1st Ed. 1876

MELODI-
1876

MELODIES OF PRAISE

FOR THE

SABBATH SCHOOL

AND

PRAISE MEETINGS.

EDITED BY R. A. GLENN.

SINGER'S GLEN, VIRGINIA.:
Published by RUEBUSH, KIEFFER & CO.

SCATTERGOOD ENG

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A COLLECTION OF

NEW TUNES AND HYMNS,

—FOR THE—

SABBATH SCHOOL *and* PRAISE MEETING.

Edited by R. A. Glenn.

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(1876.)

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1876
Melo

PREFACE.

"Sing unto the Lord a new song, for it is good to sing praises unto our God."—DAVID.

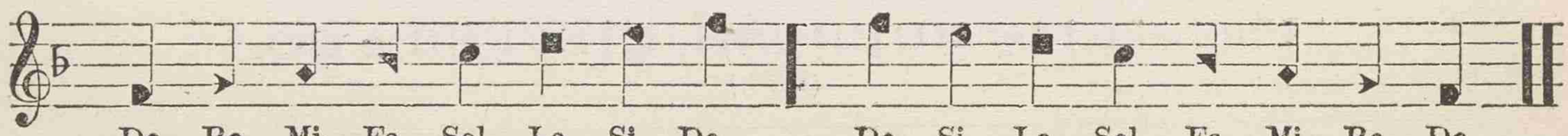
IN sending forth "MELODIES OF PRAISE," we pray that it may be instrumental in bringing to the assistance of our Sabbath School and religious exercises the many thousand good voices that have heretofore been silent, from the fact that they could not participate in the singing services. With the improved notation used in "MELODIES OF PRAISE" every one, even the "LITTLE CHILD," can learn to read the music, and it is the duty of the Superintendent to see to it, that every scholar has a book out of which to sing the hymns, which, through the aid of Song may make lasting impressions, and be Gospel seed sown in good ground.

In "MELODIES OF PRAISE" will be found songs for the Sunday School, Prayer Meeting, Praise Meeting; for Temperance, Thanksgiving occasions, and Celebrations. In conclusion, I return my sincere thanks to the following persons for their generous assistance in the preparation of these pages: W. A. Oden, J. H. Leslie, Rev. J. C. Johnston, Rev R. M. Carter, A. S. Kieffer, E. R. Latta, J. H. Tenny, Miss Lizzie Harned, Miss Frankie Presley, Mrs. E. A. Glenn, and Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

R. A. GLENN.

JANUARY 5, 1876.

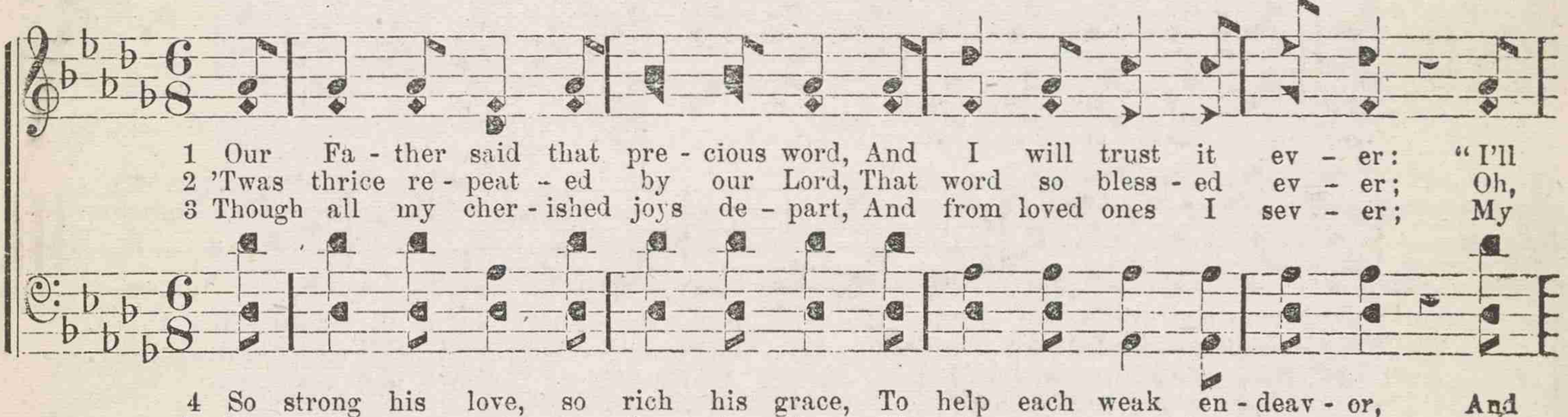
THE SCALE.



MELODIES OF PRAISE.

I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

Words by MRS. M. D. JAMES. *D. G. NORRIS, Jr.*



Sing small notes for fourth and fifth Stanzas.



R. A. GLENN.

JESUS RISING FROM THE TOMB.

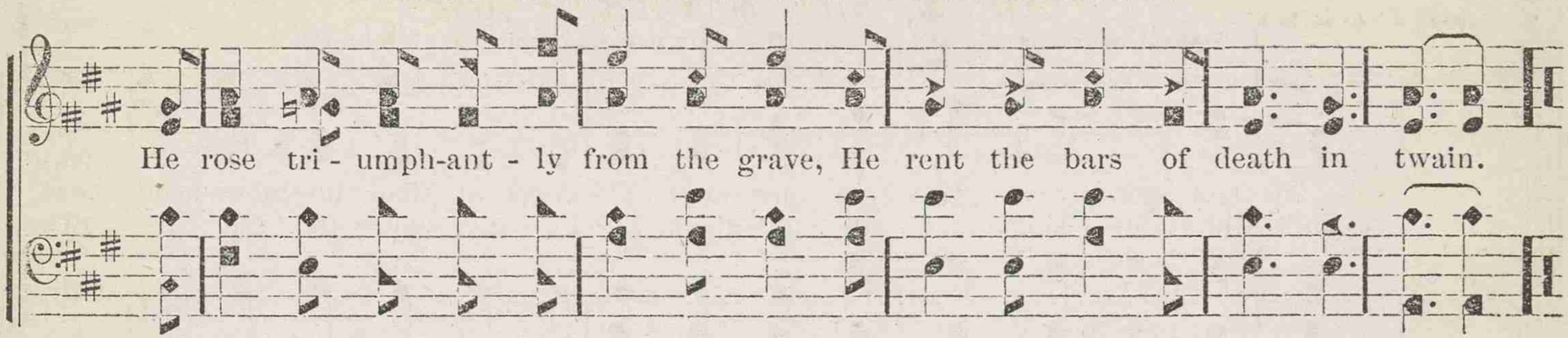
J. H. TENNEY.

1 'Twas on a beau - ti - ful Sab - bath day, The an - gel left his home so fair;
2 'Twas on that beau - ti - ful, ho - ly day The rocks were rent, the earth did quake,
3 'Twas draw - ing near to the close of day, When Ma - ry neared the sep - ul - chre:

And rolled from the tomb the stone a - way, For Je - sus lay in slum - ber there.
The keep - ers a - round like dead men lay, While Je - sus from the grave did wake.
And saw that the stone was rolled a - way; And words of com - fort came to her.

CHORUS

The bless - ed Re - deem - er a world to save, Up - on the rug - ged cross was slain,

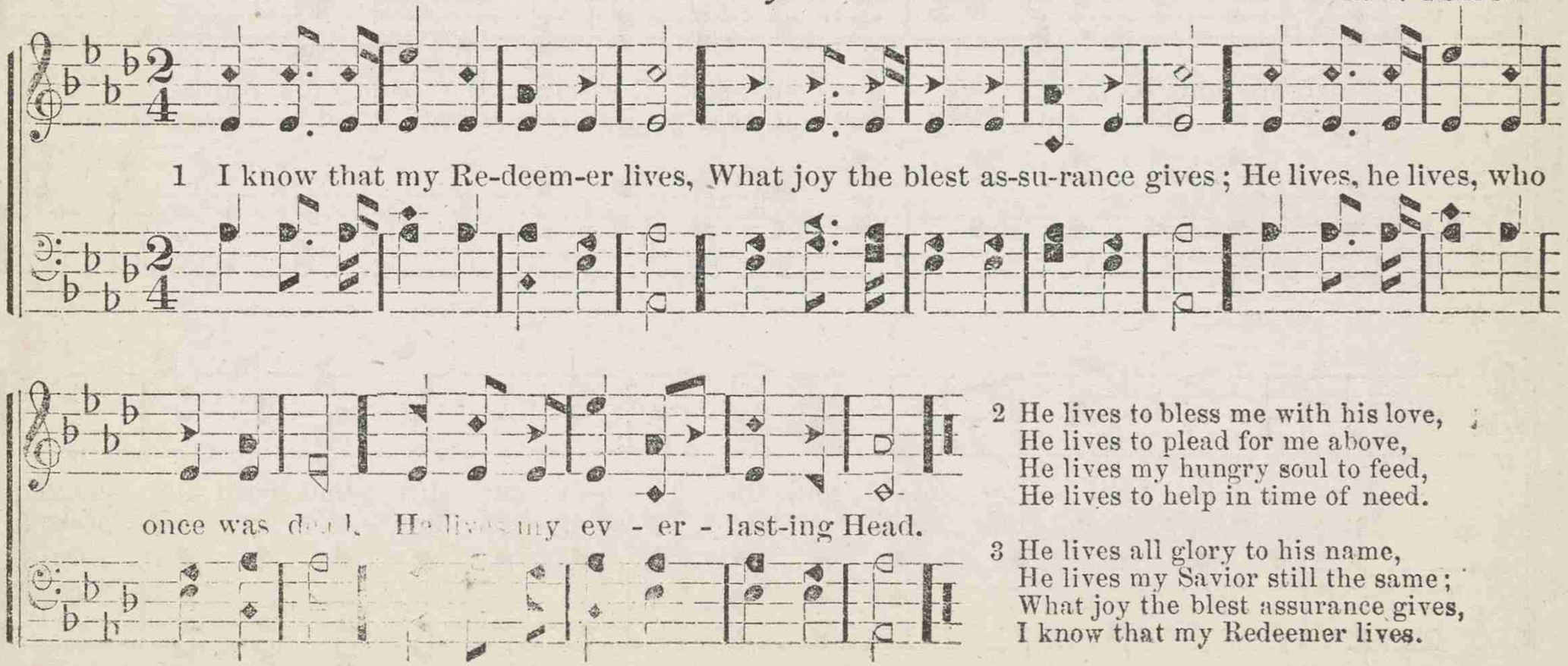


4 Fear not, fear not the good angel said,
It is the Lord ye seek to-day;
Captivity he hath captive led,
Behold the spot where Jesus lay.

CHO.—The blessed Redeemer a world to save,
Upon the rugged cross was slain;
He rose triumphantly from the grave,
He rent the bars of death in twain.

JOY. I know that my Redeemer lives.

R. A. GLENN.



2 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

3 He lives all glory to his name,
He lives my Savior still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives.

Mrs. E. A. SINES.

BEHOLD, WHAT MANNER OF LOVE.

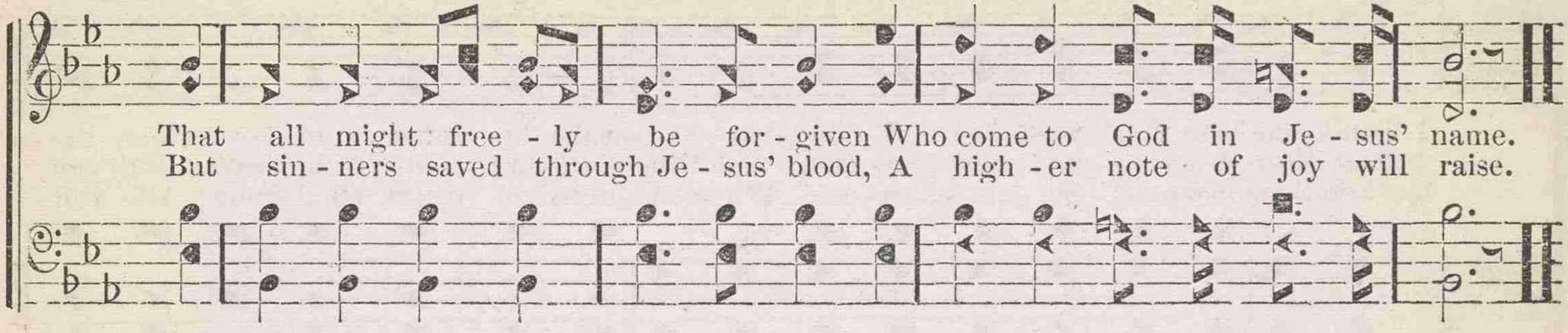
W. A. OGDEN.

Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us. I John III, 1.

1 In vain we try to com - pre - hend, The depth of that un - bound - ed love,
2 Thro' Christ our sins are all for - given, The Fa - ther claims us as his own.

Which brought God's well be - lov - ed Son, Down from the shin - ing courts a - bove;
Calls us his chil - dren, heirs of heav'n; Re-deemed we'll stand be - fore his throne.

For us to suf - fer, bleed, and die, To bear our sins 'mid scorn and shame;
An - gels may tune their gold - en harps, To songs of mel - o - dy and praise,







3

We often wander from our God,
Often refuse to do his will;
But when we turn to him we find,
A kind and loving Father still.
May we with all our ransomed power
Proclaim to all his wondrous love,
Till we shall see him as he is,
And join our songs with those above.

CHORUS.

Behold, what manner of love, &c.

JESUS IS CALLING.

R. A. GLENN.

Slowly.

1 Don't you hear Him sweet-ly call-ing? Je-sus speaks in tones of love; Hear the tones in ac-cents falling, Gent-ly fall-ing from a-bove; In my Father's house in heav-en, Is pre-pared a place for thee; Love-ly man-sions free-ly giv-en, On-ly come, and fol-low me.

2 Hear Him plead-ing in the gar-den, See Him bleed-ing on the cross; Will you slight the proffer'd pardon; Can you bear the dreadful loss? Let us climb the ho-ly mountain, Safe from an-ger, strife and pride; Lin-ger near the heal-ing foun-tain, Flowing from Im-man-uel's side.

3 Chris-tians need not be af-flict-ed, When the night of death shall come; All the pas-sage will be light-ed, To that blest im-mor-tal home. When the silver cord is brok-en, When our earth-ly home shall fall; When the last fare-well is spo-ken, Save us, Je-sus, save us all.

CHORUS.

Let us fol - - - - - - - - - low,

Let us fol - - - - - - - - - low, Let us fol-low af - ter Je - sus, 'Tis Je - sus bids us come,

Let us fol - low af - ter Je - sus,

He will lead us thro' the val-ley, He will lead us thro' the val-ley, O'er the riv - er safe - ly home.

TO DAY THE SAVIOR CALLS.

1 To-day the Sa-vior calls: Ye wand'rer's, 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 sacred walls To Je - sus bow.
3 The Spir-it calls to - day: Yield to his power: Oh, grieve him not a-way; 'Tis mer-cy's hour,

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

BE SAVED TO DAY.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 To-day thy Sa-vior calls to thee Im-plo-ring-ly, en-treat-ing-ly;
2 To-day the Ho-ly Spir-it wooes, Do not a-gain his love re-fuse!
3 To-day may be thy lat-est call, At Je-sus' feet, dear sin-ner, fall;

O why de-lay thy soul's re-turn? O why such ten-der mer-cy spurn?
Turn not with all thy sins a-way, But come to Christ with-out de-lay.
O en-ter, en-ter Mer-cy's gate, To-mor-row it may be too late!

CHORUS.

Be saved to-day! be saved to day! Turn not with all thy sins a-way;



JEFFERSON. 5th P. M.

R. A. GLENN.





2 Never let the world break in;
Fix a mighty gulf between;
Keep us little and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.

3 Let us still to Thee, look up,
Thee, thine Israel's strength and hope;
Nothing know, or seek beside
Jesus, and Him crucified.

JESUS LOVES THE CHILDREN.

R. A. GLENN.

1 Lit - tle chil-dren, come to Je - sus, Come and thank Him for his care, For he died from
2 Come and let us bow be - fore Him, And his bless-ing hum - bly pray, For he calls the
3 Come, for Je - sus will re - ceive us, All our guilt and sins for-give ; And from death for-

sin to free us, And our souls for heav'n prepare. *Chorus.*
children to him ; Let us now the call o - bey.
ev - er free us ; For he died that we might live.

Je - sus loves the chil-dren, Je-sus loves the

children, Let them come, forbid them not, Said the blessed Sa-vior, Let them come, forbid them not.

1 I feel that Je - sus loves me, But why, I do not know; To him I'm so un -
2 My way is full of dan - ger, And foes that press me hard; But Je - sus Christ, has
3 I soon shall reach fair Ca - naan, And on that hap - py shore; Be-yond the reach of

faith - ful, In all I have to do. I grieve to see my fail - ings, Yet
prom-ised, Him - self to be my guard. Here I shall not be tempt - ed. A -
sor - row, Shall reign for - ev - er more; There walk the gold - en pave - ments, And

he doth all for - give; Which makes me love Him dear - ly, And strive by faith to live.
bove what I can bear, When life on earth is end - ed, His king-dom then I'll share.
blood-washed gar-ments wear, And to com - plete my rap-tures, King Je - sus will be there.

Words arranged.

WORK FOR JESUS.

R. A. GLENN.

1 Lit - tle chil - dren, lis - ten, lis - ten! Do you hear the Sab - bath bell? Do you
2 All the air is hushed and ho - ly, On - ly chime the Sab - bath bells? Lis - ten

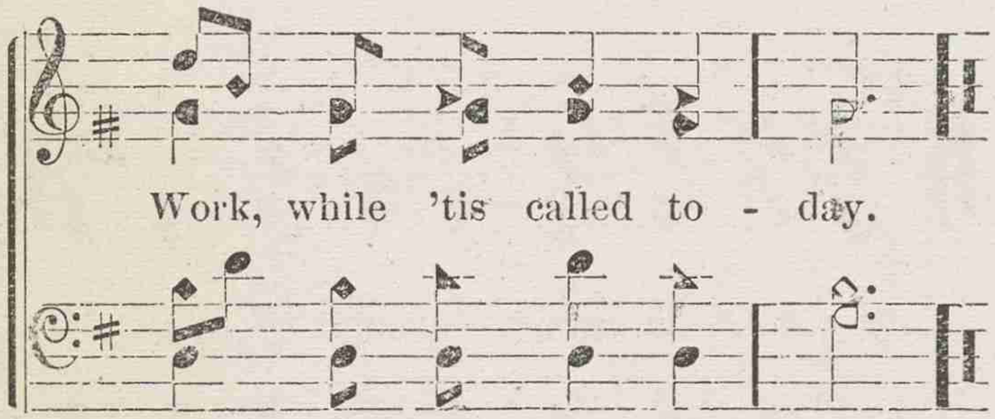
know the sweet, sweet story, That their pleasant chiming tells? They are calling, ev-er call-ing, To the
to the wondrous story, That their pleasant chiming tells. They are telling, ev - er tell-ing, Of the

bless - ed house of prayer, Let each one hast - en there.
love of God's dear Son, That died for eve - ry one.

