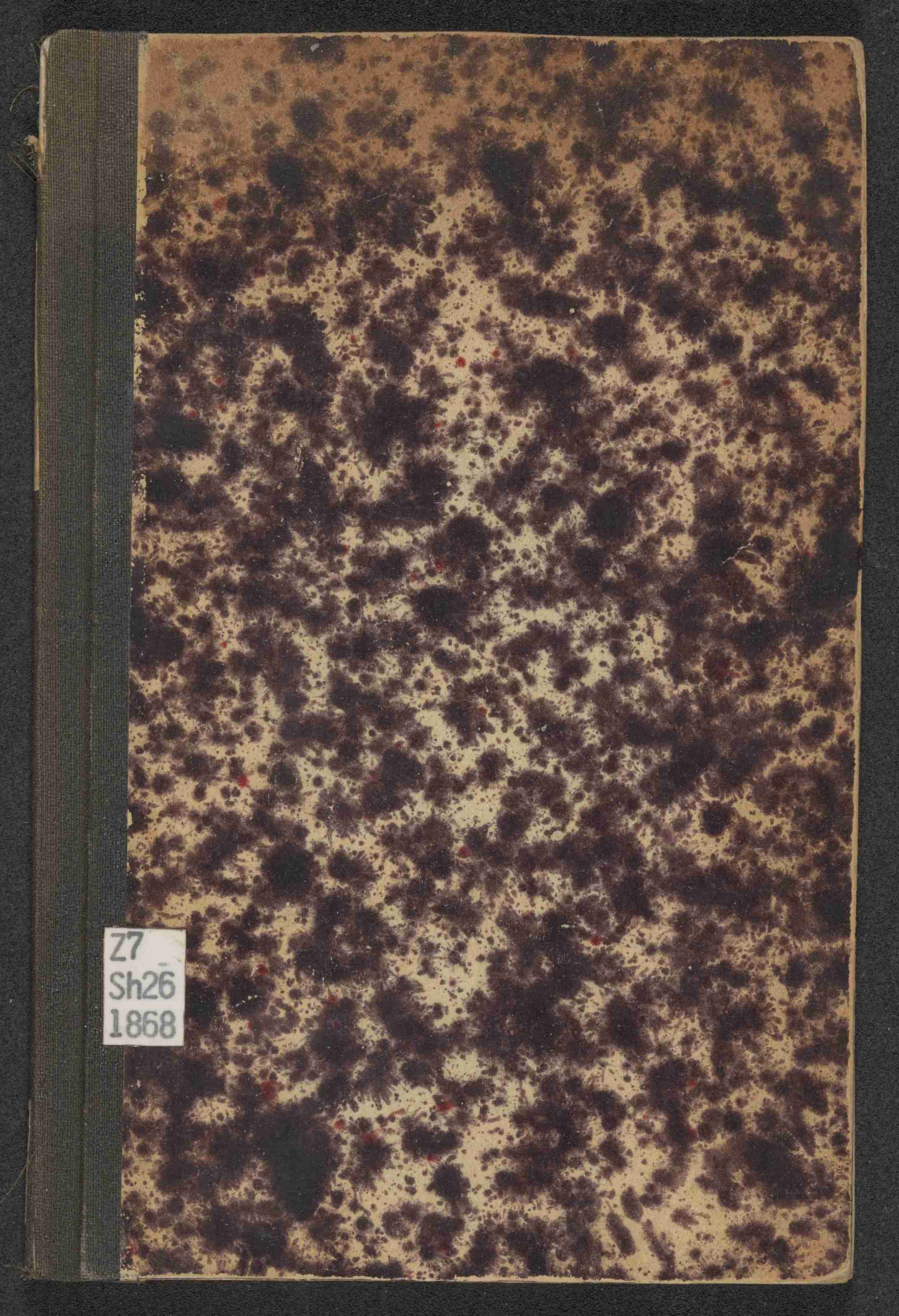
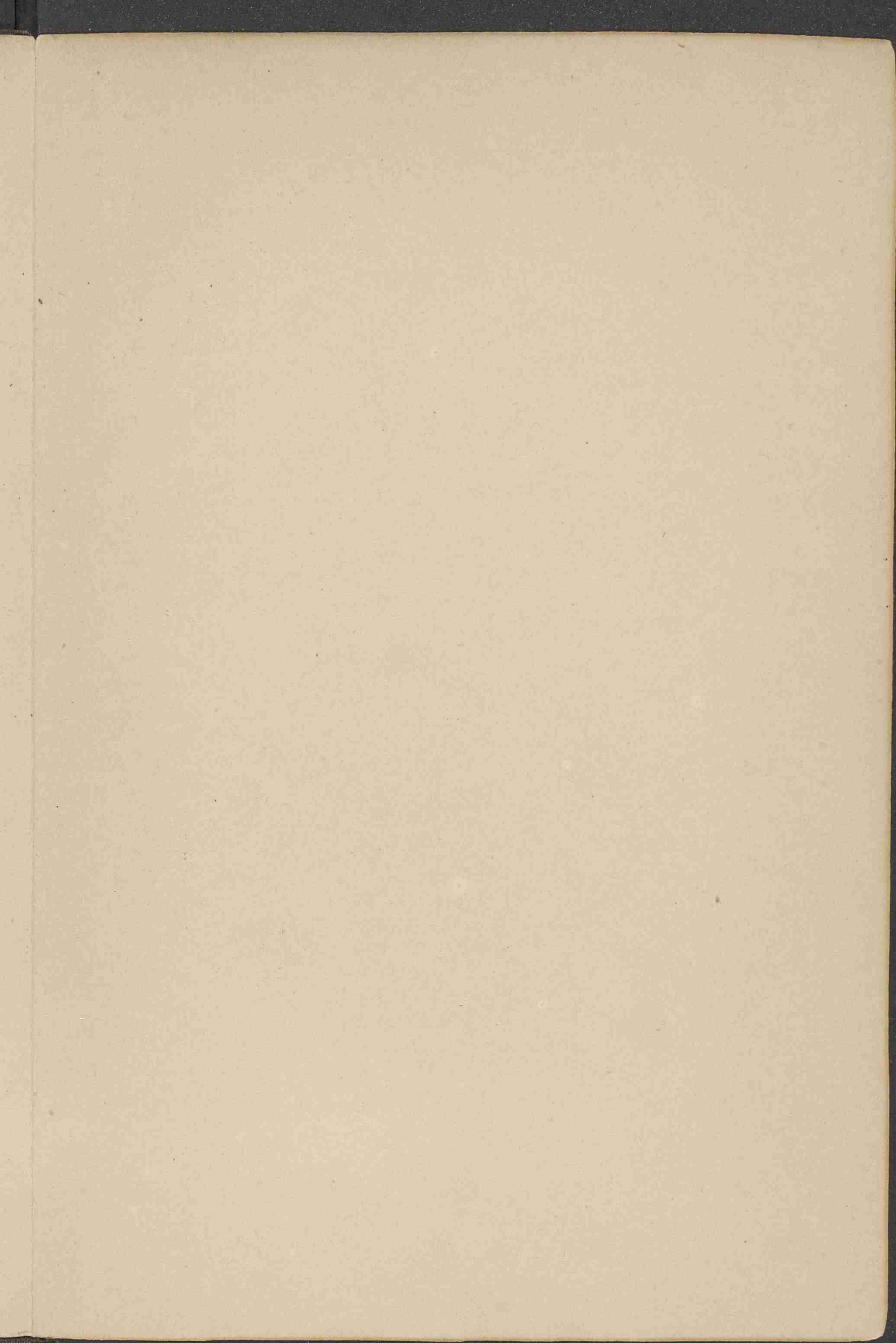


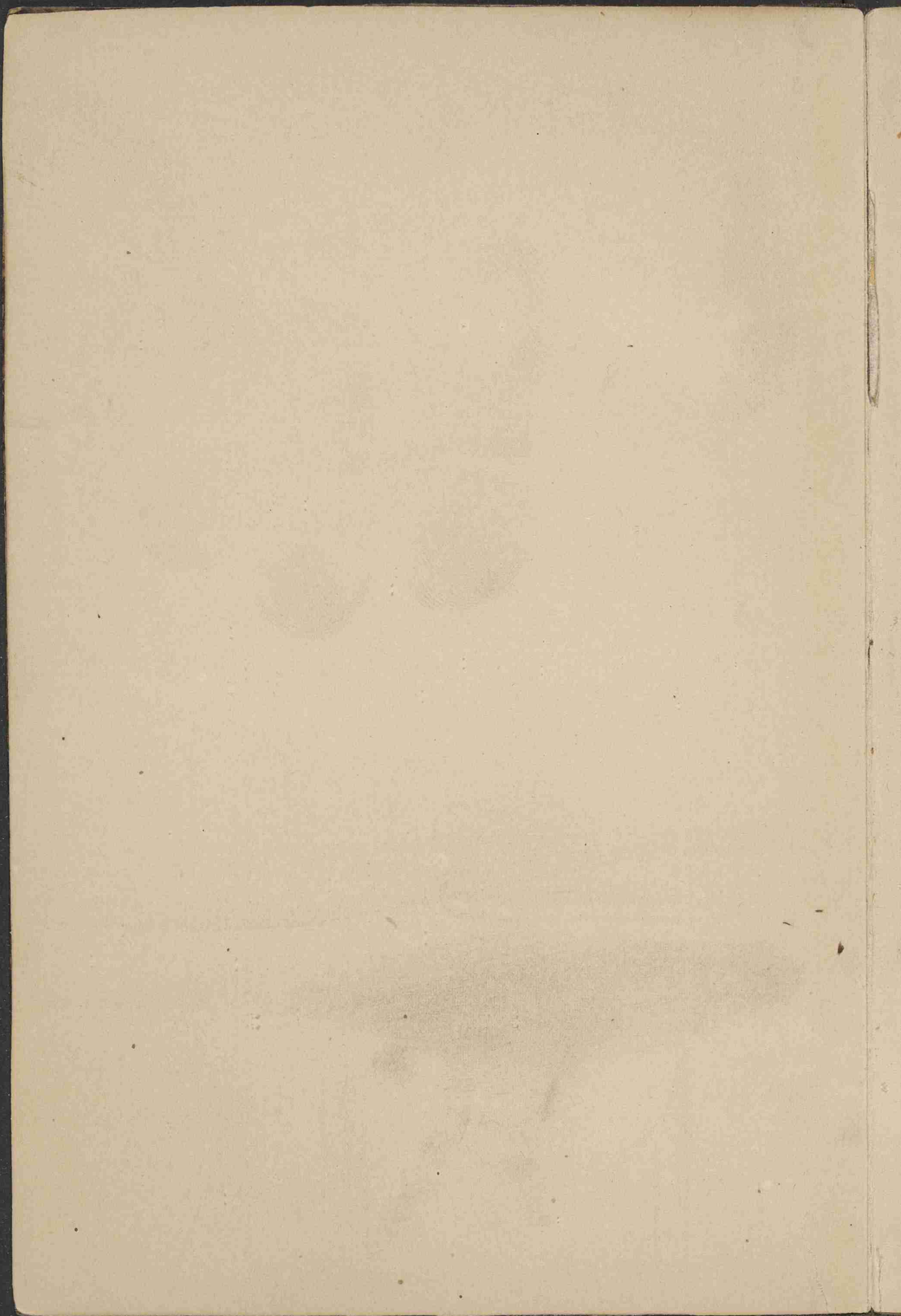


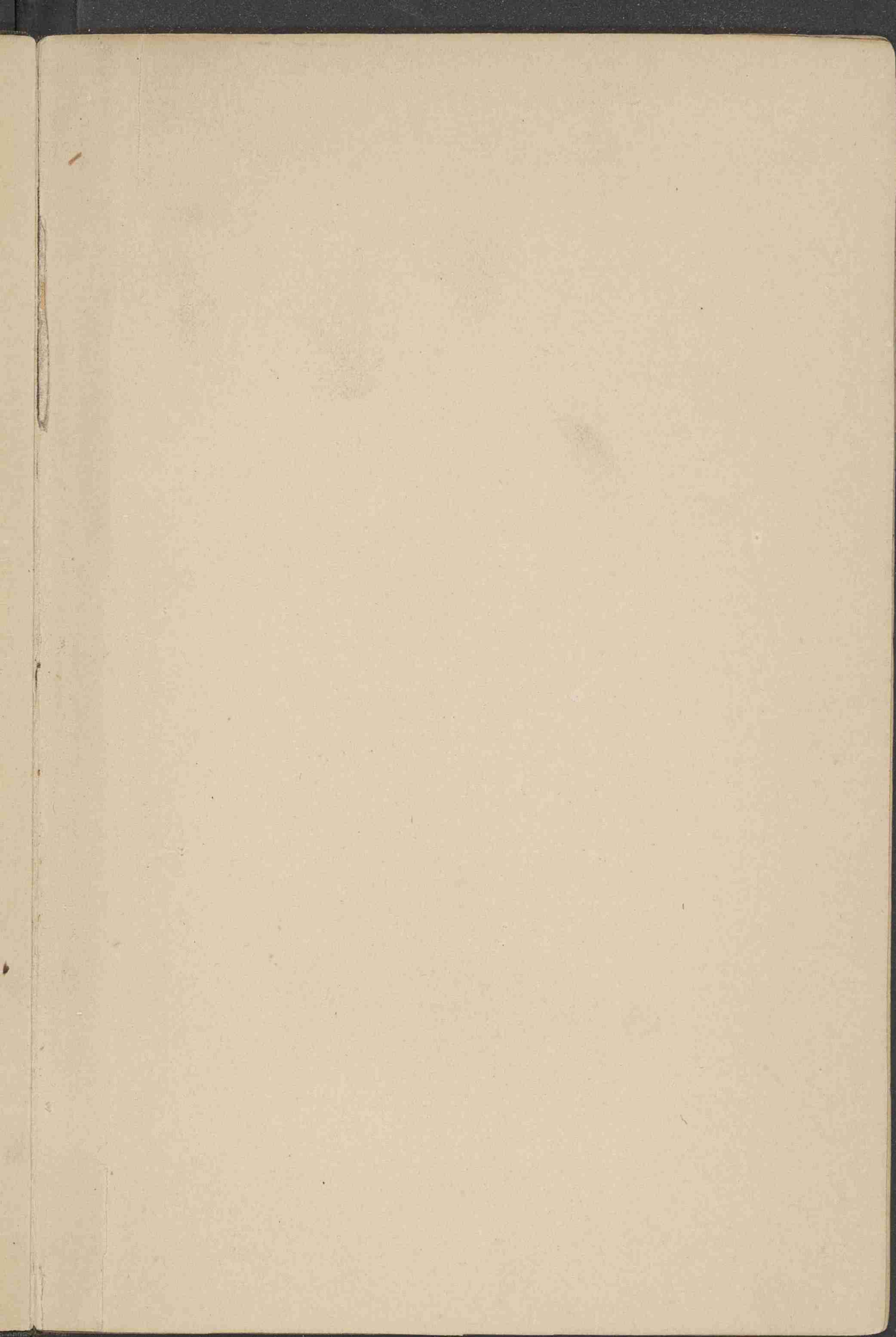
The image shows the front cover of an antique book. The cover is decorated with a marbled paper pattern, specifically a 'stone' or 'shell' pattern, featuring irregular, dark brown and black blotches on a light tan or cream-colored background. The spine of the book, visible on the left, is bound in a dark green, textured material, possibly cloth or leather. A small, rectangular white paper label is affixed to the lower-left corner of the front cover. The label contains three lines of text: 'Z7' on the first line, 'Sh26' on the second line, and '1868' on the third line. The book is set against a dark, solid background.

