"I will praise thee with my whole heart."

HEART AND VOICE

"With the voice together shall they sing."

Sunday School.

EDITED BY

W. F. SHERWIN.

DR GEO F. ROOT, AND J. R. MURRAY,

Special Contributors.

John Church & Co.

CINCINNATI O.

J. D. Jennings

McKay Ohio

050343

Heart and Voice;

A NEW COLLECTION OF

SUNDAY SCHOOL SONGS.

EDITED BY

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CINCINNATI:
JOHN CHURCH & CO.

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TO THE CHOICE FEW WHO READ A PREFACE.

"HEART AND VOICE IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL" is before you, and, if cordially invited, will sound its own praises. It is believed that the work will be found peculiarly rich in hymns and tunes which will stir the soul and kindle the fires of true devotion.

"HEART AND VOICE" contains not only new songs in great variety of style and sentiment, but also many choice selections from tried favorites which have proved most useful in the past.

The aim has been so to combine the *useful* with the *attractive*, as to meet, in the most practical way, the *present needs of the Sunday-schools in every department of their work*, rather than merely to make an ideal book for the critics; although it is hoped that this volume will meet their hearty approval.

Ample provision will be found for all SPECIAL OCCASIONS, such as New Year, Easter, Floral Sunday, Thanksgiving, Christmas and other Anniversaries, as well as for Prayer and Teachers' Meetings.

SUPERINTENDENTS will find the interest very greatly deepened if, on giving out a hymn, they will read the text of Scripture given under the title as indicating the root thought, frequently turning to the Bible and reading the whole verse or more.

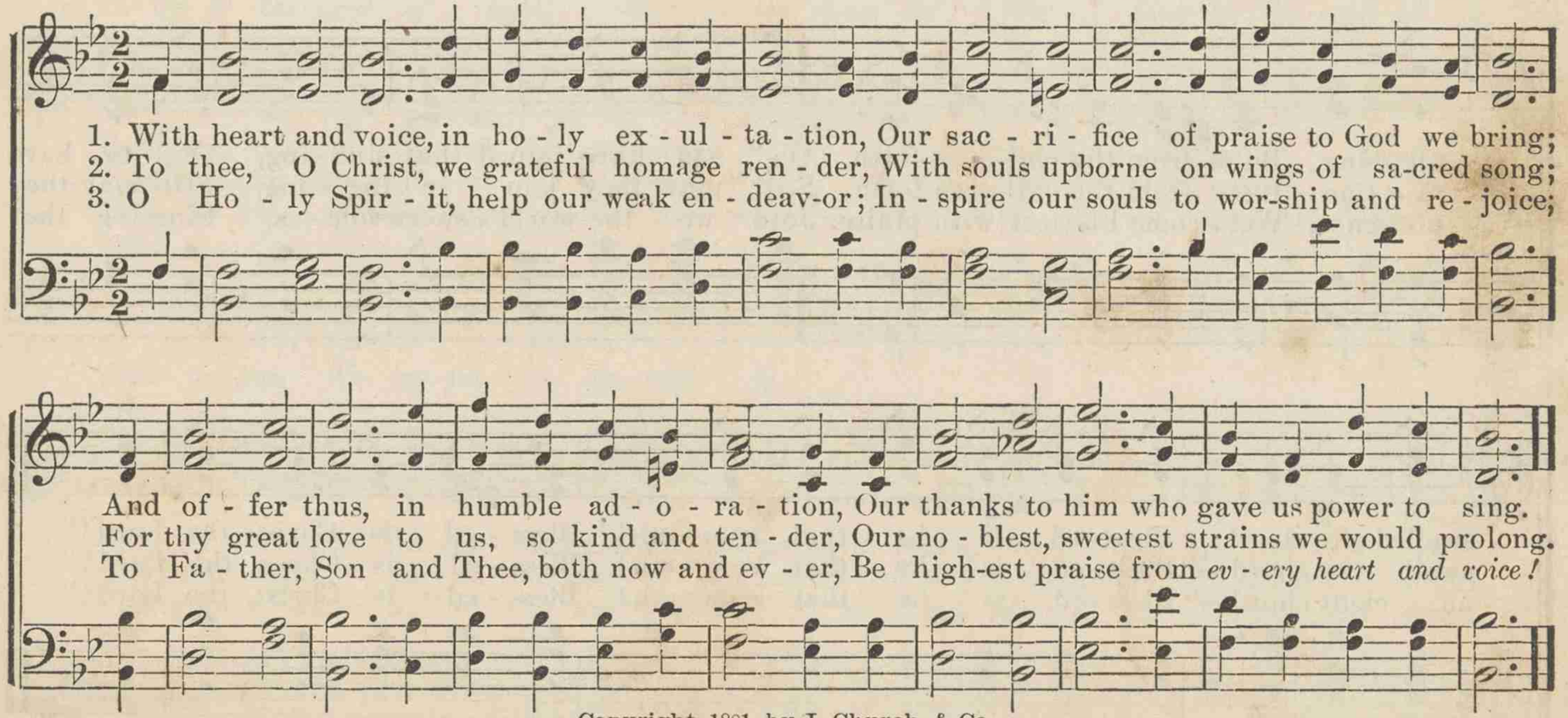
It is hoped that this volume will prove so interesting and helpful in the song-service that, in hearty response to the call of the Psalmist, "young men and maidens, old men and children" shall feel a new fervency of zeal enkindled when they sing with *heart and voice in the Sunday-school.*

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Heart and Voice.

In Holy Exultation.

W. F. S. *Singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.*—Col. 3: 16. W. F. S.



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When in the Gates of Zion.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. *Hosanna to the Son of David.*—Matt. 21: 15. G. F. R.

Earnestly.

1. When, in the gates of Zi - on, Je - sus ap-peared on earth, Mu - sic, the tem - ple
2. Still, in the gates of Zi - on, Je - sus ap-pears on earth, Mu - sic and ad - o-
3. Wel-come the Sab-bath morn - ing! Wel-come the Gos - pel rays! Welcome the Sav - iour's

fill - ing, Burst from the chil-dren forth. Oh, to have joined that sing - ing, Oh, to have
ra - tion Burst from the chil-dren forth. Still may they join in sing - ing, Still may they
pres-ence, Wel - come his feet with praise. Join we the world's sweet voic - es, Sing-ing the

swelled the chord: "Bless - ed is he that com - eth! Bless - ed is Christ, the Lord!"
swell the chord—"Bless - ed is he that com - eth! Bless - ed is Christ, the Lord!"
an - cient chord—"Bless - ed is he that com - eth! Bless - ed is Christ, the Lord!"

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Up to the Land of Light.

J. R. M. *Out of darkness into his marvellous light.*—1 Pet. 2: 9. J. R. M.

1. Up to the land of light, Out of the mists be - low; Sing-ing the song of re-
2. Out from the world's dark ways, Out of its sin and strife— Out of the false and the
3. Comrades, press on! press on! Look to the bless - ed Lord; He who has promised our

D. C. Up to the land of light, Out of the mists be - low; Sing-ing the song of re-

deem-ing love, We joy - ful - ly on - ward go. Do - ing his bless - ed will, Heeding his
wrong, we may Come in - to the heav-enly life. In - to the pure and true, In - to the
help to be, Will surely ful - fill his word. On-ward in all the strength Wherewith he

deem - ing love, We joy - ful - ly on - ward go.

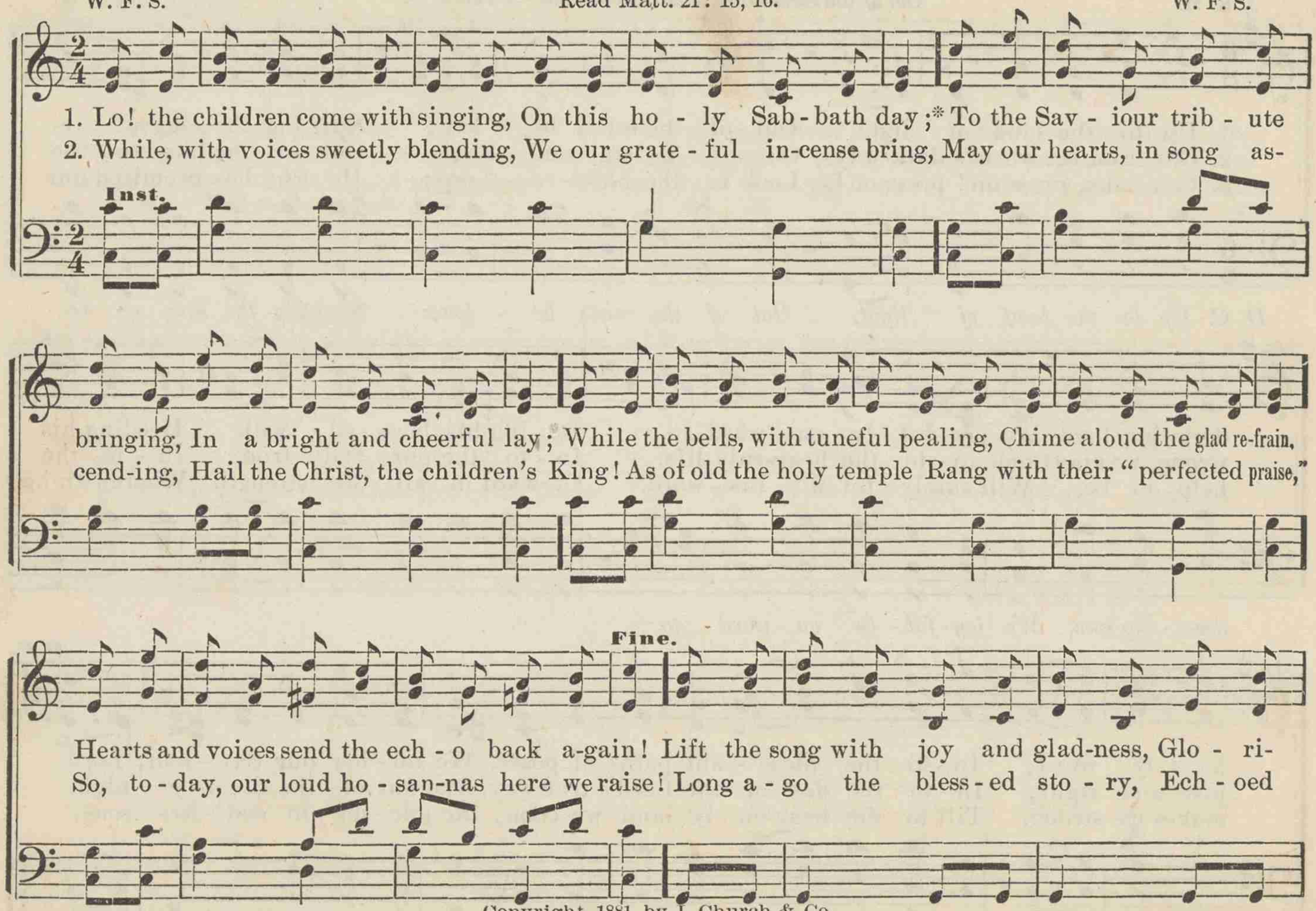
ho - ly word; In - to the pleas - ant paths of peace, We fol - low our Sav - iour, Lord.
just and right; In - to the day of the Lord's true way, And out of the drear - y night.
makes us strong, Till to the heav-en - ly land we come, Re-joic - ing in end - less song.

D.C.

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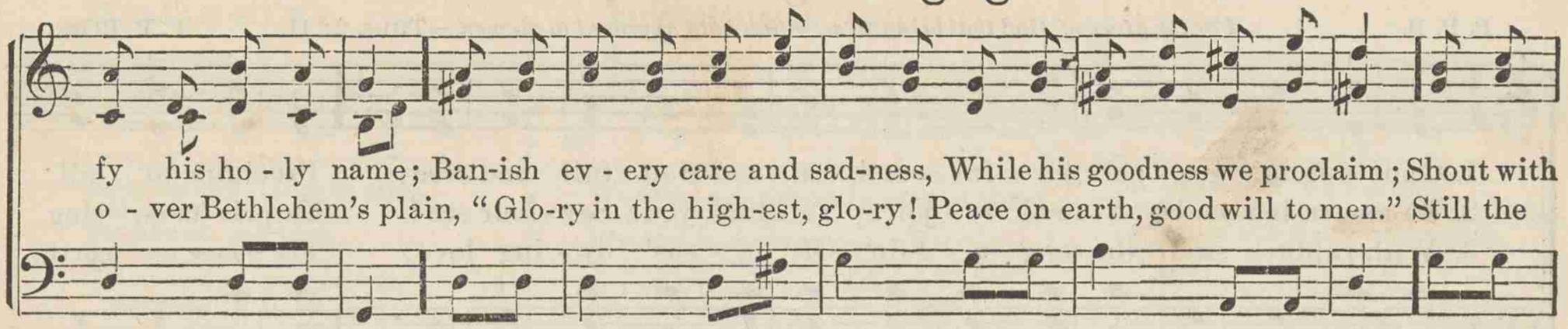
Lo! the Children Come with Singing.

W. F. S. Read Matt. 21 : 15, 16. W. F. S.

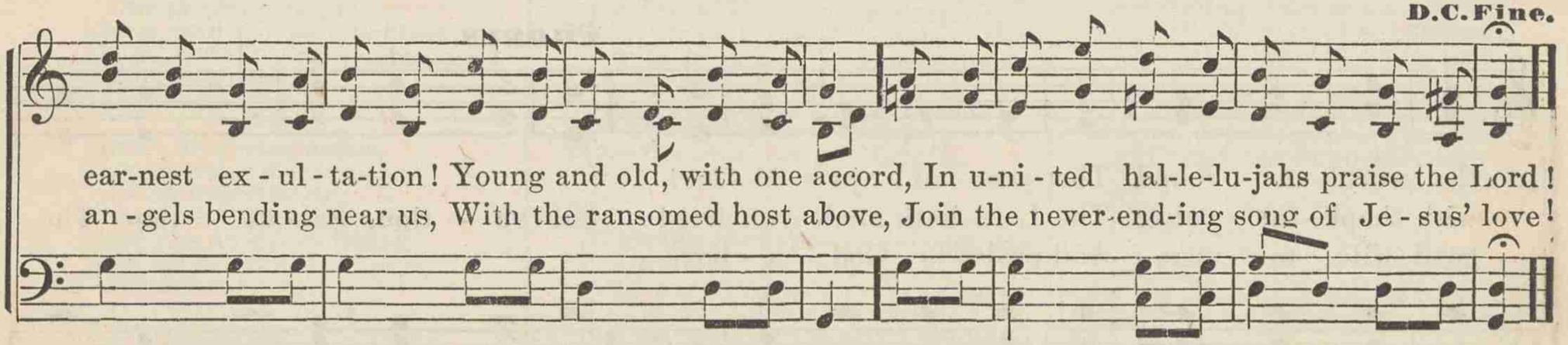


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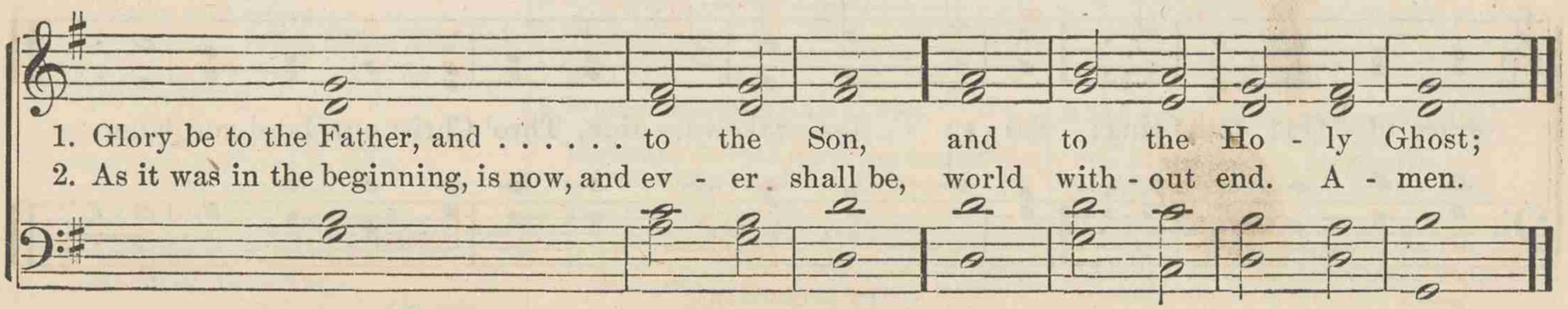
*For anniversaries, substitute "Happy Festal day"



D.C. Fine.



Gloria Patri.



Come Sing the Gospel.

P. P. B. *For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men.*—Titus. 2: 11. P. P. BLISS.

1. Come sing the gos - pel's joy - ful sound, Sal - va - tion full and free; Proclaim to all
2. Ye mourn-ing souls, a - loud re - joice; Ye blind, your Sav - iour see! Ye pris-'ners, sing
3. With rapture swell the song a - gain, Of Je - sus' dy - ing love; 'Tis peace on earth,
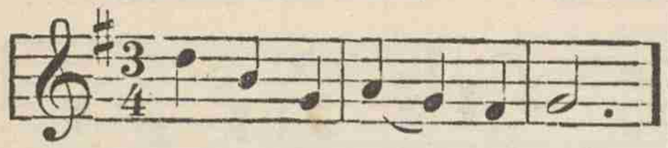
CHORUS.

the world a - round The year of ju - bi - lee!
with thank - ful voice, The Lord hath made you free! Sal - va - tion, Sal - va - tion, The
good will to men, And praise to God a - bove.

grace of God doth bring; Sal - va - tion, Sal - va - tion, Thro' Christ our Lord and King.

By permission.

ITALIAN HYMN.



1 Come, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless;
Come, give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4 To thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.
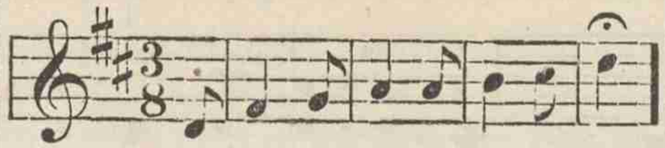
Rev. Chas. Wesley.

DOXOLOGY.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given;
Crown him in every song;
To him your hearts belong;
Let all his praise prolong
On earth, in heaven.

Rev. E. F. Hatfield.

SWEET HOUR.

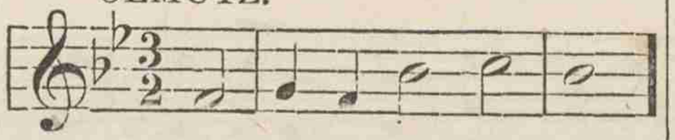


1 Obeying thy divine behest,
We meet, O Christ, to speak of thee;
Thou art amongst us as a guest,
We feel it, though we can not see;
We seem to breathe, in glad surprise,
An atmosphere of love and bliss,
And read within each other's eyes,
To whom it is we owe all this.

2 How quickly every strife will end,
How soon all idle griefs depart,
When friend takes counsel thus with friend,
When soul meets soul, and heart meets heart!
We have so many things to say,
So many failings to confess,
Time flies, alas! so soon away,
We can not half we would express.

3 O let us then, dear Lord, be blest
With thy sweet presence every day;
Be with us as our daily guest,
And our companion on the way.
Fan our devotion's feeble flame,
Let us press on to things before;
Bring us together in thy name,
Until we meet to part no more.

OLMUTZ.
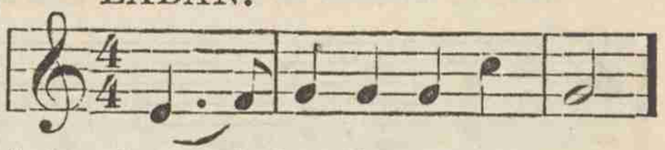


1 Welcome, sweet day of rest
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

Isaac Watts.

LABAN.



1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

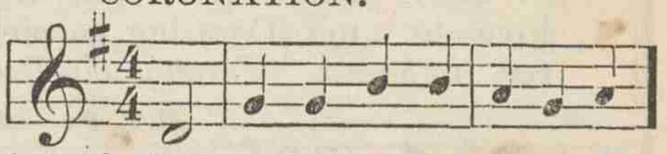
2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power!
Sing, how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing on your heavenly way—
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing!
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ, the exalted King.

Rev. Martin Madan.

CORONATION.



1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown him Lord of all!

2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all!

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

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

Rev. Edward Perronet.

Welcome the Quiet Sabbath Dawn.

REV. L. YOUNG, D. D. *Call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord.*—Isa. 58 : 13. REV. J. S. BOYD.

1. Welcome the qui - et Sabbath dawn, Lighting the mountain and the lawn, Tell - ing how Je - sus burst the grave, Rising in pow'r to save.
2. Welcome the school where children meet, Sitting around their teachers' feet, Hear-ing the sto - ry ev - er new, "Jesus has died for you." Welcome the ringing Sabbath bell, Sounding a-long thro' grove and dell, Sum-mon - ing to the house of pray'r; Come, for the Lord is there.
3. Welcome God's grace within my heart, Never from Je-sus may I part, Nev - er for - get his love to me, Com-ing so rich, so free. Welcome the courts of Zi-on, where Christians convene for praise and pray'r; Welcome the gos - pel from a - bove, Giv - en to us in love.
Cho. Welcome sweet day, oft waft - ed by, Freighted with blessings from on high; Em-blem of end - less rest in heaven, Through the Redeemer given. Welcome the crown laid up in store, Af-ter my con-flict shall be o'er; Wel-come a home with Christ a - bove, Bright with e - ter - nal love.

D. C. CHORUS.

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O Day of Rest and Gladness.

BISHOP WORDSWORTH. *It shall be a Sabbath of rest unto you.*—Lev. 16: 31. W. F. S.

1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and
2. To-day on wea - ry na - tions, The heavenly man - na falls; To ho - ly con - vo-
3. New gra-ces ev - er gain - ing From this our day of rest, We reach the rest re-

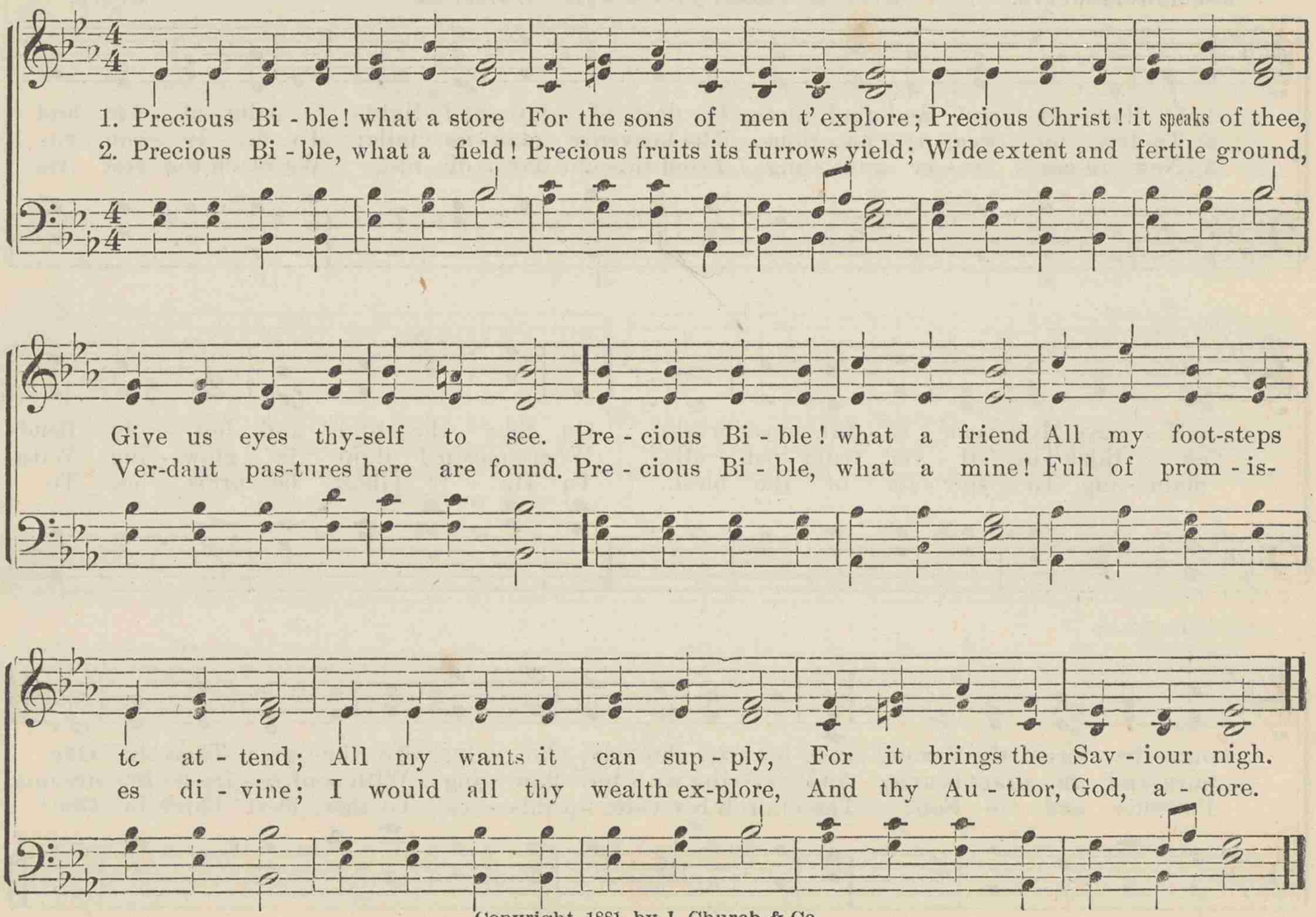
sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright; On thee the high and low - ly Bend-
ca - tions The sil - ver trum - pet calls, Where Gos-pel light is glow - ing With
main - ing To spir - its of the blest. To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To

ing be - fore the throne, Sing ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To the great Three in One.
pure and ra - diant beams, And liv - ing wa - ter flow - ing With soul-re - fresh - ing streams.
Fa - ther and to Son: The church her voice up-rais - es, To thee, blest Three in One!

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Precious Bible!

JOSEPH IRONS. *Oh, how love I thy law!*—Ps. 119: 97. H. P. DANKS.



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Lord of Life, on this Thy Day.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. *Lord, evermore give us this bread.*—John 6: 34. W. F. S.

Cheerfully.

1. Lord of life, on this thy day We have met to praise and pray; Gath-er us, O
2. May our prais-es to thee given, Min-gle with the songs of heaven; May our prayers, like
3. Close, O Christ, to thee we draw; Clear to us now make thy law; O - pen thou our

REFRAIN.

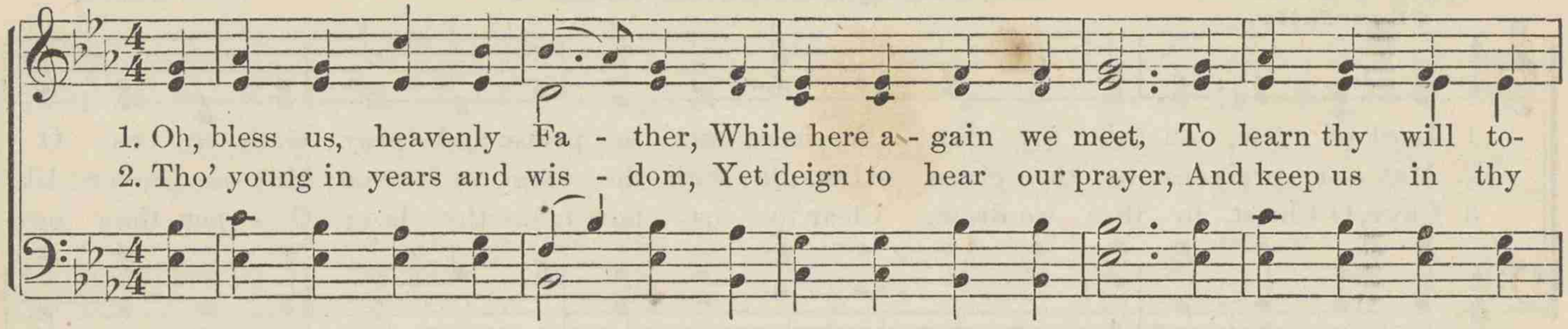
God our King, 'Neath the shad-ow of thy wing.
in-cense, be Pleas-ing as they rise to thee. Bright-est day of all the seven,
eyes to see How each les-son points to thee.
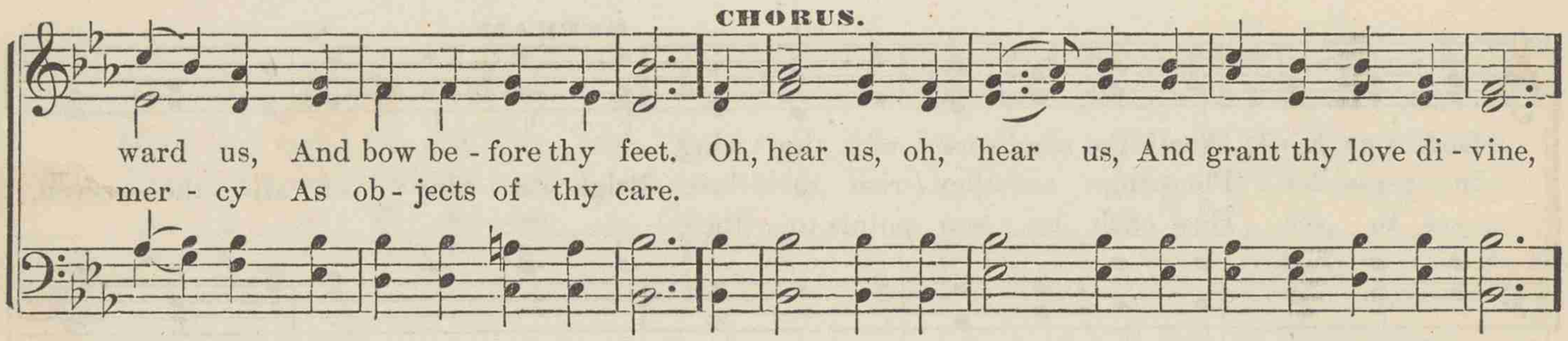
Type of end-less day in heaven. On this day, with heavenly bread, May we, Lord, by thee be fed.
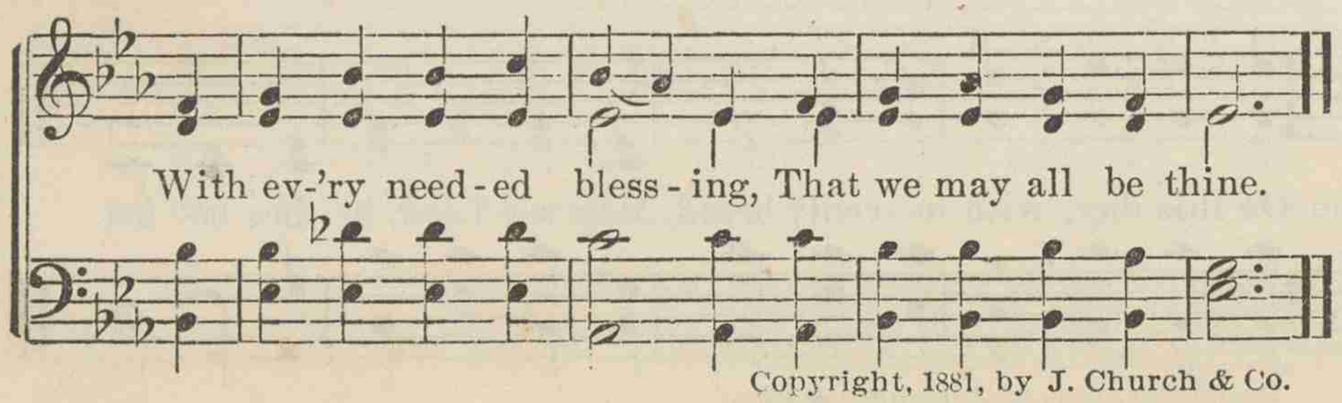
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Oh, Bless us, Heavenly Father.

R. F. G. *I will pour . . . my blessing upon thine offspring.*—Isa. 44 : 3. G. F. R.





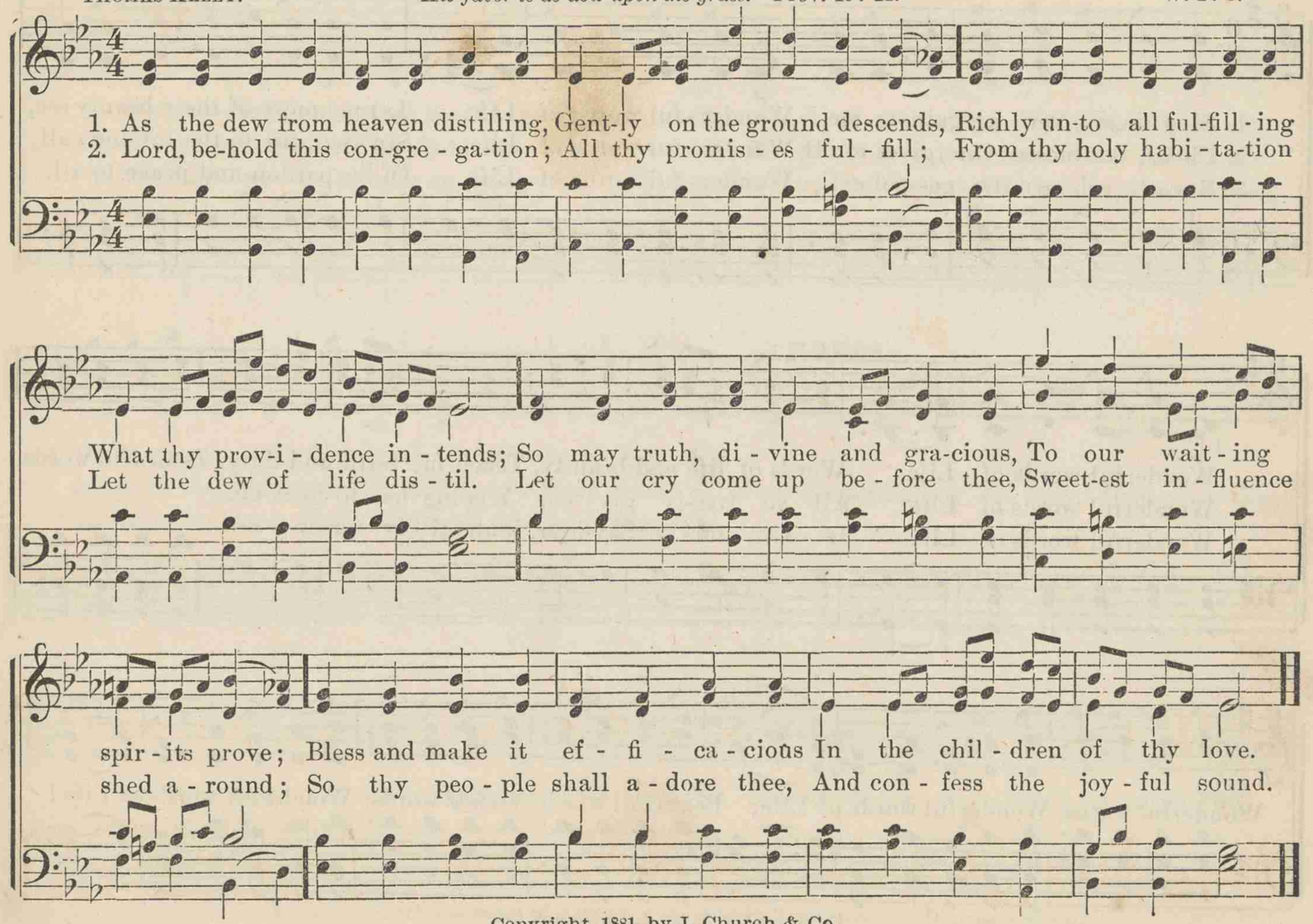


3 In all our days of sorrow,
Be thou forever near,
And send a shining morrow,
Each troubled heart to cheer.

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As the Dew from Heaven.

THOMAS KELLY. *His favor is as dew upon the grass.*—Prov. 19: 12. W. F. S.



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Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. *Holding forth the word of life.*—Phil. 2: 16. P. P. Bliss.

1. Sing them o-ver a - gain to me, Wonder - ful words of Life. Let me more of their beauty see,
2. Christ, the blessed One, gives to all Wonder - ful words of Life. Sin - ner, list to the lov-ing call,
3. Sweetly ech - o the gos-pel call, Wonder - ful words of Life. Of-fer pardon and peace to all,

Wonderful words of Life. Words of life and beau-ty, Teach me faith and duty. Beautiful words,
Wonderful words of Life. All so free-ly giv - en, Wooing us to heav-en.
Wonderful words of Life. Je - sus, on - ly Sav-iour, Sanc-ti - fy for-ev - er.

Wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life; Beautiful words, Wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life!

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Oh, Radiant Morn.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. *The people that sat in darkness saw great light.*—Matt. 4: 16. G. F. R

Allegretto.

1. Oh, ra - diant morn that breaks the night, And fills the East with sing - ing! Oh, bells of joy
2. They ring from pine lands to the palms, And half the world re - joic - es, And with the a-
3. Oh, hap - py bells, ring on, ring on! Wide grows the Gospel's splen - dor; Not a - ges past,

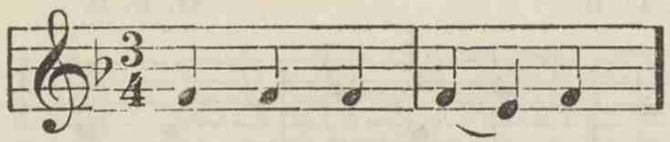
CHORUS.

that greet the light, The Saviour's tri - umph ring - ing.
ges grow their psalms, And multi - ply their voic - es. Hear them ring, joy - ful bells! Hear them ring!
but those to come, Shall Christ his tri - bute ren - der.

hear them ring! Let our voic - es swell the cho - rus, And the Sav - iour's tri-umph sing.

From a "Service of Song with connected readings," published by J. Church & Co.

HURSLEY.



1 Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou art near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
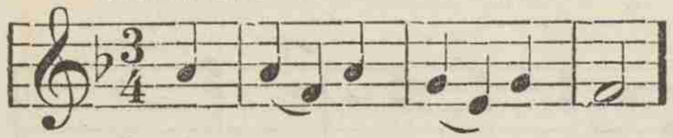
2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I can not live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wand'ring child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine—
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

John Keble, 1827.

DENNIS.



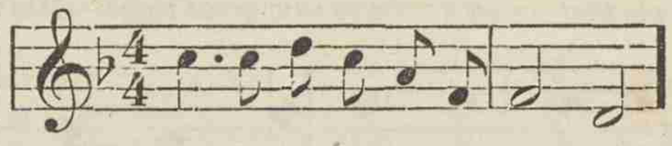
1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
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 other flows
The sympathizing tear.

Rev. John Fawcett.

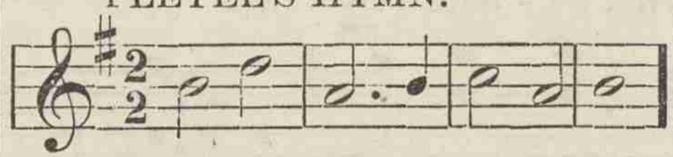
WHAT A FRIEND.



1 Blessed Saviour, watch us, guard us,
As we leave our "Sabbath home;"
Guide and keep us from all danger,
Till again to thee we come.
Though we very often wander
Sorely tempted, prone to sin,
Yet we pray that thou wouldst hear us,
Cleanse and make us pure within.

2 Make each spirit meek and lowly,
Make us leave the ways of strife;
Lead us in the path of duty,
Lead us to the "better life."
Thus we'd serve thee, blessed Saviour,
Till we've crossed life's stormy sea,
And with each loved friend and teacher,
All are gathered home to thee.

PLEYEL'S HYMN.
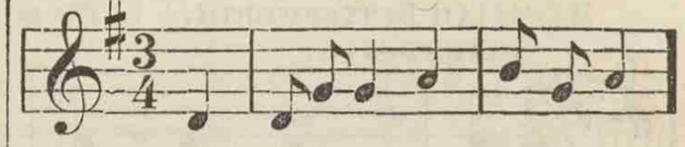


1 One with Christ! O blessed thought!
We are by his Spirit taught;
On his fulness now we live,
Grace for grace we thence receive.

2 One with Christ! ye saints rejoice,
As the objects of his choice;
He will every want supply,
While he lives we can not die.

3 One with Christ! forever one,
Debts are paid and work is done;
Grace and glory both are given,
We are on our way to heaven.

Joseph Irons.

SHINING SHORE.
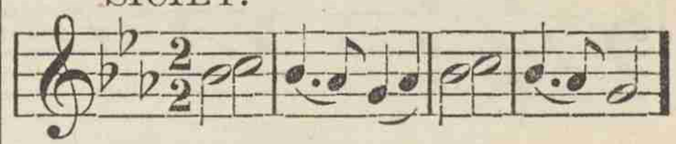


1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before the shining shore,
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant homes discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For oh! we stand, etc.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For oh! we stand, etc.

Rev. David Nelson.

SICILY.
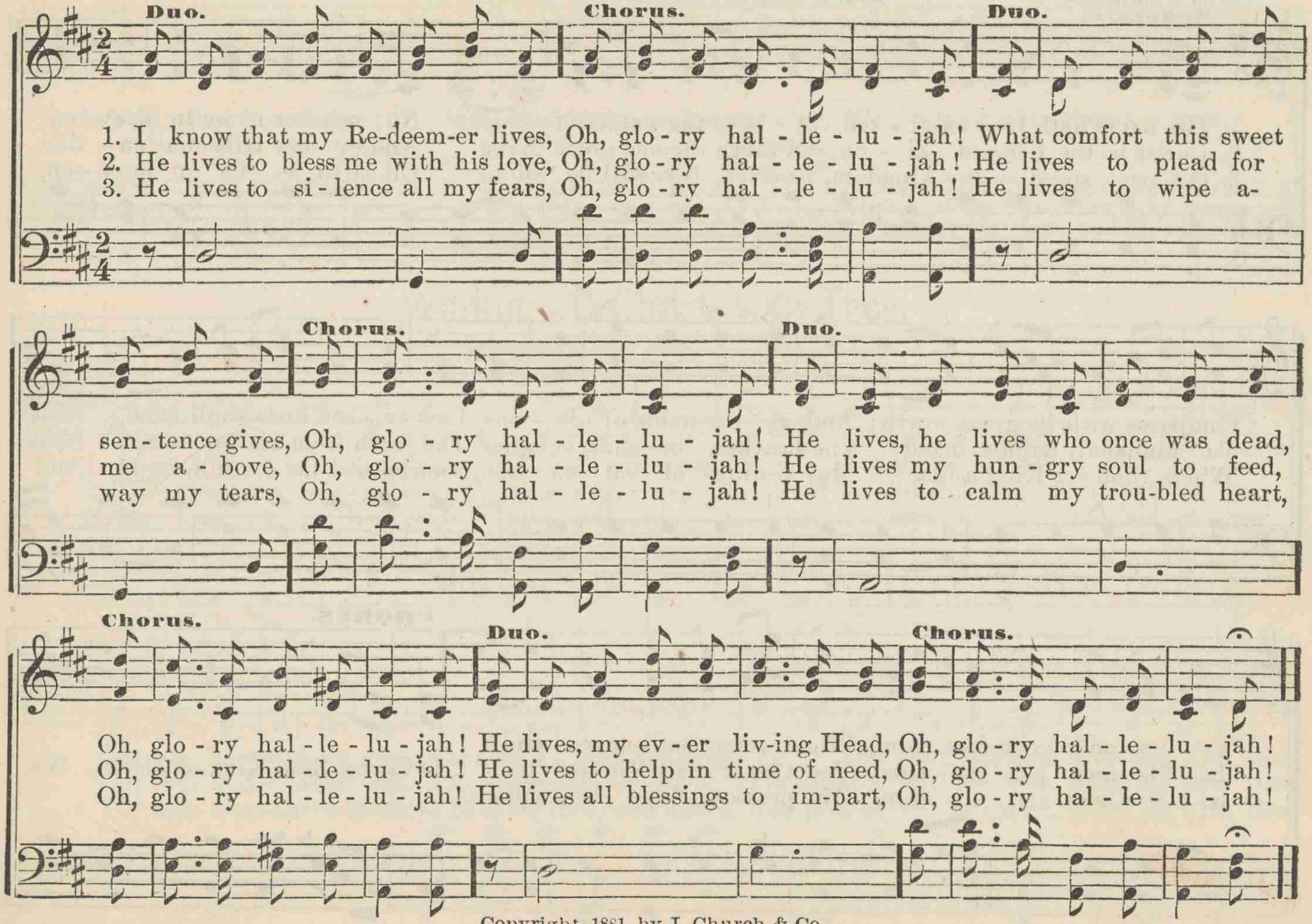


1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

Rev. Walter Shirley.

I Know that my Redeemer Lives.

REV. S. MEDLEY. *I know that my Redeemer liveth.*—Job 19: 25. H. P. DANKS.



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Christ, the King of Zion.

J. B. ATCHINSON. *King of kings and Lord of lords.*—1 Tim. 6: 15. R. GEO. HALLS.

Moderato.
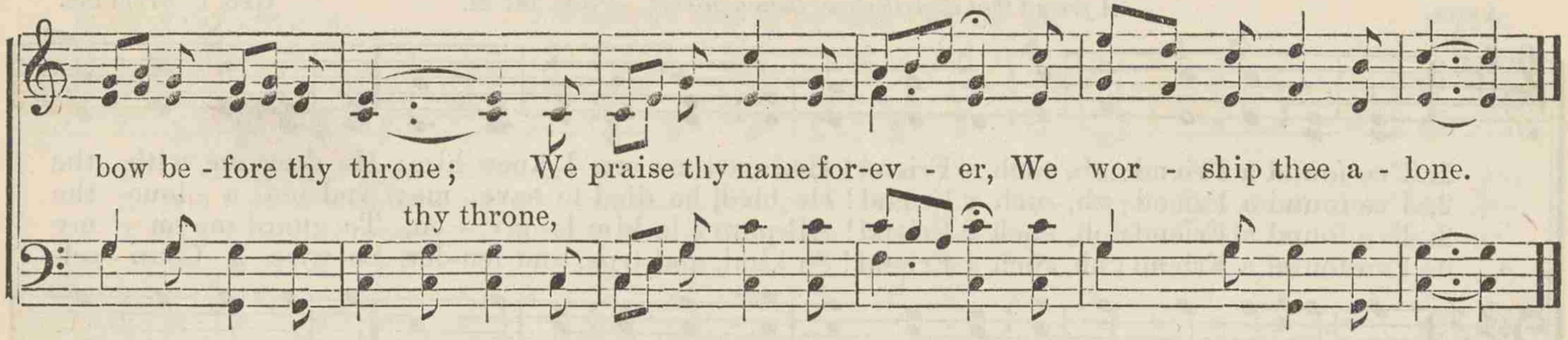
1. His name hath God ex-al - ted A - bove the names of earth, No oth - er name in heav - en
2. Christ is the King of Zi - on, Of kings the one great King, And ev - ery tribe and na - tion
3. O Christ, speed on thy kingdom, And let thy will be done On earth, as 'tis in heav - en,

Compares with its great worth; And at the name of Je - sus, Low ev - ery knee shall bend, And
To him shall tribute bring; The heathen he shall conquer, The earth from sea to sea Shall
Where thou art King a-lone; May ti-dings of sal - va - tion, Soon spread the earth a-round, And

CHORUS.

ev - ery tongue con-fess him, Whose reign shall never end!
be his own pos - ses - sion—Yes, Christ shall Vic-tor be. O Christ, thou King of Zi - on, We
o - ver land and o - cean, Thy praise a - lone re - sound.

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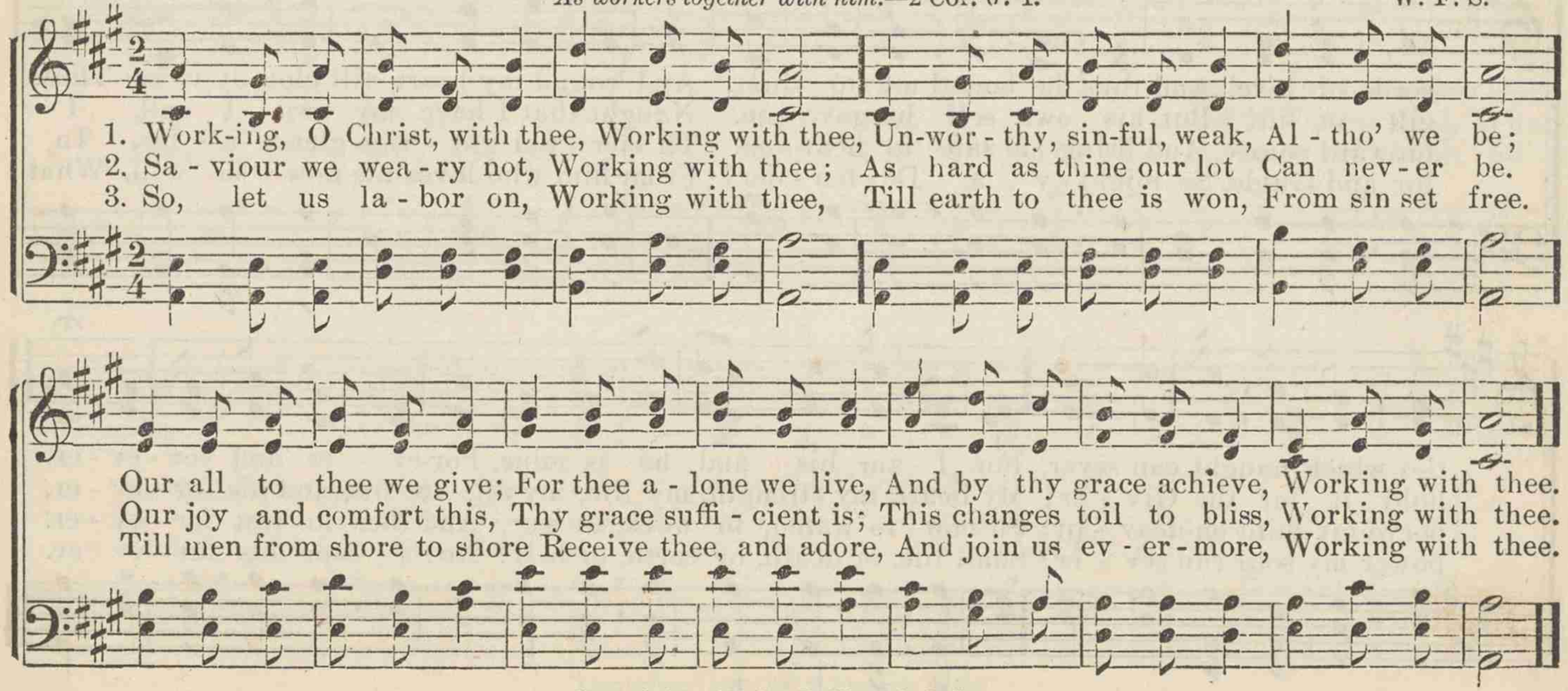


Working, O Christ, with Thee.

* * * *

As workers together with him.—2 Cor. 6: 1.

W. F. S.



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I've Found a Friend.

ANON. *A friend that sticketh closer than a brother.*—PROV. 18: 24. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew him; He drew me with the cords of love! And thus he bound me to him. And 'round my heart still close-ly twine Those
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, he died to save me; And not a - lone the gift of life, But his own self he gave me. Naught that I have my own I call, I
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All power to him is giv - en, To guard me on my on-ward course, And bring me safe to heav - en. Th'eter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten-der, So wise a Coun - sel- lor and Guide, So might - y a De - fen - der! From him who loves me now so well, What

ties which naught can sever, For I am his and he is mine, For-ev - er and for - ev - er.
hold it for the Giv - er; My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are his, and his for - ev - er.
nerve my faint en-deav - or: So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for - ev - er.
power my soul can sev - er? Shall life, or death, or earth, or hell? No; I am his for - ev - er.

By permission.

The Shining of His Face.

E. NORMAN GUNNISON. *I beseech thee, show me thy glory.*—Ex. 33: 18. G. F. R.

Allegretto.

1. What are the joys of earth to one Who sees the Mas - ter's face? What is the shin - ing
2. His love has blessed us all our days, His care each gift be - stows; He lead - eth us be-
3. Thy care has crowned our ev-'ry hour, Be with us still, O Lord! First the full bud and

of the sun Be - side the Mas - ter's grace? Be - fore the splen-dor of his worth Our
side the ways Where liv - ing wa - ter flows. And if we fol - low in his lead, What-
then the flower, Shall blos - som at thy word. Un - to this wait - ing heart of mine Re-

earthly lights are dim; We glad - ly leave the things of earth To fol - low af - ter him.
ev - er may be - fall, His gifts shall sat - is - fy each need, Suf - fi - cient un - to all.
veal thy per - fect grace, And let me see, by love di - vine, The shin-ing of thy face.

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Work for Your Master.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.—Eccl. 9: 10.

P. P. BLISS. (Refrain by PAULINA.) JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Work for your Master, work while you may, Broad is the field be-fore you—Sweet is the dawn of
2. Speak for your Master, speak while you may, Now, while the world will hear you; It shall be giv-en
3. Sing for your Mas-ter, sing of his love; Sing of the mer-cies giv-en; Song is the language

REFRAIN.

life's ear-ly day, Beam-ing in beau-ty o'er you.
what you shall say, Feel-ing his pres-ence near you. Work till the toil of the day is done;
of saints a-bove, Song is the breath of heav-en.

Speak of the sin for-giv-en; Sing of the star-ry crown to be won; Pray till you praise in heaven.

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In the Cross of Christ We Glory.

God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Gal. 6 : 14.

SIR JOHN BOWRING. G. M. COLE.

1. In the cross of Christ we glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sa - cred
2. When the woes of life o'er-take us, Hopes deceive, and fears an-noy, Nev-er shall the cross for-
3. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied; Peace is there that knows no

CHORUS.

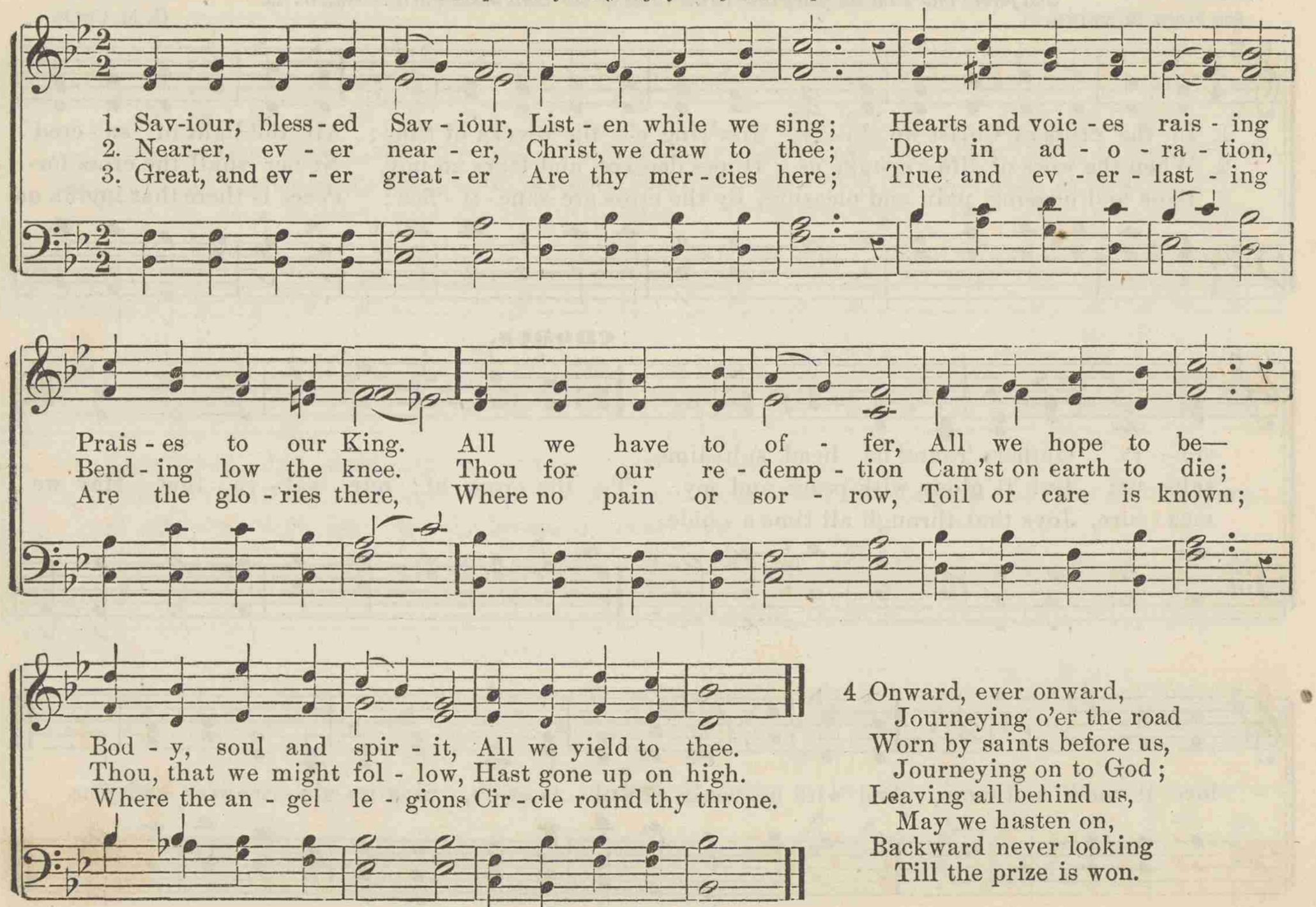
sto - ry Gathers 'round its head sub - lime.
sake us; Lo! it glows with peace and joy. 'Tis the cross of our sal - va - tion, May we
mea - sure, Joys that through all time a - bide.

love it more and more, And with heavenly ex - ul - ta - tion, Sing its glo - ries o'er and o'er.

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Listen While we Sing.

G. THRING. *To the praise of the glory of his grace.*—Eph. 1 : 6. H. WILHELM.



4 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

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Tell Me More About Jesus. 27

P. P. BLISS. *He shall testify of me.*—John 15: 26. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. 'Tis known on earth and heaven too, 'Tis sweet to me be-cause 'tis true, The old, old sto-ry
2. When overwhelmed with unbe - lief, When burdened with a blinding grief, Come kindly then to
3. And when the Glo-ry - land I see, And take the place prepared for me, Thro' endless years my

CHORUS.

is e'er new; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.
my re - lief; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus. Tell me more a - bout Je - sus, Tell me more
song shall be, Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.

a - bout Je - sus; Him would I know who loved me so; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.

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I'll Praise my Redeemer.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. *In thy name shall they rejoice all the day.*—Ps. 89 : 16. W. F. SHERWIN.
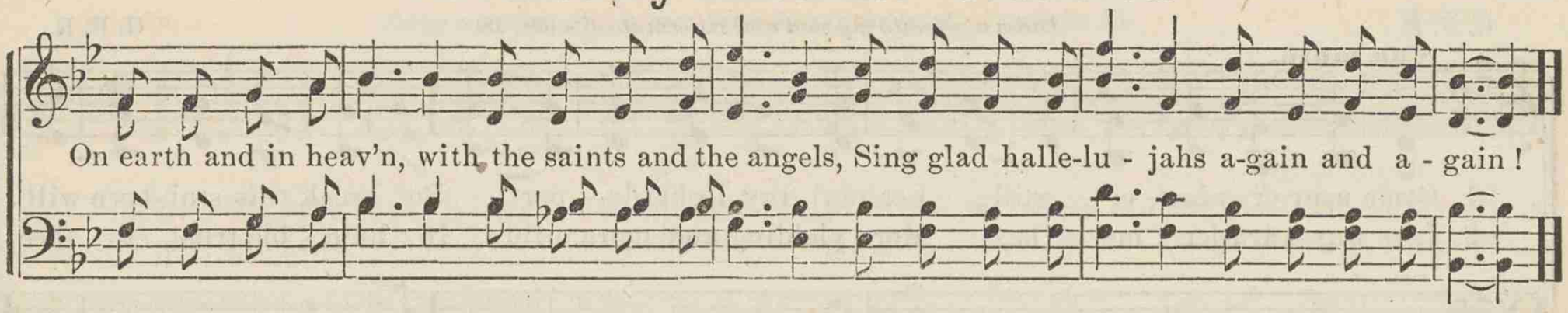
1. I'll praise my Redeemer, when morn's early sunshine Is hiding the stars in the brightness of day;
2. I'll praise my Redeemer when sun-set is gild-ing With rich golden splendor the clouds in the west;
3. I'll praise my Redeemer for - ev - er and ev - er, From morning till evening his love will I sing;

When night with her shadows, from meadow and mountain Before the bright day-beams is hasting away.
When day with her beauty in darkness is fading, And, weary with toiling, man welcomes sweet rest.
And when with the white-robed I'm welcomed in glory, I'll shout hallelu-jahs to Je - sus, my King!

REFRAIN.

