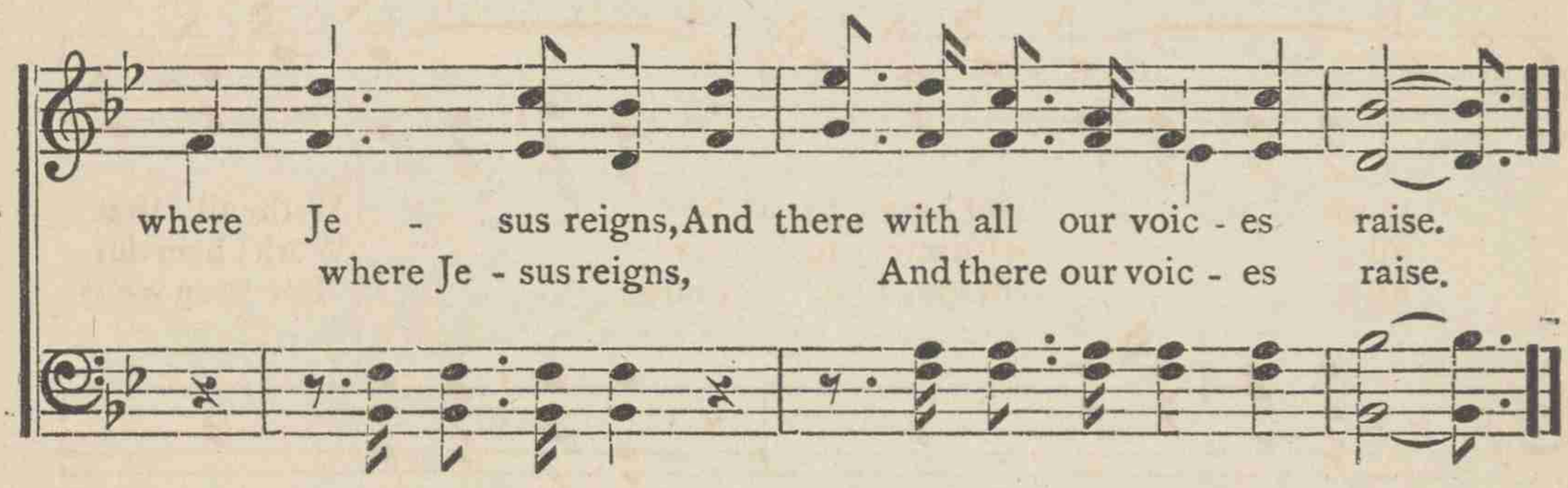
CHORUS.

We love, Thy cause and soon will join Thy
we love Thy cause, and soon will join

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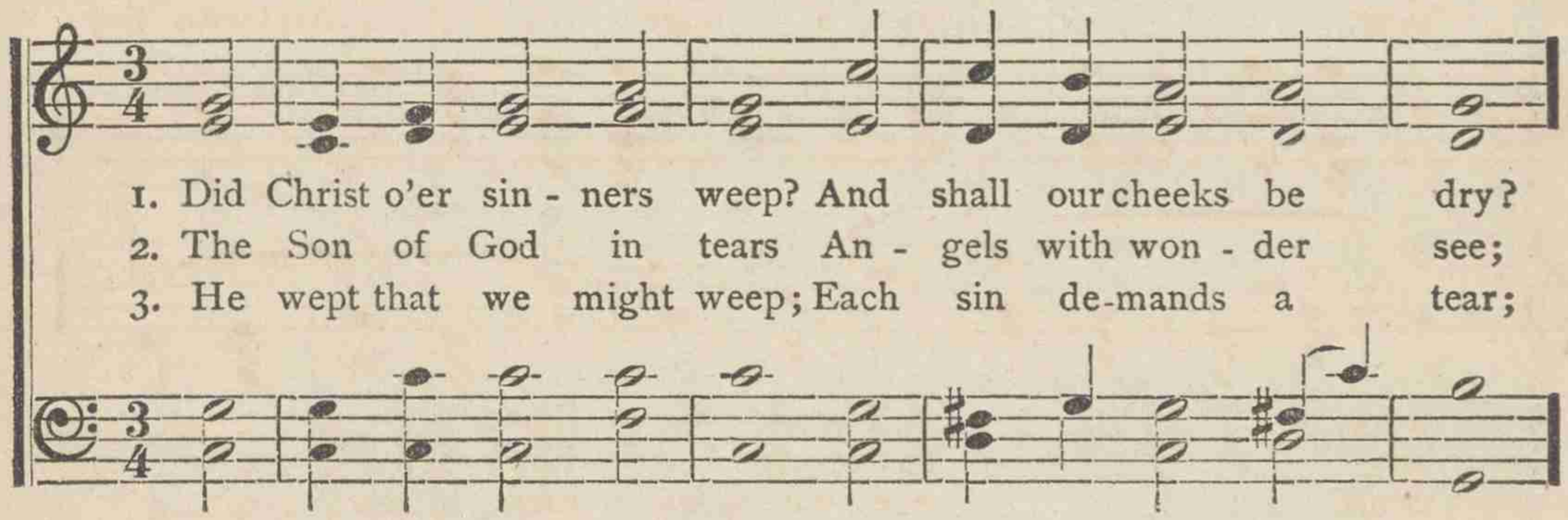
We Love Thy Cause.—Concluded.
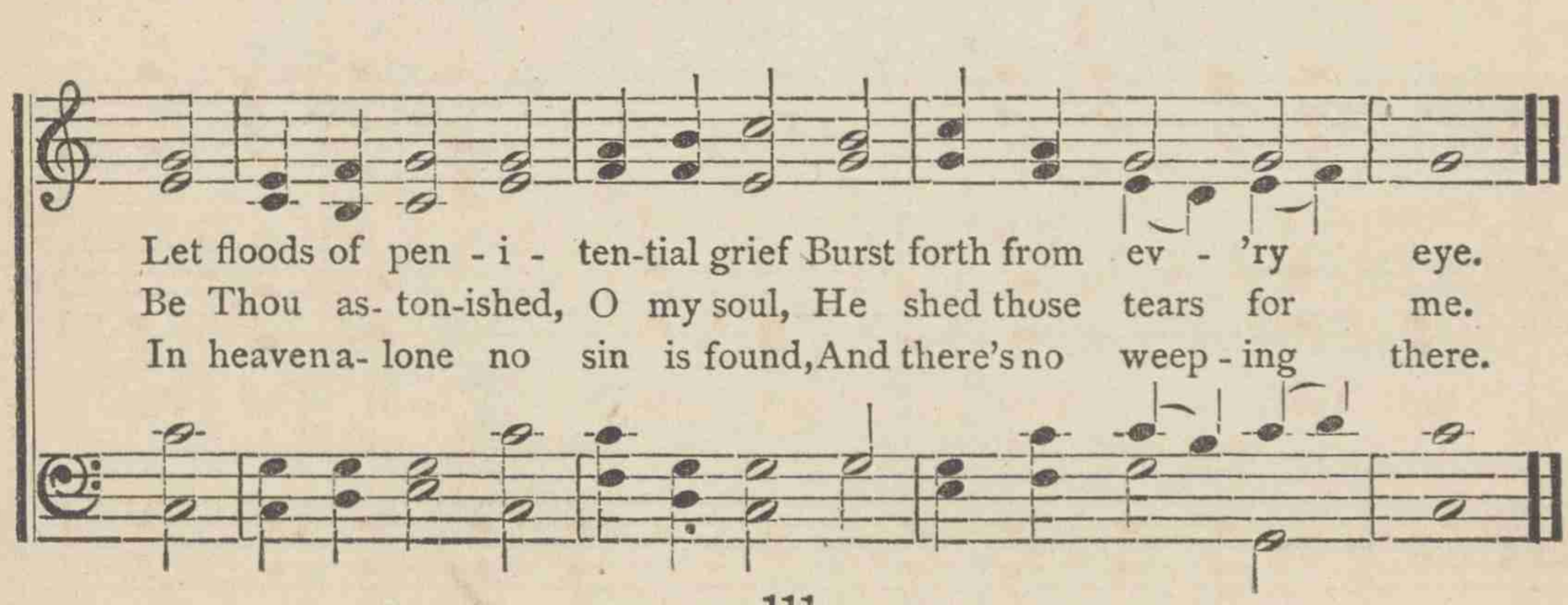




No. 139. Suffering Saviour. S. M.

BENJ. BEDDOME, 1787. Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1832.





No. 140. Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je- sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of glo- ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchased of God, Born of His
2. Per-fect sub - mis - sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap - ture burst on my sight; An-gels de - scend-ing, bring from a - bove, Ech-oes of
3. Per-fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am hap- py and blest; Watching and wait- ing, looking a - bove, Fill'd with His

REFRAIN.

Spir - it, wash'd in His blood.
mer - cy, whispers of love.
good - ness, lost in His love.

This is my sto - ry, This is my song, Praising my Sav- iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry,

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

No. 141. God be with You.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 16: 20.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. G. TOMER, by per.

1. God be with you till we meet a- gain, By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a- gain, 'Neath His wings protecting, hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a- gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a- gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheep securely fold you,
Dai - ly manna still di - vide you,
Put His arms unfailing 'round you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave be-fore you,
} God be with you till we meet a - gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain, till we meet,

Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a- gain.
Till we meet, till we meet again.

No. 142. Beautiful Home.

H. R. P. H. R. PALMER.

Soprano and Alto Duet, *ad lib.*

1. There is a home e - ter - nal, Beau - ti - ful and bright;
2. Mu - sic is ev - er ring - ing, In that home so fair;
3. Soon shall I join the ran - somed, Far be - yond the sky;

Where sweet joys sur - per - nal Nev - er are dimm'd by night,
Earth's re - deem'd are sing - ing Prais - es to Je - sus there,
Christ is my sal - va - tion, Why should I fear to die?

White robed an- gels are sing - ing Ev - er a-round the bright throne,
Now they swell the glad an - them, Ev - er a-round the bright throne,
Soon my eyes shall be- hold Him Seat- ed up - on the bright throne,
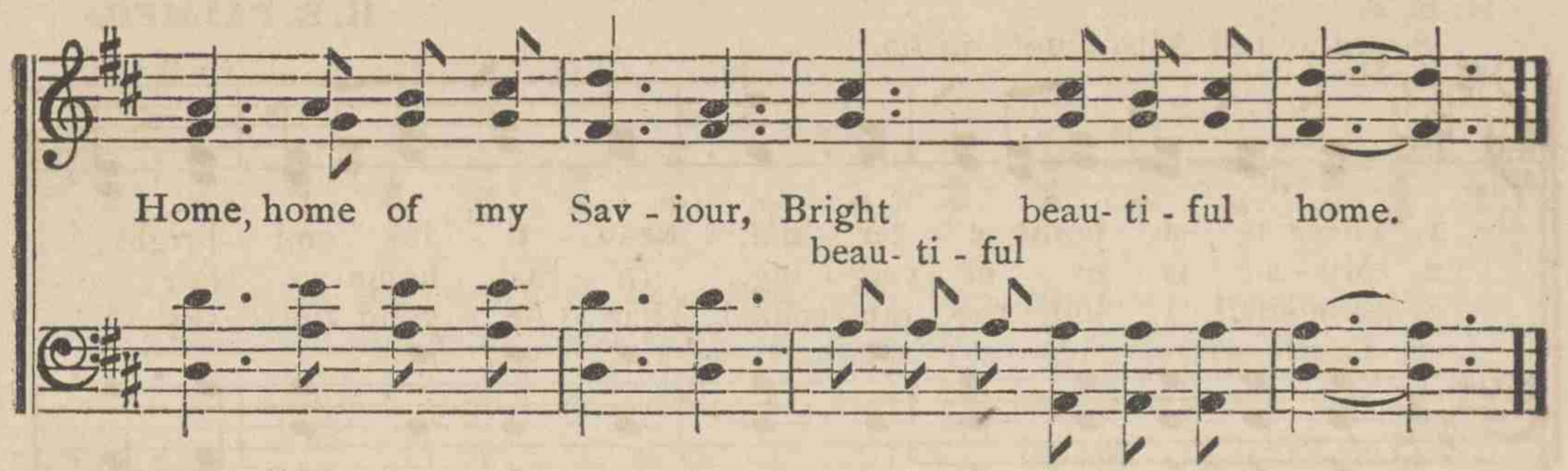
When oh, when shall I see thee, Beau- ti - ful, beau- ti - ful home?
When oh, when shall I see thee, Beau- ti - ful, beau- ti - ful home?
Then oh, then shall I see thee, Beau- ti - ful, beau- ti - ful home.

CHORUS.

Home beau- ti - ful home, Bright beau - ti - ful home,
beau- ti - ful home, beau- ti - ful home,

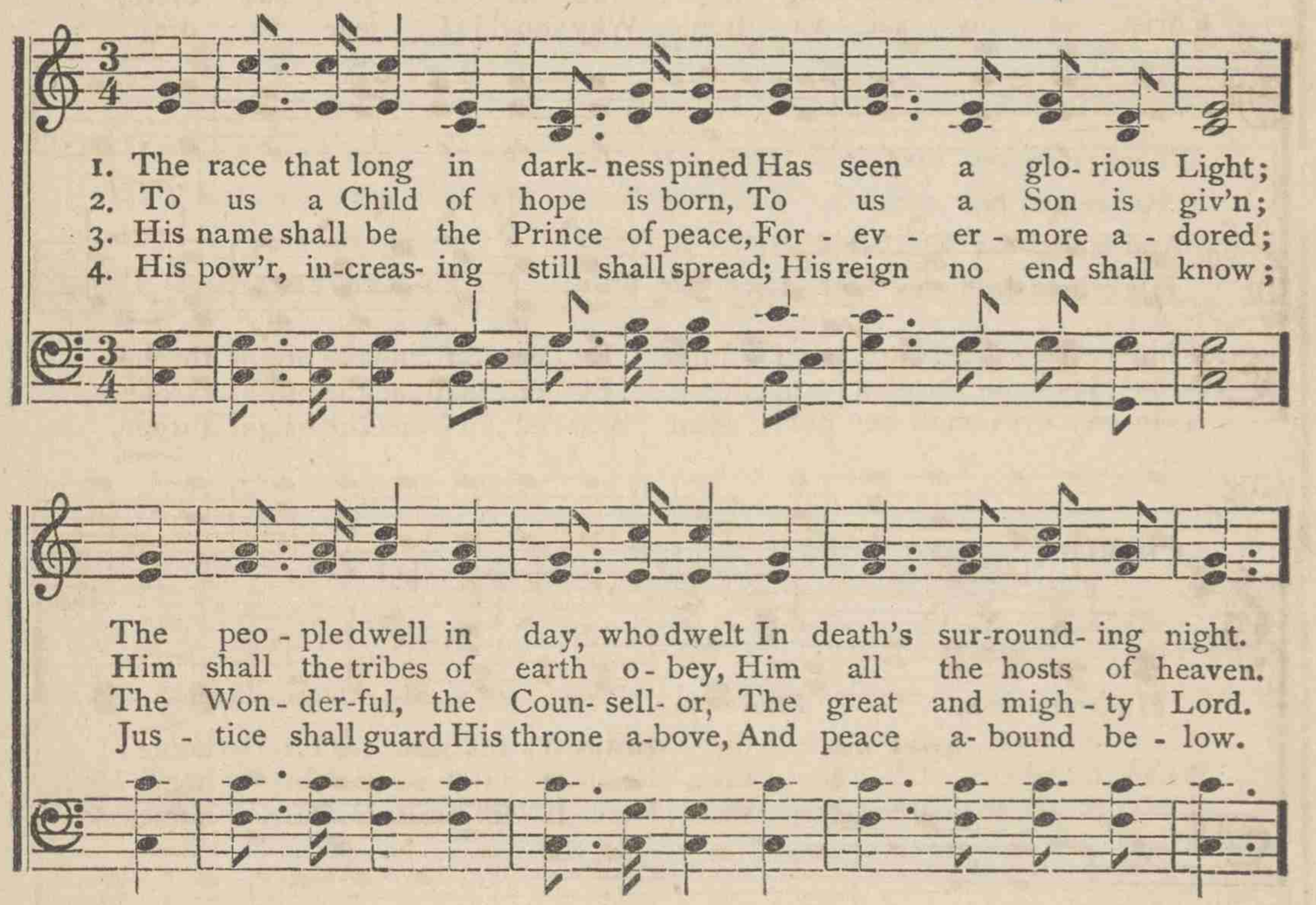
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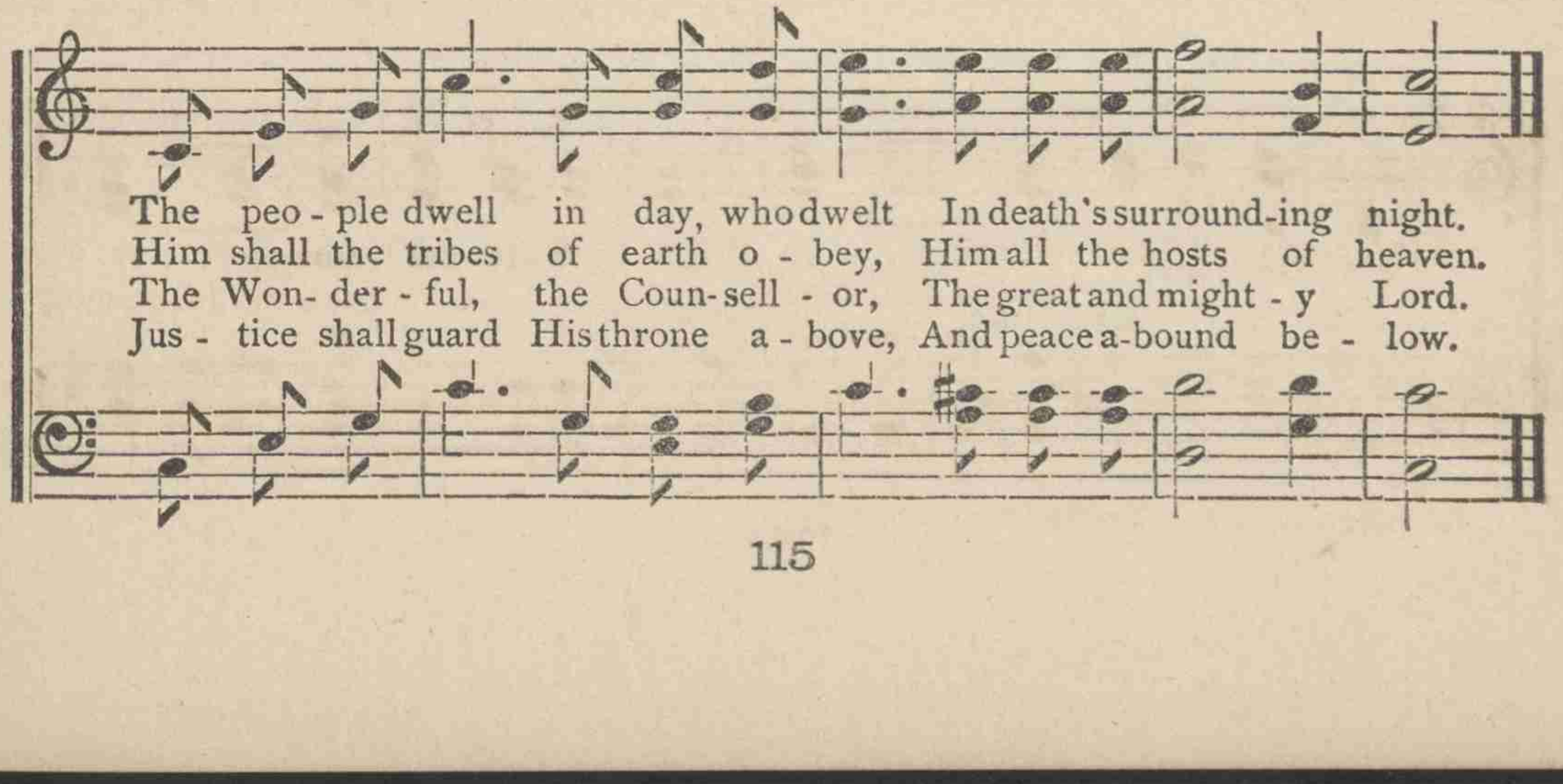
Beautiful Home.—Concluded.



No. 143. The Glorious Light. C. M.

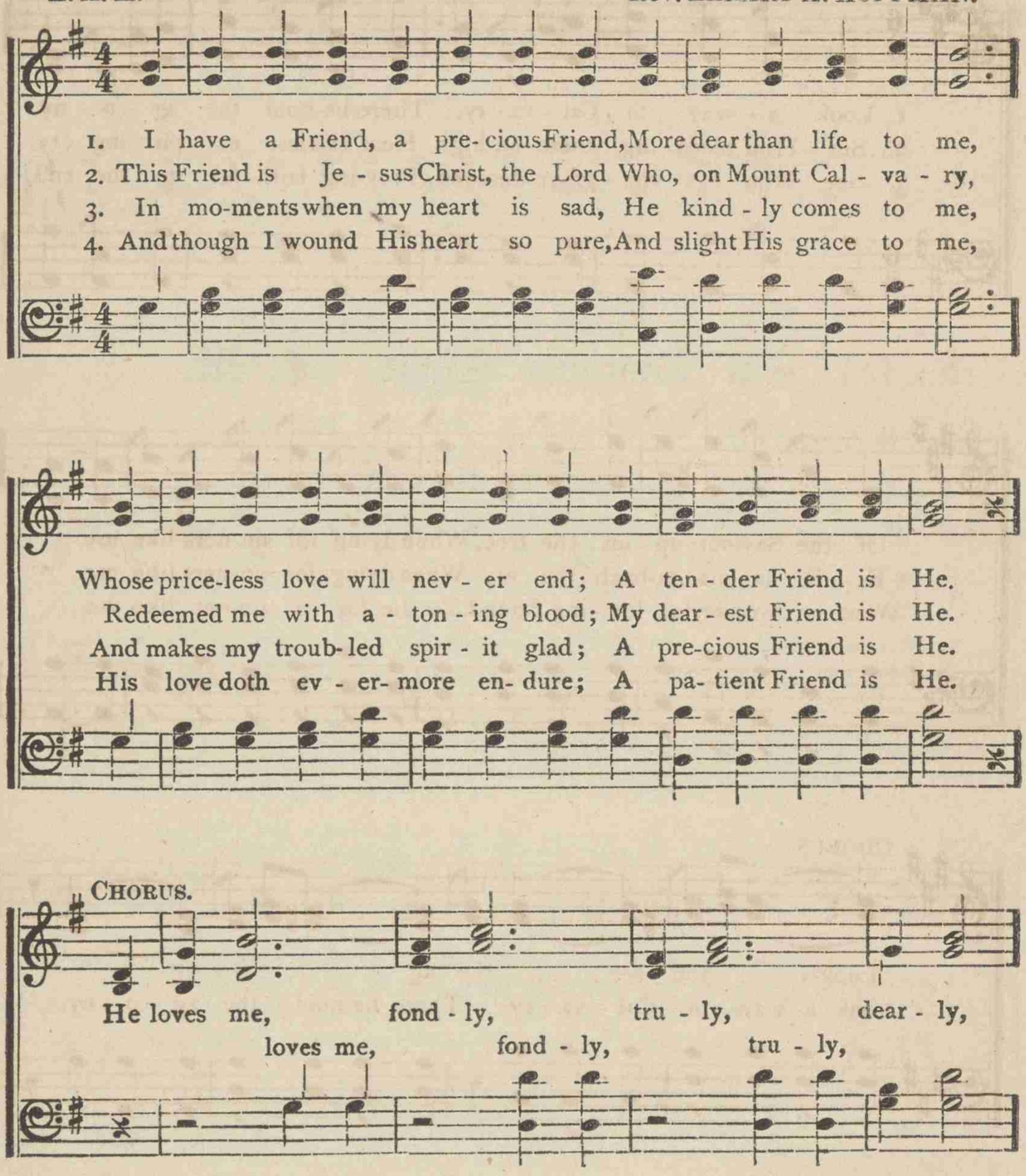
JOHN H. MORRISON. LOWELL MASON.





No. 144. He Loves Me Tenderly.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



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No. 145. Look Away to Calvary.

F. A. B. F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Look a - way to Cal - va - ry, There be-hold the ag - o - ny
2. See Him bleed- ing there on high, Hear His last ex - pir - ing cry,
3. See Him to the grave descend, Prov-ing faith- ful to the end,

Of the Saviour up - on the tree, When dying for sin-ners like me.
"E - li la - ma sa-bach - tha - ni," When dying for sin-ners like me.
What a wonderful, lov - ing Friend, To die for a sin-ner like me.

CHORUS.

Look . . . and see . . . the ag - - - - - o - ny . . . .
Look a- way to Cal - va - ry, There be-hold the ag - o - ny,

Of the Saviour up- on the tree, When dying for sin-ners like me.

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No. 146. Come Saints and adore Him.

Rev. J. E. SPILLMAN.
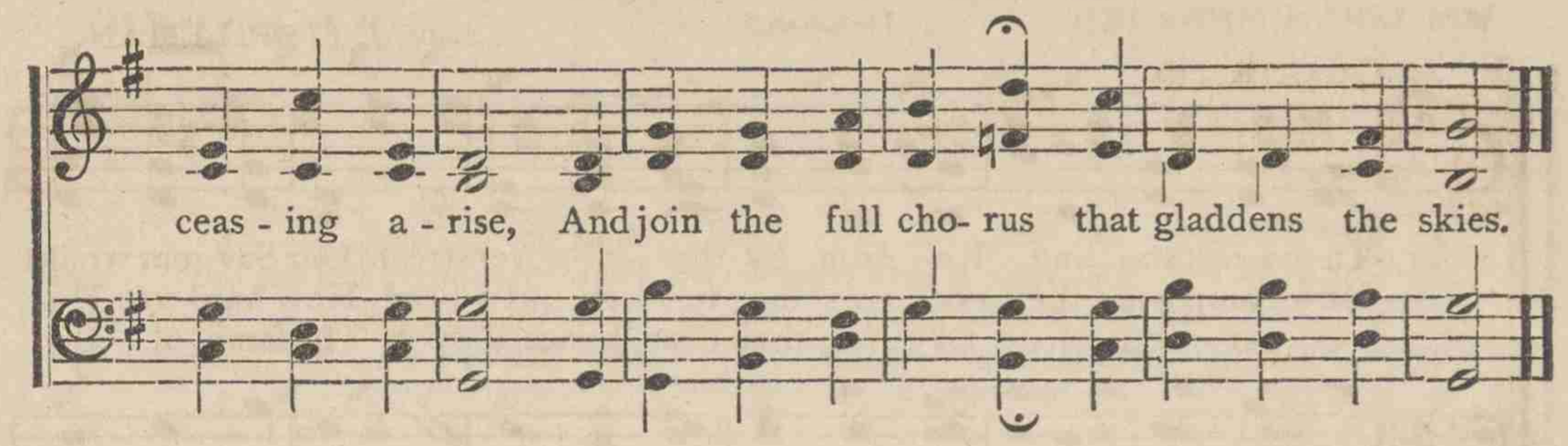
QUARTETTE.

1. Thou sweet smi- ling Ke - dron, by the sil - ver stream Our Sav-iour would lin - ger in moonlight's soft beam, And by thy bright wa - ters 'till midnight, would stay, And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.
2. How damp were the va - pors that fell on His head, How hard was His pil - low, how hum- ble His bed, The an - gels be - hold - ing, a- mazed at the sight, At - tend- ed their mas- ter with sol- emn de-light.
3. O gar - den of Ol - ives, thou dear honored spot, The fame of thy won- ders shall ne'er be for - got, The theme most trans- port- ing to Ser- aphs a - bove, The tri- umph of sor - row, the tri-umph of love.

CHORUS.

Come saints and a-dore Him, come bow at His feet, O give Him the glo - ry and praise that is meet, Let joy - ful ho - san- nahs un -

Come Saints and adore Him.



No. 147. Yield not to Temptation.

Words and Music by H. R. PALMER.

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No. 148. The Lost Soul's Lament.

Mrs. LOU. S. BEDFORD. Jeremiah 8 : 20. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. The summer is end - ed, oh God! And the har-vest for- ev - er past, While heed- less life's ear - nest path I have trod, And
2. The dews of God's grace have come down, Thro' the spring and the sum - mer eves The beau - ti - ful rays of Au-tumn's bright sun Have
3. Full of - ten His "still" gen-tle voice, Has en-couraged my way - ward heart To choose, in the place of life's fleet - ing joys, Like
4. I thought "there is time e-nough yet!" And the way was so strange- ly bright; I dreamed not the sun was quite so near set, I

now I'm un - done at last; With the best of "in - ten-tions" my
rip-ened full man - y sheaves; All the while with vain dream-ings my
Ma - ry, "that bet - ter part," But a - las! ev - 'ry warn - ing my
woke and be - held 'twas night! All the claims of the gos - pel a -

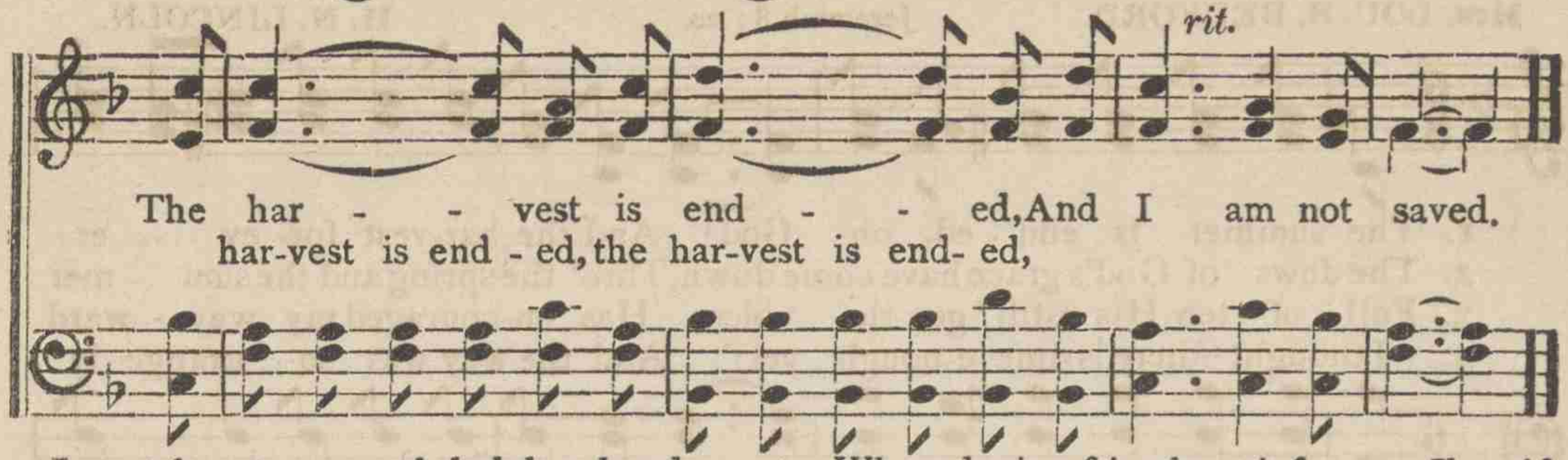
path I have paved, But the har- vest is passed and my soul is not saved.
way I have paved, Till the sum-mer is end - ed and I am not saved.
proud heart has braved, The sum-mer is end - ed and I am not saved.
las! I had waived Till the sheaves were all garnered and I am not saved.

CHORUS.

I . . . . am not saved . . . . I . . . . . am not saved, . . .
I am not saved, I am not saved, I am not saved, I am not saved,

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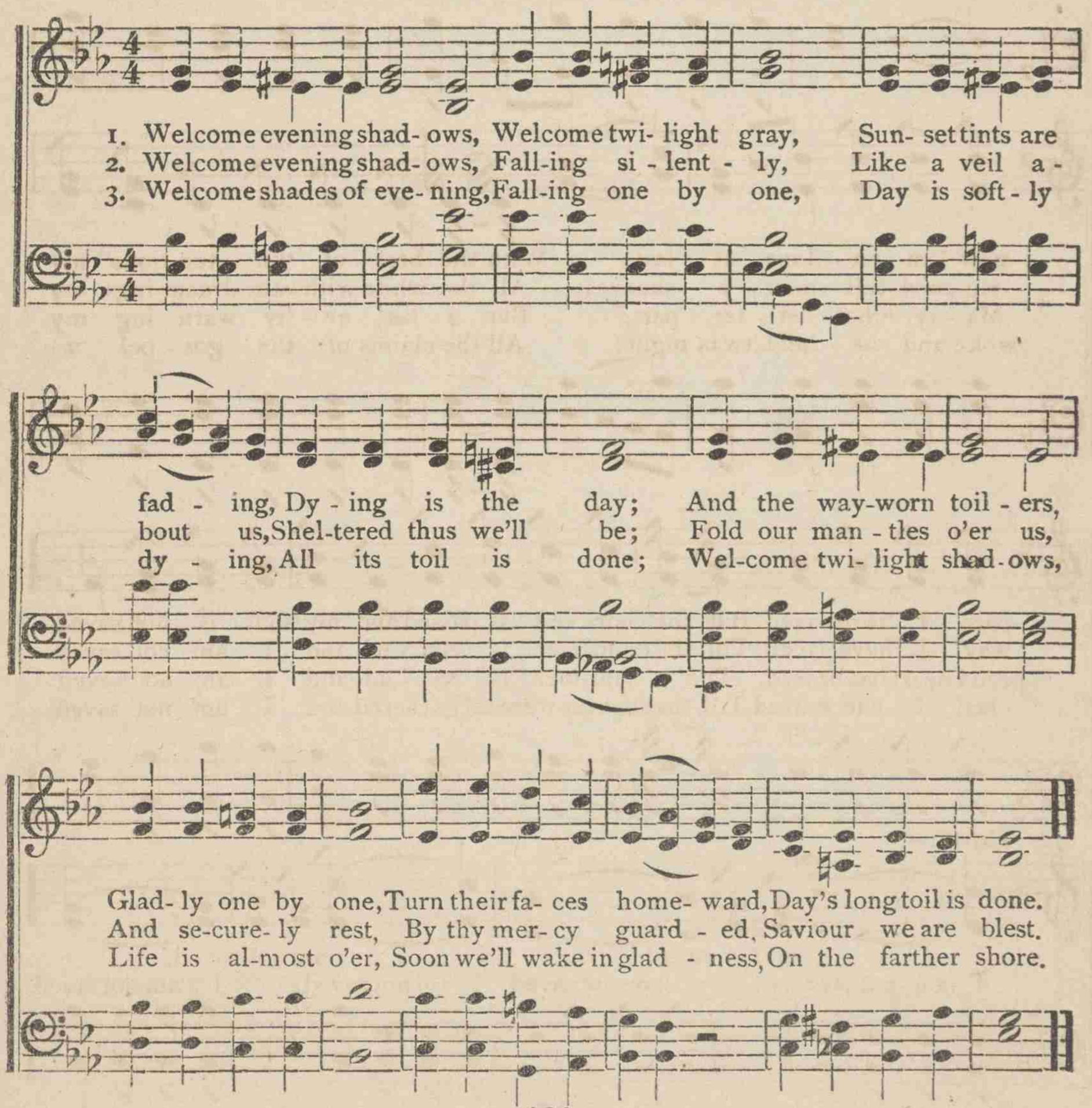
The Lost Soul's Lament.—Concluded.



5 I stretch out my weak helpless hand
Far, far toward the jasper sea,
And pray one glimpse of that radiant land--
Where loving friends wait for me; [brav'd
Whose kind faithful warnings, I often have
But the harvest is ended and I am not sav'd.

No. 149. Welcome Evening Shadows.

IDA L. REED. H. N. LINCOLN.



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No. 150. Over by the Crystal Sea.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. When the toils of life are end - ed, And its sor - rows wound no more,
2. When the Mas-ter's voice shall summons, From the vine- yard here be - low,
3. When we stand, redeem'd and ransom'd, By the Fa - ther's glorious throne,

And we gath - er with the ran-somed On the fair, e - ter- nal shore,
Those of us whose work is fin- ished, And in glad-ness forth we go,
Shar-ing in the cor - o - na - tion Of the saints He calls His own,

What a meet- ing, hap - py meet - ing, Full of glad- ness that will be,
What a greet- ing, bless - ed greet - ing, Full of wel- come that will be,
What a gath-'ring, what a gath-'ring Of the blood-wash'd that will be,

With our dear ones re - u - nit - ed O - ver by the crys- tal sea!
When our loved ones come to meet us O - ver by the crys tal sea!
Re - u - nit - ed there for - ev - er O - ver by the crys-tal sea!

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No. 151. The Rock that is Higher than I.

E. JOHNSON. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day And sometimes how weary my feet;
3. Ch, near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings, or sor-rows pre- vail;

And sor- rows, how oft- en they sweep Like tem-pests down o - ver the soul.
But toil - ing in life's dust-y way, The Rock's blessed shad- ow, how sweet!
Or climb-ing the mountain way steep, Or walk- ing the shad - ow - y vale.

CHORUS.

O then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I;
O, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er-than I,
O then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly To the Rock that is high - er than I.

No. 152. At the Cross.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. 45: 22.

I. WATTS. R. E. HUDSON, by per.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groan'd up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush- ing face While His dear cross ap - pears,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re- pay The debt of love I owe:

Would He de-vote that sa- cred head, For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be- yond de - gree!
When Christ, the might- y Mak - er, died For man the crea-ture's sin.
Dis- solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a-way; 'Tis all that I can do.

Chorus.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the bur-den of my heart rolled a- way, roll'd a-way, It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am hap- py all the day.
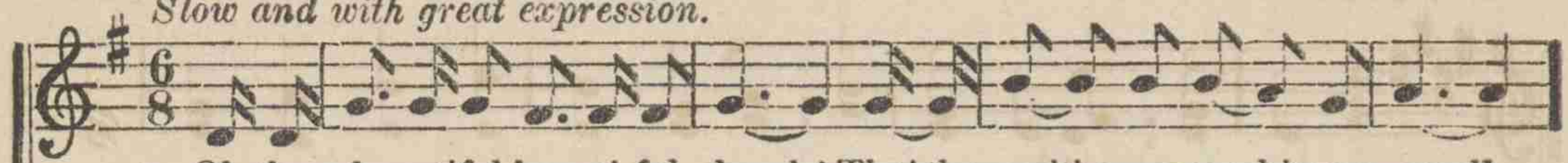
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No. 153. My Mother's Hands.

