THE

NEW STARRY CROWN:

FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL,

EDITED BY

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

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PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

THE "STARRY CROWN," after having passed through numerous editions, has again been revised by the author; and its present revision being so general in its character, it has been thought best to add the word NEW to the title.

Owing to the general adoption of Aikin's Character-Notes, it became necessary to have new ereotype-plates made for the book; and, in having this done, it was deemed best to condense the music into as small a compass as possible, and then to add new music to fill up the pages to the complement of former editions.

This new music, together with the elementary statements prefixed to the body of the work, is the only excuse for changing the name to "THE NEW STARRY CROWN."

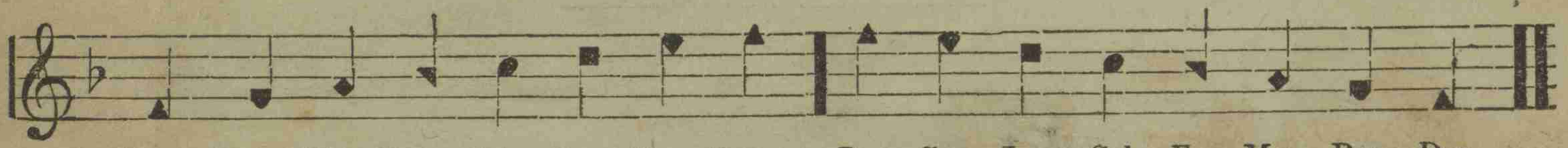
In its present form, it will be found a much more serviceable book for the Sabbath School, and as a companion for the Singing class, than the former editions.

With the hope that it may continue to do good, and that its songs may cheer the heaven-ward pilgrim, we send it forth on its new mission.

THE PUBLISHERS.

August 1st, 1877.

THE SCALE.



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

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J. M. ARMSTRONG, MUSIC TYPOGRAPHER,
PHILADELPHIA.

THE SINGING-SCHOOL.

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

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL DIVISIONS.

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

PITCH, LENGTH, POWER.

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

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

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

CHAPTER II.

MELODY.

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

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

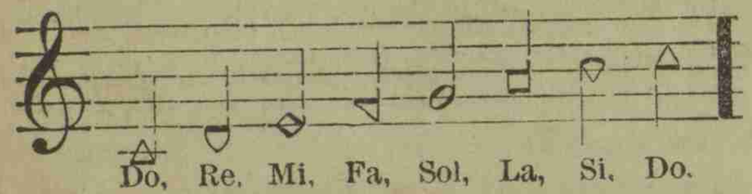
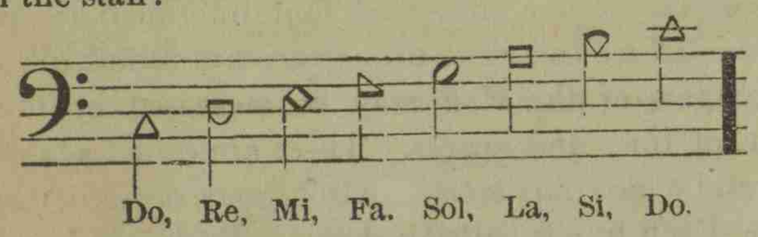
Added line above. — —

Added line below. — —

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

G clef. F clef.

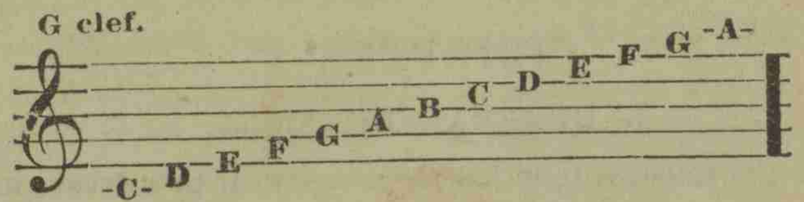
With the use of the foregoing characters mentioned in the preceding paragraphs, we can form a starting point for writing music.

We can now write the scale in the following manner:

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

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

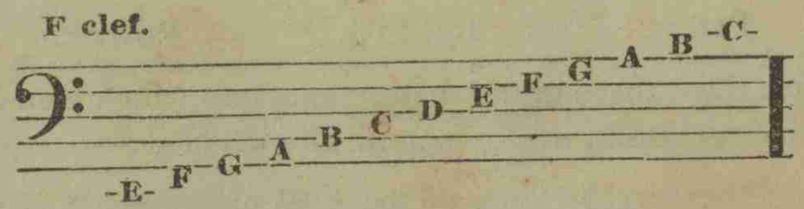
5. Numerals.—Numerals are used to designate the different degrees of the scale series, as 1, 3, 5, 7, 4, 6, of the scale. One always designates Do, two designates Re, three designates Mi, etc. Numerals are also used to indicate the time, and are written on the staff, fractionally, at the beginning of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

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

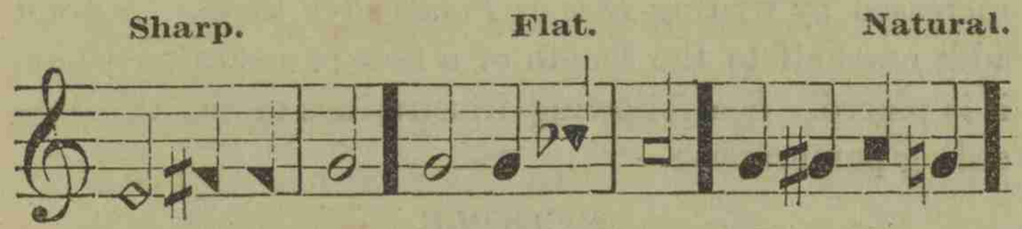
G clef.

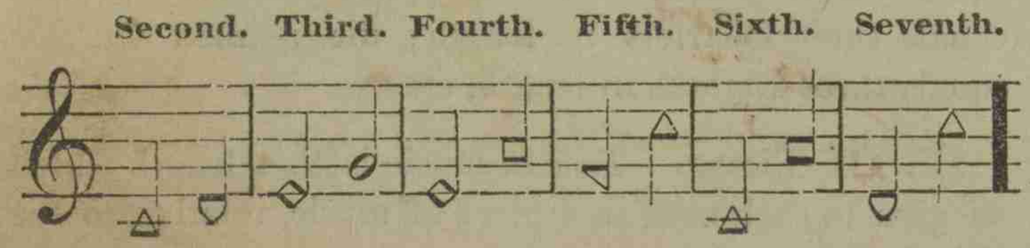


F clef.



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

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

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



CHAPTER III.

RHYTHM.

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

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

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

11. Diagram of Notes and Rests:—

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

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

We write the *Quarter note* thus: ♩ " " 𝄽

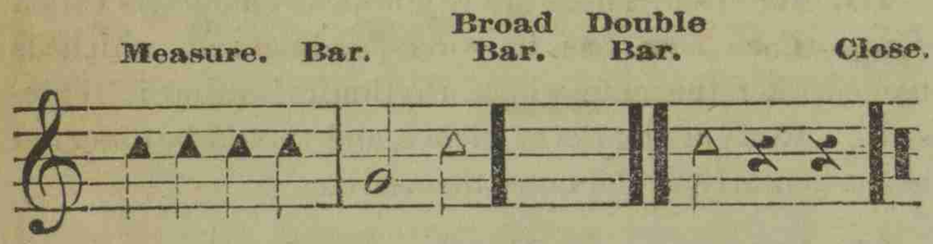
We write the *Eighth note* thus: ♪ " " 𝄾

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

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

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

To illustrate:—

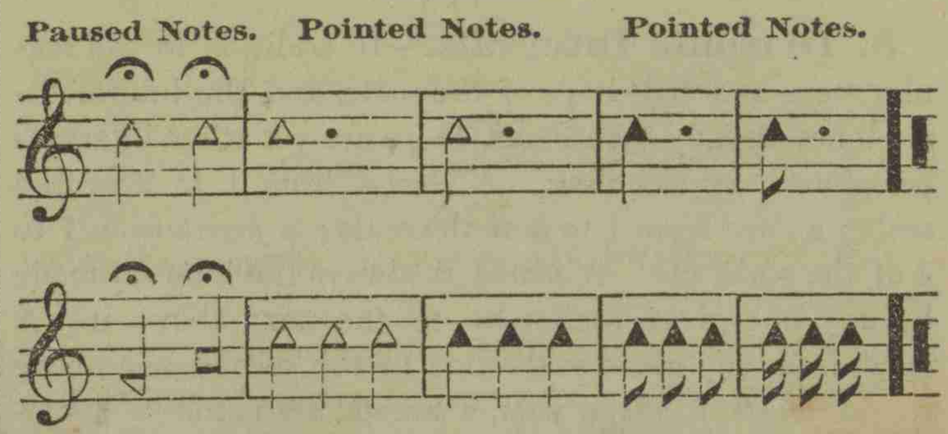


14. Bars.—There are four kinds of bars in use. The *Common Bar*, used to divide the staff into measures of equal time; the *Broad Bar*, used for marking the end of a musical sentence or line of poetry; the *Double Bar*, used to mark the end of a Repeat, the beginning of a Chorus, or at the change of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

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

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

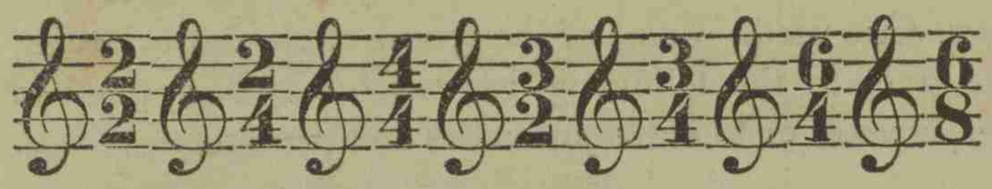
EXAMPLE.



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

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

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

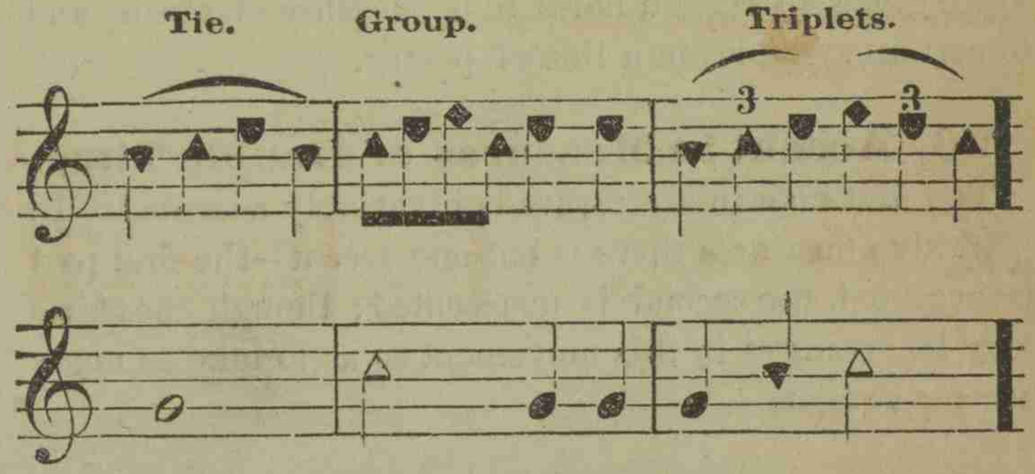
19. Of Variety.—The various measures of Time used in this work will be expressed in the following manner, viz.:—

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

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

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

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

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



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

CHAPTER IV.

DYNAMICS OR POWER.

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

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

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

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

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

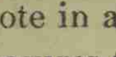
29. Accent in Compound Measures.—In primitive measures of Compound Time the accent lies on the first and fourth notes of each measure, the second, third, fifth, and sixth, are unaccented.

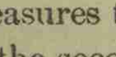
30. Degrees of Power.—For the purpose of varying expression according to the character of the music or the sentiment of the poetry, certain degrees of power are used. Some of them, with their abbreviations, are given in the following list, which may be applied to single notes or to entire measures and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

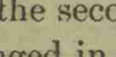
MEZZO, abbreviated *m*, a medium degree of power.

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

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

CRESCENDO, or  , increasing in power.

DIMINUENDO, or  , decreasing in power.

STACCATO, or  , separate and distinct.

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

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

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

CHAPTER V.

TRANSPOSITION.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

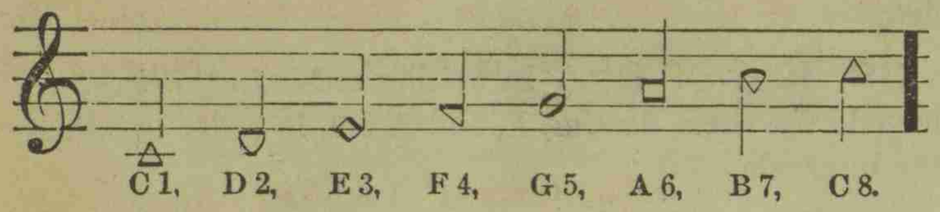
39. Key of E♭.—In writing music in this key, we have to use three flats, B, E, and A flat, in order to adjust the intervals.

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

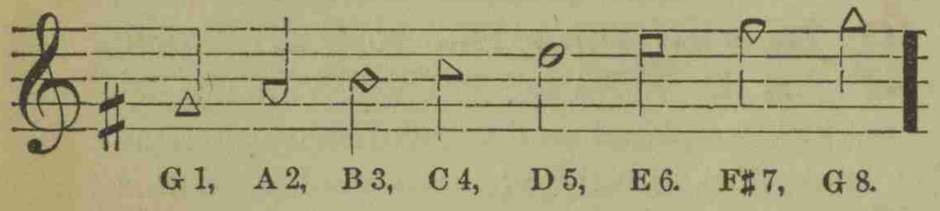
41. How to Find the Key.—It will be observed that the sharps and flats, which are the signature of the key, are placed on the staff directly after the clefs, but not written directly over one another, so that each additional sharp or flat is written a little to the right of the preceding one. The following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

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

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

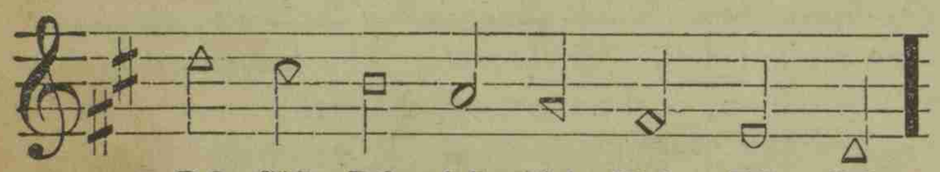
KEY OF C—*Natural.*

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

Transposed to KEY OF G—*One Sharp.*



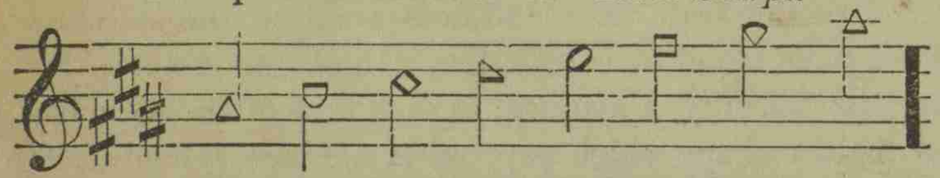
G 1, A 2, B 3, C 4, D 5, E 6. F♯ 7, G 8.

Transposed to KEY OF D—*Two Sharps.*



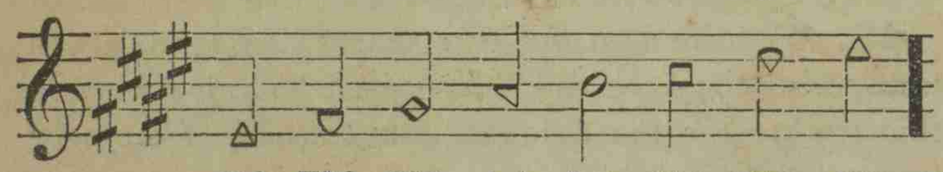
D 8, C♯ 7, B 6, A 5, G 4, F♯ 3, E 2, D 1.

Transposed to KEY OF A—*Three Sharps.*

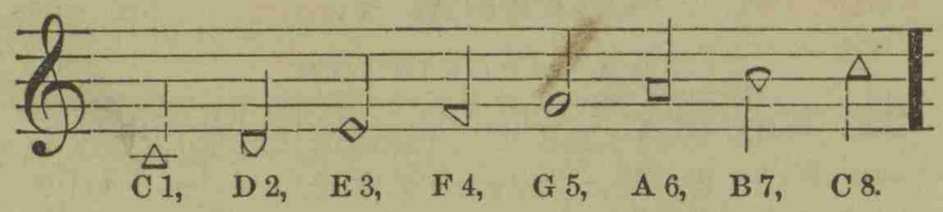


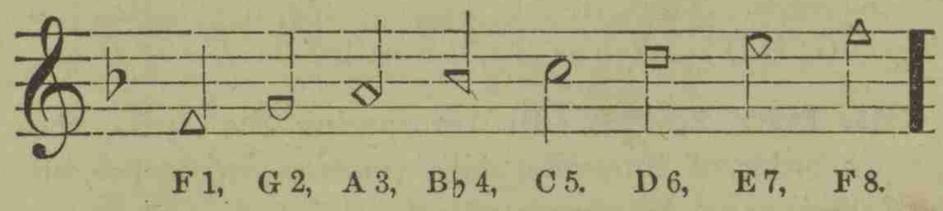
A 1, B 2, C♯ 3, D 4, E 5, F♯ 6, G♯ 7, A 8.

Transposed to KEY OF E—*Four Sharps.*

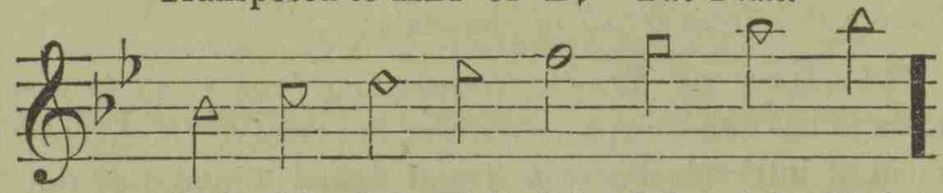


E 1, F♯ 2. G♯ 3, A 4, B 5. C♯ 6. D♯ 7, E 8.

KEY OF C—*Natural.*

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

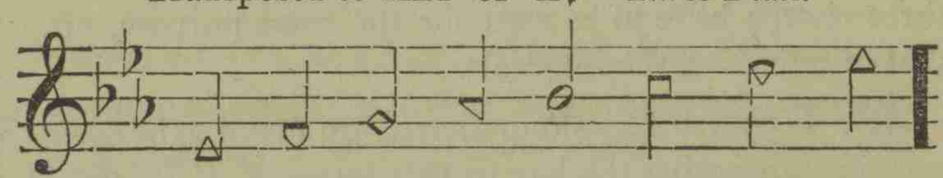
Transposed to KEY OF F—*One Flat.*

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

Transposed to KEY OF B♭—*Two Flats.*



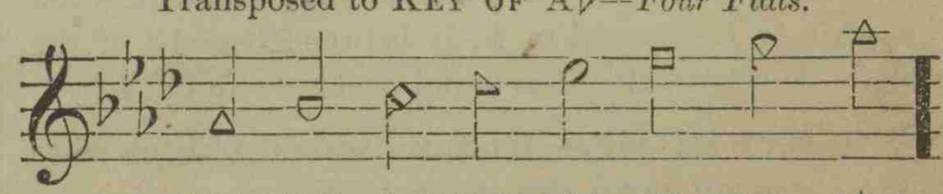
B♭ 1, C 2, D 3, E♭ 4, F 5, G 6, A 7. B♭ 8.

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



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

Transposed to KEY OF A♭—*Four Flats.*



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

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

CHAPTER VI.

CLASSIFICATION OF VOICES, AND RANGE OF PARTS.

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

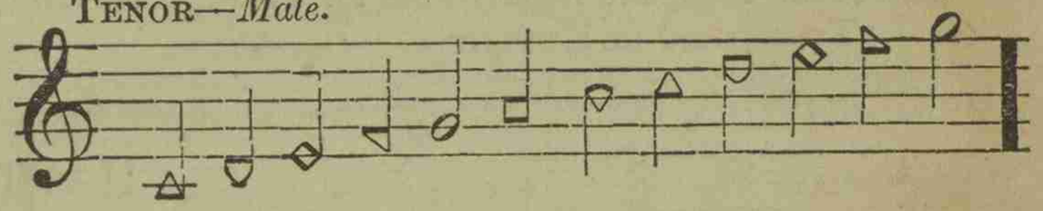
46. The Parts.—The *Base* is the lowest part in music, and should be sung by male voices which are pitched low.

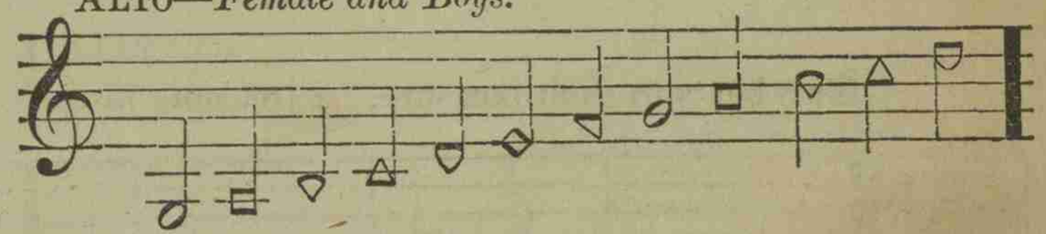
The *Tenor* is suited to male voices which are pitched high.

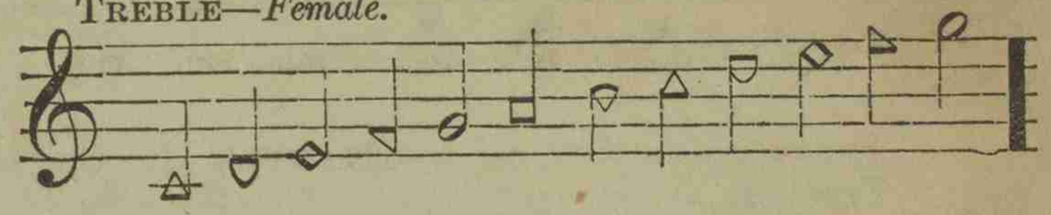
The *Alto* is adapted to female voices having a low pitch, and to boys before the change of voice.

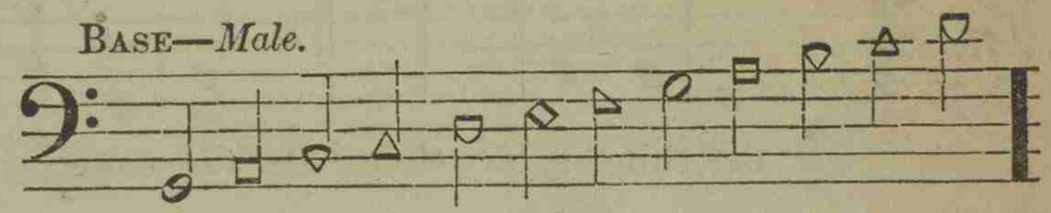
The *Soprano, Air* or *Treble*, should be sung by female voices of the highest range. Many female voices are equally adapted to Alto and Soprano. The Soprano and Alto are frequently written on the same staff.

RANGE OF PARTS.

TENOR—*Male.*

ALTO—*Female and Boys.*



TREBLE—*Female.*

BASE—*Male.*



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

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

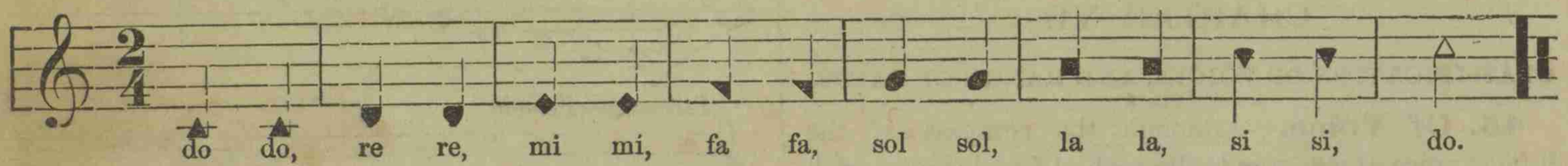
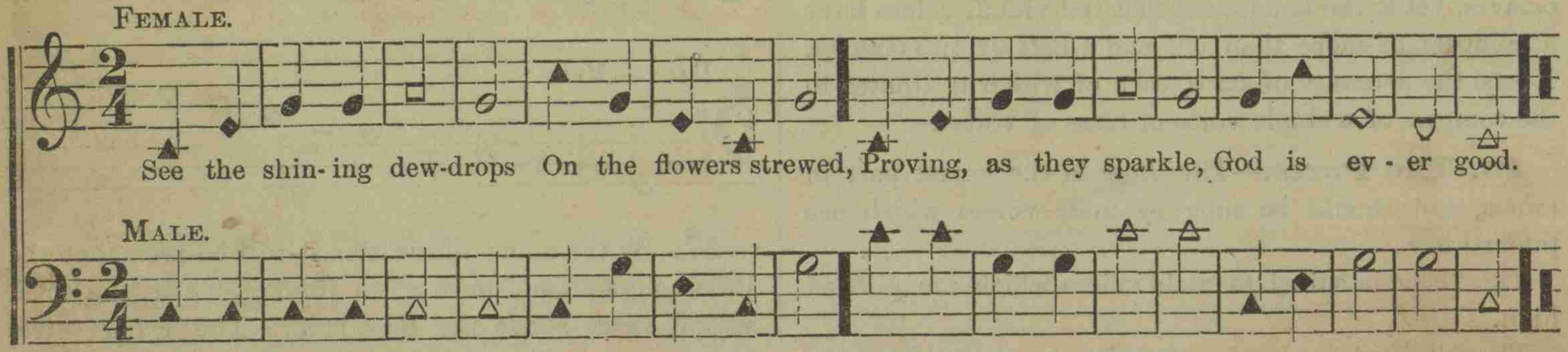
NOTE 4.—The teacher should aim as far as practicable to classify his scholars in this order securing low voices for Base, and high voices for Tenor, observing the same order for Alto and Treble. Attention to this fact will enable him to avoid many of the *harsh, grating* sounds occasioned by Base voices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

With this ends our theoretical department. The next chapters are devoted to practical exercises.

CHAPTER VII.

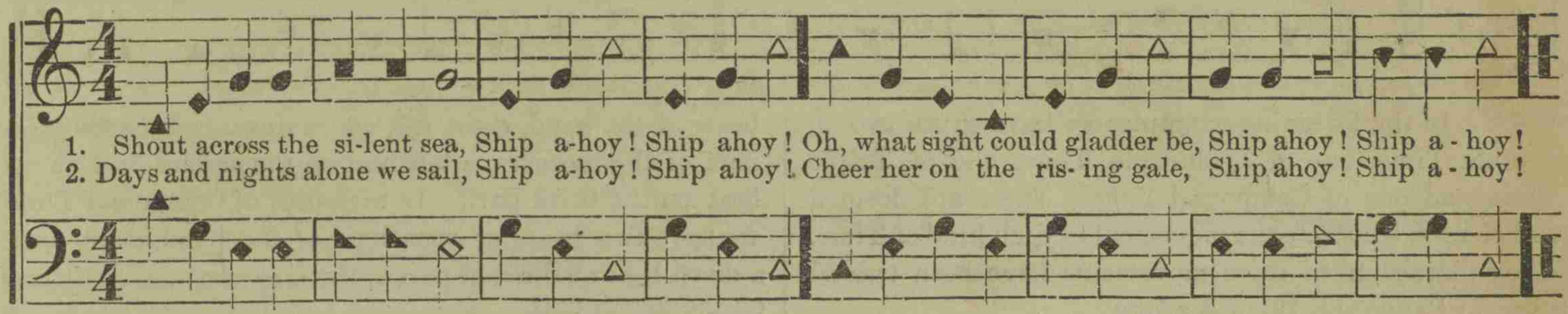
PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

EXAMPLE I.—*Scale Exercises.*

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

EXAMPLE II.—One beat to each Quarter note.

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

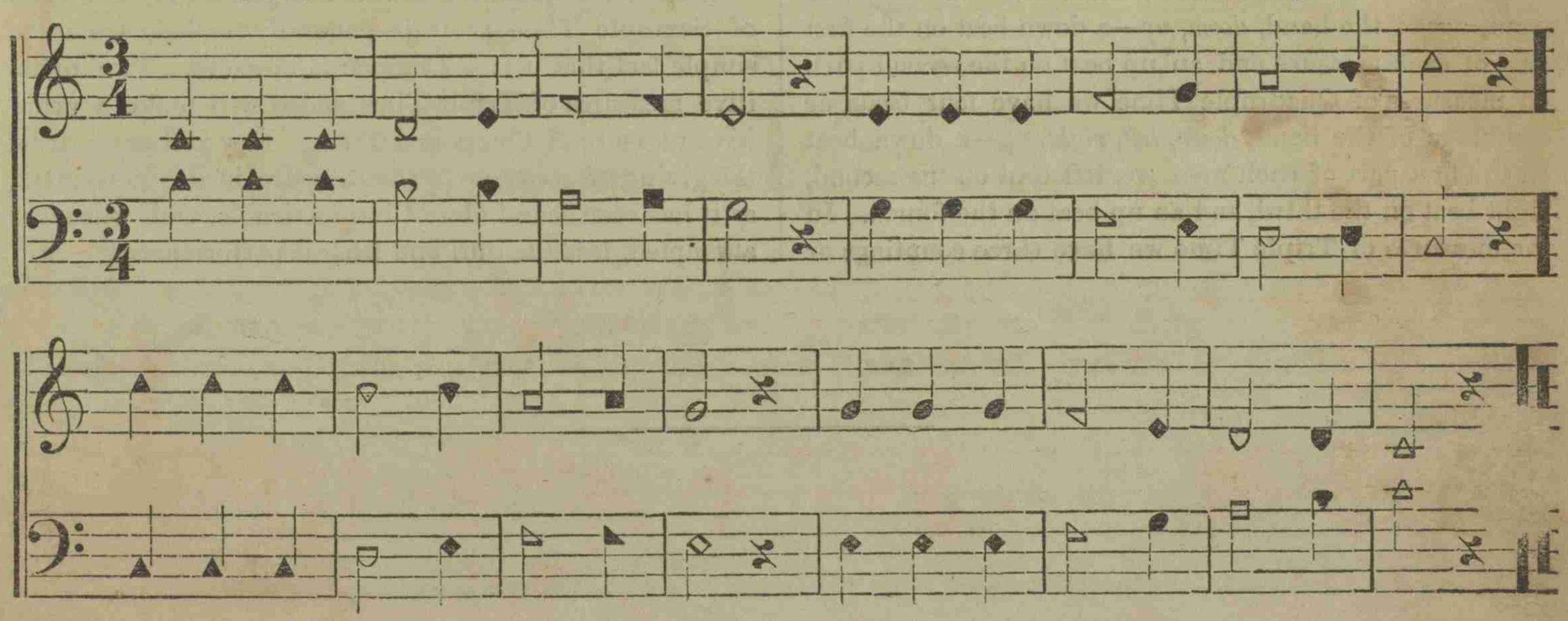
Example III.—*Quadruple Time.*

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

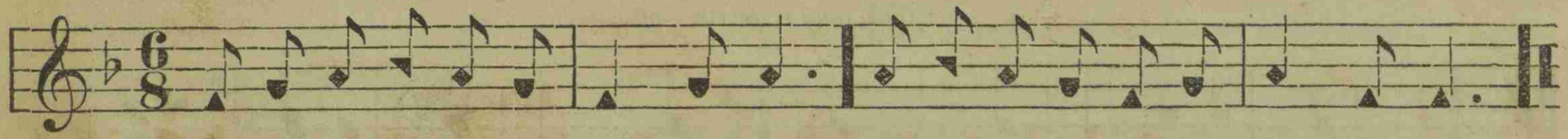


Example IV.—*Triple Time.*

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



EXAMPLE V.—*Compound Time.*

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

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

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

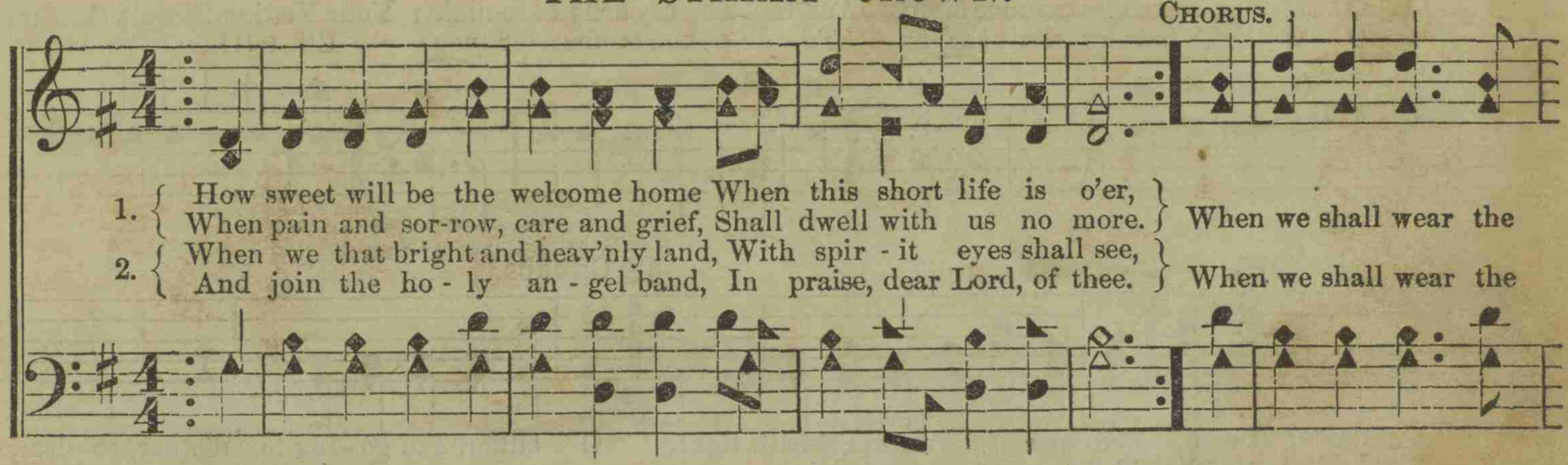
The accent of these measures has been treated upon under Chapter IV.