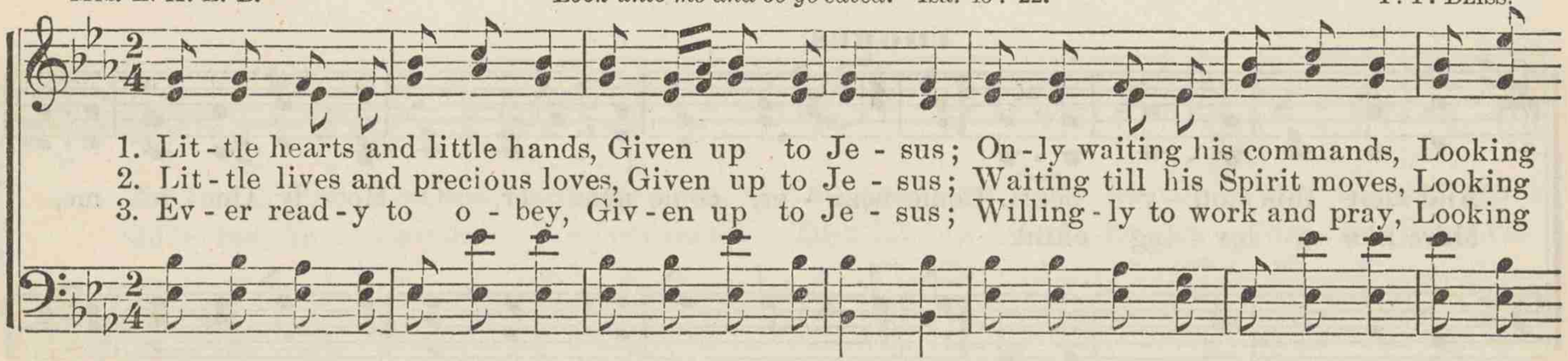
I'll praise my Redeemer, my King and my Saviour, Give glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain;

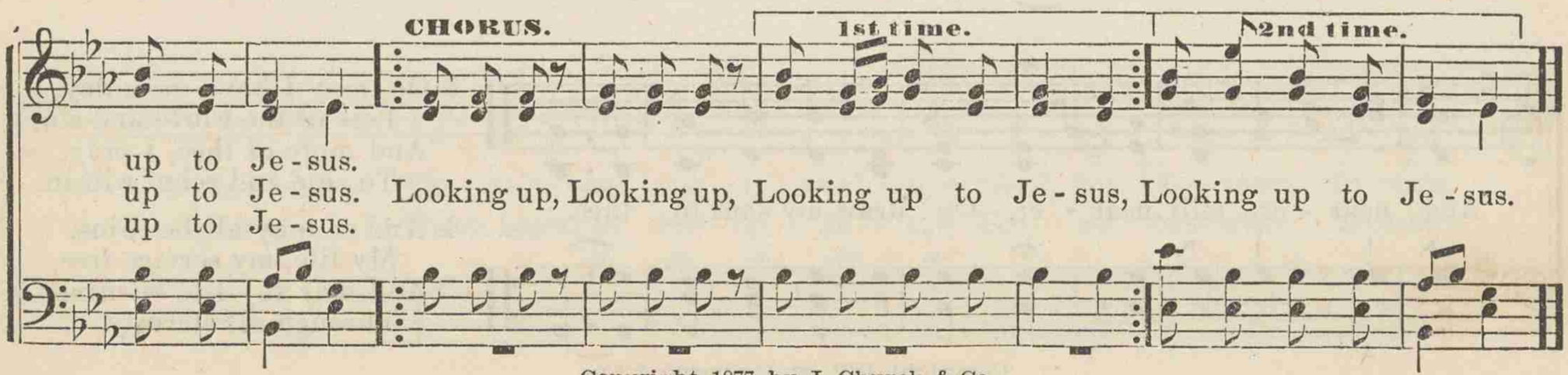
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Looking up to Jesus.

Mrs. L. A. L. B. *Look unto me and be ye saved.*—Isa. 45 : 22. P. P. Bliss.

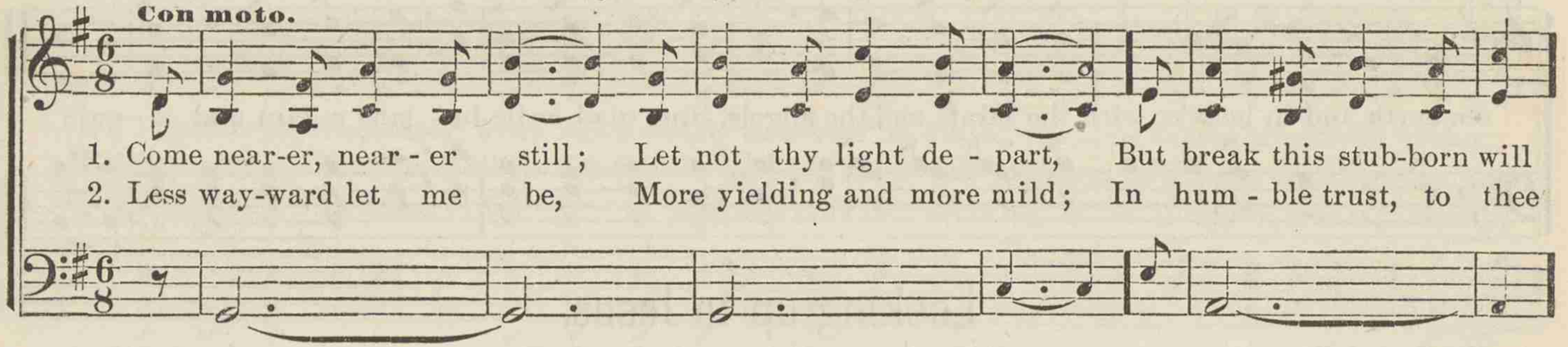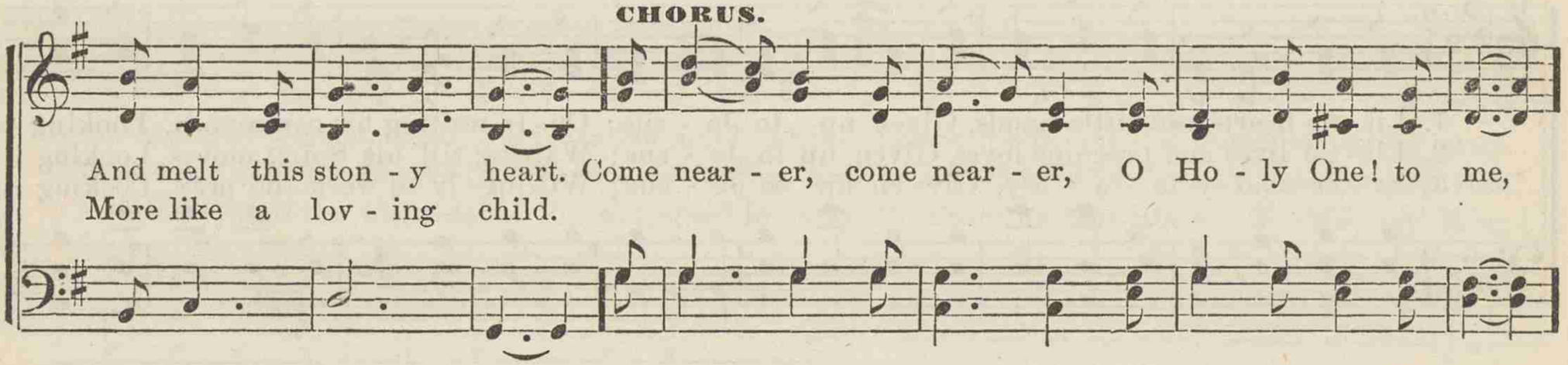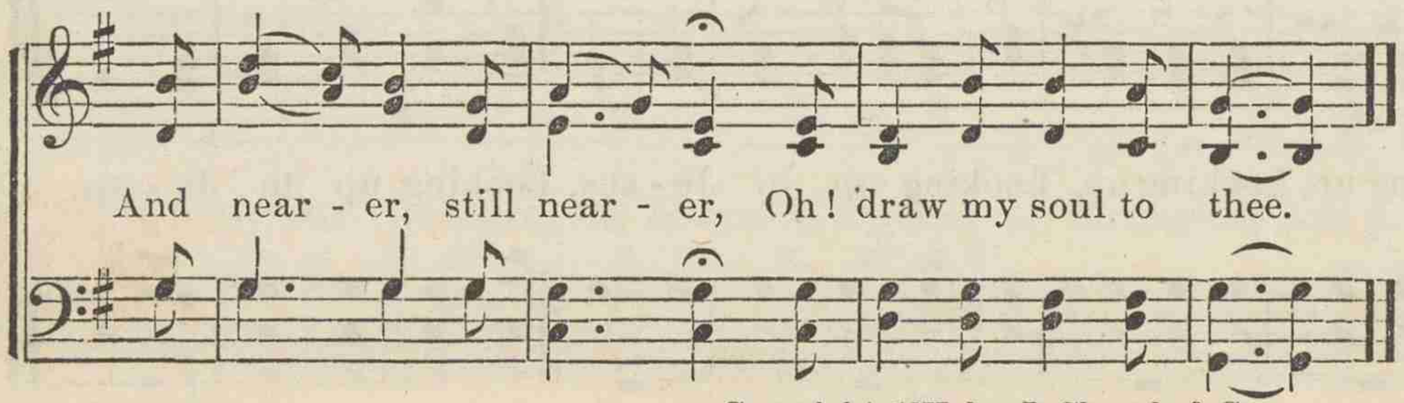




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Come Nearer.

G. F. R. *Draw nigh unto my soul and redeem it.*—Ps. 69 : 18. G. F. R.







3 Oh, may I have, each day,
Less of the world and sin,
And more of thee, I pray,
To rule and reign within.

4 And so may all be thine,
My life, my service free,
And may thy life be mine
Through all eternity.

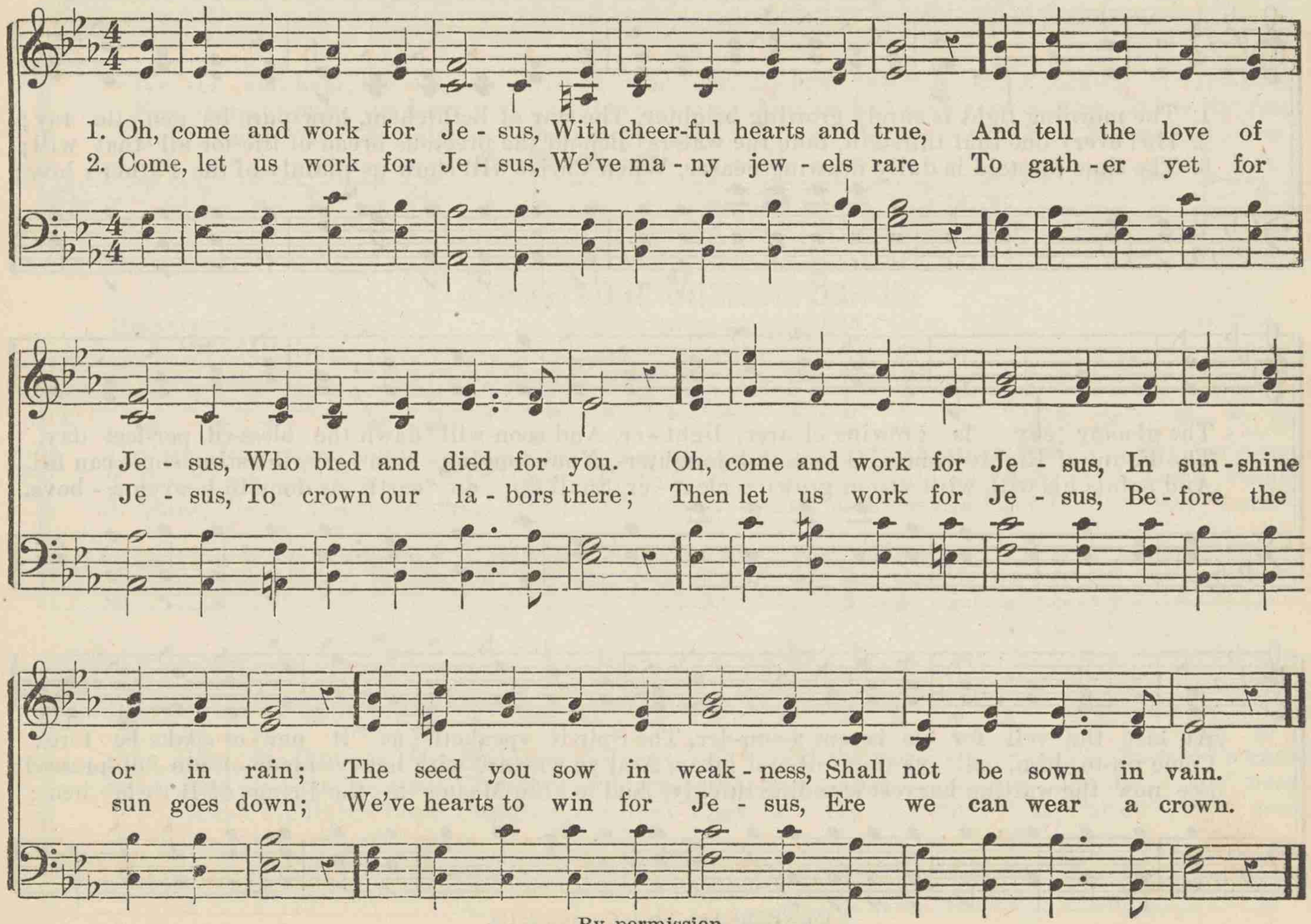
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Oh, Come and Work for Jesus.

* * * *

Being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the word.—James 1: 25.

W. F. S.



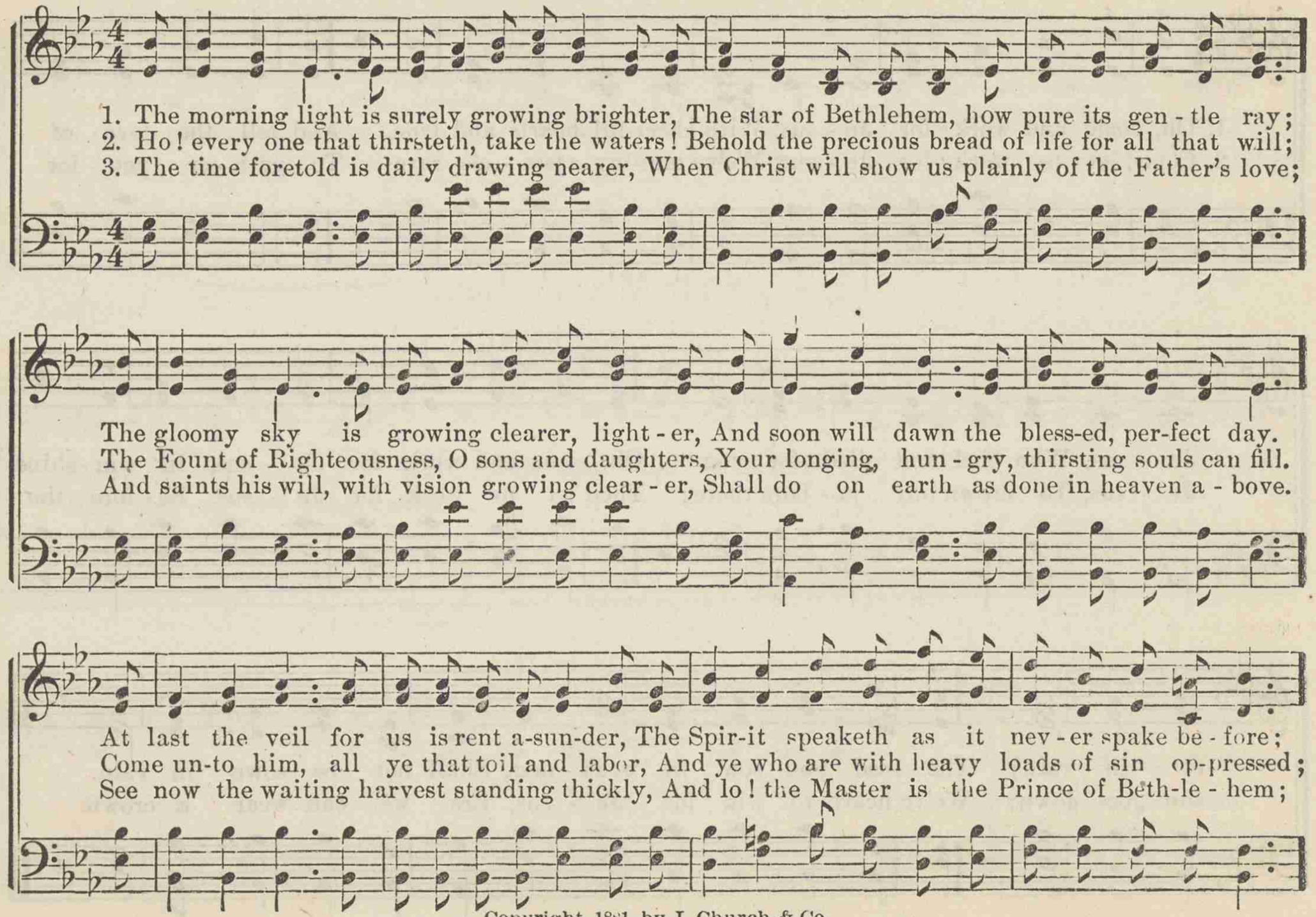
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The Morning Light.

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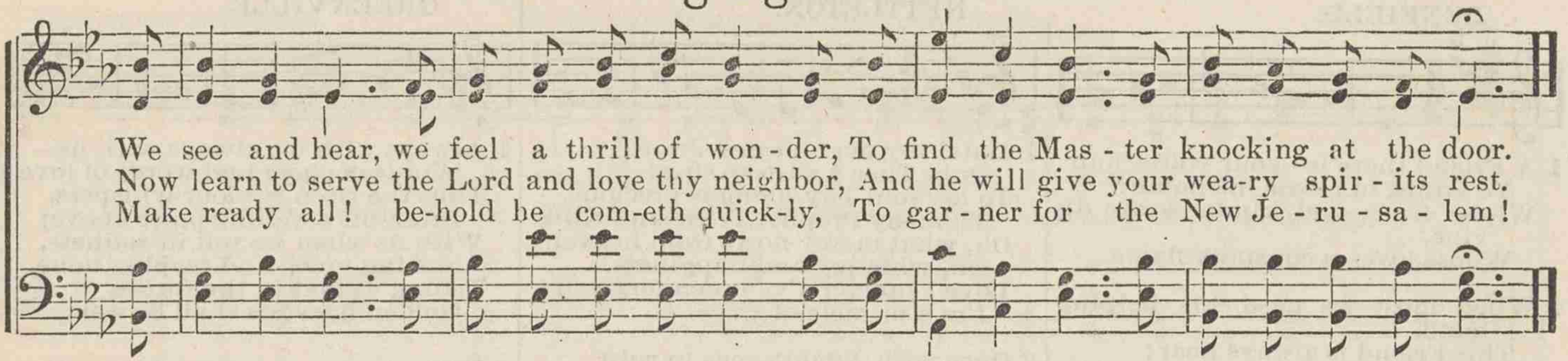
Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me.—Rev. 22: 12.

J. R. M.



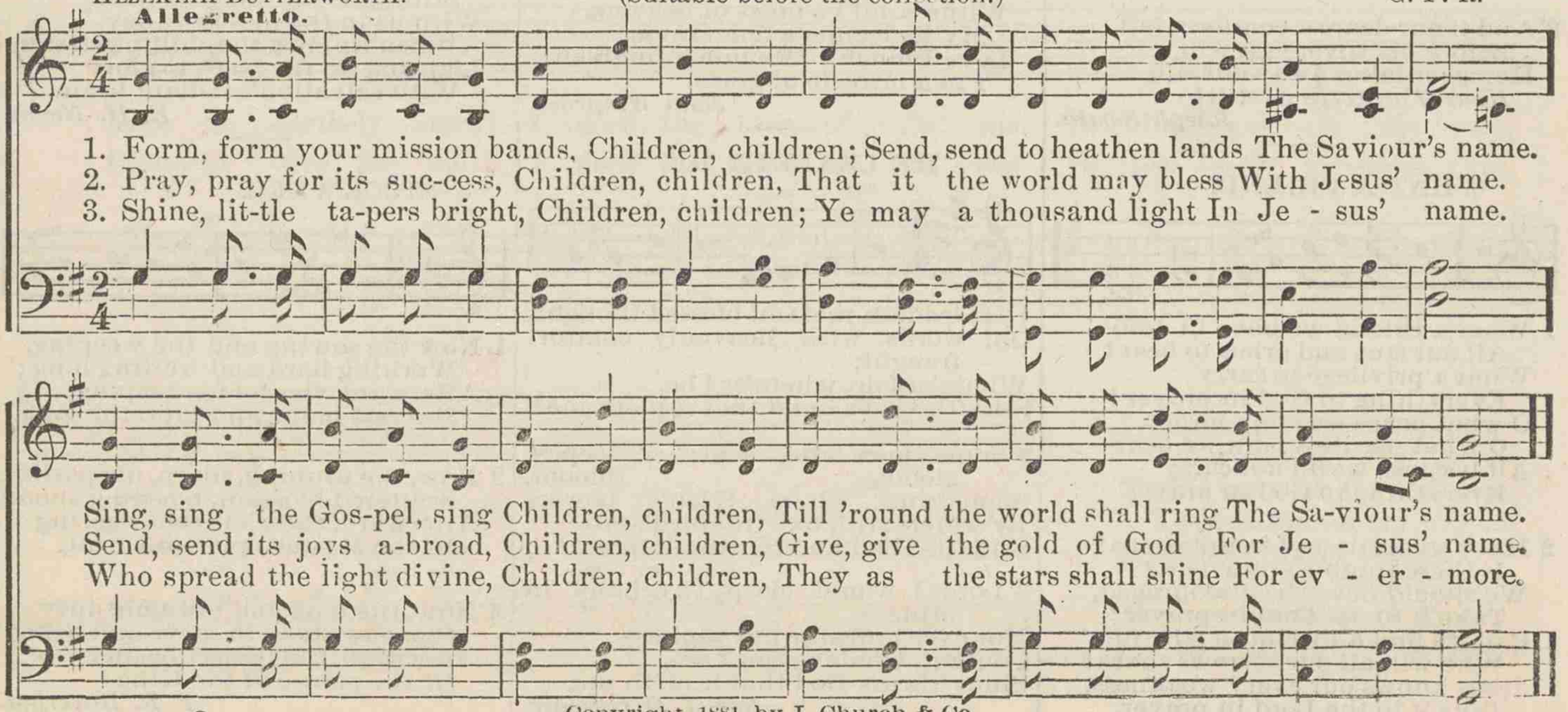
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The Morning Light. Concluded.



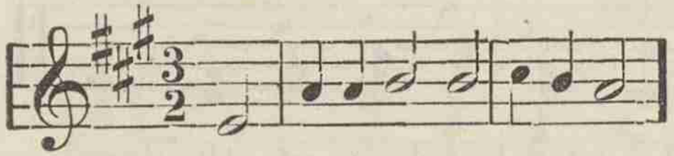
Form Your Mission Bands.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. (Suitable before the collection.) G. F. R.



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DENFIELD.



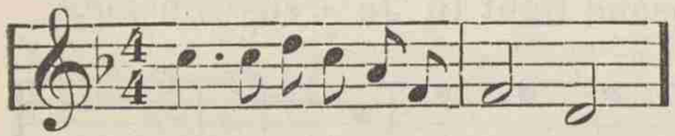
1 A Friend there is—your voices join
Ye saints, to praise his name!
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love—a constant flame.

2 When most we need his helping hand,
This Friend is always near;
With heaven and earth at his command,
He waits to answer prayer.

3 And if our dearest comforts fall
Before his sovereign will,
He never takes away our all,
Himself he gives us still!

Joseph Swain.

WHAT A FRIEND.



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

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

NETTLETON.
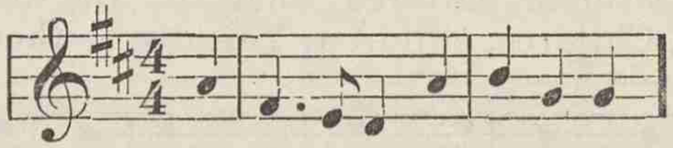


1 Hail! my ever-blessed Jesus,
Only Thee I wish to sing!
To my soul Thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest and King.
Oh, what mercy flows from heaven!
Oh, what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

2 Once with Adam's race in ruin
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way.
Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

John Wingrove.

HE LEADETH ME.
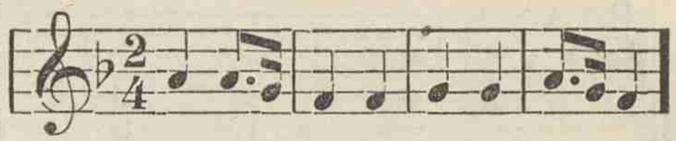


1 He leadeth me! Oh! blessed thought,
Oh! words with heavenly comfort fraught;
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!

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

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

Rev. J. H. Gilmore.

GREENVILLE.
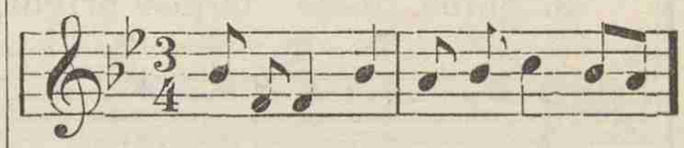


1 Always with us, always with us—
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From his dwelling-place above;
With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none,
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

2 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.
With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream;
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

E. H. Nevin.

STOCKWELL.



1 Now the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long;
Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest home and grateful song.

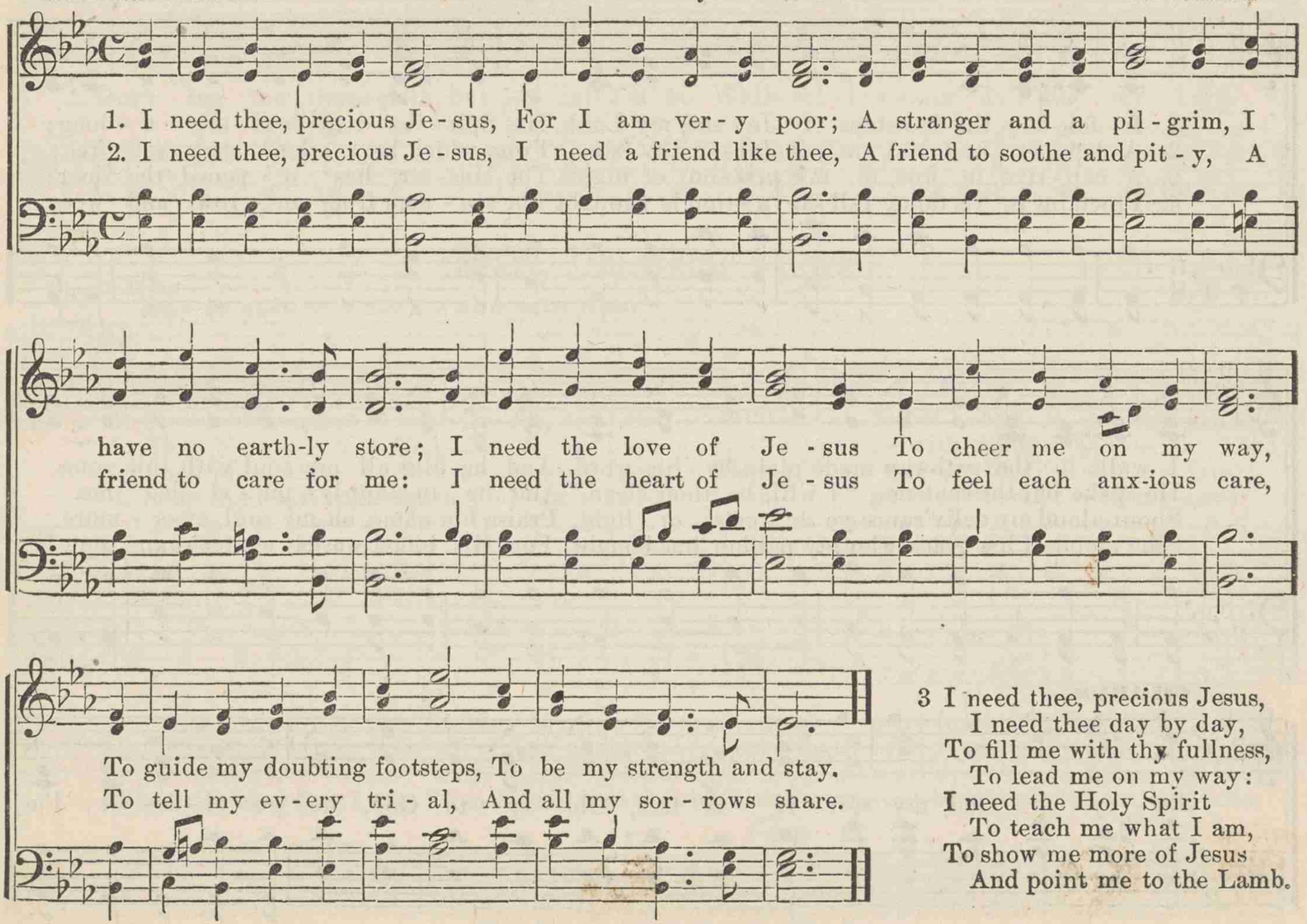
2 Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing;
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot!
Afterward, the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

3 Now, the long and toilsome duty
Stone by stone to carve and bring:
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King!

F. R. Havergal.

I Need Thee, Precious Jesus. 35

FREDERICK WHITFIELD. *He that hath the Son hath life.*—1 John 5: 12. H. P. DANKS.



3 I need thee, precious Jesus,
I need thee day by day,
To fill me with thy fullness,
To lead me on my way:
I need the Holy Spirit
To teach me what I am,
To show me more of Jesus
And point me to the Lamb.

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I Follow the Footsteps of Jesus.

W. A. S. *He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness.*—John 8: 12. REV. W. A. SPENCER.

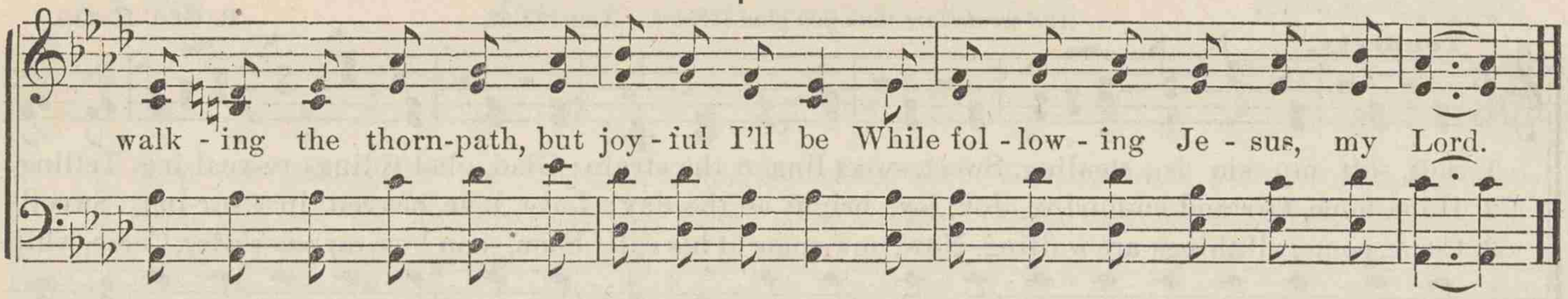
1. I fol - low the footsteps of Je - sus, my Lord, His Spir - it doth lead me a - long;
2. A lep - er he found me, pol - lut - ed by sin, From which he a - lone can set free;
3. A cap - tive in woe, to my pris - on of night The Mas - ter has o - pened the door;
4. Proclaim it, 'tis done, full sal-va - tion is wrought For sin - ners from sor - row and woe;

I walk in the pathway made plain by his word, And he fills all my soul with this song.
He spake but the sentence, "I will, be thou clean," And he in-stant-ly pu - ri - fied me.
Shout aloud my deliv'rance ye an - gels of light, Praise his name, oh my soul, ev-er - more.
Sing aloud of his grace who my pardon has bought, For His blood washes whiter than snow!

CHORUS.

Glo - ry to God, my spir - it is free, Glo - ry to God, he pu - ri - fies me; I'm

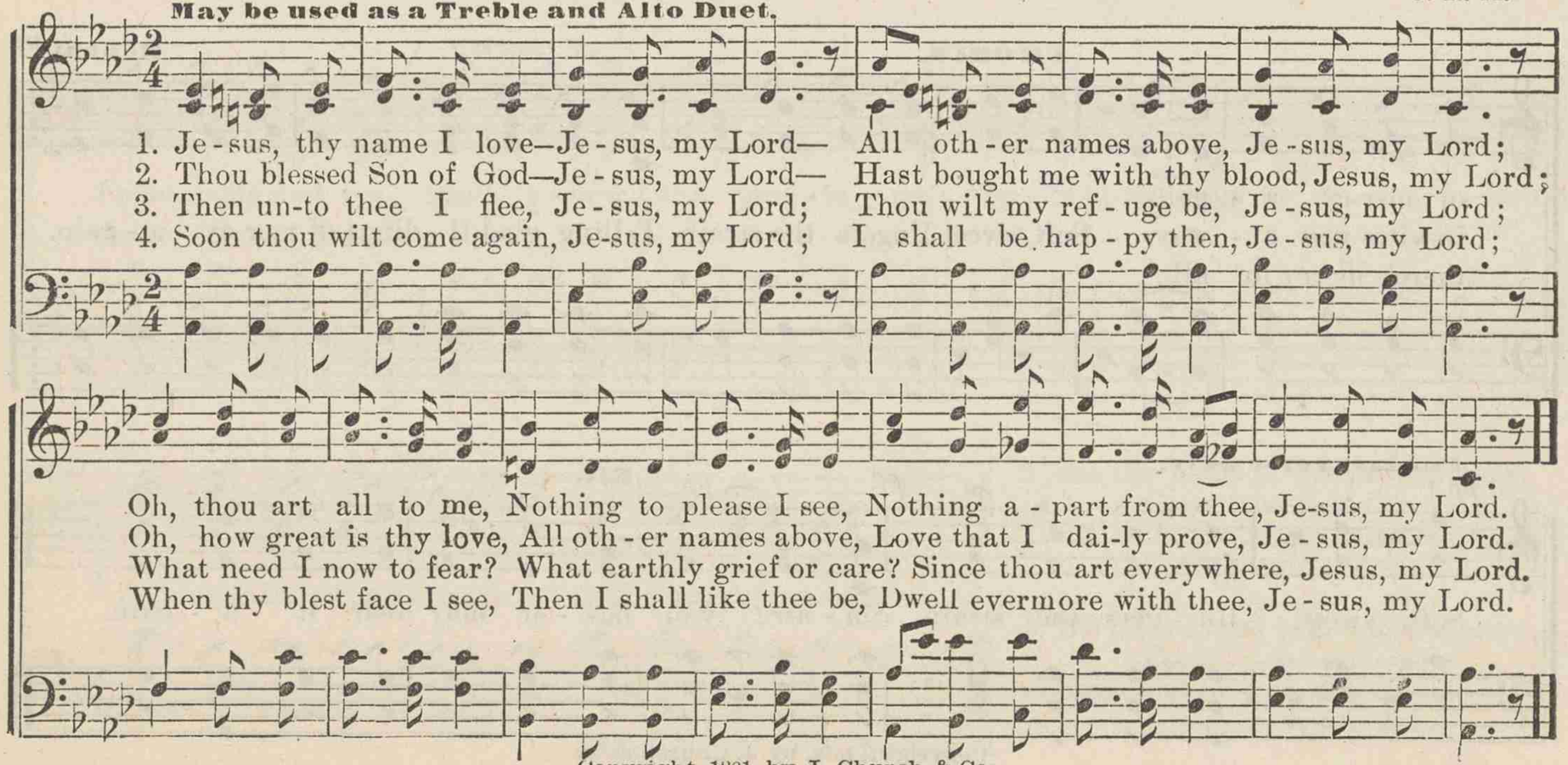
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Jesus, Thy Name I Love.

GEO. J. DECK. J. R. M.

May be used as a Treble and Alto Duet.



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Soft Music is Stealing.

* * *

And we declare unto you glad tidings.—Acts 13: 32.

R. GEO. HALLS.

Tenderly.

1. Soft, soft mu - sic is stealing, Sweet, sweet lingers the strain; Glad, glad tidings re-veal-ing, Telling
2. Hope, hope, fair and en-during, Joy, joy, bright as the day; Love, love, heaven in - sur-ing, Sweetly
3. Come, come, all things are waiting, Now, now come at his call; Soon, soon love may cease pleading, Come, while

CHORUS.

Repeat *pp*

of mer-cy a - gain.
in-vites you a - way. Soft, sweet lingers the strain, Telling glad ti - dings of mer-cy a - gain.
there's mercy for all.

For last verse only.

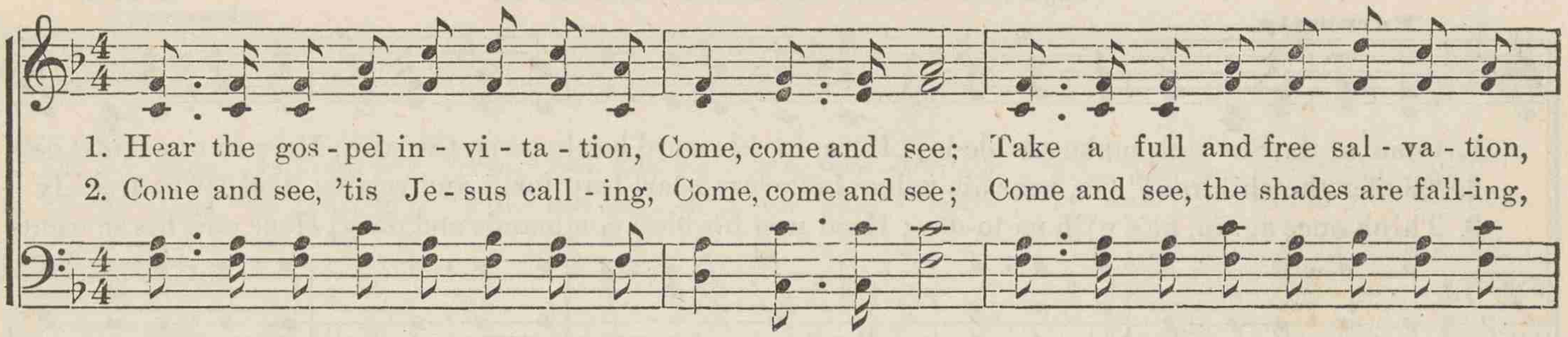
pp *ff* *pp* **Rit.**
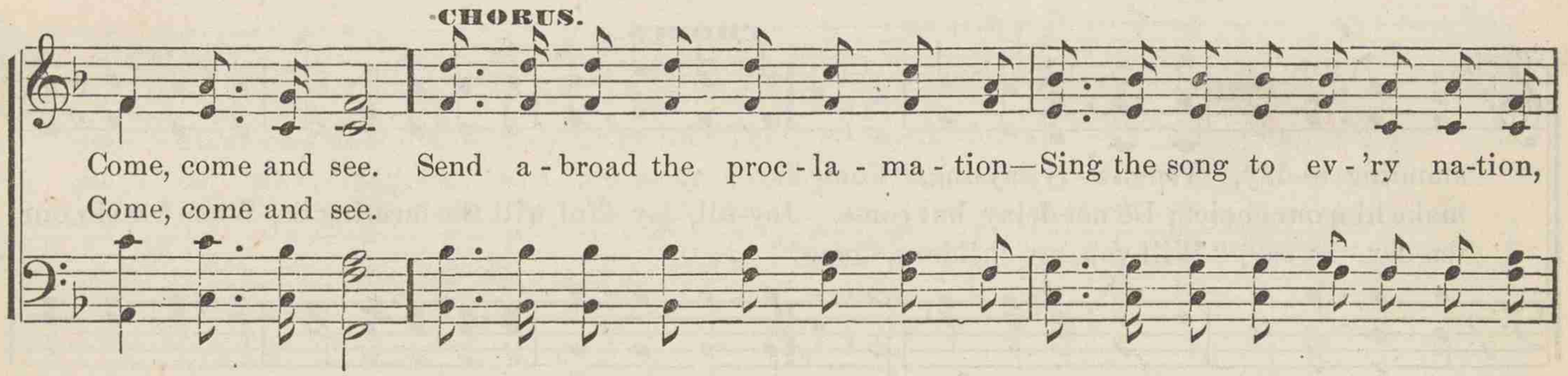
Soft, sweet, lin - gers the strain, *Sin - ner!* you nev - er may hear it a - gain.

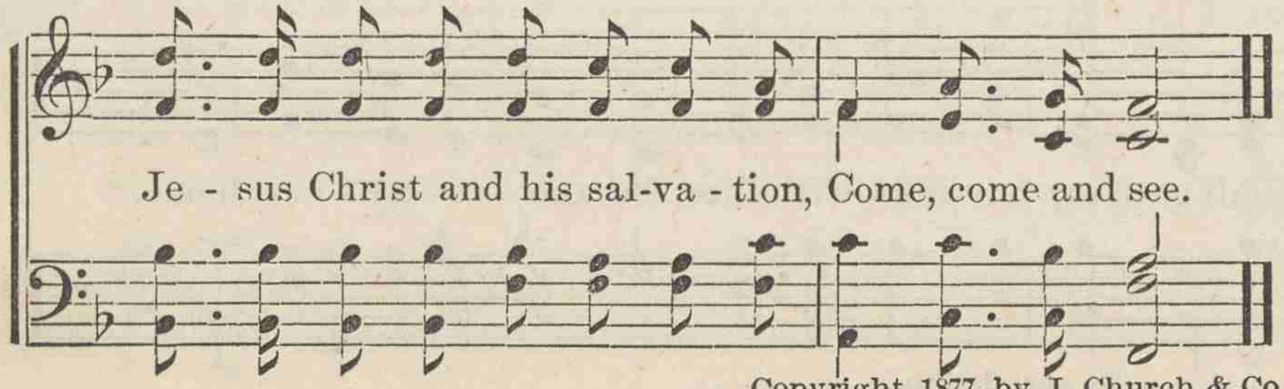
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Come, Come and See.

P. P. BLISS. *Philip saith unto him, Come and see.*—John 1 : 46. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.







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3 Ere the paths of life grow dreary,
Come, come and see;
Heavy laden, weak and weary,
Come, come and see.

4 We have found him and the glory,
Come, come and see;
Come and help to sing the story,
Come, come and see.

Come to the Saviour.

Suffer little children to come unto me.—Luke 18: 16. G. F. R.

Earnestly.

1. Come to the Saviour, make no de-lay, Here in his word he shows us the way; Here in our midst he's
2. "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear his voice; Let every heart leap forth and rejoice, And let us free - ly
3. Think once again, he's with us to-day; Heed now his blest commands and obey; Hear now his ac - cents

CHORUS.

standing to-day, Ten-der - ly say-ing, "Come."
make him our choice; Do not delay, but come. Joy-ful, joy - ful will the meeting be, When from sin our
ten-der - ly say, "Will you, my children, Come?"

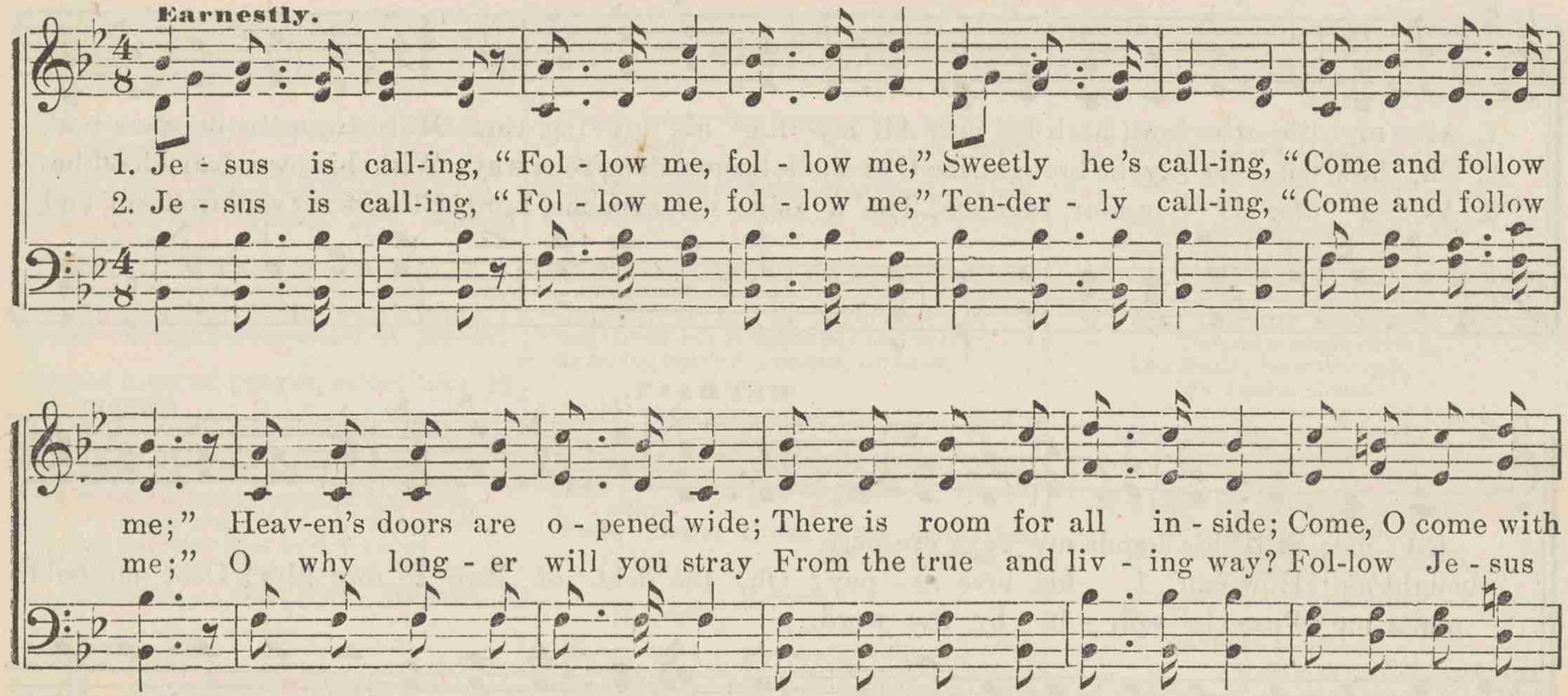
hearts are pure and free; And we shall gath-er, Sav-iour, with thee, In our e - ter - nal home.

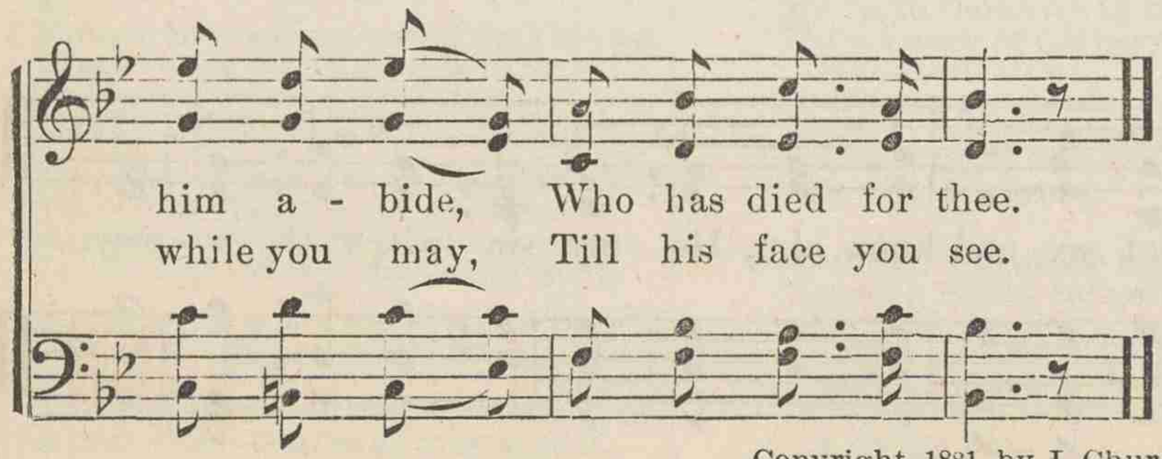
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Jesus is Calling.

J. R. M. *Follow thou me.*—John 21: 22. J. R. M.

Earnestly.





3 Jesus is calling,
"Follow me, follow me;"
Earnestly calling,
"Come and follow me."
Jesus! Saviour! I will come!
From thee I'll no longer roam;
Till I reach thy heavenly home,
I will follow thee.

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Oh, the Debt of Love.

EDW. J. ARMSTRONG. *For his great love wherewith he loved us.*—Eph. 2: 4. W. F. S.
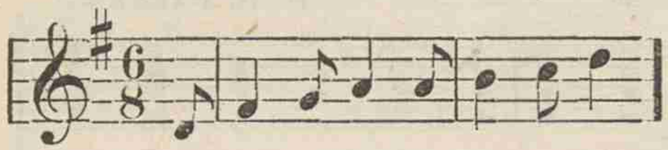
1. All my life the Lord hath led me; All my life his lov-ing care 'Midst the wil - der-ness hath fed me; Still his hands my ways pre-pare.
2. Oh, how ten - der - ly he brought me O'er the toilsome, dang'rous way; With his own dear blood he bought me; How can I his love re - pay? Oh, the debt of love I owe him! Debt no gold can e'er re - pay;
3. As I am, O Sav-iour, take me! Tho' a sin - ner, save me, Lord! Cleanse my soul from sin, and make me Pure in spir - it by thy word.

REFRAIN.

If I can but see and know him, He my sin will wash a - way.

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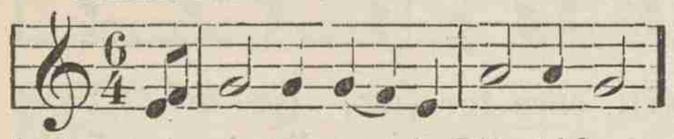
SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.



1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

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

RETREAT.
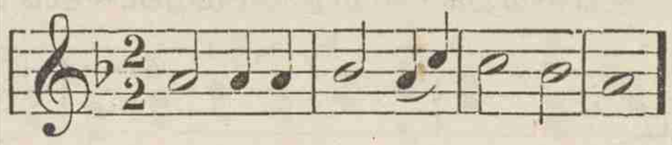


1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all beside more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

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

FEDERAL STREET.
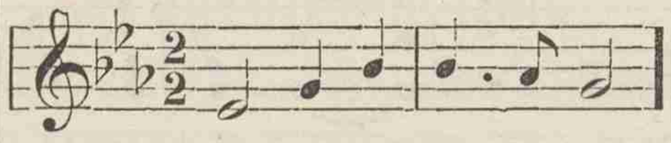


1 They pray the best who pray and watch, [pray,
They watch the best who watch and
They hear Christ's fingers on the latch,
Whether he comes by night, or day.

2 Whether they guard the gates and watch,
Or, patient, toil for him, and wait,
They hear his fingers on the latch,
If early he doth come, or late.

3 With trembling joy they hail their Lord,
And haste his welcome feet to kiss,
While he, well pleased, doth speak the word
That thrills them with unending bliss. *Rev. E. Hopper.*
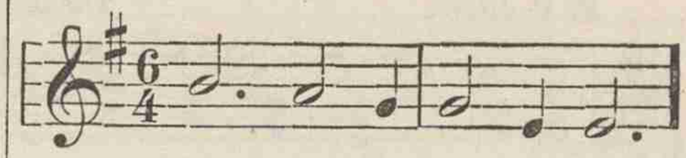
OLIVET.



1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.
Ray Palmer, D. D.

BETHANY.
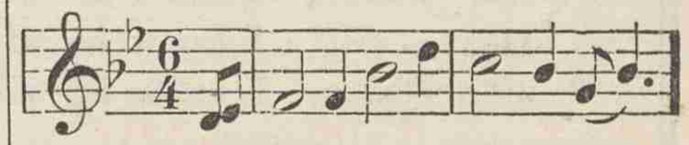


1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en tho' it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

2 Tho' like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.
Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

CROSS AND CROWN.



1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

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

The Good News.

P. P. BLISS. *The promise is unto you and to your children.*—Acts 2: 39. H. R. PALMER.

1. I've heard the good news in the Gospel, It makes me so happy and free, That Jesus re-mem-bers the
2. Sometimes when I walk in the darkness, My pathway I hardly can see, But trusting "Our Father in
3. He tells me that soon I shall see him, I wonder how long it will be; He's gone to prepare me a

chil - dren, I know he will care for me; I know he will care for me, for me, I
Heav - en," I know he will choose for me; I know he will choose for me, for me, I
man - sion, I know he will come for me; I know he will come for me, for me, I

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know he will care for me; Yes, Je-sus re-members the chil-dren, I know he will care for me.
know he will choose for me; But trusting "Our Father in Heav-en," I know he will choose for me.
know he will come for me; He's gone to pre-pare me a man-sion, I know he will come for me.

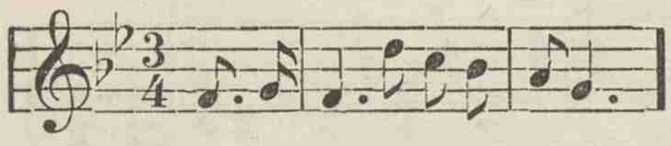
I am a Little One.

FANNIE CHADWICK. *Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones.*—Matt. 18: 10. G. F. R.

1. I am a lit-tle one, But Je-sus knows me; My lit-tle feet must run Where Jesus shows me.
2. I have a lit-tle heart, But it keeps sinning! Je-sus must help me start From the be-gin-ning.
3. My little tongue must raise Jesus' high glo-ry; So through my lit-tle days I'll tell his sto-ry.

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LOWER LIGHTS.
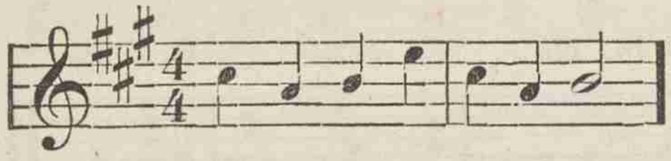


1 Brightly beams our Father's mercy
From his lighthouse evermore,
But to us he gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.

CHORUS:
Let the lower lights be burning,
Send a gleam across the wave!
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
You may rescue, you may save.

2 Dark the night of sin has settled;
Loud the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.
Chorus.

3 Trim your feeble lamp, my brother!
Some poor sailor tempest tost,
Trying now to make the harbor,
In the darkness may be lost!
P. P. Bliss. *Chorus.*

NUREMBURG.
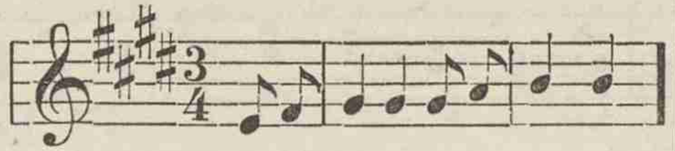


1 Holy Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am;

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit;

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death:
John Burton.

JEWELS.
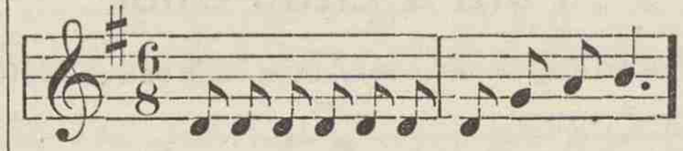


1 When he cometh, when he cometh
To make up his jewels,
All his jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own.—

CHORUS:
Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for his crown.

2 He will gather, he will gather,
The gems for his kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and his own.—*Chorus.*

3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own.
Rev. W. O. Cushing.

JESUS LOVES ME.
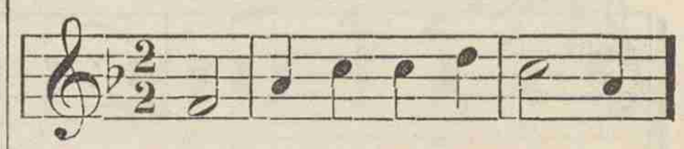


1 I am so glad that our Father in heaven [given;
Tells of his love in the book he has
Wonderful things in the Bible I see;
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

REFRAIN—I am so glad, etc.

2 Though I forget him and wander away,
Still doth he love me wherever I stray;
Back to his dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.
Chorus.
P. P. Bliss.

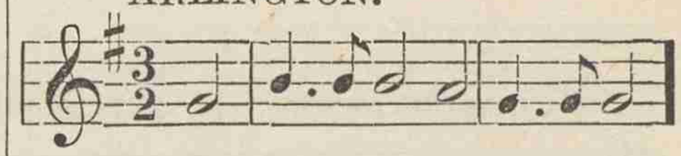
MISSIONARY HYMN.



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

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

ARLINGTON.



1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
And life, and light, and joy imparts,
To calm our anxious fears.

3 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.
Rev. John Fawcett.

Arise with Joy and Sing.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. *The whole earth is full of his glory.*—Isaiah 6 : 3. GEO. F. ROOT.

Andantino.

1. A - rise with joy and sing The triumphs of our King; To fill the world with love, Im-man-uel
2. His Name on ev - 'ry air The sails of commerce bear; To fill the earth with peace Im-man-uel
3. The world is ver - y blest! All bright in east and west The Gospel spreads its light--Im-man-uel

comes! . . . . Each year with brighter rays Shine forth the Gos - pel days; To
comes! . . . . In wid - er cir - cles sweet, Each year a - round his feet The
comes! . . . . The hea - then now for - sake Their shrines for Je - sus' sake, Their

Im-man - uel comes!

comes! . . . .

fill the world with praise Immanuel comes!
hap - py lands re-peat "Immanuel comes!" Immanuel comes!
gold - en i -dols break; Immanuel comes!

comes! . . . .

4 His ransomed armies march
'Neath heaven's triumphal arch;
To fill the world with truth
Immanuel comes!
All nations yet shall ring
The bells of peace, and sing
The victories of our King—
Immanuel comes!

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Come to the Saviour To-day.

E. R. LATTA. *Behold, now is the day of salvation.*—2 Cor. 6: 2. C. C. CASE.

1. Come to the Sav-iour to - day! Trusting-ly, lov-ing - ly come; Turn to the Lord while you may,
2. Come to the Sav-iour to - day! List to his dear, lov-ing call; He will not turn you a - way,
3. Come to the Sav-iour to - day! Je - sus invites you to come; Do not a moment de - lay,

Do not in wick-ed-ness roam. Sa - tan will strive to en-tice you, Do not his promis - es heed;
He will ac-cept of you all. Love him and faithfully serve him, As he has giv - en command,
Look toward the heavenly home. Tread not in ways of tempta-tion, Leading to sor-row and sin,

If you are led to be-lieve him, You will be wretched indeed. Come to the Sav - iour,
And he will take you to glo - ry, In his dear presence to stand.
Walk in the way that is nar - row, Quickly the journey begin.

CHORUS.

Oh, come, come to the Sav-iour,

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Rep. pp. after last verse.

Glad his commands to obey, Come to the Sav - iour, Come to the Saviour to - day.

Glad his commands, his commands to obey; Oh, come, Come to the Saviour, come to the Saviour to-day.

Our Father in Heaven.

After this manner, therefore, pray ye.—Matt. 6: 9. H. P. DANKS.

1. Our Father in heaven, We hallow thy name; May thy kingdom ho - ly On earth be the same!
2. Forgive our transgressions, And teach us to know That humble compassion That pardons each foe;

Oh, give to us dai - ly Our por-tion of bread; It is from thy boun - ty That all must be fed.
Keep us from temptation, From weakness and sin; And thine be the glo-ry For-ev - er. A-men.

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Sweetly the Saviour is Calling.

J. R. M. *Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.*—John 6: 37. J. R. M.

Earnestly.

1. Sweet-ly the Sav - iour is call - ing, Is call - ing for thee; Soft on the ear it is
2. Come, for his mer - cy shall fail not, His prom-ise is sure; Foes of thy soul shall pre-

D. C. Sweet-ly the Sav - iour is, etc.

Fine.

fall - ing, "O come, come to me." All that are way-worn and wea - ry,
vail not, His flock is se - cure. O, then, now list to his plead - ing,

D. C.

Come, come and rest; All that are sad and un-cheer - y, Come and be blest.
No more de - lay; He shall sup-ply all your need-ing, Now and for aye.

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P. P. B. *The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.*—Luke 19 : 10. P. P. BLISS.

SEMI CHORUS.

1. Ten-derly the Shepherd, O'er the mountain cold, Goes to bring his lost one Back to the fold.
2. Pa-tiently the own - er Seeks with earnest care, In the dust and darkness Her treasure rare.
3. Loving-ly the Fa-ther Sends the news around: "He once dead now liveth—Once lost is found."

CHORUS.

Seek-ing to save, Seeking to save; Lost one, 'tis Je - sus Seek-ing to save.

Seek - ing to save, Seek - ing to save; Lost one, 'tis Je - sus Seek - ing to save.

By permission.

O Church of Christ.

H. BUTTERWORTH. *Even as Christ is the head of the Church.*—Eph. 5: 23. G. F. R.

1. O Church of Christ, our blest a-bode, Ce - les - tial grace is thine; Thou art the dwell-ing-
2. O Church of Christ, O Church of Christ, I came to thee for rest, And found it more than
3. When-e'er I come to thee in joy, When-e'er I come in tears, Still at the gate called

place of God, The gate of joys di - vine.
earth - ly peace, To be Im - man-uel's guest. Where'er for me the sun may set, Wher-
Beau - ti - ful, My ris - en Lord ap - pears.

ev - er I may dwell, My heart shall nev - er more for-get Thy courts, Im-man - u - el.

From the Cantata, "UNDER THE PALMS," by permission.

We Will Love Jesus.

