THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM



J. H. Ruebush.

Dayton, Va.

The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

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THE
STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

A COLLECTION OF

CHURCH-TUNES, ANTHEMS, CHORUSES AND GLEES

WITH

RUDIMENTS AND EXERCISES FOR SINGING-SCHOOLS

BY

J. H. HALL,
AUTHOR OF
"SONGS OF HOME"

AND

J. H. RUEBUSH,
AUTHOR OF
"GEMS OF GLADNESS"

ASSISTED BY

ALDINE S. KIEFFER
AUTHOR OF
"TEMPLE STAR" "ROYAL PROCLAMATION" ETC.

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PREFACE.

THE authors and compilers of THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM are fully aware of the fact that the average musician dislikes a preface; yet, in this case, the writing of a preface becomes a paramount duty, for the following reasons, viz:—

1st. Because of the notation employed in the following pages, known as the Aikin or Character Note notation, which has in the last few years acquired immense popularity and is destined to become the universal musical notation.

2nd. Because its authors have been teachers of vocal music, as well as instrumental, and have an inherent confidence that they know what the average singing-master, singing-class and congregation wish and need.

3rd. In the preparation of this book neither pains nor expense have been spared to please the teacher, the class, the Sunday-School and the choir. The simple, clear and concise Rudimental Statements as found in this book must win for its authors no little honor.

4th. The eighty pages of Singing-School Exercises, which are so thoroughly practical and so nicely graded, must and will commend themselves to teacher and class.

5th. A large majority of the so-called singing-class books are devoid of solid church and devotional music. In this collection there will be found an unusually large amount of true, genuine Church Music, which fact, of itself, must commend it to the public.

6th. The Sunday-School Department is replete with cheerful and pleasant songs suited to the wants of the children, successfully avoiding the "milk and water" character of so much known as Sunday-School songs and hymns.

7th. The Anthem Department contains thirty-two pages of sterling merit, not only for the choir, but for use in musical institutes and conventions.

J. H. HALL,
J. H. RUEBUSH,
ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

DAYTON, VA., NOV. 10, 1889.

F. H. GILSON, MUSIC TYPOGRAPHER, BOSTON.

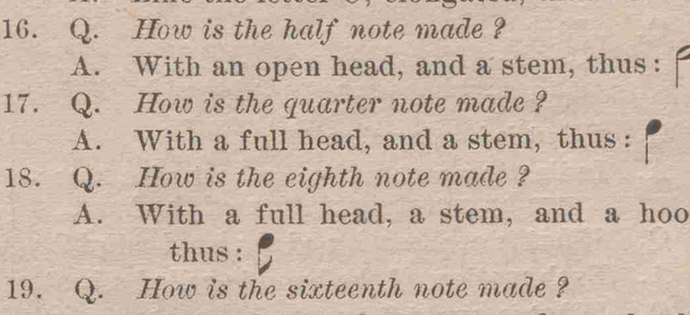
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THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

Lesson I.

1. QUESTION. *What is sound?*
   ANSWER. Sound is anything audible.
2. Q. *What is a musical sound called?*
   A. A tone.
3. Q. *What is a tone?*
   A. A sound in which pitch is perceptible.
4. Q. *How many essential properties has a tone, and what are they?*
   A. Four. Length, pitch, power, and quality. *
5. Q. *What does length mean?*
   A. The duration of a tone.
6. Q. *What does pitch mean?*
   A. The highness or lowness of a tone.
7. Q. *What does power mean?*
   A. The loudness or softness of a tone.
8. Q. *What does quality mean?*
   A. The character or kind of tone.
9. Q. *Into how many departments are the rudiments of music divided, and what are they?*
   A. Three. Rhythmics, melodics, and dynamics.
10. Q. *Of what does rhythmics treat?*
    A. Of the length of tones.
11. Q. *Of what does melodics treat?*
    A. Of the pitch of tones.
12. Q. *Of what does dynamics treat?*
    A. Of the power and quality of tones.
13. Q. *How are the relative lengths of tones represented?*
    A. By characters called notes.
14. Q. *How many kinds of notes are there in common use, and what are they?*
    A. Six. The whole note, the half note, the quarter note, the eighth note, the sixteenth note, and the thirty-second note.
15. Q. *How is the whole note made?*
    A. Like the letter O, elongated, thus: 
16. Q. *How is the half note made?*
    A. With an open head, and a stem, thus: 
17. Q. *How is the quarter note made?*
    A. With a full head, and a stem, thus: 
18. Q. *How is the eighth note made?*
    A. With a full head, a stem, and a hook, thus: 
19. Q. *How is the sixteenth note made?*
    A. With a full head, a stem, and two hooks, thus: 
20. Q. *How is the thirty-second note made?*
    A. With a full head, a stem, and three hooks, thus: 

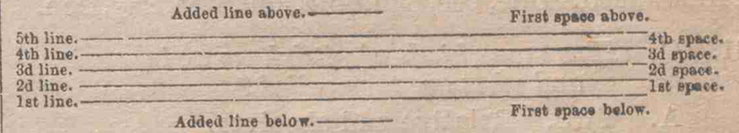
TABLE SHOWING RELATIVE VALUES OF NOTES.



* One of the wonderful things about the human voice is that it can change its quality as no instrument can.

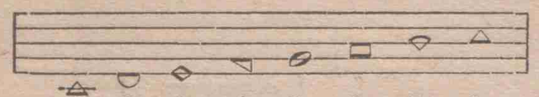
Lesson II.

21. Q. *How do we represent the pitch of tones?*
    A. By a character called the staff.
22. Q. *Of what does the staff consist?*
    A. It consists of five lines and four spaces.
23. Q. *What is each line and each space called?*
    A. A degree.
24. Q. *How many degrees does the staff contain?*
    A. Nine.
25. Q. *How is the staff enlarged.*
    A. By adding short lines above and below.



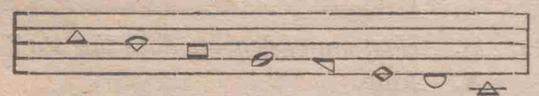
26. Q. *How many tones in the musical alphabet?*
    A. Eight.
27. Q. *What is this series of eight tones called?*
    A. The scale.
28. Q. *How are the tones of the scale named?*
    A. After the first eight numerals, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.
29. Q. *What syllables are applied to the scale in singing?*
    A. The syllables Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, or Ti, Do.
30. Q. *The names of what letters are used as pitch names?*
    A. The names of the first seven letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

THE SCALE REPRESENTED ON STAFF ASCENDING.



Numeral names. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.
Pitch names. C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C.
Syllable names. Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Ti, Do.
Pronounced. Doe, Ray, Mee, Fah, Sole, Lah, Tee, Doe.

THE SCALE REPRESENTED ON STAFF DESCENDING.



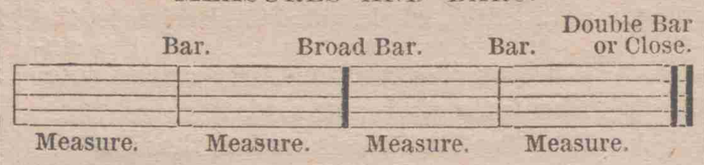
Numeral names. 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.
Pitch names. C, B, A, G, F, E, D, C.
Syllable names. Do, Ti, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.
Pronounced. Doe, Tee, Lah, Sole, Fah, Mee, Ray, Doe.

31. Q. *How many kinds of pitch have we in music, and what are they called?*
A. Two. Relative and absolute.
32. Q. *What is relative pitch?*
A. The position a tone occupies in the scale.
33. Q. *What is absolute pitch?*
A. The fixed, unchangeable position of a tone, independent of scale relation.

Lesson III.

34. Q. *What is a measure?*
A. A measure is a group of two or more regularly recurring pulsations, or beats.
35. Q. *How is a measure represented?*
A. By the space between two perpendicular lines drawn across the staff called bars.
36. Q. *What is a heavy bar called?*
A. A broad bar.
37. Q. *What does a broad bar usually denote?*
A. The beginning and ending of a line of words, or the end of a musical phrase.
38. Q. *What does the double bar usually denote?*
A. The close, or end of a composition.

MEASURES AND BARS.



39. Q. *What is counting time?*
A. Indicating each pulse, or beat of a measure by counting.
40. Q. *What is beating time?*
A. Indicating each pulse, or beat of a measure by a certain motion of the hand.
41. Q. *What is each motion of the hand called?*
A. Each motion of the hand is called a beat.
42. Q. *What is accent?*
A. A slight stress upon a certain pulsation, or beat, to mark its position in a measure.

Lesson IV.

43. Q. *What is a measure having two beats called?*
A. Double measure.
44. Q. *How do we count the time in double measure?*
A. One, two.
45. Q. *Describe the beats in double measure?*
A. Down and up.
46. Q. *Which beat is accented?*
A. The first.
47. Q. *What is the sign for double measure?*
A. The figure 2.
48. Q. *What is a measure having three beats called?*
A. Triple measure.
49. Q. *How do we count the time in triple measure?*
A. One, two, three.
50. Q. *Describe the beats in triple measure.*
A. Down, left, up.
51. Q. *Which beat is accented?*
A. The first.
52. Q. *What is the sign for triple measure?*
A. The figure 3.
53. Q. *What is a measure having four beats called?*
A. Quadruple measure.
54. Q. *How is the time counted in quadruple measure?*
A. One, two, three, four.
55. Q. *How do we beat quadruple measure?*
A Down, left, right, up.
56. Q. *How is quadruple measure accented?*
A. It has a primary accent on the first beat, and secondary accent on the third beat.
57. Q. *What is the sign for quadruple measure?*
A. The figure 4.
58. Q. *What is a measure having six beats called?*
A. Sextuple measure, or compound double measure.
59. Q. *How do we count the time in sextuple measure?*
A. One, two, —comprehending three beats to each count.
60. Q. *Describe the beats in sextuple measure?*
A. Down, up,— comprehending three beats to each motion of the hand.
61. Q. *How is sextuple measure accented?*
A. It has a primary accent on the first beat, and a secondary accent on the fourth beat.

62. Q. *What is the sign for sextuple measure?*
A. The figure **6**.

63. Q. *What is a measure having nine beats called?*
A. Compound triple measure.

64. Q. *How do we count compound triple measure?*
A. One, two, three.

65. Q. *Describe the beats in compound triple measure?*
A. Down, left, up,—comprehending three beats to each motion of the hand.

66. Q. *How is compound triple measure accented?*
A. It has a primary accent on the first beat, and secondary accents on the fourth and seventh beats.

67. Q. *What is the sign for compound triple measure?*
A. The figure **9**.

68. Q. *What is a measure having twelve beats called?*
A. Compound quadruple measure.

69. Q. *How do we count compound quadruple measure?*
A. One, two, three, four.

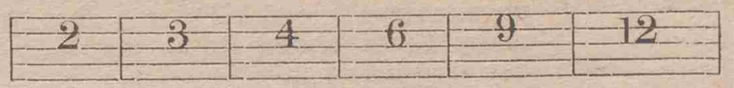
70. Q. *Describe the beats in compound quadruple measure.*
A. Down, left, right, up,—comprehending three beats to each motion of the hand.

71. Q. *How is compound quadruple measure accented?*
A. It has a primary accent on the first beat, and secondary accents on the fourth, seventh, and tenth beats.

72. Q. *What is the sign for compound quadruple measure?*
A. The figure **12**.

* The whole note rest is also a whole measure rest.

SIGNS OF THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF MEASURE.



73. Q. *What are the figures at the beginning of a composition called?*
A. Time signature.

74. Q. *What does the numerator denote?*
A. The number of beats in a measure.

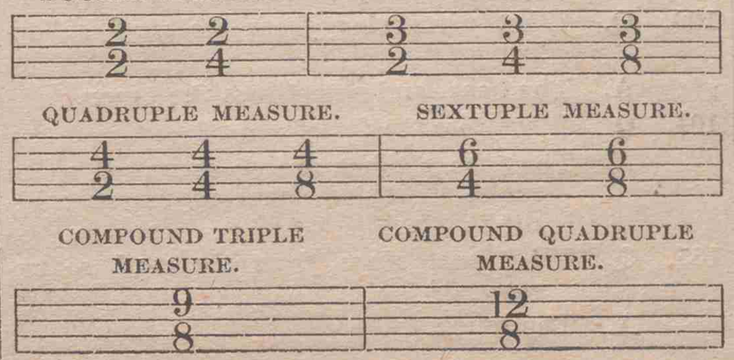
75. Q. *What does the denominator indicate?*
A. The kind of note which is reckoned to each beat of the measure.

76. Q. *If the lower figure is* **2**, *what will be the beat note?*
A. The half note.

77. Q. *If the lower figure is* **4**, *what will be the beat note?*
A. The quarter note.

78. Q. *If the lower figure is* **8** *what will be the beat note?*
A. The eighth note.

TIME SIGNATURES OF THE DIFFERENT VARIETIES OF MEASURE.
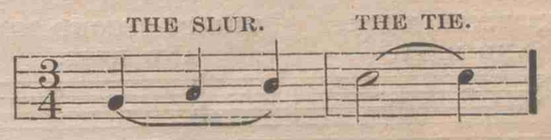


Lesson V.

79. Q. *What is the rule for applying words to music?*
A. Apply one syllable of the words to each note.

80. Q. *What is a slur?*
A. A curved line containing two or more notes upon different degrees of the staff.

81. Q. *What is a tie?*
A. A curved line connecting two or more notes upon the same degree of the staff.

82. Q. *What is the rule for applying words when the slur or tie occurs?*
A Apply one syllable of the words to as many notes as are so connected.



83. Q. *What are rests?*
A. Characters indicating silence.

84. Q. *How many kinds of rests are there, and and what are their names?*
A. Six. The whole rest,* the half rest, the quarter rest, the eighth rest, the sixteenth rest, and the thirty-second rest.

85. Q. *As regards duration, rests correspond to what?*
A. To the notes of the same denomination.

86. Q. *How is the whole rest made?*
A. A block below a line, thus: ▬

87. Q. *How is the half rest made?*
A. A block above a line, thus: ▬

88. Q. *How is the quarter rest made?*
A. Like the figure 7 reversed, thus: 𝄽 or 𝄽

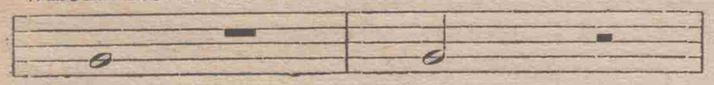
89. Q. *How is the eighth rest made?*
A. Like the figure 7, thus: 𝄾

90. Q. *How is the sixteenth rest made?*
A. Like the figure 7 with two heads, thus: 𝄿

91. Q. *How is the thirty-second rest made?*
A. Like the figure 7 with three heads, thus: 𝅀

NOTES WITH THEIR CORRESPONDING RESTS.

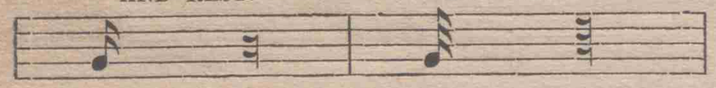
WHOLE NOTE AND REST. HALF NOTE AND REST.



QUARTER NOTE AND REST. EIGHTH NOTE AND REST.



SIXTEENTH NOTE AND REST. THIRTY-SECOND NOTE AND REST.



92. Q. *Into how many classes are human voices generally divided, and what are they called?*
A. Four. Base, tenor, alto, and soprano.

93. Q. *Describe base voices.*
A. Gentlemen who can sing low, with heavy quality.

94. Q. *Describe tenor voices.*
A. Gentlemen who can sing high, with light quality.

95. Q. *Describe alto voices.*
A. Ladies who can sing low, with heavy quality.

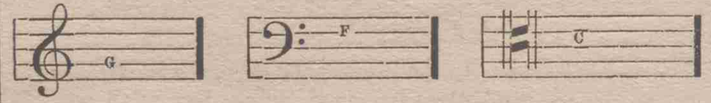
96. Q. *Describe soprano voices.*
A. Ladies who can sing high, with light quality.

97. Q. *What is meant by middle C?*
A. The pitch C, which all voices have in common. It is the middle of the great vocal compass, and ladies can sing as many tones above it, as gentlemen can sing below it.

98. Q. *What is a clef?*
A. A character used to locate the letters and determine the pitch of tones as represented by the staff.

99. Q. *How many clefs are there in general use, and what are they called?*
A. Three. The G clef, the F clef, and the C clef.

THE G CLEF. THE F CLEF. THE C CLEF.



100. Q. *What does the G clef indicate?*
A. That the pitches are so arranged as to fix middle C on the added line below.

101. Q. *What parts sing from the staff so arranged?*
A. The soprano and alto.

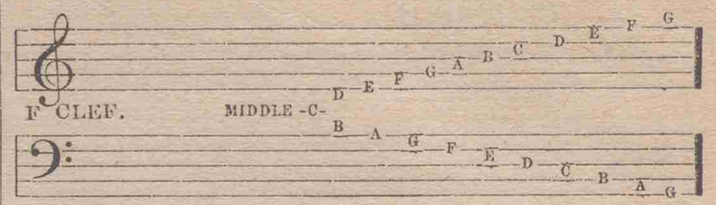
102. Q. *What does the F clef denote?*
A. That the pitches are so arranged as to fix middle C on the added line above.

103. Q. *What parts sing from the staff so arranged?*
A. The bass, and sometimes the tenor.

104. Q. *What does the C clef show?*
A. That the pitches are so arranged as to make the third space represent middle C.

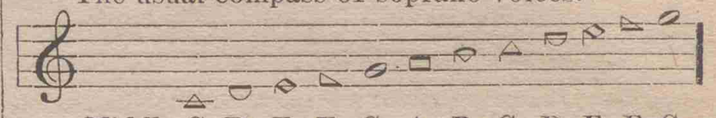
105. Q. *What part sings from the staff so arranged?*
A. The tenor.

POSITION OF LETTERS ON THE STAFF.



THE G, OR SOPRANO AND ALTO CLEF.

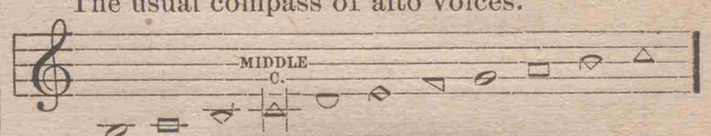
The usual compass of soprano voices.



Middle C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

THE G CLEF.

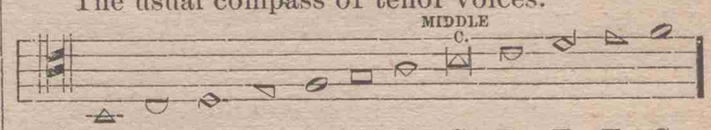
The usual compass of alto voices.



G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C.

THE C, OR TENOR CLEF.

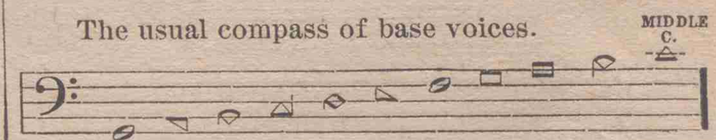
The usual compass of tenor voices.



C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

THE F, OR BASE CLEF.

The usual compass of base voices.



G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C.

Lesson VI.

106. Q. *What is an interval?*
A. The difference of pitch between two tones.

107. Q. *How many intervals have we in the major scale?*
A. Seven.

108. Q. *How many kinds of intervals in the scale, and what are they called?*
A. Two. Steps and half-steps.

109. Q. *How many steps have we in the scale?*
A. Five.

110. Q. *How many half-steps have we in the scale?*
A. Two.

111. Q. *Between what tones of the scale do we find half-steps?*
A. Mi and Fa, Ti and Do, or 3 and 4, 7 and 8.

112. Q. *Between what pitches are the half-steps?*
A. E and F, B and C.

113. Q. *Between all other tones of the scale, are what kind of intervals?*
A. Steps.

114. Q. *What other names are applied to intervals?*
A. Seconds, thirds, fourths, fifths, *etc.*

115. Q. *What is a major second?*
A. An interval as great as one step.

116. Q. *What is a minor second?*
A. An interval as small as one half-step.

117. Q. *What is a major third?*
A. An interval as great as two steps.

118. Q. *What is a minor third?*
A. An interval as great as one step and one half-step.

119. Q. *What are intermediate tones?*
A. Tones which occur between the regular tones of the scale.

120. Q. *What are the intermediate tones called?*
A. Chromatic tones.
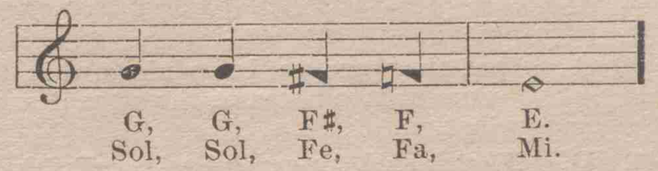
121. Q. *How are intermediate, or chromatic tones represented?*
A. By the aid of characters called sharps (♯), flats (♭), naturals (♮), double-sharps (𝄪), and double-flats (𝄫).

122. Q. *For what is a sharp (♯) used?*
A. To make a degree represent a tone a half-step higher.

123. Q. *For what is a flat (♭) used?*
A. To make a degree represent a tone a half-step lower.

124. Q. *For what is a natural (♮) used?*
A. To cancel the effect of a previous sharp or flat; that is, to make a sharped degree represent a tone a half-step lower, or to make a flatted degree represent a tone a half-step higher.

THE EFFECT OF A SHARP CANCELLED.



G, G, F♯, F, E.
Sol, Sol, Fe, Fa, Mi.

THE EFFECT OF A FLAT CANCELLED.



C, B♭, A, B, C.
Do, Ta, La, Ti, Do.

125. Q. *For what is a double-sharp (𝄪) used?*
A. To make a degree already sharped represent a tone a half-step higher.

126. Q. *For what is a double-flat (𝄫) used?*
A. To make a degree already flatted, represent a tone a half-step lower.

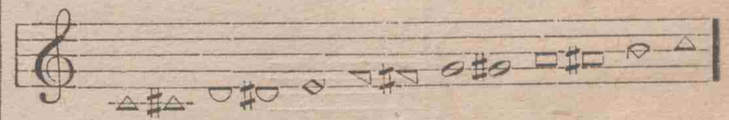
127. Q. *What is a chromatic scale?*
A. A scale in which all the intermediate and diatonic tones, occur in successive order.

128. Q. *How many tones are there in the chromatic scale?*
A. Thirteen.

129. Q. *How many intervals in the chromatic scale?*
A. Twelve intervals of a half-step each.

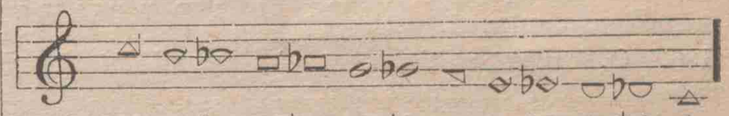
130. Q. *Why is this scale called chromatic?*
A. Because the intermediate tones were formerly written in colors.

CHROMATIC SCALE, ASCENDING.



Numerals. 1, ♯1, 2, ♯2, 3, 4, ♯4, 5, ♯5, 6, ♯6, 7, 8.
Permanent. C, C♯, D, D♯, E, F, F♯, G, G♯, A, A♯, B, C.
Syllables. Do, Di, Re, Ri, Mi, Fa, Fi, Sol, Si, La, Li, Ti, Do.
Pronoun'd. Doe, Dee, Ray, Ree, Mee, Fah, Fee, Sole, See, Lah, Lee, Tee, Doe.

CHROMATIC SCALE, DESCENDING.



Numerals. 8, 7, ♭7, 6, ♭6, 5, ♭5, 4, 3, ♭3, 2, ♭2, 1.
Permanent. C, B, B♭, A, A♭, G, G♭, F, E, E♭, D, D♭, C.
Syllables. Do, Ti, Ta, La, Le, Sol, Se, Fa, Mi, Me, Re, Ra, Do.
Pronoun'd. Doe, Dee, Tay, Lah, Lay, Sole, Say, Fah, Mee, May, Ray, Rah, Doe.
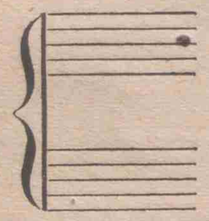
131. Q. *What are accidentals?*
A. Sharps, flats, or naturals, used throughout a composition for the purpose of introducing chromatic tones or a modulation.

132. Q. *What is the rule for their continuance?*
A. Accidentals continue their significance throughout the measure in which they occur, and affect only the degree upon which they are written.

Lesson VII.

133. Q. *What is a brace, and what does it indicate?*
A. A brace is a character used to connect two or more staffs, and generally indicates the number of parts which are to be performed simultaneously.

THE BRACE.

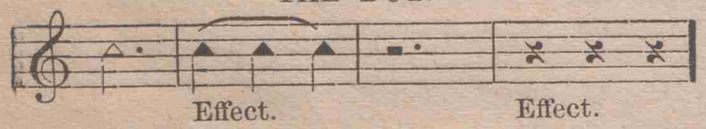


134. Q. *What do staffs form, when thus connected?*
A. A score.
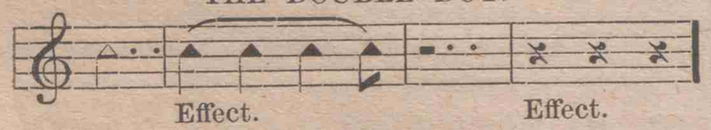
135. Q. *What is the effect of a dot placed after a note or rest?*
A. It adds one half to the rythmical value of the note or rest after which it is placed.

136. Q. *What is the effect of a second dot placed after a note or rest?*
A. The second dot adds one half to the value of the first dot.

THE DOT.



THE DOUBLE DOT.



137. Q. *What is a repeat, and what does it mean?*
A. A repeat is dots placed in the spaces of the staff, and shows that the passage is to be repeated.
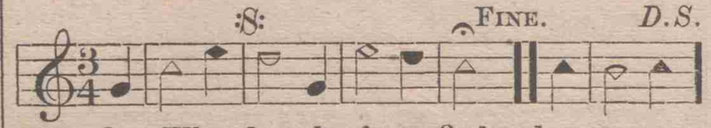
138. Q. *What does D.C. mean?*
A. Return to the beginning.

139. Q. *What does fine mean?*
A. The place to end after a D.C.



140. Q. *What does D.S. mean?*
A. Return to the sign (𝄋) to fine.

141. Q. *What does the hold, or pause, (𝄐) denote?*
A. That the tone indicated is to be prolonged at the option of the conductor.
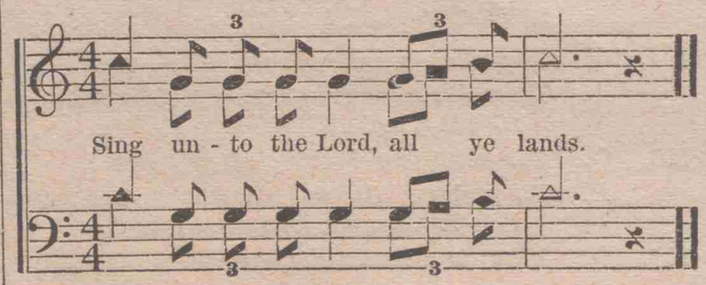


142. Q. *What does the figure 3 placed over or under three notes mean?*
A. That they are to be performed in the time of two notes of the same denomination.
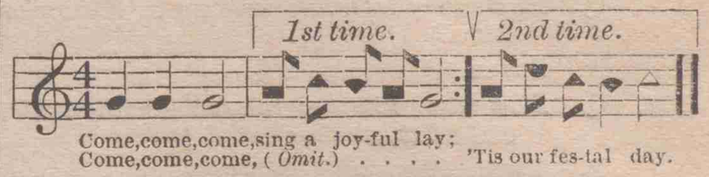
143. Q. *What is such a group of notes called?*
A. A triplet.

144. Q. *What is a unison passage?*
A. A passage in which two or more parts sing the same tones.

THE UNISON PASSAGE, AND TRIPLETS.
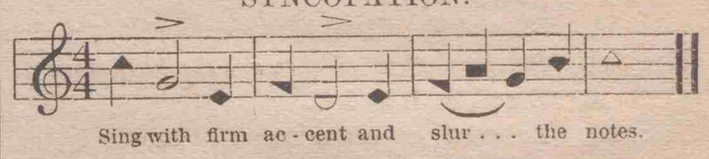


145. Q. *What is meant by the inclosed?*
1st time. | *2nd time.*
A. It has reference to the first and second endings, and in the repeat, omit 1st time, and pass to 2nd time, thus:



146. Q. *What is syncopation?*
A. Commencing on an unaccented beat and continuing it into the following cacented beat, thereby temporarily changing the usual accent.

SYNCOPATION.



Lesson VIII.

147. *What is a key?*
A. A family of tones bearing a certain fixed relationship to each other.

148. Q. *What is the difference between a scale and a key?*
A. A scale consists of eight successive tones, while a key has only seven, and may be used in any possible order.

149. Q. *What is a key tone?*
A. The tone from which all other tones are reckoned; the point of repose, or home tone.

150. Q. *What syllable is used for the key-note in major keys?*
A. The syllable Do.

151. Q. *What is a major key?*
A. One in which the interval from *one* to *three* is a major third, consisting of two steps.

152. Q. *How is a key or scale named?*
A. A key or scale is named from the letter that is taken as the key tone.

153. Q. *What is transposition?*
A. Singing or playing a scale, exercise, or tune, at a lower or higher pitch.

154. Q. *What is a signature?*
A. The sign by which a key is known or indicated.
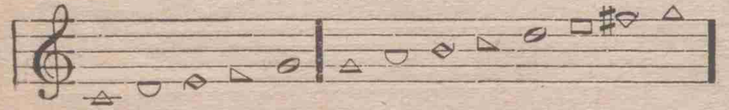
155. Q. *What is modulation?*
A. Passing from one key into another without changing the signature.

156. Q. *What is a very short modulation sometimes called?*
A. Transition.

157. Q. *How do sharps transpose the scale?*
A. By fifths.

158. Q. *What is meant by transposing the scale by fifths?*
A. Taking five of the old key for a key-note of the new key.

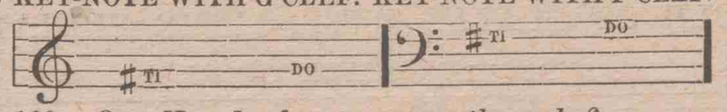
EXAMPLE.



1, 2, 3, 4, 5. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.
C, D, E, F, G. G, A, B, C, D, E, F♯, G.
Do,Re,Mi,Fa,Sol. Do,Re,Mi,Fa,Sol,La,Ti,Do.

159. Q. *What is the rule for finding the key-note?*
A. The syllable Ti or Si, occurs on the same degree occupied by the last or right hand sharp, and the key-note, Do, is always found the first degree above the last sharp.

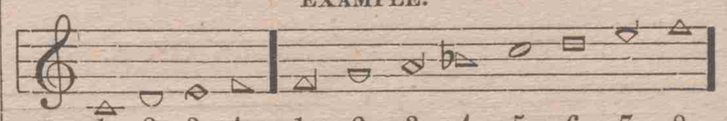
KEY-NOTE WITH G CLEF. KEY-NOTE WITH F CLEF.



160. Q. *How do flats transpose the scale?*
A. By fourths.

161. Q. *What is meant by transposing the scale by fourths?*
A. Taking four of the old key for a key-note of the new key.

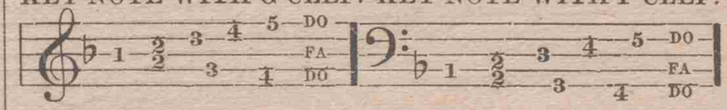
EXAMPLE.



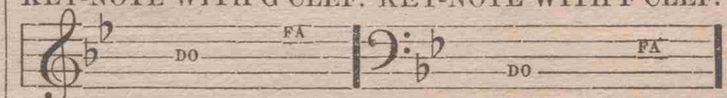
1, 2, 3, 4. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.
C, D, E, F. F, G, A, B♭, C, D, E, F.
Do,Re,Mi,Fa. Do, Re, Mi, Fa,Sol, La, Ti,Do.

162. Q. *What is the rule for finding the key-note?*
A. The syllable Fa always occurs on the same degree occupied by the last or right hand flat, and the key-note, Do, is found four degrees below, or five degrees above the last flat, counting the degree occupied by the flat; and when there are two or more flats the key note will be found on the same degree occupied by next to the last flat.

KEY-NOTE WITH G CLEF. KEY-NOTE WITH F CLEF.

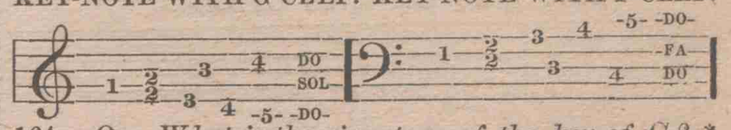


KEY-NOTE WITH G CLEF. KEY-NOTE WITH F CLEF.



163. Q. *What is the rule for finding the key-note when there are neither sharps nor flats?*
A. The key-note is found, in the G clef, five degrees below, or four degrees above the clef line, counting the clef line, and in the F clef, it will be found four degrees below or five degrees above the clef line, counting the clef line.

KEY-NOTE WITH G CLEF. KEY-NOTE WITH F CLEF.



164. Q. *What is the signature of the key of C?* *
A. The absence of sharps and flats, or all the degrees of the staff natural.

165. Q. *What is the signature of the key of G?*
A. One sharp; F♯.

166. Q. *What is the signature of the key of D?*
A. Two sharps; F♯ and C♯.

167. Q. *What is the signature of the key of A?*
A. Three sharps; F♯, C♯, and G♯.

168. Q. *What is the signature of the key of E?*
A. Four sharps; F♯, C♯, G♯, and D♯.

169. Q. *What is the signature of the key of B?*
A. Five sharps; F♯, C♯, G♯, D♯, and A♯.

170. Q. *What is the signature of the key of F♯?*
A. Six sharps; F♯, C♯, G♯, D♯, A♯, and E♯.

171. Q. *What is the signature of the key of F?*
A. One flat; B♭.

172. Q. *What is the signature of the key of B♭?*
A. Two flats; B♭, and E♭.

173. Q. *What is the signature of the key of E♭?*
A. Three flats; B♭, E♭, and A♭.

174. Q. *What is the signature of the key of A♭?*
A. Four flats; B♭, E♭, A♭, and D♭.

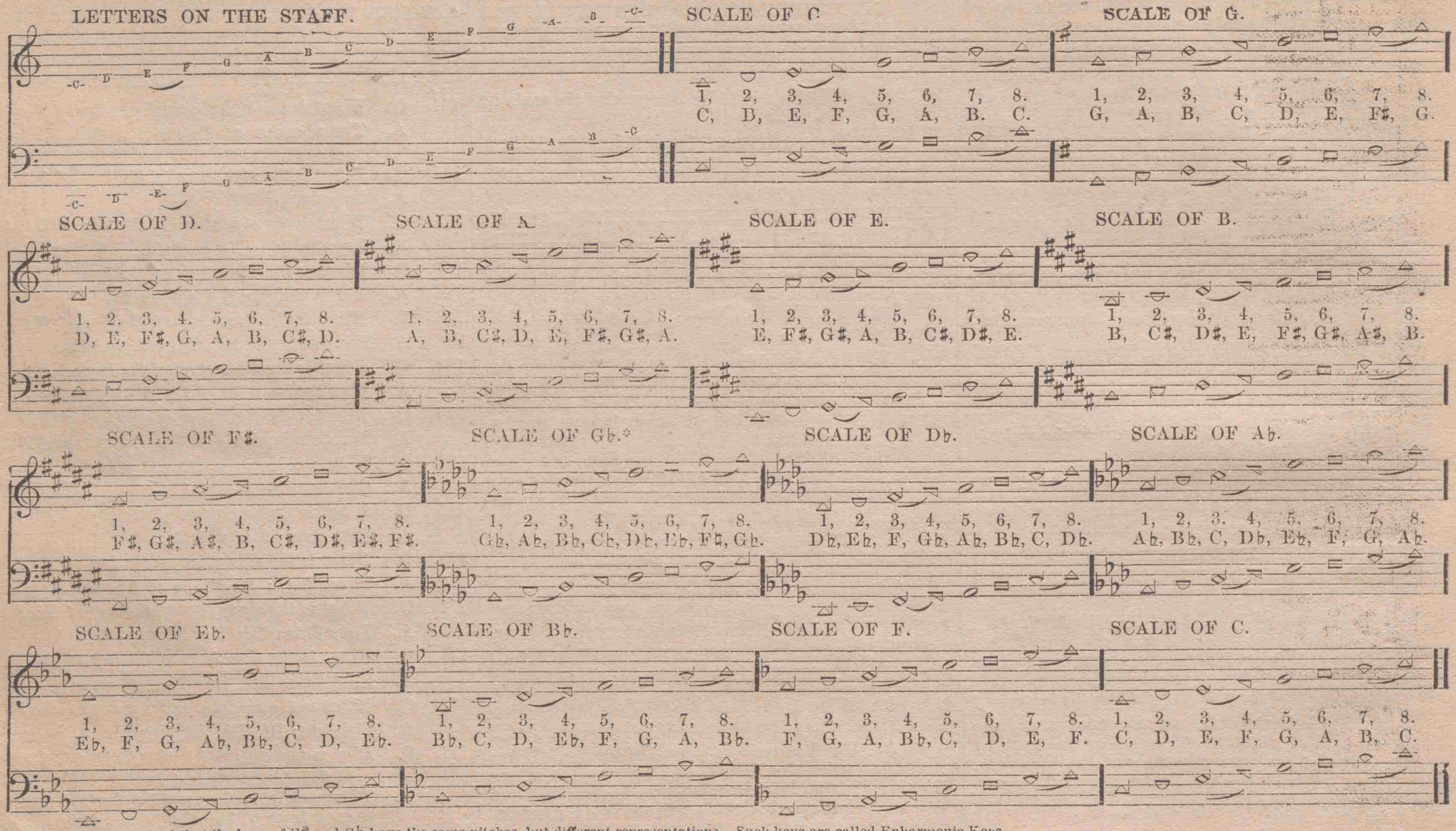
175. Q. *What is the signature of the key of D♭?*
A. Five flats; B♭, E♭, A♭, D♭, and G♭.

