The Elms of Elms for Sunday Schools

BY ASA HULL.

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Myra A. Proctor

SP-OSD153

THE

GEM OF GEMS

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

SACRED SONGS, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

FOR THE USE OF

Sunday-Schools, Bible Classes and Social Worship

BY

ASA HULL

Author of "Wreath of Praise," "Garlands of Praise," "Hull's Temperance Glee Book," "Pilgrim's Harp," "Devotional Chimes," "Gospel Praise Book," etc.

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INTRODUCTION.

In presenting the "Gem of Gems," we shall not undertake to discuss its merits. We simply remark that our aim has been to make this book pre-eminently practical and useful, and a few suggestions regarding the manner of using it may not be out of place here.

The music does not require any very skillful teaching in order to insure its success. We claim, however, that the very best talent at the command of the church should be placed at the head of the Sunday School music. No general directions can be given that will meet the varied circumstances of the different schools, and very much must be left to the judgment and good taste of the chorister, who should use the talent at his command to the best possible advantage.

The music, as a rule, should be taken up in a rather quick, sprightly movement, and a great variety may be produced by having the hymn sung as a Solo, Quartette, or Semi-Chorus, when it has a Chorus, all joining in the Chorus. We would prefer, however, to have the hymn well sung by the whole school rather than indifferently rendered by a few voices.

A very pleasing ending may be produced by repeating the Chorus after the last verse of the hymn *very softly*, or after each verse, whether so marked or not. Full harmony is given to nearly every piece, which serves as an instrumental accompaniment when used as a Solo or Duet. A tune should not be discarded on account of its being marked as a *Solo* or *Duet:* when it cannot be thus used have it sung by the whole school. Special attention has been given to selections suitable for Sunday School Concerts and Anniversaries, and we believe that herein will be found an abundant supply for special occasions to last any school several years.

The "Gem of Gems" is respectfully dedicated to all interested in Sunday School music.

THE AUTHOR.

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GEM OF GEMS.

THE HUSH OF NIGHT.

Copyright, 1881, by Asa Hull.

Words by Mrs. E. W. Chapman.

Music by J. H. Tenney.

Andante.

1. The twilight is fading a - way, The lamps of the sky are a - light ; How gentle the zephyr's soft breeze,
2. So rest-ful the spirit should be, So peacefully calm and se - cure, While trusting, O Saviour, in Thee,

D. S. And thro' the bright twilight of gold,

Fine. CHORUS. *D. S.*

And sweet is the hush of the night. Fad-ing a - way ! fad - ing a-way ! The daylight is fad-ing a - way !
Whose promis- es ev - er en - dure.
Yon portals, by faith, we be - hold.

3 All nature is quiet and still,
The birds are asleep on the spray ;
The moon her bright vigils doth keep
O'er valley and hill far away.—*Chorus.*
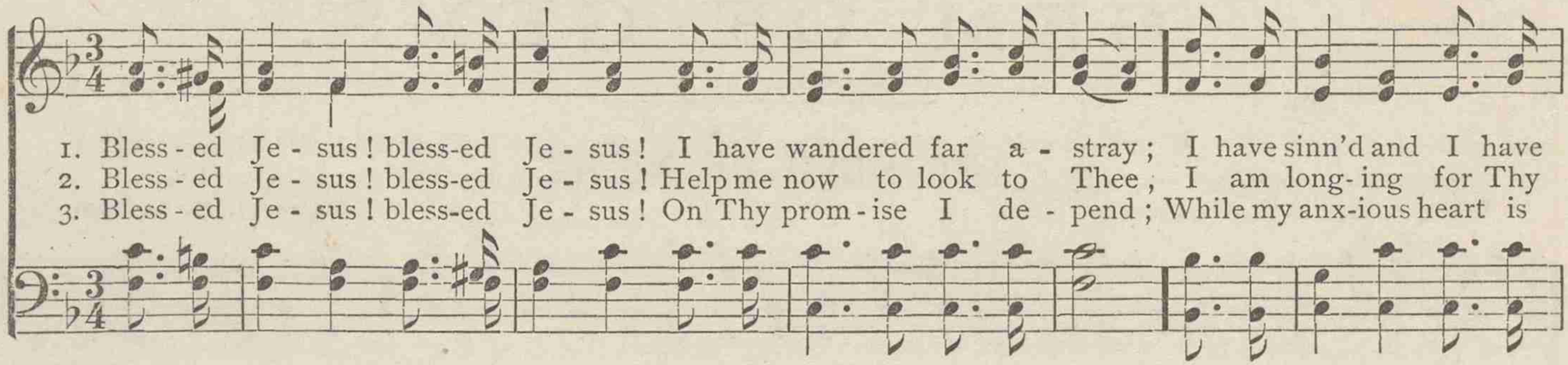
4 So white-pinioned angels above
Watch over the household below,
And breathe the sweet message of love,
As on their blest mission they go.—*Chorus.*

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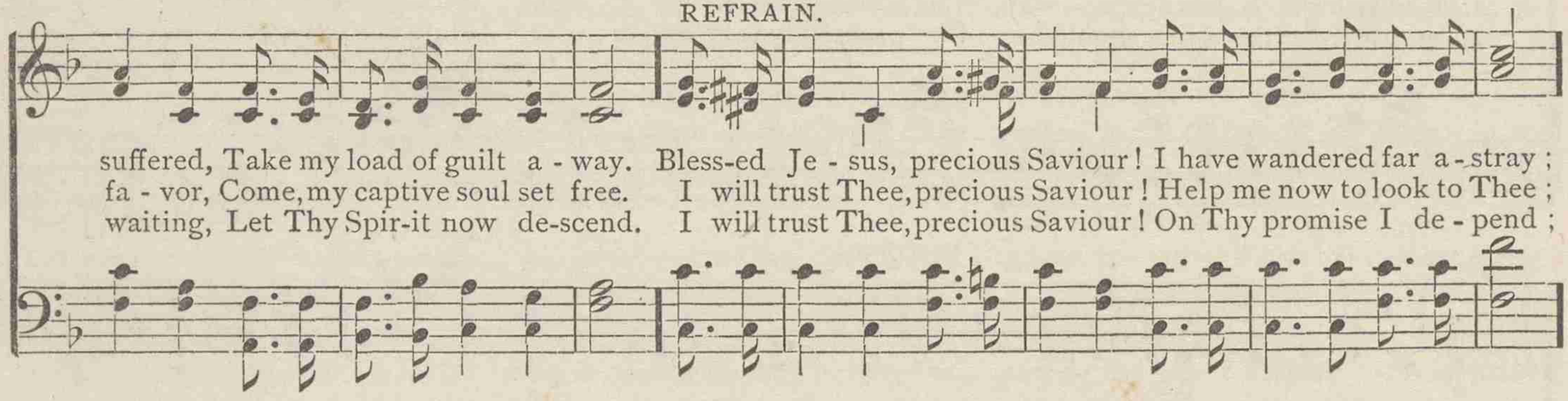
THE PRECIOUS SAVIOUR.

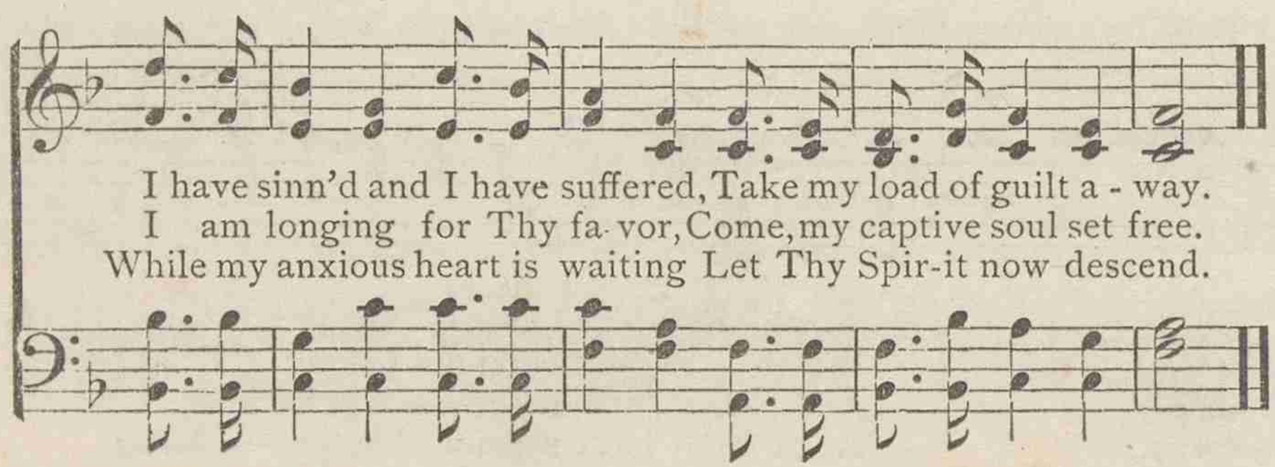
Words by E. Rinehart.

Music by ASA HULL.



REFRAIN.





4.

Blessed Jesus ! blessed Jesus !
Thou hast filled my soul with joy ;
Henceforth let me in Thy service
Find my sweetest, best employ.
I will praise Thee, precious Saviour,
Thou hast filled my soul with joy ;
Henceforth let me in Thy service
Find my sweetest, best employ.

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IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

Words by M. A. Kidder.

Music arr'd from Frank M. Davis.

1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither sil-ver nor gold ; I would make sure of heaven, I would enter the fold ;
2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood; O my Saviour, Is suf - ficient for me ;
3. O, that beau-ti-ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glo- ri-fied beings, In pure garments of white ;

In the book of Thy kingdom, With its pages so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Saviour, Is my name written there ?
For Thy promise is written, In bright letters that glow, Tho' your sins be as scarlet I will make them like snow.
Where no evil thing cometh, To despoil what is fair ; Where the angels are watching—Is my name written there ?

CHORUS.

Is my name written there, On its pages so fair ? In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there ?

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TELL ME OF JESUS.

Words and Music by ASA HULL.

1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Tell me the wonders of His love; Say, did He
2. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Tell me, is grace and mer - cy free? Say, did He

CHORUS.

leave the realms of glo - ry, Did He leave His bright home a - bove? Tell me, tell me,
bring a full sal - va - tion, Did He suf - fer for you and me?

Tell me, did He leave His throne on high? Tell me, tell me, Tell me did He for me die?

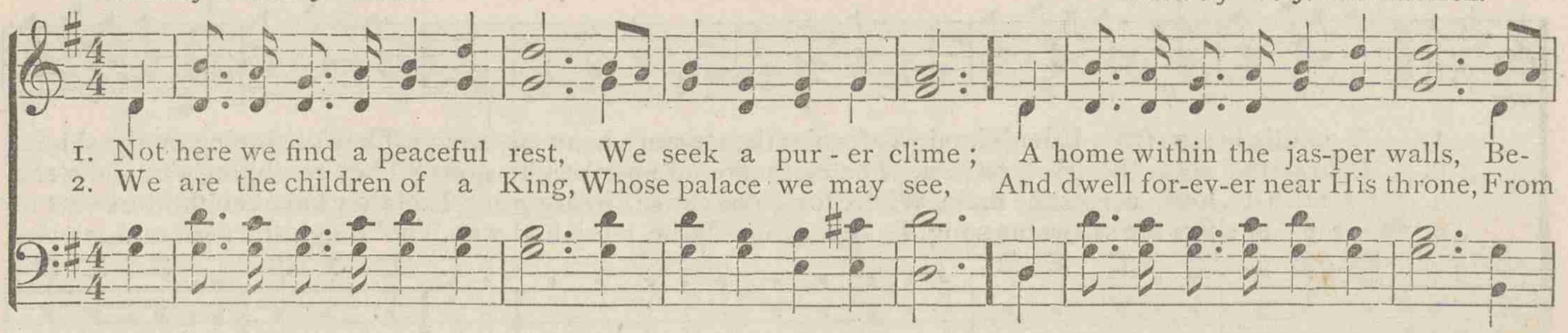
3 Tell me the story of Jesus;
Say, does His love encompass me?
Is there a hope for sinful mortals,
Is His grace all-sufficient for thee?—*Chorus.*

4 Tell me the story of Jesus;
Tell me the story o'er and o'er;
Say, can I fully, freely trust Him?
Shall I reign with Him evermore?—*Chorus.*

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THE SWEET OVER THERE.

Words by Fanny J. Crosby. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.



3 Our souls by faith may scale the mount,
Upon its top may stand,
And view with eager longing eyes
The golden sunny land.—*Chorus.*

4 Though Jordan's cold and stormy waves
That land from us divide,
We know our Saviour's loving arms
Will bear us o'er the tide.—*Chorus.*

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BETTER FURTHER ON.

Solo or Duet.

Words and Music by ASA HULL.

1. A gentle breeze from Eden's land, Wafts o'er the stream a heavenly song ; They're singing on the shining
2. I hear the soft, the glad refrain, I catch the sound, and then 'tis gone ; They're singing o'er and o'er a-
3. By faith I look across the main, Where lov'd ones have already gone, Lo ! they have caught the sweet re-
4. Hope ev- er sings the self-same song, To cheer the pilgrim, worn and wan, Tho' rough the road and, may be,

REFRAIN.

strand, That it's bet-ter further on.
gain, "It is bet-ter further on."
frain, "It is bet-ter further on."
long, Yet, 'tis bet-ter further on.

"It is bet- ter,.... it is bet-ter,.... it is further on, further on,

1st time. Repeat pp. 2d time.

bet- ter,..... it is bet- ter,.... better, it is better, It is better further on."
further on, further on, bet- ter, bet- ter,

Cres

f f

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THE FAST EBBING TIDE.

Words by E. Rinehart. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Go-ing out with the fast ebbing tide; Going out on an o-cean so wide; Going out on e-ter-ni-ty's
2. Go-ing out from the darkness and gloom, Going in-to the brightness of noon; Going out from the shadows of
3. Go-ing out from all conflict and strife, Going near-er the "riv-er of life"; Going where I His glo-ry may

CHORUS.

sea; .. Go-ing home, with my Saviour to be. } Go-ing out on the tide, on the
night, Go-ing in-to the mansions of light. }
share, Go-ing up to my home, bright and fair. }

Go-ing out, on the tide,

fast ebbing tide; Going out on an ocean wide, Going home with my Saviour as Guide.

on the fast ebbing tide; Go-ing out

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WATCHING AND WAITING.

Words by E. Rinehart.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Watching thro' the night and waiting for the dawn; Looking for the first bright ray of coming morn;
2. Liv-ing in the val-ley, humble, meek, and low; Thus it is I triumph o-ver ev-'ry foe;
3. Working for the Mas-ter, pa-tient-ly I wait; Knocking for ad-mittance at the mer-cy gate;

𝄋. Feel-ing all the gloom of the mid-night hour; Yet I'm trusting all to His love and pow'r. *Fine.*
Waiting till the summons shall call me home; Out in-to the sun-shine beyond the gloom.
Trusting Him to guide, where I can-not see; Knowing that His care is still o-ver me.

D. S. Feeling all the gloom of the midnight hour; Yet I'm trusting all to His love and pow'r.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Watching thro' the night, Waiting for the dawn, Looking for the first bright ray of morn;

HAPPY PILGRIMS.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Arr'd. Music by R. M. McIntosh. By per.

Semi-Chorus.

1st time. 2d time.

1. To the heav - en - ly Je - ru - sa-lem, They are singing as they go;
And the King there-of shall welcome them, Where the [Omit.....] rippling wa- ters flow.

2. In the heav - en - ly Je - ru - su-lem There shall be no gloom- y night;
For the Lord's dear face shall shine on them, And its [Omit.....] brightness be their light.

Chorus.

Thro' the op' - - - ning pearly por - - tals Sounds the won - - drous new-made song;
op'ning, thro' the op'ning pearl - y por- tals of the sky, wondrous, sounds the wondrous

And the an - - - thems of im- mor - - tals Greet the hap - - - py pilgrim throng.
anthems of im - mortals, sweet- ly sounding from on high, hap- py, greet the hap - py pil - grim throng.

3 In the heavenly Jerusalem
All their tears shall cease to fall;
No more sorrow, pain, nor death for them,
But eternal life for all.—*Chorus.*

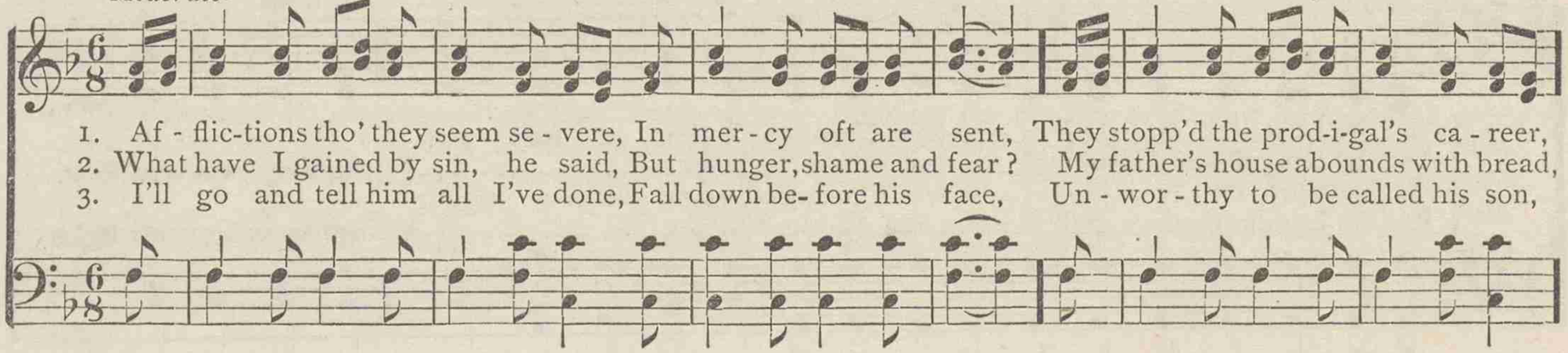
4 To that heavenly Jerusalem
With the pilgrims will you go;
Singing songs of endless praise with them,
Leaving all things here below.—*Chorus.*

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THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

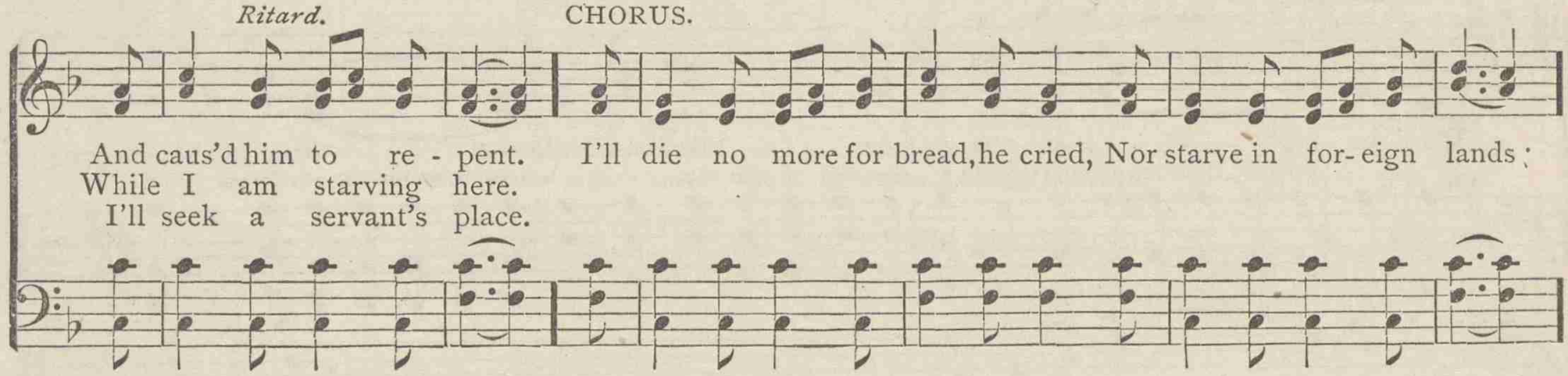
Music by ASA HULL.

Moderato.

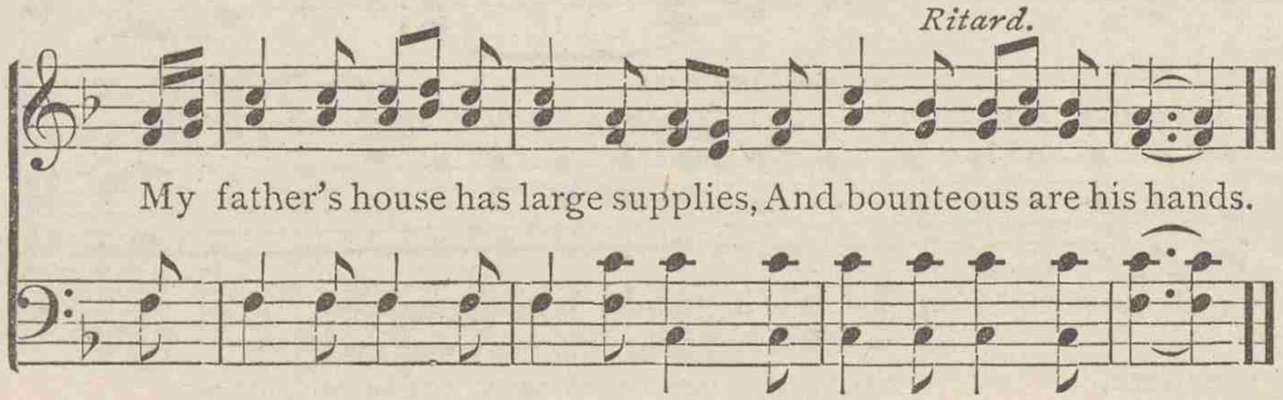


Ritard.

CHORUS.



Ritard.



4 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.—*Chorus.*

5 'Tis thus the Lord His love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love He feels,
And welcomes all that come.—*Chorus.*

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BY THE CRYSTAL SEA.

