

The

GOLDEN SHEAF,

No. 1.

—*A COLLECTION OF*

SACRED SONGS
AND
GOSPEL HYMNS.

FOR

SABBATH SCHOOLS, PRAISE MEETINGS,
AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

BY

O. W. SCHAEFFER.

PUBLISHED BY

—*O. W. SCHAEFFER,*—

ROMNEY, W. VA.

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1885
Gold

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SALUTATORY.

IN the accompanying work the Author has sought to embrace in a convenient shape, a varied collection of original Sacred Songs and Hymns, which will supply to Sabbath-schools, Praise Meetings, and Home Circles popular selections, from which everything inappropriate to special and general uses has been eliminated, and in which the music will be found in closest sympathy with the sentiment.

THE GOLDEN SHEAF, No. 1, will be followed by other numbers of uniform size and shape, and at the same popular price, which will enable those using them to renew and obtain fresh Songs and Hymns at proper intervals.

THE GOLDEN SHEAF, No. 1, can be had at \$12.00 per (100); or, 15 cents a single copy, bound in board covers; or, \$9.00 per (100); or, 10 cents a single copy, bound in paper covers, upon application to the publisher.

O. W. SCHAEFFER,
Romney, W. Va.

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J. M. ARMSTRONG & CO.,
MUSIC TYPOGRAPHERS,
Philadelphia, Pa.

THE GOLDEN SHEAF. No. 1.

No. 1. THE HARVEST HOME.

O. W. S.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.



1. Oh, bring of Life's fair rip'-ning grain A sheaf to the Har-vest
2. Each soul you save that was lost in sin Will shine as a star in your
3. The cup that is giv'n in the Mas-ter's name, Good deeds by the world un-
4. Then scat-ter the seeds of Love and Truth As on-ward thro' life you



Home ; Its fields are white for the reap-er's hand, And the Master bids you come.
crown ; Then glean where you may, go work to-day, And prepare for the Harvest Home.
- seen, Will prove when the Harvest is gathered Home, A sheaf of Gold-en Grain.
roam ; And join the song of God's redeemed, As they march to the Harvest Home.



Chorus.



Bring-ing the sheaves to the Harvest Home, Home, Sweet Home, Blessed Home ;



Gleaners from ev' - ry land shall come To the joy - ful Harvest Home.

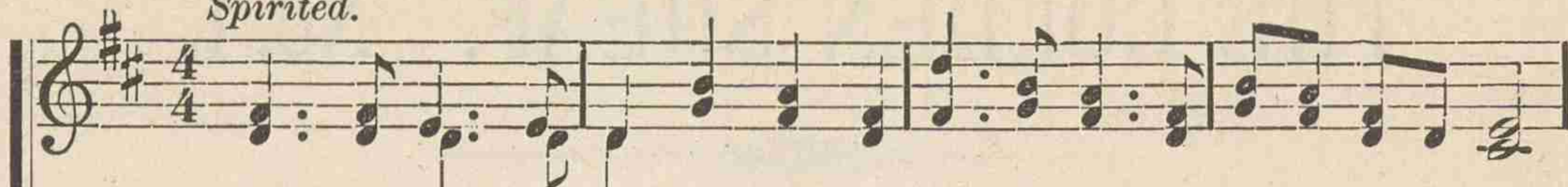


No. 2. WORTHY IS THE LAMB.

O. W. S.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.

Spirited.



1. Hark! thro' all the courts of hea-ven, Rings a glad ex - ult - ant strain;
2. Worthy the Lamb, oh how He suf-fer'd Grief, reproaches, stripes and shame;
3. Glo - ry, Hon- or, Pow- er, Rich- es, Lost He once, but now a - gain
4. Worthy the Lamb, oh, praise Him, praise Him, Swell to heav'n the glad re - frain:



"Souls redeemed and sins for - giv - en, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."
Crown of thorns and pierc-ed side, yes, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.
High in heav'n He reigns triumph-ant, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.
"Christ has died and there's re-mis-sion, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."



Chorus.



Al - le - lu - ia! Worthy is the Lamb! Al - le - lu - ia! Worthy is the Lamb!



Souls redeemed and sins for - giv - en, Worthy the Lamb that was slain!



No. 3. JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

Rev. ED. HOPPER, D. D.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.



1. Je - sus, Saviour, pilot me O - ver life's tempestuous sea:
 2. When th' Apostle's fragile bark Strug-gled with the bil-lows dark,
 3. Tho' the sea be smooth and bright, Spark-ling with the stars of night,



Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
 On the stormy Gal - i - lee, Thou didst walk up - on the sea;
 And my ship's path be a - blaze With the light of hal-cyon days,



Chart and com-pass came from Thee, *f* Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.
 And when they be-held Thy form, Safe they glid-ed through the storm.
 Still I know my need of Thee; Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.



Chart and com-pass came from Thee, Je - sus, Sav- iour, pi - lot me.
 And when they be-held Thy form, Safe they glid- ed through the storm.
 Still I know my need of Thee; Je - sus, Sav- iour, pi - lot me.

4. As a mother stills her child,
 Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
 Boisterous waves obey Thy will
 When Thou sayst to them, "Be still."
 ¶: Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me. :||

5. When at last I near the shore,
 And the fearful breakers roar
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
 Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
 ¶: May I hear Thee say to me,
 "Fear not, I will pilot thee!" :||

No. 4. SEEKING THE LIGHT.

O. W. S.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.



1. Wand'ring long in sin and dark-ness, Heart-sick, wea-ry, lone;
2. Yet my stubborn heart re-fused Him In its will-ful pride;
3. "On the cross I died to save thee, Suf-fered shame and woe;



Cho.-D.C. Wand'ring long in sin and dark-ness, Heart-sick, wea-ry, lone;



Christ the Lord, in lov-ing mer-cy, Kind-ly whispered "Come."
See-ing not the look of an-guish, Nor the bleed-ing side.
In my lov-ing arms I'd shield thee Safe from ev'-ry foe."



Christ the Lord, in lov-ing mer-cy, Kind-ly whispered "Come."



Come to me, though poor, for-sak-en, I will give you rest;
But the Sav-iour still kept plead-ing, Knock-ing at the door;
Then my heart no lon-ger doubt-ing, Left its load of sin;



D.C. Chorus.



There's a shel-ter for the friend-less On thy Sav-iour's breast.
There is life for thee e-ter-nal, Bliss for-ev-er more.
Sought the fold of Christ our Sav-iour, Glad-ly ent'-ring in.



No. 5. GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!

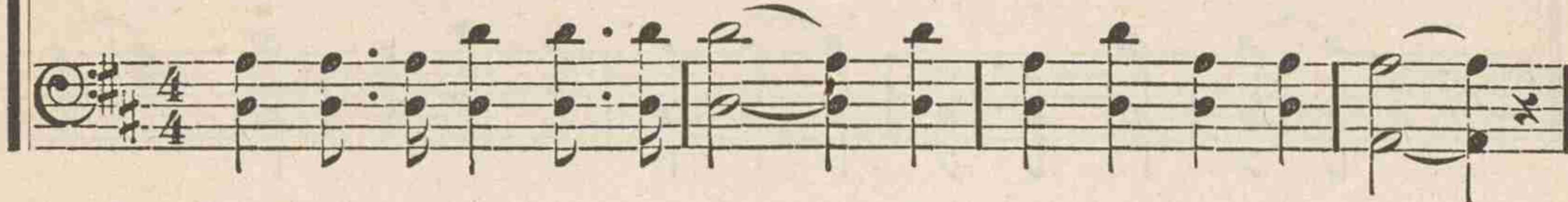
Rev. J. D. FURGESON.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.



1. Glo - ry to God in the high - est! 'Tis heavn's own Christmas song;
2. Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Je - sus has come to reign;
3. Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Our God in form of man;



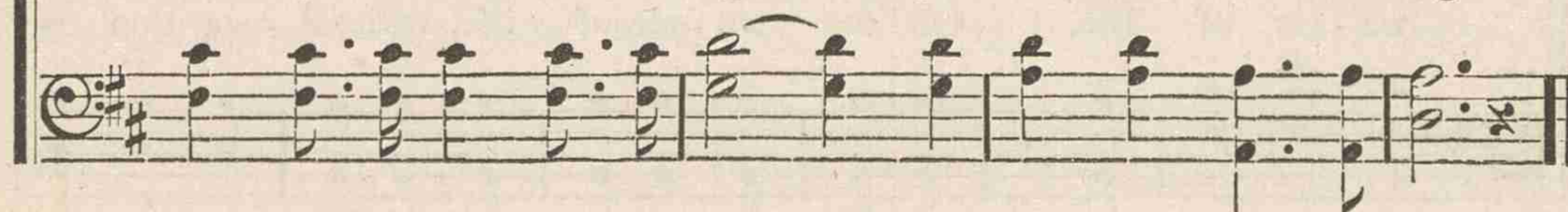
Glo - ry to God in the high - est! We would the notes pro - long.
 Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Haste ye to Beth - le - hem.
 Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Oh, laud the wond'rous plan;



Glo - ry to God in the high - est! The An - gels' grand re - frain;
 Glo - ry to God in the high - est! A star the way il - lumes;
 Glo - ry to God in the high - est! We chant with glad ac - claim,



Glo - ry to God in the high - est! We sing it forth a - gain!
 Glo - ry to God in the high - est! We come with sweet per - fumes.
 Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Je - sus has come to reign.

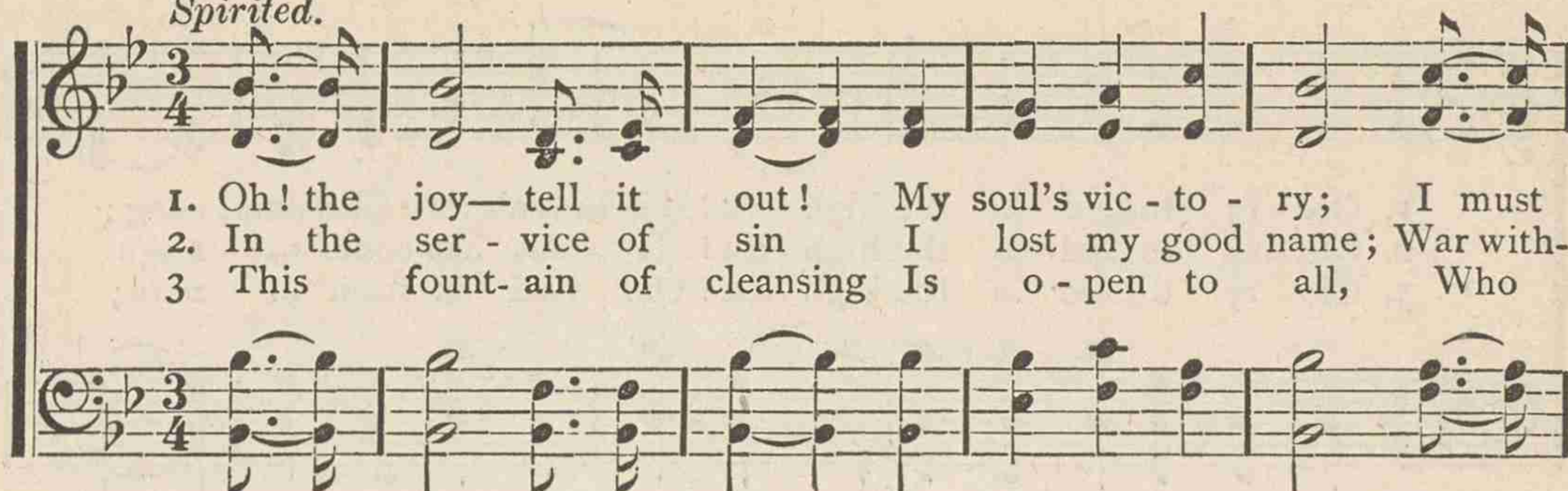


No. 6. THE WATER OF LIFE.

Rev. J. D. FURGESON.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.

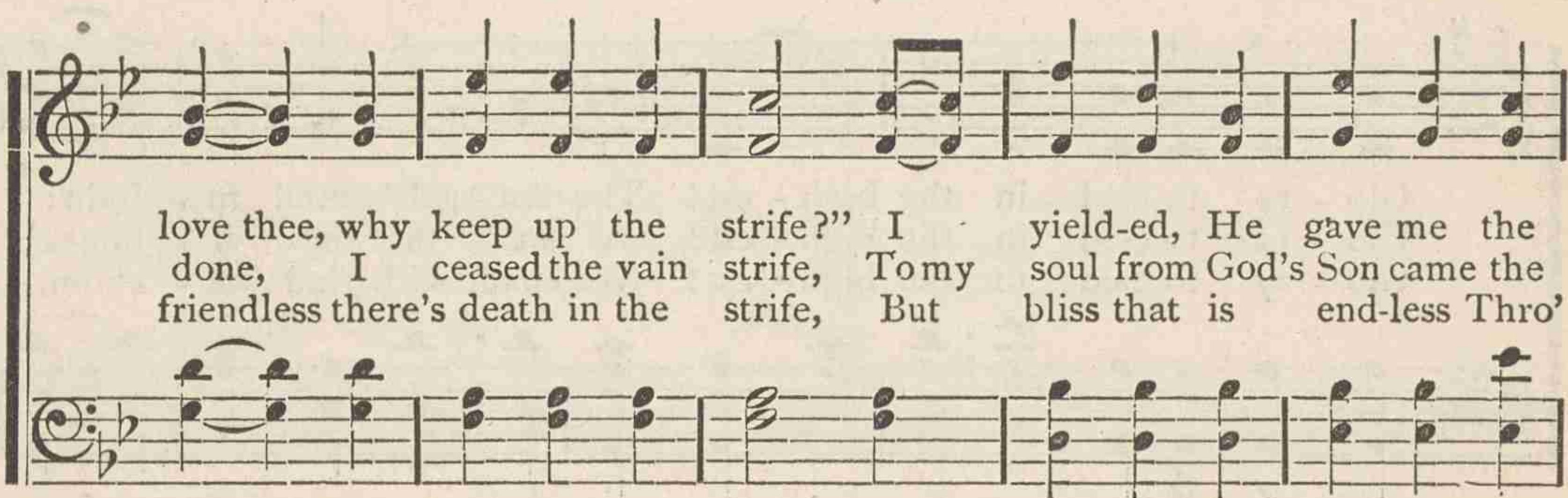
Spirited.



