THE TEMPLE STAR.

—FOR—

SINGING SCHOOLS, CONVENTIONS, CHOIRS, DAY SCHOOLS AND MUSICAL INSTITUTES.



EDITED BY

ALDINE S. KIEFFER,

Author of "STARRY CROWN," "SCHOOLDAY SINGER," Etc.



SINGER'S GLEN, VA.:

Published by RUEBUSH, KIEFFER & CO.

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THE TEMPLE STAR:

—FOR—

SINGING SCHOOLS, CONVENTIONS, CHOIRS, DAY SCHOOLS, AND MUSICAL SOCIETIES.

—CONTAINING—

THEORETICAL STATEMENTS OF THE PRINCIPLES OF VOCAL MUSIC,

By B. C. UNSELD, of the Virginia Normal Music School,

GLEES AND SONGS FOR THE SINGING SCHOOL--HYMN TUNES, SABBATH SCHOOL MUSIC, ANTHEMS AND CHANTS.

Edited By ALDINE S. KIEFFER,
Author of "The Starry Crown," Schoolday Singer," "Glad Hosannas," etc.

1877

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

The author of these pages is painfully conscious of two facts, viz: That character, or shaped notes, have been interdicted by the professionals of the old or round note notation; and, that the class of music, heretofore issued in character notes, has been sadly wanting in point of finish and correct harmony. He is also cognizant of the fact that the writing of a Preface is usually "Love's labor lost," but in this instance he cannot forbear making a few remarks, trusting that the reader will exercise the necessary patience to enable him to read them.

Reforms, as a general rule, progress slowly from the fact that they necessarily start with those who feel the need of reforms. This class of individuals is found in the middle stratum of society. Especially is this true of the reform in musical notation. That large mass of American citizens, comprising the families of farmers, mechanics and tradesmen were, by the very nature of the old notation, with its mysteries, technicalities and intricacies, almost debarred the privilege of becoming singers; as, by the old notation, it was a more difficult matter to become a reader of music than a master of Latin and Greek. Hence, among this class of individuals men arose clamoring for reform. Those above them refused to listen to their appeals, and, as a last resort, those who were not well qualified for the task went about compiling music books in the new notation, full of crudities and imperfections. These were in turn denounced by the professionals of the old school, and this state of affairs has existed for years.

Happily, however, for the cause there was a living virtue or principle in the reform, which in spite of the imperfections of its early founders, has perpetuated itself until one after another of its crudities has disappeared,—and until musicians and publishers of high renown and authority are entering heartily into the merits of the long needed reform.

For nearly a quarter of a century the editor of these pages has been identified with this movement, and he has reason to believe that "THE TEMPLE STAR" is a step in advance of any character note publication in the South. He has given to it his best energies, and has been asssisted greatly by prominent authors of the old school notation, and with no little gratification does he send out "THE TEMPLE STAR," in the hope that it may lead many into the Courts of Song.

The Union of certain publishers and authors upon *one set* of Characters, representing the scale names, is a great event in the history of this reform. Prof. Aikin's characters have been chosen. Whilst he should have preferred Funk's, yet for the ultimate good of the reform, the editor of these pages acquiesced in their adoption. This has resulted also, in Messrs. Biglow & Main, of New York, having prepared and published a Church Music Book in the same shapes. This points, unmistakably, to greater achievements for character notes.

The editor returns his thanks to Prof. B. C. Unseld and J. H. Tenney for valuable services rendered in the preparation of these pages.

Trusting that Teachers and Musicians of the South and West, with whose interests his own has ever been identified, will give "THE TEMPLE STAR" a trial in their respective fields of labor, he begs leave to subscribe himself a fellow-laborer in the Vineyard of Song.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

APRIL, 20, 1877.

THEORETICAL STATEMENTS.

By B. C. UNSELD, Principal Virginia Normal Music School.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

THE following elucidation of the Elementary Principles is designed as a sort of catechism for the use of the pupil. The statements are worded, for the most part, as concisely as possible—in short sentences—and are intended to be committed to memory by the pupil and recited at each lesson.

The committing to memory of these statements is not to take the place of the teacher's regular instructions, blackboard exercises, &c., but as an addition to them—something for the pupils to learn between the lessons. Each subject should be taught orally, fully explained and illustrated with blackboard exercises, and then (not before) the pupils should be referred to the statements embodying the subject taught, and be required to memorize them and recite them at the next lesson. Used in this way they will prove to be a valuable review of the lessons, and will serve to fix them in the memory of the pupils.

No attempt has been made to arrange the statements in the order of a series of lessons; each teacher will arrange the order of his lessons to suit himself, or rather to suit the condition of his class.

The Scale, Staff, Notes.

1. The SCALE is a series of eight tones.
2. The tones of the scale are named by the *Numeral Names*, ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT.
3. Also by the *Syllables*, DO, RE, MI, FA, SOL, LA, SI, DO.

Pronounced, Doh, Ray, Mee, Fah, Sole, Lah, See, Doh.

4. The scale is represented by a character called the STAFF.
5. The Staff consists of *Five Lines* and *Four Spaces*.
6. Each line and each space is called a *Degree*.
7. The staff contains nine degrees.
8. When more than nine degrees are required, the spaces above and below may be used, and *short lines* may be added above and below.
9. The short lines are called *Added Lines*.
10. The tones are indicated on the staff by NOTES.
11. In the Character Note System of Notation, the tones are represented, and more readily indicated on the staff, by notes of different shapes for the different tones.
12. The scale is extended upward by considering *Eight* as *One* of an *upper scale*.
13. The scale is extended downward by considering *One* as *Eight* of a *lower scale*.

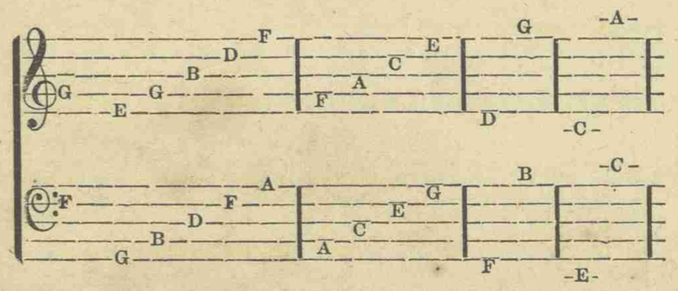
QUESTIONS.—1. What is the scale? 2. How are the tones of the scale named? 3. What other names? 4. How is the scale represented? 5. Of what does the staff consist? 6. What is each line and each space called? 7. How many degrees does the staff contain? 8. When more than nine degrees are required, how are they obtained? 10. How are tones indicated on the staff? 11. How are the tones represented in the Character Note System of Notation? 12. How is the scale extended upward? 13. How extended downward?

Absolute Pitch, Letters, Clefs.

14. The highness or lowness of tones is called PITCH.
15. Pitch is both *Relative* and *Absolute.*
16. Relative pitch is the position a tone occupies in the scale.
17. Absolute pitch is the fixed, unchangeable position of a tone, independent of scale relation.
18. In relative pitch tones are named by the numeral names, One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight.
19. In absolute pitch tones are named by the first seven letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, G.
20. In the Model, or Standard Scale, the pitch C is taken as One.
21. The order of the pitches in the standard scale is as follows: C is One, D is Two, E is Three, F is Four, G is Five, A is Six, B is Seven, C is Eight.

C is taken again for Eight, because the same tone which is Eight to the tones below it, is also One to the tones above it.

22. Absolute pitch is represented on the staff by the application of one of the letters to one of the degrees.
23. When a letter is thus used it is called a CLEF.
24. The letters commonly used as clefs are G and F.
25. The G clef is placed upon the second line.
26. The F clef is placed on the fourth line.

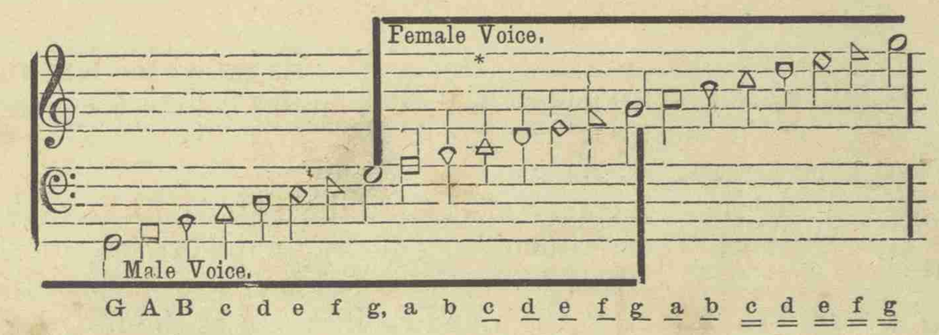


27. The G clef is used mostly for ladies' voices.
28. The F clef is used exclusively for gentlemen's voices.

QUESTIONS.—14. What is the highness or lowness of tones called? 15. Pitch is both? 16. What is Relative pitch? 17. What is Absolute pitch? 18. How are tones named in Relative pitch? 18. In Absolute pitch how named? 20. What pitch is taken as One in the Standard Scale? 21. Name the order of pitches in the Standard Scale? why is C taken again for Eight? 22. How is Absolute pitch represented on the staff? 23. When a letter is thus used what is it called? 24. What letters are commonly used as clefs? 25. Upon which degree is the G clef placed? 26. The F clef? What are the letters upon the lines of the G staff? What are the letters on the spaces, &c.? Teacher will multiply questions. 27. The G clef is used—? 28. The F clef?

Classification of Voices.

29. The usual vocal compass, including both the male and female voices, is about three octaves.
30. The tones of the different octaves, denoted by the same letters, are designated by capitals and small letters, together with marks above or below them.



The letters in the above example are read thus: Great G, great A, great B, small c, small d, small e, small f, small g, small a, small b, once marked small c, once marked small d, once marked small c, and so on through this octave and we have then twice marked small c, twice marked small d, and so on.

This once marked small c, being the central tone of the vocal and also of the great, or instrumental scale, is called MIDDLE C.

The F clef, it will be seen, indicates small f; the G clef indicates once marked small g.

The difference of pitch between the male and female voice, should be clearly explained and illustrated in this connection.

31. The voice is naturally divided into four classes:
    Low male voice—BASE.
    High male voice—TENOR.
    Low female voice—ALTO.
    High female voice—SOPRANO OR TREBLE.
32. The parts to be sung by the different voices are designated by *Clefs.*
33. The F clef, also called Base clef, is used for Base, and often for the Tenor.

It is used for the Tenor when the Tenor and Base parts are written on the same staff.

34. The G clef, also called Treble clef, is used for Soprano and Al-

to, and often for Tenor. When used for Tenor it denotes small g—an octave lower than when used for Soprano or Alto.
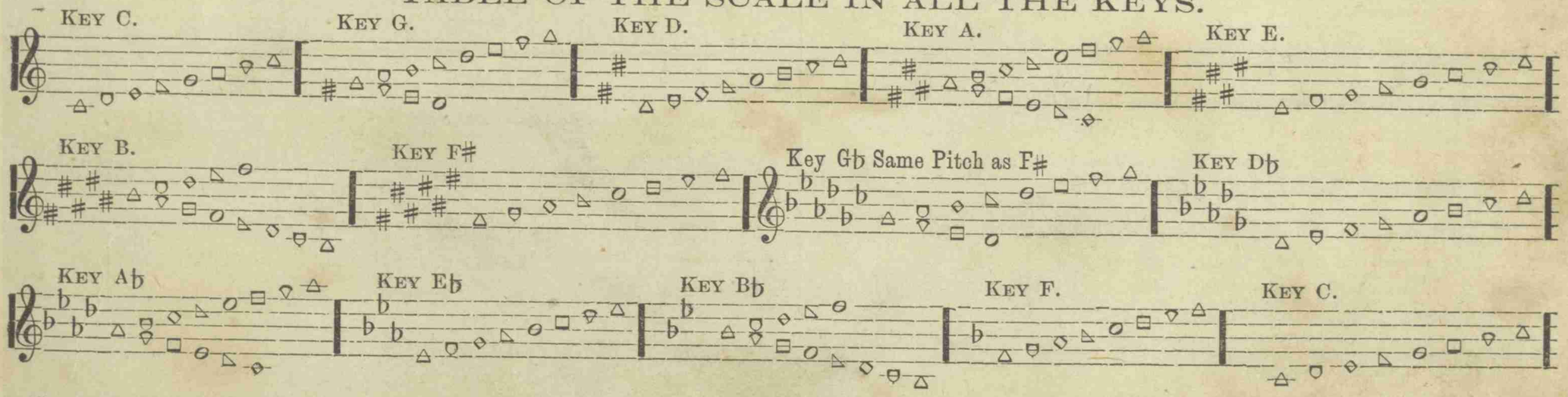
The use of the G clef for Tenor (always incorrect,) is being gradually abandoned, and the C clef, (called also, Tenor clef,) adopted in its place, The C clef fixes the letters upon the staff in the same order as the G clef, but indicates the tones an octave lower, and enables the Tenor part to be more readily distinguished.

QUESTIONS.—29. What is the usual vocal compass? How are the tones of the different octaves designated? Read the letters in the example—what is the once marked small c also called? What pitch does the F clef indicate? The G clef? 31. The voice is divided into how many classes? Name them? 32. How are the parts for the different voices designated? 33. For what voices is the F clef used? 34. The G clef?

Transposition--Practical.

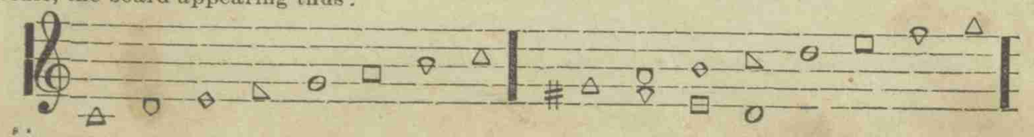
35. The first tone of the scale—One or Do—is called the KEYNOTE.
36. In the Model or Standard Scale the pitch C is the Keynote.
37. Any other pitch than C may be taken as the Keynote.
38. Changing the pitch is called TRANSPOSITION.
39. The tones of a scale are also called a KEY.
40. The word "Key" in this sense means a family of tones, or tone-family.
41. The tones of a key make the *scale* only when they occur in scale-form.
42. A key or scale is named from the letter that is taken as the key-note.
43. The different keys, except the key of C, are indicated by SHARPS (♯) or FLATS (♭) placed on the staff.
44. Such sharps or flats are called the SIGNATURE (sign) of the key.

TABLE OF THE SCALE IN ALL THE KEYS.



NOTE TO THE TEACHER.—It is not necessary at this point to explain the theory of the transposition of the scale. All that the pupils need to know are the names of the Keys and their Signatures. The different Keys may be introduced somewhat in the following manner.

Write the scale of C on the board and question the class as to what Scale, Key, Keynote, &c. "We will now take Five of this key for the keynote of a new key. What pitch (letter) is Five in this key?" G. "What, then, is the pitch of the new keynote?" G. Write the G scale, the board appearing thus:



Explain that when G is the keynote, a sharp is placed on F, and that that degree is then called F sharp, and that one sharp thus becomes the sign (signature) of the key of G, &c. The teacher will now drill the class on these two keys, by having them sing as he points to the notes. After some practice in this way, he will say, "We will now take Five of this key (G) for the keynote of a new key. What is Five (what letter) in this key?" D. Write the D scale, explain the signature and, exercise by pointing. Then, in the same manner (taking Five of the old key for a keynote of a new key,) introduce the keys of A, three sharps; E, four sharps; B, five, and F sharp, six sharps.

The flat keys may be taught in the same way, by taking Four of the old key for the keynote of a new key.

The object in presenting the keys in this way, is to give the class *practice* in the different keys, giving greater variety in the exercises. The *Theory* of the Transposition of the Scale may be taken up later in the course.

QUESTIONS.—35. What is the first tone of the scale called? 36. What pitch is the key-note in the model scale? 37. May any other pitch be taken as the keynote? 38. What is changing the pitch called? 39. The tones of a scale are also called a—? 40. What does the word "key" in this sense mean? 41. When do the tones of a key make the scale? 42. From what is a key or scale named? 43. How are the different keys indicated. 44. What are such sharps or flats called? What is the signature of the key of G? Of D? &c. Teacher will multiply similar questions.

Intervals--Steps and Half-Steps.

45. The difference of pitch between two tones is called an INTERVAL.

46. There are two kinds of intervals in the scale, the larger called STEPS; the smaller called HALF STEPS.

47. The Half-steps occur between Three and Four, and Seven and Eight.

QUESTIONS.—45. What is the difference of pitch between two tones called? 46. How many kinds of intervals in the scale, and what are they? 47. Where do the half-steps occur? What is the interval from one to two? Five to six? &c. Multiply similar questions.

Sharp-Four.

The Chromatic Scale as a whole need not be introduced just yet, but there is one of its tones, Sharp Four, which is so common and, in its proper connection, so natural, that it may be here taken up.

48. Between the tones Four and Five an intermediate tone may be introduced.

49. The name of this intermediate tone is SHARP FOUR.

50. The syllable for Sharp Four is FI (Fee.)

51. Sharp Four is represented on the staff by the same degree that represents Four, modified by a sharp.

52. The influence of the sharp extends through the remainder of the measure in which it occurs.

The additional clause of this rule, namely, "And through succeeding measures until cancelled by a note on some other degree of the staff," is gradually being discontinued, as it is of no benefit and causes great confusion. In some books this rule is still in force, and the teacher should be able to explain it.

53. The influence of the sharp is cancelled by the NATURAL ♮.

It has been suggested that this character be called a CANCEL, since it is never used except to cancel the effect of some previous sharp or flat. The term "natural" certainly has a tendency to mislead the pupil, to convey the idea that some tones are more natural than others.

54. In the sharp keys, Sharp Four is indicated by a sharp, and cancelled by a natural.

55. In the flat keys, Sharp Four is indicated by a natural, and cancelled by a flat.

56. The sharps, flats, or naturals, that occur incidentally in a tune, are called ACCIDENTALS.

QUESTIONS.—48. Between which tones may an intermediate tone be introduced? 49. What is the name of this intermediate tone? 50. What syllable? 51. How is Sharp Four represented on the staff? 52. How far does the influence of the sharp extend? 53. By what is the influence of a sharp cancelled? 54. How is Sharp Four indicated in sharp keys, and how cancelled? 55. In flat keys? 56. What are the sharps, flats, or naturals occurring incidentally called?

Chromatic Scale.

57. Between those tones of the scale which form the interval of a step, an intermediate tone may be introduced, viz: between One and Two; Two and Three; Four and Five; Five and Six, and Six and Seven.

68. An intermediate tone is named from either of the two scale-tones between which it occurs.

Thus the intermediate tone between One and Two is called Sharp One, or Flat Two. Sharp in music means *higher*, flat means *lower*.

59. The absolute pitch names of the intermediate tones are governed by the same rule. Thus the intermediate tone between C and D is called C sharp, or D flat.

60. An intermediate tone is represented on the staff by a degree modified by a sharp, flat, or natural.

61. A sharp makes a degree represent a tone a half-step higher than it does without the sharp.

62. A flat makes a degree represent a tone a half-step lower than it does without the flat.

63. A natural is used to cancel the influence of a previous sharp or flat.

If used to cancel a sharp, its effect is that of a flat; to cancel a flat its effect is that of a sharp. A double sharp (×) is used on a degree that is already under the influence of a single sharp.

To cancel the double sharp, and restore the degree to the influence of a single sharp this character (♮♯) is used.

A double flat (♭♭) and its cancel (♮♭) are used in a similar manner.

64. The intermediate tones are called CHROMATIC TONES.

65. The other tones are called DIATONIC TONES.

Diatonic tones may be further defined as those tones that necessarily belong to a key, the regular members; Chromatic tones, those that are occasionally introduced.

66. The scale composed of the diatonic tones only, is called the DIATONIC SCALE.

67. The scale composed of all the tones, both diatonic and chromatic, is called the CHROMATIC SCALE.

68. The Chromatic Scale consists of thirteen tones, with twelve intervals of a half-step each.

QUESTIONS.—57. Between which tones of the scale may an intermediate tone be introduced? 58. From what is an intermediate tone named? 59. How are they named as to absolute pitch? 60. How is an intermediate tone represented on the staff? 61. What is the effect of a sharp? 62. Of a flat? 63. What is a natural used for? 64. What are the intermediate tones called? 65. The other tones? 66. What is the scale composed of diatonic tones called? 67. What is the scale composed of all the tones called? 68. Of what does the chromatic scale consist?

Intervals--Seconds, Thirds--Major and Minor.

The teacher may give such instruction in the Major and Minor intervals as he deems expedient, or may omit it entirely, as it is not absolutely necessary in elementary practice. The following is a synopsis of the subject.

69. In addition to the names Step and Half-step, intervals receive other names, such as *Seconds*, *Thirds*, *Fourths*, &c.

70. These names are derived from the manner in which the intervals are represented on the staff.

71. An interval that embraces in its representation two adjoining degrees of the staff is called a *Second*. An interval that embraces three degrees, a *Third;* four degrees, a *Fourth;* five degrees, a *Fifth;* six degrees, a *Sixth;* seven degrees, a *Seventh;* eight degrees, an *Octave*.

72. Although all intervals of the same name look alike on the staff, yet, when considered in reference to the scale they do not sound alike. Their difference in sound being caused by the steps and half-steps of the scale.

A second that is eqal to a half-step is a MINOR SECOND.

A second that is equal to a step is a MAJOR SECOND.

A third that is equal to one step and one half-step is a MINOR THIRD.

A third that is equal to two steps is a MAJOR THIRD.

A fourth that is equal to two steps and one half-step is a PERFECT FOURTH.

A fourth that is equal to three steps is a SHARP FOUTH.

A fifth that is equal to two steps and two half-steps is a FLAT FIFTH.

A fifth that is equal to three steps and one half-step is a PERFECT FIFTH.

A sixth that is equal to three steps and two half-steps is a MINOR SIXTH.

A sixth that is equal to four steps and one half-step is a MAJOR SIXTH.

A seventh that is equal to four steps and two half-steps is a MINOR SEVENTH.

A seventh that is equal to five steps and one half-step is a MAJOR SEVENTH.

An OCTAVE is equal to five steps and two half-steps.

The intervals here mentioned are called Diatonic intervals, because they are produced by skips in the diatonic scale. There are others arising out of the chromatic scale, but they need not be mentioned here.

QUESTIONS.—69. In addition to the names step and half-step, what other names do intervals receive? 70. From what are these names derived? 71. An interval embracing two degrees is a what? &c. 72. Do all intervals that look alike sound alike? Teacher will supply other questions.

Transposition--Theoretical.

Further instruction may now be given in the transposition of the scale, that is, the theory of transposition may now be taught. For methods of doing this the teacher is referred to *The Pestalozzian Music Teacher*, by Dr. Lowell Mason and Theo. F. Seward. Every teacher should have a copy of that work, for reference and for guidance in all matters of elementary instruction.

73. The scale of C is adopted as the Model or Standard Scale.

74. When any other pitch than C is taken as the keynote, the scale is said to be transposed.

75. In transposing the scale the proper order of intervals must be preserved.

76. This is done by omitting certain tones from the old key and adopting in their place certain intermediate tones as members of the new key.

77. The most natural order of transposing the scale is that which requires the change of but one tone with each transposition.

78. There are two methods by which this is done. First— by Fifths, that is, by taking Five of the old key for the keynote of the new key.

79. Second—by Fourths, that is, by taking Four of the old key for the keynote of the new key.

80. In transposing by fifths, Four of the old key is omitted and Sharp Four adopted in its place ; Sharp Four becoming Seven of the new key.

81. In transposing by fourths, Seven of the old key is omitted and Flat Seven adopted in its place ; Flat Seven becoming Four of the new key.

In transposing by fifths, Sharp Four is the tone of transposition ; hence the following rule : "Sharp Four transposes the scale a fifth."

In transposing by fourths, Flat Seven is the tone of transposition ; hence the following rule: "Flat Seven transposes the scale a fourth."

82. The intermediate tone required in transposition is called THE TONE OF TRANSPOSITION.

Transposing by fifths is also called transposing by sharps; transposing by fourths is also called transposing by flats.

83. The sharps and flats necessary in the different keys are placed at the beginning, and are called the Signature.

The signature may be changed wherever, in the course of a tune, there is a decided and prolonged change of key.

84. A sharp or flat, when used in the signature, has a more extended influence than when it merely occurs as an accidental.

For instance, in the signature of G, the sharp affects the degree on which it is placed *throughout the tune*, unless temporarily cancelled by a natural, *and also all its octaves.* The teacher may also explain that every tone in music is sometimes diatonic and sometimes chromatic. F Sharp in the key of G is diatonic, because it belongs to that key. It is chromatic in the key of C, because it is not a regular member of that key. F♯ is chromatic in G, but is diatonic in C.

QUESTIONS.—73. Which scale is adopted as the model scale? 74. When is the scale said to be transposed? 75. In transposing the scale what must be preserved ? 76. How is this done ? 77. What is the most natural order of transposing the scale ? 78. How many methods are there by which this is done ? What is the first way ? 79. The second way ? 80. In transposing by fifths what tone of the old key is omitted, and what intermediate tone is adopted in its place ? What does Sharp Four become in the new key ? 81. In transposing by fourths, what changes take place ? 82. What is the intermediate tone required in transposition called ? 83. Where are the sharps and flats necessary in the different keys placed, and what are they called ? 84. What is the influence of a sharp or flat in a signature? Give an example.

Relationship of Keys.

85. Keys that have a great many tones in common are said to be closely related.

86. Keys, are related in the *first degree*— they are but *one remove* from each other—when there is a difference of but one tone between them.

EXAMPLES.—In the key of G there is but one tone that is not in the key of C, viz : F♯; and the key of C has but one tone that is not in the key of G, viz : F ; accordingly, these two keys have the greatest number of tones in common that it is possible for two keys to have, and are, therefore, said to be related in the first degree—they are but one remove from each other.

In they key of F there is but one tone that is not in the key of C, viz : B♭ ; and the key of C has but one tone that does not belong to F, viz : B ; accordingly, these two keys are related in the first degree. Thus it may be said that the key of C has two keys that are related to it in the first degree, viz : The key of G and the key of F.

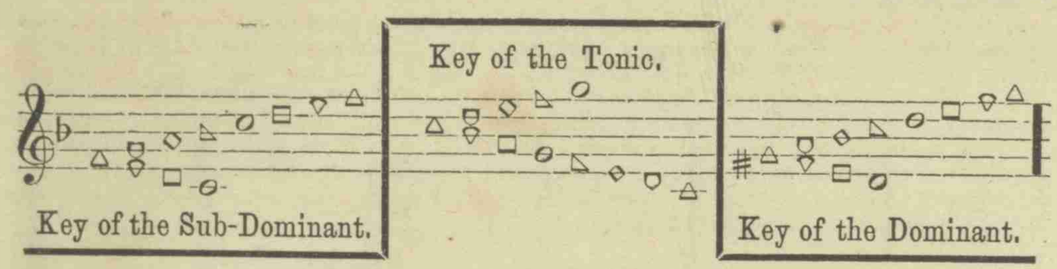
87. Each key has two keys that are related to it in the first degree, viz : The key founded upon its Fifth, and the key founded upon its Fourth.

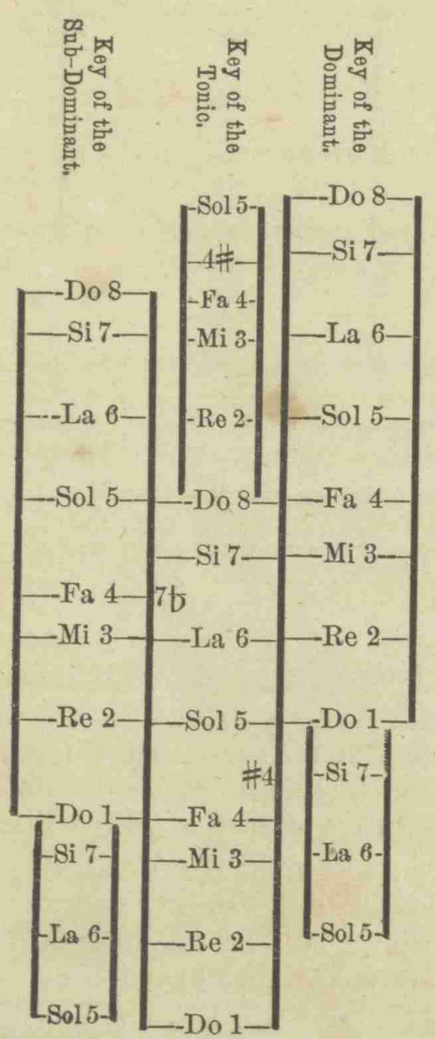
88. The Central or Chief Key, is called the *Key of the Tonic ;* the key founded upon its fifth is called the *Key of the Dominant ;* the key founded upon its fourth is called the *Key of the Sub-Dominant.*

89. The distinguishing tone between the Key of the Tonic and the Key of the Dominant is Sharp Four.

90. The distinguishing tone between the Key of the Tonic and the Key of the Sub-Dominant is Flat Seven.

This relationship of the three keys is shown in the following diagrams. It will be of advantage to the singer to know of this relation, and to observe the use of the related keys, and the effect of their connection.





QUESTIONS.—85. Keys that have tones in common are said to be what? 86. When are keys related in the first degree? Give examples. 87. Each key has how many keys related to it in the first degree? What are they? 88. What is the Central or Chief Key called? The key founded upon its fifth? The key founded upon its fourth? 89. What is the distinguishing tone between the key of the tonic and the dominant? 90. The distinguishing tone between tonic and sub-dominant?

Modulation.

91. A piece of music during its progress may pass into other keys besides the one in which it begins.

92. This passing over of the music into other keys is called MODULATION.

93. By Modulation, then, is meant a change of key during the progress of a piece of music.

94. Modulation is effected, or produced by the introduction of the distinguishing tone of the new key.

For instance, if, during the progress of a tune beginning in C the tone F♯ is introduced, in a prescribed way, it will cause a modulation into the key of G. To return from G to C the tone F must be used.

Again, if the tone B♭ is introduced in a tune during its progress in C it will produce a modulation into the key of F. To return from F to C the tone B must be used.

95. Sharp Four occurring in a tune in a certain manner will produce a modulation into the key of the Dominant.

96. Flat Seven occurring in a certain way will cause a modulation into the key of the Sub-Dominant.

Although modulation produced by the use of intermediate tones is the most decided, yet a change of key may take place without the use of intermediate tones; and, on the other hand, the introduction of intermediate tones does not always produce modulation.

97. The modulations that have just been studied are called modulations of *one remove*, because only one change is made in the pitch of the tones used.

98. When Sol becomes Do the music is said to go into the key of the Dominant, or first sharp key.

99. When Fa becomes Do the music is said to go into the key of the Sub-Dominant, or first flat key.

Eighty per cent. of all the modulations in music are into one or the other of these two keys, and the modulation into the key of the Dominant is the one most used.

But the music often passes over the key of the first remove to the key of *its* first remove,—this is called a modulation of *two removes*. Modulations of three removes sometimes occur, and also of still further removes, but as they seldom occur in simple music, they need not be explained here.

QUESTIONS.—91. Must a piece of music stay in the key in which it begins? 92. What is

passing over into other keys called? 93. What does modulation mean? 94. How is modulation effected? Give an example. 95. Sharp four will produce a modulation into which key? 96. Flat seven? May a change of key occur without the use of intermediate tones? Do intermediate tones always produce modulation? 97. What are the modulations just studied called? Why? 98. When Sol becomes Do where does the music go? 99. When Fa becomes Do?

The Minor Mode.

100. Thus far in our studies Do has been the keynote, or point of Repose.

101. La is sometimes taken as the keynote.

102. The effect of the music in which Do is the keynote is bright and joyous.

103. When La is the keynote the effect of the music is sad and plaintive.

104. The Scale with Do as the keynote is called the MAJOR SCALE.

105. The Scale with La as the keynote is called the MINOR SCALE.

106. The Major and Minor scales have many tones in common, they are, therefore, said to be related.

107. Each major scale has its relative minor, and each minor scale its relative major.

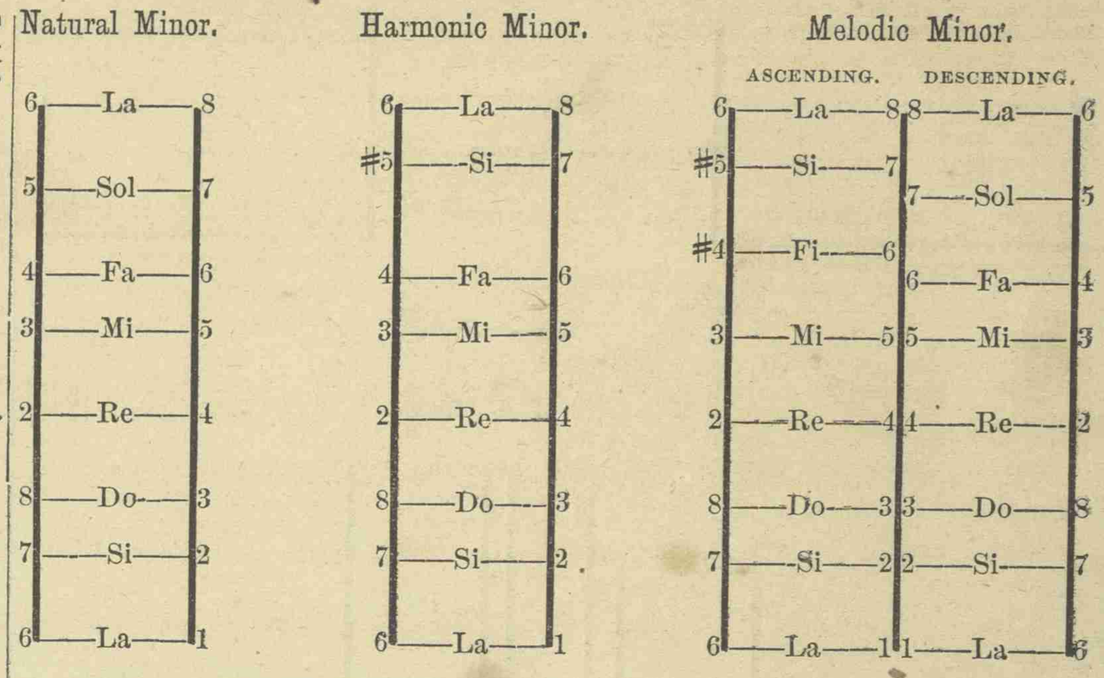
Although the Minor scale is, to some extent, treated as an independent scale, it is in reality only a peculiar *mode* of using the tones of the Major scale; hence, the term MINOR MODE.

108. The minor scale, unlike the major, has different forms.

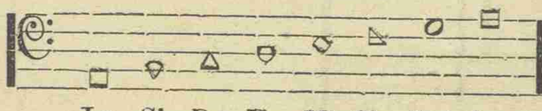
109. The forms most commonly used are, the *Natural Minor*, the *Harmonic Minor*, and the *Melodic Minor*.

110. These different forms arise from a different arrangement of the order of intervals.

The following diagrams show the order of intervals in each form:

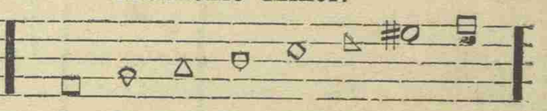


Natural Minor.



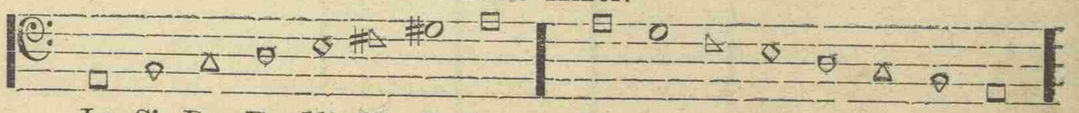
La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La.

Harmonic Minor.



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

Melodic Minor.



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

111. The distinguishing feature of Major and Minor scales is the *Third*.

112. The Major scale is known by its *Major Third*.

113. The Minor scale is known by its *Minor Third*.

QUESTIONS.—100. Thus far in our studies which tone has been the keynote? 101. What other tone is taken as the keynote? 102. What is the effect of music in which Do is the keynote? 103. What is the effect when La is the keynote? 104. What is the scale with Do as the keynote called? 105. What is the scale with La as the keynote called? 106. Have the Major and Minor scales tones in common, and what are they said to be? 107. Each Major scale has its—? and each Minor its—? Although the Minor is treated as an independent scale, what is it in reality? 108. Has the Minor only one form, or different forms? 109. What forms are most commonly used? 110. From what do these different forms arise? Teacher will supply ques-

tions on the intervals of the different forms. 111. What is the distinguishing feature of Major and Minor scales? 112. How is the Major scale known? 113. The Minor scale is known by what?

Measures, Accent, &c.