Words by E. Rinehart.

Music by G. Froelich.

1. On the beautiful shore of the crystal sea, Do the lov'd ones watch, do they wait for me? As their feet now press on the
2. On that beautiful shore, where no no grief is known, Do they think of me in my earthly home? Do they hear the sigh, do they
3. On the beautiful banks by the crystal sea, They are sweetly singing in har-mo-ny; 'Tis a hymn of joy, wafted

CHORUS.

gold-en sand, Are they watching and waiting up - on the strand? } Watching and waiting— Yes!
see the tear, Are they watching o'er me while I so-journ here? } for me, for me,
o'er and o'er, 'Tis the song of the bless-ed for ev - er - more. }

watching and waiting for me; On the beautiful shore of the crystal sea, They're watching and waiting for me.
for me.

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THE SACRED STREAM.

Music by ASA HULL.

*Solo. *Allegretto.*

1. There is a stream, whose gen - tle flow Sup-plies the cit - y of..... our God;....
2. That sacred stream, Thine ho - - ly word, That all our rag-ing fear .... con-trols;....

Inst. *pp*

Duet.

Life, love, and joy,.... still glid - ing through, And wat'ring our di - vine.... a - bode.....
Sweet peace Thy prom - is - es af - ford,.. And give new strength to faint - ing souls.....

pp

Full Chorus.

Cres. *ff*

Life, love, and joy, still gliding thro', And wat'ring our divine.... a-bode,..And wat'ring our.. di - vine a-bode.
Sweet peace Thy promises afford, And give new strength to faint - ing souls,..And give new strength..to fainting souls.
divine a - bode,
fainting, fainting souls,

* *Small notes may be sung to the syllable* "la," *by male voices, without instrument.*

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ARE YOU WAITING?

Words by Mrs. Ellen C. Worth.

Music by J. H. Tenney.

1. Are you waiting, broth - er, waiting, For the first bright ray of morn? Thro' the gloom and darkness
2. Are you waiting, broth - er, waiting, For the an - gel band to come, And with strains of sweetest
3. Are you waiting, broth - er, waiting, For the light and bliss a - bove, Where no cloud shall dim the

CHORUS.

watching For the glad tri - umph - ant dawn? Wait a lit - tle long - er, brother, Work for
mu - sic Take you to their heavenly home?
vis - ion In the man - sions of His love?

Je - sus while you wait; Soon be - yond the darksome riv - er He will meet you at the gate.

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THE CITY OF GOD.

Words by Newton. Music by ASA HULL.

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God; He, whose word can-
2. On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake thy sure re - pose? With sal - va - tion's

CHORUS.

not be broken, Formed thee for His own a-bode. { Zi - on, Zi - on, beau - - ti-ful Zi - on,
walls sur-round-ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes. { beau-ti-ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on,

Zi - on, cit - y of our God; He, whose word can - not be broken, Formed thee for His own a-bode.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near.—*Chorus.*
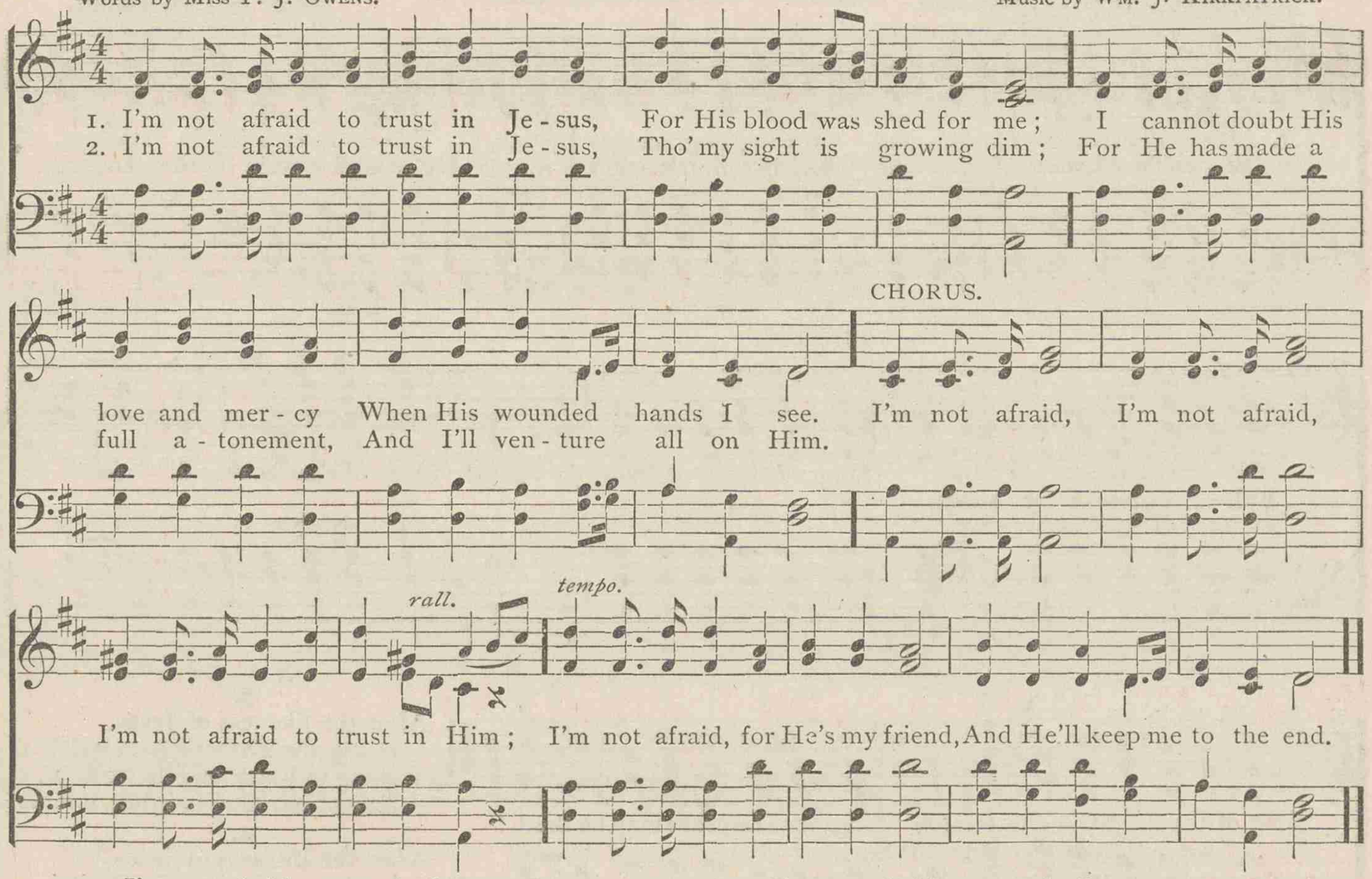
4 He who gives us daily manna,
He who listens when we cry,
Let Him hear the loud hosanna
Rising to His throne on high.—*Chorus.*

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BELIEVING AND TRUSTING.

Words by Miss P. J. Owens.

Music by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



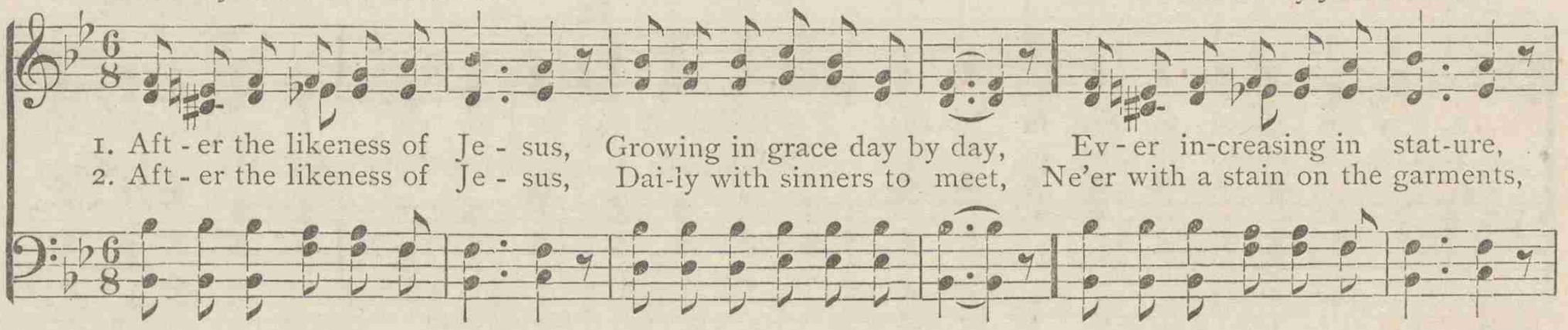
3 I'm not afraid to trust in Jesus,
On His word I can rely;
He can save my feet from falling,
He can keep me till I die.—*Chorus.*

4 I'm not afraid to trust in Jesus,
Though the world should pass away;
For He is faithful who hath promised,
He will keep me in that day.—*Chorus.*

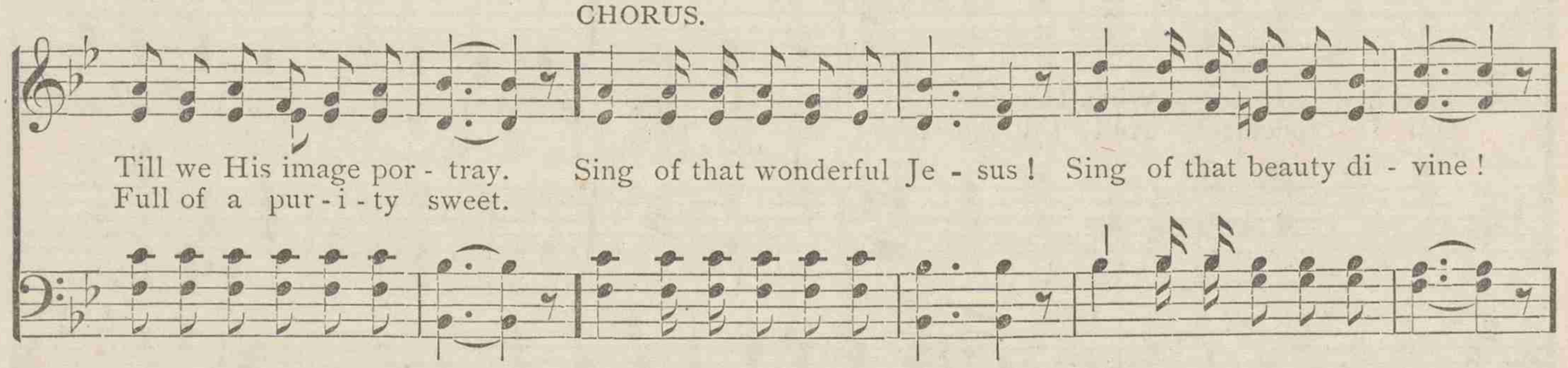
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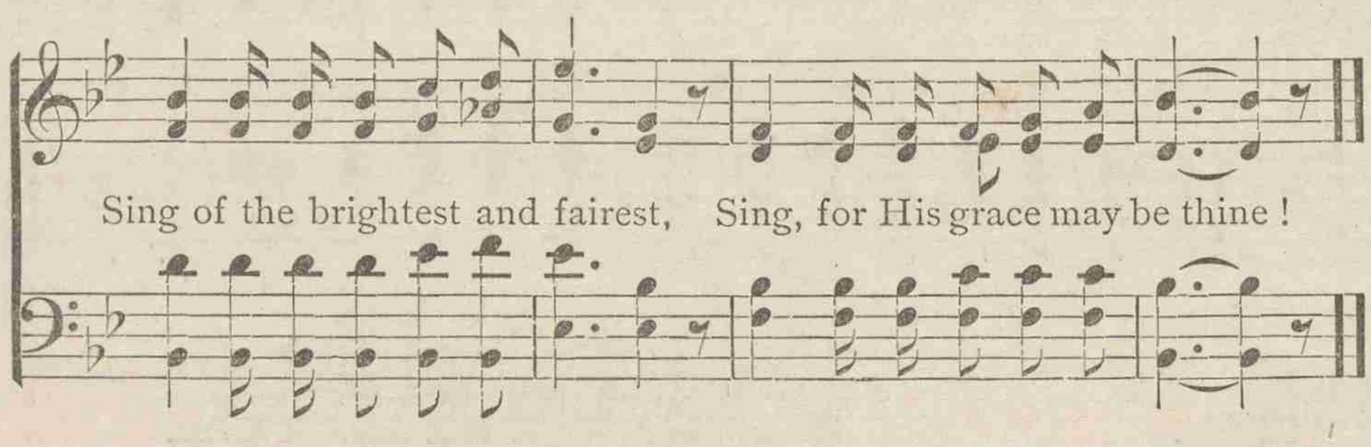
AFTER HIS LIKENESS.

Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Music by J. H. Tenney.



CHORUS.





3.

After the likeness of Jesus,
Doing the Father's own will;
Seeking to know of His wisdom,
Law of our God to fulfil. *Chorus.*

4.

After the likeness of Jesus,
Loving, and gentle, and kind,
Strong in resisting the evil,
Firmness and sweetnesscombined.

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THE HARVEST HOME.

Words by Fanny J. Crosby. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Toil on with a trusting faith, Sow on, tho' in tears ye sow, Scatter seed with the dawn of morning, Scatter
2. Toil on in the noonday heat, Toil on thro' its sul-try air, Looking up when your steps would falter, Looking
3. Toil on for the Master's sake, Toil on till the Master come; La-bor on till ye see the sunlight Coming

CHORUS.

seed whereso-e'er ye go; The rain will come, the blade will spring, The grain will surely grow. } Then sow on,
up to the Lord in pray'r; On Him your heavy burden cast Who knows your ev'ry care.
out from the az-ure dome; Then go to reap e-ter-nal joy, And shout the harvest home.

sow on, sow on,

toil on, reaping soon will come; Then we'll gather, gather the gold-en grain, And shout the harvest home.

toil on, toil on,

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THE SHINING WAY.

Words by W. E. Penney. Music by G. Froelich.

1. We are climbing Jacob's lad - der, Onward, upward, ev - 'ry day; Loving God and one an-
Sweetly sing- ing, praises sing- ing To our Saviour gone a - bove. By- and- by we hope to
2. We are climbing Jacob's lad - der, Onward, upward, ev - 'ry day; Dai- ly deeds of love and
Serving God, withstanding e - vil, Strong in Him who ev - er knows How to keep His faithful

CHORUS.

oth - er, Thus we mount the heav'nly way,
see Him, In His beau- ty, whom we love.
kind - ness Help us for - ward in our way.
chil - dren, In the bat - tle with their foes.

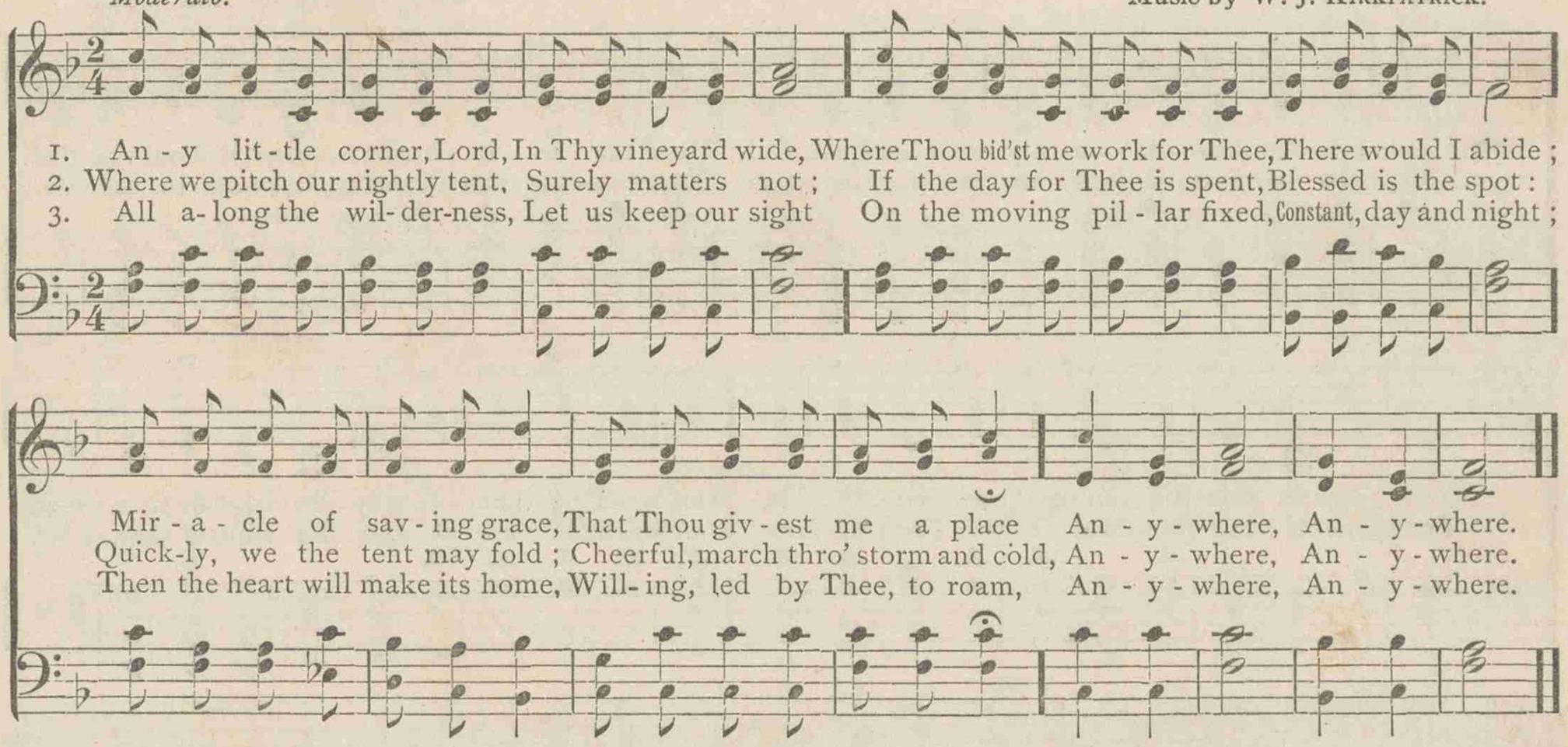
Climbing high - er! climbing high - er! Climbing
Climbing high-er! climbing high-er!

up the shining way; Climbing high - er, ev - er high - er, To the realms of endless day.
Climbing up the shin- ing way; Climbing higher, ev- er higher, To the realms, the realms of endless day.

ANYWHERE.

Moderato.

Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



CONCLUSION OF **THE SHINING WAY,** OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 We are climbing Jacob's ladder,
Step by step and day by day,
Sometimes weary, sometimes stumbling,
But we hear the Master say—
He who to the end endureth,
Lo! for him in heav'n awaits
Golden harp and crown of glory,
At the city's pearly gates.—*Chorus.*

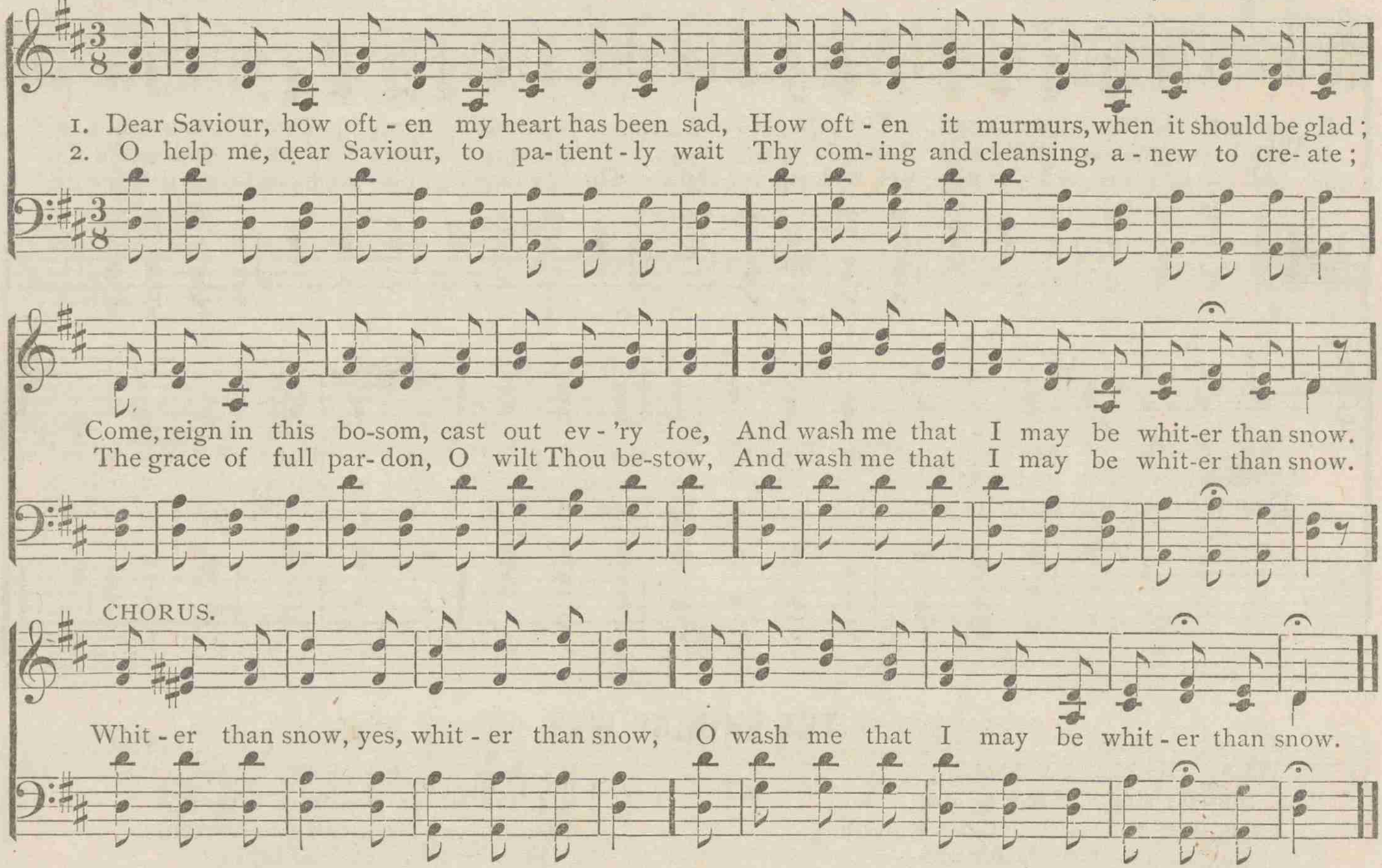
4 So we're climbing up the ladder
Jacob saw in wondrous dreams,
Reaching up from earth to heaven,
Shining with celestial beams.
Angel hosts attend our footsteps,
Seraph voices cheer our way,
Heaven and home are drawing nearer,
Ev'ry hour and ev'ry day.—*Chorus.*

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NEW WHITER THAN SNOW.

