THE

ZION SONGSTER

No. 1 & 2 COMBINED.

FOR

Sabbath Schools.

EDITED BY

ALDINE S. KIEFFER

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.—ISAIAH.

Z8
K542
1885
1887

PUBLISHED BY

RUEBUSH, KIEFFER & CO.

Dayton (Rockingham Co.), Virginia.

J. M. ARMSTRONG & CO., Music Typographers, Philadelphia.

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710 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE ZION SONGSTER.

HAPPY ZION.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Zi- on stands with hills surrounded, Zi - on kept by pow'r di- vine;
All her foes shall be con-found-ed, Tho' the world in arms combine.
Hap - py Zi - on, hap-py Zi - on!

2. Ev'- ry hu-man tie may per - ish, Friend to friend unfaith-ful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish, Heav'n and earth at last re-move;
But no changes, but no changes

What a fa- vor'd lot is thine; Hap- py Zi - on! hap- py Zi - on! Sav'd and kept by love di - vine.
Can at- tend Je - ho- vah's love; Hap- py Zi - on! hap- py Zi - on! Guard-ed by a Saviour's love.

OH, SWEET SABBATH MORNING.

A. S. KIEFFER. Arr. by A. S. K.

1. While the sweet Sabbath morning is glid-ing the hills, And the dew on the grass spar-kles bright,
2. Here we meet with our teachers so lov-ing and kind, In the name of our Sav-iour and friend;
3. Here we sing of that "land that is fair-er than day," Of that "Cit-y so fair" and so grand;
4. Let us live for that Saviour whose dear, lov-ing hands Ev-er guard us from morn-ing till night;

We have met once a-gain in our dear Sab-bath home Where our voic-es in song may u-nite.
And a fore-taste we have of that pleas-ure and bliss That in heav-en shall ne'er find an end.
Of the dear, lov-ing Sav-iour, whose hand safe will guide, Till we rest in that sweet hap-py land.
Let us toil in his ser-vice and work for his cause, And at last reach that "home of de-light."

CHORUS.

Oh, sweet Sabbath morning, we hail thy gold-en light, For it brings us a day of re-pose,



GEORGIA. C. M.

Rev. J. W. HOWE. Arr. by A. S. KIEFFER.



FLY AS THE DOVES TO THEIR WINDOWS.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. Isaiah 60: 8. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Oh, fly as the doves to their windows, Wide open the entrance to-day, Wait not for a season con- venient,
2. Oh, fly as the doves to their windows, The Saviour hath tenderest care: Make haste to the refuge he of - fers,
3. Oh, fly as the doves to their windows, For Jesus can ease thy un-rest, Just hear him and gladly receive him,
4. Oh, fly as the doves to their windows, Press on with a heart all a-flame, No soul ev-er seeking in ear - nest

CHORUS.

Oh, why will you lon - ger de - lay?
Pro - vis - ion a - bund-ant is there.
Thy soul will for - ev - er be blest.
Has failed a free par - don to gain.

} Oh, fly, fly a - way, oh, has - ten to - day, The Saviour inviting-ly calls; The refuge is nigh, and grand its supply, There's safety within its bright walls.

WELCOME TO GLORY.

Mrs. P. PALMER.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.



CHORUS.



2 When from Calvary's mount I arise,
And pass through the portals above,
Will shouts, Welcome home to the skies!
Resound through the regions of love?
Welcome home! etc.

3 Yes! loved ones who knew me below,
Who learned the new song with me here,
In chorus will hail me, I know,
And welcome me home with good cheer!
Welcome home! etc.

4 The beautiful gates will unfold,
The home of the blood-washed I'll see;
The city of saints I'll behold!
For, O! there's a welcome for me!
Welcome home! etc.

5 A sinner made whiter than snow,
I'll join in the mighty acclaim,
And shout through the gates as I go,
Salvation to God and the Lamb!
Welcome home! etc.

A HOME OVER JORDAN.

T. W. E.

T. W. ENGLAND.

1. There's a home o - ver Jor - dan for me, Where I'll rest in the shade of Life's tree;
2. There my friends who have gone on be - fore, Safe from sor - row shall rest ev - er - more,
3. Je - sus reigns with the saints o - ver there, With the an - gels so bright and so fair,

In the beau - ti - ful fields of de - light, On the shore that shall nev - er know night.
And I'll join them a - gain o - ver there, In that land free from sor - row and care.
And I long to go home to that land, There to dwell with the bright an - gel band.

CHORUS.

In that bright hap - py home, In the shade of Life's tree we shall rest;
hap - py home, In that bright hap - py home,



ABIDE WITH ME.

LYTE. A. S. KIEFFER.



CHILDREN OF ZION.

Words arranged. A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Come, children of Zi - on, and help us to sing Loud anthems of praise to our Sav - iour and King,
2. O come to the Sav-iour and take up the cross, See treasure in hea-ven, count all else but loss;
3. We'll fear not the dan-gers that lie in our way, His arm will pro - tect us by night and by day;

Whose life once was giv - en our souls to re - deem—And bring us to hea - ven to reign there with him.
His mer - cy in - vites us, then let us com-ply— O why should we lin - ger when he is so nigh?
All this we must suf - fer and pa - tient-ly bear Till Je - sus shall take us to dwell o - ver there.

CHORUS.

O chil-dren of Zi - on! O chil-dren of Zi - on! Loud anthems of praise let us sing, let us sing

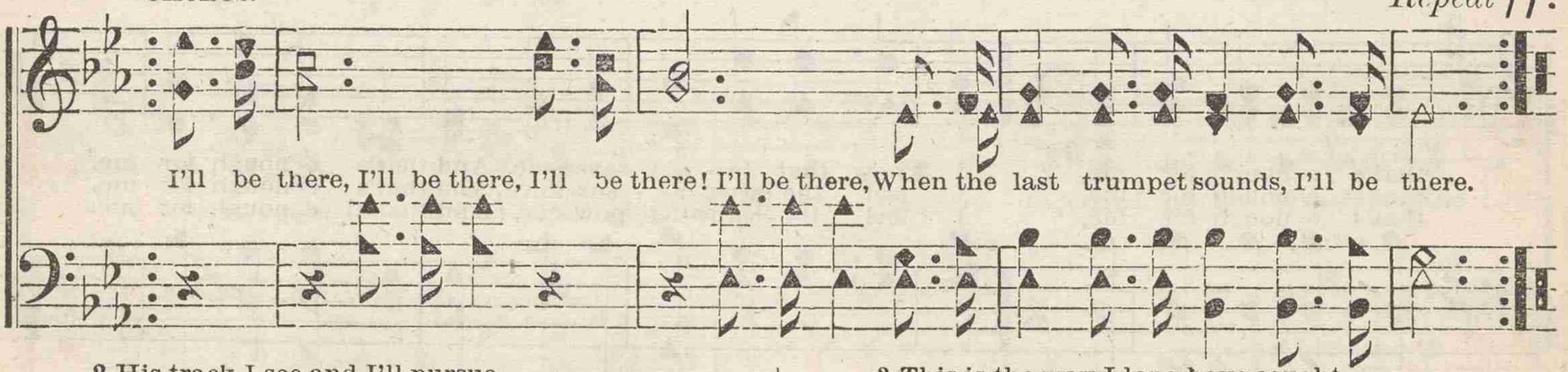


I'LL BE THERE.

"FREEDMAN'S SONG." Arr. by A. J. S.



CHORUS. *Repeat ff.*



2 His track I see and I'll pursue,
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there,
The narrow way, till him I view,
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there,
And mourned because I found it not,
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there.

ENOUGH FOR ME.

E. A. H.

Arr. by W. B. BLAKE.

1. O love sur-pass - ing knowledge! O grace so full and free! I know that Je - sus saves me, And that's e- nough for me! And that's e- nough for me, And that's e- nough for me, I know that Je - sus saves me, And that's e- nough for me.
2. O won - der - ful sal - va - tion! From sin he makes me free! I feel the sweet as- - sur - ance, And that's e- nough for me! And that's e- nough for me, And that's e- nough for me, I feel the sweet as - sur- ance, And that's e- nough for me.
3. O blood of Christ, so pre - cious, Pour'd out on Cal - va - ry! I feel its cleansing pow - er, And that's e- nough for me! And that's e- nough for me, And that's e- nough for me, I feel its cleans-ing pow - er, And that's e- nough for me.

From "Sabbath Bells," by permission.

J. C. B. J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

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

CHORUS.

- lu - jahs, Sing-ing of a Saviour's love. } Sing-ing glo - - - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le-
troub-ling, And the wea - ry are at rest.
ev - er Where the hal - le - lu - jahs ring.
glo - ry, glo - ry,

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

GIBSON. 8s & 7s.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1st time. 2d time.

1. Hark, ten thou - sand harps and voic - es Sound the note of praise a - bove;
   Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic - es, Je - sus reigns, the (*omit.....*) God of love;
2. Je - sus, hail! whose glo - ry bright-ens All a - bove, and gives it worth:
   Lord of life, thy smile en - light - ens, Cheers and charms thy (*omit.....*) saints on earth.

Hap - py Zi - on, hap - py, hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vor'd lot is thine;
Hal - le - lu - jah! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus rules the world a - lone;

Hap - py Zi - on, hap - py, hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vor'd lot is thine.
Hal - le - lu - jah! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus rules the world a - lone.

SWEET FRIENDSHIP.

Arr. from ALARIC A. WATTS.

Arranged by A. S. K.

1. When shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er? When will peace wreathe her chain
2. When shall sweet friendship flow Pure as life's riv - er? When shall love ra-diant glow,
3. To that blest world of light Take us, dear Sav- iour; May we all there u - nite,

Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts may ne'er re - pose Safe from each blast that
Death - less for - ev - er? Where joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall
Hap - py for - ev - er! Where kin - dred spir - its dwell, There may our mu - sic

blows In this dark vale of woes, Nev - er, no, nev - er.
fill, And fears of part - ing chill, Nev - er, no, nev - er.
swell, And time our joys dis - pel, Nev - er, no, nev - er.

OVER THERE.

A. S. K. ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1. We shall gath - er home at last, When life's wea - ry day is past, To the pal - ace of the
2. Tho' our bur-dens be se-vere, Let us bear them bravely here As we jour - ney to that
3. There we'll lay our burdens down, There we'll wear the shin-ing crown, And will reign as kings and

King, o - ver there; And be - neath its shin - ing dome Find an end - less, hap - py home, With the
land, o - ver there; Wea - ry hearts and hands shall rest In that king-dom of the blest, In the
priests, o - ver there; There, with saints of a - ges past, While e - ter - ni - ty shall last, We shall

D. S.—faith it views the sight Of that

FINE. CHORUS.

bless - ed hosts of God, o - ver there.
Saviour's home of love, o - ver there.
praise the King of kings, o - ver there.

O, that bright glo - ry land, With its glitt'ring, gold-en

bless - ed home in heav'n, o - ver there.

D.S.

strand, With its fountains and its gar - dens blooming fair! How the wea - ry heart grows light As by

MY FRIEND.

HENRY HOPE. J. H. TENNEY.

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

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

AROUND THE SAVIOUR'S LOFTY THRONE.

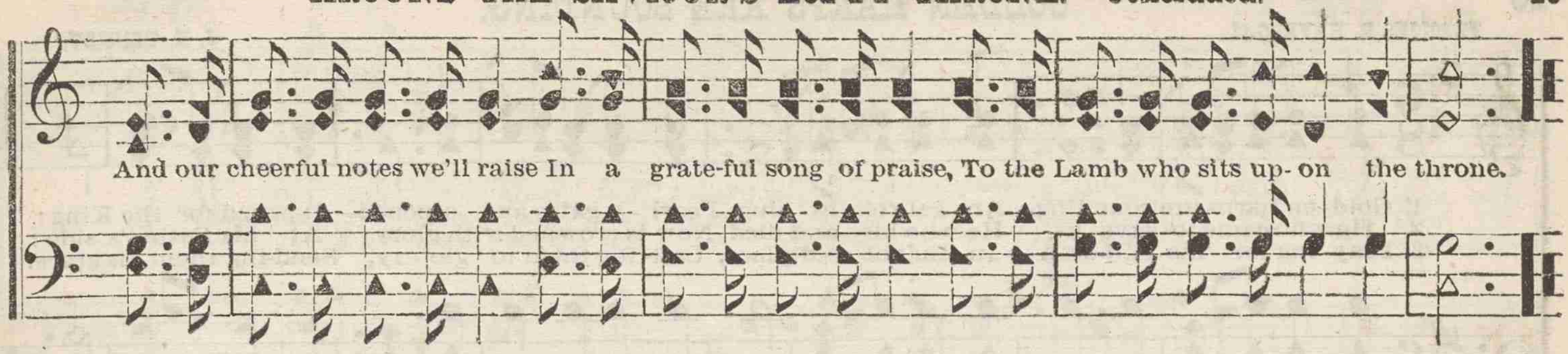
THOMAS KELLY. J. H. TENNY.

1. A - round the Sav - iour's loft - y throne Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand sing;
2. Je - sus, thou ev - er - last - ing King! To thee the praise of heav'n be - longs;
3. Tho' sin de - file our wor - ship here, We hope ere long thy face to view,

They wor - ship him as God a - lone, And crown him ev - er - last - ing King.
Yet smile on us who fain would bring The trib - ute of our hum - ble songs.
In heav'n with an - gels to ap - pear, And praise thy name as an - gels do.

CHORUS.

Let us join the angels' song, While they sing around the throne, While they sing around the great white throne;



THE BRIGHTER SHORE.

A. S. KIEFFER.



GOLDEN HARPS ARE SOUNDING.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Gold- en harps are sounding, An - gel voic- es sing, Pearl - y gates are o-pened— O-pened for the King:
2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with glory At his Father's side:
3. Pray- ing for his chil-dren In that blessed place, Call- ing them to glo - ry, Send-ing them his grace.

Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Je - sus, King of love, Is gone up in tri-umph To his throne a- bove.
Nev- er-more to suf - fer, Nev - er-more to die, Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Has gone up on high.
His bright home preparing, Faith- ful ones, for you,— Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov - eth, too.

CHORUS.

All his work is end - ed, Joy - ful- ly we sing; Je - sus hath as- cend- ed! Glo-ry to Zi- on's King!

EVER WILL I PRAY.

A. CUMMINGS. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

THE EVERGREEN MOUNTAINS OF LIFE.

Music by WYATT MINSHALL.

Not too fast.

1. There's a land far a-way 'mid the stars we are told, Where they know not the sorrows of time,
2. Here our gaze can-not soar to that beau-ti-ful land, But our vis-ions have told of its bliss;
3. Oh, the stars nev-er tread the blue heav-ens at night But we think where the ransomed have trod;

Where the pure wa-ters flow thro' the val-leys of gold, And where life is a treas-ure sub-lime;
And our souls by the gale from its gar-dens are fanned, When we faint in the des-erts of this.
And the day nev-er smiles from his pal-ace of light But we feel the bright smile of our God.

'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul, Where the a-ges of splen-dor e-ter-nal-ly roll,
And we sometimes have longed for its ho-ly repose When our hearts have been rent with temptations and woes,
We are trav-el-ing home thro' earth's changes and gloom, To a re-gion where pleasures unchanging-ly bloom,

Where the way - wea - ry trav - el - er reach - es his goal, On the ev - er - green mountains of life.
And we've drank from the tide of the riv - er that flows From the ev - er - green mountains of life.
And our guide is the glo - ry that shines thro' the tomb, From the ev - er - green mountains of life.

TRIBUTE. 8s & 7s.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the sum - mer breeze,
2. Peace - ful be thy si - lent slum - ber,— Peace- ful in the grave so low:
3. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee When the day of life is fled;

Pleas - ant as the air of eve - ning, When it floats a-mong the trees.
Thou no more wilt join our num - ber; Thou no more our songs shalt know.
Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee, Where no fare-well tear is shed.

A. PILGRIM SONG.

A. S. K.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER, by per.

1. I'm a lone- ly pilgrim here, Vex'd with many a doubt and fear, As I jour- ney a- long by the way;
2. Here the des-ert wilds expand Round a - bout on ei-ther hand, But I'm near-ing the Jor - dan, you see!
3. When the wil- der-ness is past, And I reach that home at last, Oh, how hap- py my poor soul will be!

FINE.

But I hope at last to stand On fair Canaan's peaceful land, Free from sorrow, from doubt and dismay.
And be- yond that nar-row stream, Endless bow'rs of blessing beam, And they're blooming for you and for me.
With the glo - ri - fied to stand On that glitt'ring glo-ry-land, And the Sav-iour, my Sav-iour, to see.

D.S.—Thro' the still - y hours of night, From the plains of endless light, Spirit voic - es oft whis-per to me.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Oh, I know there's rest be- yond, That some oth-er souls have found, For in vis-ions their fac - es I see;

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I am go-ing home in the morn-ing, And the sun of day sinketh low, See, the tinge of sun - set a -
2. I am go-ing home in the morn-ing, I can almost see thro' the gloom, For the time is short in - ter -

CHORUS.

- dorn - ing All a - round with heav - en - ly glow. Fare - well! fare - well! fare -
- ven - ing, Be-tween me and heav - en, my home. farewell! farewell!

- well, I'm going home in the morning; Farewell! fare-well! fare-well! I'm going home in the morning.
fare-well! farewell!

3 I am going home in the morning,
And my Savior stands at the door,—
He is waiting me at the portals,
I shall enter, and sorrow no more.

4 I am going home in the morning,
For with earth I shall soon be done;
Then I'll reign with Jesus in glory,
When my kingdom and crown will be won.

HAVE YOU HEARD THE GOOD NEWS?

Mrs. MARY E. KAIL. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

OH, HOW SWEET!