176. Q. *What is the signature of the key of G♭?*
A. Six flats; B♭, E♭, A♭, D♭, G♭, and C♭.

177. Q. *How many different major keys are there in general use?*
A. Thirteen; a scale may be formed upon each tone of the chromatic scale.

* See table of scales.

TABLE OF SCALES WITH THEIR SIGNATURES.



* It will be noticed that the keys of F♯ and G♭ have the same pitches, but different representations. Such keys are called Enharmonic Keys.

Lesson IX.

178. Q. *What is a minor scale?*
A. One in which the interval from one to three is a minor third, consisting of a step and a half-step.

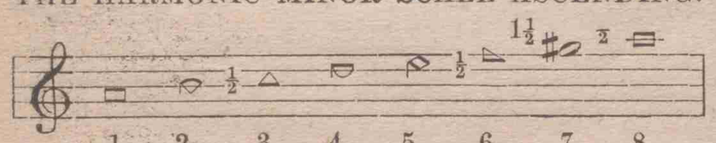
179. Q. *How many tones in the minor scale?*
A. Eight.

180. Q. *What syllable is used for the key-note in minor keys?*
A. The syllable, La.

181. Q. *What is the order of intervals in the minor scale?*
A. Steps (major seconds) must occur between 1 and 2, 3 and4, and 4 and 5; half-steps (minor seconds) must occur between 2 and 3; 5 and 6, and 7 and 8; while from 6 to 7 must be a step and a half-step, (an augmented second) and 7 of this form of the minor scale is always sharped.

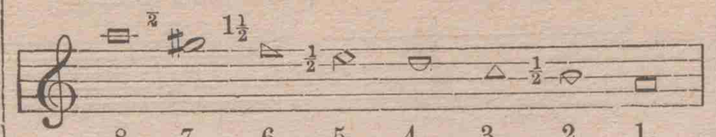
182. Q. *What is this form of the minor scale called?*
A. The harmonic minor scale.*

THE HARMONIC MINOR SCALE ASCENDING.



1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.
A, B, C, D, E, F, G♯, A.
La, Ti, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Si, La.

THE HARMONIC MINOR SCALE, DESCENDING.



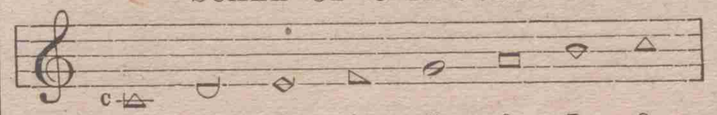
8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.
A, G♯, F, E, D, C, B, A.
La, Si, Fa, Mi, Re, Do, Ti, La.

183. Q. *What is meant by relative major and minor keys, or scales.*
A. Each major key has its relative minor key, and each minor key has its relative major key belonging to it, so called on account of the close relation the two keys bear to each other.

184. Q. *What is the rule for finding the key letter of the relative major and minor keys?*
A. Six of each major scale is taken as *one* of its relative minor scale, and three of each minor scale is taken as *one* of its relative major scale, both scales, or keys, have the same signature.

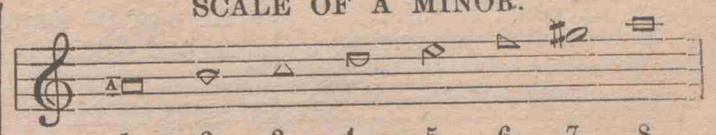
185. Q. *What is the relative minor to C major?*
A. A minor.

SCALE OF C MAJOR.



1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Ti, Do.

SCALE OF A MINOR.



1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.
La, Ti, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Si, La.

186. Q. *What is the relative minor to G major?*
A. E minor.

187. Q. *What is the relative minor to D major?*
A. B Minor.

188. Q. *What is the relative minor to A major?*
A. F♯ minor.

189. Q. *What is the relative minor to E major?*
A. C♯ minor.

190. Q. *What is the relative minor to B major?*
A. G♯ minor.

191. Q. *What is the relative minor to F♯ major?*
A. D♯ minor.

192. Q. *What is the relative minor to F major?*
A. D minor.

193. Q. *What is the relative minor to B♭ major?*
A. G minor.

194. Q. *What is the relative minor to E♭ major?*
A. C minor.
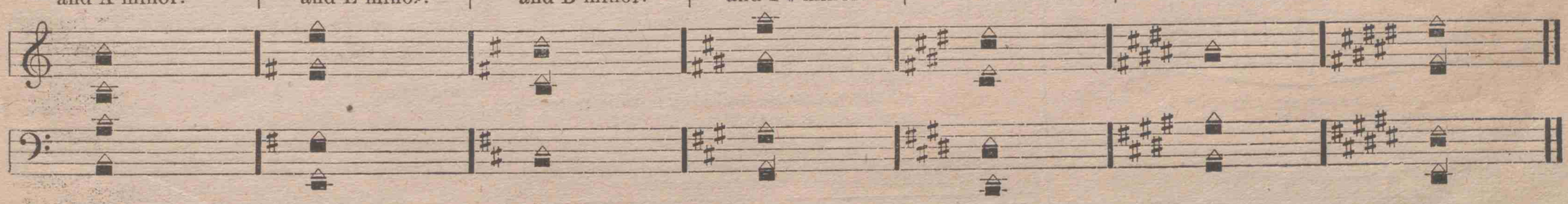
195. Q. *What is the relative minor to A♭ major?*
A. F minor.

196. Q. *What is the relative minor to D♭ major?*
A. B♭ minor.
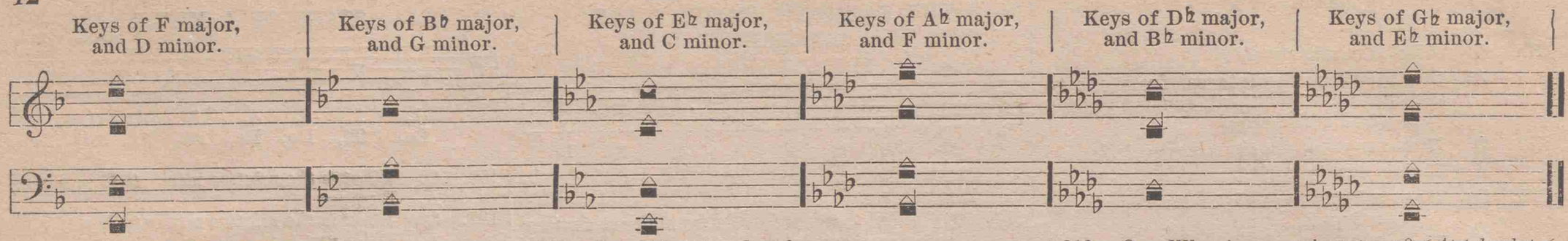
197. Q. *What is the relative minor to G♭ major?*
A. E♭ minor.

NOTE.—The following table will show at a glance the different keys, major and minor, with their signatures. The white notes represent *one*, or Do, of the major key; and the black notes represent *one*, or La, of the relative minor key.

Keys of C major, and A minor. | Keys of G major, and E minor. | Keys of D major, and B minor. | Keys of A major, and F♯ minor. | Keys of E major, and C♯ minor. | Keys of B major, and G♯ minor. | Keys of F♯ major, and D♯ minor.



*There are other forms of minor scale, but less frequently used; such as the natural and melodic forms of the minor scale.



LESSON X.

198. Q. *What do we understand by power of tones?*
A. The degree of stress or force used in their production.

199. Q. *How many degrees of power are there, and what are they called?*
A. Five: Pianissimo, or pp.; piano, or p.; mezzo, or m.; forte, or f.; and fortissimo, or ff.

200. Q. *What does pianissimo mean?*
A. Very soft; the first degree of power.

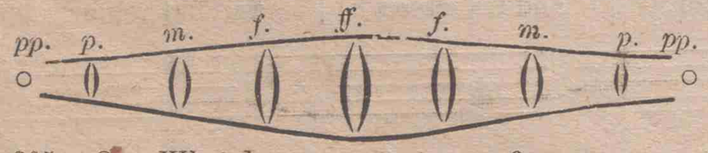
201. Q. *What does piano mean?*
A. Soft; the second degree of power.

202. Q. *What does mezzo mean?*
A. Medium; the third or middle degree of power.

203. Q. *What does forte mean?*
A. Loud; the fourth degree of power.

204. Q. *What does fortissimo mean?*
A. Very loud; the fifth degree of power.

THE FIVE POWERS REPRESENTED.



205. Q. *What does movement mean?*
A. The rate of speed at which a piece sounds best.

206. Q. *What is a solo?*
A. A piece of music written for a single voice, or instrument.

207. Q. *What is a duet?*
A. A composition for two voices, or instruments.

208. Q. *What is a trio?*
A. A composition for three voices or instruments.

209. Q. *What is a quartet?*
A. A composition for four voices, or instruments.

210. Q. *What is a quintet?*
A. A composition for five voices, or instruments.
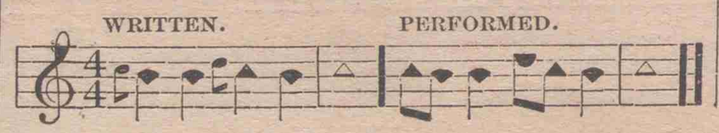
211. Q. *What are passing tones?**
A. Tones which are introduced for the purpose of enlivening or embellishing the melody, or giving it a greater degree of expression, but which do not form an essential part of the harmony.

PASSING TONES.
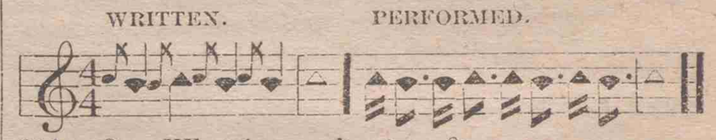


212. Q. *What is an appoggiatura? (Ap-pody-jä-toó-ra.)*
A. A passing tone, which precedes an essential tone on an accented pulse or beat of the measure, and is generally represented by a smaller note.

APPOGGIATURA.
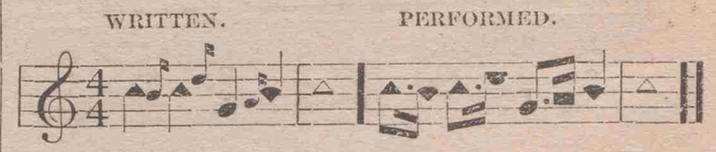


213. Q. *What is an acciaccatura? (At-tchack-to-rä.)*
A. A passing tone, a half-step above or below the tone to which it is prefixed, and is usually written with a dash across its hook.

ACCIACCATURA.



214. Q. *What is an after tone?*
A. A passing tone which follows an essential tone, on an unaccented pulse or beat of a measure.

AFTER TONE.



215. Q. *What is a trill?*
A. A tone sung or played in rapid succession with the one next above it.

THE TRILL. *(tr)*



216. Q. *What is a turn?*
A. A tone sung or played in rapid sucession with the tones next above and below it.

*Sometimes called grace notes.

THE TURN. (~)



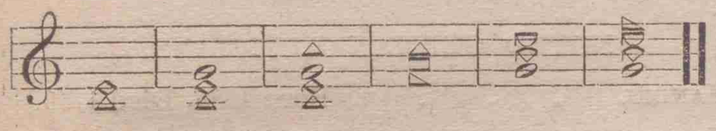
Lesson XI.

CHORDS AND HARMONY.

217. Q. *What is a chord?*

A. A combination of two or more tones or intervals given at the same time, so arranged as to produce an agreeable effect, thus making harmony.

CHORDS.



218. Q. *What is a triad?*

A. A chord composed of a fundamental or base tone, together with third and fifth.

219. Q. *What is meant by fundamental tone?*

A. The tone upon which the chord is founded.
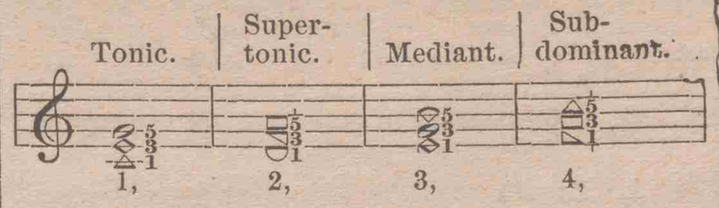
TRIADS.
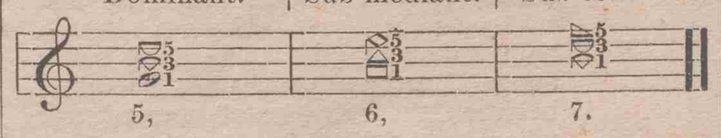


220. Q. *By what harmonical names are the tones of the scale known?*
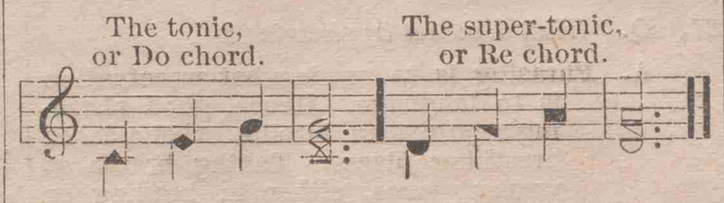
A. One of the scale is known by the name tonic; two, super-tonic; three, mediant; four, sub-dominant; five, dominant; six, sub-mediant; seven, sub-tonic or leading tone.

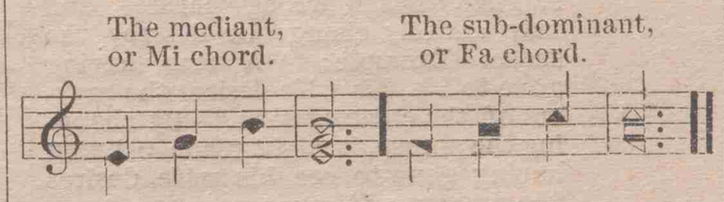
THE TRIAD CHORDS OF THE SCALE.

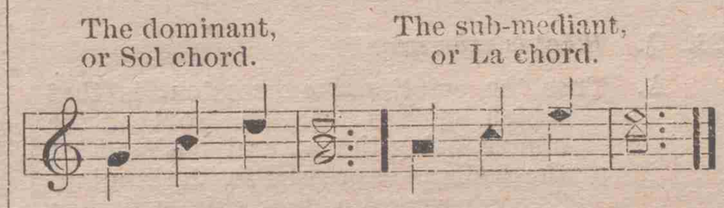


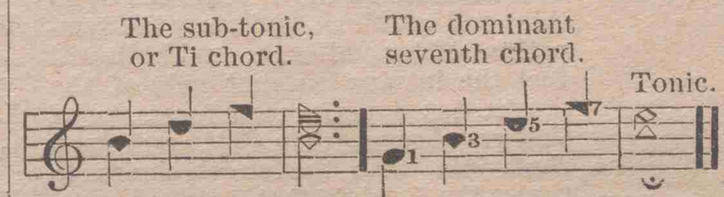


* Spell and pronounce all the chords of the scale.









* Singing each tone of the chord separately is called spelling the chord, and when sung together, it is called pronouncing the chord.

Lesson XII.

VOICE CULTURE.

221. Q. *What is the voice, and its formation in general?*

A. The voice is the sound which human beings have the faculty of producing with their own organs. The lungs and larynx are the principal agents of it. The lungs are something like sponges, that may be distended or compressed at pleasure by filling their cells with air and breathing it out again. This work is done by muscles (abdominal and intercostal) which lie under and at the sides of the lungs. The larynx (the outer projection of the larynx is known as "Adam's apple") is an arrangement of ligaments and muscles at the upper part of the windpipe (the tube which goes from the lungs to the mouth), which holds the most important part of the vocal apparatus. The first are two muscles which come together something like lips, and which may be opened or shut at pleasure. These muscles are called the "vocal chords," and the opening they make, the "glottis." Tones are produced by forcing the breath between these two lips when they are near together, and thus making them vibrate. It then passes into a small cavity called the pharynx, where it receives its musical quality; then into a larger one called the mouth, where it is perfected, and where it may be formed into words, *etc.*

NOTE.—The lungs hold about twelve pints of air in a person of ordinary size and health.

222. Q. *What should be the position of the singer while singing?*

A. The position of the body should be erect, yet without stiffness, the chin slightly elevated, the shoulders thrown back, in order to remove all hindrance to the action of the lungs, and the mouth must be opened in a free and natural manner.

223. Q. *How should we inhale and exhale the breath?*

A. We should inhale through the nose, and exhale through the mouth.

224. Q. *What exercise is recommended to strengthen the lungs, and help in controlling the breath?*

A. Inhale slowly, but forcibly, until the lungs are inflated to their utmost capacity; hold the breath as long as is convenient without closing the throat. (Let the mind keep hold, as it were, of the muscles at the waist.) Then exhale the breath slowly, but forcibly, until they are entirely empty. This should be practised daily.

NOTE. — The difficulty with most beginners, is the liability to let all the breath go at once, and, like a collapsed bellows, find themselves suddenly exhausted. Use as little breath as possible in singing. It is said that eminent singers use so little breath in singing, that the flame of a lighted candle, placed before the mouth, will scarcely waver.

225. Q. *How should we pronounce words in singing?*

A. Words in singing should generally be pronounced the same as in speaking, except that the vowel sounds are often prolonged, while the consonant elements must be attacked with clearness and precision.

NOTE. — Good pronunciation, articulation, *etc.*, should carefully be observed by the singer. Do not run words together by joining the last element of a word to the first element of the following word, or many bad effects may be produced. Example: Do not say, "The soldier's steer" for "The soldier's tear"; "Glorious soap" for "Glorious hope"; "Let us snou" for "Let us now," *etc.*

226. Q. *What are the most general rules in regard to breathing places?*

A. Breath may be taken at punctuation marks, rests, at the end of musical phrases, after emphatic words, and wherever the words will permit breath to be taken, if read instead of being sung. But breath must not be taken between the syllables of a word, nor where it would be improper to breathe, if the words were read instead of being sung.

227. Q. *What is meant by phrasing?*

A. Phrasing is to music what punctuation is to language. Hence, good phrasing requires an intelligent choice of breathing places. Taking breath at wrong places, either in reading or singing, makes wrong phrases, and may entirely change or destroy the sense. Example: "A man having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation." By changing the phrase, it might read: "A man having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation."

228. Q. *What is expression?*

A. True, or emotional expression, is that which springs from the soul of the singer, being the natural outburst of the feelings expressed in the singing. The singer who does this, will then communicate to the listener his symthies and emotions, and sway the sympathies of his audience; and both will feel the inspiration, not only of the music, but experience a foretaste of that grand song, when all the redeemed shall join with the angel choirs to praise the Lord in that land of song, where praise shall be forever!

NOTE 1. — Aim not so much to produce power as breadth and volume of tone.

NOTE 2. — Cautious and persistent practice has made more good singers than constant battling with theory.

NOTE. 3. — "The characteristics of a well-formed voice," says a popular teacher of singing, "are clearness, purity, fulness, sweetness, a ringing quality, with warmth, breadth, and richness."

NOTE 4. — The tones of the human voice are universally admitted to possess more charm than any other musical sounds.

GREAT MUSICIANS.

NOTED GERMAN MUSICIANS.

HANDEL	Born 1685,	Died 1759.
MOZART	" 1756,	" 1791.
HAYDN	" 1732,	" 1809.
BEETHOVEN	" 1770,	" 1827.
WEBER	" 1786,	" 1826.

FAMOUS ENGLISH COMPOSERS.

BISHOP	Born 1782,	Died 1855.
SULLIVAN	" 1842.	
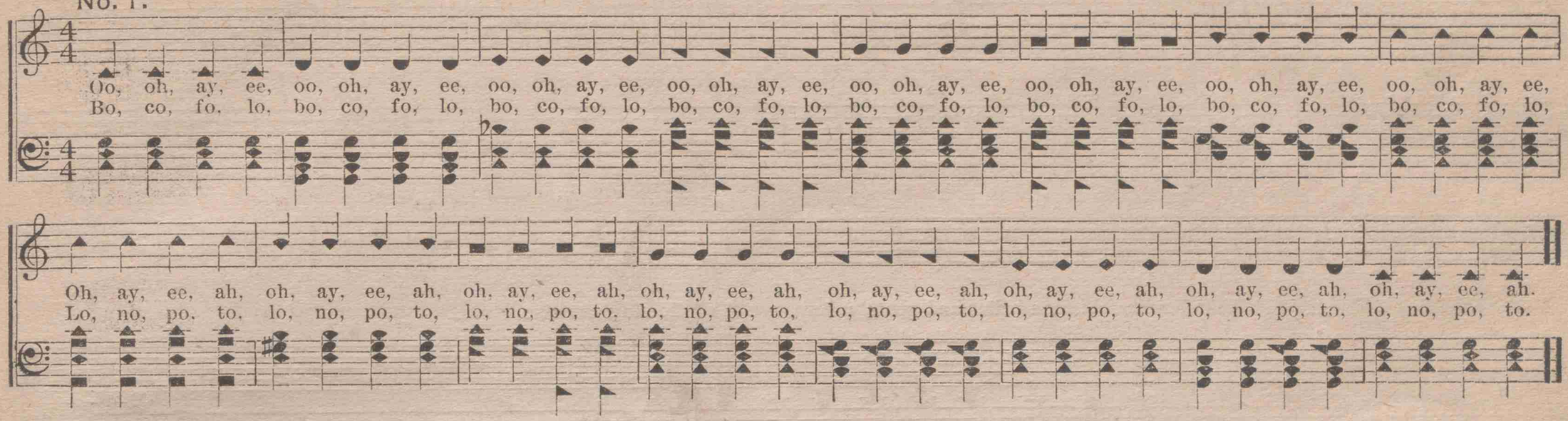
NOTED AMERICAN TEACHERS, REFORMERS AND MUSICIANS.

LOWELL MASON	Born 1792,	Died 1872.
WM. B. BRADBURY	" 1816,	" 1868.
THOS. HASTINGS	" 1784,	" 1872.
I. B. WOODBURY	" 1819,	" 1858.
G. F. ROOT	" 1820.	
H. R. PALMER	" 1834.	

VOICE CULTURE.

The following scale exercise can be used for various purposes, such as pronunciation. articulation in vowels, and consonant elements, etc. Make different combinations.

No. 1.



EXERCISES FOR FLEXIBILITY. TRANSPOSE TO OTHER KEYS.

Sing first with syllables, then with "ah." Also other vowels.

No. 2.



No. 3.
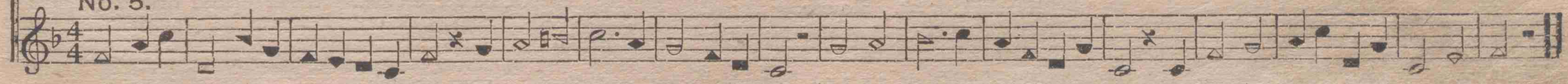


BREATHING EXERCISE. TRANSPOSE TO OTHER KEYS.

No. 4.

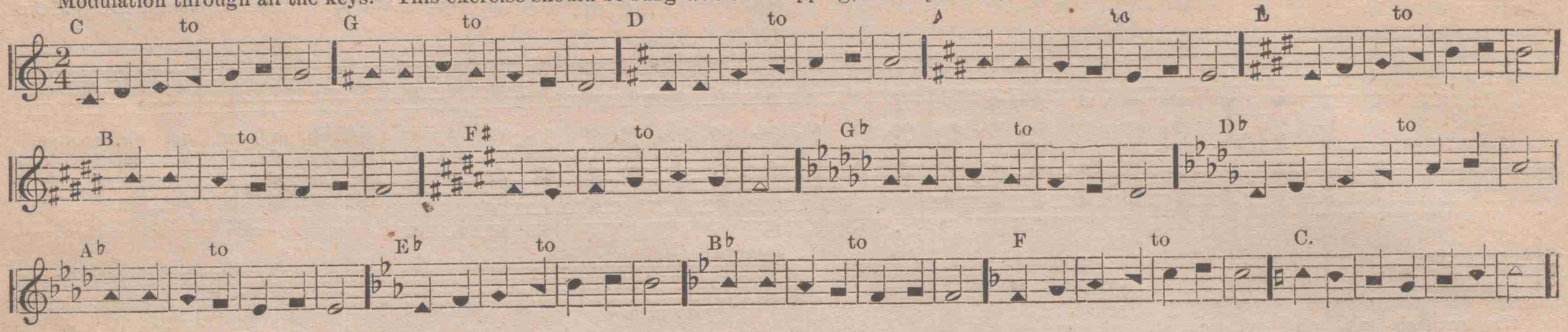


PHRASING.
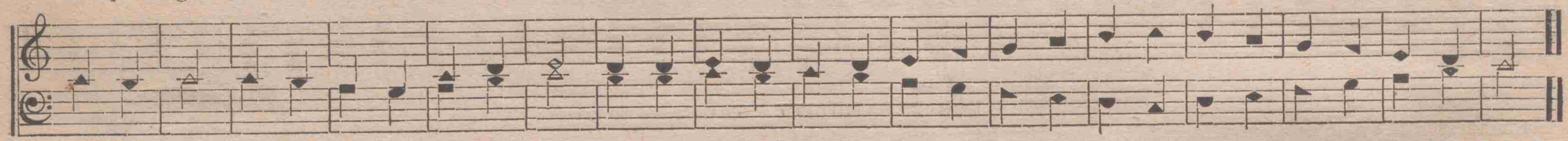
No. 5.



Modulation through all the keys. This exercise should be sung without stopping, with syllables, and la.



In explaining middle C, and the difference between ladies and gents' voices, use the following exercise.



DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS.

ANDANTE, (ăn-dän′-tā). A slow and gentle movement.

ALLEGRO, (al-lay′-gro). A fast and cheerful movement.

ALLEGRETTO, (al-le-gra′-to). Not so fast as allegro.

AD LIBITUM, (ad-lib′-i-tum). At pleasure.

ACCELERANDO. Gradually faster and faster.

A TEMPO. In time.

ADAGIO. Very slow.

BIS. Sing the passage twice.

CRESCENDO, (cres-shen′-do), or *cres.*, or <. Increasing in power.

CON SPIRITO. With spirit.

DIMINUENDO, or *dim.*, or >. Diminishing in power.

DOLCE. Soft, sweet, delicate.

ESPRESSIVO. With expression.

LARGO. Slow.

LEGATO. Connected style.

MAESTOSO, (mä-es-to′-zō). Majestic; with dignity.

MARCATO. In a marked or pointed style.

MODERATO. In moderate time.

OBLIGATO. A solo part accompanied by other voices.

PORTAMENTO. A gentle gliding of the voice from one pitch to another.

PRESTO. Quick.

RITARD, or *rit.* Slower.

SFORZANDO, (sfort-zan-do). Or >, With strong force, explosive.

STACCATO, or ••••. Detached, short and distinct.

SEMI-STACCATO, or ••••. Not so short as staccato.

SWELL, or < >. Increasing and diminishing in power.

TUTTI. Full chorus.

THE. Pronounced *thee* when it precedes a word beginning with a vowel. When it precedes a word commencing with a consonant, the right pronunciation may be found by commencing the word *thus*, and stopping just before *s*. "The earth is thu- Lord's."

VIVACE. Quick and cheerful.

OCTAVA, or 8va. When placed over the notes means that they are to be played an octave higher than written. When placed below the notes they should be played an octave lower than written.

THE
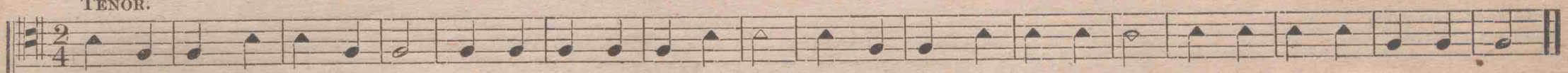
SINGING SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

GREETING.

Explain key of C, brace, clefs, double measure, quarter and half notes, also the close.
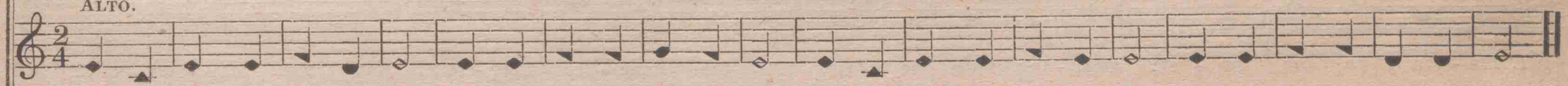
J. H. HALL.

TENOR.
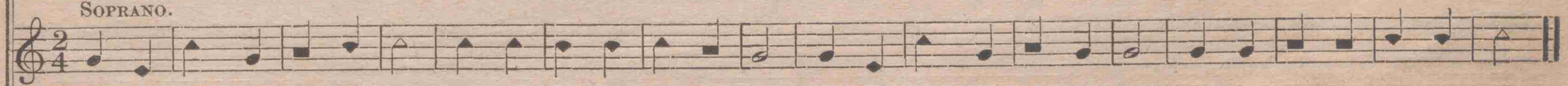


Wel-come, wel-come one and all, To this mer-ry fes-tal hall, Sing-ing songs of mer-ry glee, We are hap-py, glad and free.

ALTO.



Sing-ing, Sing-ing all day long, Now this tune and now this song; Mu-sic ring-ing clear and sweet, Thro' the halls where'er we meet.

SOPRANO.



Oh, the joy of mu-sic sweet, When to-geth-er friends we greet: Care is ban-ished from the place; Glad-ness beams in ev-ry face.
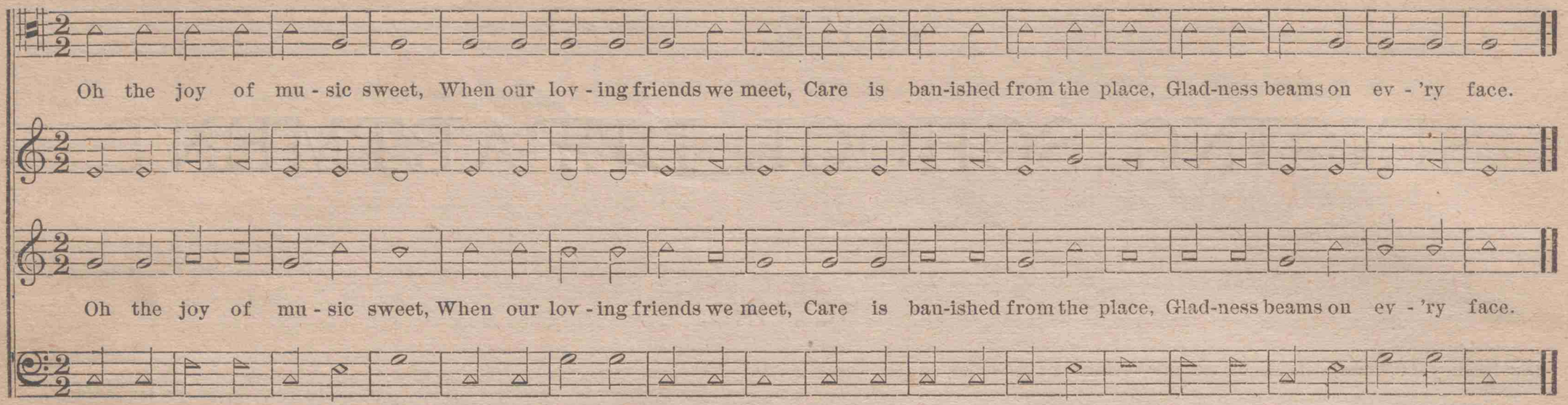
BASS.



"HAMMON."

Explain whole note.

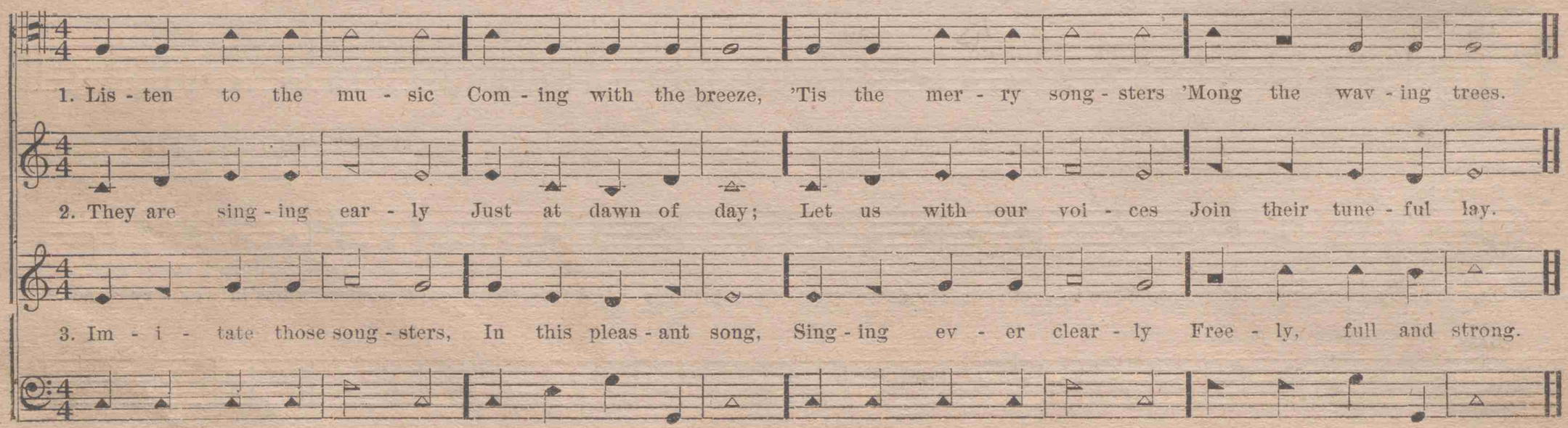
J. H. RUEBUSH.



LISTEN TO THE MUSIC.

Explain quadruple measure.

J. H. HALL.



THE QUIET MIND.

J. R. ROSECRANS.

Explain broad bar, dotted half note, commencing and ending with a fractional part of a measure, also the writing of two parts on one staff.

1. Though low my lot, my wish is won, My hopes and fears are stayed; All I thought life would do is done; The last re-quest is made.
2. And come what will of care or woe, As some must come to all, I'll wish not that they were not so, Nor mourn that they be - fall.
3. When friends de - part, as part we must, And love's true joys de - cay, That leave us like the sum-mer dust Which whirlwinds puff a - way;

If I have foes, no foes I'll fear; To God I live re - signed; I have a friend I val - ue here, And that's a qui - et mind.
If tears of sor - row start at will, They're com-forts in their kind; And I am blest, If with me still Re - mains a qui - et mind.

While life's al - lot - ted time I brave, Though left the last be - hind; A prop and friend I still will have If I've a qui - et mind.

SWELL THE ANTHEM.

NATHAN STRONG, D. D.