Allegretto.

Words and Music by ASA HULL.

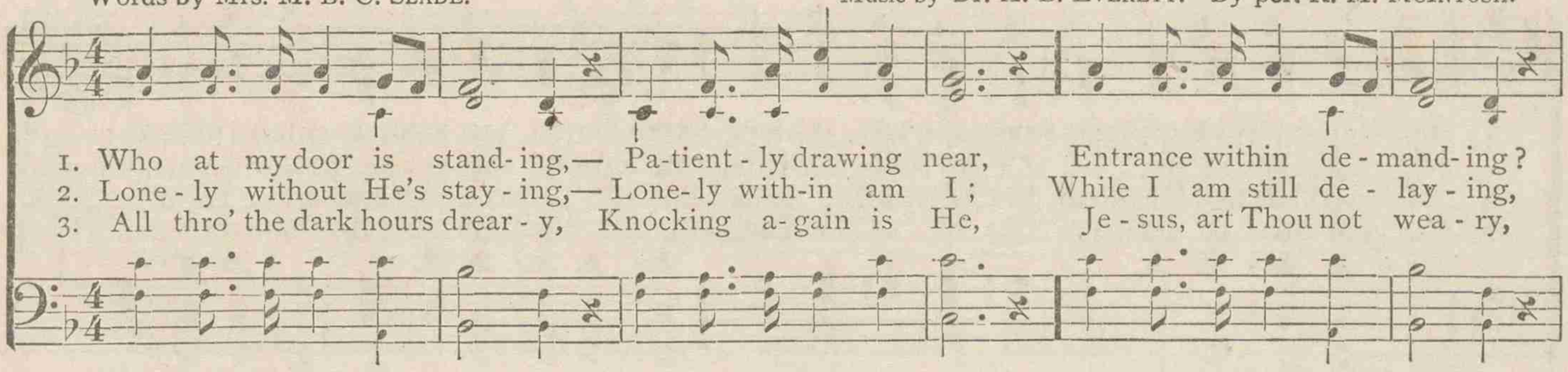


3 My time and my talents, my goods I resign
To Thee, my dear Saviour, they always were Thine;
O make me Thy steward in all things below,
And wash me that I may be whiter than snow.—*Cho.*

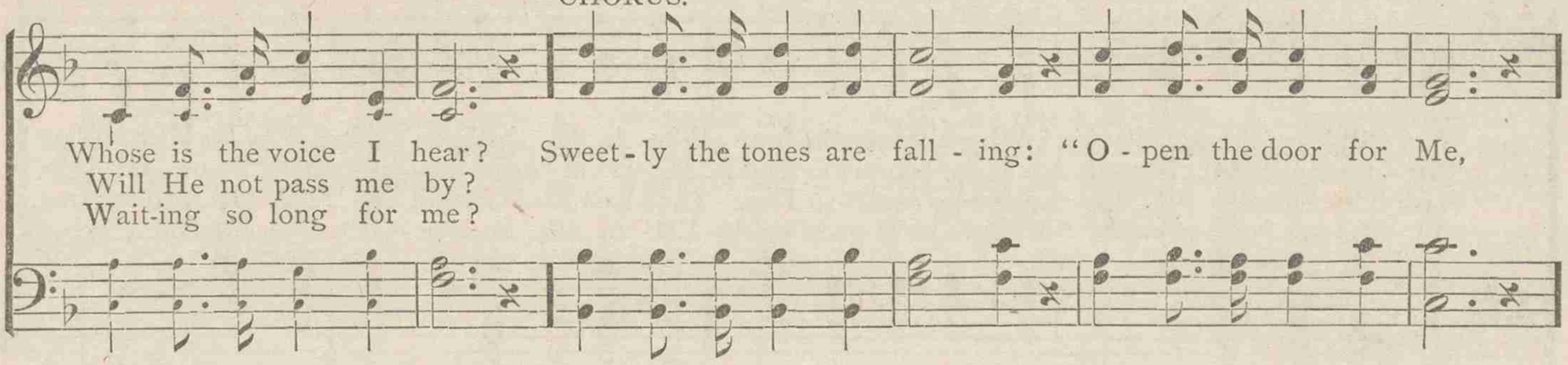
4 My dwelling, though pitched in a wilderness here,
To me will be Eden, if Thou, Lord, art near;
Thy presence is life everlasting, I know,
Thy blood, it hath cleansed me, I'm whiter than snow.

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Music by Dr. A. B. Everett. By per. R. M. McIntosh.



CHORUS.



4 Door of my heart, I hasten!
Thee will I open wide,
Though He rebuke and chasten,
He shall with me abide.—*Chorus.*

5 Guest of our love, He sees us,
Opening now our door;
Joyfully enter, Jesus!
Dwell with us evermore.—*Chorus.*

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ON THE LORD'S SIDE.
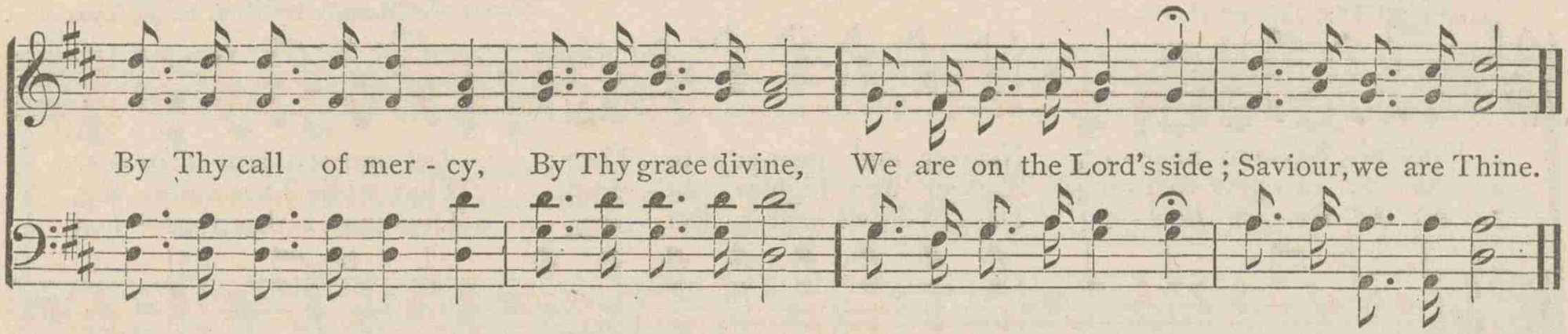
Words by Frances R. Havergal. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His helpers, Oth-er lives to bring?
2. Not for weight of glo-ry, Not for crown and palm, En-ter we the ar-my, Raise the warrior-psalm;
3. Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood, For Thy di-a-dem.
4. Cho-sen to be soldiers In an a-lien land,—Chosen, called and faithful—For our Captain's band;

Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go?
But for Love that claimeth Lives for whom He died: He whom Je-sus nam-eth *Must* be on His side.
With Thy blessing fill-ing Each who comes to Thee, Thou hast made us will-ing, Thou hast made us free.
In the ser-vice roy-al May we ne'er grow cold; Let us all be loy-al, No-ble, true and bold.

CHORUS.

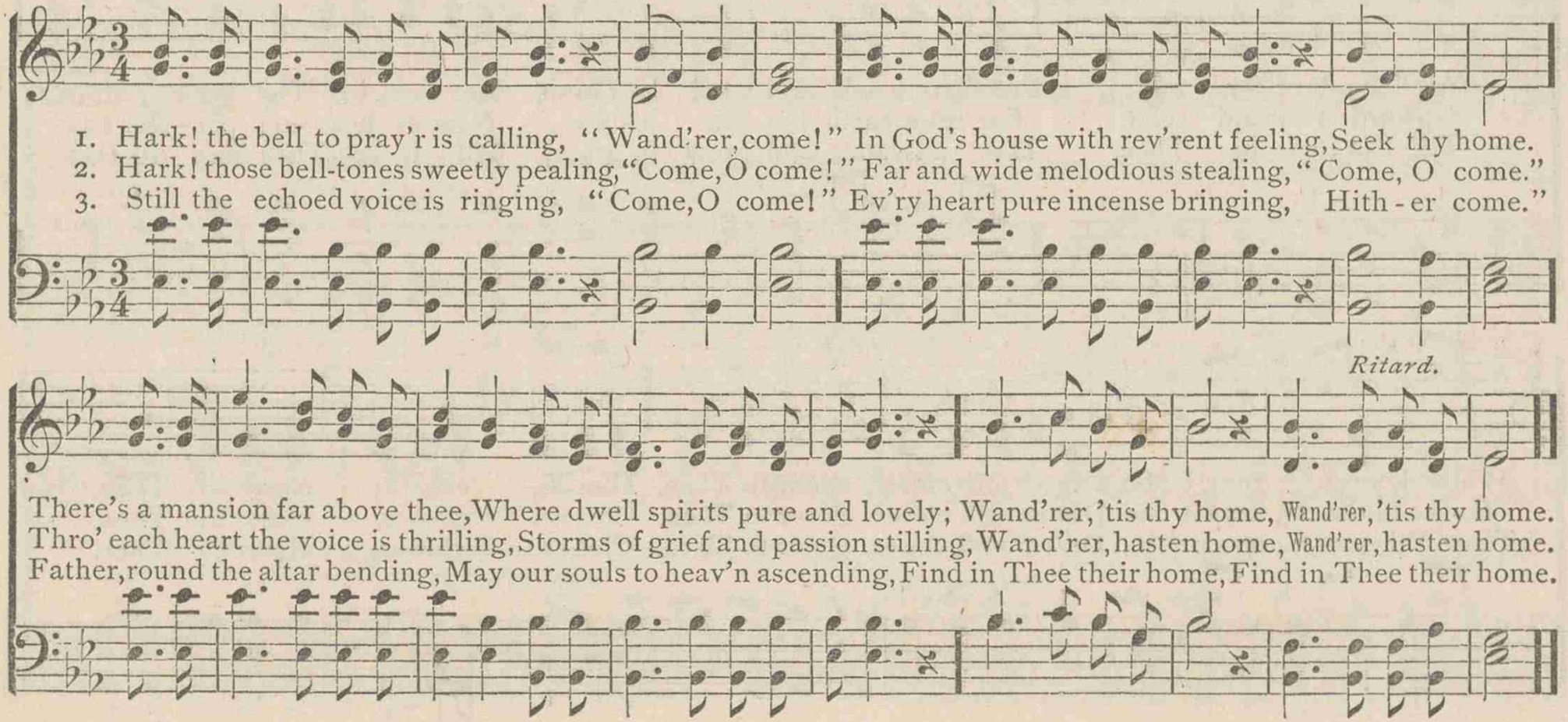
Who is on the Lord's side, Who? tell me, who? Who is on the Lord's side, Who? tell me, who?



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WANDERER, SEEK THY HOME.

Words by J. B. Packard. Music by ASA HULL.



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CLOSER TO THEE.

Moderato.

Words and Melody by Rev. E. H. Long.

1. Draw me, Saviour, near - er, Near-er and near-er to Thee; Let me see still clear - er,
2. As the ea - gles soar - ing, High-er and high-er as - cend, Thus, while Thee a-dor - ing,
3. As the riv - er flow - ing Dai - ly draws nearer the sea. Thus may I keep go - ing,

All Thy love for me... Freed from self, and whol - ly Thine, Let me in Thy beau-ty shine;
Upward I would tend. Far from earth and sin a - way, Near-er heav-en's per - fect day;
Till I'm lost in Thee. E'er ad-vance and grow in grace, Till I see Thee face to face;

Rit. *A tempo.*
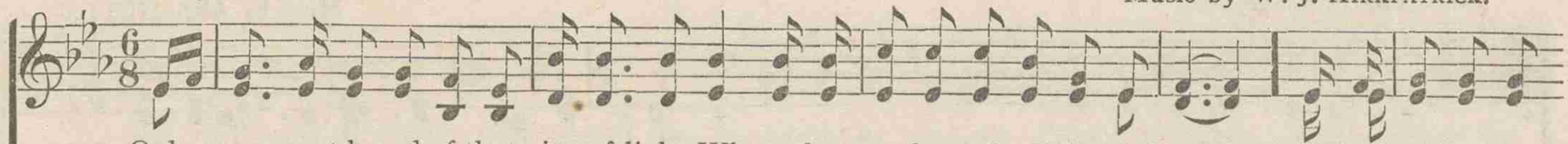
While I sing, O, may I be Drawn still closer, closer to Thee, Clos-er, clos-er, closer to Thee.
E - ven now, O, may I be Drawn still closer, closer to Thee, Clos-er, clos-er, closer to Thee.
Then I'll sing e - ter - nal-ly, Drawn still closer, closer to Thee, Clos-er, clos-er, closer to Thee.

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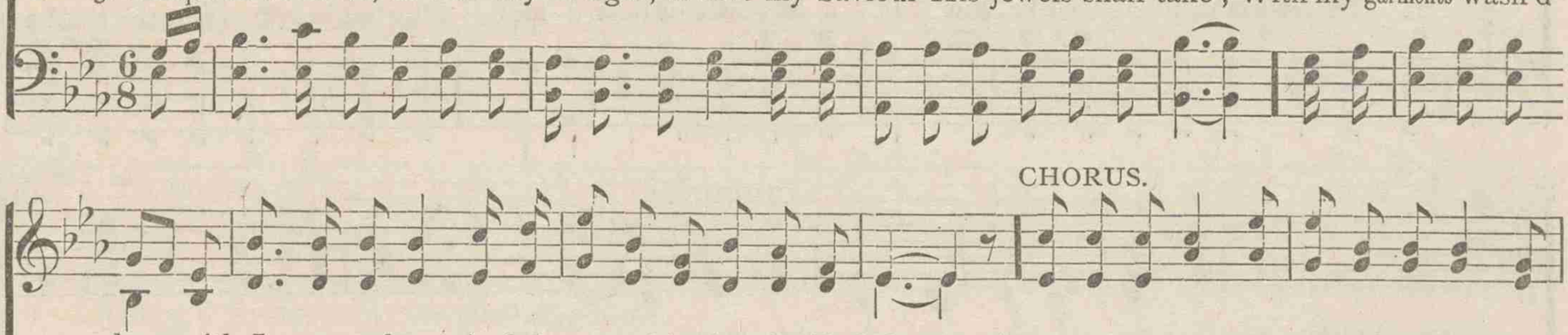
JESUS IS THERE.

Words by Mrs. Emma Pitt.

Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.



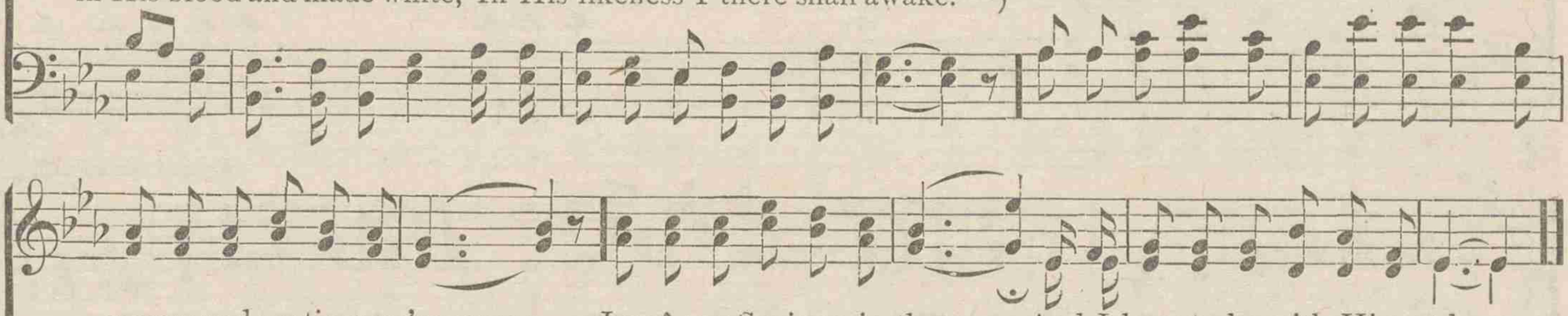
1. O, have you not heard of that city of light, Where they need not the light of the sun ; And the lov'd ones so
2. O, have you not heard of that city so bright, That our Saviour has gone to prepare ; There no gloom ever
3. I hope to be there, in that city of light, Where my Saviour His jewels shall take ; With my garments wash'd



CHORUS.

dear, with Jesus are there, And they worship the glorified One !
comes, nor darkness of night, And the sav'd of the Lord are all there ?
in His blood and made white, In His likeness I there shall awake.—

} Jesus is there, yes ! Jesus is there, Where



sorrow and partings ne'er come ;.. Jesus, my Saviour, is there,.. And I long to be with Him at home.
sorrow, where sorrow and partings ne'er come ; there, over there,

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BEYOND THE RIVER.

Words by A. C. Hulse.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. When these days of toil and strife arè o'er, And we leave this world forever, Shall we meet our friends on heav'n's bright
2. When we lay our lov'd ones in the tomb, Can we hope at last to meet them? Does our faith look up and thro' the
3. If the fel-lowship so sweet be-low Is a foretaste of that u-nion, O! what height of rapture shall we

CHORUS.

shore? Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er? } We shall meet, we shall meet, Meet be-
gloom To that home where we shall greet them? }
know, When we reach that blest com-mu-nion. }

We shall meet, we shall meet,

Repeat pp. ad lib.

yond the surging riv - er; We shall meet, We shall meet, Meet our friends no more to sev-er.

We shall meet, we shall meet,

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STAR OF HOPE.

Words by Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. Music by J. H. Rosecrans.

1. Star of Hope in Faith's pure vision, On us bright-ly, sweetly shine; That our path-way may be
2. Star of Hope, resplendent brightness! Light and joy thy beams im-part; Ev - er shin-ing, tho' be-

CHORUS.

light-ed By thy rays of light di - vine. Scat- ter the shadows veil- ing thy light, Beam on us ev-er,
clouded To the cold and doubting heart.

Ritard.

Star of our night! Star of our night, Star of our night, Beam on us ev - er, Star of our night!