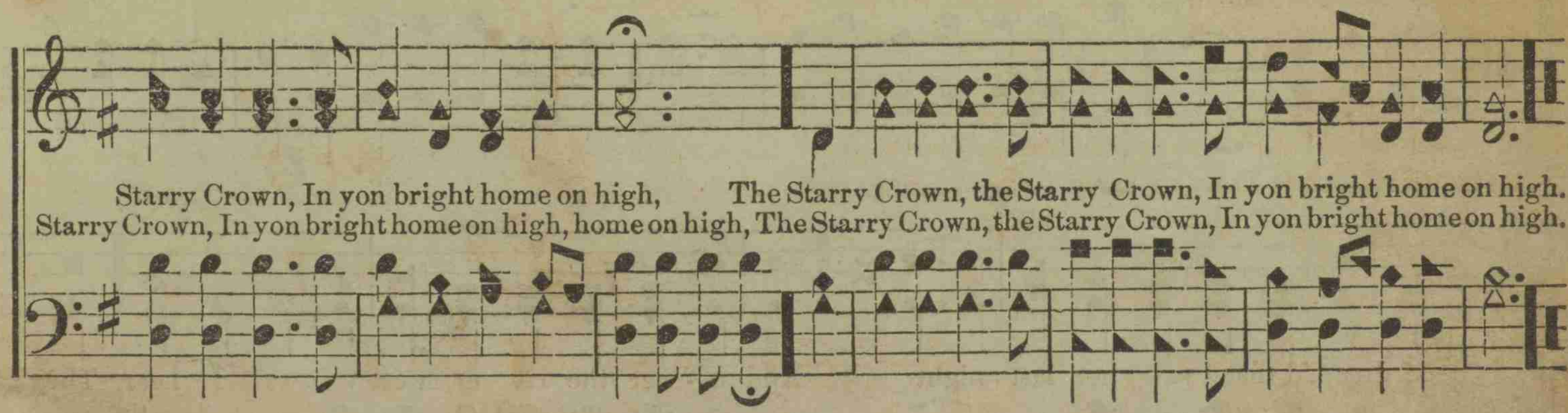
We have adopted the name Compound Time instead of Sextuple Time as it is generally called, from the simple fact that it is a Compound measure. Two primitive measures of Triple Time added will make a primitive measure of Compound Time. Few authors instruct the giving of six beats to the measure in this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

THE NEW STARRY CROWN.

THE STARRY CROWN.

A. S. KIEFFER.





3 O may we live while here below,
In view of that blest day,
When God's bright angels shall come down,
To bear our souls away!—*Chorus.*

4 When we shall walk the golden streets,
In garments white and pure;
And sing an endless song to Him
Who made our souls secure.—*Chorus.*

HOME TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

Words and Music by
A. S. KIEFFER

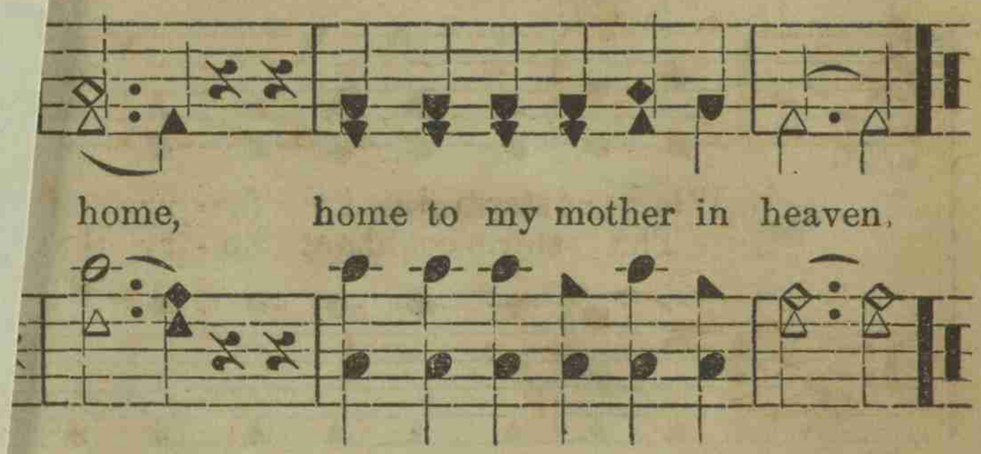
1. O fa-ther, come kiss me once more, And watch by my bed just to-night; Your Nettie will walk thro' the
2. O fa-ther, what news shall I take, To Jesus and mother, for you? I'll tell him to send holy

CHORUS.

Val-ley of Death, Ere dawn of the sweet Sabbath light. O father, I'm go-ing to mother, so dear,
an-gels of light To bless and to comfort you, too.

I dream'd that I saw her last night: And o-ver the riv-er, sweet voic-es I hear, They

16 AS Kieffer many word

78- J H Tenney

And when I am gone to my mother in heaven,
O father, please give up your drink.—*Chorus.*

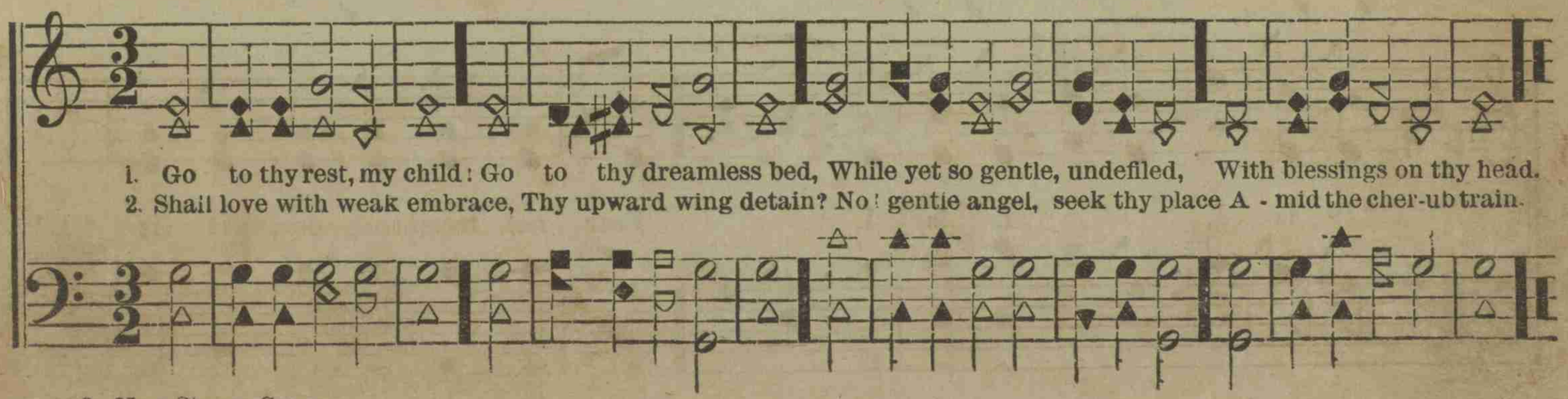
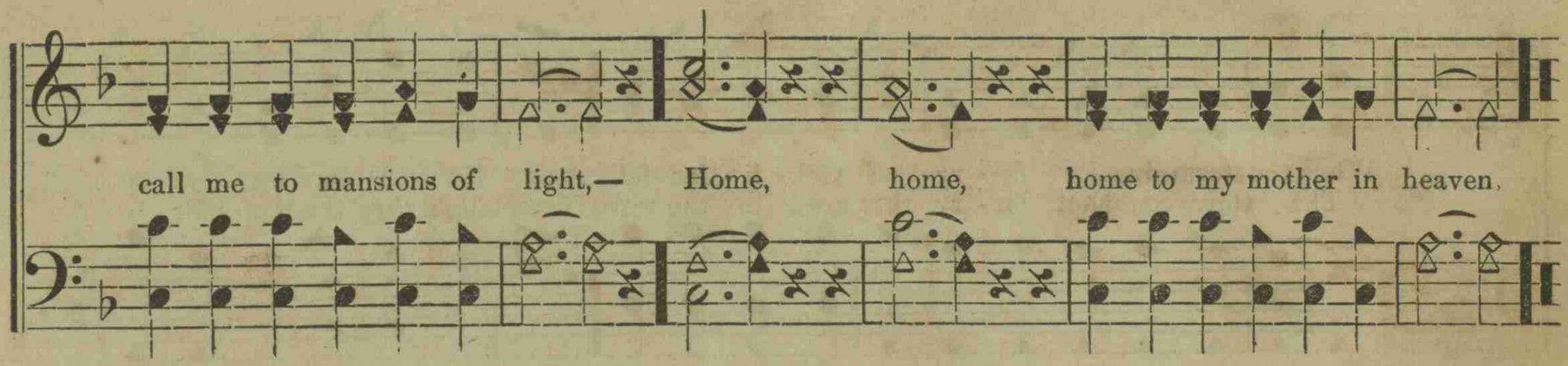
5 O father, dear father, once more,
Please read in my Bible, and think:
"No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven,"
O God, keep my father from drink!—*Chorus.*

4 O father, dea..
Of Jesus I pray ,

BU... R. S. M.

From "TEMPLE CHOIR."

J. H TENNEY.



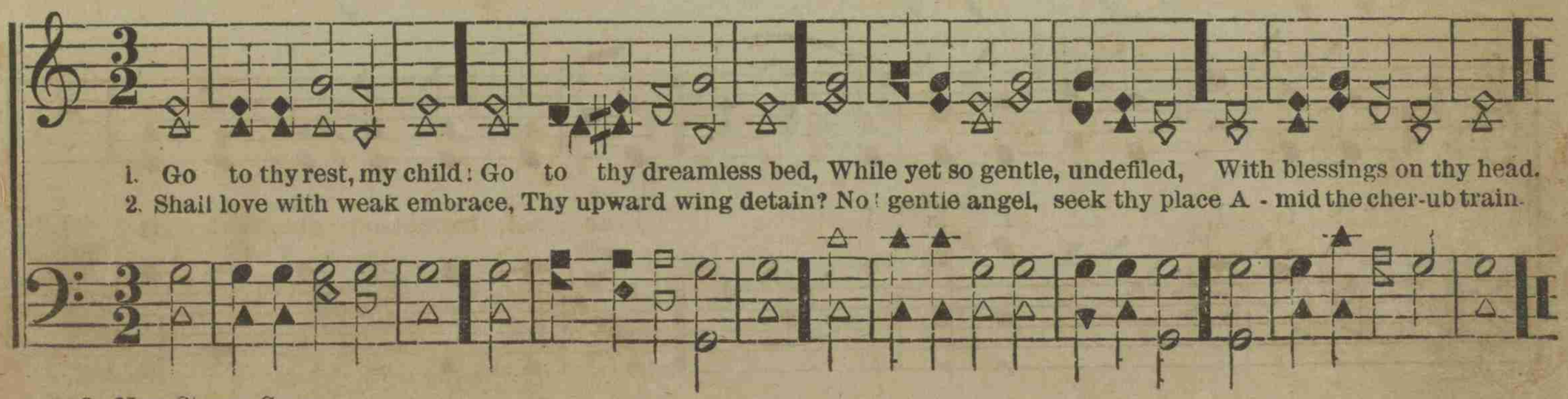
3 Our home here is lonely and dark,
And oft we are hungry and cold;
But I shall go home to my mother to-night,
Where pleasures are purer than gold.—*Chorus.*

4 O father, dear father, once more,
Of Jesus I pray you to think;
And when I am gone to my mother in heaven,
O father, please give up your drink.—*Chorus.*

5 O father, dear father, once more,
Please read in my Bible, and think:
"No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven,"
O God, keep my father from drink!—*Chorus.*

BURBER. S. M.

From "TEMPLE CHOIR." J. H TENNEY.



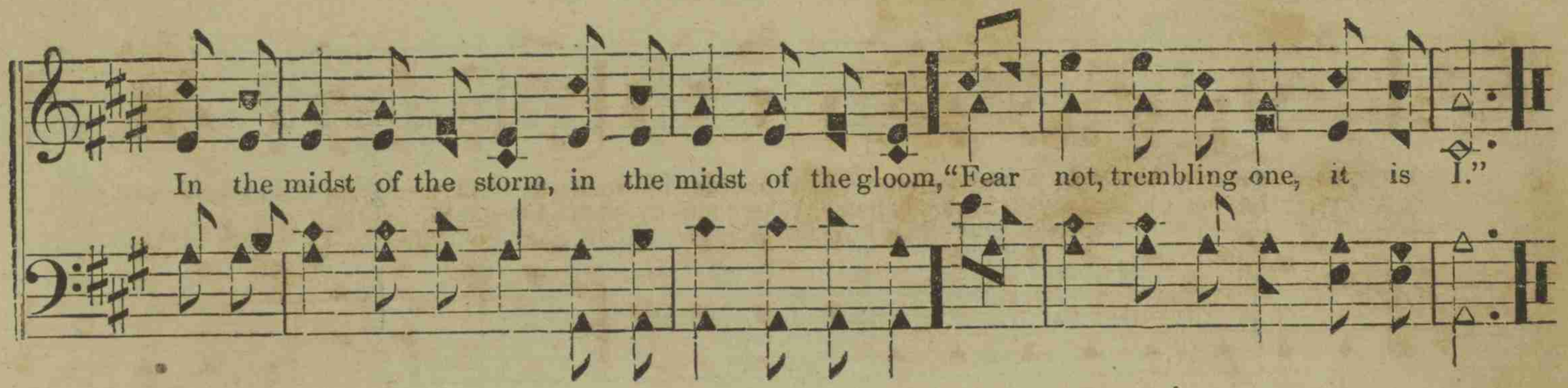
REV. I. BALTZELL.

"IT IS I!"

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. When the storm in its fu - ry on Gal - li - lee fell, And lift - ed its wa - ters on high,
2. The storm could not bu - ry that word in the wave, 'Twas taught thro' the tem - pest to fly,

And the faith - less dis - ci - ples were bound in the spell, Je - sus whispered, "Fear not, it is I."
It shall reach his dis - ci - ples in ev - er - y clime, Say - ing, "Be not a - fraid, it is I."

"It is I, it is I, Fear not, trembling one, it is I."

3.

When the spirit is broken with sorrow and care,
And comfort is ready to die,
Then the darkness shall pass, and the sunshine appear,
By the life-giving word, "It is I."

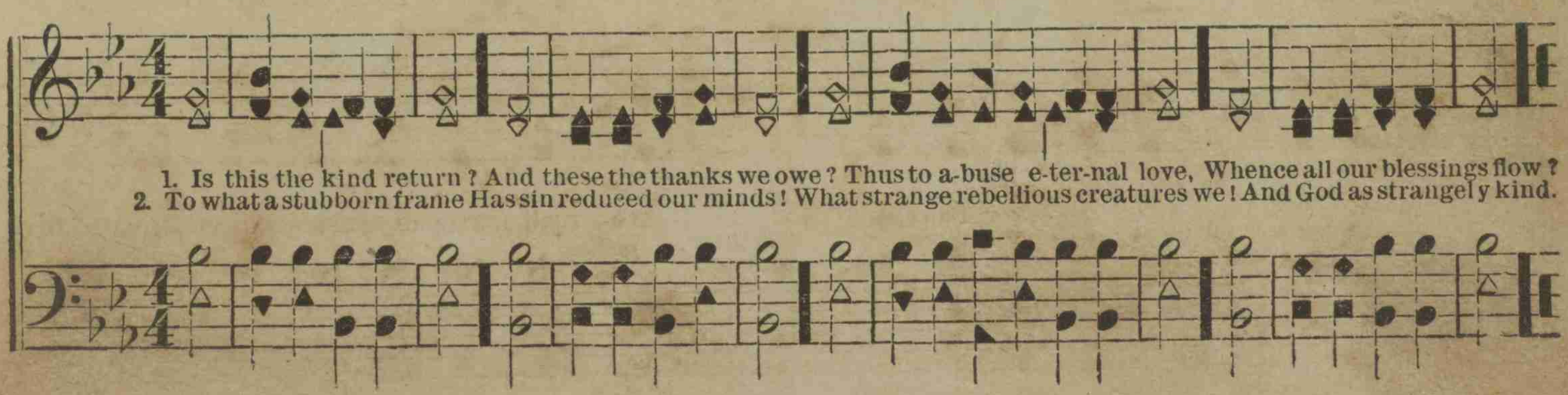
4.

When death is at hand, and this cottage of clay,
Is left with a tremulous sigh,
The gracious Redeemer will light all the way,
Saying, "Be not afraid, it is I."

5.

When the river is past, and the glories unknown
Burst forth on the wondering eye—
He will welcome, encourage, and comfort his own,
Saying, "Be not afraid, it is I."

CLEMENT.



REV. R. TURNBULL.

THE NEW BY-AND-BY.

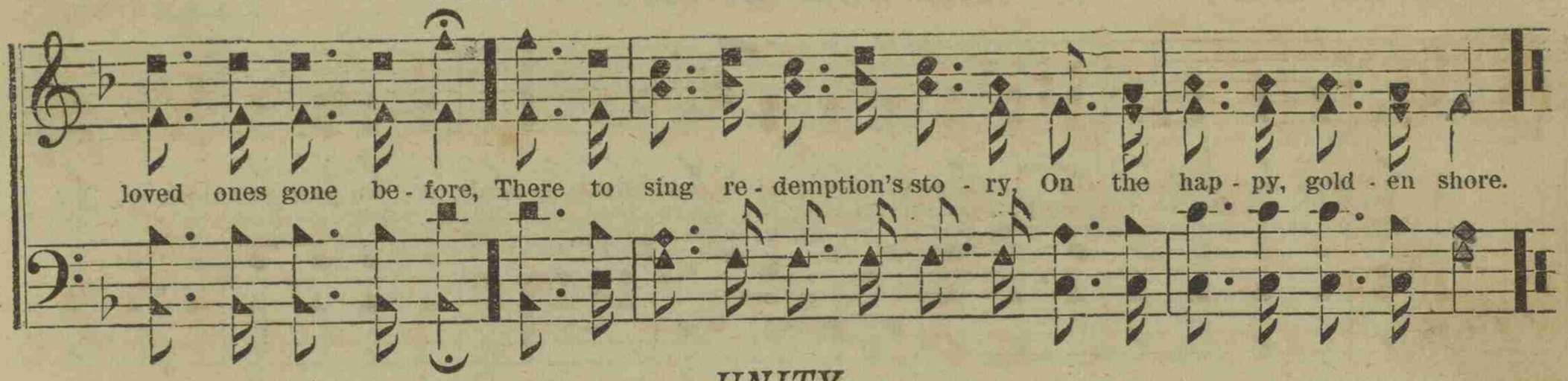
A. S. KIEFFER.

1. There is a place of sa - cred rest, Far, far be - yond the skies, Where beau - ty smiles e-
2. My Fa-ther's house, my heavenly home, Where ma - ny mansions stand, Pre - pared by hands di-
3. In that pure home of tear - less joy, Earth's severed friends shall meet, With smiles of love that

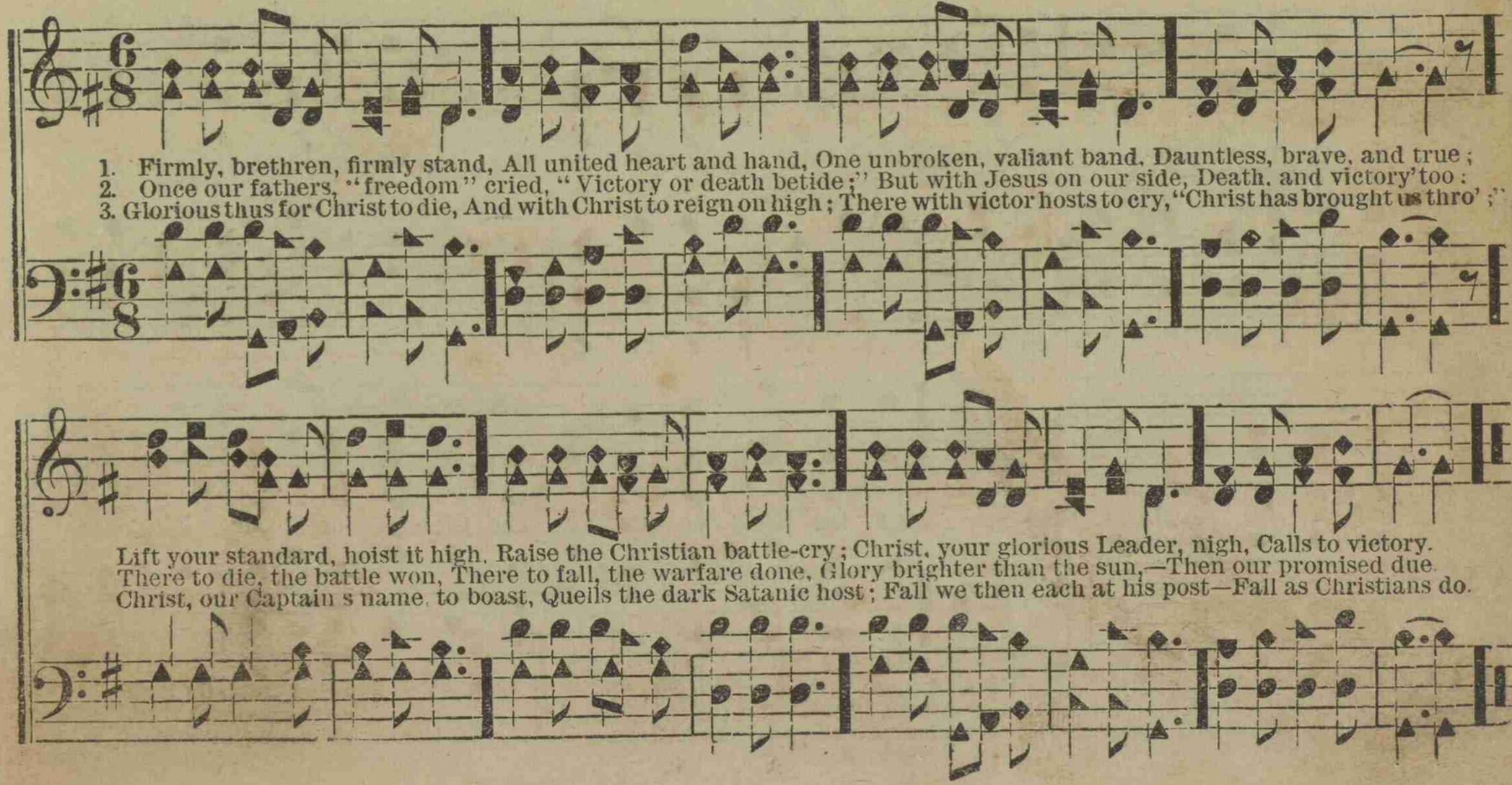
CHORUS.

ter - nal - ly, Where pleas - ure nev - er dies. By - and - by, by - and - by, We shall
vine for all Who love the bet - ter land.
nev - er fade, And bless - ed - ness com-plete. By - and-by, by - and by, by - and

meet o - ver there,
by we shall meet o - ver there, o - ver there,

We shall meet to part no more, All the

UNITY.

MISS MAGGIE STREET.



THE GOLDEN CITY.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. We seek the Gold- en Cit - y, The Cit - y of our King, And as we jour- ney thith- er, We
2. Its walls are built of jas - per, Its streets are of pure gold, And countless are the glo - ries Which
3. The pearl - y gates stand o - pen, For there they have no night, Nor sun, nor moon, nor can - dle— The

CHORUS.

joy- ful - ly will sing. Come, friends, come, friends, together let us sing, Of the Gold- en Cit - y, The
we shall there be - hold.
Lamb, he is the light.

beau - ti - ful Gold - en Cit - y, Of the Gold - en Cit - y, The Cit - y of our King.

4 And there is no more sorrow,
Nor pain, nor death, nor sin,
Nor naught that worketh evil
Shall ever enter in.—*Cho*

5 And there life's crystal river,
Eternally shall flow;
While leaves to heal the nations
Close by its waters grow.—*Cho.*

6 But through that Golden City
Our loudest praise shall ring,
When we behold our Saviour,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King.—*Cho.*

GOING HOME.

Gently.

1. They are go - ing, on - ly go - ing; Je - sus called them long a - go; All the win - try time they're passing, Soft - ly as the fall - ing snow. When the vio - lets in the spring-time
2. They are go - ing, on - ly go - ing; When with sum - mer earth is dressed, In their cold hands holding ros - es, Fold - ed to each si - lent breast; When the autumn hangs red ban - ners
3. They are go - ing, on - ly go - ing Out of pain and in - to bliss, Out of sad and sin - ful weakness, In - to per - fect ho - li - ness; Snow - y brows, no care shall shade them;

Ritard.

Catch the az - ure of the sky, They are car - ried out to slumber, Sweetly where the violets lie.
Out a - bove the harvest sheaves, They are go - ing, ev - er go - ing, Thick and fast, like fall-ing leaves.
Bright eyes tears shall never dim, Ro - sy lips, no care shall fade them; Je - sus call'd them unto him.

NO NIGHT ON THAT GOLDEN SHORE.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. O when shall we sweetly re - move, O when shall we en - ter our rest,— Re - turn to the Zi - on a-
2. But angels themselves cannot tell The joys of that ho - li - est place, Where Je- sus is pleas'd to re-

bove, The moth-er of spir - its dis - tress'd? That cit - y of God the great King, Where
veal The light of his heav - en - ly face; When caught in the rapt - ur - ous flame, The

sor-row and death are no more, Where saints our Imman-u - el sing, And cherub and seraph a - dore.
sight be - a - tif - ic they prove; And walk in the light of the Lamb, En - joying the beams of his love.

CHORUS.

There is no night on that gold - - en shore; There we shall
There is no night on that gold - en shore, There is no night on that gold - en shore; There we shall suf - fer and

suf - fer and sigh no more; There shall the wea - ry be
sigh no more, and sigh no more; There shall the wea - ry be ev - er blest,

ev - - er blest— Sing - ing glad songs in the land of rest.
There shall the wea - ry be ev - er blest— Sing-ing glad songs in the land of rest, in the land of rest.

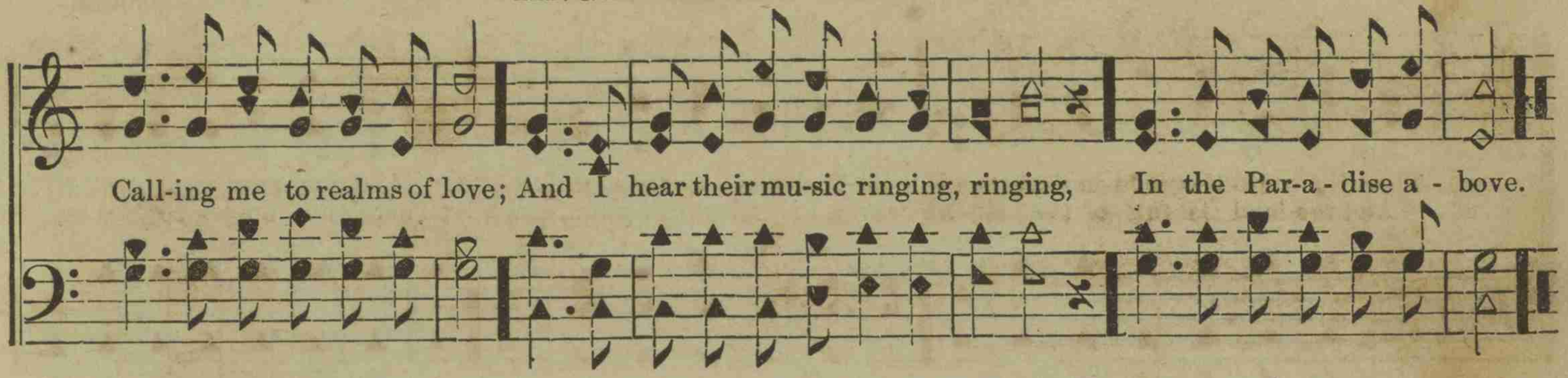
ANGEL BAND.

Words and Music by
G. R. STREET.

1. When the Sunday-school has gathered, On the pleasant Sabbath morn; Will you miss your lit-tle Liz-zie,
2. Lov-ing schoolmates, you'll remember, At the time of morning pray'r, How we sang the "Angel Chorus,"

Dearest teacher, when I'm gone? Oh, you'll miss me! yes, you'll miss me, In the Sunday-school I love,
Sang the "Echo" sweet and clear: And "I want to be an an - gel, And a - mid the angels stand"—

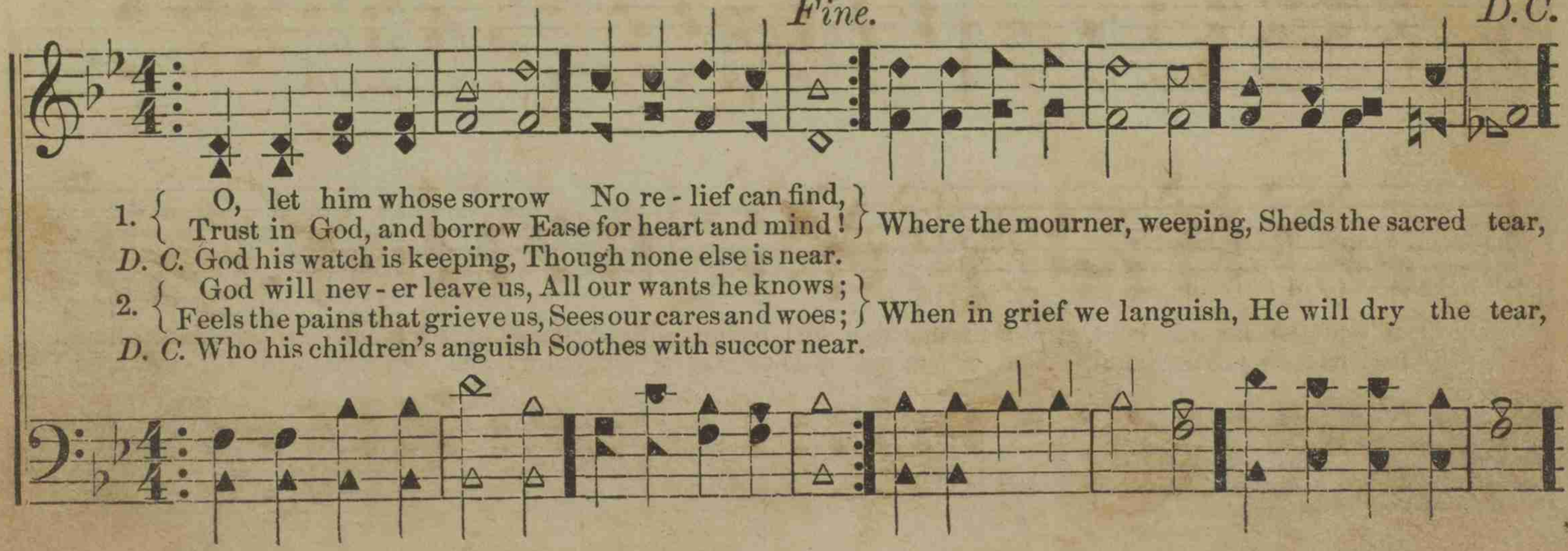
CHORUS.

But your Lizzie will be singing In the Para-dise a - bove. For I think I hear the angels calling, calling,
Now I'm going to join the chorus Of the happy angel band.

3 Farewell! mother, I am going;
See the angels coming near;
How they crowd around me, mother!
How they do my spirit cheer!
O to quit this vale of sorrow,
And to rise on wings above;
O to be an angel, mother,
Where the angels dwell in love!—*Chorus.*

4 Colder, colder I am growing;
Chilly waters round me roar:
There's my Saviour—blessed Jesus,
Smiling on the other shore;—
Take me, Saviour, take me to thee—
Kiss me, mother—let me go—
Safe beyond this rolling Jordan,
Safe from sorrow, sin, and woe.—*Chorus.*

RELIEF.

A. S. KIEFFER.



1. { O, let him whose sorrow No re - lief can find, / Trust in God, and borrow Ease for heart and mind! } Where the mourner, weeping, Sheds the sacred tear,
D. C. God his watch is keeping, Though none else is near.

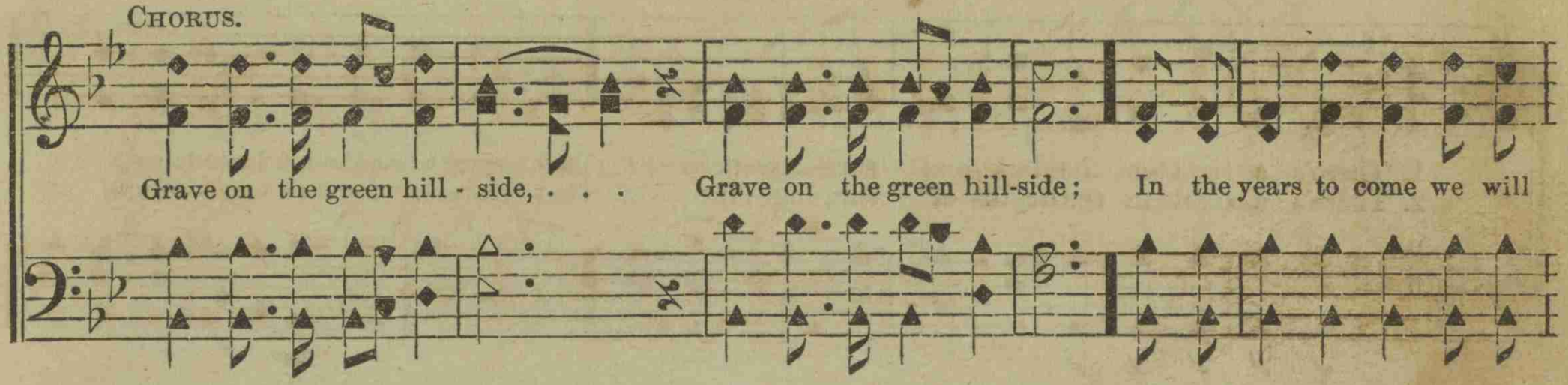
2. { God will nev - er leave us, All our wants he knows; / Feels the pains that grieve us, Sees our cares and woes; } When in grief we languish, He will dry the tear,
D. C. Who his children's anguish Soothes with succor near.