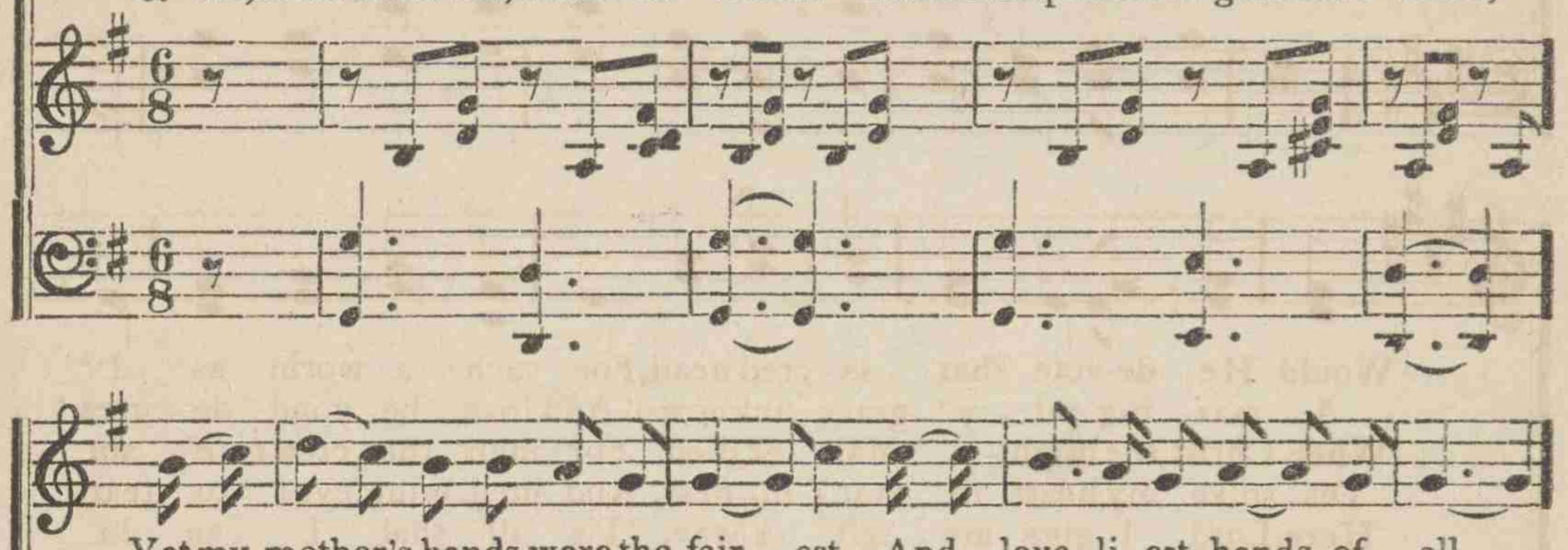
Mrs. M. E. WILLSON, by per.
Sister of the late P. P. BLISS.

Mrs. M. E. W.
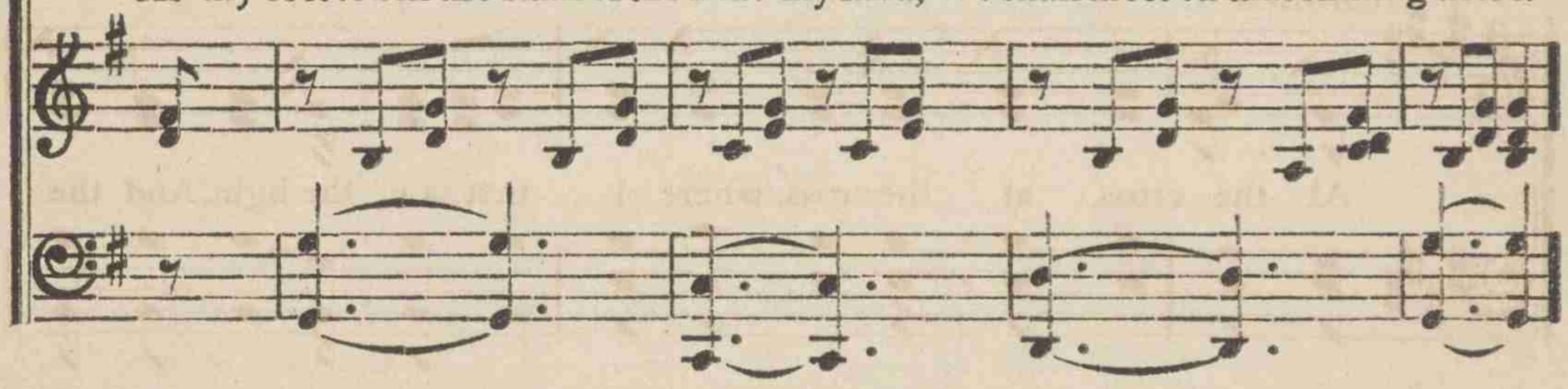
Slow and with great expression.
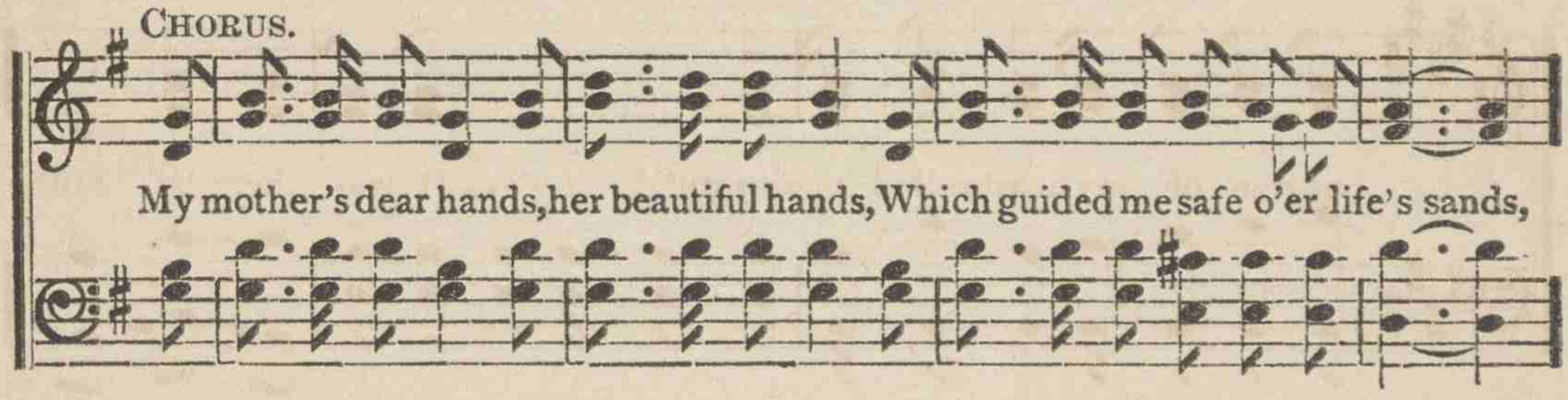


1. Oh, those beautiful, beauti-ful hands! Tho' they neither were white nor small,
2. Oh, those beautiful, beauti-ful hands! How they car'd for my in-fant days!
3. Oh, those beautiful, beauti-ful hands! As they press'd my ach - ing brow,
4. Oh, those beautiful, beauti-ful hands! T'hin and wrinkled with age they grew;
5. Oh, those beautiful, beauti-ful hands! I stood by her cof-fin one day,
6. Oh, those beautiful, beauti-ful hands! I shall clasp them a-gain once more,



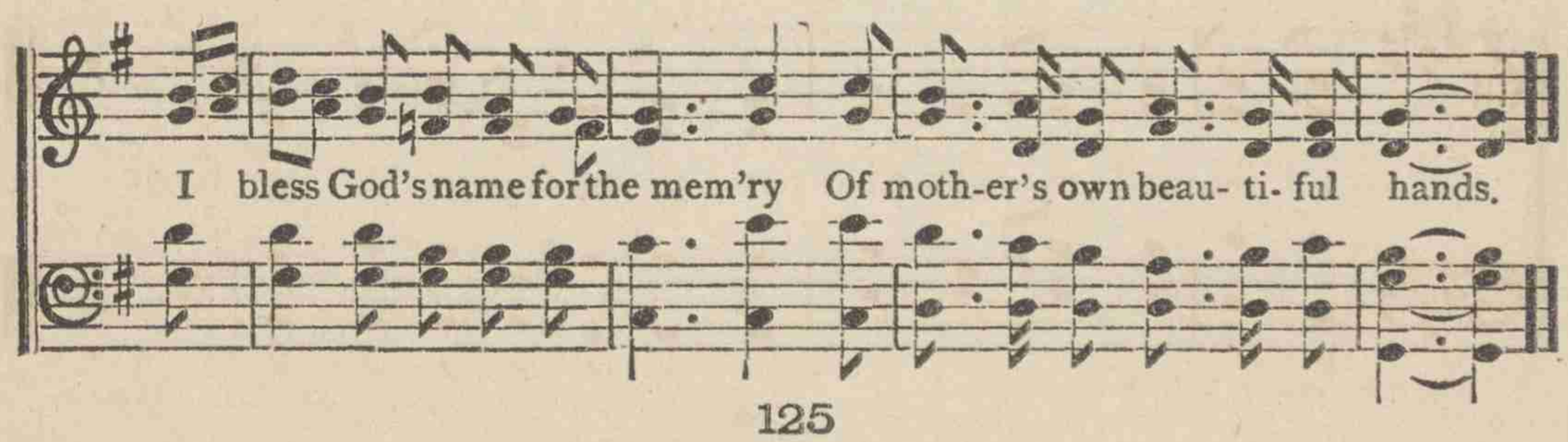
Yet my mother's hands were the fair - est And love- li- est hands of all.
They guided my feet in-to pleasant paths, And smooth'd all the rugged ways.
They cooled the fev-er and eased the pain; Me - thinks I can feel them now.
But still they toiled on for the child so dear, And her love seem'd more tender and true.
And I kiss'd those hands so cold and white, As quiet and peace-ful she lay.
As my feet touch the bank of the heav'nly land; We shall meet on that shining shore.



CHORUS.



My mother's dear hands, her beautiful hands, Which guided me safe o'er life's sands,

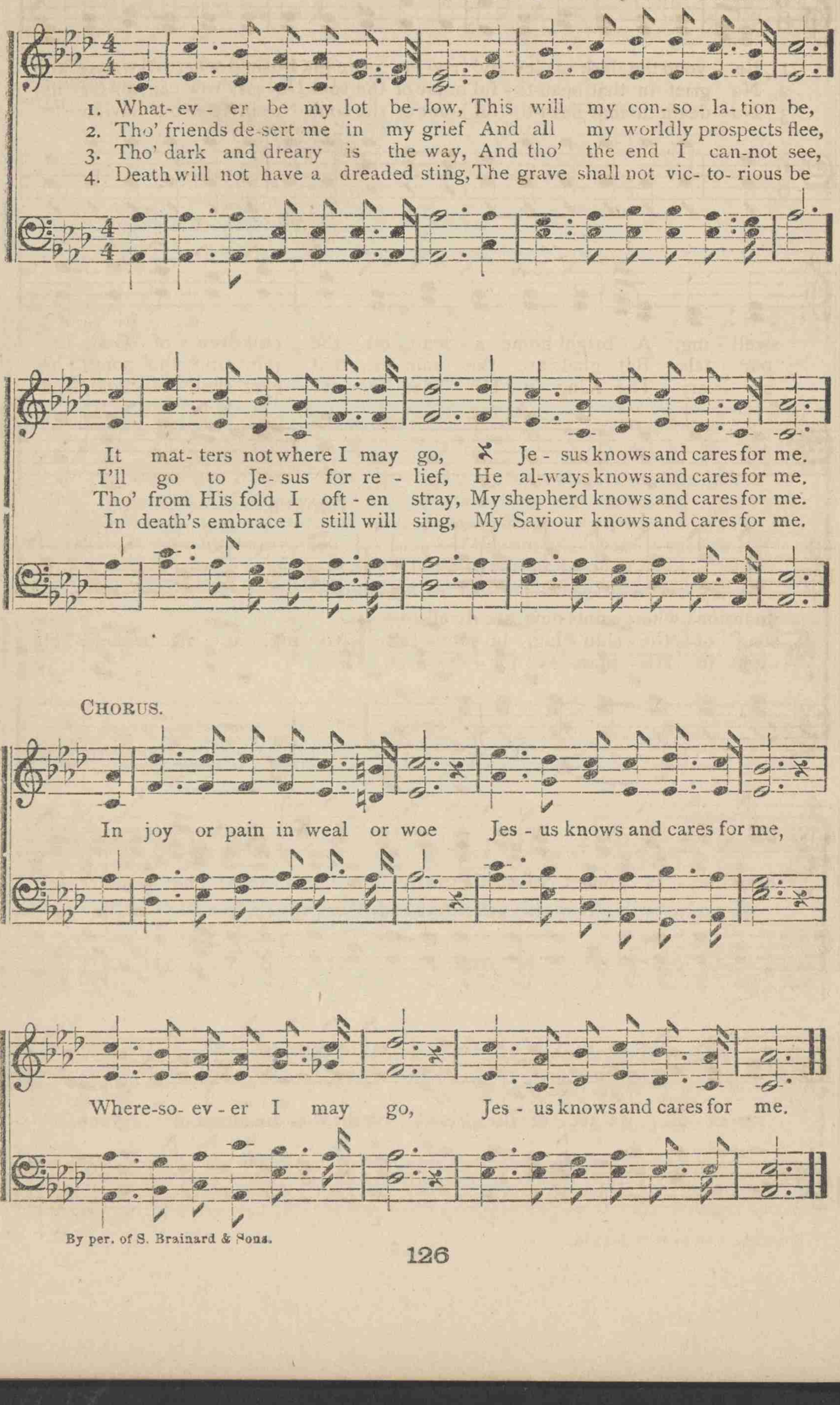


I bless God's name for the mem'ry Of moth-er's own beau- ti- ful hands.

No. 154. Jesus Knows and Cares for me.

"I am the good Shepherd, I know my sheep."

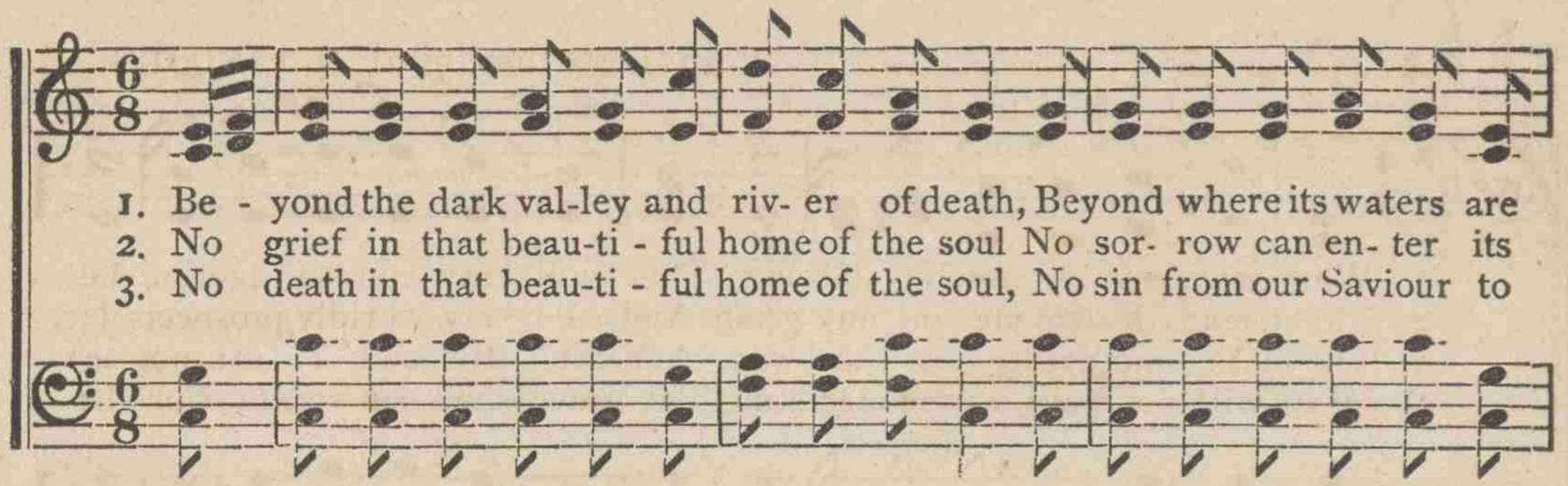
Words and Music by H. N. LINCOLN.
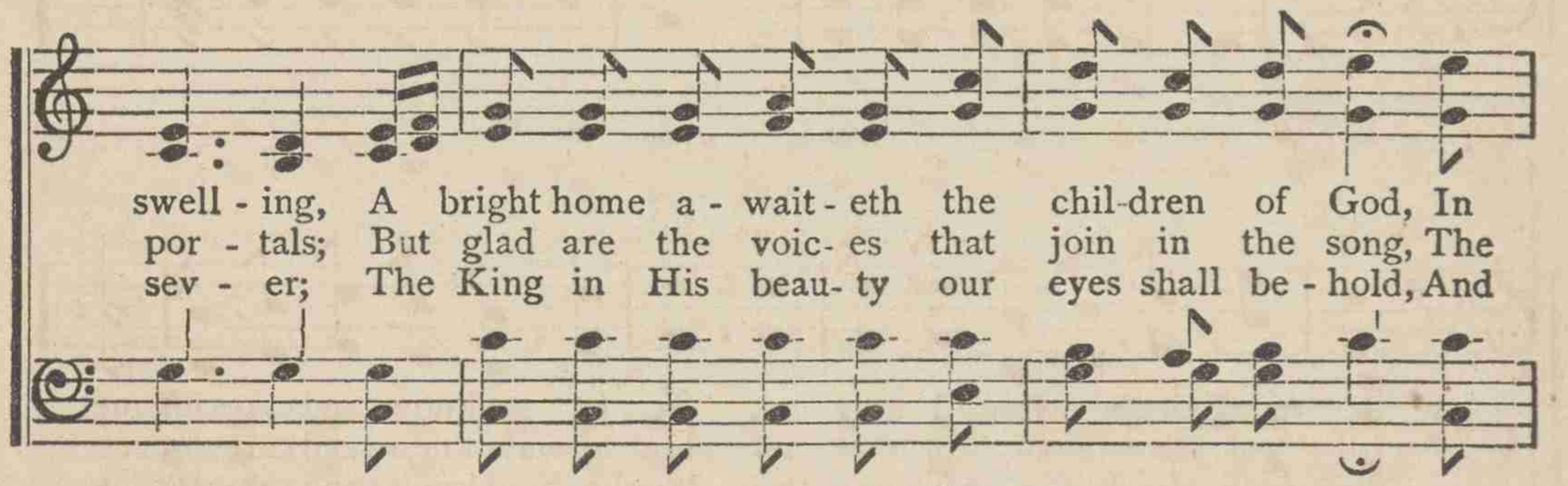


By per. of S. Brainard & Sons.
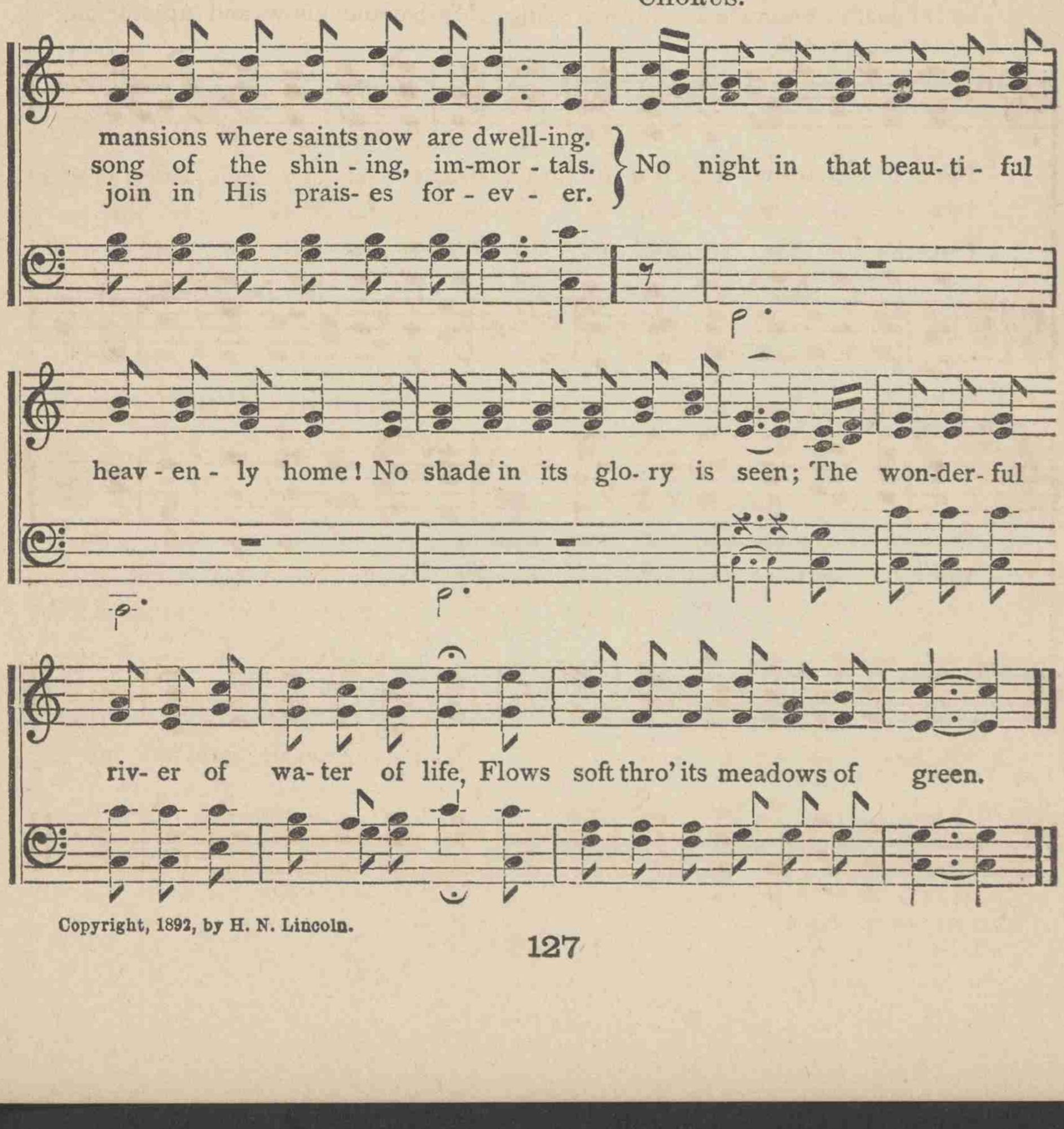
No. 155. The Soul's bright Home.

E. H. MILLER. H. P. MONTAGUE.





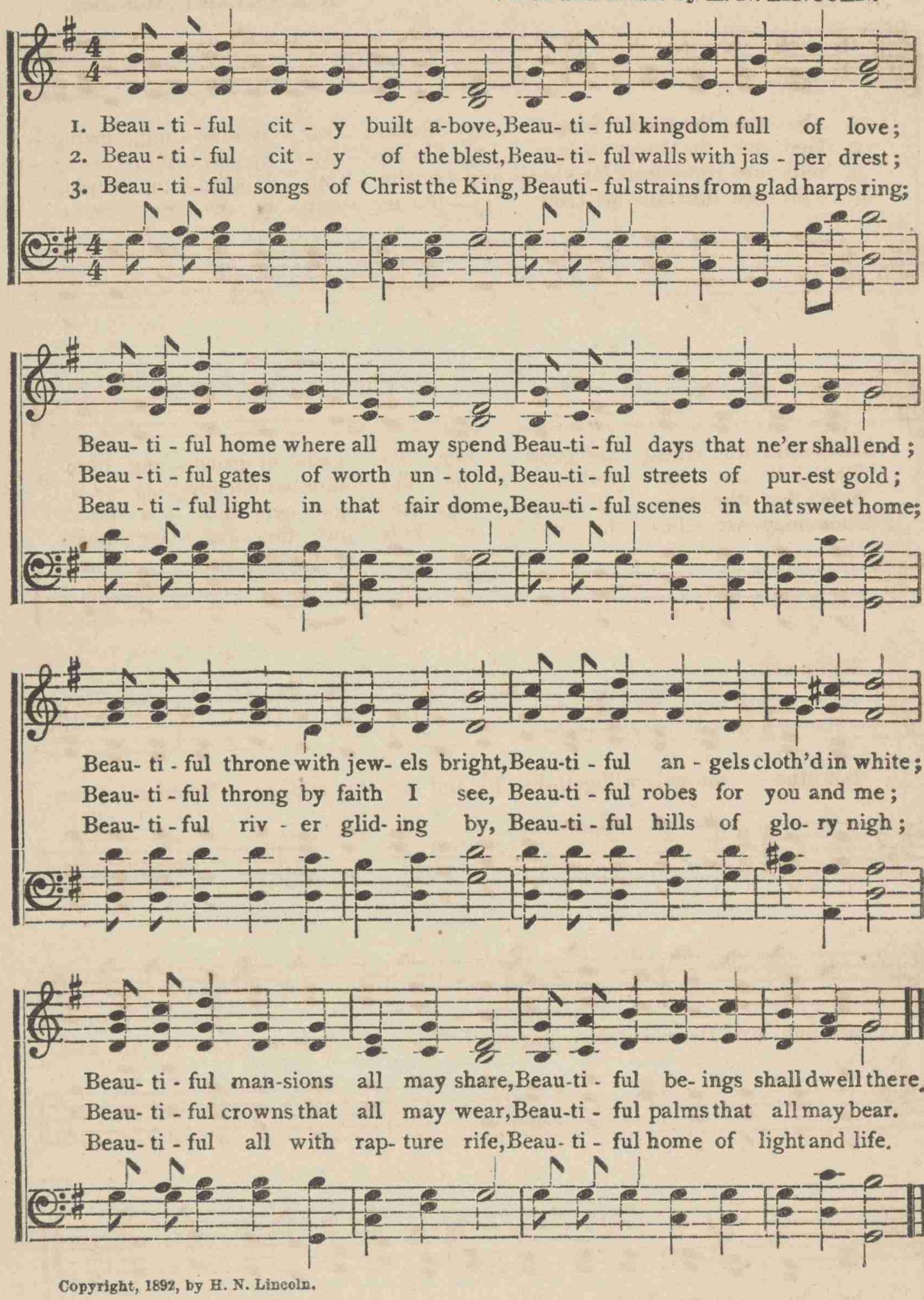
CHORUS.



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No. 156. Home So Beautiful.

Words and Music by H. N. LINCOLN.



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No. 157.

Grace.

1 'Tis religion that can give,
Sweetest pleasure while we live.
'Tis religion must supply,
Solid comforts when we die.

2 After death its joys shall be,
Lasting as eternity.
Be the living God, our friend
Then our bliss shall never end.

No. 158. Satan the Seed is Sowing.

M. A. BAKER. H. R. PALMER, Mus. Doc.

1. Sa - tan the seed is sow - ing—So earn - est - ly sow - ing, sowing—
2. God for the wheat is car - ing—So ten - der - ly car - ing, car-ing—
3. Souls are the wheat He's keep- ing—So lov - ing - ly keep - ing, keeping—
4. Har- vest the tares will sev - er— E - ter - nal - ly sev - er, sev- er—

Tares with the wheat are grow - ing, To - geth - er grow - ing here.
Tho' till the har - vest spar - ing The tares which now ap - pear.
Safe for the time of reap - ing, And gar- ners built a - bove.
Then may we be for - ev - er Safe in the Mas - ter's love.

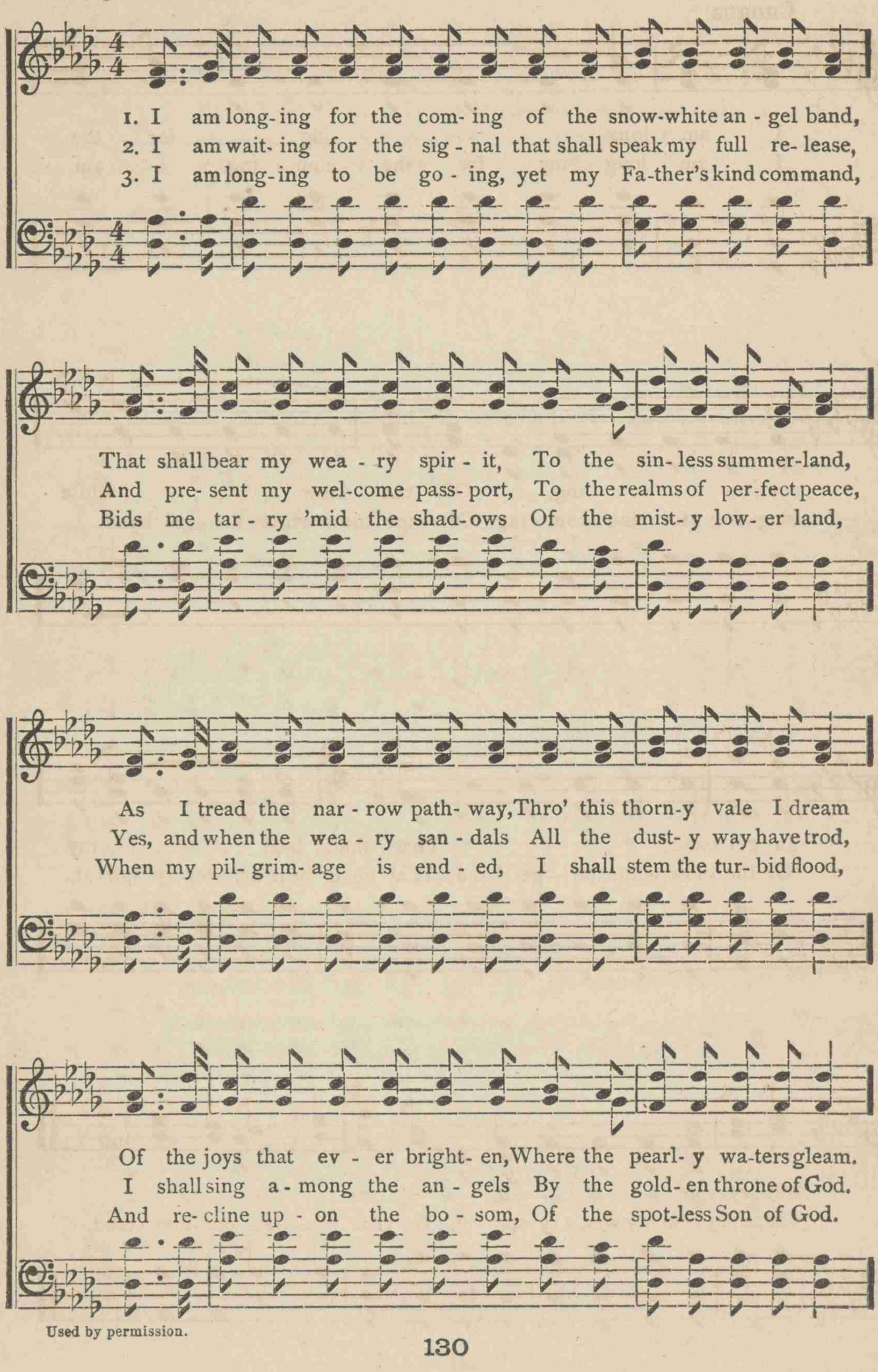
REFRAIN.

But the an- gels will gath-er, By and by—by and by—The tares for the burn- ing, And the wheat for the sky! The an - gels will gath- er, By and by— by and by—The tares for the burning, And the wheat for the sky!

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No. 159. The Sinless Summerland.

Arranged from J. W. WELSH. J. C. BUSHEY.



Used by permission.

The Sinless Summerland.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

I am long - - - - - ing for the
I am long - ing for the com - ing, I am

com - - - ing, Of the snow . . . . . white
long- ing for the com - ing Of the snow white an - gel band,
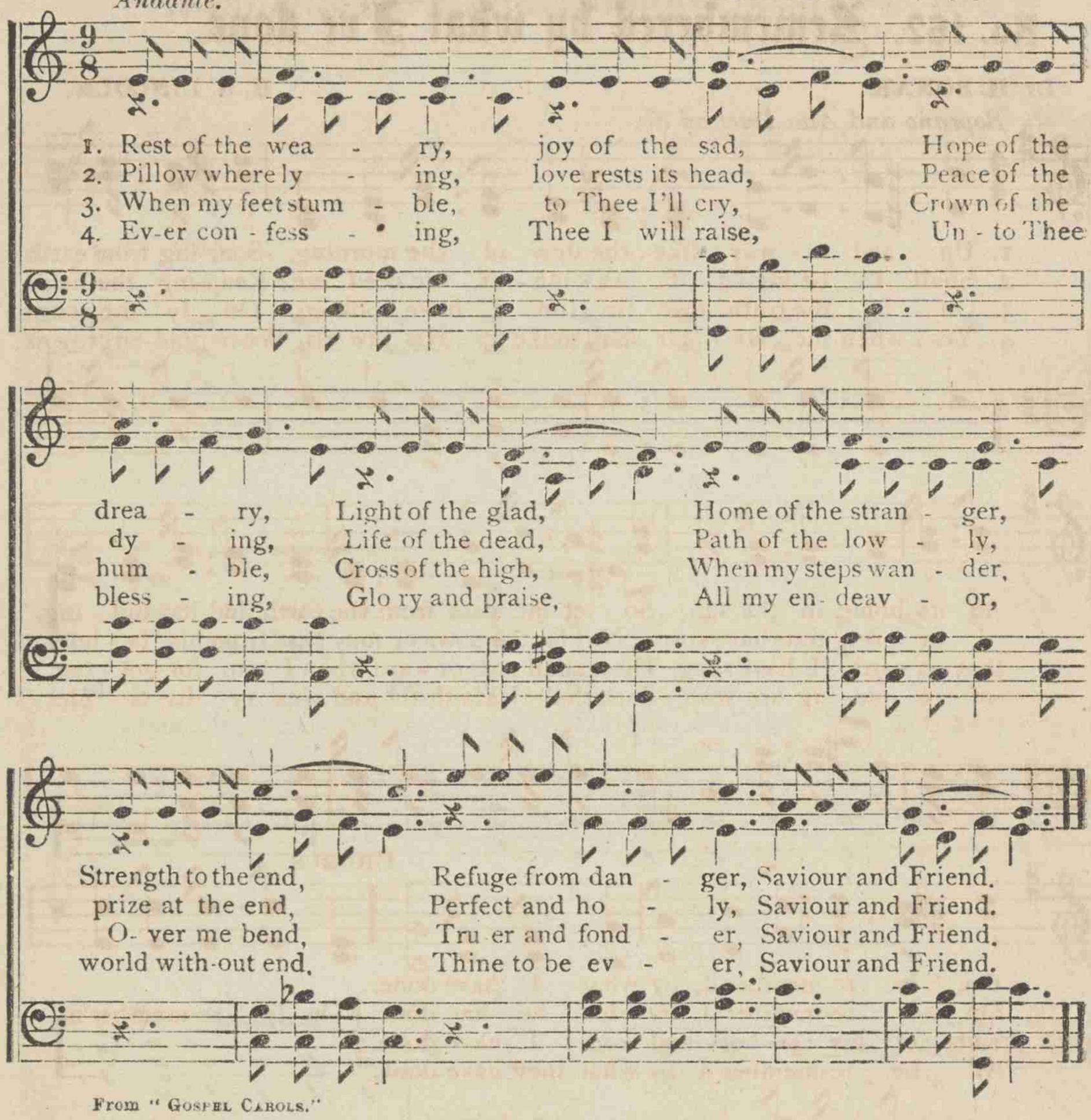
an- gel band, That shall bear . . . . . my
Of the snow white an - gel band; That shall bear my wea- ry spir- it,

wea- ry spir - - - it,
That shall bear my wea - ry spir - it, To that sin - less sum-mer - land.

No. 160. Saviour and Friend.

H. N. LINCOLN, by per.
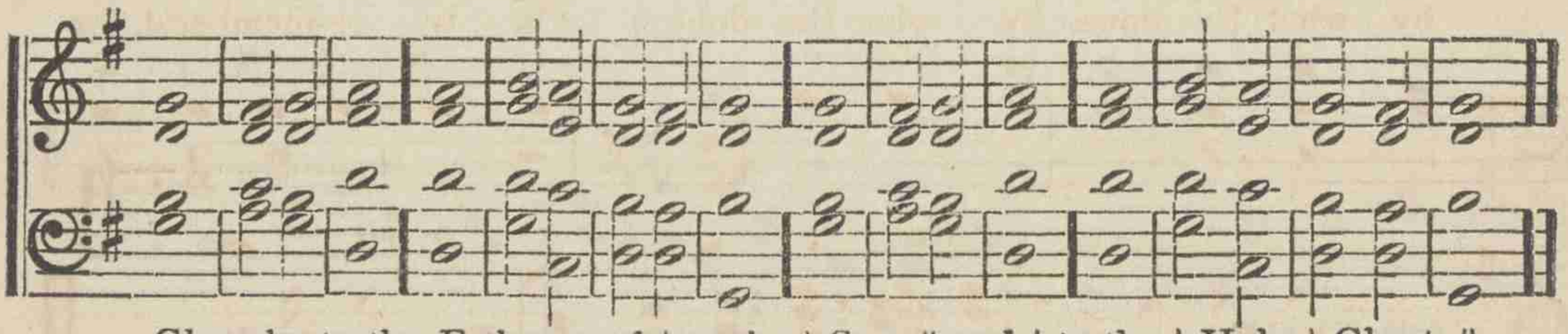
Andante.



From "Gospel Carols."

No. 161. Gloria Patri.

CHANT.



Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost. ||
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || world | without |
end, A- | men.

No. 162. Remembered by what I've done.

Dr. H. BONAR. H. N. LINCOLN.

Soprano and Alto Duet ad lib.

1. Up and a - way like the dew of the morning, Soar-ing from earth to its home in the sun; So let me pass from the earth and its toil - ing,
2. Shall I be miss'd if an - oth - er suc-ceed me? Reap-ing the fields I in spring-time have sown; No! for the sow- er may pass from his la - bors,
3. On - ly the truths that in life I have spok-en, On - ly the songs that on earth I have sung, These shall pass onward when I am for-got - ten,
4. Yes! when the Sav - iour shall make up His jew-els, When gold-en crowns of re- joic- ing are won, Then shall His faith-ful and wea- ry dis- ci - ples

CHORUS.

On - ly re-member'd, by what I have done.
On - ly re-member'd, by what he has done.
Fruits of my la- bors and work I have done.
All be re-member'd by what they have done.