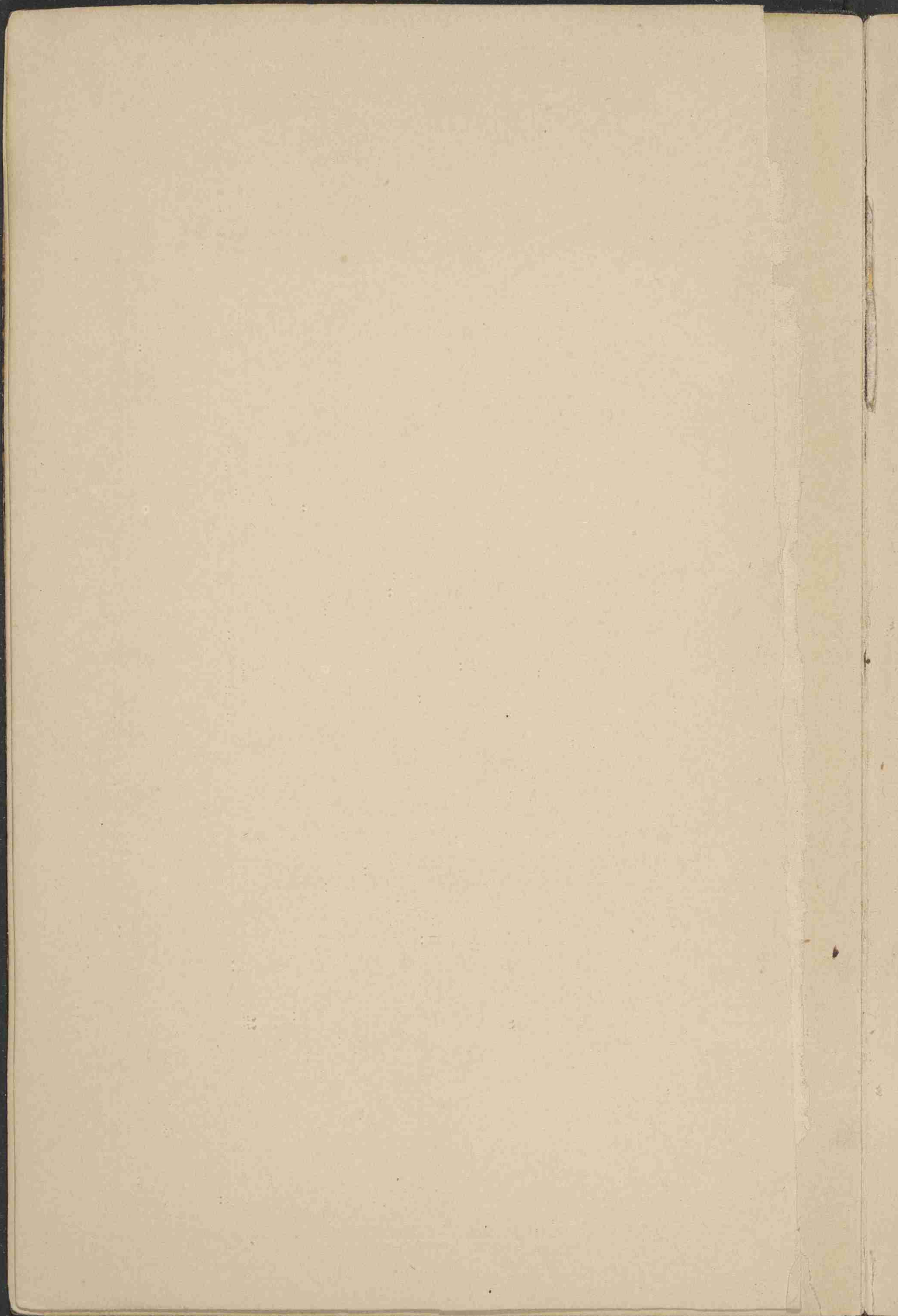
Z7
Sh26
1868

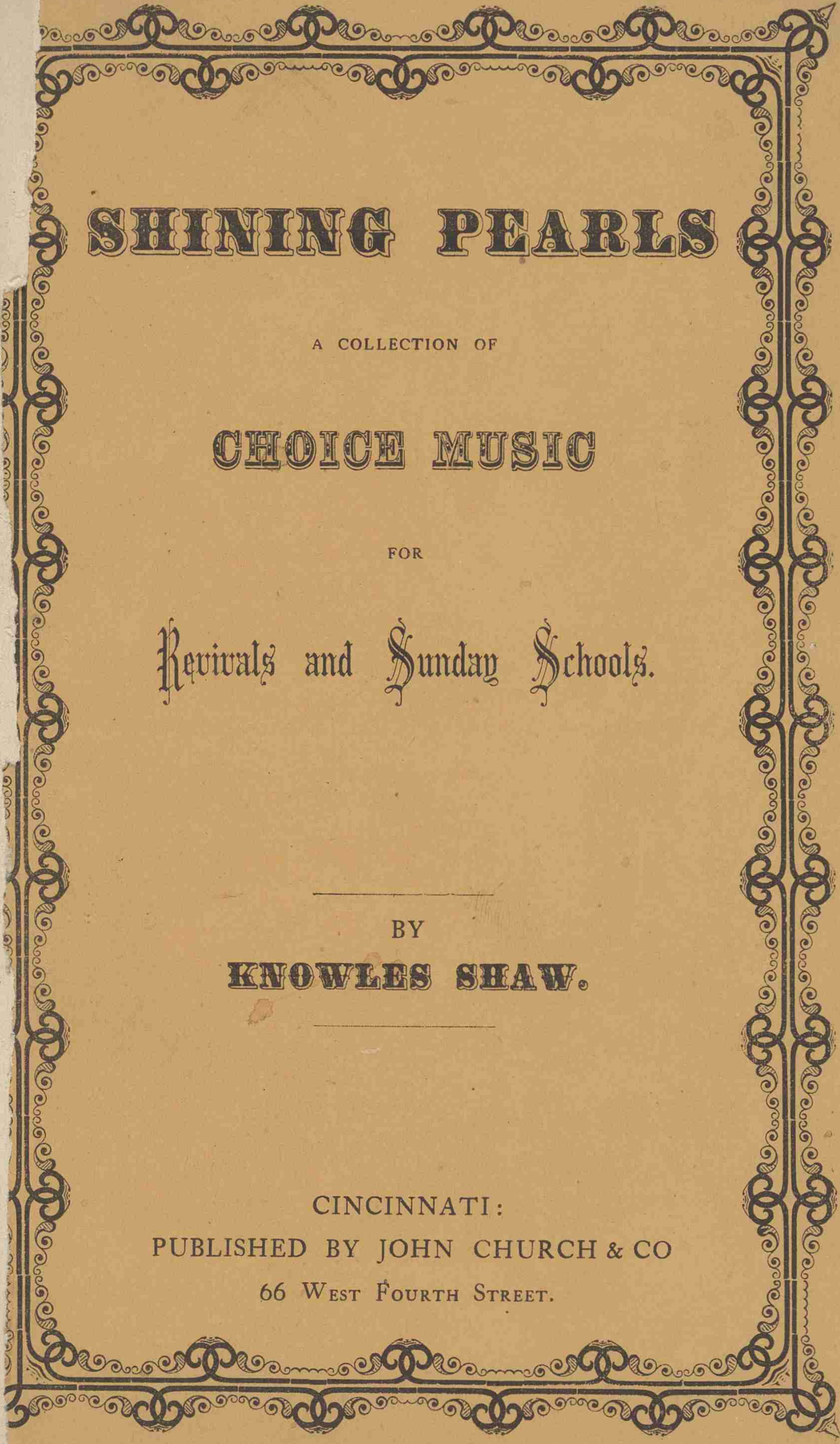












SHINING PEARLS

A COLLECTION OF

CHOICE MUSIC

FOR

Revivals and Sunday Schools.

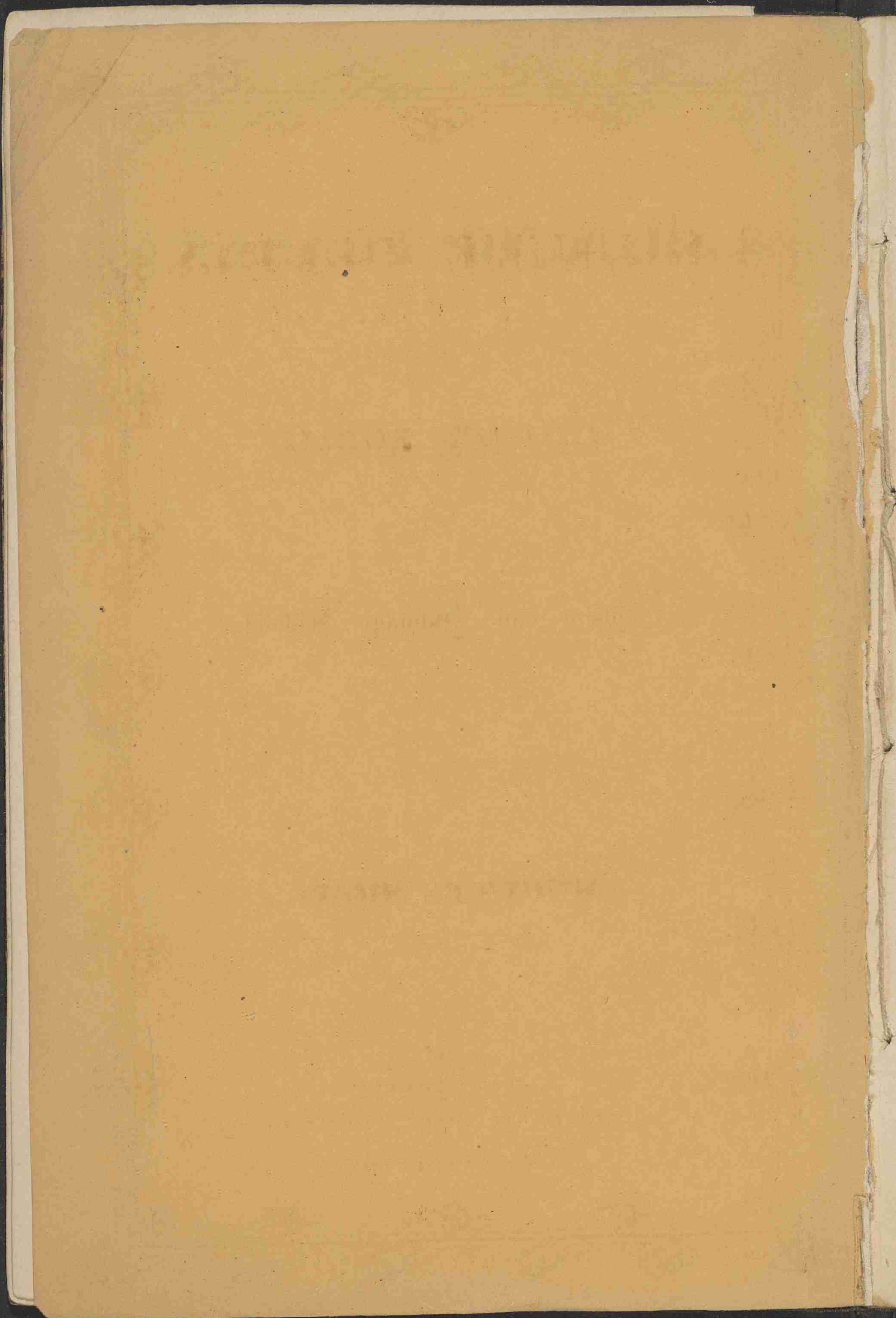
BY

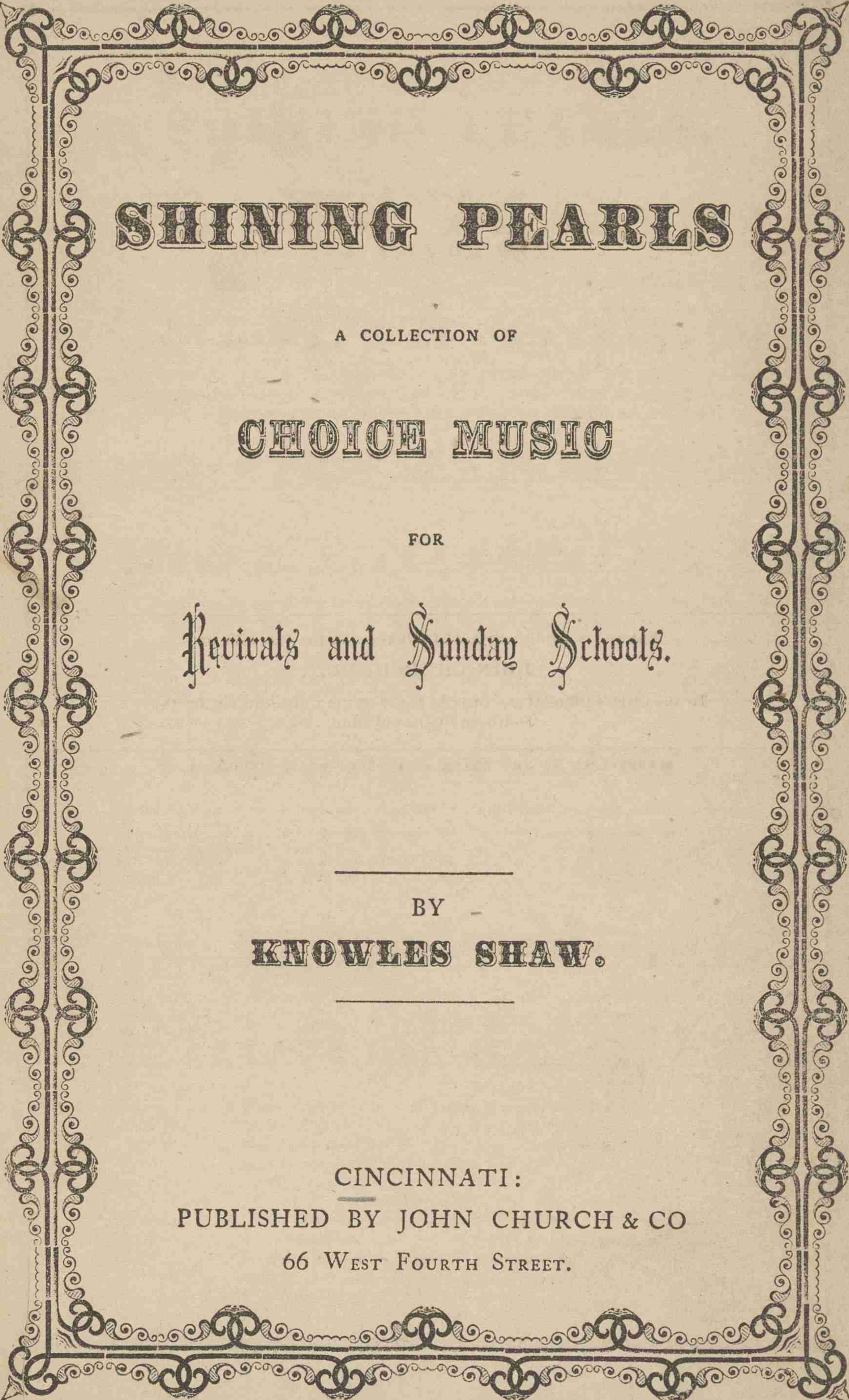
KNOWLES SHAW.

CINCINNATI:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN CHURCH & CO

66 WEST FOURTH STREET.





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66 WEST FOURTH STREET.

46500

1868
Shin

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by

JOHN CHURCH, JR.,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the
Southern District of Ohio.

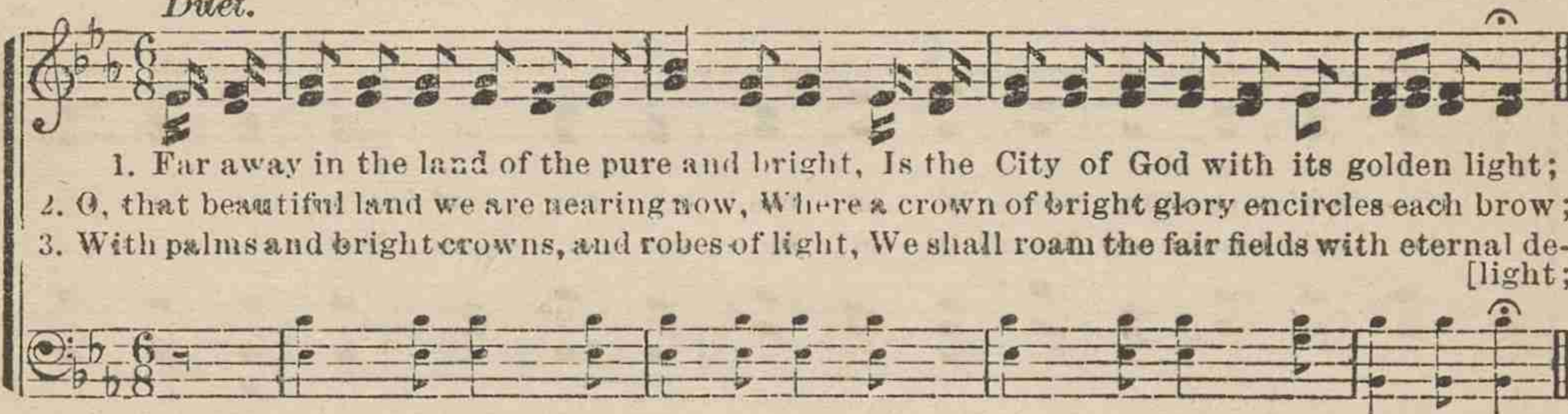
STEREOTYPED AT THE FRANKLIN TYPE FOUNDRY, CINCINNATI.

SHINING PEARLS.

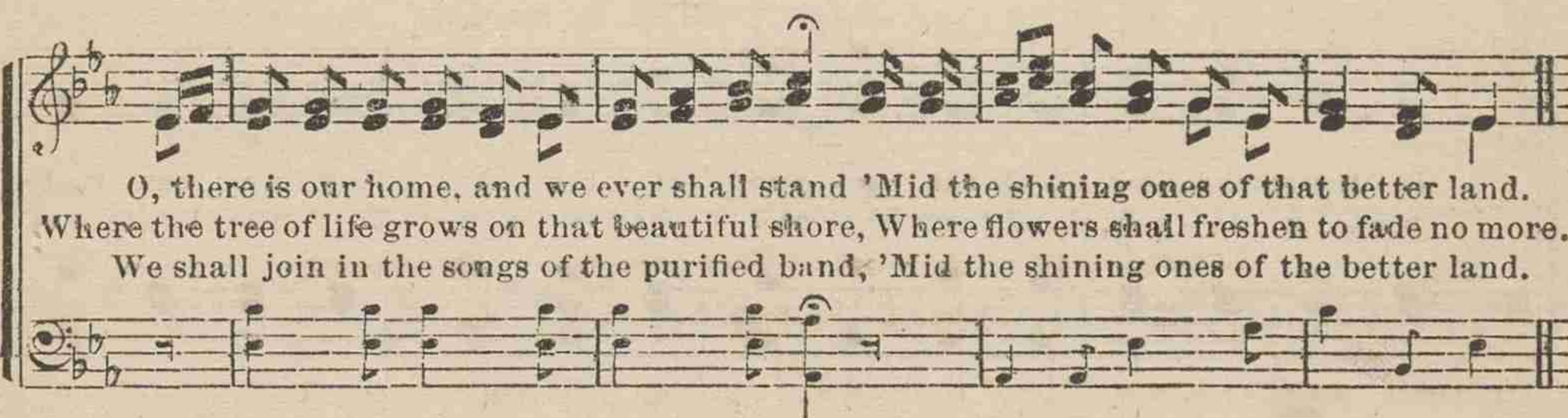
THE SHINING ONES.

Words and Music by K. SHAW.

Duet.



1. Far away in the land of the pure and bright, Is the City of God with its golden light;
2. O, that beautiful land we are nearing now, Where a crown of bright glory encircles each brow;
3. With palms and bright crowns, and robes of light, We shall roam the fair fields with eternal de-
light;



O, there is our home, and we ever shall stand 'Mid the shining ones of that better land.
Where the tree of life grows on that beautiful shore, Where flowers shall freshen to fade no more.
We shall join in the songs of the purified band, 'Mid the shining ones of the better land.

Chorus.



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



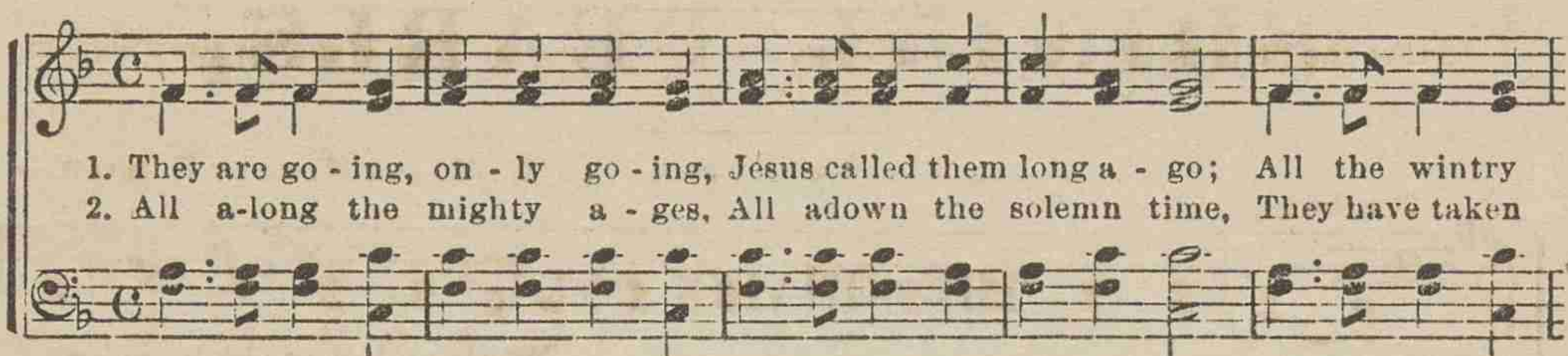
How I long to be there, and forever to stand 'Mid the shining ones of the better land.

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

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

JESUS CALLED THEM LONG AGO.

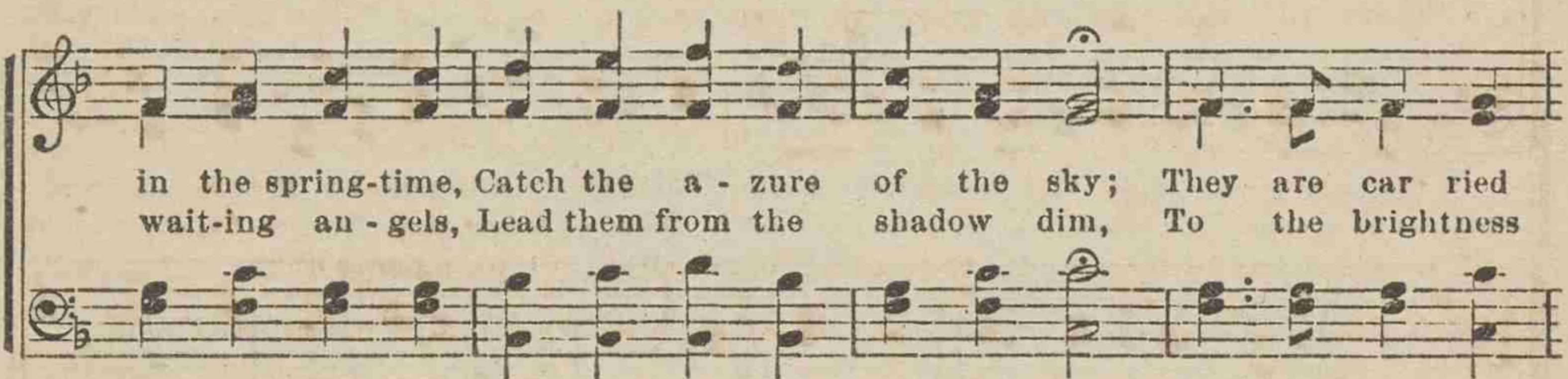
Music by K. SHAW.



