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Fillmores' ===

Missionary Songs

For Missionary Societies
and Missionary Gatherings.

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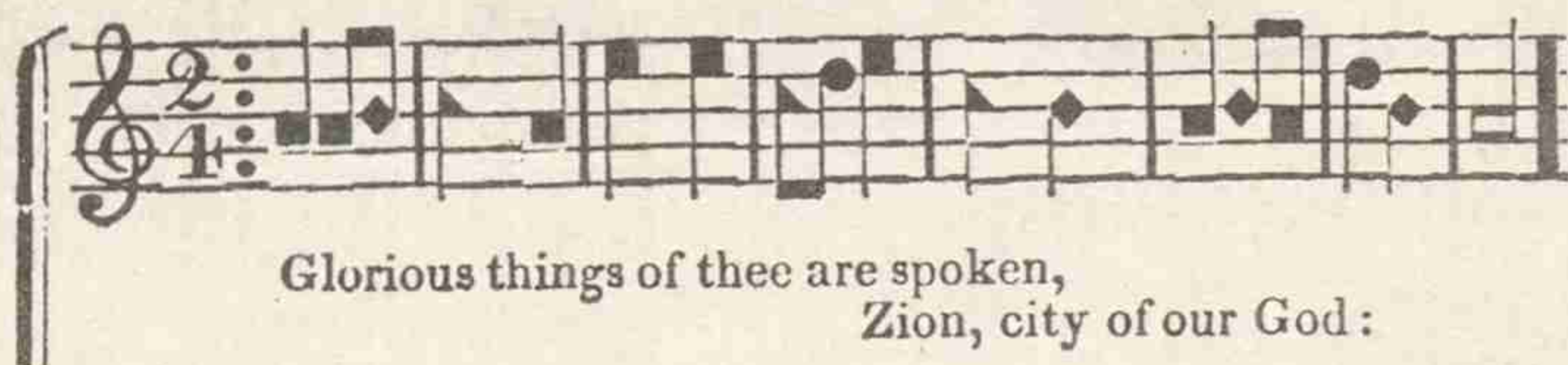
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BISHOP ROBERT WESTLY PEACH
COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC
AND
HYMNOLOGY

ACQUIRED BY THE
AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY
1939

FILLMORE BROS.

119 WEST SIXTH STREET,
CINCINNATI, O.

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NEW YORK.

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1898
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FILLMORES' MISSIONARY SONGS.

1

All Praise to Jesus Be.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. F.

With spirit.



1. All power and praise to Je - sus be, For he shall rule from sea to sea ;
2. In him the weak shall be made strong, And right at last shall conquer wrong ;
3. O Christ of God, thy kingdom come To those that worship idols dumb !



His glo - ry all the earth shall fill, And all mankind shall know his will.
By him the dark shall be made light, And day will follow earth's dark night.
Thy praise arise from hearts that now Before the gods of Ba - al bow !



CHORUS.



O joy ! O joy ! repeat the word, Till all the waiting world has heard ;



For he that sitteth on the throne Will claim the nations as his own.



Send the Light.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the restless wave, "Send the light! Send the
 2. We have heard the Macedonian call to-day,
 3. Let us pray that grace may everywhere abound,
 4. Let us not grow weary in the work of love, "Send the light!"

light!" There are souls to rescue, there are souls to save, Send the light!
 And a golden offering at the cross we lay,
 And a Christ-like spirit everywhere be found;
 Send the light!" Let us gath - er jewels for a crown above, Send the light!"

CHORUS.

Send the light! Send the light, the blessed gos - pel light,
 Send the light! Send the light, the blessed gospel light,

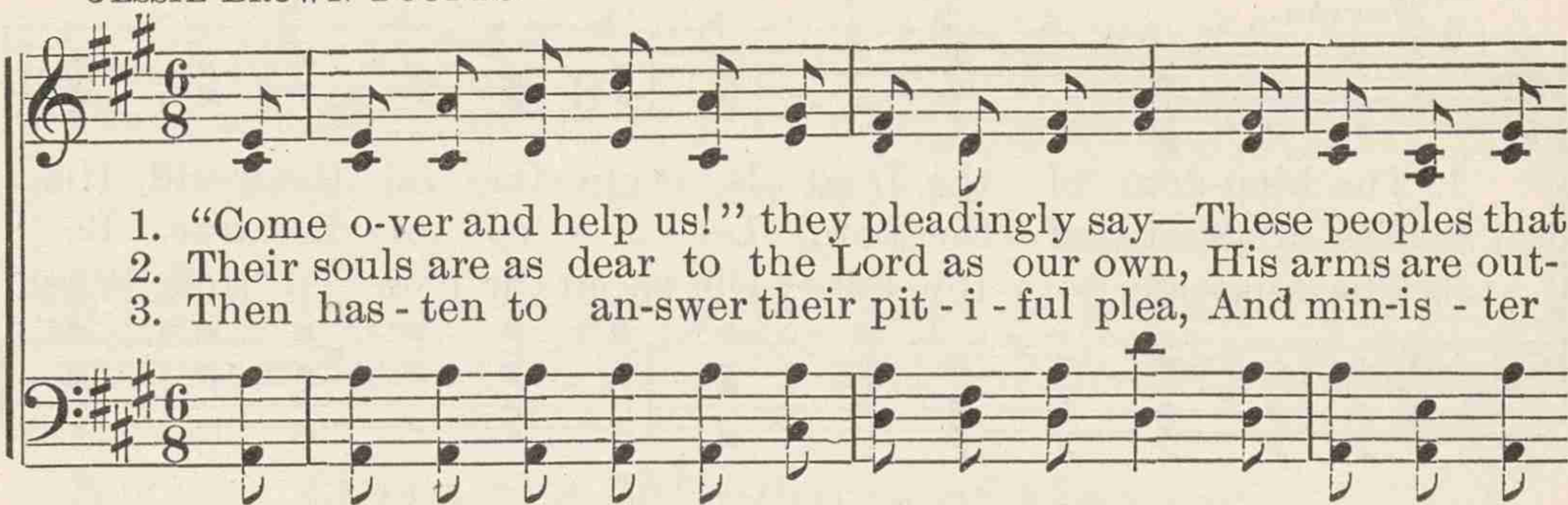
Let it shine from shore to shore! Send the light, and let its
 Let it shine from shore to shore! Send the light, and

ra - diant beams Light the world for ev - er - more. . . .
 let its radiant beams Light the world for evermore.

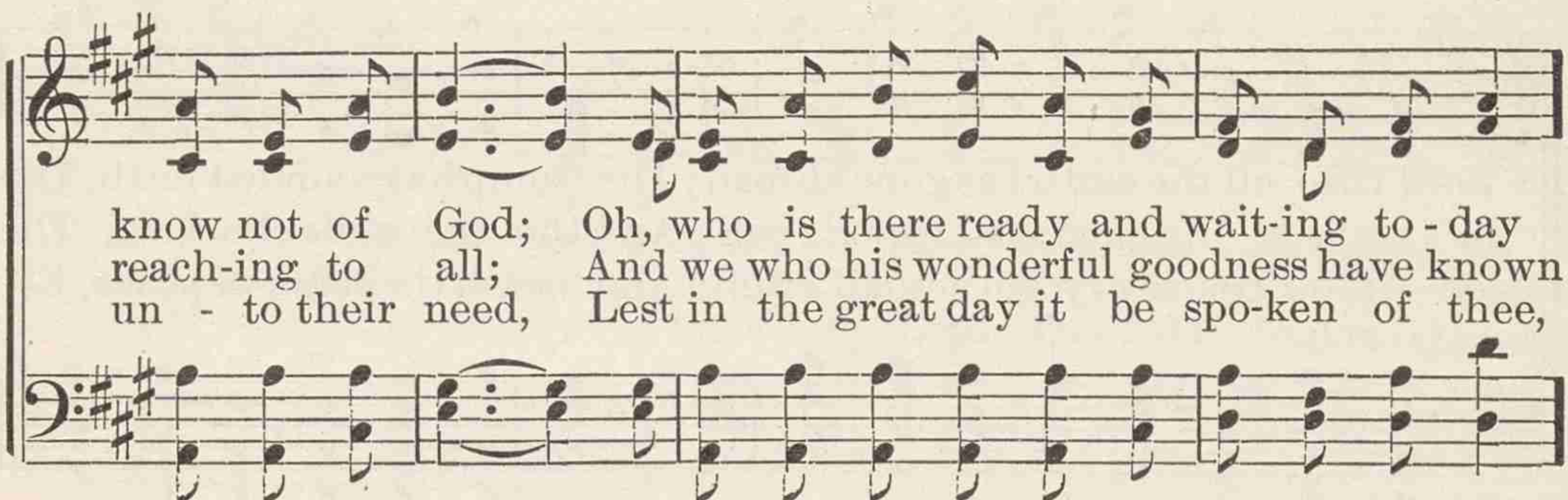
Come Over and Help Us.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. F.

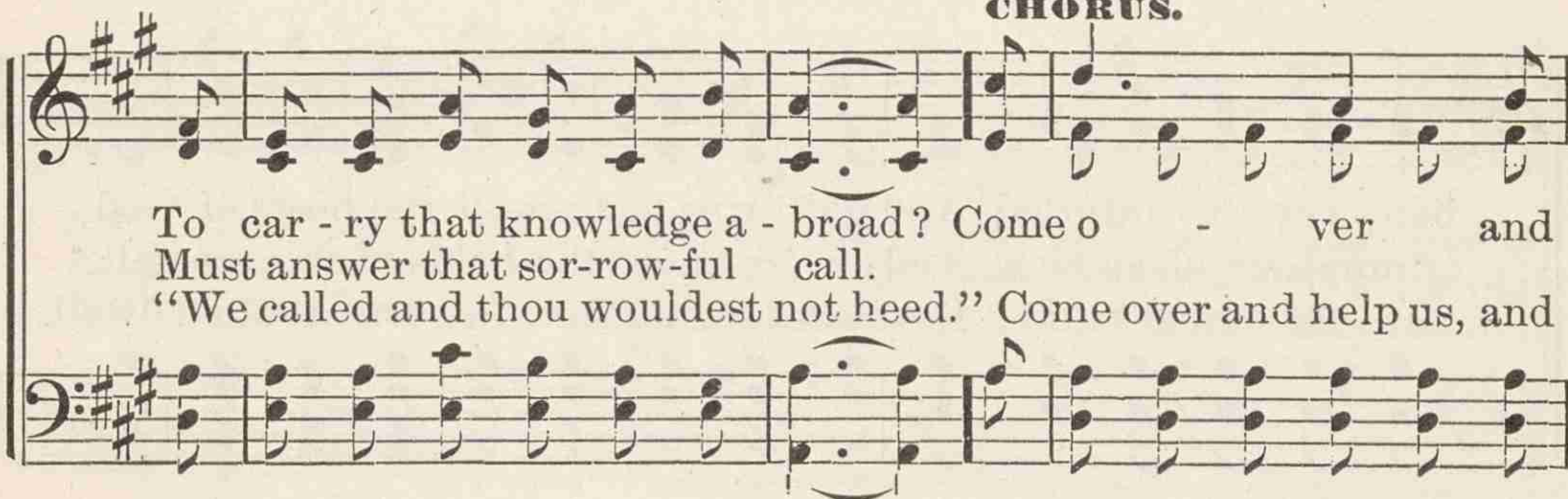


1. "Come o-ver and help us!" they pleadingly say—These peoples that
 2. Their souls are as dear to the Lord as our own, His arms are out-
 3. Then has - ten to an-swer their pit - i - ful plea, And min-is - ter

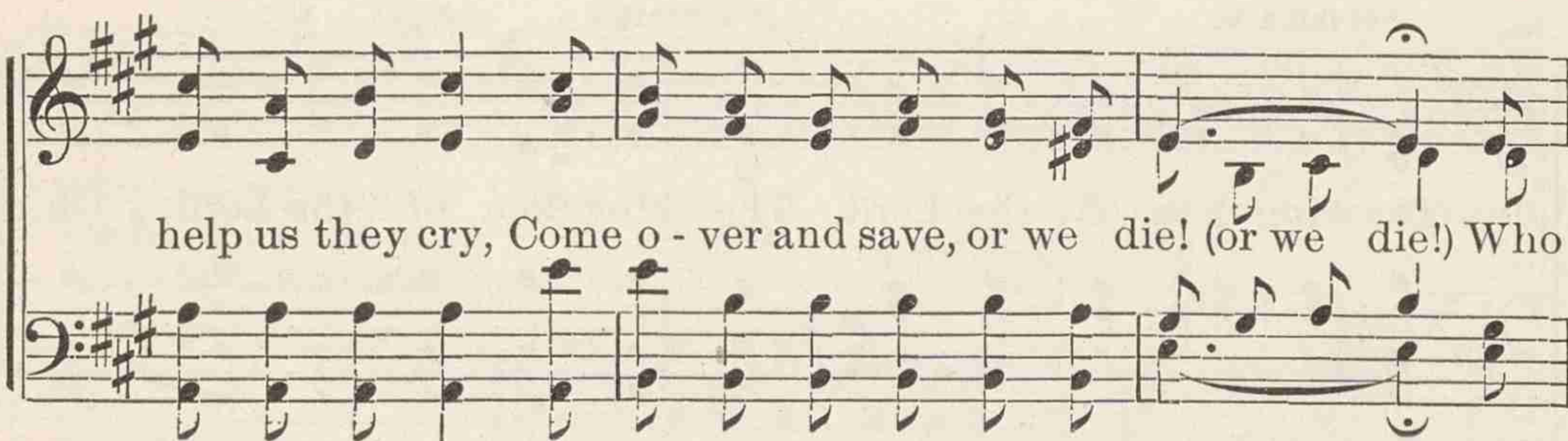


know not of God; Oh, who is there ready and wait-ing to - day
 reach-ing to all; And we who his wonderful goodness have known
 un - to their need, Lest in the great day it be spo-ken of thee,

CHORUS.



To car - ry that knowledge a - broad? Come o - ver and
 Must answer that sor-row-ful call.
 "We called and thou wouldest not heed." Come over and help us, and



help us they cry, Come o - ver and save, or we die! (or we die!) Who



is there, who is there to list to their plea? Who answers, "Dear Master, send me."

The Kingdom of the Lord.

P. H.

J. H. F.

Marcia.

1. The king-dom of the Lord Is com-ing in the world, His
 2. The king-dom of the Lord! Let ev-'ry sol-dier true, Be
 3. The king-dom of the Lord! Oh, speed the bless-ed time When

word thro all the earth has gone abroad; The trump has sounded forth, The
 in-stant at his gracious Leader's call; And tho the strife be long, The
 vic-to-ry from ev'ry voice shall swell; And 'neath the reign of peace, E-

ban-ner is unfurled, And gath'ring fast are all the hosts of God.
 triumph stands in view, And ev-'rywhere the holds of Sa-tan fall.
 ter-nal and sublime, His faith-ful ones for ev-ermore shall dwell.

CHORUS.

The king-dom of the Lord, The king-dom of the Lord, Oh,

shout, ye conquering armies as ye go, (as yego,) While rolls the mighty song

The Kingdom of the Lord.

The bat-tle-front a-long, Where leads our
great Commander 'gainst the foe.

5 Open the Windows of Heaven.

P. H.

Vigorouso.

J. H. F.

D. C. O - pen the win - dows of heav'n, O Lord, And bless - ings up-on us
2. Look on thy vineyard, O Lord, and see The toil of thy servants
3. O - pen the windows of heav'n, O Lord, And fields shall revive and

now rich - ly pour, While to thine al - tar with joy we bring The tithes and the
naught can avail, Fierce falls the heat on each flower and tree And springs of re-
bloom desert lands, Nations shall hasten to do thy word, And kings shall re-

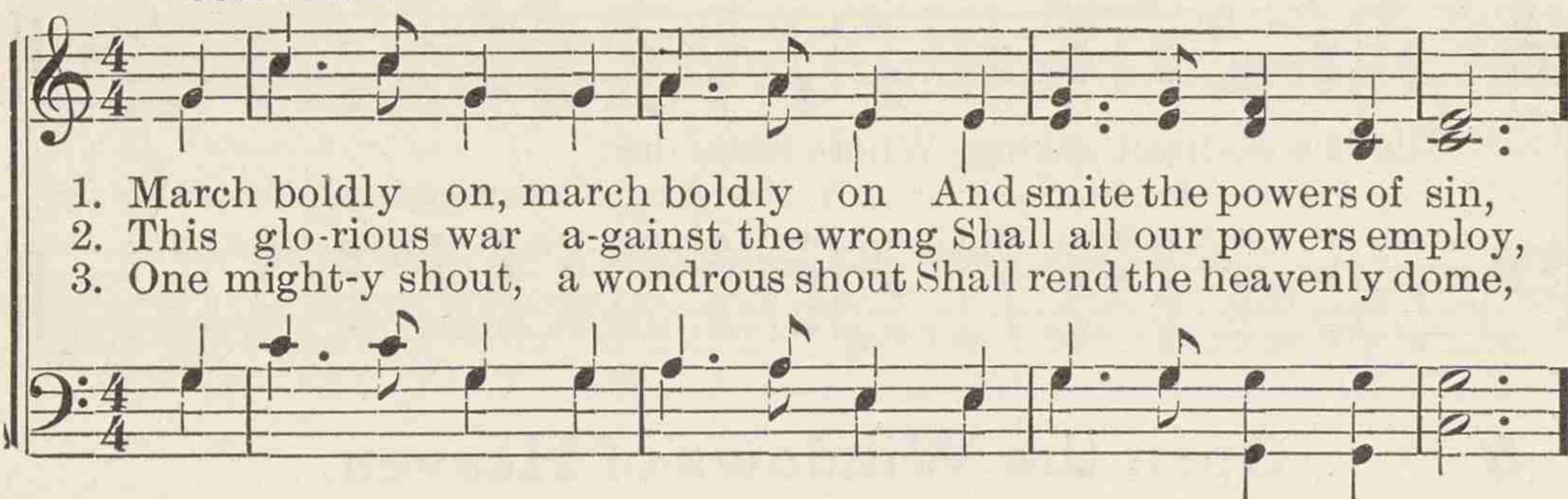
Fine.

CHORUS.

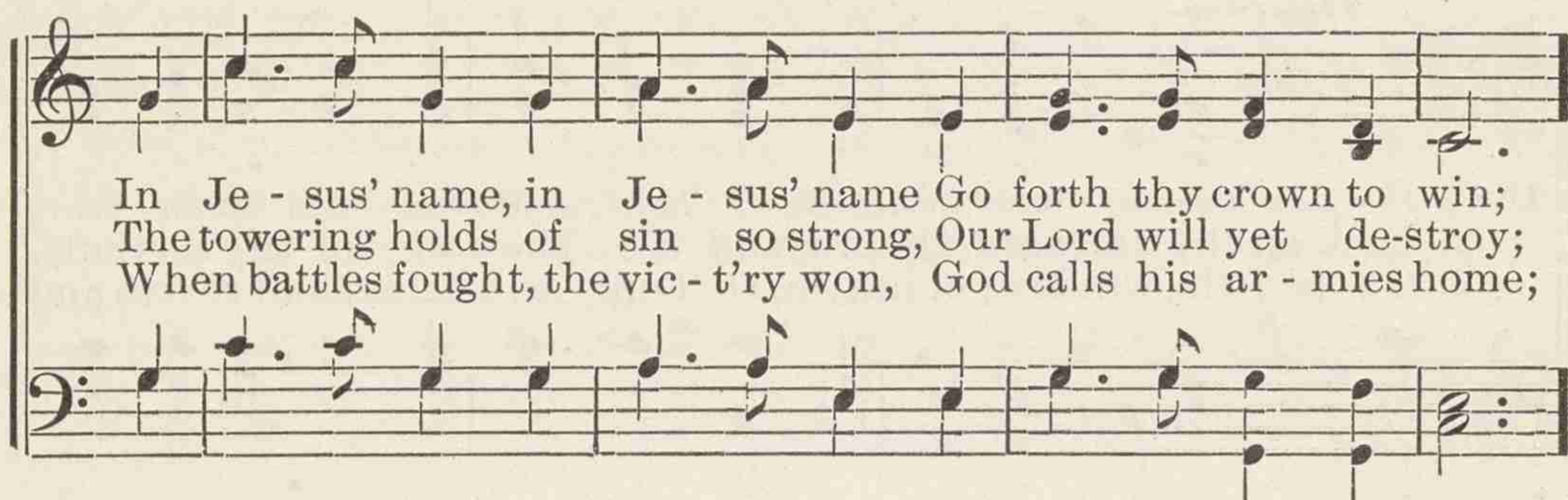
offer-ings of our store. Thy voice, We rise from our sin and
freshing all do fail. Lord, have we heard,
vere thy blest commands.

D. C.

sadness, Thy sweet favor restored, We come to thy courts with gladness.

Con fuoco.


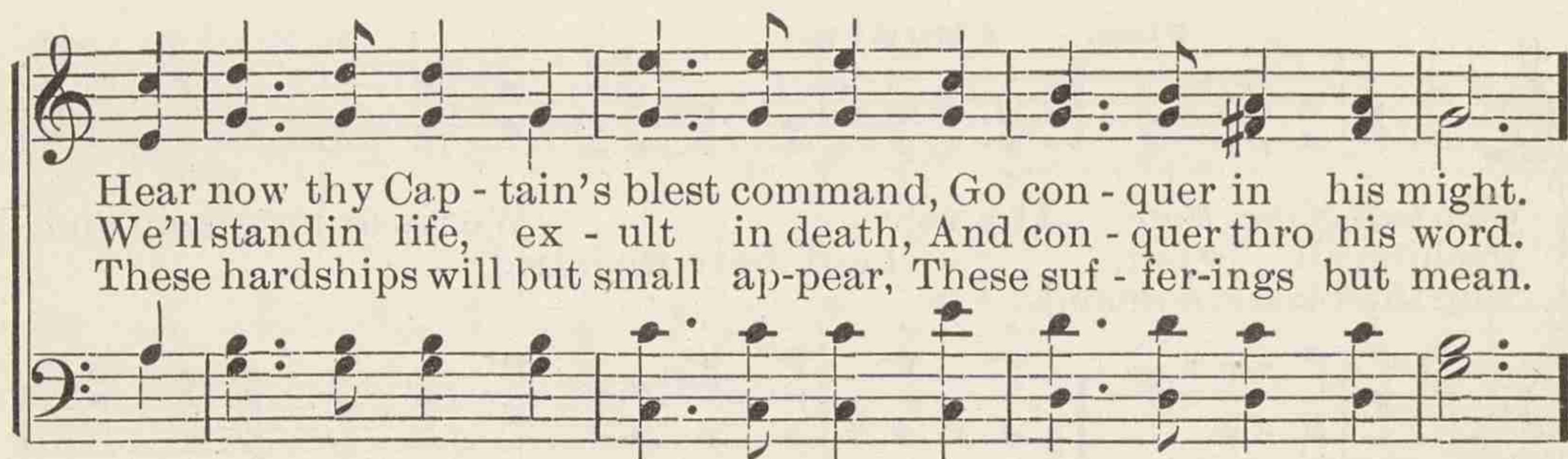
1. March boldly on, march boldly on And smite the powers of sin,
 2. This glo-rious war a-against the wrong Shall all our powers employ,
 3. One might-y shout, a wondrous shout Shall rend the heavenly dome,



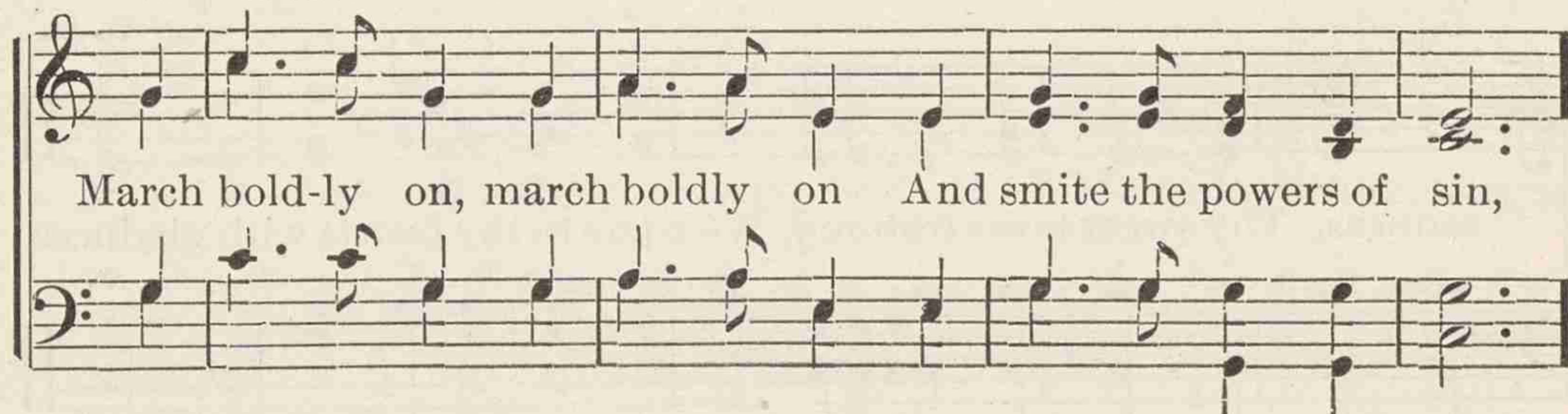
In Je - sus' name, in Je - sus' name Go forth thy crown to win;
 The towering holds of sin so strong, Our Lord will yet de-destroy;
 When battles fought, the vic - t'ry won, God calls his ar - mies home;



A sol - dier true go take thy stand, And bat - tle for the right,
 All ar - mored with the shield of faith, And gird - ed with his sword,
 Then, when his blest "Well done" we hear, In that re-splendent scene,



Hear now thy Cap - tain's blest command, Go con - quer in his might.
 We'll stand in life, ex - ult in death, And con - quer thro his word.
 These hardships will but small ap-pear, These suf - fer-ings but mean.

CHORUS.


March bold-ly on, march boldly on And smite the powers of sin,

March Boldly On.

In Je - sus' name, in Je - sus' name Go forth thy crown to win.

7

Work, Watch, Pray.

MRS. N. A. MONTFORT.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. When the heart grows faint and the soul is weary, Brother, work, watch, pray;
2. When the way seems lost and the staff is broken, Brother, work, watch, pray;
3. For your work will bring you the richest treasure, Brother, work, watch, pray;

When the nights are long and the days are dreary, Brother, work, watch, pray.
And the spirit yearns for some kindly token, Brother, work, watch, pray.
And your prayer's reward is the sweetest pleasure, Brother, work, watch, pray.

CHORUS.

Work, watch, and pray, Brother, bid the temp - ter flee; When the

heart is faint and the life seems vain, My brother, work, watch, pray.

I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN.

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.


1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the stormy sea;
 2. Perhaps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak;
 3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place In earth's harvest fields so wide,



It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have need of me;
 There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek;
 Where I may labor thro life's short day, For Jesus the cru - ci - fied;



But if, by a still small voice, He calls To paths that I do not know,
 O Saviour, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho dark and rugged the way,
 So, trusting my all to Thy tender care, And knowing Thou lovest me,



I'll answer: "Dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go."
 My voice shall echo Thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.



I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

I'll Go Where You Want Me.

I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

9 More and Better Work for Jesus.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. F.

1. "More and better work for Je - sus!" Is the cry we make to - day;
2. "More and better work for Je - sus!" Tho the past was much and good,
3. "More and better work for Je - sus!" More and better, year by year,

While the earth in sin is ly - ing, We can neither shrink nor stay.
 Yet we know we have not served him Half so bravely as we should.
 Till a darkened world is res - cued, And a fade-less dawn is here.

CHORUS.

"More and bet - ter work for Je - sus!" Is the motto we would wear;

"More and bet - ter work for Je - sus!" Is our earnest plea and prayer.

C. R. BLACKALL.

W. H. DOANE.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

La - bor on, La - bor on, la - bor on, Keep the

bright re - ward in view, For the Mas - ter has said, He will

Labor On.

strength re - new, La - bor on - till the close of day.

11

Harvest Time.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

C. S. CABLE.

1. He that goeth forth with weeping, Bear-ing pre-cious seed in love,
2. Soft descend the dews of heaven, Bright the rays celes-tial shine;
3. Sow thy seed, be never wear-y, Let no fears thy soul an-noy;

Nev - er ti-ring, never sleep-ing, Find - eth mercy from a-bove.
Precious fruits will thus be giv-en, Thro the influence all di-vine.
Be the prospect ne'er so drear-y, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

CHORUS.

Lo! the scene of verdure bright'ning, In the ri-sing grain ap - pear;
Lo! the scene of verdure bright'ning, In the rising grain appear;

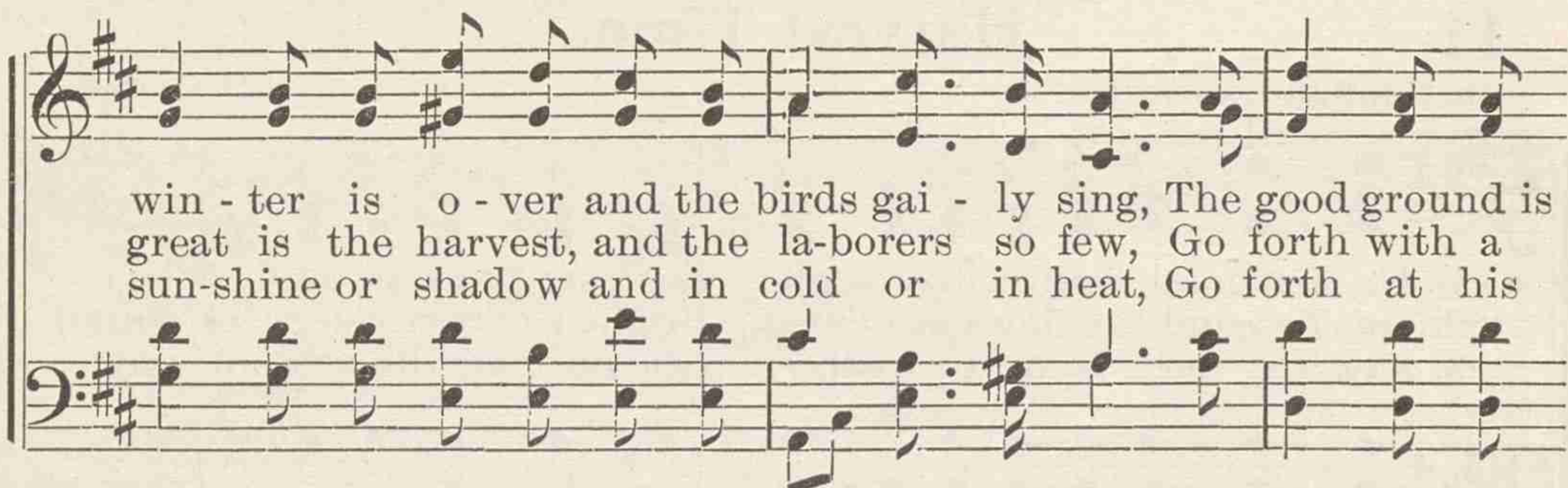
See the waving fields are whitening, For the harvest-time is near.
See the waving fields are whitening,

P. H.

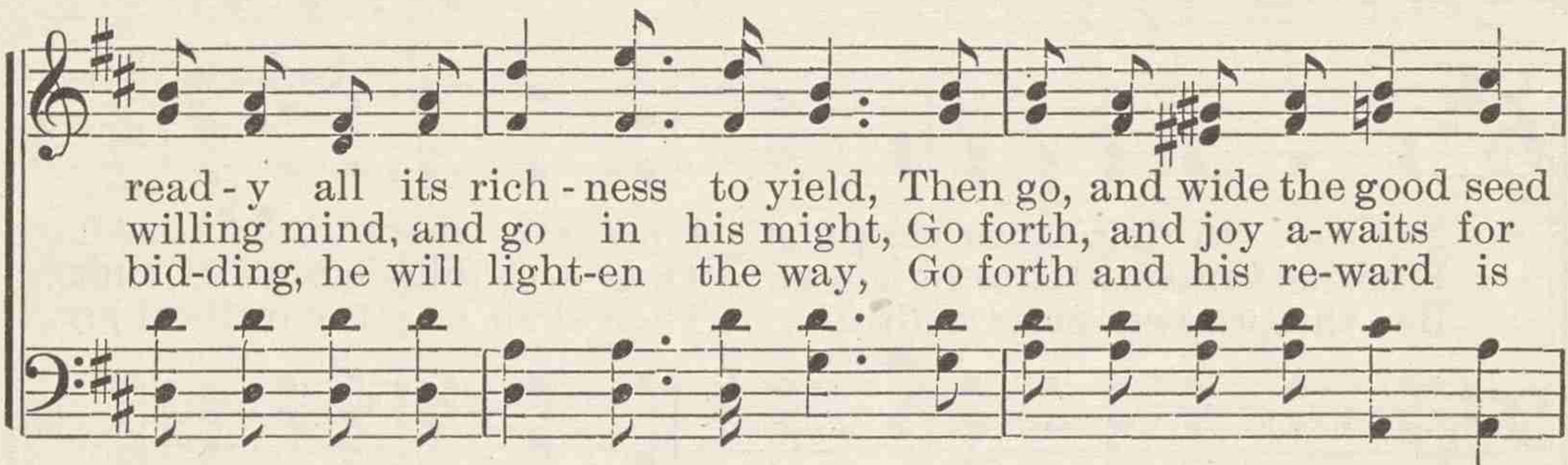
FINLEY LYON.