114. The length of tones is measured by a division of time into small equal portions.

115. These small portions of time are called MEASURES.

116. Measures are sub-divided into smaller portions called *Parts* of *Measures*, or *Beats*, or *Pulses*.

117. Accent is a greater loudness given to a certain pulse, or part of a measure.

118. Measures and Parts of Measures are indicated to the ear by *counting*.

119. To the eye by motions of the hand called *Beating Time*. Each motion is called a Beat.

120. A Measure is represented by the space between two upright lines called *Bars*.

121. The space between the Bars is called a Measure—that is, a written Measure.

122. The end of an exercise is indicated by a Double Bar.

123. A Measure having two parts or pulsations is called DOUBLE MEASURE.

124. Double Measure is indicated by counting ONE, *Two*, or by two motions of the hand—DOWN, *Up*.

125. The accent is upon the first part.

126. A Measure having three parts, or pulsations, is called TRIPLE MEASURE.

127. Triple Measure is indicated by counting ONE, *Two*, *Three*, or by three motions of the hand—DOWN, *Left*, *Up*.

128. The accent is upon the first part.

129. A Measure having four parts is called QUADRUPLE MEASURE.

130. Quadruple Measure is indicated by counting ONE, TWO, *Three*, Four, or by four motions of the hand—DOWN, Left, *Right*, Up.

131. There are two accents in Quadruple Measure; strong upon the first pulse, and light upon the third.

132. A Measure having six pulsations is called SEXTUPLE MEASURE.

133. Sextuple Measure is indicated by counting ONE, Two Three, *Four*, Five Six, or by six motions of the hand—DOWN, Left, Left, *Right*, Up, Up.

134. There are two accents in Sextuple Measure; strong upon the first pulse, and light upon the fourth.

135. Sextuple Measure is also called COMPOUND DOUBLE MEASURE. Indicated by two counts, or two motions—Down, Up,—comprehending three pulsations to each count.

136. A Measure having nine pulsations is called COMPOUND TRIPLE MEASURE. It is indicated by three Counts, or three Beats, comprehending three pulsations to each beat. It is accented upon the first, fourth and seventh pulses.

137. A Measure having twelve parts or pulses is called COMPOUND QUADRUPLE MEASURE. It is indicated by four Counts, or four Beats, comprehending three pulses to each beat. It is accented upon the first, fourth, seventh and tenth pulses.

QUESTIONS.—114. How is the length of tones measured? 115. What is a portion of time called? 116. What are the smaller portions called? 117. What is accent? 118. How are measures indicated to the ear? 119. To the eye? 120. How is a measure represented? 121. What is the space between the bars called? 122. What indicates the end of an exercise? 123. What is a measure with two parts called? 124. How is Double measure indicated? 125. Upon which part is the accent? 126. What is a measure having three pulsations called? 127. How is Triple measure indicated? 128. Upon which part is the accent? 129. What is a measure having four parts called? 130. How is Quadruple measure indicated? 131. Describe the accents in Quadruple measure? 132. What is a measure of six parts called? 133. How indicated? 134. Describe the accents? 135 What is Sextuple measure sometimes called? How indicated? 136. What is a measure of nine parts called? How indicated? Describe the accents? 137. What can you say of a measure of twelve parts?

Notes, Rests, &c.

138. The length of tones is represented by NOTES.

Notes have two uses. 1. To indicate on the staff which tones are to be sung. 2. The length of each tone.

139. The notes in common use are—



Whole, Half, Quarter, Eighth, Sixteenth.

140. Silence is indicated by RESTS.

141. The rests in common use are—



Whole, Half, Quarter, Eighth, Sixteenth.

142. The length of a note or rest is increased one-half by the addition of a DOT.

A Double Dot adds three-fourths—the second Dot adds one-half the first.

143. A TRIPLET is a group of three notes sung in the time of two of the same kind. It is indicated by the figure **3** placed above or below the group of notes.

QUESTIONS.—138. The length of tones is represented by what? How many uses have notes and what are they? 137. Name the notes in common use? 140. By what is silence indicated? 141. Name the rests in common use? 142. How is the length of a note or rest increased? 143. What is a triplet?

Varieties of Measure, Fraction.

144. The different kinds of Measure are designated by figures in the form of a fraction.

145. The upper figure denotes the number of parts, or beats, in the measure.

146. The lower figure denotes the kind of note that goes to a beat.

147. The note that goes to a beat is called the BEAT-NOTE.

148. Any kind of note may be used as the Beat-note.

149. Using different notes for beat-notes causes VARIETIES OF MEASURE.

150. The *kind* of measure is determined by the number of its beats.

151. The *Variety* of measure is determined by the kind of note used as a beat-note.

Table of the Usual Varieties of Measure,

Double Measure

Triple Measure

Quadruple Measure

Sextuple or Compound Double Measure

Compound Triple Measure

Compound Quadruple Measure.

QUESTIONS.—144. How are the different kinds of measure designated? 145. What does the upper figure denote? 146. The lower figure? 147. What is the note that goes to a beat called? 148. What kind of note must be used as a beat-note? 149. Using different notes for beat-notes causes what? 150. What determines the kind of measure? 151. What determines the variety? Name the usual varieties of double measure? Teacher will supply similar questions.

Degrees of Power, Legato. Etc.

The following table shows the names of the different degrees of power; the abbreviations and marks by which they are known, and their definitions.

NAME.	PRONOUNCED.	MARKED.	MEANING.
PIANISSIMO	Pe-ah-*nis*simo	*pp*	Very Soft
PIANO	Pe-*ah*-no	*p*	Soft
MEZZO	*Met*-zo	*m*	Medium
FORTE	*Four*-tay.	*f*	Loud
FORTISSIMO	Four-*tis*simo	*ff*	Very Loud
CRESCENDO	Cre-*shen*-do	*cres.* or <	Increase
DIMINUENDO	Dim-in-oo-*en*-do	*dim.* or >	Diminish
SWELL			Increase and Diminish
SFORTZANDO	Sfort-*zan*-do	*sf.* or *fz.* or >	Explosive
LEGATO	Lay-*gah*-to	⁀	Smooth, Connected
STACCATO	Stock-*kah*-to	'	Short, Detached

Miscellaneous.

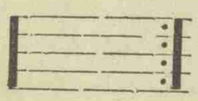
152. The TIE ⁀ indicates that the tone is to be prolonged for the time of both notes.

153. The SLUR indicates that two or more tones are to be sung to one word or syllable.

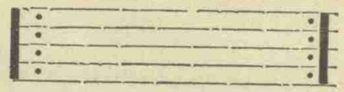
154. The curved line is a Tie when the notes are on the same degree—a Slur when the notes are on different degrees.

155. A BRACE  is used to connect two or more staffs, and shows the number of parts to be sung simultaneously.

156. SYNCOPATION is changing the accent from an accented pulse to an unaccented pulse.

157. The REPEAT  shows the preceeding passage should be sung again.

158. When only part of the passage is to be sung it is indicated thus:



159. The HOLD, or PAUSE,  indicates that the tone is to be prolonged at the option of the leader.

It is also used to prolong the time of a Rest, and is sometimes used between notes in the place of a rest.

160. DA CAPO, or D. C., means return to the beginning.

161. DAL SEGNO, or D. S., means return to the SIGN. $\S$

162. FINE indicates the place to end after a D. C., or a D. S. The Hold over a Double Bar is frequently used for the same purpose.

SINGING-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

THE WAYSIDE WELL.

B. C. UNSELD.

TENOR.

1 Oh, the pret - ty way-side well, Wreath'd a-bout with ros - es, When be-guiled with sooth-ing spell, Wear - y foot re - pos - es;

ALTO.

2 Treads the dro - ver on the sward; Comes the la - b'rer to thee, Free as gen - tle - man or lord, From his steed to woo thee;

SOPRANO.

3 Fair the greet - ing face as - cends, Like a Na - iad daugh-ter, When the peas - ant las - sie bends To the trembling wa - ter;

BASE.

With a wel - come fresh and green, Wave thy bor - der grass - es; By the dust - y trav' - ler seen, Sigh - ing as he pass - es.

Thou from parch-ing lip dost earn Many a mur-mur'd bless - ing, And en - joy - est in thy turn, In - no - cent ca - ress - ing.

When she leans up - on her pail, Glancing o'er the mead - ow, Sweet shall fall the whis-per'd tale, Soft the dou - ble shad - ow.

HARVEST HOME.

1 Hark! from woodlands far a - way, Sounds the mer - ry round - e - lay; Now a - cross the rus - set plain, Slow-ly moves the load - ed wain.

2 Nev - er fear the win - try blast, Sum-mer suns will shine at last; See the gold - en grain ap-pear, See the pro - duce of the year.

3 Join we all the jo - cund ring, Young and old come forth and sing; Lads and las - sies, all so gay, Hail the wel-come har - vest home.

CHORUS.

Greet the reap - ers as they come, Hap - py, hap - py har - vest home, Har-vest home, har-vest home, Hap - py har - vest home.

Greet the reap - ers as they come, Hap - py, hap - py har - vest home, Har-vest home, har-vest home, Hap - py har - vest home.

Greet the reap - ers as they come, Hap - py, hap - py har - vest home, Har-vest home, har-vest home, Hap - yy har - vest home.

TWILIGHT WHISPERS.

Words and music by ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1 The twi - light shad - ows gent - ly fall Up - on the cot - tage lawn; And memory calls to ab - sent friends That one by one have gone.

2 I lift my eyes to heav'ns blue dome Bright stars are gleaming there; And Fan - cy sees be-yond the stars The loved ones, dwell-ing there.

3 I bow my head, I dare not look, At star-gemm'd az - ure skies, For tears of bit - ter - ness and doubt Are gather-ing in my eyes.

4 O mourn-ful, plain - tive twi - light breeze, Why whisper in my ear, That sad "per-haps" that fills my soul, With ag - o - niz - ing fear?

The eve-ning breeze sighs thro' the trees, And whispers, half in sadness, "Perhaps we all shall meet a - gain In heav'ns sweet morn of glad-ness."

The twi - light breeze sighs once a - gain Sad as an ab - sent lov-er; "Perhaps we'll meet on heav'n's bright plain When life's strange dream is over."

Once more the zeph - yrs stir the trees Till all their branch-es quiv-er; "Perhaps we'll meet with friends a-gain, Be-yond the shin - ing riv - er."

Once more the wind sweeps o'er the lawn And whispers to the clo - ver:—There's no "perhaps" in that sweet home, When life's sad day is o - ver.

BEAUTIFUL MORNING.

1 Cast-ing a-side the man-tle of night Earth in her beau-ty glad-dens the sight; Dew-drops like gems the landscape adorn, Hail to thy brightness beau-ti-ful morn.

2 Streamlet and riv-er, val-ley and plain, Robed in the sun-light, charms us a-gain; Mu-sic re-sounds from gar-den and grove, Hymns of the morning wafted a-bove.

3 Nerv'd for the cares and toils of the day, Let us to la-bor hast-en a-way; Sow-ers and reap-ers loud-ly de-mand Help from the heart and help from the hand.

4 Now in life's morning do all you can, Cheerful-ly toil and hope-ful-ly plan; Grace with good deeds your beauti-ful morn Joy shall be yours tho' weary and worn.

Beau-ti-ful morn-ing we wel-come thee, Wel-come thee, wel-come thee—Beau-ti-ful morn-ing we wel-come thee, We wel-come, wel-come thee.

Beau-ti-ful morn-ing we wel-come thee, Wel-come thee, wel-come thee—Beau-ti-ful morn-ing we wel-come thee, We wel-come, wel-come thee.

Beau-ti-ful morn-ing we wel-come thee, Wel-come thee, wel-come thee—Beau-ti-ful morn-ing we wel-come thee, We wel-come, wel-come thee.

3 T. T. S.

SCATTER SEED.

THEO. F. SEWARD. By per.

1 In the fur-rows of thy life, Scat-ter seed! Scat-ter seed! In the fur-rows of thy life, Scat-ter seed! Scat-ter seed! Small may be thy spir-it field, But a

2 Up! the morn-ing flies a-way—Scat-ter seed! Up! the morning flies a-way—Scat-ter seed! Hand of thine must nev-er tire, Heart must

3 Tho' thy work should seem to fail, Scat-ter seed! Tho' thy work should seem to fail, Scat-ter seed! Some may fall on sto-ny ground; Flow'r and

Scat-ter seed! Scat-ter seed!

good-ly crop 'twill yield; Sow the kind-ly word and deed, Scat-ter seed! Scat-ter seed! In the fur-rows of thy life, Scat-ter seed! Scat-ter seed! In the

keep its pure de-sire, While thy brothers faint and bleed, Scatter seed! Scat-ter seed! In the fur-rows of thy life, Scat-ter seed! In the

blade are oft-en found, In the clefts we lit-tle heed, Scat-ter seed! Scat-ter seed! In the fur-rows of thy life, Scat-ter seed! In the

Scat-ter seed!

furrows of thy life, Scatter seed! Scat-ter seed! Scatter seed on eve-ry side, Send it far and send it wide, Scat-ter seed on eve-ry side.

furrows of thy life, Scatter seed! Scat-ter seed on eve-ry side, Send it far and send it wide, Scat-ter seed on eve-ry side.

fur-rows of thy life, Scat-ter seed! Scat-ter seed on eve-ry side, Send it far and send it wide, Scat-ter seed on eve-ry side.

Scat-ter seed!

ECHO IN THE HOLLOW GLEN.

1 E-cho in the hol-low glen, Wake you from your sleep; Let us hear your voice a-gain, Loud and deep.

2 E-cho in the hol-low glen, Hear our gen-tle song: Then re[illegible]lled with de-light,—Sweet, hap-py home, so bright!

SUNNY HOURS.

Moderately fast.

D. C. 1 O ye hours! ye sun - ny hours! Float-ing light - ly, light - ly by, Are ye come with buds and flow'rs, O - dors and blue sky?

D. C. 2 O ye hours! ye sun - ny hours! Are ye waft - ing, waft - ing song? Doth wild mu - sic stream in show'rs, All the groves a - mong?

mp. *p* *mf.* *End.*

D. C. 3 O ye hours! ye sun - ny hours! In your si - lent, si - lent flow, Ye are might - y, might - y pow'rs! Bring ye bliss or woe?

"Yes, we come, a - gain we come, Thro' the wood - lands, wood-lands free; Bring-ing many a wand'r-er home, With the bird and bee."

"Yes, the night - in - gale is there, While the star-light, star - light reigns, Mak-ing young leaves and sweet air Trem - ble with her strains."

D. C.

f

blade are oft - e - rious, glo - rious flow'rs; We are come with sun-shine fraught, Question not the hours."

TWILIGHT IS FALLING.

1 Twi-light is steal-ing O-ver the sea, Shad-ows are fall-ing Dark on the lea; Borne on the nightwinds, Voic-es of yore, Come from the far-off shore.

2 Voic-es of loved ones! Songs of the past! Still lin-ger round me, While life shall last;—Lone-ly I wan-der, Sad-ly I roam, Seek-ing that far-off home.

3 Come in the twi-light, Come, come to me! Bringing some message, O-ver the sea, Cheering my path-way While here I roam, Seek-ing that far-off home.

CHORUS.

Far a-way be-yond the star-lit skies, Where the love-light nev-er, nev-er dies, Gleam-eth a man-sion filled with delight,—Sweet, happy home, so bright!

Far a-way be-yond the star-lit skies, Where the love-light nev-er, nev-er dies, Gleam-eth a man-sion filled with de-light,—Sweet, happy home, so bright!

Far a-way be-yond the star-lit skies, Where the love-light nev-er, nev-er dies, Gleam-eth a man-sion filled with de-light,—Sweet, hap-py home, so bright!

Words by A. S. KIEFFER.

GENTLE SPRING IS HERE AGAIN.

From the GERMAN.

1 Gen - tle spring is here a - gain, Bring - ing mirth and glad-ness; And the sing - ing birds have come, Chas-ing gloom and sad - ness.

2 Years a - go her gen - tle voice, Fill'd my heart with pleas-ure, And life's lot was full of joy, With this sin - gle treas-ure;

3 All a - lone, she calm - ly sleeps, Un - der-neath the wil - low, And the hare-bells mute - ly weep, Tears up - on her pil - low;

But my heart is sad and lone, Tho' the win - try days have flown, For I miss the lov - ing tone, Which could bring it glad-ness.

But no joy earth now can give, Tempt-ing with the wish to live, And I lin - ger but to grieve For the dear lost treasure.

But her face still bright-ly beams, Com-ing to me in my dreams—Like an an - gel's still it seems—Bend-ing o'er my pil-low.

MERRILY ON.

1 Oh swift we go o'er the fleecy snow, When moon - beams spar-kle round, When hoofs keep time to mu-sic's chime, As mer-ri - ly on we bound.

2 On win - ter's night, when hearts are ligh, And breath is on the wind, We loose the rein, and sweep the plain, And leave our cares be - hind.

3 With laugh and song we glide a-long, A - cross the fleet-ing snow; With friends beside, how swift we ride The spark - ling track be - low.

CHORUS.

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

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

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

we bound, we bound.

Larghetto. Dolce.

THE ASH GROVE.

Welsh Air.

p

1 Down yon-der green val-ley where streamlets me - an-der, When twilight is fad - ing I pen-sive - ly rove; Or at the bright noontide, in

p

2 Still glows the bright sunshine o'er val-ley and mountain, Still war-bles the black-bird its note from the tree; Still trembles the moonbeams on

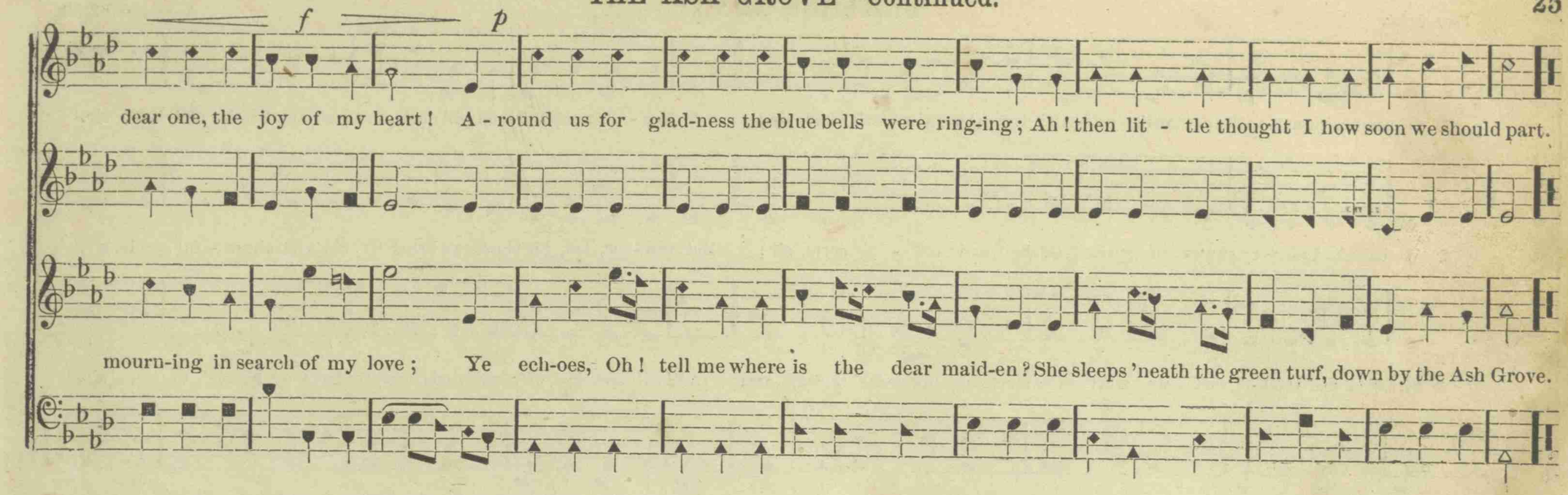
mf.

sol - i - tude wander, A - mid the dark shades of the lovely Ash Grove. 'Twas there, while the black-bird was cheerful-ly singing I first met that

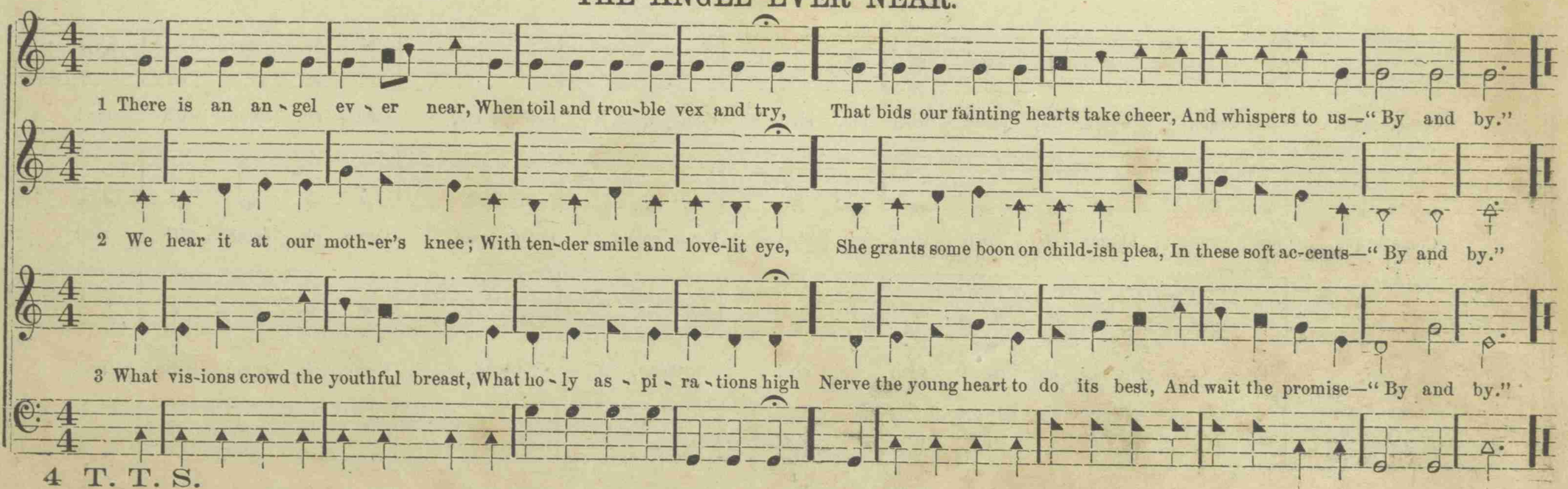
mf.

streamlet and fountain, But what are the beauties of na-ture to me? With sor - row deep sor-row my bos - om is la-den, All day I go

THE ASH GROVE—Continued.



THE ANGEL EVER NEAR.



SKATING GLEE.

A. S. KIEFFER.

Very Quick.

1 O come with me and we will go, And try the win-ter's cold, sir; It free-zes now, and soon will snow, But we are tough and bold, sir.

2 We have had mer-ry games in spring, Of ball and oth-er sorts, sir; But win-ter, too, his share can bring Of old and cheer-ful sports, sir.

3 With sled and satch-el, off we start The smok-ing break-fast through, sir; And all the day, with book and chart, We have e-nough to do, sir.

4 But when the les-sons are all done, O, then we're on the ice, sir; And by the red-ly sink-ing sun, We're skat-ing it so nice, sir.

Come, come, Come, come, Come, oh, come with me, sir! Come, come, Come, come, Come, oh, come with me!

Come, come, Come, come, Come, oh, come with me, sir! Come, come, Come, come, Come, oh, come with me!

Come, Come, Come, oh, come with me, sir! Come, Come, Come, oh, come with me!

Come, come. Come, come. Come, come. Come, come.

1 Sleep on dear-est, while a-round thee All is wrapt in si-lence deep, While the chains of sleep have bound thee, God doth

2 To the cham-ber of her dwell-ing, Where my love in slum-ber lies; Thro' the trees in love-tones tell-ing, As on

p *Cres.*

3 And the woo-ing night-wind bears them Far a-way o'er dis-tant plain, And the dream - - - ing fair one hears them Hears and

God doth con-stant vig-ils keep.

Con - - - - - stant vig-ils keep.
gold - - - - - en lad-ders rise.

f *dim.*

Con - - - - - stant vig-ils keep.
sweet - - - - - ly dreams a-gain.

1 God doth con-stant vig-ils keep.
2 As on gold-en lad-ders rise.
3 Hears and sweet-ly dreams a-gain.

God doth con-stant vig-ils keep.

1 Con-stant vig - - - - - - - - ils keep.
2 As on lad - - - - - - - - ders rise.
3 Sweet-ly dreams a - - - - - gain.

God doth con-stant vig-ils keep.

Con-stant vig - - - - - - - - ils keep.
As on lad - - - - - - - - ders rise.
Sweet-ly dreams a - - - - - gain.

pp

God doth con-stant vig-ils keep.

First time as a duet between Sop. and Alto.

HARK! 'TIS MUSIC STEALING.

From BLOCKLEY.

1 Hark 'tis mu - sic steal - ing O - ver the rip - pling sea; Bright the moon is beam - ing, O - ver each tow'r and tree.

2 Mu - sic sounds the sweet-est When on the rip - pling sea; Barks will sail the fleet - est To a sweet mel - o - dy.

The waves seem list'-ning to the sound, As si - lent - ly they flow O'er cor - al groves and fai - ry ground, And sparkling caves be-low. O

And as we're gent - ly sail - ing We'll sing that plain-tive strain Which mem'-ry makes en - dear - ing, And home re - calls a-gain. O

hark! 'tis mu - sic steal - ing, O - ver the rip - pling sea; Bright the moon is beam-ing O - ver each tow'er and tree.

hark! 'tis mu - sic steal - ing, O - ver the rip - pling sea; Bright the moon is beam-ing O - ver each tow'er and tree.

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

1 On bat - tle field en - cum-ber'd, A sol - dier dead lies there, For - got - ten and un-num - ber'd Tho' 'mong the first his spear,— The first his spear.

2 Far off in home's bright dwell-ing, One eve a fa - ther said— With keen for - bod-ing tell - ing—"I fear my son is dead,— My son is dead."

3 There murmurs now a mai - den, In eve-ning's dim twi - light, "Tho' dead, in this heart la - den, He still lives day and night! Lives day and night!"

4 As dew those tears are fall - ing, There on that sol-dier's head, That he whom heav'n was call-ing, Be not an un-wept dead— An un - wept dead.

OH! COLDLY BLOWS THE NORTHERN BLAST.

French Air.

1 Oh! cold-ly blows the northern blast, Through leaf-less tree-tops howl-ing,
The gloom-y night is gathering fast, And threat'ning clouds are scowl-ing. } Then tar-ry travel-er, rest thee here, And wel-come to our

2 The mountain road is drear and lone, The wolves are fierce and hun-gry,
The light of day will soon be gone, The storm becomes more an-gry. } Then tar-ry travel-er, rest thee here, And wel-come to our

2 No moon shall shine thy way to light, Nor stars to cheer and guide thee,
The wind will blow, the rain will beat, Some e-vil will be-fall thee. } Then tar-ry travel-er, rest thee here, And wel-come to our

home-ly cheer, The fire shall burn mer-ri-ly, Blaz-ing bright and warm, We'll pass the night cheer-i-ly, Care-less of the storm.

home-ly cheer, The fire shall burn mer-ri-ly, Blaz-ing bright and warm, We'll pass the night cheer-i-ly, Care-less of the storm.

home-ly cheer, The fire shall burn mer-ri-ly, Blaz-ing bright and warm, We'll pass the night cheer-i-ly, Care-less of the storm.

1 A - wake the song of mer - ry greeting, Sing tra, la, la, la, la, la, la.
The tones in - spir - ing joy re-peat-ing, Sing tra, la, la, la, la, la, la. Let mirth to wis - dom trib - ute pay, But

2 'Tis well for thought to find a sea-son, Sing tra, la, la, la, la, la, la.
For stu - dy al - ways there's no reas-on, Sing tra, la, la, la, la, la, la. We gath - er knowl-edge from the past To

mf. *p* *mf.*

3 And if the day we give to la-bor, Sing tra, la, la, la, la, la, la.
The eve - ning's due to friend and neighbor, Sing tra, la, la, la, la, la, la. When na - ture need - ful rest, de-signed To

yet be mer-ry when we may. Sing tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, Sing tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, Sing tra, la, la, la, la, la, la la, la, la.

make life hap - py while it lasts. la, la, la.

f *p* *m.* *f*

strengthen bod - y and the mind. Sing tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, Sing tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, Sing tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, ...

NEVER SAY FAIL.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 Keep work-ing 'tis wis - er than sit - ting a - side, And dreaming, and sigh-ing, and wait - ing the tide; In life's earn - est bat - tle they

2 With eyes ev - er o - pen, a tongue that's not dumb, A heart that to sor - row will nev - er suc-cumb; You'll bat-tle and con - quer though

3 In life's ro - sy morn-ing, in man-hood's fair pride, Let this be your mot - to your foot-steps to guide; In storm and in sun-shine, what-

on - ly pre-vail, Who dai - ly march on-ward and nev-er say fail! Nev-er, oh, nev-er, oh, nev - er say fail; Nev - er, oh, nev-er, oh,

thou-sands as-sail! How strong and how mighty, who nev - er say fail! Nev - er, oh, nev - er, say fail! Nev-er, oh, nev - er say

ev - er as - sail! I'll on-ward and con-quer and nev - er say fail! Nev - er, oh, nev-er, say fail! Nev-er, oh, nev - er say

Nev - er, oh, nev - er, oh, nev - er say fail; Nev - er, oh, nev-er, oh,

NEVER SAY FAIL—Continued.

nev - er say fail! In life's earn - est bat - tle they on - ly pre - vail, Who nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er say fail!

fail! In life's earn - est bat - tle they on - ly pre - vail, Who nev - - - - - er, no, nev - - - - er say fail!

fail! In life's earn - est bat - tle they on - ly pre - vail, Who nev - - - - - er, no, nev - - - - - er say fail!

nev - er say fail! Who nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er say fail!

ON THE STORMY OCEAN.

G. W. WEBER.

1 On the storm-y o - cean, 'Mid its wild com - mo-tion, Help - less seaman! Heav'n at - tend thee! God be - friend thee! God be - friend thee!

mf *mp*

2 O'er life's o - cean drear-y, Faint, for - lorn, and wear - y, Help - less mor-tal! Heav'n at - tend thee! God be - friend thee! God be - friend thee!

3 When no star smiles o'er thee, Frown-ing waves be - fore thee, Child of sor - row! Heav'n at - tend thee! God be - friend thee! God be - friend thee!

THE SCHOOL HOUSE ON THE HILL.

Words and Music by A. S. KIEFFER.

1 Fond mem'ry paints the scenes of oth - er years, Green be their mem'ry still; And bright a - mid those joy-ous scenes ap-pears, The school-house on the hill.

2 There hangs the swing up-on the ma - ple tree, Where you and I once swung; There flows the spring for-ev - er flow - ing free, As when we both were young.

3 And just be-yond the school-house playing ground, Green grows the forest still; Where once we chased each oth-er round and round, With boist'rous gleee and skill.
4 There climb the vines, and there the berries grow Which once we prized so high; And there the ripe nuts glis - ten in the glow Of rich Oc - to - ber's sky.

5 And on the play-ground happy children still Shout as in days of yore; But oh! those days, a-las, for us, dear Will, Are gone for - ev - er more.

O the old school-house that stands upon the hill, I nev-er, nev-er can for - get, Dear, happy days, ye gather round me still, I nev-er! No, nev - er can forget.

O the old school-house that stands upon the hill, I nev-er, nev-er can for - get, Dear, happy days, ye gather round me still, I nev-er! No, nev - er can forget.

NUTTING SONG—Continued.

all the for - ests blow-ing. Ho! ho! ho! The gold - en au-tumn bright with glee, Ho! ho! ho! Its hap - py days for me.

keep them in the hol - low. Ho! ho! ho! The gold - en au-tumn bright with glee, Ho! ho! ho! Its hap - py days for me.

love the brown Oc - to - ber. Ho! ho! ho! The gold - en au-tumn bright with glee, Ho! ho! ho! Its hap - py days for me.

ABSENT FRIENDS.

Words by E. HICKSON.

Welsh Air.

1 Friends and old com - pan-ions dear, Tho' far, far a-way,
In our dreams you oft ap - pear, Tho' far, far a-way.
deed dear friends, we love you yet, Tho' far, far a-way.
D. C. Think not we can e'er for - get The pleasant hours when first we met In -

2 Time steals on, and you re - main, Still far, far a-way,
But we hope to meet a - gain, Tho' far, far a-way,
now, dear friends, the thought is sweet, Tho' far, far a-way.
D. C. Yes, we hope a-gain to meet, And then our joy will be complete, For

FAIRY MOONLIGHT.

1 Hail to the Queen of the Si - lent Night, Shine clear, shine bright Yield thy pen-sive light ; Blithely we'll dance in thy sil - ver ray,

2 Dost thy pure beams from thy throne on high, Beam on through sky, Rob'd in az - ure dye, We'll laugh and shout while the night-bird sings,

Hap-pi - ly pass - ing the hours a - way. Must we not love the still-y night, Dress'd in her robes of blue and white? Heav'ns arches ring.

Flap-ping the dew from his sa - ble wings ; Sprites love to sport in th' still moonlight, Play with the pealrs of shad'wy night, Then let us sing,

PAGE(S)

MISSING

Stars wink and sing, Hail si - lent night. Fair - y moon - light, Fair - y, fair - y, fair - y moon-light.

Fair - y moon-light, Fair - y, fair - y, fair - y moon-light.

Ritard. *p p*

Time's on the wing, Hail si - lent night. Fair - y moon-light, fair - y moon-light, Fair - y moon - - - - - - - - - - - light.

EMIGRANT'S SONG.

1 O'er the foam - ing bil - lows, Of the might - y sea,
Lo! the ves - sel, bound-ing, Mer - ri - ly goes she.
God pre - serve their sail - ing, To the dis - tant shore.
} Hark! the crew are hail - ing Friends on land once more; D. C.

2 Hap - py land they're seek-ing, Broad and fair, and free;
Hap - py homes a - wait them, When they've cross'd the sea.
God pre - serve them ev - er, Long and hap - py lives.
} There they'll dwell to - geth - er, Chil - dren, hus-bands, wives :— D. C.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

Arr. by B. C. UNSELD.

1 A song of the oak, the brave old oak, Who has ruled in the greenwood long, Here's health and renown to his broad green crown, And fif - ty arms so strong!
CHORUS.—Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak, That hath ruled in the land so long, And still flourish he, now a hale green tree, When a hun-dred years are gone.

2 He saw the rare times, when Christ - mas Chimes were a merry song to hear, The 'Squires wide hall, and the cot - tage small Were full of En - glish cheer;
CHORUS.—Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak, That hath ruled in the land so long, And still flourish he, now a hale green tree, When a hundred years are gone.

There is fear in his frown, when the sun goes down, And the fire in the west fades out, And he showeth his might on a wild midnight When the storms through his branches shout.

D. C.

And through all the long day to the re-bec gay, There did frolick the blithesome swains, They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid, But the brave old oak tree remains.

D. C.

PAGE(S)

MISSING

NOW WIND THE MERRY HORN.

WEBBE.

1 Now wind the mer - ry horn, a-wake, 'tis ear - ly morn, For yon - der in the east-ern skies are the mountains blue, the

For in the
The land too

2 Now wind the mer - ry horn, Now wind the mer - ry horn, a-wake, 'tis ear - ly morn, For stran-ger-land too long we've trod, And we gai - ly press the

For in
The land too

Our moun-tains
And yon - der,
home we prize, Our na-tive mountains fair and blue, Rise proud-ly to the view. A - way, a - way, O glad - ly we o - bey the call, a -

homeward road, And yon-der dis-tant mountains blue, Rise fair - ly to the view. A - way, a - way, O glad - ly we o - bey the call, a -

Our moun-tains,
And yon - der,

way, a - way, ... On to the moun-tain home, On to the moun-tain home, The fer - tile plain al - lures in vain, A -

O glad - ly we o - bey the call,

O glad - ly we o - bey the call

way, a - way, ... On to the moun-tain home, The fer - tile plain al - lures in vain, A -

way to our home, a - way, The fer - tile plain al - lures in vain, A - way to our home, a - way, A - way, a - way, a - way, A - way, a - way, a - way.

way to our home, a - way, The fer - tile plain al - lures in vain, A - way to our home, a - way, A - way, a - way, a - way, A - way, a - way, a - way.

Lively.

THE MELLOW HORN.

Arr. From an English Song.

1 At dawn Au - ro - ra gai - ly breaks, In all her proud at - tire, Ma - jes - tic o'er the glas - sy lake, Re-flect-ing li - quid fire: All

2 At eve when gloom - y shades ob-scure The tran-quil shep-herds cot, When tink-ling bells are heard no more, And dai - ly toil for - get, 'Tis

na - ture smiles to ush - er in The blush - ing queen of morn, And huntsmen with the day be - gin To wind the mel - low horn.

then the sweet en-chant-ing note On zeph - yrs gent - ly borne, With watch-ing ca - dence seems to float A-round the mel - low horn. The

The echo can be made by humming the passage with the lips closed, and teeth apart.

