THE VIOLET:

A Book of Music and Hymns,

WITH LESSONS OF INSTRUCTION,

DESIGNED FOR

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, SOCIAL MEETINGS, AND HOME CIRCLE.

By A. D. FILLMORE.

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1867

CINCINNATI:
R. W. CARROLL & CO., PUBLISHERS,
117 WEST FOURTH STREET.

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By A. D. FILLMORE,

Author of the Psalmist, Musician, Nightingale, Choralist, Polyphonic, Psaltery, Harp of Zion, Little Minstrel, etc.

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PREFACE.

In placing the "Violet" before the people, it is fitting that I should say a few words, by way of introduction.

Four years ago I sent forth the "Polyphonic," designed specially for the Sunday-school. While the demand for it is still constantly increasing, many are urgently calling for another book of the same kind, with lessons of instruction, and good and true songs, with cheerful juvenile music adapted. The "Violet" is a response to this demand. For both poetry and music I am much indebted to many friends, whose names appear in the proper place.

If I have, by mistake, made use of any thing in these pages, which by copyright is the property of others, I will, upon being informed, give due credit of proper ownership, or omit from future editions.

I pray God's blessing in making this little book an instrument of good in the Sunday-school, the social meeting, and in the home circle. May the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ fill every heart, and the songs of Zion cheer us till we reach the "Glorious Land," where we shall sing praise to God and to the Lamb forever.

A. D. FILLMORE.

Cincinnati, O., Oct., 1867.

Entered according to act of Congress, A. D. 1867, by A. D. Fillmore, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S., for the Southern District of Ohio.

PRINCIPLES OF VOCAL MUSIC.

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL VIEW OF PRINCIPLES.

1. THE science of music teaches the laws or principles which pertain to musical tones or singing sounds.

2. TONES are the sounds which constitute music.*

3. NOTES are the characters used to represent tones.

4. The principles of music are divided into four departments: TIME, MELODY, HARMONY and STYLE.

5. Tones may be *long* or *short;* hence the department called TIME.

6. Tones may be *high* or *low;* hence the department called MELODY.

7. Tones may be *single* or *combined;* hence the department called HARMONY.

8. Tones may be *loud* or *soft;* hence the department called STYLE.

9. These four fundamental rules embrace the whole science of music.

10. They are alike essential in becoming thoroughly acquainted with the science.

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* The word *tone* is derived from the Greek *tonos*, signifying tension. It is often very improperly applied to the interval or difference between sounds, as well as to the sounds themselves. This is one fruitful source of confusion and discouragement to the learner. Let it be understood that the word tone, and the word sound, mean one and the same thing in music.

CHAPTER II.

TIME—FIRST DEPARTMENT.

1. THE department of Time embraces two items: kinds of measure and lengths of tones.

2. Every piece of music is divided into parts of equal length called measures.

3. Perpendicular lines, called bars, are used to show the extent of the measures.

Example I.

measure	bar	measure	bar	measure	bar	measure	double bar

4. Measures are divided into equal portions, called parts of measures.

Example II.

measure		measure		measure	
part	part	part	part	part	part

5. In order to regulate the time, and to enable all to sing together, each one is required to beat time.

6. Beating time is a regular motion of the right hand.

7. One beat or motion of the hand must be made for each part of every measure.

8. The first part of every measure has a downward beat.

9. The last part of every measure has an upward beat.

Example III.

down	up	down	up	down	up

10. The hand, as it were, passes over each bar, in beating time.

CHAPTER III.

KINDS OF MEASURE.

1. MEASURES are of two kinds; even and uneven.

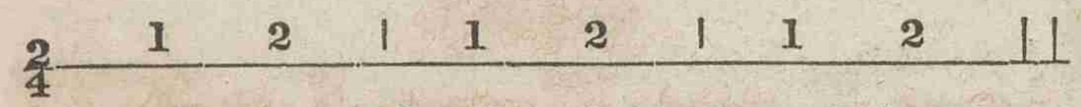
2. Even measure may contain two or four parts.

3. Uneven measure may contain three, six, or nine parts.

4. These two kinds of measure may be represented in six varieties or forms.

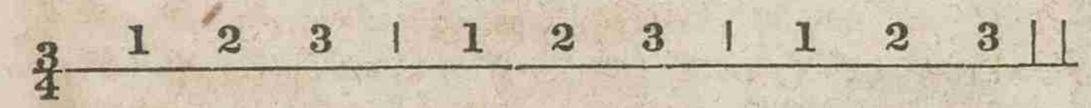
5. Double measure has two beats, down and up; and is represented thus:

Example I.



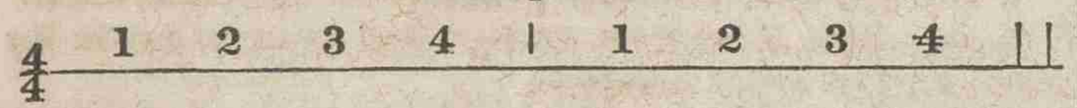
6. Triple measure has three beats, down, left, and up: and is represented thus:

Example II.



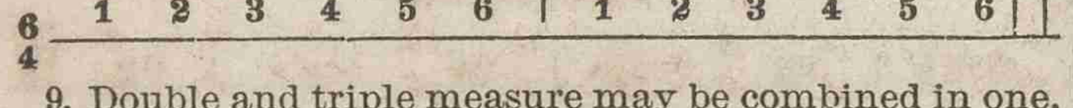
7. Quadruple measure has four beats, down and up twice for each measure, or down, left, right, up; represented thus:

Example III.



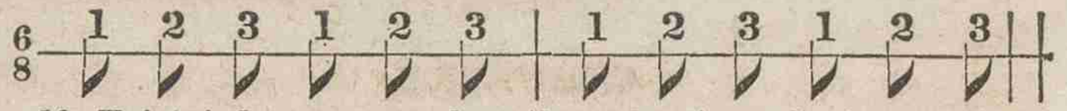
8. Sextuple measure has six beats, down, left, and up, twice for each measure; represented thus:

Example IV.



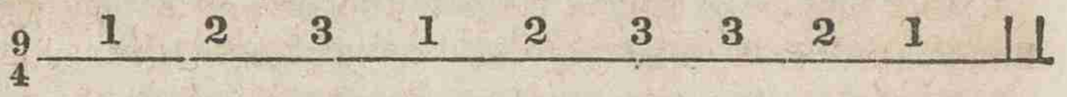
9. Double and triple measure may be combined in one, called Double-triple, or compound measure; and have two beats, thus:

Example V.



10. Tri-triple measure has three beats and nine parts in each measure; represented thus:

Example VI.



CHAPTER IV.

LENGTH OF NOTES AND RESTS.

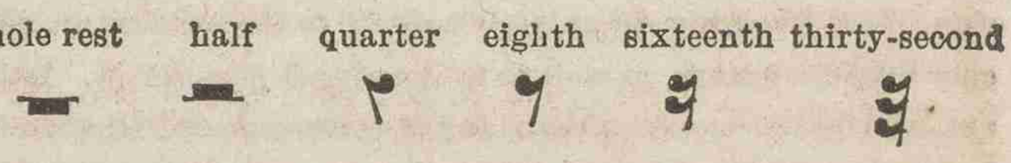
1. THE relative length of tones is represented by certain marks attached to the notes.

2. To represent a rest or cessation of sound, other characters, corresponding in length with the notes, are used instead of notes, in any or all parts of a tune.

LENGTH OF NOTES.



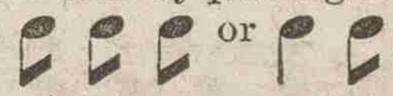
CORRESPONDING RESTS.



3. The whole note will be regarded as the standard in reckoning the length of tones.

4. The whole rest is the standard by which to calculate the length of rests.

5. Each note, or rest, is one half the length of that next on its left-hand side, in the example above.

6. Any note may be lengthened one half by placing a dot after it, thus:  is equal to  or and is called a pointed note.

7. Sometimes a note is increased in duration three-fourths, by placing two dots after it.

8. When a note is to be prolonged beyond its ordinary length, it is represented thus:  called a prolong.

9. When three notes are to be sung in the time of two, of the same length, they are written thus:  and called a triplet.

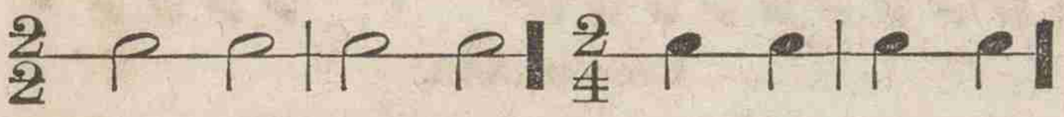
10. Two figures at the beginning, one above the other, show the kind of measure, the upper denoting the number, and the lower the kind of notes which fill the measure.

CHAPTER V.

VARIETIES OF MEASURE.

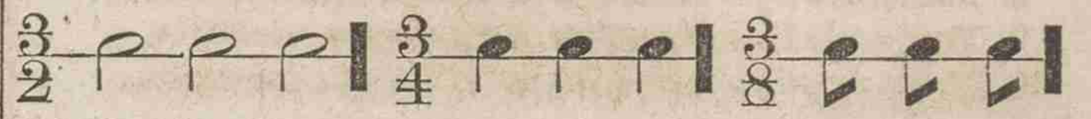
1. DOUBLE measure may be written with two half notes in each measure, or two quarter notes.

Example I. Example II.



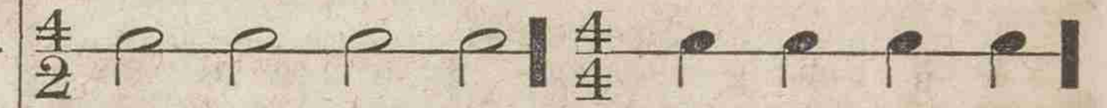
2. Triple measure may have three half, three quarter, or three eighth notes in each measure.

Example III. Example IV. Example V.



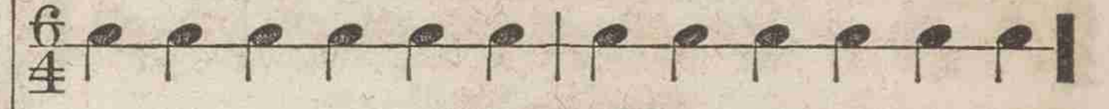
3. Quadruple measure may be written with four half, or four quarter notes in each measure.

Example VI. Example VII.



4. Sextuple measure may be written with six quarter or six eighth notes in a measure.

Example VIII.



Example IX.



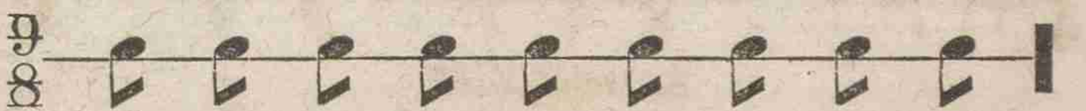
5. This second variety of sextuple measure (Example IX) is Double-triple measure, and should have two beats for each measure, except when the tune is marked *slow*, then it must have six beats.

6. Tri-triple measure may be written with nine quarter or nine eighth notes in each measure.

Example X.



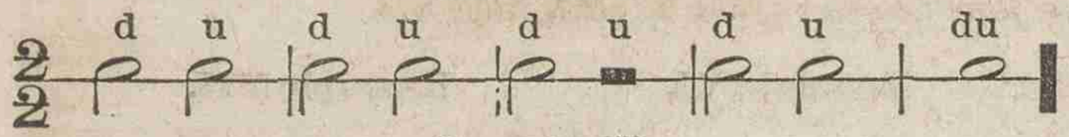
Example XI.



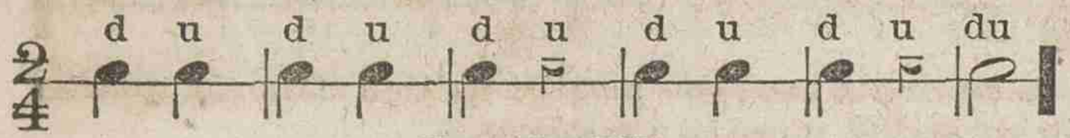
7. Thus it is seen there are two varieties of Double, and three varieties of Triple measure.

8. There are two varieties of Quadruple measure.
9. There are two varieties of Sextuple measure.
10. There are two varieties of Tri-triple measure.

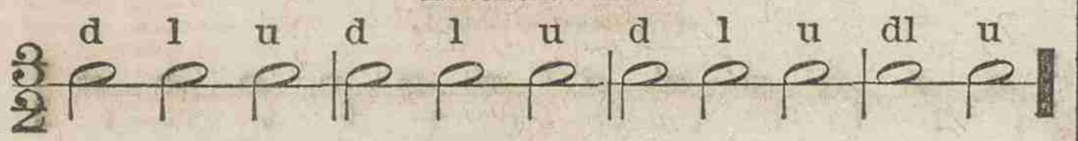
Exercise I.



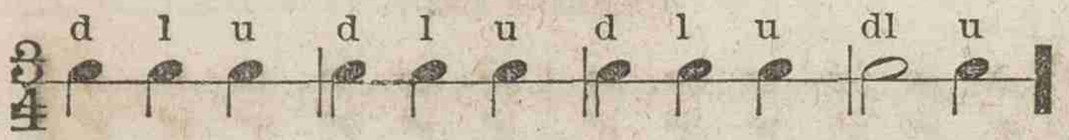
Exercise II.



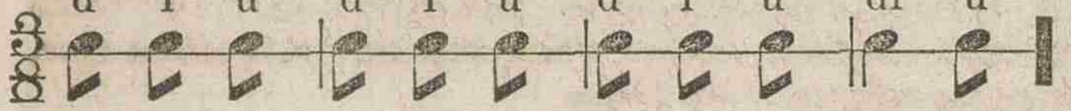
Exercise III.



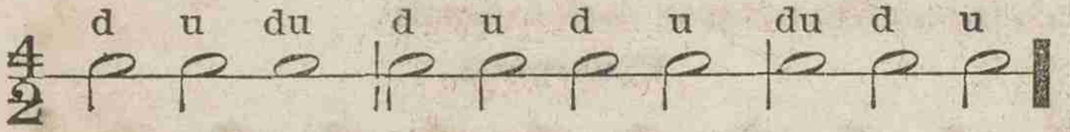
Exercise IV.



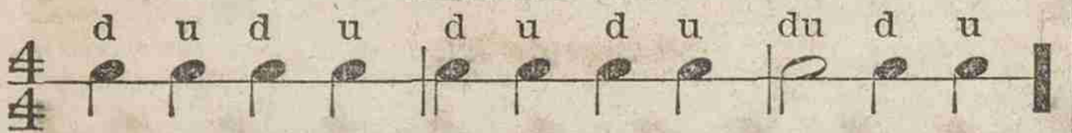
Exercise V.



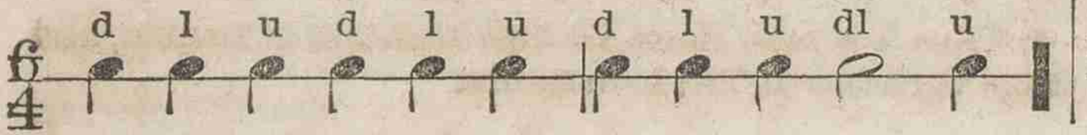
Exercise VI.



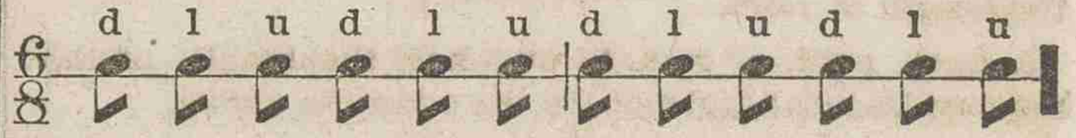
Exercise VII.



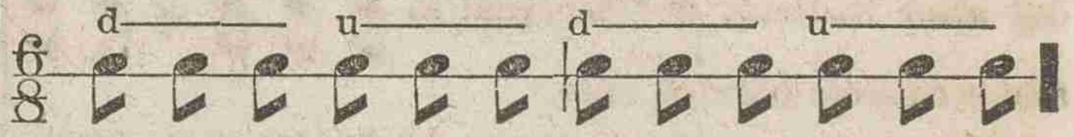
Exercise VIII.



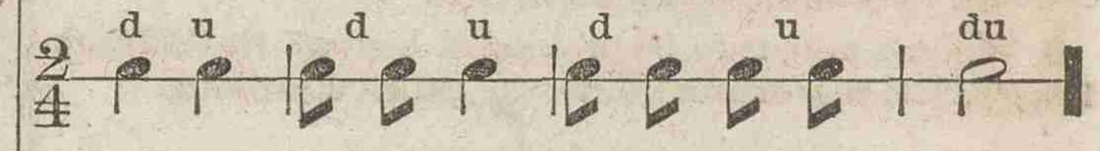
Exercise IX.



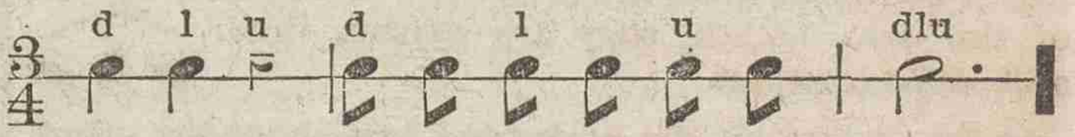
Exercise X.



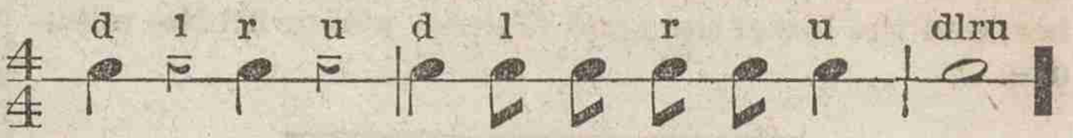
Exercise XI.



Exercise XII.



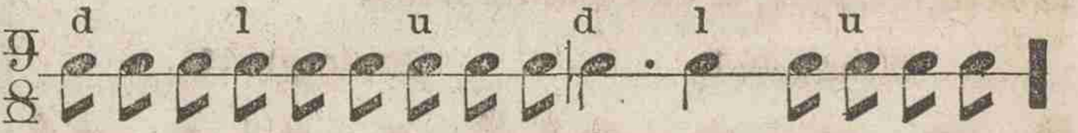
Exercise XIII.



Exercise XIV.



Exercise XV.



Exercise XVI.

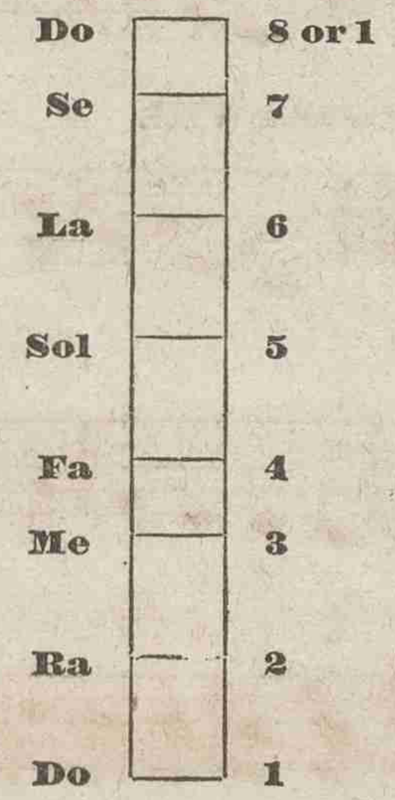


CHAPTER VI.

MELODY—SECOND DEPARTMENT.

1. MELODY treats of the altitude and succession of tones.
2. Seven tones are used in music.
3. When the seven tones are given in succession, and the first repeated after the seventh, it is called the octave, or natural scale.
4. The first seven numerals are used as notes to represent the tones of the scale.
5. The first stands for the lowest, the second for the next higher, etc.
6. The sounds of the scale are named Do, Ra, Me, Fa, Sol, La, Se, Do.
7. The sounds are at unequal distances from each other.
8. The distance from one tone to another is called an interval.
9. The two small steps between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8, are called half intervals—sometimes semitones.
10. All the other, larger steps, are called whole intervals, or whole tones.

This is a representation of the natural scale, with its whole and half intervals.



This is called the Natural Scale, or Octave. and should be sung carefully, both by numbers and syllables, until all the steps can be given with ease and accuracy. Every pupil should be required to *step* from one tone to another, and not *slide*.

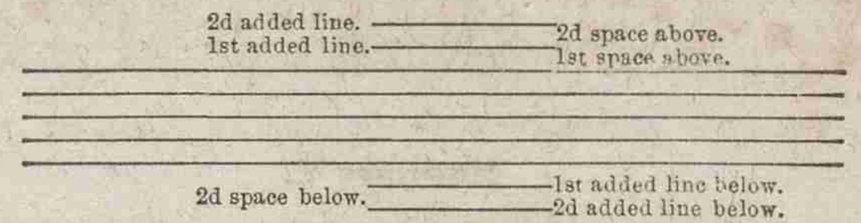
CHAPTER VII.

STAFF, CLEFFS, ETC.

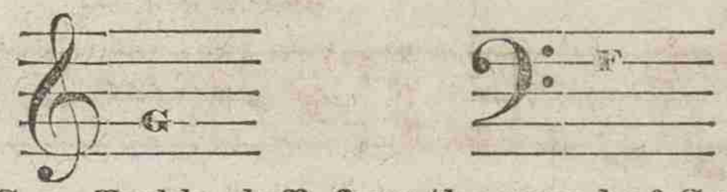
1. THE Staff consists of five horizontal lines and their intermediate spaces.
2. Each line and space is reckoned as a degree.



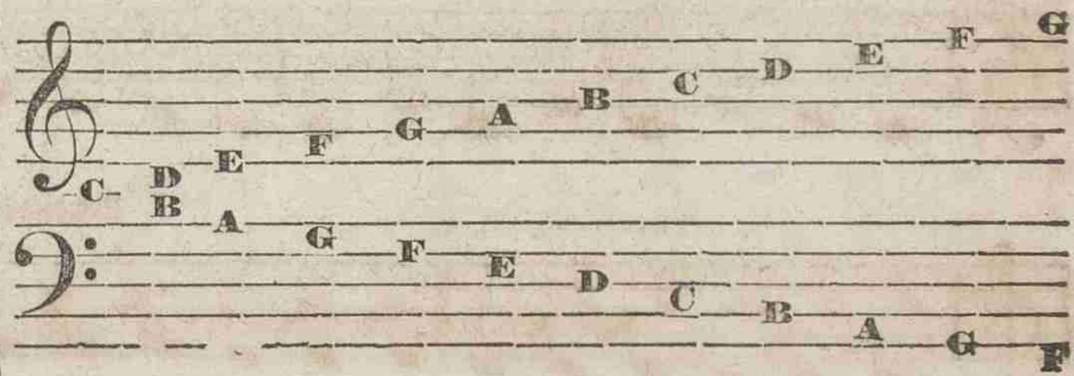
3. Each line and each space is counted from the lowest.
4. Taken together they make nine degrees.
5. When more degrees are needed, on which to place additional notes, lines are added above and below.



6. The degrees of the staff are named from the first seven letters of the alphabet: A, B, C, D, E, F, G.
7. Cleffs are characters placed upon the staff to show the particular location of letters.
8. Two cleffs are in common use—the G cleff and the F cleff.



9. The G, or Treble cleff, fixes the sound of G upon the second line.
10. The F, or Base cleff, locates F on the fourth line.



Excercise I.

Exercise II.

Sing with the names of the numerals, syllables Do, Ra, Me, etc., and syllable La.

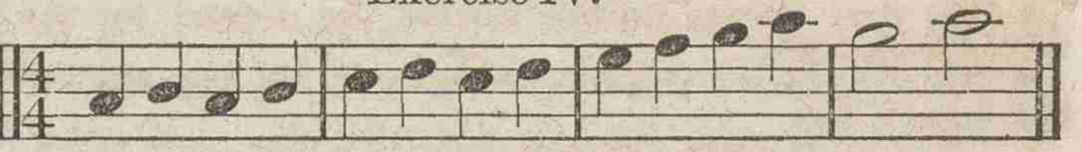


Do ra me fa sol la se do do se la sol fa me re do.

Exercise III.



Exercise IV.



Exercise V.



Exercise VI.



Exercise VII.



Exercise VIII.



Exercise IX.



Exercise X.



Exercise XI.



Exercise XII.



In the above, the heavy perpendicular line is called a *double bar*, and is generally used at the end of a line of poetry. The three marks at the end are called a *close*, used at the end of a tune. The row of dots across the staff is called a *repeat*, which shows the part that is to be sung again.

THE SCALE.



1. Come, let us learn to sing, Do ra me fa sol la se do,
   Loud let our voic - es ring, Do ra me fa sol la se do;
2. This is the scale so sweet, Do ra me fa sol la se do,
   Sing it with ac - cents meet, Do ra me fa sol la se do;
3. O, how we love to sing, Do ra me fa sol la se do,
   Praise to the heavenly King, Do ra me fa sol la se do;



Now we sing with o - pen sound,
With our voic - es full and round, Do se la sol fa me ra do.

First as - cend with steps so true,
Then de - scend in or - der too, Do se la sol fa me ra do.

Let us learn his face to seek,
Then a - loud his prais - es speak. Do se la sol fa me ra do.

CHAPTER VIII.

MAJOR, MINOR, AND CHROMATIC SCALES.

1. INTERVALS of the scale are designated as seconds, thirds, fourths, etc., always reckoning the first, last, and intermediate degrees: for instance, a fifth includes any given tone, another a fifth above it, and all that intervene.

2. The scale in Chapter VI is most commonly used; but two other forms must be understood.



3. The first is called the Diatonic Major Scale, and consists of whole and half intervals.

4. In the Major Scale, there are two whole intervals between 1 and 3.

5. The second is called Minor, because there is but an interval and a half between 1 and 3.

6. In the major, the half intervals occur between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8.

7. In the minor, they are between 2 and 3, and 5 and 6.

8. Music written according to the major, sounds lively and grand, while that of the minor is mournful and plaintive; and for this reason the two forms of the octave are called Grand and Plaintive.

9. The minor is usually written a third lower than the major, with 6 as the first note, 7 the second, 1 as the third, etc.

The relative major and minor keys are one third apart, but have the same number of flats or sharps as the signature of the key.

10. The Chromatic Scale is either the major or minor scale, with tones introduced in the middle of each whole interval; so that it consists entirely of half intervals.

CHAPTER IX.

TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE.

1. THE position of the letters on the staff is fixed.

2. The position of the notes of the scale is not fixed, but may be changed to any line or space.

NOTE.—There is, perhaps, no one item in the science of music, which discourages pupils so much as the transposition of the scale. With the plan of notation adopted in this work, every child can be made to understand it easily. In ascending a fifth, to introduce a new sharp, teach them to count upon the left hand, naming each finger and the thumb for the letters constituting the fifth; reversing the order for the flats. Thus, from C to G, counts from the fourth finger to the thumb; from C to F, from the thumb to the fourth finger.

The teacher should show clearly the natural scale, represented by the numerals, and the fixed written scale of letters; and that the flats or sharps simply indicate how the written scale can be made to agree with the natural.

The voice accords with the intervals of the natural scale, while the keys of an instrument are according to the written scale.

3. Transposition of the scale is the change of its position on the staff.

4. All musicians have agreed upon a fixed sound for the key or altitude of C, that is, when the first sound of the scale is on the letter C.

5. A tuning-fork, or other instrument, is used to give this fixed sound, from which all the others may be derived with accuracy.

6. The half intervals occur between the letters E and F, and B and C.

7. When *one*, or Do, is on the letter C, the place of all the whole and half intervals in the written scale of letters agree with those in the natural scale.

8. When *one* is placed in any position, it is the governing sound of the scale; that is, all the other sounds, with their proper intervals, will be high or low, according as *one* is high or low.

9. When any other letter than C is taken as the position of one, the place of the letters which do not correspond with those of the sounds in their natural order, are either elevated half an interval, by a (♯) sharp, or lowered half an interval by a (♭) flat.

10. The flats or sharps thus used are placed at the beginning, and are called the signature of the key.

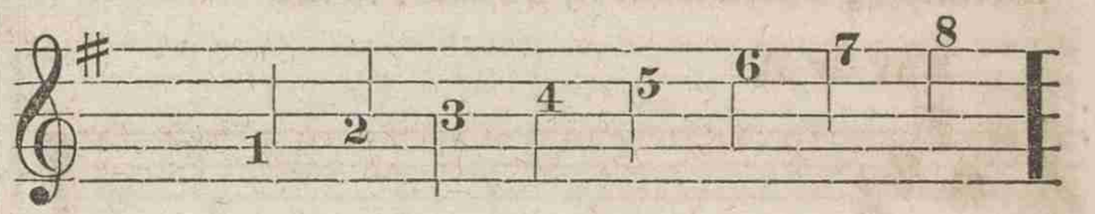
When One is on C, there are no flats or sharps, and it is the

KEY OF C.



