THE SHINING LIGHT.

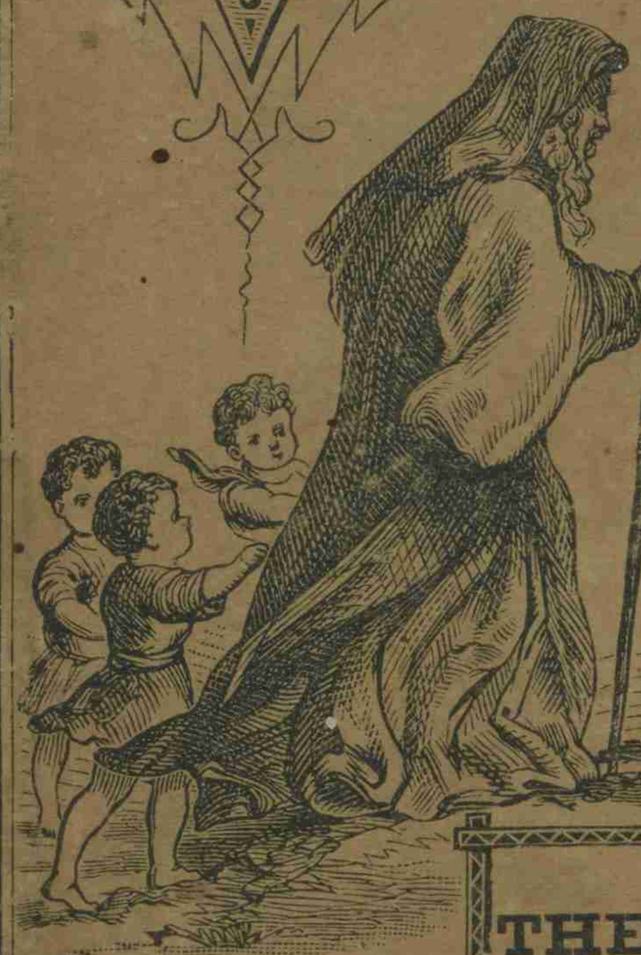
FOR

SABBATH SCHOOLS

AND

REVIVALS

"THE PATH OF THE JUST IS AS THE SHINING LIGHT, THAT SHINETH MORE AND MORE UNTO THE PERFECT DAY." SOLOMON.



BY
J. H. TENNEY
AND
A. S. KIEFFER.

SCATTERCOOD

DAYTON, VA.
THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO.

Turney

THE

SHINING LIGHT.

A

VARIED COLLECTION OF SACRED SONGS

FOR

Sabbath-schools, Social Meetings and the Home Circle.

BY

J. H. TENNEY AND ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

PUBLISHED BY
RUEBUSH, KIEFFER & CO.,
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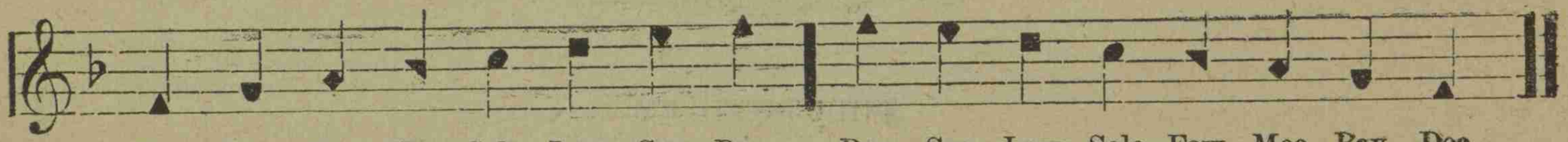
J. M. ARMSTRONG & CO., MUSIC TYPOGRAPHERS, Philadelphia.

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THE SCALE.



Doe, Ray, Mee, Faw, Sole, Law, See, Doe, Doe, See, Law, Sole, Faw, Mee, Ray, Doe.

PREFACE.

"I HATE A PREFACE!" Perhaps you do. But certain facts connected with THE SHINING LIGHT require that the book have a preface.

The peculiar system of notation used in this book is of modern date, being the invention of J. B. Aiken, in the year 1847. Its special advantage over round notes consists in representing each note of the scale by a distinct character. Hence, the reading of notes is greatly simplified, and the learner finds no difficulty in singing by note in any of the keys; and this shape ▲ (*Do*) is the keynote, wherever found upon the staff. (For a table representing the shapes and names of the scale series, see opposite page.)

This system is not an old one, as some suppose, but is the reformed notation of a progressive age, and has been steadily gaining in public favor. Its growth, like that of the Alpine avalanche, has been slow; but, like an avalanche, it seems now ready to sweep before it all opposing obstacles. Especially of late years has it gained strength and volume, until many of the publishing houses of influential Christian denominations have endorsed it. Even as we write, the M. E. Church, South, are preparing a second volume of Sabbath-school Songs, to be issued in this notation under the editorial supervision of R. M. McIntosh, author of TABOR. The Presbyterian Board of Publication, the Southern Baptist Publication House, the Mennonite Publishing House, the German Baptist (or Dunkard) Publishing Committee have all issued books in this notation.

Aside from these endorsements, however, there are many others of equal importance. Shrewd business men are beginning to discover the vast strength which this system of notation is developing, and are showing a willingness to aid and abet that system which certain

musicians, years ago, pronounced a dangerous delusion. Among recent publishers we name BIGLOW & MAIN, of New York City, and Miller's Bible and Publishing House, Philadelphia, who are issuing works in this notation. That character notes must eventually become the standard notation of the country is evident, and only becomes a question of time.
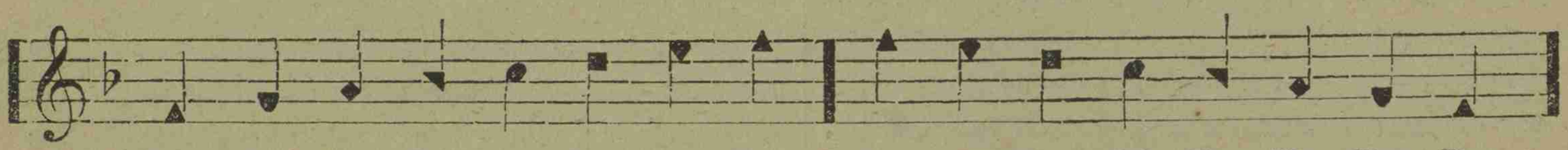
Our plea for issuing "SHINING LIGHT" is that there is a growing demand for music for the Sabbath-school printed in character notes, and that children can learn to read music in this notation so much sooner than if printed in the *antiquated* system.

The authors have had considerable experience in the Sabbath-school work, and believe they have correct ideas of the kind of music specially adapted to the wants of the average Sabbath-school. In this volume will be found many of their best hymns and tunes, together with those of other authors of unquestionable repute.

They desire here to express their high appreciation of the services rendered them, in the preparation of these pages, by the authors and publishers who have thus aided them, and whose names are duly appended to their several contributions.

In the hope that this little volume may do good in the world; that the hymns and tunes herein contained may subserve the best interests of the Sabbath-school; that they may conduce to the worship of God, and the glory of his Son, our Saviour, these pages are respectfully submitted to the public, who rarely, if ever, fail to pronounce correct judgment in the end.

APRIL, 1879.

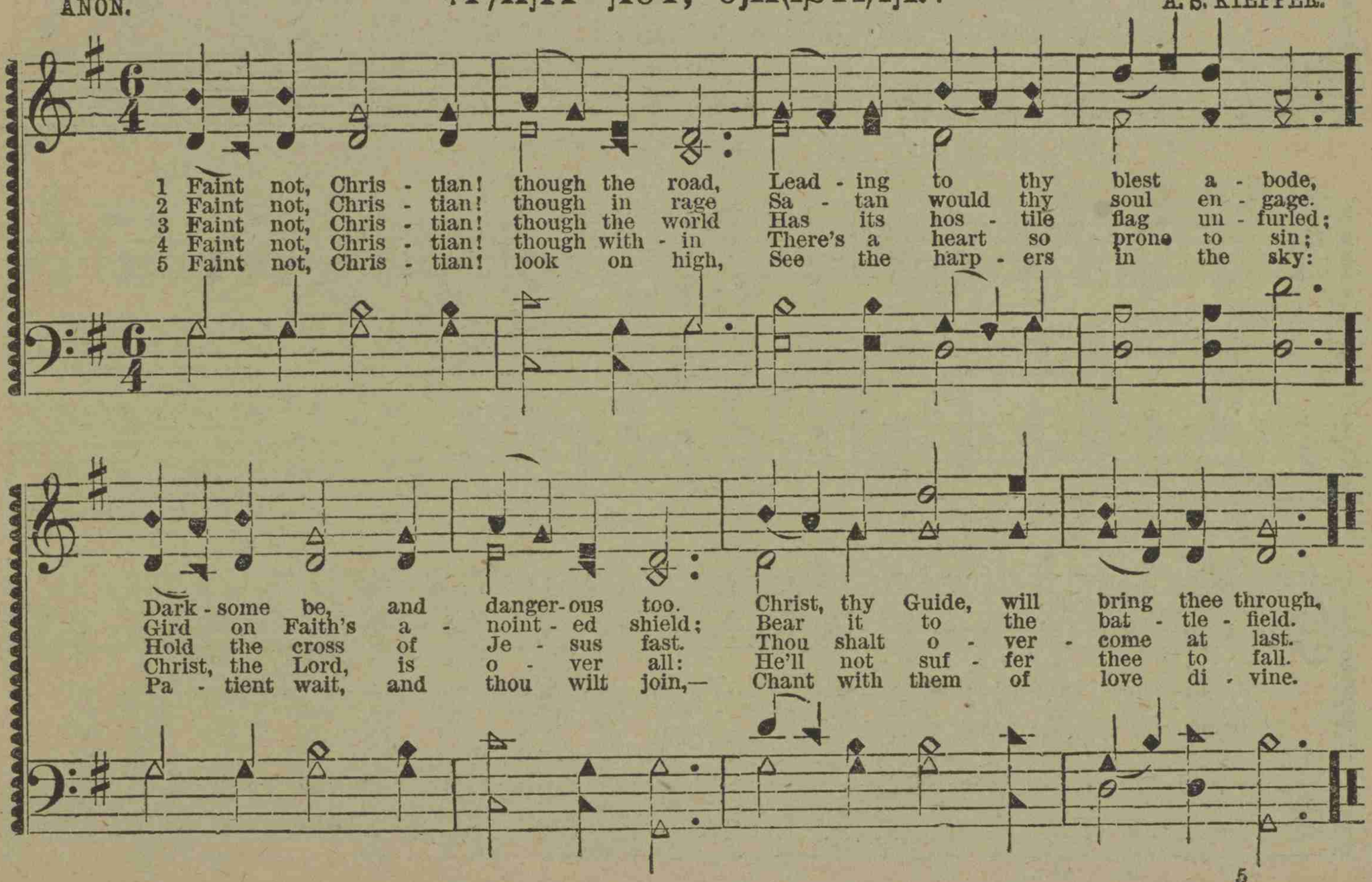


Doe, Ray, Mee, Faw, Sole, Law, See, Doe. Doe, See, Law, Sole, Faw, Mee, Ray, Doe.

SHINING LIGHT.

FAINT NOT, CHRISTIAN.

ANON. A. S. KIEFFER.



Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

COMPEL THEM TO COME.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 To the high - ways and hedg - es, oh, has - ten to - day! There are
2 If the Shep - herd we fol - low, we care for the lambs: They are
3 To the wea - ry and la - den the Mas - ter gives rest; And the

thou - sands and thou - sands now go - ing a - stray. Oh, be gen - tle and ten - der, just
pre - cious to Je - sus, and dear to his name. Shall they wan - der in dark - ness and
sin - ner, when hum - ble, he ev - er has blest; From this foun - tain of wa - ters the

lead - ing with love; For the Fa - ther in hea - ven in - vites them a - bove.
per - ish in sin? Let us has - ten, ere night - fall, to gath - er them in.
thirst - y may drink; 'Neath an o - cean of love vile pol - lu - tion may sink.

COMPEL THEM TO COME. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Com - pel them with lov - ing en - treat - y to come, Oh,

tell them, Oh, tell them there ev - er is room; Oh, bring them, Oh, bring them, Oh,

bring them a - long! Then teach them, yes, teach them to sing the new song.

J. C. B.

JUST BESIDE THE RIVER.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1 Just be - side the riv - er an - gels wait, Wait - ing there to take us home;
2 Just be - side the riv - er an - gels wait, Wait - ing there to take us home;
3 Just be - side the riv - er an - gels wait, Wait - ing till our work is done;

Soon we'll see the shi - ning pearl - y gate, Of our Fa - ther's heav'n - ly throne.
Soon we'll join the glo - rious song of praise, O - ver on the oth - er shore.
If we faith - ful prove we'll rest at last, 'Mid the shin - ing, ran - som'd throng.

CHORUS.

Just be - side the riv - er an - gels wait,— Wait - ing near the gold - en throne;

JUST BESIDE THE RIVER. Concluded.

Just be-side the riv-er an-gels wait,— Wait-ing there to take us home.

IN GOD WE TRUST.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.
From "Happy Songs."

1 In God we trust! He is our sure De-fence. He shields us with His own om-nip-o-tence.
2 In God we trust! He is a sol-id Rock, Un-moved and firm A-gainst all earth-ly shock.
3 In God we trust! He is our Help-er now. We pay to him Our hum-ble, sol-emn vow.

CHORUS.

In God we trust! In God we trust! For help and strength In God we trust!

A. S. KIEFFER.

SHOUT FOR GLADNESS.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Shout for glad - ness, sons of Zi - on! Lo! the morn - ing light ap - pears,
2 Shout for glad - ness! Christ is com - ing From the re - gions of the blest;
3 Glo - rious day, so long ex - pect - ed! Flood your tide of bliss a - long;

Ris - ing o'er time's drear - y moun - tains, Break - ing through the mist of years;
Count - less mil - lions rise to meet him From the North, South, East, and West!
Brooks and vales and seas and moun - tains Join the ev - er - last - ing song!

Je - sus comes with throng - ing an - gels, From the shi - ning courts a - bove,
Lo! the reign of sin is o - ver; Death, no more can ter - ror bring;
Zi - on, from the heav'ns de - scend - ing O'er the earth her ra - diance flings;

And the ban - ner stream - ing o'er him Is the ban - ner of his love.
Shout a - loud and sing for glad - ness,— Christ, the King of kings, is King!
Saints and an - gels join the cho - rus. Shout, for Christ is King of kings!

CHORUS.

Shout for glad - ness, O ye peo - ple! Let your songs of tri - umph ring!

Lo! the morn of Zi - on's glo - ry! Christ, the King of kings, is King.

HEALING FOUNTAIN.

UNKNOWN.

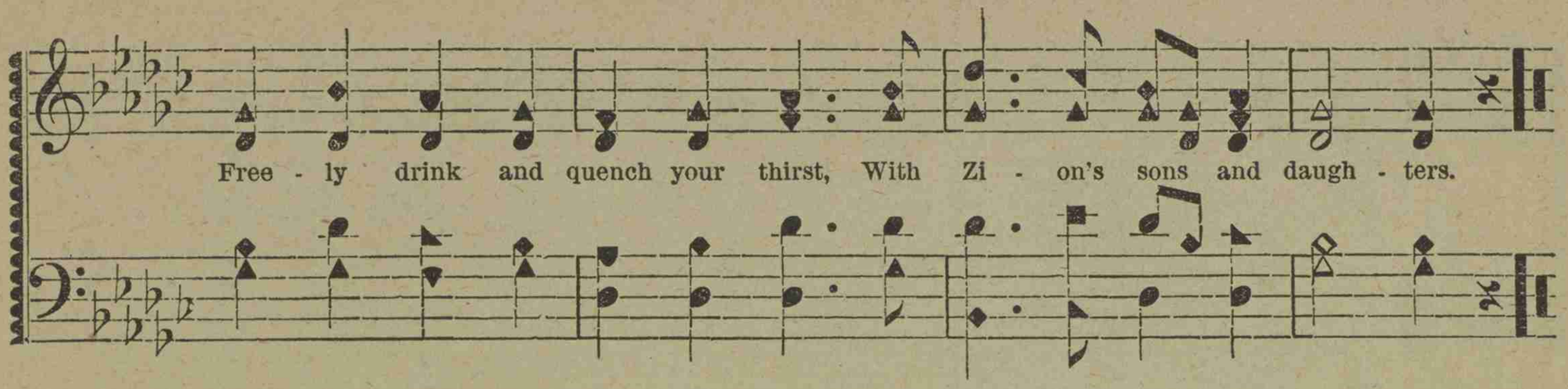
1 See the Foun - tain o - pened wide That from pol - lu - tion frees us;
2 Dy - ing sin - ners, come and try: These wa - ters will re - lieve you!
3 He who drinks shall nev - er die: These wa - ters fail him nev - er.
4 Weep - ing Ma - ry, full of grief, Came beg - ging for these wa - ters;

Flow - ing from the wound - ed side Of our Im - man - uel, Je - sus.
With - out mon - ey, come and buy; For Christ will free - ly give you.
Sin - ners, come, and now ap - ply, And drink and live for - ev - er.
Je - sus gave her full re - lief, With Zi - on's sons and daugh - ters.

CHORUS.

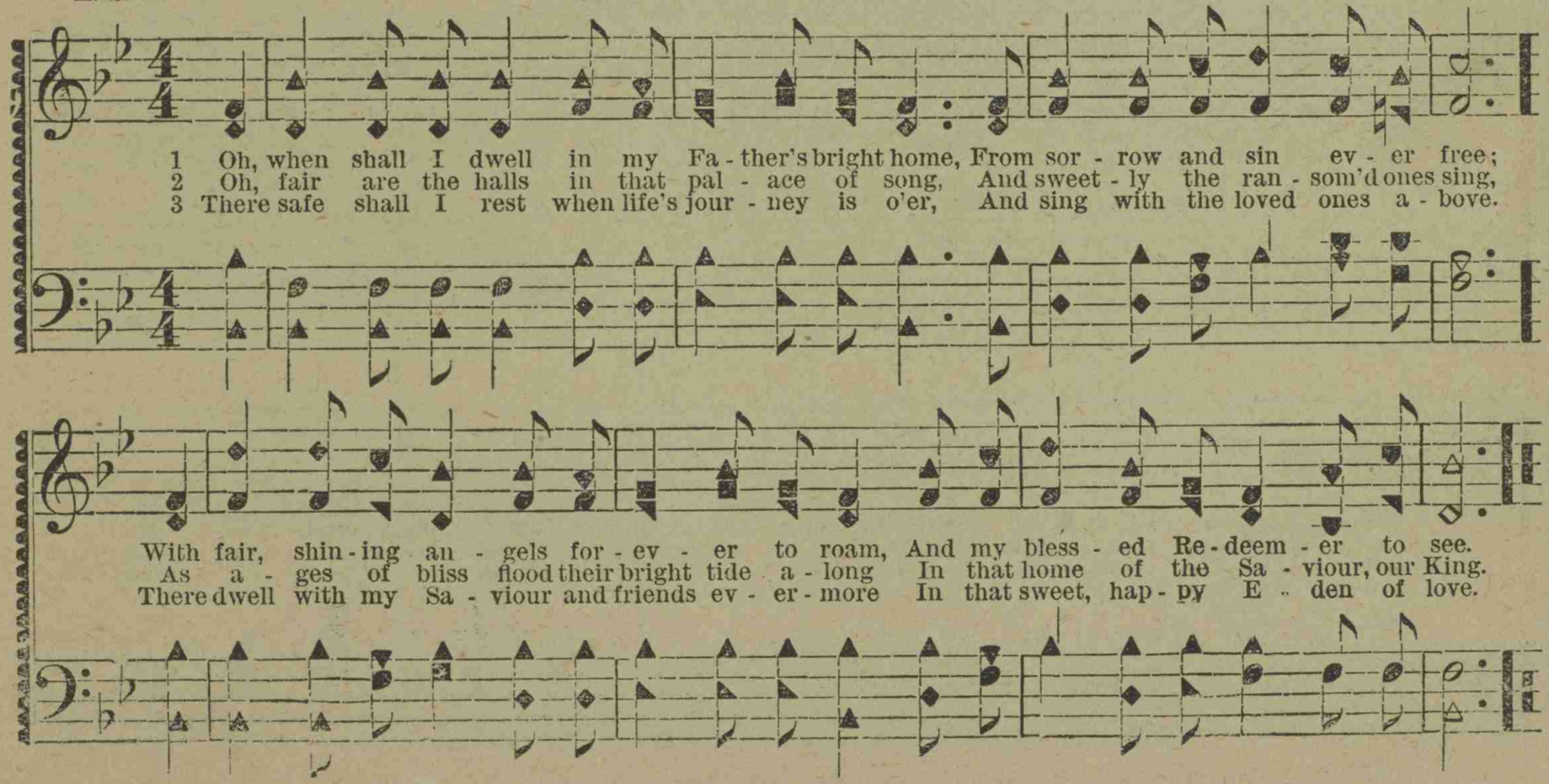
Ho! ev' - ry one that thirsts! Come ye to the wa - ters.

HEALING FOUNTAIN. Concluded.



THE EDEN OF LOVE.

A. S. K. A. S. KIEFFER.



CRIMSONED GARMENTS WEAREST THOU.

A. N. GILBERT.

1 Crim - son'd gar - ments wear - est thou, Sa - viour, pure and ho - ly! Crim - son life - drops
2 Can I still with-hold my heart? Still re - ject my par - don? Keep my - self from
3 Here I yield me now to thee, Oh, my lov - ing Sa - viour! Hence-forth thou my

on thy brow, Sa - viour, meek and low - ly! Why must thou, the Sin- less, bleed? 'Twas to meet my
thee a - part, Weep - ing in the gar - den? Shall thy flood of bit - ter tears, Shall thy weight of
all shalt be: Take me to thy fa - vor! On - ly sin - ful heart to give, But the gift thou

bit - ter need, And to make me thine in - deed,— Thine for - e'er and whol - ly.
crush - ing fears, Cross, that high its form up - rears, Nev - er bring me par - don?
wilt re - ceive, Ho - ly life wilt help me live In thy strength, my Sa - viour!

HOSANNA TO OUR KING.

J. H. TENNEY. 15

Lively.

1 Ho - san - na be the chil-dren's song To Christ, the chil-dren's King; His praise, to whom all
2 Ho - san - na sound from hill to hill, And spread from plain to plain; While loud - er, sweet-er,
3 Ho - san - na on the wings of light, O'er earth and o - cean fly; Till morn to eve, and

CHORUS.

praise be - longs, Let all the chil - dren sing.
clear - er still Woods ech - o to the strain.
noon to night, And heav'n to earth, re - ply.
} Ho - san - na, then, our song shall be,— Ho-

san - na to our King, This is the children's ju - bi - lee: Let all the chil - dren sing.

Dr. H. BONAR.

RIVER OF LIFE.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Forth from the throne of glo - ry, Bright in its crys - tal gleam, Bursts out the liv - ing
2 Stream full of life and glad - ness, Spring of all health and peace, No harps by thee hang
3 Riv - er of God, I greet thee, Not now a - far, but near; My soul to thy still

CHORUS.

Foun - tain, Swells on the liv - ing Stream.
si - lent, Nor hap - py voic - es cease.
wa - ters Hastes, in its thirst - ing here.

} Bless - ed Riv - er, let me ev - er

Feast my eyes on thee; Bless - ed Riv - er, let me ev - er Feast my eyes on thee.

T. F. GOODRICH.

1 I have oft - en dreamed of that glo - ry - land, With its beau - ti - ful mansions and
2 Shall we reach that home on the oth - er shore? Shall we dwell in those mansions for-
3 We shall en - ter in - to those peace - ful shores; We shall dwell in those mansions for-

an - gel bands, With its beau - ti - ful streets, all paved with gold, And its
ev - er - more? Shall we taste of its joys, with those we love? Shall we
ev - er - more; We shall dwell in that ci - ty, saved from sin; If we're

CHORUS.

glo - ri - ous mu - sic and its joys un - told.
join in the cho - rus with the throng a - bove? } We shall en - ter, we shall en - ter those
true and love Je - sus, we shall en - ter in.

beau - ti - ful gates, We shall en - ter, we shall en - ter those beau - ti - ful gates, Oh,

yes, Oh, yes, Oh, yes, Oh, yes, Oh, yes, we shall en - ter those

beau - ti - ful gates; If we're true and love Je - sus, we shall en - ter in.

JUST OVER THE RIVER.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY. 19

1 Just be - yond the shi - ning riv - er Lie the sun - ny fields of bliss; I can see, as
2 Just be - yond the shi - ning riv - er O - pens wide the pearl - y gate, Swing - ing on its
3 Just be - yond the shi - ning riv - er Dawns the light of per - fect day, Soon we'll join the

CHORUS.

thro' a shad-ow, O - ver in that land of bliss.
gold - en hing-es,—Just be - side it an - gels wait.
ho - ly number; Earth-born shadows flee a - way.

O - ver there, The an - gels
O - ver there, just o - ver there, The an-gels wait, the

wait, O - - ver there, At the beau - ti - ful pearl - y gate.
an - gels wait, O - ver there, just o - ver there,

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

BEAUTIFUL EDEN.

W. H. DOANE.

From "Pure Gold," by permission of Biglow & Main, New York.

1 Beau - ti - ful E - den, ref - uge of peace; Home where the
2 Beau - ti - ful E - den, sor - row or care Nev - er can
3 Beau - ti - ful E - den, place of de - light, Land of the
4 Beau - ti - ful E - den, gar - den of peace, Where we may

songs of the ran - som'd ne'er cease; Oh, how my spir - it, when sad - dened by
with - er thy blos - soms so fair; Sin can - not blight them, and death can - not
an - gels, ce - les - tial and bright; Here may the way - far - er stay and take
gaze on the Sa - viour's dear face; There we shall gath - er in glad - ness a-

gloom, Longs to be - hold thee, thou gar - den of bloom!
slay: Safe in the gar - den of prom - ise are they.
rest, Here in the heav - en - ly home of the blest.
bove, Roam - ing the realms of an E - den of love.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful E - den, beau - ti - ful E - den, Bright are thy

flow'rs, and gold - en thy fruits; Pure are thy riv - ers, thy foun - tains how

free! Beau - ti - ful E - den, my soul longs for thee.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

THE GOOD OLD STORY.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 We've heard the good old sto - ry From sweet - est lips of love,
2 He comes, oh, pre - cious sto - ry! With love for you and me.