M. E. SERVOSS. *We love him because he first loved us.*—1 John 4: 19. C. C. CASE.

1. Je - sus loves the lit - tle children, Takes them gen - tly by the hand, Says that in his
2. Je - sus calls the lit - tle children, Sweet - ly calls them to his side, Bids them in his
3. Je - sus bless - es lit - tle children; If they try to do his will, He will bring them

CHORUS.
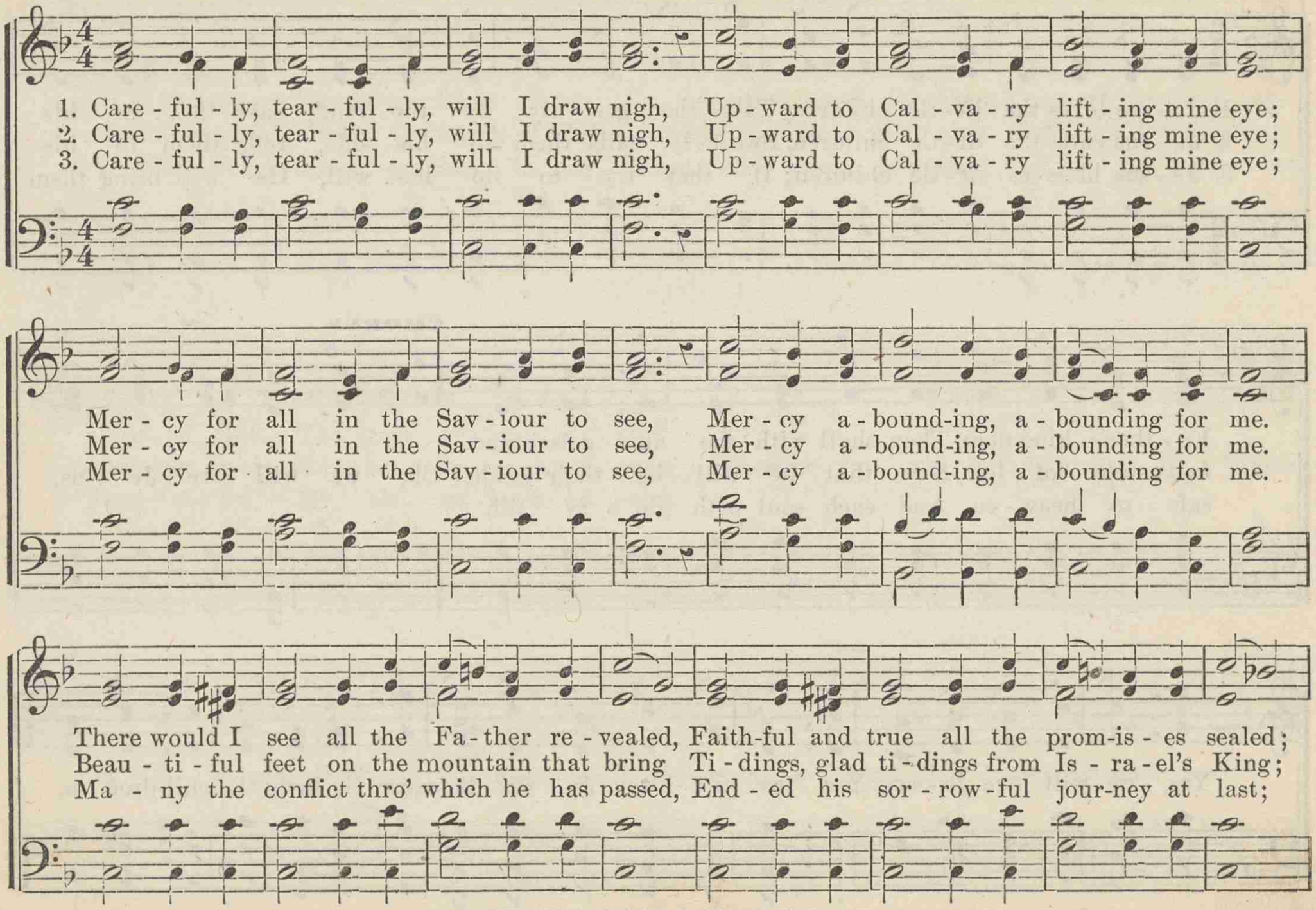
Fa - ther's king-dom They shall with the an - gels stand.
foot - steps fol - low, Says that he will be their guide. Oh, we will love Je - sus,
safe to heav - en, And each soul with glo - ry fill.

Yes, we will love Je - sus, Yes, we will love Je - sus Be-cause he loves the chil-dren so.

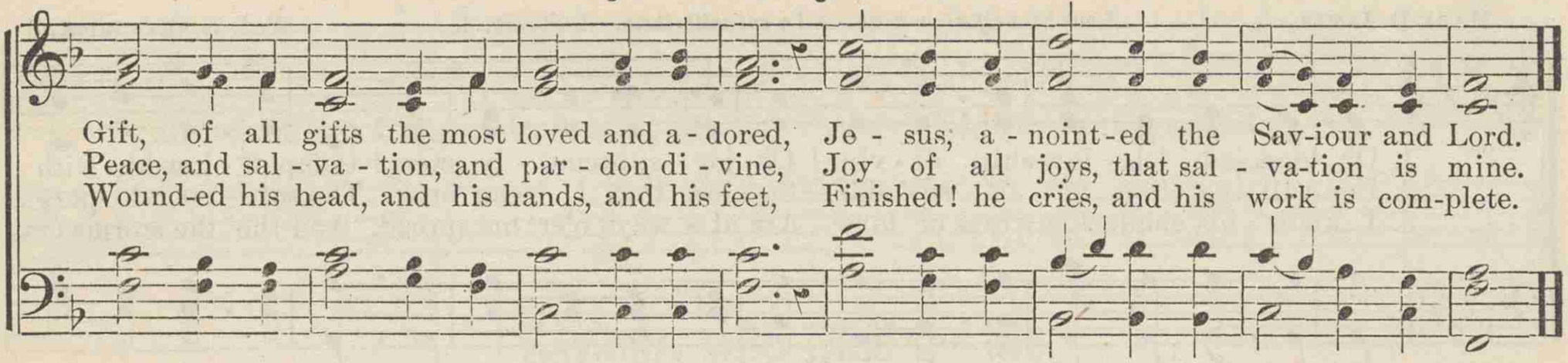
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Carefully, Tearfully.

REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD, D. D. *Looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ.*—Jude 21. P. P. BLISS.

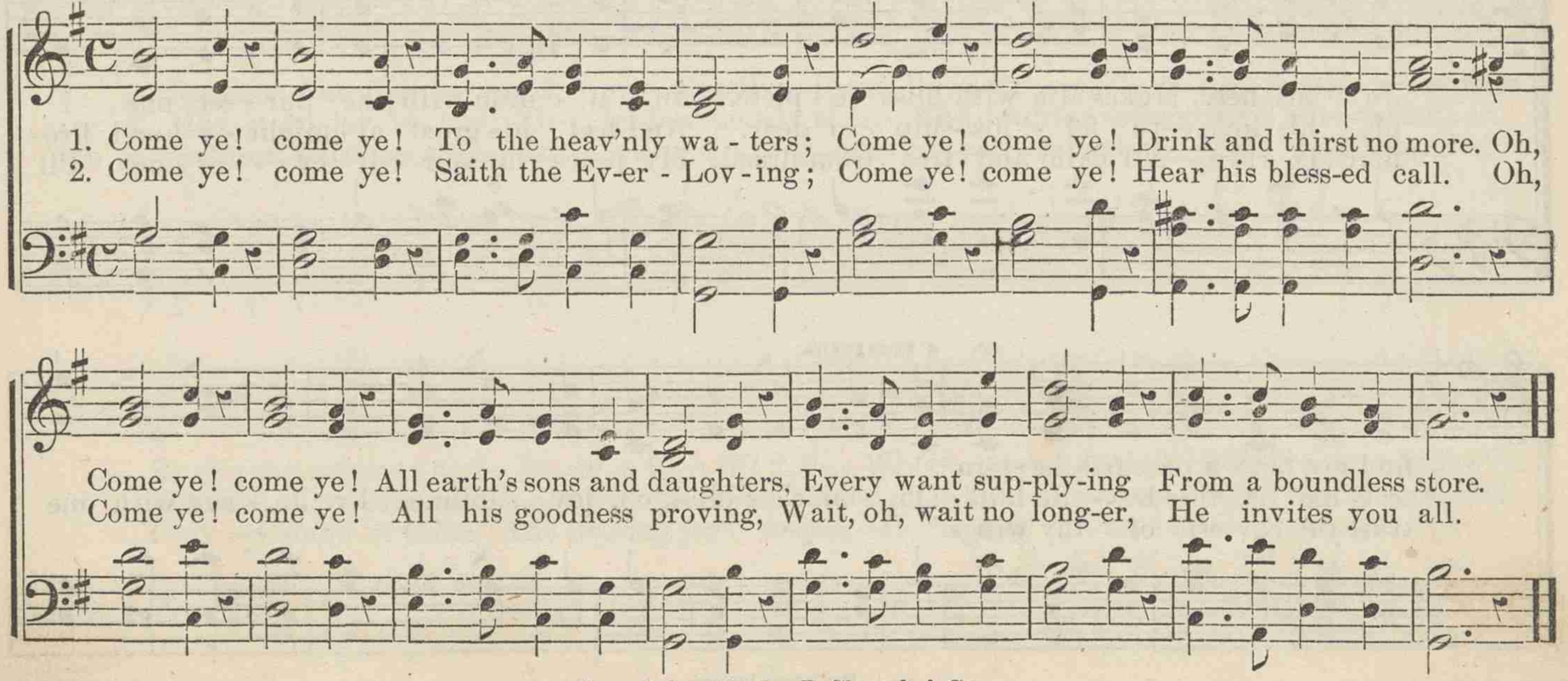


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Come Ye!

J. R. M. *And let him that is athirst come.*—Rev. 22: 17, J. R. M.



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Companionship with Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. *Jesus himself drew near, and went with them.*—Luke 24: 15. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.
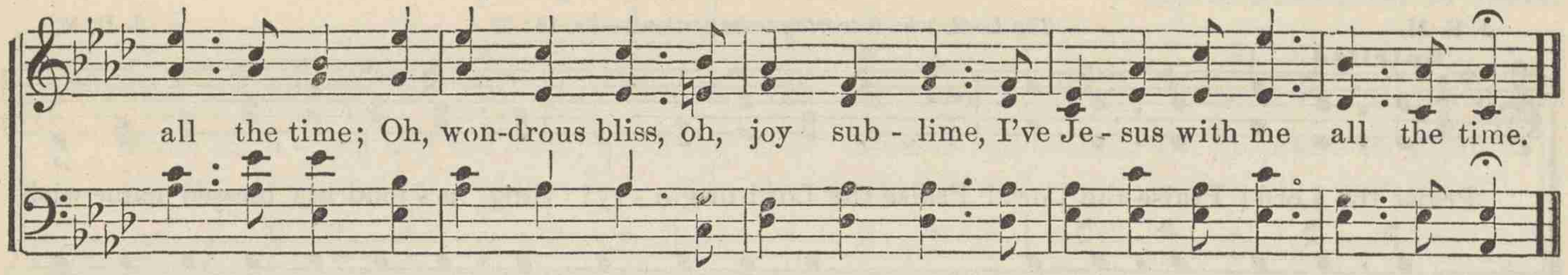
1. Oh, bless-ed fel - low-ship di - vine! Oh, joy supreme - ly sweet! Compan - ionship with
2. I'm walk-ing close to Je - sus' side,—So close that I can hear The soft - est whispers
3. I know his sheltering wings of love Are al - ways o'er me spread, And tho' the storms may

Je - sus here, Makes life with bliss re - plete. In u - nion with the pur - est one I
of his love,—In fel - low-ship so dear. And feel his great al - might - y hand Pro-
fierce-ly rage,—All calm and free from dread, My peace - ful spir - it ev - er sings "I'll

CHORUS.
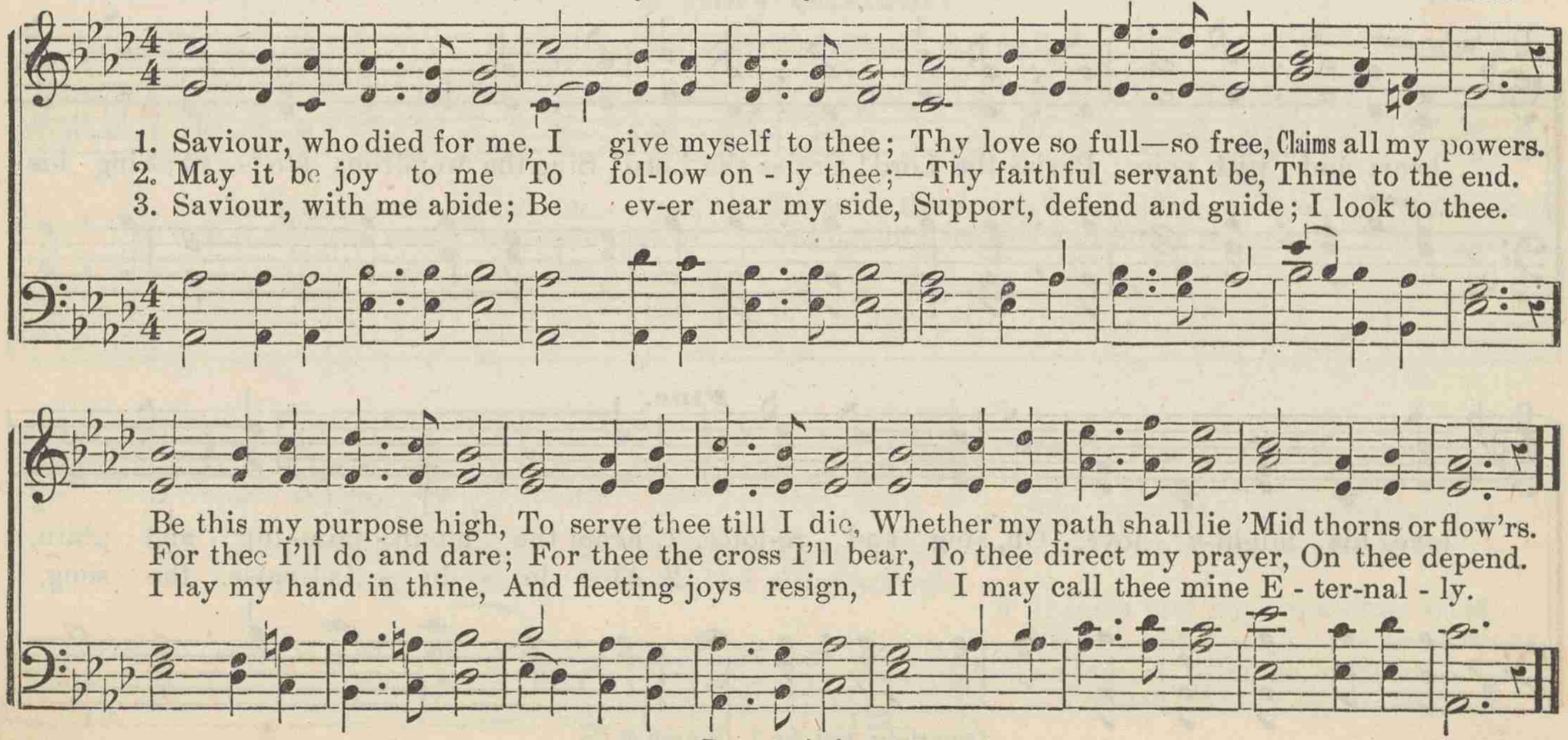
find my heav'n on earth be - gun.
tects me in this hos - tile land. Oh, wondrous bliss, oh, joy sublime, I've Je - sus with me
trust the cov-ert of thy wings."

By permission.



Saviour, who Died for Me.

Miss M. J. MASON. *Lo, we have left all and have followed thee.*—Mark 10: 28. W. F. SHERWIN.



By permission.

Praise the Lord of Glory.

J. R. M. *The Lord, who is worthy to be praised.*—Ps. 18: 3. J. R. M.

Spirited.

Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord of glo - ry! Sing a - loud his blessed name with

heart and with voice; Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Sing the wondrous sto - ry; Sing his

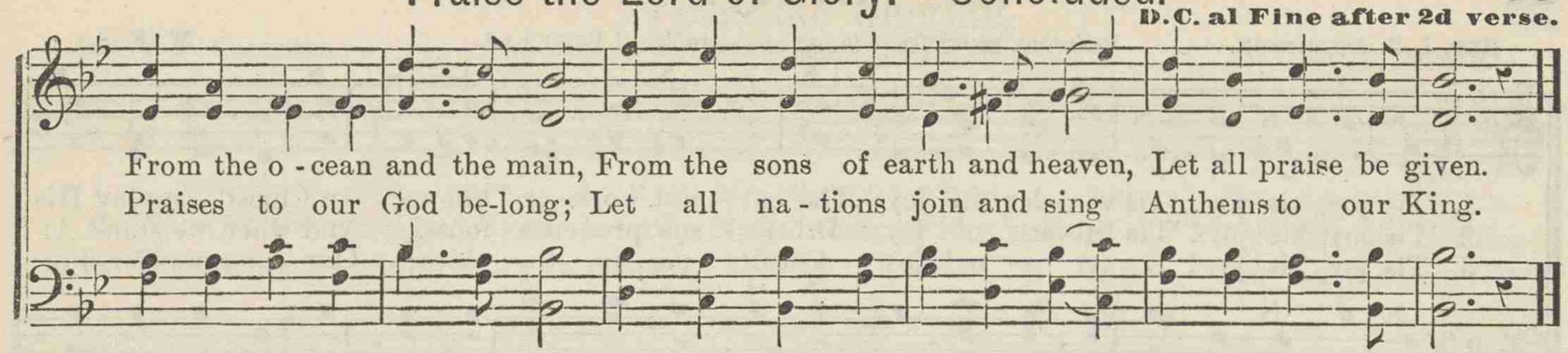
Fine.

love, his might-y love, Oh, sing and re-joice. 1. From the moun - tain - top and plain,
2. Al - le - lu - ia! raise the song,

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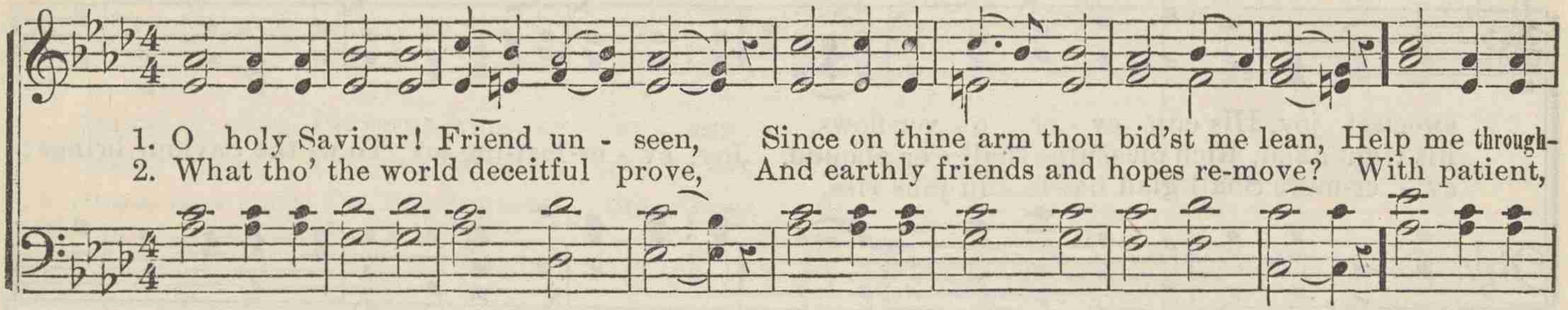
Praise the Lord of Glory. Concluded.
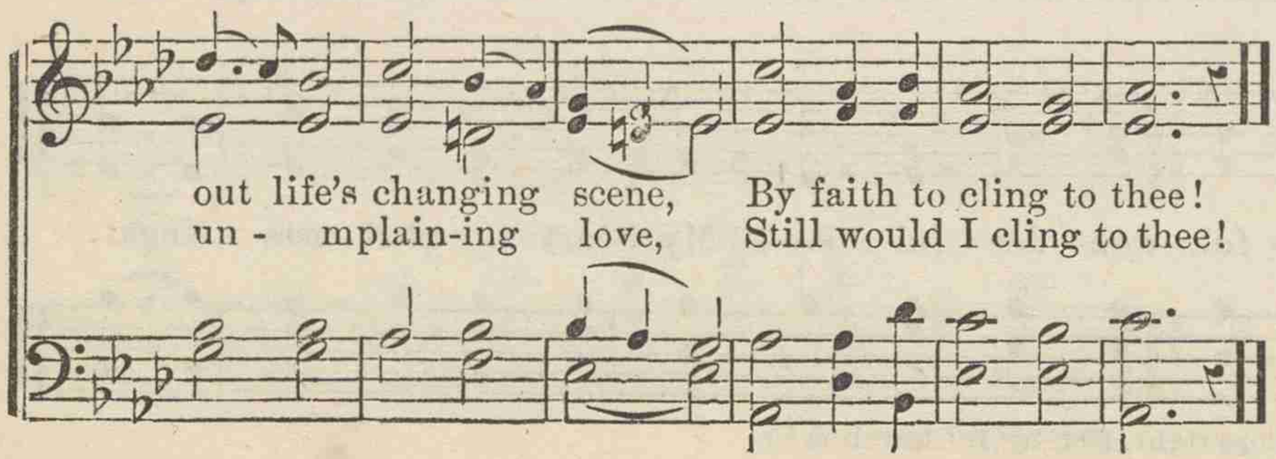
D.C. al Fine after 2d verse.



O Holy Saviour.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. *Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.*—Ps. 119: 117. FLEMMING.





3 If e'er I seem to tread alone
Life's weary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love in gentlest tone
Still whispers, "cling to me!"

4 If faith and hope are often tried,
I'll ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!

'Tis Joy!

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. *Believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable.*—1 Peter 1 : 8. W. F. S.

1. 'Tis joy, 'tis joy! 'Tis won-der-ful joy The ear-nest work-er knows; In Christ's employ His
2. 'Tis joy, 'tis joy! 'Tis ful-ness of joy In Je-sus' pres-ence found, And when we stand At
3. 'Tis joy, 'tis joy! E-ter-nal joy A-waits us in the skies; Our sor-rows o'er, For

REFRAIN.

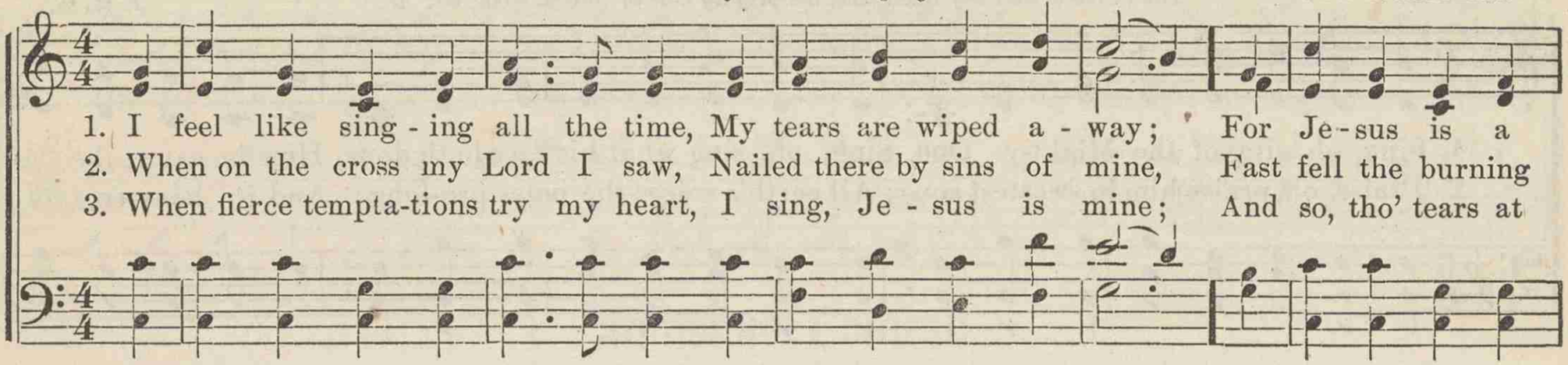
sweetest joy, His cup ev-er o-ver-flows.
his right hand, Rich pleasures shall e'er abound. Joy, ev-er-last-ing joy To us the Saviour brings;
ev-er-more Shall glad hal-le-lu-jahs rise.

Oh! won-der-ful, won-der-ful, won-der-ful joy! My heart for glad-ness sings.

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I Feel Like Singing.

REV. E. P. HAMMOND. *Then was our mouth filled with singing.*—Ps. 126 : 2. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



4 The wondrous story of the Lamb
Tell with that voice of thine,
Till others, with the glad new song,
Go singing all the time.
CHO. Go singing, etc.

By permission.

Sing, oh, Sing of the Mighty One.

J. R. M. *Thy Saviour and thy Redeemer, the Mighty One of Jacob.*—Isa. 60: 16. J. R. M.
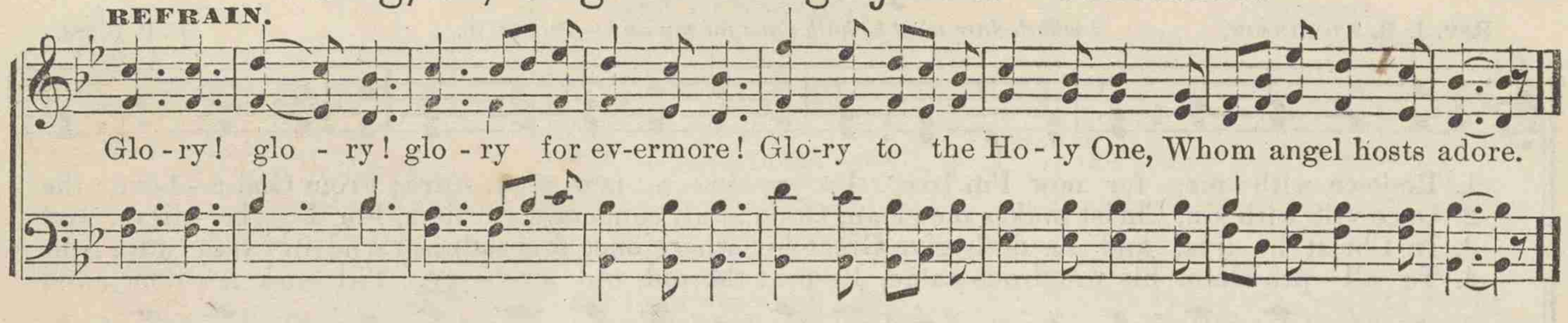
1. Sing, oh, sing of the Might-y One, Sing, oh, sing what his love hath done, How he came, the Be-
2. Praise, oh, praise him in sweetest song; All earth's voices the notes pro-long; And in heav-en, its

lov - ed One, Our guide and guard to be; Long we wandered in darksome night, Long enchained by its
choirs among Let gladdest strains a-bound. Eyes once blind-ed with sin now see, Hearts once sin-bound, no

fet - ters tight; Lo! he came and then all was light, Was light, and our souls were free!
more shall be; This the Sav - iour has done for me, He came, he sought, he found.

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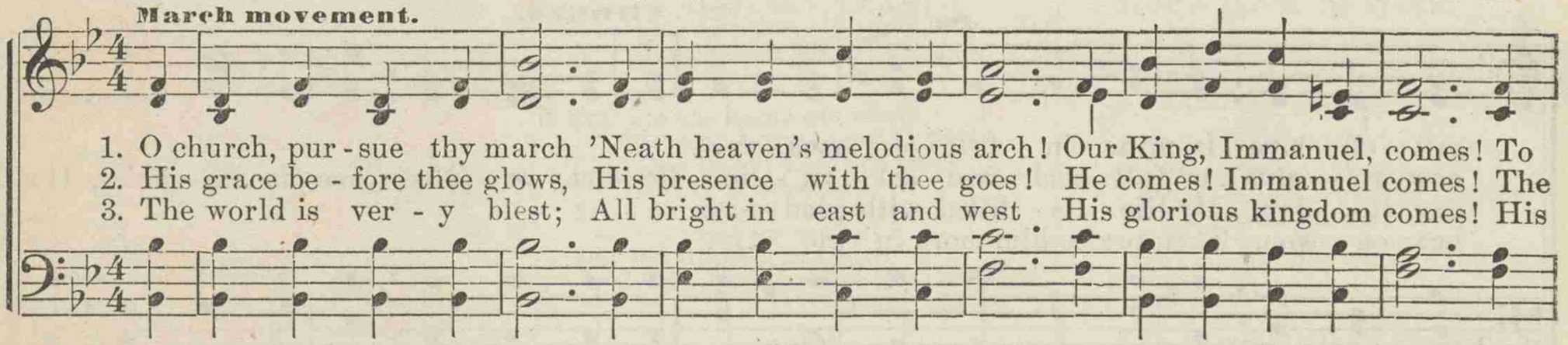
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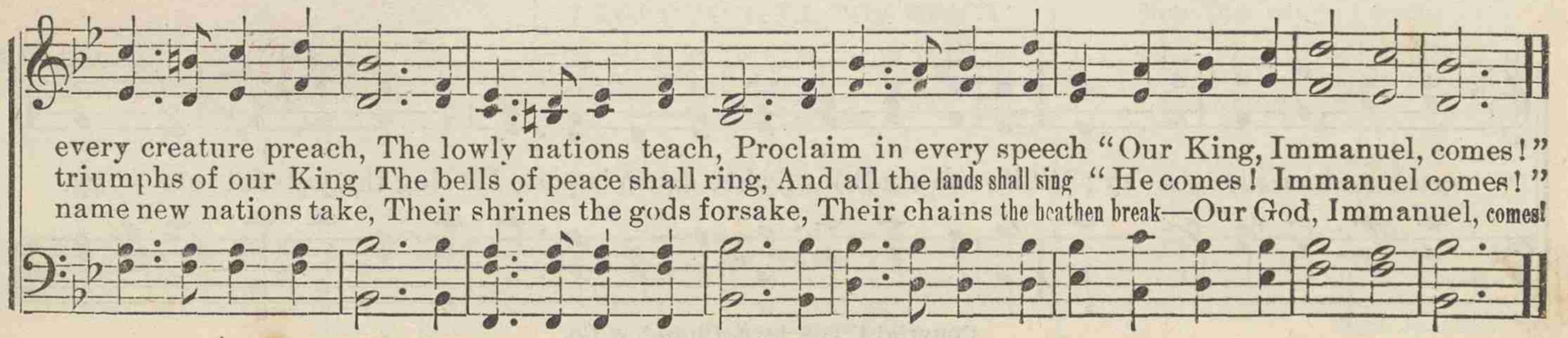


Immanuel Comes!

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. *Behold thy king cometh unto thee.*—Matt. 21: 5. G. F. R.

March movement.





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Rejoice with Me.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. *I will declare what he hath done for my soul.*—Ps. 66: 16. P. P. BLISS.

1. Re-joice with me, for now I'm free, I joy in a new pleas - ure; From God a - bove, the
2. Once vile with sin, Christ makes me clean, Gone is all condemna - tion; For I be - lieve, and
3. In Christ I live, and he doth give Great joy where once was sadness; And in this way, from
4. To all pro-claim his wondrous name, Re-peat the old, old sto - ry, Till work is done, and
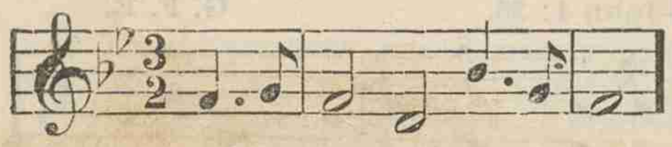
CHORUS.

gift of love Is mine in full - est mea - sure.
now re - ceive A full and free sal - va - tion. Re-joice, re - joice, Christ is my choice, His
day to day, My life is filled with glad - ness.
heav-en won, Then praise him more in glo - ry.

cross a - lone my glo - ry; While life shall last, when death is past, I'll sing the joy - ful sto - ry.

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TOPLADY.
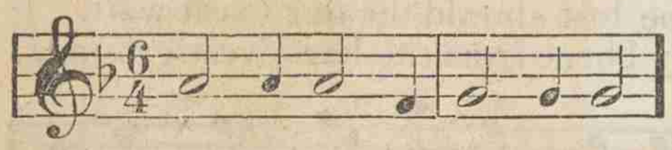


1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure—
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

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

Rev. A. M. Toplady.

MARTYN.
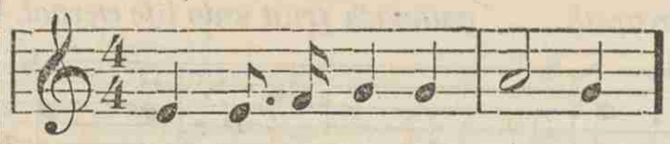


1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

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

Rev. C. Wesley.

OLD, OLD STORY.



1 Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love;
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

CHORUS:

Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

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

Kate Hankey.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.



1 I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know 't is true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else can do.
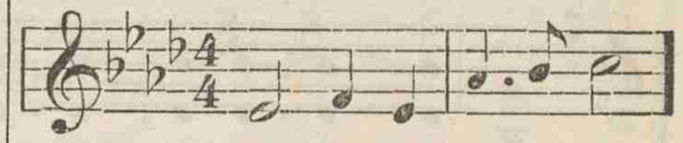
CHORUS:

I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'T will be the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.

Kate Hankey.

MORE LOVE TO THEE.



1 More love to thee, O Christ,
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea:
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

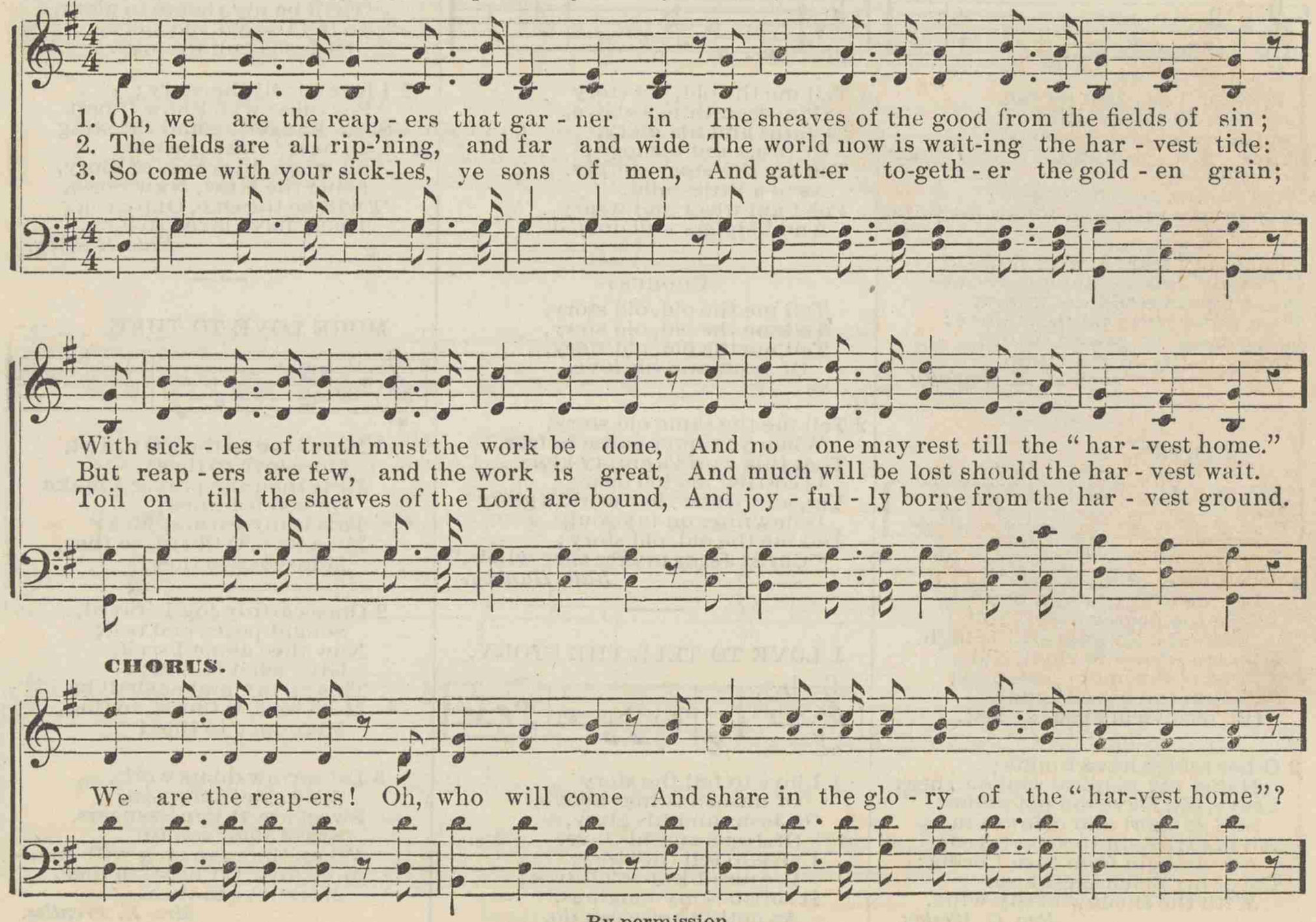
2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain,
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!
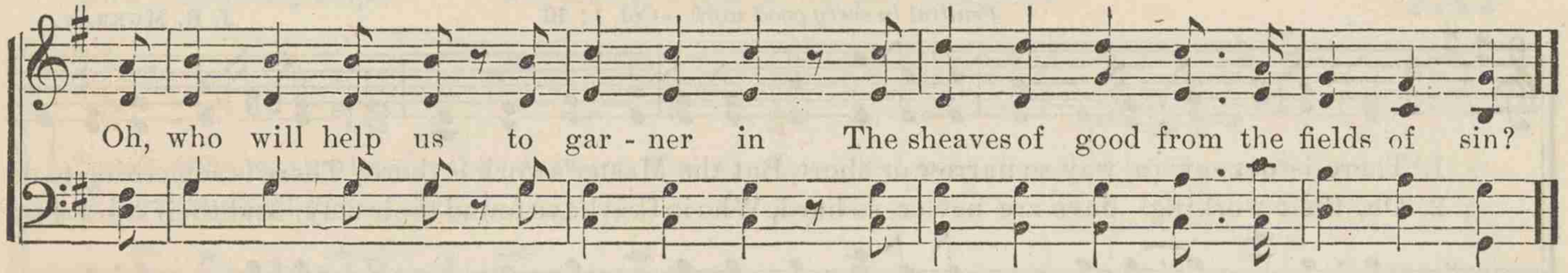
Mrs. E. Prentiss.

The Song of the Reapers.

E. E. R. *And he that reapeth . . . gathereth fruit unto life eternal.*—John 4: 36. G. F. R.

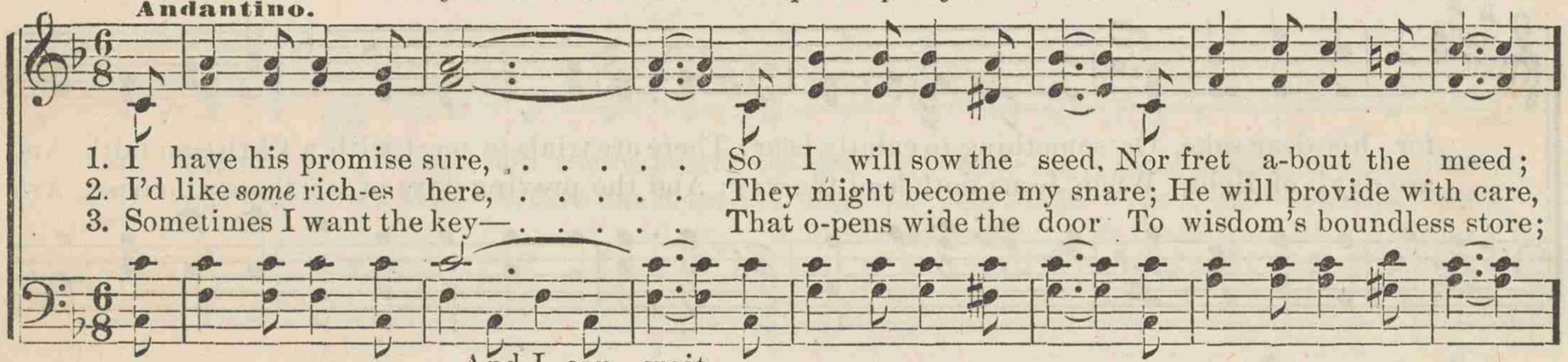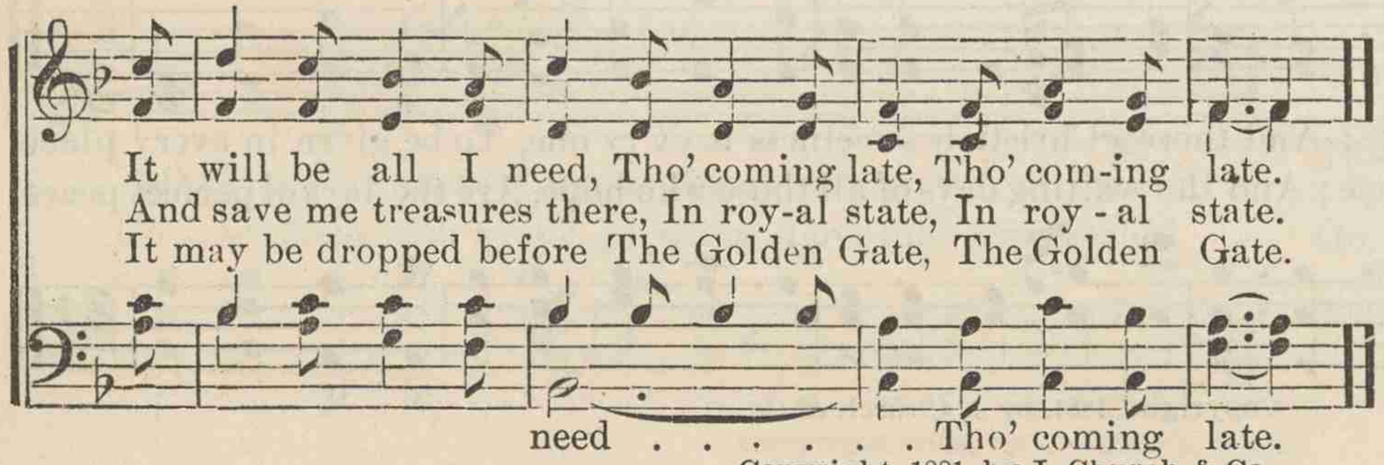


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I Can Wait.

* * * * *It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait.*—Lam. 3: 26. G. F. R.





4 I have his promise sure,
And I can wait.
I shall forget all wrong,
In the eternal years so long,
And he shall hear my song,
While there I wait.

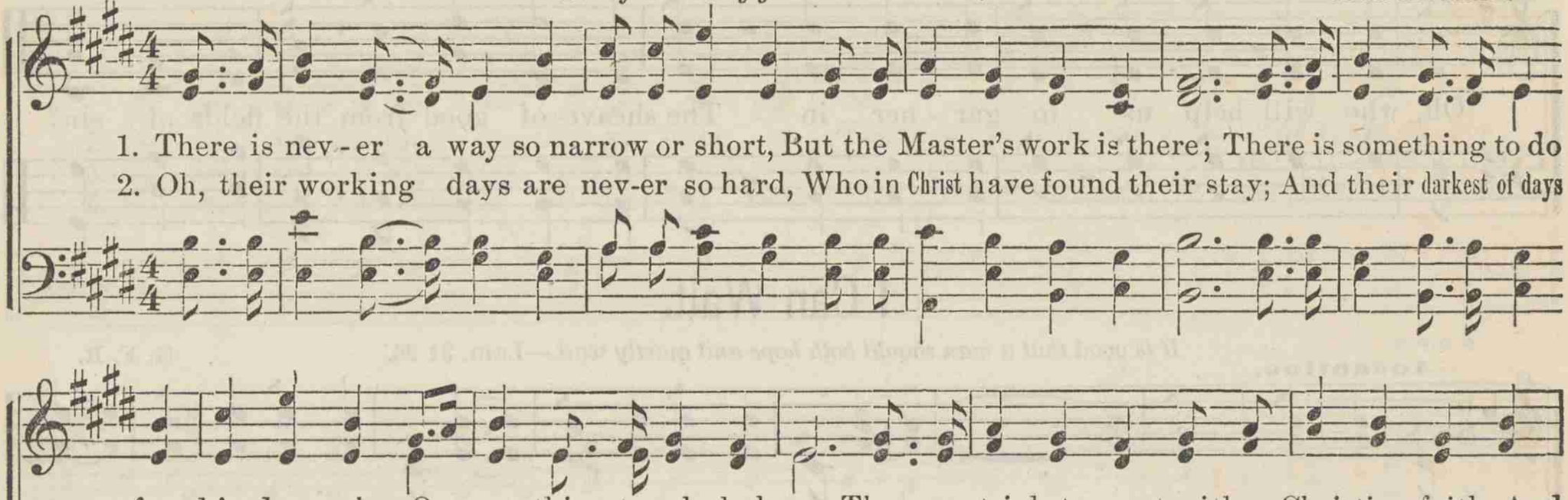
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In His Vineyard.

* * * *

Fruitful in every good work.—Col. 1; 10.
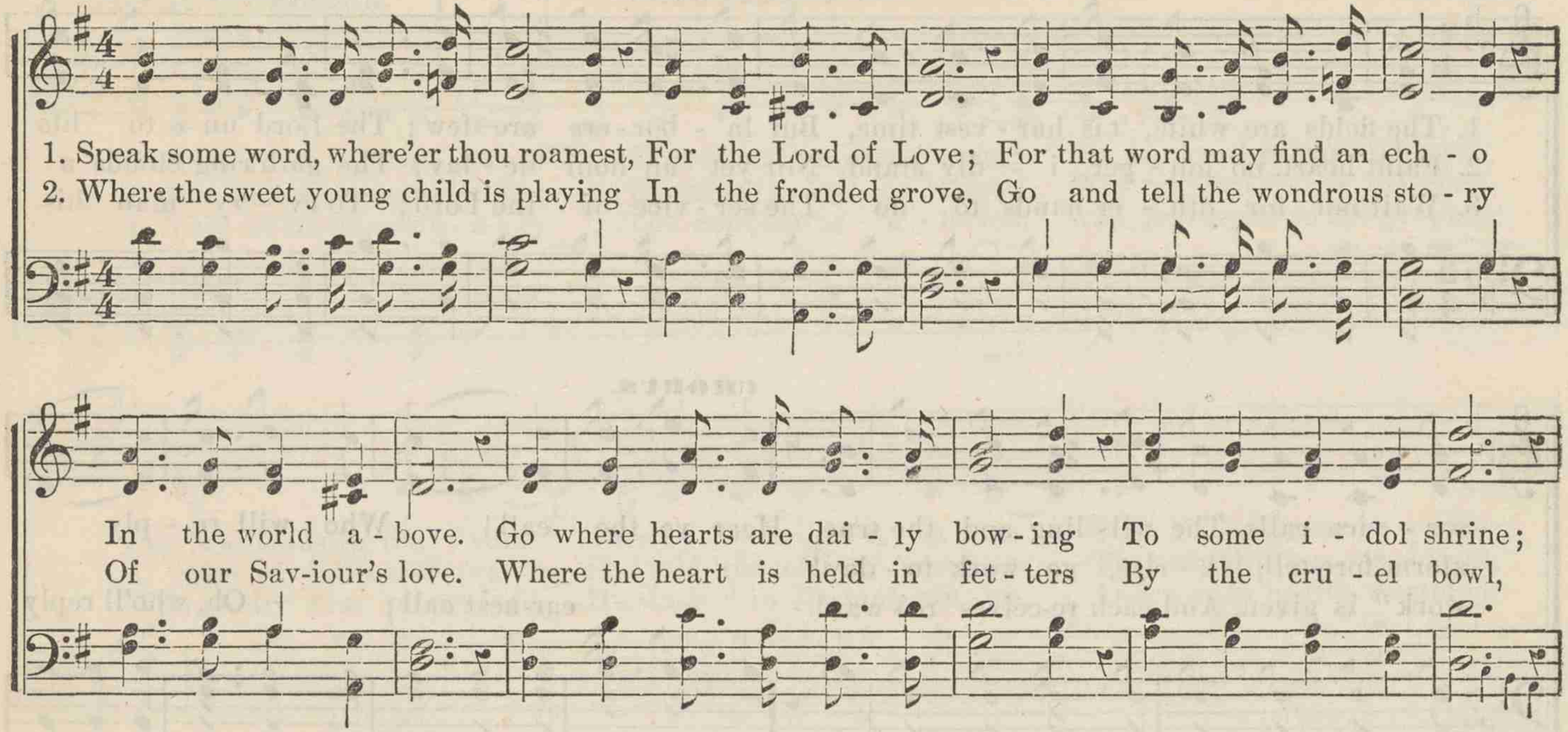
J. R. MURRAY.

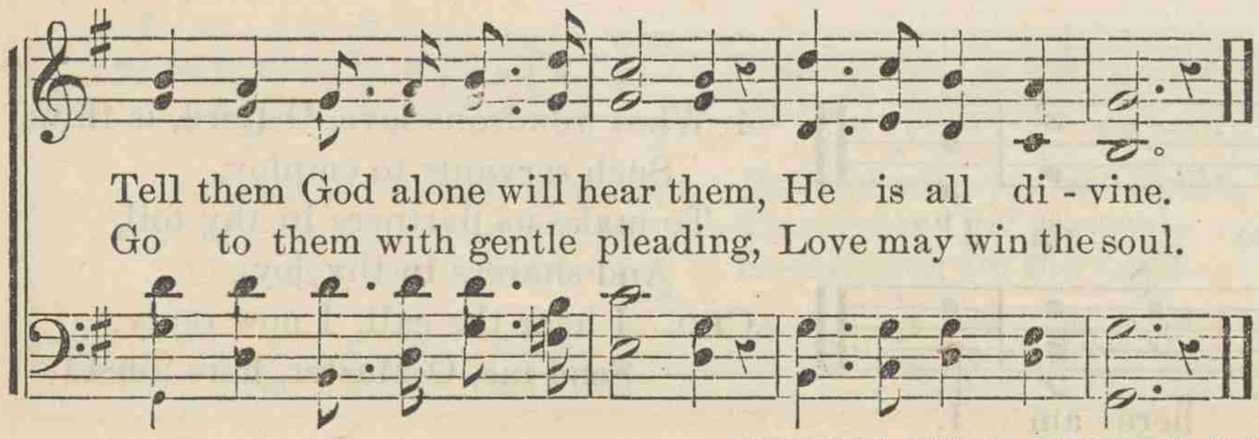


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Go Work in my Vineyard.

From "Missionary Helper." *Why stand ye here all the day idle?*—Matt. 20: 6. J. R. M.



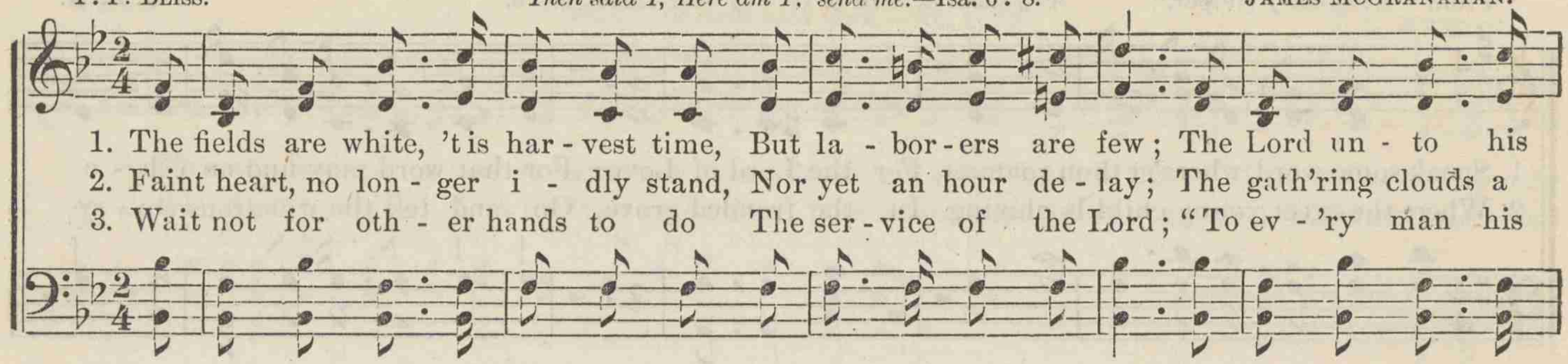


3 Where the skeptic--bold and scornful,
Makes his wily plea,
There they need to learn of Jesus—
There is work for thee!
Go, then, work as Christ shall bid thee,
Wait not till the night;
Though the prospect may be gloomy,
Christ shall give thee light!

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Who Will Reply?

P. P. BLISS. *Then said I, Here am I: send me.*—Isa. 6 : 8. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

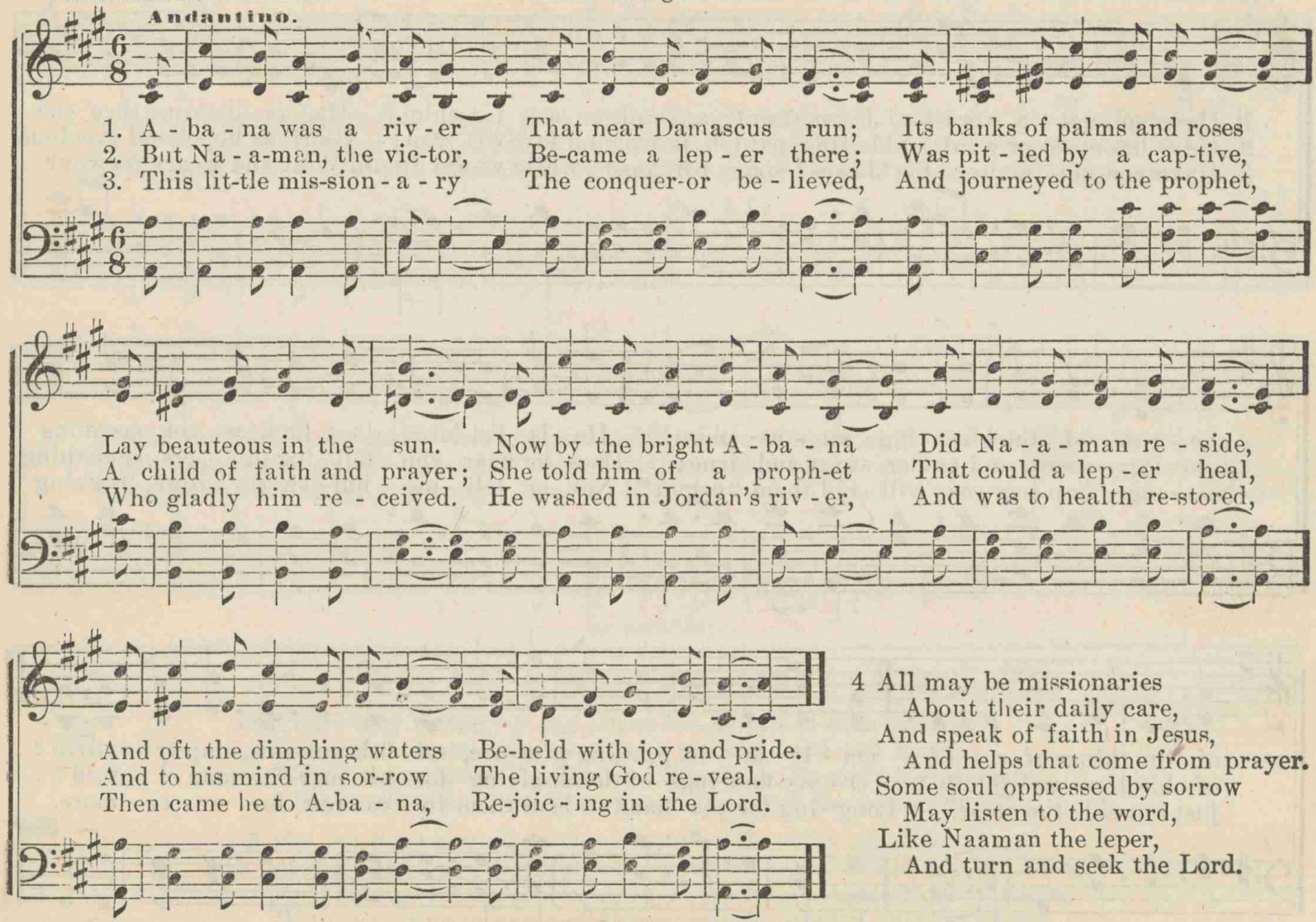


4 What wondrous love, O Lord, is thine,
Such servants to employ,
To make us partners in thy toil,
And sharers in thy joy.
CHO. I hear the call, I now reply,
Send me, O Master, here am I!

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The Little Missionary.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. Read 2 Kings 5: 1—14. G. F. R.



4 All may be missionaries
About their daily care,
And speak of faith in Jesus,
And helps that come from prayer.
Some soul oppressed by sorrow
May listen to the word,
Like Naaman the leper,
And turn and seek the Lord.

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Have You not a Word for Jesus?

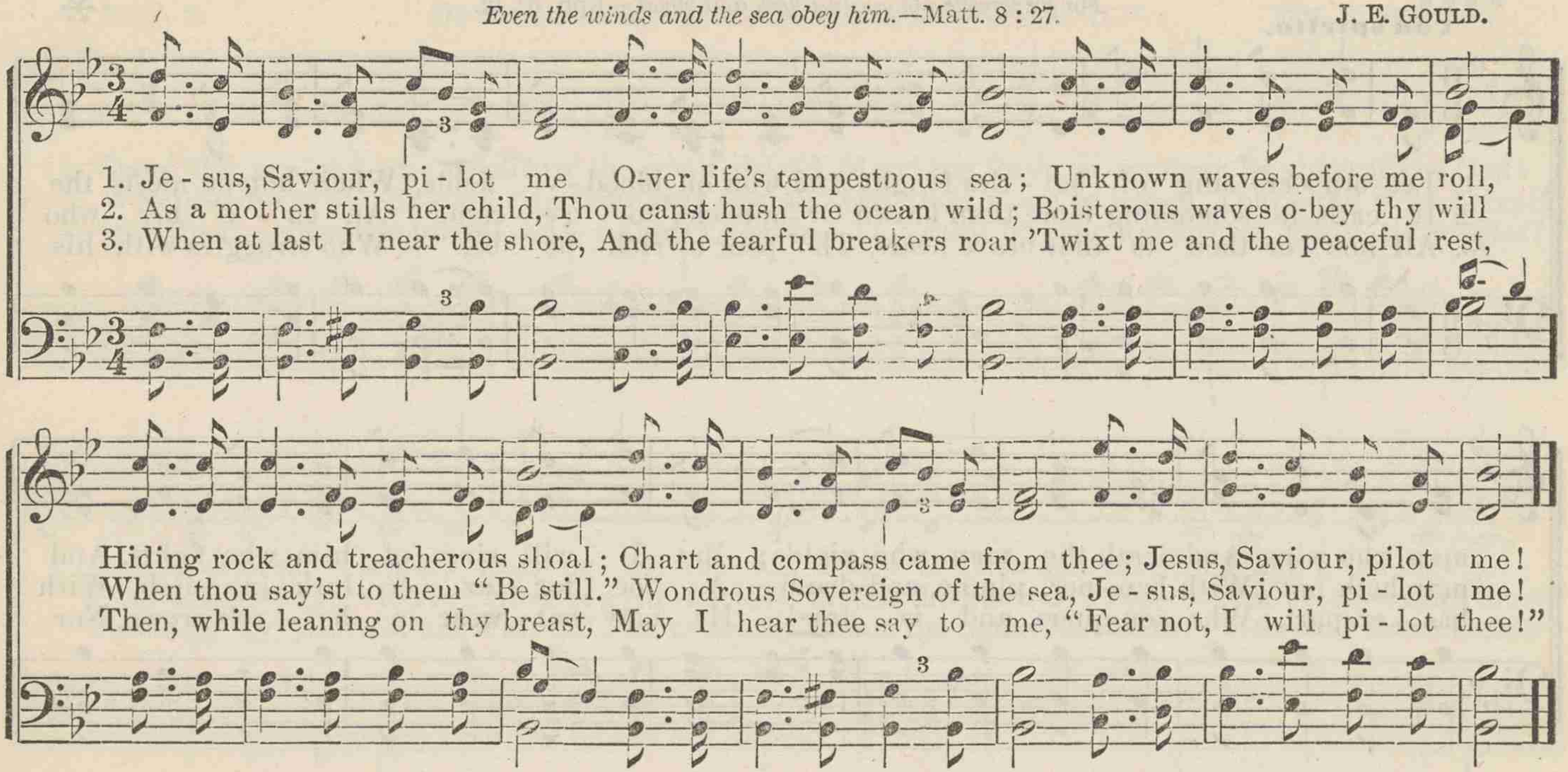
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. *Tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee.*—Mark 5 : 19. W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Have you not a word for Je-sus? not a word to say for him? He is list'ning thro' the cho-rus of the burn-ing ser-a-phim! He is list-'ning! does he hear you speaking of the things of earth? On-ly of its pass-ing pleasure, sel-fish sor-row, emp-ty mirth?
2. He has spok-en words of blessing, pardon, peace, and love to you; Glorious hopes and gracious com-fort—strong and tender, sweet and true; Does he hear you tell-ing oth-ers something of his love un-told? O-ver-flow-ings of thanksgiving for his mer-cies man-i-fold?
3. Have you not a word for Je-sus? some, perchance, while ye are dumb, Wait and weary for your mes-sage, hop-ing *you* will bid them "come;" Nev-er tell-ing hid-den sor-rows, ling'ring just out-side the door, Long-ing for *your* hand to lead them in-to rest for ev-er-more.

By permission.

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me!

Even the winds and the sea obey him.—Matt. 8 : 27. J. E. GOULD.



By permission.

Have You Not a Word for Jesus? Concluded.