On- ly re-member'd, by what I've done, By what I've done; On - ly re-member'd, for-

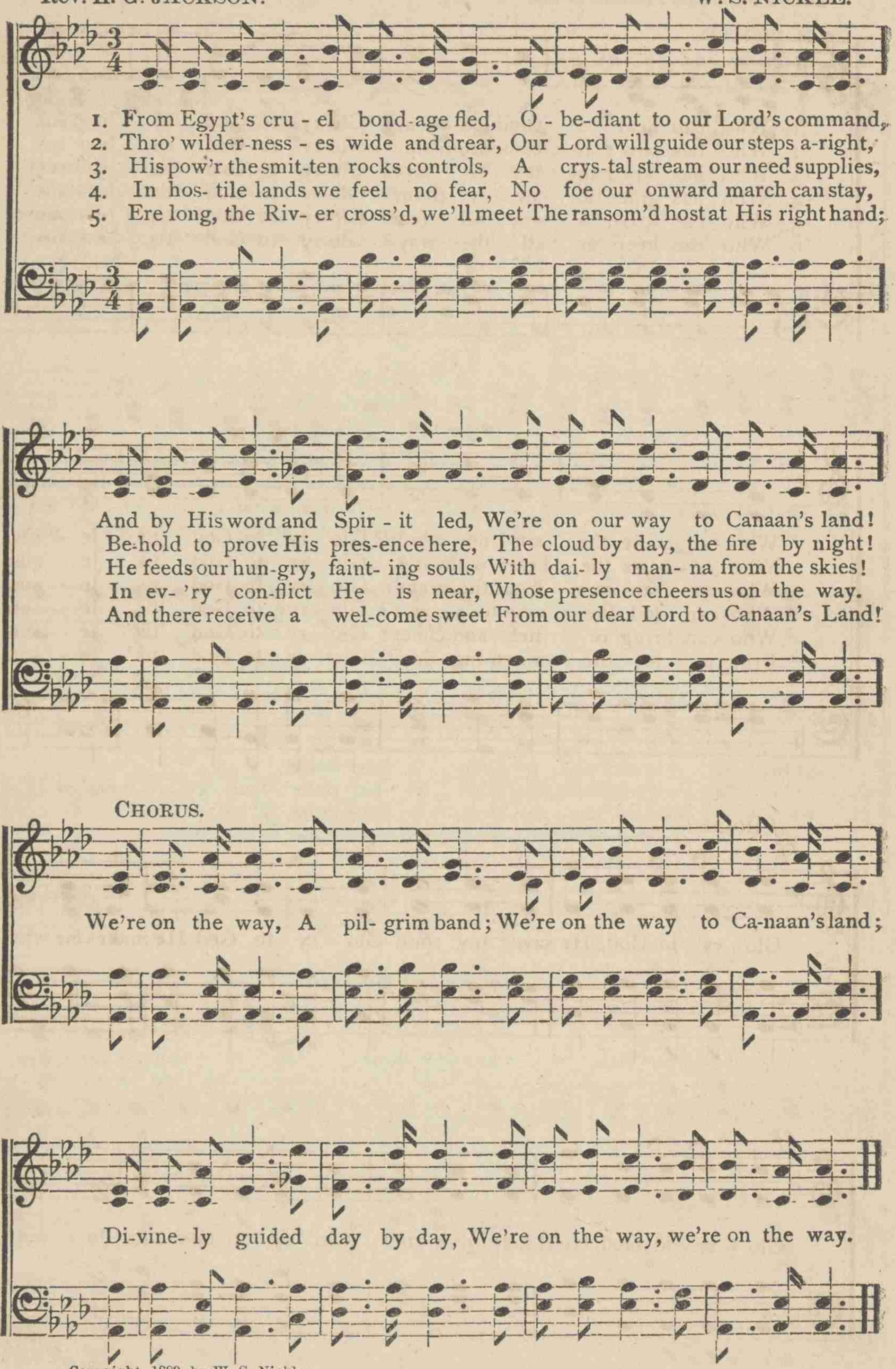
Slow. *rit.*

ev - er re-member'd, On - ly re-member'd, by what I have done.

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No. 163. We're on the Way to Canaan's Land.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON. W. S. NICKLE.



Copyright, 1889, by W. S. Nickle.

No. 164. Glory to God 'tis Jesus.

Miss JULIA H. JOHNSTON. P. BILHORN.

1. Who can heal a troubled soul? Glo-ry to God 'tis Je - sus;
2. Who has pow'r to cleanse from sin? Glo-ry to God 'tis Je - sus;
3. Who has pow'r the lost to save? Glo-ry to God 'tis Je - sus;
4. Who has grace for ev - 'ry hour? Glo-ry to God 'tis Je - sus;
5. Who can drive a - way all fear? Glo-ry to God 'tis Je - sus;
6. Who can keep us all the way? Glo-ry to God 'tis Je - sus;

Who can make the sin - ner whole? Glo - ry to God 'tis Je - sus.
Who re - news the heart with- in? Glo - ry to God 'tis Je - sus.
Who can ran- som from the grave? Glo - ry to God 'tis Je - sus.
Who can foil the temp-ter's pow'r? Glo - ry to God 'tis Je - sus.
Who can bring re - lief and cheer? Glo - ry to God 'tis Je - sus.
Bring us to the crown-ing day? Glo - ry to God 'tis Je - sus.

CHORUS.

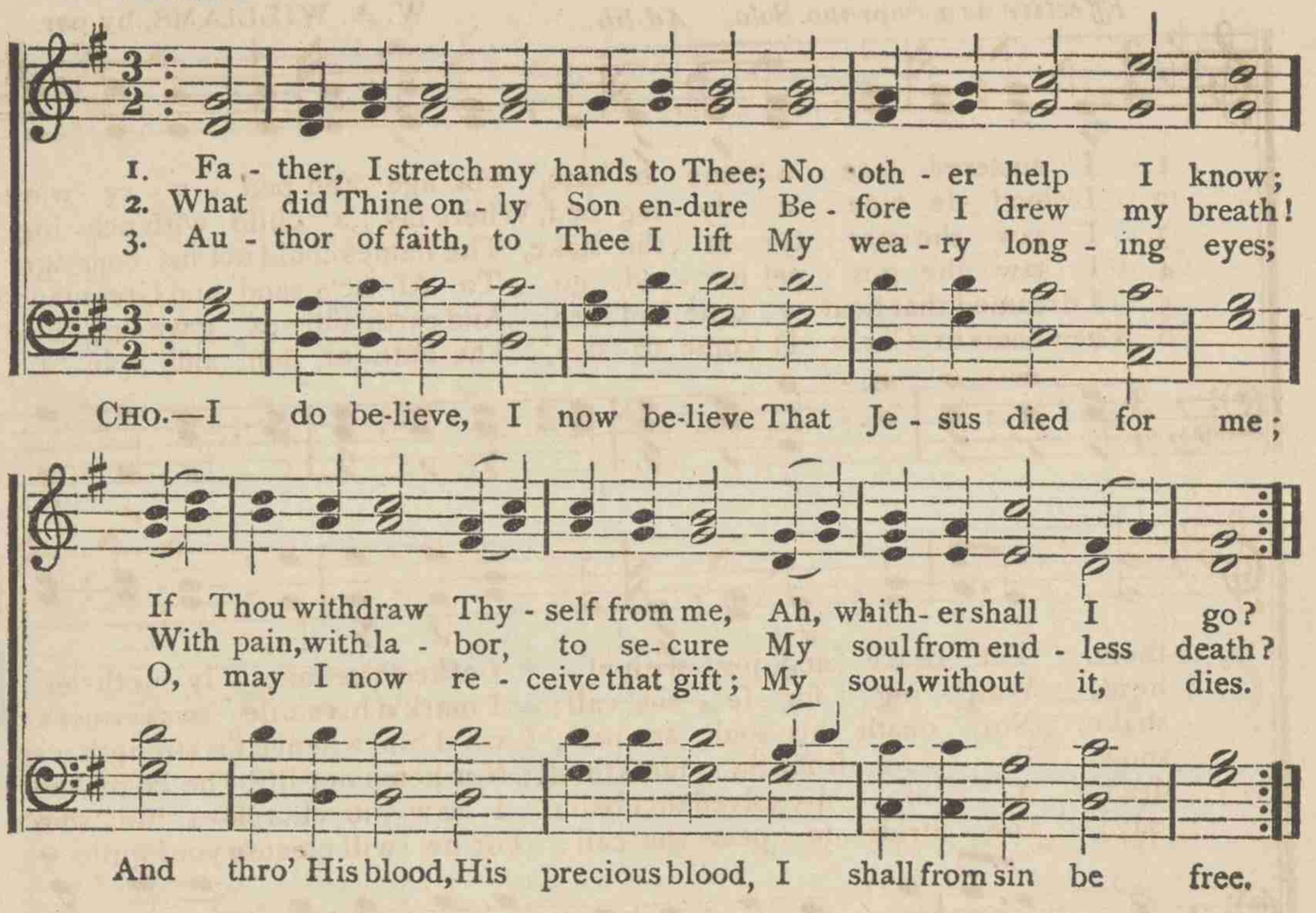
Glo - ry to God, He saved my soul; Glo - ry to God He makes me whole;

Glo - ry to God He'll save your soul; Glo - ry to God 'tis Je - sus.

From Crowning Glory No. 2., by permission.

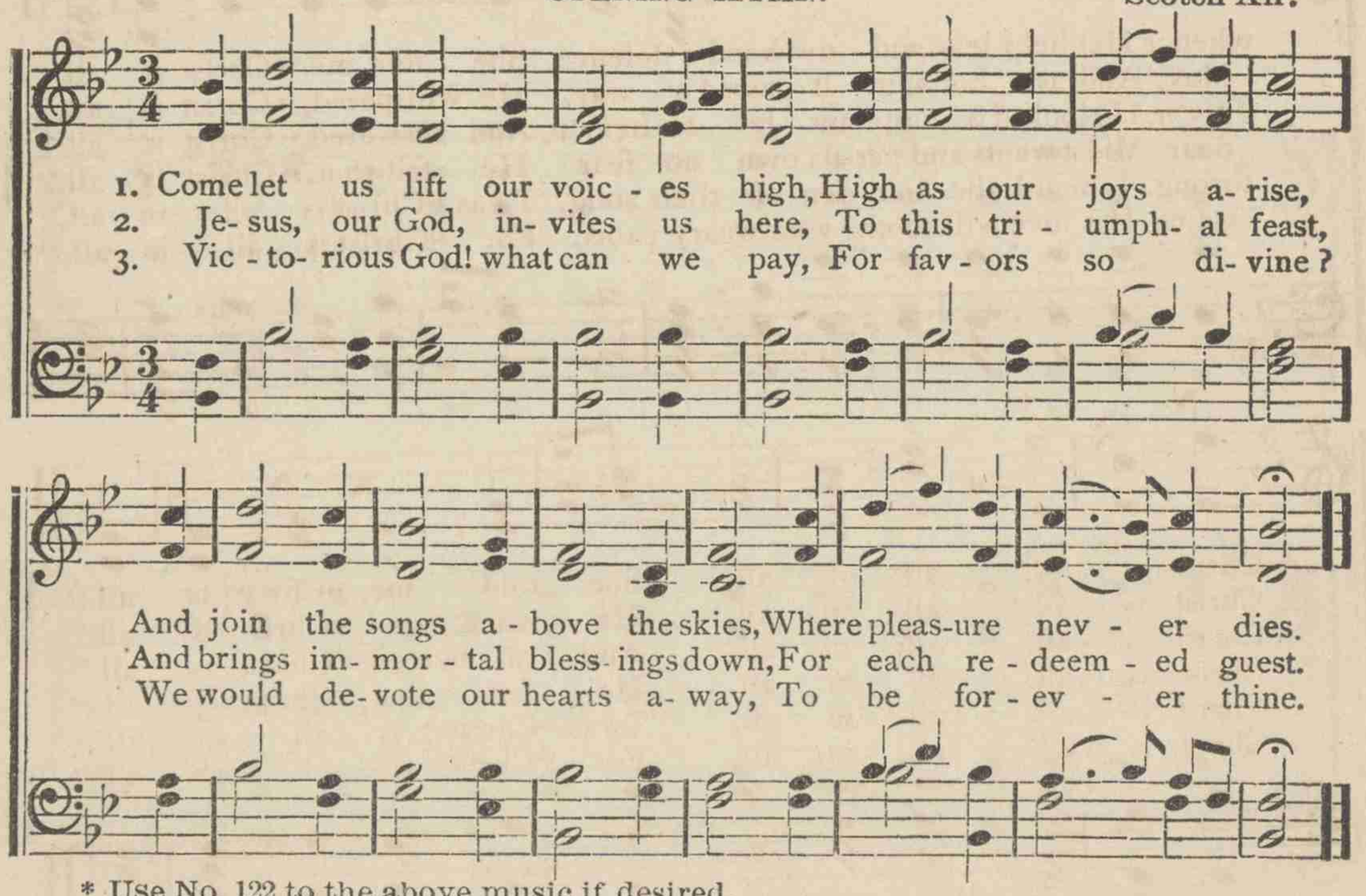
No. 165. I Do Believe. C. M.

C. WESLEY.



No. 166. Balerma. *

OPENING HYMN. Scotch Air.



* Use No. 122 to the above music if desired.

No. 167. Christ is All.

"Unto you therefore which believe, He is precious."—1. Pet. II: 7.

Effective as a Soprano Solo. Ad lib. W. A. WILLIAMS, by per.

1. I en-tered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were
2. I stood de- side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with ach- ing
3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake, The flames could not his cour-age
4. I saw the gos - pel her - ald go To Af- ric's sand and Greenland's
5. I dreamed that hoar- y time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their
6. Then come to Christ, O come to - day, The Fath- er, Son, and Spir - it
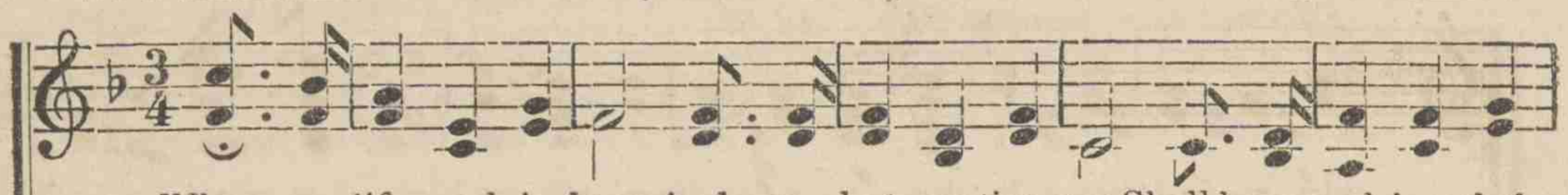
there, Yet peace and joy with-al; I asked the lone - ly moth- er
head, Wait - ing for Je - sus' call; I mark'd his smile, 'twas sweet as
shake, Nor death his soul ap- pall; I ask'd him whence his strength was
snow, To save from Sa - tan's thrall; Nor home nor life he count- ed
dead, A fire dis-solved this ball; I saw the church-es ran - som'd
say; The Bride re - peats the call; For he will cleanse your guilt- y

whence Her help-less wid - ow-hood's defence. She told me, "Christ is all."
May, And as his spir - it passed a - way, He whispered, "Christ is all."
giv'n, He look'd tri-umphant - ly to heav'n, And answered, "Christ is all."
dear 'Midst wants and per-ils own no fear He felt that, "Christ is all."
throng, I heard the bur- den of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
stains, His love will soothe your weary pains, For "Christ is all in all."

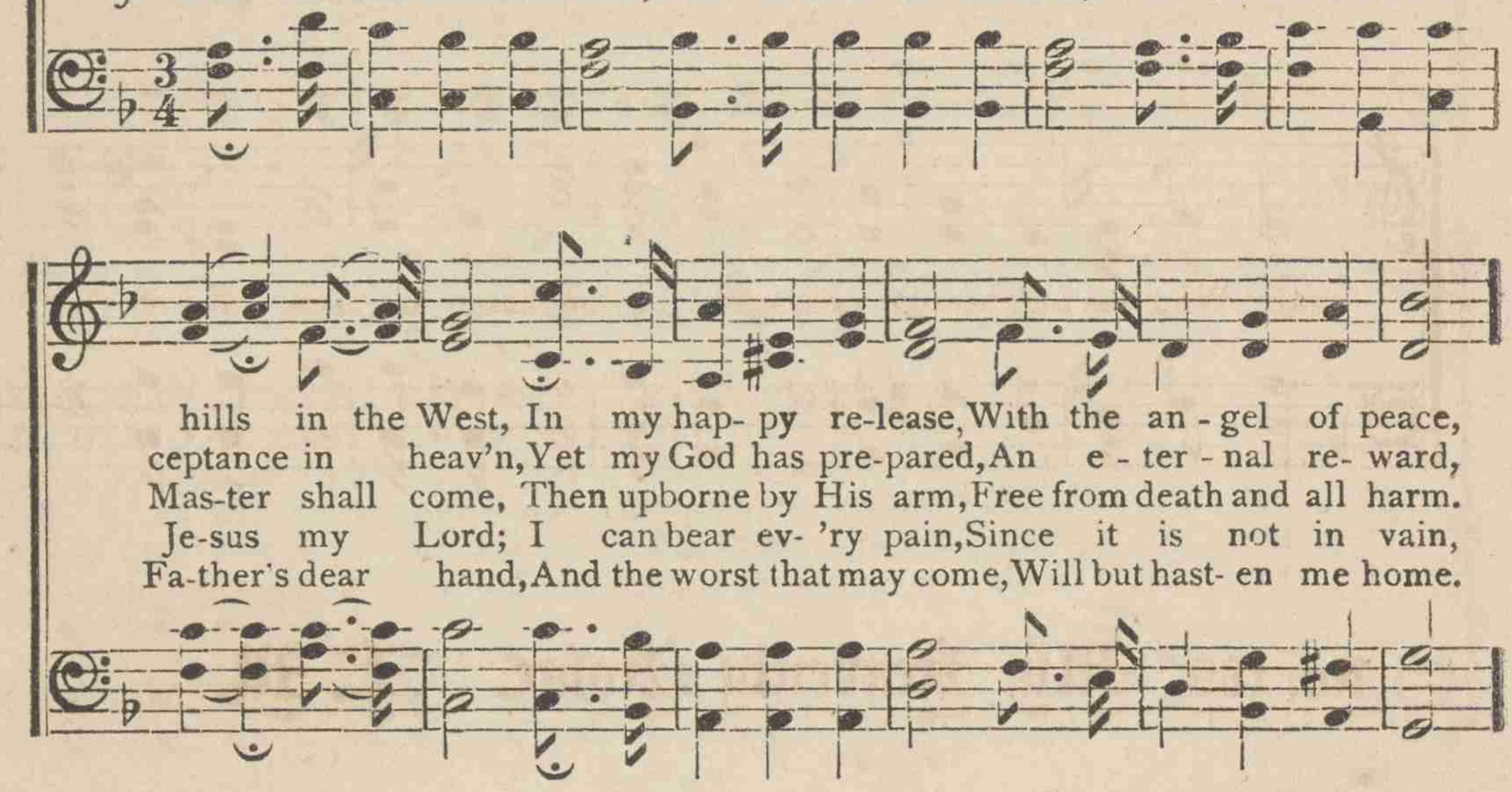
Christ is all, all in all, She told me, "Christ is all."
Christ is all, all in all, He whis- pered, "Christ is all."
Christ is all, all in all, And an- swered, "Chaist is all."
Christ is all, all in all, He felt that, "Christ is all."
Christ is all, all in all, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
Christ is all, all in all, For "Christ is all in all."

No. 168. When My Life-work is done. *

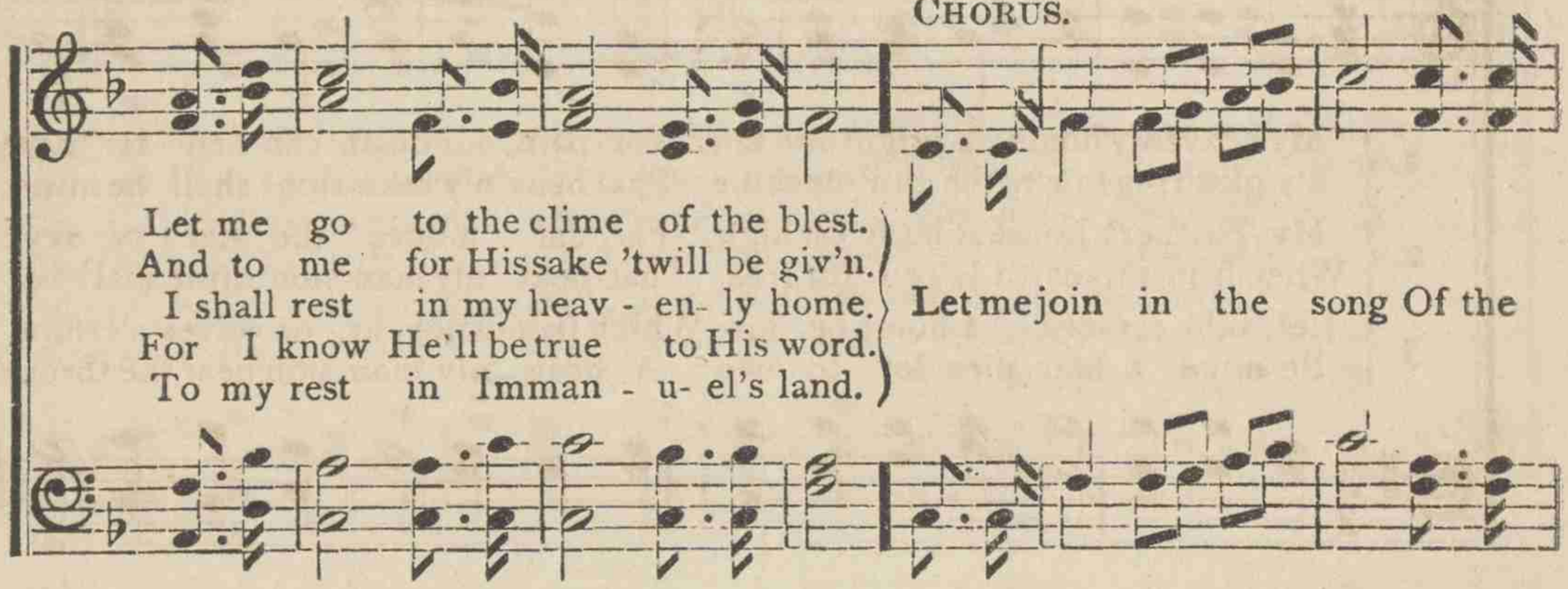
W. W. HARRIS. Very effective as a Solo. A. J. BELL.



1. When my life-work is done, And my last set-ting sun, Shall have sunk 'neath the hills in the West, In my hap- py re-lease, With the an - gel of peace,
2. Tho' I've naught of my own, To pre- sent at the throne, As my ground of ac - ceptance in heav'n, Yet my God has pre-pared, An e - ter - nal re- ward,
3. Then both earl - y and late, I will la -bor and wait, Till my great Lord and Mas-ter shall come, Then upborne by His arm, Free from death and all harm.
4. I may well be con-tent, If my life-time is spent, In the ser-vice of Je-sus my Lord; I can bear ev- 'ry pain, Since it is not in vain,
5. Tho' dis- ease should invade, Till in dust I am laid, Yet it comes from a Fa-ther's dear hand, And the worst that may come, Will but hast- en me home.



CHORUS.



Let me go to the clime of the blest.
And to me for His sake 'twill be giv'n.
I shall rest in my heav - en- ly home.
For I know He'll be true to His word.
To my rest in Imman - u- el's land.

Let me join in the song Of the

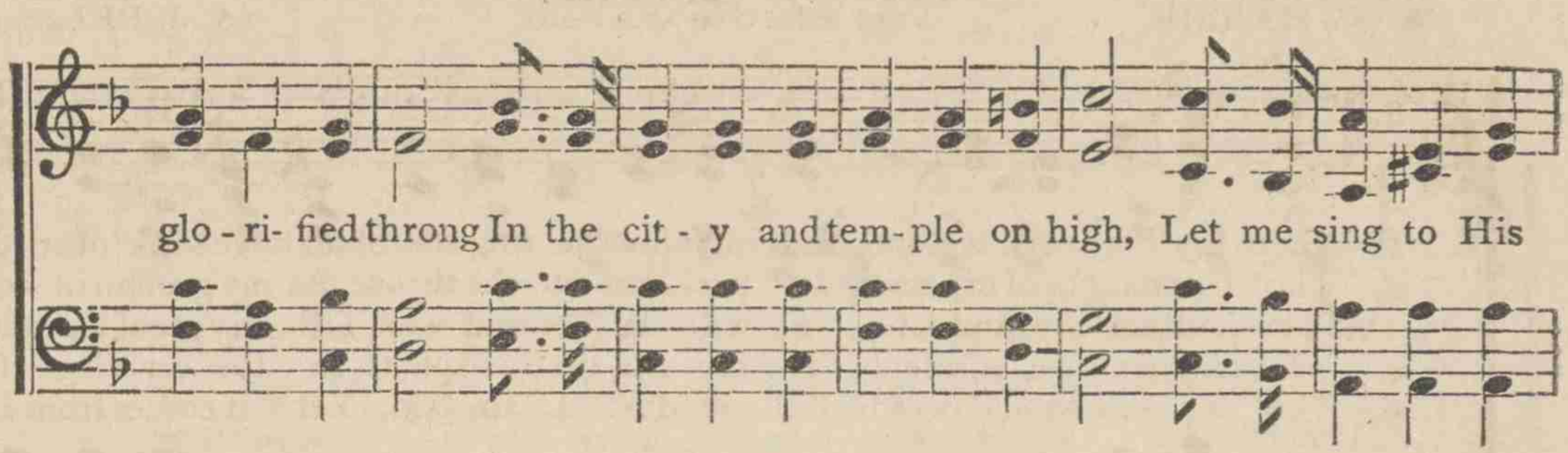
* This touching song is still more pathetic when we think of the life of the gifted author of the words.

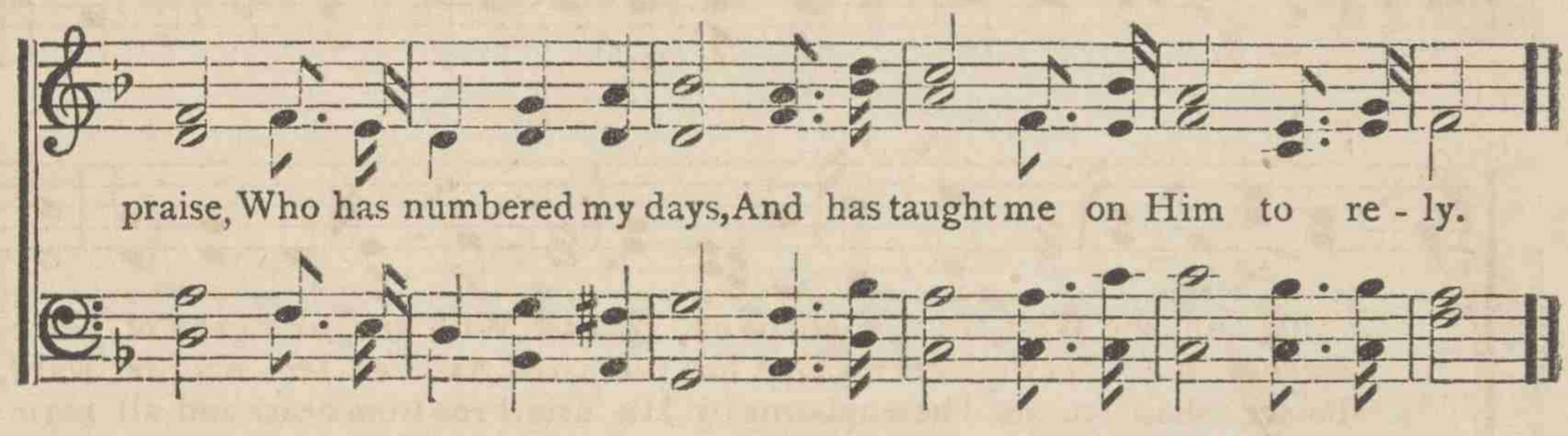
Rev. W. W. Harris was ordained at Independence, Texas in 1860, having been educated at Baylor University under Dr. R. C. Burleson. So wonderful was his eloquence and such a great orator was he, that the people called him "Spurgeon" Harris throughout the land. He devoted himself exclusively to the gospel ministry in South and West Texas, where his name was a household word. Exposure and overwork made him prematurely old, but he preached for more than a quarter of a century. Though for the last few years of his life he was an invalid, being a consumptive, yet he was faithful to the last. He died without an *earthly* home and away from loved ones in the far West of Texas, but he won many souls to Christ and went *home* to his *reward*, "In the city and temple on high."

I thank Prof. Bell for this beautiful music, and for preserving the words. H. N. L.

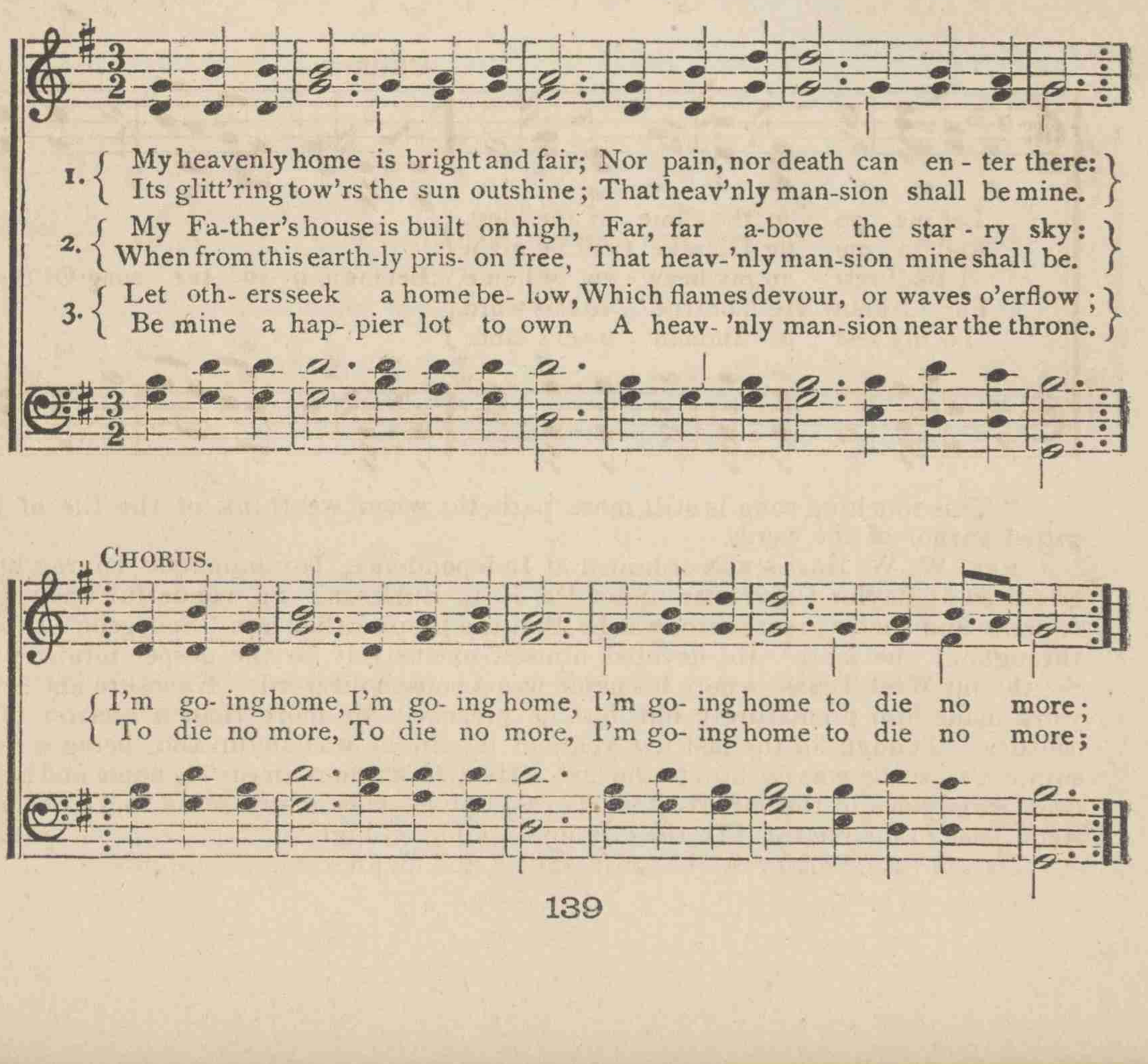
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When My Life-work is done.—Concluded.



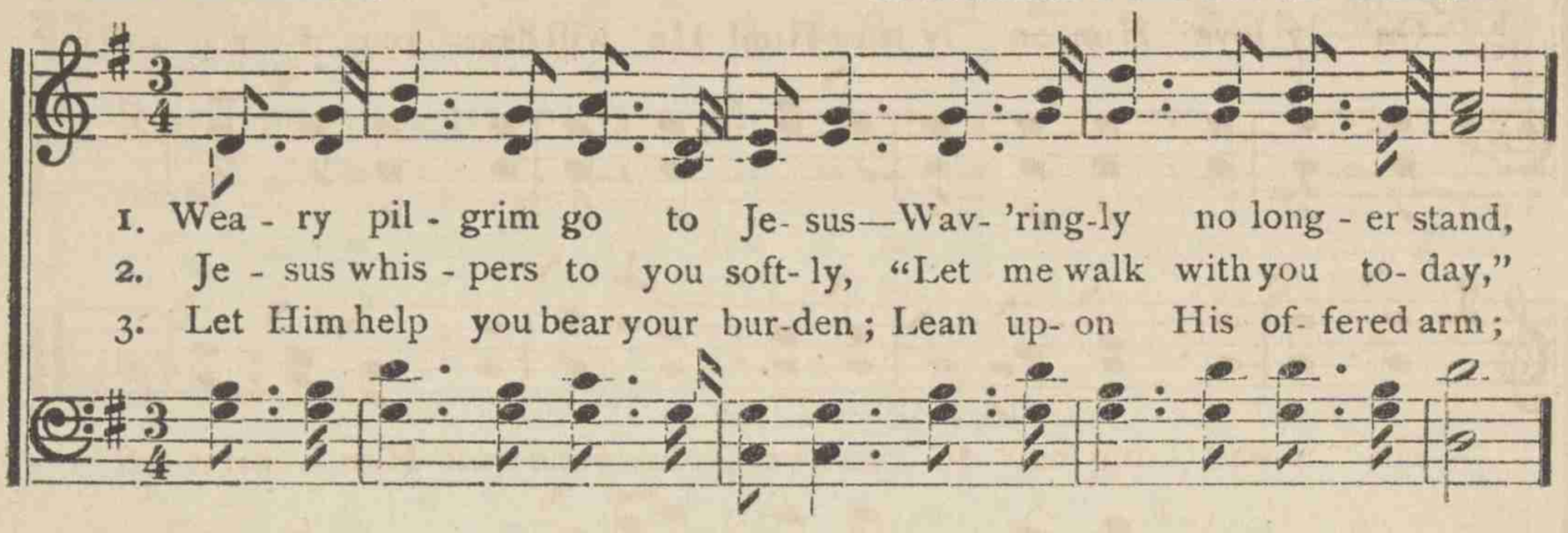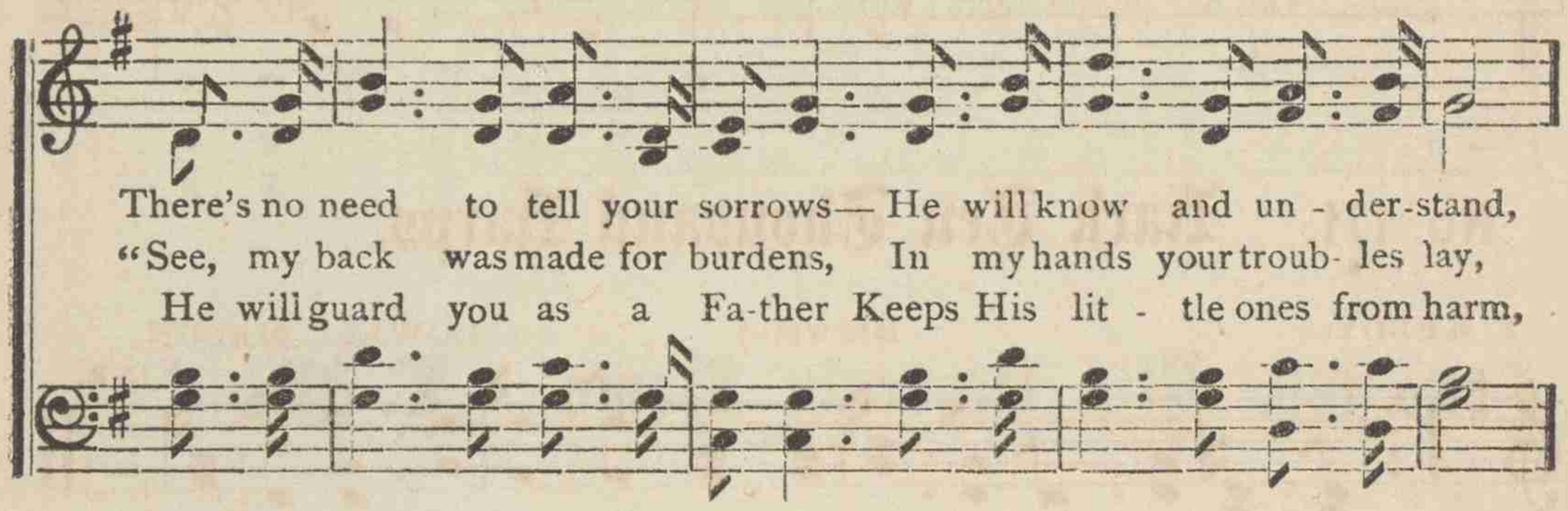


No. 169. My Heavenly Home. L. M.
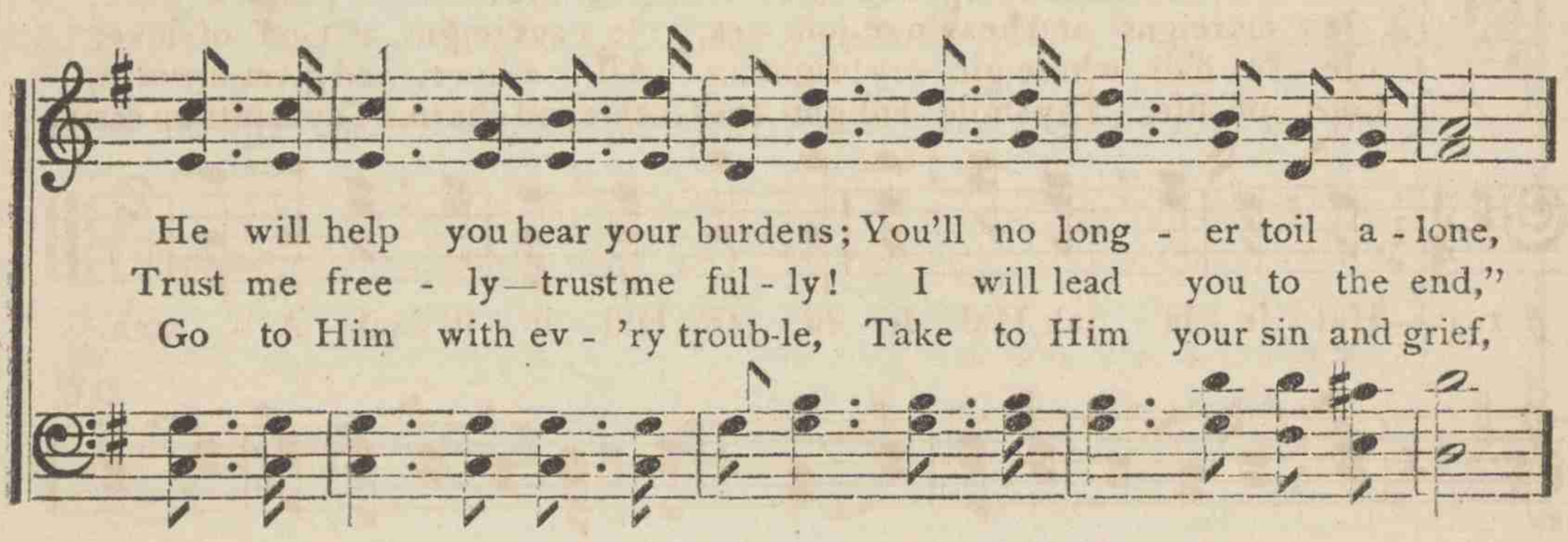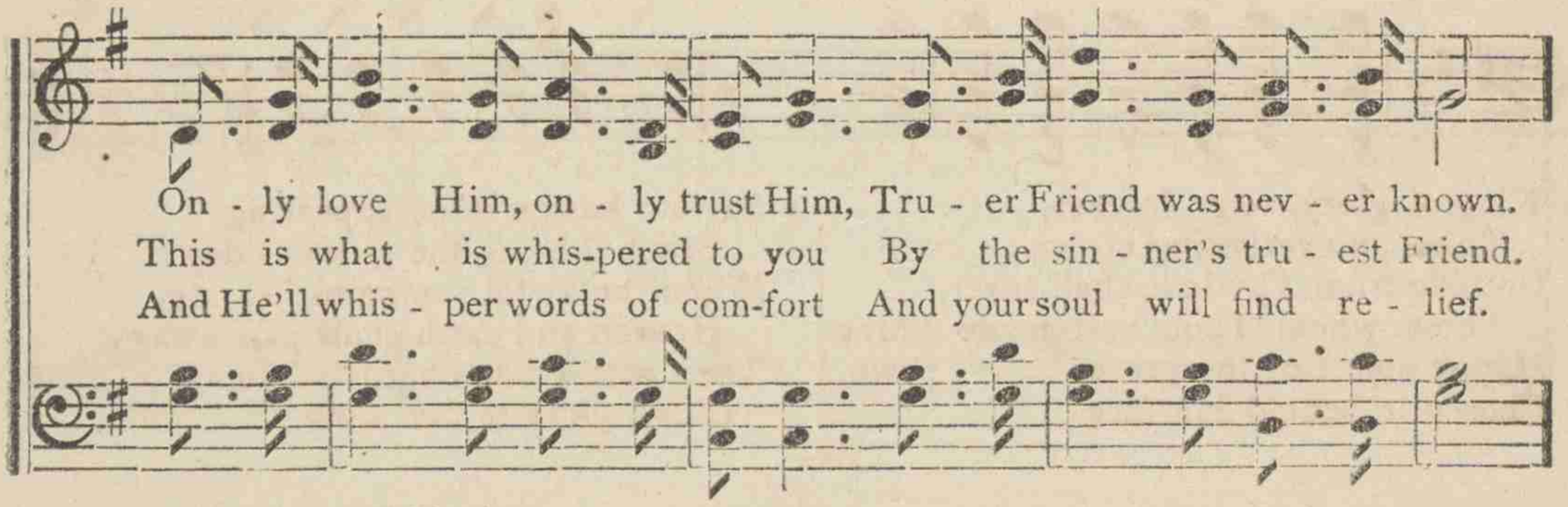


No. 170. Go to Jesus.