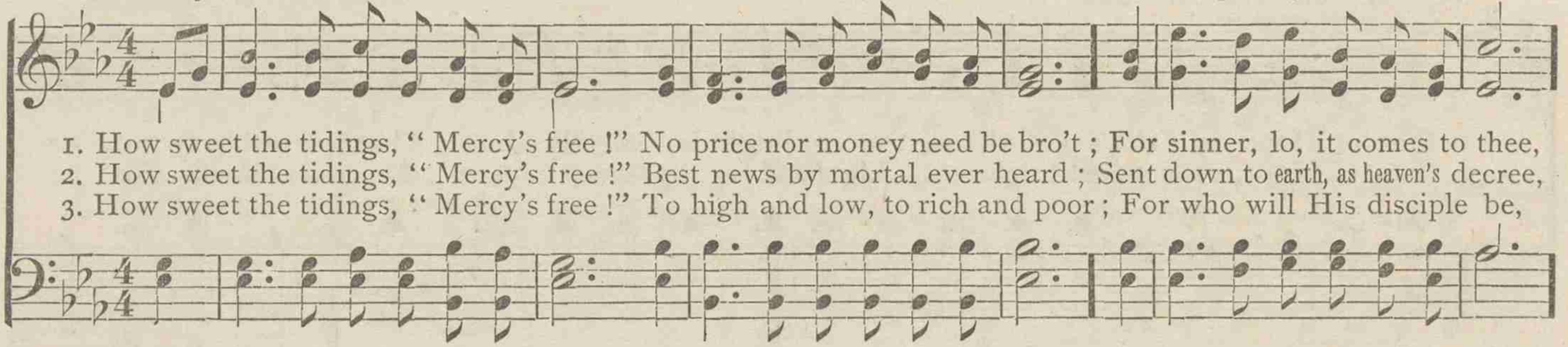
3 Star of Hope, so calm and cheery,
Shed abroad thy welcome light;
Dissipate the soul's deep anguish,
Drive away its darkest night.—*Chorus.*

4 Star of Hope, oh, guard and guide us
Over death's dark, chilling tide;
Land us safely in the haven,
Over on the other side.—*Chorus.*

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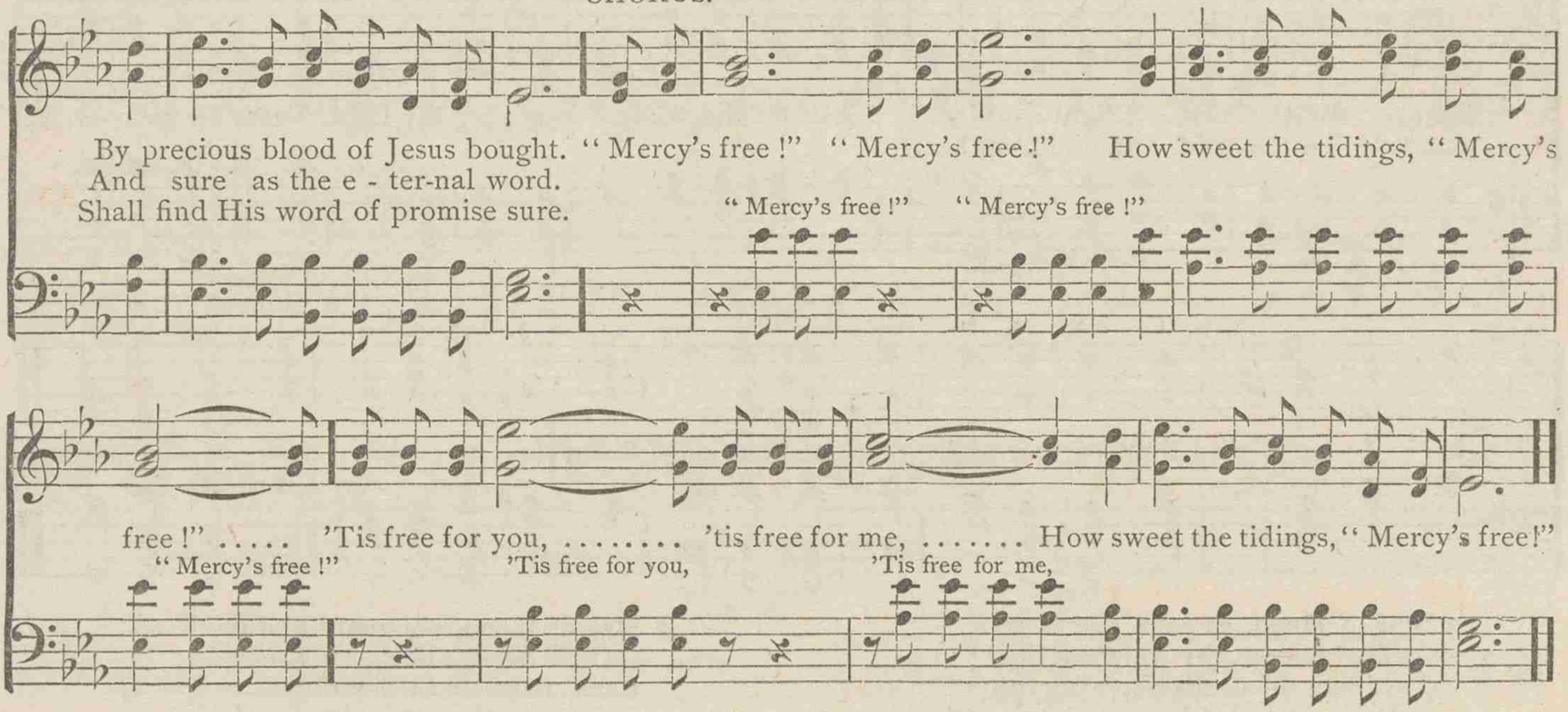
MERCY'S FREE.

Words by W. H. Clark. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. How sweet the tidings, "Mercy's free!" No price nor money need be bro't; For sinner, lo, it comes to thee,
2. How sweet the tidings, "Mercy's free!" Best news by mortal ever heard; Sent down to earth, as heaven's decree,
3. How sweet the tidings, "Mercy's free!" To high and low, to rich and poor; For who will His disciple be,

CHORUS.

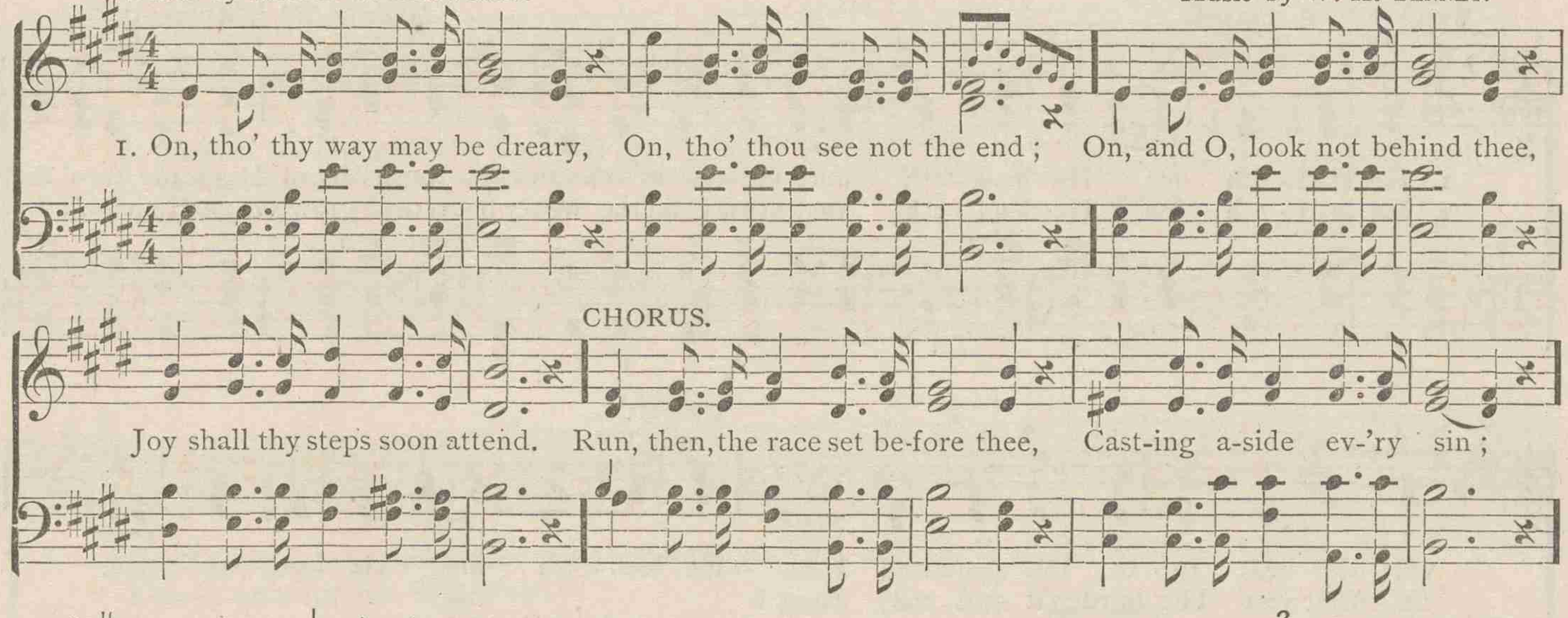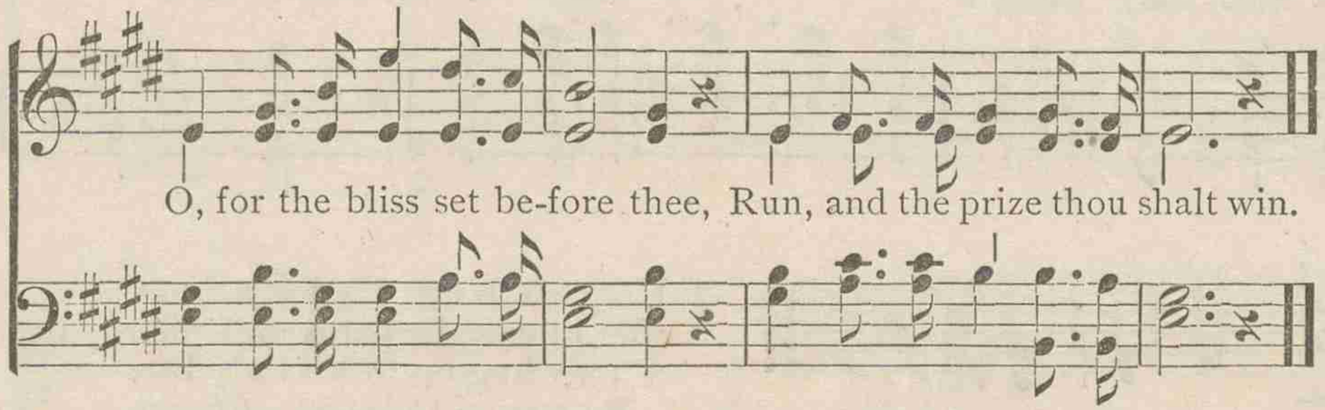


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RUNNING THE RACE.

Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth.

Music by W. H. Tenney.





2

On, though thy feet may be weary,
Yonder remaineth a rest;
Sit thou not down, nor yet loiter,
On, and thy soul shall be blest. *Cho.*

3

On, for thy time quickly passeth,
Day is with thee on the wane:
On, lest the night should o'ertake thee,
Ere the reward thou obtain.—*Cho.*

CONCLUSION OF **MERCY'S FREE,** OPPOSITE PAGE.

4 How sweet the tidings, "Mercy's free!"
And rebels pardon may obtain;
Since Jesus died upon the tree,
That sinners all might mercy gain.—*Chorus.*

5 How sweet the tidings, "Mercy's free!"
O joyful sound, O wondrous grace;
To Jesus, then, at once we'll flee,
And rest secure in His embrace.—*Chorus.*

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HIS GUIDING HAND.

Words by E. P. Leland. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me; How sweet to know that Je- sus' hand Leads me thro' the wil - der- ness In - to the promised land. He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me,
2. He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me; How calm the weary heart doth grow When He leads; and O, what rest The burden'd soul may know!

CHORUS.

Like a ten - der shep- herd, He lead - eth me.
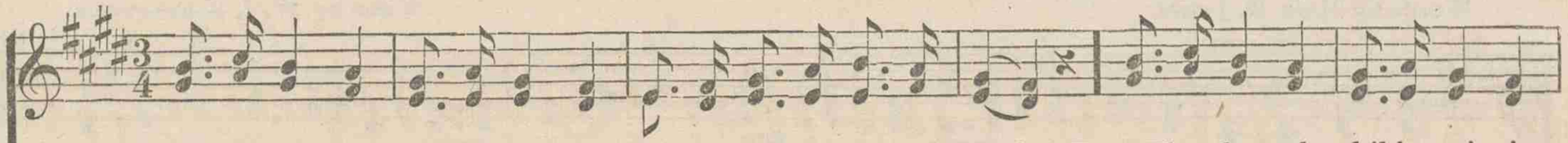
3 He leadeth me, He leadeth me;
And knows the paths must thorny be,
Trav'ling up to heav'nly life,
By way of Calvary.—*Chorus.*

4 He leadeth me, He leadeth me;
It is enough; I'll joyful be,
For I know it is in love
That thus He leadeth me.—*Chorus.*
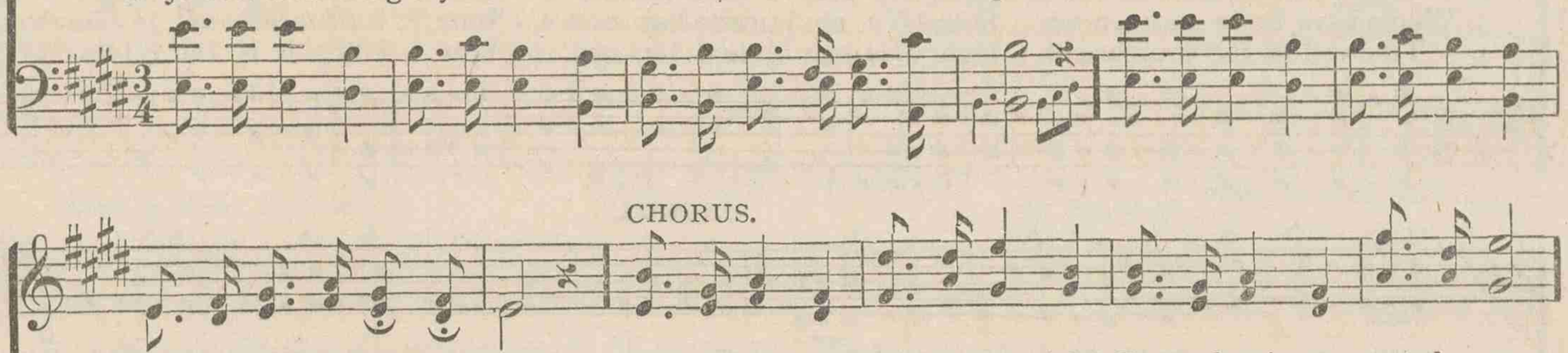
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YOUTHFUL PRAISE.

Arranged for this work.
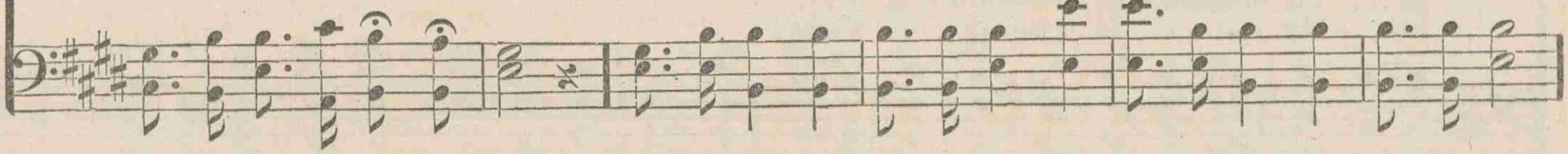


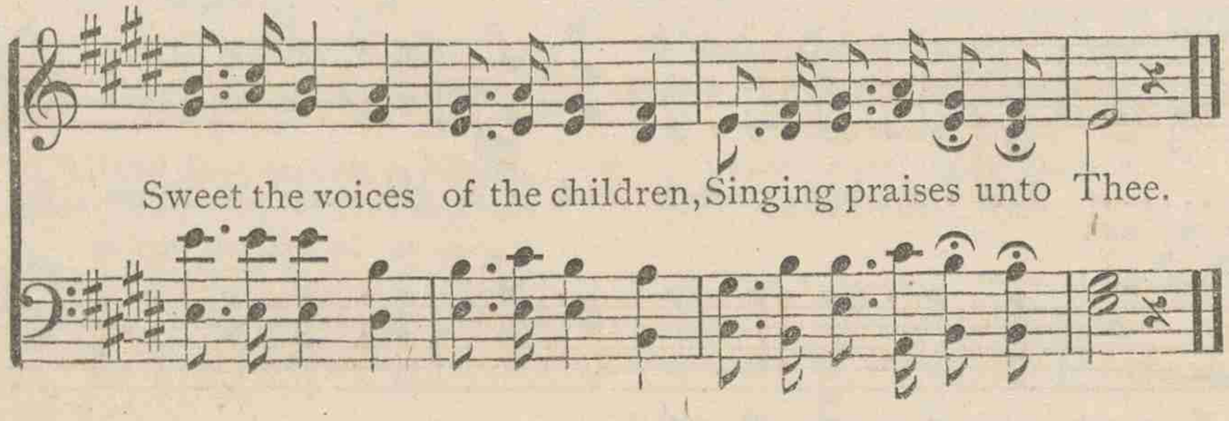
1. Je-sus ! in Thy glorious dwelling, Where the heav'nly anthems ring, Dost Thou hear the children singing,
2. Je-sus! from the glory round Thee Dost Thou look with smiling face, When the children's hands are lifted,



CHORUS.

Dost Thou heed the praise they bring ? Glory, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah ! From the riv - er to the sea ;
Low-ly pray-ing for Thy grace ?





Sweet the voices of the children, Singing praises unto Thee.

3 Jesus ! though we cannot see Thee,
Art Thou still our watchful guide ?
Doth Thy loving whisper call us ?
Doth Thy tender hand provide ? *Cho.*

4 Jesus ! Thou wilt never leave us,
Till our feet at last shall stand,
With the choir of angels singing,
Evermore at Thy right hand. *Cho.*

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THE PORTALS OF PEARL.
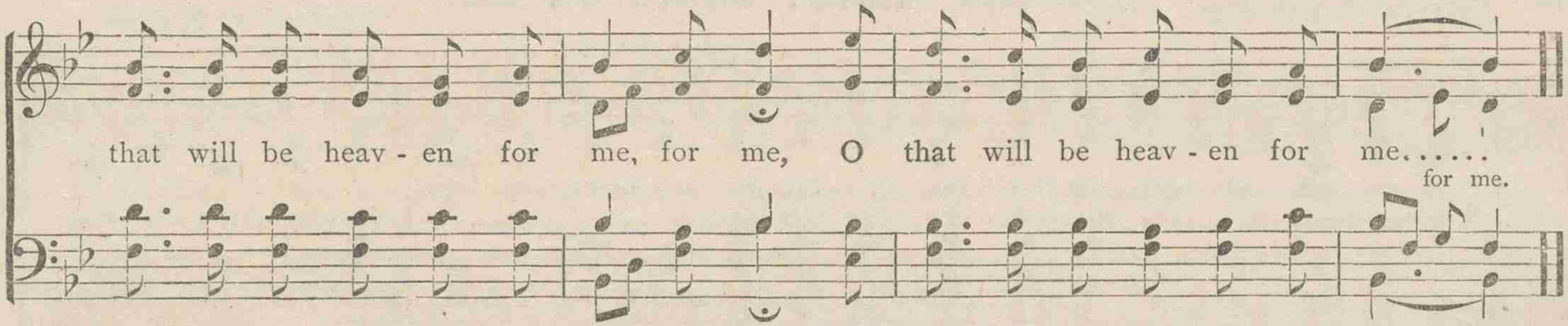
Words by Mary D. James. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. When ent'ring the portals of pearl I'll meet all the lov'd and the blest, And gaze on the cit - y of
2. A-way from these scenes of de - light, My eyes I shall hasten to turn To Him who hath ransom'd my
3. Whom have I in heaven but Thee? No ob- ject, be-low or a - bove, So precious as Je - sus to
4. To dwell in His presence on high, His own blessed im - age to bear,—This, this is the fulness of

CHORUS.

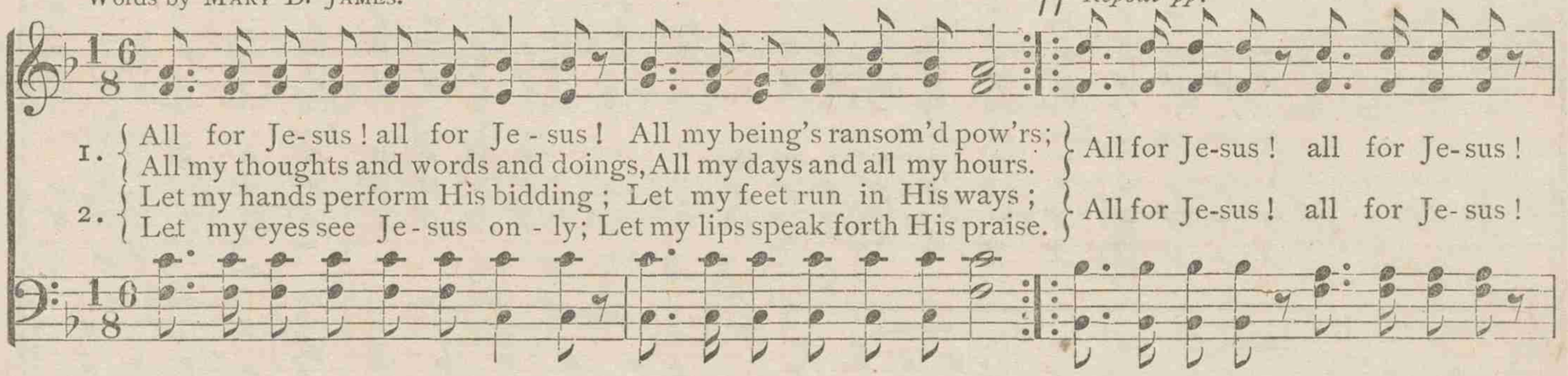
gold, And see the bright mansions of rest. O glo - ri - ous sight! transcendent delight! The
soul, To Je - sus, the Lamb on the throne.
me, So wondrous, so boundless His love!
joy My spir - it is longing to share!

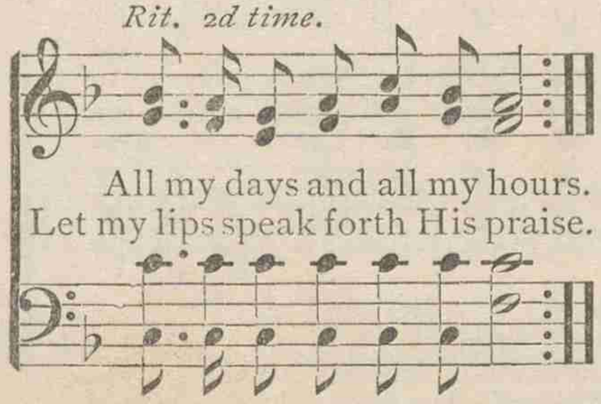
King in His beauty to see;..... His im - age to bear, and His glo - ry to share, O,
His beau-ty to see;



ALL FOR JESUS!

Words by MARY D. JAMES. Music by ASA HULL.





3 Worldlings prize their gems of beauty,
Cling to gilded toys of dust,
Boast of wealth and fame and pleasure ;
Only Jesus will I trust.
‖: Only Jesus ! only Jesus !
Only Jesus will I trust. :‖

4 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside,—
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the crucified.
‖: All for Jesus ! all for Jesus !
All for Jesus, crucified ! :‖

5 O, what wonder ! how amazing !
Jesus, glorious King of kings,
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lets me rest beneath His wings.
‖: All for Jesus ! all for Jesus !
Resting now beneath His wings. :‖

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LET THY MERCY SHINE ON ME.

Music by W. T. Giffe.

Moderato.

1st time. 2d time.

1. { Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be;
   { Nev-er leave me, but the rath-er Let Thy [Omit.....] mer-cy shine on me.

CHORUS.

E-ven me,..... O blessed Sav-iour, Let Thy mer--cy shine on me,.....
E-ven me, O bless-ed Saviour, e-ven me, Let Thy mer-cy shine on me, e-ven me,

E-ven me,..... e-ven me,..... Let Thy mer--cy shine on me.....
E-ven me, e-ven me, Let Thy mer-cy shine on me, e-ven me.