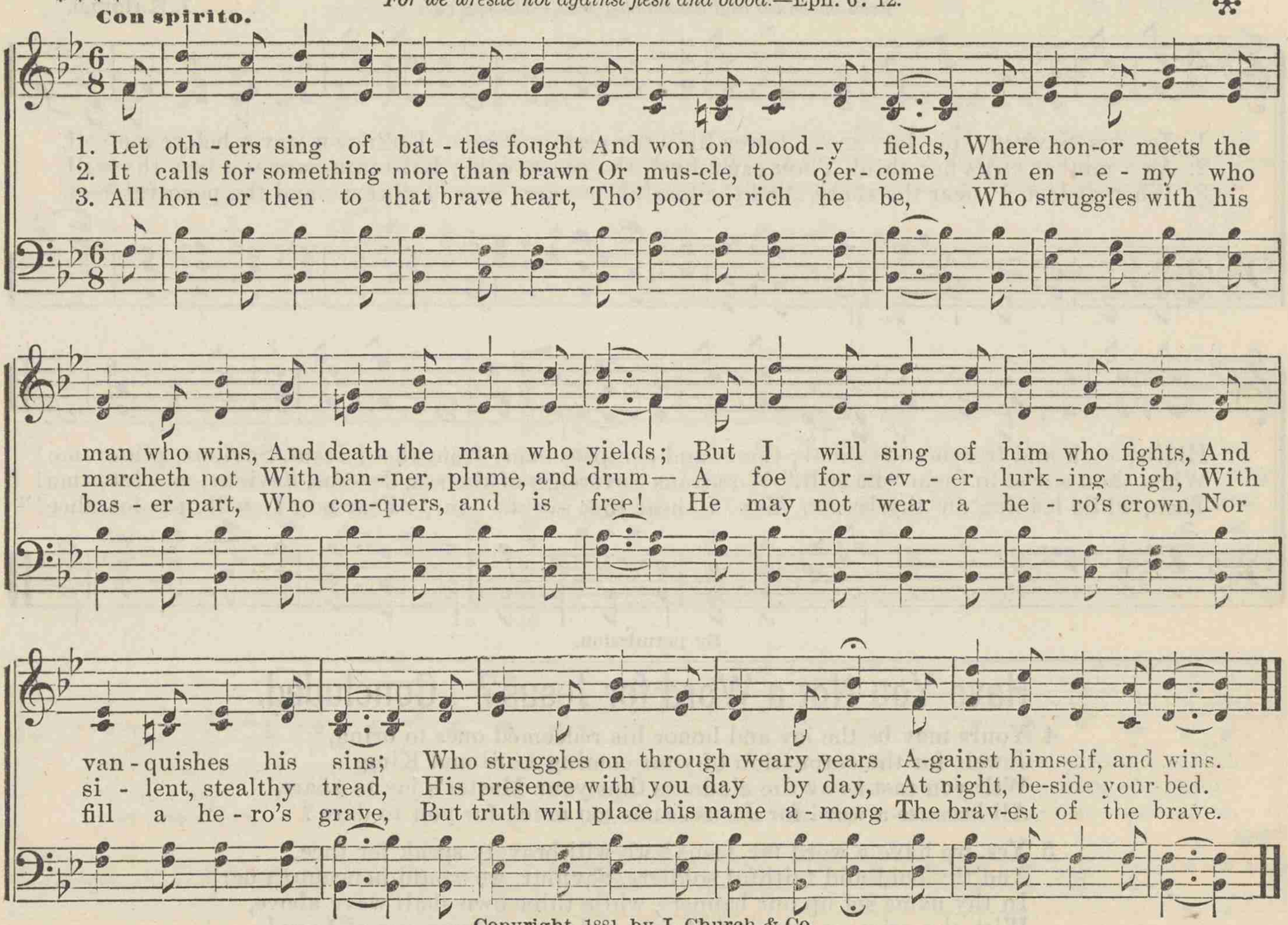
4 Yours may be the joy and honor his redeeméd ones to bring,
Jewels for the coronation of your coming Lord and King.
Will you cast away the gladness thus your Master's joy to share,
All because a word for Jesus seems too much for you to dare?

5 Yes, we have a word for Jesus! we will bravely speak for thee,
And thy bold and faithful soldiers, Saviour, we would henceforth be:
In thy name set up our banners, while thine own shall wave above,
With thy crimson name of Mercy, and thy golden name of Love!

The Hero that I Sing.

* * * *

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood.—Eph. 6: 12.



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Speed the Gospel Army. 75

W. F. S. *The sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.*—Eph. 6 : 17. WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Speed the gos - pel ar - my Thro' the earth abroad, Marching forth to conquer By the word of God!
2. When the hosts of Sa - tan In their rage as-sail, Tho' their name be legion, They shall ne'er prevail.
3. On, then, gal-lant soldiers! And, whate'er be-tide, This shall be your watchword, *Christ, the crucified!*

Clad in Christian armor, Fear-ing not the foe, Songs of faith and courage, Singing as they go.
God will give the vic-t'ry; None can suf - fer loss 'Neath the glorious banner Of the blood-stained cross!
Standing by your col-ors, Faithful un-to death, Shout the name *Emmanuel!* With your latest breath.

CHORUS.

Speed the gos-pel ar - my Thro' the earth a-broad, Marching on to conquer By the word of God!

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There is no Night There.

G. F. R. *And the Lamb is the light thereof.*—Rev. 21 : 23. G. F. R.

Joyfully.

1. Oh, the hills are sweet and the wa - ters clear, And the meadows green thro' the whole glad year;
2. On the shin - ing waves of the crys - tal sea, Ev - er rests the light in its pur - i - ty,
3. Yes, a - bove all heav'n, on his glo-rious throne, Does the Lamb of God send his radiance down,

And a - bove them all is a ra - diance rare From the Sun of heav'n: there is no night there.
And the streets and spires of the cit - y fair In its splen-dor glow! there is no night there.
And the an - gel bands in the gold - en air, Breathe eter - nal joy: there is no night there.
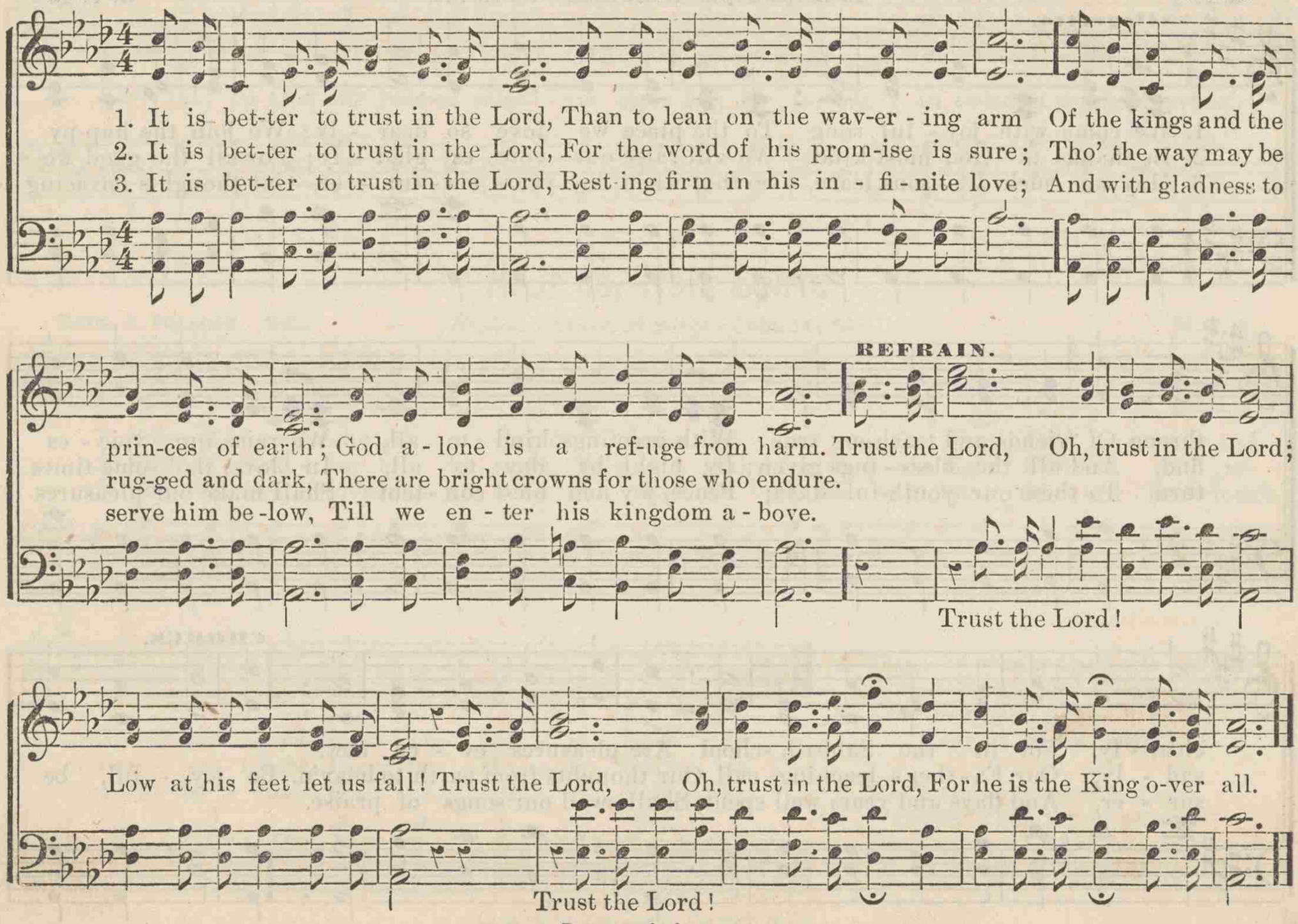
CHORUS.

There is no night there, There is no night there, For the Lamb is the light, And there's no night there.

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Trust in the Lord.

W. F. S. *It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes.*—Ps. 118 : 9. W. F. S.



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We Come with Joyful Song.
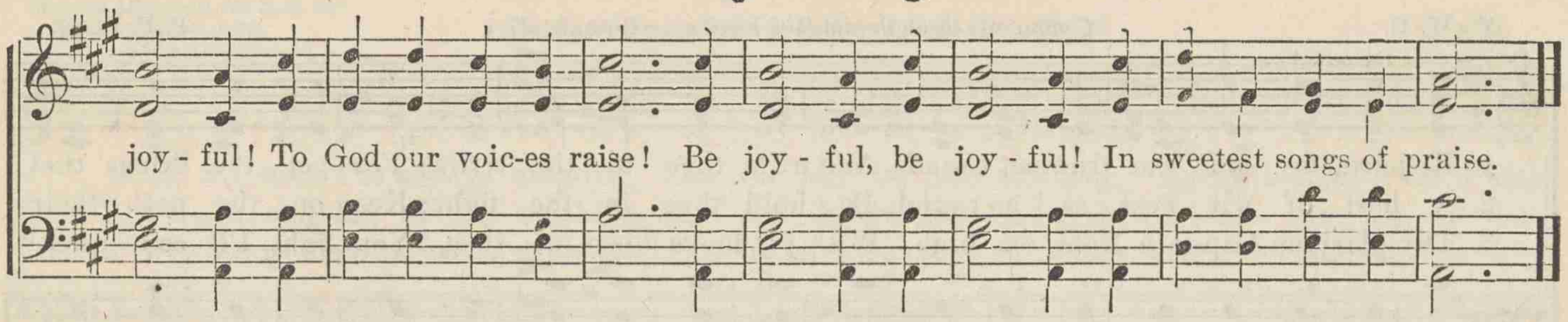
R. F. G. *In the courts of the Lord's house.*—Ps. 116 : 19. G. F. R.

Allegretto.

1. We come with joy - ful song To the place we love so dear - ly; We join the hap-py throng Of friends and teach-ers true; With greetings kind to all, We raise our voic - es clear - ly, For in the Sabbath school Are pleasures ev - er new.
2. In thanks to God most kind We will raise our voic - es glad - ly; For all the good we find, And all the bless - ings given; By night, by day to all, In love, tho' some-times sad - ly, Our Fa - ther's teachings call Our thoughts from earth to heav'n. Be joy - ful, be
3. May we such les - sons learn, So that when in years ma - tur - er, Our thoughts retracing turn To these our youth-ful days; Peace, joy and blest con - tent Shall make our pleasures sur - er, And days and years well spent, Shall swell our songs of praise.

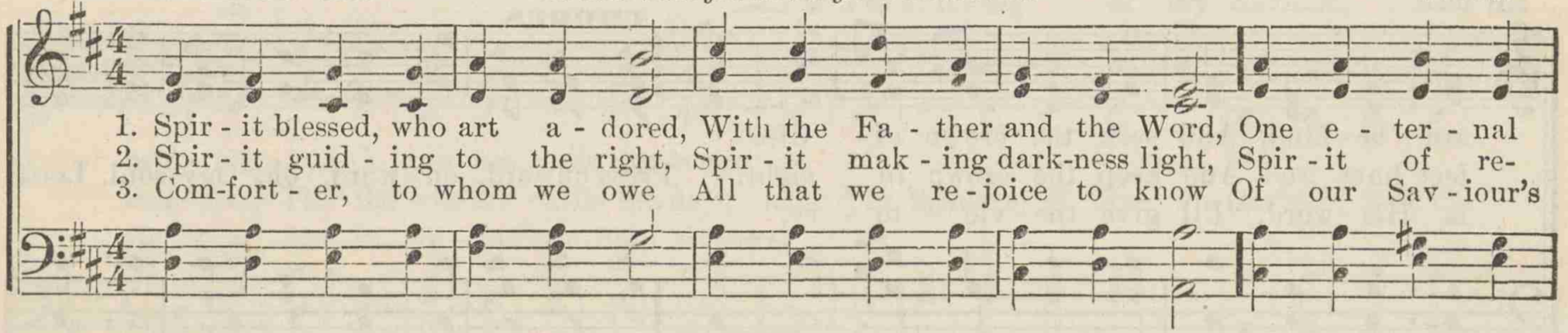
CHORUS.
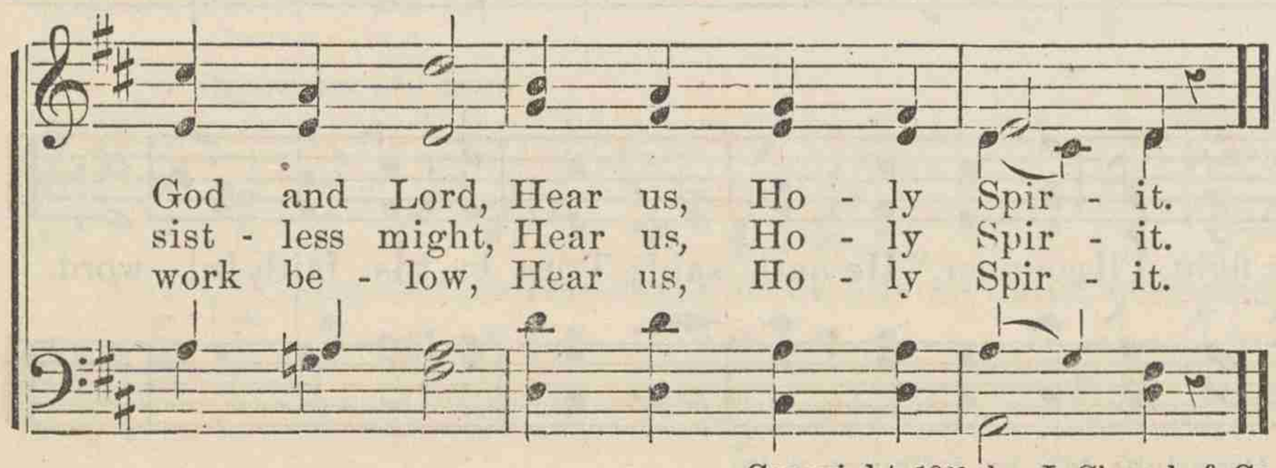
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Hear us, Holy Spirit.

THOS. B. POLLOCK. 1868. *He shall teach you all things.*—John 14: 26. W. F. S.





4 Thou, by whom our souls are fed
With the true and living bread—
Even him who for us bled,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

5 Spirit showing us the way,
Warning when we go astray,
Pleading in us when we pray,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

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The Heavenly Race.

W. W. D. *Conquerors through him that loved us.*—Rom. 8 : 37. P. P. BLISS.

1. Re-joice, my soul, the trumpet sounds, And calls thee to the strife; For-get the things that
2. A host of wit-ness-es a-round, Be-hold thee in the fight; Keep on the path their
3. Thy glorious Cap-tain from on high, With joy looks down on thee, "You fight, I'll con-quer,"

CHORUS.

are be-hind, And seek the crown of life.
feet have trod, And keep the crown in sight. Press onward, on-ward, oh, my soul, Look
is His word, "I'll give the vic-to-ry."

up to Christ, thy Lord—"You fight, I'll conquer," He hath said; Trust in his faith-ful word.

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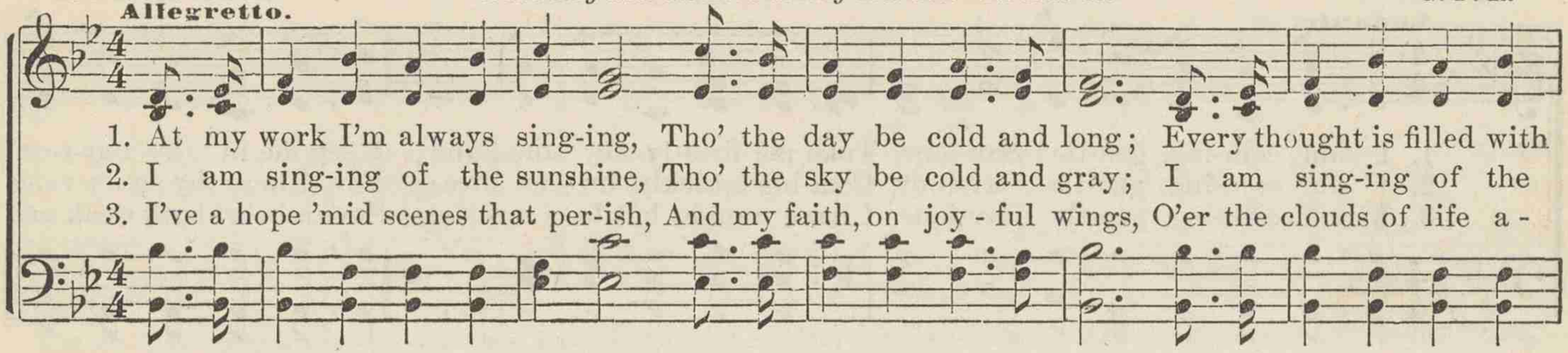
Why I Sing.

Words adapted for S. S. by
H. BUTTERWORTH.

I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live.—Ps. 104: 33.

G. F. R.

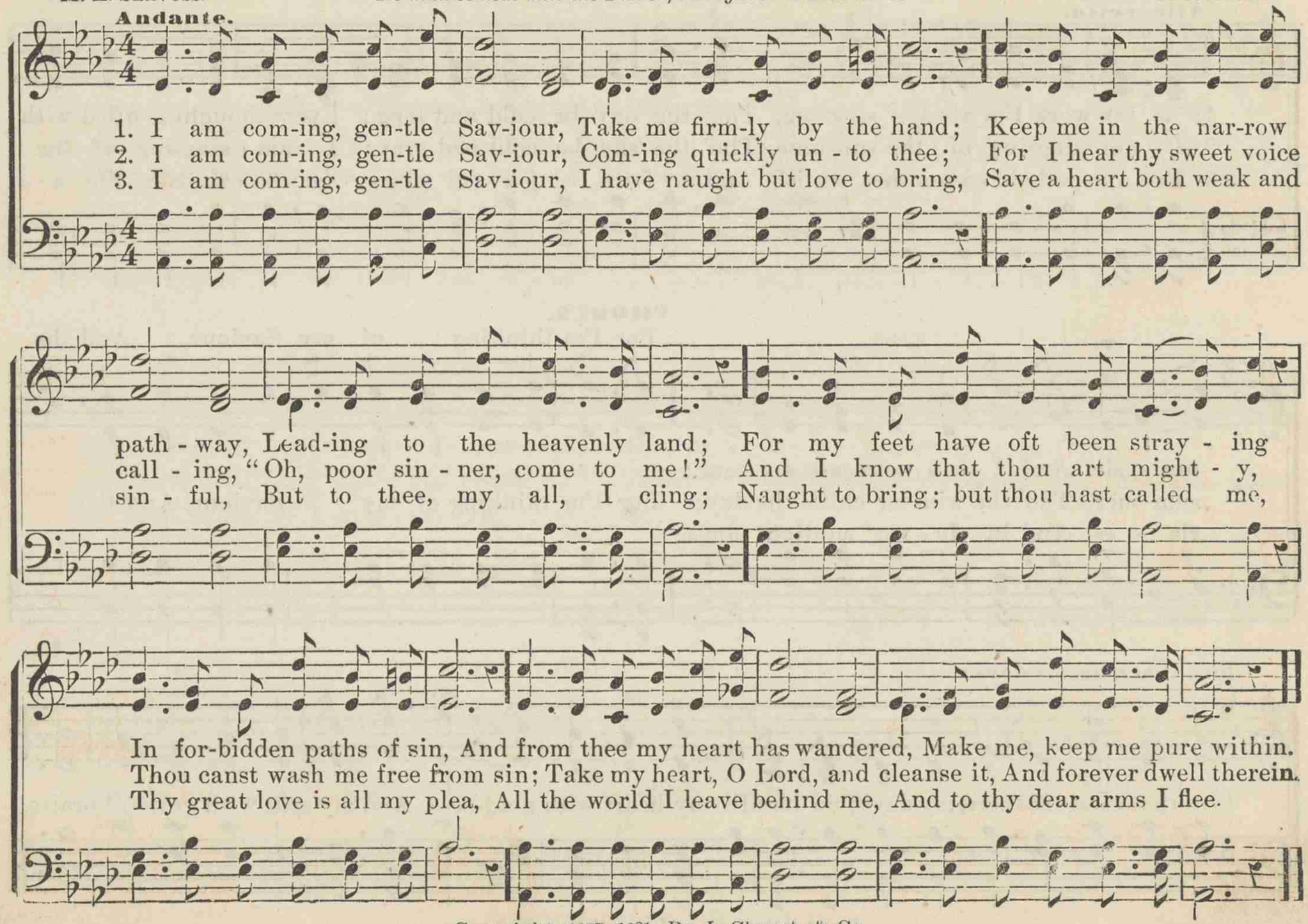
Allegretto.



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I am Coming, Gentle Saviour.

M. E. SERVOSS. *No man cometh unto the Father, but by me.*—John 14: 6. C. C. CASE.



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God our Refuge.

W. F. S. *My God is the rock of my refuge.*—Ps. 94: 22. W. F. S.

1. Come now with joy and sing-ing, Loud hal - le - lu - jahs ring-ing, Our grateful tribute bringing
2. When to this Ref-uge fly - ing, Turn sin-ners, helpless, dy - ing, On Christ a - lone re - ly - ing,

CHO.—*We sing with ex - ult - a - tion, Lord, God of our sal - va - tion; Thou art our sure founda - tion,*

Fine.

To our Al-might-y Friend; Off'ring, with pur-est pleas-ure, To him the heart's full treasure, Whose
No harm can reach them there; When floods of grief are dashing, And waves of sor-row plashing, Light

Our Ref - uge ev - er - more.

D. C. Cho.

love no thought can meas-ure, Whose praise shall nev-er end.
to the soul comes flashing—God's smile through dark despair.

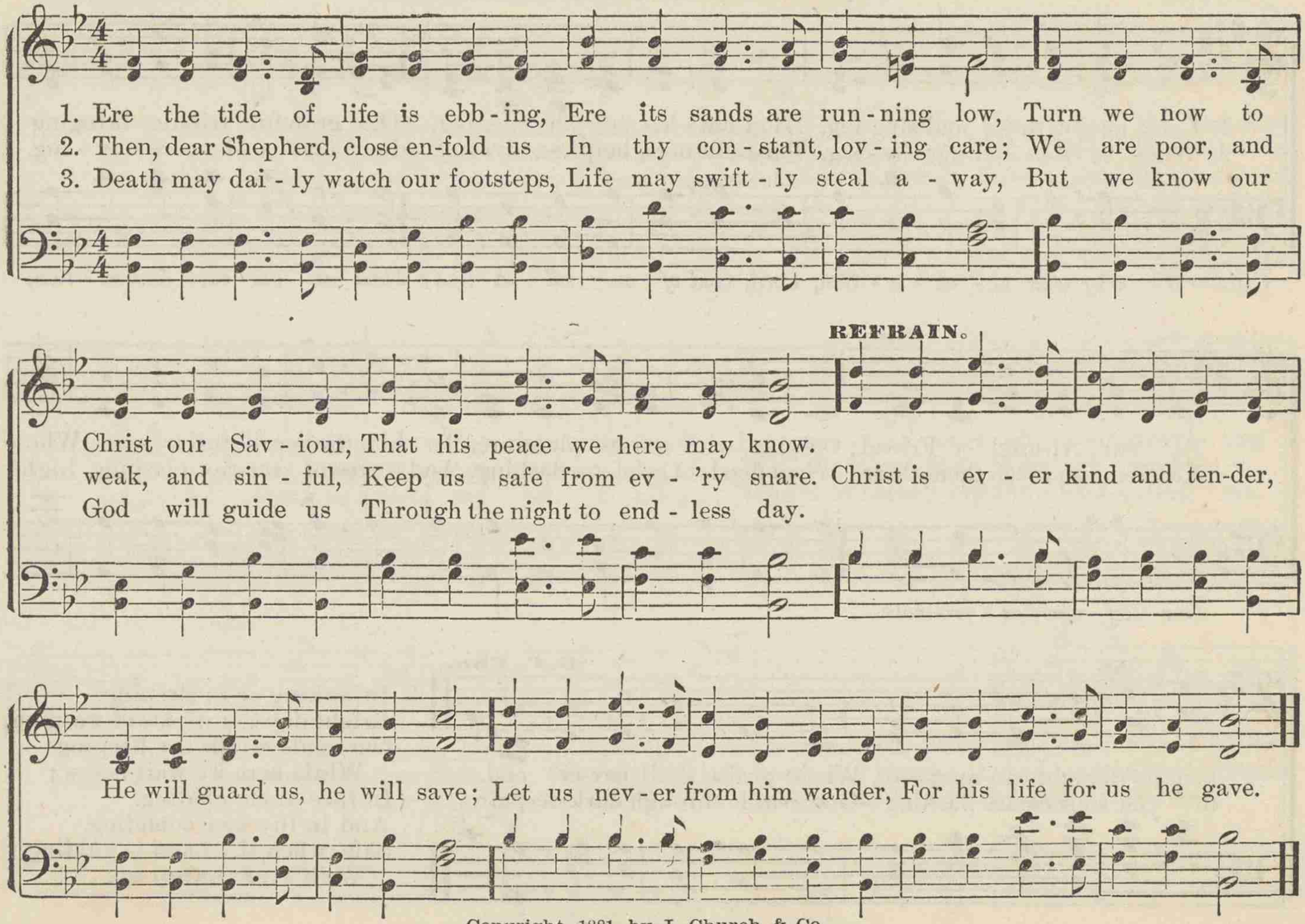
3 In waking or in sleeping,
Bright days, or nights of weeping,
Our souls are in thy keeping
While here we wait below;
In thee alone abiding,
And in thy love confiding,
Safe, when thy hand is guiding,
We'll ever onward go.

By permission.

84

Christ is Kind and Tender.

E. J. ARMSTRONG. *He will be our Guide even unto death.*—Ps. 48: 14. H. WILHELM.



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My Refuge.

I flee unto thee to hide me.—Ps. 143 : 9.

P. P. BLISS.

Moderato.

1. Je - sus, Saviour, to thy side From th' aven-ger I would flee; Let me safe-ly there a-
2. Whereso'er my tent is spread, There will I thy name make known; Israel by one Shepherd
3. To thy lov - ing side, each hour, Close and clos-er would I cling; Shielded by thy mighty

CHORUS.

bide, Let thy grace my re - fuge be.
led, Ev - er - more in him are one. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me
power, Trustful may I ev - er sing—

hide my - self in thee; Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

By permission.

Thou, God, Seest Me.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. *O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me.*—Ps. 139: 1. W. F. S.

1. Thine eye, O Lord, is ev - er o - pen, All my acts and ways to see; All my thoughts, sup-
2. Were I to take the wings of morning, Fly - ing far be - yond the sea, Still I'd hear the
3. O Lord, thine eye has searched and known me, Nothing would I hide from thee; I would love thee,

pressed or spo - ken, Shall be ful - ly known to thee.
si - lent warn-ing, Thou, O God, yet se - est me. In the dark-ness, in the light,
serve thee, own thee, Glad to know thou se - est me.

pp

Do - ing wrong or do - ing right, Thou, God, se - est me; Thou, God, se - est me.

pp

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Hiding, Dear Lord, in Thee.

J. S. B. *Hide me under the shadow of thy wings.*—Ps. 17 : 8. Rev. J. S. Boyd.

1. Hid-ing, dear Lord, in thee, Ev-er in thee, in thee, Whithersoe'er my path shall lead,
2. Sa - tan may point his darts, Aiming them at my life, Striving to poi-son all my joys,
3. Running to my re-treat, Flying at each a - larm, Tempests of trouble rage in vain;
4. Summon'd at length a-bove, Mounting thro' parted skies, Hearing the welcome "Enter thou,"

This shall be all my plea; Dai - ly di - rect me in thy way, Nev - er per - mit my
Tempting to sin and strife; Still in the shad - ow of thy wings, Calm-ly se - cure, my
No-thing disturbs my calm. Death has a sting no more for me, O - ver the grave is
Hav-ing ob-tained the prize— Still with the myr - iad harping throng, Vie - ing in love, I'll

steps to stray, Hid-ing in thee, dear Lord, in thee, Ev - er in thee, in thee.
spir - it sings, Hid-ing in thee, dear Lord, in thee, Ev - er in thee, in thee.
vic - to - ry, Hid-ing in thee, dear Lord, in thee, Ev - er in thee, in thee.
shout the song, Glo-ry to thee, dear Lord, to thee, Ev - er to thee shall be.

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Leaning on Thee.

Return unto thy rest, oh, my soul.—Ps. 116: 7.

H. P. DANKS.

Gently.

1. Leaning on thee, my Guide and Friend, My gracious Sav - iour, I am blest; Tho' wea - ry,
2. Leaning on thee with child-like faith, To thee the fu - ture I con - fide; Each step of
3. Leaning on thee, no fear a - larms; Although I stand on death's dark brink, I'll feel the

f **CHORUS.**

thou dost con - de - scend To be my rest, To be my rest. Leaning on thee, ...
life's un - trod - den path, Thy love shall guide, Thy love shall guide.
ev - er - last - ing arms, I will not sink, I will not sink. Leaning on thee,

p *f*

Lean - ing on thee, Lean - ing on thee, My Guide and Friend.

Lean - ing on thee, ...

p *f*

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I Trust, O Lord, in Thee.

P. P. BLISS. *For I know whom I have believed.*—2 Tim. 1: 12. J. R. M.

Earnestly.

1. I do believe that Je - sus died To save a world from woe, That on the cross, the crucified His
2. I asked a little child—her face With angel light aglow—How she obtained forgiving grace, That
3. I would see Jesus, sir, said I, To one in manhood's prime, For refuge to the rock would fly In

mighty love did show. I do believe thy gos - pel true, Would come at God's command; But how to come,
her wonder eyes, She answered, "He loves me," While tear-drops filled her wonder eyes, She answered, "He loves me."
"I am the way," And said "Just trust Him now," He read the words, "I am the way," And said "Just trust Him now."

or what to do, I can not understand, But how to come, or what to do, I can not understand.

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In the Shadow of the Rock.

RAY PALMER, D. D. *The shadow of a great Rock in a weary land.*—Isaiah 32; 2. J. R. M.

May be used as a Quartet.

Let me rest, . . .

1. In the shad-ow of the Rock, Let me rest, let me rest, When I feel the tempest's shock Thrill my
2. On the parched and desert way Where I tread, where I tread, With the scorching noon - tide ray O'er my
3. I in peace will rest me there Till I see, till I see, That the skies a - gain are fair O - ver

breast, ...

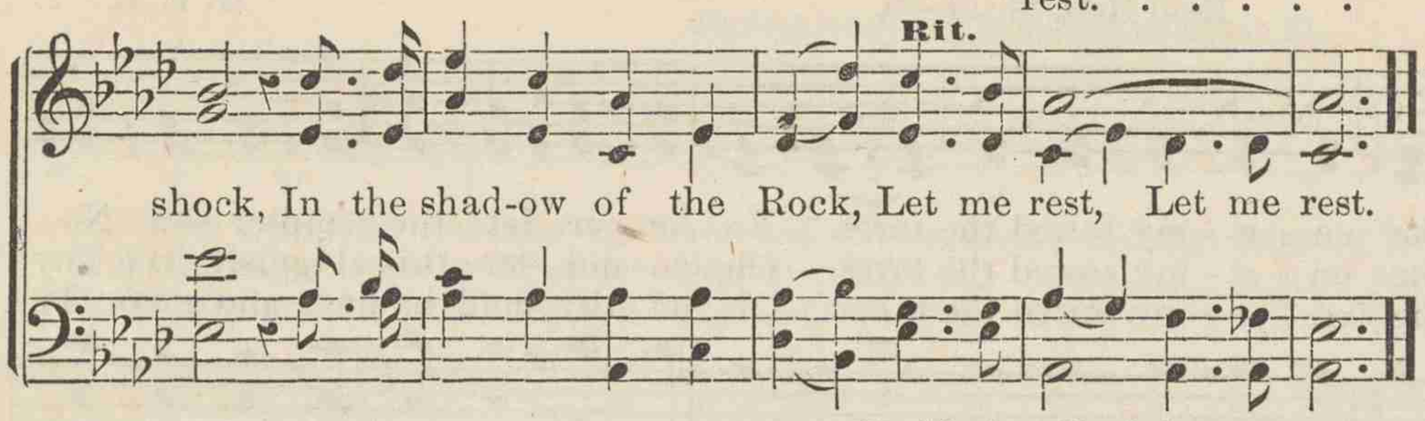
breast, thrill my breast; All in vain the storm shall sweep, While I hide, while I hide, And my
head, o'er my head; Let me find a wel-come shade, Cool and still, cool and still, And my
me, o - ver me; That the burning heats are past, And the day, and the day Bids the

tranquil sta - tion keep By thy side.
wea-ry steps be stayed While I will.
trav - el - er at last Go his way.

REFRAIN.

In the shadow of the Rock, I will fear no tempest's

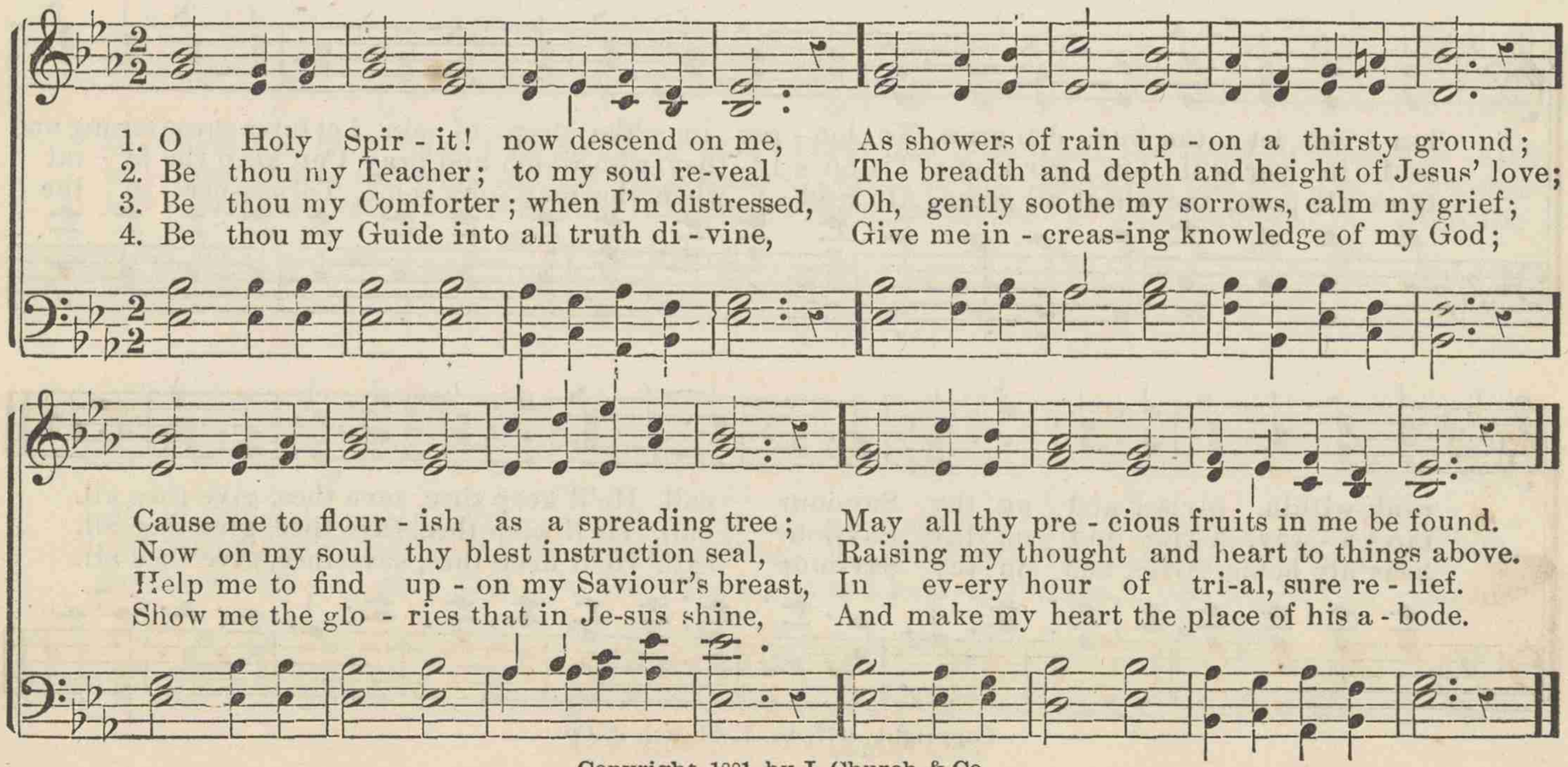
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4 Then my pilgrim staff I'll take
‖: And once more :‖
I'll my onward journey make,
‖: As before; :‖
And with joyous heart and strong
‖: I will raise :‖
Unto thee, O Rock, a song,
Glad with praise.

O Holy Spirit.

CHRISTINA FORSYTH. 1861. *As showers that water the earth.*—Ps. 72: 6. W. F. S.



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Wheat and Tares.

G. F. R. Read Matt. 13 : 24—30. G. F. R.

Impressively.

1. While men slept, the en - e - my sowed the tares. No lon-ger let the tempter sow, No
2. While men slept, the en - e - my sowed the tares. Oh, do not let this sluggish sleep Thy
3. While men slept, the en - e - my sowed the tares. Oh, let thy field be pure and clean, The

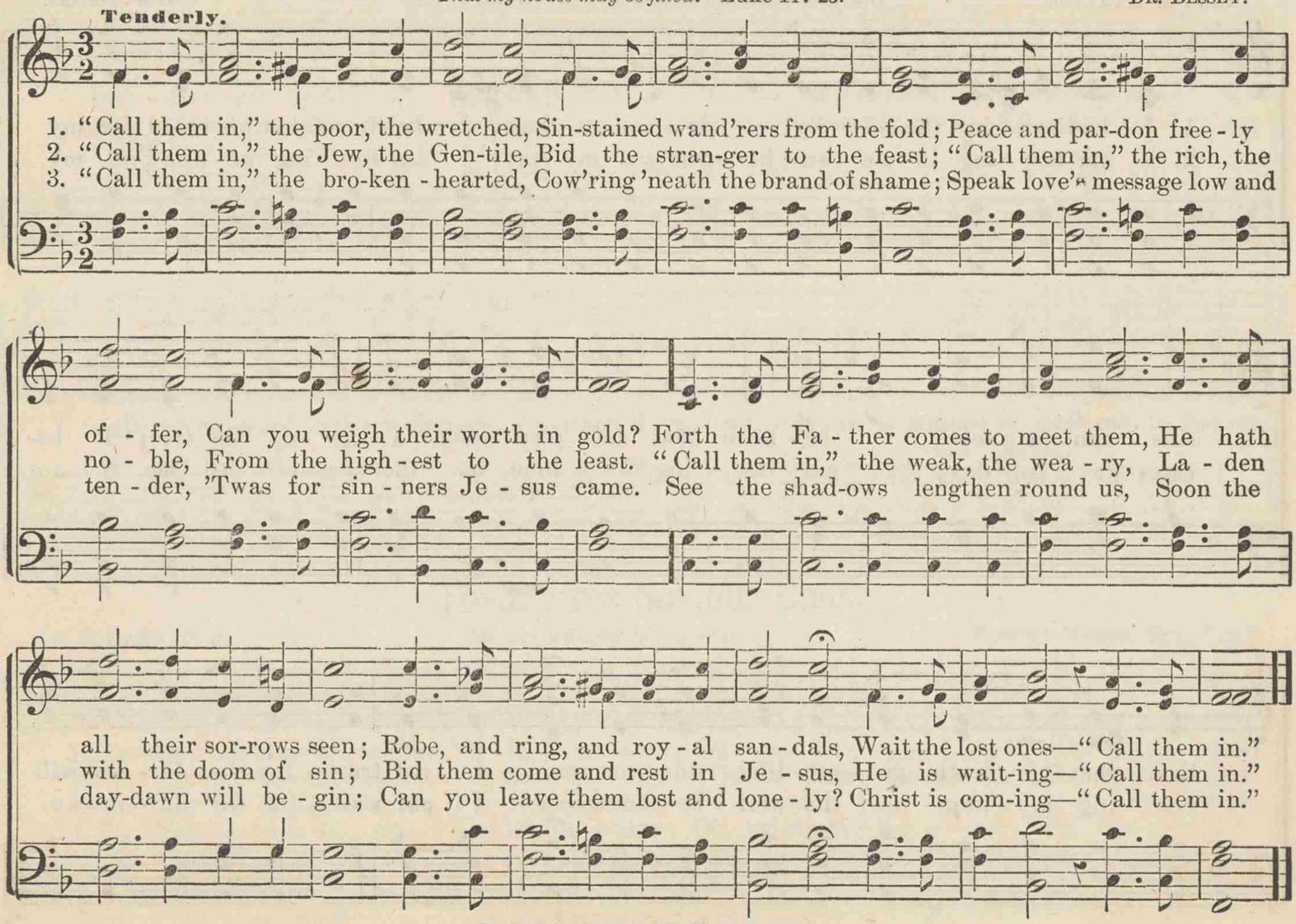
lon - ger let the bur - den grow, No lon - ger in the sleep of sin Let tares grow strong and
soul in per - il lon - ger keep; 'Tis on - ly they who watch and pray Can keep the fa - tal
tares all gone, the wheat all green, All read - y when the reap - ers come, To gar-ner in the

rank within. A-rise, and on thy Sav-iour call, He'll keep thee, save thee, give thee all.
tares a - way. A-rise, and on thy Sav-iour call, He'll keep thee, save thee, give thee all.
heav'nly home. Arise, and on thy Sav-iour call, He'll keep thee, save thee, give thee all.

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Call Them In.

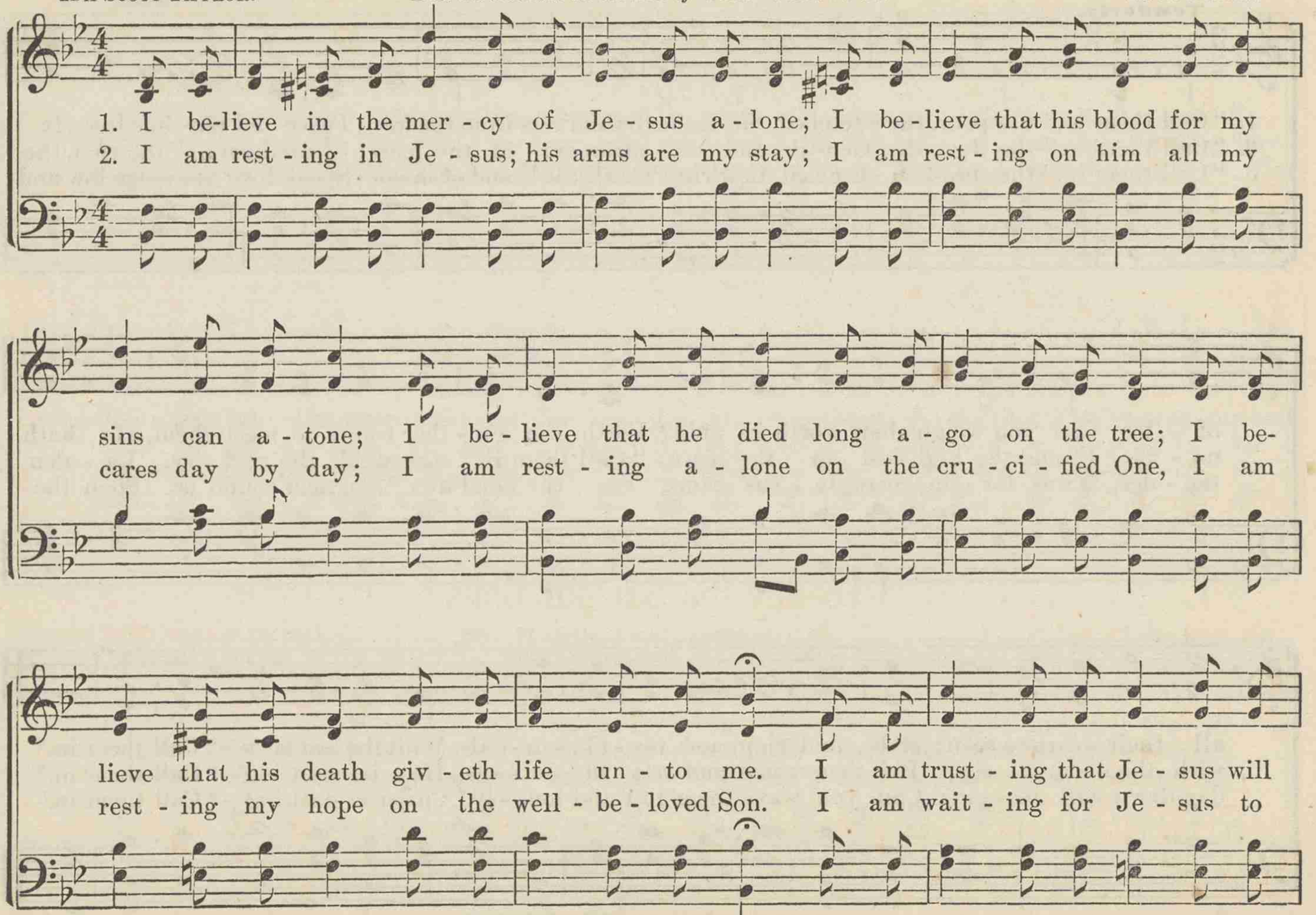
That my house may be filled.—Luke 14: 23. DR. BESSEY.



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The Creed of Faith.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. *Dost thou believe on the Son of God?*—John 9: 35. H. P. DANKS.



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par - don my soul, I am trust - ing in him to be cleansed and made whole; I am
whis - per to me The sweet word of as - sur - ance that his I may be; I am

trusting his love that a - bides to the end, I am trusting my all to this Heaven-ly Friend.
wait-ing his word that my sins are for-given, I am wait-ing his summons to call me to heaven.

To-day the Saviour Calls.

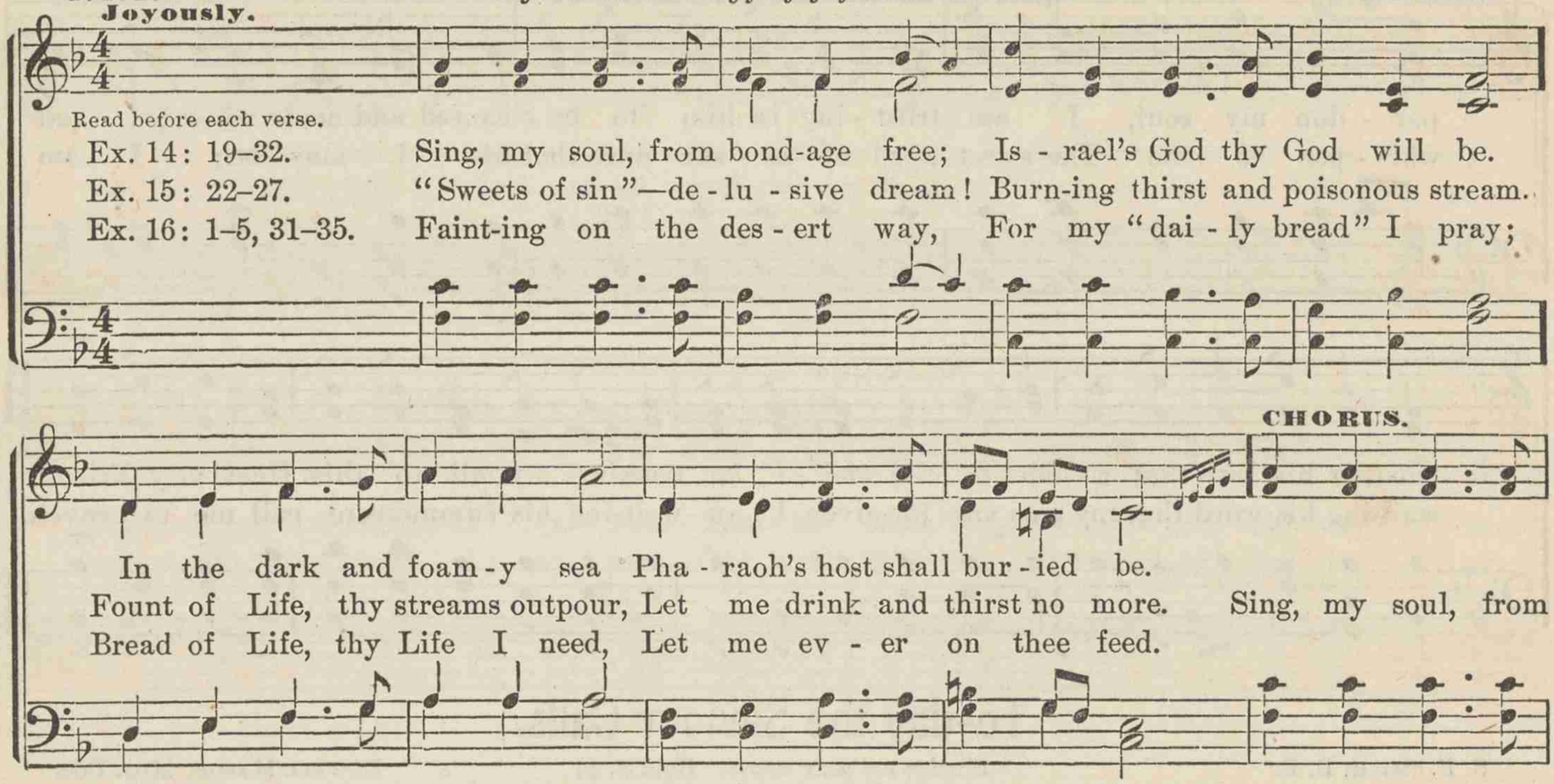
S. F. SMITH, D. D. *Harden not your hearts.*—Heb. 3: 8. LOWELL MASON, Mus. Doc.

1. To - day the Sav-iour calls; Ye wand'rers come; Oh, ye be - nighted souls, Why lon-ger roam?
2. To - day the Sav-iour calls; Oh, hear him now; With-in these sa-cred walls To Je - sus bow.
3. To - day the Sav-iour calls; For ref-uge 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 mer-cy's hour.

Sing, My Soul.

P. P. B. *My servants shall sing for joy of heart.*—Isa. 65: 14. P. P. BLISS.

Joyously.



Ex. 17: 8–16.

When the enemy is nigh,
Lord, to thee, to thee, I cry;
Save me in the trying hour,
Save my soul from Satan's power.
Sing, my soul, etc.

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There is a Sweet old Story. 97

MRS. M. O. PAGE. *Which we have heard and known.*—Ps. 78: 3. C. C. CASE.

1. There is a sweet old sto - ry I fain would hear once more, And till my locks are hoar-y, I'd
2. It comes, as cooling breez-es At night time o'er me roll; And as their soft touch pleas-es, So
3. It comes as mists of o - cean Embrace the heated land; It is the star de - vo - tion, That
4. 'Tis life's most earnest sto - ry, Sal-va - tion is the theme; It mounts to burning glo - ry, And

CHORUS.

hear, I'd hear it o'er and o'er.
doth, so doth it please my soul. There is a sweet sto - ry, I fain would hear, would hear once more,
shines, that shines from God's right hand.
lights, and lights the closing scene.

There is a sweet, sweet story, I fain would hear once more

more.

There is a sweet sto - ry I fain, I fain would hear once more, once more.

There is a sweet, sweet sto - ry more.

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Sentinel, be Thou Watchful!

G. F. R. *I have set watchmen upon thy walls.*—Isa. 62: 6. G. F. R.

Earnestly.

1. Sen - ti - nel, be thou watch - ful, And guard the for-tress well! Guard it from foes that
2. Sen - ti - nel, art thou fear - ful, Up - on the wall a - lone, When from the shadows,
3. Sen - ti - nel, art thou wea - ry? The strug-gle, is it long? Cheer up, for soon shall

lurk around, And from th'assaults of hell. Call on thy might-y Mas - ter, His heav'nly
dark and deep, Sin's fiery darts are thrown? Put on thy heav'n-ly ar - mor, Thy shield of
come to thee The vic-tor's tri - umph song. Soon shall thy Captain call thee To lay thine

promise claim, "Ye shall be more than con-quer - ors Who bat - tle in my name."
faith and prayer; Call to thy Sav - iour ev - er - more To hold and keep thee there.
ar - mor down; Soon shall the glad exchange be made—Earth's cross for heaven's crown!

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REFRAIN.

Watch! sen-ti-nel, watch! Pray! sentinel, pray! Fight! sentinel, fight! In thy great Redeemer's name.

My Spirit Longs for Thee.

He will rest in his love.—Zeph. 3: 17. W. F. S.

1. My spir - it longs for thee With-in my trou - bled breast;
   Tho' I un - worth - y be Of so di - vine a guest. } Of so di - vine a
2. Un - less it come from thee, In vain I look a - round;
   In all that I can see, No rest is to be found; } No rest is to be

Guest Un - worthy tho' I be, Yet has my heart no rest Un - less it come from thee.
found But in thy blessed love; Oh, let my wish be crowned, And send it from a - bove.

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Again the Rounded Year.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. *Thou crownest the year with thy goodness.*—Ps. 65: 11. W. F. S.

Cheerily.

1. A - gain the rounded year has bro't Its bloom and harvest glo - ry, And ev - ery smi-ling
2. We meet with gladness on each lip, And kind-ly warmth of greeting, And, in Thy boundless
3. How oft has light - ed ev - ery brow To see thy love up-springing! And some who joined our
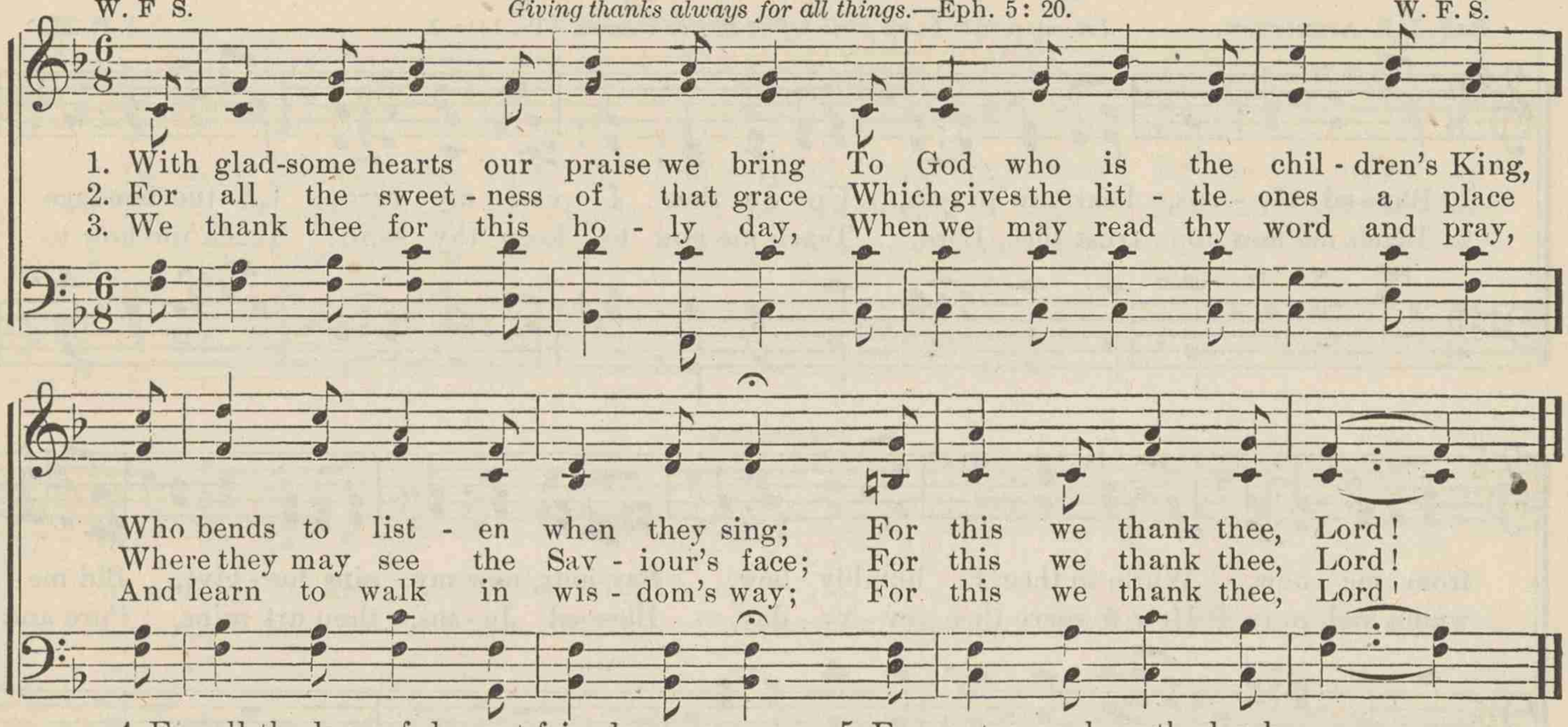
Sab - bath taught To us the Gos - pel sto - ry. A - gain our voic - es join in song, And
fel - low - ship, Each heart to heart is beat - ing. And for this day, and for this hour, We
songs, are now A-mid the an - gels sing - ing. But friends below and friends a-bove U-

bring their glad thanksgiving To thee, to whom all years be-long, To thee, the Ev - er - Liv-ing.
bring our glad thanksgiving To thee, the Ev - er - Gracious Pow'r, To thee, the Ev - er - Liv-ing.
nite in glad thanksgiving To thee, whom all the chil-dren love, To thee, the Ev - er - Liv-ing.

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Children's Thanks.

Giving thanks always for all things.—Eph. 5 : 20.



4 For all the love of dearest friends,
For greater love that Jesus sends,
Which o'er us like a rainbow bends:
For this we thank thee, Lord!

5 For pastures where the lambs may rove
Securely guarded by thy love,
Till gathered in the fold above;
For this we thank thee, Lord!

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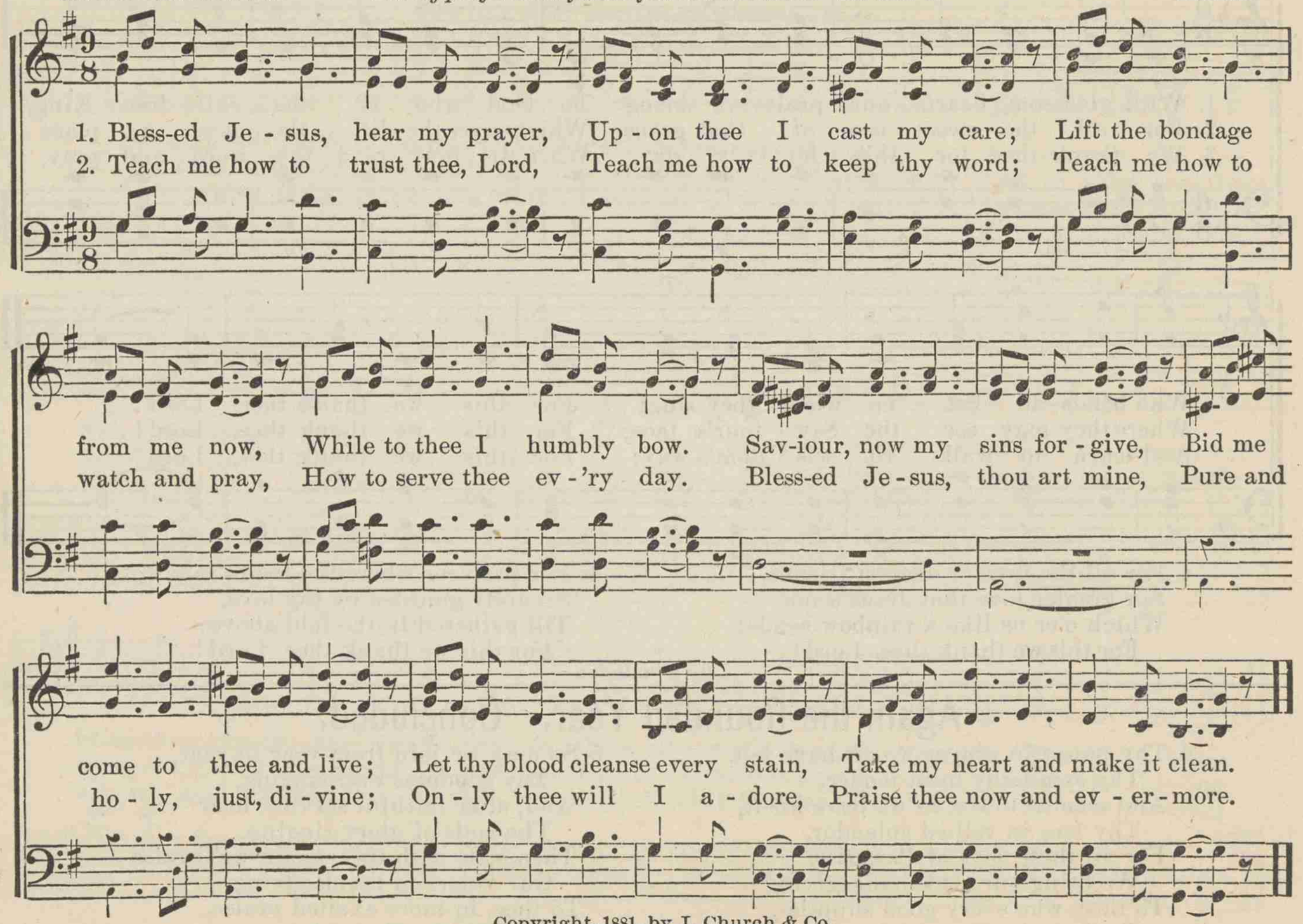
Again the Rounded Year. Concluded.