1. Oh! the joy—tell it out! My soul's vic - to - ry; I must
2. In the ser - vice of sin I lost my good name; War with-
3 This fount-ain of cleansing Is o - pen to all, Who



raise the glad shout, The Lord has bless'd me! He whispered: "I
out and with - in, No guer-don but shame, Then at last, when un-
seek - ing the bless-ing, On Je - sus Christ call. Now go to Him



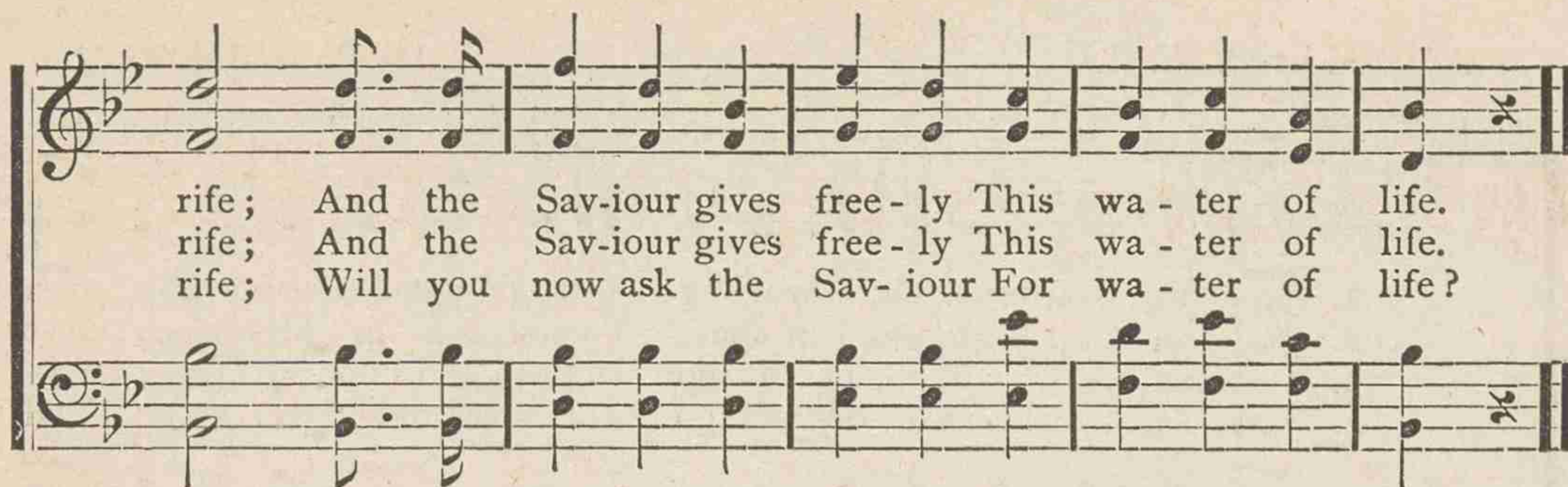
love thee, why keep up the strife?" I yield-ed, He gave me the
done, I ceased the vain strife, To my soul from God's Son came the
friendless there's death in the strife, But bliss that is end-less Thro'

Refrain.



wa - ter of life. Oh! the wa - ter of life, with sal - va - tion is
wa - ter of life. Oh! the wa - ter of life, with sal - va - tion is
wa - ter of life. Oh! the wa - ter of life, with sal - va - tion is

THE WATER OF LIFE. Concluded.



rife; And the Sav-iour gives free-ly This wa-ter of life.
 rife; And the Sav-iour gives free-ly This wa-ter of life.
 rife; Will you now ask the Sav-iour For wa-ter of life?

No. 7. I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES.

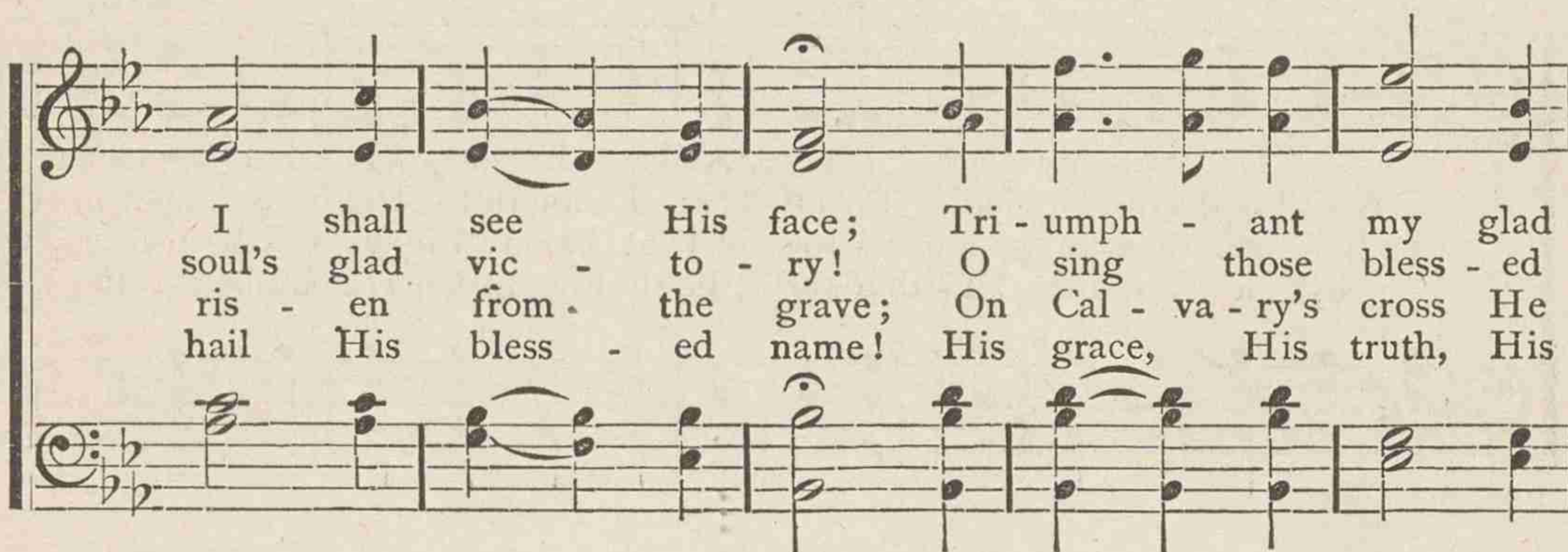
O. W. S.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.

Slow.



1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, That
 2. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, My
 3. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, Hath
 4. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, All



I shall see His face; Tri - umph - ant my glad
 soul's glad vic - to - ry! O sing those bless - ed
 ris - en from - the grave; On Cal - va - ry's cross He
 hail His bless - ed name! His grace, His truth, His

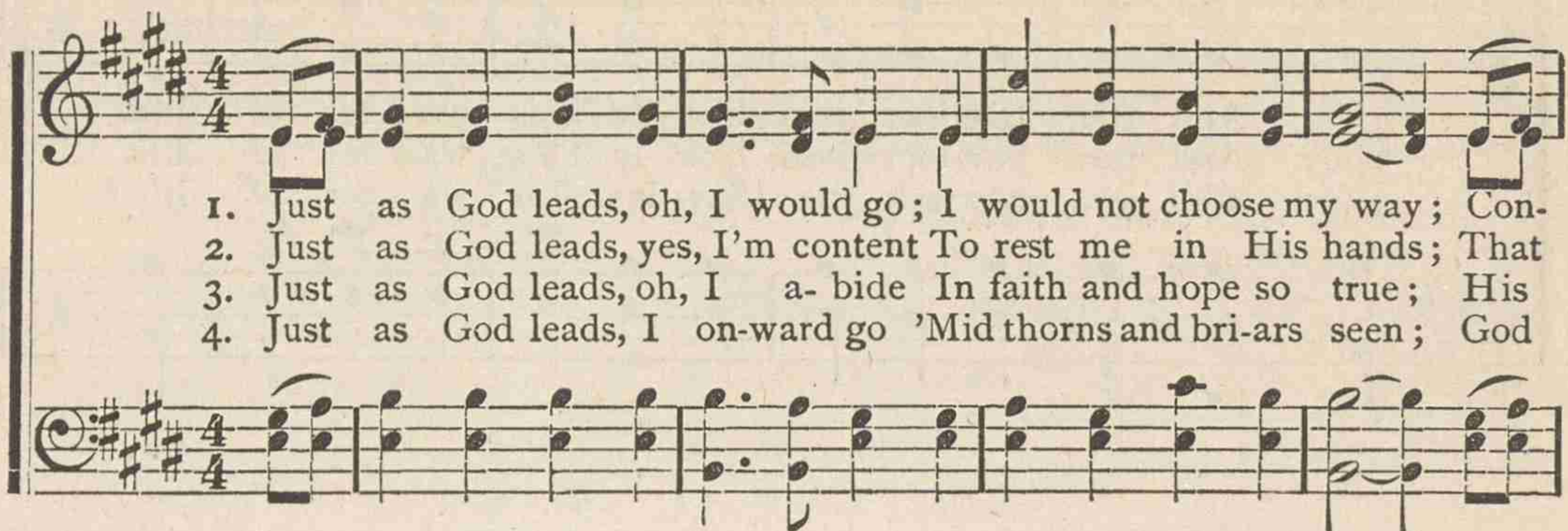


soul shall rise Through His re - deem - ing grace.
 words a - gain, That He hath died for me.
 shed His blood - The ran - som free - ly gave.
 heav'n - ly love Shall ev - er be my theme.

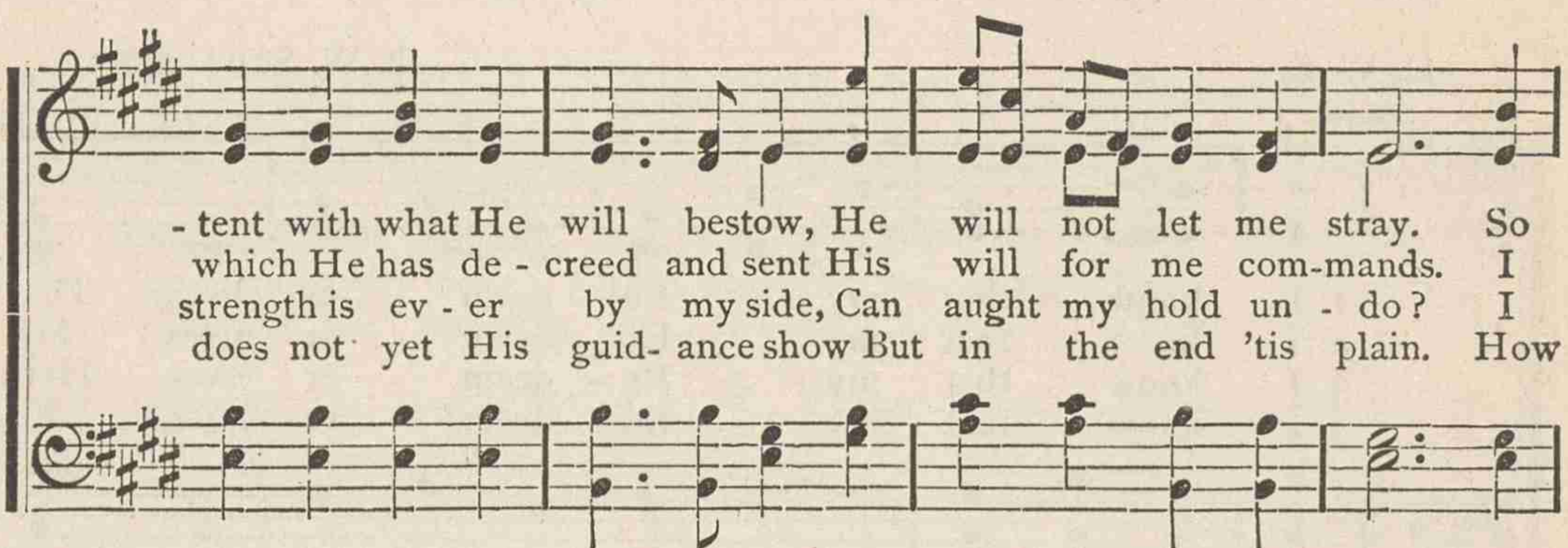
No. 8. JUST AS GOD LEADS.

Adapted by O. W. S.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.



1. Just as God leads, oh, I would go; I would not choose my way; Con-
 2. Just as God leads, yes, I'm content To rest me in His hands; That
 3. Just as God leads, oh, I a-bide In faith and hope so true; His
 4. Just as God leads, I on-ward go 'Mid thorns and bri-ars seen; God



- tent with what He will bestow, He will not let me stray. So
 which He has de - creed and sent His will for me com-mands. I
 strength is ev - er by my side, Can aught my hold un - do? I
 does not yet His guid-ance show But in the end 'tis plain. How



as He leads my path I take, And step by step I glad - ly make, A
 would that He should all ful-fill, That I should do His gra-cious will In
 hold me firm in patience, knowing That God my life is still bestowing The
 by a lov-ing Fa - ther's will, Faithful and true, He leads me still Un-



child in Him con - fid - ing, A child in Him con - fid - ing.
 liv - ing or in dy - ing, In liv - ing or in dy - ing.
 best in kind-ness send - ing, The best in kind-ness sending.
 - to His heav'n-ly home, Un - to His heav'n-ly home.

No. 9. HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES?

With spirit.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.



1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet-ly sounding thro' the skies?
2. "Peace on earth, good-will from heav-en, Reaching far as man is found;



Cho.—Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet-ly sounding thro' the skies?



Lo, th'an-gel-ic host re - joi - ces, Heav'nly al - le - lu - ias rise.
Souls redeemed, and sins for - giv - en, Loud our gold-en harps shall sound.



Lo, th'an-gel-ic host re - joi - ces, Heav'nly al - le - lu - ias rise.



List-en to the won - drous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Christ is born; the great A - noint-ed! Heaven and earth His praises sing!



"Glo-ry in the high - est, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God on high!
O re-ceive whom God ap - point-ed For your Prophet, Priest, and King!



- 3 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name and taste His joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!"