W. F. COSNER. D. P. AIRHART.

1. Oh, how sweet the blest as - sur - ance, God has to his peo - ple giv'n!
2. God reigns o - ver all for - ev - er, All the earth is in his hands;

FINE.

Who have been on life's dark o - cean, Long by storm-y tempests driv'n; Oh, how cheering to the
Life and death, and joy and sor-row, All o - bey his high com-mands. He will keep his peo-ple

Say-ing all things work to- geth- er For their good who love the Lord.
He makes all things work togeth- er For their good who love the Lord.

D.C.

wea - ry Comes the sweet as - sur - ing word,
safe - ly, Ev - er be his name a - dor'd;

3 Courage, then, press fearless onward,
Still by faith in Jesus dwell;
Rest assured whate'er befall you,
With his blessing all is well.
Grace sufficient for his people
He hath promised in his word,
And all things do work together
For their good who love the Lord.

YES, THERE'S ROOM!

W. E. PENN. A. S. KIEFFER.

1st time.

1. In our Fa - ther's house a - bove There is room for ev' - ry one:
   Bound-less room in his great love For the sin - - (*Omit*.....)
2. Can you pray to be ex - cus'd? Can you wait an - oth - er day?
   While the fier - y bil - lows roll, That may sweep (*Omit*.....)

2d time.

CHORUS.

- ner who will come your soul a - way. Yes, there's room, bound-less room! For the sin - -

1st time. 2d time.

- ner who will come. - ner who will come.

3 Dare you say "I will not go;"
Dare you any longer wait?
While the cry is "yet there's room,"
And an hour may be too late?

4 Mercy's door still stands ajar,
And the Spirit whispers come!
Cries alike to rich and poor,
Saying, yet, there's boundless room.

I'M REDEEMED.

A. S. KIEFFER. WM. B. BLAKE.

1. I'll sing, I'll sing to my Saviour's praise, I'm re - deem'd, redeem'd! For he has led me from
2. I'll sing his love, for he set me free, I'm re - deem'd, redeem'd! He paid the price on the
3. I'll tell his prais - es while here be - low, I'm re - deem'd, redeem'd! And shout a - new when to
4. O sing, ye saints, sing a - gain with me, I'm re - deem'd, redeem'd! And tell that par - don is

REFRAIN.

sin's dark ways, I'm re - deem'd, redeem'd!
cru - el tree, I'm re - deem'd, redeem'd!
heav'n I go, I'm re - deem'd, redeem'd!
full and free, I'm re - deem'd, redeem'd!

} I'm re - deem'd! I'm re - deem'd!

I'm redeem'd in the blood that on Cal - va - ry flowed; I'm re - deem'd, re - deem'd.

WHAT A GATH'RING THAT WILL BE.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gathered home, We will greet each other by the crys-tal
2. When the an-gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall gather and the saved and ransomed
3. At the great and fi-nal judgment, when the hidden comes to light, When the Lord in all his glo-ry we shall
4. When the golden harps are sounding and the an-gel bands proclaim, In triumphant strains the glorious jubi-

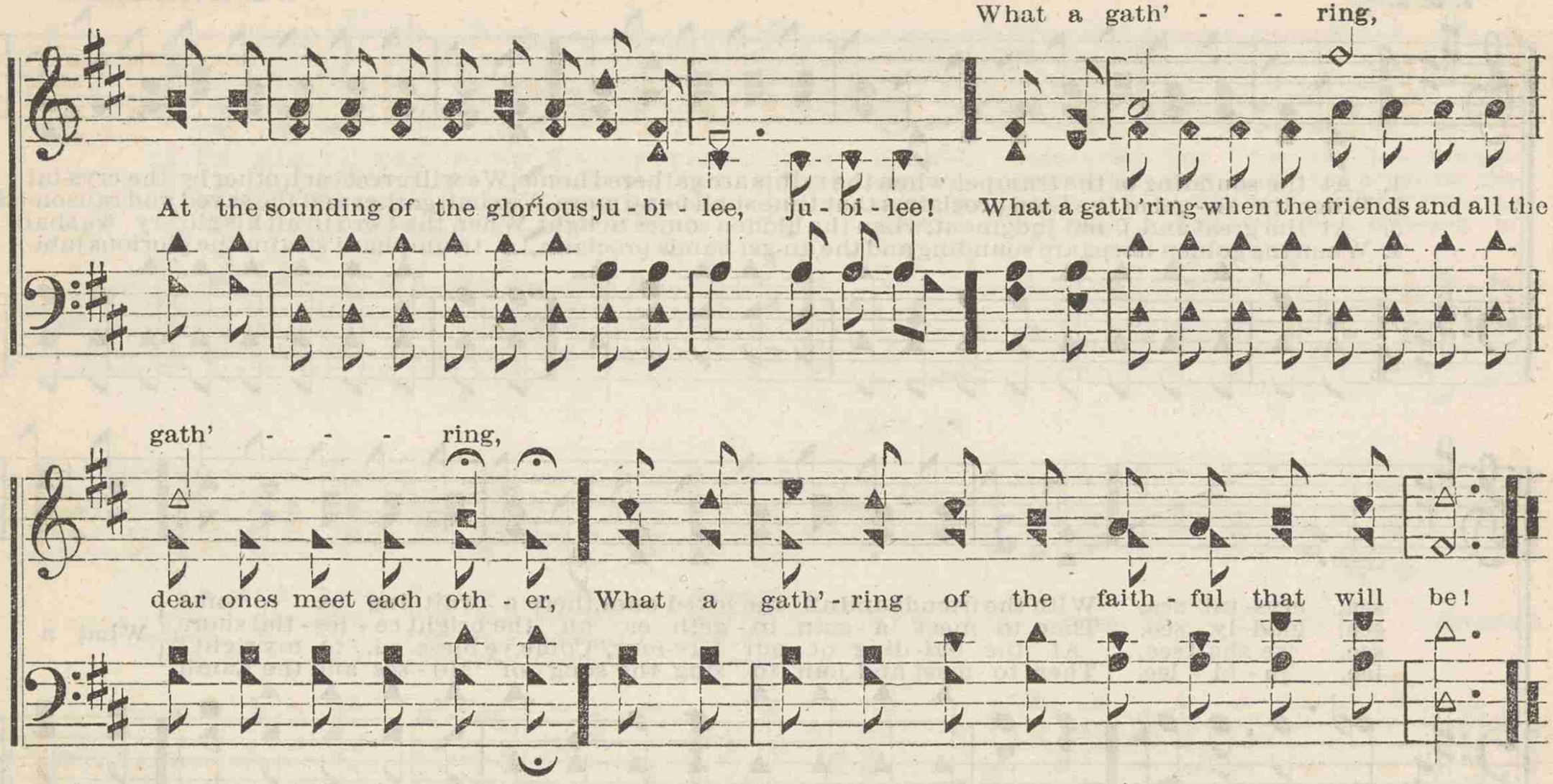
sea, crys-tal sea, With the friends and all the loved ones, there a-wait-ing us to come,
see, glad-ly see, Then to meet a-gain to-geth-er on the bright ce-les-tial shore,
see, we shall see, At the bid-ding of our Sav-iour, "Come, ye bless-ed, to my right,"
-lee, ju-bi-lee, Then to meet and join to sing the song of Mo-ses and the Lamb,
} What a

What a gath' - - - ring, gath' - - - ring,

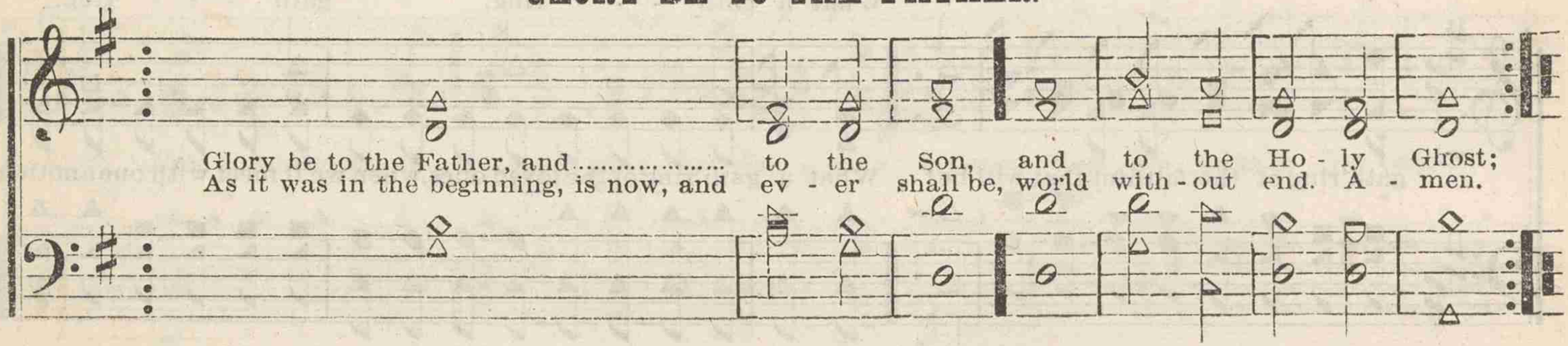
gath'ring of the faithful that will be! What a gath'ring of the loved ones, when we'll meet with one another,

By permission, from "Song Treasury."

WHAT A GATH'RING THAT WILL BE. Concluded.



GLORY BE TO THE FATHER.



A. S. KIEFFER.

1. A - las, and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sov'- reign die? Would he de - vote that
2. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, When Christ, the might-y

CHORUS.

sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
Mak - er, died For man, the creature's sin!

A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un - known!

And love be-yond de - gree! That Je - sus bought with blood di - vine A home in heav'n for me.

C

TO BE THERE.

JOSEPH B. MOON.

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

And oft are its glo - ries ex - pressed; But what must it be to be there?
Its won - ders and pleas- ures un - told; But what must it be to be there?
From tri - als with-out and with - in; But what must it be to be there?

REFRAIN.

To be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there?
To be there, to be there,

To be there, to be there,..... Oh, what must it be to be there?
To be there, to be there,

COLLYER.

DARAN. 8s & 7s. Double.

JNO. T. HALL.

FINE.

1. Cease, ye mourn - ers, cease to lan - guish O'er the grave of those you love;
   Pain, and death, and night, and an - guish, En - ter not the world a - bove.
2. Light and peace at once de - riv - ing From the hand of God most high,
   In his glo - rious pres - ence liv - ing, They shall nev - er, nev - er die.

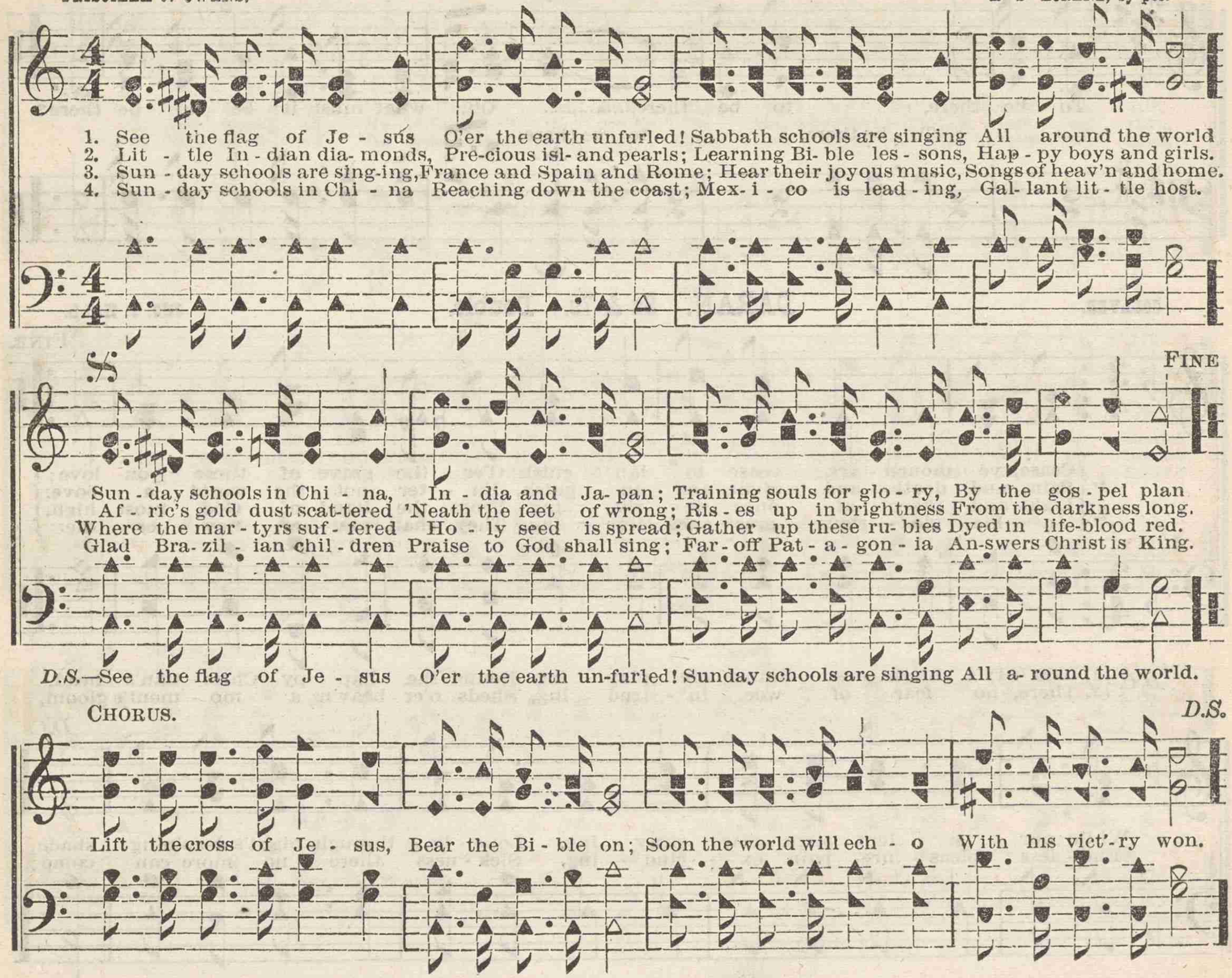
D.C. 1. Glo - ry's bright - est beams are play - ing Round the hap - py Chris - tian's head.
D.C. 2. There, no fear of woe, in - trud - ing, Sheds o'er heav'n a mo - ment's gloom.

D.C.

While our si - lent steps are stray - ing, Lone - ly, through night's deep'ning shade,
End - less pleas - ure pain ex - clud - ing, Sick - ness there no more can come;

ALL AROUND THE WORLD.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S LORENZ, by per.



R. A. GLENN.

1. White as snow; oh, what a prom-ise For the heav- y - lad- en breast, When by faith the soul receives it,
2. White as snow; can my transgressions Thus be whol- ly washed a-way, Leav-ing not a trace be-hind them,
3. Yes, at once, and that complete-ly Thro' the blood of Christ, I know, All my sins, tho' red, like crimson,

CHORUS.

Wea - ri-ness is changed to rest. } Whit - er, whit - er than snow, Washed in the blood of the
Like a cloudless sum-mer day? }
May become as white as snow. } Whit-er than snow, in the

Lamb;..... Whit - er, whit - er than snow, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
blood of the Lamb; Whit-er than snow,

HE WILL RECEIVE ME.

Mrs. G. B. HOLSINGER. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Come now, dear Lord, re - ceive my heart, Make me thy serv- ant while in youth, From all that's sin - ful
2. I dare not wait for rip - er years, But long, dear Sav - iour, now for thee, O! come and ban - ish
3. I know in thee true joys are found, And all will fade, this world can mete, So for thy king-dom

CHORUS.

I'd de - part, Teach me, O! teach me love and truth.
all my fears, And let me ev - er dwell with thee.
I am bound,—Cast all, my Je - sus, at thy feet.

} He will re- ceive, I know he will, He will, he will his love im-part, He will re-ceive, I know he will, He will, he will re- ceive my heart.

I AM WITH THEE EVERY HOUR.

Arr. from a "Jubilee Song," by J. H. TENNEY.

1. I am with thee ev'-ry hour, O ransomed one, For too long the way, and dark, for thee a - lone.
   I am with thee ev'-ry hour, trust thou in me, For my love un-chang-a - ble is pledged to thee.
2. I am with thee ev'-ry hour, I know thy care, I will cheer thy troubled heart, thy burdens bear.
   I am with thee ev'-ry hour, my strength is thine, Thou the ten - der branch, and I the liv - ing vine.
3. I am with thee ev'-ry hour, till life's work done, I shall bear thee hence to stand before the throne.
   I am with thee ev'-ry hour, and heav-en waits, To throw o - pen wide for thee its pearl-y gates.

CHORUS.

I am with thee, yes, I'm with thee, Ev'ry hour I'm with thee, Thou art mine, for thee my life I gave!
with thee, with thee,

I am with thee, yes, I'm with thee, Ev'ry hour I'm with thee, With my love I'll guard and guide and save!
with thee, with thee,

From "Spiritual Songs, No. 2," by per.

MY REDEEMER LIVES.

Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

1. "I know that my Re - deem-er lives!" I feel his kindling love; I'll bear the cross till I shall gain
2. "I know that my Re - deem-er lives!" To in - ter - cede for me; And by his rich, a - bounding grace
3. "I know that my Re - deem-er lives!" The U - ni - ver - sal King; Let all the earth and all in heav'n

CHORUS.

My crown in heav'n a - bove. } Hal-le - lu - - - jah! Hal-le - lu - - - jah! Je-sus stands and bids me,
I'm saved e - ter - nal - ly. }
To him their prais-es bring. } Hal-le - lujah evermore! Hal-le - lu-jah evermore! Je-sus stands and bids me

bids me come. Hal - le - lu - - - jah! Hal - le - lu - - - jah, I am on my jour-ney home.
come. Hal - le - lu-jah evermore! Hal - le - lu-jah evermore! I am on my jour-ney home.