GRAVE ON THE GREEN HILLSIDE.

Words and Music by
A. S. KIEFFER.

1. There's a lit- tle grave on the green hillside That lies to the morning sun, And our wayworn feet oft-en
2. Ah! the land is full of the lit - tle graves, In valley, and plain, and hill; There's an an-gel, too, for each

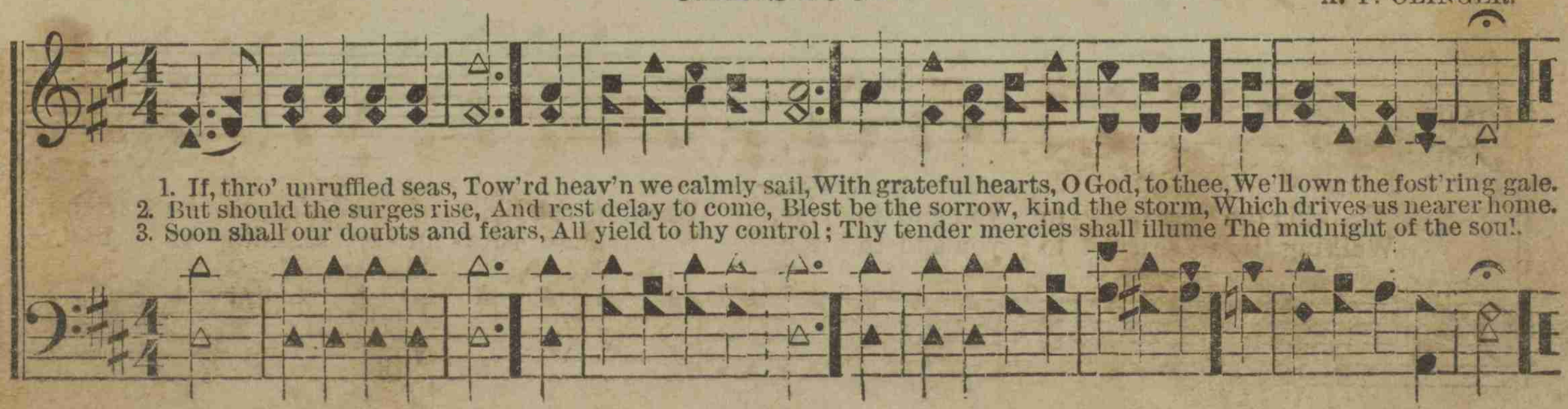
ander there When the cares of the day are done; There we oft - en sit till the twi- light falls, And
lit - tle grave, And these angels some mission fill; And I know not how, but I sometimes think They

talk of the far - off land, And we sometimes feel in the twilight there The soft touch of the vanished hand.
lead us with gentle hand, For a whisper falls on our willing ears From the shores of a far - off land.

3.

And these little graves are but wayside marks
That point to the far-off Land,
And they speak to the soul of a better day,
Of a day that is near at hand;
Tho' we first must walk thro' the darksome vale,
Yet there Christ will be our Guide;
And we'll reach the shore of the far-off Land
Through a grave on the green hillside.—*Chorus.*

CALISTOGA.

A. F. OLINGER.



1. If, thro' unruffled seas, Tow'rd heav'n we calmly sail, With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fost'ring gale.
2. But should the surges rise, And rest delay to come, Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home.
3. Soon shall our doubts and fears, All yield to thy control; Thy tender mercies shall illume The midnight of the soul.

Words by
JOHN P. ELLIS.

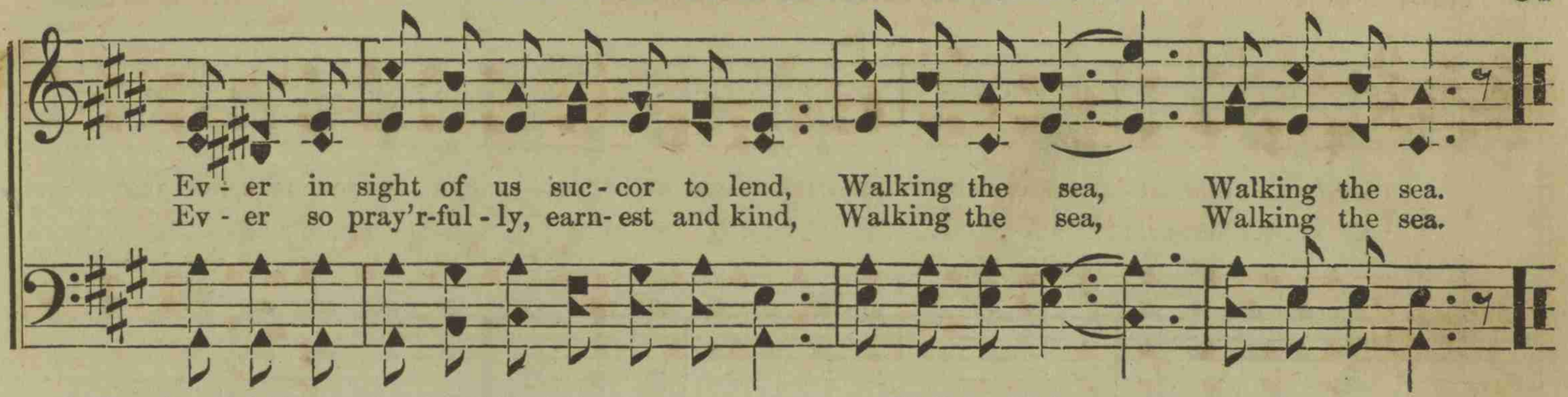
WALKING THE SEA.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. There's a light on the dark and surg-ing deep That shines when the loud winds roar,
2. There's a light in the depths of surg-ing life That shin-eth for - ev - er - more,

And the form of the Friend who does not sleep Comes on from the oth - er shore.
And the Friend who would stay all sin and strife Is here from the oth - er shore.

Walking the sea, to you and to me, Keeping the light of us e'er to be - friend,
Walking life's sea, to you and to me, Walking so care - ful - ly, seek-ing to find,

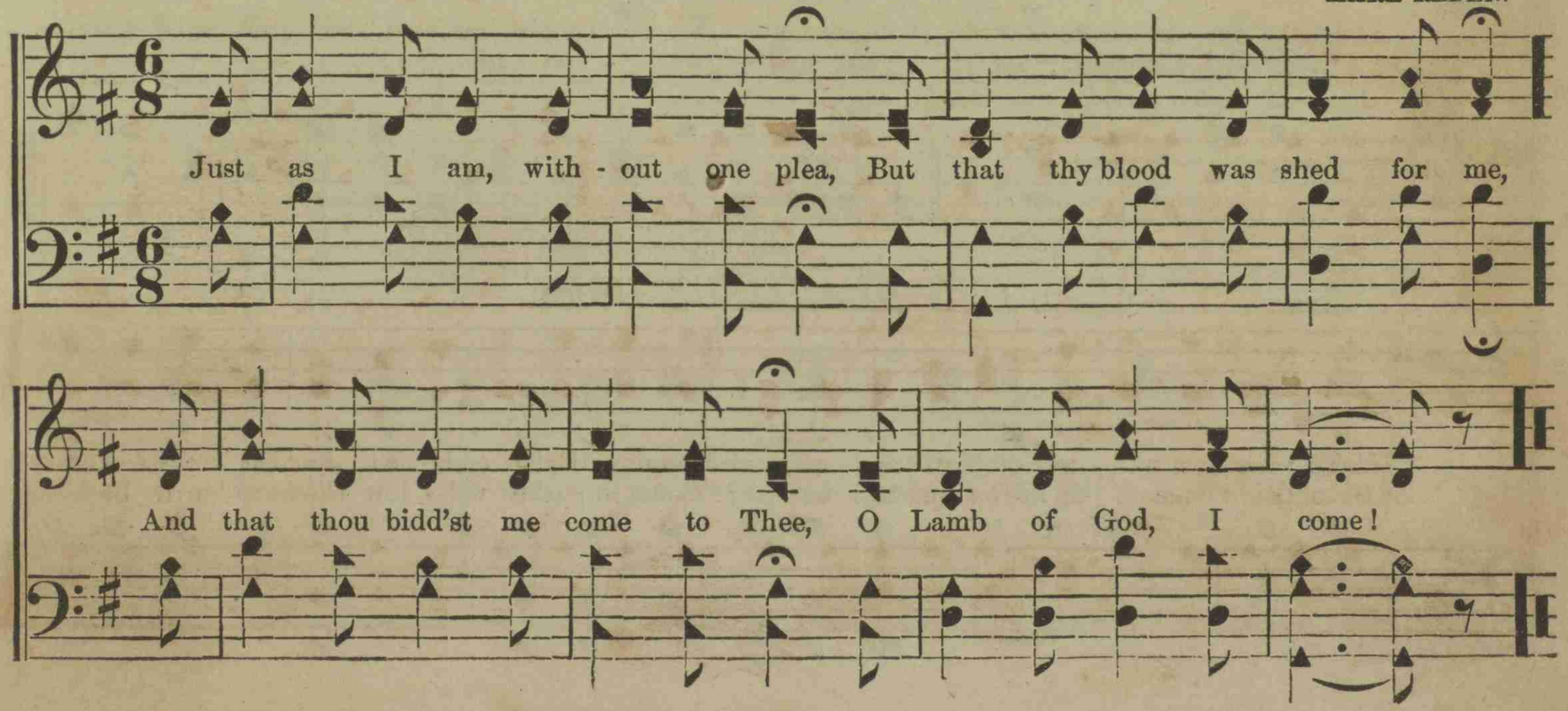


3 There's a light in the depths of Christian hearts
That gleams on the crown before,
And the Savior whose love a bliss imparts,
Attends to the other shore.

Walking life's sea with you and with me,
Keeping in reach of us, watching for all,
Caring for each of us, lest we should fall,
Walking the sea, walking the sea.

JUST AS I AM.

KARL REDEN.



FAIRMOUNT.

G. R. STREET.

1. Praise to thee, thou great Cre-a - tor, Praise be thine from ev' - ry tongue; Join, my soul, with ev - ry creature,
D.S. Hail the God of our sal - va-tion,
2. For ten thousand blessings, giv-en, For the hope of fu - ture joy, Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven,
D.S. There, en - rap-tur'd fall be-fore him,

Fine. *D.S.*

Join the u - ni - ver - sal song, Father, source of all com - pas- sion, Free, un-bound-ed grace is thine,
Praise him for his love di - vine.
Sound Je - hovah's praise on high, Joy-ful - ly on earth a - dore him, Till in heaven our songs we raise,
Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

Words by
W. F. COSNER.

OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Have we grown wea - ry of toil and of strife? Soon will be end - ed the bat - tle of life!
2. Soon the last note of life's tune shall be sung: Soon on the wil - low the harp will be hung,

Soon cease the storm where the o- cean waves foam; Soon shall we rest in our beau - ti - ful home.
Leav - ing for - ev - er our sor - row and gloom, Soon shall we sing in our beau - ti - ful home.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful home, Beau - ti - ful home, Soon shall we rest in our beau - ti - ful home.

Beau - ti - ful home! beau - ti - ful home! Soon shall we rest in our beau - ti - ful home.

3 Soon will the dew on the flower be dried,
Soon drop the roses that bloom side by side,
Soon fade the stars when the morning is come,
Soon shall we love in our beautiful home.—*Chorus.*

4 Life, like a vapor, will vanish away;
Human love, like the sweet flower, decay;
Soon to the city of God shall we come,—
Then shall we live in that beautiful home.—*Chorus.*

THIS IS NOT MY PLACE OF RESTING.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. This is not my place of rest - ing; Mine's a cit - y yet to come; On - ward to it I am hast'ning,
2. In it all is light and glo - ry, O'er it shines a night-less day, Ev - 'ry trace of sin's sad sto - ry
3. There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us By the stream of life a - long, On the fresh-est past - ures feeds us,
4. Soon we'll pass this drea - ry des - ert, Soon we'll bid fare-well to pain, Nev - er more be sad and wea - ry,

CHORUS.

On to my e - ter - nal home. Nev - er more, Nev - er more, Nev - er more be sad and wea - ry, Nev - er more to sin a - gain; Nev - er more, nev - er more.
By God's grace has past a - way.
Turns our sigh - ing in - to song.
Nev - er more to sin a - gain.

WE WILL SING.

Words and Music by
L. B. HERR.

1. There's a place for children in the Sab-bath-school, To im-prove all their bright Sabbath days; It is
2. We will sing to Je - sus who has died for us, And has gone to pre - pare us a home; Un-to
3. And 'tis while we're singing that our thoughts will turn To the beau - ti - ful, true, and the good; And 'tis

there we should gather when the Sabbath comes, And to Je - sus our Savior give praise. Then sing, oh
him we should ev-er our praises sing, While here in this world we roam.
mu - sic, sweet music that our souls will cheer, While feast-ing on hea-ven-ly food.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh sing,

sing! We will sing, we will sing, We will sing, we will sing—We will sing in the Sabbath-school.
sing, oh, sing! We will sing, we will sing, we will sing, We will sing, we will sing— We will sing in the Sabbath-school.

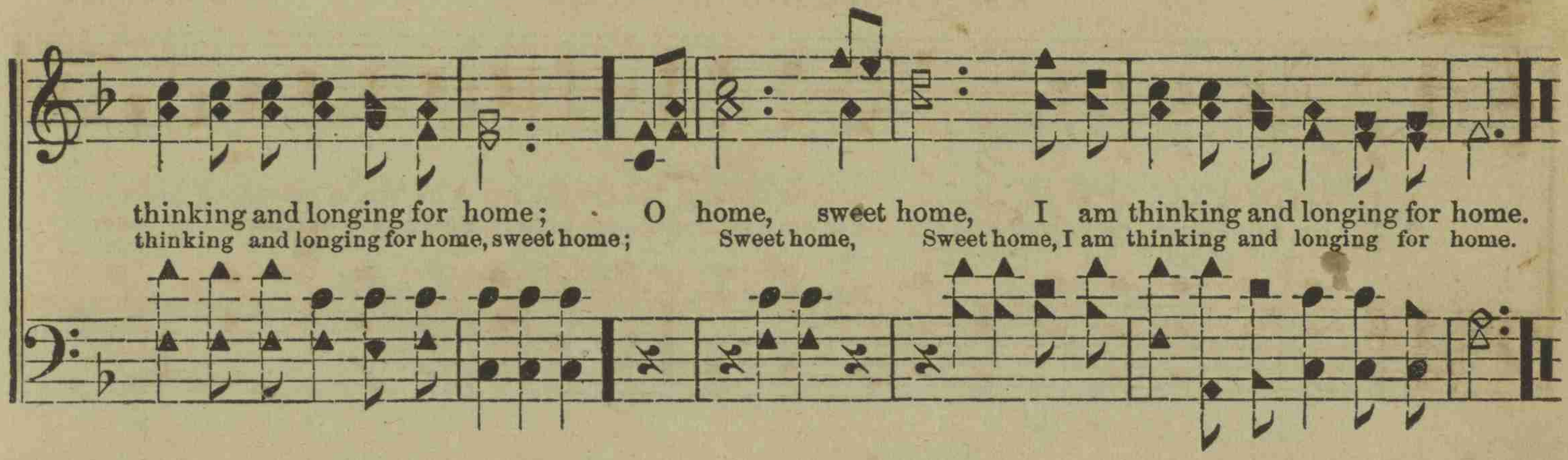
AM THINKING OF HOME.

J. E. HEAVILIN.

1. I am think-ing of home, of my Fa-ther's house, Where the ma - ny bright mansions be!
2. I am think-ing of home, of the lov'd ones there; Dear - est friends who have gone be - fore,

Of the cit - y whose streets are all covered with gold; Of its jas - per walls pure and fair to be-hold,
With whom we went down to the Death-River's side, And so sad - ly thought as we watched by the tide,

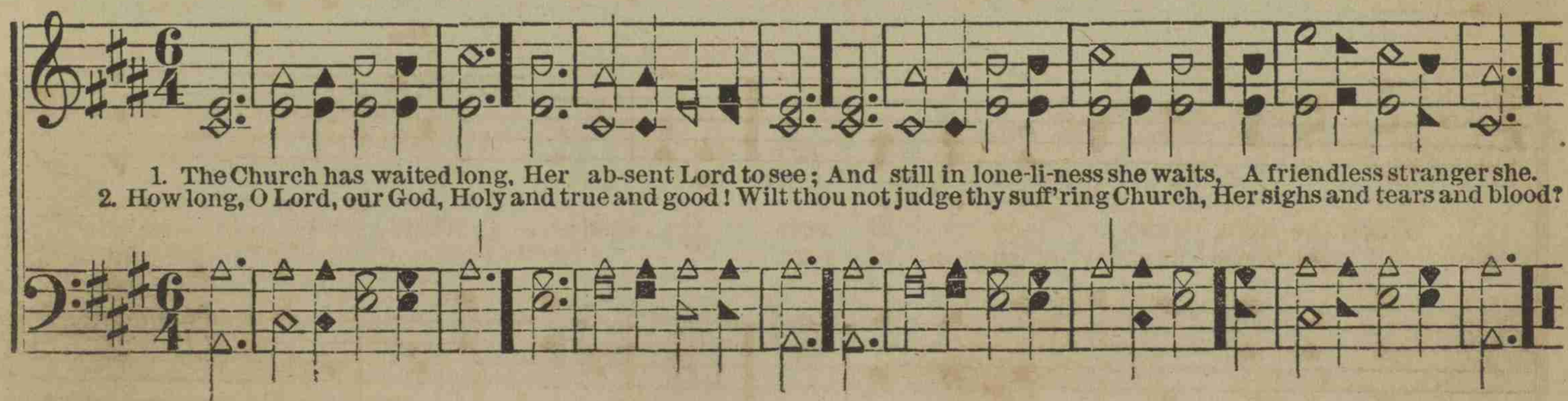
CHORUS.

Which the right - eous a - lone ev - er see. O home, sweet home, I am
Of the thrice - hap - py morn-ings of yore. Sweet home, Sweet home, I am

3.

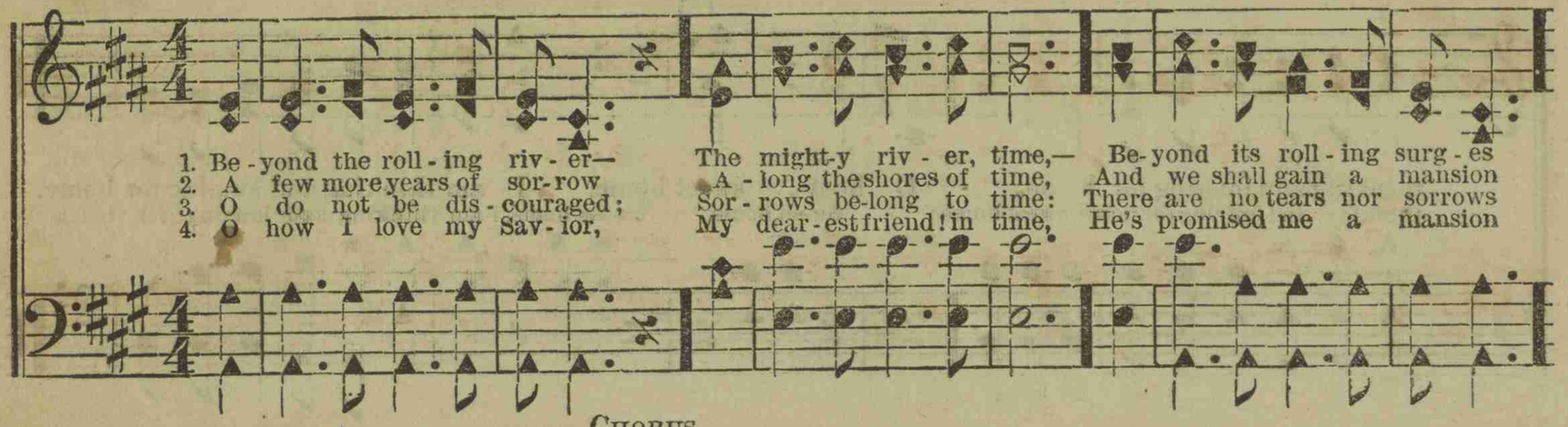
I am thinking of home, of my blessed home,
And my spirit doth long to be
In the far better land where the saints ever sing
Of the love of Christ, their Redeemer and King,
And of mercy so costly and free

4.

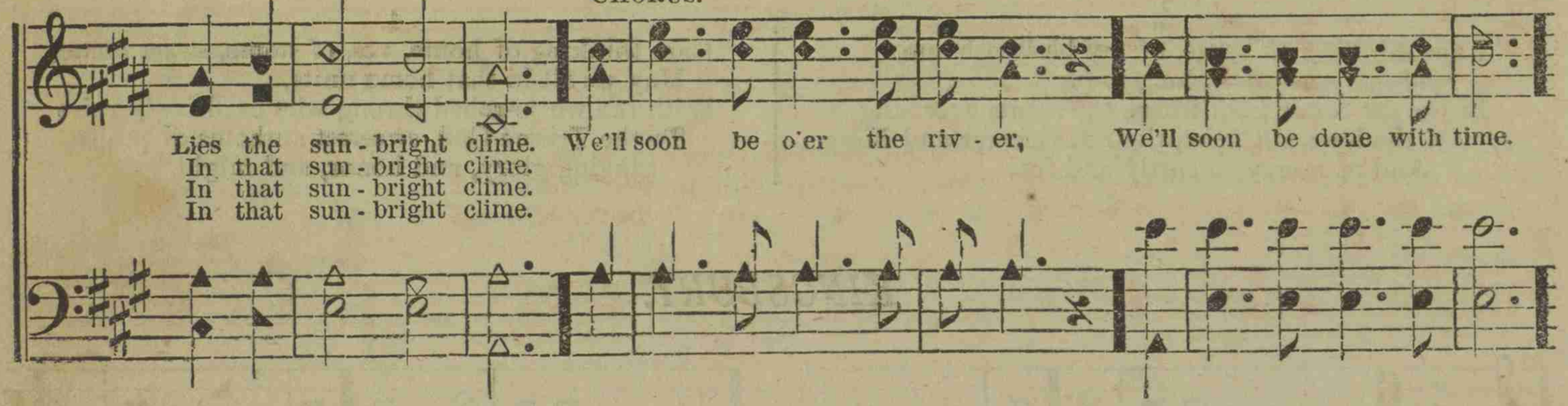
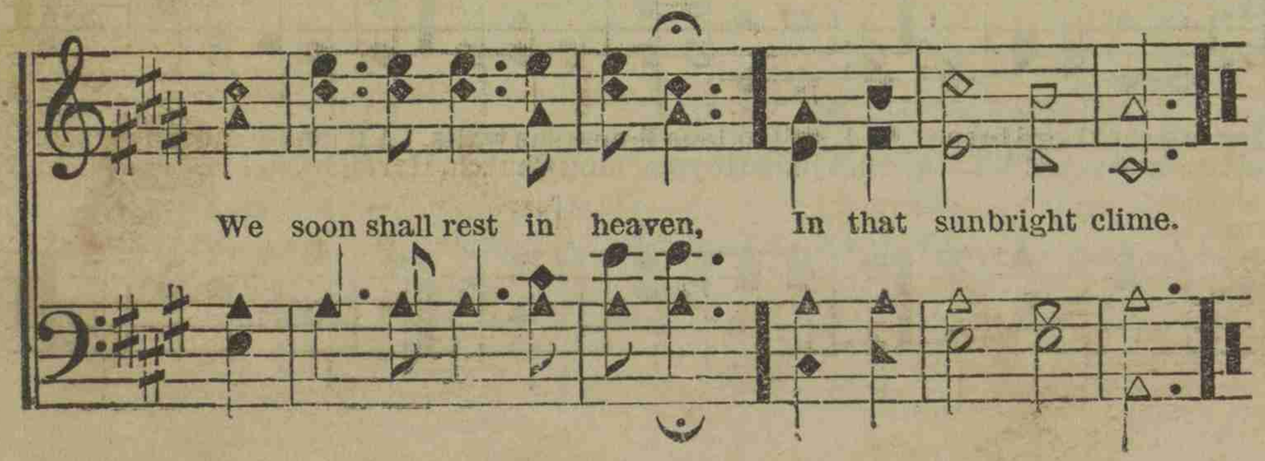
I am thinking of home, yes, of home, sweet home:
May we all in that home unite,
With the white-robed throng who exultingly raise
To the Triune God, sweetest anthems of praise,
Singing glory, and honor, and might.

KINGSBURY.

THE SUNBRIGHT CLIME.

Words and Music by
T. F. PARLETT.

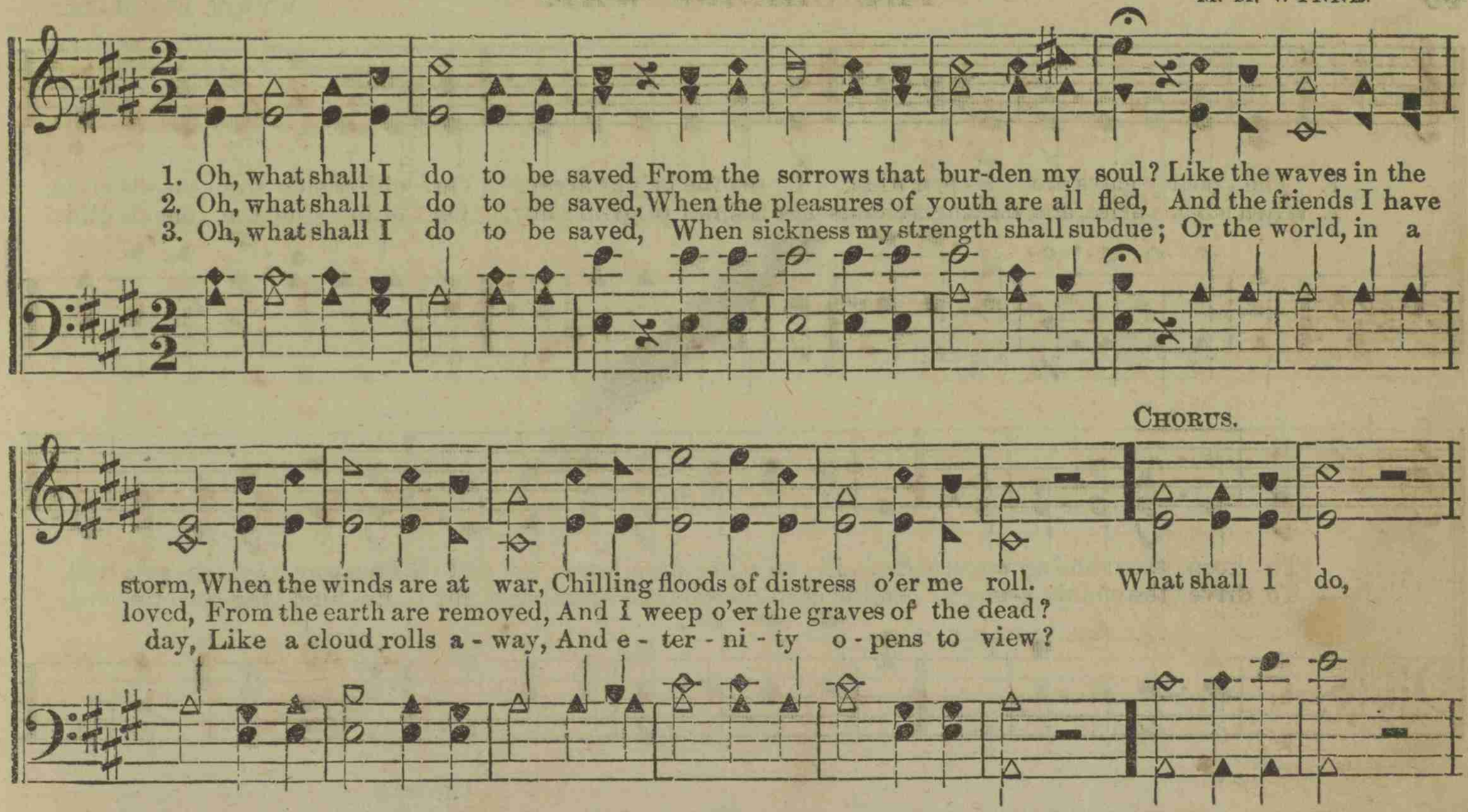


CHORUS.



5 O won't you follow Jesus
Along the lane of time,
And gain a home in heaven
In that sunbright clime?—*Chorus.*

6 I'll love and serve my Jesus
While here I live in time;
I hope in heaven to praise him,
In that sunbright clime.—*Chorus.*

7 Dear friends have gone to glory,
Beyond the shores of time;
They're resting from their labors
In that sunbright clime.—*Chorus.*

4.

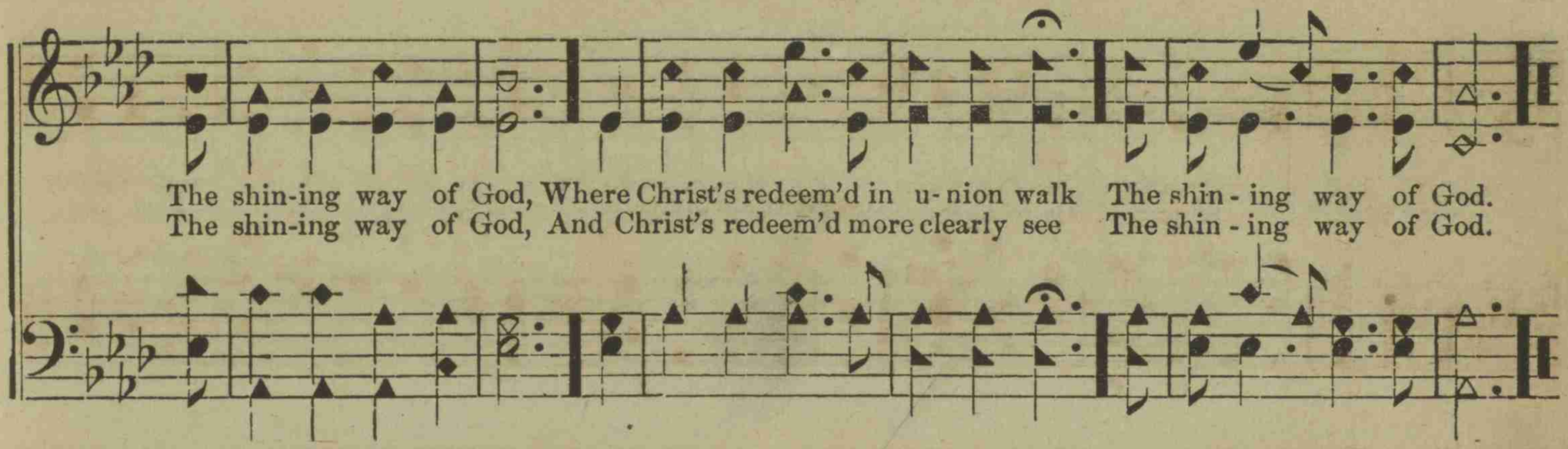
O Lord, look, in mercy, on me;
Come, oh, come, and speak peace to my soul;
Unto whom shall I flee,
Dearest Lord, but to thee?
Thou canst make my poor broken heart whole.

CHO.—That will I do,
That will I do;
To Jesus I'll go and be saved.

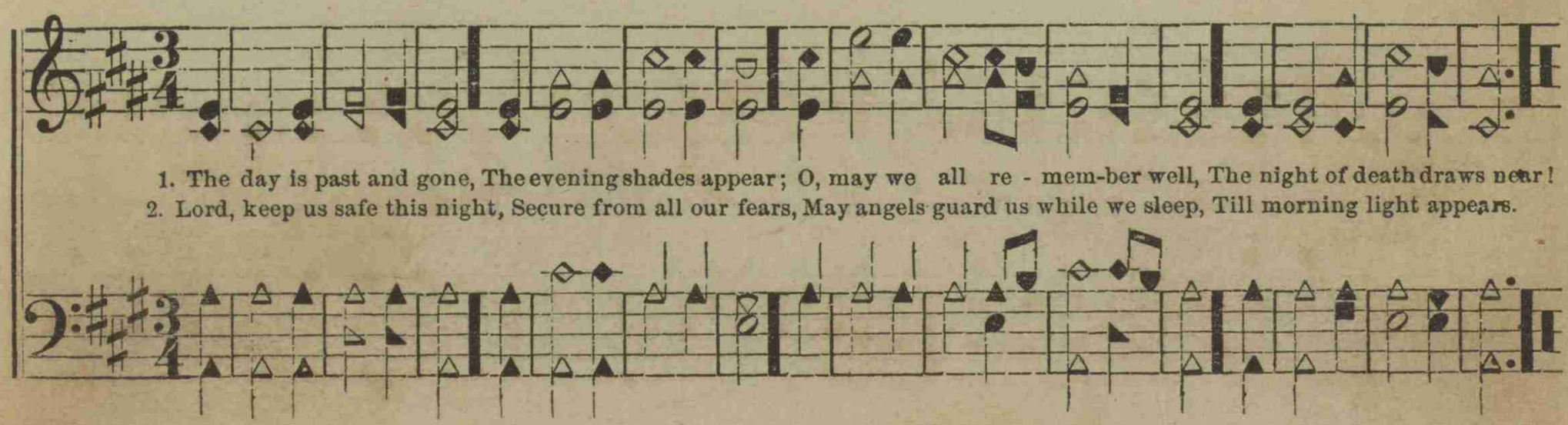
1. The pearly gates are o - pen wide, I see the bright array, On either side the angels glide,
2. When storms arise, and darkness clouds The faithful pilgrim's day, On either side the angels glide,

To keep the shining way; And Zi - on's children learn to find The way by an - gels trod,
To drive the clouds a-way; And brighter beams the morning light Be - hind the gen - tle rod,

CHORUS.