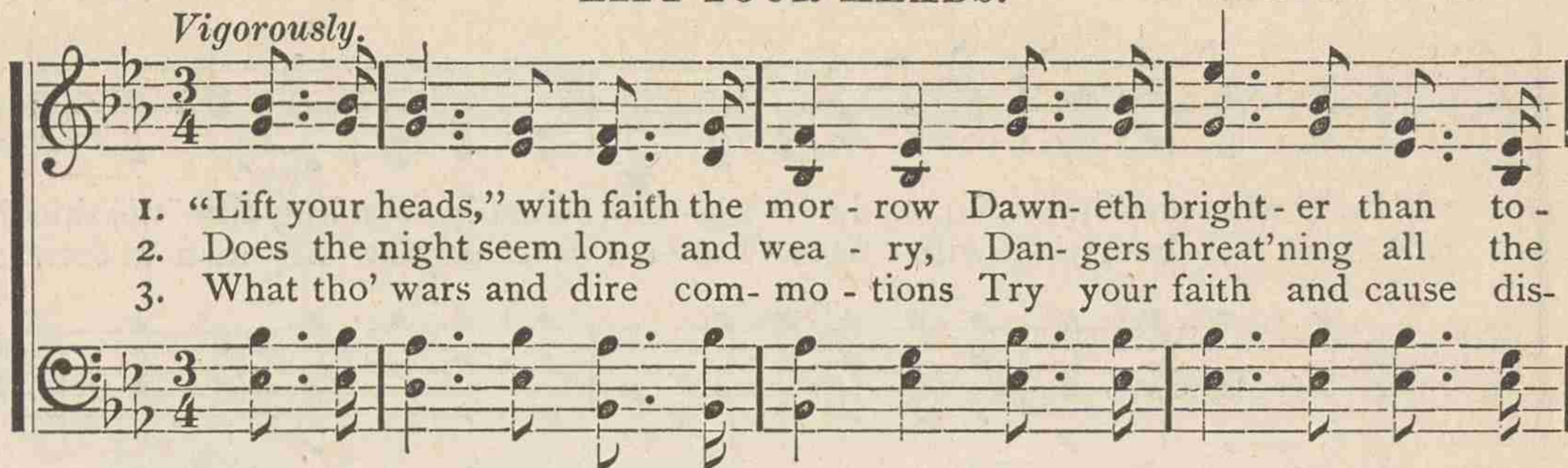
Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our dear Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it covers all the earth.

No. 10. THE MORNING COMETH.

"LIFT YOUR HEADS."

O. W. SCHAEFFER.

Vigorously.

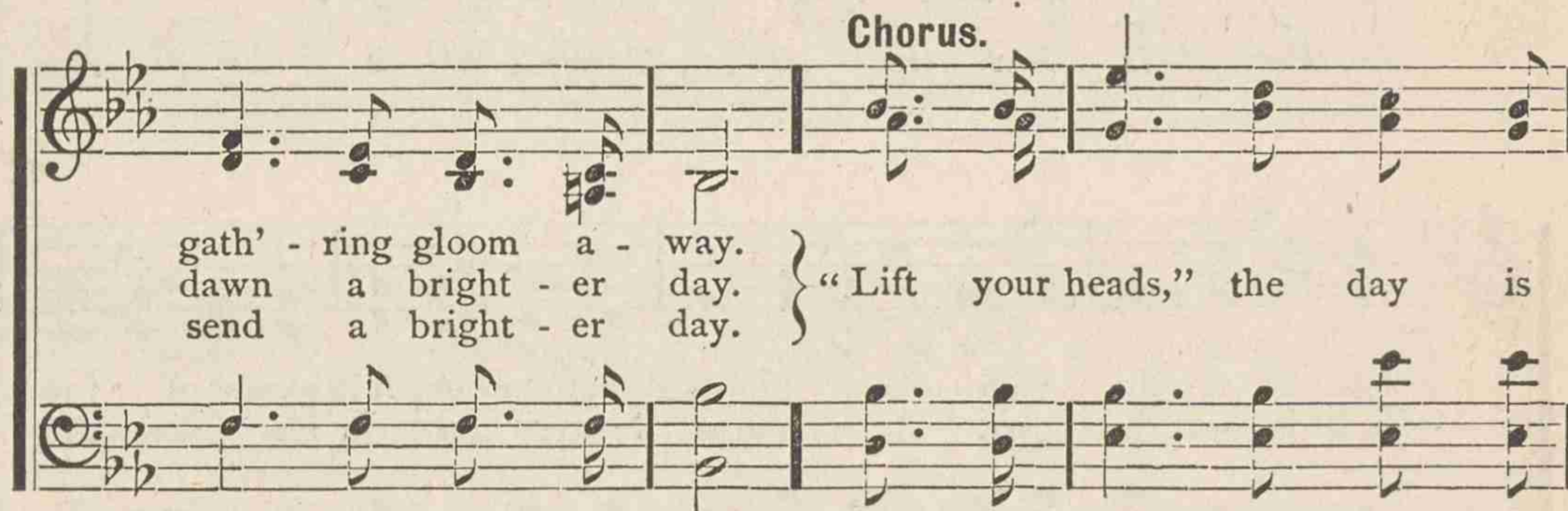


1. "Lift your heads," with faith the mor - row Dawn - eth bright - er than to -
 2. Does the night seem long and wea - ry, Dan - gers threat'ning all the
 3. What tho' wars and dire com - mo - tions Try your faith and cause dis -



- day; An - gel hands will lift the shad - ows, Chase the
 way? Joy will soon re - turn to bless thee, Soon will
 - may; God your Fa - ther rules the na - tions; He will

Chorus.



gath' - ring gloom a - way.
 dawn a bright - er day. } "Lift your heads," the day is
 send a bright - er day.



break - ing, Soon the morn - - ing will ap - pear; See the



earth from slumber wak - ing, "Lift your heads," the day draws near!

No. 11. WE'RE A BAND OF SOLDIERS.

O. W. S.

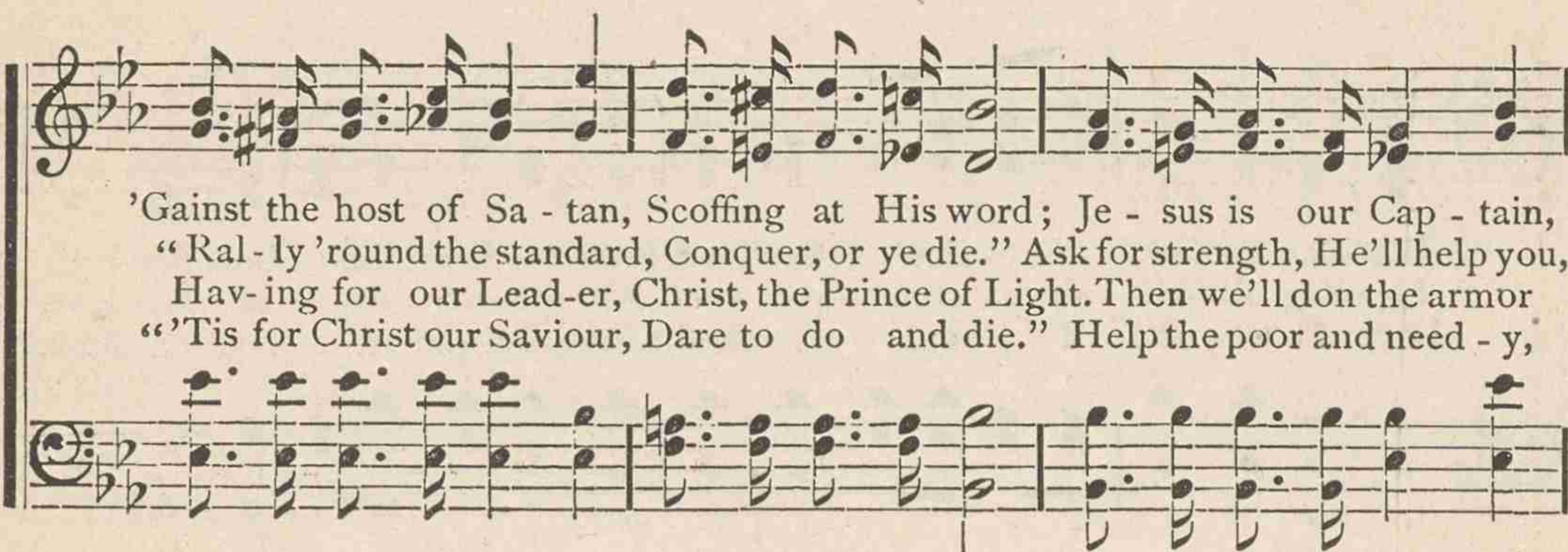
INFANT CLASS.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.

Tempo march.



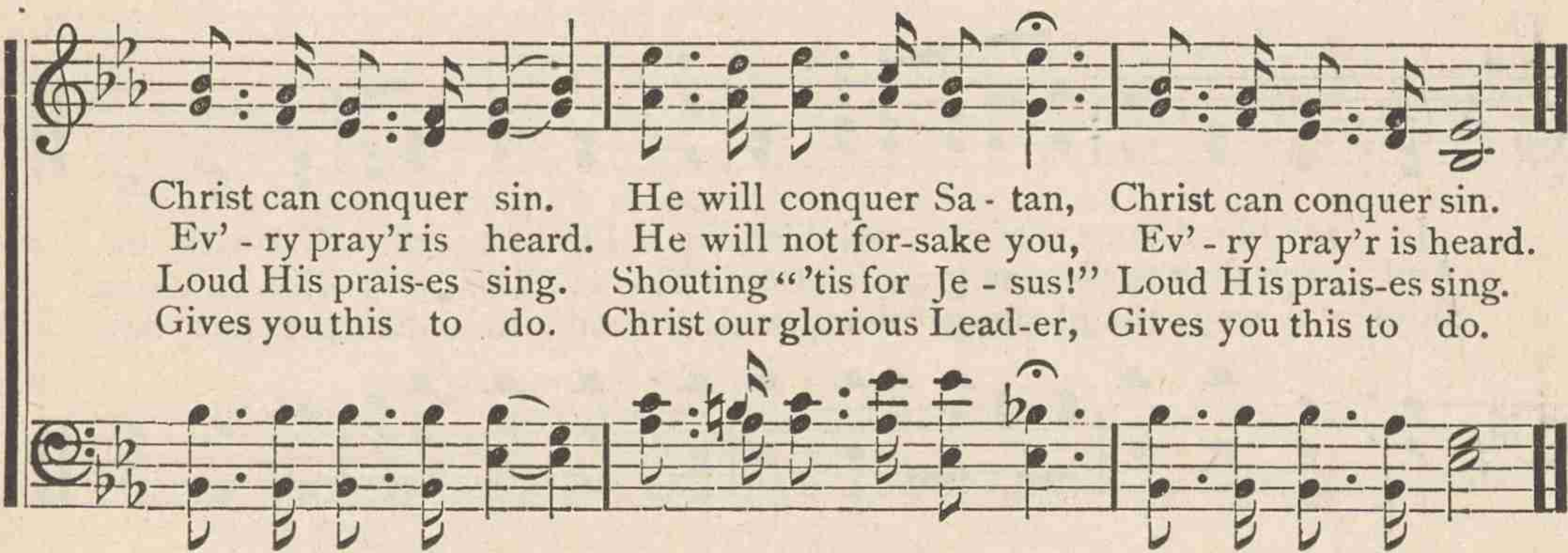
1. We're a band of sol - diers, Fight - ing for the Lord,
 2. On - ward! sol - diers, on - ward! Hear the Cap - tain's cry:
 3. Strong is Sa - tan's ar - my, But we're in the right,
 4. Don't stand i - dly wait - ing, Hear the bat - tle cry:



'Gainst the host of Sa - tan, Scoffing at His word; Je - sus is our Cap - tain,
 "Ral - ly 'round the standard, Conquer, or ye die." Ask for strength, He'll help you,
 Hav - ing for our Lead - er, Christ, the Prince of Light. Then we'll don the armor
 "'Tis for Christ our Saviour, Dare to do and die." Help the poor and need - y,



We are sure to win; He will con - quer Sa - tan,
 Bat - tling for His word; He will not for - sake you,
 Of the Lord our King; Shout - ing: "'tis for Je - sus!"
 Help the fall - en, too; Christ, our glo - rious Lead - er,



Christ can conquer sin. He will conquer Sa - tan, Christ can conquer sin.
 Ev' - ry pray'r is heard. He will not for - sake you, Ev' - ry pray'r is heard.
 Loud His prais - es sing. Shouting "'tis for Je - sus!" Loud His prais - es sing.
 Gives you this to do. Christ our glorious Lead - er, Gives you this to do.

No. 12. LET THY LOVE, O CHRIST ARISEN.

IDA BRANDON.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.



1. Let Thy love, O Christ a - risen, Light up-on a grief-worn soul;
 2. Oft - en at my heart's closed portals Has the Saviour knock-ing stood,
 3. Turn a - gain, O gracious Saviour, Turn and move my heart of stone!



Let Thy mer-cy, ten - der Sav-iour, From my heart the bur - den roll.
 Pleading all His deep com - pas - sion, All the mer - its of His love.
 Dark the way and I am wretched, Leave my spir - it not a - lone.



I can claim, O God, no mer - it, For my heart is full of sin;
 But I o - pen'd not the por - tals; "Time enough" my soul would say;
 Turn once more and cast the fet - ters From my wea - ry soul a - way;

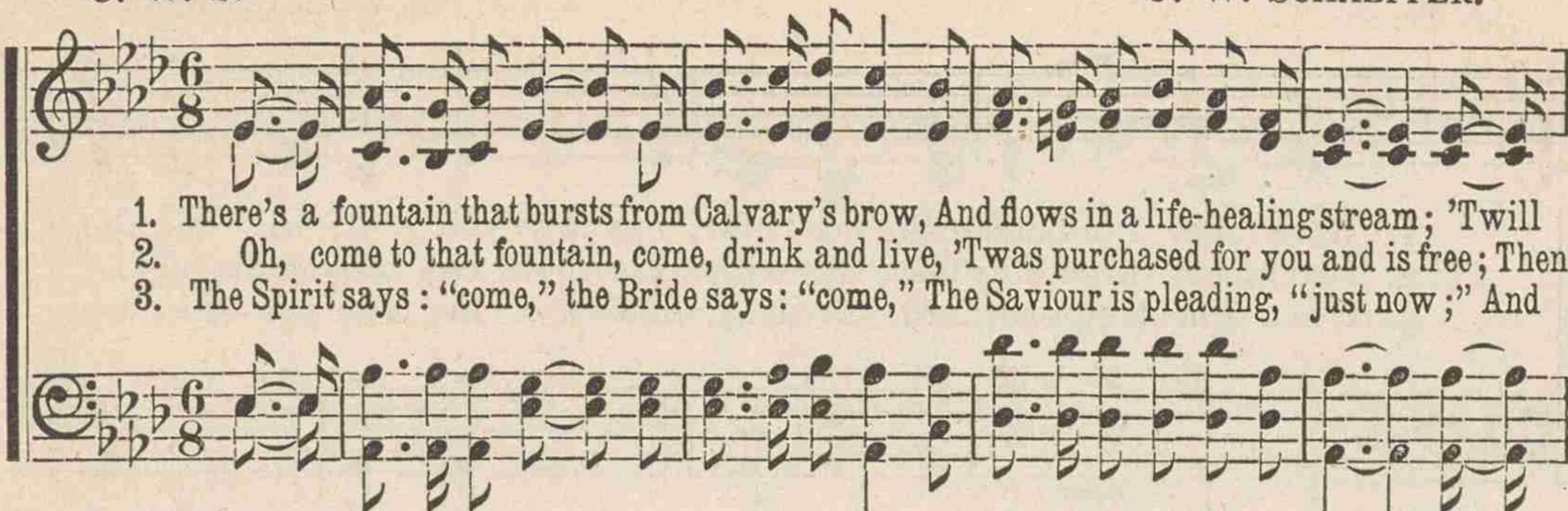


Je - sus' blood must needs be sprinkled Ere I'm pu - ri - fied with - in.
 And each time the knock grew faint-er, 'Till at last it died a - way.
 Shine a - way the gloom-y shad-ows, Ush - er in the per - fect day.

