THE SONG VICTOR

FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND PUBLIC SCHOOL USE.

PRICE, 35 CENTS.

By R. A. GLENN.

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G487
1879

PUBLISHED BY THE

GEO. D. NEWHALL CO.

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Song C

PREFACE.

THE Author sends forth this little book on its mission, hoping it may prove beneficial both in the public day-schools and Sabbath-schools. The day-school department consists of fifty pages, carefully prepared, with exercises in notation, reading, with one part on a staff. The Sabbath-school department contains about eighty pages, filled with soul-inspiring songs for revivals, prayer meetings, Sabbath-schools, and temperance gatherings. May God bless this little book on its mission, is the prayer of the Author.

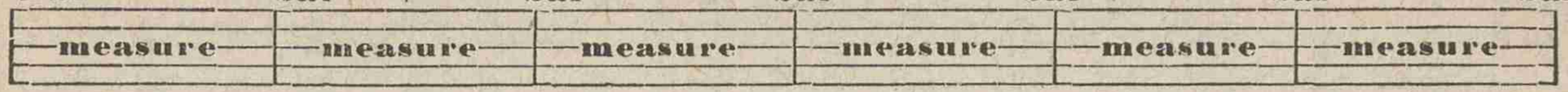
R. A. GLENN.

Copyright, 1879, by F. W. HELMICK.

ELECTROTYPED AT
THE FRANKLIN TYPE FOUNDRY,
CINCINNATI.

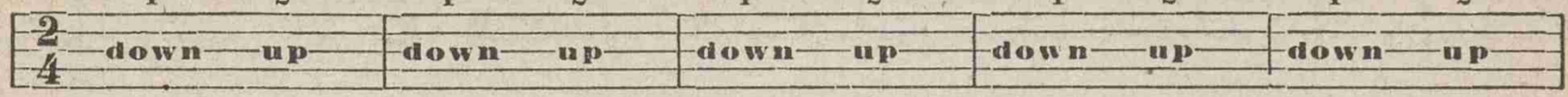
Music, to the eye, is divided into equal portions, called Measures, which are marked off by straight lines drawn across the staff, called Bars.

No. 1.



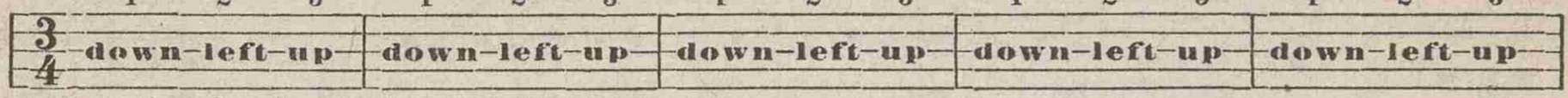
A measure is divided into equal portions, called Beats. A measure may have two, three, four, or six beats, or counts. The upper figure, at the commencement, shows how many beats or counts to the measure. The movement of the hand is down and up

No. 2.



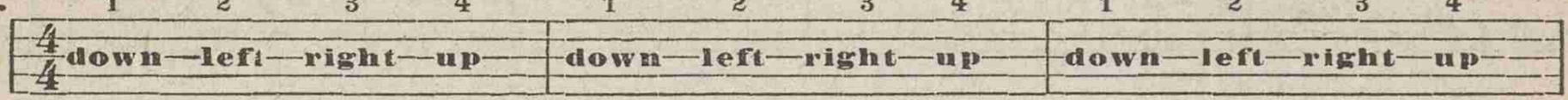
Three part measure has three beats or counts to the measure.

No. 3.



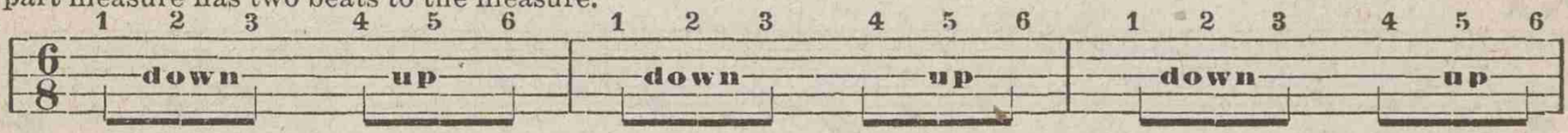
Four part measure has four beats or counts to the measure.

No. 4.



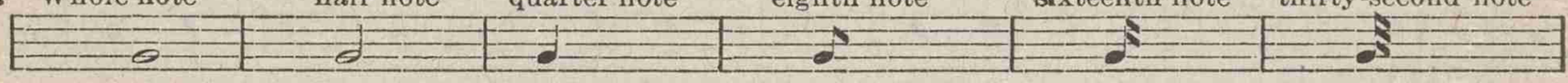
Six part measure has two beats to the measure.

No. 5.



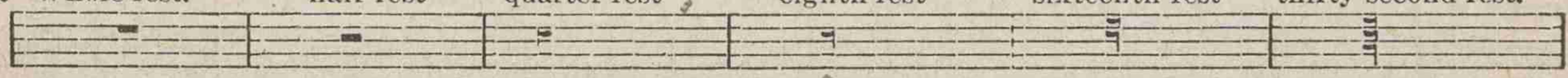
Notes are characters used to show the length of tones. There are six in use.

No. 6.



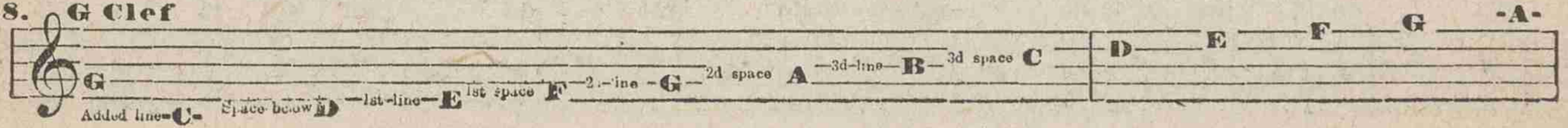
Rests are characters used to denote silence. They have the same value as the notes.

No. 7.



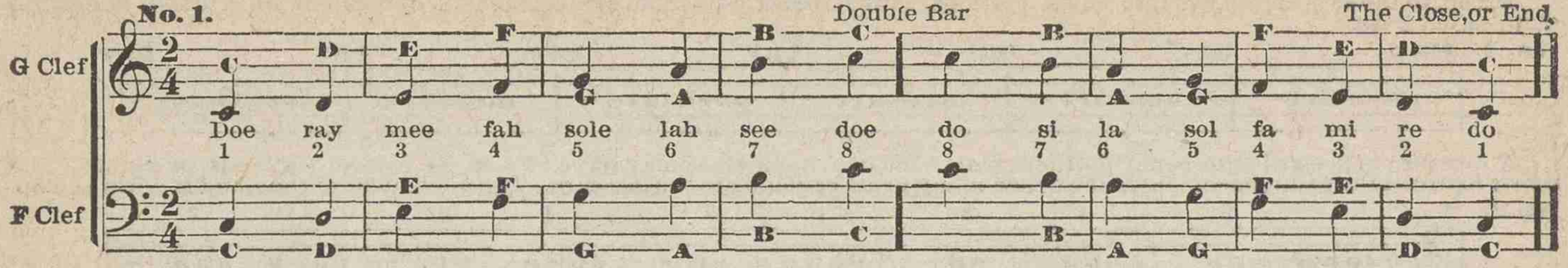
The Staff is composed of five lines and their intervening spaces; each line and space stand for a certain letter. We use the first seven letters of the alphabet—A, B, C, D, E, F, G. When Do is located upon any one of these letters, the piece of music is said to be in that key If Do is fixed on the letter C, it is in the Key of C.

No. 8.



THE SCALE OF C.

No. 1. Double Bar The Close, or End.



No. 2. A half note is equal to two quarter notes.



No. 3.



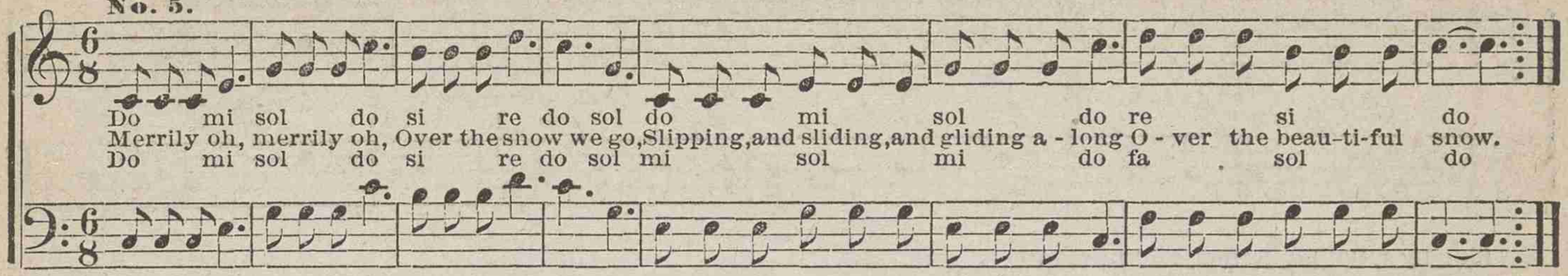
No. 4.



SEXTUPLE MEASURE.

In Sextuple Measure we simply make two beats to the measure—down, up, comprehending three eighth notes to a beat, or a dotted quarter, or a quarter and an eighth. Teacher will explain.

No. 5.



No. 6.



THREE PART MEASURE.

Called Triple Measure. Movement of the hand, Down, left, up.

No. 7.



THREE PART MEASURE.

The teacher will question the class on these exercises closely.

No. 8.



Sing by syllables, letters, and numerals.

No. 9.



No. 10. **Repeat.**



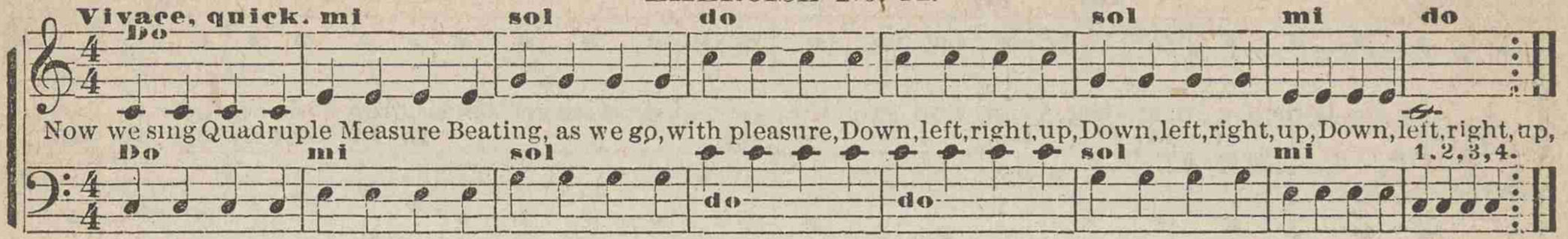
No. 11. **Prolong.**



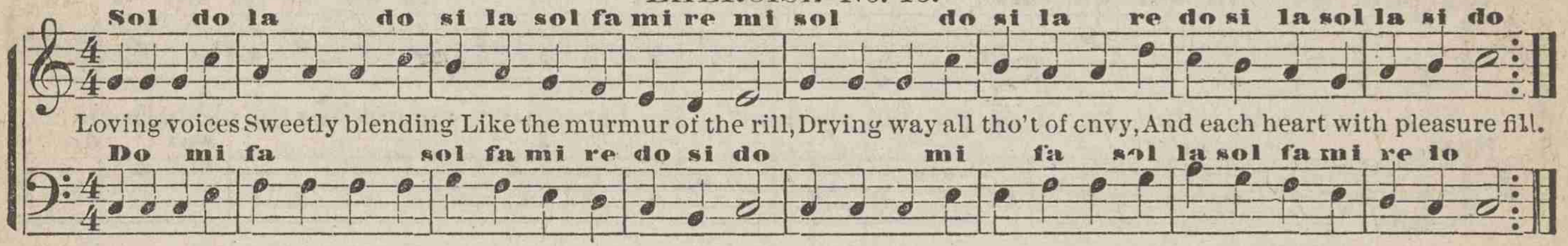
FOUR PART MEASURE.

Called Quadruple Measure. Movement of the hand: Down, left, right, up, or, 1, 2, 3, 4.

EXERCISE No. 12.



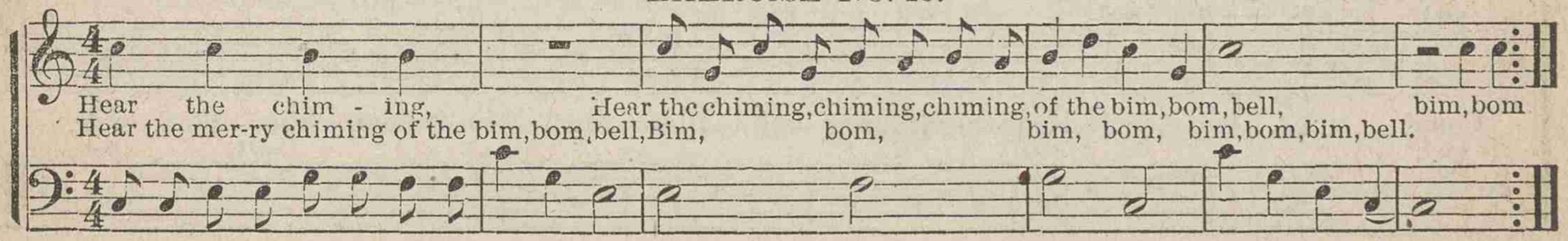
EXERCISE No. 13.



EXERCISE No. 14.



EXERCISE NO. 15.



NOW THE BELLS ARE RINGING.

R. A. GLENN. FOUR PART SONG. R. A. GLENN.





TOUCH NOT THE CUP.

TEMPERANCE GLEE. R. A. GLENN.

Allegro, quick movement.

1. { Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul, Touch not the cup, Touch not the cup;
   Many I know who have quaff'd from the bowl, Touch not the cup, Touch not the cup. } Little they tho't that the

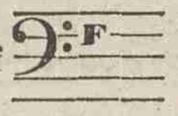
2 { Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright, Touch not the cup, Touch not the cup;
   Tho' like the ru - by it shines in the light, Touch not the cup, Touch not the cup. } The fangs of serpents are

3. { Touch not the cup, oh, young man, in thy pride, Touch not the cup, Touch not the cup;
   Hark! to the warning of thousands who've died, Touch not the cup, Touch not the cup. } Go to their lonely and

demon was there, Touch not the cup; Blindly they drank, and were caught in the snare, Touch not, touch not, touch not the cup.

hid in the bowl, Touch not the cup; Deeply the poi-son will en-ter the soul, Touch not, touch not, Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.

desolate tomb, Touch not the cup; Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom, Touch not, touch not, Touch not the cup. (touch not the cup.)

	QUESTIONS.	ANSWER.
1	What is Music?	A science of harmonical sounds.*
2	What is a sound?	Any thing audible.
3	When does a sound become a tone?	When it is considered as the pitch.
4	How many properties has a tone?	Three.
5	What are they?	Length, pitch, and power.
6	Can we make a tone and leave out one of these properties?	We can not.
7	What have we to indicate the length of tones?	Charaeters called notes.
8	How many notes in general use?	Five.
9	Name them.	Whole note, half note, quarter note, eighth note, sixteenth note.
10	What have we to represent the pitch of tones?	A character called the staff
11	What does the staff consist of?	Five lines and four spaces.
12	What is each line, and each space called?	A degree.
13	How many degrees is the staff composed of?	Nine.
14	How do we read them?	From the lowest upward.
15	How many syllables are in general use?	Seven
16	What are their names?	Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si.
17	What are bars drawn across the staff for?	To divide the music into measures.
18	What do you call a measure?	The distance between two bars.
19	How many clefs do we use in music?	Three.
20	What are they?	G clef  F clef  C clef 
21	What is a scale?	A graded series of eight tones, each differing from each other in pitch. (See 4th page.)
22	What is meant by, Diatonic scale?	Ascending and descending.
23	How many letters are used in the musical Alphabet?	Seven.
24	What are their names?	A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

* See Webster.

25 How do we read them in the scale of C?	25 C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C.
26 How do we read them in the scale of G?	26 G, A, B, C, D, E, F sharp, and G.
27 How do we read them in the D scale?	27 D, E, F♯, G, A, B, C♯, D.
28 How do we read them in the A scale?	28 A, B, C♯, D, E, F♯, G♯, A.
29 How do we read them in the E scale?	29 E, F♯, G♯, A, B, C♯, D♯, E.
30 What are the letters in the scale of F?	30 F, G, A, B♭, C, D, E. F.
31 What are the letters in the scale of B flat?	31 B♭, C, D, E♭, F, G, A, B♭.
32 What are the letters in the scale of E flat?	32 E♭, F, G, A♭, B♭, C, D, E♭.
33 What are the letters in the scale of A flat?	33 A♭, B♭, C, D♭, E♭, F, G, A♭.

The following are the signatures to the different keys in common use:

Key of C.



Key of G.



Key of D.



Key of A.



Key of E.



Key of F.



Key of B flat.

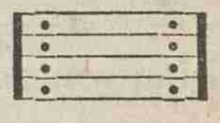


Key of E flat.



Key of A flat.



A passage to be repeated is marked 

D. C. Da capo means, return to the beginning.

D. S. Return to the sign 𝄋

Fine indicates the place to end after D. C.

The prolong is marked thus 𝄐

f Loud. *ff* Very loud. *p* Soft. *pp* Very soft.

"SPARKLING AND BRIGHT."

Temperance Song.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1. Sparkling and bright,in its li-quid light, Is the wa - ter in our glass-es; 'Twill give you health,'twill
2. Bet - ter than gold is the wa - ter cold,From the crystal fountain flow - ing; A calm de-light, both
3. Sor - row hath fled from the heart that bled,Of the weeping wife and moth-er; They've giv-en up the

CHORUS.

give you wealth, Ye lads and ro - sy lass - es. Oh, then re-sign your ru - by wine,Each
day and night, To hap - py hours be - stow - ing.
poi - son'd cup, Son, hus-band, daughters, broth - ers. Oh, then re-sign your ru - by wine,Each
smil-ing son and daughter:There's nothing so good for the youthful blood,Or sweet as the sparkling water.
smil-ing son and daughter;There's nothing so good for the youthful blood,Or sweet as the sparkling water.

No. 1.

Do re mi fa sol la si do si la sol fa mi re do
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

No. 2.

Do re do re mi fa mi fa sol fa sol fa mi fa sol fa mi re do
Do si la si do re do re mi re mi re do re mi re do si do
1 7 6 7 1 2 1 2 3 2 3 2 1 2 3 2 1 7 1

No. 3.

1 3 2 4 3 5 4 3 2 3 4 3 2 3 2 1
Do mi re fa mi sol fa mi re mi fa mi re mi re do
Do si re do mi re do si do re do si do si do
1 7 2 1 3 2 1 7 1 2 1 7 1 7 1

No. 4.

Do re mi mi re do si do re do re mi mi fa sol mi re do si do
Do fa sol

WE COME WITH SONGS.

R. A GLENN.

1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne ; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

2. Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry, To be exalted thus; Worthy the Lamb, our lips re-ply, For he was slain for us.

3. The whole creation join in one, To bless the sacred name Of him who sits upon the throne, And to adore the Lamb.

CHORUS.

We come, we come, our cheerful songs to raise ; We'll join with angels round the throne, Our Savior's name to praise.

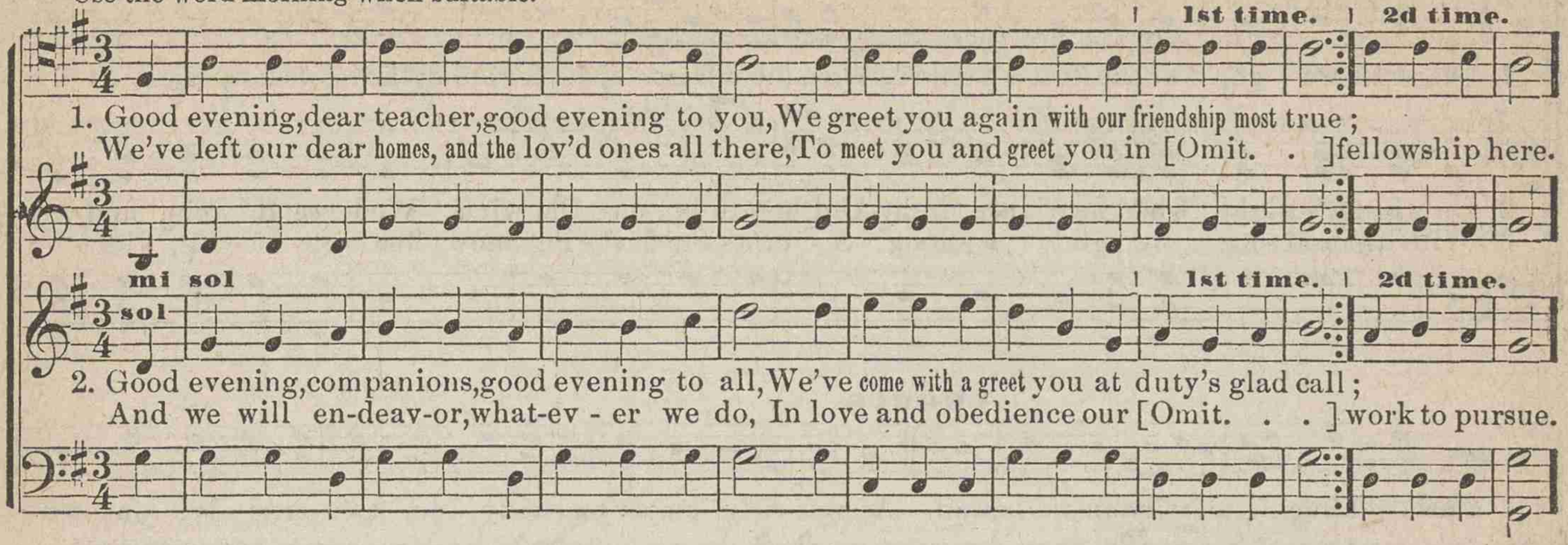
We come, we come,

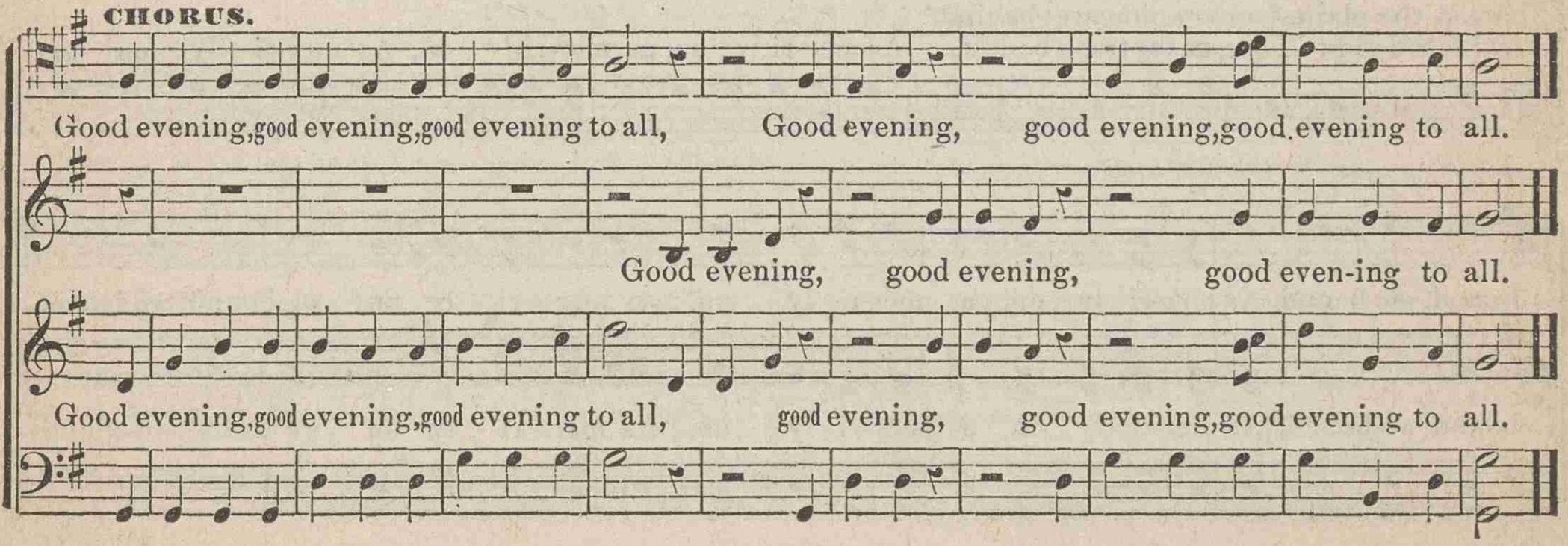
We come, we come, our cheerful songs to raise ; We'll join with angels round the throne, Our Savior's name to praise.

GREETING SONG.

C. E. POLLOCK.

Use the word morning when suitable.





MERRILY ON.

A. S. KIEFFER, by permission.

1. Oh, swift we go, o'er the fleec - y snow, When moonbeams sparkle round; When hoofs keep time to
2. On win-ter's night, when hearts are light, And breath is on the wind, We loose the rein, and
3. With laugh and song we glide a - long A - cross the fleet - ing snow; With friends be -side, how

CHORUS.

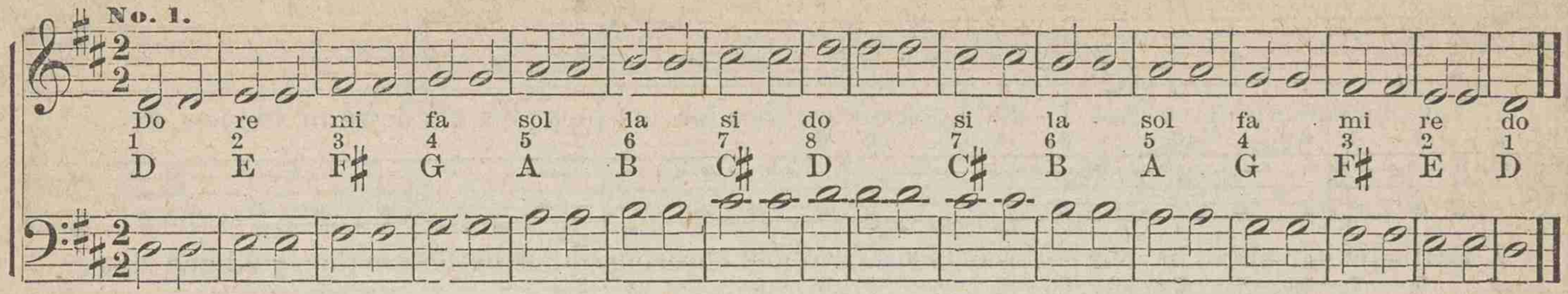
music's chime, As merrily on we bound. As mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on, As mer-ri - ly on we
sweep the plain, And leave our cares behind.
swift we ride The spark-ling track be-low. As mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on, As mer-ri- - ly on we

bound, we bound; As mer-ri - ly on, as mer-ri - ly on, As mer - ri - ly on we bound, we bound.

bound (we bound); As mer-ri - ly on, as mer-ri - ly on, As mer - ri - ly on we bound (we bound).