Where Christ's redeem'd in union walk The shin - ing way of God. The shining way, the shining way,
And Christ's redeem'd more clearly see The shin - ing way of God. The shining way, the shining way,

3 And soon they walk the golden streets,
Nor walk they there alone,
On either side the angels glide,
To lead them to the throne.
And there they wear a starry crown,
While mortals tire and plod,
For Christ's redeemed are kings who tread
The shining way of God.
The shining way, the shining way,
The shining way of God,
For Christ's redeemed are kings who tread
The shining way of God.

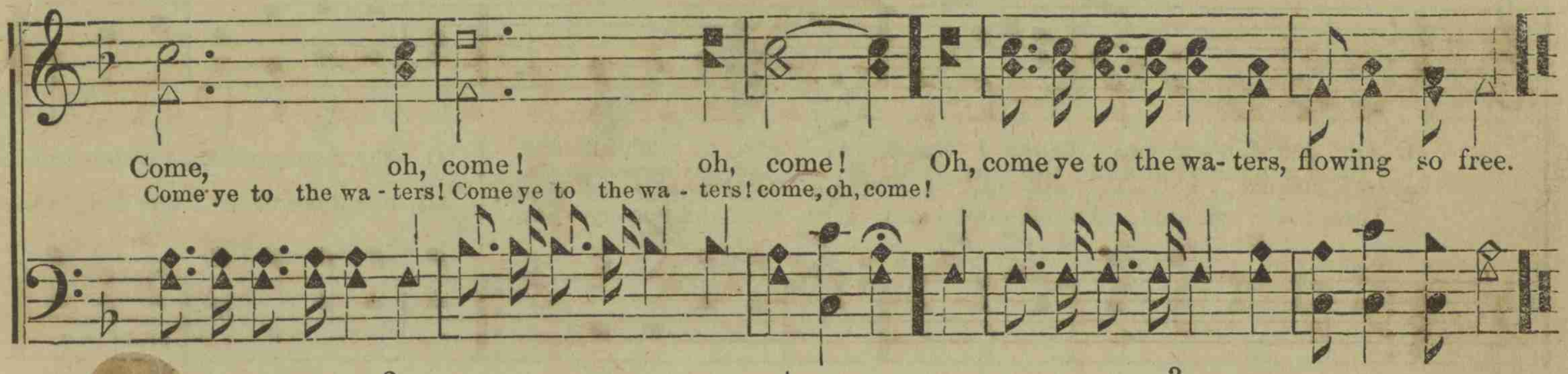
JEFFERSON.

C. E. POLLOCK.

JACOB'S WELL.

Words and Music by
A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Je - sus sat by the well, and a wo - man came there, She, a poor, need - y sin - ner like me;
And he gave her to drink of the wa - ter of life, And this wa - ter is still flow - ing free.

CHORUS.

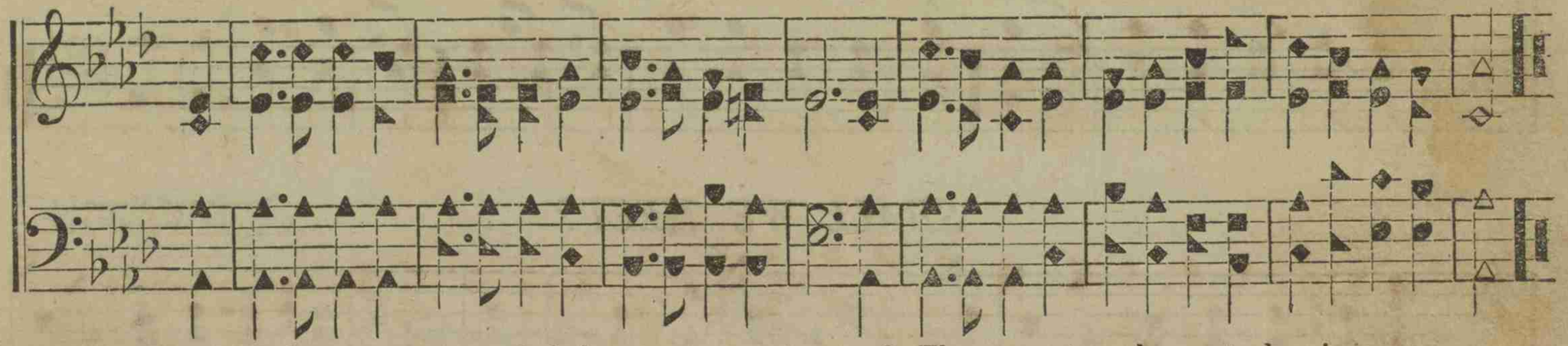
Ho, ev' - ry one that thirsteth! Come ye to the wa - ters! Come ye to the wa - ters, flow - ing so free!

2.

Whoso drinketh this water shall thirst never more,
For a fountain it ever shall be,
Springing up in thy soul unto life evermore;
And this water is flowing for thee.

3.

Jacob's well is still full, and the Savior still waits,
And he calls, thirsty sinner, to thee;
Will you drink of the fountain of Jacob and live,
While this water is still flowing free?

HOMEWOOD. C. M.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1. How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy Word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

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

3. Thy precepts make me truly wise:
I hate the sinner's road:
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

4. Thy Word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page;
Thy holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

THE PROMISED LAND.

H. E ENGLE.

1. On Jor-dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye, O the transporting rapt'rous scene,
   To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
2. There gen'rous fruits that nev-er fail On trees im-mor-tal grow; All o'er those wide ex-ten-ded plains,
   There rocks and hills and brooks and vales, With milk and hon-ey flow.

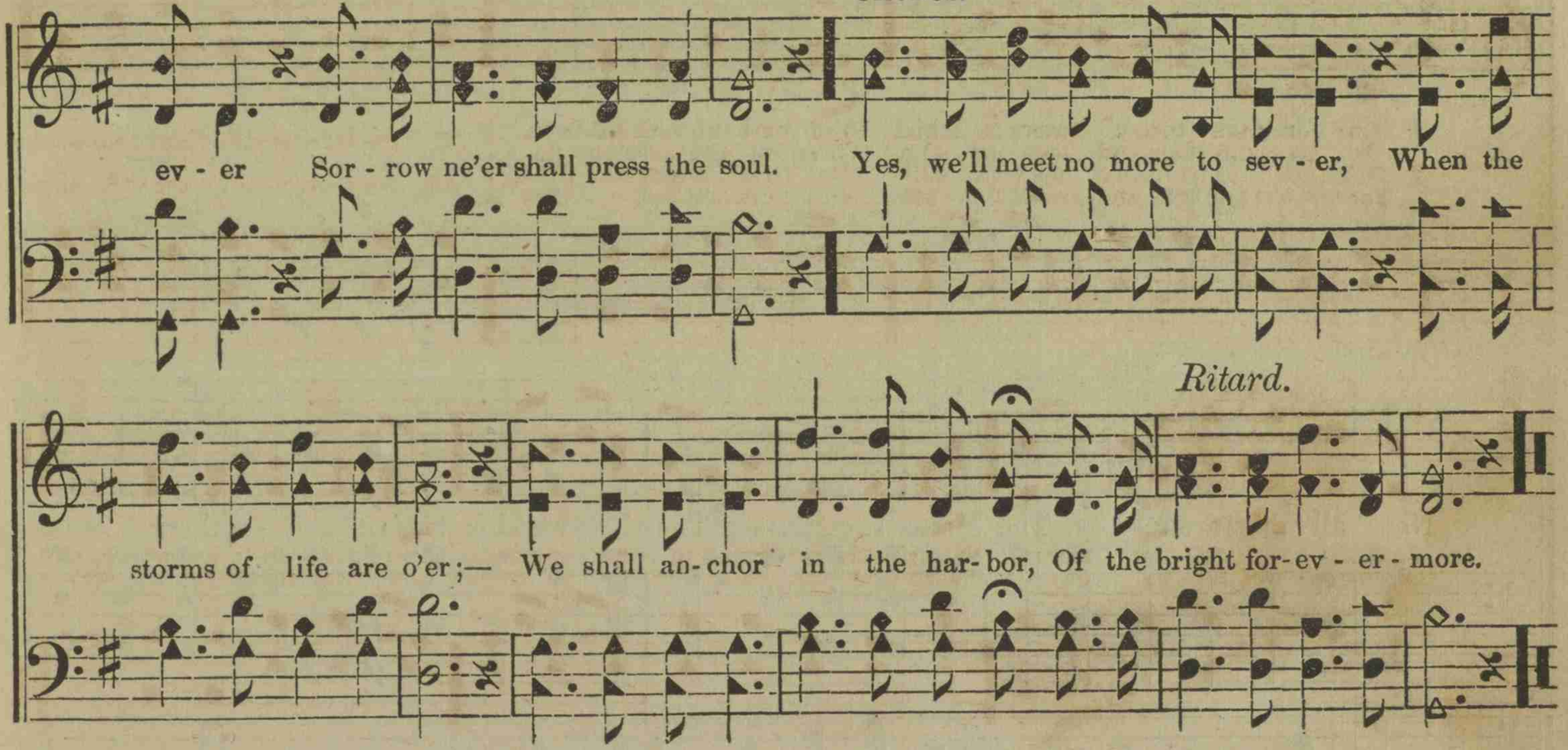
That ris-es to my sight! Sweet fields ar-rayed in liv-ing green, And riv-ers of de-light.
Shines one e-ter-nal day; There God the Son, for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.

SHALL WE MEET?

Chorus and Music by
WYATT MINSHALL.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll? There in all the bright for-

CHORUS.



2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine,
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Where the music of the ransomed
Rolls its harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus,
With its sweet melodious sound?

5 Shall we meet with many a loved one
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

6 Shall we meet with Christ our Savior
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we know his blessed favor,
And sit down upon the throne?

THE BANQUET OF LOVE.

A. S. KIEFFER.

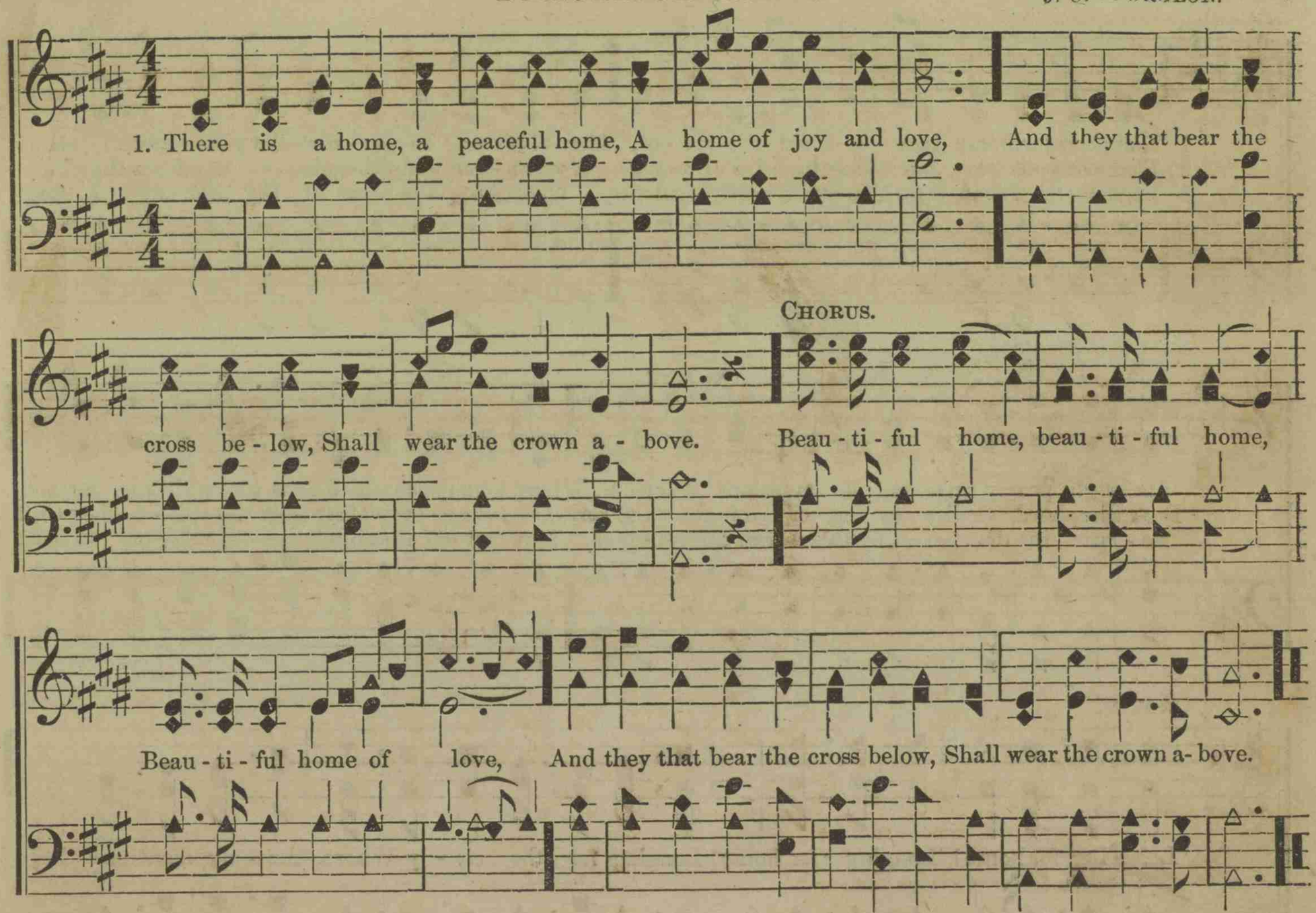
1. "Go forth in the highway, and bid to my banquet, Be-hold! it stands read-y to - day;
The chos - en have tar-ried, bring hith-er the need - y, That throng in life's bus - y high - way.

CHORUS.

Now all things are read - y, The Master says, "come," The whole world is bidden, and yet there is room,

The whole world is bidden, The whole world is bidden, The whole world—and yet there is room.

2 Then quickly the servants went out from their Master,
His message with gladness they told;
And in from the highway the needy came flocking,
His mercy and love to behold.—*Chorus.*

3 O wayworn and weary, despise not the message
That sounds in life's busy highway;
Reject not his mercy, the Savior stands waiting—
The banquet is ready to-day.—*Chorus.*

2 No night shall dim that glorious home,
For Jesus is the light;
And mourning pilgrims here below
Shall there be clad in white.—*Chorus.*

3 With palms of victory in their hands,
They with the ransomed sing
"All praise to him who washed us white,
Our Savior, God, and King."—*Chorus.*

MRS A. C. PRINDLE.

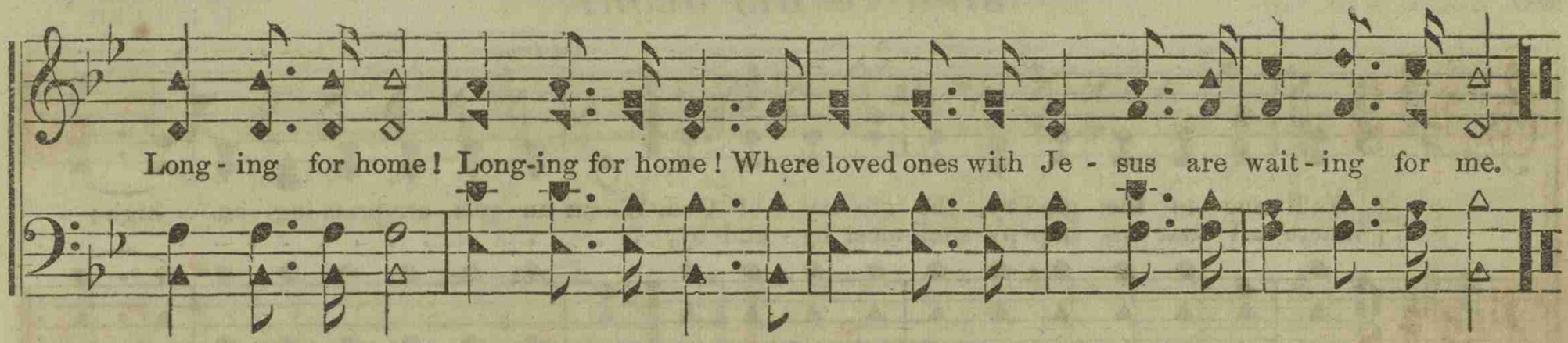
LONGING FOR HOME.

A. S. KIEFFER.

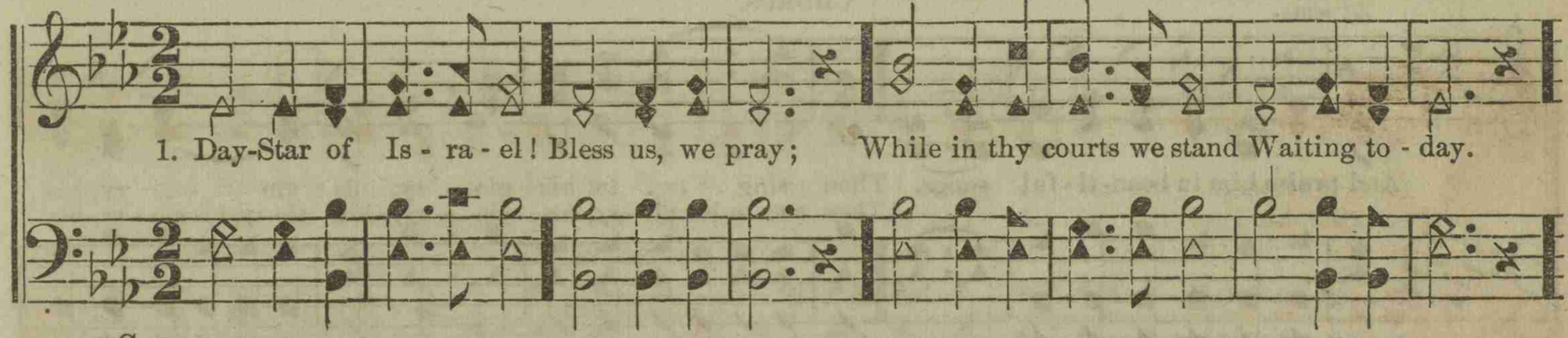
1. Long-ing for home, just o - ver the riv - er, The riv - er so nar - row, the glim - mer I see;
2. Home of my soul, not long would I lin - ger A stran - ger and pil - grim a - way from the fold,
3. Longing for home, from this bleak world of sorrow, Glad to the arms of thy mer - cy I flee,

Its bright pearly gates and its mansions e-ter-nal, Where loved ones with Je-sus are wait- ing for me.
Dear Shepherd, O list to the cry of the wand'rer, O res - cue thy lamb from the pit - i - less cold.
Se - cure in that haven, earth's storms cannot sever The un-ion that binds me, dear Savior, to thee.

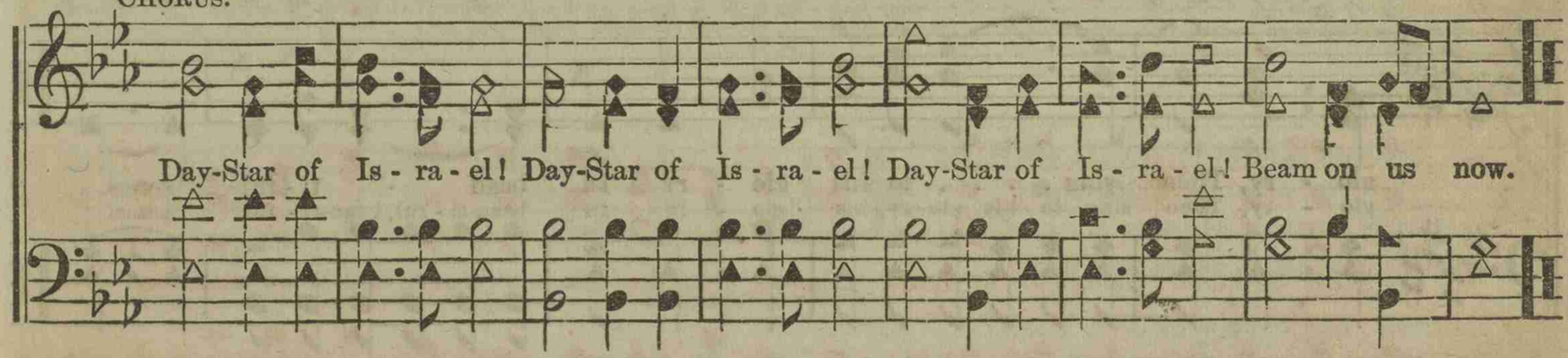
CHORUS.

Long- ing for home! Longing for home! Longing for the cit - y Where ma - ny mansions be;

DAY-STAR OF ISRAEL.

A. S. KIEFFER.



CHORUS.

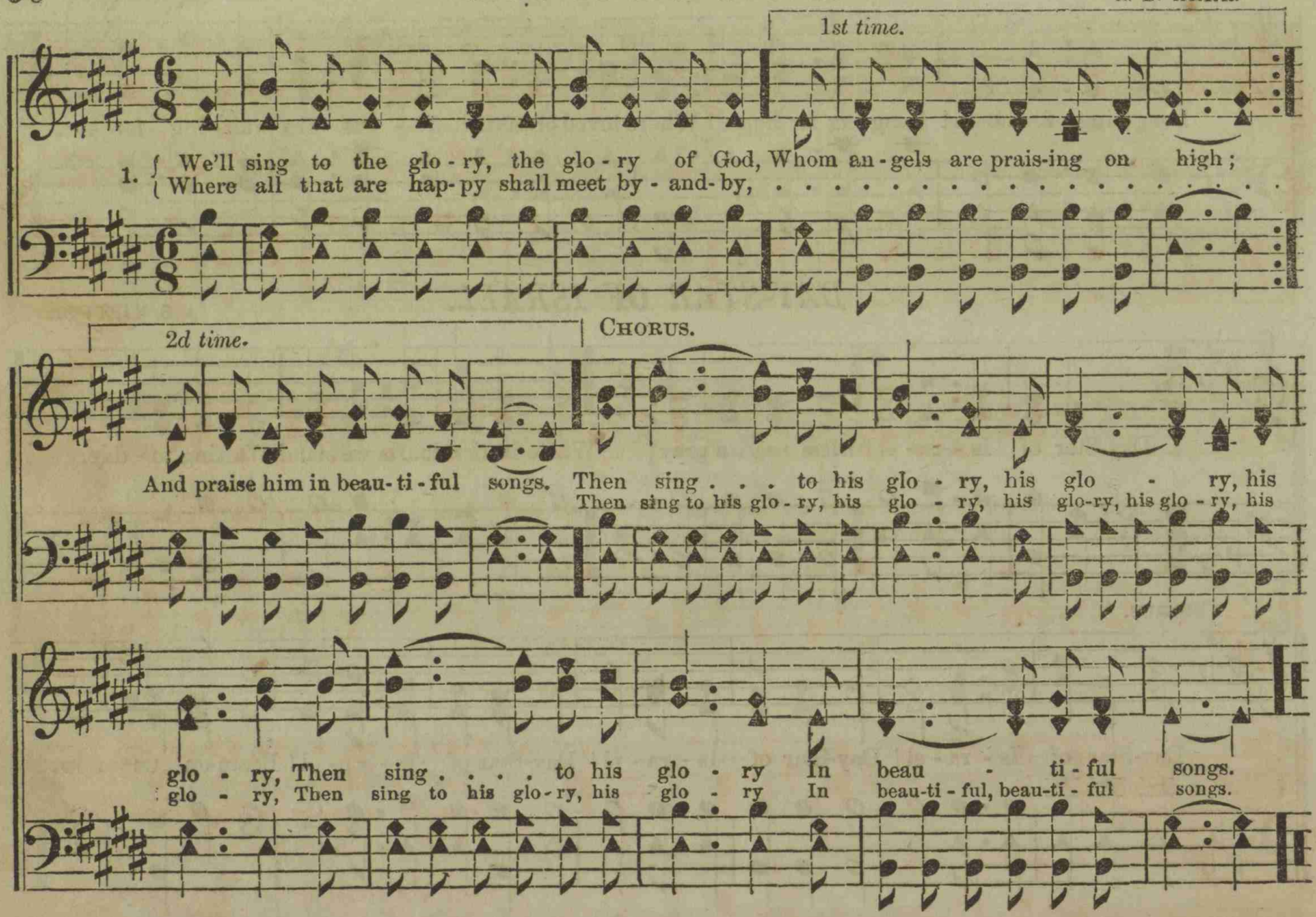


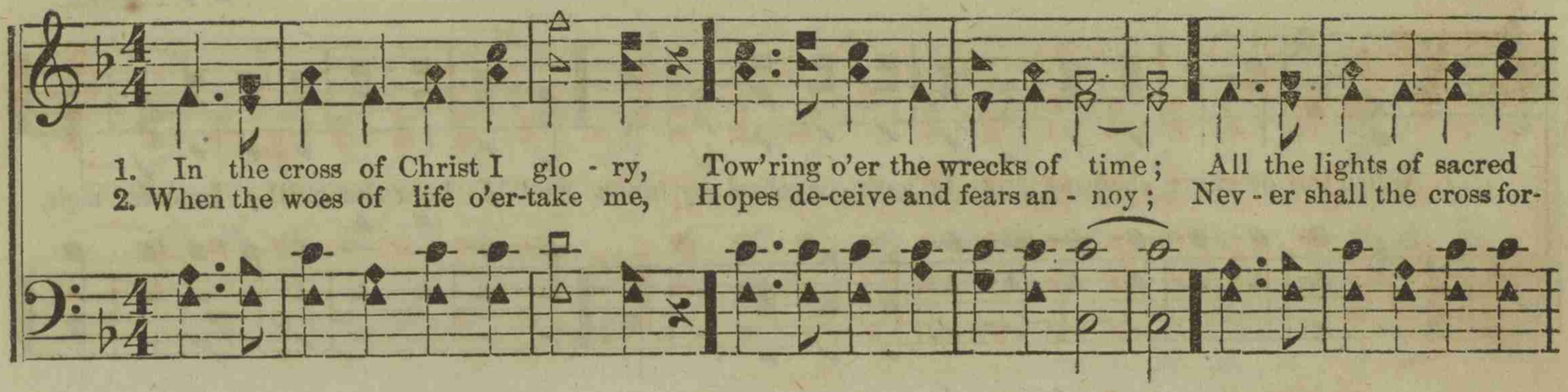
2 Day-Star of Israel!
Be with us now,
While at thy mercy-seat
We humbly bow.—*Chorus.*

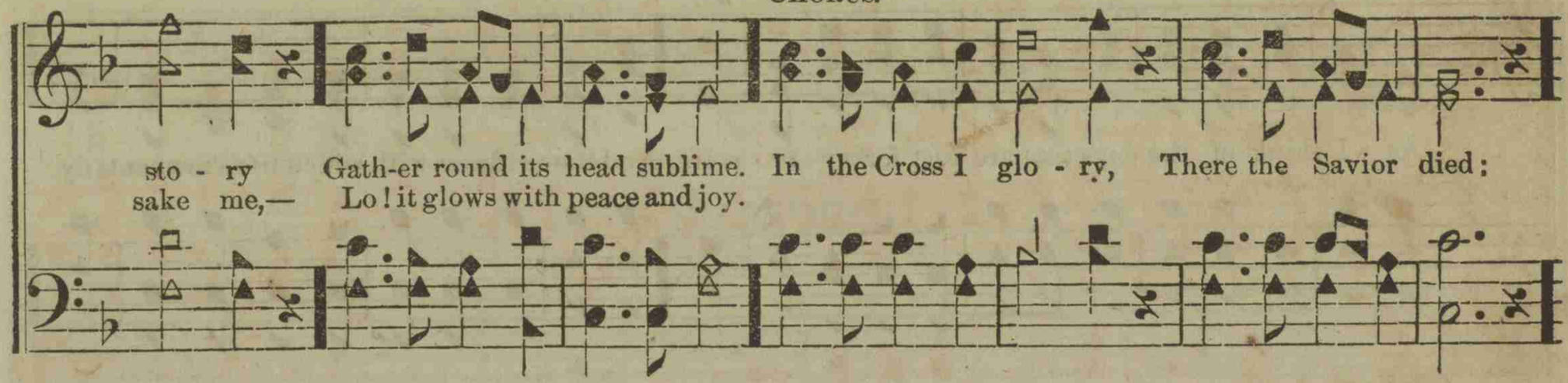
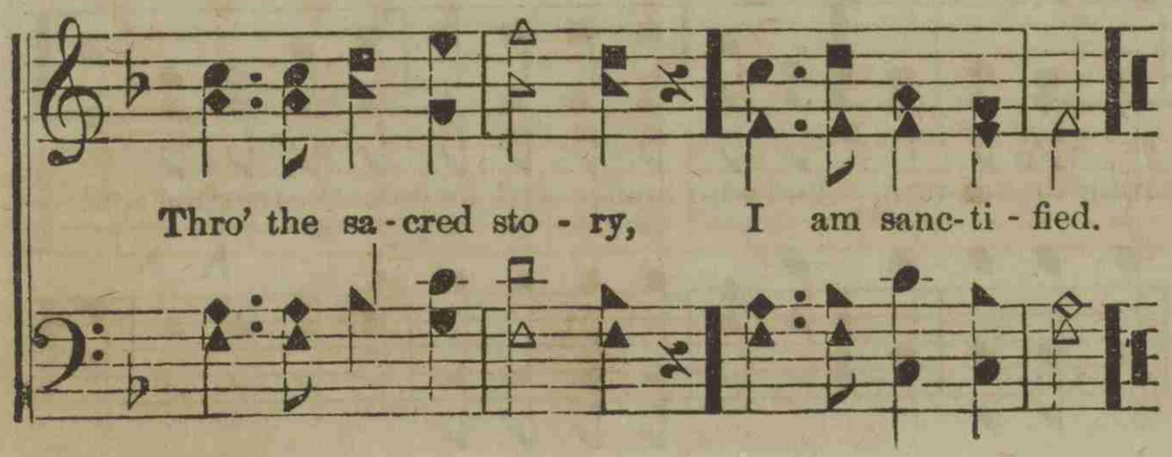
3 Day-Star of Israel!
Oh, may thy light
Gleam thro' the sullen cloud
Of sin's dark night.—*Chorus.*

4 From all the paths of sin,
Keep our feet free;
And when this life is past,
Take us to thee.—*Chorus.*

SING TO HIS GLORY.

Words and Music by
L. B. HERR.

2 We'll sing to his glory, his glory on high,
In songs of devotion and praise,
As birds in their happiness warble their lays,
In beautiful, beautiful songs.—*Chorus.*

3 We'll sing to his glory, his glory so great,
His glory so wondrous and fair,
That seraphs forever are praising him there
In beautiful, beautiful songs.—*Chorus.*

CHORUS.



3 When the sun of bliss is beaming,
Light and hope upon my way;
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.—*Chorus.*

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.—*Chorus*

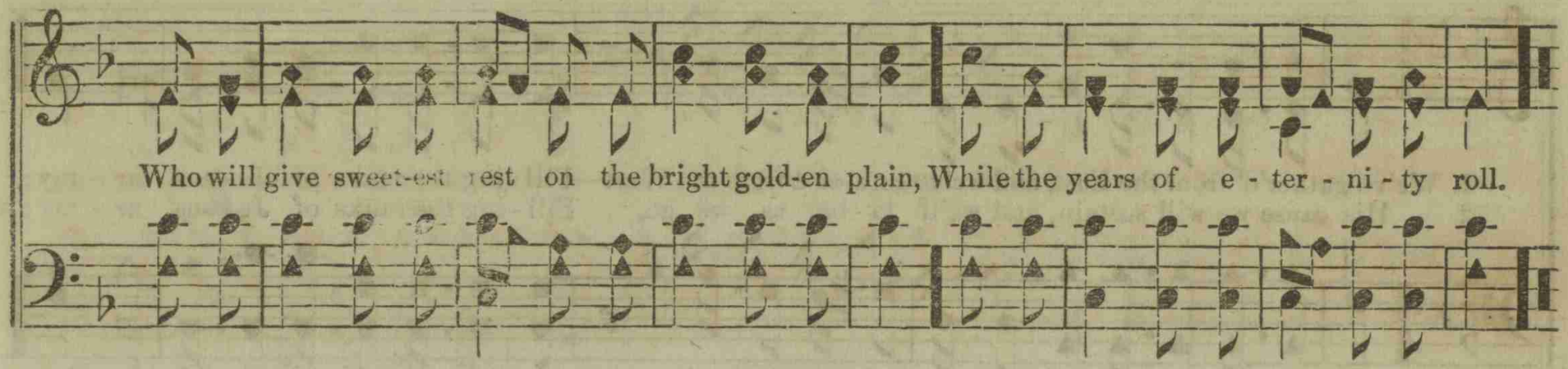
WHEN THE EVENING SHADOWS.

Words and Music by
W. F. COSNER.