From "Spiritual Songs," by per.

J. H. HALL.

1. O flood of liv - ing wa - ters, And might-y crim-son tide, Blest fountain of sal - va - tion, From
2. Thy wa - ters drown all sor-rows, Ex - tin - guish ev' - ry grief, And blot - ting out trangressions, Brings
3. Thy grace ex - cels the Jor - dan, Which made the lep - er whole; Lo! thou hast healed the sick-ness, Which

CHORUS.

Je - sus' pierc - ed side.
to the soul re - lief.
was - tened in my soul.

Flow on, Flow on, O sa- cred stream, flow

flow on, flow on,

on; Flow on, Flow on, O sa - cred stream, flow on.

flow on; flow on, flow on, flow on.

MEET ME AT THE KING'S RIGHT HAND.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. Meet me at the King's right hand, Scholars dear of mine; Gath - ered there, a joy - ful band,
2. In that dread and sol - emn day Tribes of earth shall meet; Cast - ing off their proud ar - ray
3. Oh, re - mem-ber in your youth, Time must pass a - way; Heed the Sav-iour's words of truth,
4. Come to Christ, a will- ing band, Schol-ars dear of mine; Then, up - on the King's right hand,

CHORUS.

Saved by love di - vine.
At the judg- ment- seat.
Think of that great day.
I shall see you shine.

Let me see you wait-ing stand Read - y for the glo - ry- land;

Robed and crowned with an - gels round, Robed and crowned with an - gels round, Meet me, oh,

meet me! Meet me, oh, meet me! Meet me, oh, meet me at the King's right hand.

HAPPY GATHERING HOME.

A. S. KIEFFER. WM. B. BLAKE.

1. When life's day is o - ver, We shall gather home To our Father's man-sion, Never more to roam;
2. There to dwell for - ev - er With the saints a - bove, Blest with all the pleas-ure Of a Saviour's love.
3. There, on hills of Zi - on, Drinking wa-ters pure, Sing-ing in God's presence Ever more se- cure.

REFRAIN.

Hap - py gath'ring home, May that joy be thine, Hap- py gath'ring home, May that bliss be mine.

AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1. I think I should mourn o'er my sor- row - ful fate, If sor- row in heav - en can be.
   If no one should be at the beau - ti - ful gate, There wait-ing and watching for me.
2. How sad - ly I'd feel in the heav - en - ly state, If sad-ness in heav- en can be.
   If no one should be at the beau - ti - ful gate, Con - duct- ed to glo - ry by me.
3. O Lord, I be-seech thee for wis- dom and grace, In win-ning lost souls un - to thee.
   That ma- ny may be in that beau - ti - ful place, A crown of re - joic - ing to me.

CHORUS.

"Yes, wait - - ing and watching for me, Yes, wait - - ing and watching for me; May
Yes, waiting and watching for me, for me, Yes, waiting and watching for me, for me; May

ma - ny of those at the beau - ti - ful gate, Be wait - ing and watch- ing for me.

HOSANNA.

Joyously.

1. Let loud ho - san - nas joy - ful rise With - in thy courts to - day: And may they soar be-
2. Ho - san - nas be to Christ our King! Who bore our sin and shame; Ho - san - na! let our
3. Ho - san - na while we so - journ here! Ho - san - na when we die! Ho - san - na then our

CHORUS.

- yond the skies In loft - y notes of praise.
voic - es ring In hon - or of his name.
souls will cheer A - bove the vault - ed sky.

Ho - - san - na! Ho - - san - na!

Ho - san-na, ho - san-na, ho - san-na, ho - san - na!

Ho - - san - na! Ho - san - na! be . . . . . to Christ our King.

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THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE HARBOR.

Mrs. CHAPMAN. J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

rit.....

1. I am sail-ing o'er life's sea, Bound for Canaan's happy land, Onward glides the swinging keel, Quick the
2. Tho' the billows high may toss, And the white-capp'd breakers foam, There's a hand upon the helm Which will
3. Tho' my soul in patience waits, Soon I'll reach the golden shore, And with-in the Jas-per gates Sing his

CHORUS.

helm o - beys the hand.
guide you safely home.
praise for- ev - er- more.
} There's a light, There's a light, Poor sin - ner, it shines for
in the harbor, in the harbor,

rit.....

thee, There's a light, There's a light Shining bright for you and me.
for thee, in the harbor, in the har-bor,

COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK. Arr. from FRANK M. DAVIS.

DUET.

1. Come to the life-giv-ing Fount-ain, Drink, for its wa-ters are pure;
2. Free-ly His love He be-stow-eth; Free-ly His ran-som He paid;
3. Grace all-suf-fi-cient sus-tain-ing; Wis-dom to guide thee a-right,
4. Life in the heav-en-ly man-sions Free-ly He of-fers to thee;

Close with the of-fer of mer-cy, Trust, for His prom-ise is sure.
He from thy sin hath re-deem'd thee, On Him thy bur-den was laid. } Oh,
Out of the re-gions of dark-ness, In-to the king-dom of light.
Joy in His pres-ence for-ev-er, This shall thy her-it-age be.

EFRAIN.

Come to the life-giv-ing Fount-ain, Drink, for its wa-ters are pure!

Come to the life-giv-ing Fount-ain, Drink, for its wa-ters are pure!

MUSIC OVER YONDER.

Rev. W. F. COSNER. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. There is mu - sic o - ver yon - der, On the bright, e - ternal shore, Where the saints shall dwell with Je - sus, All the bright for - ev - er more; All their years of sor - row end - ed, Where no night can ev - er come, They are sing - ing, sweet - ly sing - ing, In their glo - rious heav'n-ly home.
2. There is mu - sic o - ver yon - der, Where the crys - tal wa - ters glide, Where the tree of life is ev - er Bloom - ing by the sil - ver tide. Oh, what joy the heart is thrill-ing, O - ver on the shin-ing shore, Where they sing the song of Mos - es And the Lamb for - ev - er more.
3. There is mu - sic o - ver yon - der, And the songs shall nev - er cease, For the saints shall dwell for - ever With the Lord in per - fect peace. Soon we hope to join their cho - rus On the bright e - ter - nal shore, Where the saints shall be with Je - sus, All the bright for - ev - er more.

PRAY FOR YOUR BOY TO-NIGHT.

Mrs. T. M. GRIFFIN.

GEO. ROBT. CAIRNS.

SOLO.

1. Once I was pure as dews that fall From the morn - ing clouds a - bove, Now I am held in the
2. Weary the world, and dark and wild, And with ma-ny a fa - tal snare, As onward sweeps the
3. Moth-er, my heart is hard and cold, And is blighted with grief and care, Pray for your boy as
4. Tho' in the toils of sin, your boy Yet is wan - d'ring far from home, Oft - en he yearns for the

ACCOMP.

CHORUS.

world's dark thrall, A - - way from the Fa-ther's love.
surg - ing tide, Far a - way from God and pray'r.
oft of old, When a child be - side your chair.
old - en joy Be - - fore he be - gan to roam.

} Then pray for your boy to - night, To

- night, oh! pray for me! Pray God to give your boy the light To lead him to heaven and thee.

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GO AND TELL JESUS.

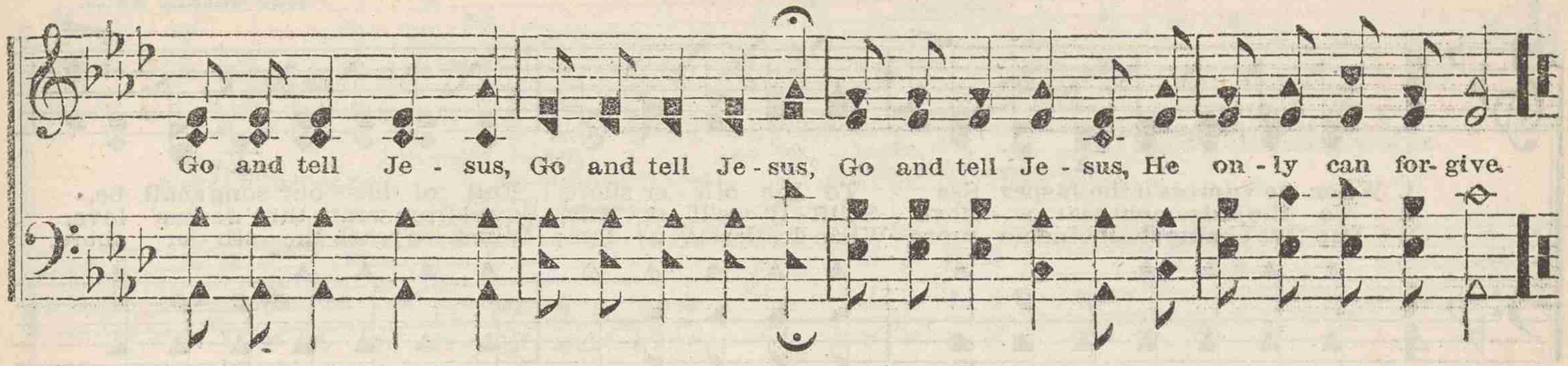
T. F. SEWARD, by per.

1. Go and tell Je - sus, wea - ry, sin-sick soul, He'll ease thee of thy bur - den, make thee whole;
2. Go and tell Je - sus, when your sins a - rise Like mountains of deep guilt be - fore your eyes;
3. Go and tell Je - sus, He'll dis - pel thy fears, Will calm thy pain- ful doubts and dry thy tears;

Look up to Him, He on - ly can for- give, Be- lieve on Him, and thou shalt sure- ly live.
His blood was spilt, His precious life he gave, That mer - cy, peace, and par- don you might have.
He'll take thee in His arms and on His breast, Thou may'st be hap - py, and for - ev - er rest.

CHORUS.

Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can for- give, Go and tell Je - sus, O, turn to Him and live.



DRINKING AT THE FOUNTAIN.

B. WM. B. BLAKE.



THE JASPER SEA.

JOHN THOMAS HALL.

1. When we've cross'd the Jasper Sea To the oth - er shore, Full of bliss our song shall be,
2. To the judgement seat a - bove Swift - ly we'll re - pair, Saved from wrath thro' Je- sus' love,
3. Cap-tive chains shall bind no more, When death sets us free; When we reach the oth - er shore,

Praising evermore. With the angels round the throne, Robed in white they stand, Death and tears are never known,
We shall see him there. Parting days will never come, Bright our home will be, When we reach the other shore,
O'er the Jas-per sea. Parting days will never come, Bright our home will be, When we reach the other shore,

CHORUS.

In that hap-py land. When we reach..... the shore,..... O'er the Jas - - - per
O'er the Jas-per Sea.
O'er the Jas-per Sea. When we reach the shore, when we reach the shore, O'er the Jasper Sea,

Sea, Joy shall reign ev - er - more, And heav'n our home will be.
o'er the Jasper Sea, joy shall ever reign, joy shall ever reign,

WE'RE GOING HOME BY AND BY.

W. P. D. W. P. DAVIDSON.

1. { Je - sus has gone to pre- pare us a home; We're go - ing home by and by, by and by: }
{ Where pain and sor-row and death nev- er come; We're go - ing home by and by, by and by. }

CHORUS.

There we shall meet by the bright, shining riv - er; We're go - ing home by and by, by and by:
Sing- ing the prais - es of Je - sus for - ev - er; We're go - ing home by and by, by and by.

2 There he hath made all our mansions complete;
We're going home by and by, by and by:
Soon in those mansions of love we shall meet:
We're going home by and by, by and by.—CHO.

3 Kindred and friends in that sweet home shall meet;
We're going home by and by, by and by:
There we shall walk on the bright, golden street;
We're going home by and by, by and by.—CHO

NOT ALWAYS.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. JAS. G. DOUTHIT.

1. Not al - ways, pil-grim stran-ger, Not al- ways on our jour- ney home; The place for you pre-
2. The mu - sic hall is bril- liant, And sweet the cho - ral chant-ers there: 'Tis bright with shin- ing

CHORUS.

-par - ing, Will wel - come give when e'er you come. Not al - ways, no, not al - ways! Not
an - gels, And many a cher-ish'd friend is there.

al - ways on our journey home; Soon with the white-robed angels We shall rest 'neath the bright, crystal dome.

3 The Prince of Life is with them,
In majesty and peace serene;
The mansions of the holy
Are decked with lustrous golden sheen.—CHO.

4 With shouts of joy and triumph,
They who have conquer'd in the fight,
Are with their blessed Leader,
Arrayed in robes of purest white.—CHO.

IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

LUCY MURRAY. WM. B. BLAKE.

DUET.

1. Wher- ev - er you may be, What- ev - er you may see That would lead you in- to e - vil, say you nay.
2. The meadows may be green, Where by-path stile is seen, Turn a - side the lit - tle flow-ers seem to say.
3. For on enchant-ed ground There's danger all a-round, And a thousand pleasant voic-es bid you stay.
4. Our God will guide us right, And walking in the light, We shall win a crown of glo- ry in the day

Oh, do not turn a - side, What-ev- er may be- tide, But keep along the middle of the King's high - way.
Be sure you take no heed, They're trying to mislead, But keep along the middle of the King's high - way.
With fingers stop your ears, And never mind the jeers, Just keep along the middle of the King's high - way.
When Jesus calls his own Together round the throne Who keep along the middle of the King's high - way.

CHORUS.

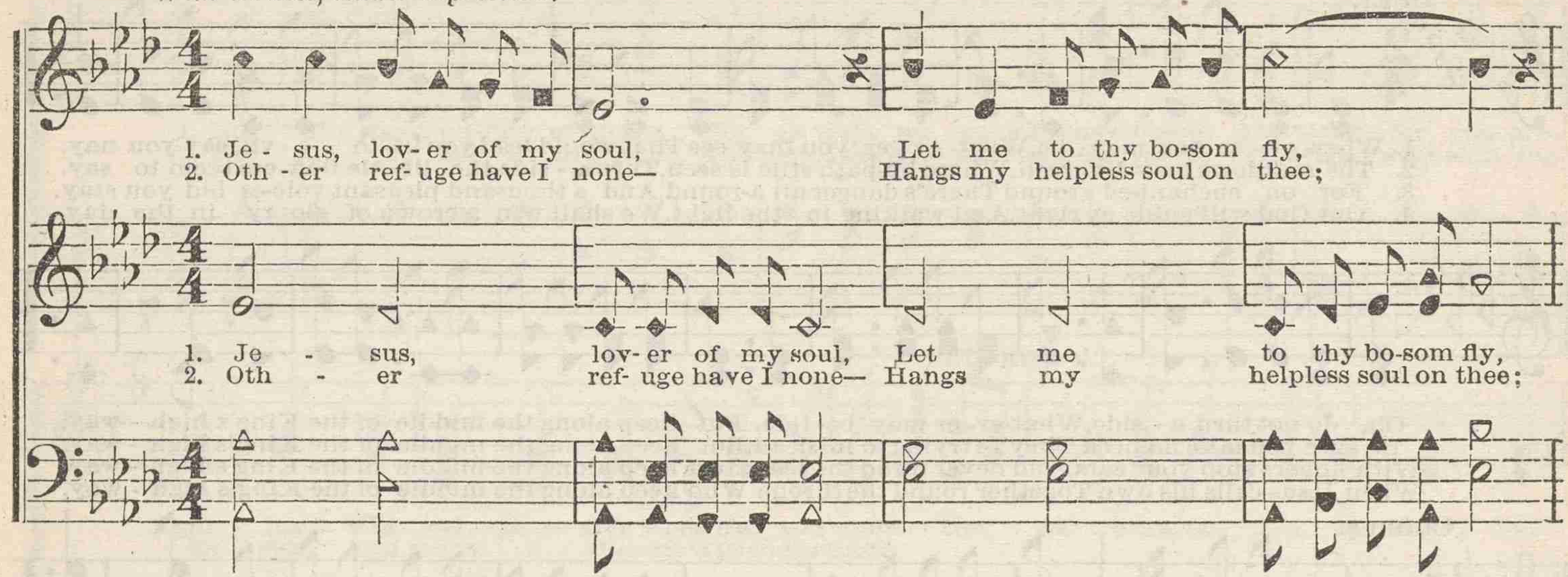
We'll keep along the way, We'll keep along the way, We'll keep along the middle of the King's high - way,

We will not turn a - side What-ev-er may be - tide, But keep along the middle of the King's high - way.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

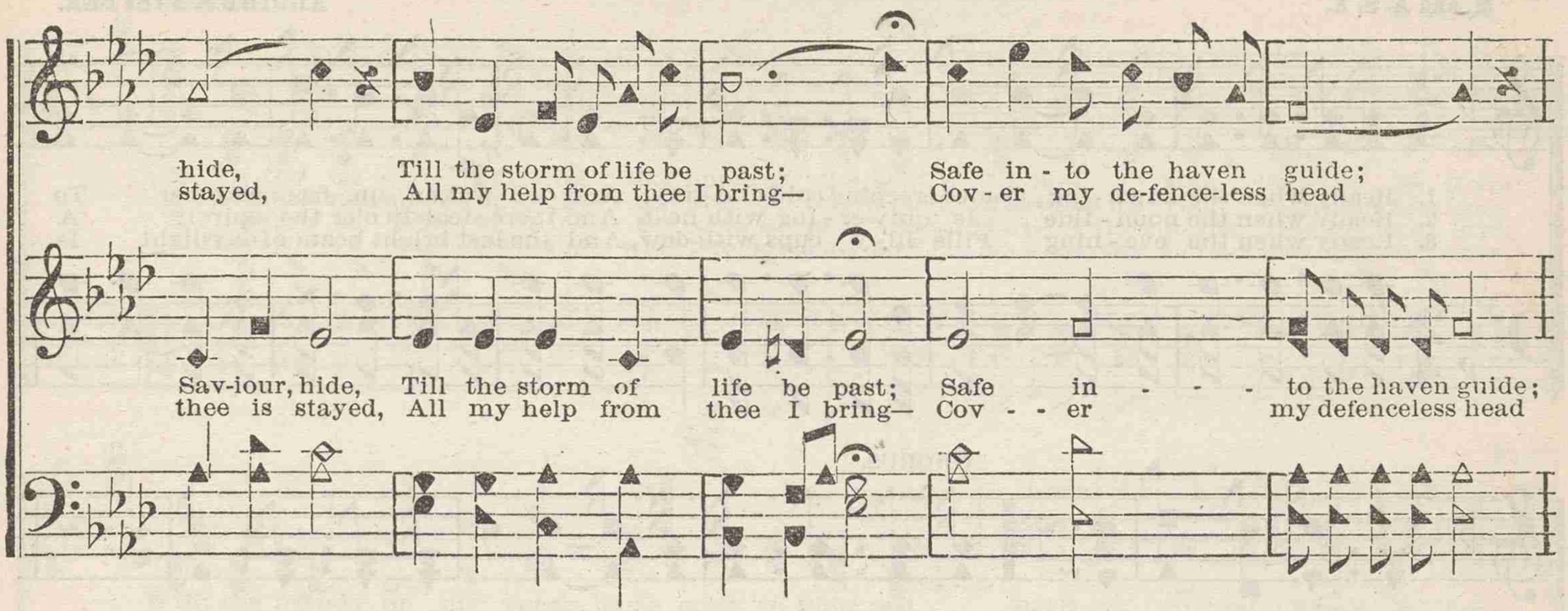
WM. B. BRADBURY.