1. The Mas - ter is call - ing thee, go forth to the field, The
 2. The Mas - ter is call - ing thee, the fields all are white, So
 3. The Mas - ter is call - ing thee, then go, go to - day, In



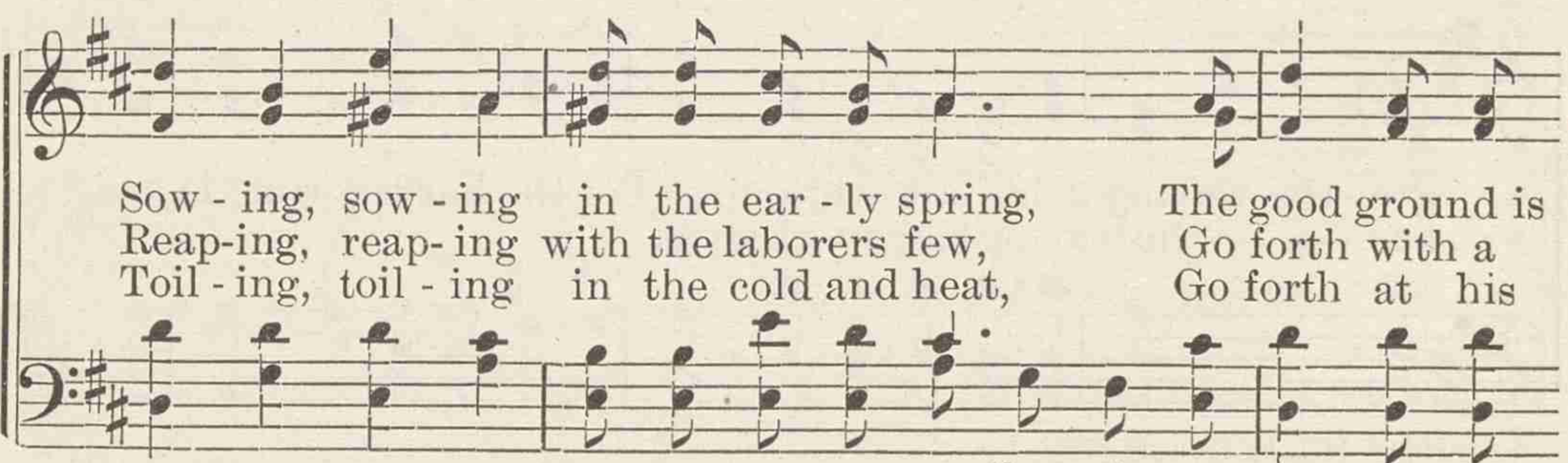
win - ter is o - ver and the birds gai - ly sing, The good ground is
 great is the harvest, and the la - borers so few, Go forth with a
 sun - shine or shadow and in cold or in heat, Go forth at his



read - y all its rich - ness to yield, Then go, and wide the good seed
 willing mind, and go in his might, Go forth, and joy a - waits for
 bid - ding, he will light - en the way, Go forth and his re - ward is



fling. (the good seed fling.) Sow - ing, sow - ing, sowing for the Mas - ter,
 you. (awaits for you.) Reap - ing, reap - ing, reaping for the Mas - ter,
 sweet. (reward is sweet.) Toil - ing, toil - ing, toiling for the Mas - ter,



Sow - ing, sow - ing in the ear - ly spring, The good ground is
 Reap - ing, reap - ing with the laborers few, Go forth with a
 Toil - ing, toil - ing in the cold and heat, Go forth at his

Sowing for the Master.

read - y all its richness to yield, Go forth, and wide the good seed fling.
will-ing mind, and go in his might, Go forth and joy awaits for you.
bid-ding, he will light-en the way, Go forth and his reward is sweet.

13

Go Ye Into All the World.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. F.

1. "Go ye in - to all the world!" 'Tis the loving Lord's command;
2. Go ye to the souls that mourn, With the gracious gospel call;
3. Go ye to the souls that grope, Seeking light and finding none;

Let his ban-ner be unfurled O-ver ev - 'ry land.
Tell how Christ their griefs has borne—How he died for all.
Tell them of the Christian's hope, Tell what Christ has done.

Go ye into all the

CHORUS.

Go ye, go ye, Preach the gospel to ev - 'ry creature,
world, into all the world, into all the world, Preach to ev - 'ry creature,

Go ye, go ye, I am with you al - way.
Go ye into all the world, into all the world, I am with you al - way.

P. H.

J. H. F.



1. Hap-py in the gos-pel From a - bove, Joy-ful in the sunlight
 2. In the land of darkness Far a - way, Na-tions long benighted,
 3. We, who have the sunshine, Break the night; We, who have the gospel,



Of God's love, Na - tion led by him, Peo-ple blest by him,
 Watch for day; From that shadow-land, From that sorrow-land,
 Send the light, Send the ho - ly Word, Send the gracious Word,



Church redeemed of him, Sons be-loved of him, Hap-py in the
 Look they tear-ful-ly, Look they longing-ly For the blessed
 Show the bless-ed way, Show the heavenly way, To the heathen



gos-pel, The sunlight of the gos - pel, The light of God's love, The
 morning, The long-expected morn-ing, The bright gospel day, The
 na-tions, The long be-nighted na - tions, Oh, send forth the light, Oh,



light of God's love, The sunlight of the gospel, The light of God's love.
 bright gospel day, The long-expected morning, The bright gospel day.
 send forth the light, To all the heathen na-tions, Oh, send forth the light.

DANIEL MARCH.

ALEX. C. HOPKINS.



1. Hark! the voice of Je-sus calling—"Who will go and work to-day?
 2. If you can not cross the ocean, And the heathen lands explore,
 3. While the souls of men are dying, And the Mas-ter calls for you,



Fields are white, the harvest waiting—Who will bear the sheaves away?"
 You can find the heath-en nearer, You can help them at your door;
 Let none hear you i-dly saying, "There is noth-ing I can do."



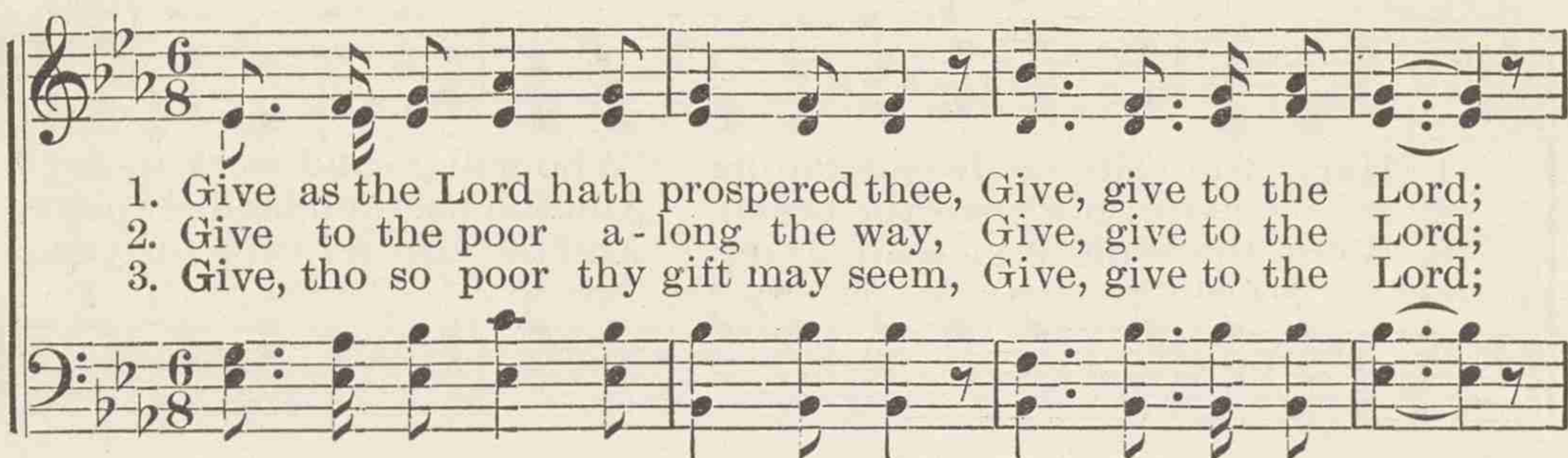
Loud and long the Master call-eth, Rich re-ward he of-fers free;
 If you can not speak like angels, If you can not preach like Paul,
 Glad-ly take the task he gives you, Let his work your pleasure be;



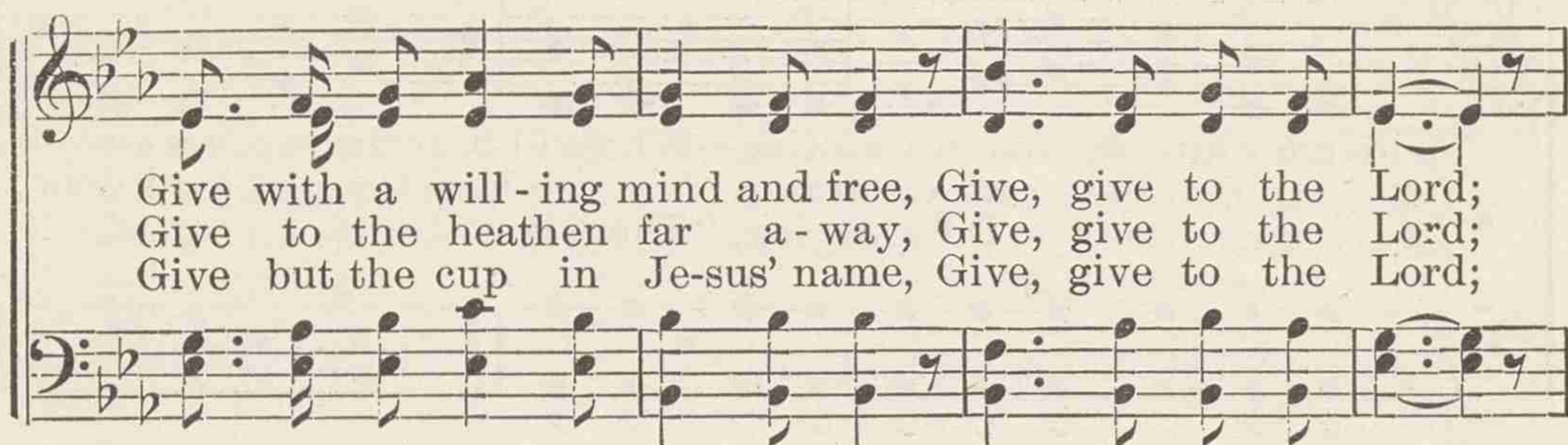
Who will an-swer, glad-ly say-ing, "Here am I, O Lord: send me?"
 You can tell the love of Je-sus, You can say he died for all.
 An-swer quickly when he calleth, "Here am I, O Lord: send me."



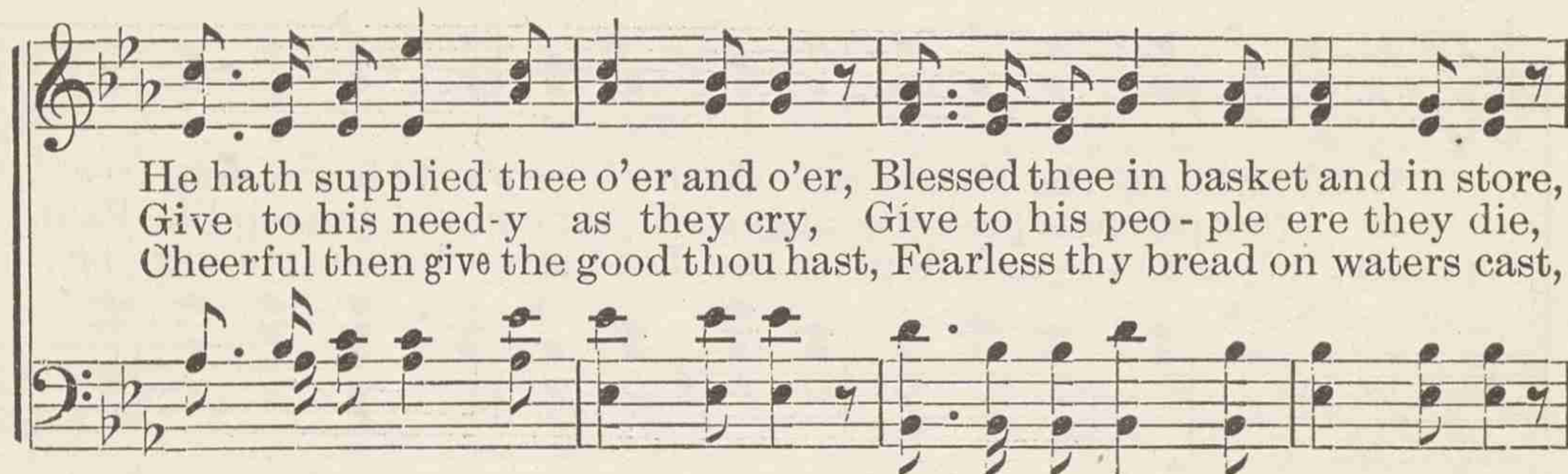
Who will answer, glad-ly say-ing, "Here am I, O Lord: send me?"
 You can tell the love of Je-sus, You can say he died for all.
 An-swer quick-ly when he calleth, "Here am I, O Lord: send me."



1. Give as the Lord hath prospered thee, Give, give to the Lord;
 2. Give to the poor a-long the way, Give, give to the Lord;
 3. Give, tho so poor thy gift may seem, Give, give to the Lord;



Give with a will-ing mind and free, Give, give to the Lord;
 Give to the heathen far a-way, Give, give to the Lord;
 Give but the cup in Je-sus' name, Give, give to the Lord;

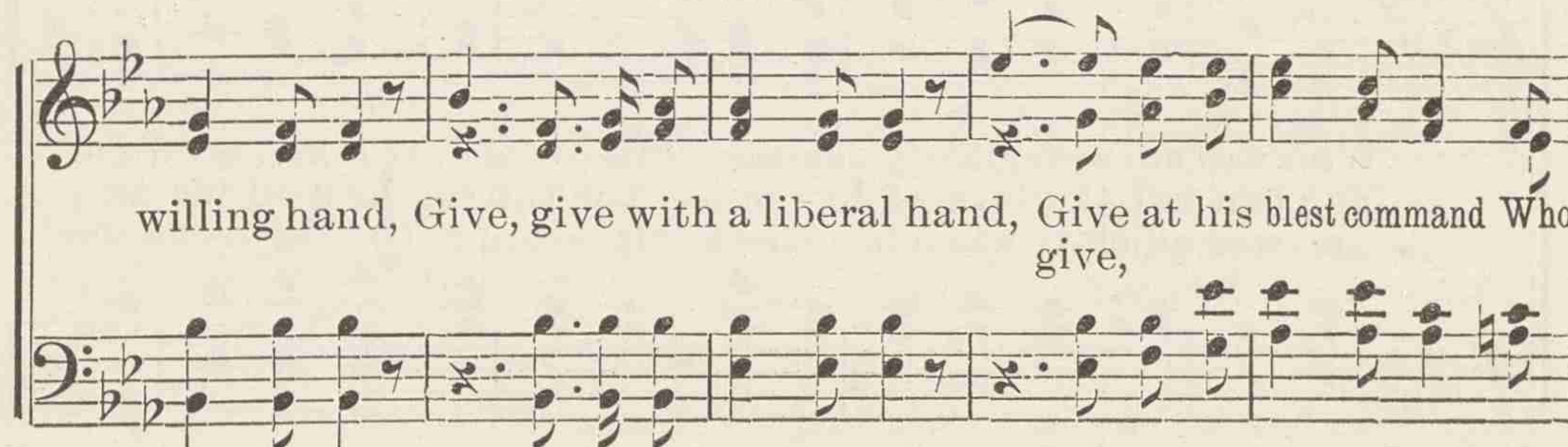


He hath supplied thee o'er and o'er, Blessed thee in basket and in store,
 Give to his need-y as they cry, Give to his peo-ple ere they die,
 Cheerful then give the good thou hast, Fearless thy bread on waters cast,



REFRAIN.

Promised to fill thee more and more, Thy gra-cious Lord.
 Give to his gospel that it fly, Oh, give, give, give. Give, give with a
 It will re-turn to thee at last In har-vests great.



willing hand, Give, give with a liberal hand, Give at his blest command Who
 give,

Cheerful Giving.



prospered thee, Give, at his blest command Who prospered thee.
give,

17

We Need Thee.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

Andante.



1. We need thy presence, Lord, With-in our hearts to - day,
2. We need thy help, O Lord, In ev - ery try - ing hour,
3. We need thy guidance, Lord, So prone are we to stray,
4. We need thy com-fort, Lord, When troubles whelm the soul,



Come, now, and en - ter in,	And ev - er with us stay.
So ver - y weak are we,	Without thy strengthening power.
From vir-tue's nar - row path,	In er - ror's de - vious way.
Thou on - ly can't sus - tain,	And thou a - lone con - sole.

CHORUS.



We need thee ev - ery day, We need thee all the way,



No time nor place, but that thy grace, Must be our strength and stay.

The Shouting of the Reapers.

GEO. W. CROFTS, *alt.*

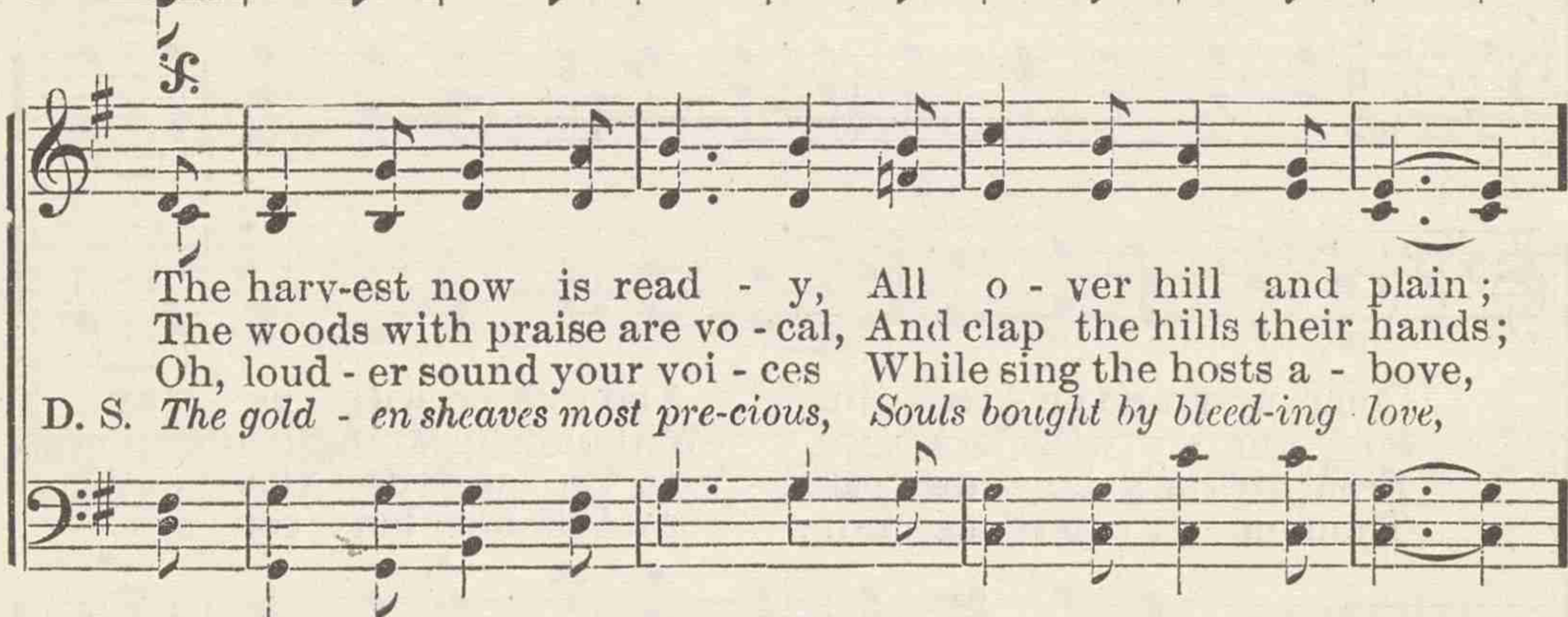
ALEX. C. HOPKINS.



1. The shout-ing of the reap - ers, What sound is that we hear
 2. The shout-ing of the reap - ers, The ri - sing sun is bright,
 3. The shout-ing of the reap - ers, It reach - es to the skies,



So full of joy - ous mu - sic That falls up - on the ear!
 The scattered clouds are gold - en In his re - splendent light.
 And all the ho - ly an - gels Re - joice in Par - a - dise.

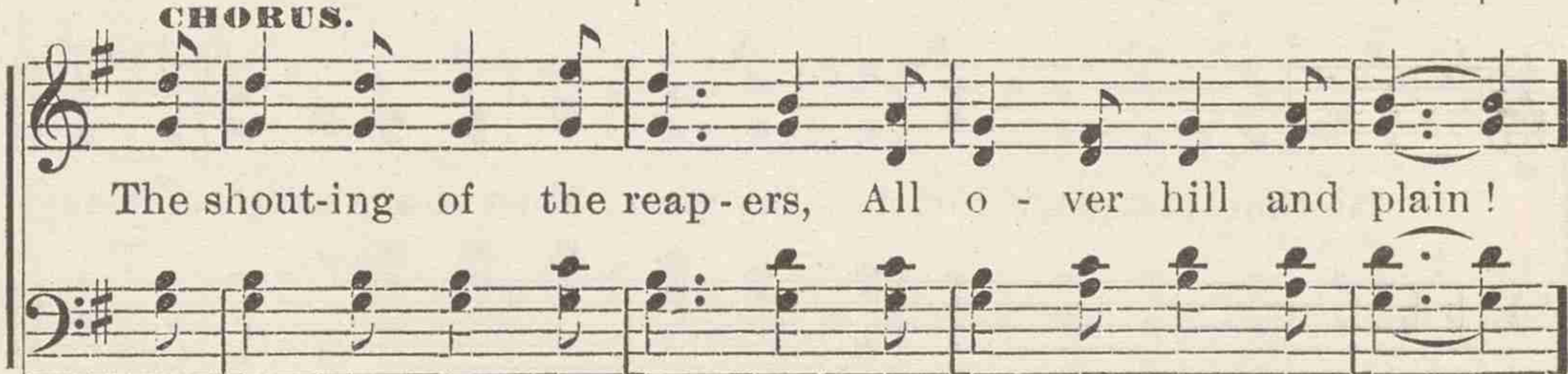


The harv - est now is read - y, All o - ver hill and plain;
 The woods with praise are vo - cal, And clap the hills their hands;
 Oh, loud - er sound your voi - ces While sing the hosts a - bove,
 D. S. *The gold - en sheaves most pre - cious, Souls bought by bleed - ing love,*



Fine.
 And hap - py are the reap - ers, While gathering in the grain.
 While ocean wavelets murmuring Roll light o'er shi - ning sands.
 And all the world re - joi - ces In God's re - deem - ing love.
They're gathering in their glad - ness For gar - ners blest a - bove.

CHORUS.



The shout-ing of the reap - ers, All o - ver hill and plain!

The Shouting of the Reapers.

The shout-ing of the reap-ers! They 're gathering in the grain!

D. S.

19 Show Us How to Work for Thee.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. F.

1. Lord for thee with hearts so willing, Toil we tho our hands are weak;
 2. In - to, lov-ing serv-ice guide us, Give to each his fit - ting place;
 3. We would serve thee in the morning, Serve thee always first and best,

Thy commands each day fulfilling, With a love we can not speak.
 In our la-bors work be-side us, Grant us wis-dom by thy grace.
 Serve thee till the an-gel's warning, Calls us home from toil to rest.

CHORUS.

Show us how to work for thee, Show us how to work for thee;

Let thy will our pleasure be, Show us how to work for thee.

Let Your Light Shine.

Words and Music by FRED. A. FILLMORE.



1. Are you shining now for Je - sus, Have you given your heart to him?
2. Are you shining now for Je - sus With a radiance warm and true?
3. Are you shining now for Je - sus, Is your light to oth - ers known?



Is your light a sig-nal un-to oth - ers, Is it sparkling, bright or dim?
 Can you say sincerely "All for Je - sus," Doing all he bids you do?
 Does it shine on paths that lie in darkness, Leading them the Christ to own?

**CHORUS.**

Let your light shine ev'ry day, Let it be a bea-con
 ev-'ry day,



in the straight and narrow way, Leading those to safe-ty who in



darkness long have wandered, Let your light shine ev - 'ry day.





1. Every day to live for Je - sus, Bringing oth - ers to his
 2. Every day to live for Je - sus, Counting ev - ery loss a
 3. Every day to live for Je - sus, Oh, how sweet that life would
 4. Every day to live for Je - sus, Help me, Lord, that this may



feet; Teaching them to love and serve him, Tell - ing
 gain; Giv - ing, spend - ing with - out meas - ure, Do - ing
 be; Giv - ing him my days and serv - ice Who has
 be; Teach me, that in lov - ing serv - ice I may



CHORUS.
 them the sto - ry sweet.
 all in his dear name. Ev - ery day . . . to live for
 given so much to me.
 spend each day for thee. Ev - ery day to live for



Je - sus, Ev - ery day . . . his praise to sing, to sing, Every



day re - flect his im - age, Every day new gifts to bring.

1. Send out thy light and thy truth, blessed Lord, Scatter the darkness and
 2. Send out thy light and thy truth, blessed Lord, Shine on the millions in
 3. Send out thy light and thy truth, blessed Lord, Lost ones beholding, in

has - ten the dawn, Let all the peo - ple re - joice in thy word,
 sin far a - stray, Now would they listen and learn of thy word,
 rap - ture shall sing, Walking with joy in the light of thy word,

CHORUS.

Rise in thy brightness, thou glo - ri - ous One.
 Now are they look - ing and long - ing for day. Send out thy
 All climes shall hail thee, Re - deem - er and King.

light and thy truth, blessed Lord, Bid shades of er - ror flee,

Bid er-ror flee,

Till fair and bright, Thy reign of right Nations a - far shall see.

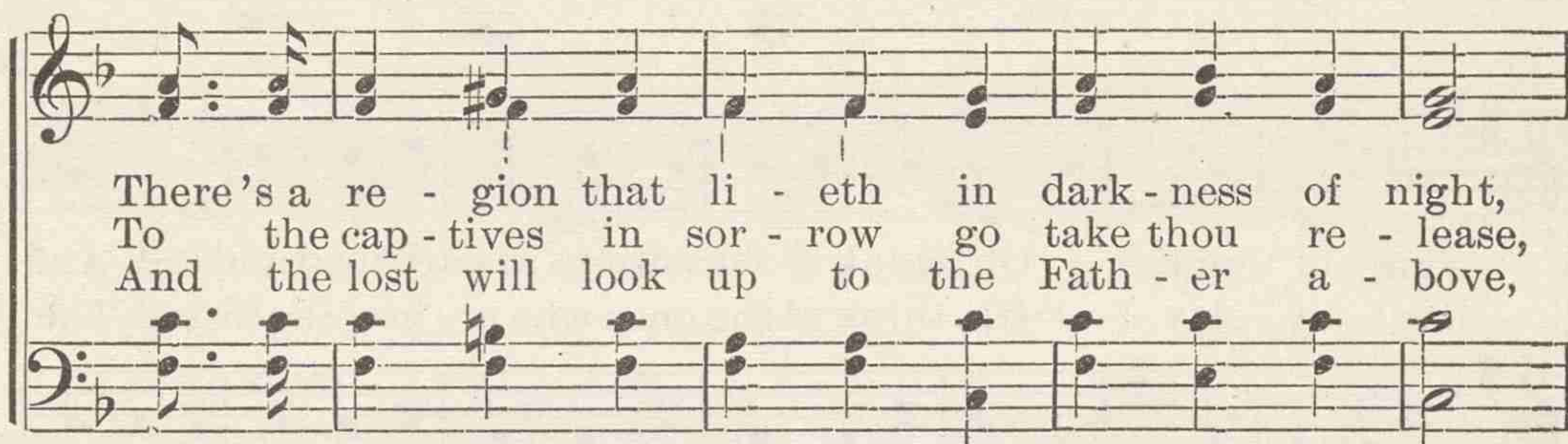
Speed Away.

Words adapted by
PALMER HARTSOUGH.

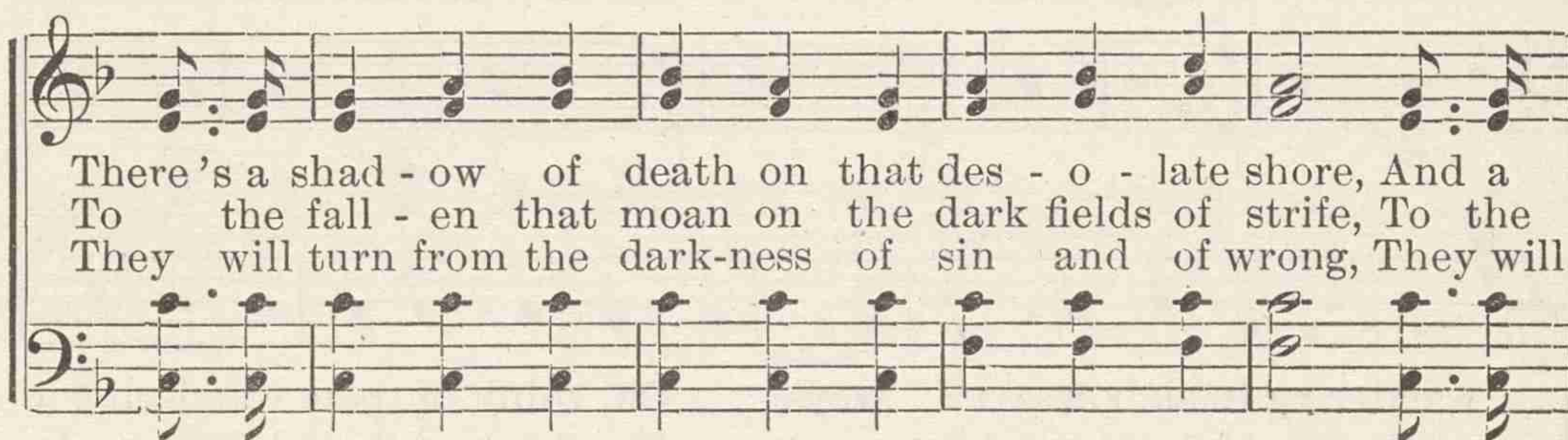
Music arranged from
I. B. Woodbury by J. H. FILLMORE.



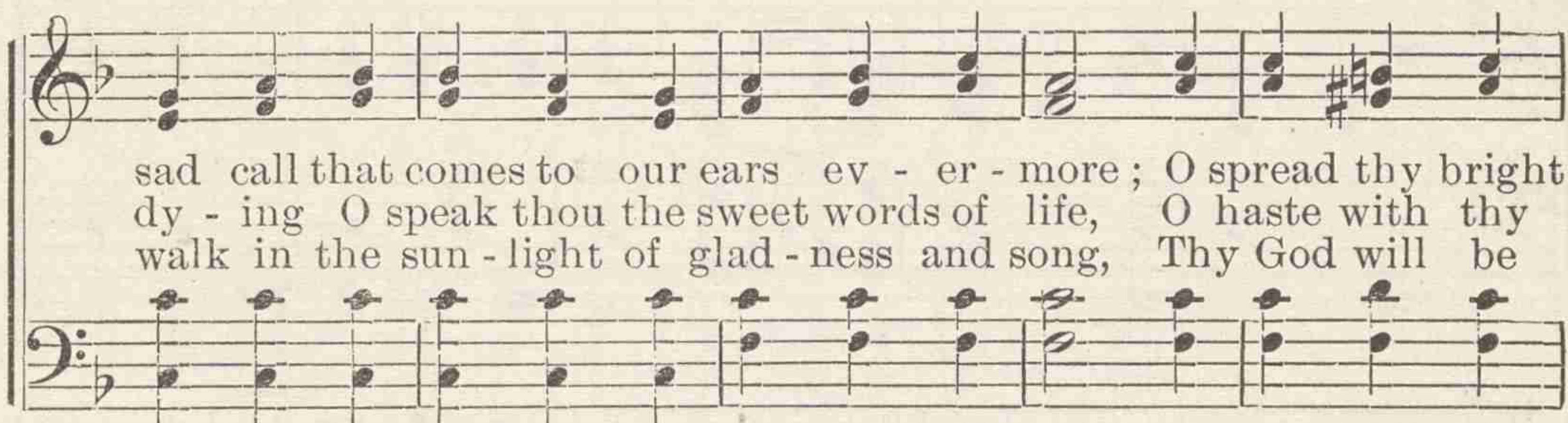
1. Speed a - way! speed a - way! bless - ed gos - pel of light,
2. Speed a - way! speed a - way! love - ly her - alds of peace,
3. Speed a - way! speed a - way! with the mes - sage of love,



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



There's a shad - ow of death on that des - o - late shore, And a
To the fall - en that moan on the dark fields of strife, To the
They will turn from the dark - ness of sin and of wrong, They will



sad call that comes to our ears ev - er - more; O spread thy bright
dy - ing O speak thou the sweet words of life, O haste with thy
walk in the sun - light of glad - ness and song, Thy God will be



Ad lib. Rit.
pinions, O make no delay; Speed away! speed away! speed a-way!
healing, bright beams of the day; Speed away! speed away! speed a-way!
with thee, then why dost thou stay; Speed away! speed away! speed a-way!

Send the Glad Tidings.