J. H. HALL.

1. Swell the an-them, raise the song; Prais-es to our God be-long; Saints and an - gels join to sing, Prais - es to our heavenly King.
2. Bless-ings from His lib - 'ral hand, Flow throughout this hap - py land; Kept by Him, no foes an - noy; Peace and free-dom we en - joy.
3. Now the voice of na - ture sings, Prais-es to the King of kings, Let us join the cho - ral song, And the grate-ful notes pro-long.

SPEAK GENTLY.

J. S. WILCOXSON.

J. H. HALL.

Explain triple measure.

1. Speak gent - ly to him who in er - ror you see, You know not how great the temp - ta - tion may be;
2. Speak gent - ly to oth - ers and do not for - get, Thy broth - er may turn from his sin - ful - ness yet;
3. Speak gent - ly, his moth - er is striv - ing to win, His fa - ther is try - ing to lead him from sin;

You know not the ef - fort, how earn - est and well, Till yield - ing to weak - ness he stum - bled and fell.
Al - though he has stum - bled and fall - en from grace, Have pa - tience and help him to win in the race.
Re - mem - ber your - self and how sin - ful you be, And deal with the err - ing as God deals with thee.

SUMMER DAYS ARE COMING.

KATE CAMERON.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

Explain eighth notes, and sharp four.

Lively.

1. Sum - mer days are com - ing, All is bright and fair; Birds and bees are hum - ming Through the fra - grant air.
2. Na - ture sweet - ly smil - ing, Bids our sor - rows cease: And from care be - guil - ing, Fills our hearts with peace.
3. Wel - come then, fair sum - mer, In thy robes of green: Wel - come thou, new com - er, Thou shalt be our queen.

Earth is clad in splen - dor Fresh as E - den's bowers; And a ha - lo ten - der, Crowns these ear - ly hours.
What tho' toil and troub - le May our hearts an - noy? Pleas - ures ought to doub - le, With the sum - mer's joy.
And like sub - jects loy - al, Glad - ly we'll o - bey, Till to Au - tumn roy - al, Thou shalt yield thy sway.

HE KNOWETH BEST.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. Frank M. Davis.

1. While here be-low, we may not know, Why wea-ry days of pain are sent; But we can hush our hearts to rest with the sweet words, "He know-eth best."
2. For why hopes bright have pass-ed from sight Is not re-vealed to us yet; But pa-tience waits till ope the gates where we shall see "He know-eth best."
3. With ten - der care He hears our pray'r, And gives our spir-its calm re - pose—To trust in Him is His be - hest, And rest as-sured He "know-eth best."

OH, THIS SOUL.

Explain the slur; also that the connecting of the stems of eighth notes is equivalent to a slur.

J. H. Hall.

1. Oh, this soul, how dark and blind! Oh! this fool - ish earth - ly mind! Oh, this for-ward, sel - fish will, Which re - fus - es to be still.
2. Oh, these ev - er roam-ing eyes, Up-ward that re - fuse to rise! Oh, these way-ward feet of mine, Found in ev - 'ry path but Thine.
3. Giv - er of the heavenly peace! Bid, oh, bid these tu-mults cease; Min-is - ter Thy ho - ly balm; Fill me with Thy Spir-it calm.

TWILIGHT IS FALLING.

A. S. KIEFFER.

B. C. UNSELD.

Explain key of G and D.S.

Andantino.

:S:

1. Twi - light is steal - ing O - ver the sea, Shad - ows are fall - ing Dark on the lea; Borne on the night-winds, Voi - ces of yore,
2. Voi - ces 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,
3. Come in the twi - light, Come come to me! Bring - ing some mes - sage O - ver the sea, Cheer - ing my path - way While here I roam,

D.S.—Gleameth a man - sion fill'd with de-light.

D.S.

FINE. *f* CHORUS.

Come from the far - off shore.
Seek - ing that far - off home.
Seek - ing that far - off home.

Far a - way be - yond the star - lit skies, Where the love - light nev - er, nev - er dies,

Sweet hap - py home, so bright!

SEE THE FLAKES OF FLEECY SNOW.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.

Allegro.

1. See the flakes of flee - cy snow Fall-ing on the whiten'd earth be - low; Fall - ing, fall-ing, fall - ing slow, Fall-ing on the whiten'd earth be-low.
2. See the flakes of snow come down; Earth is put-ting on her roy - al crown; Roy - al, roy - al, roy - al crown, Earth is put-ting on her roy - al crown.
3. Let us to the hills a - way; This is not the time at home to stay; Haste we, haste we, hast a - way, Haste we to the hills a way, a - way.

See the flakes of flee - cy snow Fall - ing on the earth be - low; Fall - ing, fall - ing, fall - ing slow, Fall - ing on the whiten'd earth be - low.

SWEET SABBATH OF THE YEAR.

J. H. Hall.

Explain the Key of D.

1. Sweet sab - bath of the year, While even-ing shades de - cay, Thy part-ing steps me - thinks I hear, Steal from the world a - way.
2. A - long thy sun - set skies, Their glo-ries melt in shade, And like the things we fond - ly prize, Seem love - lier as they fade.
3. Thy scene each vis - ion brings Of beau - ty and de - cay, Of fair and ear - ly fad - ed things, Too ex - qui - site to stay.
4. Of joys that come no more, Of flow'rs whose bloom is fled, Of fare-wells wept up - on the shore, Of friends estranged or dead.
5. Of all that now may seem, To mem - ry's tear - ful eye, The van-ished beau - ty of a dream, For which we gaze and sigh.

SPRING IS COMING.

D. Wilson. By per.

Explain D. C.

Fine.

1. Spring is com - ing, spring is com-ing, Don't you hear it in the rills? Trip-ping gai - ly o'er the val - ley, Fly - ing o'er the sun - ny hills.
2. Spring is com - ing, spring is com-ing, Ti - ny leaf - lets ven-ture out; Torrents that for months have slumber'd, Has-ten sea-ward with a shout.
3. Spring is com-ing, spring is com - ing, Joy - ous beats the pulse of life; Wear-y ones al-most de-spond-ing, Start a - new to meet the strife.

D.C. with first verse.

Na - ture leaps to meet her com-ing, With her teem-ing, bab'ling throng, Gladsome spring, with joy we greet thee, With the cheer-ful voice of song.
Wan-ton breez-es kiss the flow-ers, But - ter - flies are on the wing, Birds have set the day to mar - ry, And in - vit - ed guests to sing.

Na-ture's bos - om throbs with pleasure, Spring has set her cap-tives free, Earth with all her teem-ing mill-ions, Chants the song of ju - bi - lee.

MY OLD COTTAGE HOME.

Explain key of A.

R. A. G.

R. A. Glenn, by per.

1. I am think - ing to-night of my old cot-tage home, That stands on the brow of the hill, Where in life's ear - ly morn - ing I
2. Ma - ny years have gone by since in pray'r there I knelt, With dear ones a-round the old hearth; But my moth - er's sweet pray'rs in my
3. One by one they have gone from the old cot - tage home, On earth I shall meet them no more; But with them I shall meet 'round the

Chorus.

once loved to roam, But now all is qui - et and still.
heart still are felt, I'll treas - ure them up while on earth.
beau - ti - ful throne, Where part - ing will come nev - er more.

Oh, my old cot - tage home, That
Oh, my old cot - tage home, cot - tage home, That

stands on the brow of the hill, Where in life's ear - ly morn - ing I once lov'd to roam, But now all is qui - et and still.

stands on the brow of the hill, of the hill, Where in life's ear - ly morn - ing I once lov'd to roam, But now all is qui - et and still.

Explain Key of E.

A. S. KIEFFER.

Moderato.

1. Twin'd with ev - 'ry earth-ly tie, Mem-'ries sweet that can - not die, Breathing still where'er we roam, Moth-er, childhood, friends and home.

2. Oth - er climes may charm a - while, Oth - er eyes in beau - ty smile, Yet we mur-mur as we roam, Moth-er, childhood, friends and home.

Green the gar - den where we play'd, Dear the old fa - mil - iar shade, In our dreams how oft they come, Moth-er, childhood, friends and home.

All of joy we fond - ly prize, Twin'd with all our fond - est ties; Sa - cred still where'er we roam, Moth-er, childhood, friends and home.

AS WE MEASURE.

ALICE CARY.

J. H. RUEBUSH.

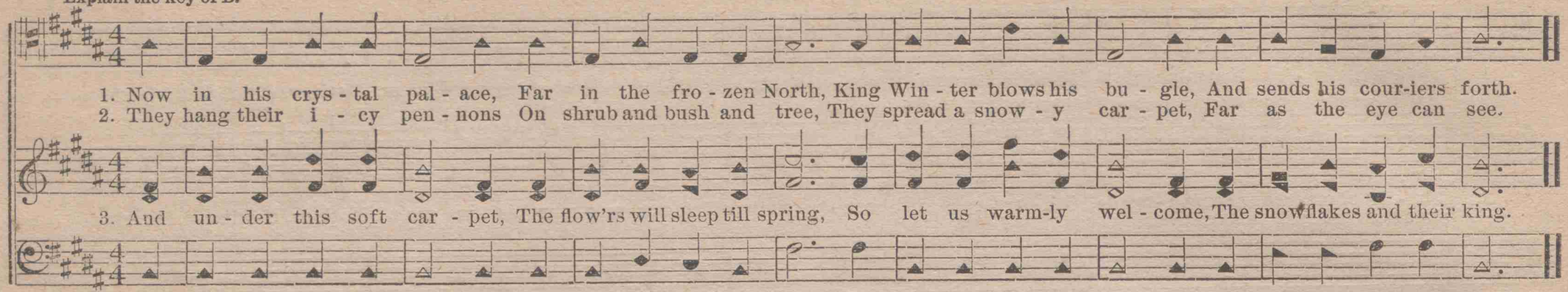
1. Do not look for wrong or e - vil, You will find them if you do, As you meas - ure for your neighbor, He will measure back to you.

2. Look for goodness look for gladness, You will meet them all the while, If you bring a smil-ing vis - age To the glass you meet a smile.

KING WINTER.

Explain the key of B.

E. FRANCES.

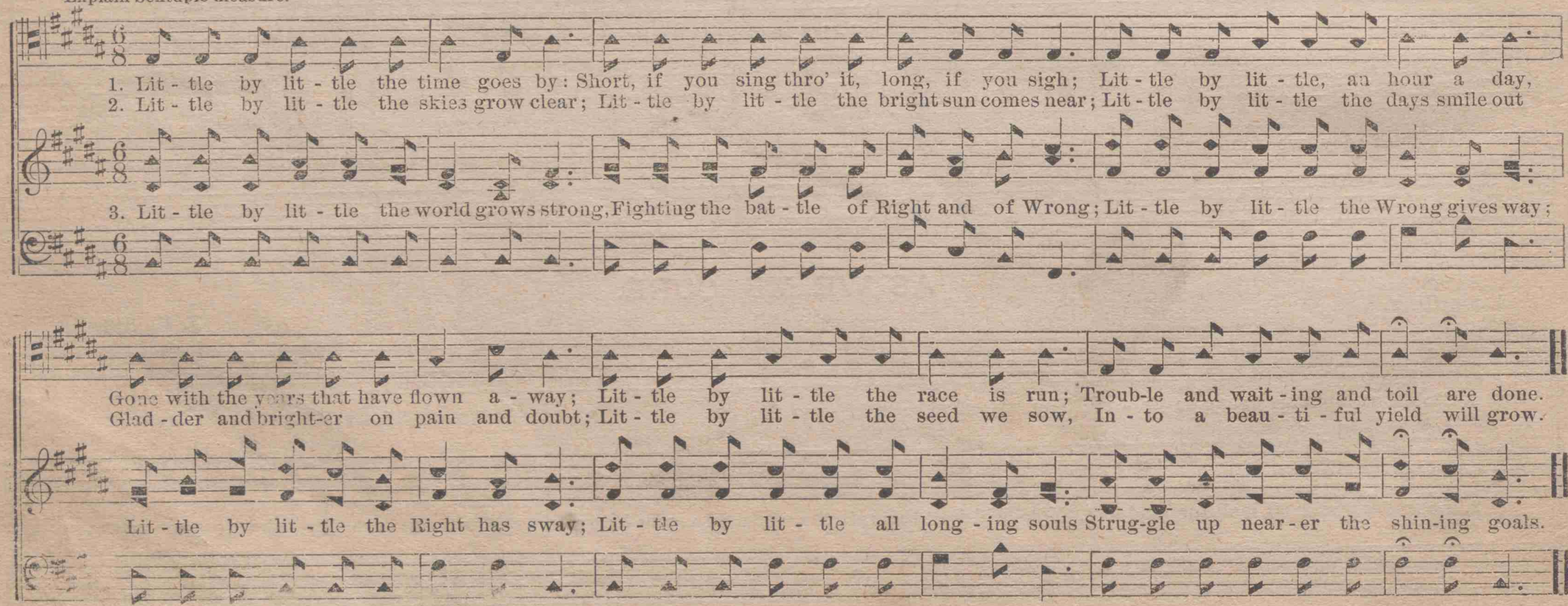


LITTLE BY LITTLE.

LEON HERBERT.

Explain Sextuple measure.

JAS. H. RUEBUSH.



MERRILY ON.

A. S. KEIFFER.

Explain key of F♯.

1. Oh swift we go o'er the flee - cy snow, When moonbeams sparkle 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 light, 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 sparkling track below.

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

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

MY VALLEY HOME.

E. FRANCES.

1. I know a sweet val - ley where bright wa - ters play; Where ev'n - ing is bright - er and mild - er the day.
2. There stands a neat cot - tage with woodbine en - twin'd; And sweet hon - ey - suck - les and flow'rs to my mind.
3. There peace dwells with free - dom, there foes are not feared; There child-hood is cher - ished, and age is re - vered.

WINTER'S GONE.

J. H. Hall.

Explain key of F.

1. Win - ter's gone, win - ter's gone, Love - ly spring-time hast - ens on, Birds will sing, birds will sing Sweet - est songs of spring.

2. Ev - 'ry breeze, ev - 'ry breeze, Flit-ting thro' the for - est trees, Bring - eth bloom, bring - eth bloom, From cold win - ter's gloom.

EVENING BELLS.

J. H. T.

A. S. Kieffer.

Gently.

1. Peal - ing slow, soft and low, Eve-ning bells, swing to and fro; Once a - gain, your re - frain Wak-ens dreams of long a - go.
2. How you tell, as you dwell, Of the friends once loved so well; But who, keep slum-ber deep, In yon qui - et church-yard dell.
3. Eyes once bright, hearts once light, Greet no more the soft twi-light, As ye chime, keep-ing time, to the foot - steps of the night.
4. Here a - lone, here a - lone I sit list - 'ning to your tone, Dream-ing dreams, pen-sive dreams, Of the days whose lights have flown.

Chorus.

Eve - ning bells, eve - ning bells, What a tale your mu - sic tells, As ye chime, keep - ing time To the mu - sic of life's rhyme.

Eve - ning bells, eve - ning bells, What a tale your mu - sic tells, As ye chime, keep - ing time To the mu - sic of life's rhyme.

Explain key of B♭

1. Queen of ev - ry meas - ure, Sweet - est, pure - est joy, Mu - sic source of pleas - ure, Now thy pow'r em - ploy—
2. Thou canst still the throb - bing Hearts of those who mourn, Thou canst cheer the ab - sent, If thy pow'r they learn.

Not a - lone for smil - ing Guests at nup - tial feasts, But with leni - ent num - bers, Thou dost soothe our griefs.
Soft - ly Thou dost whis - per To the heart of pain, All pos - sess a treas - ure, If thy pow'r they gain.

PASSING HOURS.

A. S. K. A. S. Kieffer.

m *p* *m* *forte.* *ritard.*

1. Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er-more, Pass - ing hours, come a - gain, Gone for - ev - er, gone are they, Wish - ing is in vain.
2. Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py now, Hours flow on, hours flow on, Com-ing, go - ing, night and day, Soon they're past and gone.
3. Mo-ments pass us un - im-proved, Glid-ing by, glid - ing by, Which we nev - er can re - call, Tho' for them we sigh.
4. Let us then each hour im-prove, While we stray thro' life's way, So that we at last may gain Heav - en's end - less day.

IN OUR LITTLE BOAT.

J. H. Hall.

Explain key of E♭, the unison passage, the whole and half rests.

1. In our lit - tle boat we glide. Soft the breez-es blow, Rock-ing, Rock - ing to and fro.
2. Wa - ter - lil - lies by our side, As we wan - der by, Rock-ing, Home - ward by and by.
3. In our lit - tle boat we glide, While the breez - es blow, Rock-ing, Home-ward by and by.

Rocking

SHE IS SLEEPING.

Chas. Edw. Pollock.

Mrs. Underwood.

1. She is sleep - ing, calmly sleep - ing, In a new - made grave to - day; We are weep - ing, sad-ly weep - ing, For the dar - ling gone away.
2. She is sing - ing, sweetly sing - ing, In the par - a - dise a-bove, Where celes - tial courts are ring - ing With the mel - o - dy of love.
3. She is bloom - ing, brightly blooming, 'Mid the fair - est flowers of light, In the gar - den of sweet E - den Where the flow - ers never blight.
4. She is wait - ing, ev - er wait - ing, For the friends she loved the best, And she'll glad - ly hail their com - ing, To the man - sions of the blest.

One by one the gen-tle Shepherd Gathers lambs from ev-'ry fold, Folds them to His lov-ing bo - som With a ten - der-ness un-told.
One by one the Saviour gathers Earthly min - strels for His own, And our Maud has joined the cho-rus Of the an-gels round the throne.
One by one the Fa-ther gathers Choicest flow - ers, rich and rare, And transplants them in His gar - den; They will bloom for-ev-er there.
One by one the Lord will call us, As our la - bor here is done; And then as we cross the riv - er, We may meet her one by one.

Explain key of Ab.

1. Win - ter hours are glid - ing fast, The spring will soon be here; The groves with mu - sic will re-sound, The wa - ters spark-le clear.
2. Sweet in - deed the gen - tle spring, When earth is rob'd in flow'rs; And beau - ti - ful the sum - mer day, With all it's leaf - y bow'rs.
3. Win - ter has a charm for me, With robes of dazzling white; How brightly shines on ev - 'ry side, The moon's pale sil - ver light.

TOUCH US GENTLY, TIME.

E. O. Lyte.

1. In the spring of ear - ly years, Touch us gen - tly, gen - tly, Time; With its bud - ding hopes and fears, Touch us gen - tly, Time.
2. In the au-tumns's lone - ly grief, Touch us gen - tly, gen - tly, Time; Fad - ing light and fall - ing leaves, Touch us gen - tly, Time.
3. Twilight shad - ows o'er us creep, Touch us gent - ly, gen - tly, Time; We are wea - ry, let us sleep; Touch us gen - tly, Time.

Chorus.

Repeat pp after last verse.

Touch us gen - tly, gen - tly Time; Touch us gen - tly, gen - tly, Time; Touch us gen - tly, gen - tly, Time; Touch us gen - tly, gent - ly, Time.

Gen - tly, gen - tly, Touch us gen - tly, gen - tly, Time; Gen - tly, gen - tly, Touch us gen - tly, gen - tly, Time.
Touch us gen - tly, gen - tly, Time; Touch us gen - tly, Touch us gently, Time; Touch us gen - tly, gen - tly, Time; Touch us gen - tly, Time.

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

J. H. HALL.

Explain key of D♭.

1. By the mountain stream, Where it bubbles all day In its rough and rocky bed, Are the vio-lets blue, And the flowers so gay, And the sky so clear o'er-

2. Yet the brook flows on, While the branches o'erhead, Seem to wave a fond a - dieu To the fragrant leaves And the blossoms now shed, As they float a - way from

head; O the wind brings to my list'ning ear A sound of dis - tant bells, And it stirs my soul with its memo-ries dear, As the mu - sic up-ward swells.

view; Now the soft wind comes with balm-y breath From beds of mountain rose, And it fans my brow and it kiss-es the flow'rs As the brooklet onward flows.

ONLY A FEW MORE YEARS.

J. H. HALL.

Slow.

1. On - ly a few more years, On - ly a few more cares; On - ly a few more smiles and tears, On - ly a few more pray'rs.
2. On - ly a few more wrongs, On - ly a few more sighs, On - ly a few more earth - ly songs, On - ly a few good - byes.

3. Then an e - ter - nal stay, Then an e - ter - nal throng; Then an e - ter - nal glow-ing day, Then an e - ter - nal song.

ALDINE S. KEIFFER.
Explain key of G♭.

Written on the grave of GRACE PICKENS. Oct. 26, 1881, by A. S. KEIFFER.

Dolce.

1. I sit and watch the gold - en stars Be - gem the a - zure blue, And watch-ing dream a dream of love, Of heav'n, and home, and you;

2. I hear the song you used to sing In sum-mer twi - light hours, When Love's sweet chain first bound our hearts In hap - py, per-fumed bow'rs;

3. I hear a - gain the whisper'd vows Of con-stan-cy and love, That then were breath'd while gold-en stars Beam'd on us from a - bove.

4. No more! no more on Time's wild shore Shall we to-geth - er stray, Thro' summer bow'rs in twi-light hours When day has passed a - way.

But dark - er grows the night around, While plaintive zephyrs sigh, And mem-'ry calls up vanished scenes Of hap - py days gone by.

It comes to me borne o'er the sea Of moan-ing, surf - beat years; Its silv - 'ry ca-dence thrills my heart, And fills mine eyes with tears.

But dens - er grows the night around, More sad the night-wind sighs, As vis - ions of once hap - py days Fade out be-fore mine eyes.

'Twas but a dream, 'tis still a dream, I gaze on heav'ns deep blue: A lone-ly wand-'rer far a - way From home, and heav'n, and you.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

Words by H. W. LONGFELLOW.

QUARTETTE FOR MALE VOICES.

I. B. WOODBURY.

Slow and gentle.

1ST TENOR.

1. Stars of the sum - mer night! Far in yon a - zure deeps, Hide, hide your gol - den light: She sleeps! my la - dy sleeps! She sleeps! she sleeps! my la - dy sleeps!

2ND TENOR.

2. Moon of the sum - mer night! Far down yon west-ern steeps, Sink, sink in si - lent light; She sleeps! my la - dy sleeps! She sleeps! she sleeps! my la - dy sleeps!

1ST BASS.

3. Wind of the sum - mer night! Where yonder wood-bine creeps, Fold, fold your pin - ions light; She sleeps! my la - dy sleeps! She sleeps! she sleeps! my la - dy sleeps!

2ND BASS.

4. Dreams of the sum - mer night! Tell her, her lov - er keeps Watch, while in slum-bers light; She sleeps! my la - dy sleeps! She sleeps! she sleeps! my la - dy sleeps!

pp rit. *molto.*

WE COME, DEAR FRIENDS TO GREET YOU.

Arr. by J. H. HALL.

DUETT.

1. We come a - gain . . . with song to greet you, To feel the warmth . . of ev - 'ry heart;
2. On ev - 'ry spot. . . . the sun - beams bright - ens, These con - stant heart - ed friends we find;
3. But now a - gain . . . we meet in glad - ness, To wipe the tear . . . from ev - 'ry eye;
4. Oh! hearts like these . . . we long shall cher - ish, While sing - ing o'er . . . our na - tive strain;

In hap - pi - ness . . we smile to meet you, . . Yet sigh to think so soon to part.
With such the tie . . of friend-ship tight - ens— No space can blot them from the mind.
Come ban - ish from the heart all sad - ness, Nor let a sor - row cause a sigh.
Not one re - mem - brance e'er shall per - ish, Till we with joy shall meet a - gain.

CHORUS

We come, we come, we come, we come, we come, we come, come a-gain, We come, we come with song to

We come, we come, we come, come a-gain, we come, we come, we come, We come, we come with song to

We come, we come, ... we come, we come, ... We come, we come with song to

We come, we come, ... we come, we come, ... we come, We come . . . . with song to

greet you, We come, we come, we come, we come, we come, we come, come a-gain, We come, we come with song a - gain.

greet you, We come, we come, we come, come a-gain, we come, we come, we come, We come, we come with song a - gain.

greet you, We come, we come, . . . we come, we come, . . . We come, we come with song a gain.

greet you, We come, we come, . . . we come, we come, . . . we come, We come, . . . with song a - gain.

SCATTER SEED.

THEO. F. SEWARD, by per.

1. In the furrows of thy life, Scatter seed! Scatter seed! In the furrows of thy life, Scat-ter seed! scatter seed! Small may be thy spir-it field, But a
2. Up! the morning flies a-way—Scatter seed! Up! the morning flies a-way—Scatter seed! Hand of thine must never tire, Heart must
3. Tho' thy work should seem to fail, Scatter seed! Tho' thy work should seem to fail, Scatter seed! Some may fall on sto - ny ground; Flow'r and

Scat-ter seed! Scatter seed!

CHORUS.

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

Scat-ter seed!

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

Scat-ter seed!

A. S. K.

ALDINE S. KEIFFER.

1. I love my mountain home, Where wild winds love to roam! Where the cy-press vine And the whisp'ring pine A - dorn each granite dome.
2. Sing not with pride to me Of prai - rie broad and free; Nor of orange groves Where the white swan roves; Nor cottage by the sea.
3. For here the wild flow'rs sweet, Spring up a-round my feet; And the lau - rel blows 'mid the cy-press gloom Of many a sweet re - treat.
4. 'Tis sweet to wan-der here, By fountains cool and clear; And talk of love, Where the cooing dove, A - lone may see and hear.
5. My mountain home for me, Where wild winds wander free; With my own true love, Who will nev - er rove: My mountain home for me!

CHORUS.

I love my mountain home! I love my moun-tain home! Where the skies are blue And the heart is true; I love my mountain home!

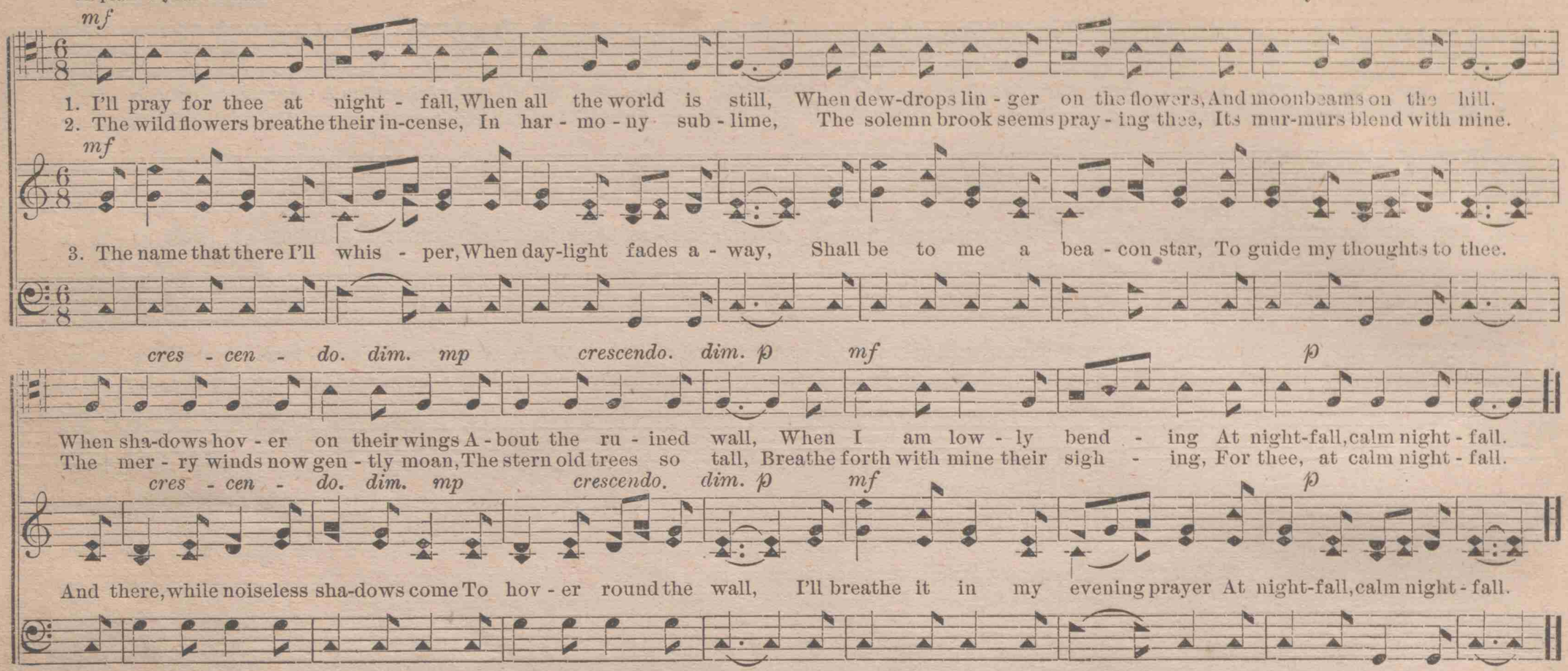
I love my mountain home! I love my mountain home! Where the skies are blue And the heart is true: I love my mountain home!

I love my mountain home! I love my mountain home! Where the skies are blue And the heart is true: I love my mountain home!

I'LL PRAY FOR THEE AT NIGHTFALL.
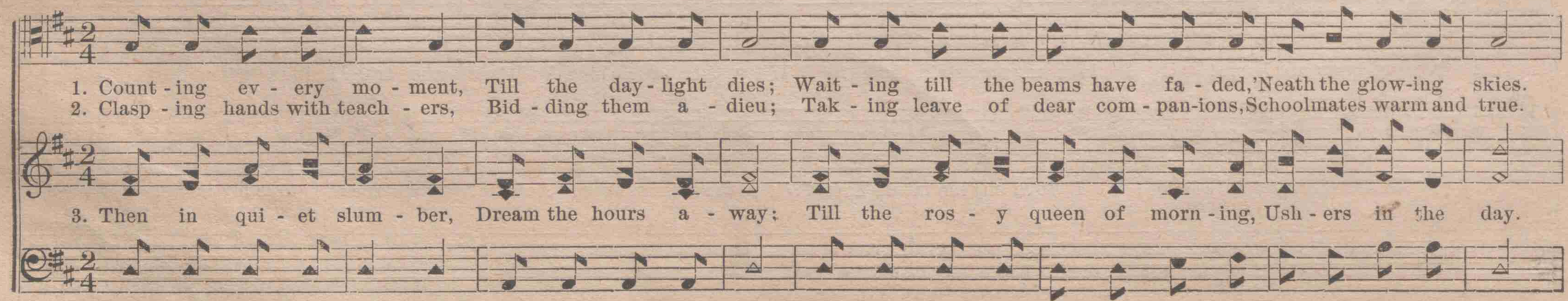
Explain Dynamic Marks.

Arr. by E. H. VOORHEES.



GOING HOME.

J. H. HALL.



Go - ing home to - mor - row, Part - ed ones to greet, How our hearts with joy are bound - ing, At the thought so sweet.
Pledging each our friend - ship, Smil - ing through our tears, Breath - ing many a gol - den prom - ise For our com - ing years.

Go - ing home to - mor - row, Once a - gain good-night, Faith - ful mem - ory draws a cur - tain Round a scene so bright.

SLEEP ON, DEAREST.

ANON. SERENADE. R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1. { Sleep on, dear-est, while around thee All is wrap'ed in si-lence deep; While the chains of sleep hath bound thee, God doth con - stant vig-ils keep;
. . . . . All is wrap'ed in si-lence deep; . . . . . God doth constant vigils keep;

2. { To the chamber of her dwell-ing, Where my love in slum-ber lies; Thro' the trees in love-tones telling As on gold - en lad-ders rise;
. . . . . Where my love in slum-ber lies; . . . . . As on golden lad-ders rise;

3. { And the wooing night winds bear them Far away o'er dis - tant plain, And the dreaming fair one hears them; Hears, and soft - ly dreams a-gain;
. . . . . Far a-way o'er dis - tant plain, ... Hears, and softly dreams again;

{ God. . . . doth constant vigils keep, God. . . . doth constant vigils keep; While the chains of sleep hath bound thee, God doth con - stant vig - ils keep.
{ God doth constant vig - ils keep, God doth constant vig - ils keep; . . . . . God doth constant vigils keep.
{ As . . . . . on golden ladders rise, As . . . . . on golden ladders rise; Thro' the trees in love-tones telling As on gold - en lad-ders rise.
{ As on gold-en lad - ders rise, As on gold-en lad - ders rise; . . . . . As on golden lad-ders rise.

{ Hears, . . . and sweetly dreams again, Hears, . . . and sweetly dreams again; And the dreaming fair one hears them; Hears, and sweet - ly dreams a - gain.
{ Hears, and sweetly dreams a - gain, Hears, and sweetly dreams a - gain, ... Hears, and sweetly dreams again.

FACE YOUR FORTUNE LIKE A MAN.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per

1. There are foes for you to fight, There are wrongs for you to right, Do some good where e'er you can, And face your for-tune like a man.
2. Not for Pov - er - ty or pride, From your du - ty turn a - side, But be ev - er in the run, And face your for-tune like a man.
3. Let no doubts your breast as - sail, Let no fears that you may fail In - ter - rupt your no - ble plan, To face your for-tune like a man.

CHORUS.

Like a man, like a man, like a man, And face your fortune like a man, like a man, Do some good where'er you can, And face your fortune like a man.

Like a man, like a man, And face your fortune like a man, Do some good where'er you can, And face your fortune like a man.
Like a man, like a man, like a man, like a man,

SPREADING A RUMOR.

THEO. F. SEWARD, by per.

1. Says Gossip One to Gossip Two, "While shopping in the town, Old Mrs. Pry to me remarked, Smith bought his goods of Brown," Of Brown? Of Brown, Smith bought his goods of Brown.
2. Says Gossip Two to Gossip Three, Who cast her eyelids down, "I've heard it said, to-day, my friend, Smith got his goods from Brown," Smith got his goods from Brown.

From Brown? From Brown,
From Brown? From Brown,

3. Says Gossip Three to Gossip Four, With something of a frown I've heard strange news, what do you think? Smith took his goods from Brown," Smith took his goods from Brown.

From Brown? From Brown,

4. Says Gossip Four to Gossip Five, Who blazed it round the town, "I've heard, to-day, such shocking news, Smith stole his goods from Brown," Smith stole his goods from Brown.

COME, JOIN IN THE SINGING.

H. R. PALMER. By per.

F. L. -

1. Come, come, join in the sing - ing, Come, come, glad voic - es call-ing, Oh, list! list! mu - sic is
2. Come, come, sweet voic-es bring - ing, Come, come, joy - ful - ly sing-ing, Oh, list! list! mu - sic is

1. Come, join the sing-ing, Oh, come, come, glad voic-es call-ing, Oh, list! list! mu - sic is ring-ing, Then come,
2. Sweet voic-es bring-ing, Oh, come, come, joy - ful - ly singing, Oh, list! list! mu - sic is ring-ing, We'll join,

FINE. CHORUS.

ring - ing, Come, let us join the glad song. . . . Join . . . . the glad song, ... as it float - - - - eth a -
ring - ing, Yes, we will join the glad song. . . .

come, join, oh, join the glad song. Join the glad song, join the glad song, Join the glad song as it
oh, yes, we'll join the glad song.

D.C. *

long, Oh, yes, we will join . . . . the glad song, ... and its beau - ti - ful ca-dence pro - long. . . . .

float - eth a - long, Join the glad song, join the glad song, and its ca-dence pro - long.

* The *Da Capo* should be sung by all.

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MERRY MILL-WHEEL.

THEO. F. SEWARD. By per.

Vivace.

Click, clack, hear the mer - ry mill - wheel, Click, clack, click, clack, hear the mer - ry mill-wheel, click, clack, Wa - ters ev - er dash - ing,

Click, clack, click, clack, click, clack, click, clack, Wa - ters ev - er dash - ing,

Drops so bright-ly flash - ing, Pleas - ant is the sound from morn till night of click, clack, hear the mer - ry mill-wheel, click, clack,

Drops so bright-ly flash - ing, Pleas - ant is the sound from morn till night of click, clack, click, clack,

FINE.

click, clack, hear the mer - ry mill-wheel, click, clack, Thro' the vale re-sound-ing, From the hills re-bound-ing, Click, clack, the mer - ry song goes.

click, clack, hear the mer - ry mill-wheel, click, clack, Thro' the vale re-sound-ing, From the hills re-bound-ing, Click, clack, the mer - ry song goes.