With earnest, tender expression.





From "Fresh Laurels," by per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.


hide, Till the storm of life be past; Safe in - to the haven guide;
stayed, All my help from thee I bring— Cov - er my de-fence-less head
Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past; Safe in - - - to the haven guide;
thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring— Cov - - er my defenceless head
ritard.
O receive my soul at last. Safe into the haven guide; O receive my soul at last.
With the shadow of thy wing. Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of thy wing.
O receive my soul at last. Safe in - - to the haven guide; O receive my soul at last.
With the shadow of thy wing. Cov - er my defenceless head With the shadow of thy wing.

BE YE ALSO READY.

M. and A. S. K.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1. Ready when the dawn - ing Comes creeping cold and gray, And we waken up from slumber To
2. Ready when the noon - tide Is quiv-er - ing with heat, And there stealeth o'er the spir- it A
3. Ready when the eve - ning Fills lil - y cups with dew, And the last bright beam of day-light Is

CHORUS.

greet an - oth - er day.
lan - guor dream- y, sweet.
fad - ing from our view.

Read- y in the morn-ing, Read- y at the noon,

Read- y at the e - ven - tide, Christ com - eth soon.

4 Ready in the midnight
A vigil still to keep;
Tho' the wearied eyes by watching
Have closed themselves in sleep

5 Blessed be that servant,
What time the Lord returns,
Who in faithful trust is keeping
A lamp that brightly burns.

BEAUTIFUL HOME ABOVE.

A. S. KIEFFER. B. BLAKE.

1. In the cit - y of God, that home of the soul, Oh, how I long, long to be there
2. There are man-sions of light in yon - der bright land, Mansions for you, mansions for me;
3. There are an - gels of light in robes of pure white, Harp-ing their harps, sing-ing in love;
4. There is Je - sus the Lamb who purchased my soul, Je - sus, my Lord, fountain of love;

With the friends of my youth long gone to their rest, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove.
There are fount - ains of love my lips long to taste, Flash - ing so pure and free.
There are proph - ets and priests that walk in the light, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove.
There I trust to a - bide while a - ges shall roll, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove.

FINE.

D.S.—beau - ti - ful home, beau - ti - ful home a - bove.

CHORUS.

I'll sing of that home, that beautiful home, Beauti - ful home, beau-ti - ful home; I'll sing of that home, that

D.S.

O REDEEMED!

Arr. from a "Spiritual."

O re-deem'd! re - deem'd! I'm wash'd in the blood of the Lamb! O re-deem'd! re -
I'm wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!

FINE.

- deem'd! I'm wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!
I'm wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!

1. Lord, I am thine, en - tire - ly thine,
2. With full con - sent thine would I - be,
3. Grant one poor sin - ner more a place,
4. A wretch - ed sin - ner, lost to God,

D.C.

Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb,
{ Purchas'd and saved by blood di - vine,
And own thy sov'reign right in me,
A-mong the chil-dren of thy grace,
But ran-som'd by In - manuel's blood. }
Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

LIGHT IN THE VALLEY FOR ME.

E. R. LATTA. H. B. MATHIS.

1. When to the earth I am bid - ding a-dieu, And in the dis - tance the mes - sen - ger see,
2. Je - sus, who suf - fer'd and died for my sake, Then will my stay and my com - fort - er be;
3. Now I am los - ing my hold up - on earth, Je - sus is ten - der - ly set - ting me free;

CHORUS.

'Twill not be darkness my soul go- eth thro', There will be light for me. There will be light for me,
Heaven's bright dawn on my vis- ion shall break, There will be light for me.
Glo - ry is breaking and heaven has birth, There will be light for me. for me,

There will be light for me, for me, When thro' the valley of death I shall go, There will be light for me.

BRING THEM TO THE FOLD.

LIZZIE UNDERWOOD. J. B. VAUGHN. by per

1. Je - sus loves the chil-dren, Bring them to the Mas- ter; To the ten- der Shepherd, Lead them to his fold;
2. Je - sus loves the chil-dren, And he died to save them; Heed his lov - ing mes-sage, Suf - fer them to come;

Let him bless the chil-dren, Bring them, parents, teachers, For the Saviour's blessing As in days of old.
Teach them love their Saviour While their youth is passing, Gath- er in the children To their sabbath home.

FINE.

D.S.—Gath - er in the chil-dren, Hap - py lit - tle children: Gath- er in the children, Bring them to the fold.

CHORUS.

Gath - er in the chil-dren, The hap - py lit - tle chil-dren, Gath- er in the children, Bring them to the fold;

D.S.

1. I have a Saviour, He's plead- ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov-ing Sav-iour, tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watching in ten - der-ness o'er me, And oh, that my Sav-iour were your Saviour, too!
2. I have a Fa - ther: to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter - ni - ty, bless-ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in heav-en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me, too!
3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splen- dent in whiteness, A - wait- ing in glo - ry my won- der-ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it, all shin - ing in brightness, Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv - ing one, too!
4. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv - er— A peace that the friends of this world never knew; My Sav- iour a - lone is its Au - thor and Giv - er, And oh, could I know it was giv - en to you!
5. When Je - sus has found you, tell oth-ers the story, That my lov- ing Sav- iour is your Saviour, too; Then pray that your Sav - iour may bring them to glo - ry, And prayer will be answered, 'twas answered for you!

CHORUS.

p *f* *pp* *rall.*

For you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, For you I am praying, I'm pray- ing for you.

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ZION SONGSTER NO. 2.

THE

ZION SONGSTER

No. 2.

FOR

Sabbath Schools.

EDITED BY

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.—ISAIAH.

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710 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ZION SONGSTER.

No. 2.

ZIONWARD.

A. S. KIEFFER.

FINE.



2 I was lost, but Jesus found me,
Taught my heart to seek his face;
From a wild and lonely desert,
Brought me to his fold of grace.

3 Now my soul with rapture glowing
Sings aloud his pard'ning love,
Looks beyond a world of sorrow
To the pilgrim's home above.

4 I shall yet behold my Saviour
When the day of life is o'er,
I shall cast my crowns before him,
I shall praise him evermore.

THE WONDROUS STORY.

O. R. B. O. R. BARROWS.

1. O! how wondrous is the sto - ry! How the matchless Son of God Left his home of heav'nly
2. O! what love is here a - bound - ing! How it hu-man love transcends! Je - sus dies to bring his
3. Who will slight his ten - der plead - ing? Who re - sist such melting love? Come ac - cept his free and

glo - ry, and for us He in - ter-posed his pre - cious blood. } Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le-
en - e - mies to God, To re - con - cile and make us friends. }
full sal - va - tion now, And then we'll reign with him a - bove. } Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le-

- lu - jah, To the Lamb once slain up - on the tree,
- lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, And now he pleads be - fore the

By permission of BIGLOW & MAIN.

Now he pleads be - fore his Fa- ther's throne a-bove,

throne, He pleads be - fore his Fa- ther's throne a-bove, And in - ter - cedes for you and me.
Now he pleads,..... he pleads be - fore the throne,

throne, His Fa-ther's throne a - bove,

LITTLE ONES LIKE ME.

Arr. by WM. B. BLAKE.

Slowly.

1. Je - sus, when he left the sky, And for sin - ners came to die, In his mer - cy
2. Moth-ers then the Sav - iour sought In the pla - ces where he taught, And to him their

passed not by Lit - tle ones like me.
chil - dren brought— Lit - tle ones like me.

3 Did the Saviour say them nay?
No, he kindly bade them stay;
Suffered none to turn away
Little ones like me.

4 Children, then, should love him too,
Strive his holy will to do,
Pray to him, and praise him too—
Little ones like me.

THE HEALING FLOOD.

F. M. DAVIS. A. S. KIEFFER.

1. To the Fount of Cleans - ing I have been, Been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;
2. I have found the peace the ran - som'd know, Been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;
3. I have found the balm for my sick soul, Been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;

I am cleans'd with - out and cleans'd with- in, Been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!
I en - joy the love He doth be - stow, Been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!
To the ut - ter - most I am made whole, Been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!

CHORUS.

O, the pre-cious blood that wash-es white as snow! See the crim- son tide from Cal-v'ry's mountain flow!

'Tis a heal - ing flood of pre - cious blood, It wash - es, yes, it wash - es white as snow.

A SINNER LIKE ME.

C. J. BUTLER.

1. I once was a - way from the Sav - iour, And as vile as a sin - ner could be,
2. I wan-der'd a - way in the dark - ness, Not a ray of true light could I see,
3. I then ful - ly trust - ed in Je - sus, And then oh, what a joy came to me;
4. No lon - ger in dark - ness I'm walk - ing, For the light is now shin - ing on me,

I won - der'd if Christ, the Re - deem - er, Could save a poor sin - ner like me.
The thought filled my poor heart with sad - ness, No hope for a sin - ner like me.
My heart o - ver-flow'd with his prais - es, For sav - ing a sin - ner like me.
And now un - to oth - ers I'm tell - ing, He sav'd a poor sin - ner like me.

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THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE.

JNO. T. HALL.

Moderato.

1. O, have you not heard of a beau- ti - ful shore, Where time ceases never, and night comes no more?
2. That beau - ti - ful home is for you and for me, There's bliss in its mansions, its walls I can see,
3. How sweet it will be on that beau - ti - ful shore, Where sorrow and parting shall meet us no more?
4. O yes, I have heard of that beau - ti - ful shore, Where time ceases never, and night comes no more;

There joy, sweet-ly reign-ing, we'll ev - er be blest, Where pilgrims may dwell in that home-land of rest.
There Je - sus of Naz - a - reth we can be - hold, The King of all kingdoms, we'll come to his fold.
"With songs and with honors," we'll march to that land, To meet the dear loved ones, that glo - ri - fied band.
There Je - sus is reign-ing, we'll ev - er be blest, We'll sev - er no more in that sweet land of rest.

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

cres.

That beau - - - ti - ful shore, ... Is the home . . . of the blest, ...
That beau - ti - ful shore, that beau - ti - ful shore, The home of the blest, the home of the blest,

We'll sev - - - er no more, ... In that beau - ti - ful land of sweet rest.
We'll sev - er no more, we'll sev - er no more,

A. S. K.

THE EDEN OF LOVE.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Oh, when shall I dwell in my Fa-ther's bright home, From sor - row and sin ev - er free,
2. Oh, fair are the halls in that pal - ace of song, And sweet - ly the ran - som'd ones sing,
3. There safe shall I rest when life's jour - ney is o'er, And sing with the loved ones a - bove,

With fair, shin- ing an - gels for - ev - er to roam, And my bless - ed Re-deem - er to see?
As a - ges of bliss flood their bright tide a - long In that home of the Sav - iour, our King.
There dwell with my Sav - iour and friends ev - er-more In that sweet, hap - py E - den of love.

WHY NOT NOW?

H. M. MILLER. J. T. HALL.

Marcato.

1. Heark - en to the Sav - iour's voice, Call - ing now to all, Sin - ner, make him
2. Friends and loved ones of the Lord, Call - ing ev - 'ry one, Come and sing the
3. O, ac - cept a Sav - iour's love, Come and take it now, Fix your thoughts on

now your choice, Hear, O hear him call! Why not serve the Lord in youth,
sweet - est song, Come, O sin - ner, come! Why not serve him while you can,
things a - bove, Sin - ner, why not now? He will give you all sweet rest,

And be - fore him bow? Why not serve him now in truth, Sin - ner, why not now?
Come and make your vow? Why do you so i - dle stand? Sin - ner, why not now?
Come to him just now, Come, poor sin - ner, and be blest, Sin - ner, why not now?

CLOSE TO JESUS.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Close to the side of Je - sus,— Safe in his love and care; Hap - py the soul from
2. Close to the side of Je - sus,— Striv - ing to do his will; Try - ing to serve him
3. Close to the side of Je - sus,— All thro' the jour - ney lone; Sun - shi r cloud be
Chorus.—Close to the side of Je - sus,— Safe in his love and care; Hap - py e soul from

dan - ger, Peace - ful - ly rest - ing there. Trust - ing a - lone his mer - cy,
bet - ter, Claim - ing his prom - ise still; What tho' the way be lone - ly,
o'er me, Him will I trust a - lone: Then, when the waves of Jor - dan
dan - ger, Peace - ful - ly rest - ing there.

FINE.

Lean-ing up - on his breast, Here will I dwell for - ev - er, Here will I make my rest.
Dan-gers a-round me fall, Je - sus a - lone can save me, On him I cast my all.
Roll at my trembling feet, With him a - lone to guide me, Triumph will be com - plete.

D. C. for CHORUS.

EASTER LILIES.

Miss ADA BIXBY. W. S. MARTIN, by per.

1. East - er lil - ies, fair and sweet, Bring them wet with dew To the bless-ed Saviour's feet,
2. Je - sus loved the lil - ies fair, Think of them, said he: "Tho' they nei-ther toil nor spin,"
3. As the flow'rs from win - ter's death, In the spring-time bloom, So our Sav-iour lives on high,
4. Like the lil - ies are our lives, Op - 'ning one by one; Some are ful - ly o - pen now,
5. Some are on - ly lit - tle buds, Where- so - e'er they be, Je - sus, take them as thine own,

CHORUS.

He who died for you.
What can fair - er be?
Vic - tor o'er the tomb.
Some have just be - gun.
May they bloom for thee.

May we like the lil - ies be, Pure and ho - ly,

just like thee; From all sin may we be free, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

TELL US SOMETHING MORE.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. E. ROBERTS, by per.

1. Tell us something more of the love of Je - sus, Chris - tian, tell us some-thing more;
2. Tell us something more of the Cru - ci - fix - ion, Tell us how he bled and died;
3. Tell us something more of the Ho - ly Cit - y, Where they strewed the way with palms;

CHORUS.

Tell us how he suf - fer'd death for sin - ners, Tell us of the cross he bore.
Tell us of the blood that ev - er cleans-es, Flow-ing from his wounded side.
Tell us how he gath-er'd lit - tle chil-dren In - to his most lov - ing arms.
} Tell us, Chris - tian,

tell us, Tell us something more; Tell us, Chris - tian, tell us, Tell us something more.

ZACCHEUS.

P. P. BLISS. A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Thro' the crowd - ed streets of Jer - i - cho, see The ho - ly Naz - a - rene go;
2. In the branch - es of a syc - a - more tree, The joy - ful pub - li - can see;
3. Like an ear - nest lit - tle Zac - che - us, I, Would fain the ho - ly One see;

Hear the shout of praise from the hap - py ones there, Who his heal - ing vir - tues know.
Hear the Mas - ter's voice, say - ing, "Zac - che - us, come, For I must a - bide with thee."
I would haste with joy at the bless - ed com - mand, "For I must a - bide with thee."

CHORUS.

Praise ye the Lord, his mer - cies show, Ev - er in his love con - fide;

More than we ask will he be - stow, Will- ing - ly with us a - bide.

CLIFTON.

Unknown.

1. There is a Land, a hap - py land, Where tears are wiped a - way From ev - 'ry eye by
2. There is a Home, a hap - py home, Where way-worn trav'lers rest, Where toil and lan-guor
3. There is a Port, a peace - ful port, A safe and qui - et shore, Where wea - ry ma - rin -
4. There is a Clime, a glo-rious clime, A re - gion fair and calm, Where all a-round are
5. That land be mine, that calm re - treat, That crown of glo - ry bright; Then I'll es-teem each

God's own hand, And night is turned to day, And night is turned to day.
nev - er come, And ev - 'ry mourn-er's blest, And ev - 'ry mourn-er's blest.
- ers re - sort When life's rough voyage is o'er, When life's rough voyage is o'er.
scenes sub-lime, And all the air is balm, And all the air is balm
bit - ter sweet, And ev - 'ry bur - den light, And ev - 'ry bur - den light.

SAY, ARE YOU READY?