Echo. *Echo.*
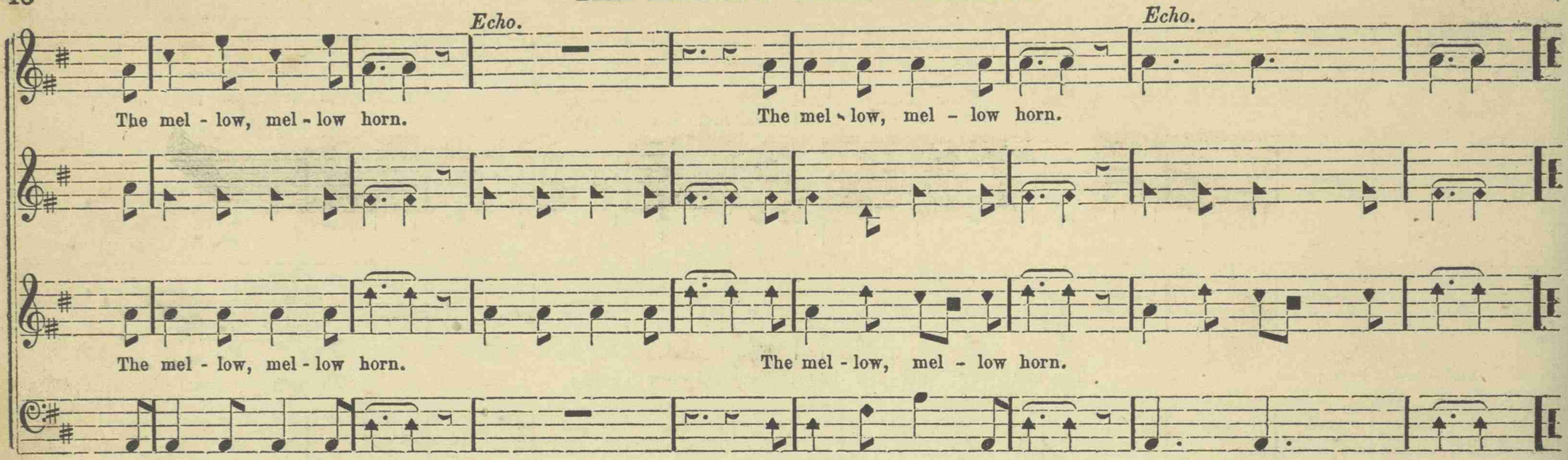
mel - low horn; The mel - low, mel - low horn; The mel - low horn; The mel - low, mel - low horn; And

mel - low horn; The mel - low, mel - low horn; The mel - low horn; The mel - low, mel - low horn; 'Tis

hunts-men with the day be - gin To wind the mel - low horn. And huntsmen with the day be - gin To wind the mel - low horn.

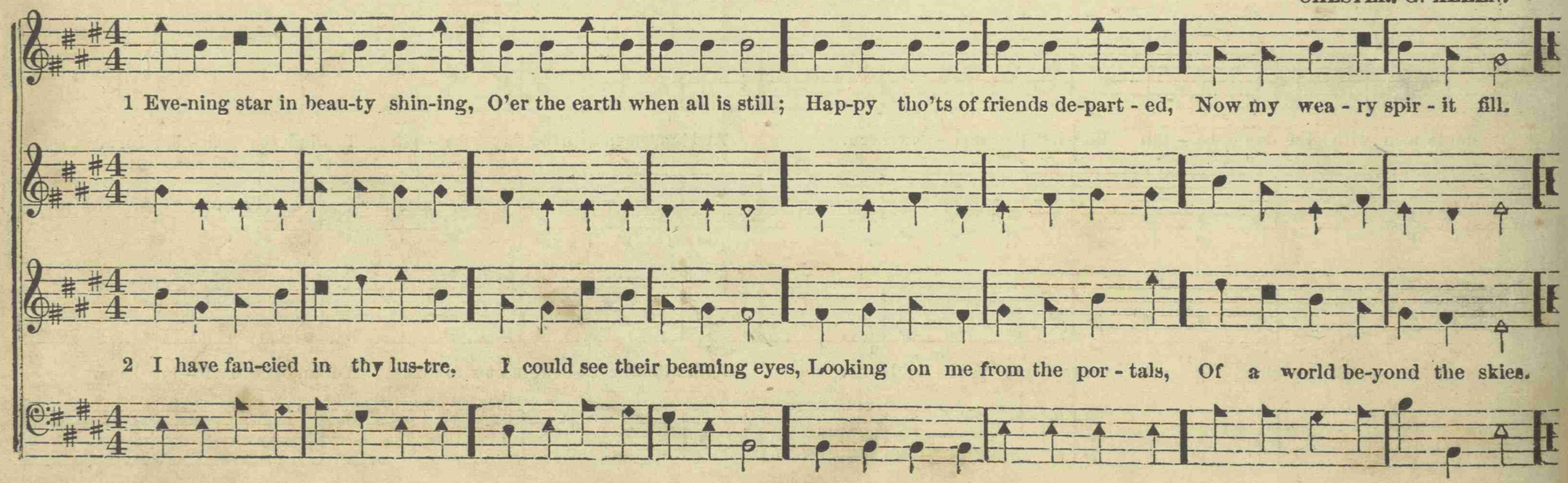
then the sweet en-chant-ing note On zeph-yrs gent - ly borne. With witching ca-dence seems to float A-round the mel - low horn.

THE MELLOW HORN—Continued.



EVENING STAR.

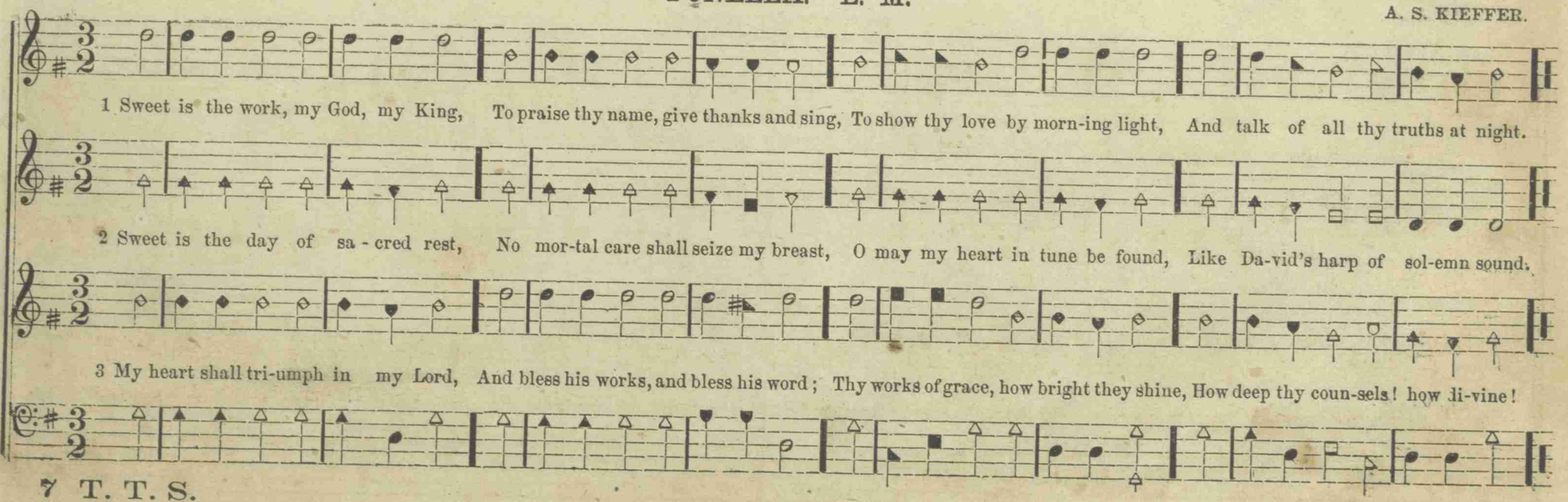
CHESTER, G. ALLEN.



THE TEMPLE STAR.

FONELLA. L. M.

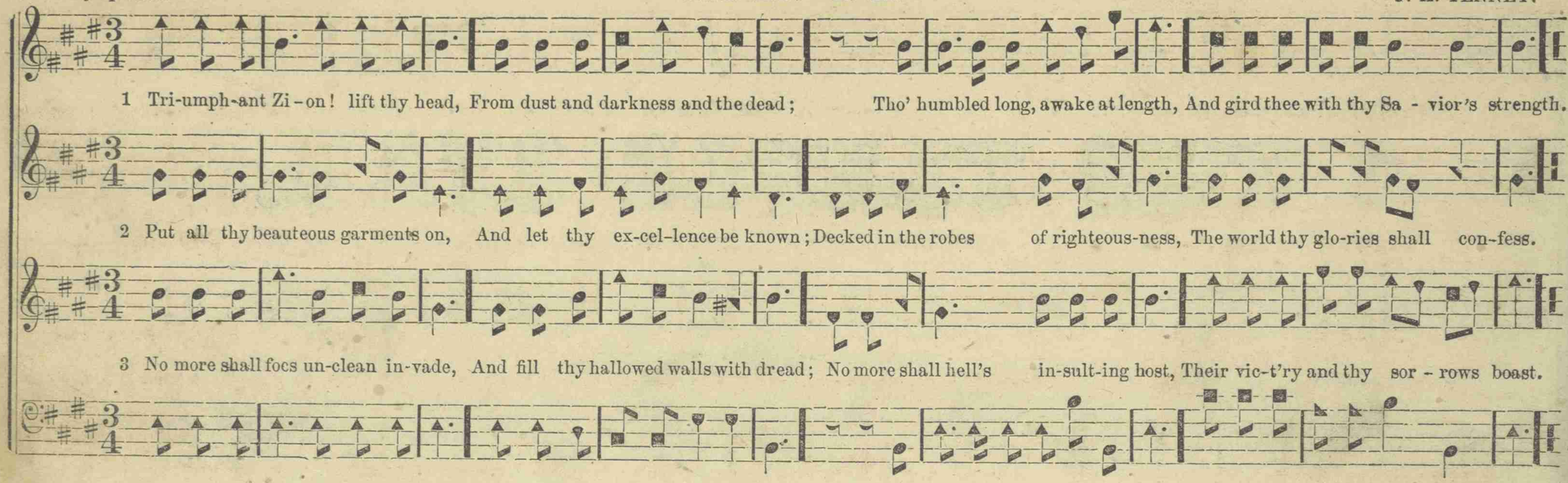
A. S. KIEFFER.



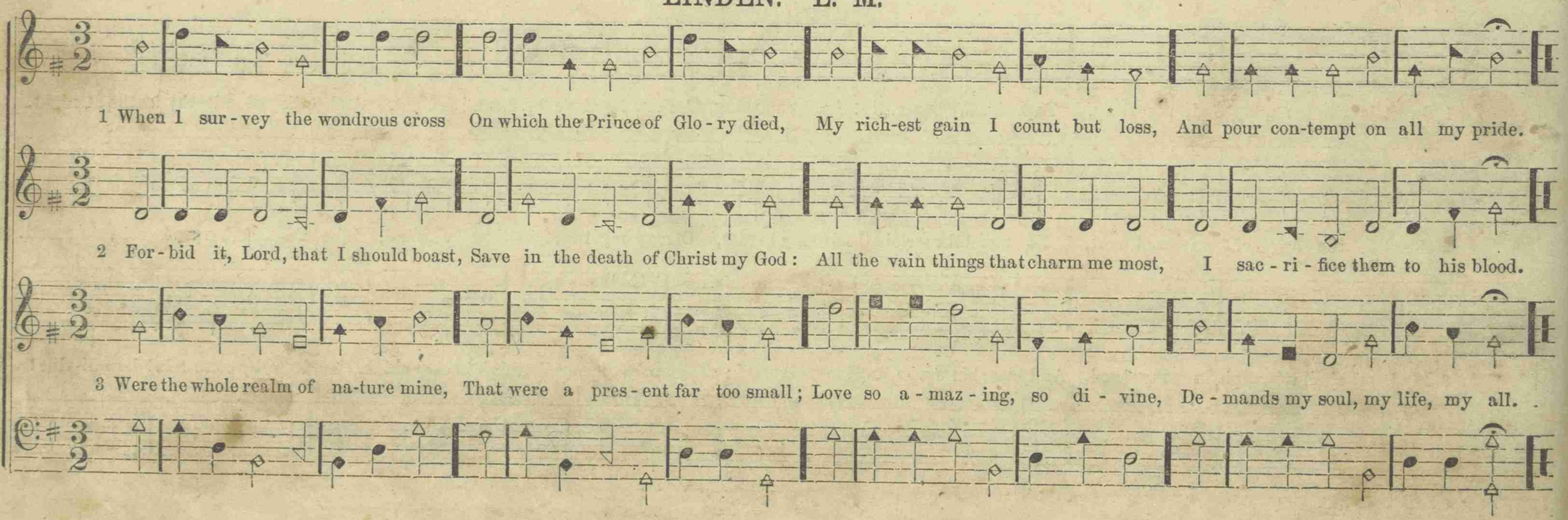
Very Spirited.

UNSELD. L. M.

J. H. TENNEY.



LINDEN. L. M.



MINNIE. L. M.

1 There is a land mine eye hath seen, In vis-ions of en-raptured thought, So bright that all which spreads between Is with its ra-diant glo-ry fraught.

2 A land up-on whose bliss-ful shore There rests no shad-ow, falls no stain; There those who meet shall part no more, And those long part-ed meet a-gain.

3 There sweeps no des-o-lat-ing wind A-cross the calm, se-rene a-bode, The wanderer there a home may find, With-in the Par-a-dise of God.

FOREST. L. M.

CHAPIN.
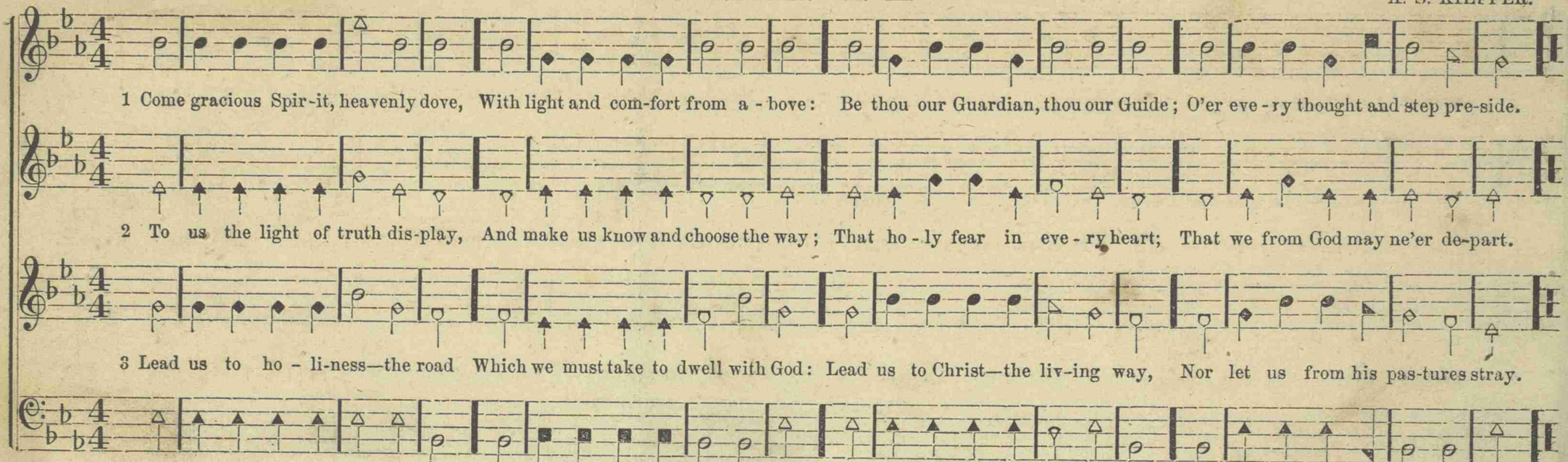
1 Here, at thy cross, in-car-nate God, I lay my soul be-neath thy love; Be-neath the droppings of thy blood, Je-sus, nor shall it e'er re-move.

2 Should worlds conspire to drive me hence, Move-less and firm this heart should lie! Resolved, for that's my last de-fence, If I must per-ish, here to die.

3 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear; Am I not safe beneath thy shade? Thy vengeance will not strike me here, Nor Sa-tan dare my soul in-vade.

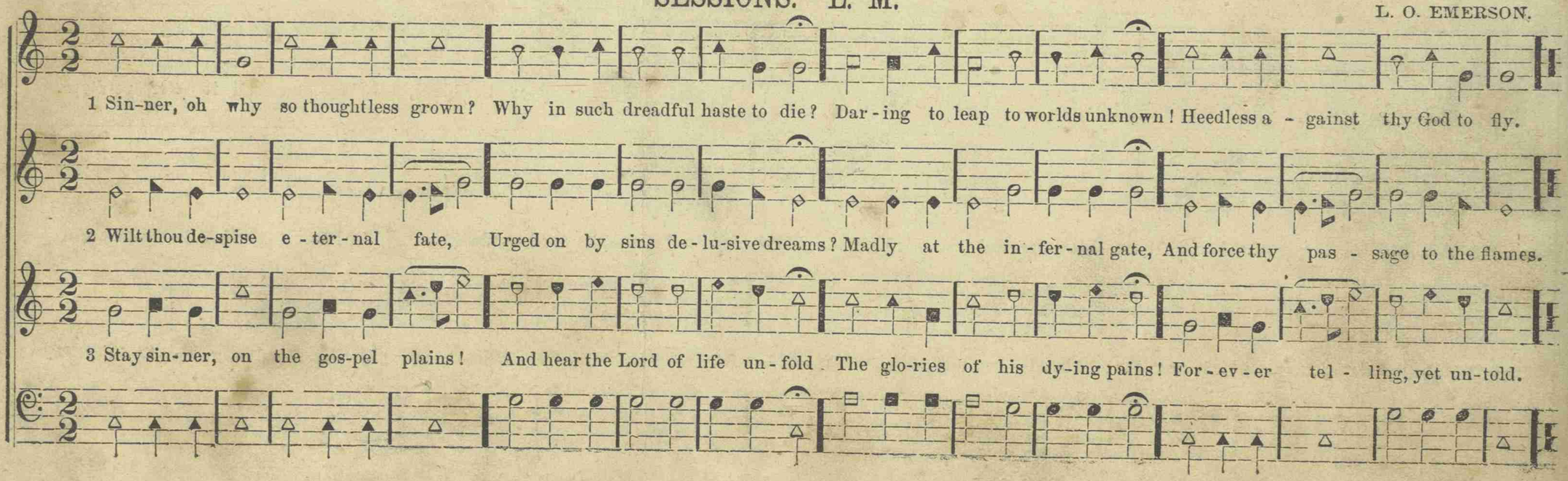
GUARDIAN. L. M.

A. S. KIEFFER.



SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.



HOFFMAN. L. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

Very Gentle.

1 She sleeps be-neath her na-tive earth, And near the spot that gave her birth, Her youthful feet trod flow'rs that bloom, In beau-ty o'er her ear - ly tomb.

2 She rests be-neath her na-tive earth, With grateful hearts we'll sing her worth; Her gen-tle ways shall ev - er dwell In hearts that knew and loved her well.

3 And oft we'll lift the tear - ful eye To hear her call-ing from the sky: Oh, how could we her absence bear, But that we hope to meet her there.

REST. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1 A - sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep! From which none ever wake to weep; A calm and un - dis - turb'd re - pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.

2 A - sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest; No fear, no wo shall dim that hour That mani-i - fests the Sa-vior's pow'r.

3 A - sleep in Je - sus! oh for me May such a bliss-ful re - fuge be! Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, Wait-ing the summons from on high.

Moderato.

DOUTHIT. L. M.

1 Thou on - ly Sover-eign of my heart, My ref-uge, my al-mighty Friend, And can my soul from thee de - part, On whom a-lone my hopes de-pend?

2 E - ter-nal life the words im - part; On these my fainting spir-it lives; Here sweeter com-forts cheer my heart Than all the round of na-ture gives.

3 Let earth's al - lur - ing joys com-bine; While thou art near, in vain they call; One smile, one bliss-ful smile of thine, My gracious Lord, outweighs them all.

4 Low at thy feet my soul would lie; Here safety dwells, and peace divine; Still let me live be - neath thine eye, For life, e - ter - nal life is thine.

ZELEK. L. M.

1 When thickly beat the storms of life, And heav-y is the chast'ning rod, The soul be-yond the waves of strife, Views the e - ter - nal Rock, her God.

2 When hope dis-pels the spir-it's gloom, When sinking 'neath af-flic-tion's shock, Faith thro' the vis - ta of the tomb, Points to the ev - er - last - ing Rock.

3 Hope, Grace and Truth with gentle hand, Shall lead a bleed-ing Sa-vior's flock, And show them in the promised land, The shel-ter of the Eter-nal Rock

HAPPY BOND. L. M. (with chorus.)

A. S. KIEFFER.

Animated.

1 O hap-py day that fixed my choice, On thee my Sa-vior and my God, Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap - tures all a-broad.

2 O hap-py bond that seals my vows, To him who mer-its all my love; Let cheerful anthems fill his house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's and he is mine: He drew me and I fol - lowed on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine.

Hap-py day, Hap-py day, When he washed my sins a-way; Hap-py day, Hap-py day, When he washed my sins away.

Hap-py day, Hap-py day, When he washed my sins away; Hap-py day, Hap-py day, When he washed my sins away.
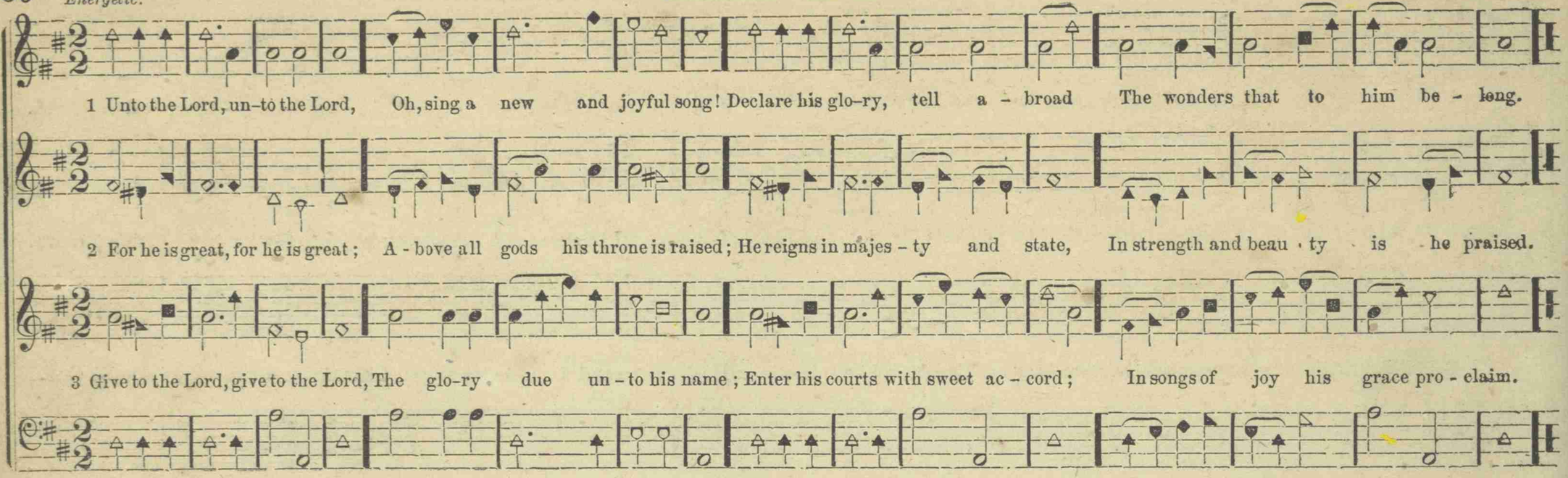
Hap-py day, Hap-py day, When he washed my sins away; Hap-py day, Hap-py day, When he washed my sins away.

Hap-py day, Hap-py day, When he washed my sins away; Hap-py day; Hap-py day, When he washed my sins away.

Energetic.

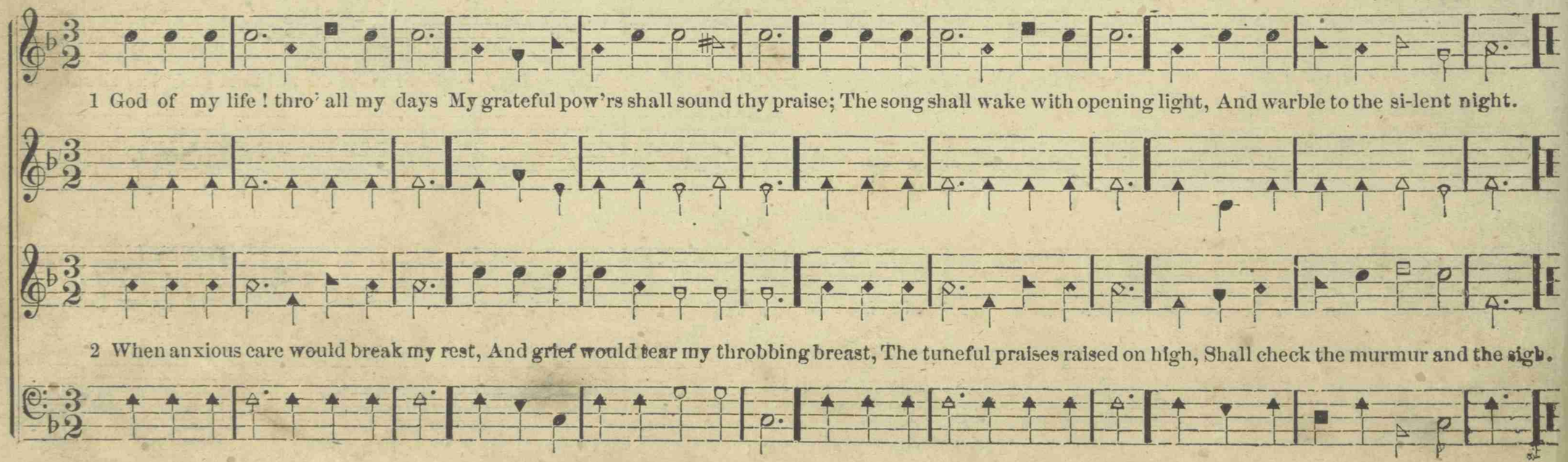
LAMAR. L. M.

J. H. TENNEY.



AMERICAN CHANT. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



HOSANNA. L. M. (with chorus.)

1 Je - sus my all to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on;
His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The nar-row way till him I view. } His track I see, and I'll pur-sue The narrow way till him I view.

2 This is the way I long have sought, And mourned because I found it not,
Till late I heard my Sa - vior say, "Come hith - er souls I am the way." } Till late I heard my Sa - vior say, "Come hither souls, I am the way."

3 Then will I tell to sin-ners round What a dear Sa - vior I have found;
I'll point to thy re - deem-ing blood, And say,—"Be-hold the way the God!" } I'll point to thy re - deem - ing blood, And say, "Behold the way to God!"

Hos-san-na! hos-san-na! hosanna to the Lamb of God! Glory! glory! let us sing! Grateful honors to our King! Hos-san-na! hos-san-na! hosanna to the Lamb of God!

Hos-san-na! hos-san-na! hosanna to the Lamb of God! Glory! glory! let us sing! Grateful honors to our King! Hos-san-na! hos-san-na! hosanna to the Lamb of God!

8 T. T. S.

WINDHAM. L. M.

DANIEL READ.

1 Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to-geth-er there; But wisdom shows a nar-row path, With here and there a tra - vel - er.

2 De - ny thyself and take thy cross, Is the Re-deem-er's great command; Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain that heav'n - ly land.

3 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain; Cre - ate my heart en-tire - ly new— Which hyp - o-crites could ne'er attain, Which false a - pos-tates nev - er knew.

WARD. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

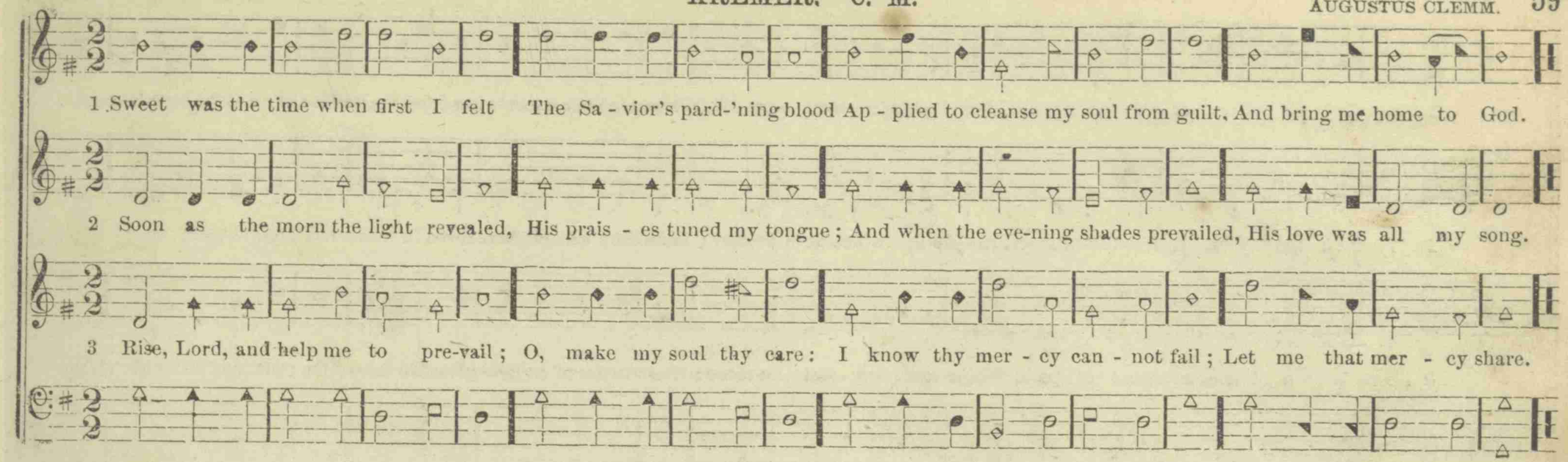
1 God is the ref-uge of his saints, When storms of sharp distress in-vade; Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Be-hold Him present with his aid.

2 There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the ci - ty of our God! Life, love and joy still gliding through, And watering our divine a-bode.

3 That sacred stream, thine holy word, Sup-ports our faith, our fear controls; Sweet peace thy promises af - ford, And give new strength to fainting souls

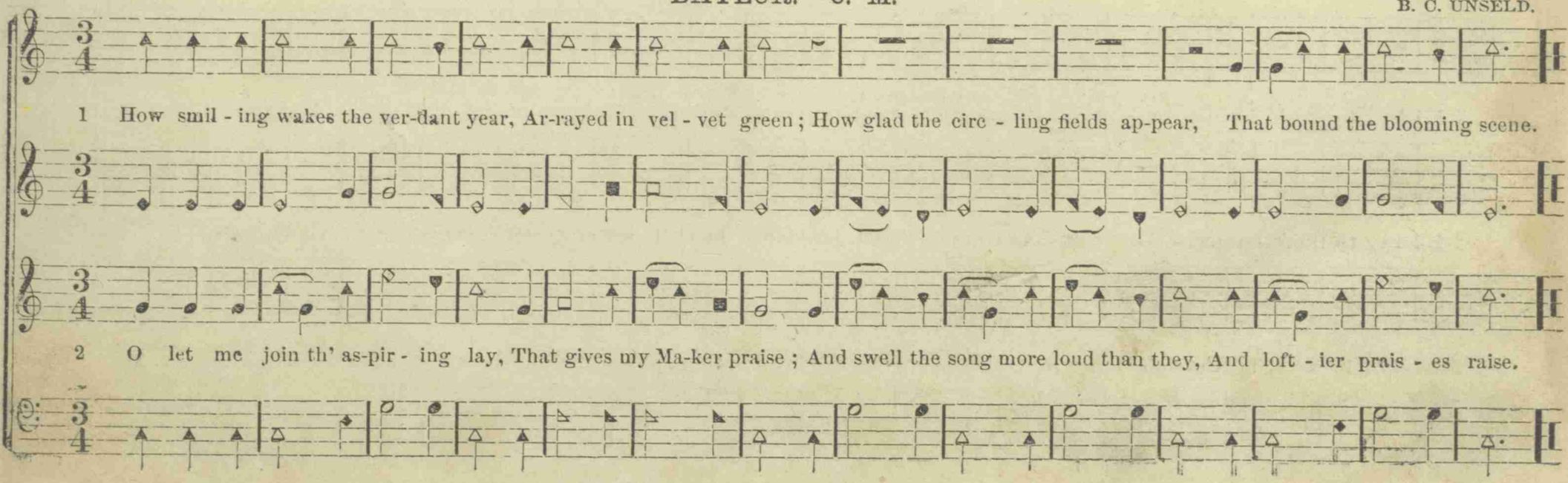
KREMER. C. M.

AUGUSTUS CLEMM.



BAYLOR. C. M.

B. C. UNSELD.



BLAKE. C. M.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 There is an hour of hal - low'd peace, For those with cares oppress'd, Where sighs and sorr'wing tears shall cease, And all be hush'd to rest.

2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears, And doubts which here an-noy; Then they who oft have sown in tears, Shall reap a-gain in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet re - pose, Where storms as - sail no more; The stream of endless pleasure flows, On that ce - les - tial shore.

Gentle and Gliding.

ZILLAH. C. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 I love to steal a-while a - way, From eve - ry cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum-ble grate-ful prayer.

2 I love to think on mer - cies past And fu - ture good im-plore; And all my cares and sor - rows cast On him whom I a - dore.

3 I love, by faith, to take a view, Of bright-er scenes in heav'n; The prospect doth my strength re-new, While here by tem-pests driven.

REPOSE. C. M.

1 In mer - cy, Lord, re-mem - ber me, Thro' all the hours of night, And grant to me most gra - cious - ly The safe - guard of thy might.

2 With cheer-ful heart I close mine eyes, Since thou wilt not re - move: O in the morning let me rise Re - joic - ing in thy love.

3 Or, if this night should prove my last, And end my tran-sient days; Lord, take me to thy prom-ised rest, Where I may sing thy praise.

DUNDEE. C. M.

1 Ye lit - tle flock whom Je - sus feeds, Dis-miss your anx - ious cares, Look to the Shep-herd of your souls, And smile a - way your fears.

2 Though wolves and li - ons prowl a-round, His staff is your de-fence; 'Midst sands and rocks your Shepherd's voice Calls streams and pastures thence.

3 Your Fa - ther will a king-dom give, And give it with de-light; His fee-blest child his love shall call, To tri - umph in his sight.

LAND OF PROMISE. C. M.

A. S. KIEFFER.
D. C.

1 On Jor - dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
And each a star - ry crown re - ceive, In that bright world on high.
} To-geth - er let us sweet - ly live, To-geth-er let us die,

2 O, the trans-port - ing, rap-turous scene, That ris - es to my sight!
Sweet fields, ar-rayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.
And each a star - ry crown re - ceive, In that bright world on high.
} To-geth - er let us sweet - ly live, To-geth-er let us die.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

Moderato.

DR. ARNE.

1 Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - l'wer of the Lamb; And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name.

2 Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease, While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas.

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

AFTON. C. M.

1 Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free? No there's a cross for eve - ry one, And there's a cross for me.

2 How hap-py are the saints a - bove Who once went sor-rowing here, But now they taste un-ming-led love, And joy with-out a tear.

3 O pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day! Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

JOYFUL SOUND. C. M.

