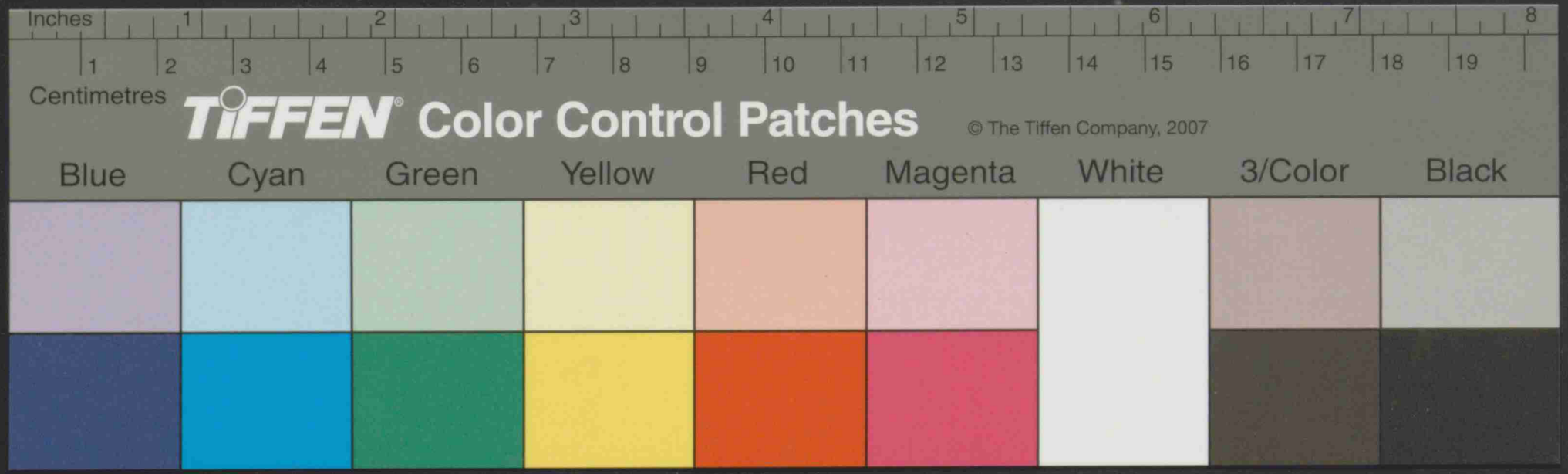

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THE GOLDEN RULE

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

By S. W. STRAUB.

CINCINNATI:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN CHURCH & CO.
CHICAGO: GEO. F. ROOT & SONS.

1837
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THE GOLDEN RULE:

A COLLECTION OF

SONGS, HYMNS, AND CHANTS,

FOR

Sunday-Schools, Juvenile Concerts, Festivals, Anniversaries, and the Home Circle.

BY

S. W. STRAUB.

CINCINNATI:
Published by JOHN CHURCH & CO., 66 W. Fourth St.
1872.

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J H Russell
6-22-33

PREFACE.

THAT the religious and moral influence of the Sunday School is second to none, is conceded by all. And the important assistance which singing renders in this work, places the author of a S. S. Singing Book in an attitude of great responsibility. With a full realization of this responsibility, the "*Golden Rule*" has been prepared, and attention is respectfully called to some of its leading features.

THE WORDS have been carefully prepared and selected, that they may impress the plain and pure sentiment of Christianity upon the young hearts. Acknowledgments are due Miss Maria Straub, and others, for valuable contributions.

THE MUSIC.—While no pains have been spared to make it attractive to children, an unusual effort has been made to adapt it to the best expression of the words. The *melody* has been the chief consideration in the preparation of the music. While it is smooth and flowing, care has been taken to keep within the compass of children's voices. Thanks are due to a large number of excellent composers.

Pieces for Opening and Closing School.—In addition to the pieces for general class use, there are a number of pieces adapted to this use, and some have been especially prepared for it.

A rich variety of Occasional and Concert Pieces are in the last part. Much care has been exercised to make this department complete and attractive. Many of the pieces can be used in general class exercise as well.

A few Choice Songs and Choruses are inserted for those more advanced in singing, thereby securing a greater interest with the members of the choir, or older singers, in the work of the Sunday School.

While nearly all the words and music in the "*Golden Rule*" are *new*, a few of the indispensable standard pieces are used; also a few popular pieces from other collections are inserted, with their proper credit. Grateful acknowledgments are due the publishers for their kindness in giving their "permission."

In short, the "*Golden Rule*" is designed to meet the wants of Sunday Schools, not only in its general singing exercises, but in Concerts, Picnics, Festivals, Funerals, Christmas, New Year's, Thanksgiving, Temperance Meetings, Fourth of July, etc.; also to materially add to the pleasure and sanctity of *Home*.

That the "*Golden Rule*" may bear some humble part in hastening the blessed time when all the precepts of our *Divine Master* will be practiced by all, and when all shall know *The Father*, from the least to the greatest, is the prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

12-6-39 OCM



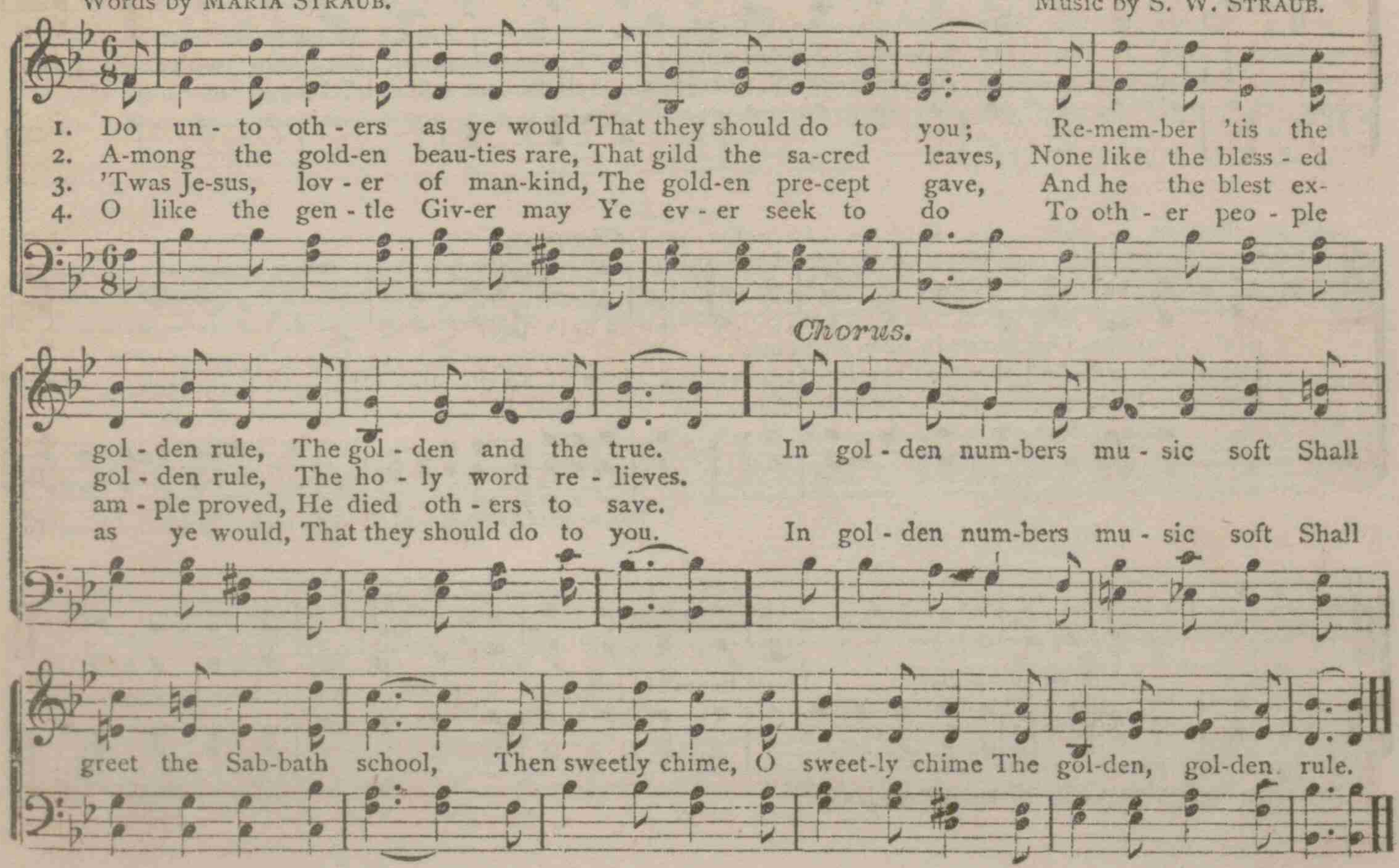
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"The Golden Rule."

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.



I Love to Go to Sabbath School.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. I love to go to Sab-bath school, To meet my teach-er kind, Those sweet in-struc-tions,
2. I love to go to Sab-bath school, To meet my comrades there, And join with them in
3. I love to go to Sab-bath school, For Je-sus bids me come, To learn of ho - li-

Chorus.

gent - ly given, Our hearts in love en-twined.
sweet-est song, And chanting hymns of prayer.
ness and love, And seek that bliss-ful home.

I love to go to Sab - bath school, To

I love to go to Sab-bath school, I love to go to Sabbath school, To

do my Saviour's will; Those heavenly precepts I re-ceive, My soul with beauties fill.

do my Saviour's will, To do my Saviour's will.

DUETT.
Words by M

1. If thou wo
2. If thou wo
3. If thou wo

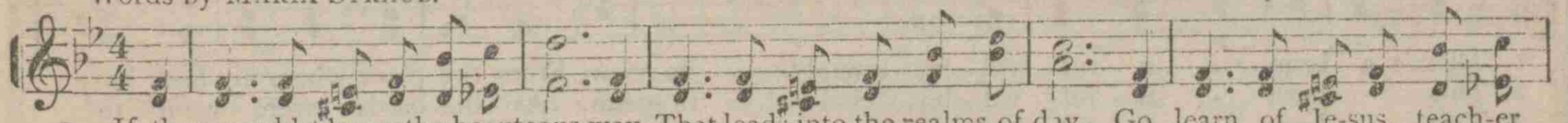
kind, And th
love Shall tea
strife, Who is

me,"

un - to me

DUETT. "Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life."

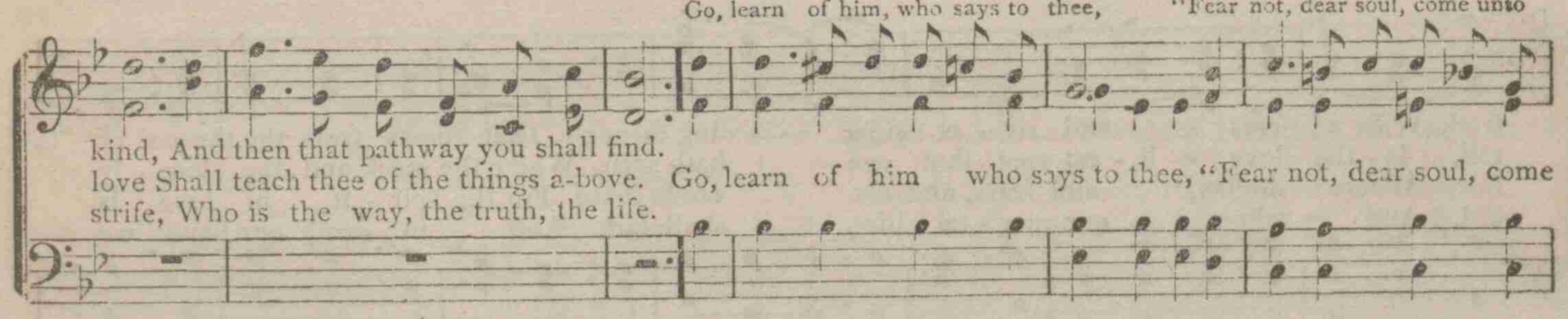
Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.



1. If thou wouldst know the beauteous way, That leads into the realms of day, Go learn of Je-sus, teach-er
2. If thou wouldst seek the truth to know, And from the path of er-ror go, Go seek the Lord, and ho - ly
3. If thou wouldst strive a live to gain, To cease from sin and all things vain, Go learn of Him the glo-rious

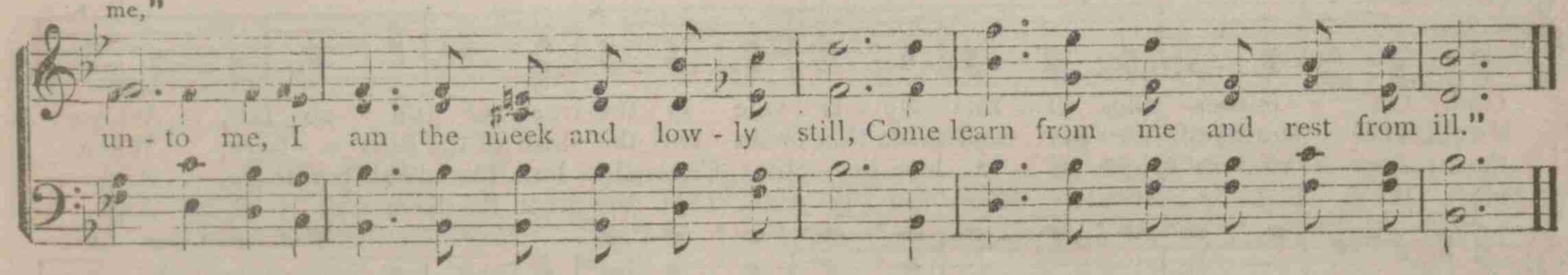
Chorus.

Go, learn of him, who says to thee, "Fear not, dear soul, come unto



kind, And then that pathway you shall find.
love Shall teach thee of the things a-bove. Go, learn of him who says to thee, "Fear not, dear soul, come
strife, Who is the way, the truth, the life.

me,"



un - to me, I am the meek and low - ly still, Come learn from me and rest from ill."

Beautiful Valley.

Words by REV. J. SCOTFORD. Music by DICK LYON.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful val - ley brought to view, From the place where my feet have trod, With a crys - tal riv - er pass - ing through, That flows from the throne of God. On
2. This beau - ti - ful val - ley, clad in green, As the bards were wont to tell, Is the love - li - est spot that eye hath seen, Where the meek and the low - ly dwell, The
3. This beau - ti - ful vale is the home of peace, 'Tis Em - an - uel's land most fair, Where doubts, and fears, and dis - cords cease, For the spir - it of love is there; And
4. 'Tis here we'll dwell, in this love - ly vale, While our forms are grow-ing old, And when our mor - tal life shall fail, And in death our hands we fold, We'll

ei-ther side of this love - ly vale Is the tree of life so fair, Whose
storms of an - ger and pride that break On the sides of the hills a - bove, When
vi-sions bright of a love-lier clime Cheer the hum-ble dwell-ers there, And
meek-ly tread the low - ly path, That the great Re-deem - er trod, And

leaves and fru
fierce winds
an - gel v
live with hi

Chorus.

O bea

beau-

old, And its w

wor

by DICK LYON.

here my feet have
were wont to
el's land most
re grow-ing

m the throne of
d the low - ly
of love is
th our hands we

so fair, Whose
- bove, When
s there, And
r trod, And

leaves and fruits with the sun's soft beams Breathe health on the balm - y air.
fierce winds war and moun - tains shake, Come not to this vale of love.
an - gel voi - ces whis - per "come, O come to the vale most fair."
live with him in our home a - bove, In the cit - y of our God.

Chorus.

O beau - ti-ful val - ley, love - ly val - ley, As sung by the seer of

beau-ti-ful val - ley, beau - ti - ful valley, love-ly val - ley, love-ly val-ley,

old, And its won - der - ful cit - y! love - ly cit - y, With streets of bur-nished gold.

wonder-ful cit - y, wonder-ful cit - y, love-ly cit-y, love-ly cit-y,

Believe on Me.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. When darkness shrouds the heavenly way, And dims the ra-diant skies; When faith has drooped her
2. When ho - ly com - fort fills the heart, We can - not doubt his love; We know the ray that
3. In send - ing us af - flic - tion sore, He on - ly wounds to heal. The som - bre shrouds of

gol - den wing, And doubts and fears a-rise: 'Tis well to hear the Sav-ior say, Whom doubting ere we
brightens all, Is flam-ing from a-bove, But when af - flic-tions come a-gain, We doubt his con-stant
bit - ter woe A bless-ing oft con-ceal. 'Tis well, while time is on the wing, Bearing us good or

Chorus.

grieve, "Dear troubled soul, I love thee still, On - ly do thou be-lieve."
care; We cannot pen - e-trate the gloom, That hangs a-round the fair. 'Tis well to hear the
ill, To know that in the tri - al hour Our Sav - ior loves us still,

Sav-ior say, "Believe on me, be-lieve, Dear troubled soul; I love thee still, On-ly do thou believe."

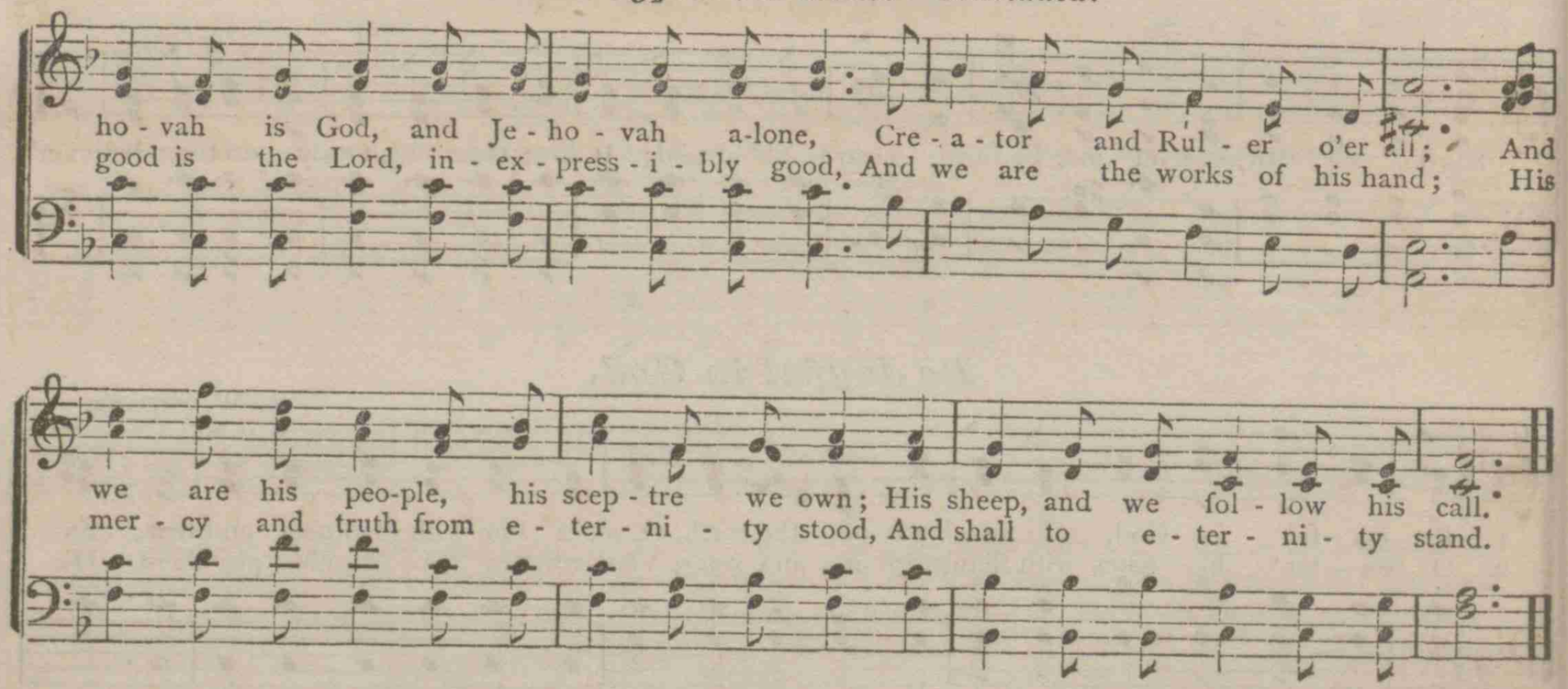
Be Joyful in God.

S. W. STRAUB.

1. Be joy - ful in God, all ye lands of the earth, O, serve him with glad-ness and fear; Ex-
2. O en - ter his gates with thanks-giv-ing and song; Your vows in his tem-ple pro-claim, His

ult in his pres-ence with mu - sic and mirth, With love and de - vo - tion draw near. Je-
praise with mel - o - dious ac - cord-ance pro-long, And bless his a - dor - a - ble name. For

Be Joyful in God.—Concluded.



A Child's Prayer.

S. W. STRAUB.



er o'er all; And
of his hand; His

l - low his call.
- ni - ty stand.

S. W. Straub.

For thou art everywhere.
Thou dost take care of me.
serve thee while I live.

Music by J. F. Kinsey.

1. Lit - tle giv - ers! come and bring Trib-ute to your heaven-ly King; Lay it on the
2. To the dead the Gos - pel give, Bid them joy - ous wake and live; Send it to the
3. Lit - tle giv - ers! come and pay Will-ing trib - ute, while you may; Man - y off' - ings,

al - tar high, While your songs as-cend the sky. Lit - tle giv - ers! do your part
poor and blind, That its light may fill the mind. Weak and fee - ble souls are strong
though but small, Make a large one from you all. Give your heart with ho - ly love,

With a glad and will - ing heart, For the an - gel voi-ces say, "Lit-tle giv-ers, give to - day."
When they hear re-demp-tion's song; And the lost in bliss re - turn, When its gracious sound they learn.
Give your praise like that a - bove; Life and all to Je-sus give, And in glo-ry you shall live.

"Away on that Beautiful Shore."

Words by Mrs. Wood. Music by S. W. Straub.

1. The clouds are swift passing away, Let's hasten ourselves to pre-pare, For soon, ver - y soon we must
2. Let every one now step on board The heaven-bound ship of our King. The Captain's our own beloved

all Set sail for a land that is fair; Its fragrance al-read - y perfumes The air that we'll
Lord, Come help us his praises to sing. He'll take us beyond this dark vale, Where the winds and the

breathe ev - er-more, And soon, very soon we shall land, A-way on that beau-ti - ful shore.
waves nev-er roar, To the land where the beautiful rest, A-way on that beau-ti - ful shore.

Gently. Words

1. Lead the
2. Come and
3. Come! O c

al-tar On th
meeting, Yield
joyous, Join th

youth,
strains,
call, Wh

by S. W. STRAUB.

ver - y soon we must
btain's our own beloved

umes The air that we'll
Where the winds and the

eau-ti - ful shore.
eau-ti - ful shore.

Gently. Words by MARIAN. S. W. STRAUB.

1. Lead the lit - tle ones to heav-en; Guide their feet in virtue's way; Bring them to the sa-cred
2. Come and blend your hearts and voices In one song of praise and joy, 'Tis an hour of hallowed
3. Come! O come ye lit - tle children, While your hearts are light and free, And the world a-round is

al-tar On this ho - ly Sab-bath day. Mothers, bring your tender off'rings, Flowers of im-mor-tal
meeting, Yielding bliss without al - loy. An-gels in the world of glo - ry Glad - ly lis - ten to your
joyous, Join this sa-cred ju - bi - lee; With your Pastor, guardians, teachers, Heed this ded - i - ca - tion

youth, Ho - ly fra-grance ev - er ris - ing To the God of love and truth.
strains, Joy is in the courts of heav-en, When on earth it free - ly reigns.
call, While the words of ho - ly bless-ing On your hearts so free - ly fall.

O Father, Take My Hand.

Words arr. from LENA. Music by W. A. OGDEN.

1. When I roam where flowers are blooming, O'er life's bright gold - en strand, 'Mid its
2. Be my strength in ev - ery ef - fort To keep each just com - mand, Which in

joys, lest I for - get thee, Oh Fa-ther, take my hand; When by fond - est friends sur-
love to me thou'st giv-en, O hold my trembling hand. When I cross the "tur - bid

rounded, Life seems a sum-mer land, Should its win - try winds surprise me, Then,
riv - er," To gain the bet - ter land, Where man - y loved ones wait me, Then

c by W. A. OGDEN.

strand, 'Mid its
mand, Which in

ond - est friends sur-
ss the "tur - bid

ds surprise me, Then,
ved ones wait me, Then

Chorus.

Oh take my hand, Oh take my

Fa-ther, take my hand. Oh heavenly Father, take my hand, Oh heavenly Fa - ther
Fa-ther, hold my hand.

hand,

rit.

take my hand, And lead me home to heaven, And lead me home to heaven.

Our Sunday School we Close.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. Our Sunday school again we close; We sing the parting hymn. Grant us a parting blessing, Lord, To keep us all from sin.
2. Lord, keep us through another week, Do us the good we need, And may we in temp-ta-tion's hour These Sabbath lessons heed.
3. Kind Father, teach us through the week T'obey thy ho-ly rule, And ev - er on the Sab-bath day, Lead us to Sabbath school.

Youthful Example.

S. W. STRAUB.

1. What if the lit - tle rain should say, "So small a drop as I Can ne'er re - fresh these
2. Doth not each rain-drop help to form The cool, re-fresh-ing shower, And ev - ery ray of

thirst - y fields, I'll tar - ry in the sky?" What if a shin-ing beam of noon Should in its
light to warm And beau - ti - fy the flower? Go thou and strive to do thy share; One tal - ent

foun - tain stay, Be - cause its fee - ble light a - lone Can - not cre - ate a day?
less than thine, Im-proved with stead - y zeal and care, Would gain re - ward di - vine.

Words by MA

1. Hark, the so
2. Oft we h

Haste to Sa
There, to li

Sweet - ly
Then, O

S. W. STRAUB.

ne'er re - fresh these
ev - ery ray of

of noon Should in its
hy share; One tal - ent

cre - ate a day?
re - ward di - vine.

The Sabbath Bell.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. Hark, the sound we love so well, Sweet-ly chimes the Sab - bath bell; Let us then the call o - bey,
2. Oft we hear the Sabbath bell, Sweet the hour of les - sons tell, And as oft we love to go

Haste to Sab - bath school a - way. List, O list its beau-teous swell, Free-ly chimes the Sab-bath bell;
There, to list to mu - sic's flow. E'er di - rects the Sabbath bell, Where sweet peace and com-fort dwell,

Sweet - ly ring - ing on the air, Tells the time of in - fant prayer.
Then, O then the call o - bey, Haste to Sab - bath school a - way.

We should hear the Angels singing.

Words by KATE CAMERON. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. If we on - ly sought to brighten Ev - ery path-way dark with care, If we on - ly tried to
2. If we on - ly strove to cherish Ev - ery pure and ho - ly thought Till with - in our hearts should
3. If it were our aim to ponder On the good that we might win, Soon our feet would cease to
4. If we on - ly did our duty, Think-ing not what it might cost, Then the earth would wear new

Chorus.

light - en All the bur - dens oth - ers bear;
per - ish All that is with e - vil fraught;
wan - der In for - bid - den paths of sin;
beau - ty, Fair as that in E - den lost;

We should hear the an - gels sing - ing All a - round us night and day; We should feel that they are wing - ing At our side their up-ward way.

by S. W. STRAUB.

e on - ly tried to
ith - in our hearts should
ur feet would cease to
e earth would wear new

sing - ing All a -

ide their up-ward way.

Words from THE MYRTLE. Melody by D. W. SNYDER.

1. Praise to the Lord! all ye children sing praises! Praise him when opens the beautiful day, Praise him at noon in the
2. Praise him for life, and its mercies so constant, Home and its blessings, kind guardians and friends; Praise him for life in the
3. Praise him when comes the bright morn of the Sabbath, Calling to worship, instruction and prayer; Never withhold the young

Chorus.

soul's pure devotion, Praise him at eve as the light fades away.
Lord, our Redeemer, Gift that all others forever transcends. Praise to the Lord, Praise to the
heart's adoration, Ever rejoice his great name to declare.

Praise to the Lord, yes, sing praise to the Lord, Praise to the Lord, yes, sing

Lord. Prais - es, sing prais-es, All ye children, sing prais-es to the Lord.

praise to the Lord, Praise to the Lord, yes sing prais-es.

Shall We Meet Beyond the River.

From Palmer's Sabbath School Songs, by per. Words and music by H. R. PALMER.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the Riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll, Where, in all the bright for-
2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm - y voyage is o'er, Shall we meet and cast the
3. Where the mu-sic of the ran-som'd Rolls in har - mo - ny a-round, And cre - a - tion swells the
4. Shall we meet with many a loved one, Torn on earth from our embrace? Shall we lis - ten to their
5. Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior, When he comes to claim his own? Shall we hear him bid us

Refrain.

ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
an - chor, By the fair ce - les - tial shore?
cho - rus, With its sweet, me - lodious sound? Yes, we'll meet, Yes, we'll meet, Where the
voi - ces, And be - hold them face to face?
wel - come, And sit down up - on his throne?

Yes, we'll meet, Yes, we'll meet, Where the

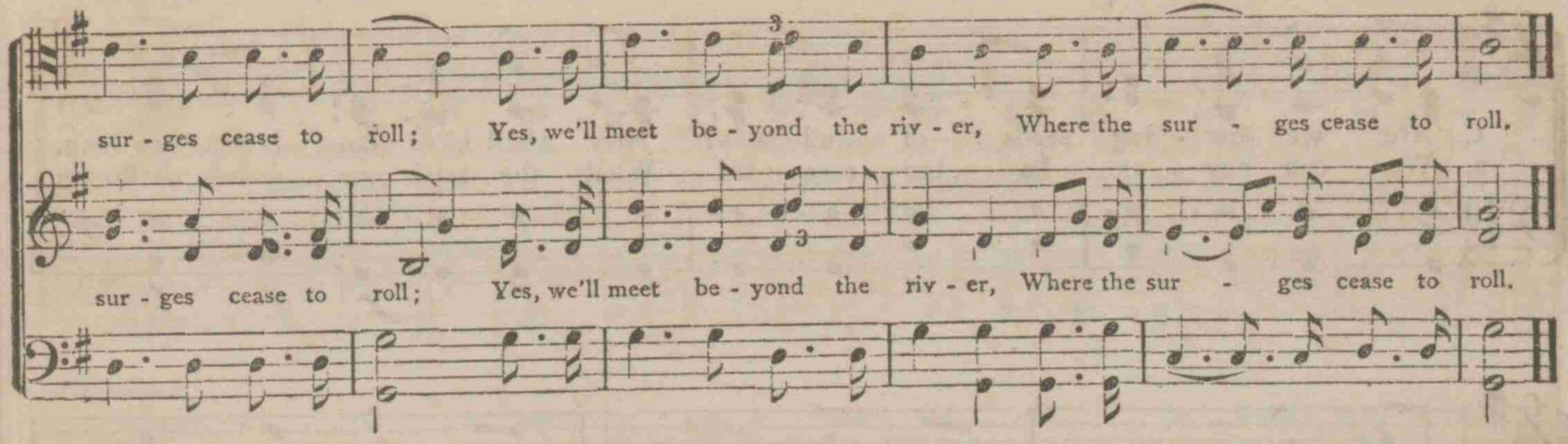
Yes, we'll meet, Yes, we'll meet,

sur - ges cease

sur - ges cease

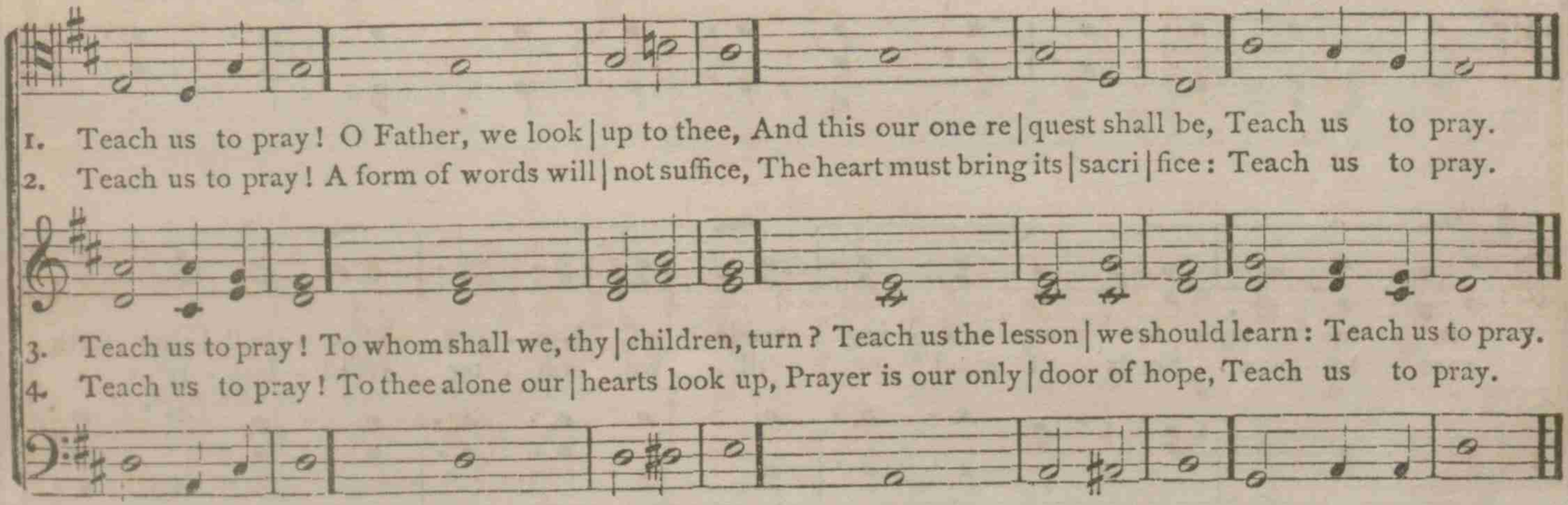
1. Teach us to pra
2. Teach us to pray
3. Teach us to pray
4. Teach us to pra

Shall We Meet Beyond the River.—*Concluded.*



Teach us to Pray.

S. W. STRAUB.



Sowing.

Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. Are we sow - ing seeds of kind - ness? They shall bloss - om bright ere long.
2. We can nev - er be too care - ful What the seed our hands shall sow;

Are we sow - ing seeds of dis - cord? They shall ri pen
Love from love is sure to ri - pen, Hate from hate is

in - to wrong. Are we sow - ing seeds of hon - or? They shall bring forth
sure to grow. Seeds of good or ill we scat - ter Heed - less - ly a

gold - en
long our

Chorus.

What - so

W

What - so

by S. W. STRAUB.

bright ere long.
hands shall sow;

ri pen
hate is

y shall bring forth
d - less - ly a

gold - en grain. Are we sow - ing seeds of false-hood? We shall yet reap bit - ter pain.
long our way; But a glad or griev - ous fruit - age Waits us at the har - vest day.

Chorus.

What - so - e'er our sow - ing be, Reap - ing we its fruits must see.

What-so-e'er our sow - ing be, Reap - ing we its fruits must see.

What - so - e'er our sow - ing be, Reap - ing we its fruits must see.

Jerusalem the Golden.

Words by D. H. HOWARD. Music by D. W. SNYDER.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the Gol - den! O cit - y of the blest! O heaven-ly land of
2. What peace be-yond all tel - ling! What joys for those whose feet Stand by the crys - tal
3. Be-hold the Ho - ly Tem - ple Of God is now with men, And he will dwell a-

prom-ise! The wea - ry pil-grim's rest! Safe through the thorn - y jour-ney, Freed
riv - er, And walk the gol - den street; With boughs of palms, like vic-tors, Ar-
mong them, And heal their grief and pain. And he that o - ver - com - eth, Shall

from the strife of sin; With - in the walls of jas-per, The pearl - y gates with - in.
rayed in robes of white, With hymns of glad thanksgiv-ing They throng the halls of light.
be the Fa-ther's heir, With - in the glo-rious cit - y, And dwell for - ev - er there.

Words by MARIA
From "The Char

1. When Je-sus
2. He took the
3. Then lit - t

children come
gent-ly, Forb
lit - tle ones

such is the ki

Forbid Them Not.

Words by MARIA STRAUB.
From "The Charm," by permission.

Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. When Je-sus dwelt on the shores of time, He spurned the lit-tle ones not, But said let the
2. He took them up in his ten - der arms, Pressed softly each lit - tle brow, And said so
3. Then lit - tle children come un - to him, From high or low-ly built cot, Ah, bring the

Chorus.

children come un-to me; Let them come and forbid them not.
gent-ly, Forbid them not, To re-ceive my bles-sing now. Forbid them not, Forbid them not, Of
lit - tle ones un-to him, Who still says for-bid them not.

such is the kingdom of heaven; Forbid them not, forbid them not, Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Take Us in Thy Care.

Words by MRS. C. H. ROWLE. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. When on the stor - my seas of life Our boat is launched from shore, With man - y cares and much of strife, Griev-ing our hearts full sore; Just as our lit - tle bark sets sail, Lad-
2. 'Tis then our as - pi - ra - tions rise, In deep and sin-cere prayer; O Fa - ther, help! is then our cry, O take us in thy care. Oh, send us some kind an - gel friend To
3. 'Tis through af-flic - tion we are made To feel each oth - er's woe; All must have sunshine, al - so shade, While dwelling here be - low. Then let us strive, what-e'er may come, To

en with hope and fear, And when we are a-bout to fail, De-struc-tion seem-eth near.
guide us through the storm, And lead us safe-ly to the end, As we thus journey on.
strug - gle for the right, As on this earth we pil-grims roam, And ask for high-er light.

Words by MRS.

1. How hap-py
2. What is it
3. The God wh

bless-ed land
hearts are pure,
joy a-bound,

scenes so fair,

The Angel Band.

Words by MRS. O. C. WOOD. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. How hap-py is that an - gel band Of chil-dren, who a-round the throne Sing prai-ses in that
2. What is it makes that land so bright? Those souls so happy and so blest? It is because their
3. The God who rules o'er all this world, Rules there the same in peace and love, And hap-pi-ness and

Chorus.

bless-ed land To God, who makes them all his own.
hearts are pure, Be-cause they're good their spir-its rest. O who would not de-light to dwell 'Mid
joy a-bound, Throughout that bles-sed land a-bove.

2d time pp.

scenes so fair, and pure, and bright, Where joys immortal crown the soul, And shed di-vin-est rays of light.

Savior, Teach Me.

Music by J. W. RUGGLES.

1. Sav - ior! teach me day by day, Love's sweet les - sons to o-
2. Teach me all thy steps to trace, Strong to fol - low in thy
Chorus. *Thus may I re - joice to show, That I feel the love I*

bey; Sweeter les - sons can - not be, Lov-ing him who first loved
grace, Learning how to love from thee, Lov-ing him who first loved
owe, Singing, till thy face I see, Of his love, who first loved

May be sung as a duett.

me. With a child - like heart of love, At thy bid - ding may I
me. Love in lov - ing finds em - ploy, In o - be - dience all her
me.

y J. W. RUGGLES.

sons to o-
low in thy
the love I

who first loved
who first loved
who first loved

ding may I
dience all her

D. C. Chorus.

move; Prompt to serve and fol-low thee, Lov-ing him who first loved me.
joy; Ev - er new that joy will be, Lov-ing him who first loved me.

Fear Not.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Oh, fear thou not, my soul, Nor doubt thy Fa-ther's love; His arm a-round thee
2. Him thou shalt ev - er find A pres-ent help, in - deed; His prom - is - es are
3. Bind, then, up - on thy heart The prom - is - es he gives; Like wheat they green will

After each verse.

pressed - A tower of strength shall prove.
sure To him who feels his need. Fear not, my soul, Fear not, my soul.
grow, And bear thee man - y sheaves.

Fear not, fear not, my soul, Fear not, fear not my soul.

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Forgive.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. "For-give, and ye shall be for-given," The bless-ed Je - sus said; For-
2. When ha - tred and re-venge en-throned, All peace-ful thoughts have riven, 'Tis

give, and heaven shall o'er your heart A ho - ly com - fort shed. When on the hill of Cal-va-
well to heed the kind-ly words, "For-give and be for-given." If we would be the fol-low-

ry, the Sav - ior suf-fered death, "Father, for-give them," sweetly rose With his ex-pir-ing breath.
ers Of him, the Ho - ly Lamb, We must o-bey his ho - ly words, Forgive our bro-ther man.

Words by JAMES

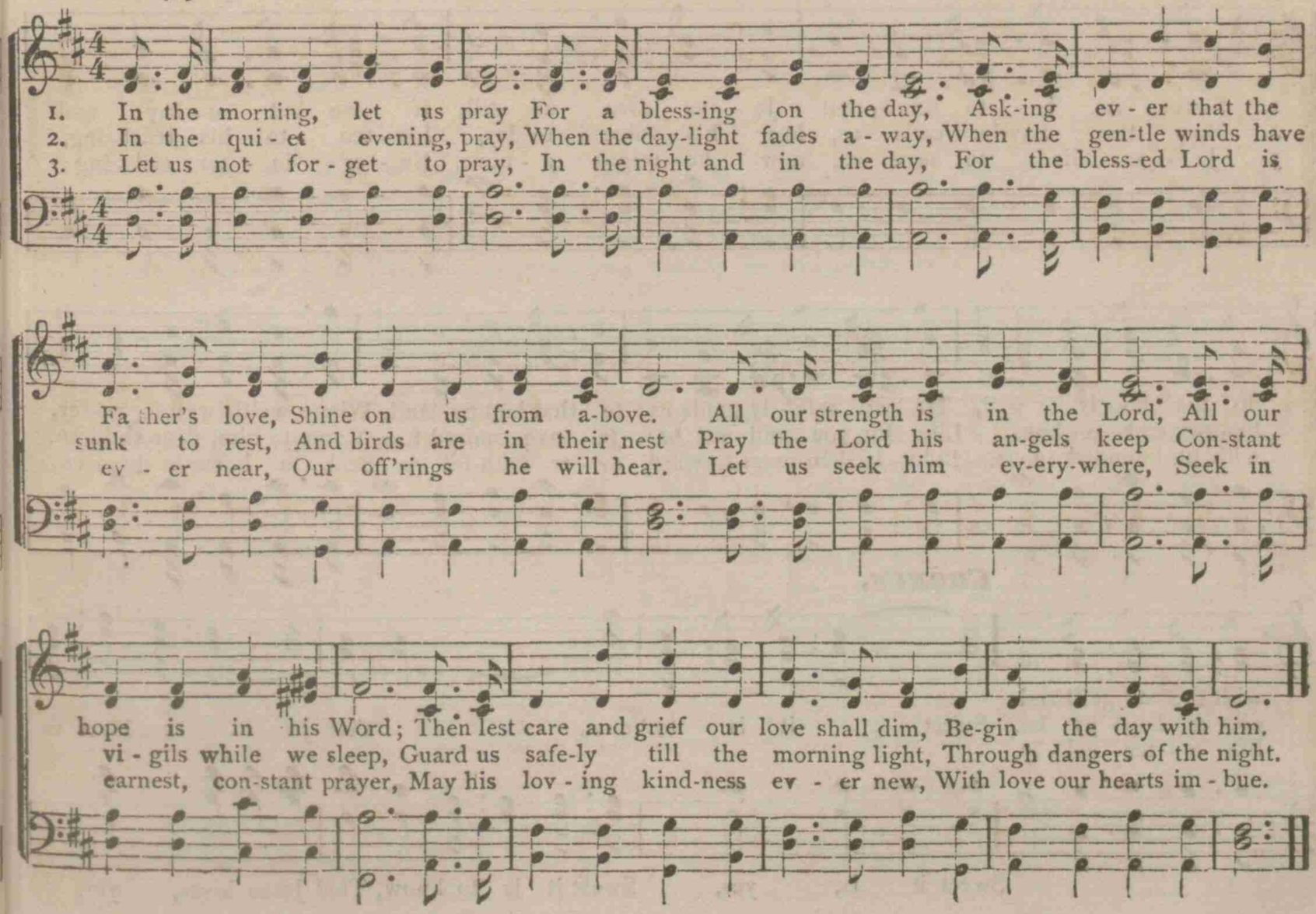
1. In the morn
2. In the qui-
3. Let us not

Fa ther's love,
sunk to rest,
ev - er near,

hope is in
vi - gils while
earnest, con-sta

Let Us Pray.

Words by JAMES R. MURRAY. Music by GEO. F. ROOT.



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Sweet it is To Know.

Words and Music by C. R. REED.

1. Sweet it is to know, that Je - sus loves us still, If we but o - bey and
2. Now the Sav-ior calls us, hear his voice to-day, Lis - ten to his teach-ing,
3. Je - sus died to save us, now he reigns a - bove, Ev - er in - ter - ced - ing

do his ho - ly will, He will safe - ly guide us to that hap-py land, Where we'll dwell forev - er,
lis - ten and o - bey. Life for you and me has Je - sus promised free, Come to him, dear children,
with un-bounded love. Bold - ly then press forward, ev - er faith-ful be, Seek a home in heav-en,

CHORUS.

with the an-gel band.
ev - er hap - py be. Sweet it is to know. that Je - sus loves us
life e - ter - nal - ly.

Sweet it is, yes, Sweet it is to know, That Jesus loves, yes,

still;

Je - sus loves us

Be thou,

So let

sic by C. R. Reed.

ıt o - bey and
to his teach-ing,
n - ter - ced - ing

we'll dwell forev - er,
to him, dear children,
a home in heav-en,

e - sus loves us

esus loves, yes,

still; That sure - ly he will guide us, Safe from ev-ery ill.

Je - sus loves us still, That he will guide, yes, Sure-ly he will guide us,

Old Hundred. (*Doxology.*)

Be thou, O God, ex - alt - ed high, And as thy glo - ry fills the sky;

So let it be on earth dis-played, Till thou art here as there o - beyed.

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"Hear Ye Him."

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. O heark - en to your Sav - ior friend, He'll guide you to the right; He'll lead you thro' the gloomy way, In - to the path of light. He is the teach-er sent from God, In whom he is well pleased; Then hear ye him, ye er-ring ones, And be from sin re-leased.
2. He came to earth, the Prince of Peace, To tell of things a-bove; He came to bring sal - va-tion near, To show a Fa-ther's love. O lis - ten to his gra-cious words, They bid the darkness fly, They still the tem-pest, calm the sea, And bring sweet com-fort nigh.
3. From him still comes that gen - tle voice, Thro' cloud of bril-liant ray, Say- ing, 'tis my be - lov - ed son, O hear him and o-bey. Who-e'er would reach that better land, Where nought the sight can dim, Must fol - low where the Shepherd leads, Then, pil-grims, hear ye him.

Chorus.

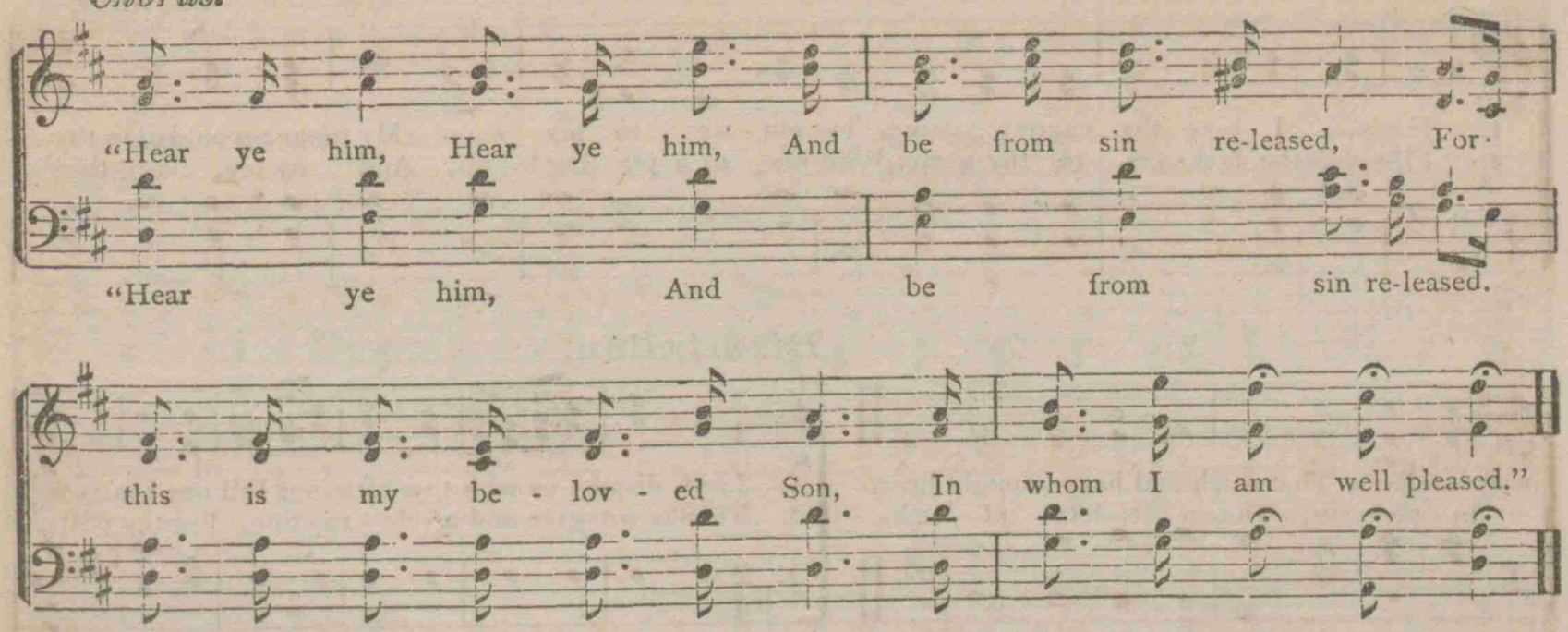
"Hear ye

"Hear

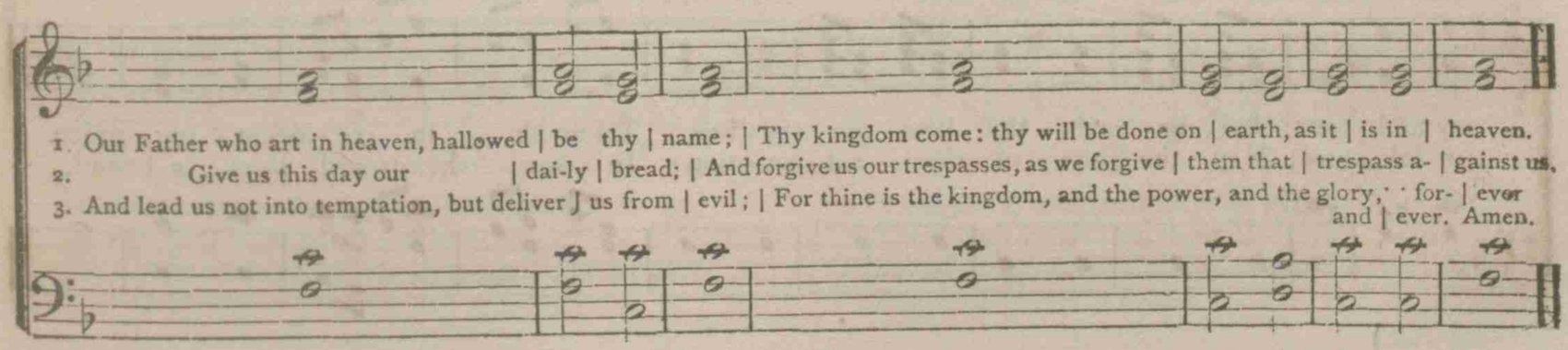
this is

1. Our Father who art
2. Give us thi
3. And lead us not into

Chorus.



The Lord's Prayer.



Arlington.

DR. ARNE.

1. Je-sus, I love thy charming name, 'Tis mu - sic to my ear; My tongue would sing thy
2. I'll speak the hon - ors of thy name, With my ex - pir - ing breath, And dy-ing, clasp thee

praise so loud, That earth and heaven might hear.
in my arms, The an - ti-dote of death.

Dismission.

1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing; Fill our hearts with
2. Thanks we give and a - do - ra - tion, For thy gospel's

joy and peace; Let us each, thy love pos-sess - ing, Tri-umph in re - deem - ing grace.
joy-ful sound; May the fruits of thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a-bound.

1. Joy to
ev - 'ry
heav'n and na -
sing.....
sing,
2 Joy to the earth,
Let men their so
While fields, and fl
Repeat the soun

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
ev - 'ry heart pre - pare him room, And heaven and na - ture sing, And
And heaven and na-ture
heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
sing..... And heaven and na - ture sing.
sing, And heaven and na - ture sing,

2 Joy to the earth, the Savior reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

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"I Will Arise, and Go to My Father."

Moderato.

Words and Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. When from his father's house so far, In dis-tant land he lay, Bowed down by sorrows, want and woe, The
2. How oft do we thus stray from him, Who gives us blessings free, O when we walk in paths of sin, Let
3. When gloom and darkness hover o'er, And joys of earth have flown, O who can then sweet comfort give? No
4. O heav-en-ly Father, help, we pray, When we would go astray, To turn towards thee, our dearest Friend; O

ff Chorus. *Allegretto.*

sin-ner thus did say,
this our thought then be,
one but He a-lone.
help us then to say,

I will a - rise, I will a - rise, I will a-rise, And go to my Father;

pp *rit.*

I will a - rise, I will a - rise, I will a - rise, And go to my Fa - ther.

Words by MARIA S

March time.

1. A-rise and e
2. There's warring a
3. The valiant may

ta - tion, That l
pathway, The
con-quest, Is lef

du - ty that is-su
was he without
right, for a name,
forward to vic -

We'll Conquer the Foe.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

March time.

1. A-rise and e-quip for the warfare, Prepare for the con-test with-in, A strife with the stern foe temp-
2. There's warring among our own members, We'd follow the good and the true, Yet turn from the beautiful
3. The valiant may conquer his fel-low, May claim a great vict'ry his own, But the greatest of triumphs, self-

ta - tion, That lures in - to high-ways of sin. Hark, hark to the her-ald pro-claim-ing, 'Tis
pathway, The wa - ges of sin to pur-sue. O Je - sus was temp-ted as we are, Yet
con-quest, Is left for the no - ble a - lone. We all are life's he-roes, and bat - tle For

Chorus. *O like the proud he - ro of bat - tle, We'll*

D. S. Chorus.

du - ty that is-sues the call, "Go quickly, put on the bright armor, Go forth, for the foeman must fall."
was he without an - y sin; He fear - less-ly vanquished the tempter, He'll help us the vict'ry to win.
right, for a name, or for pelf, Yet none 'mong the victors is greater, Than he who can conquer himself.
forward to vic - to - ry go; Bright glory shall rest on our banner, We'll conquer, we'll con-quer the foe.

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Gather Them Into the Fold.

Words by M. A. KIDDER. (From the "Silver Song," by per.) Music by W. A. OGDEN.

1. O-pen the door for the children, Ten - der-ly ga-ther them in, In from the highways and hedg - es, In from the pla - ces of sin. Some are so young and so help - less,
2. O-pen the door for the children, See! they are com-ing in throngs; Bid them sit down to the ban-quet, Teach them your beau - ti - ful songs. Pray you the Fa - ther to bless them,
3. O-pen the door for the children, Take the dear lambs by the hand; Point them to truth and to Je - sus, Point them to heav-en's bright land. Some are so young and so help - less,

Some are so hungry and cold; O-pen the door for the children, Ga-ther them in - to the
Pray you that grace may be given; O-pen the door for the children, "Of such is the king-dom of
Some are so hungry and cold; O-pen the door for the children, Ga-ther them in - to the

Gather Them Into the Fold.—Concluded.

Chorus.

fold. Gath - er them in . . . . Gath - er them in;
heaven."
fold. Gath-er them in O, gath-er them in, Gather, O gather them in;

O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.

Prayer for Children.

S. W. STRAUB.

Andante.

1. God of mer-cy hear our prayer, For the children thou hast given; Let them all thy blessings share, Grace on earth and bliss in heaven.
2. In the morning of their days, May their hearts be drawn to thee: Let them learn to lisp thy praise, In their earliest infancy.
3. When we see their passions rise, Sin-ful hab-its un-subdued, Then to thee we lift our eyes, That their hearts may be renewed.
4. For thy mercy, Lord, we cry: Bend thy ev - er - gra-cious ear; While on thee our souls rely, Hear our prayer, in mercy hear.

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Pleyel's Hymn.

1. Prince of Peace, con - trol my will; Bid this struggling heart be still; Bid my fears and
2. May thy will, not mine, be done; May thy will and mine be one; Chase these doubtings
3. Sav - ior, at thy feet I fall; Thou my Life, my Lord, my All. Let thy hap - py

doubting cease; Hush my spir - it in - to peace.
from my heart; Now thy per-fect peace im - part.
servant be One for - ev - er-more with thee.

Balerma.

1. O hap-py is the man who hears in-
2. Her treasures are of more esteem, Than
3. She guides the young with innocence In

struction's faith - ful voice, And who ce - les - tial wis-dom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice.
east or west un-fold; And her rewards more pre-cious are, Than all their mines of gold.
pleasure's paths to tread; A crown of glo - ry she bestows Up - on the hoa - ry head.

Words by LIZZIE

Andantino. "Be ye kind

1. As we press
2. If we see
3. Do not pass
4. Scat-ter smile

on-ward, By
kindness, He
dan-ger, Lead
sadness, Your

heart - ed and

Kindness.