Of Christ, the King of glo - ry, Who came from heav'n a - bove.
Oh, who will bid him wel - come? Who, who his child will be?

He came with love for chil - dren, Of pur est, sweet - est type;
Then, then to oth - ers bear it, This love of price - less worth,

He came, a child of sor - row Their in - fant tears to wipe.
'Till all the chil - dren hear it Through - out the wide, wide earth.

CHORUS.

Yes, we've heard the good old sto - ry, We've heard the good old

sto - ry, Of Christ, the King of glo - ry, Who came from heav'n a - bove.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

✝YONDER ARE MANY MANSIONS.✝

J. H. TENNEY.
From "Songs of Faith," by per.

1 Yon - der are ma - ny man - sions, Gold - en, and bright, and fair;
2 Yon - der are streets all gold - en, Trod - den by an - gel feet;
3 Yon - der my dear Re - deem - er, Seat - ed up - on his throne,

Soon I may hope to see them, And in the glo - ry share.
There all the pure and ho - ly Soon I may hope to greet.
O - pens his arms in wel - come, Hails me, his loved, his own.

CHORUS.

Yon - der, yon - der. Yon - der are ma - ny man - sions;
Yon- der are mansions, are mansions of glo - ry,

YONDER ARE MANY MANSIONS. Concluded.

Yon - der, yon - der, Are man - sions bright and fair.
Yon-der are mansions, are man-sions of glo - ry, Yon-der are man - sions bright and fair.

SABBATH DAWN.

Mrs. S. B. HERRICK. L. O. EMERSON.

1 Forth from yon gates a - jar, Bright with the dawning; Forth from her gold - en car, Com-eth the morning.
2 When chime the Sab-bath bells, This morn of gladness, Hope all our fear dis-pels, Banished our sad-ness.
3 When shall have passed a - way These gold - en hours; Oh, may we meet for aye In heav-en's bow- ers,

Soft - ly the wa - ters lie, Peace rests up - on the sky. Lord, lift our spir - its high This ho - ly morn-ing.
When in the Sabbath-school, Learning the bless - ed rule, With joy our hearts are full This morn of glad-ness.
Where part-ings nev - er come, Where wea-ry feet shall roam, Ne'er from our bliss-ful home In heaven's bow-ers.

PARDONED.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Sorrow-ing sin-ner, weep no more: Christ is stand-ing at the
2 He hath seen the bend-ed knee; He hath heard thy con-trite
3 Saved from wrath and sanc-ti-fied Through the blood of his dear

door; Haste, and on his pierc-ed feet Pour thy heart's ob-la-tion
plea; Not in vain thy soul hath wept; Not in vain its vig-ils
side, Nev-er from thy hap-py heart Let the heav'n-ly Guest de-

sweet. He will love thee, He will love thee, And will leave thee nev-er-more.
kept. While yet pray-ing, Hear him say-ing, All thy sins I bear for thee.
part. He is with thee. Bid him with thee Ev-er, ev-er-more a-bide.

p

1 Gen - tly fold the dimpled hands. Death hath closed the eye - lids now. She is rest - ing with her
2 Soft - ly smooth the mar - ble brow. Take one look, the last on earth. Mur - mur not, for 'twas the
3 Hush'd the breath, 'tis stilled in death: Sweet - ly sleeps the peace - ful dead. Oh, how lone - ly, oh, how
4 Gen - tly bear her form a - way To the con - fines of the tomb; She'll be wait - ing o - ver

rit.

CHORUS.

p

Sa - viour: She has joined the an - gel band.
Mas - ter, And he do - eth all things well.
lone - ly, Now she's gone from out our midst.
yon - der, In that land of per - fect day.

Sweet - ly rests the beautiful dead, Sweet - ly
Sweetly rests the beautiful dead,

pp *m* *rit.* *pp*

rests the beautiful dead, Sweet - ly rests the beautiful dead who die in the Lord.
Sweetly rests the beautiful dead,

Mrs. MARY E. KAIL.

HAVE YOU HEARD THE GOOD NEWS?

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Have you heard the good news by the gos - pel proclaim'd? Great joy and sal - va - tion for all.
2 Have you heard that a Foun - tain was o - pened for you To cleanse you from sor - row and shame?
3 Have you heard of the crowns that the ransom'd shall wear? The glo - ry so full and com-plete,
4 Have you heard the great news that a home in the skies To th' patient and faith-ful is giv'n?

O ye starv - ing and poor, Je - sus waits at the door! Will you has - ten to an - swer his call?
And tho' strange it may be that the wa - ters are free,—On - ly en - ter in Je - sus - 's name.
When your life - work is done and the vic - to - ry won,—Of the rest at King Je - sus - 's feet?
Give the Sa - viour your love: it will bear you a - bove To the man-sions prepared up in heav'n.

CHORUS.

And just o - ver there in the beau - - - ti - ful
And just o - ver there, just o - ver there in the beau - ti - ful land,

land,— From sor - row and sin ev - er free,—
beau - ti - ful land, From sor - row and sin, sor - row and sin ev - er free, ev - er free;—

Hap - py an - - - gels of light, Robed in gar - - - ments of
Hap - py an - gels of light, an - gels of light, Robed in gar - ments of white,

white, Fond - ly wait - - ing for you and for me.
gar - ments of white, Fond - ly wait - ing, wait - ing for you and for me.

WHO'LL SEND THE NEWS?

1 An - gels are wait - ing to bear the news Up to the courts a - bove,
2 Je - sus is read - y. Oh, heed his call, "Come, wea - ry ones, and rest."
3 Oh, what an an - them will an - gels sing! How throb their hearts with love!

Of some poor wand'rer now com - ing home, Seek - ing a Fa - ther's love.
Noth - ing is want - ing: there's room for all. Now be for - ev - er blest.
E'en now they're wait - ing, and on the wing. Who'll send the news a - bove?

CHORUS.

There will be joy in heav'n, There will be joy a - bove,
There will be joy, will be joy in heav'n, There will be joy a - bove, will be joy a - bove,

"Vineyard of Song," by permission of Biglow & Main, New York

O - ver the wan-d'rer re - turn - ing home, Seek - ing a Fa - ther's love.

THE WAY WILL GROW BRIGHTER.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. L. O. EMERSON.

1 On-ward, broth-er, on - ward In the pil - grim way! God will make the path more bright Ev' - ry day.
2 Up-ward, broth-er, up - ward To the home on high! Light will beam more clear and bright From the sky.
3 Forward, broth-er, for - ward! And the God of love Will each day send clear - er light From a - bove.

CHORUS.

On-ward, broth-er, on - ward
Up-ward, broth-er, up - ward
Forward, broth-er, for - ward
} To the per - fect day, God will strew thy path with light All the way.

C. H. GABRIEL.

CHILDREN'S BATTLE SONG.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 We are a lit - tle va - liant band Of sol - diers for the right; And we are march-ing
2 The hosts of sin are press - ing hard, But nev - er will we yield; We'll nev - er lay the
3 We hold our ban - ner to the breeze, And shout our Lead - er's name; For - ev - er we will

on to war, With ar - mor shi - ning bright; Our foes are ma - ny ev' - ry-where; We'll
ar - mor by, Nor quit the bat - tle - field; We have a Cap - tain firm and true, He
march and sing, His hon - ors to pro - claim; And when in bat - tle we shall fall, A

meet them on our way; But with a Lead - er such as ours, We'll sure - ly gain the day.
bids us all be strong, And fight for him with all our might, What though the strife be long.
crown of life he'll give To ev' - ry va - liant sol - dier here, And they with Christ shall live.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! march-ing on, With our ban - ner proud - ly borne, In the
march-ing on, With our ban - ner, ban - ner proud - ly borne,

work we have be - gun The vic - t'ry we will win: Je - sus leads us to the fight For the
leads us to the fight, For the

good, the true, and right, And with ar - mor shi - ning bright We'll con - quer ev' - ry sin.
good, the true, the true, and right,

THE HARVEST IS PASSING.

1 Oh, wand'rer, be wise while God now en-treats thee, His warnings and pleadings of mer-cy at-tend.
2 How oft-en thy sins and guilt has he told thee, And yet, once a-gain, heed the word that he sends.
3 Yes, haste, for the Sa-viour waits to re-ceive thee, And do not stay lon-ger from such a dear Friend;

Come, hear the sweet voice from a-bove— he en-treats thee,
He calls thee. Oh, haste to the shel-ter he gives thee,
For, friend-less, for-sa-ken, at last he will leave thee,
} For the har-vest is pass-ing: the sum-mer will end. For the har-vest is pass-ing: the sum-mer will end.

TEACHERS. CHILDREN. TEACHERS.

1 Does Je - sus love lit - tle chil - dren? Yes, yes. Oh, yes. Did Je - sus die to re-
2 Does Je - sus hear us when pray - ing? Yes, yes. Oh, yes. He hears each word we are
3 Oh, may we all get to heav - en! Yes, yes. Oh, yes. And live with Je - sus for-

CHILDREN. ALL.

deem them. Yes, yes. Oh, yes. Of such, he said, is my king-dom: Let them come un - to
say - ing. Yes, yes. Oh, yes. He hears each word that is spo - ken,— Sees each act that we
ev - er. Yes yes. Oh, yes. Then let us ev - er be watch-ing! Soon the an - gels will

me; When he placed his hands up - on them,—Those lit - tle chil - dren like me.
do. His com-mands should ne'er be bro - ken; For Je - sus car - eth for you.
come: They will take us to his king - dom To live with Je - sus at home.

Mrs. A. E. WINSLOW.

✣THE ANGELS HAVE CALLED THEE.✣

D. HAYDEN LLOYD.

1 Beau - ti - ful dar - ling, the an - gels have called thee. Love can - not bring back the
2 Where do ye dwell, O my glo - ri - ous loved one? What does the cur - tain which
3 Well do I know that the arms of my Sa - viour Ten - der - ly fold her and

light of thy smile. Say, O ye mes - sen - gers, bear - ing her from me,
closed on thee hide? Kin - dred, who've passed through the vail and are wait - ing
keep her from me; And one bright day will the same bless - ed an - gels

1st. 2d.

Give ye her back to me af - ter a while, af - ter a while.
For me, have room for my sweet by your side, sweet by your side.
O - pen the door that my love I can see, love I can see.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

I AM SINGING ALL THE DAY.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

Not too fast.

by per.

1 I am sing - ing all the day, As I go my pil - grim way;
2 I am sing - ing all the day, Christ has washed my stains a - way;
3 I am sing - ing all the day, And my joy I can - not stay;

For the blood of Je sus saves me, And no more my sin en - slaves me;
Oh, the joy my soul is feel - ing, Christ his love to me re - veal - ing!
For the Lord my soul is fill ing With a sweet - ness so en - thrill - ing,

So I'm sing - ing, sing - ing all the day, As I go my pil - grim way.
So I'm sing - ing, sing - ing all the day, As I go my pil - grim way.
That I'm sing - ing, sing - ing the day, As I go my pil - grim way.

E. R. LATTA.

FEED MY LAMBS.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Feed my lambs, my lit - tle lambs, On the herb - age of my Word;
2 Feed my lambs, my lit - tle lambs, With the bread of end - less life;
3 Feed my lambs, my lit - tle lambs, With a knowl - edge of their Lord;

Care for them with ten - der - ness; Let their ev' - ry cry be heard:
Keep them from the tempt- er's wiles,— From the e - vil and the strife:
Fit them for my ser - vice here, And in heav'n a great re - ward:

Feed them with a lov - ing hand; Shield them from ap - proach - ing ill;
Thou who car - est for the flock, That they wan - der not a - way,
Guide, oh, guide the lit - tle feet In - to wis - dom's pleas - ant ways;

Lead them 'mid the lil - ies fair, By the wa ters bright and still.
Ne'er neg - lect the lit - tle ones: Watch and guard them day by day.
Teach the ten - der heart to love, And the guile - less lips to praise.

CHORUS.

Feed my lambs, Feed my lambs, Feed my lambs, my lit - tle lambs. Feed my
Feed my lambs, Feed my lambs, Feed my lambs, my lit - tle lambs.

mf *p*

lambs, Feed my lambs, If thou lov - est me, Feed my lambs.
Feed my lambs, Feed my lambs, Feed my lambs, my lit - tle lambs.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

HOW GLAD I AM.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 How glad I am that Je - sus loves me, And that he gave his precious blood To save my soul from
2 How glad I am that Je - sus loves me, And takes me gen - tly by the hand To lead me thro' this
3 How glad I am that Je - sus loves me, And makes my spir - it pure and white In the a - ton - ing,

CHORUS.

end - less ru - in, And lead my spir - it up to God.
life's dark jour - ney Un - to the gold - en sum-mer- land.
crimson Foun-tain That flows a - down from Calv'ry's height.

My Je - sus loves me, My Je - sus loves me, My

Je - sus loves me, this I know; My Je - sus loves me, My Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

Mrs. M. L. SMITH.

BE THOU SAVED TO-DAY.

Rev. H. F. SMITH. 41

1 Wilt thou not come to the Sa - viour? He's call - ing thee home! Re-
2 Oh, spurn not the life he of - fers Thro' his pre - cious blood, That
3 O sin - ner, now trust his mer - cy: 'Tis bound - less and free; He
4 List, hear you not! he is call - ing Thee, wan - der - er, home; In

ceive the bless - ing of par - don, And cease now to roam!
flowed on Cal - va - ry's moun - tain, To bring thee to God.
gave his life, pure and pre - cious, A ran - som for thee.
tones of love he is plead - ing, "Poor sin - ner, come home."

CHORUS.

1st. 2d.

Come home! come home! And be saved to - day. And be saved to - day.
Come home, come home, come home, come home,

LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.
by per.

1 Be - hold a stran - ger stand- ing Just out - side a close-barred door; He's wea - ry with this
2 I heard his soft voice call - ing, Ev - er call - ing at the door; I'm knocking, sin - ner,
3 Christ is knock-ing, gen - tly knock-ing, Ev - er knock-ing at my heart. I'll glad - ly bid him
4 So we'll ev - er sup to - geth - er,— This bless - ed Friend and I; And if I ev - er

wait - ing, But he will not give it o'er. He knocks, and, as he's knock-ing, He
knock - ing, As I've oft - en knocked be - fore. Just ope the door a mo- ment,—Long e-
en - ter: I will ask him not de - part. Welcome! wel - come! bless - ed Stran - ger! Come
hun - ger, He can hear my faint - est cry. And when my war - fare's o - ver, I'll

lifts his heav'n - ly voice, "Ope the door and let me en - ter: I will make your heart re - joice."
nough to let me in; And I'll dwell with you for - ev - er, And will cleanse you from all sin.
in, and sup with me. Ful - fill thy gra - cious prom-ise, Lord, and let me sup with thee.
share his heav'n - ly bliss. Oh, who could ev - er bar the door 'Gainst such a friend as this.

CHORUS.

Knock - ing, ev - er knock - ing, Knock - ing, ev - er knock - ing, Christ is ev - er

gen - tly knock - ing, knock - ing at the door. He will leave me nev - er;

Dwell with me for - ev - er; Glad - ly will I bid him en - ter And de - part no more.

DO THEY PRAY FOR ME AT HOME?

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Do they pray for me at home? Do they ev - er pray for
2 Do they pray for me at home, When the sum mer birds ap-
3 Do they pray for me at home, When the winds of win - ter

me, When I ride the dark sea foam, When I cross the storm - y
pear? Do they pray for me the while, That my path may be less
blow? Do they pray for me with love, As they watch the win - ter's

sea? Oh, how oft in for - eign lands, As I see the bend - ed
drear? At the home of ear - ly youth, Do they place the va - cant
snow? In the sea - son's chill - y cold, Are their hearts for me still

knee, Comes the thought at twi - light hour, Do they ev - er pray for me?
chair, Where my heart so oft re - turns, To the lov'd ones gath - er'd there?
warm? Am I cher - ish'd as of old, Through the beat - ing of the storm?

REFRAIN.

Do they ev - er, do they ev - er, Do they ev - er pray for me at

home? Do they ev - er, do they ev - er, Do they ev - er pray for me at home?

J. L. ORR.

BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN SOMEWHERE.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 Oh, we sing the glad songs of the E - den of love, A land of e - ter - nal bloom, Of a
2 There are flow - ers im - mor - tal that bloom in that land, To sor - row and care un-known; There's a

cit - y so bright with a beau - ti - ful light, Where there is no grief or gloom: Oh, we
riv - er of life giv - ing wa - ter that flows From the beau - ti - ful gold - en throne; There are

know not the place where the cit - y is built, But hope all at last may be there, To
thou - sands of an - gels, all glo-rious and bright, Who dwell in that coun - try so fair, And

join the glad songs which the ransomed will sing, In the beau - ti - ful gold - en somewhere.
swell the glad song that shall burst on the ear, In the beau - ti - ful gold - en somewhere.

CHORUS.

Oh, beau - ti - ful gold - en somewhere, Where all is bright and fair: Oh, we

long to be - hold thee and join the glad songs, In the beau - ti - ful gold - en somewhere.

HOLD ON, MY HEART.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

Moderato.

1 Hold on, my heart, in thy be - liev - ing! The stead - fast on - ly wears the crown; He
2 Hold in thy mur - murs, heav'n ar - raign - ing; The pa - tient see God's lov - ing face. Who
3 Hold out! there comes an end to sor - row; Hope, from the dust, shall conquering rise; The

who, when storm - y waves are heav - ing, Parts with his an - chor, shall go down;
bear their bur - dens un - com - plain - ing, 'Tis they who win the Fa - ther's grace.
storm pro - claims a sum - mer mor - row; The cross points on to Par - a - dise.

But he whom Je - sus holds, thro' all Shall stand, though earth and heav'n should fall.
He wounds him - self who braves the rod, And sets him - self to fight with God.
The Fa - ther reign - eth; cease all doubts; Hold on, my heart! hold on, hold out!

1 I love to think of that hap - py land by the Jas - per Sea; Where the eye shall nev - er be
2 I love to think of that hap - py land by the Jas - per Sea; For there is no trou - ble or
3 I love to think of that hap - py land by the Jas - per Sea; For the Sa-viour dwells on its

dimm'd by tears, And the smil - ing face of Je - sus ap-pears; For death may not sev - er the household band,
pain or sin; Where the white rob'd an - gels wel-come us in To all that is beau - ti - ful, calm, and bright,
bliss - ful shore; And his blood-bought ones shall sor - row no more, For end - less and sure shall his bright reign be

When they all gath - er there on the gold - en strand, By the Jas - per Sea, by the Jas - per Sea.
O'er the riv - er of death, thro' the gates of light, By the Jas - per Sea, by the Jas - per Sea.
On the throne of his love by the Jas - per Sea,— By the Jas - per Sea, by the Jas - per Sea.

✝BRING IN THE CHILDREN.✝

C. H. GABRIEL.

1 Bring in the chil - dren to Je - sus; Ten - der - ly lead them to - day.
2 Bring in the chil - dren to Je - sus,— In from the street and the lane.
3 Bring in the chil - dren to Je - sus; They are the lambs of his fold.

Point them to Je - sus, their Sa - viour; Show them the straight, nar - row way.
Speak to them gen - tly and kind - ly; Com - fort when they may com - plain.
Search in the by - ways and hedg - es; Res - cue the waifs from the cold.

Tell them the sweet old - en sto - ry; Tell it a - gain and a - gain:
Ma - ny are out in the by - ways, Thought - less - ly spend - ing the day,
Point them in ten - der - est mer - cy, Up to the Sa - viour so dear.

Nev - er will it lose its glo - ry, Tell them the beau - ti - ful strain.
Know - ing not Je - sus, the Sa - viour, Calls them from dark - ness a - way.
Bring in the dear lit - tle chil - dren. Je - sus stands wait - ing to hear.

CHORUS.

Bring in the chil - dren, Bring in the chil - dren to - day.
Bring in the chil - dren, bring in the children, Bring in the chil - dren, oh, bring them in to - day.

Bring in the chil - dren, Bring in the chil - dren to - day.
Bring in the chil - dren, Bring in the chil - dren, Oh, Bring in the chil - dren to - day.

WANDER NO MORE.

A. B. BRAGDON.

1 Come to the Sa-viour: he calls thee to - day. Bring him thy sin - la - den heart.
2 Bring him thy bur-dens, thy grief and thy care; Cast all thy woes on his breast.
3 Lord, on thy mer - cy we glad - ly re - ly. We would thy pre - cepts o - bey.

Here in the Bi - ble he shows thee the way So plain that thou canst not de - part.
He will sus - tain thee, and an - swer thy prayer, And bring to thy wea - ri - ness rest.
In - to the arms of thy mer - cy would fly, And cast all our bur - dens a - way.

CHORUS.

Come to the Sa - viour: He's wait - ing for thee, Heart that is wea - ry and sore.

Has - ten, he suf - fer'd that you might be free, Has - ten, and wan - der no more.

WHILE JESUS IS NEAR.

T. W. D. T. W. DENNINGTON.

1 While Je - sus is near What harm can I fear,—Though jour-ney-ing on through the gloom?
2 By night and by day, When - ev - er a - stray, Though in distant lands I may roam,
3 Af - flic - tions may stand On ev - er - y hand,—My poor heart be breaking with pain:

This bright-shin-ing Light Shall guide me a - right: He, whis - per - ing, says "There is room."
This ev - er - true Guide Is near by my side, And read - y to wel - come me home.
This heav - en - ly Friend Is true to the end, And bids me be cheer - ful a - gain.

1 Oh, the songs that are sung by the an - gels of light, Who dwell in the mansions a - bove, Are
2 They sing of the good - ness and glo - ry of God, Who dwells in that ev - er - blest home; They
3 They sing of the crown the re - deem - ed shall wear, Of garments all spot - less and white; They

CHORUS.

sweet-er by far than the songs that we sing, And fill'd with a won - der - ful love. Hap-py songs, hap-py
tell of the mansion pre-pared for us there, And ten - der - ly ask us to come.
sing of the Sa - viour who waits for us there, In the realms of e - ter - nal light.

Happy songs,

songs, The an - gels sing. Hap-py songs! hap-py songs! Let their glad voic - es ring!
happy songs, Angels sing, angels sing. Happy songs! happy songs! Let their glad voic - es ring!

1 Pil-grims in this land of sor-row, Day by day we jour-ney on: And each fast suc-ceed-ing
2 Day by day life's path grows drearer—Earth-ly joys pass swift-ly by; But the thought of heav'n grows
3 Earth-ly friend-ships oft de-ceive us, Beam-ing with in-con-stant ray; But the Sa-viour ne'er will
4 In our jour-ney may we nev-er Faint or fal-ter by the way; In the glo-rious glad for-

CHORUS.

mor-row Finds our life-work near-er done.
dear-er, As our hopes and pleasures die.
leave us In the dark and drear-y day.
ev-er We shall rest in end-less day.

Near-er home! yes, bless the Sa-viour, Near-er

to a Fa-ther's love! Near-er heav'n's e-ter-nal por-tal! Near-er to the home a bove!

✝I AM THINE OWN.✝

J. H. TENNEY.
From "Songs of Faith," by per.

1 I am thine own, O Christ,—Hence-forth en-tire-ly thine; And life from this glad
2 No earth-ly joy shall lure My qui-et soul from thee: This deep de-light so
3 My lit-tle song of praise In sweet con-tent I sing; To thee the note
4 I can-not tell the art By which such bliss is giv'n. I know thou hast my

CHORUS.

hour, New life is mine! O peace! O ho-ly rest! O balm-y breath of
pure, Is heav'n to me.
raise, My King! my King!
heart, And I have heav'n!

O peace! O hol-y rest! O

love!
balm-y breath of love!

O heart di-vin-est, best, Thy depth I prove.

RESTING.

H. M. NELSON. J. H. TENNEY.

1 Fill'd with doubt and vain en - deav - or, I have wear - ied of the strife:
2 Oh, the joy, the ex - ult - a - tion, Thrill - ing through this heart of mine,
3 Je - sus, Je - sus mine for - ev - er,— Mine in sun - shine, mine in shade:

I have come to thee, dear Sa - viour, And have found e - ter - nal life.
As I grasp a full sal - va - tion,—Price - less gift from love di - vine.
Noth - ing, noth ing now can sev - er Bond like this thy love has made:

Prec - ious, prec - ious gift to me, Bought with blood on Cal - va - ry.
Earth - ly gain I count but loss, Kneel - ing at the Sa - viour's cross.
Bond ce - ment - ed by the blood Of th'as - cend - ed Son of God.

Arr. by S. R. FISHER, D.D.

LIFT ME HIGHER.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 Lift me high - er, lift me high - er, Out of sin's dark dis - mal night;
2 Lift me high - er, lift me high - er, Out of sor - row's swell - ing flood:
3 Lift me high - er, lift me high - er, Out of earth's be - wil - d'ring night;

Bring me to the Sa- viour nigh - er, Who has dark - ness put to flight.
Ev - er fierc - er, ev - er fierc - er, Wax - es suf - f'ring's fev' - rish blood.
Ev - er nigh - er, ev - er nigh - er, To the realms of heav'n - ly light.

An - gels, come! your wings un - fold - ing, Bear me up to Cal - va - ry,
An - gels, come! your wings un - fold - ing, Bear me up to Ta - bor's height,
An - gels, come! your wings un - fold - ing, Car - ry me my Lord be - fore;

That I may, while there be - hold - ing, See what has been done for me.
While the glo - ry there be - hold - ing. All my pains take sud - den flight.
Bear me up to Zi - on gold - en: Ope to me the pearl - y door.