1. When the ev'-ning shadows slow-ly gath-er round my door, And I hear the chill-y breezes sigh,

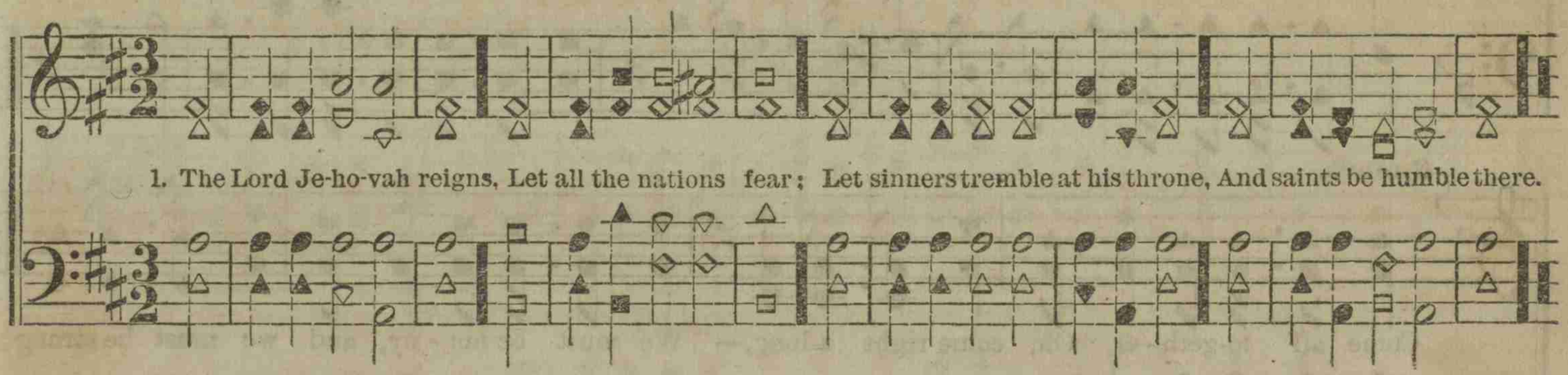
As I think of the days that are past for-ev-er-more, And the swiftness with which life's moments fly.

CHORUS.

Then 'tis sweet to look to Je-sus, who is strong to sus-tain, And who nev-er will for-sake the trusting soul:—

2 When my heart grows lonely and all earthly pleasures fade,
Then the Savior to comfort will be near,
Ere in slumber so sweet I may rest my aching head—
Ere is dried in repose the falling tear.
Chorus.—Then 'tis sweet to look, etc.

3 Then, my soul, why murmur, though afflictions seem severe,
For they soon and forever pass away;
When we lean on the Savior, he gives us strength to bear
Every burden until the close of day.
Chorus.—Then 'tis sweet to look, etc.

SHAWMUT.

LOWELL MASON.

2 Jesus, the Savior, reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs, his attendants, stand,
Swift to fulfill his word.

3 In Zion stands his throne;
His honors are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

Words by
AMY ARNOTT.

JESUS' ARMY.

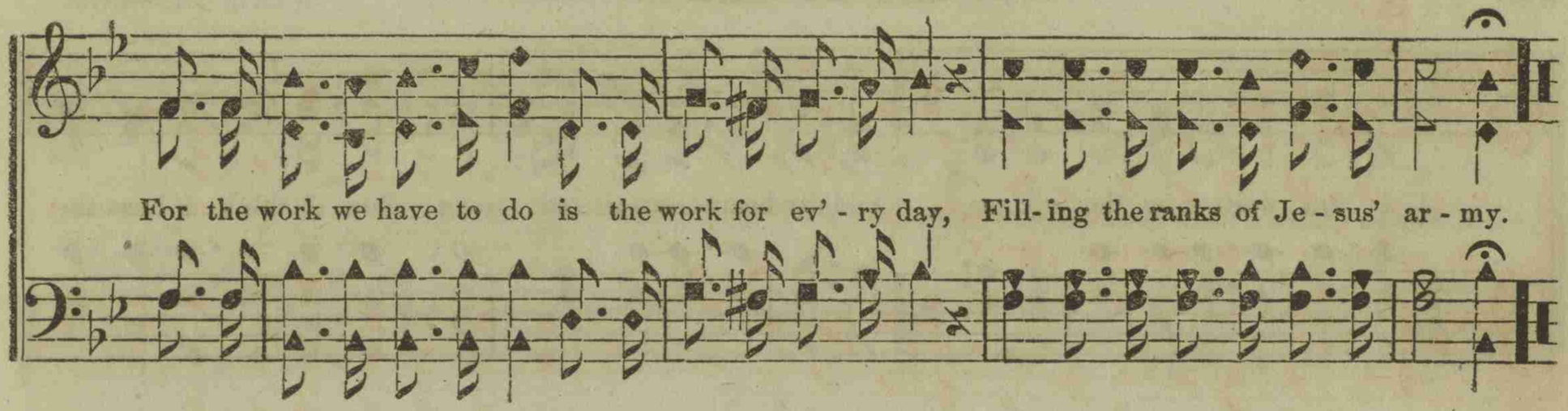
E. ROBERTS.

1. We've gather'd from the East, and we've gath-er'd from the West—Fill-ing the ranks of Je-sus' ar-my;
2. His cause we will sustain, and we'll la-bor as we go, Fill-ing the ranks of Je-sus' ar-my;

His praise up-on the lip, and his love with-in the breast— Fill-ing the ranks of Je-sus' ar-my.
Our Sav-ior will be near, and his aid he will bestow, Fill-ing the ranks of Je-sus' ar-my.

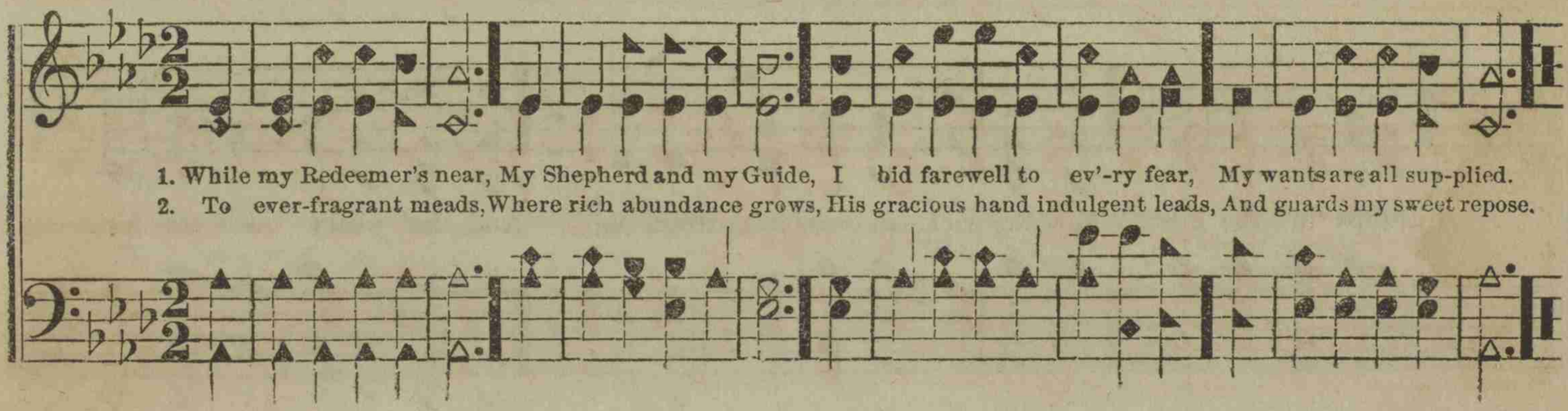
CHORUS.

Come all to-geth-er, Oh, come right a-long,— We must be ma-ny, and we must be strong;



3 Then let us all unite, and begin the work to-day,
Filling the ranks of Jesus' army;
The field is fully ripe—should the harvest-men delay,
Filling the ranks of Jesus' army.—*Chorus.*

4 Our banner's on the breeze, as our duty we pursue,
Filling the ranks of Jesus' army;
We're 'listed for the war—won't you come and help us through,
Filling the ranks of Jesus' army.—*Chorus.*

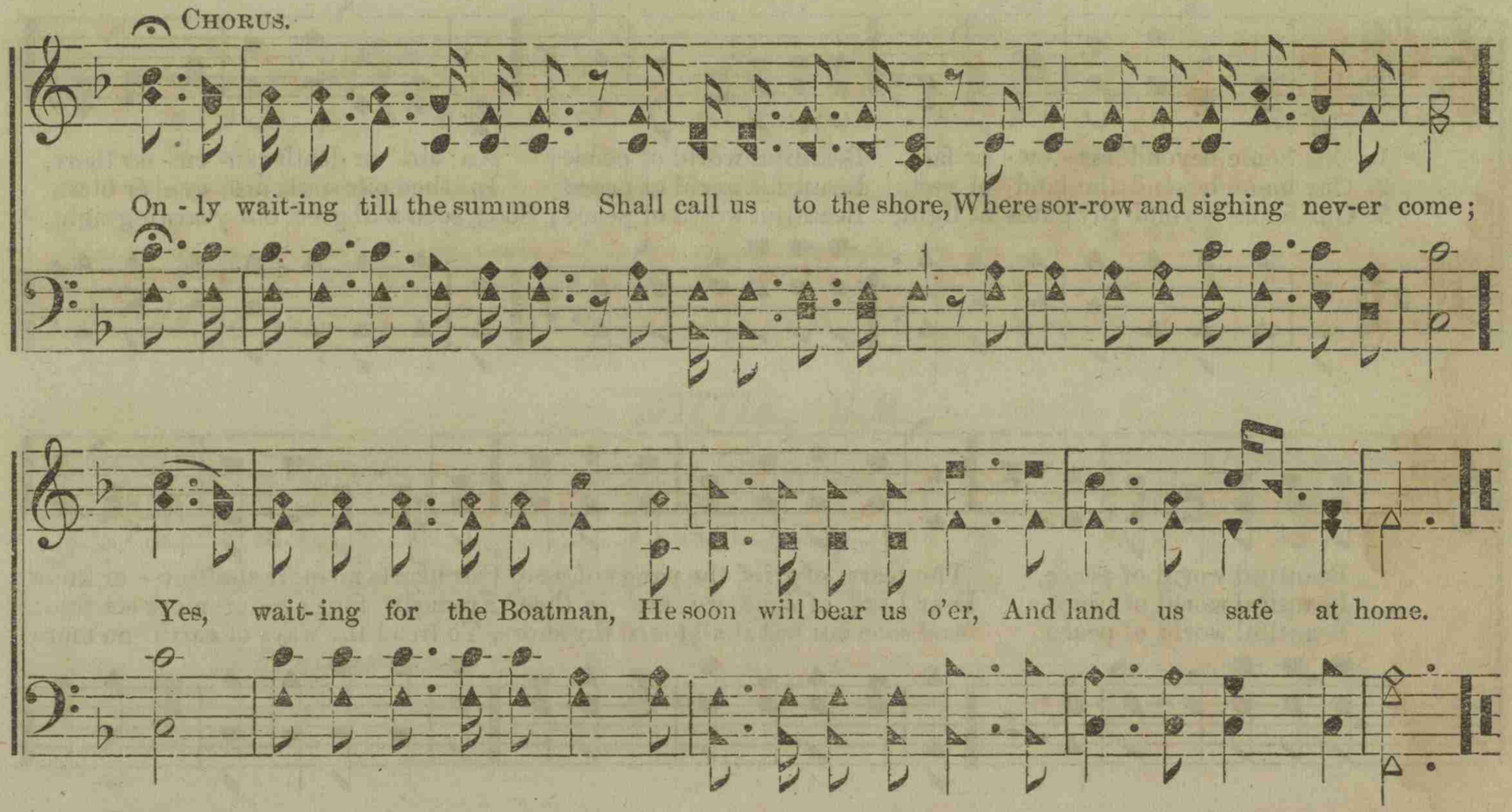
ENON.

WAITING BY THE RIVER.

Chorus and Music by
WYATT MINSHALL.

1. I am waiting by the riv - er, And my heart has wait - ed long; Now I think I hear the

cho-rus Of the an - gels' welcome song. O! I see the dawn is breaking, On the

hill-tops of the blest, Where the wick - ed cease from troubling And the weary are at rest.



2.

Far away beyond the shadows
Of this weary vale of tears,
There the tide of bliss is sweeping
Through the bright and changeless years.
O! I long to be with Jesus,
In the mansions of the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest.—*Chorus.*

3.

They are launching on the river,
From the calm and quiet shore,
And they soon will bear my spirit
Where the weary sigh no more.
For the tide is swiftly flowing,
And I long to greet the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest.—*Chorus.*

FANNY CHURCH.
From "LITTLE SOWER." by per.

BEAUTIFUL HOME BEYOND.

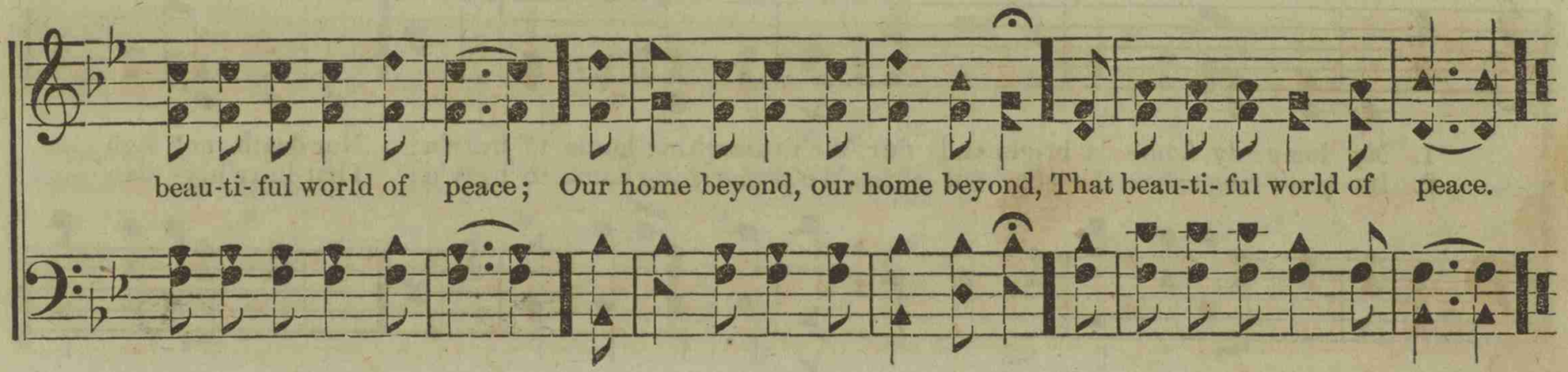
A. S. KIEFFER.

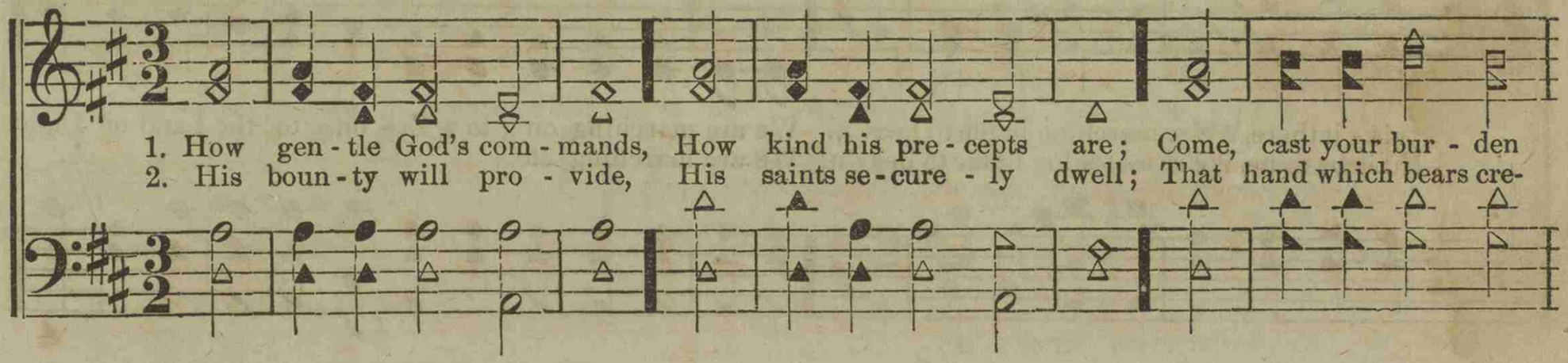
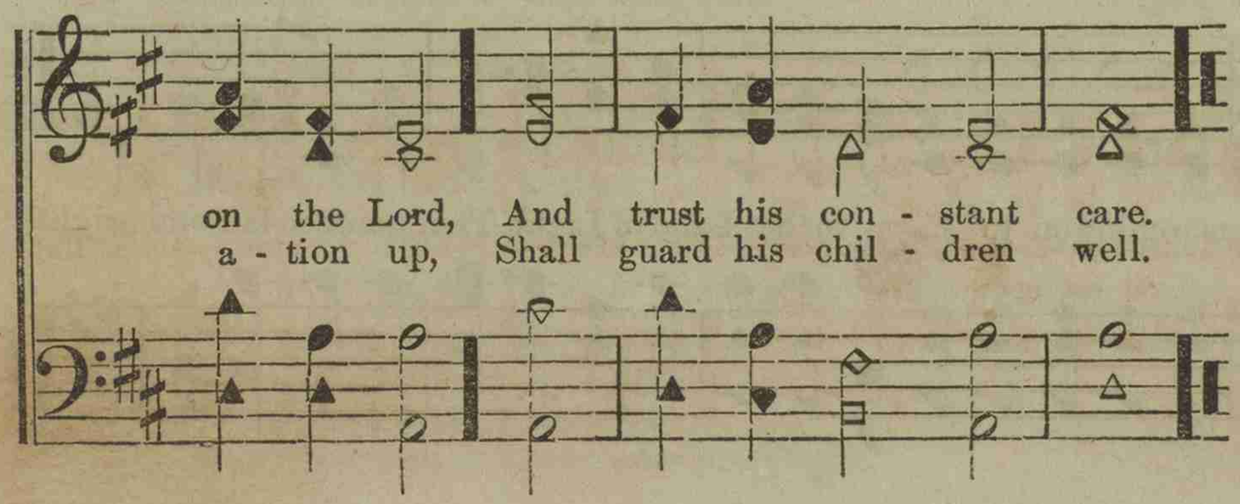
1. Our home beyond for - ev - er fair, Beautiful world of peace; No sin or death can en - ter there,
2. Our home beyond the land of rest, Beautiful world of peace; In thee our souls are ev - er blest,
3. Our home beyond thy gates of light, Beautiful world of peace; Soon, soon will greet our yearning sight,

Beautiful world of peace.
Beautiful world of peace.
Beautiful world of peace.

The tears of grief, the pangs of woe, Our hearts no more shall ev - er know;
Dear Lord of love, we are in thee, From sin for - ev - er- more set free;
And soon our feet shall touch thy shore, To tread the ways of earth no more;

CHORUS.

Our home beyond, our home beyond, Beautiful world of peace. Our home beyond, our home beyond, That

LOTTIE. S.M.



3.

Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind;
O seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

4.

His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

LAND OF LIGHT.

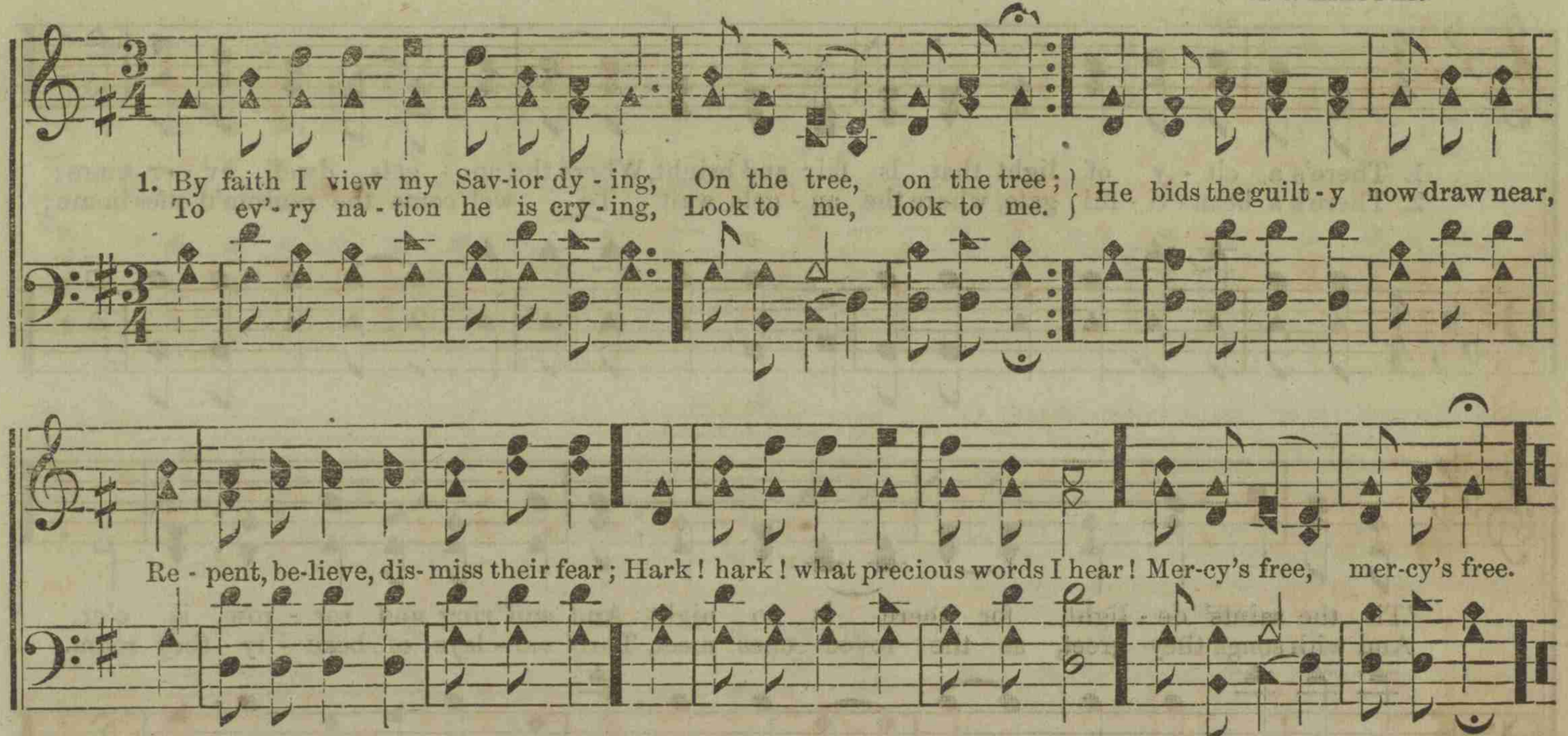
A. S. KIEFFER.

1. My heavenly home is bright and fair, We're marching home to heav'n; Nor death nor sigh - ing
2. Its glit-t'ring towers the sun out - shine, We're marching home to heav'n; That heav'nly man - sion

CHORUS.

vis - it there, We're marching home to heav'n. We are marching on to Zi - on, to the Land of Light,
shall be mine, We're marching home to heav'n. We are marching, etc.

Land of Light, Land of Light; We are marching on to Zi-on, to that Land of Light, That home so fair and bright.



2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, pity me?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin,
Can it be, can it be?
O, yes! he did salvation bring,
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

3 Jesus, the mighty God, hath spoken
Peace to me, peace to me;
Now all my chains of sin are broken,
I am free, I am free.
Soon as I in his name believed,
The Holy Spirit I received,
And Christ from death my soul retrieved,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

LAND OF LIGHT.—Concluded from opposite page.

3 My Father's house is built on high,
We're marching home to heav'n,
Above the arched and starry sky,
We're marching home to heav'n.—*Chorus.*

4 When from this earthly prison free,
We're marching home to heav'n,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be,
We're marching home to heav'n.—*Chorus.*

Chorus by
J. O. SPURGEON.

BEAUTIFUL GATE.

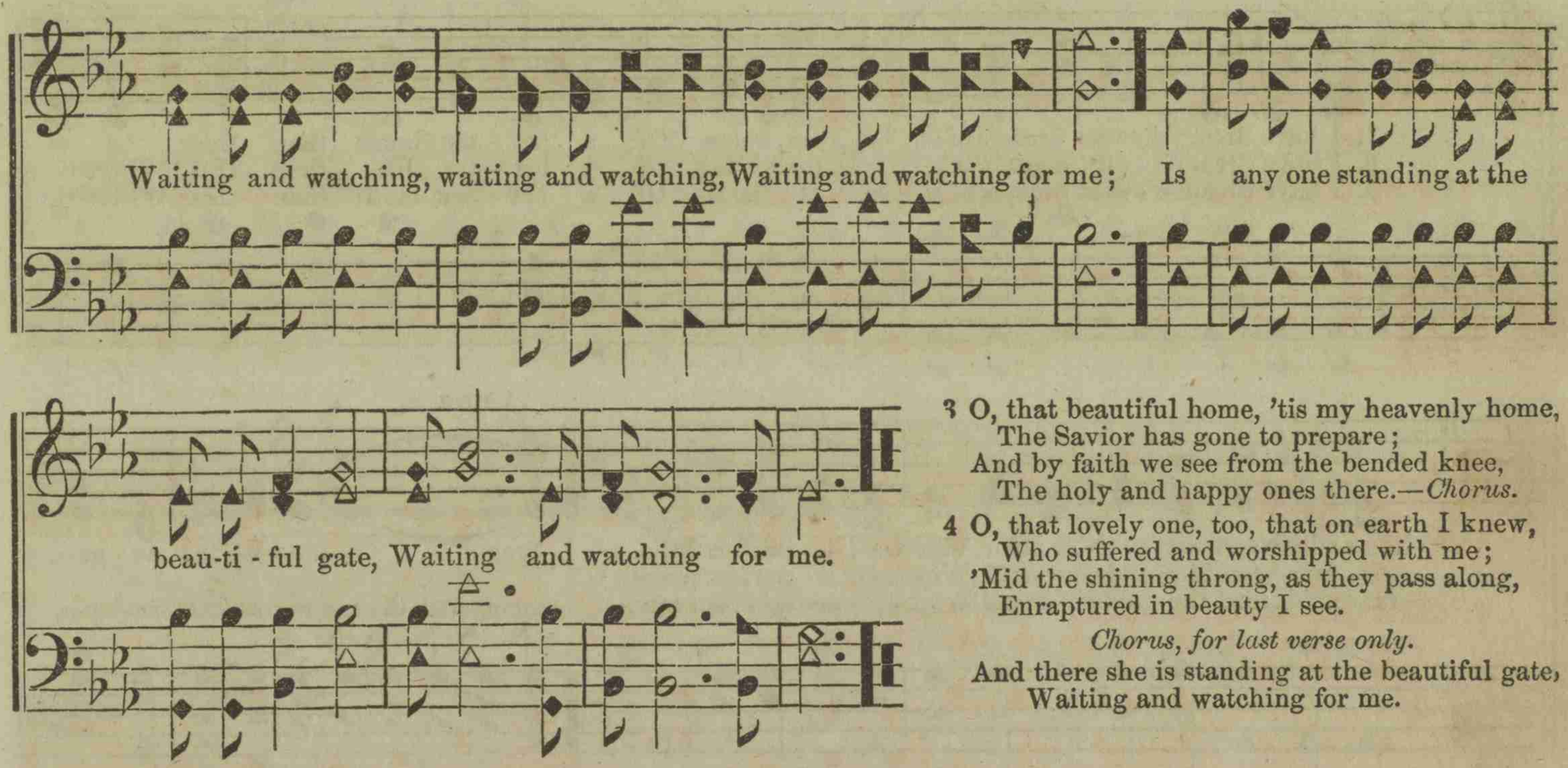
Words and Music by
G. R. STREET.

1. There's a cit - y of light that is fair and bright, Where the an - gels dwell ev - er- more;
2. There's a beau - ti - fūl gate, where the an - gels wait To wel- come the ransom'd ones home;

'Tis the saints' de - light, for there is no night, And suff'ring and sor - row is o'er.
And with songs they greet, as the loved ones meet, Thro' val - leys of beau - ty they roam.

CHORUS.

Is an - y one standing at the beau-ti - ful gate, Waiting and watching for me;

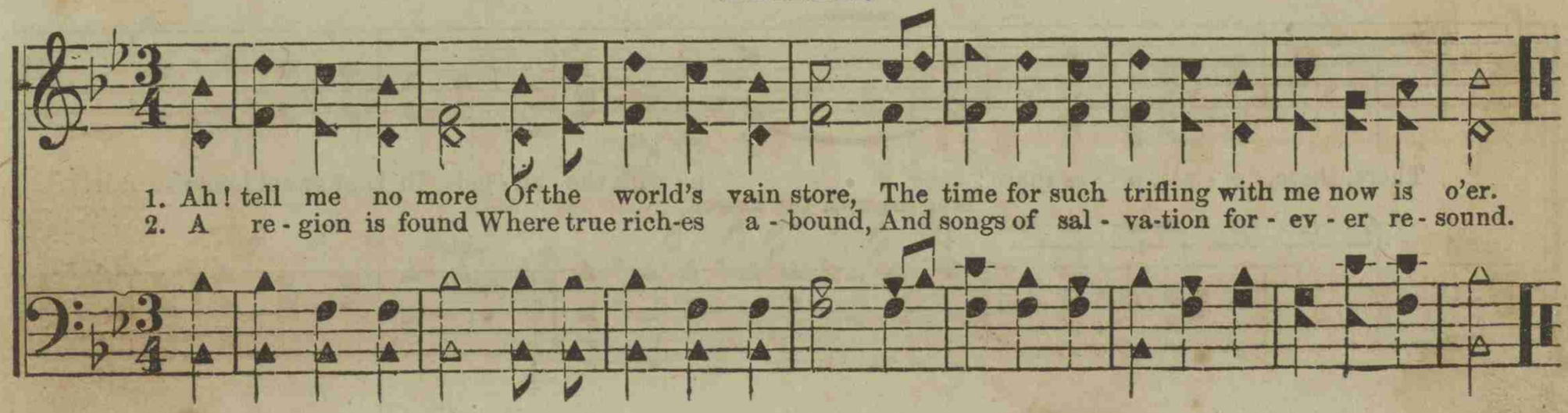


3 O, that beautiful home, 'tis my heavenly home,
The Savior has gone to prepare;
And by faith we see from the bended knee,
The holy and happy ones there.—*Chorus.*

4 O, that lovely one, too, that on earth I knew,
Who suffered and worshipped with me;
'Mid the shining throng, as they pass along,
Enraptured in beauty I see.

Chorus, for last verse only.

And there she is standing at the beautiful gate,
Waiting and watching for me.

ELMER.

Words by
E. A. HOFFMAN.

SINGING WITH THE ANGELS.

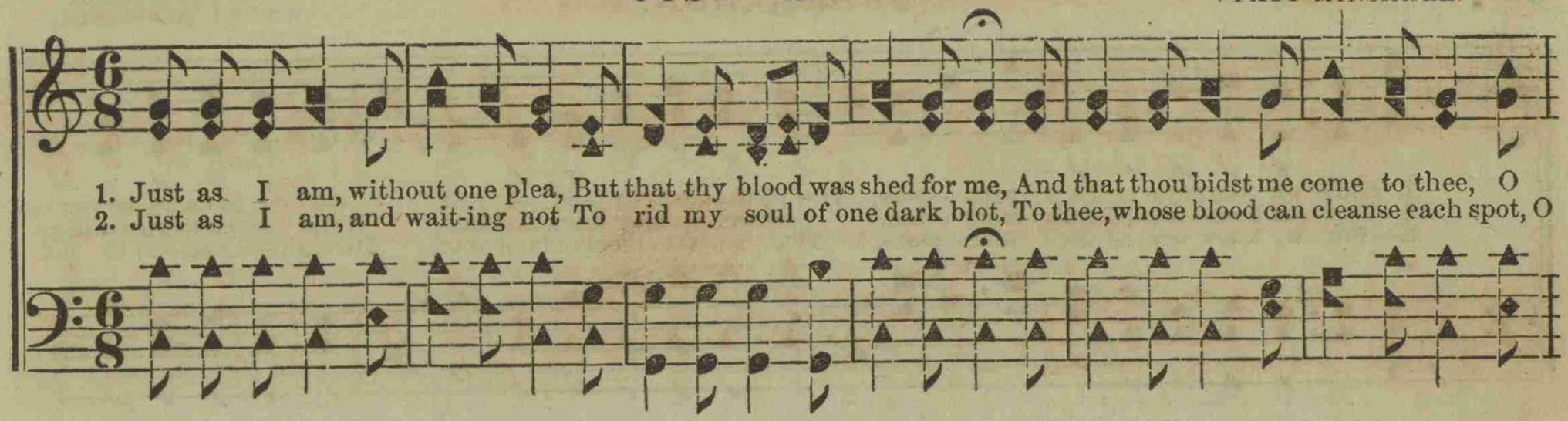
Music and Chorus by
A. S. KIEFFER.