Words by LIZZIE HILL. Music by P. W. HILL.

Andantino. "Be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." EPH. 4,32.

1. As we press t'ward yonder heav - en, As we jour-ney to that land, We can cheer each oth-er
2. If we see a broth-er mourning, Or des-pond-ing, or in pain; To him speak a word of
3. Do not pass an err-ing broth-er, Sit-ting in the scorner's seat; Kind-ly warn him of his
4. Scat-ter smiles a - long your pathway, And with deeds so no - ble, true, Comfort each in hours of

Chorus.

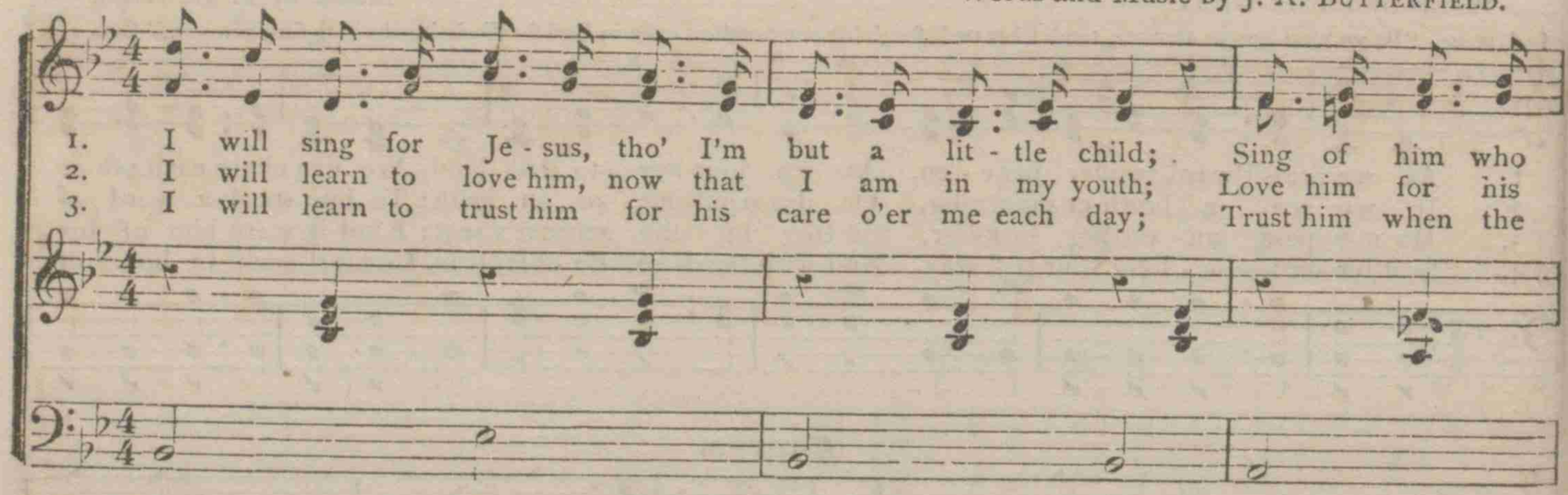
on-ward, By o-bey - ing this command.
kindness, He may then take heart a-gain. Be ye kind one to an - oth - er, Ten-der
dan-ger, Lead him to the Sav-ior's feet.
sadness, Your reward will come to you.

heart - ed and for-give, E'en as God for his dear Son's sake, Pardoned us, that we might live.

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I will Sing for Jesus.

Words and Music by J. A. BUTTERFIELD.



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bid them not
life may al
aid and com

Chorus.



bid them not to come, For of such the king-dom is, our heavenly home.
life may al - ways shine, And his prais - es, ev - er - more, with an - gels join.
aid and com - fort bring; Then with love, my heart and voice at-tuned will sing.

Chorus.

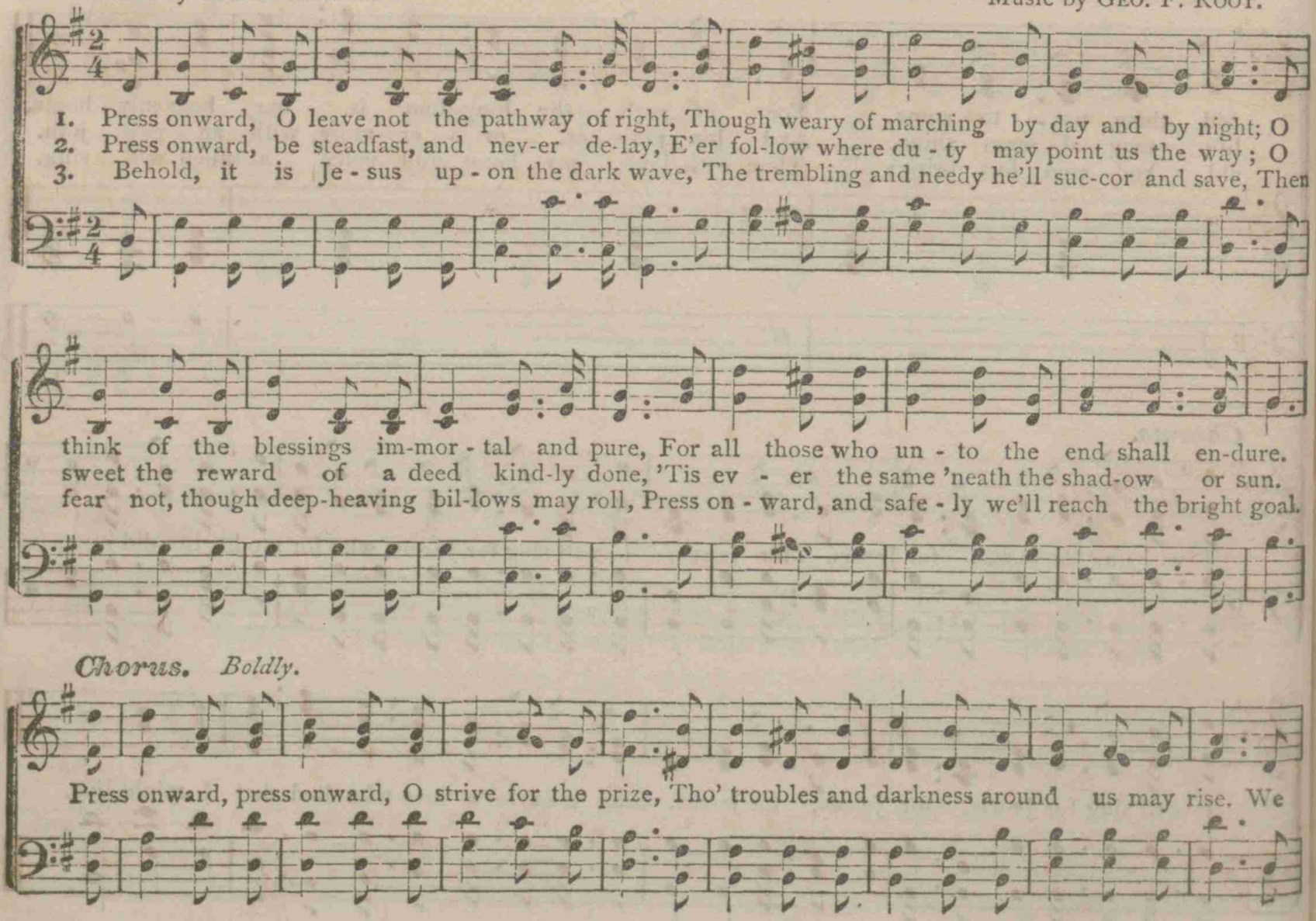
I will sing for Je-sus, for Je-sus, for Je-sus, I will sing for Je-sus, who for me his life did give;

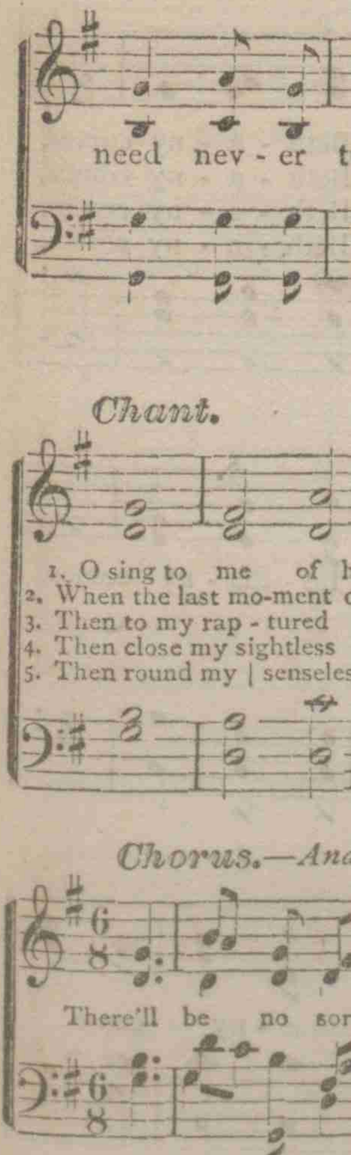
I will sing for Je-sus, for Je-sus, for Je-sus, Sing a Savior's love who died that I might live.

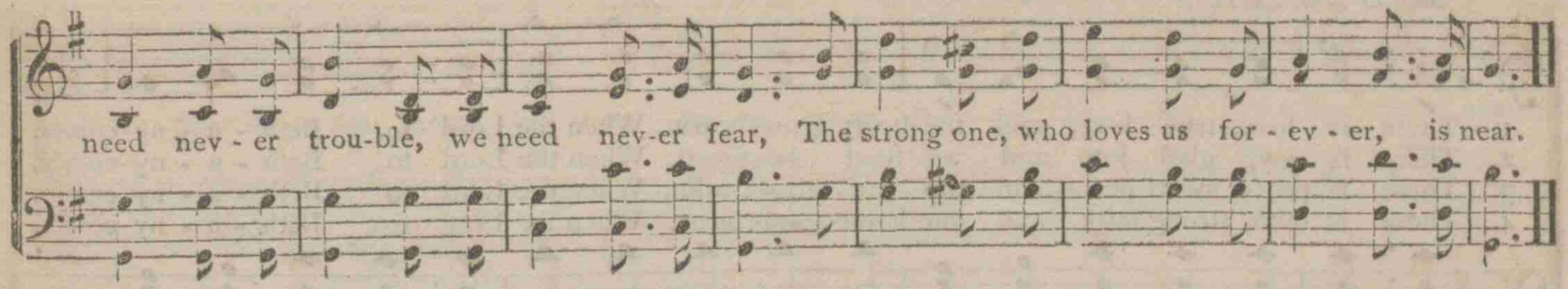
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Press Onward.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by GEO. F. ROOT.



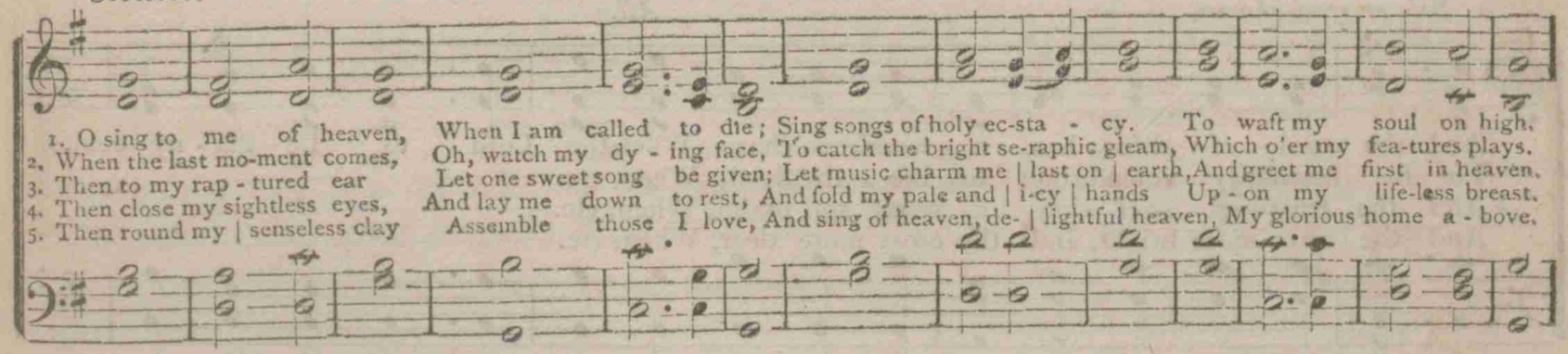




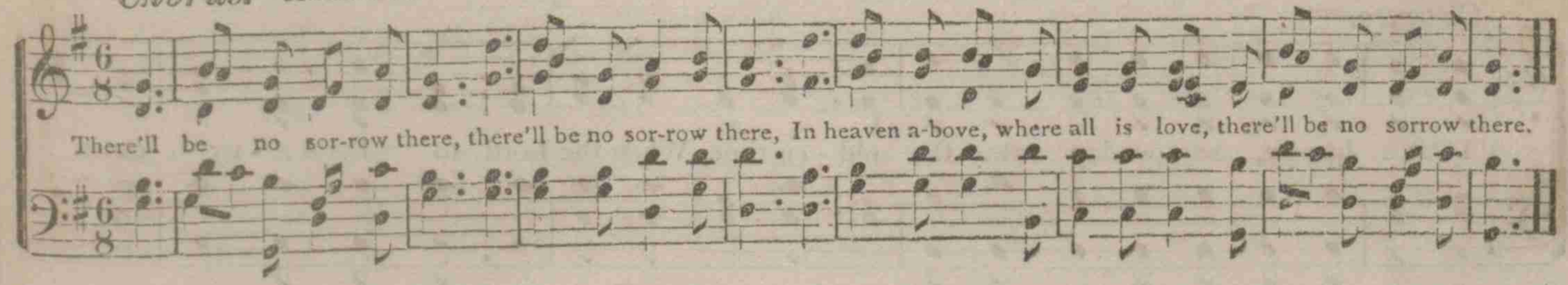
The Heavenly Home.

S. W. STRAUB.

Chant.



Chorus.—Andantino.



"And He Came to Bethany."

Words by P. P. Bliss. Music by James McGranahan.

Solo or semi-chorus. *All.*

1. There is love, true love, and the heart grows warm, When the Lord to Beth - a - ny comes,
2. There is joy, glad joy, and a feast is spread, When the Lord to Beth - a - ny comes,
3. There is peace, sweet peace, and the life grows calm, When the Lord to Beth - a - ny comes,
4. There is faith, strong faith, and our home seems near, When the Lord to Beth - a - ny comes,

Solo or semi-chorus. *All.*

And the word of life has a wondrous charm, When the Lord to Be - tha - ny comes.
For his heaven-ly voice brings to life the dead, When, etc.
And the trust-ing soul sings a sweet soft psalm, When, etc.
And the crown more bright, and the cross more dear, When, etc.

Chorus.

'Twas a hap-py, hap-py day in the old - en time, When the Lord to Beth- a - ny came.

O - pen wide

His love is

O - pen wide

O - pen wide the door, let him en - ter now, for his love is ev - er the same;

is ev - er the same, is ev - er the same.
His love is ev - er the same, His love is ev - er the same.

is ev - er the same, is ev - er the same.

O - pen wide the door, let him en - ter now, for his love is ev - er the same.

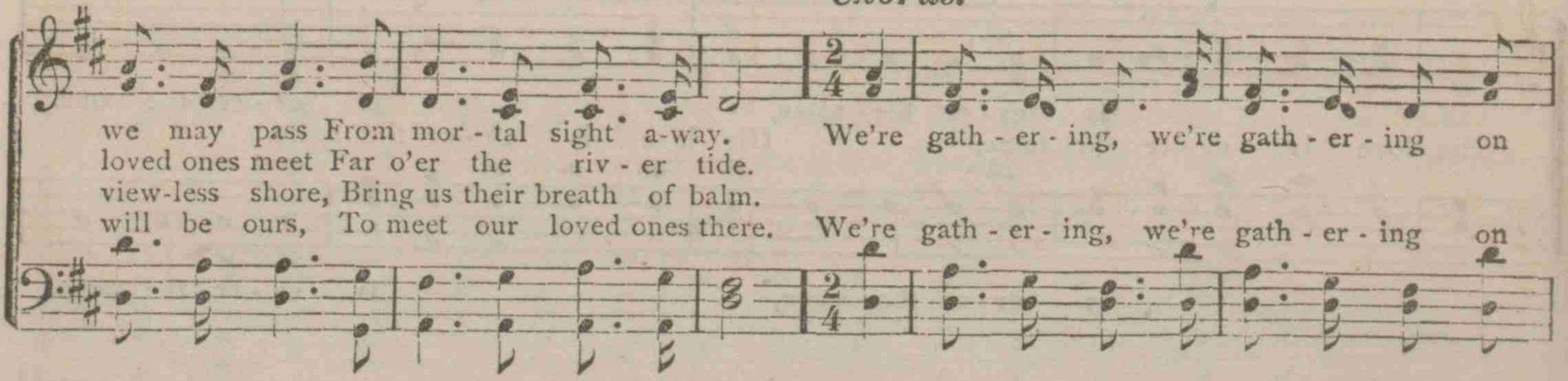
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Gathering Home Within the Vail.

Words and Melody by Mrs. PHEBE SPURLOCK. Harmonized by R. K. MOORE.



Chorus.





Chorus.





Chorus.



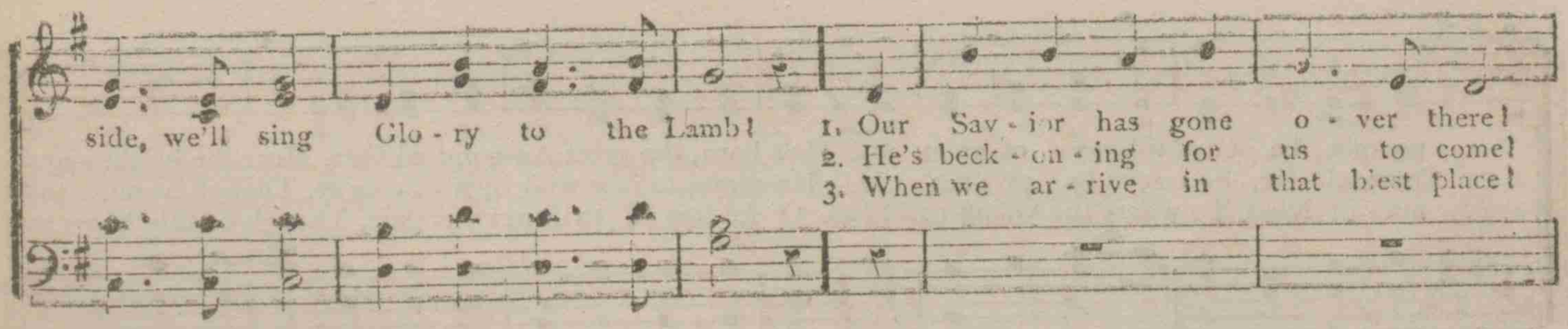
On the Other Side We'll Sing.

Words and music by J. H. RHEEM.

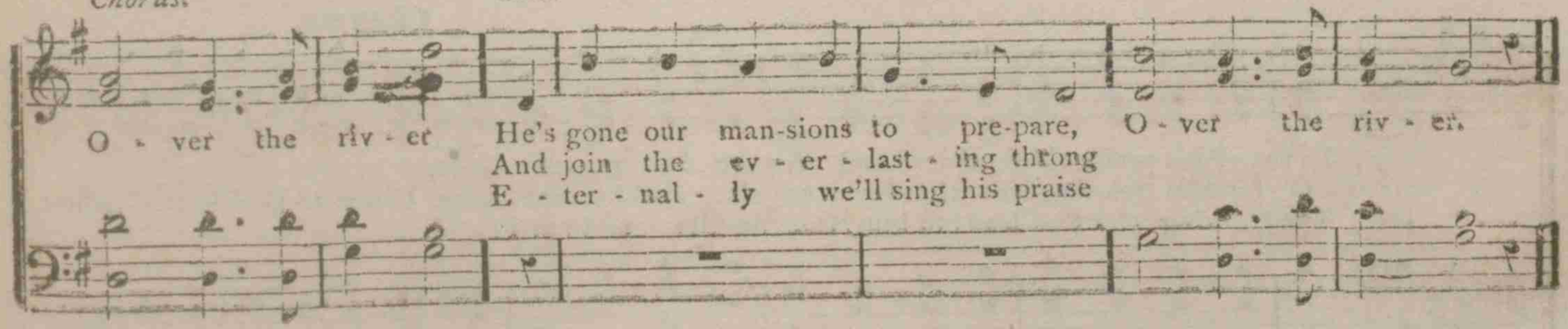
Chorus.



Fine. *Solo.*



Chorus. *Solo.* *Chorus.* *D. C.*



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Hark! Hark, Good Tidings.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

Joyfully. "Behold, I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

1. Hark! hark, good tidings from on high, Good news without al - loy; That shall to ev - 'ry
2. He is the Sav-ior, Christ, the Lord, Proclaim-ed from on high; The won - der-ful, the
3. As guides the beauteous morning star, Where bright the sunbeams rise, A star the wand'ring

peo-ple be Glad tidings of great joy. He's born, the great An-noint-ed One, Hear the bright angels
Coun-sel - lor, Fore-seen by prophet's eye. He comes to rule with gen - tle sway, Though he must suffer
ma - gi leads To where the young child lies. O fol-low it, 'twill nev - er pale, Though earthly hopes may

Chorus.

say; To sound his praise th'angel-ic band Awake in pur-est lays.
wrong; O for this ten-der, wondrous love, Angels a-wake the song. Glory to God in the highest,
end; The guid-ing star that leads to him, Our Sav-ior and our Friend.

Peace and good will to-ward men; Glo-ry to God in the high-est, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

God Speed the Right.

With spirit. Music from the German.

1. Now to heav'n our prayer ascending, God speed the right! In a noble cause contending, God speed the right!
2. Be that prayer again repeated, God speed the right! Ne'er despairing, tho' defeated, God speed the right!
3. Patient, firm and persevering, God speed the right! Ne'er the pace of danger fearing, God speed the right!
4. Still their onward course pursuing, God speed the right! Every foe at length subduing, God speed the right!

Be their zeal in heaven recorded, With success on earth rewarded, God speed the right! God speed the right!
Like the good and great in story, If they fail, they fail with glory, God speed the right! God speed the right!
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding, And in heaven's own time succeeding, God speed the right! God speed the right!
Truth, thy cause, whate'er delay it, There's no power on earth can stay it, God speed the right! God speed the right!

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Firmly Stand.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. Firm-ly stand ye one and all, Brave-ly fight a-gainst the wrong; Lift the sword a-
2. Watchman, hark, the foe is nigh, Quick-ly raise the bat - tle cry, Quick-ly, for the
3. Swerve not to the left nor right; Yield not to temp - ta-tion's might, O - ver - come the

Chorus.

gainst the foe, Who the right would o - ver-throw.
foe must flee, Give to right the vic - to - ry. Firm-ly stand, firm - ly stand, Joined in heart and
en - e - my; Con-quer him whose slaves you be.

joined in hand, Be the proud vic - to-rious throng In the strife a - gainst the wrong.

"Ye Are the Branches."

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. "Ye are the branches," Je - sus said; What beauteous words are those: The branches of the heavenly vine, That ev - er - last - ing grows. "Who my com-mand-ments keep - eth not, And bid - eth not in me, Shall with - er, like the fad - ing branch up - on the liv - ing tree."

2. "Without me, nothing can ye do," Hear him in love de-clare; "A-bide in me and I in you, And much fruit shall ye bear." O may we on his word re - ly, E'er cling to "the true vine," Then pass-ing through life's storms we'll know A ref - uge all di-vine.

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That Bright and Golden Land.

Cheerful.

Words and music by L. F. PARDUE.

1. We are go - ing, we are go-ing To that bright and hap-py land, There to sing God's praises
2. To that coun-try we are go-ing, Where our friends are gone before, And we hope with joy to
3. Come and go with us, dear children, To that bright and golden land, Where the white robed choirs are

Chorus.

ev - er, And with dear and loved ones stand.
greet them, When we reach the oth - er shore. We are go - ing, we are go - ing To that
sing-ing, And the saints im - mor - tal stand.

We are going, we are going

bright and gol-den land, There to sing God's praises ev-er, And with dear and loved ones stand.

To that bright and gol-den land, golden land, There to sing praises ever, And with dear and loved ones stand, loved ones stand.

Words by MARI

1. Chil-dren, li
2. Do your hea
3. Yes, we hea

last command, Lo
in your play, Lo
words in mind, A

oth - er.
oth - er.
oth - er.

Fr
Ev
Fa

F. PARDUE.

God's praises
vith joy to
robed choirs are

ing To that

going

ved ones stand.

nd loved ones stand,
loved ones stand.

Love Ye One Another.

Words by MARIAN. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. Chil-dren, lis - ten to those words, Love ye one an - oth - er. 'Twas the Sav-ior's last command, Love ye one an - oth - er. Beauteous are those pre-cious words, Love ye one an- oth - er. Free - ly, then, ye lit - tle band, Love ye one an - oth - er.
2. Do your heavenly Fa-ther's will, Love ye one an - oth - er. In your work and in your play, Love ye one an - oth - er. Be not an-gry, do no ill Love ye one an- oth - er. Ev - er this com-mand o - bey, Love ye one an - oth - er.
3. Yes, we hear the sweet command, Love ye one an - oth - er. We will keep those words in mind, And will love each oth - er. Though we are a lit - tle band, We will love each oth - er. Fa - ther, teach us to be kind, And to love each oth - er.

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Again We Meet.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

Moderato. *Scholars.*

1. A-gain we meet our teach-ers here, Each lov - ing face we see; And in each ten-der
2. A-gain we hear that gen - tle voice, That tells of truth and love: That bids us seek our
3. We love to meet our teach-ers here, Up-on the Sab-bath day; They kind - ly guide our

Chorus. *Teachers.*

smile there glows, A welcome kind and free.
Sav - ior Friend, And learn of things a - bove. Yes, wel - come, wel - come,
wandering feet In - to the "bet-ter way."

Yes, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,

wel-come, chil-dren dear, Come free - ly, come to Sabbath school, We glad - ly meet you here.

Words by MARIA

Duet.

1. It floats
2. To Sab-bat
3. 'Tis well t

is an ev
free - ly join
join we all,

Chorus.

We'll sing the

We'll sing that

S. W. STRAUB.

each ten-der
us seek our
l - ly guide our

el - come,

come, welcome,

meet you here.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

Duet.

1. It floats up - on the Sab-bath air, 'Tis heard in mu-sic, soft and rare; It
2. To Sab-bath school we glad-ly go; We would those ho - ly les - sons know, And
3. 'Tis well to keep the Sab-bath day, Re - mem - ber it in ho - ly lay; Then

is an ev - er wel-come song, Then sing it loud and sing it long,
free - ly join the glad re - frain, Then sing, O sing that song a - gain,
join we all, a hap - py throng, To sing that ev - er bless - ed song.

Chorus.

We'll sing the song, We'll sing the song, Ye breez - es bear it ev - er on;

We'll sing that sweet and heaven - ly strain, We'll sing, we'll sing that song a - gain,

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Sow Beside all Waters.

Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. Sow in the morn thy seed, At eve hold not thy hand; To doubt and fear give thou no heed, Broadcast it o'er the land. Beside all wa-ters sow, The high-way fur-rows stock; Drop it where thorns and this-tles grow, Scat ter it on the rock.
2. Thou know'st not which may thrive, The late or ear-ly sown; Grace keeps the pre-cious germs a-live, When and wher-ev-er strown; And du-ly shall appear, In ver-dure, beau-ty, strength; The ten-der blade, the stalk, the ear, And the full corn at length.

Chorus. *Thou canst not toil in vain; Cold, heat, and moist, and dry, Shall fos-ter and ma-ture the grain, For gar-ners in the sky.*

W. STRAUB.

and fear give
the pre-cious

n-way fur-rows
dure, beau-ty,
eat, and moist, and

n the rock.
orn at length.
the sky.

O Let Us Bow.

Words by Mrs. O. A. WOOD. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. O let us bow with re - sig - na-tion To the will of God a - bove, And ren-der praise and
2. Just as we en - ter, an-gels meet us, In their shin-ing robes of white; There smiles of God will
3. Then be for - ev - er hushed our sighing, And for - ev - er dry our tears; For death is not what

Chorus.

ad - o - ra - tion To his ho - ly name in love.
sweet-ly greet us, In that bless-ed land of light. Tho' the way be dark and drea-ry, Joys im-
we call dy-ing, 'Tis liv-ing for un-num-bered years.

Though the way be dark and drear,

mor - tal wait us there, In that land where rest the weary, Free from sorrow and from care.

Joys im - mor - tal wait us there,

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LIBRARIES

Angels of Jesus.