CHORUS.

Work, chil-dren work, O

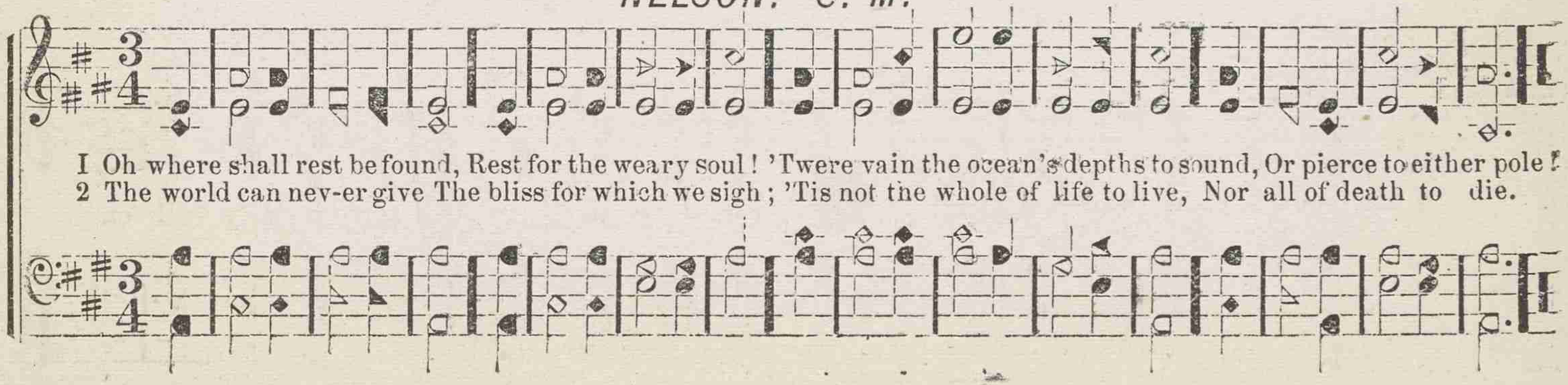




3 Now while Sabbath bells are chiming,
We will send our earnest pray'r,
Thro' the blue and arching heavens,
To our Father's dwelling there:
He will hear us in our singing,—
He will hear us in our prayer;
Let each one trust his care.

NELSON. S. M.

C. E. POLLOCK.



LORD, I WOULD BE THINE.

R. A. GLENN

1 I would be thine; O take my heart, And fill it with thy love; Thy sa-cred im - age,
2 I would be thine; but while I strive, To give my-self a - way; I feel re-bel - lion
3 I would be thine; but Lord, I feel E - vil still lurks with - in; Do thou thy maj - es -

CHORUS.

Lord, im - part, And seal it from a - bove.
still a - live, And wan - der when I pray.
ty re - veal, And o - ver - come my sin.

I would be thine, I would be thine, O

Fa - ther, hear my prayer, And fill my soul with love di - vine, And drive a - way all care.

THE GOSPEL INVITATION.

1 Rich from the Riv - er of Life, flow the streams of sal - va - tion,
Free as the beams of the sun, is the wide in - vi - ta - tion:

Who - so com - eth shall re - ceive, Joys that no mor - tal can give:

Who - so com - eth shall re - ceive, Joys that no mor - tal can give.

2 Mercy is ready, its mantle of love to spread o'er you,
Grace hath to day spread the feast of the gospel before you
‖: God keeps your life from the grave,
‖: Waiting your spirit to save. ‖

3 O, then, ye wand'rers! repent and return to the Savior;
Gladly accept the rich offers of kindness and favor;
‖: Sinner, Oh, make no delay,
‖: Seek ye the Savior to-day. ‖

2. M. P.

A CROWN IN HEAVEN YOU SHALL WEAR.

Words and Music by
R. A. GLENN.

1 I know there's a home for the good that la - bor here, Just be-yond death's valley dark and cold,
2 I know there's a land that is beau - ti - ful and bright, Just be-yond the Jordan's tur - bid roar;

And the ones that reach that home so bright and fair, Shall wear a glitt'r-ing crown of gold.
And I soon shall pass be-yond all mor - tal sight, To prom - ised Ca-naan's hap - py shore.

CHORUS.

La - bor on, La - bor on, For a crown in heav - en you shall
La - bor on, La - bor on,



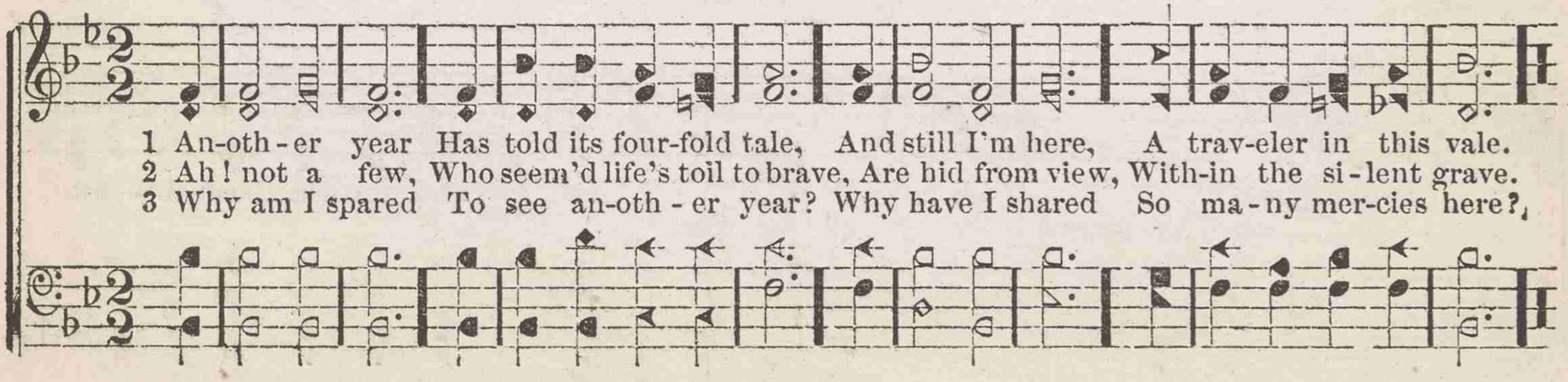


3

There we'll never grieve—but rejoicing faces see,
As we near the bright eternal shore,
Where the angels wait with crowns for you and me,
With them we'll dwell forevermore.
CHORUS.—Labor on, labor on, &c.

ANOTHER YEAR.

W. B. BRADBURY.



WHEN THE STORMS ARE ALL OVER.

MRS. E. A. GLENN.

1 I long to be - hold him ar - rayed, With glo - ry and light from a - bove;
2 I lan - guish and sigh to be there, Where Je - sus hath fixed his a - bode;
4 With him I on Zi - on shall stand, For Je - sus hath spo - ken the word;

The King in his beau - ty dis - played, His beau - ty of ho - li - est love.
Oh when shall we meet in the air, And fly to the moun-tain of God.
The breadth of Im - man - u - el's land, Sur - vey by the light of my Lord.

CHORUS.

When the storms all are o'er, I shall see him on that beau-ti - ful
when the storms all are o'er,





4 O drive these dark clouds from mine eyes,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore:
Or take me to thee upon high
Where winter and clouds are no more.
CHO.—When the storms, &c.

FUNERAL BELL.

Slow and gently.



MY GLORIOUS HOME.*

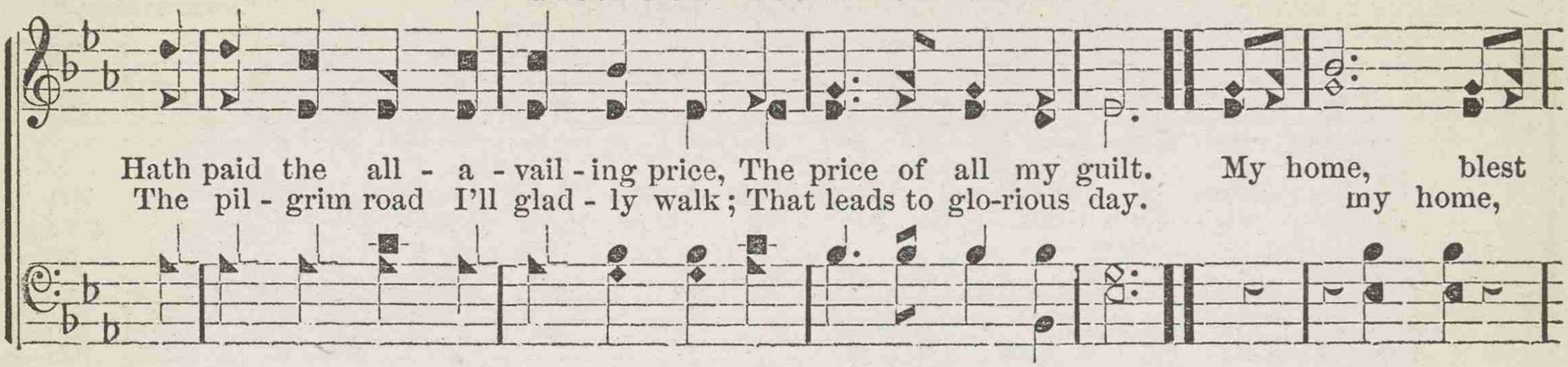
Boys. *Girls.* *Chorus.*

1 I have a home A glo - rious home, Which Je - sus bought for me,
2 My Sa - vior's love, His dy - ing love, Hath made my hope se - cure;

An ev - er - bless - ed home of light, From sin and sor - row free;
And safe in him I jour - ney on, I know my home is sure;

Boys. *Girls.* *Chorus.*

My Sa - vior's blood, His pre - cious blood, The blood so free - ly spilt,
His gra - cious smiles, His lov - ing smiles, Shall cheer me all the way;







3 I'll praise his love, His boundless love,
His love and grace divine;
By which that happy home's secured
Secured forever mine.
His grace divine, His power divine;
My strength, my hope shall be
And bear me to my blessed home,
My Jesus there to see.
CHO.—My home, blest home, &c.

†From "NOTES OF JOY," by permission.

Words and melody by
PHOEBE SPURLOCK.

OH, SEE THEM NOW MARCHING.

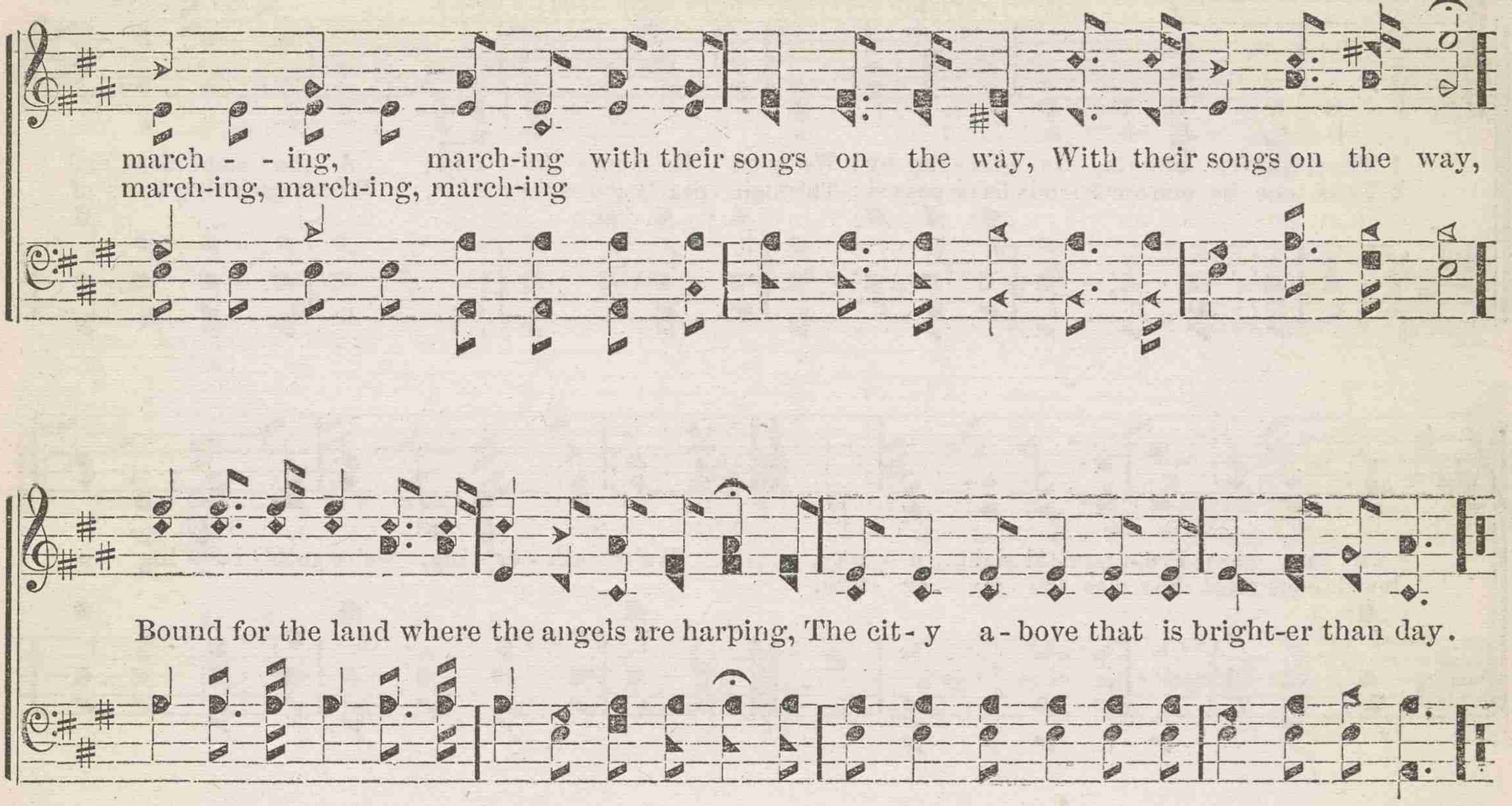
Harmonized by
ROBERT MOORE.

1 Glad mil - lions of chil - dren are gath-'ring to - day, In the east, in the west, on the

prai-ries far a - way; On the mis - sions of mer - cy they march thro' the land, The

CHORUS

pride of our na - tion the Sab-bath school band. O see them now march-ing,



2

Away through the valleys and over the hills,
Thro' woodlands they come and by low-gushing rills,
From the wide city full, 'midst the gathering throng,
With chiming of bells they come marching along.
CHORUS.—Oh see them now marching, &c.,
With their songs on the way, &c.

3

Like stars of the morning that herald the light,
Ere the sun cometh forth in the strength of his might,
With their songs and their banners they march on their way
Proclaiming the coming miliennial day.
CHORUS.—Oh see them now marching, &c.

Words and Music by
MRS. P. A. SPURLOCK.

GATHERING HOME WITHIN THE VALE.

Harmonized by
R. K. MOORE. By per.

1 Time, like a stream, is glid - ing by; We're on its shore to - day; A mo - ment more and
2 Thus one by one our friends have passed; Through pearly gates they glide, Where gath'ring hosts of

we may pass From mor-tal sight a - way. We're gath - er - ing, we're gath - er - ing on
loved ones meet Far o'er the riv - er tide.

life's ce - les - tial shore; We soon shall meet be - yond the stream, Shall meet to part no more.

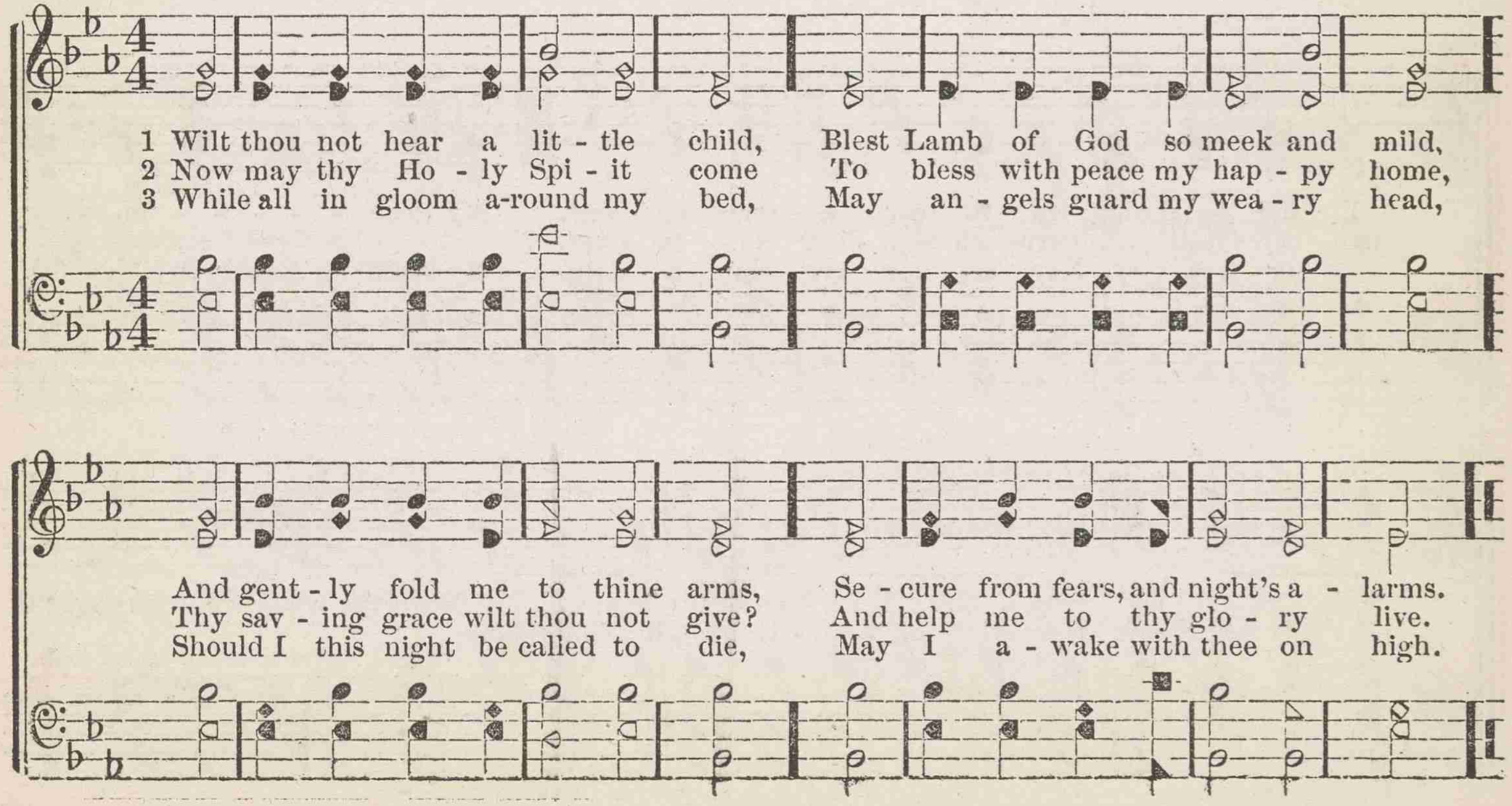
3 This land of rest is hid from view,
Though gentle airs, so calm,
Oft stealing from that viewless shore,
Bring us their breath of balm.—CHO.