P. H.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

J. H. F.



1. While na-ture re-joi - ces and we are so glad, And sweet is the
 2. Oh, we who are taught of the Fa-ther so kind, And fol - low him



song of praise, Oh, think of the nations so darkened and sad, And
 day by day, Oh, think of the ones who are groping to find The



wandering in sin's wea-ry ways; Oh, think of them wandering a-
 good and the beau-ti - ful way. Oh, think of them kindly and



far from the pathway That lead-eth to joy and to peace, Oh,
 send them the message, The gos - pel of light and of love; Oh,



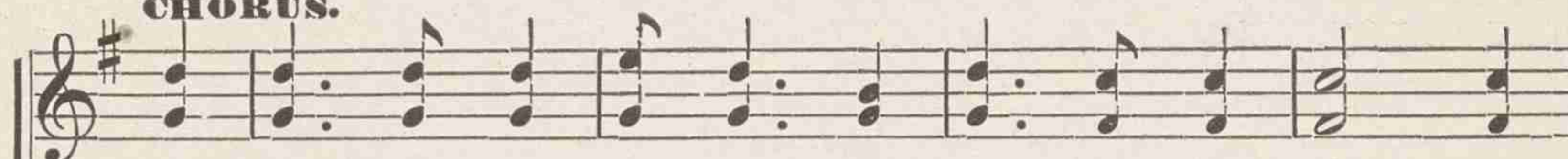
Send the Glad Tidings.



think of their anguish, and send them the light, And bid all their sorrows cease.
banish their weeping and scatter their night, And lead to a home above.



CHORUS.



Oh, send the glad ti - dings of won - der - ful love, Oh,



tell of the mansions in heav - en a - bove, The gos - pel of light,



The gos - pel of love, Oh, send it the wide world thro.

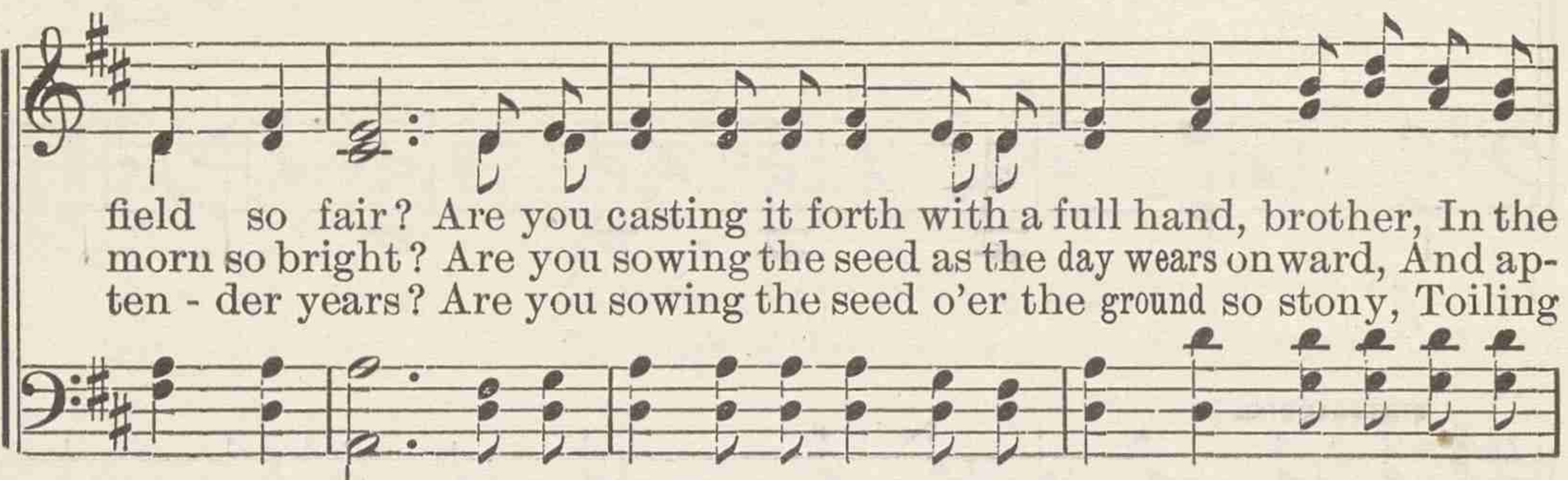


P. H.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.



1. Are you sow-ing the seed of the kingdom, brother, In the Master's
 2. Are you sow-ing the seed of the kingdom, brother, In the ear - ly
 3. Are you sow-ing the seed of the kingdom, brother, In the heart of



field so fair? Are you casting it forth with a full hand, brother, In the
 morn so bright? Are you sowing the seed as the day wears onward, And ap-
 ten - der years? Are you sowing the seed o'er the ground so stony, Toiling

CHORUS.



strength of faith and prayer? Oh, the spring so bright is passing by,
 proach the shades of night?
 on with prayers and tears? passing by,



And the reap-ing time will surely come; Haste! the seed wide
 surely come;



flinging, Then at last come, bringing Golden sheaves for the harvest-home.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Oh, scatter seeds of loving deeds, Along the fer-tile field, For
 2. Tho' sown in tears thro' weary years, The seed will surely live; Tho'
 3. The harvest-home of God will come, And after toil and care, With

CHORUS.

grain will grow from what you sow, And fruitful harvest yield.
 great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruitage give. Then day by
 joy untold your sheaves of gold Will all be garnered there.

day . . . along your way, . . . The seeds of prom - - -
 Then day by day along your way, The seeds of promise

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

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

Be gathered home at last . . .

27

Just as I am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not, To rid my soul of one dark blot;
 3. Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt;
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 With fears within, and foes without—O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find—O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because thy promise I believe—
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown,
 Has broken ev'ry barrier down,
 Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

28

Stand Up for Jesus.

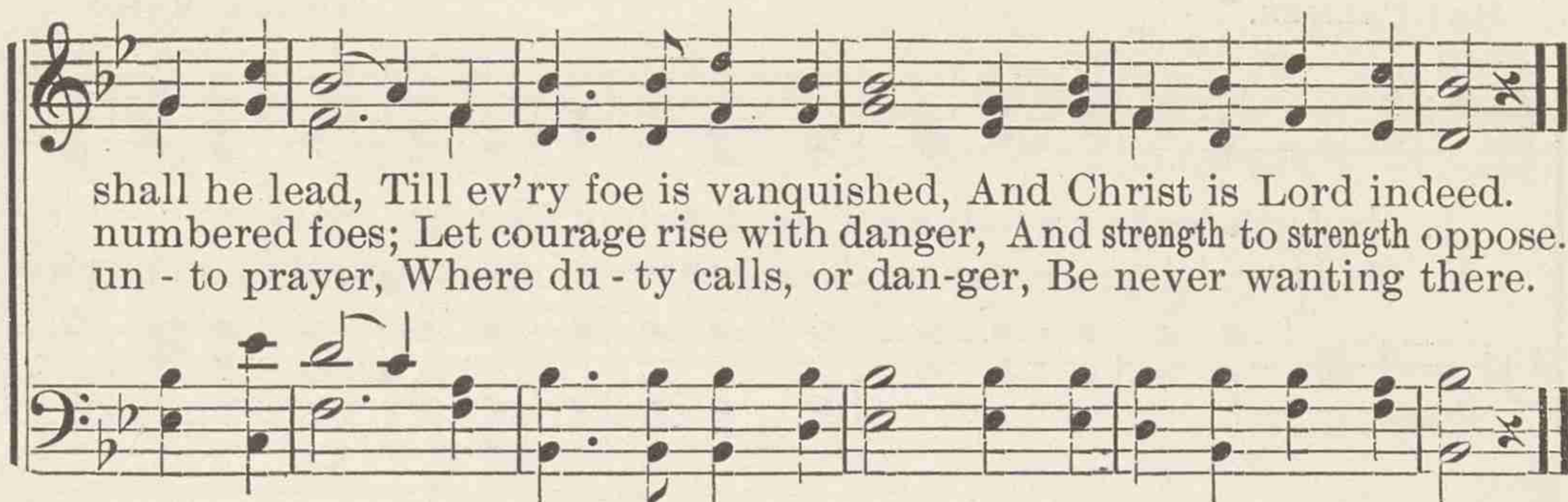
G. DUFFIELD.

G. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross, Lift high his royal
 2. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, The trumpet call obey; Forth to the mighty
 3. Stand up, stand up for Jesus—Stand in his strength alone; The arm of flesh will

ban - ner: It must not suffer loss; From victory unto victory His army
 conflict, In this his glorious day. "Ye that are men now serve him," Against un-
 fail you—Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gospel armor, And, watching

Stand Up for Jesus.



shall he lead, Till ev'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord indeed.
numbered foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
un - to prayer, Where du - ty calls, or dan-ger, Be never wanting there.

29

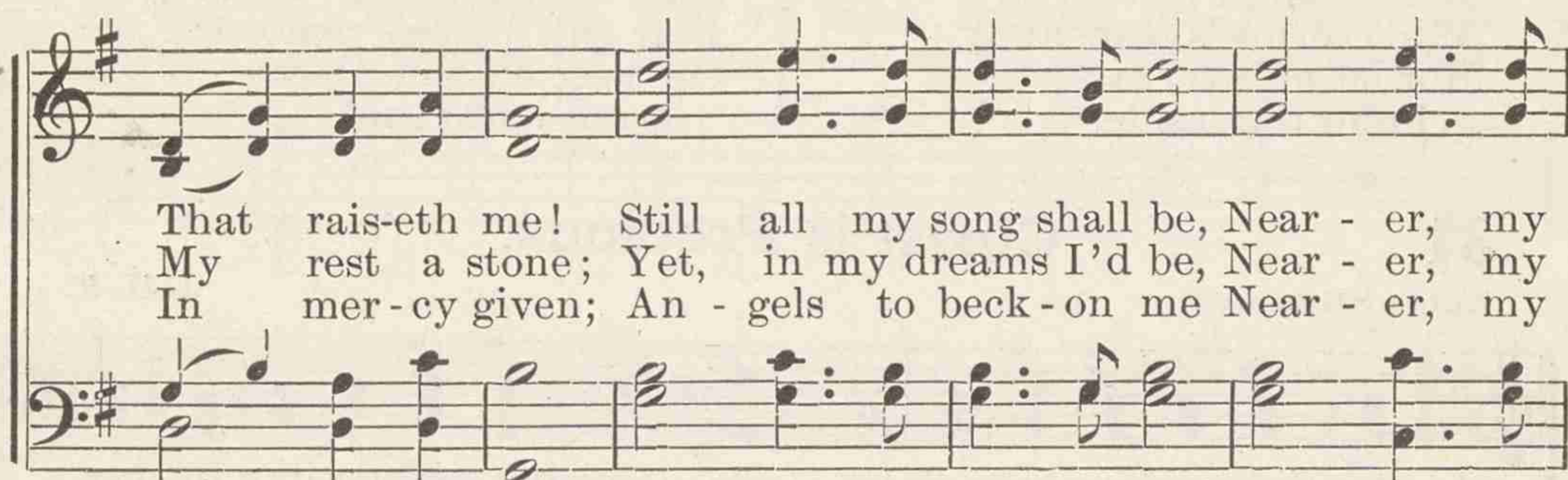
Nearer, My God, to Thee.

MRS. S. F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee; E'en tho it be a cross
2. Tho like the wanderer, Daylight all gone, Darkness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way appear, Steps unto heaven; All that thou sendest me,



That rais-eth me! Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
My rest a stone; Yet, in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my
In mer-cy given; An - gels to beck-on me Near - er, my



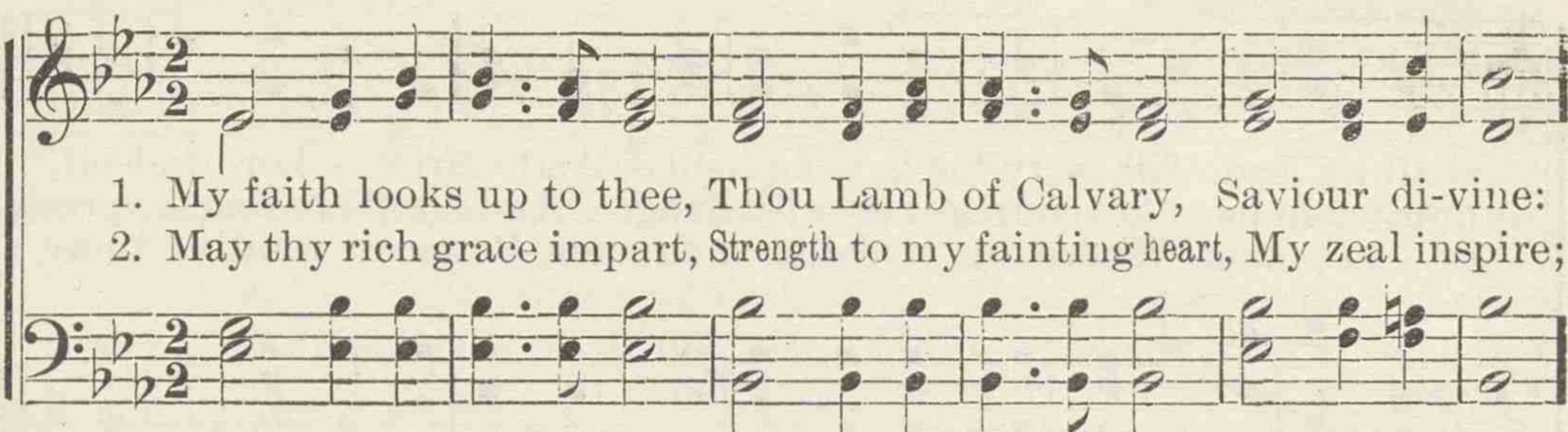
God, to thee! Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee!

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, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

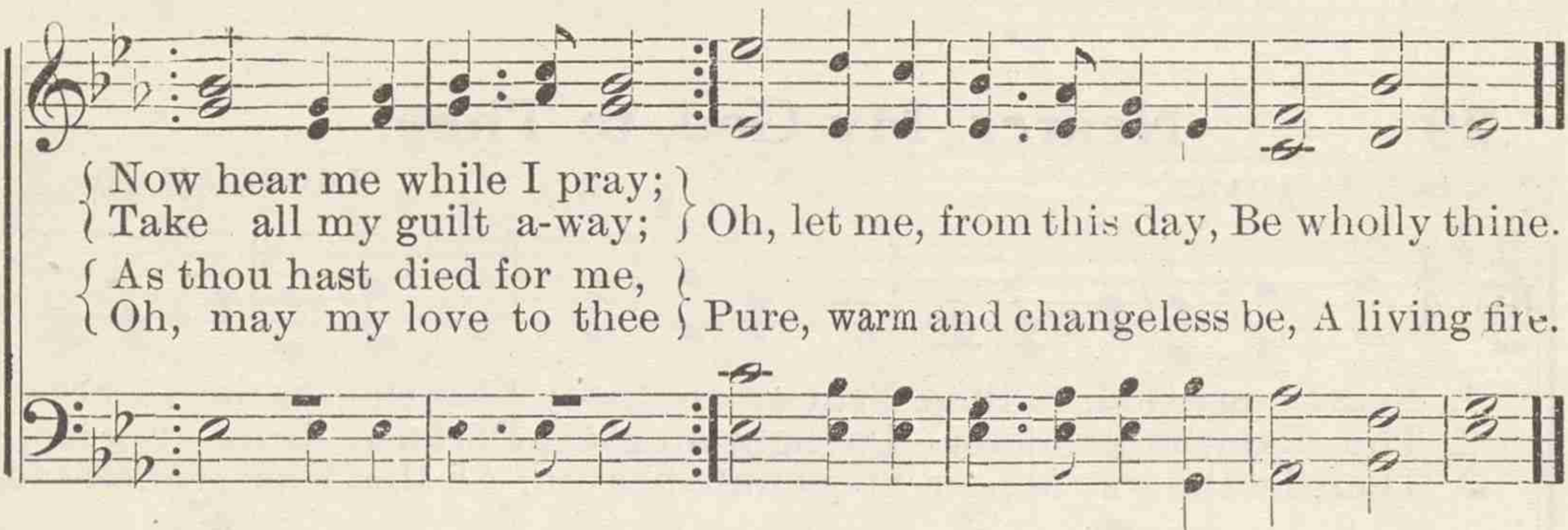
5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

RAY PALMER.

LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour di-vine:
2. May thy rich grace impart, Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire;



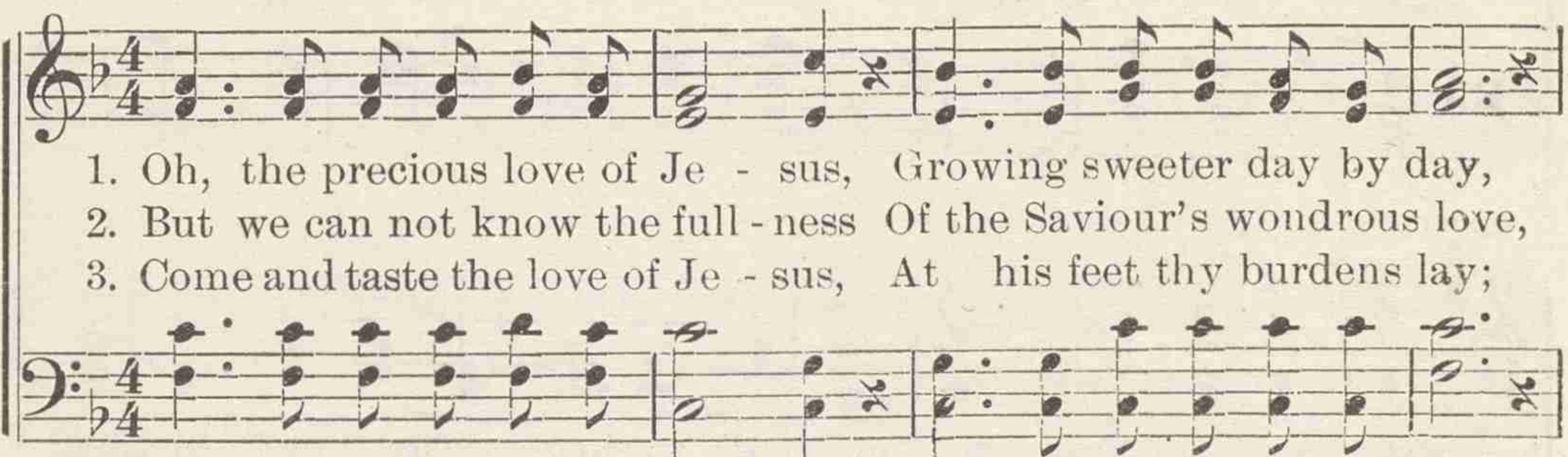
{ Now hear me while I pray; }
{ Take all my guilt a-way; } Oh, let me, from this day, Be wholly thine.
{ As thou hast died for me, }
{ Oh, may my love to thee } Pure, warm and changeless be, A living fire.

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.

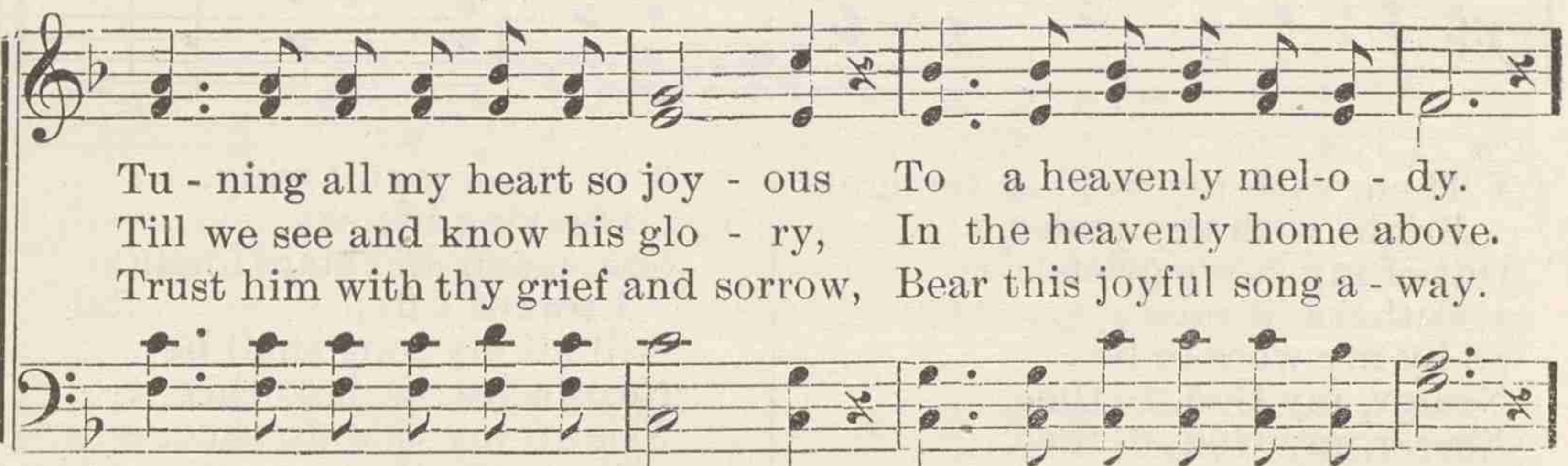
4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

ELIZA SHERMAN.

J. H. F.



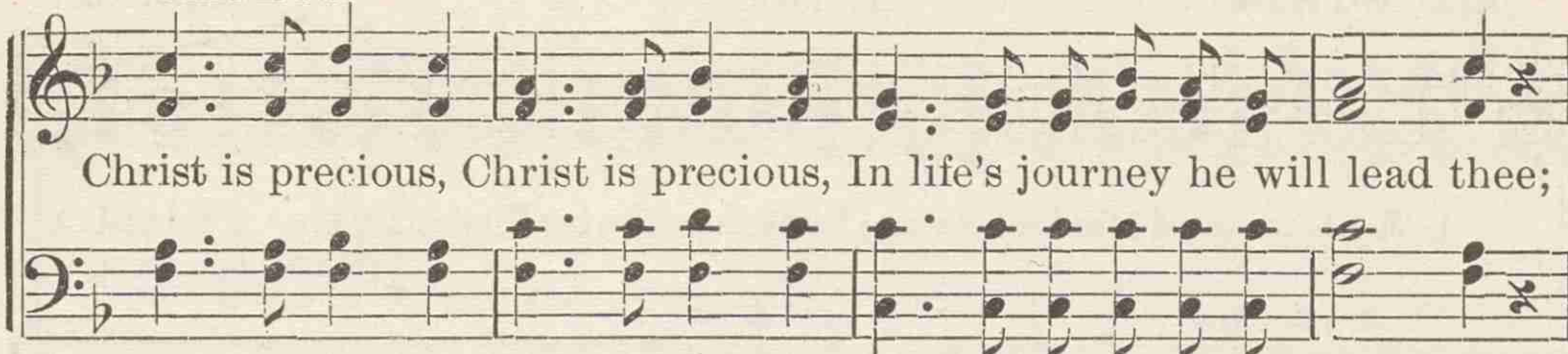
1. Oh, the precious love of Je - sus, Growing sweeter day by day,
2. But we can not know the full - ness Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
3. Come and taste the love of Je - sus, At his feet thy burdens lay;



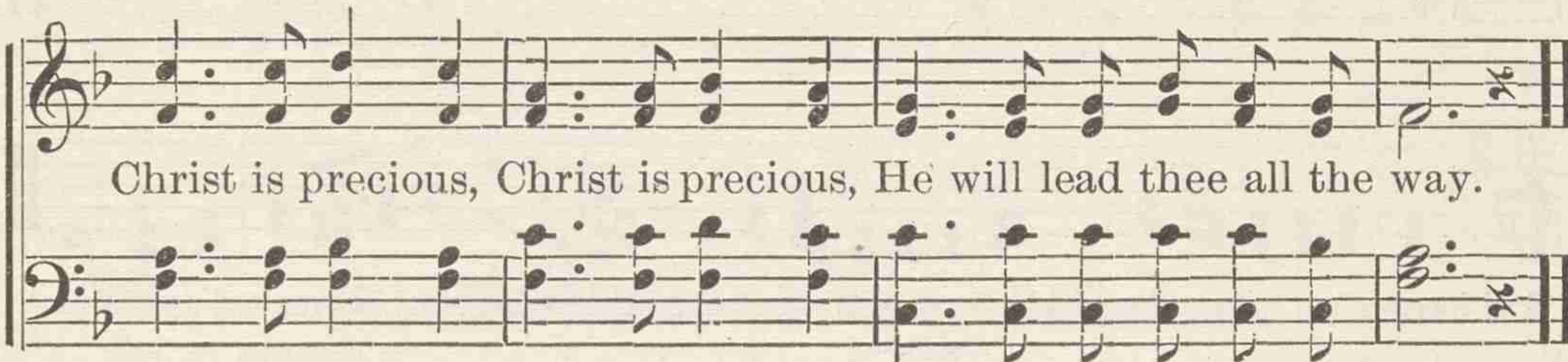
Tu - ning all my heart so joy - ous To a heavenly mel-o - dy.
Till we see and know his glo - ry, In the heavenly home above.
Trust him with thy grief and sorrow, Bear this joyful song a - way.

Christ is Precious.

CHORUS.



Christ is precious, Christ is precious, In life's journey he will lead thee;



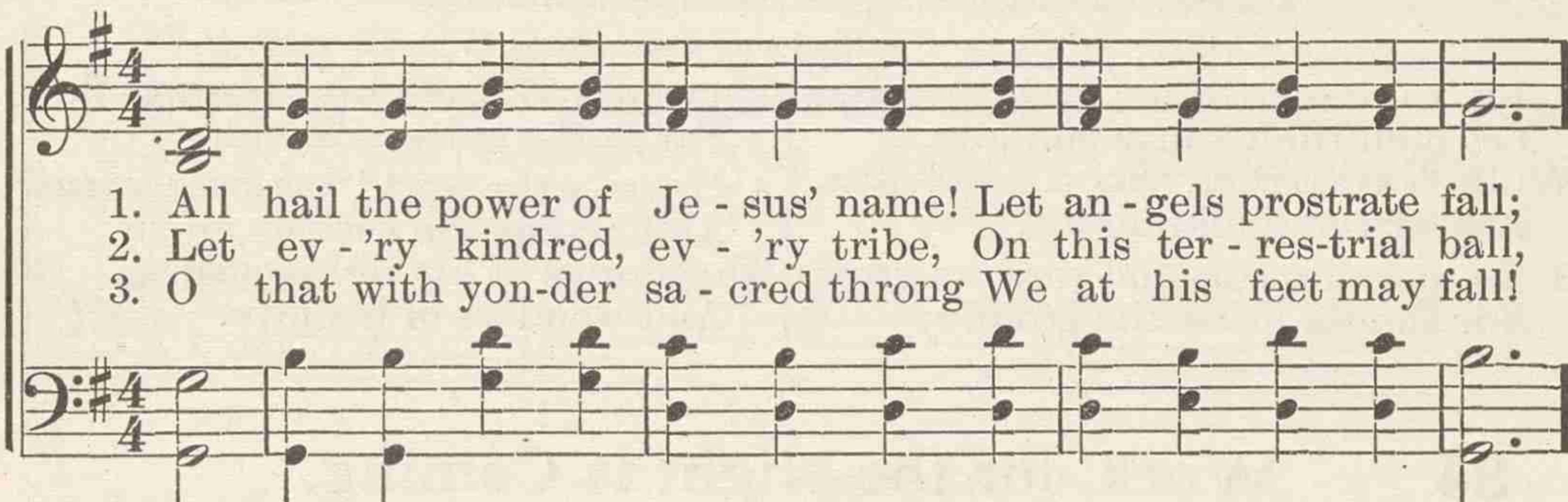
Christ is precious, Christ is precious, He will lead thee all the way.

32

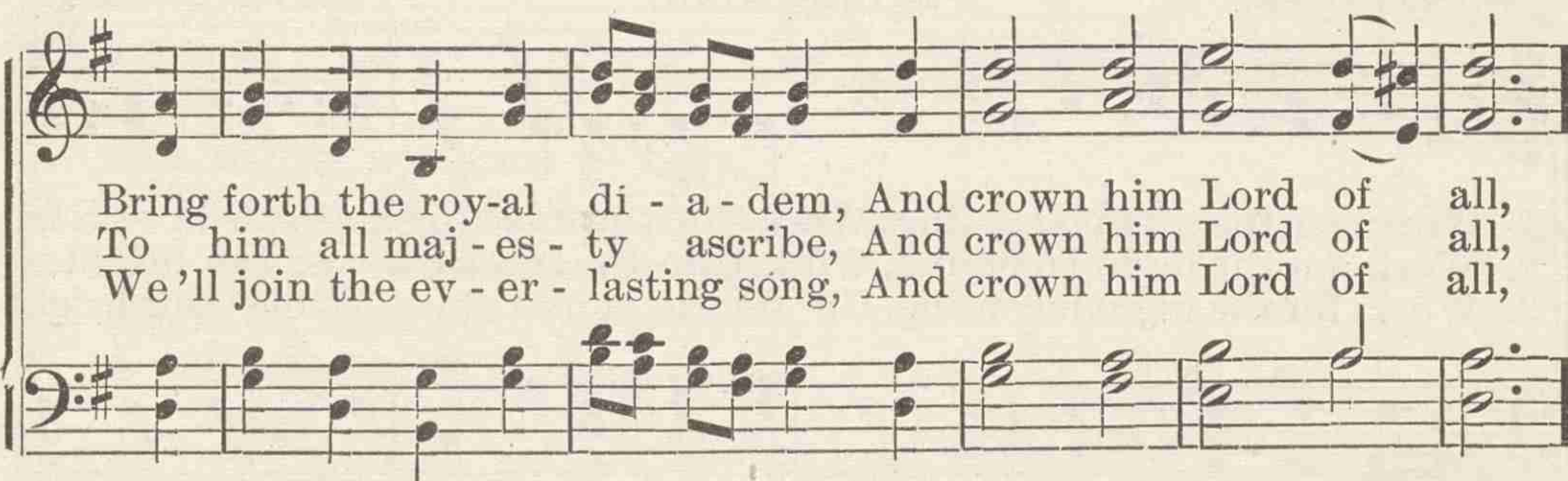
All Hail the Power.

EDWARD PERRONET.

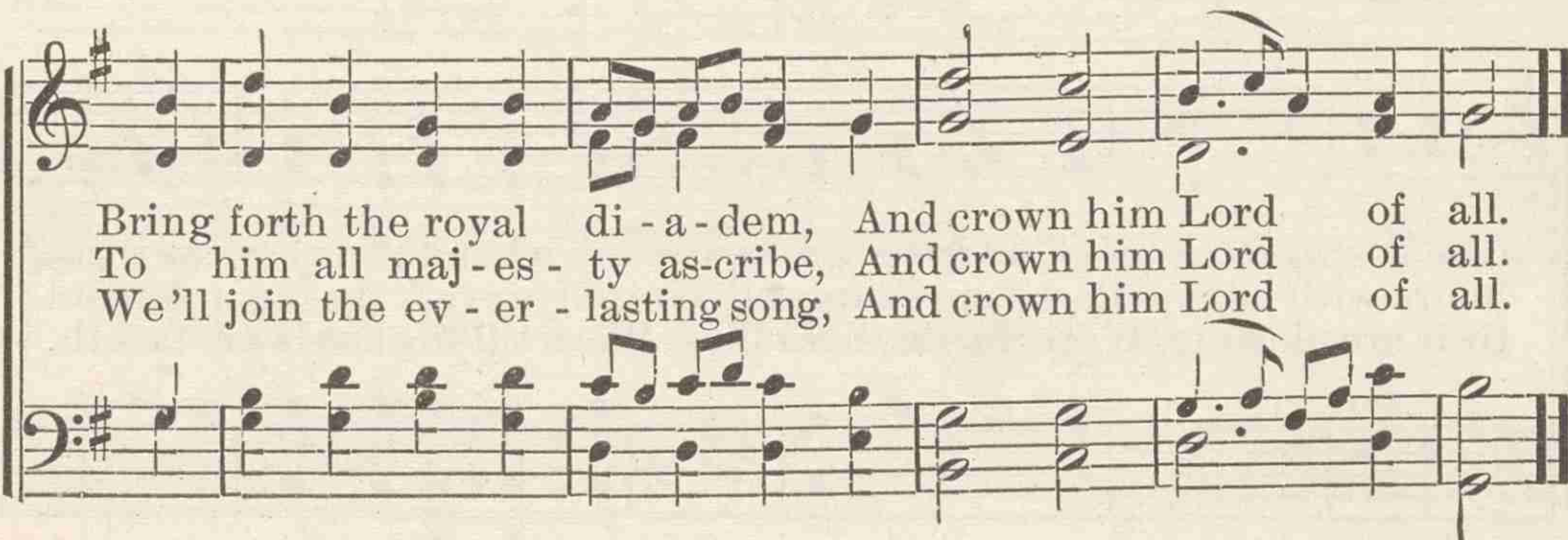
OLIVER HOLDEN.



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



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



Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
To him all maj - es - ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - lasting song, And crown him Lord of all.

33

Joy to the World!

ISAAC WATTS.

ANTIOCH.

HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; { Let ev - ery heart }
 { prepare him room, }

And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven, and heaven and nature sing.
 sing . . .

And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing,

- | | |
|--|--|
| 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy. | He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found. |
| 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground; | 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love. |

34

Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER.

WORK SONG.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro the morning hours; Work while the
 2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest
 3. Work, for the night is coming, Un - der the sunset skies; While their bright

dew is sparkling; Work mid springing flowers; Work when the day grows brighter,
 hours with labor--Rest comes sure and soon. Give every fly-ing mo-ment
 tints are glowing, Work, for daylight flies. Work till the last beam fadeth,

Work for the Night is Coming.



Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
 Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
 Fadeth to shine no more; Work while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er.



35

We Praise Thee, O God.

WM. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.



1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Je-sus who
2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo-ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re - vive us a-gain; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be



CHORUS.



died, and is now gone a - bove.
 Saviour, and scattered our night. Hal - le-lu-jah! thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-
 sins, and has cleansed every stain.
 sought us, and guided our ways.
 re - kin-dled with fire from above.



lu-jah! A-men. Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glory, Re-vive us a-gain.



36

Jesus shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS.

DUKE STREET.