A. S. KIEFFER. Rev. W. H. SAMSELL.

1. Should the Death-An - gel knock at thy chamber In the still watch of to - night,
2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part-ing In - to the world of de - spair;
3. Ma - ny redeem'd ones now are as-cend- ing In - to the mansions of light;

Say, will your spir - it pass in - to tor-ment, Or to the land of de - light?
Ev - 'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer, Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware!
Je - sus is plead-ing high up in glo - ry, Seek - ing to save you to - night.

REFRAIN.

Say, are you read - y, O are you read - y, If the Death-An - gel should call?

Ritard.

Say, are you read - y, O are you read - y? Mer - cy stands wait-ing for all.

A LITTLE LIGHT.

C. E. POLLOCK.

CHORUS.

1. { God, make my life a lit - tle light, Within the world to glow; } Lit- tle light, lit - tle light,
{ A lit-tle flame that burneth bright Wherever I may go. } Little light, little light,

Wher-ev - er I may go; Lit- tle light, lit- tle light, Wher- er - er I may go.
Little light, litttle light,

2 God, make my life a single flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.—*Cho.*

3 God, make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the sinner glad.—*Cho.*

4 God, make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise:
Of faith—that never waxeth dim—
In all his wondrous ways.—*Cho.*

BATTLE HYMN.

English. Arr. by WM. B. BLAKE.

CHORUS.

1. { Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll'- wer of the Lamb, } And when the bat- tle's o - ver
{ And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? }

we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown!

D. S.

FINE.

And when the bat - tle's o - ver we shall wear a crown In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

D.S.

Wear a crown, Wear a crown, wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a bright and shin - ing crown;

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?—*Cho.*

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God?—*Cho.*

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.—*Cho.*

THE CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

WM. B. BLAKE.

1. The blood that flow'd from Cal-va-ry, From all my sins now cleanses me, I'll praise the Lord, my soul is free,
2. O wonder-ful sal - vation this! Unmeasur'd wealth of love and peace! I'll praise the Lord, my soul is free,
3. With joy I tell to others round What depths of mercy I have found; I'll praise the Lord, my soul is free,

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

For the blood now cleanses me.
For the blood now cleanses me.
For the blood now cleanses me.

This fountain cleanses from all sin, And ev-'ry one may now plunge in:

IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

M. A. K. REV. 20: 15. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Nei - ther sil - ver nor gold; I would make sure of heav - en,
2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, Oh, my Sav - iour,
3. Oh! that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man-sions of light, With its glo - ri - fied be - ings,

I would en - ter the fold; In the book of thy kingdom, With its pag - es so fair,
Is suf - fi - cient for me; For thy prom - ise is writ-ten In bright let - ters that glow,
In pure gar - ments of white; Where no e - vil thing com - eth, To de - spoil what is fair;

CHORUS.

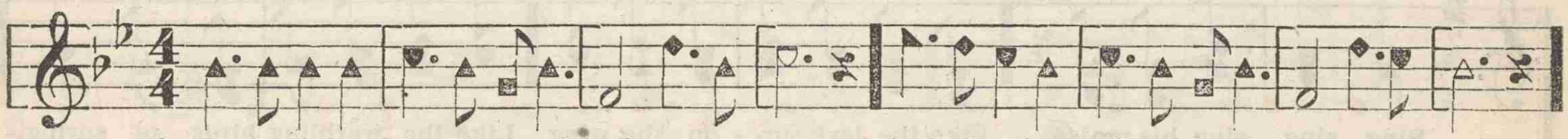
Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Is my name writ-ten there?
"Though your sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow."
Where the an - gels are watch - ing,— Is my name writ-ten there?

} Is my name writ - ten there,



LONG TIME AGO.

Arrangement and Refrain by WM. B. BLAKE.



1. Je- sus died on Calvary's mountain, Long years a-go, And sal-vation's rolling fountain Now freely flows!
2. Once his voice in tones of pit- y Melt - ed in woe, And he wept o'er Judah's city, Long years a - go.
3. On his head the dews of midnight Fell, long a - go, Now a crown of dazzling sunlight Sits on his brow.
4. Je-sus died—yet lives for-ev-er, No more to die— Bleeding Je-sus, Blessed Saviour, Now reigns on high!
5. Now in heav'n he's in-terced-ing For dy- ing men, Soon he'll finish all his pleading, And come a - gain.
6. When he comes a voice from heaven Shall pierce the tomb, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, Children, come home."

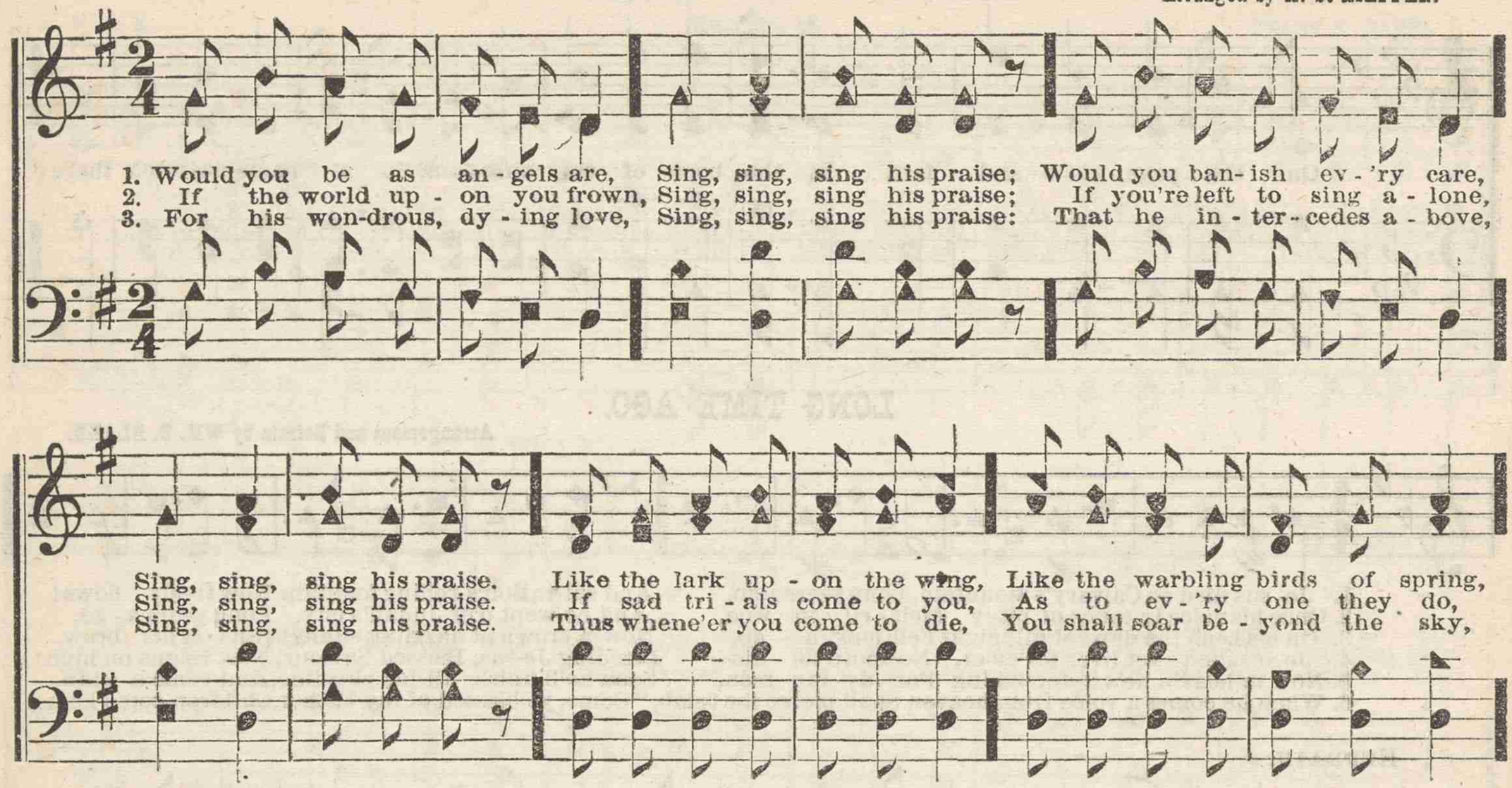
REFRAIN.



Now free - ly flows, Now free- ly flows, And sal-va-tion's roll - ing fountain Now free - ly flows!
Long years a - go, Long years a - go, And he wept o'er Ju- dah's cit - y, Long years a - go.
Sits on his brow, Sits on his brow, Now a crown of daz-zling sunlight Sits on his brow.
Now reigns on high, Now reigns on high, Bleed-ing Je - sus, Bless-ed Sav-iour, Now reigns on high!
And come a - gain, And come a - gain, Soon he'll fin- ish all his pleading, And come a - gain.
"Chil- dren, come home, Chil-dren, come home, Come, ye blessed of my Fa- ther, Chil-dren, come home."

SING HIS PRAISE.

Arranged by A. S. KIEFFER.





4 Brighter thus our joys shall be,
Sing, sing, sing his praise;
In a long eternity,
Sing, sing, sing his praise.
Happy then with Christ to live,
And his loving smiles receive,
All the praise to him we'll give:
Sing, sing, sing his praise.

Rev. E. H. STOKES. E. M. BRUCE, by per.

1. Hail, thou ev - er roll- ing o - cean, Hail, thou ev - er heaving sea; Sun- light on thy bo-som
2. Wid - er than the surging bil - lows, High - er than the silv- 'ry waves, Roll the tid-ings of sal -
3. See the glo-ry, friends of Je - sus, On this o-cean, deep and wide; But a glo-ry, clearer,
4. Yes, launch out, ye friends of Je - sus, Spread your sails for that blest shore; Praise the Lord, the Pilot's

CHORUS.

gleam - eth Light and shade al - ter - nate - ly.
- va - tion— Flows the pre-cious blood that saves.
bright - er, Lies be - yond this swell- ing tide.
with us, We are safe for ev - er - more.

Far be - yond the roll - ing bil - lows

Lies a cit-y bright and fair, Glo - ry to our skillful Pi - lot, Soon He'll bring our spir-its there.

ritard.

JESUS IS COMING AGAIN.

D. W. CRIST, by per.

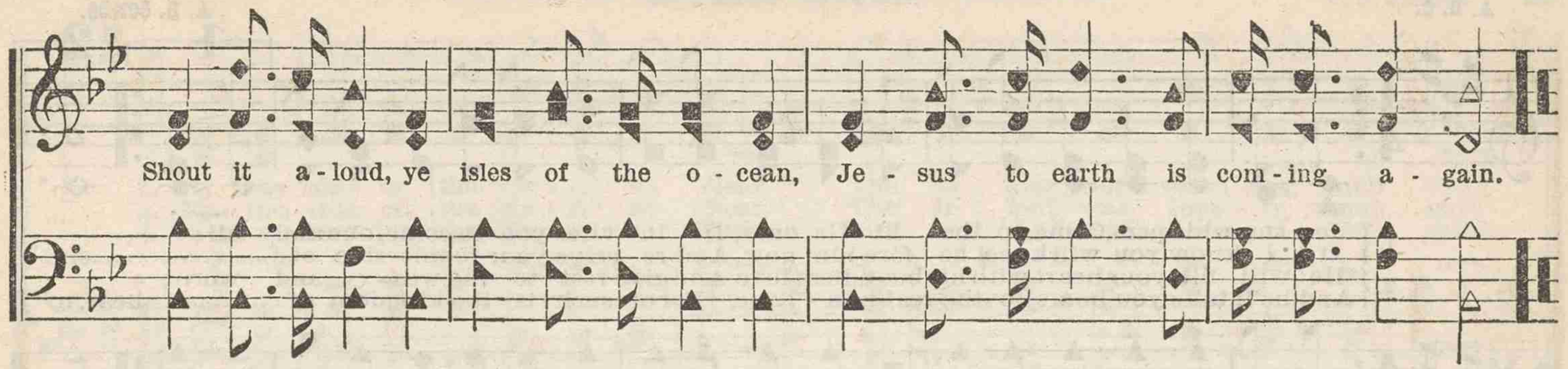
Joyfully.

1. O - ver the val - leys, hill - tops and mountains, Rings out the shout from wood - land and plain;
2. Cheering each pil - grim, way-worn and wea - ry, No more we hear him fret or com-plain;
3. Com-ing to take us o - ver the riv - er, Where we shall sing of him who was slain;

Sing it, ye riv - ers, seas, lakes and fount - ains, Je - sus to earth is com - ing a - gain.
Bright is the way that once was so drear - y, Je - sus to earth is com - ing a - gain.
Glad - ly, then, sing his prais - es for - ev - er, Je - sus to earth is com - ing a - gain.

CHORUS.

Com - ing a - gain, O glo - ri - ous the tid - ings! Let all the earth take up the glad re - frain;



THE HAPPY LAND.



WILL YOU COME?

A. B. C.

A. B. CONDO.

1. Je - sus whis-pers, Come, to the lit - tle ones, He in - vites you to come, one and all;
   O I know you will kneel be - fore him now, And re - ceive your re-mis- sion of.....sin.
2. He will fill your heart with his boundless love, And give rest to the wea - ry and worn;
   And he'll take you home to the realms a - bove, "For of such is the kingdom of..... heav'n."

CHORUS.

Will you come, Will you come, Will you come un - to the Sav-iour now?
Will you come, Will you come,

Je - sus says to all, "Come un - to me now, For of such is the king - dom of heav'n."

1. By the side of the riv - er so clear, The la - dies were wend - ing their way;
2. By the side of the riv - er so clear, The in - fant was lone - ly and sad;
3. Then a - way by the riv - er so clear, They car - ried that beau - ti - ful child;

As Pha - ra - oh's daughter stepped down to the wa - ter To bathe in the cool of the day.
She took him in pit - y, and thought him so pret - ty, And made lit - tle Mo - ses so glad.
To his own ten - der moth - er, his sis - ter and broth - er, Then Mo - ses looked hap - py and smiled;

Be - fore it was dark she o - pened the ark, And found the sweet in - fant was there.
She called him her own, her beau - ti - ful son, And sent for a nurse that was near.
His moth - er, so good, done all that she could To rear him and teach him with care.

4 Then away by the sea that was red,
Stood Moses the servant of God,
While in him confided the deep was divided,
As upward he lifted his rod;
:‖: The Jews safely crossed while Pharaoh's host,
Was drowned in the waters and lost. :‖:

5 Then away on the mountain so high
The last one he ever might see:
While Israel victorious, his hope was most glorious,
Would soon over Jordan be free:
:‖: Then his labors did cease, he departed in peace,
And rests in the heaven above. :‖:

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

English Melody.

1. I've found a friend in Je - sus, he's ev - 'ry - thing to me, He's the
2. He all my griefs has tak - en, and all my sor - rows borne; In temp -
3. He'll nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here, While I

fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val - ley, in
- ta - tion he's my strong and might - y tow'r; I've all for him for - sak - en, and
live by faith and do his bless - ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, I've

D.S.—Lil - y of the Val - ley, the

FINE.

him a - lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole.
all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now he keeps me by his pow'r.
noth - ing now to fear, With his man - na he my hun - gry soul shall fill.

bright and Morn - ing Star, He's the fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul.

In sor - row he's my com - fort, In troub - le he's my stay,
Though all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempts me sore,
Then sweep - ing up to glo - ry to see his bless - ed face,

D.S.

He tells me ev - 'ry care on him to roll. He's the
Through Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal. He's the
Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll. He's the

TO-DAY.

1. To - day the Sav - iour calls: Ye wand'rers, come; O ye be-night-ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?
2. To - day the Sav - iour calls; For ref - uge fly! The storm of jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.
3. The Spir - it calls to - day: Yield to his pow'r: Oh, grieve him not a - way; 'Tis mer- cy's hour.

GOLDEN SHEAVES.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. TENNEY.

1. When the sow - ing and the reap ing In his vineyard here are done, When e - ter - ni - ty un - fold-eth,
2. When the last kind word is spo-ken To the er- ring here be - low, When the tears of faithful servants
3. When the Mas- ter of the har-vest Call-eth all the lab'rers in, And to place the crowns e - ter - nal

And the course of Time is run; When, ac - cord- ing to his do- ings, Each his rec - ompense re- ceives,
Have for - ev - er ceased to flow, Then shall each who works for Je - sus, And his prom - is - es be- lieves,
On their foreheads shall be - gin, Shall we be a- mong the num-ber, And our off -'ring be but leaves?