1. They are go - ing, on - ly go - ing, Jesus called them long a - go; All the wintry
2. All a-long the mighty a - ges, All adown the solemn time, They have taken

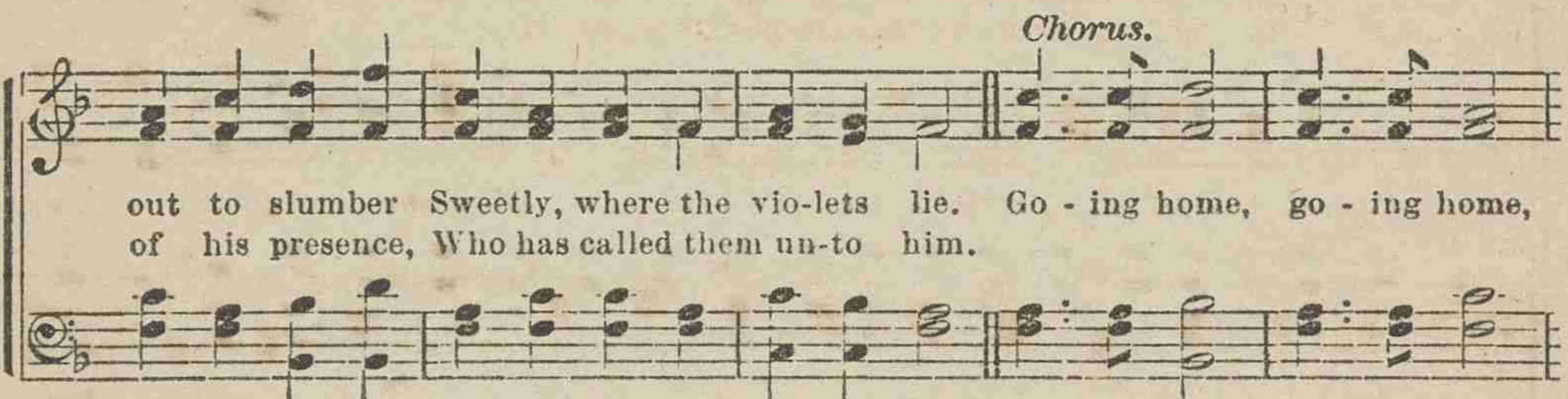


time they're passing, Soft - ly as the fall - ing snow. When the vio - lets
up their homeward March to a se - ren - er clime. Where the watch-ing,



in the spring-time, Catch the a - zure of the sky; They are car ried
wait-ing an - gels, Lead them from the shadow dim, To the brightness

Chorus.



out to slumber Sweetly, where the vio-lets lie. Go - ing home, go - ing home,
of his presence, Who has called them un-to him.



Free from worldly woe; Je - sus gently bids them come; He called them long ago.

3 They are going, only going
Out of pain, and into bliss;
Out of sad and sinful weakness
Into perfect holiness.
Snowy brows—no care shall shade them;
Bright eyes—tears shall never dim;
Rosy lips—no time shall fade them:
Jesus called them unto him.
Going home, etc.

4 Little hearts, forever stainless;
Little hands as pure as they
Little feet, by angels guided
In a pure and perfect way:
They are going, ever going,
Leaving many a lonely spot;
But 't is Jesus who has called them,
Suffer and forbid them not.
Going home, etc.

THE LAMBS OF THE UPPER FOLD.

'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

Words and Music by K. SHAW.

Tenderly.

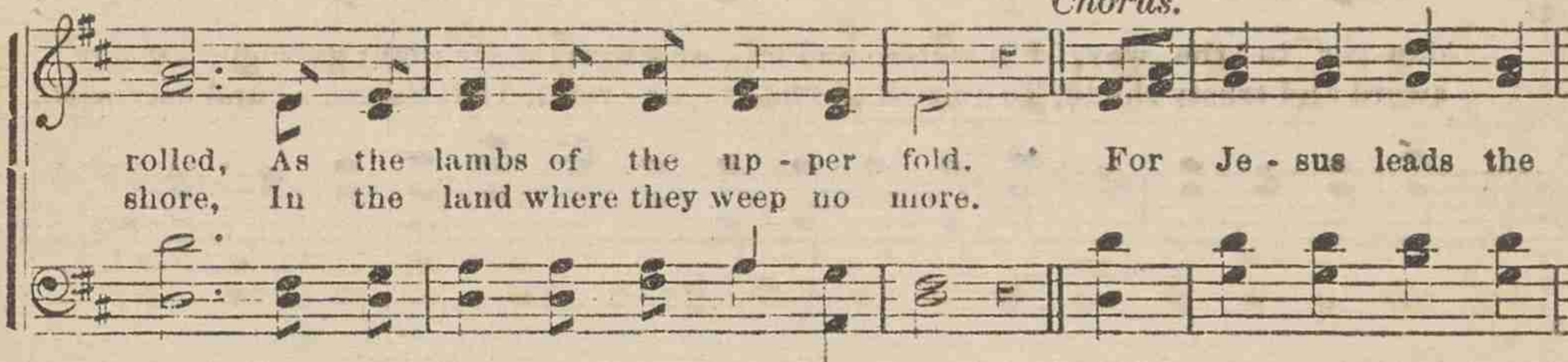


1. Man - y children dear to us while here have gone, but we are
2. I see the throng, I hear the song, 'Mid the angels on the oth - er



told That our ab - sent ones in heaven ap - pear, A - mong the saints en -
shore; In the pastures green they are ev - er seen, On Ca - naan's peace - ful

Chorus.



rolled, As the lambs of the up - per fold. For Je - sus leads the
shore, In the land where they weep no more.



ten - der lambs, They are now in the land where they ne'er grow old; How



dear to us are the lov - ing lambs, The lambs of the up - per fold.

2 Now let us live - to Jesus give
Our strength while young and old;
So when we are gone we may rest at home,
And walk the streets of gold,
With the lambs of the upper fold.
For Jesus leads, etc.

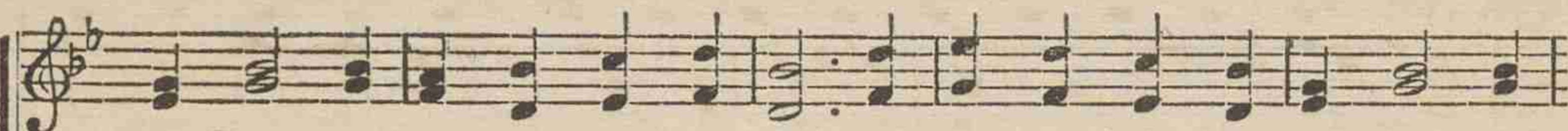
4 Then let us go to the land above,
And be with the saints enrolled,
To bear the palm, and wear the crown,
And share that bliss untold,
With the lambs of the upper fold.
For Jesus leads, etc.

THE LITTLE SOLDIER.

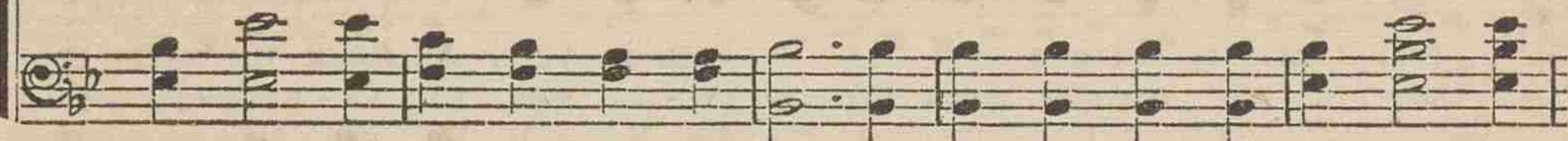
W. H. DOANE.

Lively.

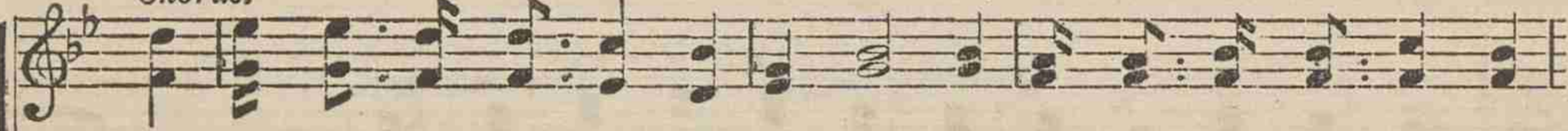
1. I'm going to be a sol-dier, Gird on my ar-mor bright, And with my lit-tle
 2. The foes that will as-sail me Are subtle, fierce, and strong, The war that they are



comrades, I'll take the field and fight; I'll nev-er mind the hard-ship, Nor
 wag-ing, Will dead-ly be and long; But I've a well-tried hel-met, A



dan-ger in the way, I'll watch, and toil, and wrestle, By night as well as day.
 sword and trusty shield, To quench the fie-ry ar-rows, That Sa-tan's band may wield.

*Chorus.*

I'll nev-er, nev-er mind the hard-ships, I'll nev-er, nev-er fear the



way, For Je-sus is my Cap-tain, and I am sure to win.



- 3 I know I'm small and feeble,
 But Jesus is my head,
 He is wise and strong and able—
 To triumph he will lead;
 And when beneath his banner,
 I've gained the victor's crown,
 With one long, loud hosanna,
 I'll lay my armor down.

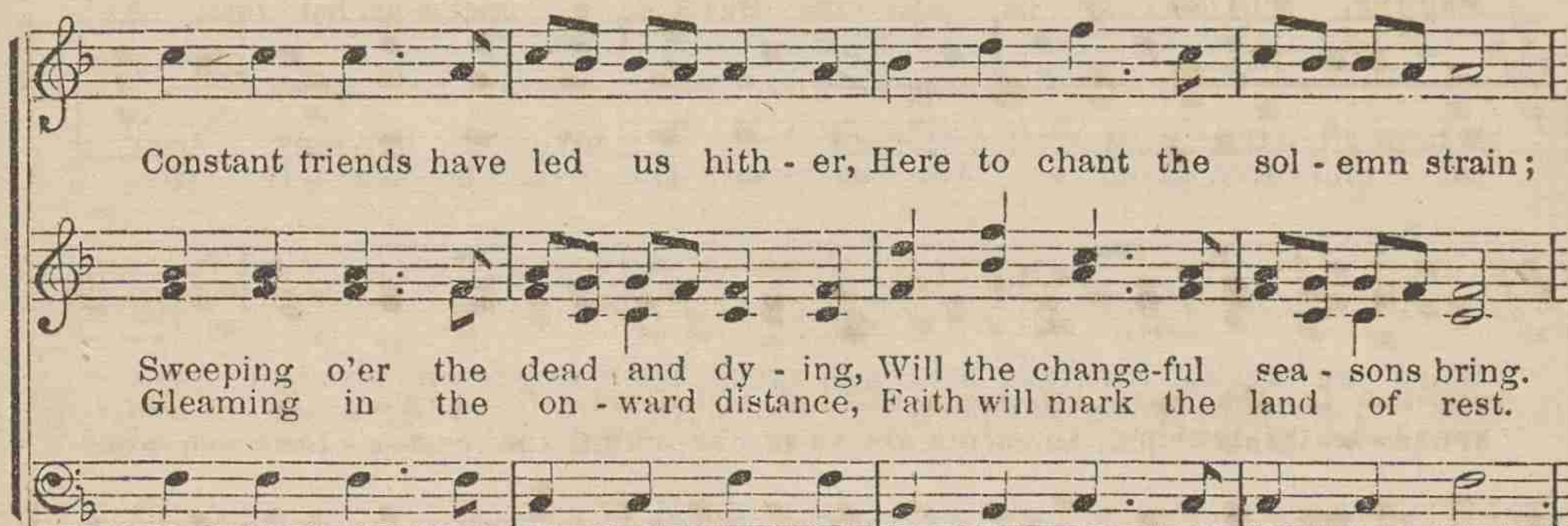
WE HAVE MET IN LOVE TOGETHER.

Words by W. G. CLARKE.

Music by W. H. DOANE.



1. We have met in love to - geth - er, In our Sun - day-school a - gain;
 2. We have met, and time is fly - ing; We shall part, and still his wing,
 3. He will aid us, should ex - ist - ence With its sor - rows sting the breast;



Constant friends have led us hith - er, Here to chant the sol - emn strain;
 Sweeping o'er the dead and dy - ing, Will the change-ful sea - sons bring.
 Gleaming in the on - ward distance, Faith will mark the land of rest.



Here to breathe our a - dor - a - tion, Here the Sav - ior's praise to sing;
 Let us, while our hearts are light - est, In our fresh and ear - ly years,
 There, midst day-beams round him playing, We our Fa - ther's face shall see,



May the spir - it of sal - va - tion Come with heal - ing in his wings.
 Turn to Him whose smile is brightest, And whose grace will calm our fears.
 And shall hear him gent - ly say - ing, "Lit - tle chil - dren, come to me."

WE'LL SING IN HEAVEN.

Words by J. R. OSGOOD.

Music by W. H. DOANE.



1. We love to think of heaven a - bove, That ho - ly, bless-ed land,
 2. We love to sing of heaven a - bove, That beau - ti - ful a - bode



3. We love to talk of heaven a - bove, How joy - ful it will be
 4. We love to read of heaven a - bove, Its harps and crowns of gold,
 5. We love to hope for heaven a - bove, Where sin nor death can come,



Where all the good shall gath-ered be, A lov - ing, hap - py band.
 Of chil - dren saved by Je - sus' blood, The dwell-ing-place of God.



When we shall join the ser - aph songs, Their glorious minds shall see.
 Its jas - per walls and pearl - y gates, Its joys and bli - s un - told.
 Where we shall join those gone be - fore, In Christ, our Sav - ior's home.

*Chorus. f*

We'll sing in heaven, sing in heaven, Round the throne in glo - ry;



We'll sing in heaven, sing in heaven, Round the throne in glo - ry;



We'll join the ar - my of the Lord, Who all will meet in heaven.



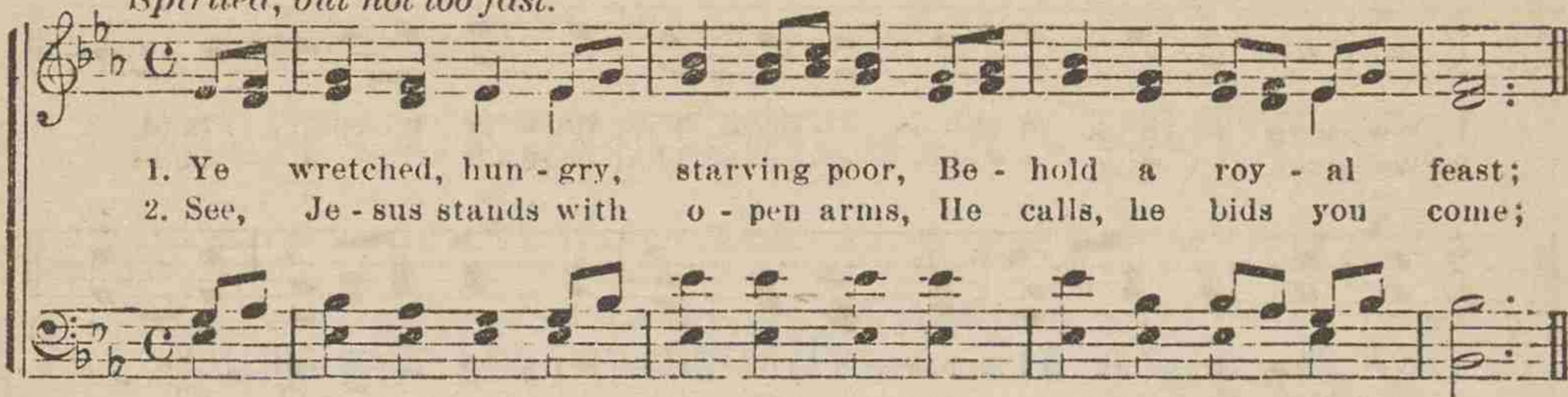
We'll join the ar - my of the Lord, Who all will meet in heaven.



THE BANNER OF HIS LOVE.

Music by K. SHAW.

Spirited, but not too fast.



1. Ye wretched, hun - gry, starving poor, Be - hold a roy - al feast;
2. See, Je - sus stands with o - pen arms, He calls, he bids you come;



Where mer - cy spreads her bounteous store For ev' - ry humble guest.
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms, But see, there yet is room.

Chorus.



Come, join in the army of the Lord; Come, join in the army of the Lord; In the



army of the Lord, 'Neath the banner of his love, Come, join in the army of the Lord.

3 Room in the Savior's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.
Come, join, etc.

4 O, come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love,
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
Come, join, etc.

5 There, with united hearts and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstasies unknown.
Come, join, etc.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.
Come, join, etc.

I LONG TO CROSS OVER.

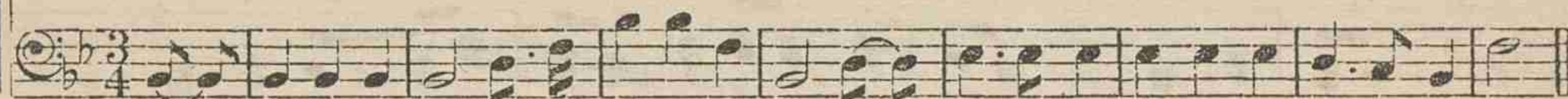
Music by W. H. DOANE.



1. O, have you not heard of that realm of delight, To which our blest Savior doth each one invite;
 2. 'Tis a land of rare beauty—a realm of delight, O'erflowing with gladness, refulgent with light;



3. There the weary may rest, and the wicked ne'er come; There the saints are all safe in their heavenly
 4. 'Tis Jesus invites me this glory to see, To reign with him ever, all happy and free;



'Tis prepared for the good and the pure and the blest, 'Tis over the river where the weary find rest.
 Its verdure ne'er withers, its flowers ne'er die, O, I long to cross over with Jesus on high.



With their harps and their crowns they forever are seen, Away o'er the river where the valleys are green.
 I'll join with the ransomed and with them abide, I'll cross the dark river—bright angels will guide.



Chorus.



O, I long to cross over, And join the glad angels on Eden's fair plain!



O, I long to cross over, O, I long to cross over, And join the glad angels on Eden's fair plain!



O, I long to cross over, Yes, over the river with Jesus to reign!



O, I long to cross over, O, I long to cross over, Yes, over the river with Jesus to reign!



PRECIOUS TREASURE.

"Thy word is Truth."—*John xvii: 17.*

Music by K. SHAW.



1. Ho - ly Bi - ble! book di - vine! Pre - cious treas - ure! thou art mine;
2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Sav - ior's love;



Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to teach me what I am.
Mine thou art to guide and guard; Mine to pun - ish or re - ward.

Chorus.



Ho - ly Bi - ble! book di - vine! Ho - ly Bi - ble! book di - vine!



Pre - cious treas - ure! thou art mine! Pre - cious treas - ure! thou art mine!

3 Mine to comfort in distress,
Suffering in this wilderness;
Mine to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death.
Holy Bible, etc.

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O, thou holy book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Holy Bible, etc.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove,
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in -

Of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.
For I am weak and wea - ry, And help-less and de - filed.
That won - der - ful re - demp - tion, God's rem-e - dy for sin.
The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has passed a - way at noon.

Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,
Tell me the sto - ry oft - en, For I for - get so soon!

Chorus.

Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry,

Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story.
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.