J. HATTON.

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run;
 2. For him shall endless prayer be made, And praises throng to crown his head;
 3. People and realms of every tongue Dwell on his love, with sweetest song;
 4. Blessings abound where'er he reigns; The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
 5. Let ev - ery crea-ture rise and bring Pe-cu-liar honors to our King;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise With every morning sac-ri - fice.
 And in-fant voi-ces shall pro-claim Their early blessings on his name.
 The weary find e - ter - nal rest, And all their sons of want are blest.
 An - gels descend with songs again, And earth repeat the loud A-men!

37

Now Be the Gospel Banner.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Now be the gospel banner In every land unfurled; And be the shout, "Ho-
 2. What tho th' embattled legions Of earth and hell combine, His power thro'-out their
 3. Yes, thou shalt reign forever, O Jesus, King of kings! Thy light, thy love, thy

san - na!" Re-echoed thro the world, Till ev - ery isle and na - tion, Till
 re - gions Shall soon resplendant shine. Ride on, O Lord, vic - to - rious, Im-
 fa - vor, Each ransomed captive sings; The isles for thee are wait-ing, The

Now Be the Gospel Banner.

every tribe and tongue, Receive the great salvation, And join the happy throng.
manuel, Prince of Peace! Thy triumph shall be glorious, Thine empire still increase.
deserts learn thy praise; The hills and valleys greeting, The song responsive raise.

38

On the Mountain's Top.

THOS. KELLY.

ZION.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. On the mountain's top appear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald stands,
2. Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
3. God, thy God, will now restore thee; He himself appears thy Friend;

Welcome news to Zi - on bear-ing— Zi - on, long in hos - tile lands.
Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
All thy foes shall flee before thee; Here their boasts and triumphs end;

Mourning cap-tive, God himself will loose thy bands, Mourning captive,
Cease thy mourning, Zi - on still is well be-loved, Cease thy mourning,
Great de-liv-erance Zion's King will surely send, Great de-liv-erance,

God himself will loose thy bands.
Zi - on still is well be-loved.
Zi - on's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now be past;
God, thy Saviour, will defend thee,
Victory is thine at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

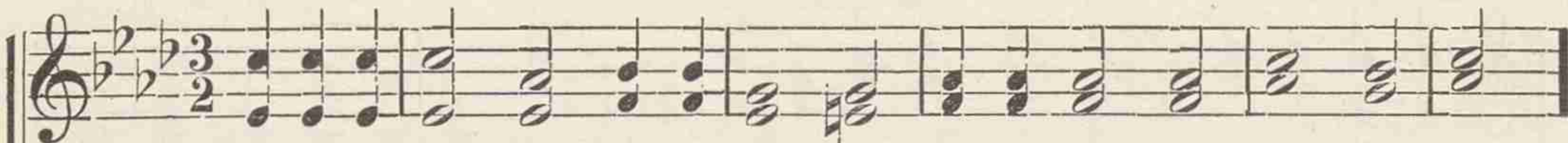
39

Arm of the Lord, Awake!

WM. SHRUBSOLE.

MISSIONARY CHANT.

H. C. ZEUNER.



1. Arm of the Lord, awake! awake! Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
2. Say to the heathen, from thy throne, "I am Je-ho - vah—God a - lone!"
3. No more let human blood be spilt—Vain sac-rifice for hu-man guilt—
4. Almighty God, thy grace proclaim In ev-ery land, of ev-ery name;



And let the world, adoring, see, Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
 Thy voice their idols shall confound, And cast their altars to the ground.
 But to each conscience be applied The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.
 Let adverse powers before thee fall, And crown the Saviour Lord of all.



40

Hail to the Brightness.

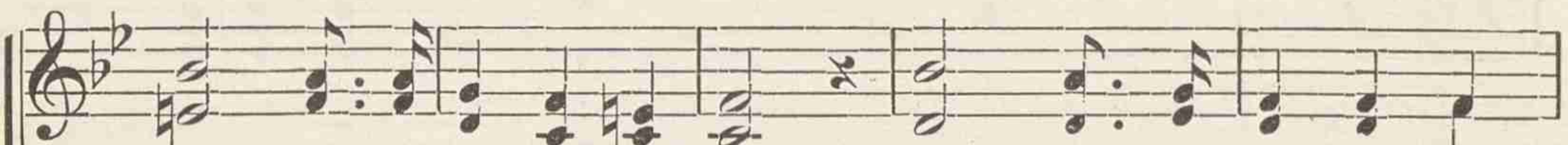
THOS. HASTINGS.

WESLEY.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! Joy to the
2. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning, Long by the
3. Lo! in the des-ert rich flow-ers are springing; Streams ev-er
4. See from all lands—from the isles of the o-cean— Praise to Je-



lands that in darkness have lain! Hushed be the ac-cents of
 prop - hets of Is - rael fore-told! Hail to the mil-lions from
 co - pious are gliding a - long; Loud from the mountain-tops
 ho - vah as-cending on high; Fallen are the en-gines of



Hail to the Brightness.



sor-row and mourning: Zi - on in triumph be-gins her mild reign.
 bondage re-turn-ing! Gen-tiles and Jews, the blest vision behold.
 ech-oes are ringing; Wastes rise in verdure and min-gle in song.
 war and commotion, Shouts of sal-va - tion are rending the sky.

41

Shout the Tidings.

LUCIUS HART.

WM. B. BRADBURY

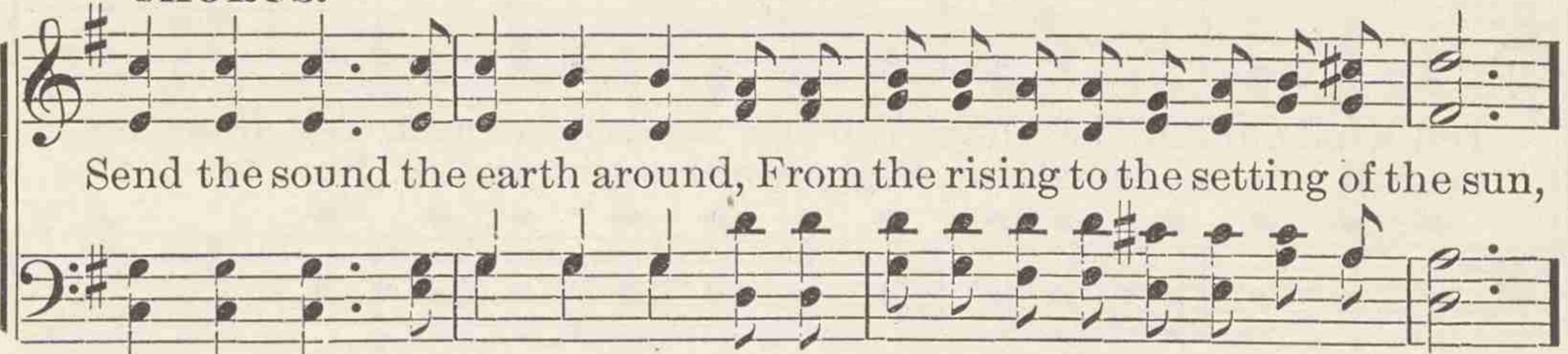


1. Shout the tidings of sal - va - tion To the a-ged and the young;
 2. Shout the tidings of sal - va - tion O'er the prairies of the West,
 3. Shout the tidings of sal - va - tion Mingling with the ocean's roar,
 4. Shout the tidings of sal - va - tion O'er the islands of the sea,



Till the precious in-vi - ta - tion Waken every heart and tongue.
 Till each gathering congregation With the gospel sound is blest.
 Till the ships of ev - ery na - tion Bear the news from shore to shore.
 Till, in humble ad - o - ra - tion, All to Christ shall bow the knee.

CHORUS.



Send the sound the earth around, From the rising to the setting of the sun,



Till each gathering crowd shall proclaim aloud, The glorious work is done.

42 Hasten, Lord, the Glorious Time.

HARRIET AUBER.

ELTHAM.

LOWELL MASON.

Fine.

1. { Hasten, Lord, the glorious time, When, beneath Messi - ah's sway }
 { Ev - ery na - tion, ev - ery clime, Shall the gos - pel call o - bey. }
 D. C. Sa - tan and his host, o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

Mightiest kings his power shall own, Heathen tribes his name a-dore;

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
 Then be banished grief and pain;
 Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
 Undisturbed shall ever reign.

3 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
 Ever praise his glorious name;
 All his mighty acts record,
 All his wondrous love proclaim.

43 Sound the Truth Abroad.

THOS. KELLY

DORT.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Sound, sound the truth abroad; Bear ye the word of God Thro the wide world;
 2. Far over sea and land, Go, at your Lord's command; Bear ye his name—

Tell what our Lord has done, Tell how the day is won, Tell from his
 Bear it to ev-ery shore, Regions unknown explore, En - ter at

loft - y throne Sa - tan is hurled.
 ev - ery door; Si - lence is shame.

3 Speed on the wings of love—
 Jesus, who reigns above,
 Bids us to fly—
 They who his message bear
 Should neither doubt nor fear;
 He will their Friend appear,
 He will be nigh.



1. Ho! reap - ers of life's har - vest, Why stand with rust-ed blade,
2. Thrust in your sharpened sick-le, And gath-er in the grain:
3. Come down from hill and mountain In morn-ing's rud - dy glow,
4. Mount up the heights of wis - dom, And crush each er - ror low;



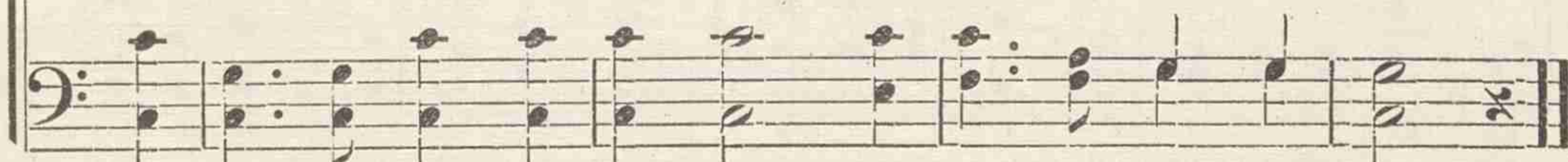
Un - til the night draws round thee, And day be-gins to fade?
 The night is fast approach-ing, And soon will come a - gain.
 Nor wait un-til the di - al Points to the noon be - low;
 Keep back no word of knowledge That human hearts should know.



Why stand ye i - dle, wait - ing For reap - ers more to come?
 The Mas - ter calls for reap - ers, And shall he call in vain?
 And come with stronger sin - ew, Nor faint in heat or cold,
 Be faith - ful to thy mis - sion, In serv - ice of the Lord,



The gold - en morn is pass - ing: Why sit ye i - dle, dumb?
 Shall sheaves lie there ungathered, And waste up-on the plain?
 And pause not till the eve-ning Draws round its wealth of gold.
 And then a gold - en chap-let Shall be thy just re - ward.



45

Fling Out the Banner.

G. W. DOANE.

WARE.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. Fling out the banner ; let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide—
 2. Fling out the banner ; angels bend, In anxious silence, o'er the sign,
 3. Fling out the banner ; let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide—
 4. Fling out the banner ; wide and high, Seaward and skyward, let it shine ;

The sun that lights its shining folds ; The cross on which the Saviour died.
 And vain-ly seek to compre-hend The wonder of the love di - vine.
 Our glo-ry, on - ly in the cross ; Our only hope, the Cru-ci - fied.
 Nor skill, nor might, nor merit, ours ; We conquer only in that sign.

46

The Blessed Cross of Jesus.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. F.

1. The bless-ed cross of Je - sus ! Oh, bear it o'er the earth, Till those that
 2. Lift up the cross of Je - sus Be - fore the eyes of men, Till they shall
 3. Lay down the cross of Je - sus, Be-yond the si - lent sea, And take the

CHORUS.

sit in darkness Have learned to know its worth.
 see its blessing, And shall take heart again. Go out, go out with courage ! The
 crown of glory That's waiting there for thee.

Master's cross hold fast ; Return, return in triumph To rest with him at last.

47 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. HEBER.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

LOWELL MASON.



1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From India's cor-al strand;
2. What tho the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted By wis-dom from on high—
4. Waft—waft, ye winds, his sto - ry; And you, ye wa-ters, roll,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold-en sand;
Tho ev - ery pros-pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile!
Shall we, to man be-night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?
Till like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;



From man-y an ancient riv - er, From man-y a palmy plain,
In vain, with lavish kindness, The gifts of God are strown;
Sal - va-tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till, o'er our ransomed na - ture, The Lamb, for sinners slain,



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The heath-en, in their blind-ness, Bow down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes-si - ah's name.
Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.



48

Ye Christian Heralds.

BOURNE HALL DRAPER.

MISSIONARY CHANT.

H. C. ZEUNER.

1. Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim Sal-va-tion in Immanuel's name;
 2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
 3. And when our labors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more—

To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.
 Bid raging winds their fury cease, And calm the savage breast to peace.
 Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall, And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

49

Blow Ye the Trumpet.

CHAS. WESLEY.

LENOX.

LEWIS EDSON.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow—The gladly solemn sound; Let all the
 2. Ex - alt the Lamb of God, The sin - a-toning Lamb; Redemption
 3. Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your lib - er - ty re-ceive, And safe in
 4. Jesus, our great High Priest, Has full atonement made: Ye wea - ry

nations know, To earth's remotest bound, The year of jubi - lee is come:
 by his blood, Thro'out the world proclaim. The year of jubi - lee is come:
 Je-sus dwell, And blest in Jesus live. The year of jubi - lee is come:
 spir - its rest; Ye mourning souls be glad. The year of jubi - lee is come:

Return, ye ransomed sinners, home, Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide,
 2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
 3. Go, then, even weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our

and the dewy eves; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
 winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
 spirit often grieves; When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome,

CHORUS.

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

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

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

51

Take my Life, and let it Be.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

MOZART.



1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se - cra-ted Lord to thee;
 2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of thy love;
 3. Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King;
 4. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;



Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
 Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee.
 Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes-sages from thee.
 Take my in - tel-lect, and use Ev-ery power as thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it thine,
 It shall be no longer mine;
 Take my heart, it is thine own,
 It shall be thy royal throne.

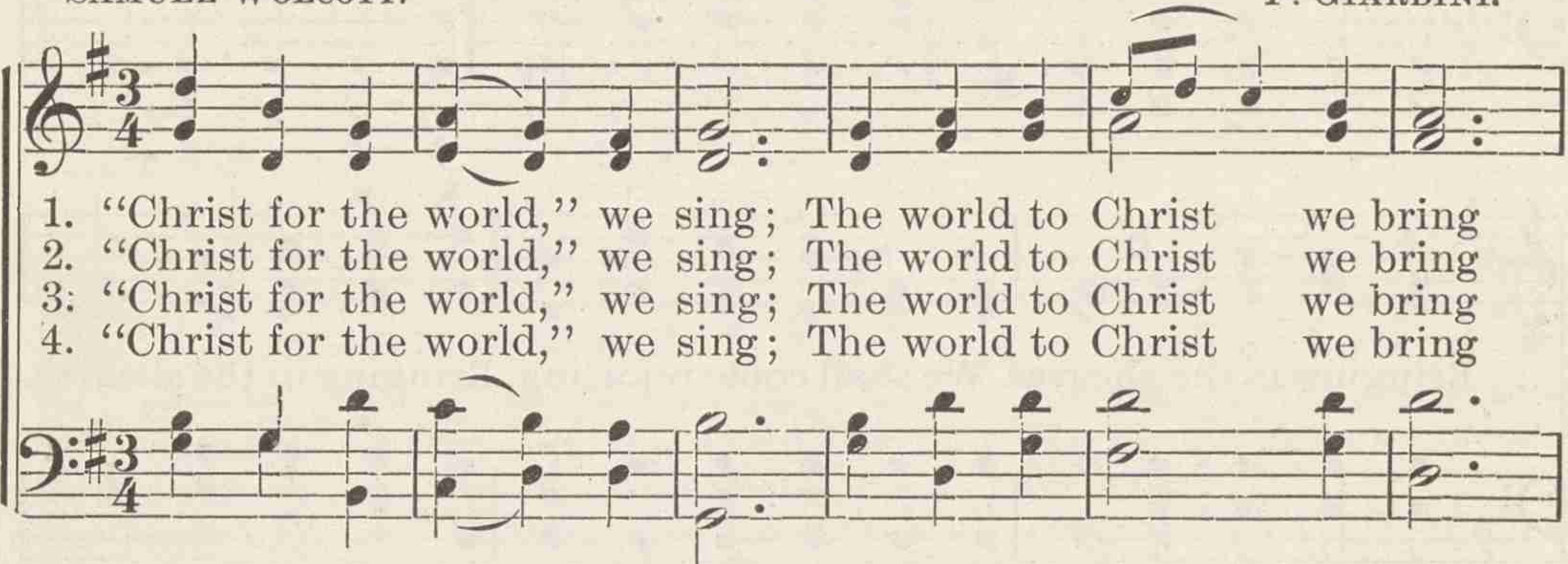
6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
 At thy feet its treasure-store;
 Take myself, and I will be,
 Ever, only, all for thee.

52

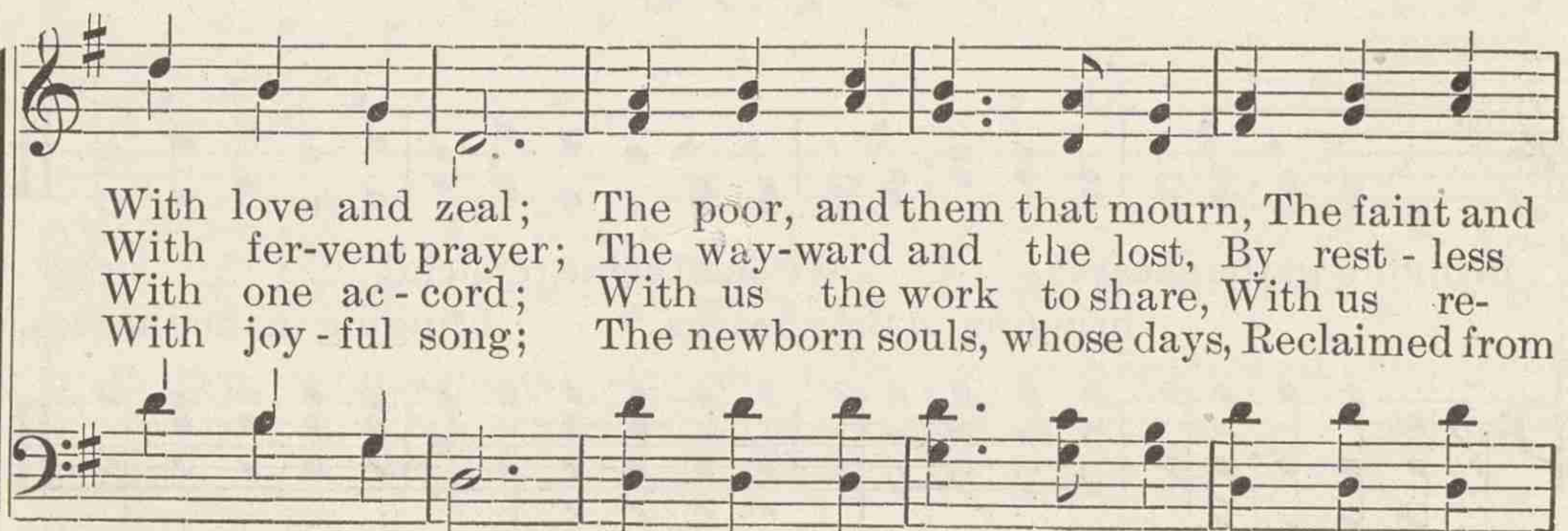
Christ for the World.

SAMUEL WOLCOTT.

F. GIARDINI.

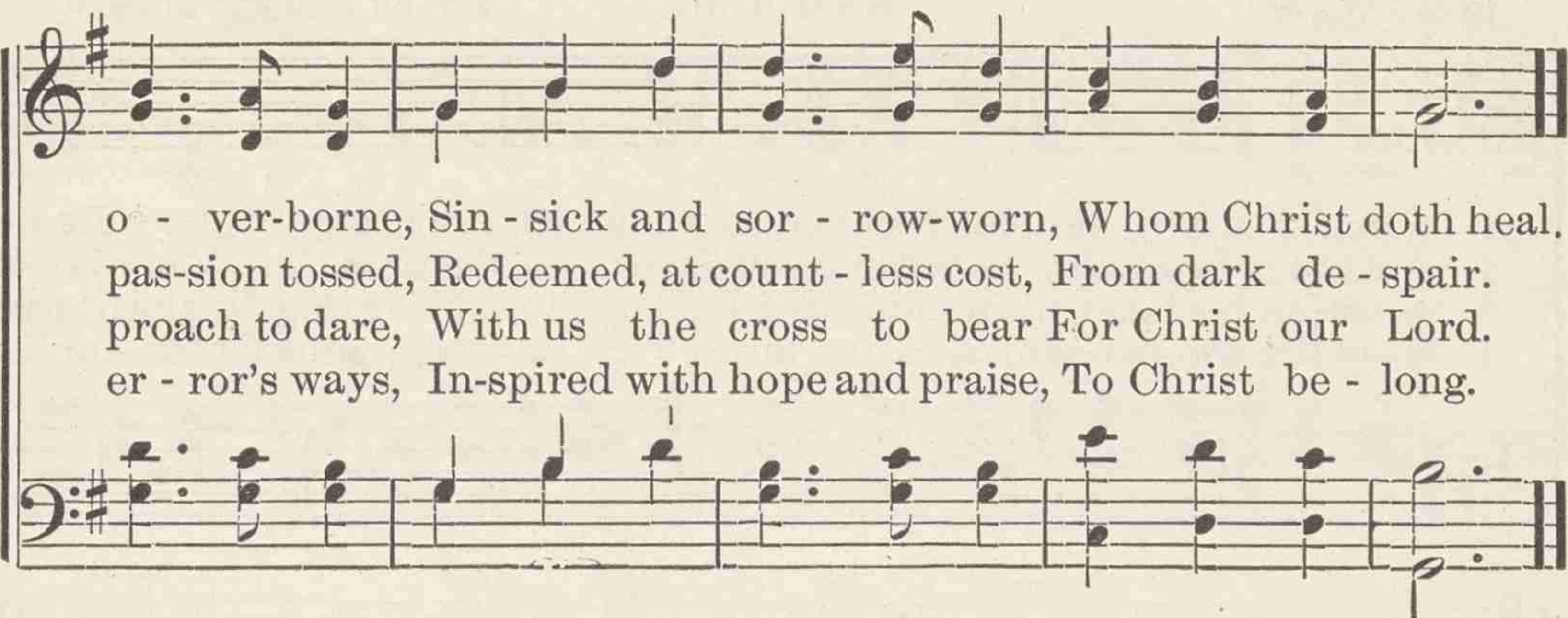


1. "Christ for the world," we sing; The world to Christ we bring
 2. "Christ for the world," we sing; The world to Christ we bring
 3. "Christ for the world," we sing; The world to Christ we bring
 4. "Christ for the world," we sing; The world to Christ we bring



With love and zeal; The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and
 With fer-vent prayer; The way-ward and the lost, By rest - less
 With one ac - cord; With us the work to share, With us re-
 With joy - ful song; The newborn souls, whose days, Reclaimed from

Christ for the World.



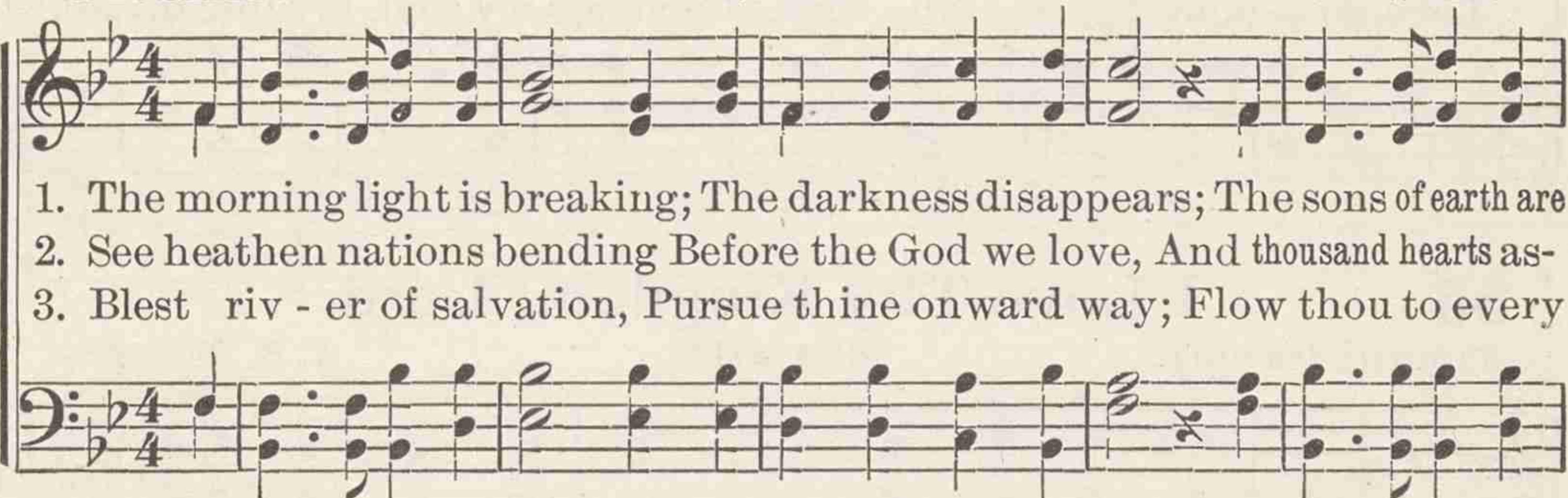
o - ver-borne, Sin - sick and sor - row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.
 pas-sion tossed, Redeemed, at count - less cost, From dark de - spair.
 proach to dare, With us the cross to bear For Christ our Lord.
 er - ror's ways, In-spired with hope and praise, To Christ be - long.

53 The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. SMITH.

WEBB.

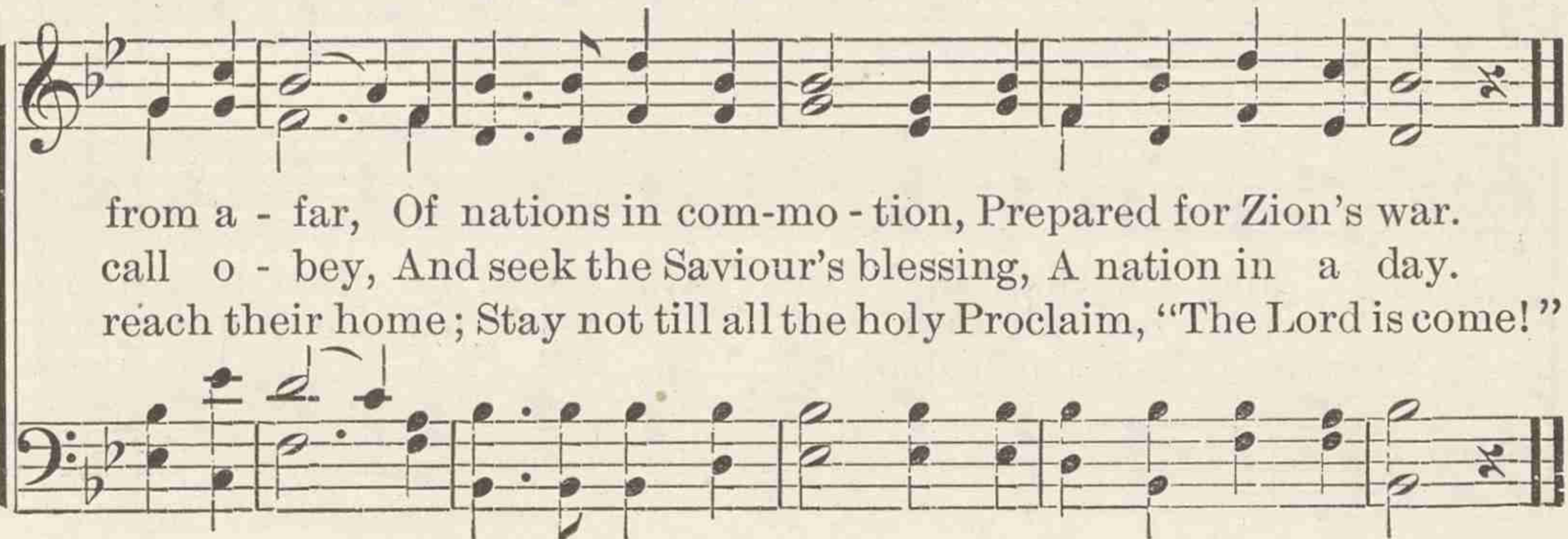
G. J. WEBB.



1. The morning light is breaking; The darkness disappears; The sons of earth are
 2. See heathen nations bending Before the God we love, And thousand hearts as-
 3. Blest riv - er of salvation, Pursue thine onward way; Flow thou to every



wa - king To pen-ital tears; Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings
 cend-ing In gratitude above; While sinners, now confessing, The gos - pel
 na - tion, Nor in thy richness stay; Stay not till all the low-ly Triumphant



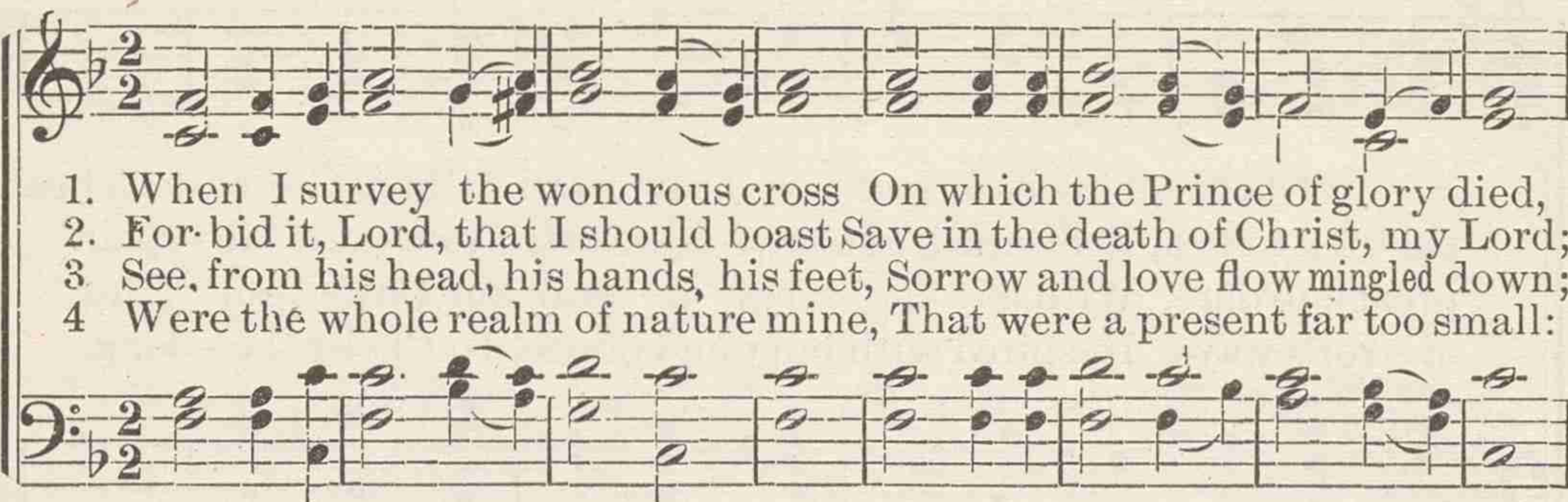
from a - far, Of nations in com-mo - tion, Prepared for Zion's war.
 call o - bey, And seek the Saviour's blessing, A nation in a day.
 reach their home; Stay not till all the holy Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

54 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

HAMBURG.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died,
 2. For bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
 3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
 4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small:



My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to his blood.
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
 Love so a-ma-zing, so di-vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

55 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

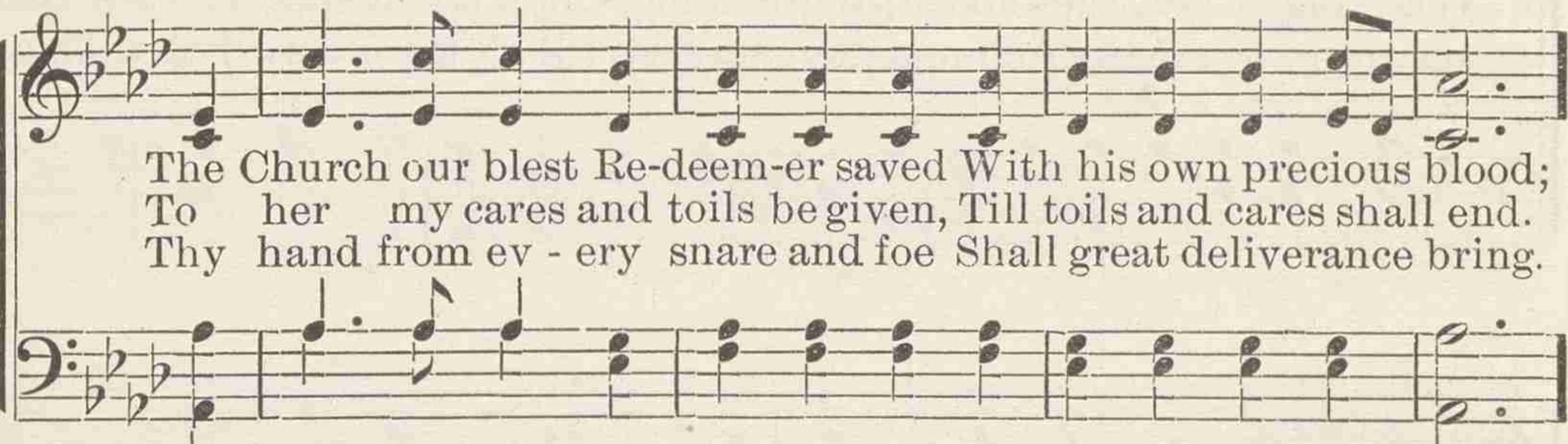
TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

BEALOTH.