1. I have dream'd sweet dreams of a bet - ter home, Of a bet - ter home than this; Of a
2. I have dream'd sweet dreams of a bet - ter life, Of a bet - ter life than this; Where there
3. I have dream'd sweet dreams of a bet - ter land, Of a bet - ter land than this; Where the

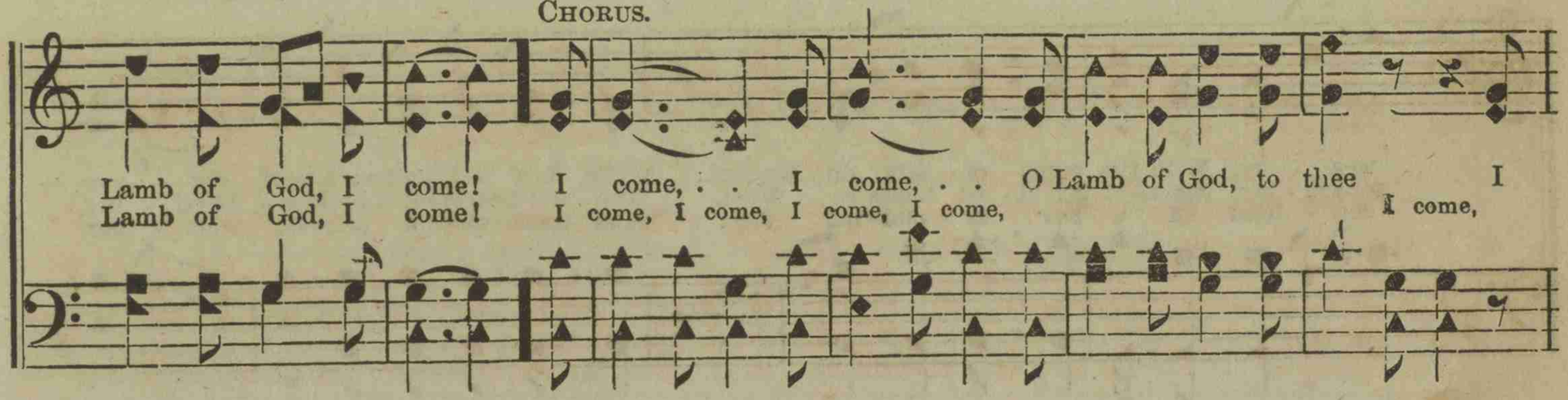
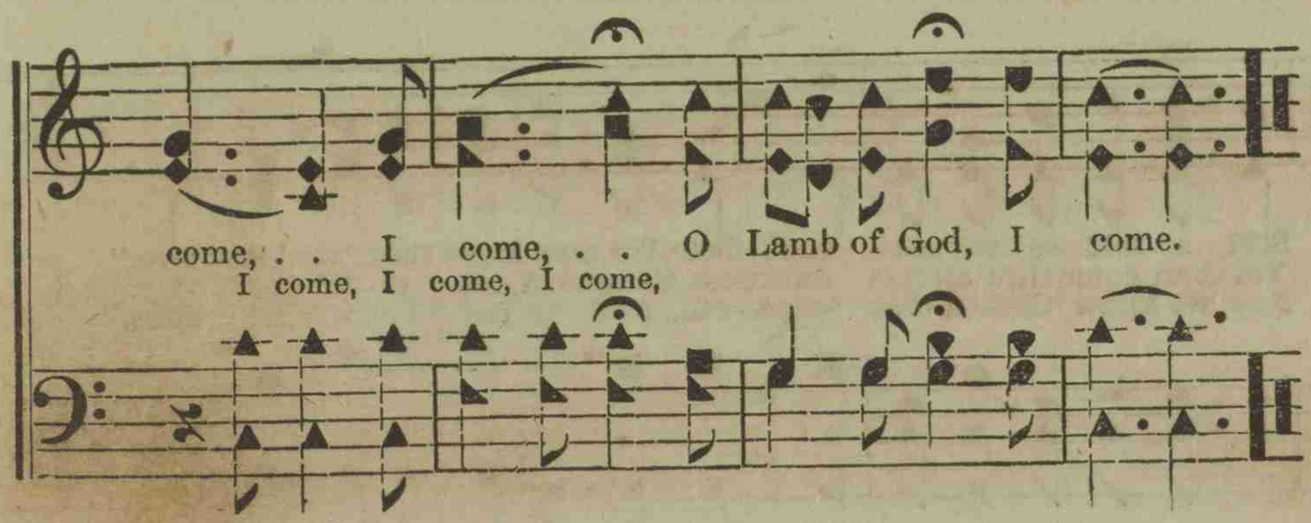
home where sorrows nev - er come, Where all is perfect bliss.
is no con-flict and no strife, Where all is perfect peace.
ransom'd tread the gold-en strand, Where joy shall never cease.

CHORUS.

Sing - ing with the an - gels,
Singing with the angels, with the an - gels,
There, there, o - ver, o - ver there; Sing - ing with the an - gels, In that sweet home so fair.
Sing-ing with the an-gels,



CHORUS.



3.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within and fears without,—
O Lamb of God, I come!—*Chorus.*

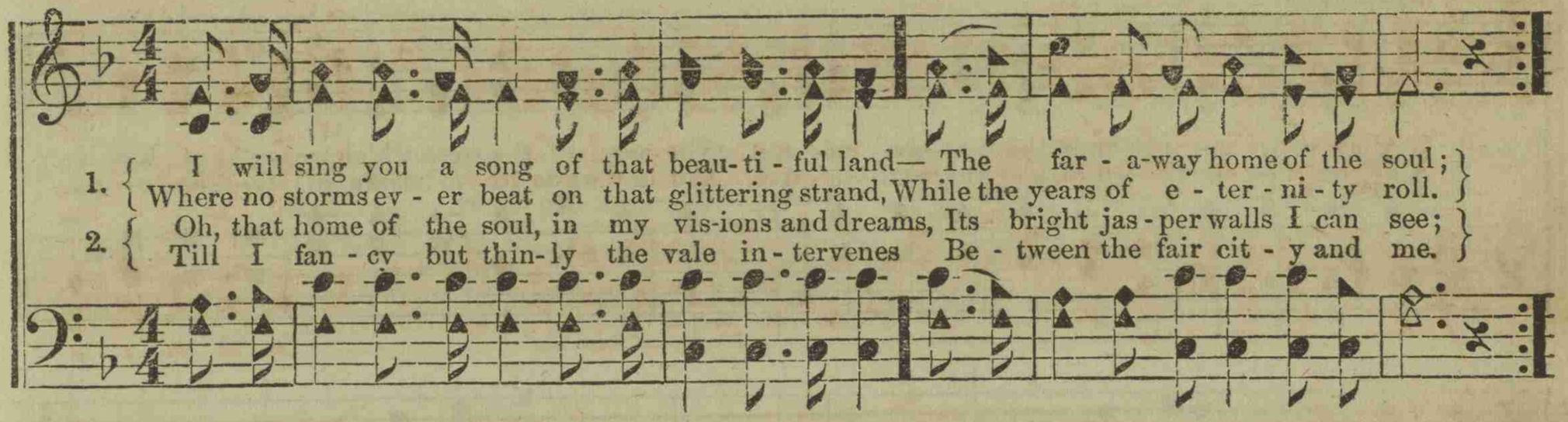
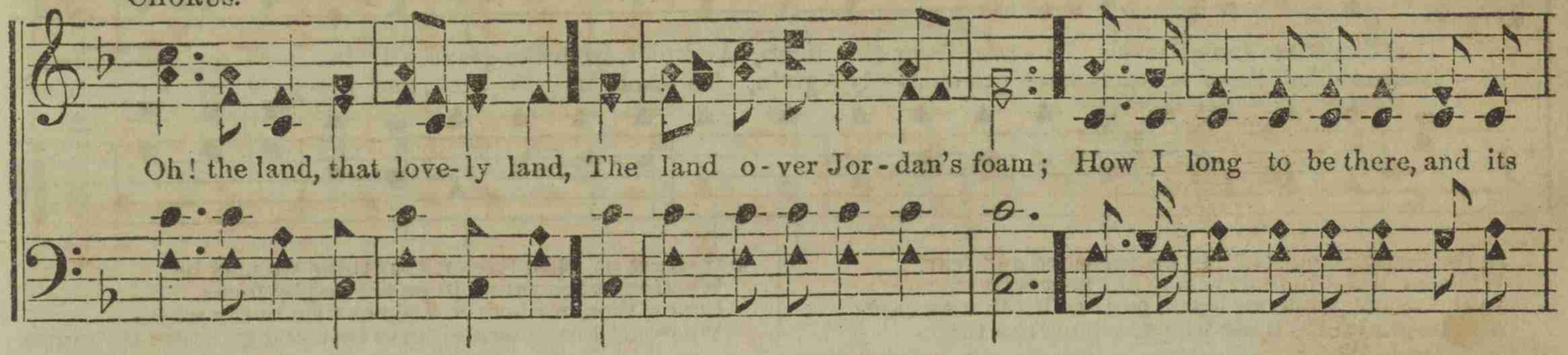
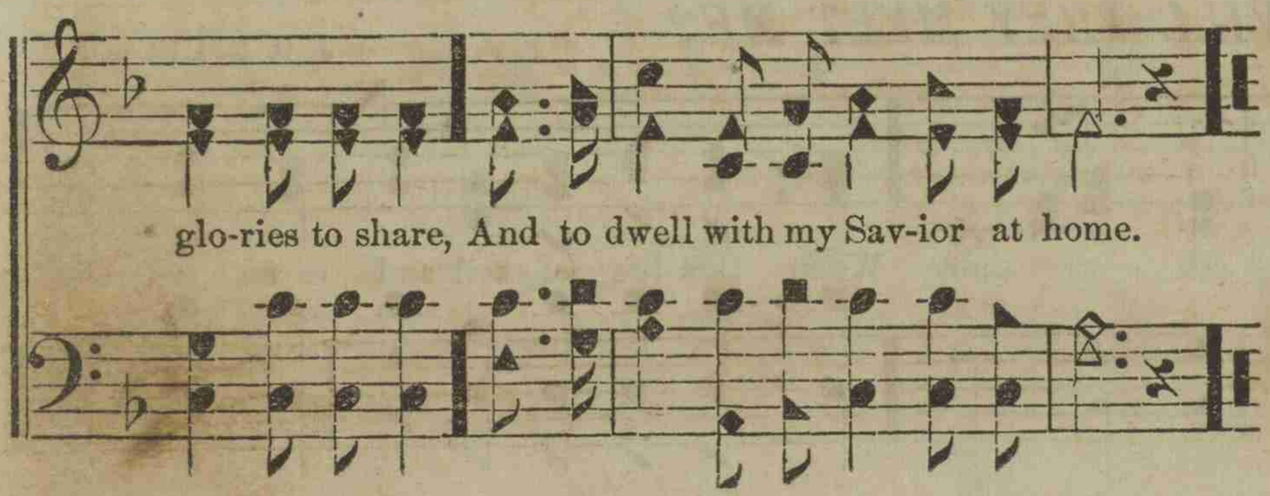
4.

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

SUBMISSION.

Words and Music by
WYATT MINSHALL.

1. While we journey o'er life's path - way, Tow'rd the heav'nly land of rest, Oft - en footsore, worn and wea' - ry, With the cares of life op - pressed; While, thro' toil, and care, and sor - row,
2. Tho' our house be fill'd with mourn - ing, Sorrows gath-er thick and fast, While we see stern death ap- proach - ing, Soon our bright - est hopes to blast. Tho' our hearts seem brok-en, bleed - ing,
3. For we know beyond the tem - pests, That so oft - en cloud our way, Dwells the loved one in the sun - light Of a nev - er - end - ing day; And there comes a gen - tle whis - per,

We must reach that home above; Still, a - mid se - ver-est con - flicts, We may know that "God is love."
As the dear one's borne a-way, Yet there come thro' all this darkness, Gleams of an e - ter - nal day.
"On - ly faint not, wea - ry one;" Now we know 'tis God that speak - eth, And we say, "Thy will be done."

CHORUS.

3 There the great tree of life in its beauty doth grow,
And the river of life floweth by;
For no death ever enters the city, you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.

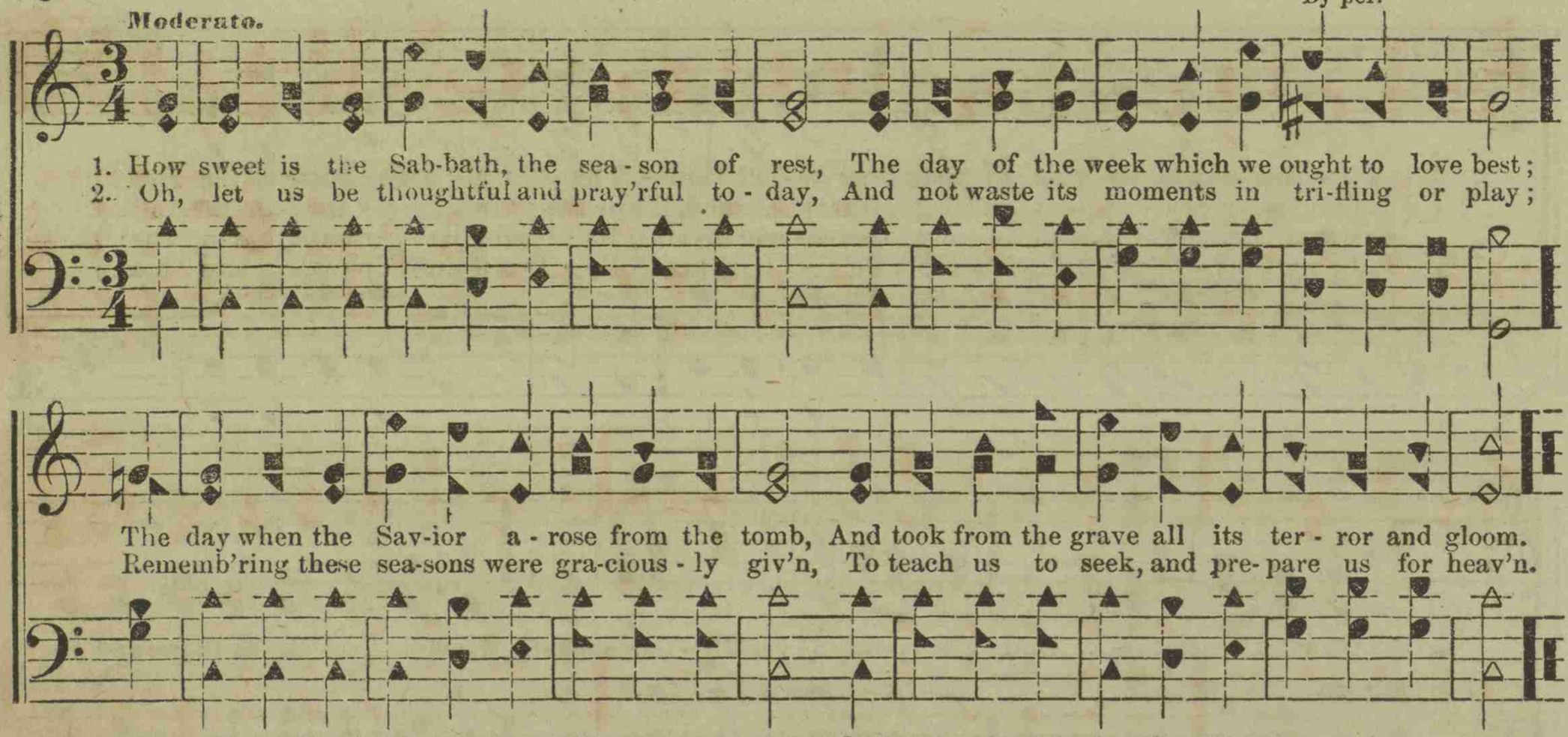
4 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

5 O, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
Which is free from all sorrow and pain;
There, with songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
For to meet one another again.

THE SABBATH.

Music by F. L. ARMSTRONG.
By per.

Moderato.



In the house of our God, in his presence and fear,
While we worship to-day, may our hearts be sincere;
In the school, while we learn, may we listen with care,
And be grateful to those who watch over us there.

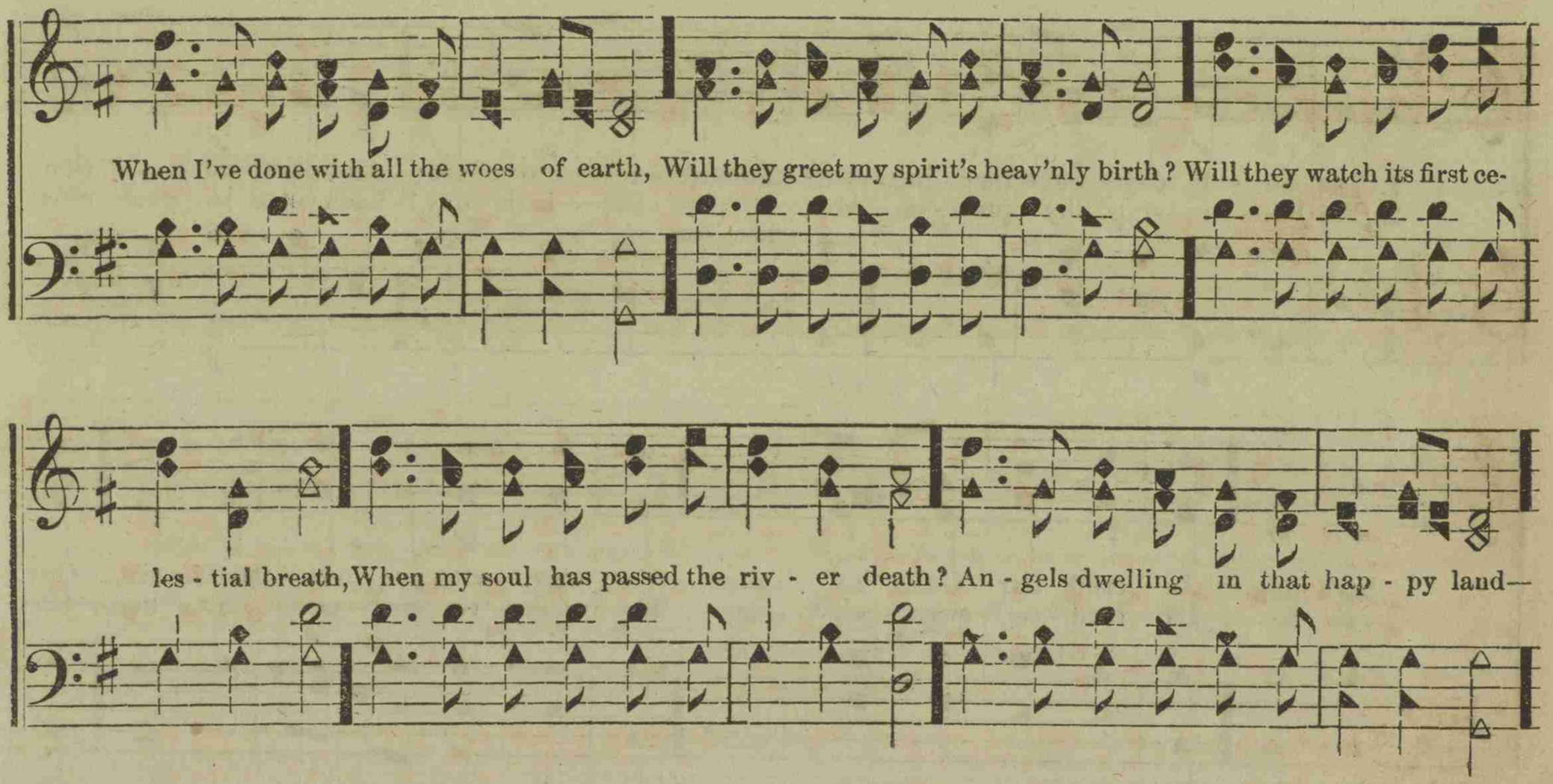
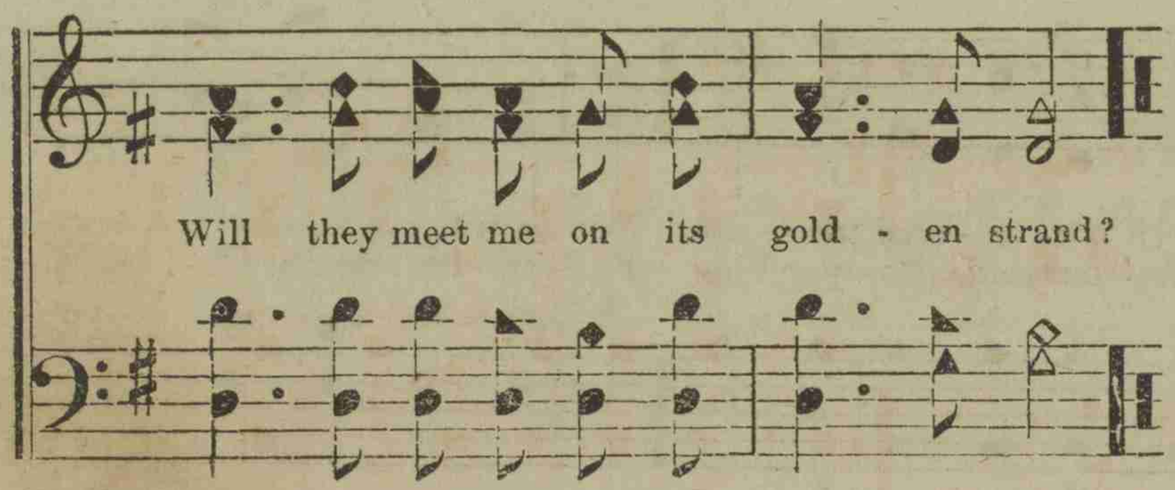
4 Instruct us, blest Savior, that thine we may be;
We are not too young to be noticed by thee;
Renew thou our hearts, keep us firm in thy ways,
We would love thee and serve thee and give thee thy praise.

WILL THEY MEET ME?

ELEANOR J. WILSON.

J. O. SPURGEON.

Slowly and Gently.



2 If the cold, dark waves of Jordan drear,
My recoiling soul should fill with fear,
And my trembling feet should, doubting, shrink,
As they near the lonely river's brink,—
Will their music sound across the wave,
To inspire and make my spirit brave?
Will their voices tell me, 'bove its roar,
That they're waiting on the other shore?

3 Will the souls of friends who've gone before
Come and meet me on the other shore?
And, with harps, their angel-voices raise,
In a heav'nly song of love and praise,
Till the news is echoed through heaven's dome,
That another soul is gathered home?
Dear departed ones, when life is o'er,
Will ye meet me on the other shore?

WELCOME TO THE SABBATH.

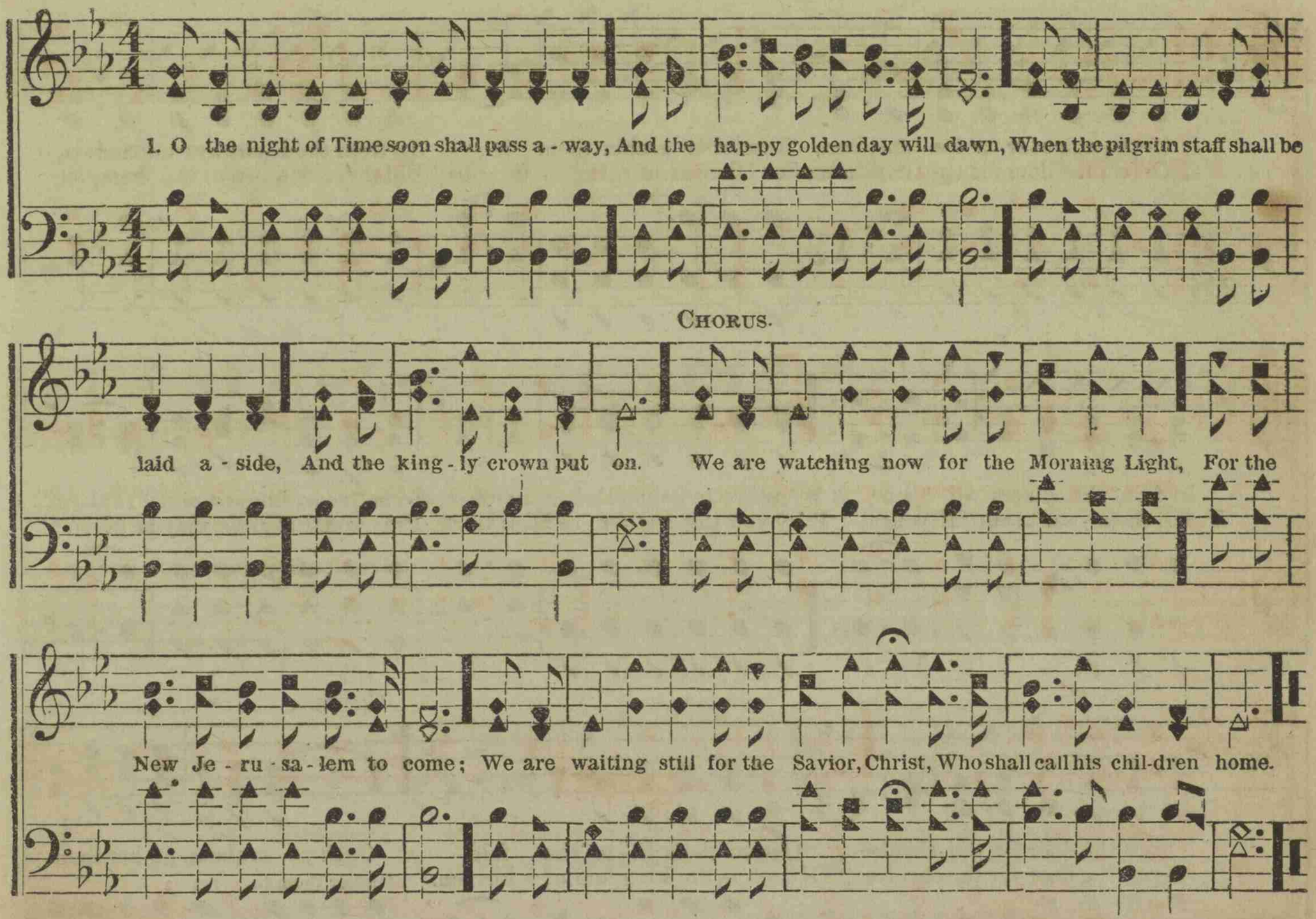
HENRY SHEPHERD.

1. The ho - ly day's re - turn - ing, Our hearts ex - ult to see; And with de - vo - tion
2. We join to sing thy prais - es, God of the Sab - bath day! Each voice in glad - ness

burn - ing, As - cend, our God, to thee; To - day, with pur - est pleas - ure, Our
rais - es Its loud - est, sweet - est lay; Thy rich - est mer - cies shar - ing, Oh!

thoughts from earth withdraw; We search for sa - cred treas - ure, We learn thy ho - ly law.
fill us with thy love; By grace our souls pre - par - ing For no - ble praise a - bove.

THE MORNING LIGHT.

Words and Music by
A. S. KIEFFER

2 O the happy day that shall gild the hills,
When the Lord shall come to earth again!
O the happy hearts that shall welcome him,
When he comes once more to reign —*Chorus.*

3 What a joyful time when the earth shall gleam
In the light of an eternal day,
When the saints shall sing unto Christ their King,
In their golden, glad array.—*Chorus.*

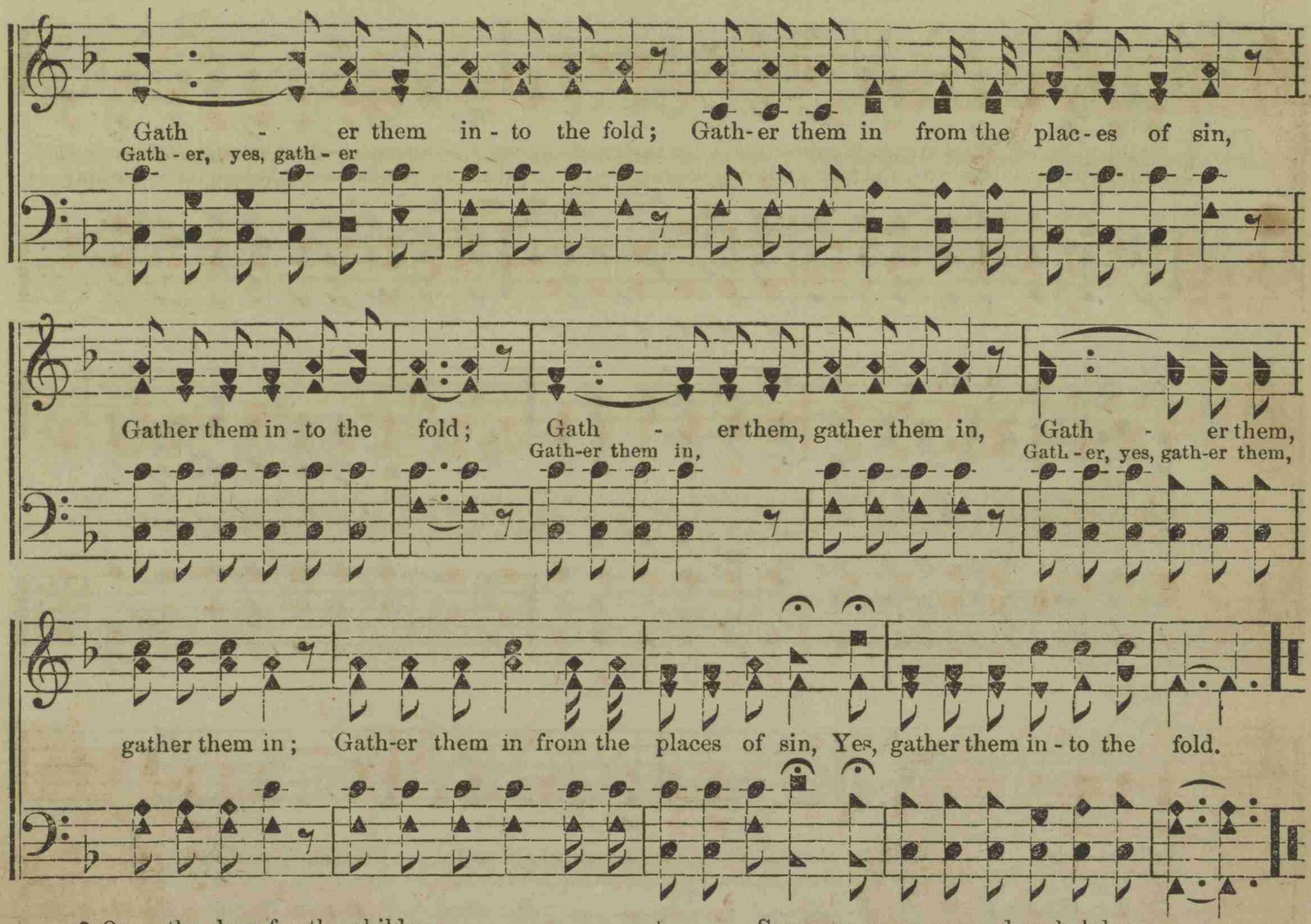
GATHER THEM IN.

Music by
WYATT MINSHALL

1. O- pen the door for the children, Tender-ly gather them in; In from the highways and hedges,
2. O- pen the door for the children; See! they are coming in throngs; Bid them sit down to the banquet,

In from the places of sin; Some are so young and so helpless, Some are so hungry and cold,—
Teach them your beautiful songs. Pray you the Father to bless them, Pray you that grace may be given;

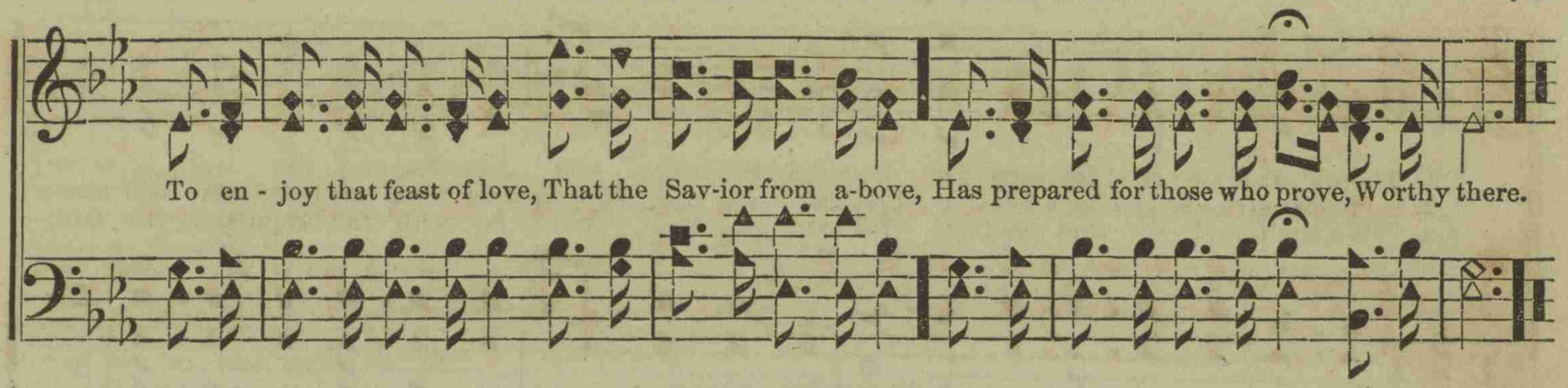
CHORUS.