4 Thy power in prayer we oft have felt,
Thy sympathy most tender,
And seemed to see, as we have knelt,
Thy face in veil-ed splendor.
For all these joys of Paradise,
We bring our glad thanksgiving
To thee, who every good supplies,
To thee, the Ever-Living.

5 So may we join from year to year,
Thy goodness ever singing,
And, after faithful service, hear
The bells of glory ringing.
Then, safe with thee, again we'll raise
Our voices in thanksgiving
To thee, in more exalted praise,
To thee, the Ever-Living.

Blessed Jesus, Hear my Prayer.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. *Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense.*—Ps. 141: 2. J. R. M.



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Oh, Come with Cheerful Voices.

HENRY V. NEAL. *Sing praises unto our King.*—Ps. 47 : 6. G. F. R.

Allegretto.

1. Oh, come with cheer-ful voic - es, And songs of tri - umph sing; In ho - ly joy u-
2. Go spread your rich-est gar - lands With lov - ing hearts to - day; And shout your loud ho-
3. Oh, bring your palms of vic - t'ry, And lay them at his feet; The Mighty Conqueror

CHORUS.

ni - ting To hail the Saviour King!
san - nas, For Je - sus comes this way. Ho - san - na! ho - san - na! Let earth and heav'n repeat,
com - eth, Sal - va - tion is com-plete.

Ho - san - na! ho - san - na! Sal - va - tion is com-plete!

4 Ye pearly gates swing open,
Ye seraphs sweetly sing,
And earth and heaven united
Shall hail our glorious King.

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Cheerful Raise a Joyful Tune.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. *In thy name shall they rejoice all the day.* -Ps. 89: 16. W. F. SHERWIN.

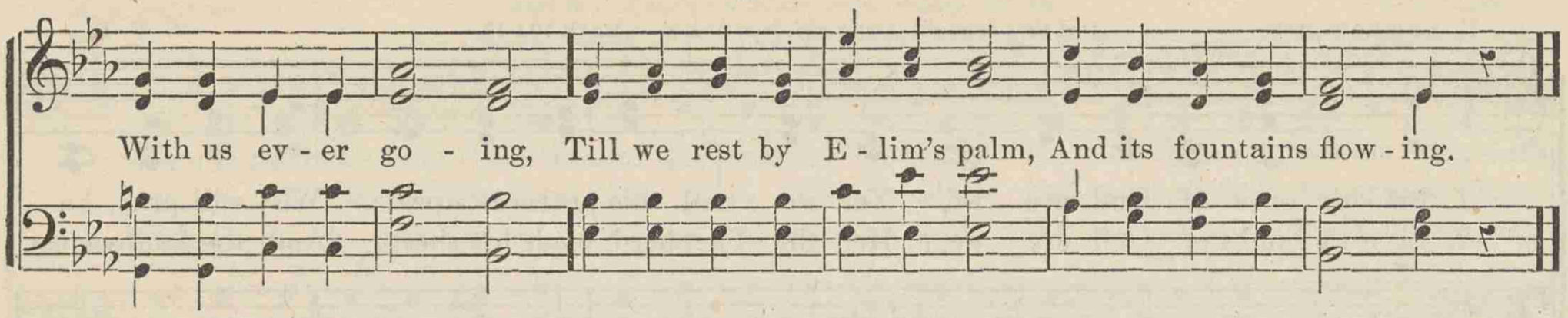
1. Cheerful raise a joy - ful tune, Ere our glad day clos - es; Sing as sings the leaf - y June,
2. Near-er to his Promised Land One more year hath brought us, Nearer to his Jor-dan strand,
3. E - lim's founts are sweet and clear, Green her palms wave o'er us; But we may not lin - ger here

With its buds and ros - es. Sing of him whose hand of love, All the year hath led us;
And its swelling wa - ters. Sing of him whose cloud by day, Fire by night, a - bi - ding,
Thro' the year be - fore us. Marching on, still marching on, Lord, re - new thy bless - ing,

Who, with manna from a - bove, Day by day hath fed us.
Goes be-fore us all the way, Up to Ca-naan guid - ing. Thro' the storm, thro' the calm,
Till thy Ca-naan we have won, All its joys pos - sess - ing.

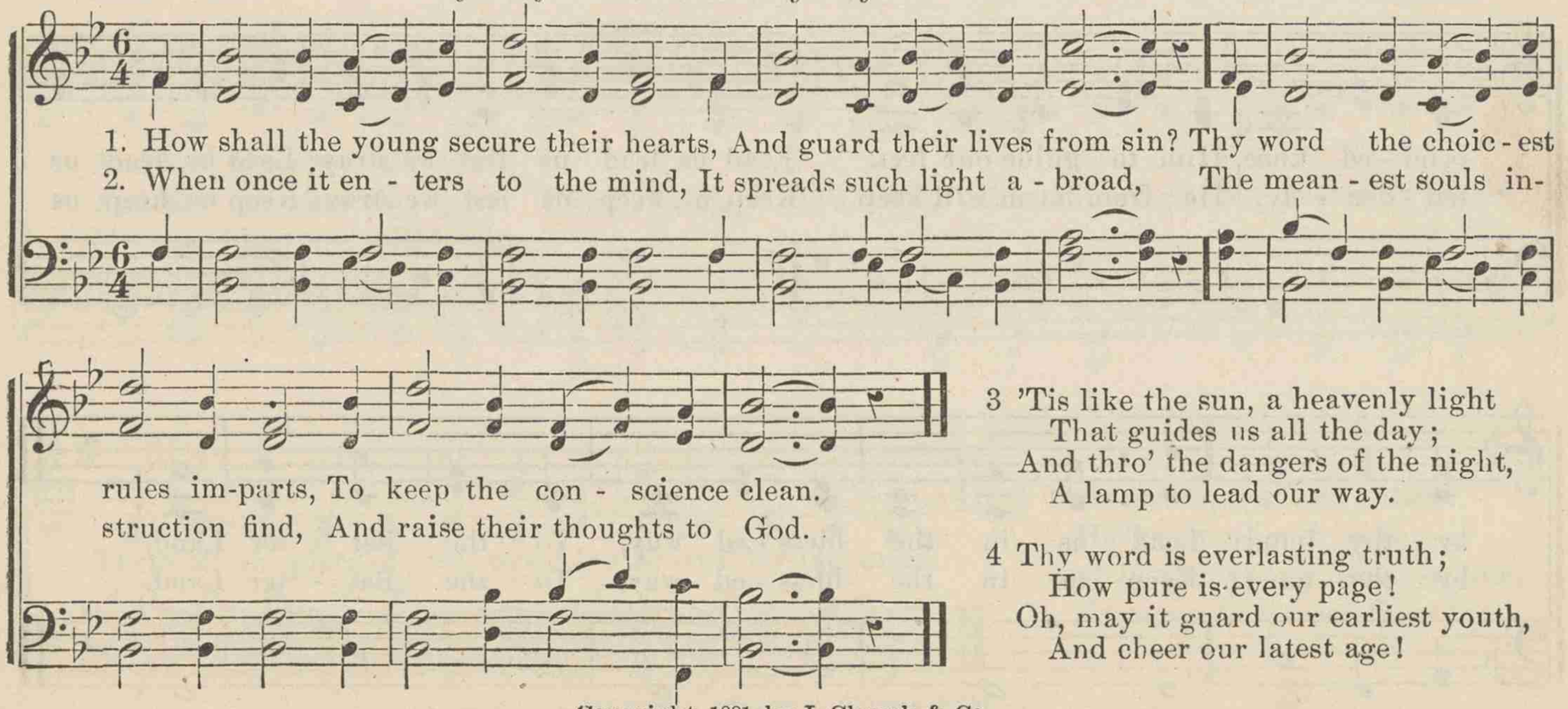
REFRAIN.

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How shall the Young Secure their Hearts?

ISAAC WATTS. *By taking heed thereto according to thy word.*—Ps. 119 : 9. Arr. from BOILDIEU.
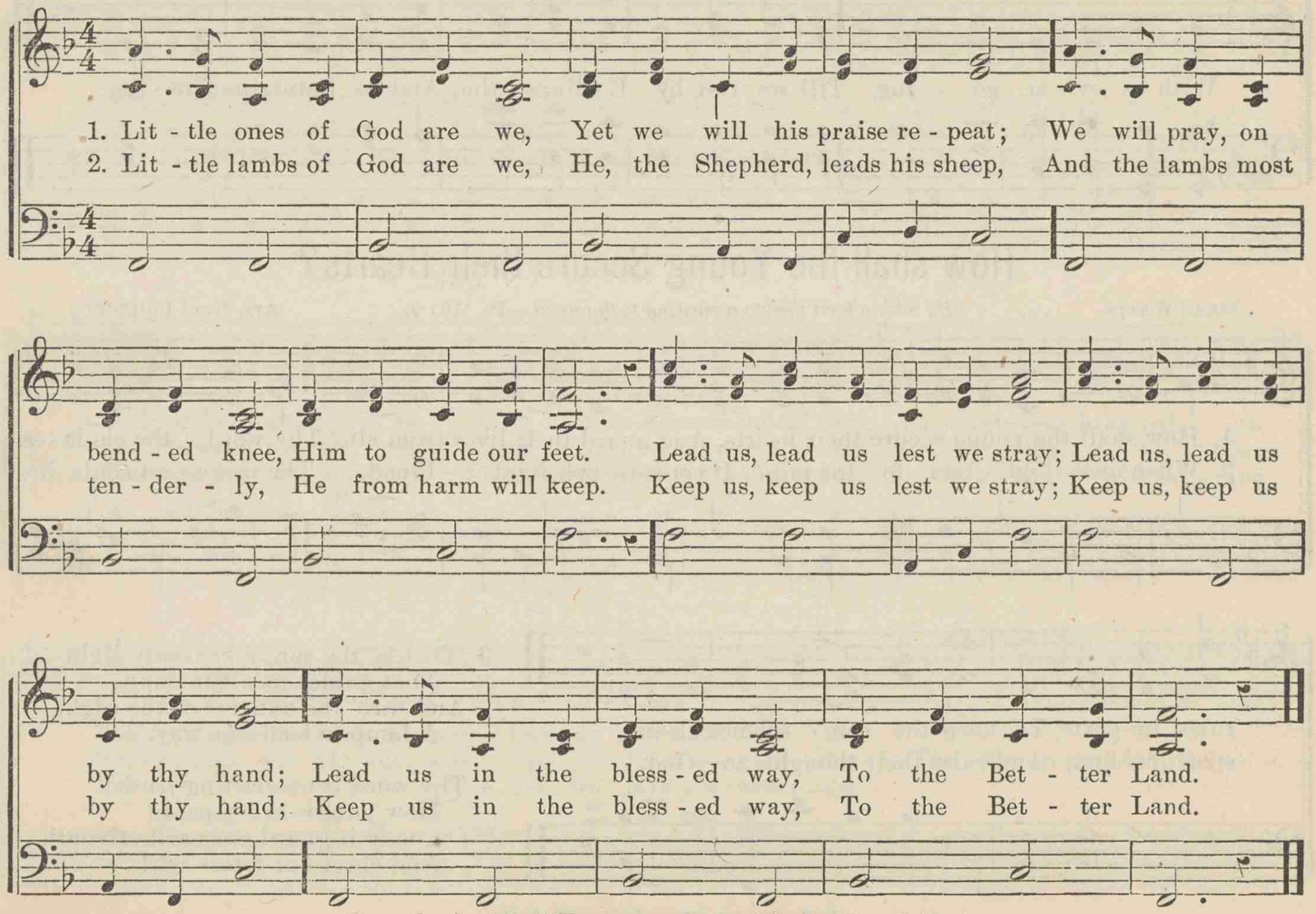


3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light
That guides us all the day;
And thro' the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
Oh, may it guard our earliest youth,
And cheer our latest age!

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Little Ones of God are We. (Infant Class.)

H. BUTTERWORTH. *And they brought young children to him.*—Mark 10: 13. G. F. R.



From the Cantata, "UNDER THE PALMS," by Dr. Geo. F. Root.

In His Arms. (Primary.)

M. E. SERVOSS. *And he took them up in his arms.*—Mark 10: 16. C. C. CASE.

1. When mothers brought their children To Jesus to be blest, He took them in his lov - ing arms,
2. Just as of old, he bids them Come un-to him to - day, And takes them in his arms of love,
3. With Je - sus to pro-tect us, And his dear hand to lead, We can not wan - der from the way

CHORUS.

And held them to his breast.
And list - ens when they pray. From all the world's tempta - tions, From all that grieves or harms,
If we his voice will heed.

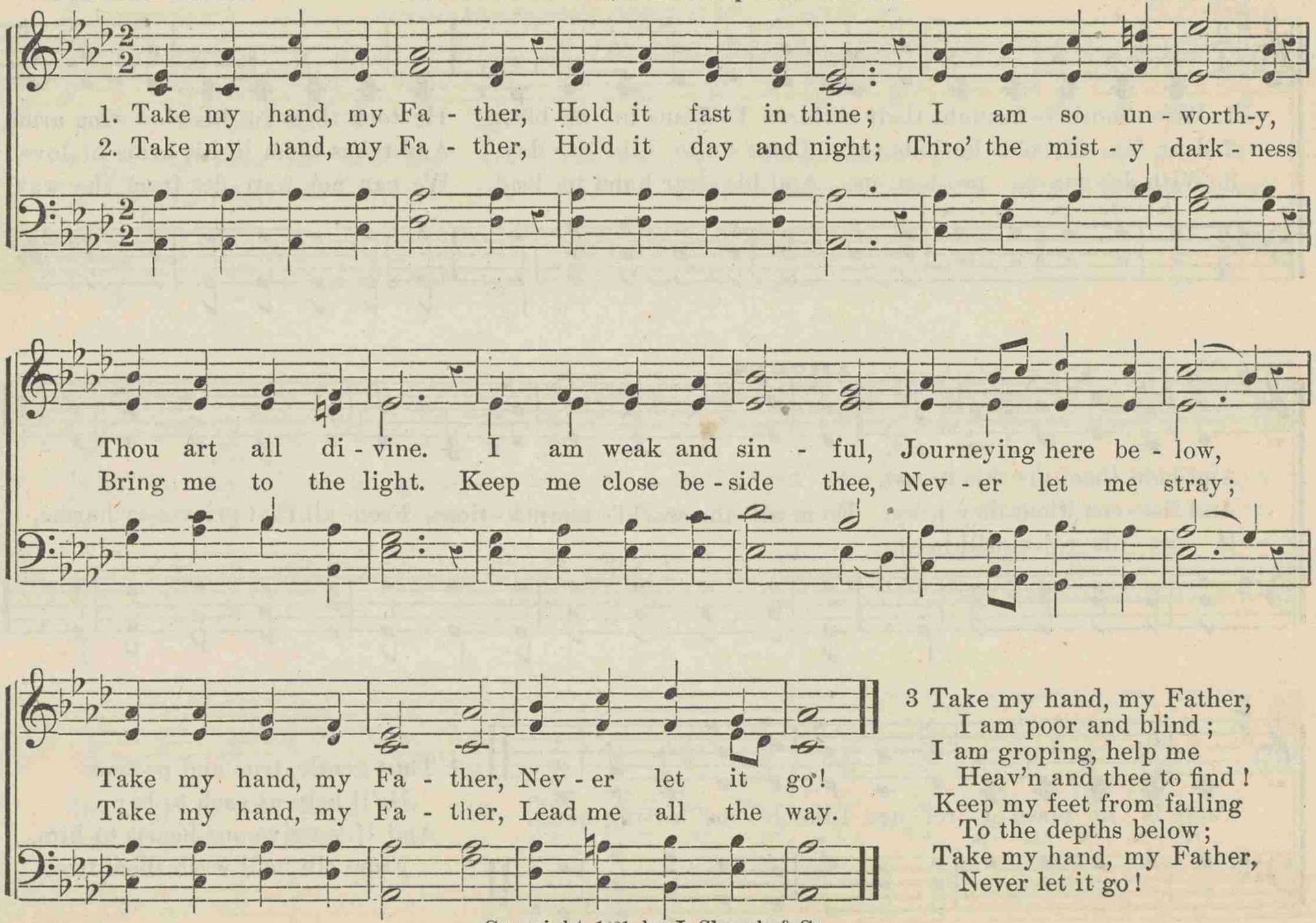
There is no place of ref - uge Like Je - sus' lov-ing arms.

4 Thus gentle, true and patient
He'll help us each to be;
And if we give our hearts to him,
From sin he'll wash them free.

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Take my Hand, my Father.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. *I will hold thine hand, and will keep thee.*—Isa. 42: 6. H. P. DANKS.



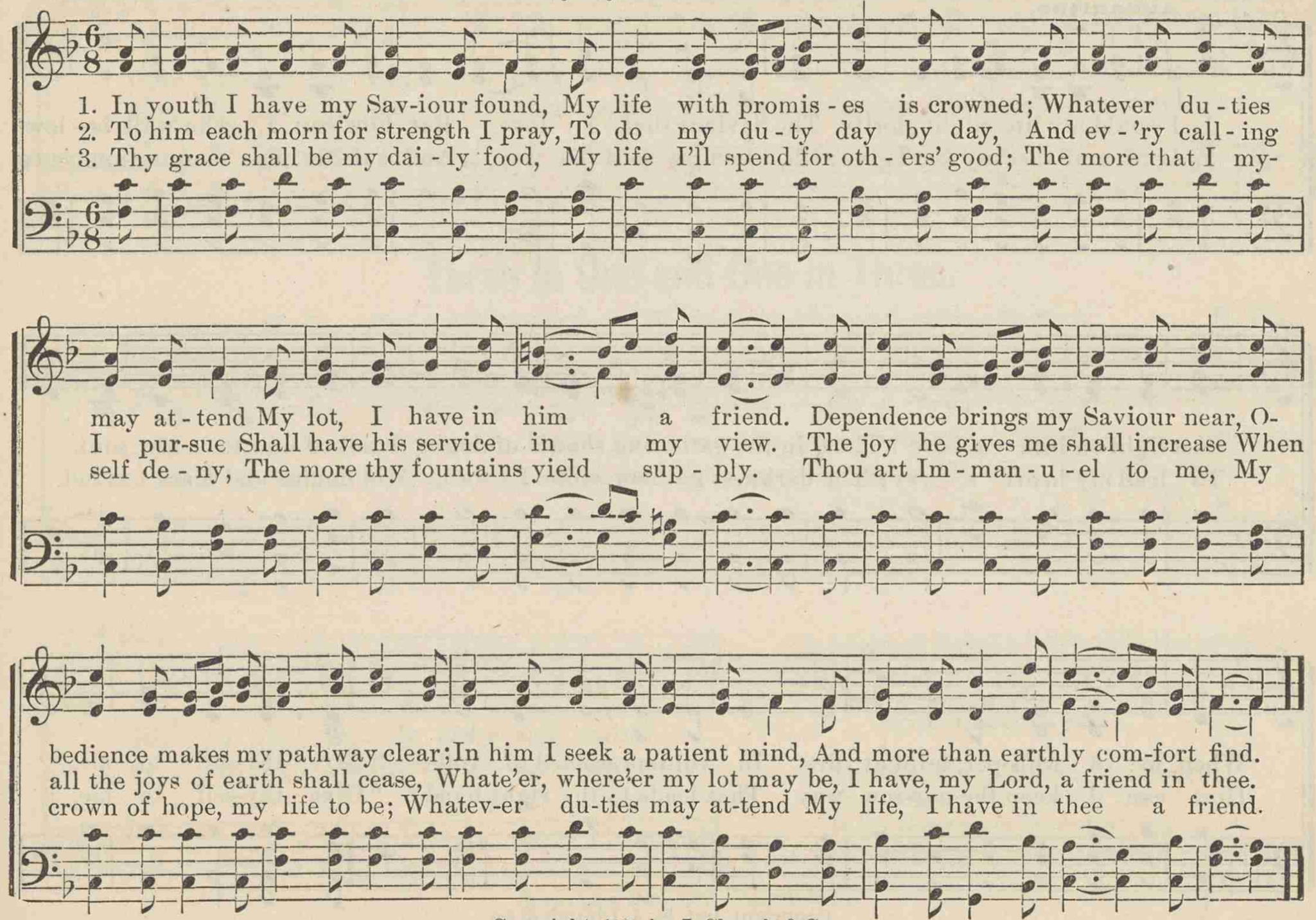
3 Take my hand, my Father,
I am poor and blind;
I am groping, help me
Heav'n and thee to find!
Keep my feet from falling
To the depths below;
Take my hand, my Father,
Never let it go!

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Song of the Young Worker.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. *Commit thy way unto the Lord.*—Ps. 37 : 5. G. F. R.

1. In youth I have my Sav-iour found, My life with promis - es is crowned; Whatever du - ties
2. To him each morn for strength I pray, To do my du - ty day by day, And ev - 'ry call - ing
3. Thy grace shall be my dai - ly food, My life I'll spend for oth - ers' good; The more that I my-



may at - tend My lot, I have in him a friend. Dependence brings my Saviour near, O-
I pur-sue Shall have his service in my view. The joy he gives me shall increase When
self de - ny, The more thy fountains yield sup - ply. Thou art Im - man - u - el to me, My

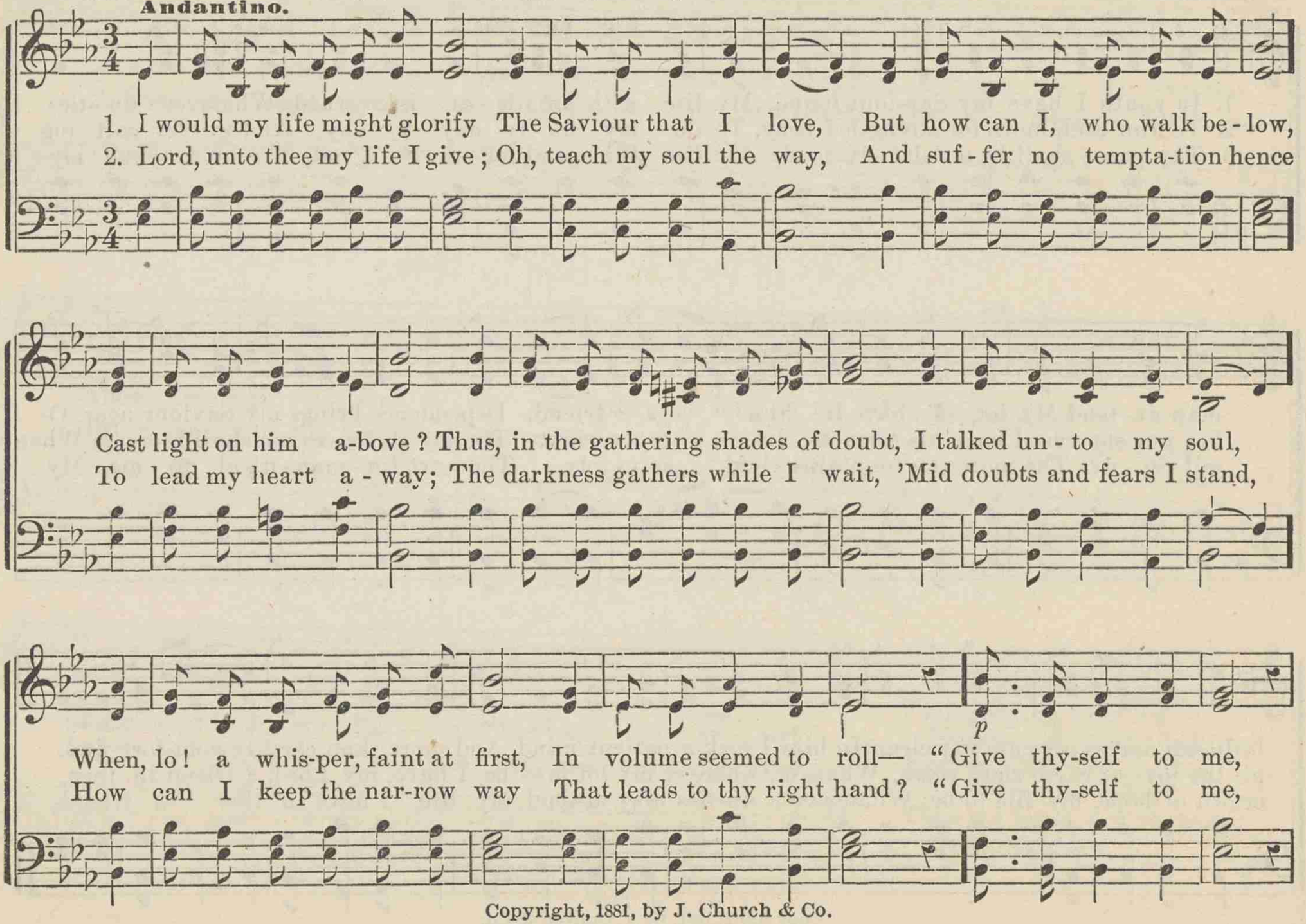
bedience makes my pathway clear; In him I seek a patient mind, And more than earthly com-fort find.
all the joys of earth shall cease, Whate'er, where'er my lot may be, I have, my Lord, a friend in thee.
crown of hope, my life to be; Whatev-er du-ties may at-tend My life, I have in thee a friend.

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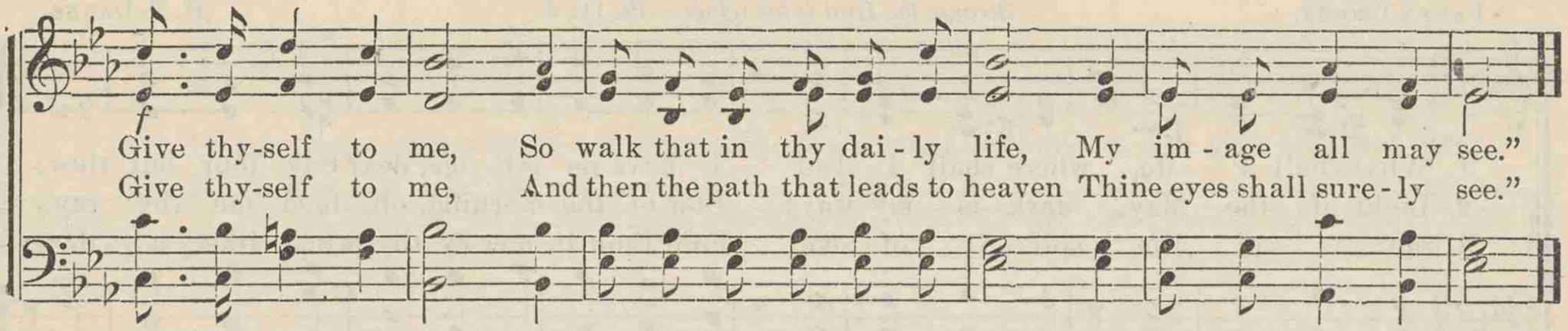
Give Thyself to Me.

C. M. *They took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus.*—Acts 4: 13. G. F. R.

Andantino.

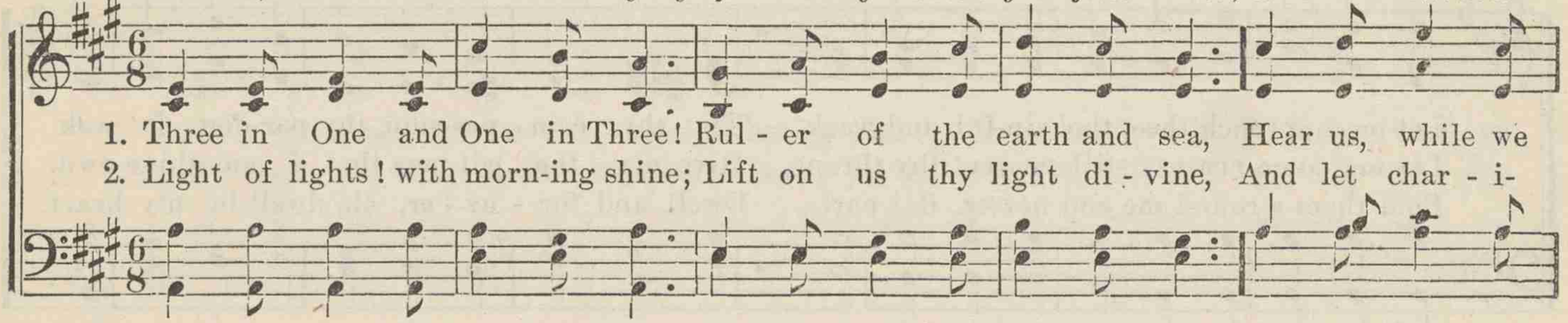


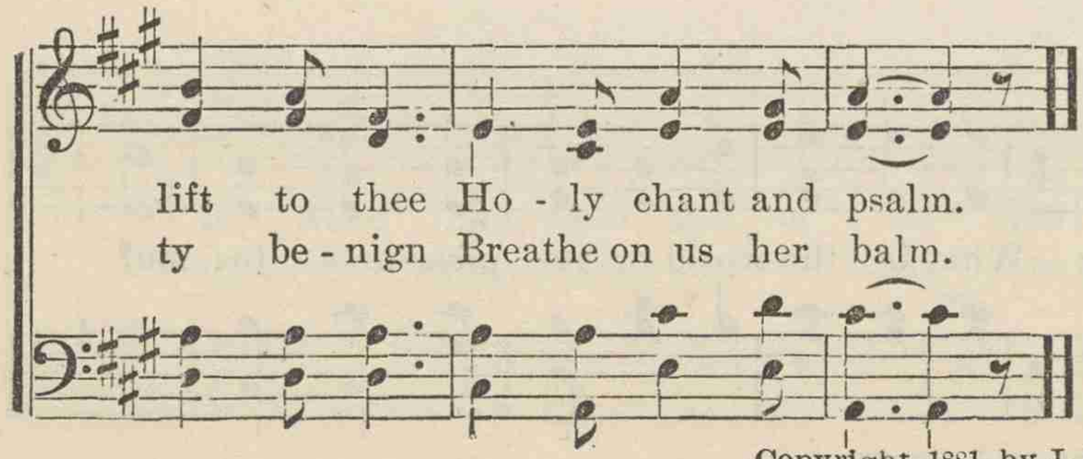
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Three in One and One in Three.

GILBERT RORISON, LL. D. *Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.*—Ps. 65; 8. W. F. S.
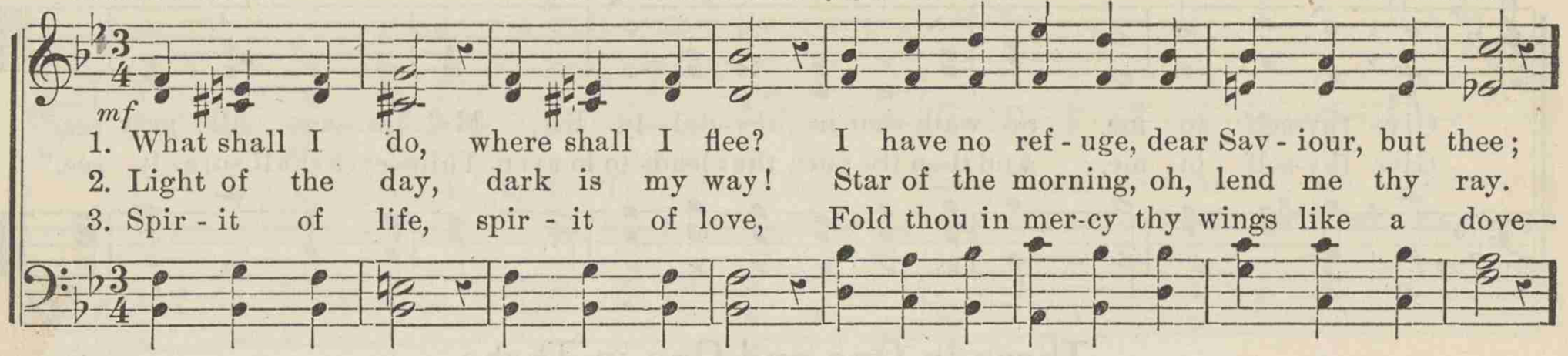




3 Light of lights! when falls the even,
Let it close on sins forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
With a holy calm.

4 Three in One and One in Three!
Dimly here we worship thee;
With the saints hereafter, we
Hope to bear the palm!

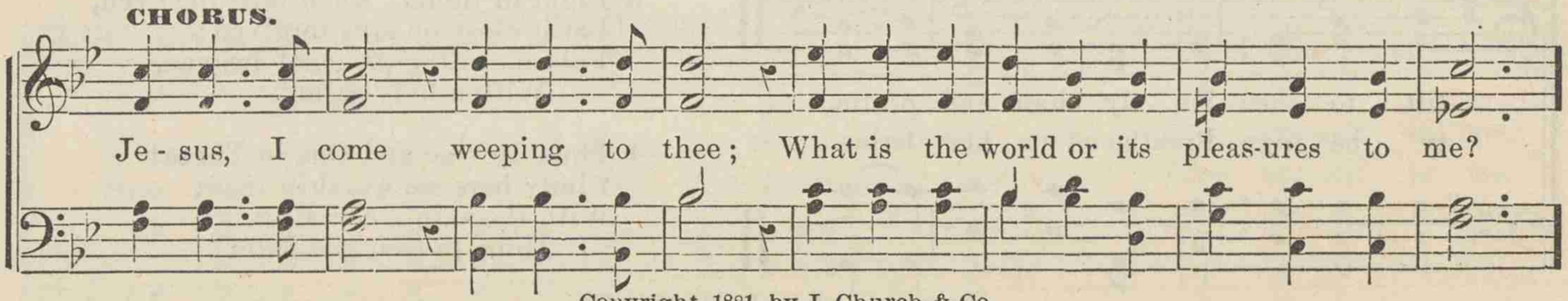
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Give Me Sweet Rest.

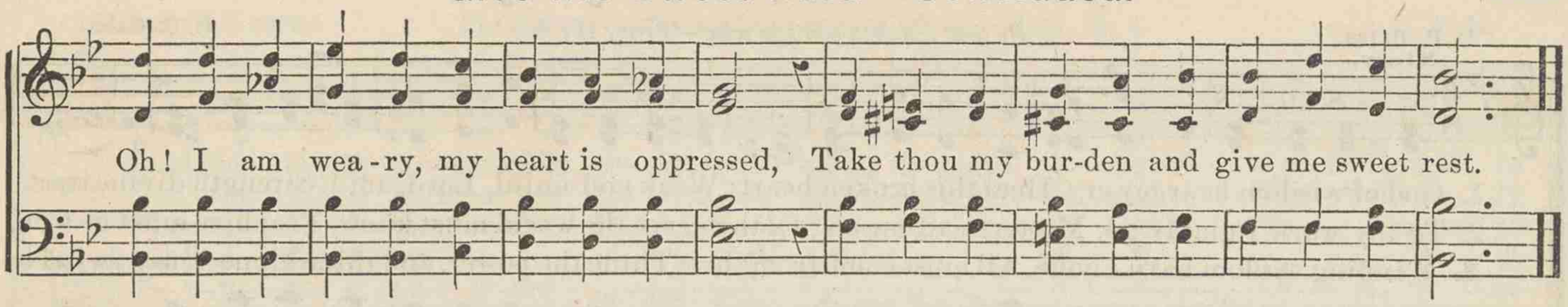
FANNY CROSBY. *Because the Lord is his refuge.*—Ps. 14: 6. H. P. DANKS.



CHORUS.
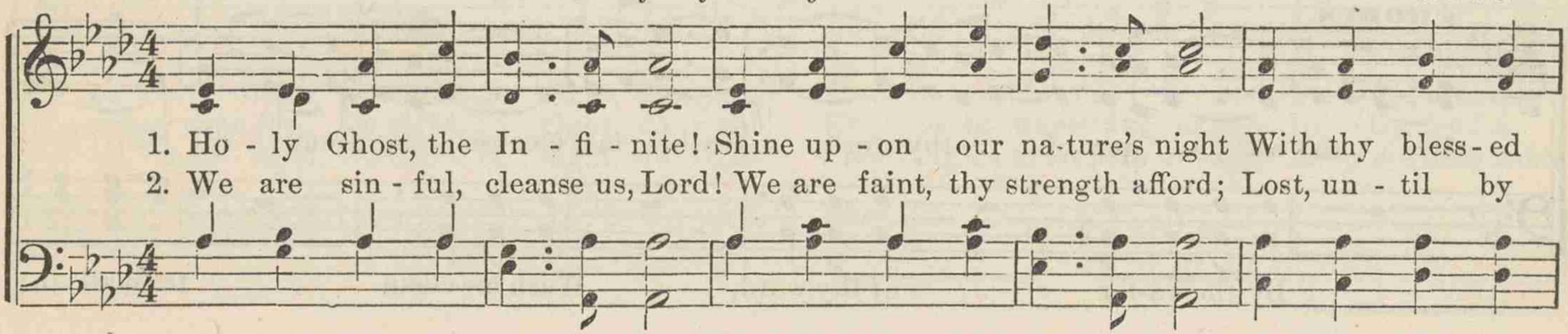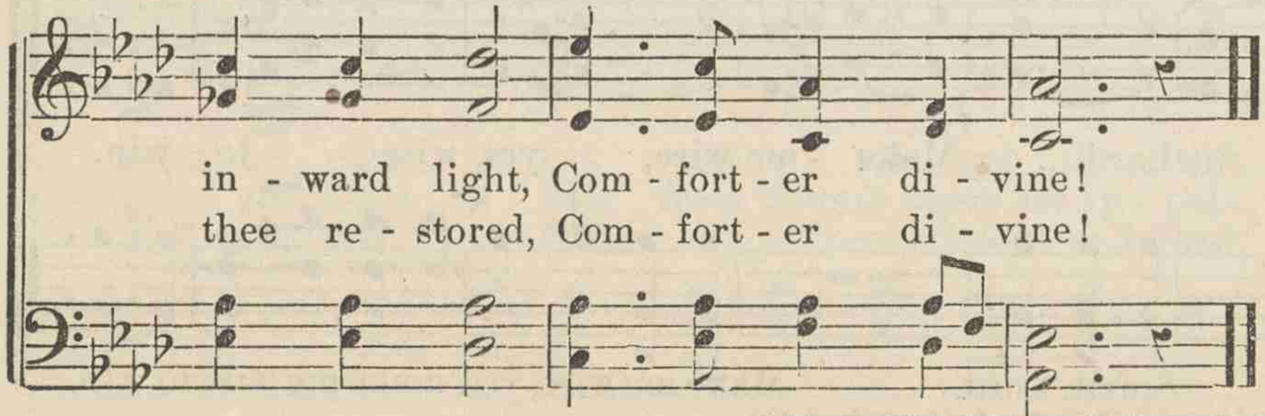


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Holy Ghost, the Infinite.

GEO. RAWSON. *In the comfort of the Holy Ghost.*—Acts 9: 31. W. F. S.





3 Like the dew thy peace distill;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine!

4 Search for us the depths of God,
Bear us up the starry road
To the height of thine abode,
Comforter divine!

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God of Wisdom, Hear my Cry.

P. P. BLISS. *He that winneth souls is wise*.—Prov. 11 : 30. C. C. CASE.

Slow.

1. God of wisdom hear my cry, Heal this broken heart; Weak and sinful, Lord, am I, Strength divine impart.
2. To thy work I gladly go, Master, lead me on ; Of thy grace the world must know, Trophies must be won.
3. Winning wisdom have I none, All must come from thee; Thine the power, and thine alone All the praise shall be.

CHORUS.

ff

By the wa - ter of thy word, Wash me, cleanse me from all sin;

By the wa-ter of thy word, Wash me clean from all sin;

p *ff*

By thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, Make me wise, yes, wise to win.

By thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, Make me wise, yes, make me wise to win.

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Do Right.

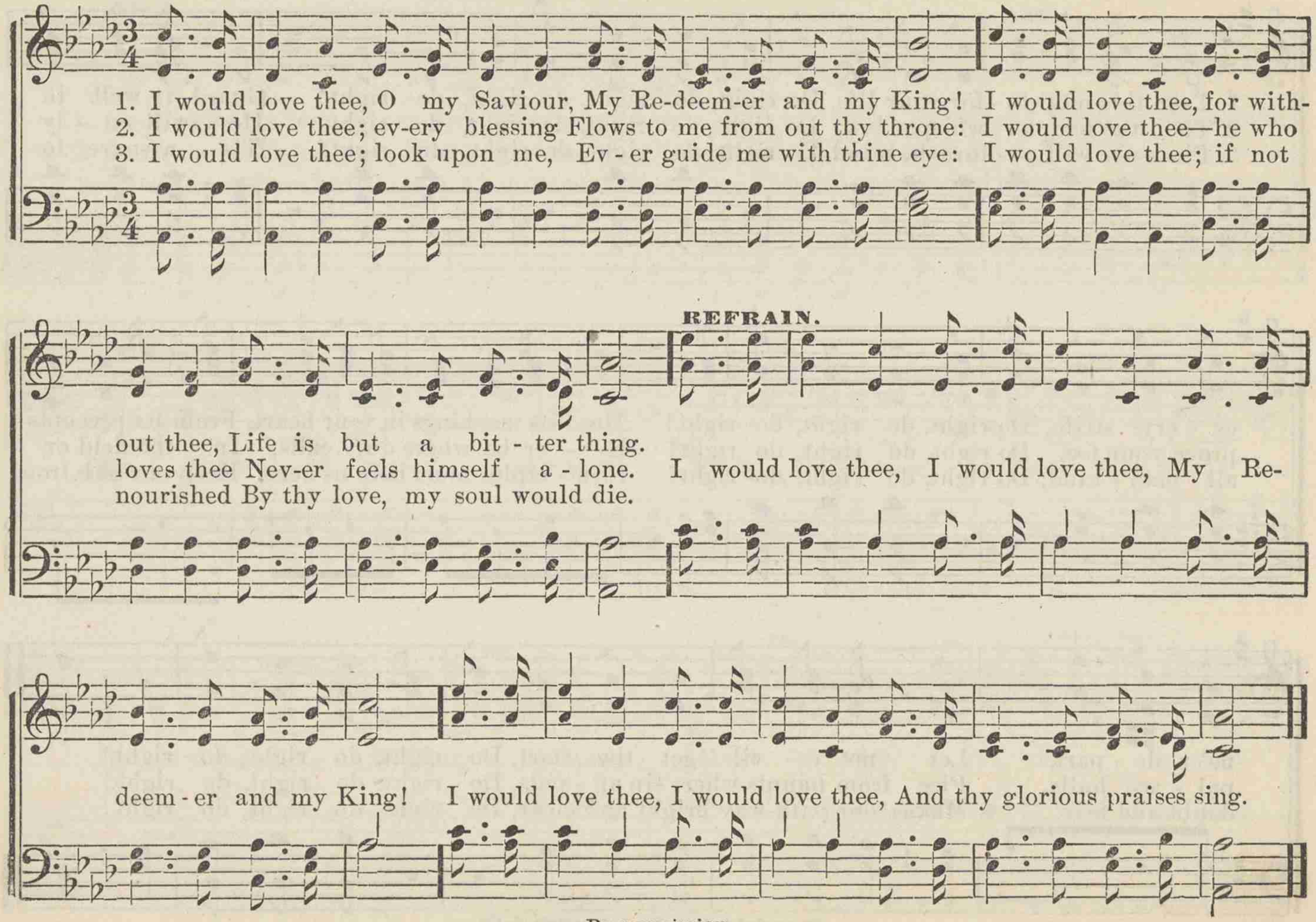
HATTIE B. AUSTIN. *But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid.*—Rom. 13: 4. J. R. M.

1. Take this mot - to for your life, Do right, do right, do right, do right! Guard it well in ev - ery strife, Do right, do right, do right! Heed its teachings in your heart, From its precepts ne'er de - part,
2. Tho' the tempter whisper low, Do right, do right, do right, do right! He will on - ly prove your foe, Do right, do right, do right! Ev - er be where duty calls, In the field or pal - ace halls, Let not e - vil get the start, Do right, do right, do right!
3. Pleas-ure will al - lure the mind, Do right, do right, do right, do right! 'Tis a snare to all man - kind, Do right, do right, do right! Prin - ciples must help us here, Keep our minds from doubt and fear, Flee from haunts where sin ap - pals, Do right, do right, do right! Make our path-way bright and clear, Do right, do right, do right!

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I would Love Thee.

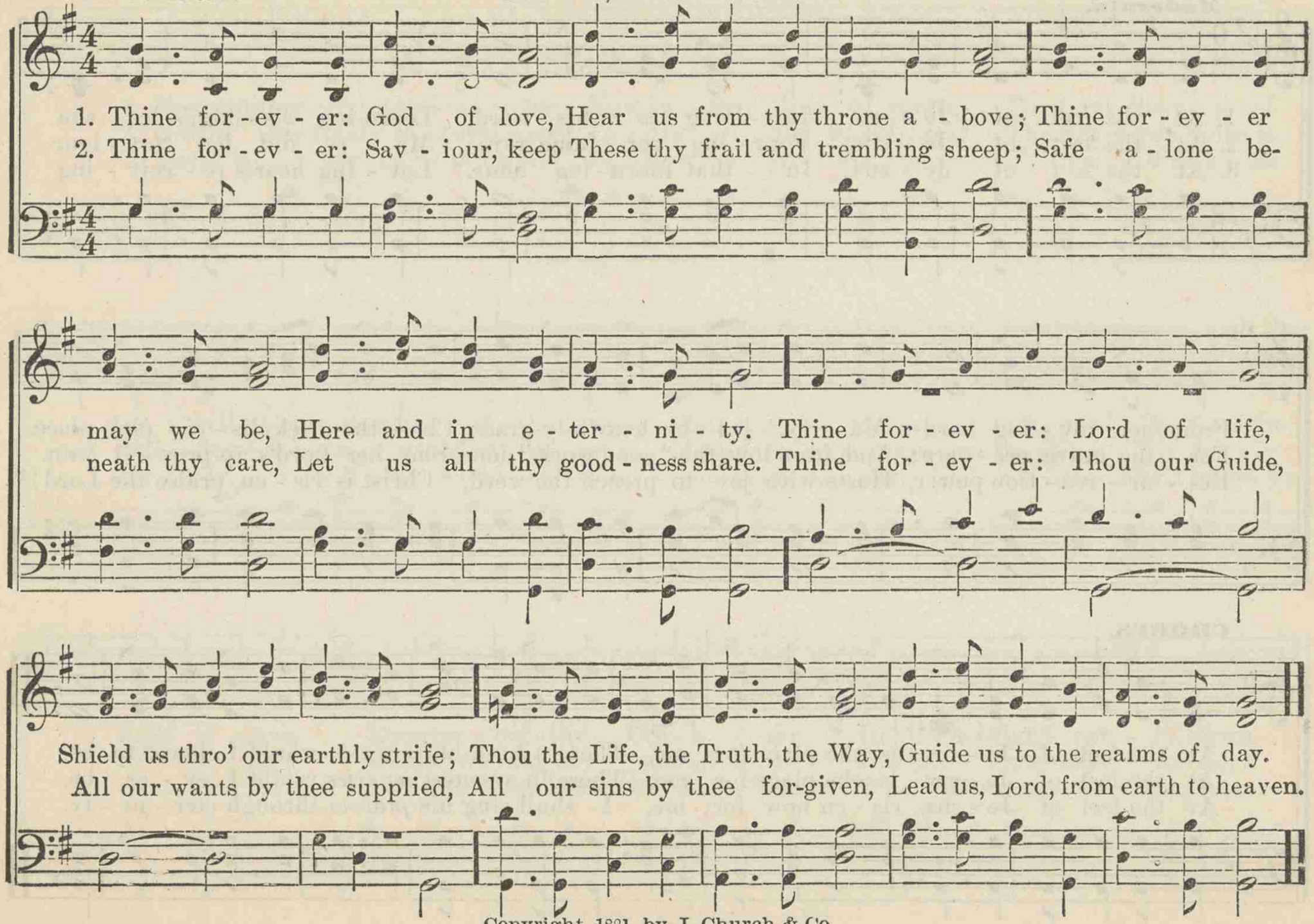
MADAME GUYON. *And this I pray, that your love may abound.*—Phil. 1: 9. G. F. R.



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Thine Forever.

MARY F. MAUDE. *I am thine, save me.*—Ps. 119 : 94. Arr. for this work.



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At the Feet of Jesus.

P. P. B. *Mary which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word.*—Luke 10: 39. P. P. Bliss.

Moderato.

1. At the feet of Je - sus, List - 'ning to his word, Learn-ing wis - dom's les - son
2. At the feet of Je - sus, Pour - ing per - fume rare, Ma - ry did her Sav - iour
3. At the feet of Je - sus, In that morn - ing hour, Lov - ing hearts re - ceiv - ing

From her lov - ing Lord— Ma - ry, led by heav'n-ly grace, Chose the meek dis - ci - ple's place.
For the grave pre - pare; And, from love the "good work" done, She her Lord's ap-prov - al won.
Res - ur - rec - tion power, Haste with joy to preach the word, "Christ is ris - en, praise the Lord!"

CHORUS.

At the feet of Je - sus is the place for me, There a hum-ble *learn-er* would I choose to be.
At the feet of Je - sus is the place for me, There in sweetest *ser - vice* would I ev - er be.
At the feet of Je - sus, ris - en now for me, I shall sing his *prais-es* through eter - ni - ty.

By permission.

Remember Thy Creator.

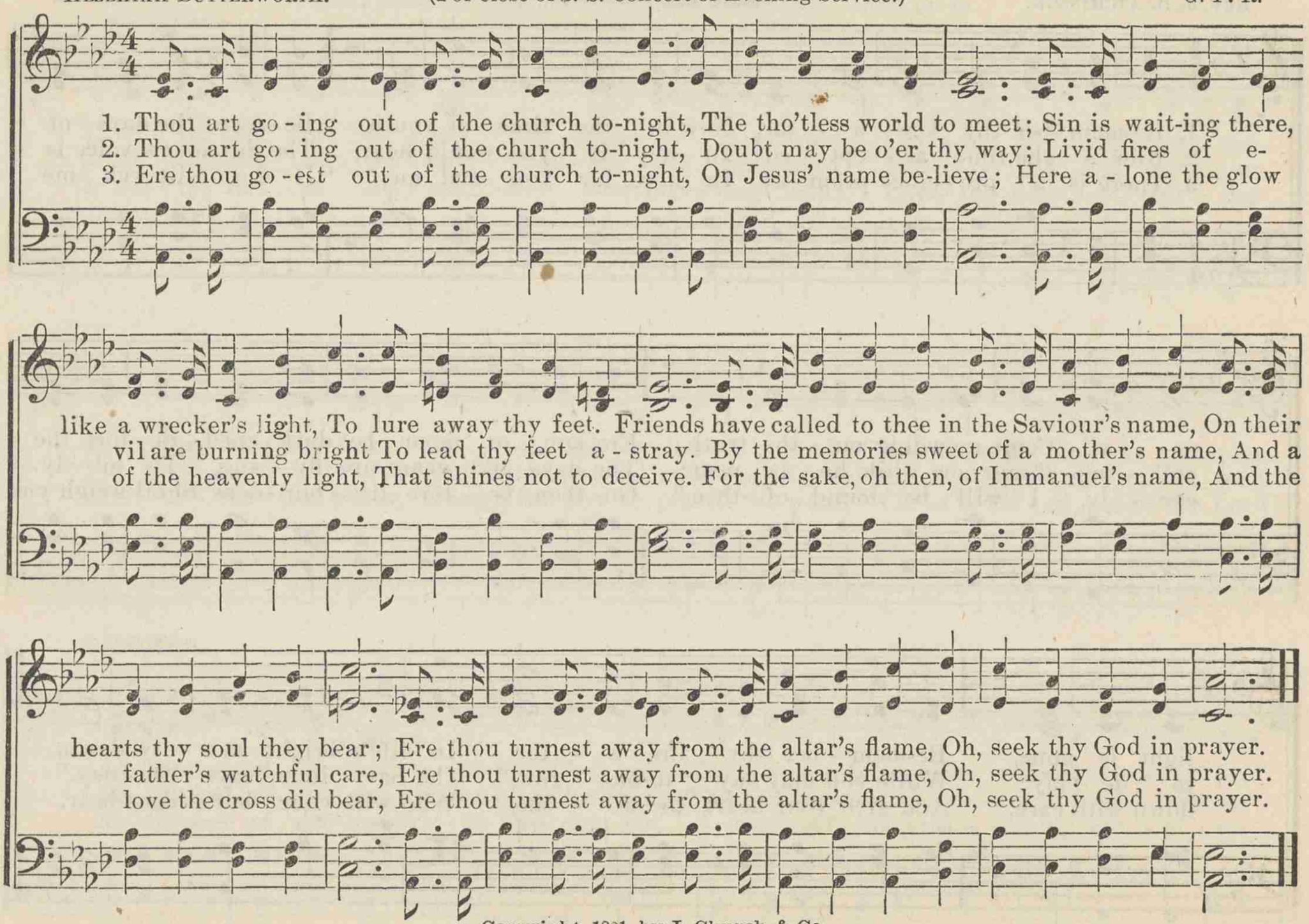
REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. Read Eccl. 12: 1—7. W. F. S.

1. Re-mem-ber thy Cre-a-tor, Now in the time of youth, Be-fore the days of e-vil Come crowding out the truth; Ere sun, or moon be dark-ened, Be-fore the light is gone, Re-mem-ber thy Cre-a-tor In life's bright ear-ly dawn.
2. Now is the time ac-cept-ed; To-day if you would hear, The Sav-iour's voice is call-ing—Come now while he is near; The days and years are fly-ing, 'Tis fol-ly to de-lay; While you may say "to-mor-row," The Sav-iour says "to-day."
3. There is a pre-cious prom-ise In store for you and me, "If thou wilt seek me ear-ly, I will be found of thee." Go, then, be-fore life's bur-dens Shall weigh you down with care, And give your heart to Je-sus, Who will your bur-dens bear.

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Thou Art Going Out.

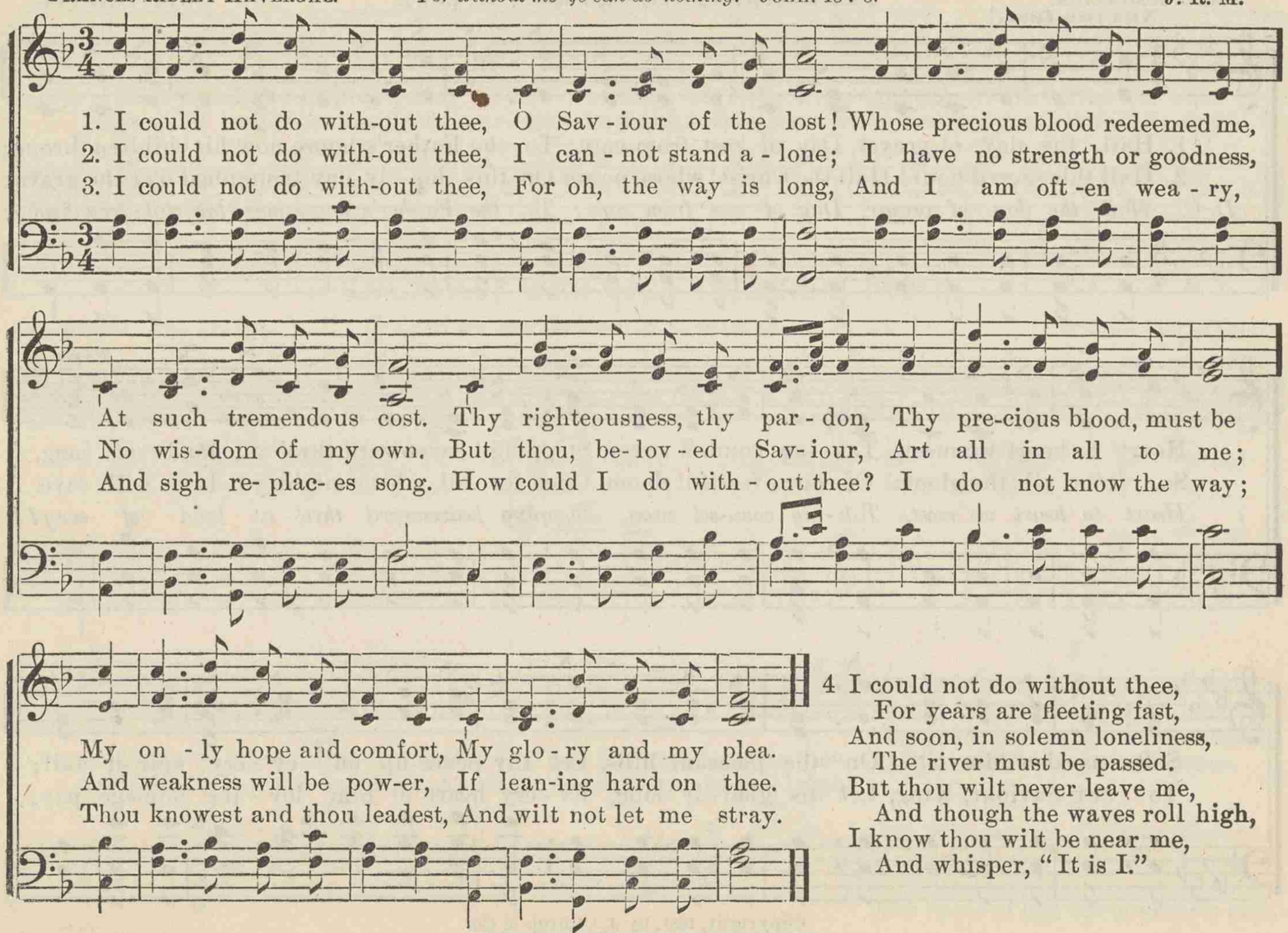
HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. (For close of S. S. Concert or Evening Service.) G. F. R.



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I could not do without Thee. 121

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. *For without me ye can do nothing.*—John. 15 : 5. J. R. M.



4 I could not do without thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon, in solemn loneliness,
The river must be passed.
But thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

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Hail the Day of Prayer!

H. O. KNOWLTON. *I will worship toward thy holy temple.*— Ps. 138: 2. W. F. SHERWIN.

Not too fast.

1. Hail the day of prayer, Day of rest from care; To the Father's house now his children throng;
2. Hail this sacred hour! Hail the Christ! whose power On this ho - ly day triumphed o'er the grave;

D. C. Hail the day of prayer, Day of rest from care; To the Fa-ther's house now his chil-dren throng;
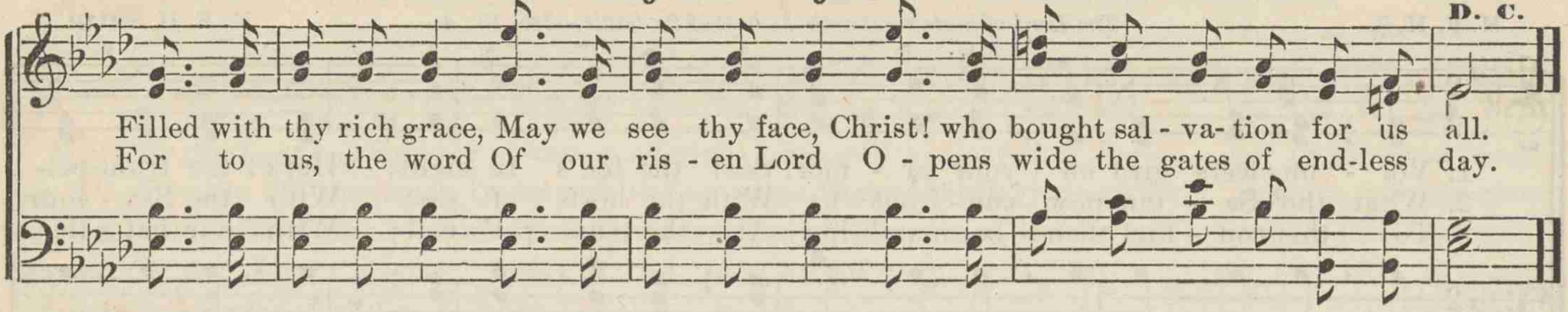
Fine.

Heart to heart we meet, Tak- ing counsel sweet, Stepping heavenward thro' a land of song.
So, from all the gloom Of our fear-ful doom, Once for all his might-y love will save.
Heart to heart we meet, Tak-ing coun-sel sweet, Stepping heavenward thro' a land of song!