A. B. EVERETT.



1. I love thy kingdom, Lord, The house of thine a-bode,
 2. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as-cend;
 3. Je-sus, thou Friend di-vine, Our Sav-iour and our King,



The Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With his own precious blood;
 To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.
 Thy hand from ev-ery snare and foe Shall great deliverance bring.



I love thy Church, O God, Her walls be-fore thee stand,
 Be-yond my high-est joy, I prize her heav-enly ways,
 Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zi-on shall be given

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And graven on thy hand.
Her sweet communion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The brightest glo - ries earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven.

56

The World for Christ.

A. P. COBB.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Lo! the ar - my of our King, Marching on from sea to sea!
2. Hear the marching or - der: "Go, Preach the word in ev - ery clime,
3. See! the ban - ner is un - furled! See! it floats up - on the breeze!

Loud their hal - le - lu - jahs ring With the joy of vic - to - ry.
Un - til all the earth be - low, Ech - o with the strain sublime!"
O'er the kingdoms of the world, O'er the is - lands of the seas!

CHORUS.

"The world for Christ, Christ for the world!" We shout with glad acclaim,

Till ev - ery soul, From pole to pole, Con - fess that glo - rious name.

57

Heralds of Light.

P. H.

WIMBORNE.

Arr. by J. H. F.

1. Her - alds of light, go ye forth mid the darkness, Mes-sengers
 2. Bear ye the word of our God to all peo - ple, O'er all the
 3. Go ye, and preach ye the word to all na - tions, Go ye, and

sweet, on your blest mis-sion go, News of sal - va - tion pro-
 lands make his gos - pel to shine, Bid ye his truth ev - ery
 lo! I am with you al - way; He, the A - ris - en, the

claim to the lost ones, Com-forts dispense to the dwellers in woe.
 dark mind il - lu - mine, Fill all the world with his praises di-vine.
 Rul - er as-cend-ed, He gives command, and we gladly o - bey.

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58

Cast Thy Bread.

MRS. PHOEBE J. HANAFORD.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Cast thy bread upon the waters, Thinking not 'tis thrown away;
 2. Cast thy bread upon the waters, Why, oh, why still doubting stand;

God has said that thou shalt gather Rich rewards some future day.
 God shall send a bounteous harvest If thou sowest with liberal hand.

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Cast Thy Bread.

Cast thy bread upon the waters, Wildly tho the billows roll;
Givethen free - ly of thy substance, O'er this cause the Lord doth reign;

They but aid thee as thou toilest, Truth to spread from pole to pole.
Cast thy bread and toil with patience, Thou shalt la - bor not in vain.

59

Lord of the Nations.

GEO. BENNETT.

F. FLEMMING.

1. Lord of the na-tions, Whom the angels wor-ship, Bow we be-
2. Breathe we in hom-age, Prayer to thee, our Fa-ther, Prayer fervent,
3. We would a - dore thee, Tuneful voi-ces blend-ing, In the full

fore thee, In thy ho-ly tem-ple, Veil - ing our fa - ces,
faithful, Lifting hearts to heav-en, Where the bright angels,
an-them, Or the joy-ful cho-rale, Giv - ing thee glo - ry,

Bringing hearts re - pent - ant, Crav - ing thy bless - ing.
Ho - ly, ho - ly cry - ing, Ev - er do praise thee.
Lord of earth and heav - en, Prais-ing thy great name.

F. J. CROSBY.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.



1. Blessed as - surance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, perfect de - light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now
 3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am



glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va-tion, purchased of God, Born of His
 burst on my sight, Angels descending, bring from above, Ech-oes of
 hap - py and blest, Watching and waiting, looking above, Filled with His

CHORUS.



Spir - it, washed in His blood.
 mer - cy, whispers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
 goodness, lost in His love.



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



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

61

Blest be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT.

DENNIS.

H. G. 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;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
 4. Here we must oft - en part, In sor - row and in pain;



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

62

The Lord Bless Thee.

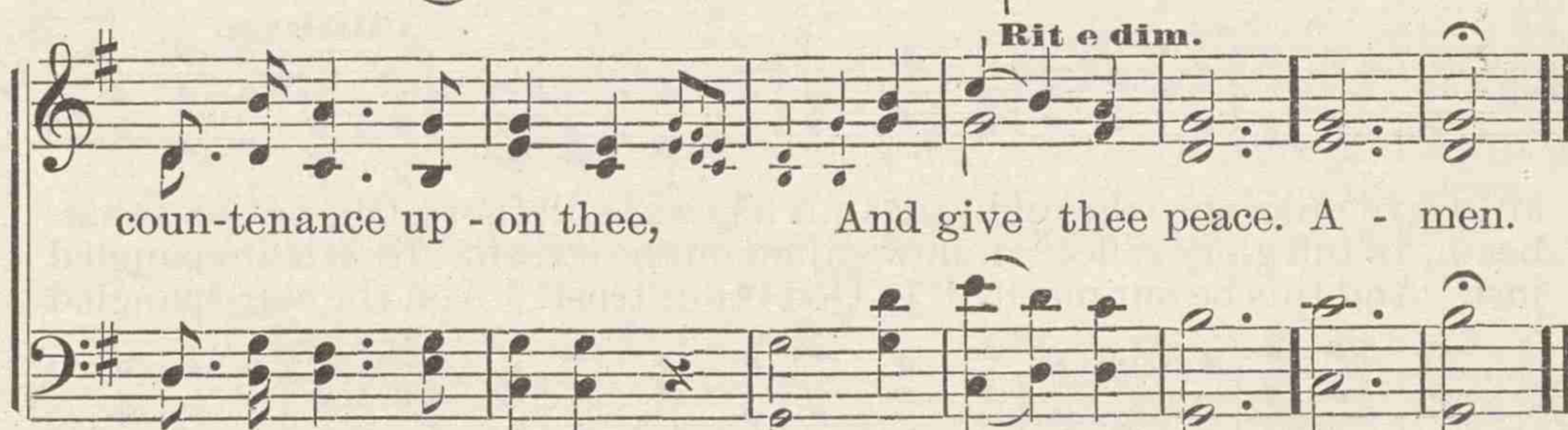
J. B. HERBERT. By per.



The Lord bless thee and keep thee; The Lord make his face to shine up -



on thee, And be gracious un - to thee; The Lord lift up his



coun - tenance up - on thee, And give thee peace. A - men.

The "Amen" may be omitted or the long meter Doxology may be sung in its stead.

The Star-Spangled Banner.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.



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




proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright
 foe's haughty host in dread silence re - pos-es, What is that which the
 tween their loved home and foul war's desolation; Blest with victory and




stars, thro the per - il - ous night, O'er the ramparts we watched were so
 breeze o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con-
 peace, may the heaven-rescued land Praise the power that hath made and pre-




gal - lantly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in
 ceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
 served us a na-tion! Then conquer we must, when our cause it is



CHORUS.



air, Gave proof thro the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say does that
 beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream. 'Tis the star-spangled
 just, And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled



The Star-Spangled Banner.



star-spangled banner yet wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
 ban-ner, oh, long may it wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
 ban-ner in triumph shall wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

64

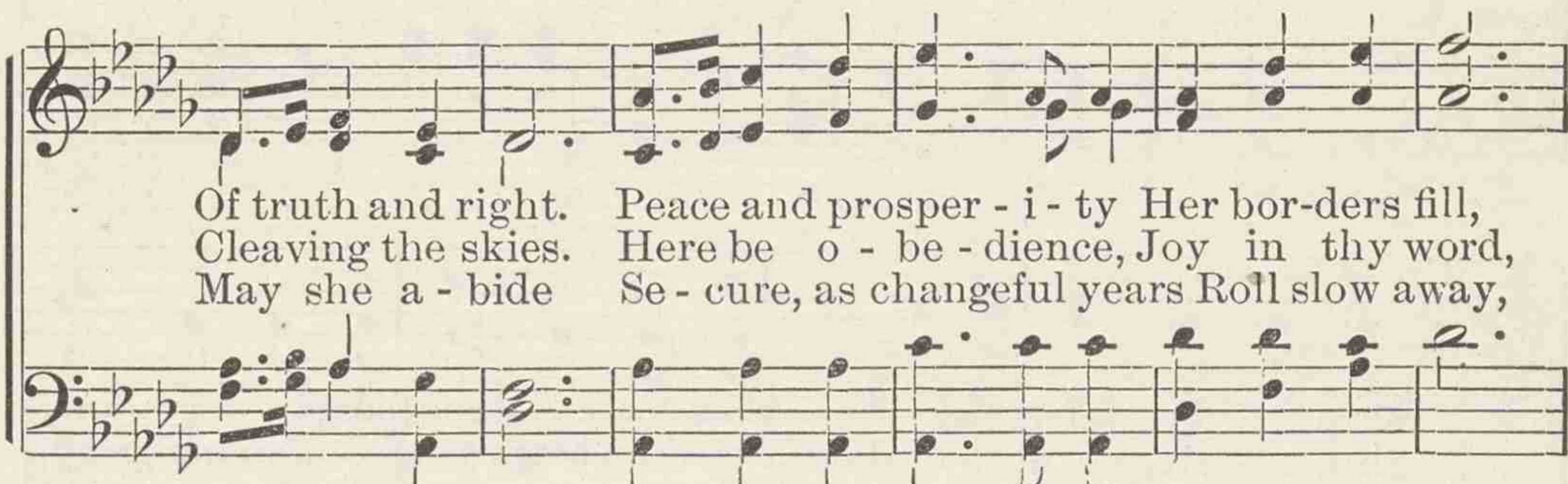
God Bless Our Native Land.

P. H.

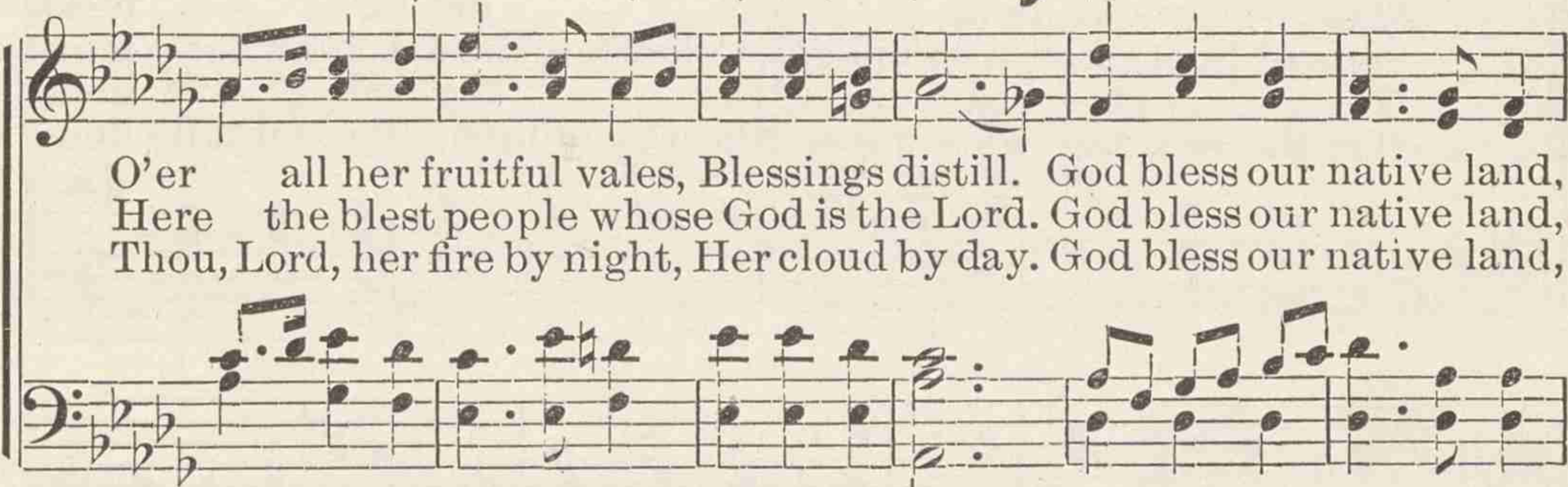
F. A. F.



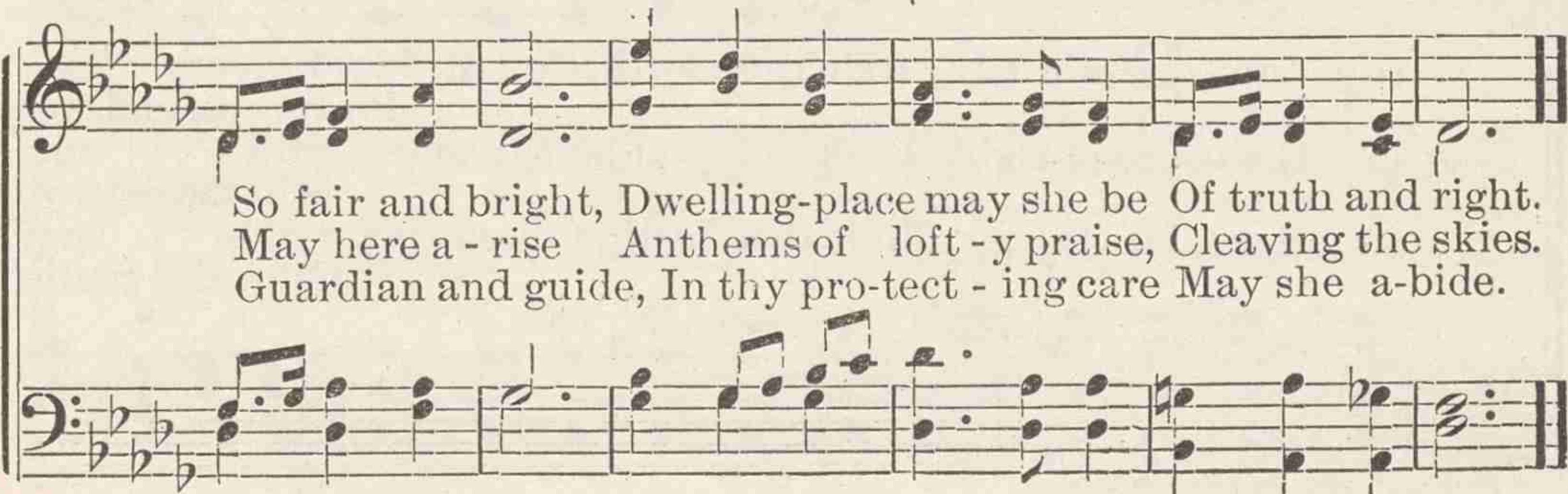
1. God bless our native land, So fair and bright, Dwelling-place may she be
 2. God bless our native land, May here a-rise Anthems of lofty praise,
 3. God bless our native land, Guardian and guide, In thy protecting care



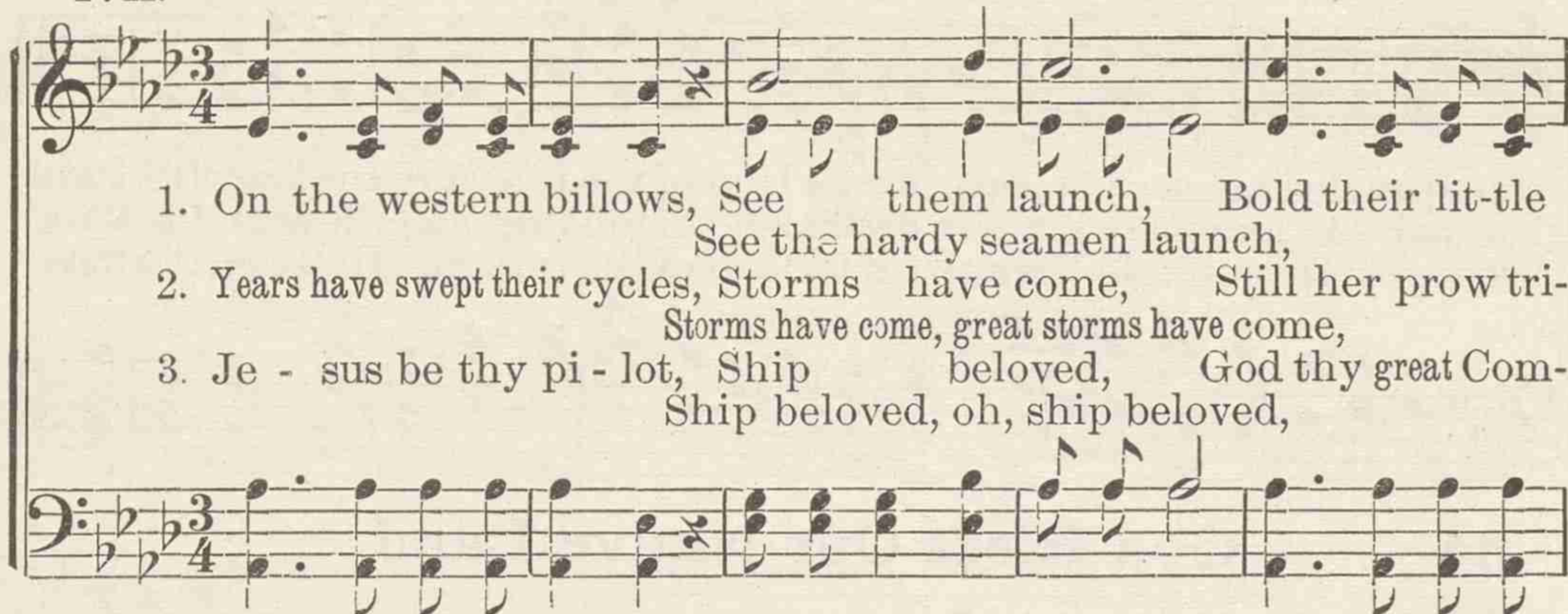
Of truth and right. Peace and prosper - i - ty Her bor-ders fill,
 Cleaving the skies. Here be o - be - dience, Joy in thy word,
 May she a - bide Se - cure, as changeful years Roll slow away,



O'er all her fruitful vales, Blessings distill. God bless our native land,
 Here the blest people whose God is the Lord. God bless our native land,
 Thou, Lord, her fire by night, Her cloud by day. God bless our native land,



So fair and bright, Dwelling-place may she be Of truth and right.
 May here a - rise Anthems of loft - y praise, Cleaving the skies.
 Guardian and guide, In thy pro-lect - ing care May she a-bide.



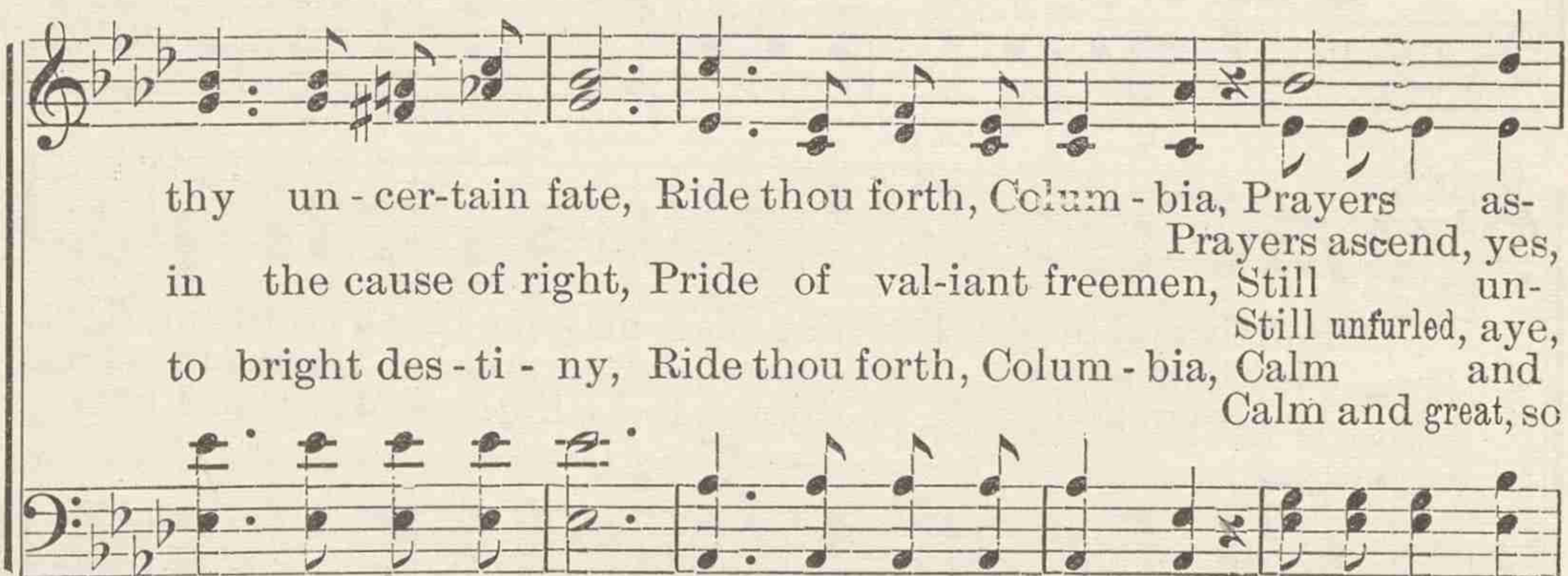
1. On the western billows, See them launch, Bold their lit-tle
See the hardy seamen launch,
2. Years have swept their cycles, Storms have come, Still her prow tri-
Storms have come, great storms have come,
3. Je - sus be thy pi - lot, Ship beloved, God thy great Com-
Ship beloved, oh, ship beloved,



ves - sel, Stout and stanch; Ship of state,
Little vessel, stout and stanch, Ship of state, oh, ship of state,
umphant, Cuts the foam; En - sign bright,
Cuts the foam, still cuts the foam, Ensign bright, proud ensign bright,
mand-er, Ship be-loved; Then so free,
Ship beloved, oh, ship beloved, Then so free, so grand and free,



Ship of state; Free - dom hangs on
Ship of state, oh, ship of state, Freedom hangs, yes, freedom hangs on
Stars of light, Col - ors fore - most
Stars of light, thou stars of light, Colors fore-most, col-ors fore-most
O'er the sea, Bear thy mil - lions
O'er the sea, the rolling sea, Bear thy millions, joy - ful mil - lions



thy un - cer-tain fate, Ride thou forth, Colum - bia, Prayers as-
Prayers ascend, yes,
in the cause of right, Pride of val-iant freemen, Still un-
Still unfurled, aye,
to bright des - ti - ny, Ride thou forth, Colum - bia, Calm and
Calm and great, so

Ship of State.

cend, He who holds the wa-ters, Thee at-tend.
 prayers ascend, He who holds the wa-ters, He shall thee at-tend.
 furled, Hope of long-ing na-tions, O'er the world.
 still unfurled, Hope of long-ing na-tions, O-ver all the world.
 great, He who holds the wa-ters, Rules thy fate.
 calm and great, He who holds the wa-ters, He doth rule thy fate.

66

My Country, 'T is of Thee.

S. F. SMITH.

HENRY CAREY.

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

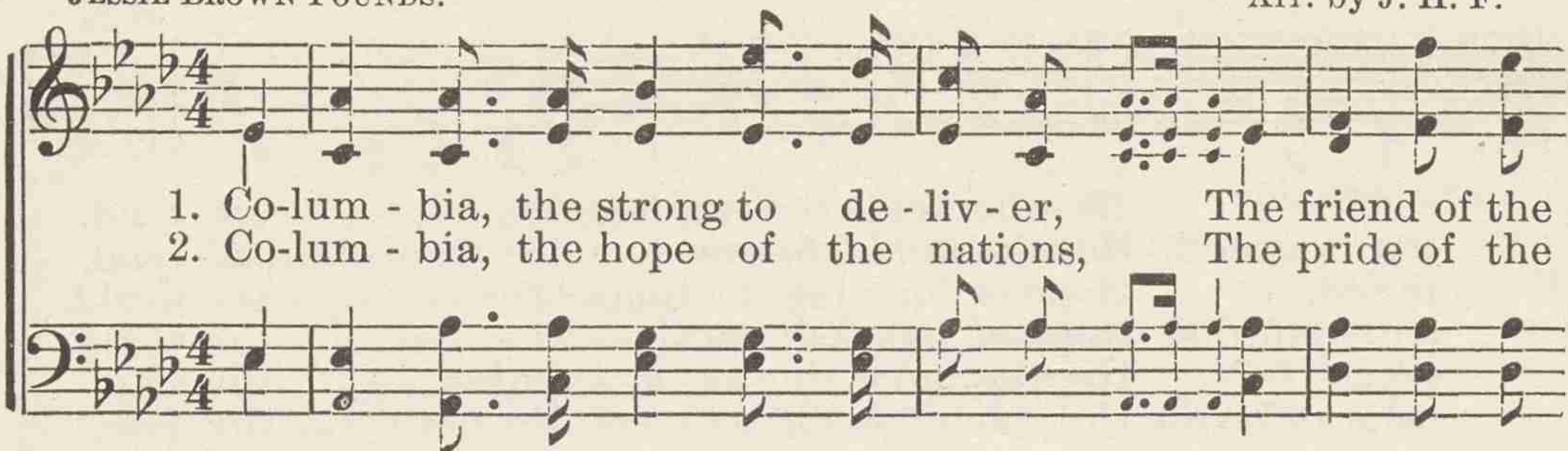
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa-thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet freedom's song; Let mor-tal tongues a-wake, Let all that
 To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's

pilgrims' pride; From ev-'ry mount-ain side Let free-dom ring.
 tem-pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove.
 breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break—The sound pro-long.
 ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

Columbia, the Strong to Deliver.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

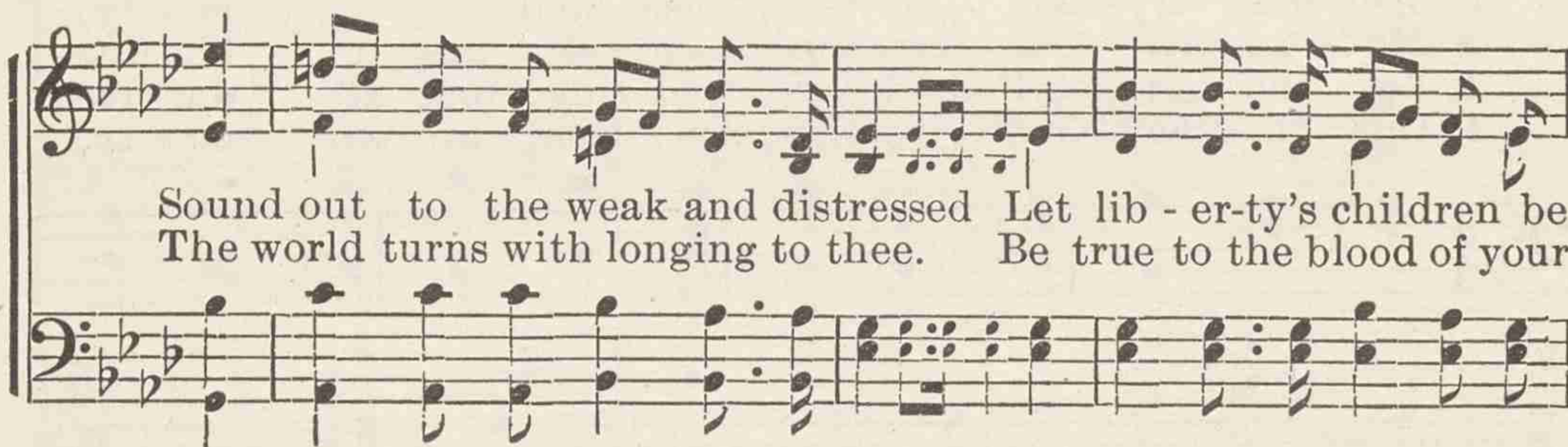
Arr. by J. H. F.



1. Co-lum - bia, the strong to de - liv - er, The friend of the
2. Co-lum - bia, the hope of the nations, The pride of the



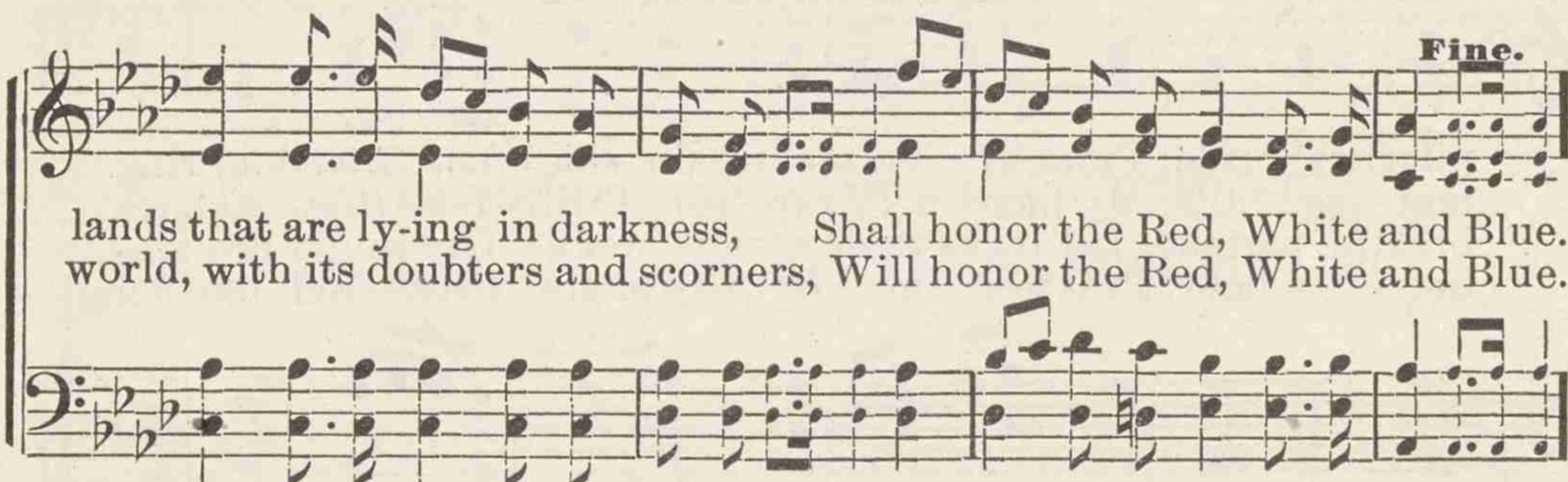
poor and distressed; Let lib - er - ty's rapt - ur - ous mu - sic
brave and the free, Co - lum - bia, the dream of the a - ges,



Sound out to the weak and distressed Let lib - er - ty's children be
The world turns with longing to thee. Be true to the blood of your



loy - al, And stand for the good and the true, Till the
he - roes, To lib - er - ty's voi - ces be true, And the



lands that are ly - ing in darkness, Shall honor the Red, White and Blue.
world, with its doubters and scorers, Will honor the Red, White and Blue.

Columbia, the Strong to Deliver.

CHORUS. D. S.

Shall honor the Red, White and Blue! Shall honor the Red, White and Blue!
Will honor the Red, White and Blue! Will honor the Red, White and Blue!

68

Cleft for Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Mighty Rock, whose tow'ring form Looks above the frowning storm;
2. Of the springs that from Thee burst, Let me drink and quench my thirst;
3. When I near the stream of death, When I feel its chil - ly breath,

Rock, a - mid the des - ert waste, To Thy shad-ow now I haste.
Wea - ry, fainting, toil - oppressed, In Thy shad-ow let me rest.
Rock where all my hopes a - bide, In Thy shad-ow let me hide.

REFRAIN.

Un - to Thee, un - to Thee, pre-cious Sav-iour, now I flee;

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

Beautiful Flag of Liberty.

P. H.

J. H. F.

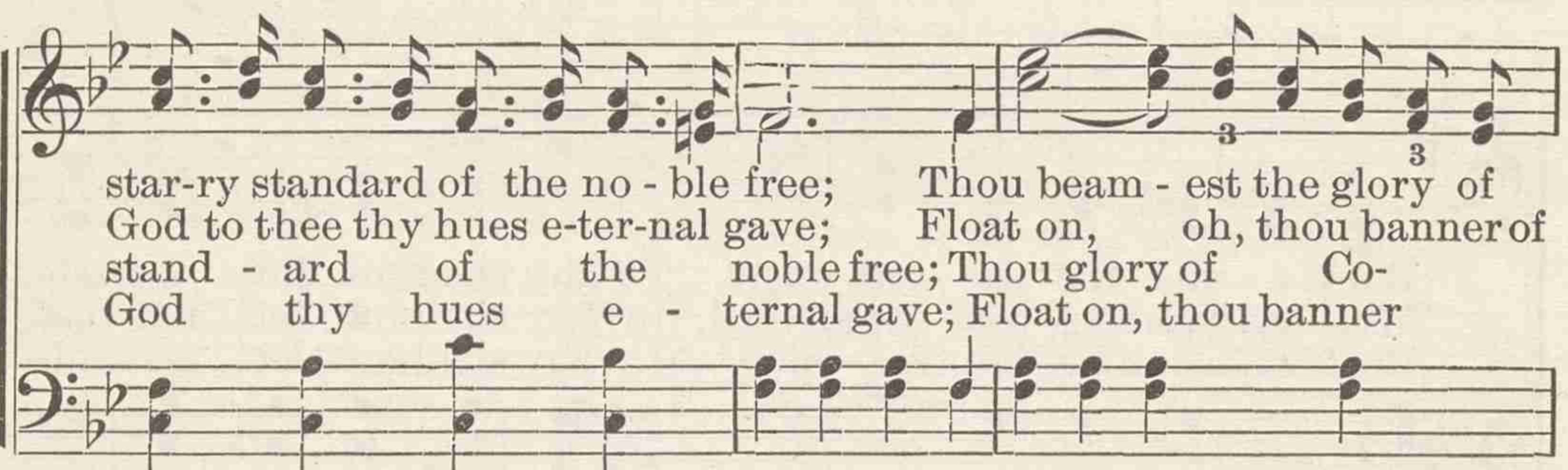
Calore.