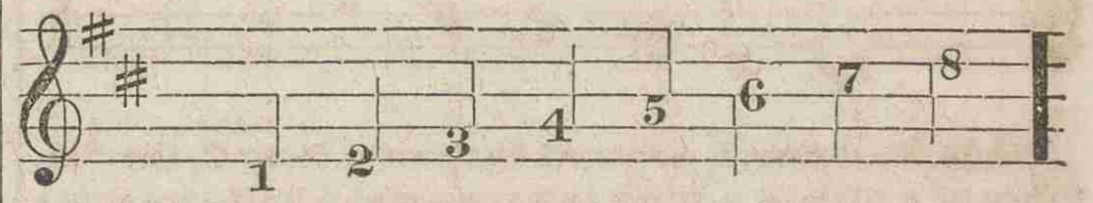
When we elevate One a fifth, that is, place it on the letter G, the letter F is half an interval lower than the sound of seven; consequently, we place a sharp at the beginning, on the letter F. This, then, is called the signature of the

KEY OF G.



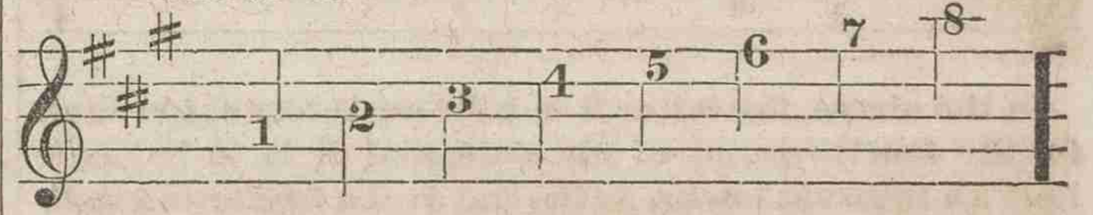
When we count up another fifth from G, we come to the letter D. Taking D as the position or altitude of One, the same letter, F, must be sharped, and another (the letter C), must be sharped to agree with the seventh. F and C sharp is the signature of the

KEY OF D.



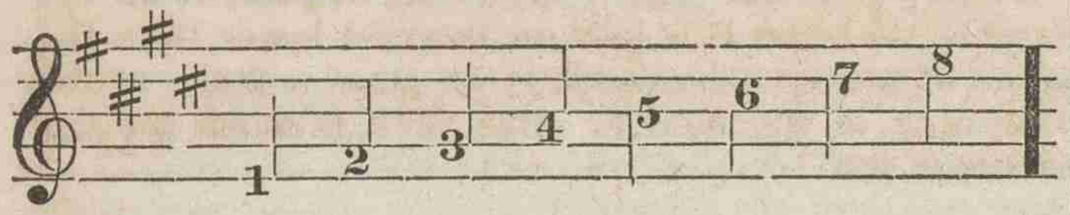
Ascending another fifth from D, we come to the letter A. Here another letter (G) must be sharped to agree with the seventh note, when the scale or tune is written in the

KEY OF A.



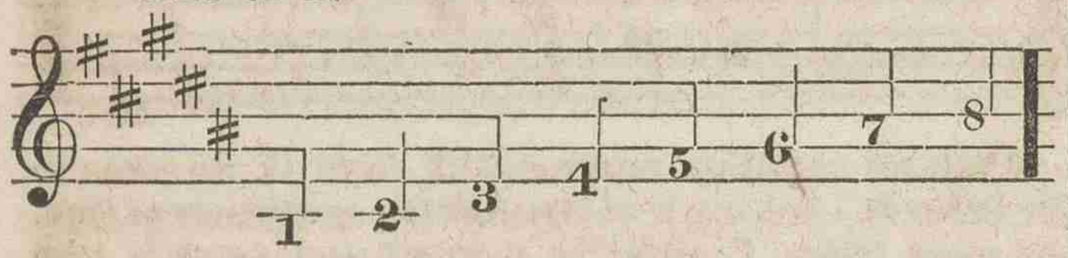
Another fifth from A, brings us to E, which requires another sharp for the seventh.

KEY OF E.



Advancing a fifth from E, we come to the

KEY OF B.

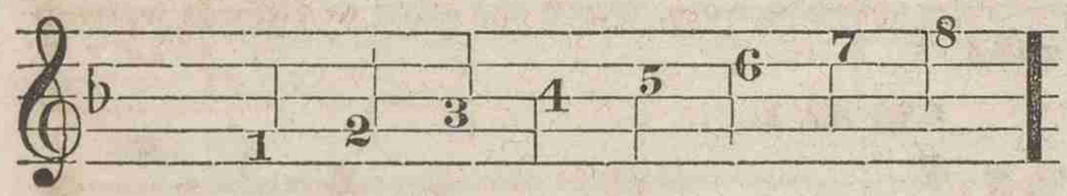


KEY OF C.



When we descend, or count backward from C, the distance of a fifth—*i. e.* three intervals and a half—we come to the

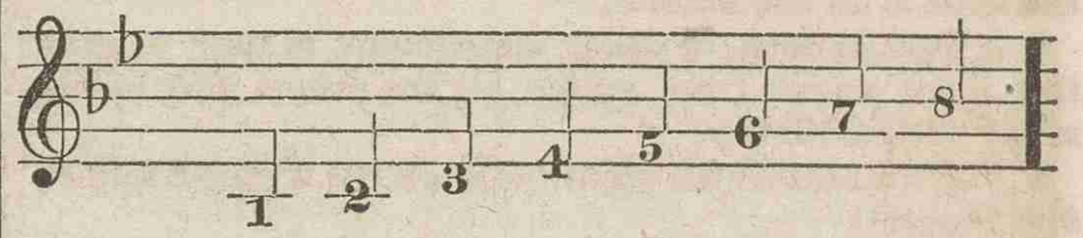
KEY OF F.



In the above, the letter B is half an interval too high for the fourth sound of the scale, and it is to be made half an interval lower, as the flat at the beginning indicates.

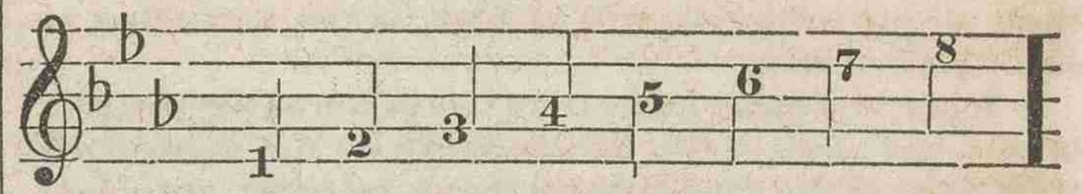
By descending another fifth from F, we are brought to B♭, which requires another flat also, as the signature of the key, to agree with the fourth. Thus B and E flat is the signature of the

KEY OF B♭.



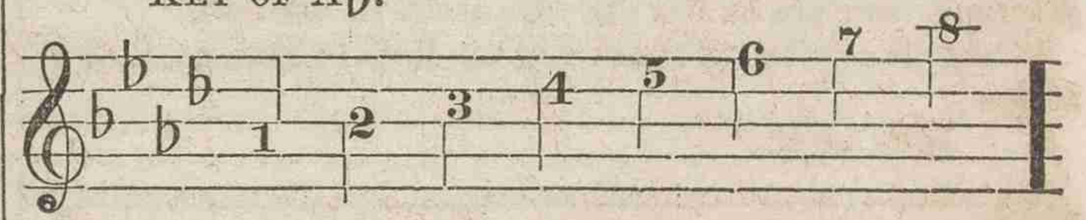
Descending another fifth, from B♭, we are brought to the letter E♭, which will require another letter (A) to be made flat, to agree with the fourth.

KEY OF E♭.



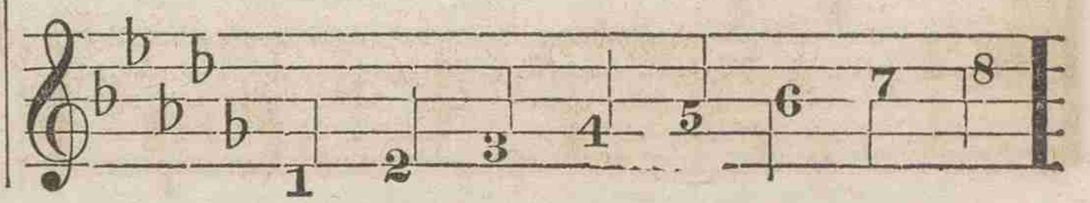
Another fifth brings us to A♭, which requires that the letter D be flatted.

KEY OF A♭.

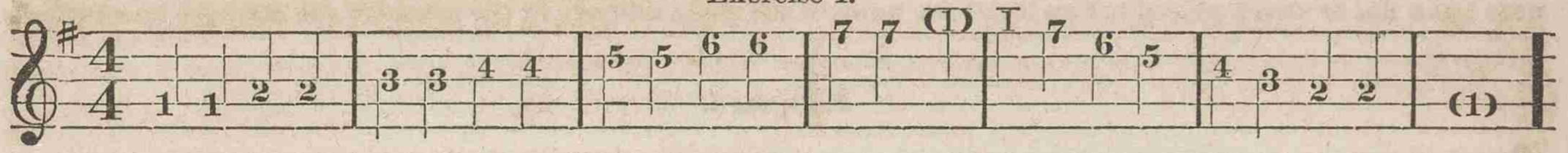


Another fifth, descending from A♭, is the

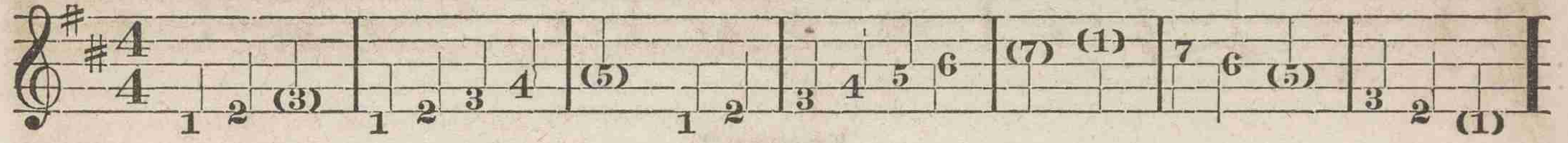
KEY OF D♭.



Exercise I.



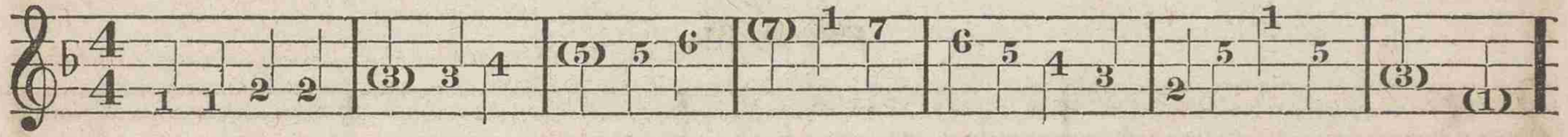
Exercise II.



Exercise III.



Exercise IV.



Exercise V.

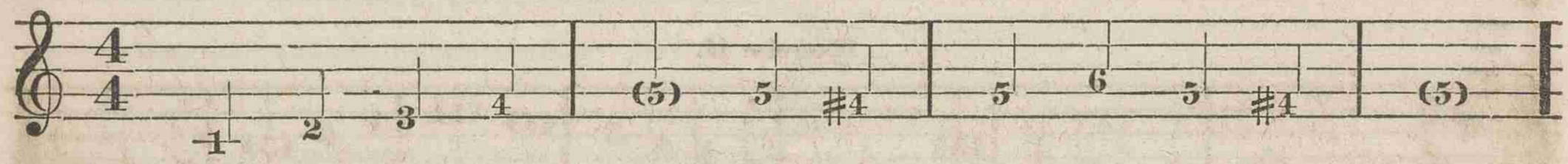


Exercise VI.

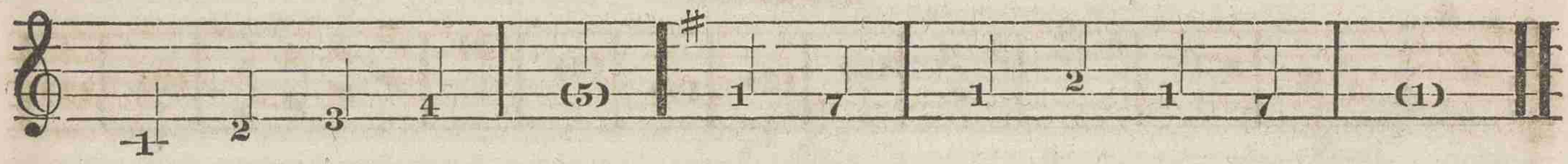


Sometimes the altitude of a key is temporarily changed, by sharping or flatting one or more tones. When a note has a flat or sharp placed before it, all the notes of the same altitude in the measure are changed accordingly.

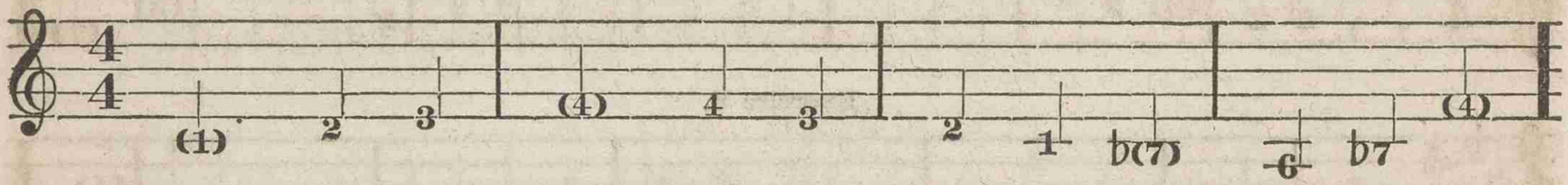
Exercise I.



Exercise II.



Exercise III.



Exercise IV.



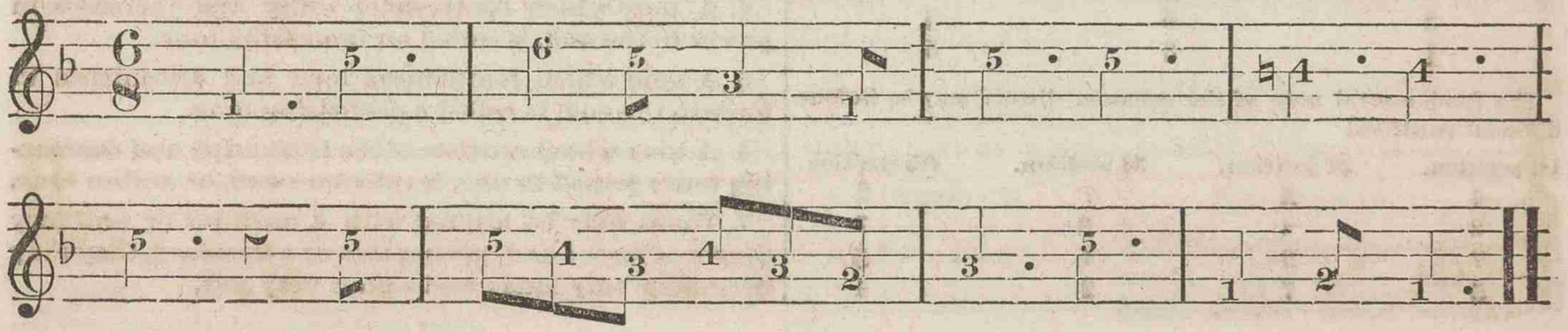
Exercise V.



Exercise VI.



Exercise VII.



CHAPTER X.

HARMONY—THIRD DEPARTMENT.

1. HARMONY teaches the construction and succession of chords.

2. A combination of two or more sounds is a chord.

3. Chords are of two kinds: concord, which is pleasing to the ear, and discord, which is disagreeable.

4. The concord consists of two or more tones, an interval and a half, or more, apart.

5. The discord is a combination of sounds between any two of which there is less than an interval and a half.

6. The common concord is 1, 3, 5, to which 8 may be added.

7. The tones 5, 7, 2, 4, constitute the common discord.

Any combination of sounds which bear the same relation to each other as either of the above, is to be regarded as the same chord.

The common concord may be written with the fundamental or base note in three different positions.

1st position.	2d position.	3d position.
5	**1**	3
3	5	**1**
1	3	5

The fundamental note of the common discord may be in four different positions.

1st position.	2d position.	3d position.	4th position.
4	**5**	7	2
2	4	**5**	7
7	2	4	**5**
5	7	2	4

8. The Base is the lowest part, and is written on the F cleff. The other parts are higher in the order of Tenor; Alto, or Counter; first Treble, Air, or Soprano; and are written on the G cleff, except that the Tenor is sometimes written above the Base on the same staff.

The Air and Alto are sometimes written on the same staff: the higher notes the Air, and the lower the Alto, or Counter.

9. The Base should be sung by low male voices, the Tenor by high male voices, Counter by low female voices, and boys before their voices change; and the Air, which is really *the tune*, by high female voices.

The female voice is naturally an octave higher than the male voice.

CHAPTER XI.

STYLE—FOURTH DEPARTMENT.

1. STYLE teaches how musical tones should be uttered, and the manner of applying words to music.

2. All tones should be sounded in a firm, full, free, clear, and independent manner.

3. A tone which commences, continues, and ends, with an equal degree of force, is called an organ tone.

4. A tone which commences softly and increases in power to the end, is called an increasing tone.

5. A tone which commences loud and diminishes in force to the end, is called a decreasing tone.

6. A tone which consists of the increasing and decreasing tones joined in one, is called a swell, or æolian tone.

7. Tones may be uttered with a medium or ordinary degree of force; and, taking this as a standard, they may be loud or very loud; and soft or very soft.

8. These five degrees of force are designated by the marks *m* for medium; F or *f*, for loud; FF or *ff*, very loud; P or *p*, for soft; and PP or *pp*, very soft.

9. When tones are sounded distinctly, in such a detached manner as to indicate a pause between them, they are called staccato tones.

10. When tones are joined together in a smooth, gliding manner, it is called legato style.

When words are to be repeated, they are marked thus :‖:

CHAPTER XII.

APPLYING WORDS, ACCENT, ETC.

1. In singing by note, each part of a measure which has a downward beat should be accented.

2. In singing words the accent and emphasis should be observed the same as in reading or speaking.

If any one thing is more essential than another, in the principles of music, it is Style, sometimes denominated Dynamics, or Musical Elocution. If the teacher has talent, it will all be brought into requisition at this point; and if he is destitute, he will pass this department hastily, and perhaps seldom refer to it.

In order to develop the faculties of the human voice, great care and persevering practice are requisite. The teacher should induce every pupil to throw off all diffidence, and speak the tones out freely. All the singers who have ever become famous, have distinguished themselves by their remarkable acquirements in style.

It will not do to give attention to this subject for a few days simply, or during a few lessons of practice; but it should be kept continuously before the mind, in all our practice, until good taste and fine execution becomes a fixed habit.

3. When two or more tones are to be sounded with a single syllable of words, the notes are joined together, by the hooks on the stems being united, or by being included in a tie, thus:



4. The consonants should always be sounded very distinctly, and in the shortest possible time.

5. In sounding a tone of any considerable length, the voice should dwell altogether upon the vowel sounds.

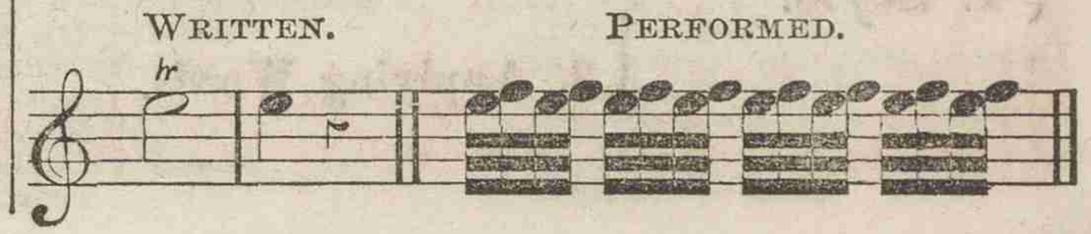
6. The sentiment of the writer of the words should be understood, felt, and as nearly as possible, expressed by the singer.

7. The breath must be taken so as to avoid separating words which the sense connects intimately together; such as the nominative and the verb, etc.

8. The small grace notes before or after the principal notes, should be touched lightly, and take their time from that of the principal notes.

9. A turn (∾) indicates that the note over which it is placed must be gracefully varied, so as to touch the note both above and below it.

10. A trill, or shake (*tr*), shows that the note over which it is placed should alternate rapidly with the interval either above or below, a number of times, thus:



MUSICAL DIAGRAM, FOR TEACHERS.

- 1. Time.
  - 1. Kinds of Measure.
    - 1. Even.
      - 1. Double Measure.
      - 2. Quadruple Measure.
    - 2. Uneven.
      - 1. Triple Measure.
      - 2. Sextuple Measure.
        - 1. Simple.
        - 2. Compound.
  - 2. Length of Notes.
    - 1. Notes of Sound.
    - 2. Notes of Rest.
- 2. Melody.
  - 1. Altitude of Tones.
    - 1. Key of C Natural, Major.
      - 1. Transposed by Sharps.
      - 2. Transposed by Flats.
    - 2. Key of A Natural, Minor.
      - 1. Transposed by Sharps.
      - 2. Transposed by Flats.
  - 2. Succession of Tones.
    - 1. Whole Intervals.
    - 2. Half Intervals.
- 3. Harmony.
  - 1. Construction of Chords.
    - 1. Concords.
    - 2. Discords.
  - 2. Succession of Chords.
    - 1. Consecutives.
      - 1. Proper.
        - 1. Thirds or Sixths.
        - 2. Fourths.
      - 2. Improper.
        - 1. Fifths.
        - 2. Octaves.
    - 2. Non-consecutives.
- 4. Style.
  - 1. Uttering Tones.
    - 1. Loud.
    - 2. Soft.
  - 2. Applying Words.
    - 1. Sentences.
      - 1. Loud.
      - 2. Soft.
    - 2. Words.
      - 1. Vowels.
        - 1. Accented.
        - 2. Unaccented.
      - 2. Consonants.

THE VIOLET.

NEARER TO THEE.

A. D. FILLMORE.



3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven,
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

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

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

HOPE.

Words and Music by A. D. FILLMORE.

1. Bless-ed Hope, with her an-chor of safe-ty, Points up-ward with in-dex of
2. When we 're pin-ing in sick-ness and an-guish, And the sweet ties of friend-ship are
3. Tho' the cross may be heav-y to car-ry, Tho' se-vere be the chas-ten-ing
4. Bless-ed Hope, be our con-stant com-pan-ion, Ev-er shield from the chill of de-

love, Say-ing, "Children of sor-row and sad-ness, Seek a home with the bless-ed a-bove."
riven, Hope is whis-p'ring in ac-cents of glad-ness, "Seek a home with the bless-ed in heaven."
rod, Hope is tell-ing of rest for the wea-ry, And a home with the bless-ed of God.
spair; Point-ing up-ward to man-sions of glo-ry, Which the Sa-vior has gone to pre-pare.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed Hope, sure and steadfast, Anchor of the soul, Guiding thro' the veil, to the heavenly goal.

"And he showed me a pure River of Water of Life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."—REV. XXII: 1.

By permission of the author, Rev. R. LOWRY.

Cheerful.

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod; With its crys - tal tide for-
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray, We will walk and wor-ship

Chorus.

ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God? Yes, we 'll gath - er at the riv - er, The
ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day. Yes, we 'll, etc.

p

beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti - ful riv - er, Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

3 On the bosom of the river,
Where the Savior-king we own,
We shall meet, and sorrow never
'Neath the glory of the throne.
Yes, we 'll gather, etc.

4 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Yes, we 'll gather, etc.

5 At the smiling of the river,
Rippling with the Savior's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.
Yes, we 'll gather, etc.

6 Soon we 'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
With the melody of peace.
Yes, we 'll gather, etc.

SWEET STORY. 11s & 8s.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong
2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arms had been thrown around

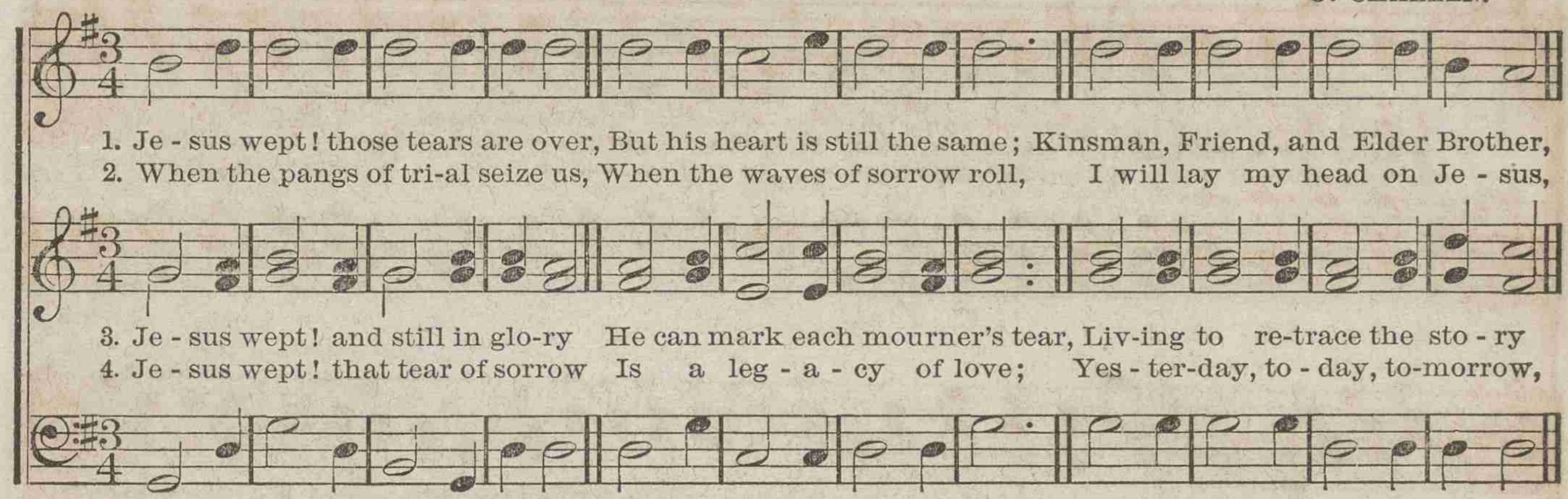
3. Yet still to his foot - stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in his
4. In that beau-ti - ful place he is gone to pre-pare For all who are washed and for-

men, How he called lit-tle children as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with him then.
me, And that I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Let the little ones come un-to me."

love; And if I thus earnest - ly seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a-bove.
given; And ma - ny dear children are gath-er-ing there, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

BETHANY.