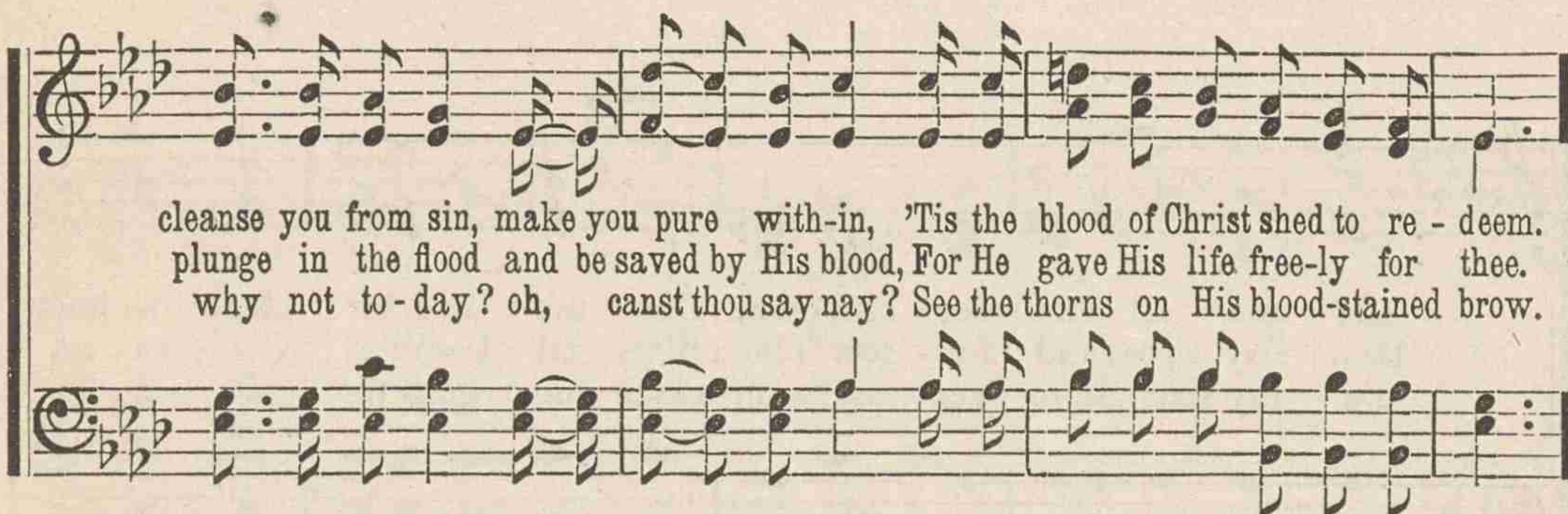
No. 13. COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

O. W. S.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.



1. There's a fountain that bursts from Calvary's brow, And flows in a life-healing stream; 'Twill
 2. Oh, come to that fountain, come, drink and live, 'Twas purchased for you and is free; Then
 3. The Spirit says: "come," the Bride says: "come," The Saviour is pleading, "just now;" And



cleanse you from sin, make you pure with-in, 'Tis the blood of Christ shed to re - deem.
 plunge in the flood and be saved by His blood, For He gave His life free-ly for thee.
 why not to-day? oh, canst thou say nay? See the thorns on His blood-stained brow.

Chorus.



Oh, come to the fountain that's flowing so free! Flow-ing so free! flow-ing so free! Oh,



come to the fountain that's flowing so free, That's flowing for you and for me.

4 Though thousands may drink and bathe in this stream,
 It yet remains full and still free;
 Oh, amazing His grace, see the light on His face
 As He bids you: "drink freely of me."—*Chorus.*

5 Oh, do not delay, though forever it flows,
 It may not flow always for thee;
 "Come, oh, come," hear His voice, come, oh, come and rejoice;
 Come and live then forever in me.—*Chorus.*

No. 14. SAVE ME, LORD.

O. W. S.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.



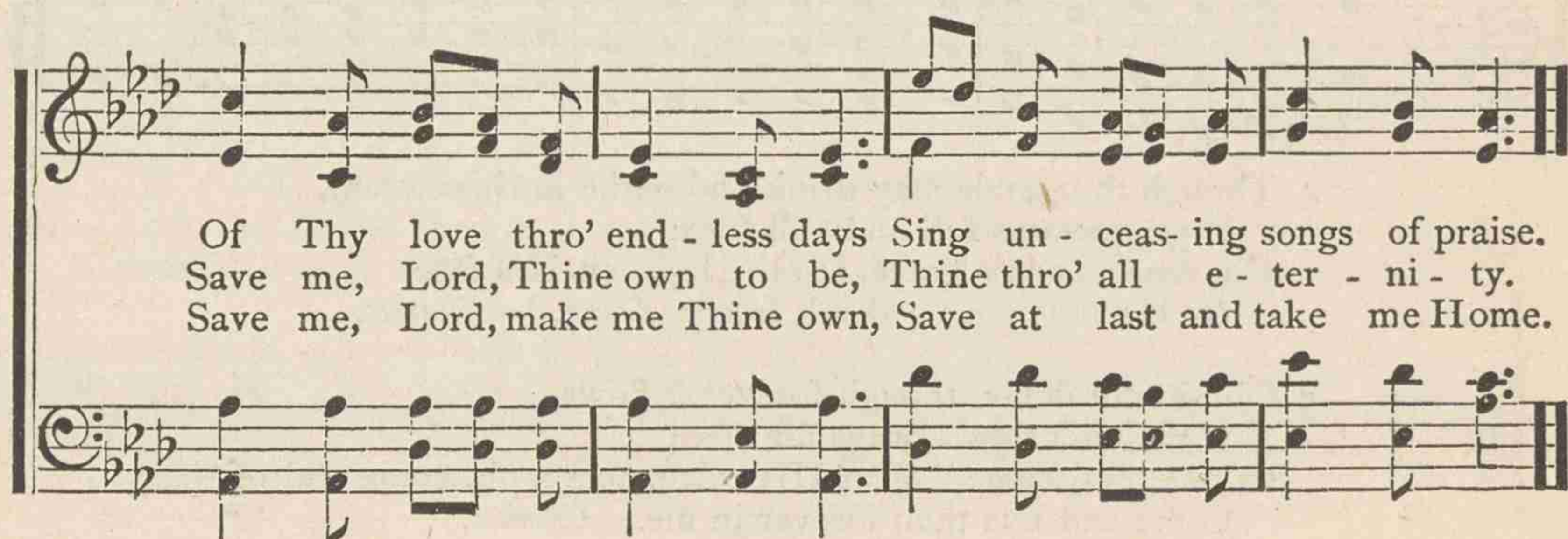
1. Save me, Lord, and make me Thine, Let Thy spir - it in me shine,
 2. Teach me, Lord, Thy ho - ly will, I would Thy commands ful - fill,
 3. When I'm tempt-ed, Lord, to stray, Guide me in Thy per - fect way,



Let me all Thy mer - cies own, Let me live for Thee a - lone.
 Bear Thy Cross and fol - low Thee, Bless - ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry.
 Be my strength in deep - est woe, Lead me gen - tly as I go.



Of Thy love through end - less days Sing un - ceas - ing songs of praise;
 Save me, Lord, Thine own to be, Thine thro' all e - ter - ni - ty;
 Save me, Lord, make me Thine own, Save at last and take me Home;



Of Thy love thro' end - less days Sing un - ceas - ing songs of praise.
 Save me, Lord, Thine own to be, Thine thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
 Save me, Lord, make me Thine own, Save at last and take me Home.

No. 15. ONLY REMEMBERED.

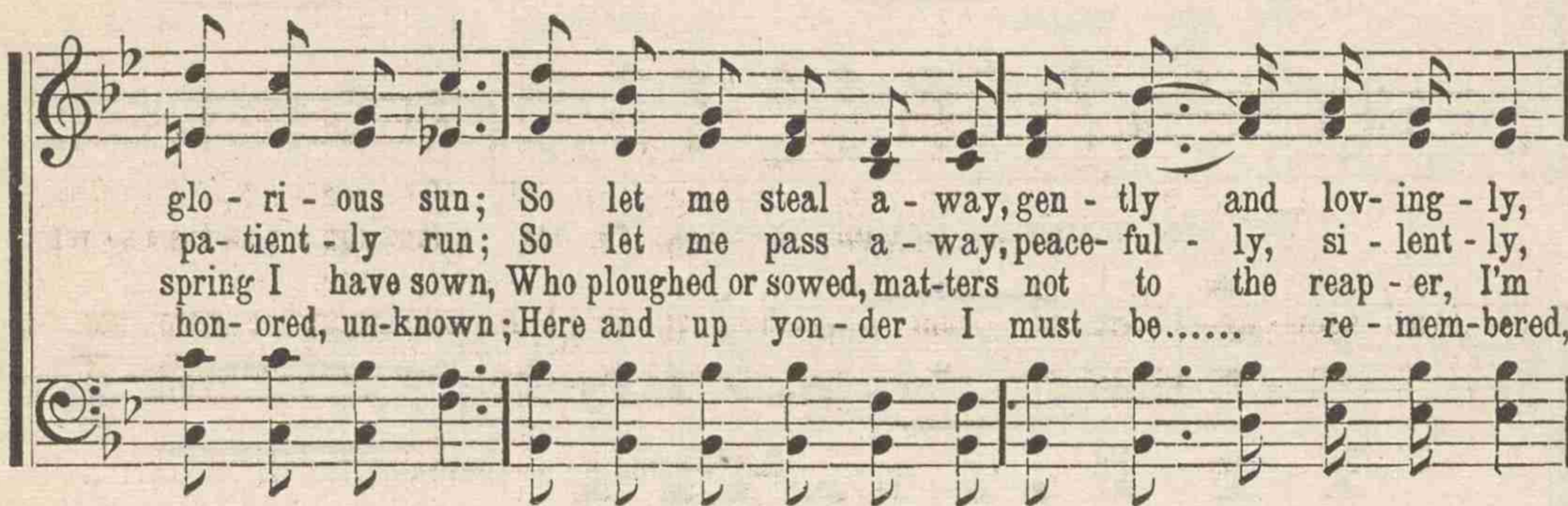
BONAR.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.

Andante.



1. Fad - ing a - way like the stars of the morning, Loos - ing their light in the
 2. So let my name and my place be for - got - ten, On - ly my life - race be
 3. So in the har - vest, if oth - ers may gath - er Sheaves from the fields that in
 4. Fad - ing a - way like the stars of the morning, So let my name be un -



glo - ri - ous sun; So let me steal a - way, gen - tly and lov - ing - ly,
 pa - tient - ly run; So let me pass a - way, peace - ful - ly, si - lent - ly,
 spring I have sown, Who ploughed or sowed, mat - ters not to the reap - er, I'm
 hon - ored, un - known; Here and up yon - der I must be..... re - mem - bered,



On - ly remembered by what I have done, On - ly remembered by what I have done.
 On - ly remembered by what I have done, On - ly remembered by what I have done.
 On - ly remembered by what I have done, On - ly remembered by what I have done.
 On - ly remembered by what I have done, On - ly remembered by what I have done.

Refrain.



On - ly remembered, On - ly remembered, On - ly remembered by what I have done!

Rit.....

No. 16. MARCHING HEAVENWARD.

O. W. S.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.

Animated.

1. { Shout a-loud for Christ our King, As we march a-long!
 Loud-er still His praises sing,..... As we march a-long!
 2. { Raise on high our ban-ner bright, As we march a-long!
 We will conquer in his might,..... As we march a-long!

Chorus.

We are march - - ing, marching on - - ward

We are march-ing, marching on-ward, We are marching, marching on-ward

To our Fa - - ther's home a - bove;.....

To our Fa-ther's home a - bove, We're marching to His home a - bove;

Sing - ing hymns..... of joy and glad - - ness,

We are sing-ing hymns of glad-ness, We are sing-ing hymns of glad-ness,

Sing - ing of..... His won-drous love, His won-drous love.

Sing - ing of His wondrous love, His won - drous love.....

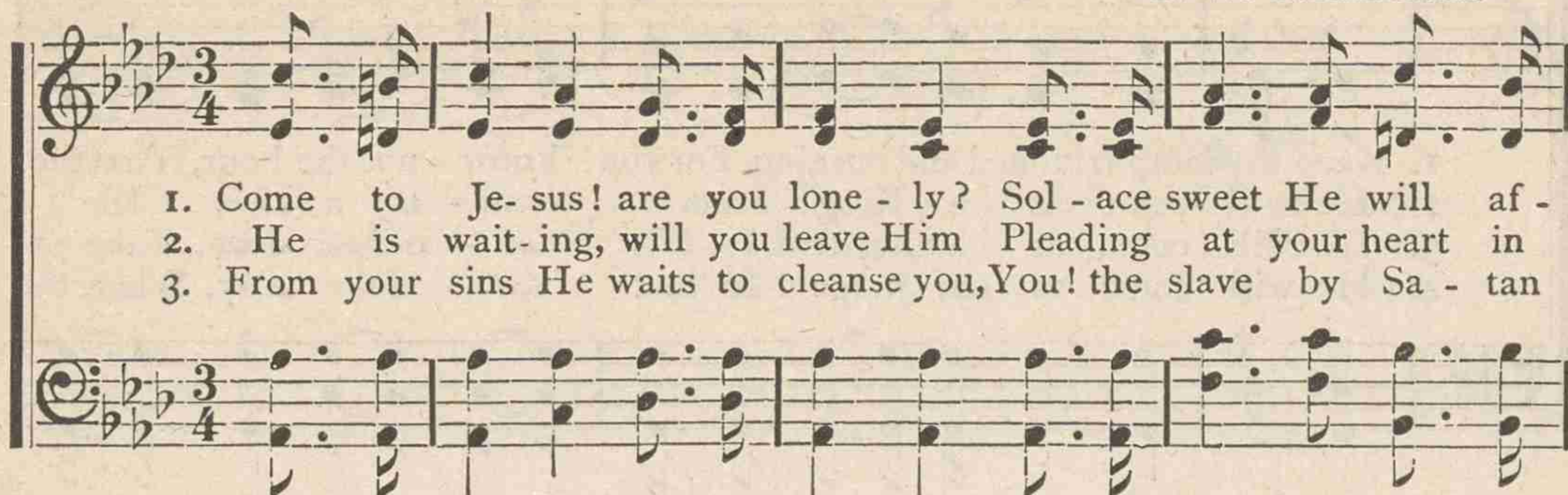
3. We will charge the hosts of sin,
 As we march along;
 Words of Truth and might will win,
 As we march along.