1. Beautiful flag of liberty, beauti-ful flag we love, Float afar o'er the
 2. Beautiful flag of liberty, beauti-ful flag we love, O'er the free thou for
 Float a - far
 O'er the free



land and the sea, Proudly wave in col-ors bright, Thou
 ev - er shalt wave; Fall, ye crowns, ye thrones decay; 'Twas
 o'er land and sea, Proudly wave colors bright, Thou
 for ev - er wave, Fall, ye crowns, thrones decay; 'Twas

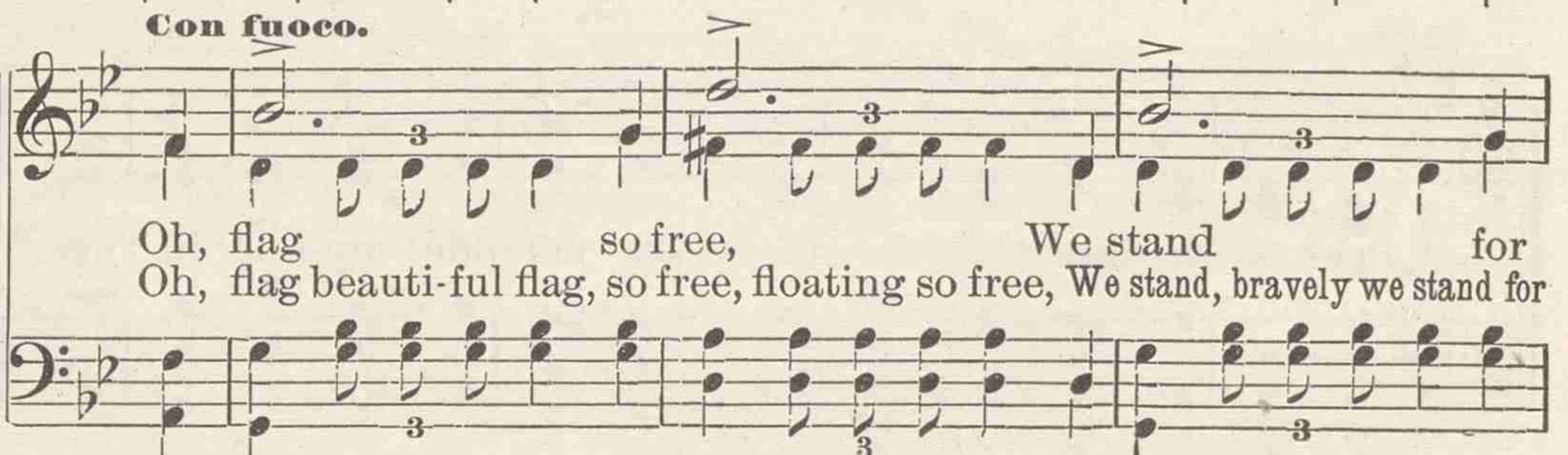


star-ry standard of the no - ble free; Thou beam - est the glory of
 God to thee thy hues e - ter - nal gave; Float on, oh, thou banner of
 stand - ard of the noble free; Thou glory of Co -
 God thy hues e - ter - nal gave; Float on, thou banner



fair Columbia's home, Thou shin - est the light of the lands beyond the foam;
 freedom wide unfurled, Float on, oh, thou symbol of justice, o'er the world.
 lum - bia's home, Thou light of lands be - yond the foam.
 wide un - furled, Float on, thou sym - bol o'er the world.

Con fuoco.



Oh, flag so free, We stand for
 Oh, flag beauti-ful flag, so free, floating so free, We stand, bravely we stand for

Beautiful Flag of Liberty.

thee, When strike the bolts of war, and flash the sabres bright,
thee, bravely for thee,

Thou beam - est the glory of fair Columbia's home, Thou shin - est the
Float on, oh, thou banner of freedom wide unfurled, Float on, oh, thou
Thou glo-ry of Co - lum - bia's home, Thou light of lands
Float on, thou ban - ner wide un - furled, Float on, thou sym-

light of the lands beyond the foam; For thee we stand, thou ensign fair of
sym - bol of justice, o'er the world; For thee we stand, thou ensign fair of
be - yond the foam;
bol o'er the world;

p Coda for last verse.

truth and right. beau-ti - ful flag of lib - er - ty,
truth and right. Oh, flag of lib - er - ty, float on, Oh,

3 3 Rit.
flag beau-ti-ful flag of lib - er - ty, Beau-ti-ful flag of lib - er - ty.
of lib - er - ty,

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
 2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
 3. Oh, the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour, That before Thy
 4. There are depths of love which I can-not know Till I cross the

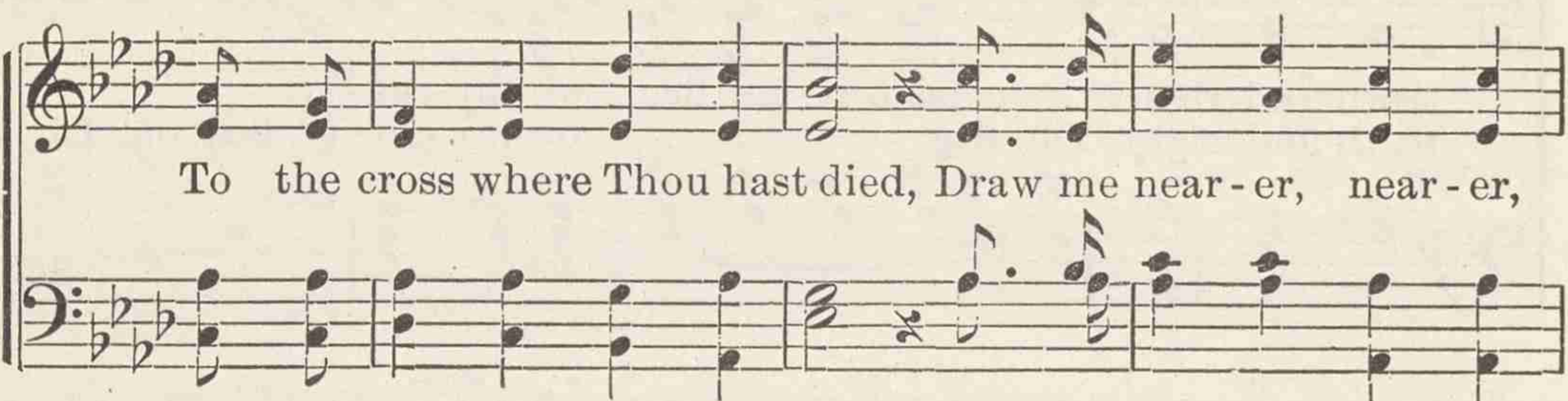


love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
 grace di-vine; Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my
 throne I spend; When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com-
 nar-row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach, Till I

CHORUS.



clos-er drawn to Thee Draw me near-er, near-er blessed Lord,
 will be lost in Thine.
 mune as friend with friend.
 rest in peace with Thee nearer, nearer,



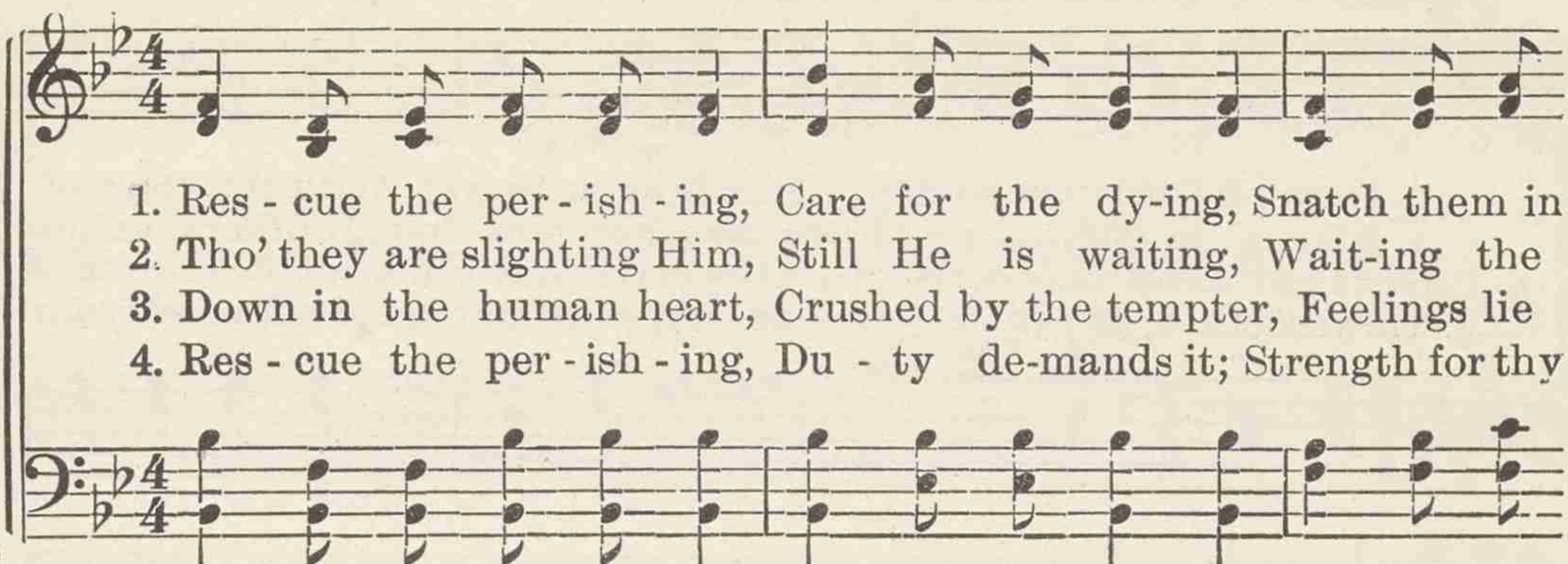
To the cross where Thou hast died, Draw me near-er, near-er,



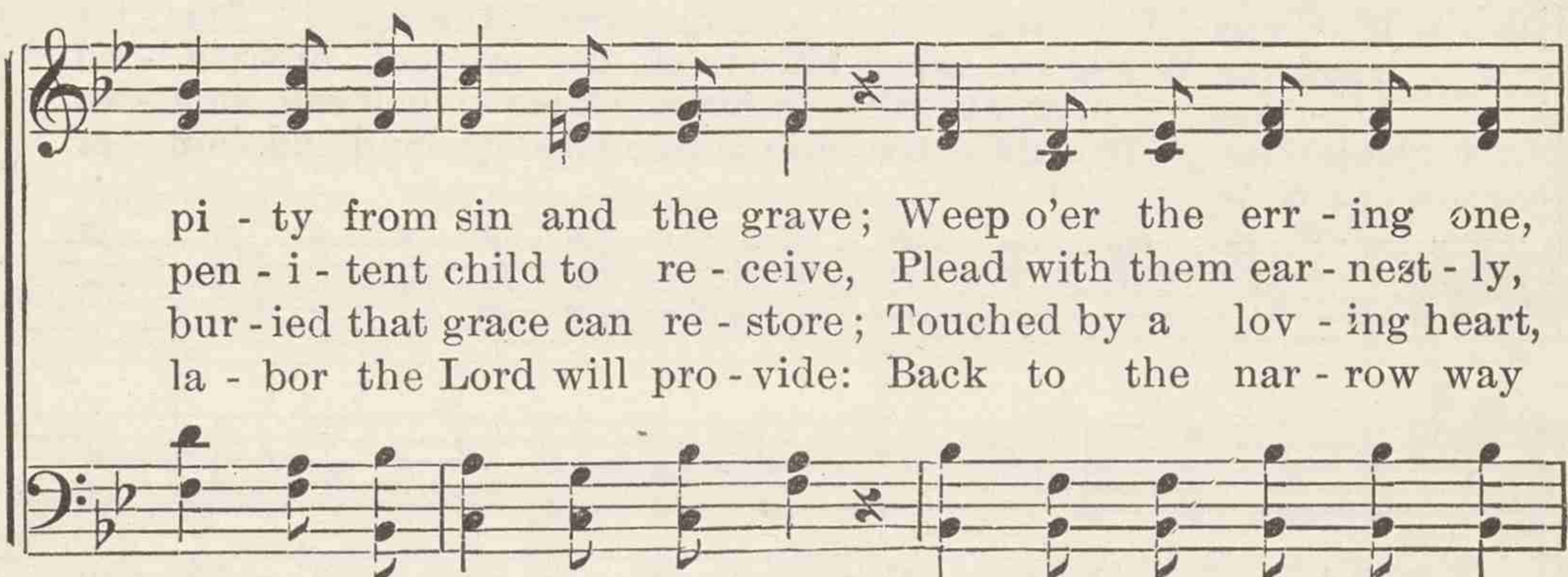
near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleeding side.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

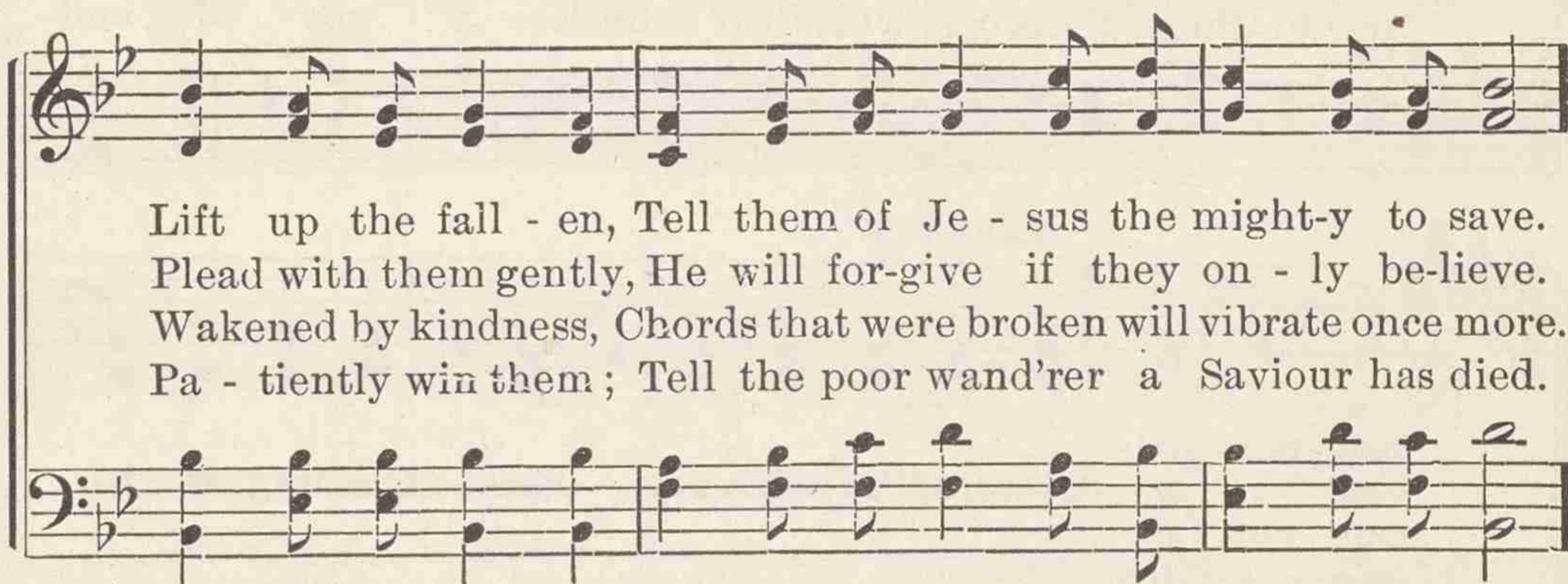
W. H. DOANE.



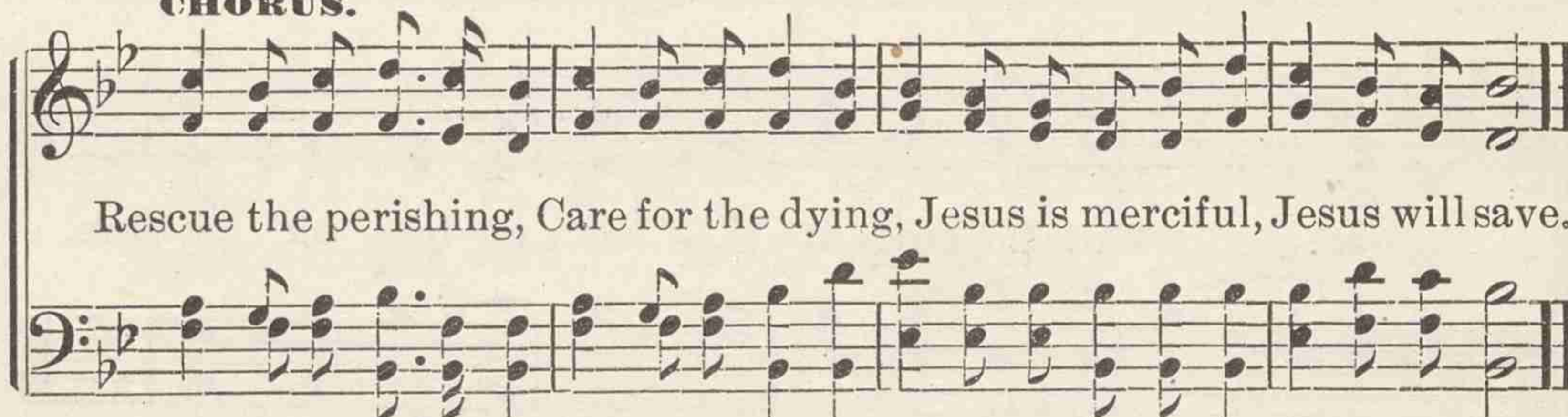
1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in
 2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is waiting, Wait - ing the
 3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie
 4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de - mands it; Strength for thy



pi - ty from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one,
 pen - i - tent child to re - ceive, Plead with them ear - nest - ly,
 bur - ied that grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart,
 la - bor the Lord will pro - vide: Back to the nar - row way



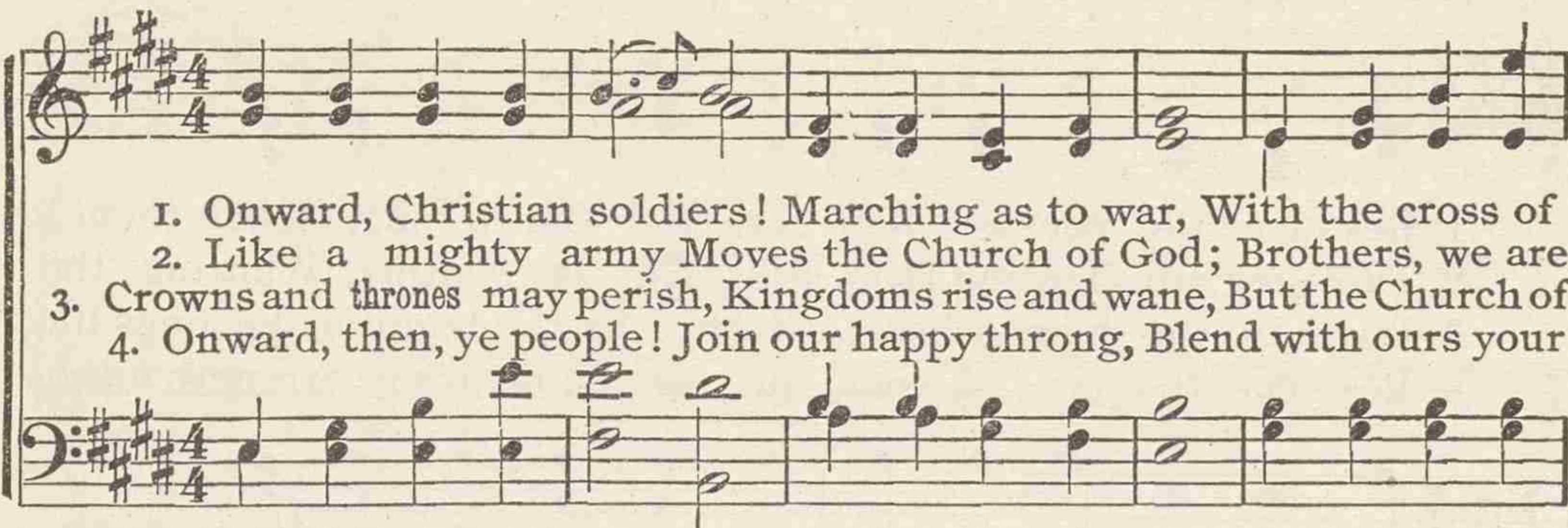
Lift up the fall - en, Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
 Plead with them gently, He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve.
 Wakened by kindness, Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
 Pa - tiently win them; Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has died.

CHORUS.


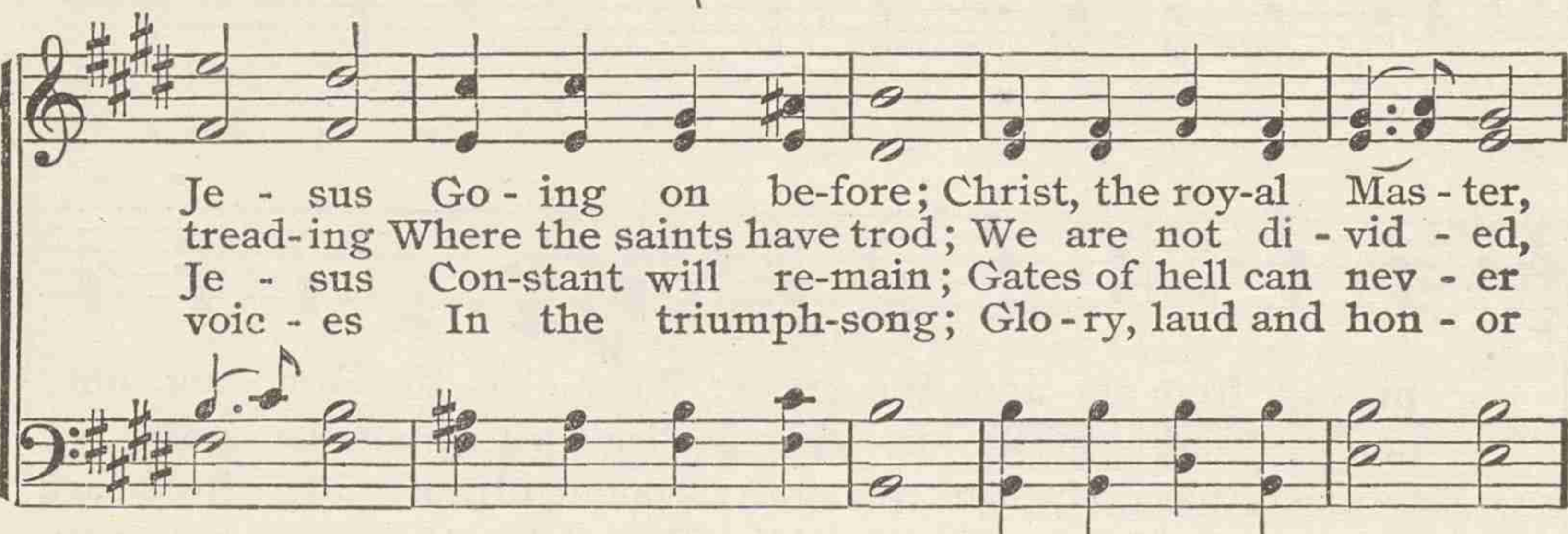
Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying, Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

S. B. GOULD.

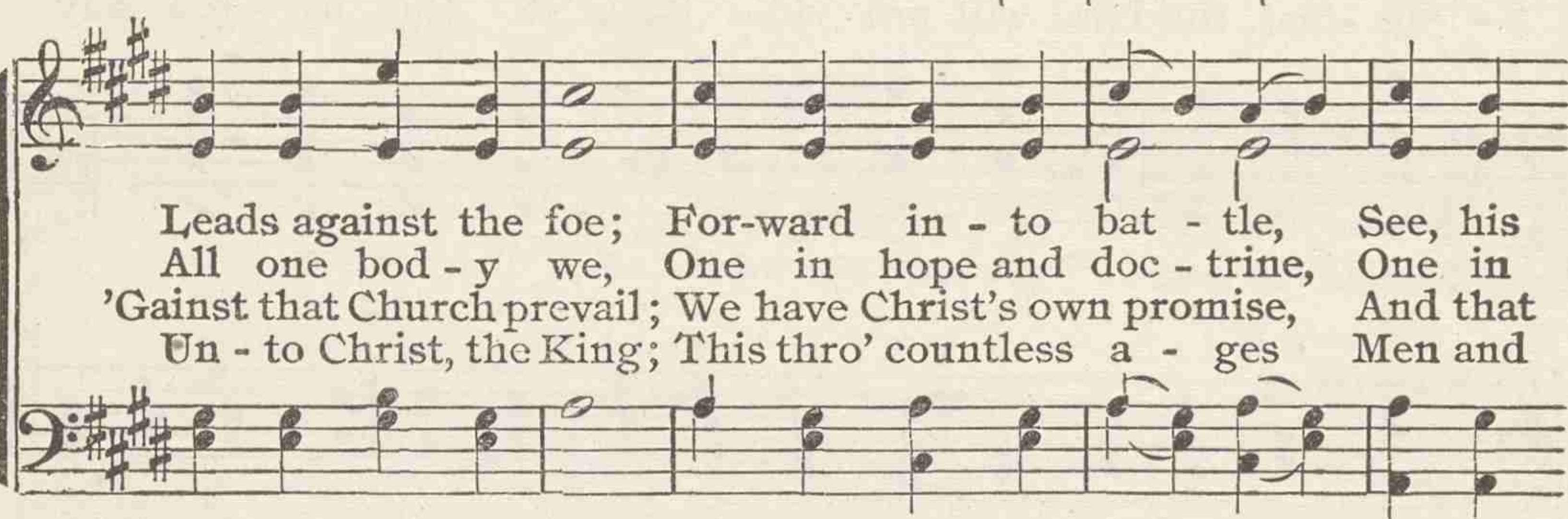
A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
 4. Onward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your



Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
 Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
 voic - es In the triumph - song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or

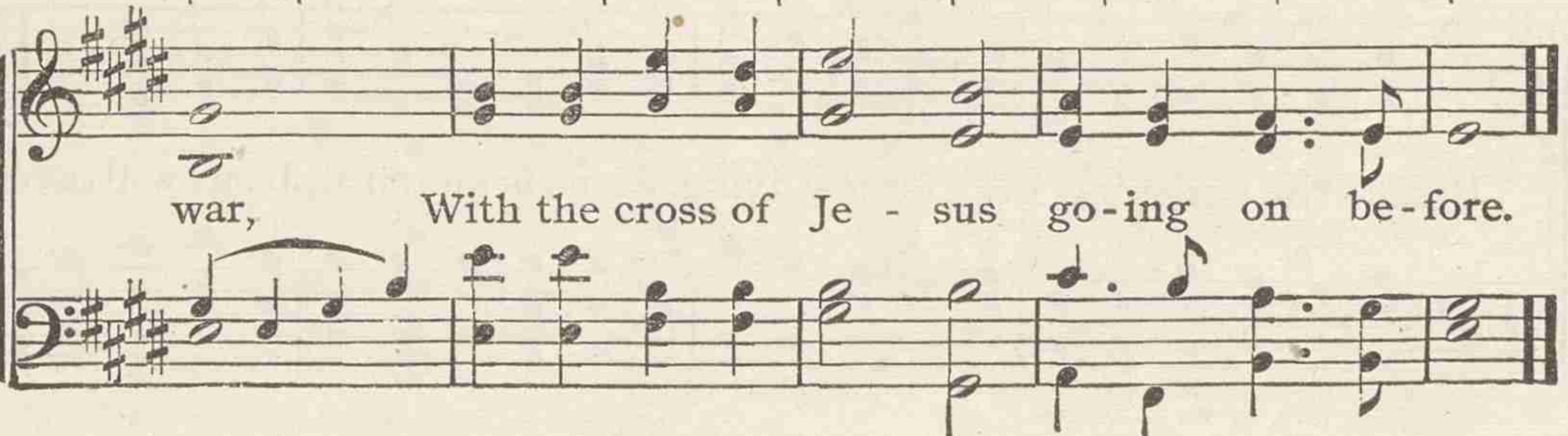


Leads against the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, his
 All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in
 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that
 Un - to Christ, the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and

REFRAIN.



ban - ners go!
 char - i - ty. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to
 can not fail.
 an - gels sing.



war, With the cross of Je - sus go - ing on be - fore.

Make Some Other Heart Rejoice.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.



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




bless-ed - ness, Would you know its truest joyfulness, Make some other
 bit-ter smart, Helping hands to weakness strength impart, Make some other
 bend-ing low, Many hearts need help you can bestow, Make some other



CHORUS.



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




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




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



JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. F.

1. A - mer - i - ca for Christ! Our na - tion shall be free;
 2. A - mer - i - ca for Christ! The land we love the best;
 3. A - mer - i - ca for Christ! Be - hold the flag un-furled;

A - mer - i - ca for Christ! From sea to dis - tant sea;
 A - mer - i - ca for Christ! The na - tion He has blest;
 A - mer - i - ca for Christ! And Christ for all the world;

Ring out, ring out the glorious word, Till ev'ry waiting heart is stirred;
 A crown, to deck our conq'ring King, Our native land to Him we bring;
 Then lift a - loft the joyous song, And pass the glorious word along;

A - mer - i - ca, A - mer - i - ca, A - mer - i - ca for Christ!

A - mer - i - ca, A - mer - i - ca, A - mer - i - ca for Christ!

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. To the res - cue! to the res - cue! Do you hear the dy - ing cry?
2. To the res - cue! to the res - cue! Fearing not the billow's foam,
3. To the res - cue! to the res - cue! For His sake, who ransom'd you;
4. To the res - cue! to the res - cue! Car-ry hope where is despair;



Wait no long - er, — to the res - cue You must hasten ere they die.
 With the life - boat of sal - va - tion Bring the wreck'd ones safely home.
 "He that los - eth life shall find it," Christ will bring you safely thro'.
 Just in sight of friend and harbor Do not let them per-ish there.

**CHORUS.**

On, on, on to the res - cue, on, Tar - ry not, for the



night will soon be gone. on, on. See! the gold - en light a-



far be-gins to dawn, Then on to the res - cue, On, on, on!



1. To us has been giv-en a coun-try so great, To us a land
 2. Where roll the broad prairies in bil-low-y tide, Oh, there are the
 3. Oh, coun-try be-lov-ed, our hearts yearn for thee, For thee are our

fruit-ful and fair, And now all around us the ripe fields a-wait And
 sheaves to bring in, Where rise the great cities in splendor and pride, Oh,
 la-bors of love, Till garnered in God all thy children shall be, And

CHORUS.

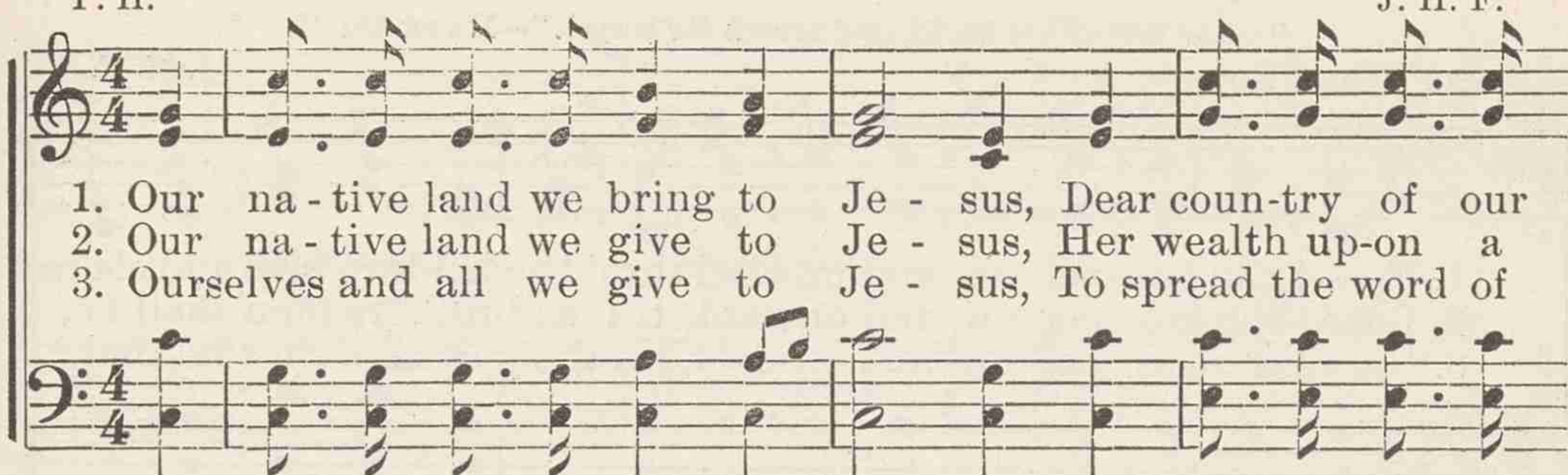
we in the harvest must share.
 there are the thousands to win. White are the fields, white are the fields,
 saved for His kingdom a-bove.

Rit. A tempo.