Andante e sempre legato.

Smoothly now the wa-ters flow - ing, Smoothly now the wa-ters flow-ing, Murmur soft and low their song, yes, Murmur soft and low their song;
Smooth - ly the wa - ters are ev - er flow - ing, Mur - mur-ing sweet - ly their beau - ti-ful song;

Smoothly now the wa-ters flow - ing, Smoothly now the wa-ters flow-ing, Murmur soft and low their song, yes, Murmur soft and low their song;

pp *cres.* *dim.* *

Lil - ies fair with sweet breath grow - ing, Lil - ies fair with sweet breath grow-ing, Where the mill, the mill is sing - ing, Brightly its hap - py song.
Lil - ies so fair, . . . with their sweet breath are grow - ing, Where . . . the old mill . . . sings its bright, . . happy song.

Lil - ies fair with sweet breath grow - ing, Lil - ies fair with sweet breath grow-ing, Where the mill, the mill is sing - ing, Brightly its hap - py song.

Tempo primo. *D.C.*

Click, clack, Click, clack, click, clack, click, clack, Hark! 'tis the mill, 'tis the mill.

Click, clack, hear the mer - ry mill-wheel, click, clack, Click, clack, hear the mer - ry mill-wheel, click, clack, click, clack, click, clack, click, clack, click, clack, Hark! 'tis the mill, 'tis the mill.

* In repeating this, let all parts sing to the syllable la.

BY AND BY, GATHER US ALL.

M. S.

W. F. WERSCHKUL.

DUET. *Moderato movement.*

cres.

1. When scat - ter'd or lone - ly we wan - der here; Good Shep - herd, we love Thy call, ...
2. We wan - der thro' pas - tures of good and ill; Yet ev - er our hearts re - joice, . . .
3. Dear Sav - iour, when comes our last e - ven - tide, Thy beau - ti - ful gates un - fold; . . . .

rit.

O gath - er us in - to the up - per fold, By and by gath - er us all. . . . . .
If we thro' the dan - gers or dark may hear, Sweet - ly, our Lead - er's kind voice. . . .
O gath - er us all with the lov'd and true, In - to the heav - en - ly fold. . . . .

CHORUS. *Faster.* *m* *rit.* . .

By and by, by and by, gath-er us all, . . . O gath-er us in - to the up - per fold, By and by, gather us, gather us all.

m

By and by, by and by, by and by, gather us all, . . . O gath-er us in - to the up - per fold, By and by, gather us, gather us all.

p *rit.* . .

By and by, by and by, gath-er us all, . . . O gath-er us in - to the up - per fold, By and by, gath-er us all. . . . . .

p

From "Ever New." By per

SAD MEMORIES.

CARRIE COVINGTON. MARY C. SEWARD. By per.

1. Fai - ry like, fai - ry like o - ver my spir - it, Steal - eth re - mem-brance of hap - pi - er hours; Ten - der - ly, ten - der - ly
Fai - ry like, fai - ry like

2. Grace-ful-ly, grace-ful - ly, down in yon mead - ow, Be - neath the wil - low boughs o - ver each grave; Blight-ed and with-ered lie

e'en as the fra-grance, Of sweet scent-ed, fad - ed, au-tumn - nal flowers; Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful, all were my lov'd ones, Pur - er than

all the fair flow - ers, All that I most cherished, but could not save; Des - o - late, des - o - late, now is the hearthstone, Drear are the

lil - ies my blos-soms now sleep; Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, like fall - ing snowflakes, They left me in sor - row, a - lone to weep.

halls which re - ech - oed with glee; Wea - ri - ly, wea - ri - ly, pass-eth the lone hours, Of wait - ing, be - lov - ed, to come to thee.

I DREAM OF DAYS GONE BY.

(Better as Solo and Quartet.)

MARIA STRAUB. ARTHUR M. STRAUB.

Moderato.

1. Some - times the scenes of oth - er days, Re-turn a - gain to me, The old fa - mil - iar plac - es all A - gain I seem to see;

2. I see the old, old or-chard trees, Each in its state - ly row, Those trees that by my fa - ther dear Were plant-ed long a - go.

3. I fan - cy 'mong the wood-land trees, I hear the song of bird, And from the old - en hill-tops come The ech - oes once I heard;

I of - ten think of joys that beam'd, Be-neath my youth - ful sky, They come to me in vis-ions bright, I dream of days gone by.

I cross the grass - y fur - rows deep, And tread the slop - ing sod, In dreams I wan - der, 'long the path, My child-ish feet have trod.

I see a - gain the flow'rs in bloom, My moth - er lov'd so well; I feel the loves of oth - er days A - round me cast their spell.

f CHORUS.

I dream of days gone by, Of hap - py days gone by; I dream, I dream, I dream, I dream Of hap - py days gone by.

I dream of days gone by, Of hap-py days gone by; I dream, I dream, I dream, I dream Of hap - py days gone by.

I dream of days gone by, Of hap - py days gone by; I dream, I dream, I dream, I dream Of hap - py days gone by.

repeat last time pp.

By per. S. W. STRAUB.

J. C. B.

J. Calvin Bushey. By per.

1. I wan-der by the wood-y rill, Where ev'ning shadows play, And hear the song of the whip-poor-will, As he sings his ev - 'ning lay.

2. Oh, soft he trills his ev-'ning lay, By breez-es born a - long, A sad-den'd feel - ing up - on me comes, As I hear his ev - 'ning song.

3. It calls to mind the old, old home, So ma - ny miles a - way, With long lost friends I have oft times heard; As he sang his ev - 'ning lay.

Solo. *(To be sung in an adjoining room.)*

repeat pp.

Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will.

O list his song it floats a-long, Now grave, now gay, we hear his lay.

O list his song it floats a-long, Now grave, now gay, we hear his lay.

GOOD-BYE, SWEET DAY.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Good - bye, sweet day, good - bye! . . I have so loved thee, but I can - not hold thee; Departing like a dream, the shad - ows fold thee; Slowly thy perfect beauty
2. Good - bye, sweet day, good - bye! . . Dear were thy golden hours of tran - quil splendor; Sadly thou yieldest to the eve - ning ten - der, Who wast so fair from thy
3. Good - bye, sweet day, good - bye! . . Thy glow and charm, thy smiles and tones and glan-ces, Vanish at last, and solemn night ad - van - ces. Ah! could'st thou a little
4. Good - bye, sweet day, good - bye! . . All thy rich gifts my grateful heart re - mem-bers; The while I watch, thy sunset's smol - d'ring em - bers Die in the west beneath the

CHORUS.

fades a - way; Good - bye, sweet day!
morn - ing ray; Good - bye, sweet day!
Good - bye, sweet day, good - bye! Fair an - gel from on high, Thy train of gold and sil - ver hue Has donn'd the twi - light gray. Good - bye, sweet day, good - bye! The fair - ies hov - 'ring nigh, Shall smooth thy brow with gen - tle hands, And lead thy star - lit way.

lon - ger stay! Good - bye, sweet day!
twi - light gray; Good - bye, sweet day!
Good - bye, sweet day, good - bye! Fair an - gel from on high, Thy train of gold and sil - ber hue Has donn'd the twi - light gray. Good - bye, sweet day, good - bye! The fair - ies hov - 'ring nigh, Shall smooth thy brow with gen - tle hands, And lead thy star - lit way.

From "Wide Awake Glee Book," by permission of FILLMORE BROS.

MINNIE BROWN.

Arr. by J. H. Hall.

1. In a qui - et lit - tle town, lit - tle town, Nest-ling in a love - ly dell, love - ly dell, Lives my charming Min - nie
2. Ev - 'ry day she trips a - long, trips a - long, 'Cross the pleas-ant vil - age green, vil - lage green, On her lips a sil - v'ry
3. Ev - 'ry ones knows Minnie Brown, Minnie Brown, And to know her is to love, is to love, For she is as pure and

Brown, Min-nie Brown, Dar-ling lit - tle fai - ry belle, fai - ry belle, O Min - nie, dain-ty lit - tle dar-ling Minnie, Sweet Minnie, dear Min-nie,
song, sil-v'ry song, In her eye a sil - v'ry sheen, sil-v'ry sheen, O Min - nie, Brown, Sweet Min-nie,

fair, pure and fair, As the an - gel band a - bove, band a-bove, O Min - nie dainty lit - tle dar-ling Minnie, Sweet Minnie, dear Min-nie,

charming Min - nie Brown, Dain - ty lit - tle dar - ling Min - nie,
Brown, Dain - ty, dar-ling Min-nie Brown, None so sweet as Min - nie Brown, Minnie Brown.

Charming Min-nie Brown, Dain - ty lit - tle dar - ling Min - nie, None so sweet as Min - nie Brown, Minnie Brown.

DREAM ON.

A. S. K. SERENADE. A. S. KEIFFER, by per.

1. Starlight and moonlight are kiss-ing the sea; Night winds are gath'ring Their perfume on the lea;— Mountain and meadow smile with de - light,
2. Sweet sings the fountain as night-winds go by; Wave-lets are lisp - ing In mur - mur and in sigh; Woodlands are dreaming of morn-ing light,
3. God's ho - ly an - gels will guard thee tonight; Sweet be thy slumbers, To end with morning light; An-gels will guard thee, Sleep on, my fair,

p CHORUS. *pp* *m* *rit.*

While my love slumbers,—Dreaming to - night. Dream on, dream on, dream on, Dream on, dream on, While night winds wander, Dream on, dream on, dream on!
While my love slumbers,—Dreaming to - night. Dream . . . on! . . . Dream . . . on! While night winds wander, Dream . . . on! . . .

Slum-ber, my dar-ling, safe from all care. Dream on, dream on, dream on, Dream . . on! While night winds wander, Dream on, dream on, dream on!

REMEMBER THY MOTHER.

J. H. HALL.

1. Lead thy moth - er ten - der - ly Down life's steep de - cline; Once her arm was thy sup-port, Now she leans on thine.
2. Ne'er for - get her tire - less watch Kept by day and night, Tak - ing from her step the grace, From her eye the light,
3. Thank God for thy moth - er's love, Guard the price-less boon; For the bit - ter part - ing hour, Com - eth all too soon.

See up - on her lov - ing face, Those deep lines of care; Think— it was her toil for thee, Left that rec - ord there.
Cher - ish well her faith - ful heart, Which, thro' wea - ry years, Ech - oed with its sym - pa - thy All thy smiles and tears.

When thy grate - ful ten - der - ness, Los - es pow'r to save, Earth will hold no dear - er spot, Than thy moth - er's grave.

LIFE'S CHANGEFUL DREAM.

A. S. K.
Allegretto.

ALDINE S. KEIFFER.

1. A - down thro' the hap - py mead-ows I wan-dered, to - day, And passed by the tryst - ing place - es of years fled a - way;
2. I saw in the ha - zy dis - tance a sweet lit - tle cot, Whose walls held a lit - tle dar - ling I ne'er have for - got;

3. The tall, state - ly pop - lars, toss their dark green plumes on high, While white, gen - tle cloud - lets wan - der a - cross the blue sky;
4. The years bring their mys - tic mu - sic from out the dead past; And some that will mur - mur sweet - ly while day-dreams shall last.

I stood in the leaf - y shad - ows, and gazed on the stream, And thought of the ma - ny chang - es of Life's fit - ful dream.
But oh, I shall nev - er greet her, by mead - ow or stream, For fled is the pre - cious dar - ling of Life's ear - ly dream.

I stand in the qui - et shad - ows be - side the clear stream, And think on the ma - ny chang-es Of Life's fit - ful dream.
But oh, I shall nev - er greet her by mead-ow or stream, For gone is the pre - cious dar - ling Of Life's change - ful dream.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

R. H. RANDALL.

QUARTET.

1. Beau - ti - ful riv - er flow-ing so calm - ly, Wind-ing a - long in mur-mur - ing flow, ...
2. Mead-ows and wood - land dot -ted with flow - ers, Fring-ing the banks with ver-dure so green, ...
3. Lil - ies are rest - ing deep in the shad - ows, Fring-ing the banks the dais-ies are seen, ...

Beau - ti - ful riv - er flow -ing so calm - ly, Wind-ing a - long in mur- mur- ing flow,
Mead-ows and wood- land, dot - ted with flow - ers, Fring-ing the banks with ver -dure so green,
Lil - ies are rest - ing deep in the shad- ows, Fring-ing the banks the dais - ies are seen,

Glid- ing for - ev - er on to the o - cean, Un - der the wil - lows bend- ing so low. . . . . .
Sunbeams are play - ing, rip- ples are danc - ing Hap- py and gay as ev - er was seen. . . . . .
Shedding their sweet - ness, ros - es are bloom - ing, Fair- ies shall crown thee, beau - ti - ful queen. . . . . .

p *rit.* *pp*

Glid- ing for - ev - er, on to the o - cean, Un- der the wil - lows . . . bend- ing so low.
Sunbeams are play - ing, rip- ples are danc - ing, Hap - py and gay as . . . . ev - er was seen.
Shedding their sweet - ness, ros - es are bloom- ing, Fair- ies shall crown thee, . . . beau - ti - ful queen.

From "KEY LETTER," by per.

CHORUS.

O beau - ti - ful riv - er Now flow-ing so calm - ly, Still wind-ing a - long In soft mur-mur - ing flow,

O beau - ti - ful riv - er Now flow-ing so calm - ly, Still wind-ing a - long In soft mur-mur - ing flow,

p *cres.* *dim.* *p* *rit.* *pp*

Thus glid - ing for - ev - er On, on, to the o - cean, Deep un - der the wil - lows, Low, bend - ing so low.

p *cres.* *dim.* *p* *rit.* *pp*

Thus glid - ing for - ev - er On, on, to the o - cean, Deep un - der the wil - lows, Low, bend - ing so low.

HOW SWEET TO BE ROAMING.

ROUND.

1.

How sweet to be roam - ing, When sum - mer is bloom - ing, Thro' wood - land and grove, Through wood - land and grove.

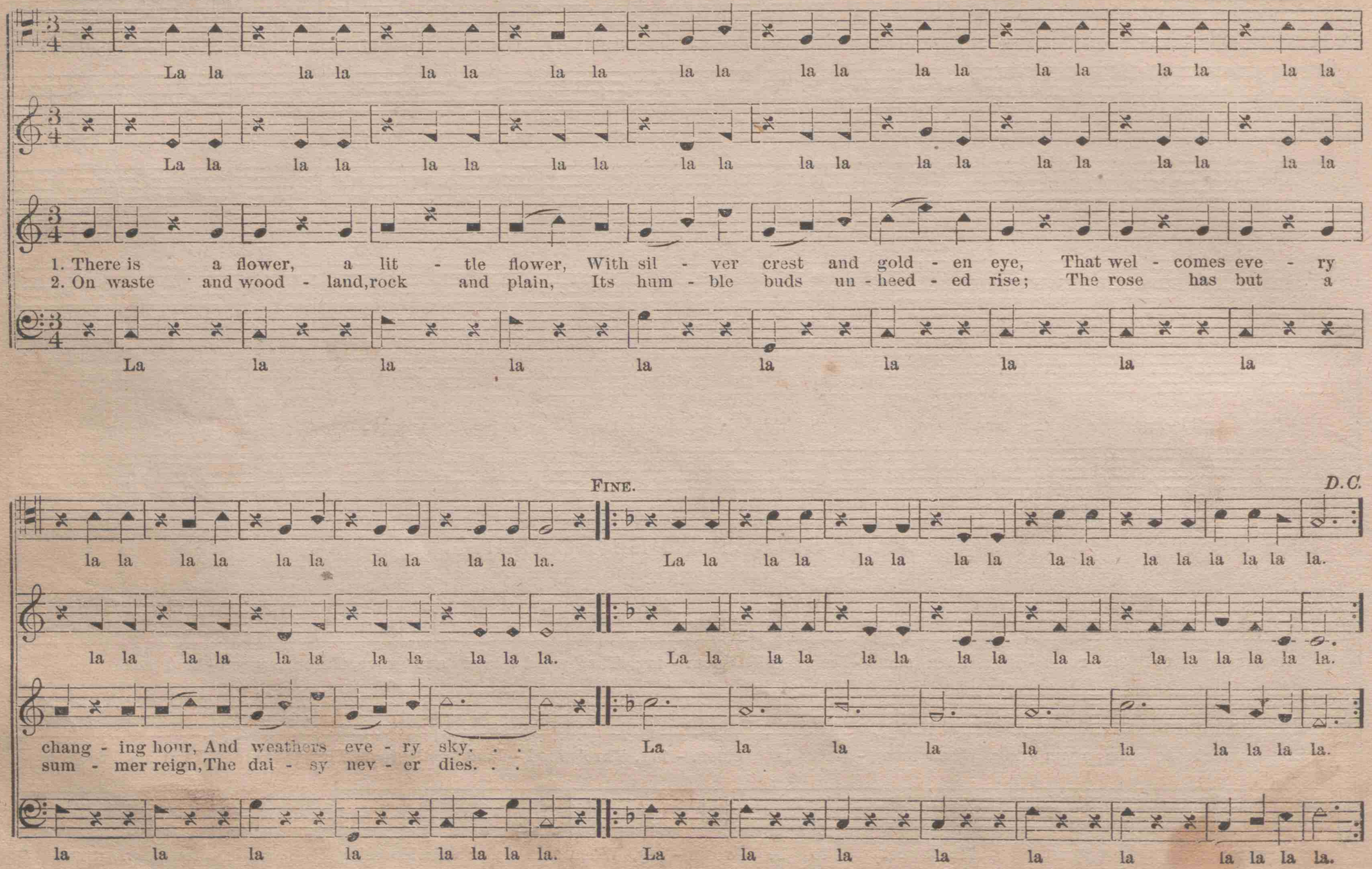
2.

How sweet to be roam - ing, When sum - mer is bloom - ing, Thro' wood - land and grove, Through wood - land and grove.

3.

How sweet, how sweet, How sweet to be roam - ing, When sum - mer is blooming, Thro' wood - land and grove.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. J. H. HALL.


La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
1. There is a flower, a lit - tle flower, With sil - ver crest and gold - en eye, That wel - comes eve - ry
2. On waste and wood - land, rock and plain, Its hum - ble buds un - heed - ed rise; The rose has but a
La la la la la la la la la la
FINE.
D.C.
la la la la la la la la la la la.
la la la la la la la la la la la.
chang - ing hour, And weathers eve - ry sky. . .
sum - mer reign, The dai - sy nev - er dies. . .
la la la la la la la la la la la.
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

MRS. S. J. OSLIN. S. J. OSLIN.

1. Oh! the win - ter time is o'er, And we feel its chill no more, And the birds in the mead-ow sing; Let us join their mer - ry lay, In the

2. Now the flow-ers, rich and rare, Spread their fragrance ev'rywhere, And the leaves on the green trees cling. And a - mong those leaves are hid Sing-ing

3. Win-ter clouds are past a-way, And we see the sun's bright ray, Bringing glad-ness to earth a - gain; Let us all with na - ture sing, Praise the

CHORUS.

wood-lands ram - ble gay, While they wel-come the love - ly spring. Love - ly spring has come a-gain! Love-ly spring has come a-gain! We will

birds and Ka - ty - did, While we wel-come the love - ly spring. Love - ly Spring . . . has come a - gain! . . . . . We will

Lord our God and King, For the bright, love-ly, love - ly spring. Love - ly spring has come a-gain! Love-ly spring has come a-gain!

sing and bid thee welcome, lovely spring, Let us sing, yes, glad-ly sing! Let us sing, yes, glad-ly sing Songs of greeting to the love - ly spring, lovely spring.

sing and bid thee welcome, lovely spring, Let us sing, . . . yes, glad-ly sing . . . . . Songs of greeting to the love-ly spring, lovely spring.

Let us sing, yes, gladly sing! Let us sing, yes, glad-ly sing

BRIGHTLY NOW THE MOON IS BEAMING.

A. S. KEIFFER. MALE QUARTETTE. B. C. UNSELD.

1ST & 2ND TENOR.

1. Bright-ly now the moon is beaming, O - ver mountain, tow'r and tree; And the lights of heav'n are streaming, Lines of gold up - on the sea;
2. They have gone beyond earth's weeping, They have fled from sin and care; They are safe in an-gels' keep-ing, Where the skies are ev - er fair;

1ST BASS.

3. Far a - way, and yet so near us, An - gel bands of light and love; They can watch and they can hear us, As thro' earth's dark vales we rove;
4. Beams the moonlight on the mountain, Gleams the starlight on the sea; And the wil - low shades the fountain, And the zeph-yr woos the lea;

2ND BASS.

All the night is hushed and ho - ly, Round a - bout earth's mor - tal shore; And my spir - it bend-ing
I shall meet them at the por - tal, In that glo - rious by - and - by, Meet and greet each bright im-

Oft they come on snow - y pin - ions, Breath-ing words that faith can hear; Tell - ing of those bright do-
But my wea - ry spir - it pon - ders On the glo - ries far a - way, And on Faith's white pin - ions

low - ly Dreams of hap - py days of yore; Dreams of fa - ces fair and ho - ly I shall see on earth no more.
mor - tal, In that glo - ry land on high, Greet them at the shin - ing por - tals, Where no joy can ev - er die.

min - ions, Free from care or doubt or fear; Ev - en now I hear their pin - ions, In the still - ness rust - ling near.
wan - ders To the realms of end - less day Sad - ly dreams and mute - ly pon - ders On the land so far a - way.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

JOHN T. HALL.

Allegretto.

1. A song for the Oak, for the brave old Oak That hath ruled in the greenwood long, Here's health and re-nown to his broad old crown, And his fif - ty arms so strong, There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down, And the fire in the west fades
2. He saw the rare times, when the Christ-mas chimes Were a mer - ry song to hear; Through the Squire's wide hall, and the cot - tage small, Rang the joy - ous shouts of cheer, Then car-oled the swains in the gay, glad strains, They are gone, in the churchyard

f *cres.*

CHORUS.

out, And he show - eth his might on a wild mid - night, When the storms thro' his branches shout. Then sing to the Oak, to the brave old Oak That hath stood in the storm so long; And still flour - ish he, now a hale green tree, When a hun - dred years are gone.
laid, While the years come and go, and the fierce storms blow, Yet the brave tree still re - mains.

THE WEST VIRGINIA HILLS.

MRS. ELLEN A. KING. H. E. ENGLE.

1. Oh, the West Vir-gin - ia hills! How ma - jes - tic and how grand, With their summits bathed in glo - ry, Like our Prince Imman - uel's land!
2. Oh, the West Vir-gin - ia hills! Where my girlhood's hours were pass'd; Where I oft - en wan-der'd lone - ly, And the fu - ture tried to cast;
3. Oh, the West Vir-gin - ia hills! How unchang'd they seem to stand, With their sum- mits point - ed sky - ward To the Great Almight - y's Land!
4. Oh, ye West Vir-gin - ia hills! I must bid you now a - dieu; In my home be-yond the mountains I shall ev - er dream of you;

Is it a - ny won- der then, That my heart with rap-ture thrills, As I stand once more with loved ones On those West Vir- gin - ia hills?
Ma - ny are our vis-ions bright Which the fu - ture ne'er ful-fills; But how sun - ny were my day-dreams On those West Vir- gin - ia hills!

Ma - ny chang - es I can see, Which my heart with sad - ness fills, But no chang - es can be no - ticed In those West Vir- gin - ia hills!
In the eve - ning time of life, If my Fa - ther on - ly wills, I shall still be-hold the vis - ion Of those West Vir- gin - ia hills!

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful hills, beau - ti - ful hills, How I love those West Vir - gin - ia hills, beau - ti - ful hills:
O the hills, beau - ti - ful hills, How I love those West Vir - gin - ia hills:
Beau - ti - ful hills, beau - ti - ful hills, How I love those West Vir - gin - ia hills, beau - ti - ful hills:

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If o'er sea or land I roam Still I'll think of hap - py home, And the friends a - mong the West Vir - gin - ia hills.

If o'er sea or land I roam Still I'll think of hap - py home, And the friends a - mong the West Vir - gin - ia hills.

LO! THE GLAD MAY-MORN.

From the GERMAN.

1. Lo! the glad May-morn, With her ro - sy light is breaking, O'er the hills so love - ly and fair; And the pure young buds, From their dewy sleep a - wak-ing, Mirth and mu - sic float in the air. Then a - way, a- way, a -way, Then a - way, a -way, a -way, And a - May - ing we will go.
2. O'er the rus - tic wild, When the i - dle winds are blowing, We will roam with pleas-ure to - day; On the moss - y bank, Where the crystal brook is flow-ing, We will crown our queen of the May.
3. Oh, the glad May-morn! Like a child she comes to meet us, With her brow all covered with flow'rs; And. . . she calls the birds, The mer-ry birds, to greet us, And the laugh-ing, bright sum-mer hours. Then a - way, a- way, a -way, Then a - way, a -way, a -way, And a - May - ing we will go.

THE BELLS.

QUARTET OR CHORUS.

THEO. F. SEWARD, by per.

Vivace.

1. Bells! bells! bells! bells! Hear the mer - ry chim-ing of the bells. The mer - ry chim - ing now we hear, How sweet they fall up-

2. Bells! bells! bells! bells! Hear the mer - ry chim-ing of the bells. With mu - sic how they fill the air, Their glad notes float - ing

on the ear, Bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim. List to the mer - ry, mer - ry

ev - ery-where, Bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, him, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim. List to the mer - ry, mer - ry

FINE. *8va*

chim - ing, chim - ing, chim - ing, chim - ing, chime of the bells, of the bells.

chim - ing, chim - ing, chim - ing, chim - ing, chime of the bells, of the bells. Ring, ring, Swing, swing, Ring out cheer - i - ly,

8va

Swing so mer - ri - ly, Tell-ing gai - ly of hope and joy, Sweet bells ring - ing out, wild notes fling-ing out Songs and car - ols all

8va

m *p*

tongues em - ploy. Bome, bome, bome, bome, Ring not mournful - ly, Harsh - ly, dole - ful - ly, Sad tales tell - ing of grief and des - pair.

8va

f *D.S.*

Bim, bim, bim, bim, chime out joy - ful - ly, gai - ly, cheer - ful - ly, Jing - ling mer - ri - ly through the air.

*After singing this strain the last time, return to the beginning of the piece.

FAIRY MOONLIGHT.

1. Hail to the queen of the Si - lent Night, Shine clear, shine bright, Yield thy pen-sive light; Blithe - ly 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 a - zure 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,

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

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

ritard. *pp*

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

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

moon - - - - - light.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Ye who have but scant sup-ply, An - gel eyes will watch a - bove it, You shall find it by-and-bye,
2. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Poor and weary, worn with care, Oft - en sit-ting in the shad - ow, Have you not *a crumb* to spare?

3. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, You who have a - bun-dant store, It may float on man - y bil - lows, It may strand on many a shore;

4. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Far and wide your treasure strew, Scat-ter it with will-ing fin - gers, Laugh for joy to see it go!
5. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Waft it on with praying breath, In some dis-tant, doubtful mo - ment It may save a soul from death.

He who in his righteous bal - ance Doth each hu-man ac-tion weigh, Will your sac - ri - fice re - mem - ber, Will your lov-ing deed re - pay.
Can you not to those a - round you Sing some lit - tle song of hope, As you look with longing vis - ion, Through Faith's mighty tel - e - scope.

You may think it lost for - ev - er, But as sure as God is true, In this life or in the oth - er, It will yet re-turn to you.

For if you too close-ly keep it, It will on - ly drag you down; If you love it more than Je - sus It will keep you from your crown.
When you sleep in sol-emn si - lence, 'Neath the morn and evening dew, Stranger hands which you have strengthened May strew lil - ies o - ver you.

GOOD-NIGHT.

R. H. R.

R. H. RANDALL.

1. Now good-night, the vil-lage bell Slow - ly strikes a part-ing chime, Hear its gen - tle ca-dence swell, Warn-ing us of passing time;
2. Now good-night to all the earth, And good-night to joy and pain, As we sing our songs of mirth, We will hope to meet a - gain;
3. Now good-night, great world of strife, And good-night to weak and strong, May our words so cheer your life, That you'll not for-get the song;

To the west the god of day, Swift - ly takes his on-ward flight, Leav-ing you and me be - hind, In the dark em-brace of night.
May the an - gels guard thy bed, Till the night shall break a - way, And the sun its glo - ries shed, At the com - ing of the day.
May we hope, dear friends, to-night, For a kind - ly tho't from you, It will cheer us on our way, It will help us to be true.

rit. . . . . . .

CHORUS.

Now good-night, kind friends, good - night kind friends, good - night, May thy slum - ber sweet - ly, slum - ber sweet - ly, come,

Now good-night, kind friends, good night, May thy slum - - - ber sweet - ly come,

Now good-night, kind friends, good - night kind friends, good - night, May thy slum - ber sweet - ly, slum - ber sweet - ly, come,

From "KEY LETTER," by per.

GOOD-NIGHT.

May thy dreams be calm, thy dreams be calm and sweet, As be - fits a hap - py home, a hap - py home.
May thy dreams be calm and sweet, As be - fits a hap - py home.
May thy dreams be calm, thy dreams be calm and sweet, As be - fits a hap - py home, a hap - py home.

I AM SINGING.

JAS. H. REUBUSH.

1. At my work I 'm al-ways sing-ing, Tho' the days be cold and long, For my heart's so full of mu - sic That I can - not stop my song.
2. I am sing - ing in the sun-shine, Tho' the sky is dull and gray; I am sing - ing of the flow - ers All the chill - y win - ter day.
3. I am sing - ing of the gar - den,—Of the ros - es there in bloom,—Of a thou-sand things in na - ture, 'Mid the win-ter's sul - len gloom.

I am singing, I am singing, Tho' the days be cold and long, For my heart 's so full of mu - sic That I can-not stop my song.
I am singing, yes, I 'm singing, Tho' the days be cold, be cold and long,

TWENTY YEARS AGO.
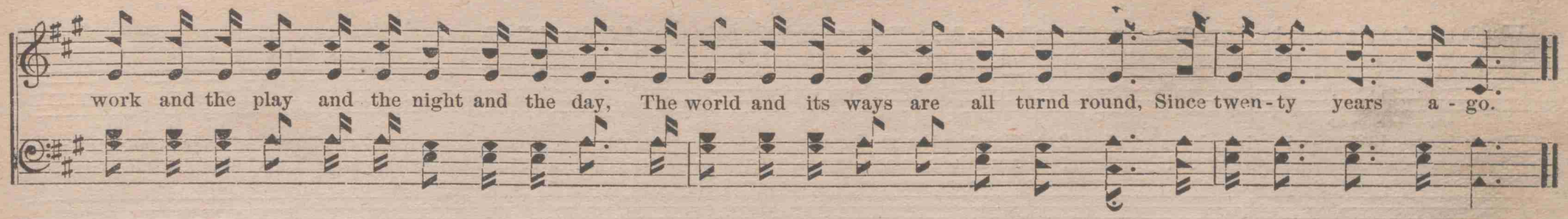
THEO. F. SEWARD, by per.

1. How wondrous are the changes Since twen-ty years a-go! When girls wore woollen dress-es; And boys wore pants of tow; When
2. The girls took mu-sic lessons Up-on the spin-ning wheel, And prac-tised late and ear-ly, On spin-dle, swift, and reel; The
3. The peo-ple rode to meet-ing In sleds in-stead of sleighs; And wag-ons rode as ea-sy, As bug-gies now a-days; And
4. Oh! well do I re-mem-ber That Wil-son's pa-tent stove, That fa-ther bought and paid for In cloth our girls had wove; And
5. Yes, ev-'ry thing is altered, I can-not tell the cause, For men are al-ways tamp'ring With na-ture's wondrous laws; And

shoes were made of cow-hide, And socks from homespun wool, And chil-dren did a half day's work Be-fore they went to school.
boys would ride the horse to mill A doz-en miles or so, And hur-ry off be-fore 'twas day, Some twen-ty years a-go.
ox-en answered well for teams, Though now they'd be too slow, For peo-ple lived not half so fast, Some twen-ty years a-go.
how the neighbors wondered When we "got the thing" to go, And said "'twould burst" and kill us all, Some twen-ty years a-go.
what on earth we're coming to— Does an-y bod-y know? For ev-ery-thing has changed so much Since twen-ty years a-go.

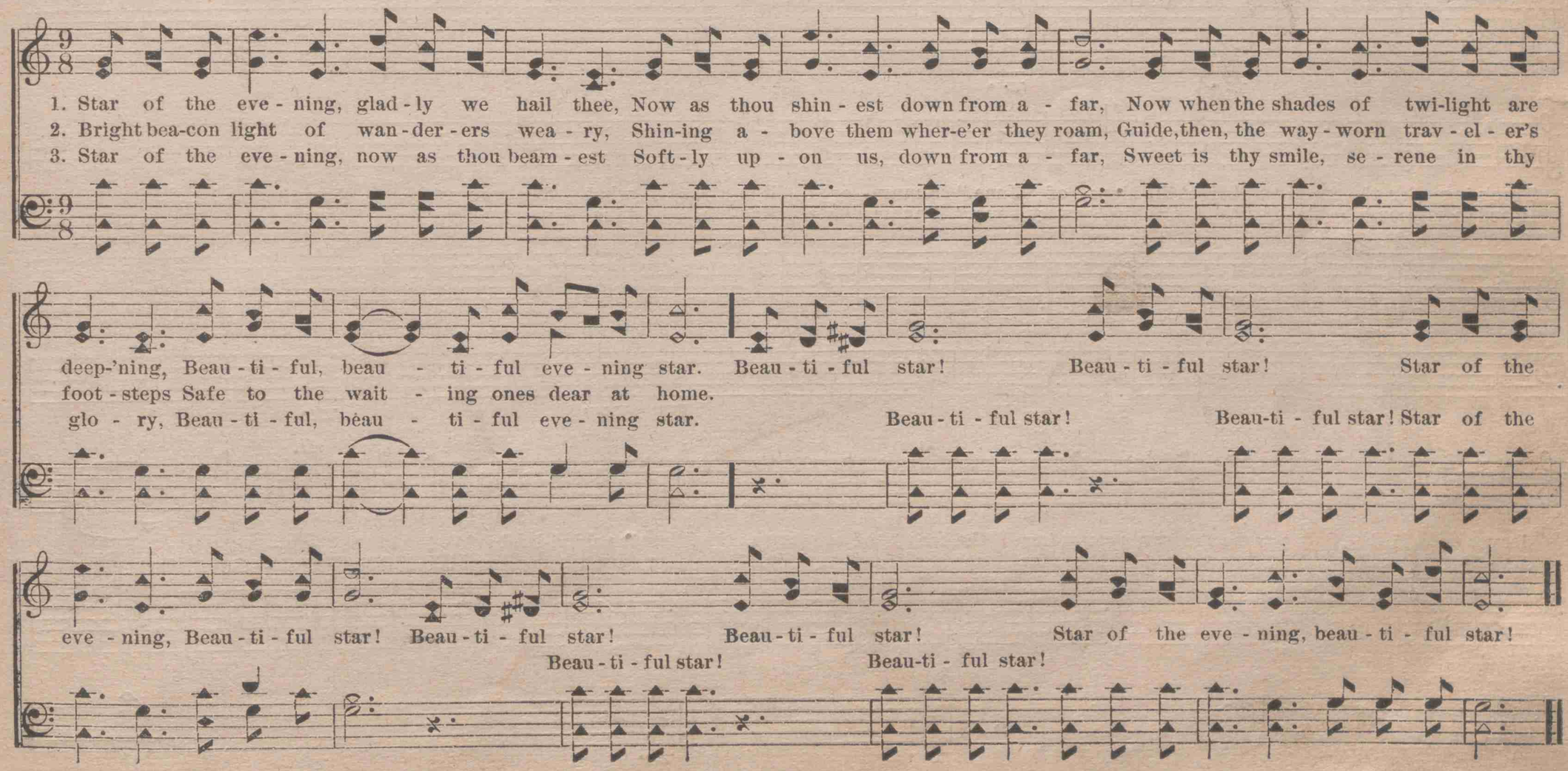
CHORUS.

Just twen-ty years a-go, (a-go) Just twen-ty years a-go, (a-go,) The men and the boys and the girls and the toys, The



BEAUTIFUL STAR.

J. H. RUEBUSH.



FAWN-FOOTED NANNIE.