CHILDREN'S MORNING SONG.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 To God a bove, Whose name is Love, Our grate - ful song we raise:
2 All through the night The an - gels bright Have stood a - round our beds;
3 All through this day, In work or play, Lord, lead us in thy way;

And low - ly bow Be - fore him now In hum - ble prayer and praise.
And while we've slept, Their watch they've kept A - bove our pil - low'd heads.
And may its close Bring sweet re - pose, With dreams of heav'n - ly day!

SEND BACK THE ECHO.

J. E. ...NEY.
Arr from "...tle Sower."
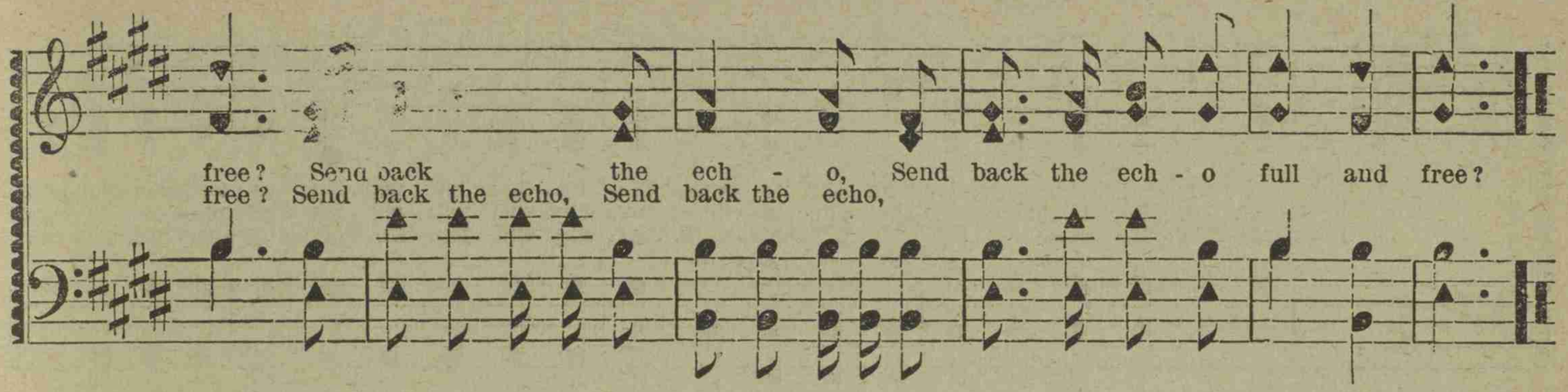
1 With songs of heart-felt praise The courts of heav'n re - sound; And an - gel voices raise
2 Hear, ev' - ry blood-bought soul A - mong the sons of men: The Lord of life ex - ...ol.—
3 Then pub - lish all a - broad The sto - ry ev - er new; Send forth the joy - fu... ...ord

CHORUS.

A hymn to Je - sus crown'd.
His good - ness tell a - gain.
To Gen - tile and to Jew.

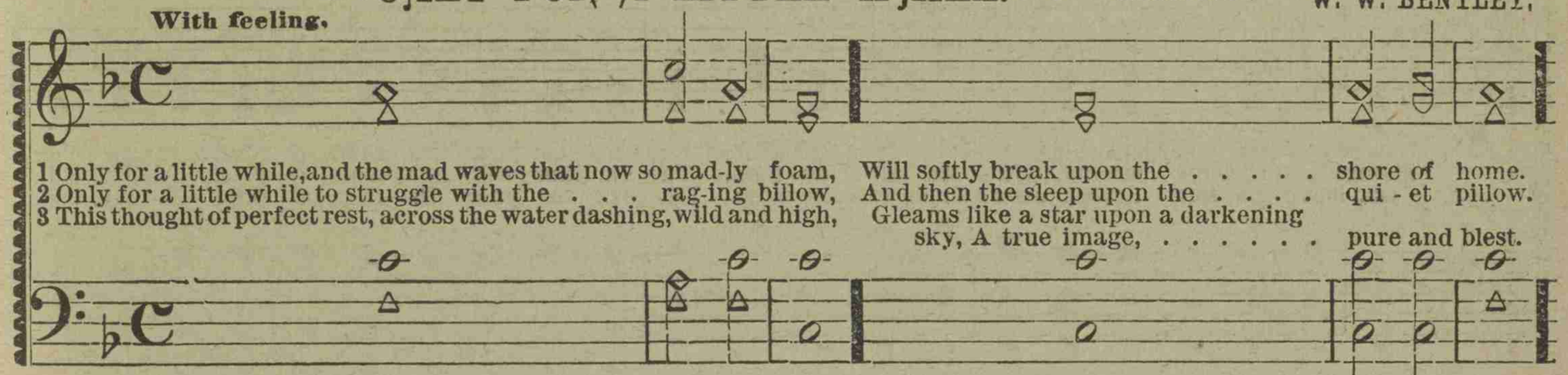
And hear - ing this, oh, shall not we Send back the ech-o
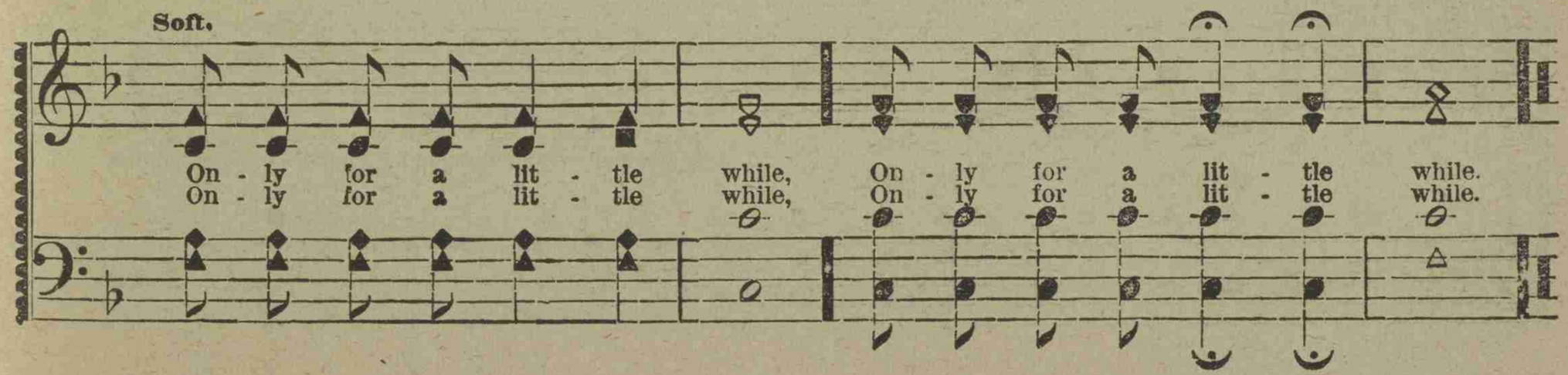
full and free? Send back the ech - o, Send back the ech - o full and
Send back the echo, Send back the echo, the echo full and



ONLY FOR A LITTLE WHILE. CHANT.

W. W. BENTLEY.





W. F. COSNER.

THE PRODIGAL CHILD.

F. W. DENNINGTON.

1 The Sa - viour in - vites you, poor wan - der - er, come. The Fa - ther is wait-ing to wel-come you home.
2 Re - turn to the Fa - ther, who holds you so dear, Say, why will you per - ish when plen - ty is near.
3 Poor wan - der - er, haste, for the night draweth nigh. Say, why will you lin - ger still,—why will you die?

Now cease from your wand'rings, so lone - ly and wild: Re - turn to your Fa - ther, O prod - i - gal child.
Though poor and un - worthy, with sin all de - filed, The Fa - ther will wel-come, O prod - i - gal child.
Oh, leave the lone des-ert where shadows are piled: Re - turn to your Fa - ther, O prod - i - gal child.

CHORUS.

Re - turn, re - turn, Re - turn to your Fa - ther, O prod - i - gal child. Re-
Re-turn re - turn,

turn, Re-turn, re - turn, re - turn, Re - turn to your Fa - ther, O prod - i - gal child.

SAVIOUR, COMFORT ME.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 In the dark and cloud - y day When earth's rich - es flee a - way,
3 When the se - cret i - dol's gone That my poor heart yearn'd up - on,—
3 So it shall be good for me Much af - flict - ed now to be,

And the last hope will not stay,— Sa - viour, com - fort me.
Des o late, be - reft, a - lone,— Sa - viour, com - fort me.
If thou wilt but ten - der - ly, Sa - viour, com - fort me.

LOOK UP!

1 Why should we think of death With sad, fore-bo-ding fear? To those who love a
2 Why should we dread the grave, If faith in Christ be bright? 'Tis but the door thro'
3 Why should our hearts re-pine When dear ones pass a-way? They are not lost, but

REFRAIN.

Sa-viour's name, He comes with words of cheer.
which we pass To re-gions fair and bright.
gone be-fore To realms of end-less day.

} Look up with tear-less eye! Look

up! there's joy be-yond,— A home where love can nev-er die, And friend com-munes with friend.

1 Lit - tle chil - dren, cheer - ful as the breeze, Chas - ing shad - ows 'neath the wav - ing trees;
2 May the an - gels wait a long time there, Ere they gath - er from our gar - dens fair

Snow - white lil - ies, they are bloom - ing now, For the an - gels, when they deck his brow;
Sweet - est blos - soms for their home a - bove,—Hap - py chil - dren round the throne of love.

For the Sa - viour's prec - ious brow, They are gath' - ring lil - ies now.
Pre - cious chil - dren, bright and young, Praise Him with a joy - ful tongue.

FLORA L. BEST.

RING THE BELLS!

Rev. R. LOWRY.

1 Ring, ring the bells o - ver o - cean and shore! Je - sus, the Ris - en, shall suf - fer no more.
2 Break from your bondage of win - ter, O Earth? Wake to a spring-time of mu - sic and mirth.
3 Ring, ring the tid - ings, with joy in the chime, Down thro' the shad - ows of er - ror and crime.

Je - sus, the Ris - en, is might - y to save. Where is thy strength and thy vic - t'ry, O Grave?
Blos - som and sing, for your dark - ness is done; Je - sus hath ris - en,—thy life - giv - ing Son.
Ring to the spir - it of bond - man and free, "Je - sus is ris - en, and liv - eth for thee."

CHORUS.

Ring, ring the bells! Ring, ring, ring the bells! Ring them
Ring, ring the bells! ring, ring the bells! ring, ring the bells! ring, ring the bells!

[From "Royal Diadem," by permission of Biglow & Main, New York, Pub'lsners.]

joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly! Lift the voice and sing: Death is vanquish'd, and the Lord is King.

DENNINGTON. 7s.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Crowns of glo - ry, ev - er bright, Rest up - on the Con - qu'ror's head;
2 His the bat - tle, his the toil; His the hon - ors of the day;
3 Now pro - claim his deeds a - far: Fill the world with his re - nown:

Crowns of glo - ry are his right,— His, who liv - eth and was dead.
His the glo - ry and the spoil: Je - sus bears them all a - way.
His a - lone the vic - tor's car! His the ev - er - last - ing crown!

D. H. LLOYDE.

HELP ME TRUST IN THEE.

W. W. BENTLEY.

1 Sa - viour, I would hap - py be In thy love to - day. Bless me now, I
2 Je - sus, I would trust in thee: Make me whol - ly thine: Give me light my
3 And when I am called a - bove To the home for me; I would hope in

come to thee: Wash my sins a - way.
sins to see From thy book di - vine.
pre - cious love, Trust - ing all in thee.

REFRAIN.

Help me sing this grate - ful song.

Prais - es to thy name be - long; Keep me, for thy arm is strong. Help me trust in thee.

1 Fa - ther, in the morn - ing Un - to thee I pray; Let thy lov - ing
2 At the bus - y noon - tide, Press'd with work and care, Then I'll wait with
3 When the eve - ning shad - ows Chase a - way the light, Fa - ther, then I'll
4 Thus in life's glad morn - ing, In its bright noon - day, In its shad - owy

CHORUS.

kind - ness Keep me through this day.
Je - sus Till he hear my prayer.
pray thee Bless thy child to - night.
eve - ning, Ev - er will I pray.

I will pray, I will pray, Ev - er
I will pray, will pray,

will I pray. Morn - ing, noon and eve - ning Un - to thee I'll pray.
Ev-er will Un - to thee

J. C. MURRAY.

THE LAND FAR AWAY.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 We will cheer-ful-ly bear ev'-ry tri-al of life, Till we stand on the heav-en-ly shore,
2 We will work in God's vineyard while here up-on earth Then we'll en-ter the por-tals of rest;
3 And our life shall be joy-ous while jour-ney-ing here, In the hope of that beau-ti-ful land.

Where our souls shall be blest, and we ev-er shall rest,—Where tri-als shall come nev-er more.
Where we'll join in the prais-es of God and the Lamb, In the beau-ti-ful land of the blest.
If our lives shall con-form to the will of the Lord, We'll go to that bright gold-en strand.

CHORUS.

Oh, help me to la-bor and wait, And strive to watch and pray: Then the

Sa - viour will take us to dwell with him In that beau - ti - ful land far - a - way.

JUST NOW.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

From "Happy Songs," by per.

1 From heav - en comes an earn - est call: It comes to - night,—it comes to all.
2 This hour of mer - cy may de - part, And no re - lief for thy poor heart!
3 The world can - not thy soul re - lieve; The Lord a - lone can sin for - give.

Oh, pay to God thy sol - emn vow! Oh, come to Christ, just now, just now!
Dear sin - ner, in re - pent - ance bow: Oh, come to Christ, just now, just now!
To - night this Lord as thine a - vow: Oh, come to Christ, just now, just now!

72 W. G. IRVIN.

ONLY WAITING.

J. H. FILLMORE.

From "Songs of Glory," by per.

1 I am wait - ing for the morn - ing Of the bless - ed day to dawn,
2 I am wait - ing, worn and wea - ry With the bat - tle and the strife,
3 Wait - ing for the gold - en cit - y, Where the man - y man - sions be;

When the sor - row and the sad - ness Of this wea - ry life are gone.
Ho - ping when the war has end - ed To re - ceive a crown of life.
List' - ning for the hap - py wel - come Of my Sa - viour call - ing me.

CHORUS.

I am wait- - - - - - - ing, on - ly wait - ing, Till this

I am wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, on - ly wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, Till this

wea- - - - - - ry life is o'er; On - ly wait- - - - - ing

wea - ry, wea - ry, wea - ry life is o'er, life is o'er: On - ly wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing,

for my wel-come From my Sa - viour on the oth - er shore.

for my wel - come, for my wel - come, From my Sa - viour on the oth - er shore.

ALLEN. 7s & 5s.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Lord of mer - cy and of might; Of mankind the Life and Light; Maker, Teacher, in-fi-nite,—Je-sus! hear and save!
2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild, Hum-bled to a lit - tle child; Captive, beaten, bound, revil'd,—Jesus! hear and save!

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

THE BATTLE CRY.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Hark! the cry is sound - ing: Haste ye to the war! Zi - on's foes a - bound - ing,
2 Wav - ing high your ban - ner, Bold - ly face the foe: Bra - ving sin and dan - ger,
3 Soon the war - fare clos - ing, Sweet will be your rest: Safe with him re - pos - ing,

For the strife pre - pare! Join - ing in the con - flict, Bat - tle for the right;
To their o - ver - throw: Je - sus Christ, your Sa - viour, Strength and cour - age gives;
In his pres - ence blest: Gar - ments white and shi - ning You shall sure - ly wear,

3

And, with hearts u - ni - ted, Arm you for the fight!
And his word is plight - ed,— He that conquers, lives!
And to Christ u - nit - ed, All his glo - ry share.

CHORUS.

The bat - tle cry is sound - ing,

Wake! the foe is nigh! And with cheers re - sound - ing, Shout the vic - to - ry.

TOWASH. S. M.

T. W. DENNINGTON.

1 What cheer - ing words are these? Their sweet - ness who can tell?
2 'Tis well when joys a - rise; 'Tis well when sor - rows flow:
3 'Tis well when Je - sus calls: "From earth and sin a - rise

In time and to e - ter - nal days, "'Tis with the righteous well."
'Tis well when dark - ness vails the skies, And strong temp - ta - tions grow.
To join the hosts of ran - somed souls, Made to sal - va - tion wise."

W. B. BLAKE.

THE NEW SONG.

J. H. TENNEY.

Moderately fast.

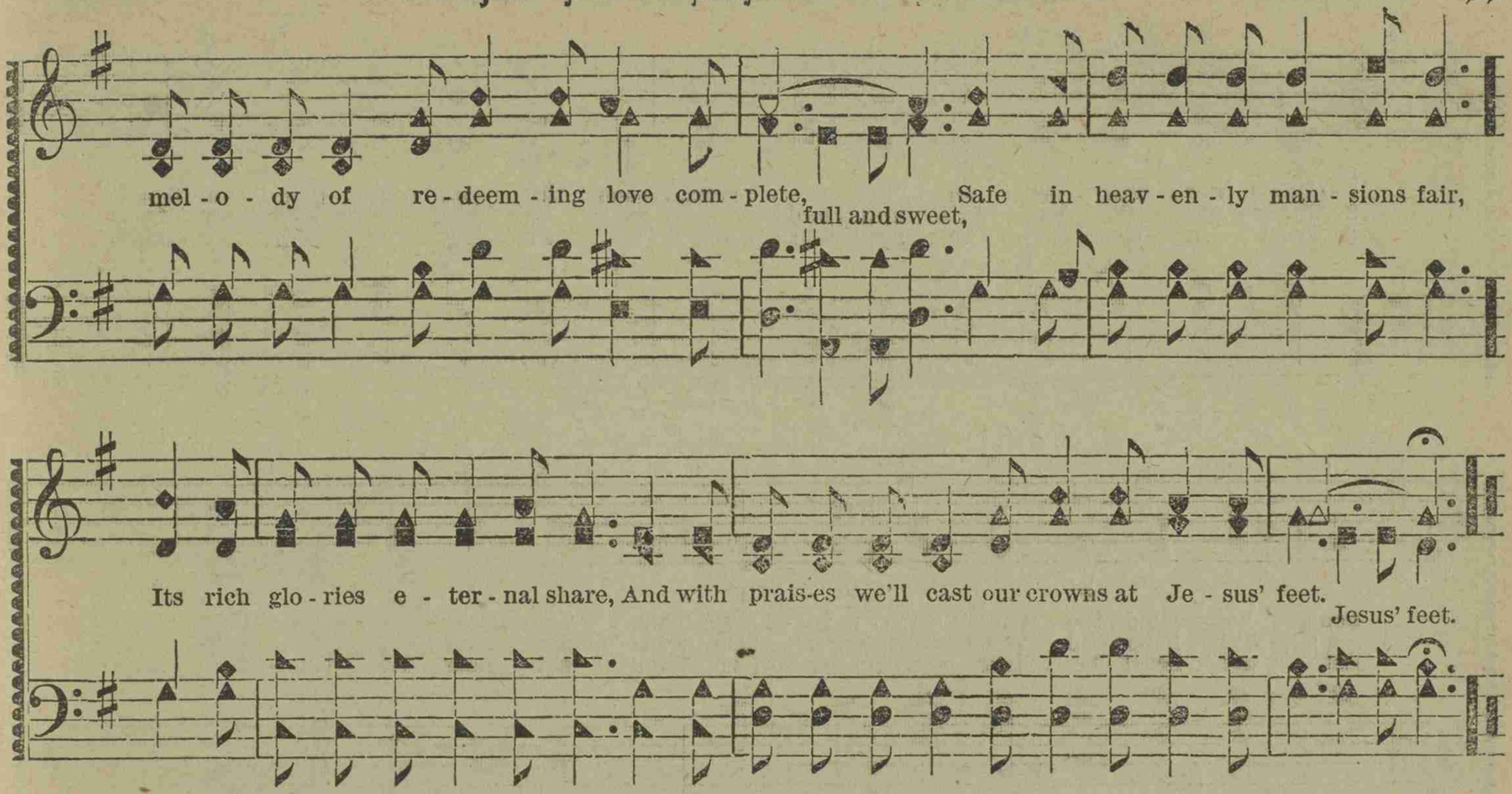
1 In the courts of heav'n we'll sing a no - bler song Than our lips can raise be - low.
2 Sure the sweet - est song e'er heard on earth by man Float-ed o'er Ju - de - a's plain;
3 In that song of tri - umph we shall have a part Who are faith - ful to the last;

Un - to Je - sus Christ, our El - der Bro-ther's praise, Who has washed us white as snow.
But a grand - er an - them will be ours a - bove When we go with Him to reign.
And who stand with Him up - on the shi - ning strand When the Jor - dan we have passed.

CHORUS.

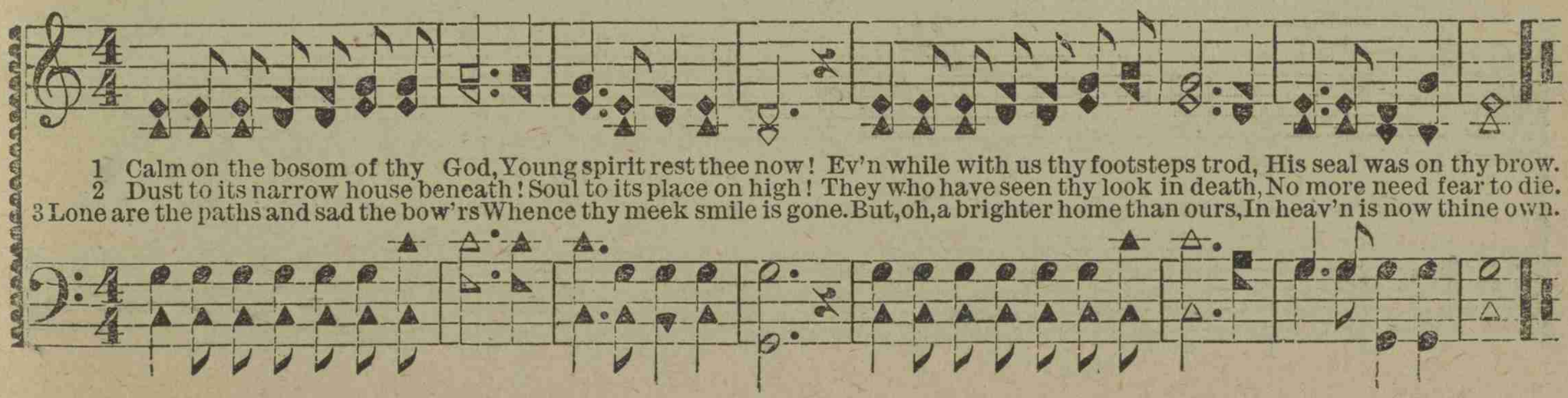
'Twill be "Glo - ry to Christ, our King," While the heav - en - ly arch - es ring With the

THE NEW SONG. Concluded.



HALET. C. M.

J. H. TENNEY.



1 Calm on the bosom of thy God, Young spirit rest thee now! Ev'n while with us thy footsteps trod, His seal was on thy brow.
2 Dust to its narrow house beneath! Soul to its place on high! They who have seen thy look in death, No more need fear to die.
3 Lone are the paths and sad the bow'rs Whence thy meek smile is gone. But, oh, a brighter home than ours, In heav'n is now thine own.

W. A. SPATE.

NEARING THE BETTER LAND.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Care - worn trav' - ler on life's o - cean, Bound for yon - der gold - en strand,
2 Though the sky be dark and gloom - y, And the wild storms loud - ly roar,
3 Trust in God and be not fear - ful, He will lend a help - ing hand.

Look be - yond the waves' com - mo - tion: Thou art near - ing that blest land.
Look with hope - ful heart be - yond them: Thou art near - ing yon blest shore.
Let thy heart be light and cheer - ful: Thou art near the bet - ter land.

REFRAIN.

Repeat pp.

Near - ing, near - ing, near - ing, near - ing: Thou art near - ing that blest land.

1 Gath' - ring, press - ing, throng - ing round Him. Mul - ti - tudes round Christ the Lord,
2 Need - ing, crav - ing, pray - ing for it, Lord, I would be blest of thee:
3 Turn to me, O pre - cious Sa - viour! My weak faith ac - cept and bless!

Yet but one, one on - ly, gain - eth That dear ten - der, heal - ing word;
I come ask - ing, plead - ing, reach ing Un - to thy Div - in - i - ty!
Heal me of my sin - ful na - ture; Clothe me in thy right - eous - ness:

I, too, Lord, would come with them, But to touch thy gar - ment's hem.
In my need is all my claim. Je - sus, hear me! speak my name!
Turn thee, Je - sus, un - to me. Lo, in faith, one touch - eth thee!

BEYOND THE RIVER.

F. M. DAVIS.

1 We shall meet be - yond the riv - er When the dark - ness all is o'er.
2 When we've done the work that's giv - en For each fol - low - er to do,
3 We shall see and be like Je - sus. He a crown of life will give.

With the wea - ry jour - ney end - ed, We shall meet up - on that shore.
God will call us home to heav - en With the faith - ful and the true.
Dressed in robes of snow - y white - ness, We'll for - ev - er with him live.

CHORUS.

We shall meet on that shore, And we'll sing
We shall meet on that shore, And we'll sing

ev - er more, ev - er more, With the loved With the loved who've gone be -

fore, who've gone be - fore. When we meet on that shi - ning shore, by and by.

HERALD ANGELS.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Hark! the herald angels sing: Glo-ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and mercy mild; God and sinners reconciled.
2 Joy - ful, all ye nations rise, Join the triumph of the skies: With th'angelic host, proclaim, Christ is born in Bethlehem.
3 Let us then with angels sing, Glo-ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and mercy mild: God and sinners reconciled.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

THERE'S SOMETHING TO DO.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Why stand ye here i - dle? Work press - es to - day. Find some - thing to do:
2 Don't say you are bus - y, too old, or un - fit: That's noth - ing to you.
3 Then up and a - way! in the vine-yard to - day Christ wait - eth for you.