4. Join the army of the Lord,
 As we march along;
 Trust His love, believe His word,
 As we march along.

No. 17. COME TO JESUS.

"Without Money and without Price."

O. W. SCHAEFFER.



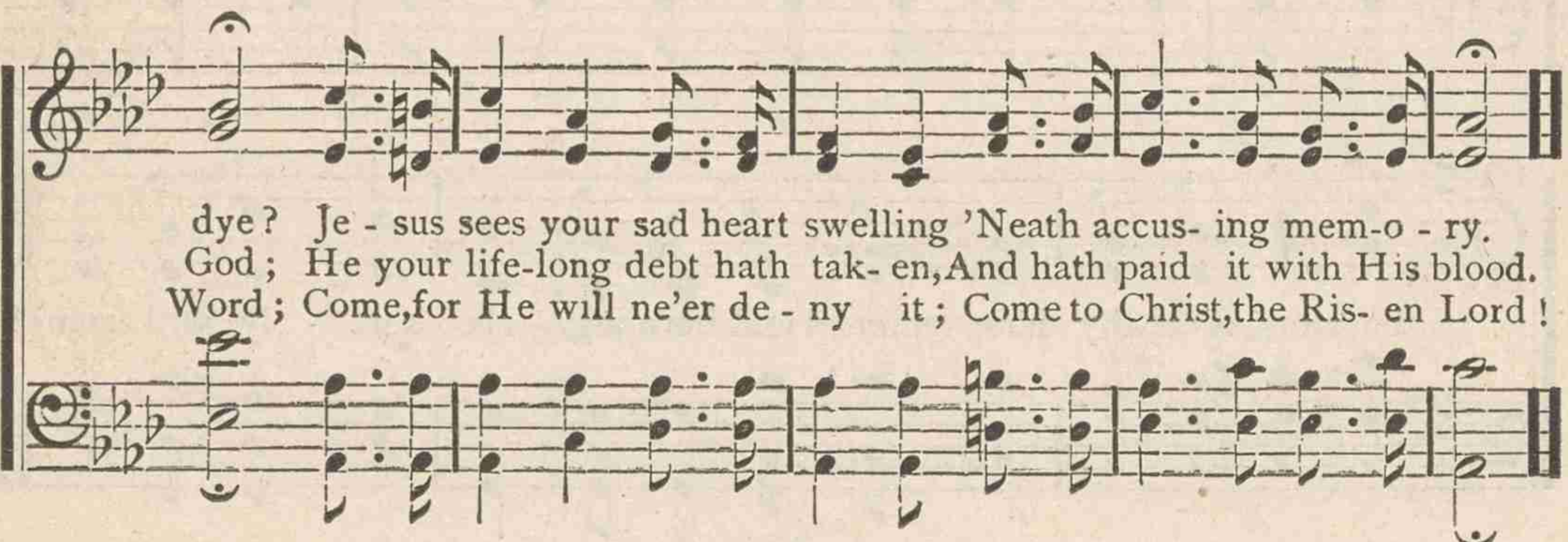
1. Come to Je-sus! are you lone-ly? Sol-ace sweet He will af-
 2. He is wait-ing, will you leave Him Pleading at your heart in
 3. From your sins He waits to cleanse you, You! the slave by Sa-tan



-ford; Lean on Je-sus—Je-sus on-ly, Come and find as lov-ing
 vain? He is will-ing—oh, be-lieve Him! He may nev-er call a-
 bound; Mes-sa-ges of love He sends you, Where can such a friend be



Lord! Are your tri-als past the tell-ing? Are your sins a crimson
 -gain. He hath nev-er yet for-sak-en One who trusts a-lone in
 found? Now it is the time to try it; Test Him by His written



dye? Je-sus sees your sad heart swelling 'Neath accus-ing mem-o-ry.
 God; He your life-long debt hath tak-en, And hath paid it with His blood.
 Word; Come, for He will ne'er de-ny it; Come to Christ, the Ris-en Lord!

No. 18. KEEP THY LAMP TRIMMED AND BURNING.

O. W. S.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.



1. Keep thy lamp trimmed and burning, For you know not the hour, That the
 2. He will come as a King From a coun - try a - far, In
 3. He will come as a Shepherd In His ten - der-est love, Take us
 4. He will come as our Judge In that aw - ful day, When the



Lord will come in His might and His pow'r; Oh, guard well the talents He
 glo - ry transcendent, A bright fall-ing star. Keep watch o'er thy actions, Keep
 home to Himself in That bliss-ful a-bode. He'll expect us to meet Him With
 heav'ns and the earth shall pass a - way; Oh, shall we not meet Him With



gave you to keep, Oh, guard well your lamp Lest you slum-ber and sleep.
 watch o'er thy tongue, Keep thy lamp trimmed and burning, He sure-ly will come.
 lamps burning bright Our re-ward—life e - ternal In the man-sions of light.
 loud songs of praise, And es-cape con-dem-na - tion Thro' Je - sus, who saves?

Chorus.



Keep thy lamp trimmed and burn - ing, Keep thy lamp trimmed and



burn-ing, Keep thy lamp trimmed and burn-ing, He sure - ly will come!

No. 19. REST REMAINETH.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.



1. *Rest re-main-eth*, oh, how sweet, Flow'ry fields for wand'ring feet, Peaceful
2. *Rest re-main-eth*, rest from sin, Guilt can nev - er en - ter in; Ev' - ry
3. *Rest re-main-eth*, oh, how blest! We believe, and we have rest; Faith, re-



calm for sleep - less eyes, Life for death, and songs for sighs. *Rest re-*
war-ring thought shall cease, Rest in pu - ri - ty and peace. *Rest re-*
- pos - ing faith, hath been 'Mongst the things that are not seen. Thus my



- *main - eth*, hush that sigh; Mourning pil - grim, rest is nigh; Yet a
- *main - eth*, rest from tears, Rest from part - ing, rest from fears; Ev' - ry
Sav - iour, let me be E - ven here at rest in Thee, And, at



sea - son, bright and blest, Thou shalt en - ter on thy rest.
tremb - ling thought shall be Lost, my Sav - iour, lost in Thee.
last, by Thee possessed, On Thy bo - som sink to rest.



No. 20. HALLELUIA! THE LORD REIGNETH.

O. W. S.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.

Bold and Spirited.



1. Strike the cymbal, sound the timbrel! Shout a-loud for Christ our King!
 2. Swell the cho-rus, let loud voic-es Ech-o back the glad re-frain;
 3. All vain longings, all vain strivings Melt a-way in per-fect peace;
 4. Myr-iad hosts of An-gels praise Him, Shout for joy, ye morn-ing stars!




Praise His mer-cy, praise His goodness, Heav'n and earth His glo-ries sing.
 "Christ the Lord our Saviour reign-eth O'er the hearts of fall-en men.
 He who loves us, He who guards us, Gave from sin a sure re-lease.
 Un-to us a Saviour's giv-en, All His rich-es free-ly ours.



Chorus.



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




Christ the Lord our Sav-iour reign-eth O'er the hearts of men.



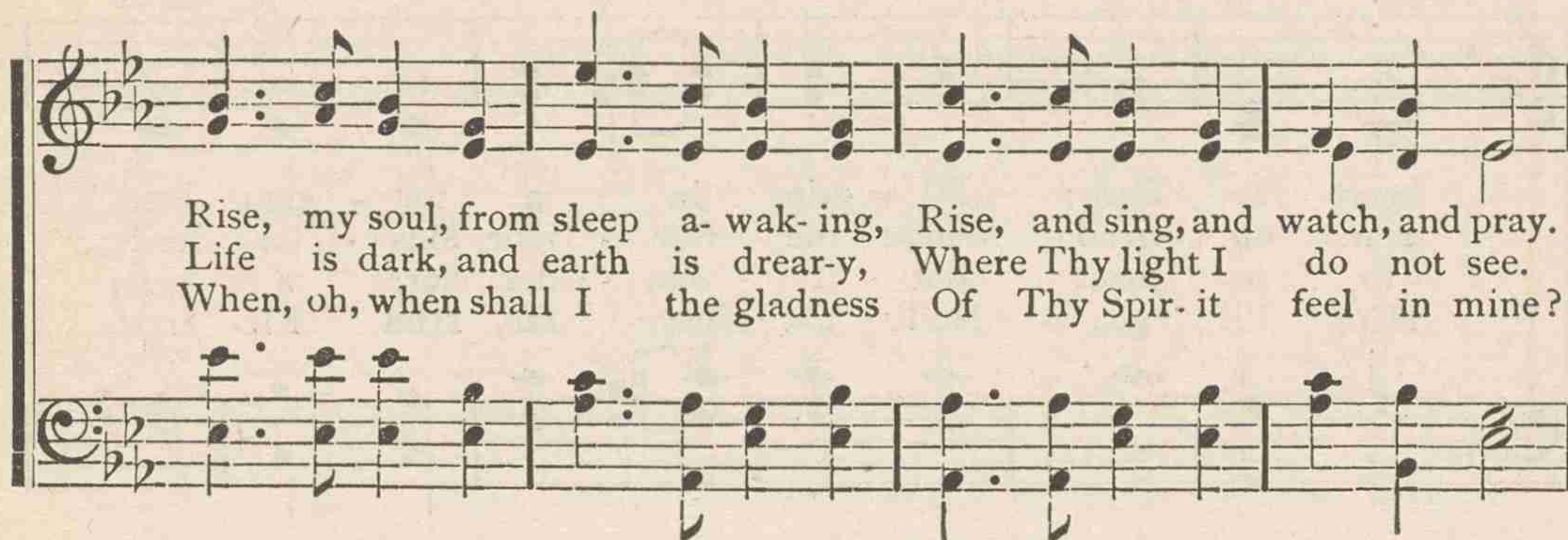
No. 21. SURELY, I COME QUICKLY.

Anon.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.



1. O'er the dis- tant mountains breaking Comes the redd'ning dawn of day,
 2. Oh, Thou long-ex - pect- ed, wea- ry Waits my anx-ious soul for Thee!
 3. Long, too long, in sin and sad-ness, Far a-way from Thee I pine;



Rise, my soul, from sleep a-wak-ing, Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray.
 Life is dark, and earth is drear-y, Where Thy light I do not see.
 When, oh, when shall I the gladness Of Thy Spir- it feel in mine?



'Tis thy Saviour, 'Tis thy Saviour, On His bright re - turn-ing way.
 O my Saviour, O my Saviour, When will Thou re - turn to me?
 O my Saviour, O my Saviour, When shall I be whol-ly Thine?

4 Heaven is my soul's salvation;
 Spent the night, the day at hand;
 Keep me in my lowly station,
 Watching for Thee, till I stand,
 O my Saviour,
 O my Saviour,
 In Thy bright and promised land!

5 With my lamp well trimm'd and burning,
 Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
 Watching for Thy glad returning,
 To restore me to my home.
 Come, my Saviour,
 Come, my Saviour,
 Oh, my Saviour, quickly come!

No. 22. LORD OF HEAVEN, LONE AND SAD.

This is a translation of the hymn sung by Luther before the door of Conrad Cotta, at Eisenach,—soliciting charity to help him along with his studies in the University. You are probably all familiar with the story of how “the pious Shunamite,” Dame Ursula, Conrad’s wife, took in the almost frozen youth; and, seeing in him a resemblance to her dead son, adopted him. He became the great Reformer.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.

Andante.



1. “Lord of Heav - en, lone and sad, I would lift my
 2. I will stay my faith on Thee, And will nev - er
 3. Fox - es to their holes have gone, Ev’ - ry bird un-
 4. If I live, He’ll be with me; If I die, to



heart to Thee; Pil - grim in a for - eign land,
 fear to tread Where the Sav - iour, Mas - ter leads;
 - to its nest; But I wan - der here a - lone,
 Him I’ll go; He’ll not leave me, Him I’ll trust,



Gra - cious Fa - ther, look on me; I shall nei - ther
 He will give me dai - ly bread; Christ was hun - gry,
 And for me there is no rest; Yet I nei - ther
 And my heart no fear shall know; Sin and sor - row



faint nor die While I walk be - neath Thine eye.
 Christ was poor; He will feed me from His store.
 faint nor fear, For the Sav - iour Christ is here.
 I de - fy, For on Je - sus I re - ly.”

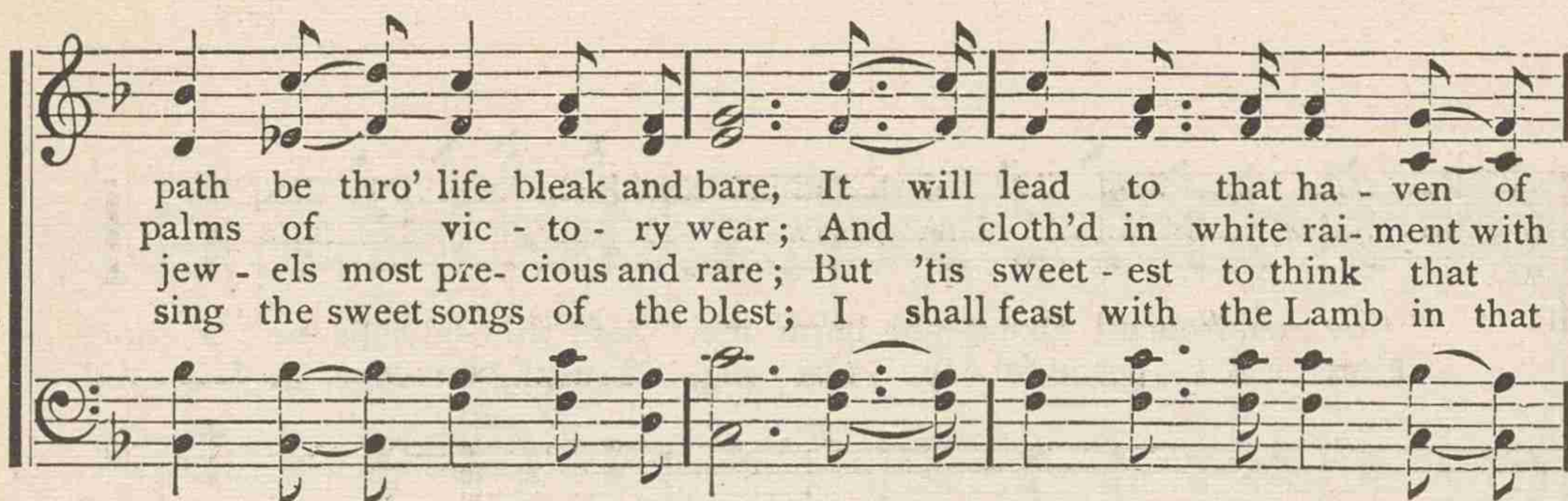
No. 23. A CROWN SHALL BE WAITING ME THERE.