2 Pass me not, O loving Saviour,
Let me live and cling to Thee;
For I'm longing for Thy favor,
Whilst Thou'rt calling, O, call me.—*Chorus.*

3 Pass me not, O mighty Saviour,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesses of Thy great merit,
Speak some word of power to me.—*Chorus.*

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

Words by J. H. FILMORE. Music by GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide and the dew - y eves;
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
3. Go, then, ev - er weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustain'd our spir - it oft - en grieves;

Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping, We shall come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.
By and by the harvest, and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.
When our weeping's o - ver, He will bid us welcome, We shall come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.

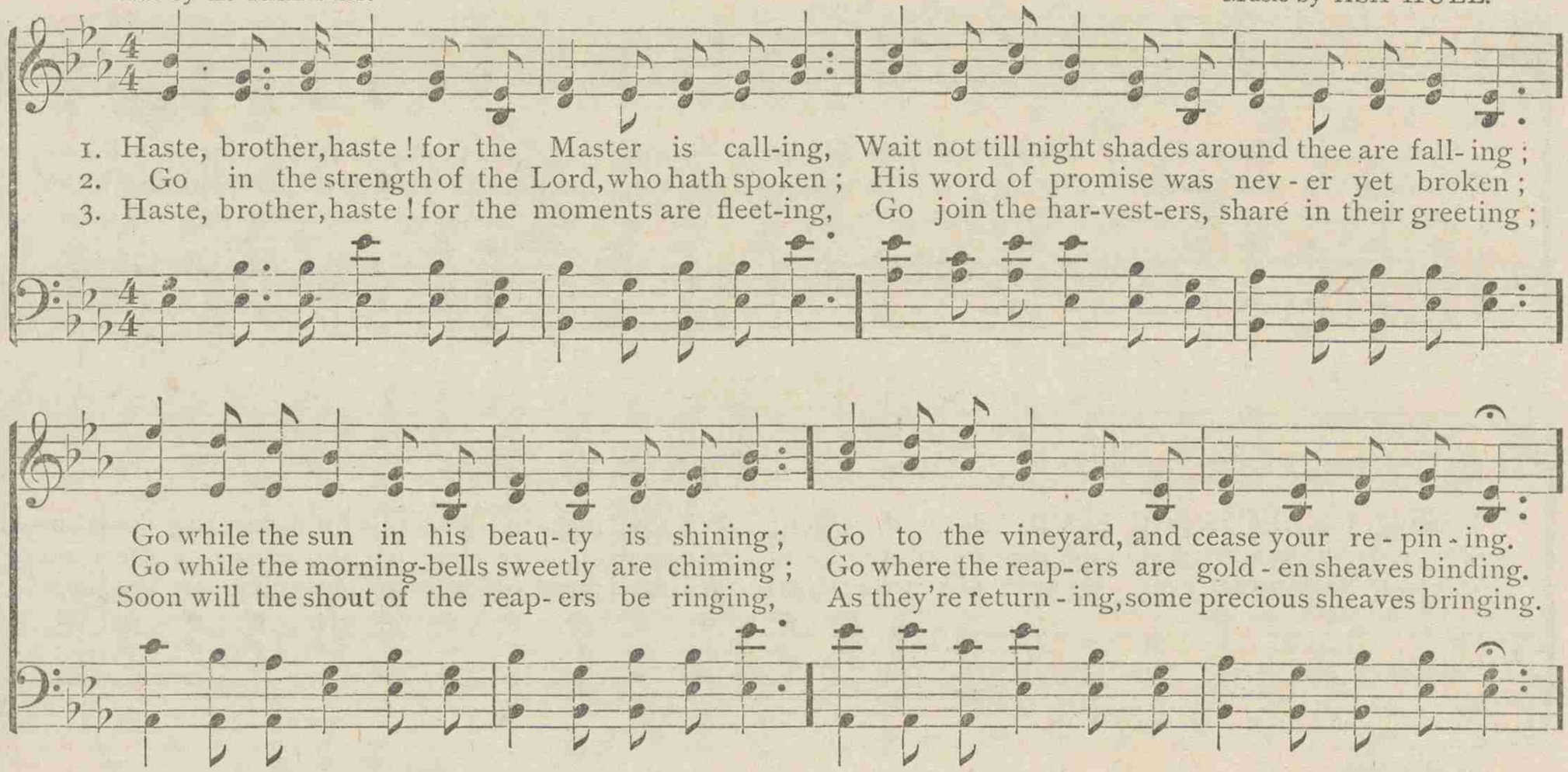
1st. Rep. pp. 2d.

{ Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in, etc., We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,
{ Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in, etc., We shall come rejoicing, [OMIT.....] bringing in the sheaves.

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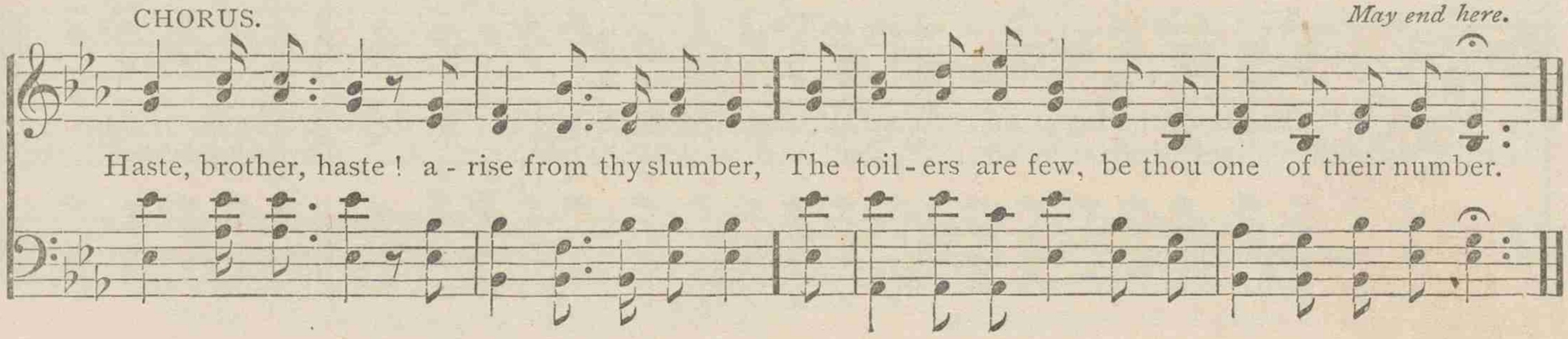
THE MASTER IS CALLING.

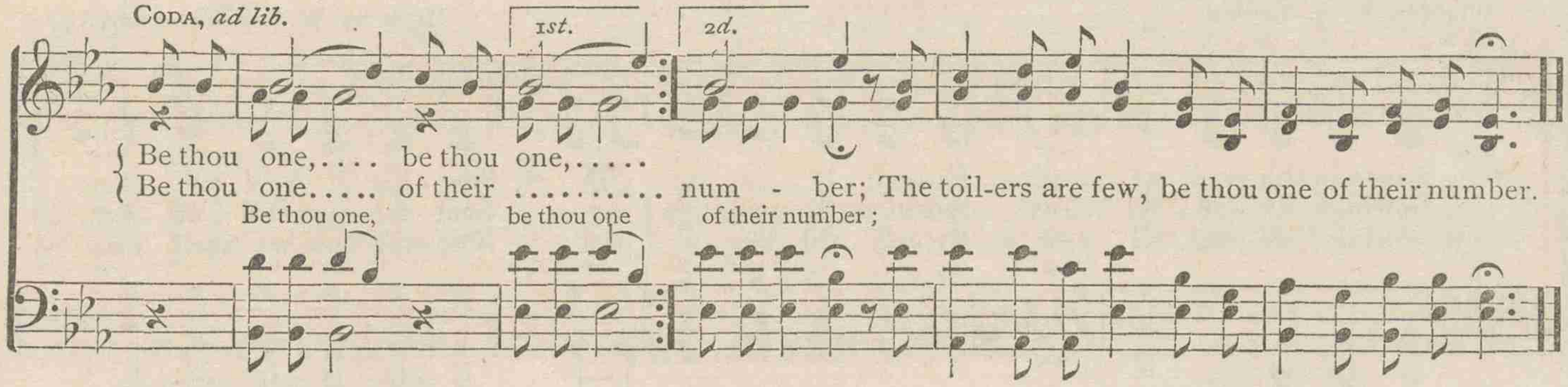
Words by E. Rinehart. Music by ASA HULL.



CHORUS.
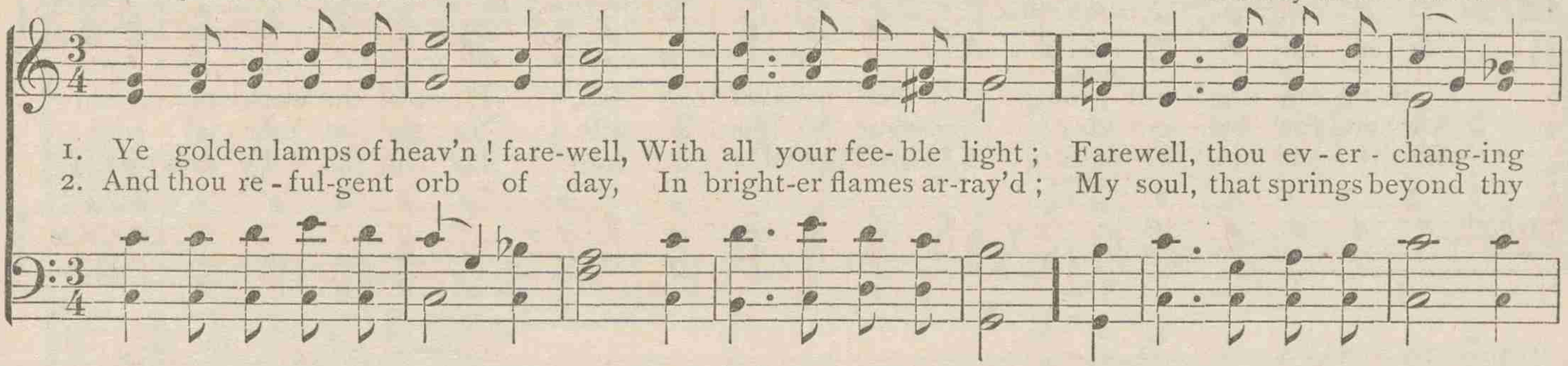
May end here.





MERTON.

Words by Philip Doddridge. Music by H. K. Oliver.



3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode ;
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there His beams display ;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

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SOWING THE SEED.
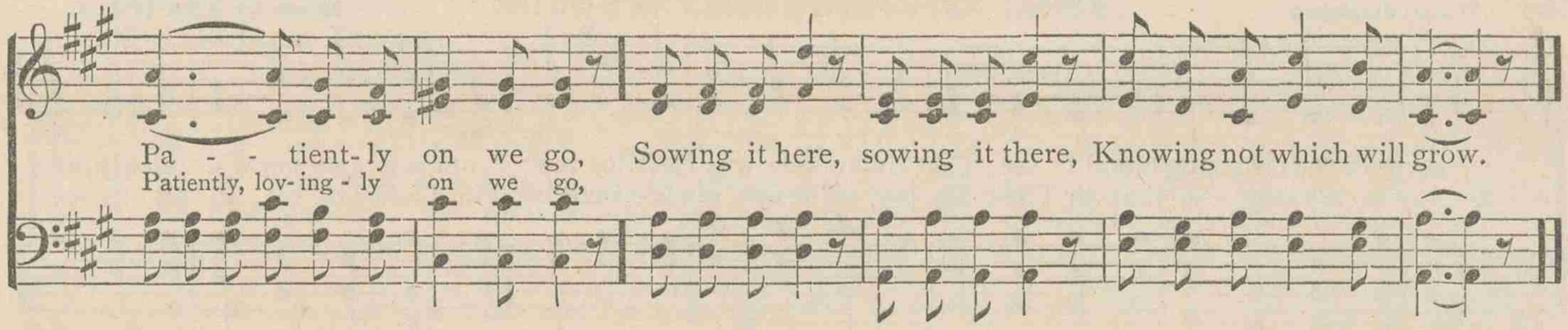
Words by E. R. Latta. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Sowing the seed of truth, Pa-tient - ly on we go, Sow - ing it here and there,
2. Sowing at ear - ly dawn, Sowing in noontide ray, Scat - ter - ing still at eve,
3. Sowing from year to year, Ev - er till life is past; Knowing that we shall reap

Knowing not which will grow; Je - sus beholds it fall, He will the work re - cord;
Aft - er the bu - sy day; Sowing the Word of life In the im - mor - tal soul,
Glo - ri - ous fruit at last; Je - sus beholds it fall, He will our work re - ward;

CHORUS.

Pa-tient-ly sow the seed, Leaving it with the Lord. } Sow - ing the precious seed,
Whol-ly by sin un - done, Free-ly by grace made whole. }
Pa-tient-ly sow the seed, Leaving it with the Lord. } Sowing and watching the pre - cious seed,



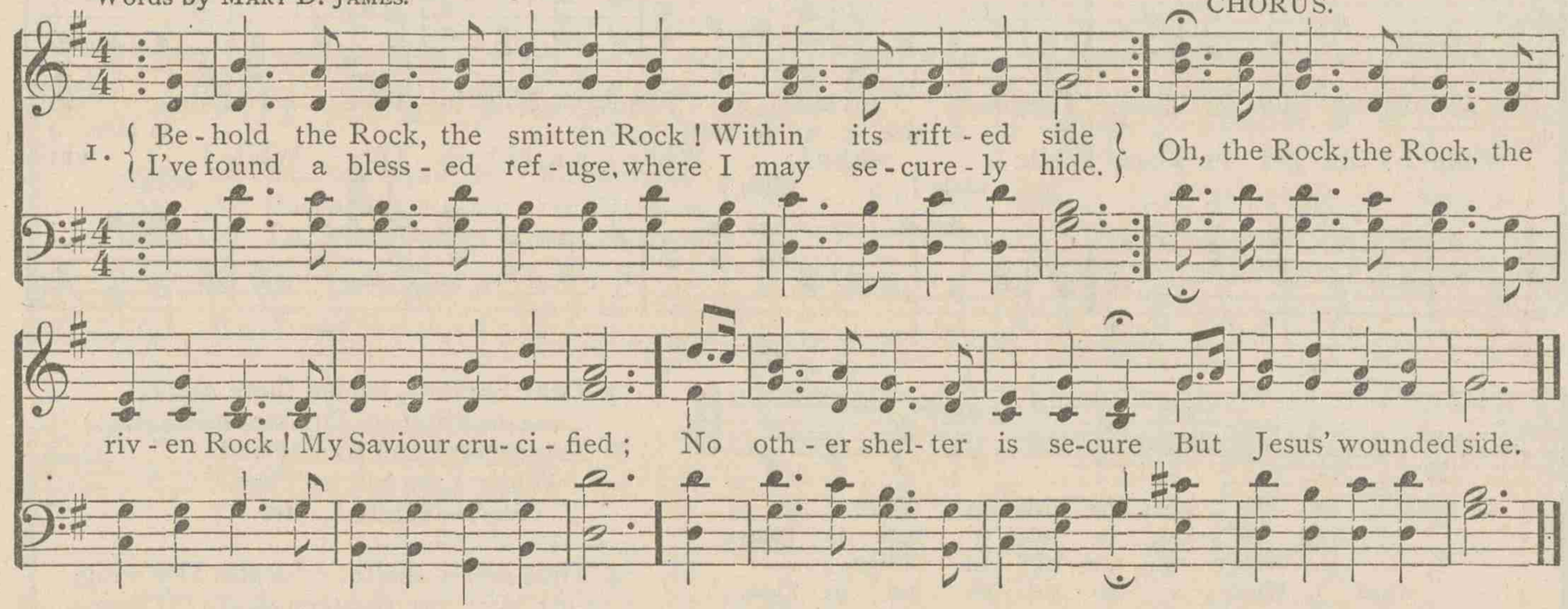
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THE RIVEN ROCK.

Words by Mary D. James.

Music by ASA HULL.

CHORUS.



2 Tho' thund'ring Sinai's terrors sound
Appalling to the ear,
Concealed within the Cleft, I'm safe;
No danger will I fear.—*Chorus.*

3 Jesus, dear refuge of my soul!
My hope, my joy, my rest;
Confiding in Thy changeless love,
I am supremely blest.—*Chorus.*

4 My peace, unbroken by life's storms,
While I in Christ abide,
My spirit rests in sweetest calm,
As in the Cleft I hide.—*Chorus.*

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THE HIDING PLACE.

Words arranged.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. By faith the cleansing blood I see, That riv-en side was cleft for me; From self and sin I'd quickly flee,
2. Not in my-self—a-lone in Thee, My joy, my strength, my life shall be; For Thou art all in all to me

REFRAIN.

Je-sus, to hide in Thee. To hide, to hide, Je-sus, to hide in Thee; To hide, to
to hide, to hide, to hide,
While I am hid in Thee. While I, while I, While I am hid in Thee; While I, while
while I, while I, while I,
hide,..... Je-sus, to hide in Thee.....
to hide, Je-sus, to hide, to hide in Thee.
I,..... While I am hid in Thee.....
while I, While I am hid, am hid in Thee.

3 Dear Saviour, let me there abide,
Close nestling to Thy wounded side,
So peaceful and so satisfied,
While I am hid in Thee.
Ref.—While I, etc.

4 Thus safely shelter'd 'neath Thy wing,
Of Christ, my righteousness, I'll sing,
And fear no more death's bitter sting
While I am hid in Thee.
Ref.—While I, etc.

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SUFFER CHILDREN TO COME.

Words by Rev. J. Nicholas. Music by Gomer Thomas.

1. Je - sus said, how sweet the sto - ry! Children may come un - to me, For of such in all its glo - ry, Shall my heav'nly kingdom be.
2. O, how grandly yet how sim-ply, Je - sus calls the lit - tle child! And His words are nev - er an - gry But are lov - ing, ten-der, mild.
3. Children, yes, but not for - sa - ken, We are welcom'd by His love; Hark! He calls, and bids us has - ten To His home of joy a - bove.

CHORUS.

Suf - fer the chil - dren to come un - to me, ... Suf - fer the chil - dren to come un - to me, come un - to me, Suf - fer the chil - dren, suf - fer the chil - dren, suf - fer the chil - dren, Suf - fer the chil - dren to come un - to me.

Suf - fer the chil - dren, suf - fer the chil - dren to come un - to me, un - to me

Suf - fer the chil - dren, suf - fer the chil - dren to come un - to me, un - to me

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SING ON, SING SWEETLY ON.

Words by Rev. J. MILTON AKERS.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Sing on, my soul, thy mission prove, Sing sweetly on that song of love; Uphold the right, condemn the wrong,
2. Sing on, my soul, the glad re-frain, Thy mission cannot prove in vain; Sing out the false in heart and mind,
3. Sing in the beauti-ful and true, O sing that song forever new; Sing in the reign of faith and love,

CHORUS. *Rep. pp ad lib.*

And triumph by the pow'r of song.
Sing er-rors out of ev-'ry kind.
Sing sweetly on, thy mission prove.

Sing on,..... sing on,..... sing on, my soul, sing sweetly

Sing on, sing sweetly on, Sing on, sing sweetly on,

on;

Sing on,..... sing on,..... Till all of sin and self has gone....

on, sing sweetly on;

Sing on, sing sweetly on, Sing on, sing sweetly on,

has gone.

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Words by Fanny Church. Music by J. H. Tenney. Arranged.

1. O songs of faith that pilgrims sing! To you our hearts for-ev-er cling: You guide us where the saints have trod, You lead us to the throne of God. O mu-sic soft! O mu-sic sweet! Borne
2. O songs of love that an-gels sing! What peace and joy your sweet notes bring; They float so sweetly down the way That leads us up to end-less day. O mu-sic soft! O mu-sic sweet! With
3. And when, O joy! at last, at last The years of toil and woe are past, And Zi-on's gold-en gate ap-pears; We pass for aye from grief and tears. O mu-sic soft! O mu-sic sweet! We

REFRAIN.

up-ward by your song; Tho' storms of time a-round us beat, The weakest heart grows strong.
Heav-en in the strain; Our wait-ing ears your sweet songs greet, They calm our wea-ry pain.
lay our bur-den down For ev-er-more at Je-sus' feet, And there re-ceive our crown.

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COME, O COME TO JESUS.

Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth.

Music by J. H. Tenney.

1st time. 2d time.

1. I have found the Saviour precious, He has fill'd my soul with cheer;
I have found Him kind and gracious, And would [Omit.....] tell it far and near.

2. I have found the Saviour precious, He is fair - est of the fair;
He is chief a-mong ten thousand, O that [Omit.....] all His grace may share.