E. E. REXFORD. M. S. KERBY and D. P. AIRHART.
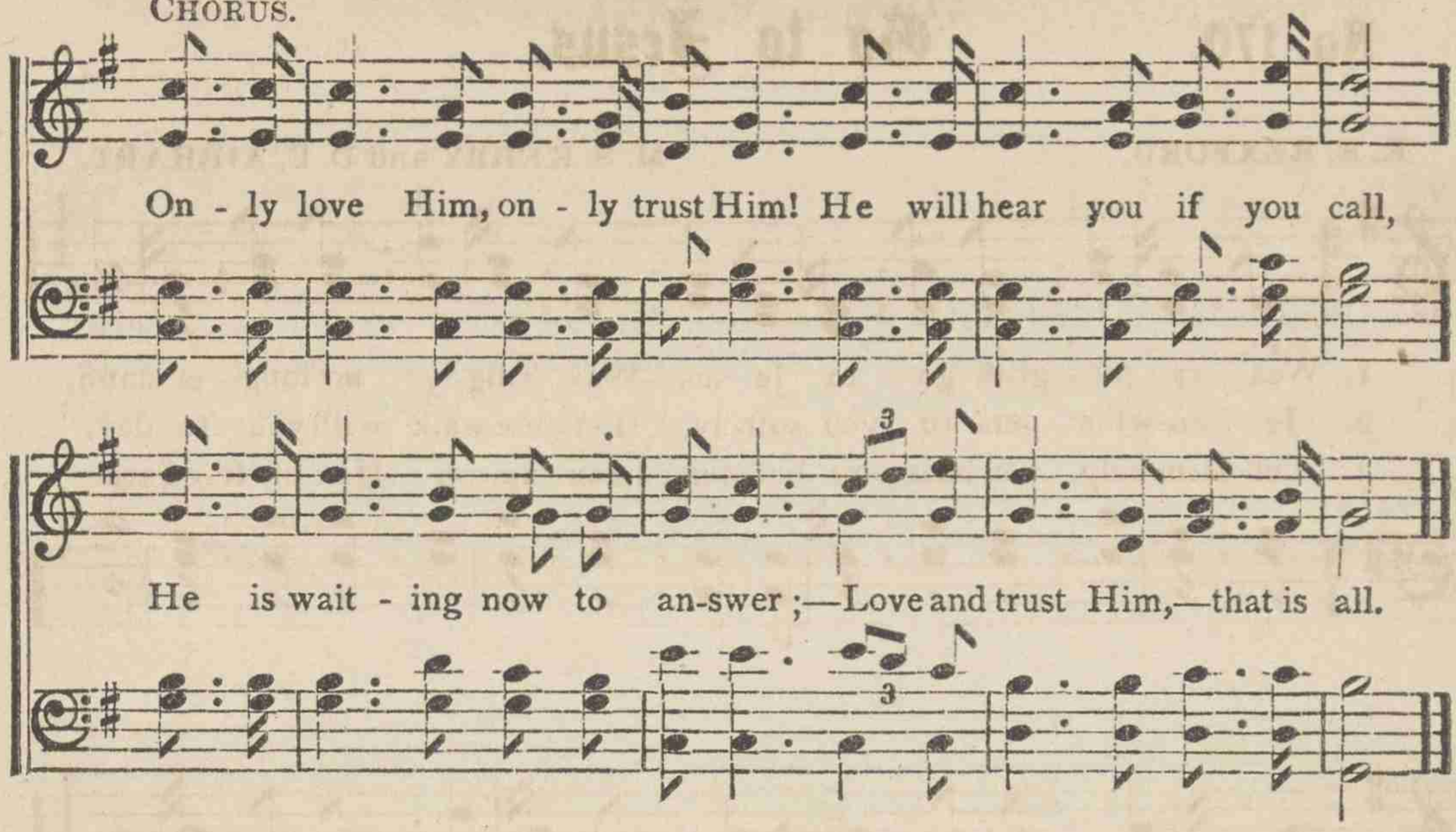








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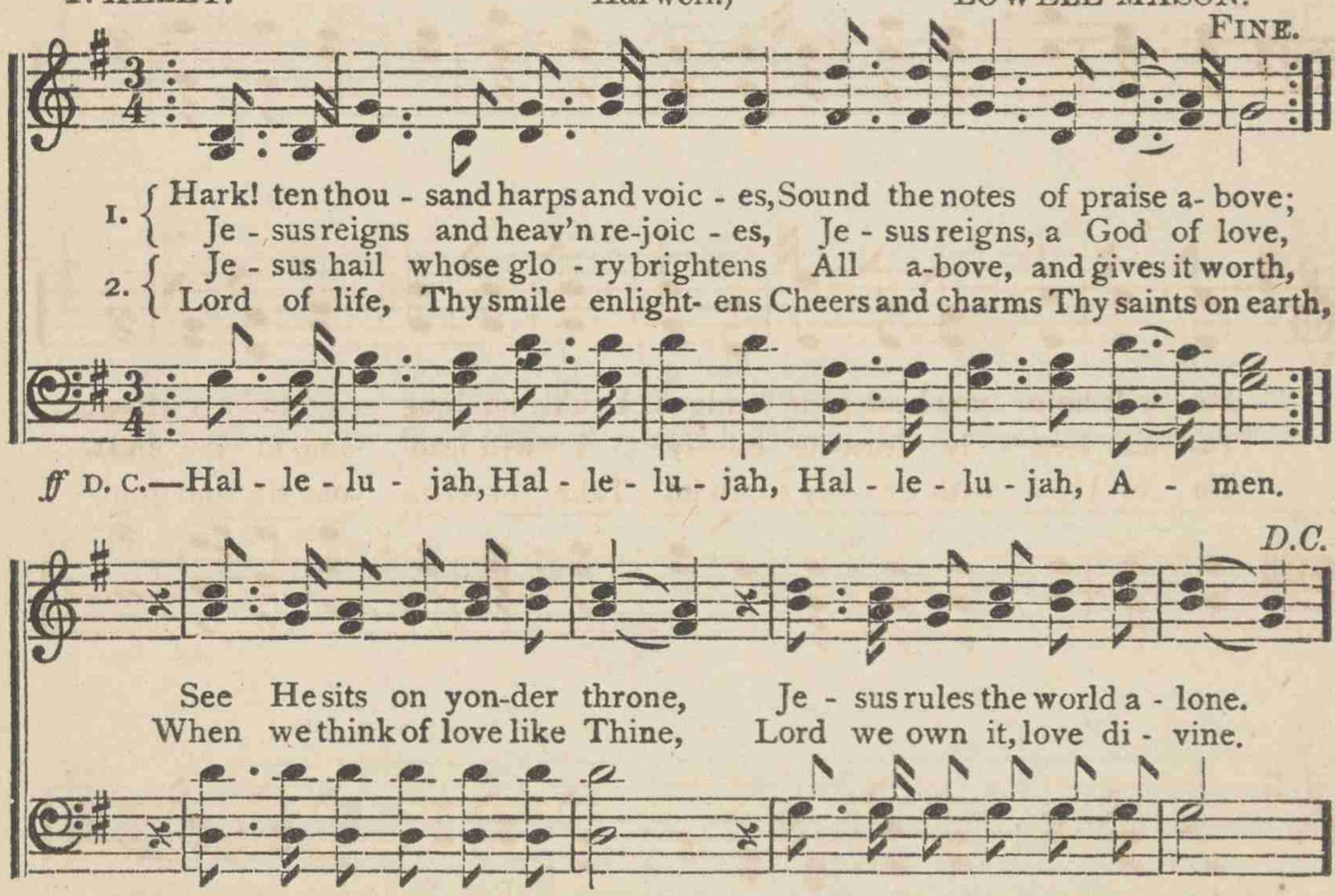
Go to Jesus.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 171. Hark Ten Thousand Harps.

T. KELLY. Harwell.) LOWELL MASON.



3 King of glory, reign forever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever,
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own,
Happy object of thy grace,
Chosen to behold His face.

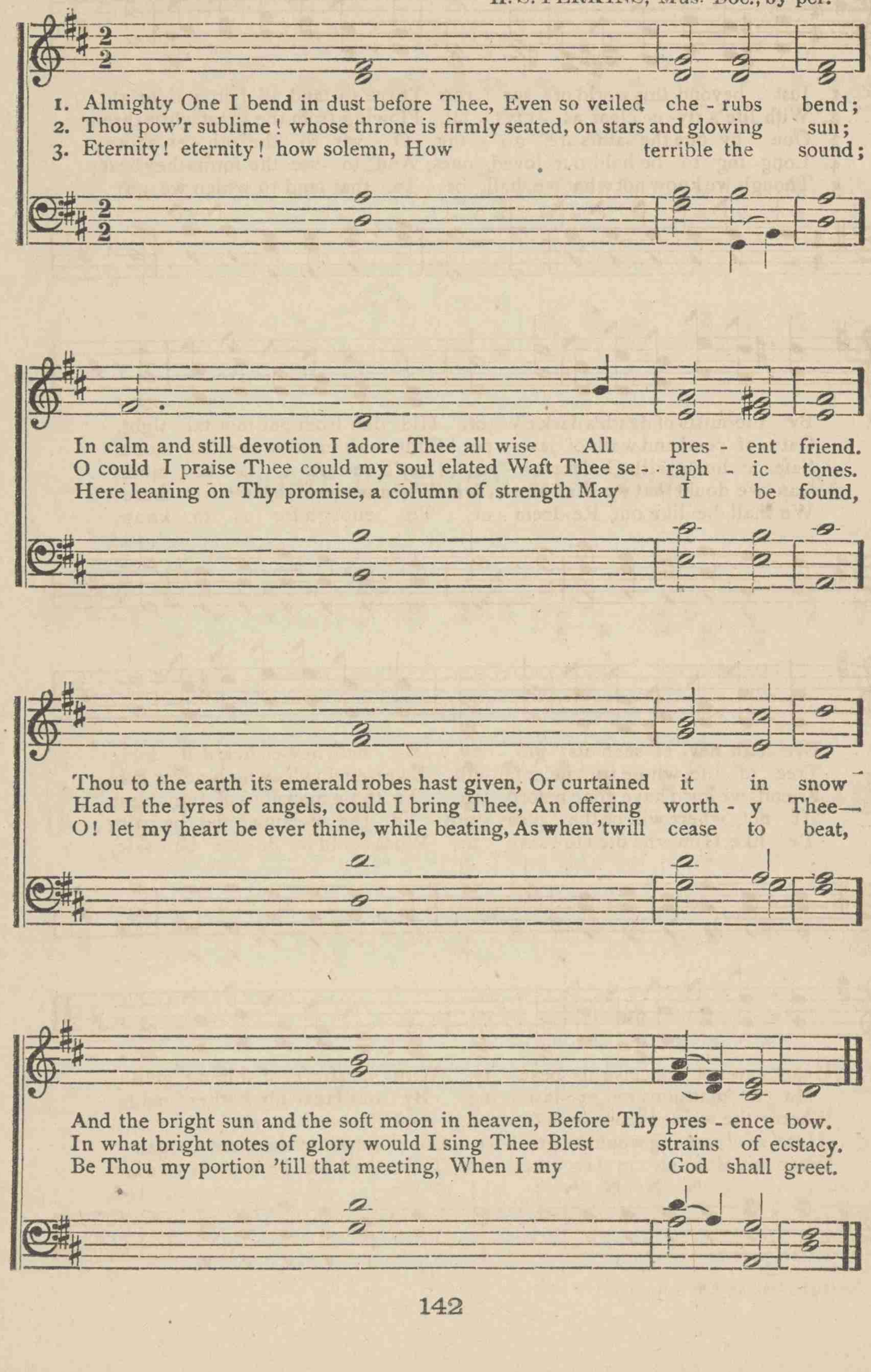
4 Saviour hasten thine appearing,
Bring O bring the glorious day;
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps will sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

No. 172.

Hymn Chant.
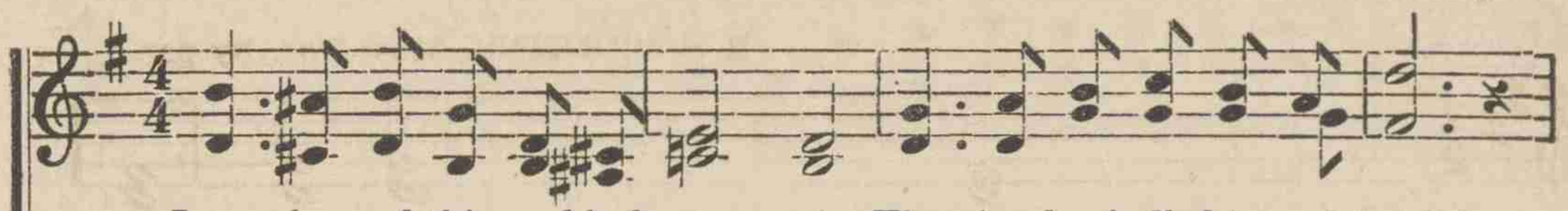
"ALMIGHTY ONE."

H. S. PERKINS, Mus. Doc., by per.

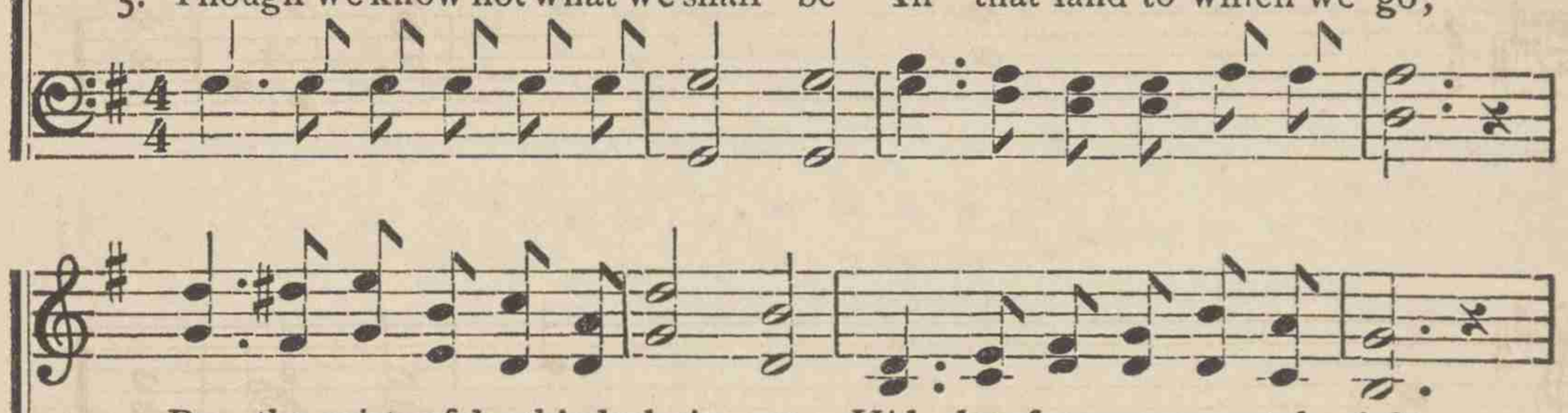


No. 173. Thoughts of Home.
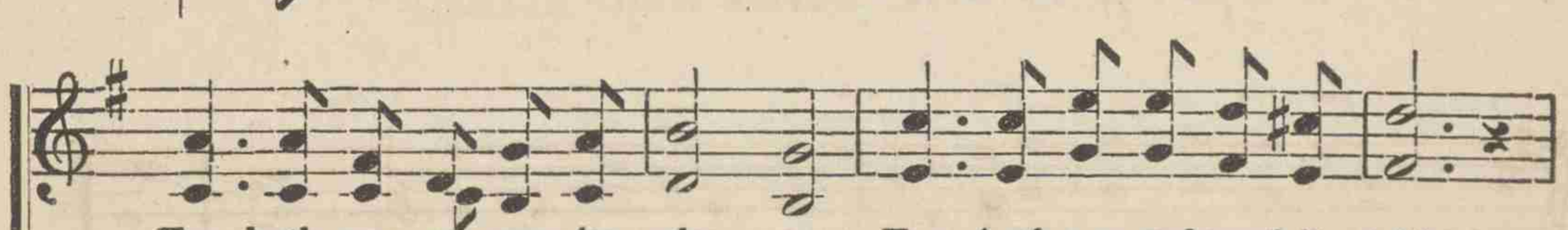
M. E. L. H. N. LINCOLN.



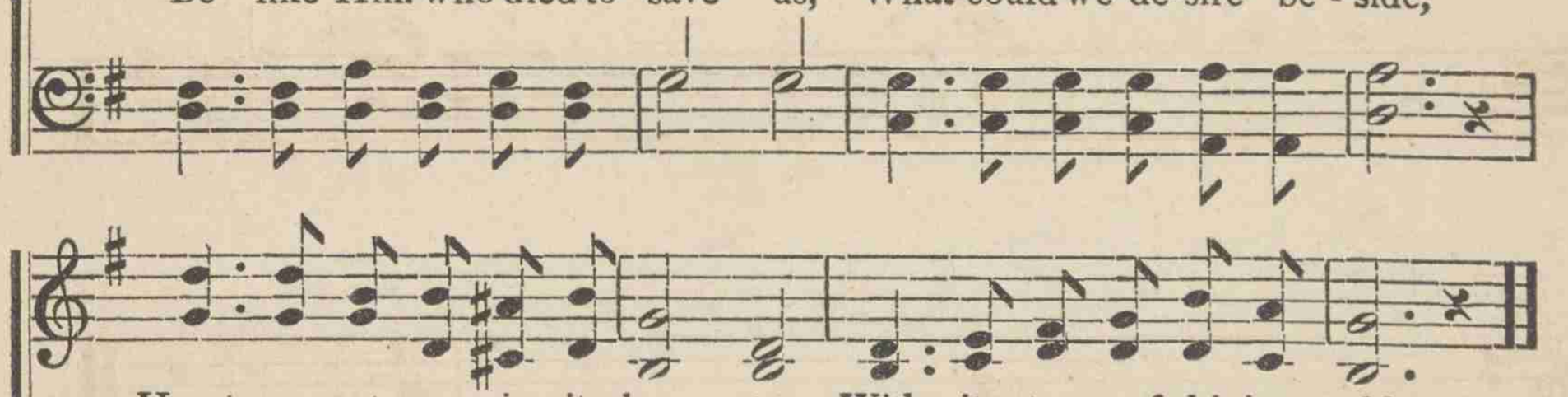
1. Just beyond this world of sor - row There's a land all fair and bright;
2. With life's riv- er clear as crys - tal, Flowing from the great white throne,
3. One by one the saints are go - ing, O - ver to the oth - er shore;
4. Long- ing to be-hold our loved ones, And to see the forms they bear;
5. Though we know not what we shall be In that land to which we go;



By the mists of death's dark riv - er, Hid- den from our mor-tal sight.
Gates of pearl and walls of jas - per, Built with many a precious stone.
Safe at home with God for-ev - er, They'll re-turn to us no more.
Can we doubt that we shall know them When we meet them "over there?"
We shall be like our Re-deem - er, 'Tis enough for us to know.



Eye hath nev- er seen its glo - ry, Ear hath nev-er heard it told,
Tree of life, whose fruit ne'er fail-eth, Sweetest flow'rs which never fade,
Friends we lov'd have gone before us To those mansions of the blest,
If not, where will be the pleas - ure Of the meeting? and the pain,
Be like Him who died to save us, What could we de-sire be - side;



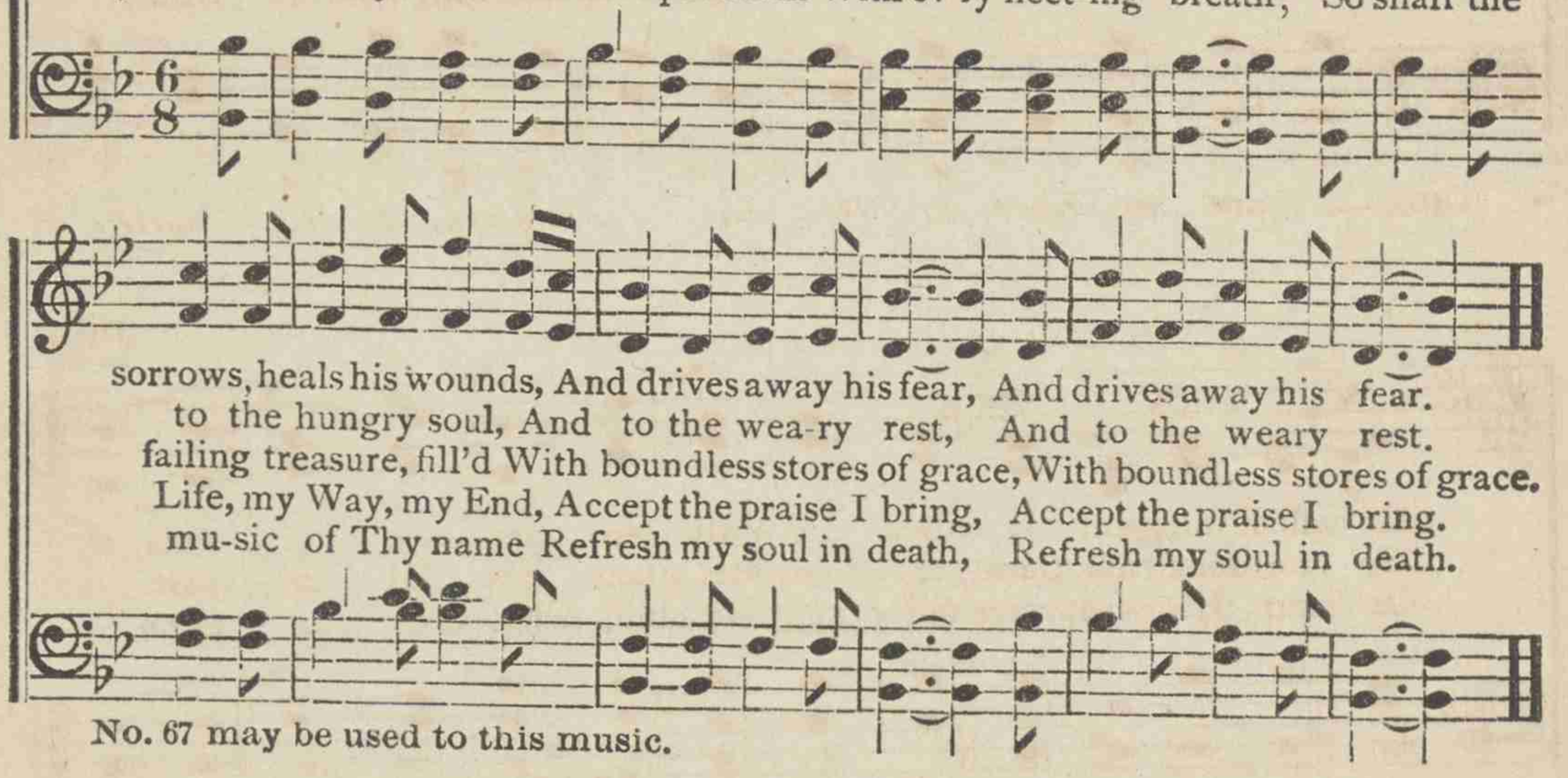
Heart can-not conceive its beau - ty, With its streets of shining gold,
Ma - ny mansions ev- er - last - ing. By our Heav'nly Father made.
Where "the wicked cease from troubling, And the wea- ry are at rest."
Here of part-ing would be great- er, Could we know them not a - gain.
When we wak- en in His like - ness, Then shall we be sat - is - fied.

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No. 174. How Sweet the Name.

(Ortonville.) T. HASTINGS.

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds, In a be- liev-er's ear; It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, And drives away his fear.
2. It makes the wounded spir-it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the wea-ry rest, And to the weary rest.
3. Dear Name, the Rock on which I build, My shield and and hiding place; My never failing treasure, fill'd With boundless stores of grace, With boundless stores of grace.
4. Jesus my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend; My Prophet, Priest and King; My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Accept the praise I bring, Accept the praise I bring.
5. I would Thy boundless love proclaim With ev'ry fleet-ing breath; So shall the mu-sic of Thy name Refresh my soul in death, Refresh my soul in death.



No. 67 may be used to this music.

No. 175. Song of the Heav'nly King.

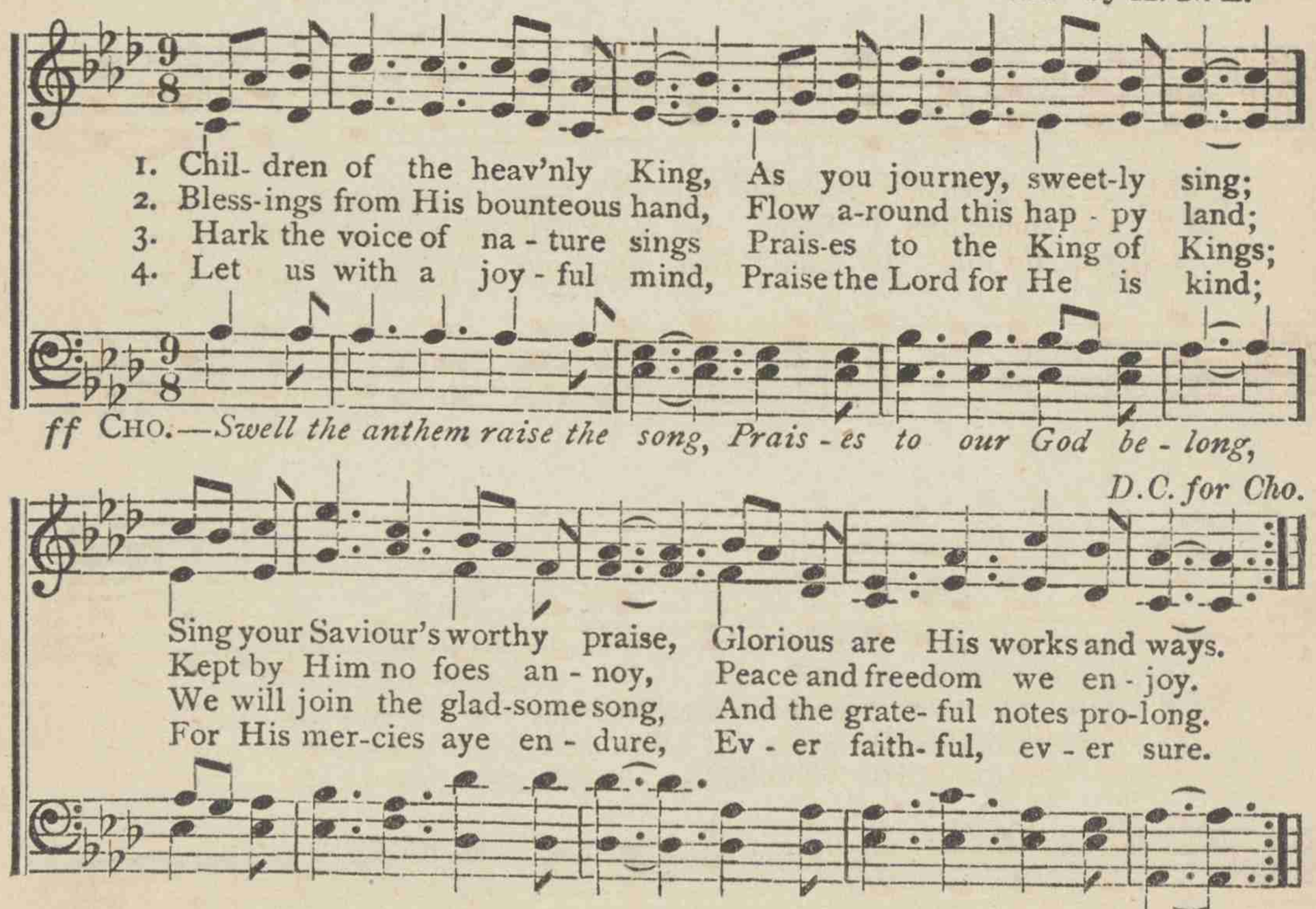
Arr. by H. N. L.

1. Chil- dren of the heav'nly King, As you journey, sweet-ly sing;
2. Bless-ings from His bounteous hand, Flow a-round this hap - py land;
3. Hark the voice of na - ture sings Prais-es to the King of Kings;
4. Let us with a joy - ful mind, Praise the Lord for He is kind;

ff CHO.—*Swell the anthem raise the song, Prais - es to our God be - long,*

D.C. for Cho.

Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious are His works and ways.
Kept by Him no foes an - noy, Peace and freedom we en - joy.
We will join the glad-some song, And the grate- ful notes pro-long.
For His mer-cies aye en - dure, Ev - er faith- ful, ev - er sure.



Saints and angels join to sing, Prais- es to the heav-'nly King.

No. 176. My Heart is in His Keeping.

Mrs. LAURA E. NEWELL. F. L. EILAND.

1. My heart is in His keep - ing, What peace, what joy is mine.
2. I brought Him all my bur - dens, My sel - fish way-ward heart,
3. That love past mor - tal tell - ing, Dear friend may now be thine,

CHO.—*I gave my heart to Je - sus, I har-kened to His voice,*

FINE.

He called me, gent - ly called me, With ten - der love di - vine.
He par-doned my trans-gres - sions, His grace He did im - part.
Oh hear His sweet voice call - ing, "My child what love is mine."

My heart is in His keep - ing, I in His love re - joice.

Oh! I had grown so wea - ry, I long had walked a - lone,
And tho' sometimes I wan - der, And His dear words for - get,
I gave my life to save thee, Oh, come to me and live,

D. C. for Cho.

When Je - sus called in mer - cy, And touched my heart of stone.
His ten - der voice re - calls me, For Je - sus loves me yet.
'Tis Je - sus now who seeks thee, To wel - come and for - give.

Copyright, 1892, by H. N. Lincoln.

No. 177. Crown, Harp and Song.

Words and music written at Kansas City, Mo., April 1888.

F. A. BLACKMER. H. N. LINCOLN.

Moderato.

1. I would do each du - ty here, I would fight and nev - er fear,
2. I would fol - low Je - sus now, At His feet would hum- bly bow,
3. To the Fa - ther and the Son, Who such wondrous things have done,

And the cross would meek-ly bear; And when past these scenes of strife,
Nev - er seek - ing earth - ly fame; And with Him I soon shall stand,
For a lost and ruin - ed race; I would sing thro' end- less days,

I shall then a *crown* of life, With the ran- somed ev - er wear.
With a *harp* with- in my hand, Harp- ing prais - es to His name.
Songs of ev - er- last - ing praise, For the gift of sav - ing grace.
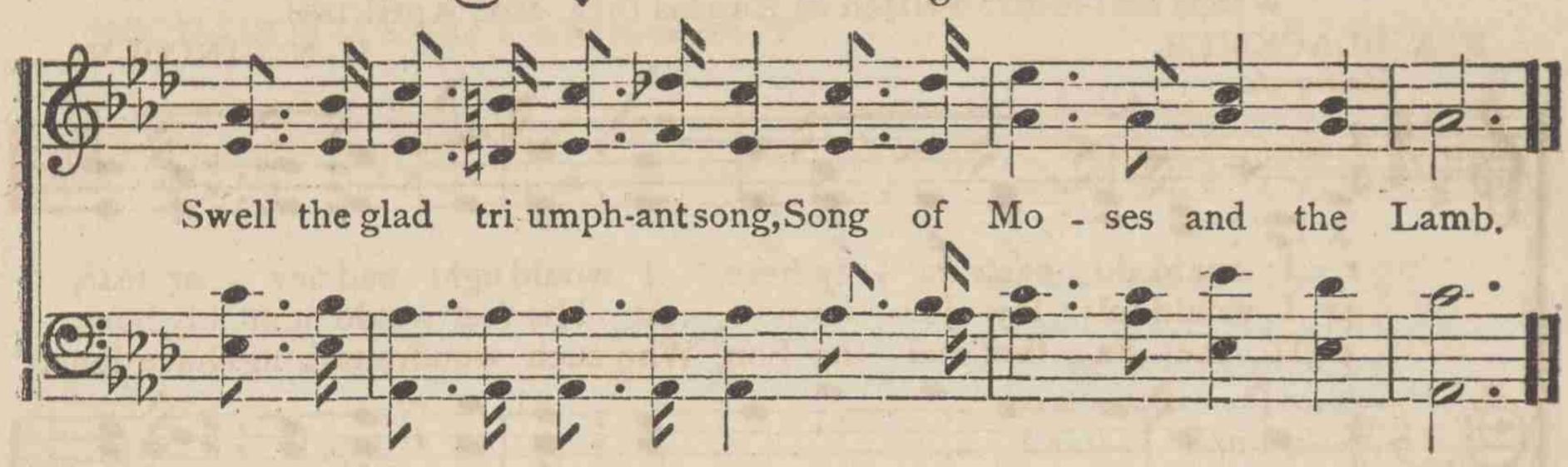
CHORUS.

O, a star - ry crown to wear, O, a gold - en harp to bear,

When be-fore the great I Am, All the might - y ran- som'd throng,

Copyright, 1888, by Lincoln & Blackmer.
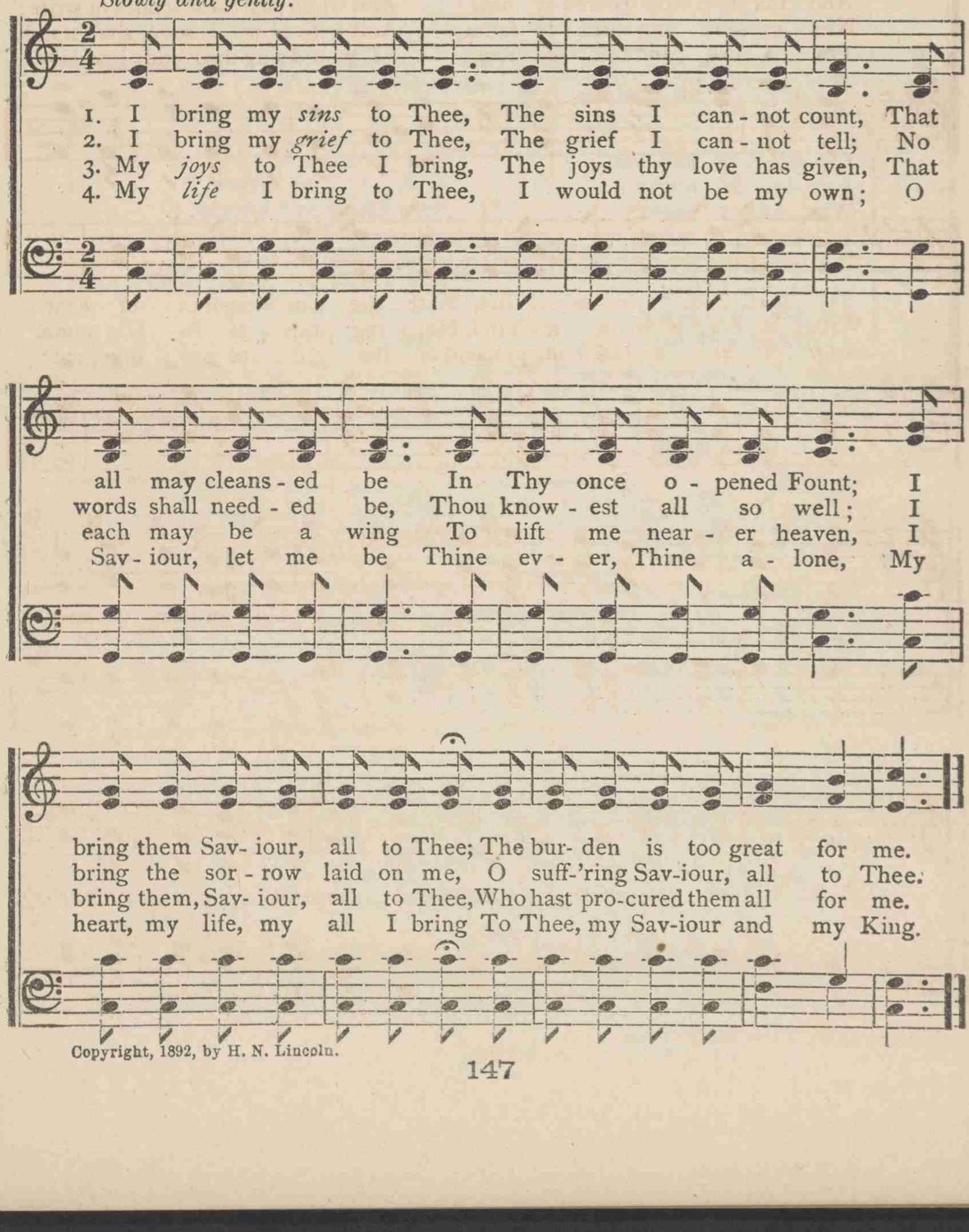
Crown, Harp and Song.—Concluded.