Two part measure, second form.

No. 1.



No. 2.



GLORY TO THE FATHER.

ASHEL ABBATT.



LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

J. A. BISBEE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Live for something, be not i - dle, Look a-bout thee for em-ploy; Sit not down in use-less dreaming,

2. Scat - ter sun-shine in your pathway, Gentle words and cheering smiles; Better are than gold and sil-ver,

3. Hearts that are oppress'd and weary, Drop the tear of sym-pa-thy; Whisper words of hope and com-fort,

Chorus. *Live for something, be not i - dle, Look a- bout thee for em-ploy; Sit not down in use-less dream-ing,*

Fine.

La - bor is the sweet-est joy. Fold-ed hands are ev - er wea - ry, Self-ish hearts are nev - er

With their grief-dis - pell-ing wiles. As the pleas-ant sun-shine fall - eth, Ev - er on the grate-ful

Fine. fee

Give, and thy re - ward shall be, Joy un- to thy soul re-turn -ing From this perfect fountain-

La - bor is the sweet- est joy.



TUNE.—*John Brown.*

1 The word from heaven is spoken, and will never pass away,
That truth and right shall spread, and win a universal sway;
And now are pouring o'er the world the glories of the day;
God's truth is marching on.

CHORUS:

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
God's truth is marching on.

2 From sin and Satan Christ shall have the empire of the world;
Through darkest dens, o'er ranks of hell, his lightnings shall be hurled;
Behold from far, and waving wide, his banner is unfurled:
His truth is marching on.

3 The wretched earth has mourned so long the reign of vice and crime,
That hearts will dance and eyes will shine, when comes the better time;
'Tis coming! coming on apace! in all its golden prime:
God's truth is marching on.

4 The fiend is doomed, thy will be done, by woman pledged and sworn,
The forts are stormed by prayer and praise; and on the wind is borne
Exulting shouts of joyful hosts, as through the gates of morn
God's truth comes marching on.

5 Arise with heaven! and bless the world; let all respond below;
With heart, and hand, and voice arise, to foil and crush the foe;
For God hath cursed the curse of drink, and he will lay it low;
His truth is marching on.

LOVELY, SILENT NIGHT.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. How still is the hour of this calm, si - lent night, The moon's sil - ver beams fill our hearts with de - light; The zeph - yr's low song, and the stars in the sky, Seem

2. We wan - der a-down thro' the tall, murm'ring trees, And breathe in the joys of the soft, balm - y breeze; The night - in - gale's song fill our hearts with de-light, As

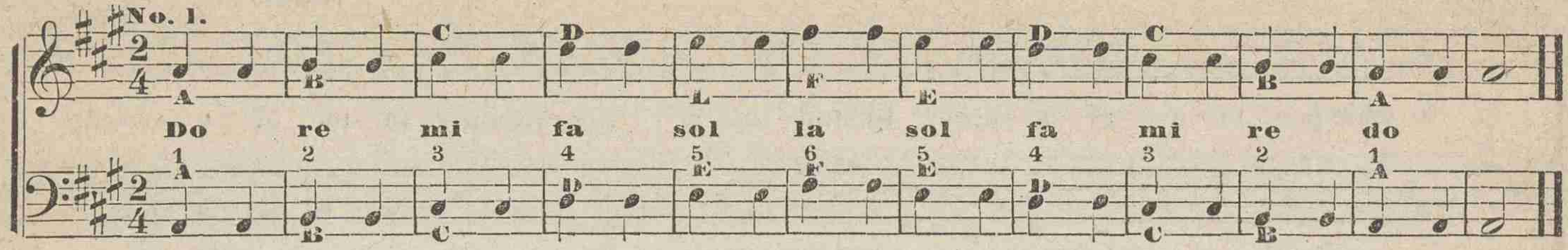
3. No hour of the day is so sweet and so still, No hour of the day can our bo - soms so fill With pleas - ure, and free - dom from toil and from care, As


Dim.
to whis-per to us of a sweet by-and - by, Yes, whis-per to us of a sweet
we wan-der a - long in the sweet si - lent night, We wan-der a - long in the sweet
Dim.
the still, qui - et hour of a night calm and fair, As the still, qui - et hour of a night


pp
ppp
by - and - by . . Love - ly, si - lent night, love - ly, si - lent night.
si - lent night, . Love - ly, si - lent night, love - ly, si - lent night.
pp
ppp
calm and fair, . Love - ly, si - lent night, love - ly, si - lent night.

EXERCISES IN THE A SCALE.

Two part measure.



Four part measure.



PETITION.

Rev. H. C. TINSLEY. A. S. KIEFFER, by per.



ALICE CARY.

Vivace.

1. I think there are some maxims Un-der the sun Scarce worth preservation; But here, boys, is one,

2. A ver - y ma - ny work-ers Known in my time, Some builders of houses, Some builders of rhyme,

3. I've known, too, a great ma - ny I - dlers, who said, "I've right to my living, The world owes me bread."

Rit. *f*

So sound and so simple, 'Tis worth while to know, And all in a sin - gle line, Hoe your own row.

f

And they that were prosper'd Were prosper'd, I know, By in - tent and mean-ing of Hoe your own row.

Rit. *f*

A *right!* la - zy lub-ber? A thousand times No! 'Tis his, and his on - ly, who Hoes his own row.

f

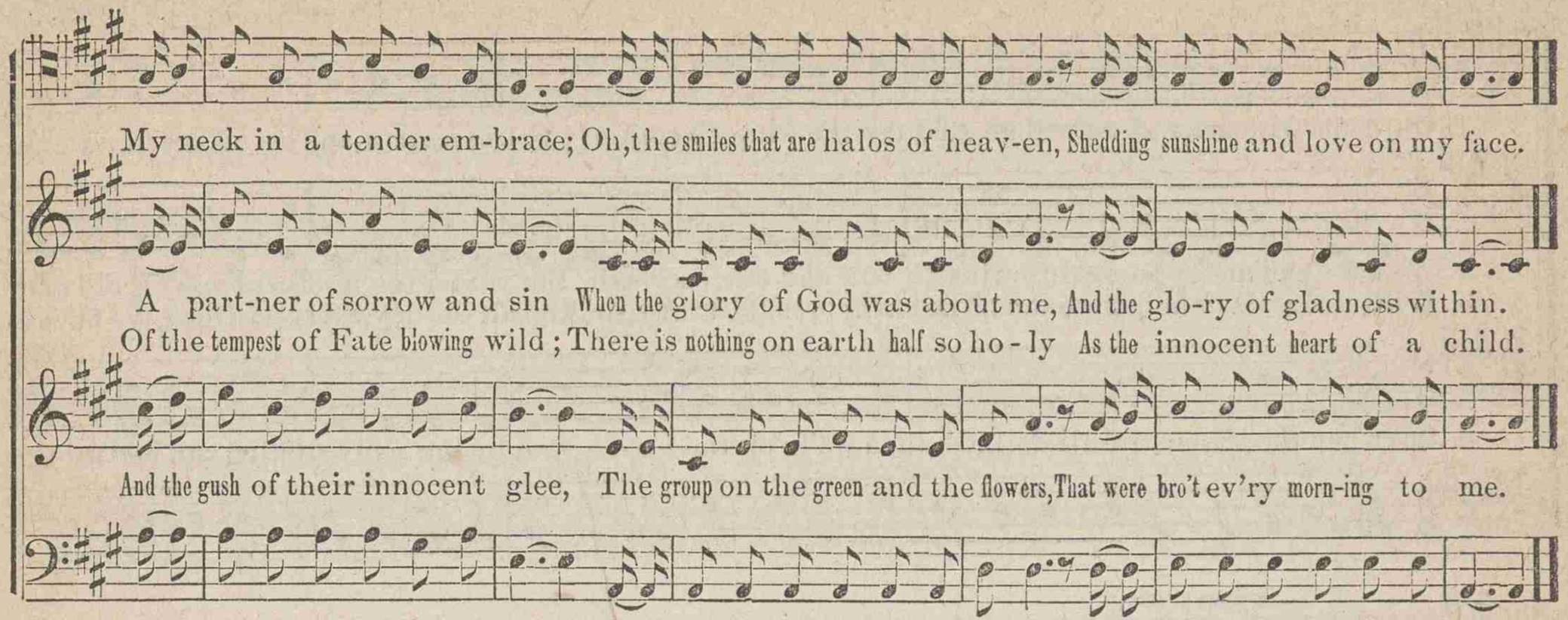
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WHEN THE LESSONS AND TASKS ARE ALL ENDED.

CHAS. DICKENS. C. E. POLLOCK, by per.

1. When the les-sons and tasks are all ended, And the school for the day is dis-missed, And lit-tle ones
2. And when they are gone I sit dreaming Of my childhood, too love-ly to last, Of love that my
3. Oh, my heart grows as weak as a woman's, And the fountains of feel-ing will flow, When I think of the
4. I shall leave the old house in the autumn, To trav-erse its threshold no more; Ah, how shall I

gather around me, To bid me good-night, and be kissed; Oh, the little white arms that en- cir-cle
heart will remember, When it wakes to the pulse of the past, Ere the world and its wick-ed-ness made me
paths steep and stony, Where the feet of the dear ones must go; Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
sigh for the dear ones That meet me each morn at the door! I shall miss the good-night and the kisses,



MURPHY RALLYING SONG.

By J. C. Irvin.

Tune.—*Pull for the Shore.*

1 Hark, how the bells are ringing, steady they call,
People are congregating in church or hall;
'T is there they nightly gather, when day is o'er,
And are urged by Christian workers to drink no more.

Chorus:

Come, sign the pledge, neighbor, sign it to-day,
Wait not for any one, but come right away!
Shake off the tyrant's chain, and prove yourself a man,
Throw away the tempting bowl, be free while you can.

2 Why do the people gather here in such throngs?
Why are they so in earnest? Why sing these songs?
There is a foe among us, King Alcohol,
Dragging down to fearful ruin both great and small. *Cho.*

3 Wives' hearts are rudely broken, children want bread,
Husbands are turned to demons, sad tears are shed;
Many who once were happy, lovely and pure,
Thro' strong drink are so depraved that none can endure. *Cho.*

4 Come, sign the Murphy pledge, "with malice toward none,"
With hearts full of "charity," the good work is done;
Touch not nor taste the cup, for death lurketh there;
Tho' the taste is sweet at first, the end is despair. *Cho.*

SKATING GLEE.*

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Oh, come with me, and we will go, And try the winter's cold, sir; It freezes now, and soon will snow, But we are

2. We have had merry games in spring, Of ball and other sorts, sir, But winter, too, his share can bring, Of old and

3. With sled and satchel, off we start, The smoking breakfast thro', sir; And all the day, with books and charts, We have e-

4. But when the lessons are all done, Oh, then we're on the ice, sir; And by the redly sinking sun We're skat-ing

CHORUS.

tough and bold, sir. Come, come, come, come, come, oh, come with me, sir, Come, come, come, come, come, oh, come with me.

cheerful sports, sir.
nough to do, sir.

on the ice, sir. Come, come, come, oh, come with me, sir, Come, come, come, oh, come with me.

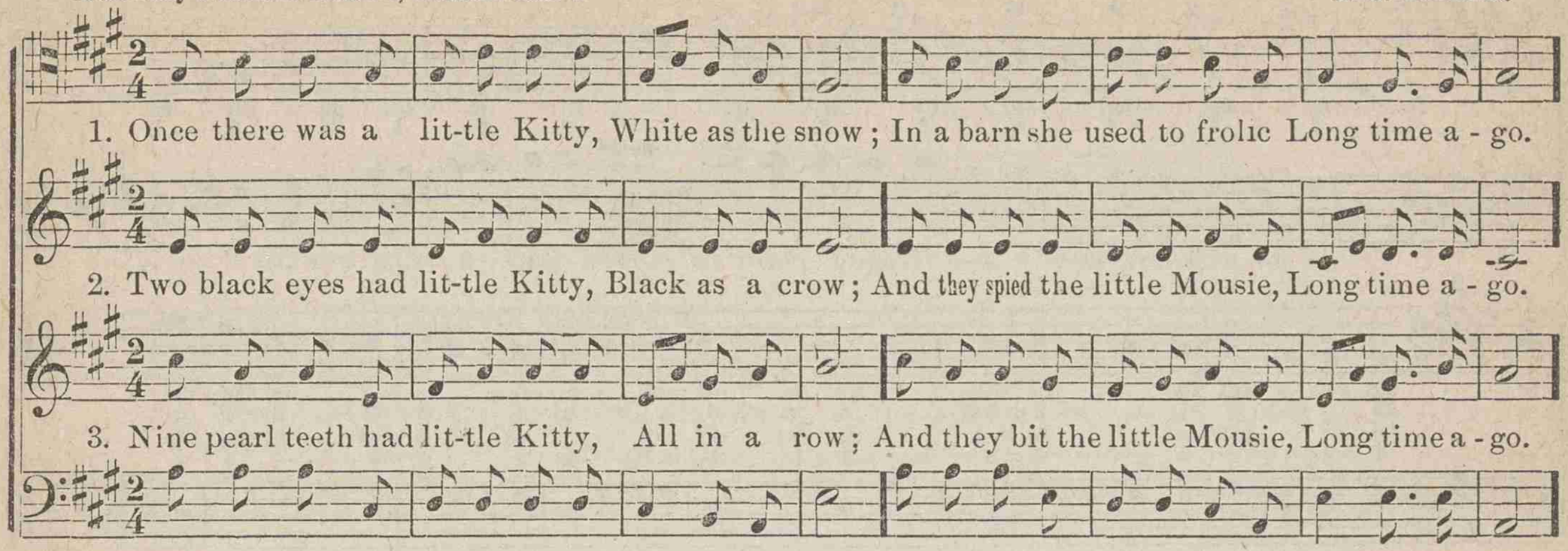
Come, come, come, come, come, oh, come with me, sir, Come, come, come, come, come, oh, come with me.

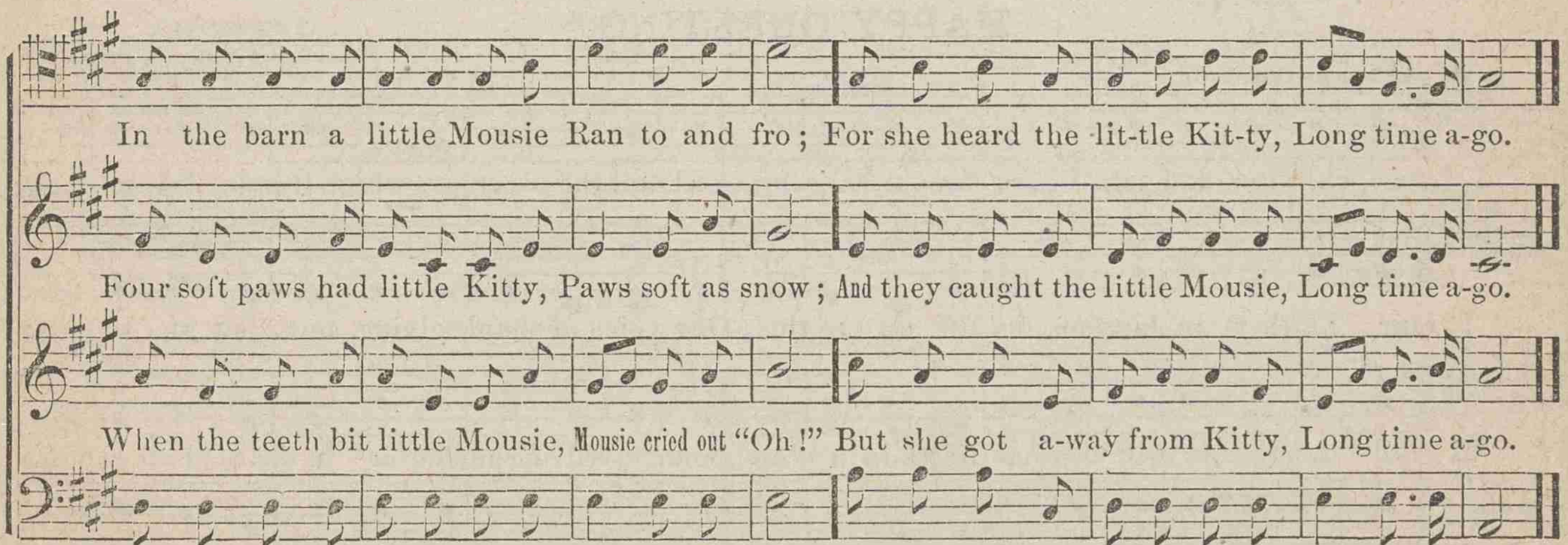
* From TEMPLE STAR, by permission.

KITTY AND MOUSIE.*

McGuffey's Second Reader, Lesson XXIV.

A. S. KIEFFER.

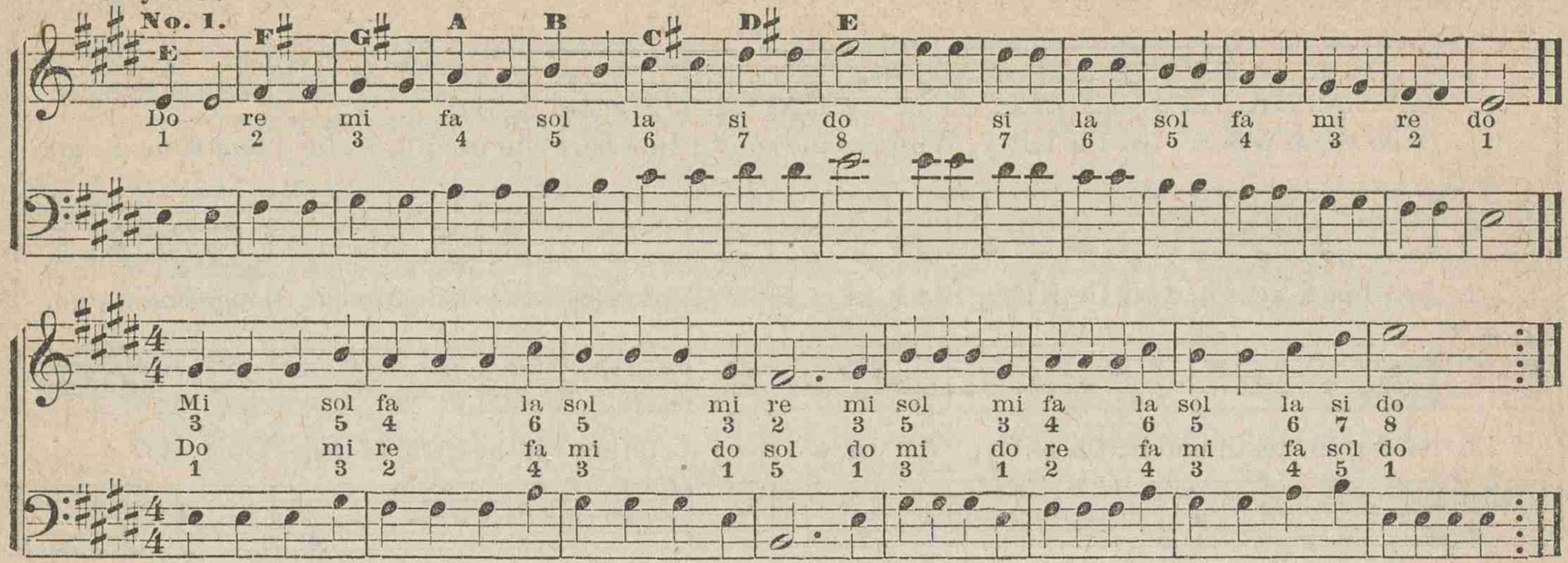




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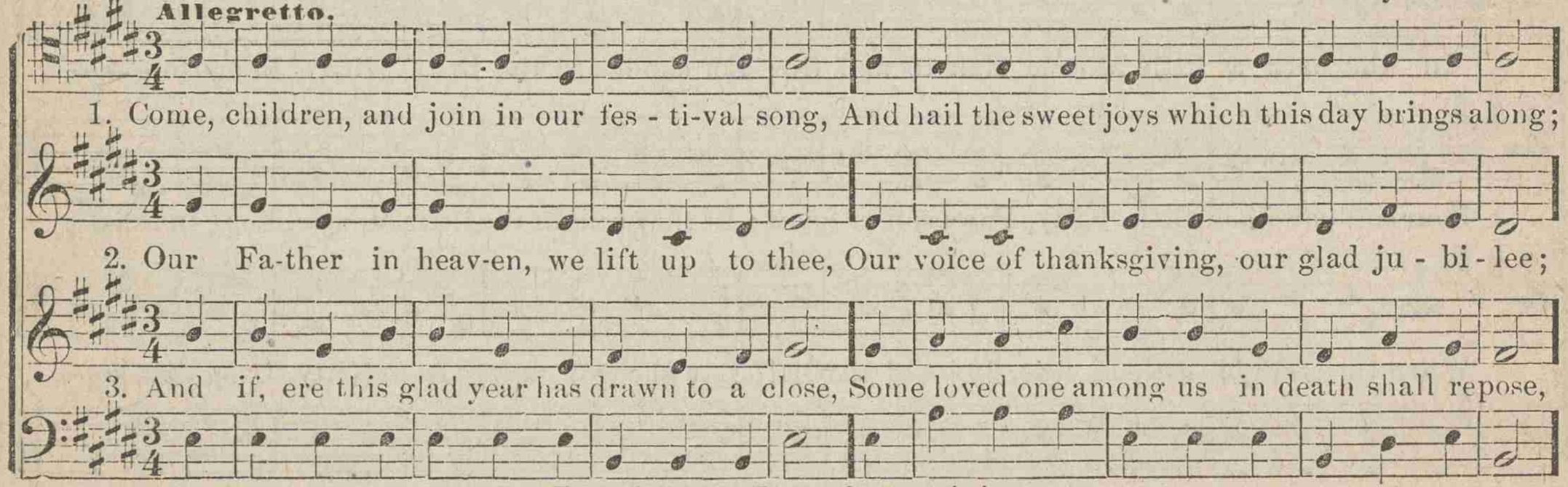
EXERCISE IN E.

Key of E.



HAPPY GREETING.*

Arr. by WATERS.



* From SABBATH BELLS, by permission.

We'll join our glad voices in one hymn of praise, To God who has kept us, and lengthened our days.

Oh, bless us, and guide us, dear Savior, we pray, That from thy blest precepts we nev-er may stray.

Grant, Lord, that the spirit in heaven may dwell, In the bos-om of Je-sus, where all shall be well.

CHORUS.

Happy greeting to all, Happy greeting, happy greeting, Happy greeting to all.

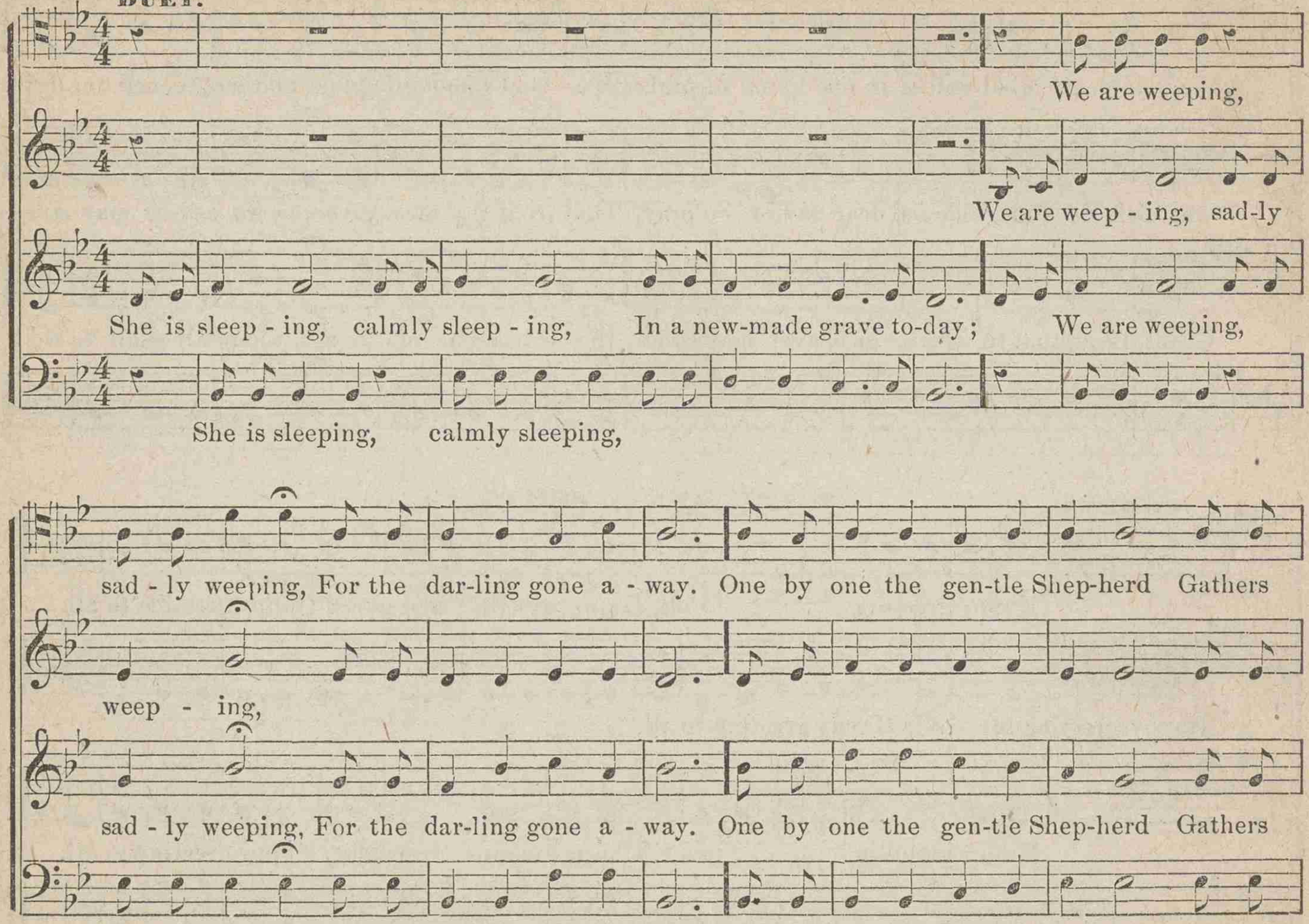
Happy greeting to all, Happy greeting to all,

Happy greeting to all, Happy greeting, happy greeting, Happy greeting to all.