Soft as dew dis - tils On the pleasant hills, Let thy peace up - on ev - ery spir - it fall;
To our Saviour, King, Let us glad - ly sing, Ev - ery heart to him lov - ing homage pay;
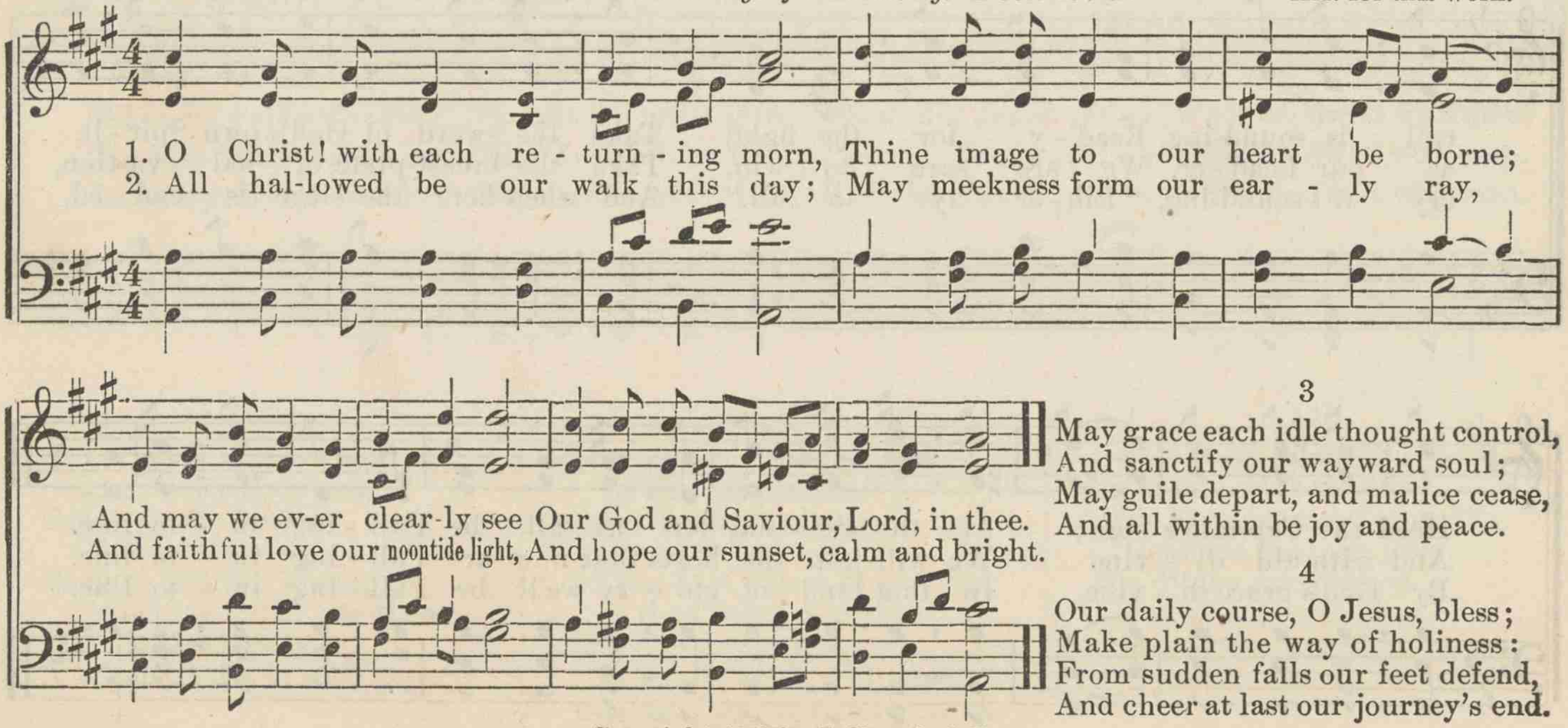
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Hail the Day of Prayer! Concluded.



O Christ! with each returning Morn.

ANON. *We shall also bear the image of the heavenly.*—1 Cor. 15: 49. Arr. for this work.



3

May grace each idle thought control,
And sanctify our wayward soul;
May guile depart, and malice cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

4

Our daily course, O Jesus, bless;
Make plain the way of holiness:
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And cheer at last our journey's end.

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Falling into Line.

M. F. H. S. *The Lord of hosts mustereth the host of the battle.*—Isa. 13: 4. M. F. H. Smith.

1. Vol - un - teers gird on your ar - mor! See! the foe's in sight; Hark! the trum-pet-
2. What tho' Sa - tan now con - front us With the hosts of sin; With the Sav - iour
3. To the con - flict then be march-ing At the trum - pet's call; With our bat - tle-

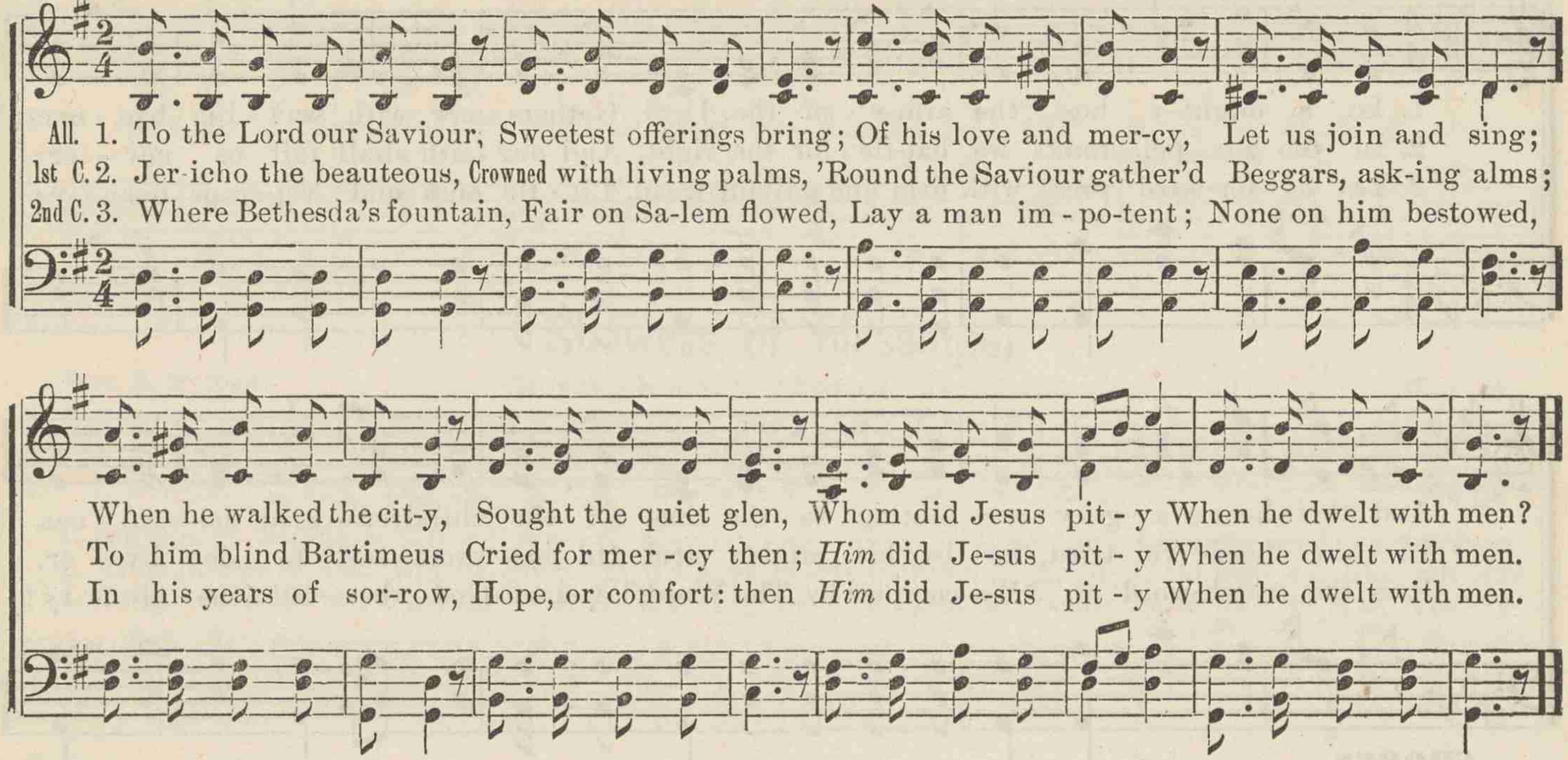
call is sound-ing, Read - y for the fight. Take the sword of God's own Spir - it,
as our Lead - er, We are sure to win. Take the breast-plate of sal - va-tion,
cry re - sound-ing, "Lib - er - ty to all." And when here the siege is end - ed,

Heed the Cap-tain's sign; At the sig - nal let us all be Fall - ing in - to line.
And with aid di - vine We will join the hosts that now are Fall - ing in - to line.
By God's grace di - vine, In that land of glo - ry we'll be Fall - ing in - to line.

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Whom did Jesus Pity?

H. BUTTERWORTH. If not convenient by classes, make four divisions, or the whole may be sung by all. G. F. R.



3rd Class.

4 Out of Nain, on Hermon,
Came a stricken one,
Going to the burial
Of her only son;
Back to life the Master
Called the loved one then—
Her did Jesus pity,
When he dwelt with men.

4th Class.

5 Journeying to Capernaum
By the purple sea,
Jesus hears the leper
Cry in misery.
"Thou hast power to save me,
If thou wilt," and then
Him did Jesus pity,
When he dwelt with men.

All.

6 On the cross rejected
On that darkened day,
"Oh Forgive, my Father!"
Hear the Saviour pray.
His divine compassion
Failed not, even then,
Sinners Jesus pitied
When he *died* for men.

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Lo! a Mighty Host.

W. F. S. *Is there any number of His armies?*— Job 25: 3. W. F. Sherwin.

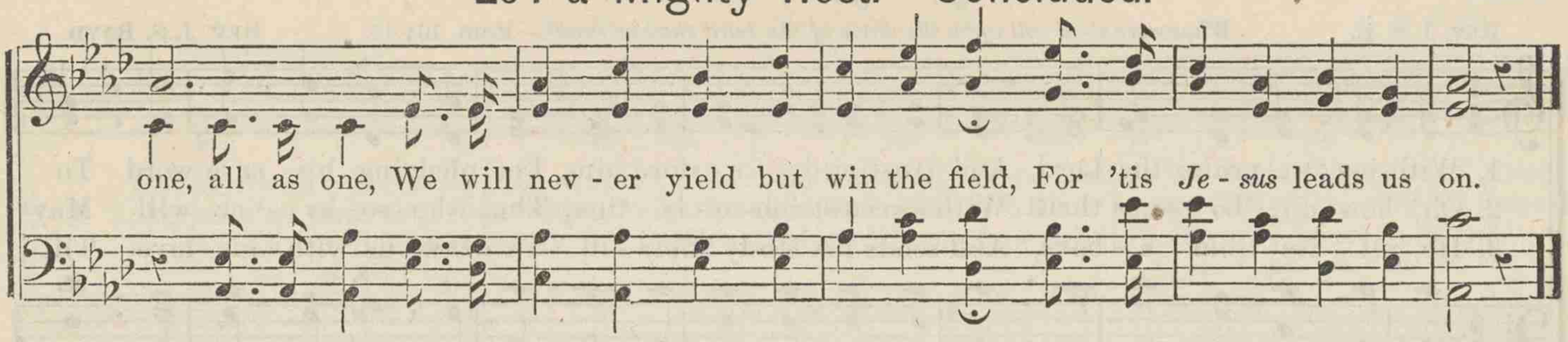
1. Lo, a might-y host, the arm-y of the Lord, Gathers now with wav-ing ban-ners;
2. In the gos-pel ranks we bat-tle for the right, And our faith shall fail us nev-er;
3. Let us for-ward press with firm and gallant tread, Lit-tle ones and vet-erans hoar-y;

And their hearts a-glow are beating to the time Of the chil-dren's glad ho-san-nas.
In the Lord we trust, for by his mighty arm He has prom-ised to de-liv-er.
Pass the watch-word on, "We conquer by The Word," And to God be all the glo-ry!

CHORUS.

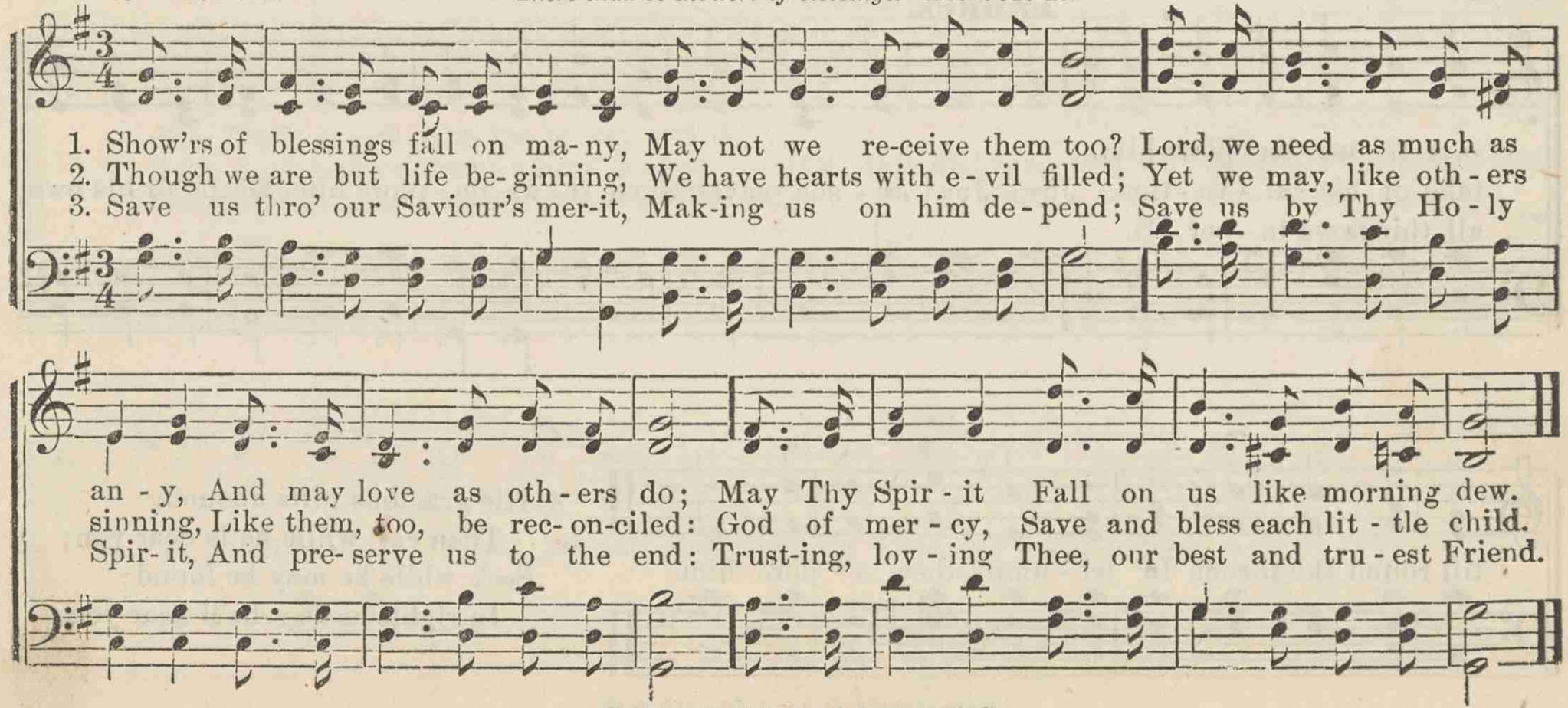
Marching on, Marching on all as one, Marching on Marching on all as one, Marching on all as one,

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Showers of Blessings.

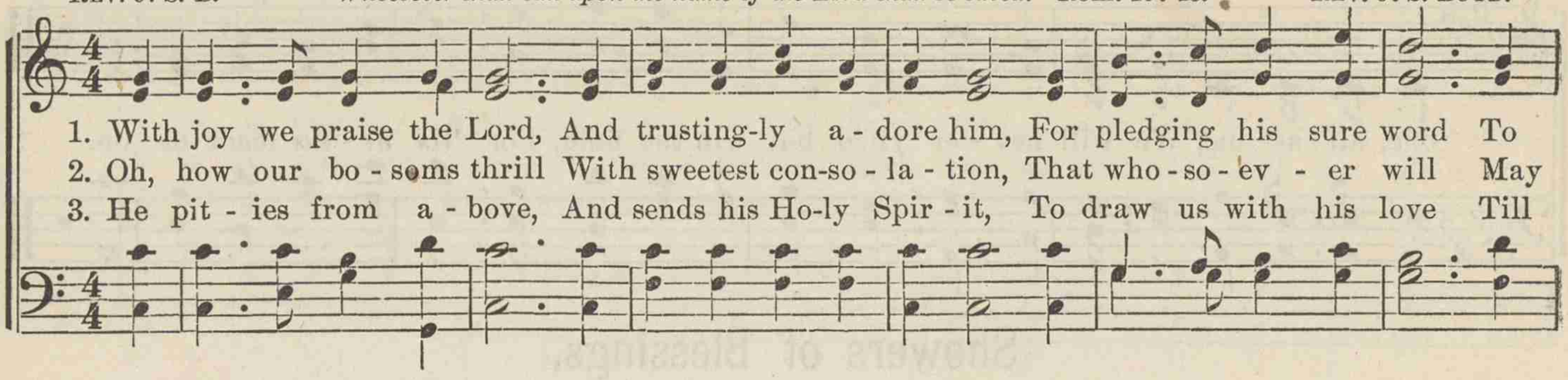
REV. B. W. NOEL. *There shall be showers of blessings.*—Ezek. 34: 26. W. F. S.



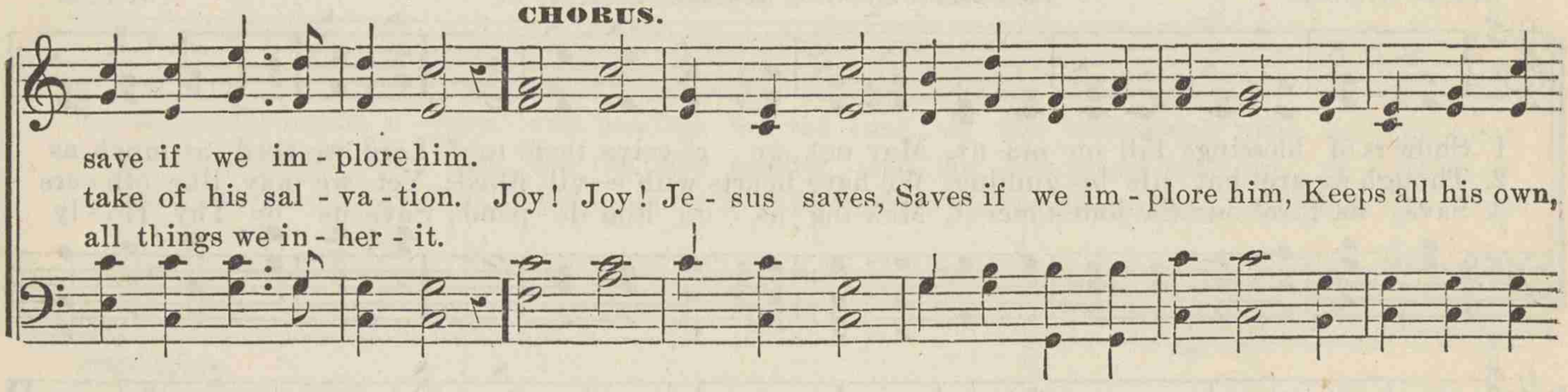
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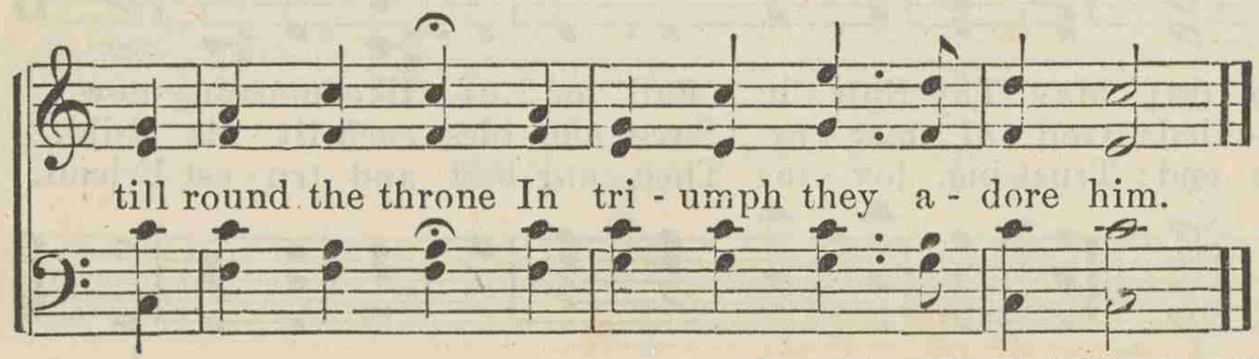
Joy, Joy, Jesus Saves.

REV. J. S. B. *Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.*—Rom. 10: 13. REV. J. S. BOYD.



CHORUS.





4 His gracious gifts abound,
Then call while he is near you;
Seek while he may be found;
In righteousness he'll hear you.

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Christ is Risen.

* * * *

The Lord is risen indeed—Luke 24 : 34.

G. F. R.

Moderato.

1. The world puts on its robe of spring, To greet the newly risen Lord; Fair forest-flowers and lilies fling Their sweets upon the grassy sward.
2. Take jasmine pure and roses white, Wreathe aisle and altar with their snow; Fill all the day with bloom and light, And make a heav-en here be-low.
3. O ris - en Saviour, ho - ly Lord! Thy glorious life we now behold; In every heart be thou a- dored, While in our hymns thy praise is told.

CHORUS.

Oh, fair and rare, they fitly say That Christ, our Lord, is risen to - day, Oh, fair and rare, they fit-ly say That Christ, our Lord, is risen, is risen to-day.

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Out of the Shadow. (Easter Carol.)

JENNIE HARRISON. *But now is Christ risen from the dead.*—1 Cor. 15: 20. W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Out of the shadow of death and the grave, Je-sus our Saviour hath come, Bright in his glo-ry
2. Out of the shadow of winter's long night, Earth comes in gladness to-day! Clad in the garments
3. Out of the shadow of weak-ness and fear, Let us a-rise, then, to-day! Je-sus hath called us,

Duett.

and might-y to save, Free from the taint of the tomb! Robes of hu-man-i-ty, sanc-ti-fied
of spring-time and light, Scat-ter-ing doubt and dis-may. Beau-ti-ful sto-ry that nev-er grows
our East-er is here! Why should we doubt and delay? Here is the path that our Con-quer-or

so, Worn in his pit-y-ing love, Drop, with their weight of earth-weakness and woe—Je-sus
old, Pledge from our conquering Lord, Earth is redeem'd from its dark-ness and cold; East-er
trod, Bright with his blessings of peace; These are his blossoms that spring from the sod, Tell-ing

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CHORUS. *ff*

as - cend - eth a - bove.
hath come at his word. Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! let it re-sound, Death can no long-er
of hope and re - lease.

en - thrall; Je - sus is ris - en! re-peat the glad sound, Life and sal - va - tion for all.

Now thy Throne addressing, Closing.

W. F. S. *Show us thy mercy, O Lord.*—Ps. 85: 7. W. F. S.

1. Now thy throne ad-dressing, Pray we, bending low—Father grant thy blessing, As we homeward go.
2. Thro' this day at - tend us, Guard us all the night, And thy mercy send us With the morning light.
3. Ev - er gent- ly lead us, Morning, noon and even; Guide us, guard us, feed us, Till we rest in heaven.

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132 O Children's Day! (Floral Sunday.)

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. *He hath blessed thy children within thee.*—Ps. 147: 13. W. F. SHERWIN.
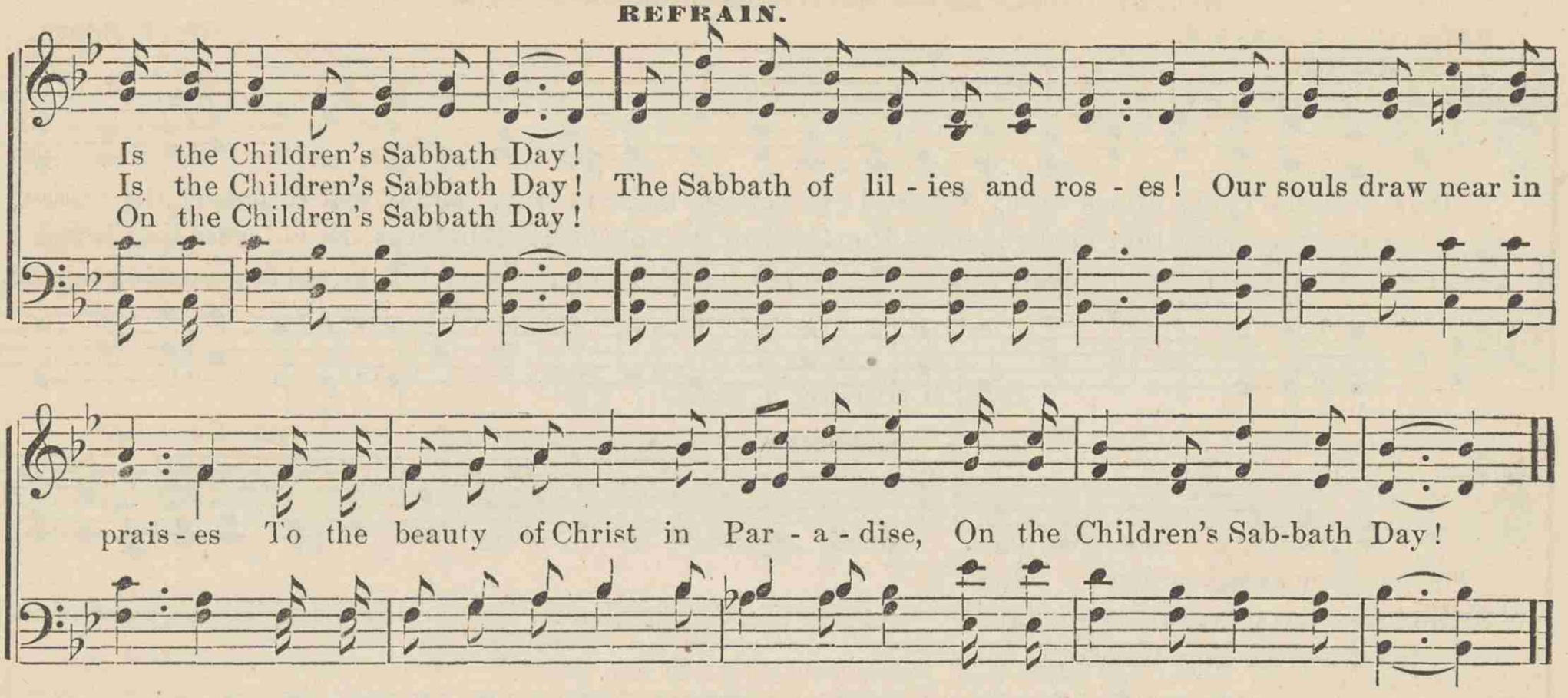
1. O children's day in the summer's prime, How bright is the world and how fair, When over the bowers the
2. To-day the cen-sers of roses swing, More sweet than the censers of gold; The birds at the al-tar
3. O who is Shar-on's fair Rose to-day? And who is the Lil-y so white? And whose is the love that

ros-es climb And the lil-ies are wav-ing in air! We bring to our al-tars our
sweet-ly sing As they sung in the tem-ple of old. We joy-ful-ly sing 'mid the
leads our way To the gar-dens of Par-a-dise bright? At Je-sus' dear feet we will

gifts of flowers And the sing-ing birds, and say The hap-pi-est day of the sum-mer hours
birds and flowers To the praise of God, and say The beau-ti-ful time of the sum-mer hours
cast our flowers, And our off-'rings there we lay, Re-joic-ing that gifts of his love are ours

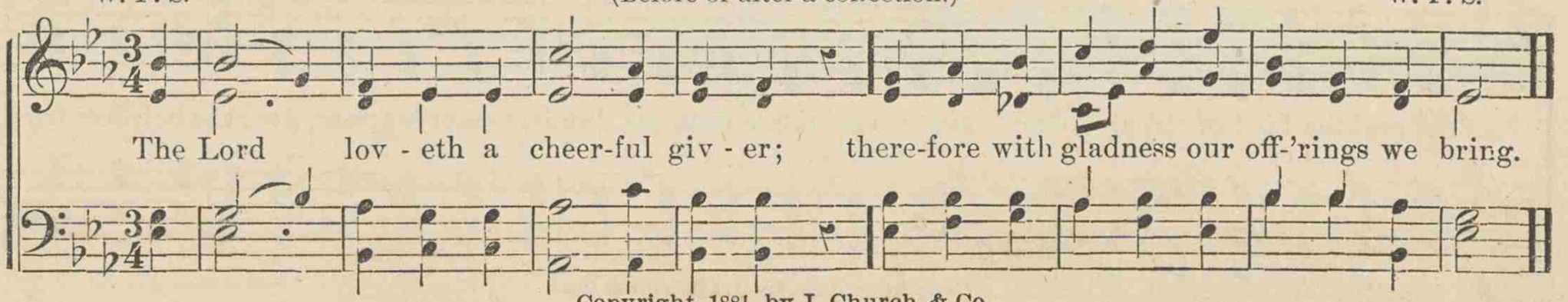
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REFRAIN.



The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Giver.

W. F. S. (Before or after a collection.) W. F. S.



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How Amiable God's Altars Were!

He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.—Ps. 147: 9.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1. How amiable God's altars were! Where Levite choirs arose to sing, And bowed in prayer the worshiper,
2. Kind was the priest that kept the birds Protected in the holy halls; Kind was the voice that spoke the words—
3. How lovely, from the prophet's tongue These precepts fell, of mercy born; "Take not the dam that feeds her young,
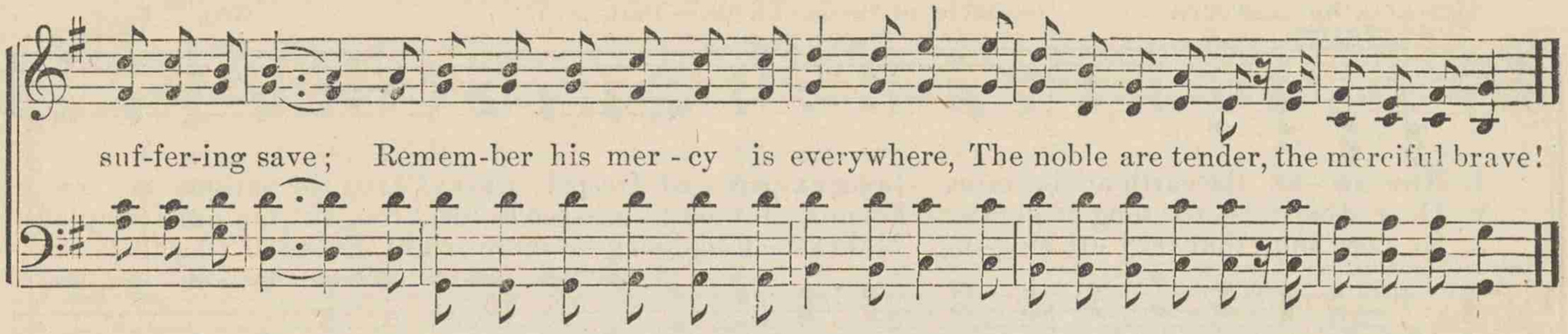
CHORUS.

The swallow came on dew - y wing.
"God sees the sparrow when it falls."
Nor curb the ox that treads the corn."

Let thy life be a joy, in its love and its care, To the beast of the

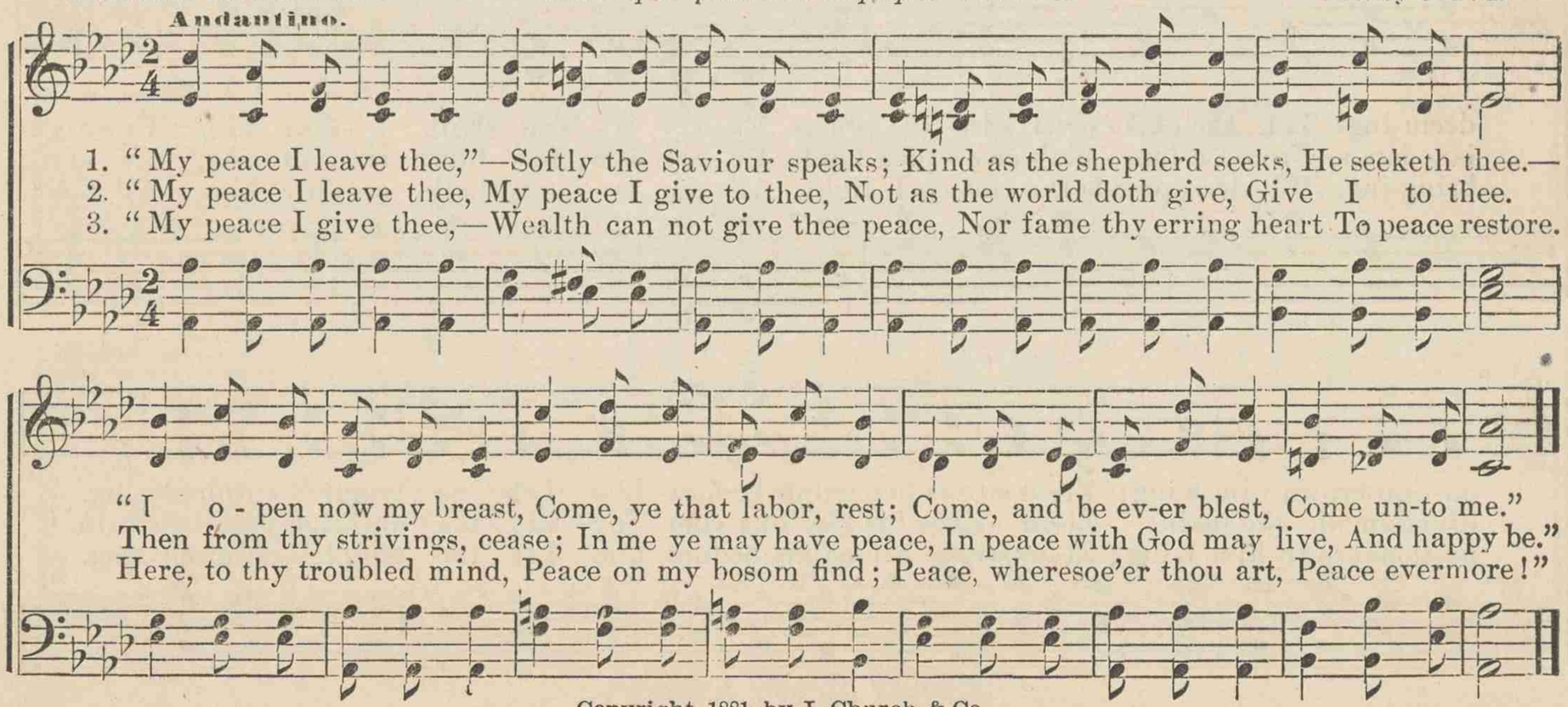
field and the bird of the air; God blesseth the hands that his dumb creatures spare, And the helpless from

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My Peace I Leave Thee.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. *He will speak peace unto his people.*—Ps. 85 : 8. Arr. by G. F. R.



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The Children of the Temple.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. (Suitable for Mission Bands.)—Matt. 21: 15. GEO. F. ROOT.

Joyfully.

1. Now up - on the earth are beaming Long ex-pect - ed Gospel days; Christ the nations is re-
2. Hear them raise the song of gladness, From a thousand mission bands, From Bri-tan-nia's templed
3. Ev - ery song that they are sing-ing, Makes the kingdom grow more bright, Every off'ring they are

deem-ing—Let the chil - dren join the praise. Ev - ery is - land shall a - dore him, Ev - ery
is - lands, From Co-lum - bia's stee - pled lands. Ev - ery isle for him is wait - ing, Ev - ery
bring-ing, Wi - der spreads the Gos - pel light. All the is - lands shall a - dore him, All the

na-tion crown him King; Zi-on strews her palms be-fore him—Let the temple's children sing.
kingdom of the main; Zi-on sings his glorious com - ing—Let the children join the strain.
na-tions crown him King; Zi-on strews her palms be-fore him—Let the temple's children sing.

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Only Thee. 137
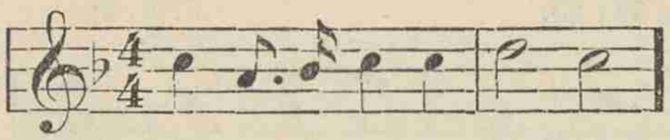
REV. GEO. DUFFIELD, D.D. *There is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.*—PS. 73: 25. J. R. M.

1. Bless-ed Sav - iour! thee I love, All my oth - er joys a - bove; All my hopes in thee a - bide, Thou my hope and naught be - side; Ev - er let my glo - ry be,
2. Once a - gain be - side the cross, All my gain I count as loss, Earthly pleasures fade a - way, Clouds they are that hide my day; Hence, vain shadows, let me see
3. Bless-ed Sav - iour! thine am I, Thine to live, and thine to die; Height or depth, or earth - ly power, Ne'er shall hide my Sav - iour more; Ev - er shall my glo - ry be,

REFRAIN.

On - ly, on - ly, on - ly thee. On - ly thee! on - ly thee! On - ly, on - ly, on - ly thee.
Je - sus cru - ci - fied for me.
On - ly, on - ly, on - ly thee.

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

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

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

Annie L. Walker.
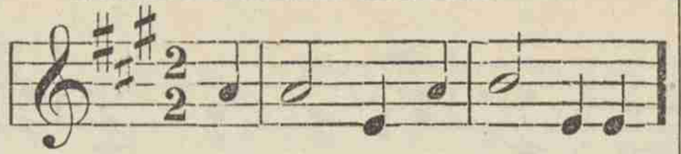
WILMOT.



1 Sons of day! arise from slumbers,
  For the sluggish night is gone;
Swell the Saviour's marshalled numbers,
  Marching where he leadeth on.

2 On the prairie and the mountain,
  In the valley rich and fair,
By the river and the fountain,
  Plant the sacred standard there

PORTUGUESE HYMN.



1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word:
What more can he say than to you he hath said,—
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled!

2 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow:
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
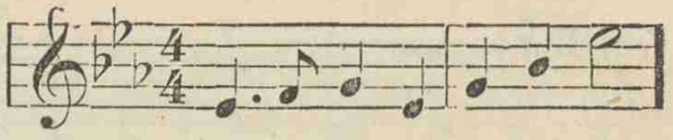
3 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

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

5 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
Jehovah will never—no never forsake."

Geo. Keith.
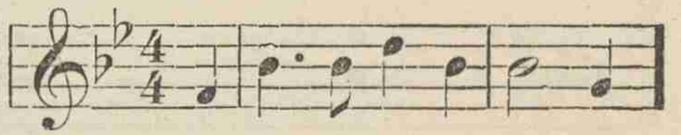
IVES.



1 Sleep not, soldier of the cross!
  Foes are lurking all around;
Look not here to find repose:
  This is but thy battle ground.
Up! and take thy shield and sword;
  Up! it is the call of Heaven:
Shrink not faithless from thy Lord;
  Nobly strive as he hath striven.

2 Break through all the force of ill;
  Tread the might of passion down,
Struggling onward, onward still,
  To the conqu'ring Saviour's crown!
Through the midst of toil and pain,
  Let this thought ne'er leave thy breast,
Every triumph thou dost gain
  Makes more sweet thy coming rest.

WEBB.



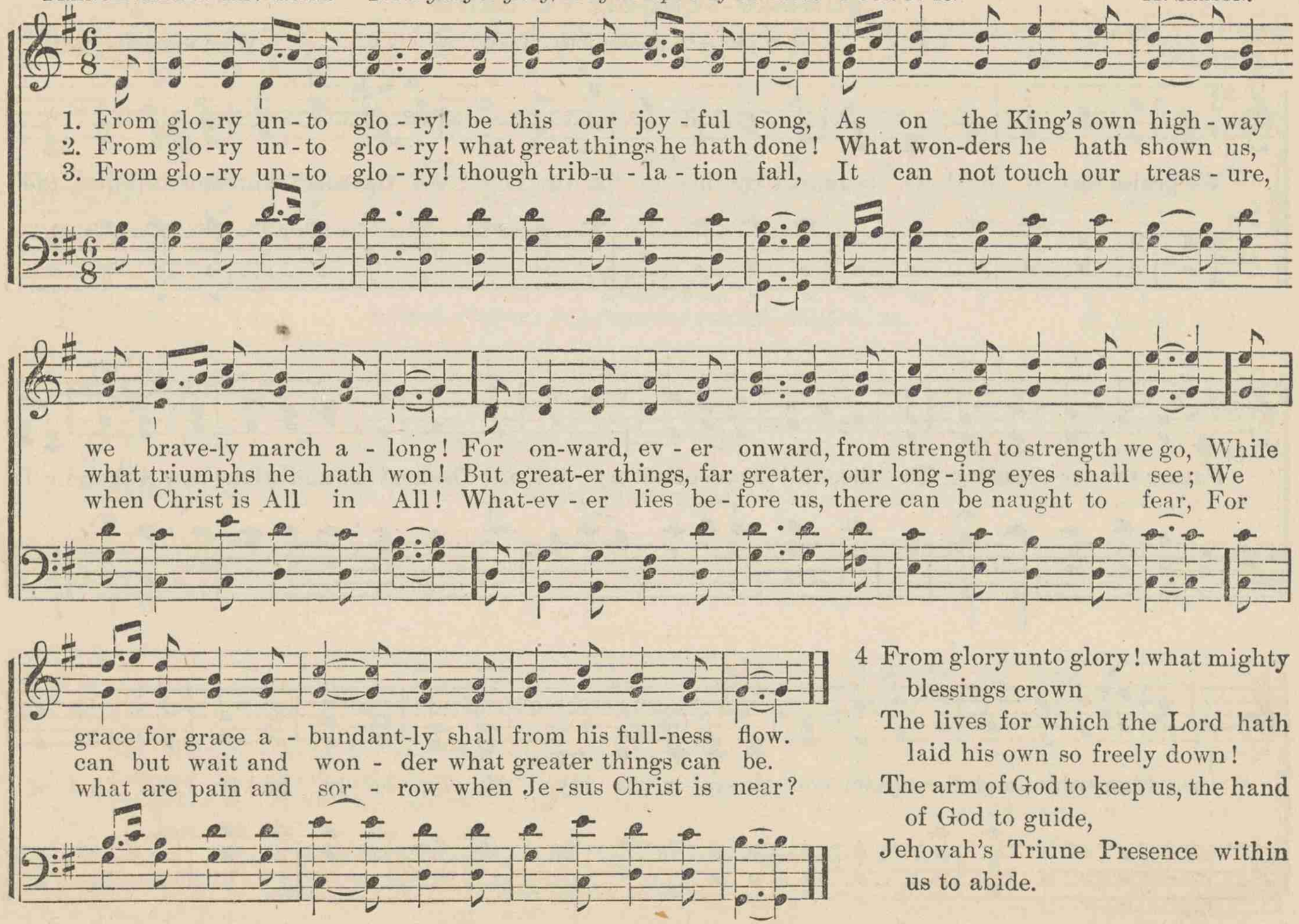
1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
  Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
  It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
  His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
  And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
  Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
  Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
  And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
  Be never wanting there.

Geo. Duffield, D. D.

From Glory unto Glory. 139

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. *From glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord.*—2 Cor. 3 : 18. M. SLASON.



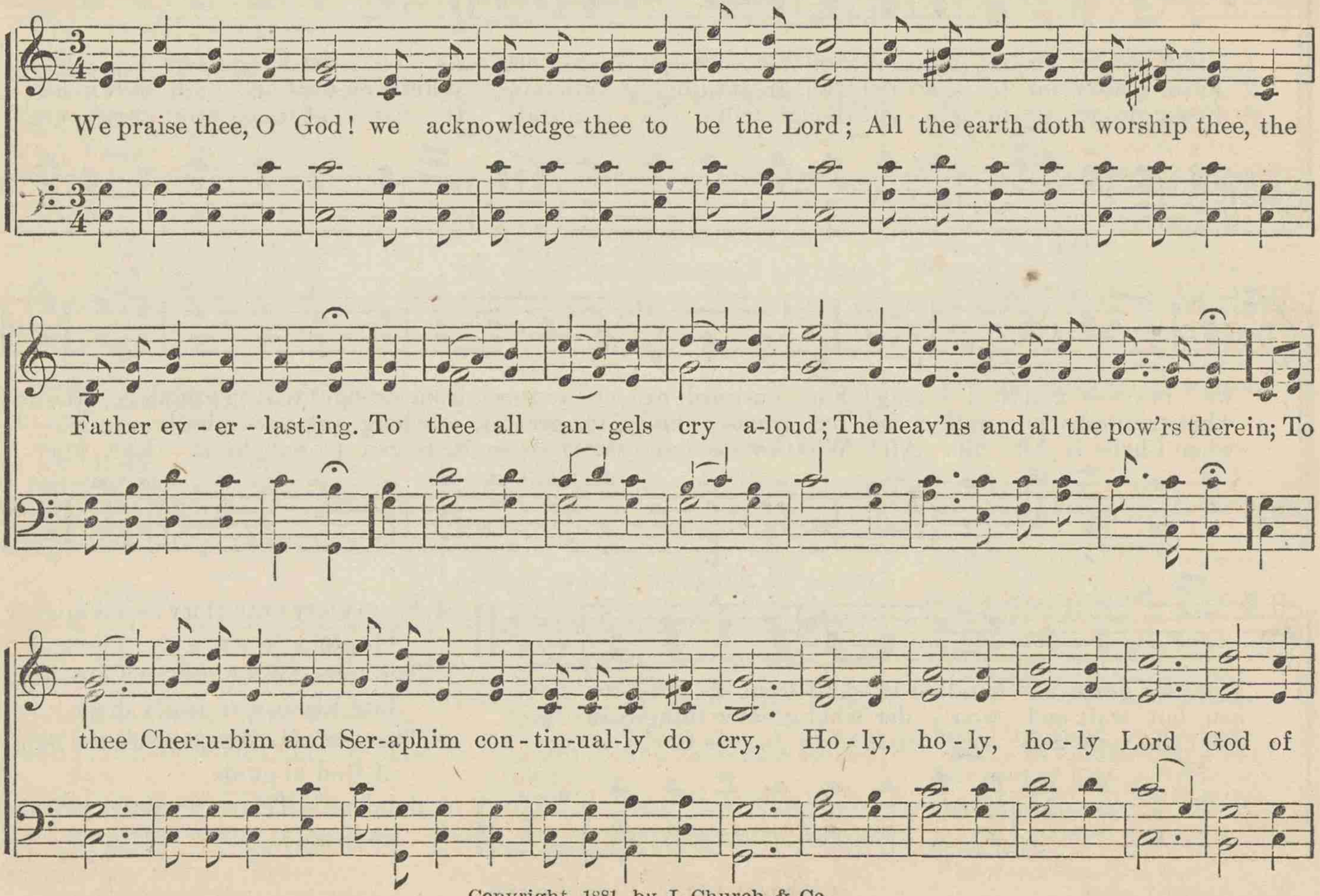
4 From glory unto glory! what mighty
blessings crown
The lives for which the Lord hath
laid his own so freely down!
The arm of God to keep us, the hand
of God to guide,
Jehovah's Triune Presence within
us to abide.

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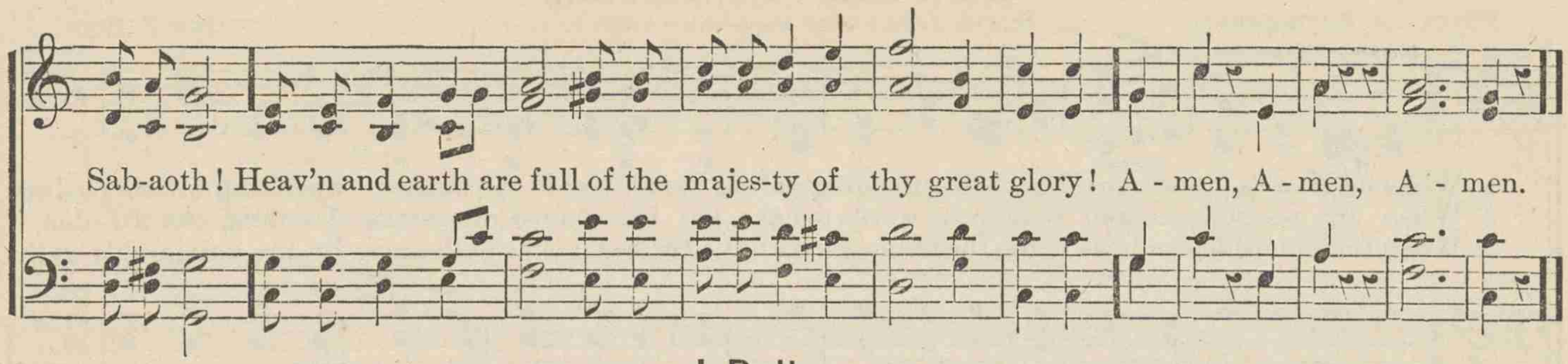
We Praise Thee, O God.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TE DEUM.

And praise is comely.—Ps. 147: 1. W. F. SHERWIN, 1881.

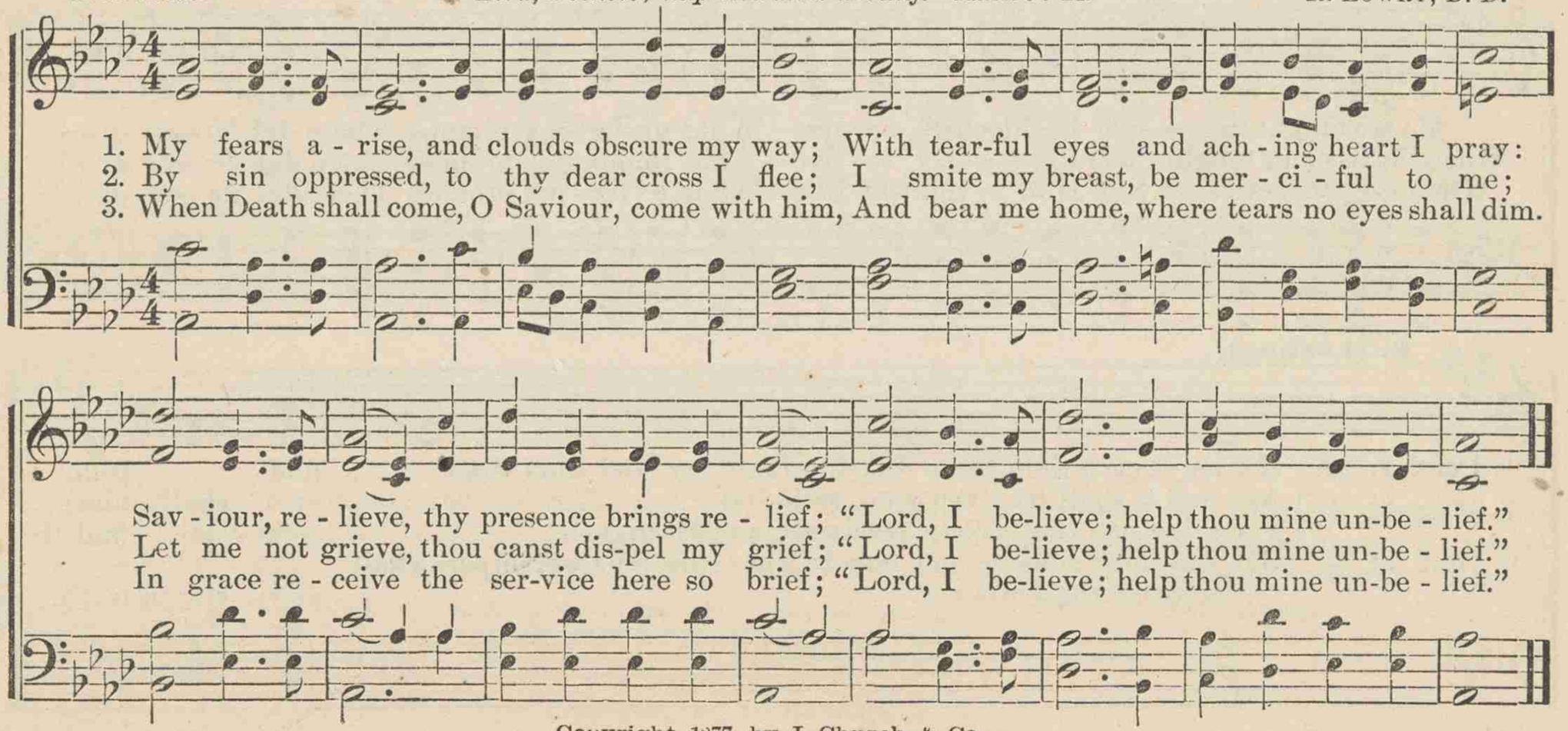


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I Believe.

P. P. BLISS. *Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.*—Mark 9: 24. R. LOWRY, D. D.



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Seek and Ye shall Find.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. *Seek the Lord and ye shall live.*—Amos 5: 6. GEO. F. ROOT.

Semi-Chorus.

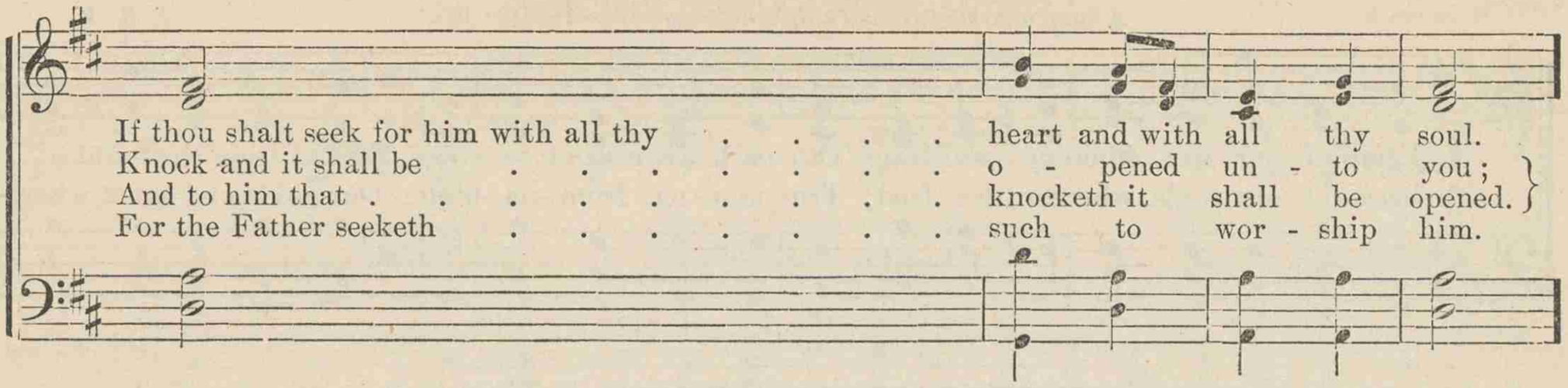
1. When by Moab's mountains,'Neath the spreading palms, Speaking oft in counsel, Speaking oft in psalms,
2. When the people gathered Wondrous words to hear, On the shaded mountain Tow'ring o'er Ju-dea,
3. When the noontide shadows From the palm-groves fell, O'er Samaria's pathways, By the patriarch's well,
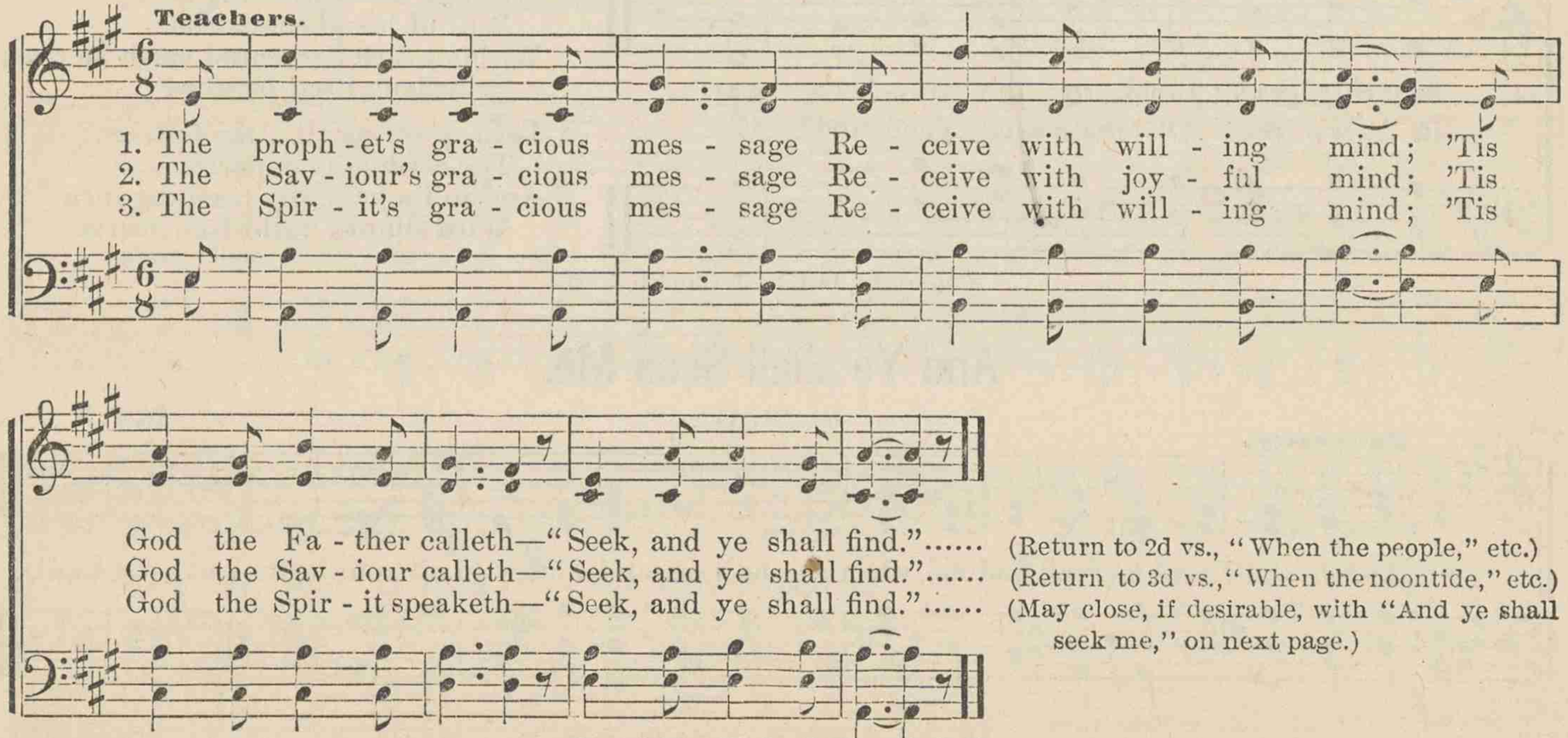
Mo-ses taught the peo-ple Righteously to live—What un-fail-ing promise There did Mo-ses give?
When the Saviour taught them Righteously to live--What immor-tal promise There did Je-sus give?
When the woman asked him How to right-ly live—What e-ter-nal promise There did Je-sus give?

Full School.

1. Deut. 4: 29. If from thence thou shalt seek the Lord thy God thou shalt . . find . . him,
2. Matt. 7: 7. { Ask and it shall be given you; seek and . . . . . ye shall find;
   { For every one that asketh receiveth, and he that . . . . . seek - eth findeth.
3. John 4: 23. But the hour cometh and now is when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in . . . . . spirit and in truth.

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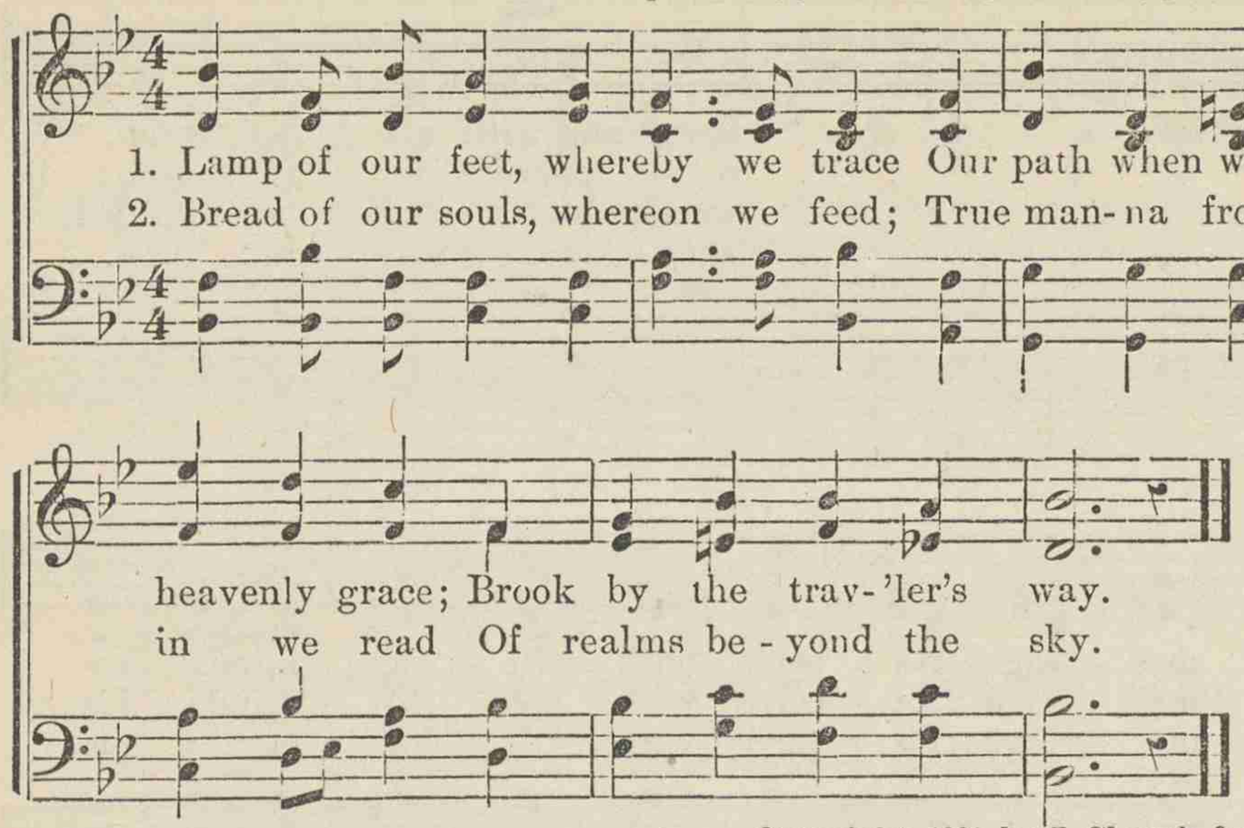




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Lamp of our feet.

* * * *

A lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.—Ps. 119 · 105.