O-pen the door for the children, Gather them in-to the fold. Gath - er them, gather them in,
O-pen the door for the children, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Gather them in, yes,

3 Open the door for the children,
Take the dear lambs by the hand;
Point them to truth and to Jesus,
Point them to heaven's bright land.
Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold;
Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold.—*Chorus.*

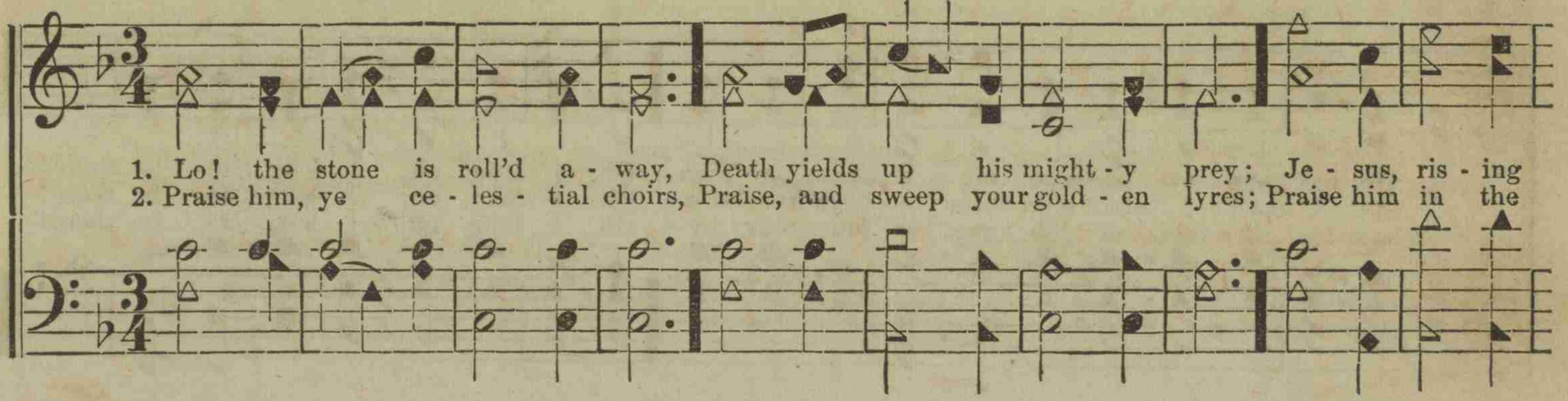
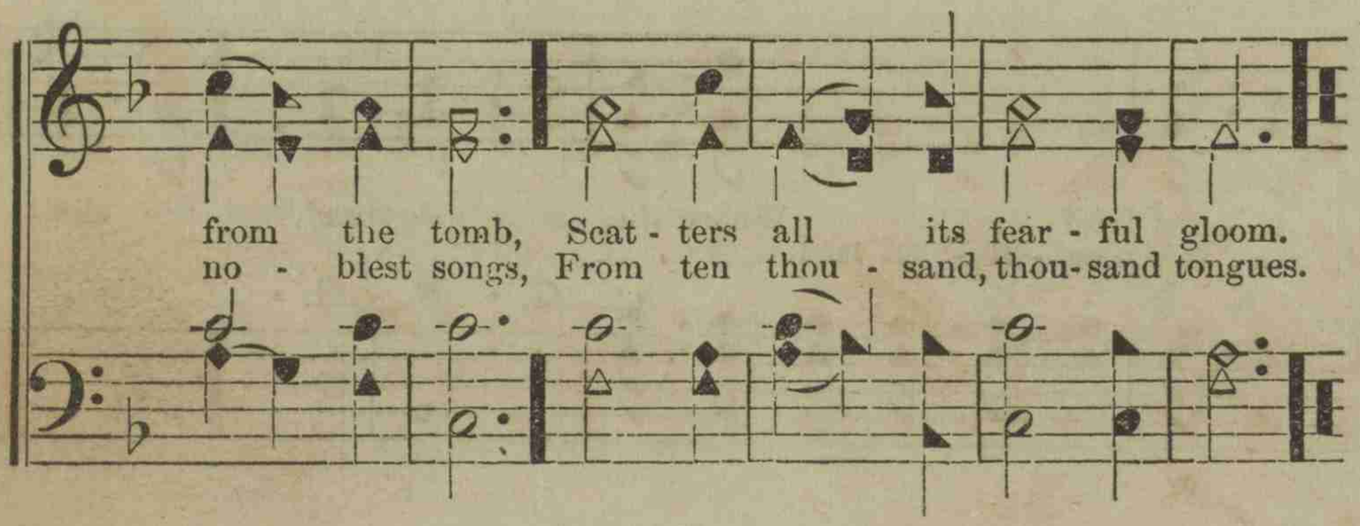
1. Child of sorrow, child of care, Wouldst thou learn thy griefs to bear, And es- cape from ev'ry snare? Trust in God.
2. Painful days, and months, and years, Gloomy doubts, distracting fears, In this darksome vale of tears, We may see,

Hu-man strength is weak and vain, Let not sin its pow'r regain, Humbly ask and help ob- tain, From thy God.
But the Lord will lead us on, He will nev - er leave his own, Till we reach his shining throne, Safely there.

CHORUS.

We'll be there, we'll be there, When the Lord of glo - ry calls us, we'll be there,
We'll be there, we'll be there, we'll be there, we'll be there When the Lord of glo ry calls us, We'll be there, we'll be there,

SEABURY. 7s.

F. L. ARMSTRONG. by per.



3.
Every note with rapture swell,
And the Savior's triumph tell;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

4.
Let Immanuel be adored,
Ransom, Mediator, Lord!
To creation's utmost bound,
Let the eternal praise resound.

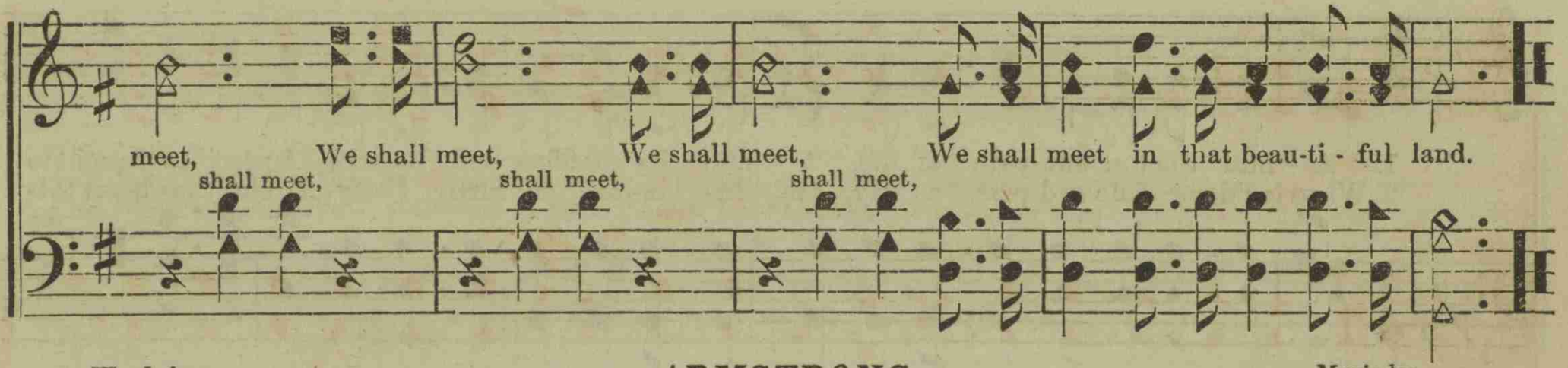
THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

H. E. ENGLE

1. There's a beau - ti - ful land far be-yond the sky, And Je - sus, my Sav - ior, is there;
2. I have friends who have gone to that land on high, They are free from all sor - row and care;
3. We shall meet in that beau - ti - ful land on high, And be with the bright and the fair;

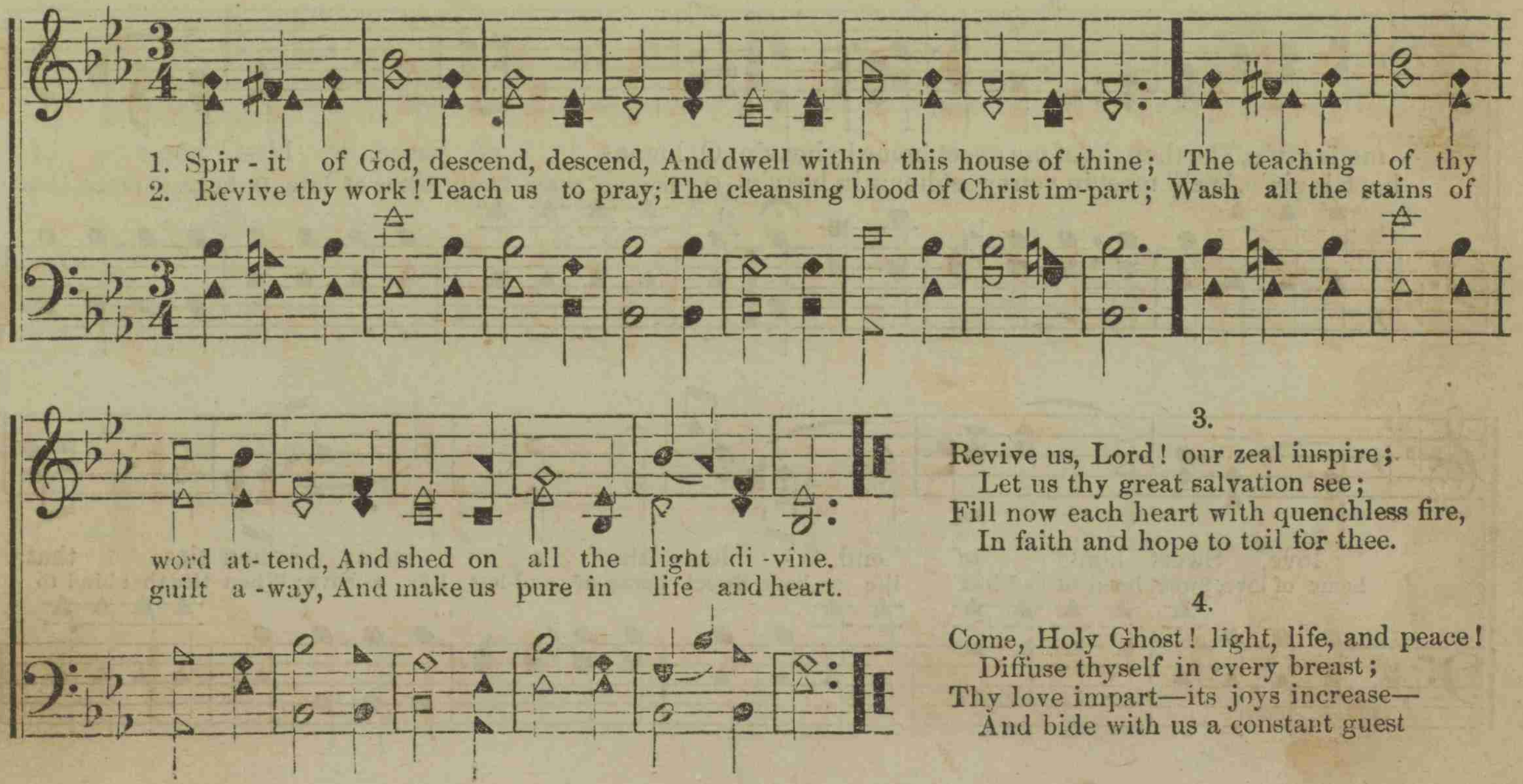
He has gone to pre-pare me a home on high— Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!
And I trust I shall meet them a - bove the sky— Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!
Where the wa - ters of life sweet - ly mur - mur by— Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!

CHORUS.

In that beau - - - ti - ful land, Where the an - gels stand, We shall
beau - ti - ful land, In that beau - ti - ful land,

Words by
J. J. REED.

ARMSTRONG.

Music by
JNO. R. SWENEY, M. B.



3.

Revive us, Lord! our zeal inspire;
Let us thy great salvation see;
Fill now each heart with quenchless fire,
In faith and hope to toil for thee.

4.

Come, Holy Ghost! light, life, and peace!
Diffuse thyself in every breast;
Thy love impart—its joys increase—
And bide with us a constant guest

Words by
E. A. HOFFMAN.

MY SWEET HOME IN HEAVEN.

J. H. TENNEY.
From "THE EVERGREEN."

1. A - mid the toil and pain of life, A - mid its conflicts and its strife, A precious thought to
2. When lov'd ones fade and pass a - way, And, left a -lone, on earth I stay; To cheer my heart this

CHORUS.

me is giv'n, The thought of my sweet home in heav'n. O, home of peace. blest home of
hope is giv'n, We'll meet in yon sweet home in heav'n. O, home of peace, blest home of love, O home of peace, blest

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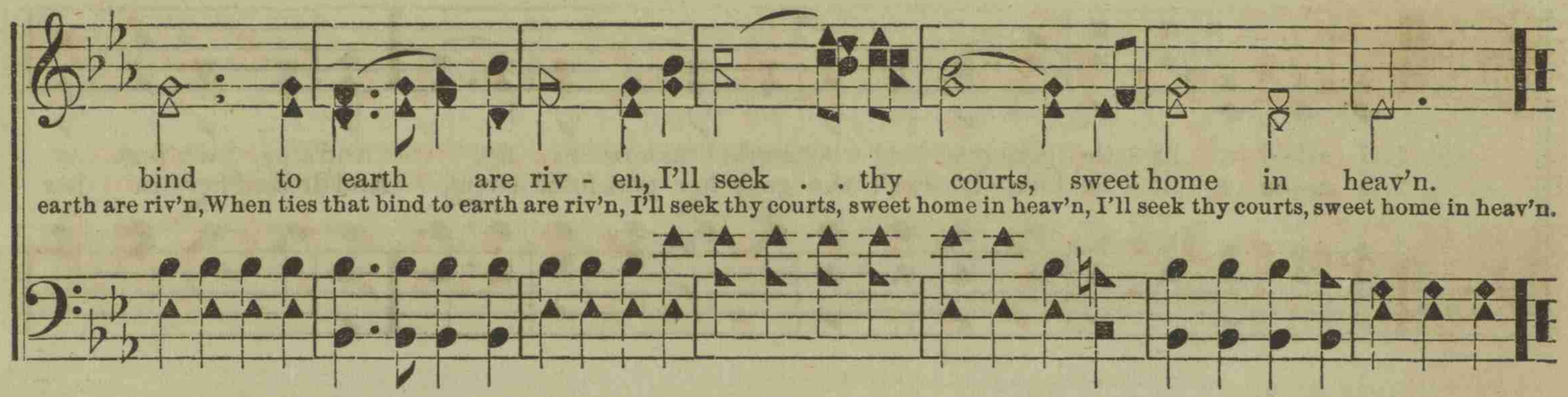
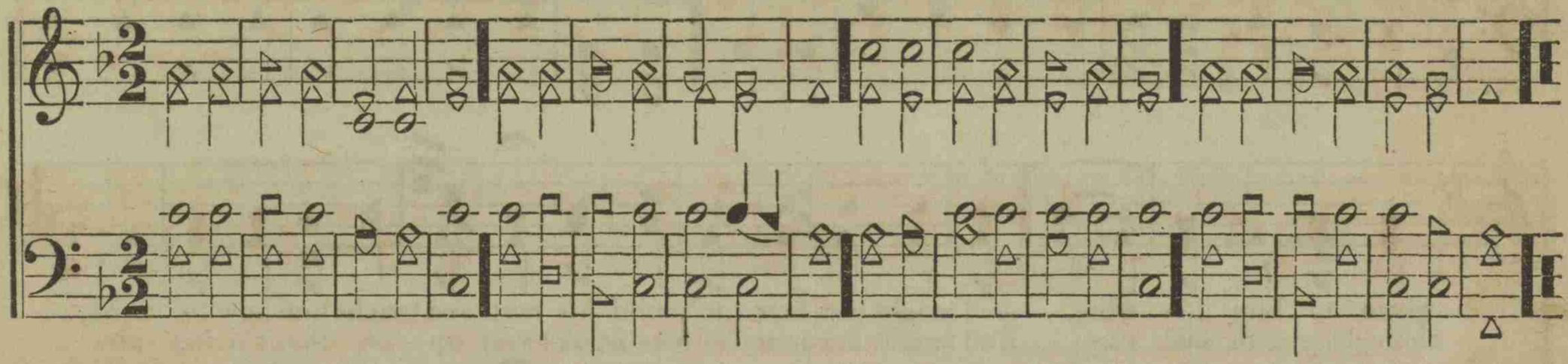
love, Sweet home of end - less life a - bove; When ties that
home of love, Sweet home of end-less life a - bove, Sweet home of end-less life a- bove; When ties that bind to

3 We'll see our Savior as he is,
Enjoy his love and aste his bliss,
And endless life will there be given
In yonder peaceful home in heaven.—*Chorus.*

4 No more we'll reach the parting hand,
In yonder bright and happy land;
No more will sad farewells be given
In yonder blessed home in heaven.—*Chorus.*

EVONA.

HENRY SHEPHERD.

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,—
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Soon for us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

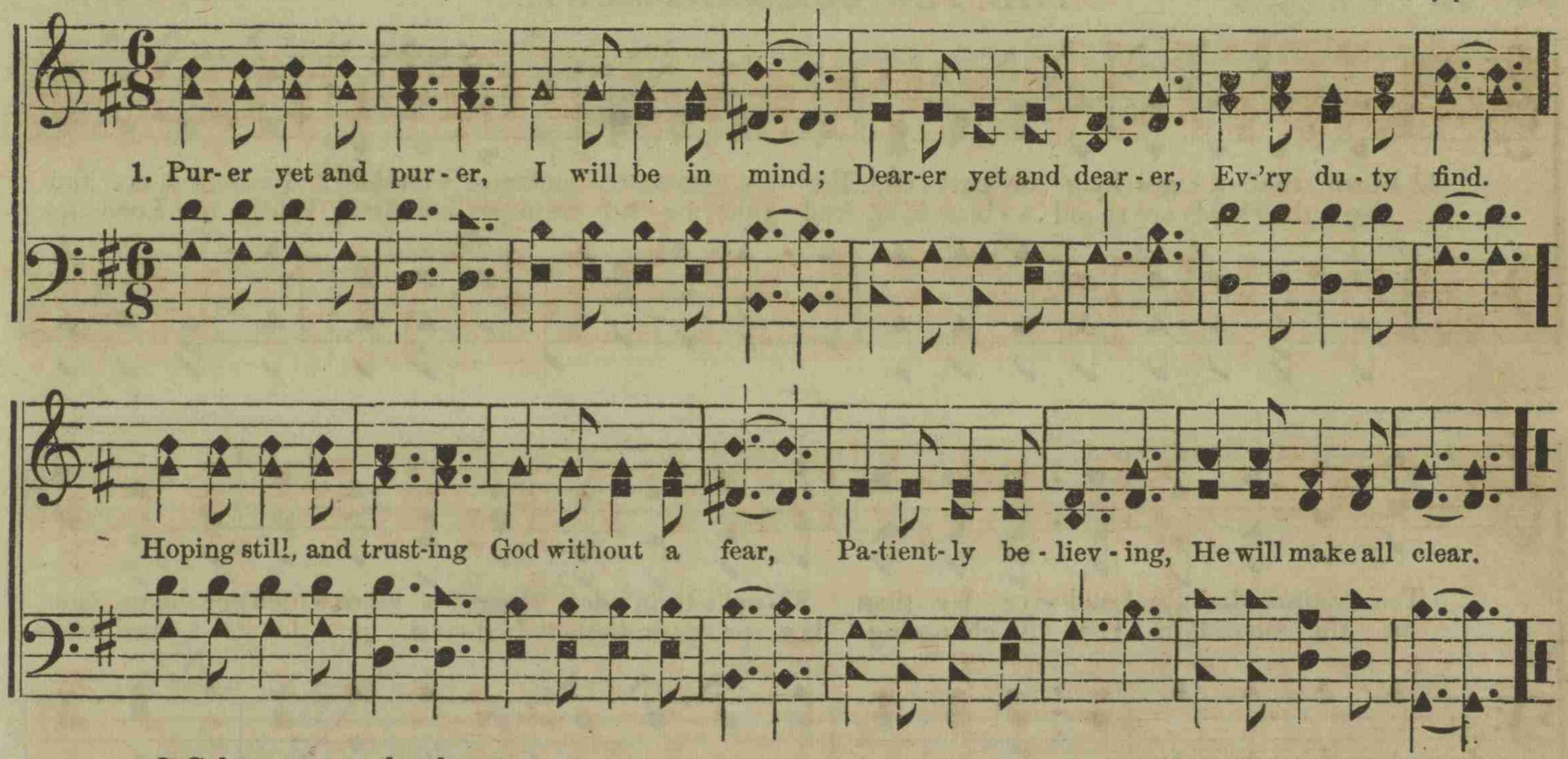
THE GREAT TEACHER.

F. L. ARMSTRONG. by per.

1. I asked a lit - tle joy - ous bird who taught him how to fly, And sing such pret - ty lit - tle songs in the bright blue morn-ing sky; And he told me it was God who had given to him his wing, And taught him how to build his nest, and taught him how to sing.
2. I asked a lit - tle love - ly flow'r who gave her per- fume sweet, And dressed her in her vel - vet coat so beau - ti - ful and neat; And she told me it was God who had clothed her with such care, And taught her how to breathe so sweet up - on the ev'n- ing air.

PURER I WOULD BE.

J. H LESLIE. by per.



2 Calmer yet and calmer,
Trials bear and pain;
Surer yet and surer,
Peace at last to gain.
Suff'ring still, and doing,
To his will resigned;
And to God subduing,
Heart, and will, and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher,
Out of clouds and night;
Nearer yet and nearer,
Rising to the light:
Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and holy,
Sanctified and blest.

THE GREAT TEACHER.—*Concluded from opposite page.*

3.

I asked the little twinkling star who taught him how to shine,
And run with such a steady pace along his proper line;
And he told me it was God who bade him shine so bright,
And trim his little tiny lamp to cheer the winter night.

4.

Since all things, then, look up to God, the flower, the star, the bird,
And all obey his holy laws, and listen to his Word;
I too, although a child, will try his bidding to obey,
That I may learn to please him too, and serve as well as they.

MRS. E. M. H. GATES.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

S. J. VAIL.

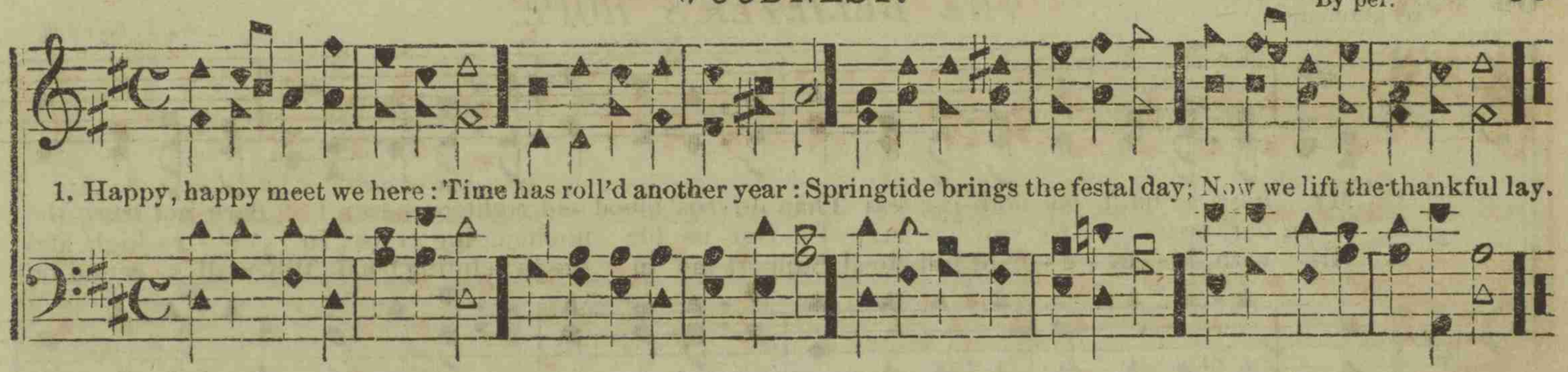
1. Down the a - ges long de-part - ed, For a moment look and won-der; Lis - ten to the
2. See! the clouds are round a - bout him, And the aw - ful trum-pet soundeth, While the Lord up-

Ten Commandments, Loud - er far than Si - nai's thun - der, Hear a voice which speaks to thee,
on the moun-tain, His un-chang-ing law pro-pound-eth, "Jeal - ous is thy God, and thou

"Thou shalt have no God but me;" Hear a voice which speaks to thee, "Thou shalt have no God but me."
To an i - dol shalt not bow;" "Jea-lous is thy God, and thou To an i - dol shalt not bow."

WOODNEST.

F. L. ARMSTRONG.
By per.



2.

Thanks for daily mercies given,
Crown'd with Sabbath light from heav'n,
Thanks to God, who gives us breath;
Thanks to God, who saves from death.

3.

Happy, happy meet we here—
Parents, pastors, teachers dear;
All, with gladsome heart and voice,
Share with us our festive joys.

4.

Thanks to God for parents kind
Thanks for friends with hearts inclin'd
Thus to guide us in the road
Leading safely up to God.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS. *Concluded from opposite page.*

3 Lo! he rides upon the tempest!
Death and hell themselves do fear him!
All the worlds he hath created!
When he speaketh let us hear him!
"Never shalt thou take the name
Of the Lord, thy God, in vain!"

4 Standing by the quaking mountain,
All the hosts of Israel tremble!
In the presence of the Holy
Who can trifle or dissemble?
Thou shalt mind the Sabbath day,—
"Keep it holy," hear him say.

5 King of kings, Jehovah! Jireh!
Thou art God—there is no other,—
From of old we hear thee saying,
"Thou shalt honor father, mother,
That thy days full long may be
In the land God gives to thee."

6 Awful words from Sinai sounding,
Who shall question or gainsay them?
Like the lightnings are his glances,
Who shall dare to disobey them?
There "Thou shalt not kill" was writ,
"Nor adultery commit."

7 Lo! he looks through all disguises:
Tears each flimsy vail asunder!
Like the lightnings are his glances,
And his voice is like the thunder!
And to us he doth reveal,
This his will, "Thou shalt not steal."

8 No false witness 'gainst thy neighbor
Shalt thou bear: and thou shalt never
Covet ought that he possesseth,
Saith the God who lives forever.
The great God who, from on high,
Waits to judge thee by-and-by.

From "THE BRILLIANT."
By permission.

THE BELIEVER'S HOPE.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the
2. When darkness seems to veil his face, I rest on his unchang-ing grace; In ev'-ry high and
3. His oath, his cov-e-nant and blood, Support me in the 'whelming flood; When all a-round on

CHORUS.

sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name. On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand, On
storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the vale.
earth gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.

Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand.

THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

F. L. ARMSTRONG. By per.

1. Un-furl the Temp'rance Banner, And fling it to the breeze, And let the glad ho - san - na Sweep
2. Come, join the no - ble ar - my; En - list now for the fight; Main-tain our na-tion's hon - or, Firm

o - ver land and seas: To God be all the glo - ry For what we now be - hold—
stand ye for the right; Promote the cause of temp'rance, T'as-sist poor fall - en man;

Oh! let the cheering sto - ry In ev - 'ry ear be told.
Put on the glorious ar - mor; Be fore-most in the van

3.
Then rally round the standard,
And let the work go on
Until the last dim vestige
Of intemperance is gone:
Be earnest in the battle,
Your weapons boldly wield;
You'll surely gain the victory,
And make the monster yield.

From "Songs of Worship," Part I. by per. of the author.

"SWEEPING THRO' THE GATES."

Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE.

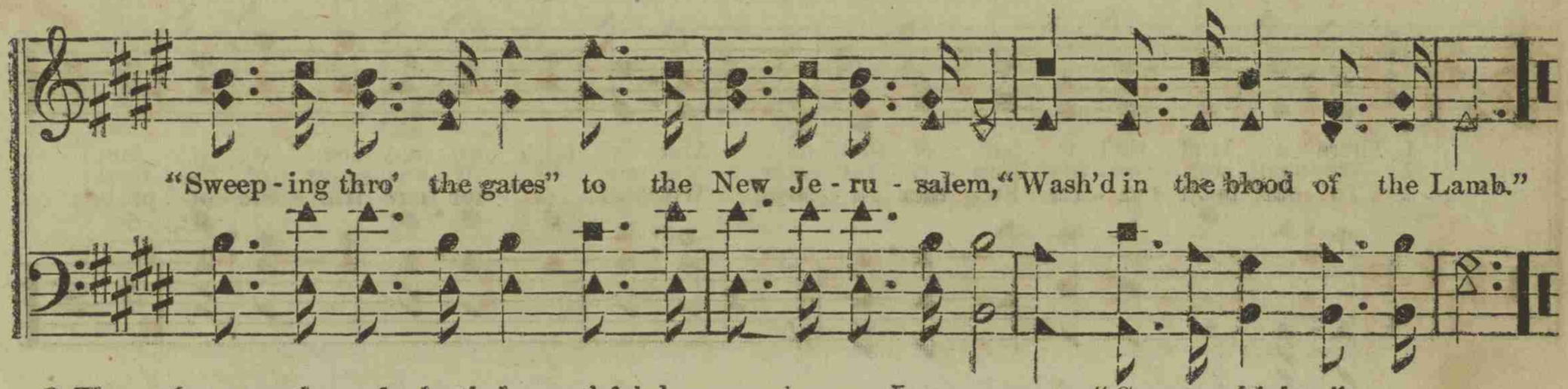
1. Who, who are these be - side the chill - y wave, Just on the bor - ders of the si - lent grave,

CHORUS.

Shouting Je - sus' pow'r to save, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the

New Je - ru - sa - lem, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb,

in the blood of the Lamb,



2 These, these are they who in their youthful days
Found Jesus early, and in wisdom's ways,
Proved the fullness of his grace,
Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

3 These, these are they who in affliction's woes,
Ever have found in Jesus calm repose,
Such as from a pure heart flows,
Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

4 These, these are they who in the conflict dire,
Boldly have stood amid the the hottest fire,
Jesus now says "Come up higher,"
Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

5 Safe, safe upon the ever-shining shore,
Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow all are o'er;
Happy now and evermore,
"Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb."

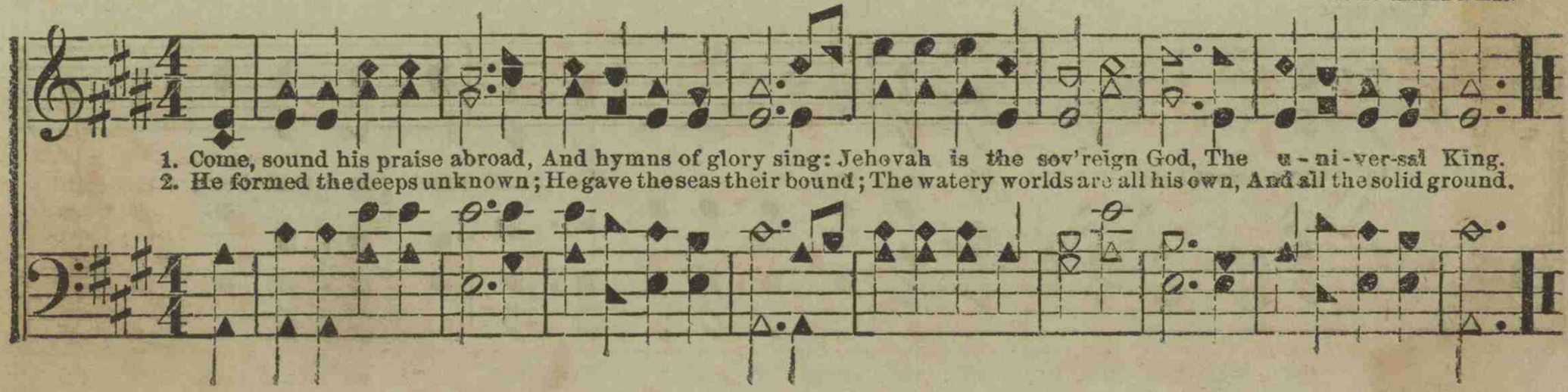
6 May we, O Lord, be now entirely thine,
Daily from sin be kept by power divine,
Then in heav'n the saints we'll join,
"Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb."

CHO. { *Sweeping thro' the streets of the New Jerusalem*
"Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb."

CHO. { *Sweeping thro' the streets of the New Jerusalem,*
"Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb."

COGSWELL.

A. S. KIEFFER.



THE SWEET BY-AND-BY.

J. P. WEBSTER.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we may see it a - far;
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, To me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest;
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise;

For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwell - ing-place there.
And our spir - its shall sor - row no more— Nor sigh for the bless - ings of rest.
For the glo - ri - ous gift of his Son, And the bless - ings that hal - low our days.

CHORUS.

In the sweet by - and - by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful

In the sweet by - and - by, In the sweet by - and - by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful

shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.

shore, by-and-by, In the sweet by-and-by, In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.

DARLINGTON.

C. E. POLLOCK

1. The Prince of sal-va-tion in tri-umph is rid-ing, And glo-ry at-tends him a-long his bright way:
2. Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Sav-iour; Let thousands of thousands sub-mit to thy reign,
3. Then loud shall as-cend, from each sanctified na-tion, The voice of thanksgiving, the cho-rus of praise;

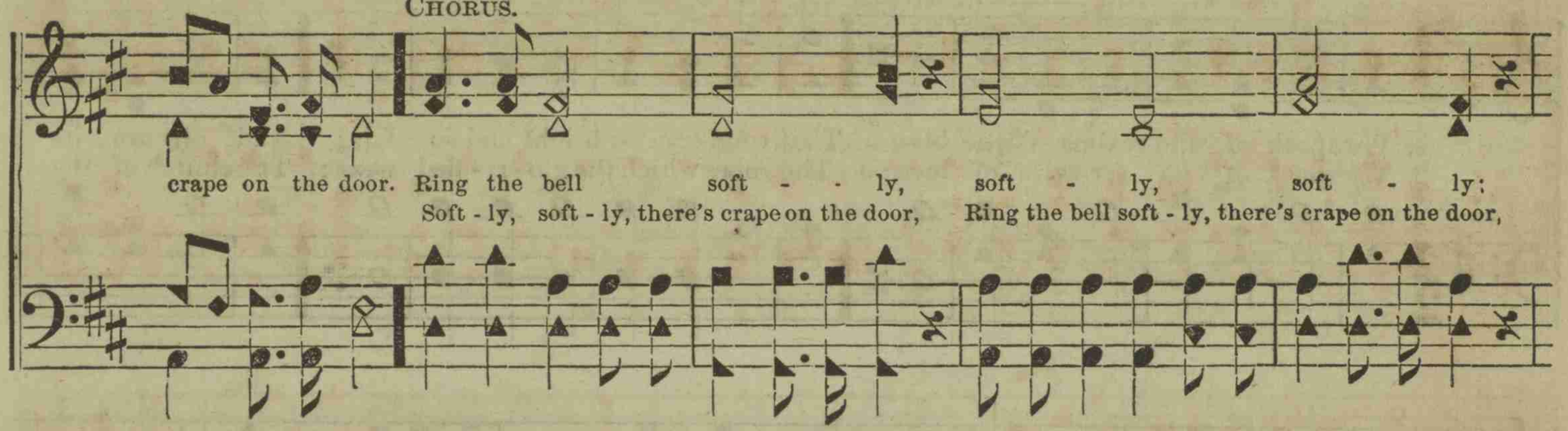
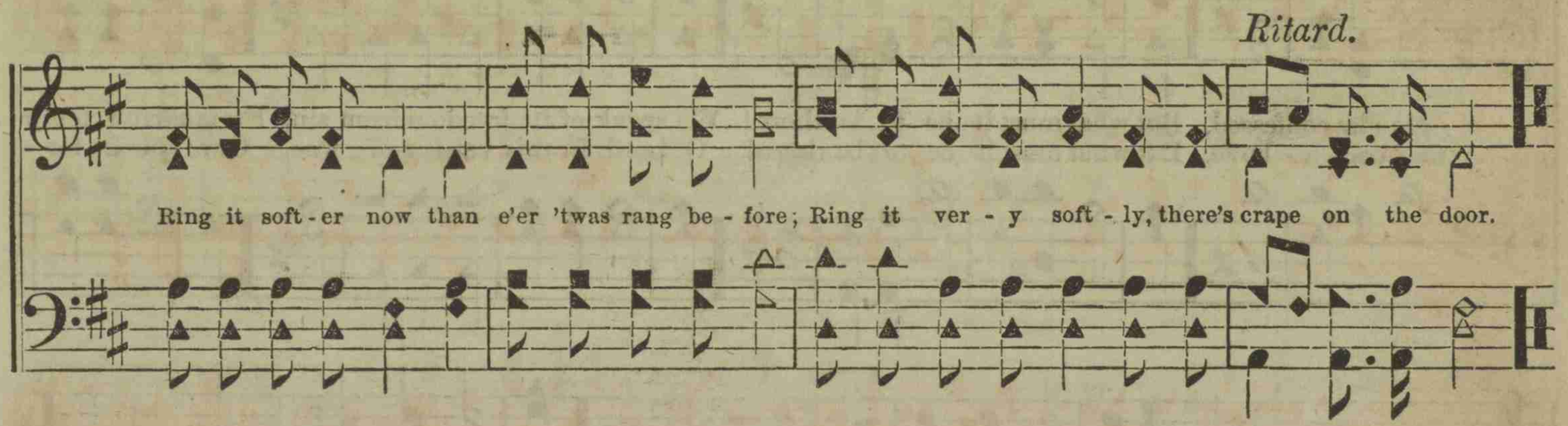
The tid-ings of grace on the breez-es are glid-ing, And na-tions are own-ing his sway
Ac-knowledge thy goodness, en-treat for thy fa-vor, And fol-low thy glo ri-ous train.
And heav'n shall re-ech-o the song of sal-va-tion, In rich and me-lo-di-ous lays.