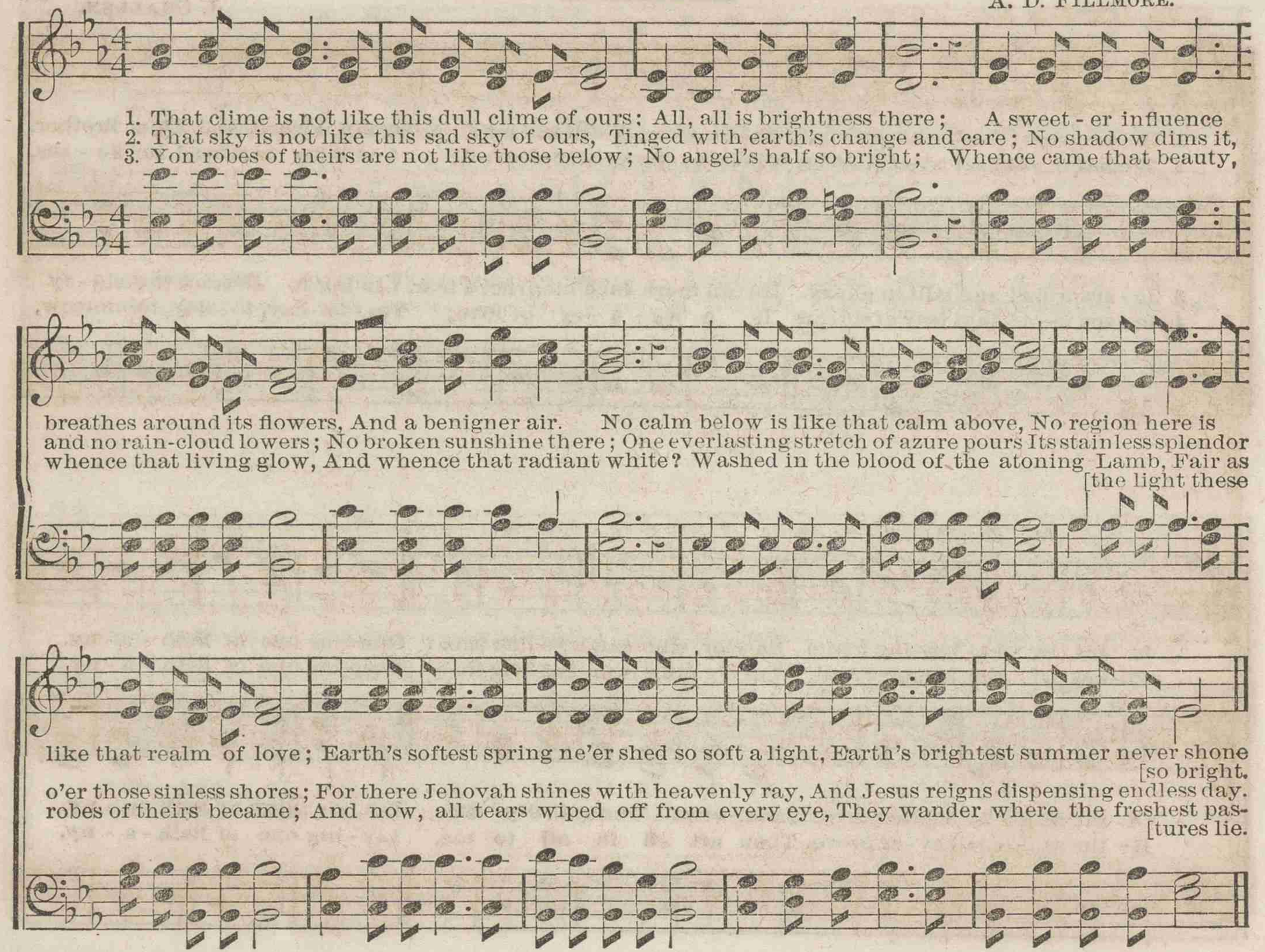
J. CHALLEN.





AUSTRALIA.

A. D. FILLMORE.



Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. SCOTCH MELODY.

1. When the ro - sy morn-ing dawn-eth, Each bles-sed Sabbath day, We hail the gen-tle
2. 'T is there we meet our teach-ers, So ear - nest and so kind, Who feel that lit-tle
3. 'T is there our hearts are softened, 'T is there we 're taught to pray, And walk with humble
4. Then come when morning dawneth, Each bles-sed Sab-bath day, We' ll hail the gentle

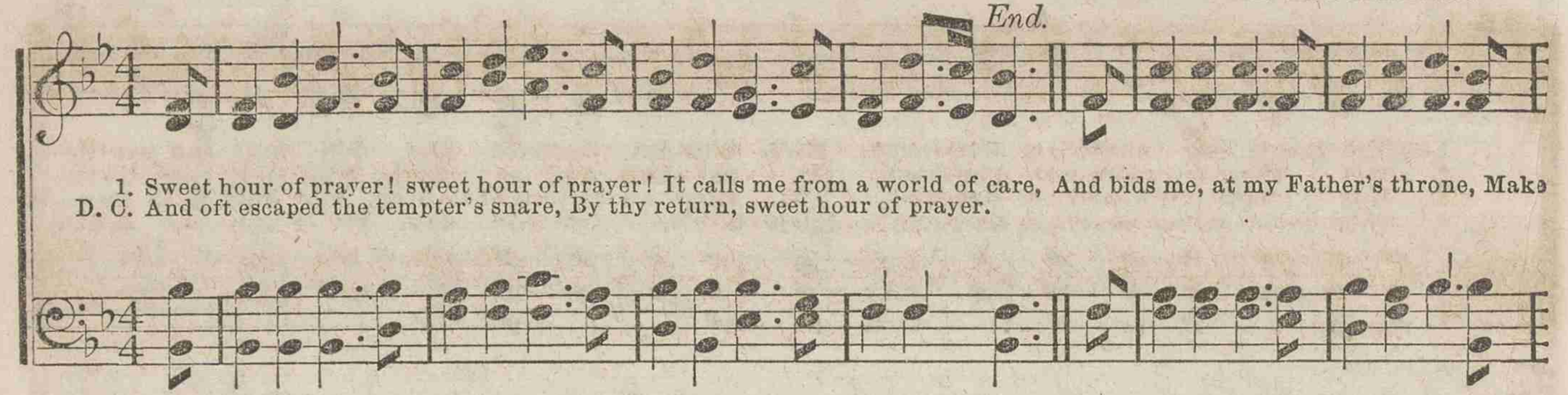
CHORUS.

summons That bids us haste a - way To our pleas - ant Sun - day school, Where
child-ren, A Sa - vior's love may find, In our pleasant, etc.
foot-steps, The straight and nar - row way, In our pleasant, etc.
summons, And haste with joy a - way, To our pleasant, etc.

all is peace and love, Where we learn the truth in Je - sus, And the way to heaven a-bove.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

A. D. FILLMORE.

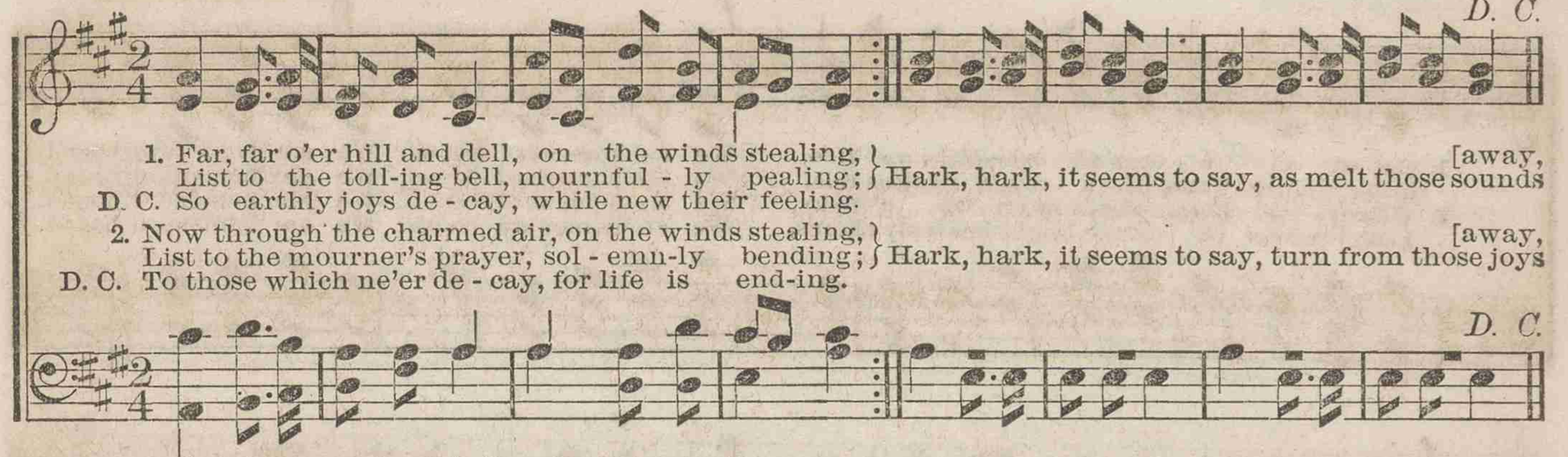




2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
The joy I feel, the bliss I share,
With those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desire for thy return.
With such I hasten to the place
Where God, my Savior, shows his face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

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

SPANISH.



1. Far, far o'er hill and dell, on the winds stealing, } [away,
List to the toll-ing bell, mournful - ly pealing; } Hark, hark, it seems to say, as melt those sounds
D. C. So earthly joys de - cay, while new their feeling.

2. Now through the charmed air, on the winds stealing, } [away,
List to the mourner's prayer, sol - emn-ly bending; } Hark, hark, it seems to say, turn from those joys
D. C. To those which ne'er de - cay, for life is end-ing.

3. So when our mor-tal ties death shall dis-sev-er, }
Lord may we reach the skies, where care comes never; } And in e - ternal day, joining the angel's lay,
D. C. To our Cre-a - tor pay ho - mage for - ev - er.

ETIVNI.



1. Sinners, say will you go To the highlands of heaven? } [odors emitting
Where the storms never blow, and the long summer's given; } Where the bright blooming flowers are their
D. C. And the leaves of the bowers in the breezes are flitting.

2. Where the saints, robed in white, Cleansed in life's flowing fountain, } [trouble nor sorrow,
Shining beauteous and bright, They inhabit the mountain; } Where no sin nor dismay, Neither
D. C. Will be felt for a day, Nor be feared for the morrow.

3. He 's prepared thee a home—Sinner, will you believe it? }
And invites thee to come, Sinner, wilt thou re-ceive it? } O come, sinner, come, For the tide is receding,
D. C. And the Savior will soon And forever cease pleading.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. Out on an o - cean all boundless we ride, We are homeward bound, We are homeward bound.
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We are homeward bound, We are homeward bound.
2. Wild-ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We are homeward bound, We are homeward bound.
Look! yonder lie all the bright heavenly shores, We are homeward bound, We are homeward bound.

Far from the safe qui - et har - bor we've rode, Seek-ing our Fa - ther's ce - les - tial a - bode.
Stead-y, O pi - lot! stand firm at the wheel, Stead-y! we soon shall out - weath - er the gale;

Pro-mise of which on us he has be - stowed, We are homeward bound, We are homeward bound.
O, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail! We are homeward bound, We are homeward bound.

DENNIS.

From NAGELLI.



HOMEWARD BOUND. Concluded.

3 Down the horizon the earth disappears,
We are homeward bound,
We are homeward bound.
Joyful, O comrades! no sighing nor tears,
We are homeward bound,
We are homeward bound.
Listen! what music comes over the sea!
"Welcome, thrice welcome and blessed are ye!"
Can it the greeting of paradise be?
We are homeward bound,
We are homeward bound.

4 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We are home at last,
We are home at last.
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We are home at last,
We are home at last.
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er;
Safely we stand on the rich, radiant shore;
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We are home at last.
We are home at last.

UNION CITY. C. M.

A. D. Fillmore.

1. Let ev - ry heart re - joice and sing; Let cho - rai an - thems rise; Ye rev-erend men and
   For he is good—the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways: With songs and honors
2. He bids the sun to rise and set; In heaven his power is known; And earth, subdued to
   For he is good, etc.

Chorus.

children bring, To God your sac - ri - fice; While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, A
sounding loud, The Lord Je - ho - vah praise.
him, shall yet, Bow low be - fore his throne.

glo - rious anthem raise, Let each prolong the grateful song. And the God of our fa-thers praise.

From "LITTLE SUNBEAM," by permission. W. H. DOANE.

Gently and with feeling.



CHORUS. *D. S.*



CLING TO JESUS.

Words and Music by A. D. FILLMORE.

ALLEGRO.

1. I will ev - er cling to Je - sus, Gra-cious Teach-er, all di - vine! May his word of truth be
2. I will ev - er cling to Je - sus, He shall be my prop and stay: Tho' in per - ils and temp-
3. I will ev - er cling to Je - sus, Pro-phet, Priest and migh - ty King; By his wondrous con-de-

treas-ured Rich - ly in this heart of mine, In his works of love and mer - cy, In com-
ta - tions, He will guide me on my way, Tho' the storm-cloud gath-er dark - ly, Tho' the
scen-sion, Be my heart in - spired to sing. I will ev - er cling to Je - sus, Hast'ning

pas - sion shown for me, May I find the true ex - am - ple, What a Christian ought to be.
lamp of life grow dim, Yet, a - mid the gloom of dy-ing, I will ev - er cling to him.
on my pil - grim way, Till the dawn-ing of the morn-ing Ush-ers in e - ter-nal day.

RETURN.

Words and Music by A. D. FILLMORE.

1. Come chil - dren, come to the Sun - day school, Kind teach-ers wait for you:
2. Here you will learn how the an - gel throng, Pro - claimed a Sav - ior's birth.
3. Here you will learn how the chil - dren sung Ho - san - nas to his name:

4. Here you will learn how the Sav - ior died In ag - on - y and woe:
5. Come chil-dren, seek in your youthful days The pre - cious prom-ise given,

Here you will learn the Golden Rule, As all good children do. Come chil - dren, come.
"To God be glo - ry," was their song, "Peace and good will on earth." Come chil - dren, come.
And ev - ery joy - ful hap-py tongue, Should ech - o now the same. Come chil - dren, come.

How blood and water from his side, A healing fountain flow. Come chil - dren, come.
That those who walk in wisdom's ways, Shall find a home in heaven. Come chil - dren, come.

HAYDEN. 8s & 7s.

A. D. Fillmore.

1. Flee as a bird to your moun-tain! Thou who art wea-ry of sin Go to the clear flow-ing
2. He will pro-tect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev-e - ry fall-ing tear; He will for-sake thee, O,

foun-tain, Where you may wash and be clean. Fly, for th'aveng-er is near thee; Call, and the Savior will
nev - er, Shel - tered so ten - der - ly there. Haste, then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the moments in

hear thee; He, on his bos - om will bear thee, O, thou who art wea - ry of sin.
sigh - ing, Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing, The Sav - ior will wipe ev - ery tear.

REST. 6s, or 7s & 6s.

ART. from the GERMAN.

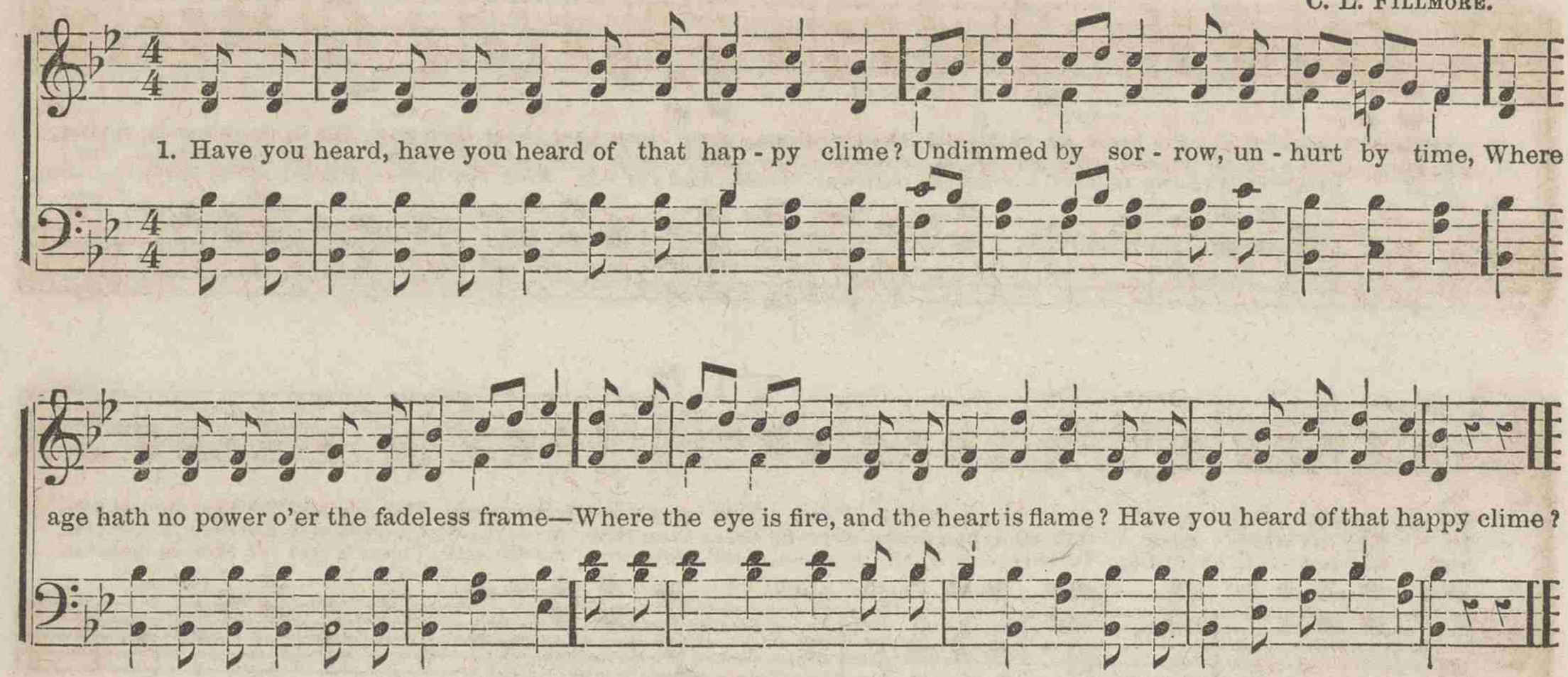


MARSTON. 6s.

COLLIER.

HAPPY CLIME.

C. L. FILLMORE.



2 A river of water gushes there,
'Mid flowers of beauty strangely fair,
And a thousand wings are hovering o'er,
The dazzling wave and the golden shore,
That are seen in that happy clime.

3 Millions of forms, all clothed in white,
In garments of beauty, clear and bright,
They dwell in their own immortal bowers,
'Mid fadeless hues of countless flowers,
That bloom in that happy clime.

4 Ear hath not heard and eye hath not seen,
Their swelling songs, and their changeless sheen
Their ensigns are waving, their banners unfurl,
O'er jasper walls and gates of pearl,
That are fixed in that happy clime.

5 But far, far away is that sinless clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time,
Where, amid all things bright and fair is given,
The home of the just, and its name is heaven—
The name of that happy clime.

MY GENTLE MOTHER.

S. LOVER.

1. There was a place in childhood, That I re - mem-ber well; And there a voice of sweetest tone, Bright
2. When fairy tales were ended, "Good night," she softly said, And kissed, and laid me down to sleep, With-
3. In the sickness of my childhood, The pe - rils of my prime, The sor - rows of my riper years, The

fairy tales did tell; And gentle words, and fond embrace, Were given with joy to me, When I was in that
in my tin - y bed; And holy words she taught me there, Me - thinks I yet can see Her angel eyes, as
cares of every time; When doubt or danger weigh'd me down, Then pleading all for me, It was a fervent

happy place, Upon my mother's knee, My mother dear, My mother dear, My gentle, gentle mother
close I knelt, Beside my mother's knee, My mother dear, etc.
prayer in heaven, That bent my mother's knee, My mother dear, etc.

CHILDREN SINGING.

Words by Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin.

A. D. Fillmore.

1. I love to hear the children sing - ing In the Sun - day School; Hap - py voic-es sweetly ring - ing,
2. I love to join the children sing - ing In the Sun - day School; Child-like faith to Je-sus bring - ing,

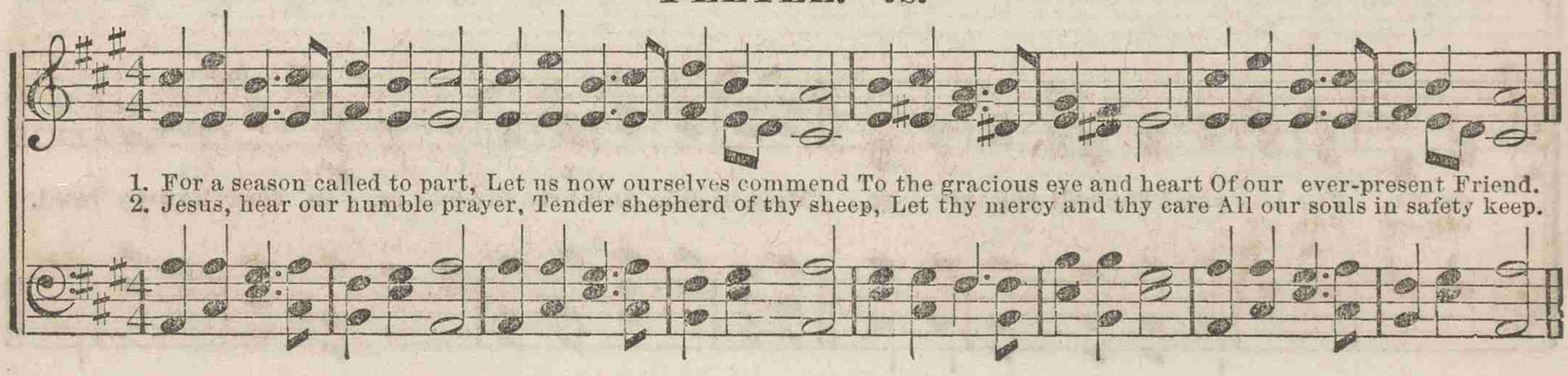
Youthful praise to Jesus bringing, In the Sun-day School Then sing, children sing. Repeat the sad sweet story Of
Fond-ly to his prom-ise clinging, In the Sun-day School.

Chorus.

him who did sal - va - tion bring, Of him who reigns in glo - ry, Of him who reigns in glo-ry.


1. Morn a - mid the moun-tains, Love - ly sol - i - tude, Gush-ing streams and
2. Now the glad sun, break - ing, Pours a gold - en flood; Deep-est vales a-
3. Hymns of praise are ring - ing Through the leaf - y wood; Songsters, sweet-ly
4. Wake and join the cho - rus, Man with soul en - dued; He, whose smile is
fount-ains, Mur - mur, God is good, God is good.
wak - ing, E - cho, God is good, God is good.
sing - ing, War - ble God is good, God is good.
o'er us, God, our God is good, God is good.

PLEYEL. 7s.


1. For a season called to part, Let us now ourselves commend To the gracious eye and heart Of our ever-present Friend.
2. Jesus, hear our humble prayer, Tender shepherd of thy sheep, Let thy mercy and thy care All our souls in safety keep.

SHALL WE SING.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. Shall we sing in heaven forever, Shall we sing, shall we sing? Shall we sing in heaven forever, In that
2. Shall we know each other ever, In that land, in that land? Shall we know each other ever, In that

hap - py land? Yes, O yes, O yes! In that land, that happy land, They that meet shall sing for-
hap - py land? Yes, O yes, O yes! In that land, that happy land, They that meet shall know each

ev - er, Far be - yond the roll-ing riv - er, Meet to sing and love for-ev - er, In that hap-py land.
oth-er, Far, etc.

FINISH THY WORK.

D. M. BOWMAR.



3 Shall we sing with holy angels,
In that land, in that land?
Shall we sing with holy angels,
In that happy land?
Yes, O yes, O yes!
In that land, that happy land,
Saints and angels sing forever,
Far beyond the rolling river,
Meet to sing and love forever,
In that happy land.

5 Shall we know our blessed Savior,
In that land, in that land?
Shall we know our blessed Savior,
In that happy land?
Yes, O yes, O yes!
In that land, that happy land,
We shall know our blessed Savior,
Far beyond the rolling river,
Love and serve him there forever,
In that happy land.

BEAUTIFUL HOME.

Words and Music by K. SHAW.

1. Far a - way in the land of the pure and bright, To the cit - y of God with its gold - en light,
2. That beauti-ful land we are nearing now, Where a crown of bright glory encir - cles each brow

O there is our home and we ever shall stand 'Mid the shin - ing ones of that bet - ter land.
Where the tree of life grows on that beautiful shore, Where flowers shall freshen to fade no more.

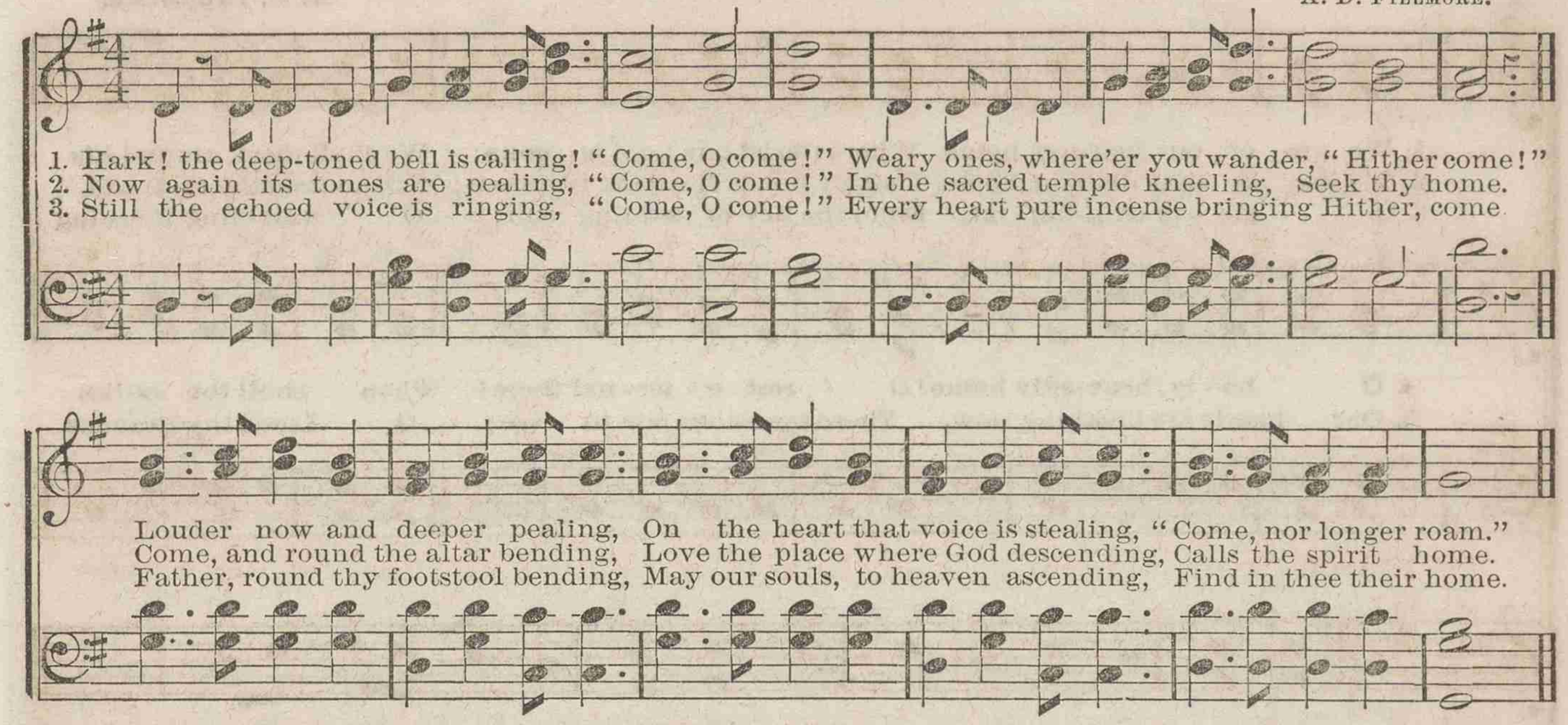
D. S. O, I long to be there and for - ever to stand 'Mid the shining ones of that bet - ter land.

Chorus. *D. S.*

O, beautiful home!
O, beautiful, beautiful home! O beautiful home! Where beautiful saints surround the white throne.

CALL OF THE BELL.

A. D. FILLMORE.



BEAUTIFUL HOME. Concluded.

3 With palms and bright crowns and our robes of light,
We shall roam the fair fields with eternal delight,
And join in the songs of the purified band,
'Mid the shining ones of that better land.
O, beautiful home, etc.

4 O, how cheering the thought, that when life here is o'er,
We may meet one another on yonder bright shore,
Where sin and temptation we never shall know,
Where the river of life shall eternally flow.
O, beautiful home, etc.

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

6 O, my soul is now weary of toiling below,
To the home of the shining-robed saints would I go,
With Jesus, my Savior, forever to stand,
'Mid the shining throng of the better land.
O, beautiful home, etc.