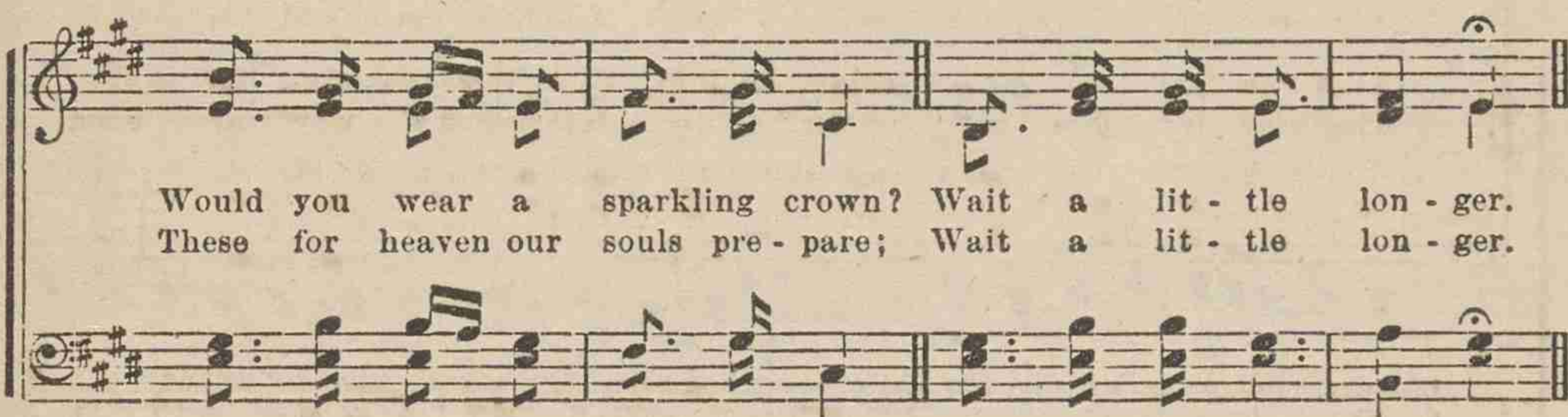
"Wait on the Lord."

Words and Music by K. SHAW.

Moderate.

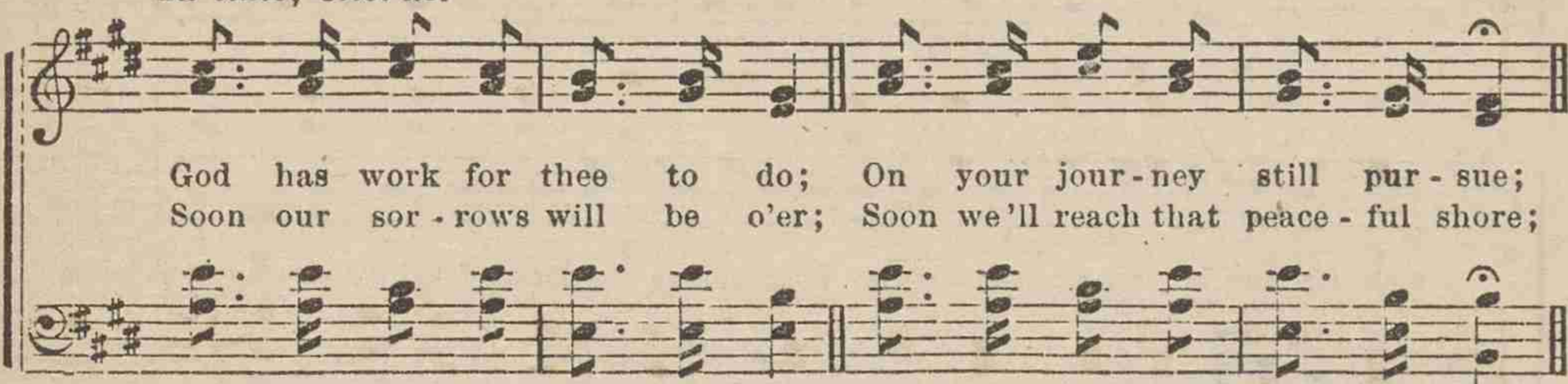


1. Would you lay your bur - den down? Wait a lit - tle lon - ger;
2. Are your tri - als hard to bear? Wait a lit - tle lon - ger;



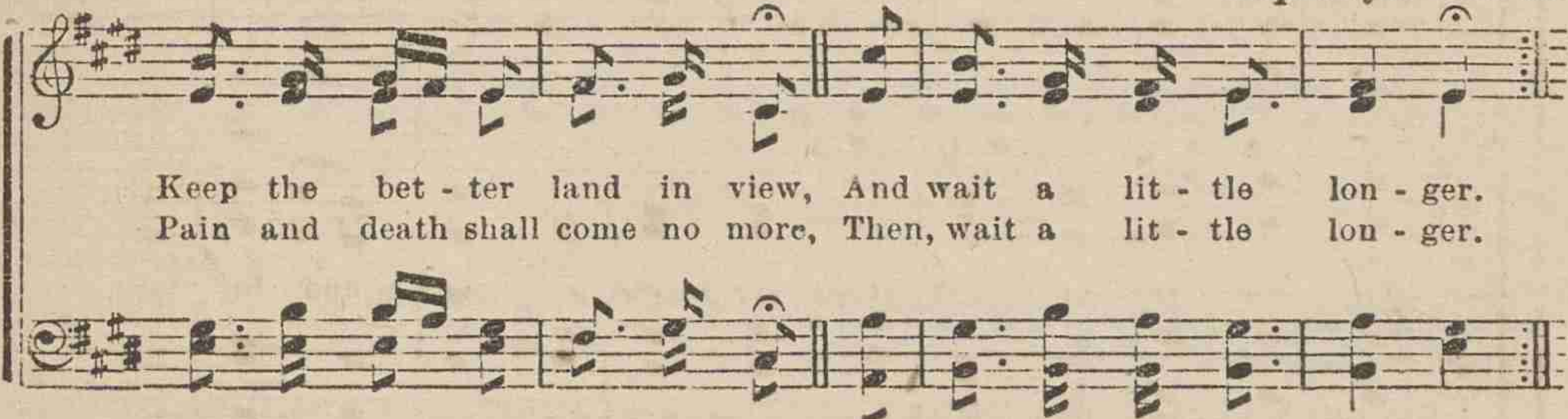
Would you wear a sparkling crown? Wait a lit - tle lon - ger.
These for heaven our souls pre - pare; Wait a lit - tle lon - ger.

2d time, Chorus.



God has work for thee to do; On your jour - ney still pur - sue;
Soon our sor - rows will be o'er; Soon we'll reach that peace - ful shore;

Repeat for Chorus.



Keep the bet - ter land in view, And wait a lit - tle lon - ger.
Pain and death shall come no more, Then, wait a lit - tle lon - ger.

3 Work for Jesus while 't is day,
Work a little longer;
Sow, and faint not by the way,
Work a little longer.
Think not that you work in vain;
Soon you'll reap the golden grain,
On yon bright celestial plain;
Then, wait a little longer.

4 Should your tears oft freely flow,
Wait a little longer;
Jesus wept while here below,
Wait a little longer.
Soon we'll walk the golden street;
Soon, the parted here, will meet;
Soon we'll bow at Jesus' feet;
Then, wait a little longer.

HEAVENLY HOME, SWEET HOME.

Words by Miss J. W. SAMPSON.

Music by W. H. DOANE.



1. Heaven - ly home, heaven - ly home, Precious name to me; I

2. Heaven - ly home, heaven - ly home, There no clouds a - rise; No

3. Heaven - ly home, heaven - ly home, Ne'er shall sorrow's gloom, No



love to think the time will come When I shall rest in thee. I've no a - bid-ing cit - y here, I

tear-drops fall, no dark nights dim Thy ever-smiling skies. This earthly home is fair and bright, Yet doubts nor fears disturb me there, For all is peace at home. I know I ne'er shall worthy be To



seek for one to come; And tho' my pil-grim-age be drear, I know there's rest at home.

clouds will often come, And O, I long to see the light That gilds my heavenly home. dwell 'neath heav'n's bright dome; But Christ my Savior died for me, And now he calls me home.

Chorus. *Repeat Chorus.*



Heavenly home, sweet home, Heavenly home, sweet home, Precious name to me, Home, sweet home.

Heaven - ly home, Heaven - ly home, Precious name to me, Home, sweet home.

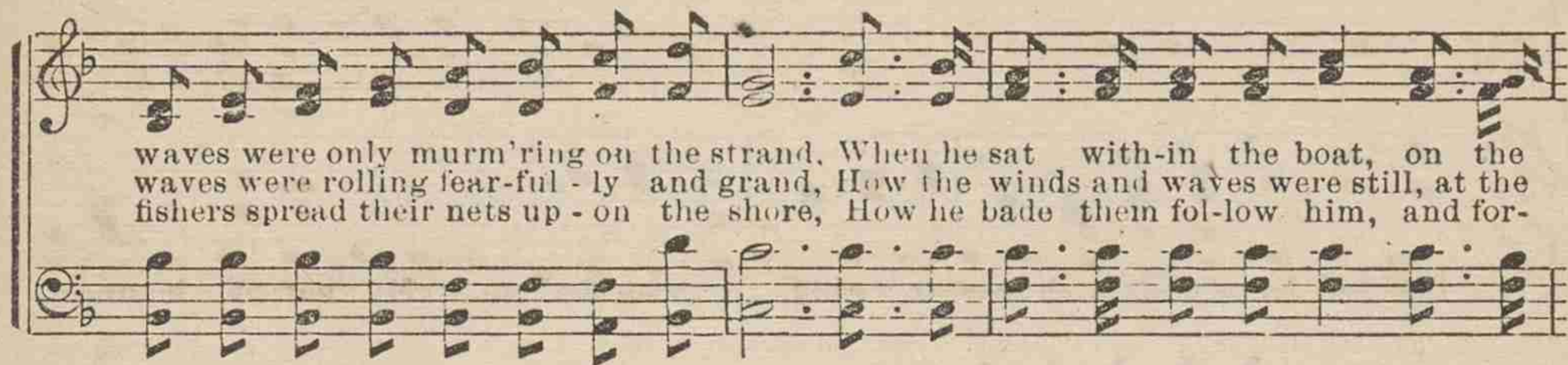
Heavenly home, sweet home, Heavenly home, sweet home, Precious name to me, Home, sweet home.

JESUS BY THE SEA.

GEO. F. ROOT. By permission.

Reverentially.


1. O, I love to think of Je - sus as he sat be-side the sea, Where the
 2. O, I love to think of Je - sus as he walked up-on the sea, When the
 3. O, I love to think of Je - sus as he walked be-side the sea, Where the



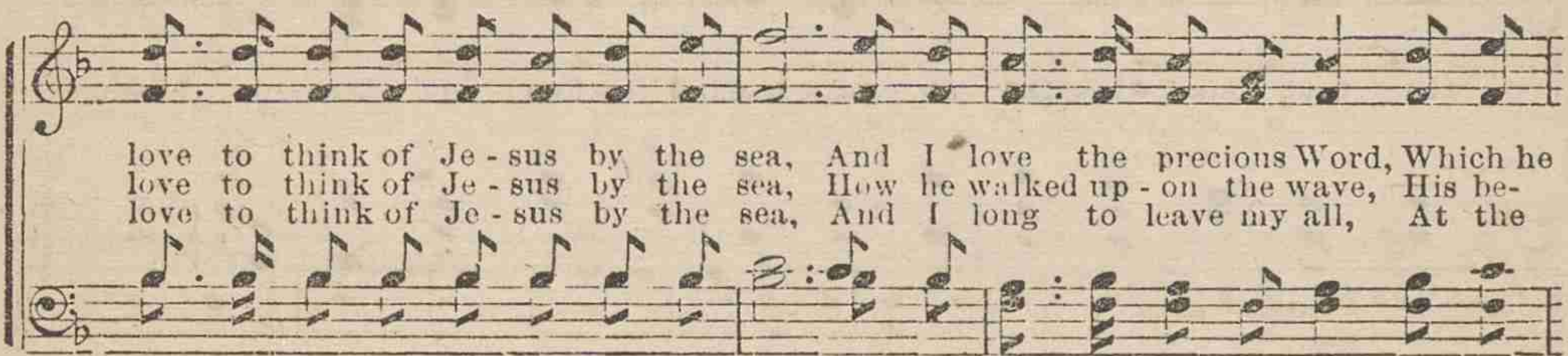
waves were only murm'ring on the strand, When he sat with-in the boat, on the
 waves were rolling fear-ful - ly and grand, How the winds and waves were still, at the
 fishers spread their nets up - on the shore, How he bade them fol-low him, and for-



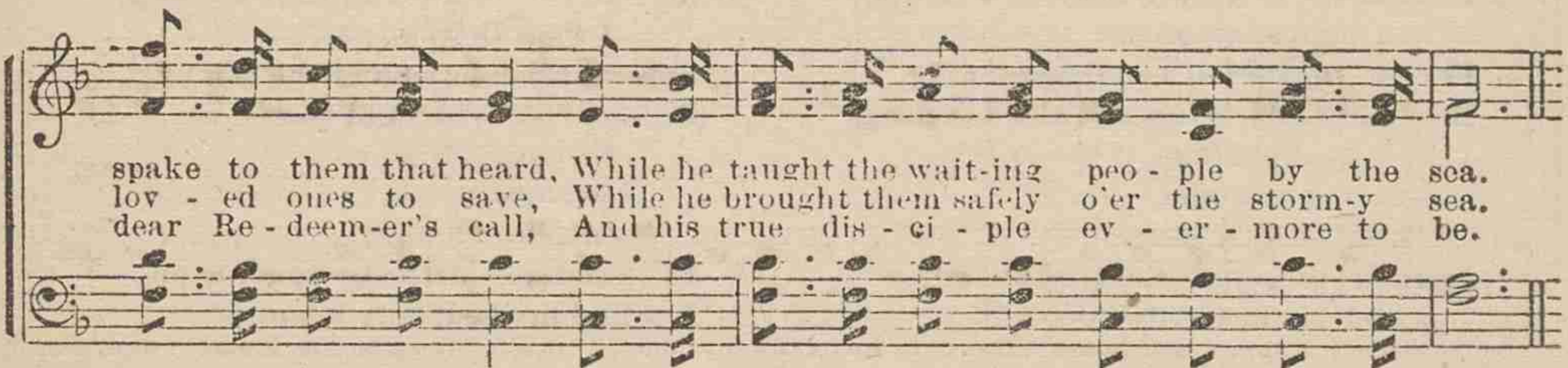
sil - ver wave a - float, While he taught the wait-ing peo - ple on the land.
 bid - ding of his will, While he brought his loved dis - ci - ples safe to land.
 sake the paths of sin, And to be his true dis - ci - ples ev - er - more.

Chorus.


O! I love to think of Je - sus by the sea; O! I
 O! I love to think of Je - sus by the sea; O! I
 O! I love to think of Je - sus by the sea; O! I



love to think of Je - sus by the sea, And I love the precious Word, Which he
 love to think of Je - sus by the sea, How he walked up - on the wave, His be-
 love to think of Je - sus by the sea, And I long to leave my all, At the

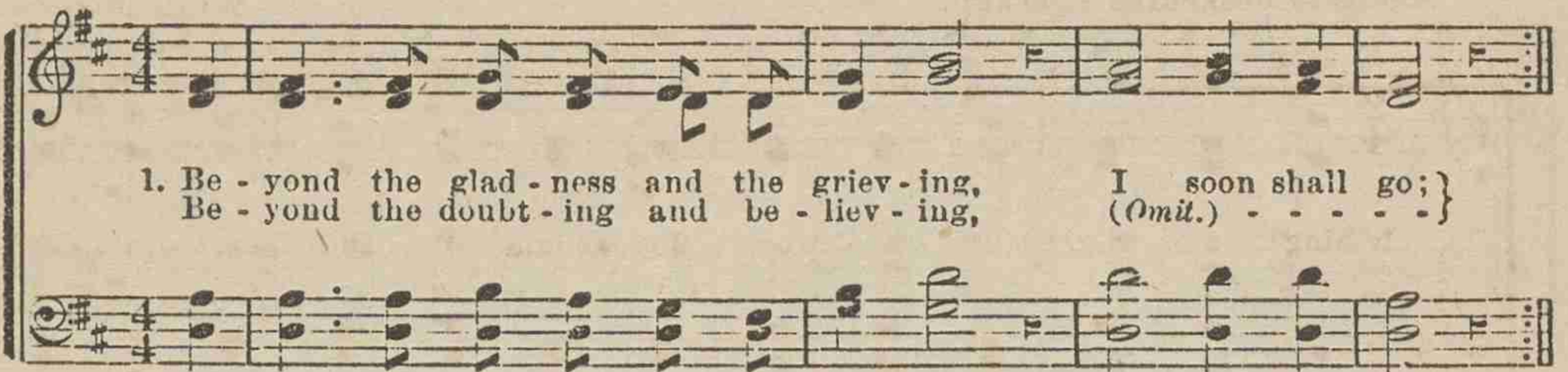


spake to them that heard, While he taught the wait-ing peo - ple by the sea.
 lov - ed ones to save, While he brought them safely o'er the storm-y sea.
 dear Re - deem-er's call, And his true dis - ci - ple ev - er - more to be.

"I SOON SHALL GO."

Words by "IDA."

W. H. DOANE.



1. Be - yond the glad - ness and the griev - ing, I soon shall go; }
Be - yond the doubt - ing and be - liev - ing, (Omit.) . . . }



Be - yond the giv - ing and re - ceiv - ing, I soon shall go. My hap - py home,



Dear, dear home; In that land with the angel band, I'll find my heavenly home;



In that land with the an - gel band, I'll find my heavenly home.

2 Beyond the tempting and the warning,
I soon shall go;
Beyond the loving and the scorning,
Beyond the darkness and the dawning,
I soon shall go.
My happy home,
Dear, dear home;
In that land, with the angel band,
I'll find my heavenly home.

3 Beyond the smiling and the sighing,
I soon shall go;
Beyond the hoping and the crying,
Beyond the living and the dying,
I soon shall go.
My happy home,
Dear, dear home;
In that land, with the angel band,
I'll find my heavenly home.

SING AWAY.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Sing a - way, sing a - way, Joy should fill the heart to - day;

D. C. Sing a - way, etc.

Sweet - ly sing, sweet - ly sing, Prais - es to our King. FINE.

He from realms of glo - ry came, Suf - fered death and suf - fered shame;

Ev - er sing, Ev - er sing, Prais - es to our King. D. C.

2 Sing away, sing away,
 Joy should fill the heart to-day;
 Sweetly sing, sweetly sing,
 Praises to our King.
 Jesus walked the very way
 That his children walk to-day;
 Nevermore, nevermore
 Need we go astray.
 Sing away, etc.

3 Sing away, sing away,
 Joy should fill our heart to-day;
 Sweetly sing, sweetly sing,
 Praises to our King.
 We should love our Savior more,
 We should still his aid implore;
 Praising him, praising him,
 For the cross he bore.
 Sing away, etc.

TARRY WITH ME, BLESSED JESUS.

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

Music by K. SHAW.



1. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav - ior, For the day is passing by;
2. Man - y friends were gathered round me In the bright days of the past,



See, the shades of evening gath - er, And the night is draw - ing nigh.
But the grave has closed a - bove them, And I lin - ger here at last.

Chorus.



Tar - ry with me, blessed Je - sus, Leave me not till morning light;



For I'm lone - ly here with - out thee, Tar - ry with me through the night.