Words arr. from a poem by LUCY LARCOM. Inscribed to MRS. NICHOLS and MISS MILLER of Cedar Falls, Iowa. H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Fawn-foot- ed Nan - nie, where have you been? "Chas-ing the sun-beams in - to the glen, Plung-ing thro' sil - ver lakes af - ter the moon;
2. List - en - ing Nan - nie, what did you hear? "Heard the rain ask-ing a rose to ap-pear, Heard the woods saying the wind whis-tled wrong,

Track-ing o'er the mead-ows bright the steps of June." Sunny - eyed Nan-nie, what did you see? "Saw the fair-ies sew-ing beauteous
Heard the streamlet vie - ing with the bird's sweet song." Nannie, dear Nan-nie, take me with you? Teach me all you see and hear in

leaves on a tree, Saw the waves count-ing the eyes of the stars, Saw the cloud-lambs sleeping in the sun - set's red bars."
na - ture so true. "Nay, you must bor - row my ear and my eye, Or the charm will van-ish and the mu - sic will die."

rit.

CHORUS.

Nan - nie, dar - ling, take me with you, Nan - nie, dar - ling, take me with you,
Nan - nie, lit - tle fair - y dar - ling, take me with you, Teach me all you see and hear in na - ture so true,

Repeat pp. ad. lib.

Trip - ping, danc - ing, gai - ly a - long, Breath-ing in the mu - sic of the bird's sweet song.
Skip - ping, trip - ping, glanc - ing, danc - ing mer - ri - ly a - long,

OUR PARTING SONG.

R. A. GLENN. J. H. HALL.

1. Now we must sing our part-ing song, And bid each oth - er good-night, We'll seek to reach our qui-et homes; Dear friends, we now bid you good-night.
2. Then let us sing our part-ing song, Per -haps we'll meet nev-er-more; Some one may go be - fore the morn To sing on the bright happy shore.

CHORUS.

Good-night, good-night, May we all meet a - gain, good-night; Good-night, Good-night, May we all meet a-gain, good-night.
Come again, Come again, Good-night, Good-night, good-night.

THE TEMPERANCE BALL IS ROLLING ON.

J. H. Hall.

1. From the moun-tain to the prai-ries, From the val-leys to the sea, The temp'rance ball is roll-ing, Hear the shout of ju-bi-lee.
2. Let the hills and mountains an-swer With a smile both bright and long, And brooks ring out a laugh-ter, Like the sweet-est cho-ral song.

As the news goes roll-ing on-ward, Roll-ing on-ward round the world, Our hearts are fill'd with glad-ness, And our ban-ner is un-furl'd.
Let the for-ests bow re-spon-sive, And the birds their notes pro-long, For all things must re-joice to see The temp'rance ball roll on.

Chorus.

For the temp'rance ball is roll-ing, roll-ing on, The temp'rance ball is roll-ing, roll-ing on, And our
roll-ing on, roll-ing on,

hearts are fill'd with glad-ness, Which we ech-o with a song, When we see the temp'rance ball go roll-ing, roll-ing on.
roll-ing, roll-ing on.

WOULD N'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW.

SOLO FOR 1ST. TENOR.

J. WM. SUFFERN.

1. I know a girl with teeth of pearl, And shoulders white as snow; She lives, ah well, I must not tell, But wouldn't you like to know?
2. Her sun - ny hair is wond'rous fair, And wa - vy in its flow; Who made it less, one lit - tle tress, Ah! wouldn't you like to know?
3. Her eyes are blue, (ce - les - tial hue,) And dazz-ling in their glow; On whom they beam, with melting gleam, Ah! wouldn't you like to know?
4. Her lips are red and fine - ly wed—Like ros - es red they glow; What lov - er sips those dew - y lips, Ah! wouldn't you like to know?
5. She has a name—the sweetest name That language can be - stow; 'Twould break the spell, if I should tell, But wouldn't you like to know?

CHORUS.

1ST. TENOR.

Wouldn't you like to know, my boys, Oh, wouldn't you like to know? She lives, Ah! well, But I must not tell, Oh, wouldn't you like to know?

2ND. TENOR.

Oh yes, yes, we'd like to know. She lives, Well where? Now tell us pray, For we would like to know.

1ST. & 2ND. BASS.

GIDEON'S BAND.

PLANTATION SONG.

1. Oh, de band ob Gid-e-on, band ob Gid-e-on, band ob Gid-e-on, O- ber in Jordan, Band ob Gid-e-on, band ob Gid-e-on, How I long to see dat day!
2. Oh, de milk-white horses, milk-white horses, milk-white hors-es, O- ber in Jordan, Milk-white horses, milk-white horses. How I long to see dat day!
3. Oh, hitch em to de cha-ri-ot, hitch em to de chariot, hitch em to de cha-ri-ot, O- ber in Jordan, Hitch em to de chariot, hitch em to de chariot, How I long to see dat day!

COME HOME.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Come home, . . come home . . from o'er the sea, . . . We wait, . . we sigh, . . we
2. To - night, . . when passed . . the sun - set hour, . . And dews . . fell soft . . on

1. Come home, come home from o'er the sea, Come home, come home from o'er the sea, We wait, we sigh, we pray for thee, We
2. To - night, when passed the sun - set hour, To-night, when passed the sun - set hour, And dews fell soft on grass and flow'r, And

pray . . for thee; . . In for - eign climes . . no long - er roam, . . Our
grass . . and flow'r, . . A wild bird came . . and furl'd her wing . . On

wait, we sigh, we pray for thee; In for - eign climes no long - er roam, In for - eign climes no long - er roam, Our
dews fell soft on grass and flow'r, A wild bird came and furl'd her wing, A wild bird came and furl'd her wing, On

hearts . . all cry, . . . "Come home, come home!" . . For twice her sheaf hath Au - tumn bound, The
thy . . . lone bow'r, . . her hymn to sing. . . .

hearts all cry, "Come home, come home," Our hearts all cry, "Come home, come home!" The earth was calm, the heav'ns were fair, While
thy lone bow'r, her hymn to sing, On thy lone bow'r, her hymn to sing.

win - ter snow twice wrapp'd the ground, The spring hath bloom'd, The sum-mers shone In glo - rious robes since thou art gone. A - gain . . the
We asked . . his

balm - y in - cense fill'd the air,—All Na - ture seem'd on bend - ed knee, And to her God we kneel'd for thee. A - gain the summer's
We ask'd his an - gel

sum - - mer's eve - ning breeze . . Comes mur - - m'ring through the rust - - ling trees, . . Her
an - - gel guard to keep . . Thy way - - a - cross . . the roll - - ing deep, . . Thro'

eve - ning breeze, A - gain the sum - mer's eve - ning breeze Comes murm'ring thro' the rust - ling trees, Comes mur-m'ring thro' the rust-ling trees, Her
guard to keep, We ask'd his an - gel guard to keep Thy way a - cross the roll - ing deep, Thy way a - cross the roll - ing deep, Thro'

moon . . beams bright on spire and dome, And our own roof, Come home, Come home!
bil - - - l'wy wilds, 'Mid surge and foam, To hold thee safe, Come home, come home!

moonbeams bright on spire and dome, Her moonbeams bright on spire and dome, And our own roof, Come home, come home, come home!
bil-lw'y wilds, 'mid surge and foam, Thro' billw'y wilds, 'mid surge and foam, To hold thee safe, Come home, come home, come home!

LATER ON.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. There's a mer - ry time fast com - ing, Lat - er on, lat - er on, In the air is laugh - ter hum - ming,
2. There's a world of fun and frol - ic, Lat - er on, lat - er on, No more mus - ings mel - an - chol - ic,
3. We will see queer com - pli - ca - tions, Lat - er on, lat - er on, Laugh at shat - tered ex - pec - ta - tions,

Lat - er on, lat - er on, Bright - est eyes are gai - ly glanc - ing, Light - est
Lat - er on, lat - er on, But in - cess - ant laugh - ter peal - ing, And a
Lat - er on, lat - er on, Shout at an - tic and gy - ra - tion, Un - ex-
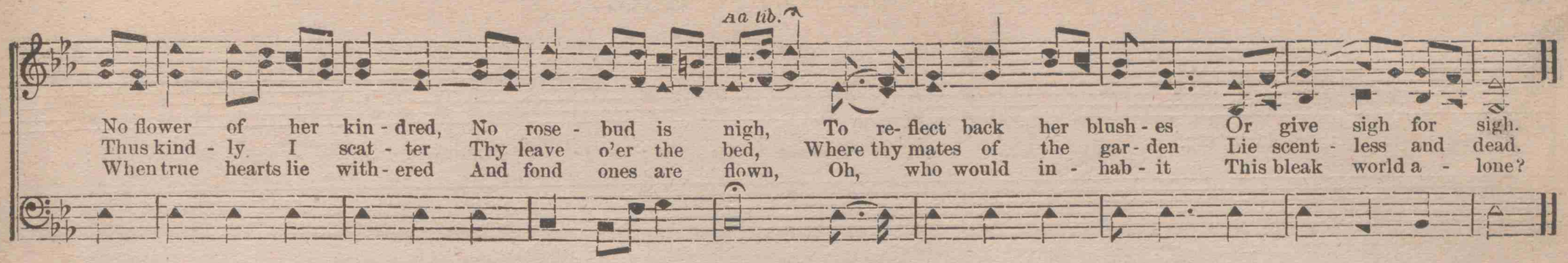
feet are swift - ly danc - ing Mirth - ful mu - sic sounds en - tranc - ing Lat - er on.
deep de - light - ful feel - ing As a pub - lic fan - cy seal - ing Lat - er on.
pect - ed sit - u - a - tion Sigh with fun's full sa - ti - a - tion Lat - er on.

lat - er on.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

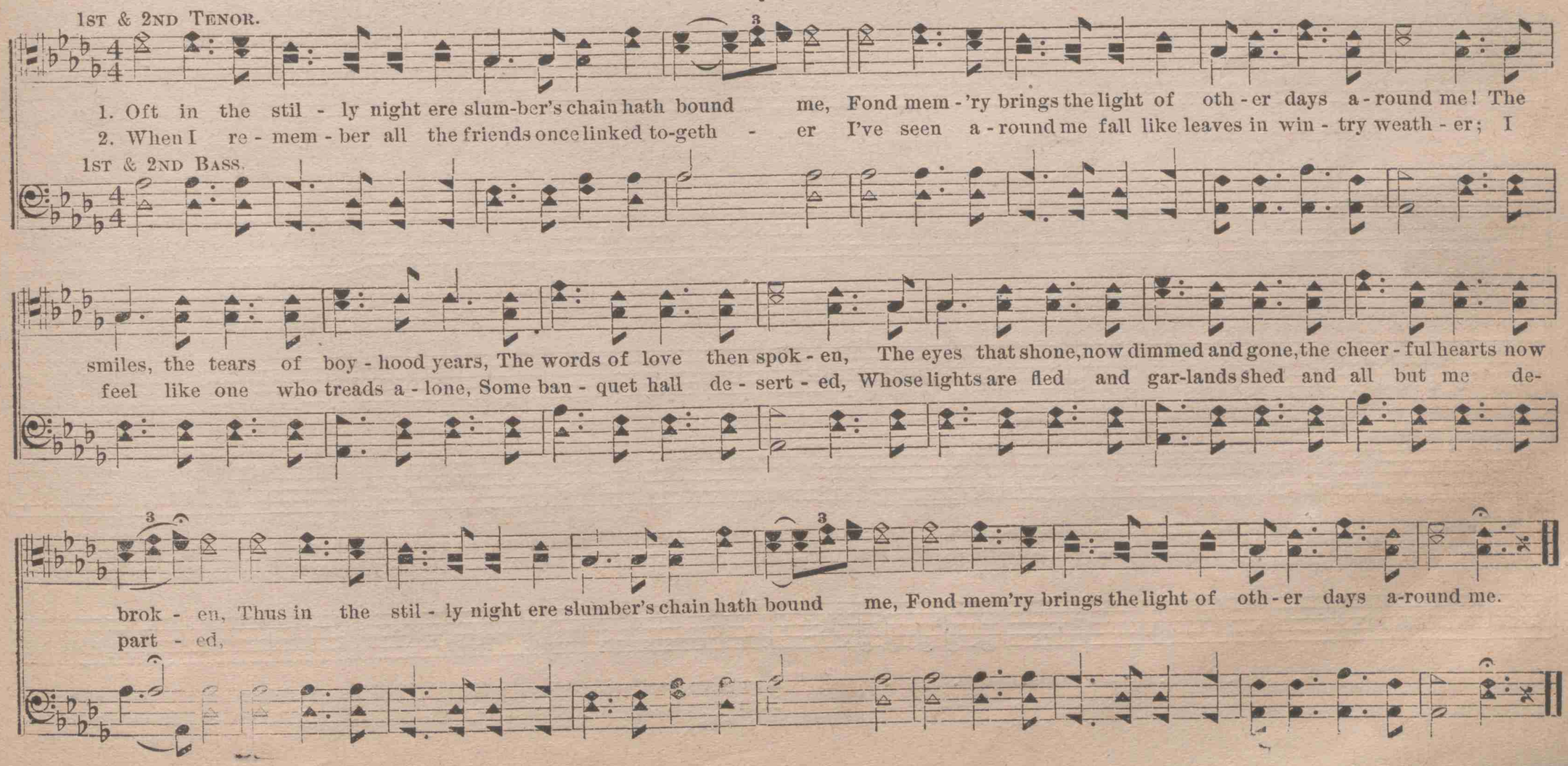
Andantino.

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer Left bloom- ing a - lone, All her love - ly com - pan- ions Are fad - ed and gone;
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; Since the love - ly are sleep- ing, Go sleep thou with them:
3. So soon may I fol - low, When friend-ships de - cay, And from love'sshin - ing cir - cle The gems drop a - way:



OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

MALE QUARTETTE. Arr. by J. M. North.



HOME RETURNING.

ARR.

La la la la la, etc.

1. Home re- turn - ing from a - far . . . . Heart with joy . . . . up - lift - ed high, ... Yon-der see the guid-ing
2. Oth - er lands have treasures vast . . . . Home a - lone . . . . has love to share, ... Now for-get - ting all the

La la la la la, etc.

Long I've wandered sad and lone, Home and dear ones far a - way,
Man - y years have passed a - way, Wea-ry years they've been to me,

star, O what pleas - ure draweth nigh. Long I've wan - dered sad and lone, Home and dear ones far a - way,
past, In the joy that waits me there. Man-y years have passed a - way, Wea-ry years they've been to me,

Long I've wandered sad and lone, Home and dear ones far a - way,
Man - y years have passed a - way, Wea-ry years they've been to me,

From my heart all hope had flown, Wel-come now this hap-py day. Home re-turn-ing from a-far, Heart with
Wait-ing for this hap-py day, Home be-lov-ed now I see.

From my heart . . all hope had flown . . Welcome now this hap-py day. Home re-turn-ing from a-far, Heart with
Wait-ing for . . this hap-py day, . . Home be-lov-ed now I see.

From my heart all hope had flown, Welcome now this hap-py day.
Wait-ing for this hap-py day, Home be-lov-ed now I see.

joy up-lift-ed high, Yon-der see! Yes, see the guiding star, Oh, what pleas-ure, pleas-ure draweth nigh.

joy up-lift-ed high, Yon-der see the guid-ing star, ... Oh what pleas-ure draweth nigh. . . . .

Yon-der see! Yes, see the guiding star, Oh, what pleas-ure, pleas-ure draweth nigh.

NOW AWAY, NO LONGER STAY.

SIR H. R. BISHOP.

Largo.

Now a - way, no long - er stay, Meet we all by break of day.

Now a - way, no long - er stay, Meet we all by break of day. Come, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me, ye fai - ry, fai - ry,

Come fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me, ye fai - ry, fai - ry elves that be, O'er tops of dew - y, dew - y grass, So

elves that be, Come fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me, ye fai - ry, fai - ry elves that be, O'er tops of dew - y, dew - y grass, So

nim - bly, nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly do we pass, We fol - low, fol - low,

we pass, ...

nim - bly, nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly do we pass, We fol - low, fol - low,

fol - low thee, We fai - ry, fai - ry elves that be, We fol - low, fol - low, fol - low thee, We fai - ry, fai - ry elves that be, O'er

fol - low thee, We fai - ry, fai - ry elves that be, We fol - low, fol - low, fol - low thee, We fai - ry, fai - ry elves that be, O'er

tops of dew - y, dew - y grass, So nim - bly, nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly do we

tops of dew - y, dew - y grass, So nim - bly, nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly do we

pass, So nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly,

pass, So nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly, do we pass, So nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly,

nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly, nim - bly,
do we pass, So nim-bly do we pass, So nim - bly do we pass, we pass, So nim - bly, nim - bly, nim - bly,

do we pass, So nim - bly do we pass, So nim-bly do we pass, So nim - bly, nim - bly,

nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly, So
do . . we pass,

do we pass, So nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly do we pass, So nim - bly, So

dim. *pp*
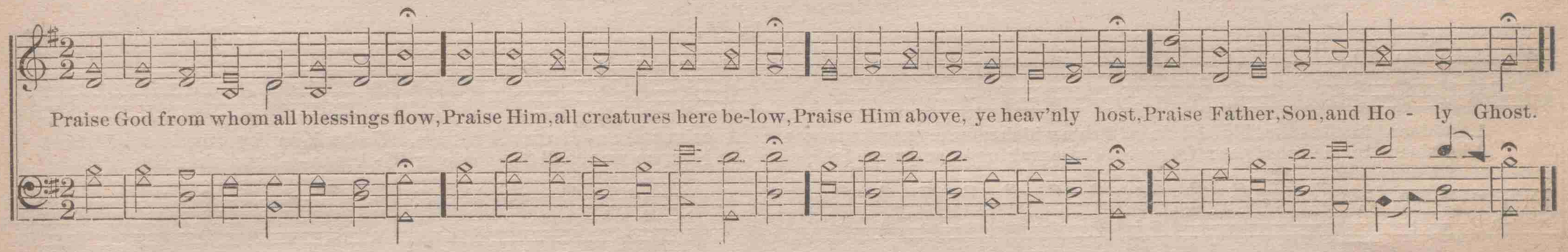
nim - bly, So nim - bly do we pass, we pass, we pass, So nim - bly do we pass. . . .
we pass, . . So nim - bly do we pass. . . .

nim - bly, So nim - bly do we pass, we pass, we pass, So nim - bly do we pass. . . .

CHURCH MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

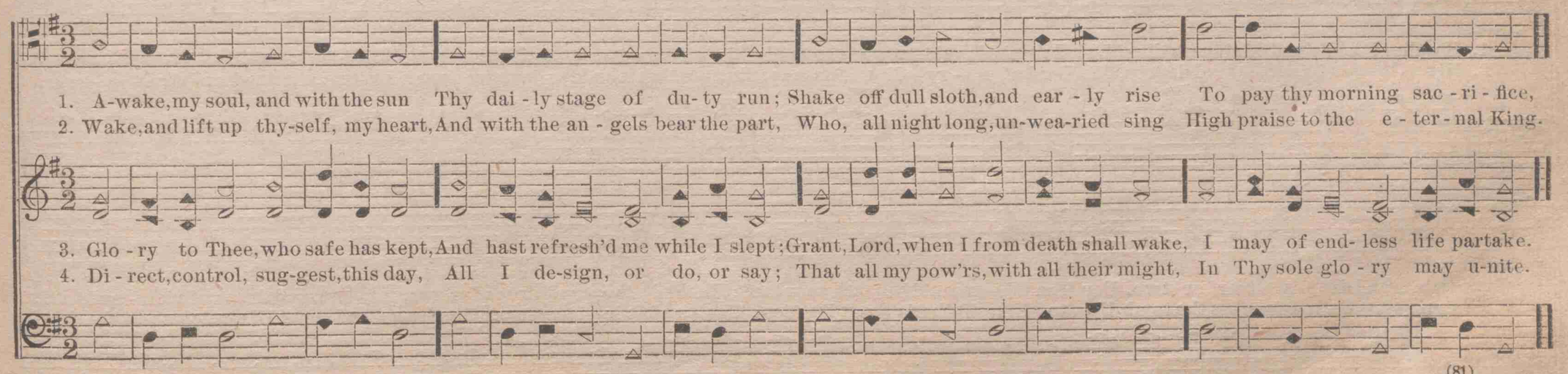
OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

GUILLAUME FRANC, 1543.



ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



DUKE ST. L. M.

J. L. HATTON.

1. Come, O my soul, in sa-cred lays, Attempt Thy great Cre-a - tor's praise; But oh, what tongue can speak His fame? What verse can reach the loft-y theme?
2. Enthroned a-mid the ra-diant spheres, He, glo-ry, like a gar-ment wears; To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thousand suns a-round Him shine.
3. Raised on de-vo-tion's loft-y wing, Do thou, my soul, His glo-ries sing; And let His praise em - ploy thy tongue Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.

REST. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY, 1844.

1. A-sleep in Je-sus! blessed sleep! From which none ever wake to weep; A calm and un-disturbed re-pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes.
2. A-sleep in Je-sus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest; No fear, no woe shall dim the hour That man-i-fests the Saviour's pow'r.

BEAUFORT. L. M. (Double.)

L. C. EVERETT, by per.

1. He dies! the Friend of sinners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep around; A solemn darkness vails the skies; A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
2. Here's love and grief beyond degree, The Lord of glo-ry dies for men! But lo! what sudden joys we see! Je-sus, the dead re-vives a-gain:

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two, For Him who groan'd beneath your load; He shed a thousand drops for you, A thousand drops of rich-est blood.
The ris-ing God for-sakes the tomb, Up to His Father's court He flies: Che-ru-bic le-gions guard Him home, And shout His welcome to the skies.

MAGRUDER. L. M.

J. H. HALL.

1. Praise waits in Zi - on, Lord, for Thee; Thy saints adore Thy ho-ly name: Thy creatures bend th'obedient knee, And humbly Thy pro-tec-tion claim.
2. Thy hand has raised us from the dust; The breath of life Thy spirit gave; Where, but in Thee can mortals trust? Who, but our God has pow'r to save?
3. Still may Thy children in Thy word, Their common trust and refuge see; Oh, bind us to each oth - er, Lord, By one great tie—the love of Thee.

NAUWETA. L. M.

R. MCINTOSH.

1. Bless, O my soul, the liv - ing God; Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad; Let all the pow'rs within me join In work and worship so di - vine.
2. Let ev - 'ry land His pow'r confess; Let all the earth a-dore His grace; My heart and tongue with rap-ture join In work and worship so di - vine.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. 'Tis mid-night, and on O-live's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone: 'Tis midnight; in the gar - den now, The suff'ring Saviour prays a-lone.
2. 'Tis mid-night, and from all removed, The Saviour wrestles lone with fears; E'en that dis-ci - ple whom He lov'd Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

WINDHAM. L. M.

DANIEL READ, 1785.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there; But wis-dom shows a nar-row path, With here and there a trav - el - ler.

SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Sin-ner, oh why so thoughtless grown? Why in such dreadful haste to die? Dar-ing to leap to worlds unknown. Heedless a - gainst thy God to fly.
2. Wilt thou despise e - ter-nal fate, Urged on by sin's de- lusive dreams? Madly at the in- fer-nal gate, And force thy pas - sage to the flames.
3. Stay, sinner, on the gos-pel plains! And hear the Lord of life un-fold The glo-ries of His dy-ing pains! For-ev - er tell - ing, yet un-told.

MEDINA. L. M.

Music by WYATT MINSHALL.

1. Je - sus, the Lamb of God, hath bled; He bore our sins up - on the tree; Be-neath our curse He bow'd His head; 'Tis finish'd! He hath died for me.
2. See, where before the throne He stands, And pours the all-pre-vail-ing pray'r; Points to His side and lifts His hands, And shows that I am grav-en there.
3. He ev - er lives for me to pray; He prays that I with Him may reign: A - men to what my Lord doth say; Je - sus, thou canst not pray in vain.

DOUTHIT. L. M.

Moderate.

1. Thou on-ly Sovereign of my heart, My refuge, my almight -y Friend, And can my soul from Thee de - part, On whom alone my hopes depend?
2. E - ternal 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 give.
3. Let earth's al-lur - ing joys combine; While Thou art near, in vain they call; One smile, one blissful 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.

DUANE STREET. L. M. (Double.)

REV. GEORGE COLES, 1835.

1. Be mer- ci - ful, O God of grace, To us Thy peo- ple: let Thy face Beam on us that Thy church may shine, In this dark world with light di-vine.

3. Let them with joy Thy praises sing, Earth's righteous Judge and sov'reign King; Il - lu-mined by Thy ho -ly word, Let all the na - tions praise the Lord.

Re-veal, O Lord, Thy sav-ing plan, To all the fam - i - lies of man: Let dis-tant nations hear Thy word, Let all the na - tions praise the Lord,

Then shall this bar-ren world as-sume New beau-ty, and the de-sert bloom: Our God shall richly bless us then, And all men fear His name. A-men.

ANCIL. L. M.

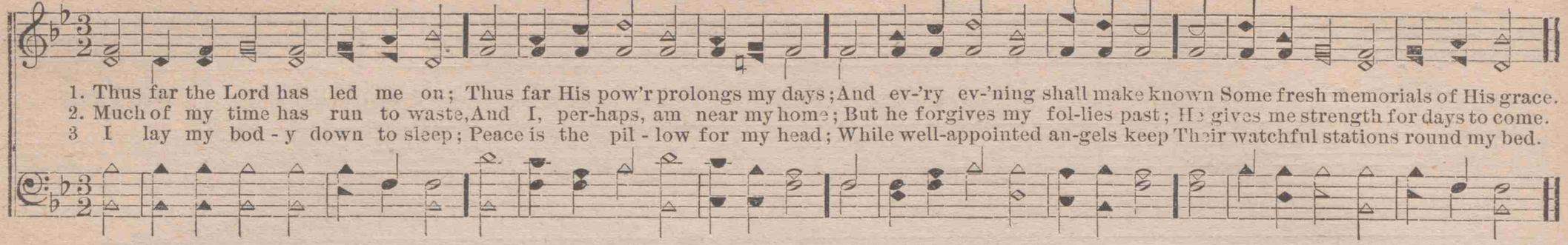
G. J. WEBB.

1. So let our lips and lives express The ho - ly gos - pel we pro-fess; So let our works and vir-tues shine, To prove the doctrine all di-vine.
2. Thus shall we best problaim a-loud The hon-ors of our Sav-iour God; When the sal- va-tion reigns with-in, And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

3. Re- lig-ion bears the spir-its up While we ex-pect that bless-ed hope,—The bright appearance of the Lord,—And faith stands lean-ing on His word.

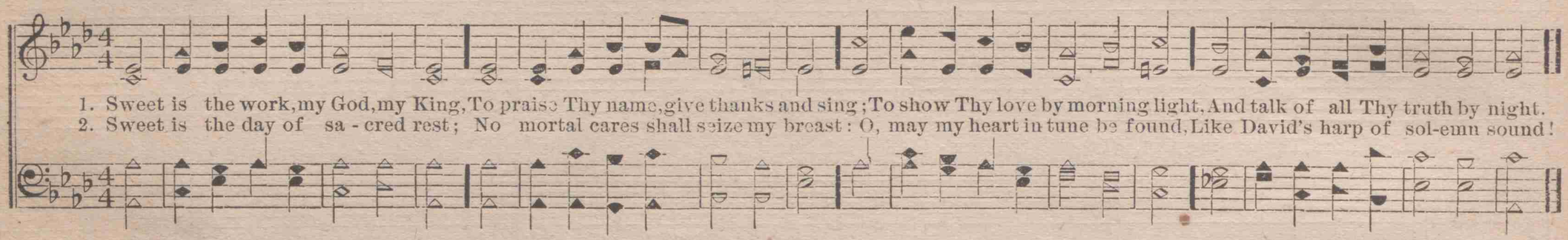
HEBRON. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.
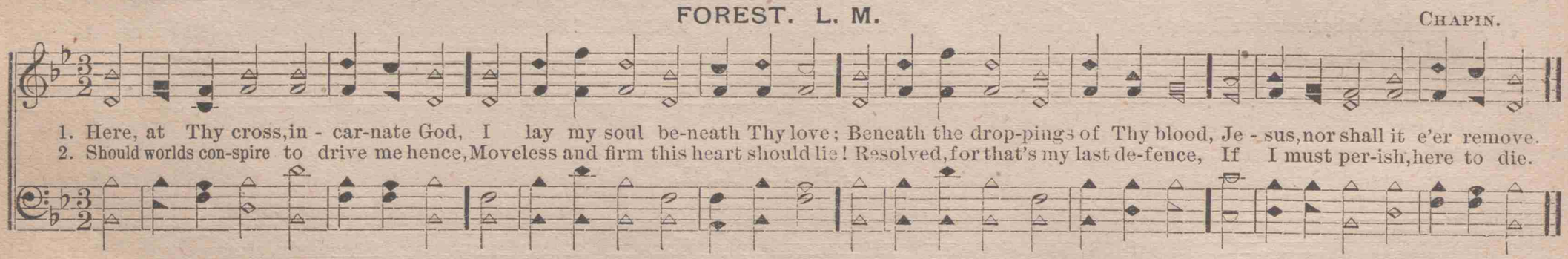


HARRISONBURG. L. M.

J. H. HALL.
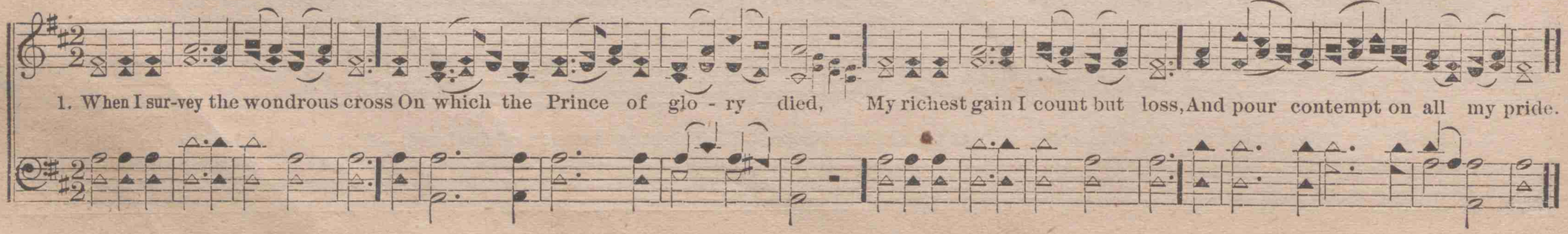


FOREST. L. M.

CHAPIN.



OLIVET. L. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



DEVOTION. L. M.

1. Show pi - ty, Lord, O Lord, forgive, Let a re-pent-ing reb - el live: Are not Thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in Thee?
2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass The pow'r and glory of Thy grace: Great God, Thy nature hath no bound, So let Thy pard'ning love be found.

THE SUN OF MY SOUL. L. M.

JOHN KEBLE, 1827. — *"The Lord God is a Sun."*—Psalm 84: 11. — GERMAN.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last thought, how sweet to rest Forev-er on my Saviour's breast.

SYKES. L. M.

J. H. HALL.

1. Lord, I am Thine, en-tire - ly Thine, Purchased and saved by blood Divine; With full consent Thine would I be, And own Thy sov'reign right in me.
2. Grant one poor sin - ner more a place A - mong the children of Thy grace: A wretched sin-ner lost to God, But ransomed by Im-manuel's blood.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Soft be the gen - tly breath-ing notes That sing the Saviour's dy - ing love; Soft as the eve-ning zeph-yr floats, And soft as tune-ful lyres a - bove.

RETREAT. L. M.

Slow. DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. From ev -'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev -'ry swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat, 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy - seat.
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads; A place than all on earth more sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy - seat.
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho' sunder'd far, by faith they meet A-round one common mer-cy - seat.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

𝄋 CHORUS. FINE. *D.S.*

1. { Oh, happy day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God! / Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a- broad. } Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Jesus wash'd my sins a-way! { He taught me how to watch and pray, / And live re- joic- ing ev -'ry day; }

WOODWORTH. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

HAMBURG. L. M.

GREGORIAN. Adapted by LOWELL MASON, 1825.

1. My God, how endless is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev-'ry eve - ning new; And morning mercies from a - bove Gen-tly dis- til like ear - ly dew.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

DR. ARNE.

Moderato.

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 oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd 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?

NEWCASTLE. C. M.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Thee we a - dore, E - ter - nal Name, And hum - bly own to Thee How fee - ble is our mor - tal frame, What dy - ing worms are we.
2. The year rolls round, and steals a - way The breath that first it gave; What-e'er we do, where-e'er we be, We're travelling to the grave.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly 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?

AZMON. C. M.

C. G. GLASER.

1. Dear Fa - ther, to Thy mer - cy seat My soul for shel - ter flies; 'T is here I find a sweet 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 ev - 'ry fear.

SHARON. C. M.

T. J. COOK.

1. How oft, a - las! this wretched heart Has wandered from the Lord; How oft my rov - ing tho'ts de - part, For - get - ful of Thy word.
2. Yet sovereign mer - cy calls "Re-turn," Dear Lord, and may I come? My vile in - grat - i - tude I mourn, Oh, take the wand'rer home.

TIOGA. C. M.

O. R. BARROWS

1. See Is-rael's gen - tle shepherd stand, With all en - gag - ing charms, Hark! how He calls the ten-der lambs, And folds them in His arms.
2. "Per - mit them to ap-proach," He cries, Nor scorn their humble name, For 't was to bless such souls as these, The Lord of an - gels came.
3. We bring them, Lord, in thank-ful hands, And yield them up to Thee; Joy - ful that we ourselves are Thine, Thine let our off - spring be.

BROWN. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. To our Redeemer's glo - rious name A-wake the sa - cred song! Oh, may His love, im - mor - tal flame! Tune ev - 'ry heart and tongue.

REDEEMING LOVE. C. M.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man - uel's veins, And sin- ners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y 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 pow'r, Till all the ran-somed sons of God Are saved to sin no more.

CHORUS.

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.

URBANA. C. M.

J. H. HALL.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning powers, Kin-dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
2. Look how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys; Our souls can nei- ther fly nor go To reach e - ter - nal joys!

MARLOW. C. M.

ENGLISH MELODY, 1832.

1. Daughter of Zi - on, from the dust Ex - alt thy fall - en head; A - gain in thy Re - deem- er trust; He calls thee from the dead.

LINGHAM. C. M.

JOSEPH FUNK. Arr. by F. L. A.

1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem - er's praise, My great Re-deem-er's praise; The glo-ries
2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro-claim, As - sist me to pro-claim, To spread thro'

3. Je - sus, the name that calms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease, That bids our sor-rows cease, 'Tis mu - sic
4. He breaks the pow'r of can - cell'd sin, He sets the pris-'ner free, He sets the pris-'ner free; His blood can

of my God and King, The triumphs of, the triumphs of His grace, The triumphs of His grace, The tri - umphs of His grace!
all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of, the hon - ors of Thy name, The hon-ors of Thy name, The hon - ors of Thy name.

in the sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life and health, 'tis life and health and peace, 'Tis life and health and peace, 'Tis life and health and peace.
make the foul - est clean, His blood a-vails, His blood a - vails for me, His blood a - vails for me, His blood a - vails for me.

BISHOP MEDLEY.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

WM. TANSUR.

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me: A token of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er-ty.
2. I find Him lift - ing up my head; He brings sal - va-tion near: His presence makes me free in - deed, And He will soon appear.

3. He wills that I should ho - ly be! What can withstand His will? The counsel of His grace in me, He sure - ly shall ful-fil.
4. Jesus, I hang up - on Thy word; I stead - fast-ly believe Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord, And to Thy - self receive.

ST. NICHOLAS. C. M.

DR. HAVERGAL.

1. E - ter - nal Source of joys di - vine, To Thee my soul as-pires; Oh, could I say, "The Lord is mine!" 'Tis all my soul de - sires.
2. My Hope, my Trust, my Life, my Lord, As - sure me of Thy love; Oh, speak the kind, transporting word, And bid my fears re - move.
3. Then shall my thankful pow'rs re - joice, And tri-umph in my God, Till heavenly rap-ture tune my voice, To spread Thy praise abroad.

BARTLETT. C. M. (Double.)

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day, Which God has called His own; With joy the summons we o - bey, To wor-ship at His throne.
2. Spir - it of grace! O deign to dwell With-in Thy church be - low; Make her in ho - li - ness ex - cel, With pure de - vo - tion glow.
3. Thy cho - sen tem - ple, Lord, how fair! As here thy ser-vants throng To breathe the humble, fer - vent prayer, And pour the grate-ful song.
4. Great God, we hail the sa - cred day, Which Thou hast called Thine own; With joy the summons we o - bey, To wor-ship at Thy throne.