S. Wesley Martin.

1. Hark! hark, my soul; An - gel - ic songs are swel-ling O'er earth's green fields, and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for
3. Far, far, a - way, like bells at eve-ning peal-ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. An - gels, sing on! your faith-ful watch-es keep-ing; Sing us sweet frag - ments

o-cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell-ing, Of
Je - sus bids you come;" And, thro' the dark its ech - oes sweet - ly ring-ing, The
sounds o'er land and sea, And la - -den souls by thousands meek - ly steal-ing, Kind
of the songs a - bove; Till mor-ning's joy shall end the night of weep-ing, And

Refrain.

that new life where sin shall be no more.
mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home. An-gels of Je-sus, An-gels of light,
Shepherd, turn their wea - ry steps to thee.
life's long shadows break in cloud-less love.

1

Sing-ing to welc

Moderato.

1. When the day of
2. When the night of
3. Be life's pathway

O my Fa - ther
O my Fa - ther
O my Fa - ther

1st time. *2d time.*

Sing-ing to welcome the pil-grims of the night, Sing-ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Lead Me.

Moderato. Music by Mrs. S. W. Straub.

1. When the day of life is brightest, Love the fondest, hope most free, And the steps of Time beat lightest,
2. When the night of life is dark-est, And my soul shall tempted be; When to sorrow's voice I lis-ten,
3. Be life's pathway smooth or sto-ny, Let my faith still cling to thee; Be life's fu-ture bright or stormy,

Refrain. *Andante.* *Repeat pp.*

O my Fa - ther, lead thou me.
O my Fa - ther, lead thou me. O my Fa-ther, lead thou me, O my Father, lead thou me.
O my Fa - ther, lead thou me.

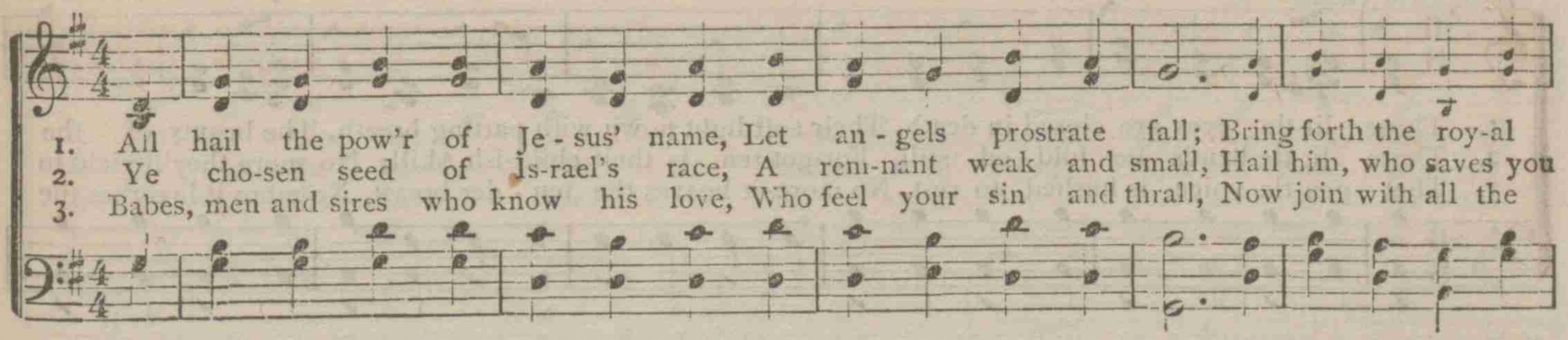
Lenox.

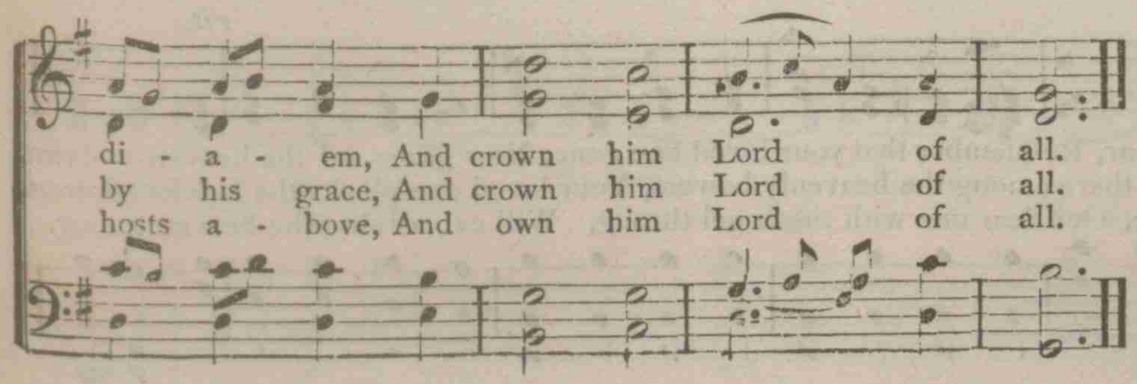
1. Ye bound-less realms of joy, Ex - alt your Ma-ker's fame: His praise your song em-
2. Let them a-dore the Lord, And praise his ho - ly name, By whose al - might - y

ploy A - bove the star - ry frame; Your voi ces raise, Your voi - ces raise, Your
word They all from noth - ing came; And all shall last, And all shall last, And

voi - ces raise, Ye che - ru - bim And se - ra-phim, To sing his praise.
all shall last, From chan-ges free; His firm de - cree Stands ev - er fast.

HOLDEN.





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

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

The Loved One Gone.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. Those lit-tle eyes are closed in death, Their soft light flown with parting breath, The beauty of the
2. Those lit-tle hands lie fold-ed still, For-got-ten is their child-ish skill; No more they'll yield to
3. That gen-tle voice is hushed to rest, No more it heaves the ten-der breast, No more it breathes the

love-lit ray Has fad-ed from those eyes a-way; But lit-tle chil-dren, schoolmates dear, Who
kind demands, Mo-tion-less are the lit-tle hands; But in the beauteous bet-ter land, Un-
kind-ly tone, Nor sweet-ly sings the Sab-bath song; But in that glo-rious land a-bove, Where

free-ly shed the sor-rowing tear, Re-member that your loved one gone, Now gazes on the heaven-ly dawn.
fold-ed is the lit-tle hand; And there among the heavenly bowers, Your loved one plucks the fadeless flowers.
all is peace and all is love, Our dear one with the angel throng, Will ev-er sing the heavenly song.

rit.

To-day the Savior Calls.

S. WESLEY MARTIN.

1. To - day the Sav-ior calls, Ye wand'rers, come; Oh, ye be - night - ed
2. To - day the Sav-ior calls, Oh, hear him now; With - in these sa - cred
3. To - day the Sav-ior calls, For ref - uge fly; The storm of jus - tice
4. The Spir - it calls to - day, Yield to his power; Oh, grieve him not a-

souls, Why lon-ger roam? To - day, To - day the
walls, To Je - sus bow.
falls, And death is nigh.
way, 'Tis mer-cy's hour.

To-day. To-day

Sav - ior calls, To-day, To day the Sav - ior calls.
the Sav - ior calls, To-day, To-day

Up and Doing, Little Christian.

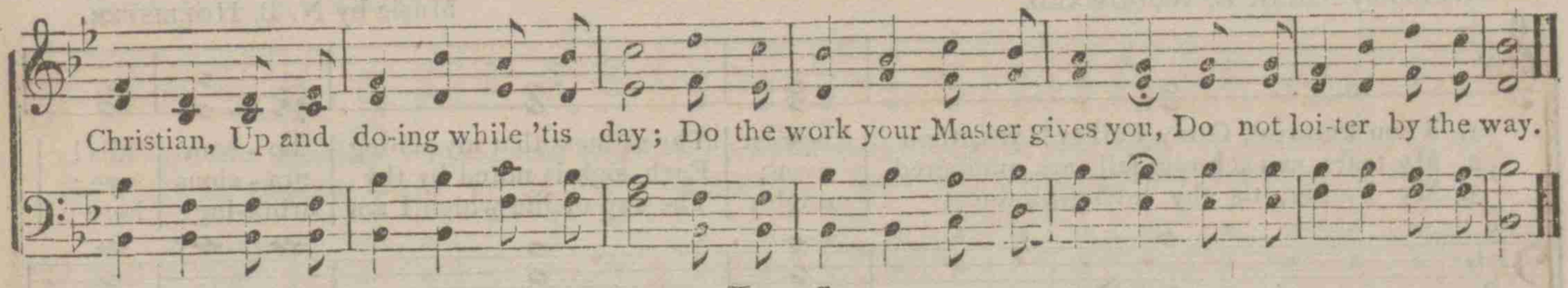
Music by R. A. KINZIE.

1. Up and do-ing, lit - tle Christian, Up and do - ing while 'tis day; Do the work your Mas-ter
2. Patience, patience, lit - tle Christian, No cross look nor an-gry word; Fol-low him who died to
3. Up and do-ing, lit - tle Christian, Trust not to thy - self a-lone, But work out your own sal-

gives you; Do not loi-ter by the way; For we all have work before us, You, dear child, as well as
save you, Fol-low Je-sus Christ our Lord. Help the suf - fer-ing and need - y, Help the poor, whom Jesus
va-tion, Through the grace of God's dear Son. Jesus loves you, little Christian, Turn not from his love a-

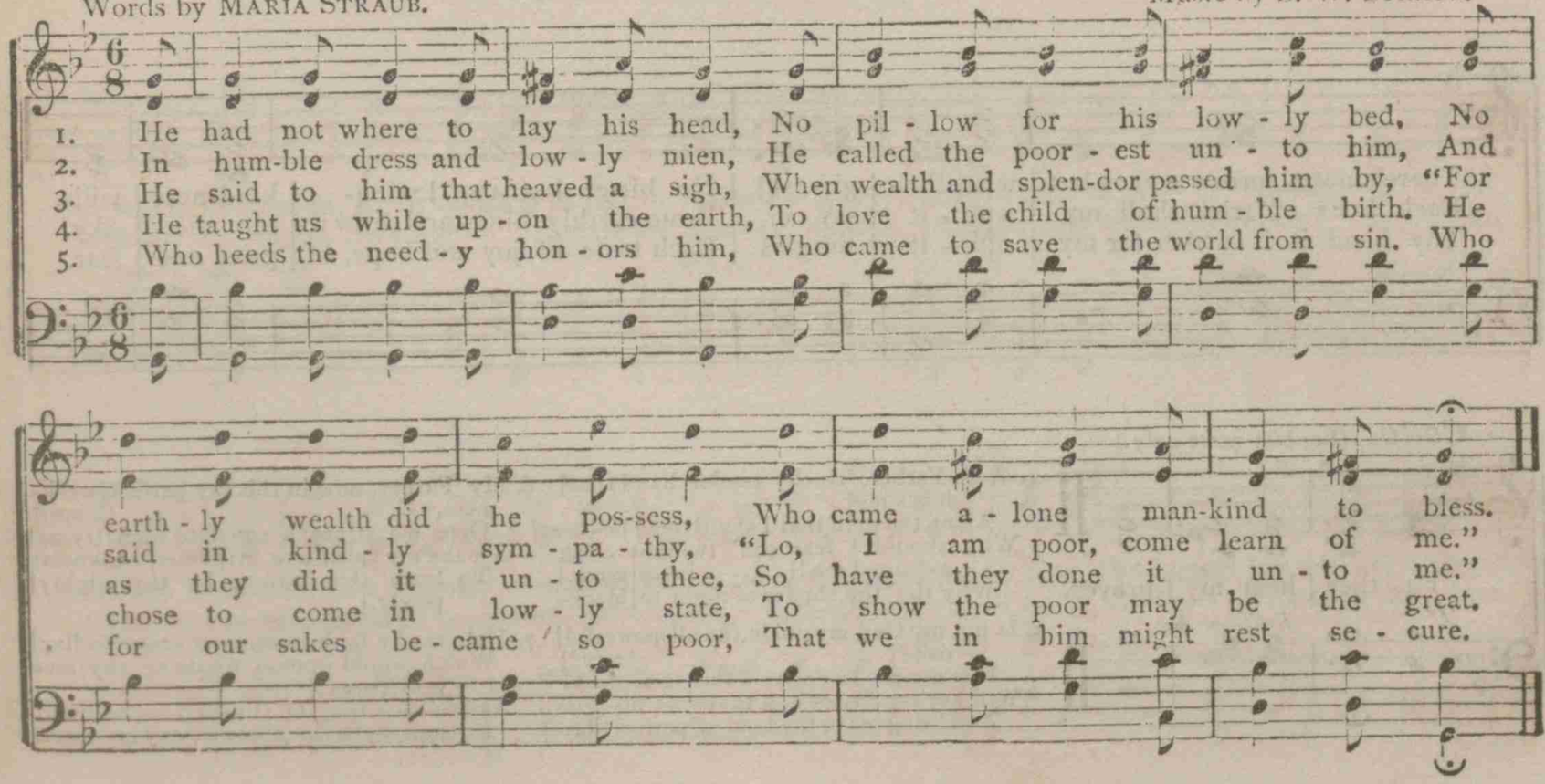
CHORUS.

I; Let us seek to learn our du-ty, And perform it cheer-ful-ly.
loves; Tell the sin-ner of the Sav-ior, Who still lives to bless a-bove. Up and do-ing, lit - tle
way, But go forth and do his bidding; Up and do-ing, while 'tis day.



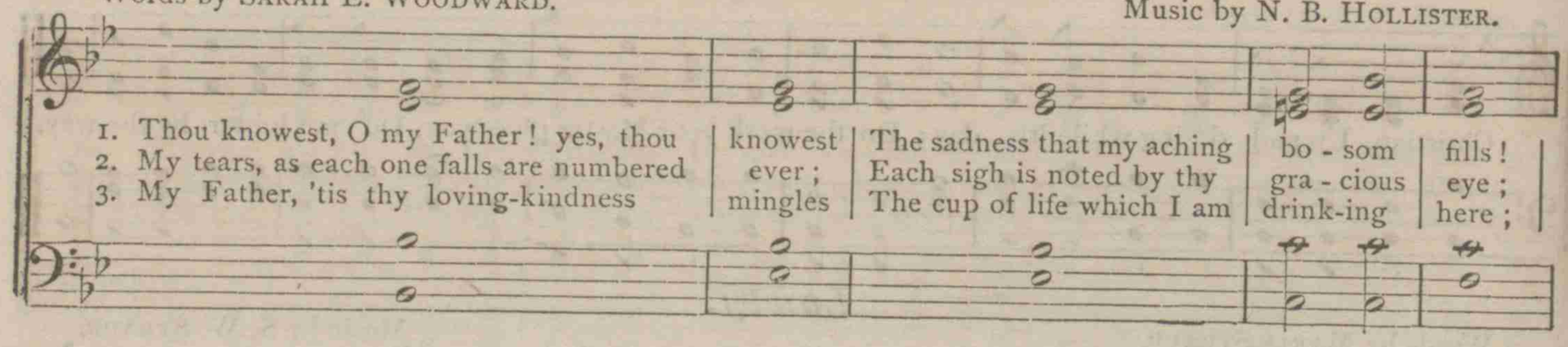
Lowly.

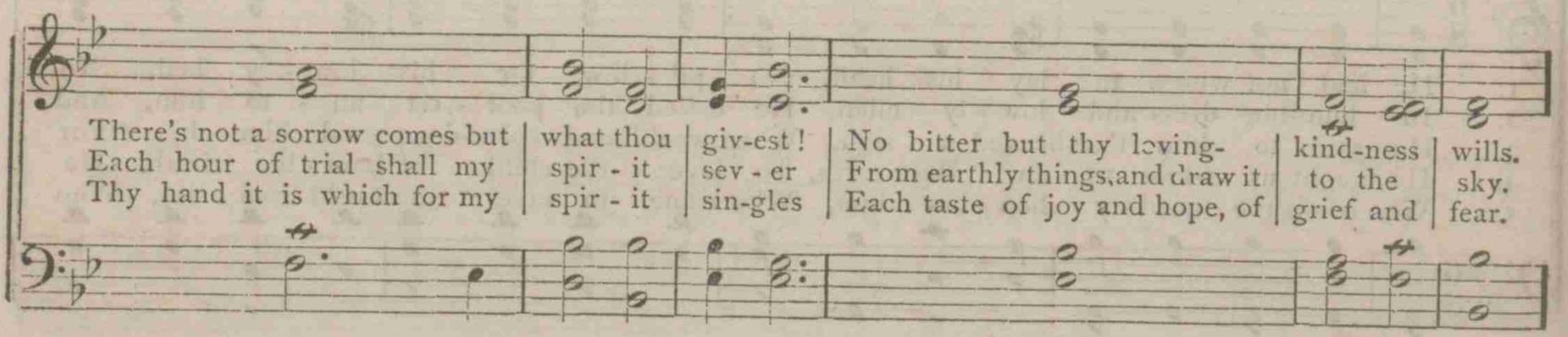
Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.



"Whom the Lord Loveth He Chasteneth." (Chant.)

Words by SARAH E. WOODWARD. Music by N. B. HOLLISTER.





Coda. (For last verse only.)



4. And, Father, 'tis thy tender hand that | leads me |
Along the path that I shall | tread be-|low; |
Why should I fear tho' twilight close a-|round me! | [ness | grow. |
Why tho' the shades of night to | black-

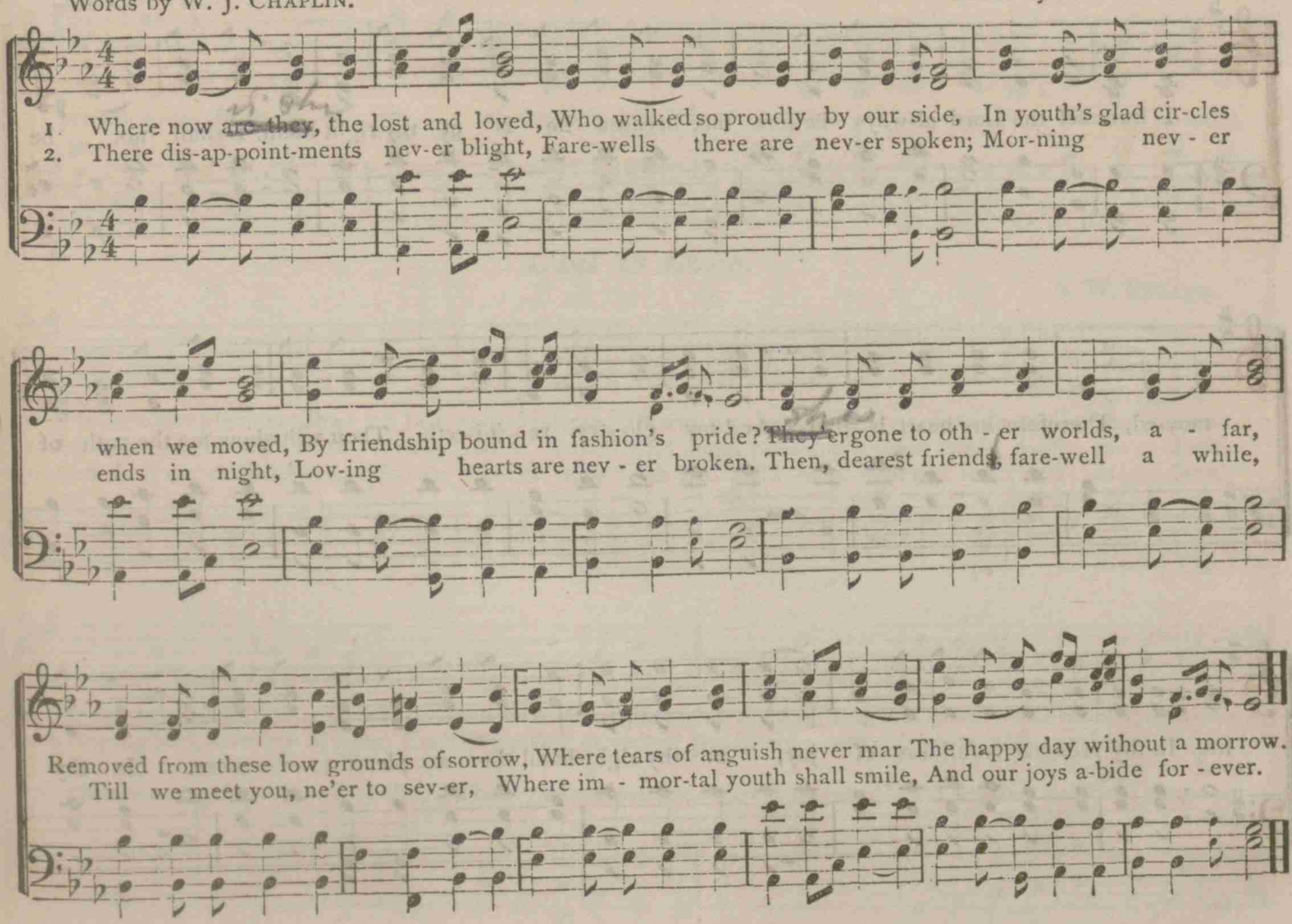
5. Is not my God my guide, the all-powerful | one? | [way! |
Has not my leader trod the | same dark |
Will not my Savior end the | work be-|gun. |
And bring me to the land of | perfect | day. |

6. My Father, now in this my perfect | weak- [hour; |
ness,
Give me strength equal to each | trying |
O make my spirit bow in | purest | meekness |
To learn this lesson, by thy | mighty |
power. |

7. Help me by faith to conquer every | feeling |
Which would oppose whate'er thy | love
pre-|pares; |
And in each trial, O, thy-|self re-|vealing, |
Do thou, my Savior, chase a-|way my | cares.

Departed Friends.

Words by W. J. CHAPLIN. Music by S. W. STRAUB.



I Have Set the Lord Always Before Me.

(ANTHEM.)

Moderato. P. W. HILL.

I have set the Lord al-ways be fore me, because he is at my right hand. I shall not be

mov-ed, Therefore my heart is glad, And my glo - ry re - joi-ceth. Thou wilt show me the path of

life. In thy presence is fullness of joy, at thy right hand there are pleasures ev-ermore. In thy

P. W. HILL.

all not be

me the path of

re. In thy

presence is fullness of joy, at thy right hand there are pleasures ev - ermore, For-ev - er-more.

God is Love.

S. W. STRAUB.

1. O what's this glorious | news we hear? | God is | love! | O who proclaims these | words so dear, | God is love.
2. All nature seeks this truth to tell, God is love! And angel hosts the chorus swell, God is love.
3. And shall not children sing this song, God is love? Oh yes! we'll sing it loud and long, God is love.

We've read them oft, but 'tis so sweet | To learn them at our | Savior's feet, | And hear him to our | souls repeat, | God is love.
Each singing bird, each ray of light, Each flower that meets our | wond'ring sight, | Repeats with ever | fresh delight | God is love.
And while we sing these | words so dear, | That "perfect love" re- | moves all fear, | We'll feel our Savior's | presence near, | God is love.

Are You Ready to Labor, my Brother?

Music by R. A. KINZIE.

1. Are you read - y to la - bor, my bro - ther, In the field of your Mas-ter and
2. Take your sick - le and go as a reap - er; There are pla-ces for workmen of
3. Thus, baptized with the spir - it of pow - er In your new con - se-cra-tion, a-
4. Do you ask of the wa - ges, my bro - ther? Not in gold or in sil-ver paid

Lord? Lift your eyes, it is whit'ning for har-vest! 'Neath the ri-pen-ing pow'r of the Word.
skill; But if this may not be, as a glean-er You can ren-der good help if you will.
way To the field of your du - ty and la-bor! For the Mas-ter expects you to-day.
down; But in peace, passing all un-der-stand-ing, And in heaven a la-bor-er's crown.

Chorus.

Hear-ken

true. O

1 { Je - sus, lov-
  { While the wa-
D. C. Safe in - to
2 { Oth-er ref-u
  { Leave, O leave
D. C. Cov-er my

. A. KINZIE.

r Mas-ter and
workmen of
-cra-tion, a-
sil-ver paid

of the Word.
o if you will.
ou to-day.
or-er's crown.

Chorus.

Hear-ken now to the hus-band-man call-ing For more la - bor - ers faith - ful and

true. O de - lay not, my bro-ther, de-lay not; Is the Master not call-ing for you?

Martyn. S. B. MARSH.

Fine. *D. C.*

1 { Je - sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly, } { Hide me, O, my Sav-ior hide, }
{ While the wa-ters near me roll, While the tempest still is nigh; } { Till the storm of life is past; }
D. C. Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, O, receive my soul at last.

2 { Oth-er ref-uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee; } { All my trust on thee is stayed; }
{ Leave, O leave me not a-lone: Still sup-port and comfort me; } { All my help from thee I bring; }
D. C. Cov-er my de-fence-less head With the shadow of thy wing.

The Christian's Song.

Words by Rev. J. D. WYCKOFF. Music by E. A. HANCHET.

1. There's an old, old song of a love so deep, That its choi-cest treasure it would not keep,
2. You may seem to sing with no hear-ers now, And the thorns, not lau-rels, may crown your brow,
3. O! the cease-less praise that we there shall sing; Here its ech - o falls, there its full chimes ring.

Till it blessed a world with its dawn-ing light Of a sun that scat-ters the dark-est night.
If you love it here, in the din and strife, 'Twill be sweeter soon by the tree of life.
But the end - less years will be none too long, To re-cite the love of this old, old song.

Chorus.

'Tis the song

ev - er it

Cheerful.

1. How beauteous
2. How hap-py a
3. The Lord make

Chorus.

'Tis the song and sto - ry of Christ's sweet love Coming down to us from the realms a-bove; Where-

ev - er it stops and wher-ev - er it flows, Still rich - er and sweet-er and pur - er it grows.

How Beauteous are their Feet.

Cheerful. S. W. STRAUB.

1. How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zi-on's hill; Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal.
2. How hap-py are our ears, That hear this joyful sound, Which kings and prophets waited for, And sought, but never found.
3. The Lord makes bare his arm Through all the earth abroad; Let ev-ery na-tion now behold Their Savior and their God.

Come Unto Me.

Words by MARY A. STRAUB.

From "The Charm," by per.
Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. Come un - to me, ye wea-ry, heav-y la - den, Come, saith our Fa-ther, un - to me and rest;
2. Learn God's commandments, love ye one an - oth - er, E - ven as Je - sus his dis-ci-ples taught;
3. In paths of vir - tue walk ye stea-dy for-ward, Drink pur-est plea-sure from the fount of love;

Lay down your bur-dens, learn the precious sto - ry, How God, the Fa-ther, makes his children blest.
Speak words of com-fort to the sad and wea-ry, Learn words of wis-dom, pur-est gems of thought.
Lean-ing in faith up - on thy heavenly Fa - ther, Thus shalt thou share his bless-ing from a-bove.

CHORUS.

O, come un-to me O come un-to me.

O, come un - to me, O, come un - to me, O, come un - to me, ye wea-ry heav-y la-

O, come un-to me, And I will give you rest.

den, Come un - to me, O, come un - to me, And I will give you rest.

Greenville.

ROSSEAU.

1. Gra - cious God, our heaven-ly Fa-ther, Meet and bless our school, we pray;
   As in hum - ble trust we ga-ther, Teach-ers, schol-ars, here to - day.
   May thy love, our souls pos - sess-ing, Draw us near - er to thy throne.
2. Weak, im - per - fect, tempt-ed, err-ing, From thy pre-cepts, Lord, we stray;
   Let thy spir - it, from our wan-dering, Bring us back to vir - tue's way;
   In thy fa - vor, Lord, a - bid-ing, In thy peace and pu - ri - ty.

D. C.

Ev - ery joy and ev - 'ry bless-ing, From thy boun-teous hand we own;
Hum-ble, pen - i - tent, con - fid - ing, May we rest our hope in thee;

The Beautiful Light.