DOWLING.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. We are on our jour-ney home, Where Christ our Lord is gone; We shall meet around his
2. We can see that dis-tant home, Though clouds rise dark be-tween; Faith views the ra-di-ant
3. O glo - ry shin-ing far, From the nev-er set-ting sun; O trembling morning

4. O ho - ly, heav-enly home! O rest e - ter - nal there! When shall the ex-iles
5. Our hearts are breaking now, Those mansions fair to see; O Lord! thy heavens

throne, When he makes his peo - ple one, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
dome, And a lus - ter flash - es keen, From the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
star! Our jour-ney's al - most done, To the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

come, Where they cease from earth - ly care, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
bow, And raise us up with thee, To the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

1. To thee, O bless-ed Sav - ior, Our grate - ful songs we raise; O tune our hearts and
2. Lord, guide and bless our teach - ers, Who la - bor for our good, And may the ho - ly
3. And may thy glo-rious gos - pel Be published all a - broad, Till the benight-ed

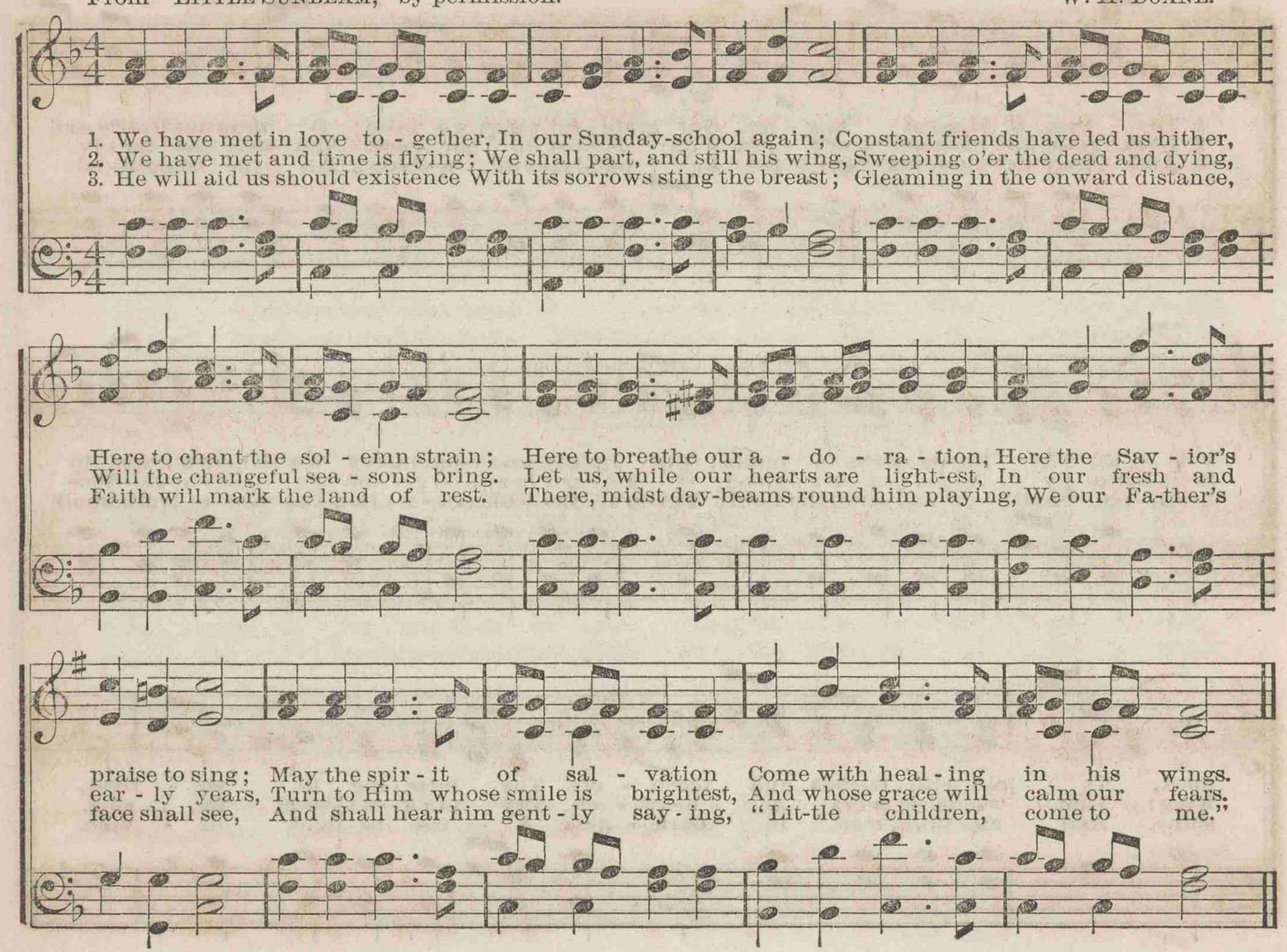
voic - es, Thy ho - ly name to praise; 'Tis by thy sov-'reign mercy We 're here allowed to
Scrip-tures By us be un - der - stood; O may our hearts be giv - en To thee our glo-rious
heath - en Shall know and serve the Lord; Till o'er the wide cre - a - tion The rays of truth shall

meet, To join with friends and teach - ers Thy bless - ing to en - treat.
King; That we may meet in heav - en, Thy prais - es there to sing.
shine, And na - tions, now in dark - ness, A - rise to light di - vine.

WE HAVE MET IN LOVE.

From "LITTLE SUNBEAM," by permission. W. H. DOANE.

1. We have met in love to - gether, In our Sunday-school again; Constant friends have led us hither,
2. We have met and time is flying; We shall part, and still his wing, Sweeping o'er the dead and dying,
3. He will aid us should existence With its sorrows sting the breast; Gleaming in the onward distance,



Here to chant the sol - emn strain; Here to breathe our a - do - ra - tion, Here the Sav - ior's
Will the changeful sea - sons bring. Let us, while our hearts are light-est, In our fresh and
Faith will mark the land of rest. There, midst day-beams round him playing, We our Fa-ther's

praise to sing; May the spir - it of sal - vation Come with heal - ing in his wings.
ear - ly years, Turn to Him whose smile is brightest, And whose grace will calm our fears.
face shall see, And shall hear him gent - ly say - ing, "Lit-tle children, come to me."

{Strike the cymbal, roll the tym - bal, Let the trump of triumph sound;
{From the riv - er, re-ject - ing quiv - er, Ju - dah's he - ro takes the stone.

CHORUS.

Powerful sling - ing! Head-long bringing Proud Go - li - ath to the ground.}
Spread your ban - ners! Shout ho - san - nas! Bat - tle is the Lord's a - lone.}

BOY'S SOLO. *Alto.*

See ad - vances, with songs and dances, {All the band of Is - rael's daughter's;}
{Catch the sounds ye hills and waters,}

STRIKE THE CYMBAL. Continued.

CHORUS.

Spread your ban - ners! Shout ho - san - nas! Bat - tle is the Lord's a - lone.

TRIO.

God of thun - der, Rend a - sun - der All the power Phil - is - tia boasts!

CHORUS.

What are na - tions? What their sta - tions? Is - rael's God is Lord of hosts.

SOLO.—*Slow.* *Faster.* CHORUS.

{What are haughty monarchs now?
{Lo! be - fore Je-ho - vah bow! } Pride of princes, strength of kings, To the dust Je - ho - vah

brings. Praise him! praise him, ex - ult - ing na - tions, praise; Praise him, praise him, ex-

ult - ing na - tions, praise. Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na.

GERMAN WATCHMAN'S SONG.

HEFFERNAN.

(Among the watchmen in Germany, a custom prevails of singing devotional hymns as well as other songs. The several stanzas of this piece are sung as the hours of the night are successively announced.)

1. Hark! ye neigh-bors, and hear me tell, *Ten* now strikes on the night - ly bell;
2. Hark! ye neigh-bors, and hear me tell, *Elev - en* sounds on the night - ly bell;
3. Hark! ye neigh-bors, and hear me tell, *Twelve* re - sounds from the night - ly bell;

Ten are the ho - ly commandments given To man be - low from God in heaven
Elev - en A - postles of ho - ly mind Taught the Gos - pel to mankind.
Twelve Disci - ples to Je - sus came, Who suffered rebuke for the Savior's name.

CHORUS.

Hu - man watch from harm can't ward us, God will watch and God will guard us,



Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell,
One has pealed on the nightly bell,
One God above, one Lord indeed,
Who bears us up in hour of need.
Chorus.—Human watch, etc.

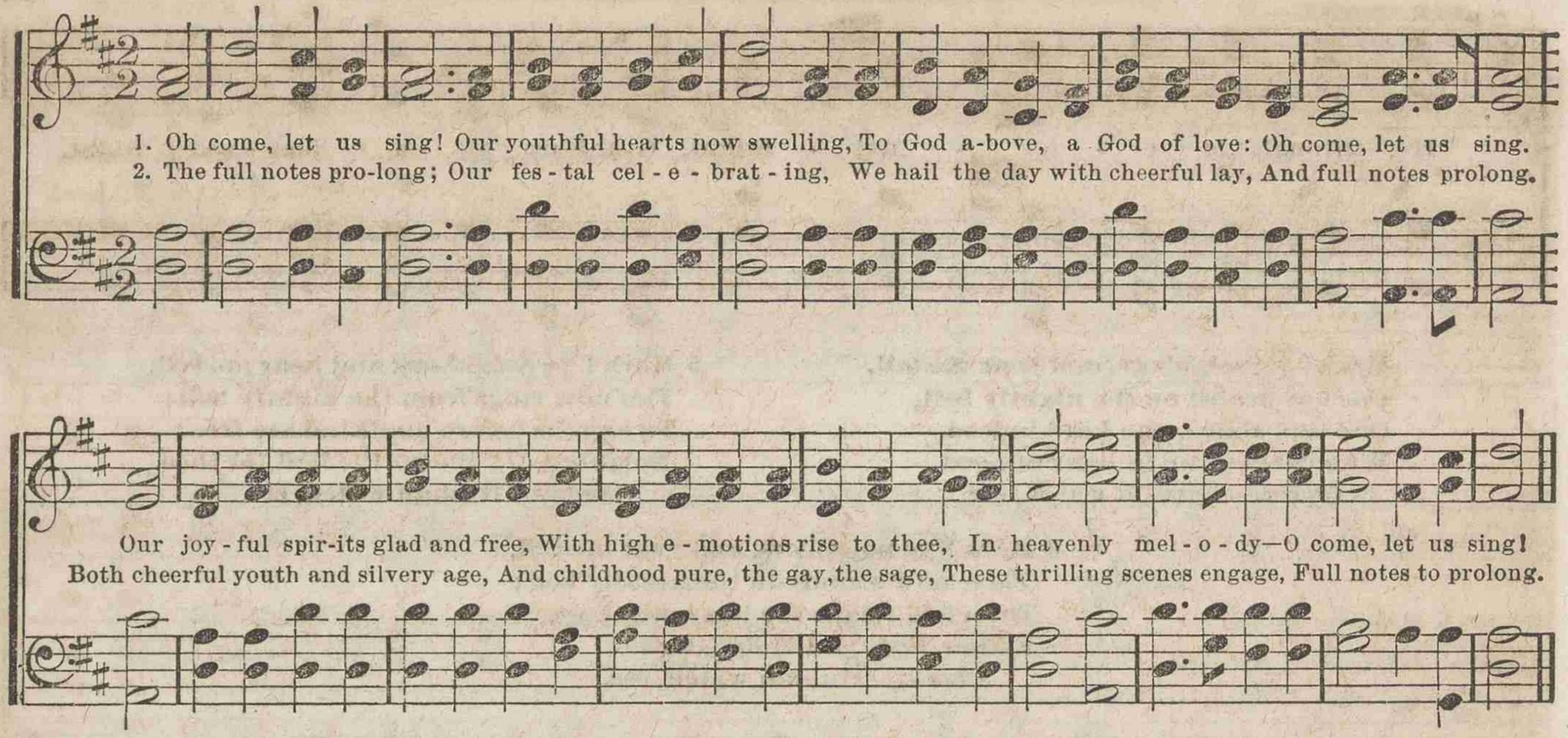
5 Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell,
Two now rings from the nightly bell;
Two paths before mankind are free:
Neighbor, O! choose the best for thee.
Chorus.—Human watch, etc.

6 Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell,
Three now sounds on the nightly bell;
Threefold reigns the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Chorus.—Human watch, etc.

OUR JOURNEY HOME.



COME, LET US SING.



3 Oh swell, swell the song,
His praises oft repeating:
His Son he gave our souls to save—
Oh swell, swell the song,
The humble heart's devotion bring,
Whence gushing streams of love do spring.
And make the welkin ring
With sweet-swelling song.

4 We 'll chant, chant his praise—
Our lofty strains now blending;
A tribute bring to Christ our King,
And chant, chant his praise!
Our Savior, Prince, was crucified,
"'Tis finished," then he meekly cried,
And bowed his head and died—
Then chant, chant his praise!

5 All full chorus join,
To Jesus condescending,
To bless our race with heavenly grace,
All full chorus join!
To God, whose mercy on us smiled,
And Holy Spirit, reconciled
By Christ, the meek and mild,
All full chorus join!

SHOUT THE TIDINGS.

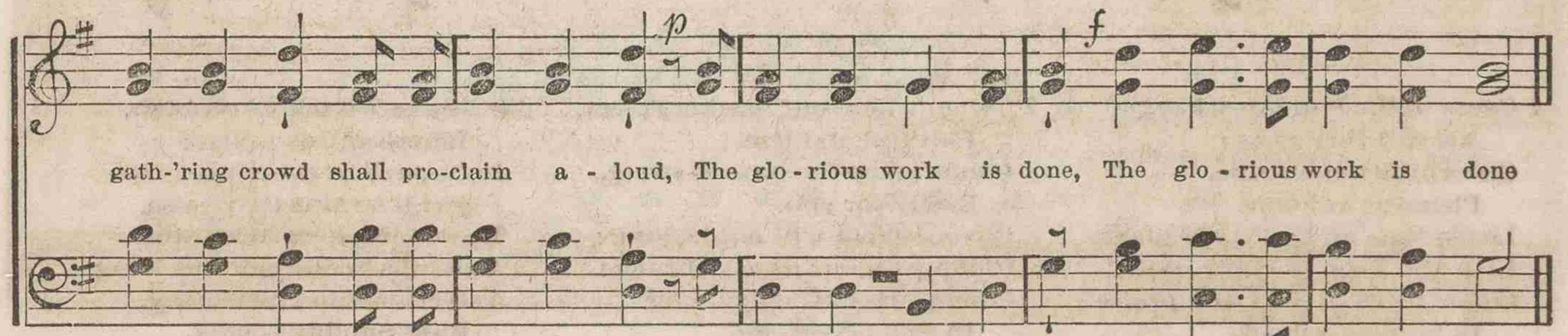
A. D. FILLMORE.



1. Shout the tidings of salvation, To the a-ged and the young; Till the precious in-vi-ta-tion Waken every heart and tongue.
2. Shout the tidings of salvation, O'er the prairies of the West; Till each gathering congregation, With the gospel sound is blest.
3. Shout the tidings of salvation, Mingling with the ocean's roar; Till the ships of every nation, Bear the news from shore to shore.
4. Shout the tidings of salvation, O'er the islands of the sea; Till, in humble adoration, All to Christ shall bow the knee.

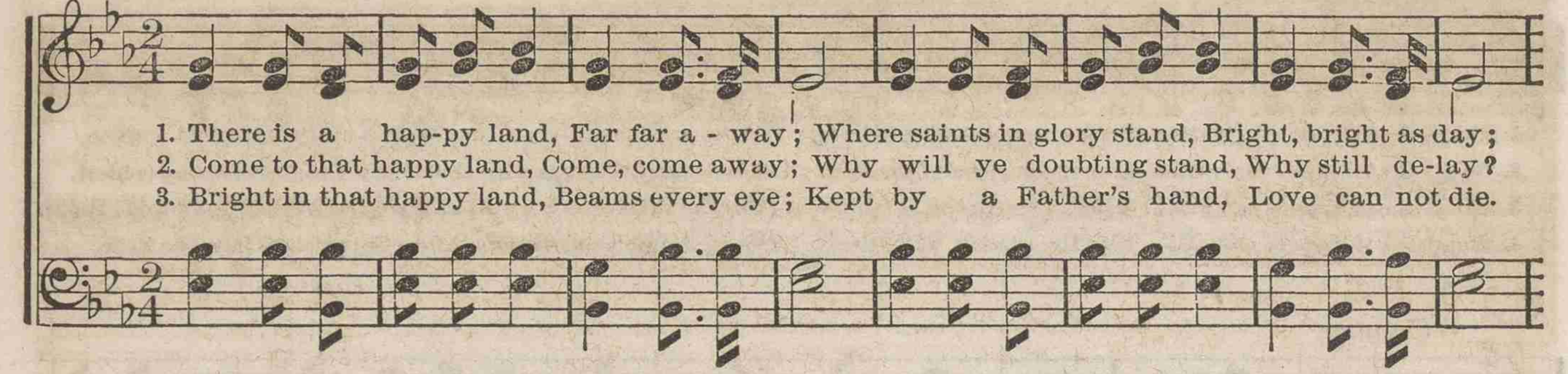
CHORUS.





HAPPY LAND.

HINDOSTAN AIR.



1. There is a hap-py land, Far far a - way; Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day;
2. Come to that happy land, Come, come away; Why will ye doubting stand, Why still de-lay?
3. Bright in that happy land, Beams every eye; Kept by a Father's hand, Love can not die.



O, how they sweetly sing, Worthy is the Savior King, Loud let his praises ring, Praise, praise for aye.
O, we shall happy be, When from sin and sorrow free, Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest, blest for aye.
O, then, to glory run, Be a crown and kingdom won, And, bright above the sun, We reign for aye.

1 Come to the Sunday-school,
All children come;
Cheerful its pious rule,
Pleasant as home.
Leave rude and naughty plays,
Live and keep the holy days,
Come, learn to pray and praise,
In Sunday-school.

2 Come, where our teachers meet,
Faithful and true;
Come, learn the lessons sweet,
Ready for you.
Come, school will not be long;
Come, join our happy throng;
Come, sing our pretty song
In Sunday-school.

3 O! there 's a school on high,
Where angels praise:
Joy beams in every eye,
Sweet strains they raise,
There seraph children sing
Anthems to our glorious King,
And crowns to Jesus bring,
Blest Sunday-school.

THE CHILDREN'S WELCOME.

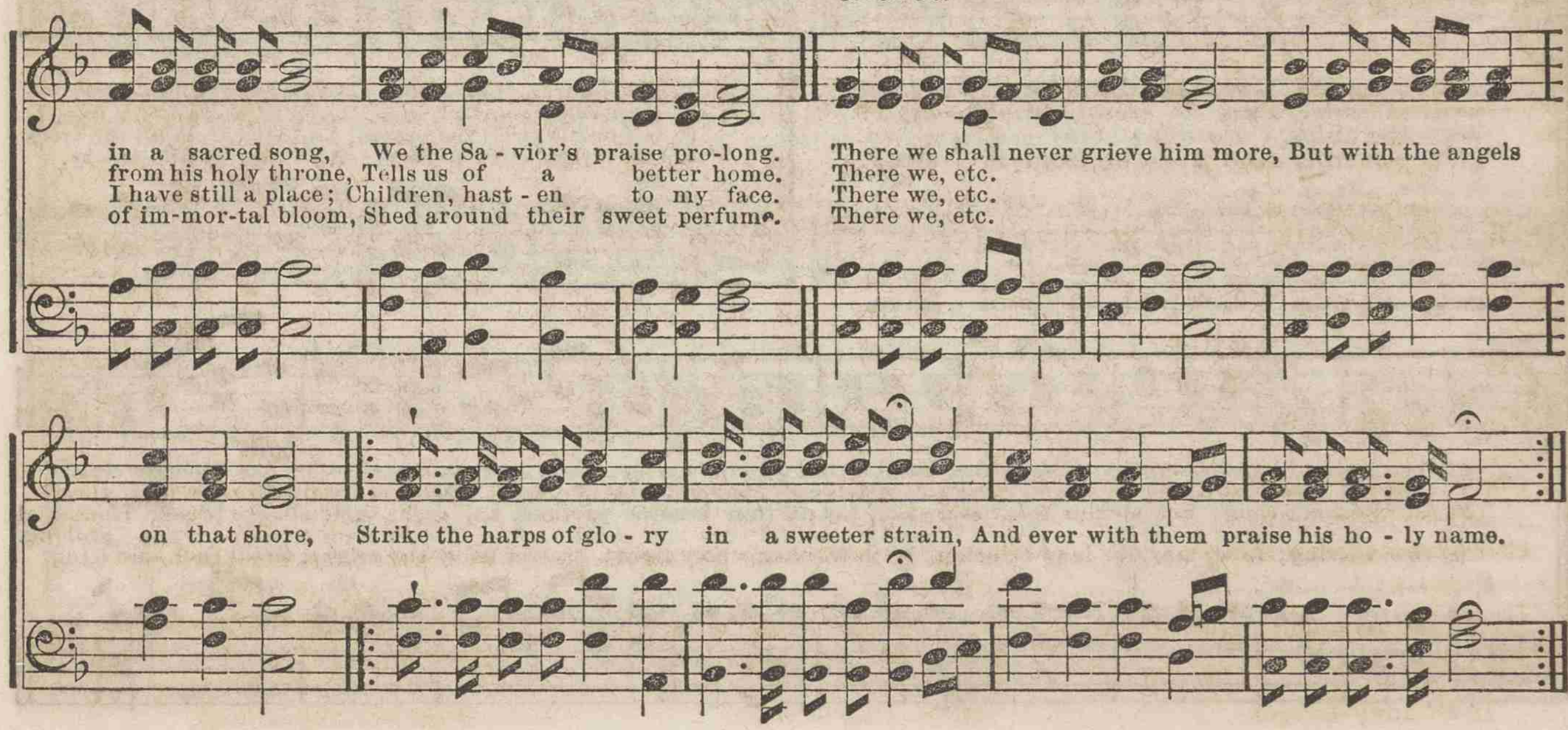
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W. H. DOANE.

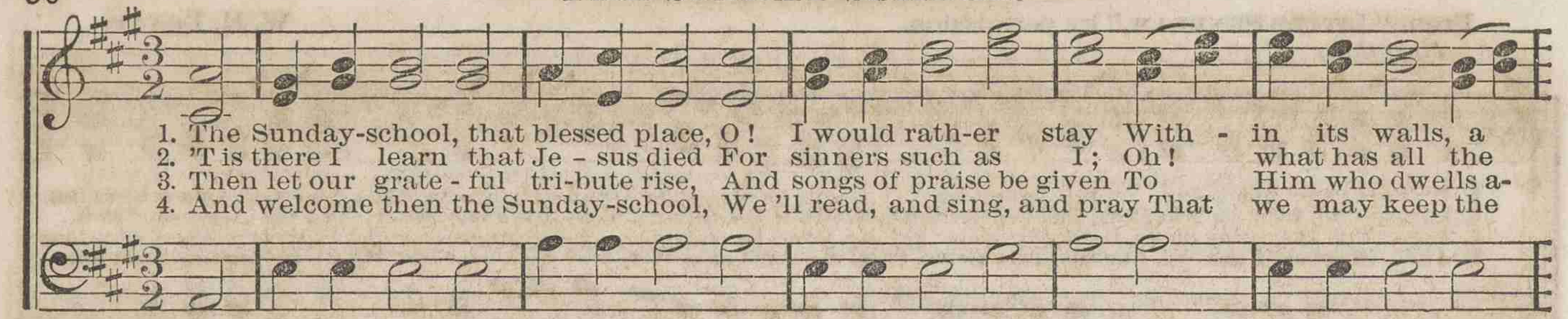
Sprightly.



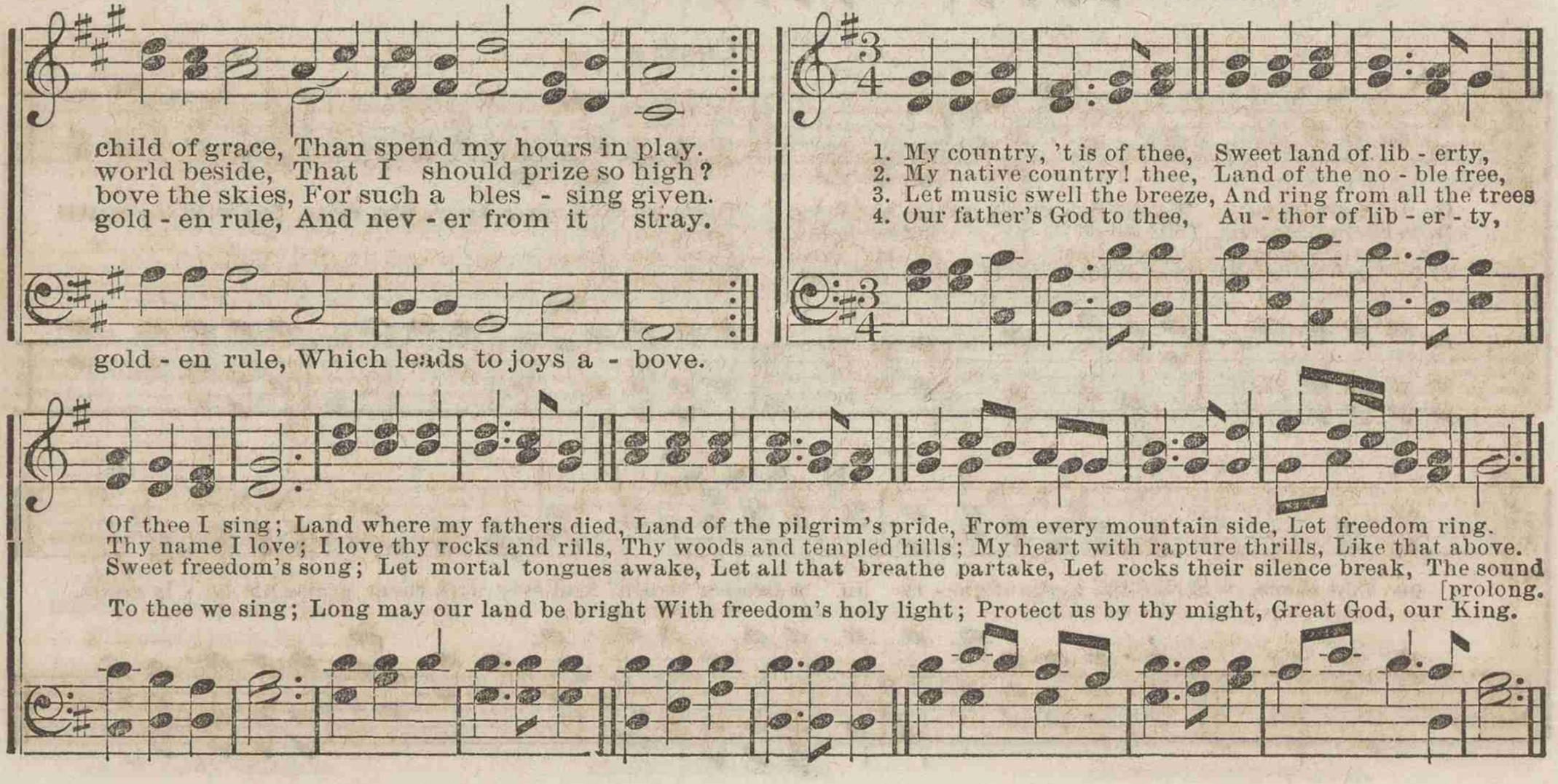
CHORUS.



THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

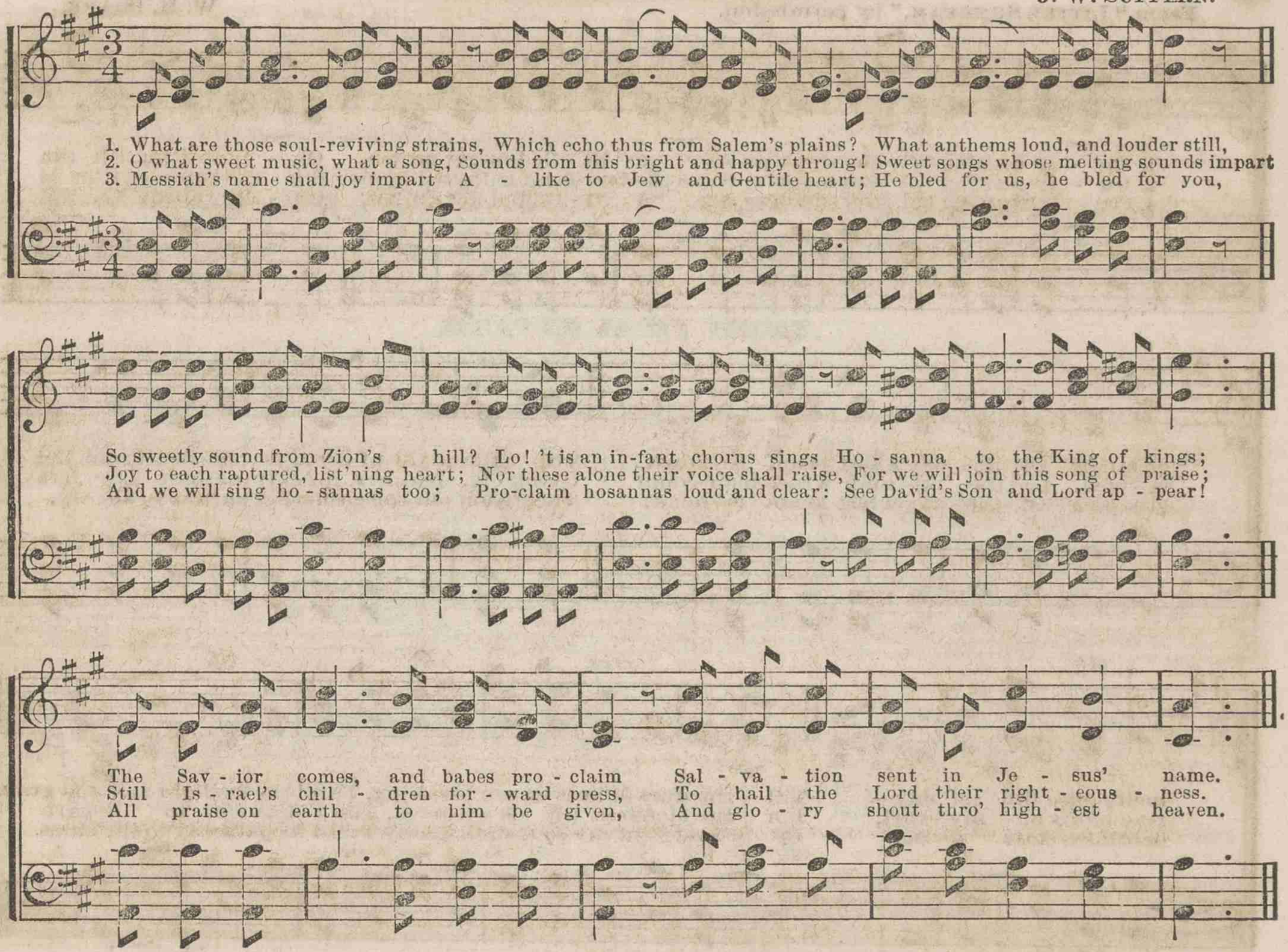


AMERICA.