DUNDEE. C. M.

GUIL. FRANC, 1545.

Slowly.

1. Let not de-spair nor fell re - venge Be to my bo- som known; Oh, give me tears for oth-er's woes, And pa-tience for my own.
2. Feed me, O Lord, with need- ful food: I ask not wealth, nor fame; But give me eyes to view Thy works, A heart to praise Thy name.
3. Oh, may my days ob - scure - ly pass, With-out re-morse or care! And let me for my part- ing hour From day to day pre - pare.

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let angels prostrate fall! Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem,

ANTIOCH. C. M.

G. F. HANDEL.

And crown Him Lord of all.

1. Joy to the world—the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let eve - ry heart pre-

pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
And heav'n and na - ture sing,

And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

ARTONVILLE. C. M.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds, In a be-liev-er's ear! It sooths his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, And drives away his fear.
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'T is manna to the hungry soul, And to the wea-ry rest, And to the wea-ry rest.
3. By Him my pray'rs acceptance gain, Although with sin de-filed; Sa - tan ac-cus - es me in vain, And I am owned a child, And I am owned a child.

MASON'S CHANT. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. O, for a thousand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise—The glo- ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace.
2. My gracious Mas-ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim, To spread thro' all the earth a - broad The hon - ors of Thy name.
3. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease; 'T is mu - sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'T is life, and health, and peace.

AVON. C. M.

H. WILSON, 1768.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die? Would He de - vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree? A - maz-ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!

WOODLAND. C. M.

N. D. GOULD.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'rers given; There is a joy for souls distress'd, A balm for every wounded breast,—'Tis found above in heaven.

HURLBUTT. C. M.

T. F. Seward.

1. My God, my Fa - ther, bliss-ful name! Oh, may I call Thee mine? May I with sweet as - sur-ance claim A por-tion so di - vine?
2. Whate'er Thy sa - cred will ob-tains, Oh, give me strength to bear! And let me know my Fa-ther reigns, And trust His ten - der care.

MATTIE. C. M.

L. C. Everett.

1. Ye golden lamps of heav'n farewell, With all your feeble light; Farewell, thou ev - er-changing moon, Pale em-press of the night, Pale empress of the night.
2. And thou re-fulgent orb of day, In brighter flames arrayed; My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere, No more demands thy aid, No more demands thy aid.
3. Ye stars are but the shining dust Of my di-vine a-bode, The pavement of those heav'nly courts, Where I shall see my God, Where I shall see my God.

JOSIE. C. M. (No. 1.)

Chester G. Allen.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs; Kin-dle a flame of sa-cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
2. Father, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate; Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great?
3. Come, Holy Spir-it, heaven-ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs, Come, shed a-broad a Sav-iour's love, And that shall kin-dle ours.

EVAN. C. M.

REV. WM. H. HAVERGAL.

Slowly, gently.

1. In mer - cy, Lord, re - mem-ber me Through 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: Oh, in the morn-ing let me rise Re - joic - ing in Thy love!

SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's shad-y rill How fair the li - ly grows! How sweet the breath be - neath the hill, Of Shar - on's dew - y rose!
2. Lo! such the child whose early feet The paths of peace have trod, Whose se - cret heart, with influence sweet, Is up-ward turn'd to God.

GATES. C. M.

T. J. GRIGGS.

Moderato.

1. Dear Fa - ther! to Thy mer - cy seat, My soul for shel - ter flies: 'Tis here I find a safe retreat, 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 comforts high, And ban-ish ev - 'ry fear.
3. Oh! nev - er let my soul re-move From this di - vine re - treat; Still let me trust Thy pow'r and love, And dwell be-neath Thy feet.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

GEO. DUTTON.

1. O Thou who driest the mourner's tear, How dark this world would be, If, pierced by sins and sor-rows here, We could not fly to Thee!

BRADFORD. C. M.

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL.

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me; A to-ken of His love He gives A pledge of lib - er - ty.
2. I find Him lift - ing up my head; He brings sal - va - tion near; His presence makes me free in - deed, And He will soon ap-pear.
3. He wills that I should ho - ly be! What can with - stand His will? The counsel of His grace in me He sure - ly shall ful - fil.

CONQUEST. C. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

Very spirited.

All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall! Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,

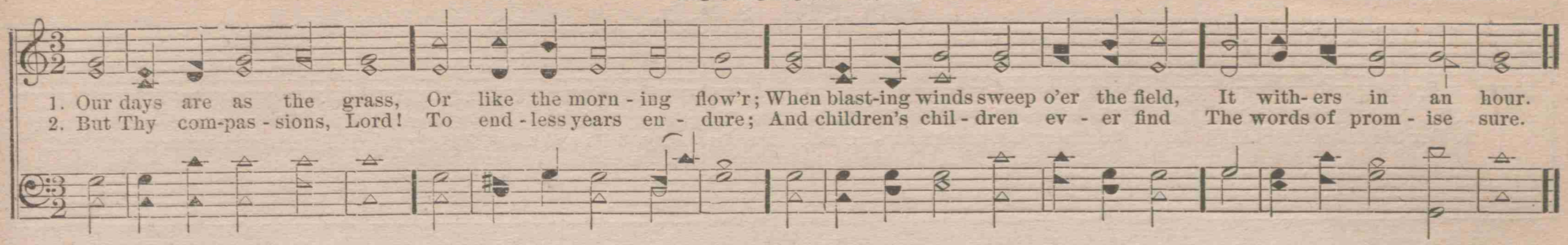
All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall! Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall! Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,

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

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

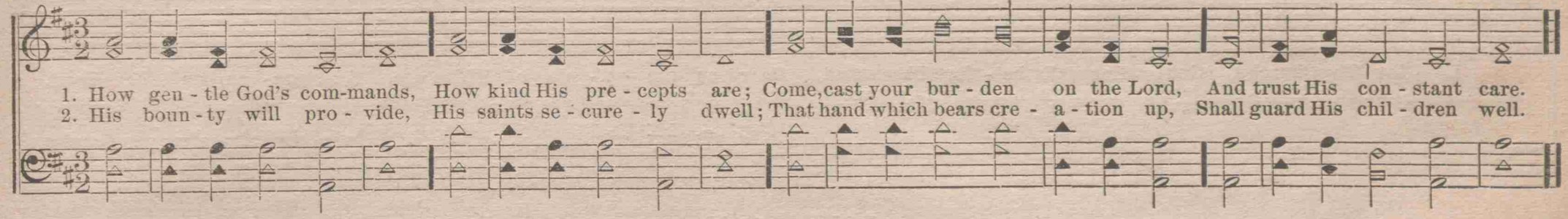
BOYLSTON. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.
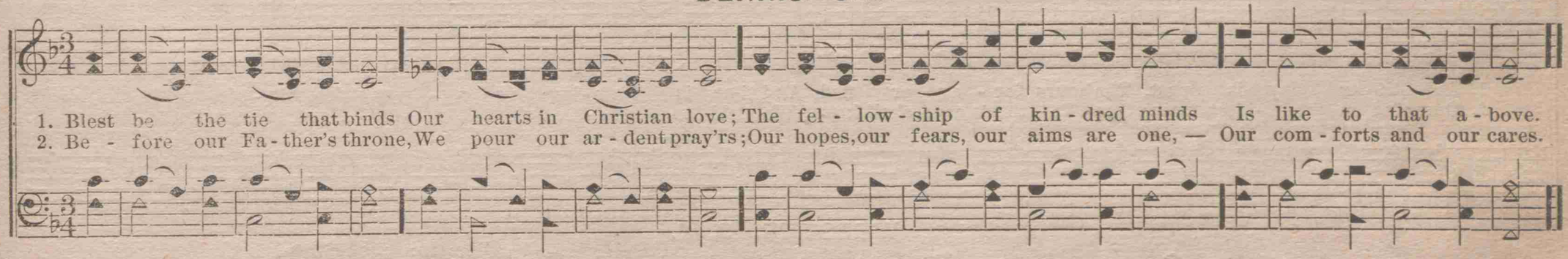


LOTTIE. S. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



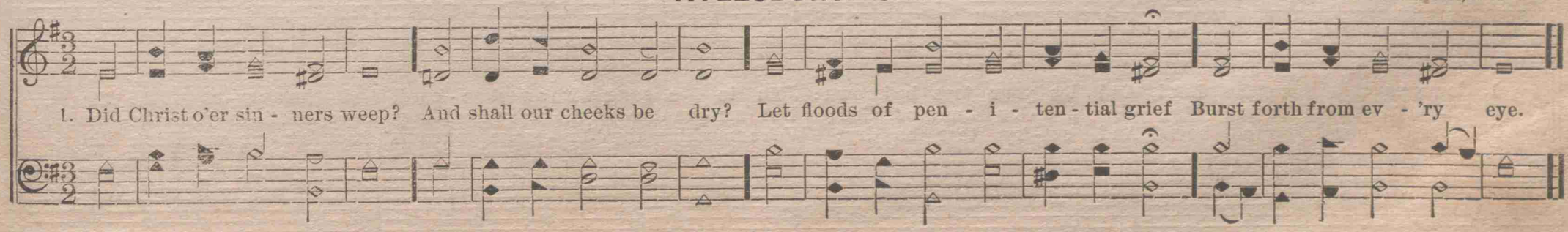
DENNIS. S. M.

H. G. NAGELI.



AYLESBURY. S. M.

JAMES GREEN, 1710.



BEALOTH. S. M. D.

1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode, The Church our blest Re-deem-er bought With His own pre - cious blood.
2. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend; To her my toils and cares be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.

I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.
Be - yond my high - est joy, I prize her heav'n-ly ways, Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

GAVIN. S. M.

OLD SOUTHERN MELODY.

1. An - oth - er day is past, The hours for - ev - er fled, And time is bear - ing us a - way To min - gle with the dead.
2. Our minds in per - fect peace Our Fa - ther's care shall keep; We yield to gen - tle slum - ber now, For Thou canst nev - er sleep.

WEBSTER. S. M.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known: Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne.
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But ser - vants of the heaven-ly King May speak their joys a - broad.
3. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im - manuel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.

LABAN. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.

Spirited.

1. My soul! be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a - rise; And hosts of sin are press-ing hard, To draw thee from the skies.
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.

KEIFFER. S. M.

B. C. UNSELD.

1. How beau-teous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill; Who bring sal- va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal!
2. How charm-ing is their voice! How sweet their tid - ings are! "Zi - on, be-hold thy Sav - iour King; He reigns and tri - umphs here!"

Who stand on Zi - on's hill;
How sweet their tid - ings are!

GERAR. S. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Moderato.

1. Blest be the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind desires to serve and please, Whose kind desires to serve and please Thro' all their ac - tions run.
2. Blest is the pi-ous house Where zeal and friendship meet; Their songs of praise, their mingled vows, Their songs of praise, their mingled vows, Make their commun - ion sweet.

GLENDALE. S. M.
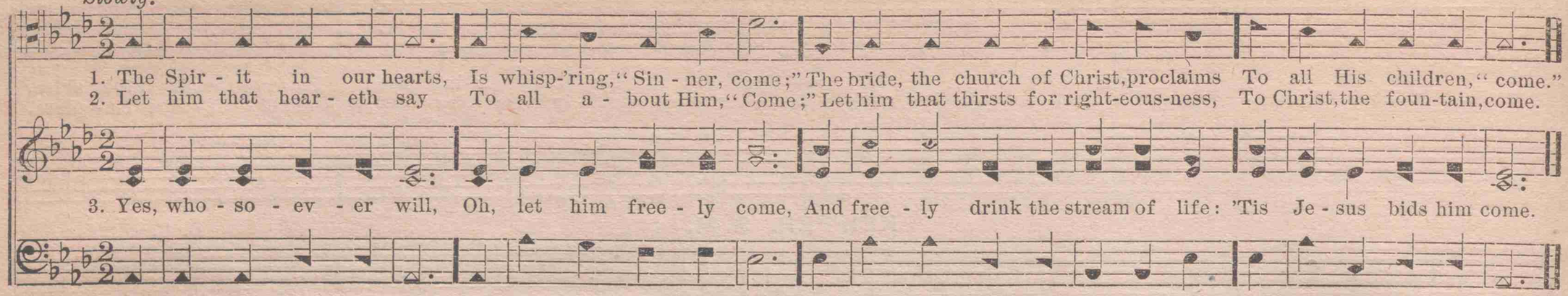
Music by WYATT MINSHALL.

1. O, where shall rest be found, Rest for the weary soul? 'T were vain the ocean's depths to sound Or pierce to either pole, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.
2. The world can never give The bliss for which we sigh; 'T is not the whole of life to line, Nor all of death to die, Nor all of death to die.
3. Be-yond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove, Unmeasured by the flight of years; And all that life is love, And all that life is love.

NATHALIE. S. M.
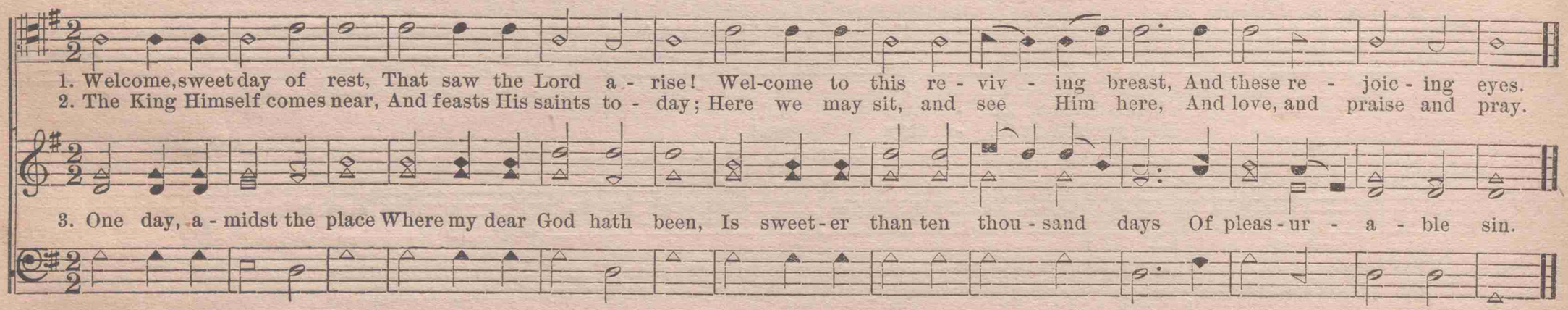
BEETHOVEN.

Slowly.



SWEET DAY. S. M.
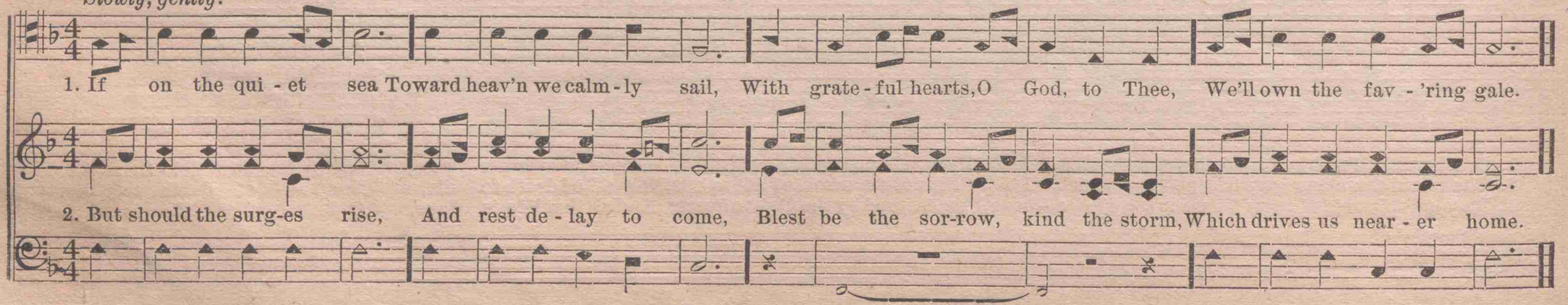
B. C. UNSELD.



TENDERNESS. S. M.

EDWARD HAMILTON.

Slowly, gently.



AIN. S. M.

CORRELLI.

1. Sol-diers of Christ, a - rise! And put your ar - mor on, Strong in the strength which God sup - plies Through His E - ter - nal Son.

Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His might-y pow'r, Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than conquer-or.

Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His mighty pow'r, Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than conquer-or.

Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His might-y pow'r, Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than conquer-or.

Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His mighty pow'r, Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than conquer-or.

HARRISON. S. M.

J. H. HALL.

1. O, for the death of those Who slum - ber in the Lord! O, be like theirs my last re - pose, Like theirs my last re - ward.
2. Their bod - ies in the ground, In si - lent hope may lie, Till the last trum - pet's joy - ful sound Shall call them to the sky.

SHEPHERD. S. M.

WYATT MINSHALL.

1. The Lord my shepherd is, I shall be well sup-plied; 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 heav'nly past-ure grows, Where living wa-ters gen-tly pass, And full sal - va-tion flows, And full sal-va-tion flows.
3. If e'er I go a-stray, 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.

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE. D.C.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
While the rag-ing bil-lows roll, While the tem-pest still is high. }
Hide me, O my Sav-iour hide, Till the storm of life is past;
D.C.— *Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.*

HENDON. 7s.

Rev. DR. MALAN.

1. To Thy pastures fair and large, Heav'nly Shep-herd, lead Thy charge; And my couch with tenderest care, Midst the springing grass pre - pare, Midst the springing grass prepare.
2. When I faint with summer's heat, Thou shalt guide my wea-ry feet To the streams, that, still and slow, Thro' the verdant mead-ows flow, Thro' the ver-dant meadows flow.

A. S. K.

JOSIE. 7S. (No. 2.)

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Hear me, Sav-iour, while I pray On this ho - ly Sab-bath day; Bless me as Thou didst of old Bless the lambs of Is - rael's fold.
2. Hold my hand with - in Thine own, That I may not walk a - lone; Guide my footsteps lest they stray In - to sin's dark des - ert way.

TOPLADY. 7s. 6 lines.

DR. HASTINGS.

FINE. D.C.

1. Rock of a - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side that flow'd,
D.C.—*Be of sin the per - fect cure; Save me, Lord, and make me pure.*

WILMOT. 7s. (Single.)

C. M. von Weber.

p Moderato. *f* *p* *f*

1. Heav'nly Fa - ther, sov'reign Lord, Be Thy glorious name a - dored! Lord, Thy mercies nev - er fail: Hail, ce - les-tial goodness, hail.

2. Tho' un - worth-y, Lord, thine ear, Deign our hum-ble songs to hear; Purer praise we hope to bring, When around Thy throne we sing.

GUIDE. 7s. 8 lines.

Words and Music by M. M. Wells, 1858.

Fine. *D.C.*

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, / Gen-tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land. } Wea - ry souls, for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice.

D.C.— Whisp'ring soft - ly, wand - 'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.

GREATOREX. 7s. 6 lines.

Chester G. Allen.

Fine. *D.C.*

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side that flowed,

D.C.— Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from sin, and make me pure.

2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan - guor know, All 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.

WELCOME. 7s. (Double.)

G. W. LINTON.

FINE.

1. { Chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing;
   { Sing your Sav-iour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways. } Ye are trav'-ling home to God In the way the fa-thers trod;

D.C. They are hap - py now, and ye Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.

VERNON. 7s.

J. H. RUEBUSH.

rit. . . . .

1. Soft-ly fades the twilight ray Of the ho - ly Sabbath day; Gen - tly as life's set - ting sun, When the Christian's course is run.
2. Night her solemn man-tle spreads, O'er the earth as day-light fades; All things thrill of calm re-pose, At the ho - ly Sab-bath's close.
3. Sav-iour may our Sabbaths be Days of peace and joy in thee, Till in heav'n our souls re-pose, Where the Sab - bath ne'er shall close.

PRAYER. 7s.

ASAHEL ABBOT.

1. Firm - ly trust - ing in Thy blood, Noth-ing shall my heart con-found; Safe - ly I shall pass the flood, Safe-ly reach Im-man-uel's ground.
2. When I touch the bless - ed shore, Back the clos - ing waves shall roll; Death's dark stream shall nev - er- more Part from Thee my rav-ished soul.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

BIRDIE. 7s.

J. H. HALL.

1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re-served for me? Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me the chief of sin-ners spare?
2. I have long withstood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face; Would not hark-en to His calls, Grieved Him by a thou-sand falls.
3. Now in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins la - ment; Now my foul re - volt de - plore, Weep, be - lieve, and sin no more.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. (Single.)

IGNACE PLEYEL.

Slow.

1. To Thy pas-tures, fair and large, Heav'n-ly Shepherd, lead Thy charge; And my couch, with ten - d'rest care, Midst the springing 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, Thro' the ver - dant mead-ows flow.

HOREB. 7s.

J. H. HALL.

1. Sin - ners, turn, why will ye die? God, your Mak - er, asks you why? God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with Him - self to live,—

2. He the fat - al cause de-mands, Asks the work of His own hands, Why, ye thank-less crea-tures, why, Will ye cross His love, and die?

ROCK OF AGES. 7s.

Arr. by J. A. SHOWALTER.

D.C. for Ref.

1. Je- sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the bil- lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
2. Oth- er ref- uge have I none: Hangs my helpless soul on Thee: Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone; Still sup-port and comfort me.
3. All my trust on Thee is stayed; All my help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fenceless head With the sha- dow of Thy wing.

Ref. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my- self in Thee.

GREENVILLE. 8, 7. (Double.)

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

FINE. D.C.

1. { Come, Thou fount of ev-'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace: / Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. } Teach me some mel-o-dious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues above:

D.C. Praise the Mount—I'm fixed upon it, Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.

2. { Here I'll raise mine Eb-en-e-zer, Hith-er by Thy help I'm come; / And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home. } Je-sus sought me, when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;

D.C. He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, In-ter-posed His pre-cious blood.

SICILY. 8s & 7s. (Single.)

Moderato. MOZART.

1. Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, Thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deeming grace.
Oh, re-fresh us, Oh, re-fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wild-er-ness.

2. Thanks we give, and ad-o-ra-tion, For Thy gos-pel's joy-ful sound; May the fruits of Thy sal-va-tion In our hearts and lives a-bound.
May Thy presence, May Thy presence With us ev-er-more be found.

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

HUBERT P. MAIN.

FINE. D.C.

1. { Tar-ry with me, O my Sav-iour! For the day is pass-ing by, / See! the shades of evening gath-er, And the night is drawing nigh. } Deeper, deep-er grow the shad-ows, Pal-er now the glow-ing west,

D.C. Swift the night of death ad-vanc-es; Shall it be the night of rest?

2. { Fee-ble, trembling, fainting, dy-ing, Lord, I cast my-self on Thee; / Tar-ry with me thro' the dark-ness: While I sleep, still watch by me. } Tar-ry with me, O my Sav-iour! Lay my head up-on Thy breast.

D.C. Till the morn-ing; then a-wake me,—Morn-ing of e-ter-nal rest.

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

FINE. D.C.

1. { One there is a - bove all oth - ers, Well deserves the name of Friend: / His is love be - yond a broth-er's, Cost-ly, free, and knows no end. } Which of all our friends to save us, Could or would have shed his blood.

D.C. But this Sav-iour died to save us, Rec - on-ciled, in Him, to God.

2. { When He lived on earth a - bas - ed, Friend of Sin-ners was His name, / Now a - bove all glo - ry rais - ed, He re - joic-es in the same. } Oh for grace our hearts to soft - en! Teach us, Lord, at length to love;

D.C. We, a - las! for - get too oft - en, What a Friend we have a - bove.

NETTLETON. 8 & 7.

New Arrangement.

1. When the world my heart is rend-ing, With its heav-iest storm of care, My glad tho'ts to God as - cend - ing, Finds a ref - uge from despair.
2. There's a hand of mer-cy near me, Tho' the waves of troub-le roar; There's our hour of rest to cheer me, When the toils of life are o'er.
3. Oh! to rest in peace for - ev - er, Joined with hap-py souls a - bove, Where no foe my heart can sev - er From the Sav-iour whom I love.
4. This the hope that shall sus-tain me Till life's pil - grim-age be past; Tears may vex and troub-le pain me; I shall reach my home at last.

CHORUS.

I love Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah! I love Je - sus, yes, I do, I do love Je - sus, He's my Sav-iour, Je - sus smiles, and loves me too.

I love Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah! I love Je - sus, yes, I do, I do love Je - sus, He's my Sav-iour, Je - sus smiles, and loves me, too.

CHURCH HILL. 8s & 7s.

WM. MINGLE.

Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet - ly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th' angel - ic host re - joi - ces, Heav'nly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.

Hear them tell the wondrous sto-ry, Hear them chant in hymns of joy, "Glo - ry in the high-est—glo-ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!"
Hear them chant in hymns of joy, "Glo - ry in the high-est—glo-ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!"

EVENING SONG. 8s & 7s.

J. H. HALL.

Not too fast.

1. Saviour breathe an eve-ning bless-ing, Ere re-pose our spir-its seal; Sin and want we come confessing; Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
2. Tho' the night be dark and drear-y, Darkness cannot hide from Thee; Thou art He who nev-er wear - y, Watch-est where Thy people be.

Tho' de-struction walk a-round us, Tho' the ar-rows past us fly, An - gel guards from Thee surround us; We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And command us to the tomb, May the morn in heav'n awake us, Clad in bright e - ter - nal bloom.

m *f*

WEBB. 7s. & 6.

GEO. JAMES WEBB.

1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark-ness dis - ap - pears: The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears:
2. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thine on-ward way; Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich-ness stay:

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid - ings from a - far, Of na - tions in com- mo - tion, Pre-pared for Zi - on's war.
Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - umph-ant reach their home; Stay not till all the ho - ly Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

SABBATH. 7s. 6 lines.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Safe-ly, thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way: Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day:

Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest; Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest.

AMSTERDAM. 7s. & 6s.

Dr. James Nares.

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace, Rise from all ter - res - trial things, T'wards heav'n, thy na - tive place.
2. Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course; Fire, as - cend - ing, seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source.
3. Cease, ye pil-grims, cease to mourn, Press on - ward to the prize; Soon our Sav - iour will re - turn, Tri-umph - ant to the skies.

Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move: Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre-pared a - bove.
So a soul that 's born of God Pants to view His glo - rious face, Upward tends to His a - bode, To rest in His em - brace.

Yet a sea - son, and you know Hap - py en-trance will be given, All our sor-rows left be - low, And earth ex-changed for heav'n.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s. & 6s.

Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand, Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun-tains Roll down their gold-en sand;
2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle— Though ev - 'ry pros-pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high— Shall we, to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?

MISSIONARY HYMN.

From ma - ny an an - cient riv - er, From ma - ny a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown; The hea - then, in his blind-ness, Bows down to wood and stone.

Sal - va - tion! oh, sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim, Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion, Has learn'd Mes-si - ah's name.

FREDERICKSBURG. H. M.

By per R. M. McIntosh.

1. Re - joice, the Lord is King, Your Lord and King a - dore; Mor - tals, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more: Lift up your
2. Je - sus, the Sav-iour reigns, The God of truth and love; When He had purged our stains, He took His seat a - bove:
3. His king - dom can - not fail; He rules o'er earth and heav'n; The keys of death and hell Are to our Je - sus given:

hearts, ... Lift up your voice, Re - joice, a - gain, I say, re - joice.
Lift up your hearts, Lift up your voice, Re - joice, a - gain, . . . I say, re - joice.

Lift up your hearts, Lift up your voice, ... Re - joice, a - gain, . . . I say, re - joice.

Lift up your hearts, Lift up your voice, ... Re-joice, a - gain, I say, re - joice.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Oh, could I speak the match - less worth, Oh, could I sound the glo - ries forth, Which in my Sav - iour shine; I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Ga - briel while he sings, In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
2. I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears, And all the forms of love He wears, Ex - alt - ed on His throne; In loft - iest songs of sweetest praise I would to ev - er - last - ing days Make all His glo-ries known, Make all His glo - ries known.

PIERCE. 8s. (Single.)

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. We speak of the realms of the bless'd, That country so bright and so fair; And oft are its glories confess'd—But what must it be to be there!
2. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sor-row, tempta-tion and care, From tri - als without and with-in— But what must it be to be there!
3. We speak of its ser-vice of love, The robes which the glo-ri-fied wear, The church of the First-born above—But what must it be to be there!

GREENFIELD. 8s.

DE FLEURY.

FINE. D.C.

1. { How te-dious and tasteless the hours When Je - sus no long-er I see! / Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have lost all their sweetness to me; } The mid-summer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;

D.C. But when I am hap - py in Him, De - cem - ber's as pleas-ant as May.

THE HAPPY LAND.

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way;
Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day;
Oh, how they sweetly sing, "Worthy is our Saviour King!" Loud, let His praises ring Forev-er there.

2. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come a-way!
Why will you doubting stand, Why yet de-lay?
Oh, we shall hap-py be, When from sin and sorrow free! Lord, we shall live with Thee, Forev-er there.

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

PEACEFUL REST. 8s & 4s. (Peculiar.)

MAY BE USED AS A SHORT ANTHEM, FOR FUNERAL OCCASIONS.

L. O. Emerson.

pp

1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wea-ry pil-grims found; They softly lie, and sweetly sleep, Low in the ground.
2. The storm that sweeps the win-try sky, No more dis-turbs their deep re-pose, Than summer evening's latest sigh, That shuts the rose.
3. There, trav-'ller in the vale of tears, To realms of ev-er-last-ing light, Thro' time's dark wilderness of years, Pursue thy flight.

BETHANY. 6s. & 4.

Dr. Lowell Mason.

Slow movement.

1. Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, Daylight all gone, Dark-ness be o-ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I 'd be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.
3. There let the way appear Steps up to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.

PARTING HYMN.

1. How pleas - ant thus to dwell be - low In fel - low-ship of love!
   And though we part, 't is bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove.

2. Yes, hap - py tho't! 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.

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.

The good shall meet a - bove, The good shall meet a - bove,
And nev - er part a - gain, And nev - er part a - gain;
In nev - er end - ing praise, . . In nev - er end - ing praise;

CHORUS.

And tho' we part, 't is bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove.
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 Canaan's hap - py shore, And sing the ev - er-last-ing song With those who 've gone be-fore.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s. & 10s.

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1792.

2ND. TREBLE.

1. Come, ye dis-con-solate, wher - e'er you lan - guish, Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel: Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an-guish;
2. Joy of the comfortless, light of the stray-ing, Hope, when all oth-ers die, fadeless and pure: Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name say-ing,

1ST. TREBLE.

Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n cannot heal. Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot heal.

"Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot cure." Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name say - ing, "Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot cure."

HEAVEN IS MY HOME. 6s. & 4s.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. { I 'm but a stranger here, / Earth 's but a desert drear, } Heav'n is my home; Dan- ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev - 'ry hand; Heav'n is my fatherland, Heav'n is my home.
2. { What tho' the tempest rage, / Short is my pil-grimage, } Heav'n is my home; Time's cold and wint'ry blast Soon will be o - ver-past; I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.

LENOX. H. M.

LEWIS EDSON, 1782.

1. Ye tribes of A - dam, join With heav'n, and earth, and seas, And of - fer notes di - vine, To your Cre - a - tor's praise.

2. Ye tribes of A - dam, join With heav'n, and earth, and seas, And of - fer notes di - vine, To your Cre - a - tor's praise.

Ye ho - ly throng of an - gels bright, In worlds of light, be - gin the song.

Ye ho - ly throng of an - gels bright, Ye ho - ly throng of an - gels bright, In worlds of light, be - gin the song.

Ye ho - ly throng of an - gels bright, Ye ho - ly throng of an - gels bright, In worlds of light, be - gin the song.

ST. MICHAEL'S. 10s. & 11s.

HANDEL.

1. All praise to the Lamb! accepted I am, Thro' faith in the Saviour's a - dor-a- ble name: In Him I con- fide, His blood is ap-plied; For me he hath suffered, for me He hath died.

2. Not a doubt doth arise to darken the skies, Or hide for a moment the Lord from mine eyes: In Him I am blest, I lean on His breast, And lo! in His wound I con- tin-ue to rest.

HEAVENLY HOME. 7s. & 6s.

1. Come, breth-ren, do n't grow wea - ry, 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. Loved ones have gone be - fore us; They beck - on us a - way; O'er æ - rial plains they 're soaring, 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 hourly watch and pray.

CHORUS.

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

TRIUMPHANT ADIEU. 11s. & 8s.

Arranged.

2 Tim. 4 : 6–8.

Rev. S. J. Oslin.

1. Ye ob - jects of scenes and en - joyments of time, Which oft have delight - ed my heart, I soon shall exchange you for joys more sublime, For joys that can nev - er de - part.
2. My loved hab-i - ta - tion and gar- dens a- dieu, No lon - ger my footsteps ye know, A man-sion in glo - ry stands full in my view, And bright - an-gels wel-come me home.
3. My Sab-baths be-low that have been my delight, And thou, Blessed Volume Di- vine, Ye guid - ed my footsteps like stars in the night, A - dieu, my con-duc- tors be - nign.
4. My cares and my la - bors and sick-ness and pain, And sor- rows are now at an end, Bright mansions of bliss I am read - y to gain My soul to bright glo- ry as - cend.

WE SHALL MEET. 8s. 6s. 7s. 6s.

J. H. Ruebush.

1. We shall meet be-yond the riv - er, By and by, by and by; And the dark - ness shall be o - ver, By and by, by and by;
2. We shall strike the harps of glo - ry, By and by, by and by; We shall sing re- demption's sto - ry, By and by, by and by;
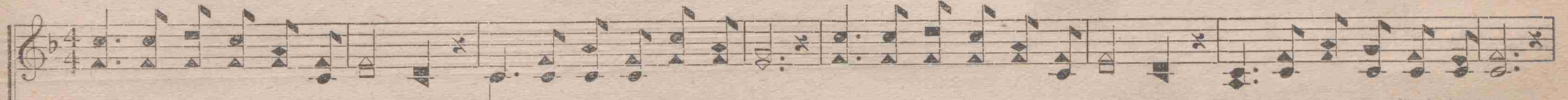
With the toil - some journey done, And the glo - rious bat - tle won, We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.

And the strains for - ev - er - more Shall re-sound in sweetness o'er Yon- der ev - er - last - ing shore, By and by, by and by.

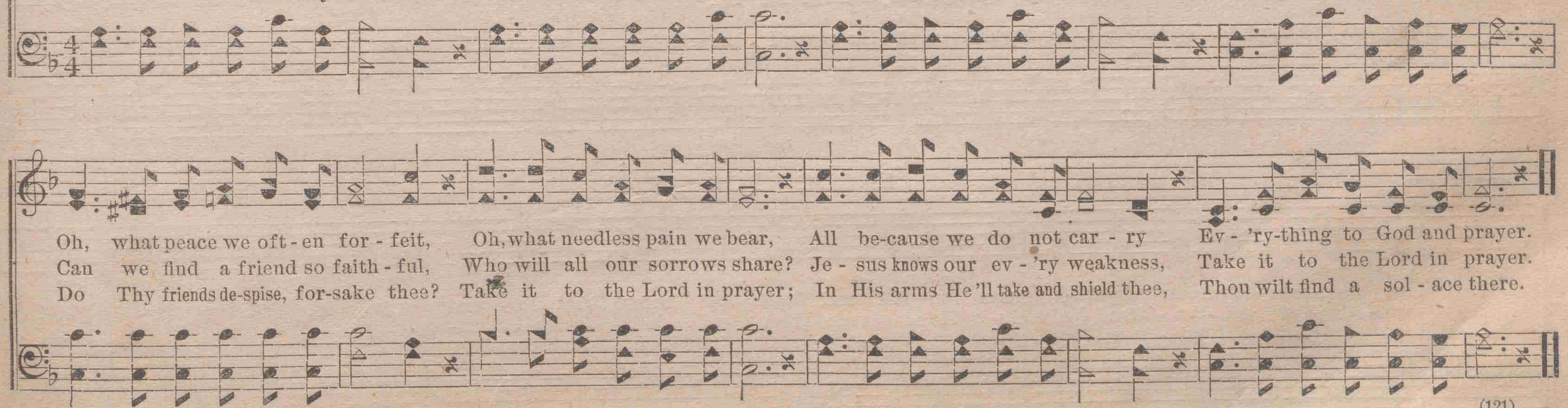
SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND PRAISE DEPARTMENT.