The field is en - larg - ing, the lab' - rers are few, There al - ways is something or oth - er to do.
He sure - ly has some kind of call - ing for you, He sure - ly has something or oth - er to do.
His love should re - mind you, and grat - i - tude speak, The debt you are ow - ing should press you to seek

CHORUS.

Yes, something to do.
Yes, something for you.
For something to do.

Find something to do: Something, yes, something to do.

Why stand ye here i - dle? work press - es to - day, Find something, yes, something to do.

I SHALL NOT WANT.

Rev. Dr. DEEMS.

J. H. TENNEY.
From "Happy Songs," by per.

1 I shall not want: in des - erts wild Thou spread'st Thy table for Thy child;
2 I shall not want: my dark - est night Thy lov - ing smile shall fill with light;
3 I shall not want: Thy right - eousness My soul shall clothe with glo - rious dress.

While grace in streams for thirst - ing souls Thro' earth and heav'n for - ev - er rolls.
While prom - i - ses a - round me bloom, And cheer me with di - vine per - fume.
My blood-wash'd robe shall be more fair Than garments kings or an - gels wear.

F. R. WARREN.

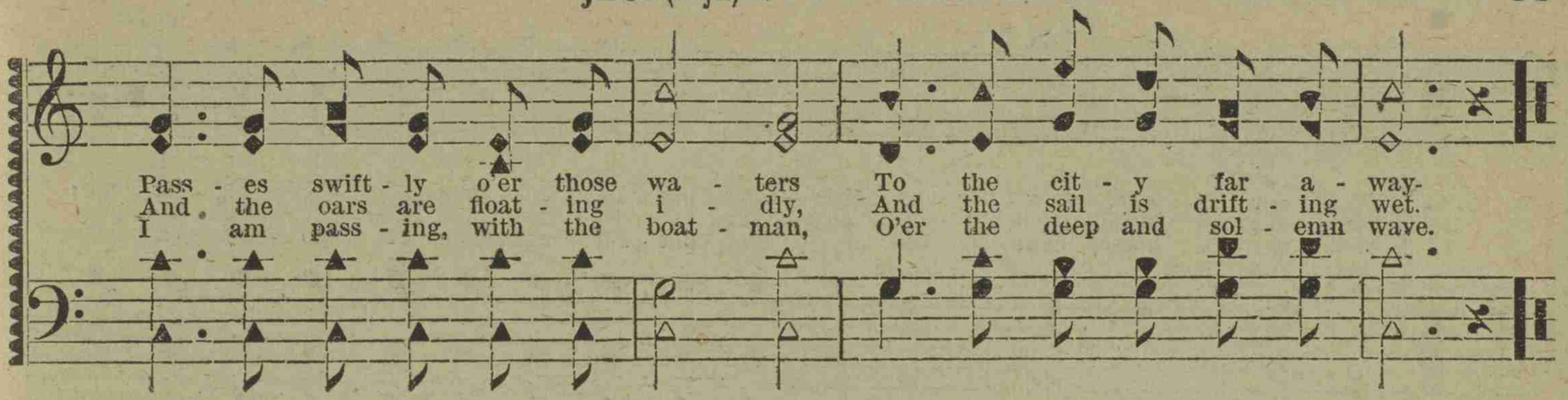
MORENA.

Rev. M. A. RECE.

1 Hark! I hear the harps e - ter - nal Ring - ing on the far - ther shore,
2 Just be - yond the riv - er flash - eth Jeb - u - sa - lem of my God;
3 Call my fa - ther! call my mo - ther! Tell them that the boat - man's here;

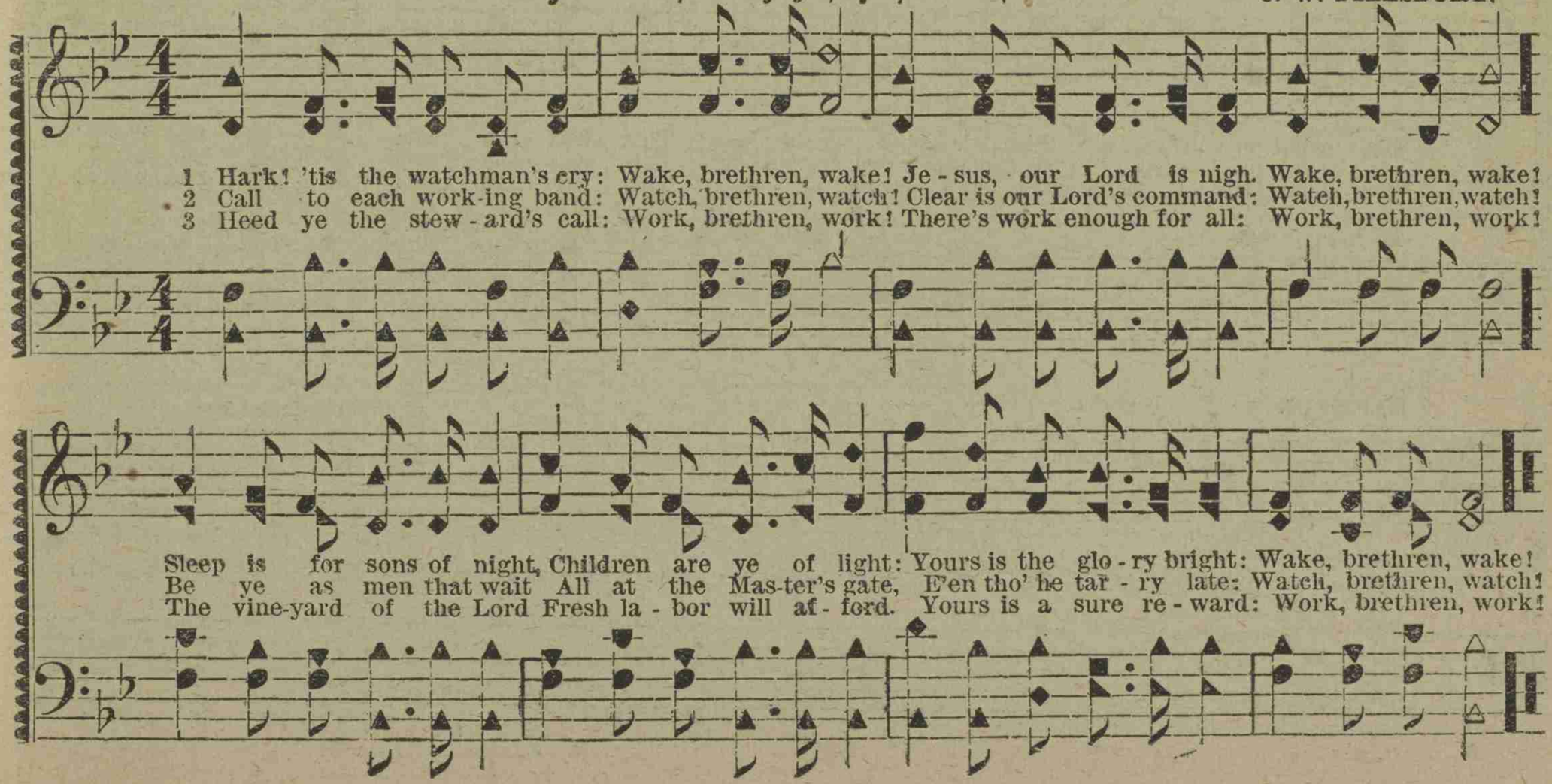
As I near those swoll - en wa - ters, With their deep and sol - emn roar;
Where the white wave, ri - sing, plash - eth On the shore by an - gels trod.
And an - oth - er! oh, an - oth - er! Un - to whom my soul is dear.

And my soul, though stained with sor - row, Fa - ding on the light of day,
Stop! I see the boat - man near - ing. See! the snow - y sail is set;
Call them! quick! for I am pass - ing Through the val - ley of the grave.



THE WATCHMAN'S CRY.

O. W. PILLSBURY.



Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN

THIS WAS THE COST.

J. H. TENNEY.
by per.

1 Won - der - ful love, flow - ing so free,—Flow - ing in full - ness of bless - ing for me;
2 Won - der - ful blood, shed on the cross,—Shed to re - deem me from in - fin - ite loss:
3 Won - der - ful home, heav - en of love,—Won - der - ful man-sions of glo - ry a - bove;

Oh, what a price ere this love I could gain! This was the cost: Je - sus was slain!
Oh, what a ran - som to cleanse me from stain! This was the cost: Je - sus was slain!
Won - drous that I should this glo - ry at - tain! This was the cost: Je - sus was slain!

REFRAIN.

Slow and soft.

Je - sus was slain! Je - sus was slain! This was the cost: Je - sus was slain!

Mrs. W. H. POCKETT.

WORK ON.

Dr. J. B. HERBERT.

1 What-e'er thy work is, do it; And do it with a will. What-e'er thy path, pur-
2 Thy hours are swift-ly flee-ing, And du-ties yet un-done A-wait thy tar-dy
3 Then buc-kle on thy hel-met, And take thy burnished shield; Go forth to win and

sue it, Nor stand thee i-dle still. Life's du-ties all are press-ing, Turn
foot-steps. The race is not yet won. Why stand and wait for oth-ers? They
con-quer, And nev-er, nev-er yield. Though temp-est-toss'd and wea-ry, The

where-so-e'er we may: 'Tis lab-or on, oh, la-bor, Work, work while it is day.
have their la-bor, too: And there are none to help thee: Thou hast thy work to do.
ad-verse bil-lows breast: Thou'lt reach the ha-ven short-ly, And sweet will be thy rest.

THE SOUL'S SWEET FATHERLAND.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 There is a land on whose fair shore No temp - ests beat nor sur - ges roar;
2 Its grace - ful plain glows in the light Of one glad day that knows no night,
3 Sweet are the songs the sing - ers sing In that great tem - ple of our King;
4 Oh, may we reach that joy - ful land, No more to clasp the part - ing hand;

Where wea - ry, way - worn souls may find Rest for the throbbing heart and mind.
There Christ, the King, who reigns a - bove Fills all that bound - less realm with love.
There mar - tyrs, priests and proph - ets old, Walk on the streets of shi - ning gold.
For - ev - er there, with Christ a - bove, Reign in that land of bound-less love.

CHORUS.

'Tis the clime of the blest, 'tis the land of de - light, Where the man - y man - sions stand;

'Tis the home of the soul, ev - er fair, ev - er bright,—'Tis the soul's sweet fa - ther - land.

DAYTON. 7s.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;
2 Soon for us the light of day Shall for ev - er pass a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would com - mune with thee.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

R. LOWRY.
by per.

1 What can wash a - way my sin?
2 For my cleans-ing this I see,—
3 Noth - ing can for sin a - tone,
4 This is all my hope and peace—

Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

What can make me
For my par - don
Naught of good that
This is all my

CHORUS.

whole a - gain?
this my plea—
I have done,
right - eous - ness—

Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

Oh, prec - ious is the flow'

That makes me white as snow. No oth - er fount I know,—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

1 In our Fa-ther's heav'nly mansions, With the ransom'd ones a - bove, We will join the hal - le-
2 There, a-mid the mu - sic ring - ing, Not a sigh shall heave the breast; There the wicked cease from
3 May we gain those heav'nly man-sions, And a - mong the blood-wash'd sing: Rest with long-lost loved ones

CHORUS.

lu - jahs, Sing - ing of a Sa-viour's love.
troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest.
ev - er Where the hal - le - lu - jahs ring.

Sing - ing glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le-
glo - ry, glo-ry,

lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Sing-ing glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lord!
glo - ry, glo-ry,

THE LITTLE GRAVE.

A. B. BRAGDON.

DUET.

1 Un - der-neath the leaf - less trees, the snow-flakes fall - ing light - ly, Hide from sight the
2 O'er that lit - tle grave, in spring, the glad birds will be sing - ing, And the summer
3 Ah, how slow - ly pass the days! they bring the spring-time blos - som, Sum - mer flowers,
4 On - ly yet a lit - tle sleep - ing, yet a lit - tle slum - ber; On - ly yet a

lit - tle mound where our lost darling lies,— She who, ere the flow - ers fa - ded,
flow - ers will shed their petals on her tomb. But a glad - er song is hers. thro'
autumn fruits, and win - ter's dreary snow; And we miss her lit - tle hands; but
lit - tle fold - ing wea - ry hands to rest, Ere we join the heav'nly host, and,

heard her Sa - viour call - ing, And de - part - ed to her home be - yond earth's dreary skies.
heav - en's arch - es ring - ing, And a - round her lit - tle feet the flow'rs e - ter - nal bloom.
on her Sa - viour's bos - om, She nor grief, nor anxious care, nor wait - ing hours shall know.
'mid their ra - diant num - ber, See our lost one gen - tly fold - ed to her Sa-viour's breast.

FENMERE. 6s.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Come, wand'ring sheep, oh, come; I'll bind thee to my breast; I'll bear thee to my home, And lay thee down to rest.
2 I saw thee stray, for-lorn, And heard thee faintly cry; And on the tree of scorn, For thee I deigned to die.
3 I shield thee from a-larms, And wilt thou not be blest? I bear thee in my arms; Thou bear me in thy breast.

Dr. J. G. HOLLAND.

THERE'S A SONG IN THE AIR.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 There's a song in the air; there's a star in the sky; There's a
2 There's a tu - mult of joy o'er the won - der - ful birth; For the
3 In the light of that star lie the a - ges im - pearled; And the
4 We re - joice in the light, and we ech - o the song That comes

mo - ther's deep prayer, and a ba - by's low cry; And the star rains its fire, while the
vir - gin's sweet boy is the Lord of the earth; And the star rains its fire, while the
song from a - far has swept o - ver the world; Ev' - ry heart is a - flame, and the
down through the night from the heav - en - ly throng. Aye, we shout to the love - ly e -

beau - ti - ful sing,— For the man - ger of Beth - le - hem cra - dles a King!
beau - ti - ful sing,— For the man - ger of Beth - le - hem cra - dles a King!
beau - ti - ful sing,— In the homes of the na - tions that Je - sus is King!
van - gel they bring, And we greet in his cra - dle our Sa - viour and King!

ff CHORUS.

Je - sus is King! Je - sus is King! For the man - ger of Beth - le - hem cra - dles a King!

JESUS IS MINE!

W. W. BENTLEY.

1 Fade, fade each earth-ly joy:
2 Tempt not my soul a - way:
3 Fare - well, ye dreams of night:
} Je - sus is mine!
(Break ev'. ry ten - der tie:
(Here would I ev - er stay:
(Lost in this dawning light:
} Je - sus is mine!

Dark is this wil - der-ness; Earth has no rest - ing-place: Je - sus a - lone can bless:
Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way:
All that my soul has tried, Left but an ach - ing void. Je - sus has sat - is - fied:
} Je - sus is mine!

TENDERLY LAY HER TO REST.
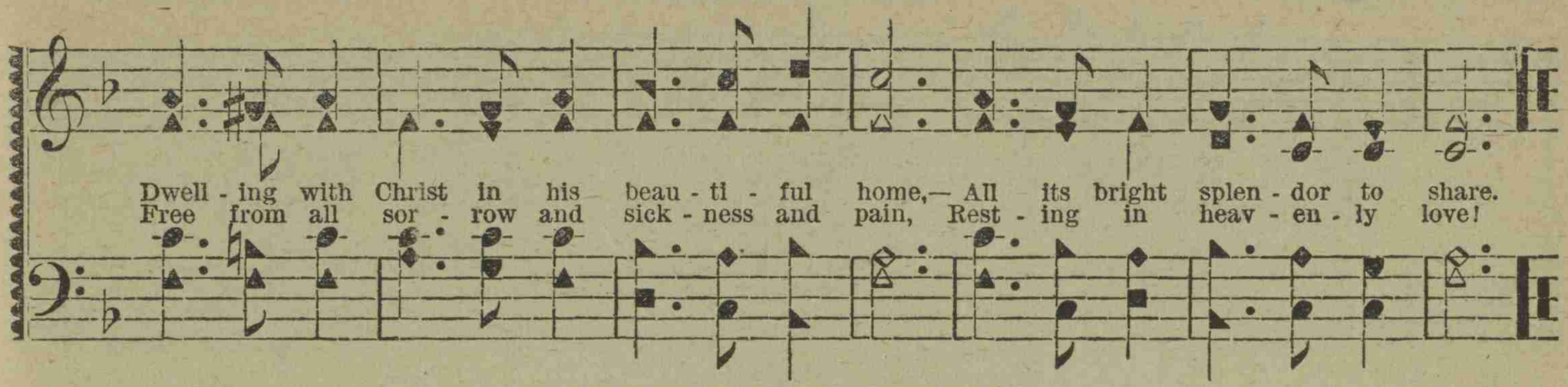
A. S. KIEFFER.

Slow and soft.

1 Ten - der - ly lay her to rest 'neath the sod: An - gels, look lov - ing - ly down!
2 Why should we lin - ger to weep round the tomb? Sor - row shall vex her no more!

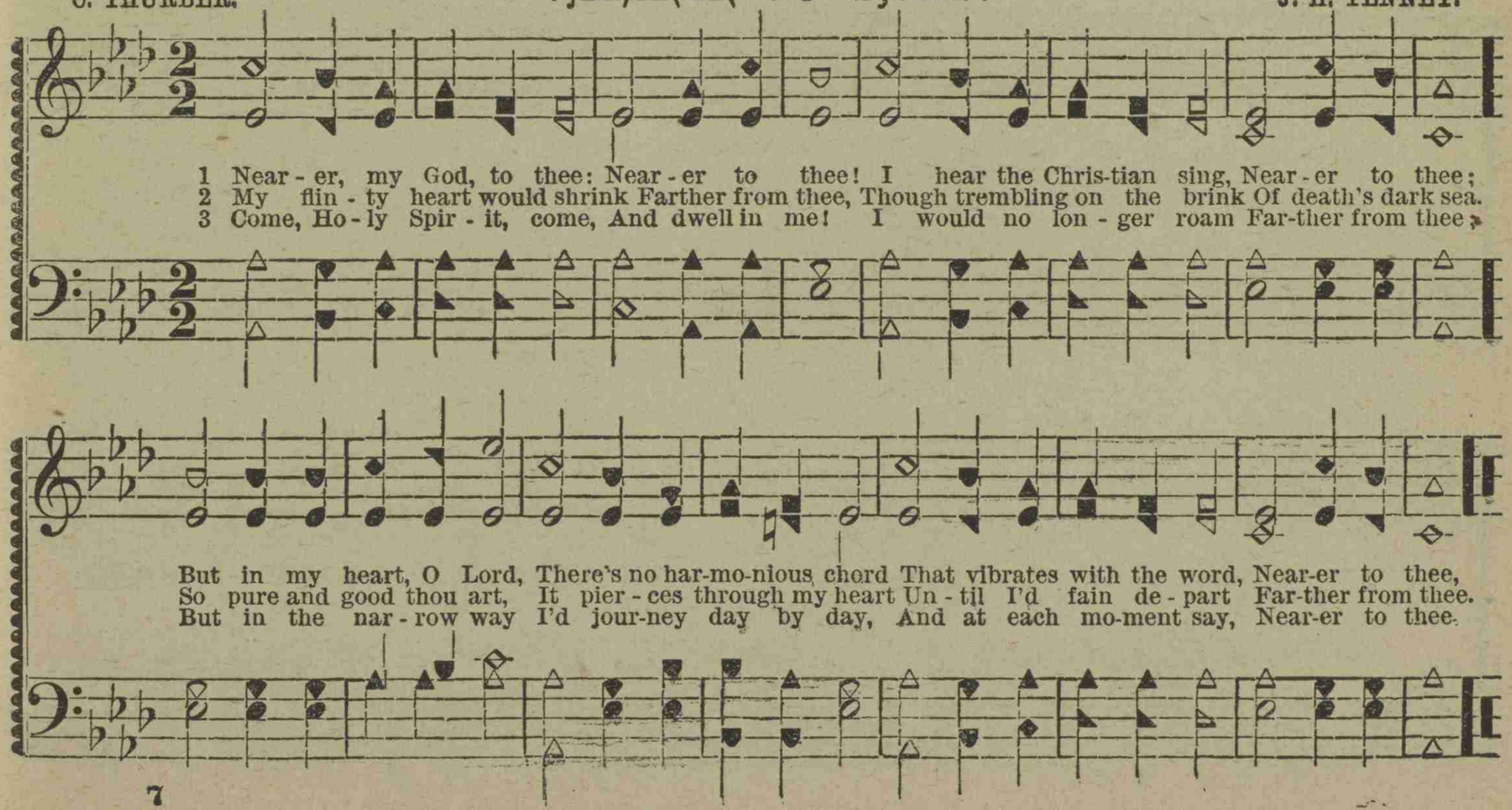
But the fair spir - it hath flown to her God,— Gone to re - ceive a bright crown:
Nev - er a shad - ow of trou - ble or gloom Reach - es yon heav - en - ly shore.

In the fair fields of the bless - ed to roam, Sing - ing with an - gels so fair;
There with the glo - ri - fied spir - its to reign Through the bright a - ges a - bove:



NEARER TO THEE.

C. THURBER. J. H. TENNEY.



NEVERMORE.

Dr. H. BONAR. J. H. TENNEY.

1 This is not my place of rest - ing; Mine's a cit - y yet to come; On - ward to it I am
2 In it all is light and glo - ry; O'er it shines a nightless day: Ev - ry trace of sin's sad
3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us By the streams of life a - long; On the freshest pastures

CHORUS.

hast - ing On to my e - ter - nal home.
sto - ry, All the curse hath passed a - way.
feeds us; Turns our sigh - ing in - to song.

Nev - er - more, nev - er-more, nev - er-
Never-more, never-more, nev - er-

more be sad and wea-ry, Nev-er-more, nev - er-more, nev - er - more to sin a - gain.
Nev - er - more, nev-er - more,

1 There is a clime, a cloud - less clime, Where flowers ev - er bloom, Un-touched by frosts or
2 There is a rest, a peace - ful rest, To wea - ry wander'rs giv'n, Where freed from sin with
3 There is a star, a love - ly star, That beams with gen - tle ray, Bright o'er the dark - ness

CHORUS.

blight-ing time,—It lies be - yond the tomb.
Je - sus blest, They taste the peace of heav'n.
of the tomb, And leads to end - less day.

Oh, that home, bliss - ful home, where the
Oh, that home, bliss-ful home,

hap - py spirits dwell; Sighs and tears are un-known. Its joys no tongue can tell.
where the hap - py spirits dwell; Sighs and tears are unknown.

Rev. T. J. SHELTON.

OUR HELPER.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1 Lord, thou art our lov - ing Help - er! Thou dost save from sin and shame,
2 Help us keep the path that's nar - row; Lead our wea - ry bleed - ing feet;
3 Help our hearts to love thee ev - er; Let us lean up - on thy breast;

While in sin we back - ward wan - der, Thou art ev - er still the same,
From the way of sin and sor - row Lead us to the gold - en street,
Make our faith grow strong - er dai - ly, Till we reach the gold - en rest,

While in sin we back - ward wan - der, Thou art ev - er still the same.
From the way of sin and sor - row Lead us to the gold - en street.
Make our faith grow strong - er dai - ly, Till we reach the gold - en rest.

OUR HELPER. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed Sa - viour! bless - ed Help - er! Keep us in thy per - fect love.

Bless - ed Sa - viour! bless - ed Help - er! Guide us to our home a - bove.

WILKIE. 6s & 5s.

F. L. ARMSTRONG.

Andante grazioso.

1 God will nev - er leave thee; All thy wants he knows; Feels the pains that grieve thee, Sees thy cares and woes.
2 When in grief we lan-guish, He will dry the tear, Who His children s anguish Soothes with succor near.
3 All our woe and sad - ness In this world be-low, Balance not the gladness We in heav'n shall know.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWOSTH.

LIKE THE ANGELS.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Like the an - gels pure and ho - ly, Free from ev' - ry stain of sin;
2 Shall we, like the lov - ing an - gels, At his bid - ding quick - ly fly,
3 Shall we, like the an - gels, praise Him, Strike our gold - en harps on high.

Like the an - gels now in glo - ry,—Shall we ev - er en - ter in?
Bear - ing to the poor and need - y, Help and suc - cor from on high?
And with glad me - lod - ious voic - es, Join the chor - us of the sky?

Yes, when we re - flect the im - age, Of the fair est One a - bove;
Yes, if we His na - ture wear - ing, Full of pi - ty, full of love,
Yes, we'll sing the song of Mo - ses, If with Christ we're one a - bove;

There con - fess'd by Him be - fore them, Stand - ing per - fect in His love.
To the sin - ning, to the sorrow - ing, Like Him, has - ten from a - bove.
Though should fail sweet an - gel voic - es, We will sing re - deem - ing love.

CHORUS.

We'll be like Him, we'll be like Him, Oh, the bliss - ful, bliss-ful thought!
We'll be like our Sa - viour, and the ho-ly an - gels, Oh, the blissful, bliss - ful, thought!

We will be like our

We'll be like the bless - ed Sa - viour, And we'll love him as we ought.
We'll be like the Sa - viour, We'll be like the Sa-viour, And we'll love him as we ought.

Sa - viour.

Mrs. M. E. KAIL.

NEVER GIVE UP THE SAVIOUR.

F. M. DAVIS.

D.C. 1 Nev - er give up the Sa - viour! Trust in the Sa - viour's love,
2 Nev - er give up the Sa - viour! Ask for sus - tain - ing grace.
3 Nev - er give up the Sa - viour! Trust his al - migh - ty pow'r.

FINE.

Though the storm and the tem - pest Dark - en the skies a - bove.
Though our Fa - ther in heav - en Hi - deth a smi - ling face,
He is a - ble to keep us In the most need - ful hour.

'Mid the gloom and the dark - ness, Noth - ing have we to fear.
Bow at the throne of mer - cy; Seek to be rec - on - cil'd.
When our sor - row is end - ed, And ev' - ry tri - al o'er,

D.C.

Un - to the true be - liev - er, Je - sus is ev - er near.
Ev - er the dear Re - deem - er Lov - eth his help - less child.
We shall re - joice in heav - en,— Safe on the gold - en shore.