4 We're gathering home within the vail
Its heavenly joys to share,
What glorious greetings will be ours,
To meet our loved ones there.—CHO.

THE LITTLE CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

A. S. KIEFFER.

These lines I place at your disposal. They were were composed for a little boy, and never published except from his bended knee.—REV. W. T. PRICE.



MY PLACE OF RESTING.

R. A. GLENN.

1 This is not my place of rest - ing, Mine's a cit - y yet to come; Onward to it
2 There the Lamb, our Shep-herd leads us, By the streams of life a - long; On the fresh - est
3 Soon we pass this des - ert drea - ry, Soon we bid fare-well to pain; Nev-er - more are

CHORUS

I am hast'-ning, On to my e - ter - nal home. My heav - - - - - en - ly
pas - tures feed us, Turns our sigh - ing in - to song.
sad or wea - ry, Nev - er, nev - er, sin a - gain. My beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful,

home,..... my heav - ..... - en - ly home,..... With the white-rob'd throng, I'll
heav'n-ly home, my beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, heav'n-ly home,



TUNE: "WOODSTOCK."

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

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

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

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

TUNE: "EVEN ME."

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

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

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

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

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

OH, THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

Words and Music by
A. B. WOLVERTON.





3 Oh, the beautiful river with crystals so bright,
That doth flow in the soft golden light,
Where the Savior doth dwell with the angelic band,
In that balmy and bright happy land.

4 Oh, the beautiful river through faith I can see,
As it flows past the throne to the sea;
And I'm longing to dwell on its bright silver strand,
With the angels in glory to stand.

CHORUS, with Vocal accompaniment.

SOPRANO

We shall meet by and by, On its bright sil - ver strand;

We shall meet by and by, in the sweet by and by, Oh its bright sil-ver strand, On its bright sil - ver strand,

There to dwell ev - er more. . . . . In that beau - - - - ti - ful land.

There to dwell ev - er-more, There to dwell ev - er-more, In that beau - ti - ful land, In that beau - ti - ful land.

Words from "BUSY BEE"

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

A. J. ABBEY.
By permission.



REFRAIN.



3

Like this little one my Savior,
Let me come to Thee, to-night;
Through the dark and silent watches,
Guide me to the morning light.

REFRAIN.

Take me to thy loving breast
And fold me in Thy arms to rest.

4

On thy love alone depending
Lead me to the Life Divine;
Let the prayer of trusting childhood
In the fullest sense be mine.

REFRAIN.

If I wake or if I sleep,
'Tis thou alone, my soul must keep.

EVEN ME.

E. O. LYTE.
By permission.

1 Lord I hear of showers of bless - ings, Thou art scatt'r-ing full and free— Show'rs the
2 Pass me not O God, my Fa - ther, Sin - ful though my heart may be; Thou mightst

thirst - y land re - fresh - ing; Let some drop-pings fall on me. E - ven me, E - ven
leave me, but the rath - er, Let Thy mer - cy fall on me. E - ven me, E - ven

me, Let some droppings fall on me.
me, Let Thy mer - cy fall on me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Savior!
Let me live and cling to Thee;
Fain I'm longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, call for me.

4 Pass me not, Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
Whilst the streams of love are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me.

IN THAT HOME OVER THERE.

Words and Music by
R. A. GLENN.

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

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

CHORUS

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

In that beau - ti - ful home o - ver

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

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

R. A. GLENN.

1 Our Fa-ther in heav-en, We hal-low thy name ; Let thy kingdom ho - ly, On earth be the same,
2 For - give our transgressions, And teach us to know That humble compassion Which pardons each foe ;

O give to us dai - ly Our por-tion of bread ; It is from thy bounty That all must be fed.
Keep us from temptation, From weakness and sin ; And thine be the glo-ry, For-ev-er, A - men !

PRAISE THE LORD.

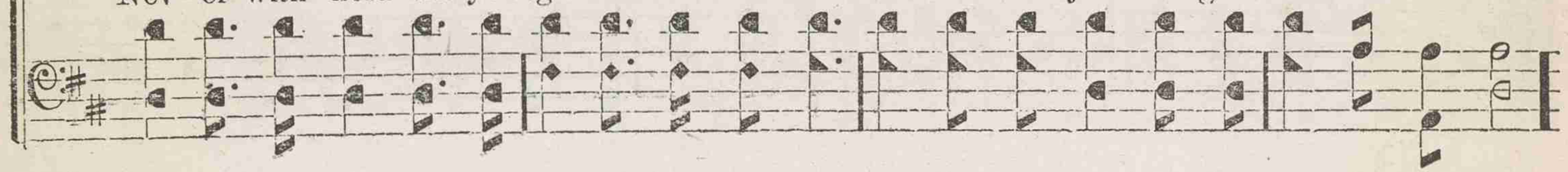
R. A. GLENN.



1 Praise to the Lord, all ye chil-dren, sing prais-es, Praise Him when opens the beau - ti - ful day ;
2 Praise Him for life and its mer-cies so constant, Home and its blessings, kind guardian and friends ;
3 Praise Him when comes the bright morn of the Sabbath, Calling to worship, in-struc-tion and pray'r,



Praise Him at morn, in the soul's pure de - vo-tion, Praise Him at eve as the light fades a - way.
Praise Him for life in the Lord, our Re-deem - er, Gift that all oth - ers for - ev - er transcends.
Nev - er with - hold the young heart's ad-o-ra-tion : Ev - er re - joice His great name to de - clare.





Praise to the Lord, Praise to the Lord,
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,



IN THE CROSS.





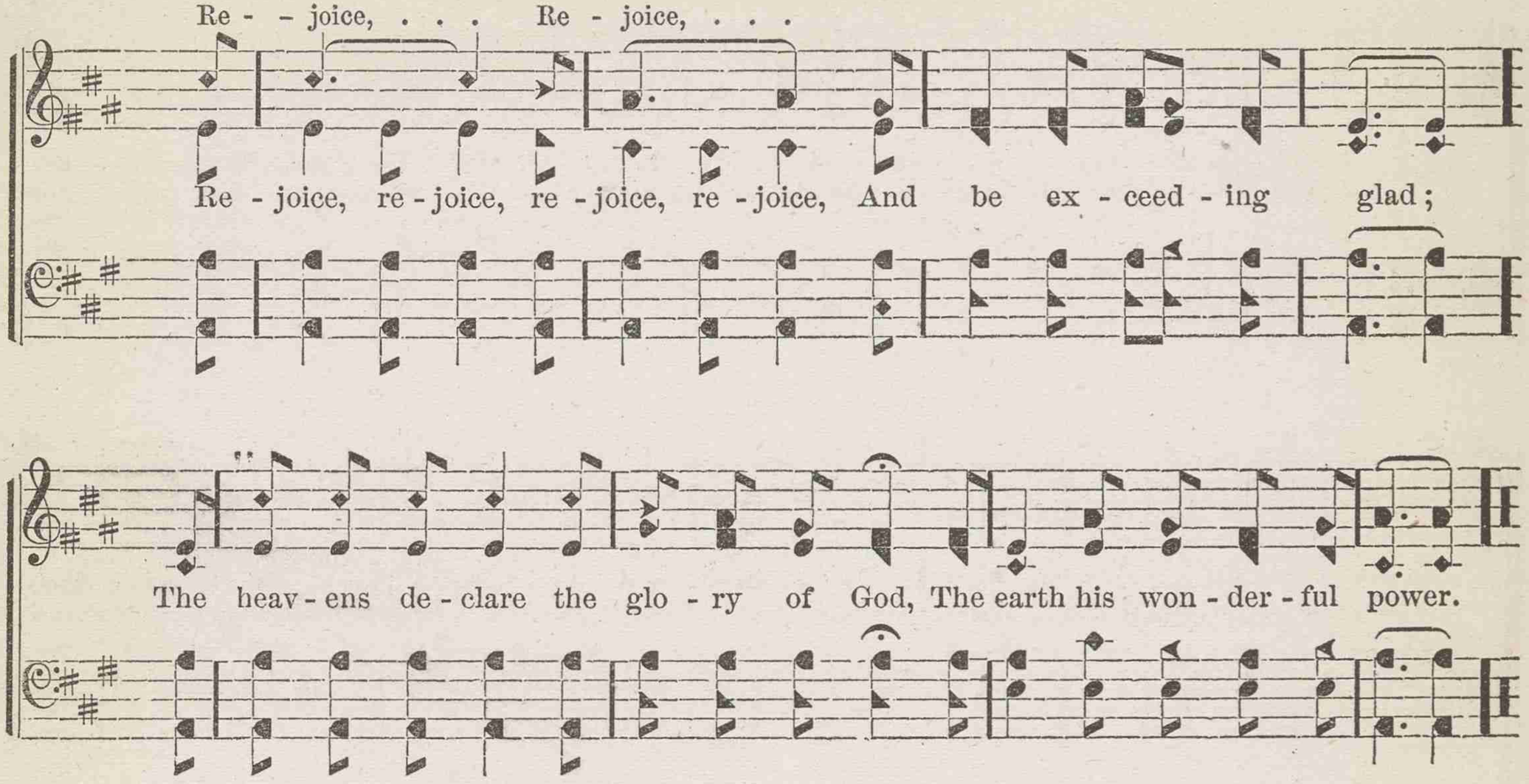
2 Lo! he now is passing by,
Calls the mourner to him:
He has died that you and I,
Might look up and view him.
CHO.—In the cross, &c.

3 See the living waters move,
For the sick and dying;
Now resolve to gain his love,
Or to perish trying.
CHO.—In the cross, &c.

JESUS ON THE MOUNT.

Words and music by
R. A. GLENN.





LAND OF REST. C. M.

1 O land of rest for thee I sigh;
When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell in peace at home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful shelt'ring dome;
This world's a wilderness of wo—
This world is not my home.

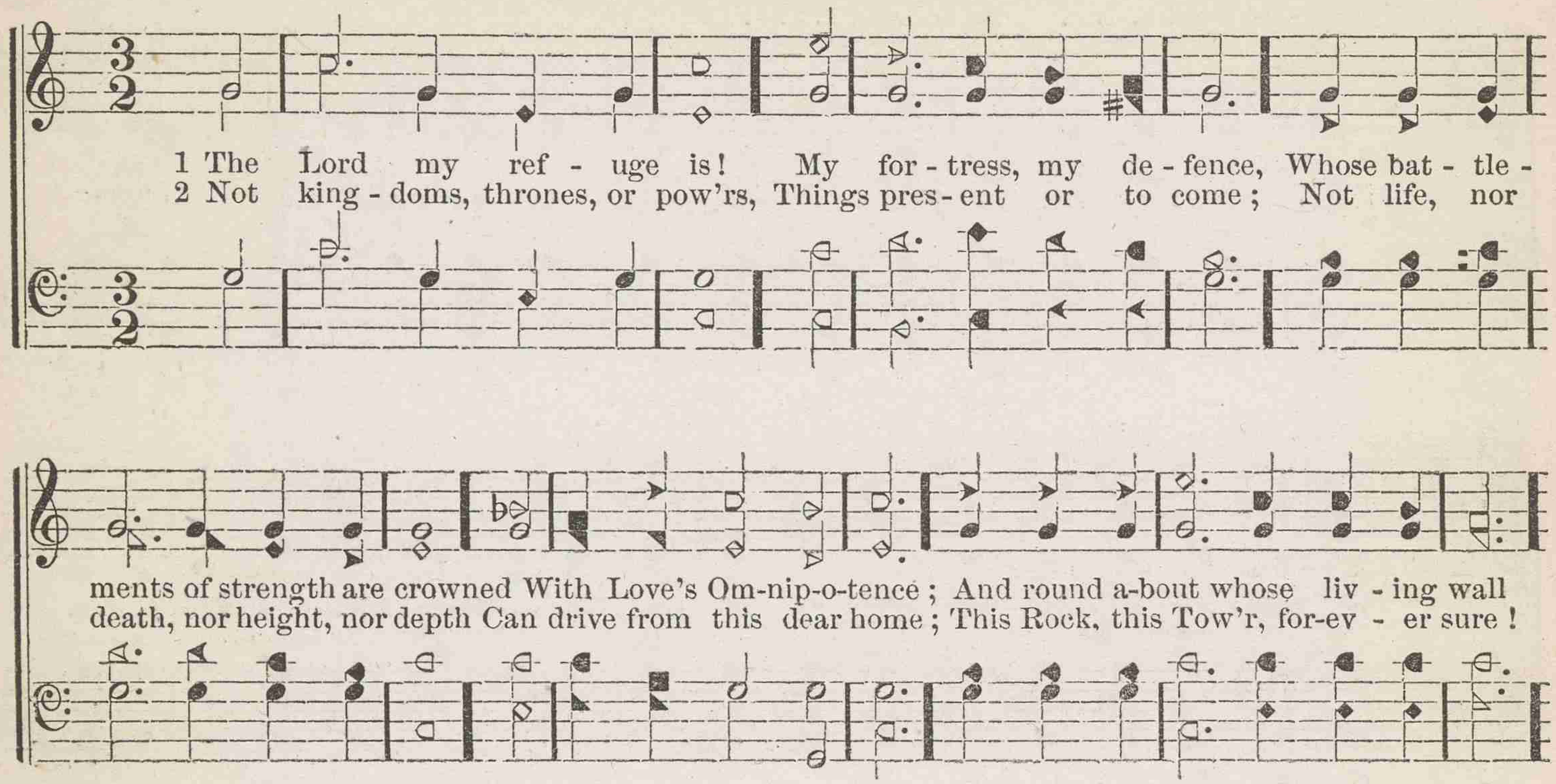
3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
But fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4 Weary of wandering round and round,
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit the unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

Hymn by
A. S. KIEFFER.

THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

J. H. TENNEY.

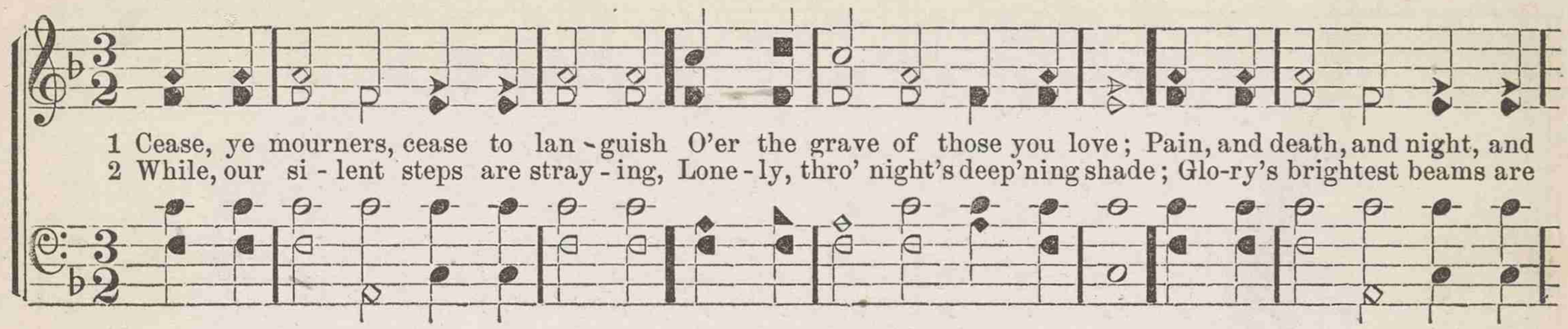




3

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.

TALMAR.





2 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

4 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's charming sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.

1 Happy soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go!

2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Savior stands above,
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.

4 For the joy he sets before thee
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

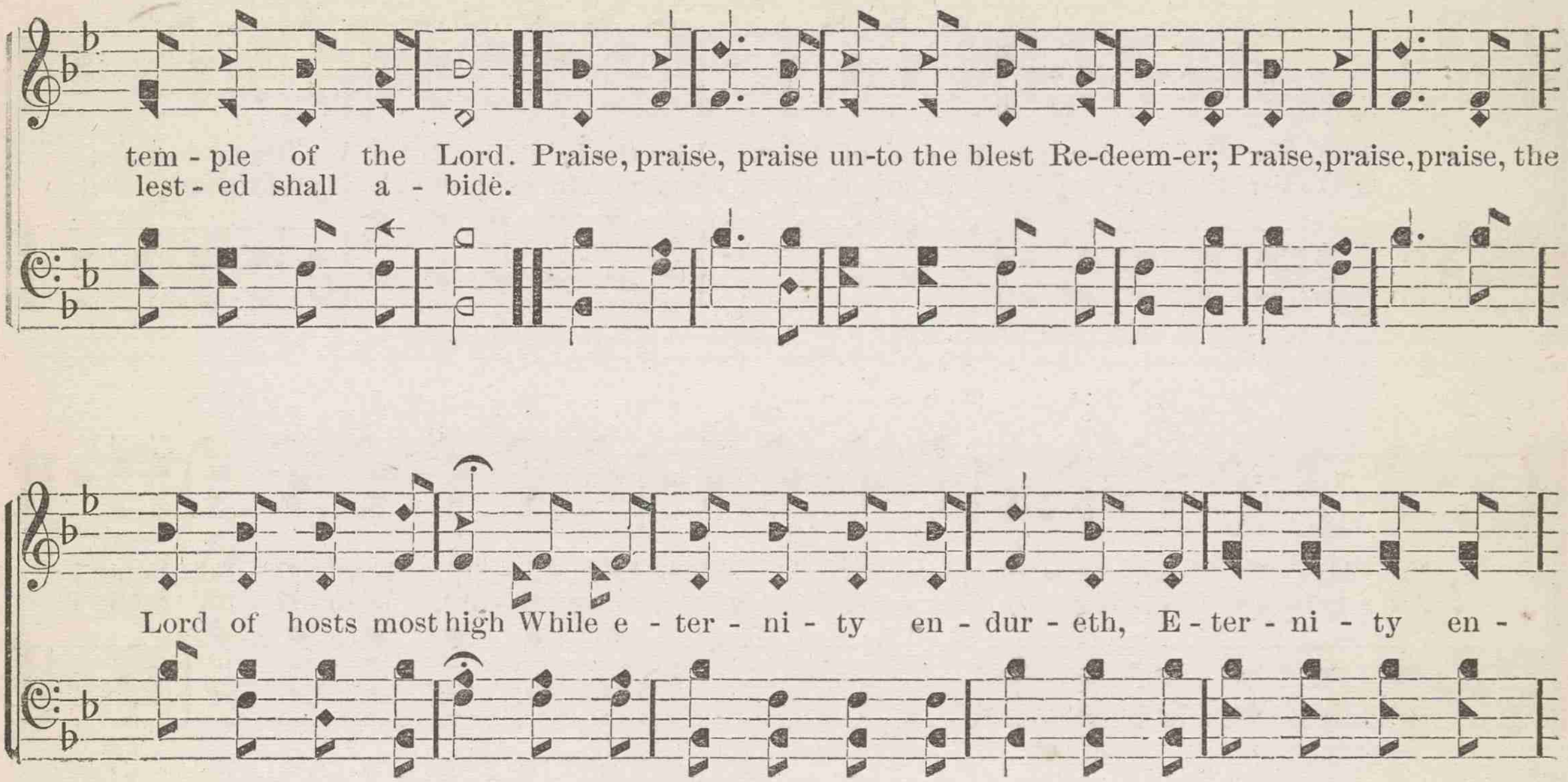
SONG OF PRAISE.