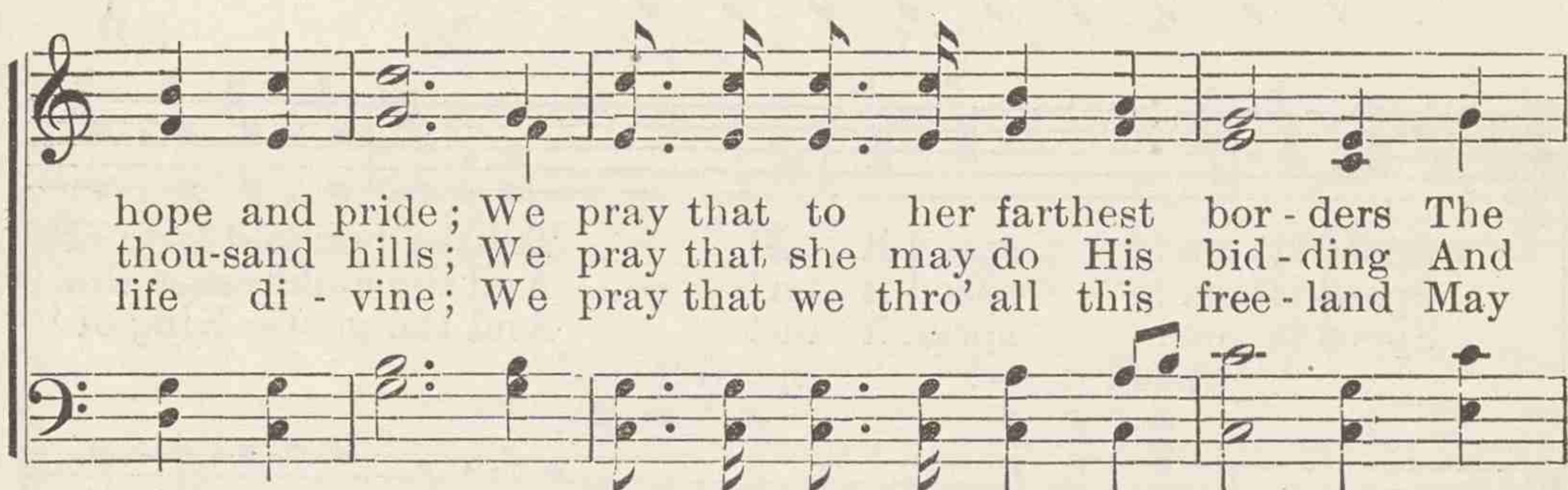
Spreading a-round us so vast they wait, And we are the

reap-ers the Master hath called, To gath-er this harvest so great.

Native Land for Jesus.

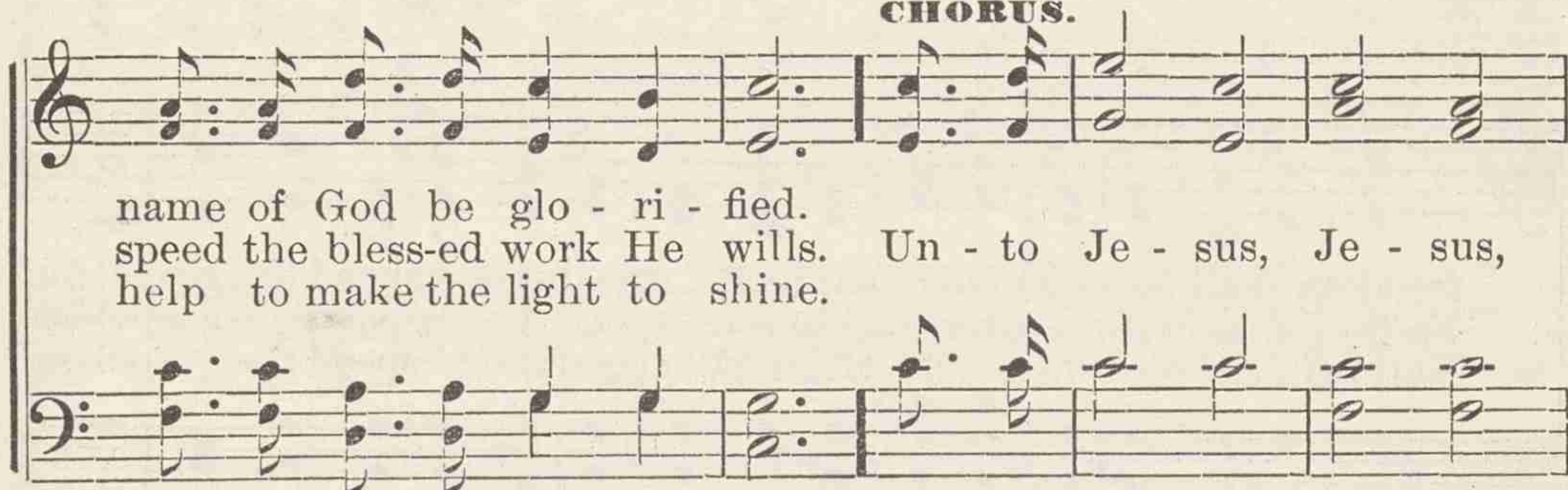


1. Our na - tive land we bring to Je - sus, Dear coun - try of our
 2. Our na - tive land we give to Je - sus, Her wealth up - on a
 3. Ourselves and all we give to Je - sus, To spread the word of

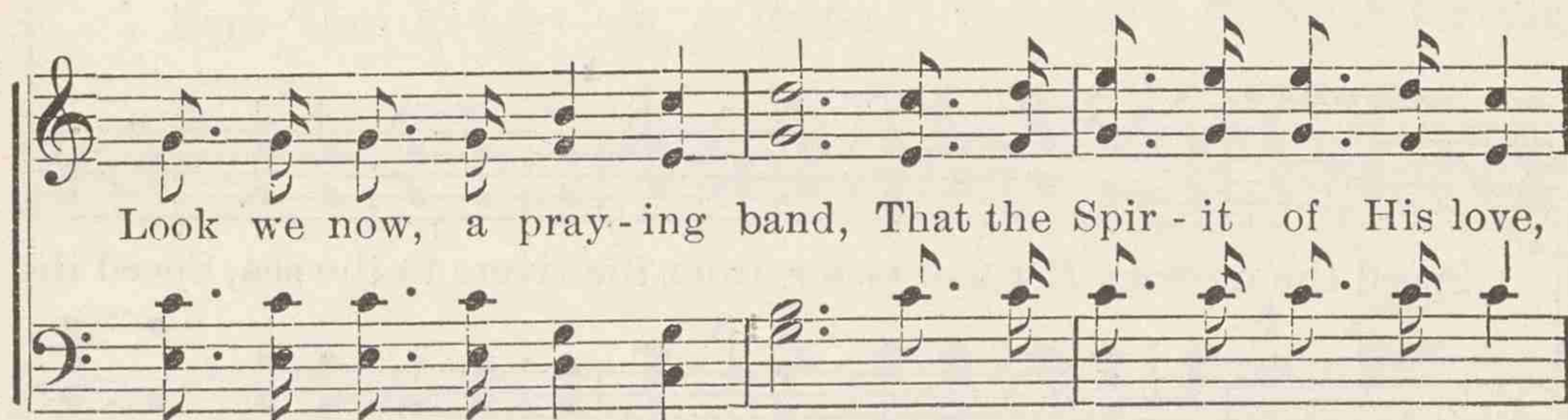


hope and pride; We pray that to her farthest bor - ders The
 thou - sand hills; We pray that she may do His bid - ding And
 life di - vine; We pray that we thro' all this free - land May

CHORUS.



name of God be glo - ri - fied.
 speed the bless - ed work He wills. Un - to Je - sus, Je - sus,
 help to make the light to shine.



Look we now, a pray - ing band, That the Spir - it of His love,



Rich in blessing from a - bove, Come and fill our na - tive land.

Speed the Gospel On.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel."—MARK 16: 15.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. F.

1. Speed the gos - pel on and onward thro' the land we love and claim,
 2. Speed the gos - pel on and onward, till as brothers men shall be,
 3. Speed the gos - pel on and onward, till the pow'rs of sin shall fall,

Speed it on! speed it on! Till the honored land of
 Speed it on! speed it on! And the children of the
 Speed it on! speed it on! And the gentle King of

freedom shall be true to her dear name, speed it on! speed the gospel on!
 Fa-ther shall with clearer vis-ion see—speed it on! speed the gospel on!
 Nations shall be crowned as All in All! speed it on! speed the gospel on!

CHORUS.

Speed the message fast and faster, from the rivers to the sea, Speed the

precious gos - pel sto - ry that shall set the na-tion free, Speed it

Speed the Gospel On.

on, speed it on, Speed the precious gos-pel on.
speed it on, speed it on,

80

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

"Mine are thine and thine are mine."—JOHN 17: 10.

A. J. GORDON.

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

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

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

1. Lift up a standard a-mong the people, Lift to Je-ho-vah the
 2. Lift up a standard a-mong the people, Ye, who the tidings of
 3. Lift up a standard a-mong the people, Here be His deeds and His

D. C. Lift up a standard a-mong the peo-ple, Lift to Je-ho-vah the

voice of praise, Here to the Lord, to the Prince and Saviour, High o'er the
 truth proclaim, Here to the millions in sin and sorrow, Spread ye the
 triumphs told, Here build His altars and throng His tem-ples, Here turn to

voice of praise, Here to the Lord, to the Prince and Saviour, High o'er the

Fine. **CHORUS.**
 land His en-sign raise.
 joy of a Saviour's name. God of the na-tions, Rul-er of
 Him from the gods of gold.

land His en-sign raise.

monarchs, Thine is the kingdom, the pow'r and glory, We would a-

D. C.
 dore Thee, hon-or and serve Thee, People of God for ev-er-more.

82 As Goes America, so Goes the World.

Dedicated to Josiah Strong, D.D.

P. H.

J. H. F.



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




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



CHORUS.



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




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

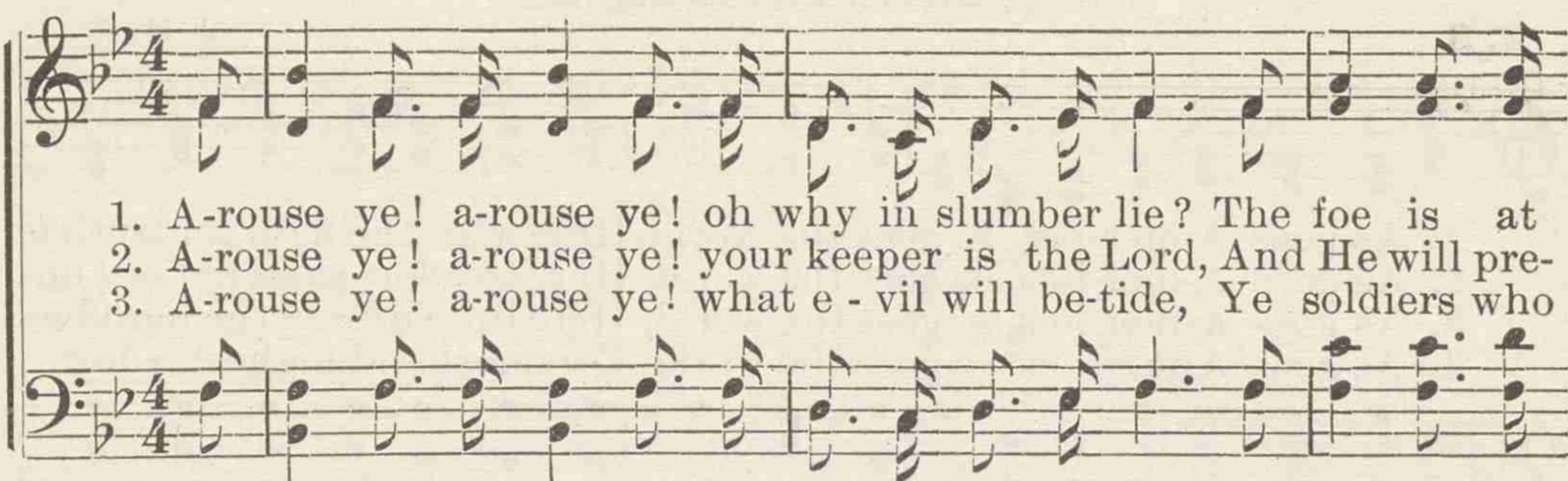


Rall.

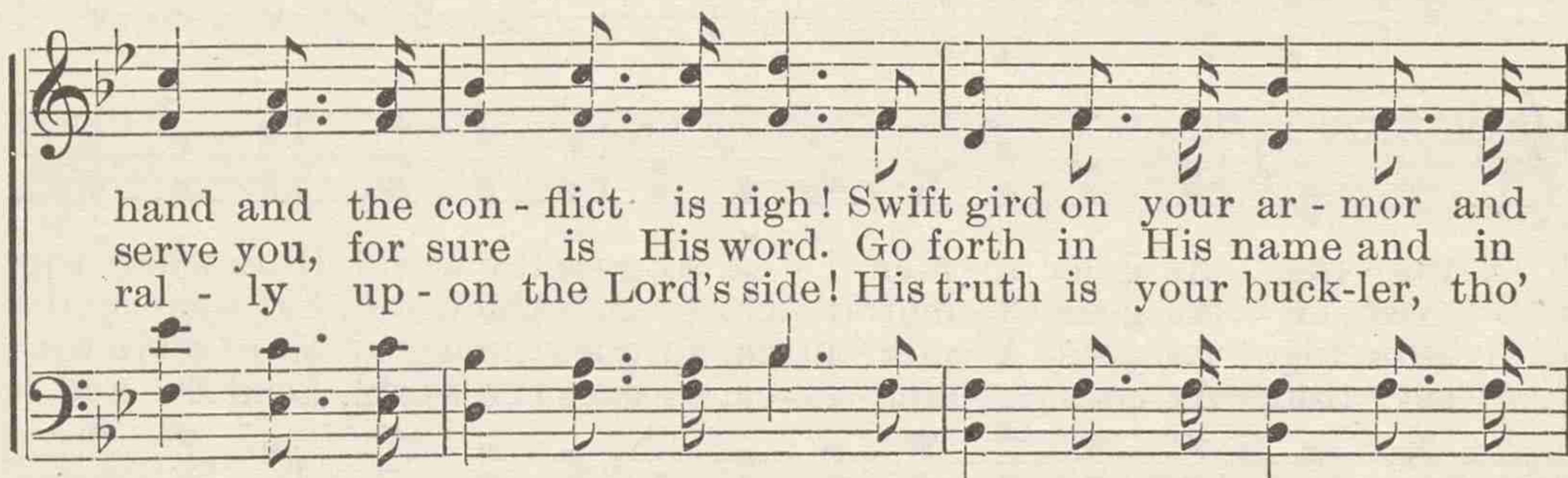


Na - tion of des - ti - ny, As goes A - mer - i - ca, so goes the world.





1. A-rouse ye! a-rouse ye! oh why in slumber lie? The foe is at
 2. A-rouse ye! a-rouse ye! your keeper is the Lord, And He will pre-
 3. A-rouse ye! a-rouse ye! what e - vil will be-tide, Ye soldiers who

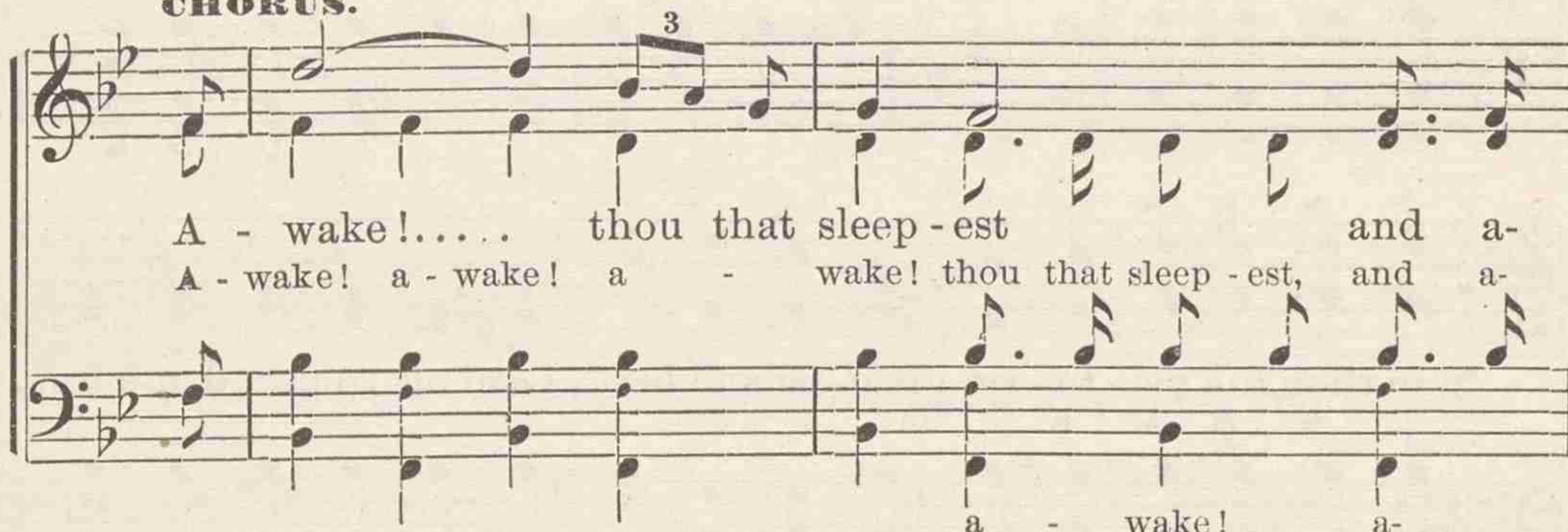


hand and the con - flict is nigh! Swift gird on your ar - mor and
 serve you, for sure is His word. Go forth in His name and in
 ral - ly up - on the Lord's side! His truth is your buck-ler, tho'



press in - to the fight, A -loft hold your banner and strike for the right.
 triumph loud-ly sing, For strong is the hand of your Lead-er and King.
 le - gions may op-pose, Press onward! thro' grace you will conquer your foes.

CHORUS.



A - wake!..... thou that sleep - est and a-
 A - wake! a - wake! a - wake! thou that sleep - est, and a-
 a - wake! a-



rise..... from the dead;..... A - wake!.... thou that
 rise! a - rise! a - rise! from the dead; A - wake! a - wake! a-
 rise! a - rise! a - rise! a - rise! A - wake! a - wake! a-

Arouse Ye!

sleep-est A-rise, and Christ will give thee light, A-wake, Awake,
wake! thou that sleepest

wake! a - wake,

thou that sleepest and a - rise..... from the dead,.....
a - wake thou that sleepest and a - rise, a - rise, a - rise from the dead,

a wake! a - wake! a - rise! a - rise! a - rise! a - rise!

And Christ will give thee light, and Christ will give thee light.

84

Native Land.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

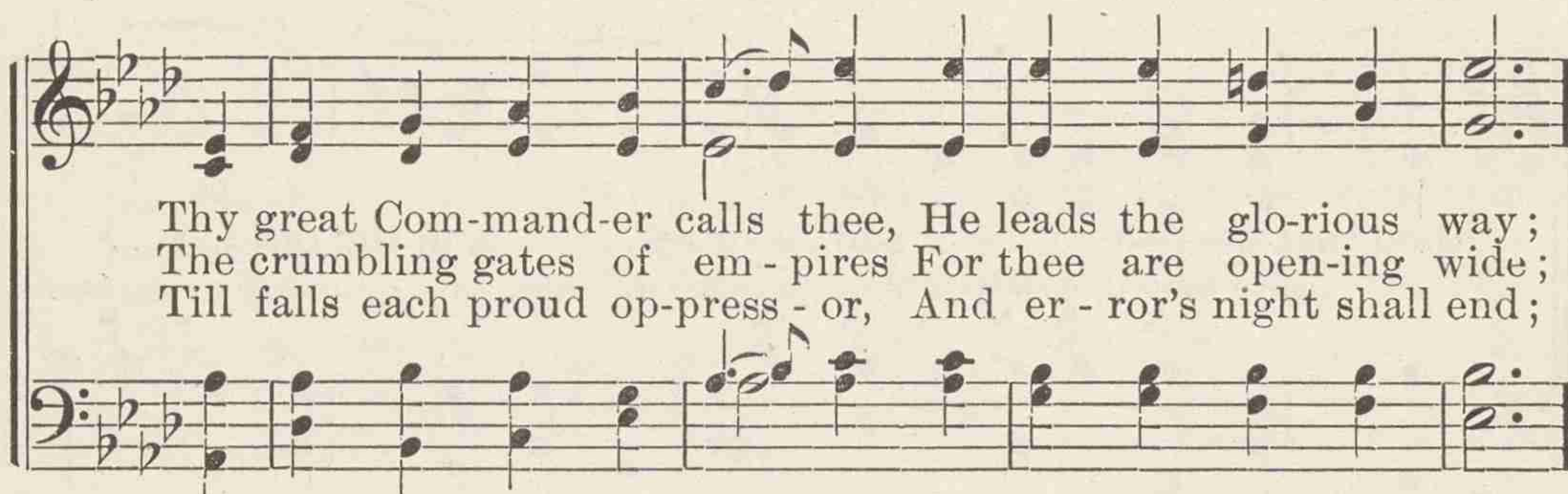
I. PLEYEL.

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

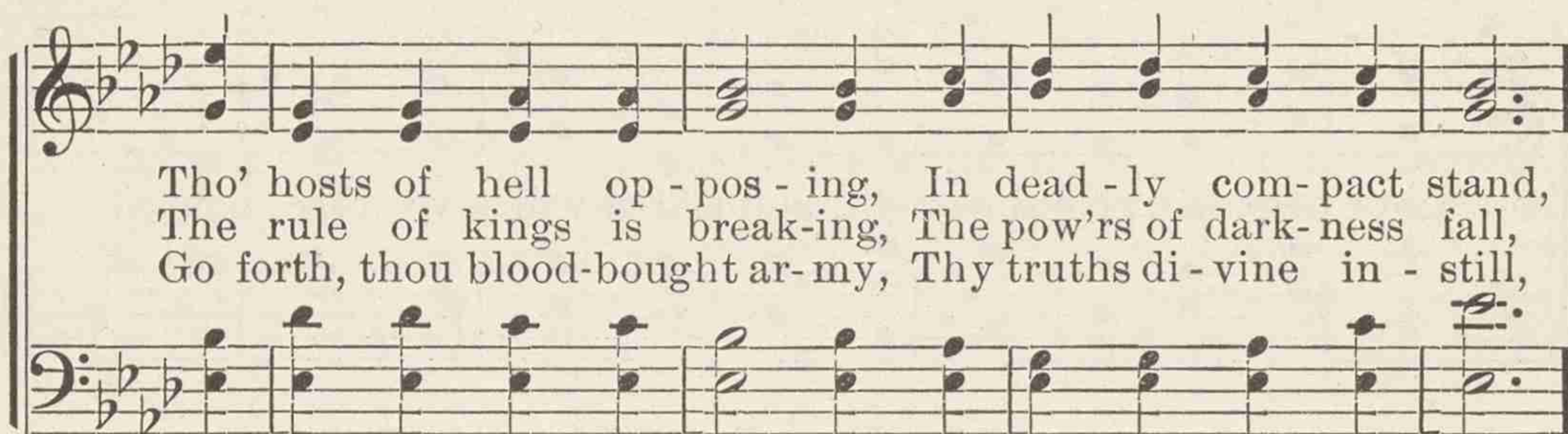
Land where dwells the noble free, Na-tive Land, we sing of thee.
Truth thy rock, and God thy King, Na-tive Land, of thee we sing.
Guid-ed by His high be - hest, Na-tive Land, be great and blest.



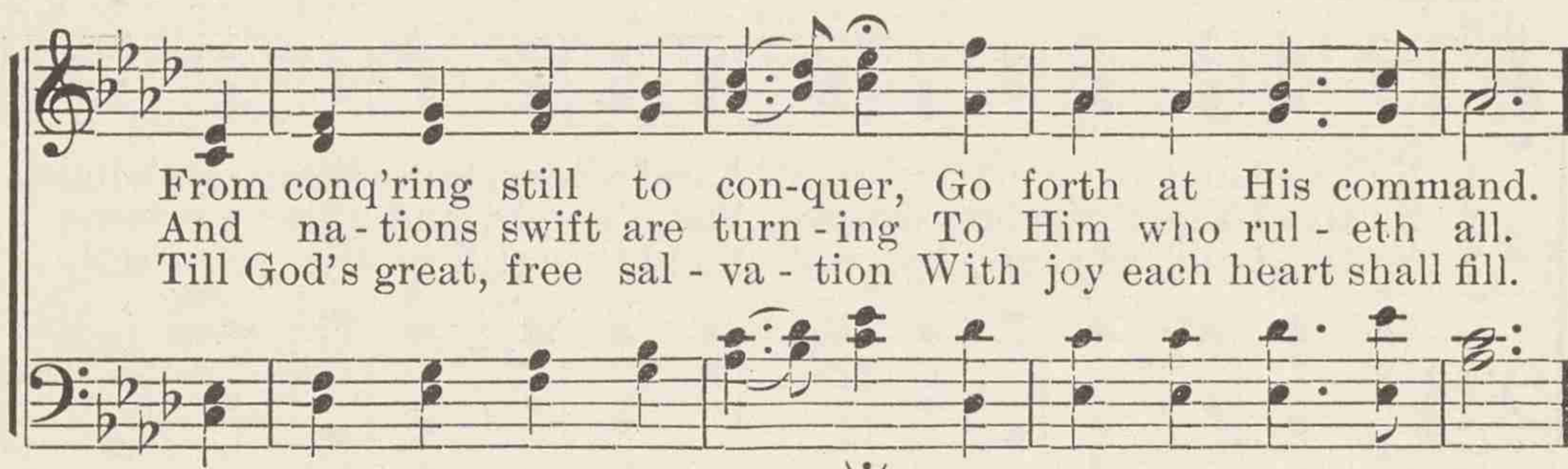
1. Go forth, thou Church triumphant, In all thy bright ar-ray,
 2. Go forth, thou Church triumphant, Advance on ev-'ry side,
 3. Go forth, thou Church triumphant, Thy reign of peace ex-tend,



Thy great Com-mand-er calls thee, He leads the glo-rious way;
 The crumbling gates of em-pires For thee are open-ing wide;
 Till falls each proud op-press-or, And er-ror's night shall end;



Tho' hosts of hell op-pos-ing, In dead-ly com-pact stand,
 The rule of kings is break-ing, The pow'rs of dark-ness fall,
 Go forth, thou blood-bought ar-my, Thy truths di-vine in-still,



From conq'ring still to con-quer, Go forth at His command.
 And na-tions swift are turn-ing To Him who rul-eth all.
 Till God's great, free sal-va-tion With joy each heart shall fill.

CHORUS.



Go forth tri-um-phant, In bright ar-ray,
 Go forth tri-um-phant, Go forth in bright ar-ray,

Church Triumphant.

Rit.

Thy great Com-mand-er calls thee, He leads the glo-rious way.

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The treble staff has a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo marking 'Rit.' is placed above the treble staff.

86 Messengers of Love and Mercy.

Inscribed to the Delegates of the Jubilee Convention, Cincinnati, 1899.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Mes-sen-gers of love and mer-cy, Heralds of the heav'nly King,
2. Mes-sen-gers of love and mer-cy, Far and wide the word proclaim,
3. Mes-sen-gers of love and mer-cy, O'er and o'er the words repeat,

The musical notation is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Oh, how beauteous is your coming, Oh, how glad the news ye bring.
To a guil-ty world is of-fered Par-don in a Saviour's name.
Earth begins her song of gladness, Heav'n the rapture will complete.

The musical notation continues in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

CHORUS.

Rit.

Precious gospel, precious gospel, Tidings from the King of kings all glo-rious,

The musical notation for the chorus is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo marking 'Rit.' is placed above the treble staff.

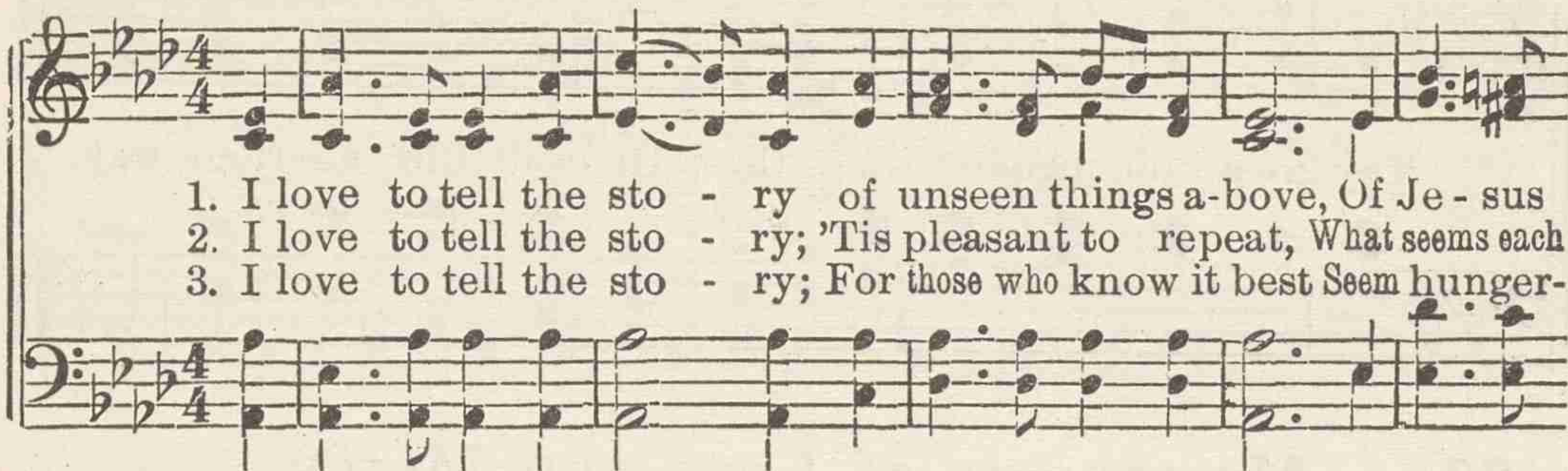
A tempo.

Tell to all the world the free sal-va-tion, Messengers of peace and joy.

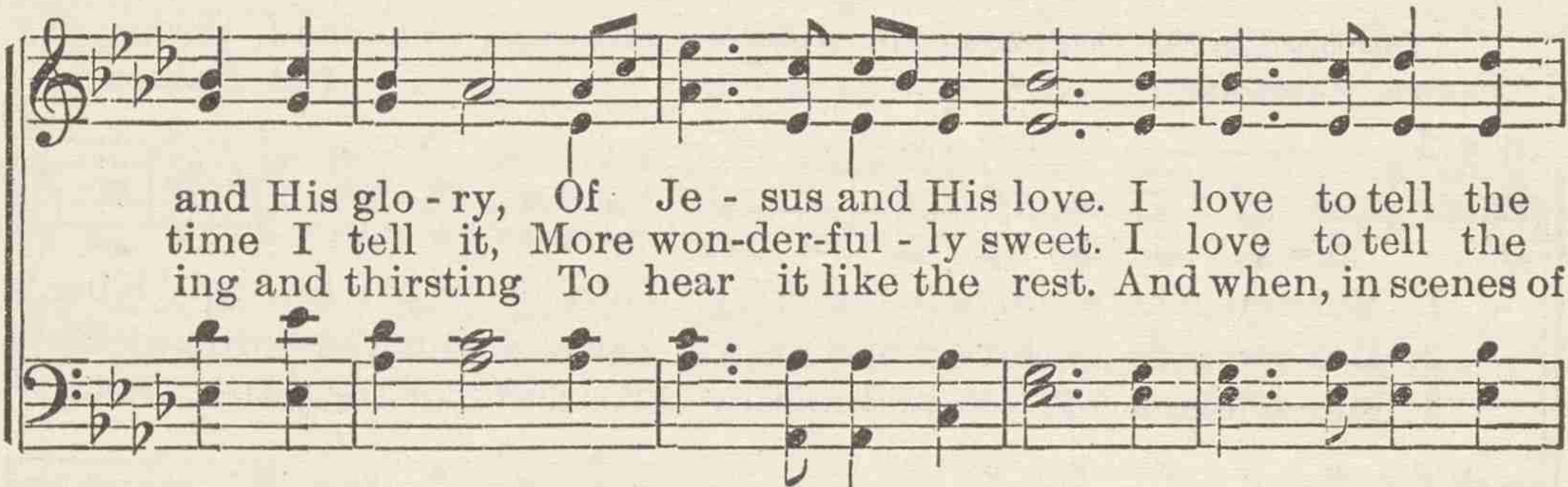
The musical notation continues in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo marking 'A tempo.' is placed above the treble staff.

CATHERINE HANKS.

W. G. FISHER.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to repeat, What seems each
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hunger-



and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of



sto - ry, Because I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my longings,
sto - ry, For some have never heard The message of sal - va - tion,
glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be—the old, old sto - ry,

REFRAIN.



As noth - ing else can do.
From God's own ho - ly word. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill
That I have loved so long.



be my theme in glory, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Jesus and His love.



1. From a distant shore comes the moaning cry Of a sad be-night-ed band,
2. From the pal-lid lip comes the mute appeal Of the hungry, starving poor,
3. There's a blessing sweet, there's a blessing great, To the soul that freely gives,



Oh, the Light of Life, let its healing fly, Let it bless that darkened land;
May the Father good give us hearts to feel For the suff'ers at our door;
For his pray'r goes up thro' the pearly gate, And in heav'n's own light he lives;



Let the souls long bound by the chains within, In the air of God go free,
May our hearts be moved and our steps be led By the love that comes from heav'n;
Let us quick-ly, then, give the cooling cup, Let us pour the heav'nly balm,



Let the eyes long sealed in the sleep of sin, Now their blest sal-va-tion see.
Till the earth-ly food and the living bread May to all who want be giv'n.
And the darkened lands, let us lift them up, Till we join that last sweet psalm.