MAUD. C. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

Gently.

1 The young, the love - ly, pass a - way, Ne'er to be seen a - gain;
2 Full oft we see the bright - est thing That lifts its head on high,
3 And kind - ly is the les - son giv'n: Then dry the fall - ing tear:

Earth's fair - est flow'rs too soon de - cay: Its blast - ed trees re - main.
Smile in the light, then drop its wing. And fade a - way and die.
They come to raise our thoughts to heav'n: They go to call us there.

1 When I look up to yon - der sky, So pure, so bright, so wondrous high,
2 'Tis He my dai - ly food pro - vides, And all that I re - quire be - sides;

FINE

I think of One I can - not see, But One who sees and cares for me.
And ev' - ry tree and plant that grows, To the same hand its be - ing owes.
And when I close my slumb' - ring eye, I sleep in peace, for He is nigh.
For ver - y good in - deed is He, To love a lit - tle child like me.

D.S.

His name is God: He gave me birth, And ev' - ry liv - ing thing on earth;
Then sure - ly I should ev - er love The gra - cious God who dwells a - bove;

1 There is rest from ev' - ry woe! There is rest: There is rest: From each
2 There is rest for those who weep! There is rest: There is rest: Sweet - ly

There is rest: There is rest:

ill and grief you know, Wea - ry soul, there's rest. "Come to me," the Sa - viour said,
may each mourn - er sleep On the Sa - viour's breast. "Take my yoke and fol - low me,"

Weary soul, On the Sa-

"Ye that la - bor for your bread: Lay on me your ach - ing head: I will give you rest."
Speaks the Sa - viour un - to thee. Meek and low - ly though I be, I will give you rest."
I will give you rest.

TRUSTING JESUS, THAT IS ALL.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Sim - ply trust - ing ev' - ry day,— Trust - ing through a storm - y way;
2 Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray - ing, if the way is drear;
3 Trust - ing Him while life shall last; Trust - ing him till earth is past,

Ev - en when my faith is small, Trust - ing Je - sus,— that is all.
If in dan - ger, for Him call; Trust - ing Je - sus,— that is all.
Till with - in the jas - per wall, Trust - ing Je - sus,— that is all.

CHORUS.

Trust - ing as the mo - ments fly; Trust - ing as the days go by:

TRUSTING JESUS, THAT IS ALL. Concluded

Trust - ing Him, what e'er be - fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

MY FRIEND.

HENRY HOPE. J. H. TENNEY.

1 Now I have found a Friend: } Je - sus is mine: { His love shall nev - er end: }
2 Though I grow poor and old, } { Though I grow faint and cold, } Je - sus is mine:
3 When earth shall pass a-way } { In the great judgment day, }

Though earthly joys decrease, Though earthly friendship cease, Now I have last-ing peace; }
He shall my wants supply: His precious blood is nigh, Naught can my hope destroy; } Je - sus is mine.
Oh, what a glorious thing Then to be - hold my King, On tune - ful harp to sing }

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

JESUS, BLESS THE CHILDREN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Je - sus, bless the chil - dren! As they gath - er now, And be - fore thy
2 Je - sus, bless the chil - dren! Send them from a - bove, Rich and full be-
3 Je - sus, bless the chil - dren! Show thy smil - ing face; And pour out up-

CHORUS.

throne of mer - cy Hum - bly bow.
yond ex - press - ing, Thy sweet love.
on their spir - its Thy rich grace.

Je - sus, bless the chil - dren!

At thy throne they bow, In thy ten - der mer - cy, Bless them now!

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. **NOTHING BETWEEN.** J. H. TENNEY.

1 Bless - ed Re - deem - er, Show us Thy lov - ing face; Draw our cold hearts to Thee,
2 Sun of Re - demp - tion! Let us Thy glo - ry see, Thine, with thy bright'ning ray.
3 "We would see Je - sus;" Noth-ing of earth - ly din Com - ing, O Lord, be - tween,

CHORUS.

Close in thy fond em - brace.
Bid - ding the dark - ness flee.
Noth - ing of pride or sin.

Leave noth-ing be-tween us, Dear Je - sus, Noth - ing be - tween;

Nothing be - tween;

Oh, come in thy love so near us, Leave noth - ing be - tween, Noth - ing be-tween.

Noth-ing be - tween.

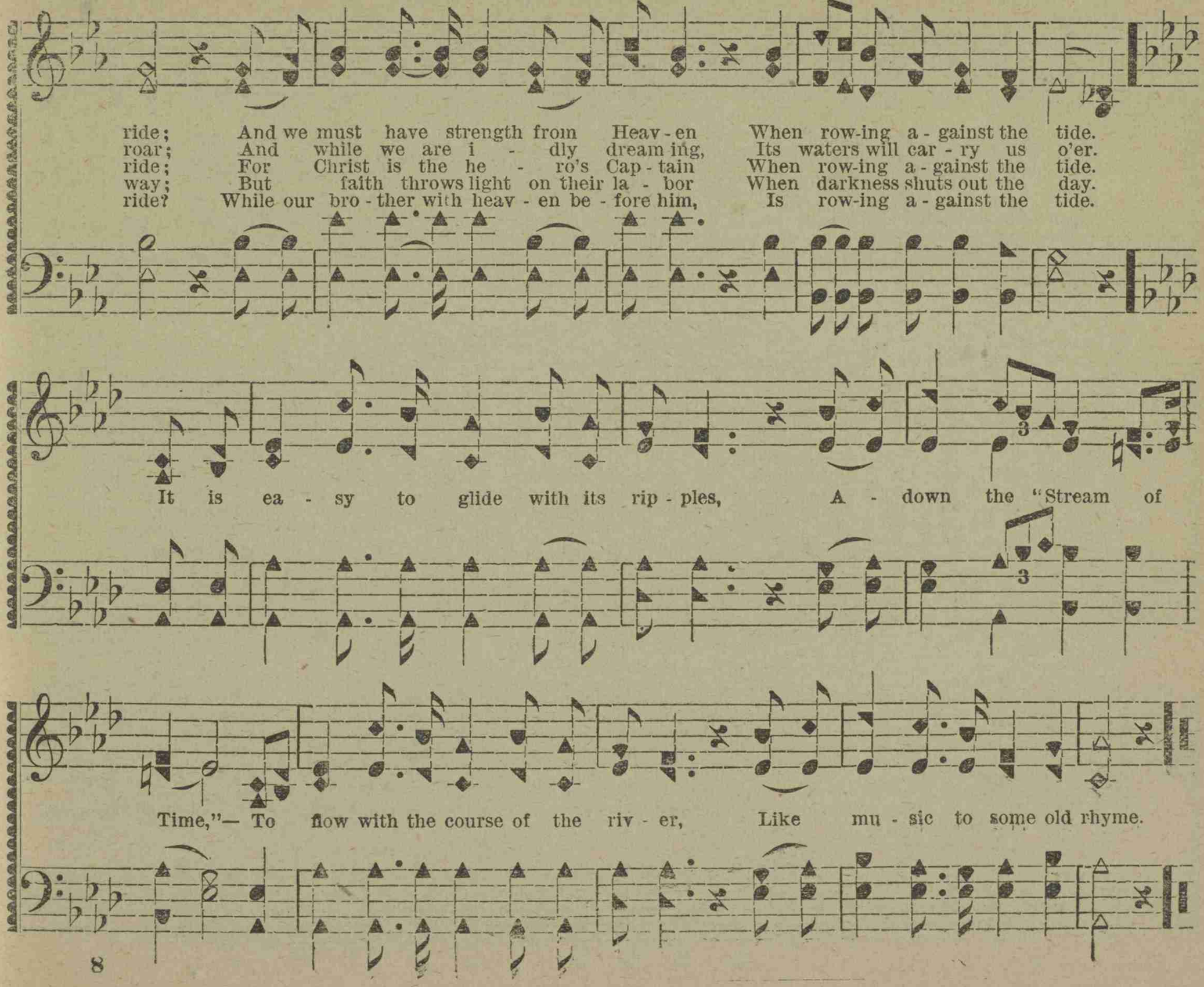
ROWING AGAINST THE TIDE.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1 It is ea - sy to glide with its rip - ples, A - down the Stream of
2 We may float on the riv - er's sur - face While our oars scarce touch the
3 But a few— ah, would there were ma - ny!— Row up the Stream of
4 Far on through the ha - zy dis - tance, Like a mist on dis - tant
5 And shall we be one of that num - ber Who mind not toil nor

Time,— To flow with the course of the riv - er, Like mu - sic to some old rhyme.
stream; And vis - ions of earth - ly glo - ry On our daz - zled sight may gleam.
Life: They strug - gle a - gainst its surg - es, And mind nei-ther toil nor strife.
shore, They see the walls of a cit - y, With its ban - ners float-ing o'er.
pain? Shall we moan the loss of earth's joys When we have a crown to gain?

But, ah! it takes cour - age and pa - tience A - gainst its cur - rent to
We for - get that on be - fore us The dash - ing tor - rents
Though wea - ry and faint with la - bor, With sing - ing tri - umph-ant they
Seen through a glass so dark - ly They al - most mis take their
Or shall we glide on with the riv - er, With death at the end of our


ride; And we must have strength from Heav - en When row-ing a - gainst the tide.
roar; And while we are i - dly dream ing, Its waters will car - ry us o'er.
ride; For Christ is the he - ro's Cap - tain When row-ing a - gainst the tide.
way; But faith throws light on their la - bor When darkness shuts out the day.
ride? While our bro - ther with heav - en be - fore him, Is row-ing a - gainst the tide.
It is ea - sy to glide with its rip - ples, A - down the "Stream of
Time,"— To flow with the course of the riv - er, Like mu - sic to some old rhyme.

E. R. LATTA.

PEACE AT LAST.

F. M. DAVIS.

1 Blest as - sur - ance ev - er dear, As our troubles come so fast! How it
2 Though by sor - row's dis - mal cloud, Be our pathway ov - er - cast, Through the
3 We can stand the driv - ing rains We can bide the cut - ting blast; While the

CHORUS.

does the spir - it cheer To be promised peace at last. } Peace at last, peace at
Sa - viour's pre - cious blood We are promised peace at last. }
prom - ise still re - mains Of un-bro - ken peace at last. } Peace at last,

last, Peace at last, When our sor - rows all are past, And 'tis com - ing, oh, how fast, Peace at

PEACE AT LAST. Concluded.

last. Peace at last, Peace at last, 'Tis com-ing, com-ing, Peace at last.
Peace at last, peace at last.

ONLY THEE.

Rev. S. WOLCOTT, D.D. J. H. TENNEY.

1 Dear Re-deem-er, on-ly thee Would my wait-ing spir-it
2 Gra-cious Mas-ter, on-ly thee Would my will-ing spir-it
3 Blest Im-man-uel, on-ly thee Would my long-ing spir-it

own; Trust-ing in thy sym-pa-thy, Cling-ing close to thee a-lone.
serve; Work-ing with fi-del-i-ty, Press-ing on with daunt-less nerve.
claim; Yearn-ing for thy pur-i-ty, Glow-ing with love's quench-less flame.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

THE KINGDOM ABOVE.

J. H. TENNEY.

From "Happy Songs," by per.

1 There's a kingdom a - bove, 'Tis a king - dom of love, Where the Lord and his ransom'd a - bide;
2 There's a stream in that land, In that beau - ti - ful land, 'Tis the riv - er of life and of love:
3 There's a crown in that land, In that beau - ti - ful land, Yes a crown that is gold - en and fair;
4 There's a home in that land, In that beau - ti - ful land, 'Tis all glorious and gold - en and fair;

And its bliss I shall share, For I'm jour - ney - ing there, With the Lord as my Lead - er and Guide.
I shall stand on its brink, Of its pure waters drink, In the king - dom of glo - ry a - bove.
At my Sa - viour's command, I shall go to that land, And shall wear it e - ter - nal - ly there.
Ver - y soon, ver - y soon, When my life - work is done, I shall take up my dwell - ing place there.

CHORUS.

I am bound, I am bound, I am bound for the king-dom a - bove.
I am bound, I am bound, the king-dom a-bove.

THE KINGDOM ABOVE. Concluded.

I am bound, I am bound, I am bound for the king-dom a-bove.
I am bound, I am bound,

JUST AS I AM.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Just as I am, with-out 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, thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, re-lieve,

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!
Be-cause thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

J. C. JOHNSON.

OH, THE BELLS!

J. H. TENNEY.

From "The Emerald," by per.

1 Oh, how cheer - ful the day, when the bright Sab - bath ray Gilds the
2 Oh, the bells! we are told, in that cit - y of gold Songs of
3 So while wait - ing be - low you and I may be - stow Fa - vors

moun - tains, the wood - lands and dells! Then sweet an - thems we'll raise on this day of all days,
glad - ness and joy do they ring, When new - com - ers a - wait at the wide o - pen gate,
rich on the souls that are near, If they first should a - rise to that home in the skies

CHORUS.

As we list to the dear Sab - bath bells.
While bright an - gels their wel - com - ing ring.
They'll be wait - ing our com - ing to cheer.

} Oh, the bells! oh, the bells!

How their rich mu - sic swells, Call - ing come, come, come praise the Lord! 'Tis his

house, chil - dren, haste, as the home you love best, He's the Fa - ther for - ev - er a - dored.

SERVOSS. S. M.

T. DWIGHT. F. L. ARMSTRONG.

Andante. ritard.

1 I love thy church, O God! Her walls be-fore thee stand Dear as the apple of thine eye And graven on thy hand.
2 Beyond my highest joy I prize her heav'nly ways, Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
3 Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heav'n.

W. S. MARTIN.

THE CROSS AND THE GATE.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 I see my Sa - viour at the cross, He suf - fer'd there for me;
2 I see my Sa - viour lift - ed up On that ac - curs - ed tree;
3 I see my Sa - viour at the gate Of that bright world a - bove;

I count earth's pleasures all but dross, For Je - sus died for me.
He bears my griefs, and drinks my cup,— He died to set me free.
I have an en - trance to that home Through his un - fail - ing love.

CHORUS.

I see my Sa- - - - viour at the gate, Bid - ding sin - ners to come;
I see my Sa - viour at the gate, at the gate,

We all must en- - - - - ter through that gate. To our e - ter - nal home.
We all must en - ter through that gate, thro' that gate,

ENNIS. C. M.

T. W. DENNINGTON.

1 Spir - it Di - vine! at - tend our prayer, And make our hearts thy home;
2 Come as the light; to us re - veal Our sin - ful - ness and woe;
3 Come as the dew, and sweet - ly bless This con - se - cra - ted hour;

De - scend with all thy gra - cious power: Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come!
And lead us in those paths of life Where all the right - eous go.
May bar - ren - ness re - joice to own Thy fer - ti - liz - ing power!

122 Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. **IF I WASH IN THAT FOUNTAIN.** J. H. TENNEY.

1 Thy blood, O my Sa - viour, was poured out for me, So pre - cious, so cost - ly, yet
2 Tho' red as the crim - son, like wool I shall be, If plung'd 'neath the waves of this
3 My faith would re - ceive the re - demp - tion I crave; The pow - er to tri - umph o'er

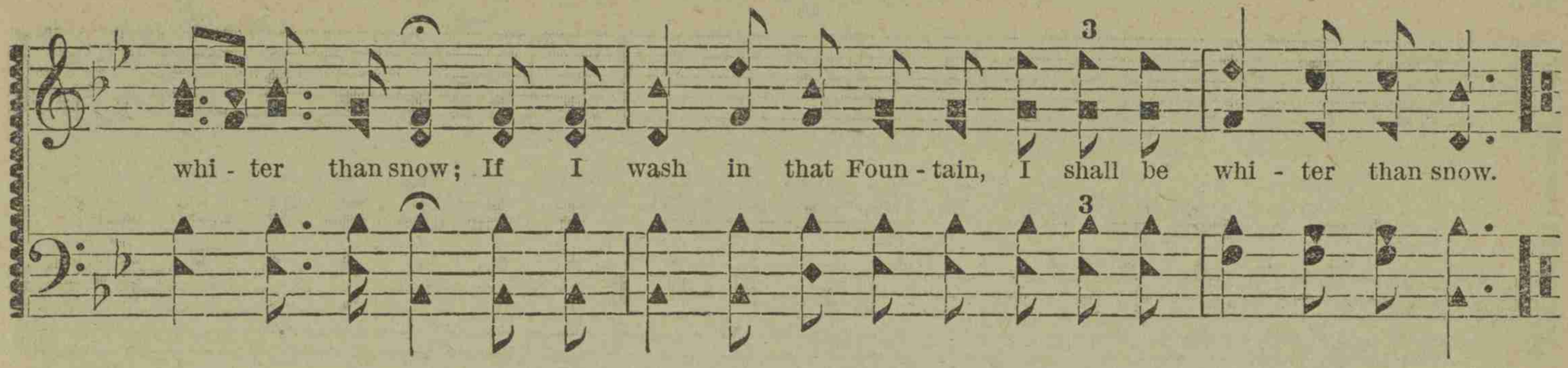
of - fer'd so free; Though sins be as scar - let, this truth I would know, If I
fath - om - less sea; I come, O my Sa - viour, where pure wa - ters flow;— If I
death and the grave; To stand, un - con - dem'd, for most sure - ly I know If I

CHORUS

wash in that Foun - tain, I shall be whi - ter than snow.
wash in that Foun - tain, I shall be whi - ter than snow.
wash in that Foun - tain, I shall be whi - ter than snow.

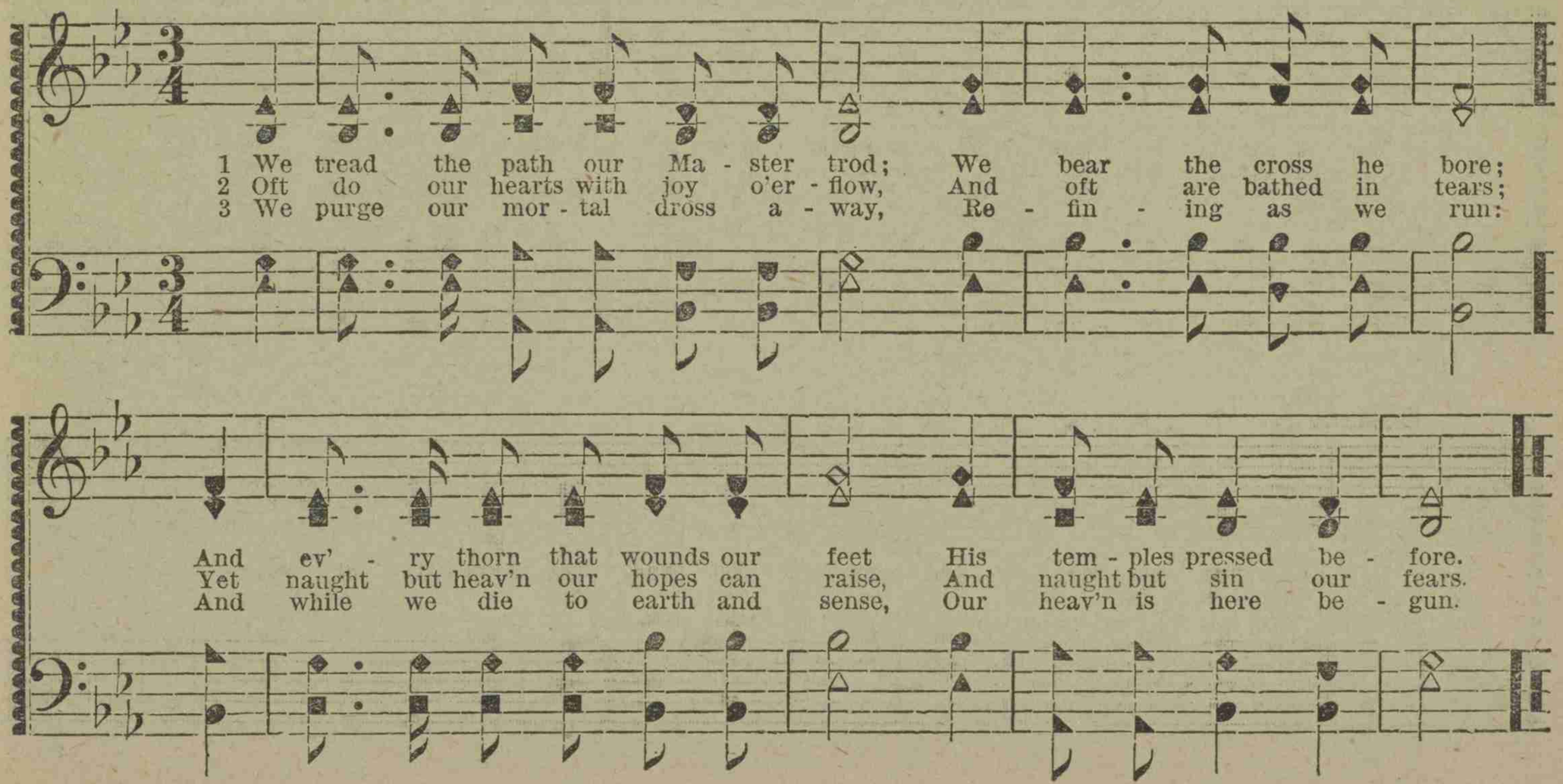
Whi - ter than snow, yes,

IF I WASH IN THAT FOUNTAIN. Concluded.



RUELL. C. M.

J. H. TENNEY.



Arr. by A. S. K.

THE LAND OF LIGHT.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 There's a beau - ti - ful land, a land of light, Which lies just o - ver the way.
2 There are eyes, which we closed in death, at night 'Mid sighs and bit - ter - est tears;—
3 Then, re - joice and be glad, ye suf - f'ring ones, Ye trou - bled, wea - ry and sad,

Where the night of life, With its gloom and strife, Fades out in - to gold - en day.
They are beam - ing bright - ly, 'neath brows of light Untouched by the frosts of years.
Let the eye grow bright with the old - time light,— The sor - row - ing heart be glad.

CHORUS.

For o - ver the riv - er, the beau - ti - ful land, The beau - ti - ful land of light;

No pain, no tears, no sor - row there, In that beau - ti - ful land of light.

WHEN THE MORNING COMETH.

M. HADLEY. J. H. TENNEY.

1 When the morn-ing com - eth, Thankful hearts will raise To the lov - ing Fa-ther Hymns of prayer and praise:
2 Let thy cease-less watch-care, All our steps at - tend, And thro' life's short journey, Keep us till the end:

Heav-'nly Pa - rent, hear us! Need - y chil-dren call; Let thy bounteous mer - cy Help and bless us all.
Then when life is end - ed, All our tri - als o'er, May we meet to praise Thee On the heav'n-ly shore.

BIRTH OF CHRIST THE LORD.

W. A. OGDEN.

From the "S. S. Teacher's and Scholar's Quarterly," by per.

1 "Glo - ry to God!" the an - gels are sing - ing, Tid-ings of joy to men they bring;
2 "Glo - ry to God!" oh, won - der - ful cho - rus! "Peace and good will," the an - gels sing,
3 "Glo - ry to God!" the mul - ti - tude sing - eth, Glo - ry to God! let men re - ply.

Beth - le - hem's plain with mu - sic is ring - ing, Je - sus to - day is born a King.
For un - to you is born in the cit - y, Cit - y of Da - vid, Christ a King.
Glo - ry to God! the ech - o still ring - eth, Ring - eth a - loud through earth and sky.

Not in a pal - ace, but in a man - ger Li - eth the dear Re - deem - er's head,
Born to re - deem, oh, might - y sal - va - tion! Je - sus, the Christ, oh, yes, 'tis he!
Na - tions shall sit no long - er in dark - ness, Tell the good news o'er earth a - far!

Gird - ed with glo - ry, sa - ges be - held Him, Low where the beasts of the stall are fed.
Wrapp'd in the swad - dling gar-ments be - hold Him, This un - to you a sign shall be.
Seat - ed in glo - ry now be - hold Him, Je - sus the bright and morn - ing star.

CHORUS.

ff

Glo - ry to God . . . the an - gels are sing - ing, "Peace and good will" . . . to men they bring.
Glo-ry to God! "Peace and good will"

Beth-le-hem's plain with mu - sic is ring - ing, Je - sus to - day . . . is born a King.
Je-sus to-day

GOOD NEWS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 Good news and glad ti - dings! oh, spread it a - broad! Let praise and thanks-giv - ing as -
2 Good news and glad ti - dings for souls temp - est-tossed! With Christ for your Pi - lot you
3 Good news and glad ti - dings! sal - va - tion is near! Re - joice, all cre - a - tion: Christ's

cend up to God! For Je - sus, out Sa - viour, Re - deem - er, and Friend, Hath
can - not be lost. Oh, trust in his prom - ise. that nev - er will fail, As
king - dom is here! Oh, hea - then be - night - ed, take heed to the sound,— Good

CHORUS.

left his bright king - dom, his own to de - fend. His blood it will
on - ward, still on - ward, toward heav - en you sail.
news and glad ti - dings: the lost has been found! blood it will save us, for

save us, for still it runs free: Good
still it runs free: His blood it will save us, for still it runs free:

news and glad ti - dings for you and for me, for you and for me.

MEISSE. 6s.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How-ev-er dark it be! Lead me by thine own hand: Choose out the path for me.
2 I dare not choose my lot: I would not, if I might. Choose thou for me, my God! So shall I walk a-right.
3 Choose thou for me my friends, My sickness or my health: Choose thou my cares for me,—My poverty or wealth.

PRAISE HIM.

R. A. GLENN.

Moderato.

1 Let us lift up our vol - ces in songs of praise To Je - sus, who bless - es and
2 For the bless - ings he show - ers a - round each day, Be thank - ful, be joy - ful, to
3 All his chil - dren he watch - es both day and night. Then come in his pres - ence with

bright - ens our days. In - to the house of prayer will we go,
Je - sus give praise: Loud - ly the strain let each one pro - long,
songs of de - light. Glo - ry to him let each one pro - claim,

CHORUS.