1 The cap - tiv - i - ty of Ju - dah, By the spoil - er dis - tant borne, From the foe shall be de - liv - ered, From their bond-age shall re - turn; And the sounds of joy - ful

2 All their sins the Lord will par - don, And their bless - ed - ness pro - cure; For the Lord is ve - ry gra-cious, And his mer - cy doth en - dure; In the streets shall sound the

voi - ces, In Je - ru - sa - lem be heard, Songs of praise, and songs of glad - ness, In the

voi - ces, Of the Bridegroom and the Bride; In the land his ran - somed peo - ple Un - mo



3 From the bondage of the spoiler;
From the barren wastes of sin;
Through the open doors of mercy,
Now our feet may enter in;
We are coming Lord, receive us,
Now our hearts to thee we raise;
In thy house we gladly offer
Songs of gratitude and praise.

 By permission.

OVER THE RIVER.

REV. I. BALTZELL.



3 Over the river time never grows old;
There are enjoyments and pleasures untold;
There is a city with streets of pure gold!
Beautiful, beautiful home!
CHO.—Over the river, etc.

4 Over the river our sorrows will cease,
Hushed by the songs of a heavenly peace;
When we get there what a happy release!
Beautiful, beautiful home!
CHO.—Over the river, etc.

5 Over the river the mansions are fair;
O how inviting! our loved ones are there;
Soon in those mansions their glory we'll share;
Beautiful, beautiful home!
CHO.—Over the river, etc.

6 Over the river there are no dark skies,
There every tear shall be wiped from our eyes,
There the sweet pleasure of home never dies;
Beautiful, beautiful home!
CHO.—Over the river, etc.

O - - - - - - - - - - ver the riv - er, The beau - - - - - - - - - ti - ful riv - er,



O - - - - - - - - - - ver the riv - er, The fields - - - - - - - - - - are all green.



1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief;
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer,

W. F. COSNER.

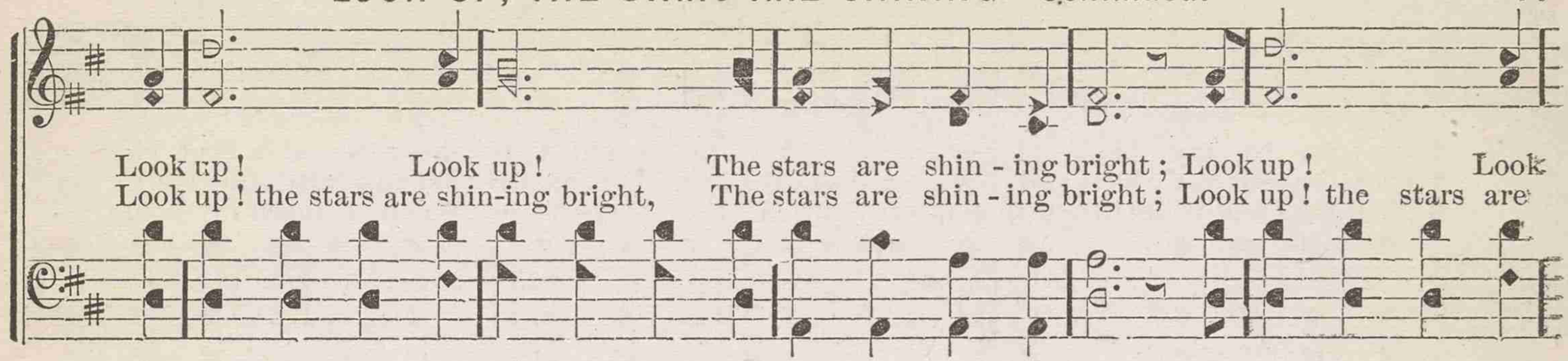
LOOK UP, THE STARS ARE SHINING.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 Look up,—the stars are shin - ing So bright - ly in the sky; Be not in dark - ness
2 Look up,—the stars are shin - ing: Those gems do not ap - pear Un - til the day's de -

pin - ing: Look up—there's light on high; Though in a des - ert drea - ry Thy
clin - ing Shows night is draw - ing near. But when the light has fad - ed, And

sun gone down at night, Poor wand'-rer, faint and wea - ry, A - bove thee, still is light.
when the gloom of night, All na - ture has o'er-sha - ded, A - bove the stars shine bright.





3 Look up,—the stars are shining
Beyond the misty shroud,
While all beneath reclining
Is hidden by the cloud.
Yield not to idle sorrow,
Mourn not the gloom of night,
Nor pine thou for the morrow :
Look ever for the bright.—CHO.

TUNE: "SWEET BY-AND-BY."

1 There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we may see it afar ;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

CHORUS—‖: In the sweet by and by, :‖
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
‖: In the sweet by and by, :‖
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
To melodious songs of the blest ;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
Nor sigh for the blessings of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise ;
For the glorious gift of his Son,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

WE SHALL MEET.

Words and Music by
R. A. GLENN.

1 Clo - ser to my bless - ed Sav - ior Would I be, Would I be; Near the side that bled on
2 Clos - er to my bless - ed Sav - ior Let me live, Let me live; When death's billows I am
3 Near the great white throne in glo - ry May I be, May I be; When I reach my home e -

Cal - vary, Bled for me, Near the side that for me bled, Near the
breast - ing, He will save, He will save me from all dan-ger, He will
ter - nal, Christ I'll see: There the King in all his beauty, And the

side that once was pierced, May I rest my wea - ry head, By and by, by and by.
save me when I die, I will reign with him in glory, By and by, by and by.
an - gels hov' - ring nigh, Loud I'll sing re-demp- tion's story, By and by, by and by.

CLING CLOSER TO JESUS.

Words and music by
L. B. HERR.

1 Cling clo - ser to Je - sus, the Mer - ci - ful One, The One who is might-y to save, For
2 Cling clo - ser to Je - sus, though oth-ers may frown And tempt you to wan-der a - stray; They
3 Cling clo - ser to Je - sus, thy ref - uge is there; Cling clo-ser by watch-ing and prayer; The

CHORUS.

He will be with you though wild billows roll, Cling closer to Je-sus, cling close. Cling close, cling
can - not o'er-come,—He is stronger than they; Cling closer to Je-sus, cling close.
pin - ions of Faith, and the arms of His love, Will bear thee to rest in His home. Cling close to Je - sus, cling

close, cling close, ... to Him, . . . To Je - sus the Mer - ci - ful One.
close, cling close, cling close to Je - sus, cling close, cling close,

OH! DEAR AND BLESSED JESUS.*

JULIA B. CADY. W. H. DOANE.

1 Oh, dear and bless-ed, Je - sus, We come with songs of praise; Our thank-ful hearts and
2 For Thou in Thy com-pas - sion, Did'st leave Thy heavenly home, And did'st in Bethlehem's

voic - es, To Thee we glad - ly raise; Tho' Thou art high and ho - ly 'Mid
man - ger; A lit - tle child be - come, Didst live a life of sor - row, And

an - gels bright a - bove Yet we on earth so low - ly, May reach Thee with our love.
die a death of shame, That Thou might'st give salva-tion, To all who trust thy name.

* From "NOTES OF JOY," by permission.



3 Oh, dear and blessed Jesus,
Accept our loving song,
As we now come to praise Thee,
A thankful happy throng;
As we recount Thy story,
We wonder and adore,
Oh! may we sing Thy glory;
Both now and evermore.

WOOLSEY.

LEONARD W. BACON.



PENITENCE.

Words and Music by
WYATT MINSHALL.

1 Thou God of love and mer-cy, We come to thee for aid; The debt we owe the Fa - ther,
2 O Lord of mer - cy hear us, De-liv - er us from sin; And let us now in Je - sus,

The son hath free - ly paid. We plead the name of Je - sus, No oth - er plea we need;
A ho - ly life be-gin, Too long in sin and fol - ly, We've trod the down-ward road

His blood a-lone can cleanse us, And make us free in-deed.
That leads to sure de-struction, And to the lost a-bode.

3
Thou God of earth and heaven,
To Thee we turn for peace;
Pursuing earthly pleasures
Our sorrows but increase,
Grant us a full salvation,
That we may now find rest;
Prepare for us a mansion—
A home among the blest.

HAPPY GREETING.

Arr. by WATERS.
From Sabbath Bells, by permission.

Allegretto.

1 Come children and, join in our fes - ti - val song, And hail the sweet joys which this day brings a - long,
2 Our Fa - ther in Heav-en we lift up to Thee, Our voice of thanks-giv-ing, our glad Ju - bi - lee.
3 And if, ere this glad year has drawn to a close, Some loved one a - mong us in death shall re - pose

We'll join our glad voic-es in one hymn of praise, To God, who has kept us, and lengthened our days.
Oh bless us, and guide us dear Sa-vior we pray, That from thy blest pre-cepts we nev-er may stray.
Grant, Lord that the spir-it in heav-en may dwell, In the bo - som of Je-sus, where all shall be well,

CHORUS.

Hap-py greeting to all, Happy greet-ing to all, Happy greeting, Happy greeting, Happy greeting to all.
Happy greeting to all,

H. B. HARTZLER.

WATCHMAN, AWAKE!

H. S. PERKINS.

1 O - ver a dis - mal waste of years, O - ver the waves of blood and tears, O - ver the
2 O - ver the sel - fish dreams of men, O - ver a world un-read - y then, Soon shall a

graves of the mar-tyred dead, O - ver the fields of the con - flict red, O - ver the
deep - en - ing shad - ow fall, Ush - er - ing in, to the trumpet's call, Christ the Im-

tombs of the bu - ried past, Ech - oes the swell of the trum-pet blast:
man - u - el, Christ the King, Roy - al - ly borne on the tem-pest wing,





3 Over the Orient hills aglow
Creeps from the twilight rifts below,
Omen of joy for the stricken earth,
Soon to rejoice in the second birth,
Bathing in light from the upper sky,
Brightening still as the ages fly.

4 Soon shall the smiling valleys sing,
Under the feet of Christ the King!
Echo shall hurry the song afar,
Rolling the pean from star to star,
Till on the rich golden harps on high
Angels will carry the tidings by.

Lively.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ARMY.

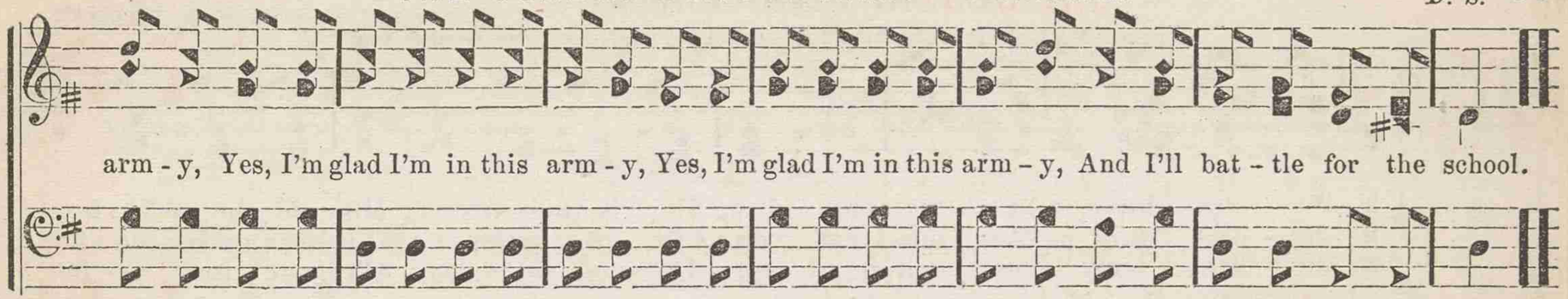
Arr. by H. WATERS.

1 O do not be dis-cour-aged, For Jes-us is your friend; O, do not be dis-
2 Fight on, ye lit-tle sol-diers, The bat-tle you shall win, Fight on ye lit-tle
3 And when the con-flict's o-ver, Be-fore him you shall stand; And when the con-flict's

cour-aged, For Jes-us is your friend. He will give you grace to con-quor, He will
sold-diers, The bat-tle you shall win; For the Sa-vior is your Cap-tain For the
o-ver Be-fore him you shall stand; You shall sing his praise for-ev-er, You shall

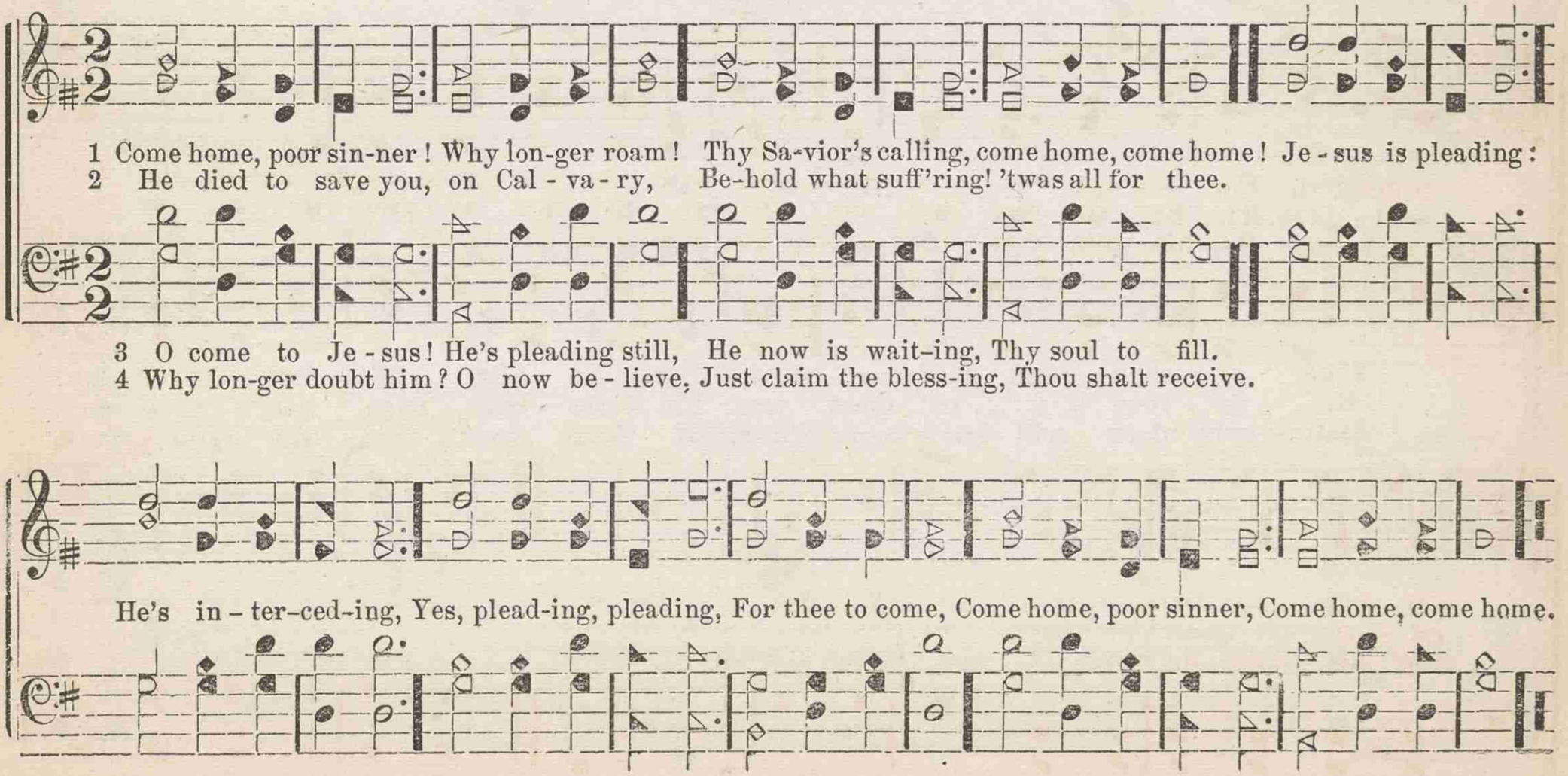
give you grace to con-quor, And keep you to the end.
Sa-vior is your Cap-tain, And he hath vanquished sin. I am glad I'm in this
sing his praise for-ev-er, In Ca-naan's hap-py land.

FINE. CHORUS.



COME HOME, POOR SINNER.

H. R. JEFFREY.



CHILDREN MAY COME.

Words and music by H. R. PALMER.

From "PALMER'S SABBATH SCHOOL SONGS," by permission.