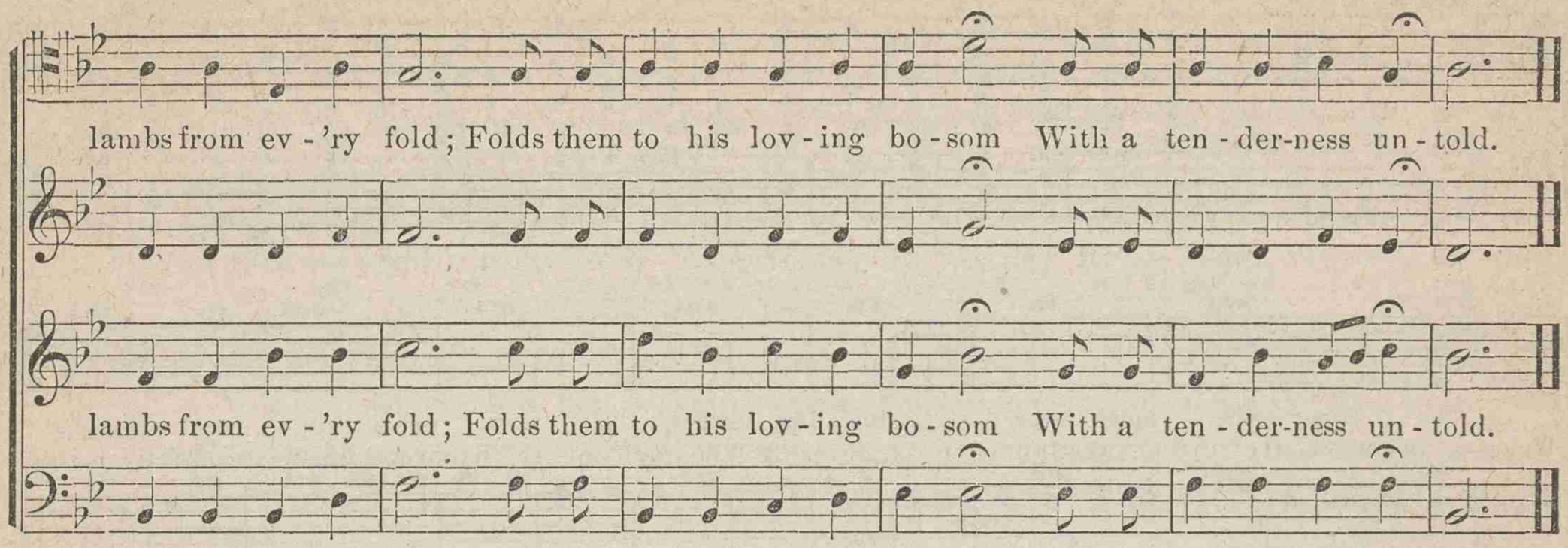
SHE IS SLEEPING.

MRS. UNDERWOOD. R. A. GLENN.

DUET.



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2 She is singing, sweetly singing,
In the paradise above,
Where celestial courts are ringing
With the melody of love.
One by one the Savior gathers
Earthly minstrels for his own,
And our Maud has joined the chorus
Of the angels round the throne.

3 She is blooming, brightly blooming,
'Mid the fairest flowers of light,
In the garden of sweet Eden,
Where flowers never blight.
One by one the Father gathers
Choicest flowers rich and rare,
And transplants them in His garden,
To bloom forever there.

4 She is waiting, ever waiting,
For the friends she loved the best,
And she'll gladly hail their coming,
To mansions of the blest.
One by one the Lord will call us,
As our labor here is done,
And as we cross the river
We may meet her one by one.

DON'T LEAVE THE FARM, BOYS.

TUNE.—*Rosin the Bow.*

Come, boys, I have something to tell you,
Come near, I would whisper it low—
You are thinking of leaving the homestead
Don't be in a hurry to go!
The city has many attractions,
But think of the vices and sins,
When once in the vortex of fashions,
How soon the course downward begins.

You talk of the mines of Australia—
They're wealthy in gold without doubt,
But ah! there is gold on the farm, boys,
If only you'll shovel it out.
The mercantile trade is a hazard,
The goods are first high and then low,
Better risk the old farm a while longer,
Don't be in a hurry to go.

The great, busy West has inducements,
And so has the busiest mart,
But wealth is not made in a day, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to start!

The bankers and brokers are wealthy,
They take in their thousand or so—
Ah! think of the frauds and deceptions,
Don't be in a hurry to go.

The farm is the safest and surest,
The orchards are loaded to-day,
You're as free as the air of the mountains,
And monarch of all you survey,
Better stay on the farm a while longer,
Though the profits come in rather slow,
Remember you've nothing to risk, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to go!

SCALE OF F.





The scholars should perform this exercise just as though they were performing it in reality.

ANYWHERE.

C. E. POLLOCK.

mi sol mi sol si la sol

1. A - ny lit - tle cor - ner, Lord, In thy vineyard wide, Where thou bidst me work for thee, There would I a-bide,

sol do si do si do si do re do si re do si

2. Where we pitch our night-ly tent, Sure-ly mat-ters not; If the day for thee is spent, Blessed is the spot.

do mi re mi sol fa mi re mi sol mi fa mi re sol fee sol

3. All a - long the wil - der-ness Let us keep our sight On the mov-ing pil-lar fixed, Constant day and night,

do sol do mi re do sol do si do sol re sol

{ Mir - a - cle of sav - ing grace, }
{ Thou that giv - est me a place; } Anywhere, anywhere, Thou that giv-est me a place, A - nywhere.

{ Quickly we the tent may fold, }
{ Cheerful march thro' storm and cold, } With thy care, with thy care, Cheerful march thro' storm and cold, With thy care.

{ Thou the heart will make its home, }
{ Will-ing, led by thee to roam } Anywhere, anywhere, Willing, led by thee to roam A - nywhere.

FOLLOW ME.

R. A. G. SABBATH SCHOOL SONG. R. A. GLENN.

1. Oh, I love to think of my dear Savior, When he walked on the shores of Gal-i - lee; How he spoke to the

2. Oh, I love to think of my dear Savior, When he taught in the temple day by day; How, at night, he would

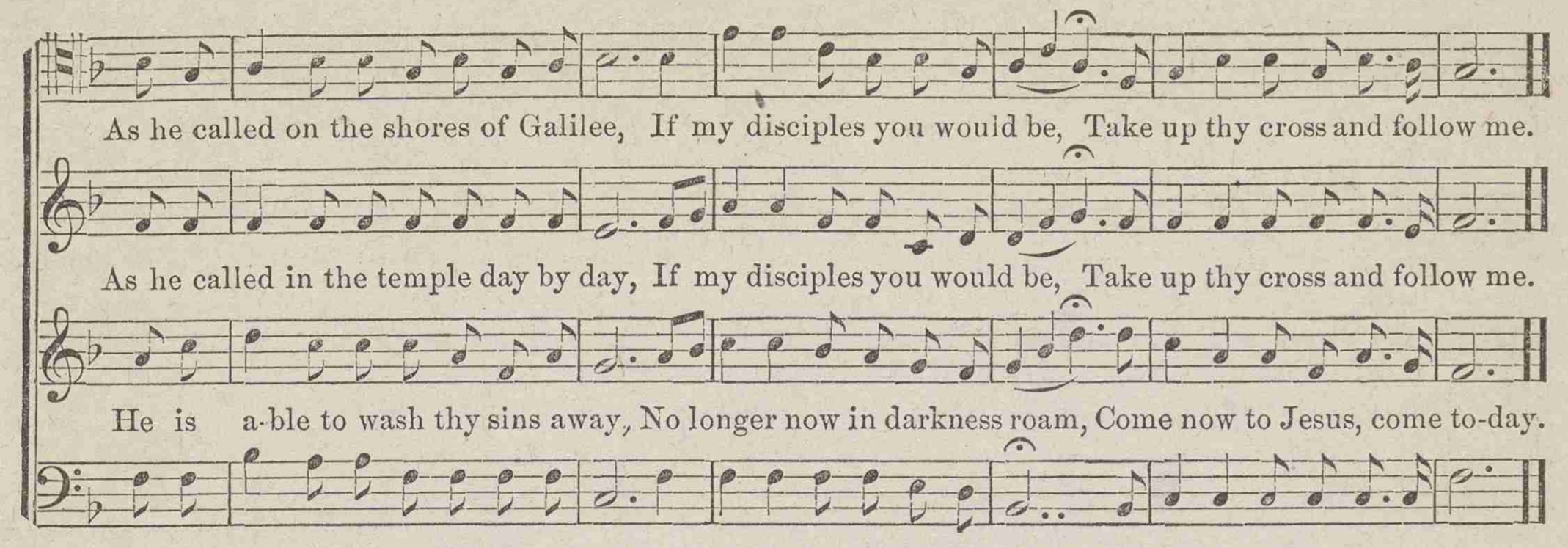
3. Oh, I love to think of my dear Savior, When they bro't unto him the sick and lame; How he put forth his

CHORUS.

men that were fishers, Say-ing un - to them, Come and follow me. 'Tis Jesus that's calling now for thee,

go to the mountain In the wil-der-ness, there a-lone to pray. 'Tis Jesus that's calling now for thee,

hand and would heal them. Bidding them to go; I will, Be thou clean. Oh, come un-to Je-sus, sinner, come,



THE SUMMER NOW IS HERE.

C. E. POLLOCK.



2 Come, come, come, The summer now is here;
Come, oh, come, And here no longer roam.
Come, cull the pretty posies,
The violets and rosies,
Come, come, come, The summer now is here.

3 Come, come, come, The summer now is here;
Come, oh, come, And here no longer roam.
Come, ramble in the bushes,
And hear the pretty thrushes,
Come, oh, come, The summer now is here.

SCALE OF B FLAT.

No. 1.



No. 2.



No. 3.

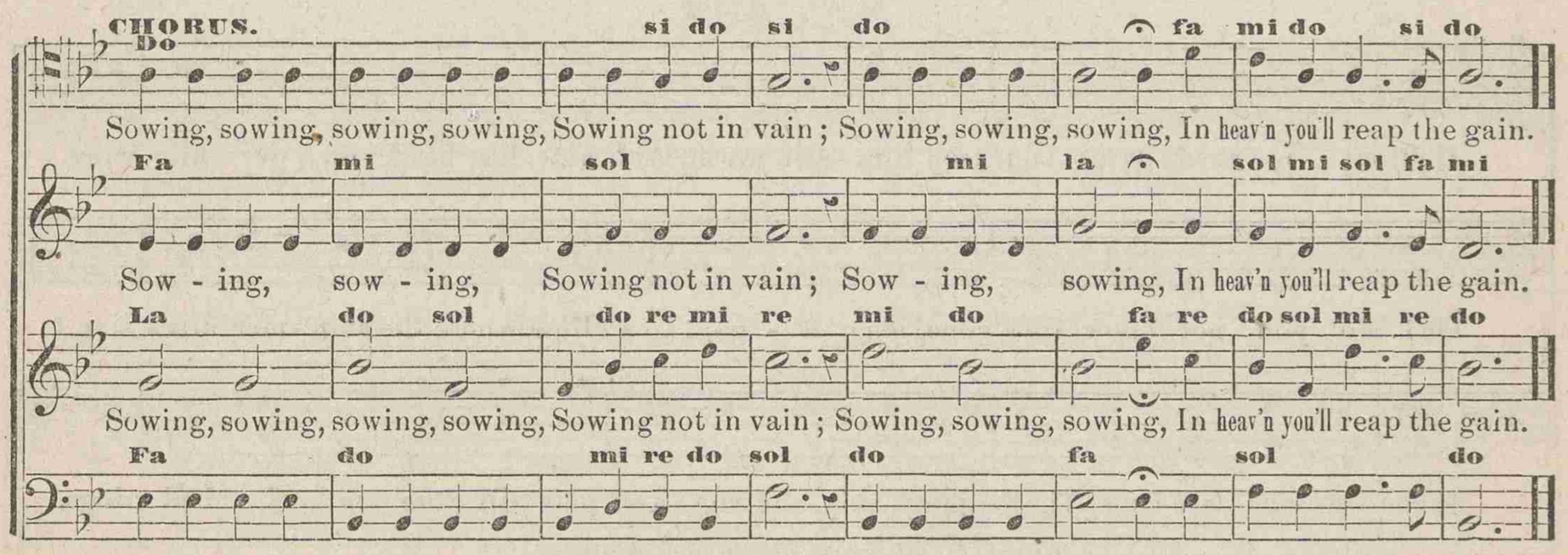


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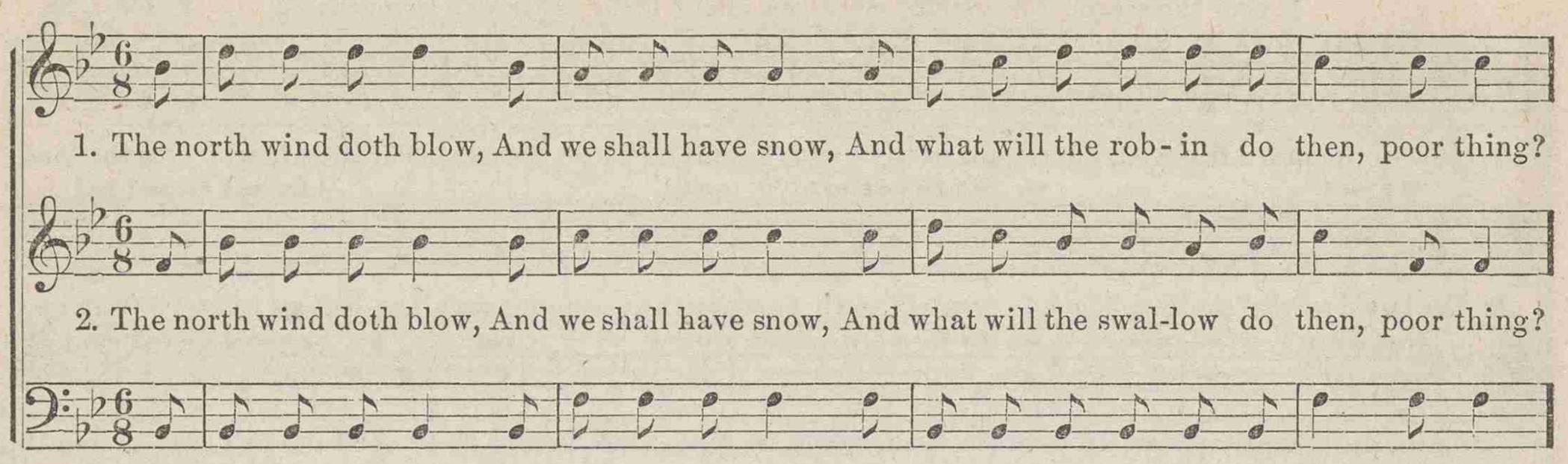


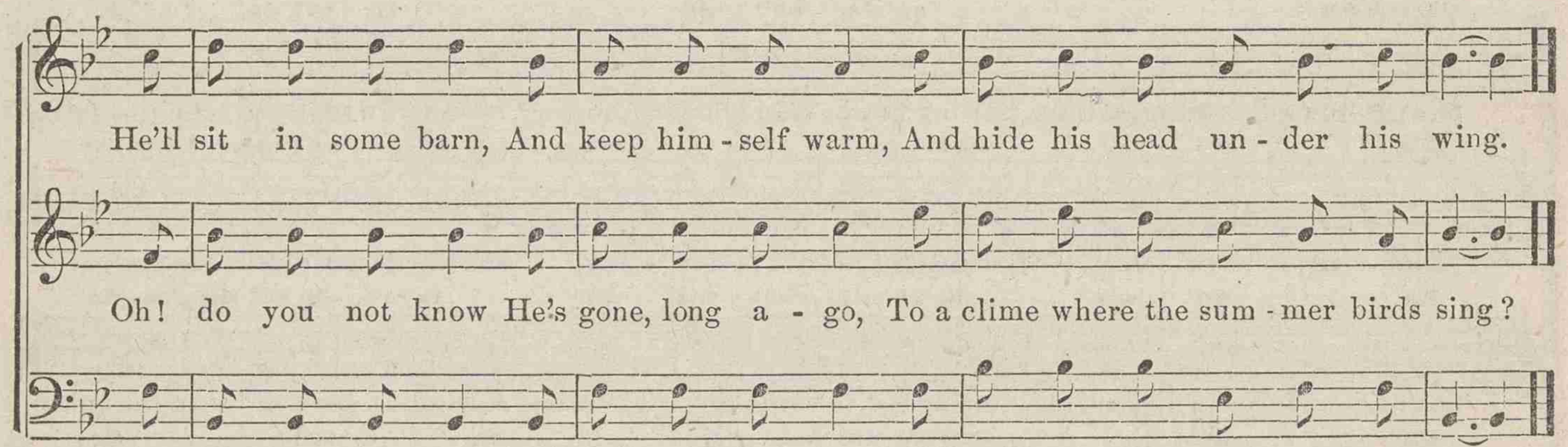
If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. R. A. GLENN.





THE NORTH WIND.*





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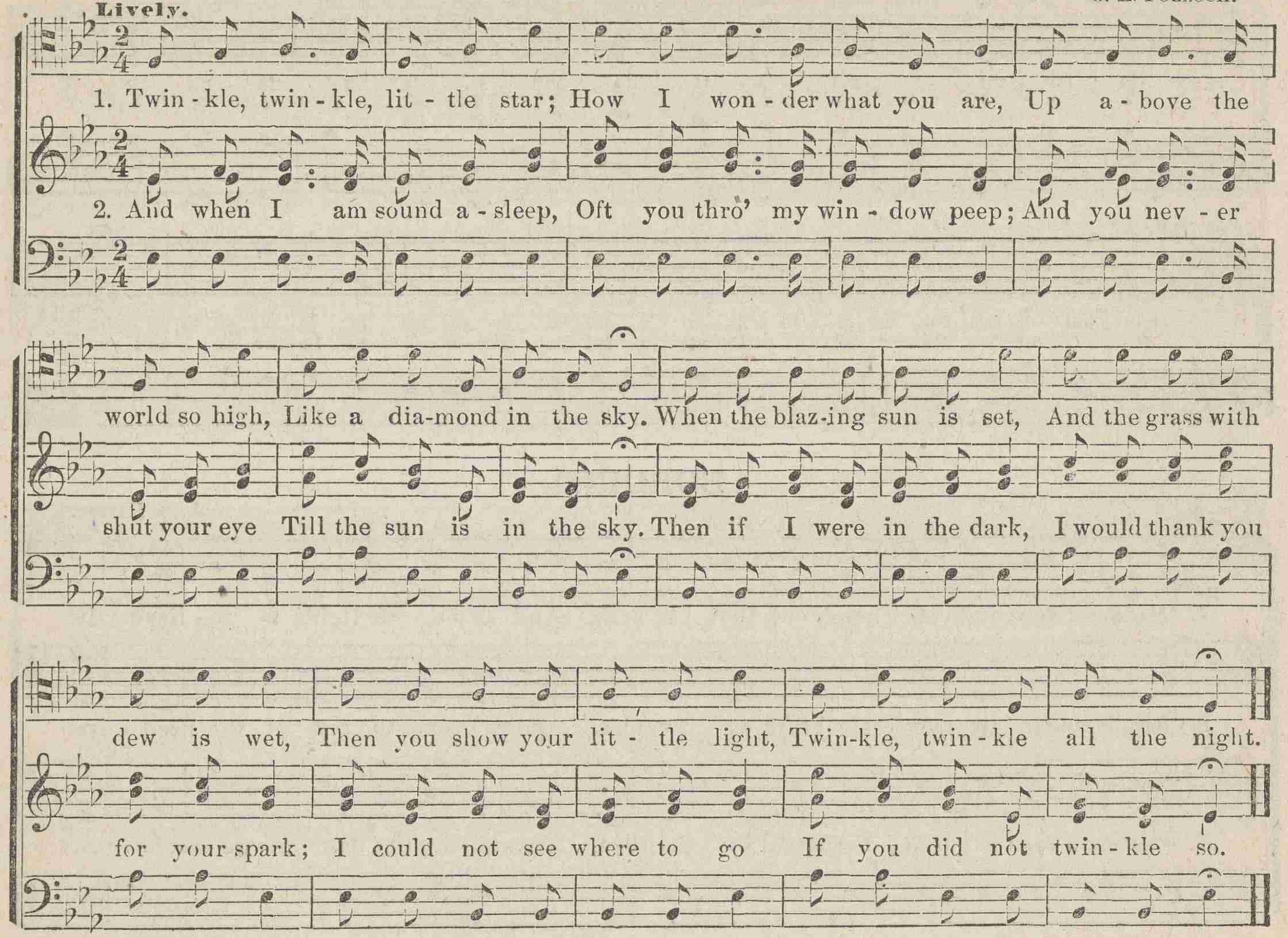
BURDINE.

A. S. KIEFFER.



TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR.

C. E. POLLOCK.



DO N'T TELL IT.*

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

DR. J. B. HERBERT.

1. Your neigh - bor's name, Or friend's fair fame, And what be - fell it,
2. If kept with - in, This ru - mored sin May prove a bub - ble;
3. In - stead of peace, If strife in - crease, Then try to quell it;

In deed or word, You may have heard, Yet pray, do n't tell it.

If told a - gain, Like thriv - ing grain, 'Twill soon grow dou - ble.

Think what you will Of good or ill, But pray, do n't tell it.

* From GOSPEL ECHOES, by permission.

EXERCISE IN THE KEY OF A FLAT.

No. 1.

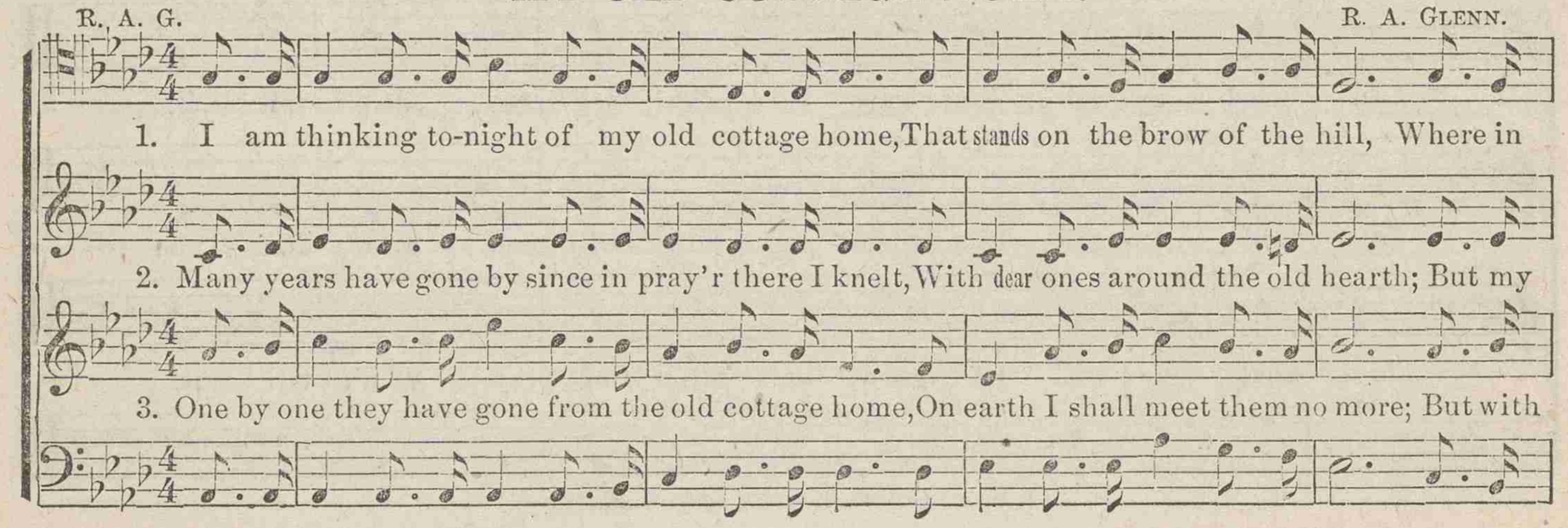


EXERCISE.

No. 2.



MY OLD COTTAGE HOME.



CHORUS.

life's early morning I once lov'd to roam, But now all is quiet and still. Oh, my old cottage home, That

mother's sweet prayers in my heart still is felt, I'll treas-ure them up while on earth. Oh, my old cottage home,

them I shall meet round the beautiful throne, Where part-ing will come nev-er-more, Oh, my old cottage home, That

stands on the brow of the hill, Where, in life's early morning, I once lov'd to roam, But now all is quiet and still.

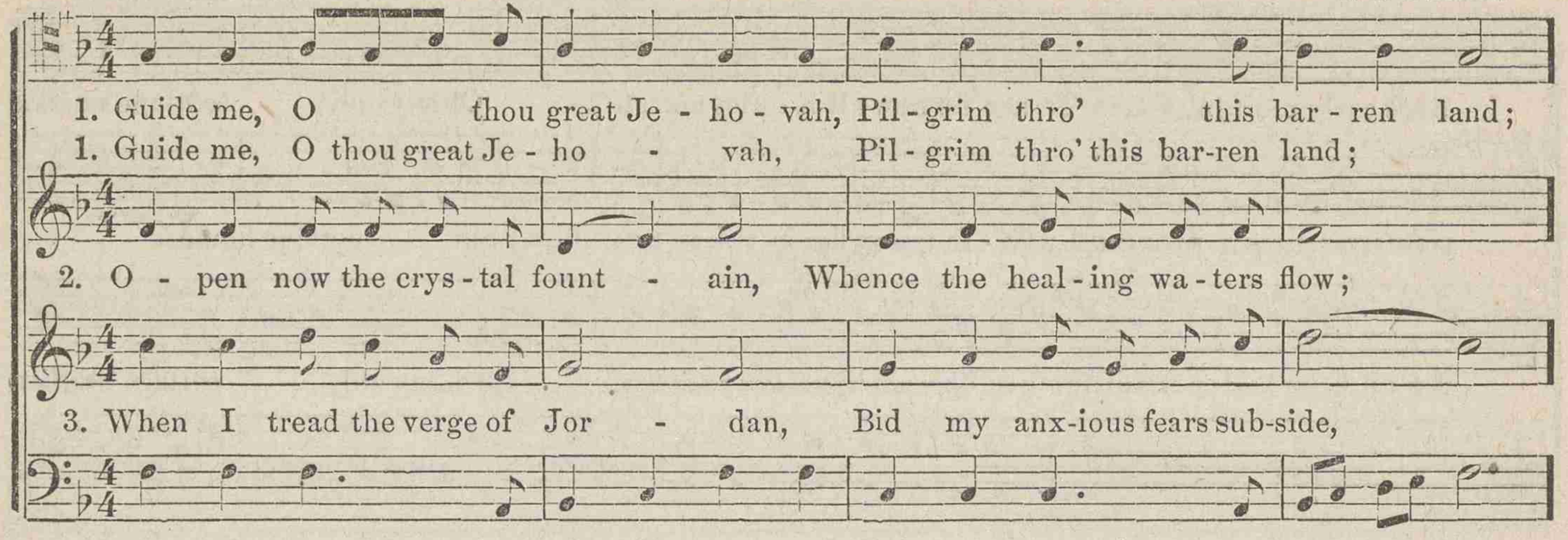
stands on the brow of the hill, Where, in life's early morning, I once lov'd to roam, But now all is quiet and still.

of the hill,

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.*

Suitable for Sabbath Schools.