There to praise him from whom all bless - ings flow. Praise him,
Sing - ing prais - es to him in beau - ti - ful songs.
To the Lamb that for sin - ners once was slain. Lift up your voice in

Praise him. En - ter his courts with thanks to - day.
an - thems of praise.

Praise him, Praise him. In an - thems of joy give praise.
Lift up your voice. Sing praise to him

SINNER, COME.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Sinner, come, 'mid thy gloom, All thy sin confessing: Trembling now, contrite bow: Take the proffered blessing.
2 Sinner, come, while there's room,—While the feast is waiting; While the Lord, by his word, Kindly is inviting.
3 Sinner, come, ere thy doom Shall be sealed for-ev-er. Now return, grieve and mourn. Flee to Christ, the Saviour.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

LIGHTS ALONG THE SHORE.

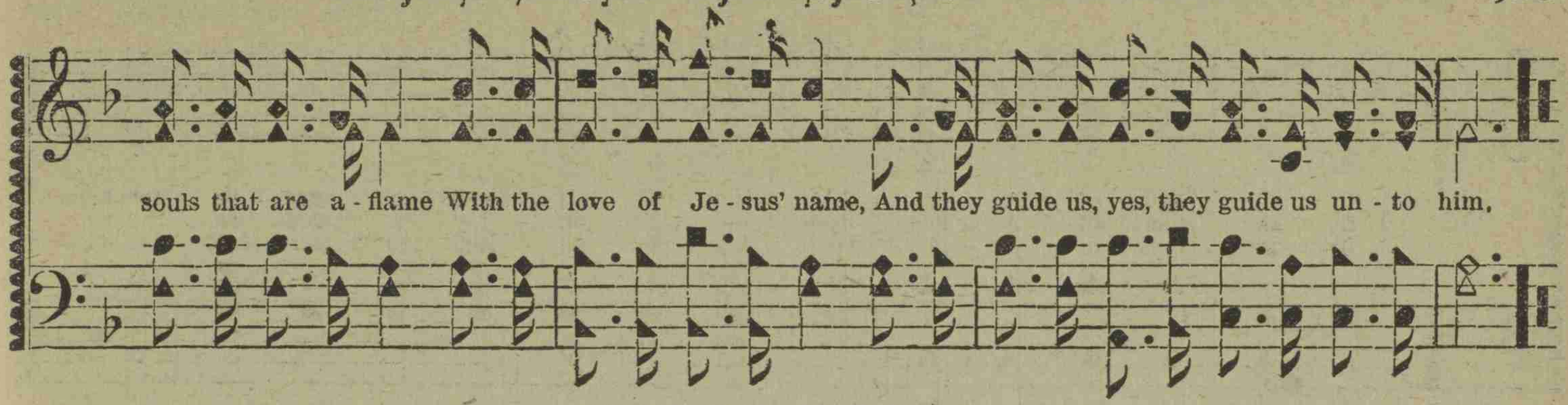
E. ROBERTS.
From the "Tonart," by per.

1 There are lights by the shore of that coun - try, Where my bark a - mid per - ils I steer;
2 There are lights by the shore as we jour - ney, As we float down the riv - er of time:
3 Oh, they tell of a hope that will cheer us In the midst of our sor - rows and cares:
4 Then for - get not to keep your light shi - ning: O Chris - tian, be earn - est and true;

And they ev - er grow bright - er and bright - er As that glo - rious ha - ven I near.
All the days of our pil - grim-age bright - en With a ra - diance tru - ly sub - lime.
When the lamp on our ves - sel burns dim - ly, We watch for the glim - mer of theirs.
For a soul on life's o - cean may per - ish,— May sink in the waves but for you,

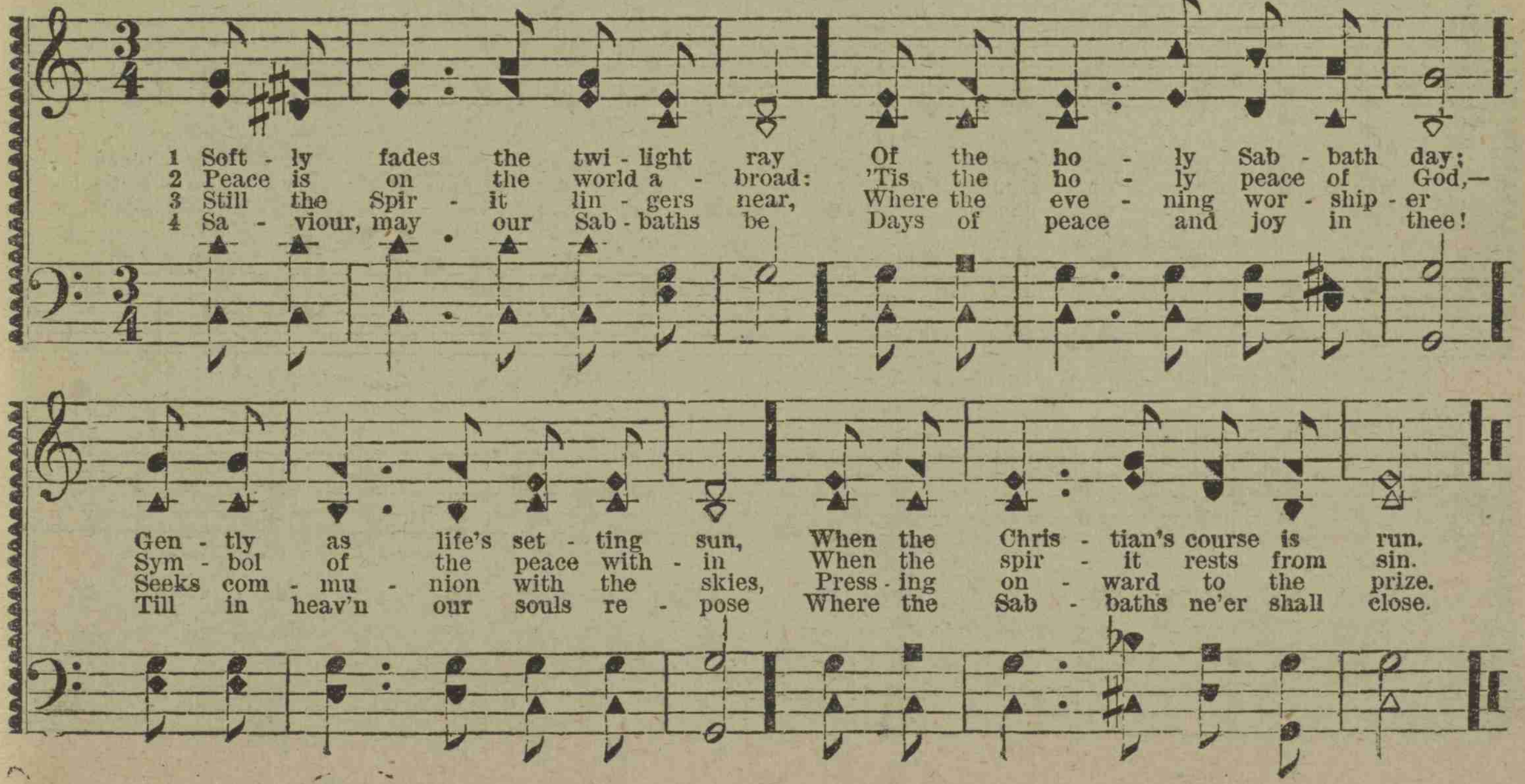
CHORUS.

Oh, the lights a - long the shore That nev - er grow dim, Nev - er, nev - er grow dim, Are the



SOFTLY FADES.

M. F. BROOKINGS.



134 Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

HIDING IN THE ROCK.

C. H. GABRIEL.
From "Spiritual Songs," by per.

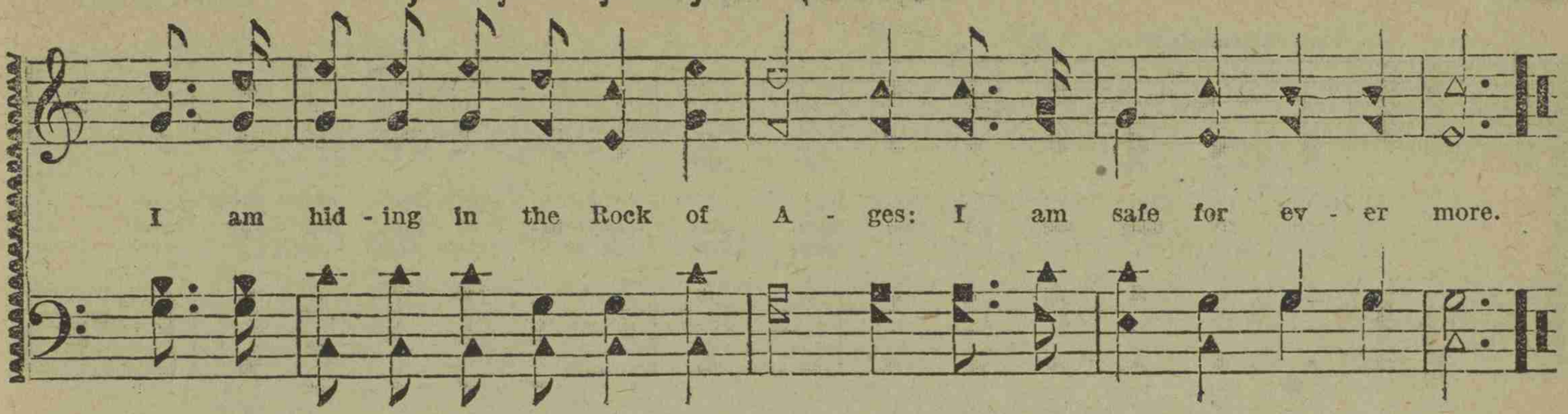
1 In the Rock of A - ges hid - ing, I have found a sure re - treat;
2 In the Rock of A - ges rest - ing, I en - joy a sweet re - pose,
3 In the Rock of A - ges trust - ing, I am kept in per - fect peace;

In the Ref - uge now a - bid - ing, I have found a joy com - plete.
Where the grace of God for - ev - er Like a might - ty riv - er flows.
In the hope of glo - ry wait - ing, Till the toil of life shall cease.

CHORUS.

While the storm a - round me ra - ges, And the an - gry bil - lows roar,
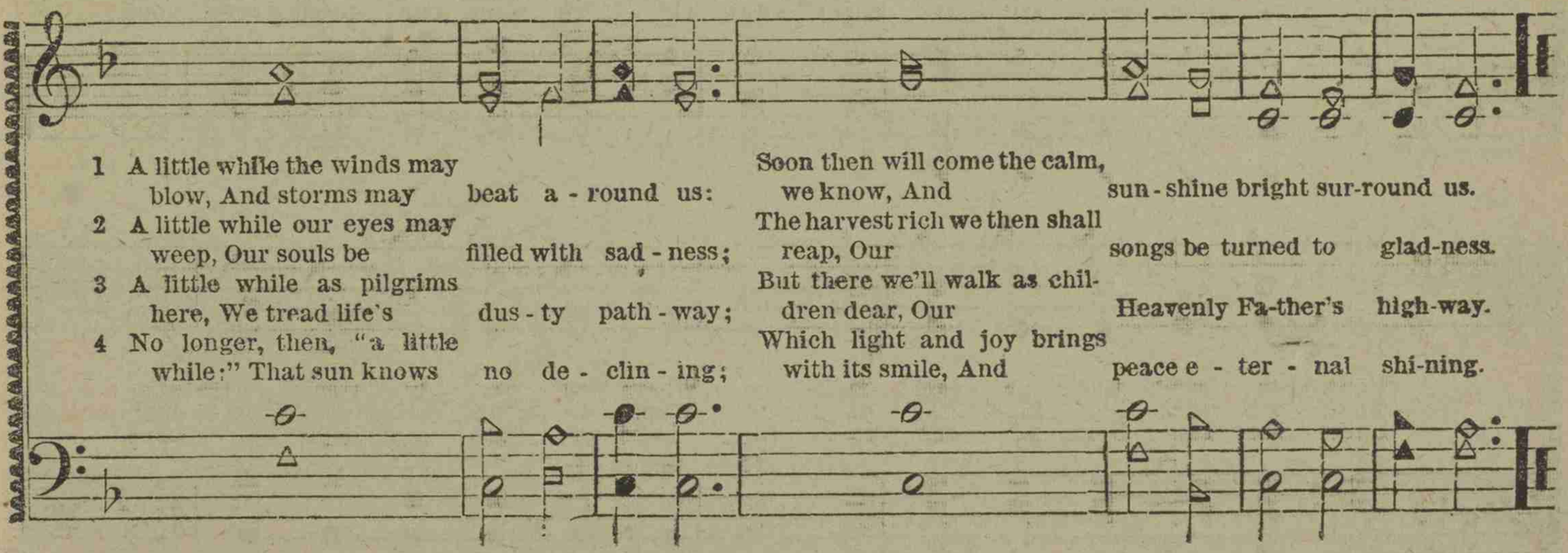
ABIDING IN THE ROCK. Concluded.



Rev. G. S. WOODHULL.

A LITTLE WHILE.

J. H. TENNEY.



GATES AJAR.

J. H. TENNEY.

Con espressione.

1 Gone be - yond the dark - some riv - er,— On - ly left us by the way;
2 One by one they go be - fore us; They are fa - ding like the dew;
3 Gone where ev' - ry eye is tear - less; On - ly gone from earth - ly care.

Gone be - yond the night for - ev - er,— On - ly gone to end - less day:
But we know they're watch-ing o'er us,— They, the good, the fair, the true:
Oh, the wait - ing, sad and cheer - less, Till we meet our loved ones there.

Gone to meet the an - gel fa - ces Where our love - ly trea - sures are;
They are wait - ing for us on - ly, Where no pain can ev - er mar;
Sweet the rest from all our ro - ving, Land of light and hope a - bove.

By permission of Lee & Shepherd, Boston.

rit.

Gone a - while from our em - bra - ces— Gone with - in the gates a - jar.
Lit - tle ones who left us lone - ly, Watch for us through gates a - jar.
Lo! our Fa - ther's hand, so lov - ing, Sets the pearl - y gates a - jar.

CHORUS. a tempo.

There, with - in the gates, the gates a - jar, Where our love-ly treas-ures are,
There, within the gates, with - in the pearly gates ajar, Where our lovely treas - ures are,

our lovely treasures

rall. pp.

Lo! our Fa-ther's hand, so lov - ing, Sets the pearl-y gates a - jar.
Lo! our Father's hand, our Father's hand, so loving, sets the pearly gates a - jar, the gates a-jar.

are. our

PALMS OF VICTORY.

Arr. by J. H. TENNEY.

1 I saw a wayworn trav'ler, In tattered garments clad; And, struggling up the mountain, It seemed that he was sad:
2 I saw him in the evening: The sun was bending low,—Had overtopped the mountain And reached the vale below:
3 While gazing on that cit-y, Just o'er the narrow flood, A band of ho - ly an-gels Came from the throne of God:

His back was la-den heavy; His strength was almost gone; Yet shouted, as he journeyed, De liv-er-ance will come.
He saw the gold-en cit - y,—His ev - er-last - ing home; And shouted loud ho-san-na! De-liv-er ance will come.
They bore him, on their pinions, Safe o'er the dashing foam. And joined him in his triumph,—De-liv-er-ance has come.

CHORUS.

Then palms of vic - to ry, Crowns of glo - ry, Palms of vic - to - ry I shall wear.

1 One by one the bonds are sev-ered, Bind-ing hearts to - geth-er here: One by one new
2 One by one we cease our toil - ing For the Mas - ter here be - low: By the an - gel
3 One by one we're gath'ring yon - der, Out of ev' - ry clime and land: One by one we're
4 One by one the Sa - viour calls us In his per - fect bliss to share: May we for the

CHORUS.

ties are add-ed To the land that knows no tear.
bands at - tend-ed, To our end - less rest we go,
cross - ing o - ver To the dis - tant heav'n-ly strand.
call be ready! Oh, may none be miss - ing there!

Gath - er - ing home, gath - er - ing home,

pp

One by one we're gath-er - ing home. Soon will all be gath-ered home,—Gathered one by one.

FANNIE J. CROSBY.

STRIKE THE HARP OF ZION.

WYATT MINSHALL.

1 Strike the harp of Zi - on! wake the tune - ful lay! Bear the joy - ful tid - ings far a - way!
2 O - ver dis - tant re-gions, vailed in er - ror's night See the ho - ly dawn of gos - pel light,
3 Oh, the joy - ful sto - ry,—life to ev' - ry soul! Like a migh - ty o - cean let it roll,

Lo! the morn is breaking,—morn of pur - est love: Praise for - ev - er! praise to God a - bove!
See! the na - tions com-ing at the Sa - viour's call,—Com - ing now to crown him Lord of all.
Bring-ing home the lost ones from the path of sin, 'Till the world shall all be gath-ered in.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! hark! the an-gels sing! Glo - ry! glo - ry! hear the ech - o ring!

Words from "Bright Jewels," by permission of Biglow & Main, New Yo-

STRIKE THE HARP OF ZION. Concluded.

1st.

Strike the harp of Zi - on! wake the tune - ful lay! Bear the joy - ful tid - ings

2d.

far, far a - way! Bear the joy - ful tid - ings far . . . . a - way

SCLEIBER. S. M.

1 Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love! The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that a - bove.
2 Before our Father's throne, We pour our ardent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—Our comforts and our cares.
3 We share our mutual woes; Our mutual burdens bear; And often for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.

142 Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

JESUS BIDS YOU COME.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 The Mas - ter is come, and call - eth to thee, In ac - cents soft and mild,
2 The Mas - ter is come, and call - eth to thee, In words of sa - cred truth,
3 The Mas - ter is come, and call - eth to thee: The Spir - it and Bride say, "Come!"

CHORUS.

Wea - ry and la - den one, come to me; Will you not come, my child?
Come to the Sa-viour, who died for thee,— Come in thy ear - ly youth.
Come to the ban-quet pre - pared for thee: En - ter, while yet there's room.
} Come, and wel-come.

Come, and welcome! Je - sus bids you come, Come, and welcome! come, and welcome! Jesus bids you come.

1 Bap - tize us a new With fire from on high! With love, oh, re-
2 Un - wor - thy we cry, Un - ho - ly, un - clean. Oh, wash us and
3 Oh, heav - en - ly Dove, De - scend from on high! We plead thy rich

CHORUS.

fresh us! Dear Sa - viour, draw nigh!
cleanse us From sin's guil - ty stain!
bless - ing: In mer - cy draw nigh!

We hum - bly be - seech thee, Lord

Je - sus, we pray, With fire and the Spir - it Bap - tize us to - day.

MIGHTY TO SAVE.

D. H. LLOYDE.

1 Lead me, O thou pre - cious Sa - viour, Safe - ly lead by thine own hand;
2 Brought by grace to see the foun - tain From which cleans-ing wa - ters flow,
3 While I live, and through death's val - ley, Lead me to the oth - er side;

Weak, I come to thee for guid - ance,—Trav' - ling to the heav'n - ly land,
I would trust thee now and ev - er: Guide and bless me while be - low:
Bid my cares and fears to van - ish, And the storms of earth out - ride.

Safe Sup - port - er, sure De - liv' - rer, Cleanse me by thy pow'r di - vine.
"Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee!"
Safe - ly to the ha - ven guide me. "Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!"

CHORUS.

Oh, help me to trust Thee! Oh, help me to sing!

Oh, keep me and shelt - er me! To Thee, O Lord, I cling. Lord, I cling.

1st. 2d.

TORRENT. S. M.

1 How swift the torrent rolls That bears us to the sea! The tide that bears our thoughtless souls To vast eterni - ty.
2 God of our Fathers, hear, Thou ev-erlasting Friend! While we, as on life's utmost verge, Our souls to thee commend,

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

THE ROLLING YEARS.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 There are eyes for ev - er weep - ing While the years are roll - ing on; There are hearts in sor-row's
2 There's no time for thoughtless spend-ing While the years are roll - ing on; Let your hand be o - pen,
3 To our home we're draw - ing near - er While the years are roll - ing on; And our vis - ion's growing

keep - ing, Dai - ly cap - tured, one by one; If we wipe a - way a fear, If we
lend - ing To the poor and lone - ly one; If we can a broth - er raise From his
clear - er As we jour - ney to'ard the sun; But our rest - ing will be sweet, If for

oft dis - pel a fear, Oh, the good which may ap-pear While the years are roll - ing on!
low and fall - en ways, We shall swell our Sa-viour's praise While the years are roll - ing on.
glo - ry we are meet; There-fore toil - ing we will greet While the years are roll - ing on.

THE ROLLING YEARS. Concluded.

CHORUS.

While the years are roll - ing on, While the years are roll - ing on,

Oh, the good which may ap - pear While the years are roll - ing on!

NEARER. 6s.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm nearer home to - day Than e'er I've been be-fore.
2 Nearer my Father's throne, Where the blest mansions be; Nearer the great white throne, Nearer the crystal sea,
3 Nearer the bound where we Must lay our burdens down; Nearer to leave the cross, Near - er to gain the crown.

148 Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. **THERE'LL BE JOY.** J. H. TENNEY.

1 Look, sin-ner, to Je-sus, the ris-en One, Who bled on the tree for thee;
2 He points to the prints of the cru-el nails; He shows thee his bleeding side;
3 The Sa-viour is stand-ing at mer-cy's gate; He asks thee to en-ter in;
4 Come now to the Sa-viour, ac-cept his love, And live for his glo-ry here;

He's graciously say-ing, "O troubled one, Wilt thou not come un-to me?"
His heart's full of pi-ty, his love ne'er fails: Wilt thou not come and a-bide?
He's pleading, en-treat-ing,—'tis grow-ing late: Art thou not wea-ry of sin?
He'll take thee at last to his home a-bove: Come, then, oh, come without fear.

CHORUS.

There'll be joy in heav'n, There'll be joy in heav'n, There'll be joy in
There'll be joy in

heaven: And the an - gels will strike the gold - en lyre; And the

ransomed will join the seraph choir. There'll be joy . . . in heaven!

There'll be joy

TO-DAY.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 To - day the Saviour calls: Ye wand'rers, come! Oh, ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?
2 To - day the Saviour calls: Oh, lis - ten now! With - in these sacred walls To Je-sus bow!
3 To - day the Saviour calls: For refuge fly; The storm of jus-tice falls, And death is nigh.
4 The Spir-it calls to - day: Yield to his power: Oh, grieve him not a - way! 'Tis mercy's hour.

E. JESTER.

CITY OF GOD.

J. C. BUSHEY.

1 There is a home be - yond the flood Where Je - sus is the Light,— The
2 We'll watch by faith the morn-ing star, Which now is ris - ing high: Soon
3 Then we'll see floods of gold - en light, With heav'n-ly beau - ties rare: 'Twill

glo - rious Cit - y of our God, Where is no gloom of night.
will the gold - en gates a - jar, Ope wide for you and I.
burst up - on our spir - its' sight In heav - en o - ver there,

CHORUS.

In that beau- . . . ti - ful home, ... That home so bright and
beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home.
so

CITY OF GOD. Concluded.

fair; In that beau- . . ti - ful home: . . Oh, may we all meet there!
bright and fair; Beauti - ful, beauti - ful, beau-ti - ful home:

VIRRILL. 7s.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 "Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day!" Sons of men and an - gels say:
2 Love's re - deem - ing work is done; Fought the fight, the bat - tle won;
3 Lives a - gain our glo - rious King! "Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"

Raise your joys and tri - umphs high; Sing, ye Heavens, and, Earth, re - ply.
Lo! our Sun's e - clipse is o'er: Lo! he sets in blood no more.
Dy - ing once, he all doth save:— "Where thy vic - t'ry, boast-ing Grave?"

NEARING THE SHORE.

E. O. LYTE.

1 We are near - ing the heav - en - ly shore,—Hap - py home of the pure and the blest;
2 Tho' the bil - lows a - round us may roll, And the winds dash our bark to and fro,
3 In the har - bor we'll an - chor at last, And we'll greet all our friends gone be - fore;

And our sor - rows will all soon be o'er, And our la - bors be turned in - to rest.
Ev' - ry wave brings us near - er our goal, Ev' - ry wind toward the place we would go.
Ev' - ry dan - ger then hap - pi - ly past, We will rest on the heav - en - ly shore.

CHORUS.

We are near- . . . ing, We are near- . . . ing, We are near - ing the shore, near - ing the shore,

near - ing the heav - en - ly shore; We are near- . . . ing, we are
heav - en - ly shore, near - ing the shore,

near- . . . ing, We are near - ing the heav - en - ly shore.
near - ing the shore,

BILLOW. 7s & 6s.

1 Roll on, thou mighty o-cean, And as thy billows flow, Bear messengers of mercy To ev'ry land be-low.
2 Arise, ye gales, and waft them Safe to the destin'd shore; That man may sit in darkness And death's black shade no more.
3 O thou e - ter-nal Ru - ler, Who holdest in thine arm The tempests of the ocean, Protect them from all harm!

WHAT MUST IT BE?

J. H. TENNEY.

1 We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun - try so bright and so fair,
2 We speak of its path - way of gold Its walls decked with jew - els so rare,
3 We speak of its free - dom from sin, From sor - row, temp - ta - tion and care,

And oft are its glo - ries con - fessed;
Its won - ders and pleasures un - told;
From tri - als with - out and with - in;

But what must it be to be

there! But what must it be to be there!

CHORUS.

Oh, beau - ti - ful realms of the beau - ti - ful

blest, ... Those man - sions so bright and so fair, With
realms of the blest,

Je - sus, our Sa - viour, to rest,— Oh, what must it be to be there!

BEYOND.

1 There is a blessed home Be-yond this land of woe, Where trials nev - er come, Nor tears of sorrow flow:—
2 Where faith is lost to sight; And patient hope is crown'd; And ev-er - last-ing light Its glory throws around.
3 Oh, joy all joys beyond, To see the Lamb who died, And count each sacred wound In hands and feet and side!

W. A. O.

THE BOOK OF LIFE.