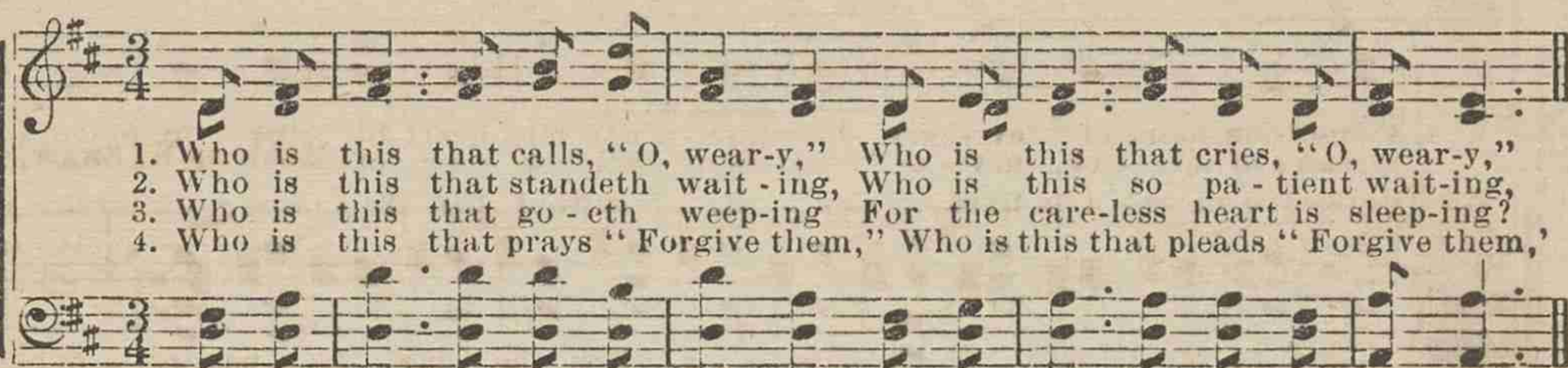
3 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows;
Paler now the glowing west;
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?
Tarry with me, etc.

4 Tarry with me, O my Savior!
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me,
Morning of eternal rest.
Tarry with me, etc.

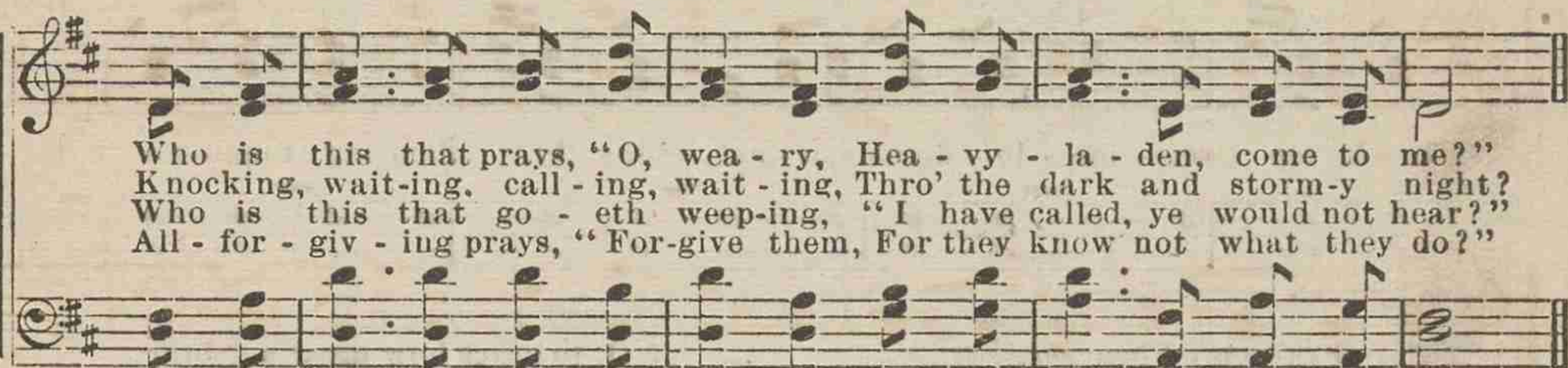
HEAVY LADEN COME TO ME.

Words by C. C.

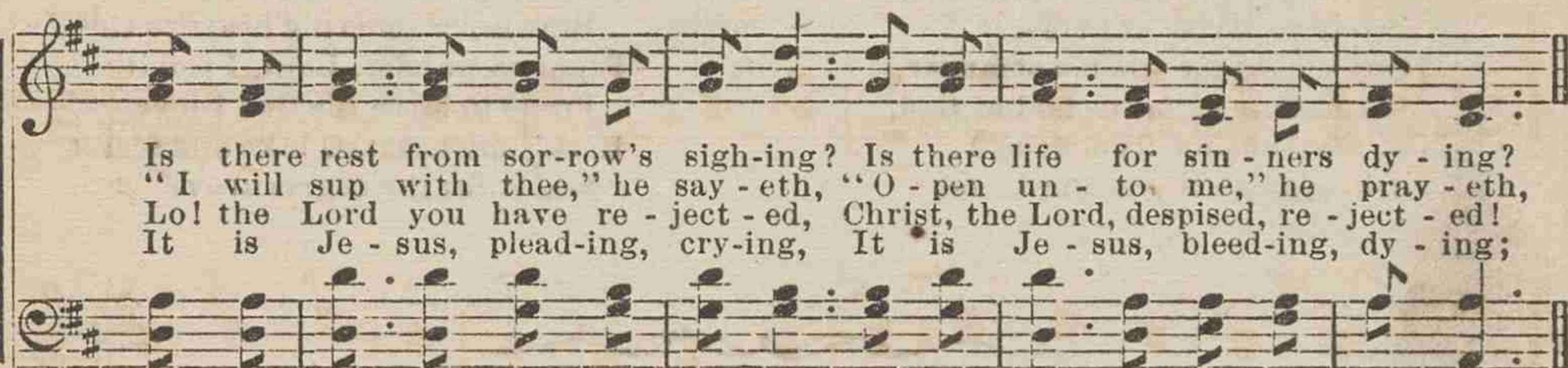
Music by W. H. DOANE.



1. Who is this that calls, "O, wear-y," Who is this that cries, "O, wear-y,"
 2. Who is this that standeth wait-ing, Who is this so pa-tient wait-ing,
 3. Who is this that go-eth weep-ing For the care-less heart is sleep-ing?
 4. Who is this that prays "Forgive them," Who is this that pleads "Forgive them,"



Who is this that prays, "O, wea-ry, Hea-vy-la-den, come to me?"
 Knocking, wait-ing, call-ing, wait-ing, Thro' the dark and storm-y night?
 Who is this that go-eth weep-ing, "I have called, ye would not hear?"
 All-for-giv-ing prays, "For-give them, For they know not what they do?"



Is there rest from sor-row's sigh-ing? Is there life for sin-ners dy-ing?
 "I will sup with thee," he say-eth, "O-pen un-to me," he pray-eth,
 Lo! the Lord you have re-ject-ed, Christ, the Lord, despised, re-ject-ed!
 It is Je-sus, plead-ing, cry-ing, It is Je-sus, bleed-ing, dy-ing;



It is Je-sus who is cry-ing, "Heavy-la-den, come to me."
 It is Je-sus wait-eth, pray-eth. In the dark-ness waits the light.
 Je-sus scorned, despised, re-ject-ed! When you call, O who will hear?
 Dy-ing sin-ners, Christ is dy-ing— Must he die in vain for you?

Chorus.

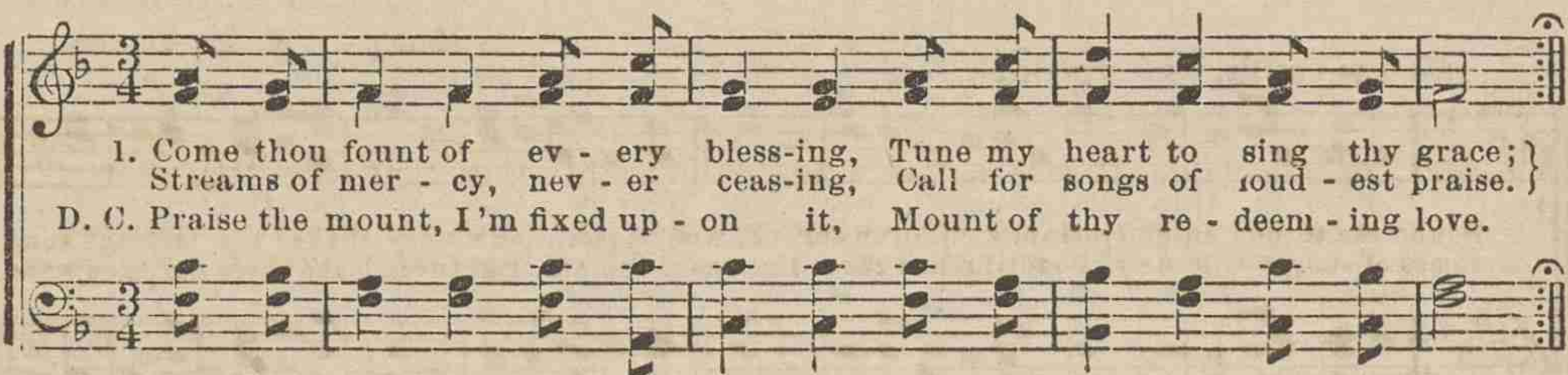


Je-sus calls! will you come? Hea-vy-la-den, sin-ner come?



Je-sus calls! will you come, Come and go to the prom-ised land?

"COME THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING."



1. Come thou fount of ev - ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
D. C. Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of thy re - deem - ing love.



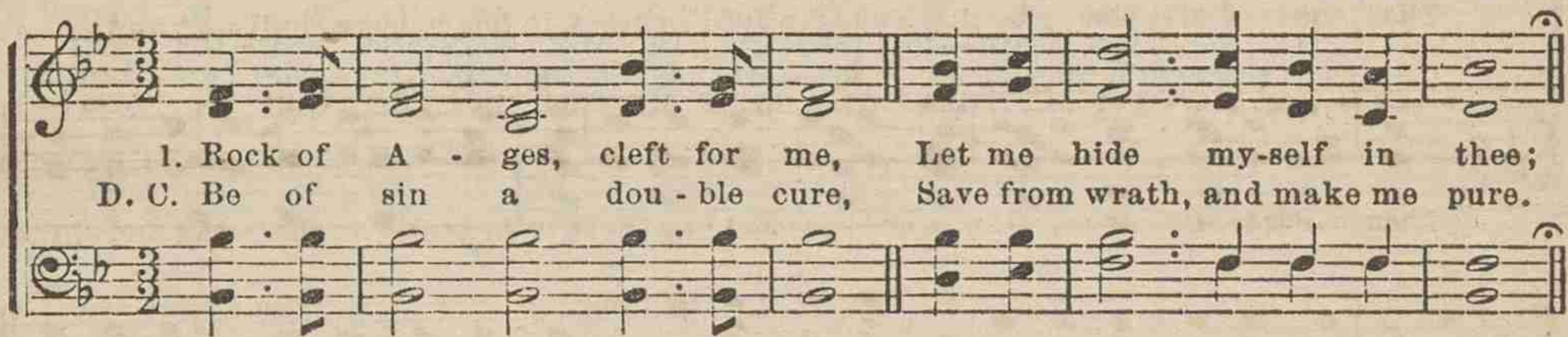
Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a bove;
D. C.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come,
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

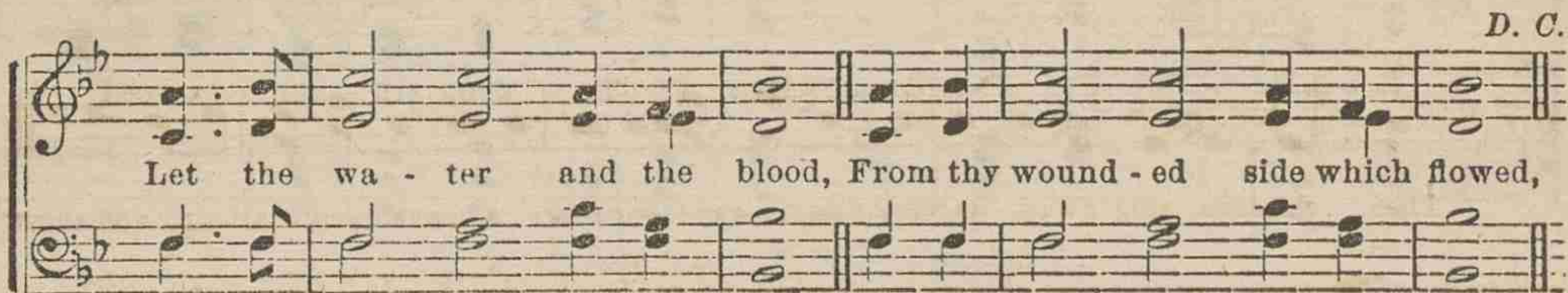
3 O, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love,
Here's my heart, O take and seal it
Seal it for thy courts above.

ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

DR. HASTINGS.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee;
D. C. Be of sin a dou - ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound - ed side which flowed,
D. C.

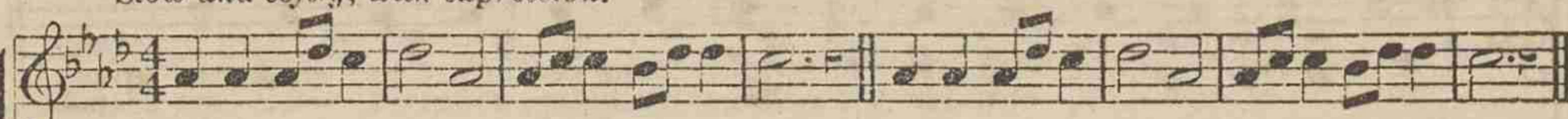
2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

THEN, CHILDREN, SING AWAY.

Music by W. H. DOANE.

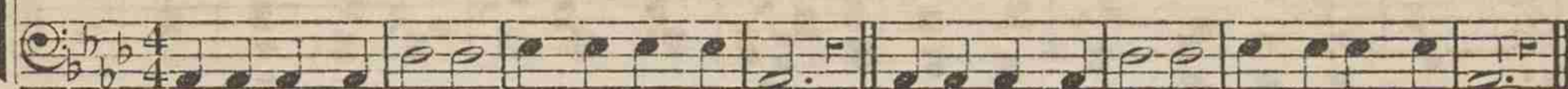
Slow and softly, with expression.



1. Round the throne in glory Happy children throng, And redemption's story Wakes the harp and song.
2. Robes of snowy whiteness, Beautiful and rare; Crowns of radiant brightness, Such those children wear.



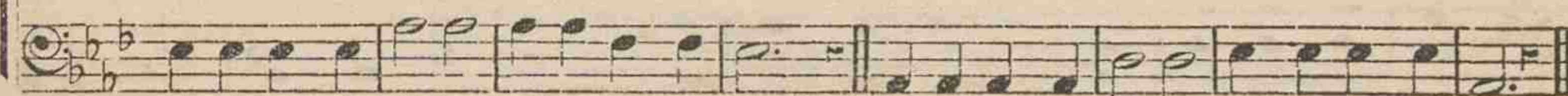
3. Now the skillful fingers Sweep the golden lyre; Not a harper lingers In that ransomed choir.
4. Children now sojourning In a world of sin, From your follies turning, Strive to enter in.



On the verdant mountain, By the shining stream Of the living fountain, Jesus is their theme.
Safe from death's bereavement, Sorrow, and the grave, Free from sin's enslavement, Victory's Palm they [wave.]



Voices sweetly blending With the tuneful string, To the throne ascending, Praise the heavenly King.
Let your young affections Round the Savior twine, And 'mid heaven's attractions You shall sing and shine.



Chorus. Lively and tripping.



Then, children, sing away, O, sing away, away! For there in heaven you shall sing and shine;



Then, children, sing away, O, sing away, away! For there in heaven you shall sing and shine;



Then, children, sing away, O, sing away, away! For there in heaven you shall sing and shine.



Then, children, sing away, O, sing away, away! For there in heaven you shall sing and shine.



May be sung as a Quartette to the Chorus.

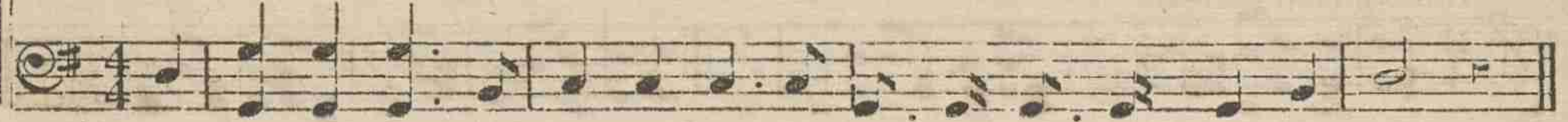
SWEET EVENING HOUR.

Words by G. W. HINSDALE.

Music by W. H. DOANE.



1. How dear to me the twilight hour, When Je - sus draws me with his love;
 2. The spir - it whis - pers in my ear, When the first shad - ow falls at eve,



When earth's at-trac-tions lose their power, And I can soar to joys a - bove.
 Leave earthly friends, for I am near, With the best gifts thou canst re - ceive.



Sweet evening hour! the day is done, The noi - sy day, with all its care,
 The Sav - ior draws me with his love, And soothes my heart, o'erwhelmed with care;



And I can sit with God a - lone, And seek his face in humble prayer.
 His gen - tle voice my grief removes, He takes my hand, he hears my prayer.

*Chorus.*

Sweet evening hour! sweet evening hour! When Je - sus draws me with his love;

*Ritard.*

Sweet evening hour! sweet evening hour! When Je - sus draws me with his love.



MY BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

"THE CITY LIETH FOUR SQUARE."

'These are they who have come up through great tribulation, and have washed their robes
in the blood of the Lamb.'

Words and Music by K. SHAW.

Slowly and distinctly.

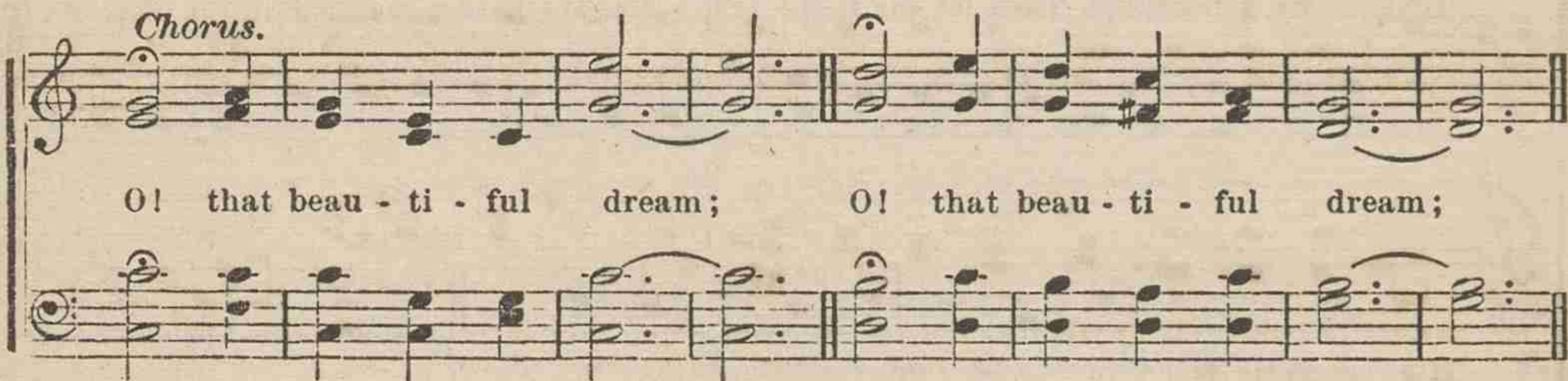


I dreamed of the land of the pure and bright, The cit-y of God, the saint's delight,



And the saints of all ages, and children were there, That city of God, and that home to share.

Chorus.



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



Shall I the saints, and those children see, Or shall it be on - ly a dream?

2 I dreamed that the trials of life were o'er,
And the saints were walking the golden shore;
Where they ate of the fruit of life's evergreen tree,
O! beautiful, beautiful dream to me.
O! that beautiful dream, etc.