T. C. O'KANE.



* By permission of PHILIP PHILLIPS, owner of copyright.

Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more;
heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more;
liv - 'rer, Strong de - liv - 'rer, Be thou still my strength and shield;
prais - es, Songs of prais - es, I will ev - er give to thee;

p

Feed me till I want no more, want no more, Feed me till I want no more.

p

Be thou still my strength and shield, strength and shield, Be thou still my strength and shield.

p **Cres.** - - - -

I will ev - er give to thee, give to thee, I will ev - er give to thee.

UNION OF EFFORT.

REV. C. MARTINDALE. "For we are laborers together with God."—1st COR. 3: 9. W. T. GIFFE.

1. By the love of Christ constraining, By the Spir-it's mighty aid, To redeem the poor in-e-briate,
2. Scat-ter seeds beside all wa-ters, In the hearts of young and old, Fear not, faint not in the conflict,
3. Bright the crowns that there await us, Radiant with the stars of light; Resting in the God-built mansions,

CHORUS.

We are strong and mighty made. So, we'll sweet - ly toil to - geth-er, For the tri - umph of the
Strong in faith, in danger bold.
We shall wear a robe of white. So we'll sweetly toil togeth-er, For the triumph of the

right, Work for jus - tice, truth, and temp'rance, To dis-pel . . the shades of night. . . .
right, of the right, Work for justice, truth, and temp'rance. To dispel the shades of night, shades of night.

From THE BRILLIANT, by permission of W. T. GIFFE.

TWILIGHT IS FALLING.*

A. S. KIEFFER. B. C. UNSELD, by per.

1. Twilight is stealing O - ver the sea, Shad-ows are fall-ing Dark on the lea; Borne on the night winds,
2. Voic-es of lov'd ones, Songs of the past, Still lin-ger round me While life shall last; Lone-ly I wan-der,
3. Come in the twilight, Come, come to me, Bring-ing some message O - ver the sea, Cheer-ing my pathway

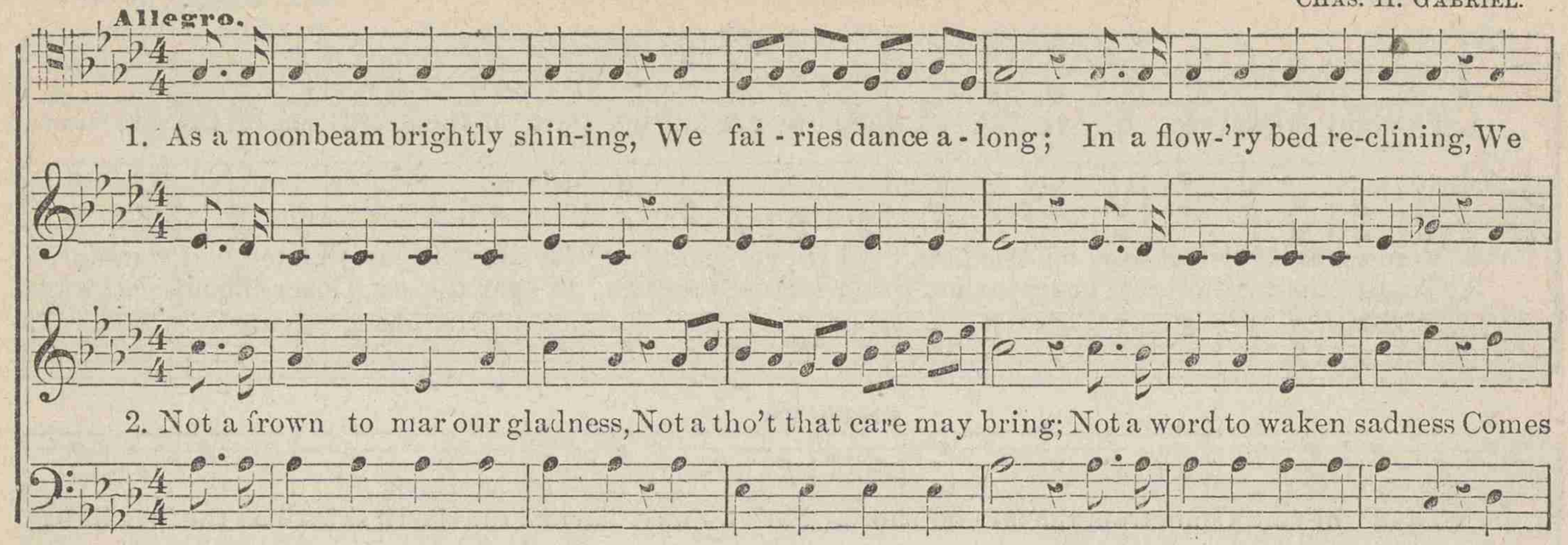
CHORUS.

voic-es of yore Come from the far - off shore. Far a - way, beyond the starlit skies, Where the love light
sad - ly I roam, Seek-ing that far - off home.
while here I roam, Seek-ing that far - off home. Far a - way, beyond the starlit skies, Where the love light
nev - er, nev - er dies, Gleam-eth a man-sion fill'd with de-light; Sweet, hap-py home so bright.
nev - er, nev - er dies, Gleam-eth a man-sion fill'd with de-light; Sweet, hap-py home so bright.

* From TEMPLE STAR, by permission.

SONG OF THE FAIRIES.

Expressly for this work.
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



Where the nightingales are sing-ing, We dance till the dawn of the

Where the flow'ry bells are wing-ing,

By the brooklet bounding lightly, By the dew-drop gleaming brightly, We dance till the dawn of the

day, We dance till dawn of day; We dance, we dance till dawn of day, We dance till dawn of day.

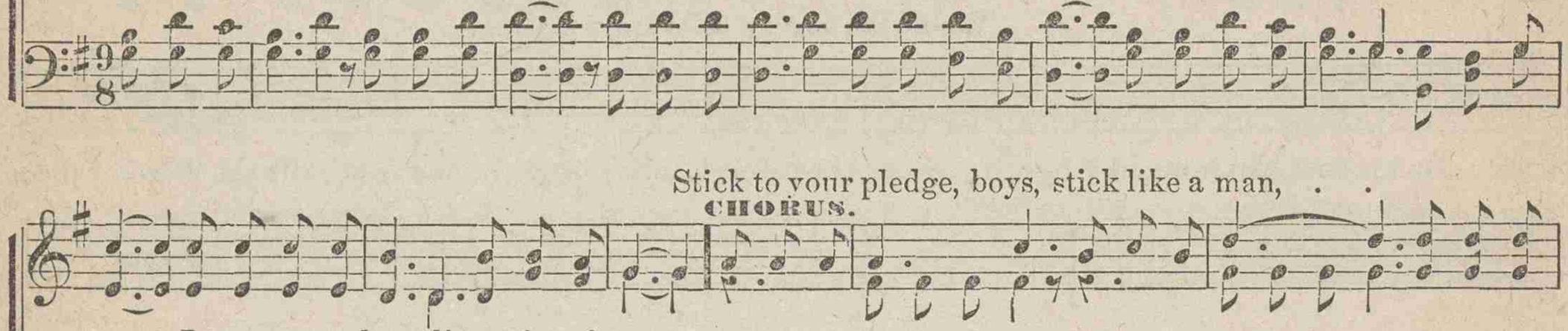
day, . . . We dance till dawn of day; We dance, we dance till dawn of day, We dance till dawn of day.

STICK TO YOUR PLEDGE, BOYS.

R. A. GLENN. TEMPERANCE SONG. R. A. GLENN.



1. Stick to your pledge, boys, stick like a man, Never go back to the dram shop again; Your honor's at stake, be faithful and
2. Stick to your pledge, boys, prove to it true, Don't mind the taunts and the jeers of a few; Tho' friends may invite you a little to
3. Stick to your pledge, boys, stick like a man, Never go back to the dram shop again; There's danger within and poverty



Stick to your pledge, boys, stick like a man, . .

CHORUS.

true, In courage alone lies safety for you.
drink, Before you indulge, boys, stop once and think.
sure, Just keep away, boys, don't go there any more.

Stick to your pledge, stick like a man, Never go

In courage a - lone . . lies safety for you, .

back to the dram shop again ; In courage alone lies safety for you, Stick to your pledge, boys, be to it true.

GOOD-NIGHT SONG.*

R. A. G. R. A. GLENN.

1. We now must sing our parting song, And bid each oth - er good-night; We'll seek to reach our

2. Then let us sing our parting song, Perhaps we'll meet nev-er- more; Some one may go be -

CHORUS.

qui - et home; Dear friends, we now bid you good-night. Come a-gain, come a-gain; May we

fore the morn To sing on the bright, happy shore. Good-night, good-night, May we

Come a-gain, come a gain,

Ri*.

all meet again, good-night, good-night, good-night; May we all meet again, good-night, good-night.

all meet again, good-night, good-night, good-night; May we all meet again, good-night, good-night.

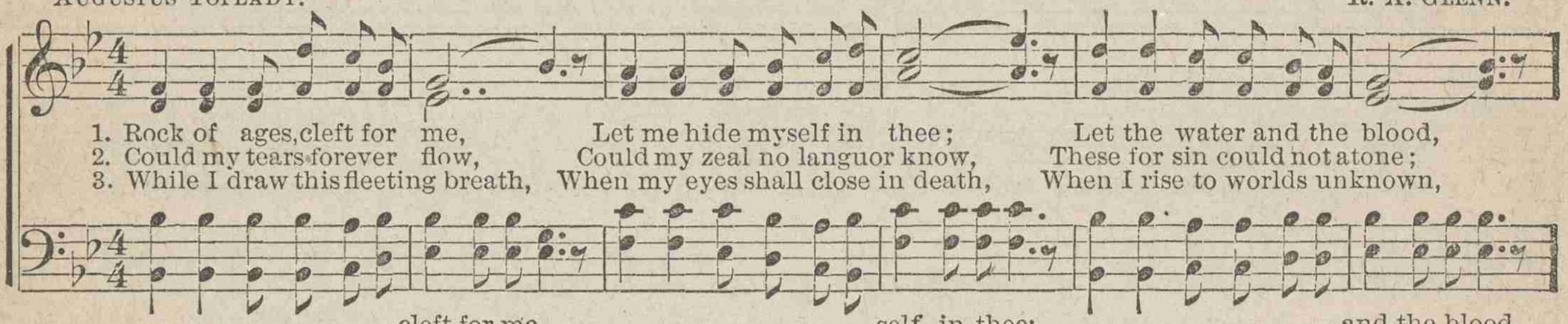
* From NEW FAVORITE, by permission.

SABBATH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

Sing unto the Lord a new song; sing unto the Lord, all the earth, sing unto the Lord; bless his name: show forth his salvation from day to day. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice and sing praises. Make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation. It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High.

ROCK OF AGES.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY. R. A. GLENN.





And there shall be no night there.—Rev. 22: 15. C. E. Pollock.

1. There is a glo-rious world of light A - bove the star - ry sky, Where saints de - part - ed,
2. And hark! a - mid the sa- cred songs Those heaven-ly voic - es raise; Ten thou-sand thou - sand
3. Those are the hymns that we shall know If Je - sus we o - bey; That is the place where

CHORUS.

cloth'd in white, A - dore the Lord most high. We shall meet o-ver there, We shall meet
in-fant tongues U-nite to sing his praise.
we shall go, And see his bless-ed face. we shall meet o-ver there, we shall meet

o-ver there, In that beau-ti-ful land, at God's right hand, We shall meet to part no more.
o-ver there,

GOING HOME.

Gathering together unto him.—2 Thess. 2: 1. R. A. GLENN.

1. Oh, when shall we sweetly remove, Oh, when shall we en - ter our rest? Re-turn to the Zi - on a-
2. That cit - y of God, the great King, Where sorrows and death are no more, Where saints our Im-man-u- el
3. But an-gels themselves can not tell The joys of that ho - li - est place, Where Jesus is pleas'd to re-

CHORUS.

bove, The moth-er of spir - its distress'd. Go - ing home, go-ing home, To that Zi-
sing, And cher-ub and ser - aph a-dore.
veal The light of his heav-en - ly face. Going home, going home, to that land of rest, To that Zion above,

on a - bove, There to dwell ev-er-more In the beautiful man-sions of God.
beautiful Zion above, There to dwell ev-er-more, there to dwell ev-er-more,

I AM WAITING.

R. A. GLENN. My soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.—Ps. 130 : 5. W. A. OGDEN.

1. I am wait-ing for the an-gels On this bleak and stormy shore, Earth-ly joys to me are fad - ing, Fad - ing to re-vive no more. But the shin-ing ones are wait - ing In the E - den of the blest; Where the gold-en harps are ring - ing, And the wea - ry are at rest.
2. Pur-er joys than earth's a-wait me, In the mansions just be - yond; Where the trees of life are wav - ing Round a - bout our Fa-ther's throne. There the gold-en crowns are gleam-ing In the light of per - fect day; I am wait-ing for the an - gels, Soon they'll bear my soul a - way.
3. I am wait-ing, on - ly wait - ing, Till the Sav - ior bids me come; I am long-ing to be- hold him In that glo-rious spir - it home, Where the bless-ed blend their voic - es In sweet hymns with glad re - frain, Giv - ing praise and ad - o - ra - tion To the Lamb that once was slain.

COME AND SEEK.

R. A. G. They that seek me early shall find me.—PROV. 8; 17. R. A. GLENN.

1. Come and seek thy bless - ed Sav - ior, Come and seek, come and seek; Mer - cy still is
2. Come and own your bless - ed Mas - ter, Do not wait, do not wait; Ma - ny dan-gers
3. Ev - 'ry bur-den lay be - fore him, He'll for - give, he'll for - give; All the faith-ful

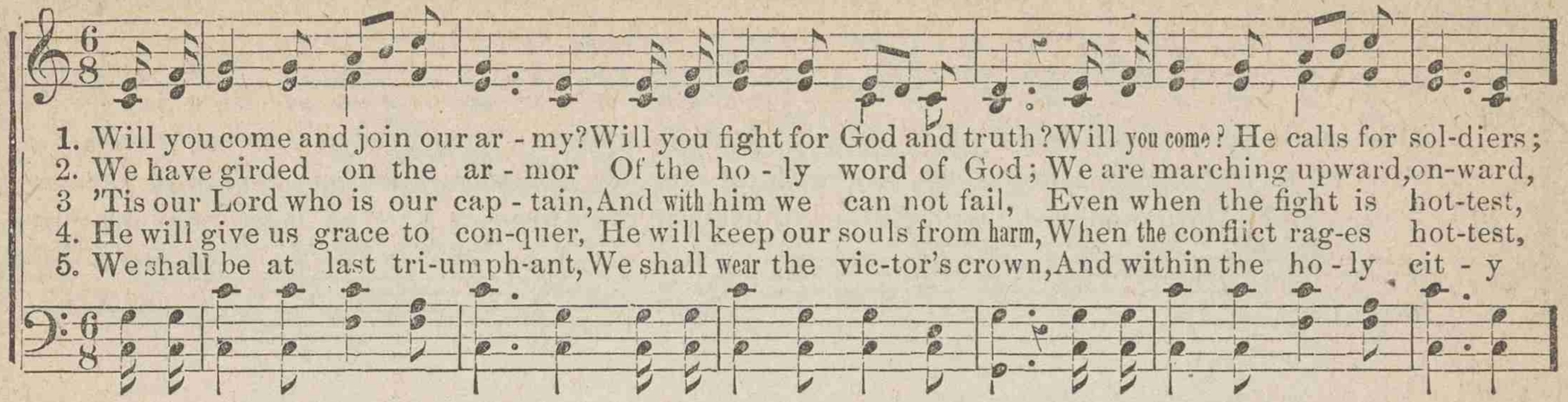
CHORUS.

of - fered free - ly, Come and seek for heav'n-ly peace. Come. come,
now sur-round you, Come, be - fore it be too late.
ones that love him Shall with him in heav - en live. Come and seek, come and seek,

Come and seek the Sav-ior to - day, He is read - y to re-ceive you, Come with-out de - lay.

COME JOIN OUR ARMY, or RECRUITING SONG.*

FANNY CHURCH. Who is on the Lord's side?—EX. 32; 26. F. SPAULDING.



* From Rosecrans' LITTLE SOWER, by permission.

LEAD US, AND WE'LL FOLLOW ON.

Words from Christian Press. For thy name's sake, lead me and guide me.—Ps. 31: 3. R. A GLENN.

With energy.

1. Take our hands in thine, dear Father, Gent-ly lead our souls a - long; Lead us where thou'lt have us la-bor,
2. Tho' we meet with sore temptations, And with tri - als by the way, Thou hast promis'd to protect us,
3. Now, dear Fa-ther, thou dost hear us; Take our hands in thine to guide, Keep on us thy pure, white raiment,

CHORUS.

Lead us, and we will fol - low on. follow on, fol-low on,
If we on - ly will fol - low thee. Lead us, and we'll follow on, Fol-low on.
Keep us near to thy own dear side.

Fol-low on, follow on; Gent - ly lead our souls a - long, And we will fol - low on.
souls along,

E. C. And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it on his head.—MATT. 27: 29. CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

1. I'm go - ing to heav - en by - and - by, Where God will take care of me; There
2. He wore those thorns on his bleed - ing brow, On the cross of Cal - va - ry; He
3. And what shall I do with that beau - ti-ful crown, The gift of my Lord so free? At thine

Je-sus will give me a beau - ti-ful crown, All shin-ing and bright 'twill be; And I know it is not a
tho't of me *then*, he thinks of me *now*— All sor-row and death will flee; And I *know* it will not be a
own dear feet I will cast it down, While I sing heaven's songs to thee; For Je-sus will give me a

D. S. *know it will not be a*

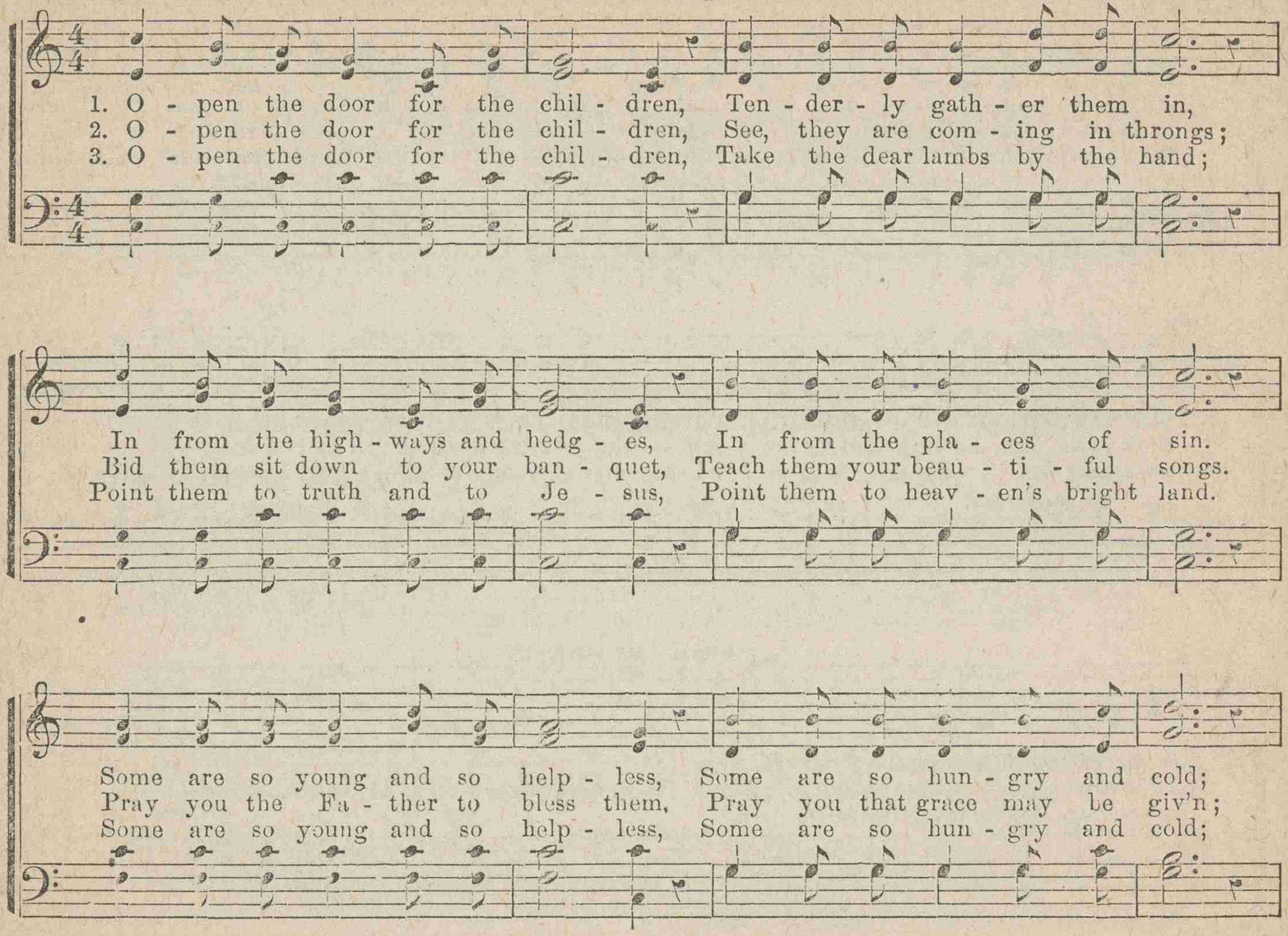
Fine. REFRAIN. D.S.

thorny crown, For *he* wore the thorns for *me*.
thorny crown, For he wore the thorns for me. He wore the thorns for me, He wore the thorns for me; And I
thorn-less crown, And *he* wore the thorns for *me*.

thorny crown, For he wore the thorns for me.

GATHER THE CHILDREN IN.

M.A.KIDDER. *Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in.*—Luke 14: 23. R. A. GLENN.



O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.
O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Of such is the king - dom of heav'n.
O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.

CHORUS.

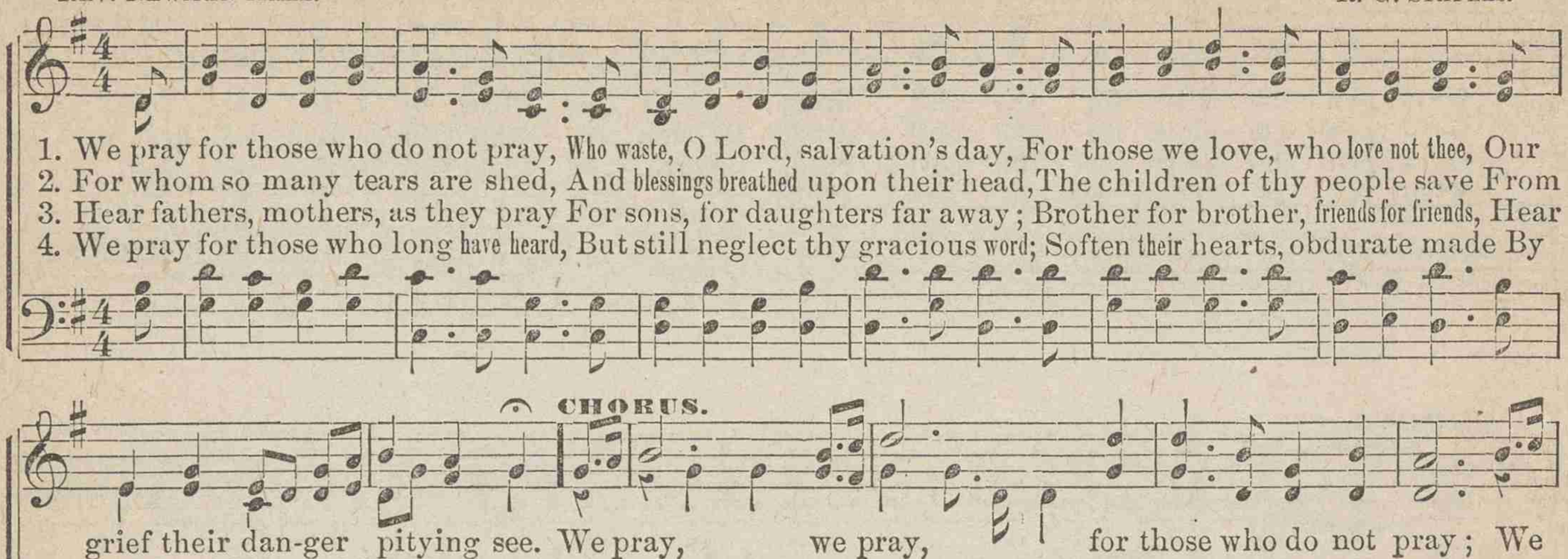
Gath - - - er them in, Let the house be full;
Gath-er them in, gath-er them in, gath-er them in, let the house be full;

In from the high-ways and pla - ces of sin, Gath - er them in - to the Sab - bath School.

PRAY FOR THE UNCONVERTED.

But Hezekiah prayed for them, saying, The good Lord pardoned every one.—2 CHRON. 30 : 18.

REV. NEWMAN HALL. R. G. STAPLES.



5 Release the drunkard from his chain ;
Save those beguiled by pleasure vain ;
Set free the slaves of lust, and bring
Back to their home the wandering.

6 The hopeless cheer ; guide those who doubt;
Restore the lost ; cast no one out ;
For all that are far off we pray,
Since we were once as far as they.