1 Je - sus loves lit - tle chil - dren, He is their friend; His aid he will lend;
2 Je - sus now doth en - treat you; List to his voice, Oh hear and re - joice;
3 Je - sus now doth com-mand you; Do not de - lay; Oh haste to o - bey:

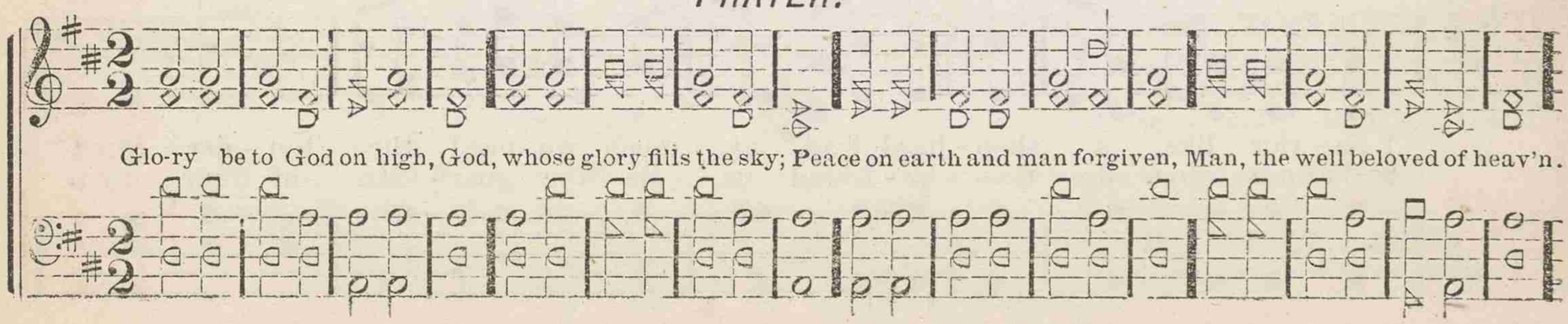
Like a shep - herd he'll lead them; Come to him chil - dren to - day.
He is read - y to meet you; Lit - tle ones turn not a - way.
Dan - gers dark will sur - round you, If from your Sa - vior you stray.

CHORUS.



PRAYER.

ASAHEL ABBOTT.



GUIDING STAR, C. M.

R. A. GLENN.

1 Bright was the guid - ing star that led, With mild be - nignant ray, The gen - ti - les
2 But lo! the scrip - tures clear - er light, Now points to His a - bode, It shines through

to the low - ly shed, Where the Re - deem - er lay.
sin and sor - rows night, To guide us to our God.

3

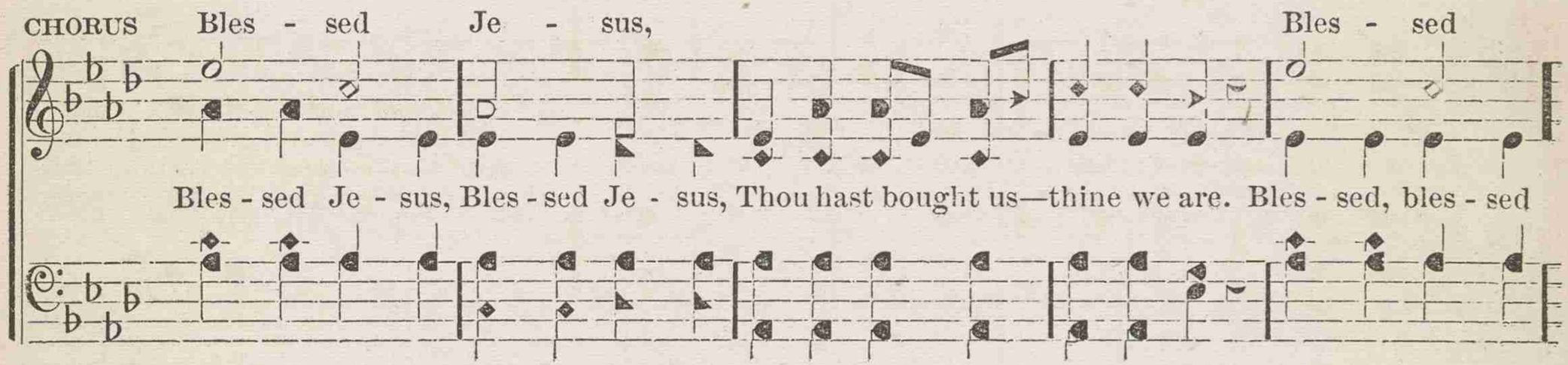
O, let us tread the narrow path,
While light and grace is given,
And thus escape the coming wrath
And reign with him in heaven.

SAVIOR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US.

R. A. GLENN.

1 Sa - vior like a shep - herd lead us, much we need thy ten - der care;
2 We are thine, do thou be - friend us, Be the guar - dian of our ray;







3 Thou hast promised to receive us:
Poor and sinful though we be,
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early help us do thy will
Holy Lord, our only Savior,
With thy grace our bosom fill.

62 *Words by E. A HOFFMANN.*

OVER THERE.

W. O. PERKINS.
By permission.

1 There are an - gels ar - rayed in white, There, there, o - ver, o - ver there, And their
2 There are man - sions pre - pared a - bove, There, there, o - ver, o - ver there, In the
2 Je - sus sits on the great White Throne, There, there, o - ver, o - ver there, And he

wings are bathed in light, There, o - ver, o - ver there. I'm a pil - grim to that land,
land of peace and love, There, o - ver, o - ver there. There's a man - sion there for me,
claims me as his own, There, o - ver, o - ver there. He sus-tains me by his grace

To that blest hap - py land, And I hope ere long I may join that throng In the
O - ver death's rag - ing sea, And I fond - ly hope Soon its gates will ope, And its
In my brief, earth - ly race, And I soon shall rest On his lov - ing breast, And shall

hap - py glo - ry - land. There are an - gels ar - rayed in white, There, there,
glo - ry I shall see. There are man - sions pre - pared a - bove, There, there,
see him face to face. Jes - us sits on the great White Throne, There, there,

o - ver, o - ver there, And their wings are bathed in light, There, o - ver, o - ver there,
o - ver, o - ver there, In the land of peace and love. There. o - ver, o - ver there.
o - ver, o - ver there, And he claims me as his own, There, o - ver, o - ver there.

BURDINE.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 Midst 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 ev - 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.

GLENWOOD.

J. J. LEWIS.

1 For world-ly hon - or I'd not waste Of life, my lit - tle span; For bet - ter is the
2 But I would in the Sab-bath school, A faith - ful schol - ar be; And for my own and

love of God, Than high - est praise of man. I would not live to gath - er gold, Which
oth - er souls Would wear my life a - way. Let oth - ers see in all I do, That

mi - sers round them hoard; For he who trusts in rich-es here, Can nev-er please the Lord.
'tis my con - stant aim, That they and all should love the Lord, And fear his sa-cred name.

1 Take our hands in thine, dear Fa-ther, Gent-ly lead our souls a-long; Lead us where thoud'st have us labor,
2 Though we meet with sore temp-ta-tions, And with tri-als by the way; Thou hast promised to pro-tect us
3 Now, dear Fa-ther, thou dost hear us, Take our hands in thine to guide; Keep on us thy pure white raiment,

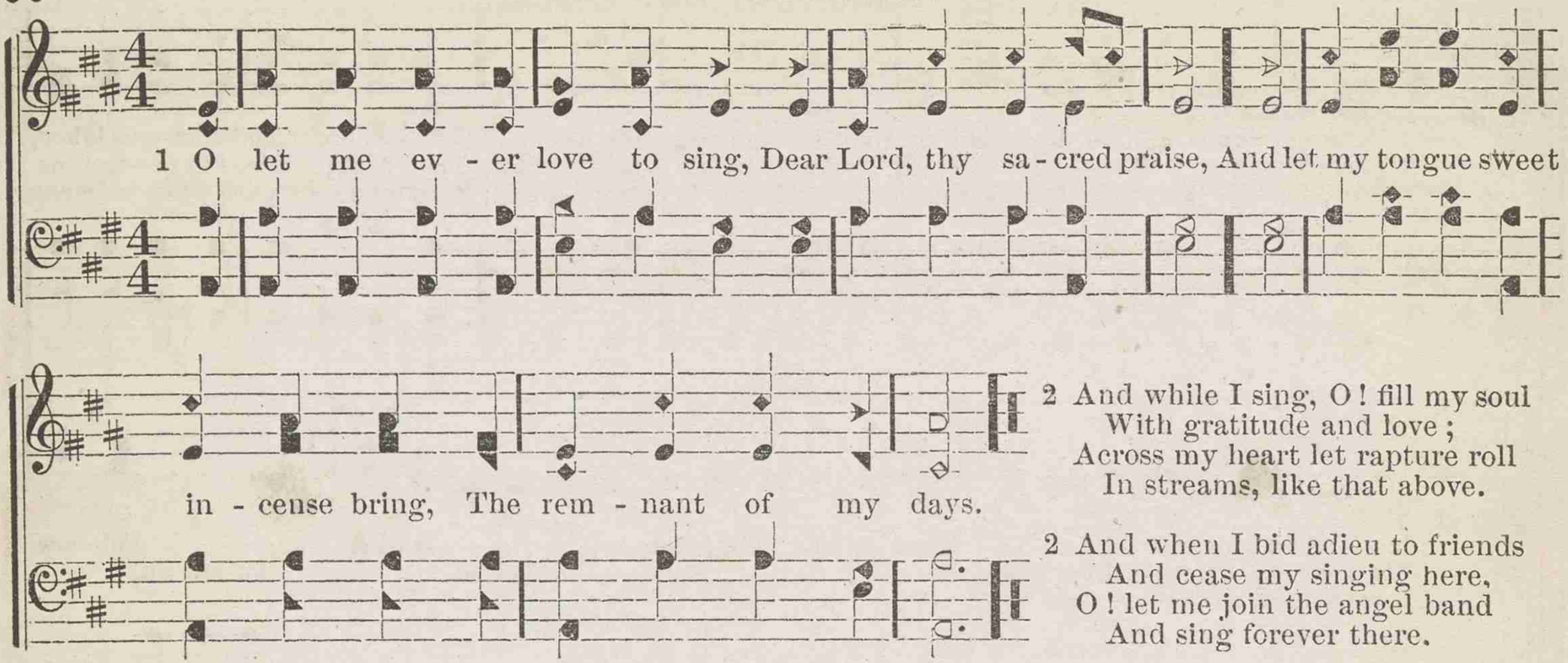
Lead us and we will fol-low on. Lead us, and we'll follow on, Fol-low on, Fol - low
If we on - ly will fol-low thee. fol-low on, fol-low on,
Keep us near to thy own dear side.

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

Words by REV. H. C. TINSLEY.

PETITION.

A. S. KIEFFER.



2 And while I sing, O! fill my soul
With gratitude and love;
Across my heart let rapture roll
In streams, like that above.

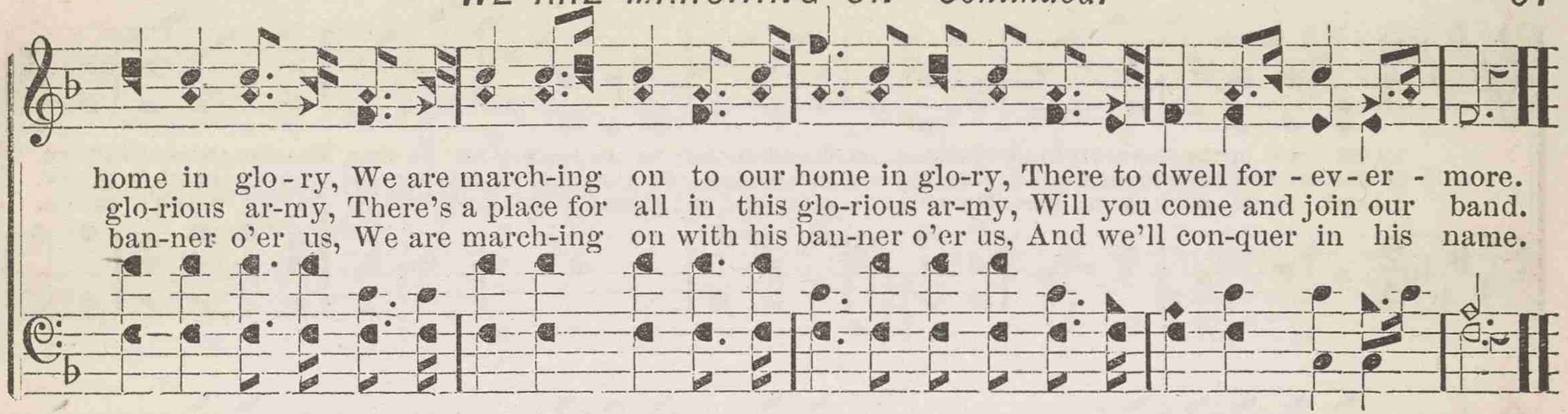
2 And when I bid adieu to friends
And cease my singing here,
O! let me join the angel band
And sing forever there.

From THE TREASURE, By permission

WE ARE MARCHING ON.

Words and Music by J. W. RUGGLES.

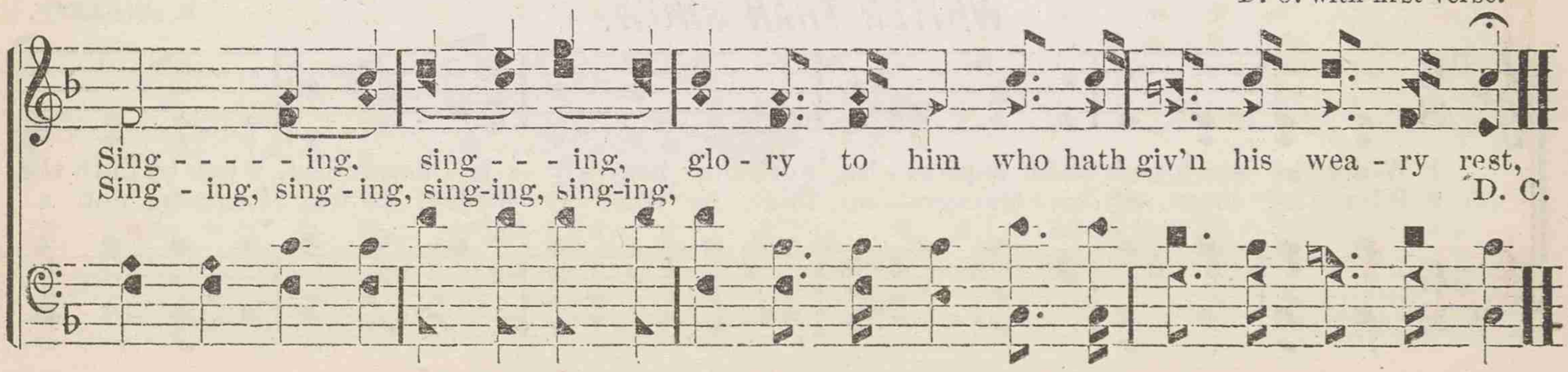




CHORUS.



D. C. with first verse.



MARCHING TO GLORY.

R. A. GLENN.

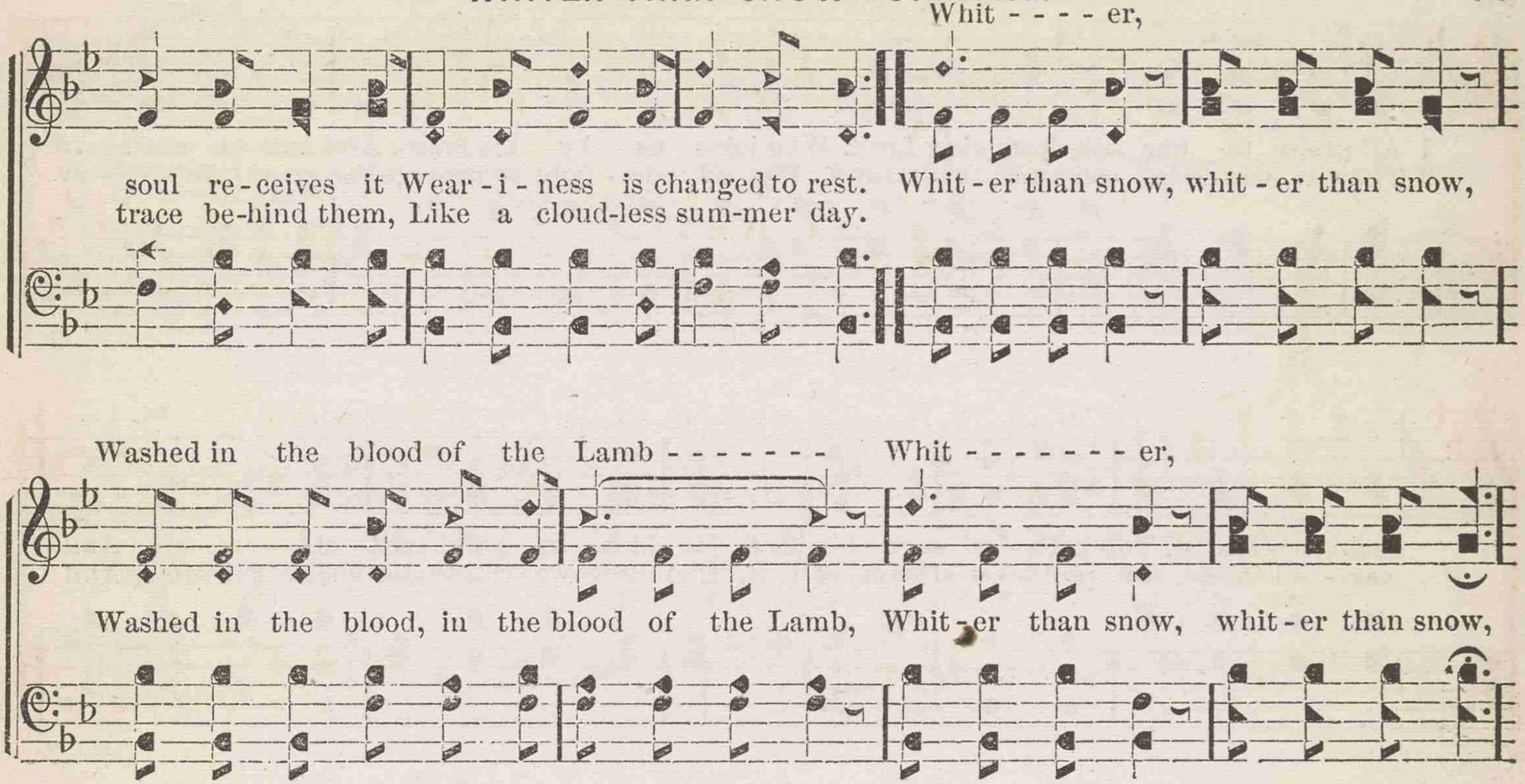
1 Chil-dren of the heavenly king, Marching on, marching on ; As we journey let us sing, Marching home to glo-ry.
2 We are traveling home to God, One by one, one by one; In the way our fathers trod. Let us march to glo-ry.
3 Lord, o - be - dient-ly we'll go, Marching on, marching on ; Gladly leaving all be-low, As we march to glo-ry,

Sing our Savior's worty praise. Marching on, marching on ; Glorious in his works and wavs, We will praise him ever.
They are happy now, and we, Marching on, marching on ; Soon their happiness shall see, In that world of glory.
On - ly thou our lead - er be Blessed Lord, blessed Lord ; For we want to follow thee, Follow thee to glory.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

R. A. GLENN.

1 White as snow ; oh what a prom - ise, For the heav - y la - den breast, When by faith the
2 White as snow, can my transgression, Thus be whol - ly washed a - way ; Leav-ing not a



3

Yes, at once, and that completely
Through the blood of Christ, I know,
All my sins, though red like crimson,
May become as white as snow.