No. 178. The Complete Surrender. (Chant.)

F. R. HAVERGAL. H. N. LINCOLN.
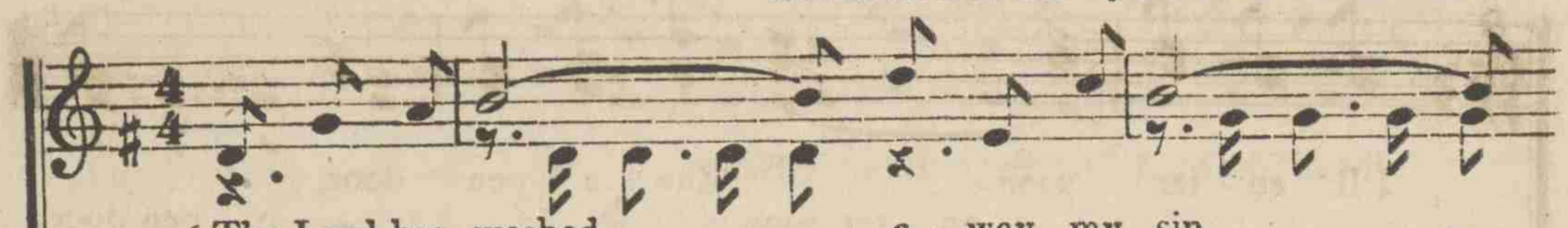
Slowly and gently.
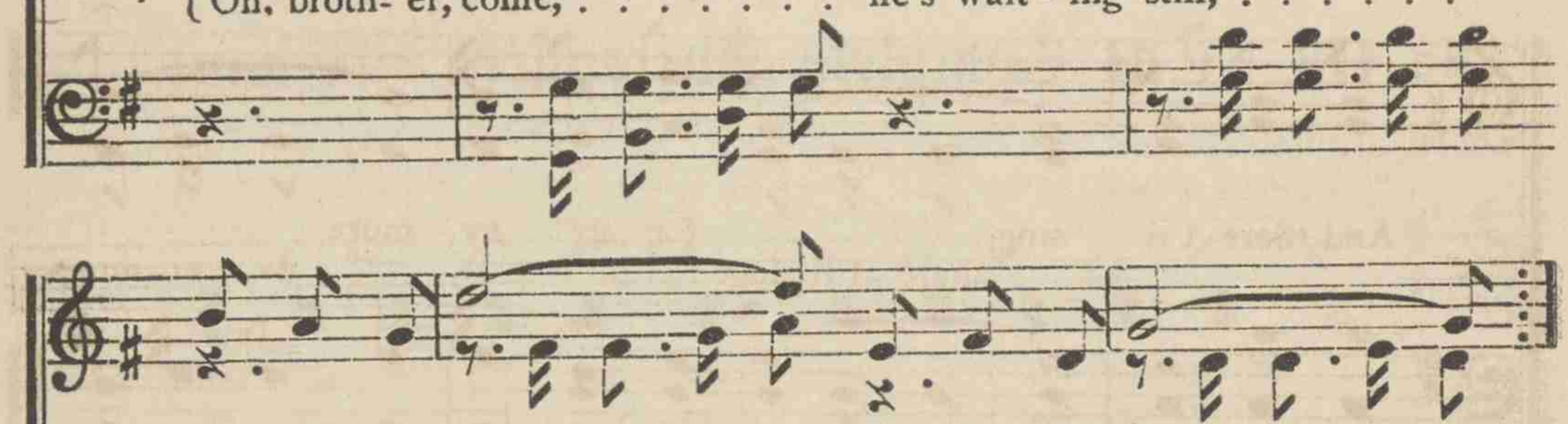


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No. 179. What Christ has Done for Me.

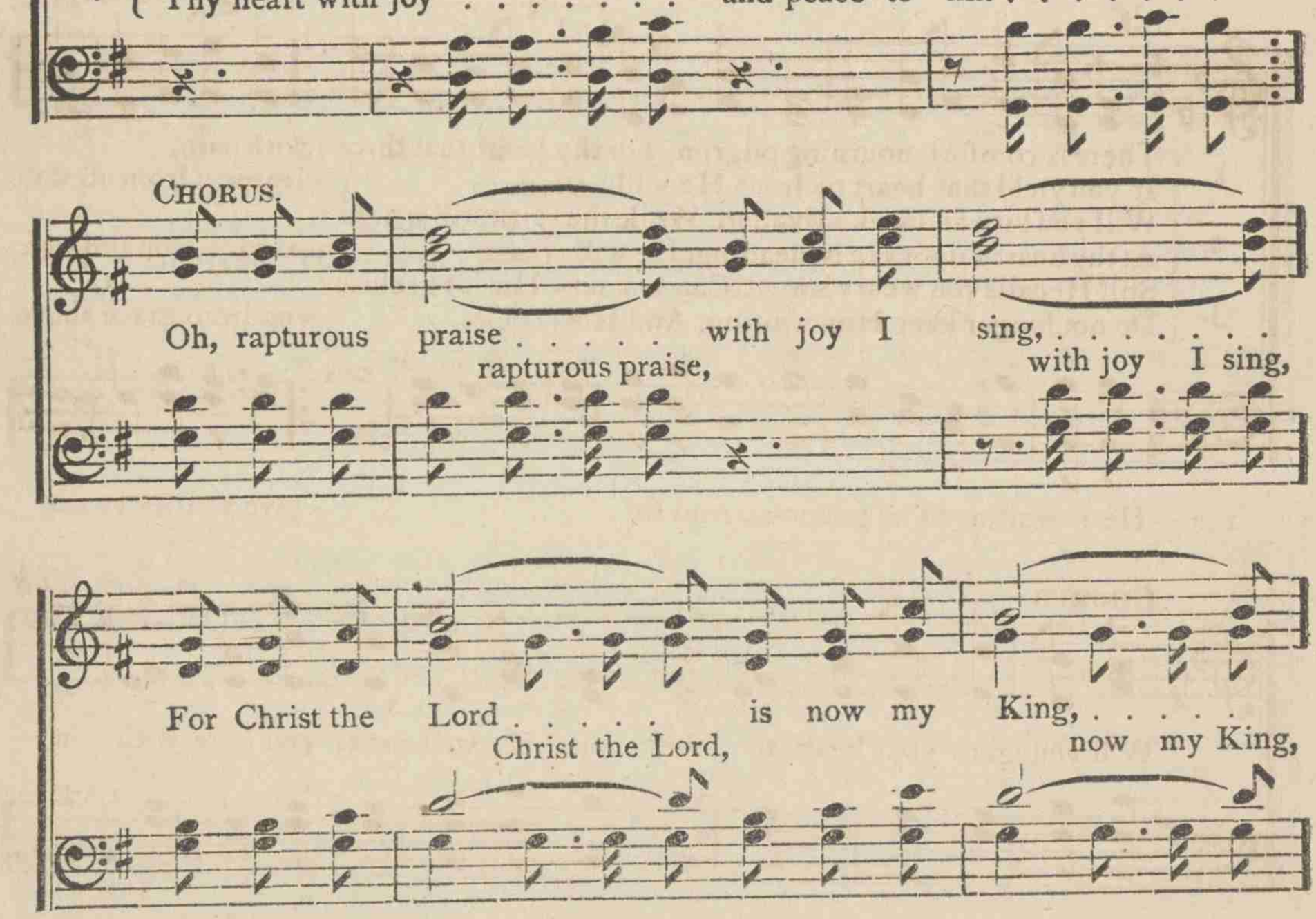
Words and Music by PETER BILHORN.



1. The Lord has washed . . . . . a - way my sin, ...
   His pre- cious blood . . . . . made sin de - part, ...
2. I'll ne'er for- get . . . . . the hap - py thought, ...
   By his own blood . . . . . my guilt - y soul, ...
3. Soon shall I stand . . . . . be - fore my King, ...
   With loved ones who . . . . . have gone be - fore, ...
4. Oh, hear the call . . . . . of Christ the King, ...
   Oh, broth- er, come, ... he's wait - ing still, ...



1. For when he knocked . . . . . I let him in; . . . . . .
   And now he reigns . . . . . with - in my heart. . . . . .
2. When first I heard . . . . . that Christ had bought, ...
   To cleanse, to save . . . . . to make me whole . . . . . .
3. His wondrous love . . . . . and grace to sing, ...
   In heav'n to sing . . . . . for ev - er - more. . . . . .
4. For per - fect peace . . . . . his word will bring; . . . . . .
   Thy heart with joy . . . . . and peace to fill. . . . . .



From Crowning Glory No. 1., by per.

I'll en - ter soon . . . . . the o - pen door, ...
en - ter soon o - pen door,

rit. . . . . . .

And there I'll sing . . . . . for ev - ev - more. . . . . .
there I'll sing ev - er- more.

No. 180. The Gospel Call.

Words and Music by J. C. NEWMAN.

f. 1 2 *Fine.*

1. There is comfort mourning pilgrim, For thy heart that throbs with pain,
If you yield that heart to Jesus He will (*Omit* . . . . .) cleanse it from all stain.

2. Will you turn and seek salvation, While the spirit still is nigh?
At thy heart's door He is pleading, He will (*Omit* . . . .) heal each woe and sigh.

3. Still He calls you weary sinner, Can you now His love refuse?
Do not longer keep Him waiting, And His (*Omit* . . . .) wondrous grace abuse.

D.S.—He is waiting to be gracious, And for - give your ev'ry sin.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Will you give your heart to Je - sus? He will make you pure with - in,

No. 181. The New "Home Sweet Home."

Words and Music by W. A. HALL.

1. There is a wondrous cit - y, e - ter-nal-ly it stands, Built in a heav'nly coun-try, with- out the touch of hands; Where never comes a sorrow, its streets by an-gels trod, A home of end- less rap- ture, the cit - y of our God.
2. The Lord of life and glo- ry, came from this home so fair, That wretched dying sinners, His home with Him might share; He suffered in the Garden, He died on Calvary's tree, And all who trust Him ful - ly, His glo-rious home shall see.
3. And millions of the ransomed, of every tongue and tribe, Surround His throne e- ter- nal, their prais-es to as-cribe; They laud the precious Saviour, who gave His life for them, They shine as stars in glo - ry, in His own di- a - dem.
4. The throng of lit- tle chil-dren, in that great upper fold, "Safe in the arms of Je- sus," from earthly taint and mold; They're singing in the chorus, of heav-en's end-less psalm, And shar-ing in the glo - ry, of Cal- vary's bleeding Lamb.

CHORUS.

O that beauti-ful home, Home sweet Home of the soul, Where we shall
O that home, O that home

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The New "Home Sweet Home."—Concluded.

ev-ermore dwell, While ages unceasing-ly roll, Where we shall ev-ermore

Coda ad lib. Very slow and soft.

dwell, While a-ges unceasingly roll. Home! Home! Sweet Home!
evermore dwell,

No. 182. Christian Fellowship.

(Manoah.) GREATOREX.

1. How sweet how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord;
2. When each can feel his broth-er's sigh, And with him bear a part;
3. Let love in one de-light - ful stream, Thro' ev - 'ry bos - om flow,
4. Love is the gold - en chain that binds The hap - py souls a - bove;

In one an- oth- er's peace de - light, And so ful - fill his word.
When sor - row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.
And u - nion sweet with fond es - teem, In ev - 'ry ac - tion glow.
And he's an heir of heav'n who finds, His bos - om glow with love.

No. 183. Jesus Master.

Words and Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

SOP. SOLO. *Andante con expressione.*

1. O'er life's dark and troub-led sea, Je - sus Mas-ter, pi - lot me!
2. Storms are rag - ing wild and free, O my Sav-iour, pi - lot me!

Organ.

Where the rest - less bil - lows roll O - ver hid - den rock and shoal.
Clouds and dark - ness hide the sky, Un - seen dan - gers hov - er nigh.

QUARTETT.

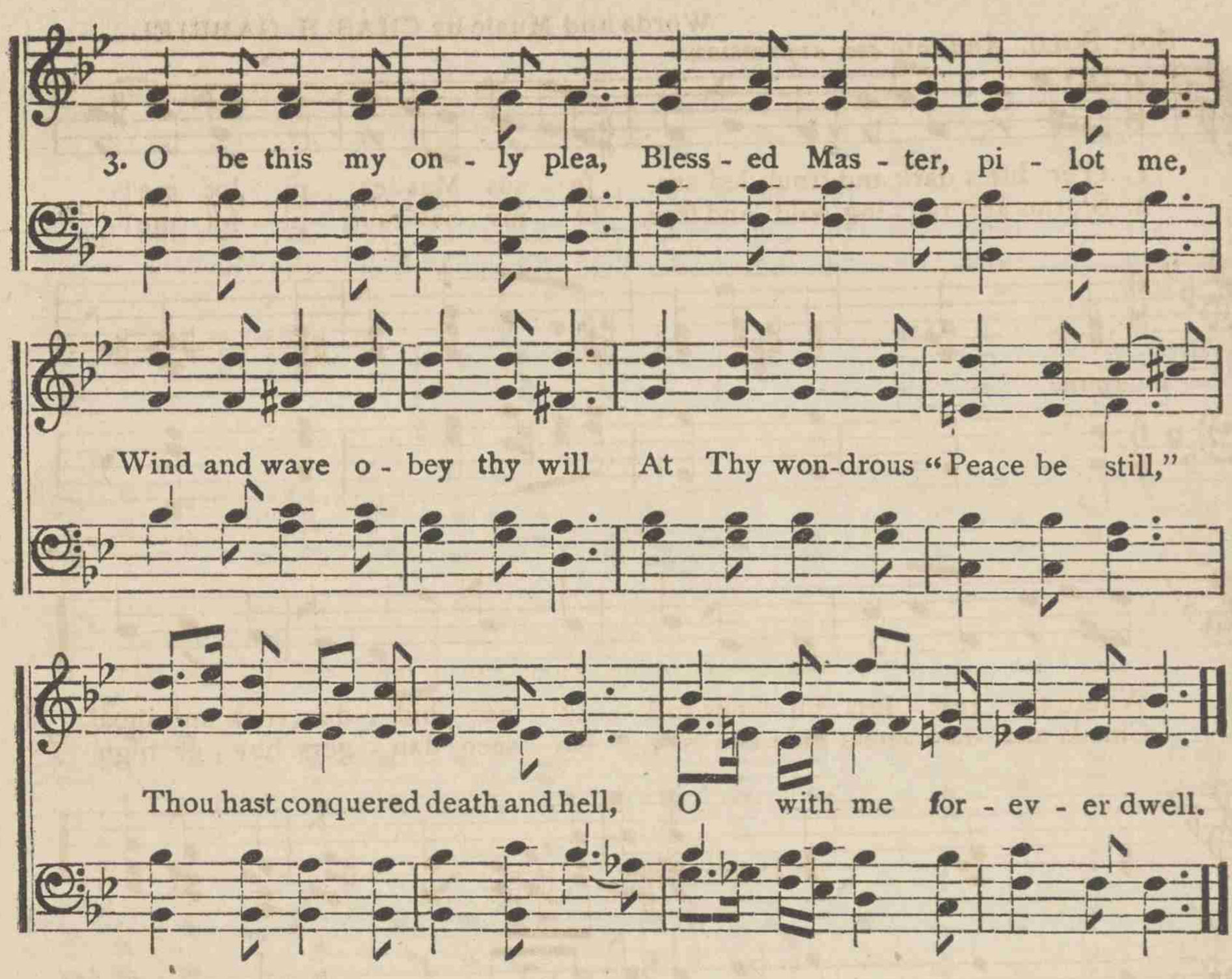
With its winds and waves unknown, I can nev er go a - lone;
But if Thou wilt be my guide, Safe - ly I shall cross the tide,

D.C. 2d Stanza.

Je - sus Mas - ter, Je - sus Mas - ter, Je - sus Mas-ter, pi - lot me.
Je - sus Mas - ter, Je - sus Mas - ter, Je - sus Mas-ter, pi - lot me.

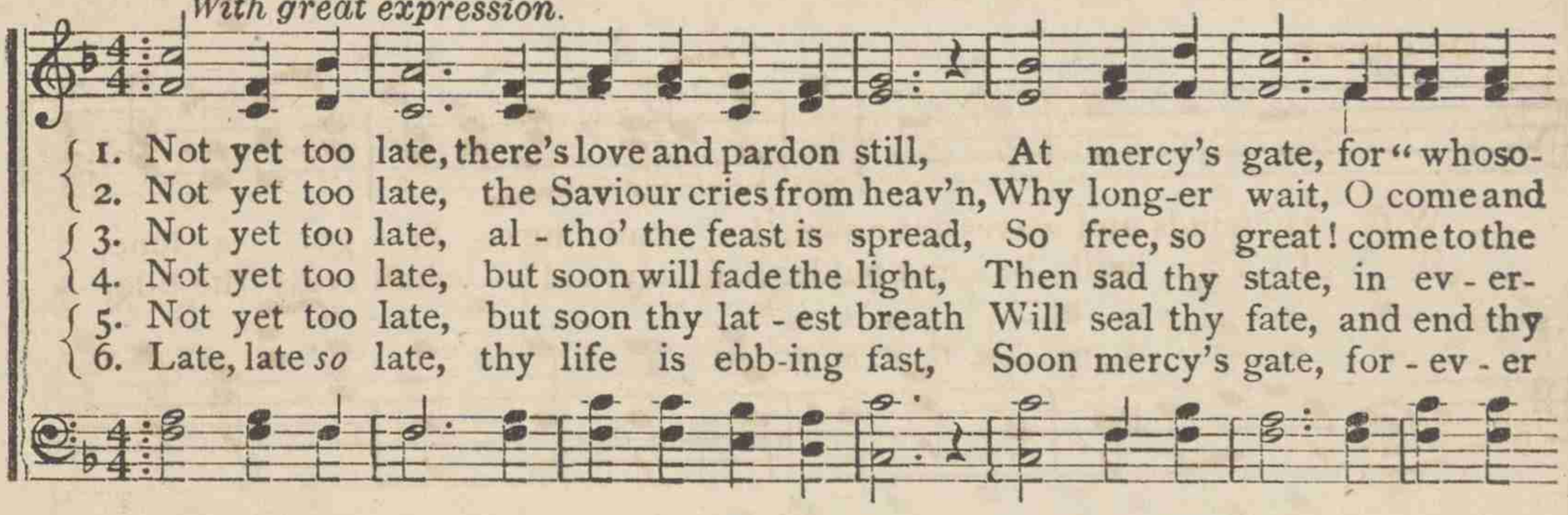
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Jesus Master.—Concluded.



No. 184. Not Yet Too Late.

W. A. W. Rev. W. A. WILLIAMS.



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No. 185. Hear Ye the Promise.

D. R. LUCAS. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Her- alds of Je - sus, bear - ing the word, Through all the na- tions,
2. Na- tions are call - ing, heed, ye the call Je - sus is reign- ing
3. Na- tions are wait - ing, wait - ing for light, Ban - ish the dark- ness,

hear ye the Lord; Lift up the ban- ner, let it extend, Je- sus is
high o - ver all; He will be with you, ban - ish your fears, Sow ye the
scat - ter the night; What e'er oppos - es must not de-lay, Je- sus is

CHORUS.

with you un - to the end.
seed and wa - ter with tears.
with you, with you al-way.

} Hear ye the promise of the Sav-iour di-vine,

To the her - alds of the Gos - pel's blessed day; All of the kingdoms of the

earth shall be mine, Fal - ter not, for I will be with you al- way.

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No. 186.

A Lullaby.

ALFRED TENNYSON. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Sweet and low, Winds of the west - ern sea,
2. Sleep and rest, Father will Come to thee soon.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,

Breathe and blow, Winds of the west - ern sea.
On my breast, Father will come to thee soon.

Breathe and blow breathe and blow,
On my breast, On my breast,

O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go Come from the dy - ing
Fa - ther will come to his bird in the nest, sil - ver sails will

moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me,
come from the West, Un - der the sil - ver moon,

Rit e dim.

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

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No. 187. Rain on the Roof.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. When the hu - mid shad- ows hov- er O- ver all the star - ry spheres,
2. Ev - ery tin - kle on the shin-gles, Has an ech - o in the heart,
3. Now in fan - cy comes my moth- er, As she used to years a gone,
4. Then my lit - tle ser - aph sis - ter With her wings and wav-ing hair,

And the mel - an - chol - y darkness, Gent- ly weeps in rain - y tears;
And a thous- and dream- y fan- cies In - to bus - y be - ing start;
To sur- vey her darl - ing dreamers, Ere she left them till the dawn;
And her brighteyed chur - ub broth- er A ser- ene, an - gel - ic pair;

What a joy to press the pil- low Of a cot tage cham- ber bed,
And a thous- and rec - ol - lections Weave their bright hues in - to woof,
O! I see her bend - ing o'er me As I list to this re - frain,
Glide around my wake - ful pil- low, With their praise or mild re - proof,

And to list - en to the pat- ter Of the soft rain o- ver-head.
As I list - en to the pat- ter Of the rain up- on the roof.
Which is played up - on the shin-gles By the pat - ter of the rain.
As I list - en to the mur-mur Of the rain up- on the roof.

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Rain on the Roof. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

O the mel - o - dy of na - ture, That sub-
O the pat- ter, pat- ter, pat- ter, pat- ter, pat- ter, pat- ter,

- dued, sub - du- ing strain, Which is played up - on the shin-gles, By the

pat-ter of the rain, O the joy to press the
pat-ter, pat-ter of the rain, O the pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter,

pil-low Of a cot- tage cham- ber bed, And to list-en
pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter O'er my cham- ber bed,

Repeat pp.

to the pat- ter, Of the soft rain O - ver head.
pat- ter, pat- ter, pat- ter, pat- ter, pat-ter, pat- ter, O - ver head.
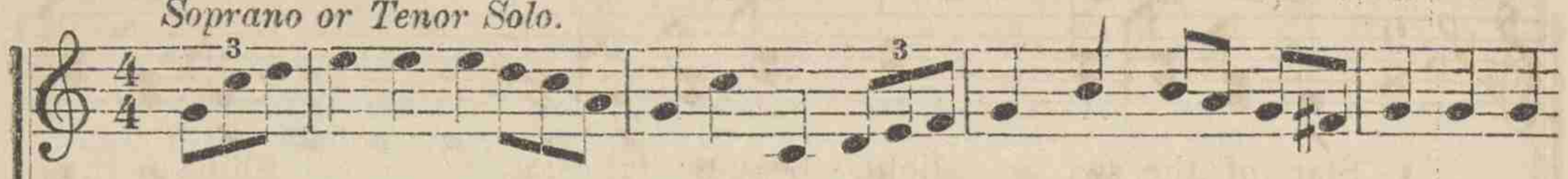
Class tap gently on the back of their books all the way through the Refrain.

No. 188. Sweet Evening Bells.
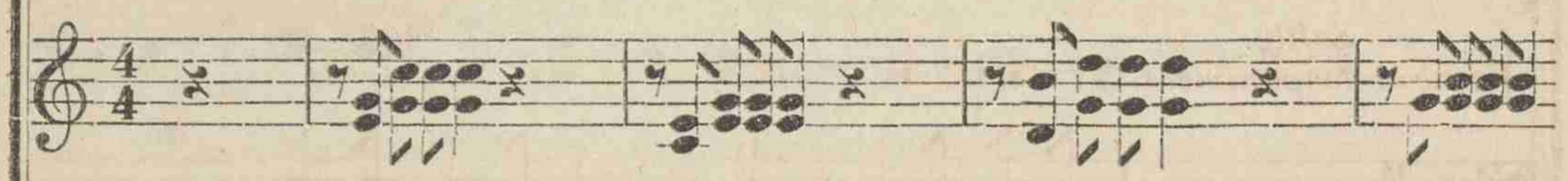
To the Star Bell Music Co.

THOMAS MOORE. H. N. LINCOLN.
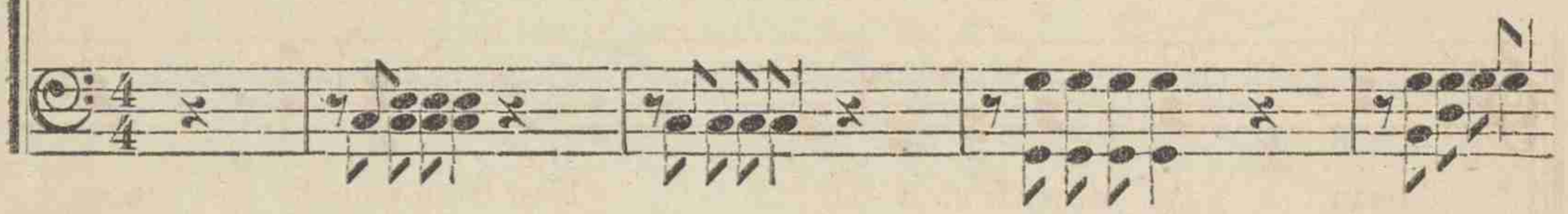
Soprano or Tenor Solo.



1. Sweet evening bells sweet evening bells, How ma - ny a tale their mu-sic tells,
2. Those joyous hours are pass'd a-way, And ma - ny a heart that then was gay,
3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, The tune-ful lay will still peal on,
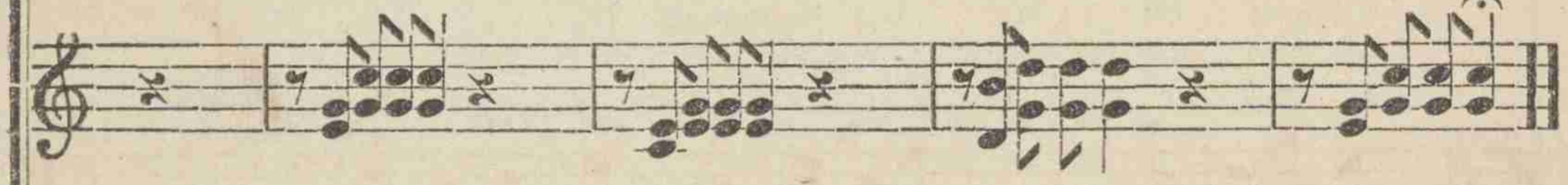


1. Sweet evening bells, Sweet evening bells, How many a tale, their music tells,
2. Those joyous hours, Are pass'd away, And many a heart, that then was gay
3. And so 'twill be, When I am gone, The tuneful lay, will still peal on

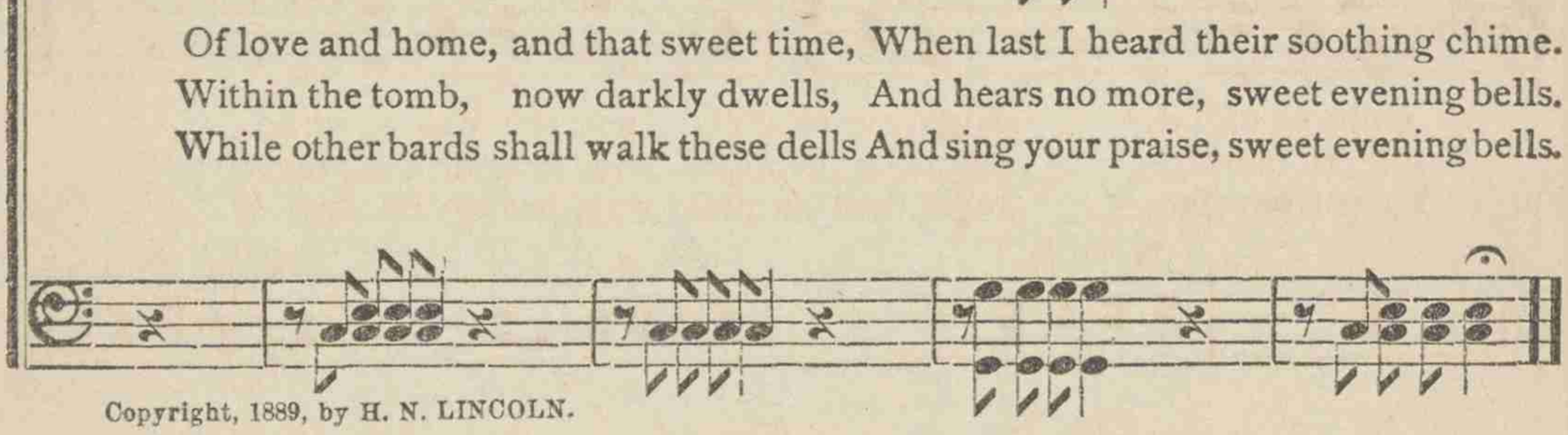




Of love and home, and that sweet time, When last I heard their soothing chime.
With - in the tomb now darkly dwells, And hears no more sweet evening bells.
While oth-er bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise sweet evening bells.



Of love and home, and that sweet time, When last I heard their soothing chime.
Within the tomb, now darkly dwells, And hears no more, sweet evening bells.
While other bards shall walk these dells And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.



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No. 189. Christmas Bells.

1 O Christmas bells! glad Christmas bells,
A message sweet your music tells,
Of peace and love, good-will on earth,
To consecrate the Saviour's birth.

2 Ring, Christmas bells your anthem song,
Let echoes far the strain prolong;
By word of prayer and note of praise,
We celebrate this day of days.

No. 190. Star of the Twilight.

To the Star Bell Music Co.

H. N. LINCOLN.

Duet obligato.

1. Star of the twi - light, beau-ti - ful star, Shine in thy
2. Eag- er - ly watch - ing, waiting for thee, Look we at
3. This is our greet - ing, signalled a - far, Star of the

Softly.

Vocal accompaniment. Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

beau - ty, down from a - far; Rest from your la - bors,
eve - 'ning, o'er the dark sea; Soon as you shin - est,
twi - light, beau-ti - ful star; Watch o'er us kind - ly,

Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la,

children of toil, Night closes o'er you rest you a- while.
soft on the air, Borne by the night- wind, floateth our prayer.
home from afar, Light then our path- way, beauti- ful star.

rit.

la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

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No. 191. Away to My Mountain Home.

Mrs. T. M. GRIFFIN. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. My heart will yearn,'mid the chilling pride Of the world in its mar- ble halls,
2. I long to climb o'er the mountain's brow And to rest by the bubbling spring,
3. I long to seek for the blue hare-bell As it blooms by the laughing streams,
4. I long to hear from the cot- tage door As they fell on the twilight air,

For home,sweet home, on the mountain side, For I love its humble walls,
For soft and green is the turf I trow; And the wild birds sweetly sing,
And catch the sounds of the cur- few knell, As I hear it in my dreams,
The songs we sang, in the days of yore, At the hour of evening pray'r,

CHORUS.

O I love its humble walls. A - way to my home,
And the wild birds sweetly sing. A - way, a - way to my mountain home,
As I hear it in my dreams.
At the hour of evening pray'r. A-way, a-way, to my mountain home,

By the side of the rills. A - way, I'll not
By the side of sparkling rills. A - way, a - way, I'll no
Close by the side of the shaded rippling rills, A-way, a-way, no

roam, From my home on the hills.
long - er roam From my home sweet home on the bright and hap - py hills.
longer will I roam From home sweet home on the bright and hap - py hills.

This song is also published in sheet form by the Author, Dallas, Texas.
It has a charming Accompaniment. Price, 25 cts.
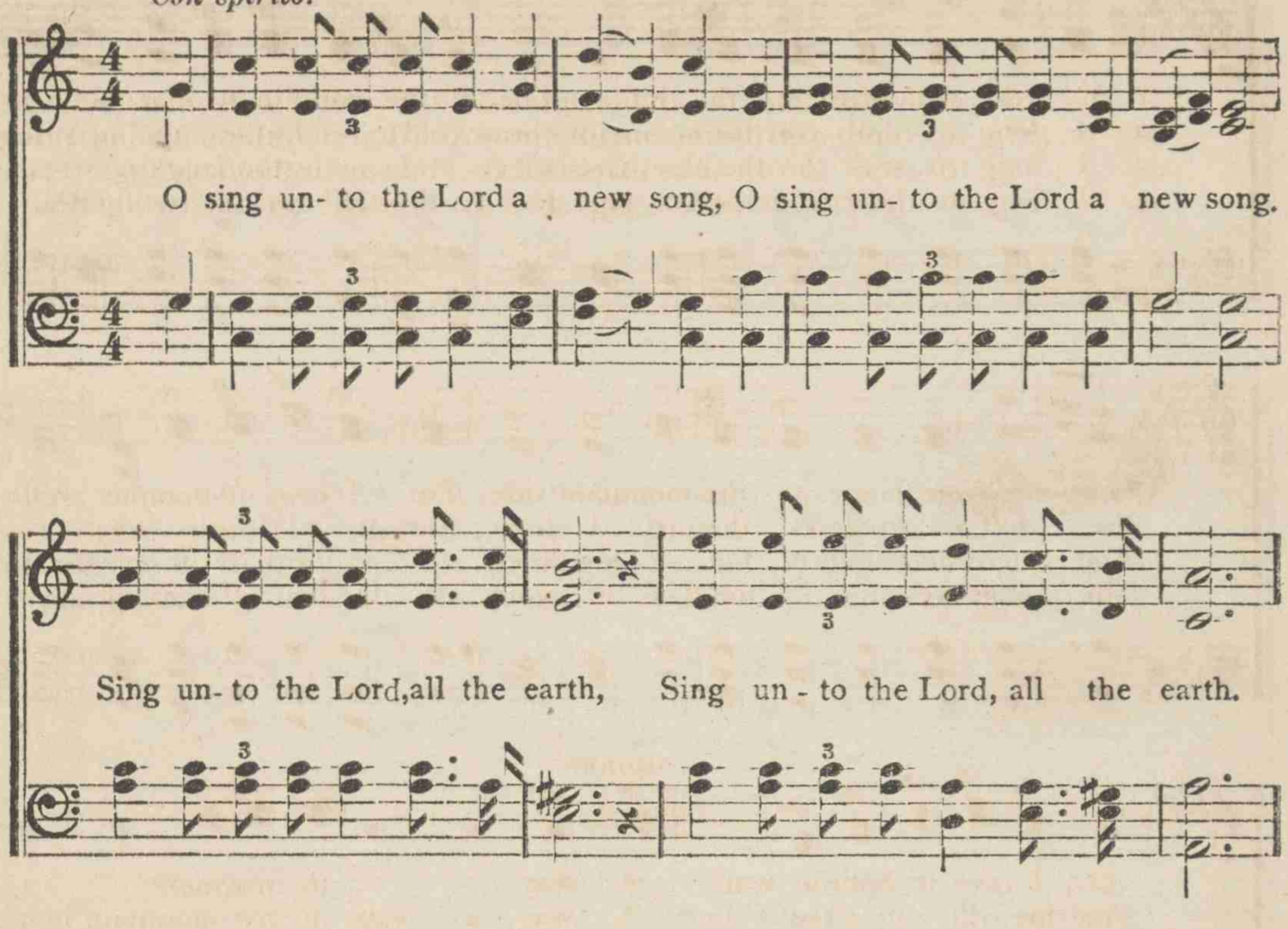
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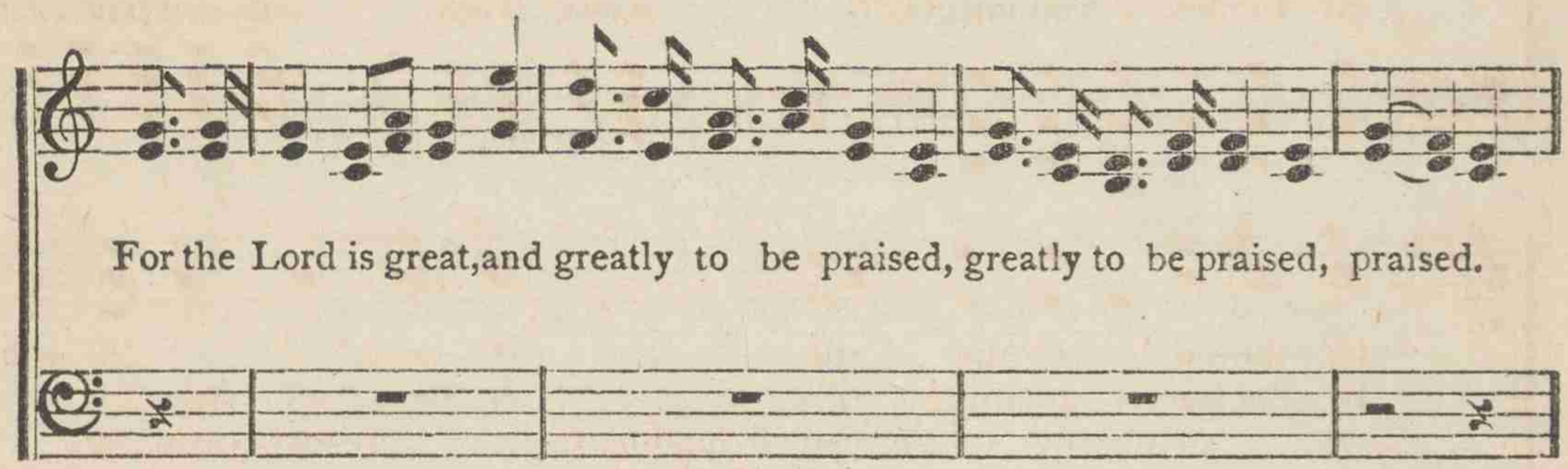
No. 192. O Sing Unto The Lord.