RING THE BELL SOFTLY.

sic by WYATT MINSHALL.

1. Some one has gone from this strange world of ours; No more to gather its thorns with its flowers; No more to lin - ger where sun-beams must fade, Where on all beau - ty death's fin - gers are laid; Wea - ry with mingling life's bit - ter with sweet; Wea - ry with parting and nev - er to meet; Some one has gone to the bright golden shore, Ring the bell softly, there's

CHORUS.



2.

Some one is resting from sorrow and sin,
Happy where earthly strife enters not in;
Joyous as birds when the morning is bright,
When the bright sunbeams have brought us their light;
Weary with sowing and never to reap,
Weary with labor, and welcoming sleep;
Some one's departed to heaven's bright shore,
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

3.

Angels were anxiously longing to meet
One who walks with them on yon golden street;
Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest,
Free from all trials and taking sweet rest.
Yes, there's another in angelic bliss,
One less to cherish, and one less to kiss;
One more departed to heaven's bright shore,
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

REALMS OF THE BLEST.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun-try so bright and so fair; And oft are its
2. We speak of its ser-vice of love; The robes which the glo-ri-fied wear; The church of the

glo-ries confessed, But what must it be to be there! We speak of its freedom from sin, From sorrow, temp-
first-born a-bove, But what must it be to be there! O Lord, in this val-ley of woe, Our spir-its for

ta-tion and care; From tri-als with-out and with-in; But what must it be to be there!
hea-ven pre-pare; And short-ly we al-so shall know, And feel what it is to be there!

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

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

those that rest, A - sleep with - in the tomb. Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My
tem - pests cease, And sur - ges swell no more. Then, O my Lord, pre - pare

CHORUS.

soul for that great day; Oh, wash me in thy pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way!
My soul for that great day, Oh, wash me in thy pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way!

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

4 A few more Sabbaths here.
Shall cheer us on our way;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath day.

5 'Tis but a little while,
And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign

Words by BONAR.

THE VOICE OF JESUS.

Music by T. C. O'KANE. by per.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"Come un-to me and rest, Lay down, thou wea - ry
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"Be-hold, I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter,
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"I am this dark world's light; Look un - to me, thy

CHORUS.

one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast," I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea-
thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink and live." I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of
morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright." I looked to Je - sus, and I found In

ry and worn and sad, I found in him a rest - ing place, And he hath made me glad.
that life - giv - ing stream; My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in him.
him, my Star, my Sun; And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all my jour - ney's done.

JESUS MY SAVIOUR.

A. S. KIEFFER.

CHORUS.

1. { Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, Je - sus is my Sav - iour, / He whom I fix my hopes up - on, Je - sus is my Sav - iour. } I'm go-ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more, Je - sus is my Sav - iour.

2 His track I see, and I'll pursue,
Jesus is my Saviour,
The narrow way, till him I view,
Jesus is my Saviour.—*Chorus.*

3 This is the way I long have sought,
Jesus is my Saviour,
And mourned because I found it not,
Jesus is my Saviour.—*Chorus.*

PENTONVILLE. S. M.

LINLEY.

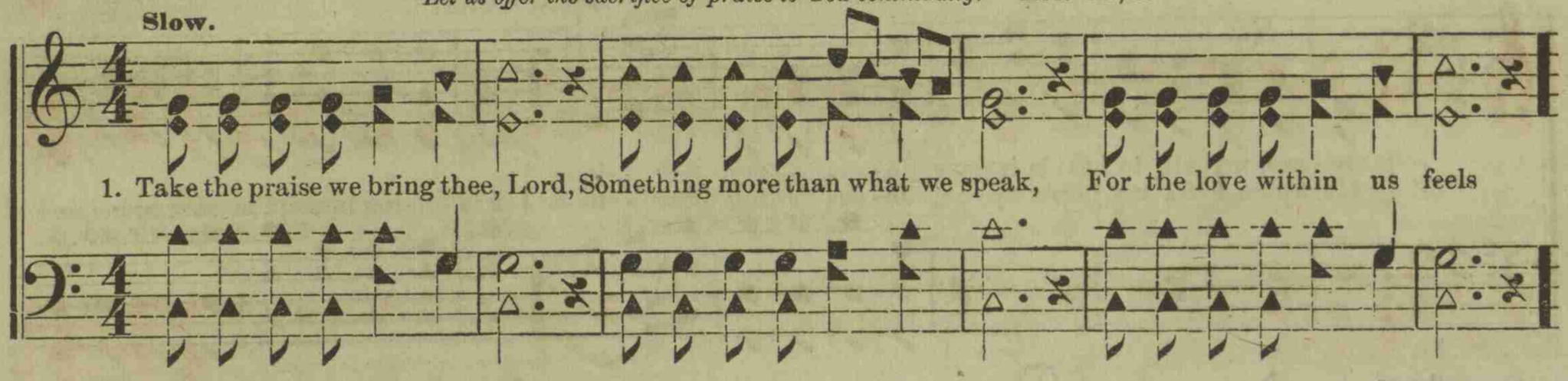
1. To bless thy chosen race, In mercy, Lord, incline; And cause the brightness of thy face On all thy saints to shine.
2. That so thy wondrous way May through the world be known · While distant lands their homage pay And thy salvation own.

TAKE THE PRAISE WE BRING TH

J. H. ROSECRANS.

"Let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually."—Heb. xiii, 15.

Slow.



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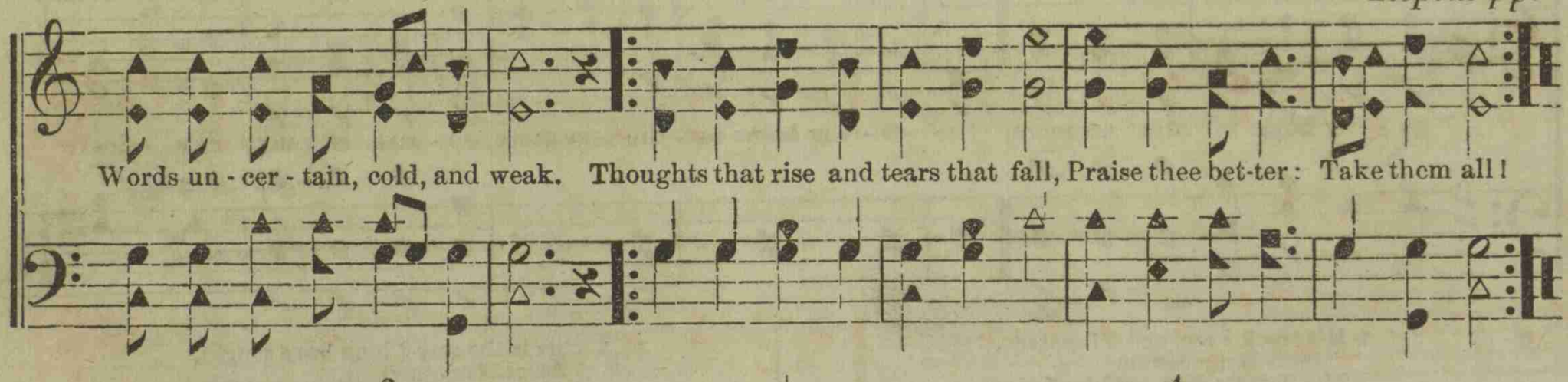

2.

Looking back the way we've come,
What a sight, O Lord, we see!
All the failure in ourselves,
All the love and strength in thee.
Yet it seemed so dark before,
Would that we had trusted more!

3.

We will shun no future storm,
Sure thy voice is in its wind;
We'll confront each coming cloud,
Sure the sun is bright behind:
Praying then, or praising now,
Only wilt thou teach us how!

4.

Use us for thy glory, Lord,
In the way that seemeth right,
Whether but to wait and watch,
Or to gird our limbs and fight,
Marching on, or standing still,
Each is best, when 'tis thy will.

5.

When at last the end shall come,
What, O Lord, is death but this,
Door of our dear father's home,
Entrance into perfect bliss,
Peril past, and labor done,
Sorrow over, peace begun!

1. Look to Je - sus, wea - ry one, Full of an-guish, full of grief; He will com - fort, he a-
2. See, the lov - ing Sav - ior stands, Pleading for thy fond embrace; Trust thy-self to Je - sus'

lone, Has the balm for thy re - lief. Look to him in thy de-spair, Rest and ref - uge he will
hands, In his bo - som hide thy face. All thy sick-ness he can cure, All thy sins he will for-

give, All thy bur-dens he will bear; Look to Je - sus, look and live.
give, He will make his promise sure; Look to Je - sus, look and live.

3.

Look to Jesus; not in vain
Shall the weary seek for rest;
Weep away thy tears and pain,
Like a child, upon his breast.
Breathe thy sorrow in his ear,
Strength for every day receive;
Light in darkness will appear,
If thou wilt but look and live.

1. On the brow of might-y mon-archs, May spar - kle many a gem, And gold, and pearls, and
2. Proud were the might-y conquerors Crowned in O - lym-pic games, They deemed that deathless

jewels, May deck the di - a - dem; But it shines with earthly lus-tre, It will tar-nish and de - cay;
honors Were twined around their names; But soon will fade the laurel wreath, The ol - ive and the bay,

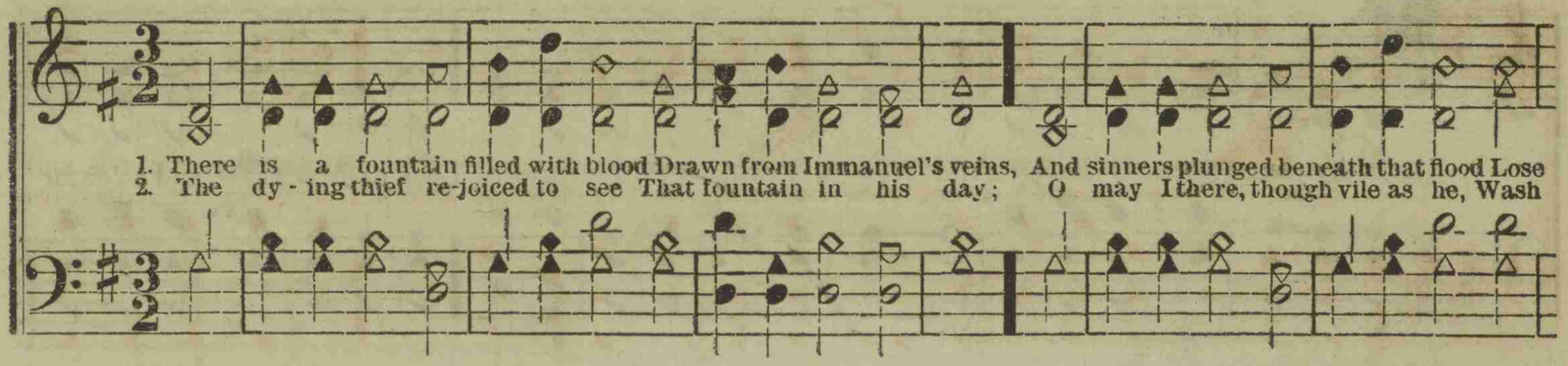
But the Christian crown of amaranth, Will never fade a - way.
While the Christian crown of amaranth, Will never fade a - way.

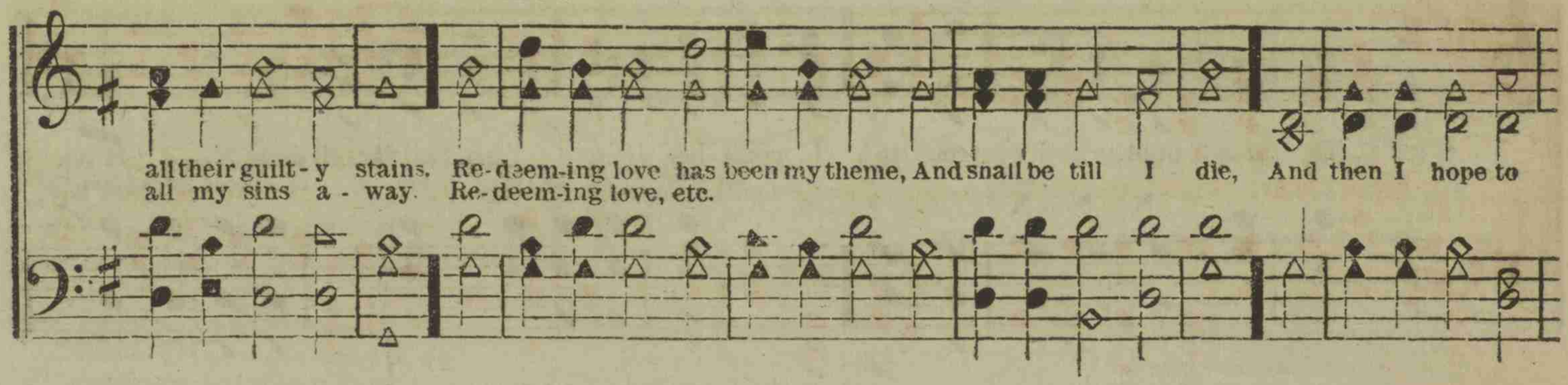
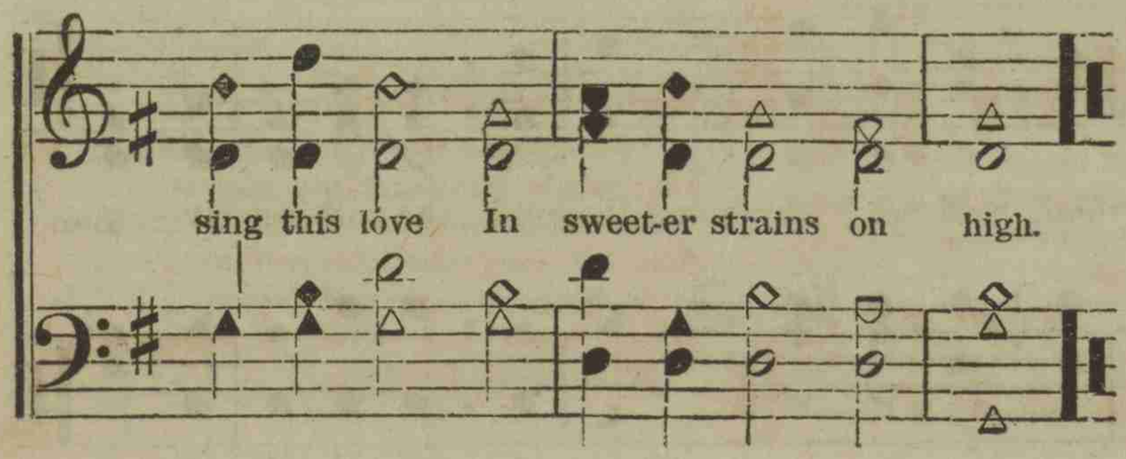
3.

With a harp of angel melody,
And a palm-branch in his hand,
The saints 'mid circling spirits
Round the golden throne shall stand;
And his song shall be enduring
As heaven's eternal day—
While his victor crown of amaranth,
Will never fade away.

REDEEMING LOVE. C. M.

A. S. KIEFFER.



CHORUS.

3.
Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood,
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved to sin no more.

Chorus.—Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die,
And then I hope to sing this love
In sweeter strains on high.

IT WON'T BE LONG.

1. Is thy young heart, O happy child, Now fill'd with youthful pleasure? Look up from these, and ne'er for-

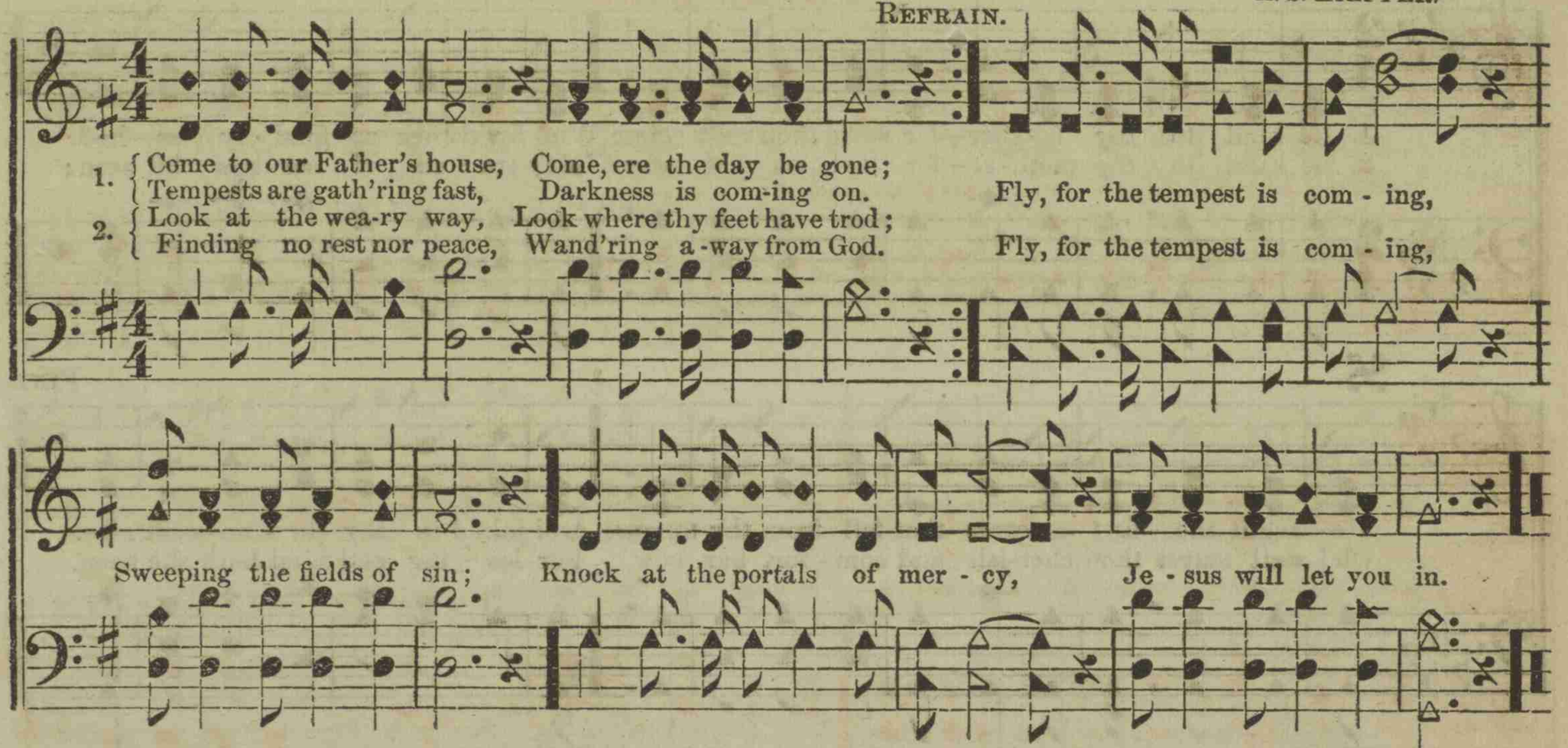
get To place in heav'n thy treasure! It won't be long ere childhood days Have
It won't be long ere childhood days Have

passed a-way for-ev-er; Then look be-yond, and see thy home Be-yond the roll-ing riv-er.
passed a-way for-ev-er;

JESUS WILL LET YOU IN.

Words and Music by
A. S. KIEFFER.

REFRAIN.



3 Darker thy pathway grows,
Soon will the night come down;
Fiercely the lightnings flash,
Darker the tempests frown.—*Ref.*

4 Fly from the fields of sin,
Fly for thy life, to-day;
Fly to our Father's house,
Enter the narrow way—*Refrain.*

5 Here will thy soul find rest,
Safe from each angry blast;
Here find a perfect peace,—
Joys that forever last.—*Refrain.*

IT WON'T BE LONG. *Concluded from opposite page.*

2 Is thy soul filled, in manhood's pride,
With dreams of fame and glory?
Look up from these and view the Cross,
And read Redemption's story!
It won't be long till life shall fade,
Its lights go out forever;
Oh, look beyond, and view thy home
Beyond the rolling river.

3 Is thy way dark, my brother dear?
Does life to thee bring sorrow?
Look unto him who guards thy life,
Behold, there comes a morrow!
It won't be long ere light shall dawn,
To gild thy life forever;
Look up to him, behold thy home
Beyond the rolling river.

4 It won't be long, it won't be long,
My sister and my brother;
Till life for us will all be past—
Then let us love each other.
It won't be long till prayers and tears
Shall cease with us forever;
Oh, let us look to that sweet home,
Beyond the shining river.

BE KIND.

Arranged.

1. Be kind to thy fa-ther—for when thou wast young, Who lov'd thee so fond-ly as he?
2. Be kind to thy moth-er—for lo! on her brow May tra-ces of sor-row be seen;

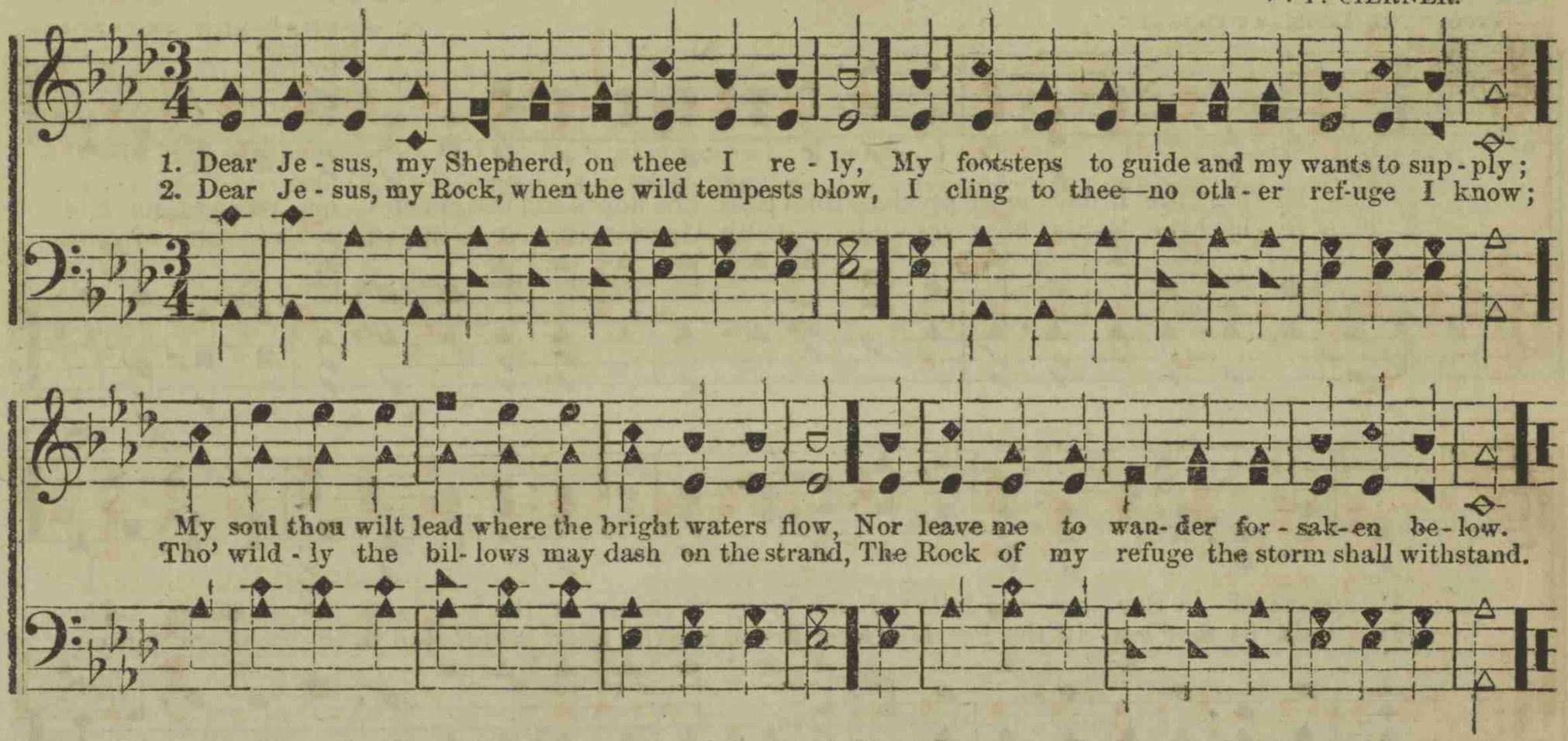
FINE.

He caught the first ac-cents that fell from thy tongue, And join'd in thy in-no-cent glee.
Oh! well mayst thou cher-ish and com-fort her now, For lov-ing and kind hath she been.

His foot-steps are fee-ble—once fear-less and bold,—Thy fa-ther is pass-ing a-way.
With ac-cents of kindness then cheer her lone way, E'en to the dark val-ley of death.

D. S.

Be kind to thy fa-ther, for now he is old, His locks in-ter-min-gled with grey;
Re-mem-ber thy moth-er—for thee will she pray, As long as God giv-eth her breath;



3 Dear Jesus, my Strength, thou wilt hear my complaint,
When weary, and helpless, and ready to faint;
I call thee who loved me—who carest for me,—
Dear Jesus, my Strength, I will lean upon thee.

4 Dear Jesus, my Savior, on thee I rely,
My footsteps to guide, and my wants to supply;
For thou hast redeemed me with thy precious blood,
The ransom that brings the poor sinner to God.

BE KIND. Concluded from opposite page.

3 Be kind to thy brother—his heart may have dearth,
If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

4 Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
The depths of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Be kind to thy father—once fearless and bold;
Be kind to thy mother so near;
Be kind to thy brother, nor show thy heart cold,
Be kind to thy sister so dear.

THE BIBLE! MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD.

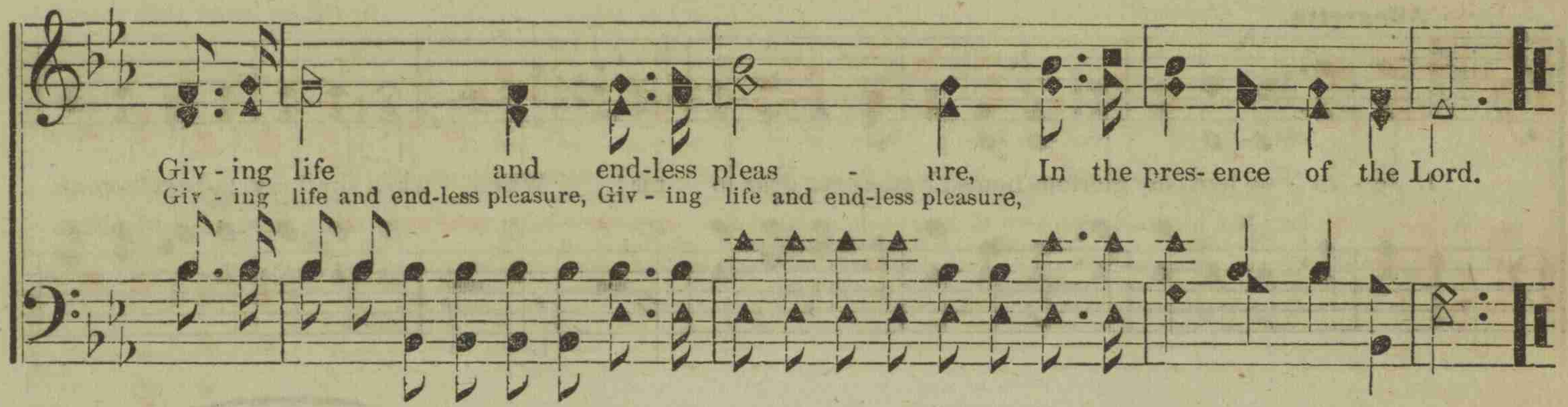
From "THE LITERARY CASKET."

By CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. The Bi - ble! the Bi-ble! more precious than gold, The hopes and the glo-ries its pa - ges un- fold;
2. The Bi - ble! the Bi-ble! blest vol-ume of truth, How sweetly it smiles on the sea- son of youth;

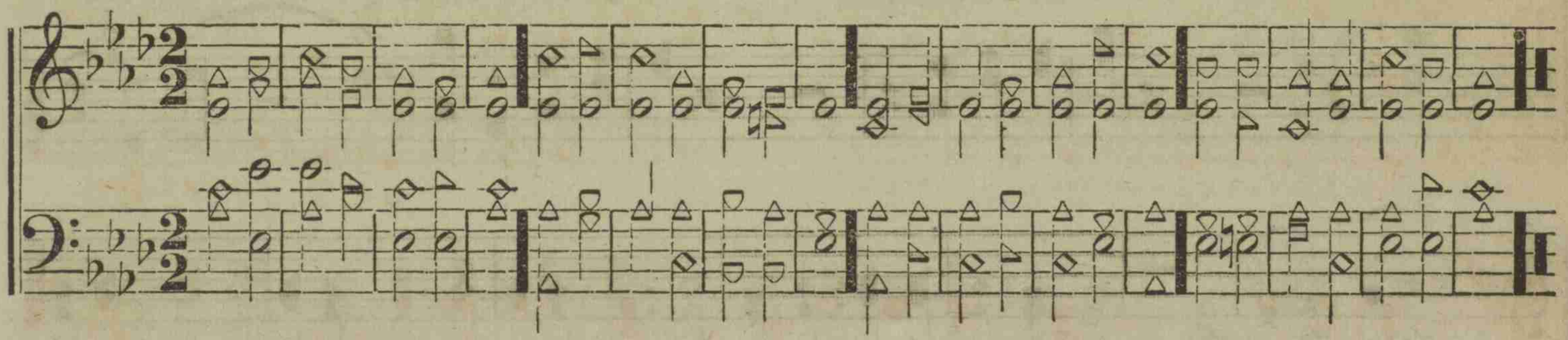
It speaks of a Sav - ior and tells of his love, It shows us the way to the mansions a- bove.
It bids us seek ear - ly the Pearl of Great Price, Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.

CHORUS.

Precious Bi - ble, what a treas - ure, Does the word of God af - ford,
Pre- cious Bi-ble, what a treasure, Pre-cious Bi- ble, what a treasure,

3 The Bible! the Bible! we hail it with joy;
Its truths and its glories our tongues shall employ;
We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of its worth,
And send its glad tidings afar o'er the earth.—*Chorus.*

4 The Bible! the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.—***Cho.***

RUEBUSH. 7s.

F. L. ARMSTRONG.
By per.

1 Lord of hosts, how lovely fair,
E'en on earth thy temples are;
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven and much of thee.

2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne,
Here thou makest thy glories known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love and sing thy praise.

4 Thus with sacred songs of joy,
We our happy lives employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

ANTHEM: "Jerusalem, My Glorious Home."

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1840.
From "American Tune Book."

Allegretto.

1. Je - ru - sa- lem! my glorious home! Name ever dear to me! When, when shall my la-bors have an

end, In joy, . . . In joy, . . . In joy, ... and
In joy and peace, In joy and peace, In joy . . . . . and

peace with thee? 2 Oh, when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as-
2 Oh, when shall I thy courts,

cend? Where congregations ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no end?
thy courts ascend? Oh, when shall I thy courts, thy courts as-

3 There hap - pier bowers than E - den's bloom, No sin nor sor - row know:
cend? 3 There happier bowers than E-den's bloom, nor sor-row know:

Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I on - ward press to you, I on- ward press to
I on-ward press, I on-ward press,

you, I onward press to you, Je - ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa- lem! Name ev - er dear to me.

I've Ca - naan's good-

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel at death dis - may? I've Ca - naan's good - ly

I've Ca - naan's good-

ly land in view, And realms of end- less day. . . . .

land in view, And realms of end - - less day. 5 Je - ru - salem! my glorious home! My

ly land in view, And realms of end- less day. . . . .

soul still pants, My soul still pants for thee; Then shall my labors have an end, When I . . . thy
for thee; Then, Then shall my la - bors have an end, When I thy joys,

joys, . . . When I . . . . . thy joys shall see, thy joys shall see, Je-
thy joys shall see, thy joys

ru - sa- lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to me! Name ev - er dear to me!

From "Imperial Harmony."

I LOVE THEE.

J. INGALLS.
Arr. by H. P. MAIN.

1. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord; I love thee, my Sav-ior, I love thee, my God; I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know; But how much I love thee I nev - er can show.

2.

I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account!
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount;
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.

3.

O Jesus, my Savior, with thee I am blest!
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest!
Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song,
Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.

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J. M. ARMSTRONG, Music Typographer, Philadelphia.