CHORUS.
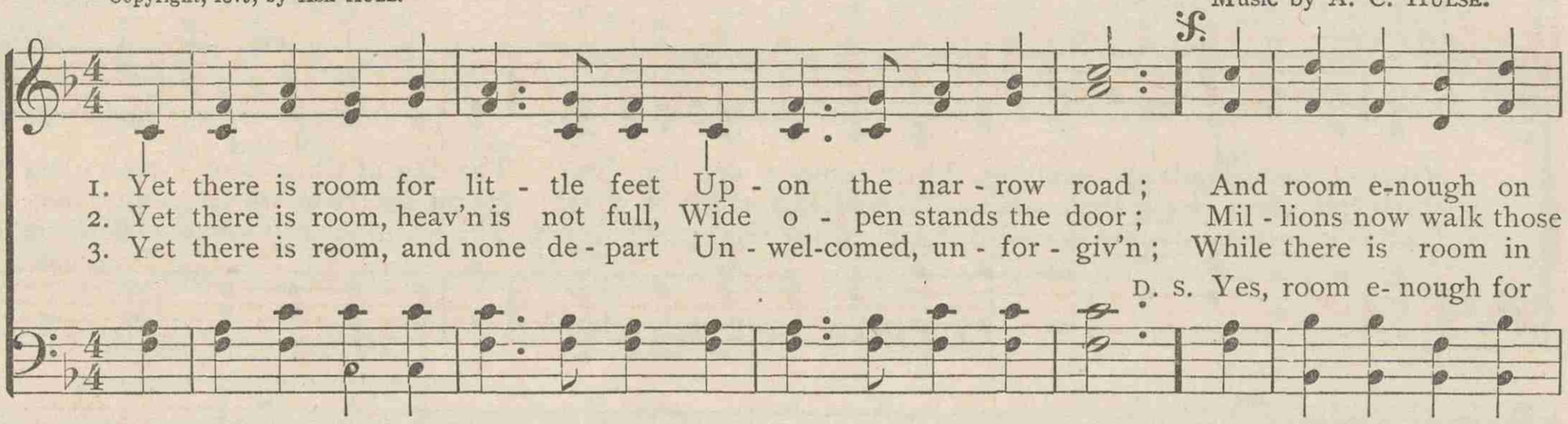
Come, O come,..... dear friends, to Je - sus, Since His love..... is full and free;
Come, O come, dear friends, to Jesus, Come, O come, dear friends, to Jesus, Since His love is full and free,

In His hand..... is life e - ter - nal, There's e-nough..... for you and me.....
is life e - ter - nal, is life e - ter - nal, There's e-nough for you and me, yes, e-nough for you and me.
for you and me.....

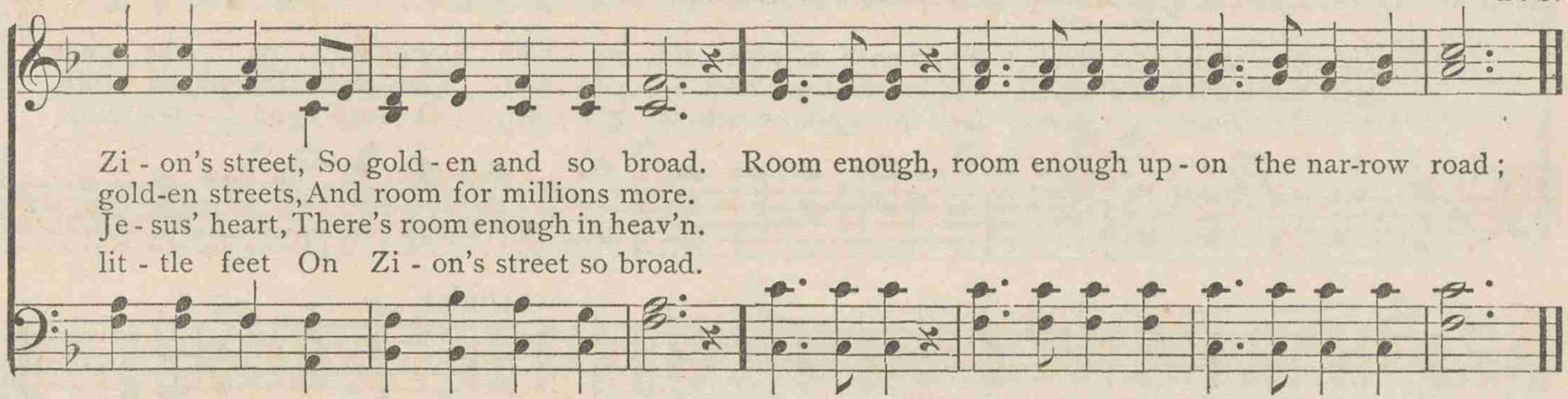
LITTLE PILGRIMS.

Copyright, 1879, by Asa Hull.

Music by A. C. Hulse.



Fine. CHORUS. *D. S.*



CONCLUSION OF **COME, O COME,** OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 I have found the Saviour precious,
Never failing in my need;
For my hungry soul providing,
Jesus is a friend indeed.
Chorus.—Come, O come, etc.

4 I have found the Saviour precious,
Rock of ages, cleft for all;
O then find that place of safety,
For there's room for great and small.
Chorus.—Come, O come, etc.

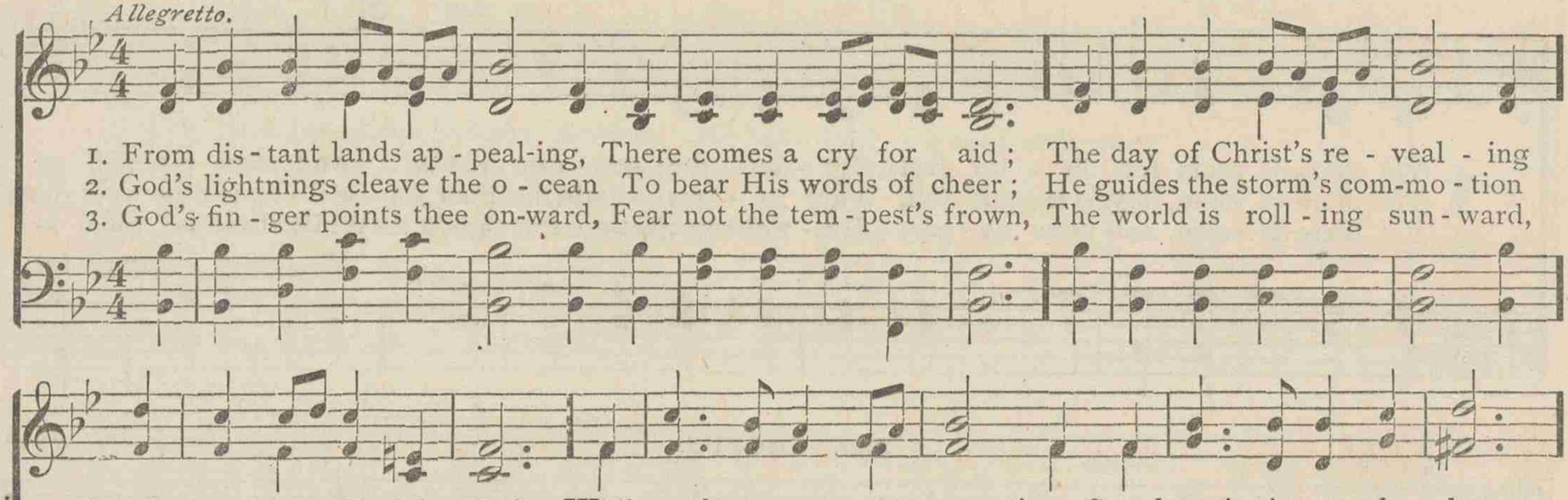
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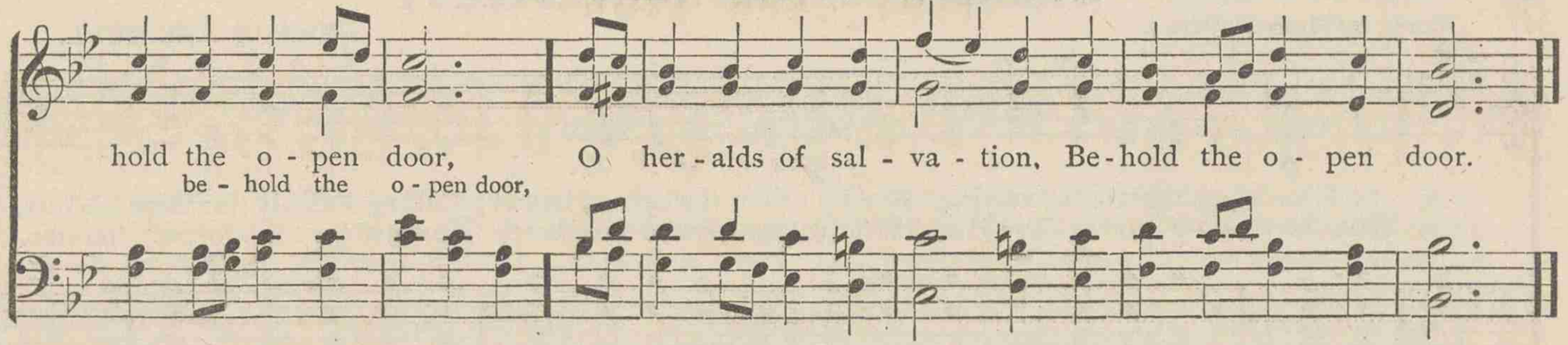
THE OPEN DOOR.

Words by Miss P. J. Owens.

Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

Allegretto.



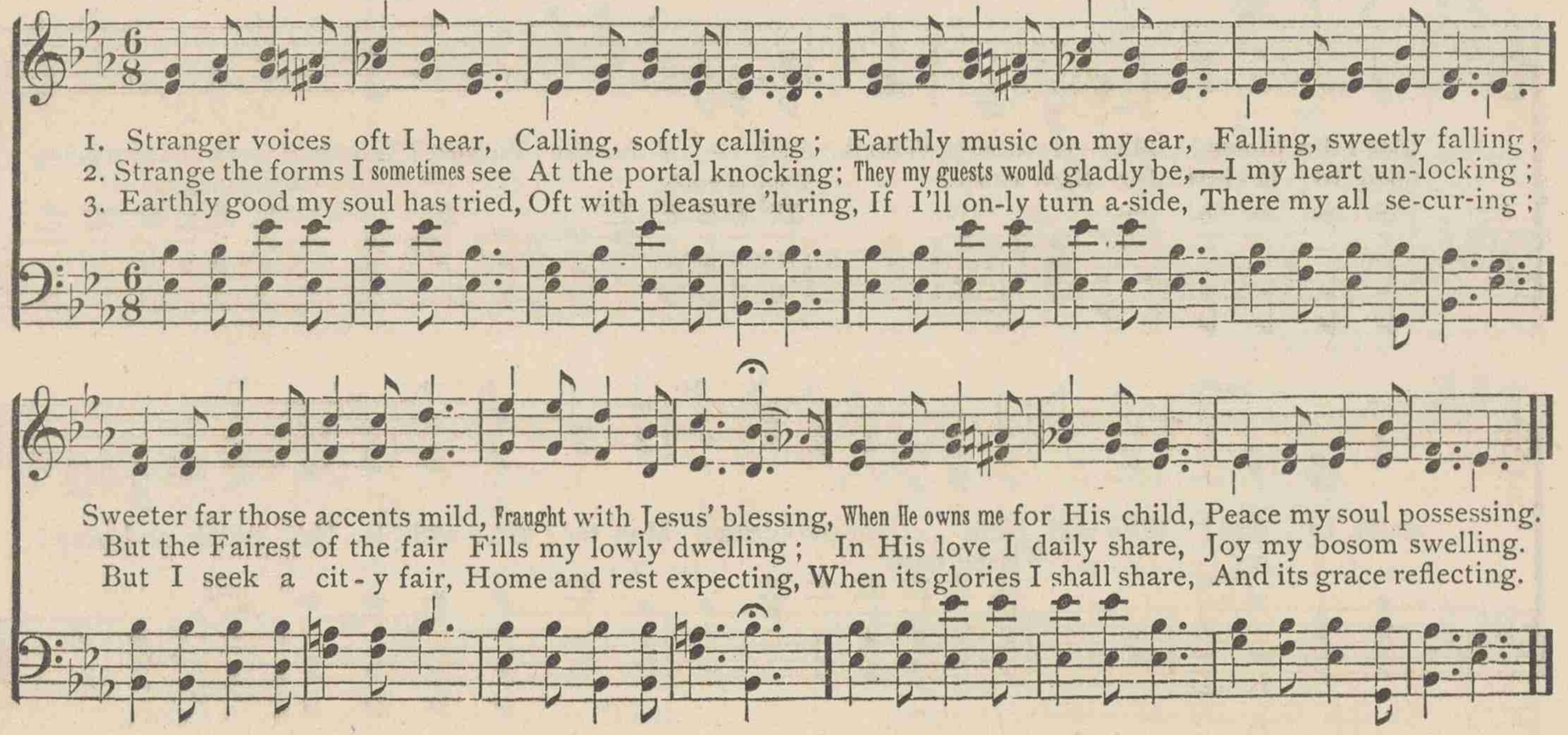


STRANGER VOICES.

Copyright, 1880, by Asa Hull.

Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth.

Music by J. H. Tenney.



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WHERE ARE THE HARVESTERS?

Words by Mary D. James.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Lo! the ripen'd grain is waving, Read-y for the harvest hands; Calling loud-ly for more lab'rers,
2. Who is read-y to o-bey Him? Who, respon-sive to His word, Now will go in-to the harvest,

CHORUS.

Rit.

See! the blessed Mas-ter stands, Who is read - y for the harvest? Who will work for dy-ing
souls to-day? Who will speak for the blessed Mas-ter? Who will la-bor, watch, and pray?

Glad to la-bor for their Lord?

Who is ready,

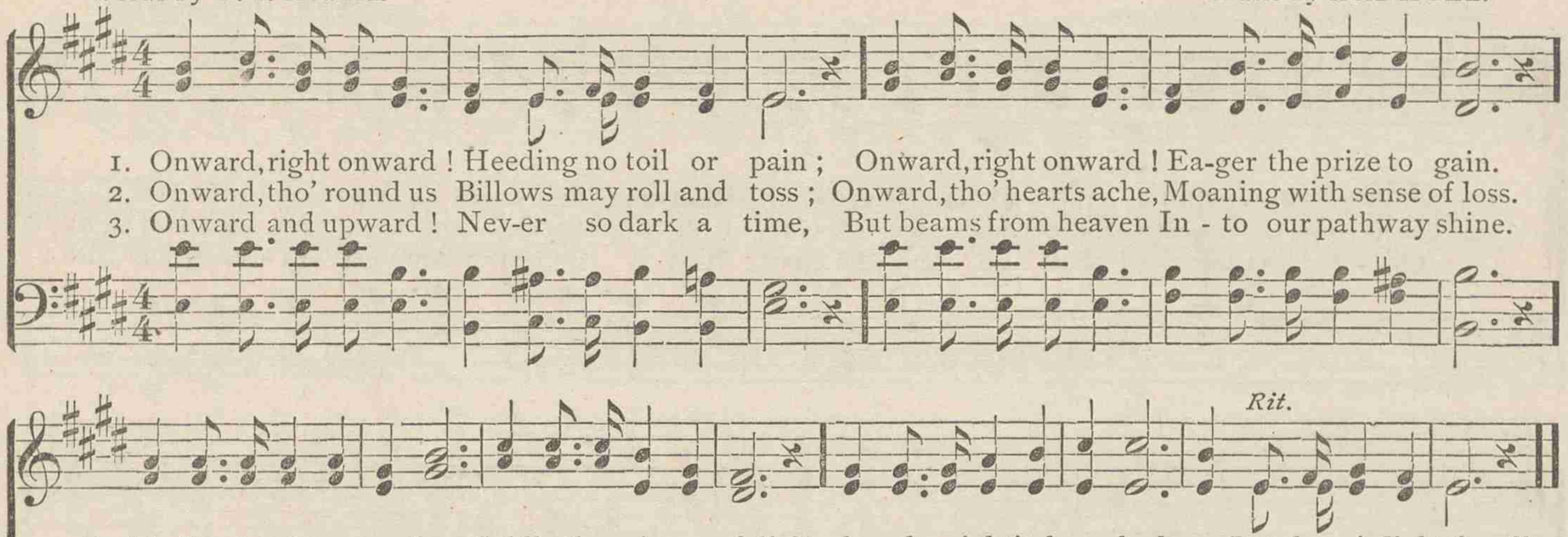
Who will work

Who will speak

Rit.

ONWARD, RIGHT ONWARD.

Words by P. S. HOWELL. Music by ASA HULL.



CONCLUSION OF **WHERE ARE THE HARVESTERS?** OPPOSITE PAGE

3 Workers, see, your Lord is standing,
Looking with benignant smile ;
Watching all your faithful labors,
Giving you good cheer the while !—*Chorus.*

4 Say, is not the work a pleasure ?
Is not toil a present joy ?
Is not labor rest, when Jesus
Smiles upon your blest employ ?—*Chorus.*

5 Who can tell the wealth of blessing,
Crowning that rich "harvest home,"
When within the heavenly portals
All the faithful lab'rers come ?—*Chorus.*

6 O, the rapture ! O, the glory !
O, the wondrous feast of love !
When the sowers and the reapers
Gather in their house above.—*Chorus.*

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BURNING THE CHAFF.

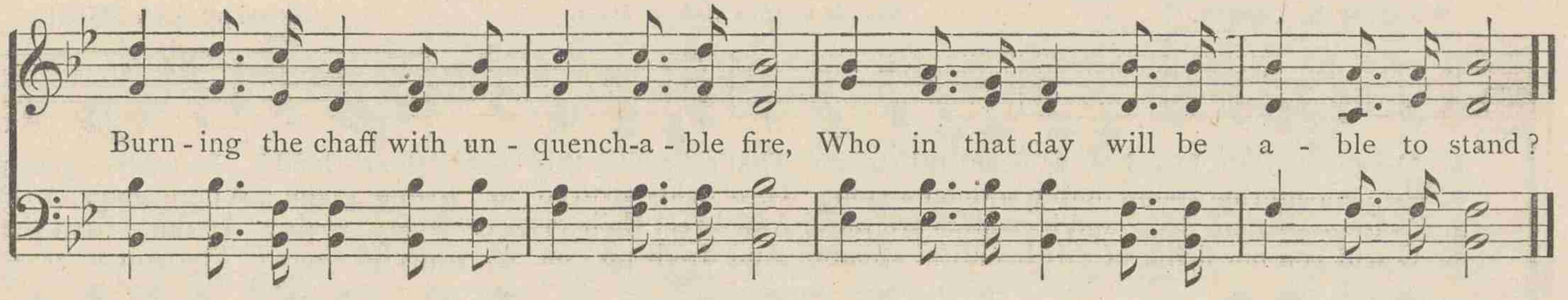
Words by Rev. H. R. Trickett. Music by J. H. Rosecrans.

1. Min - gled to-geth - er the wheat and the chaff, Wait - ing their doom in the day of His ire;
2. Gath-'ring the wheat for the gar - ner of God, Rob - ing the vic - tors in gar - ments of light;
3. On - ly the wick - ed shall be as the chaff; Now is the time when dear sin - ners may turn;

Soon will the Mighty One win-now His threshing-floor, Wheat for His gar - ner, the chaff for the fire.
Nev - er to sin a - gain, nev - er to sor - row more, Standing for ev - er ap-proved in His sight.
Soon will they pass beyond mer- cy's redeeming power, And found among the chaff, like chaff must they burn.

CHORUS.
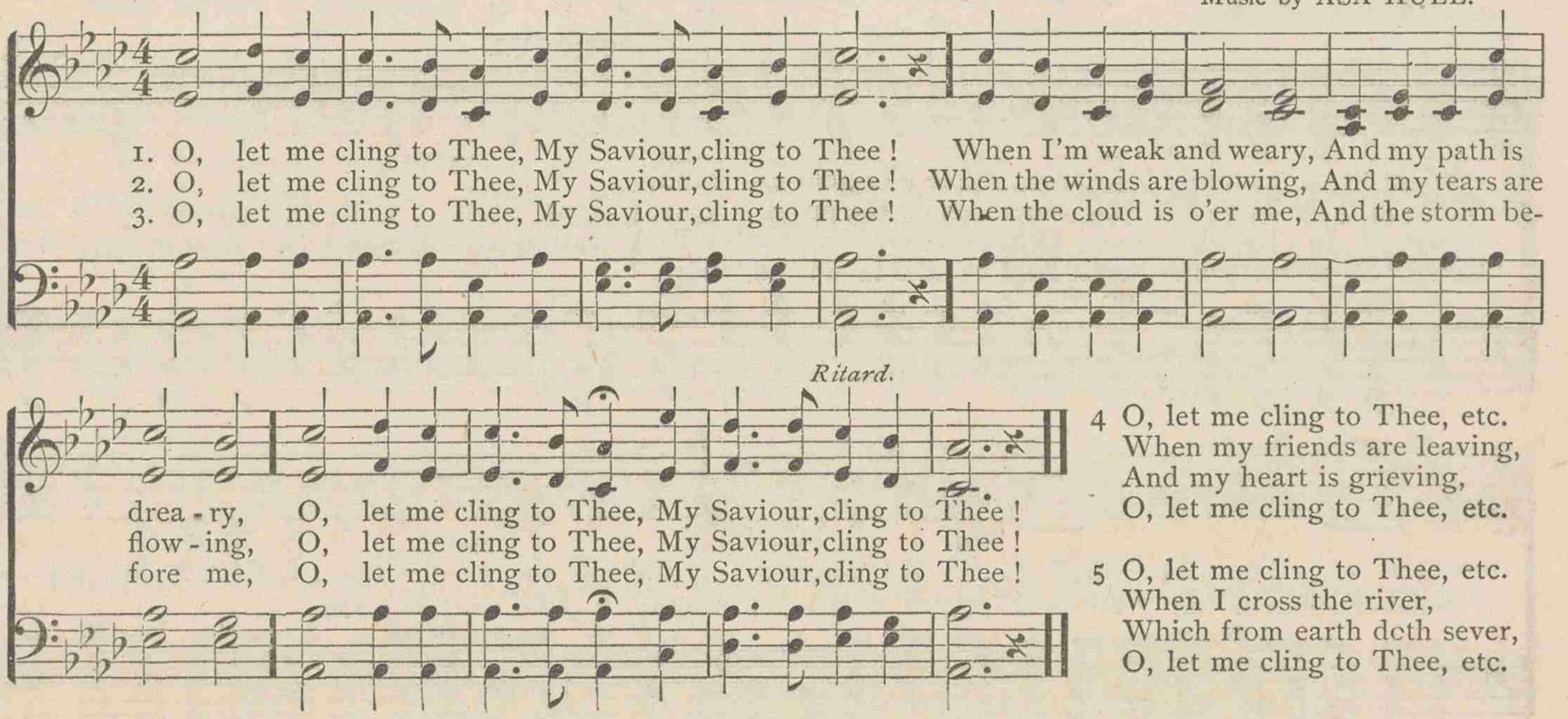
Burn - ing the chaff in the day of His wrath, Purg-ing His floor with His fan in His hand:



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CLINGING TO THE SAVIOUR.