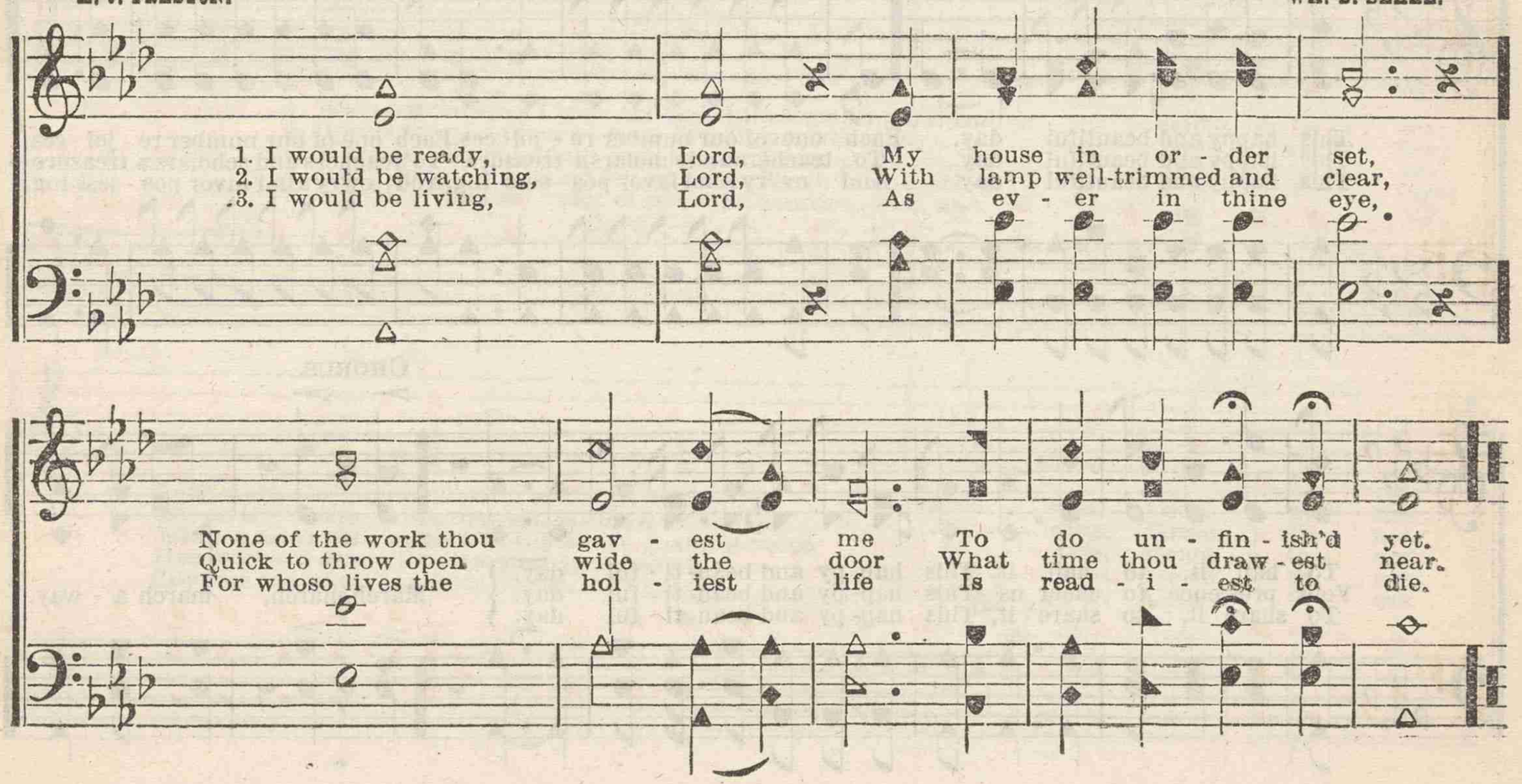
CHORUS.

If of good, or if of e - vil, Shall we come with gold- en sheaves.
Come re - joic-ing in his la - bors, Bear-ing with him gold- en sheaves.
Je- sus, we would come re - joic - ing, Bear-ing with us gold- en sheaves.
} Some will come with gold- en sheaves.



I WOULD BE READY, LORD.

M. J. PRESTON. WM. B. BLAKE.



GREETING SONG.

(FOR ANNIVERSARIES, PICNICS, REUNIONS.)

Arrangement and Chorus by
WM. B. BLAKE.

Brightly.

1. We're com-ing with ju - bi - lant voi- ces, We're coming with jubilant voi - ces, To hail it, to hail it,
2. We greet you with tokens of pleasure, We greet you with tokens of pleasure, With gladness, with glad-ness,
3. We thank the dear Lord for each blessing, We thank the dear Lord for each blessing, Up-on us, up - on us,

This happy and beautiful day. Each one of our number re - joi- ces, Each one of our number re - joi - ces,
This happy and beautiful day. To teachers and scholars a treasure—To teachers and scholars a treasure—
This happy and beautiful day. And ev-'ry kind favor pos - sess- ing, And ev'ry kind favor pos - sess-ing,

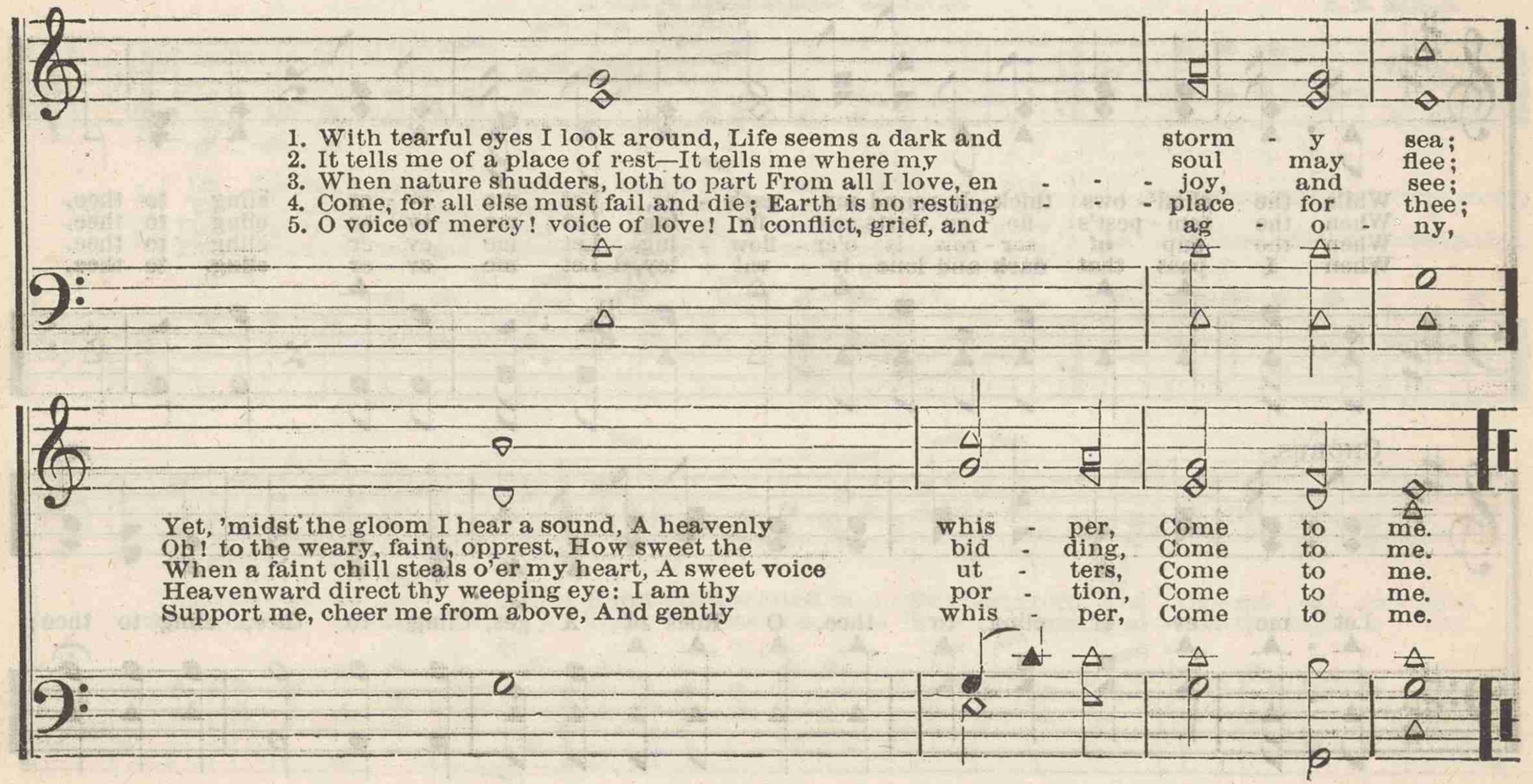
CHORUS.

To hail it, to hail it, This hap- py and beau- ti - ful day.
Your pres-ence to cheer us—This hap- py and beau- ti - ful day.
To share it, to share it, This hap- py and beau- ti - ful day.

March, march, march a - way.



"COME TO ME." (Chant.)



LET ME CLING TO THEE.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Let me cling to thee, O Rock of A - ges, While I sail o'er life's rough sea,
2. Let me cling to thee, O Rock of A - ges, When my sins are press - ing me,
3. Let me cling to thee, O Rock of A - ges, When the path I fail to see,
4. Let me cling to thee, O Rock of A - ges, When I near e - ter - ni - ty,

While the shad - ows thick - ly round me gath - er, Let me ev - er cling to thee.
When the tem - pest's fie - ry darts are fly - ing, Let me ev - er cling to thee.
When the cup of sor - row is o'er - flow - ing, Let me ev - er cling to thee.
When I pass that dark and lone - ly val - ley, Let me ev - er cling to thee.

CHORUS.

Let me ev - er cling to thee, O Rock of A - ges, Cling to thee, cling to thee;

While the storm of life a - round is rag - - ing, Let me ev - er, ev - er cling to thee.

THE PROMISED LAND.

H. H. 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-sessions lie. }
2. { There gen'rous fruits that nev - er fail On trees im-mor-tal grow; } All o'er those wide ex-tended plains,
   { There rocks and hills and brooks and vales, With milk and hon-ey flow. }

That ris - es to my sight! Sweet fields arrayed 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.

MARCHING HOME.

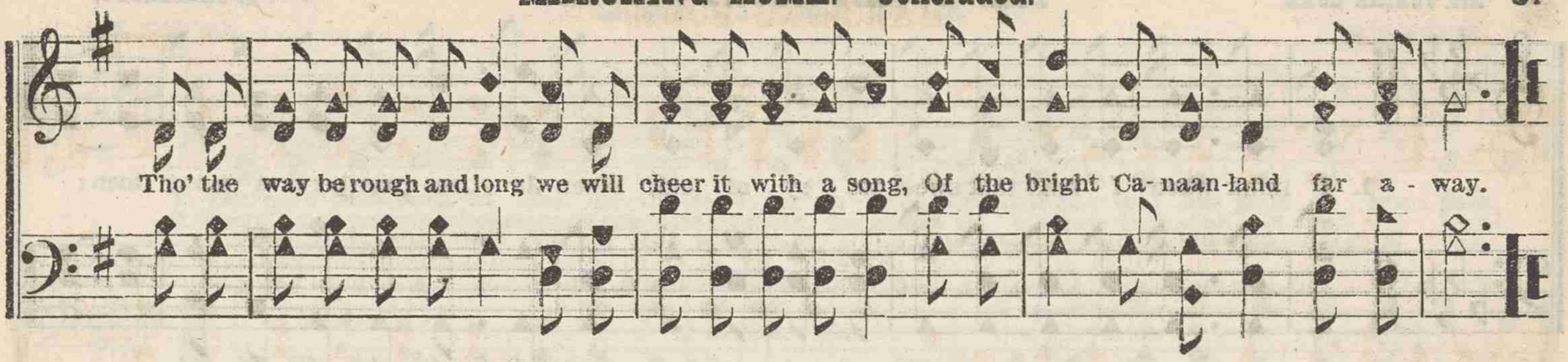
WM. B. BLAKE. A. S. KIEFFER.

1. With our banners wav-ing high, with our fa - ces to the sky, We are march-ing to Zi - on to - day;
2. Je - sus is our lead-er true, ev - er keep-ing us in view, Lest a - way from the path we may rove:
3. Come and join our hap-py band, marching to the promised land, Un-der Je - sus, our Cap - tain and guide:

And al-though the way be long we will cheer it with a song, Of the bright Ca - naan-land far a - way.
We must stead- i - ly press on till the fi - nal rest is won In the man - sions of glo - ry and love.
We shall have a cho sen place in the Kingdom of his grace, When the ar - my has crossed Jor- dan's tide.

CHORUS.

Marching home, marching home, Marching home, ev' - ry day;
Marching home, marching home, Marching home marching home;



THROUGH THE VALLEY IN PEACE.

Arr. from Rev. J. A. WALL. WM. B. BLAKE.



Mrs. JEMIMA LUKE.

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.

J. C. ENGLEBRECHT.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men;

How he called lit - tle chil-dren like lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.

D.S.—How he called lit - tle chil-dren like lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.

FINE.

REFRAIN.

D.S.

I should like to have been with them then, I should like to have been with them then;

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."
"Let the little ones come unto me,
Let the little ones come unto me,"
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his foot-stool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of his love,
And if I now earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.
I shall see him and hear him above,
I shall see him and hear him above,
And if I now earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

HOME OF THE SOUL.

A. S. KIEFFER. M. S. KERBY.

1. There are man-sions of love in the land far a-bove, Which the Sav-iour has gone to pre-pare,
2. There's a fountain whose stream sparkles bright in the gleam Of a day that shall not end in night,
3. Of that fountain of love in that land far a-bove, May we drink when life's jour-ney is o'er,

f. FINE.

And the chil-dren who pray as they walk in life's way, In those mansions shall each have a share.
And its wa-ters make glad all the wea-ry and sad Who have gone to that land of de-light.
And with an-gels of light share its splen-dors so bright In those mansions of love ev-er-more.

D.S.—There are streets of pure gold, there are pleasures un-told, And the an-gels will wel-come you there.

CHORUS. D.S.

They will wel-come you there, they will wel-come you there, And the an-gels will wel-come you there;

HOW JOYFUL THE MEETING.

Mrs. J. R. GREEN. Rev. J. H. WHITE.

1. Shall we dwell with our lov'd ones for - ev - er,— When our hearts shall be free from all care?
2. Shall we dwell with our Sav - iour for - ev - er,— In the home he has gone to pre- pare?
3. Shall we dwell with our Fa - ther for - ev - er,— In the realms of the ho - ly and fair?

FINE.

Oh, how sweet is the thought of that meet- ing! Oh, how joy - ful, in - deed, to be there.
Oh, the rap - ture and bliss of that meet- ing! Oh, how joy - ful, in - deed, to be there.
Oh, how glo - rious the hope of that meet- ing! Oh, how joy - ful, in - deed, to be there.

CHORUS. D.S.

Oh, what joy, Oh, what joy! Oh, how joy - ful, in - deed, to be there.
Oh, what joy, Oh, what joy! Oh, how joy - ful, in - deed, to be there.

1

1. { We'll sing to the glo - ry, the glo - ry of God, Whom an - gels are prais - ing on high;
{ Where all that are hap - py shall meet by - and - by,

2

And praise him in beau - ti - ful songs.

CHORUS.

Then sing . . . to his glo - ry, his glo - - ry, his
Then sing to his glo - ry, his glo - ry, his glo-ry, his glo - ry, his
glo - ry, Then sing . . . . to his glo - ry In beau - - ti - ful songs.
glo - ry, Then sing to his glo - ry, his glo - ry In beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful songs.

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.—*Cho.*

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

LET ME NEVER LEAVE THEE.

W. YOUENS. WM. B. BLAKE.

1. Let me nev - er leave thee, bless-ed Sav - iour, Keep me ev - er clos - er by thy side;
2. Let me nev - er leave thee, when my spir - it Springs ex - ul - tant in - to joy - ous youth;
3. Let me nev - er leave thee, precious Je - sus, All a - long the jour-ney of my life;

Let me know and feel thy pre-cious fa - vor, Thou art mine, what can I want be-side?
Let me then "re - mem-ber my Cre - a - tor," Choose the path of right-eousness and truth.
In the strug - gle be my great De-fend - er, Make me more than conq'ror in the strife.

REFRAIN.

Nev - er, nev - er, leave thy side; Nev - er, nev - er, Never let me leave thy side.

WALK IN THE LIGHT.

I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fellowship of love, His spir-it on-ly can bestow, Who
2. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fearful shade shall wear; Glo - ry shall chase away its gloom, For
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt see Thy path, tho' thorny, bright, For God by grace shall dwell in thee, And

CHORUS.

reigns in light a-bove. } Walk in the light of the Liv-ing, Walk in the
Christ hath con-quer'd there. }
God him-self is light. } Walk in the light, in the light of the Liv-ing, Walk in the light, in the

light of God; Walk in the light of the Liv-ing, Walk in the light of God.
light of God; Walk in the light, in the light of the Liv-ing, Walk in the light of God.

SAVED BY FAITH.

J. B. C. I. BALTZELL.

1. I have found re-demption in the Saviour's blood, I am saved by faith in his blood (in his blood;)
2. Oh, how sweet the sto-ry of his wondrous grace! I am saved by faith in his blood (in his blood;)
3. I will sing of Je-sus while the days go by, I am saved by faith in his blood (in his blood;)
4. I will keep on singing as I march a-long, I am saved by faith in his blood (in his blood;)

I am sweet-ly trust-ing in the word of God, I am saved by faith in his blood.
I will trust in Je-sus while I run my race, I am saved by faith in his blood.
I will trust his prom-ise—on his strength re-ly, I am saved by faith in his blood.
In my home in glo-ry this shall be my song, I am saved by faith in his blood.

CHORUS.

I am saved,..... yes, sweetly saved, I am saved by faith in the blood he shed for me;
I am saved, sweetly saved, I am saved, sweetly saved,

I am saved,..... yes, sweetly saved, I am saved by faith in his blood.
I am saved, sweetly saved, I am saved, sweetly saved,

SINNER, GO.

Unknown.

FINE.

1. { Sin - ner, go; will you go To the high - lands of heav - en? }
{ Where the storms nev - er blow, And the long sum - mer's giv - en; } Where the
D.C.—And the leaves of the bow'rs In the breez - es are fit - ting.
2. { Where the rich, gold - en fruit Is in bright clus - ters pend - ing, }
{ And the deep - lad - en boughs Of life's fair tree are bend - ing; } And where
D.C.—And the verd - ure is green, And e - ter - nal - ly grow - ing;

D.C.

bright bloom - ing flow'rs Are their o - dors e - mit - ting,
life's crys - tal stream Is un - ceas - ing - ly flow - ing,

3 Where the saints, robed in white—
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain—
Shining beauteous and bright,
They inhabit the mountain;
Where no sin, nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.

4 He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come—
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
Oh, come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon,
And forever, cease pleading.

CHILDREN'S PRAISE HYMN.