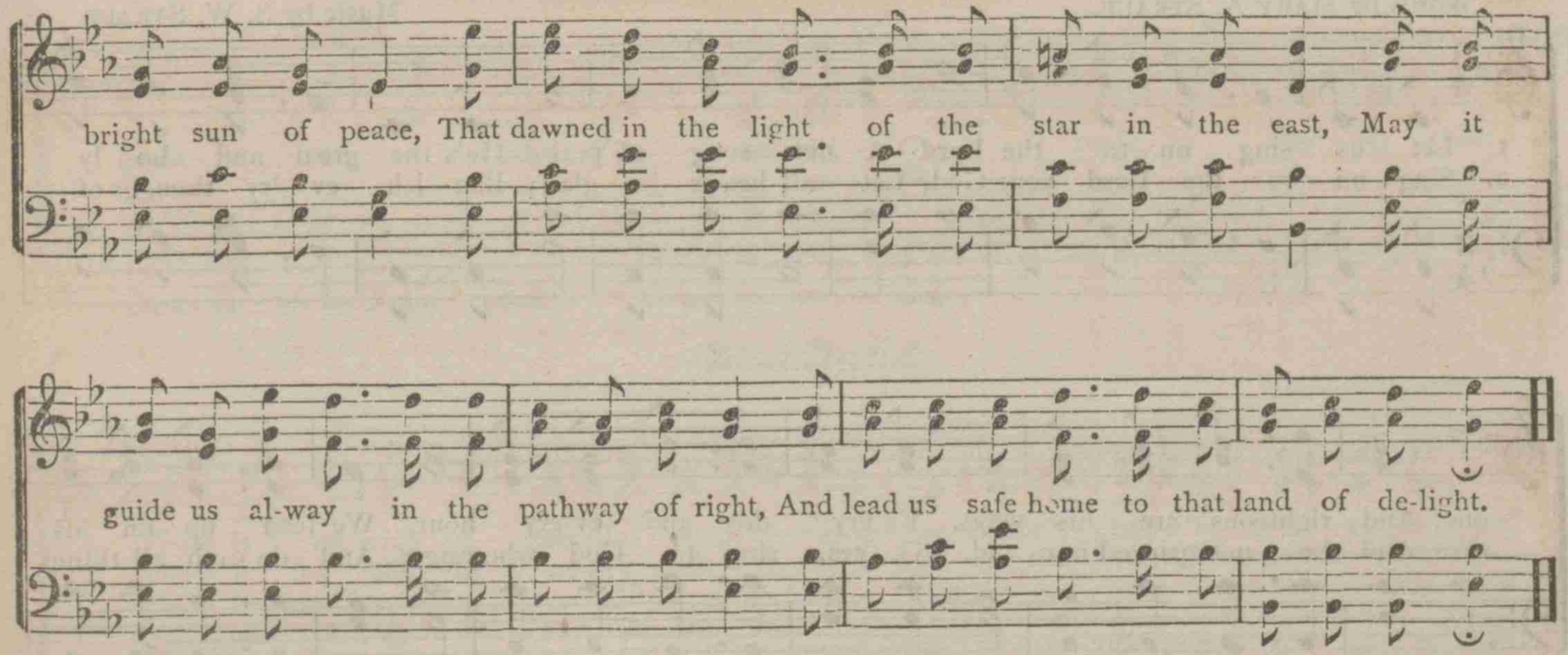
Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful light in the land of the fair, That gui-deth the wea - ry-worn
2. There's a beau - ti - ful light in our blest home on high, Fair - er than the light from the
3. O that beau - ti - ful light is a bea-con se-rene, That e'er for the faith-ful il-

trav - el - er there; The earth - ly lights glim - mer and fade all a - way, As
star - beam-ing sky; By faith our fond vi - sion looks o - ver the stream, And
lumes the "Unseen," And ev - er, though life's heav-ing bil - lows may roll, 'Twill

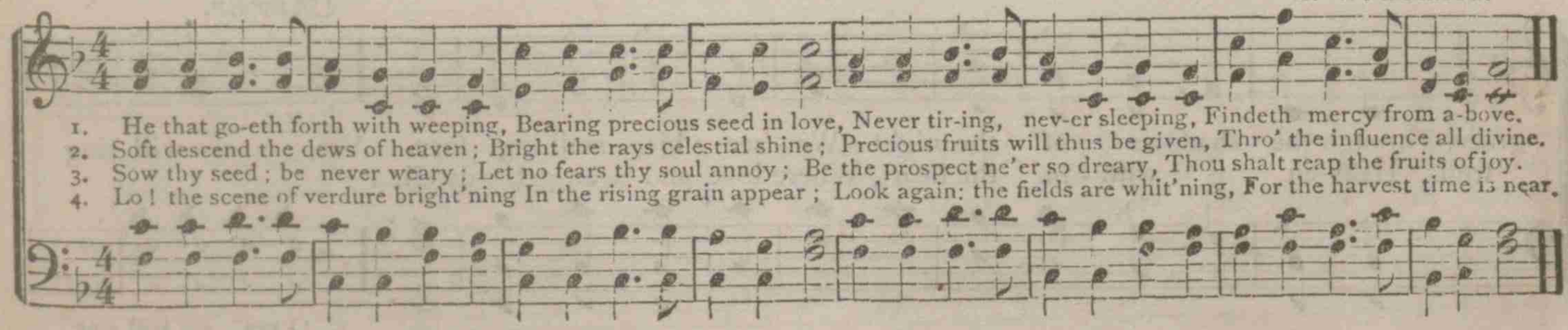
near-eth the pil - grim the realms of bright day.
catch we a glimpse of its ra - di - ant gleam. O the beau - ti - ful light, the
guide safe - ly home to the land of the soul.

CHORUS.



He that Goeth Forth with Weeping.

S. W. STRAUB.



Let us Sing unto the Lord.

Words by MARY A. STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. Let us sing un - to the Lord A new song of praise. He's the great and ho - ly one, And righteous are his ways. Ev-ery day and ev-ery hour, We lean up - on his
2. Sing un - to the Lord your God, Let all hearts be glad; Ban - ish ev - 'ry thought of care, And be not grieved nor sad. O yes, sing to God who reigns, And do - eth all things

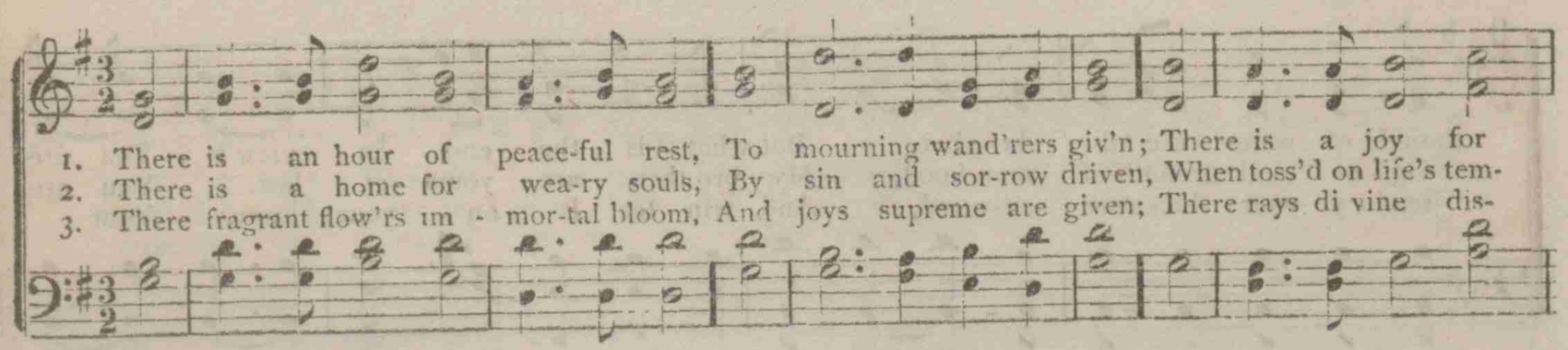
Chorus.

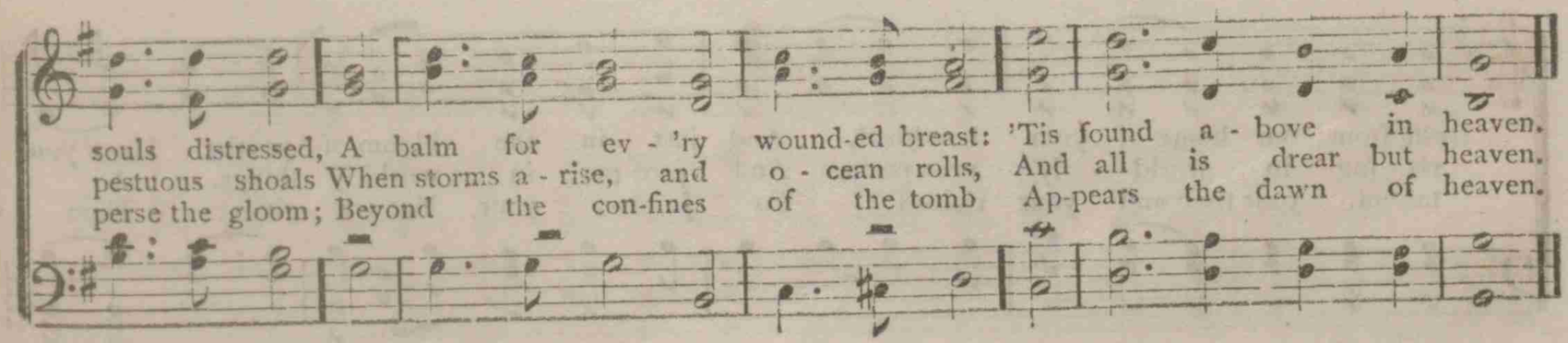
grace; Through the shadows of the night We see his smil-ing face. Yes, we will sing
well. Heav-en is with - in the heart, Where love and an-gels dwell.

O yes, we will sing


prais - es un - to God. Yes, we will sing prais - es un - to God.
prais - es un - to God. O yes, we will sing

Woodland.


1. There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To mourning wand'rers giv'n; There is a joy for
2. There is a home for wea-ry souls, By sin and sor-row driven, When toss'd on life's tem-
3. There fragrant flow'rs im - mor-tal bloom, And joys supreme are given; There rays di vine dis-


souls distressed, A balm for ev - 'ry wound-ed breast: 'Tis found a - bove in heaven.
pestuous shoals When storms a - rise, and o - cean rolls, And all is drear but heaven.
perse the gloom; Beyond the con-fines of the tomb Ap-pears the dawn of heaven.

What Are You Going to Do, Brother?

Music by R. A. KINZIE.

1. O what are you go-ing to do, bro-ther? Say what are you go-ing to do? You have thought of some use-ful la - bor, But what is the end in view? You are
2. O what are you go-ing to do, bro-ther? The morning of youth is past. The vig - or and strength of man-hood, My bro-ther, are yours at last. You are
3. O what are you go-ing to do, bro-ther? The twi-light ap - proach - es now. Al- read - y your locks are sil-vered, And win - ter is on your brow, Your

fresh from the home of your boy-hood, And just in the bloom of youth; Have you
ris - ing in world - ly pros-pects, And pros-per in world-ly things. A
tal-ent, your time and your rich-es To Je - sus your Mas-ter give; Then

tast-ed
du - ty
ask if

heart in
prove that
near-ing

what are you
what are you
what are you

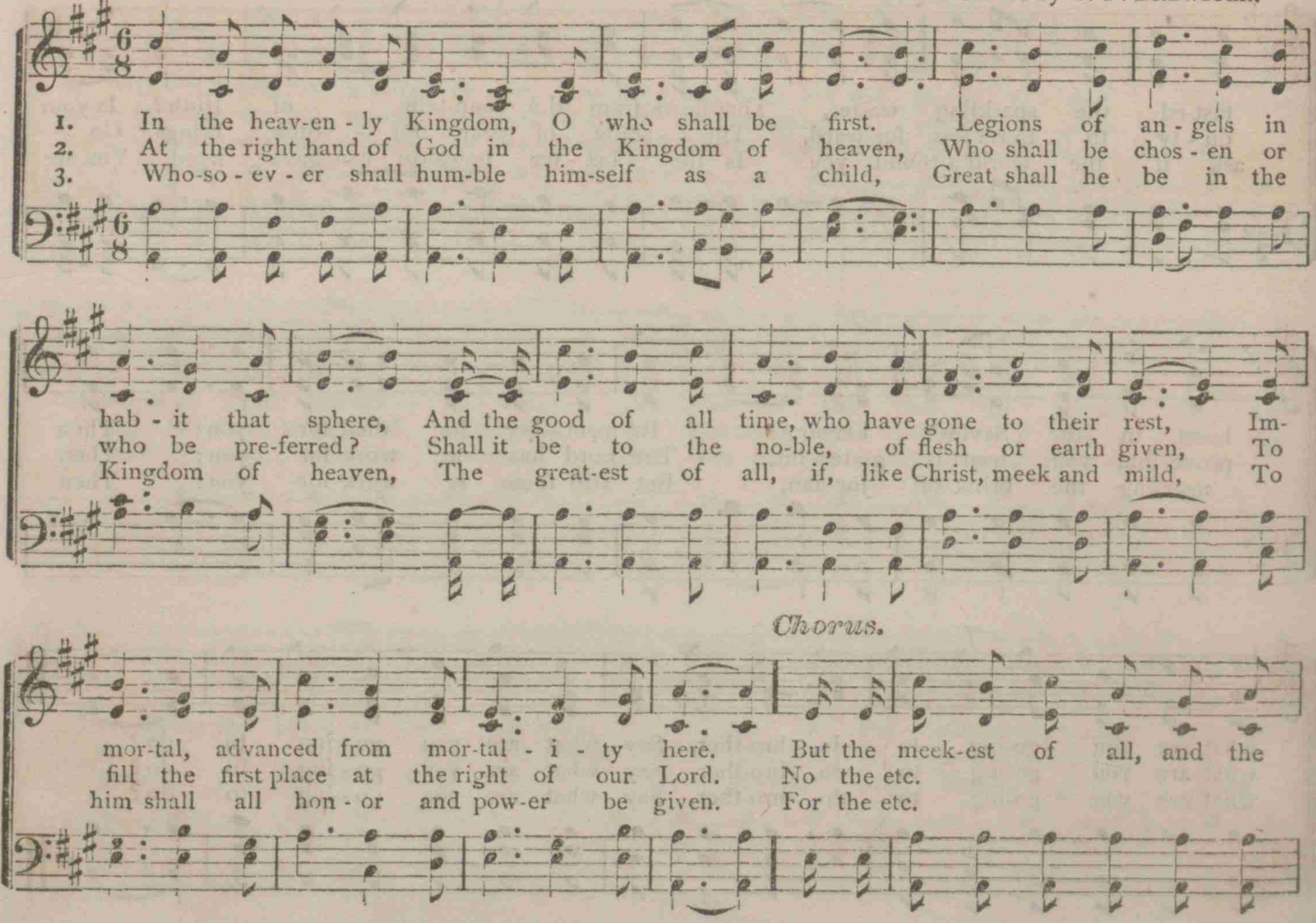
tast-ed the sparkling wa-ter, That flows from the foun-tain of truth? Is your
du - ty to those less for-ward, The smile of your for - tune brings. Go
ask if the world a-round you Is the bet - ter be-cause you have lived. You are

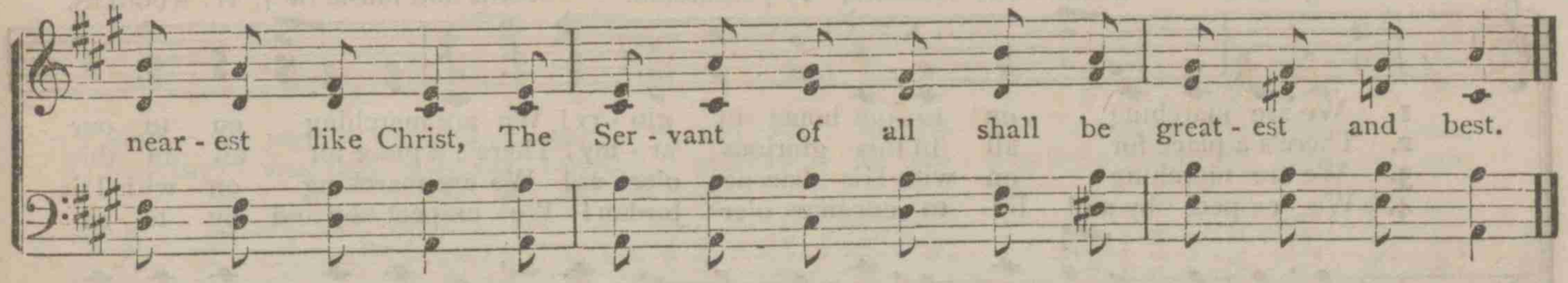
heart in the Savior's keeping? Re-mem - ber he died for you; Then
prove that your heart is grate - ful, The Lord has a work for you; Then
near-ing the brink of Jor-dan, But still there is work for you; Then

what are you go-ing to do, bro-ther, Say what are you go - ing to do?
what are you go-ing to do, bro-ther, Say what are you go - ing to do?
what are you go-ing to do, bro-ther, Say what are you go - ing to do?

Who Shall be Greatest?

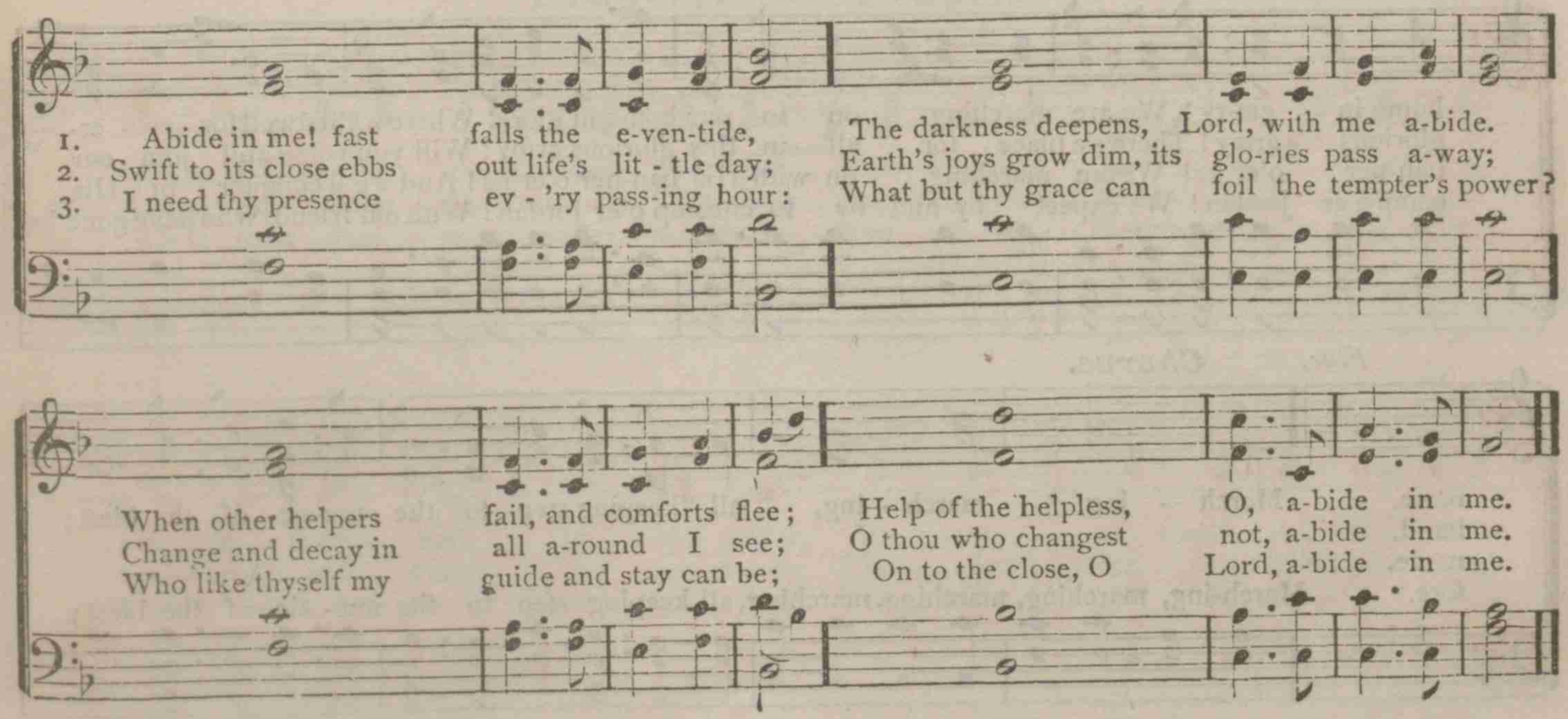
Words and Music by C. F. BREWSTER.





Abide with Me.

S. W. Straub.



We are Marching on.

In marching time. From "The Treasure," by permission. Words and music by J. W. RUGGLES.

1. We are marching on to our home in glo - ry! We are marching on to our
2. There's a place for all in this glorious ar - my! There's a place for all in this
3. We are marching on with His ban-ner o'er us! We are marching on with His
4. We ex-pect by and by to encamp o'er Jordan! We ex-pect by and by to en-

home in glo-ry! We are marching on to our home in glory! Where we'll dwell for - ev - er-
glorious army! There's a place for all in this glorious army! Will you come and join our
ban-ner o'er us! We are marching on with His ban-ner o'er us! And we'll conquer in His
camp o'er Jordan! We expect by and by to encamp o'er Jordan! With our friends who have gone be-

Fine. *Chorus.*

more. March - ing, march - ing, all keeping step to the mu-sic of the blest;
band.
name.
fore. March-ing, marching, marching, marching, all keeping step to the mu - sic of the blest;

D. C.

Sing - ing, sing - ing glo - ry to him who hath given his wea - ry rest.
Sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing glo - ry to him who hath given his wea - ry rest.

Prayer, Sweet Prayer.

1. When torn is the bo - som with sor - row and care, Be it ev - er so
2. When far from the friends we hold dear - est, we part, What fond re - col-
3. While stran - gers to prayer, we are stran - gers to bliss, Heav'n pours its full

sim - ple, there's noth - ing like prayer; It eas - es, soothes, soft - ens, sub-
lec - tions still clings to the heart; Past con - verse, past scenes, past en-
streams through no me - dium but this! And till we the se - raph's full

dues, yet sustains, Gives vig - or to hope, and puts pas - sion in chains.
joy - ments are there, How hurt - ful - ly pleas-ing 'till hal - lowed by prayer. Prayer,
ec - sta - cy share, Our chal - ice of joy must be guard - ed by prayer.

prayer, O sweet prayer, Be it ev - er so sim-ple, there's noth - ing like prayer.

The Voice of Jesus.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. From the hills of Ju - de - a, there came a sweet voice, Saying like one from a - bove, "As my
2. In the valleys that wind 'mong the ho - ly old hills Was heard and is ech - o - ing ev-er, "Love
3. On the winds that blow soft-ly o'er Pal-es-tine land, Flowed sweet as a heav-en-ly lay,

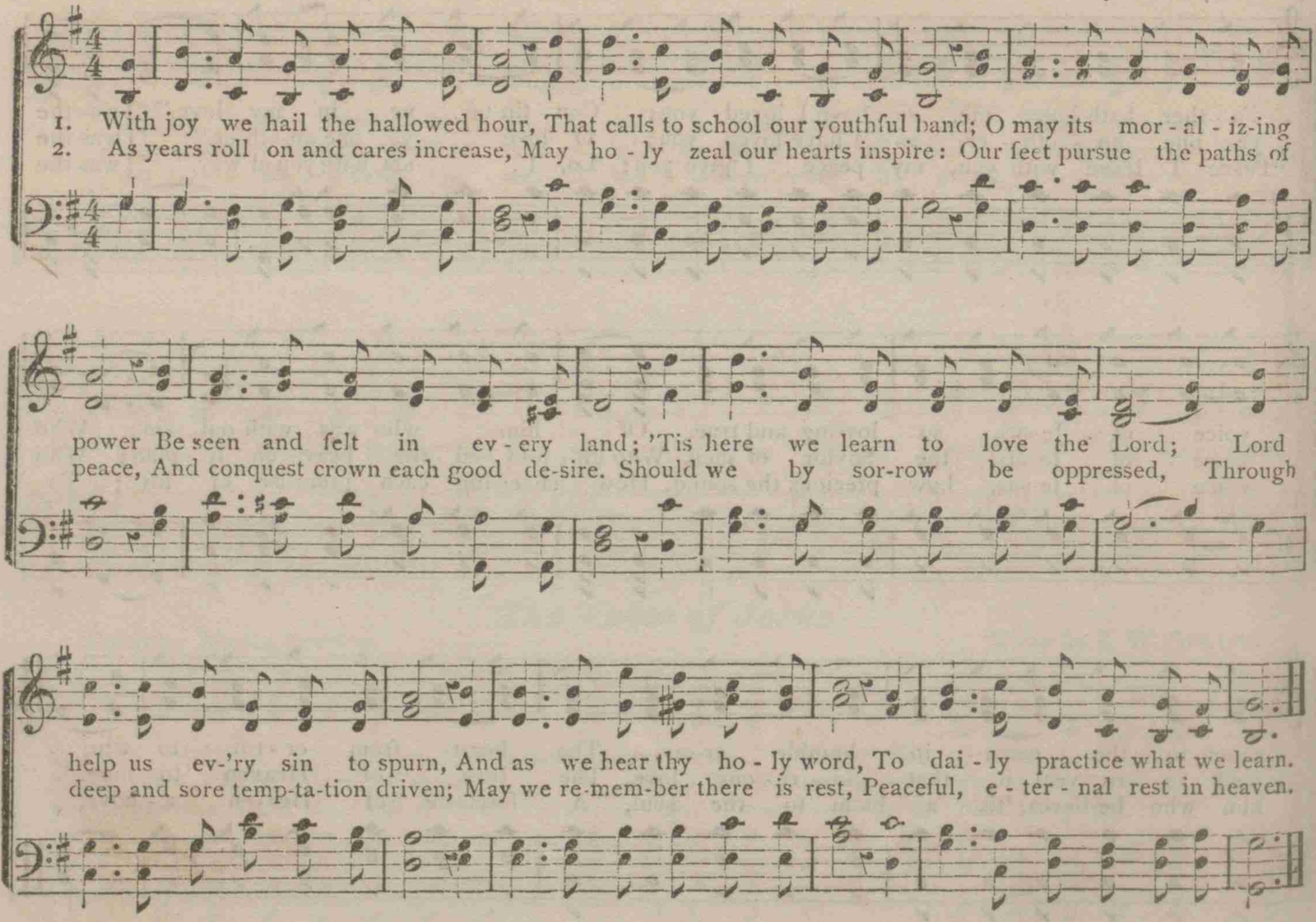
Fa - ther hath loved me, so have I loved you; Con - tin-ue ye in my love." 'Twas the
ye one an - oth - er as I have loved you; O love ye one an-oth-er." 'Twas the
"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give you; Lo, I am with you al-way." 'Twas the

voice of Je-sus, so lov-ing and true, Of him who was with-out sin; Who
voice of Je-sus, the Savior of men, Who un - fold - ed the heav - en - ly plan; Who
voice of Je-sus, how precious the sound, How cheer-ing each prom-ise of love; To

came to the earth in humble ar-ray, The heart from er - ror to win.
died to re - veal it, that glo - ri - ous love, The love of Heaven to man.
him who be-lieves, 'tis a balm to the soul, A foretaste of Heaven a - bove.

Sabbath School Hymn.

Words by IRA W. HILL. Music by P. W. HILL.



P. W. HILL.

mor - al - iz-ing
ue the paths of

Lord; Lord
essed, Through

ice what we learn.
al rest in heaven.

Our Happy Home.

From "The Treasure," by permission. S. C. HARDING.

1. In that world of an-cient sto-ry, Where no storms can ev - er come, There our Saviour dwells in
2. As we jour-ney on to Zi - on, Let us lend a help-ing hand To the weak and trembling
3. Let us nev-er be dis-cour-aged, Or be "Wea-ry do - ing well;" For the thing that most may

Chorus.

glo - ry, There re-mains for us a home. Happy home, hap-py home! Je-sus
pil-grims, Who have joined our hap - py band.
pros-per, On - ly God him-self can tell. hap-py home, hap-py home! Jesus

bids his followers come To that land of bliss and glo-ry, Our hap-py, hap-py home.
bids his followers come to that home, To that land of bliss and glo-ry, Our hap-py, hap-py home.

May We Dwell in that Peaceful Clime.

Words and Music by MARY W. EHLERS.

Arranged by S. W. STRAUB.

Moderato.

1. There are gates of pearl, And a crys - tal sea, And streets of gold, We may wan - der
2. There's a robe of white, And a crown of gold; There are joys un-fad-ing, And pleas-ures un-
3. There the ran-som'd dwell In glo - rious light, Where comes no pain, Where comes no

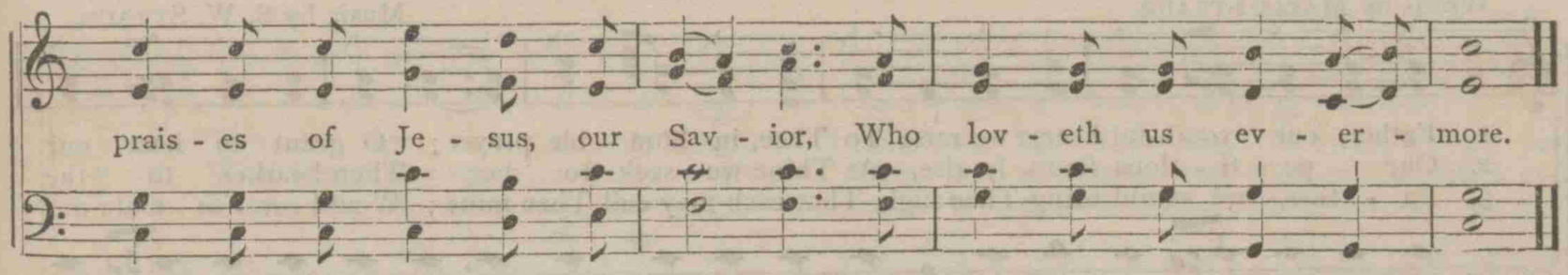
free; There's a home of joy, and ra - di - ance fair, That beau-ti-ful home, oh, may we share.
told; There's a sound of harp and heav - en - ly song, O may we join that glo-rious throng.
night; There the wea - ry rest, all wan-der - ings cease; O may we share that per - fect peace.