CHILDREN'S ANTHEM.

J. W. SUFFERN.



"WAITING, ONLY WAITING."

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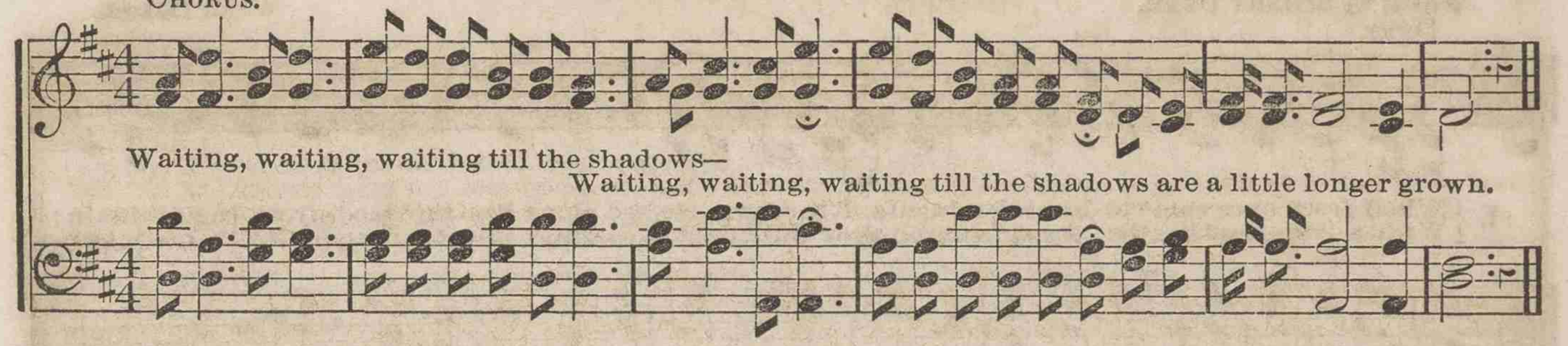
W. H. DOANE.

1. On - ly waiting till the shadows Are a lit - tle lon-ger grown, On - ly waiting till the glimmer Of the day's last beam is flown,. Till the night of earth is fa - ded From the
2. On - ly waiting till the reapers Have the last sheaf gathered home: For the summer time is fa - ded, And the au-tumn winds have come Quick - ly, reap-ers, quickly gath-er The last
4. On - ly waiting till the shadows Are a lit - tle lon-ger grown, On - ly waiting till the glimmer Of the day's last beam is done; Then from out the gathering darkness, Ho - ly,

heart once full of day— Till the stars of heaven are breaking, Thro' the twilight soft and gray.
ripe hours of my heart, For the bloom of life is withered, And I has-ten to depart.
deathless stars a-rise, By whose light my soul shall gladly Tread its pathway to the skies.

rit. *cres.* *rit.*

CHORUS.



HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

From "LITTLE SUNBEAM," by permission. W. H. DOANE.

Slow and gliding.



COMING OF JESUS.

Words by SIDNEY DYER. KEYS.

DUET.



1. { When Jesus once came to Jerusalem's gate, The crowds rushed along like the floods from the fountain; }
{ With a tribute of palms on his triumph they wait, And ho-sannas re-echo round Olivet's mountain. }



Had their lips ceased to cry as the Savior passed by, The rocks in their rapture would herald him nigh:

CHORUS.



2. He comes to the weary with rest for the soul,
To bind up the heart that affliction has broken,
At his life-giving presence the sin-sick are whole,
And the pure are enriched by some priceless love-token.
Every bosom is stirred as they hear the blest word,
That Jesus has come in the name of the Lord;

CHORUS.

And shouting with gladness their chief honors bring,
Hosannas and blessings to Jesus their King.

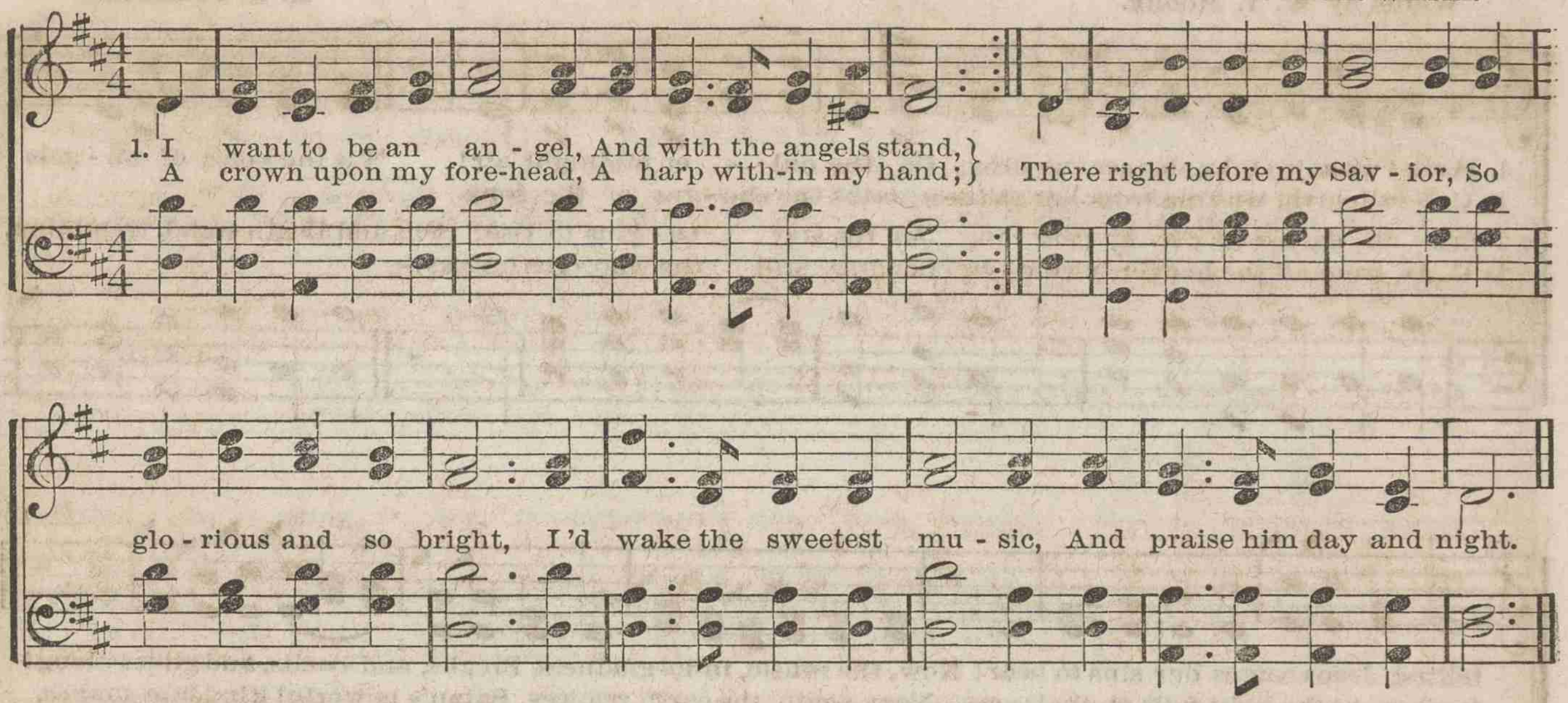
3. O Savior, we long for thy coming again,
That Zion may greet thee with new acclamations;
And the song of redemption by Him that was slain,
Be thy tribute of praise from the lips of all nations.
O that thrice blessed day when the ransomed shall say,
"Behold the King cometh! he passes this way!"

CHORUS.

And joining their voices, shall evermore sing,
Hosannas and blessings to Jesus our King!

I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.

E. L. WHITE.



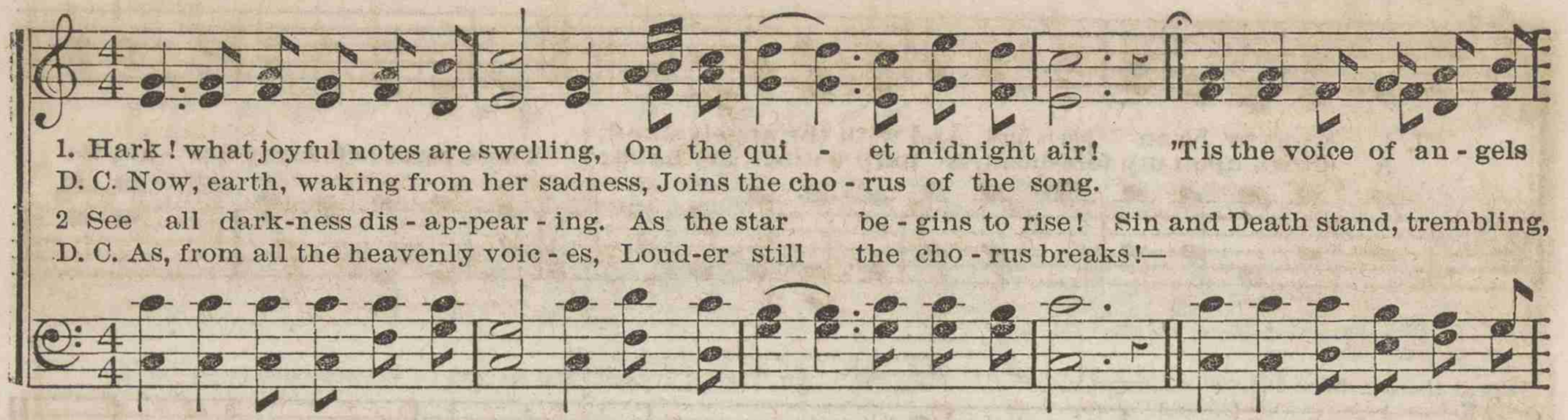
2 I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But blessed, pure, and holy,
I 'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands
Praise him both day and night.

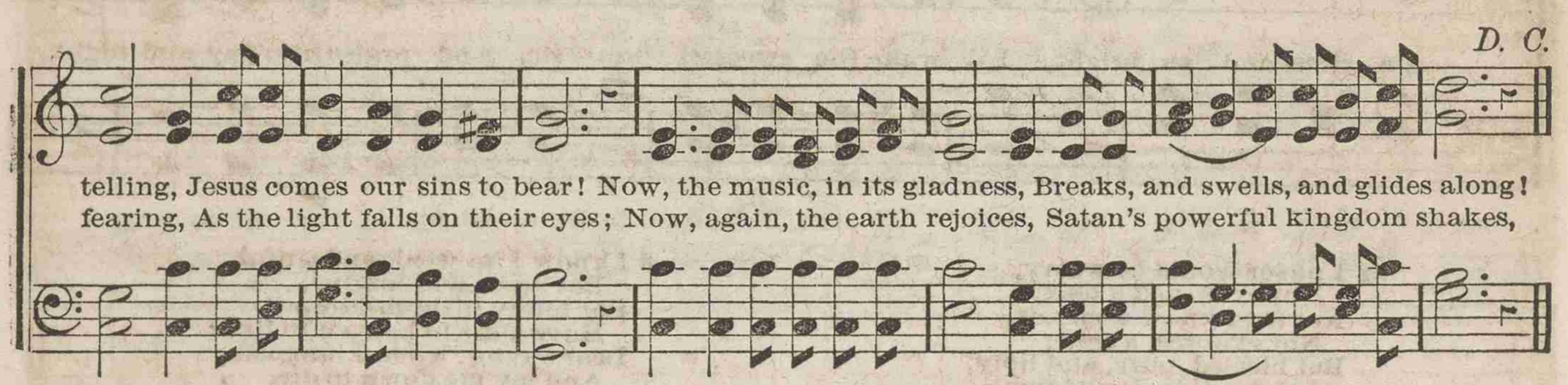
3 I know I 'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live:
Dear Savior, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
O! send a shining angel,
And bear me to the skies.

4 O, there I 'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there, before my Savior,
So glorious and so bright,
I 'll join the heavenly music,
And praise him day and night.

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

Words by W. T. MOORE. A. D. FILLMORE.





3 Rise and shine, Star of salvation!
Spread thy beams o'er all the earth,
Till each distant land and nation
Owns and speaks thy matchless worth!
Till all tongues, thy praises singing,
Shall thy mighty wonders tell,
Till all heaven with joy is ringing,
As our hearts the chorus swell:

4 When our days on earth are ended,
And we rise to worlds above,
Then our songs shall all be blended
In one song of pard'ning love!
Then we 'll tell the wond'rous story,
And our blessed Lord adore!
In our home of bliss and glory
We shall sing for evermore!

CHORUS

Glory in the high-est heaven! Peace on earth, good will to man! Let all praise to

Glo-ry in the highest heaven! Peace on earth, good will to man! Let all

God be given, For re-demp-tion's glo-rious plan! Glo-ry in the high-est

praise to God be given.

4th v. Glo-ry to the Lamb be given, who for sinners once was slain.

heaven! Let all praise to God be given, for redemption's glo-rious plan.

Peace on earth, good will to man! Let all praise to God be given, For redemption's glorious plan.

4th v. Sound aloud the joy-ful strain, Glory to the Lamb be given, Who for sinners once was slain.

"CHRIST FOR ME."

From "LITTLE SUNBEAM," by permission.

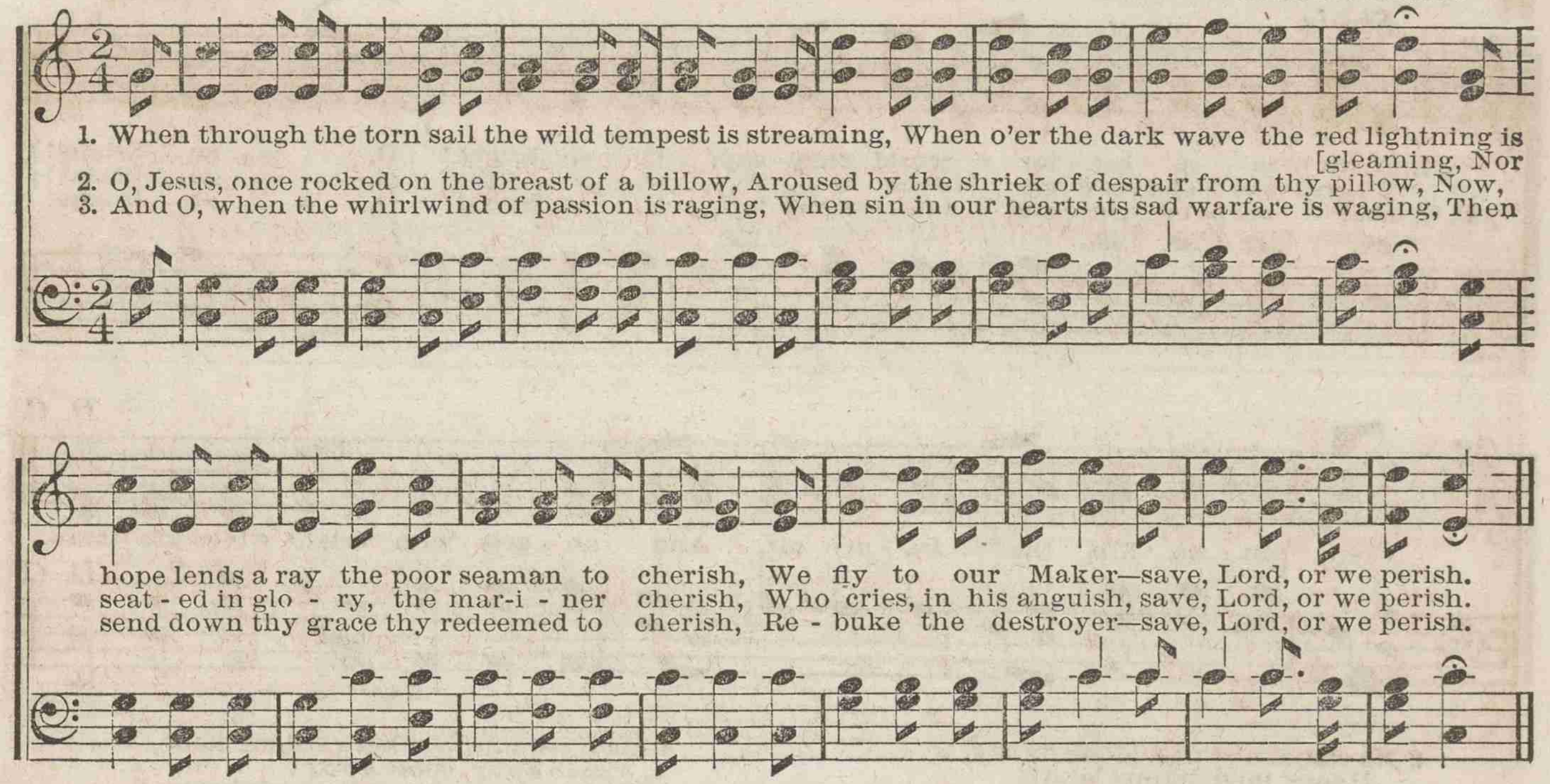
W. H. DOANE.

1. My heart is fixed, E - ter - nal God, Fixed on thee; fixed on thee! And my im-mor - tal
2. Let oth - ers boast of heaps of gold, Christ for me; Christ for me! His rich - es nev - er
3. In pin - ing sick-ness or in health, Christ for me; Christ for me! In deep - est pov - er-

choice is made, Christ for me; Christ for me! He is my Proph - et, Priest and King;
can be told, Christ for me; Christ for me! Your gold will waste and wear a - way,
ty or wealth, Christ for me; Christ for me! And in that all im - por - tant day.

Who did for me salvation bring: And while I've breath, I mean to sing, Christ for me; Christ for me!
Your hon - or per-ish in a day— *My* por-tion nev - er can decay; Christ for me; Christ for me!
When I the summons must o-bey, And pass from this dark world away, Christ for me; Christ for me!

A. D. FILLMORE.



"CHRIST FOR ME." Concluded.

5 Now who can sing my song and say
Christ for me, Christ for me!
My light and truth, my life and way;
Christ for me; Christ for me!
Can you old man and woman there,
With furrowed cheeks and silvery hair,
Now from your inmost souls declare,
Christ for me; Christ for me!

6 Can you, young men and maidens, say
Christ for me; Christ for me!
Him will I love and Him obey,
Christ for me; Christ for me!
Then here 's my heart and here 's my hand,
We 'll form a happy singing band,
And shout aloud through all the land,
Christ for me; Christ for me!

BETTER WORLD.

E. T.

Slowly.



D. C.



2 No clouds e'er pass along its sky,
Happy land, happy land!
No tear-drops glisten in the eye,
Happy land, happy land!
They drink the gushing streams of grace,
And gaze upon the Savior's face,
Where brightness fills the holy place,
Happy land, happy land!

3 But though we 're sinners every one,
Jesus died, Jesus died!
And though our crown of peace is gone,
Jesus died, Jesus died!
We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crowned with bliss again,
And in that land of pleasure reign,
Jesus died, Jesus died!

4 Then parents, brothers, sisters, come,
Come away, come away!
We long to reach our Father's home,
Come away, come away!
O come, the time is fleeting past,
And men and things are fading fast,
Our time will surely come at last,
Come away, come away!

5 This world is oft so dark and drear,
Take us there, take us there!
We ne'er can be so happy here,
Take us there, take us there!
O listen to that music sweet,
It comes so rich from yonder seat,
Where all the good in glory meet,
Take us there, take us there!

I LOVE THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Words and Music by A. D. F.

1. O, how I love the Sunday-school, My teachers and my class: I know by mem'ry
2. So, bright and glad, each Lord's day morn, I hasten to this place, While others may his
3. I'm but a lit - tle child, I know, But Je-sus is my friend; If in his knowledge
4. Come, teachers, class-mates, parents, too, Come work with willing hands, All that each earnest

ev - ery rule, And al - ways fill my place, And al - ways fill my place.
mer - cy scorn, I'll seek my Sa - vior's face, I'll seek my Sa - vior's face.
I do grow, His grace will e'er at - tend, His grace will e'er at - tend.
soul can do, Is what the Lord de - mands, Is what the Lord de - mands.

CHORUS.

The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school! I love the Sunday-school. O, how I love the Sunday-school!

REST FOR THE WEARY.

J. W. DADMUN.

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There remains a land of rest, There my Savior's gone be-
2. He is fit-ting up my mansion, Which e-ter - nal - ly shall stand; For my stay shall not be

fore me, To ful - fill my soul's re-quest.
transient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land.

CHORUS TO EACH VERSE.

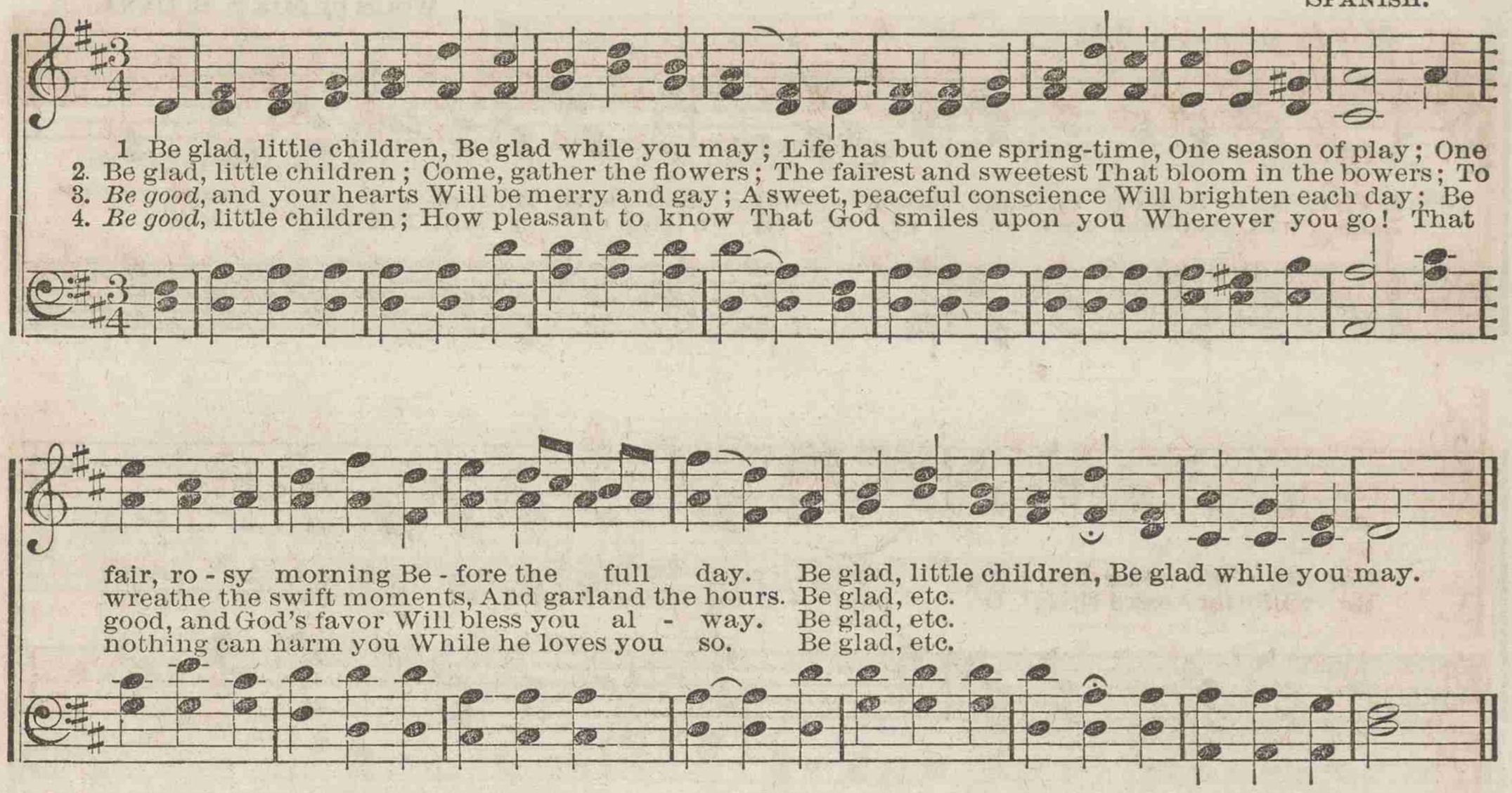
{ There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you.
{ On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.}

3 Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But in that celestial center
I a crown of life shall wear.
There is rest, &c.

4 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You will find an entrance through.
There is rest, &c.

BE GLAD, LITTLE CHILDREN.

SPANISH.



1 Thou sweet gliding Cedron, by thy silver stream
Our Savior would linger in moonlight's soft beam:
And by thy bright waters till midnight would stay,
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

CHORUS.

Come saints, and adore him; come bow at his feet;
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head,
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed;
The angels beholding, amazed at the sight,
Attended their Master with solemn delight.

3 O garden of Olives! thou dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love!

FLEE, AS A BIRD.

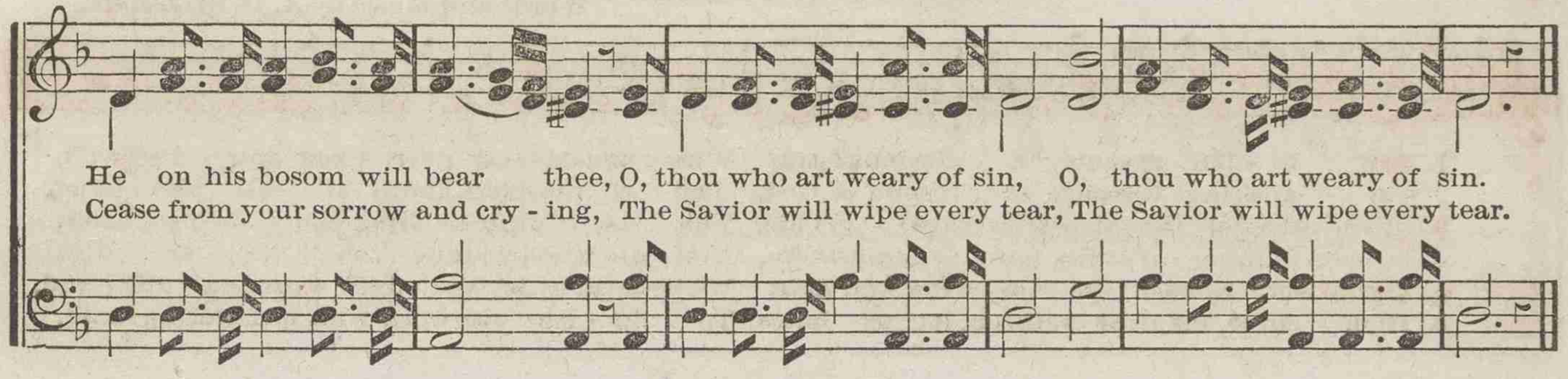
Words by Mrs. S. B. DANA.

May be sung as a Solo.

1. Flee, as a bird to your moun - tain, Thou who art wea - ry of sin;
2. He will pro-tect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev' - ry sad, fall - ing tear;

Go to the clear flow - ing foun - tain Where you may wash and be clean;
He will for - sake thee, O nev - er, Shel - tered so ten - der - ly there;

Fly, for th' a-veng - er is near thee; Call, and the Sa - vior will hear thee,
Haste, then, the hours now are fly - ing, Spend not the mo - ments in sigh - ing,



SING HIS PRAISE.