WYATT MINSHALL.
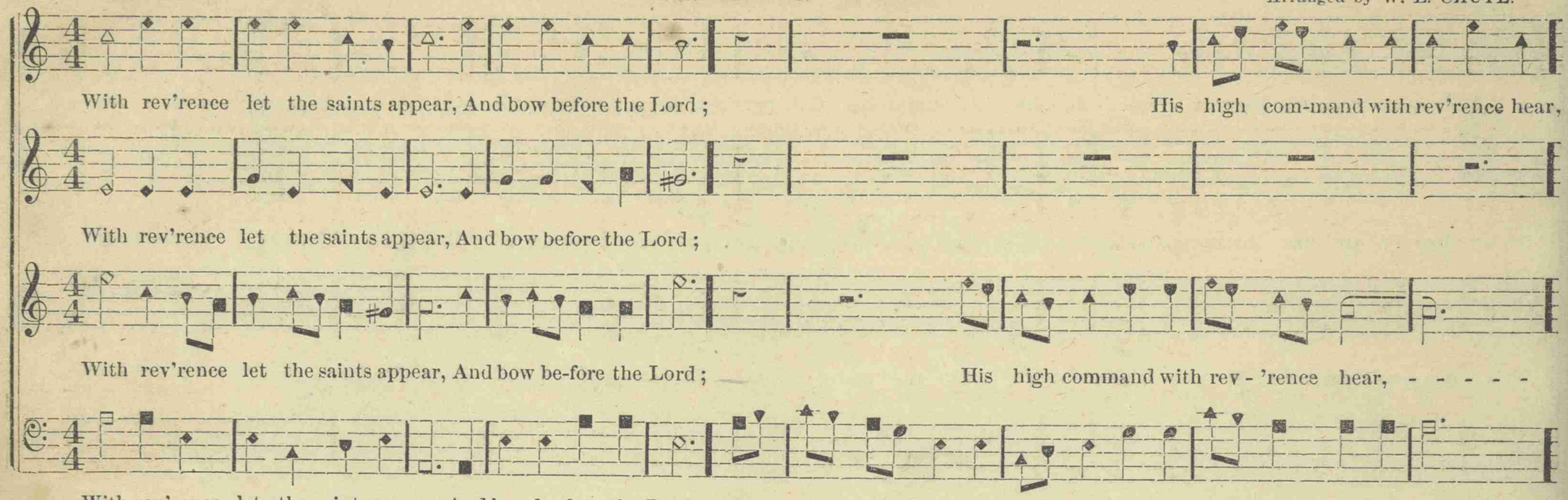
1 Sal - va - tion! O the joy - ful sound! What pleasure to our ears; A sov-'reign balm for eve - ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.
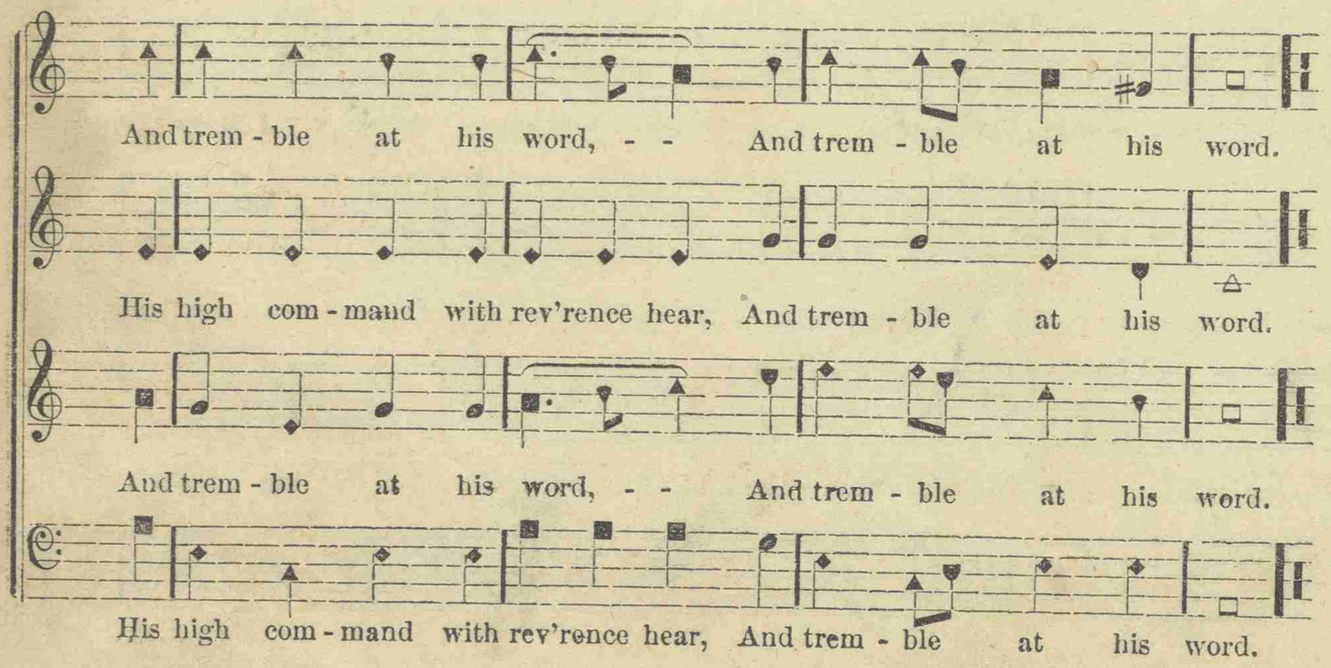
1 Sal - va - tion! let the e - cho fly The spa - cious earth a - round, While all the ar - mies of the sky Con-spire to raise the sound.

3 Sal - va - tion! O thou bleed-ing Lamb! To thee the praise be-longs: Sal - va - tion shall in - spire our hearts, And dwell up-on our tongues.

ST. CLAIR. C. M.

DEACON ANDREW CHUTE, 1832.
Arranged by W. E. CHUTE.





2 How terrible thy glories rise,
How bright thine armies shine !
Where is the pow'r with thee that vies,
Or truth compared with thine ?

3 The northern pole and southern rest,
On thy supporting hand ;
Darkness and day from east to west,
Move round at thy command,

4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep ;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

Not too fast.

VARINA. C. M. Double.

Arranged from Rink, by G. F. ROOT.

1 There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor - tal reign; In - fi - nite day excludes the night, And pleas-ures ban - ish pain.

2 Sweet fields be-yond the swell - ing flood, Stand dress'd in liv - ing green; So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood While Jor - dan roll'd be-tween.

There ev - er - last - ing spring a-bides, And nev - er-wither-ing flow'rs; Death, like a nar - row sea, di-vides This heavenly land from ours.

But timor-ous mor - tals start and shrink To cross this nar - row sea; And lin - ger, shivering, on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.

HOWARD. C. M.

MRS. CUTHBERT.

1 Ye wretch-ed, hun-gry, starv - ing poor, Be-hold a roy - al feast, Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store For eve - ry hum - ble guest.

2 See Je - sus stands with o - pen arms; He calls, he bids you come: Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms; But see, there yet is room—

3 Room in the Sa-vior's bleed-ing heart, There love and pit - y meet; Nor will he bid the soul de-part That trem - bles at his feet.

AVON. C. M.

Slowly.

SCOTTISH TUNE.

1 O Thou, whose ten-der mer - cy hears Con-tri - tion's hum-ble sigh; Whose hand in-dul-gent wipes the tears From sor-row's weep - ing eye:

2 See, low be-fore thy throne of grace, A wretched wan-derer mourn; Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said—"Return?"

3 And shall my guil - ty fears pre-vail To drive me from thy feet? Oh! let not this dear ref - uge fail, This on - ly safe re - treat.

LOVING PRAISES. C. M. (with chorus.)

1 Let ev'-ry heart re-joice and sing, Let cho-ral an-thems rise; Ye rev'-rend men and chil-dren bring To God your sac-ri-fice.

2 He bids the sun to rise and set; In heaven his power is known; And earth sub-dued to Him shall yet Bow low be-fore his throne.

3 For He is good, the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways: With songs and hon-ors sound-ing loud, The Lord Je-ho-vah praise.

While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, A glor-ious an-them raise, Let each pro-long the grateful song, And the God of our fa-thers praise.

While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, A glor-ious an-them raise, Let each pro-long the grateful song, And the God of our fa-thers praise.

While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, A glor-ious an-them raise, Let each pro-long the grateful song, And the God of our fa-thers praise.

MELODY. C. M.

1 Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, hea - venly dove, With all thy quick'ning powers; Kindle a flame of sa-cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we gro - vel here be - low, Fond of these tri - fling toys: Our souls can neith-er fly nor go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.

3 In vain we tune our for-mal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Ho-san - nas lan-guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1 Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul re - fresh-ing view Of Je - sus and his word.

3 What peace-ful hours I once en-joy'd! How sweet their mem-ory still! But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.

SILOAM. C. M.

1 By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How fair the lil - y grows! How sweet the breath be-neath the hill, Of Sha-ron's dew - y rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod, Whose se - cret heart, with influence sweet, Is up-ward turn'd to God.

3 By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill The lil - y must de - cay; The rose that blooms be-neath the hill Must short-ly fade a-way.

BRAIDY. C. M.

With Dignity.

1 My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de-lights, The glo - ry of my brightest days, And com-fort of my nights! . . And com-fort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades if thou ap-pear, My dawning is be-gun; Thou art my soul's bright morning star, And thou my rising sun, ... And thou my ris-ing sun.

3 The opening heav'ns around me shine With beams of sacred bliss, If Je-sus show his mer-cy mine, And whisper I am his, . . . And whisper I am his.

REDEEMING LOVE. C. M. (with chorus.)

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sin - ners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guil - ty stains.

2 The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day; O may I there, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.

3 Thou dy - ing Lamb, thy prec-ious blood, Shall nev - er lose its power, Till all the ransomed church of God Are saved to sin no more.

Re-deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die, And then I hope to sing this love In sweet - er strains on high.

Re-deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die, And then I hope to sing this love In sweet - er strains on high.

Re-deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die, And then I hope to sing this love In sweet - er strains on high.

LITTLE STAR. C. M.

W. E. CHUTE.

1 O for a shout of sac - red joy To God, the sovereign King! Let eve - ry land their tongues employ, And hymns of tri-umph sing.

2 Je-sus, our God, as-cends on high; His heavenly guards a - round At-tend him ris - ing through the sky, With trum-pet's joy-ful sound.

3 Re-hearse his praise with awe pro - found; Let knowledge lead the song; Nor mock him with a sol - emn sound Up-on a thoughtless tongue.

GATES. C. M.

Moderato.

T. J. RIGGS.

1 Dear Fa - ther! to thy mer - cy - seat My soul for shel - ter flies: 'Tis here I find a safe re - treat, When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheer - ful hope can nev - er die, If thou my God! art near; Thy grace can raise my com - forts high, And ban-ish eve - ry fear.

3 Oh! nev - er let my soul re - move From this di - vine re - treat; Still let me trust thy power and love, And dwell beneath thy feet.

WINDSOR. C. M.

RAVENSCROFT.

1 Teach me the meas-ure of my days, Thou ma-ker of my frame! I would sur - vey life's nar - row space, And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast, An inch or two of time; Man is but van - i - ty and dust, In all his flow'r and prime.

3 See the vain race of mor-tals move, Like shadows o'er the plain! They rage and strive, de - sire and love, But all their noise is vain.

MARTYRS. C. M.

1 Come let us now for - get our mirth, And think that we must die; What are our best de-lights on earth, Com-pared with those on high.

2 Our pleas-ures here will soon be past, Our brightest joys de - cay; But pleas-ures there for - ev - er last, And can-not fade a - way.

3 Here sins and sor-rows we de - plore, With ma-ny cares dis - tress'd: But there the mourners weep no more And there the wea-ry rest.

NEW HUNDRED. C. M.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1 Sing to the Lord ye dis - tant lands, Ye tribes of eve - ry tongue; His new dis - cov - ered grace demands, A new and no - bler song.

2 Say to the na - tions, Je - sus reigns, God's own Al-might-y Son; His pow'r the sink-ing world sus-tains, And grace sur-rounds his throne.

3 Let heav'n proclaim the joy - ful day, Joy thro' the earth be seen; Let cit - ies shine in bright ar - ray, And fields in cheer - ful green.

4 The joy - ous earth, the bending skies, His glor-ious train dis - play; Ye moun-tains sink, ye val-leys rise, Pre - pare the Lord the way.

Soprano and Tenor may change parts.

WATSON. C. M.

J. N. BRENAMAN.

1 Sing, all ye ran-som'd of the Lord, Your great de - liv - 'rer sing: Ye pil-grims now for Zi - on bound, Be joy - ful in your King.

2 His hand di - vine shall lead you on Thro' all the bliss - ful road, Till to the sa - cred mount you rise, And see your gra - cious God.

3 Bright garlands of im-mor - tal joy Shall bloom on ev' - ry head; While sor-row, sigh-ing, and dis - tress, Like shad-ows all are fled.

DISSOLUTION. S. M.

J. G. DOUTHIT.

1 And must this bod - y die?— This mor - tal frame de - cay? And must these ac - tive limbs of mine Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 God, my Re-deem - er, lives, And of - ten from the skies Looks down and watch - es all my dust, Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Ar-rayed in glor-ious grace, Shall these vile bod - ies shine; And eve - ry shape, and eve - ry face, Look heaven-ly and di - vine.

SWEET DAY. S. M.

Soprano and Tenor may change parts.

B. C. UNSELD.

1 Wel - come sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise! Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes.

2 The King him-self comes near, And feasts his saints to - day; Here we may sit, and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, a - midst the place Where my dear God hath been, Is sweet-er than ten thous - and days Of pleas - sur - a - ble sin.

KIEFFER. C. M.

B. C. UNSELD.

1 How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zi - - - - on's hill; Who brings sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.

2 How charming is their voice: How sweet their tid - ings are! "Zi - on, be - hold the Sa-viour-King, He reigns and tri - umphs here.

3 How hap - py are our ears That hear this joy - ful sound, Which kings and prophets wait-ed for, And sought but nev - er found.

Soprano and Tenor may change parts.

COUNCIL GROVE. S. M.

C. E. POLLOCK,

1 How gen - tle God's commands! How kind his pre-cepts are! Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.

2 His boun - ty will pro - vide, His saints se - cure - ly dwell; That hand that bears cre - a - tion up, Shall guard his chil - dren well.

3 Why should this anx - ious load, Press down your wear - y mind! Oh, seek your hea - venly Fa-ther's throne, And peace and com - fort find.

Bold, vigorous, animated.

VALENTIA. S. M.

Arranged from HANDEL.

1 While my Re - deem-er's near, My Shep-herd and my guide, I bid fare-well to anx - ious fear; My wants are all sup-plied.

2 To ev - er fra - grant meads, Where rich a - bun - dance grows, His gra-cious hand in - dul - gent leads, And guards my sweet re-pose.

3 Dear Shep-herd, if I stray, My wand' - ring feet re-store; To thy fair pas-tures guide my way, And let me rove no more.

CHESTER. S. M.

WYATT MINSHALL.

1 With joy we lift our eyes To those bright realms a-bove, That glo - rious tem - ple in the skies, Where dwells e - ter - nal love.

2 Be - fore thy throne we bow, O thou al-might - y King; Here we pre - sent the sol - emn vow, And hymns of praise we sing.

3 While in thy house we kneel, With trust and ho - ly fear, Thy mer - cy and thy truth re - veal, And lend a gra - cious ear.

SHEPHERD. S. M.

1 The Lord my shep-herd is, I shall be well supplied; Since he is mine and I am his What can I want be-side? What can I want be-side.

2 He leads me to the place, Where heavenly pasture grows, Where liv-ing wa-ters gent-ly pass, And full sal-va-tion flows, And full sal-va-tion flows.

3 If e'er I go as-tray, He doth my soul re-claim; And guides me in his own right way, For his most ho-ly name, For his most ho-ly name.

STATE STREET. S. M.

WOODMAN.

1 How sweet the melt-ing lay, Which breaks up-on the ear, When, at the hour of ris-ing day, Chris-tians u-nite in prayer.

2 The breez-es waft their cries Up to Je-ho-vah's throne; He lis-tens to their hum-ble sighs, And sends his bles-sings down.

3 So Je-sus rose to pray Be-fore the morn-ing light— Once on the chil-ling mount did stay, And wres-tle all the night.

Gently.

BRYANT. S. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Rest for the toil - ing hand, Rest for the anx - ious brow, Rest for the wea - ry, way - worn feet, Rest from all la - bor now:

2 Rest for the fever - ed brain, Rest for the throb-bing eyes; Thro' these parched lips of thine no more Shall pass the moan of sigh.

3 Soon shall the trump of God Give out the wel-come sound, That shakes the si - lent cham-ber walls, And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

LOTTIE. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1 Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from eve - ry eye.

2 The Son of God in tears The wonder-ing an - gels see; Be thou as - ton-ished, O my soul! He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep; Each sin de-mands a tear: In heaven a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep-ing there.

CALISTOGA. S. M.

A. F. OLINGER.

1 If through un - ruf - fled seas, Tow'rd heav'n we calm-ly sail, With grate-ful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fost' - ring gale.

2 But should the surg - es rise, And rest de - lay to come, Blest be the sor - row—kind the storm, Which drives us near - er home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears, All yield to thy con - trol: Thy ten - der mer - cies shall il - lume The mid - night of the soul.

SHAWMUT. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1 The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, Let all the na - tions fear; Let sin - ners trem - ble at his throne, And saints be hum - blé there.

2 Je - sus, the Sa - vior, reigns, Let earth a - dore its Lord; Bright cher-ubs his at - tend - ants stand, Swift to ful - fill his word.

3 In Zi - on stands his throne; His hon - ors are di - vine; His church shall make his won-ders known, For there his glo - ries shine.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG. S. M. (with chorus.)

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come, And we shall be with those that rest, A - sleep with-in the tomb:

2 A few more storms shall beat On this wild rock - y shore, And we shall be where tem-pests cease, And sur - ges swell no more:

3 A few more strug-gles here, A few more part - ings o'er, A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more:

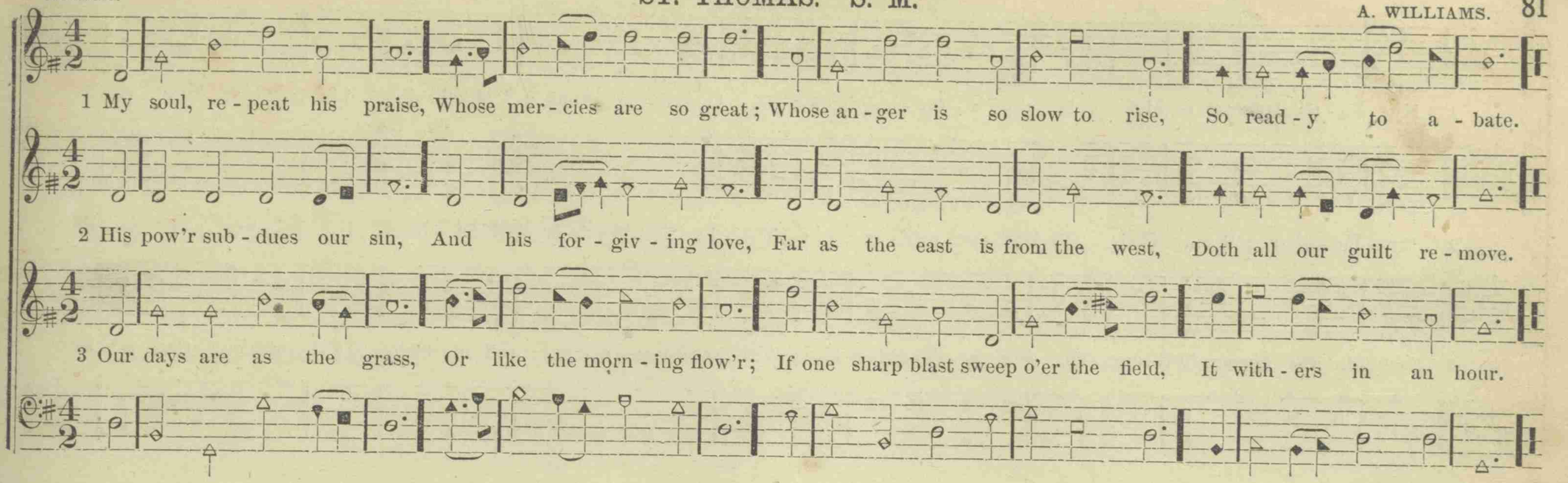
Then, O my Lord, prepare, My soul for that great day; Oh, wash me in thy prec - ious blood, And take my sins a - way.

Then, O my Lord, pre-pare, My soul for that great day; Oh, wash me in thy prec - ious blood, And take my sins a - way.

Then, O my Lord, pre-pare, My soul for that great day, Oh, wash me in thy prec-ious blood, And take my sins a - way.

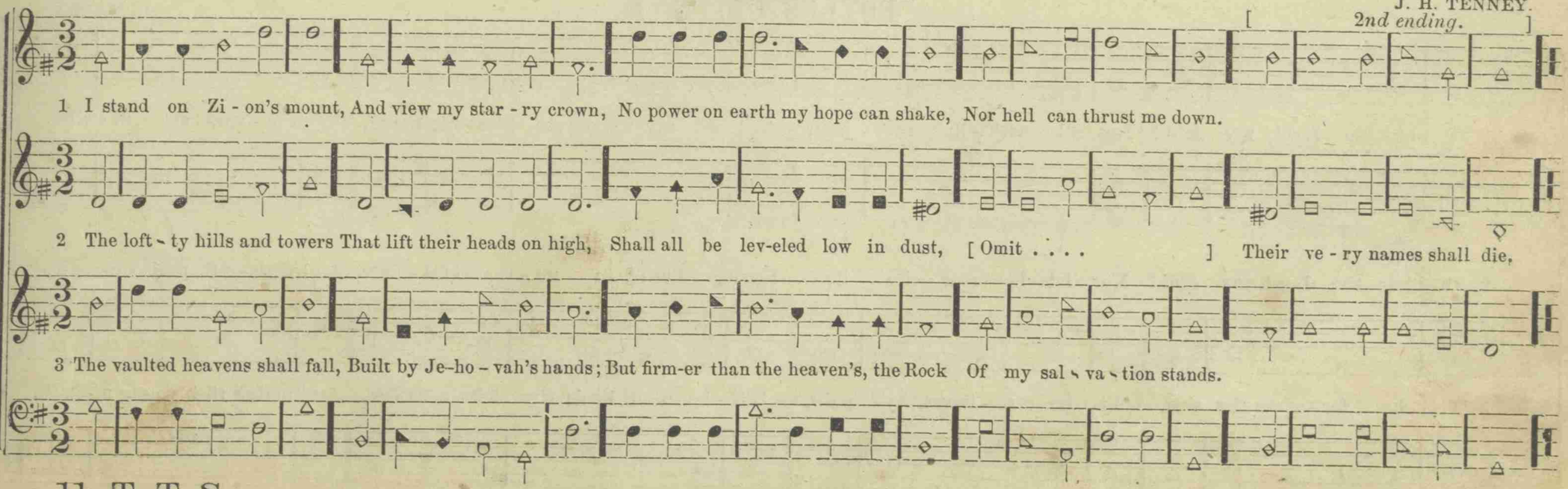
ST. THOMAS. S. M.

Moderato.



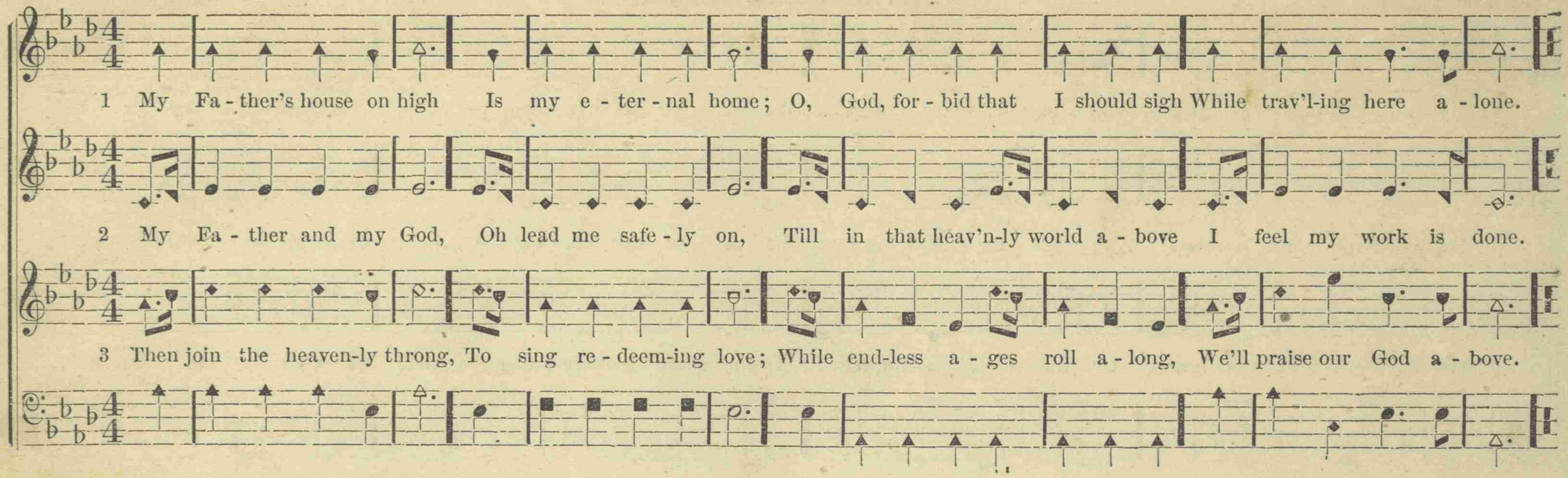
GLENFORD. S. M.

J. H. TENNEY.
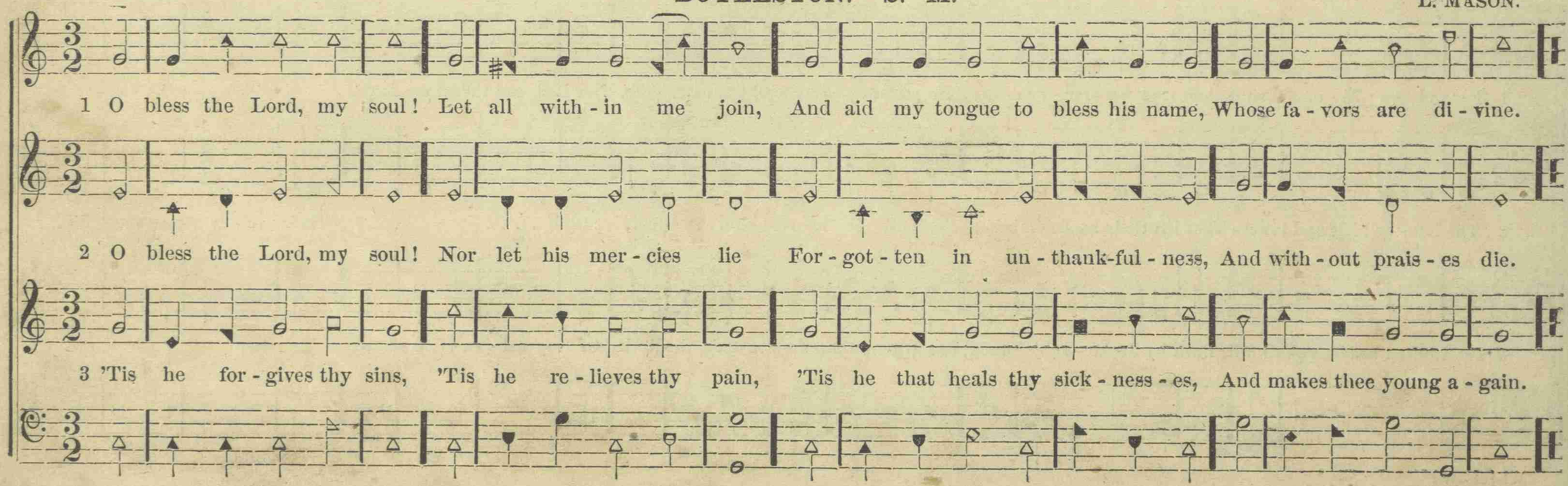


HOME. S. M.

W. L. MONTAGUE.



BOYLESTON. S. M.

L. MASON.



STILLINGFLEET. S. M.

1 My God, per - mit my tongue This joy, to call thee mine; And let my ear - ly cries pre - vail To taste thy love di - vine.

2 My thirst - y, faint - ing soul Thy mer - cy does im - plore; Not trav - el - ers in des - ert lands, Can pant for wa - ter more.

3 With - in thy church-es, Lord, I long to find a place, Thy pow'r and glo - ry to be - hold, And feel thy quick'ning grace.

Slow and Soft.

AYLESBURY. S. M.

DR. GREEN.

1 Oh! where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul! 'Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

2 The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh: 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

3 Be-yond this vale of tears, There is a life a - bove, Un-meas-ured by the flight of years— And all that life is love.

PILGRIM'S SONG. S. M.

REV. E. W. DUNBAR.

1 O sing to me of heav'n When I am call'd to die: Sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - cy, To waft my soul on high.

2 When cold and slug-gish drops Roll off my mar-ble brow; Burst forth in songs of joy-ful - ness,— Let heav'n be - gin be - low.

3 When the last mo - ment comes, O watch my dy - ing face, And catch the bright se-raph - ic gleam Which on each fea - ture plays.

CHORUS.—There'll be no more sor - row there, There'll be no more sor-row there, In heav'n a-bove, where all is love, There'll be no more sor - row there.

BADEA. S. M.

GERMAN.

1 Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love, The fel - low - ship of kin-dred minds, Is like to that a - bove.

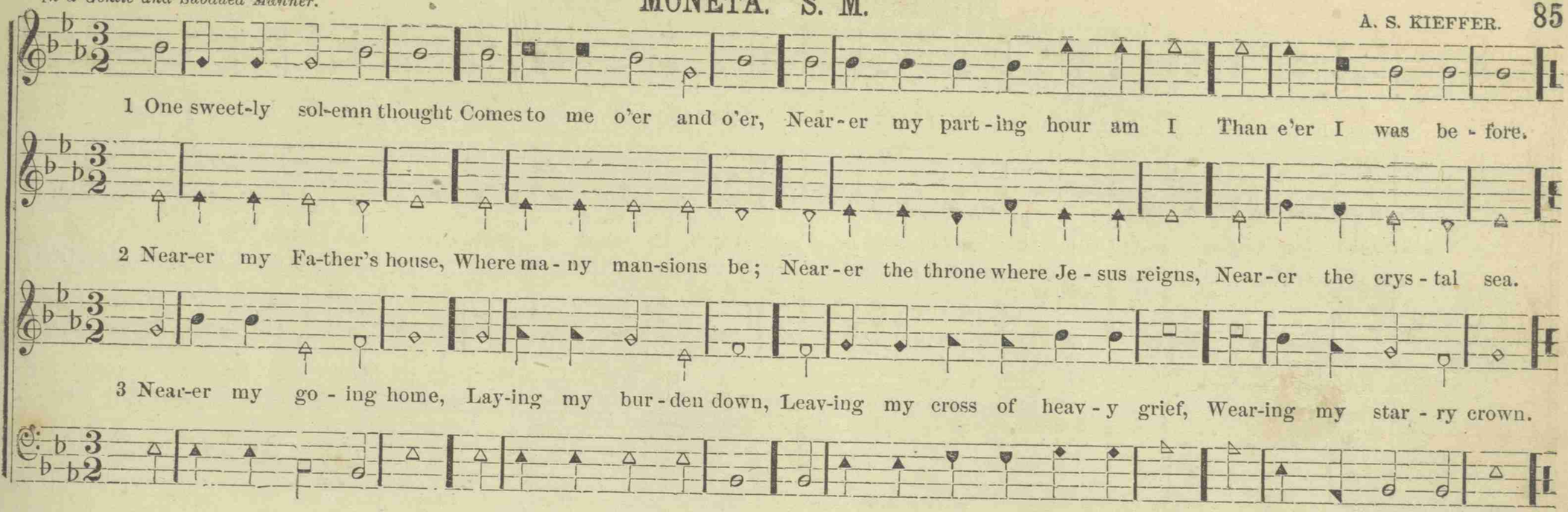
2 Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar-dent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.

3 We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And of - ten for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.

In a Gentle and Subdued Manner.

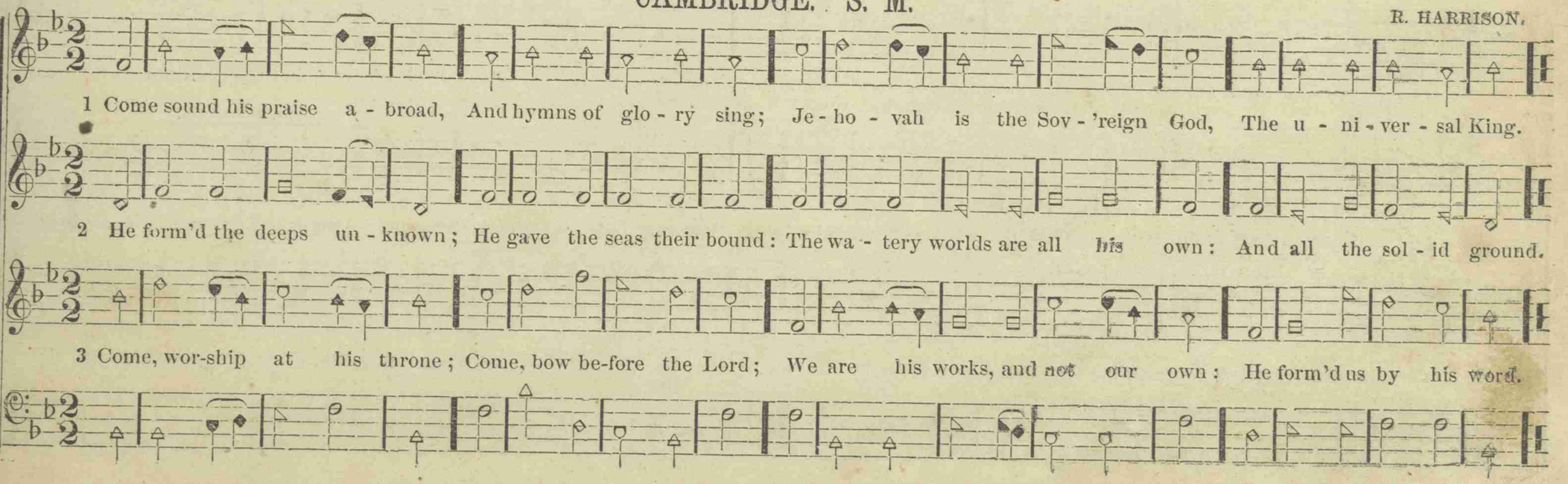
MONETA. S. M.

A. S. KIEFFER.



CAMBRIDGE. S. M.

R. HARRISON.



POSSESSION. 8s & 7s. (Double.)

B. C. UNSELD.

1 Je - sus, I my cross have ta-ken, All to leave and fol-low thee; Na - ked poor, de-spised, for-sa-ken, Thou from hence my all shalt be;

2 Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Savior too; Hu-man hearts and looks de-ceive me, Thou art not, like them, un - true:

3 Man may trou-ble and dis-tress me, 'Twill but drive me to thy breast; Life with trials hard may press me Heaven will give me sweet-er rest;

Per - ish eve - ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped or known, Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own.

And whilst thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love and might, Foes may hate and friends disown me— Show thy face and all is bright.

Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me, While thy love is left to me, Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un-mix'd with thee.

ROLAND. 8s & 7s.

1 Si-lent-ly the shades of eve-ning, Gath-er round my lone-ly door, Si - lent - ly they bring be-fore me, Fa-ces I shall see no more.

2 Oh, the lost, the un-for - got-ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got; Oh, the shrouded and the lone-ly, In our hearts they per - ish not.

TALMAR. 8s & 7s.

1 Cease ye mourn-ers, cease to lan-guish O'er the grave of those you love; Pain, and death, and night and an - guish, En - ter not the world a - bove.

2 While, our si - lent steps are straying, Lone - ly, thro' night's deep'ning shade; Glory's brightest beams are play - ing Round the hap - py Chris-tian's head.

3 Light and peace at once de - riv - ing From the hand of God most high, In His glo - rious presence liv - ing, They shall nev - er, nev - er die.

WATCHMAN. 8s & 7s. (Double.)