3 I dreamed that I saw them in robes of white;
With crowns on their brow of golden light;
I looked as they wandered life's river along,
I listened, and heard a most beautiful song.
O! that beautiful dream, etc.

GOING HOME.

Inscribed to MRS. M. BARSTOW, Plainfield, Conn.

Words by Miss J. C. RINGWOOD.

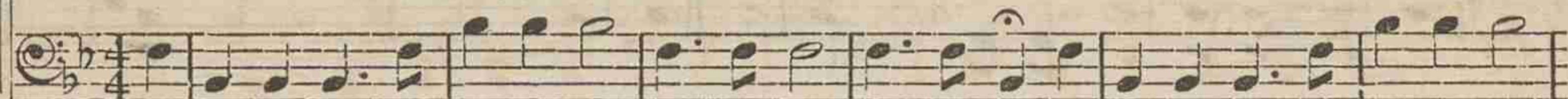
Music by W. H. DOANE.



1. We're going to a happy home, Going home, going home; To join with those before us gone,



2. O! peaceful is that blessed shore, Going home, going home; Where ills of life afflict no more,
3. We're going, O, what joys arise! Going home, going home; Hopes of that blissful par-a-dise,



Going home, going home. To clasp again in fond embrace The loved ones of that happy place, And



Going home, going home. The sorrowing pilgrim finds release, The weary rest in perfect peace, And
Going home, going home. Then let our feeble bodies die, We have a mansion in the sky, We'll



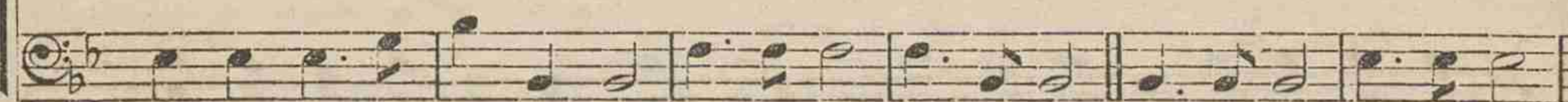
Chorus.



see our Sav-ior face to face, Go-ing home, go-ing home. Go-ing home, go-ing home,



pain and death for - ev - er cease, Go-ing home, go-ing home. Go-ing home, go-ing home,
glad - ly shout when death is nigh, Go-ing home, go-ing home. Go-ing home, go-ing home,



Yes, we're going home; We'll gladly shout when death draws near, We're going, going home.



Yes, we're going home; We'll gladly shout when death draws near, We're going, going home.



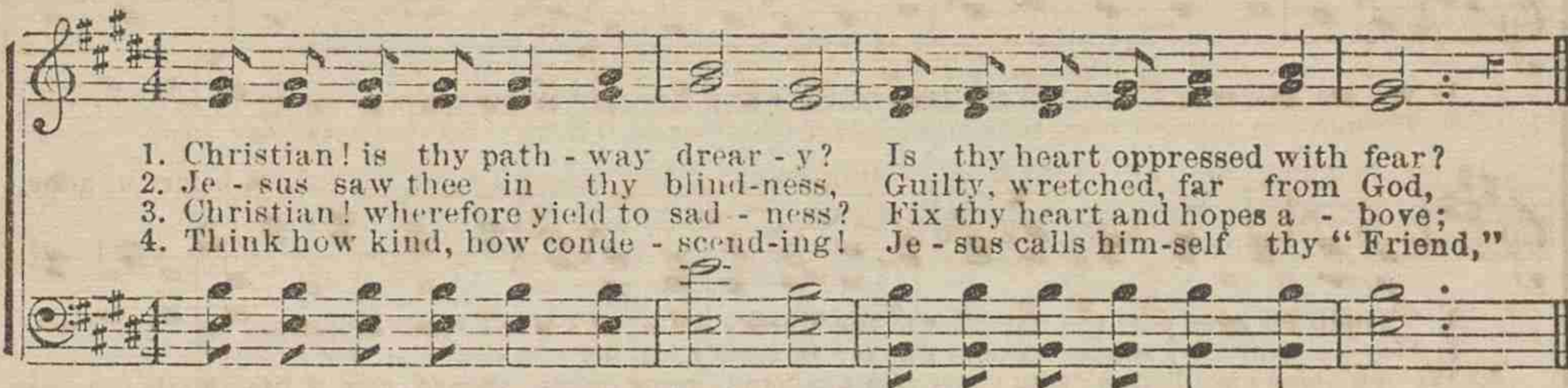
TRUST IN JESUS.

25

"Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."—*Heb. xii: 2.*

Words from S. S. TIMES.

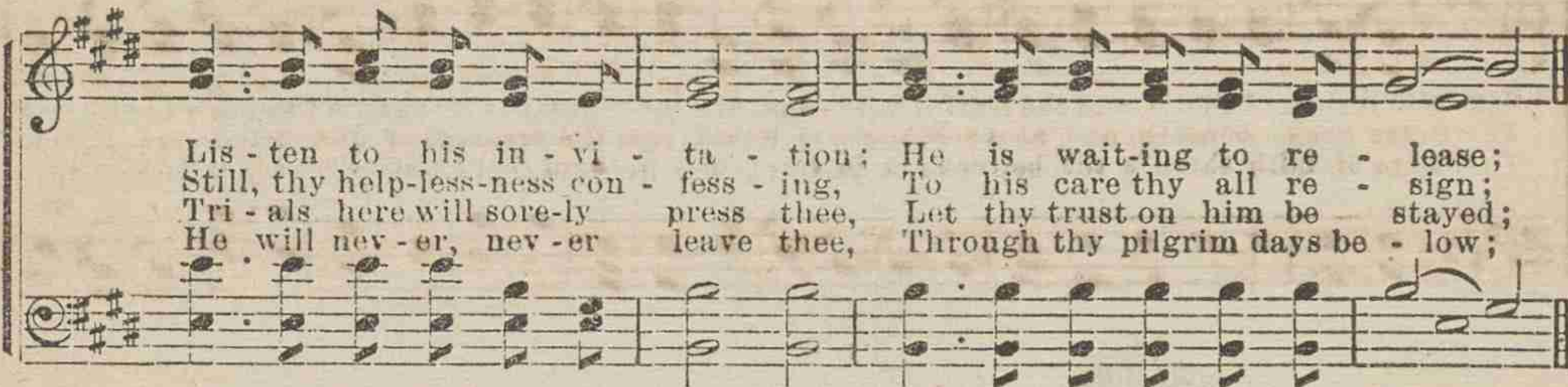
W. H. D.



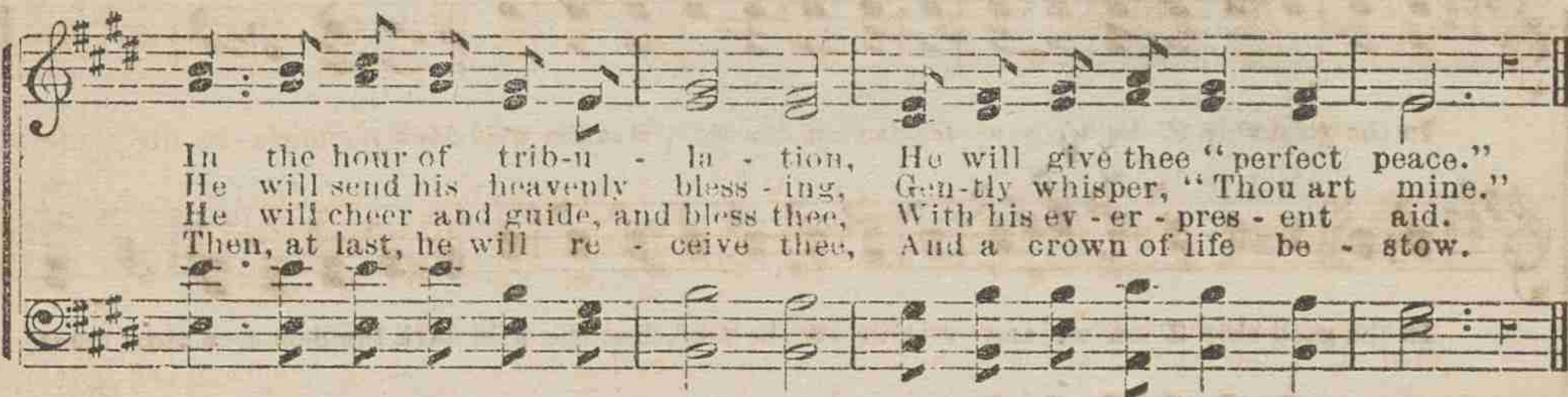
1. Christian! is thy path - way drear - y? Is thy heart oppressed with fear?
 2. Je - sus saw thee in thy blind-ness, Guilty, wretched, far from God,
 3. Christian! wherefore yield to sad - ness? Fix thy heart and hopes a - bove;
 4. Think how kind, how conde - scend-ing! Je - sus calls him-self thy "Friend,"



Je - sus calls the weak and wea - ry, Makes them objects of his care.
 And in sovereign love and kind-ness, Saved thee through his precious blood.
 Look to Je - sus—and with glad-ness, Trust his gracious, pard'ning love;
 From his throne in glo - ry bend-ing, He will ev - ery prayer at - tend.



Lis - ten to his in - vi - ta - tion; He is wait-ing to re - lease;
 Still, thy help-less-ness con - fess - ing, To his care thy all re - sign;
 Tri - als here will sore-ly press thee, Let thy trust on him be - stayed;
 He will nev - er, nev - er leave thee, Through thy pilgrim days be - low;



In the hour of trib-u - la - tion, He will give thee "perfect peace."
 He will send his heavenly bless - ing, Gen - tly whisper, "Thou art mine."
 He will cheer and guide, and bless thee, With his ev - er - pres - ent aid.
 Then, at last, he will re - ceive thee, And a crown of life be - stow.

Chorus.



Whis - per, whis - per ev - er - bles - sed Je - sus, Gent - ly whis - per

FIRST TIME. SECOND TIME.



whis - per, "Thou art mine."

"THE GOOD SHIP ZION."

Words by Rev. A. A. GRALEY.

Music by W. H. DOANE.



1. We are homeward bound to the land of light and love; With a swelling sail we onward sweep;
2. Though the billows rise, they shall never overwhelm, Though the breakers roar upon the lea;



3. Though for ages past she has plowed the stormy main, She's the stout ship Zion as of yore;
4. Ho, ye youthful souls, there is danger in your path, By the chart of folly you're mis-led;
5. We are homeward bound; won't you join our happy crew? Come aboard, poor sinner, while you may;



Though the rude winds blow, there is One who rules above, Who will guard the weary sailor on the deep.
'Mid the strife we'll sing, for we've Jesus at the helm, And he'll steer the good ship Zion o'er the sea.



Safe 'mid rocks and shoals, and the fearful hurricane, She has thousands brought to Canaan's happy shore.
There are rocks beneath, and above a storm of wrath, And the breakers of destruction are ahead.
To the eye of faith there's the better land in view, 'Tis the land that shines with never-ending day.



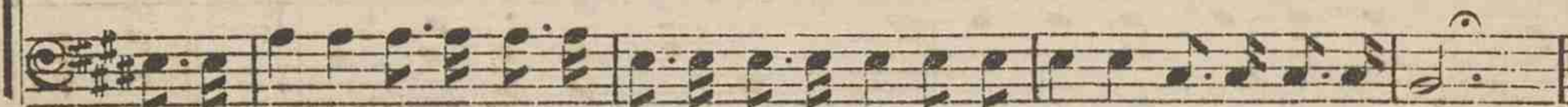
Chorus.



In the good ship Zi-on we are tossing on the tide, But the wild dark tempest soon shall cease;



In the good ship Zi-on we are tossing on the tide, But the wild dark tempest soon shall cease;



All the danger o-ver, she will safe at anchor ride, In the port of ev - er - lasting peace.



All the danger o-ver, she will safe at anchor ride, In the port of ev - er - lasting peace.



THE LAND OVER JORDAN.

W. H. DOANE.



1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
2. There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-with'ring flowers;



3. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood Stand dressed in liv-ing green;
4. O, could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloomy doubts that rise,
5. Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood, And view the landscape o'er,




In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And plea-sures ban-ish pain.
Death, like a nar-row sea di-vides This heavenly land from ours.



So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween.
And view the Ca-naan that we love, With un-be-cloud-ed eyes.
Not Jor-dan's stream nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore.



Chorus



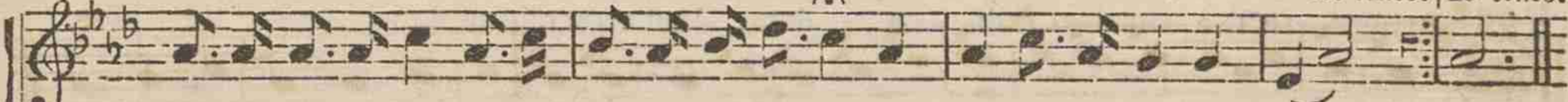
O! the land, the love-ly land, The land o-ver Jor-dan's foam; On the



O! the land, the love-ly land, The land o-ver Jor-dan's foam; On the



1st time. | 2d time.



golden, golden strand Wait the happy, happy band, To welcome the ransomed home.



golden, golden strand Wait the happy, happy band, To welcome the ransomed home.



DENNIS.

NAGELI.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers;



The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows,
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

CORONATION. C. M.

HOLDEN.

All Sing.


1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all,



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

2 You chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 You Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

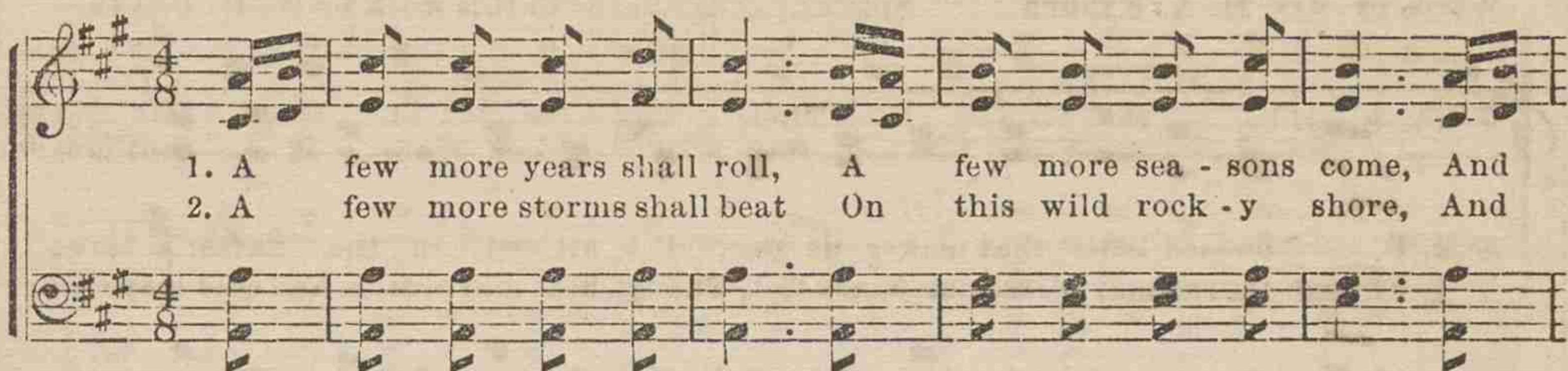
4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

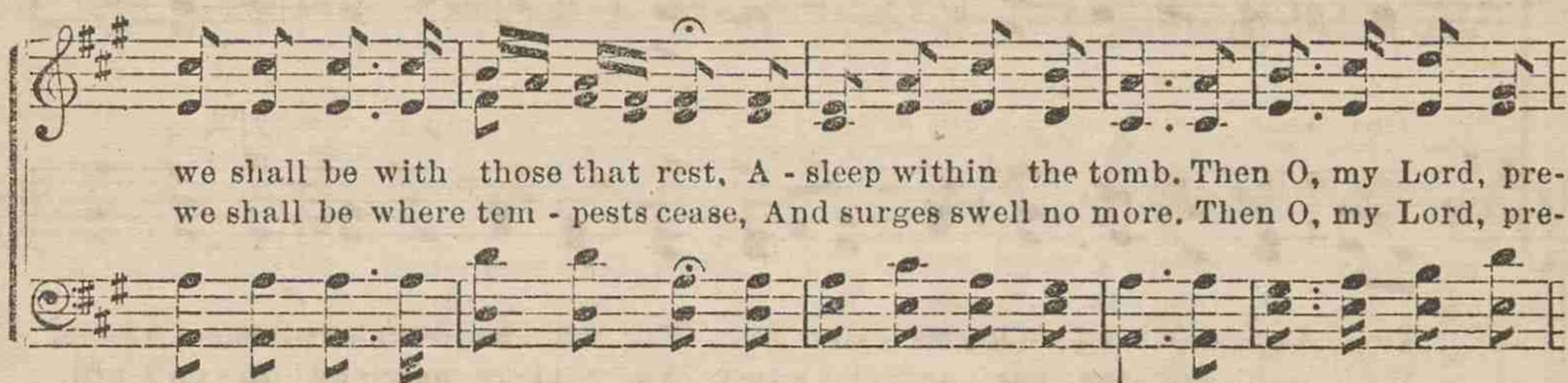
"O, WASH ME IN THY PRECIOUS BLOOD."

Words by H. BONAR.

W. H. DOANE.



1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come, And
2. A few more storms shall beat On this wild rock - y shore, And



we shall be with those that rest, A - sleep within the tomb. Then O, my Lord, pre-
we shall be where tem - pests cease, And surges swell no more. Then O, my Lord, pre-



pare My soul for that great day; O! wash me in thy
pare My soul for that calm day; O! wash me in thy



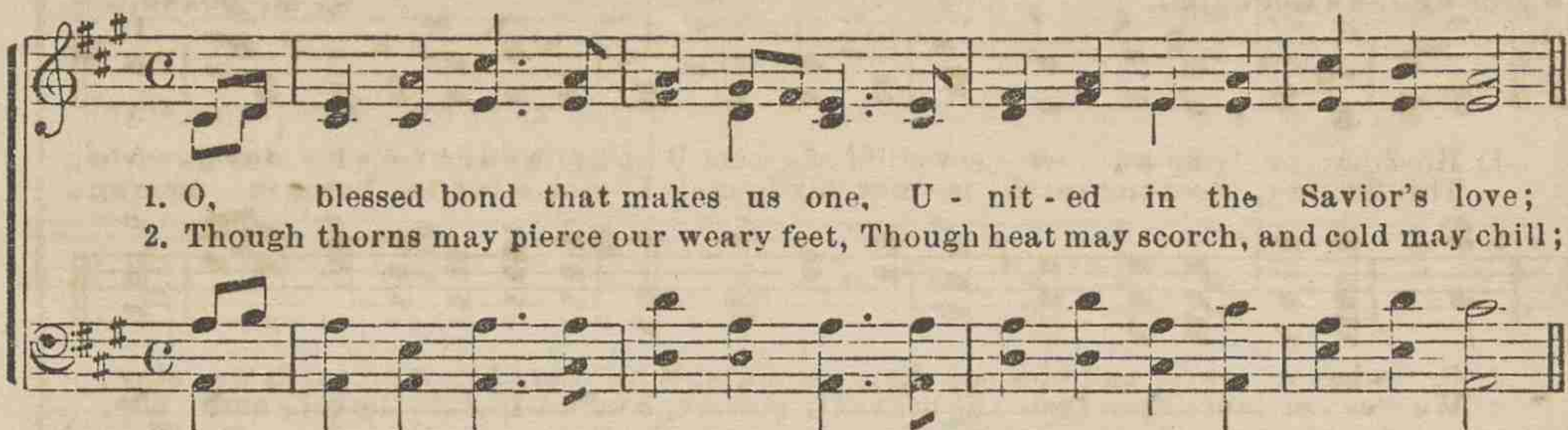
FIRST TIME. SECOND TIME.
pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way. take my sins a - way.
pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way. take my sins a - way.