Spirited.

WE'LL HAND IN HAND GO ON.

R. A. GLENN.

1 All praise to our Re-deem - ing Lord, Who joins us by his grace, And bids us each to
2 The gift which he on one be - stows, We all de - light to prove; The grace thro' eve - ry

each re - stored, To - geth - er seek his face. He bids us build each oth - er up, And
ves - sel flows, In pur - est streams of love. E'en now we think and speak the same, And

gath - er'd in - to one, To our high call - ing's glo-rious hope, We'll hand in hand go on.
cor - dial - ly a - gree, U - ni - ted all, through Je-sus' name, In per - fect har - mo - ny.



3 We all partake the joy of one,
The common peace we feel;
A peace to sensual minds unknown,—
A joy unspeakable;
And if our fellowship below,
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Tune:—"BETHANY"

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

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

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

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

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

THE LIFE-FLOWING FOUNTAIN.

R. A. GLENN.

1 A foun - tain of life and of grace, In Christ our Re - deem - er we see;
2 As soon as in Him we be - lieve. By faith of His spir - it we take;

For us, who his of - fers em - brace, For all it is o - pen and free.
And free - ly for - giv - en re - ceive The mer - cy for Je - sus' sake.

Je - ho - vah him - self doth in - vite, To drink of his pleas - ures un - known,
We gain a pure drop of his love, The life of e - ter - ni - ty know,

That stream of im - mor - tal de - light, That flows from his hea - ven - ly throne.
An - gel - i - cal hap - pi - ness prove, And wit - ness a hea - ven be - low.

CHORUS. 'Tis flow - - - - - - - - ing, 'Tis flow - - - - - - - - - ing,

'Tis flow - ing, flow - ing, flow-ing, flow-ing, 'Tis flow - ing, flow - ing, flow - ing, flow - ing, 'Tis

1st time. 2nd time.

flow - ing so free - ly for you and for me. flow - ing for you and me.

With feeling.

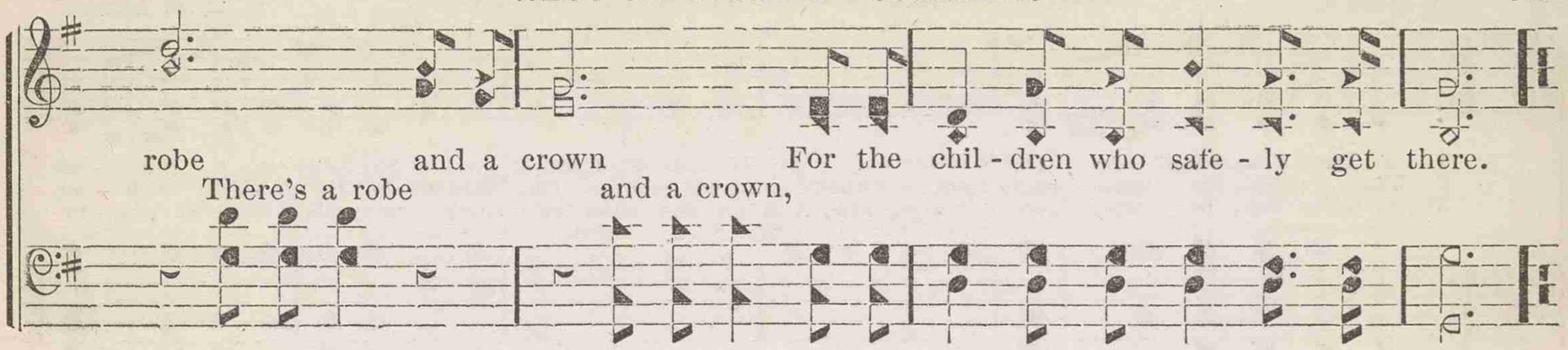
REST IN HEAVEN.

Words and Music by
R. A. GLENN.

1 Oh, I long to go home to that man - sion a - bove, That my Sa - vior has gone to pre pare,
2 There the fath - er and moth - er each oth - er will meet, When the Sa - vior shall call for his own,
3 There the good and the blest from all na - tions shall meet, And a - bide in those man-sions of love,

Where there's rest, peace, and joy, and a snow - y white robe, For the chil - dren that safe - ly get there.
There the pa - rents and chil - dren each oth - er shall greet, In that cit - y a - round the white throne.
With new songs on our lips we shall march thro' the streets, Ev . er more in that cit . y a . bove.

We shall rest in heaven, that home so fair, There's a
We shall rest, rest in heaven, that sweet home bright and fair,



TOPLADY.

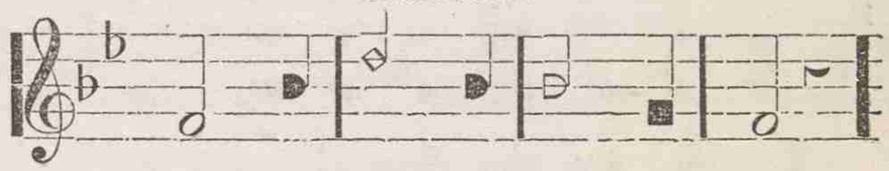


1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

HORTON.



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

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

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

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

E. R. LATTA.

THEY SHALL SHINE AS THE STARS.

J. H. LESLIE.

1 They who would do the Mas-ter's will; As Je - sus said, must ev - er be; Like cit - y build - ed
2 The weak - est one some light may shed, Some ser-vice for the Mas-ter do; By which an - oth - er
3 They that be wise on earth be - low, And on the Mas-ter's work intent; Shall shine in glo - ry

D. C. They who shall ma - ny turn from sin, To do the Mas - ter's will di-vine, That blessed Home a -

CHORUS.

on a hill, That shows so eve - ry eye may see. Their light should cast a shin - ing ray, That
may be led To la - bor for the Sa - vior too. For eve - ry one a task a - waits, A
like un - to The brightness of the fir - ma-ment. Their spir-its num-bered with the blest Up -

bove shall win, And as the stars for - ev - er shine.

D. C.

oth - ers may that light be-hold, And turn their feet in - to the way, That leadeth to the heavenly fold.
work to do a cross to bear, Be - fore we pass the shin-ing gates, A bright, un - fa-ding crown to wear.
on that bright ce - les - tial shore, From earthly toil and care shall rest, For - ev - er and for - ev - er more.



CHORUS.





3 There in that happy land,
All pain and sorrow o'er;
We'll sing and praise our Savior's name,
With saints who've gone before.

4 Come to that happy land,
Come, children, come away;
And dwell with Jesus evermore,
In realms of endless day.

Cheerfully. Not too fast.

SABBATH HOME.

R. A. GLENN.

1 In the gold - en sun-light, Shining bright and fair, On our cheerful sabbath home; Christian friends and teachers
2 Jes-us watch-es o'er us with a shepherd's care, In our cheerful Sabbath home; He will kind-ly lis-ten
3 Gen-tle, lov - ing Sa-vior, may thy Spir-it dwell, In our cheerful Sabbath home; Here thy ten-der mer-cy

glad-ly meet us here, In our cheer-ful Sabbath home.
to our simple prayer, In our cheer-ful Sabbath home. Sabbath home, Sabbath home, We will
oh, 'tis sweet to tell, In our cheer-ful Sabbath home. sweet home, sweet home,

sweet - ly sing to - geth - er in our cheer - ful Sab-bath home, Sab-bath home Sab-bath
home, sweet home,



MARTYN.

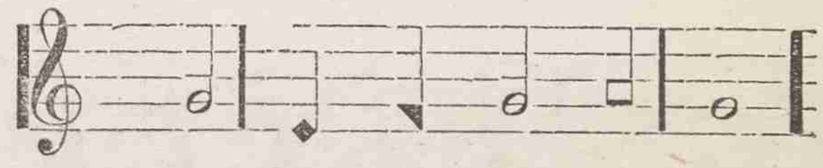


1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

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

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

BOYLESTON.



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

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

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

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

ON THE BRIGHT GOLDEN SHORE.

Words and Music by
E. K. HERSHEY.

1 Shall we meet on the shore of the riv - er, In the land where the bright angels dwell;
2 Shall we meet in the man-sions of glo - ry, Where the walls built of jas - per and gold
3 Shall we meet with loved friends and companions, Who have left us and gone to that land;

Where the ran - somed in glo - ry are sing - ing, Bles - sed songs of Is - ra - el?
Shin - ing forth in their bright-ness e - ter - nal, And whose treas-ures are un - told?
Shall we hear their me - lo - di - ous voic - es, Sing - ing prais - es to the Lamb?

Yes, we'll meet on the shore, We will an-chor in the har-bor, by and
Yes, we'll meet to part no more, When the storms of life are o'er,

by, Soon we'll kneel at his feet,..... On the blessed, golden shore.
by and by, Soon our rest will be complete, When we kneel at Jesus' feet,

MENDON.

L. MASON.

1 Come un - to me when shad-ows dark-ly gath-er, When the sad heart is wear - y and dis-tress'd,
2 Ye who have mourned when the spring flow'rs were taken, When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground:
3 Large are the man-sions in my Fa-ther's dwell-ing, Glad are the homes which sor-rows nev-er dim;

Seek-ing for com-fort from your heavenly Fa - ther, Come un-to me and I will give you rest.
Where the loved slept, in bright-er homes to waken, Where their pale brows with spirit wreathes are crowned.
Sweet are the harps in ho - ly mu - sic swell - ing, Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

REV. R. TURNBULL.

THE NEW BY AND BY.

A. S. KIEFFER.

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

CHORUS.

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

meet o - ver there, We shall meet to part no more All the
by we shall meet o - er there, o - ver there.

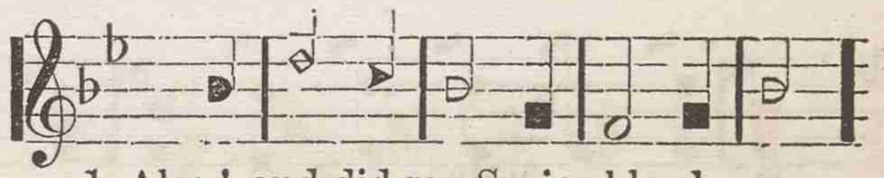




1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence my all shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

WE'LL JOURNEY TOGETHER TO ZION.

R. A. GLENN.

1 We'll jour-ney to-geth-er to Zi - on, That beau-ti - ful cit - y of light;
2 We'll jour-ney to-geth-er to Zi - on, Where all that are faith-ful may share;
3 We'll jour-ney to-geth-er to Zi - on, With rap-ture we soon shall be - hold;

Whose sky is un-cloud-ed for-ev - er, Nor veiled by the shad-ow of night.
A place in the man-sions of glo - ry, My Sa - vior hath gone to pre - pare.
The saints who have reached it be-fore us, The proph-ets and mar-tyrs of old.

We'll stay not to drink of the wa - ter, Nor rest in the val-ley be - low;
His flock he will feed like a shep - herd, And guard them by night and by day;—
We'll learn the new song of re-demp - tion, Which on - ly the ran-som'd can sing;

But cheered by the cross and its ban - ner, We'll sing and be glad as we go.
We'll talk of his good - ness and mer - cy, And sing of his love by the way.
As - crib - ing all hon - or and glo - ry, To Je - sus, our Sa - vior and King.

CHORUS.

Zi - - - - - on, Zi - - - - - on, Beau - ti - ful cit - y of God,
Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful Zi - on,

We'll sing and re - joice as we jour - ney a - long, To that beau - ti - ful Zi - on a - bove.

Words arranged by
REV. J. W. PHILLIPS.

OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

Music by R. A. GLENN.

1 Be-yond the dark val - ley of death, Be-yond the cold waves of the Jor - dan;
2 No tears in that beau - ti - ful home, No sor - row can en - ter its por - tals;
3 No night in that beau - ti - ful home, No sin from our Sa - vior to sev - er;

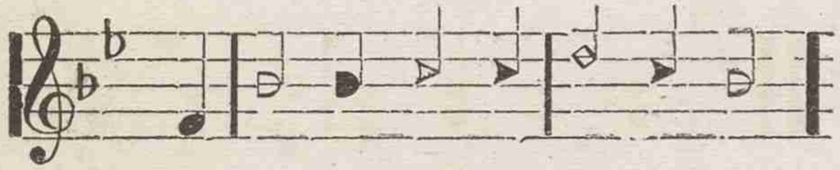
The home of my spir - it is wait-ing for me, The home where the ransomed are dwell - ing.
But glad are the voi - ces that join in the song, The song of the shin - ing im - mor - tal.
The King in his beau - ty our eyes shall be-hold, And join in his prai - ses for ev - er.

CHORUS.

Our beau-ti - ful home, - - - our beau - ti - ful home, - - - Each day we are near-ing its
Beau-ti - ful home, Beau-ti - ful home,



ORTONVILLE.



1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

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

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

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

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

MONTGOMERY.

SOWING.

R. A. GLENN.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed, At eve hold not thy hand; To doubt and fear give
2 Thou know'st not which may thrive, The late or ear - ly sown; Grace keeps the pre - cious
3 And du - ly shall ap - pear, In ver - dure, beau-ty, strength; The ten - der blade, the

CHORUS. Sing - - - ing, Sing - - - ing,

thou no heed, Broad-cast it o'er the land.
germs a - live, When and wher - ev - er strewn.
stalk, the ear, And the full corn at length.

Sow - ing, sow - ing, Sow - ing, sow - ing,

Sow - - - - ing,

Sow - ing not in vain, Sow - ing, sow - ing, sow - ing, In heaven you'll reap the grain.

CHILDREN'S JOY.

Words and Music by
R. A. GLENN.

1 Crowns of glo - ry in the land of the blest, We shall wear, We shall wear, Where the weary from their
2 Palms of vict' - ry in the land of the blest, We shall wear, We shall wear, There with Je-sus we shall
3 White robes gleaming in the land of the blest, We shall wear, We shall wear, Where the faithful, and the

la - bor rest, We shall dwell for - ev - er more.
ev - er rest, In that home so bright and fair.
true and just, Dwell with Je-sus ev - er - more.

Sing - ing glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah,

In that land of the beau-ti-ful and blest, Where the white-robed angels are harping, We shall rest, by and by.

Words by R. A. GLENN.

PASSING AWAY.

Music by Miss LIZZIE HARNED.

1 There's a day that is bright-er than days on earth, In the land we are jour-ney-ing to;
2 We nev - er can reach to that heavenly shore, As we jour-ney a - long here on this;
3 We are pas-sing a-way in God's own good time, As each sea-son doth call for its own;

Where they feel no sor - row, or pain, or dearth, Like the vale we are pas-sing through.
Yet the un - told joys shall be ours ever more, In that land of e - ter - nal bliss.
With a loft - y hope and of dreams di - vine, We are near-ing the great white throne.

CHORUS.

We are pas-sing a - way, We are pas-sing a - way, To the bright heavenly mansion a - far,



NEARER YET NEARER.

R. A. GLENN.



ROUND THE THRONE IN GLORY.

R. A. GLENN.

1 Round the throne in glo - ry, Hap-py children throng, And redemption sto-ry, Wake the harp and song.
2 Robes of snow-y white-ness, Beau-ti - ful and rare ; Crowns of radiant brightness, Such those children wear
3 Children now so - journ-ing, In a world of sin, From your fol-lies turn-ing Strive to en - ter in,

On the ver - dant mountain ; By the shin - ing stream, Oh the liv - ing foun-tain, Je-sus is their theme,
Safe from death, bereavement Sor-row and the grave ; Safe from sin's enslavement, Victory's palm they wave,
Let your young af-fec-tions Round your Sa-vior twine, And 'mid heaven's attractions, Ye shall sing and shine,

Round the throne in glo-ry, Thousands of children stand, Singing with the an-gels In that hap - py land,

voic - es sweet-ly blend-ing As they joy-ful sing, Glo - ry be for ev - er To our Heavenly King.

REPOSE.

WYATT MINSHALL.

1 In mer - cy, Lord, re - mem - ber me, Through all the hours of night,
2 With cheer - ful heart I close my eyes, Since thou wilt not re - move;
3 Or, if this night should prove my last, And end my tran - sient days;

And grant to me most gra - cious - ly, The safe - guard of thy might.
O, in the morn - ing let me rise Re - joic - - ing in thy love.
Lord, take me to thy prom - ised rest, Where I may sing thy praise.

A. S. KIEFFER.

CITY OF LIGHT.

R. A. GLENN.

1 There's a cit - y of light 'mid the stars we are told, Where they know not a sor - row or care,
2 Broth-er dear, nev-er fear we shall tri-umph at last, If we trust in the word he has giv'n;

And the gates are of pearl and the streets are of gold, And the build-ing ex - ceed-ing - ly fair.
When our tri-als and toils and our weep-ings are past, We shall meet in that home up in heav'n.

Let us pray for each oth - ..... - er, Let us pray and faint not by the way;
let us pray, for each oth-er, let us pray,



3 Sister dear, never fear,—for the Savior is near
With His hand He will lead you along;
And the way that is dark Christ will graciously clear
And your mourning shall turn to a song.

4 Let us walk in the light of the Gospel divine,
Let us ever keep near to the cross;
Let us love, watch and pray in our pilgrimage here,
Let us count all things else but as loss.

HEBRON. L. M.

L. MASON.



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
2 Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail him who saves you

di - a - dem. And crown him Lord of all. And crown, and crown him
by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

And crown Him Lord of all, and crown Him Lord of all, and

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

WILL YOU COME.

By permisson.

Words and Music by
A. B. CONDO.

1st. 2nd.

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

Will you come, Will you come, Will you come un - to the Sav - ior now?
Will you come, will you come, will you come, will you come, Will you come unto the Sav - ior now?

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

GONE TO THE LAND ELYSIAN.