O. W. S.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.



1. Though tri - als, af - flic - tions, and sor - rows may come, And my
 2. I shall join in that might - y blood - washed throng, They that
 3. Oh, ma - ny the glo - ries that be in that Home, And
 4. I shall tune my harp with that heav'n - ly choir, And

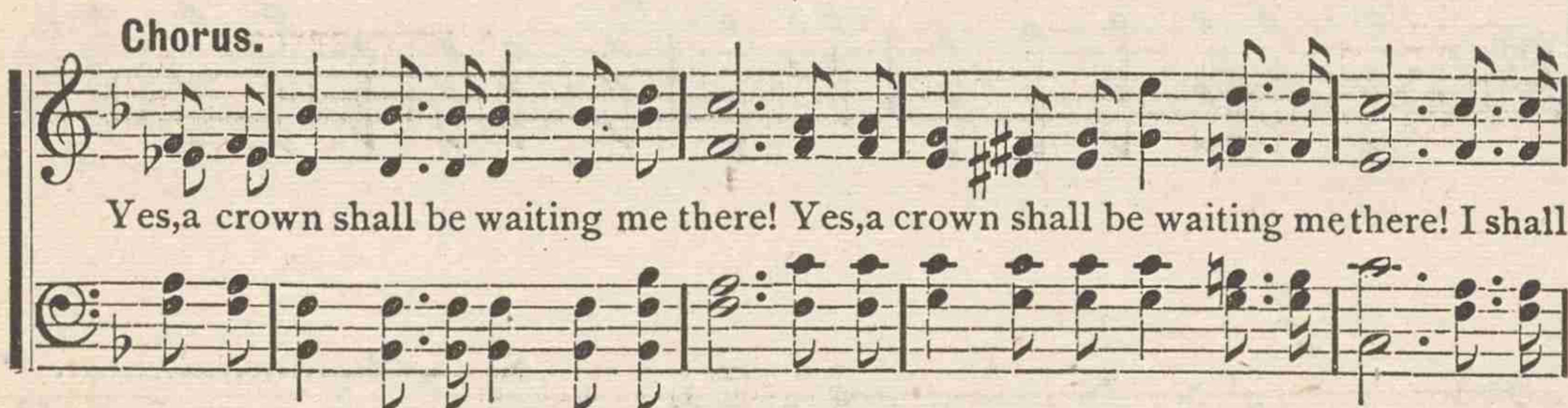


path be thro' life bleak and bare, It will lead to that ha - ven of
 palms of vic - to - ry wear; And cloth'd in white rai - ment with
 jew - els most pre - cious and rare; But 'tis sweet - est to think that
 sing the sweet songs of the blest; I shall feast with the Lamb in that



rest on high, And a crown shall be wait - ing me there.
 Je - - sus I'll reign, And a crown shall be wait - ing me there.
 Je - - sus has said: "That a crown shall be wait - ing me there."
 heav'n - ly place, And my soul be for - ev - er at rest.

Chorus.



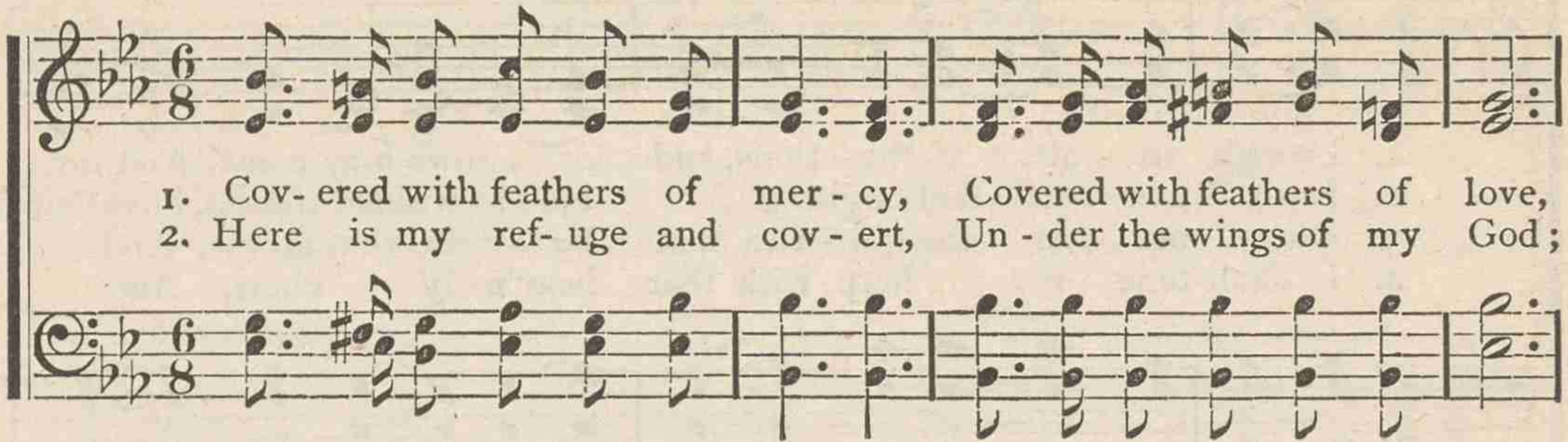
Yes, a crown shall be waiting me there! Yes, a crown shall be waiting me there! I shall



sing the sweet songs of God's redeemed, And a crown shall be wait - ing me there!

No. 24. UNDER HIS WINGS.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.



1. Cov-ered with feathers of mer - cy, Covered with feathers of love,
2. Here is my ref-uge and cov - ert, Un - der the wings of my God;



Cov-ered from all that might harm me, Safe till God calls me a - bove.
Here am I peace-ful - ly rest - ing, Trusting His love in His rod.



p Un - der His wings am I trust - ing, *f* Un - der His wings do I hide;
p Un - der the wings of His heal - ing, *f* Un - der the wings of His might,

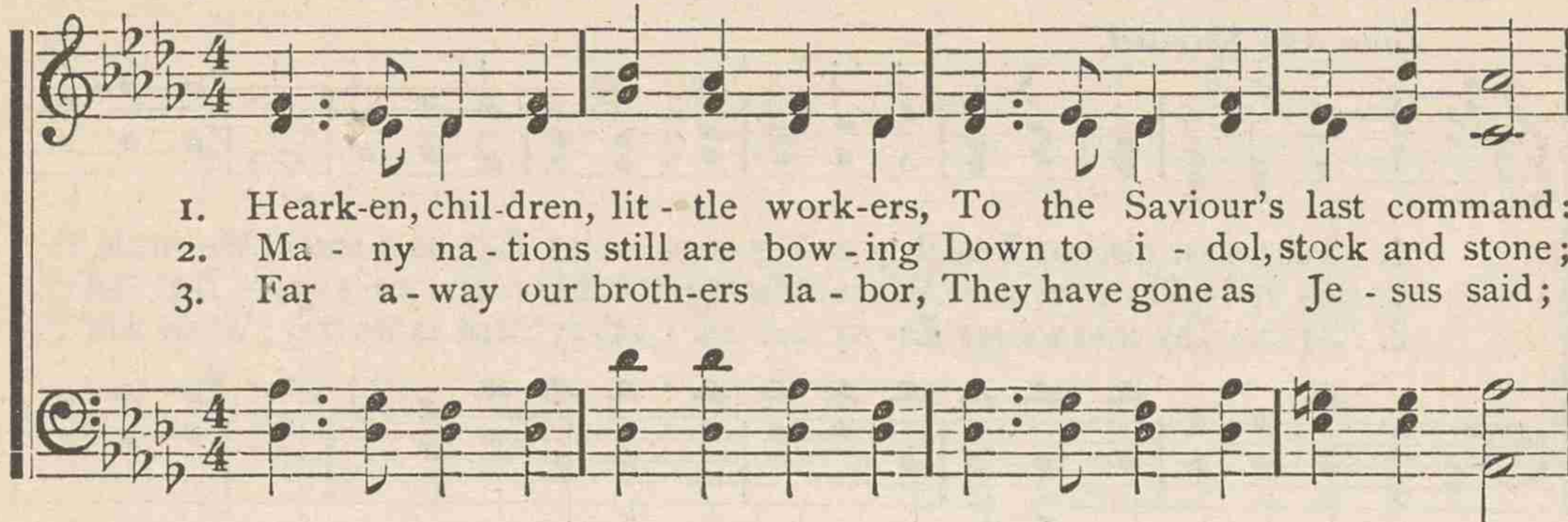


Safe in this beau - ti - ful sha - dow Let me for - ev - er a - bide.
Keep me for - ev - er, dear Sav - iour, Sheltered by day and by night. *rit.*

No. 25. LITTLE WORKERS.

Rev. J. DUDLEY FERGUSON, for this work.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.



1. Heark-en, chil-dren, lit - tle work-ers, To the Saviour's last command:
 2. Ma - ny na - tions still are bow-ing Down to i - dol, stock and stone;
 3. Far a - way our broth-ers la - bor, They have gone as Je - sus said;

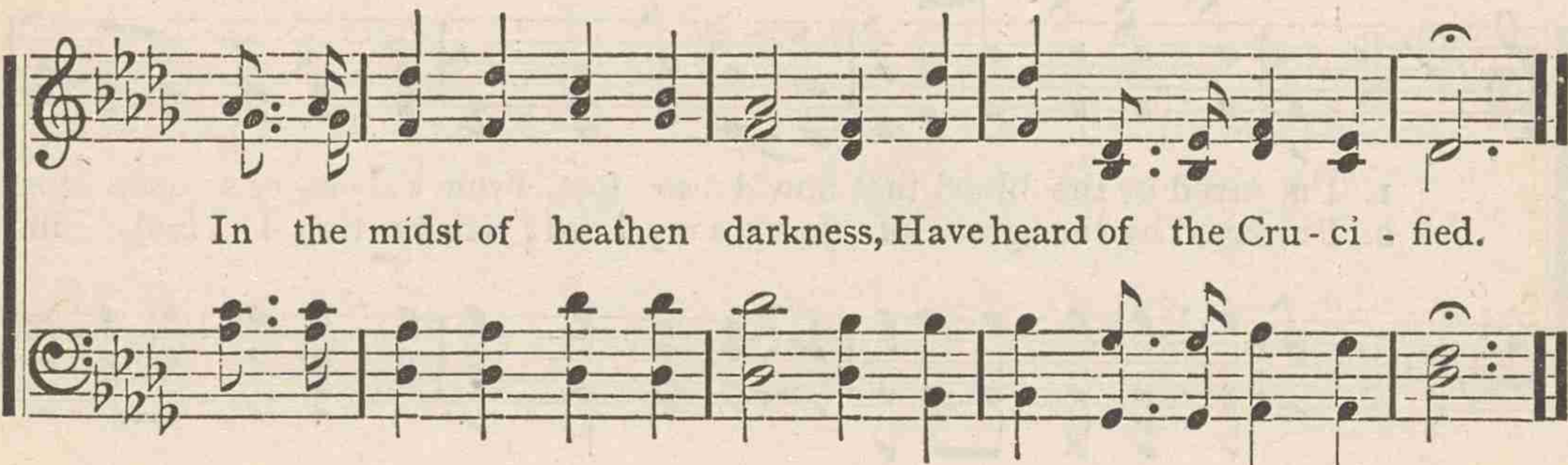


"Go ye forth and preach the Gos - pel, Faith-ful-ly in ev' - ry land."
 Lit - tle mites of our be-stow-ing, Blessed by God may bring them home.
 Be it ours to stand be-hind them With our pray'rs and kind-ly aid.

Chorus.



Oh, car - ry or send the sto - ry! Un - til all who now a - bide,



In the midst of heathen darkness, Have heard of the Cru - ci - fied.

No. 26. OPENING HYMN.

Rev. R. W. LANDIS.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.

Bold and Spirited.

1. O Christ, our glorious King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; We would Thy
 2. Glo- ry to Thy great name, Whose suffer- ing and shame Have made it sure That vict'ry
 3. 'Tis thro' Thy cross we see En- vy and cal - um-ny Stand as the way; Where thro' Thy

love a-dore, And praise for ev - ermore Which from sin's curse and pow'r, Did man upraise.
 they'll at-tain Who patient - ly remain True, and the strife mantain, And so en-dure.
 saints must e'er To Thee re- semblance bea. Or triumph with Thee share In end-less day.

4 Yes, 'tis Thy death and shame
 Which now the path proclaim
 To glory true;
 And still shall ever be
 To all who follow Thee
 The way to victory
 And triumph, too.

5 'Tis Thy own woes and tears
 Which to Thy flock endears
 Crosses and wrongs.
 Oh, let them who assail,
 And on us rage and rail,
 Learn how love can avail,
 And join our song.

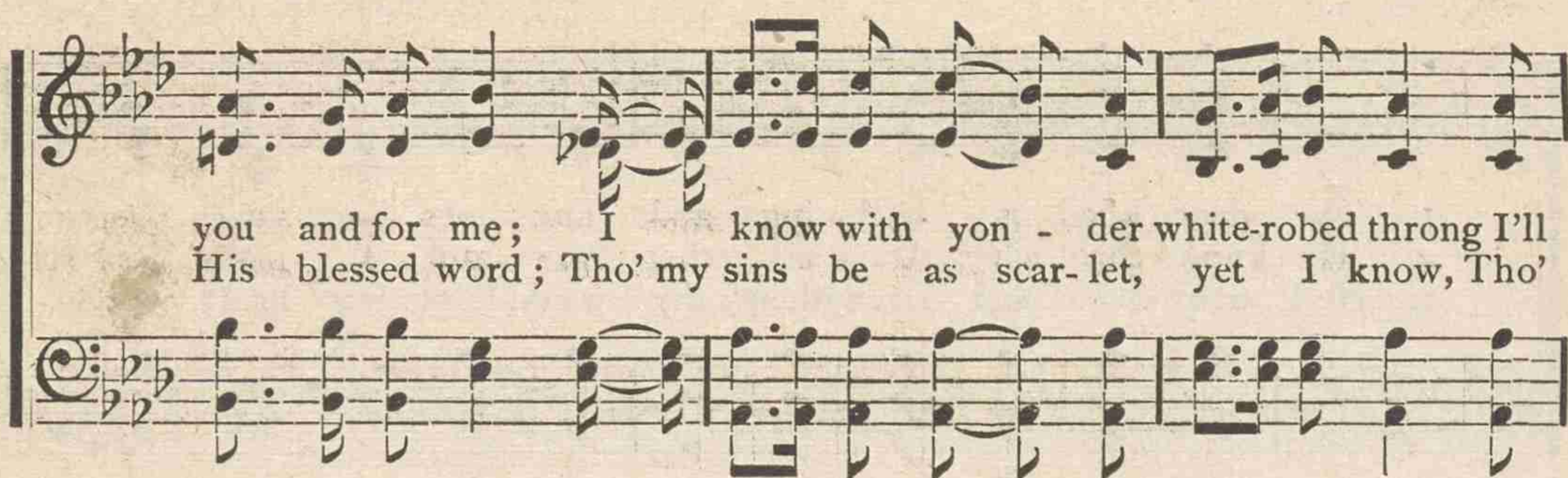
No. 27. WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

O. W. S.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.

1. I'm saved by the blood that flow'd so free, From Cal-va-ry's cross for
 2. I'm saved by the grace of Je - sus my Lord; Sal-va-tion I find in

WASHED IN THE BLOOD. Concluded.