- 3 A few more Sabbaths here,
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath day.
Then O, my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
O! wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 4 'Tis but a little while,
And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him might reign.
Then O, my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O! wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

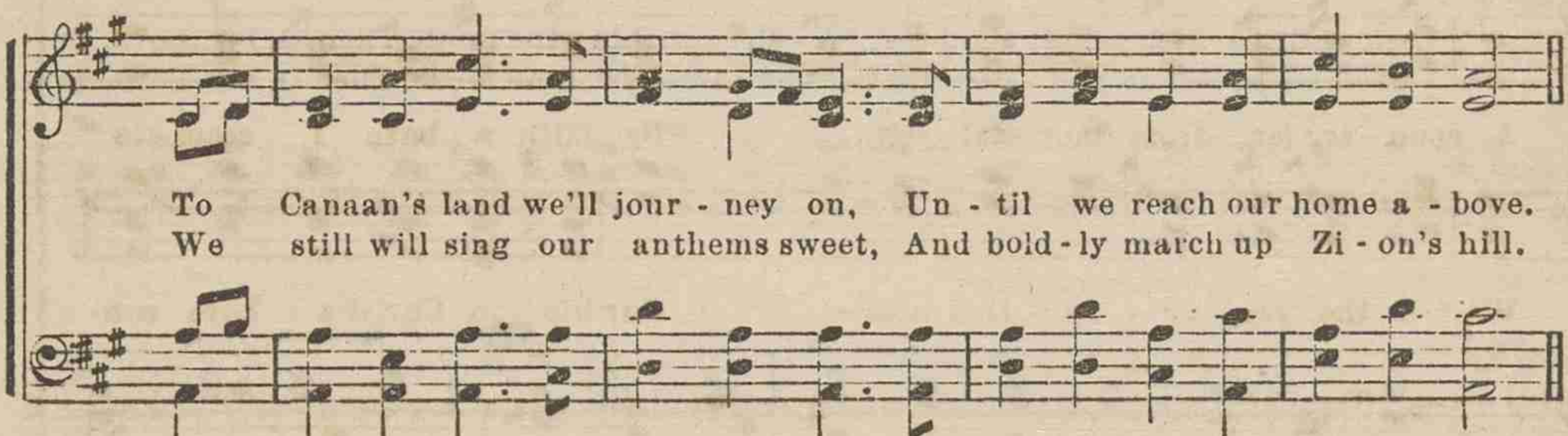
O, HAPPY PILGRIM.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

Specially contributed to this work by W. H. DOANE.



1. O, blessed bond that makes us one, U - nit - ed in the Savior's love;
2. Though thorns may pierce our weary feet, Though heat may scorch, and cold may chill;



To Canaan's land we'll jour - ney on, Un - til we reach our home a - bove.
We still will sing our anthems sweet, And bold - ly march up Zi - on's hill.

Chorus.



O hap - py pil-grim, tell me true, To save my soul, what shall I do?



'Tis Christ a - lone can save from sin, And make us pure and white within.

3 O, brother pilgrim! look on high,
Above the clouds, above the sun;
The pearly gates are very nigh,
Our toilsome work is almost done.
O, happy pilgrim, etc.

4 O, blessed time, when we shall rise,
Our trials o'er, our cares laid down;
On angel pinions to the skies,
And there receive the pilgrim's crown.
O, happy pilgrim, etc.

BLESSED HOPE OF HEAVEN.

Most cordially inscribed to H. THANE MILLER, ESQ., by the Author.

Words by JOHN GOULDING.

W. H. DOANE.



1. How hap-py, hap-py ev - ery child of grace, Who knows and feels his sins forgiv'n;
This fleeting, fleet-ing earth is not my home! I seek a bet-ter home in heaven:

2. O, what a sweet and bles-sed hope is ours, While here below on earth we stay;
We ev - er more than taste the heavenly powers, And an-te-date the sol - emn day.



A coun - try far from mor - tal sight, By faith a - bove I seem to

We feel the res - ur - rec - tion near— Our life in Christ a - bove con-



see: Yes; the heavenly land of rest, the saint's de - light, The
cealed, And with his pre - cious, pre - cious pres-ence here, Our



Chorus.
land a - bove, prepared for me. May we all share, May we all share,
earthen ves - sels all are filled. May we, etc.



May we all share the bles-sed hope of heaven, Yes, the bles-sed, bles-sed hope, when



days and years are gone, We all may meet a - bove in heaven.

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

DR. L. MASON.

1. When shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er? When will peace
 2. When shall love free-ly flow, Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet
 3. Up to that world of light, Take us, dear Sa - vior; May we all

wreath her chain Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re - pose Safe
 friend-ship glow, Changeless for - ev - er? Where joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where
 there u - nite, Hap - py for - ev - er: Where kin-dred spi - rits dwell, There

from each blast that blows In this dark vale of woes— Nev-er—no, nev-er.
 bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of part-ing chill Nev-er—no, nev-er.
 may our mu - sic swell, And time our joys dis - pel, Nev-er—no, nev-er.

TO-DAY THE SAVIOR CALLS.

1. To - day the Sa - vior calls; Ye wan - d'ers come;
 2. To - day the Sa - vior call; O, hear him now;

O, ye be - night - ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?
 With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.

3 To-day the Savior calls;
 For refuge fly;
 The storm of justice falls,
 And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
 Yield to his power;
 O, grieve him not away;
 'Tis mercy's hour.

LET IT PASS.

W. H. DOANE.

*Soft and Sprightly.**f**pp*


1. Be not swift to take offense, Let it pass, Let it pass; An - ger is a
2. Strife corrodes the pu - rest mind, Let it pass, Let it pass; As the un - re-



3. Ech - o not an an - gry word, Let it pass, Let it pass; Think how oft in
4. Bid your an - ger to de - part, Let it pass, Let it pass; Lay those homely




foe to sense, Let it pass, Let it pass. Brood not darkly o'er a wrong,
gard-ed wind, Let it pass, Let it pass. An - y vulgar souls that live,
Duet, ad lib.



you have erred, Let it pass, Let it pass. Since our joys must pass a - way,
words to heart, Let it pass, Let it pass. Fol - low not the gid - dy throng,


Chorus.


Which will dis - ap - pear ere long; Brood not dark - ly o'er a wrong, Which will dis - ap -
May condemn with - out re - prieve; 'Tis the no - ble who for - give, 'Tis the no - ble



Like the dewdrop on the spray; Wherefore should our sorrows stay, Wherefore should our
Better to be wronged than wrong; Better to be wronged than wrong, Therefore sing this




pear ere long, Rath - er sing this cheer - y song, Let it pass, Let it pass.
who for - give; Rath - er sing this cheer - y song, Let it pass, Let it pass.



sor - rows stay; Rath - er sing this cheer - y song, Let it pass, Let it pass.
cheer - y song; Therefore sing this cheer - y song, Let it pass, Let it pass.



JUST ON THE OTHER SHORE.

To F. V. CHAMBERLAIN, Esq., Superintendent of Third Presbyterian Church Sabbath School,
this little song is most cordially inscribed.

Words by SYDNEY DYER.

W. H. DOANE.



1. O'er dark and storm-y wa - ters, A drear - y voyage I make, Where
2. Be - neath the mad-dened sur-ges, Deep plunging, down I go, When

3. A - wear - y, worn with toss - ing, When will my voyag - ing cease, And
4. Through murk and mist impending, The hap - py port is seen, A



thunders loudly bel - low, And lightnings flash and quake; Yet 'mid the howl - ing
yawn the watery ter - rors, To fear-ful depths be - low; But when, in dread - ful

give me in the har - bor, A home of end-less peace? I see the bliss - ful
speck beyond the surg-es, That wildly dash be - tween; And drift - ing, ev - er



tempest, A - bove the dash and roar, I see the bea - con glimmer, Just
pois-ing, I hang the break-ers o'er, A ra - diance still is beaming, Just

ha - ven Be - yond the wa - t'ry roar, Where glow the fields of E - den, Just
drift-ing, Still near - er than be - fore, I greet the bless - ed Ai - denn, Just



on the oth-er shore, I see the bea - con glimmer, Just on the oth-er shore.
on the oth-er shore, A ra-diance still is beaming, Just on the oth-er shore.

on the oth-er shore, Where glow the fields of Eden, Just on the oth-er shore.
on the oth-er shore, I greet the bless-ed Ai-denn, Just on the oth-er shore.

5 Ah, plainer now, and nearer,
'T is Beulah's cloudless land!
The place to cast my anchor,
A gold and pearly strand;
And just above, a mansion
With ever-open door,
Invites the weary voyager,
Just on the other shore.

5 Ah! nearer, gladly nearer,
With slackened, tattered sail,
I move through calmer waters;
The tempests cease to wail;
My anchor now is ready—
Anon I cast it o'er,
Forever sure and steadfast;
Just on the other shore.

ZION, THE BEAUTIFUL.

"And I saw the holy city."

MUSIC BY K. SHAW.

Reverently.

1. Beauti-ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beau-ti-ful cit - y that I love,
2. Beauti-ful heaven, where all is light, Beau-ti-ful an - gels clothed in white,

Beautiful gates of pearl - y white, Beautiful temple, God its light!
He who was slain on Cal - va - ry Opens those pearly (Omit.) - - - gates to me. }
Beautiful strains that never tire, Beautiful harps through all the choir.
There shall I join the chorus sweet, Worshiping at the (Omit.) - - - Savior's feet. }

1st time. 2d time.

Chorus. *f* *ff*

Zi - on the beau-ti - ful, home of the blest; Zi - on, where pilgrims forever shall rest;

When shall I dwell in that cit - y of love. Zi - on the beau-ti-ful built a-bove?

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there!
Thither I press with eager feet;
There shall my rest be long and sweet.
Zion, the beautiful, etc.

4 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease
Beautiful home of perfect peace!
There shall my eyes the Savior see:
Haste to this heavenly home with me.
Zion, the beautiful, etc.

SHALL I BE THERE?

Words by WM. S. KAIN.

W. H. DOANE.



1. There is a land, a beauteous land, Where ransomed saints for - ev - er stand,
 2. Shall I those glo - ries e'er be - hold, Those pearly gates and streets of gold?



3. That glorious land when shall I see? O! is that blessed place for me?
 4. When - e'er my wand'rings here shall cease, Re - ceive me in - to per - fect peace,



And songs of rap - ture fill the air, O, tell me, Lord, shall I be there?
 And crowns of glo - ry shall I wear? O, tell me, Lord, shall I be there?



Is there a crown for me to wear? Shall I indeed, O Lord, be there?
 And may thy voice to me de - clare, O, yes, my child, thou shalt be there!



Chorus.



Shall I be there? Shall I be there? O, tell me, Lord, shall I be there, And in those songs of



[Chorus to 4th verse.]

Thou shalt be there! Thou shalt be there! A crown of glory thou shalt wear, And in those songs of



rapture share? O, tell me, Lord, shall I be there? Shall I be there? Shall I be there?



rapture share! O, yes, my child, thou shalt be there! Thou shalt be there! Thou shalt be there!

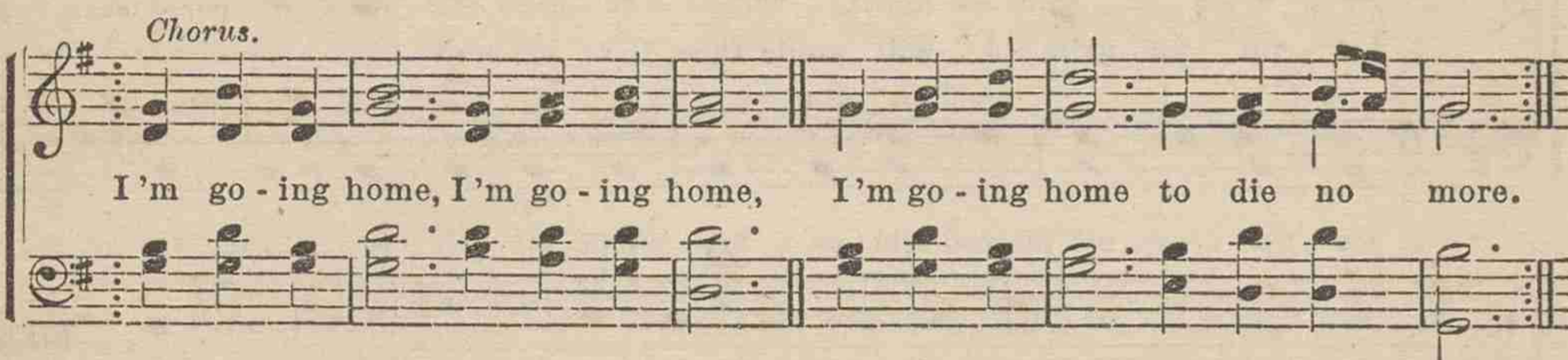


MY HEAVENLY HOME.



1. My heavenly home is bright and fair; Nor pain nor death can en - ter there;
Its glittering towers the sun out-shine; That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

Chorus.



I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more.

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky:
When from this earthly prison free.
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
I'm going home, etc.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
I'm going home, etc.

JESUS! LOVER OF MY SOUL.



1. Je - sus! lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, }
While the rag - ing bil - lows roll, While the tem - pest still is high; }
D. C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O, re - ceive my soul at last!



Hide me, O! my Sa - vior, hide, Till the storm of life is past; D. C.

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

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

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

"JESUS SAITH UNTO HIM, I AM THE WAY

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Je - sus help me, I have striv - en All this long and wea - ry day;

2. Lit - tle pil - grim, I will guide thee, Give me now thy trembling hand;

3. See this cross, all pierced and go - ry, When my life for thine was given;

Fine.

Seek - ing for the path to hea - ven, Strait and nar - row 'tis they say.
D. S. Now the gloom is creep - ing o'er me, Help me, Je - sus, in my woe.

With my pres - ence close be - side thee, Thou shalt reach the wished - for land.
D. S. I can weep - ing souls de - liv - er, Whom God's broken law would slay.

O'er this lies the path to glo - ry, 'Tis the nar - row way to heaven.
D. S. With my pres - ence close be - side thee, Thou shalt reach the wished - for land.

D. S.

Quick! I turn, but, lo! be - fore me Tur - bid wa - ters dark - ly flow;

I can span that cru - el riv - er, With a new and liv - ing way;

Lit - tle pil - grim, I will guide thee, Give me now thy trembling hand;

PILGRIM. 8s.

1 GENTLY, Lord, O! gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes thou 'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear;
And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us on thy bosom rest,
Till by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

THERE'LL BE NO PARTING THERE.

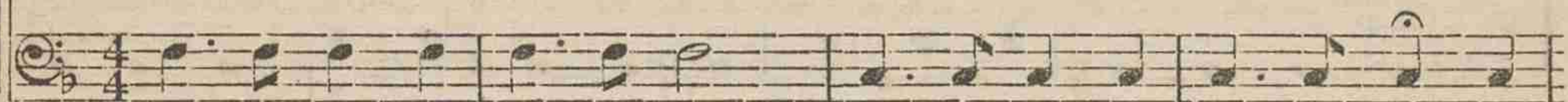
W. H. DOANE.

Slow and gliding.


1. Here we meet to part a - gain; Here we meet to part a - gain; But
 2. Here we meet to part a - gain; Here we meet to part a - gain; But



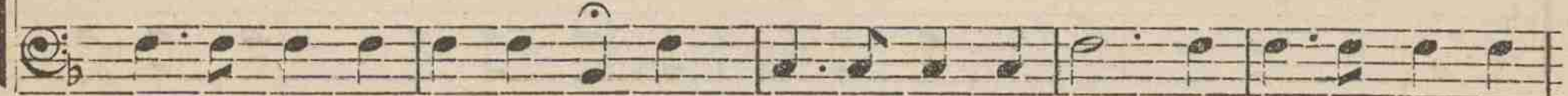
3. Here we meet to part a - gain; Here we meet to part a - gain; But
 4. Here we meet to part a - gain; Here we meet to part a - gain; But




when we meet on Canaan's plain, There'll be no parting there, In that bright world a-
 when a seat in heaven we gain, There'll be no parting there, In that bright world a-



there we shall with Je - sus reign, There'll be no parting there, In that bright world a-
 when we join the heavenly train, There'll be no parting there, In that bright world a-


Chorus.


bove, In that bright world a - bove. Shout! shout the victo - ry! We're on our journey
 bove, In that bright world a - bove. Shout, etc.



bove, In that bright world a - bove. Shout! shout the victo - ry! We're on our journey
 bove, In that bright world a - bove. Shout, etc.




home; Shout! shout the vic - to - ry! We're on our jour - ney home.

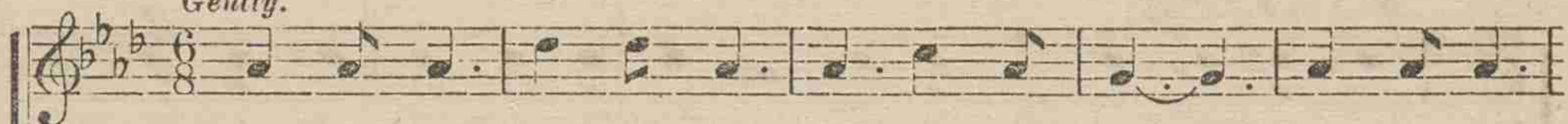


home; Shout! shout the vic - to - ry! We're on our jour - ney home.



BEAR THY CROSS CHEERFULLY.

W. H. DOANE.

Gently.


1. Bear thy cross cheer - ful - ly, Broth - er, the night Pas - seth though
 2. Bear it with white hands up, Sis - ter in pain, Drinking life's



3. Thro' the surging sor - row's tide, Vales dark and lone, Up the steep
 4. Bear thy cross trust - ing - ly, Whate'er it be, Then will it




tear - ful - ly, Dim is thy sight; Car - ry it du - teous - ly,
 bit - terest cup, Know 't is in vain; Hope - ful - ly, prayerful - ly,



mountain's side, Mak - ing no moan, Tho' thou'rt shrinking weari - ly
 ten - der - ly Rest up - on thee; Think not to lay it down




Look ing a - far, Where now gleams beau-teous-ly, The morn - ing
 Light then 't will be, For the Lord care - ful - ly Thus lead - eth



Be - neath the load, Take it up cheer-i - ly, 'Tis from thy
 Till life is done— For the cross shall wear the crown When heaven is




star, Where now gleams beau-teous-ly The morn - ing star.
 thee, For the Lord care - ful - ly, Thus lead - eth thee.



God, Take it up cheer-i - ly, 'Tis from thy God.
 won, For the cross shall wear the crown, When heaven is won.



MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Sa - vior di - vine,
2. May thy rich grace im - part Strength to my fainting heart; My zeal in - spire;

{ Now hear me while I pray; }
{ Take all my guilt a - way; } O, let me from this day, Be whol - ly thine.
{ As thou hast died for me, }
{ O, may my love to thee } Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove,
O, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. "Ask and ye shall re - ceive,"— On this my hope I build:

I ask for - give - ness, and be - lieve My prayer shall be ful - filled.

3 Seek and expect to find:
Wounded to death in soul,
I seek the Savior of mankind,
For he can make me whole.

3 Knock, and with patience wait,
By faith free entrance gain:
I stand and knock at mercy's gate
Till I thy grace obtain.

4 Shall I then ask in vain?
Seek, and not find the Lord?
Knock, and yet no admittance gain
And doubt thy holy Word?

5 No, Lord, thou 'lt ne'er deceive;
Thy promises are sure;
In thy good time I shall receive;
What can I ask for more?

THE CHILDREN'S WELCOME.

W. H. DOANE.

Sprightly.