Music by ASA HULL.



4 O, let me cling to Thee, etc.
When my friends are leaving,
And my heart is grieving,
O, let me cling to Thee, etc.

5 O, let me cling to Thee, etc.
When I cross the river,
Which from earth doth sever,
O, let me cling to Thee, etc.

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THE BEAUTIFUL STREAM.

Words by R. TORREY. *May be used as Solo or Duet.* Music by ASA HULL.
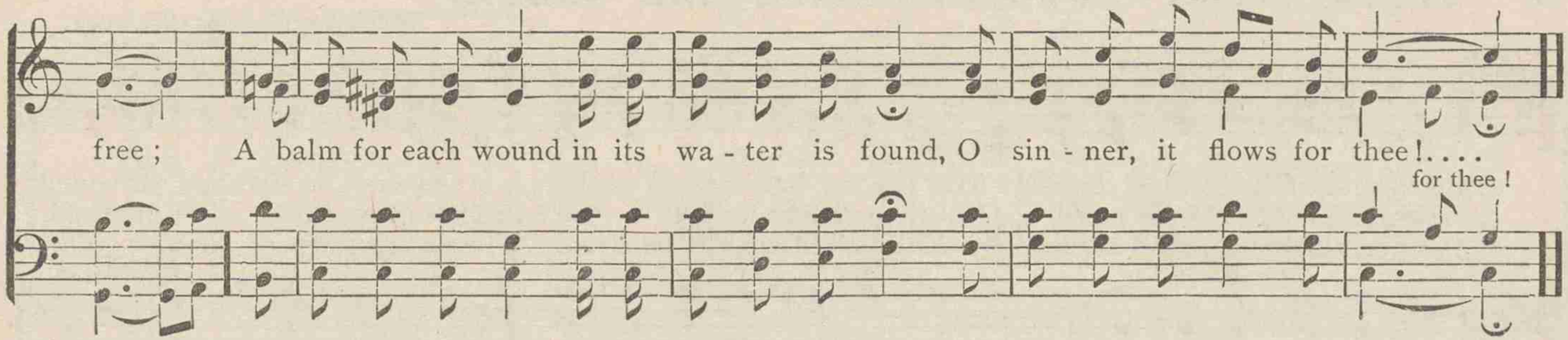
1. O have you not heard of a beautiful stream, That's flowing thro' our Father's land? Its waters gleam
2. With murmuring sound doth it wander a-long, Thro' fields arrayed in liv-ing green; Where songs of the
3. Its fountains are deep, and its waters are pure, And sweet their taste to weary souls; It flows from the
4. O will you not drink of this beautiful stream, And dwell up-on its peaceful shore? The Spir-it says,

CHORUS.

bright in the heavenly light, And ripple o'er gold-en sand.
blest, in their ha-ven of rest, Float soft on the air se-rene.
throne of Je-ho-vah a-lone! O, come where its bright wave rolls.
"Come," all ye weary ones, home, And wander in sin no more.
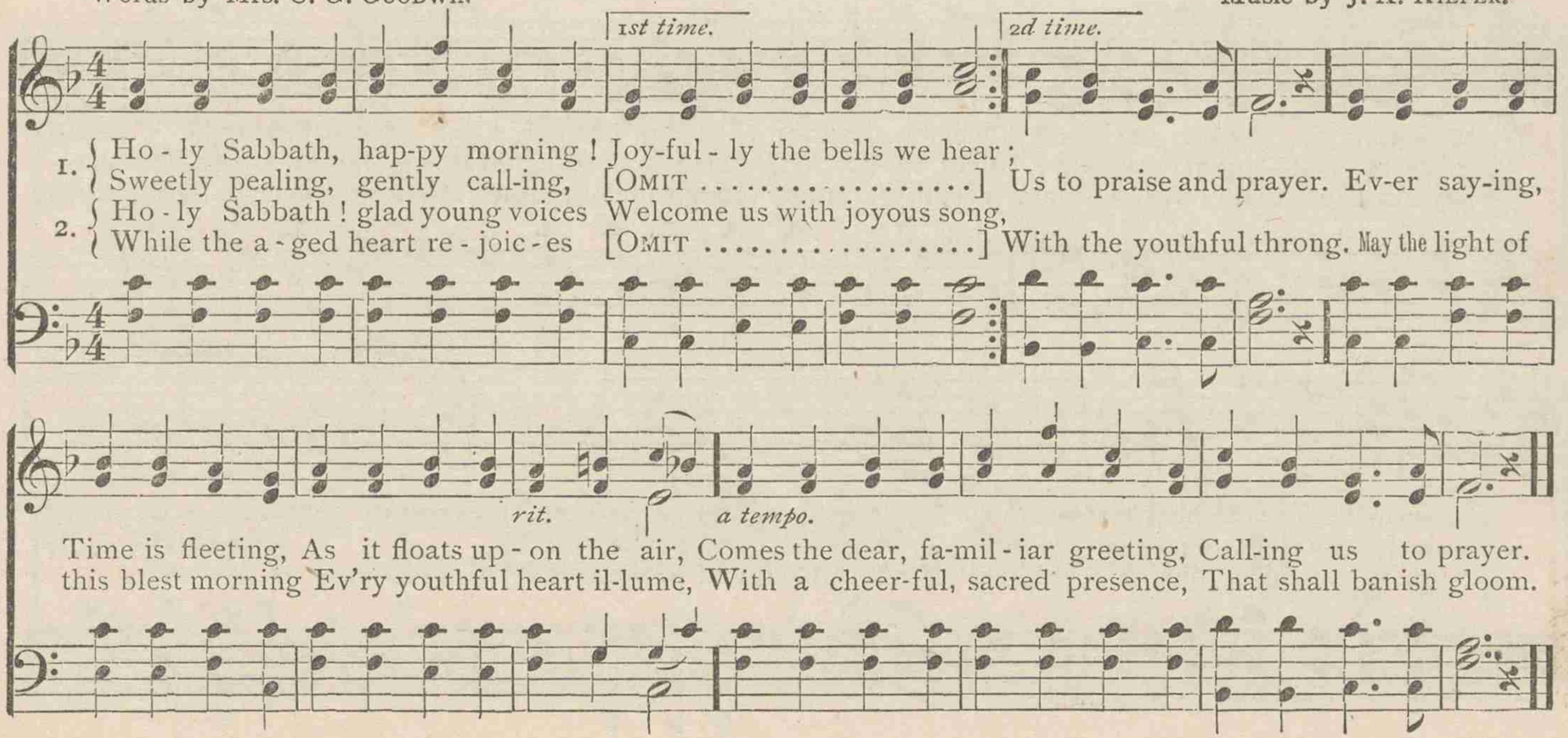
That beau--ti-ful stream.. is the
That beau-ti-ful stream is the "River of Life," That

"Riv--er of Life,"..... It flows..... for all na---tions, It flows for all na-tions
beau-ti-ful stream is the "Riv-er of Life," It flows for all na-tions, it flows for all na-tions,



SABBATH MORNING.

Words by Mrs. C. G. GOODWIN — Music by J. A. KIEFER.



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PERSEVERANCE AND TRUST.

Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.
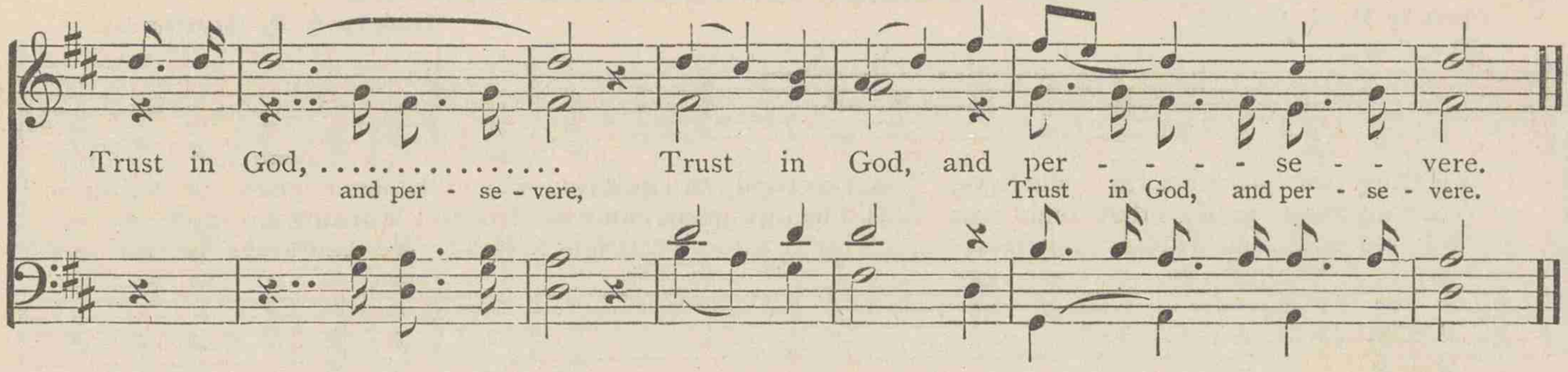
1. Brother, is life's morning clouded? Has thy sun-light ceased to shine? Is the earth in darkness shrouded
2. Brother, has life's hopes receded, Hast thou sought its joys in vain? Friends proved false when mostly needed,
3. Brother, all things round are calling, With united voice, "be strong;" Tho' the wrongs of earth be galling,

Would'st thou at thy lot re-pine? Cheer up, brother, cheer up, brother, Look a-bove thee, light is near;
Foes re-joic-ing at thy pain? Cheer up, brother, there's a blessing Wait-ing for thee, nev-er fear;
They must lose their force ere long. Yes, my brother, though life's troubles Drive thee near to dark despair,

CHORUS.

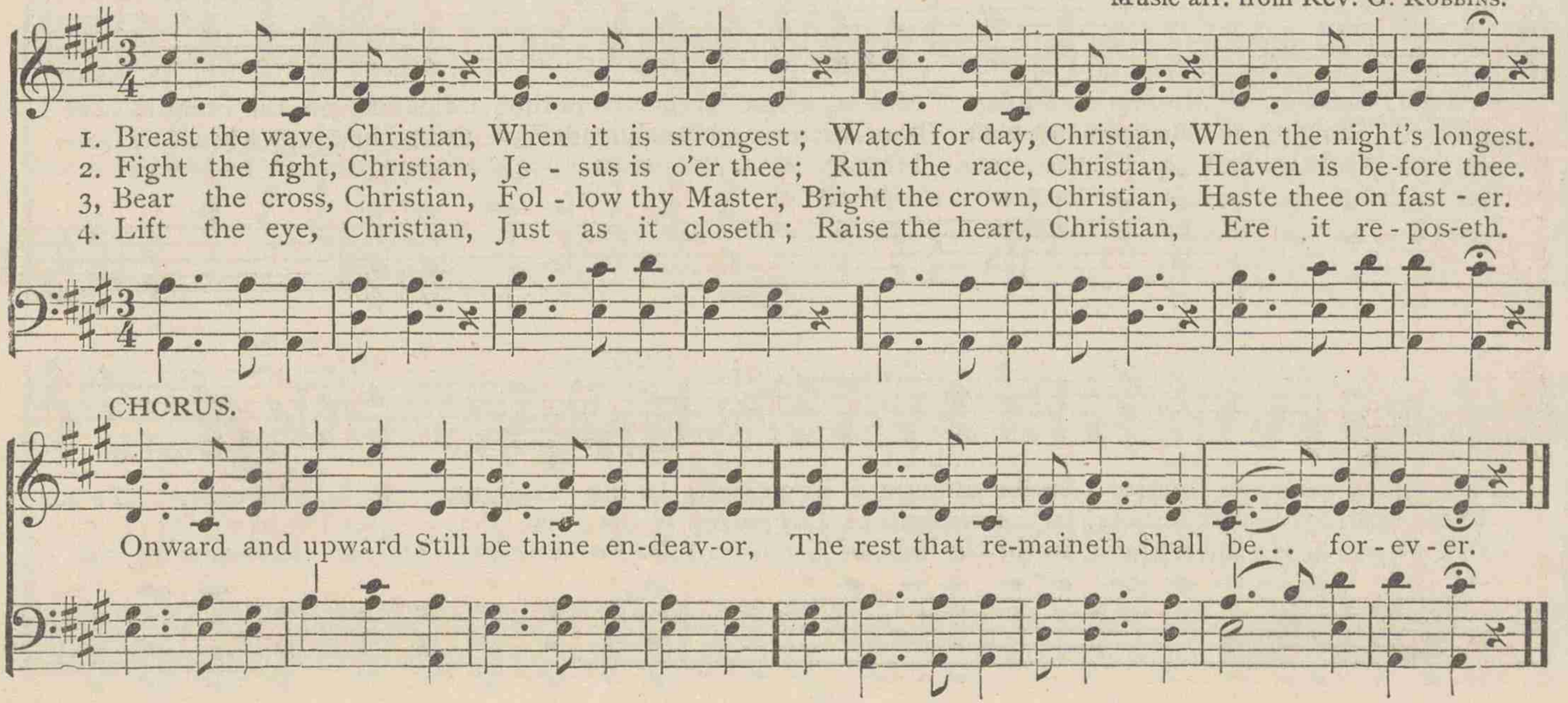
Soon will come the next tran-si-tion, "Trust in God, and per-se-vere."
Foes for-giv-ing, sins con-fessing, "Trust in God, and per-se-vere."
Soon 'twill vanish like a bubble, "Trust in God, and per-se-vere."

Trust in God, ...
and per-se-vere,



ONWARD AND UPWARD.

Music arr. from Rev. G. ROBBINS.



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IN THE GLORIOUS SUNLIGHT.

Words by M. C. Servoss. Music by R. S. Harrington.
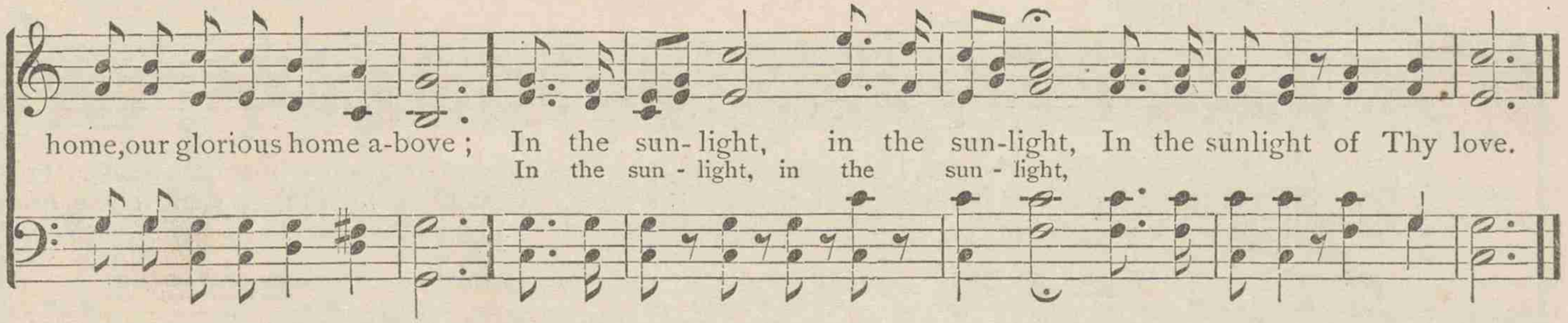
Cheerfully.

1. Floating on between the shadows, That surround our earthly way, Comes a beam of heavenly
2. When we come to sin's dark val - leys, This, Thy light, shall guide us through; Warning us from ev - 'ry
3. We are weak, but Thou art might- y, As Thine own we've naught to fear; We can brave- ly do our

sunlight, Shining brightly, night and day; Making plain the narrow pathway, Leading to our home a- bove;
pit- fall, Showing us the good and true. Peace, with olive branch from Zion, Folds her wings, a heav'nly dove,
du - ty, While we feel that Thou art near. May we ev-er, ever trust Thee, Knowing naught Thy love can move,

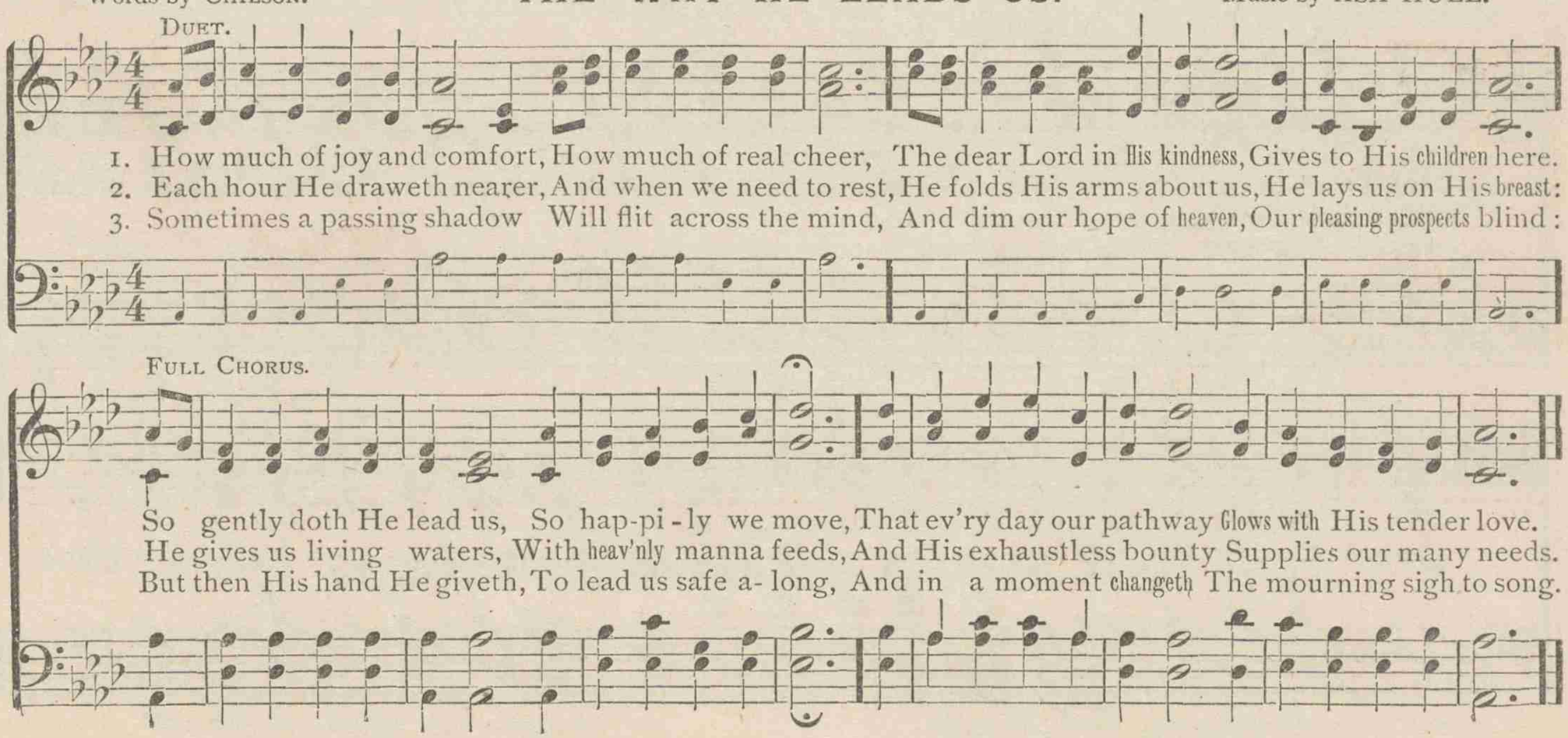
CHORUS.

Father, may we ev- er journey In the sunlight of Thy love.
In the hearts of those who journey In the sunlight of Thy love.
While we journey in the sunlight, In the sunlight of Thy love.
} In the sunlight, let us journey, To our
In the sun - light let us jour - ney, To our



THE WAY HE LEADS US.

Words by CHILSON. Music by ASA HULL.



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GO AND TELL IT.