E. CYMPSON. H. E. ENGLE.

1. Join in the praise of our Cap- tain so grand, Lead- ing to vic - t'ry his own chos - en band:
2. Suf - fers the sin - ful to look un - to him, Fill - ing each cup with his love to the brim;
3. His pow'r and glo - ry shall shine o'er the world, From earth to heav- en his flag be un-furled;

He, 'mid the great ones, the small-est will choose, Prayers of the weak he will nev - er re - fuse.
Will not de- spise us tho' we may be weak, Al - ways will lis - ten if we will but speak.
Nations and kingdoms shall know him a- right, Reign with him ev - er in man - sions of light.

CHORUS.

Sing loud ho - san - - na, The praise of Je - sus sing!
Sing loud ho - san - na, Sing loud ho- san- na, We'll shout and

Swell loud the an - them, ex - alt - ing his name, Glo - ry to Je - sus, our sov' - reign King.

SOMERVILLE. C. M.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Dear Je - sus, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing must thou be;
2. I can - not feel thee touch my hand, With pres - sure light and mild,
3. But I have felt thee in my thoughts, Re - buk - ing sin for me;
4. And when, dear Sav - iour, I kneel down Morn - ing and night to - pray'r,

To leave thy home in heav'n, to guard A lit - tle child like me.
To check me as my moth - er did When I was but a child.
And when my heart loves God, I know The sweet - ness is from thee.
Some - thing there is with - in my heart Which tells me thou art there.

THE EVERGREEN SHORE.

A. S. KIEFFER.

Gently.

1. Be - yond the dark val - ley and shad- ow and death, There bloometh an ev - er- green shore;
2. Bright mansions of splen-dor a - dorn that fair shore, Still wa- ters of life mur-mur there;
3. 'Tis there that our Sav-iour a place has prepared,— A rest for the sheep of his fold;
4. Oh, why should we wander, in fol - ly and sin, A - way from that ev - er- green shore;

Se - cure from all chan- ges of sea - son or time, Where tempests and clouds are no more.
The glo - ry of God and the smiles of his love, A - dorn it with ra - di - ance rare.
With A- bram and I - saac and Ja - cob to share The joys that can nev - er be told.
When Christ in his mer - cy our souls doth en - treat To share its pure joys ev - er - more?

CHORUS.

There's rest on that beau- ti - ful shore,..... Sweet rest on that ev - er- green shore,.....
shore, bright shore, shore, sweet rest,



CALLING YOU TO-DAY.

W. A. OGDEN, by per. WM. B. BLAKE.



REFRAIN.



I LONG TO BE THERE.

W. A. OGDEN. A. G. ABBEY.

1. I've a home far a-way, in the re-gions im-mor-tal, And Je-sus my Sa-viour is there;
2. In that home far a-way, flows a beau-ti-ful riv-er, A throne and a king-dom are there;
3. I have kin-dred and friends round that throne by the riv-er, Which stands in that coun-try so fair;
4. I am jour-ney-ing on to my home by the riv-er, And soon all its glo-ries I'll share!

And sin can-not en-ter that heav-en-ly por-tal, I long, oh, I long to be there.
They've built on its mar-gin and heav-en-ly por-tal, I long, oh, I long to be there.
They wait for me now and they beck-on me o-ver, I long, oh, I long to be there.
I'll dwell with my Sa-viour and lov'd ones for-ev-er, I long, oh, I long to be there.

CHORUS.

There the flow'rs ev-er spring, And the sweet warblers sing, 'Mid the groves in the coun-try so fair;

From "ALWAYS WELCOME," by per.

There the bright an - gels stand, Ev - er - more in that land, I long, oh, I long to be there.

A. S. K.

AFTER WHILE.

A. S. KIEFFER.

FINE.

1. { Earth - ly cares will soon be end - ed, Aft - er while, aft - er while; }
{ Hearts are hands with dust be blend-ed, Aft - er while, aft - er while; }
D. C.—Shall find rest where skies are cheer-y, Aft - er while, aft - er while.

And our feet, now worn and wea - ry With life's path - way, dark and drear - y,

D. C.

2 We shall hail a happy morning
After while, after while;
Zion's hills with light adorning,
After while, after while;
Even now sweet spirits meet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
At heaven's portals they will greet us
After while, after while.

3 There beside the crystal river,
After while, after while;
We shall praise thee, glorious Giver,
After while, after while;
And through all the glad forever,
We shall live with Jesus ever,
And shall part, no, never, never,
After while, after while.

TITLE CLEAR.

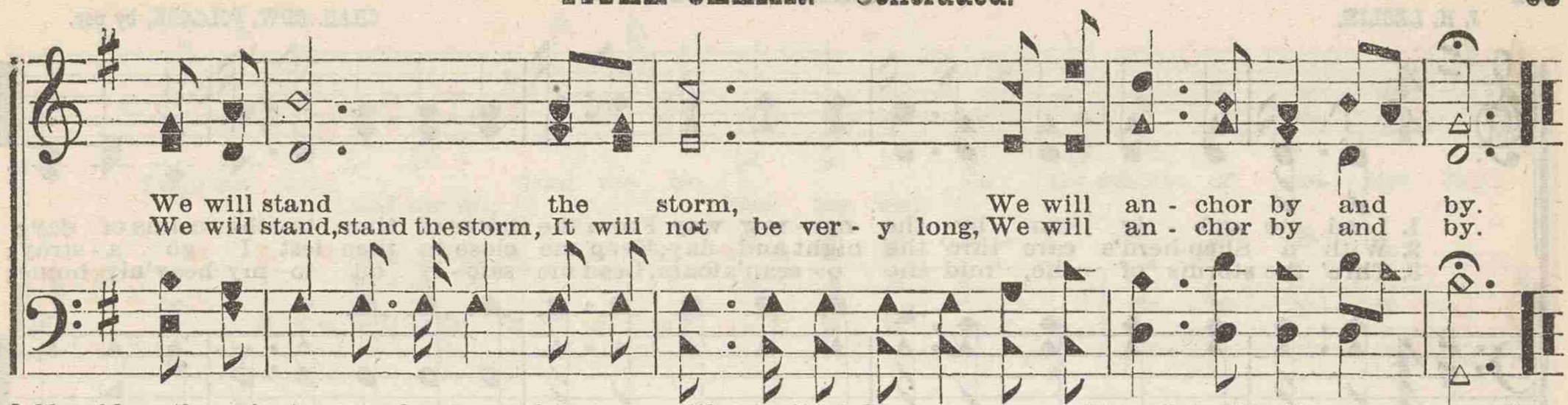
Arr. by T. C. O'KANE.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, ti - tle clear, When I can read my ti - tle clear, ti-tle clear,
   I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, ev - 'ry fear, I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, ev-'ry fear,

CHORUS.

When I can read my ti-tle clear To mansions in the skies, } We will stand the
I'll bid farewell to ev-'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes. } We will stand, stand the storm, It will

storm, We will an - chor by and by, by and by;
not be ver - y long, We will an - chor by and by, We will an - chor by and by;



2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.—CHO.

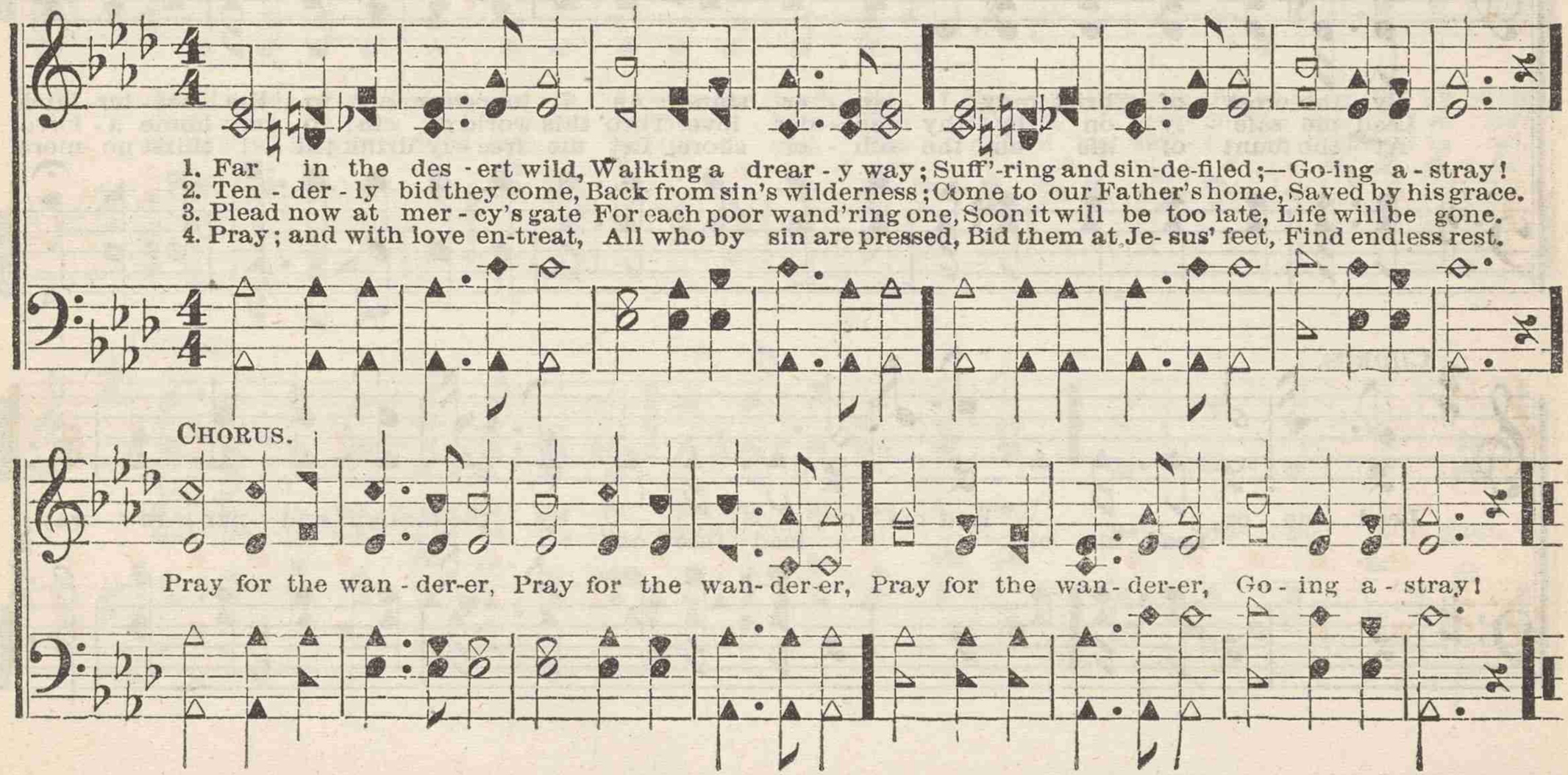
3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.—CHO.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.—CHO.

Rev. C. H. HOTT.

PRAY FOR THE WANDERER!

A. S. KIEFFER.



LEAD ME ON.

J. H. LESLIE. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

1. Lead me safe - ly on by the nar - row way From the shores of time to the realms of day;
2. With a Shep-herd's care thro' the night and day, Keep me close to thee lest I go a - stray;
3. Thro' the storms of life, 'mid the o - cean's foam, Lead me safe - ly on to my heav'nly home;

By the cross of Christ may I ev - er stand, As I jour-ney on to the bet - ter land.
Lead me safe - ly on by thy ten - der love, Thro' this world of sin to my home a - bove.
At the fount of life on the oth - er shore, Let me free - ly drink till I thirst no more.

CHORUS.

Lead me on, lead me on, By the straight and nar - row way;
Lead me on, lead me on,



REVIVE US.

English Melody.



GOD BE WITH YOU.

J. E. RANKIN. W. G. TOOMER, by per.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By his coun-sels guide, up - hold you;
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain; 'Neath his wings se - cure - ly hide you;
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain; When life's per - ils thick con-found you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain; Keep love's ban - ner float - ing o'er you;

With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Put his arms un - fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Smite death's threatening waves be-fore you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, ... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet
Till we meet, till we meet a - gain, till we meet;

Till we meet,..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,

CHAS. WESLEY.

HAIL THE DAY! (Easter.)

WM. B. BLAKE.

1. Hail the day that sees him rise, Hal-le - lu - jah! Ravish'd from our wishful eyes, Halle - lu - jah!
2. Circled round with angel pow'rs, Halle - lu - jah! Their triumphant Lord and ours, Halle- lu - jah!
3. See, he lifts his hands above, Hal-le - lu - jah! See, he shows the prints of love, Halle - lu - jah!

REFRAIN.

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

UNDER HIS WINGS.

ASA HULL, by per.

1. In God I have found a re - treat, Where I can se - cure - ly a - bide;
No ref - uge, nor rest so com - plete, (*Omit*.....)

CHORUS.

And here I in - tend to re - side. Oh, what com - fort it brings, As my
soul sweet - ly sings: I am safe from all dan - ger, While un - der his wings.

Rit.

2 I dread not the terror by night,
No arrow can harm me by day;
His shadow has covered me quite,
My fears he has driven away.

3 The pestilence walking about,
When darkness has settled abroad,
Can never compel me to doubt
The presence and power of God.

4 The wasting destruction at noon,
No fearful foreboding can bring;
With Jesus, my soul doth commune,
His perfect salvation I sing.

5 A thousand may fall at my side,
Ten thousand upon my right hand;
Above me his wings are spread wide,
Beneath them in safety I stand.

WHO ARE THESE IN BRIGHT ARRAY?

Dr. H. R. PALMER.



Faster.

There - fore they stand be - fore the throne, cry- ing: "Blessing, glo - ry, wis- dom, hon - or,

Pow - er, and might be un - to God, ev - er, world with- out end." They shall hun- ger no more, Nei-ther

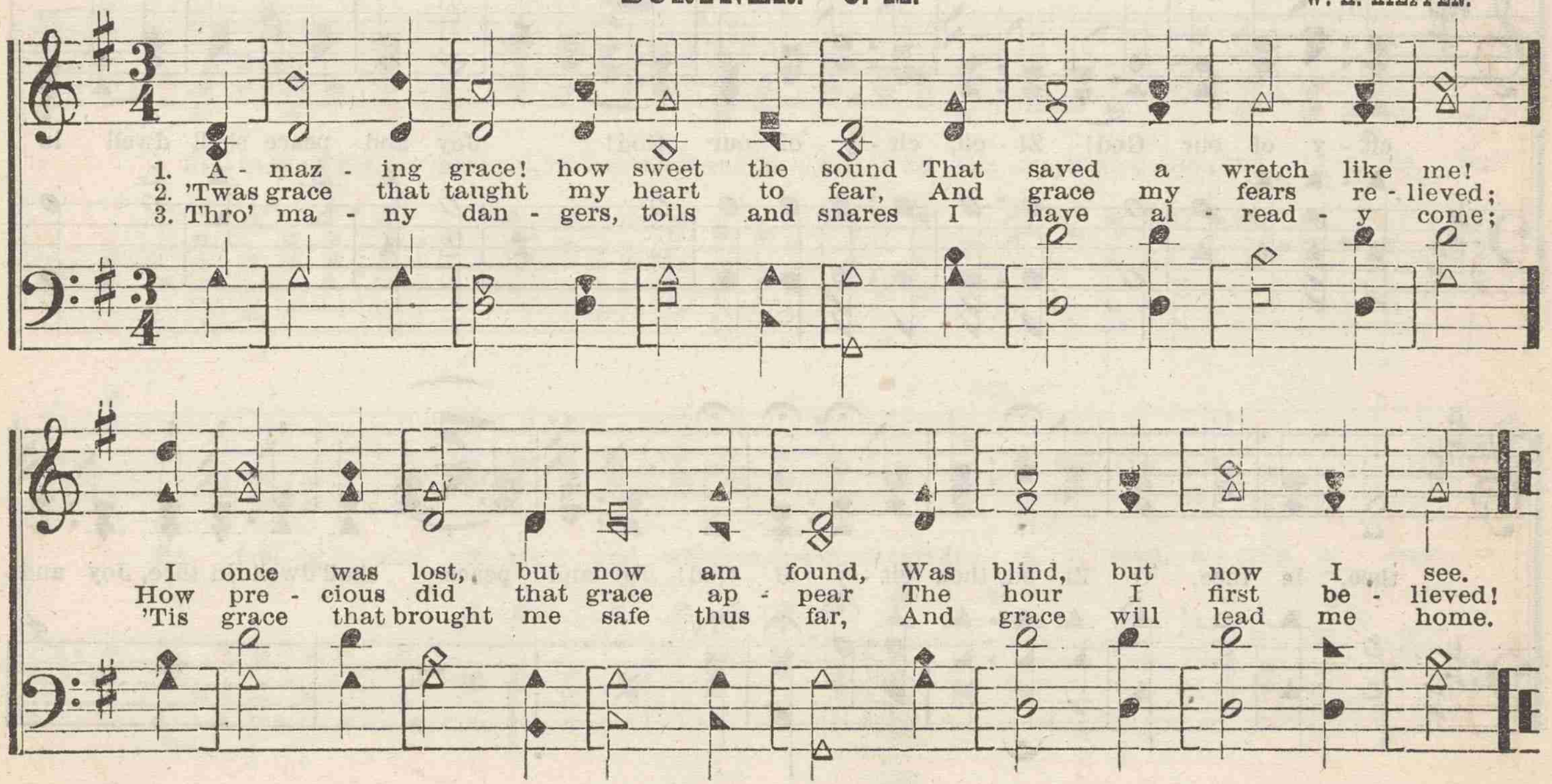
thirst an - y more, For the Lamb up - on the throne shall feed them; They shall walk by the streams of the

Repeat pp.



BURTNER. C. M.