R. A. G. R. A. GLENN.

1. There is a land of prom-ise, In yon-der dis-tant clime, Where all the saint-ed
2. Oh, may we safe-ly pass o'er Cold Jordan's chill-y tide, To live in those blest
3. We long to dwell with Je-sus, From sor-row be set free, In yon-der world of

CHORUS.

spir-its A-round the Savior shine. Shall we meet there? . . Shall we meet there, . . And
mansions That Je-sus has pre-pared
glo-ry, His shin-ing face to see. meet there? meet there?

as the an-gels shine? And of our Father's glo-ry share, In heav-en, that beau-ti-ful clime?

A HOME ABOVE.

LUNA M. SMITH. J. F. KINSEY.

1. We read of a beau-ti - ful home a - bove, Where saints im - mor-tal shall dwell in love;
2. To the poor, the need-y, the blind, and distressed, A kind deed did or a kind word redressed;
3. Then shall we not seek that beau-ti-ful home, And in sinful paths no lon - ger roam;

A place where sor - row and suf - fer-ing cease, Where ev - er floats the banner of peace.
Com-fort - ing the mourner and bless-ing the weak, Ad - mon - ishing all the truth to seek.
So that when we cast life's bur - den down, Je - sus will give us the fade - less crown.

CHORUS.

A home, beautiful home, a home, beautiful home, A bright, hap-py home a - bove, a - bove; A



HOLY FORTITUDE.

TUNE—*Arlington.* Key G. C. M.

1 Am I soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Shall I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

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.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine,
In robes of victory through the skies
The glory shall be thine.

ANTICIPATIONS OF HEAVEN.

OLD TUNE. C. M.

1 When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

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

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, my All.

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

5 When I've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
I've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when I first begun.

Tell me, brothers, will you meet me?

Key B♭.

QUESTION.

1 Tell me, brothers, will you meet me?
Tell me, brothers, will you meet me?
Tell me, brothers, will you meet me,
On Canaan's happy shore?

Cho. Glory, glory, hallelujah;
Glory, glory, hallelujah;
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Forever, evermore.

ANSWER.

1 Yes, by the grace of God, I'll meet thee;
Yes, by the grace of God, I'll meet thee;
Yes, by the grace of God, I'll meet thee,
On Canaan's happy shore.—Cho.

QUESTION.

2 Say, young converts, will you meet me?
Say, young converts, will you meet me?
Say, young converts, will you meet me,
On Canaan's happy shore?—Cho.

ANSWER.

2 Yes, by the grace of God, we'll meet thee?
Yes, by the grace of God, we'll meet thee?
Yes, by the grace of God, we'll meet thee,
On Canaan's happy shore.—Cho.

QUESTION.

3 Heart-broken sinner, will you meet me?
Heart-broken sinner, will you meet me?
Heart-broken sinner, will you meet me,
On Canaan's happy shore?—Cho.

ANSWER.

3 How can a sinner ever meet thee?
How can a sinner ever meet thee?
How can a sinner ever meet thee,
On Canaan's happy shore?

QUESTION.

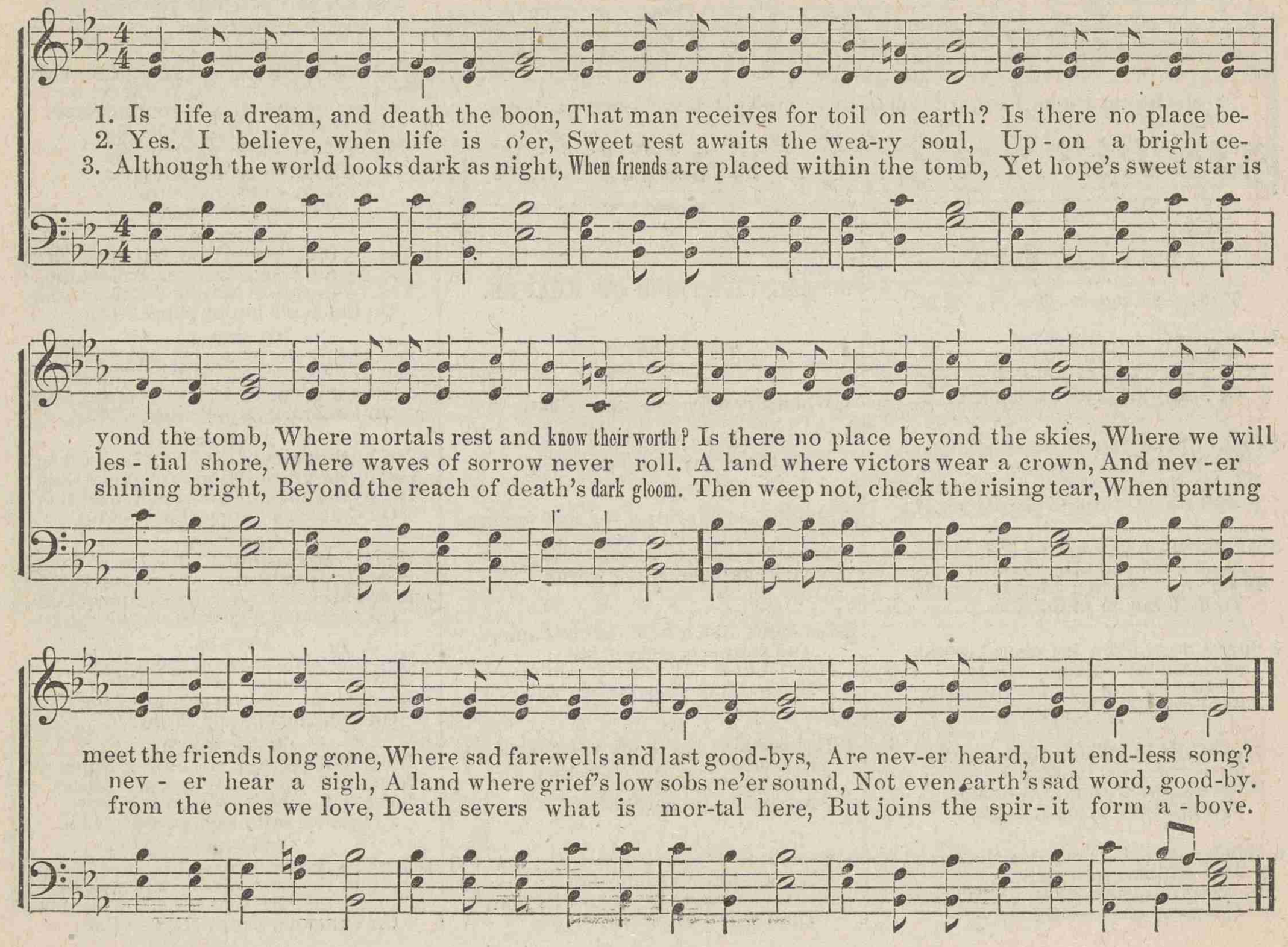
4 Jesus will pardon, if you ask him;
Jesus will pardon, if you ask him;
Jesus will pardon, if you ask him,
In earnest faith and prayer.—Cho.

ANSWER.

4 Then, by the grace of God, I'll meet thee;
Then, by the grace of God, I'll meet thee;
Then, by the grace of God, I'll meet thee,
On Canaan's happy shore.—Cho.

IS LIFE A DREAM?

EDWIN V. BARR. J. H. LESLIE.



KEEP ME, LORD.

KITTIE BLISS. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Make me thine, Lord, thine entirely, Thine in bod - y, thine in soul; Make me hum-ble, meek, and
2. Keep it, Lord, oh, keep it ev - er, Nev - er let it go a-stray; Leave me not, oh, leave me
3. Strength to bear the ills of life, Strength to suf - fer and be strong; Strength to bat - tle thro' the

low - ly, Take my heart in thy con-trol.
nev - er, Give me strength, Lord, day by day.
strife Shall be wea - ri - some and long.

CHORUS.

Help me, Lord, to do thy will; From my heart all
guilt re-move; With thy love my bo - som fill, Fit me for thy home a - bove.

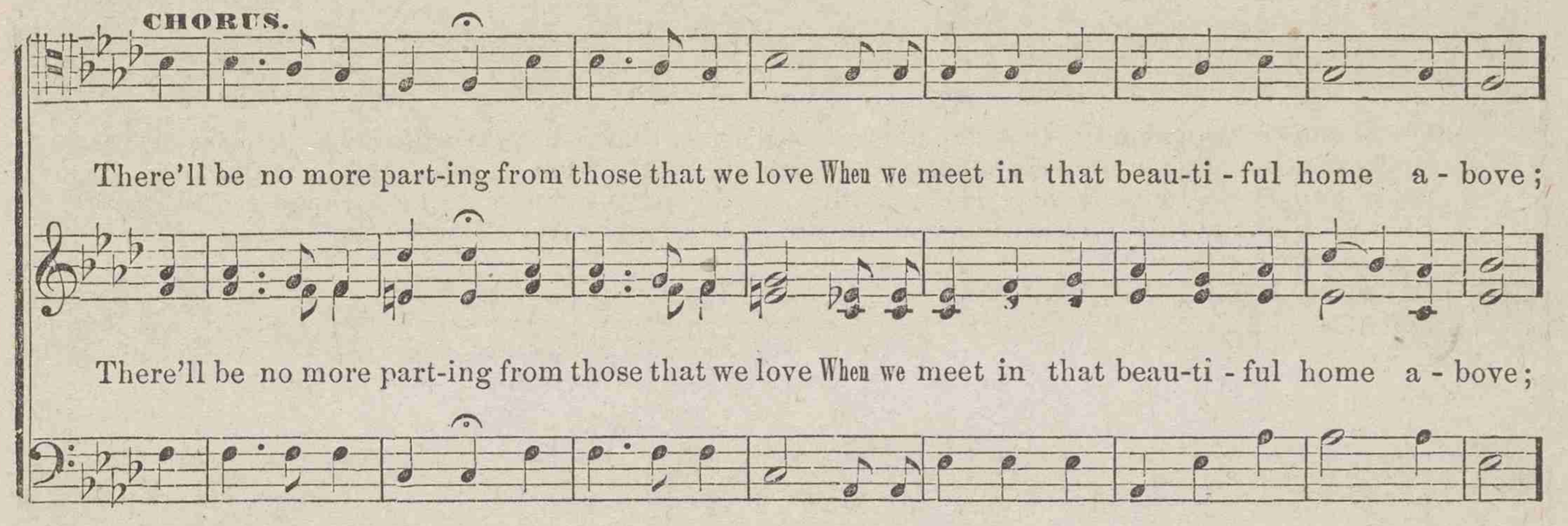
PILGRIM'S REST.

R. A. GLENN. JOHN K. WHEELER.

1. A beau-ti-ful home by faith I can see, A home where pilgrims from sor-row are free;
2. Bright, brighter the way il-lumes up to me, As on I sail o-ver life's stormy sea;
3. Oh, turn not a-way when dan-ger surrounds; Tho' heav-y the cross be, the bright-er the crown;

A home where com-eth no shades of the night; A home where dwell all the an-gels of light.
That light still beams from the land of the blest, To guide me safe to the mansions of rest.
For Je-sus said that the righteous shall shine In heav'n a-bove; may that home, Lord, be mine.

CHORUS.


There'll be no more part-ing from those that we love When we meet in that beau-ti - ful home a - bove;
There'll be no more part-ing from those that we love When we meet in that beau-ti - ful home a - bove;


There the poor, weary pil-grim shall rest ev - er-more, With all the redeemed, on that glorified shore.
There the poor, weary pil-grim shall rest ev - er-more, With all the redeemed, on that glorified shore.

BY AND BY.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL,

1. Oh, by and by, thank God, I'll see The home he has pre-par'd for me; Its glitt'ring tow'rs I soon shall see,
2. Oh, by and by I soon shall see That glorious home of lib - er-ty; I soon shall hear the an-gels' songs;
3. That by and by will soon be here, Then, with my Sav-ior standing near, I'll sing with joy at his dear feet,
4. Bid cares and sorrows all a-dieu, Farewell to sin, so strange, but true; Not such as they can ev - er come

CHORUS.

Where all is well; yes, by - and - by.
I soon shall go; it wo n't be long. By and by I shall be there, by and by I shall be
And join the heav'nly an-them sweet.
With-in the bor - ders of that home. By and by I shall be there;

there; By and by I soon shall reach my home on high; I'll soon be there, yes, by and by.
by and by, yes,

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

TUNE—*John Brown.* Key B♭.

1 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible quick sword:
His truth is marching on.
CHORUS—Glory, glory, hallelujah!

2 I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.—Cho.

3 I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel,
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."—Cho.

4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet:
Our God is marching on.—Cho.

5 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.—Cho.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL ARMY.

Key G.

1 O, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your Friend!
O, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your Friend!
He will give you grace to conquer,
He will give you grace to conquer,
And keep you to the end.

CHORUS.

I am glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
And I'll battle for the school.

2 Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win;
Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win;
For the Savior is your Captain,
For the Savior is your Captain,
And he has vanquished sin.—Cho.

3 And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand;
And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand.
You shall sing his praise forever,
You shall sing his praise forever,
In Canaan's happy land.—Cho.

A PERFECT HEART.

TUNE—*Roscoe.* Key B♭ Minor. C. M.

1 O for a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely shed for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within!

4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above,
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name, of Love.

LET US WALK IN THE LIGHT.

Key G.

1 'Tis religion that can give—
In the light, in the light;
Sweetest pleasure while we live—
In the light of God.
'Tis religion must supply—
In the light, in the light;
Solid comfort when we die—
In the light of God.

CHORUS.

Let us walk in the light,
In the light, in the light;
Let us walk in the light,
In the light of God.

2 After death its joys shall be—
In the light, in the light;
Lasting as eternity—
In the light of God.
Be the living God my Friend—
In the light, in the light;
Then my bliss shall never end—
In the light of God.—Cho.

SWEET STORY.

Key D.

1 I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
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."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare,
For all that are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

JUBILEE SONG.*

JNO. W. SIMPSON. JNO. T. GRAPE.

Bold. Fine.

1. Hark, the voic - es of the hap - py throng, How they swell the glad and joy - ous song!
   Thrilling strains from bounding hearts ascend, Praise to him whose reign shall nev - er end.
2. Wondrous sto - ry of the pre-cious cross, How it saves the world from end-less loss;
   Lift - ing up the world to God a - bove, Beam-ing with the light of Je - sus' love.
3. Hearts on earth with ec - sta - sy now swell, An - gels list while we the sto - ry tell;
   Ransomed souls with those on earth re - joice, Heav'n resounds in one har-mo-nious voice.

Sound the note of triumph near and far, Till every land shall greet the bright and morning star;
Heathen tribes, with Israel's chosen race, Ascribe their full sal - va - tion to Jesus' wondrous grace;
Glo - ry, glo - ry, loud the chorus rings, The bless'd choir of spir-its the mighty anthem sings;

D. C.

Peace shall reign in ev-ery troubled soul, And Je-sus' name, in glory, thro' every clime shall roll.
From all empires and from unknown climes, The sweet-toned bells are ringing the Gospel's blissful chimes.
Hal - le - lu - jah! shout the rapt'rous strain, To Je-sus, our Redeemer, the Lamb who once was slain.

* From GOSPEL ECHOES, by permission.

R. A. GLENN.

1. Oh, thou Fount of ev - ery blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy praise, Streams of mercy, nev - er
2. Here I'll raise my Eb - en - e - zer, Hith-er by thy help I've come, And I hope by thy good
3. Oh, to grace how great a debt-or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be, Let thy good-ness, like a

Oh, thou Fount of every blessing, etc.

ceas - ing, Call for songs of loudest praise. Teach me ey - er to a - dore thee, May I still thy
pleas-ure, Safe - ly to ar-rive at home. Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the
fet - ter, Bind me clos - er still to thee. Nev-er let me wander from thee, Nev-er leave thee,

goodness prove, While the hope of end-less glo - ry Fills my heart with joy and love, joy and love.
fold of God; He, to res - cue me from danger, Did re - deem me by his blood, by his blood.
whom I love, By thy word and Spirit guide me, Till I reach thy courts above, courts above.

VICTORY THROUGH JESUS.*

E. D. MUND. *"Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."*—1 Cor. 15: 5. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Hear the shout of triumph, hear the might-y song! Filling earth and heaven as it rolls a-long;
2. 'T is the host redeemed that stands in bright ar-ray, Hymning harping all the glad e - ter - nal day;
3. Man - y were the bat-tles, con-stant was the strife, Fierce the raging conflicts in their earthly life;
4. On-ward, let us ev - er, tho' our strength be small, Je - sus is our Lead-er, ev -'ry foe must fall;

FINE.

Like the roar of o - cean breaking on the shore, "Vic-to - ry thro' Je-sus," now and ev-er-more.
Cast-ing palms and crowns low at the Master's feet, "Vic-to - ry thro' Je-sus," an - gel lips re-peat.
Yet they nev - er fal-tered, for the Lord was strong, He was Rock and Fortress, Vic-to - ry and Song.
Then we'll join the ransom'd on the oth - er shore, "Vic-to - ry thro' Je-sus," sing-ing ev - er-more.

D. S. *Vic - to - ry thro' Je - sus, pass the word a - long, Vic - to - ry the watchword, Vic-to - ry the song.*

CHORUS.

D.S.

Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry! yes, vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry! They shout in chorus loud and long, (they shout in chorus.)

* From "Heavenly Carols," by per. Copyright, 1878, by E. S. Lorenz.

FEAR NOT, LITTLE FLOCK.

Respectfully dedicated to the
Presbyterian Sabbath School, McLeansboro, Ill.

FANNIE W. PARKER. JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. Fear not to trust and bear, And on thy Sav - ior wait; With ten - der, lov - ing care He'll lead to heav-en's gate.
2. Fear not, tho' rough thy way, Temp-ta - tions great and small En - com - pass thee each day, He'll guide thee safe thro' all.
3. Fear not, he'll nev - er leave, Nor ev - er from thee go, But be a guard and shield A - long thy way be - low.

CHORUS.

Fear not; oh, hear his voice, He's call - ing now for thee; Let ev - 'ry heart re - joice In sing - ing praise to thee.

FAITH IN JESUS.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. I bring my heart, O Lord, to thee, I know thou lov - - est ten-der-
2. And all my life thou hast been near, Hast deigned my hum - ble pray'r to
3. What words can tell thy wondrous love? What acts can my al - le-giance
4. Thy precious blood, thy sa-cred cross, Thy life of suf - - fer-ing and

I bring my heart, O Lord, to thee,

ly; Low at thy feet I kneel in prayer; I know I feel
hear, Hast guid-ed me from sin, from harm— I lean on thine
prove? Oh, life of grief! oh, death of pain! That I a heav'n
love! What can I do, my Lord, for thee, Who didst so well

CHORUS.

thy con-stant care. My heart, my life, my all are thine, I give them
Al-might-y arm.
of joy might gain. My heart, my life, my all are thine,
re - mem-ber me?





SESSIONS. L. M.

1 Show pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive!
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound!
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy Word
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

1 Come, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away;
Now let our noblest passions rise
With ardor to their native skies.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3 Then, when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

TUNE—*Homeward Bound.* Key A.

1 Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Toss'd on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Far, from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each he bestowed,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale;
O how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

3 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last.
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
Safely we stand on the radiant shore;
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last, home at last.

THE FOUNTAIN OF PEACE.

C. WESLEY. R. A. GLENN.

1. A Fountain of life and of grace, In Christ our Redeemer we see; For us who his offers em-
2. As soon as in him we be-lieve, By faith of his Spir-it we take, And freely forgiveness re-
3. My gracious Re-deem-er I love, His praises a-loud I'll proclaim, And join with the armies a-

brace, For all it is o-pen and free. Je-ho-vah him-self doth in-vite To drink of the
ceive, The mer-cy for Je-sus' dear sake. We gain a pure drop of his love, The life of e-
bove, To shout his a-dor-a-ble name. To gaze on his glo-ries di-vine, Shall be my e-

pleas-ure un-known, The streams of im-mor-tal de-light, That flows from the heaven-ly throne.
ter-ni-ty know, An-gel-i-cal hap-pi-ness prove, And wit-ness a heaven be-low.
ter-nal em-ploy, To see them in-ces-sant-ly shine, My boundless, in-ef-fa-ble joy.

CHORUS.

Then come to the fountain, the fountain of peace, It's flow - ing, flow - ing, flow - ing, flow-ing, It's

Then come . . . . . to the fount - - - - - ain, It's

Then come to the fountain, the fountain of peace, It's flow - ing, flow - ing, flow - ing, flow-ing, It's

1st time. **2d time.**

wa - ters are flow - ing with heav - en - ly peace; flow - ing for you and me.

wa - ters are flow - ing with heav - en - ly peace, flow - ing for you and me.

WHO WILL WORK FOR JESUS?

ANNA M. HAMBRIGHT. JNO. K. WHEELER.

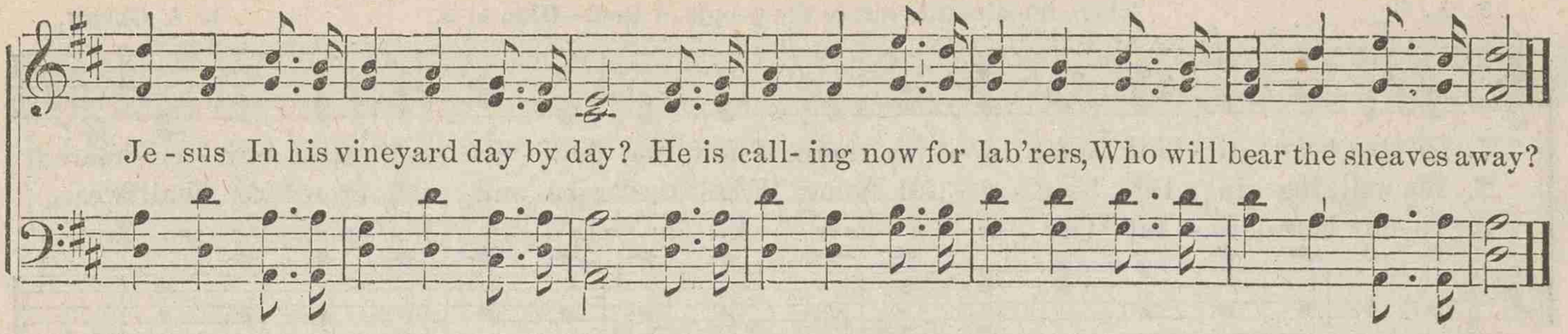
Allegretto.

1. Who will go and work for Je-sus, In his vineyard day by day? Who with willing hands are ready,
2. See the fields al - read-y whitened, Harvest time will soon be past; Hasten now, and do not lin - ger,
3. He will wages ful - ly pay you; You will la-bor not in vain, If you heed his voice and calling,

Now to bear the sheaves away? He is call-ing now for reapers, But the la - bor - ers are few;
Come, for day is waning fast. Soon the night will be up - on us, Time for work will then be o'er;
To the field of golden grain. Who will now go work for Je-sus, Try-ing precious souls to win;

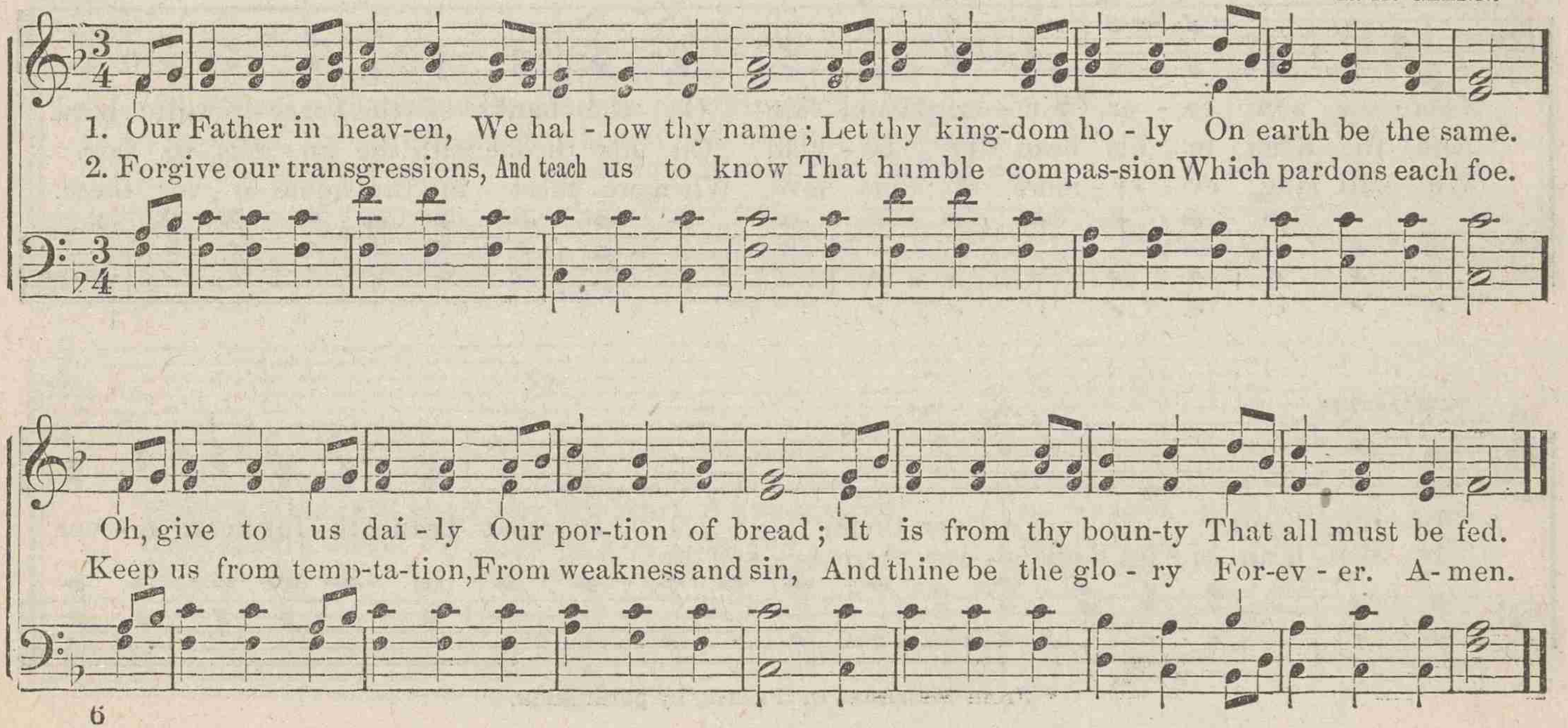
CHORUS.

Who will vol - un - teer for Je-sus, Hand in hand this work to do?
In the glorious sunshine la-bor, Till there's work to do no more. Who will go and work for
Who will for this Lord of harvest, Lead them from the paths of sin?



OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

R. A. GLENN.



IN THAT HOME OVER THERE.*

R. A. G. There remaineth a rest to the people of God.—HEB. 4; 9. R. A. GLENN.

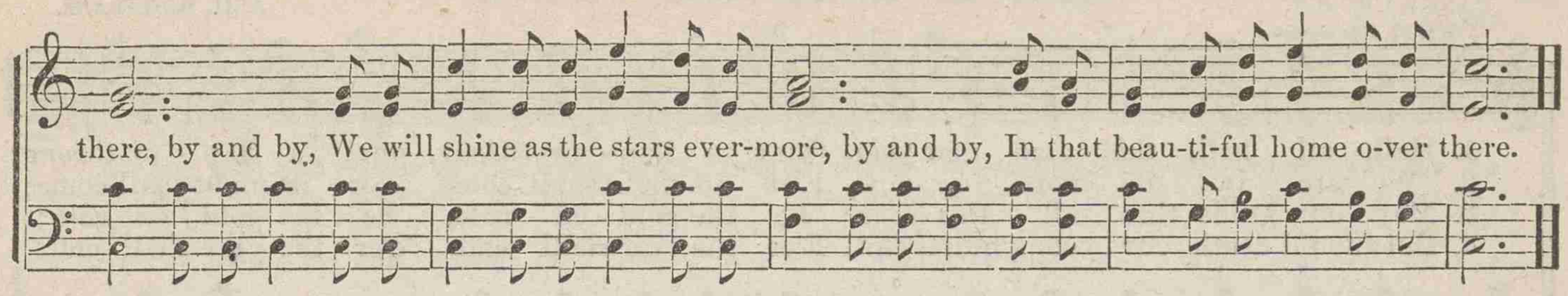
1. In that beau - ti - ful home o - ver there, Where the flow - ers shall fade nev - er - more;
2. We will sing in that beau - ti - ful home, When the robe and the crown we shall wear,
3. To our boun - ti - ful Giv - er a - bove, All ar - ray'd in his splen - dor so fair,

There the sun ev - er shines bright and fair On the banks of the pearl - y white shore.
And the King in his beau - ty be - hold On his throne with the an - gels so fair.
We will sing ev - er - more of his love, When we meet in that home o - ver there.

CHORUS.

In that home o - ver there, In that beau - ti - ful home o - ver
In that beau - ti - ful home o - ver there, by and by,

* From MELODIES OF PRAISE, by permission.


there, by and by, We will shine as the stars ever-more, by and by, In that beau-ti-ful home o-ver there.

"COME TO ME."


1. With tearful eyes I look around, Life seems a dark and | storm - y | sea;
2. It tells me of a place of rest—It tells me where my | soul may | flee;
3. When nature shudders, loth to part From all I love, en- | joy and | see;
4. Come, for all else must fade and die, Earth is no resting- | place for | thee;
5. Oh, voice of mercy! voice of love! In conflict, grief, and | ag - o- | ny;
Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound, A heavenly | whis - per, | "Come to | me."
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed, How sweet the | bid - ding, | "Come to | me."
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart, A sweet voice | ut - ters, | "Come to | me."
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye, I am thy | por - tion, | "Come to | me."
Support me, cheer me, from above, And gently | whis - per, | "Come to | me."

HAIL THIS GLAD NEW YEAR.*

FANNY CHURCH. J. H. ROSECRANS.

Full Chorus.



* From Rosecrans' LITTLE SOWER, by permission.

R. A. GLENN.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall, Bring forth the roy - al
2. Ye chosen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail him who saves you
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, To him all maj - es-
4. Oh, that with yon - der sa-cred throng, We at his feet may fall, We'll join the ev - er-

di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all. And crown, And crown him
by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
ty as-cribe, And crown him Lord of all.
last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all. And crown him Lord of all, And crown him Lord of all, And

Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
crown him Lord of all.

From MELODIES OF PRAISE.

SHOUT THE TIDINGS.

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

1. Send the tid-ings o'er the sea, To the heathen, poor, and blind: Tell them of our ris - en
2. Near and far the word proclaim, At your door, and ev - 'ry-where, In the by - ways and the
3. Young and old the strain prolong; Children small and par-ents old, Take the ban - ner, hold it

CHORUS.

Lord, How sal - va - tion they may find.
streets; Give the Lord your hand and prayer. Shout the tid - ings near and far, O - ver
high, Un - til all the cross be - hold.

land and o - ver sea, Un - til ev - 'ry soul and clime Shall his full sal - va - tion see.

R. A. GLENN.

1. Tho' poor my con - di - tion while here I may be, Great joy in the land of the liv - ing I see;
2. The world may despise me, with pov - er- ty press'd; They know not the treas-ure I bear in my breast;
3. With this hope of glo - ry, still on-ward I press, To sum up my la - bor and fin - ish my race;

One pearl of great price is the whole of my store; I with this have e-nough, for I need nothing more.
The ear-nest of rich - es kept for me in heav'n; Soon the world for the pearl would be cheer-ful-ly giv'n.
This to - ken will pass me thro' heaven's high door; And, pos-sess-ing it there, I shall need nothing more.

CHORUS.

Nothing more, noth-ing more, With the pearl of great price, I shall need nothing more.
Nothing more, nothing more,

JOYS THAT AWAIT ME.

Words arranged. His praise shall continually be in my mouth.—Ps. 34: 1. R. A. GLENN.

Spirited.

1. 'Tis sweet to reflect on the joys that a-wait me In E - den a-bove, where I hope I shall rest;
2. There an - gel - ic legions, with harps tuned ce- les-tial, Har-mo - niously join in the con-cert of praise;
3. Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songsters of glo-ry! Ye harp - ers of bliss, Soon I'll meet you a - bove,

Where glo - ri - fied spir-its with wel - come will greet me, And lead me to mansions prepar'd for the blest.
The saints, as they flock from the mansions terrestrial, In loud hal - le - lu-jahs their voic-es will raise.
And join your full choir in re-hears-ing the sto - ry, Redeem'd from all sin thro' the dear Savior's blood.

CHORUS.

Glory hal- le - lu-jah! there we'll sing the story, When the King of beau-ty we be-hold up-on the throne.



1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence my all shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left the Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue:
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
Show thy face and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

1 Alas! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin!

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away:
'Tis all that I can do.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea-sons come, And we shall be with
2. A few more storms shall beat On this wild rock-y shore, And we shall be where
3. A few more strug-gles here, A few more part-ings o'er, A few more toils, a

CHORUS.

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

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

R. A. GLENN.

1. Ho-sanna be the children's song, To Christ the children's King, His
Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na! Ho-san - na! 2. Ho-sanna on the wings of light, O'er earth and ocean fly, Till
3. Ho-sanna sound from church and hall, Let every voice accord, And

CHORUS.

praise to whom our souls belong, Let all the children sing.
morn to eve, and noon to night, And heav'n to earth re-ply. Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, our song shall be, Ho-
this our watchword, one and all, Ho-san-na, praise the Lord.

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

HAPPY LAND

R. A. G. Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off.—Isa. 33: 17. R. A. Glenn.

1. I am bound for that bright and happy land (happy land), With the glo - ri-fied, the pur - i - fied to be; There to sing with the great angel - ic band (angel band), In that home beyond the Jas-per sea.
2. There's a crown that is gold - en and so fair (and so fair), Will be giv - en at the bless-ed Lord's com- mand; And I hope I shall ev - er wear it there (wear it there), And be number'd with the hap- py band.
3. Let us strive for that bright and happy land (happy land), Thro' the shin-ing, pearl-y gates to en - ter in To the city of the new Je-ru - sa - lem (-ru-sa-lem), There to live with him who once was slain.

CHORUS.

I am bound, I am bound, I am bound for the bright and happy land,
I am bound, I am bound, hap-py land,



NEARER, YET NEARER.

R. A. GLENN.



O FATHER, KEEP THY CHILD.

CHAS. N. GREGORY. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Slow falls the night with dark-ly shadows round; The last faint flush of sun-set swift-ly fades,
2. Unknown the path my wea - ry feet should tread; And 'mid the dark no friend-ly guide is nigh;
3. Thus, tho' the grave o'er - cast as with its gloom, Thus, tho' we fal - ter in the darkest night,

And all is si - lent, save the lone - ly sound Of some far night bird, call-ing thro' the shade.
But, set with stars, heav'n's can-o - py is spread; And none go wrong who watch the star - ry sky.
Yet o'er the shad - ows and be-yond the tomb, Heav'n still will give to us her guid-ing light.

1st time. 2d time.

1 & 2 v. O Father, keep thy child, With fear and gloom op-press'd, And take him un-de-filed, At last to rest,
3d v. For God will keep his child, [Omit. . .] last to rest.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Hark! what joy -ous bells are ring-ing! Sweet sounds wake the hap-py morn; Age and youth one song are
2. Hark! a-gain the bells are ring-ing; Voic-es whis - per praise and pray'r; Heaven's bright choirs anthems
3. Children, hear the Sav-ior call - ing In tones full of hope and love; Blessings from his lips are
4. Treasures rich for you he's keep-ing; There a prom - ise bright is giv'n; Gems that fade the world is

CHORUS.

sing - ing, Christ, our Lord, this day was born.
sing - ing, Fa - ther, make us glad to - day.
fall - ing; You he points to heav'n a - bove.
seek-ing; There are peer - less crowns in heav'n.

Hail this hap - py Christmas dawning! Let all

join in songs of praise; Un - to him who rules in heav - en Now our joy - ful cho-rus raise.

JESUS WILL BE THERE.

R. A. G. R. A. GLENN.

1. We shall meet a-gain; How sweet the time will be, When, in that happy land, Each other's face we'll see;
2. We shall meet a-gain, Where tears will never flow, Where gleams the golden crowns, And robes as white as snow;
3. We shall meet a-gain; Grieve not at parting here; When on that shining strand, There'll be no farewell tear;

The dear ones that have gone, We'll meet them o - ver there, Around the great white throne, And Je-sus will be there.
With angels there we'll roam, And vict'ry's palm we'll bear, In that ce-les - tial home, And Je-sus will be there.
Yes, by and by we'll meet, And know each other there; To make our joy complete, King Je-sus will be there.

CHORUS.

Sweet it is to know Je-sus will be there, yes, Jesus will be there; With all the host redeem'd, We'll roam the heav'nly plains, And Jesus will be there.

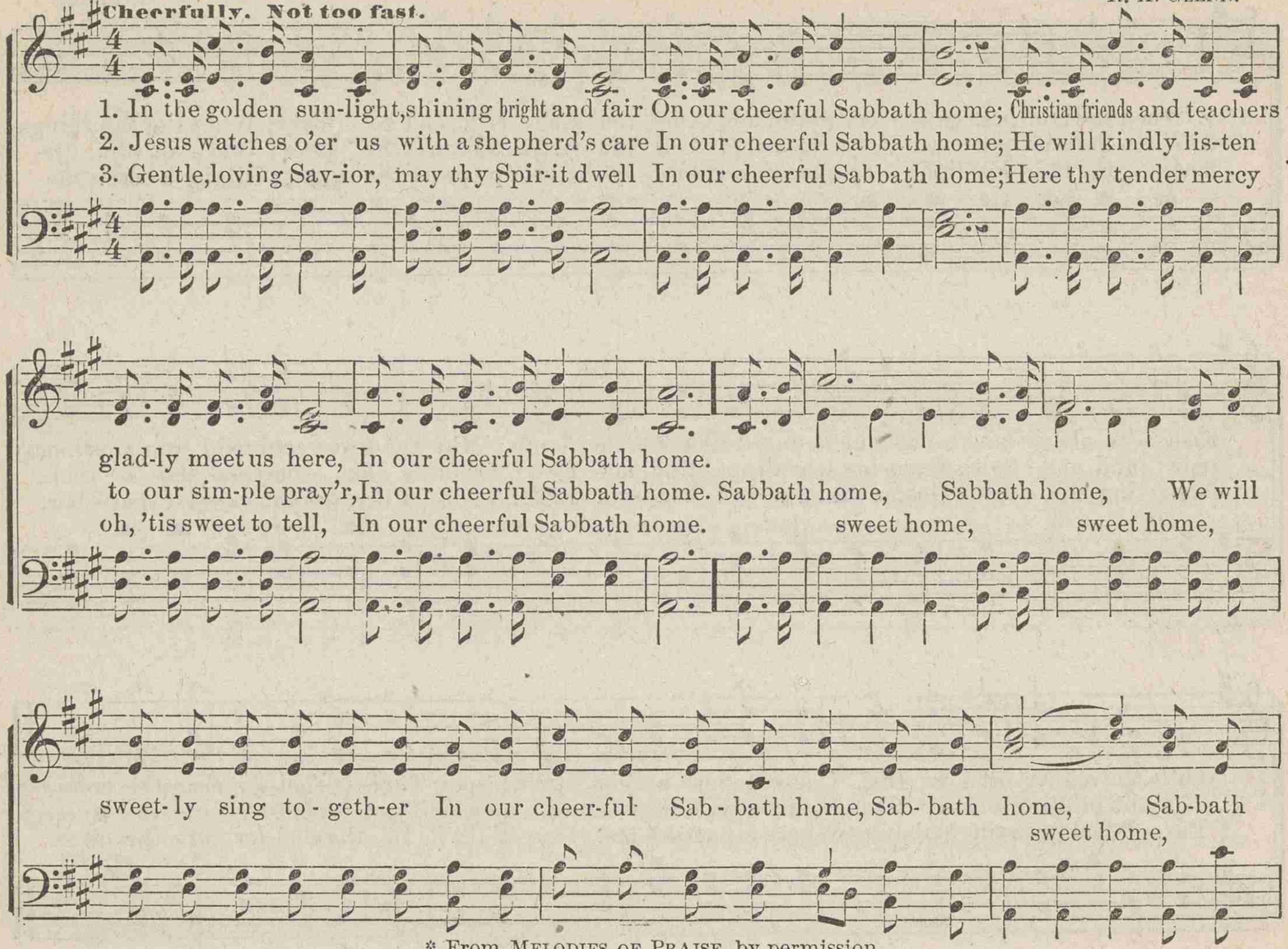
SHELTER NEAR THE CROSS.

JNO. M. SCHAFFER. J. H. LESLIE.

1. When the tem-pest gath - ers round me, And the sea is dashed to foam; When the lightnings flash a - bout me, And the thun - der shakes the dome; 'Mid the fierce and wild com-mo-tion, While the raging bil-lows toss, Comes to me a gen - tle whisper: There is shel-ter near the cross.
2. When the waves are mad - ly dash-ing, And the dark-ness veils the skies; When in wild, dis-pair and an - guish, Burn-ing tear-drops blind my eyes; From a - far, be-yond the o - cean, Tho' the bil-lows wild-ly toss, Comes to me in sweet-est ac-cent, There is shel-ter near the cross.
3. As the morning light ap-proach-es, Slow - ly dis - ap - pears the night; Bright a - cross the foam - ing bil - lows Gleams the stead-fast bea - con - light. Soon I'll reach the crys-tal har - bor, Pur - i -fied from sin and dross, Where my soul shall rest for - ev er In the shel-ter of the cross.

SABBATH HOME.

R. A. GLENN.



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MARTYN.



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

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

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

BOYLSTON.



1 O bless the Lord, my soul;
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.

2 O, bless the Lord, my soul;
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits;
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

4 Then bless his holy name
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;
O, bless the Lord, my soul.

BEAUTIFUL HOME OF THE SOUL.

Words by W. P. W., in Evansville Sunday Courier. R. A. GLENN.

1. There's a land 'mid the stars, we are told, Where they know not the sorrow of time, Crystal fountains in val-
2. Here our gaze can not soar to that land, But our visions have told of its bliss, And our souls by its bree-
3. Oh, the stars in the heavens at night, Seem to tell where the ransomed have trod, And the sun from his pal-
4. Oh, then let us cling to his Son, All our sorrows he'll help us to bear, And when life and its du-

CHORUS.

leys of gold, And life is a treasure sublime. 'Tis the sweet, by and by, 'Tis the
zes are fanned, When we faint in the desert of this.
ace of light, Seems to beam with the smiles of our God. 'Tis the sweet by and by,
ties are done, He has promised a crown we shall wear.

land of our God, we are told; Shall we meet, shall we meet in that cit - y? 'Tis the beautiful home of the soul.

C. E. Pollock. By per.

1. Grace, 'tis a charming sound, Har-mo-nious to the ear, Heav'n with the ech - o shall re-
2. Grace first con-trived a way, To save re - bell - ious man, And all the steps that grace dis-
3. Grace all the work shall crown, Thro' ev - er - last - ing days, It lays in heav'n the topmost

Heav'n with the ech - o

sound, . . And all the earth shall hear; All the earth . . shall hear, All the earth . . shall
play, . . . Which drew the wondrous plan; Drew the won - drous plan, Drew the won - drous
stone, . . . And well deserves the praise; Well de-serves . . the praise, Well de-serves . . the

shall resound, All the earth shall hear, All the earth, the

hear; Heav'n with the ech - o shall re - sound, . . And all the earth shall hear.
plan; And all the steps that grace dis-play, . . . Which drew the wondrous plan.
praise; It lays in heav'n the topmost stone, . . . And well deserves the praise.

earth shall hear; Heav'n with the ech - o shall re - sound,

MEET TO PART NO MORE.

Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.—Ps. 133: 1. R. A. GLENN.

1. Blest hour when righteous souls shall meet, Shall meet to part no more, And with ce - les - tial
2. The par - ent finds the long lost child, Brother on brothers gaze; The tear of res - ig-
3. Their Fa-ther marks their generous flame, And looks com-placent down; The smiles that owns their

CHORUS.

wel - come greet, On an im-mor - tal shore; Meet to part no more,
na - tion mild Is changed to joy and praise; Changed to joy and praise,
fil - ial claim, Is their im-mor - tal crown; Their im - mor - tal crown,

Meet to part, etc.

Meet to part no more; On that bright ce - les - tial shore, We'll meet to part no more.
Changed to joy and praise; Tears of res - ig - na - tion mild, Is changed to joy and praise.
Their im-mor - tal crown; Smiles that owns their fil - ial claim, Is their im-mor - tal crown.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51: 7. R. A. GLENN.

1. White as snow; oh, what a prom-ise For the heavy - laden breast; When by faith the soul receives it,
2. White as snow; can my transgressions Thus be wholly washed away, Leaving not a trace behind them,
3. Yes, at once, and that completely, Thro' the blood of Christ, I know; All my sins, tho' red like crimson,

Whit - er, whiter than snow, Washed in the blood of the

CHORUS.

Wea - ri-ness is changed to rest.
Like a cloud-less sum-mer day? Whit-er than snow, whiter than snow, Washed in the blood, in the
May be-come as white as snow.

Lamb, Whit - er,

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



NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

TUNE—*Bethany.*

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to thee;
E'n though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee.

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

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee.

5 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still, all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee.

THEY SHALL SHINE.*

L. H. D. They that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament.—DANIEL 12: 3. L. H DOWLING.

1. Bless-ed serv-ants of God, who are fear-less in du-ty, And who stand near the foot of the cross,
2. They shall join in the song of the blest and for-giv-en; They shall vie with the an-gels that sing;
3. They shall walk by the side of the life-giv-ing riv-er, They shall bathe in its crys-tal-ine tide;

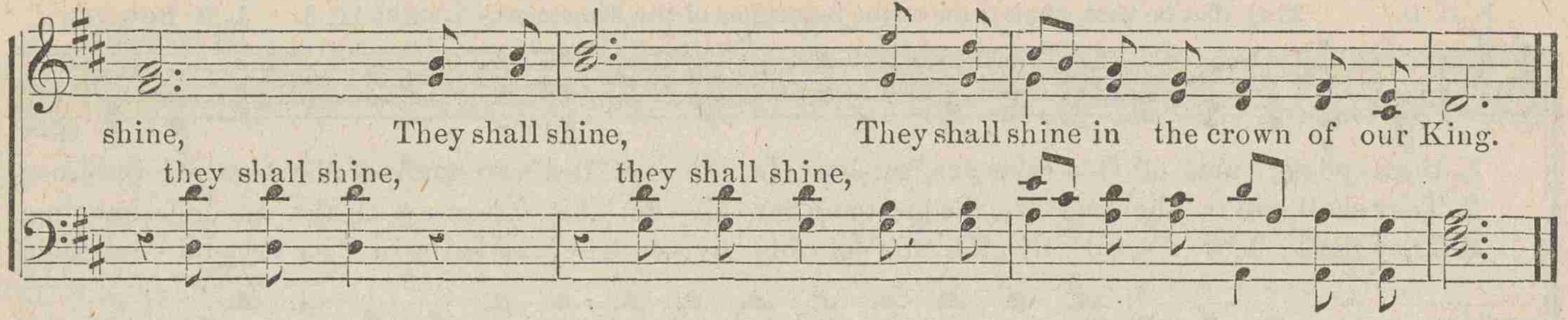
And who bring to the King, in his won-der-ous beau-ty, Ma-ny souls who are covered with dross.
They shall drink in the joys of the bless-ed in heav-en, They shall dwell in the home of our King.
And the songs they shall sing in its full-ness for-ev-er, Is "Ho-san-na to Je-sus who died."

CHORUS.

They shall shine, they shall shine, They shall shine in the fade-less for-ev-er, They shall
They shall shine, they shall shine,

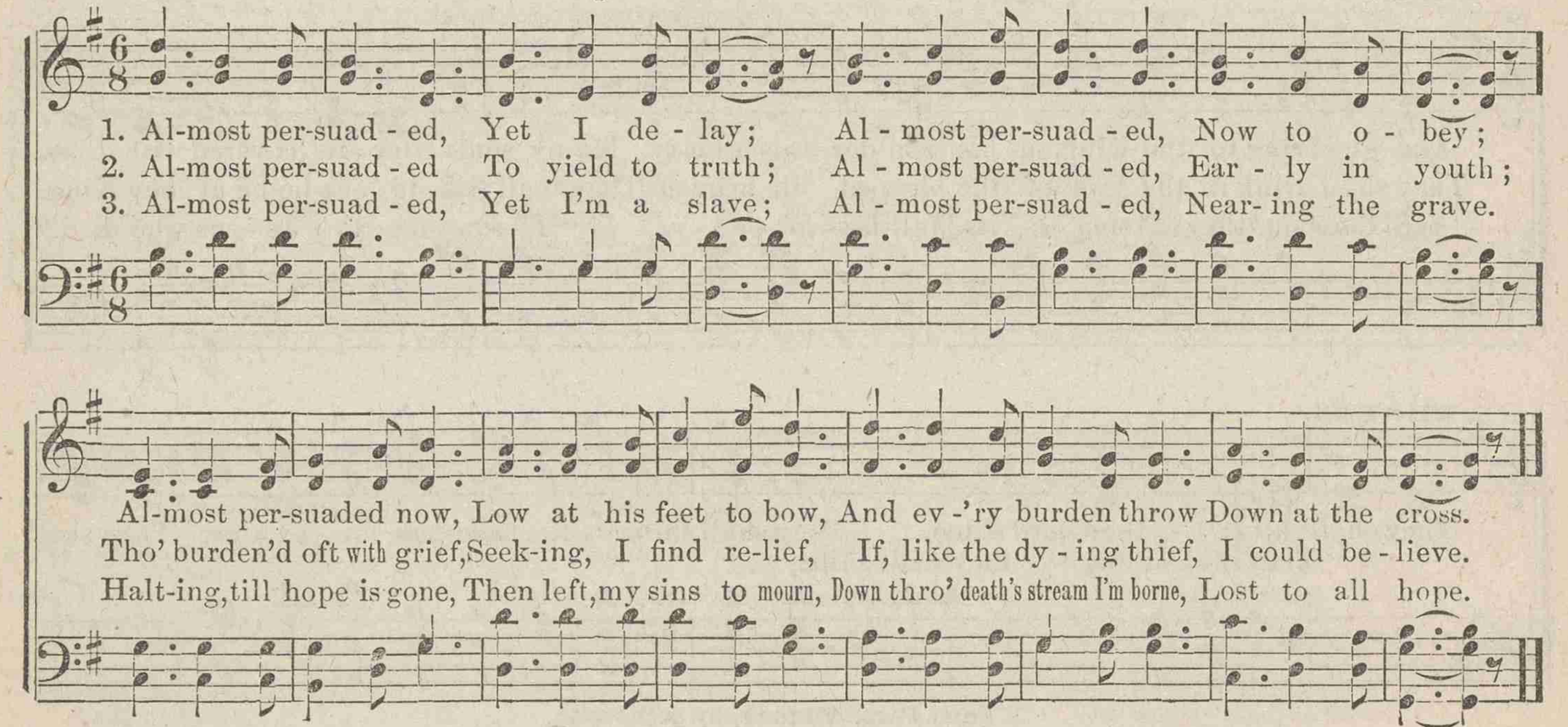
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THEY SHALL SHINE. Concluded.



ALMOST A CHRISTIAN.

R. G. S. Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.—Acts 26: 28. R. G Staples.



R. A. GLENN.

1. Oh, hap-py saints, that dwell in light, And walk with Je-sus, cloth'd in white, Safe land-ed on that
2. Releas'd from sor-row, sin, and strife, Death was the gate to end-less life; And now they range the
3. They gaze up-on his beauteous face, And tell the won-ders of his grace; There shall we walk in

Ad lib.

CHORUS. Arranged.

peace-ful shore, Where pil-grims meet to part no more.
heav'n-ly plains, And sing his love in melt-ing strains. There'll be no parting there; There'll be no
heav'n, to prove The height and depth of Je-sus' love.

part-ing there, In heav-en a-bove, where all is love, There'll be no part-ing there.

HE CARETH FOR YOU.