An especial contribution to this work.

F. M. DAVIS.
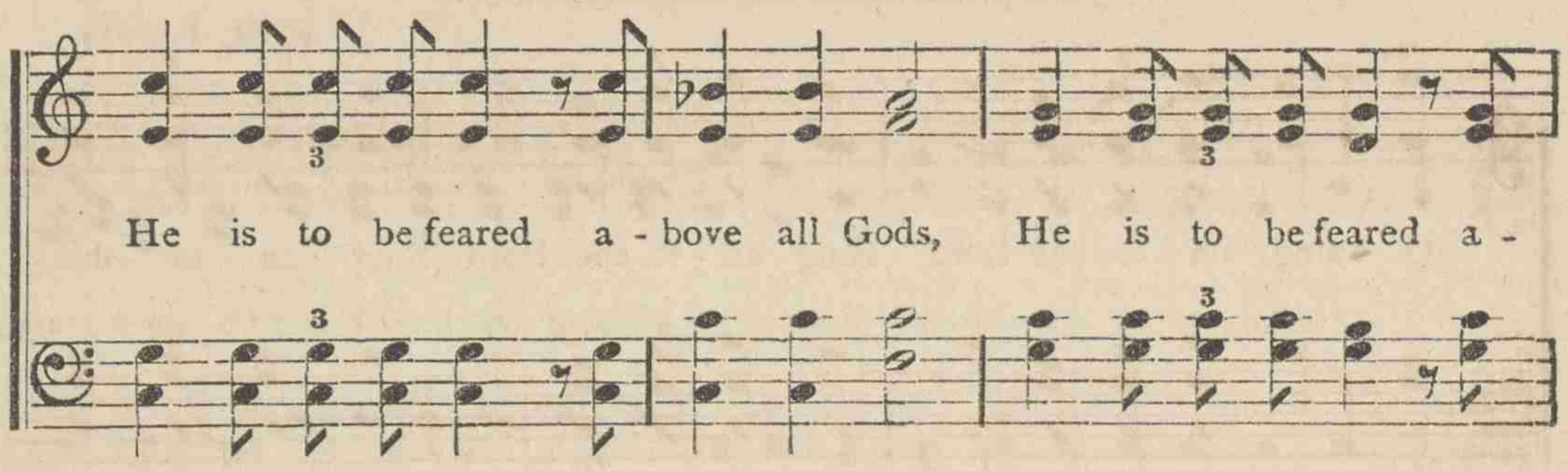
Con spirito.
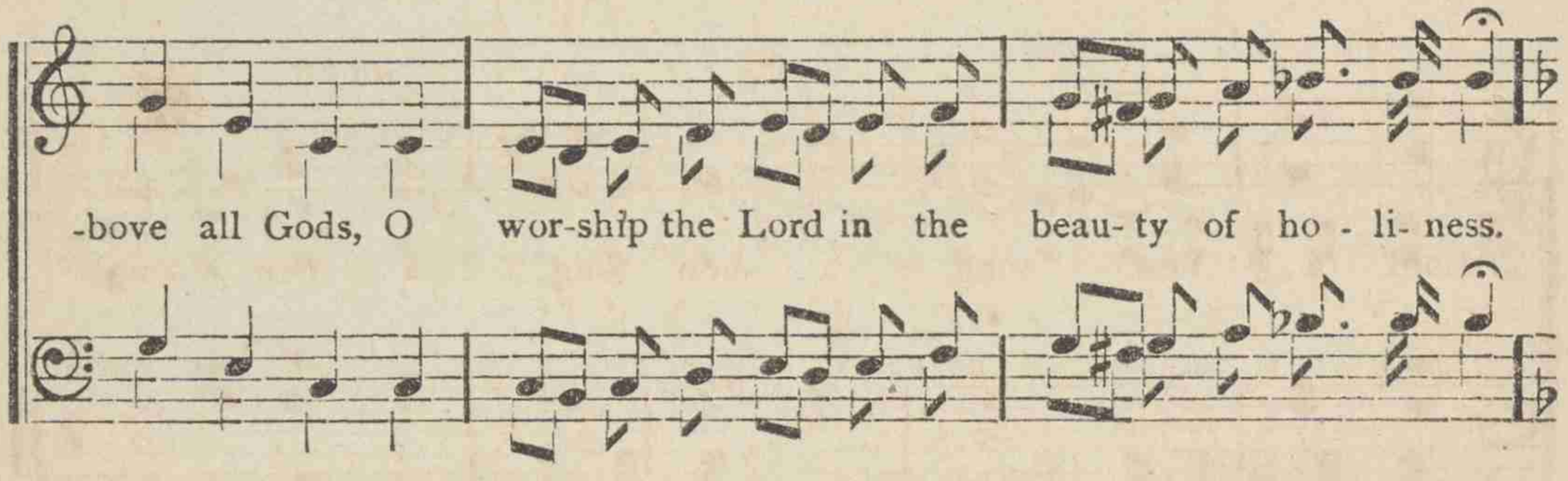




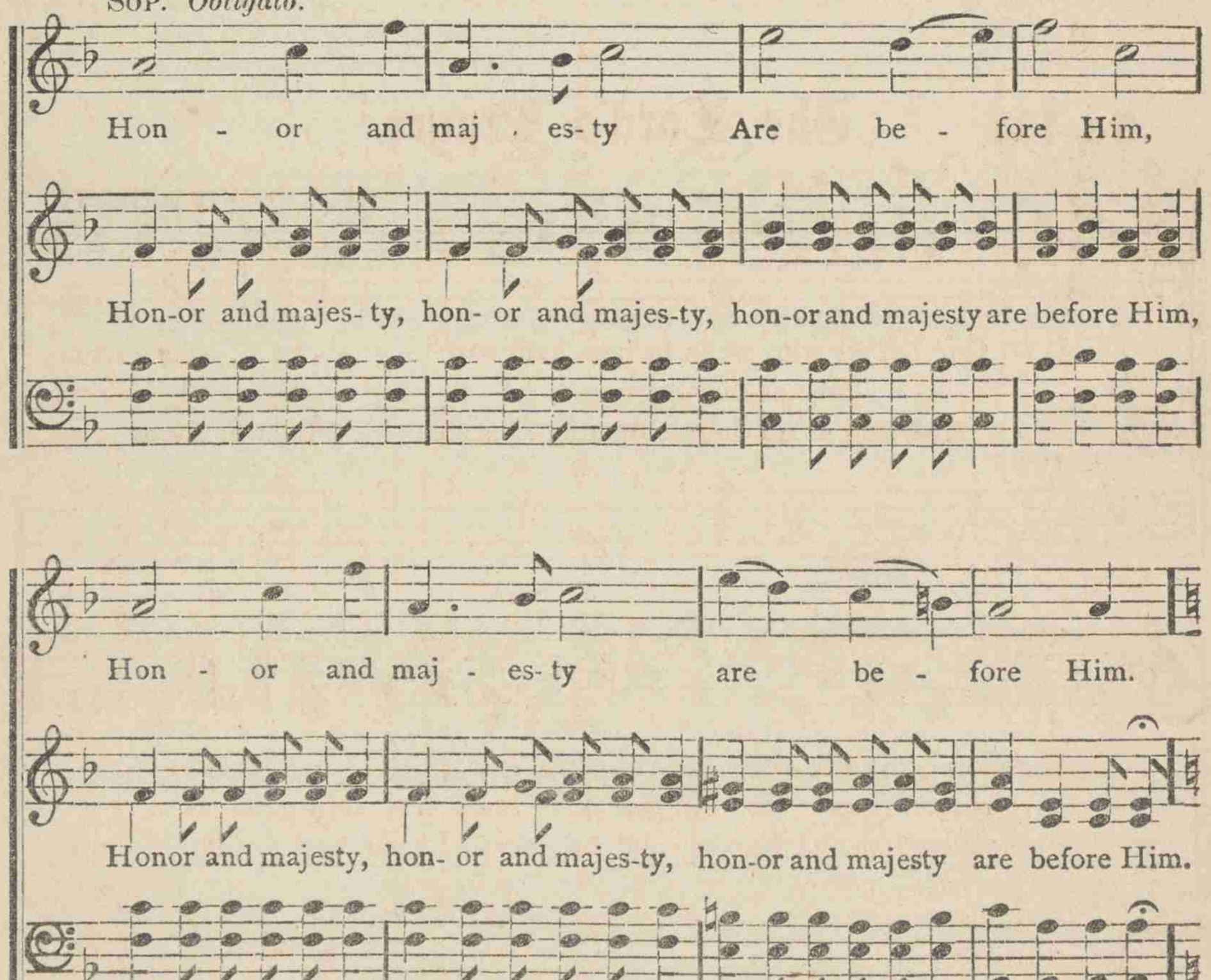
Coppright, 1889, by H. N. LINCOLN.

O Sing Unto The Lord.—Continued.
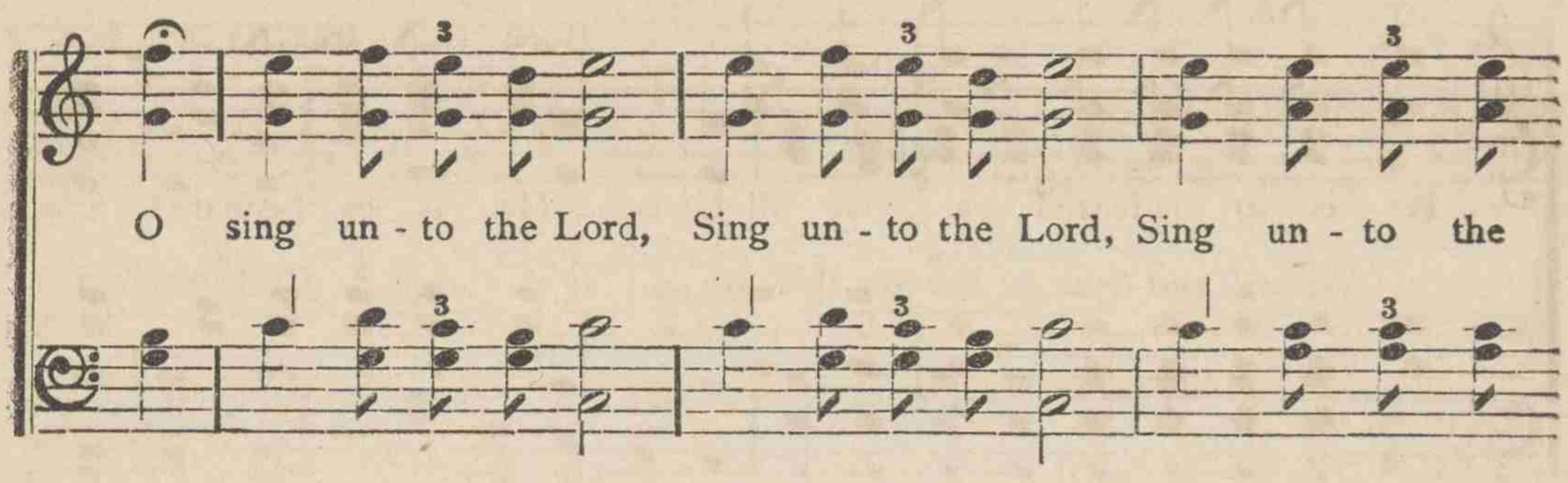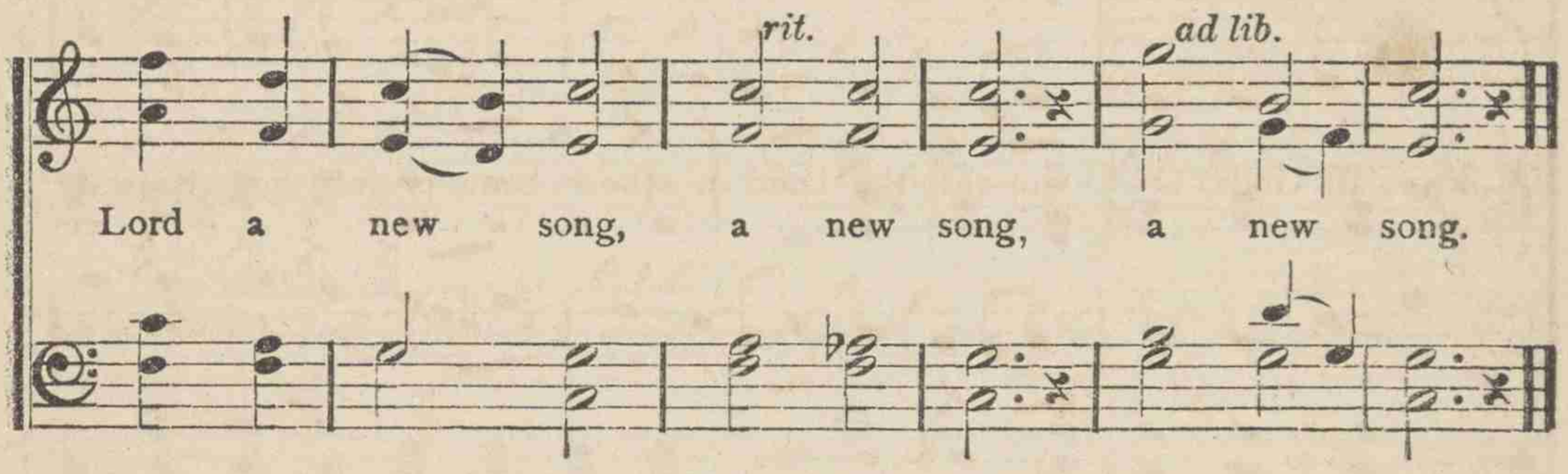




Sop. *Obligato.*
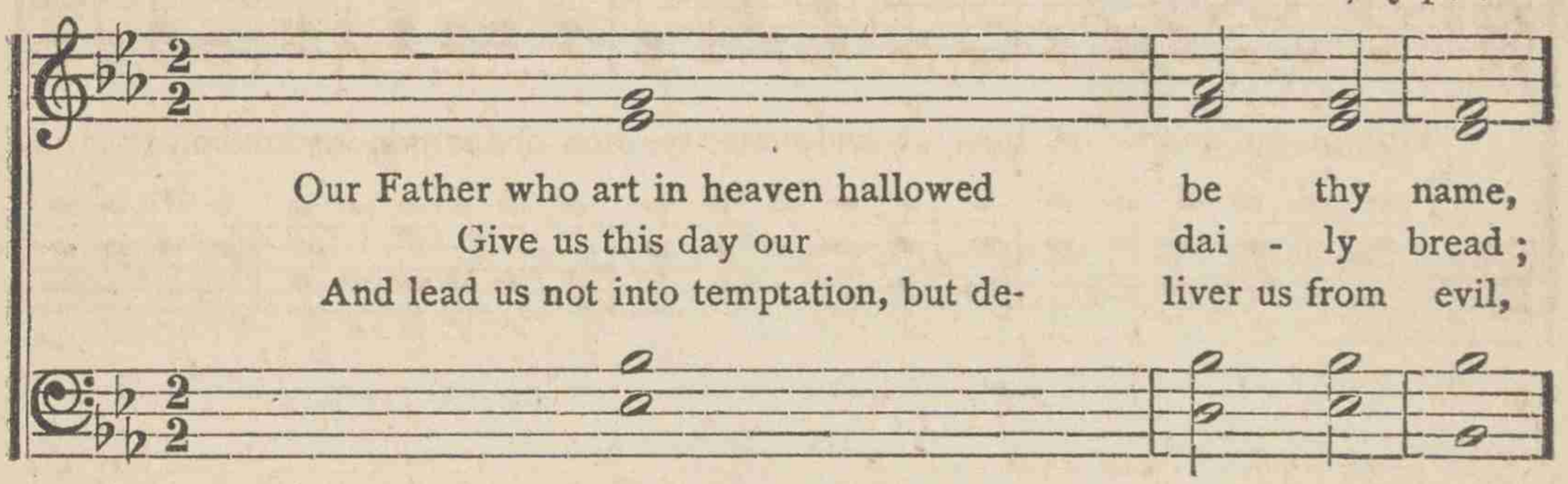


O Sing Unto The Lord.—Concludeā.

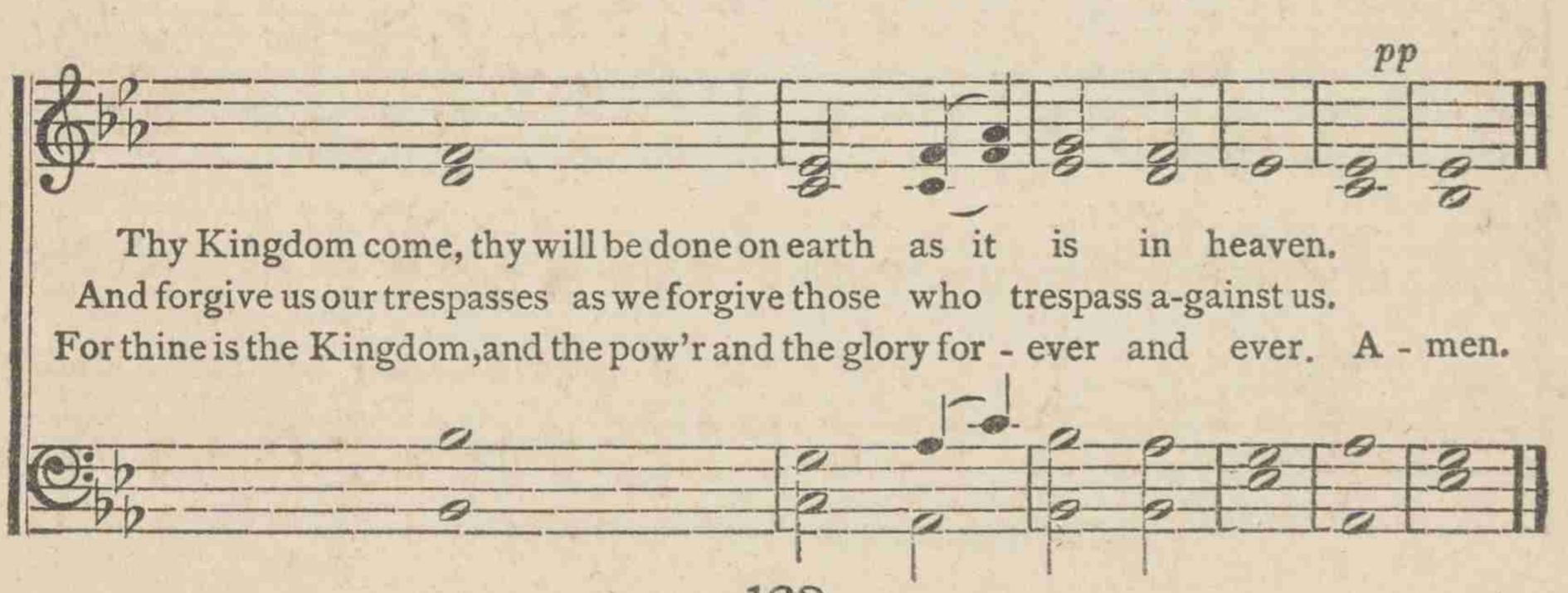




No. 193. The Lord's Prayer.

H. S. PERKINS, by per.

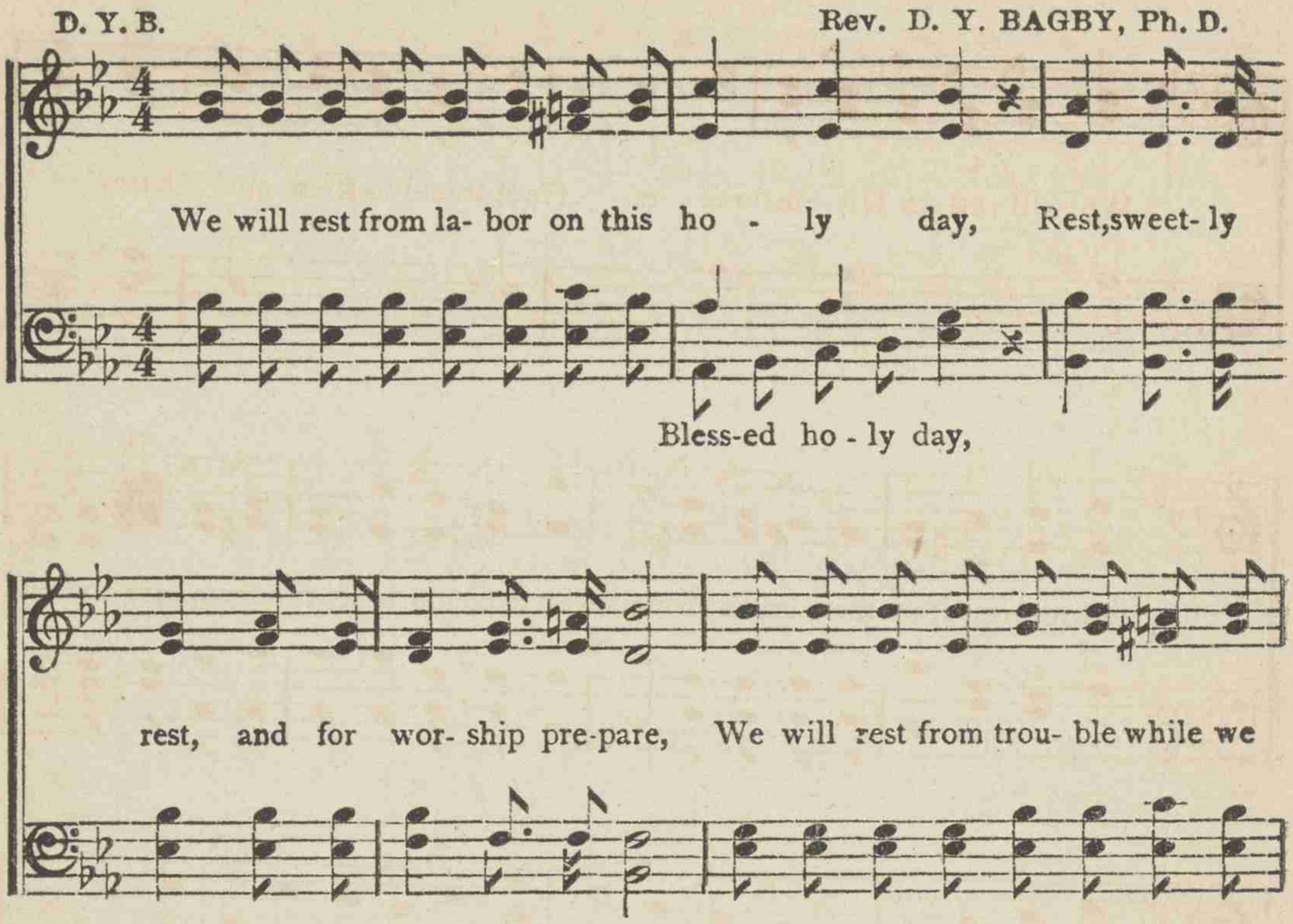




No. 194. We will Rest from Labor.

Written especially for this work.

D. Y. B. Rev. D. Y. BAGBY, Ph. D.



Copyright, 1889, by H. N. LINCOLN.

We will Rest from Labor.—Concluded.

We will rest in His em-brac - es, He'll shield us from all harm,

Rest, rest, rest, rest from the world's turmoil, Rest from our trials, rest from care and toil,
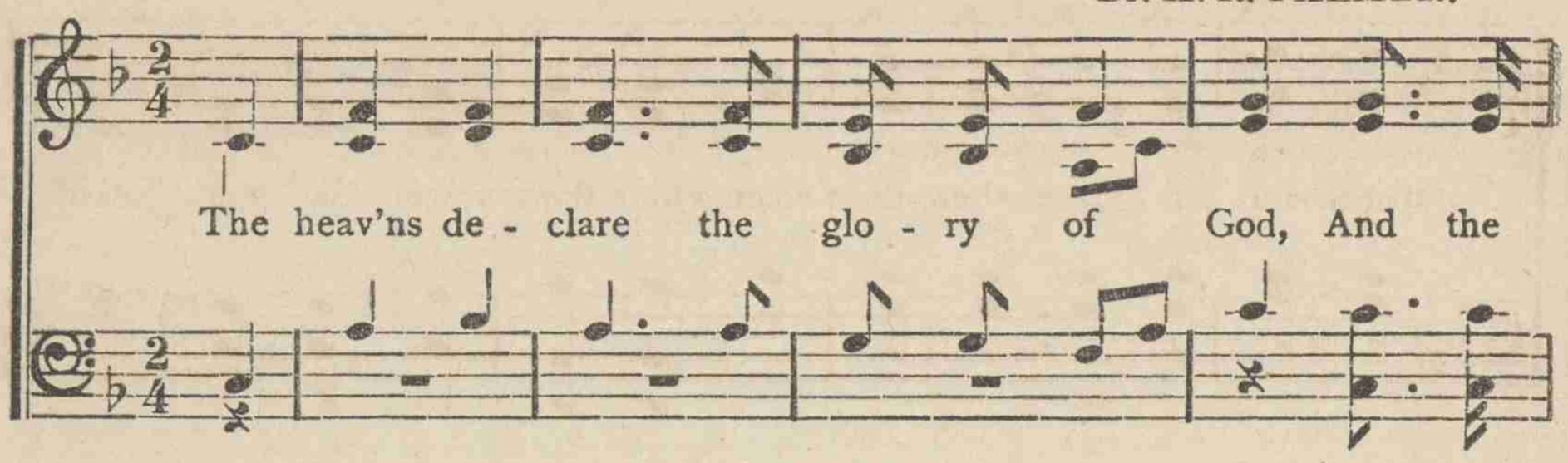
Rest, rest, rest, rest, sweet-ly from all care, Let ev-'ry heart for God's love prepare.

We will rest from la- bor, Rest from care, Rest from our burdens to - day.

Rest, rest, sweet- ly rest, Rest from our la- bors on this ho - ly day.

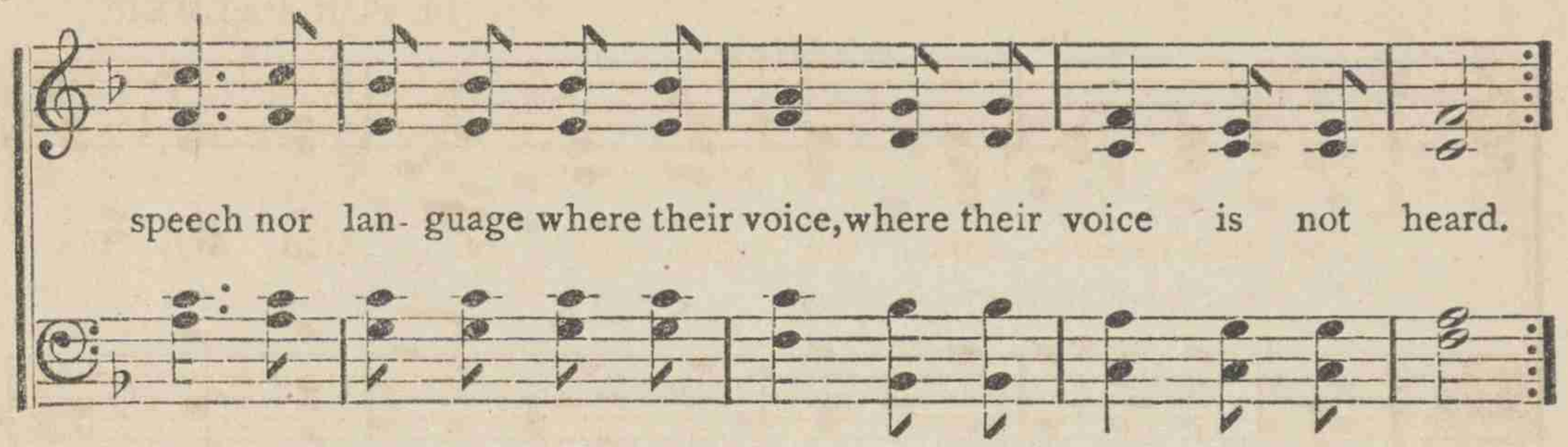
No. 195. The Heavens Declare the Glory.
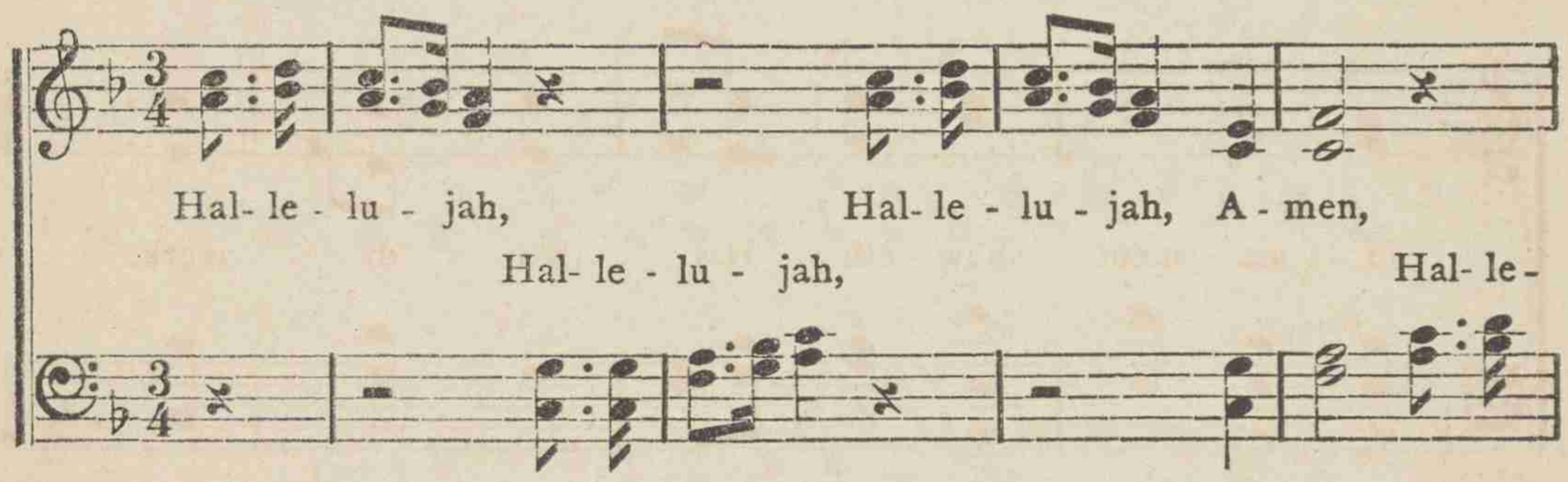
Dr. H. R. PALMER.
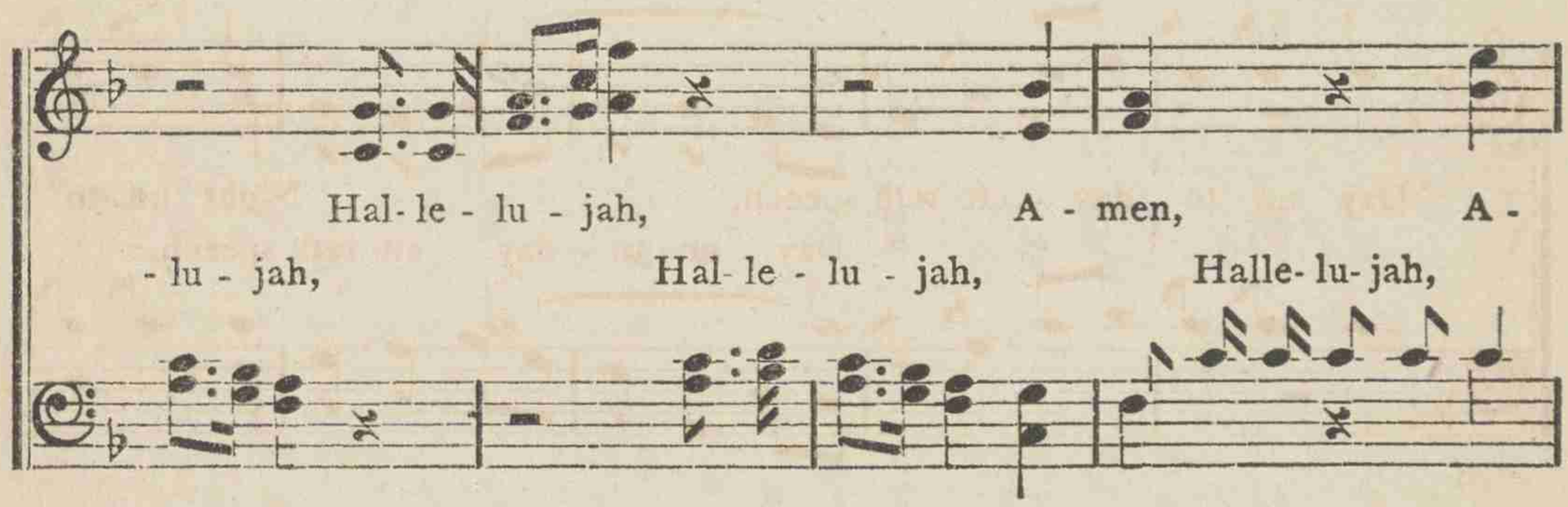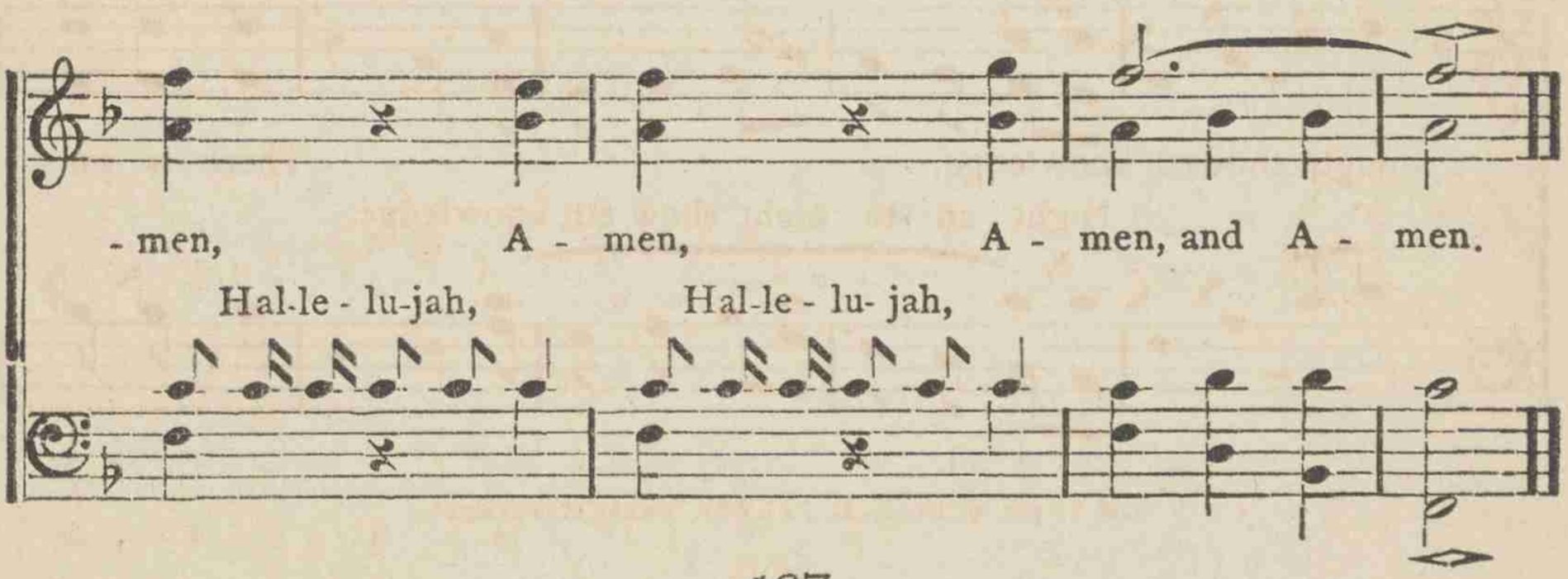


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The Heavens Declare the Glory.—Concluded.









No. 196. I Was Glad.

ANTHEM.

H. N. LINCOLN

Animato. f

I was glad when they said to me, I was glad when they said to me,

Moderato. p.

I was glad when they said to me, Let us go to the house of God. Our feet . . shall
our feet shall

stand with-in Thy gates with-in, Thy gates, Je- ru - sa - lem.
stand with-in Thy gates, with-in Thy gates Je-ru- sa - lem.

Strict tempo. m

Je - ru - sa- lem is like a cit-y, That is compact,
Je - ru - sa lem is like a cit-y, That is compact,

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I Was Glad.—Concluded.

compact to- geth-er, Je - ru - sa - lem is like a
compact to- geth-er, Je - ru - sa- lem, is

cit-y That is compact, compact to- gether,
like a cit- y That is compact, compact to-gether.