D. C.

1 Watchman, tell me, does the morn-ing Of fair Zi - on's glo - ry dawn?
Have the signs that mark His com-ing Yet up - on thy path-way shone?
Gird thy bri - dal robes a - round thee, Morn-ing dawns, a - rise, a - rise!
Pil - grim, yes, a - rise, look round thee: Light is break-ing in the skies;

2 Watchman, see, the light is beam - ing, Bright-er still up - on the way;
Signs through all the earth are gleam-ing, O - mens of the com - ing day;
All the saints of earth now sleep-ing, Clad in im - mor - tal - i - ty.
When the Ju - bal trum - pet sound - ing, Shall a - wake from earth and sea,
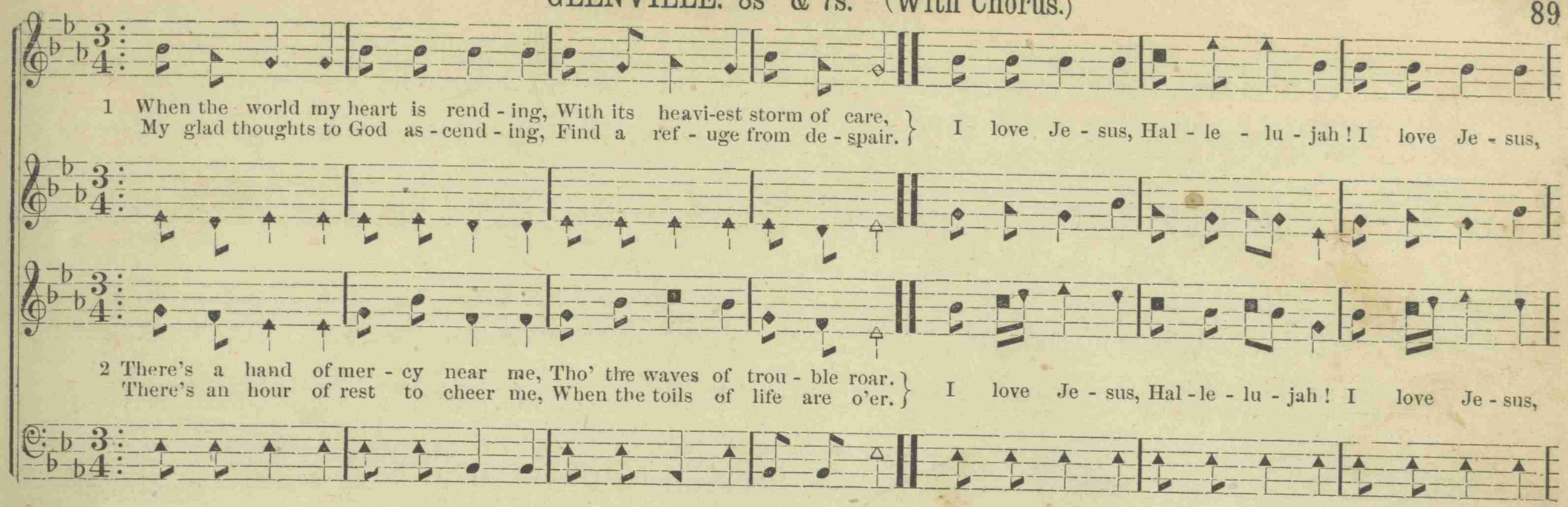
BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s.
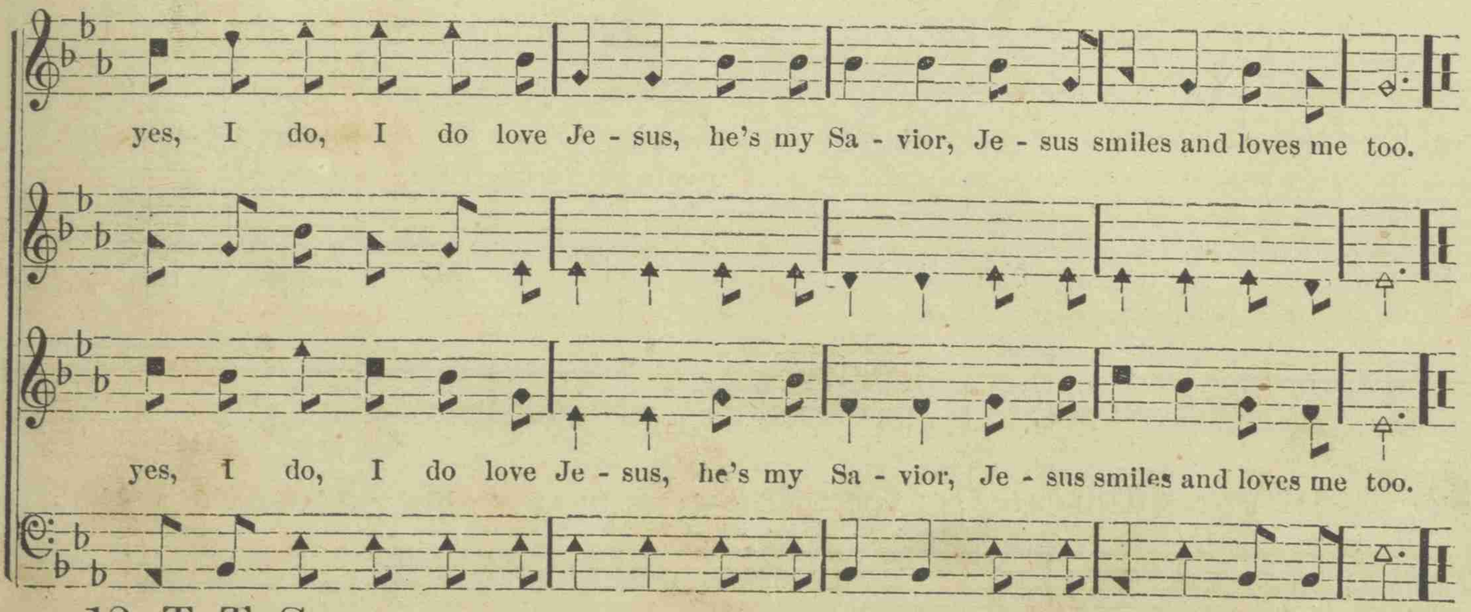
1 Je - sus full of all com-pas - sion, Hear thy hum-ble sup-pliant's cry, Let me know thy great sal - va - tion: See I lan-guish, faint and die.

2 Guil - ty but with heart re-lent - ing, O-ver-whelmed with helpless grief, Pros-trate at thy feet re-pent-ing. Send, O! send me quick re - lief.

3 Whith-er should a wretch be fly - ing, But to him who comfort gives? Whither from the dread of dy - ing, But to Him who ev - er lives?

GLENVILLE. 8s & 7s. (With Chorus.)





3 Oh! to rest in peace forever,
Joined with happy souls above,
Where no foe my heart can sever,
From the Savior whom I love!

CHO.—I love Jesus! Hallelujah!
I love Jesus, yes, I do, I do love
Jesus, he's my Savior,
Jesus smiles and loves me too,

4 This the hope that shall sustain me
Till life's pilgrimage be past;
Fears may vex and troubles pain me;
I shall reach my home at last.—CHO.

RIPLEY. 8s & 7s. (Double.)

FROM GREGORIAN CHANT.

1 Glorious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be bro-ken, Chose thee for his own a - bode.
Ju-dah's tem - ple far ex - cell - ing, Beam-ing with the gos - pel's light.

D. C.
Lord, thy church is still thy dwell-ing, Still is pre-cious in thy sight,

2 On the Rock of A-ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
With sal - vation's walls sur-rounded, She can smile at all thy foes.
For a glo - ry and a cover-ing, Show-ing that the Lord is near.

Round her hab-i-ta - tion hover-ing, See the cloud and fire ap - pear,

MINSHALL. 8s & 7s.

L. MASON.

1 I would love thee, God and Fa - ther! My Re-deem - er and my King! I would love thee; for with-out thee, Life is but a bit - ter thing.

2 I would love thee; eve - ry bless-ing Flows to me from out thy throne: I would love thee—he who loves thee Nev-er feels him-self a - lone.

LUDWIC. 7s.

J. G. DOUTHIT.

1 Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare ; Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer ; He him-self has bid thee pray, There-fore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art com - ing to a King,— Large pe - ti - tions with thee bring ; For his grace and power are such, None can ev - er ask too much.

3 With my bur - den I be - gin : Lord, re-move this load of sin ; Let thy blood, for sin - ners spilt, Set my con-science free from guilt.

EVONA. 7s.

HENRY SHEPHERD.

1 Soft-ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way ; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would com-mune with thee.

2 Soon for us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way ; Then from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

ABNER. 7s.

B. C. UNSELD.

1 Thou who art en-throned a-bove, Thou by whom we live and move! Oh! how sweet with joy-ful tongue, To re-sound thy praise in song!

2 When the morning paints the skies, When the spark-ling stars a - rise, All thy fa - vors to re - hearse, And give thanks in grate-ful verse.

3 From thy works our joys a - rise, O thou on - ly good and wise! Who thy won-ders can de - clare? How pro-found thy coun-sels are!

4 Warm our hearts with sac-red fire; Grate - ful fer - vors still in - spire; All our powers, with all their might, Ev - er in thy praise u - nite.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

1 To thy pas-tures, fair and large, Heavenly Shep-herd! lead thy charge; And my couch with tenderest care, Midst the spring-ing grass pre - pare.

2 When I faint with sum-mer's heat, Thou shalt guide my wea-ry feet To the streams, that still and slow, Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the drea - ry vale I tread, By the shades of death o'erspread; With thy rod and staff sup-plied, This my guard—and that my guide.

1 Christian brethren, ere we part, Eve-ry voice and eve-ry heart, Join and to our Fa-ther raise One last hymn of grate-ful praise.

2 From thy house, when we return Let our hearts within us burn; That this evening we may say "We have walked with God to - day."

3 Tho' we here should meet no more, Yet there is a bright-er shore; There, released from toil and pain, There we all may meet a - gain.

TOPLADY. 7s.

T. HASTINGS.

1 Rock of a - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in thee;
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound-ed side that flo wed, } Be of sin the per - fect cure; Save me, Lord! and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan-guor know,
This for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save and thou a - lone: } In my hand no price I bring; Sim-ply to thy cross I cling.

REFUGE. 7s. (Double.)

WYATT MINSHALL.

1 Je-sus lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul a last.

Hide me, Oh my Sa - vior, hide, Till the storm of life be past.

D, C.

Hide me, O my Sa-vior, hide, Till the storm of life be past.

2 Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on thee;
Leave, O leave me not a - lone; Still sup - port and com - fort me;
Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad-ow of thy wing.

All my trust on thee is stayed; All my help from thee I bring;

MARX. 7s.

AUGUSTUS CLEMM.

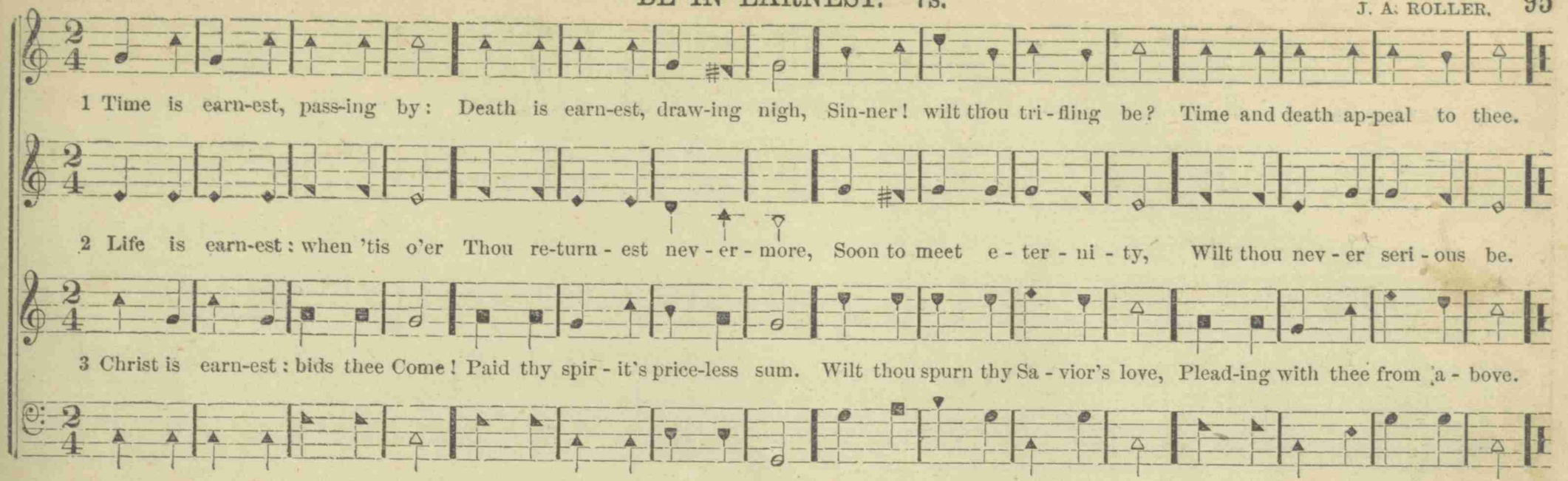
1 Gra - cious spir - it, love di - vine! Let thy light with - in me shine; All my guil - ty fears re - move; Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pard'ning grace to me, Set the bur-dened sin - ner free; Lead me to the Lamb of God, Wash me in his pre-cious blood.

3 Let me nev - er from thee stray, Keep me in the nar-row way; Fill my soul with joy di - vine, Keep me Lord! for - ev - er thine.

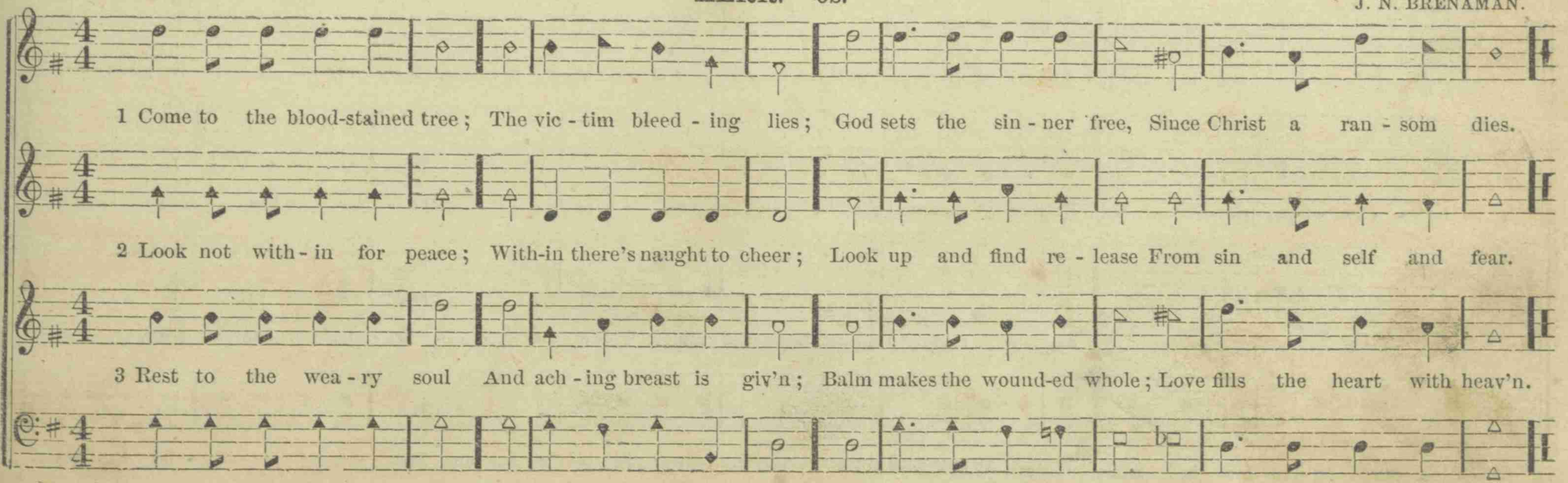
BE IN EARNEST. 7s.

J. A. ROLLER.



HERR. 6s.

J. N. BRENAMAN.



BLOW YE THE TRUMPET. 6s & 8s.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 Blow ye the trum-pet blow, The glad-ly sol-emn sound; Let all the na-tions know To earth's re-mo-test bound, The year of Ju - bi - lee has come, The

2 Je - sus, our great High Priest, Hath full a-tone-ment made; Ye wear-y spir - its rest, Ye mourn-ful souls be glad; The year - - - of Ju - - - - bi -

3 Ex - tol the Lamb of God, The all a - ton-ing Lamb; Re-demp-tion through his blood Throughout the world proclaim; The year of Ju - bi - lee has come, The

year of Ju - bi - lee has come, Re-turn ye ransomed sinners home, The year of Ju - bi - lee has come, The year of Ju - bi - lee has come.

lee - - - - has come, Re-turn ye ransomed sin-ners home, The year of Ju - - - bi - lee has come.

lee - - - - has come, Re-turn ye ransomed sin-ners home, The year of Ju - - - - bi - lee has come.

year of Ju - bi - lee has come, Re-turn ye ransomed sin-ners home, The year of Ju - bi - lee has come, The year of Ju - bi - lee has come.

ROLLER. 7s & 6s.

1 In heaven-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe in such con-fid - ing, For noth-ing chang-es here.

2 Where-ev - er he may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shep-herd is be - side me, And nothing can I lack.

3 Green pas-tures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where dark-est clouds have been;

The storm may roar with-out me, My heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?

His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim; He knows the way he tak - eth, And I will walk with him.

My hope I can - not meas - ure, My path to life is free; My Sa - vior is my treas - ure, And he will walk with me.

BOUNDLESS. H. M.

B. C. UNSELD.

Joy.....

1 Ye bound - less realms of joy, Ex - alt your Ma-ker's fame: His praise your song em - ploy, A - bove the star - ry frame;

2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night, And sun, that guid'st the day, Ye glit - 'ring stars of light, To Him your hom - age pay;

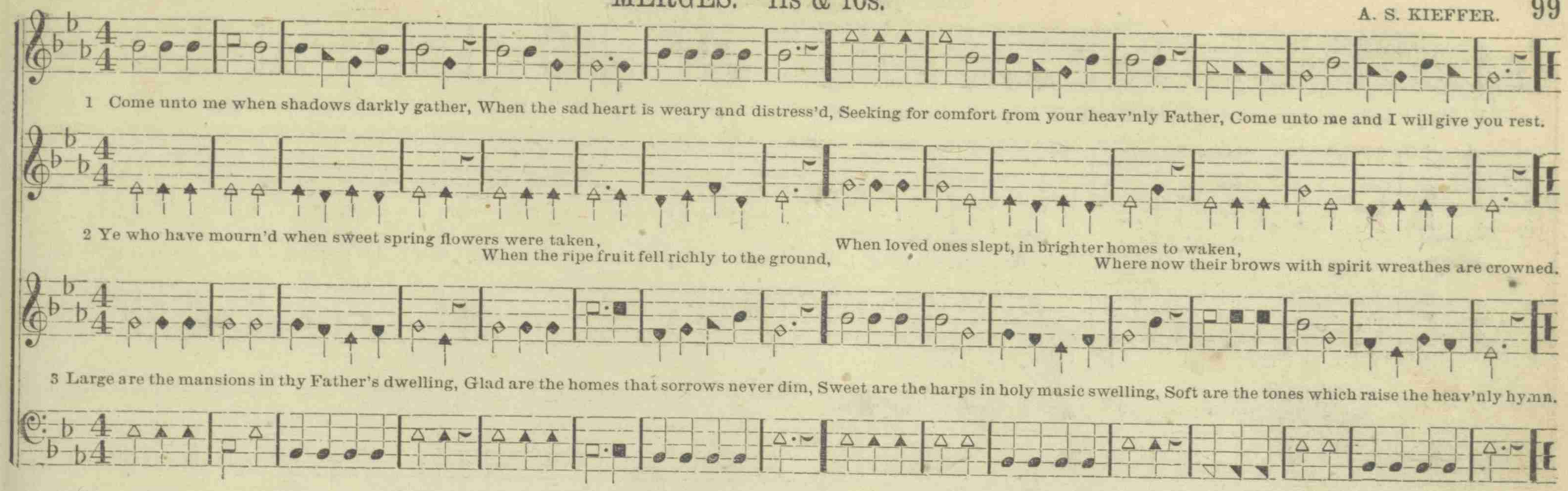
Your voic - - es raise, ye cher - u - bim, Ye cher - u - bim And ser - a - phim, to sing his praise.

His praise de - clare, ye heavens a - - bove, Ye heaven's a - bove, And clouds that move in li - quid air.

His praise de - clare, ye heav'ns a - bove,

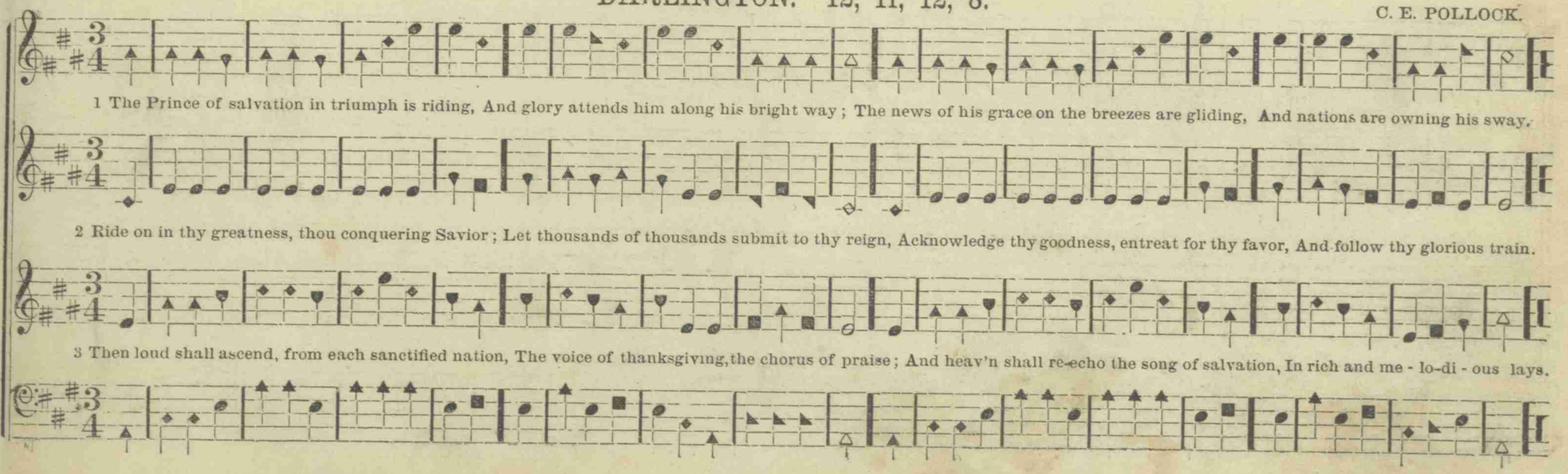
MERGES. 11s & 10s.

A. S. KIEFFER.

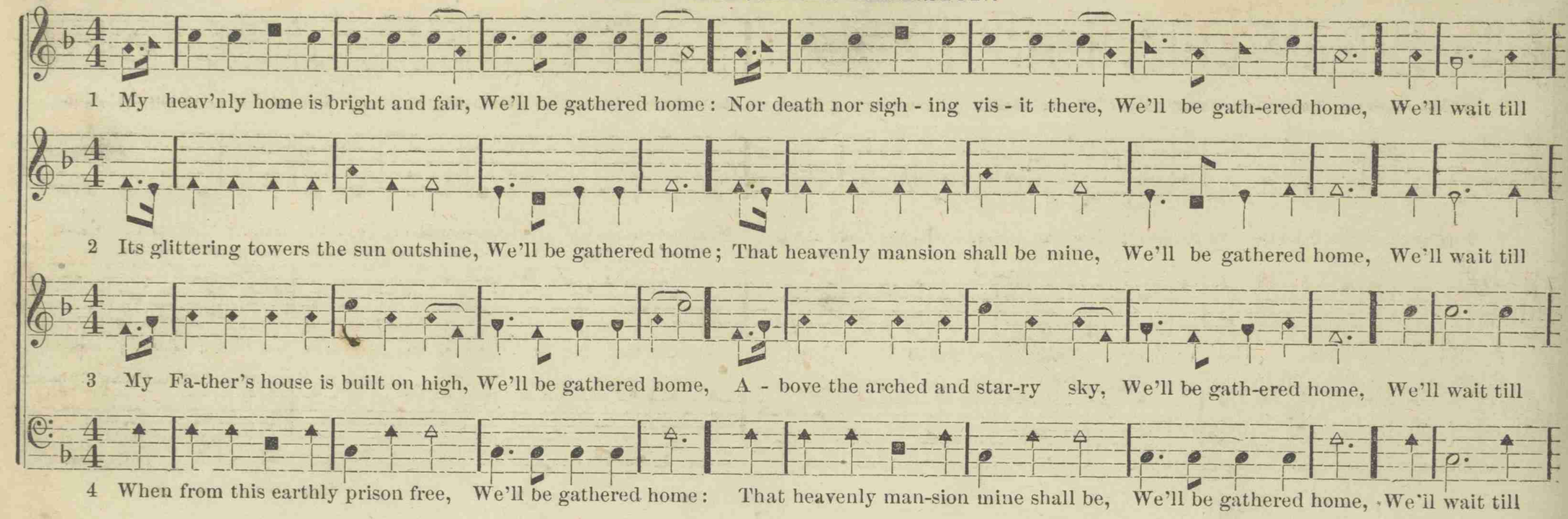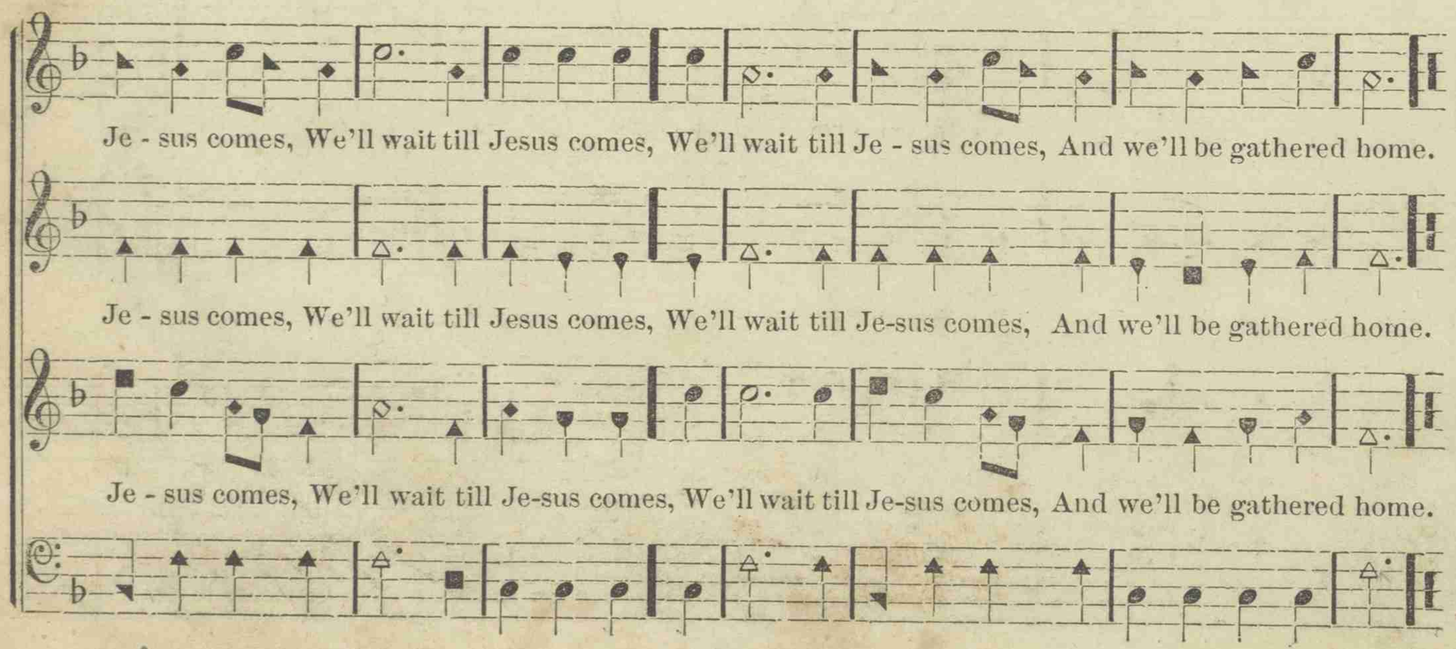


DARLINGTON. 12, 11, 12, 8.

C. E. POLLOCK.



THE HEAVENLY MANSION.





5 While here a stranger far from home,
We'll be gathered home;
Affliction's waves around me foam,
We'll be gathered home.—CHO.

6 I envy not the rich and great,
We'll be gathered home;
Their pomp of wealth and pride of state,
We'll be gathered home.—CHO.

7 My Father is a richer King,
We'll be gathered home;
That heavenly mansion still I sing,
We'll be gathered home.—CHO.

8 Let others seek a home below,
We'll be gathered home;
Which flames devour or waves o'erflow,
We'll be gathered home.—CHO.

SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

1 Land a - head! Its fruits are wav-ing O'er the hills of fade-less green; And the liv - ing wa-ters la-ving Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.

2 On - ward, bark! the cape I'm round-ing; See the bless - ed wave their hands; Hear the harps of God re-sound-ing From the bright im-mor-tal bands.

3 There, let go the an-chor, ri-ding On this calm and sil-v'ry bay; Sea-ward fast the tide is glid - ing, Shores in sun - light stretch a - way.

4 Now we're safe from all temp-ta-tion, All the storms of life are past; Praise the rock of our sal - va - tion, We are safe at home at last.

CHORUS.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e - ter - nal shore; Drop the an - chor! Furl the sail! I am safe with - in the vail!

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e - ter - nal shore; Drop the an-chor! Furl the sail! I am safe with-in the vail!

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e - ter - nal shore; Drop the an - chor! Furl the sail! I am safe with - in the vail!

CARRADOC PLAINS. 11s & 8s.

WM. E. CHUTE.

1 How lovely the place where the Savior appears, To those who believe in his word; His presence dis-pers-es my sorrows and fears, And bids me re-joice in my Lord.

2 A day in his courts than a thousand beside, Is bet-ter and lov - li - er far— My soul hates the tents where the wicked reside And all their de-lights I ab - hor.

3 Lord give me a place with the humblest of saints, For low at thy feet I would lie: I know that thou hearest my feeble complaints; Thou hearest the young ravens cry.

4 Give strength to the souls that now wait upon thee, O come in thy chariot of love; From earth's vain enchantments O help us to flee, And to set our af - fections a-bove.

TOPLADY. 7s.

T. HASTINGS.

1 Rock of a - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound-ed side that flowed,
D C Be of sin the per - fect cure; Save me, Lord! and make me pure. D C

2 Should my tears for ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan-guor know, This for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save and thou a - lone:
D C In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.

1 Come, breth-ren, don't grow wear-y, But let us jour-ney on; The mo-ments will not tar-ry, This life will soon be gone.
The pass-ing scenes all tell us That death will sure-ly come; These bod-ies soon will moul-der, In th' dark and si-lent tomb.

2 Lov'd ones have gone be-fore us, They beck-on us a-way, O'er ae-rial plains they're soar-ing, Blest in e-ter-nal day.
But we are in the ar-my, And dare not leave our post: We'll fight un-til we con-quer The foe's most might-y host.

3 Our Cap-tain's gone be-fore us; He kind-ly calls us home, To yon-der world of glo-ry, And sweet-ly bids us come.
The world, the flesh and Sa-tan Will try to hedge our way; But we'll o'er-come these pow-ers, We'll hour-ly watch and pray.

CHORUS.

There is sweet rest in heaven - - - - - - - - - - There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heav'n.

There is sweet rest in heav'n, There is sweet rest in heaven, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heav'n.

BABYLON IS FALLEN. 8s. & 7s. (with chorus.)

Arranged by W. E. CHUTE.

1 Hail! the day so long ex - pect - ed, Hail! the year of full re - lease;
Zi - on's walls are now e - rect - ed, And her watch-men pub-lish peace.
} Thro' our Shi - loh's wide do - min - ion Hear the

2 All her mer - chants stand with won - der, What is this that comes to pass?
Murm'ring like the dis - tant thun-der, Cry - ing, "O a - las, a - las!"
} Swell the sound, ye kings and no - bles, Priest and

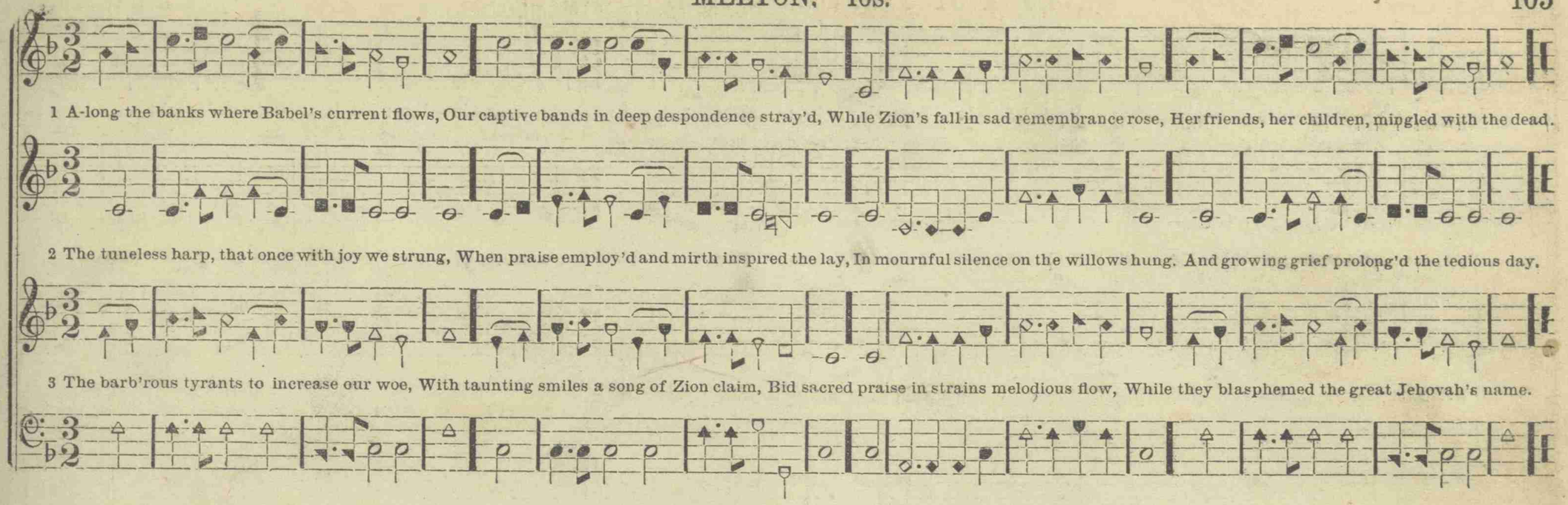
3 Blow the trum - pet in mount Zi - on, Christ will come the sec - ond time;
Rul - ing with a rod of i - ron, All who now as foes com - bine.
} Ba - bel's gar - ments we've re - ject - ed, And our

trum - pet loud - ly roar— Bab - y - lon is fal - len, is fal - len, is fal - len, Bab - y - lon is fal - len, to rise no more.

peo - ple, rich and poor— Bab - y - lon is fal - len, is fal - len, is fal - len, Bab - y - lon is fal - len, to rise no more.

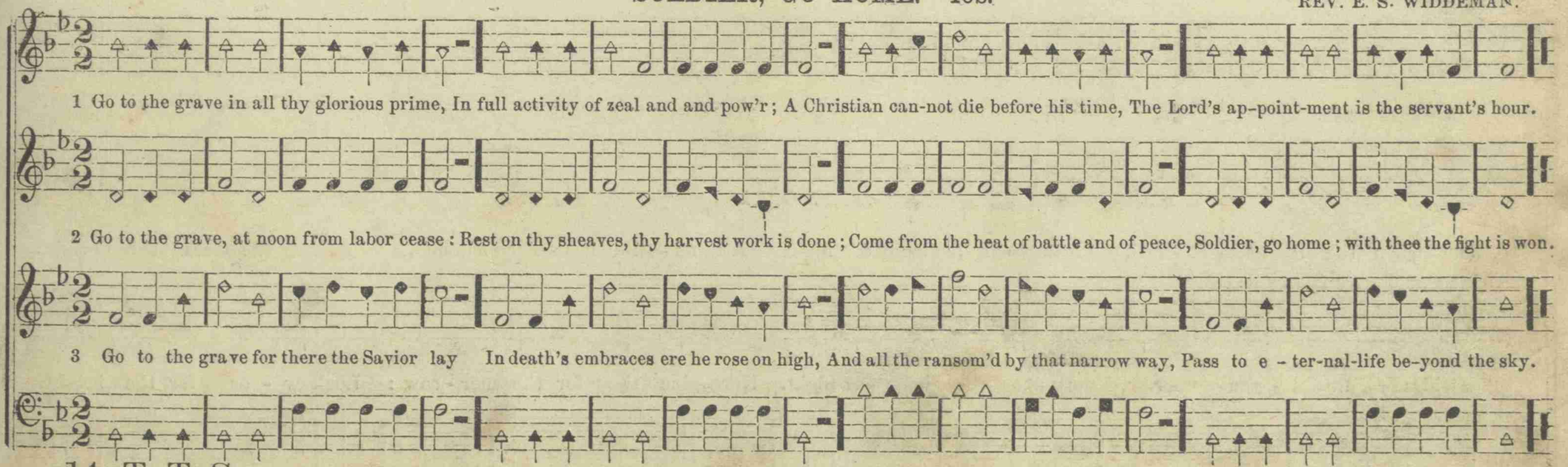
fel - low - ship is o'er— Bab - y - lon is fal - len, is fal - len, is fal - len, Bab - y - lon is fal - len, to rise no more.

MELTON. 10s.



SOLDIER, GO HOME. 10s.

REV. E. S. WIDDEMAN.



W. F. COSNER.

LOOK UP THE STARS ARE SHINING.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 Look up,—the stars are shin - ing So bright - ly in the sky; Be not in dark - ness pin - ing: Look up—there's light on high;

2 Look up,—the stars are shin - ing: Those gems do not ap - pear Un - til the day's de-clin - ing Shows night is draw - ing near.

3 Look up,—the stars are shin - ing Be-yond the mis - ty shroud, While all be - neath re - clin - ing Is hid - den by the cloud.

Though in a des - ert drea - ry Thy sun gone down at night, Poor wand'rer, faint and wea - ry, A - bove thee, still is light.

But when the light has fa - ded, And when the gloom of night All na - ture has o'er - sha-ded, A-bove the stars shine bright.

Yield not to i - dle sor - row, Mourn not the gloom of night, Nor pine thou for the mor - row: Look ev - er for the bright.

Look up! the stars are shin - ing bright, The stars are shin-ing bright; Look up! the stars are shin - ing bright, The stars are shin - ing bright.

Look up! Look up! The stars are shin - ing bright; Look up! Look up! The stars are shin - ing bright.