2 If the world upon you frown,
Sing, sing, sing his praise;
If you 're left to sing alone,
Sing, sing, sing his praise;
If sad trials come to you,
As to every one they do,
For that they are blessings too,
Sing, sing, sing his praise.

3 For his wondrous, dying love,
Sing, sing, sing his praise;
That he intercedes above,
Sing, sing, sing his praise;
Thus, whene'er you come to die,
You shall soar beyond the sky,
And, with angel choirs on high,
Sing, sing, sing his praise.

GLORIOUS LAND.

Words and Music by A. D. FILLMORE.



1. The Bi - ble reveals a glorious land, Where angels and pu-ri - fied spir - its dwell,
2. Out - gushing beneath the throne of God, And of the blest Lamb at his right hand,
3. In the midst of the street on eith - er side, The tree of life arching the way o'ershades,
4. Twelve manner of fruits hang pendant there, And all who par-take shall nev - er die;
5. The af - flic-tions of life are brief and light, While faith looks beyond the dark Jordan's strand,
6. Then come, my dear brethren, let us haste To fin - ish our work with unfaltering hand,



Where pleasures ne'er end, at God's right hand, And anthems of praises for - ev - er swell.
Thence runneth the crys - tal stream of life, A fountain of joy in that Glo - rious Land.
With health-giving foliage far and wide—No sickness this Glorious Land in - vades.
With Je - sus they dwell and ever share The joys of that Glorious Land on high.
Where goldenly shine the mansions bright, Which Jesus prepares in that Glo - rious Land.
And soon the sweet joys of heaven we 'll taste, With all the redeemed in that Glo - rious Land.

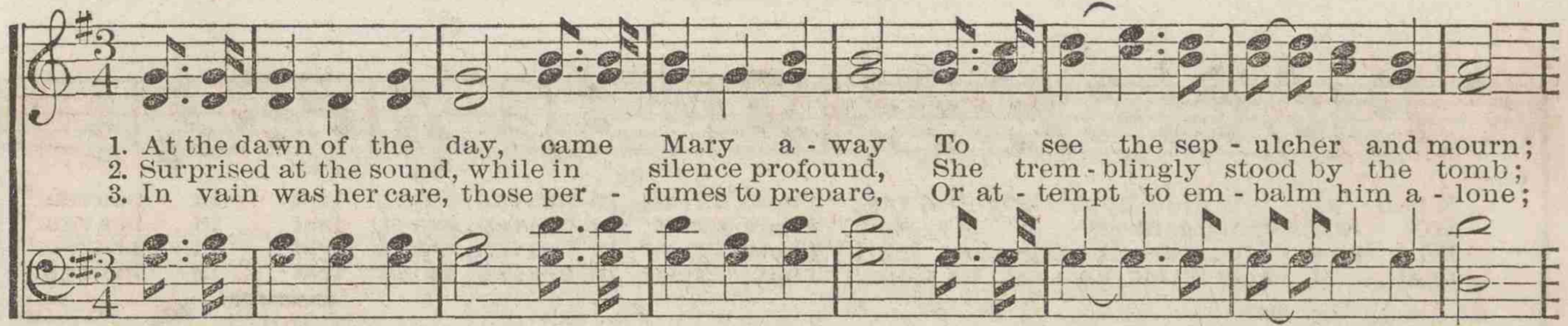
CHORUS.



In that Glo - rious Land, what a hap - py band Ere - long we shall stand, and


sing with them In the ci - ty of God— Je - ru - sa - lem.

POOR MARY.


1. At the dawn of the day, came Mary a - way To see the sep - ulcher and mourn;
2. Surprised at the sound, while in silence profound, She trem - blingly stood by the tomb;
3. In vain was her care, those per - fumes to prepare, Or at - tempt to em - balm him a - lone;


Chorus.—Hallelujahs a - rise! As - sist me, ye skies! I no longer for hap - pi - ness roam,
But O, how she fears, when the angel she hears Saying "Mary, poor Mary, the Mas - ter is gone."
That stone was removed, lost was all that she loved; Poor Mary! Poor Mary, the Master is gone!
Taken hence from my view, what, alas! shall I do! Poor Mary! Poor Mary, the Master is gone!
Hence sorrow, hence care, for I now can declare, Rab - boni, Rab - boni, the Mas - ter is come.

SWEET REST IN HEAVEN.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. I hear a voice at dawn of day, And to my heart it seems to say,
2. I hear it at the e - ven - tide, When fit - ful shad - ows round me glide,
3. At bus - y hour of noon I hear, The same sweet words ac - cost my ear,
5. Spir - it of life and love di - vine, Sub - due my heart and make it thine,

When sor - row dims hope's brightest ray, "There 's rest in heaven, sweet rest in heaven."
Still whisp'ring gent - ly at my side, "There 's rest in heaven, sweet rest in heaven."
With power to stay the ris - ing tear, "There 's rest in heaven, sweet rest in heaven."
That I may dwell up - on, as mine, "That rest in heaven, sweet rest in heaven."

CHORUS.

There is sweet rest in heaven, There is sweet rest in heaven, There is rest, sweet rest in heaven.

JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.

A. D. MERRILL.

1 Joy-ful-ly, joy-fully, on-ward I move, Bound to the land of bright spirits a-bove;
An-gel-ic cho-ris-ters, sing as I come,— Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, haste to thy home!

2. Friends fondly cherished, but passed on before; Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom, Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, haste to thy home.

Soon with my pil-grim-age end-ed be-low, Home to the land of bright spir-its I go;
Sounds of sweet mel-o-dy fall on my ear; Harps of the bless-ed, your voi-ces I hear!

Pil-grim and strang-er, no more shall I roam: Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly rest-ing at home.
Rings with the har-mo-ny hea-ven's high dome— Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly haste to thy home.

"WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?"

By permission.

W. H. DOANE.

Marching time.

1. They are sowing their seed in the daylight fair; They are sowing seed in the noonday's glare; They are sow - ing seed in the soft twilight; They are sow - ing their seed in the solemn night.
2. They are sowing their seed of word and deed, Which the cold know not, nor the careless heed; O! the gen - tle word and the kind - est deed, That have blest the sad heart in its sor - est need.
3. Some are sow - ing the seed of no - ble deed, With a sleepless watch, and an ear - nest heed; With a ceaseless hand in the earth they sow, And the fields are all whitening where'er they go.
4. And there 's many yet standing with idle hands, Still they 're scattering seed throughout the land, And some are sow - ing the seeds of care, Which their soil long has borne, and it still must bear.
5. Whether sown in the darkness or sown in light; Whether sown in weakness or sown in might; Whether sown in meekness or sown in wrath, In the broad-est high-way or the shadowy path.

CHORUS.

What shall the harvest be? What shall the harvest be? What shall the har-vest be?
Sweet shall the harvest be; Sweet shall the harvest be; Sweet shall the har-vest be;

Rich will the harvest be; Rich will the harvest be; Rich will the harvest be;
Sad will the harvest be; Sad will the harvest be; Sad will the harvest be;
Sure will the harvest be; Sure will the harvest be; Sure will the harvest be;

p

What shall the harvest be? What shall the harvest be? What shall the harvest be?
Sweet shall the harvest be; Sweet shall the harvest be; Sweet shall the harvest be.

p

Rich will the harvest be; Rich will the harvest be; Rich will the harvest be.
Sad will the harvest be; Sad will the harvest be; Sad will the harvest be.
Sure will the harvest be; Sure will the harvest be; Sure will the harvest be.

p

LACKLAND. 8s.

E. T.



1 O Jesus, delight of my soul!
My Shepherd, my Savior divine!
I yield to thy blessed control:
My body and spirit are thine.

2 Thy love I can never deserve,
That bids me be happy in thee;
My God and my King I will serve,
Whose favor is heaven to me.

3 How can I thy goodness repay,
By nature so weak and defiled?
Myself I have given away;
O, call me thy own little child.

4 And art thou my Father above?
Will Jesus abide in my heart?
O, bind me so fast in thy love,
That I never from thee shall part.

SUNSET TREE.

MISS BROWNE.

Andante.

1. Come, come, come! Come to the sun-set tree, The day is past and gone; The woodman's axe lies
2. Sweet is the hour of rest, Pleasant the heart's low sigh; The gleaming of the
3. Yes, tune-ful is the sound That dwells in whispering boughs, Welcome the freshness

free, And the reaper's work is done.
west, And the turf whereon we lie,
round, And the gale that fans our brows.

The twi-light dew to hea-ven, And the summer dew to
When the burden and the heat Of la - bor's task is
But rest more sweet and still Than night-fall ev - er

D. C.

flowers, And rest to us is given, By the cool, soft evening hours.
o'er, And kind-ly voi-ces greet The tired one at the door.
gave, O longing hearts shall fill, In the world beyond the grave!

4 There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noontide heat;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary wandering feet.
And we lift our trusting eyes
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God.

GOOD NEWS.

Words by Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin. C. L. FILLMORE.

1. List - en to a joy - ous strain, Good news to cheer us!
   Children join the glad re - frain, (Omit.)
D. C. Voice of bird - notes min-gled low, (Omit.)
   Good news to cheer us!
   Good news to cheer us!

2. Sa-tan's ar - my's on the wane, Good news to cheer us!
   Je - sus shall the Vic-tory gain, (Omit.)
D. C. And our faith is true and tried, (Omit.)
   Good news to cheer us!
   Good news to cheer us!

D. C.

Sweet the morn - ing breez - es blow, Murm'ring stream-lets soft - ly flow.
Let it ech - o far and wide, We are on Im - man - uel's side.

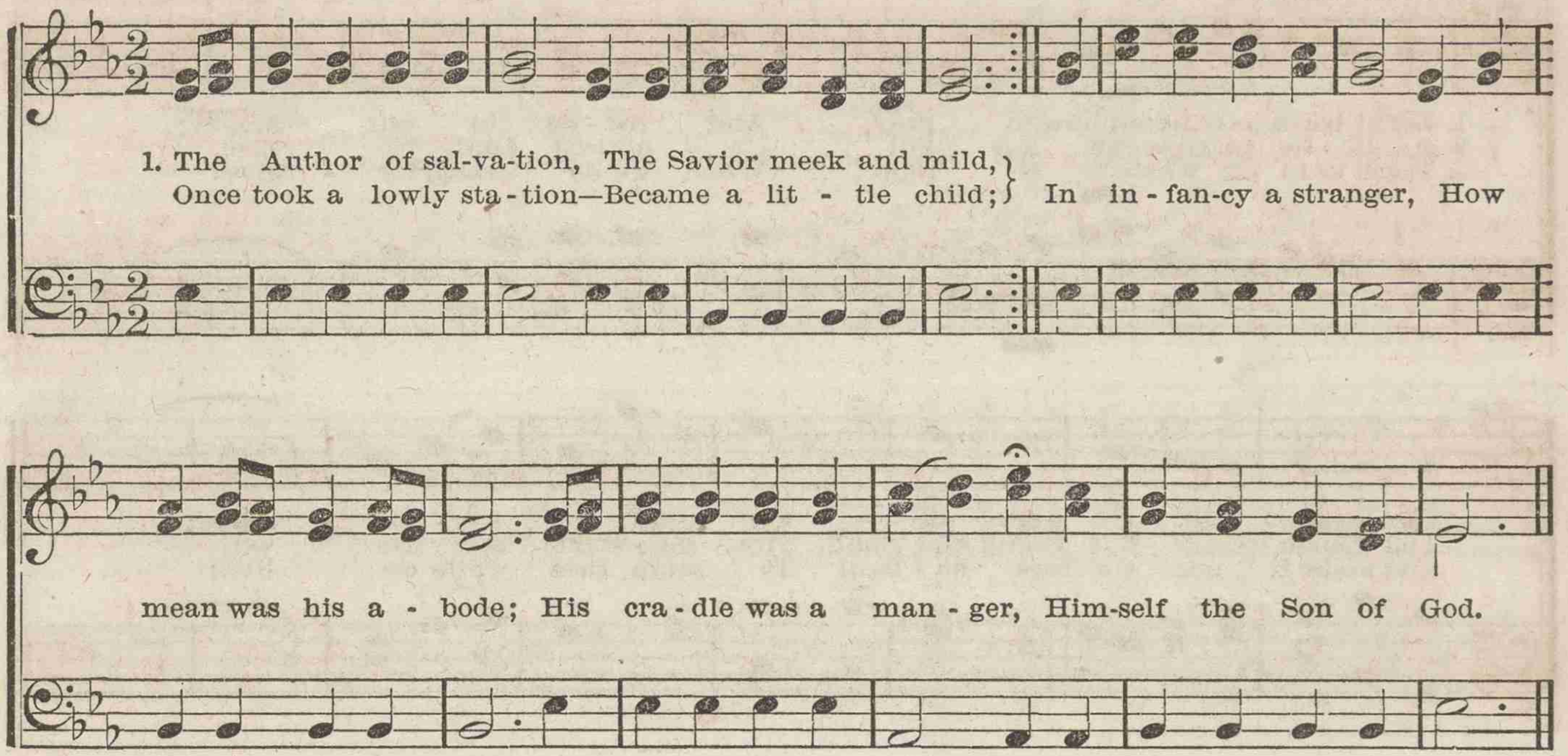
D. C.

CHORUS.

Then shout, shout the battle-cry, Victory is near us; Shout, shout the battle-cry, Good news to cheer us!

JUDEA. 7s & 6s. Peculiar.

GREEK MELODY.



2 His earthly parents found him
Submissive day by day;
So meek to all around him,
So ready to obey;
No stain of sin and folly
Could ever cloud his brow;
His heart, so pure and holy,
With love would ever glow.

3 And when his foes assailed him,
He sought but to forgive;
When to the cross they nailed him,
He died that they might live.
This bright example shows us
What duties to fulfill;
O let it now arouse us
To learn to do his will.

ANTENAHANNA.

PORTUGUESE MELODY.

1. Lord! teach us children how to pray, And list - en to our prayer;
2. A lit - tle sparrow can not fall Un - noticed, Lord, by thee,
3. Teach us to do whate'er is right; When we do wrong, for - give:

Thou hearest all the words we say, For thou art ev - ery - where;
And though we are but young and small, Thy con - stant care are we;
And make it our sin - cere de - light To serve thee while we live;

Thou hear - est all the words we say, For thou art ev - ery - where.
And though we are but young and small, Thy con - stant care are we.
And make it our sin - cere de - light To serve thee while we live.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. This book is all that's left me now; Tears will un-bid - den start; With fal-tering lip and throbbing brow I press it to my heart: For ma-ny gen - e - ra-tions past, Here is our fam'-ly tree: My mo - ther's hands this Bi - ble clasp'd; She, dy - ing, gave it me.
2. My fa - ther read this ho - ly book To brothers, sis - ters dear: How calm was my poor mother's look, Who lean'd God's word to hear! Her angel face—I see it yet; What thronging mem'ries come! A - gain that lit - tle group is met With - in the halls of home.
3. Thou tru - est friend man ev - er knew, Thy con-stan-cy I've tried: When all were false, I found thee true, My coun-sel - lor and guide. The mines of earth no treasure give That could this volume buy: In teach - ing me the way to live, It taught me how to die.

NO PARTING THERE.

A. C. HOPKINS.

Con espressione.

1. How pleas - ant thus to dwell be - low, In fel - low - ship of love,
2. Yes hap - py thought! when we are free From earth - ly grief and pain,
3. The chil - dren who have loved the Lord, Shall hail their teach - ers there!
4. Then let us each in strength di - vine, Still walk in wis - dom's ways;

And tho' we part 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove.
In heaven we shall each oth - er see, And nev - er part a - gain.
And teach - ers gain the rich re - ward Of all their toil and care.
That we, with those we love, may join In nev - er - end - ing praise.

CHORUS.

Rep. pp

O! that will be joyful, joyful, joy - ful, joyful, O! that will be joyful, to meet to part no more.

pp

WARING.

Words by EDMUND THARP. A. D. FILLMORE.

1. What mean so many lit - tle feet, So light - ly mov - ing on the street?
D. C. And though the day be warm, or cool, They will not miss the Sun - day-school.

2. They once a week their teachers meet, And joy - ful - ly each oth - er greet;
D. C. What thanks we owe to God our King, That near - ly ev - ery child can sing.

3. There is a thrill in childish song, That moves the heart of old and young;
D. C. God will their shield and portion be, And save them in e - ter - ni - ty.

With hats, and shoes, and clothes so neat, A rose - bud is not half so sweet! Their
They hear, and heed the les - sons given, And feel it is the gate of heaven. How
A charm that holds a pleas-ing sway, And drives all worldly cares a - way. Chil-

looks and movements in - di - cate They do not wish to be too late;
sweet the chil - dren's voic - es are— No sound so pleasant to the ear!
dren who love God's ho - ly word, And still pur - sue this nar - row road—

D. C.

D. C.

LITTLE MINSTREL BAND.

Words by Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin. A. D. Fillmore.





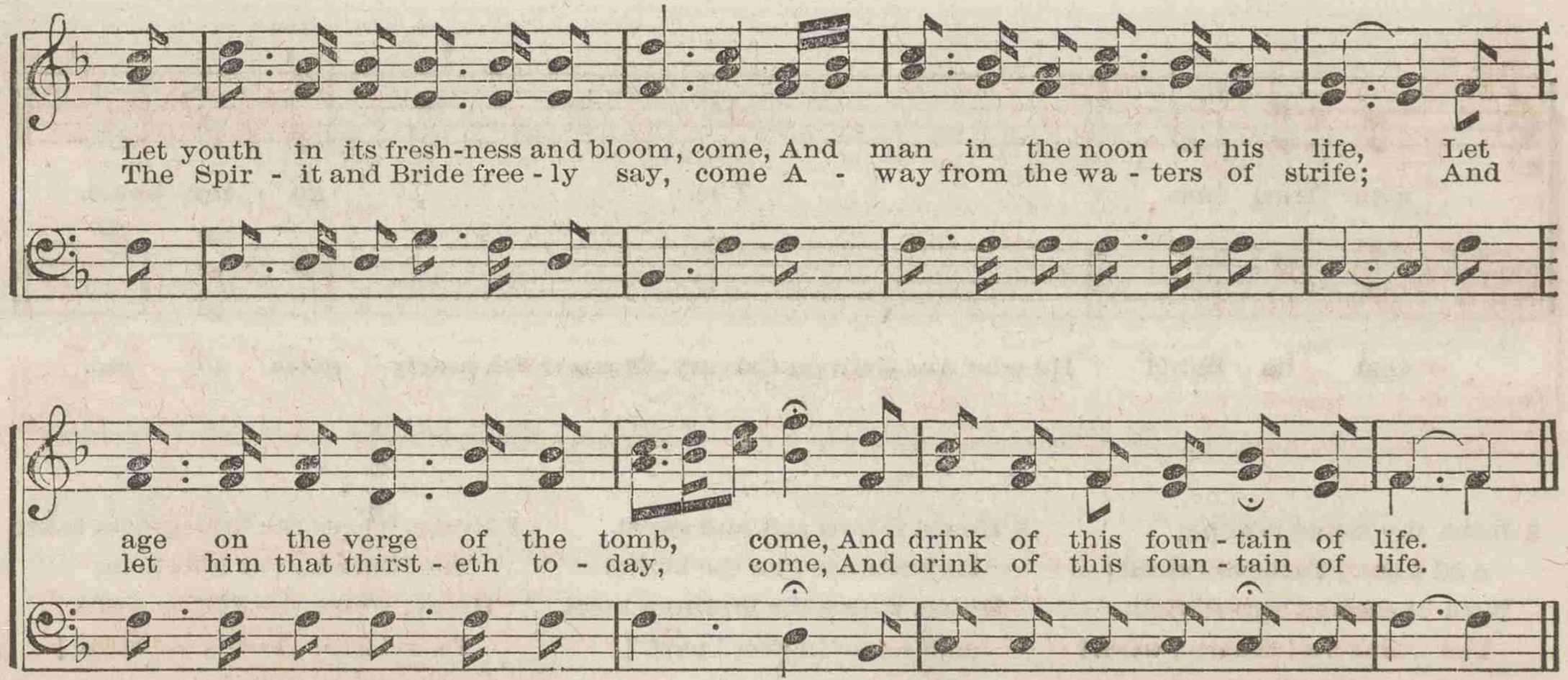
3 As here we meet, at Jesus' feet,
To learn his high command,
Our voices ring, our songs we sing,
A happy Minstrel band.
O happy band, etc.

4 We 're marching still, up Zion's hill,
A little Minstrel band;
The way 's not long, when cheered by song,
From the young Minstrel band.
O happy band, etc.

THE CALL.

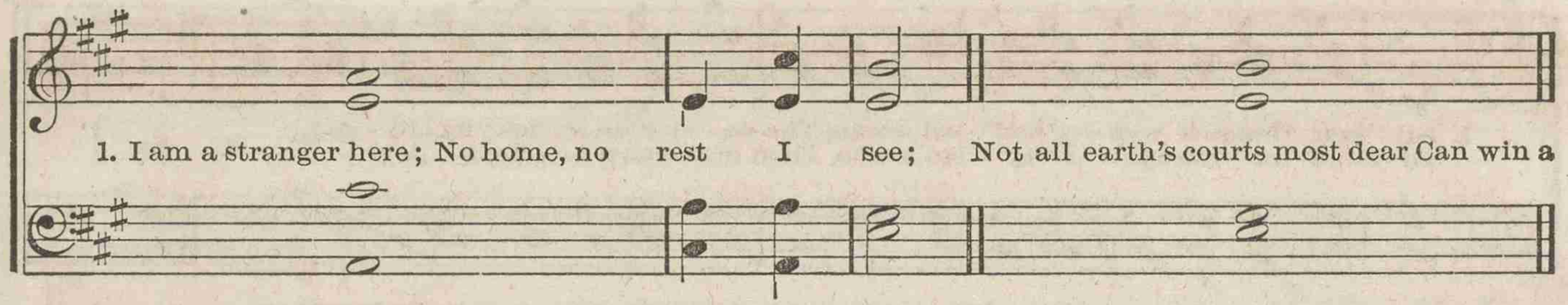
W. T. MOORE.





CHANT--I'M GOING HOME.

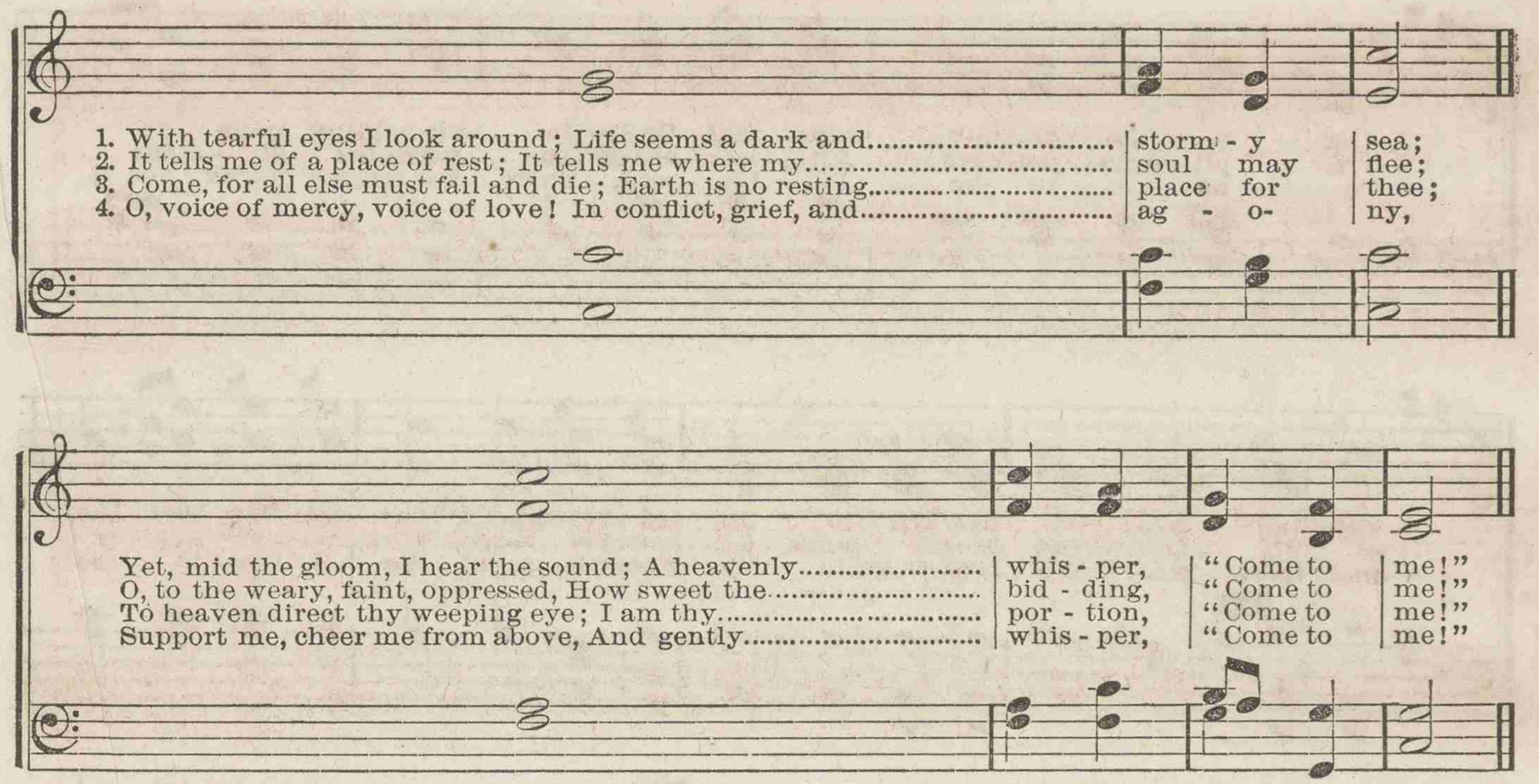
A. D. FILLMORE.



2 Jesus, thy home is mine,
And I thy | Father's | child;
With hopes and joys divine,
The world 's a | dreary | wild. ‖
I'm | going | home.

3 Home, O how soft and sweet
It thrills up- | on the heart!
Home, where the brethren meet,
And never | never | part. ‖
I'm | going | home.

4 Home, where the Bridegroom takes
The purchase | of his | love;
Home, where the Father waits
To welcome | saints a- | bove. ‖
I'm | going | home.



1 Come unto me all ye that labor and are | heavy | laden,
And | I will | give you | rest.

2 Take my yoke upon you and | learn of | me,
For I am | meek and | lowly in | heart.

3 And ye shall find rest un- | to your | souls.
For my yoke is easy, | and my | burden | light.

1 Wherewithal shall a young man | cleanse his | way?
By taking heed thereto ac- | cording | to thy | word.

2 Blessed are they that | keep his | testimonies,
They that seek him | with a | whole... | heart.

3 He that doeth these things shall | never be | moved.
Blessed art thou, O | Lord, teach | me thy | statutes.

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. List to the dream-y tone that dwells In rip - pling wave or sigh - ing tree; Go hearken to the old church-bells, The whistling bird, the whizzing bee; In - ter - pret right, and you will find 'T is power and glo - ry
2. The pil - grim journeys till he bleeds To gain the al - tar of his sires; The hermit pores a - bove his beads, With zeal that nev - er wanes nor tires; But ho - liest rite, or long - est prayer That art can yield or
3. Or na - ture, or the Bi - ble read, Those pre - cious words you 'll find there still; We trace them in the flowering mead, We hear them in the flow - ing rill; One cho - rus hails the Great Supreme, Each va - ried breath-ing



CHILDREN INSTRUCTED.

TUNE—VAN CHURCH.

1 O thou, who from the infant's tongue
Wert wont of old to perfect praise,
Almighty Father! hear the song
Which we thy youthful servants raise.

2 How blest are they, who early taught
To know and love thy Word of truth,
Far from the sinner's path are brought,
To serve their Maker in their youth.

3 And blest are they whose pious care,
Forbids the youthful foot to stray;
Unfolds the Book of truth, and there
To life eternal points the way.

4 Accept our praise, O Lord! and still
Let streams of heavenly goodness flow,
That all the earth may learn thy will,
And babes thy power and glory show.

CHRISTIAN SOLDIER'S REST.

Words and Music by G. T. WILSON.



CHORUS.



2 Bravely he fought in his Master's service,
Though the ranks of foes were strong;
Well did he wield the Sword of the Spirit
Through the contest fierce and long.
There shall be rest, etc.

3 Firm to the end was his faith in Jesus,
Whom he followed here below;
Under his banner he feared no danger,
From the Christian's artful foe.
There shall be rest, etc.

4 Yet though he fall at death's dark river,
Still he doth triumph in the fall;
Death seems a victor, but his captives
Shall come forth at Jesus' call.
There shall be rest, etc.

5 There shall a crown of unfading glory
Be the wreath that he shall wear,
Clothed in a robe of celestial brightness
He the victor's palm shall bear.
There shall be rest, etc.