W. A. OGDEN.
By per.

1 In the Lamb's Book of Life Will my name there ap - pear? Shall I walk in white
2 Un - to me a new name In his king - dom he'll give; Of the man - na that's
3 There shall noth - ing be hid From the eyes of his own, When in glo - ry we

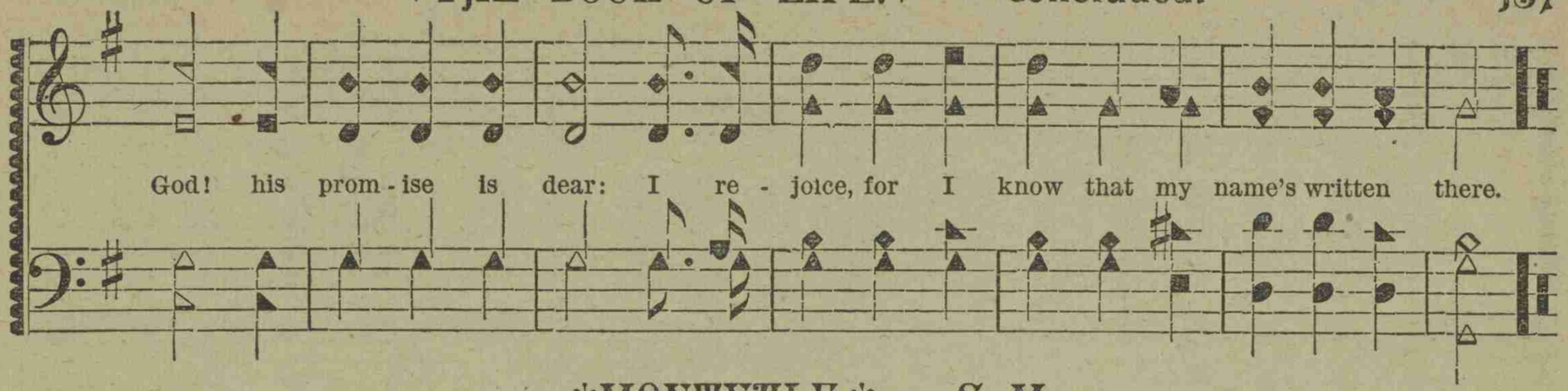
rai - ment? Will Je - sus be near? With the dear ones of earth Who have pass'd on be-
hid - den From him I'll re - ceive; And my name he'll con - fess To the Fa - ther a-
view him Up - on the great throne; Then to him shall a - rise From the saved a - mong

CHORUS.
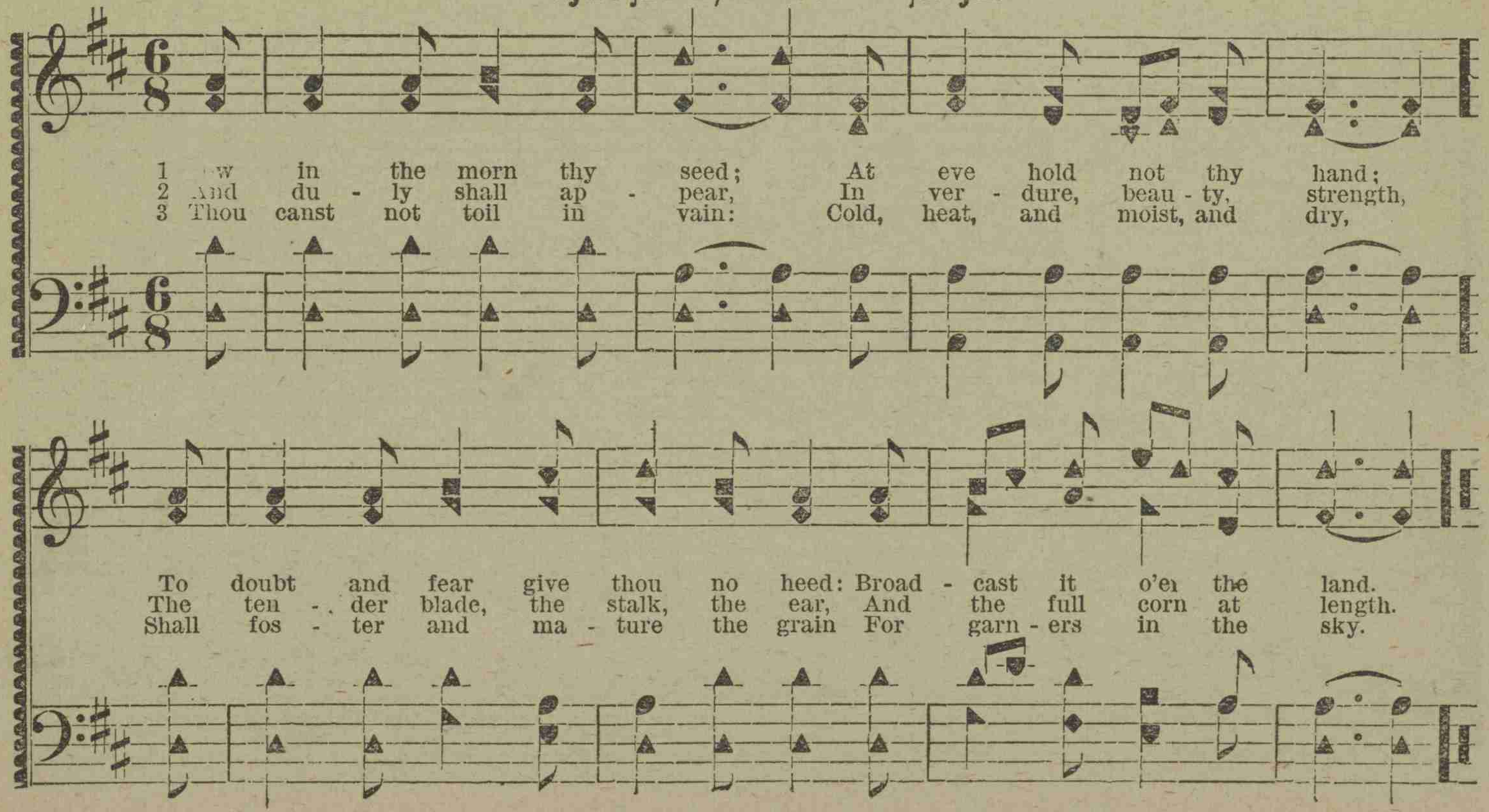
fore, Shall I dwell in that coun - try, And sor - row no more?
bove. Oh, bless - ed be God for The Son of his love.
men, Un - to him be the glo - ry For - ev - er. A - men.

Glo - ry to

THE BOOK OF LIFE. Concluded.



MONTVALE. S. M.



JESUS WILL LET YOU IN.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 Come to our Fa - ther's house, Come, ere the day be gone; Temp - ests are gath'ring
2 Look at the wea - ry way; Look where thy feet have trod; Find - ing no rest nor
3 Dark - er thy path - way grows; Soon will the night come down; Fierce - ly the lightnings
4 Fly from the fields of sin; Fly for thy life to - day; Fly to our Fa-ther's
5 Here will thy soul find rest, Safe from each an - gry blast; Here find a per - fect

REFRAIN.

fast; Dark - ness is com - ing on.
peace,— Wand'ring a - way from God.
flash; Dark - er the temp - ests frown.
house; En - ter the nar - row way.
peace,— Joys that for - ev - er last.

Fly, for the tempest is com - ing,

Sweeping the fields of sin! Knock at the portals of mer - cy: Je - sus will let you in.

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THE SINGING-SCHOOL.

NOTE 1.—It has been the object of the author to present, in a few brief chapters, the most important things under the different heads which music is treated upon, necessary to enable the learner to gain sufficient knowledge to read music correctly. It will be necessary to study the following chapters closely, however, as nothing is contained in them which is not of importance to the student. They are divested of all unnecessary terms, and the teacher, it is hoped, will use his influence to secure good discipline upon the subject, remembering that "repetition is the mother of improvement."

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL DIVISIONS.

Every musical tone has three essential properties, without which it cannot exist, viz:—

PITCH, LENGTH, POWER.

Hence these three grand distinctions into which elementary instruction in music is naturally divided:—

1st. MELODY, treating of the *pitch* of sounds.
2d. RHYTHM, treating of the *length* of sounds.
3d. DYNAMICS, treating of the *power* of sounds.

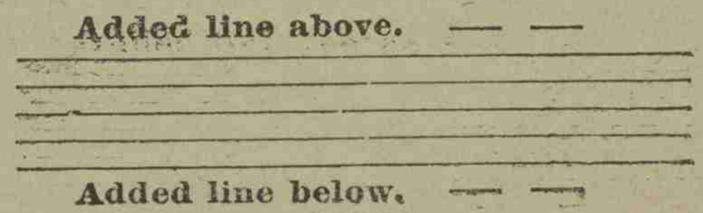
Under these three general heads will be noticed everything necessary to assist the pupil in learning to read music.

CHAPTER II.

MELODY.

1. The Scale.—At the foundation of music there lies a series of sounds called the *Scale*. It consists of an ascending series of eight tones, which are counted from the lowest upwards, as *one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight*, and to which the syllables *Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do*, are applied.

2. The Staff.—The tones of the scale are written upon a *Staff* with certain characters called *Notes*. The staff consists of five lines and four intermediate spaces. On this staff we can write nine degrees of sound, although the compass of the staff may be increased by the addition of lines and spaces. These are called *added lines above* and *added lines below*. Also *spaces above* and *spaces below*. Each line is called a *degree*. Each space is called a *degree*.

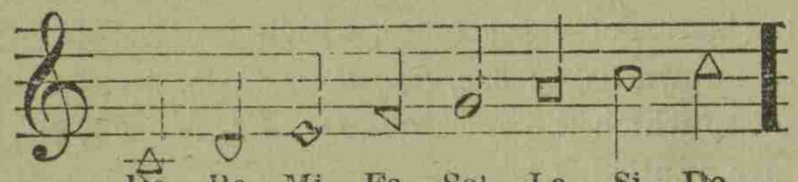


3. Clefs.—The staff, however, is a meaningless character of itself, and of no use until we prefix other characters to it, called *Clefs*. Of these there are two in use—the G clef and the F clef, as follows:—

G clef.  F clef. 

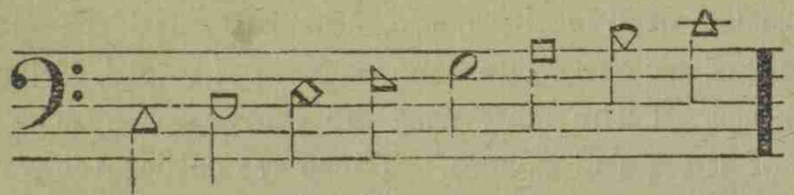
With the use of the foregoing characters mentioned in the preceding paragraphs, we can form a starting point for writing music.

We can now write the scale in the following manner:



Do, Re Mi. Fa, Sol, La, Si. Do.

With the use of the F clef the scale would stand thus upon the staff:—



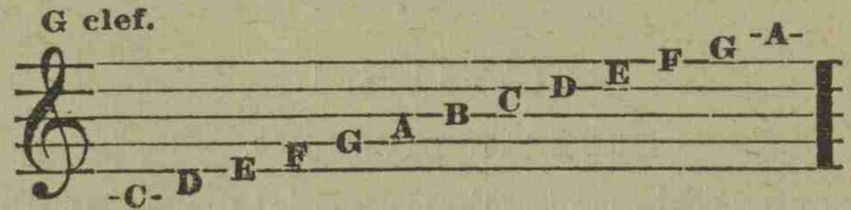
Do, Re, Mi, Fa. Sol, La, Si, Do.

4. Steps and Half-steps.—The intervals of the scale are *seven*. Some of these are greater than others. The greater intervals are called *steps*; the lesser intervals are called *half-steps*. Their order is, from Do to Re, a step; from Re to Mi, a step; from Mi to Fa, a half-step; from Fa to Sol, a step; from Sol to La, a step; from La to Si, a step; from Si to Do, a half-step.

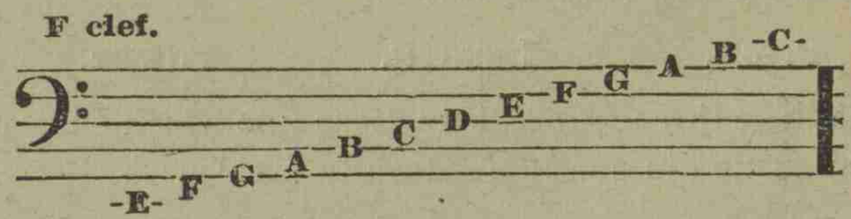
5. Numerals.—Numerals are used to designate the different degrees of the scale series, as 1, 3, 5, 7, 4, 6, of the scale. One always designates Do, two designates Re, three designates Mi, etc. Numerals are also used to indicate the time, and are written on the staff, fractionally, at the beginning of a tune.

6. Letters.—Letters are also written upon the staff. They occur in regular order, counting upward from the lower line of each staff. Their position is fixed. Notes may be written on different degrees of the staff, but letters occur always in the same regular order. The Clef fixes the position of the letter, but the first sound of the scale may be written on either line or space of the staff by the use of characters which will be given in due time. The letters on the staff stand thus:—

G clef.

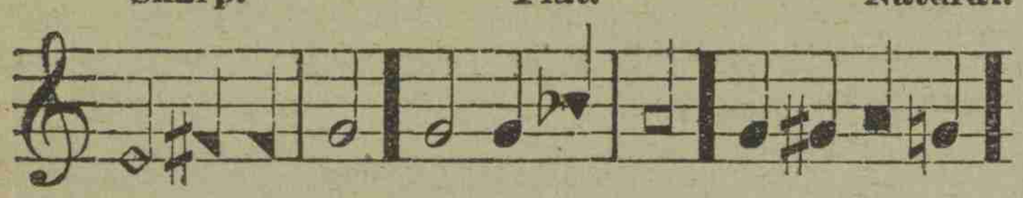


F clef.

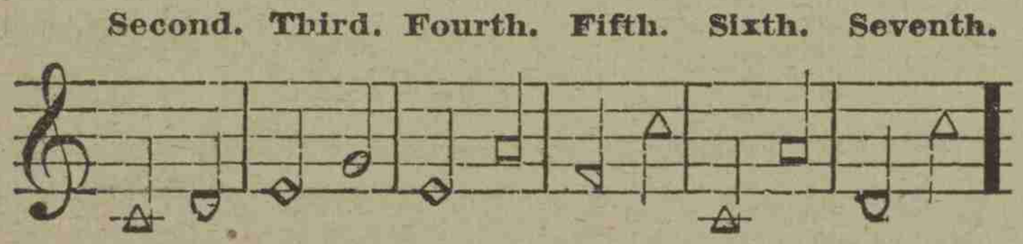


7. Sharps, Flats, and Naturals.—These are characters which affect the pitch of tones on the staff. A *Sharp* is a character which, when placed before a note, raises its pitch a half-step; a *Flat*, placed before a note, lowers its pitch a half-step; a *Natural* is used to cancel

the effect of a sharp or flat. The effect of a sharp, a flat, or a natural, continues to operate on all the notes on the same degree of the staff in that measure in which it occurs. By the aid of these characters we can introduce intermediate tones between one and two, two and three, four and five, five and six, and six and seven of the scale. No intermediate tone can be introduced between three and four, and between seven and eight, as a half-step is the smallest practical interval known in musical notation.



8. Diatonic Intervals.—In addition to the regular steps and half-steps of the scale, and the intermediate tones already mentioned, there are yet other intervals occasioned by skipping. A *second* from 1 to 2 of the scale; a *third* from 1 to 3 of the scale; a *fourth* from 1 to 4 of the scale, etc. A *second* is always the interval made by any one given scale-tone to the next above it. A *third*, from any given scale-tone to the second one above it. A *fourth*, a *fifth*, a *sixth*, a *seventh*, are found by a similar course of reckoning. For example:—



CHAPTER III.

RHYTHM.

NOTE 2.—In practicing a Singing-School in Rhythm, the teacher will find a blackboard almost indispensable. Let him illustrate time-measures, notes, rests, etc., until each pupil can answer correctly. We do not form questions on each chapter, as we think the teacher should do that, because it will enable him to vary his questions until he is satisfied that all the pupils understand the subject.

9. Notes.—Music is written with characters called *Notes*. Notes have two shapes or forms. A *figurative* form, which represents the *syllables* applied to them. A *rhythmical* form, which represents the *length* of sounds. There are five rhythmical notes in common use. They are named *Whole*, *Half*, *Quarter*, *Eighth*, and *Sixteenth* note.

10. Rests.—There are rhythmical characters called *Rests*. Each note has its corresponding rest, which is named after the note whose rhythmical value it represents. Rests are marks of silence, and should be observed as particularly as the notes themselves.

11. Diagram of Notes and Rests:—

We write the *Whole note* thus: 𝅝 *Rest*, thus: 𝄻

We write the *Half note* thus: 𝅗𝅥 " " 𝄼

We write the *Quarter note* thus: ♩ " " 𝄽
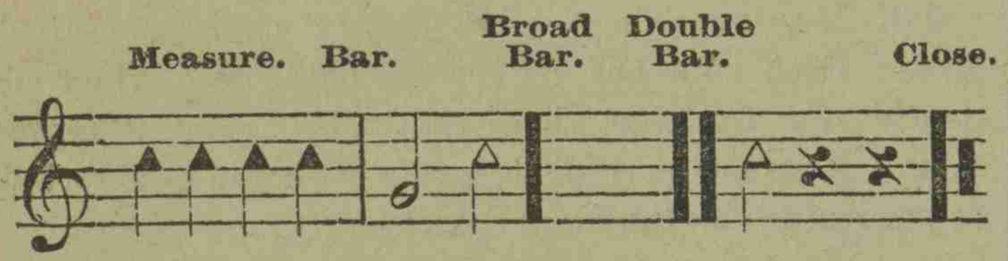
We write the *Eighth note* thus: ♪ " " 𝄾

We write the *Sixteenth note* thus: 𝅘𝅥𝅯 " " 𝄿

12. Notes and Rests.—Notes and rests have not a *positive* but only a *relative* length. The Whole note is the governing or ruling power in Rhythm. If we sing the Whole note in six seconds, the Half note must be sung in three seconds, the Quarter note in one-and-a-half seconds, the Eighth note in three-quarters of a second, and the Sixteenth note in three-eighths of a second. If we allow four seconds to the Whole note, then the Half note must receive but two seconds for its time, the Quarter note, one second, etc.

13. Measures.—Notes and rests, when written on the staff in a piece of music, are divided into equal portions, called *Measures*. Measures are represented to the eye by the interspaces, separated from each other by perpendicular lines, called *Bars*.

To illustrate:—
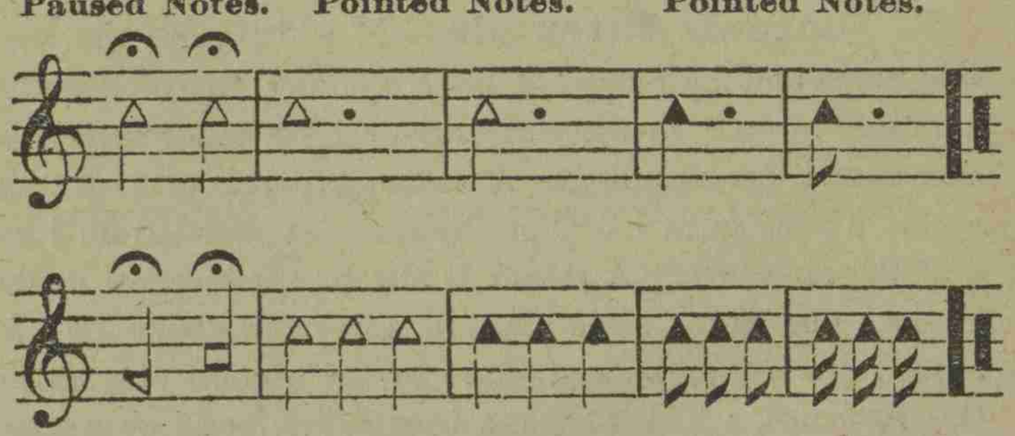


14. Bars.—There are four kinds of bars in use. The *Common Bar*, used to divide the staff into measures of equal time; the *Broad Bar*, used for marking the end of a musical sentence or line of poetry; the *Double Bar*, used to mark the end of a Repeat, the beginning of a Chorus, or at the change of time; and the *Close*, used at the end of a tune.

15. Pauses.—These are rhythmical characters used within the compass of the staff, and for the purpose of protracting the length of notes. A *Pause* over or under a note protracts it about one-third its original length, though it is not an absolute character, and the time to be given to a pause is left to the taste of the performer. Sometimes it requires a much greater length than at others. There should always be a momentary suspension of the voice after the pause has been duly given to the note.

16. Points.—The length of notes and rests is often increased by writing *Dots* or *Points* after them. A point adds one-half to the length of a note or rest after which it is placed. See following illustrations of the two preceding paragraphs:—

EXAMPLE.
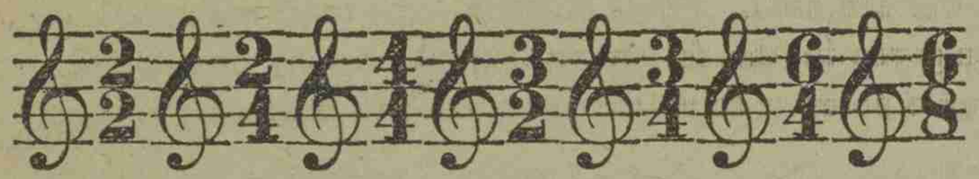


Thus the learner will see that the pointed Whole note equals three Half notes in length; the pointed Half note equals three Quarters in length; the pointed Quarter equals three Eighths in length, etc.

17. Of Time.—*Time* in music is that length which we give to each note in a piece of music, relative to the Whole note.

18. Of Movement.—There are three movements of Time—*Common* or *Even Time*, *Triple* or *Uneven Time*, and *Compound Time*. Common time is divided into double and quadruple measures. Those measures which divide into two parts are called *Double*, and those which divide into four parts are called *Quadruple*.

19. Of Variety.—The various measures of Time used in this work will be expressed in the following manner, viz.:—



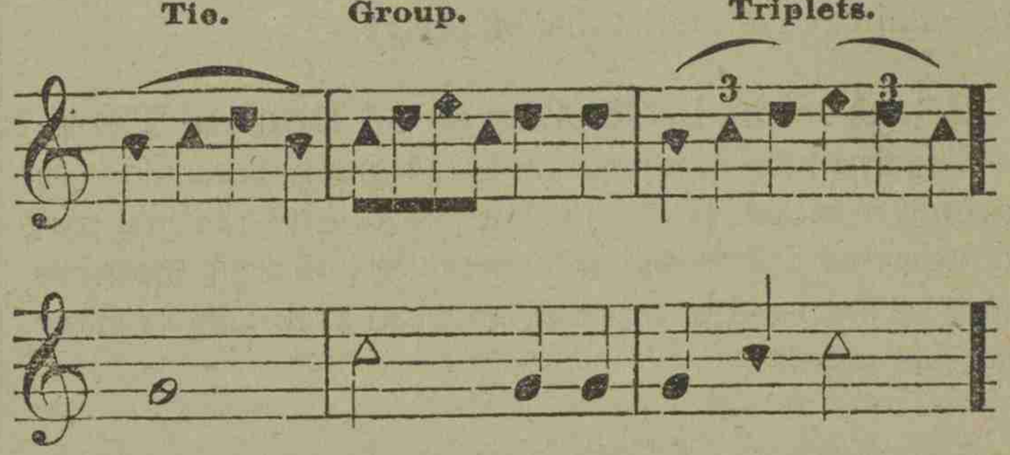
By the use of notes, points, rests, and other rhythmical characters, an endless combination of time-measures may be written in the above indicated measures.

20. Primitive Measures.—A measure is called *primitive* when it contains the number and kind of notes which the fraction expresses. For instance, in Double Time the measure must contain two Half notes or two Quarters; in Quadruple Time, four Half notes or four Quarters; in Triple Time, three Half notes, three Quarters, or three Eighths; and in Compound Time, six Quarters or six Eighth notes.

21. Derivative Measures.—Measures which do not contain the number and kind of notes called for by the fraction expressing the time, are *Derivatives*. Derivative measures must contain the quantity expressed by the fraction in other notes and rests.

22. Of Ties.—It is frequently necessary to sing or warble three or more notes to one syllable of verse. These notes are always tied together by a curved line over or under them. These are called *Grouped* or *Tied* notes.

23. Triplets.—These are frequently met with in pieces of music. Three notes tied together with the figure 3 over or under them, are required to be sung in the same time as two of the same denominational value without the figure 3. Illustrations of ties and triplets:



24. Repeats.—A line of dots placed across the staff indicates that the strain following is to be repeated to the Double Bar. *Da Capo* (*D.C.*) means to repeat from the beginning, closing at the word *Fine* written above the staff.

CHAPTER IV.

DYNAMICS OR POWER.

NOTE 3.—We have treated of tones in the preceding chapters as being merely *high* and *low*, and *long* and *short*. We now treat sounds as being *loud* and *soft*. No teacher can drill his class too much in expression and in accent, for they are the soul of music. Without these all-important requisites, singing is a dull, lifeless performance, unworthy the name, and without the power of music.

25. Accent.—*Accent* is a particular stress of the voice given to certain notes in a measure of music, and to certain syllables in a line of poetry.

26. Accent in Measures of Double Time.—The first note in a measure is invariably accented. In primitive measures there is but one accent—the first part is accented, the second is unaccented; though measures may be arranged in this movement so as to take as many accents as beats.

27. Accent of Quadruple Measures.—Primitive measures contain four notes, expressed by the fraction, and the accent is on the first and third, the second and fourth being unaccented. These measures may also be arranged to take as many accents as beats.

28. Accents in Triple Measures.—The first note in each measure is accented, the second and third are unaccented, but may be so constructed as to require three accents in each measure.