Look up! Look up! The stars are shin - ing bright; Look up! Look up! The stars are shin - ing bright,

Look up! the stars are shin - ing bright, The stars are shin - ing bright; Look up! the stars are shin-ing bright, The stars are shin-ing bright.

THERE ARE ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

1 There are an - gels hov'ring round, There are an - gels hov'ring round, There are an - - gels, an - - gels hov' - ring round.

2 To car - ry the ti - dings home, To ca - ry the ti - dings home, To car - - ry, car - - ry ti - dings home.

3 To the New Je - ru - sa - lem, To the New Je - ru - sa - lem, To the New, the New Je - ru - sa - lem.

I AM THE DOOR.

W. M. HAUSER. M. D

1 I am the door—Come in! Come in! And leave without thy load of sin; The night is dark, the storm is wild, O ven-ture in thou stranger child,

2 I am the door—Come, gently knock, And I will loose the heav-y lock That guards my Father's precious fold; Come in from darkness and the cold,

3 I am the door—no lon-ger roam, Here are thy treas-ures, here thy home; I purchased them for thee and thine I paid the price, in blood Di-vine,

4 I am the door—My Fa-ther waits To make thee heir of rich es-tates; Come, dwell with Him, and dwell with me, And thou my Father's child shall be,

TO-DAY. 6s & 4s.

O ven-ture in thou stran-ger child.

Come in from dark-ness and the cold.

I paid the price in blood Di-vine.

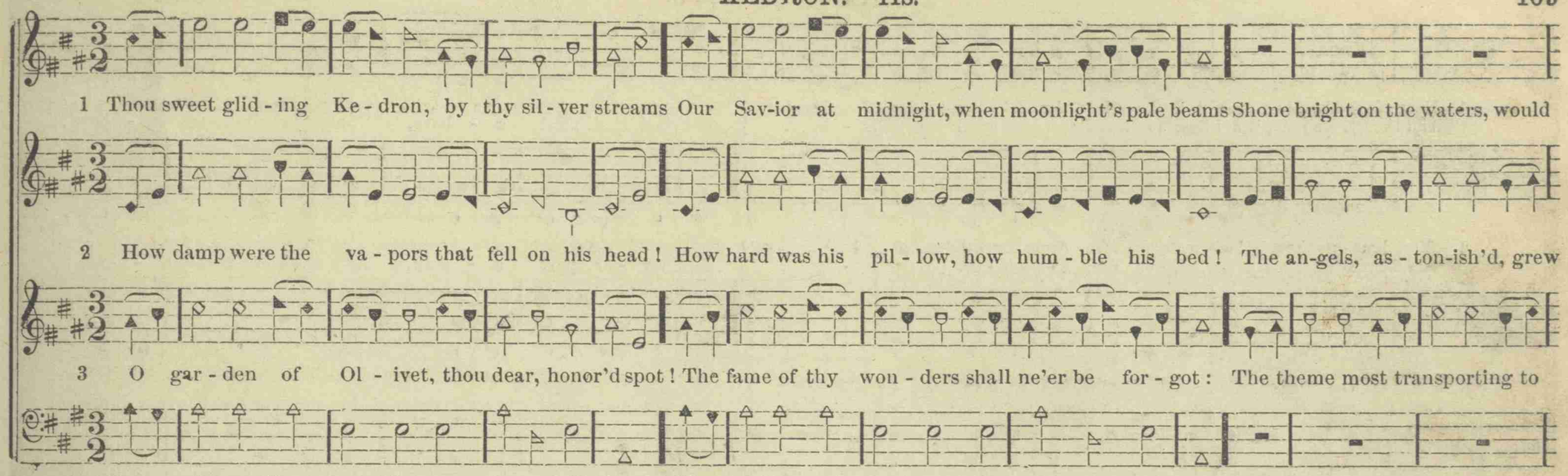
And thou my Fa-ther's child shalt be.
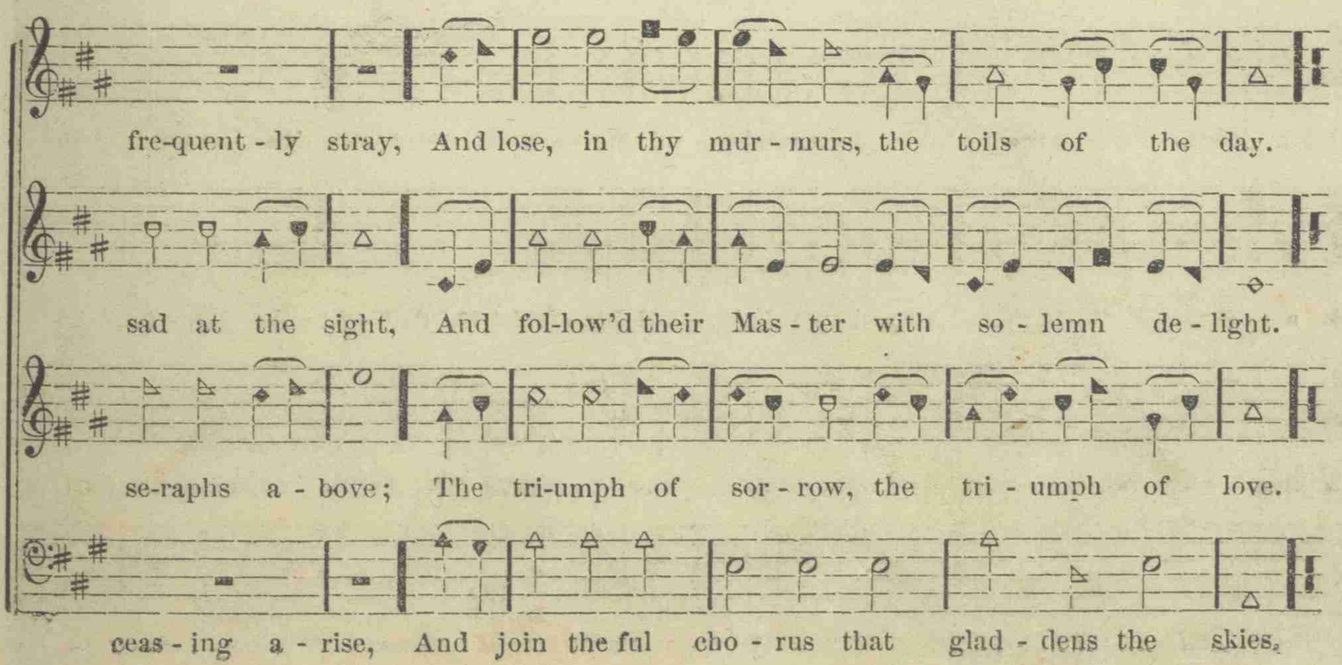
1 To-day the Sa-vior calls: Ye wand'rers come; O ye be-night-ed souls, Why lon-ger roam?

2 To-day the Sa-vior calls: O hear him now: With-in these sac-red walls To Je-sus bow.

3 To-day the Sa-vior calls: For ref-uge fly! The storm of jus-tice falls, And death is nigh.

4 The Spir-it calls to-day: Yield to his pow'r: Oh, grieve him not a-way; 'Tis mer-cy's hour.





1 I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way,
The few fleeting mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's sorrows, enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There, sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

PARTING HYMN.

1 How pleas-ant thus to dwell be - low, In fel - low - ship of love!
And though we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove.
The good shall meet a - bove, The good shall meet a - bove;

2 Yes, hap - py thought! when we are free From earth-ly grief and pain,
In heav'n we shall each oth - er see, And nev - er part a - gain.
And nev - er part a - gain, And nev - er part a - gain;

3 Then let us each, in strength di-vine, Still walk in wis - dom's ways;
That we, with those we love, may join In nev - er - end - ing praise.
In nev - er - end - ing praise, In nev - er - end - ing praise;

CHORUS.

And though we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove.
Oh! that will be joy - ful, joy - ful! joy - ful! Oh! that will be joy - ful, To

In heav'n we shall each oth-er see And nev-er part a - gain.
Oh! that will be joy - ful, joy - ful! joy - ful! Oh! that will be joy - ful, To

That we, with those we love, may join In nev - er - end - ing praise.
Oh! that will be joy - ful, joy - ful! joy - ful! Oh! that will be joy - ful, To

meet to part no more, To meet to part no more, On Canaan's hap-py shore, And sing the ev-er-last-ing song With those who've gone be-fore.

meet to part no more, To meet to part no more, On Ca-naan's hap-py shore, And sing the ev-er-last-ing song With those who've gone be-fore.

meet to part no more, To meet to part no more, On Ca-naan's hap-py shore, And sing the ev-er-last-ing song With those who've gone be-fore.

MILLERSVILLE. C. M.

E. O. LYTE.

1 How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear! It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wound-ed spir-it whole, It calms the troubled breast; 'Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul, And for the wea-ry rest.

3 Je-sus! my Shep-herd, Guardian, Friend, My Prophet, Priest and King; My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Accept the praise I bring.

HAPPY DAY.

1 Preserved by thine Al-might-y pow'r, O Lord, our Ma-ker, Sav-ior, King,
And brought to see this hap-py hour, We come thy prais-es here to sing. } Hap-py day, Hap-py day! Here in thy courts we'll glad-ly stay.

1 We praise thee for thy con-stant care, For life preserved, for mercies giv'n:
Oh, may we still those mercies share, And taste the joys of sins for giv'n: }

4 We praise thee for the joy-ful news Of par-don through a Sa-vior's blood:
O Lord, in-cline our hearts to choose The road to hap-pi-ness and God. } Hap-py day, Hap-py day! Here in thy courts we'll glad-ly stay,

And at thy foot-stool hum-bly pray That thou wouldst take our sins a-way. Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Christ shall wash our sins a-way.

And at thy foot-stool hum-bly pray That thou wouldst take our sins a-way. Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Christ shall wash our sins a-way.

THE HAPPY LAND.

1 There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way;
Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day;
Oh, how they sweetly sing, "Worthy is our Sa-vior King!" Loud let his prais-es ring For ev - er there.

2 Come to that hap-py, land, Come, come, a-way!
Why will you doubt-ing stand, Why yet de-lay?
Oh, we shall hap-py be When from sin and sor-row free! Lord, we shall live with thee, For ev - er there.

3 Bright in that hap - py land, Beams eve-ry eye;
Kept by a Fa-ther's hand, Love can-not die!
Then shall his kingdom come, Saints shall share a glorious home; And bright above the sun Reign ev - er - more.

SARGENT. C. M.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1 In mer - cy, Lord, re-mem - ber me, Thro' all the hours of night, And grant to me most gra - cious-ly The safe-guard of thy might.

2 With cheer-ful heart I close my eyes, Since thou wilt not re - move; O, in the morn-ing let me rise, Re-joic - ing in thy love.

3 Or if this night should prove my last, And end my tran - sient days; O take me to thy prom - is'd rest, Where I may sing thy praise.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME. 6s 4s.

1 I'm but a stran - ger here, Heav'n is my home :
Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home : } Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on every hand, Heav'n is my fatherland, Heav'n is my home.

2 What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home ;
Short is my pil-grim-age ; Heav'n is my home ; } Time's cold and wint'ry blast Soon shall be overpast, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.

3 There at my Sa-vior's side, Heav'n is my home : } There are the good and blest, There, too, I soon shall rest,
I shall be glo - ri - fied, Heav'n is my home : } Those I love most and best; Heav'n is my home.

FAREWELL. 6s & 4s.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 Fare-well ! we meet no more On this side heav'n ; The part - ing scene is o'er, The last sad look is given.

2 Fare-well ! my soul will weep, While mem' - ry lives ; From wounds, that sink so deep No earth - ly hand re - lieves.

3 Fare-well ! oh may we meet In heav'n a - bove, And there in un - ion sweet, Sing of a Sa - vior's love.

1 My rest is in heav-en my rest is not here, Then why should I mur-mur when tri - als are near? Be hushed my dark spir - it the

2 The thorn and the this-tle a - round me may grow, I would not lie down up - on ro - ses be-low; I ask for no por - tion, seek

3 Af - flic-tions may grieve me but can-not de - stroy, One glimpse of his love turns them all in - to joy; And bit - ter - est tears if he

4 A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand, I march on in haste through an en - e - my's land; The road may be rough but it

worst that can come, But short - ens my jour - ney and has - tens me home.

not to be blest, Till I find in my Sa - vior my joy and my rest.

smiles but on them, Like dew in the sun - shine, grow dia-mond and gem.

can - not be long; I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
Who unto the Savior for refuge have fled.

2 "Fear not I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flames shall not hurt thee, I only design,
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

5 "E'n down to old age all my people shall prove
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when grey hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne."

ENNIUS 7s.

1 Peo - ple of the liv - ing God, I have sought the world a-round, } D. C.
Paths of sin and sor - row trod, Peace and com-fort no-where found: } Now to you my spir - it turns—Turns a fu - gi - tive un - blest;
Brethren, where your al - tar burns, O re-ceive me in - to rest.

2 Lone - ly I no lon - ger roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave; } D. C.
Where you dwell, shall be my home, Where you die, shall be my grave; } Mine the God, whom you a-dore, Your Re-deem-er shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,—Eve - ry i - dol I re - sign.

SUNSET. 7s & 6s.

1 The mel - low eve is glid - ing Se - rene - ly down the west; So, ev' - ry care sub - sid - ing, My soul would sink to rest.

2 The wood-land hum is ring - ing The day-light's gen-tle close; May an - gels, round me sing-ing, Thus hymn my last re - pose.

3 The eve - ning star has light - ed Her crys - tal lamp on high; So, when in death be-night - ed, May hope il - lume the sky.

STAR IN THE EAST. 11s & 10s.

1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-ing,
Star in the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn-ing,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid:
Guide where the in - fant Re-deem - er is laid.
Cold on his cra - dle the dew-drops are shin-ing,

2 Say, shall we yield him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion,
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the o - cean,
O - dors of E - dom and off'-rings di-vine?
Myrrh from the for-est, and gold from the mine?
Vain-ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - la - tion;

Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
An-gels a-dore him, in slum-ber re-clin-ing,
Ma - ker and Mon-arch, and Sa - vior of all.

Vain-ly with gifts would his fa - vor se-cure;
Rich-er by far is the heart's a - dor - a - tion;
Dear-er to God are the prayers of the poor.

CAMP IN THE WILDERNESS.

Arr. by HENRY TUCKER.

1 I'm wand'ring to and fro, In this wide vale of woe, Where streams of sorrow flow, And then I'm go-ing home. We'll camp a while in the wilderness, We'll

2 And when my faith is tried, In him I will con - fide, And all the storms out - ride, And then I'm go-ing home. We'll camp a while in the wilderness, We'll

3 Tho' strength and friends should fail, And foes my soul as-sail; Thro' Christ I shall pre-vail, And then I'm go -ing home. We'll camp a while in the wil-der-ness, We'll

4 And when my toil is o'er, When nearing Jordan's shore, I'll shout as up I soar, For then I'm go-ing home. We'll camp, &c.

camp a while in the wil-der-ness, We'll camp a while in the wil - der - ness, And then we're going home.

camp a while in the wil-der-ness, We'll camp a while in the wil - der-ness, And then we're going home.

camp a while in the wil - der-ness, We'll camp a while in the wil - der-ness, And then we're going home.

5 When heaven and earth shall flee,
And time shall cease to be,
Through all eternity—
Oh then we'll be at home.

6 When at the Judgment seat,
We stand at Jesus' feet,
Where world on world shall meet,
Oh then we'll be at home.

7 When I reach that blest shore,
Where sorrow is no more,
I'll sing forevermore
That we are safe at home.

BILLOW. 8s, 7 & 4.

DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

1 Star of peace to wan-derers wea-ry, Gleaming through the storm-y gloom, Cheer the pilgrim's vis - ion drear - y, Far— far from home.

2 Star of Love, our spir - its light-ing, Bless the des - ert land we roam, Heart with kindred heart u - ni - ting, Far— far from home.

3 Star of Faith, in thee con-fid - ing, All our fears are o - ver - come, On the waves se-cure - ly ri - ding, Far— far from home.

CLIFTON. C. M.

1 There is a Land, a happy land, Where tears are wiped away, From every eye by God's own hand, And night is turned to day, And night is turned to day.

2 There is a Home, a hap - py home, Where way-worn travelers rest, Where toil and and languor never come, And every mourner's blest, And every mourner's blest.

3 There is a Port, a peace-ful port, A safe and qui - et shore, Where wea-ry mar-i-ners resort, When life's rough voyage is o'er, When life's rough voyage is o'er.

4 There is a Crown, a dazzling crown, Bedecked with jew - els fair, And priests and kings of high renown That crown of glory wear, That crown of glo - ry wear.

PRIOR. 8s.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 How tedi-ous and tasteless the hours, When Je-sus no lon-ger I see! Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me.

2 His name yields the rich-est per-fume, And sweet-er than mu-sic his voice; His pres-ence dis-per-ses my gloom, And makes all with-in me re-joice:

3 Dear Lord, if in-deed I am thine: If thou art my sun and my song, Say, why do I lan-guish and pine? And why are my win-ters so long?

The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay, But when I am hap-py in him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.

I should, were he al-ways thus nigh, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear; No mor-tal so hap-py as I, My sum-mer would last all the year.

O drive these dark clouds from my sky, Thy soul-cheer-ing presence re-store; Or take me to thee up-on high, Where win-ter and clouds are no more.

THE SAVIOR CALLS.

Words and Music by A. S. KIEFFER. 121

1 Heark-en, chil - dren, the Sa - vior calls you, Hear the joy - ful news! Free sal - va - tion to you is of-fered, Dare you still re-fuse?

2 Come to Him, in thy youth's sweet morning, Give Him all thy heart! He will shield thee and gent - ly bless thee, Nev-er from thee part.

3 By - and - by, when this life is end - ed, You shall dwell on high; Share His love in the man - y man-sions Far be - yond the sky.

CHORUS.

Chil - dren, chil-dren, the Sa - vior calls you, And his prom-ise is "to - day;" Fly to Him for His price-less bless-ing, O do not de - lay.

Chil - dren, chil-dren, the Sa - vior calls you, And his prom - ise is "to - day;" Fly to Him for His price-less bless-ing, O do not de - lay.

Chil - dren, chil-dren, the Sa - vior calls you, And his prom-ise is "to - day;" Fly to Him for His price-less bless-ing, O do not de - lay.

ANYWHERE.

B. C. UNSELD.

1 A - ny lit - tle corn-ner, Lord, In Thy vineyard wide, Where thou bid'st me work for thee, There I would a - bide; Mir-a - cle of sav-ing grace That thou giv-est

2 Where we pitch our nightly tent, Sure-ly mat-ters not; If the day for thee is spent, Bless-ed is the spot, Quickly we our tent may fold, Cheerful march thro'

3 All a - long the wil - der - ness, Let us keep our sight On the mov-ing pil - lar fixed, con-stant day and night; Then the heart will make its home, Willing, led by

HASKELL.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

me a place A - ny-where, A-ny-where.

storm and cold, With thy care, With thy care.

thee to roam, A - ny-where, A-ny-where.

1 Mids't sor-row and care, There's one that is near, And ev - er de-lights to re - lieve us.

2 His boun-ties are free, He hears eve - ry plea, And wel - comes the cry of the need - y.

3 Blest man-sions a-bove, Pre-pared by his love, Are wait - ing at last to re - ceive us.

PAGE(S)

MISSING

TRIUMPH.

WYATT MINSHALL.

1 Glo - rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God; He whose word can-not be bro-ken, Form'd thee for his own a - bode:

2 See, the streams of liv - ing wa-ters, Spring-ing from e - ter - nal love, Still sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move;

3 Round each hab-i - ta - tion hov'ring, See the cloud and fire ap-pear! For a glo - ry and a cov'-ring, Showing that the Lord is near:

On the rock of a - ges founded, What can shake thy sure re - pose? With sal - va-tion's walls sur-rounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows our thirst t'as-suage? Grace, which, like the Lord, the giv-er, Nev-er fails from age to age.

He who gives us dai - ly ma - na, He who lis-tens when we cry, Let him hear the loud Ho - san - na Ris - ing to his throne on high.

1 Take thy staff, O Pil-grim! Haste thee on thy way; Let the morrow find thee Farther than to-day. If thou seek the cit-y, Of the golden street,

2 In the heav'nly journey, Press with zeal a-long, Rest-ing will but weary, Running make thee strong. Wings that eagles car-ry, Bear them in their flight;

3 Haste, it hath been told thee— All things are thy own; Pass the pearly por-tals, Stand before the throne. Here thy journey endeth, Here thy staff lay down,

Pause not on the pathway, Rest not weary feet. Then haste, O haste, O haste thee, Pilgrim on thy way, And let the morrow find thee, Farther than to-day.

So thy bur-den bears thee—Surely then 'tis light. Then haste, O haste thee, Pilgrim on thy way, And let the morrow find thee, Farther thee to-day.

En-ter here thy mansion, Here receive thy crown. Then haste, O haste thee, Pilgrim on thy way, And let the morrow find thee, Farther than to-day.

haste, O haste

HE LEADETH HE.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 He lead-eth me! O, bless-ed thought, O words with heavenly comfort fraught, Whate'er I do, what-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me!

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bow-ers bloom, By wa-ters still, o'er troub-led sea— Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine— Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!

He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By his own hand he lead-eth me; His faith-ful fol-low-er I would be, For by his hand he lead-eth me.

He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By his own hand he lead-eth me; His faith-ful fol-low-er I would be, For by his hand he lead-eth me.

He lead eth me, He lead-eth me, By his own hand he lead-eth me; His faith-ful fol-low-er I would be, For by his hand he lead-eth me.

1 Moth - er, tell me of the an - gels, Tell me of that joy - ous band; Tell me of their blest em-ploy-ment In the glo - rious spir - it land.

2 I am wea - ry wait-ing, moth-er, Long a - go he went a - way, And he said he'd bring back brother, Oh how sweet - ly we would play.

3 Moth-er, let us go and meet him, O'er the bounding bil-lows foam; Yes, I know that we shall greet him In the an - gel's heav'n-ly home.

Tell me, mother, where is fa-ther, Is he on that bliss-ful shore, Where he said we'd dwell for - ev - er, And sad part - ings come no more.

Moth-er, when I wake at morn-ing, Then I think dear fa-ther's near; But I wait till twi-light's com - ing, Still my fa - ther is not here.

There we'll part a - gain, O nev - er, But with joy no tongue can tell, We shall live to - geth - er, ev - er, Where an - gel - ic spir - its dwell.

Chorus—An-gels, blessed shin-ing an - gels, Soon will bear us to the shore, Where the wick - ed cease from troub - ling, And sad part - ings come no more.

ANGEL WAITING.

W. W. WEEKLY.

1 I am told that o-ver Jordan's stream ; Where the angels sing around the throne ; There's a land that's free from care and sin, Where the Savior will gather all his own.

2 I have friends who've journeyed on before, And the Christian's glory now they share ; With the angels standing at the door, They are longing and waiting for me there.

3 O I hope to join the an - gel band, Where the fields are ever green and fair ; There I'll take my loved ones by the hand, And their glory and joy for-ev - er share.

I am trav'ling to a cit-y fair, To a land from sin and sorrow free, And the angels are waiting o-ver there, Yes, the an-gels are waiting there for me.

I am trav'ling to a cit-y fair, cit-y fair, To a land from sin and sorrow free And the angels are waiting over there, over there, Yes, the angels are waiting there for me.

I am trav'ling to a cit-y fair, To a land from sin and sorrow free, And the angels are waiting o-ver there, Yes, the an-gels are waiting there for me.

cit - y fair,

o-ver there,

1 We are trav-el-ers here be-low, On-ward joy-ful-ly still we go; On-ly pil-grims here we roam, Je-sus will gath-er us home.

2 Oh, the light of that sky se-rene, Mor-tal vis-ion hath nev-er seen; Strains no mortal ear can hear, Ech-o for-ev-er there.

3 Come and join us, a pil-grim band, Going home to our Fa-ther-land; Crowns of joy di-vine-ly fair, Je-sus will give us there.

4 Go-ing home to the fields of light, Going home to our mansions bright; Oh, how hap-py we shall be, Je-sus our Sa-vior to see.

CHORUS.

Je-sus will gath-er us home, Je-sus will gath-er us home, On-ly pil-grims here we roam, Je-sus will gath-er us home.

Je-sus will gath-er us home, Je-sus will gath-er us home, On-ly pil-grims here we roam, Je-sus will gath-er us home.

Je-sus will gath-er us home, Je-sus will gath-er us home, On-ly pil-grims here we roam, Je-sus will gath-er us home.

"BY THE GATE THEY'LL MEET US."

Words and Music by A. S. KIEFFER.

1 Holy, happy angels guard the Christian's way, Never from his path they stray ; Ever on their mission, they their vigils keep, Guarding all his waking, watching all his sleep.

2 Though we may not see them with our mortal eyes, By the light of Time's dim skies, Yet we hear their whispers, pointing far away To the golden lus-tre of e-ter-nal day.

3 Ho-ly, hap-py angels, sent us from above, Thro' the Savior's gracious love; Be ye ev-er near us, guarding all our way, Till we reach the mansions of e-ter-nal day.

By the gate they'll meet us, 'Neath the golden sky, Meet us at the portal, Meet us by-and-by; By the gate they'll meet us, 'Neath the golden sky, Meet us at the portal, Meet us by-and-by.

By the gate they'll meet us, 'Neath the golden sky, Meet us at the portal, Meet us by-and-by; By the gate they'll meet us, 'Neath the golden sky, Meet us at the portal, Meet us by-and-by.

1 Hail thou ev - er roll - ing o - cean, Hail thou ev - er heav-ing sea, Sun-light on thy bo-som gleameth Light and shade al-ter-nate-ly.

2 Wi - der than the surging bil - lows High-er than the silvery waves, Roll the tid-ings of sal-va - tion, Flows the pre-cious blood that saves.
3 See the glo - ry, friends of Je - sus, On this o-cean deep and wide; But a glo - ry, clearer, brighter, Lies be-yond this swell-ing tide.

4 Gaze not sim-ply on this o - cean, Walk not on - ly on the shore, Launch ye bold-ly on its bo-som, Trust your pi-lot ev - er - more.
5 Yes, launch out, ye friends of Jesus, Spread your sails for that blest shore; Praise the Lord, the Pilot's with us, We are safe for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Far be-yond the roll-ing bil - lows Lies a ci - ty bright and fair, Glo - ry to our skill - ful Pi - lot, Soon he'll bring our spirits there.

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

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

DELIGHT.

Words and Music by G. R. STREET.

1 There is a land all fair and bright, Where all the blood-bought sons of light, Are prais-ing Je - sus day and night, I want to praise him too.

2 When we shall reach that bliss-ful shore, Our days of mourn - ing will be o'er, We'll praise the Lord for - ev - ermore, O won't you praise him too.

3 Then in that ho - ly, peace-ful land, We'll join the hap - py an-gel band, With gold-en harps for - ev - er stand And praise him ev - er-more.

4 No sin or death can en - ter there With - in that land so bright and fair, And each a crown of glo ry wear, O don't you want to go.

CHORUS.

I am hap - py now, for I soon shall be, From ev'-ry care and sor - row free; O sing of Je - sus' love to me, And praise him ev - er-more.

I am hap - py now, for I soon shall be, From ev'-ry care and sor - row free; O, sing of Je - sus' love to me, And praise him ev-er-more.

I am hap - py now for I soon shall be, From ev'-ry care and sor - row free; O sing of Je - sus' love to me, And praise him ev-er-more.

1 Head of the Church tri - umph - ant, We joy-ful - ly a-dore thee, Till thou ap-pear thy members here Shall sing like those in glo - - - ry.

2 While in af - flic-tion's fur - nace And passing thro the fire, Thy love we praise Which knows no days, And ever brings us nigh - - er.

3 Thou dost conduct thy peo - - ple Thro' torrents of tem p-ta-tion: Nor will we fear, While thou art near, The fire of trib - u - la-tion:

4 By faith we see the glo - - ry, To which thou shalt restore us: The cross de-spise For that high prize, Which thou hast set before us:

We lift our hearts and voic - - es, With blest an-tic - i - pa-tion, And cry a - loud, and give to God The praise of our sal - va-tion.

We clasp our hands ex - ult - - ing In thine Al-might-y fa - vor: The love di - vine, Which makes us thine, Can keep us thine for-ev - er.

The world, with sin and Sa - tan, In vain our march op - poses; By Thee we shall Break thro' them all, And sing the song of Moses.

And if thou count us wor - thy, We each, as dy-ing Stephen, Shall see thee stand At God's right hand, To take us up to heaven.

1 There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn From Im-man-uel's veins, And sin - ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guil-ty, stains,

2 The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun-tain in his day; And there may, I though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way,

3 Thou dy - ing Lamb! thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its power, Till all the ran-somed Church of God Are saved, to sin no more,

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup-ply, Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die,

Lose all their guil - ty stains, ... Lose all their guil - ty stains, And sin - ners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guil - ty stains.

Wash all my sins a - way, . . . Wash all my sins a - way, And there may I though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.

Are saved, to sin no more, Are saved, to sin no more, Till all the ran-somed church of God Are saved, to sin no more,

And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die, Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.

1 Dear com - rade pil-grims of the cross, Although the way be drear - y, Yet faint not, fail not, on-ward press, Tho' wounded, worn and weary.

2 Tho' sore be - set, not o - ver-come, Cast down but not de-spair-ing. We're trav'ling t'wards a heavenly home, Our Master's standard bearing.

3 We'll one an - oth - er's bur - dens bear, The toil-some journey cheering; Our joys and all our sor-rows share, Each day our home we're nearing.

4 Our Lord is God: his prom-ise sure, His help shall fail us nev - er, And they who to the end en-dure, Shall reign with him for - ev - er.

Toil on-ward still Thro' eve - ry ill, Con - fid - ing in the Sa-vior; The jour-ney done, And glo - ry won, We'll sing his praise for-ev - er.

Toil on-ward still Thro' eve - ry ill, Con - fid - ing in the Sa-vior; The jour-ney done, And glo - ry won. We'll sing his praise for-ev - er.

Toil on-ward still Thro' eve - ry ill, Con - fid - ing in the Sa-vior; The jour-ney done, And glo - ry won, We'll sing his praise for-ev - er.

1 Lord, I be - lieve : thy power I own, Thy truth I would o - bey : I wan - der com - fort-less and lone, When from thy paths I stray ;

2 Lord, I be - lieve a rest re - mains To all thy peo - ple known ; And rest where pure en-joy-ment reigns, And thou art lov'd a - lone.

3 O that I now the rest might know, Be-lieve, and en - ter in : Now Sa - vior, now the power be-stow, And let me cease from sin.

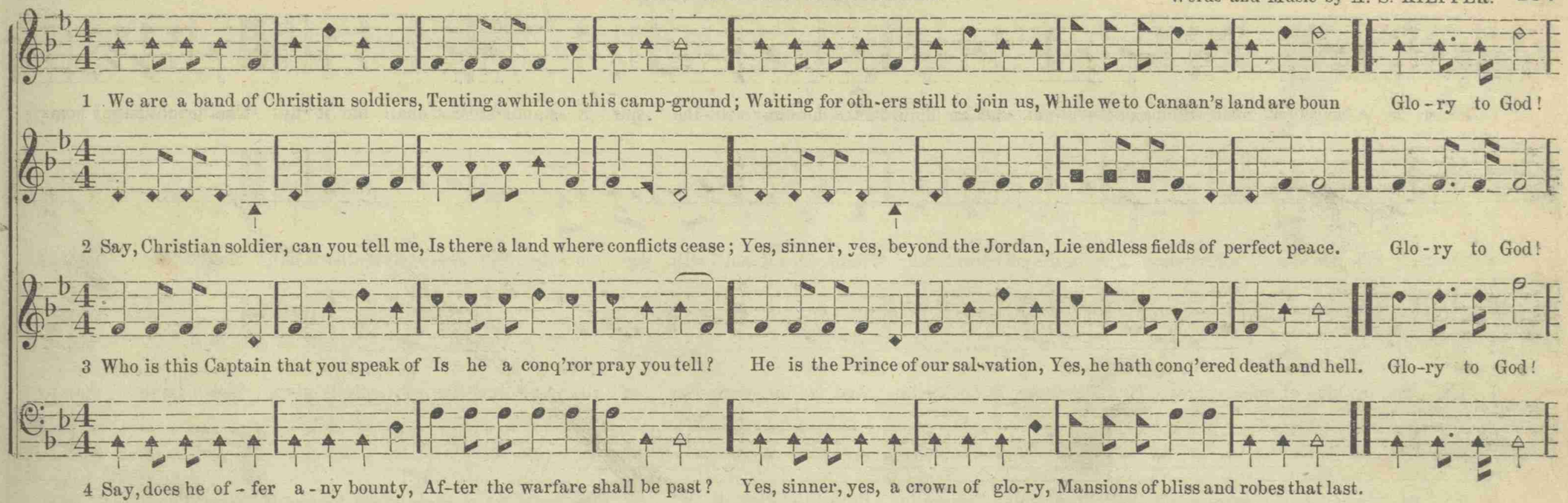
Lord, I be - lieve : but gloom-y fears Sometimes be - dim my sight : I look to thee with pray'rs and tears, And cry for strength and light.

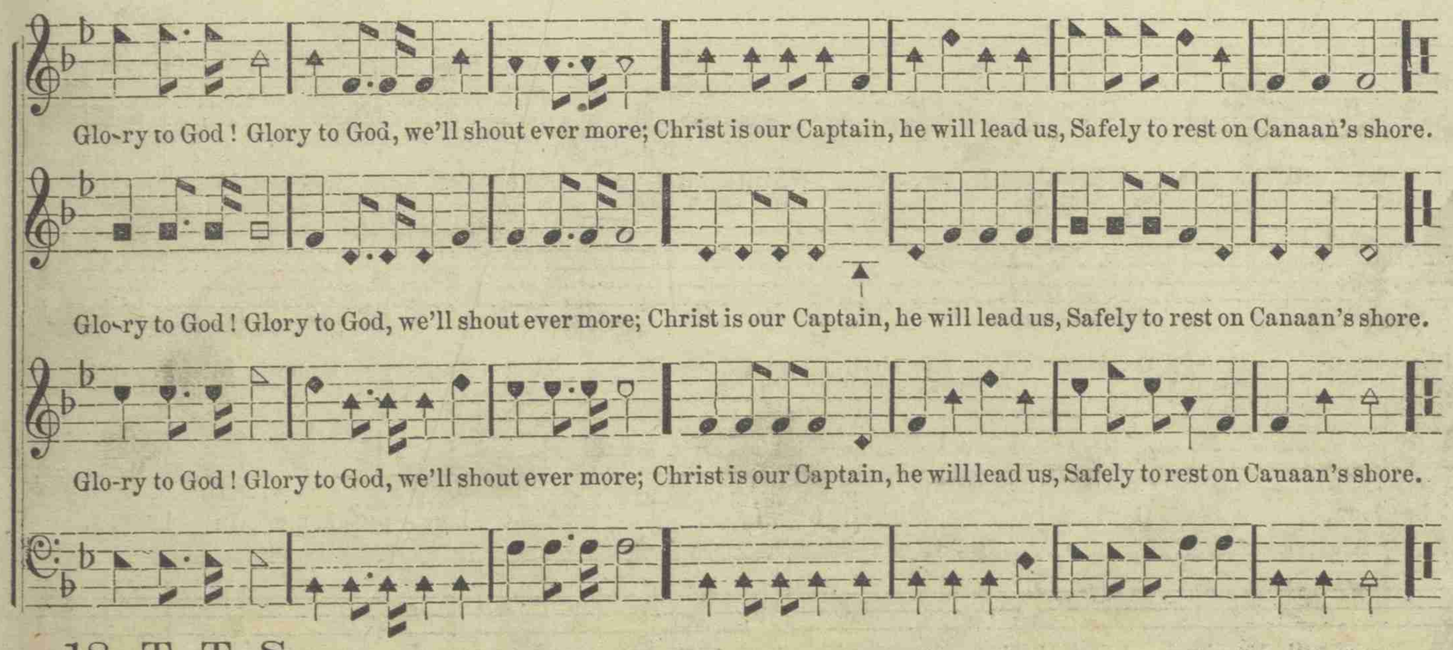
A rest where all our soul's de - sire Is fixed on things a - bove ; Where fear, and sin, and grief ex - pire, Cast out by per - fect love.

Re-move this hard-ness from my heart ; This un - be - lief re-move ; To me the rest of faith im - part,— The Sab - bath of thy love.

CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Words and Music by A. S. KIEFFER. 137





5 Say, Christian, say, can I then join you,
Will he enlist me, say, oh! say?
Yes, at repentance's headquarters
You can enlisted be to-day.

6 But, Christian, see, I have no armor,
No uniform to please his sight;—
You'd better go without that, sinner,
He will equip you for the fight.

7 Come, brother, come, we'll go up with you,
And He will take you in, we know,
If you will promise to be faithful,
Guarding the camp against the foe.

8 Oh! will you take me in your army?
Prince of Salvation, here I come?
Yes, humble sinner, you are entered,
Bound for my own eternal home.