R. A. G. Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you.—1 PETER 5: 7. R. A. GLENN.

1. There is no one that car - eth like Je - sus For mor - tals here be - low; There is
2. There is none that has suf - fer'd like Je - sus; Be - hold him on the cross, As he
3. There is no one that lov - eth like Je - sus; He died for you and me; With the

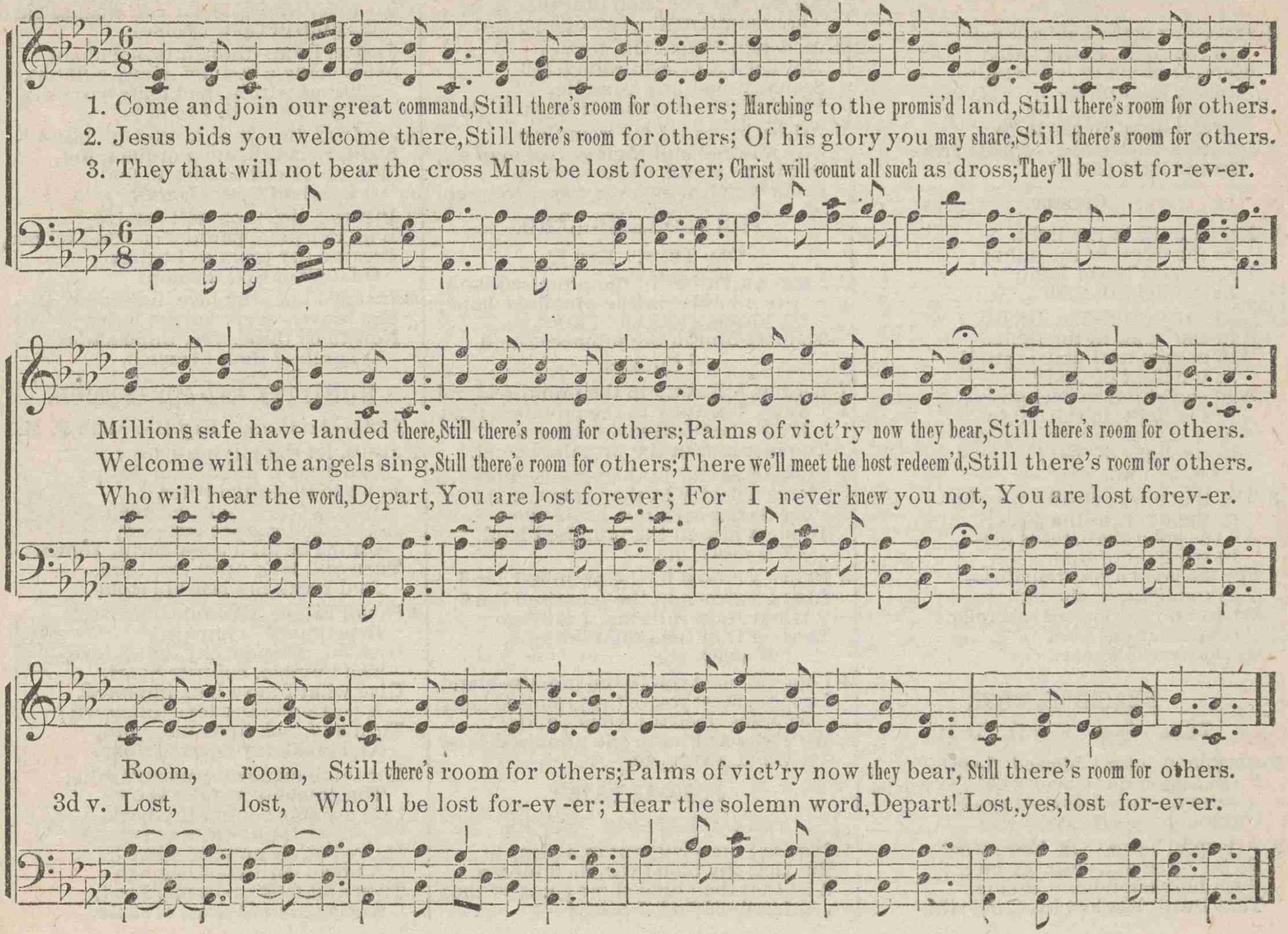
CHORUS.

no one that looks with such pit-y, None can such blessings be-stow.
giv - eth him-self as a ran - som, To save a world that was lost. I love Je - sus, I love
Fa - ther he plead-eth in glo - ry, That we from sin may be free.

Je - sus, And I want to love him more, I love Je - sus, yes, I love him, And I praise him evermore.

And the servant said: It is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room.—LUKE 14: 22.

R. A. GLENN. R. G. STAPLES.



THE SABBATH BELL.

Key G.

1 PLEASANT is the Sabbath bell—
In the light, in the light;
Seeming much of joy to tell—
In the light of God.
But a music sweeter far—
In the light, in the light;
Breathes where angel-spirits are—
In the light of God.

CHORUS.

Let us walk in the light,
In the light, in the light;
Let us walk in the light,
In the light of God.

2 Shall we ever rise to dwell—
In the light, in the light;
Where immortal praises swell—
In the light of God?
And can children ever go—
In the light, in the light;
Where eternal Sabbaths glow—
In the light of God?
Let us walk, etc.

3 Yes, that bliss our own may be—
In the light, in the light;
All the good shall Jesus see—
In the light of God.
For the good a rest remains—
In the light, in the light;
Where the glorious Savior reigns
In the light of God.
Let us walk, etc.

PEACEFUL REST.

TUNE—*Rest.* Key D. L. M.

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

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

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

4 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep.

THE PROMISED LAND.

OLD TUNE. Key E♭.

1 I HAVE a Father in the promised land,
I have a Father in the promised land;
My Father calls me, I must go
To meet him in the promised land.

CHORUS.

I'll away, I'll away to the promised land,
I'll away, I'll away to the promised land;
My Father calls me, I must go
To meet him in the promised land.

2 I have a Savior in the promised land,
I have a Savior in the promised land;
My Savior calls me, I must go
To meet him in the promised land.
I'll away, etc.

3 I have a crown in the promised land,
I have a crown in the promised land;
When Jesus calls me, I must go
To wear it in the promised land.
I'll away, etc.

4 I hope to meet you in the promised land,
I hope to meet you in the promised land;
At Jesus' feet, a joyous band,
We'll praise him in the promised land.
We'll away, etc.

JUST AS I AM.

TUNE—*Woodworth.* Key E♭.

1 JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come!

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

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

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

6 Just as I am—thy love, unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

HUMILITY AND CONTRITION.

TUNE—*Penitence.* Key B♭. 12th P. M.

1 JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all long-suffering shown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Savior Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart.
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy love unknown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow.
If thy bowels now are stirred,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. J. H. Tenney.

1. Earth-ly ties are breaking, breaking, Sun-dered ev- er and a - non; Fond - est hopes are waning,
2. Mas-ter's work is call-ing, call - ing, Hear-ing, few the call o - bey; Faith- ful souls are praying,
3. Earth-ly toils are ceasing, ceas - ing, Toil-ers homeward wend their way; An - gel bands are fly-ing,
4. Earth-ly scenes are fading, fad - ing, Chris-tian, upward turn thine eye; Heav'nly beams are bright'ning,

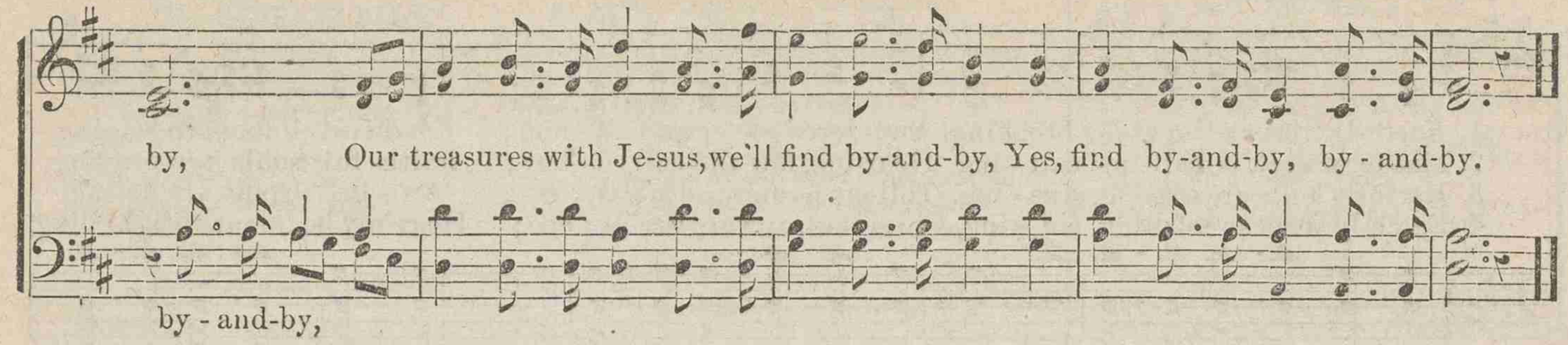
CHORUS.

wan - ing, Glid - ing from us one by one. There's nothing a - bid-ing but heav'n a - lone, But
pray -ing, Lab-'ring while 'tis call'd to-day. There's nothing a - bid-ing but heav'n a - lone, But
fly - ing, Bear - ing them to realms of day. There's nothing a - bid-ing but heav'n a - lone, But
bright'ning, Near - er, near - er, till we die. There's nothing a - bid-ing but heav'n a - lone, But

heav'n a - lone; Our treasures with Je-sus, we'll find by-and-by, Yes, find by-and-
heav'n a - lone; If work-ing for Je-sus, we'll rest by-and-by, Yes, rest by-and-
heav'n a - lone; If dy - ing for Je-sus, we'll live by-and-by, Yes, live by-and-
heav'n a - lone; If suff -'ring with Je-sus, we'll reign by-and-by, Yes, reign by-and-

But heav'n, but heav'n alone; Yes, find

From Golden Sunbeam, by permission.



TUNE—*Woodstock.*

1 There is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'Tis found alone in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart no longer riven—
And views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

TUNE—*Even Me.*

1 Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing,
Thou art scatt'ring full and free—
Show'rs, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me.

CHORUS.

Even me, even me,
Let some droppings fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O God, our Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Grant thy saving power to me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Savior,
Let me live and cling to thee;
For I'm longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh call me.

4 Have I long in sin been sleeping—
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh! forgive, and rescue me.

ALL DOWN AT JESUS' FEET.

1 I hear the Savior say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in Me thine all in all.

CHORUS.

Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Sin hath left a crimson stain;
He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy faith, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.—Cho.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.—Cho.

4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—Cho.

5 And when before the throne
I stand, in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down, at Jesus' feet.—Cho.

ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE.

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede—
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 My God is reconciled;
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

SEND SOME MESSAGE.

1 Lord, we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow:
Oh, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend:
In compassion now descend:
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee: here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

COME, ANGEL BAND.

1 My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun.

REFRAIN.

Oh, come, angel band, come, and around me stand,
Oh, bear me away on your snowy wings
To my immortal home;
Oh, bear me away on your snowy wings
To my immortal home.

2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear;
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks
The crossing must be near.—Ref.

3 Oh, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.—Ref.

HOW HAPPY.

1 Oh, how happy are they
Who the Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasure above;
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received,—
What a heaven in Jesus' Name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
Oh, that all His salvation might see;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

5 Oh, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood;
Of my Savior possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

PRAISE.

TUNE—*Cranbrook.* S. M.

1 Grace! 't is a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

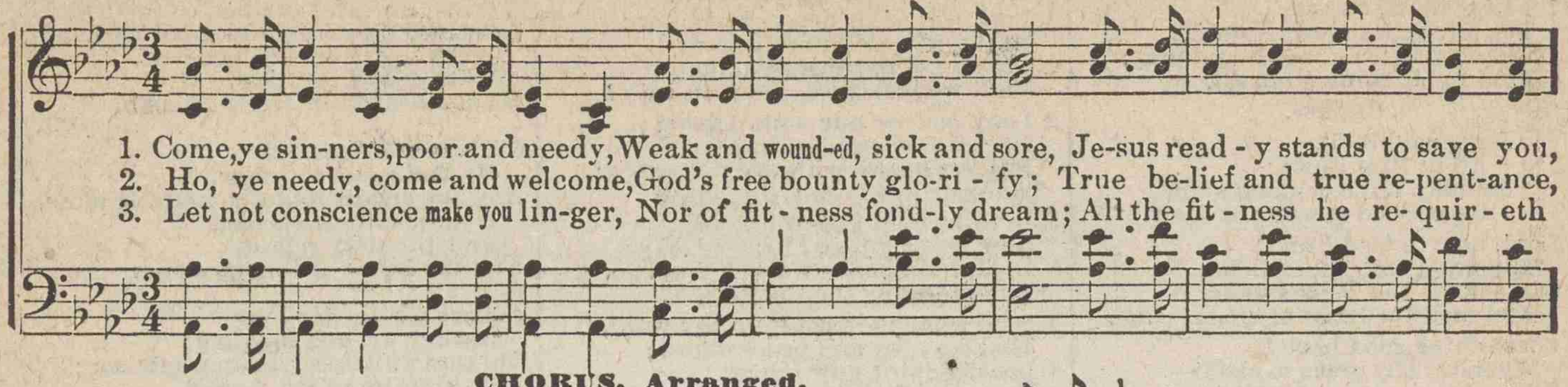
2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
And every ransomed power shall join
In wonder, love, and praise.

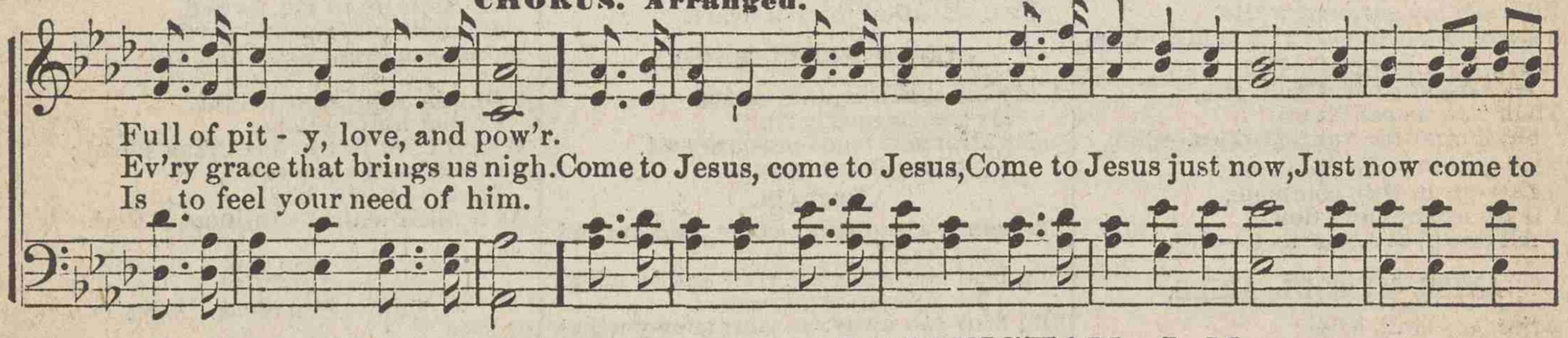
COME TO JESUS.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye and buy. E. A. GLENN.

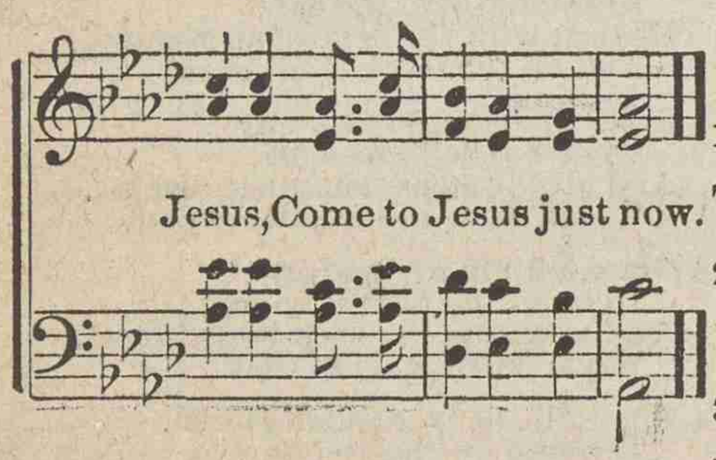


1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and needy, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore, Je-sus read - y stands to save you,
2. Ho, ye needy, come and welcome, God's free bounty glo-ri - fy; True be-lief and true re-pent-ance,
3. Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit - ness fond-ly dream; All the fit - ness he re- quir - eth

CHORUS. Arranged.



Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r.
Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh. Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now, Just now come to Is to feel your need of him.



Jesus, Come to Jesus just now.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.



1 Oh, let us by thy cross abide,
Thee, only thee resolve to know;
The Lamb for sinners crucified,
A world to save from endless woe.

2 Take us into thy people's rest,
And we from our own works shall cease;
With thy meek Spirit arm our breast,
And keep our minds in perfect peace.

3 Jesus, for this we calmly wait;
Oh, let our eyes behold thee near!
Hasten to make our heaven complete;
Appear, our glorious God, appear.

1 He wills that I should holy be:
That holiness I long to feel;
That full divine conformity
To all my Savior's righteous will.

2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul
Accomplished in the change of mine;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine.

3 On thee, O God, my soul is stayed,
And waits to prove thine utmost will;
The promise by thy mercy made,
Thou canst, thou wilt, in me fulfill.

R. A. G. R. A. GLENN.

1. Guide me, oh, my bless-ed Sav-ior, For I need thee ev - 'ry day; Leave me not a - lone to
2. Take me, oh, my Sav- ior, take me, Keep me ev - er near thy side; All my hope is firm - ly
3. All to thee I would sur-ren - der, Take me now, I hum-bly pray; Guide me thro' this world of

CHORUS.

wan - der, Lest from thee I go a - stray.
an-chor'd On the cross, where thou hast died. Guide me, oh, my bless-ed Sav-ior, For I
dark-ness, To the light of end - less day.

need thee ev - 'ry hour; Thro' my tri - als be thou near me, And up-hold me with thy pow'r.

MY CLASS FOR JESUS.

J. H. LESLIE.

1. My precious class for Je - sus, Who did so much for me, Who paid the price which
2. My precious class for Je - sus, Oh, let not one be lost; When Cal - v'ry was the
3. For Je-sus, oh, for Je - sus, The time is fleet - ing fast; The ho - ly Sab - bath

D. S. *pre-cious class for Je - sus, Who did so much for me, Who paid the price which*

Fine.

jus - tice claimed In hours of ag - o - ny. 'Tis lit - tle, oh, my Sav - ior, That
fear-ful scene Their won-drous ran - som lost. One lit - tle step may sev - er The
has-tens by, Soon, soon will be the last. Oh, teach - ers, toil for Je - sus, As

jus - tice claimed In hours of ag - o - ny.

my weak hand can give; Oh, let me win these thoughtless ones, To look to thee and live.
part - ing veil a - way; And forms that now are glad and fair, To - mor-row may be clay. *My*
ne'er ye toiled be - fore, That each may bear a pre - cious sheaf To yon-der shin-ing shore.

D.S.

W. H. B. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Oh, how pleasing the prospect of home, Where lov'd ones again I shall see; There in sorrow no longer to
2. They have landed on life's golden shore; From earth's trying scenes they are free, There where sin shall molest them no
3. They are hap-py and bless-ed, I know, Re-clin-ing beneath life's blest tree, With their garments as white as the
4. I am long-ing to share in that rest; A-way to their arms I would flee, Where so pure and so ho-ly and

CHORUS.

roam,
more, They are watching and waiting for me. They are watching and waiting for me, They are
snow, yes, for me,
blest,

watching and waiting for me; There the dear ones I love in the mansions above Are watching and waiting for me.
yes, for me;

I WAS GLAD. (Anthem.)

FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

I was glad, I was glad, I was glad when they said unto me, I was glad,
I was glad, I was glad,

glad, I was glad, I was glad when they said un-to me, We will go,
I was glad, I was glad,

we will go, We will go, we will go, We will go in-to the house of the Lord.

We will go in-to the house of the Lord, We will go in-to the house of the Lord.

Peace be within thy walls, ... Peace be within thy walls, ... And pros-

Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls,

per-i-ty within thy pal-aces, And prosperi-ty with-in thy pal-aces, with-in thy pal-a-ces.

LEAD ME SAFELY ON.

J. H. LESLIE. R. A. GLENN.

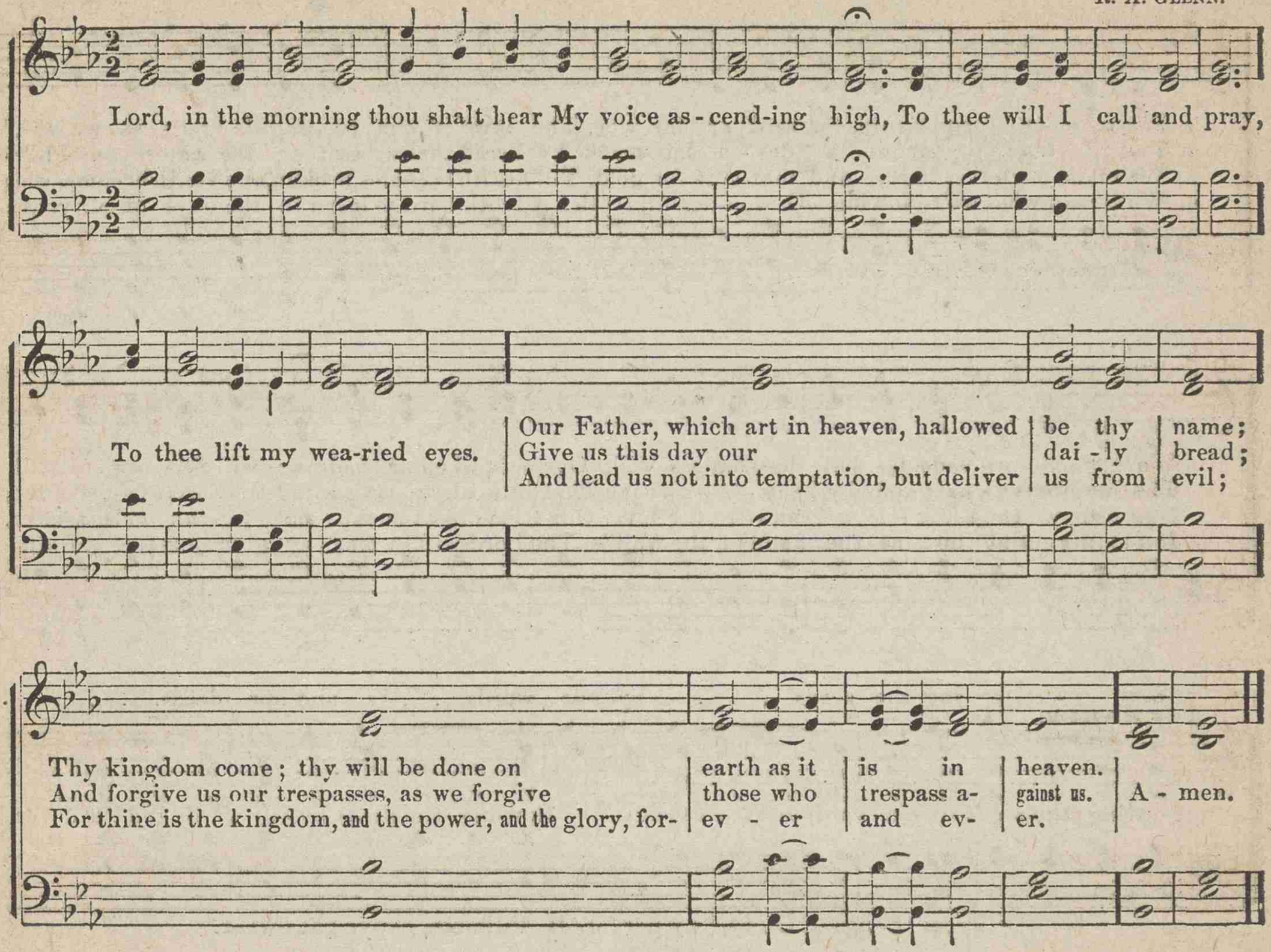
1. Lead me safe-ly on by the narrow way, From the shores of time to the realms of day; By the
2. With a shepherd's care thro' the night and day, Keep me close to thee, lest I go astray; Lead me
3. Thro' the storms of life, 'mid the ocean's foam, Lead me safe-ly on to my heav'nly home; At the

CHORUS.

cross of Christ may I ever stand, As I journey on to the bet-ter land. Lead me on, lead me
safe-ly on by thy tender love, Thro' this world of sin to my home above.
fount of life on the other shore, Let me freely drink till I thirst no more. Lead me on,

on, By the straight and narrow way; Lead me on, lead me on, To the realms of endless day.
lead me on, Lead me on, lead me on,

R. A. GLENN.


Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice as-cend-ing high, To thee will I call and pray,
To thee lift my wea-ried eyes.
Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name;
Give us this day our dai-ly bread;
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass a- gainst us.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- ev - er and ev- er.
A - men.

THE HARVEST IS SURE.*

J. H. F.

1. For pain or for pleasure, for weal or for woe, The law of our be - ing is "reap as we sow."
2. Tho' life may ap-pear as a des - o - late track, Yet bread that we cast on the waters comes back;
3. We make ourselves heroes and mar-tyrs for gold, Till health becomes broken, and youth becomes old;
4. We'll reap what we're sowing—O, won-der-ful truth! A truth hard to learn in the days of our youth;

We try to e - vade it, but do what we will, Our acts, like our shad-ows, will fol - low us still.
The law was e - nact - ed by heav - en a - bove, That like at-tracts like, and that love be-gets love.
But did we the same for a beau - ti - ful love, Our lives might be mu - sic for an - gels a-bove.
But shines out at last, as the "hand on the wall"—The Lord will in mer - cy give jus-tice to all.

CHORUS.

Sow - - ing the seeds . . . by our words . . . and our deeds, . . .

Sow-ing the seeds by our words and our deeds, Sow-ing the seeds by our words and our deeds,

* From "Songs of Glory," by per., J. H. Fillmore, copyright owner.

Wick - - ed or pure, . . . the har - - vest is sure. . . . .

Wick-ed or pure, the har-vest is sure, wick-ed or pure, the har-vest is sure.

Sow - - ing the seeds . . . till the truth . . . is made known, . . .

Sow-ing the seeds till the truth is made known, Sow-ing the seeds till the truth is made known,

The har - - vest is sure, ... and we reap as we've sown.

The har-vest is sure, and we reap as we've sown, and we reap as we've sown.

ACCEPTED PRAYER.

From the Parish Visitor. CONCERT EXERCISE. R. A. GLENN.

Arrange twelve small scholars in a row. Let No. 1 step one pace to the front, and sing the first two lines, and repeat the Scripture; then the remainder of the class do likewise, singing their numbers one at a time.



No. 1. Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

"You shall be holy unto Me, for I the Lord am holy, and have severed you from other people that you should be Mine."—LEV. 20: 26.

No. 2. Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

"Fear not, but let your hands be strong.—And I will bless thee; and thou shalt be a blessing."—ZECH. 8: 13; GEN. 12: 2.

No. 3. Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

"See, I have accepted thee concerning this thing also.—And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, 'This is the way, walk ye in it,' when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left."—GEN. 19: 21; Is. 30: 21.

No. 4. Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

"Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me.—Let Me hear thy voice: for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely."—Ps. 50 23; CANT. 2: 14.

No 5. Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

"I create the fruit of the lips.—I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say."—Is. 57: 19; EX. 4; 12.

No. 6. Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite will I withhold.

"Seek ye *Me*, and ye shall live.—And all these things shall be added unto you.—For the world is Mine, and the fullness thereof."—AMOS 5: 4; Matt. 6.