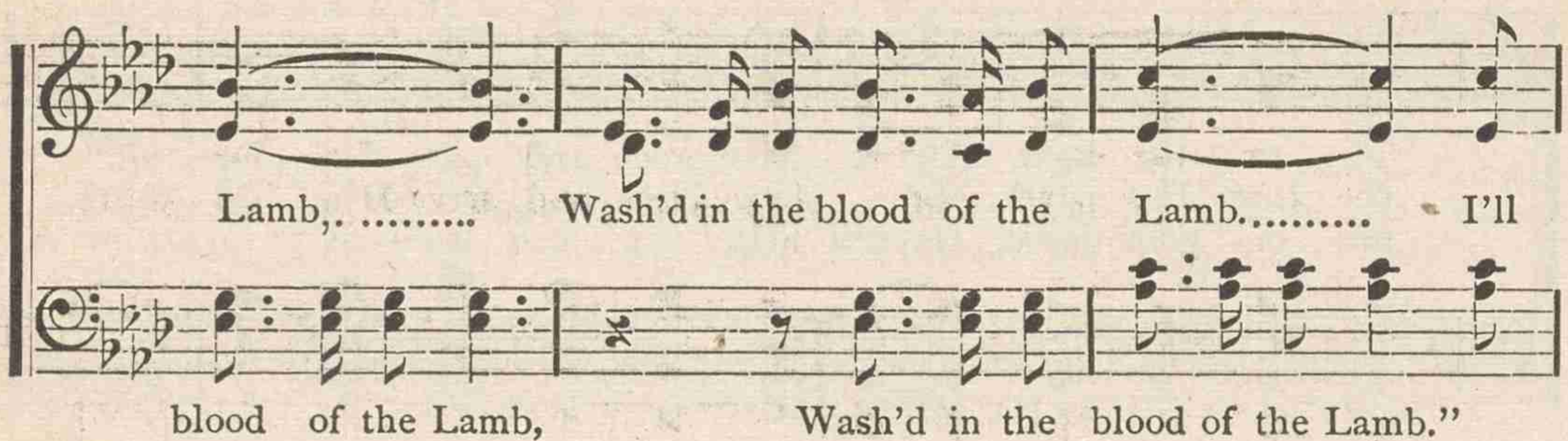
you and for me; I know with yon - der white-robed throng I'll
His blessed word; Tho' my sins be as scar-let, yet I know, Tho'

Refrain.

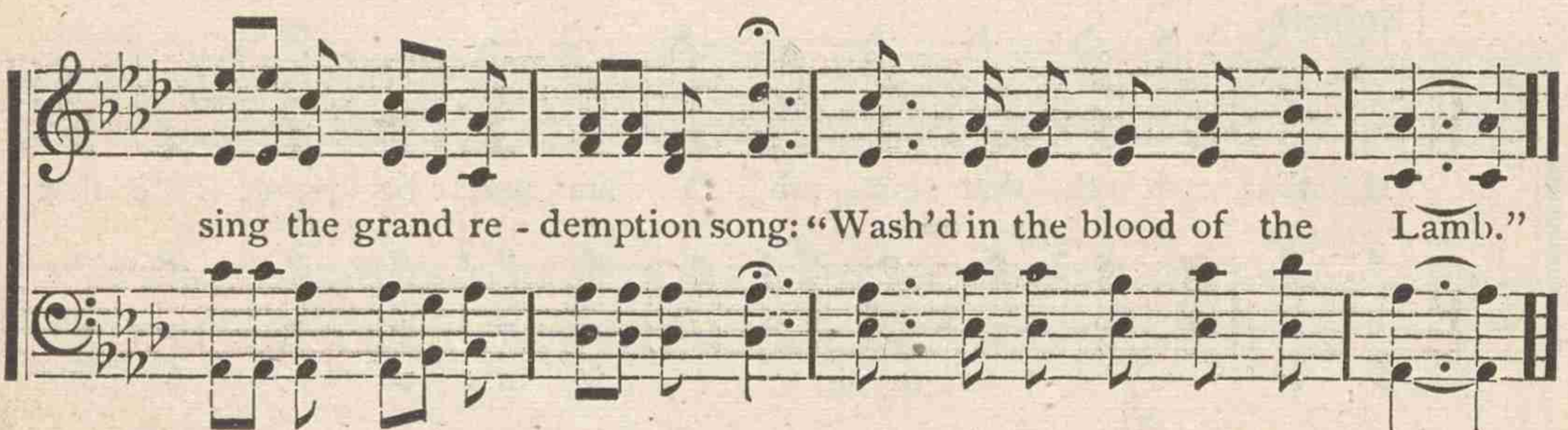


join the grand re - demp - tion song: } "Wash'd in the blood of the
crim - son, they shall be whit - er than snow, }

"Wash'd in the



Lamb,.. Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb..... I'll
blood of the Lamb, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb."



sing the grand re - demption song: "Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb."

3 Oh, tell the story to fallen man,
Oh, laud with song the wondrous plan;
Let every nation and every tongue
Join in the grand redemption song:
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb."
Join in the grand redemption song:
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

4 Then when at last my soul shall rise
To its bright Home beyond the skies;
Where Jesus, my loving Saviour, waits,
I'll sing while sweeping thro' the gates:
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb."
I'll sing while sweeping thro' the gates:
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

No. 28. HE IS CALLING.

O. W. S.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.



1. The dear Lord is will - ing and anx - ious to save; Hear how
 2. He knows thro' what tri - als that you and I pass, But His
 3. He'll help thee and strengthen thy weak, faint - ing heart, And




touch - ing - ly sweet is the call: "Come out of the darkness, come
 grace is suf - fi - cient to help; Oh, trust in His mer - cy, and
 give thee a vict' - ry o'er sin; Lead a life pure and no - ble, and




in - to the light, And re - ceive grace and par - don for all."
 flee from His wrath, And love Him and serve Him tili death.
 full of good deeds, He will help you each bat - tle to win.



Refrain.



He that com - eth, that com - eth, O sin - ner, be - lieve; He that



rit.



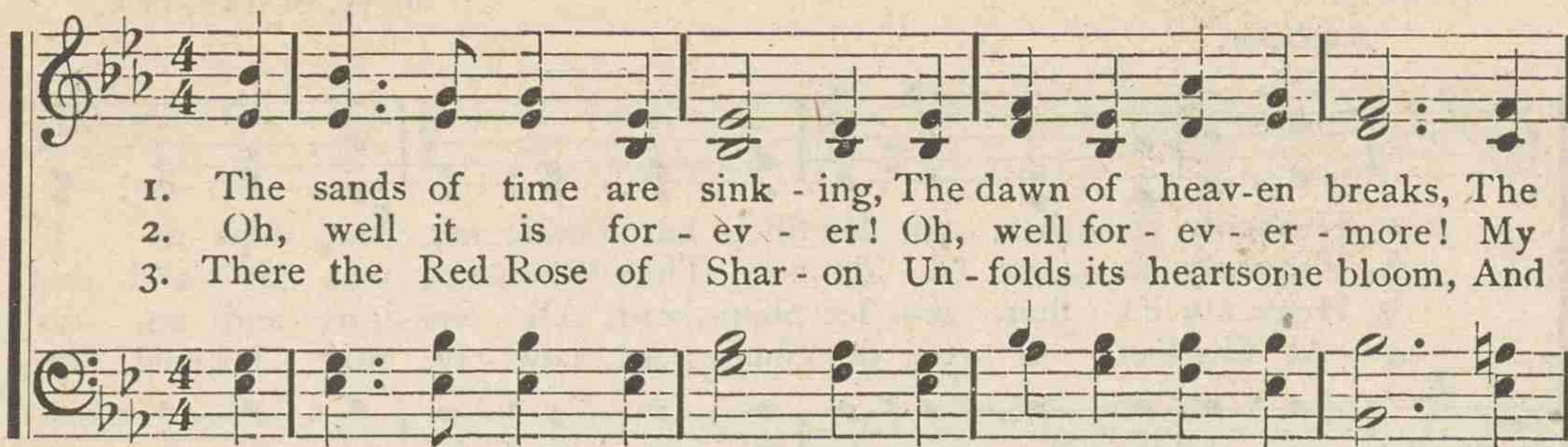
com - eth, that com - eth The Lord will re - ceive.



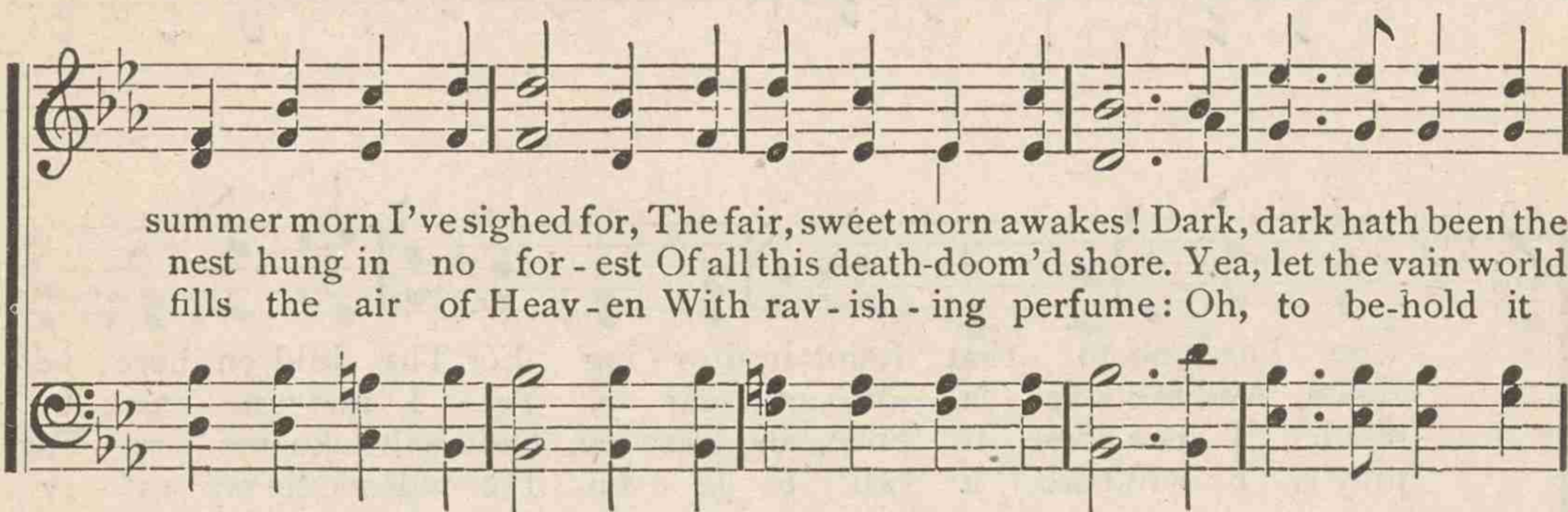
No. 29. IMMANUEL'S LAND.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.



1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav-en breaks, The
 2. Oh, well it is for - ev - er! Oh, well for - ev - er - more! My
 3. There the Red Rose of Shar - on Un - folds its heartsome bloom, And



summer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn awakes! Dark, dark hath been the
 nest hung in no for - est Of all this death-doom'd shore. Yea, let the vain world
 fills the air of Heav-en With rav-ish-ing perfume: Oh, to be-hold it



mid-night, But dayspring is at hand, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell-eth
 van - ish As from the ship the strand, While glo - ry, glo - ry dwell-eth
 blos - som, While by its fragrance fann'd, While glo - ry, glo - ry dwell-eth



In Immanuel's land, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwelleth In Immanuel's land.
 In Immanuel's land, While glo - ry, glo - ry dwelleth In Immanuel's land.
 In Immanuel's land, While glo - ry, glo - ry dwelleth In Immanuel's land.

4 Oh, Christ, He is the Fountain,
 The deep, sweet well of love!
 The streams on earth I've tasted,
 More deep I'll drink above:
 There, to an ocean fullness
 His mercy doth expand,
 ||: And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land. :||

5 I've wrestled on toward Heaven
 'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide;
 Now, like a weary traveller,
 That leaneth on his guide,
 Amid the shades of evening,
 While sinks life's lingering sand,
 ||: I hail the glory dawning
 From Immanuel's land. :||

No. 30. HEAVENLY FATHER, TENDER SHEPHERD.

O. W. S.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.

Andante.

p 1. Heavenly Fa - ther, ten - der Shep - herd, Guide my foot - steps as I
 2. Heavenly Fa - ther, I do need Thee When I'm wea - ry and cast
 3. Heavenly Fa - ther, ten - der Shep - herd, All un - done and sin de -
p 4. At Thy feet, O ten - der Shep - herd, Low - ly do I kneel in

go, Lead me to that fountain flow - ing For Thy children here be -
 down, And the way is oft - en drear - y, Yet I feel "no cross, no
 - filed, I can come to Thee, and trust - ing, Thou wilt take me as Thy
 pray'r, I will take it all to Je - sus, He will soothe my ev' - ry

- low. Let me bathe in its clear wa - ters, Wash a - way each guilt - y
 crown." I will stay my faith up - on Thee, Look to Thee when danger's
 child. Keep, O Lord, my heart from stray - ing Aft - er i - dols that de -
 care. And I know that if I trust Him, While I wan - der here a -

stain, Let me feel my sins for - giv - en Thro' my Saviour, Christ my King!
 nigh, Thou I know wilt not for - sake me, Thou art still my "Rock on High."
 - cay, Bind me clos - er, clos - er to Thee, Lead me in Thy per - fect way.
 - lone, That in death He'll take me to Him, In that bright and blissful Home.

No. 31. JESUS IS OUR REFUGE.

O. W. S.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.



1. Ha - ven safe where we can hide, Je - sus is our ref - uge;
2. When temp - ta - tion's darts as - sail, Je - sus is our ref - uge;
3. Mas - ter, Sav - iour, Broth - er, Friend, Je - sus is our ref - uge;



Knock, the door will o - pen wide, Je - sus is our ref - uge.
Cour - age, friend, He will not fail, Je - sus is our ref - uge.
He'll be with us to the end, Je - sus is our ref - uge.

CHORUS.



Ref - uge safe from ev' - ry foe; Glo - ri - ous truth, ah, this we know,



He will soothe our ev' - ry woe— Je - sus is our ref - uge.