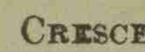
29. Accent in Compound Measures.—In primitive measures of Compound Time the accent lies on the first and fourth notes of each measure, the second, third, fifth, and sixth, are unaccented.

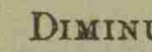
30. Degrees of Power.—For the purpose of varying expression according to the character of the music or the sentiment of the poetry, certain degrees of power are used. Some of them, with their abbreviations, are given in the following list, which may be applied to single notes or to entire measures and passages:—

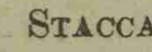
MEZZO, abbreviated *m*, a medium degree of power.

PIANO, abbreviated *pia* or *p*, soft; *pp*, very soft.

FORTE, abbreviated *f*, loud; *ff*, very loud.

CRESCENDO, or  , increasing in power.

DIMINUENDO, or  , decreasing in power.

STACCATO, or  , separate and distinct.

RITARDANDO, abbreviated *Rit.*, gradually retarding the movement.

The sentiment of the poetry should be the main guide to dynamic expression.

31.—As a general thing, where we have an ascending series of tones in a piece of music, the voice should increase in volume, and where a descending series occurs, the reverse is generally a safe rule for expression.

CHAPTER V.

TRANSPOSITION.

32. Key of C.—When the scale begins with C, it is said to be in the *Natural Key* or *Key of C;* but the scale may be transposed so as to commence on any of its seven letters, in which the letter, taken as one, is called the *Key-note.* Thus, if G is taken as one, it is called the *Key of G;* if D is taken as one, it is called the *Key of D*, etc.

33. Key of G.—In transposing the scale, the proper order of intervals, with reference to steps and half-steps, must be preserved. In this key we have to substitute F sharp for F in the former scale, as we must have a step from 6 to 7 of the scale.

34. Key of D.—In transposing from C to D we have to use two sharps. In order to preserve the agreement of intervals between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8 of the scale, F and C are sharped.

35. Key of A.—In writing music in this key, three sharps have to be used for the same purpose, viz., that of adjusting the intervals.

36. Key of E.—Four sharps are found to be necessary in transposing the key to this letter, F, C, G and D sharp.

37. Key of F.—The place of disagreement, when the scale is transposed to F, is between 3 and 4 of the scale. To correct this it is found necessary to flat B.

38. Key of B♭.—When the scale is transposed to B flat, there are found two places of disagreement. For the tones B and E we must substitute B flat and E flat.

39. Key of E♭.—In writing music in this key, we have to use three flats, B, E, and A flat, in order to adjust the intervals.

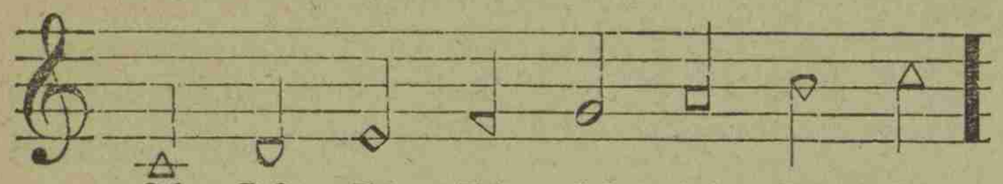
40. Key of A♭.—In transposing the scale from B flat to A flat we have to use four flats, B, E, A, and D flat.

41. How to Find the Key.—It will be observed that the sharps and flats, which are the signature of the key, are placed on the staff directly after the clefs, but not written directly over one another, so that each additional sharp or flat is written a little to the right of the preceding one. The following will serve as a rule: *The degree above the last sharp is 1 of the Scale; the degree above the last flat is 5 of the scale.* The *last* sharp or flat will be the one farthest towards the right.

42.—The difficulty of reading round-note music lies in the fact that any line or space of the staff may be taken as *one*, and, as there is but one shape for all the tones of the scale in round-note notation, the syllables have to be found by calculation. In character-notes this serious difficulty is avoided, as each note of the scale has a distinct shape which represents a given syllable, and this identity of shape and syllable is preserved throughout all the changes of transposition, rendering the reading of music in any key an easy matter.

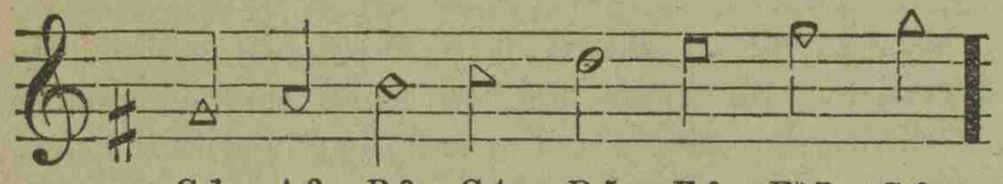
43. We have used but four sharps and four flats in transposing the scale, as we have used but nine keys in this work. See the following illustrations of keys by transposition:—

KEY OF C—*Natural.*



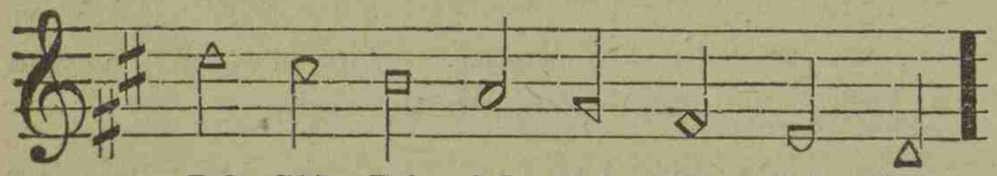
C 1, D 2, E 3, F 4, G 5, A 6, B 7, C 8.

Transposed to KEY OF G—*One Sharp.*



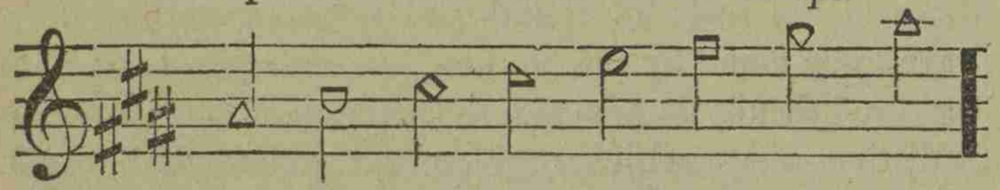
G 1, A 2, B 3, C 4, D 5, E 6. F♯ 7, G 8.

Transposed to KEY OF D—*Two Sharps.*



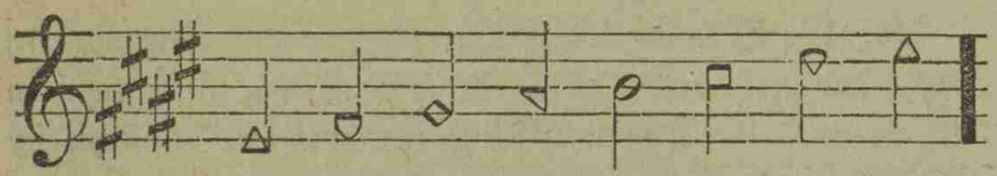
D 8, C♯ 7, B 6, A 5, G 4, F♯ 3, E 2, D 1.

Transposed to KEY OF A—*Three Sharps.*



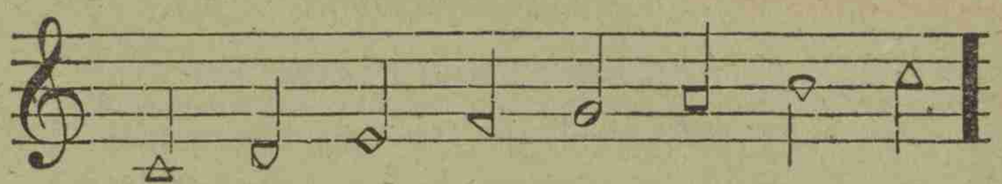
A 1, B 2, C♯ 3, D 4, E 5, F♯ 6, G♯ 7, A 8.

Transposed to KEY OF E—*Four Sharps.*



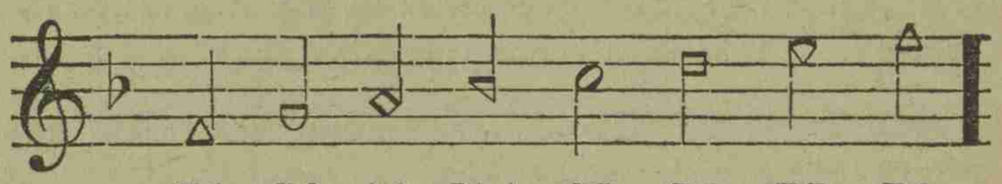
E 1, F♯ 2, G♯ 3, A 4, B 5, C♯ 6. D♯ 7, E 8.

KEY OF C—*Natural.*



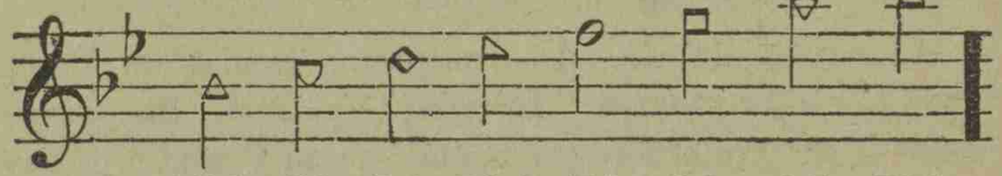
C 1, D 2, E 3, F 4, G 5, A 6, B 7, C 8.

Transposed to KEY OF F—*One Flat.*



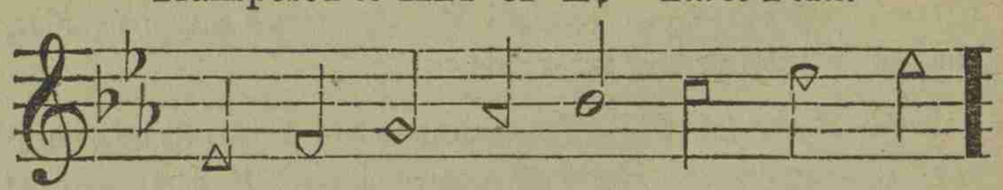
F 1, G 2, A 3, B♭ 4, C 5. D 6, E 7, F 8.

Transposed to KEY OF B♭—*Two Flats.*



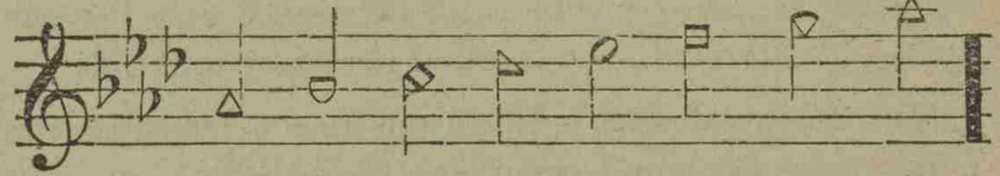
B♭ 1, C 2, D 3, E♭ 4, F 5, G 6, A 7, B♭ 8.

Transposed to KEY OF E♭—*Three Flats.*



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

Transposed to KEY OF A♭—*Four Flats.*



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

44. In the above illustrations it will be seen that sharps raise a fifth in the transposition of the scale. Thus, in the scale of C we count C 1, D 2, E 3, F 4, G 5; and, by writing F sharp as the signature, we find that Do occupies the same position on the staff that Sol did in the scale of C. In each succeeding remove we find Do occupying the position of Sol in the former scale. In transposition by flats we find they remove a fourth in the scale, Do occupying the position in each succeeding scale that Fa did in the former. Thus C 1, D 2, E 3, F 4; flat B, and we count F 1, G 2, A 3, B♭ 4; flat B and E, and we commence with B♭ 1, C 2, D 3, E♭ 4, and thus throughout the various removes.

CHAPTER VI.

CLASSIFICATION OF VOICES, AND RANGE OF PARTS.

45. Of Voice.—Although the compass of the human voice, if we include the highest female voices with the lowest male voices, extends through three or four octaves, yet it rarely happens that individual voices have a compass of more than one and a half or two octaves. Hence the necessity of *parts*, each of which is limited to the compass of a single voice or class of voices.

46. The Parts.—The *Base* is the lowest part in music, and should be sung by male voices which are pitched low.

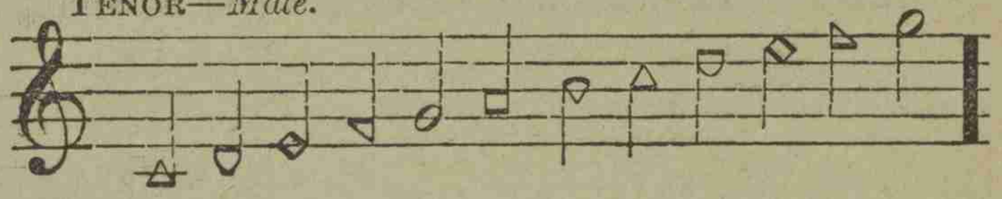
The *Tenor* is suited to male voices which are pitched high.

The *Alto* is adapted to female voices having a low pitch, and to boys before the change of voice.

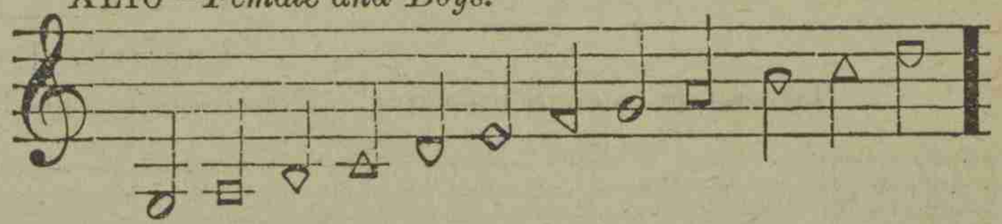
The *Soprano, Air* or *Treble*, should be sung by female voices of the highest range. Many female voices are equally adapted to Alto and Soprano. The Soprano and Alto are frequently written on the same staff.

RANGE OF PARTS.
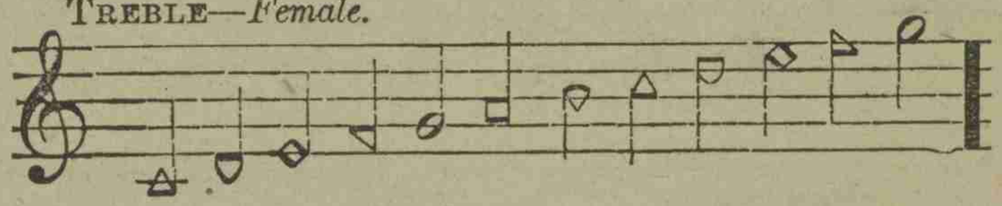
TENOR—*Male.*



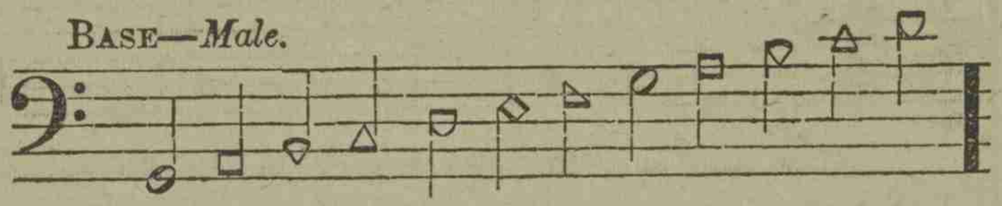
ALTO—*Female and Boys.*



TREBLE—*Female.*



BASE—*Male.*



47. By the above illustration it will be seen that the Base voices should have a run from G, lower line, to E, second space above the Base staff. The Tenor voices have a range from C, added line below the staff, to G, first space above the Tenor staff. The female voices have

the same range, commencing and ending on the same letters; with this exception, G in Alto is an octave higher than G in the Base, and C in Treble is an octave higher than C in Tenor.

NOTE 4.—The teacher should aim as far as practicable to classify his scholars in this order, securing low voices for Base, and high voices for Tenor, observing the same order for Alto and Treble. Attention to this fact will enable him to avoid many of the *harsh, grating* sounds occasioned by Base voices attempting Soprano, or the *weak, faint* sound occasioned by high voices attempting parts below their range.
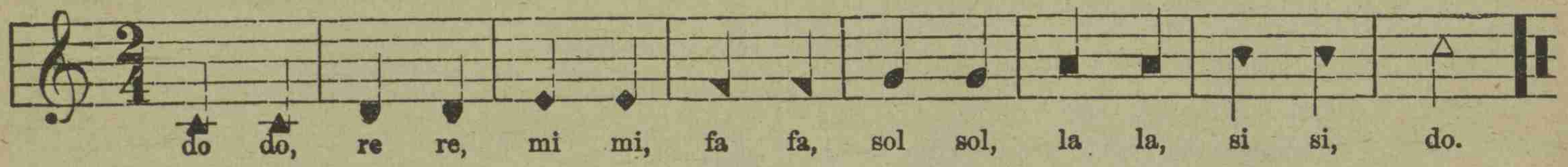
With this ends our theoretical department. The next chapters are devoted to practical exercises.

CHAPTER VII.

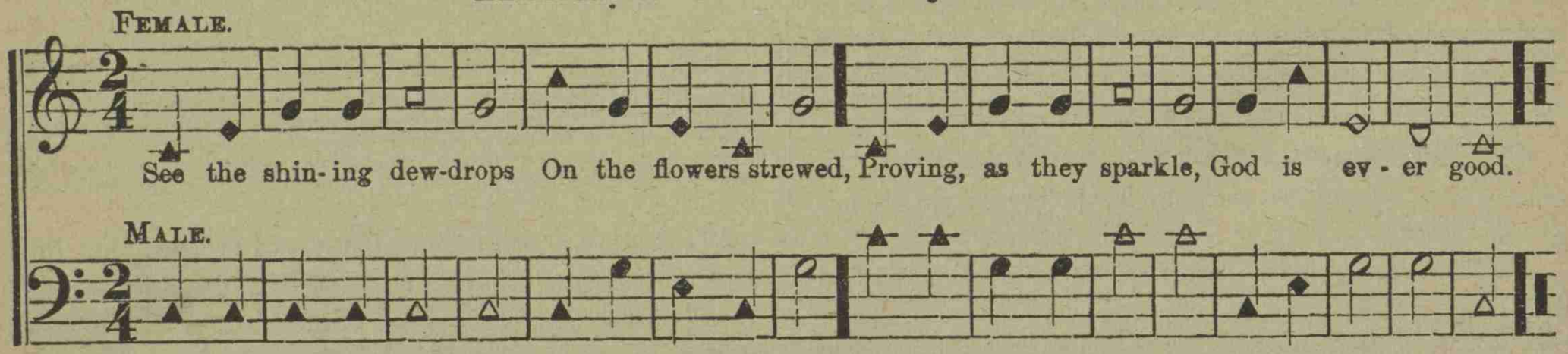
PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

EXAMPLE I.—*Scale Exercises.*

Two beats to each measure. First note in each measure *loud*, the second note in each measure *soft.*



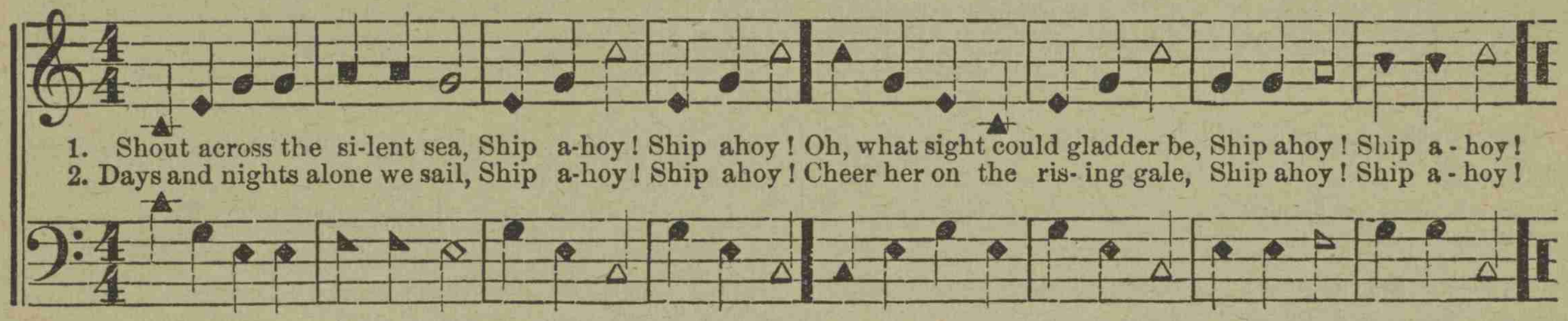
EXAMPLE II.—One beat to each Quarter note.



In these examples the teacher should enforce time, countings, beatings, until each pupil can time correctly.

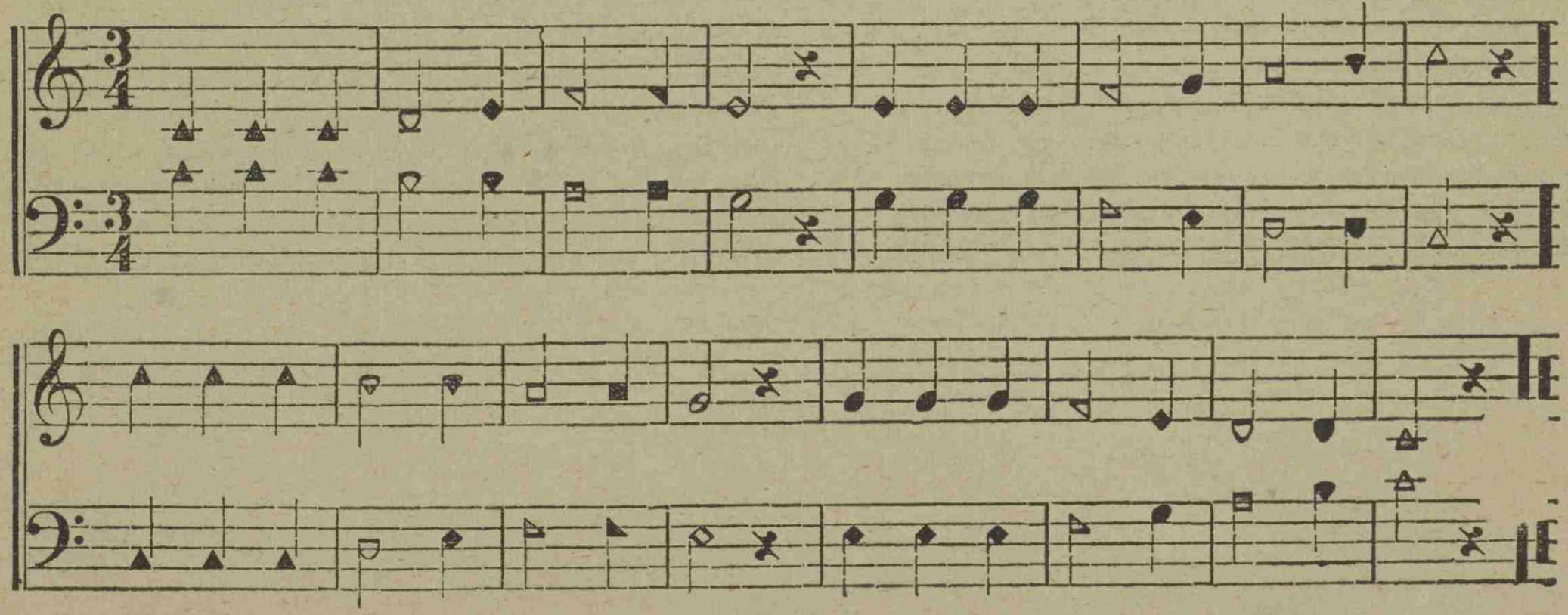
EXAMPLE III.—*Quadruple Time.*

Four beats to each measure. Down, left, right, up. First note in each measure, *loud;* second, *soft;* third, *loud;* fourth, *soft.*
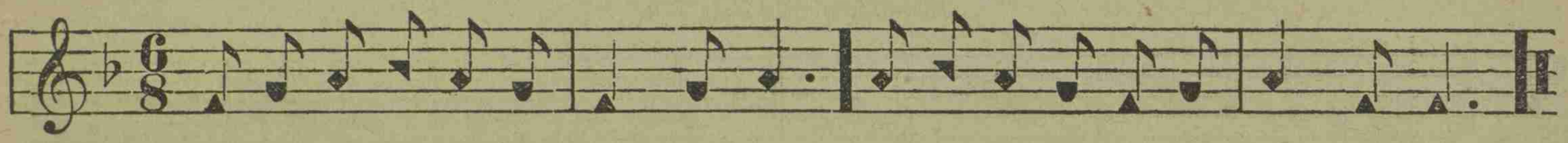


EXAMPLE IV.—*Triple Time.*

Three beats to a measure. First note in each measure, *loud;* second and third, *soft.*



EXAMPLE V.—*Compound Time.*

Two beats to the measure. First and fourth parts accented.



48. In the foregoing examples we have given two of Double Time, one of Quadruple Time, one of Triple Time, and one of Compound Time. These are deemed sufficient to illustrate the movement of each kind of Time. The subdivisions of these movements have been treated upon in Paragraph 19, of Variety.

The marking of the Time should claim particular attention, and is performed in the following manner, viz: the measures of Double Time must have two beats or countings of the hand, *down, up*—a down beat on the first part of each measure and an up beat on the second part. In measures of Quadruple Time we have four beats or countings of the hand, *down, left, right, up*—a down beat on the first part of each measure, left beat on the second, right beat on the third, and an up beat on the fourth. In the measures of Triple Time we have three countings or beats of the hand, *down, left, up*—a down beat on the first part of the measure, a left beat on the second, and an up beat on the third part. In measures of Compound Time we have two beats or countings of the hand, *down, up*—a down beat on the first part of the measure, and an up beat on the fourth part.

The accent of these measures has been treated upon under Chapter IV.

We have adopted the name Compound Time instead of Sextuple Time as it is generally called, from the simple fact that it is a Compound measure. Two primitive measures of Triple Time added will make a primitive measure of Compound Time. Few authors instruct the giving of six beats to the measure in this movement, as it has been found almost impracticable, and, whenever attempted, leads to dull and lifeless performance.

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