J. R. M.



3 Word of the everlasting God;
Will of his glorious Son:
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

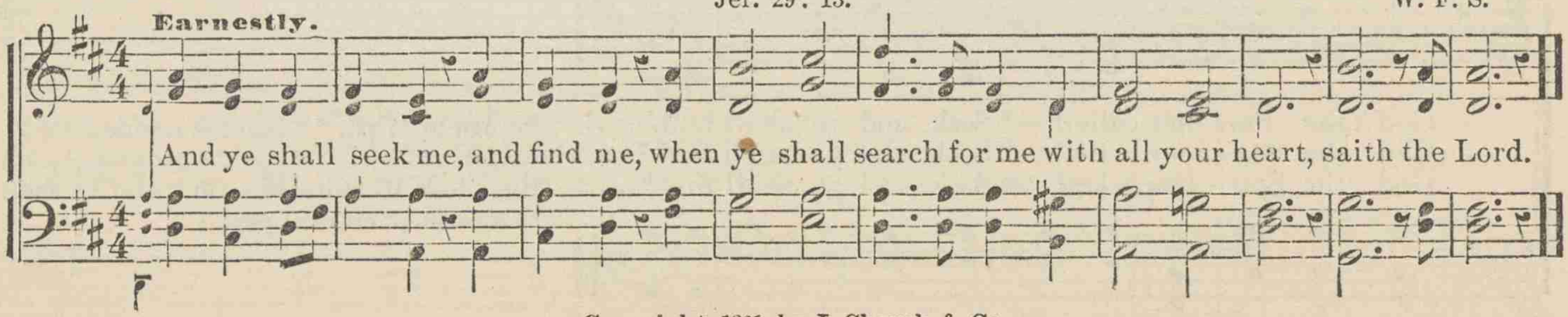
4 Lord, grant us all alike to learn
The wisdom it imparts,
And to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, child-like hearts.

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And Ye shall Seek Me.

Jer. 29: 13.
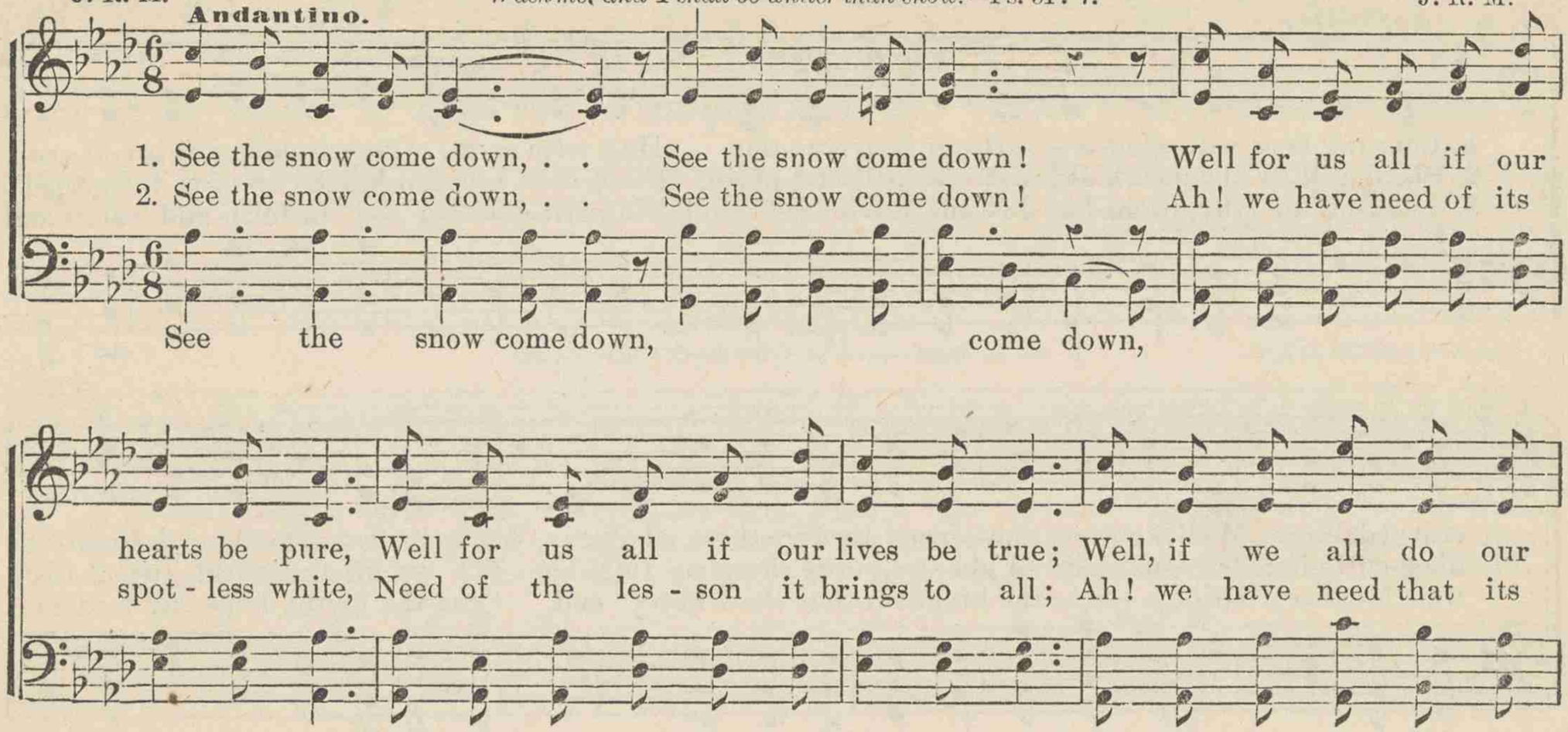
W. F. S.
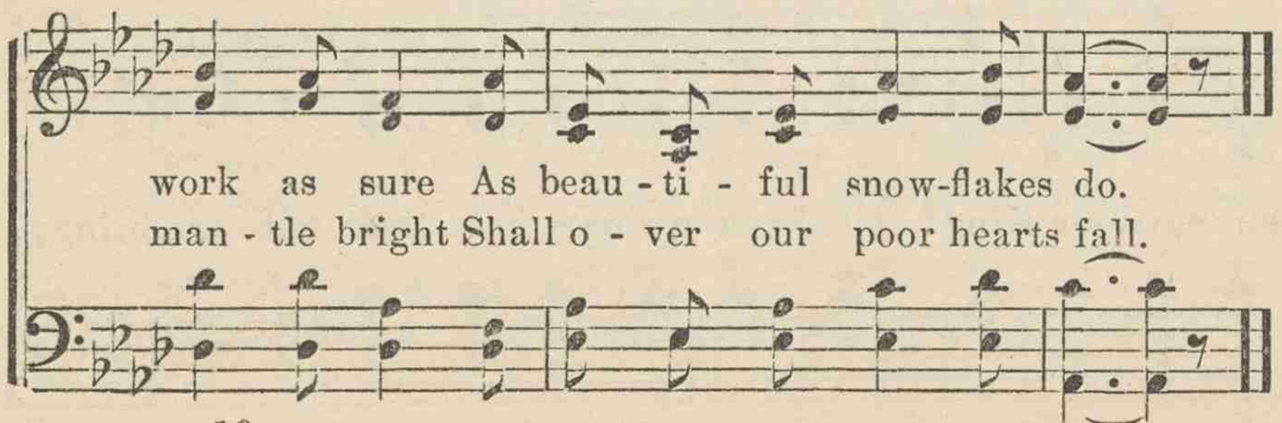


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See the Snow Come Down.

J. R. M. *Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.*—Ps. 51 : 7. J. R. M.



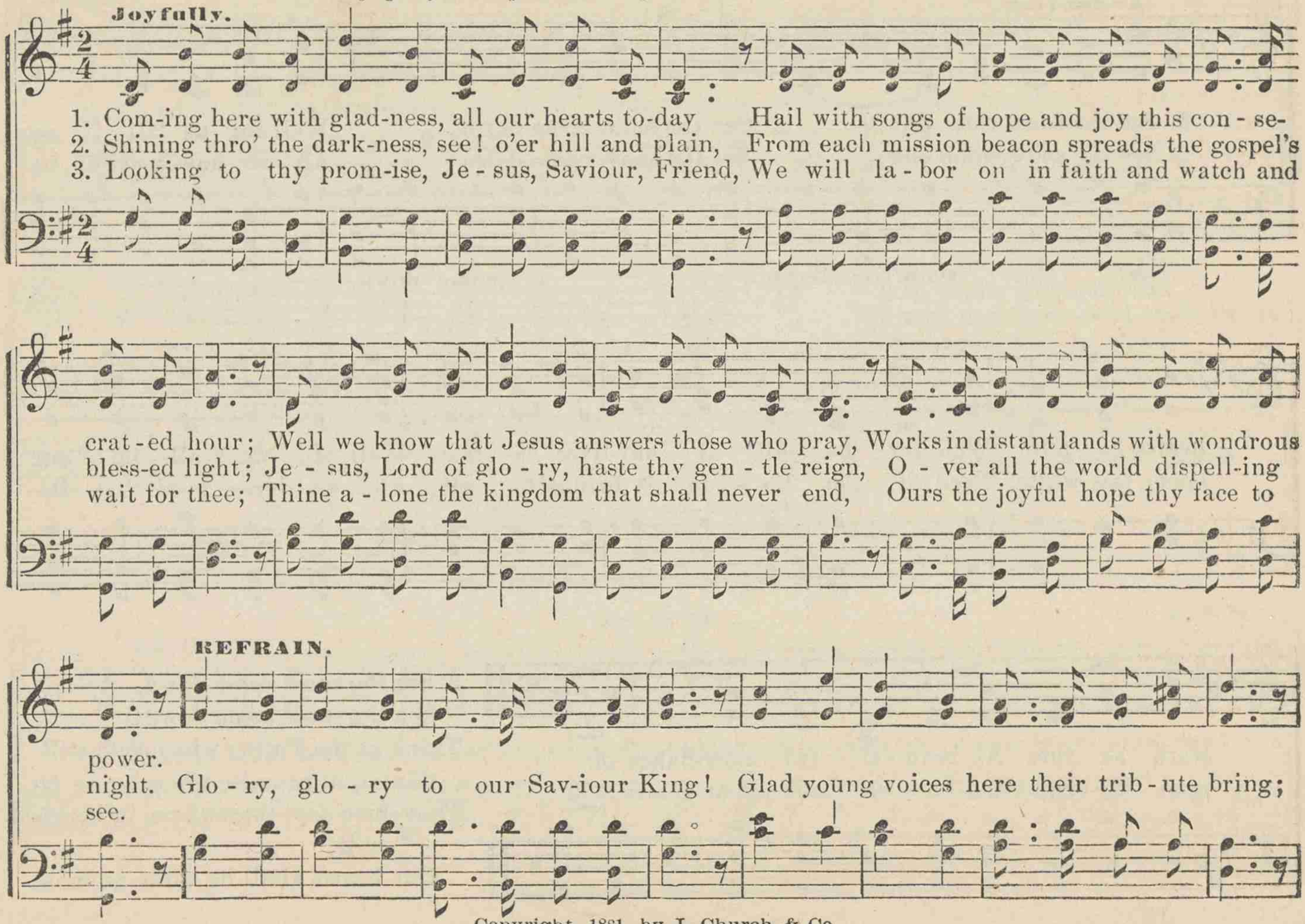


3 See the snow come down,
See the snow come down!
Think of the Father who loveth still,
Giving us promise where'er we go,
That some day, somewhere, in his good will,
Our hearts shall be white as snow.
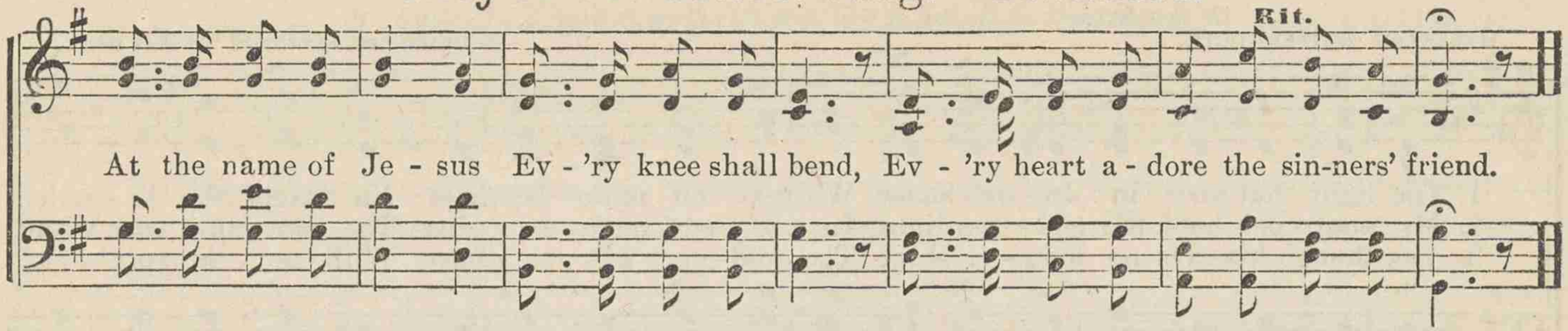
From "Triumph," by per.

146 Glory to Our Saviour King. (Missionary.)

P. W. D. *And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world.*—Matt. 24 : 14. J. R. MURRAY.



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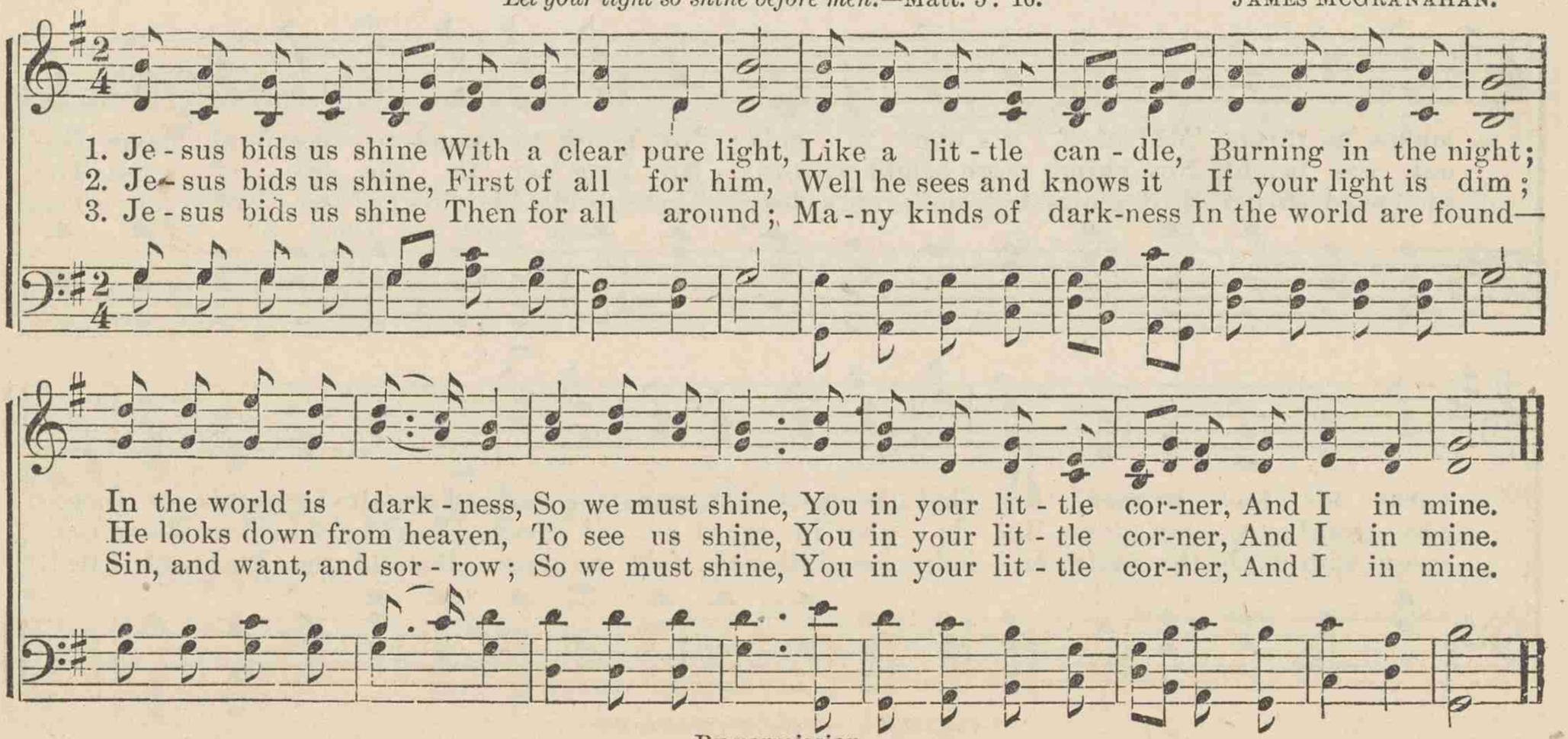


Little Lights.

* * * *

Let your light so shine before men.—Matt. 5 : 16.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



By permission.

The Light that once in Judah shone.

He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself.—1 John 5: 10.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. Adapted and arranged for this work.

1. The light that once in Ju - dah shone, We may no more be - hold; No bright She - ki - nah
2. My soul be - hold the end - less light In Je - sus' reign be - gin; The flame that once with-
3. Yes, though his rays no long - er shine The gold - en ark a - bove, With - in the spir - it's

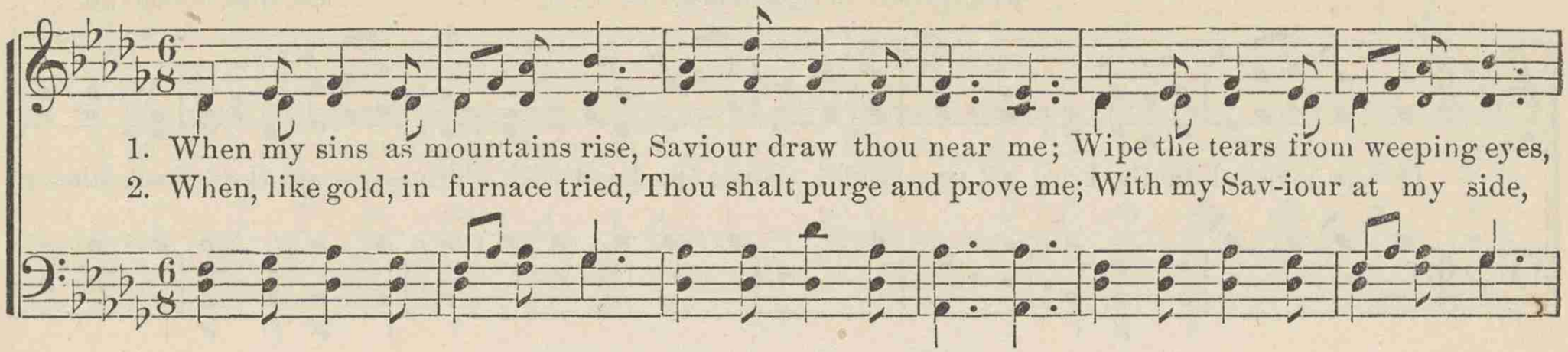
makes its throne 'Mid cher - u - bim of gold; No more the pen - te - cost - al flame Re-
out was bright, Now shines more bright with-in; No long - er to the eye of sense The
in - most shrine Still glows Im - man - uel's love. There dwells his glo - ry as of yore—Then
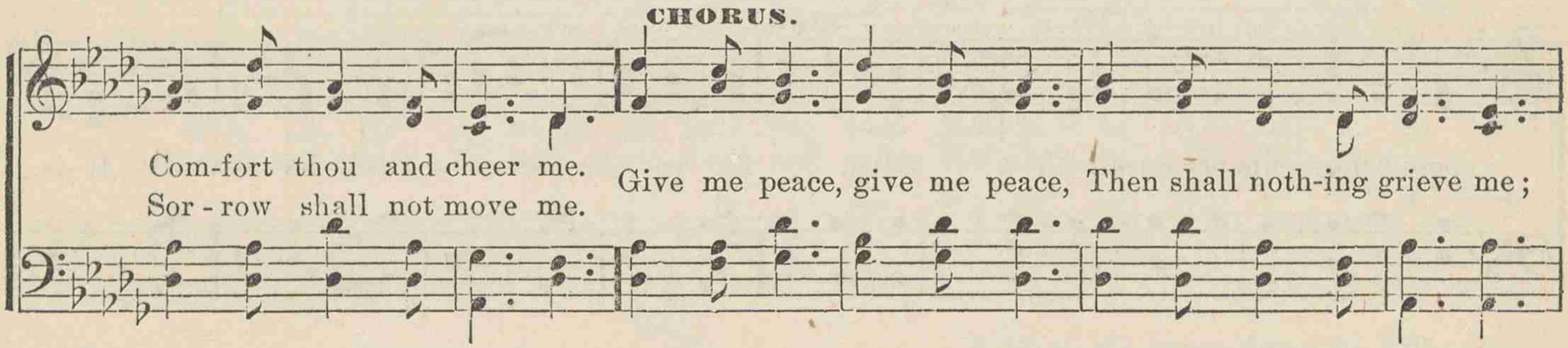
turns to ho - ly men, But God re-veals his grace the same To wait - ing souls as then.
out - ward vis - ion glows, But in the in - ward ev - i - dence Doth Christ his love dis - close.
cease with doubt thy strife; In help - less dark-ness walk no more—Be-hold the Light of Life!

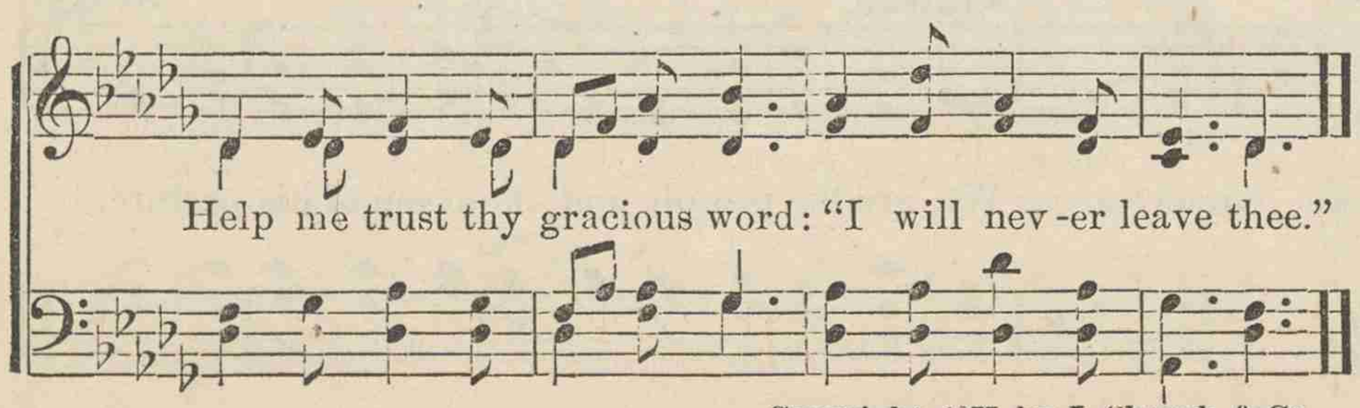
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I will Never Leave Thee.

REV. A. T. PIERSON. *As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.*—Isa. 66: 13. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.







3 When I tread the vale of death,
Let no fears confound me;
May I yield my dying breath
With thine arms around me.

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O be Joyful in the Lord. (Anthem.)

We will rejoice in thy salvation.—Ps. 20: 5.

Arr. from SOUTHARD.

ff

O be joy-ful in the Lord, all ye lands! Serve the Lord with gladness, serve the Lord with gladness and

Fine.

come before his presence with a song. Be ye sure that the Lord, he is God. It is

Slower.

D.C.

he that hath made us and not we ourselves. We are his peo-ple and the sheep of his pasture.

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Our Shepherd leads with gentle hand.

From the German of Krummacher.

Thou that leadest Joseph like a flock.—Ps. 80 : 1.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. Yes, our Shepherd leads with gen - tle hand, Thro' the dark pil-grim land, His flock
2. When in clouds and mists the weak ones stray, He a - gain shows the way, And points
3. Ten - der - ly he watch -es from on high, With an un - wea - ried eye; He com-

Cres. - - - *ff*

so dear - ly bought, So long and fond - ly sought; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
to them a - far A bright and guid - ing star; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
forts and sus - tains, In all their fears and pains; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.
Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.
Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

4 Thro' the weary desert he will guide,
To the green fountain side;
Thro' the dark and stormy night,
To everlasting light;
Hallelujah! hallelujah! Amen.

5 Yes! the little flock are ne'er forgot,
His mercy changes not;
Their home is safe above
Within his arms of love;
Hallelujah! hallelujah! Amen.

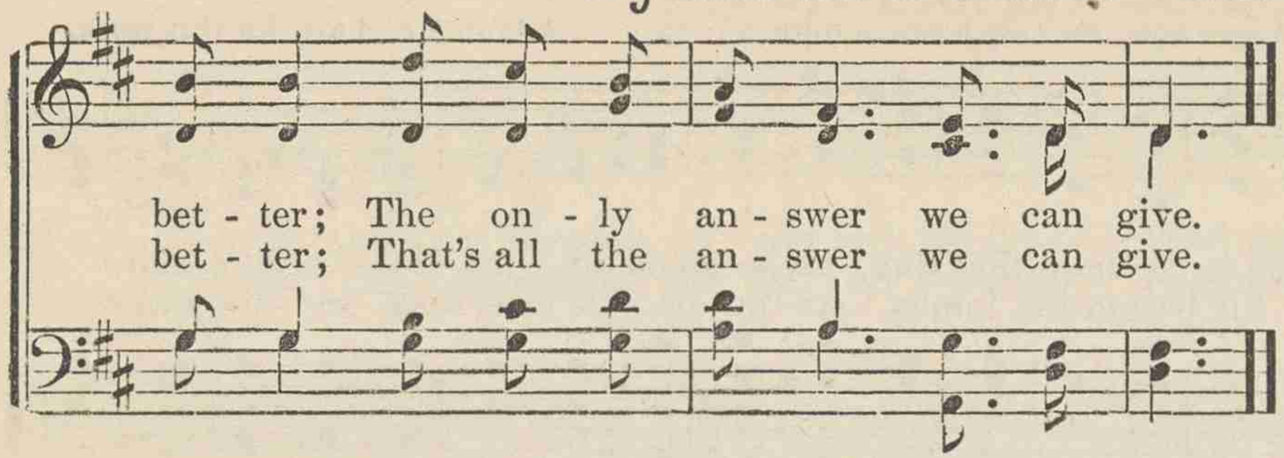
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Try and Do it Better.

REV. PAXTON HOOD. *Seek that ye may excel.*—1 Cor. 14: 12. H. WILHELM.

1. A - way with ev - 'ry thought of sor - row, We'll on - ly think of joy to - day; Why should we need - less trou - ble bor - row, From those who claim a bet - ter way; They tell us that their plans are la - ter, And they could show us how to live; We bid them try and do it
2. Then let them boast of stores of knowledge; We'll not de - spise their learn-ed lore—The wealth of school, the fame of col - lege—Well may we wish that we had more; But still we aim to break the fet - ter That holds the heart from its re-prieve; We bid them try and do it
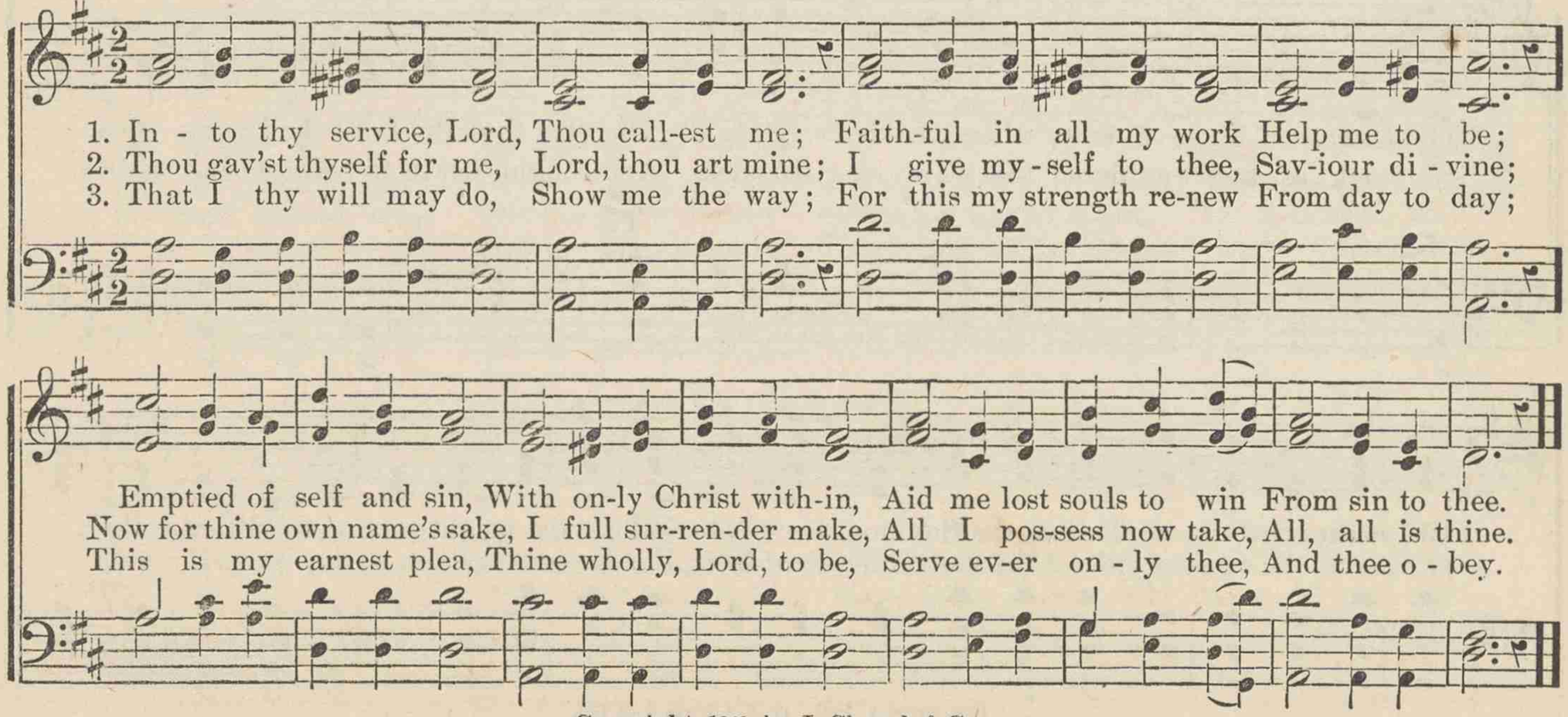
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3 To hold the soul from its temptation—
To win it, in its life's brief span—
To fit it for its holy station—
To bless the woman or the man—
To read the Father's golden letter—
To teach the spirit how to live—
We bid them try and do it better;
That's all the answer we can give.

Into Thy Service, Lord.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. *Whose I am, and whom I serve.*—Acts 27 : 23. W. F. S.



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Feed My Lambs.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. *He saith unto him, Feed my lambs.*—John. 21: 15. Adapted and arr. for this work.

Andantino.

1. "Dost thou love me?" said Jesus to Si - mon that day, As he stood by blue Gal - i - lee's side;
2. In his thought he still bore on his bosom the lambs, As the lit - tle ones once in his arms

"Thou knowest I love thee," then ten - der - ly said The lips that the Lord had de - nied.
He took as he wan-dered the ways of Ju - dea, And taught 'neath the olives and palms.

Oh, sweet were the words that the Saviour then spoke Where the bright waves of Galilee rolled;
O church, the sweet words of the Good Shepherd hear, For he speaks them to-day as of old,

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The last ten-der message to comfort the flock—"Feed the lambs, feed the lambs of the fold."
The last ten-der coun-sel he left for his flock—"Feed the lambs, feed the lambs of the fold."

In the Quiet Grave.

J. S. B. MONSELL. *Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.*—1 Thess. 4: 14. W. F. S.

With careful expression.

1. Lay the precious body In the qui-et grave; 'T is the Lord hath taken, 'T was the Lord who gave;
2. Farewell, blessed body, Till the morn a-rise; Welcome, happy spirit, In-to Par-a-dise.
3. Here the casket li-eth, Waiting for re-pair; There doth Christ the jewel In his bosom wear.

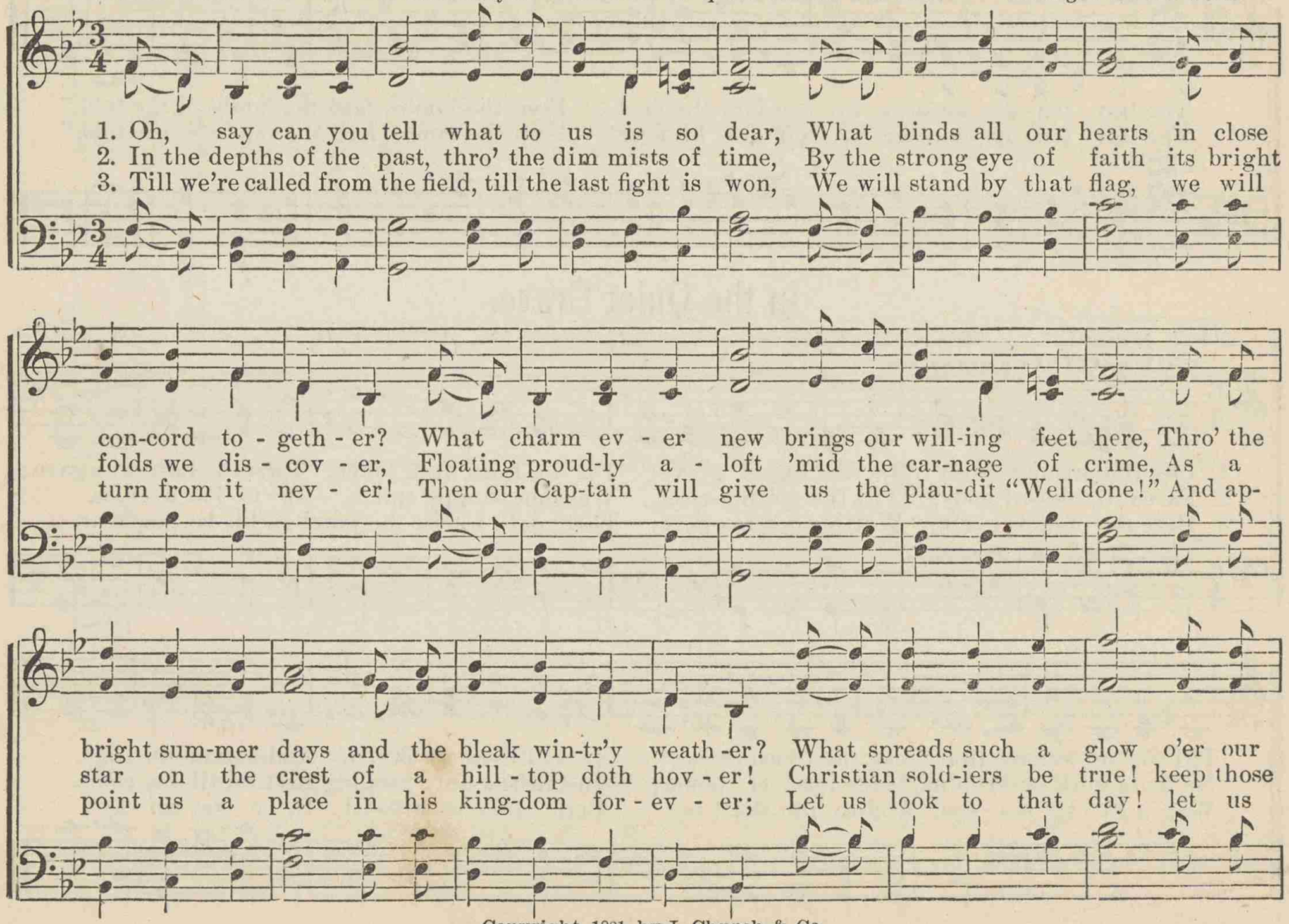
Till the re-sur-rec-tion Lay the treasure by; It will then a-wak-en, And ascend on high.
No more work or weeping, Gone forev-er home; In Christ's holy keeping Rest un-til he come.
Wan a lit-tle sea-son, And in him shall be Both again u-nit-ed, In e-ter-ni-ty!

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156

The Blest Gospel-Banner.

FANNIE M. CHADWICK. *In the name of our God we will set up our banner.*—Ps. 20: 5. Arranged for this work.



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CHORUS.

path-way be-low, Where the chilling winds sweep and the rough brambles grow? 'Tis the blest Gos-pel
col - ors in view, Nev-er fal - ter be-neath them this world's bat-tle thro'! Bear the blest Gos-pel
watch, fight, and pray, And the sword of the Spir-it, sin's le-gions shall slay; And the blest Gos-pel

ban-ner, oh, long may it wave! Till all fol - low Je - sus, who on - ly can save!
ban-ner, oh, bid it to wave! Till all fol - low Je - sus, who on - ly can save!
ban-ner in triumph shall wave! When all fol - low Je - sus, who on - ly can save!

Glory be to the Father.

1. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
2. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

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Windows open towards Jerusalem.

P. P. B. *And his windows being open towards Jerusalem.* —Dan. 6: 10. P. P. Bliss.
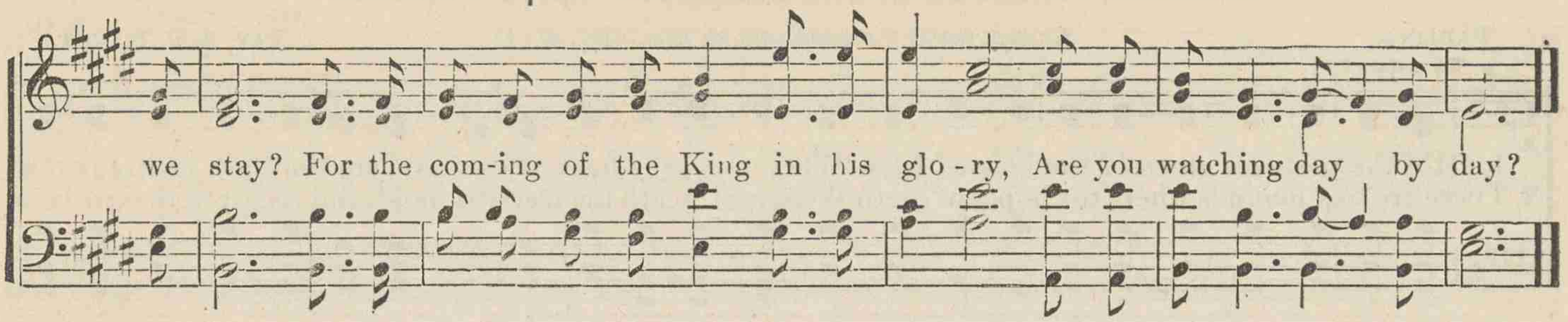
1. Do you see the Hebrew cap-tive kneel-ing, At morning, noon and night . . to pray?
2. Do not fear to tread the fier - y fur-nace, Nor shrink the li - on's den . . . to share;
3. Children of the liv - ing God, take courage; Your great deliverance sweet - ly sing:

In his cham-ber he re - mem - bers Zi - on, Tho' in ex - ile far a - way.
For the God of Dan - iel will de - liv - er, He will send his an - gel there.
Set your fac - es toward the hill of Zi - on, Thence to hail our com - ing King!

CHORUS.

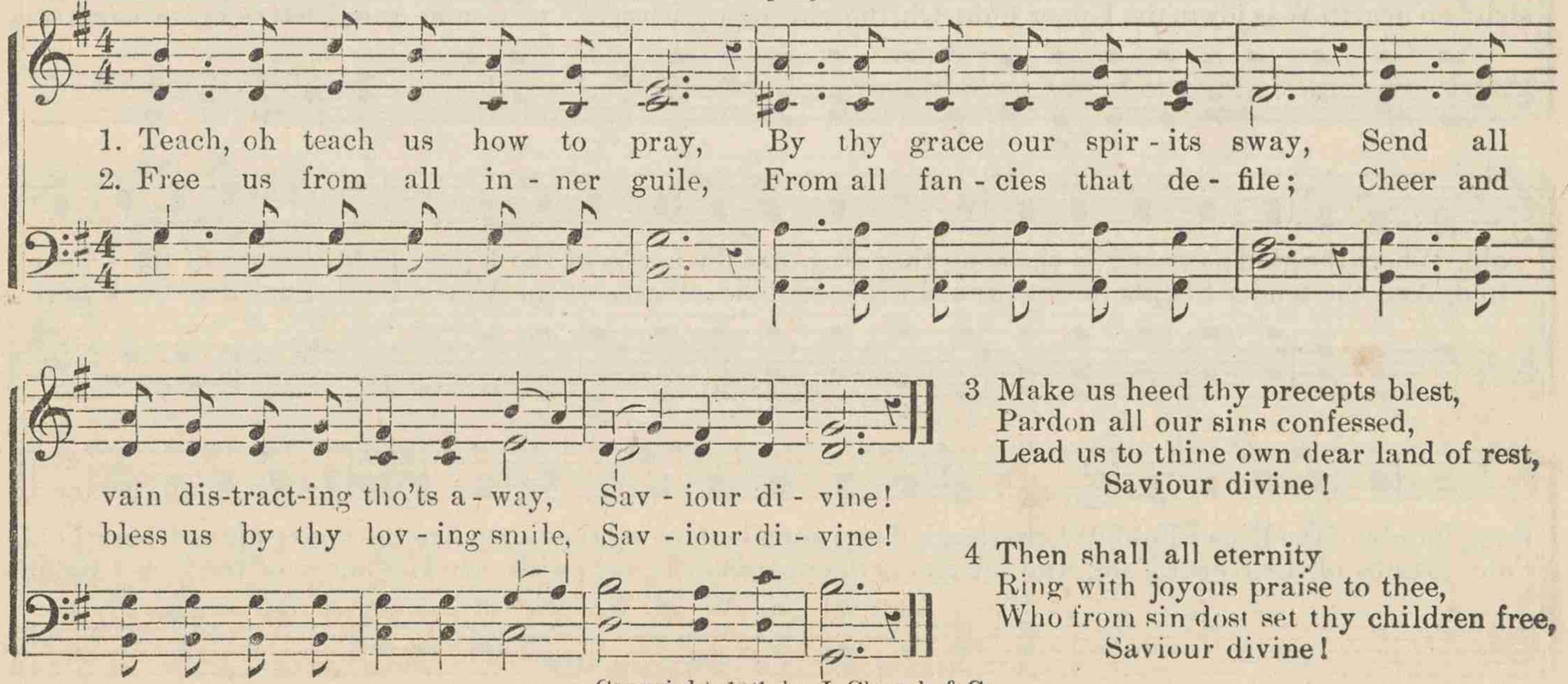
Are your win - dows o - pen towards Je - ru - sa - lem, Tho' as captives here a "lit-tle while"

By permission.



Saviour Divine.

FANNIE CHADWICK. *Lord, teach us to pray.*—Luke 11: 1. G. F. R.



3 Make us heed thy precepts blest,
Pardon all our sins confessed,
Lead us to thine own dear land of rest,
Saviour divine!
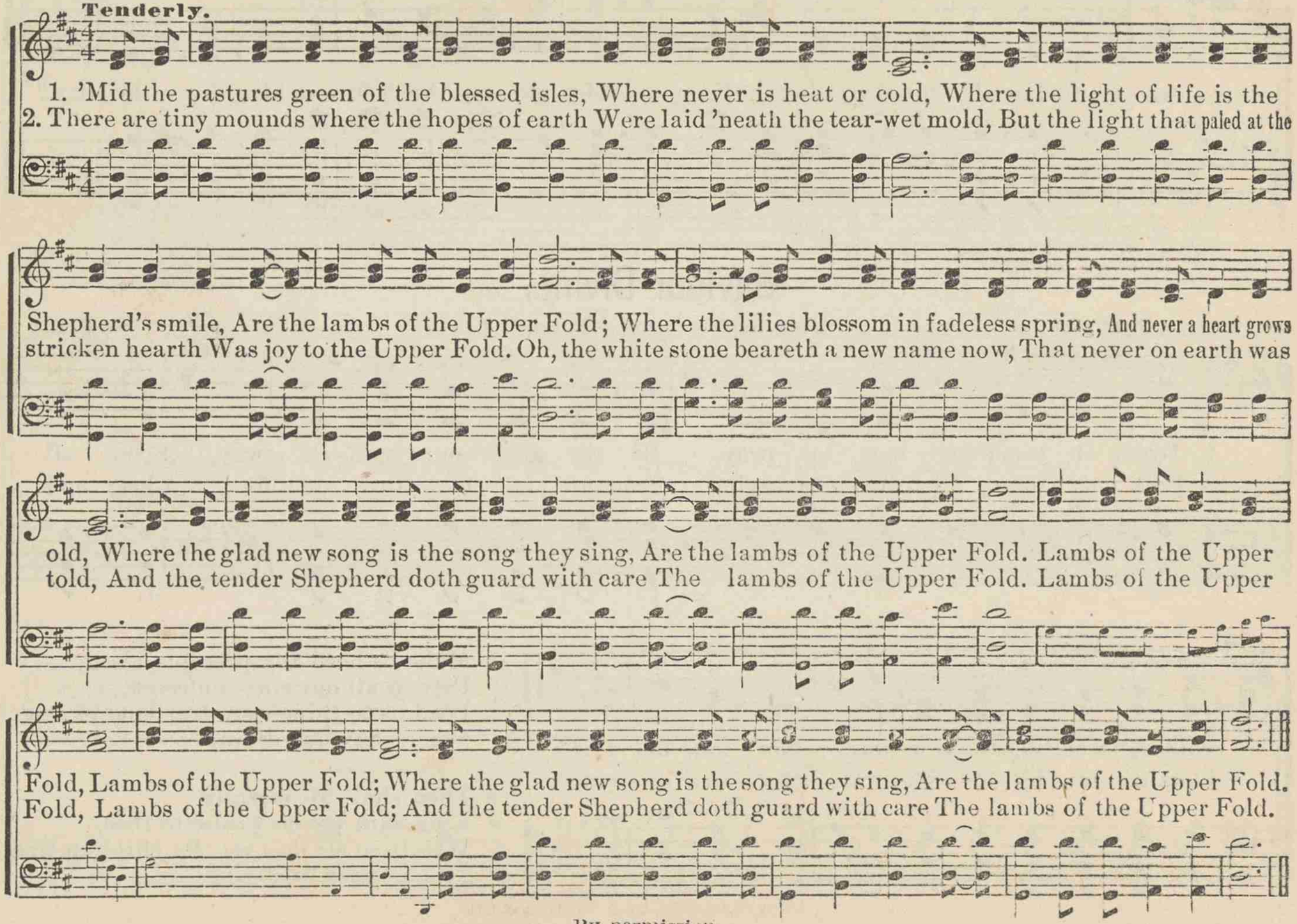
4 Then shall all eternity
Ring with joyous praise to thee,
Who from sin dost set thy children free,
Saviour divine!

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Lambs of the Upper Fold.

PAULINA. *He shall gather the lambs with his arm.*—Isa. 40 : 11. REV. B. R. HANBY.

Tenderly.



By permission.

ELEANOR KIRK. *The singers were as one . . . . in thanking and praising the Lord.*—2 Chron. 5: 13. G. F. R.

Allegretto.

1. What can I do, O Lord, my God, How show that I am glad? How thank thee for the
2. Thy hand has led my faltering steps In safe - ty on the road, And when my troubles
3. I thank thee, Lord, with swelling heart, For gleams of truth di-vine; That lasting peace can

ma - ny joys And com-forts I have had? No words that hope and trust can speak, No
weighed me down, Thy hand took up the load. No pain has last - ed long e - nough To
not be ours Till we are whol - ly thine. Then whether we are here or there, Sweet

prayer that love can pray, Can fit - ly show my thankful - ness On this Thanksgiving day.
drive sweet faith a-way; So how can I but thank-ful be, On this Thanksgiving day?
peace will come to stay; So, clos - er would I draw to thee, On this Thanksgiving day.

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One by One.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER. *Redeeming the time, because the days are evil.*—Eph. 5: 16. H. P. DANKS.

Duett.

1. One by one the sands are flow-ing, One by one the mo-ments fall, Some are com-
2. Do not look at life's long sor-row, See how small each moment's pain: God will help
3. Do not lin - ger with re-gret-ting, Or for pas-sion's hour de-spond; Nor the dai-

CHORUS.

ing, some are go - ing, Do not strive to grasp them all; One by one thy du-ties wait thee,
thee for to - mor-row—Ev - 'ry day be - gin a - gain; Ev - 'ry hour that fleets so slow - ly,
ly toil for - get-ting, Look too ea - ger - ly be - yond; Hours are gold - en links, God's to-ken

Let thy whole strength go to each; Let no fu-ture dreams e-late thee, Learn thou first what those can teach.
Has its task to do or bear; Lu-minous the crown, and ho - ly, If thou set each gem with care.
Reaching heav'n; but, one by one Take them, lest the chain be broken Ere the pil-grim-age be done.

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Oh, Blest are They. 163

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. *Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*—Rev. 14 : 13. Arr. by G. F. R.

Andantino.

1. Oh, blest are they whose lives are no-bly end - ed, No dark dis - hon-or shall they e'er receive; From
2. Their lives more lovely made our world of beau-ty, Their death has made the spirit world more bright, And
3. Gone to the cit - y of un-sha-ded splendor, Gone to the world where earthly labors cease, They

per - il flown, to God's pure light ascend - ed, Vic - tor - ious through the a - ges long to live.
long their mem-'ry in our hours of du - ty, Shall, like near an - gels, turn our steps a - right.
gave to us the best that life could ren-der, And wait our com-ing at Christ's doors of peace.

Cease from thy sorrows, cease, They rest in perfect peace; Sweetly they rest and their works do follow them.
Cease from thy sorrows, cease, They rest in perfect peace; Sweetly they rest and their works do follow them.
Then from thy sorrows cease, They rest in perfect peace; Sweetly they rest and their works do follow them.

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The Pearly Gates.

* * * *

And the twelve gates were twelve pearls.—Rev. 21 : 21.

GIARDINI.

1. The pearl - y gates are o - pen wide, I see the bright ar - ray; On eith-er side the
2. When storms arise, and darkness clouds The faith - ful pil - grim's way, On eith-er side the
3. And soon they walk the gold - en streets, Not slight - ed and a - lone; On eith-er side the

an - gels glide, To keep the shi - ning way. And lit - tle chil - dren learn to find The
an - gels glide, To keep the shi - ning way. And bright - er gleams the morn - ing light Be-
an - gels glide, To lead them to the throne. And there they'll wear a star - ry crown, Who

way by an-gels trod, Where Christ's redeemed to - geth - er walk The shining way of God.
hind the gen - tle rod, For Christ's redeemed more clearly see The shining way of God.
once did toil and plod, For Christ's redeemed as kings shall tread The shining way of God.

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CATHERINE M. MORRIS. *And the rough ways shall be made smooth.*—Luke 3: 5. Arr. by G. F. R.

1. If we can not climb the mountain Where the strong and daring go, We can stand be-side the Fountain Whence the liv-ing wa-ters flow; If our fee-ble foot-step ling-ers, Tempted by some song of earth, We can hear the heavenly sing-ers Chanting of a Saviour's birth.
2. If the path be dim and winding, Should we stumble on the way? If the mist be thick and blind-ing, We can seek a heavenly ray; If the days be damp and chil-ly, If the light be faint and low,— We are pass-ing thro' the val-ley Where the steps are al-ways slow.
3. Oh, we hear of mountain pass-es Where his way-worn footsteps led; Of Bethsai-da's dew-y grass-es, Where the mul-ti-tude was fed; Ev-'ry path his feet have tak-en, And his loving voice says "come;" Let his way be ne'er for-sak-en, Till we reach our heavenly home.

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166

Can it be Right?

REV. A. T. PIERSON. *Neither be ye of doubtful mind.*—Luke 12: 29. P. P. BLISS.

1. Can it be right for me to go On in this dark un - cer - tain way? Say "I be-
2. Can it be right in doubt to wait, Wait for the day that tries the heart, Ere I shall
3. Can it be right such loads to bear, While he says "come, I'll give you rest"? Bid-ding me
4. Can it be right to doubt his pow'r Both to for-give and vanquish sin? E - ven in

CHORUS.

lieve," and yet not know Wheth-er my sins are put a - way?
learn what is my state, Fear - ing the Judge should say de - part? I will no long - er
cast on him my care, Lean - ing in love up - on his breast?
days of dark - est hour, Can - not his love give peace with - in?

doubt thee, O Lord! Let me for-ev - er rest in thy word.

5 Can it be right no soul to seek,
Lest I should prove unfit to guide?
Can he not teach my tongue to speak,
Will he not ample strength provide?

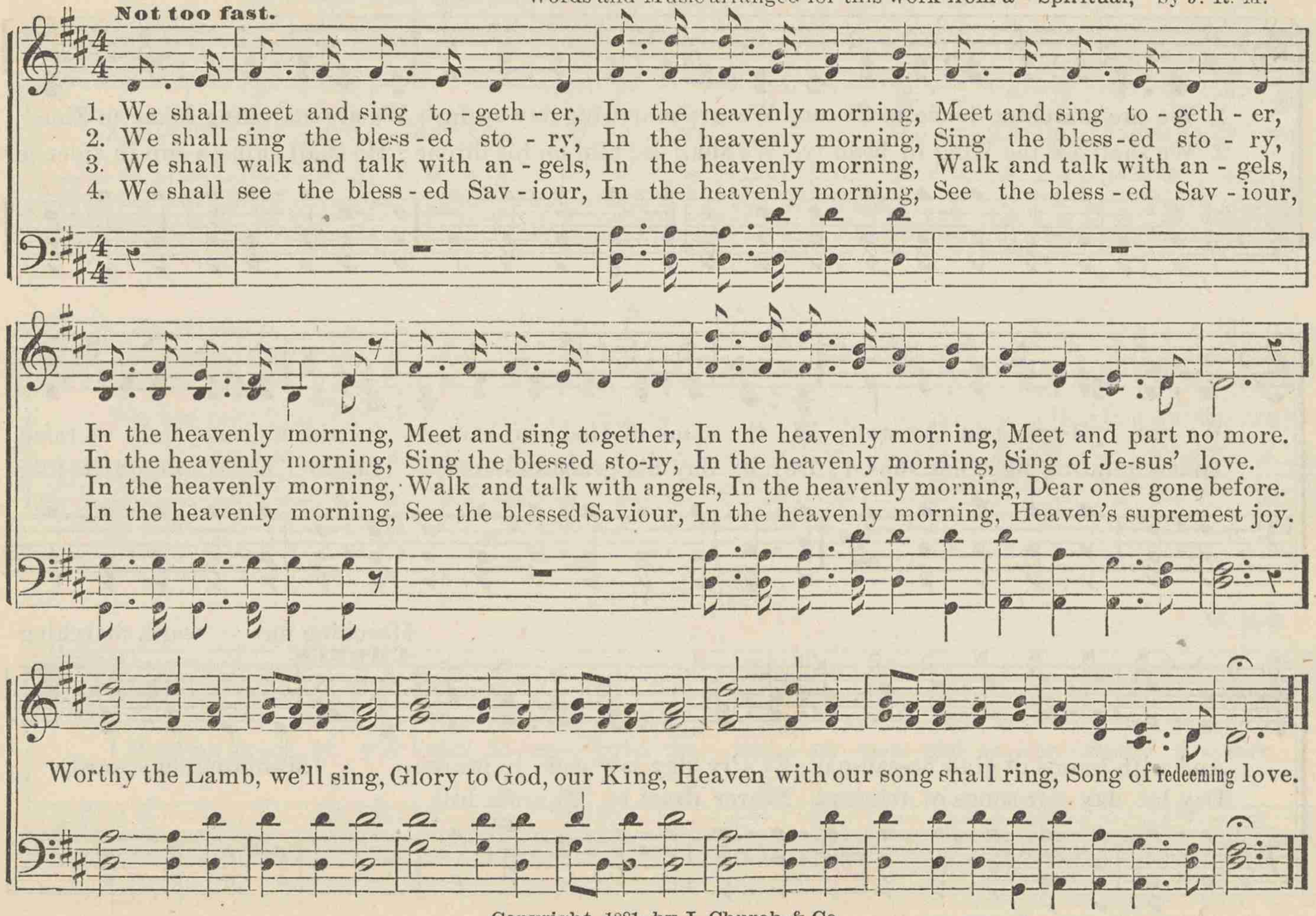
6 Can it be right with *such* a Lord,
Even to dread the hour of death?
Waiting in faith the great reward,
Calmly I'll yield my dying breath.

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In the Heavenly Morning.

Joy cometh in the morning.—Ps. 30 : 5.

Words and Music arranged for this work from a "Spiritual," by J. R. M.

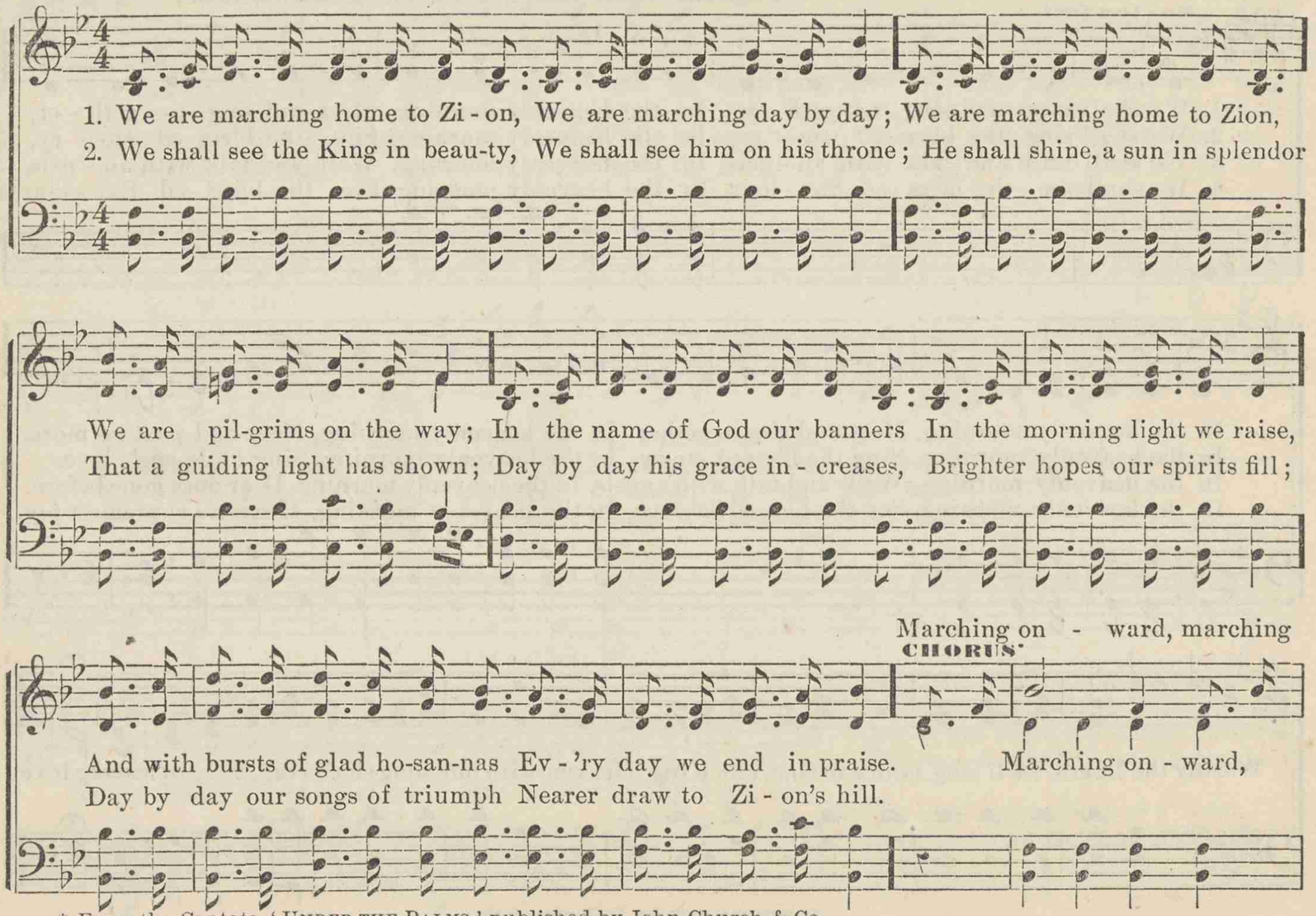


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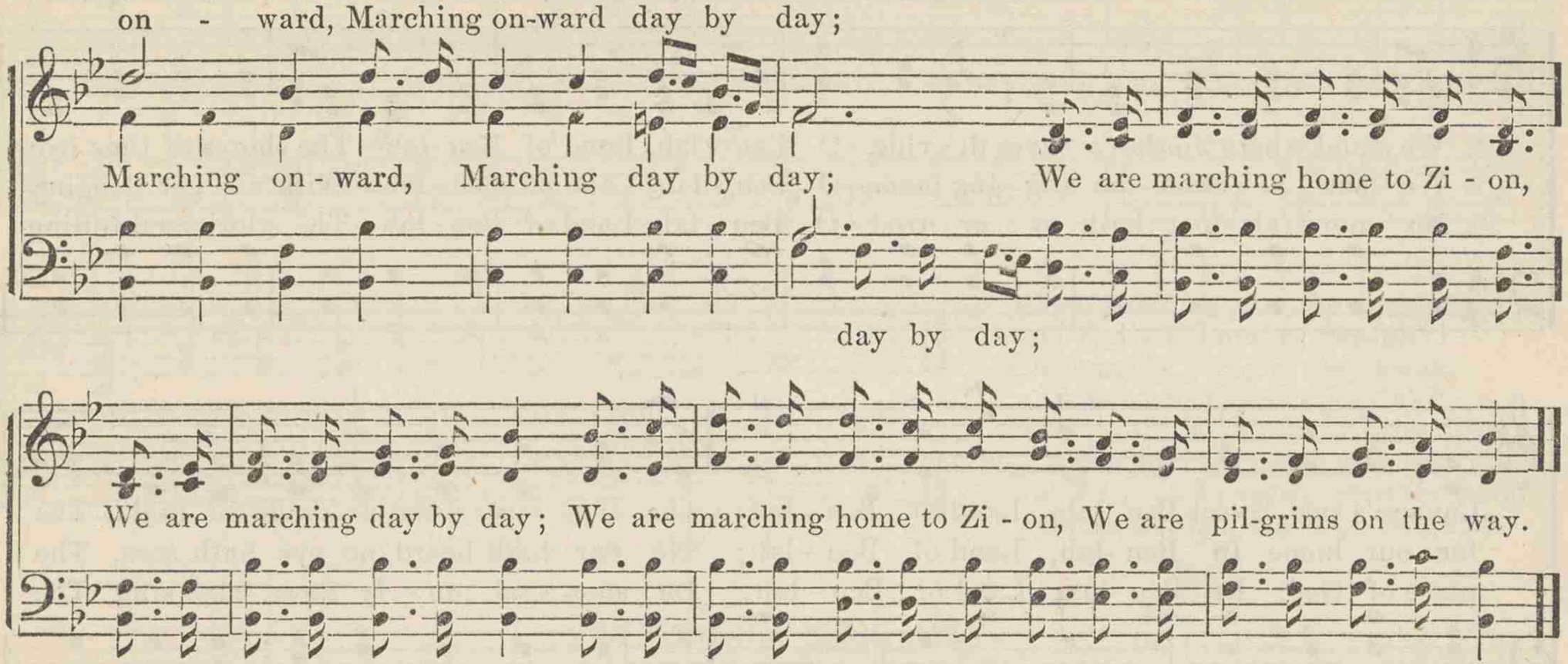
* There are occasions when this song may be made very useful and effective, but let it be sung with great earnestness, and never carelessly, nor too fast.