Pray for the peace of Je - ru- sa- lem, Pray for the peace,
Pray for the peace, pray for the peace,

O pray for the peace of Je- ru- sa-lem, Pray for the peace, Peace
Pray for Je - ru- sa- lem,
Pray for the peace of Je- ru- sa- lem,

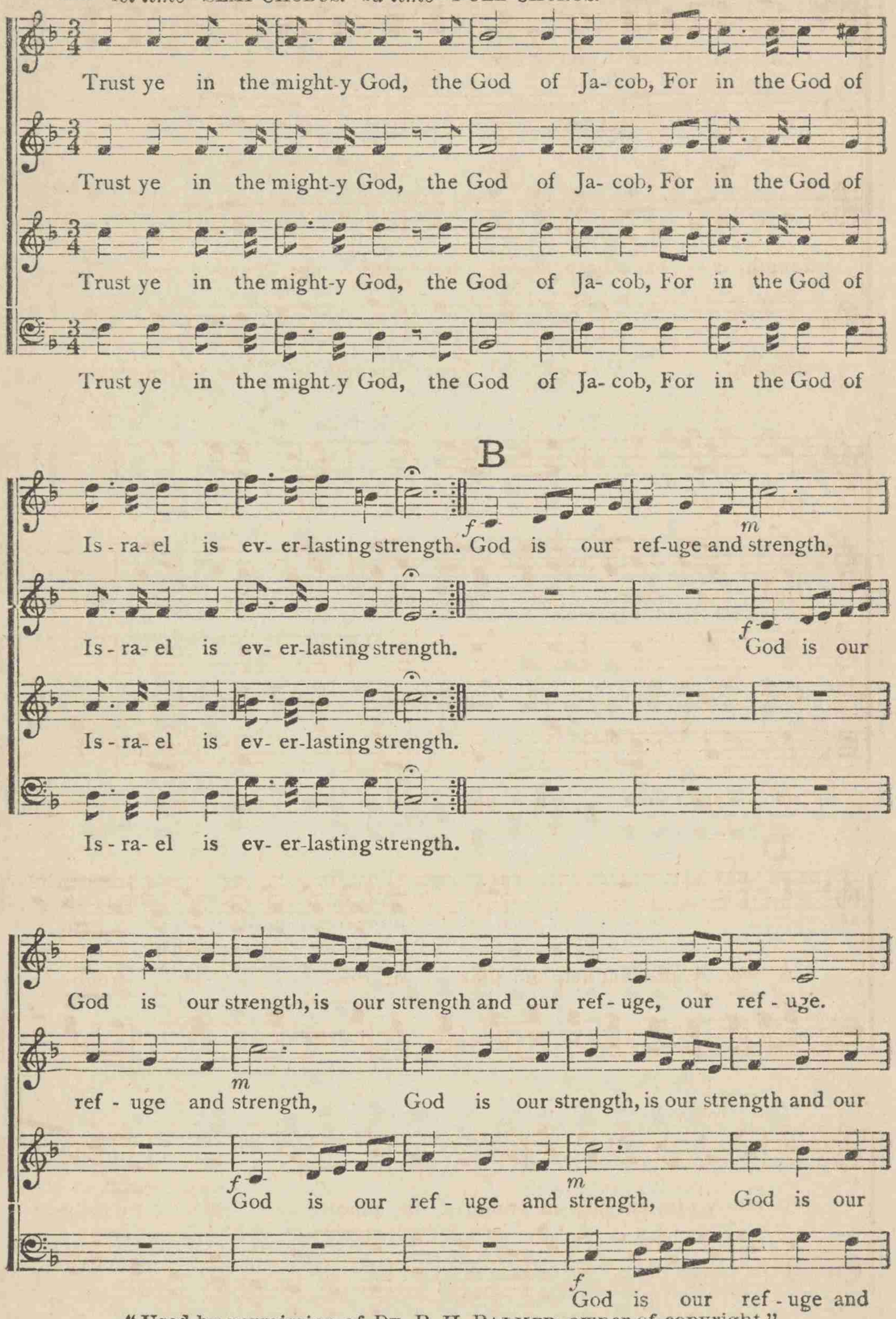
p *pp rit.*

be with-in thy walls, Peace be with-in thy walls, A-men.
Peace be with-in thy walls, Peace be with-in thy walls.
Peace be within thy holy walls, Peace be within thy walls, A-men.
Peace be within thy ho - ly walls, Peace be within thy ho-ly walls.

No. 197. Trust Ye in the Mighty God.

H. R. PALMER.

A *1st time*—SEMI-CHOBUS. *2d time*—FULL-CHORUS.



B

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Trust Ye in the Mighty God.—Continued.

C

God is our ref - uge and strength, is our ref - uge,
ref - uge, our ref - uge, God is our ref - uge,
strength, is our strength and our ref - uge, our ref - uge,
m
strength. God is our strength, is our strength and our

God is our ref - uge, our ref - uge and strength.
God is our ref - uge, our ref - uge and strength.
God is our ref - uge, our ref - uge and strength.
ref - uge, our ref - uge, our ref - uge and strength.

D

A ver - y pres-ent help in troub - le,
A ver - y pres-ent help in time, in time of troub - le,
A ver - y pres-ent help in time, in time of troub- le,
A ver - y pres-ent help in trou- ble,

Trust Ye in the Mighty God.—Concluded.

E

There - fore will we nev - er, nev - - er

Therefore will we nev - er fear,

Therefore will we nev-er, nev - - er fear,

Therefore will we nev- er fear, Therefore will we nev- er fear,

F

God is our strength, God is our strength, God is our strength, Our

God is our strength, God is our strength, God is our

G

strength and our ref- uge, God is our refuge and strength, Therefore will we never,

strength, our

nev - er, nev - - - er fear,

strength, Therefore will we nev - er, Therefore will we nev - er fear,

H *Slower.*

There - fore will nev - er fear. A - - - MEN.

ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION.

By H. N. LINCOLN.

INTRODUCTORY.

CHAPTER I.

Note 1. *Ex.* stands for exercise, *def.* for definition, *Ill,* for illustration, *sug.* for suggestion, *prin.* for priniciple, *obs.* for observation.

Sug. 1. Begin by singing the following, and whatever you sing, always *think* it.

Ex. 1. One, Two, One, Two, One, Two, One.
Do, Re, Do, Re, Do, Re, Do.

Ex. 2. One, Two, Three, Two, One, Two, Three, Two, One.
Do, Re, Mi, Re, Do, Re, Mi, Re, Do.

Ex. 3. One, Two, Three, Four, Three, Two, One, (repeat this)
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Mi, Re, Do, (repeat this)

Ex. 4. One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Four, Three, Two, One, (repeat)
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do, (repeat)

Ex. 5. One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight.
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

Ex. 6. Eight, Seven, Six, Five, Four, Three, Two, One.
Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

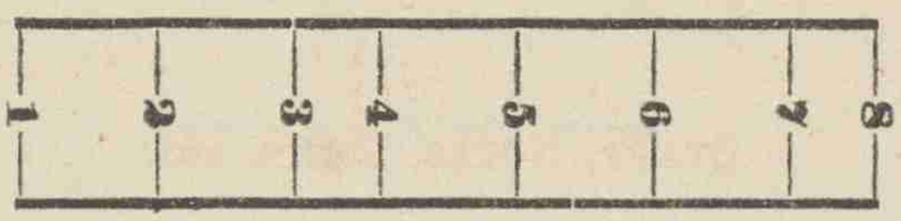
Note 2. Ex. 5, is the *Scale* ascending. Ex. 6, the *Scale* descending. (Sing them often.)

Def. 1. A *Scale* is a series of *tones*, each member differing from the other in *pitch*.

Note 3. Between the first and second, second and third, fourth and fifth, fifth and sixth, and sixth and seventh, members of the Scale we have just sung, (Exs. 5 and 6), there are *full steps*, large seconds.

Note 4. Between the third and fourth, and seventh and eighth members of it are *short steps* (small seconds).

Ill. 1.



Note 5. The above is called the musical ladder, showing the full steps and the short steps in the *Diatonic Major Scale.*

Sug. 2. Sing the Scale ascending and descending, several times from Ill. 1. first slow, then faster, then lively.

Sug. 3. Now sing from Ill. 1, the following, several times each, first think of the tone you are going to sing and then sing it.

Ex. 7. One, Three, Five, Eight, Eight, Five, Three, One.
Do, Mi, Sol, Do, Do, Sol, Mi, Do.

Ex. 8. One, Four, Six, Eight, Eight, Six, Four, One.
Do, Fa, La, Do, Do, La, Fa, Do.

Ex. 9. Two, Four, Five, Seven, Seven, Five, Four, Two.
Re, Fa, Sol, Si, Si, Sol, Fa, Re.

Note 6.—The dash will imply that a question is to be asked and answered by the pupil.

Obs. 1. *Sound* is anything audible—. A *tone* is a musical sound—. *Melody* is a succession of tones—. *Harmony* is a combination of tones—. *Music* consists of melody or a combination of melodies, or of harmony or a succession of harmonies—. *The properties of tone* are *pitch*, a degree of highness or lowness, *length*, a degree of longness or shortness of duration. *Power*, a degree of loudness or softness—. *These divide musical Science unto three departments*, respectively MELODICS, RHYTHMICS and DYNAMICS—. *Musical notation* is the art of reading music, by means of characters, signs, symbols, abbreviations, etc.—

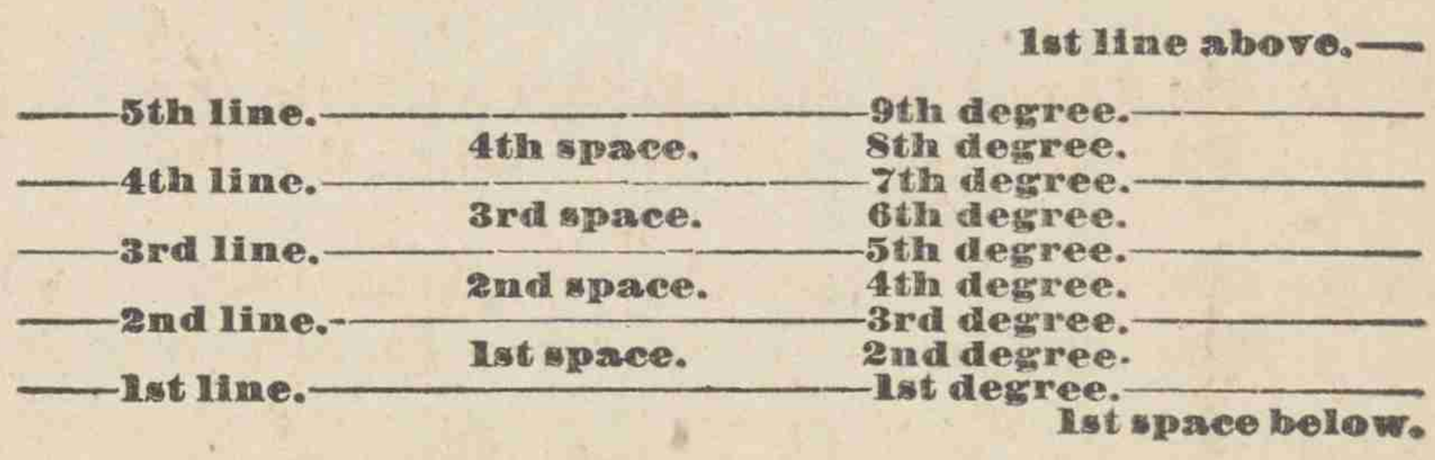
Note 7. *Pitch*, *length* and *power* are the three *essential* properties of a tone, but there is a fourth property that every tone has, *quality*. It may here be stated that the character of the words indicate the quality of the tone, sad words, sombre quality, gay, lively words, clear quality. There are as many different qualities as there are emotions of the heart.

CHAPTER II.

STAFF, NOTES, RESTS, etc.

Obs. 2. *The staff* consists of five long parallel lines and the four spaces between them—. Each line and each space is called a *degree of the staff*—. *Added degrees* are short lines and their spaces above and below the staff—.

Ill. 2. The staff.



Obs. 3. Notes represent relative length of duration of tones—. Rests are marks of silence corresponding in length of duration to the note from which they are named—. One dot after a note or rest, adds one half of its length to it and changes the name of the note or rest to three of the next lower denomination—. Two dots after a note or rest adds three-fourths of its length to it and changes the name of it to seven of the second lower denomination—.

Ill. 3. The following shows all the notes and rests in use in vocal music.

Whole note.	Half note.	Quarter note.	Eighth note.	Sixteenth note.	Thirty second note.
Whole rest.	Half rest.	Quarter rest.	Eighth rest.	Sixteenth rest.	Thirty second rest.
	Three half note.	Three quarter note.	Three eighth note.	Three sixteenth note.	Three thirty-second note.
	Three half rest.	Three quarter rest.	Three eighth rest.	Three sixteenth rest.	Three thirty-second rest.
		Seven quarter note.	Seven eighth note.	Seven sixteenth note.	Seven thirty-second note.
		Seven quarter rest.	Seven eighth rest.	Seven sixteenth rest.	Seven thirty-second rest.

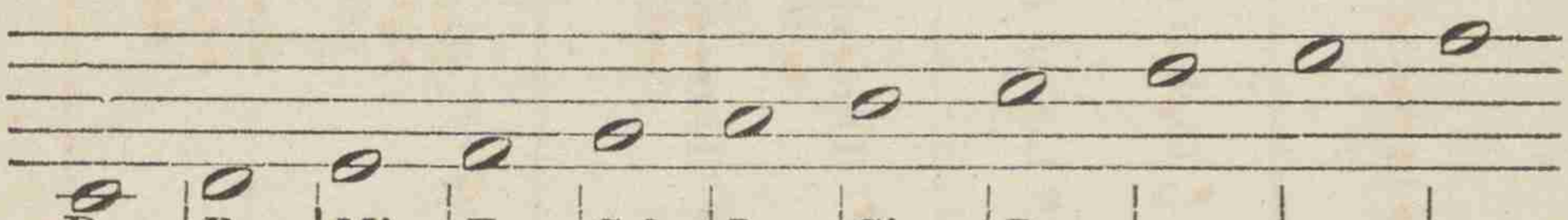
CHAPTER III.

SCALE AND STAFF.

Prin. 1. When the Diatonic Scale is placed on the staff, each member of it assumes a degree of the staff, and all melodies are simply the scale or the scale with skips and variations. When one or more members of the scale are skipped, it is shown on the staff by skipping just as many degrees of the staff.

Prin. 2. Any degree of the staff may represent any member of the scale, but when the position of Do (Key note) is established, all of the other members of the scale, must take their respective places.

Ill. 4.



Ex. 10.	Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.	. .	. .	. .
Ex. 11.	. . .	. .	Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.	. .
Ex. 12. (a)	. . .	. .	. .	Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.
Ex. 12. (b)	. . .	Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.	. .	. .

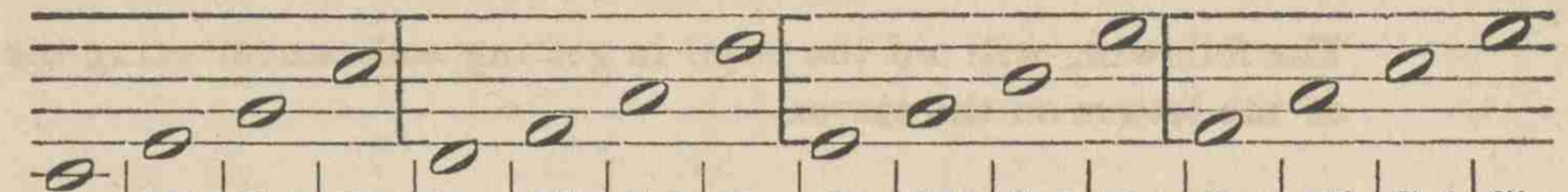
***Sug.* 4.** Sing the above exercises ascending and descending. Starting Ex. 10 on the pitch of the ordinary speaking voice and preserve the correct pitch in each Ex.

NOTE READING RULES.

When Do is on a line, Mi is on the next line, and Sol the next line, above it.
When Do is in a space, Mi is in the next space, and Sol the next, above it,
When Sol is on a line, upper Do is on the second space, above it.
When Sol is in a space, upper Do is on the second line, above it.

The same rule applies to Re, Fa, La and upper Re.
" " " " " Mi, Sol, Si and upper Mi.
" " " " " Fa, La, Do and upper Fa.
" " " " " Sol, Si, Re and upper Sol.
" " " " " La, Do, Mi and upper La.
" " " " " Si, Re, Fa and upper Si.

Ill. 5.



Ex. 13.	Do	Mi	Sol	Do	Do	Mi	Sol	Do	Do	Mi	Sol	Do	Do	Mi	Sol	Si
Ex. 14.	Re	Fa	La	Re	Re	Fa	La	Re	Re	Fa	La	Re	Re	Fa	La	Do
Ex. 15.	Mi	Sol	Si	Mi	Mi	Sol	Si	Mi	Mi	Sol	Si	Mi	Mi	Sol	Si	Re
Ex. 16.	Fa	La	Do	Fa	Fa	La	Do	Fa	Fa	La	Do	Fa	Fa	La	Do	Mi
Ex. 17.	Sol	Si	Re	Sol	Sol	Si	Re	Sol	Sol	Si	Re	Sol	Sol	Si	Re	Fa
Ex. 18.	La	Do	Mi	La	La	Do	Mi	La	La	Do	Mi	La	La	Do	Mi	Sol
Ex. 19.	Si	Re	Fa	Si	Si	Re	Fa	Si	Si	Re	Fa	Si	Si	Re	Fa	La

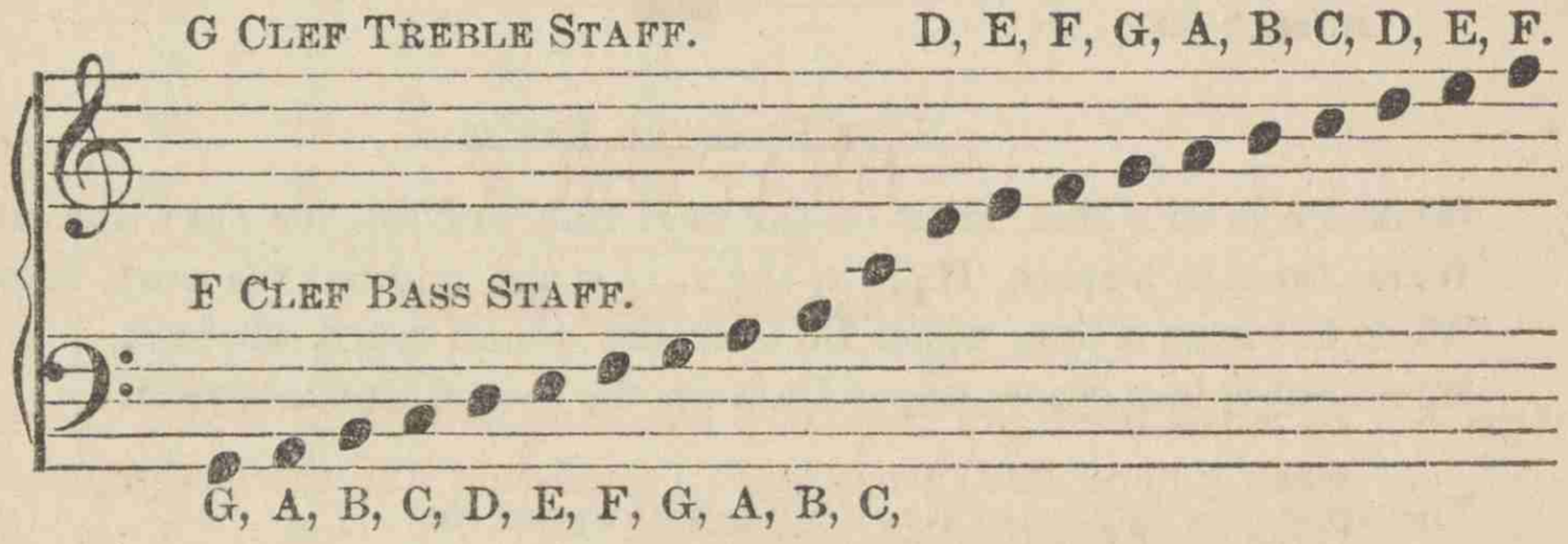
Sug. 5. Sing the above Exs., ascending and descending. Learn the musical effect of each interval as you sing.

CHAPTER IV.

The Lettered Staff.

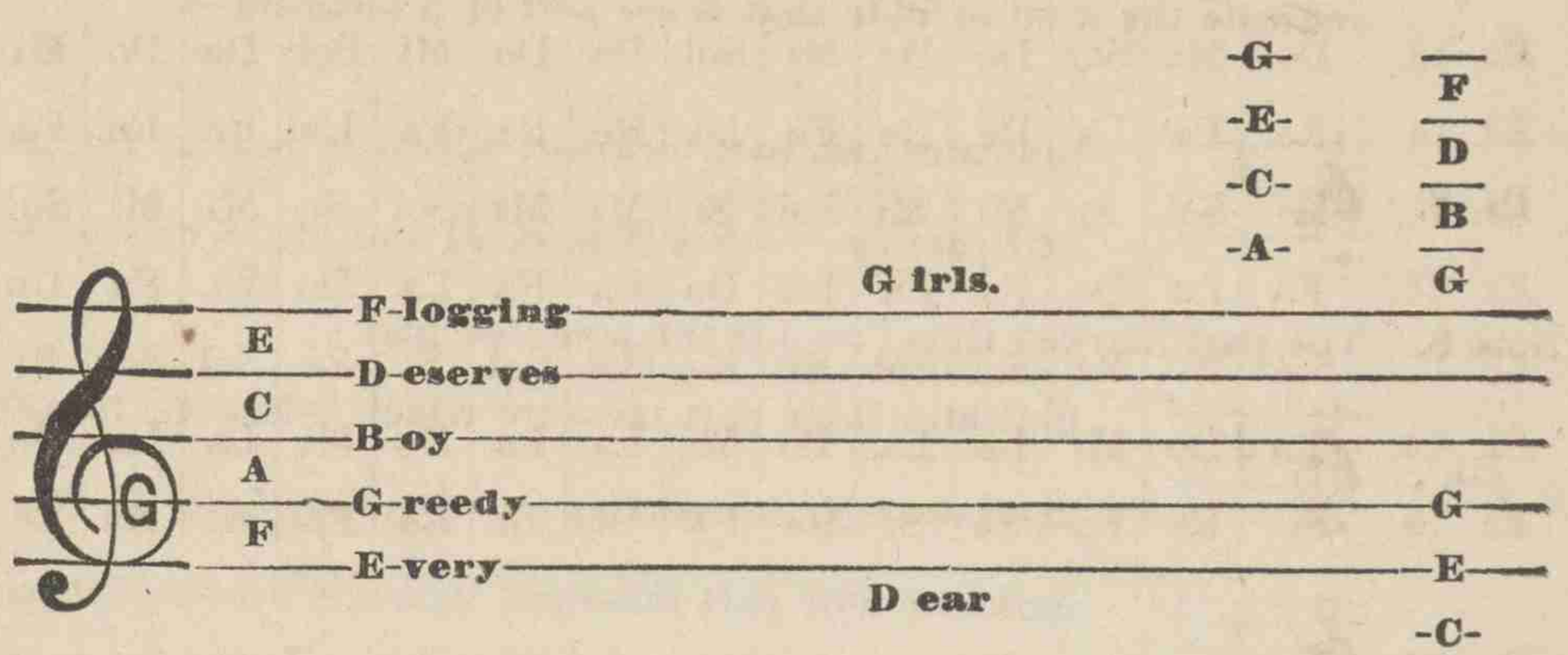
Obs. 4. *Tones are named* by the first seven letters of the alphabet—. *Clefs* determine the position of the letters on the staff—.
The *brace* connects staves—.

Ill. 6.



Sug. 6. Sing from the Treble Staff, calling the added line below Do and sing the scale ascending and descending, first the syllables, then numerals, then the letters, also in the same way from the Bass staff, calling the second space Do. *Think as you sing.*

The following will aid the pupil in getting and remembering the position of the letters on the staves.



Ill. 7.

Sug. 7. The pupil should learn the above thoroughly.

CHAPTER V.

Measure, Beat–Note.
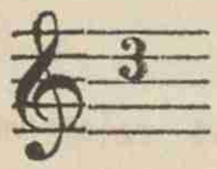
Obs. 5. In music there are regularly recurring groups of strong (accented) and weak (unaccented) sensations; (somewhat like the beating of the pulse) these groups are called measures—.
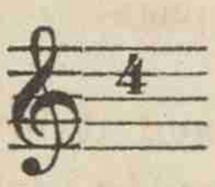
There are two classes of measures, one in which an accented pulse is followed by an unaccented one; the other in which an accented pulse is followed by two unaccented ones—. Each pulse whether accented or unaccented is called one *part* of the measure, and measures may have as many parts as there are multiples of the figures two and three, but twelve

parts are as many as we ordinarily use—. A beat is a motion of the hand—. Figures on the fourth line of the staff show into how many parts the measure is divided—. Figures on the second line of the staff indicate the kind of note that is *one part* of a measure—.
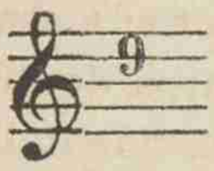
Ill. 8.  ; indicates two part measure which is beaten 1st part *down*, 2nd part *up*—. See Nos. 8, 14 and 91, of this book.
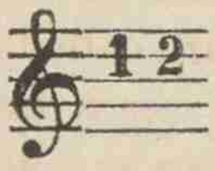
Note 8. The part marked thus (>) is the accented part.
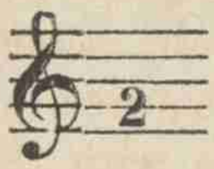
Ill. .  ; indicates three part measure which is beaten, 1st part *down*, 2nd part *left*, 3rd part *up*—. See Nos. 5, 9, 27, 82.
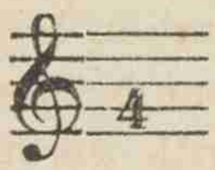
Ill. 10.  ; indicates four part measure, which is beaten, 1st part *down*, 2nd part *left*, 3rd part *right*, 4th part *up*—. See Nos. 2, 7, 10, 19, 37 etc.,
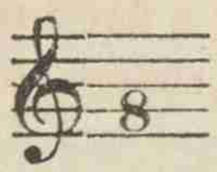
Ill. 11.  ; indicates six part measure, which is beaten, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd parts *down*, 4th, 5th, and 6th parts *up*—. See Nos. 11, 18, 34 etc.

Ill. 12.  ; indicates nine part measure, which is beaten, 1st, 2nd and 3rd parts *down*, 4th, 5th, and 6th parts *left*, 7th, 8th and 9th parts *up*—. See Nos. 13, 128 etc.

Ill. 13.  ; indicates twelve part measure, which is beaten, 1st, 2nd and 3rd parts *down*, 4th, 5th and 6th parts *left*, 7th, 8th and 9th parts *right*, 10th, 11th and 12th parts *up*—. See Nos. 12, 16 etc.

Ill. 14.  ; indicates that a half-note or its value is one part of the measure—.

Ill. 15.  ; indicates that a quarter-note or its value is one part of the measure—.

Ill. 16.  ; indicates that an eight-note or its value is one part of the measure—.

Sug. 8. Practice beating the different measures observing the accent carefully.

Obs. 6. *A measure* is shown to the eye by the distance from one measure bar (which is a light bar drawn across the staff) to the next one—. A *section bar* (a heavy bar) shows the end of a musical phrase—. A *close bar* (two heavy bars) shows the end of the piece of music—.

CHAPTER VI.
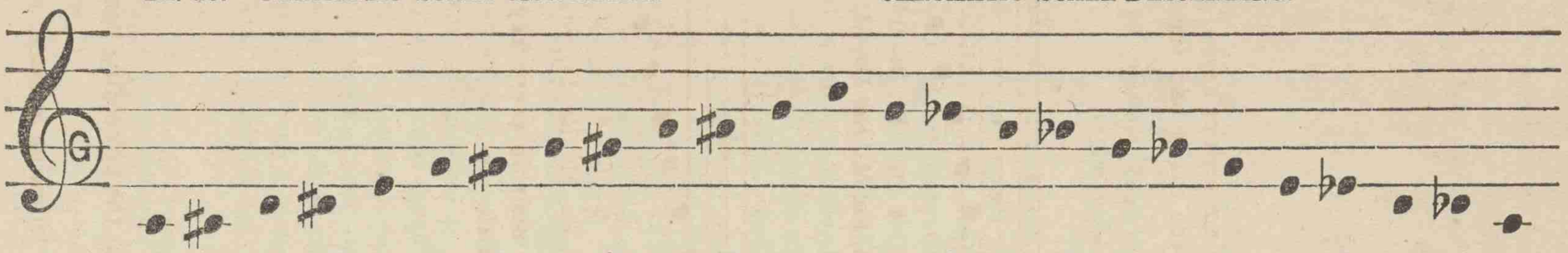
KEYS, SHARPS, FLATS etc.

Def. 2. A key is a family of tones bearing a certain fixed relation to each other—. There are twelve major keys. (See preface page).

Obs. 7. Place a sharp (♯) on any degree of the musical staff and it introduces a tone that is a short step higher. Place a double sharp (*) on a degree already affected by a sharp and it introduces a tone that is still a short step higher. Place a flat (♭) on any degree of the staff and it introduces a tone that is a short step lower. Place a double flat (♭♭) on a degree of the staff already affected by a flat and it introduces a tone that is still a short step lower—. A natural (♮) counteracts the effect of a sharp, double sharp, flat and double flat—. Sharps, flats, double sharps, double flats and naturals, introduced temporarily in a key are called accidentals or *Chromatics*, their effect continues through the measure in which they occur unless counteracted by the **cancel* before the measure is completed—. Sharps and flats placed just at the right of the clef are called *signatures*, (sign of the key) their effects continues through the piece unless counteracted by a new signature or by *accidentals*—. When a piece of music starts in one key and changes to another, it is called a modulation—. The model scale is the C major scale and when any other pitch is one of the major scale, it is called a transposition, that is the scale *changes* its *place* on the staff—. When the scale is transposed, it requires one sharp or more, or one flat or more to make the intervals agree with those in the model scale. (See notes three and four, and Illustration 1—). Pitches that are a full step apart admit of an intermediate tone between them—. The chromatic scale consists of the diatonic scale with its intermediate tones—. The tendency of a sharp is upward, and of a flat downward; so the chromatic scale ascending is introduced by sharps, or sharps in effect, descending by flats, or flats in effect—.

* Some theorists object to the term, *natural* and suggest, *cancel* in its stead; but the writer holds that a natural is not the only character that cancels, for example, see page 122 of this book Illustration 17, the last note (1a), in the key of D♭, (the 2d and fifth keys in the Illustration), and in the key of A, (the 3rd and 6th keys of the Illustration).

Ill. 16. CHROMATIC SCALE ASCENDING. CHROMATIC SCALE DESCENDING.



Letters. C, C♯, D, D♯, E, F, F♯, G G♯, A, A♯, B, C, B, B♭, A, A♭, G, G♭, F, E, E♭, D, D♭, C.
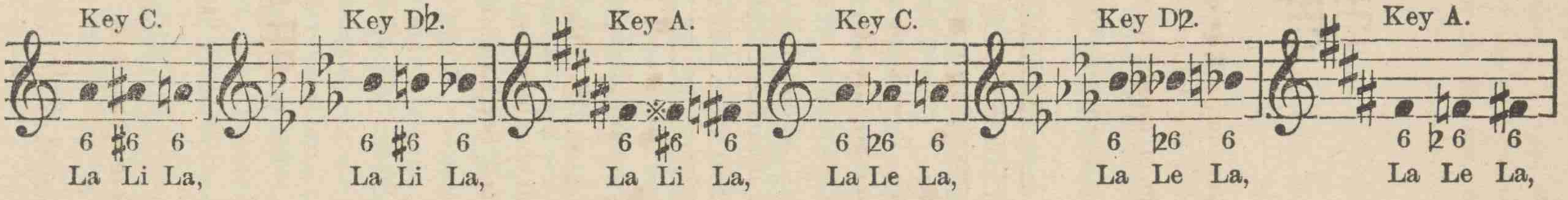
Numerals. 1, ♯1, 2, ♯2, 3, 4, ♯4, 5, ♯5, 6, ♯6, 7, 8, 7, ♭7, 6, ♭6, 5, ♭5, 4, 3, ♭3, 2, ♭2, 1.

Ex. 20.

Syllables. Do, Di, Re, Ri, Mi, Fa, Fi, Sol, Si, La, Li, Si, Do, Si, Se, La, Le, Sol, Se, Fa, Mi, Me, Re, Ra, Do.

Sug. 9. The pupil should write the chromatic scale in every key, also sing it and think of each tone as you sing.

Ill. 17.



Note 9. A sharp or flat may be placed on any degree that is not affected by a sharp or flat; a double sharp, on a degree that is affected by one sharp; a double flat, on a degree that is affected by one flat; a natural, on a degree that is affected by a sharp, flat, double sharp or double flat—. A natural, when placed on a sharp degree, has the effect of a flat; on a flat degree, the effect of a sharp; on a double sharp degree, the effect of a double flat; on a double flat degree, the effect of a double sharp—

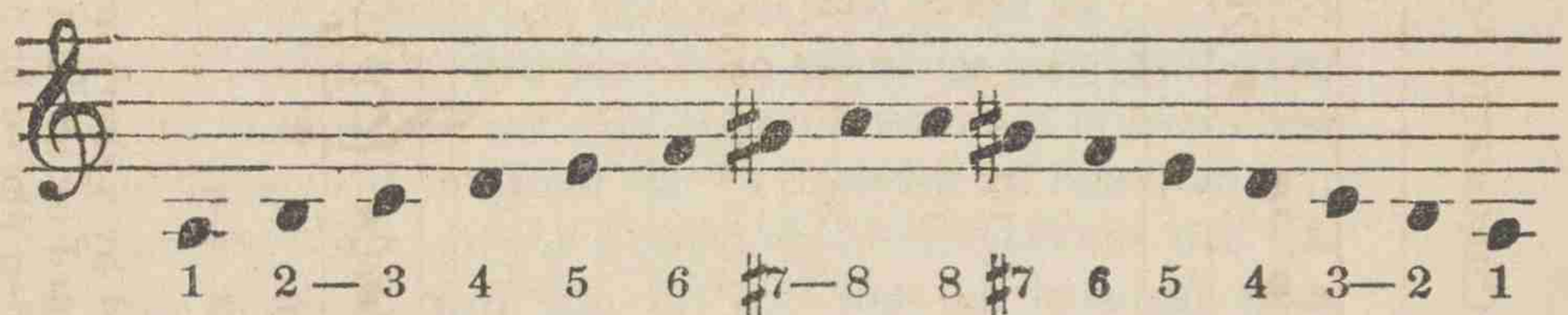
CHAPTER VII.

Minor Scales.

Obs. 8. *Six* of every major key or scale is *one* of every minor scale or key—. The intervals of the minor scale are different from the major and there are two forms of minor, harmonic and melodic—.

Harmonic Minor.
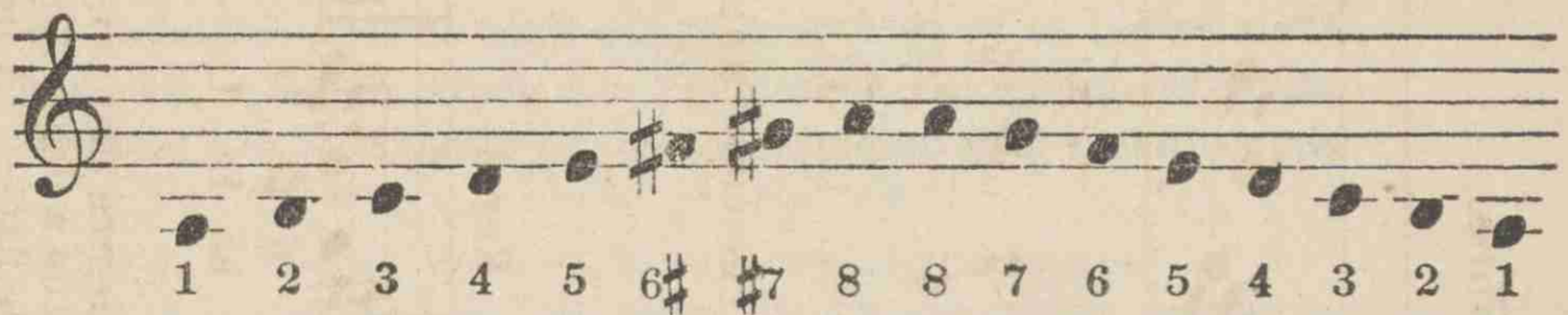
Ill. 18.



***Ex.* 21.** La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Si, La, La, Si, Fa, Mi, Re, Do, Si, La,

Melodic Minor.

Ill. 19.

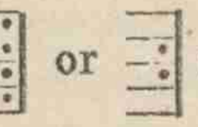
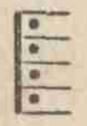


***Ex.* 22.** La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fi, Si, La, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do, Si, La.

***Sug.* 10.** The pupil should write both forms of the minor scale in every key also sing them. See Exs. 21 and 22, and Ills. 18 and 19.
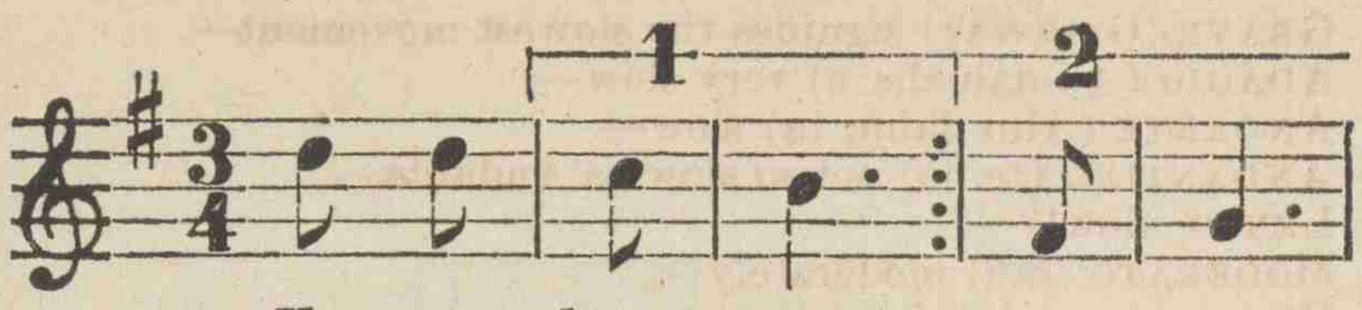
CHAPTER VIII.

Miscellaneous.

Obs. 9. Dots before a bar, thus:  or mean to repeat the preceeding passage, after a bar, thus:  or  mean to repeat the following passage, when dots before the bar are accompanied with the figures 1 and 2 or 1st time,

and second time, the music under 1 or 1st time is omitted when you repeat, thus:

Ill. 20.



Ye wan - derers come,
why long (*Omit*). . . . . er roam.

Obs. 10. Repeat Da Capo al la Fine, means repeat from the beginning to the word Fine (pronounced Fee-nay) generally abbreviated (D. C).—Repeat Dal Segno al la Fine, means repeat from the sign (𝄋) to Fine, generally abbreviated by (D. S.)—A heavy bar shows the end of a phrase or line of poetry.—Two heavy bars shows the end of the piece of music.—All the parts that move across the page once make a score.—When notes are to be performed in a shorter duration than the length that the note represents, it is indicated by *staccato* (‧) one fourth of the length, and *marcato* (•) one half the length.—*Legato* means flowing.—A Tie connects notes on the same degree of the staff that are sung to one syllable, only the first note of a tie is pronounced, dwelling on it the length of all—. A slur connects notes on different degrees of the staff that are sung to one syllable, also a sign of legato—. A triplet is a group of three notes of equal length (or their value) to be performed in the time of two, indicated by 3, over or under the group—. A prolong (𝄐) placed under or over a note or rest shows that it may be prolonged at the pleasure of the leader.—

CHAPTER IX.

POWERS, etc.

POWER.

Obs. 11. *ff*, stands for *fortissimo*, means very loud—.
f, stands for *forte*, means loud—.
m, stands for *mezzo* (metzo) means medium.—.
p, stands for piano (pe-ah-no) means soft—.
pp, stands for pianissimo, means very soft—.
cres. or <, stands for *crescendo* (creshendo) means increasing power—.
dim. or >, stands for *diminuendo*, decreasing power—.
sw. or <>, stands for *swell*, means first increase then diminish—.
sf or >, stands for *sforzando* (sfortzando) means suddenly decreasing, or explosive power—.