W. H. KIEFFER.



OH, HOW LOVELY IS ZION!

A. S. KIEFFER.

Oh, how love- ly, Oh, how love - ly, Oh, how love - ly, how love - ly is Zi - on, Zi - on,

cit - y of our God! Zi - on, cit - y of our God! Joy and peace shall dwell in

thee, in thee, O Zi - on, thou cit - y of God! Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and

Slow.

peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, shall dwell in thee.

DOXOLOGY.

WM. B. BLAKE.

Un - to the King, e - ter - nal, im - mor - tal and in - vis - i - ble, The on - ly wise God, and Je-sus, his Son,

Be hon - or and glo - ry, and wis-dom, and thanksgiv-ing. A - men, a - men, a - men.

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God Be With You	56
Home of the Soul	39
How Joyful the Meeting	40
Hail the Day	57
Is My Name Written There	20
I Would be Ready, Lord	31
I Long to be There	50
Jesus is Coming Again	24
Little Ones Like Me	5
Long Time Ago	21
Little Moses	27
Let Me Cling to Thee	34
Let Me Never Leave Thee	42
Lead Me On	54
Marching Home	36
Oh! How Lovely is Zion	62
Pray for the Wanderer	53
Revive Us	55
Say, Are You Ready	16
Sing His Praise	22
Sing to His Glory	41
Saved by Faith	44
Sinner, Go	45
Somerville	47
The Wondrous Story	4
The Healing Flood	6
The Beautiful Shore	8
The Eden of Love	9
The Cleansing Fountain	19
The Ocean Grove Song	23
The Happy Land	25
The Lily of the Valley	28
The Promised Land	35
The Sweet Story of Old	38
The Evergreen Shore	48
Through the Valley in Peace	37
Tell Us Something More	13
To-Day	29
Title Clear	52
Under His Wings	58
Why Not Now	10
Will You Come	26
Walk in the Light	43
Who Are These in Bright Array	59
Zionward	3
Zaccheus	14

THE SINGING-SCHOOL.

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

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL DIVISIONS.

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

PITCH, LENGTH, POWER.

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

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

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

CHAPTER II.

MELODY.

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

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

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. 

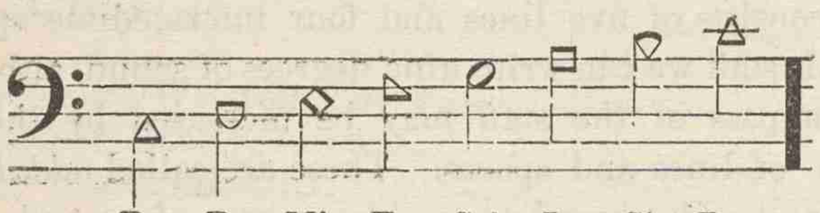
With the use of the foregoing characters mentioned in the preceding paragraphs, we can form a starting point for writing music.

We can now write the scale in the following manner:



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

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



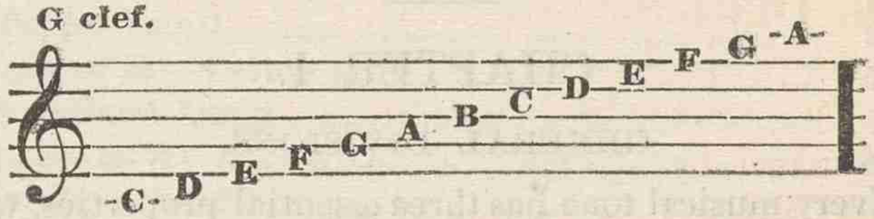
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

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

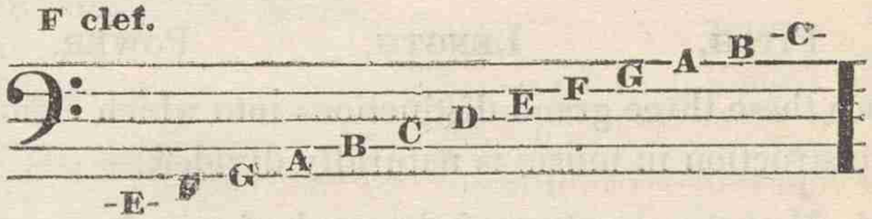
5. Numerals.—Numerals are used to designate the different degrees of the scale series, as 1, 3, 5, 7, 4, 6, of the scale. One always designates Do, two designates Re, three designates Mi, etc. Numerals are also used to indicate the time, and are written on the staff, fractionally, at the beginning of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

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

G clef.

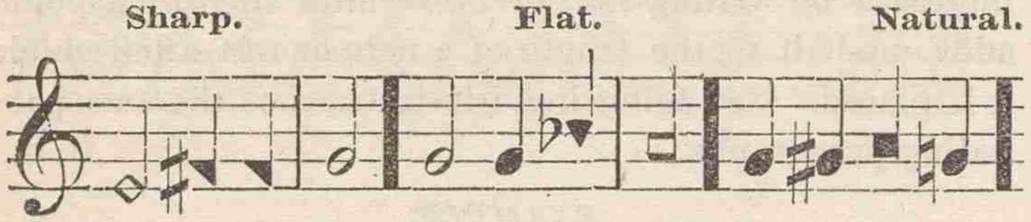


F clef.



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

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



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



CHAPTER III.

RHYTHM.

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

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

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

11. Diagram of Notes and Rests:—

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

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

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

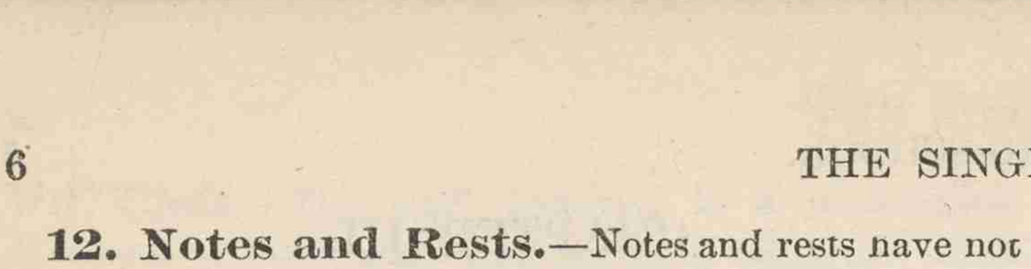
We write the *Eighth note* thus: ♪ " " 𝄾

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

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

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

To illustrate:—

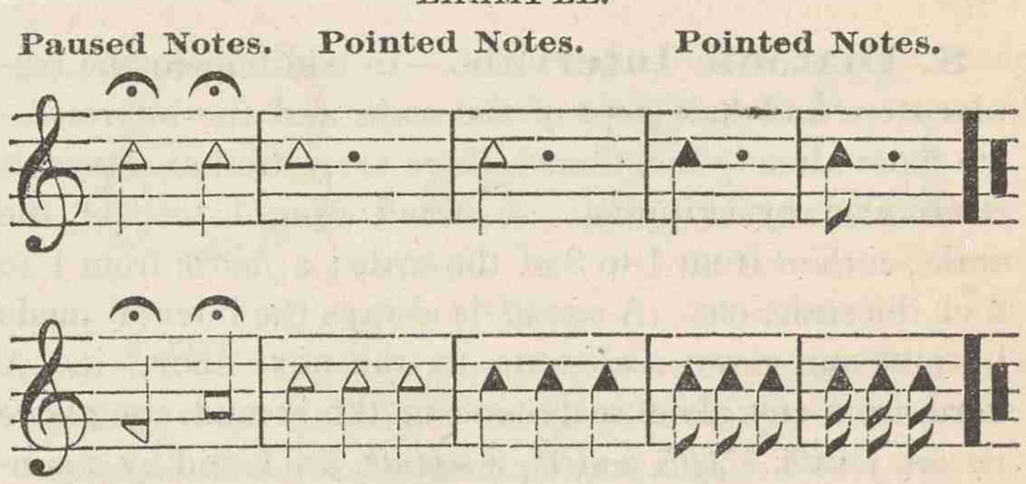


14. Bars.—There are four kinds of bars in use. The *Common Bar*, used to divide the staff into measures of equal time; the *Broad Bar*, used for marking the end of a musical sentence or line of poetry; the *Double Bar*, used to mark the end of a Repeat, the beginning of a Chorus, or at the change of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

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

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

EXAMPLE.



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

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

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

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



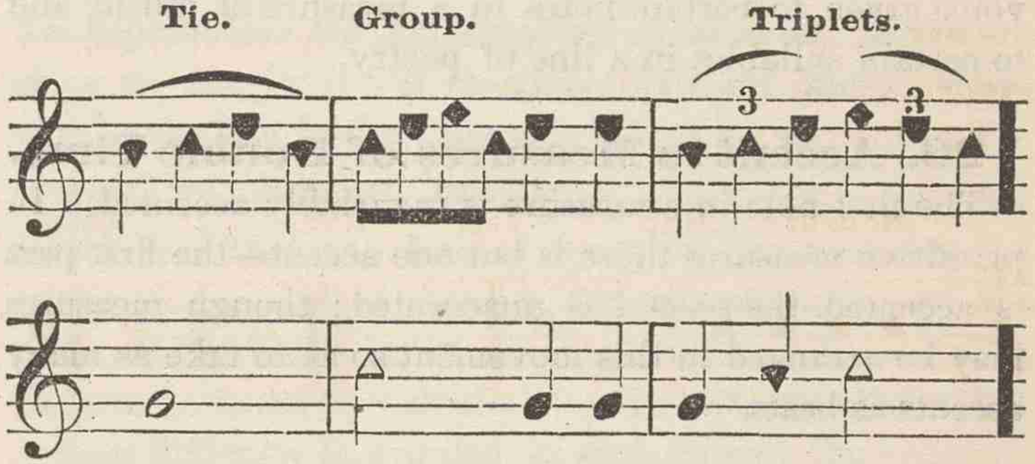
By the use of notes, points, rests, and other rhythmical characters, an endless combination of time-measures may be written in the above indicated measures.

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

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

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

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



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

CHAPTER IV.

DYNAMICS OR POWER.

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

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

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

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

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

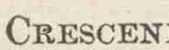
29. Accent in Compound Measures.—In primitive measures of Compound Time the accent lies on the first and fourth notes of each measure, the second, third, fifth, and sixth, are unaccented.

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

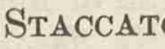
MEZZO, abbreviated *m*, a medium degree of power.

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

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

CRESCENDO, or  , increasing in power.

DIMINUENDO, or  , decreasing in power.

STACCATO, or  , separate and distinct.

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

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

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

CHAPTER V.

TRANSPOSITION.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

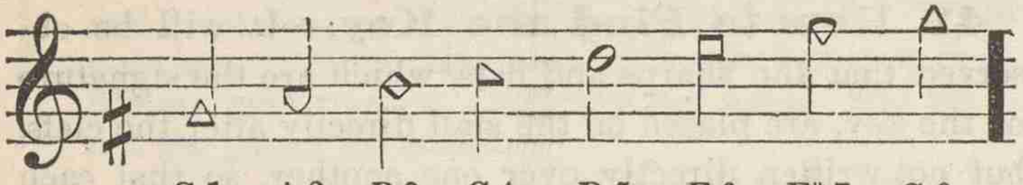
43. We have used but four sharps and four flats in transposing the scale, as we have used but nine keys in this work. See the following illustrations of keys by transposition:—

KEY OF C—*Natural.*



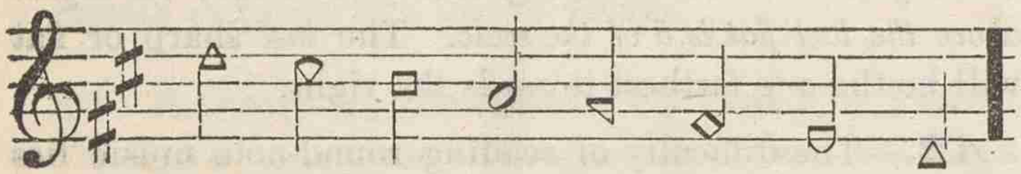
C 1, D 2, E 3, F 4, G 5, A 6, B 7, C 8.

Transposed to KEY OF G—*One Sharp.*



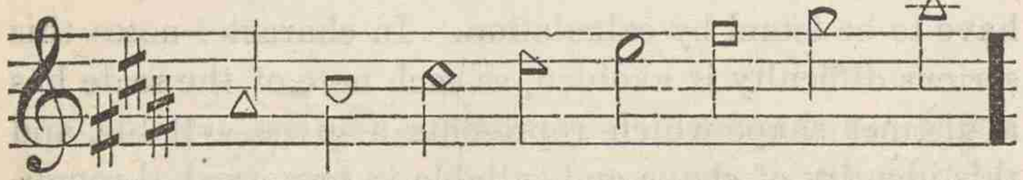
G 1, A 2, B 3, C 4, D 5, E 6. F♯ 7, G 8.

Transposed to KEY OF D—*Two Sharps.*



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

Transposed to KEY OF A—*Three Sharps.*



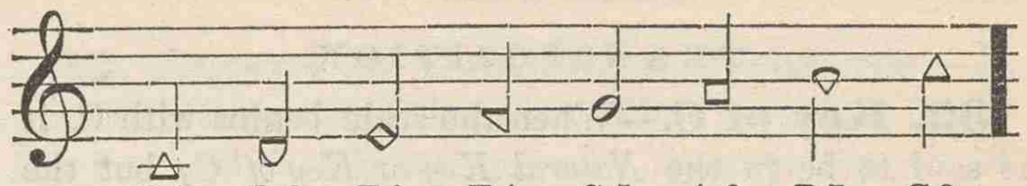
A 1, B 2, C♯ 3, D 4, E 5, F♯ 6, G♯ 7, A 8.

Transposed to KEY OF E—*Four Sharps.*



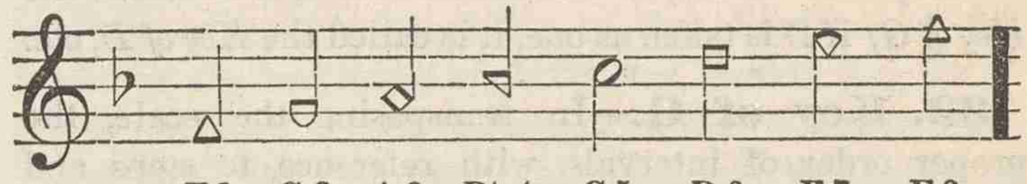
E 1, F♯ 2, G♯ 3, A 4, B 5, C♯ 6. D♯ 7, E 8.

KEY OF C—*Natural.*



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

Transposed to KEY OF F—*One Flat.*



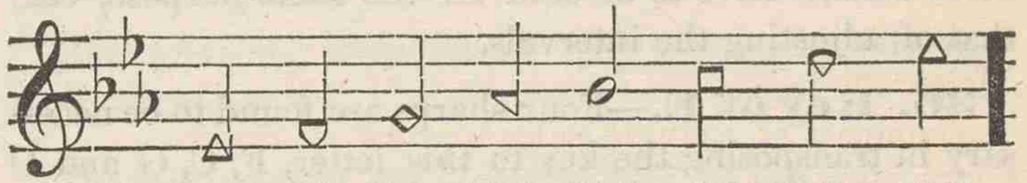
F 1, G 2, A 3, B♭ 4, C 5. D 6, E 7, F 8.

Transposed to KEY OF B♭—*Two Flats.*



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

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



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

Transposed to KEY OF A♭—*Four Flats.*



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

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

CHAPTER VI.

CLASSIFICATION OF VOICES, AND RANGE OF PARTS.

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

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

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

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

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

RANGE OF PARTS.

TENOR—*Male.*



ALTO—*Female and Boys.*



TREBLE—*Female.*



BASE—*Male.*



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

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

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

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

CHAPTER VII.

PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

EXAMPLE I.—*Scale Exercises.*

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



EXAMPLE II.—One beat to each Quarter note.

FEMALE.

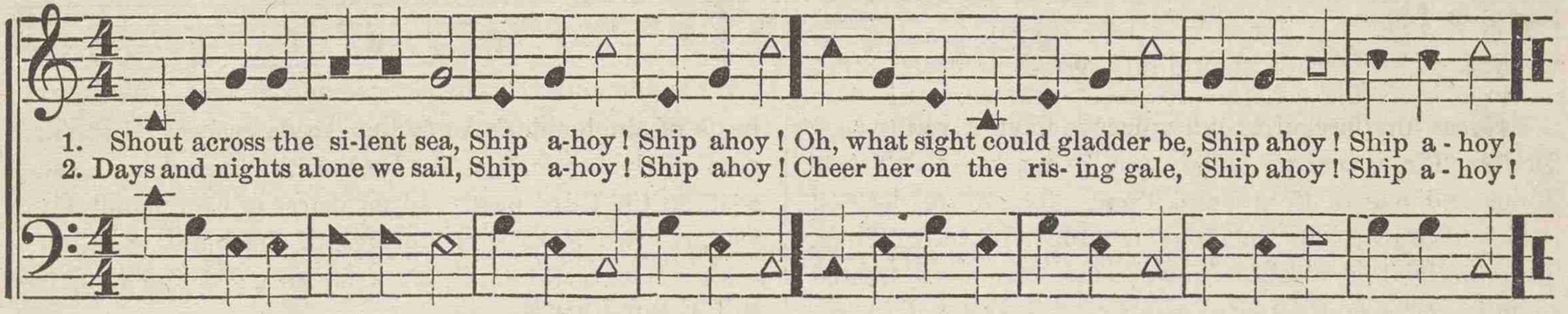


MALE.

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

EXAMPLE III.—*Quadruple Time.*

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



EXAMPLE IV.—*Triple Time.*

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



EXAMPLE V.—*Compound Time.*

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



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

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

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

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

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