No. 7. Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

"The time is short.—Ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.—Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."—1 COR. 7: 29; MATT. 24: 42; 1 COR. 10: 31.

No. 8. Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

"Occupy till I come.—Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when He cometh shall find so doing."—LUKE 19: 13; LUKE 12: 43.

No. 9. Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.

"If you will obey My voice indeed, and keep My covenant, then you shall be a peculiar treasure unto Me."—EX. 19: 5.

No. 10. Take my heart, it is Thine own!
It shall be Thy royal throne.

"Behold, I have done according to Thy word.—This is my rest forever; here will I dwell; for I have desired it."—1 KINGS 3: 12; Ps. 132: 14.

No. 11. Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure store!

"Lovest thou Me?—He that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him."—JOHN 21: 17; JOHN 14: 21.

No. 12. Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all, for Thee!

"See, I have hearkened to thy voice, and have accepted thy person.—Thou shalt not be for another; so will I also be for thee."—2 SAM. 25: 35; HOS. 3: 3.

After this exercise let the whole school join in singing the next page.

LET THE CHILDREN COME IN.*

"Suffer little children to come unto me."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



CHORUS.



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ABIDE WITH US.

Rev. W. T. Dale,
From the Cumberland Presbyterian.

Luke 24: 29.

Dr. J. B. Herbert.

1. Tar - ry with us, bless-ed Je - sus, For the even-ing shad-ows fall, And the day is fast re-
2. Tar - ry with us, lov-ing Mas - ter, Till the morning light ap-pears; For we're pilgrims, sad and
3. Here our hearts will pine with sad-ness For our kin-dred gone be-fore, Friends who now are watching

ced - ing, Dark-ness gath - ers like a pall. Tar - ry with us, bless-ed Sav - ior, For we're
pen - sive; Let thy pres - ence calm our fears. Tar - ry with us, for we're pilgrims, Camp-ing
for us, Wait-ing on the oth - er shore. When we gath - er in the morn-ing, Morn-ing

in a des - ert drear; See, the day of life is pass-ing, And the night of death is near.
on a des - ert plain; All is lone - li - ness with-out thee; Gracious Mas - ter, here re - main.
of e - ter nal rest, Shall we meet no more to sev - er? Shall we be for - ev - er blest?

CHORUS.

Tar - ry with us, bless - ed Je - sus, Tar - ry with us, Tar - ry

Tar - ry with us, bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Tar - ry till the

till the morn-ing light; . . . . Tar - - ry with us thro' the

morn - ing, till the morn-ing light; Tar - ry with us thro' the

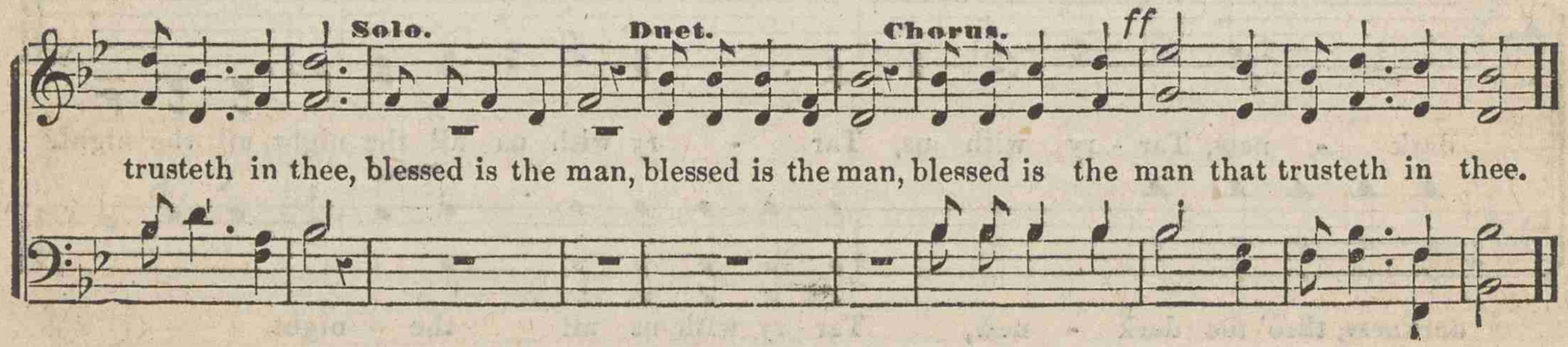
dark - ness, Tar - ry with us, Tar - ry with us all the night, all the night.

darkness, thro' the dark - ness, Tar - ry with us all the night.

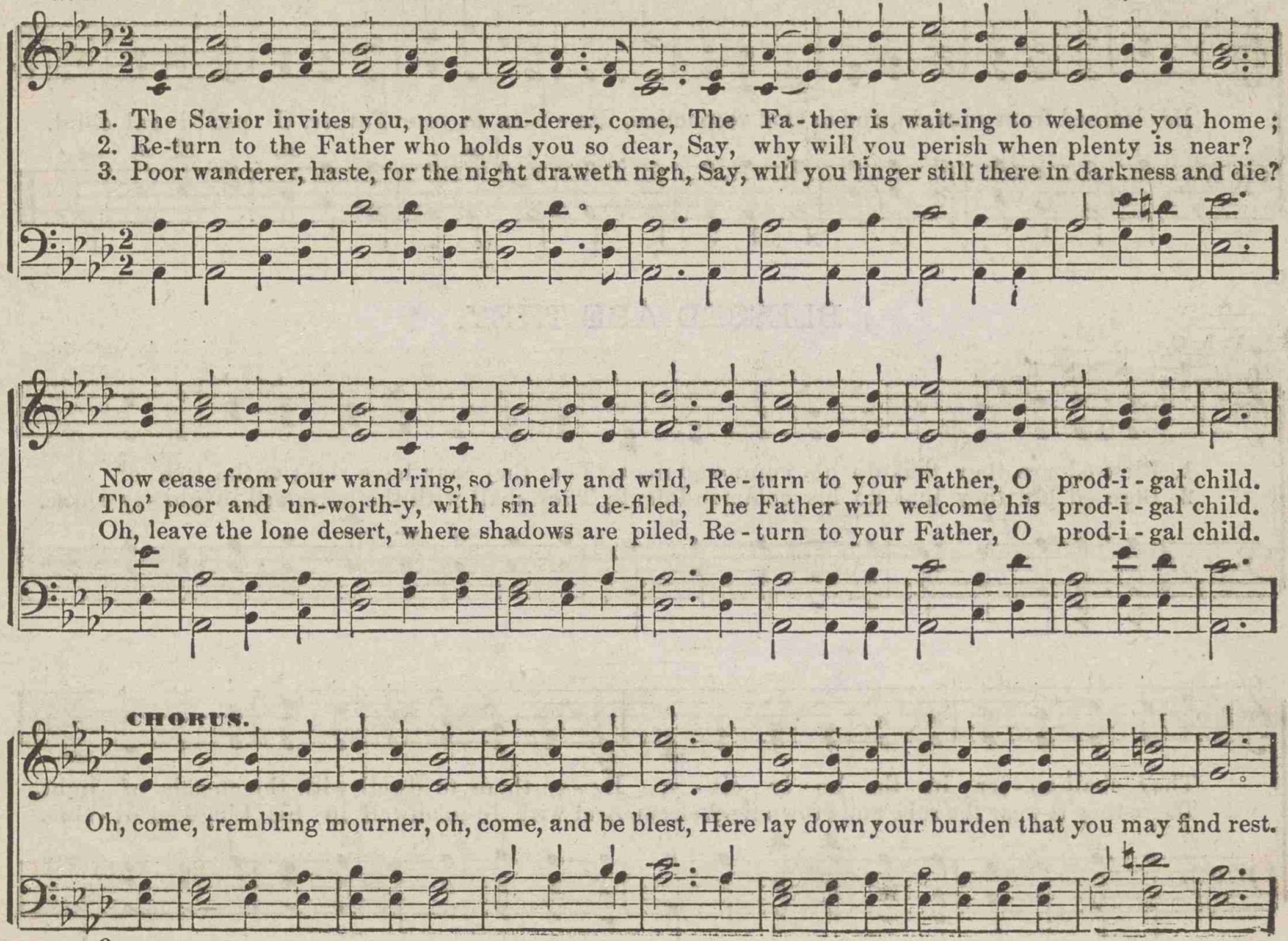
OH, TASTE AND SEE. (Sentence.)

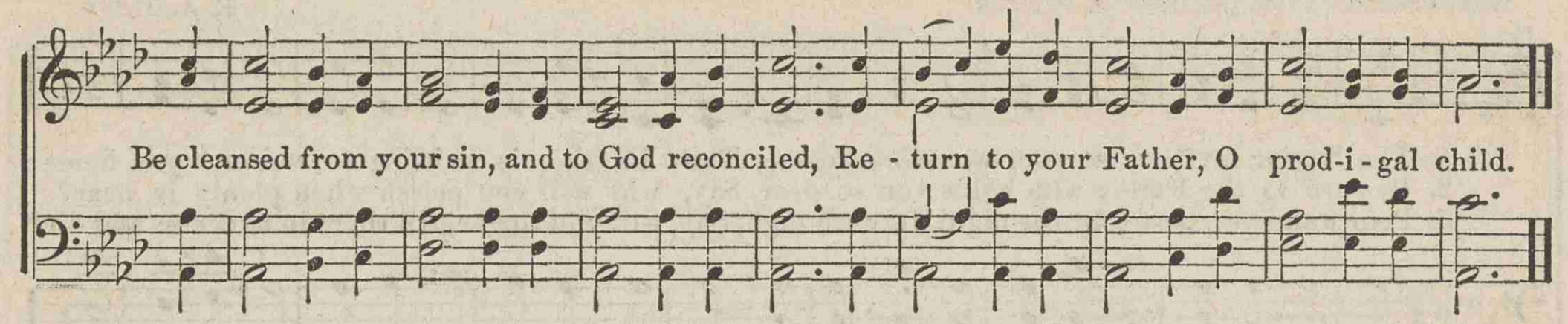
JOHN MCPHERSON.





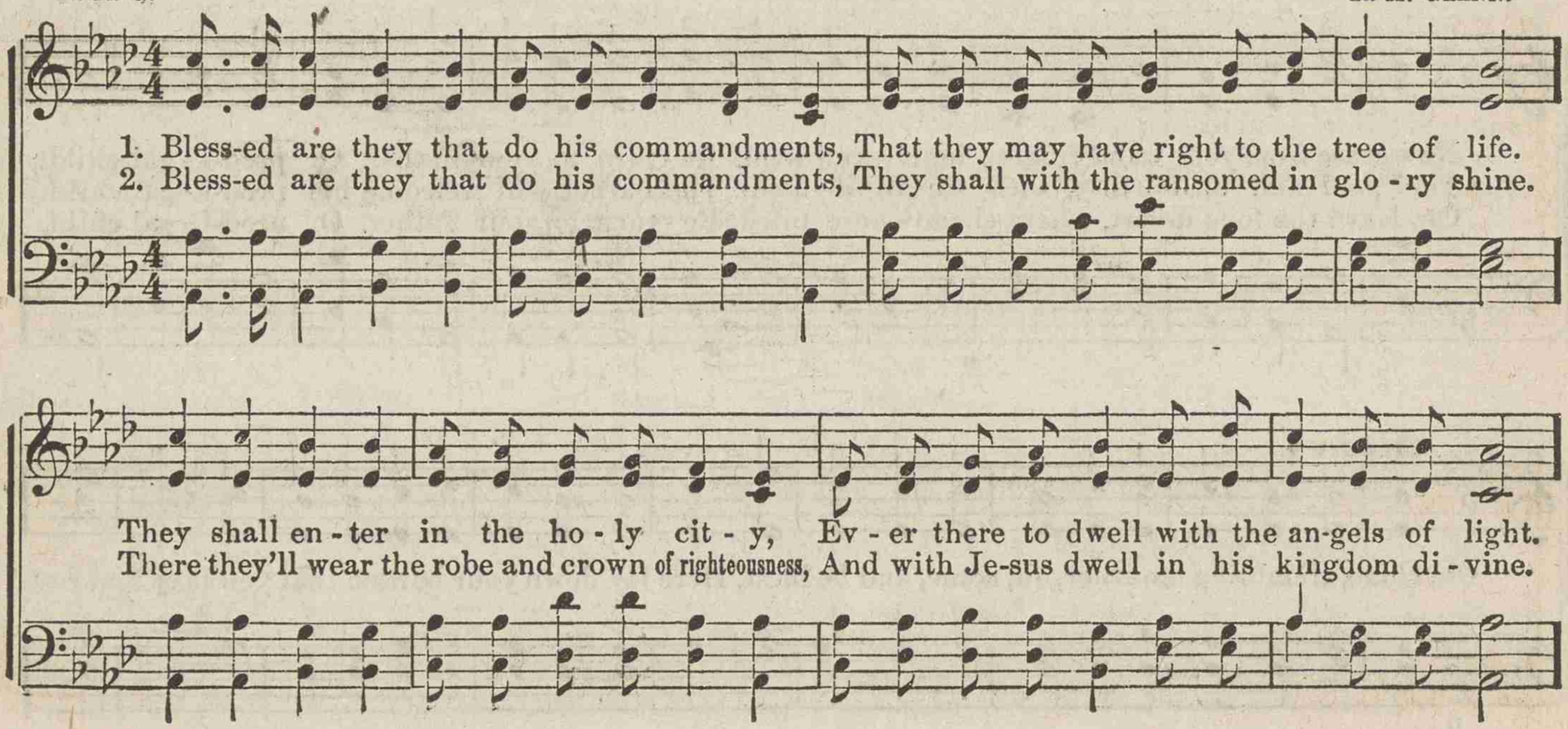
W. F. COSNER. From the MUSICAL MILLION. R. A. GLENN.





BLESSED ARE THEY.

R. A. G. R. A. GLENN.



Blessed are they, . . Blessed are they, . .

CHORUS.

Bless-ed are they, Bless-ed are they, Bless-ed are they that

do his commandments, That they may have right to the tree of life; In the ho-ly cit - y,

In the ho - ly cit - y, They shall ev - er dwell with the an - gels of light.

HAIL, THOU EVER ROLLING OCEAN.

R. A. GLENN.

1. Hail, thou ev-er roll-ing o-cean, Hail, thou ev-er heaving sea, Sun-light on thy bosom gleameth, Light and shade al-ter-nate-ly.
2. See the glo-ry, friends of Je-sus, On this o-cean, deep and wide, But a glo-ry, clearer, brighter, Lies be-yond this swelling tide.
3. Gaze not sim-ply on this o-cean, Walk not on-ly on the shore, Launch ye bold-ly on its bos-om, Trust your Pi-lot ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

Far be-yond the rolling bil-lows, Lies a cit-y, bright and fair, Glo-ry to our skill-ful Pi-lot, Soon he'll bring our spir-its there.

WHEN THE STORMS ARE ALL OVER.

From R. A. GLENN'S "Melodies of Praise." MRS. BELLE GLENN.

1. I long to behold him, arrayed With glory and light from above; The King in his beauty displayed,
2. I languish and sigh to be there, Where Jesus hath fixed his a-bode; Oh, when shall we meet in the air,
3. With him I on Zi - on shall stand, For Jesus hath spoken the word; The breadth of Im-man-u-el's land

CHORUS.

His beau-ty of ho - li-est love.
And fly to the mountain of God. When the storms all are o'er, I shall see him on that beautiful
Sur-vey by the light of my Lord. When the storms all are o'er,

throne, When the storms all are o'er, I shall see him on that beauti-ful throne.
beautiful throne, When the storms, by and by,

'TIS SWEET, BLEST LORD.

W. F. COSNER. FOR OPENING SABBATH SCHOOLS. R. A. GLENN.

1. 'Tis sweet, blest Lord, when breaks the ro - sy morn-ing, Waking, to feel that I am still with thee;
2. A - bide with me, to cheer me and to strengthen; Sus-tain me, for I am so weak and faint;
3. Still, still with thee when pur-ple morn is break-ing; 'Tis sweet, blest Sav-ior, to a -wake with thee;

Each hour to thee my wea - ry heart is turn-ing; Oh, let thy presence still a - bide with me.
Should'st thou forsake me ere the shad-ows lengthen, Ah, whith-er should I go with my com-plaint?
Be with me, Lord, thro' all my hours of wak-ing, And when the night comes, still a-bide with me.

CHORUS.

A - bide with me, oh, my bless-ed Sav - ior, In thee a - lone I find a safe re - treat.

Keep me, Lord, from ev - 'ry harm and dan-ger, Bring me at last where ransom'd spir-its meet.

I AM WATCHING AND WAITING.

R. A, G. Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.—MATT. 24: 42. R. A. GLENN.

Andante.

1. I am watching, I am wait-ing for the com - ing of the Lord; When he comes to all his serv-ants he will give a reward; Then with shouts of hal - le - lu - jah up to
2. I am watching, I am wait-ing for the mes - sen - ger of love; In the res - ur - rec- tion morn-ing he will take us a-bove. In that land of souls im - mor - tal we'll be-
3. I am watching, I am wait-ing for the trump of God to sound, Call - ing forth his faith- ful serv-ants, giv - ing them each a crown. Then with shouts of hal - le - lu - jah thro' th' e-

glo - ry they will rise, With their Savior they'll be gathered to those man-sions in the skies.
hold in space a - far An-gels, at the heavenly por-tals, leave the pearl - y gates a - jar.
the - real skies shall ring, Glo - ry, hon - or be for - ev - er to our Sav - ior, Lord, and King.

CHORUS.

Oh, in those bless-ed mansions, where he's gone to make me room I never shall have sorrow any more;

I am watching, I am wait-ing till my Savior bids me come, There to dwell on that bright ce-les-tial shore.

A LITTLE LIGHT.

SONG FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS. C. E. POLLOCK, by per.

1. God, make my life a lit - tle light, With-in the world to glow, A lit - tle flame that
2. God, make my life a sin - gle flower, That giv - eth joy to all; Con-tent to bloom in
3. God, make my life a lit - tle song, That com - fort-eth the sad, That help-eth oth - ers
4. God, make my life a lit - tle hymn Of ten - der-ness and praise; Of faith that nev - er

CHORUS.

burneth bright Where ev - er I may go.
na - tive bower, Al - though its place be small. Little light, lit-tle light, Where
to be strong, And make the sin - ner glad. little light, little light,
wax - eth dim In all his won-drous ways.

ev - er I may go; Lit-tle light, lit-tle light, Where ev - er I may go.
lit-tle light, lit-tle light,

GO MARCHING ON.

Words arr. by R. A. G. TEMPERANCE SONG. R. A. GLENN.

1. Glad mill - ions of peo - ple are march-ing to - day, In the east, in the west, o'er the
2. A - way thro' the val - leys and o - ver the hills, Thro' the woodlands they come, and by
3. Like stars of the morn - ing that her - ald the light, Ere the sun com-eth forth in the

o - cean far a - way; In the true cause of temp'rance they're striving to win The
rip-pling, gush - ing rills; From the wide cit - ies full, 'midst the gath - er - ing throng, With
beau - ty of its might, With our songs and our ban - ners we march on our way; Come,

CHORUS.

We are march - - ing a-

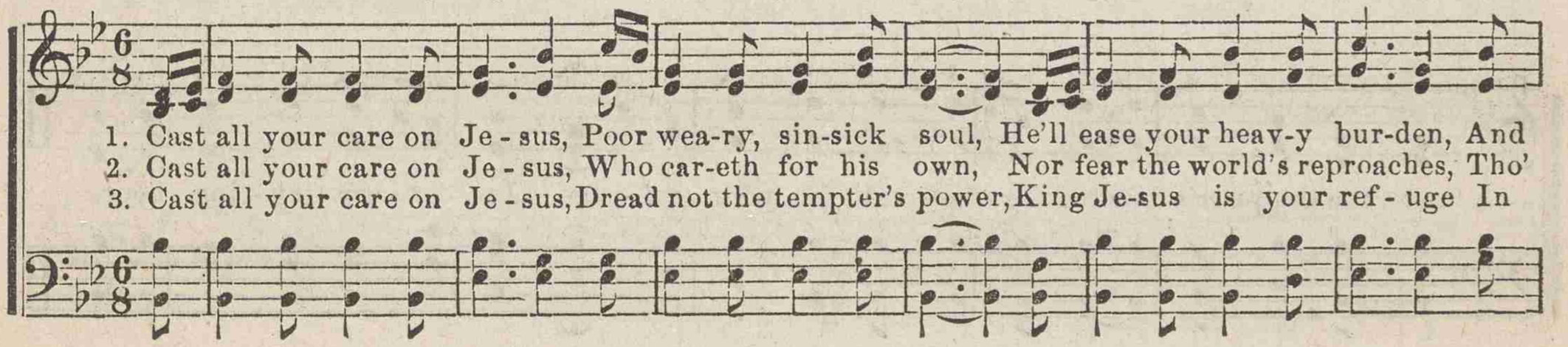
youths of our na - tions from drunk-ness and sin.
ban - ners of temp'rance they go march - ing on. We are march-ing a - long, we are
join in our ar - my, come join it to - day.

long;



CAST ALL YOUR CARE ON JESUS.

REV. W. F. CASNER. *Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.*—1 Pet. 5: 7. R. A. GLENN.



make the sin - sick whole. If thou hast walked in dark-ness, The Lord shall give thee light, And
dark - ly it may frown. Do dear - est friends for-sake thee, And sad - ness fill thy heart? Go
ev - ery try - ing hour. Tho' wild life's storms may gath - er, Dread not, nor be dis - mayed; Tell

CHORUS.

thro' life's wea - ry jour - ney He'll guide thy feet a - right.
tell it all to Je - sus, And peace will he im - part. Cast all your care on Je - sus, Dread
ev - ery thing to Je - sus, And he will send you aid.

not the tempt-er's power; Je - ho - vah is your ref - uge In ev - ery try - ing hour.

F. H. W. F. H. WOOD.

Andante espressivo. *Cres.* *Dim.*

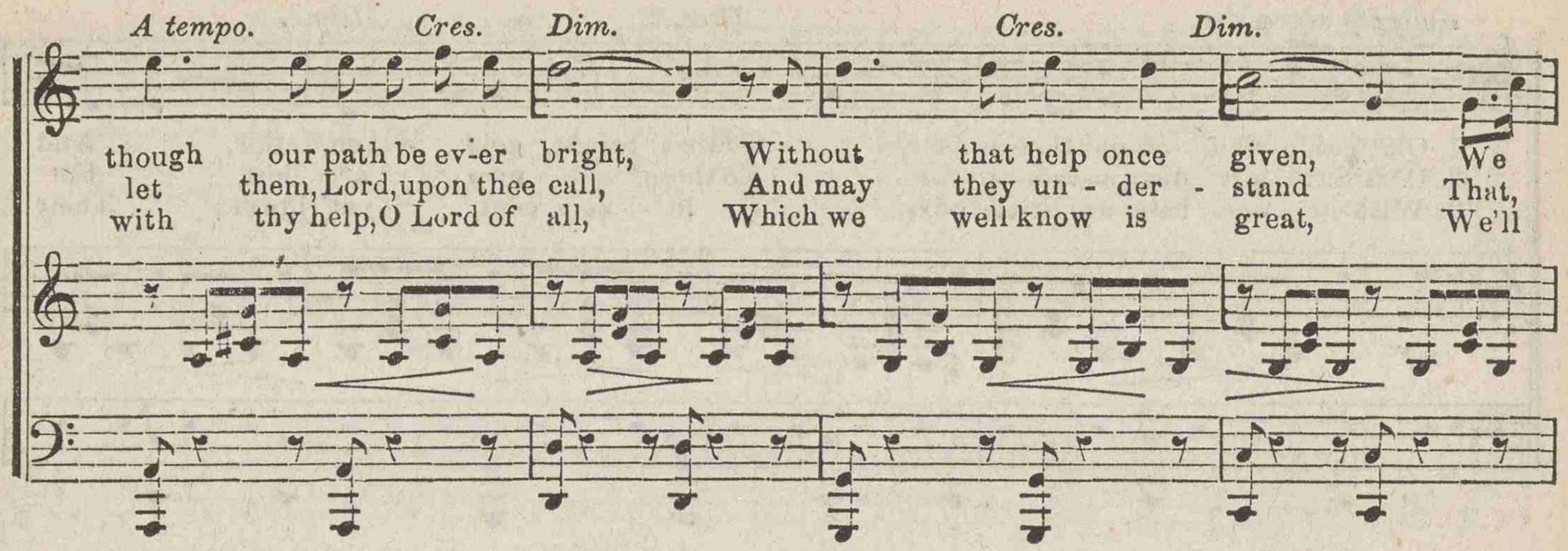
1. Oh, guide us on, our Savior dear, To that bright, gold - en stair, And
2. O Sav - ior dear, be mer-ci - ful To those that now are lost, For
3. With-in our band are lit-tle ones, So in - no - cent, yet brave; Their

mf

Cres. *Dim.* *f* *rit.*

let our path be always clear, . . That we may see thee there; . . . And
well we know thou'rt powerful— . . To save us thy life cost. . . . Oh,
lit - tle troubles have be-gun. . . Dear Lord, some we will save; . . . And

f


A tempo.
Cres.
Dim.
Cres.
Dim.
though our path be ev-er bright, Without that help once given, We
let them, Lord, upon thee call, And may they un - der - stand That,
with thy help, O Lord of all, Which we well know is great, We'll
rit.
Dim.
can not do that which is right, Or dwell for-e'er in heaven.
be it morn, or e - ven fall, Thou'lt ev - er guard our band.
have them sav'd before they fall— They'll reach the gold - en gate.

CHORUS.

Oh, guide us on, our Sav - ior dear, To that bright, gold - en stair, And

f Guide us, O Sav - ior dear, To that bright stair,

f Guide us, O Sav - ior dear, To that bright stair,

Ritard.

let our path be al - ways clear, That we may see thee there.

Lord, let our path be clear, That we may see thee there.

Ritard.

Lord, let our path be clear, That we may see thee there.

SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

R. A. GLENN.

1. Lord, I hear of showers of bless-ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Showers the thirsty land re-
2. Pass me not, O gra-cious Fa-ther! Sin-ful tho' my heart may be; Thou might'st leave me, but the
3. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and
4. Pass me not; thy lost one bringing, Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee; While the storms of life are

CHORUS.

E - ven me, e - ven me,

fresh-ing, Let some droppings fall on me.
rath - er, Let thy mer - cy fall on me.
boundless, Mag-ni - fy them all in me.
springing, Bless-ing oth - ers, oh, bless me.

E - ven me, e - ven me, Let thy

E - ven me, e-ven me,

bless-ing fall on me; E-ven me, e-ven me, Let thy bless-ing fall on me.

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