Chorus.

May we dwell in that peace - ful clime, And sing on that gold - en shore, The

May we dwell

And sing



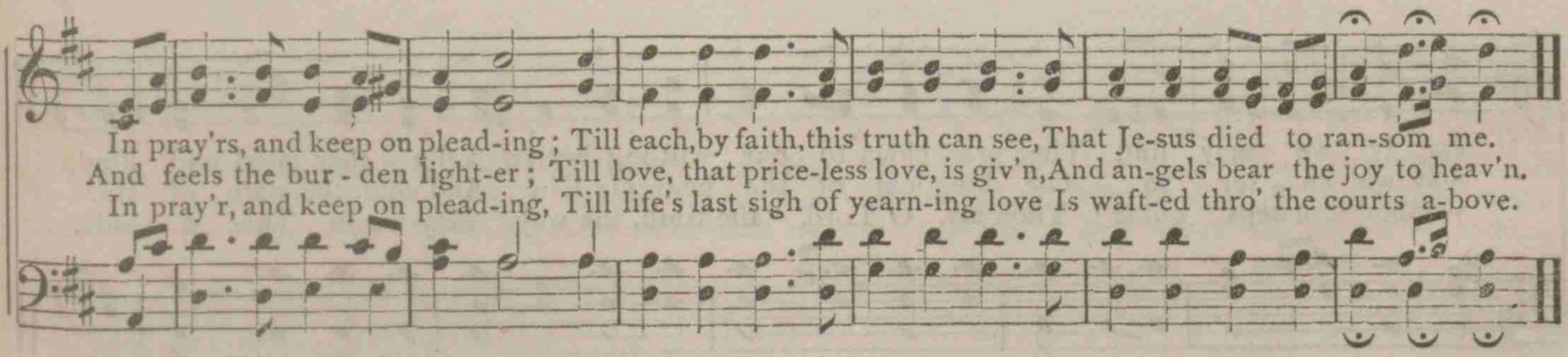
Labor, Watch, Wait.

P. P. BLISS.



1. We'll toil and la - bor, watch and wait, While Christ is in-ter - ced-ing; We'll bring our class to mercy's gate,
2. When hope this precious truth reveals, And faith is grow-ing bright-er; Be-side the cross the sin-ner kneels,
3. Oh, then we'll la-bor, watch and wait, While Christ is in-ter - ced-ing, And bring our class to mer-cy's gate,





In pray'rs, and keep on plead-ing; Till each, by faith, this truth can see, That Je-sus died to ran-som me.
And feels the bur - den light-er; Till love, that price-less love, is giv'n, And an-gels bear the joy to heav'n.
In pray'r, and keep on plead-ing, Till life's last sigh of yearn-ing love Is waft-ed thro' the courts a-bove.

Our Youthful Hearts we Raise.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. Father, our youth-ful hearts we raise To Thee, in hum - ble prayer; O grant to hear our
2. Our pe - ti - tions free - ly rise, As Thine we seek to be; Then hearken to "the
3. Fa - ther, we would bring Thee nigh, That each may call Thee mine; Would con - se - crate our

feeble words, Send us Thy bless - ings rare. Yes, ear - ly would we seek Thy face, That
lit-tle ones," And help them come to Thee. Our trusting hearts be - lieve in Thee, Then
hearts to Thee, And make us tru - ly Thine Then lead us gent - ly in the way, Our

ear - ly we may find Thee pre - cious to our will-ing hearts, A Fa - ther good and kind.
may we en - ter in The kingdom of the heavenly King, And shun the path of sin.
youthful footsteps guide; Thou art, O Lord, "the truth, the way," May we in Thee a - bide.

W. STRAUB.

to hear our
ken to "the
- se - crate our

Thy face, That
in Thee, Then
the way, Our

ood and kind.
ath of sin.
hee a - bide.

Music by R. A. KINZIE..

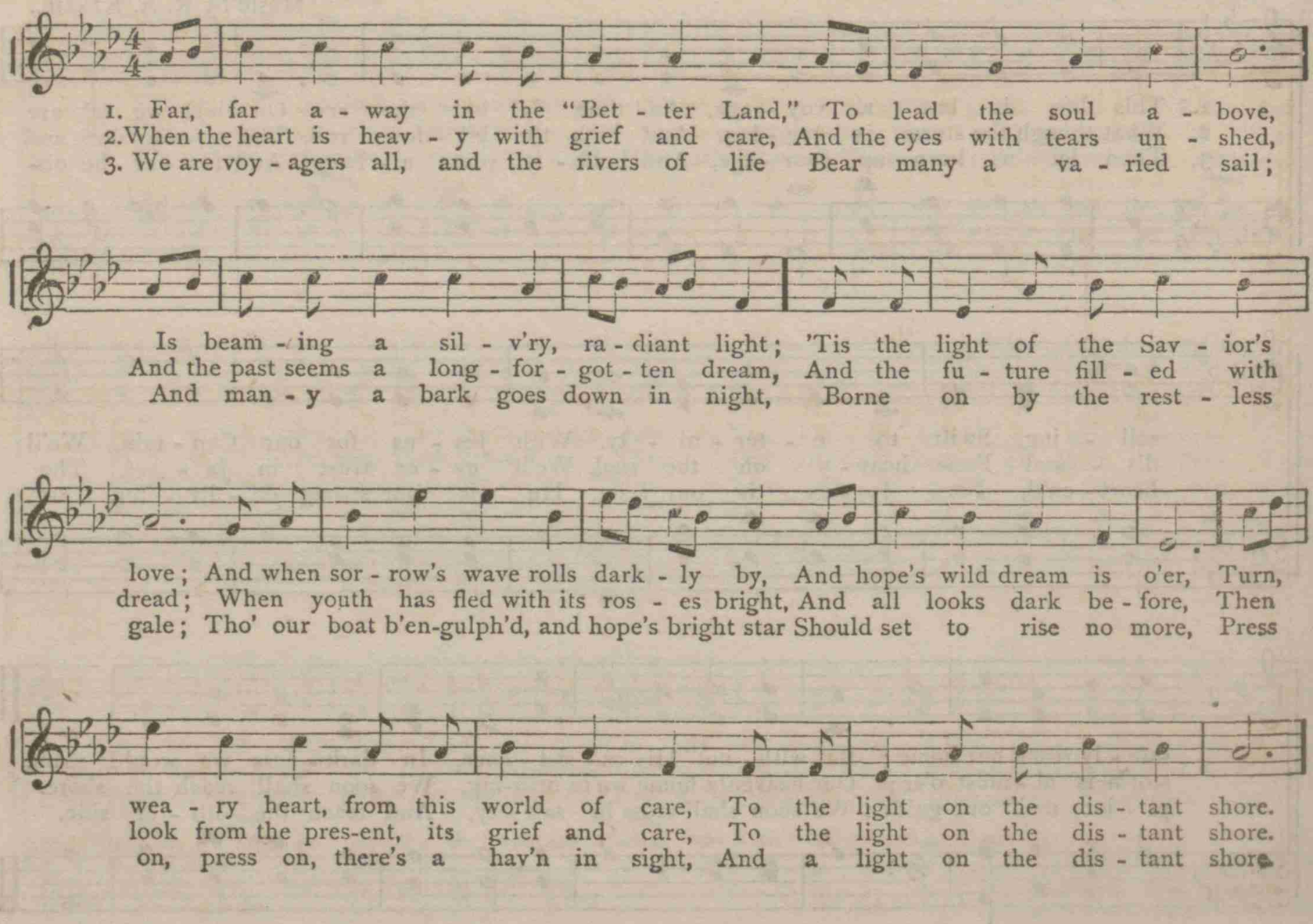
1. This life is but a voy - age, And time is but the sea On which we all are
2. What though the storm is rag - ing, And high the bil - lows roll, Tho' sor-rows dark and
3. Then let us keep up cour - age, And bold - ly press a - long; And nev - er be dis-

sail - ing, Swift to e - ter - ni - ty. With Jes - us for our Cap - tain, We'll
dis - mal Press heav - y on the soul. We'll ev - er trust in Je - sus, The
heart - en'd, For Jes - us is our song. He is our strong de - liv - 'rer, Our

safe - ly reach our home; But with - out His as - sist - ance, In dark - ness we would roam.
storm is al - most o'er; Our heavenly home we're near-ing, We soon shall reach the shore.
pi - lot and our guide; We soon shall cross in safe - ty, And reach the oth - er side.

The Light on the Distant Shore.

Solo. V. E. MARSTON. From "S. S. Melodist," by permission.



by permission.

a - bove,
un - shed,
ried sail;

Sav - ior's
- ed with
rest - less

s o'er, Turn,
e - fore, Then
o more, Press

s - tant shore.
s - tant shore.
s - tant shore.

Chorus.

Press on, press on, there's a ha - ven just in sight, And a light on the dis - tant shore;

Press on, press on, there's a ha - ven just in sight, And a light on the dis - tant shore;

Press on, press on, there's a ha - ven just in sight, And a light on the dis - tant shore.

Press on, press on, there's a ha - ven just in sight, And a light on the dis - tant shore.

From PALMER'S "S. S. Songs," by permission. Words and Music by H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For weakness is sin, Each vict'y will help us Some other to win ;
2. Shun e - vil companions, Bad language disdain, God's name hold in rev'rence, Nor take it in vain ;
3. To him that o'er-cometh God giveth a crown, Thro' faith we shall conquer, Tho' often cast down ;

Fight manfully onward, Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
Be thoughtful and earnest, Kind hearted and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
He who is the Savior Our strength will re-new, Look ev - er to Je - sus He'll car - ry you through.

Refrain.

Repeat pp ad. lib.

Ask the Savior to help you, Comfort, strengthen and keep you, He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

Solo.

1. When we l
2. We shall me
3. All God's chi

Chorus

O th

O that

land,

sum-mer

r to win ;
it in vain ;
n cast down ;

y you through.
y you through.
y you through.

upp ad. lib.

arry you through.

Words and Music by S. W. STRAUB.

Solo.

1. When we leave our home below, When we cross the silent strand, We shall dwell for evermore In that beautiful summer land.
2. We shall meet the dear ones gone, "We shall know each other there." We shall share their bliss and joy, In that beautiful land so fair.
3. All God's children there we'll meet, When we reach the shining shore, And we'll join the happy throng And sing praises for evermore.

Chorus.

O that beau-ti-ful land, O that beau-ti-ful land, O that beau-ti-ful

O that bless-ed sum-mer land, Where we'll dwell for ev - er - more ; O that bless - ed

Rit.

land,

sum-mer land, Where we'll dwell for ev - er - more ; O that beau - ti - ful sum-mer land,

Twilight Hour.

Duet.

Words and Music by P. W. Hill.

Soprano. *Andante.*

1. How sweet the twi-light hour to me, When peaceful night has come, When whisp'ring breeze comes o'er the

Alto.*

lea, And tells me day is done.

2. Fair day recedes behind the screen,
Night puts her mantle on;
The moon and stars look on the scene,
And worship on their throne.

3. How fit a time as day departs
To call our wand'rings in.
And search into our very hearts
For ev'ry lurking sin.

4. Lord, cleanse our souls from ev'ry stain
Transgression makes; and when
We through thy grace a vict'ry gain,
We'll shout a loud Amen,

5. And as we near the peaceful shore,
From serfs and breakers free,
O may our souls, as life is o'er,
Like day, repose in Thee.

* This part is better for Base voice.

W. HILL.

omes o'er the

screen,
;
the scene,
one.
rts
.
earts

n ev'ry stain
nd when
t'ry gain,
,
l shore,
free,
o'er,
.

Help Us, Lord.

Words and Music by C. R. REED.

Thoughtfully.

1. Fa-ther of light and love di - vine, Let thy good-ness on us shine; Cleanse our hearts and make us free;
2. Gent - ly lead us day by day In the straight and nar-row way; May we lean on thy strong arm;
3. Help us, Lord, thy will to know, As we jour - ney here be-low; Grant, that when our work is done,

We are but Young. L. M.

S. W. STRAUB.

May we ev - er trust in thee.
Do thou keep us safe from harm.
We at last may wear the crown.

1. We are but young, yet we may sing The prais - es
2. We are but young, we need a guide; Je - sus, in
3. We are but young, yet God has shed Un - num-ber'd

of our heav'n-ly King; He made the earth, the sea, the sky, And all the star - ry worlds on high.
thee we would con-fide; O lead us in the path of truth, Pro-tect and help our help-less youth.
bless-ings on our head; Then let our youth in rip - er days Be all de - vot - ed to his praise.

The River of Life.

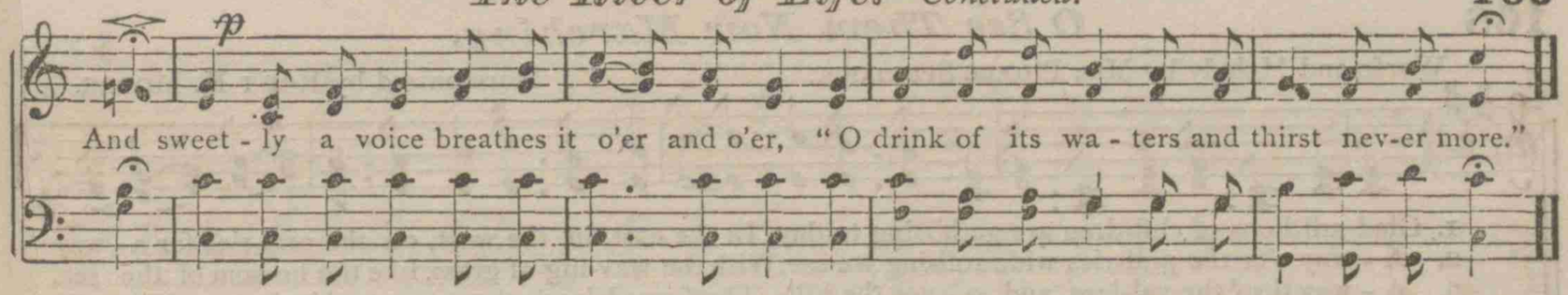
Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

Allegretto. "And he showed me a pure river of water of life."

1. O come ye and drink of the riv -er of life Whose waters with heavenly beauties are rife; 'Twas Je - sus that told of that beau - ti - ful stream, That ev - er is flow - ing yet nev - er is seen.
2. To weary worn trav'ler no longer a dream, How sweetly refreshing the cool gushing stream; But sweeter the bliss heavens pil - grim doth know, Who drinks from the stream where the healing waves flow.
3. All ye who are seeking a bright home a - bove, Come drink of the water whose fountain is love; O come without money, and come without price, And free - ly par - take of the wa - ters of life.

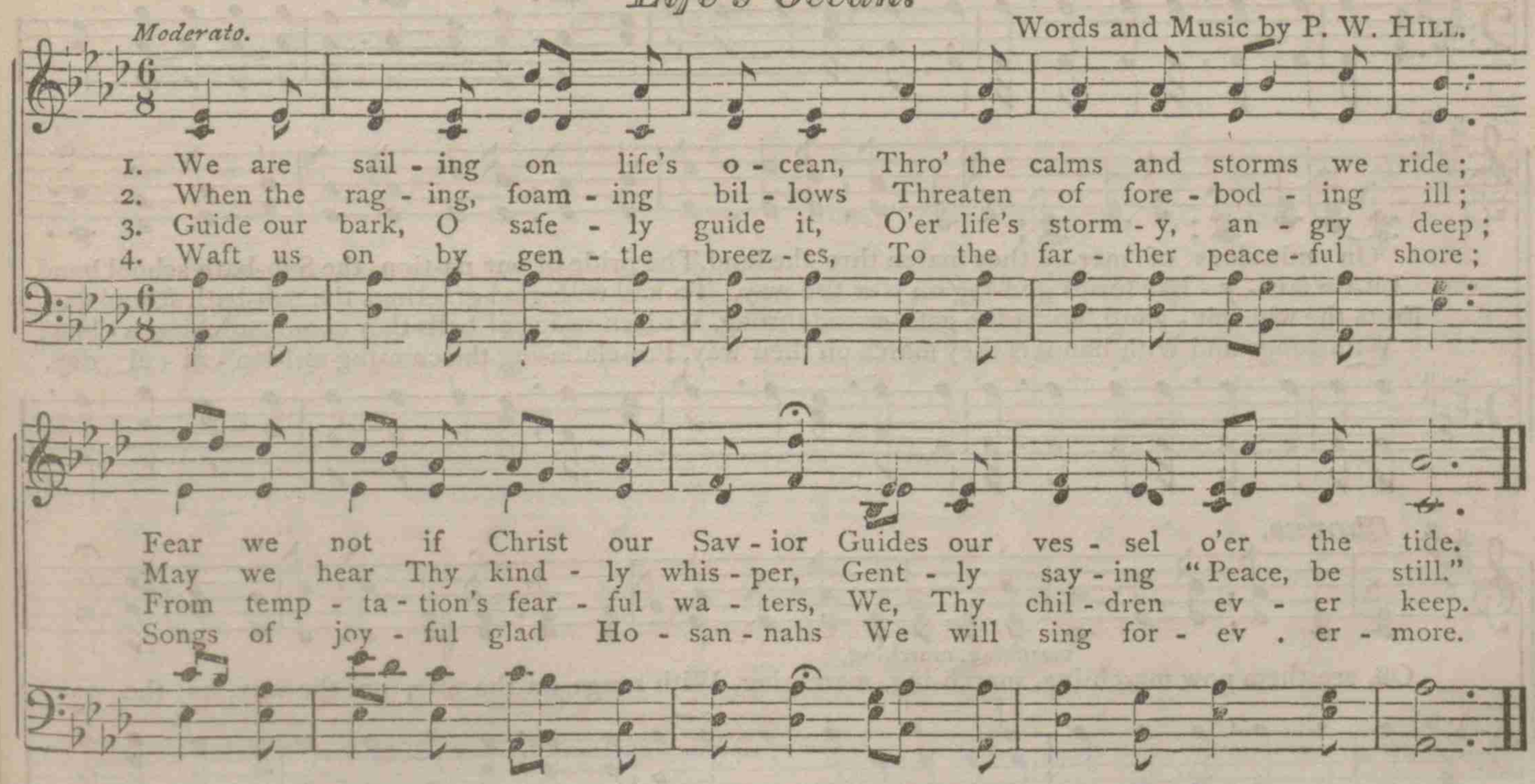
Chorus. *f*

'Tis flow - ing, 'tis flow - ing, a ra-di-ant sheen, The riv - er of life, though it nev - er is seen;



Life's Ocean.

Words and Music by P. W. HILL.



O See Them Now Marching.

Words and Melody by Mrs. PHŒBE SPURLOCK. Harmonized by ROB'T K. MOORE.

1. Glad mil-lions of chil-dren are gath'r-ing to-day, In the east, in the west, on the prai-ries far a - way;
2. A - way o'er the prai-ries wide roll-ing we see, With the wav-ing of grass, like the bo-som of the sea,
3. A - way thro' the val-leys, and o - ver the hills, Thro' wood-lands they come, and by low gush-ing rills,
4. Like stars of the morn-ing that her-ald the light, Ere the sun com-eth forth in the strength of his might,

On mis-sions of mer-cy they march thro' the land, The pride of our na-tion, the Sab-bath school band.
Lit-tle fair - y - like forms glid-ing on o'er the way, To hail with glad greetings the Sab-bath school day.
From the wide cit - y full, 'midst the gath-er-ing throng, With chim-ing of bells they come marching a - long.
With songs and with banners they march on their way, Pro-claim-ing the com-ing mil-len - ni - al day.

Chorus.

marching, marching,
Oh, see them now march-ing, march-ing, march-ing, With songs, on the way, on the way, on the way,
marching, marching,

Bound for the land where the an - gels are harp-ing, The cit - y a - bove that is bright-er than day.

No Need of Fear.

Words by MRS. O. C. WOOD. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

Moderato.

1. Tho' death be a dark and a shad - ow - y vale, And chill - ing and damp be the tomb,
2. Our souls are not laid in the cold, si - lent grave, And ban - ish'd for - ev - er from sight;
3. God takes the freed spir - it to man-sions of bliss; There the pure and the beau - ti - ful roam.

No ills need we fear, for the Sav - ior is near, To dis - pel ev - 'ry shad - ow of gloom.
'Tis the bod - y of clay that is thus laid a - way, To rest thro' the lapse of life's night.
To that ha - ven of rest at our Fa-ther's be - hest, With the an - gels for - ev - er at home.

Look Beyond the Rolling Tide.

Words by Rev. L. WHITE. Music by C. R. REED.

1. See the tints of heavenly glo - ry, Streaming up the glow - ing sky; Swift - er
2. Now the day of our sal - va - tion, Pours its rays of gold - en light; Waft the
3. Hark, the an - gels loud - ly sing - ing, How their might - y cho - rus rolls; Hear it
4. We'll be safe from all temp - ta - tion, Rocks and storms we'll fear no more; Swell the

Chorus.

fly their gold - en shad - ows, They will reach us by and by. Look be-yond the roll-ing
tid - ings, dark blue o - cean, To the na - tions bound in night.
swell - ing, sweet - ly tell - ing Of the joys of ran - som'd souls.
cho - rus, all cre - a - tion, Waft it round from shore to shore.

tide, Where the bound-ing billows roll Look to Him, your heavenly guide, He will soothe your weary soul.

C. R. REED.

; Swift - er
; Waft the
; Hear it
; Swell the

yond the roll-ing

othe your weary soul,

OCCASIONAL PIECES,

For Concerts, Anniversaries, Festivals, Etc.

Greeting.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. We meet a - gain 'mid fes - tive joys, And take each friend-ly hand, While rar - est, sweet-est mel - o - dies A-

Chorus.

wake the cho - ral band. We come a gay and hap - - py band, We

We come a gay and hap - py band, We come a gay and hap - py band,

come a gay and hap - py band, To sing the fes - tive song.

2. We meet where oft we've met before,
Each loving heart to greet;
And happy thoughts and happy song,
All blend in union sweet.
We come a gay, etc.

3. Thus may we meet each other oft,
To sing the festive lay;
And may the love that binds us here
Unite our souls alway.
We come a gay, etc.

110

Happy and Free.

Words by MARIAN.

Music by MARY E. TALLMAN.

Allegro.

1. Here we are a lit - tle band, We're joined in heart, we're joined in hand; In our work and
2. Par - ents dear we love you well, It is a theme we oft would tell; For you're al - ways
3. Our heav'n-ly Fath - er, too, we love, He smiles up - on us from a - bove; He tells us all to

Chorus.

in our play, We will still be blithe and gay. Hap - py and free, hap - py and free, Lit - tle
kind and good, Giv - ing us our clothes and food.
do the right, Watch-iug o'er us day and night.

girls and boys are we; We're joined in heart, we're joined in hand, Here we are a hap - py band.

Words by MRS. S

Allegro.

1. O bea
2. I think
3. And tho

tis - sue
moun-tain w
rain - bow,

ap - pear,
ing eye,
en - dure

Words by MRS. S. J. HALE. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

Allegro.

1. O beau - ti - ful rain - bow, all wov - en with light, There's not in thy
2. I think as I'm gaz - ing, thy col - ors to mark How o - ver the
3. And thou - sands of a - ges have flour - ished and fled Since, on the first

tis - sue one sha - dow of night; It seems as heaven o - pen'd when thou dost
moun-tain where rest - ed the ark, Those sav'd from the del - uge, with won - der
rain - bow, God's pro - mise was read; Man dies and earth chang - es, but still doth

ap - pear, As if a bright vi - sion of an - gels drew near, And sang
ing eye, Be - held the first rain - bow burst o - ver the sky, And sang
en - dure That sig - net of mer - cy fresh, love - ly and pure. Then sing

Chorus.—Allegretto.

"The bow, the bow, the cov - e - nant - ed bow! The bow, the bow, the cov - e - nant - ed bow; With wov - en light it spans the height, And smiles on all be - low."

Fall in Line.

Words by MARIA STRAUB, Music by S. W. STRAUB.

Maestoso.

1. They are the no - ble and the true Who seek to do the right; Who strive to walk in
2. When strong tempt-a-tions do a - rise, To lead us in - to sin; 'Tis brave to heed that
3. The sold - ier true goes bold - ly forth, With firm and fear-less tread; With cer - tain vic - to -

wis-dom's ways, And keep their honor bright. Theirs is the bliss - ful path of .peace, No dang-er need they
kind - ly voice, That "still small voice within." True manhood comes of motives pure, And scorns not to o -
ry in view, He knows no fear or dread, O, fol - low on in du - ty's line, And no-thing shall a -

Chorus.

heed. O, fol - low then the good and true Where-ev-er they may lead. "Fall in line," For-ward march,
bey The ho - ly pre-cept love may give. O, fol - low, 'tis the way.
larm ; Tread bold that path, 'twill lead you where Temptations never harm.

Stea - dy for the right. O, fol -low on my boy, be brave, And keep your honor bright.

March for-ward.

Little Birdie.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

Allegro.

1. Hark, sweet bird - ie, list a - gain, In your far - off South - ern glen; Tis the North-lands wel-come voice,
2. Win - ter winds have droop'd their wing. Soft - er airs their mild-ness bring: Sunk-en snow-drifts tru - ly say,
3. Bulbs be - neath the brown sod spring, Soon their fra-grance forth will bring; Sweet - est will their o - dors be,
4. Lit - tle May and lit - tle Will, Watch-ing by the win - dow sill, Won't be - lieve that spring is here

Bids you in her hopes re - joice. Spring is com - ing, earth is wak - ing; Na - ture from her
Where the gen - tle sun - beams play. Rea - dy for the Spring's re - turn - ing, All a - wait the
Bird - ie, when we list to thee. Leaves with - in their fold - ings burst - ing, Like the wings of
Till the mer - ry birds ap - pear. Come, dear bird - ie, sweet - ly sing - ing, Free - ly cheer and

slum - bers shak - ing, Hastes to don her liv - ing hue, While she's look - ing out for you.
warb - ler's com - ing, E'en the stream-let rush - ing by Looks for bird - ie in the sky.
fair - ies rust - ling, Call from out their silk - en homes For the mer - ry warb - ler's tones.
plea - sure bring - ing, All things bid a wel - come fair For the song - sters of the air.

Chorus.

Tra la

Tra

Tra la

1. There is
2. 'Tis
3. There is

Chorus.

Tra la la la la la la la la la la la Tra la &c.

Tra la la la la la, &c.

Tra la la. &c.

Repeat *pp*

The Golden Side.

Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. There is ma - ny a rest on the road of life, If we only would stop and
2. 'Tis bet - ter to hope, though the clouds hang low, And to keep the eye still
3. There is ma - ny a gem in the path of life, Which we pass in our i - dle

take it, And many a tone from the bet - ter land, If the quer-u - lous heart would
lift - ed; For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through When the om-in - ous clouds are
plea-sure, That is rich - er far than the jew-ell'd crown, Or the mis - er's hoard - ed

make it. To the sun - ny soul that is full of hope, And whose beauti-ful trust ne'er fail-eth,
rift - ed; There was ne'er a night with - out a day, Or an even'ng with-out a morn - ing.
trea-sure; It may be the love of a lit - tle child, Or a moth - er's prayer to heaven.

The grass grows green and the flow'rs are bright, Tho' the win - try storm pre - vail - eth.
And the dark - est hour, as the pro - verb goes. Is the hour be - fore the dawn - ing.
Or on - ly a beg - gar's grate - ful thanks For a cup of wat - er giv - en,

Words by MAR
Duett.

1. Speak g
2. Speak g
3. Speak g
4. Speak g

Inst.

ov - er you
anx - ious ca
good - ly nan
times you ma

dis - cord ne

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

Duett.—Tenderly.

1. Speak gent - ly to your fath-er dear, Speak gent - ly to your fath - er; Whose guardian care is
2. Speak gent - ly to your moth-er dear, Speak gent - ly to your moth - er; Whose ten - der love and
3. Speak gent - ly to your brother dear, Speak gent - ly to your broth-er; Who would de - fend your
4. Speak gent - ly to your sis - ter dear, Speak gent - ly to your sis - ter; Re - mem - ber that oft

Inst.