9 Now, brethren, now we're marching onward,
High in the heavens our banners wave,
Glory to God, while others join us,
Marching to realms beyond the grave.

HAPPY HOME IN HEAVEN.

ISAAC MILLER.

1 There is a house not made with hands E-ter-nal and on high, And here my wait-ing spir - it stands Till God shall bid it fly. That bright happy home,

2 Short - ly this pris - on of my clay, Must be dis-solved and fall; Then, Oh my soul! with joy o - bey Thy heaven-ly Father's call. That bright hap-py

3 'Tis He, by his al-might-y grace, That forms thee fit for heav'n, And as an earn - est of the place Has His own spir-it giv'n. That bright hap-py

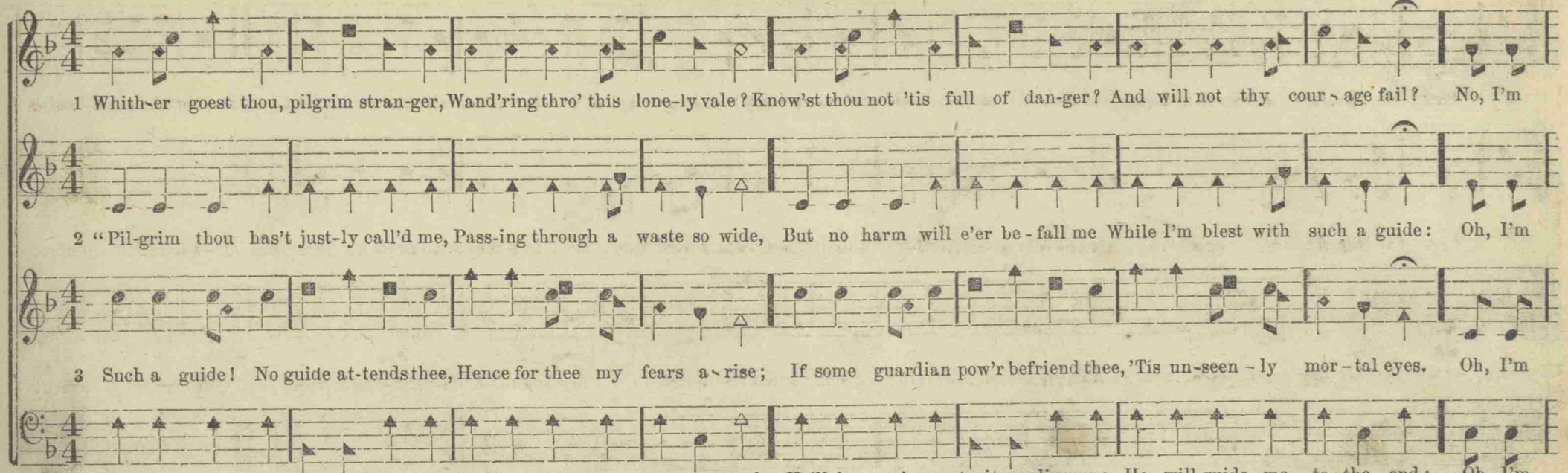
4 We walk by faith of joys to come, Faith lives up - on her word; But while the bod - y is our home We're ab-sent from the Lord. That bright happy home,

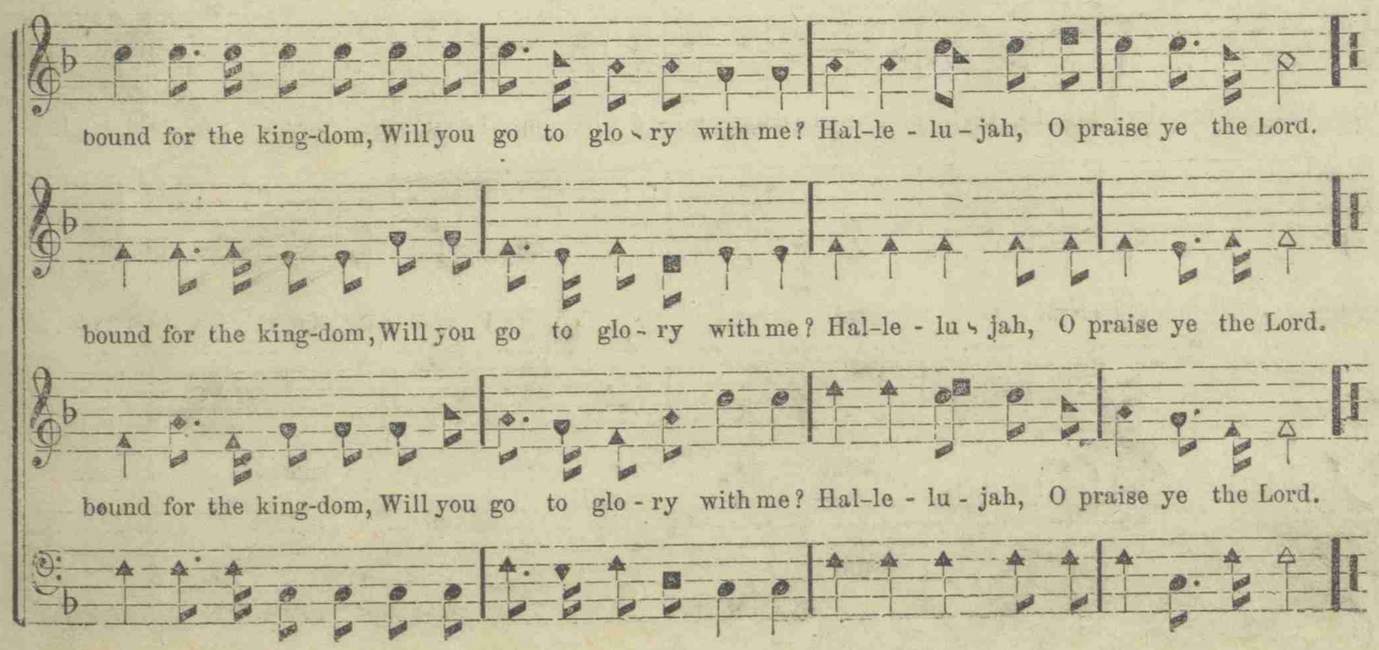
bright hap-py home, To me will be given, To me will be given, When shall I see, When shall I see, That hap - py home in heaven.

home, To me will be given, O when shall I see, That hap - py home in heaven.

home, To me will be given, O when shall I see, That hap - py home in heaven.

bright hap - py home, To me will be given, To me will be given, When shall I see, when shall I see That hap - py home in heaven.





5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee
Darkly winding through the vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
No, I'm bound, &c.

6 No, that stream has nothing frightful!
To its brink my steps I'll bend,
Thence to plunge; 'twill be delightful,
There my pilgrimage will end.
I am bound, &c.

7 While I gazed with speed surprising,
Down the stream she plunged from sight;
Gazing still, I saw her rising
Like an angel clothed with light.
Oh, she's gone to, &c.

HEAVENLY JORDAN.

1 There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain.

2 There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er with'r-ing flow'rs; Death like a nar-row sea di-vides This heaven-ly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood, Stand dress'd in liv-ing green; So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan roll'd be-tween.

I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the promised land! Oh! who will come and go with me, I am bound for the promised land.

I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the promised land! Oh! who will come and go with me, I am bound for the promised land.

I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the promised land! Oh! who will come and go with me, I am bound for the promised land.

THE CITY OF LIGHT.

Words and Music by A. S. KIEFFER.

1 There's a cit - y of light 'mid the stars we are told, Where they know not a sorrow or care;
And the gates are of pearl and the streets are of gold, And the building ex-ceed-ing-ly fair.
} Let us pray for each oth-er, nor faint by the way,

2 Broth-er dear, never fear,—we shall triumph at last, If we trust in the word he has giv'n;
When our tri-als and toils, and our weepings are past, We shall meet in that home up in heav'n.
} Let us pray for each oth-er, nor faint by the way,

3 Sis - ter, dear, never fear,—for the Sav-ior is near, With His hand He will lead you a - long;
And the way that is dark Christ will graciously clear And your mourning shall turn to a song.
} Let us pray for each oth-er, nor faint by the way,

4 Let us walk in the light of the gos-pel di - vine; Let us ev - er keep near to the cross;
Let us love, watch and pray in our pilgrimage here,, Let us count all things else but as loss.
} Let us pray for each oth-er, nor faint by the way,

In this sad world of sor-row and care, For that home is so bright, and is al-most in sight, And I trust in my heart you'll go there.

In this sad world of sor-row and care, For that home is so bright, and is al-most in sight, And I trust in my heart you'll go there.

THE MORNING LIGHT.

Words and Music by A. S. KIEFFER.

1 O the night of time soon shall pass a - way, And the hap - py gol - den day will dawn, When the pilgrim staff shall be laid aside, And the kingly crown put on.

2 O the hap-py day that shall gild the hills, When the Lord shall come to earth again! Oh the happy hearts that shall welcome him, When he comes once more to reign.

3 What a joy-ful time when the earth shall gleam, In the light of an e - ter-nal day, When the saints shall sing unto Christ their King, In their golden glad array.

We are watching now for the Morning Light, For the New Je - ru - sa - lem to come; We are wait-ing still for the Savior, Christ, Who will call his children home.

We are watching now for the Morning Light, For the New Je - ru - sa - lem to come; We are wait-ing still for the Savior, Christ, Who will call his children home.

We are watching now for the Morning Light, For the New Je - ru - sa - lem to come; We are wait-ing still for the Savior, Christ, Who will call his children home.

THE RESURRECTION.

Music by G. R. STREET. 143

1 In the res-ur-rec-tion morning We will see the Savior coming, And the sons of God a-shout-ing in the king-dom of the Lord. Hal-le - lu-jah!

2 We feel the ad-vent glo-ry While the vision seems to tar-ry, We will comfort one an-oth-er with the words of Ho-ly Writ. We shall rise! We shall

3 By faith we can dis-cov - er, That our warefare'll soon be over, And we'll shortly hail each other, on fair Canaan's happy shore. We shall rise! We shall

4 We will tell the pleasing sto-ry When we meet our friends in glory, And we'll keep ourselves already for to hail the Heavenly King. When the trump of God shall sound,

Praise the Lord! Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise the Lord, we shall rise! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! In the res - ur - rec-tion morning we shall rise.

rise! In the resurrection morning we shall rise,— We shall rise! we shall rise! In the res - ur - rec-tion morning we shall rise.

trump of God shall sound, It shall wake the sleeping nations, when the trump of God shall sound, The dead in Christ shall rise, dead in Christ shall rise, In the res - ur - rec-tion morning we shall rise.

CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

R. A. GLENN.

1 All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye mar-tyrs of our God, Who from his al - tar call; Ex - tol the stem of Jes-se's rod, And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, A rem-nant weak and small; Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye Gen-tile sin-ners, ne'er for-get The worm-wood and the gall; Go spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.

And crown him Lord of all, and crown him Lord of all, and crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

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

And crown him Lord of all, and crown him Lord of all, and crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

1 There's a beau-ti-ful land far be-yond the sky, And Je-sus, my Sav-ior, is there; He has gone to pre-pare me a home on high— Oh, I long, oh I long to be there!

2 I have friends who have gone to that land on high, They are free from sorrow and care; And I trust I shall meet them above the sky— Oh, I long, oh I long to be there!

3 We shall meet in that beau-ti-ful land on high, And be with the bright and the fair, Where the waters of life sweetly murmur by— Oh, I long, oh I long to be there!

In that beautiful land, In that beautiful land, Where the angels stand, shall meet, shall meet, shall meet, We shall meet in that beautiful land.

In that beau - - - ti-ful land, Where the an - gels stand, We shall meet, We shall meet, We shall meet, We shall meet in that beautiful land.

In that beautiful land, In that beautiful land, Where the angels stand, shall meet, shall meet, shall meet, We shall meet in that beautiful land.

THE LONG GOOD NIGHT.

1 I jour - ney forth re - joic - ing From this dark vale of tears, To heaven-ly joy and free - dom, From earthly bonds and fears.

2 I go to see this glo - ry, Whom we have loved be - low: I go, the bless - ed an - gels, The ho - ly saints to know.

3 Why thus so sad - ly weep - ing, Be-loved ones of my heart? The Lord is good and gra-cious, Though now he bids us part;

4 I hear the Sav - ior call - ing—The joy - ful hour is come; The an - gel guards are read - y To guide me to our home.

Where Christ our Lord shall gath - er All his re - deemed a - gain, His king - dom to in - her - it; Good night, till then!

Our love - ly ones de-part - ed I go to find a - gain, And wait for you to join us; Good night, till then!

Oft have we met in glad - ness, And we shall meet a - gain, All sor - row left be-hind us; Good night, till then!

Where Christ our Lord shall gath - er All his re-deemed a - gain, His king - dom to in - her - it; Good night, till then!

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Edmund Fry *Agent.*

[OVER.]

1 Ye who are bound for Ca - naan's land, Come on with - out de - lay;
And join to sing a sa - cred song To cheer you on the way.
For the ar-my's on the march to the new Je - ru - sa - lem,

2 Our Cap-tain, Je - sus, leads us on, And we dis - dain to fly;
We'll bold-ly fight the fight of faith, And con-quer tho' we die.
For the ar-my's on the march to the new Je - ru - sa - lem,

3 The prize is ev - er - last - ing life, A crown of fade-less hue;
A robe of pure and spot - less white, And palms of victo - ry too.
For the ar-my's on the march to the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

And we'll all shout victo-ry in the king-dom. For the ar-my's on the march to the new Je-ru - sa - lem, And we'll all shout victo - ry in the king - dom.

And we'll all shout victo-ry in the king-dom. For the ar-my's on the march to the new Je-ru - sa - lem, And we'll all shout victo-ry in the king - dom.

And we'll all shout victo-ry in the king-dom. For the ar-my's on the march to the new Je-ru - sa - lem, And we'll all shout victo-ry in the king - dom.

THE SHINING SHORE.

G. F. ROOT.

1 My days are gli-ding swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stranger, Would not de-tain them as they fly,—Those hours of toil and dan-ger:

2 Our absent King the watchword gave,—"Let eve-ry lamp be burn-ing;" We look a - far, a-cross the wave, Our distant home discerning:

3 Should coming days be dark and cold, We will not yield to sor-row, For hope will sing, with courage bold, "There's glory on the mor-row:"

4 Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise, Each cord on earth to sev - er,—There—bright and joyous in the skies— There is our home for-ev - er:

CHORUS.

For now we stand on Jor-dan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver; And, just be - fore, the shin-ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

For now we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver; And, just be-fore, the shin-ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

For now we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver; And, just be - fore, the shin-ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

1 The Lord my refuge is! My fortress, my defence, Whose battlements of strength are crowned With love's Omnipotence; And round about whose living wall Eternal splendors ever fall.

2 Not kingdoms, thrones, or powers, Not life, nor death, nor height, nor depth This Rock, this Tower, forever sure!
Things present or to come; Can drive from this dear home; E-ter-nal Refuge shall endure.

3 Safe, sheltered by this Rock, What ills have I to fear? No storm can reach me where I stand, No foe can venture near: Eternal refuge of the soul, While endless ages onward roll.

CHUTE. L. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Deep in our hearts let us re - cord The deep - er sor-rows of our Lord; Be - hold the ris - ing bil-lows roll, To o-ver-whelm his ho-ly soul.

2 Oh, for his sake, our guilt for - give, And let the mourning sinner live! The Lord will lead us in his name, Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

REV. I. BALTZELL.

"IT IS I!"

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 When the storm in its fury on Gal-li-lee fell, And lift-ed its waters on high, And the faithless disciples were bound in the spell, Jesus whispered, "Fear not, it is I."

2 The storm could not bury that word in the wave, 'Twas taught thro' the tempest to fly, It shall reach his disciples in ev - e-ry clime, Saying, "Be not afraid, it is I."

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

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

"It is I, it is I, Fear not, trembling one, it is I," In the midst of the storm, in the midst of the gloom, "Fear not, trembling one, it is I."

"It is I, it is I, Fear not, trembling one, it is I," In the midst of the storm, in the midst of the gloom, "Fear not, trembling one, it is I."

"It is I, it is I, Fear not, trembling one, it is I," In the midst of the storm, in the midst of the gloom, "Fear not, trembling one, it is I."

OVER THERE.

1 They have reached the sun-ny shore, All their griefs and pains are o'er, Over there, over there, They will need no lamp by night,
And will never hunger more, For their day is always bright, And the

2 Now they feel no chilling blast. And their summers always last, Over there ; They can nev-er know a fear,
For their winter-time is past, For the Savior's always near, And with

3 They have fought the weary fight, Now they dwell with him in light, Over there ; Soon we'll reach the shining strand,
Jesus saved them by his might, Soon we'll wait our Lord's command, Till we

O-ver there.

Sa-vior is their light, O - ver there, O - ver there. O - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver there. *D. S.*

them is end - less cheer, O - ver there, o - ver there. O - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver there.

see his beck'ning hand, O - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver there.

FINE.

For refrain use 3rd verse. O - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver there.

THY WAY, NOT MINE.

CHAS. E. PRIOR.

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How-ev-er dark it be! Lead me by thine own hand, Choose out the path for me. I dare not

2 Choose thou for me, my friends, My sick-ness or my health; Choose thou my cares for me, My pov-er-ty or wealth. Not mine, not

choose my lot: I would not, if I might, Choose thou for me, my God, So shall I walk a-right.

mine the choice, In things or great or small; Be thou my guide, my strength, My wisdom and my all.

"FUNERAL HYMN."

1 Go to thy rest, my child;
Go thy dreamless bed,
Gentle and meek and mild,
With blessings on thy head.
Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this fearful land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

3 Before thy heart might learn
In waywardness to stray,
Before thy feet could turn
The dark and downward way;
Ere sin might wound thy heart,
Or sorrow wake the tear,
Rise to thy home of rest
In yon celestial sphere.

EDEN, SWEET EDEN.

1 E - den, sweet E - den, thou beau - ti - ful land, When shall I be with thy beau - ti - ful band, Cast - ing their crowns a - mid songs of re - frain,

2 E - den, sweet E - den, thou beau - ti - ful land, There all my lov'd ones, a - wait - ing me, stand Read - y to lead me, a - mid their bright train,

3 E - den, sweet E - den, thou beau - ti - ful land, An - gels are tread-ing the glo - ry - lit strand; Soon I shall en - ter those re - gions of bliss,

Down at the feet of the Lamb that was slain. Home of the blest! Land of sweet rest! Fond - ly I long, I long to be there.

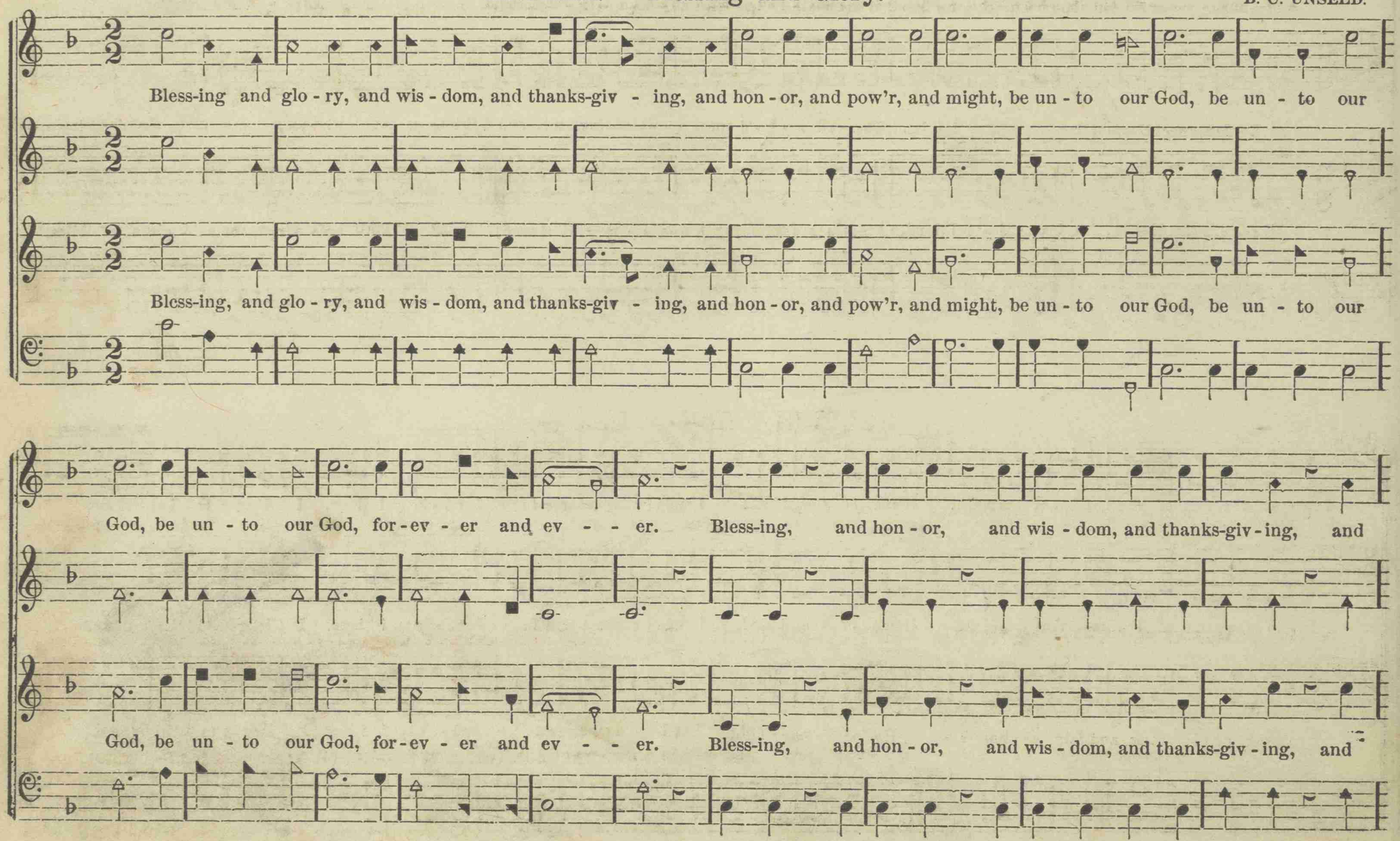
In - to the arms of the Lamb that was slain. Home of the blest! Land of sweet rest! Fond - ly I long, I long to be there.

Pur-er, and bright-er, and fair - er than this. Home of the blest! Land of sweet rest! Fond - ly I long, I long to be there.

ANTHEMS AND SET PIECES.

ANTHEM. "Blessing and Glory."

B. C. UNSELD.



hon - or, and pow'r, and might, be un - to our God, be un - to our God for - ev - - er, and ev - - er, A - - - men.

hon - or, and pow'r and might, be un - to our God, be un - to our God for - ev - - er and ev - - er, A - - - men.

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G. W. CLEM.

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

2 There is a home for weary souls By sin and sor - row driven, When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise and ocean rolls, And all is dread but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye, To bright-er pros-pects given; And views the tempest passing by, The evening shadows quick-ly fly, And all serene in heaven.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Words and Music by A. S. KIEFFER.

1 Hap-py Christmas bells are ring-ing, Eve-ry-where, eve-ry-where, Mer-ry Christmas bells are ring-ing, Up-on the win-try air:

2 Happy Christ-mas bells your chim-ing, Wa-kens hopes bright with love, Ten-der-ly your mu-sic tells us Of that sweet home a-bove.

3 Hap-py Christ-mas bells your peal-ing, Calls to pray'r, every-where, Cheer-ful-ly we look be-yond us To that sweet home so fair:

Tell-ing of the love of God's dear Son, How he came from heav'n to earth; Ring-ing in the morning once a-gain, Of our dear Sa-vior's birth.

Hope-ful-ly we look to that sweet home, Far removed from care and sin, Long-ing for the bells of heav'n to ring, A sweet-er Christ-mas in.

When the win-ter days have end-ed here, May we all in heav'n a-bove, With our bless-ed Sa-vior then ap-pear In God's sweet home of love.

Ring sweet bells, O ring, a - gain! Peal - ing out your glad - some strain! Hap-py Christ - mas bells, peal on, Ring - ing glad - ness eve - ry - where.

Ring sweet bells, O ring, a - gain! Peal - ing out your glad - some strain! Hap-py Christ - mas bells, peal on, Ring - ing glad - ness eve - ry - where.

Ring sweet bells, O ring, a - gain! Peal - ing out your glad - some strain! Hap-py Christ - mas bells, peal on, Ring - ing glad - ness eve - ry - where.

TRIUMPH. L. M.

G. W. CLEM.

1 Soon may the last glad song a - rise, Through all the mil-lions of the skies; That song of triumph which re-cords, That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones and powr's and kingdoms be O - be-dient, mighty God, to thee! And, o - ver land and stream and main, Wave thou the scep-tre of thy reign!

3 Oh, let that glo-rious an-them swell, Let host to host the tri-umph tell, That not one reb-el heart re-mains, But o - ver all the Sa - vior reigns!

CRY ALOUD, AND SPARE NOT.

B. C. UNSELD.

Cry a-loud, Cry a-loud, Spare not, spare not, Cry a-loud, cry a-loud, Spare not, spare not, Cry a-loud and spare not,

Cry a-loud, cry a-loud, Spare not, spare not, Cry a-loud, cry a-loud, Spare not, spare not, Cry a-loud and spare not,

Cres.

Cry a-loud and spare not; Lift up thy voice like a trumpet, Lift up thy voice, Lift up thy voice, Lift up thy voice like a

Cry a-loud and spare not; Lift up thy voice like a trumpet, Lift up thy voice, Lift up thy voice, Lift up thy voice like a

trump-et, Show the peo - ple their trans-gress-ions, Show the peo - ple their trans-gress-ions, And the house of Ja - cob their sins.

FINE.

trump-et, Show the peo - ple their trans-gres-sions, Show the peo - ple their trans-gress-ions, And the house of Ja - cob their sins.

f f

ALTO SOLO. (May be sung by all the Altos.)

Ritard. *D. C.*

Say woe to them that tar-ry long at wine, Till wine in-flame them, For the drunk-ard, the drunk-ard shall come to pov - er - ty.

Instrument.

SANCTUS.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God Al - might-y, Heav'n and earth are full of thy glo - ry: Glo - ry be to

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God Al - might-y, Heav'n and earth are full of thy glo - ry: Glo - ry be to

thee, Glo - ry be to thee, Glo - ry be to thee, O God most high, O God most high.

thee, Glo - ry be to thee, Glo - ry be to thee, O God most high, O God most high.

1 My voice shalt thou hear in the morn-ing, When the night has passed a - way, And the beau - ti - ful tints of the morn-ing Are the new, bright com-ing day:

2 My voice shalt thou hear in the morn-ing, For the strength the day may need; Keep me in the way by thy teach-ing, Be my guide in word and deed:

3 Thy hand let me take thro' the noontide, For I can-not walk a - lone; Thy light, may it shine on my road-side For the way is all unknown,—

Sweet praise will I give to thee, Fath - er, For thy kind pro - tect - ing care, The guard thou hast kept o'er my slum-ber, And the love in which I share.

My soul thou wilt keep and de - liv - er, For in thee is all my trust, Thou, Lord art my Shield and my Help-er, Thou art good, and pure, and just.

Thy star, may it light up the eve-ning, And the clouds will all be gone, My path, though it leads thro' the gloaming, In thy rest will end at Home.

O HOW LOVELY IS ZION.

A. S. KIEFFER.
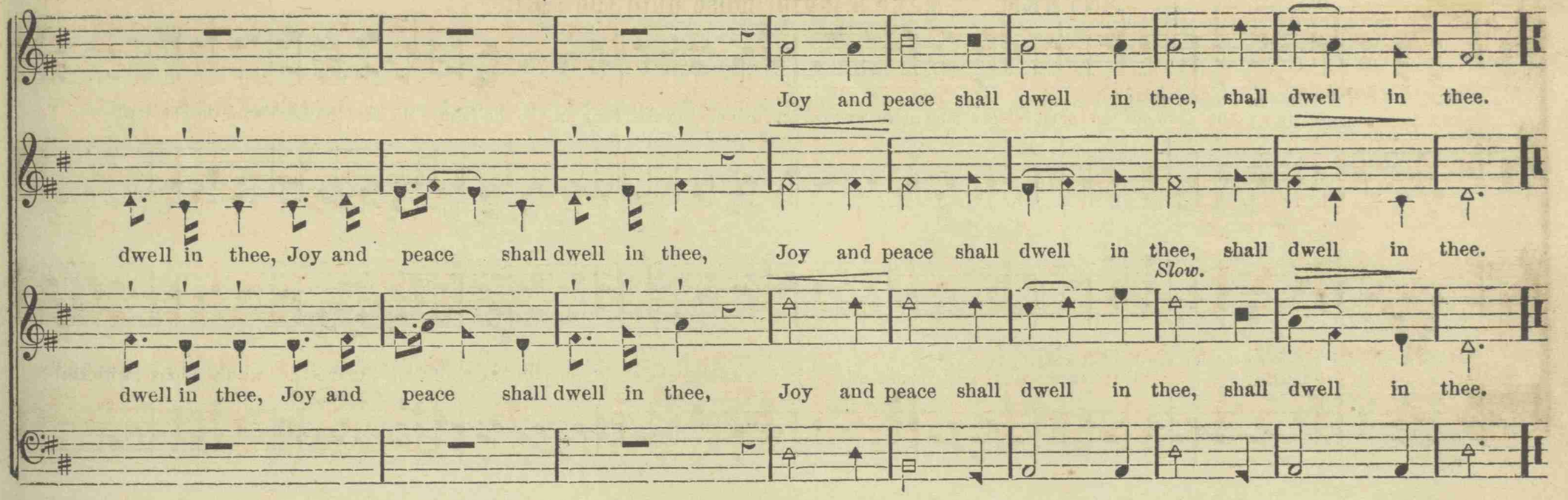
O how love - ly, O how love - ly, O how love - ly, how love - ly is Zi - on, Zi - on cit - y of our God! Zi - on

O how love - ly, O how love - ly, O how love - ly, how love - ly is Zi - on, Zi - on cit - y of our God! Zi - on

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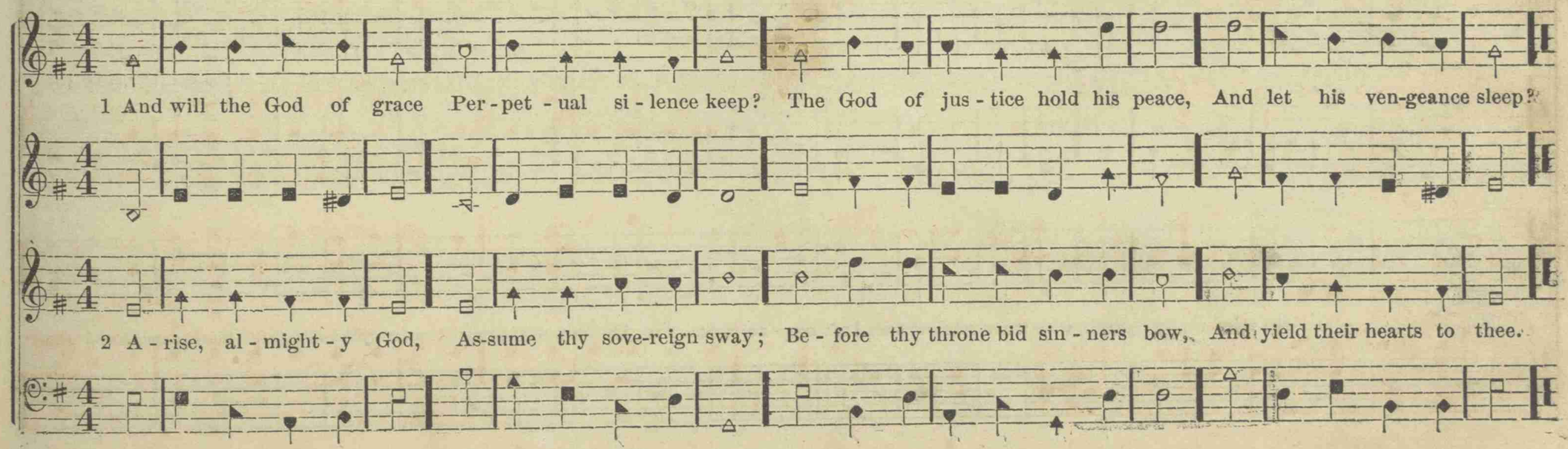
Joy and peace shall

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



SOUTHWELL. S. M.

PSALTER. 1588.



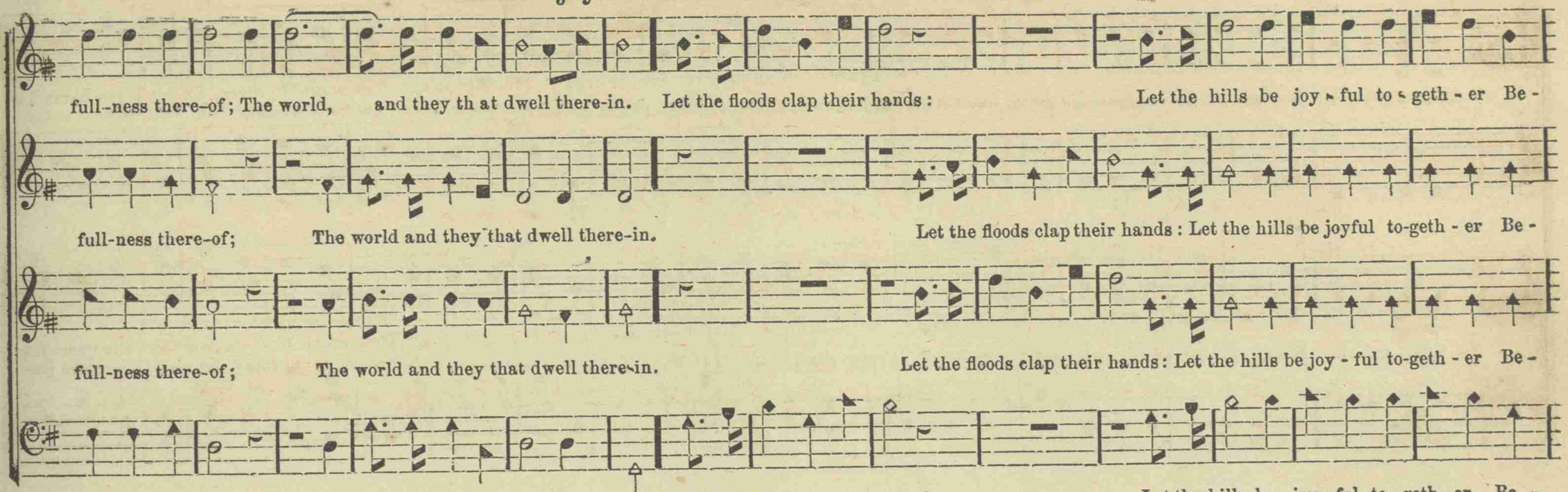
ANTHEM. "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord."
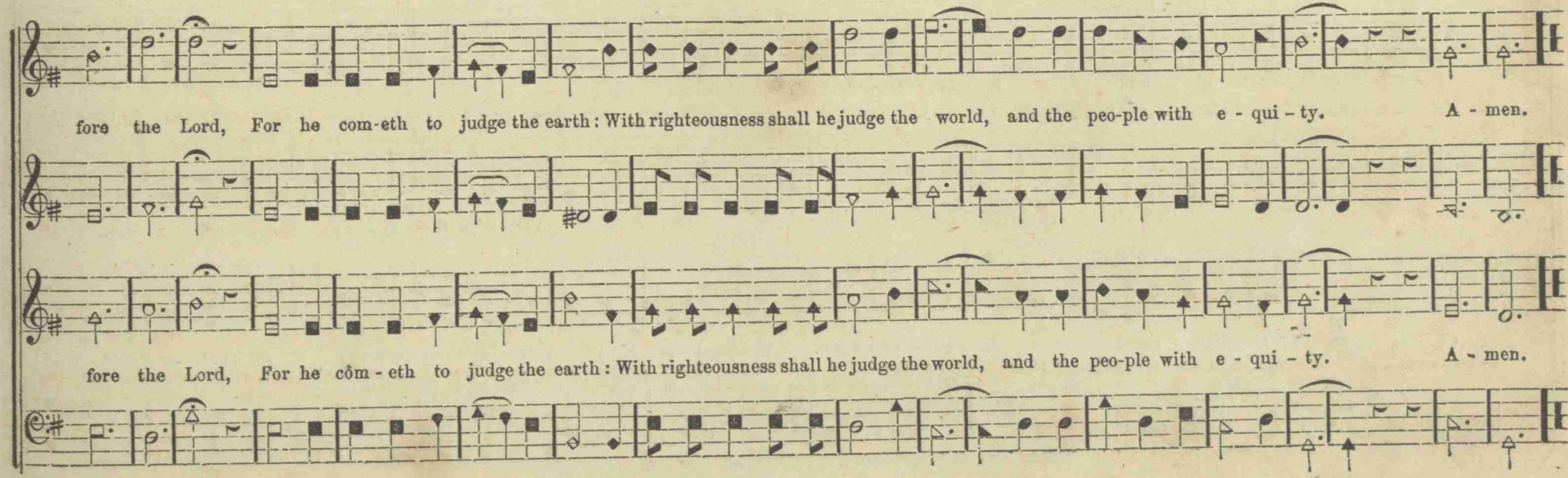
Make a joy-ful noise un-to the Lord, all the earth, Make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise. Sing un-to the Lord— un-to the Lord with the harp;

Make a joy-ful noise un-to the Lord, all the earth, Make a loud noise, and re-joice, and sing praise. Sing un-to the Lord— un - to the Lord with the harp; with the

With the harp, and the voice of a psalm, with trum-pets and sound of cor-net. Make a joy-ful noise be - fore the Lord, the King. Let the sea roar, and the

harp . . . . and the voice of a psalm, with trum-pets and sound of cor - net. Make a joy-ful noise be-fore the Lord, the King. Let the sea roar, and the


full-ness there-of; The world, and they th at dwell there-in. Let the floods clap their hands: Let the hills be joy ful to geth - er Be -
full-ness there-of; The world and they that dwell there-in. Let the floods clap their hands: Let the hills be joyful to-geth - er Be -
full-ness there-of; The world and they that dwell there-in. Let the floods clap their hands: Let the hills be joy - ful to-geth - er Be -
full - ness thereof; The world, and they that dwell there - in. Let the floods clap their hands: Let the hills be joy - ful to - geth - er Be -


fore the Lord, For he com-eth to judge the earth: With righteousness shall he judge the world, and the peo-ple with e - qui - ty. A - men.
fore the Lord, For he cŏm - eth to judge the earth: With righteousness shall he judge the world, and the peo-ple with e - qui - ty. A - men.