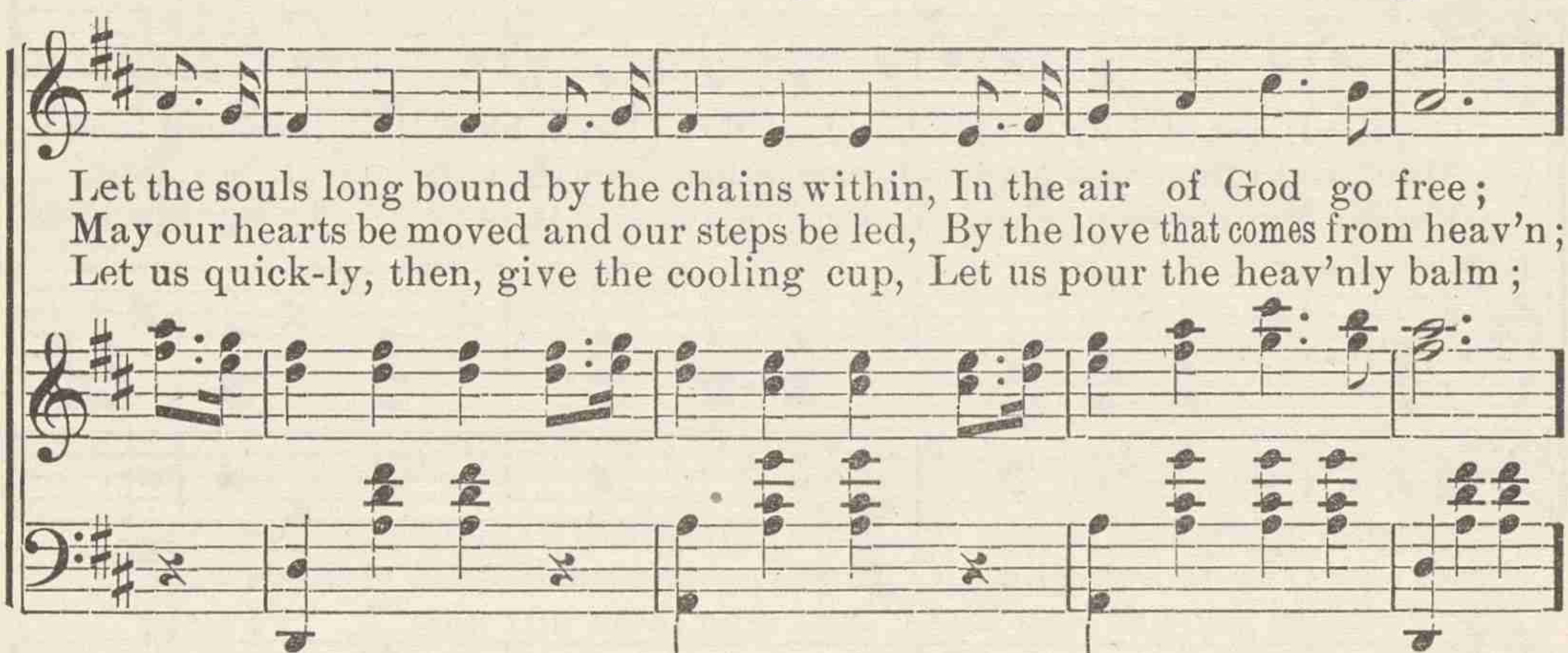


Fly Away Blest Gospel Light.

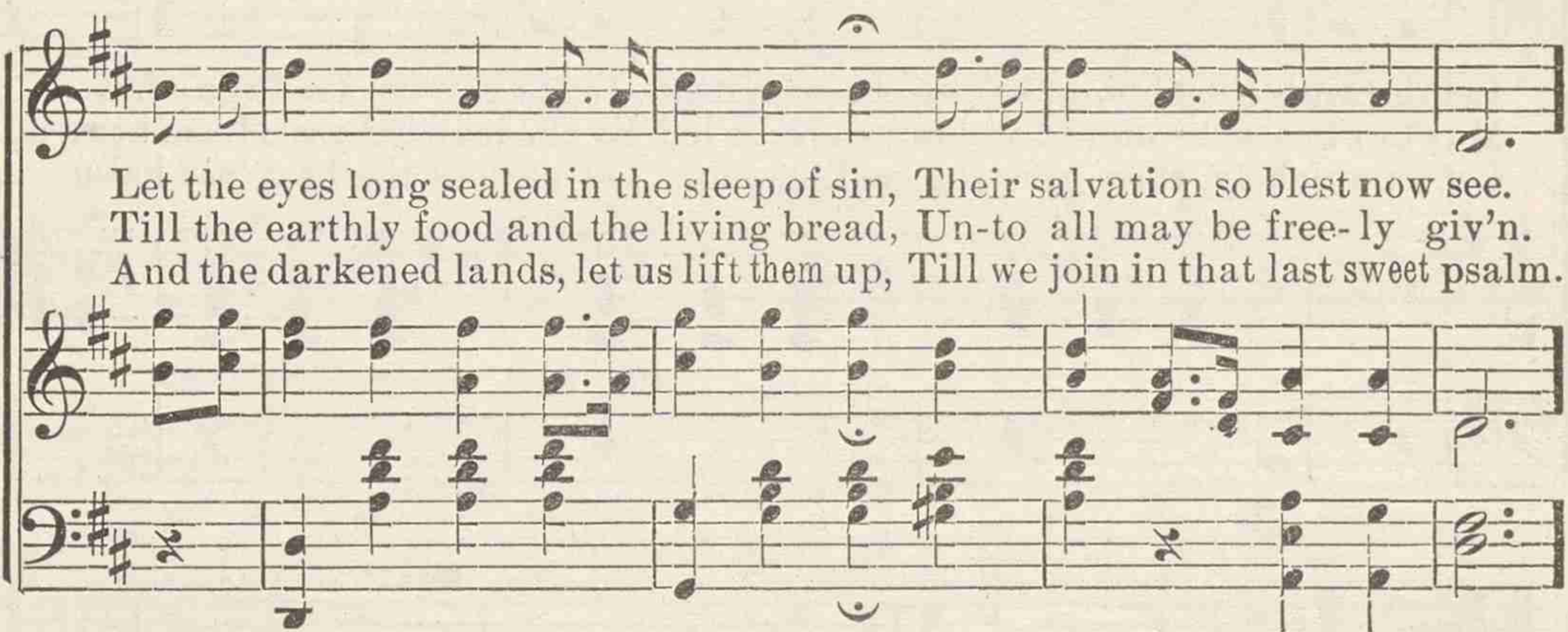
A tempo.



Fly a - way, fly a - way, fly a-way, a - way, a - way,
 Fly a - way, fly a - way, fly a-way, a - way, a - way,
 Fly a - way, fly a - way, fly a-way, a - way, a - way,



Let the souls long bound by the chains within, In the air of God go free;
 May our hearts be moved and our steps be led, By the love that comes from heav'n;
 Let us quick-ly, then, give the cooling cup, Let us pour the heav'nly balm;



Let the eyes long sealed in the sleep of sin, Their salvation so blest now see.
 Till the earthly food and the living bread, Un-to all may be free-ly giv'n.
 And the darkened lands, let us lift them up, Till we join in that last sweet psalm.

CHORUS.



Fly a-way, fly a-way, Fly a-way, blest Gos- pel light,
 fly a- way, fly a- way,

Fly Away Blest Gospel Light.

Till the morn shall break and the world shall wake In the dawn of the day so bright.

89

Sow the Seed.

P. H.

J. H. F.

1. O'er our land the day is break-ing, Sow the seed, sow the seed,
 2. Hills and vales in wealth unending,
 3. While we tar-ry in our go-ing,
 4. Stay not then our good endeavor, Sow the seed, sow the seed,

Church of God the gos-pel tak-ing, Sow the seed, the precious seed.
 States like empires vast ex-tend-ing,
 Tares o'er all the ground are growing,
 God the har-vest giv-eth ev-er, the precious seed.

CHORUS.

Where the waiting fields lie nearest, Where the sunny skies shine clearest,

In the home-land best and dearest, Sow the seed, sow the seed.
 Sow the seed, sow the seed.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Suitable for Solo and Chorus.


1. Is there some work wait - ing, now to be done?..... Here am
 2. Is there a des - ert..... that waits to be crossed?.... Here am
 3. Is there a lone one..... that needeth a friend?..... Here am
 4. Thou who hast blest me... and pardoned my guilt,..... Here am



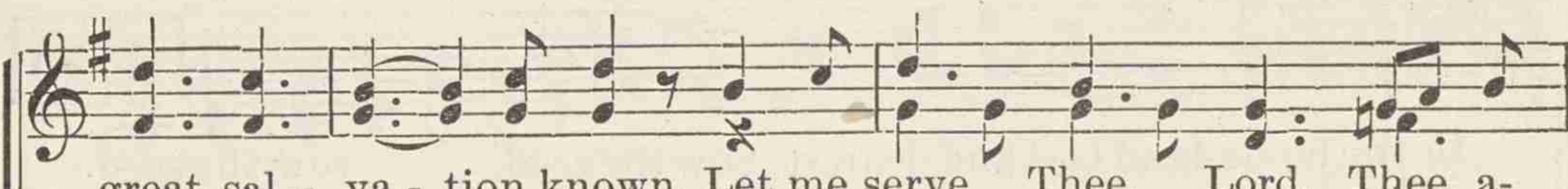
I,..... O Lord, send me!..... Hast Thou a word for..... some
 I,..... O Lord, send me!..... Let me do some-thing..... to
 I,..... O Lord, send me!..... Is there a weak one..... whom
 I,..... O Lord, send me!..... Ask me to do and..... to



sorrowing one?..... Here am I,..... O Lord, send me!....
 rescue the lost, Here am I,..... O Lord, send me!....
 love would defend?.. Here am I,..... O Lord, send me!....
 go as Thou wilt,..... Here am I,..... O Lord, send me

CHORUS.


Use me, Lord, I am Thine own,..... Let me make Thy
 Use me, Lord, for I am all Thine own, Let me make Thy



great sal - va - tion known, Let me serve Thee, Lord, Thee a-
 great sal - va - tion known, Let me serve Thee, Lord, serve

O Lord, Send Me.

lone,..... Here am I,..... O Lord, send me.....
Thee, and Thee a-lone, Here am I, O Lord, send me, send me.

91 Our Country's Voice is Pleading.

MRS. M. F. ANDERSON.

HENRY SMART.

1. Our country's voice is plead-ing, Ye men of God, a-rise!
2. Go, where the waves are breaking, On Cal-i-for-nia's shore,
3. The love of Christ un-fold-ing, Speed on from east to west,

His prov-i-dence is lead-ing, The land be-fore you lies;
Christ's precious gos-pel tak-ing, More rich than gold-en ore;
Till all, His cross be-hold-ing, In Him are ful-ly blest.

Day-gleams are o'er it brightening, And promise clothes the soil;
On Al-le-ghe-ny's mountains, Thro' all the west-ern vale,
Great Au-thor of Sal-va-tion, Haste, haste the glorious day,

Wide fields, for har-vest whitening, In-vite the reaper's toil.
Be-side Mon-ta-na's fountains, Rehearse the wondrous tale.
When we, a ransomed na-tion, Thy scep-tre shall o-bey.



1. In the country that we love the best, Plant the holy Church of God;
 2. Where the mighty river rolls a-long, Plant the holy Church of God;
 3. Satan, while we slumber, sows the tares, Plant the holy Church of God;




O'er its broad extent from east to west, Plant the holy Church of God;
 Where the cheery miner sings his song, Plant the holy Church of God;
 In the way he hides the deadly snares, Plant the holy Church of God;




He, the God of na-tions, we a - dore, He, the sovereign Ruler,
 Where the cit - y in its splendor stands, Where the for - est shadow
 Save our country from his curse and blight, Save our peo-ple from the




is our Lord, Let His truth be known from shore to shore, And
 dark-ly lies, Drop the pre-cious seed with gen-tle hands And
 woes of sin, Let the truth of God give forth its light And



CHORUS.



let His righteous word by all be heard. Peo - - ple of the
 let the temples of our God a - rise.
 let the full-ness of the Lord come in. Peo-ple of the Lord,



Plant the Church of God.

Lord, Saved and blest, saved and blest, Oh,
 Peo-ple of the Lord, Saved and blest, saved and blest, Oh,

plant..... the Church of God, In the land we love the best.
 plant the Church of God, plant the Church of God, we love the best.

93

Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER.

JOHN B. DYKES.

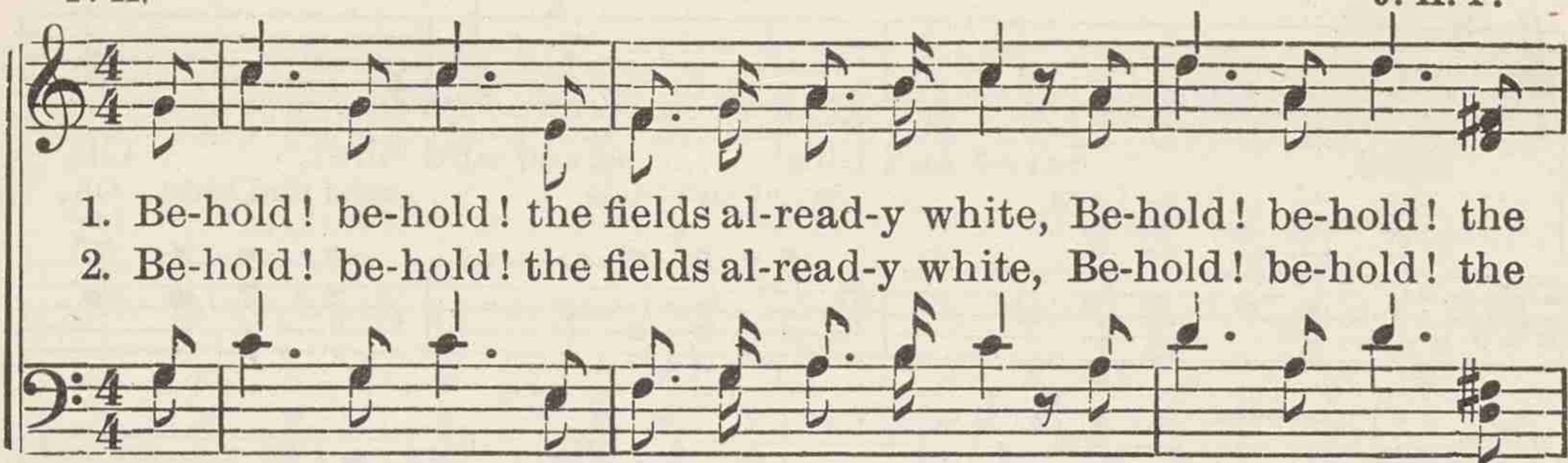
1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly!
 golden crowns around the glass-y sea; Cherubim and seraphim
 sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see; On-ly Thou art ho-ly,
 praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly,

mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in three persons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
 falling down before Thee, Which wert and art and ev-er-more shalt be.
 there is none beside Thee, Perfect in pow'r, in love and pur - i - ty.
 mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in three persons, blessed Trin-i - ty!

P. H.

J. H. F.



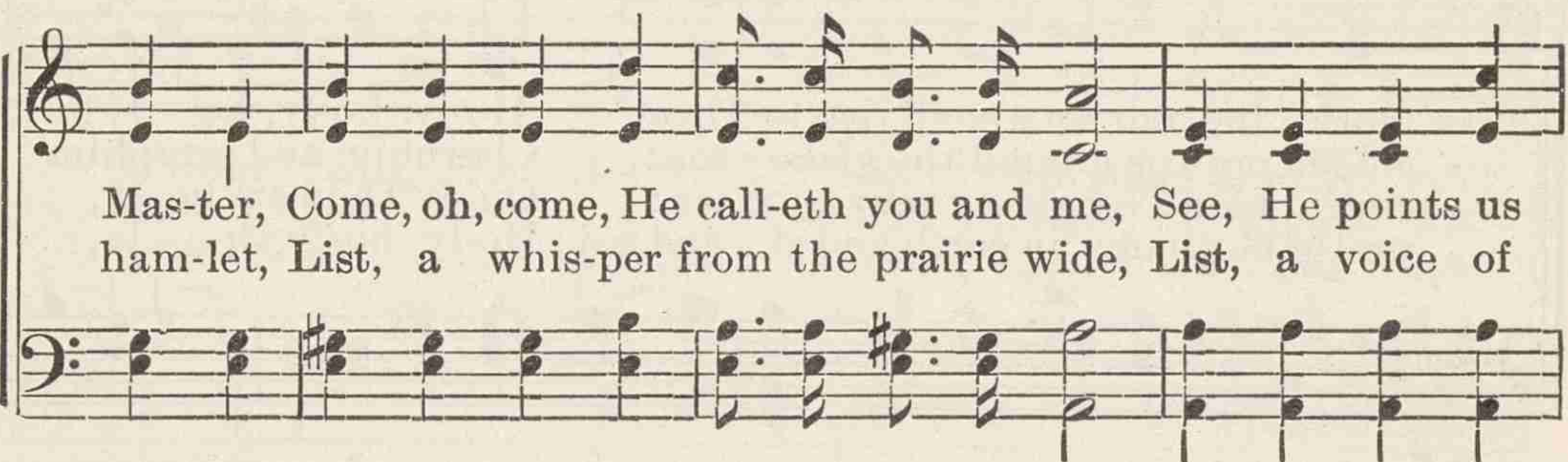
1. Be-hold! be-hold! the fields al-read-y white, Be-hold! be-hold! the
2. Be-hold! be-hold! the fields al-read-y white, Be-hold! be-hold! the



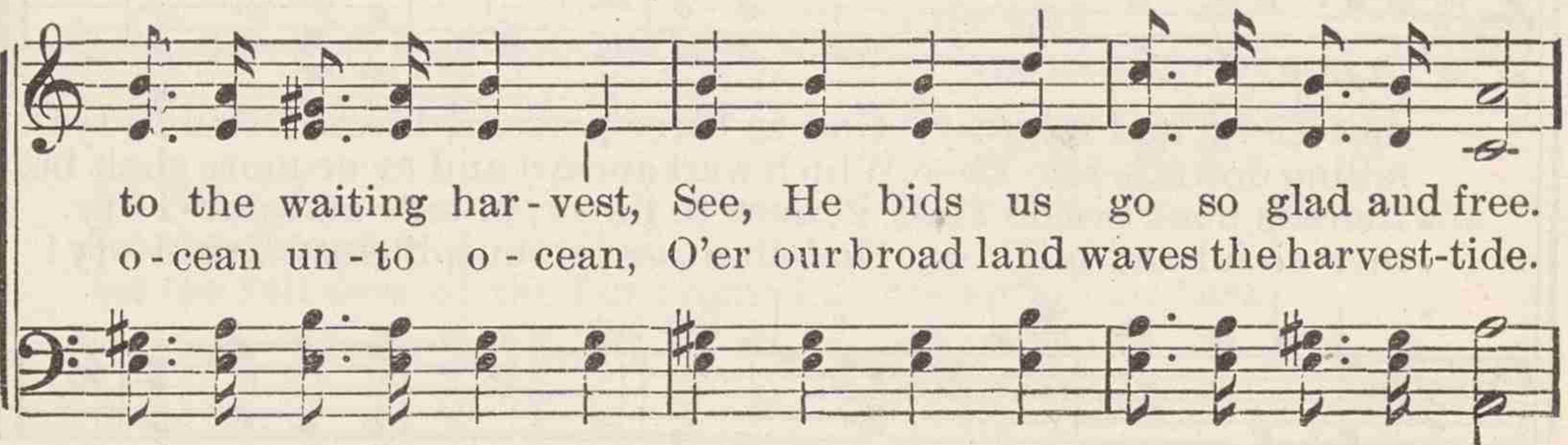
fields al-read-y white, The har-vest great! the har-vest great! On
fields al-read-y white, The land we love, the land we love, The



Fine.
ev-'ry side the fields are white. Come, oh, come, now speaks the blessed
glorious harvest field of God. List, a call comes from the dis-tant



Mas-ter, Come, oh, come, He call-eth you and me, See, He points us
ham-let, List, a whis-per from the prairie wide, List, a voice of



to the waiting har-vest, See, He bids us go so glad and free.
o-cean un-to o-cean, O'er our broad land waves the harvest-tide.

Behold the Fields.

CHORUS.

Go..... ye forth to-day, Ye reap - ers, reap - ers,
Go ye forth, go ye forth, Ye reap - ers, go, ye reap - ers, go,

Go..... ye forth to-day, And gather in the golden grain, And
Go ye forth, go ye forth,

gather in the golden grain. Go..... ye forth to-day, Ye
Go ye forth, go ye forth, Ye

reap - ers, reap - ers, Go..... ye forth to-day, And
reap - ers, go, ye reap - ers, go, Go ye forth, go ye forth,

Rall. **D. C.**
gath-er in the gold-en grain, And gath-er in the golden grain.

A Call to the Jubilee Missionary Conventions, Cincinnati, October, 1899.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. F.

1. List the trumpet-note of the Ju - bi - lee ! List the message sounding
 2. They are thronging home with the shout and palm, They are thronging from the
 3. Thus we all shall throng, free from cares and fears, To the Cit - y by the

out to all ! Let the word go forth to Je - ho-vah's free, With a
 far a - way ; With their hearts in time to a grateful psalm, They are
 an - gels trod, When the Ju - bi - lee of the deathless years Shall be

CHORUS.

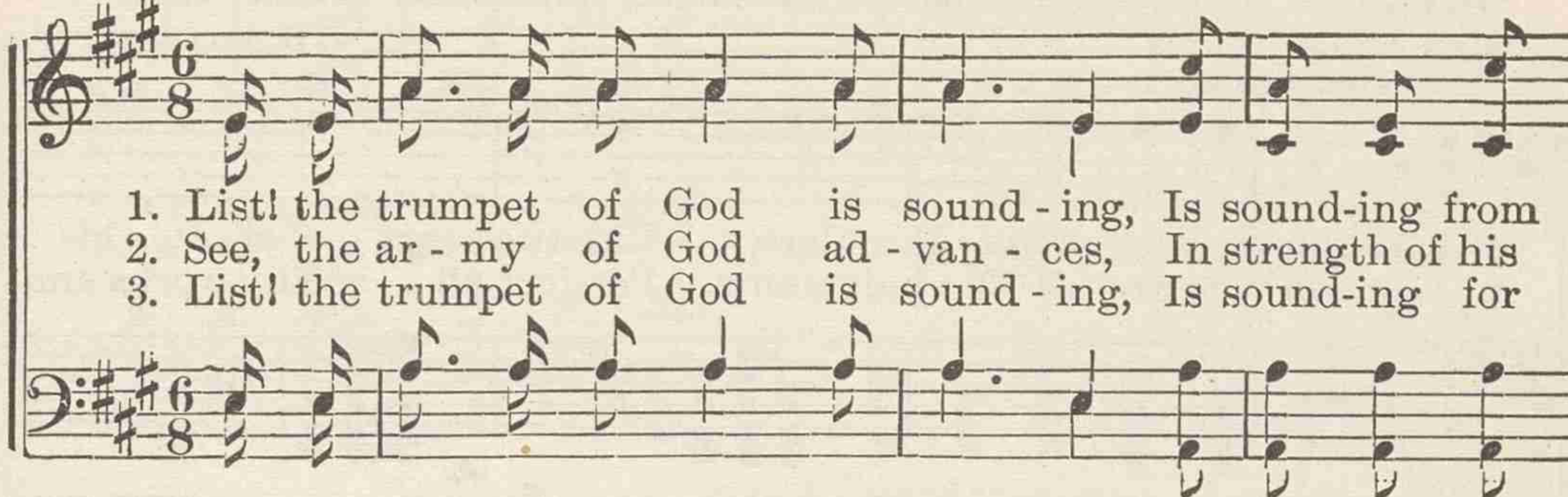
wel-come in its joy - ful call.
 glad - ly throng-ing home to - day. From the North and South the
 sound-ed from the hills of God.

throng, Come to join us in our songs, While our hearts we raise, To the
 mighty throngs,

notes of praise, In our happy, happy songs of Ju-bi-lee, Ju - bi - lee.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. F.



1. List! the trumpet of God is sound-ing, Is sound-ing from
 2. See, the ar-my of God ad-van-ces, In strength of his
 3. List! the trumpet of God is sound-ing, Is sound-ing for



sea to sea; On the field where the brave are falling There's a
 ho-ly might; See the flash of the mov-ing lan-ces, And the
 vic-to-ry; I must go, for the brave are fall-ing, And the



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



me! (for me!) A place in the ranks for me! (for me!) On the



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

Jubilee Anthem.

Written for the Jubilee Missionary Conventions, Cincinnati, October, 1899.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS

J. H. FILLMORE.

Men's Voices.

1. Like the sound of mighty thunders, Rise the songs of Ju - bi-
 2. Just and true are all Thy judgments, Per-fect all Thy works and

lee; Like the voice of ma - ny wa - ters, Rush - ing
 ways; Thine a - lone is all the glo - ry, Thine a -

Soprano Voices.

on to swell the sea, swell the sea. 'Tis our fathers' God has led us,
 lone be all the praise, all the praise. Thou who Art in grace and goodness,

Sopranos and Altos.

As He led in days of yore; He hath giv-en us the vict'ry,
 Praises still belong to Thee; Thou who Wast before the a - ges,

Jubilee Anthem.

98

All Voices.

Praise His name for ev-er-more.
Thou who ev-er-more shalt be.

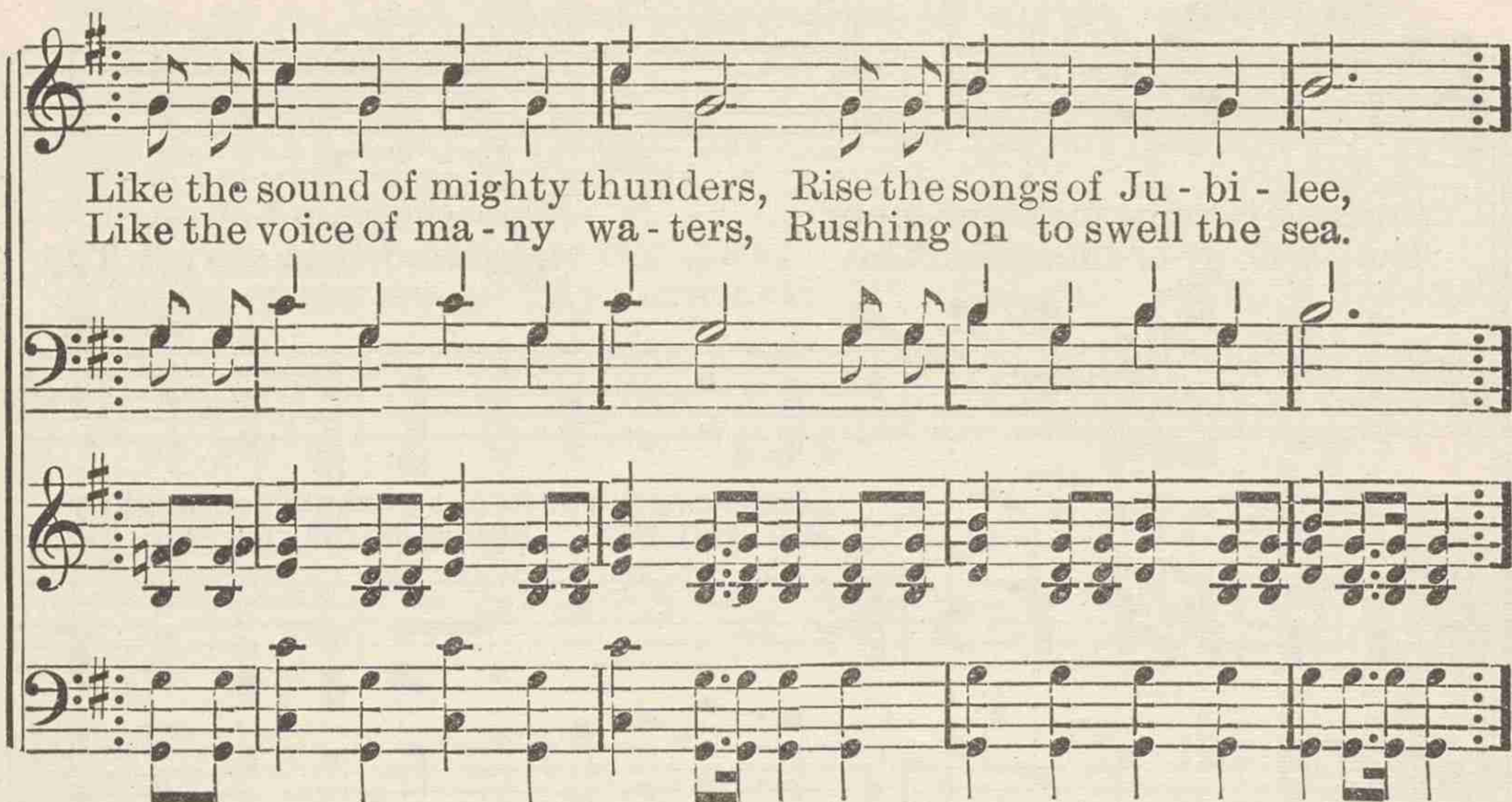
Like the sound of might-y
Just and true are all Thy

Like the sound of might-y thunders, might-y
Just and true, just and true on all Thy

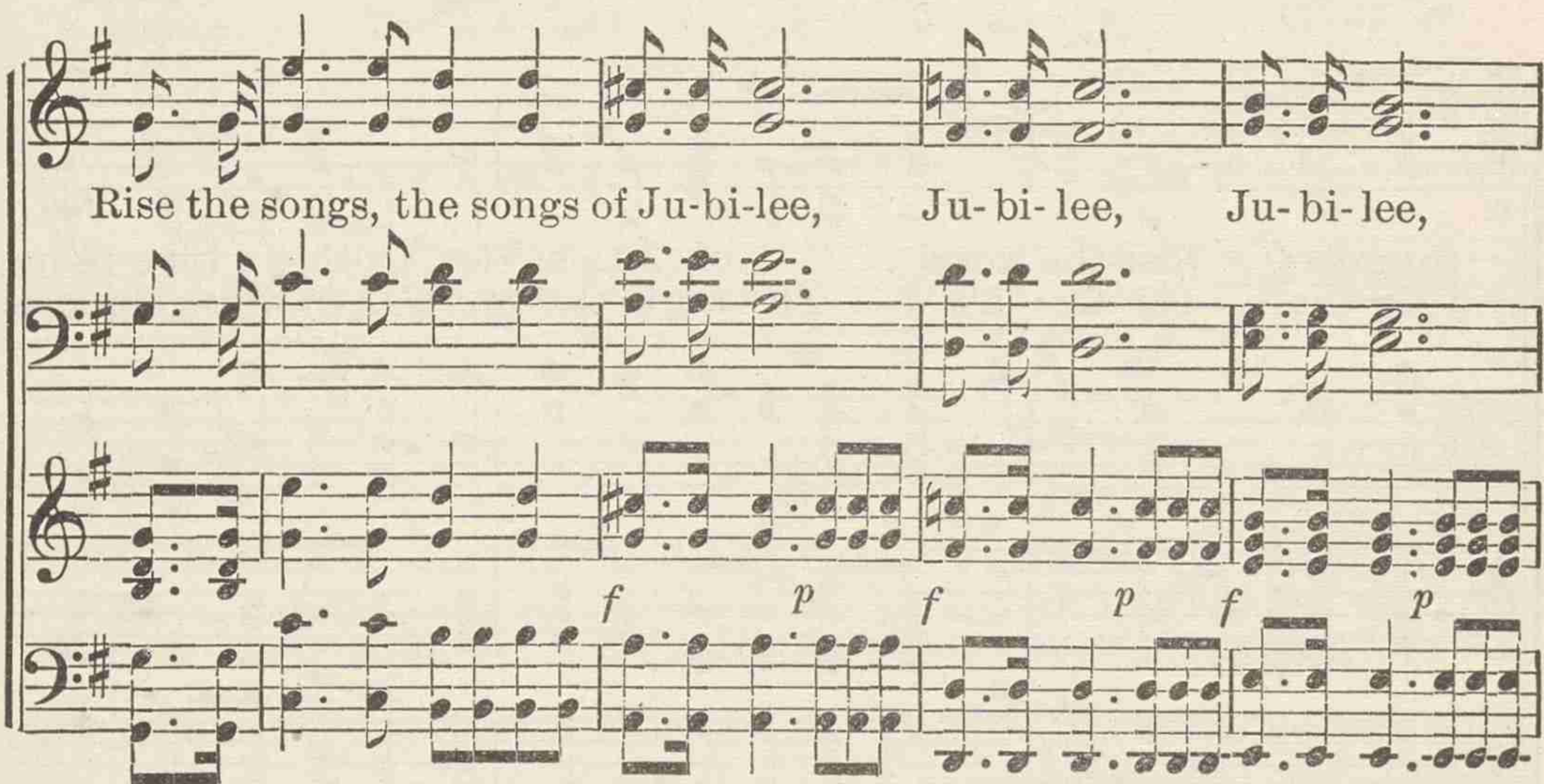
thunders, Rise the songs of Ju - bi - lee, (ju-bi-lee), Like the
judgments, Per-fect all Thy works and ways, (all thy ways), Thine a-

voice of ma-ny wa - ters, Rushing on to swell the sea, swell the sea.
lone is all the glo - ry, Thine a-lone be all the praise, all the praise.

Jubilee Anthem.



Like the sound of mighty thunders, Rise the songs of Ju - bi - lee,
Like the voice of ma - ny wa - ters, Rushing on to swell the sea.



Rise the songs, the songs of Ju-bi-lee, Ju-bi-lee, Ju-bi-lee,



Like the sound of mighty thunders,
Like the voice of ma - ny wa - ters, Rise the songs of Ju - bi - lee, the

Jubilee Anthem.

100

songs, the songs of Ju - bi - lee; Like the sound of might - y

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

thunders, Rise the songs of Ju - bi - lee, the songs of Ju - bi -
songs, Ju - bi -

This system contains the next two staves of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines. The lyrics are split across two lines.

lee, the songs of Ju - bi - lee, Rise the songs, the songs of Ju - bi - lee!
lee, songs,

Adagio. f

This system contains the final two staves of music on the page. The tempo and dynamics are marked as *Adagio. f*. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment provides a strong harmonic support.

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