Words and Music by
R. A. GLENN.

1 She's gone to the land of E - ly - sian Where Je - sus and an - gels a -
2 We know she is now safe - ly land - ed, Where snow - y white, robes ev - er
3 We now say a - dieu, not for - - ev - er, We soon shall be - hold her ar -

bide, She has crossed with the pale an - gel boat-man, She's cross'd o - ver death's chil - ly tide.
gleam, And the gates of the cit - y are o - pened, To wel-come, to wel - come her in.
rayed; On the throne with the great King of glo - ry, All robed in her gar - ment of white.

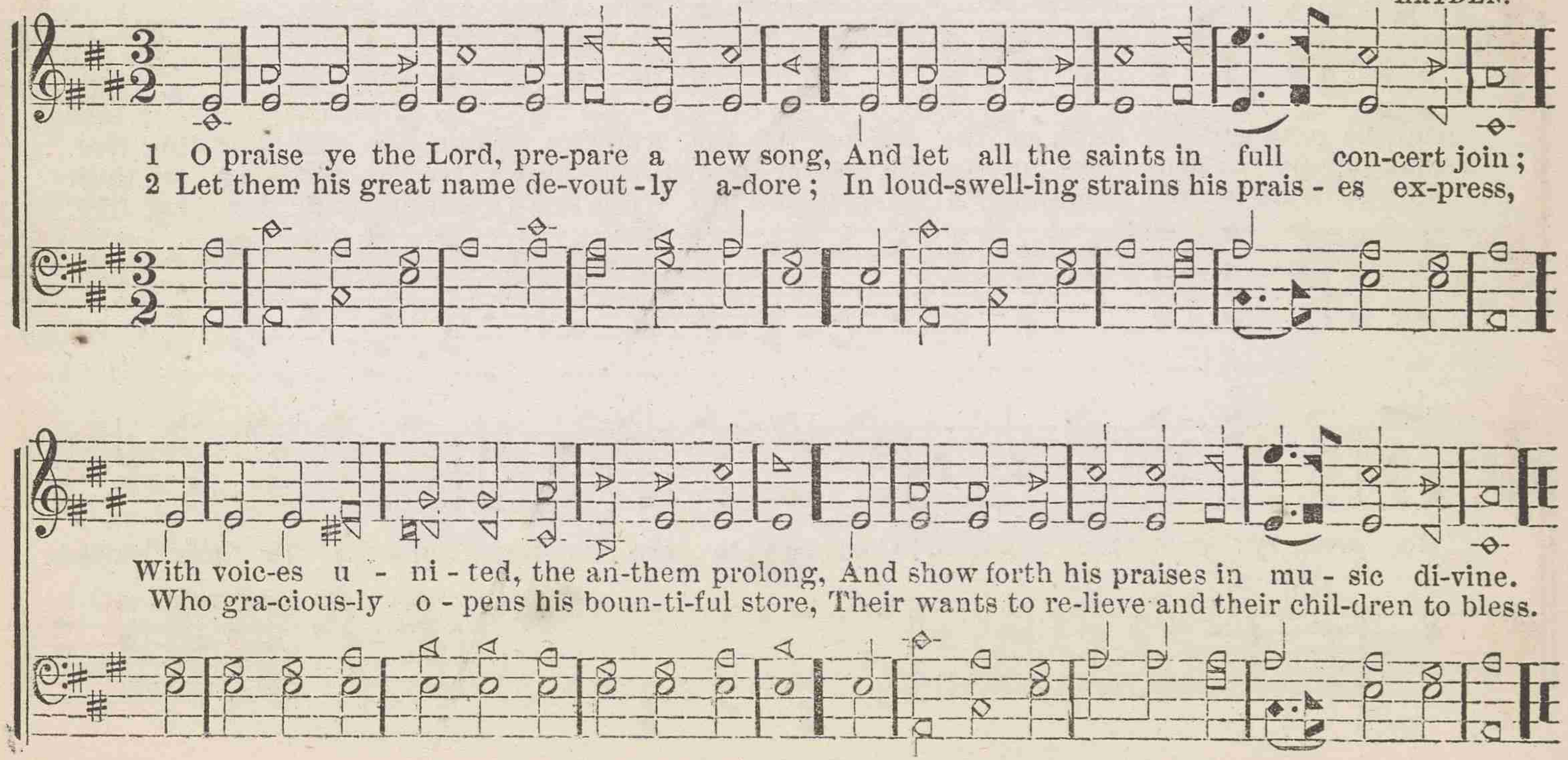
CHORUS.

I be - hold her a - far in my vis - ion As she near - eth the great white



LYONS.

HAYDEN.



From "Starry Crown"

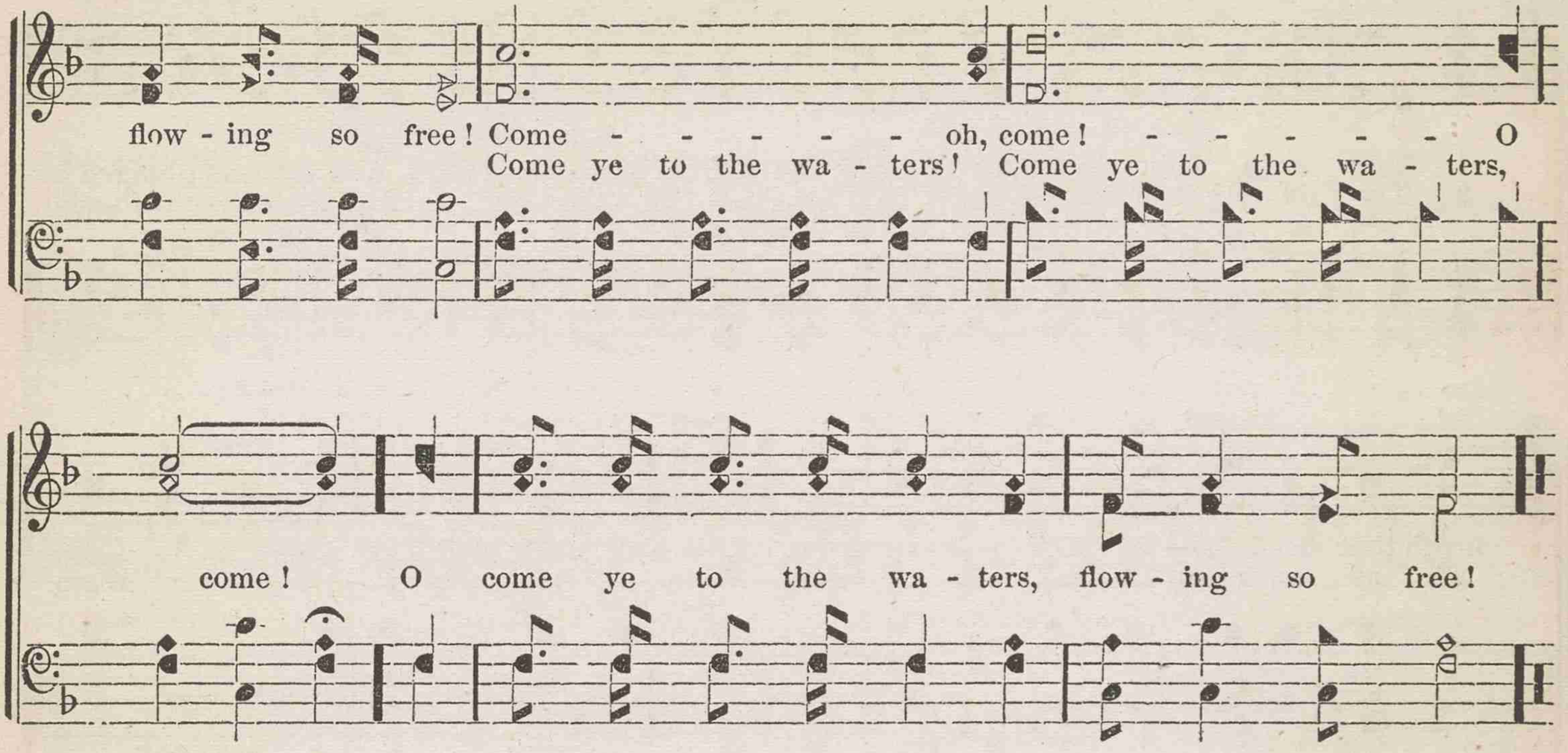
JACOB'S WELL.

Words and Music by
A. S. KIEFFER.

1 Je-sus sat by the well, and a wo-man came there, She, a poor, need-y sin-ner like me;
2 Who-so drink-eth this wa-ter shall thirst nev-er more, For a foun-tain it ev-er shall be;
3 Ja-cob's well still is full, and the Sav-ior still waits, And he calls thirs-ty sin-ners, to thee;

And he gave her to drink of the wa-ter of life, And this wa-ter is still flow-ing free.
Spring-ing up in thy soul un-to life ev-er-more; And this wa-ter is flow-ing for thee.
Will you drink of the Foun-tain of Ja-cob and live, While this wa-ter is still flow-ing free.

Ho, eve-ry one that thirsteth! Come ye to the wa-ters! Come ye to the wa-ters,



1 LORD, when we bow before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
O, may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O, let our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness, still,
That grants it or denies.

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

1 There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sin-ners plunged be-
2 The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That foun-tain in his day; And there may I, though

neath that flood, Lose all their guil - ty stains, Lose all their guil - ty stains,..... Lose
vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way,..... Wash

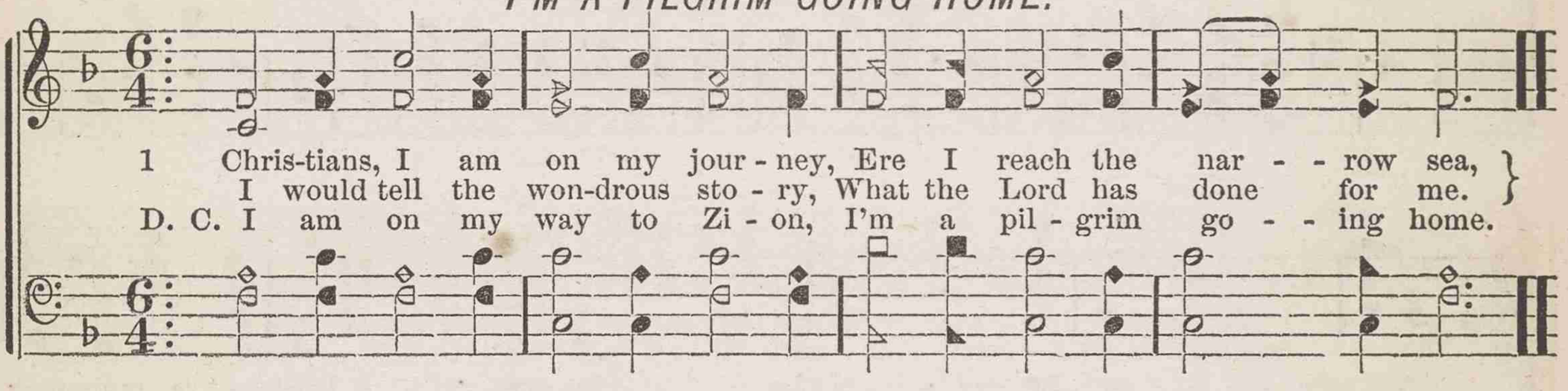
all their guil - ty stains, And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
all my sins a - way, And there may I though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.

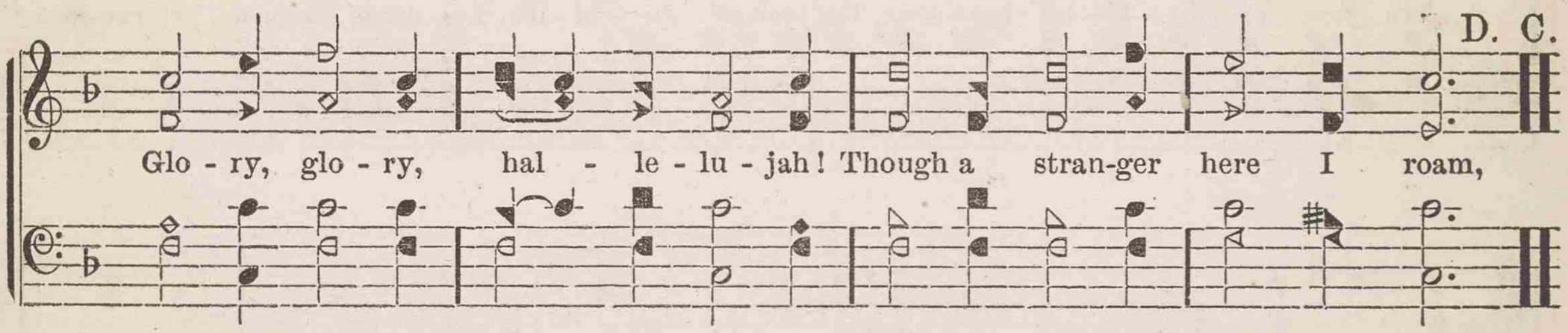
3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose it power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

I'M A PILGRIM GOING HOME.

A. S. KIEFFER.





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

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

5 I shall yet behold my Savior,
When the day of life is o'er;
I shall cast my crown before Him,
I shall praise Him evermore.

From "Songs of Redemption."

BLOW YE THE TRUMPET.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 Blow ye the trum-pet blow, The glad-ly solemn sound; Let all the na-tions know To earth's remotest bound,
2 Je-sus, our great High Priest, Hath full atonement made; Ye wear-y spir-its rest, Ye mournful souls be glad;
3 Ex-tol the Lamb of God, The all a-ton-ing Lamb; Redemption through his blood Throughout the world proclaim;

The year - - - - of Ju - - - - - bi-lee has come, Re-turn ye ran-somed
The year of Ju-bi-lee has come, The year of Ju-bi-lee has come, Re-turn ye ran-somed

sin-ners home, The year of Ju - - - - - bi-lee has come.
sin-ners home, The year of Ju-bi-lee has come, The year of Ju-bi-lee has come.

1 Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord, when the blush-ing morn-ing Wakes the blos-soms
2 Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord, when the ear-ly bree-zes Come so fra-grant
3 Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord, may His ten-der mer-cy Guide us in the

fresh with dew; Praise Him when revived cre-a-tion, Beams with beau-ties fair and new.
from the flow'rs; Praise thou wil-low by the brook-side, Praise ye birds among the bow'rs.
way of truth; Keep our feet from paths of er-ror, Make us hap-py in our youth.

Praise the Lord! O Praise the Lord, "Praise Him all ye peo-ple, Praise the Lord."

FLORENCE BAKER OLDHAM.

WILT THOU BE THERE?

R. PORTER ORR.

1 Near-ing the shore of the un - kown sea, Whose ships set sail for e - ter - ni - ty;
2 On to the land by no sorrows op-pressed Fast saileth the ship which hath Christ for a guest;

O - ver whose waves he that pass-eth a - way, Nev - er more may re - turn to re-vile or pray.
Through the night gloom and the darkness a - far, ——Safe - ly it pass - eth the har - bor bar.

There is my ship with her sails spread free, There her pale pi - lot is wait - ing for me;
So in my ship on that near-ing sea May Je - sus, the low -- ly a sour - journ - er be;

Shall I pass o'er to the land ev - er fair; Je - sus blest Sa-vior, oh wilt thou be there.
So when its bil - lows my spir - it shall brave, Je - sus, the might-y, guide, com-fort and save.

CHORUS.

Wilt thou be there to guide o - ver the wave? Wilt thou be there in the wild storm to save?

I shall not fear when the tempests as - sail, If thou wilt on - ly speak peace to the gale.

Earnestly.

FLY YE TO THE FOUNTAIN.

Words and Music by
R. PORTER ORR.

1 On - ly come to Jes - us, wear - y sin - sick soul; On - ly trust in Jes - us,
2 Long e-nough you've tarried, lon - ger than you should; Has - ten then to Jes - us, He'll

he will make you whole; Grace he has suf - fi - cient for eve - ry time of need;
save you if you would; He'll give his ho - ly spirit to guide you in the way;

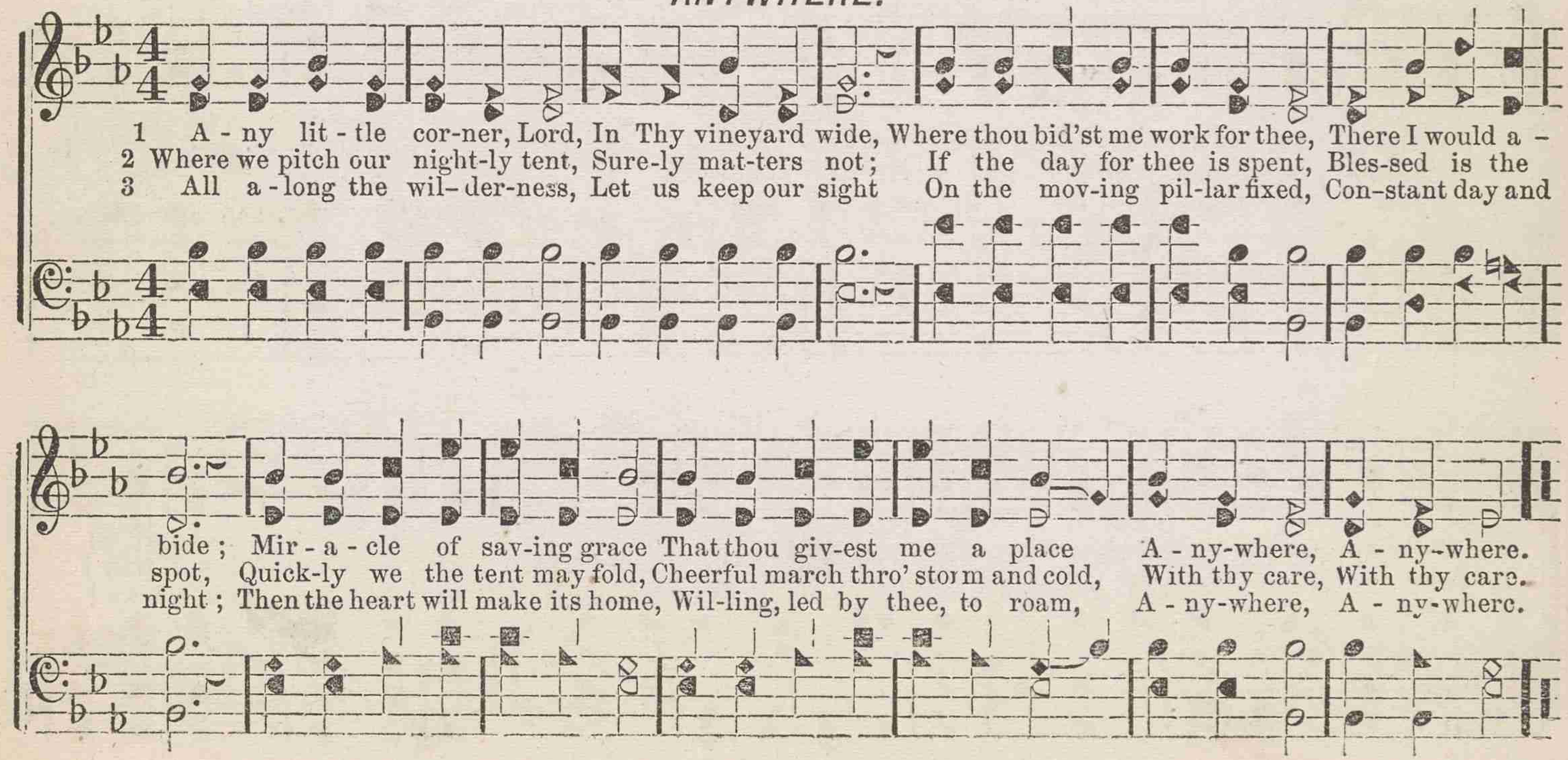
CHORUS.