3 I am a child. It will not do
An idle life to lead,
Because I 'm small, with talents few
Of me the Lord has need,
Some work or calling to pursue,
Or do some humble deed.

4 I must be active every hour,
And do my Master's will;
If but a ray can paint the flower,
A rain-drop swell the rill,
I know in me there is a power
Some humble place to fill.

MARIETTA. 6s.

Words and Music by C. L. FILLMORE.

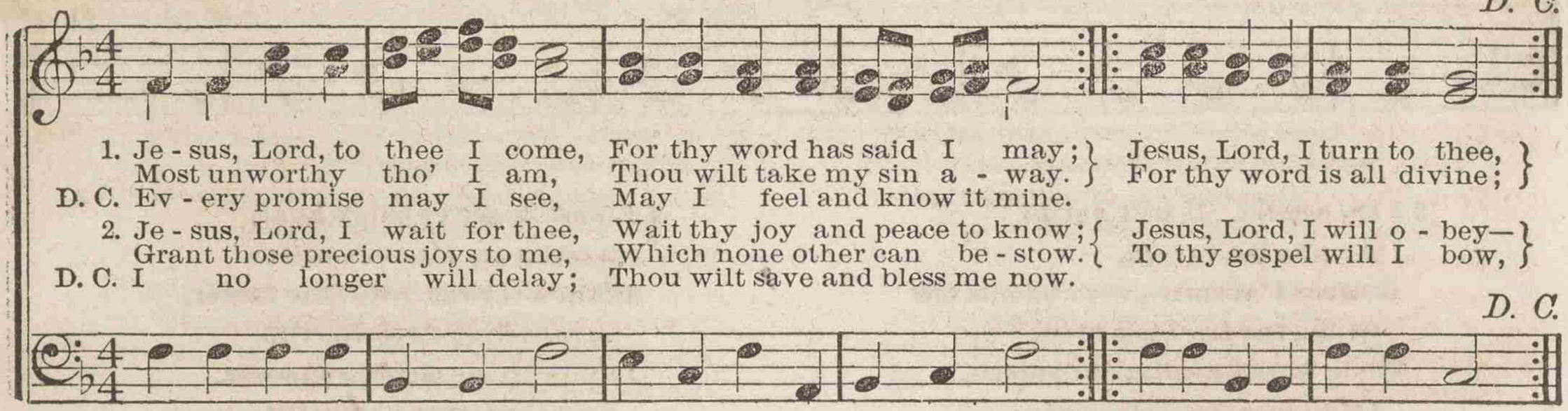


2 Come, list to wisdom's voice,
Her heavenly counsel hear;
She bids you now rejoice
In accent sweet and clear.
Come, walk in wisdom's ways,
Her paths are paths of peace,
Come, in your early days,
From sin and folly cease.

3 Come, seek the Savior's face,
Obey your gracious Lord;
He will bestow his grace
On all who love his word.
O! may we all be wise—
Buy truth, and sell it not;
And reign beyond the skies—
O blessed, happy thought!

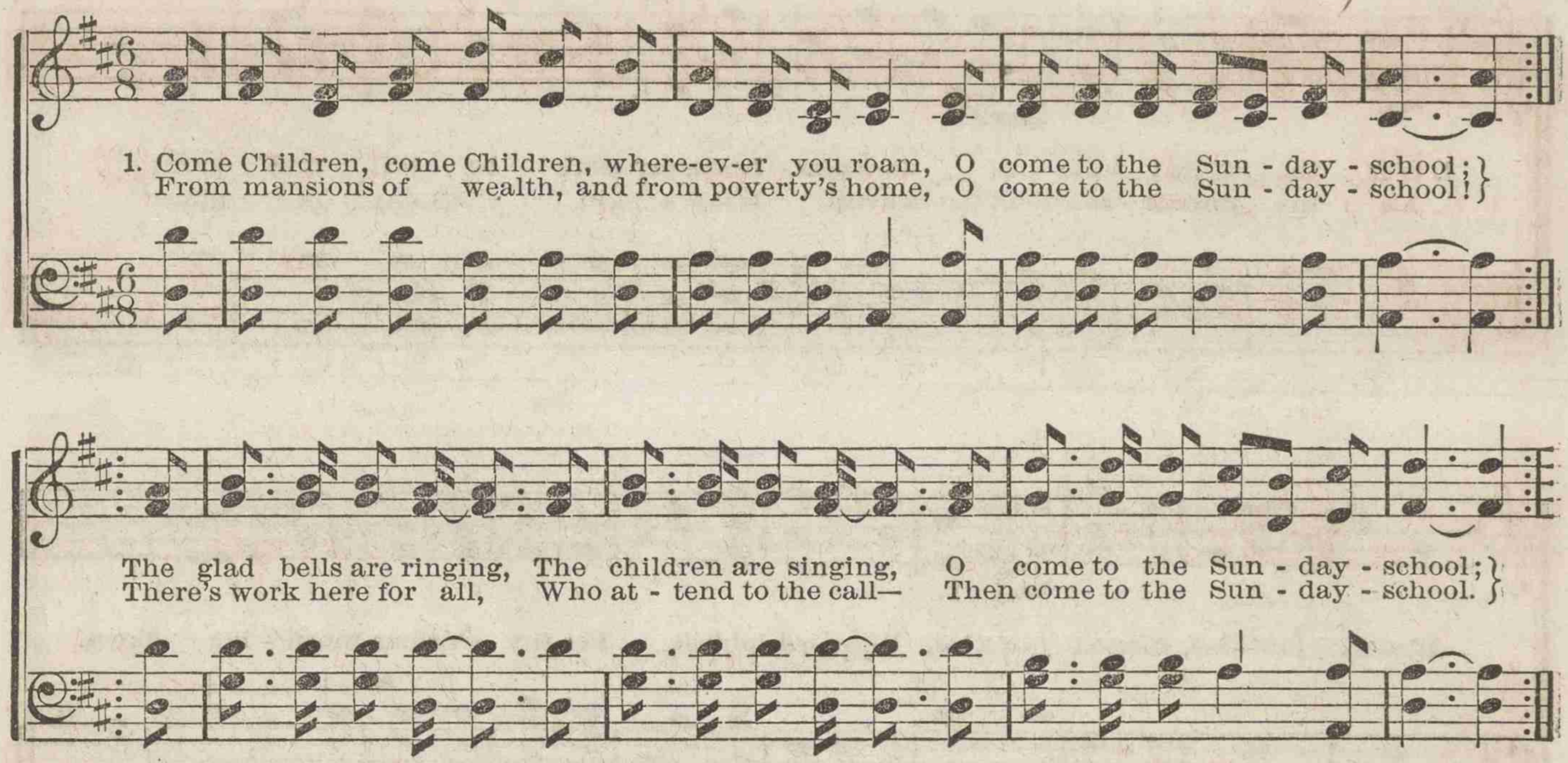
SUBMISSION.

Words by C. L. FILLMORE.



COME, CHILDREN.

Words by Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin. A. D. Fillmore.



2 Come Children, come Children, now listen to me!
O come to the Sunday-school!
From paths of temptation and folly be free—
O come to the Sunday-school.
Here 's safety and pleasure,
And joy beyond measure,
All found in the Sunday-school;
Here 's Faith, Hope, and Truth,
Crowning glories of youth
All found in the Sunday-school.

3 Come Children, come Children, why linger so long?
O come to the Sunday-school!
How precious the lesson, how cheerful the song
We learn in the Sunday-school.
Here Jesus is near you,
And angels will hear you,
O come to the Sunday-school,
While pilgrims below.
Toward heaven we 'll go—
Then come to the Sunday-school.

MIDWAY. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Arranged by A. D. FILLMORE.





3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night!
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer! never cease!
May thy lasting wide dominion
Multiply and still increase!
Sway thy scepter,
Savior, all the world around!

WHO SHALL SING?

G. M.

1. Who shall sing, if not the children? Did not Je - sus die for them?
   May they not, with other jew - els, Sparkle - - - - - - - in his di - a - dem?
2. There 's a choir of in-fant songsters, White-robed, round the Savior's throne;
   Angels cease, and, waiting, list - en! O! 't is - - - - - - - sweeter than their own!
3. Jesus, when on earth so - journing, Loved them with a wondrous love;
   And will he, to heaven re - turning, Faithless - - - - - - - to his bles - sing prove?

Why to them were voic - es giv - en— Bird-like voic - es, sweet and clear?
Faith can hear the raptured chor - al, When her ear is up - ward turned;
O! they can not sing too ear - ly; Fathers, stand not in their way!

Why, un - less the song of hea - ven They be - gin to prac - tice here?
Is not this the same per - fect - ed, Which up - on the earth they learned?
Birds do sing while day is break - ing— Tell me, then, why should not they?

CITY OF GOD.

Written for the "VIOLET." A. C. HOPKINS.

Not too fast.

1. We're going home, we've had visions bright Of that ho - ly land, that world of light; Where the
2. We're going home, and we soon shall be Where the sky is clear, and all are free; Where the
3. 'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the sea of bliss, 'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness, 'Mid the

long dark night of time is past, And the morn e - ter - nal dawns at last. Where the
vic - tor's song floats o'er the plains, And the seraphs' anthems blend with its strains, Where the
verdant plains, 'mid the angels' cheer, 'Mid the saints that round the throne appear, Where the

wea - ry saint no more shall roam, But dwell in a hap - py peace-ful home. Where the
sun pours down its bril - liant flood, And beams on a world that's fair and good. Where the
conqueror's song, as it sounds a - far, Is waft - ed on the am - bro - sial air; Thro' the

brow with sparkling gems is crowned, And the waves of bliss are flow - ing round.
stars, once dimmed at na - ture's doom, Will ev - er shine o'er the new earth's bloom.
end - less years we then shall prove, The rich - es of a Sav - ior's love.

CHORUS.

We're go - ing a - way, go - ing a - way, To that beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful world;

Go - ing a - way to that beau - ti - ful world, That beau-ti - ful ci - ty of God.

TO THE RIGHT BE TRUE.

C. C. PRATT.

1. Are you marching, patient marching, Through the storms of life? Are you meeting, daily meeting, Weary toil and strife?
2. Are you thinking, dai-ly thinking, Of the painful way, Often asking, frequent asking, Why these sufferings stay?
3. When the strong are base - ly forging Fet-ters for the weak, Shall the earnest, truthful spirit Yield, nor dare to speak?
4. Are you hop-ing, joy-ful hoping, For the rest of heaven? Are you waiting, patient waiting, Till the chains are riven?

There's a voice a - bove the tumult, Speaking still to you, Nev - er falter, nev - er waver, To the right be true.
Hear the prom-ise, all shall sure-ly Work for good to you, Nev - er fearing, never doubting, To the right be true.
Spurn the thought, yes, ever spurn it, Hurl it far from you; Spurn the selfish, grasp the noble, To the right be true.
Would you keep the heavenly mansion Clear and bright in view, Always heed the earnest prompters; To the right be true.

CHORUS.

To the right, to the right, To the right be true, To the right, to the right, To the right be true.
To the right, To the right, To the right be true, To the right, To the right, To the right be true.

From "SINGING PILGRIM," by permission. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Very earnest.

1. Onward, fellow-teachers, onward! Sow the seed with faith and prayer; None can rest these weapons
2. Courage, fellow-teachers, courage! Though we now see no suc - cess; Wait his time with faith and
3. Hear us, O, our Savior, hear us! While we suppli - cate thy throne; Let us be suc - cess - ful

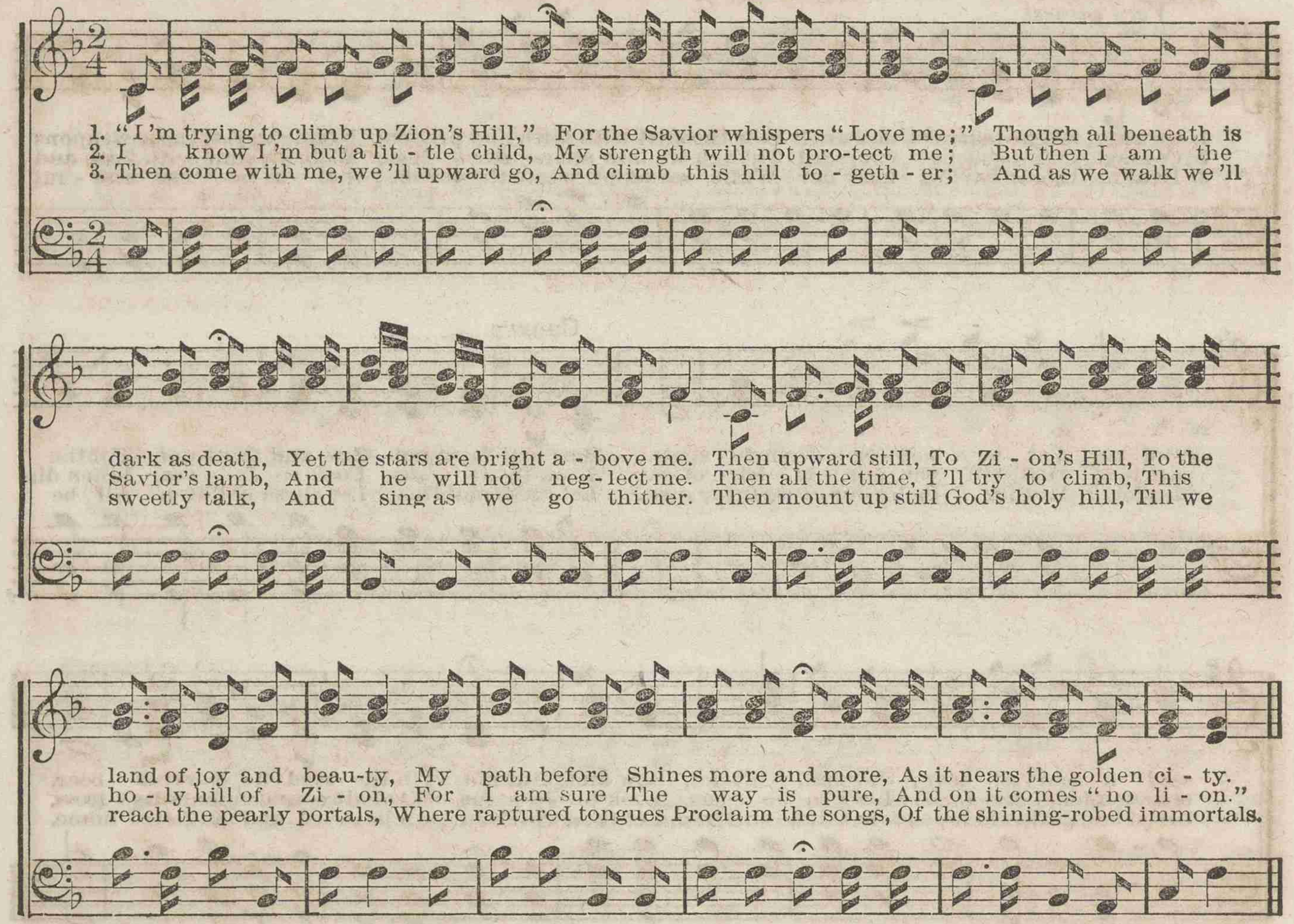
CHORUS.

from us, Let us nev - er then de - spair. Sow and faint not, Sow and faint not, Till the
patience, God will yet our la - bors bless. Look to Je - sus, Look to Je - sus, When dis-
pleaders, Sav-ior, make our cause thine own. Let these children, Let these children All be

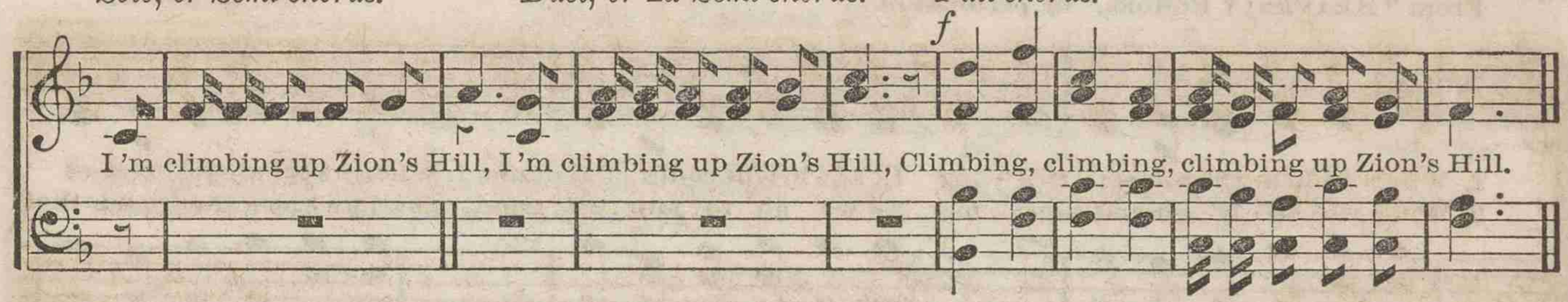
seed a harvest bear; Sow and faint not, Sow and faint not, Till the seed a harvest bear.
couragements dis - tress; Look to Je - sus, Look to Je - sus, When discouragements dis - tress.
saved and gathered home; Let these children, Let these children All be saved and gathered home.

"CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL."

From the "SINGING PILGRIM," by permission. Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.



Solo, or Semi-chorus. *Duet, or 2d Semi-chorus.* *Full chorus.*



PENDLETON.

A. D. FILLMORE.





SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER?

From "HEAVENLY ECHOES," by permission.

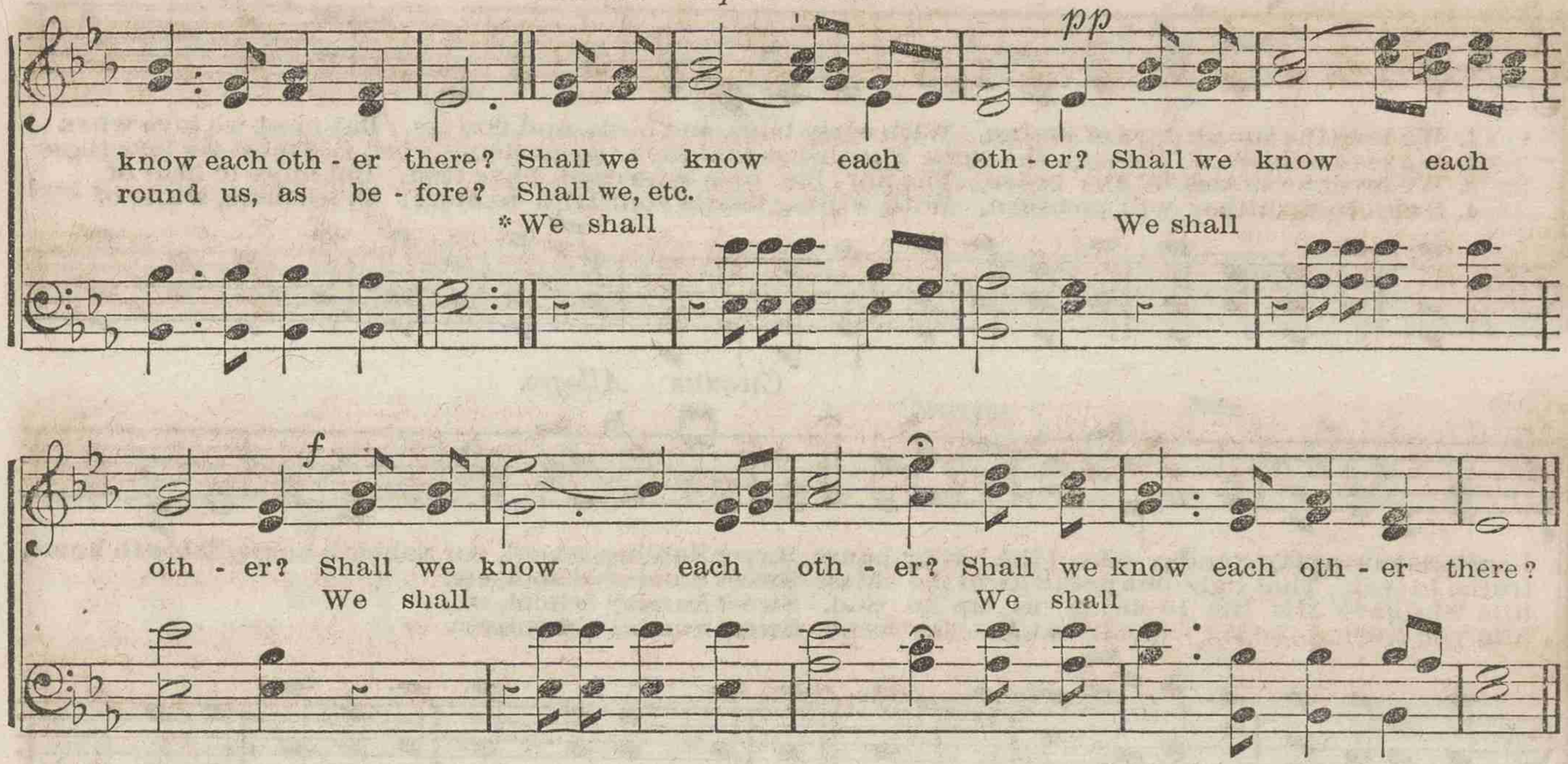
Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. When we hear the mu-sic ring - ing In the bright ce-les - tial dome, When sweet an-gel voic-es
2. When the ho - ly an-gels meet us, As we go to join their band, Shall we know the friends that

sing - ing, Glad - ly bid us wel-come home, To the land of an - cient sto - ry,
greet us, In the glo - rious spir - it land? Shall we see the same eyes shin - ing

Where the spir - it knows no care, In that land of light and glo - ry, Shall we
On us, as in days of yore, Shall we feel their dear arms twin - ing Fond - ly

CHORUS. *Repeat ad lib.*



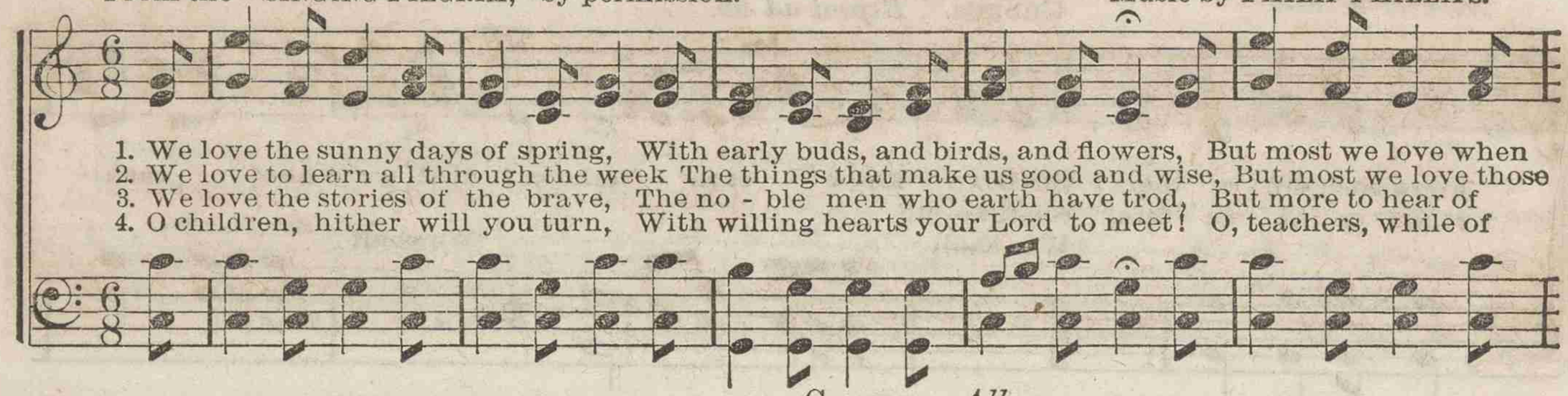
3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices,
And the angel faces bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago,
And to them 't is kindly given,
Thus their earthly friends to know.
Shall we know, etc.

4 Oh! ye weary, sad, and tossed ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones
In the land of perfect day!
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers,
Murmur in my raptured ear,
Evermore their sweet song lingers,
"We shall know each other there!"
We shall know, etc.

*For last verse.

OUR SABBATH HOME.

From the "SINGING PILGRIM," by permission. Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. We love the sunny days of spring, With early buds, and birds, and flowers, But most we love when Lord's day brings Of Sunday-school the happy hours. Sweet Sunday-school, our Sabbath home, Sabbath home,
2. We love to learn all through the week The things that make us good and wise, But most we love those truths to seek That light our pathway to the skies. Sweet Sunday-school, etc.
3. We love the stories of the brave, The no - ble men who earth have trod, But more to hear of him who gave His life to bring us up to God. Sweet Sunday-school, etc.
4. O children, hither will you turn, With willing hearts your Lord to meet! O, teachers, while of him you learn, Like Ma - ry, sit "at Je - sus' feet." Sweet Sunday-school, etc.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*



"Home, sweet home;" Dear Sunday-school, our "Home, sweet home," Our beautiful Sabbath home.

Rit. *pp* *Allegretto.*



I WILL SING FOR JESUS.

From the "SINGING PILGRIM," by permission. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I will sing for Je - sus, With his blood he bought me; And all a - long my
2. Can there o - ver - take me, An - y dark dis - as - ter, While I sing for
3. I will sing for Je - sus, His name a - lone pre - vail - ing, Shall be my sweet - est
4. Still I'll sing for Je - sus! O! how will I a - dore him, A - mong the cloud of

CHORUS.

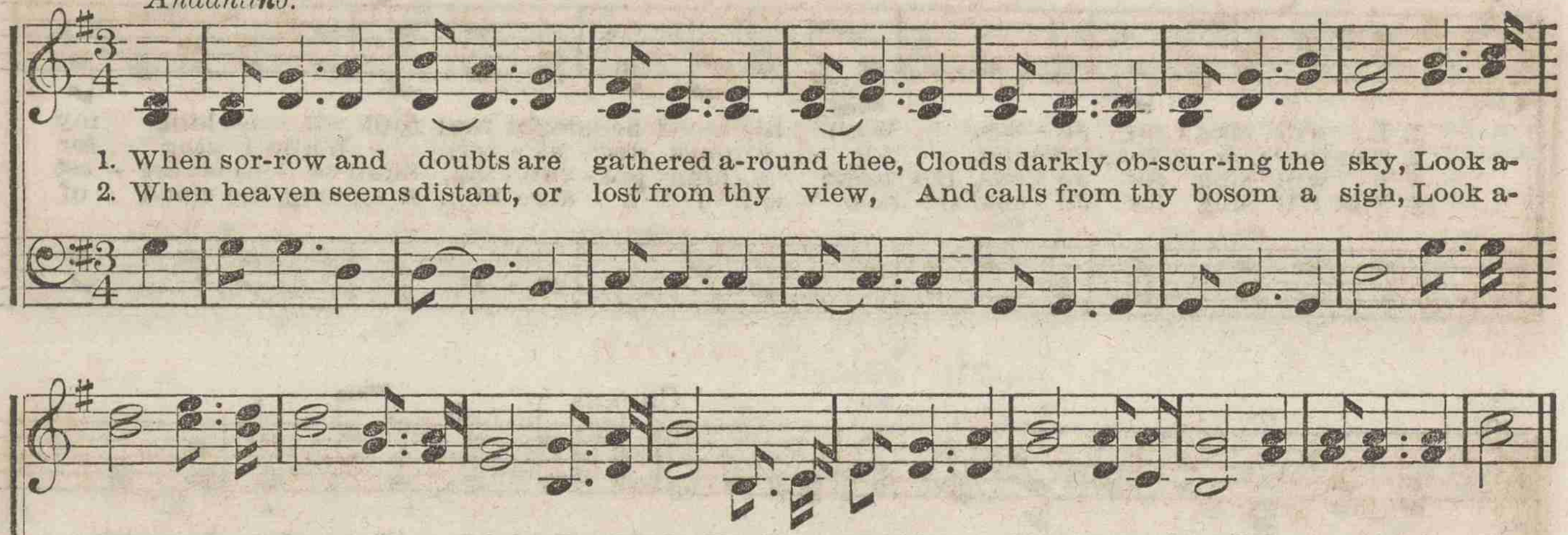
pil - grim way His lov - ing hand has brought me O! help me sing for Je - sus,
Je - sus, My bles-sed, bles - sed Mas-ter? O! help me, etc.
mu - sic, When heart and flesh are fail - ing. O! help me, etc.
wit - ness - es, Who cast their crowns before him. O! help me, etc.

Help me tell the sto-ry Of him who did re - deem us, The Lord of life and glo - ry.

LOOK ALOFT.

Words by HENRY COOK. C. C. PRATT.

Andantino.



D. S.

cov - er the bright star of hope, 'T will be sun - shine and joy by and by.