MOVEMENTS.

GRAVE (Grah-vay) signifies the slowest movement—.
ADAGIO (Ah-dah-zhe, o) very slow—.
ANDANTE (Ahn dahn, ta) slow—.
ANDANTINO (te no) not so slow as Andante—.
LENTO, slowly—.
MODERATO (rah) moderately—.
VIVACE (ve vah tchay) lively—.
ALLEGRO (lay) fast—.
ALLEGRETTO, faster than Allegro—.
PRESTO, quick—.
PRESTISSIMO, extremely quick—.
RITARDO, gradually slower and slower.
ACCELERANDO, (shel) (rahn) faster and faster.
A TEMPO, back to the original movement.

Movements are best indicated by metronomical figures placed over the beginning thus: ♩=60 or ♩ = 90, meaning that the metronome (an instrument constructed to mark time), is to be adjusted to the figure 60 or 90, as the case may be and that a ♩ or ♩ is to be performed in the time of one stroke of the instrument.

STYLES.

CANTABILE (cahn-tah bee lay) in a graceful elegant style.
CON ESPRESSIONE (se-o-nay) with expression.
CON ENERGIA, with energy.
DOLCE (dol-chay) soft and sweet.
MAESTOSO, majestically.
OBLIGATO, indespensable, etc.

CHAPTER X.

VOCAL APPARATUS, TONE PRODUCTIONS.

First the air is breathed into the *lungs*, two sponge like substances composed of cells, which being filled and emptied with air cause the lungs to expand and depress.

The lungs are lowered and raised by *two muscles* abdominal and intercostal.

The air proceeds from the lungs up through the *windpipe* or *trachea* to the *larynx* which contains the *vocal chords* and glottis. (The outer part of the larynx is the "Adam's Apple;") then to the *pharynx*, (which may be seen above the tongue far back in the throat,) thence to the mouth.

The vocal chords are put in motion by the air from the lungs; by making a certain tension of these chords the pitch of a tone is made; the glottis opens, and lets out this tone and closes, and shuts it off. It passes through the glottis to the pharynx, where it receives it musical quality, thence to the mouth, where by the use of the tongue, the palate, the teeth and the lips, it is formed into a pure vocal tone. To produce a good tone, the singer should observe the following things:

An erect position of the body with the chest well thrown back, good breathing power and management of the breath, good articulation, good formation of the vowel and consonant elements in each word or syllable, correct phrasing (which means a proper division of words and the syllables of a word by the breath) i, e, not taking breath between closely connected words and never between the syllables of a word, and a good delivery of the voice, which is attained by opening the mouth well and keeping the tongue in a natural position.

CHAPTER XI.

Exercises for Acquiring Vocal Strength.

For Daily Practice.

First. Position, standing—body erect. Place the hands upon the pit of the stomach and press in with the fingers, followed by a vigorous expansion and depression of the chest. First, without reference to breathing; second accompanied with breath, being sure to inhale the air with the expansion, and exhale with the depression.

Second. Place one hand upon the upper part of the chest, and the other over the diaphragm; raise and depress the chest with vigor, assisting the movement with the hands, after which, first inhale and exhale quickly. Second, inhale slowly and exhale quickly. Third, inhale quickly, and exhale slowly. Fourth, inhale slowly, and exhale slowly.

Note 1. The above are taken from Dr. H. S. Perkins' Vocal Exercises by permission.

Always inhale through the nostrils and exhale through the lips. Avoid using too much breath in singing. A good test is to sing with a lighted candle near the mouth; if the flame wavers, too much breath is used. There should be a steady pressure of the diaphragm during exhalation and tone-production.

Vowel Sounds and Pronunciation. The principal vowel sounds used for vocalizing are E, A, O, Ah. The principal syllables are He, Ha, Ho, Hah; Sce, Sca, Sco, Scah, also the Italian syllables of the diatonic scale, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

Great care should be taken in forming the consonant elements, and at the end of syllables or words to avoid blending them with the next syllable or word, as lif-tup, for lift up, swee-tome, for sweet home. Be sure to bring out the proper vowel sound in every word and avoid the vanishing sound of the vowel, as by ee, and by-ee for by and by. Happy dayee, for happy day, etc. Roll the r before a vowel. Suppress the hissing sound of s, ss and z and c (soft.) Are there any such words as worshup, pilgrum, comfert, writtun, garmunts?, etc.—we hear them often in singing. In such words as listen, hasten, often, etc., the t is silent. In such words as again, mountain, fountain, etc., the a is silent. *The* before words beginning with a consonant element should be pronounced like *the*, in never-*the*-less, or give the e the sound of u in put (thu). *The* before words beginning with a vowel sound, give the e the sound of e in be The indefinite article a should always have the sound of u in *up*. A-men is pronounced ahmen.

Note 2. The above are a few hints on pronunciation and word formation.

Consonant Elements. *First.* Produce four times with great vigor the consonant element of the letter p, *labial* (with lips) p, p, p, p, then pe, pa, po, pah, peep, pape, pope, pop. *Second.* On the same plan produce the element of f—*semi-labial* (with lower lip and upper teeth), f, f, f, f, fee, fay, foe, fah. *Third.* On the same plan produce the element in each of the following—*linguals* (with tongue), t, l, r, k; t, t, t, t, tea, tay, toe, tah; l, l, l, l, lea, lay, low, lah; r, r, r, r, re, ray, roe, lah; k, k, k, k, key, quay, coe, cah. *Fourth.* Produce on the same plan the element of each of the following *laryngeals* (strictly in the larynx) with the throat shut as in the act of swallowing, b, d, g, v, after which pronounce the names of each letter with extremely great force.
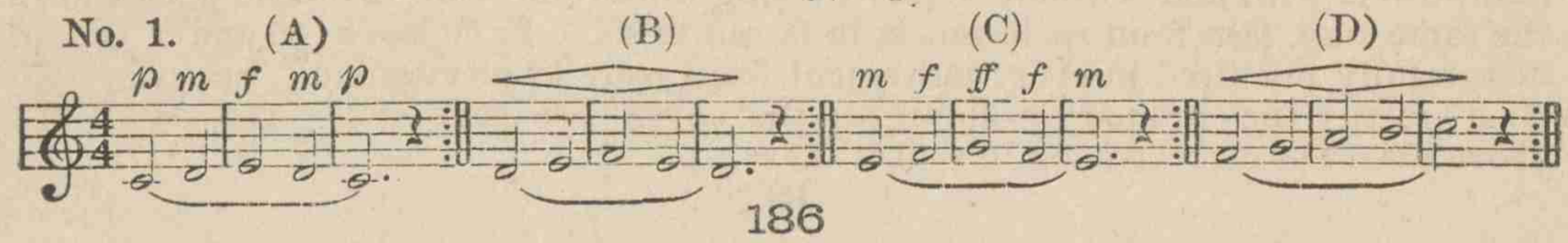
Phonetic Spelling. Spell the following words by element, pronounce very clearly and distinctly. Blame (illustration) b-l-a-m, black, clip, dart, fan, glide, land, mark, not, plant, scamp, task, etc.

Note 3. The above exercises may be practiced by classes ensemble or individually. A part of the first ten lessons in vocalization should be spent in such work.

First practice exercises 1–9, pages 173-174.
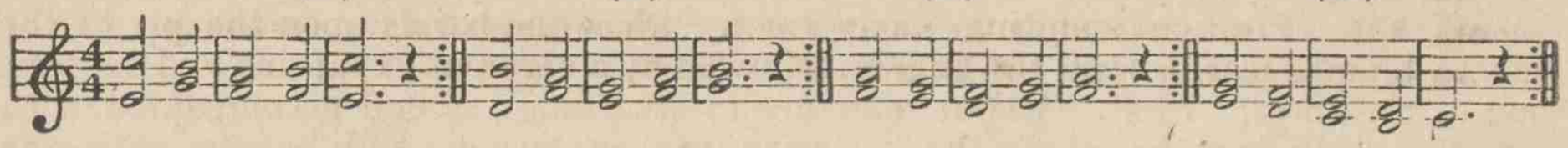
Vocal Exercises. Practice carefully, repeat each exercise ten times.

No. 1. (A) (B) (C) (D)
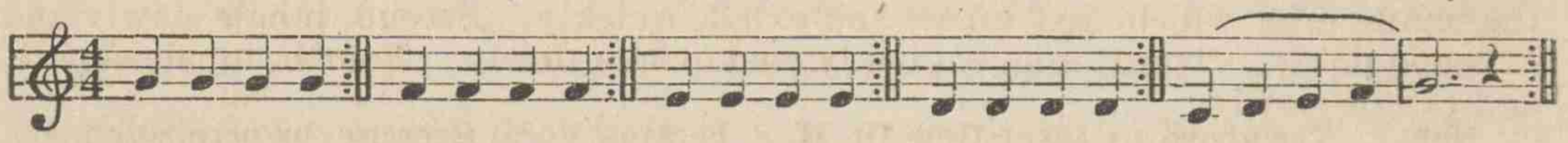


Sing the syllables of No. 1. till the tones become familiar, then sing one of each of the vowels, a, e, o, ah, to each exercise ; then he, ha, ho, hah ; sce, sca, sco, scah.

No. 2. (E) (F) (G) (H)



Repeat each exercise of No. 2 (both parts) several times by syllables, vowels, etc., observing the same expressions as in No. 1.
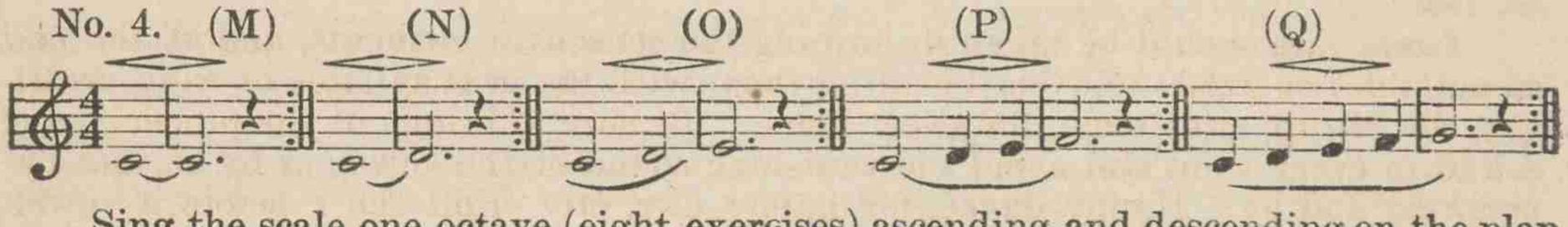
No. 3 (I) (J) (K) (L) (I. J. K. L. 5.)



(1) e, a, o, ah, a, o, ah, e, o, ah, e, a, ah, e, a, o, e . . .
(2) a, o, ah, e, o, ah, e, a, ah, e, a, o, e, a, o, ah, a . . .
(3) o, ah, e, a, ah, e, a, o, e, a, o, ah, a, o, ah, e, o . . .
(4) ah, e, a, o, e, a, o, ah, a, o, ah, e, o, ah, e, a, ah . . .
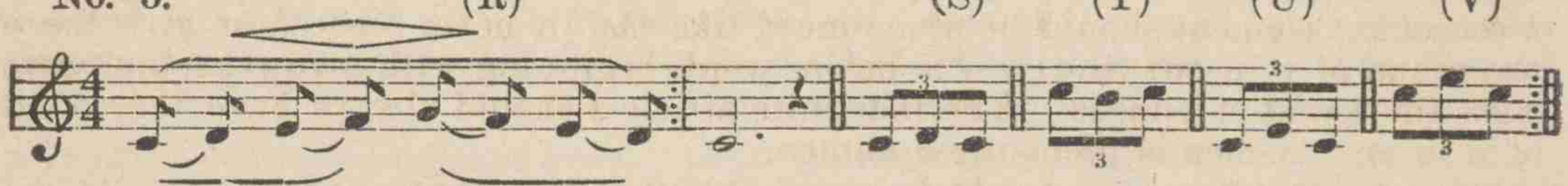
Sing sce, sca, sco, scah ; he, ha, ho, hah, to No. 3, then repeat it a fourth higher i. e., take C for the first tone, sing down to G, then back to C. The pupil should practice this till it can be sung very quick.

No. 4. (M) (N) (O) (P) (Q)
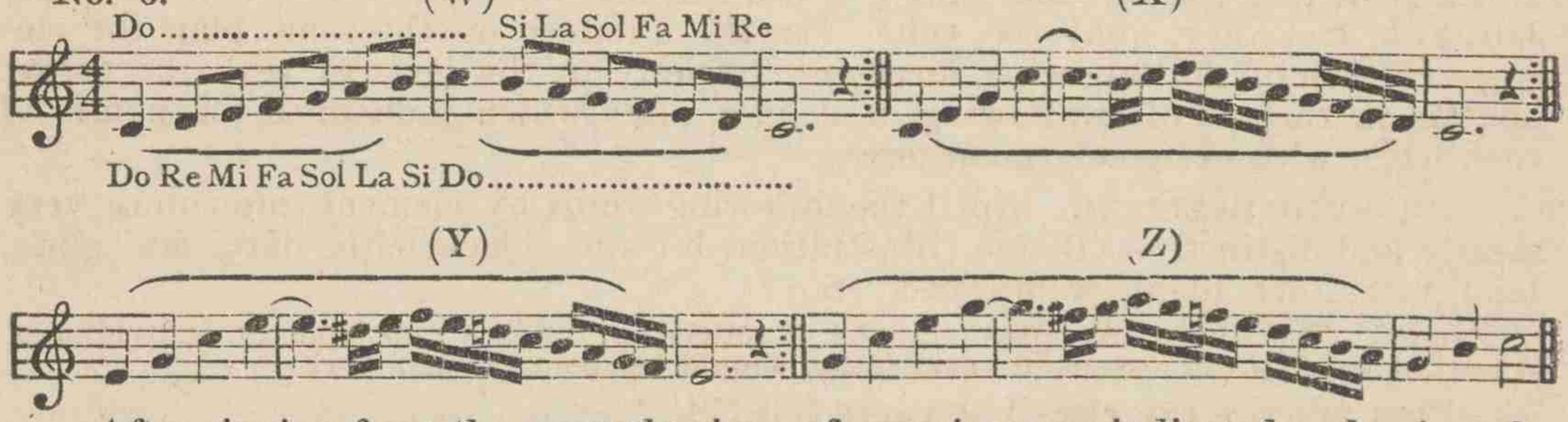


Sing the scale one octave (eight exercises) ascending and descending on the plan of each example above, using all the vowels with and without sc, and h. This is a long lesson.

No. 5. (R) (S) (T) (U) (V)

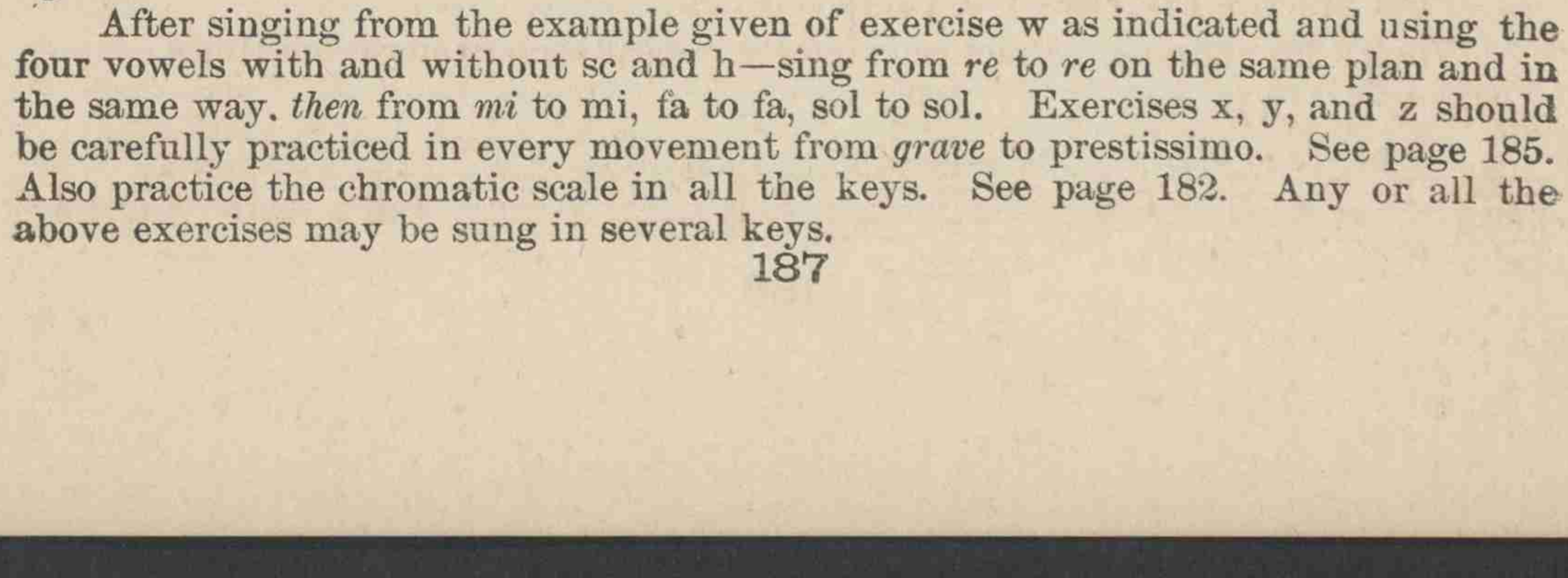


Sing through an octave (eight exercises) the scale ascending on the plan of the example under exercise r, repeat many times using the syllables and all the above vowels with and without sc and h. First without slurring, then slur the notes in groups of twos, then fours, then eights. Develop exercises s and u into eight exercises through one octave, the scale ascending—exercises t and v the same descending.

No. 6. (W) (X)



(Y) (Z)



After singing from the example given of exercise w as indicated and using the four vowels with and without sc and h—sing from *re* to *re* on the same plan and in the same way. *then* from *mi* to mi, fa to fa, sol to sol. Exercises x, y, and z should be carefully practiced in every movement from *grave* to prestissimo. See page 185. Also practice the chromatic scale in all the keys. See page 182. Any or all the above exercises may be sung in several keys.

THE ELEMENTS OF HARMONY.

Harmony is a combination of tones. An interval is the difference in pitch between two tones. An interval is named by the number of degrees of the staff it involves, thus—

An interval that involves two degrees of the staff, is called a second.
" " " " three " " " " " " " " third.
" " " " four " " " " " " " " fourth.
" " " " five " " " " " " " " fifth.
" " " " six " " " " " " " " sixth.
" " " " seven " " " " " " " " seventh.
" " " " eight " " " " " " " " octave.

Each of the above intervals are also classified with regard to size (kind of steps.)

Seconds; *minor* (1 short step), *major* (1 full step) and *augmented* (1 full and short step.)

Thirds; *diminished* (2 short steps), *minor* (1 full and 1 short step) and *major* (2 full steps.)

Fourths; *diminished* (1 full and 2 short) *perfect* (2 full and 1 short) and *augmented* (3 full steps.)

Fifths; *diminished* (2 short and 2 full,) *perfect* (3 full and 1 short) and *augmented* (4 full steps).

Sixths; *minor* (3 full and 2 short,) *major* (4 full and 1 short) and *augmented* (5 full steps.)

Sevenths; *diminished* (3 full and 3 short), *minor* (4 full and 2 short) and *major* (5 full and 1 short.)

Octaves; *diminished* (4 full steps and 3 short steps) and *perfect* (5 full steps and 2 short steps.)

Note 1. A primo (improperly called prime) is two tones on the same degree of the staff. There are two kinds of primos; the unison, which is two tones of the same pitch but intended for two voices (or more) or two instruments--and the chromatic, which is two tones of the smallest difference in pitch (same as minor second) on the same degree of the staff.

An interval is said to be inverted when the lower of the two tones is removed upward to its octave, or when the upper of the two tones is removed downward to its octave. To find the number of degrees an interval when inverted involves—subtract the number of degrees involved in that interval—from nine. Also a diminished interval, when inverted, becomes augmented and visa-versa; a major interval, when inverted, becomes minor and visa-versa; a perfect interval when inverted, remains perfect.

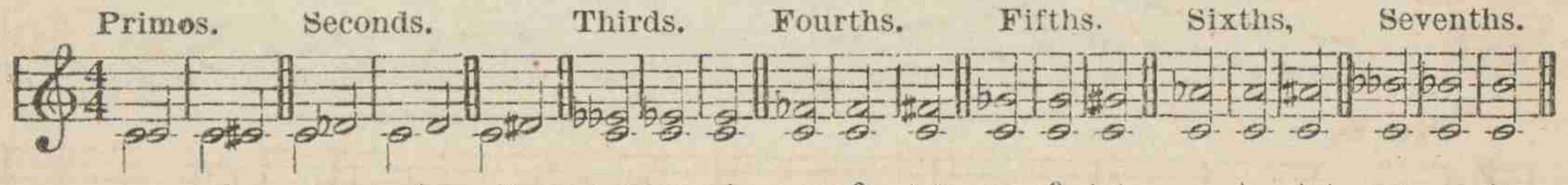
Note 2. For convenience we use the following signs; = for a diminished interval, — minor, + major, perfect 0, augmented ++, u for unison, ch for chromatic. Primos are u and ch. Seconds are -- + ++. Thirds are = -- +. Fourths are = 0 =. Fifths are = 0 ++, Sixths are — + ++. Sevenths are = -- +.

The pupil must know the order of the sharps and flats in the different keys. Learn to write the chromatic scale in every key, too before going further.

Note 3. In the following example each interval is considered a different exercise hence the sharps and flats in one measure have no effect in the next.

No. 1.

Primos. Seconds. Thirds. Fourths. Fifths. Sixths, Sevenths.



u ch. — + ++ =— + =0 ++ =0 ++ — + ++ =— +
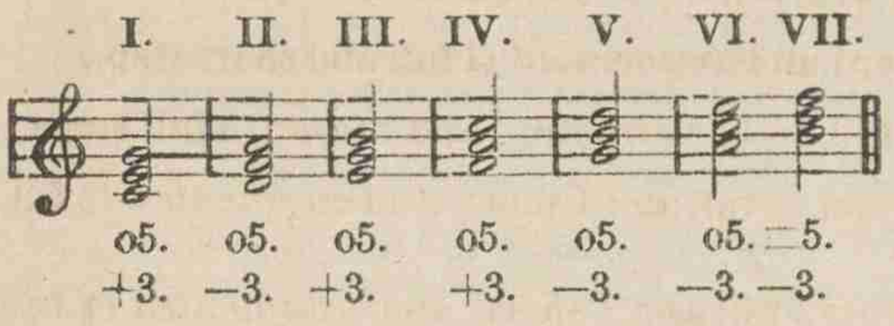
Write out the above in the twelve major keys being careful to make allowance for the sharps and flats in the signature.

A *chord* is two or more tones heard together. A chord composed of three tones 1 3 5 is called a *triad*, or common chord. The intervals of a triad are a *third* and *fifth* reckoning from the lowest. The lowest tone of a triad is called the *base* or *fundamental*. A triad whose third is minor and the fifth perfect is a *minor chord*. If the third is major and the fifth perfect, the chord is *major*. If the third is major and the fifth augmented, the chord is augmented. If the third is minor, and the fifth diminished the chord is *diminished*. When the base has *one* or the lowest tone of a triad, it is said to be in its fundamental position, or direct form.

One of the key is *tonic* marked for convenience I. Two of the key is *super-tonic* marked II. Three of the key is *mediant* marked III. Four of the key is *sub-dominant* marked IV. Five of the key is *dominant*. marked V. Six of the key is *sub-mediant* marked VI. Seven, of the key is *sub-tonic* marked VII. In the major keys. the triads of I. IV. V are major, of II, III, VI are minor, of VII is diminished. In the minor keys, the triads of V, VI are major, of I, IV are minor, of II, VII are diminished, of III is augmented.
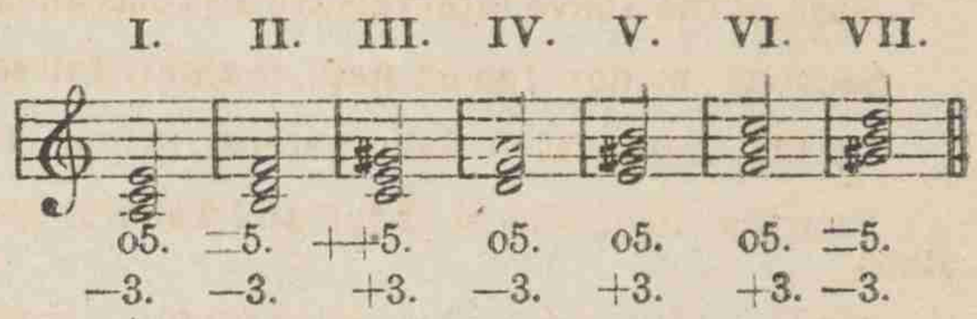
Triads built upon each tone of scale in the key of *C major*

No. 2.



Triads built upon each tone of the scale in the key of *A minor*.

No. 3.

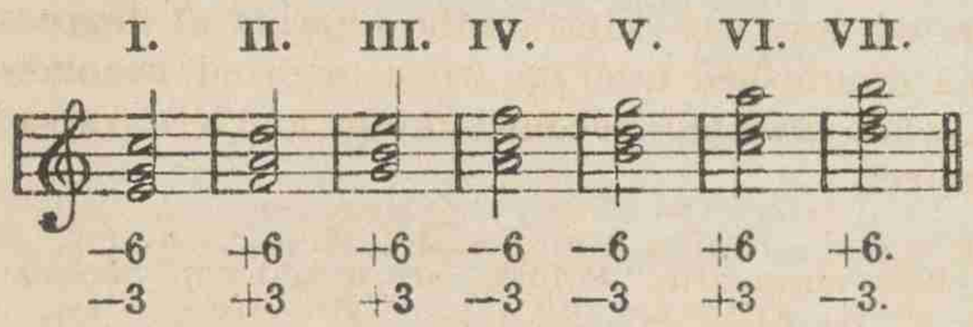


Write the triads in all the major and minor keys and indicate the intervals by the signs.

A *chord* is *inverted*, when the base takes any other tone than the *fundamental*. When the base takes the third it is the *first inversion*. When the base takes the fifth it is the *second inversion*. The first inversion is a chord of the third and sixth marked $\frac{6}{3}$ abbreviated 6. The second inversion is a chord of the sixth and fourth marked $\frac{6}{4}$.
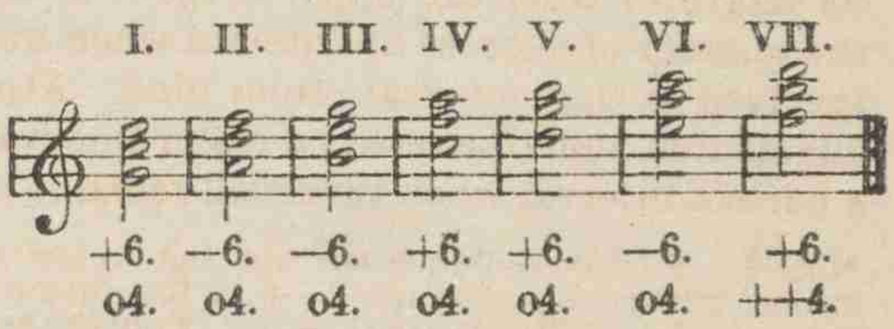
Chords of the sixth in C major.

No. 4.



Chords of the sixth and fourth in C major.

No. 5.

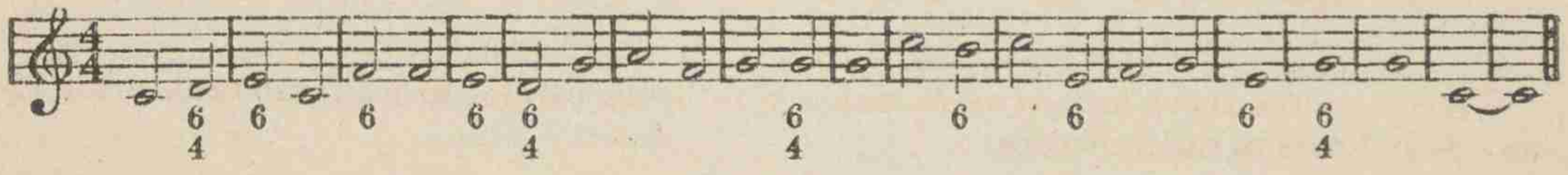


Write out all the above in the major and minor keys and figure them and indicate the interval by the sign.

When the figures are omitted in *thorough bass* it is understood that the chord is to be in its fundamental position, or the same as though it were figured $\frac{5}{3}$.

Write the other two notes to the following bass and make the triad complete.

No. 6.



To the triad add the fundamental in one of the upper voices, and we have four parts. This is called doubling the part, using the same letter twice. When the bass has the fifth, some other part may have that *letter*, when the bass has the *third*, do not use the same *letter* in any other part. but double the first or fifth in preference. Now copy the above (No. 6) on the bass staff and add the three other parts, being careful to make the parts move in oblique or contrary motion.

MUSICAL SIFTINGS.

NOTE 1. Teachers who use this catechism should give examples bearing on each question after it is answered and require the pupil to do so.

1. What is a Sound?
   Anything audible.
2. What is a Tone?
   A musical sound.
3. What is a Melody?
   A succession of tones.
4. What is Harmony?
   A combination of tones.
5. What is Music?
   Melody or harmony or both.
6. What are the Properties of a tone?
   Pitch, Length, Power and Quality.
7. What is Musical Notation?
   The art of expressing music, by means of characters, etc.
8. How many Departments in musical theory?
   Three. Melodics, Rhythmics and Dynamics.
9. What is an Interval?
   The difference in pitch between two tones.
10. What is a Scale?
    A series of tones, from ONE *to* EIGHT, *each differing from the other in pitch.*

NOTE 2. Turn now to illustration 1. *page* 174, and learn the *intervals* of the *diatonic major scale.*

After dwelling on the above questions and answers a *sufficient* length of time the teacher or leader should give a lesson on Chapter I. of the elementary instructions in this book, being sure to do each exercise *thoroughly*, and for a review of the above, go through with obs 1, as indicated there.

11. What is a musical Staff?
    Five long, parallel, horizontal lines and their spaces. See Chapter IV.
12. What is a Degree of the staff?
    A line or a space.
13. What are Notes?
    Characters used to represent the relative length of tones.
14. What are Rests?
    Characters to indicate silence during a part of the musical performance.

NOTE 3. Refer to Chapter II, on *staff, notes, rests*, etc, study the single and double dot; and especially, illustration 3, page 176, also Chapter III, for note reading principles.

15. How are Tones named?
    By the names of the first letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, G.
16. What is a Clef?
    A character used to determine the position of letters on the staff. There are two clefs in general use, F clef and G clef.
17. What is a Brace?
    A character used to connect Staves.
18. What is a Score?
    All the music that is connected by the brace and that moves across the page, once.
19. What are Measures?
    Groups of regularly recurring accented and unaccented pulses or beats.

NOTE 4. Measures are shown to the eye by *light bars* drawn vertically across the staff.

20. What are Measure Figures?
    Figures on the fourth line of the staff to show into how many Parts the Measure is divided. (See Illustrations 8 to 13 inclusive, Chapter V.)
21. What are Beat-note Figures?
    Figures on the second line, to indicate the note value of One Part of the measure. (See Illustrations 14 to 16 inclusive.)

NOTE. 5. Now study Chapter V., in detail.

22. What is a Key?
    A family of tones, bearing a certain fixed relations to each other.

NOTE 6. There are twelve *Major* Keys (See preface page,) (each having a relative *Minor*,) in general use. (See Chapters VI and VII.) Also study Chapters VIII, IX and X.

INDEX.

	No.
Allison. S. M.	15
All hail the Power. (Coronation)	137
Almighty One. (Hymn Chant.)	172
Already Condemned	64
A Lullaby	186
Amazing Grace	63
America	1
Angels hovering 'round	39
A poor sinner like me	37
Are you ready for the Lord to come?	134
Around the Great White Throne	68
As doves to their Windows	58
At the Cross	152
Awake and sing the song. (Laban)	114
Away to my Mountain Home	191
Balerma. (Opening Hymn) C. M.	166
Beautiful Home	142
Beautiful Home of the Blest	89
Beautiful Stream	111
Be Faithful	128
Because my dear Saviour	23
Beyond the Swelling Flood	130
Blessed Assurance	140
Blessed Shepherd	66
Bringing in the Sheaves	102
Buchanan. S. M.	76
Christ is all	167
Christian Fellowship	182
Christmas Bells	189
Cling	25
Come, Holy Spirit	67
Come humble Sinner	117
Come Saints and adore Him	146
Come thou Fount of every	119
Come to Jesus	21--24
Come ye Disconsolate	43
Consecration	53
Cross and Crown	47
Crown, Harp and Song	177
Death is only a Dream	80
Dennis. S. M.	5
Do I not need Thee?	54
Do they know each other there?	17
Doxology	50
Evening Blessing	82
Evening Prayer	65
Father, we rest in Thy Love	13
From ev'ry stormy. (Retreat) L. M.	113
From Greenland's icy Mountains	96
Gathering Home	81
Gather them in	4
Glory to God 'tis Jesus!	164
Glory to Jesus, He saves!	26
Gloria Patri	161
God be with you	141
Good Night, (Avon) C. M.	131
Go to Jesus	170
Grace	157
Greenville	10
Happy Day	42
Hark! ten thousand harps. (Harwell)	171
Hear ye the promise	185
Heaven is my Home	135
He leadeth me	121
He loves me tenderly	144
Here am I, send me	36
Home so beautiful	156
How firm a foundation!	84
How happy are they!	97
How sweet the name!	174
I am coming to the Cross	6
I am trusting Thee	9
I do believe	165
I gave my Life for thee	74
I need Thee	98
In the Shadow of the rock	77
I'm Thine, forever Thine	44
Is my name written there?	133
I would be of use to Thee	69
I was glad. (Anthem)	196
Jehovah's Promise	124
Jesus for you is Pleading	78
Jesus knows and cares for me	154
Jesus Master	183
Jesus of Nazareth is passing	94
Joy to the world. (Antioch)	127
Just as I am	107
Lead Me, Saviour, lead Me	91
Let Jesus In	136
Lift me Higher	7
Light will Greet Thee by and by	104
Lincoln	8
Look away to Calvary	145
Martyn	46
Memories of Galilee	90
Music in Heaven	2
My Heart is in his Keeping	176
My Heavenly Home	169
My Mother's Hands	153
My Soul be on thy Guard	115
Nearer Home	108
Nearer my God, to Thee	101
Never ashamed of Jesus	79
Newcomb	85
Now and Then	14
Not yet too Late	184
O Land of the Blessed	73
O Lord we love Thy Name	88
Only a little while	60

	No.
O Sing unto the Lord	192
Our Other Home	19
Over by the Crystal Sea	150
Over Jordan	38
Over the Silent River	112
Pray for your Boy to-night	30
Precious Fountain	3
Rain on the Roof	187
Retreat	113
Remembered by what I've Done	162
Rock of Ages	93
Saints' Immortal Home	16
Satan the Seed is Sowing	158
Saviour and Friend	160
Seek first the Kingdom	72
Seeking the Lost	57
Seeking the Lost Sheep	29
Servoss. S. M.	31
Shall We Meet?	51
Sing of Jesus	116
Sinner come to Jesus	62
Softly and Tenderly	18
Softly woo away her breath	105
Soldiers for Jesus	132
Some Day	71
Song of the Heavenly King	175
Song of Trust	123
Star of the Twilight	190
Suffering Saviour. (Boylston.) S. M.	139
Sweet Evening Bells	188
Sweet hour of Prayer	61
Tell it Again	34
Tell it Out	75
Thanksgiving Hymn	125
The Backslider's Prayer. C. M.	122
The Beautiful Eden Above	56
The Beautiful Pearly Gate	109
The Beautiful River	99
The Child of a King	27
The City of Refuge	95
The Complete Surrender	178
The Dead in Christ shall Rise	83
The Fountain	22
The Garden of the Lord	20
The Glorious Light	143
The Gospel Call	180
The Happy Land	106
The Heavens Declare	195
The Hollow of God's Hand	129
The Jeweled Walls of Jasper	110
The Land of Pure Delight	103
The Lily of the Valley	32
The Lord's Prayer	193
The Lost Soul's Lament	148
The New Home Sweet Home	181
The New Jesus Lover of my Soul	12
The Ninety and Nine	35
The Rock that is Higher than I	151
The Sinless Summerland	159
The Sinner's Friend is Come	33
The Soldier of the Cross	49
The Song and the Star	92
The Soul's Bright Home	155
Thine, Mine	40
Thoughts of Home	173
Thy Will be Done	59
Trusting Jesus	118
Trust ye in the Mighty God	197
Waiting at the Portal	126
Walking with Jesus	28
Welcome Evening Shadows	149
We Love thy Cause	138
We Praise Thee, O God	41
We're on the Way	163
We shall be Satisfied by and by	11
We shall meet each other there	100
We shall reach the Pearly Gate	120
We will Rest from Labor	194
What a Friend we have in Jesus	48
What Christ has done for me	179
What must it be to be There?	52
When I can read my Title clear	70
When my Life-work is done	168
While the Days are going by	55
Windham. L. M.	86
Work for the Night is Coming	45
Working for the Crown	87
Yield not to Temptation	147

CONSECRATION SONGS. Nos: 25, 28, 31, 36, 44, 53, 57, 69, 76, 176, 178.

PARTING SONGS. Nos: 5, 8, 14, 50, 130, 131, 141, 150, 161, 182.

SONGS FOR CONFESSION. Nos: 6, 9, 26, 27, 32, 42, 47, 49, 54, 97, 107, 118, 123, 124, 140, 144, 152, 154, 164, 165, 197.

SONGS OF INVITATION. (Revival.) Nos: 18, 21, 24, 26, 33, 39, 43, 58, 62, 64, 68, 72, 74, 78, 94, 95, 109, 111, 117, 133, 134, 136, 145, 167, 179, 180, 184,

SONGS OF DEVOTION. Nos: 12, 13, 23, 31, 46, 66, 76, 88, 129, 138, 143, 144, 145, 182.

SONGS OF HEAVEN. Nos: 2, 11, 14, 16, 17, 19, 38, 51, 52, 56, 68, 71, 81, 89, 99, 103, 106, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 120, 126, 130, 135, 142, 155, 156, 159, 163, 169, 181.

SONGS OF PRAYER AND PRAISE. Nos: 5, 15, 30, 48, 54, 59, 61, 65, 67, 82, 85, 98, 101, 119, 122, 127, 137, 143, 146, 148, 166, 172, 174, 175, 177, 183, 192, 193, 196.

WORK SONGS. Nos: 4, 20, 29, 34, 36, 45, 55, 69, 87, 96, 102, 104, 110, 128, 138, 158, 162, 168, 185, 194.

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