We are Marching Home to Zion.

H. BUTTERWORTH. *And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs.*—Isa. 35: 10. G. F. R
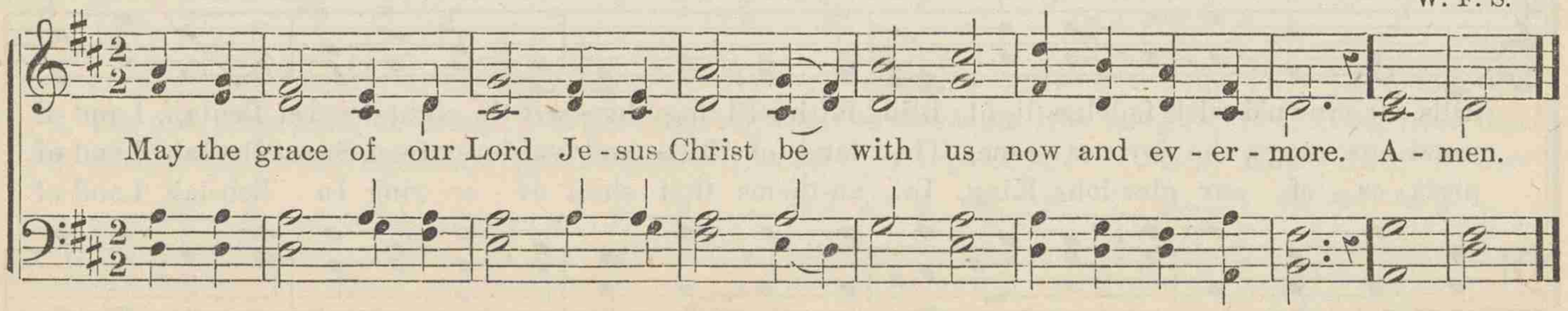


* From the Cantata 'UNDER THE PALMS,' published by John Church & Co.



Benedicite.

W. F. S.



After singing the Benedicite, all repeat, "*The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.*"—Gen. 31: 49.

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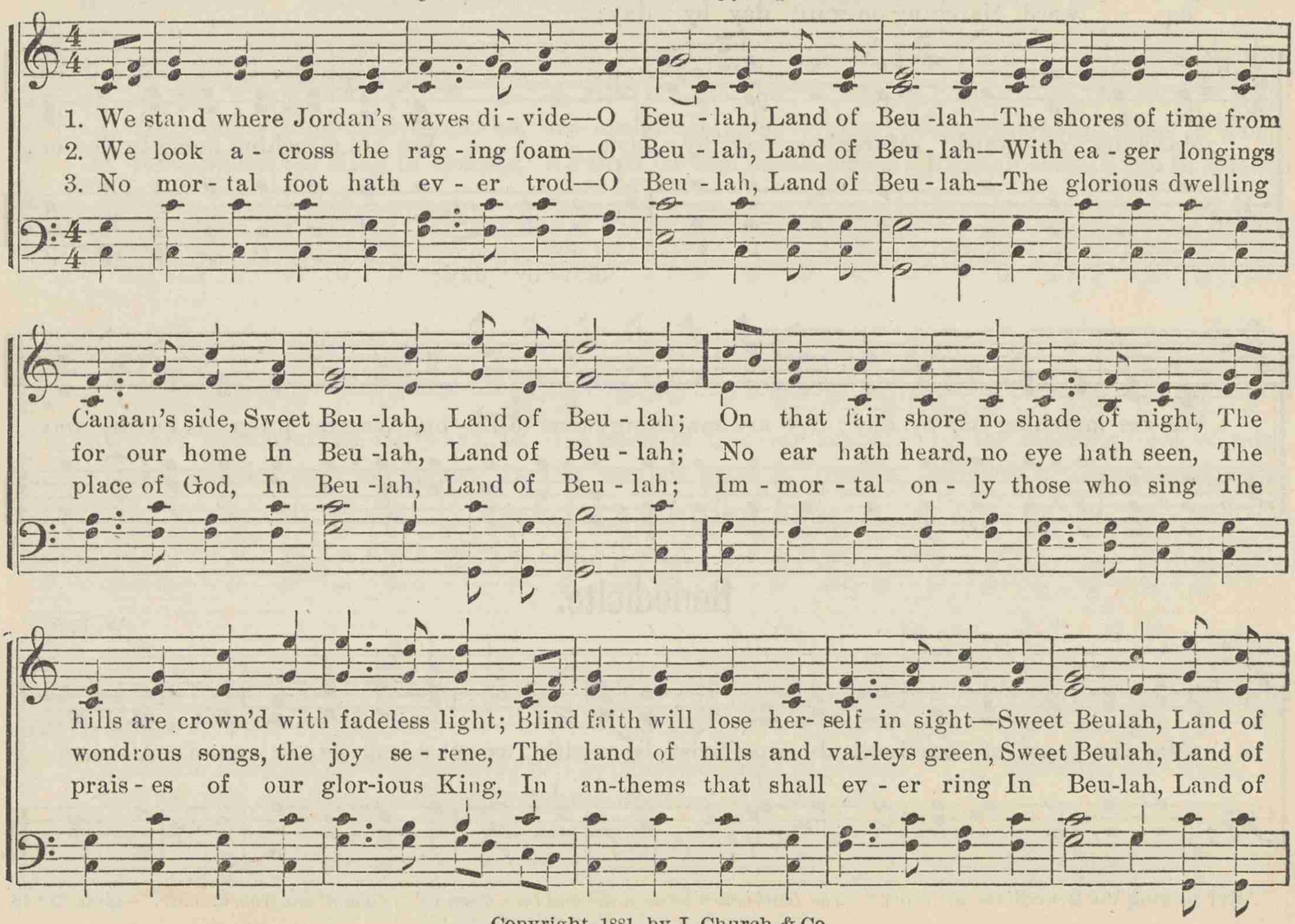
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O Land of Beulah!

H. L. F.

They shall behold the land that is very far off.—Isa. 33: 17.
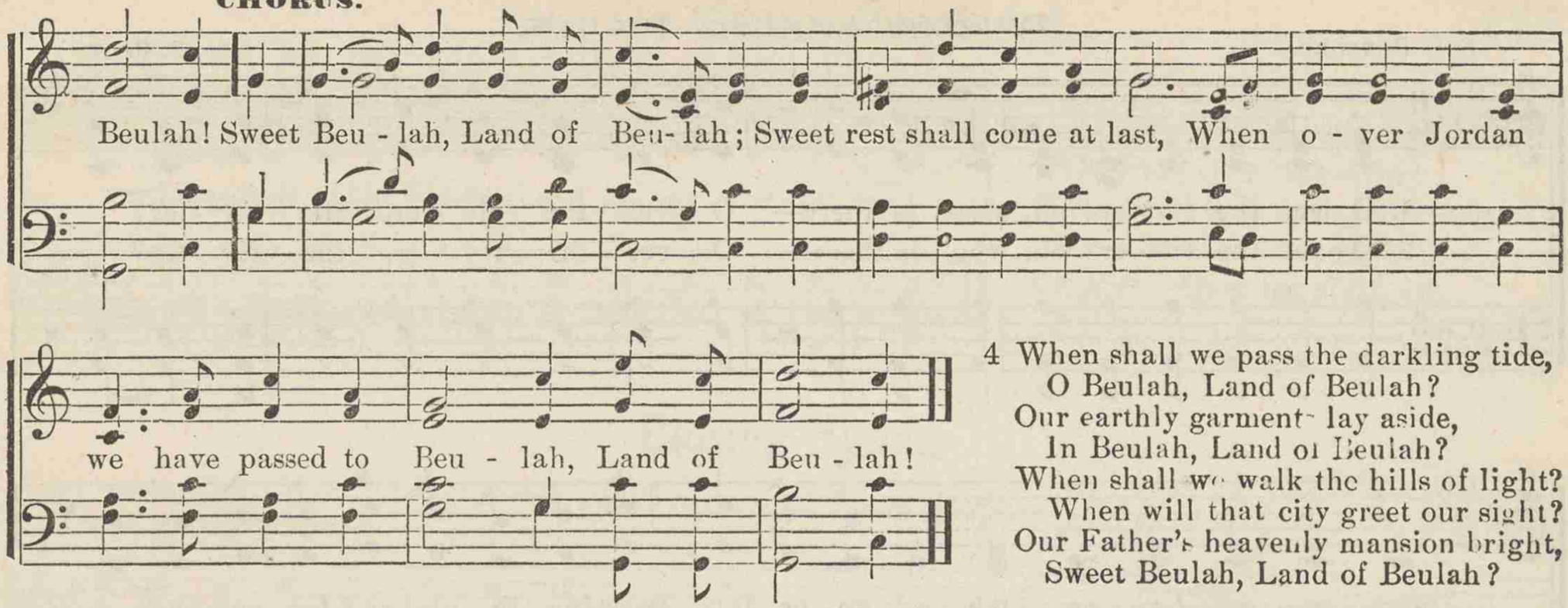
H. L. FRISBIE.



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O Land of Beulah! Concluded.

CHORUS.



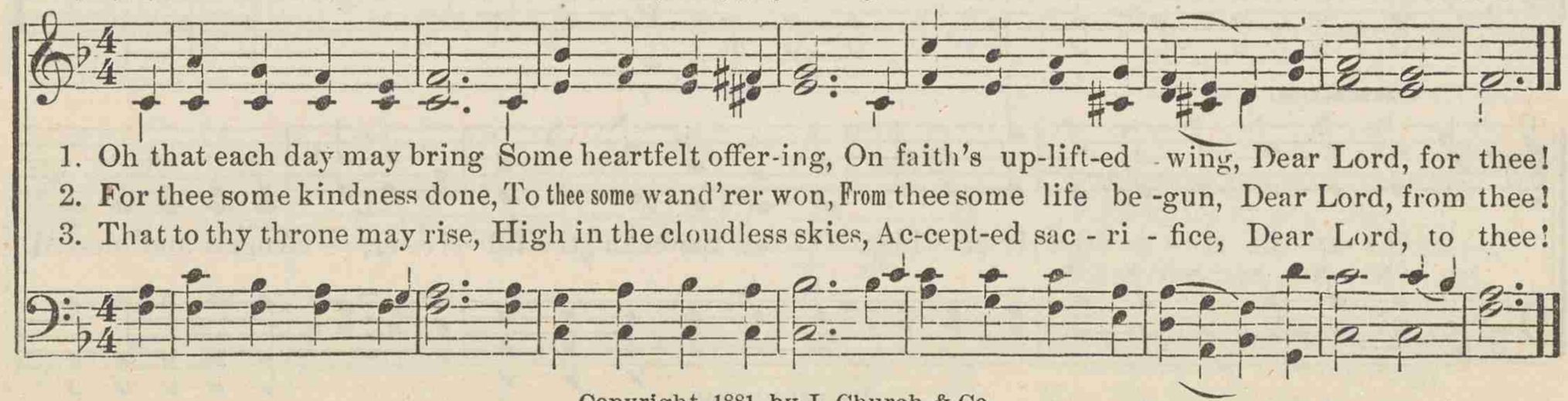
4 When shall we pass the darkling tide,
O Beulah, Land of Beulah?
Our earthly garment lay aside,
In Beulah, Land of Beulah?
When shall we walk the hills of light?
When will that city greet our sight?
Our Father's heavenly mansion bright,
Sweet Beulah, Land of Beulah?

Something each day.

* * *

That I may daily perform my vows.—Ps. 61 : 8.

G. F. R.



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Over the River.

That they may behold my glory.—John 17 : 24.

E. E. REXFORD. GEO. F. ROOT.

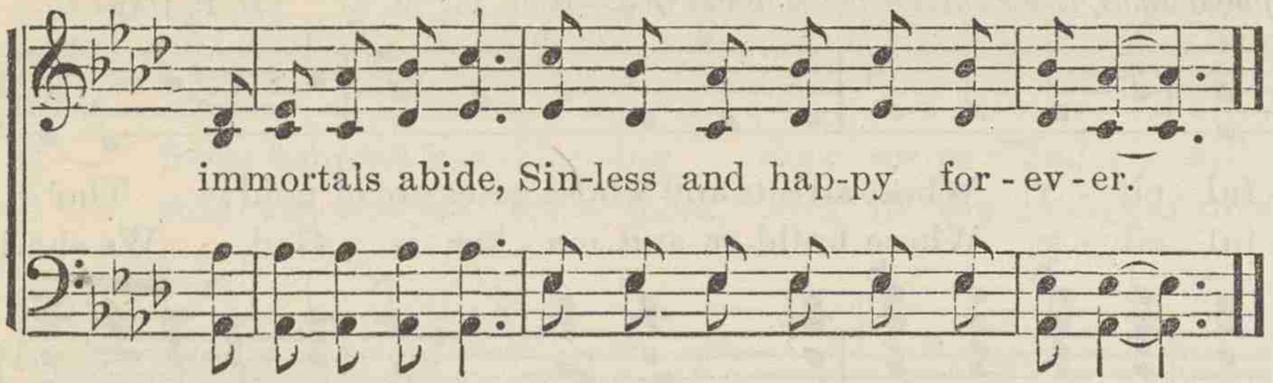
1. O - ver the riv - er! oh, what is there— O - ver the riv - er, the riv - er?
2. O - ver the riv - er! oh, who is there— O - ver the riv - er, the riv - er?

Hearts ev - er hap - py, and souls ev - er fair, Bask-ing in glo - ry for - ev - er.
Friends who have gone from our earth-life to share Life from the Bounti - ful Giv - er.

CHORUS.

O - ver the riv - er—the riv-er wide, O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er, Angels and blessed

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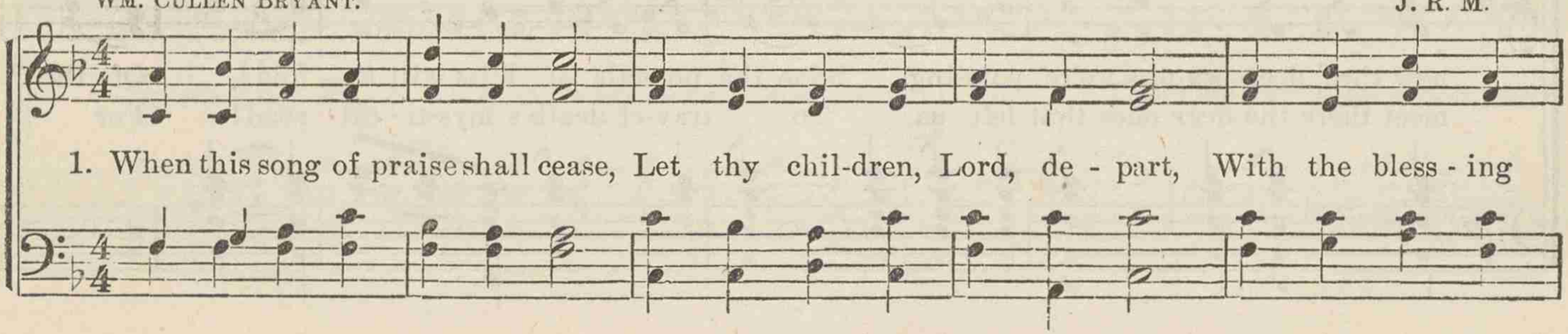


3 Over the river! oh, wonderful land!
Over the river, the river!
Happy and holy each radiant band,
May we be with them forever.
CHORUS.—Over the river, etc.

Closing Hymn.

My peace I give unto you.—John 14 : 27.

WM. CULLEN BRYANT. J. R. M.



2 Oh, where'er our path may lie,
Father, let us not forget
That we walk beneath thine eye,
That thy care upholds us yet.

3 Blind are we, and weak, and frail,
Be thine aid forever near;
May the fear to sin prevail
Over every other fear.

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The Beautiful City.

* * * * *A city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.*—Heb. 11: 10. H. P. DANKS.

Solo.

1. We are near-ing the beauti - ful cit - y, Whose streets and whose gates are of gold; Tho'
2. When we en - ter the beauti - ful cit - y, Whose build-er and ma - ker is God, We shall

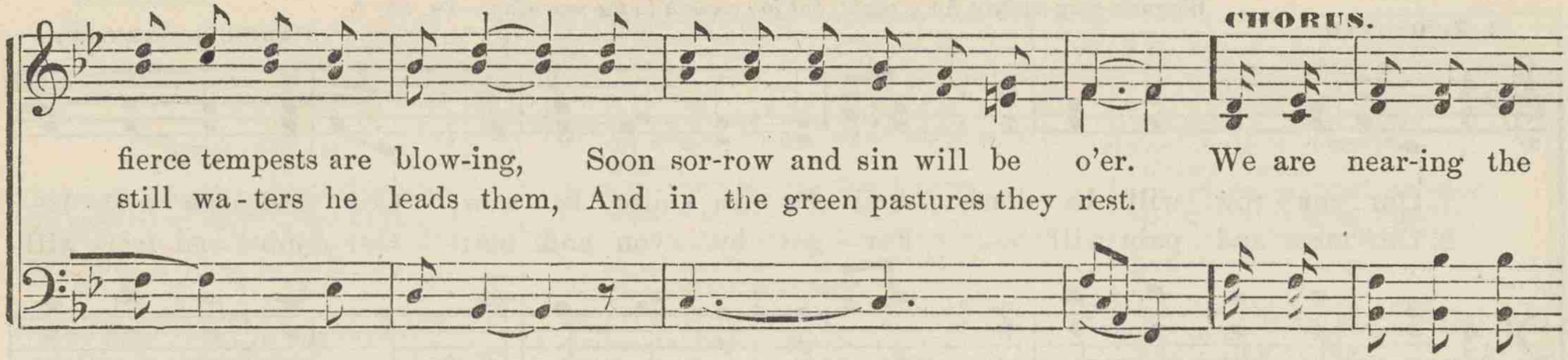
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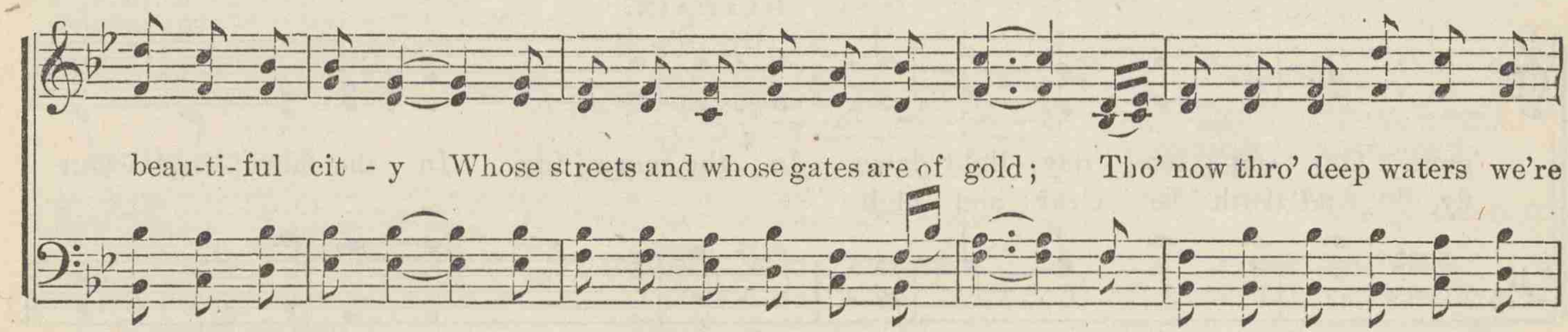
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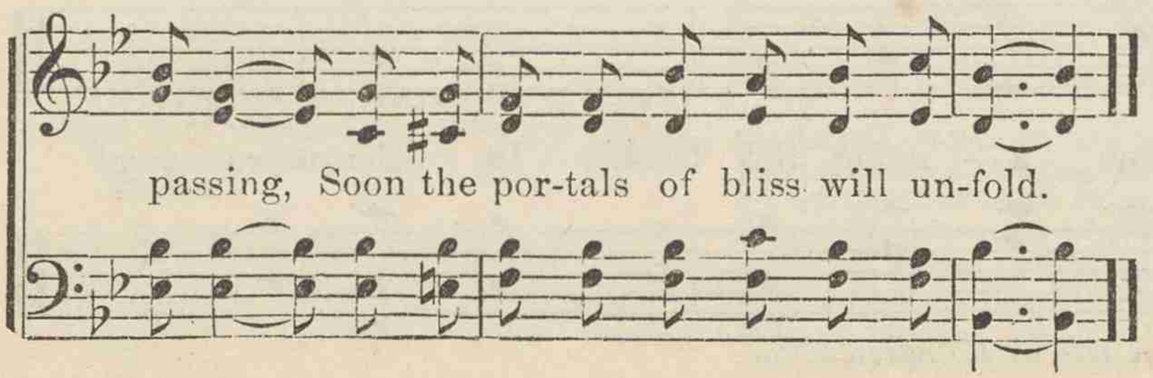
now thro' deep wa-ters we're pass-ing, Soon the por-tals of bliss will un - fold! Of the
meet there the dear ones that left us To trav-el death's mys-ti - cal road! For

riv - ers of life that are flow - ing, We will drink and nev- er thirst more; Tho' 'round us
there in the house of our Fa - ther, Are gathered the ho - ly and blest; Be - side the

By permission of A. G. Slade.







3 We must patiently wait for the summons
That bids us up higher to come;
With the Saviour's kind arms to sustain us,
We will safely arrive at our home;
We will hear the sweet music ascending
From the choirs that stand 'round the throne,
With angels each voice will be blending
In harmony earth hath not known.

In the Morning.

Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.—Ps. 30: 5.

J. F. BINGHAM. DANIEL G. GARNSEY.

1. Our sor - row will be done, And Pa - ra - dise be won; Our dark-ness will be
2. Our tears and pain will be For - got by you and me; Our doubts and fears will
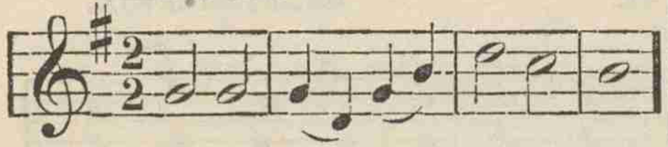
REFRAIN.

gone, Our end - less day - light dawn In the morn - ing, In the morn - ing! Our
fly, And truth be clear and nigh

ach - ing hearts will rest, Se - rene a - mong the blest, In the morn - ing!

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HENDON.
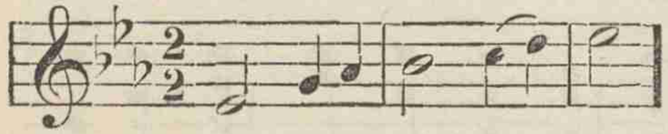


NEW YEAR.

1 Bless, O Lord, the opening year
To each soul assembled here;
Clothe thy word with power divine,
Make us willing to be thine.

2 Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

3 Bless us all, both old and young;
Call forth praise from every tongue;
Let the whole assembly prove
All thy power and all thy love.
Rev. John Newton.

DUKE STREET.

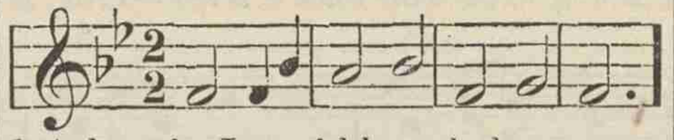


1 O Lord, our Guardian and our stay,
Do thou our humble efforts bless,
And every evil take away,
And spread the cause of righteousness.

2 From day to day thy power make known,
Thy wisdom and thy truth divine;
And may we still thy goodness own,
While round our path thy mercies shine.

3 The drunkard, Lord, in pity see,
A slave to Satan and to sin;
Oh, teach him from all sin to flee;
Restore and make him clean within.

WARD.
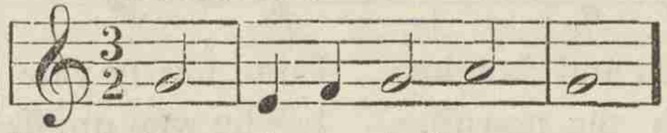


1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his cruel sting.

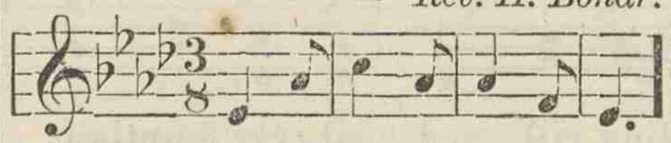
3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
Margaret Mackay.

BOYLSTON.



1 Make haste, O man to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze—
How swift its moments fly!
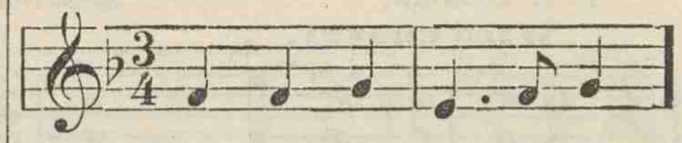
2 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
The day will soon be gone!
—— *Rev. H. Bonar.*



1 Christian brethren, ere we part,
Let us each, with grateful heart,
To our Father once more raise
Our united hymns of praise.

2 Here perhaps we meet no more,
But we seek a brighter shore,
Where, beyond all sin and pain,
Brethren we shall meet again.

AMERICA.



1 My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!
S. F. Smith, D. D.

TEMPERANCE.

Tune—HOLD THE FORT.

1 Brothers! rally for the conflict,
See the banner wave; [ward,
Temperance bands are pressing on-
Fallen men to save.

CHORUS:
Hear a mighty host of freemen
Songs of triumph raise;
Love hath conquered, chains are broken,
Give to God the praise.

2 Burst the tyrant's bands asunder,
Set the captives free;
Let rejoicing wives and mothers
Shout the jubilee.
Cho. *Wm. Stevenson.*

Away with the Ruby Wine.

F. E. BELDEN. *Look not thou upon the wine when it is red.*—Prov. 23: 31. W. F. SHERWIN.

With energy.
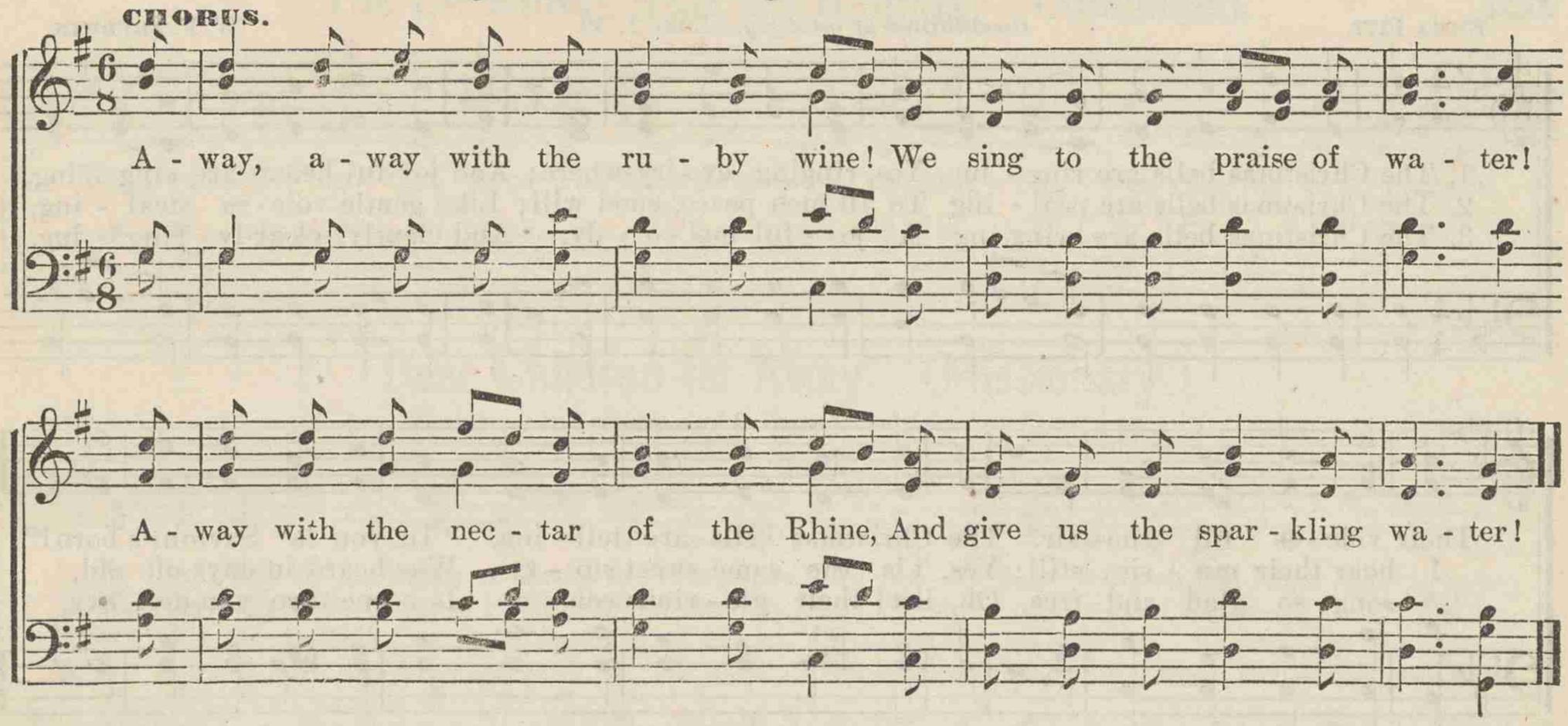
1. A - way, a - way with the ru - by wine! We sing the praise of wa - ter! Oh, give us the crystal
2. As fresh and bright as the dew-drops fair, The wood and lea a - dorn-ing; As free as the bird that

Not too slow. (Quartet or Semi-Cho.)

drink di - vine For ev - 'ry son and daughter. From low-ly vale or loft - y mountain, Beau-ti-ful
knows no care, As ro - sy as the morning, Is he who quaffs the cup of gladness, Held in boun-

and bright it flows, In rippling rill and sil - ver fount-ain, As a balm for all our woes.
teous nature's hand; For in its gleam there is no sad - ness For the mil - lions in our land.

By permission.



Ye Temperance Warriors.

Tune—AMERICA.

1 Ye temp'rance warriors brave,
On land or ocean wave,
Where'er ye be—
Gird on your armor bright;
Stand for the cau-e of right,
And wage the holy fight
From sea to sea.

2 Give Truth and Right the crown,
And strike the tyrant down
At God's command!
Till freedom's joyful sound
Be heard the earth around,
Where'er the curse is found,
In every land.

3 Let union, true and strong,
Defeat the hosts of wrong
From shore to shore;
Let this our mission be—
To set the captive free,
Till glorious liberty
Reigns evermore.—F. E. BELDEN.

By permission.

The Christmas Bells are Ringing.

EMMA PITT. *Good tidings of great joy.*—Luke 2: 10. W. F. SHERWIN.

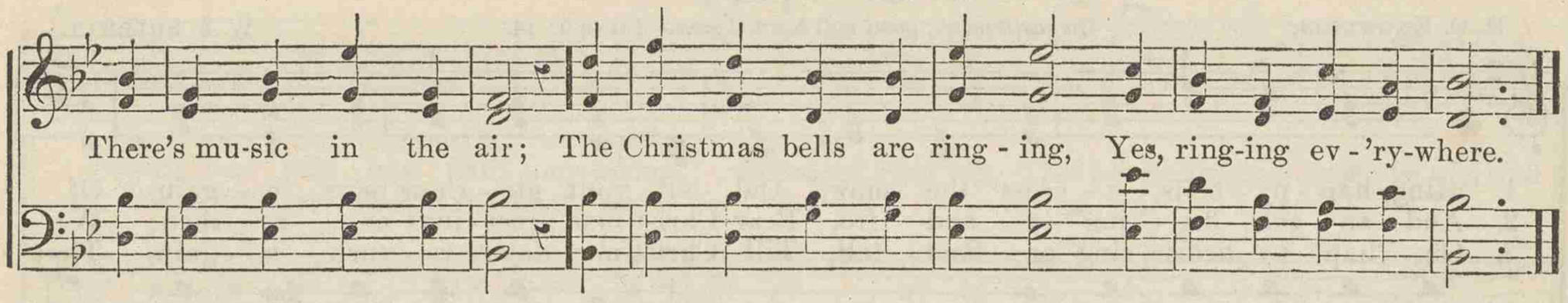
1. The Christmas bells are ring - ing, Yes, ringing ev - 'ry-where; And joy-ful hearts are sing - ing,
2. The Christmas bells are peal - ing To all men peace, good will; Like gentle voic - es steal - ing,
3. The Christmas bells are bring-ing A joy - ful mel - o - dy, And clearly, clear-ly ring - ing

Their voic - es fill the air. The Christmas bells are tell - ing, "To you a Saviour's born!"
I hear their mu - sic still; Yes, 't is the same sweet sto - ry Was heard in days of old,
A song so glad and free. Oh, list! their glo - rious ech - o Is borne thro' yon-der sky,

REFRAIN.

And loud their tones are swell-ing, On this glad, hap-py morn.
When Christ, the Lord of glo - ry, The wise men did be - hold. The Christmas bells are ring - ing,
While an-gels join the cho - rus Of praise to God on high.

By permission of Ward and Drummond, New York.

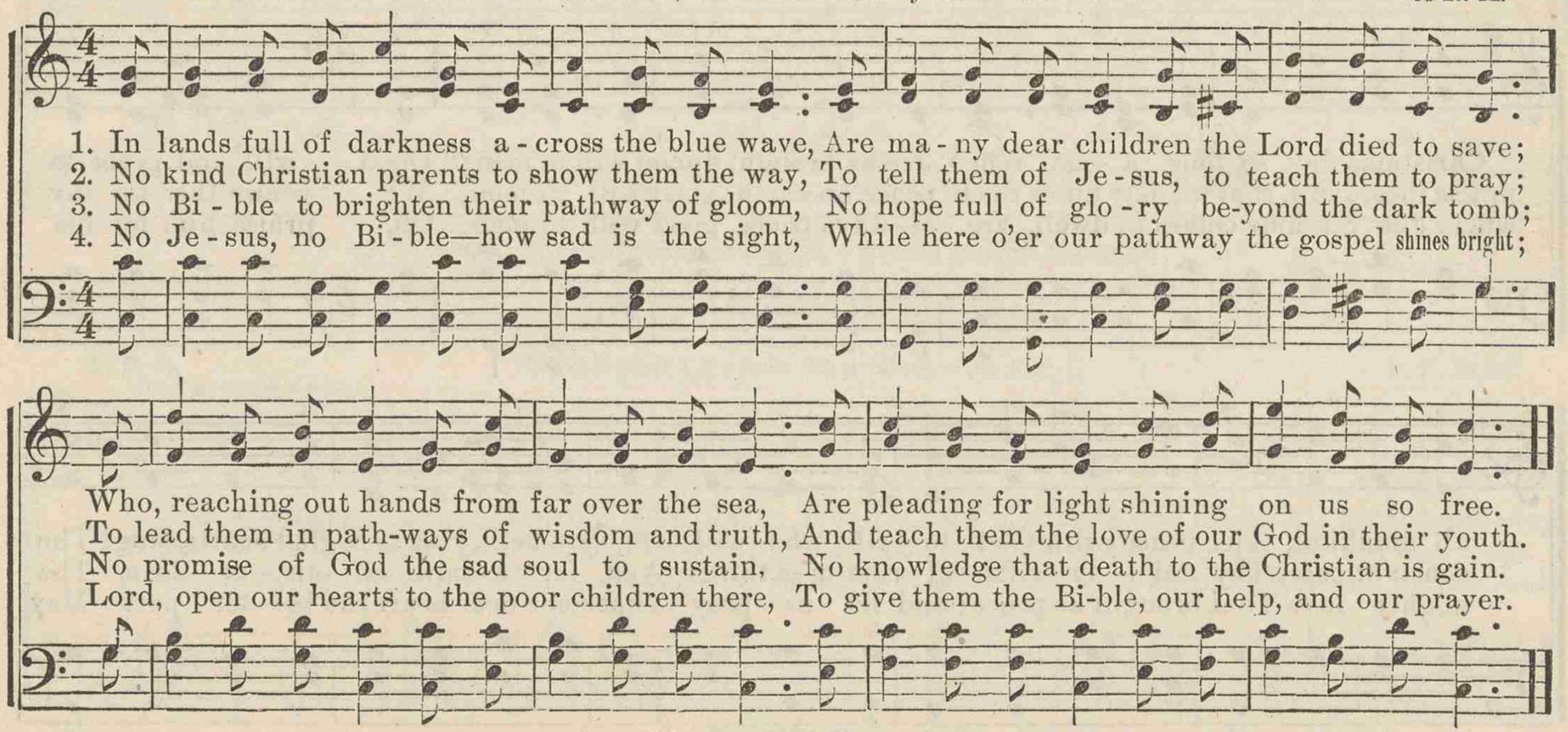


Dear Children far Away. (Missionary.)

* * * *

Such as sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death.—Ps. 107: 10.

J. R. M.



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182

Ring, Happy Bells.

H. O. KNOWLTON. *On earth peace, good will toward men.*—Luke 2: 14. W. F. SHERWIN.

1. "Ring, hap - py bells, a - cross the snow," And tell your glo - rious news a - gain, Of
2. And an - gels, flit - ting to and fro, Bear Christ-mas greet - ings now as then; We
3. Oh, hap - py hearts, sing on, and tell, Till Christ-mas days re - turn a - gain, That

Christmas day, so long a - go, When Je-sus brought "good will to men;" Good will and peace to
praise thee, Lord, that we may know Such peace on earth, good will to men; We praise thee for thy
where the Saviour comes to dwell, Are al - ways peace, good will to men; Oh, praise him for his

all mankind, And peace with God to all who will; Oh, joy-bells, ring! oh, glad hearts, sing! The
constant care, Thy dai - ly gifts of com-mon things, And, far a - bove all oth - er love, The
mighty love That brought us peace; and let us pray That some dear heart the bet - ter part May

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* REFRAIN. Faster.

Sav - iour tar - ries with us still.
price - less gift our Sav - iour brings. Bells are ring-ing, Glad hearts singing, Peace to all and
choose, this bless - ed Christmas day.

sweet good will; An - gels o'er us Swell the cho - rus, Lo! the Sav - iour tar - ries still.

*With Triangle accompaniment, 4 strokes in each measure.

God is Always Near Me.

P. P. B. *Whither shall I flee from thy presence.*—Ps. 139: 7. P. P. Bliss.

Slow and soft.

1. God is always near me, Hearing what I say; Knowing all my tho'ts and deeds, All my work and play.
2. God is always near me; In the darkest night He can see me just the same As by mid day light.
3. God is always near me, Tho' so young and small; Not a look or word or tho't But God knows it all.

By permission.

Beautiful thoughts for Christmas.

J. R. M. from * *

Let us do good unto all men.—Gal. 6: 10.

J. R. M.

1. Beauti - ful *thoughts* for Christmas, Birthday of our Lord; Ten- derest thoughts and pur-est,
2. Beauti - ful *words* for Christmas, Kindly, warm and true; Fill-ing the heart with gladness,

Solo or Semi-chorus.

Draw-ing us to God. Beau-ti - ful thoughts for Christmas, Breathed in car-ols sweet;
Bless-ing souls a - new. Beau-ti - ful words for Christmas, Full of hope and cheer;

Songs that the an-gels chanted, We on earth re - peat.
Glowing with heavenly ar-dor, Bright'ning the coming year.

3 Beautiful *deeds* for Christmas,
Generous prompt and free;
Help for the poor and needy,
Acts of charity.
Beautiful deeds for Christmas,
Each a jewel bright,
Shining amid the lustre
Of the Christmas night.

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There's a Wonderful Tree.

* * * *

FOR CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

W. F. S.

1. There's a wonder-ful tree, a won-der-ful tree, The hap-py chil-dren re-joice to see;
2. It is all a-light with the ta-pers' glow, Out-shone by beaming of eyes be-low,
3. And a voice is tell-ing its boughs a-mong, Of the shepherds' watch and the angels' song;
4. Then spread thy branches, won-der-ful tree, And bring some message or gift to me,

Spreading its branches year by year, It comes from the for-est to flou-rish here. Oh! this
And the strange fruit that loads each bough Is all to be plucked by the gatherers now. Oh! this
And of a babe in a man-ger low, The beau-ti-ful sto-ry of long a-go, When a
Fill-ing my heart with burn-ing love To Je-sus who came from his home above— From his

beau-ti-ful tree with its branches wide, Is al-ways blooming at Christ-mas-tide!
won-der-ful tree with its branches wide, We hail with joy at the Christ-mas-tide!
ra-di-ant star threw its beams so wide, To her-ald the ear-li-est Christ-mas-tide!
beau-ti-ful home with the glo-ri-fied— To give us the joys of the Christ-mas-tide!

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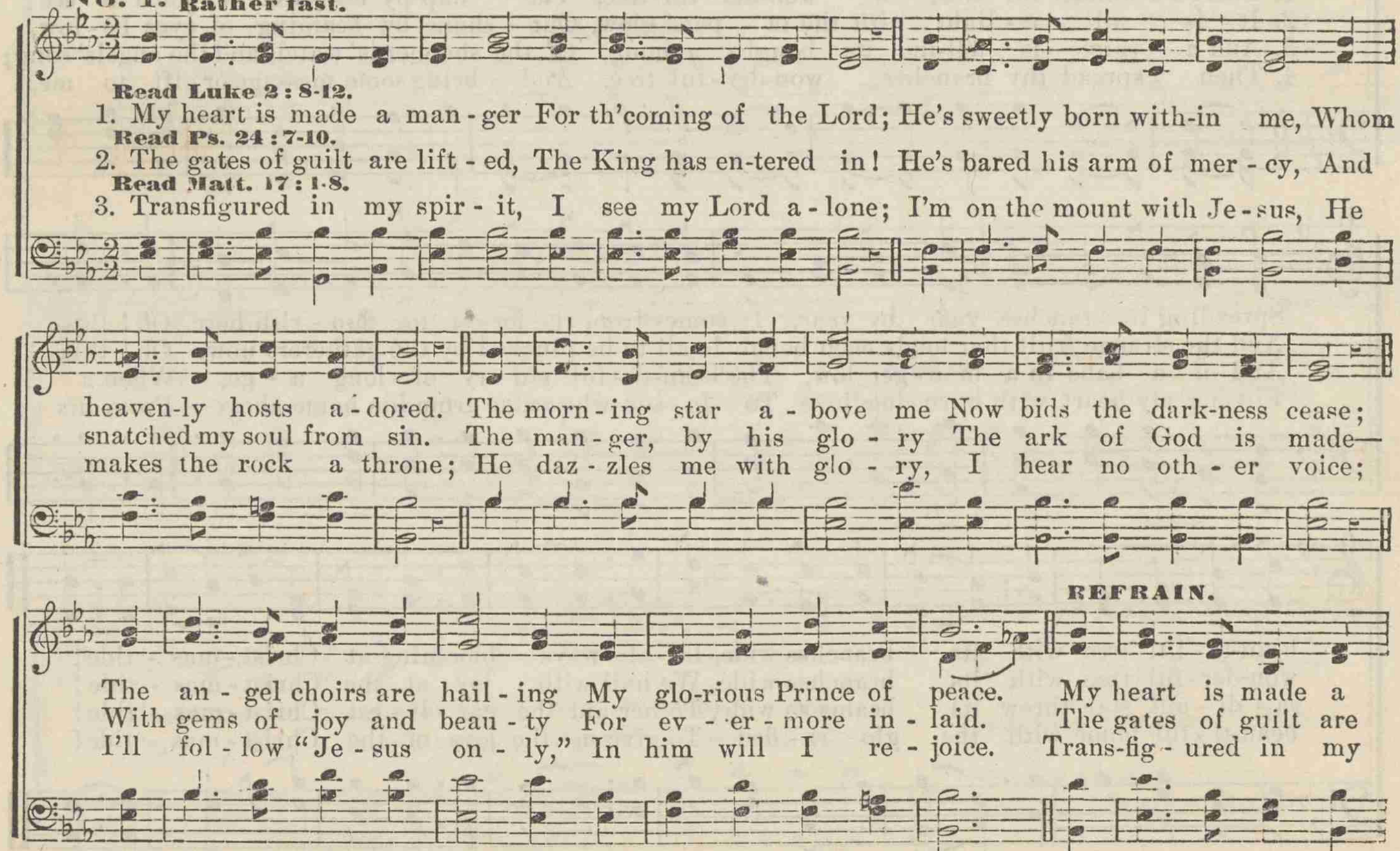
The Life of Jesus in my Heart.*

A RESPONSIVE EXERCISE.

REV. W. F. CRAFTS. W. F. SHERWIN, by per.

This may be rendered by choir or semi-chorus when so preferred, the school joining in the "Refrain." The readings may be given by teachers, classes, or selected individuals, and the verse of song should *immediately* follow the Scripture. Begin the service with two or three verses of "All hail the power of Jesus' name," by the whole congregation, followed by prayer.

No. 1. Rather fast.



* The three hymns of this series may be used separately when desirable.

man - ger For th' coming of the Lord; He's sweetly born within me, Whom heavenly hosts adored.
lift - ed, The King has en-tered in; He's bared his arm of mer-cy And snatch'd my soul from sin.
spir - it, I see my Lord a - lone; I'm on the mount with Je-sus, He makes the rock a throne!

No. 2. Lovingly.

Read Matt. 27 : 45-56.

1. I felt the aw - ful dark-ness Of a Sav - iour cru - ci - fied; Like lov - ing, weeping

Read Matt. 28 : 1-9.

2. The Lord is ris'n with - in me, I . . seek the things a - bove; The seal of death is

Ma - ry, I stood the cross be - side. My sins and guilt are hid - den Be -
bro - ken By th'an - gel of his love. My tomb is left be - hind me, My

hind the cross of woe; The fount the spear-wound opened Has washed me white as snow.
soul for - gets her tears; 'Tis Je - sus walks be - side me, My heart no long-er fears.

The Life of Jesus in my Heart. Concluded.

No. 3. Very spirited.

Read Acts 1: 7-9.

1. I know that my Re - deem - er Still liv - eth deep with - in, And, as he ev - er liv - eth, I'll ev - er live with him. Like him shall be my spir - it And dwell in per - fect bliss;

Read 1 John 3: 1-3.

2. I love this life of Je - sus, Inscribed up - on my heart; With pre-cious blood 'tis writ-ten, No word shall e'er de - part. I feel a heavenly glo - ry That eye hath nev - er seen;

REFRAIN.

My heav'n shall be, for - ev - er To see him as he is. I know that my Re - deem-er Still liv - eth deep with - in, And, as he ev - er liv - eth, I'll ev - er live with him!
And heav'n my spirit touch-es, For Je-sus dwells within.

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

It is intended that this Index shall be generally helpful, rather than complete and exhaustive. Many useful hymns are so general in their character as to be difficult of classification under any special head.

Activity—5, 21, 24, 29, 31, 32, 33, 34, 46, 60, 63, 66, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 74, 75, 80, 98, 104, 114, 115, 124, 134, 138, 139, 146, 147, 148, 152, 153, 154, 156, 158, 168, 171.
Anniversaries—6, 32, 100, 103, 104, 132, 156, 163, 168.
Benevolence—46, 69, 71, 133, 134.
Bible—12, 13, 16, 46, 105, 114, 138, 144.
Childhood and Youth—44, 46, 53, 105, 107, 109, 115, 119, 136, 154.
Christ, Birth of—182, 184, 185, 186.
" Life of—36, 51, 125, 186, 188.
" Death of—25, 54, 187.
" Resurrection of—17, 19, 122, 129, 130, 155, 188.
" Second Coming of—32, 47, 63, 158.
Closing Hymns—9, 18, 120, 131, 157, 168, 169, 173, 177.
Coming to Christ—26, 37, 40, 48, 50, 55, 82, 89, 107, 119, 135.
Consecration—21, 22, 24, 29, 41, 43, 57, 65, 70, 72, 85, 102, 110, 117, 123, 137, 148, 153, 171.
Concert Exercises—96, 125, 142, 186.
Dependence—14, 15, 18, 35, 49, 65, 73, 83, 84, 85, 88, 99, 108, 112, 117, 121, 127, 141, 151.
Faith—19, 22, 34, 59, 68, 77, 88, 89, 94, 102, 138, 141, 149, 166.
Following Christ—5, 21, 33, 34, 36, 41, 52, 72, 110, 115, 118, 147, 165.
Heaven—18, 76, 79, 160, 164, 167, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176.
Holy Spirit—9, 79, 91, 99, 113, 127.
Hope—59, 68, 89, 96, 141, 149, 165, 166.
Infant Class—29, 40, 45, 46, 101, 106, 107, 147, 183.
Invitation—16, 32, 38, 39, 40, 41, 48, 50, 51, 55, 93, 95, 120, 135.
Joy—5, 6, 9, 19, 22, 28, 44, 60, 61, 62, 64, 81, 96, 128, 139, 167, 176.
Life and Death—119. 155, 160, 162, 163, 167, 172, 177.
Love—18, 22, 25, 34, 37, 46, 54, 61, 64, 72, 81, 84, 97, 116, 137.
Missionary—8, 17, 20, 21, 32, 33, 46, 47, 63, 66, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 75, 93, 125, 136, 146, 156, 177.
New Year—100, 104, 177.
Opening Hymns—3, 4, 6, 8, 9, 10, 13, 14, 15, 17, 24, 28, 38, 43, 58, 61, 62, 65, 75, 78, 101, 103, 122, 124, 138, 140, 157, 168.
Praise—3, 4, 6, 8, 9, 11, 17, 20, 22, 26, 28, 34, 36, 37, 47, 52, 58, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 78, 81, 83, 96, 101, 103, 136, 139, 140, 150, 156, 161, 168, 177.
Prayer—14, 15, 34, 35, 43, 49, 54, 65, 91, 99, 102, 108, 113, 114, 117, 158, 159.
Repentance—30, 37, 42, 54, 57, 84, 108, 119, 127, 141, 142.
Rest—11, 52, 85, 88, 90, 94, 111, 112, 135, 176.
Sabbath—4, 6, 9. 10, 11, 13, 78, 122, 129.
Salvation—8, 22, 36, 38, 39, 44, 51, 54, 61, 62, 96, 97, 103.
Teachers' Meetings—9, 12, 15, 16, 21, 34, 35, 43, 59, 60, 65, 68, 69, 70, 72, 75, 80, 91, 93, 97, 98, 111, 113, 114, 117, 118, 121, 123, 124, 138, 153, 154, 158, 159, 171.
Temperance Meetings—21, 51, 72, 98, 124, 156, 177, 178, 179.
Thanksgiving—61, 101, 161.
Worship—3, 9, 13, 15, 43, 49, 65, 77, 111, 113, 117, 122, 127, 140, 159.

INDEX.

Titles in Small Caps.—First Lines in Roman.

A

PAGE.

Abana was a river..... 71
A friend there is..... 34
AGAIN THE ROUNDED YEAR..... 100
All hail the power of Jesus'..... 9
All my life the Lord hath led... 42
Always with us 34
AND YE SHALL SEEK ME. 144
ARISE WITH JOY AND SING..... 47
Asleep in Jesus 177
AS THE DEWS FROM HEAVEN..... 15
AT THE FEET OF JESUS... 118
At my work I'm always..... 81
Away with every thought..... 152
AWAY WITH THE RUBY WINE..... 178
Awake and sing the song 9

B

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS FOR..... 184
BENEDICITE..... 169
Bless, O Lord, the opening year 177
BLESSED JESUS, HEAR MY PRAYER 102
Blessed Saviour, thee I love..... 137
Blessed Saviour, watch us..... 18
Blest be the tie that binds..... 18
Brightly beams our Father's.... 46
Brothers rally for the conflict... 177

C

CALL THEM IN..... 93
CAN IT BE RIGHT..... 166
CAREFULLY, TEARFULLY..... 54
CHEERFUL RAISE A JOYFUL TUNE. 104
CHILDREN'S THANKS..... 101
CHRIST IS KIND AND TENDER..... 84
CHRIST IS RISEN..... 129
CHRIST THE KING OF ZION..... 20
Christian brethren ere we part.. 177
CLOSING HYMN..... 173
COME, COME AND SEE 39
COME SING THE GOSPEL..... 8
Come thou Almighty King..... 9
COME NEARER..... 30
Come now with joy and singing. 83
COME TO THE SAVIOUR..... 40
COME TO THE SAVIOUR TO-DAY..... 48
COME YE..... 55
Coming here with gladness..... 146
COMPANIONSHIP WITH JESUS..... 56

D

DEAR CHILDREN FAR AWAY..... 181
DO RIGHT..... 115
Do you see the Hebrew captive. 158
Dost thou love me..... 154
DOXOLOGY..... 9

E

Ere the tide of life is ebbing..... 84

F

FALLING INTO LINE..... 124
FEED MY LAMBS..... 154
FORM YOUR MISSION BANDS..... 33
From every stormy wind..... 43
FROM GLORY UNTO GLORY..... 139
From Greenland's icy..... 46

G

GIVE ME SWEET REST..... 112
GIVE THYSELF TO ME..... 110
GIVING THANKS..... 161
GLORIA PATRI.....7, 157
GLORY BE TO THE FATHER.....7, 157
GLORY TO OUR SAVIOUR KING... 146
GOD IS ALWAYS NEAR ME..... 183
GOD OF WISDOM HEAR MY CRY... 114
GOD OUR REFUGE..... 83
GO WORK IN MY VINEYARD..... 69

H

Hail, my ever blessed Jesus..... 34
HAIL THE DAY OF PRAYER..... 122
HAVE YOU NOT A WORD FOR JESUS. 72
Hear the Gospel Invitation..... 39
HEAR US, HOLY SPIRIT..... 79
He leadeth me..... 34
HIDING, DEAR LORD, IN THEE... 87
His name hath God exalted... 20
HOW AMIABLE GOD'S ALTARS WERE 134
Holy Bible, book divine..... 46
How firm a foundation..... 138
HOLY GHOST, THE INFINITE..... 113

PAGE.

How precious is the book divine 46
How shall the young secure. 105

I

I am a little one..... 45
I am coming, gentle Saviour.. 82
I am so glad..... 46
I believe..... 141
I believe in the mercy..... 94
I can wait..... 67
I could not do without thee. 121
I do believe that Jesus died.... 89
I feel like singing. 61
I felt the awful darkness..... 187
I follow the footsteps of Jesus 36
If we can not climb the..... 165
I have his promise sure..... 67
I know that my Redeemer lives 19
I love to tell the story..... 65
I'll praise my Redeemer..... 28
Immanuel comes. 63
I need thee, precious Jesus..... 35
In His vineyard 68
In His arms..... 107
In holy exultation..... 3
I know that my Redeemer still. 188
In lands full of darkness 181
In the cross of Christ we glory 25
In the heavenly morning..... 167
In the morning..... 176
In the quiet grave 155
In the shadow of the rock... 90
Into thy service, Lord..... 153
In youth I have my Saviour... 109
It is better to trust in the Lord. 77
I trust, O lord, in thee..... 89
I've found a friend..... 22
I've heard the good news..... 44
I will never leave thee..... 149
I would love thee..... 116
I would my life might glorify. 110

J

PAGE.

Jesus bids us shine..... 147
Jesus is calling..... 41
Jesus, lover of my soul..... 65
Jesus loves the little children. 53
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me..... 73
Jesus, Saviour, to thy side..... 85
Jesus, thy name I love..... 37
Joy, joy, Jesus saves..... 128

L

Lambs of the upper fold..... 160
Lamp of our feet 144
Lay the precious body..... 155
Leaning on thee..... 88
Let others sing of battles fought. 74
Listen while we sing..... 26
Little hearts and little hands... 29
Little lights..... 147
Little ones of God are we..... 106
Lo, a mighty host..... 126
Lo! the children come..... 6
Looking up to Jesus..... 29
Lord, dismiss us with thy. 18
Lord of life on this thy day... 13

M

Make haste, O man, to live..... 177
May the grace of our Lord..... 169
Mid the pastures green..... 160
More love to thee, O Christ..... 65
Must Jesus bear the cross alone. 43
My country 'tis of thee..... 177
My days are gliding swiftly by. 18
My faith looks up to thee..... 43
My fears arise..... 141
My heart is made a manger..... 186
My peace I leave thee..... 135
My refuge..... 85
My spirit longs for thee..... 99

N

PAGE.

Nearer, my God, to thee..... 43
Now the sowing and the weeping 34
Now thy throne addressing... 131
Now upon the earth is beaming. 136

O

Obeying thy divine behest..... 9
O be joyful in the Lord..... 150
O blessed fellowship divine..... 56
O children's day..... 132
O christ with each returning. 123
O church of christ..... 52
O church pursue thy march..... 63
O day of rest and gladness..... 11
Oh, blest are they..... 163
Oh, bless us, Heavenly Father 14
Oh, come and work for Jesus... 31
Oh, come with cheerful voices. 103
O Holy Saviour..... 59
O Holy Spirit..... 91
Oh, say, can you tell..... 156
Oh, that each day may bring... 171
Oh, the hills are sweet..... 76
Oh, land of Beulah..... 170
Oh, radiant morn..... 17
Oh, the debt of love..... 42
O Lord our guardian..... 177
One by one..... 162
One with Christ..... 18
Only thee..... 137
Our Father in heaven..... 49
Our Shepherd leads..... 151
Our sorrow will be done..... 176
Out of the shadow..... 130
Over the river..... 172
O we are the reapers..... 66

P

Praise the Lord of glory..... 58
Precious Bible..... 12

R

	PAGE.
Rejoice my soul	80
Rejoice with me	64
Remember thy Creator	119
Ring, happy bells	182
Rock of ages cleft for me	65

S

Saviour, blessed Saviour	26
Saviour Divine	159
Saviour who died for me	57
See the snow come down	145
Seek and ye shall find	142
Seeking to save	51
Sentinel, be thou watchful	98
Showers of blessings	127
Sing, Oh, sing of the Mighty	62
Sing, my soul	96
Sing them over again to me	16
Sleep not, soldier of the cross	138
Soft music is stealing	38
Something each day	171
Song of the young worker	109
Sons of day arise	138
Speak some word	69
Speed the gospel army	75
Spirit blest, who art adored	79
Stand up, stand up for Jesus	138
Sun of my soul	18
Sweet hour of prayer	43
Sweetly the Saviour is calling	50

T

Take my hand, my Father	108
Take this motto for your life	115
Teach, Oh, teach us how to pray	159
Tell me more about Jesus	27
Tell me the old, old story	65
Tenderly the Shepherd	51
The beautiful city	174
The blest gospel banner	156
The children of the temple	136
The creed of faith	94
The Christmas bells are	180
The fields are white	70
The good news	44
The heavenly race	80
The heavenly road	165
The Hero that I sing	74
The life of Jesus in my heart	186
The light that once in Judah	148
The little missionary	71
The Lord loveth a cheerful	133
The morning light	32
The pearly gates	164
The world puts on its robe	129
The shining of His face	23
The song of the reapers	66
There's a wonderful tree	185
There is a sweet old story	97
There is never a way	68
There is no night there	76
They pray the best	43
Thine eye, O Lord	86
Thine forever	117
Thou art going out	120
Thou God seest me	86
Three in one	111
Tis joy	60
Tis known on earth	27
To-day the Saviour calls	95
To God, the Father, Son	9
To the Lord, our Saviour	125
Trust in the Lord	77
Try and do it better	152

U

Up to the land of light	5

V

	PAGE.
Volunteers, gird on your armor	124

W

We are marching home to Zion	168
We are nearing the beautiful	174
We come with joyful song	78
Welcome, sweet day of rest	9
Welcome, the quiet Sabbath	10
We praise thee, O God	140
We shall meet and sing together	167
We stand where Jordan's waves	170
We will love Jesus	53
What a friend we have in Jesus	34
What are the joys of earth	23
What can I do	161
What shall I do	112
Wheat and tares	92
When by Moab's mountain	142
When He cometh	46
When in the gates of Zion	4
When mothers brought their	107
When my sins as mountains rise	149
When this song of praise	173
While men slept	92
Who will reply?	70
Whom did Jesus pity?	125
Why I sing	81
Windows open towards	158
With gladsome hearts	101
With heart and voice	3
With joy we praise the Lord	128
Wonderful words of life	16
Work, for the night is coming	138
Work for your Master	24
Working, O Christ, with thee	21

Y

Yes, our Shepherd leads	151
Ye Temperance Warriors	179

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