Chorus.

ov - er you, Whose earth - ly fruits you gath - er, Speak gent - ly to the lov-ing ones, May
anx - ious care, Shall ev - er o'er you hov - er
good - ly name, and shield it from dis - hon - or.
times you may by kind - ly words as - sist her.

dis - cord ne'er di-vide you; O sev - er not by bit - ter words The gold - en cord that binds you.

Tiny Raindrops.

Allegro.

Words and Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. Ti - ny rain-drops, thick and fast, Fall - ing gent-ly on the grass; Soft and low your mus - ic sweet,
2. Dancing on the dus - ty way, Bubbling on the dash-ing spray; Light and hap-py, full of glee,

Chorus.

As you tin - kle at my feet,
As you fall on wood and lea.

Patter, patter, patter, patter, pat-ter, patter on, Tinkle, tinkle,

tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle still, Wake the flowers on the lawn, Fill the laughing lit - tle rill.

mus - ic sweet,
full of glee,

Tinkle, tinkle,

g lit - tle rill.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

As fast as the words can be distinctly spoken.

1. How beau-t'ous in the morn-ing breeze The pear - ly glit - 'ring dew; Si - lent it falls on
2. A ra - diant gem of tenderest form, Each cry - stal drop ap-pears; Soon as we touch the
3. How cheer-y when the dew-drops bright Beam in the morn - ing rays; O then 'tis sweet with

Chorus.

leaf and flow'r, To fresh-en each faint hue. Sparkling, glit - ter - ing, sparkling, glit - ter - ing, sparkling in the
pear - ly sheen, All melt a - way in tears.
hap - py birds, To sing glad songs of praise.

morn - ing light; Spark-ling, glit - ter - ing, spark-ling, glit - ter - ing, spark-ling in the morn - ing light.

Awake at Early Dawn.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB

Allegro.

1. A - wake, a - wake at ear - ly dawn, And haste to greet the smil - ing morn; The beau-t'ous light of
2. A - wake, a - wake at ear - ly dawn, And lis - ten to the rob - in's song; From out yon leaf - y
3. A - wake, a - wake at ear - ly dawn, And kind - ly greet the flow - 'ry throng; That burst - ing thro' their
4. A - wake, a - wake at ear - ly dawn, Sweet child, to lisp thy prayer - ful song Praise Him with ear - ly

Chorus.

ros - es fair Is flit - ting on the dew - y air. A - wake, A - wake, A -
bud - ing tree, It comes so full of joy - ous glee.
night - ly folds, Their rar - est beau - ties all dis - close.
bird and flow'r, Who keeps thee till the morn - ing hour. A - wake, a - wake, a - wake, a - wake, a -

wake, at ear - ly dawn, A - wake, a - wake to greet the smil - ing morn.

wake, at ear - ly dawn. A - wake, a - wake, a - wake, a - wake,

S. W. STRAUB

t'ous light of
'yon leaf - y
- ing thro' their
n with ear - ly

ke, A -

ke, a - wake, a -

l - ing morn.

Music by R. A. KINZIE..

1. Be not swift to take of - fense; Let it pass, Let it pass! An - ger is a
2. Ech - o not an an - gry word; Let it pass Let it pass! Think how of - ten
3. If for good you've tak - en ill, Let it pass Let it pass! Oh! be kind and

foe to sense; Let it pass, Let it pass! Brood not dark - ly o'er a wrong Which will
you have erred; Let it pass, Let it pass! Since our joys must pass a - way, Like the
gen - tle still; Let it pass, Let it pass! Time at last makes all things straight; Let us

dis - ap - pear ere long; Rath - er sing this cheer - y song, Let it pass, Let it pass!
dew-drops on the way, Where-fore should our sor - rows stay! Let them pass, Let them pass!
not re - sent, but wait, And our tri - umph shall be great; Let it pass, Let it pass!

Side by Side and Hand in Hand.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

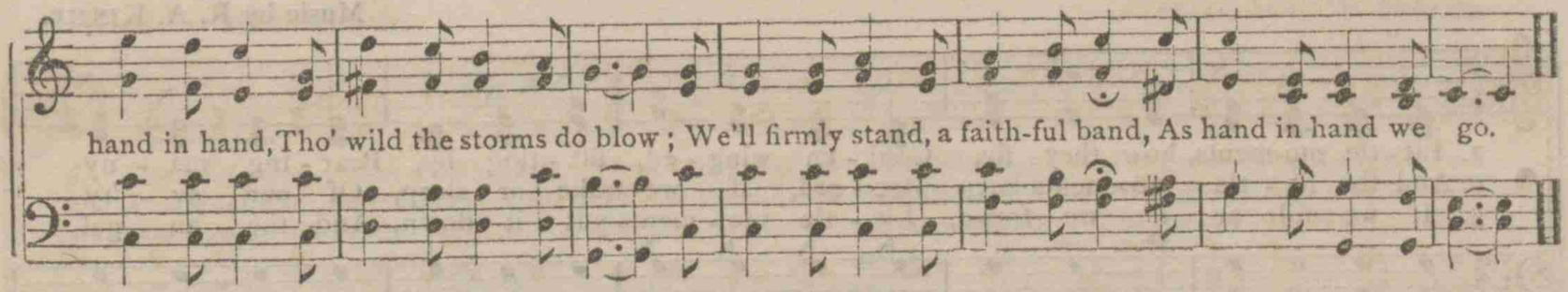
Allegretto.

1. To - geth - er we our task per-form, It gives us pleas - ure rare; What-e'er we mer - it,
2. The pur - est joys the soul can greet, Their rar - est bliss im - part, When they may find an
3. Bless-ings from heav'n to those be - long, Who free - ly can a - gree, To do the right and

praise or scorn, All lov - ing-ly we'll share; It free - ly falls,times fleet-ing sand, And gay the mo-ments
ech - o sweet With - in a kin-dred heart: Those sim-ple notes so sweet to hear, With oth-ers free, must
shun the wrong, To live in har - mo - ny; While the sweet bliss by heav-en shed,We fain would hope to

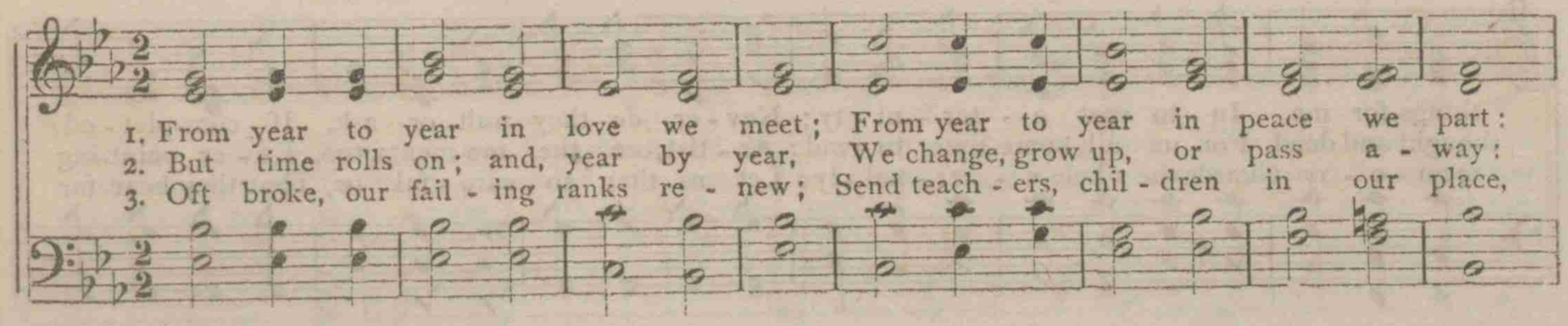
Chorus.

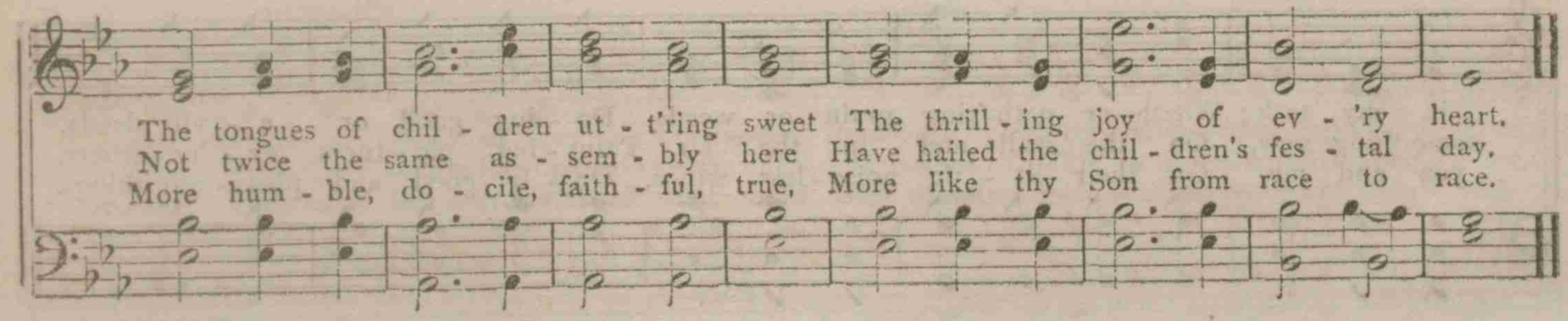
glide, When-e'er we lend a help - ing hand, And la - bor side by side. Yes. side by side, and
blend, Ere mu - sic to the list-'ning ear, Its sweet-est charms can lend. Yes, etc.
know, We pray for bless-ings on each head, As hand in hand we go. Yes, etc.



Lansing. L. M. *(Sabbath School Anniversary.)*

MARY E. TALLMAN.





Little Moments.

Music by R. A. KINZIE.

1. Lit - tle mo-ments, how they fly, Gold - en wing - ed, flit - ting by, Bear - ing ma - ny
2. And the lit - tle mo - ments keep Rec - ord, if we wake or sleep, Of our ev - 'ry
3. If we smile or if we frown, Lit - tle mo - ments put it down, And the an - gel

things for me, In - to vast e - ter - ni - ty; Nev - er do they wait or ask, If com-plet - ed
thought and deed, For us all some-time to read: Ar - tist, are the mo-ments, too, Ev - er paint-ing
mem - o - ry Guards the whole e - ter - nal - ly: Let us then so care - ful be, That they bear for

is my task; Wheth - er gath-'ring grain or weeds, Do - ing good or e - vil deeds.
some-thing new, On the wall and in the air, Paint - ing pic - tures ev - 'ry - where.
you and me, On their lit - tle noise - less wings, On - ly good and pleas - ant things.

The Pilgrim Fathers.

Words by MRS. HEMANS. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

Maestoso.

1. The break-ing waves dash'd high, On a stern and rock-bound coast ; And the woods a - gainst a
2. A - midst the storm they sang ; And the stars heard, and the sea ! And the sound-ing aisles of the
3. What sought they thus a - far — Bright jew - els of the mine? The wealth of seas, the

storm - y sky Their gi - ant branches toss'd. And the heavy night hung dark, The hills and wa - ters
dim woods rang To the an - them of the free. The o-cean eagle soar'd, From his nest by the white wave's
spoils of war? They sought a faith's pure shrine ! Aye. call it ho - ly ground, The soil where first they

o'er, When a band of ex - iles moored their bark On the wild New Eng - land shore.
foam, And the rock - ing pines of the for - est roared ; This was their wel - come home.
trod ; They have left un - stained what here they found — Free - dom to wor - ship God.

The Nation's Day.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. (For Fourth of July.) Music by S. W. STRAUB.

Maestoso.

1. A - gain has come the Na-tions day, A - gain its breez-es blow; Then come ye free - men
2. This is the day op - pres-siou fell, All van-quish'd by the brave; To hon - or them the
3. The star of free - dom brighter grows, Within our coun - try's sky; The bea - con light to
4. The God of Free-dom grants us still Pro-tec - tion kind and rare; Then raise your ban - ner,

Chorus.

We will un - furl our glo - rious

one and all, And let your ban - ners flow.
brave and true, O let your ban - ner wave.
distant lands, Then raise your ban - ner high.
let it wave, The em - blem of His care.

We will un - furl

We will un - furl

flag, 'Tis In - de - pend - ence day. The stars that

our glo - rious flag. 'Tis In - de - pend - ence day.

o'er our fath - ers beam'd,

Rit.

The stars that o'er our fath-ers beam'd, Shall nev-er fade a - way.

America. (*National Hymn.*)

Words by S. F. SMITH.

Maestoso.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive country! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Our fathers' God! to Thee, Auth - or of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

fathers died, Land of the Pilgrim's pride; From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a - bove.
land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

All Around the Christmas Tree.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

Allegretto.

1. All a - round the Christ - mas tree Gath - er we to - night; Rar - est fruits in
2. All a - round the Christ - mas tree Beams the cheer - ful smile; Free - ly gifts from
3. All a - round the Christ - mas tree Mirth can - not an - noy; Age a - gain has
4. All a - round the Christ - mas tree Care and gloom must flee; Lov - ing hands and
5. All a - round the Christ - mas tree Mer - ry thought and lay; Cel - e - brate the

Chorus.

Allegro.

va - ried hue The ea - ger sense de - light. All a - round, yes, all a - round,
San - ta Claus The hap - py hours be - guile. All a - round, etc.
youth - ful grown, And thrills with child - ish joy. All a - round, etc.
grate - ful hearts Bring us sweet pleas - ures free. All a - round, etc.
hal - low'd time, The bless - ed Christ - mas day. All a - round, etc.

all a - round the Christ-mas tree; All a - round the Christ-mas tree, Hap - py, hap - py we.

fruits in
gifts from
- gain has
hands and
- brate the

a - round,

hap - py we.

W. A. OGDEN. From the "Silver Song," by permission.

GIRLS. *Sprightly.*

Girls—1. What is the song the an-gels sing? Sweetly sing, Gladly sing; What is the song the an-gels sing,
Boys— O, "Peace on earth," the an-gels sing, Sweetly sing, Gladly sing; O, "Peace on earth," the an-gels sing,

BOYS *repeat.* *Chorus. ff*

On a Christmas morning. O, bless-ed morn! O wondrous King! A Sav-ior born, the Lord's an-oint-ed,

En-ters on the work ap-point-ed, Leaves the heav'nly world a-while, God and man to rec - on - cile.

2d time pp.

GIRLS–2. What is the blessing angels bring?
Gladly bring, truly bring;
What is the blessing angels bring,
On a Christmas morning?
BOYS—"Good will to men," the angels bring,
Gladly bring, truly bring;
"Good will to men," the angels bring,
On a Christmas morning.—CHO.

GIRLS–3. O, tell me why should children sing?
Sweetly sing, gladly sing;
O, tell me why should children sing,
On a Christmas morning?
BOYS—In Bethlehem was born a King,
Children's King, angels' King;
In Bethlehem was born a King,
On a Christmas morning.—CHO.

ALL—4. Then let us altogether sing,
Sweetly sing, gladly sing;
Then let us all together sing,
On this Christmas morning:
Glory to him whom love did bring,
Sweetly bring, gladly bring;
Glory to him whom love did bring,
On a Christmas morning.—CHO.

Happy New Year.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

Quartet. *Not too slow.*

1. All si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly pass'd he a - way, The sturd -y old year, with his temples grown gray; Un-
2. Old Time in his flight marks all things in his way, In un-let - tered type, " Thou art passing away ;" Our

heard by his vig - ils, at mid - night he fled, A - way to the ech - o - less land of the dead. How
sor-rows and joys, tho' they may come a-gain, Are borne in the ranks of the van - ish - ing train, If

Slower *a tempo.*

like the sad mo-ment when dies a dear friend, The mo -ment that told of the old year's end ; But
bright hopes must fade, then to ban - ish all fears, O may they go out in the light of the years ; For

Cres. *Accelerando.*

sor - row we nev - er, nor shed we a tear; For cheer - i - ly greets us the hap - py new year.
'tis not fond seem-ing, but ev - er 'tis true, The death of the old year will bring us the new.

Chorus.—Allegretto. *f*

A hap - py new year, a hap - py new year, A hap - py new year to all; O

this is our greet - ing to great and to small, A hap - py, a hap - py new year to all.

The Temperance Band.

Words by MARIAN. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

Allegretto.

1. We are a lit - tle temp'rance band, And like the rip-pling fount - ain, Cold wa - ter pure we'll
2. We are a lit - tle temp'rance band, Our steps shall nev - er fal - ter; We will not drink the
3. We are a lit - tle temp'rance band, Our cause must nev - er slum - ber; Don't tempt us with the

Chorus.

sweet - ly sing, In val - ley or on mount - ain. We are a lit - tle temp'rance band, And
pois'nous draught, We love the pure cold wa - ter. We are, etc.
ru - by wine, But come and join our num - ber.

loud - ly swell the cho - rus, Cold wa - ter pure, cold wa - ter pure, The ban - ner float-ing o'er us.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

Sprightly.

1. We'll fill our cups from the laugh-ing rill, Its pure and crys - tal wa - ters, And nev - er dream of
2. There's life and health in the flow-ing stream, Heav'n's rich and rarest pleasure; There's beauty in each

Chorus.

fu - ture ill, We're nature's sons and daughters. Then away with the bowl bringing sorrow and woe To
crys - tal drop, Come share it with-out measure. Then away, etc.

those who in it rev - el. We'll drink, ever drink with a right good will, From the pure and laughing rill.

Live in Love.

From S. S. Melodist, by permission. WRIGHT.

Solo or Semi-Chorus. *Chorus.* *Solo or Semi-Chorus.*

1. Heaven a-wakes the gen - tle strain, Live in love, live in love, Earth re-peats the
2. An - gel voi - ces chant the song, Live in love, live in love, Here be - low the

Chorus. *Duet.*

sound a - gain, Live, Oh, live in love. Where the tears of sor-row flow, And the heart is
notes pro-long, Live, Oh, live in love. When the heart from care is free, When the time glides

Solo or Semi-Chorus. *Chorus.*

filled with woe, Hear in ac - cents soft and low, Live, oh, live in love.
mer - ri - ly, That sweet voice still calls for thee, Live, oh, live in love.

1. Hap-py days are glid - ing o'er us, Life is fresh and earth is fair; Sor-row swift - ly flies be -
2. Sometimes angry pas-sions ris - ing, Drive a - way our peace of mind; O, 'tis strange, 'tis quite sur -
3. If our spir - it, meek-ness learn-ing, Un - to God its hom-age give; Like the mod - est vio - let

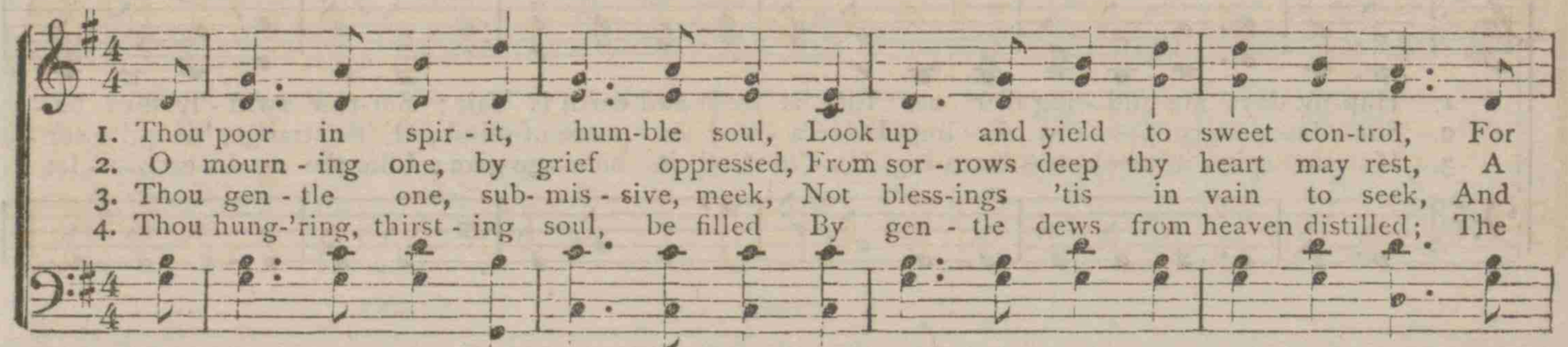
fore us, And we gai - ly laugh at care. From our qui - et slum - ber spring - ing, Cheer-ful,
pris-ing, That we are not al - ways kind! If we cher - ish good af - fec - tions, And our
turn-ing To the sky its az - ure leaves;—Then we nev - er need be fear - ful: As the

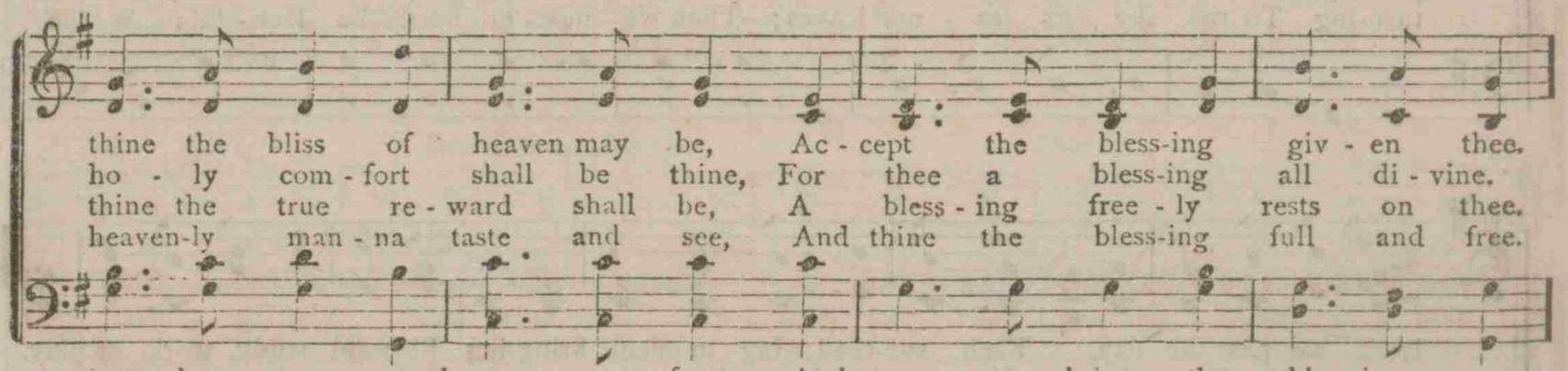
ly -- we pass the day, Each suc-ceed - ing moment bring-ing Pleasant study, work, or play.
par - ents' will o - bey; If we fol - low the di - rec - tions Of our teachers through the day.
gen - tle lamb and dove, We are hap - py, we are cheer-ful, When our hearts are full of love.

The Beatitudes.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

Moderato (May be sung by solo voices or quartette on the first part, and chorus on the chant.)





Blessed are the | poor in | spirit: | for | theirs is the | kingdom of | heaven.
Blessed are | they that | mourn: | for | they | shall be | comforted.
Blessed | are the | meek: | for | they shall in- | herit the | earth.
Blessed are they which do hunger and | thirst after | righteousness: | for | they | shall be | filled.

Blessed | are the | merciful: | for | they shall ob- | tain | mercy.
Blessed are the | pure in | heart: | for | they shall | see | God.
Blessed | are the | peacemakers: | for they shall be | called the | children of | God.
Blessed are they which are persecuted for | righteousness | sake: | for | theirs is the | kingdom of | heaven.
Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and | persecute | you, | and shall say all manner of evil against you | falsely for | my · · | sake.

After the last verse. Allegretto.

Re-joice, and be ex-ceed-ing glad, rejoice and be ex-ceed-ing glad, For your re-ward is in

2d time p♭. Slowly.

heaven, For your re-ward is in heaven. For your reward is in heaven.

Household Graves.

H. B. HOLLISTER.

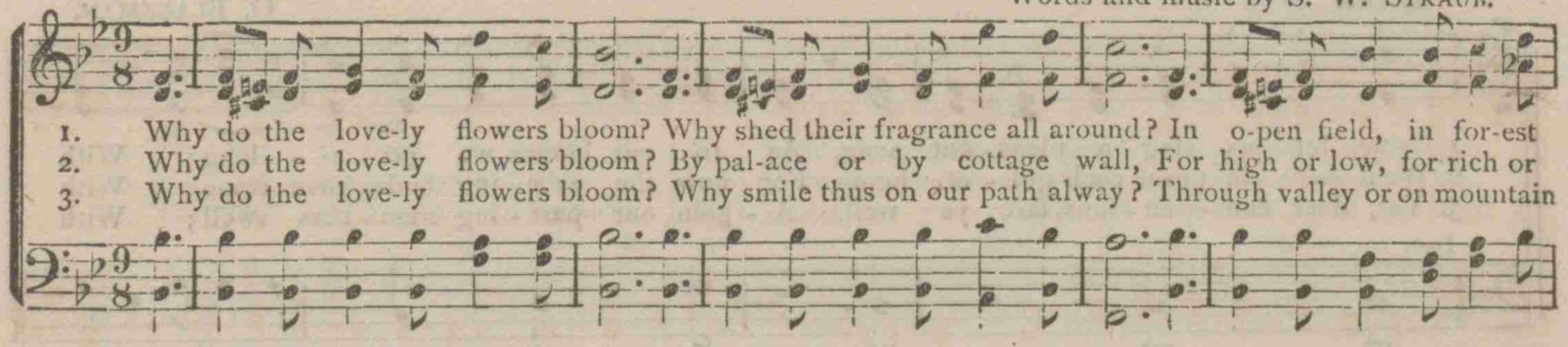
1. In ocean's deep unfathomed caves, The ones I lov'd are sleeping now ; The coral cells'neath salt sea -waves,
2. Some laid them down in manhood's pride, In life's bright morn, like golden sheaves; And some in girlhoods beauty died
3. Where willows wave, or droops the lime, 'Neath gorgeous hues of sunset sky, Severed a-far in man-y a clime,

Drifts tangled sea-weed round each brow; In flow'ry dell, on green hillside, Their graves are scatter'd far and wide.
As fades the early autumn's leaves. No sculptur'd marble leaves a trace, To mark their quiet resting place.

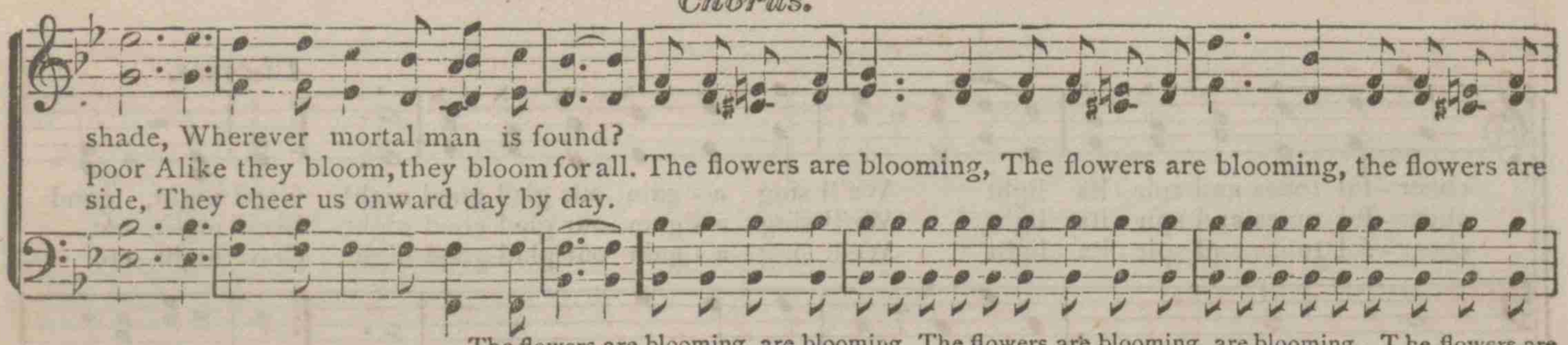
The hearts beloved treasures lie ; With white hands clasp'd o'er pulseless breast, The angels know their place of rest.

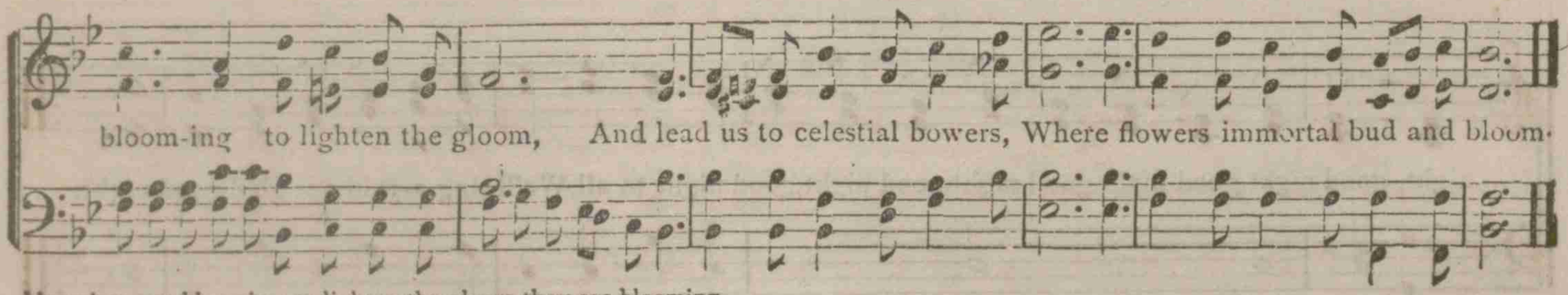
Why Do the Lovely Flowers Bloom?