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

Rev. H. Bonar. "*There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a Brother.*"—Prov. 18: 24. Chas. C. Converse, by per.



1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear; What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there trouble a - nywhere? We should nev-er be dis - cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cumber'd with a load of care? Precious Saviour, still our ref - uge— Take it to the Lord in prayer.



Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear, All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God and prayer.
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sorrows share? Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do Thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer; In His arms He 'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

Rev. I. B.

WAITING AT THE CROSS.

Rev. I. Baltzell.

1. Sav - iour at the cross I 'm wait - ing, All to leave and fol - low Thee; Wretch- ed, poor, des-pised, for - sa - ken,
2. All my earth - ly fame and treas - ure I sur - ren - der now to Thee; Let Thy mer - cy, let Thy pleas - ure
3. Prec - ious Sav - iour, smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might; Take my heart, in pit - y own me,

Chorus.

Wait - ing, Lord, Thy sym - pa - thy. I am wait - ing, at the cross, I am wait - ing, at the cross, I am
Speak the word, and I am free.
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

wait-ing at the cross to be saved; I am wait-ing, at the cross, I am wait-ing, at the cross, I am wait-ing at the cross to be saved.

E. A. H.

ENOUGH FOR ME.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

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

ENOUGH FOR ME.

And that's e-nough for me, And that's e-nough for me, I know that Je - sus saves me, And that's e-nough for me.
And that's e-nough for me, And that's e-nough for me, I feel the sweet as - sur - ance, And that's e-nough for me.
And that's e-nough for me, And that's e-nough for me, I feel its cleans-ing pow - er, And that's e-nough for me.

Rev. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON.

OVER THERE.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Oh, think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, (o - ver there,) Where the saints, all im-mor - tal and
2. Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us their jour - ney have trod, (o - ver there,) Of the songs that they breathe on the

fair, Are robed in their gar - ments of white, (o - ver there.)
air, In their home in the pal - ace of God (o - ver there.)

REFRAIN.

O - ver there, o - ver there, Oh,
O - ver there. o - ver there, Oh,

think of the home o - ver there, (o-ver there,) O - ver there, O - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there.
think of the friends o - ver there, (o-ver there,) o - ver there, Oh, think of the friends o - ver there.

W. B. B.

ROOM AT THE CROSS.

Wm. B. Blake.

Duet.

1. Room at the Cross for a sin-ner's soul, Room at the Cross for you; Where the sin - la - den may be made whole, Room at the Cross for you.
2. Room at the Cross for a breaking heart, Room at the Cross for you; Choose, then, like Ma - ry, the bet - ter part, Room at the Cross for you.
3. Room at the Cross for earth's weary and worn, Room at the Cross for you; Come, then, oh, come, then, ye souls who mourn. Room at the Cross for you.

Refrain.

Room, room, room at the Cross, Room at the Cross for you; Room, room, room at the Cross, Room at the Cross for you.

Louisa E.

MY HOME ABOVE.

Chas. Edw. Pollock, by per.

1. I love to think of my home a - bove, In the glorious realms of light, Of the pear - ly gates and the gold - en streets, In that land where there is no night.
2. I love to think of my home a - bove, Of that pure and ho - ly clime, Where the sor - rows of earth can nev - er come, But e- ter - nal joys will be mine.
3. I love to think of my home a - bove, Of the an - gel forms so bright, Of the bless - ed ones there a - round the throne, In the land of pure de - light.

D.S.—In that home a - bove, where all is love, And joys be - yond com - pare?

Fine. Chorus. D.S.

Home, sweet home! Hap - py home, sweet home! Oh, say, will you meet me there,
Home, sweet home! Home, sweet home, Home, sweet home, Happy home, sweet home,

I NEED THY PARDON, LORD.

Words and Music by W. L. THOMPSON.

1. I need Thy par - don, Lord, Be - fore Thy throne I bow, On Thy for-give - ness I de - pend O send Thy par - don now;
2. I need Thy par - don, Lord, My on - ly hope art Thou, With-out Thee all is dark and drear, O send Thy light just now;
3. I need Thy par - don, Lord, On me Thy grace be - stow, O cleanse my heart and make it pure O send forgive - ness now;

CHORUS.

Just now, Just now O send Thy par - don now, Wash out my sins and make me pure, O send Thy par - don now.

Just now, Just now,

By permission of WILL L. THOMPSON, East Liverpool, Ohio.

ONLY TRUST HIM.

ELIZA SHERMAN. J. H. HALL.

1. "Peace with God.") what gift more pre-cious, From His treas-ure-house a - bove, Could our Fa - ther send His chil-dren, As a to - ken of His love?
2. On - ly trust His lov - ing kindness; "When the heart on Him is stayed, It shall nev - er more be troub-led, It shall nev - er be a-fraid."
3. Tell - ing oft the dear, old sto - ry, Point - ing them to heav'n a-bove, Saviour, help me, show to oth - ers, More of faith, of Christian love.

CHORUS.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, "Christ is faith - ful to for-give;" 'T is a lov - ing Fa-ther calls thee, Come to Him and ye shall live.

THE CITY OF LIGHT.

Words and Music by A. S. KEIFFER.

CHORUS.

1. There's a ci - ty of light 'mid the stars, we are told, Where they know not a sor - row 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. Brother dear, nev-er fear,—we shall tri-umph 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, nev - er fear,—for the Sav-iour is near, With His hand He will lead you a - long;
And the way that is dark, Christ will gracious-ly 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 pil-grim-age 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.

I AM COMING, LORD.

L. HARTSOUGH, by per.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee; For cleans - ing in Thy pre-cious blood, That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
2. Though coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure; Thou dost my vile - ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot-less, all and pure.
3. 'T is Je - sus calls me on, To per - fect faith and love, To per - fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.

CHORUS.

I am com - ing, Lord! Com - ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

I'LL BE THERE.

Jubilee Song.

Allegretto.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone,
2. His track I see, and I'll pur-sue,
3. This is the way I long have sought,

} When the last trum-pet sounds, I'll be there; {

He whom I fix my hopes up - on,
The nar - row way, till Him I view,
And mourned be-cause I found it not,

} When the

CHORUS.

last trum - pet sounds, I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there, When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there.

I'll be there, I'll be there,

IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

"*Rejoice, because your names are written in heaven.*"—Luke 10: 20.

W. T. G. — W. T. GIFFE.

1. In the Lamb's book of life, that is kept in heav-en, Are writ-ten the names of those for- giv - en; Is my name writ-ten there?
2. All the good that I do is there re - cord-ed, And in heav-en by grace I'll be re-ward -ed: Is my name writ-ten there?
3. Tho' my life may be fraught with af-flic - tions fear- ful, I can bear with it all, and my heart be cheer-ful, If my name's writ-ten there.

CHORUS.

Is my name writ - ten there? Is my name writ - ten there? In the Lamb's book of life, Is my name writ - ten there?

AT THE CROWNING.

MRS. LIZZIE UNDERWOOD. — S. C. HANSON.

1. When the Sav- iour counts His jew - els, Will I be number'd there? When He crowns His faith-ful chil - dren, Will I the crowning share?
2. When He calls the roll of heav - en, Will my name be writ - ten down? When the faith-ful are re - ward - ed, Will I re- ceive a crown?
3. Lov- ing Sav- iour keep me watch-ing, That I the bliss may share, When Thou com- est in Thy king - dom, Let me, let me be there.

At the crown-ing in the king - dom, Will I the crowning share? At the crown-ing in the king - dom, Will I the crowning share.
At the crown-ing in the king - dom, Will I re-ceive a crown? At the crown-ing in the king - dom, Will I re - ceive a crown?
At the crown-ing in the king - dom, Let me, let me be there, At the crown-ing in the king - dom, Let me, let me be there.

From "LIVING GEMS," by permission of S. C. HANSON.

LITTLE REAPERS.

Arr. by H. T. WARTMANN.

1. We are lit - tle reap-ers, toil- ing all the day, Lab'ring in the harvest, o'er the ston-y way; Gleaning 'mong the thistles, searching thro'the rain,
2. We are lit - tle reap-ers, in the fields of sin, Striv-ing for the Mas-ter precious souls to win; Pointing them to Je -sus, to the Lamb of God,
3. We are lit - tle reap-ers, in the har-vest field, Truth and Right the sickles that our arms shall wield. And we lab - or ev - er, 'neath our Father's eye,

CHORUS.

Gath'ring for the gar-ner, bright and golden grain. Toil - ing, toil - ing, toil - ing all the day, Paus-ing not for shadows that becloud our way.
Fol-low-ing His footsteps in the path He trod.
Gath'ring for the gar-ner, of the throne on high. Reaping for the Master, we are toil - ing all the day,

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

H. E. ENGLE.

1. There 's a beau-ti- ful land far beyond the sky, And Je-sus, my Saviour, is there; He has gone to prepare 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 beautiful land on high, And be with the bright and the fair; Where the wa-ters of life sweetly murmur by—Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!

CHORUS.

In that beau - - ti - ful land, Where the an- gels stand, We shall meet, We shall meet, We shall meet in that beau-ti- ful land.
In that beau- ti -ful land, In that beau -ti-ful land, While the an- gels stand, shall meet, shall meet,

THOU THINKEST, LORD, OF ME.

E. D. MUND. "*The Lord thinketh upon me.*"—Ps. 40: 17. Rev. E. S. LORENZ, by per.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet; One thought remains su - premely sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shad-ow cast; Their gloom reminds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe, I am con-tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

CHORUS.

Thou think-est, Lord, of me, (of me,) Thou thinkest of me, Lord, (of me,) What need I fear since Thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me.

SWEET BY AND BY.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT. JOS. P. WEBSTER.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Father waits over the way, To prepare us a dwelling-place there.
2. We shall sing on that beautiful shore, The mel - o - dious songs of the blest, And our spirits shall sorrow no more, Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
3. To our boun- ti-ful Father a - bove, We will of- fer our tribute of praise, For the glo- ri-ous gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days.

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.
In the sweet by and by, by and by, In the sweet by and by, In the sweet by and by,

ANON. **NEARER HOME.** JAS. H. RUEBUSH.

1. O'er the hill the sun is set - ting, And the eve is draw-ing on; Slow-ly drops the gen - tle twi-light, For an - oth - er day is gone. Gone for aye, its race is o - ver, Soon the dark - er shades will come;
2. One day near - er, sings the sail - or, As he glides the wa - ters o'er While the light is soft - ly dy - ing, On his dis - tant na - tive shore. Thus the Christ-ian on life's o - cean, As his light boat cuts the foam,

CHORUS.

Still 't is sweet to know at ev - en, We are one day near-er home. Near-er my home, Near-er my home, Near-er to our home on high; To the green fields and to the foun - tains of the land be - yond the sky.
In the eve-ning cries with rapture, "I am one day near-er home." Beau-ti - ful home, Beau-ti - ful home, Nearer our home, Nearer our home, To the green fields, To the green fields, Beau-ti-ful land be - yond the sky.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

YOUNG SOLDIERS.

Arr. by W. H. DOANE.

CHORUS.

1. Now gird the Chris-tian's ar - mor on, And keep the cross in view—
   Young sol-diers in the ranks of God, Our jour - ney we'll pur - sue,
   We are bound for the promised land of rest, ...
2. Tho' ma - ny dan - gers we shall meet, And ma - ny tri - als bear,
   Re - mem - ber still the crown of joy, That He who wins shall wear,
   We are bound for the promised land of rest, ...

land of rest

Sweet land of the pil - grim, ev - er blest! . . Then sing re - joic-ing as we go, . . Then sing re - joic-ing as we go.

ev - er blest! as we go,

A. THOMAS.

'TIS THE HARVEST TIME.

J. H. HALL.

1. 'T is the har-vest time, 't is the har-vest time, To the fields I must a - way; For the Mas-ter now is call - ing me, To go and work to-day.
2. 'T is the har-vest time, 't is the har-vest time, Oh! who will go a - long? See the fields for har-vest now are white, I hear the reap-er's song.
3. 'T is the har-vest time, 't is the har-vest time, There is work for all to - day: If you can-not be a reap-er, You can bear the sheaves away.

CHORUS.

Glean - ing on the hill - side, Glean - ing on the plain, Work - ing for the Mas - ter, 'Mong . . the golden grain.
Gleaning on the hillside, hillside, Gleaning on the sun-ny plain, Working, working for the Master, 'Mong the golden grain, 'Mong the golden grain.

THE FEAST OF LOVE.

G. R. STREET.

1. Child of sor - row, child of care, Wouldst thou learn thy griefs to bear, And escape from ev'ry snare? Trust in God. Hu - man strength is weak and vain, Let not sin its power regain,
2. Pain - ful days, and months, and years, Gloomy doubts, distracting fears, In this darksome vale of tears, We may see, But the Lord will lead us on, He will nev - er leave His own,

CHORUS.

Humbly ask and help ob-tain, From thy God. We 'll be there, we 'll be there, When the Lord of glo-ry calls us, We 'll be there.
Till we reach His shining throne, Safely there. We 'll be there, we 'll be there, we'll be there, we'll be there, When the Lord of glo-ry calls us, We 'll be there, we 'll be there.

To en - joy that feast of love, That the Sav - iour from a - bove, Has pre-pared for those who prove, Wor - thy there.

ISAAC WATTS.

REMEMBER ME.

ASA HULL.

1. A - las and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree? A - maz - ing pi - ty! grace unknown! And love beyond de-gree.
CHO. Help me, dear Sav - iour, Thee to own, And ev - er faith-ful be; And when Thou sit - test on Thy throne, O Lord, re-member me.

WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES.

"*Thy work shall be rewarded.*"—JER. 31: 16.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS. DR. WM. MILLER.

1. O land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the mo-ment come. When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace - ful sheltering dome, This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam, And lean for suc - cor on His breast, Till He con-duct me home.
4. I sought at once my Sav-iour's side, No more my steps shall roam; With Him I 'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heavenly home.

CHORUS.

We 'll work till Je - sus comes, We 'll work till Je - sus comes, We 'll work till Je - sus comes, And we 'll be gath-ered home.

THE MORNING LIGHT.

A. S. KEIFFER.

1. O the night of time soon shall pass away, And the hap- py gold-en 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 a - gain. O 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 ar - ray.

CHORUS.

We are watching now for the morning light, For the New Je- ru - sa-lem to come: We are waiting still for the Saviour, Christ, Who shall call His children home.

BEYOND THE SUNSET.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. W. O. PERKINS.

1. Be - yond the sun-set's radiant glow, There is a brighter world, I know, Where golden glo-ries ev - er shine, Be - yond the thought of day's decline.
2. Be - yond the sun-set's purple rim, Be-yond the twilight deep and dim, Where clouds and darkness never come, My soul shall find its heav'nly home.
3. Be - yond this des-ert dark and drear, The gol-den cit - y will appear, And morning's lovely beams a - rise, Up - on my mansions in the skies.
4. Those gol - den portals ev - er shine Be-yond the reach of day's decline, And Je - sus bids my soul pre-pare To gain a hap-py entrance there.

CHORUS. *Repeat pp:*

Be-yond the sunset's radiant glow, There is a brighter world, I know; Be - yond the sunset I may spend De - light-ful days that never end.
radiant glow,

JESUS SAVES.

Words and Music by L. S. HALL.

Andante.

1. Sav - iour in Thy name we meet, Meet to breathe our hum - ble pray'r, Bow - ing at Thy mer - cy seat, Let us now Thy bless-ing share.
2. Hear, O hear our ar - dent pray'r; To Thy throne our wants we bring, Cast on Thee our ev - 'ry care, To Thy blood-stained cross we cling.
3. Lord, re - vive Thy work we pray, Make our hearts Thy con-stant home; Lead us by Thy grace each day; Let us nev - er from Thee roam.

CHORUS.

Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry care, As be - fore His throne we bow, He for us the cross did bear, Je - sus saves, He saves us now

Used by permission.

EDGAR PAGE.

BEULAH LAND.

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine; Here shines undimm'd one bliss - ful day, For all my night has pass'd a-way.
2. The Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet commun-ion here have we; He gen - tly leads me with His hand, For this is heav-en's bor - der land.
3. A sweet perfume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev-er ver - nal trees, And flow'rs that never fad - ing grow Where streams of life forev - er flow.
4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of heav-en's mel - o - dy, As an-gels, with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet redemption song.

CHORUS.

O Beu - lah land, sweet Beu - lah land, As on thy high - est mount I stand, I look a - way a - cross the sea,
Where man - sions are pre - pared for me, And view the shin - ing glo - ry shore, My heav'n, my home, for - ev - er - more!

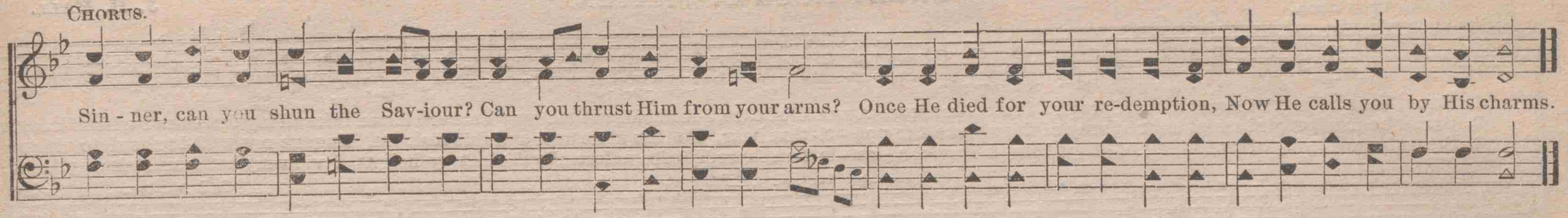
JESUS OUR FRIEND.

J. T. HALL.

1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers Well deserves the name of Friend; His is love be - yond a brother's, Cost - ly—free—and knows no end:
2. Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed his blood? But this Sav-iour died to save us, Rec - on-ciled, in Him to God!
3. Oh for grace our hearts to soft-en! Teach us, Lord, at length to love; We, a - las! for - get too oft - en What a Friend we have a - bove.

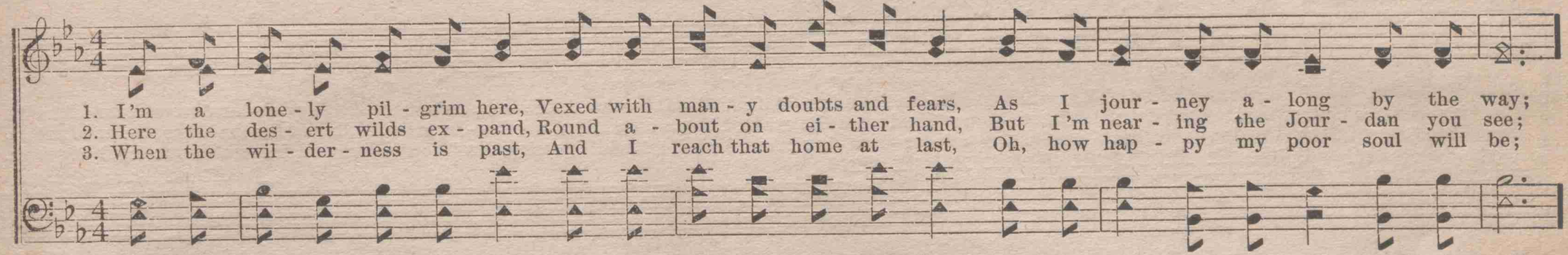
JESUS OUR FRIEND.

CHORUS.

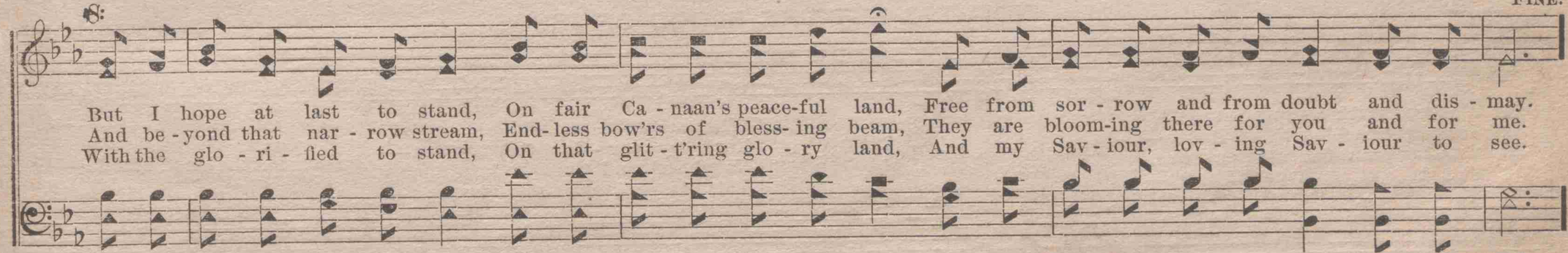


VISION OF REST.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER. A. A. RUTLEDGE.



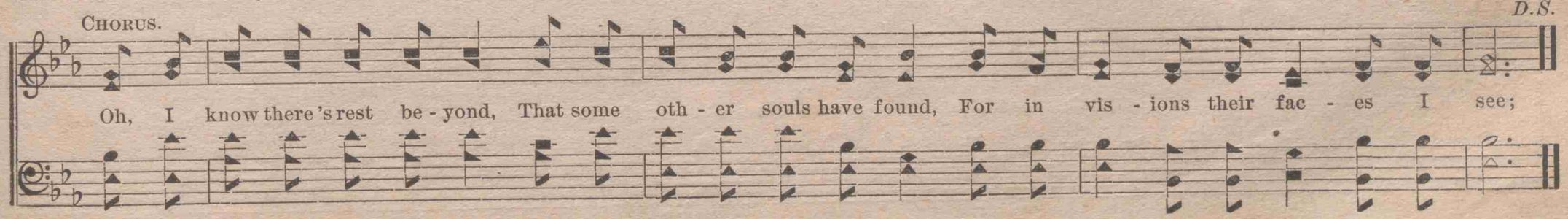
FINE.



D.S.—Thro' the still - y hours of night, From the plains of end - less light, Spir - it roic - es sweet - ly whis - per to me.

D.S.

CHORUS.



Rev. W. W. Walford.

With expression.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

J. H. Hall.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known.
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe - ti- tion bear, To Him whose truth and faithfulness, Engage my wait-ing soul to bless;
3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I Thy con - so - la-tion share, Till from Mount Pisgah's loft - y height, I view my home and take my flight:

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief; And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word and trust His grace, I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise, To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize; And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.

R. L.

NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

R. Lowry, by per.

1. What can wash a - way my sin?
2. For my cleansing this I see—
3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone,
4. This is all my hope and peace—

Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

What can make me whole a - gain?
For my par - don this my plea—
Naught of good that I have done,
This is all my righteousness—

Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

Chorus.

Oh, pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow. No oth - er fount I know,—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR

Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. Who at my door is stand - ing, Pa - tient-ly draw - ing near, Entrance within de - mand - ing? Whose is the voice I hear?
2. Lone - ly without He's stay - ing, Lone - ly with-in am I, While I am still de - lay - ing, Will He not pass me by?
3. All through the dark hours drear - y, Knocking a - gain is He, Je - sus, art Thou not wea - ry, Wait - ing so long for me?
4. Door of my heart, I has - ten! Thee will I o - pen wide, Though He re-buke and chas - ten, He shall with me a - bide.

Refrain.

Sweet - ly the tones are fall - ing:—"O - pen the door for me! If Thou wilt heed my call - ing, I will a - bide with Thee.

By per. R. M. Mcintosh.

I LONG TO BE THERE.

Will L. Thompson, by per.

Moderato.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair,
2. My Fa - ther's house is built on high,
3. Its glitt-'ring tow'rs the sun out shine,

I long to be there;

No pain nor death can en - ter there,
Far, far a - bove the star - ry sky,
That heav'nly man - sion shall be mine,

I long to be there.

Chorus.

Repeat pp.

Oh, an - gels, guide me home, An - gels, guide me home, An - gels, guide me home, I long to be there.
Oh, an - gels, an - gels, guide me home, An - gels, an - gels, guide me home, An - gels, an - gels, guide me home, I long to be there.

W. A. OGDEN.

ONE DROP OF THE BLOOD.

S. H. BLAKSLEE.

1. One drop of the blood, One drop of the blood, He shed up - on Cal - va - ry's brow, Will cleanse me with - in, Will
2. One drop of the blood, One drop of the blood, He gave as a ran - som for me, Will cleanse ev - 'ry stain, Re-
3. One drop of the blood, One drop of the blood, Oh, sprink - le it now in Thy love: Oh, save me to - day, And

CHORUS.

free me from sin, And make me e'en whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, ... Yes, whit - er than
move ev - 'ry pain Which now in thy spir - it may be.
save me for aye, And fit me for heav - en a - bove.

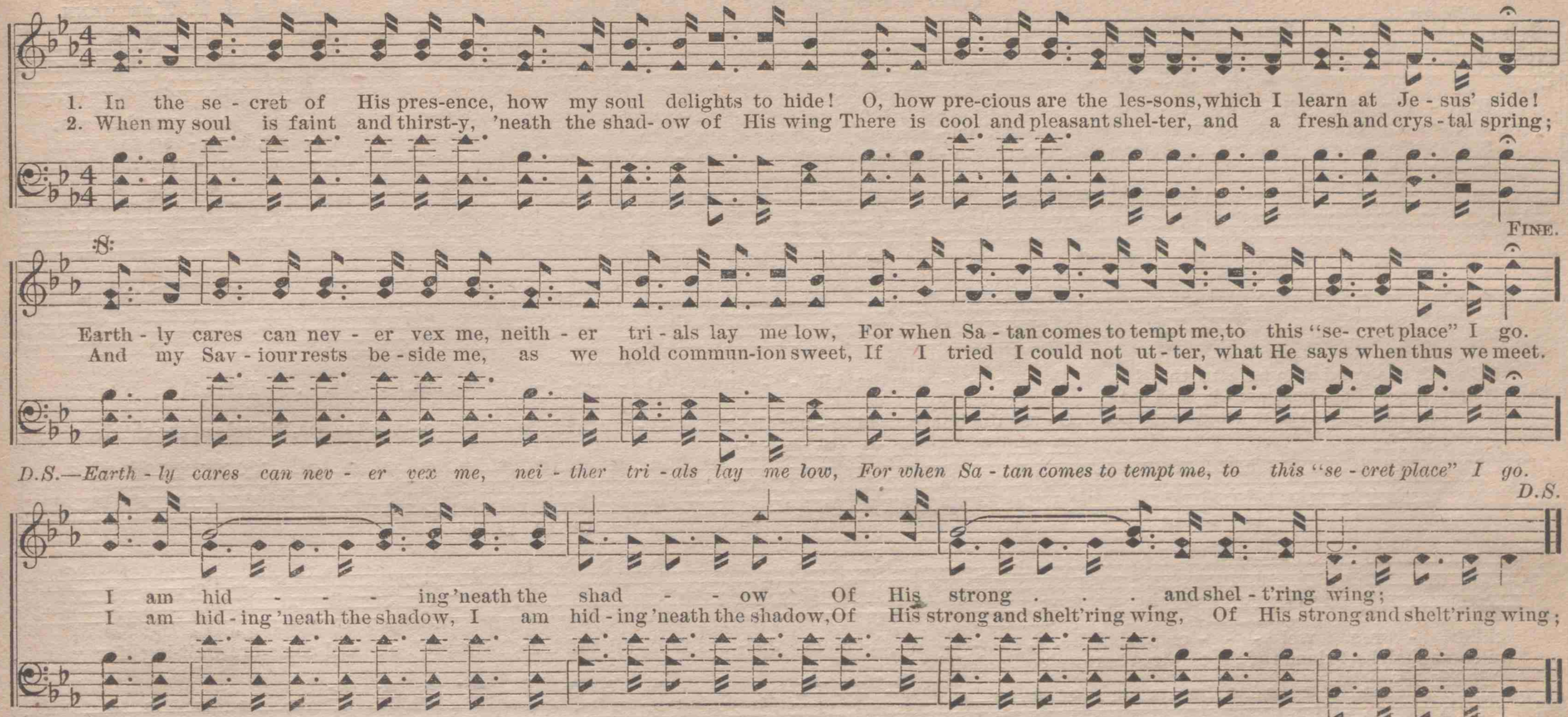
Yes, whit - er than snow,

snow, ... One drop of the blood . . . . from Cal - va - ry's brow, ... Will cleanse me with-
Yes, whit - er than snow, One drop of the blood, From Cal - va-ry's brow,

in, ... and free me from sin, ... And make my soul . . . e'en whiter than snow.
Will cleanse me with-in, and free me from sin, And make my soul whiter than snow.

I AM HIDING 'NEATH THE SHADOW.

R. C. WELBORN.



SWEEPING THRO' THE GATES.

1 Who, who are these beside the chilly wave,
Just on the borders of the silent grave,
Shouting Jesus' power to save,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb?

CHO. Sweeping thro' the streets of the New Jerusalem
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb,"
Shouting Jesus' power to save.
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

2 These, these are they who in their youthful days
Found Jesus early, and in wisdom's ways,
Proved the fullness of His grace,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

3 These, these are they who in affliction's woes,
Ever have found in Jesus calm repose,
Such as from a pure heart flows,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

THE CHILD'S DESIRE.

1 I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men;
How He called little children like lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

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

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

4 But thousands of thousands who wander and fall,
Never hear of that heavenly home,—
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

THE MESSENGER OF PEACE.

Arr. by H. T. WARTMANN.

Allegro.

1. O - ver the bil - lows, o - ver the sea, Com - eth the good ship on - ward so free; Broth - er in Je - sus o - ver the sea,
2. Com-eth the greet-ing, words of good cheer, Com - eth the God-speed un - to us here; Bid - ding us la - bor, learn - ing to wait,
3. Counting our pleasures, all things but loss; Win - ing the lost ones un - to the cross; Sol - dier of Je - sus o - ver the sea,

CHORUS.

Bringeth the good ship safe to the lea. O - - - - ver the bil - - lows, O - - - - ver the sea, ... Friends . . of the
Working for Je - sus, ear - ly and late.
Bear - er of tid - ings, welcome shall be. O - ver the billows and o - ver the sea, O - ver the billows and o - ver the sea, Friends of the children here

child - ren wel - - - - come shall be, ... Broth-er in Je - sus, faith-ful and true, Hearts full of wel-come are wait-ing for you
welcome shall be, Friends of the children here welcome shall be,

GATHERED HOME.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER, by per.

1. Shall we all meet at home in the morn - ing, On the shores of the bright crys - tal sea? With the lov'd ones who long have been
2. Shall we all meet at home in the morn - ing, Our bless - ed Re-deem - er to see? Shall we know and be known by our

GATHERED HOME.

CHORUS.

wait - ing, What a meet - ing in - deed it will be. Gath-ered home, gath - ered home, On the
loved ones, What a meet - ing in - deed it will be. gathered home, gathered home,

shores of the bright crystal sea; Gath-ered home, Gathered home, With our loved ones for-ev - er to be.
crys - tal sea; gath-ered home, gathered home,

THE PRECIOUS NAME.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe— It will joy and comfort give you, Take it, then, where'er you go.
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev-ery snare; If temp - ta - tions round you gather, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.
3. O the pre-cious name of Je - sus; How it thrills our souls with joy, When His lov - ing arms receive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
4. At the name of Je - sus bow-ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet, King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.

CHORUS.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n, Precious name, O how sweet— Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet! Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

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BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM

arr. by HUDSON, by per.

1. Are you read-y for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes? Are you ready for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes? Behold! He cometh! behold! He cometh! Be
2. Have your lamps trimmed and burning When He comes, when He comes? Have your lamps trimmed and burning When He comes, when He comes; He quickly cometh! He quickly cometh! O

D.S.—Be-hold! He cometh! be-hold! He com-eth! Be

FINE. CHORUS. *D.S.*

robed, and read-y, for the Bridegroom comes. Be-hold the Bridegroom, for He comes, for He comes! Behold the Bridegroom, for He comes, for He comes!
soul, be read-y when the Bridegroom comes.

robed, and read-y, for the Bridegroom comes.

AS A SHEPHERD.

ROBT. MORRIS. LL.D.

C. H. GABRIEL.

Andante.

1. As a shepherd He will lead them, To green pastures they shall go; All His blessings, as they need them, On the lambs He will bestow.
2. To the wells of cool-ing wa-ters, In the sul-try noon of day, Ev-'ry lit-tle son and daughter, With the gen-tle One shall stray.
3. If up-on the crag-gy mountain, A-ny lamb-kins flee a-way; Je-sus, from the cool-ing fountain, Will o'ertake them where they stray.

Ritard.

In His bos-om when they languish, Precious children He will take, Where no blight nor sin nor an-guish, A-ny sor-row can a-wake.
Shep-herd strong, He will de-fend them, Though the wolf be fierce and bold; Shepherd kind, He will at-tend them, Bring them safe-ly to the fold.
Will re-store each babe forgiv-en, From the wild and ston-y waste, And with-in the fold of heav-en, Bring the dar-ling home at last.

AS A SHEPHERD.

CHORUS.

ritard.

As a shep-herd He will lead them, To green pastures they shall go; All His bless-ings, as they need them, On the Lambs He will bestow.

H. E. BLAIR.

MEET ME THERE.

Arr. by J. H. HALL.

1. On the hap - py golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there, Where the night dissolves away In - to
2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain, But in heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there, By the river sparkling bright, In the
3. Where the harps of an-gels ring, And the blest for-ev - er sing, In the pal - ace of the King, Meet me there, Where in sweet communion blend, Heart with

CHORUS.

pure and per - fect day, I am go - ing home to stay, Meet me there. Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the
cit - y of de - light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
heart and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end Meet me there. Meet me there, Meet me there,

tree of life is blooming, Meet me there. When the storms of life are o'er, On the hap - py golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.
Meet me there, Meet me there.

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT.

ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye To Ca - naan's fair and
2. O'er all those wide - ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day; There God the Son for -
3. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest? When shall I see my
4. Filled with de - light, my rap - tured soul Would here no long - er stay; Tho' Jor - dan's waves a -

CHORUS.

hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie. We will meet on that fair and hap - py land, Just a - cross on the
ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
Fa - ther's face, And in His bo - som rest?
round me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a - way.

by and by,

ev - er - green shore, ... Sing the song of Mo - ses, and the Lamb, by and by, and dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more.
ev - er-green shore,

E. A. H.

ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust-ing in His
2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sav-iour's side? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo-ment in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stain'd with sin, And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb! There 's a fount - ain flow - ing for the

ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

CHORUS.

grace this hour? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you wash'd in the blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the
Cru - ci - fied? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
mansions bright, And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
soul un-clean, Oh, be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb! Are you wash'd in the blood,

Lamb? Are your gar - ments spot - less? Are they white as snow? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
of the Lamb?

HAPPY SONGS.

Arr. by E. FRANCES.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall come to Zion with songs."— ISA. 35: 10.

1. Come let us join with one ac-cord, To mag-ni - fy and bless the Lord; He kindly bends His gracious ear, And con-descends our praise to hear.
2. The children in the tem-ple sang, Till thro' its courts their voi-ces rang; Nor will our tongues refuse to sing The prais-es of our Saviour King.
3. Our earthly joy, our hope of heav'n, By Him in ten - der love are giv'n; And dai-ly blessings from His hand, Our highest, sweetest praise demand.

CHORUS.

Happy songs, hap-py songs, Let us sing our happy songs to-geth-er, Hap-py songs, hap-py songs, Let us praise Him in our hap-py songs.
Happy songs, happy songs, happy songs, Happy songs,

E. A. BARNES.

WANDERING HOME. (Duet and Chorus.)

ARR. by J. H. HALL.

Gently.

1. We are wan-der-ing home as time glid-eth by, And weav-eth its gar-lands of years; To a beau-ti-ful home,
2. We are wan-der-ing home by the same old way Our fa-thers be-fore us have trod, To the shad-ow of death
3. We are wan-der-ing home o'er a storm-y plain, Re-plete with temp-ta-tion and sin, To a beau-ti-ful fold
4. We are wan-der-ing home, yes, wan-der-ing home, But soon we shall wan-der no more; And, oh! may we meet

and bet-ter by far Than the one in this val-ley of tears.
and the cit-y be-yond The glo-ri-ous cit-y of God.
where Je-sus a-waits To wel-come each wan-der-er in.
each oth-er at last, At home on "the heav-en-ly shore."