No. 32. BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.

1. Brightest and best,..... of the sons of the
3. Say, shall we yield..... Him, in cost - ly de -

morn - ing, Dawn on our dark - - - ness and lend us Thine
- vo - tion, O - dors of E - - - dom, and off'-rings di -

aid : Star of the East,..... the ho - ri - zon a -
vine? Gems of the mount - - - ain, and pearls of the

- dorn - ing, Guide where our in - - - fant Re-deem-er is laid.
o - cean, Myrrh from the for - - - est, and gold from the mine?

BRIGHTEST AND BEST. Concluded.



2. Cold on His cra - - - dle the dew-drops are shin - ing, Low lies His
4. Vain-ly we of - - - fer each am-ple ob - la - tion, Vainly with
CHO. *Brightest and best*..... of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our

2. Cold on His cra-dle the dew-drops are shin- ing,
4. Vainly we of - fer each am-ple ob - la - tion,
CHO. *Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-ing,*



head..... with the beasts of the stall; An-gels a -
gifts..... would His fa - vor se - cure; Rich-er by
dark - - - ness and lend us Thine aid: Star of the

Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Vain - ly with gifts would His fa - vor se - cure;
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid:



- dore..... Him, in slum-ber re - clin - ing, Ma-ker, and
far..... is the heart's ad - o - ra - tion; Dear-er to
East,..... the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our

An-gels a - dore Him, in slumber re - clin - ing,
Rich-er by far is the heart's ad - o - ra - tion,
Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing,



Mon - - - - arch, and Sav - iour of all.
God..... are the prayers of the poor.
in - - - - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

D.S. Chorus. *F*

Ma - ker, and Mon-arch, and Sav - iour of all.
Dear-er to God are the prayers of the poor.
Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

No. 33. ABIDE WITH ME.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.

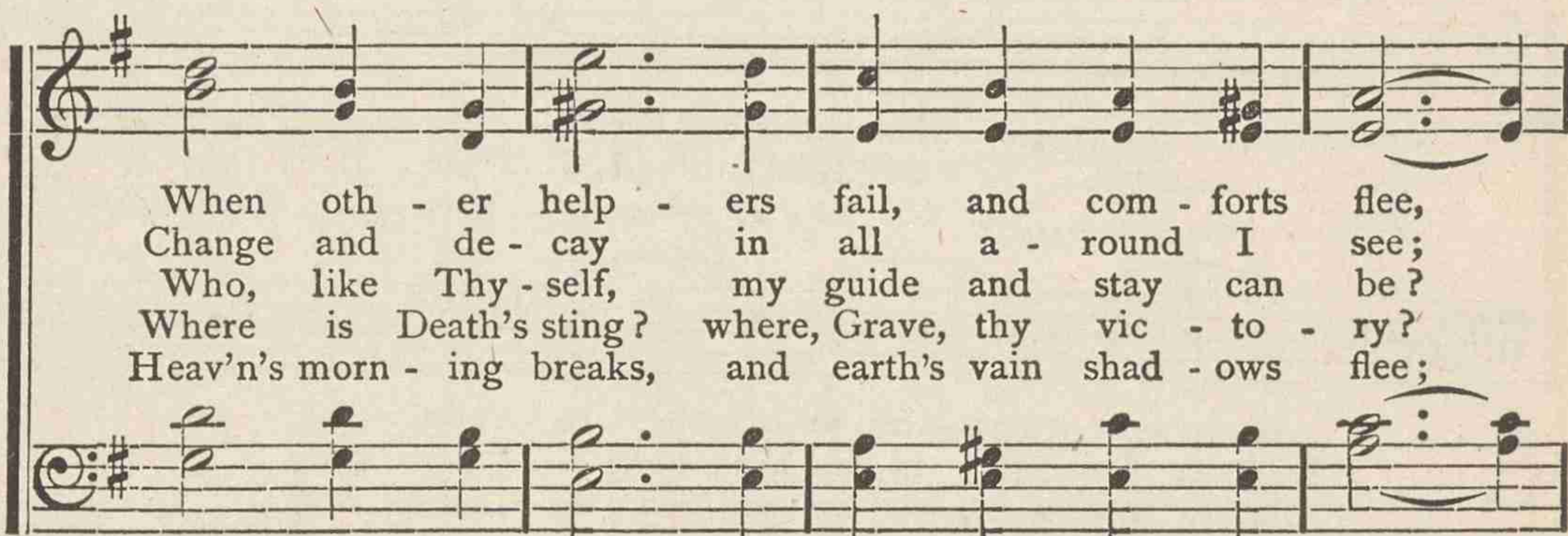
Moderato.



1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide;
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev' - ry pass - ing hour;
 4. I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
 5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes;



The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide!
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
 What but Thy grace can foil the temp - ter's pow'r?
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness.
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;



When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;
 Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be?
 Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy vic - to - ry?
 Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows flee;



Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
 O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
 Through cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me!
 I tri - umph still if Thou a - bide with me.
 In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 34. CONSOLATION.

O. W. S.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.



1. What tho' the days be dark and drear - y? What tho' the nights be
 2. What tho' my sphere in life be low - ly? What tho' I've nei - ther
 3. What tho' the Lord may send af - flic - tions? What tho' my path thro' the
 4. And tho' at times I see but dim - ly The crown of thorns and



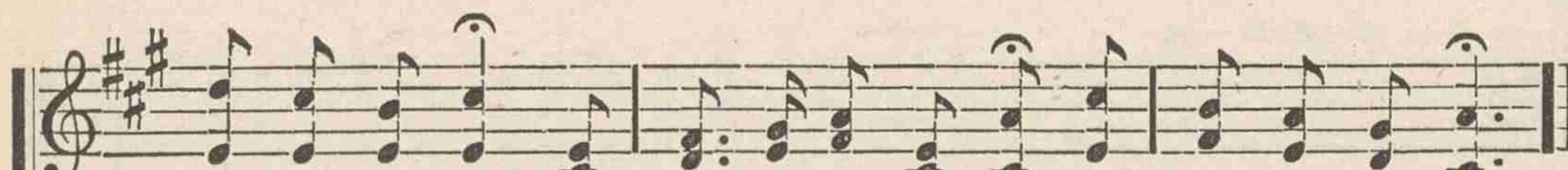

filled with pain? That in the race I grow faint and wea - ry,
 sil - ver nor gold? Bright - er than noon - day shineth the glo - ry of the
 desert may lie? Will He not guide me who feed - eth the ra - vens,
 pierc - ed side, Love throws her mantle of Hope a - round me,



CHORUS.



There is a home and a crown to gain! 'Tis free for the ask - ing, O
 Home of the soul with its treasures untold. Its bright jas - per wall by
 If to Him from the dark - ness I cry? Oh, guide me, dear Saviour, when
 And tells of par - don thro' Christ crucified. The Lamb that was slain a

brother, be - lieve, And Je - sus is wait - ing your love to re - ceive.
 faith I can see; Its glo - ry transcendent for you and for me.
 danger is nigh; Oh, guide me, dear Saviour, to Thee I do cry!
 lost world to save, For you and I, brother, a ran - som He gave.

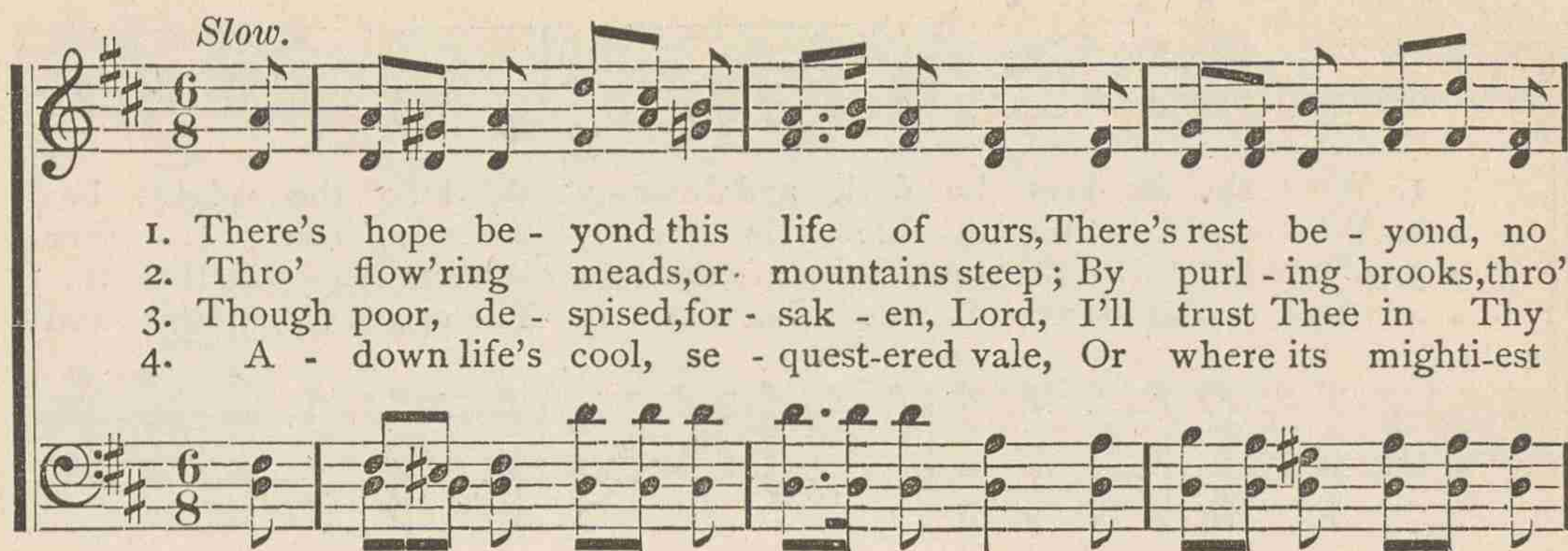


No. 35. DEAR JESUS, LEAD ME ON.

O. W. S.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.

Slow.



1. There's hope be - yond this life of ours, There's rest be - yond, no
 2. Thro' flow'ring meads, or mountains steep; By purl - ing brooks, thro'
 3. Though poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Lord, I'll trust Thee in Thy
 4. A - down life's cool, se - quest-ered vale, Or where its mighti-est



wea - ry hours; There's peace be - yond in E - den's bowers, Dear
 tor - rents deep; My tremb - ling soul Thou'lt sure - ly keep—Dear
 writ - ten Word; 'Twill com - fort, strength and peace af - ford, Dear
 storms pre - vail, If Thou art near I can - not fail—Dear

f *rit. . . p*



Je - sus, lead me on, Dear Je - sus, lead me on.
 Je - sus, lead me on, Dear Je - sus, lead me on.
 Je - sus, lead me on, Dear Je - sus, lead me on.
 Je - sus, lead me on, Dear Je - sus, lead me on.

p

5 Lead where Thou wilt, in grief or shame;
 Where praises ring, or thousands blame;
 I'll triumph still in Thy dear name,
 Dear Jesus, lead me on,
 Dear Jesus, lead me on.

6 Lead to that blest abode above,
 Lead to the realms of endless love,
 Lead to the bosom of my God,
 Dear Jesus, safe at Home,
 Dear Jesus, safe at Home.

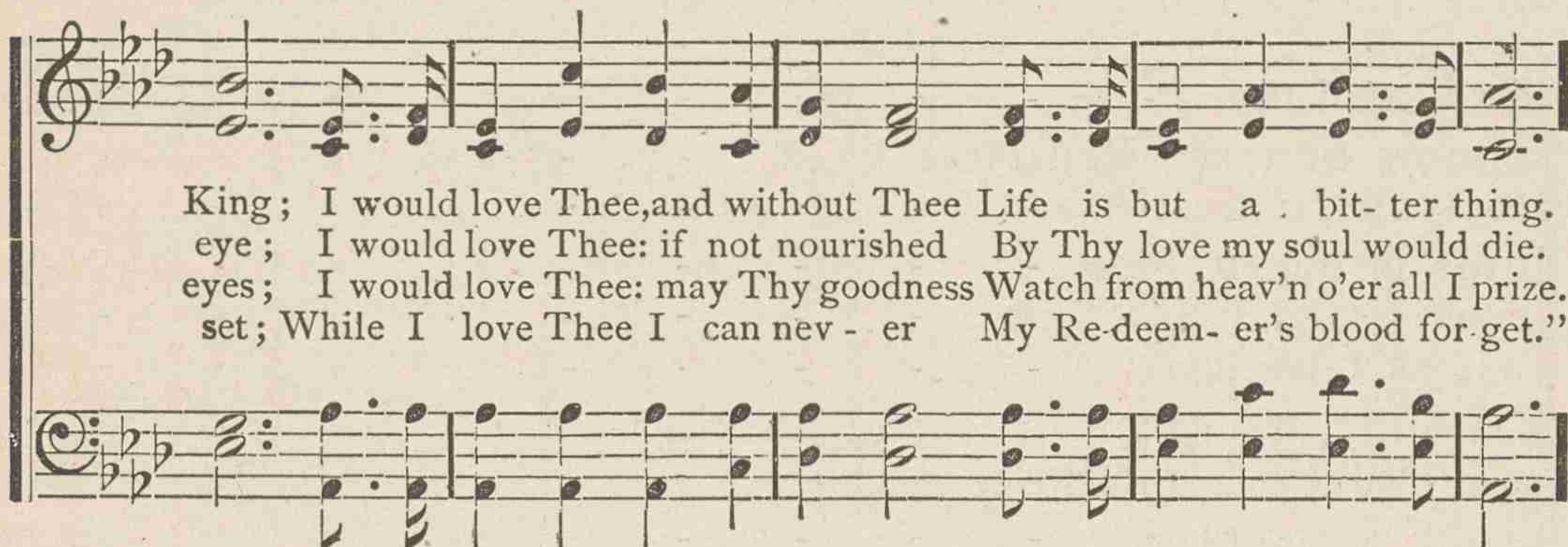
No. 36. MY REDEEMER AND KING.

Madame J. GUYON.

O. W. SCHAEFFER.



1. "I would love Thee, God and Fa - ther, My Re-deem-er and my
 2. "I would love Thee: look up - on me, Ev - er guide me with Thine
 3. "I would love Thee: may Thy bright-ness Daz-zle my re - joic - ing
 4. "I would love Thee, I have vowed - it; On Thy love my heart is



King; I would love Thee, and without Thee Life is but a bit-ter thing.
 eye; I would love Thee: if not nourished By Thy love my soul would die.
 eyes; I would love Thee: may Thy goodness Watch from heav'n o'er all I prize.
 set; While I love Thee I can nev - er My Re-deem-er's blood for-get."

Chorus.



f I would love Thee, I would love Thee, This shall ev - er be my



theme; Of Thy love, Oh ten-der Saviour, I will ev - er prais-es sing.

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