THE LORD IS KING!

A. L. COWLEY.

f *Cres.*

The Lord is King! Praise ye His name on eve-ry height; Praise Him, ye choirs of seraphs bright; From age to age, from shore to shore, Ex - alt His name for-

f *Cres.*

The Lord is King! Praise ye His name on eve-ry height; Praise Him, ye choirs of seraphs bright; From age to age, from shore to shore, Ex - alt His name for-

ev - er - more, Ex - alt his name for - ev - er - more. The Lord is King!

f

Ex - alt His name for - ev - er - more.

p

Veil - ing their fa - ces An - gels a - dore Him;

ev - er - more, Ex - alt His name for - ev - er - more. The Lord is King! Veil - ing their fa - ces An - gels a - dore Him;

f

Ex - alt His name, for - ev - er - more.

dim. f

Let all the peo-ple Bow down be-fore him, Bow down be-fore him, The Lord is King, re-joice, Let all the

pp f

Let all the peo - - - ple, Bow down be-fore him, Bow down be-fore him, The Lord is King! Re-joice, re-joice, Let all the

pp f

Let all the peo - - - ple, Bow down be-fore him, Bow down be-fore him, The Lord is King! Re-joice, re-joice, Let all the

f

Re-joice, re-joice, Let all the

earth tell forth his maj - - es - - ty and worth, Re-joice, re-joice, Je-ho-vah reigns! From age to age, from shore to shore, Je-

earth tell forth his maj-es-ty and worth, and worth, Re-joice, re - joice, Je-ho-vah reigns! From age to age, from shore to shore, Je-

earth tell forth his maj-es-ty and worth, and worth, Re-joice, re-joice, Je-ho-vah reigns! From age to age, from shore to shore, Je-

earth tell forth his maj - - es - ty and worth, His maj-es-ty and worth, Re-joice, re-joice.

THE LORD IS KING—Continued.

ho - vah reigns for-ev - er more, Je - ho-vah reigns for - ev - er more, Je - ho-vah reigns for - ev - er more, Je - ho - vah reigns for - ev - er - - more.

ho - vah reigns for - ev - er more, Je - ho-vah reigns for - ev - er more, Je - ho-vah reigns for - ev - er more, Je - ho - vah reigns for - ev - er more.

ho - vah reigns for - ev - er more, Je - ho - vah reigns for - ev - er more, Je - ho - vah reigns for - ev - er more.

Je - ho-vah reigns for - ev - er more, Je - ho-vah reigns for - ev - er more, Je - ho - vah reigns for - ev - er more.

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS.

B. C. UNSELD.

Lift up your heads, lift up your heads, lift up your heads, O ye gates, O ye gates, And be ye lift up, ye ev - er - last-ing doors, And the

Lift up your heads, lift up your heads, lift up your heads, O ye gates, O ye gates, And be ye lift up, ye ev - er - last-ing doors, And the

King of glo - ry shall come in. Who is this King of glo - ry, of glo - ry, The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord our Re-deem-er. He is the

King of glo - ry shall come in. Who is this King of glo - ry, The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord our Re-deem-er. He is the

King of glo - ry, of glo - ry, He is the King of glo - ry, of glo - ry, He is the King of glo - - - ry, A - - - men, A - men, A - men.

A - men, A - men, A - - men.

King of glo - ry, He is the King of glo - ry, He is the King of glo - - - ry, A - - - men, A - - men.

Of glo - ry, Of glo - ry.

CRY ALOUD AND SHOUT.

From the "Tonic Sol-Fa Notation."

f

Cry a - loud and shout, Cry a - loud and shout, Cry a - loud and shout, O in - hab - i - tants of Zi - on,

f

Cry a - loud and shout, Cry a - loud and shout, Cry a - loud and shout, O in - hab - i - tants of Zi - on, Cry a - loud and

mf.

p

Cry a - loud and shout, O in - hab - i - tants of Zi - on, For great is the Ho - ly One of Is - ra - el.

p

shout O in - hab - i - tants of Zi - on, Cry a - loud and shout, O in - hab - i - tants of Zi - on, For great is the Ho - ly One of Is - ra - el.

p

f

Great, great, great, great, Great is the Ho - ly One of Is - ra - el. Cry a - loud and shout, Cry a - lound and shout, Cry a-loud and

Great, great, great, great, Great is the Ho - ly One of Is - ra - el. Cry a - loud and shout, Cry a - loud and shout, Cry a-loud and

Cry a-loud and shout,

shout, Cry a - loud and shout, Shout, shout, shout, O in - hab - i - tants of Zi - - on. A - men. A - men.

shout, Cry a - loud and shout, Shout, shout, shout, O in - hab - i - tants of Zi - - on. A - men. A - men.

shout, Cry a - loud and shout . . . . . Shout, shout, shout, O in - hab - i - tants of Zi - - on. A - men. A - men.

Cry a - loud and shout.

172 Allegretto.

SING YE JEHOVAH'S PRAISES!

THEO. F. SEWARD.
By permission,

Sing ye Je - ho - vah's prais-es, Praise ye his name for-ev - er, Earth now to heav-en rais - - - es Her voice in grate - ful lays.

Sing ye Je - ho - vah's prais-es, Praise ye his name for - ev - er, Earth now to heaven rais - - - - es Her voice in grate - ful lays.

Sing his praise, Sing his praise, Sing his great sal - - - va - tion, Sing his praise, Sing his praise,

Sing his praise, Sing his praise, Sing his great sal - - - va - tion, Sing his praise, Sing his praise,

Glo - - - - - ri - fy him, Glo - - - - - - ri - fy him, Let his great sal-va-tion now ap - pear, Glo - - - - - ri - fy him, Glo - - - - - ri - fy him,

Sing his praise, Sing his praise, Sing his great sal - va - tion, Sing his praise, Sing his praise,

1st time. 2nd time.

Send the joy - ful news, news. Sing ye Je-ho-vah's prais-es, Praise ye his name for-ev - er, Earth now to heav-en

Send the joy - ful news, news. Sing ye Je - ho-vah's prais-es, Praise ye his name for-ev - er, Earth now to heav - en

Send the joy-ful tid-ings far and near, near. Sing ye Je - ho-vah's prais-es, Praise ye his name for-ev-er, Earth now to heav - en

Send the joy ful news. news.

rais - - - - es Her voice in grate-ful lays. Far, far a-way, Far, far a - way, All, all have strayed, Yet, yet his love,

rais - - - - es Her voice in grate-ful lays, Far a - way, from him his peo-ple all have strayed, Yet, his

rais - - - - es Her voice in grate-ful lays, Far a - way, from him his peo - ple all have strayed. Yet, his

Far, far a-way, Far, far a-way, All, all have strayed. Yet, yet his love,

SING YE JEHOVAH'S PRAISES—Continued.

yet, yet his love, kind-ness nev-er is de-layed. Sing ye Je-ho-vah's prais-es, Praise ye his name for-ev-er,

lov - - - - - - ing kind-ness nev-er is de-layed. Sing ye Je-ho-vah's prais-es, Praise ye his name for-ev-er,

lov - - - - - - ing kind-ness nev-er is de-layed. Sing ye Je-ho-vah's prais-es, Praise ye his name for-ev-er,

yet, yet his love,

Rit.

Earth now to heaven rais - - - es Her voice in grate-ful lays. Hal - le-lu-jah, A - - - - men, Hal - le-lu-jah, A - - - - men.

Earth now to heaven rais - - - es her voice in grate-ful lays. Hal - le-lu-jah, A - - men, Hal - le-lu-jah, A - - - - men.

EVENING PRAYER.

J. H. TENNEY. By per.

1 God who mad - est earth and heav'n, Darkness and light! Who the day for toil hast giv'n, For rest the night! May thine

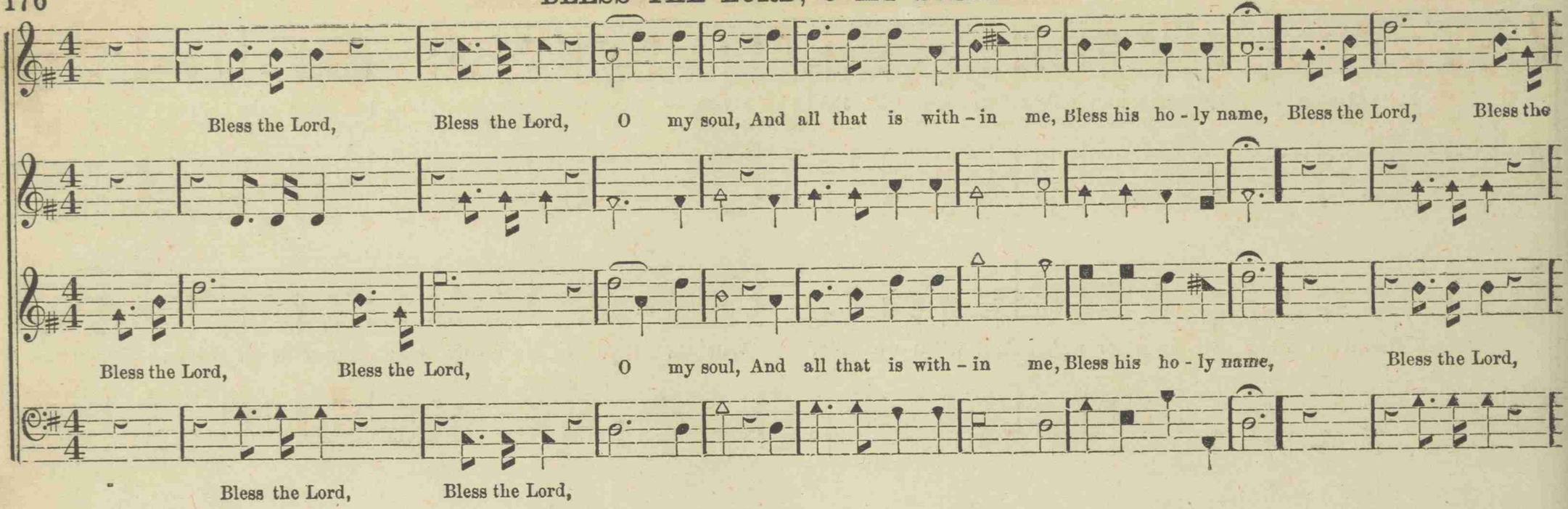
2 Guard us when we sleep or wake, And when we die, Wilt thou then in mer - cy take Our souls on high; When the

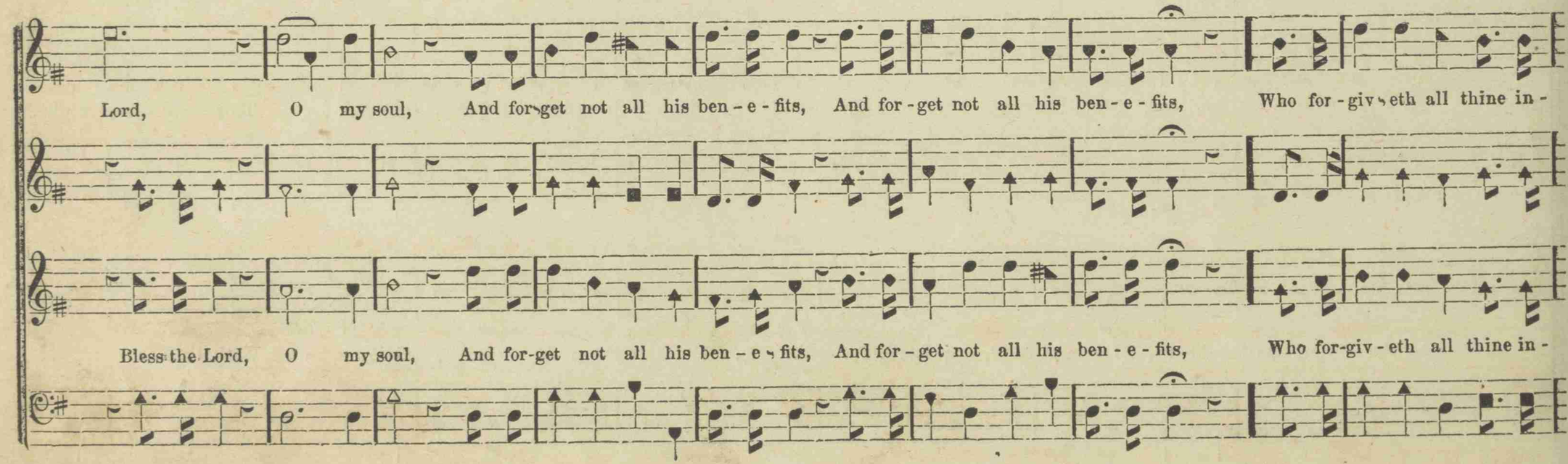
an - gel guards de-fend us, Slum-ber sweet thy mer - cy send us, Ho - ly dreams and hopes at-tend us; This live - long night.

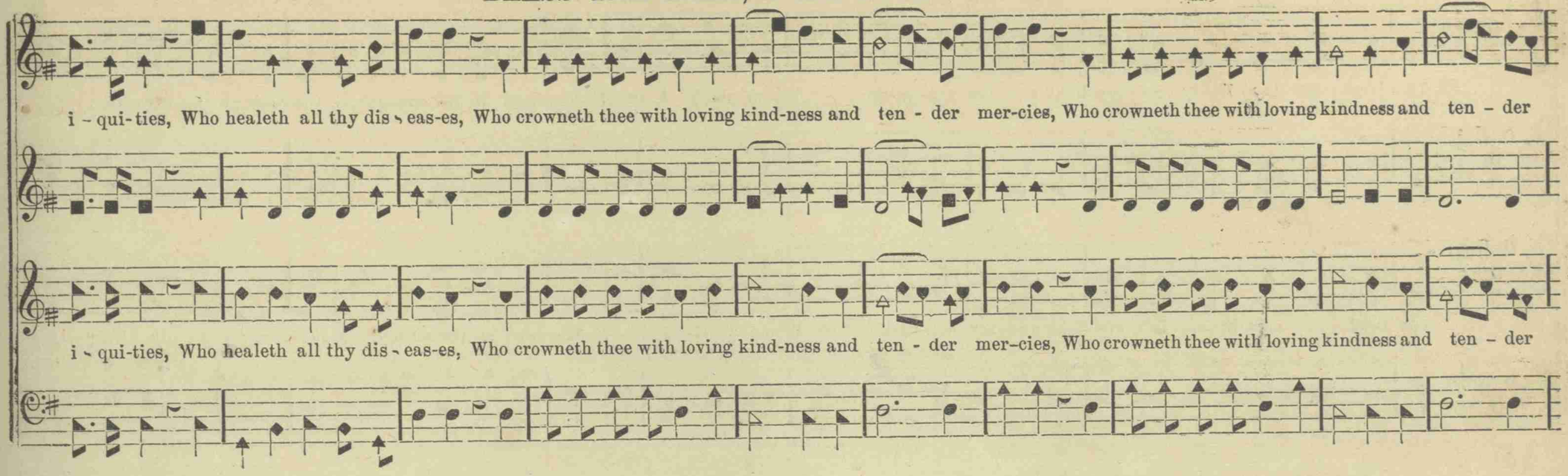
last dread call shall wake us, Do not thou, our Lord, for - sake us, But to reign in glo - ry take us, With thee on high.

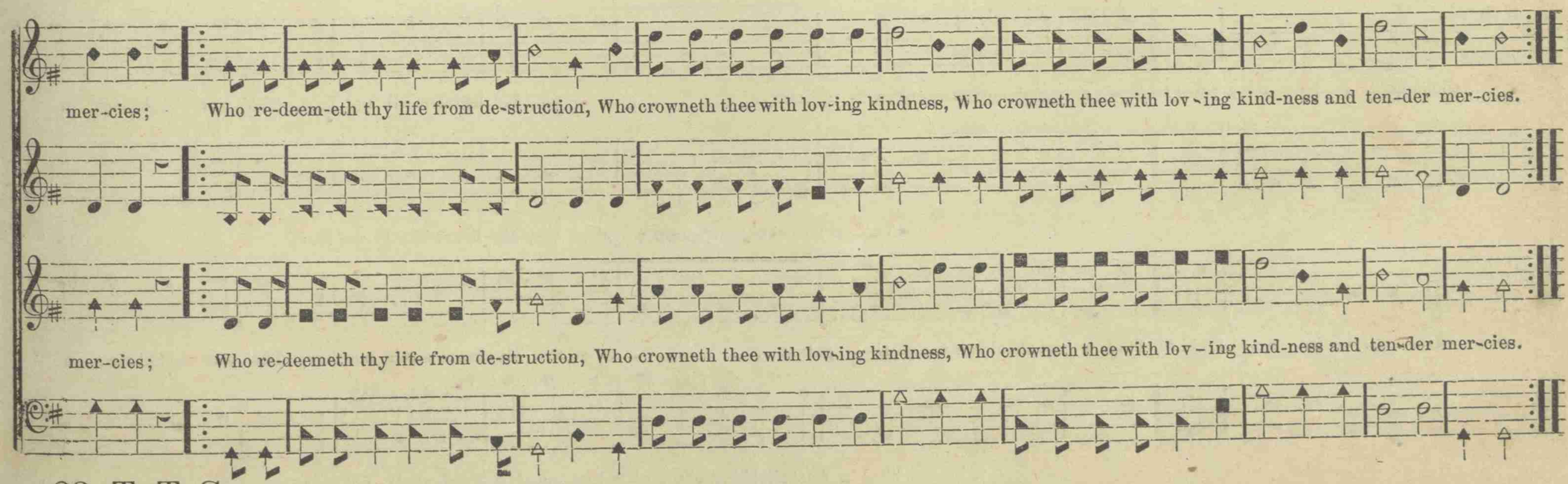
BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL.

W. B. BRADBURY.






i - qui-ties, Who healeth all thy dis - eas-es, Who crowneth thee with loving kind-ness and ten - der mer-cies, Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and ten - der
i - qui-ties, Who healeth all thy dis - eas-es, Who crowneth thee with loving kind-ness and ten - der mer-cies, Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and ten - der


mer-cies; Who re-deem-eth thy life from de-struction, Who crowneth thee with lov-ing kindness, Who crowneth thee with lov - ing kind-ness and ten-der mer-cies.
mer-cies; Who re-deemeth thy life from de-struction, Who crowneth thee with lov-ing kindness, Who crowneth thee with lov - ing kind-ness and ten-der mer-cies.

THE LORD IS MY LIGHT.

G. F. ROOT. From "Diapason."

The Lord is my light, is my light and my sal - va-tion, Whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength, is the strength of my life; Of

The Lord is my light, is my light and my sal - va-tion, Whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength, is the strength of my life; Of

whom shall I be a - fraid? Tho' a host should en-camp a - gainst . . . . . me, My heart shall not fear, Tho' war should rise a -

Tho' a host should en-camp a - gainst me, My heart shall not fear, Tho'

whom shall I be a - fraid? Tho' a host should en-camp a - gainst . . . . . me, My heart shall not fear, Tho' war should rise a -

Tho' a host should en-camp a - gainst me, My heart shall not fear, Tho'

gainst . . . . . me, in this I will be con - fi - dent, One thing have I de - sired of the Lord, That will I seek af - ter, That

war should rise a-gainst me,

gainst . . . . . me, in this I will be con - fi - dent, One thing have I de - sired of the Lord, That will I seek af - ter, That
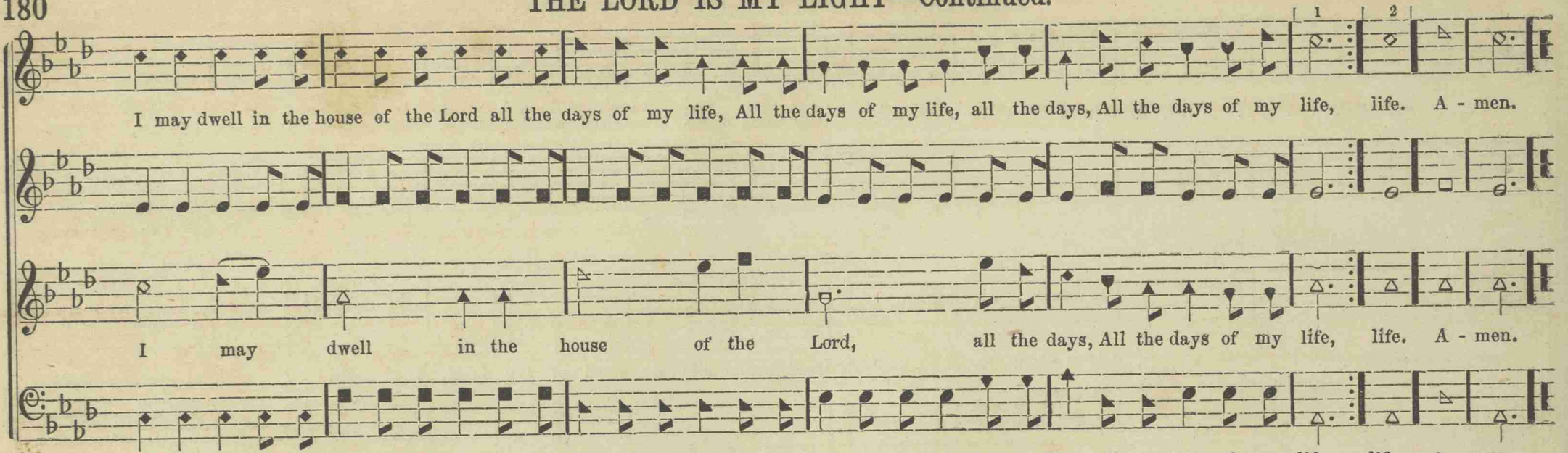
war should rise a-gainst me,

I may dwell in the house of the Lord, That I may dwell in the house of the Lord, That I may dwell in the house of the Lord, That

That I may dwell in the house of the Lord, That

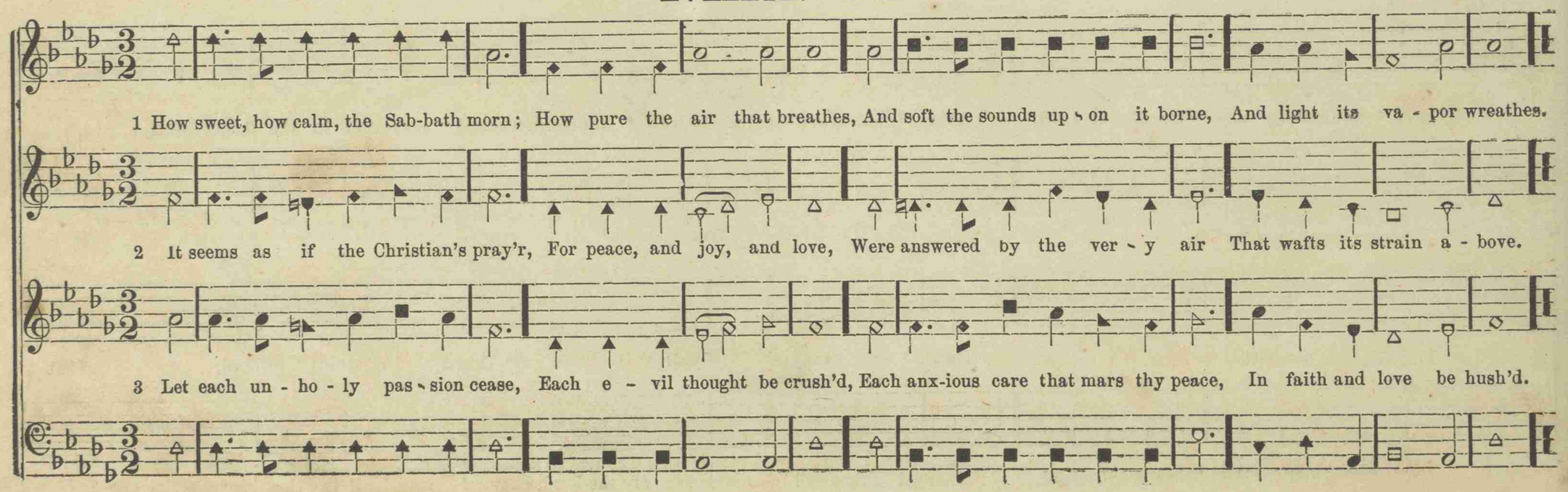
I may dwell in the house of the Lord, That I may dwell in the house of the Lord, That I may dwell in the house of the Lord, That

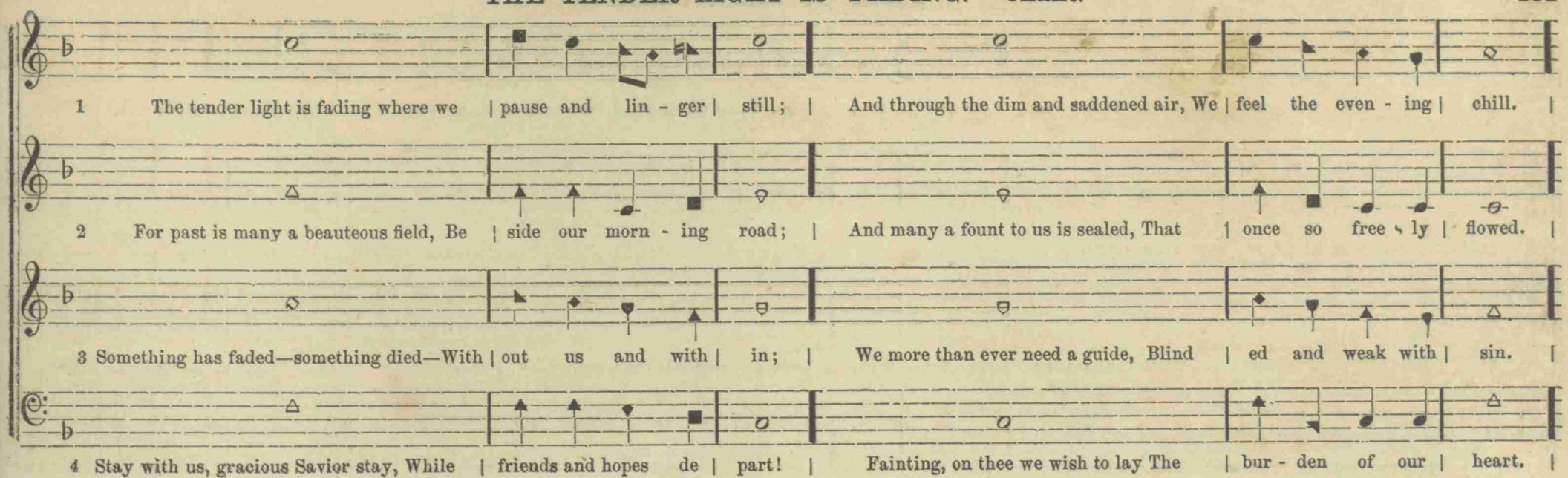
THE LORD IS MY LIGHT—Continued.
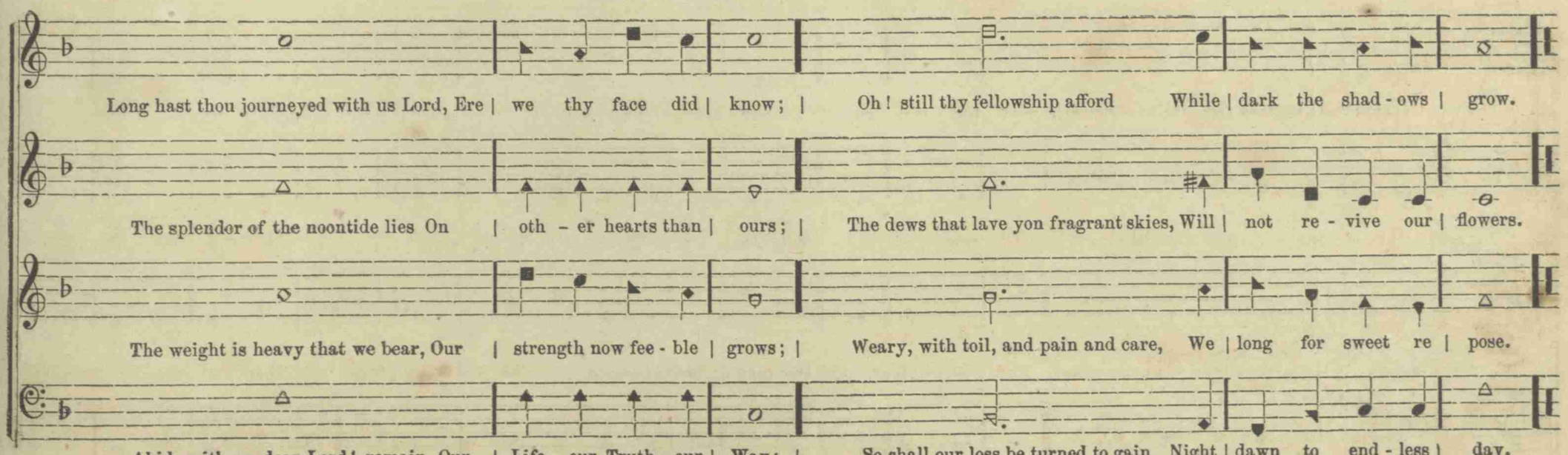


EVELETH. C. M.

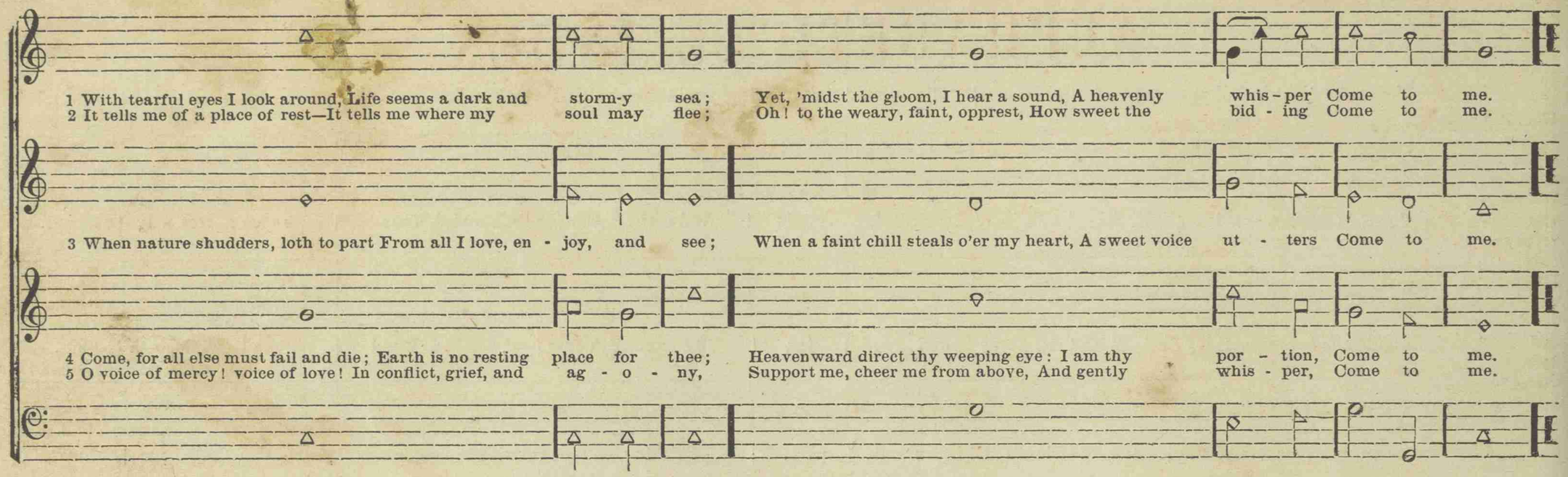
J. H. TENNEY.
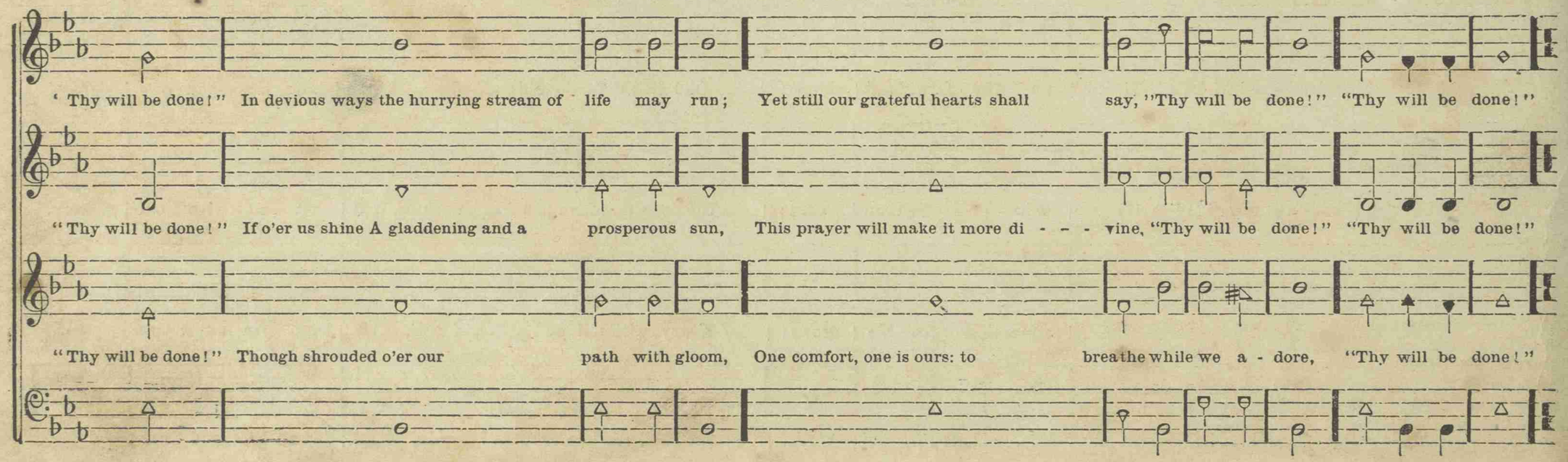



1 The tender light is fading where we | pause and lin - ger | still; | And through the dim and saddened air, We | feel the even - ing | chill. |
2 For past is many a beauteous field, Be | side our morn - ing road; | And many a fount to us is sealed, That | once so free ly | flowed. |
3 Something has faded—something died—With | out us and with | in; | We more than ever need a guide, Blind | ed and weak with | sin. |
4 Stay with us, gracious Savior stay, While | friends and hopes de | part! | Fainting, on thee we wish to lay The | bur - den of our | heart. |


Long hast thou journeyed with us Lord, Ere | we thy face did | know; | Oh! still thy fellowship afford While | dark the shad - ows | grow.
The splendor of the noontide lies On | oth - er hearts than | ours; | The dews that lave yon fragrant skies, Will | not re - vive our | flowers.
The weight is heavy that we bear, Our | strength now fee - ble | grows; | Weary, with toil, and pain and care, We | long for sweet re | pose.
Abide with us, dear Lord! remain, Our | Life, our Truth, our | Way; | So shall our loss be turned to gain, Night | dawn to end - less | day.

"COME TO ME." Chant.



"THY WILL BE DONE." Chant.



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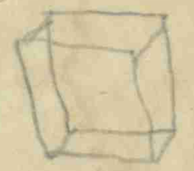
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George. L. Stout

when this you
See think of your
true lover don't
forget him for
She is your truest
friend on the
Globe
Your
friend

A. M. Long

When this you see
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