1. We have come rejoicing on this happy day, In our Sunday-school we dearly love to stay;
 2. Thro' the week he's kept us, and his smiling face Still is beaming on us in this happy place;



3. Jesus there is smiling on his Father's throne, Saying, Come in, welcome, come, for here is room;
 4. And in robes of glory, like the stars above, Shall my loved ones ever, ever with me rove;



And with voi-ces blending in a sa-cred song, We the Sav-ior's praise prolong.
 And the gracious Spir-it from his ho-ly throne, Tells us of a bet-ter home.



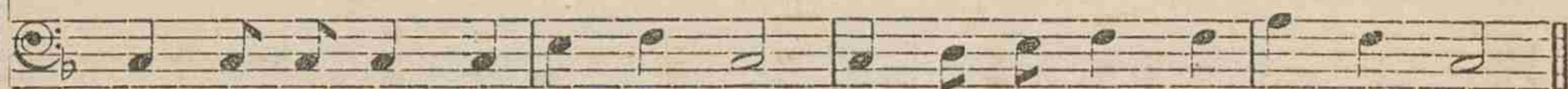
In these shining mansions, I have still a place; Children, has-ten to my face.
 Where the waving flowerets of im-mortal bloom, Shed a-round their sweet perfume.

*Chorus.*

There we shall nev-er grieve him more, But with the an-gels on that shore,



There we shall nev-er grieve him more, But with the an-gels on that shore,



Strike the harps of glory in a sweeter strain, And ev-er with them praise his holy name.



Strike the harps of glory in a sweeter strain, And ev-er with them praise his holy name.



"GO AND SOW."

W. H. DOANE.

Andante—Legato.

1. Go and sow be - side all wa - ter, In the morn - ing of thy

youth; In the eve - ning scat - ter broad - cast, Pre - cious seeds of liv - ing

truth; For tho' much may sink and per - ish In the rock - y, bar - ren

mold, And the har - vest of thy la - bor, May be less than thir - ty

fold, May be less than thir - - ty fold;

2 Let thy hand be not withholden,
Still beside all waters sow—
For thou knowest not which shall prosper—
Whether this or that shall grow;
While some precious portions scattered,
Germinating, taking root,
Shall spring up and grow and riven
Into never-dying fruit.

3 Therefore, sow beside all water,
Trusting—hoping—toiling on,
When the fields are white for harvest,
God will send his angels down;
And thy soul may see the value
Of its patient morns and eves,
When the everlasting garner
Shall be filled with precious sheaves.

"ONE DAY NEARER HOME."

W. H. DOANE.



1. O'er the hills the sun is set - ting, And the eve is draw-ing on;
 2. Worn and wea - ry oft the pil - grim Hails the set - ting of the sun;



3. Near-er home! yes, one day near - er To our Fa - ther's house on high;
 4. "One day near - er," sings the mari - ner, As he glides the waters o'er;



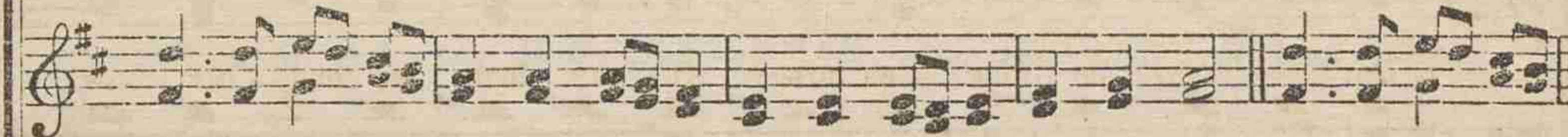
Slow - ly drops the gen - tle twi - light, For an - oth - er day is gone.
 For the goal is one day near - er, And his jour - ney near - ly done.



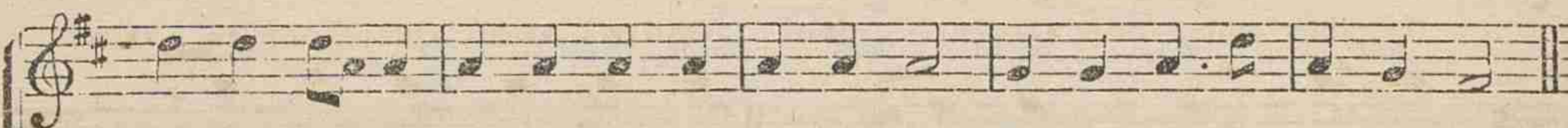
To the green fields and the foun - tains Of the land be - yond the sky.
 While his light is soft - ly dy - ing On his dis - tant, na - tive shore.



Gone for aye, its race is o - ver, Soon the darker shades will come; Still 't is sweet to
 Thus we feel when o'er life's desert, Heart and sandal sore we roam; As the twilight



For the heaven's grow brighter o'er us, And the lamps hang in the dome; And our tents are
 Thus the Christian on life's ocean, As his light-boat cuts the foam, In the evening



know at e - ven, We are one day nearer home, We are one day nearer home.
 gath - ers o'er us, We are one day nearer home, We are one day nearer home.



pitched still closer, For we're one day nearer home, For we're one day nearer home.
 cries with rapture, "I am one day nearer home," "I am one day nearer home."



NOTE.—The first eight measures may be sung as a Quartette, with good effect, if desired.

MY SOUL BE ON THY GUARD.

DR. L. MASON.



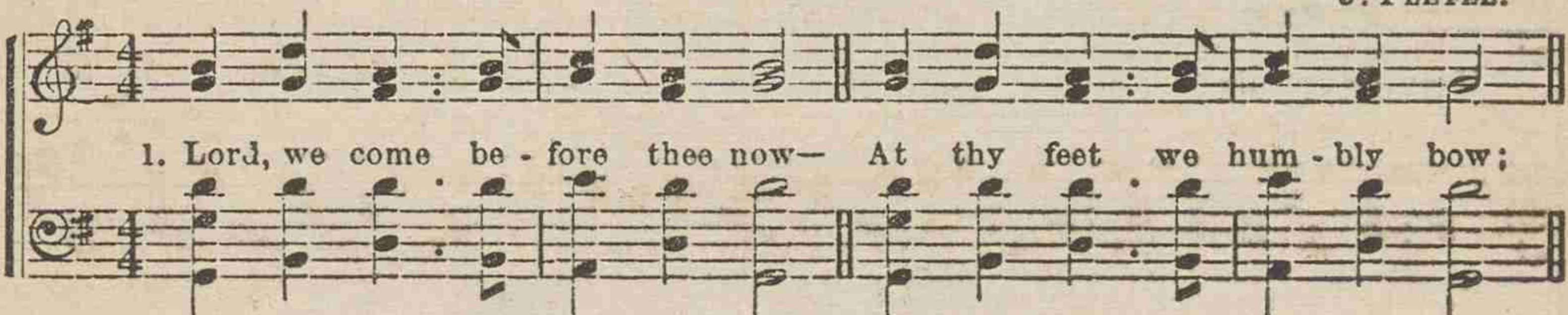
2 O, watch and fight and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

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

PLEYEL'S HYMN.

J. PLEYEL.



2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thy own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may peace and joy afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

ON TO VICTORY.

W. H. D.



1. Saints for whom the Savior bled, In your Captain's footsteps tread, Follow Jesus and be led



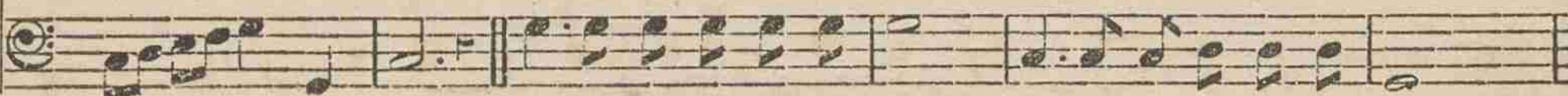
2. Christian soldier on with me, Soon your en-emies must flee; Your reward before you see,
3. By the ransom which he gave, By his triumph o'er the grave, Trust his mighty power to save;



On to vic - to - ry! See your foeman take the ground, While the signal trumpet sounds,



Sparkling from on high! Boldly take the glorious field, You may fall, but must not yield,
Firm and faithful be. And when death's dark hour is nigh, When the tear-drop dims the eye,



Chorus.



Hear his accents pour around Cheering mei - o - dy. Come to Je - sus, come to



You shall write upon your shield, Vict'ry, tho' you die. Come to Je - sus, come to
You shall in the parting sigh Grasp the vic - to - ry. Come to Je - sus, etc.



Je - sus, He will write up - on thy brow, Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry.



Je - sus, He will write up - on thy brow, Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry



I SEE THE ANGELS COMING NOW.

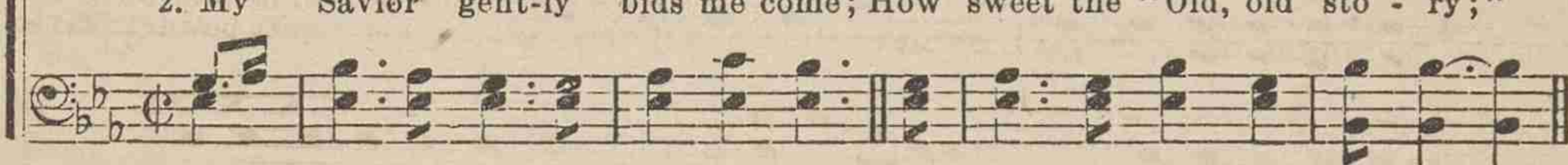
Almost the last words of Miss EMMA W. KERCHEVAL, Covington, Ky.

Words and Music by K. SHAW.

Tenderly.



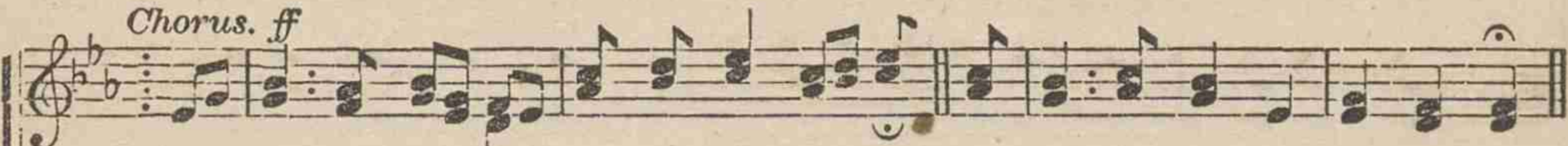
1. I soon shall leave a world where sin Rolls on - ward as a riv - er;
2. My Savior gent-ly bids me come; How sweet the "Old, old sto - ry;"




And gain a world where I shall rest In peace and love for - ev - er.
I long to join the an - gel band, And sing their songs in glo - ry.



Chorus. ff



I see the an - gels, beau-ti - ful angels! I see the an - gels com-ing now;



Repeat pp.



I see the an - gels, beau-ti - ful an-gels, Yes, 'tis the an-gels com-ing now.



3 Yes, soon will all my pains be past;
My sorrows, gone forever;
And Christ will place upon my brow,
A crown that fadeth never.
I see the angels, etc.

4 Then think not of the mournful time
When dust to dust was given;
But often think of that bright day
When we shall meet in heaven.
I see the angels, etc.

PRAISE TO JESUS.

Words by REV. JAMES LISK.

Music by W. H. DOANE.

Spirited.

1ST TIME. 2D TIME.

1. Je - sus is our King and Sa - vior, Let us praise his glo - rious name,
Join in one triumph - al cho - rus, Wide to spread his - - - truth and fame;

Come, and let us all ex - alt him, While be - fore his throne we sing,

Je - sus is our King and Sa - vior, We to him our prais - es bring.

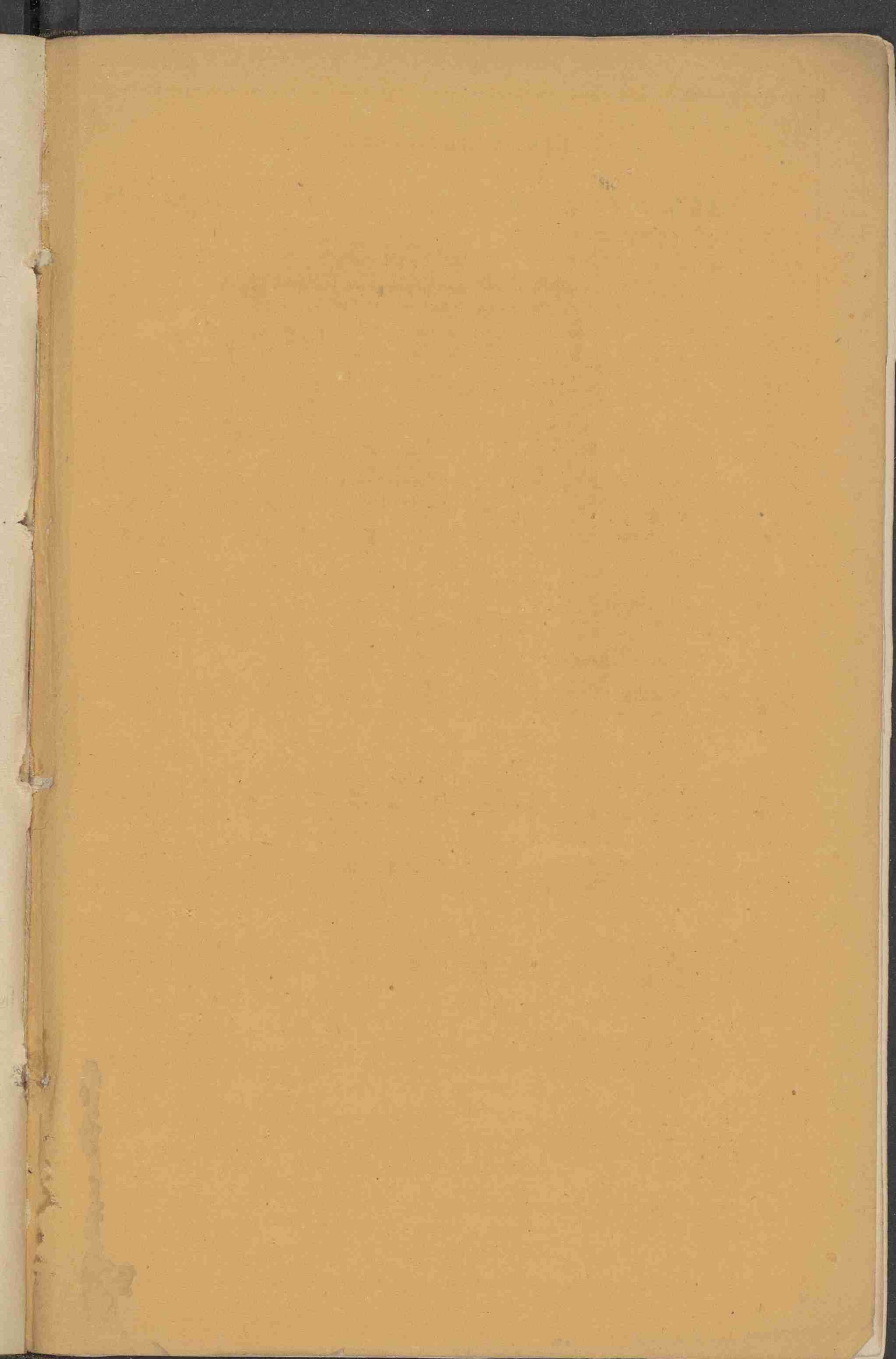
Chorus.

Who would not sing praise to Je - sus? For he died up - on the cross to save;

Died to of - fer all sal - va - tion free, Hope in death, and vict'ry o'er the grave.

2 Let the children all adore him,
Round his cross their anthem swell;
Fill the air with hallelujahs,
While his grace and love they tell.
Shout his name to every people,
Wheresoe'er the sun doth shine,
Let the dark, benighted pagans,
In our song their voice combine.
Who would not, etc.

3 Now upon his throne of glory,
Yet for us he intercedes,
Pointing to the wounds he still bears,
Ever now for sinners pleads.
Let us all, then, sing his praises,
For he is our Friend and King,
He will not forsake us ever,
While we love his praise to sing.
Who would not, etc.



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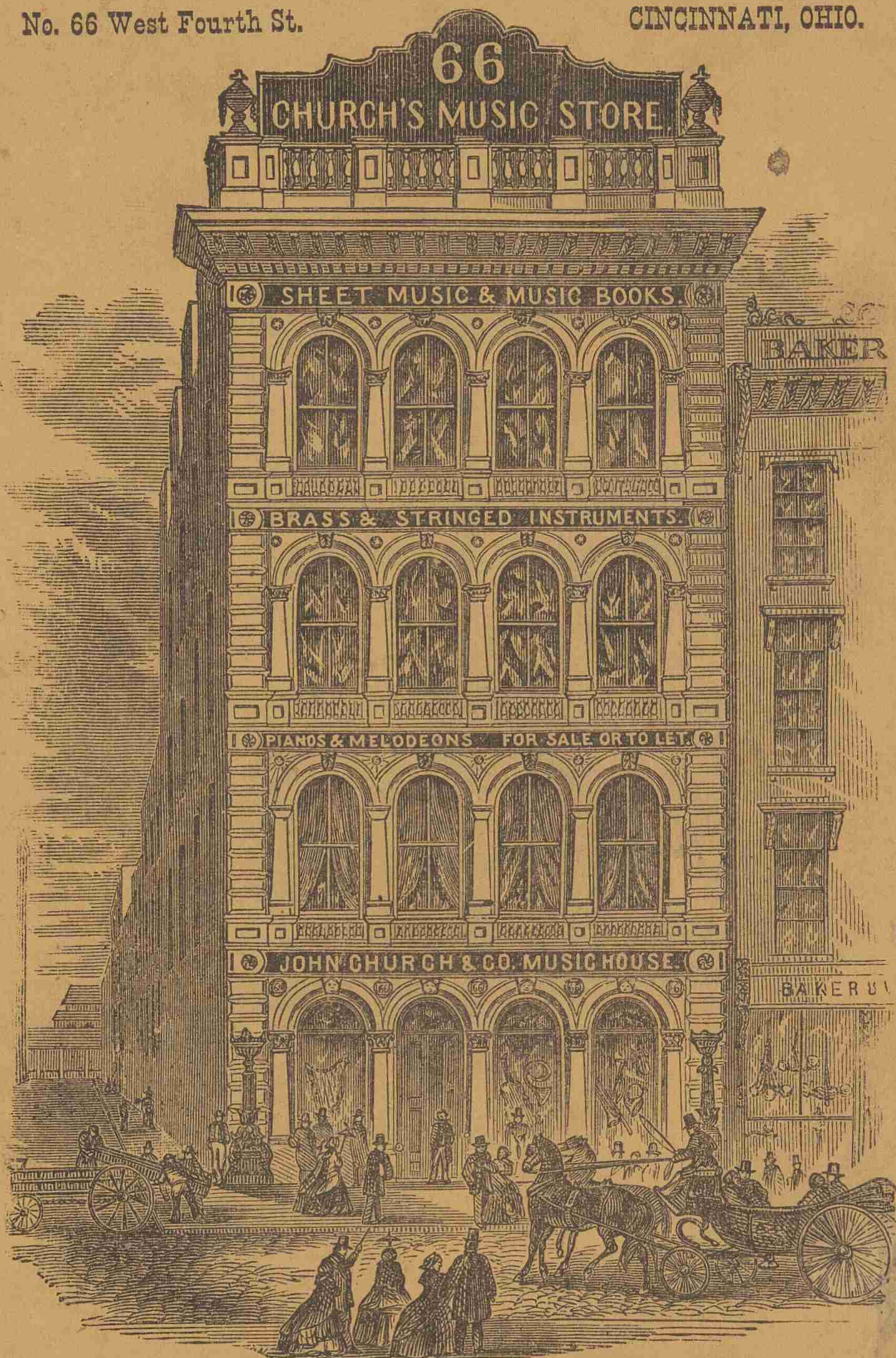
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