D. S.

yond! there 's a break in the clouds, 'T will be sun - shine and joy by and by.

GOLDEN THRONE.

C. L. F.

1. It takes a ve - ry hum-ble soul, It takes a ve - ry hum-ble soul, It
2. We 'll min-gle with the an - gels there, We 'll min-gle with the angels there, We 'll
3. We 'll see our bles - sed Sa - vior there, We 'll see our bles - sed Savior there, We 'll

CHORUS.—Then haste a - way to the Sunday-school, Then haste a - way to the Sunday-school, Then

takes a ve - ry hum - ble soul, To stand by the Gold - en Throne.
min - gle with the an - gels there, Who stand by the Gold - en Throne.
see our bles - sed Sa - vior there, Who sits on the Gold - en Throne.

haste a - way to the Sun - day - school, And learn the Gold - en Rule.

THE VIOLET.

Words by JENNETTE KNIGHT. A. D. FILLMORE.

Andante.



1. Out in the wild wood and the grove, In the bright bowers, where're we rove, One little flowret may be



CHORUS.



met That we all love, called Violet. Violet songs, sweet Violet songs, Cheerfully singing Violet songs.



2 Early in spring-time we have met
This lovely flower, the Violet;
And in the rainbow have we too,
Often admired its pretty hue.
Violet songs, etc.

3 Harmonies sweet, henceforth shall be
Dear to the heart, in what we see,
And should we be deprived of sight,
Violet still will yield us delight.
Violet songs, etc.

4 And if we learn the songs here given,
We may the notes prolong in heaven;
Then let us learn and ne'er forget
Songs that we find in the Violet.
Violet songs, etc.

5 Ever, while God our life prolongs,
Cheerfully sing we Violet songs—
Gratitude, praise, and power be given,
Unto our God who rules in heaven.
Violet songs, etc.

PATIENCE.

Words and Music by A. D. FILLMORE.

1. Pa - tience is an an - gel spir - it, Sent from heaven to bless man - kind:
2. She will help us in our jour - ney, All the ills of life to bear,
3. Though we sow in tears and sor - row, With an al - most hope - less view,
4. 'Mid the storms and dashing bil - lows, As we sail o'er life's rough sea,

Hap - py those who bid her wel - come, Bles - sed com - pa - ny they find.
Though our path be rough and thorn - y, Pa - tience drives a - way all care.
From the bud, so brown and bit - ter, She brings flowers of beauteous hue.
Pa - tience at the helm says calm - ly, "Soon a shin - ing heaven we 'll see."

CHORUS.

Sweet Patience, be our guide and director,
And from Despair be thou our protector,
} Till a home of peace and love, We shall find in heaven above.

SPRING RAINS.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. The Lark sits high on the wal - nut tree, While it rains, it rains, it rains;
   A jolly phi - loso - pher sure is he, While it rains, it rains, it rains;
2. All nature seems happy as happy can be, While it rains, it rains, it rains;
   But restless mor - tals like you and me, While it rains, it rains, it rains,

How blithely he looks at the meadows be - low, Where the nest will be, when the grassblades grow,
Look out of the windows in dis - content, And wonder why showers to-day are sent,

Lentando.

And he pours out his song in a li - quid flow, While it rains, it rains, it rains.
Our measures, and pleasures and plans to prevent, While it rains, it rains, it rains.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun-try so bright and so fair, And oft are its
2. We speak of its path-ways of gold, Of its walls decked with jew-els so rare, Of its wonders and
3. We speak of its free-dom from sin, From sor-row, temp-ta - tion and care. From tri-als with-
4. We speak of its ser - vice of love, The robes which the glo - ri - fied wear, The Church of the
5. O Lord, in this val ley of woe, Our spi - rits for hea-ven pre - pare, Then short - ly we

p *f*

glo - ries con - fessed, But what must it be to be there! But what must it be to be there?
pleasures un - told, But what, etc.
out and with - in, But what, etc.
First-born a - bove, But what, etc.
al - so shall know, And feel what it is to be there, And feel what it is to be there.

SPRING RAINS.—Concluded.

3 The lark feels assured that God knows best
The need of the spring-time rains;
That bright summer sunshine will warm his nest
After the spring-time rains.
The grass in the meadows will greenly grow,
And the corn-blades wave in the valley below,
And the vigorous west winds gaily blow,
After these spring-time rains.

4 Let us, like the lark, look cheerily on,
While it rains, it rains, it rains;
Waiting with faith, till the storm is gone,
While it rains, it rains, it rains.
Tho' misty obscurity hinders the sight,
We know that above the dark cloud there is light,
And the heavens in beauty are shining bright,
While it rains, it rains, it rains

THE GOOD SHIP "FAITH."

Words by M. M. B. GOODWIN. A. D. FILLMORE

1. There 's a ship upon the sea, And it waits for you and me! Sail-ing on the restless tide, It bears a no-ble
2. Write your name in letters bold, Our good ship 's true as gold, Every danger she 'll outride; She has carried Christians
3. If temptation you would shun, If from er-ror you would run, Ever safe from worldlings' strife, If from sin and sorrow

CHORUS.

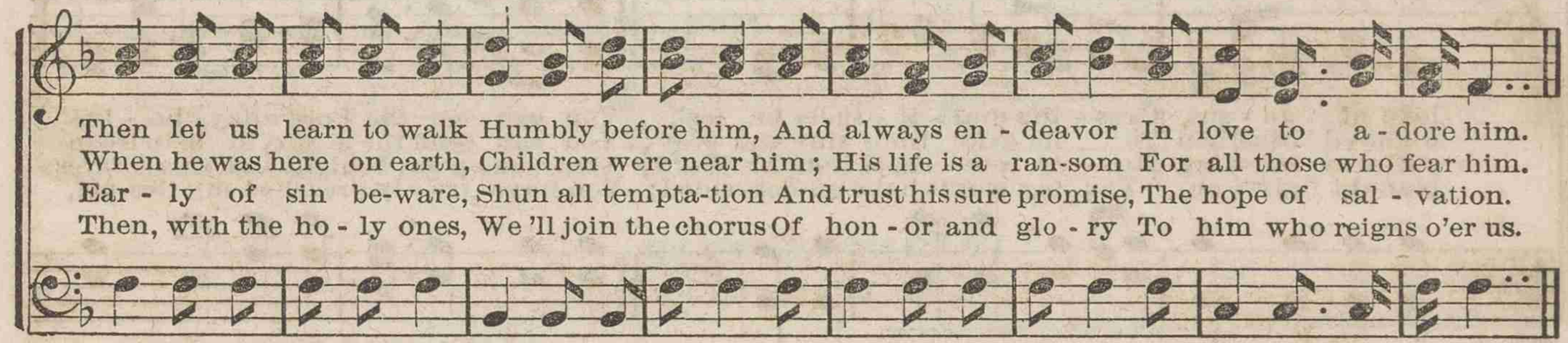
crew Of brave, good men, and true, To guide her o'er the waters wide. A shout for the sea! For the shore a song! The
o'er, She will carry millions more Beyond the rolling stormy tide. A shout, etc.
free Your spirit longs to be, Take passage for the voyage of life. A shout, etc.

breeze is full and free That wafts our bark a - long, The breeze is full and free That wafts our bark a - long.

DO YOU LOVE JESUS?

Words and Music by A. D. FILLMORE.





CHORUS.

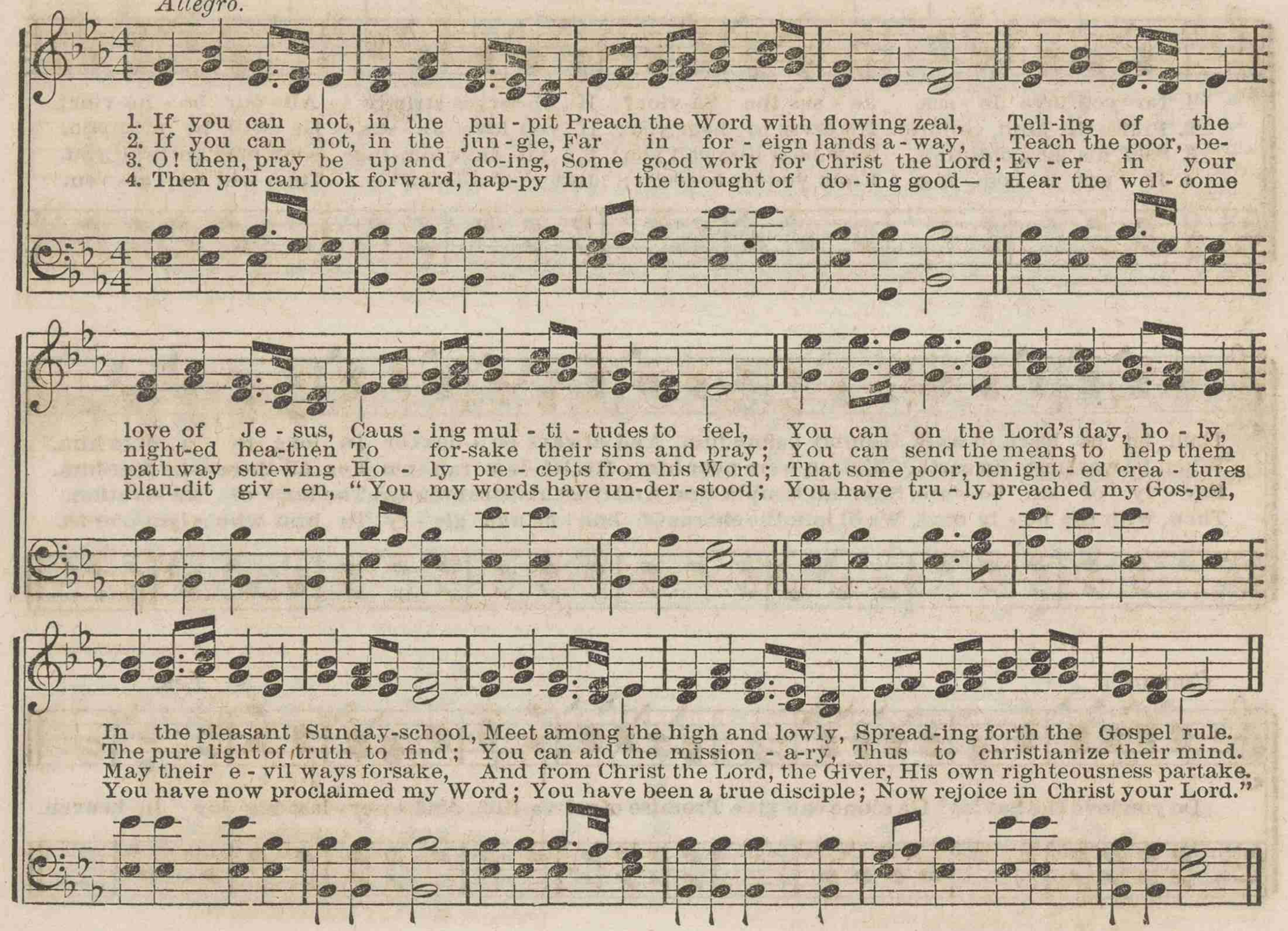
Len.



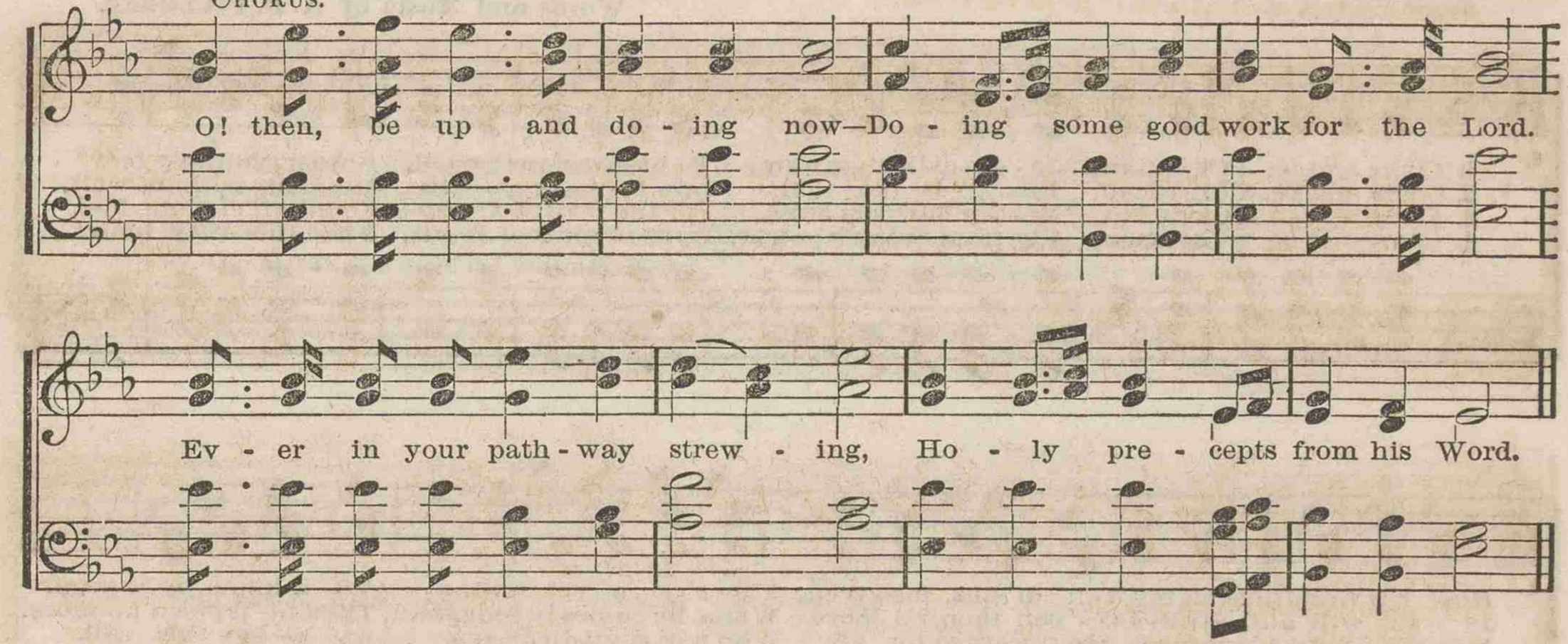
SOMETHING FOR CHRIST.

From "LITTLE SUNBEAM," by permission. W. H. DOANE.

Allegro.



CHORUS.



BLESSED BIBLE.

TUNE—CLING TO JESUS.

1 Blessed Bible, how I love it!
How it doth my bosom cheer!
What hath earth like this to covet!
Oh, what stores of wealth are here!
Man was lost and doomed to sorrow,
Not one ray of light or bliss
Could he from earth's treasure borrow,
Till his way was cheered by this.

2 Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee;
Precious word, I'll hide thee here!
Sure my very heart will bless thee,
For thou ever say'st "Good cheer!"
Speak, my heart, and tell thy ponderings,
Tell how far thy rovings led,
When this book brought back thy wanderings,
Speaking life as from the dead.

3 Yes, sweet Bible, I will hide thee,
Hide thee richly in this heart;
Thou, through all my life, wilt guide me,
And in death we will not part!
Part in death! no, never, never!
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;
Then in worlds above, forever,
Sweeter still thy truths shall be.

BE A CHRISTIAN.

Words and Music by A. D. FILLMORE.

1. Come and be a Christian, Je - sus calls thee now; To his gracions gospel, Sinner, humbly bow.
2. Come and be a Christian, Ere it be too late: Life is passing swiftly, Moments will not wait.
3. Come and be a Christian, Meekly bear the cross, For the love of Je - sus, Count all else but loss.
4. Come and be a Christian, Fly from Satan's power, To the claims of Je-sus, Yield this very hour.

Hear his wondrous mercy Tell of sins for-given, Vic - t'ry o - ver Sa-tan, And a home in heaven.
Je - sus will not always O - pen mercy's door: When he comes in judgment, Then he 'll plead no more.
Ne - ver - fading treasures Are reserved for all Who will come to Je-sus, And o - bey his call.
Then with joy and rapture, Sing-ing as we go, We will haste to glo - ry, Leaving all be - low.

CHORUS.

O, won't you be a Christian! Quickly make your choice; Jesus now is pleading, Hear his welcome voice!

Words by M. S. RAGSDALE. A. D. FILLMORE.

1. Our army 's called the Sunday-School, And Je-sus is our glorious King; And while we're marching
2. Our valiant ar-my 's marching on, A joy-ful, working, trusty band, We 're seeking for a
3. Our en - e - my is ve - ry strong, But we have buckler, sword, and shield, As faithful soldiers
4. And when our mission here shall end, The bat-tle fought, the vict'ry won, We 'll hear the blessed

CHORUS.

on our way, All joy - ful - ly we sing— O give praise to Je - sus, Who
home in heaven, The ho - ly, hap - py land. O give praise, etc.
we will stand, And nev - er, nev - er yield. O give praise, etc,
Sa - vior say, "You faith - ful ones, well done!" O give praise, etc.

smi-ling, bids us come, And is rea - dy to re-ceive us, When the battle 's fought and won.

LORD'S DAY MORNING.

A. D. FILLMORE.

Moderato.

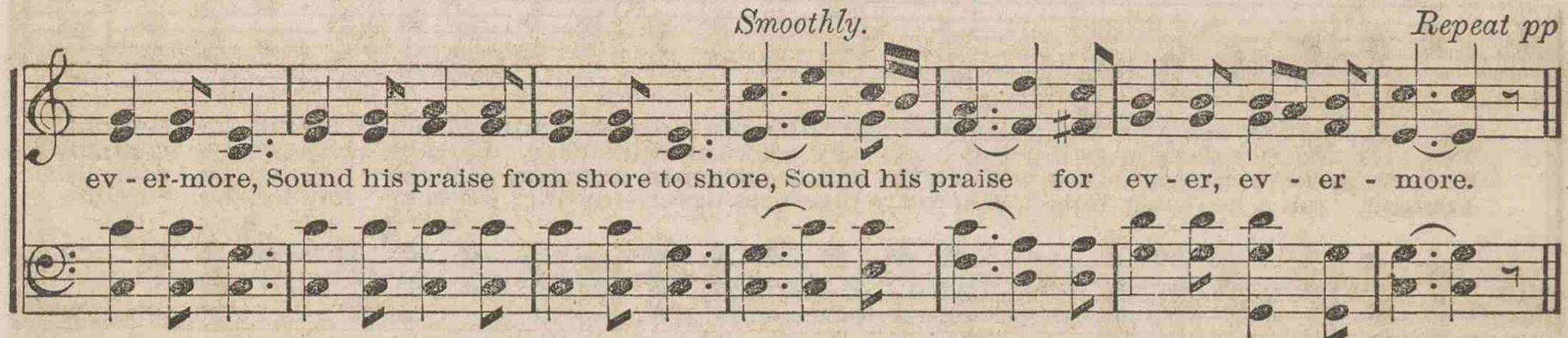
1. Love - ly Lord's day mor - ning, Woods and fields a - dorn - ing With thy ro - sy beam,
2. Now with ar - dent feel - ing, Mu - sic gen - tly steal - ing On the balm - y air,
3. To that world of glad - ness, Where no thought of sad - ness Wrings the heart with pain,

Chas - ing ev - ery shad - ow From the hill and mead - ow, And the dim-pled stream.
Ho - ly thoughts a - wak - ing, Still the cho - rus break - ing, Calls the soul to prayer.
Faith and hope as - cend - ing, With the an - gels blend - ing, Join their hap - py strain.

CHORUS.

Morn of calm de - vo - tion, Morn of pure e - mo - tion, Praise God who has given One holy day in seven.





2 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown the day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
Praise the Lord, etc.

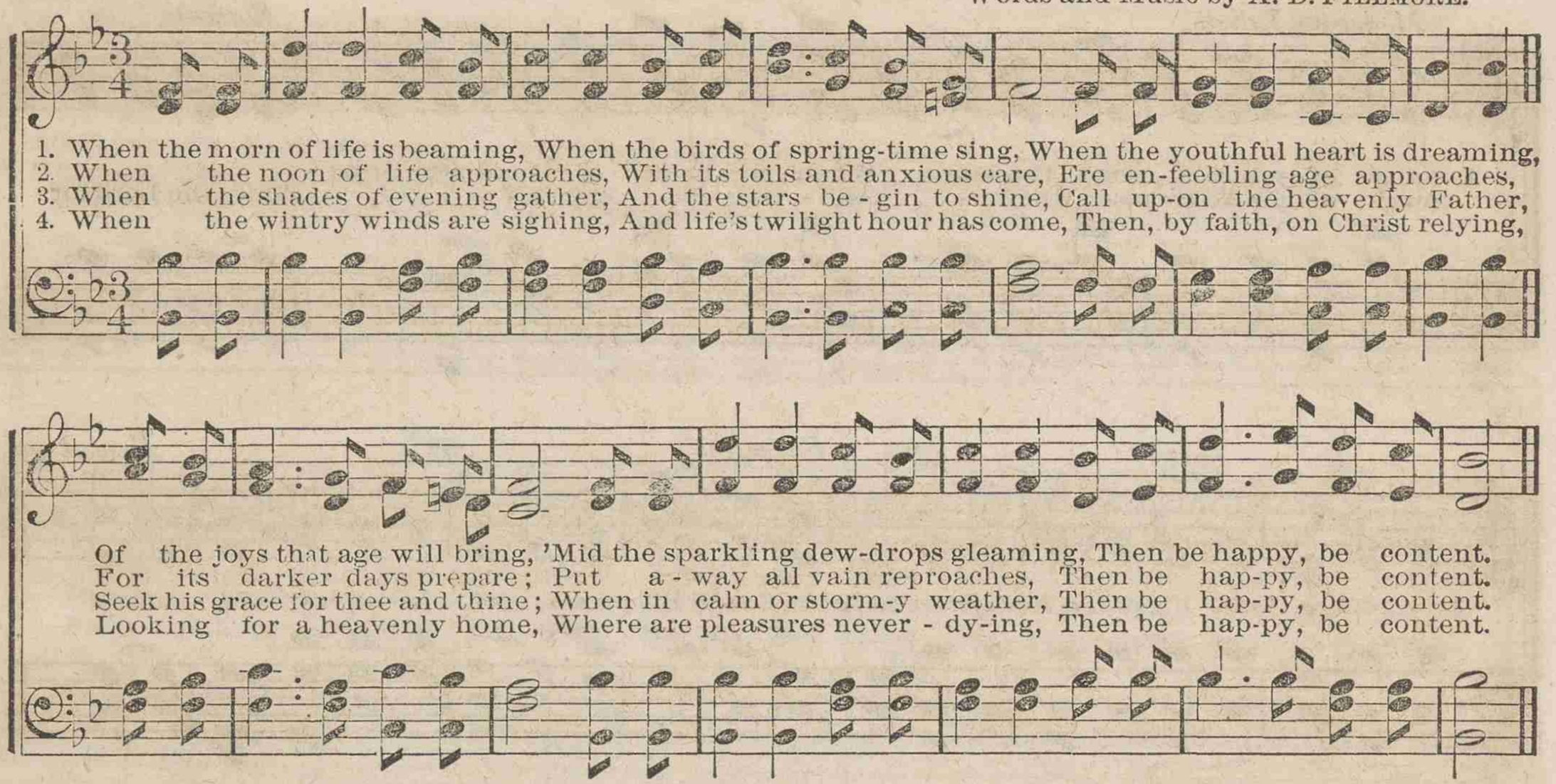
3 And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
Praise the Lord, etc.

4 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
Praise the Lord, etc.

5 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.
Praise the Lord, etc.

CONTENTMENT.

Words and Music by A. D. FILLMORE.



CHORUS.



CHORUS OF FIRE.

By permission. Words and Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. O, gold - en Here - af - ter, Thine ev - ery bright raft-er, Will shake in the thunder of sanc-ti - fied song;
2. O, host with-out num-ber Awaked from death's slumber, Who walk in white robes on the em - er - ald shore;
3. O, man-sions e - ter - nal In fields ev - er ver - nal, A - wait - ing your ten-ant - ry ransomed from sin,
4. O, Je - sus, our Mast-er, Command to beat fast - er These weary life-pul - ses that bring us to thee,

And ev - ery swift an - gel Pro-claim an e - van - gel, To sum-mon God's saints to the glo - ri - fied throng.
The glo - ry is o'er you, The throne is be - fore you, And weeping will come to your spir-its no more.
We'll stand on your pavement, No more in en - slave-ment, With home-songs to Je - sus, who welcomes us in.
Till, past the dark por - tal, We stand up im - mor - tal, And sweep with ho-san-nas the jas - per - lit sea.

Chorus.

O, cho - rus of fire, That will burst from God's choir, When the loud hal - le - lu - jahs leap up from the soul,

Till the flowers on the hills, And the waves in the rills, Shall trem - ble with joy in the mu - sic's deep roll.

MARCHING ON.

By permission.

Words and Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. Marching on! marching on! glad as birds on the wing, Come the bright ranks of children from near and from far;
2. Pressing on! pressing on! to the din of the fray, With the firm tread of faith to the bat-tle we go;

Hap-py hearts, full of song, 'neath our ban-ners we bring, Lit-tle sol-diers of Zi-on pre-pared for the war.
'Mid the cheer-ing of an-gels our ranks march away, With our flags point-ing ev-er right on toward the foe.

Chorus.

Marching on! marching on! Sound the battle-cry! sound the battle-cry! For the Savior is before us, and for him we draw the sword,

Marching on! marching on! Shout the victory! shout the victory! We will end the battle, singing hallelujahs to the Lord.

3 Fighting on! fighting on! in the midst of the strife,
At the call of our Captain we draw every sword;
We are battling for God, we are struggling for life,
Let us strike every rebel that fights 'gainst the Lord.
Marching on, etc.

4 Singing on! singing on! from the battle we come,
Every flag bears a wreath, every soldier renown;
Heavenly angels are waiting to welcome us home,
And the Savior will give us a robe and a crown.
Marching on, etc.

CHARITY.

Words and Music by A. D. FILLMORE.

1. Char-i - ty nev-er be-gins at home, But speeds on her mission of light, Like beams of the beautiful
2. Char-i - ty nev-er begins at home, Nor boastingly tells of the deed, Which gladdens the heart of the
3. Char-i - ty nev-er be-gins at home, Be - nev-o-lence calls her away, Philanthropy leads her to
4. Char-i - ty came from her home above, To give us poor sinners employ, In ways of o-be-di-ence,

CHORUS.

morning sun, Dispelling the shadows of night.
suff'ring poor, Supplying whatever they need.
cheer and bless Each heart that was fill'd with dismay.
faith, and love, And lead us to infinite joy.

{Faith and Hope are only given Till we reach our home [in heaven,
{There they cease, but Charity Lives thro' all eternity:

{Charity smiles on the children of light,
{Cheerfully giving and working with might,

[right hand.
{Spreading the Gospel in every land, Laying up treasures at God's

SOMETHING I CAN DO.

By permission. Rev. R. Lowry.

1. A lit-tle child I am, in-deed, And lit - tle do I know; Much help and care I yet shall need, That
2 But e-ven now I ought to try To do what good I may; God nev-er meant that such as I Should
3. One gentle word that I may speak, Or one kind, loving deed, May, tho' a trifle poor and weak, Prove
4. Then let me try, each day and hour, To act upon this plan— What lit-tle good is in my power, To

I may wis - er grow—If I would ev - er hope to do Things good and great and useful too,
on - ly live to play, And talk and laugh, and eat and drink, And sleep and wake, and never think,
like a ti - ny seed: And who can tell what good may spring, From such a very lit - tle thing.
do it while I can; If to be use-ful thus I try, I may do bet - ter by and by.

Chorus.

There 's something I can do, Night and morning, Life adorning; Tho' I'm young and feeble too, There 's some-
[thing I can do.

WATCH AND PRAY.

By permission. Rev. R. Lowry.

1. Watch, for the time is short; Watch, while 't is called to-day; Watch, lest the world prevail; Watch, Christian, watch, and pray;
2. Chase slumber from thine eyes; Chase doubting from thy breast: Thine is the prom-ised prize Of heaven's eternal rest;
3. Take Je-sus for thy trust: Watch, watch, for evermore; Watch, for thou soon must sleep With thousands gone before.

Watch, for the flesh is weak; Watch, for the foe is strong; Watch, lest the bride-groom come; Watch, though he tarry long.
Watch, Chris-tian, watch and pray; Thy Savior watched for thee, Till from his brow there poured Great drops of ag - o - ny.
Now, when thy sun is up, Now, while 't is called to-day, Now is th' ac-cept - ed time; Watch, Christian, watch and pray.

Chorus.

O, watch and pray; O, watch and pray;
O, watch and pray; O, watch and pray; O, watch and pray; O, watch and pray; O,
watch in the dark - ness, and watch in the day; Chris - tian, watch and pray.

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