CHORUS. *With emotion.*

Wan-der-ing home, wan-der-ing home, Wan-der-ing home,

Emphatic. *cres.* *rit.*

home, . . Soon we shall wander no more; And, oh! may we meet each oth-er at last, At home on "the heaven-ly shore."
wan-dering home.

BATTLE HYMN.

English. Arr. by WM. B. BLAKE.

CHORUS.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll-'wer of the Lamb,
   And 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 oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas?

And when the bat-tle's o-ver we shall wear a crown! Yes.

BATTLE HYMN.

we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! And when the bat - tle's o - ver we shall wear a crown In the

FINE. D.S.

new Je - ru - sa - lem. Wear a crown, Wear a crown, wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a bright and shin - ing crown;

THE MERRY SPRING.

J. H. HALL.

Not too fast.

1. O, a good-ly thing is the cool-ing spring, By the rock where the moss doth grow; There is health in the tide, and there's music be-side, In the
2. And as pure as heav'n is the wa - ter given, And its stream is for-ev - er new; 'T is dis-tilled in the sky and it drops from on high, In the
3. Let them say 't is weak, but its strength I 'll seek, And re-joice while I own its sway; For its mur-mur to me is the ech - o of glee, And it
4. O, I love to drink from its foam-ing brink, Of the bub-bling, the cooling spring For the bright drops that shine more re-freshing than wine, And its

CHORUS. *faster.* *Repeat p*

brook-let's bounding flow.
show'rs and gen- tle dew.
laughs as it bounds a- way.
praise, its praise we 'll sing.

} Mer - ry, mer - ry lit - tle spring, Sparkle on, Spar - kle on, Mer-ry, mer-ry lit - tle spring, Sparkle on for me.

} Rip - ple, rip - ple, sil - v'ry brook, Rip-ple on, Rip - ple on, Rip-ple, rip-ple, silv'ry brook, Ripple on for me.

A HOME IN HEAVEN.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

Joyful.

1. A home in heaven! what a joy - ful thought, As the poor man toils in his wea - ry lot, His heart oppressed, and by an-guish driven
2. A home in heaven! as the suffer - er lies On his bed of pain and up - lifts his eyes To that bright home, what a joy is given,
3. A home in heaven! when our treas-ures fade, And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid, When strength de-cays and our health is riven,
4. A home in heaven! when our friends have fled To the cheer-less gloom of the mould'ring dead, We rest in hope on the prom-ise given,

Ritard ad lib.

CHORUS.

From his home be - low to his home in heaven. Trav'lling on . . . so glad and free, To a home . . for you and
With the bles-sed thought of a home in heaven.
We are hap - py still with our home in heaven.
We shall meet up there in our home in heaven. Trav'lling on so glad and free, so glad and free, To a home for you and

me, Come and join . . . . our pil - grim band, Trav'lling to the prom-ised heaven-ly land.
me, for you and me, Come and join our pil - grim band, our pil - grim band,

COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

"Behold! now is the day of salvation!"

With feeling and earnestness.

1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now; Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now; Just now He will save you, He will save you just now.
3. Do n't re - ject Him, do n't re - ject Him, Do n't re - ject Him just now; Just now do n't re - ject Him, Don't re - ject Him just now.

Mrs. Adaline H. Beery. **PRAISE.** Wm. Beery.

1. When sun and moon and twinkling stars With grateful shin - ing tell Of God who hung them in the sky Cre - a - tion's hymn to swell,
2. When birds pour forth their hap - py praise As through the air they fly, And blos-soms lift their dew - y cups To greet the gra - cious sky;
3. O God, whose grandeur fills the worlds, My lit - tle wor - ship take; My fool-ish thoughts oft stray from Thee, My deep-est soul a - wake!

Shall I, with liv - ing mind and heart, In God's own like - ness made, For - get to bring my thonk-ful song, And leave His love un - paid?
When na-ture's voi - ces ev - erywhere Up to their Mak - er come, Shall I, with great - er gifts than all, Be - fore His throne be dumb?
Ut - ter thine an - thems day and night To Him, our King a - dored; Ri - val the an - gels in their strain, In chant-ing "Praise the Lord."

O. R. B. **WHO'LL SEND THE NEWS?** O. R. Barrows.

1. An - gels are waiting to bear the news Up to the courts a-bove, Of some poor wand'rer now com-ing home, Seek-ing a Fa - ther's love.
2. Je - sus is read-y, Oh, heed His call, "Come, weary ones, and rest." Noth-ing is wanting: there's room for all. Now be for-ev - er blest.
3. Oh, what an anthem will an - gels sing! How throb their hearts with love! E'en now they're waiting, and on the wing, Who'll send the news a-bove?

Chorus.

There will be joy in heav'n, There will be joy a - bove, O - ver the wand'rer re-turn-ing home, Seeking a Father's love.
There will be joy, will be joy in heav'n, There will be joy a - bove, will be joy a - bove,

"Vineyard of song," by permission of Biglow & Main, New York.

J. E. RANKIN.

GOD BE WITH YOU.

W. E. TOOMER, by per.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you; With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain; 'Neath His wings se - cure - ly hide you; Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you;
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain; When life's per - ils thick con-found you; Put His arms un - fail - ing round you;
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain; Keep love's ban - ner float - ing o'er you; Smite death's threatening waves before you;

CHORUS.

God be with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet, ... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus'
God be with you till we meet a - gain.
God be with you till we meet a - gain.
God be with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,

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

O. R. B.

THE WONDROUS STORY.

O. R. BARROWS.

1. Oh! how wondrous is the sto - ry! How the matchless Son of God Left His home of heav'nly glo - ry, and for us He in - ter -
2. Oh! what love is here a - bound-ing! How it hu-man love transcends! Je - sus dies to bring His en - e-mies to God, To re - con -
3. Who will slight His ten - der plead-ing? Who re - lsist such melt-ing love? Come ac-cept His free and full sal - va-tion now, And then we'll

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THE WONDROUS STORY.

posed His pre-cious blood. Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, To the Lamb once slain up - on the
cile and make us friends.
reign with Him a - bove. Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,

Now He pleads be - fore His Fa-ther's throne a-bove,

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

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

SECRET PRAYER.

"Pray to the Father which is in secret." Matt. 6: 6.

Arr. by E. Frances.

1. There is an hour of calm re-lief From ev - 'ry throb-bing care, 'T is when, be-fore a throne of grace, I kneel in se - cret prayer.
2. When one by one, like threads of gold, The hues of twi - light fall, O sweet com-mu-nion with my God, My Sav-iour and my all.
3. I hear se-raph - ic tones that float A - mid ce-les - tial air, And bathe my soul in streams of joy, A - lone in se - cret prayer.
4. O when the hour of death shall come, How sweet from thence to rise, With pray'r on earth my lat-est breath, My watchword to the skies.

Chorus.

O that voice. . . to me so dear, Breathing soft on my ear! Weary child, . . look up and see! 'T is thy Saviour speaks to thee.
O that voice I love to hear, love to hear, Breathing soft on my ear, on my ear, Wear-y child, look up and see, look and see!

THE JASPER SEA.

Arr. by J. H. HALL.

1. They are wait - ing, wait - ing for us, By the Jas - per sea; We can hear the heavenly cho - rus Of their mel - o - dy;
2. Since the light of Christ - ian gra - ces Nev - er can grow dim, We may walk in shin-ing pla - ces Fol - low-ers of Him.

We can see the pear - ly white-ness Of their gar - ments fair, And dis - cern the far - off brightness In that ra - diant air.
They re - mem - ber and watch o'er us, From the fur - ther shore; They have cleft the wave be - fore us And passed safe - ly o'er.

CHORUS.

They are wait - ing, wait - ing, For you, friend and me. . . .
They are wait - ing, an - gels wait-ing, They are wait-ing, an - gels wait-ing, They are wait - ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, for us by the Jas - per sea.

They are wait - ing, wait - ing, Wait - ing for you and for me. . . .
They are wait-ing, an - gels wait-ing, Yes, they're waiting there for me. for you and me.

HIDE THOU ME.

J. H. RUEBUSH.

Rock of a - ges clef for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee,

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Blest rock of A - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee, Oh, let me hide my - self in Thee
2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Oh, should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no langour know, Oh, should my zeal no langour know,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From the wound - ed side which flowed,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, Oh, let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed, Yes, from Thy wounded side which flowed,
All for sin could not a - tone, No, all for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save and Thou a- lone Yes, Thou must save and Thou a- lone,

Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

Be of sin the double cure, Yes, be of sin the double cure Save from wrath and make me pure, Yes, save from wrath, and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Oh, in my hand no price I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling, Yes, sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.

LET THEM COME TO ME.

E. T. HILDEBRAND.

Moderato.

1. Je - sus loves a lit - tle child, Smil - ing in its child - ish glee, Says of such in ac - cents mild, "Let them come to me;" Let them come, for - bid them not, They will sing a - round the throne; Mil-lions now are sing-ing there, Mil-lions more may come.
2. In the bless - ed Sun - day-school, They are taught to fear the Lord; Here they find His ho - ly way, Learn to love His word; Armed with this they may go forth, Tri - umph o'er ev - er - y foe, Spreading joy o'er all the earth, Soothing hu - man woe.
3. When life's toil - some work is done, When the storm - y strife is o'er, Then a - round His shin - ing throne, On the bliss - ful shore, Shall His hap - py chil - dren meet, Sing and shout their suff-rings o'er, Cast their crowns at Je - sus feet, Praise Him ev - er - more.

BEAUTIFUL HOME.

J. O. SPURGEON.

1. There is a home, a peace-ful home, A home of joy and love, And they that bear the cross be - low, Shall wear the crown a - bove.
2. No night shall dim that glori-ous home, For Je - sus is the light; And mourning pil-grims here be - low Shall there be clad in white.
3. With palms of vic - tory in their hands, They with the ransomed sing "All praise to Him who washed us white, Our Sav-iour, God, and King."

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful home, beau - ti - ful home, Beau - ti - ful home of love, And they that bear the cross be-low, Shall wear the crown a - bove.

T. C. O'K.

THE TREASURES OF HEAVEN.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—HEB. 4: 9.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. There's a Crown in heav'n for the striv - ing soul, Which the bless - ed Je - sus him-self will place On the head of each who shall
2. There's a Rest in heav'n for the wear - y soul, 'T is for all by care and by sin op - pressed; To the Sons of God it re-
3. There's a Joy in heav'n for the mourn-ing soul, Tho' the tears may fall all the earth - ly night; Yet the clouds of sad-ness will
4. There's a Home in heav'n for the faith - ful soul, In the man - y man - sions pre-par'd a - bove, Where the glo - ri - fied shall for-

CHORUS.

faith - ful prove, E - ven un - to death, in the heav'n-ly race. Oh, may that Crown in heav'n be mine, And I a-
main - eth sure, And the Proph-et says, 'tis "a glo - rious rest." Oh, may that Rest, etc.
break a - way, And re - joic - ing come with the morn-ing light. Oh, may that Joy, etc.
ev - er sing Of a Sav-iour's free and un-bound - ed love. Oh, may that Home, etc.

O may that Crown in heav'n be mine,

mong the an - gels shine; Be Thou, O Lord, my dai-ly guide, Let me ev - er in Thy love a - bide.
And I among the angels shine; Be Thou, O Lord, my dai-ly guide,

McALEVY.

1. O bless the Lord, my soul! Let all with-in me join, And aid my tongue to bless His name Whose favors are di - vine.
2. 'T is He for-gives thy sins; 'Tis He re-lieves thy pain; 'T is He that heals thy sick - ness-es, And gives thee strength again.
3. He crowns thy life with love, When rescued from the grave: He that redeemed our souls from death, Hath boundless power to save.

THE MUSIC OF HEAVEN.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. "*I heard a great voice of much people in heaven.*"—Rev. 19: 1. J. H. Hall.

1. The mu - sic of heav - en is sweet-er in meas-ure And pur - er in ev - er - y strain, Than the mu - sic of earth, tho' it
2. The mu - sic of heav - en is grand-er in rhym-ing Than a - ny that mor - tal e'er toned, And the mansions of glo - ry for -
3. The mu - sic of heav - en, no mor-tal can sing it, Save he who at - tunes his poor soul, At the throne of the Fa - ther, to

Obligato Solo.

fills us with pleas - ure, As it thrill-ing - ly rolls o - ver val - ley and plain. Oh, mu - - - - sic of heav - - - ven! So
ev - er are chim - ing With the songs that a - rise to the Sav-iour en-throned.

swell and to ring it, With the an - gels to make it thro' par - a - dise roll. Oh, mu - sic of heav - en! so rich and so sweet; Oh,

rich . . and so sweet; Oh, joy . . that it brings . . us! so full . . and com - plete.

mu - sic of heav-en! so rich and so sweet! Oh, joy that it brings us! so full and complete; Oh, joy that it brings us! so full and complete.

HE ROSE FROM THE DEAD.

Arr. by GEO. KING.

FREEDMEN SONG.

1. They cru - ci - fied my Sav-iour, And nail'd Him to the cross; They cru - ci - fied my Sav-iour, And nail'd Him to the cross;
2. But Jo - seph begg'd His bod - y, And laid it in the tomb; But Jo - seph begg'd His bod - y, And laid it in the tomb;
3. An an - gel came from glo - ry, And roll'd a - way the stone; An an - gel came from glo - ry, And roll'd a - way the stone;

CHORUS.

They cru-ci - fied my Saviour, And nail'd Him to the cross, And the Lord shall bear my spir - it home.
But Joseph begg'd His bod - y, And laid it in the tomb, And the Lord shall bear my spir - it home.
An an-gel came from glo-ry, And roll'd a-way the stone, And the Lord shall bear my spir - it home.

He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead; He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead; He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead, And the Lord shall bear my spir - it home.

He rose, He rose,
He rose, He rose,
He rose, He rose,

Rev. W. MCDONALD.

I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind; I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned within; Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, I will cleanse you from all sin.
CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Thou dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours, Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon; Fill bright, est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies; While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies;

eres.

Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun, Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some-thing to keep in store; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark-n'ing, When man's work is done.

Scotch Air.

FAIR HAVEN.

Slow.

1. Hail! sweet - est, dear - est tie that binds Our glow - ing hearts in one; Hail! sa - cred hope, that tunes our minds To har - mo - ny di - vine:
2. No ling -'ring hope, no part - ing sigh, Our fu - ture meet-ing knows; The friend-ship beams from ev -'ry eye, And hope im-mor - tal grows:

It is the hope, the bliss - ful hope Which Je - sus' grace has giv'n; The hope, when days and years have pass'd, We all shall meet in heav'n.
Oh, sa - cred hope, oh, bliss-ful hope, Which Je - sus' grace has giv'n; The hope, when days and years have pass'd, We all shall meet in heav'n.

ANTHEM DEPARTMENT.

LO, MY SHEPHERD IS DIVINE!

By per. J H TENNEY.

DUET. *mf*

Lo, my Shep - herd is di - vine! How can I want when He is mine? How can I want when He is mine?

m

Lo, my Shep - herd is di - vine! How can I want when He is mine? How can I want,
Lo, my Shep - herd is di - vine! How can I want when He is mine? How can I

Ped.

LO! MY SHEPHERD IS DIVINE.

When He is mine? How can I want when He is mine? By the streams that wan - der slow,
want, ... How can I want when He is mine?

Through the meads where flow' - rets grow, He lead - eth me; He lead - eth me; And there I rest in peace di-
He lead - eth me; He lead - eth me; And there I rest in peace di-

vine - ly blest; There rest in peace; In love and peace di - vine - ly blest;
vine - ly blest, di - vine - ly blest; In love and peace di - vine - ly blest;

In love and peace di - vine - ly blest; In love and peace, In love and peace di - vine - ly blest.

BLESS THE LORD.

By per. S. W. STRAUB.

Allegretto. *m* *f*

Bless the Lord, O my soul, Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is with - in me, Bless His ho - ly name,

m *f* *p*

Bless the Lord, O my soul, Bless the Lord, O my soul, Bless the Lord, O my soul, and for - get not all His ben - e - fits,

m *f* *ff* *f*

Who for - giv - eth all thine in - iq - ui-ties, Who heal - eth all thy dis - eas - es, Who re - deem-eth thy life from de - struc-tion, Who

p *pp* *rit.* . . . . . *f a tempo.*

crown-eth thee with lov - ing kind-ness, And ten - der mer-cies, and ten - der mer-cies, Bless the Lord, O my soul, Bless the Lord. A - MEN.

I HAVE SET WATCHMEN UPON THY WALLS.

I. B. WOODBURY.

Allegro. *mp* *cres.*

1. I have set watch-men up - on thy walls, O Je - ru - sa-lem, which shall nev - er hold their peace, day nor night.

m *cres.*

Go thro' the gates, prepare ye the way, pre-pare ye the way of the peo - ple; Cast up the highway, cast up the highway, cast up the high-way, and

f *m*

gath - er out the stones. Lift up a stan-dard, lift up a stan-dard a-mong the peo - ple. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

cres. *f* *ff*

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

O SING UNTO THE LORD.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

O sing un - to the Lord a new song, O sing un - to the Lord a new song, Sing un - to the

O sing un - to the Lord a new song, O sing un - to the Lord a new song, Sing un - to the

Lord, all the earth, Sing un - to the Lord, all the earth, For the Lord is great and

Lord, all the earth, Sing un - to the Lord, all the earth,

great - ly to be prais - ed, great - ly to be prais - ed, prais - ed, For the Lord is great and

great - ly to be prais - ed, great - ly to be prais - ed, prais - ed, He is to be fear - ed a - bove all gods,

He is to be fear - ed a - bove all gods,

He is to be fear - ed a - bove all gods. O wor - ship the Lord in the beau - ty of ho - li - ness!

He is to be fear - ed a - bove all gods. O wor - ship the Lord in the beau - ty of ho - li - ness!

SOPRANO OBLIGATO.

Hon - - or and maj - es - ty are be - - - fore him,

Hon - or and maj - es - ty, hon - or and maj - es - ty, hon - or and maj - es - ty are be - fore him,

1 2

Hon - - or and maj - es - ty are . . be - - - - fore him.

Hon - or and maj - es - ty, hon - or and maj - es - ty, hon - or and maj - es - ty are be - fore him. O

sing un - to the Lord a new . . . song, sing un - to the Lord, sing un - to the Lord,

sing un - to the Lord a new . . . song, sing un - to the Lord, sing un - to the Lord,

ritard. . . . . . *ad lib.*

sing un - to the Lord a new . . song, a new song, a new . . song.

sing un - to the Lord a new song, a new song, a new . . song.

SING, O SING, AND MAGNIFY THE LORD.

FROM THE ORATORIO OF "DANIEL."

f Maestoso.

Sing, O sing, and mag-ni-fy the Lord, And let us ex-alt His name to-geth-er, Sing, O sing, and mag-ni-fy the Lord, And let us ex-alt His name to-geth-er; For He hath tri-umph'd glo-ri-ous-ly, For He hath tri-umph'd glo-rious-ly; Sing, O sing, and mag-ni-fy the Lord, ... and let us ex-alt His name to-geth-er; For He hath triumph'd glo-ri-ous-ly, glo - - - - - rious-ly, glo-rious-ly, glo-rious-ly, glo-rious-ly, glo-rious-ly, He hath wrought salvation in the eyes of all the peo-ple, Wrought sal-va-tion in the eyes of all the peo-ple, and mag-ni-fy the Lord, and Sing, O sing, . .

let us ex - alt His name to - geth-er; For He hath triumph'd glo - ri - ous-ly, And wrought sal - va-tion in the eyes of all the peo - ple.

He hath triumph'd glo-rious-ly, He hath triumph'd glo-rious - ly, glo-rious - ly, glo-rious - ly! Who can ut - ter the might-y acts of the Lord,

Who can show forth all His praise! Take a psalm and bring the tim-brel, The pleas-ant harp and psal - ter - y,

repeat faster and louder.

Praise Him with the sound of the trum - pet, Praise Him with the psalt'ry and harp. Sing, O sing, and mag-ni - fy the Lord, And let us ex - alt His

name to - geth - er, Ex - alt His name, . . Ex - alt His name, . . for
Ex - alt His name, for He hath triumph'd glo - rious - ly, for He hath triumph'd,

repeat faster and louder.

He hath triumph'd gloriously, Sing and mag - ni - fy the Lord, For He hath triumph'd gloriously. A - - men, A - men!

BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

S. W. STRAUB.

Allegretto.

1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our dark-ness and lend us Thine aid; Star of the East, the hor-
2. Cold on His cra - dle the dew-drops are shin - ing; Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall; An - gels bend o'er Him in
3. Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - la - tion, Vain - ly with gold would His fa - vor se - cure; Rich - er by far is the

Rit.

i - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where the in - fant Re - deem - er is laid, Guide where the in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.
slum - ber re - clin - ing, Mon - arch, Re - deem - er, Re - stor - er of all, Mon - arch, Re - deem - er, Re - stor - er of all.
heart's ad - o - ra - tion, Dear - er to God are the pray'rs of the poor, Dear - er to God are the pray'rs of the poor.

From "Ever New" by per.

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL AND LOVE.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY, by per.

1. Ring the news to ev - 'ry home, ... An - gels shout the joy - ful strain,
2. How the bright-ness fill'd the sky, ... List - 'ning to the sweet - est lay,
3. Peace on earth, to men good - will, ... Ev - 'ry land and na - tion rise,

Ring the news to ev - 'ry home,

Lo the prom - ised time has come, ... Peace on earth, good - will to men.
When the shep - herds heard with joy, ... Christ the Sav - iour born to - day.
Ev - 'ry heart with rap - ture thrill, ... Join the tri - umph in the skies.

Lo the prom - ised time has come,

CHORUS. Christ-mas bells are ring - ing,

Hear them ring - ing, ring - ing, ring - ing, ring - ing, ring - ing, Glo - ry be to God a - bove,

hear them ring-ing, ring-ing,

Hear their ring - ing, Glad . . . news bring - ing,

ringing, ringing, ring - ing, ring - ing, ring - ing, ring - ing, ring - ing, Peace on earth, good - will, and love.

BOW DOWN THINE EAR.

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

Soft and slow. *cres.*

1. Bow down Thine ear, O Lord, bow down Thine ear, O Lord, Bow down Thine ear, and hear me,
Bow down Thine ear, O Lord, bow down Thine ear, O Lord, Bow down Thine ear, O Lord,
Bow down Thine ear, O Lord, Bow down Thine ear, O Lord,
Bow down Thine ear, O Lord, . . and hear me, Bow down Thine ear and hear me,

mf *p* *mf*

Bow down Thine ear, O Lord, and hear me, For I am poor, I am poor and need - y, Pre-serve my
Bow down Thine ear, O Lord, and hear me, For I am poor, I am poor and need - y,
mf
Pre-serve my soul, . .

mf *cres.* *dim.*

soul, . . . Pre - serve my soul, for I am ho - ly, I am ho - ly, I am ho - ly.
dim.
Pre-serve my soul, Pre - serve my soul, for I am ho - ly, I am ho - ly, I am ho - ly.
. . . . Pre - serve my soul, . . .

BOW DOWN THINE EAR.

m *cres.* *dim.* *f*

O Thou, my God, save Thy ser - vant, that trust - eth in Thee, that trust - eth in Thee. So will I praise Thee, O

O Thou, my God, save Thy ser - vant, that trust - eth in Thee, that trust - eth in Thee. So will I praise Thee, O

ff

Lord, will I praise Thee, O Lord, and glo - **ri - fy** Thy name, and glo - ri - fy Thy name, O Lord,

Lord, will I praise Thee, O Lord, and glo - ri - fy Thy name, and glo - ri - fy Thy name, O Lord,

So will I praise Thee, O Lord, and glo - ri-fy Thy name, So will I praise Thee, O Lord, and glo - ri - fy Thy name.

f *ff* *p*

So will I praise, so will I praise, so will I praise Thee, O Lord, and glo - ri-fy Thy name, So will I praise Thee, O Lord, and glo - ri - fy Thy name.

O GOD, BE MERCIFUL.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

p *m* *f*

Be mer - ci - ful, be mer - ci - ful, be mer - ci - ful! O God, be mer - ci - ful un - to me; For my soul trust-eth in Thee, O

Lord, I trust in Thee. Yea, in the shad-ow of Thy wings, . . . Yea, in the shadow of Thy

Yea, in the shadow of Thy wings, . . . Yea, in the shadow of Thy wings, . .

f *ff* *dim.*

wings, . . Yea, in the shadow of Thy wings, the shadow of Thy wings will I make my ref - uge. My heart is fixed, my

Yea, in the shadow of Thy wings, . . . Yea, in the shadow of Thy wings

f *dim.* *cres.* *dim.* *m*

heart is fixed on Thee, is fixed on Thee, O God, For Thou art my strong De - liv - 'rer. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, A - men.

O GOD BE MERCIFUL.

f *ff* *rit.*

Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu-jah, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

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 whom shall I be a - fraid? Tho' a host should encamp a - gainst me, My heart shall not fear; Tho' war shall rise a-gainst me, in this I will be con - fi-dent, One thing I have de - sired of the Lord, That I will seek af - ter, That

Tho' a host should encamp a - gainst me, My heart shall not fear; Tho' war shall rise a-gainst . . . me, My heart shall not fear; Tho' a host should encamp a-gainst me, My heart shall not fear; Tho' war should rise a-gainst me,

THE LORD IS MY LIGHT.

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

I may dwell in the house of the Lord,

1 2

I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, All the days of my life, all the days, all the days of my life, life. A - men.

HOLY! LORD GOD OF SABAOTH!

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Maestoso.

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa - ba-oth! Heav'n and earth are full of the maj - es-ty of Thy glo - ry!

f

Slow.

Glo - ry be to Thee— Glo - ry be to Thee— Glo - ry be to Thee— to Thee, O Lord most high.

Glo - ry be to Thee— Glo - ry be to Thee—

BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL!

W. B. BRADBURY.

Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul! And all that is with - in me Bless His ho - ly name. Bless the Lord,
Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the

Bless the Lord, O my soul, And for-get not all His ben - efits, And for-get not all His ben- e-fits. Who forgiv - eth all thine in -
Lord,

i - quities, Who healeth all thy dis-eas- es, Who crowneth thee with lov-ing kindness and ten - der mercies, Who crowneth thee with lov-ing kind-ness and ten - der

mercies: Who redeemeth thy life from destruction, Who crowneth thee with lov-ing kindness, Who crowneth thee with lov-ing kind-ness and ten-der mer- cies.

BLESSED ARE THE PEOPLE.

FOR OPENING PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Dr. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

Bless - ed are the peo-ple, Bless - ed are the peo - ple, Bless - ed are the peo - ple that know the joy - ful

sound, that know the joy - ful sound, Bless - ed are the peo - ple, Bless - ed are the peo - ple, Bless - ed are the

peo - ple that know the joy - ful sound. They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy coun - tenance, they shall

They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy coun-tenance,

walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy coun - te-nance, they shall walk, O

they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy coun - tenance, they shall walk,

By per. R. M. MCINTOSH.

BLESSED ARE THE PEOPLE.

Lord, in the light of Thy coun - te - nance, in the light of Thy coun - te - nance. In Thy

O Lord, in the light of Thy coun - te-nance,

name they shall re - joice, in Thy name shall they re - joice, and in thy right-eous - ness, in thy right-eous-ness, in thy

right - eousness shall they be ex - alt - ed, shall they be ex - alt - ed; in Thy right - eous-ness, in Thy

right-eous-ness shall they be ex - alt - ed, shall they be ex - alt - ed. A - men, A - men.

A-men, A-men.

O, HOW LOVELY IS ZION.

J. H. HALL.

Oh, how love - ly, how love - ly is Zi - on, How love - ly is Zi - on, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God,

Oh, how love - ly,

Oh, how love - ly, how love - ly is Zi - on, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God, Oh, Oh, how love - ly, Oh, how

beau-ti-ful,

Oh, how lovely, Oh, how love - ly,

love - ly is Zi - on, Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell in thee,

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

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL, by per.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the rag - ing

2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the rag - ing bil- lows

bil- lows roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of

not a - lone, Still sup- port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I

roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of

ritard.

life be past: Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

bring; Cov - er my de - fenceless head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.

life be past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

ANTHEM. THE LORD WILL COMFORT ZION.

J. H. Tenney, by per.

Moderato.

The Lord will com-fort Zi - on, The Lord will com - fort Zi - on, He will com-fort all her waste pla - -

The Lord will com-fort Zi - on, The Lord will com - fort Zi - on, He will com-fort all her waste pla - -

ces, He will make her wil - der-ness like E - den, and her des - ert like the gar - den of the Lord. and her

ces, He will make her wil - der - ness like E - den, and her des - ert like the gar - den of the Lord, and her

Much faster.

des - ert like the gar-den of the Lord. Joy and glad-ness,joy and glad-ness shall be found there - in, thanks-giv - ing and the

des - ert like the gar-den of the Lord. Joy and glad-ness, joy and glad-ness shall be found there - in, thanksgiv - ing and the

THE LORD WILL COMFORT ZION.

voice of mel - o - dy, ...

voice of mel - o - dy, Joy and glad - ness, Joy and glad - ness, and the voice of mel - o - dy, Joy and glad - ness shall be

mel - o - dy, ...

thanks-giv - ing and the voice of mel - o - dy, Joy and glad - ness, joy and glad - ness shall be found there-

found there - in, thanks-giv - ing and the voice of mel - o - dy, Joy and glad - ness, joy and glad - ness shall be found there-

. . . . . .

f

in, thanksgiv - ing and the voice of mel - o - dy, thanksgiv - ing and the voice of mel - o - dy.

f

in, thanksgiv - ing, and the voice of mel - o - dy, thanksgiv - ing and the voice of mel - o - dy.

f

LET EVERY HEART REJOICE

SUITABLE FOR NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

With spirit.

{Let ev -'ry heart re-joice and sing, Let cho - ral anthems rise;
{Ye rev'rend men and children bring To God your sac - ri - fice.

For He is good, the Lord is good and kind are all His ways,

{Let ev -'ry heart re-joice and sing, Let cho - ral anthems rise;
{Ye rev'rend men and children bring To God your sac - ri - fice.

For He is good, the Lord is good, the

For He is good, the Lord is good and kind are all His ways.

the Lord is good and kind are all His ways, With songs and honors sounding loud, With

Lord is good, the Lord is good, and kind are all His ways, With songs and honors sounding loud, With

the Lord is good

songs and honors sounding loud, With songs and hon-ors sound-ing loud, The Lord Je - ho - vah praise, The Lord Je - ho - vah praise;

songs . . . . with songs and hon - ors sounding loud, The Lord Je - ho-vah praise; While the

songs and honors sounding loud, With songs and hon-ors sound-ing loud, The Lord Je - ho - vah praise, The Lord Je - ho - vah praise.

LET EVERY HEART REJOICE.

A glo - rious an - them raise; While the rocks and the rills, A

rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, A glo - rious an - them raise; While the vales and the hills, A

A glo - rious an - them raise; While the rocks and the rills, A

glo-rious an - them raise. Let each pro-long the grate - ful song, And the God of our fa - thers praise, While the rocks and the

glo-rious an - them raise. Let each pro-long the grate - ful song, And the God of our fa - thers praise, While the rocks and the

glo-rious an - them raise. Let each pro-long the grate - ful song, And the God of our fa - thers praise, While the rocks and the

rills, While the vales and the hills A glo-rious an-them raise, A glo-rious an - them raise.

rills, While the vales and the hills A glo-rious an-them raise, A glo - rious an - them raise.

A glo-rious an - them raise.

*In this passage the vocal parts should not be played, but only the symphony. At the second sign the instruments should be resumed on the vocal parts.

O. WENDELL HOLMES.

O LOVE DIVINE.

MENDELSSOHN, arr. by T. F. SEWARD.

Andante.

O Love Di - vine, that stooped to share our sharpest pang, our bit-ter-est tear, On Thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at

O Love Di - vine, that stooped to share our sharpest pang, our bit-ter-est tear, On Thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at

pain while thou art near, Tho' long the wea - ry way we tread, And sorrow crown each ling-ering year;

pain while thou art near, Tho' long the wea - ry way we tread, And sor - row crown each lingering year;

No path we shun, no dark-ness dread, O Love Divine, while thou art near, while thou art near, . . . while Thou art near.

No path we shun, no dark-ness dread, O Love Di-vine, while Thou art near, while thou art near, while thou art near.

* When this piece is sung as a Chorus, it will be well to let some of the Soprano voices sing this line with the Al

HARK! THE SONG OF JUBILEE!

Wm. B. Bradbury.

p *p* *cres.*

Hark the song! Hark the song! Hark the song of Ju - bi - lee! Hark the song, the song, the song of

Hark the song of

Hark the song! Hark the song! Hark the song of Ju - bi - lee! Hark the song! Hark the song! Hark the

Hark the song, the song of Ju - bi-

mf *cres.* *ff*

Ju - bi - lee! Loud as might - - y thunders roar, Loud as might-y thun-ders roar, Hark the song!

Ju - bi - lee! Hark the song! Hark the song!

ff

song of Ju - bi - lee! Hark the song! Hark the song! Loud as might-y thun-ders roar, Or the full - - ness of the

lee! . . . Loud as might - y thunders roar, Loud as mighty thun-ders roar; Hark the song!

By per. Biglow & Main.

HARK! THE SONG OF JUBILEE.

mf

Hark the song of Ju - bi - lee, When it breaks up-on the shore, when it breaks up-on the shore.

Hark the song! When it breaks, when it breaks up - on the shore.

sea, Or the full-ness of the sea; Hark the song! When it breaks, when it breaks up-on the shore.

Hark the song, the song of Ju - bi-lee,

See Je - ho-vah's banners furled, Sheathed his sword, he speaks, 't is done; Now the kingdoms of this world

Sym. *Sym.*

See Je - ho-vah's banners furled, Sheathed his sword, he speaks, 't is done; Now the kingdoms of this world

* The passage between the two stars may be omitted.

HARK! THE SONG OF JUBILEE.

Faster.

Are the kingdoms of His Son, Now the kingdoms of this world Are the kingdoms of His Son, Now the kingdoms of this

Are the kingdoms of His Son, Now the kingdoms of this world Are the kingdoms of His Son, Now the king - - -

Now the kingdoms, etc.

1 2 *a tempo.*

world are the kingdoms of His Son, of His Son.

a tempo. Accompaniment. *TRIO.*

- - - doms of His Son, of His Son. He shall reign from pole to pole With supreme, unbounded sway, He shall reign when, like a scroll, Yonder

SOLO.

HARK! THE SONG OF JUBILEE.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu- jah, Hal-le - lu- jah, He shall reign when, like a scroll, Yonder heav'ns have passed a-

heav'ns have passed a - way. Hal- le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu -jah,

heav,ns have pass'd away. Hal- le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu -jah, Hal - le - lu- jah, Hal - le - lu -jah, He shall reign when, like a scroll, Yon-der heav'ns have pass'd a-

He shall reign from pole to pole With supreme, unbounded sway.

1 2 *ff*

way, way. Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal- le - lu -jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu- jah, He shall reign when, like a scroll, Yonder heav'ns have passed a - way.

way, way. He shall reign from pole to pole, With supreme, unbounded sway, He shall reign when, like a scroll, Yonder heav'ns have passed a - way.

P. P. BLISS. **THY TENDER MERCY.** J. H. HALL.

1. BeforeThy gracious throne, O loving Lord, I kneel; E'en though my own unworthiness I may not feel;
2. Times without number have I knocked at mer - cy's door; Times without number have I offered prayer be - fore;
3. For mercy, e'en Thy mercy, is my on - ly plea; I know that justice sends no ray of hope to me:
4. O Saviour, help me, may I trust Thy mer - cy more; My, sins forsake, and my ingrati- tude de - plore:

So much more need to come,so much more need of prayer, And who can tell how rich a bless - ing waits me there?
Just such poor,feeble,falt'ring prayer,and Lord,I know, Those prayers were answered,now,O Lord, Thy mer - cy show. } A - men, A - men.

But never yet has one poor sinner tem-pest tossed, Trusted Thy love and tender mer - cy and been lost.
In mercy guard, in mercy guide me o'er life's sea; In Thy great mercy bring me, Lord, at last to Thee. } A - men A - men.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

Our Father Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth,as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our dai - ly bread, And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass a-gainst us.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; For Thine is the Kingdom,and the power,and the glory,forever and ever. A - MEN.

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