Words and music by S. W. STRAUB.



Chorus.





Our Glad Good Night.

Duet.

O. BLACKMAN.

1. Come, let us sing a pleas - ant song, As to our homes we go a - long; With
2. We'll seek in peace each qui - et home, For now the ev'n - ing shades have come; With
3. Yes, dear com - pan - ions, fare ye well, A - gain our part - ing num - bers swell; With

Inst.

Chorus.

cheer - ful tones and spir - its light We'll sing a - gain our glad good night. Good night, good
cheer - ful tones and spir - its light We'll sing a - gain our glad good night. Good night, etc.
cheer - ful tones and spir - its light We'll sing a - gain our glad good night. Good night, etc.

night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night to all, We'll sing a-gain our glad good night.

N. B. HOLLISTER.

1. 'Tis | but a day! 'tis | but a | day! | Says the pearly dew-drop at the | morn - ing | gray,
2. 'Tis | but a day! 'tis | but a | day! | Breathe the lovely flowers as the | last bright | ray
3. 'Tis | but a day! but a | fleet - ing | day! | Sing the merry birds as they | flit a- | way

As it moistens the lips of the bright green rose, Or to | lily fair with its offering goes, To | linger awhile, then
Of the sun just setting in clouds of gold, Bids | them its petals fair to hold, And | seems as he slowly
To the far off south where zephyrs soft Greet | them as gently they float aloft, And | murmur at eve their

vanish a- | way, For, | like earthly joy, 'tis | but a | day.
fades a- | way, To | echo these words, 'tis | but a | day.
last fond | lay, 'Tis | but a day, but a | fleet-ing | day.

4. 'Tis | but a day! 'tis | but a | day!|
Say the autumn leaves as they | wither a- | way,|
And the wind with sighing mournful sound,
Their | requiem sings as they strew the ground:
While thro' | myriad groves, as the | sad notes |
Is | echoed, our life is | but a | day. [play,

5. 'Tis | but a day! 'tis | but a | day!|
Sighs the weary heart as its | hopes de- | cay,|
Oh! for the time when my home shall be
Where | sorrow and sighing away shall flee:
And as | zephyrs to angels | waft the | lay,
They | smile as they whisper, 'Tis | but a | day.

Angry Words.

Music by R. A. KINZIE.

1. An - gry words are light - ly spo - ken, In a rash and thoughtless hour; Brightest links of
2. Pois - on drops of care and sor - row, Bit - ter pois - on drops are they; Weaving for the
3. Love is much too pure and ho - ly Friendship is too sa - cred far, For a mo - ment's

life are brok-en, By their deep in - sid-uous pow'r; Hearts inspired by warm - est feel - ings,
com-ing mor-row Sad - dest mem - 'ries of to - day. An - gry words, O, let them nev - er
reckless fol - ly Thus to des - o - late and mar. An - gry words are light - ly spok - en

Ne'er be - fore by an - ger stirred, Oft are rent past hu - man feel - ing By a sin - gle an - gry word.
From the tongue un-bridl'd slip; May the hearts best impulse ev - er Check them ere they soil the lip.
Bit - ter thoughts are rashly stirred; Brightest links in life are brok-en, By a sin - gle an -gry word.

Words and Music by S. W. Straub.

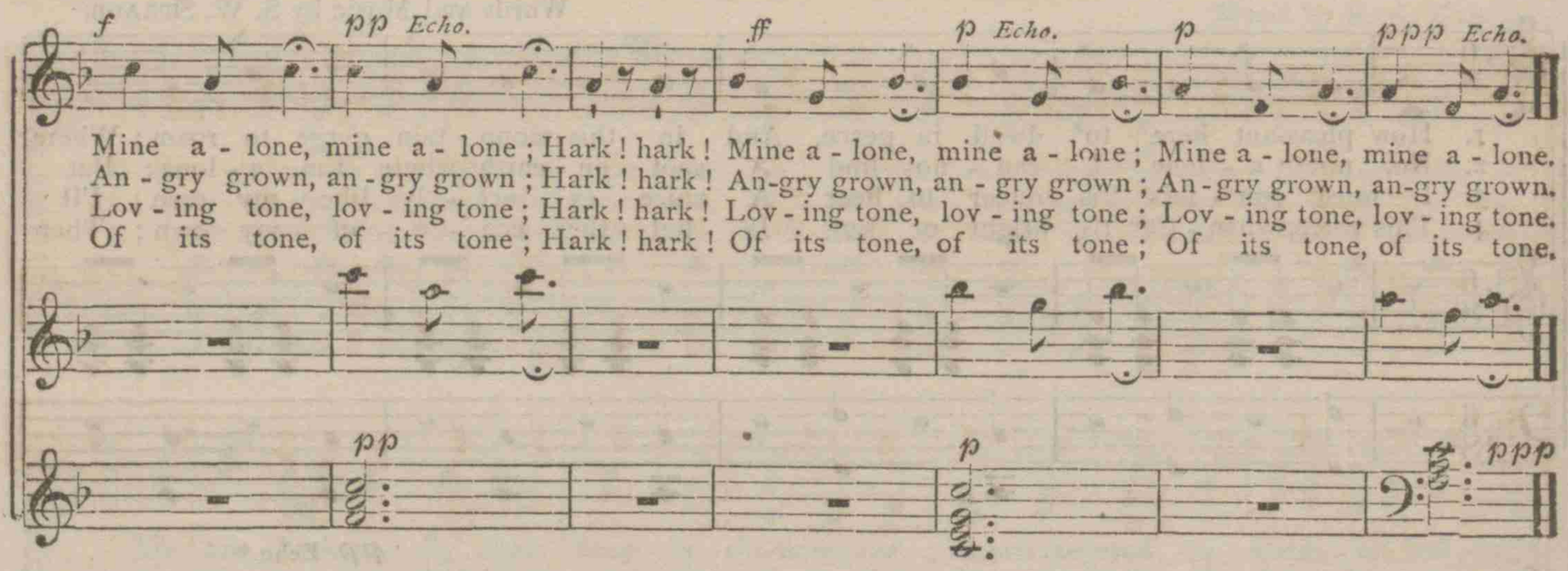
1. How pleas-ant here to dwell in peace, And in this moun - tain gorge to roam; Where
2. No, not a - lone — I can - not find A spot on earth where I'm a - lone; But
3. I must con - fess 'tis queer to hear A voice ex - act - ly like my own; I'll
4. This voice, when - e'er 'tis bright or sad, Is but the ech - o of my own; Then

pp Echo.*

all a - round is calm and still, No voice is heard save mine a - lone; Mine a - lone. Hark!
go where - e'er I will I'm mock'd; I'm mock'd un - til I've an - gry grown; An-gry grown. Hark!
try some oth - er word this time, I'll call this voice a lov - ing tone; Lov-ing tone, Hark!
I will al - ways speak in love, And list the ech - o of its tone; Of its tone. Hark!

pp.

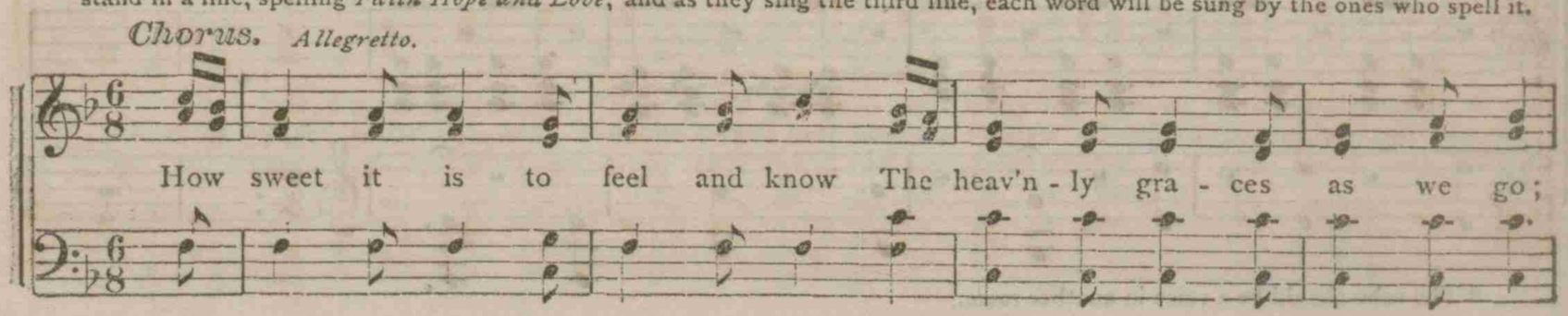
* The echo should be a voice in another room.



Faith, Hope and Love.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

NOTE.—A good effect can be produced by having this sung by sixteen little girls, each bearing a card with one of the letters that compose the title of this piece. All sing the chorus while coming to their places, while those who spell Faith stand in a row in front of the others. At the close of the first stanza all sing the chorus, moving about and singing to each other, and at the close those who sing Hope will be in front. And so for the third stanza, when Love will be in front. In the fourth stanza, all will stand in a line, spelling *Faith Hope and Love*, and as they sing the third line, each word will be sung by the ones who spell it.



The gen - tle guides that lead the way In - to the realms of end - less day.

Moderato.

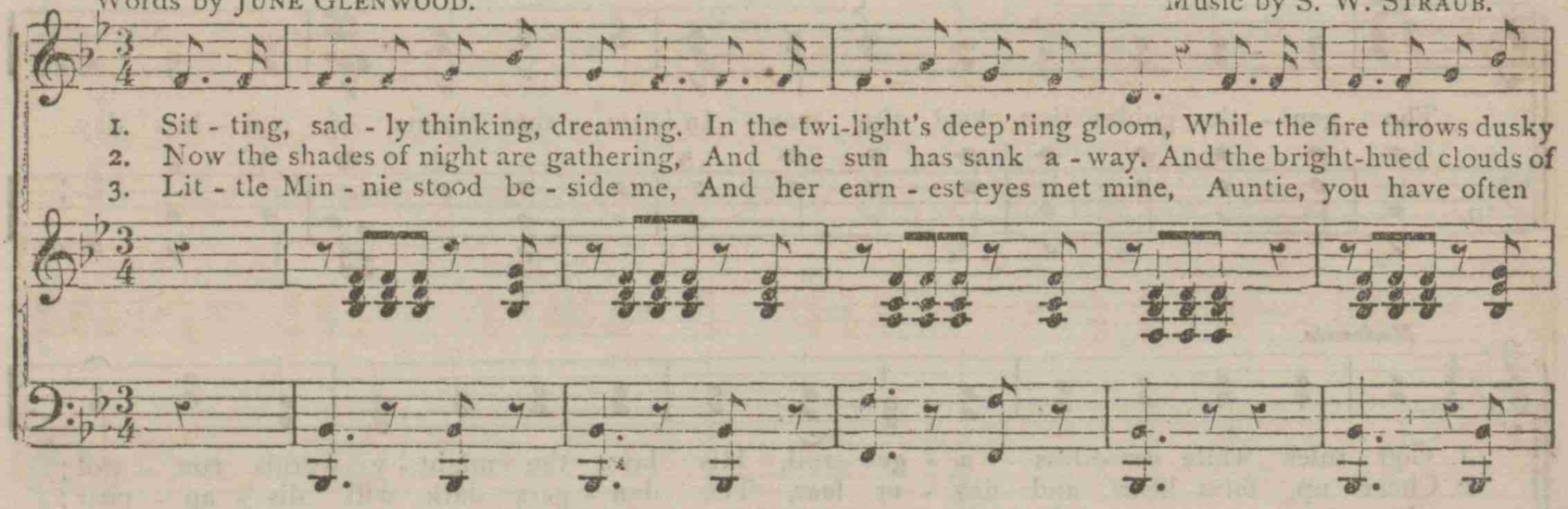
1. God rules while cease-less a - ges roll, His laws the might - y worlds con - trol;
2. Cheer up, faint heart, and nev - er fear, The dan - gers dark will dis - ap - pear;
3. Be rag - ing fires of ven-geance quell'd, Dis - cord and hat - red all dis - pell'd;
4. We come to com - fort and to cheer, We come to bring sweet heav - en near;

Cre - a - tion rests in him se - cure, His prom - ise ev - er shall en - dure.
The shad - ows soon will pass a - way, The night - time ev - er brings the day.
True har - mo - ny is sweet - est rest, The place of heav'n with - in the breast.
Faith, hope and love, faith, hope and love Will guide you to your home a - bove.

The Other Side.

Words by JUNE GLENWOOD. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. Sit - ting, sad - ly thinking, dreaming. In the twi-light's deep'ning gloom, While the fire throws dusky
2. Now the shades of night are gathering, And the sun has sank a - way. And the bright-hued clouds of
3. Lit - tle Min - nie stood be - side me, And her earn - est eyes met mine, Auntie, you have often



shadows, All a - round the si - lent room. Bright - ly rose the sun at morning, Hopes bright
sun - set, All are fad - ing in - to gray. Night is com - ing cold and cheer-less, Vanish'd
told me We are ruled by pow'r di - vine, We know He made the burn - ing sun, As well



arch was in the air, Earth with pearl - y dew was gemm'd All the world seemed bright and fair.
quite each sun - ny ray; Is the fu - ture dark and dreary As those clouds of somber gray.
as the gloom - y night; Tho' the clouds to us look dark, On the oth - er side they're bright.

Chorus.

Once my life was bright as morn - ing, Love and hope their sun - light gave;
For last verse. Then I kissed her lips of crim - son, And the sad - ness left my heart;



May in Heaven.

(In memory of Mrs. MAY REED, Swan, Ind.)

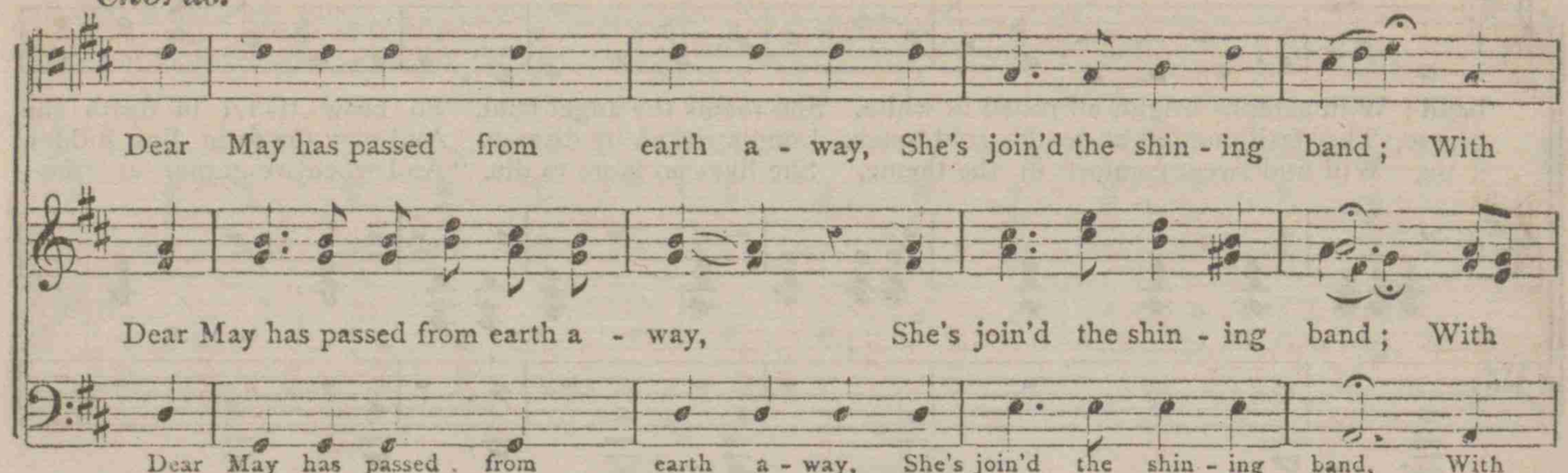
Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

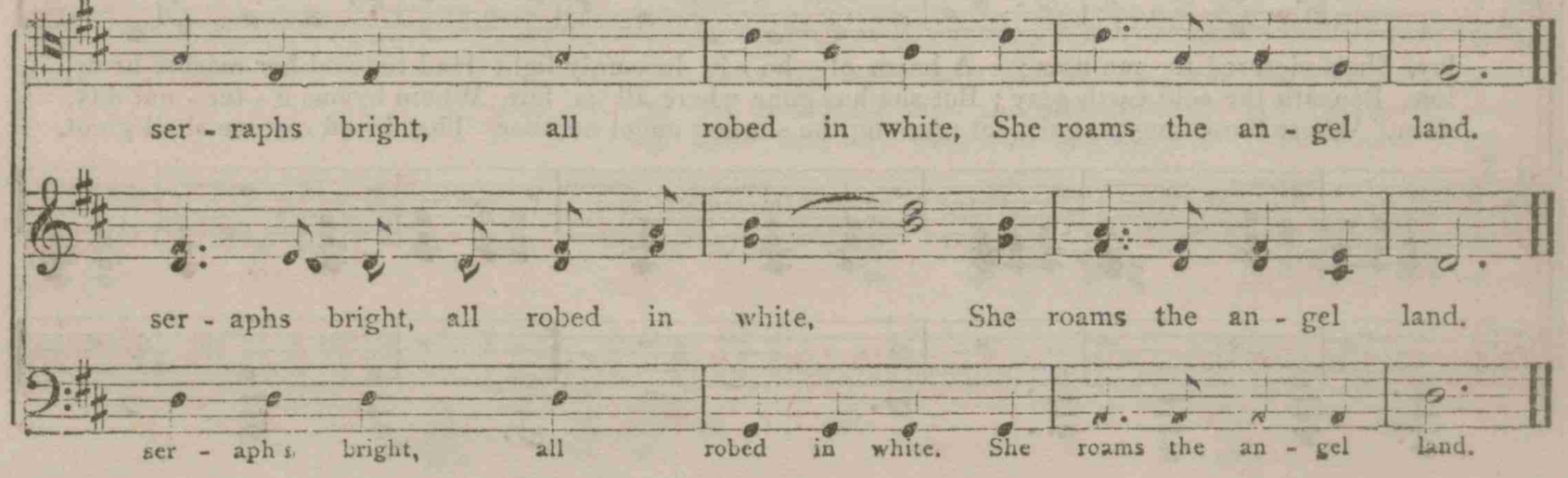


band : With seraphs bright, all robed in white, She roams the angel land. So beau - ti - ful in death she
breeze, That frail one fell at death's cold touch, Long stricken by disease. And now the form lies hidden
tie, Will find sweet comfort in the theme, She lives no more to die. "And when we gather at the

lay, She's pictured to me now ; A beam of ho - ly heavenly light Had touch'd her marble brow.
low, Beneath the cold earth gray ; But she has gone where all is fair, Where beams e - ter - nal day.
river," Where those long parted meet ; Among the shining angel number, That loved one we shall greet.

Chorus.

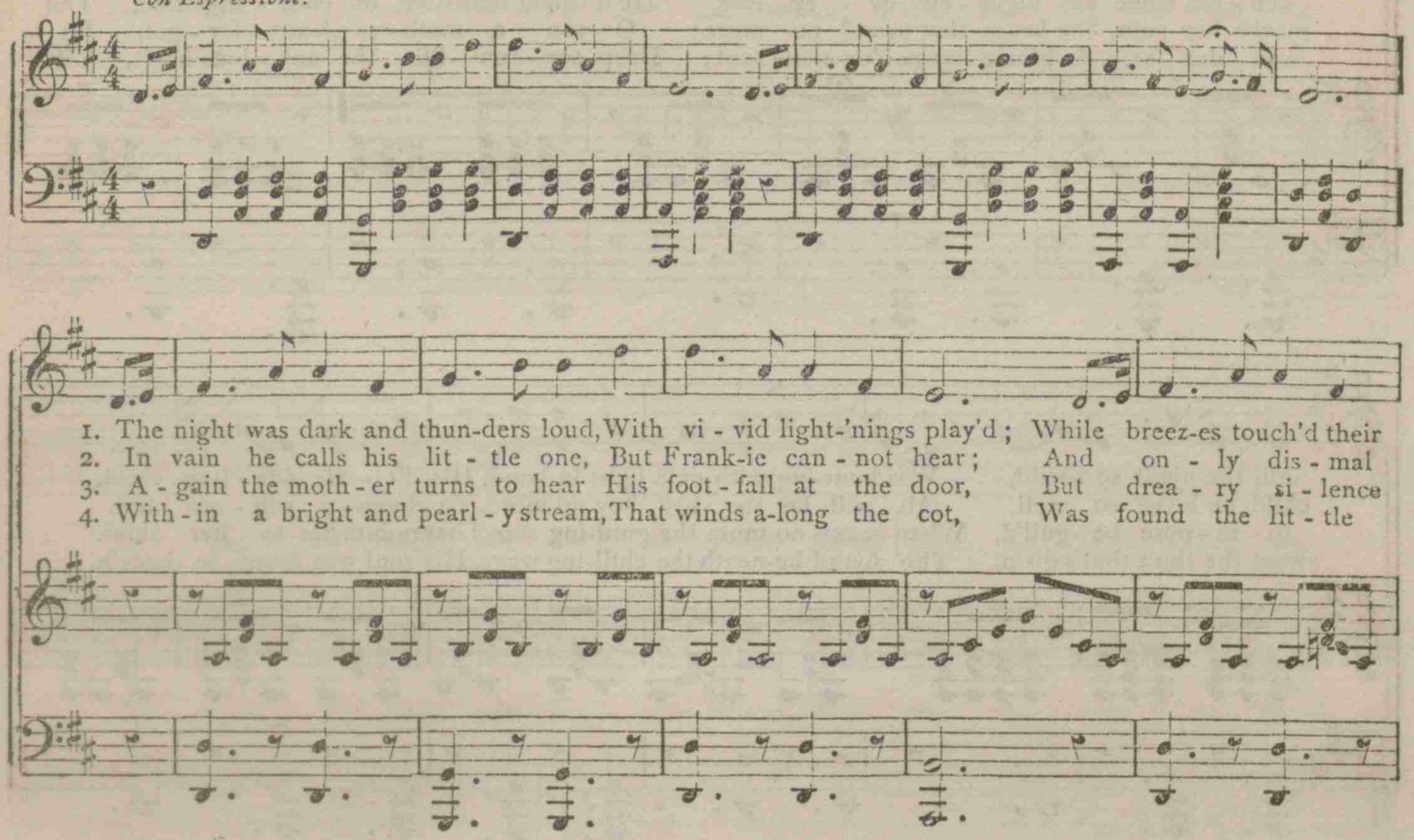

Dear May has passed from earth a - way, She's join'd the shin - ing band; With
Dear May has passed from earth a - way, She's join'd the shin - ing band; With
Dear May has passed from earth a - way, She's join'd the shin - ing band, With


ser - raphs bright, all robed in white, She roams the an - gel land.
ser - aphs bright, all robed in white, She roams the an - gel land.
ser - aphs bright, all robed in white. She roams the an - gel land.

On the dark and stormy night of the 16th of March, 1868, in the village of Dowagiac, Mich., a little child had strayed from home. His father searched for him all night in the woods, but in vain. The next day and night were spent by the parents, and citizens of the village, in searching for the "little wanderer," but not until the third day was he found, when he was discovered in a stream "that winds along the cot."

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

Con Espressione.



wild - est notes Up - on the with - er'd blade, A fa - ther in a lone - ly wood, Thro'
ech - oes come To hight - en ev - 'ry fear, He'd shield him from the chill - ing rain, The
mocks her pain, She hears that sound no more: O can a moth - er's heart for - get, Be
wan - der - er, A gloom hangs o'er that spot: Deep sor - row fills the anx - ious heart, Yet

all the night so wild, Was hunt-ing with pale light in hand, His lit - tle dar - ling child.
child he loves so well, Ah, will he see his boy no more, Ye gloom - y ech - oes tell.
to re - pose be - guil'd, When beams no more the guid-ing star That points her to her child.
sweet the tho't that's giv'n, Tho' found be-neath the chill-ing wave, His soul was found in heav'n.

Chorus.

Lost, lost, lost, how fear - ful - ly the sound Falls on the ev'n - ing air;

Last verse. Found, found, found, how glad the wel - come sound, That dread sus - pense no more;

Rit.

So sad to think our lov'd one gone, Gone, gone, we know not where.

'Tis joy to know our lov'd one found, Tho' on the oth - er shore.

Angels Took our Willie Home.

(Inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. Harwood, Dowagiac, Mich.)

Words by MARIAN.

Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. An-gels took our Willie home, Bore him to the oth-er shore,
2. Dearest, thou art happy now, Roving with the an-gel band,
3. When the light of day has gone, Dearest, we will think of thee;

Where the wa - ters mur-mur low, And the flow'rs bloom ev - er - more: They have call'd our lit-tle boy,
Where the crys - tal fount-ains flow Thro' the gold - en sum-mer land: And we know thy form is fair,
For we love our lit - tle one, Tho' his form we can - not see: We will lift the vail of gloom

Dar - ling child from earth a - way, To their home of fade-less joy, And the realms of end - less day.
Clothed in pu - ri - ty and white; And thy lit - tle step is soft Com-ing from the realms of light.
Blind - ing vail of mor-tal sight, That the glo - ry beams of heav'n May re - veal thy home of light.

Chorus. *Rit.*

An - gels took our Wil - lie home, Bore him to the oth - er shore,

Bright and lov-ing an-gels took our dar-ling Wil-lie home; Ten-der-ly they bore him to the ev - er - green shore,

Where the wa - ters mur - mur low, Where the flow'rs bloom ev - er - more.

Where the gen-tle rippling wa-ters mur-mur ev - er low, Where the sweet and love-ly flow-ers bloom for - ev - er - more.

Bells of Memory.—(Duet and Quartet.)

Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. Sweet mem'ry bells, their witching chimes, Have charms as dear as old - en rhymes;
2. Tell - ing of child - hood's joy - ous lays, And hopes and fears in by-gone days;
3. Soon, soon our wear - y feet shall tread That land where no sad tears are shed;

We hear them oft at twi - light hour, When sets the sun, and shuts the flower.
Of brid - al vows and fare - wells said, And sol - emn dirg - es for the dead.
Soon we shall clasp the hands of friends, Where, with the song, no dis - cord blends.

Chorus.

Andante.

1. O hap - py bells, O chim - ing bells, The clear sweet bells of mem - o - ry;
2. O mourn - ful bells. O chim - ing bells, The sad sweet bells of mem - o - ry;
3. Of mourn - ful bells, Of toll - ing bells, The sad sweet bells of mem - o - ry;

O hap - py bells, O chim - ing bells, The clear sweet bells of mem-o - ry.
O mourn-ful bells O mourn-ful bells, The sad sweet bells of mem-o - ry.
Of mourn-ful bells, Of toll - ing bells The sad sweet bells of mem-o - ry.

O hap - py bells, O chiming bells, The clear sweet bells of mem-o-ry..
O mournful bells, O chiming bells, The sad sweet bells of mem-o-ry.

Of mournful bells, Of tolling bells, The sad sweet bells of mem-o-ry.

Good Night.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

Not too fast.

1. A - gain the part-ing hour has come, A - gain we think of "Home, sweet home;" Yet linger still with
2. 'Tis pleas-ure sweet, with-out al - loy, To min - gle 'mid these scenes of joy; But brightest joys will
3. As sinks the day - star in the west, Thus calm-ly may we sink to rest, Dream-ing of fade-less

Chorus.

fond de - light, To say the gen - tle word, good night. Good night, good night, We leave our joys to
take their flight, And oft we breath the kind good night. Good night, etc.
pleas-ures bright, Where endless day shuts out the night. Good night, etc.

Good night, good night,

Repeat pp

mem-'ry bright; Sweet slum-ber soon will o'er us fall, Good night, good night, good night to all.

Away on that be
Abide with me,
Antioch, .
Angry words,
Arlington, .
A child's prayer,
America, .
Angels took our
Awake at early da
Are you ready t
And He came to
Again we meet,
All around the Ch
Angels of Jesus,

B

Bells of memory,
Balerma, . .
Believe on me,
Be joyful in God,
Beautiful valley, .

C

Children's praises,
Coronation, .

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