Sin - ner, why not trust him, he is a friend in - deed. Fly ye to the fountain which
Kind - ly to re-claim you whene'er you go a - stray.



ANYWHERE.

B. C. UNSELD.



THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

A. S. KIEFFER.

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

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

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

4 A few more Sabbaths here,
Shall cheer us on our way ;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath day :
CHO.—Then, O my Lord, &c.

5 'Tis but a little while,
And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign :
CHO.—Then O Lord, &c.

THE GOLDEN PLAIN.

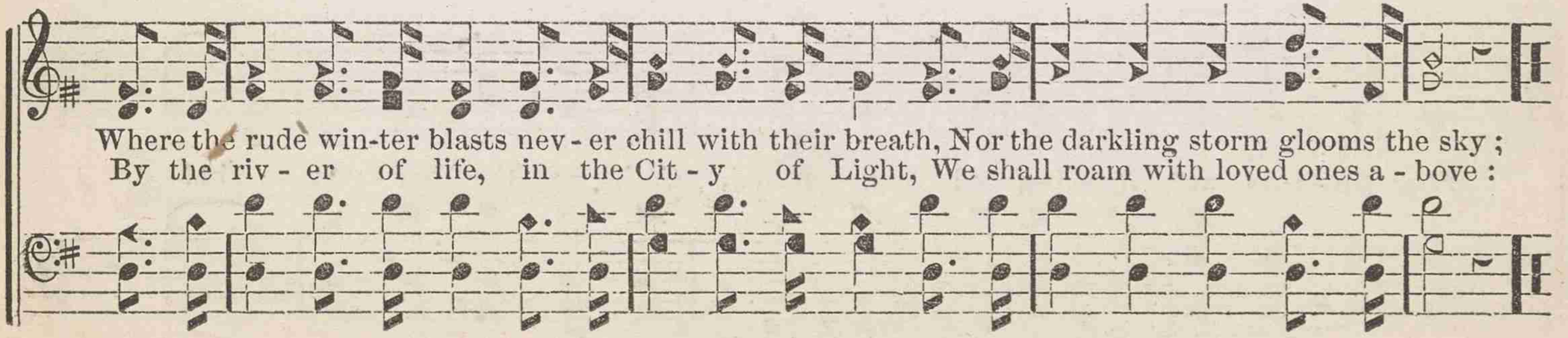
A. S. KIEFFER. J. F. SIMPSON.



1 There's a land of light and love far a - way, Where the long sev-ered friends meet a-gain ;
Where the long dark night and toil wear-ing day, Nev - er tarn - ish the bright gol - den plain :
D. C. Where the soul is freed from sor - row and death, And the tear nev - er more dims the eye.

2 To that gol - den shore some dear ones have gone, And we trust we shall meet them a-gain ;
When that glo-rious morn in lus - tre shall dawn, And we stand on the bright golden plain ;
D. C. And with an - gels bright through time's ceaseless flight, We shall sing of a dear Sa-vior's love.





Where the rude win-ter blasts nev - er chill with their breath, Nor the darkling storm glooms the sky ;
By the riv - er of life, in the Cit - y of Light, We shall roam with loved ones a - bove :

REV. S. J. GRAHAM.

GATHER THE HARVEST IN.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 The har-vest field's al-read-y white : Gather the har-vest in ; A-mid the blaze of Gos-pel light :
2 There's work for ev'ry one to do : Gather the har-vest in ; There's work for me, and work for you ;
3 Young toilers in your Master's cause; Gather the har-vest in ; Mind not to shun the world's applause :
4 And you old sol-diers of the cross : Gather the har-vest in ; Who count all earthly things but loss,

Gath-er the har-vest in. Gath-er the har-vest in, Gath-er the har-vest in,

Poor sin - ners are dy - ing all a - round, Gath - er the har - vest in!

1 The tender light is fading where we pause and lin - ger still; And thro' the dim and saddened air, We
2 For past is many a beauteous field, Be side our morn-ing road; And many a fount to us is sealed, That
3 Stay with us, gracious Savior, stay, While friends and hopes de - part! Fainting on thee we wish to lay The

feel the eve - ning chill.
once so free - ly flowed.
bur - den of our heart.

Long hast thou journeyed with us Lord, Ere we thy face did
The splendor of the noontide lies On oth - er hearts than
Abide with us, dear Lord! remain, Our Life, our Truth, our

know;
ours;
Way;

Oh! still thy fel-low ship af-ford While dark the shad - ows grow.
The dews that lave yon fragrant skies, Will not re - vive our flowers.
So shall our loss be turned to gain— Night dawn to end - less day.

ANTHEM--"Blessing and Glory."

B. C. UNSELD.

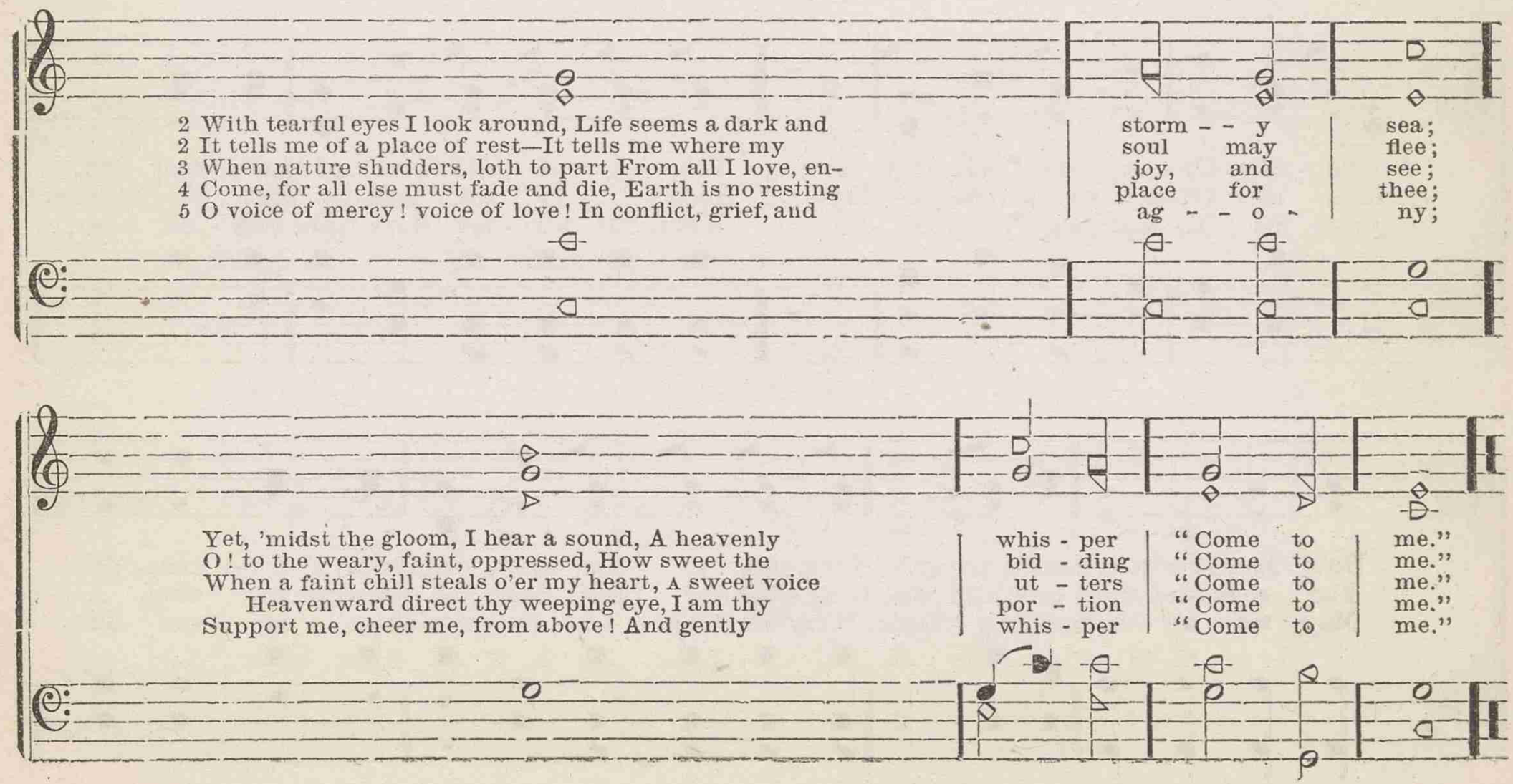
1 Bless - ing, and glo - ry, and wis-dom, and thanks-giv - ing, and hon-or, and pow'r, and might, be

un - to our God, be un - to our God, be un - to our God, for - ev - er and ev - - - er.

Bless-ing, and hon-or, and wis-dom, and thanksgiving, and 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.

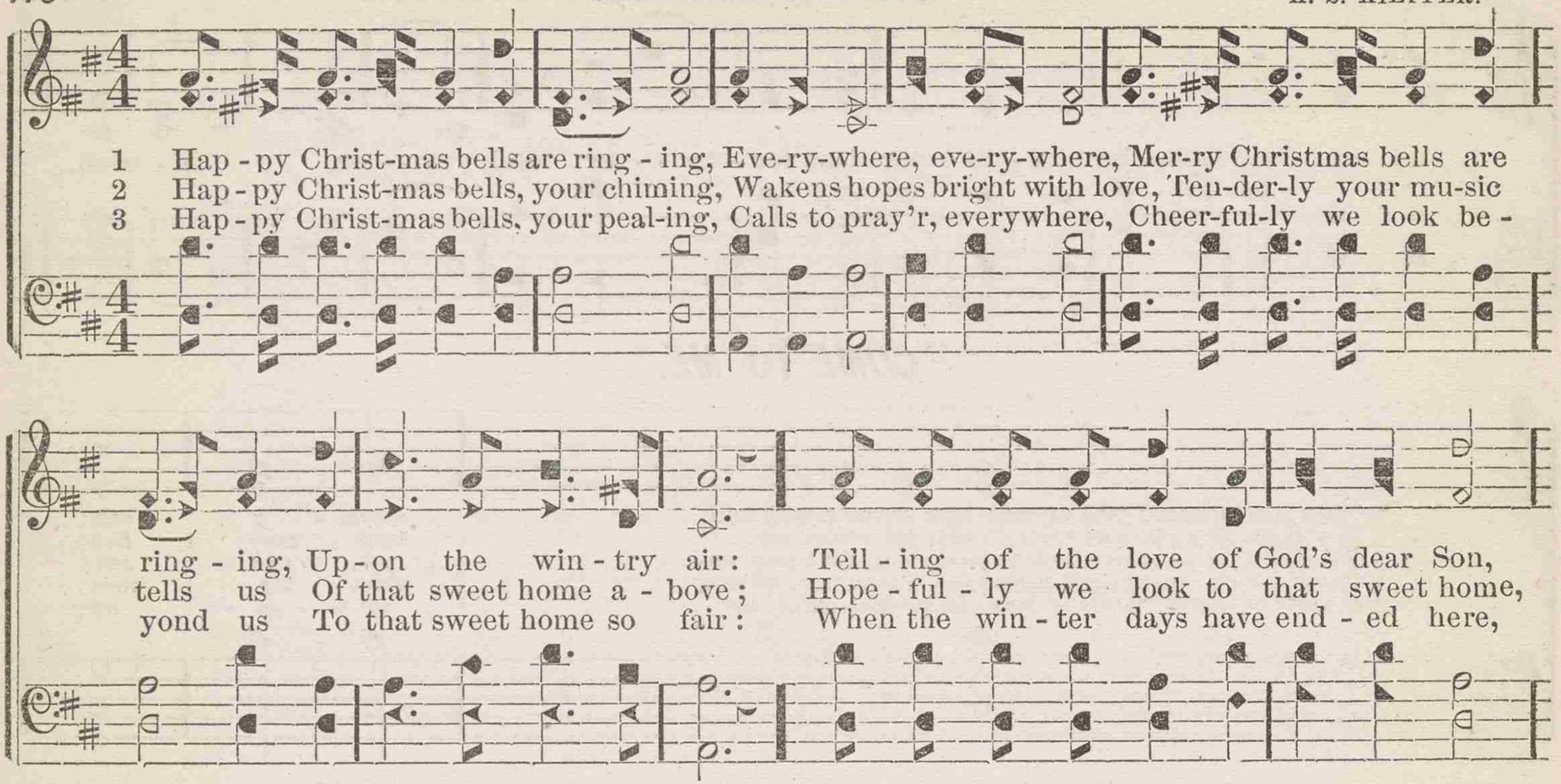
"COME TO ME."


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

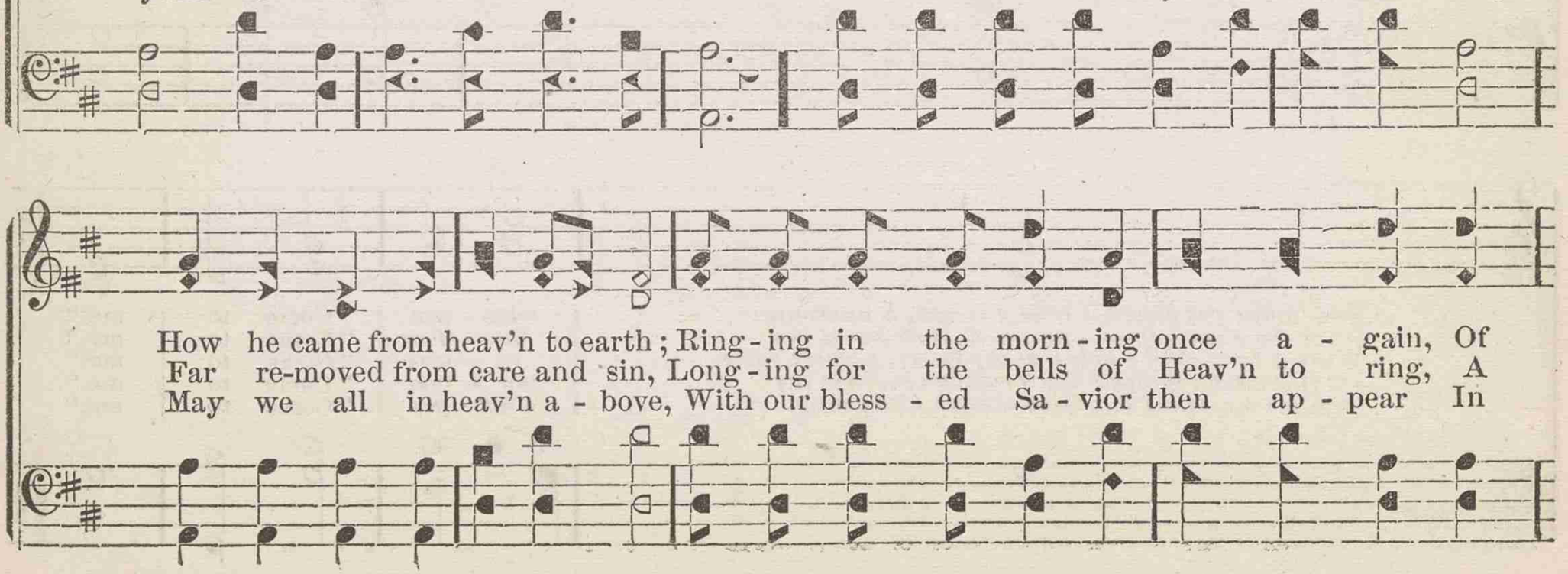
CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Words and Music by
A. S. KIEFFER.

1 Hap - py Christ-mas bells are ring - ing, Eve-ry-where, eve-ry-where, Mer-ry Christmas bells are
2 Hap - py Christ-mas bells, your chiming, Wakens hopes bright with love, Ten-der-ly your mu-sic
3 Hap - py Christ-mas bells, your peal-ing, Calls to pray'r, everywhere, Cheer-ful-ly we look be -



ring - ing, Up - on the win - try air: Tell - ing of the love of God's dear Son,
tells us Of that sweet home a - bove; Hope - ful - ly we look to that sweet home,
yond us To that sweet home so fair: When the win - ter days have end - ed here,



How he came from heav'n to earth; Ring - ing in the morn - ing once a - gain, Of
Far re-moved from care and sin, Long - ing for the bells of Heav'n to ring, A
May we all in heav'n a - bove, With our bless - ed Sa - vior then ap - pear In

our dear Sa - vior's birth.
sweet-er Christmas in.
God's sweet home of love.

Ring sweet bells, O ring a - gain! Peal - ing out your

gladsome strain! Hap-py Christ-mas bells, peal on, Ring-ing glad - ness eve - ry - where.

RODERICK.

T. F. SEWARD.

1 Our blest Re-deem-er, ere he breathed His last farewell, A Guide, a Com-forter bequeathed With us to dwell.
2 He breathes—that gentle voice we hear As breeze of even: That checks each fault, that calms each fear, That speaks of heaven.
3 And all the good that we pos-ses, His gift we own; Yea, eve-ry thought of ho-li - ness, And victory won.

THE STARRY CROWN.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 How sweet will be the wel - come home When this short life is o'er,
When pain and sor - row, care and grief Shall dwell with us no more. When we shall wear the

2 When we that bright and heav'n-ly land, With spir - it eyes shall see,
And join the ho - ly an - gel band, In praise, dear Lord, of thee. When we shall wear the

Star - ry Crown, In yon bright home on high, The Star - ry Crown, the
home on high,

Star - ry Crown, In yon bright home on high.

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

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

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