Words by Mary D. James.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Go tell the great Redeemer's love, The Lamb of God, who died That we might live in realms above; Tell
2. Go tell the restless slaves of sin That they may be set free; That Je - sus died their souls to win, And
3. Go tell the wretched, starving poor, Of Christ, the living Bread, And lead them to the o - pen door, Where

CHORUS.
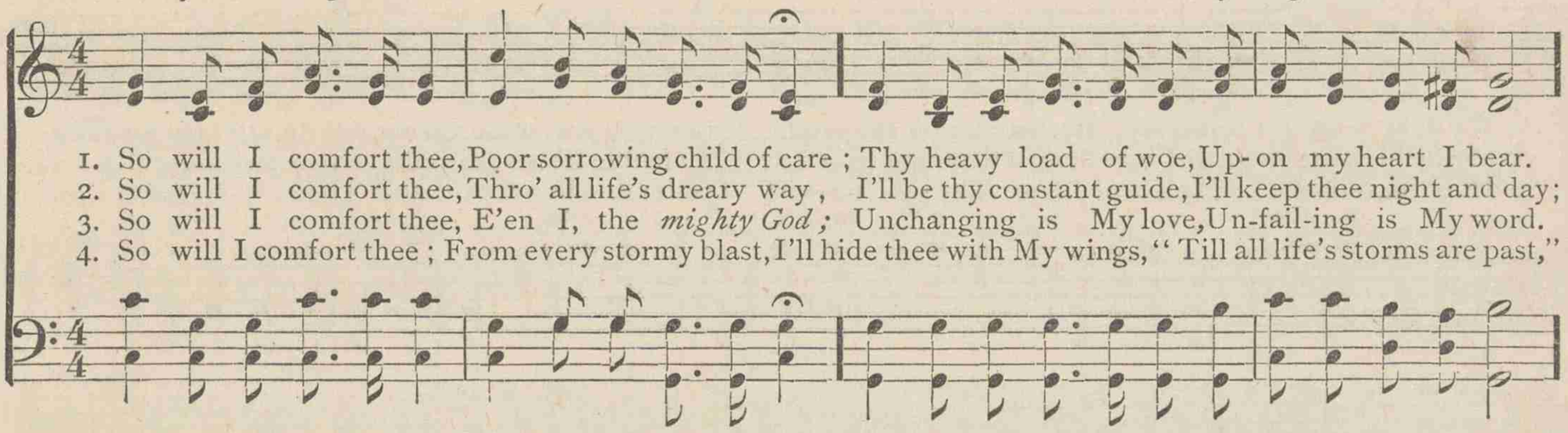
of the Cru - ci - fied. Go and tell the wonders of sal - va - tion; Go and tell the rich - es of His
bought their lib - er - ty.
famished ones are fed.
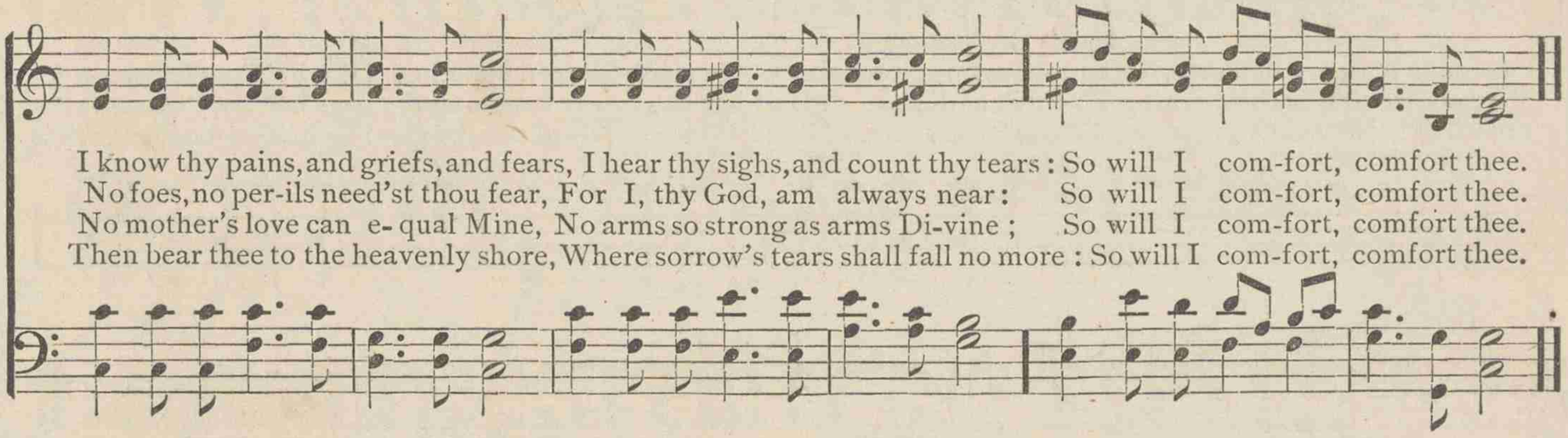
grace; Car - ry the tid - ings un - to ev - 'ry na - tion; Sound forth the great Redeemer's praise.

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SO WILL I COMFORT THEE.

Words by Mary D. James. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.





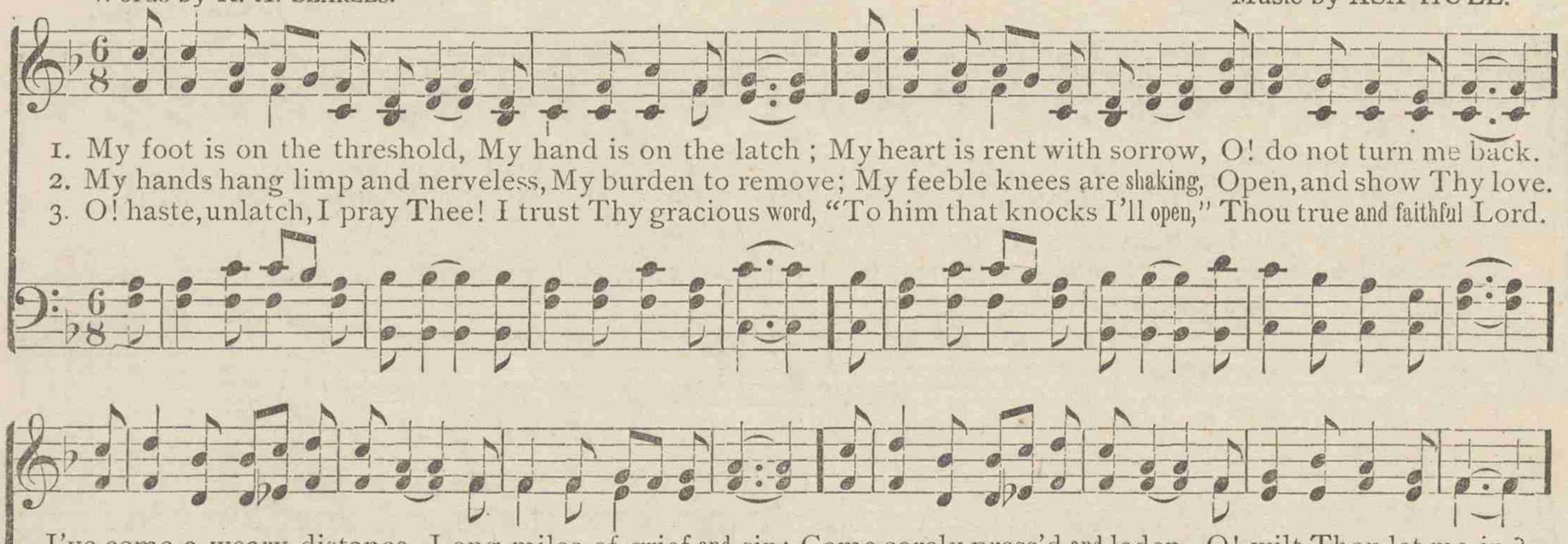
CONCLUSION OF **GO AND TELL IT,** OPPOSITE PAGE.

4 Go tell the weary, thirsting souls
Of living streams that flow ;
Tell them salvation onward rolls,
Go tell the tidings, go !—*Chorus.*

5 Tell how He took away thy sin,
And how He gave thee rest ;
How full of joy thy life hath been,
Since He hath made thee blest.—*Chorus.*

THE PENITENT.
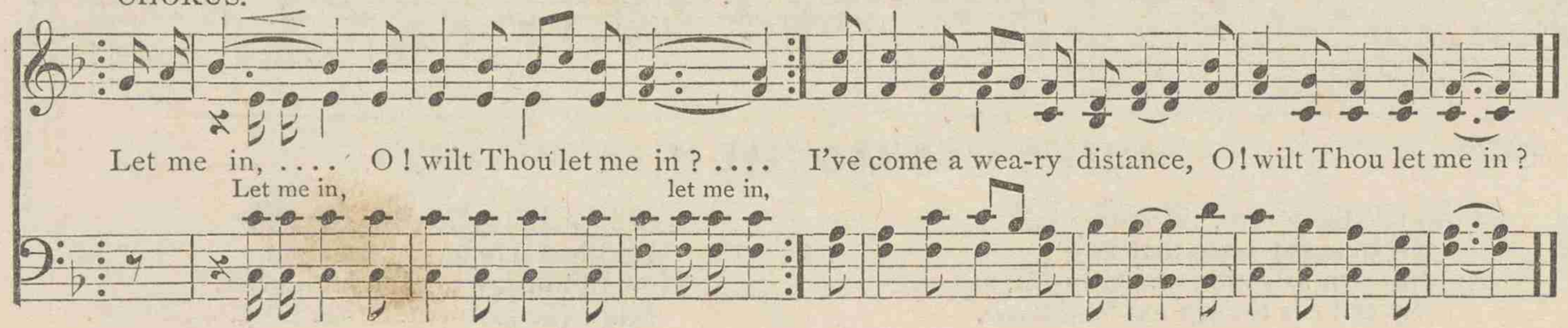
Words by R. A. SEARLES. Music by ASA HULL.



1. My foot is on the threshold, My hand is on the latch ; My heart is rent with sorrow, O! do not turn me back.
2. My hands hang limp and nerveless, My burden to remove; My feeble knees are shaking, Open, and show Thy love.
3. O! haste, unlatch, I pray Thee! I trust Thy gracious word, "To him that knocks I'll open," Thou true and faithful Lord.

I've come a weary distance, Long miles of grief and sin; Come sorely press'd and laden, O! wilt Thou let me in ?
My eyes are dim with watching To catch a glimpse within; My heavy ear is aching To hear Thee say, "Come in."
The latch turns on the promise, The door on hinge of gold; O! wondrous grace and glory ! The half had not been told.

CHORUS.



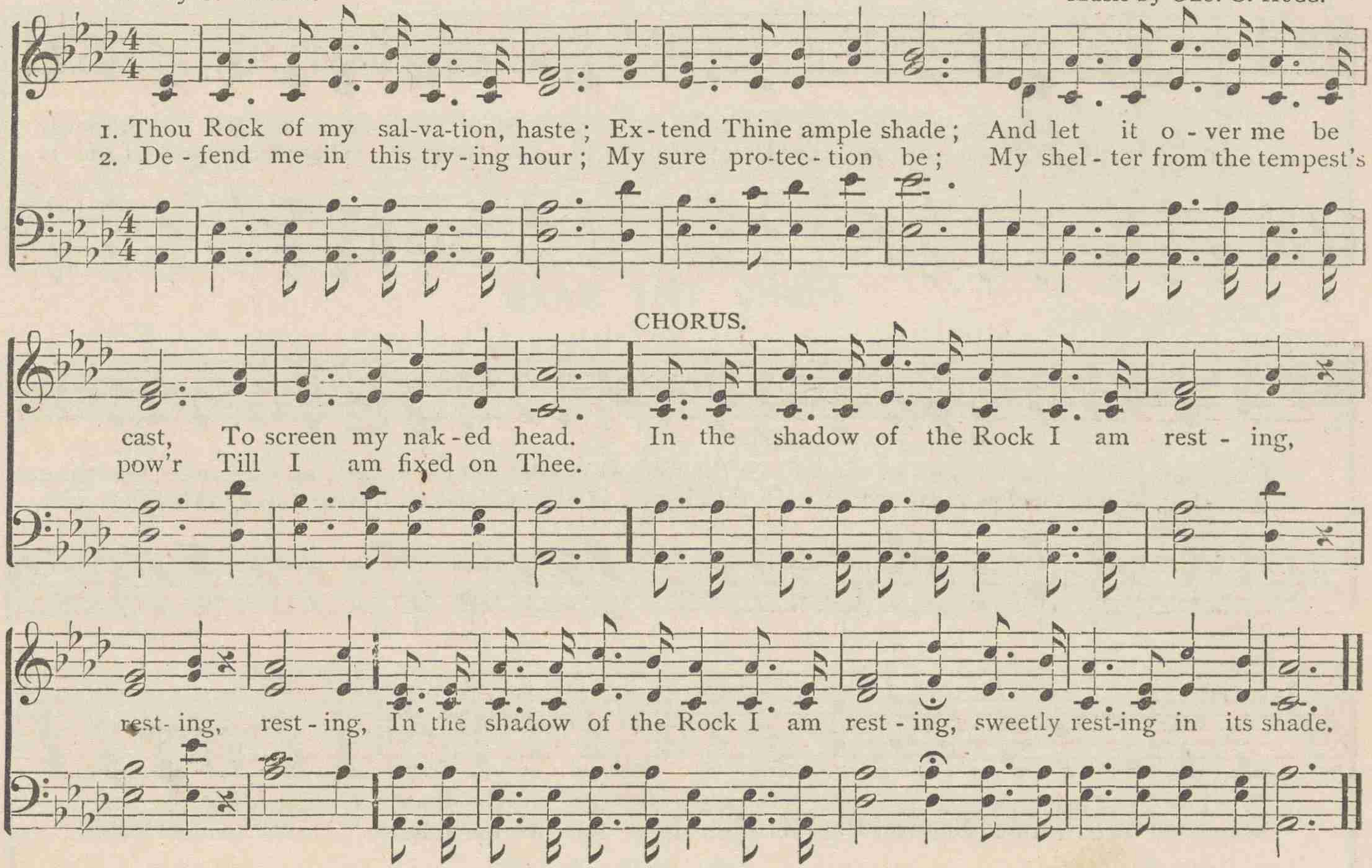
Let me in, ... O ! wilt Thou let me in ? .... I've come a wea-ry distance, O! wilt Thou let me in ?
Let me in, let me in,

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IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

Words by C. Wesley.

Music by Geo. C. Hugg.



3 O, set upon Thyself my feet,
And make me surely stand;
From fierce remptation's rage and heat
Protect me with Thy hand.—*Chorus.*

4 Now let me in the cleft be placed;
Nor my defence remove;
Within Thine arms of love embraced,—
Thine arms of endless love.—*Chorus.*

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OPEN WIDE THE DOOR.

Words by Mrs. C. L. Shacklock.

Music by T. Frank Allen.

1. We are com - ing, we are com - ing From the darksome ways of sin, And we seek the heav'nly king-dom, Je - sus, Saviour, let us in! From the fold, O gen-tle Shepherd! We would wander nevermore;
2. On - ly thro' Thy ten - der mer - cy Can we hope to en - ter there, Where the stream of life is flow - ing, Where the flow'rs are ever fair. In that home, O blessed Saviour! When this earthly life is o'er,

CHORUS.

To Thy lov - ing breast en - fold us, O - pen wide for us the door. O - pen wide for us the
We would dwell with Thee for-ev - er; O - pen wide for us the door.

OPEN WIDE THE DOOR. Concluded.

Ritard.

door ! We will leave Thee never-more ; To Thy lov-ing breast enfold us, O - pen wide for us the door.

BEAR THY CROSS.

Legato.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Bear thy cross cheer-ful - ly, Brother, the night Pass-eth, tho' tear - ful - ly ; Dim is thy sight ;
2. Thro' surg-ing sor-row's tides, Vales dark and lone, Up rug-ged mountain sides, Mak-ing no moan :
3. Bear thy cross trust - ing-ly, Whate'er it be ; Then will it tend - er - ly Rest up - on thee :

Car - ry it du - teous-ly, Look-ing a - far, Where gleameth beau-teously The morn-ing star.
Tho' shrinking wea - ri - ly Be-neath the load, Take it up cheer - i - ly, 'Tis from thy God.
Think not to lay it down Till life is done ; Be-neath the cross the crown, When heav'n is won.

SABBATH CHIMES.

Arr. by ASA HULL.

Words and Music by R. G. STAPLES.
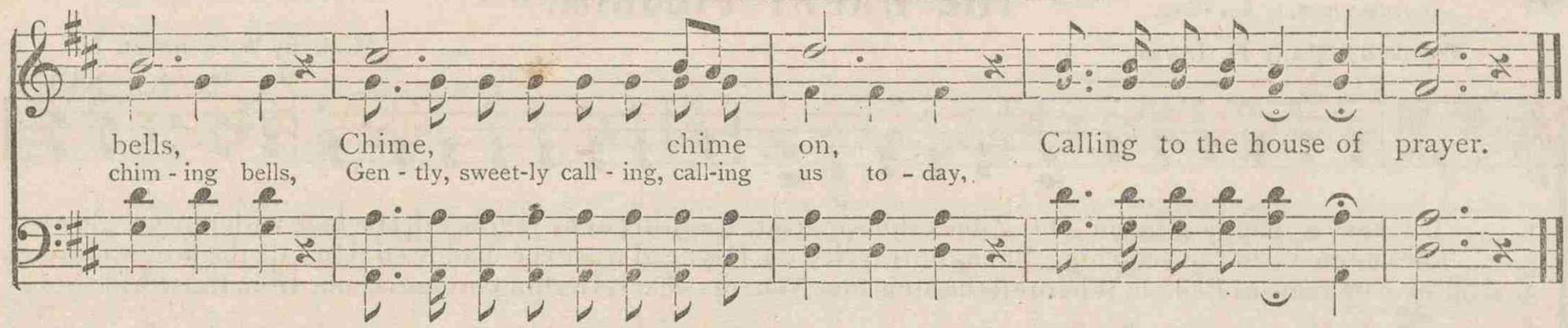
1. List! the merry chiming of the Sabbath bells, Sweetly calling us a-way; Ringing sweetly, clearly, on the
2. Let the children hasten to the Sunday school, Promptly there their teachers meet; Listen to the sto-ry of a

quiet air, On each precious Sabbath day. Haste we, then, at early dawn, While the dew is on the verdant lawn,
Saviour's love, And the precious mercy-seat. God will always meet us here. And with love our waiting hearts will cheer,

CHORUS.

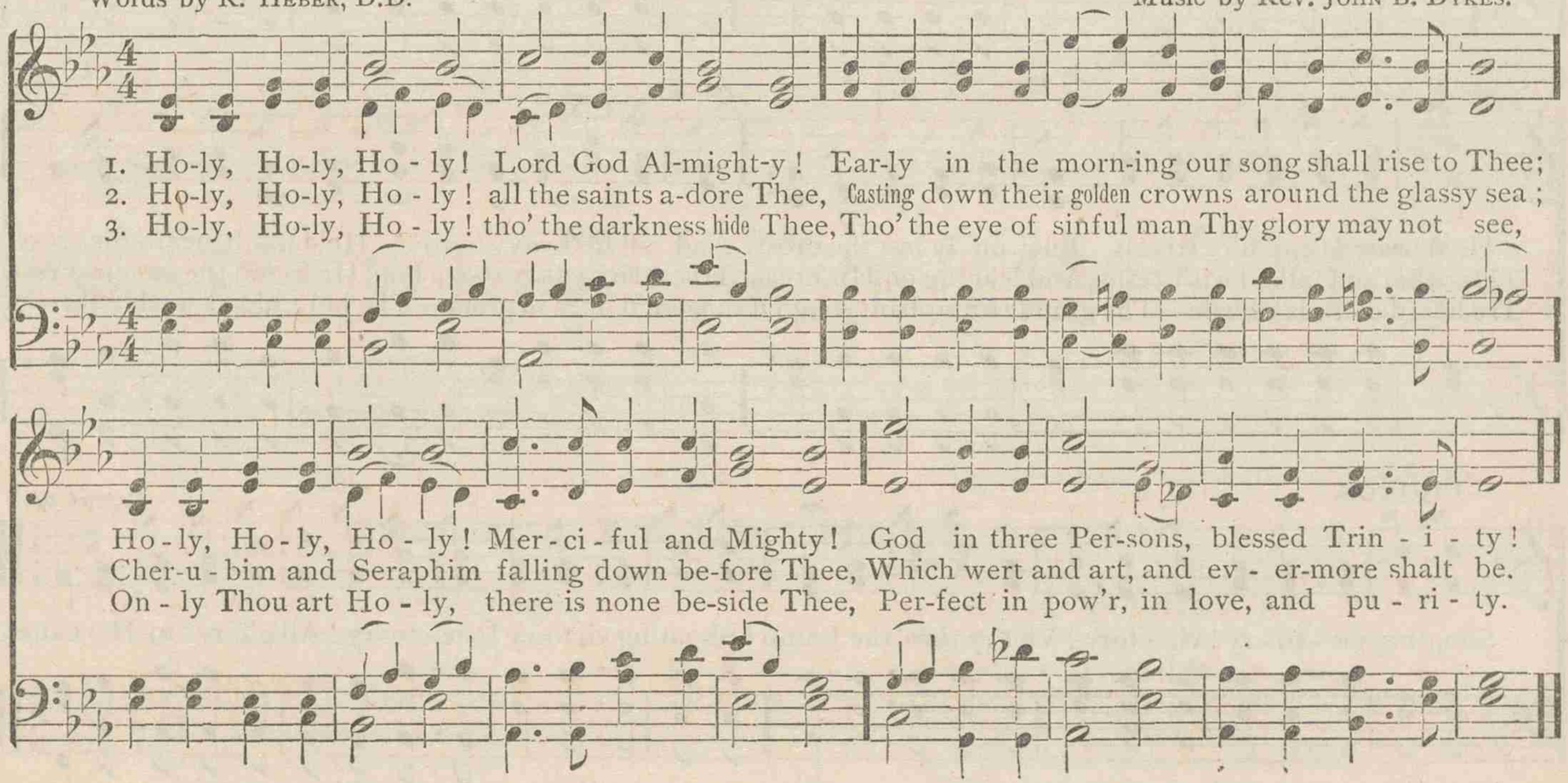
In our pleasant school-room to be found, When the Sabbath day comes round
As we gather here each Sabbath day, Learning of the bet-ter way.

Sab - - - bath
List-en to the mer-ry, mer-ry



HOLY, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY.

Words by R. Heber, D.D. Music by Rev. John B. Dykes.



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THE HAPPY PILGRIM.

Words by Mary D. James. Music by W. Church, Jr.

1. I saw a happy pilgrim On Zion's shining road, Exulting as he journey'd, His face with rapture glowed ;
2. The summer sun was scorching, But as he traveled on, His head was over-shadowed Un - til the heat was gone ;
3. And soon he came to Beulah, Where all the air is love, Where sweet refreshing breezes Come from the world above :

He'd passed thro' fi'ry tri- als, But on- ly lost the dross, And all his heavy burdens He'd left beneath the cross.
He walked and talked with Jesus, And leaning on His breast, His sheltering wings above him, He found the sweetest rest.
He heard celestial music—The grand triumphant song Of ransom'd ones in glory—The holy, blood-wash'd throng.

CHORUS.

Repeat pp.

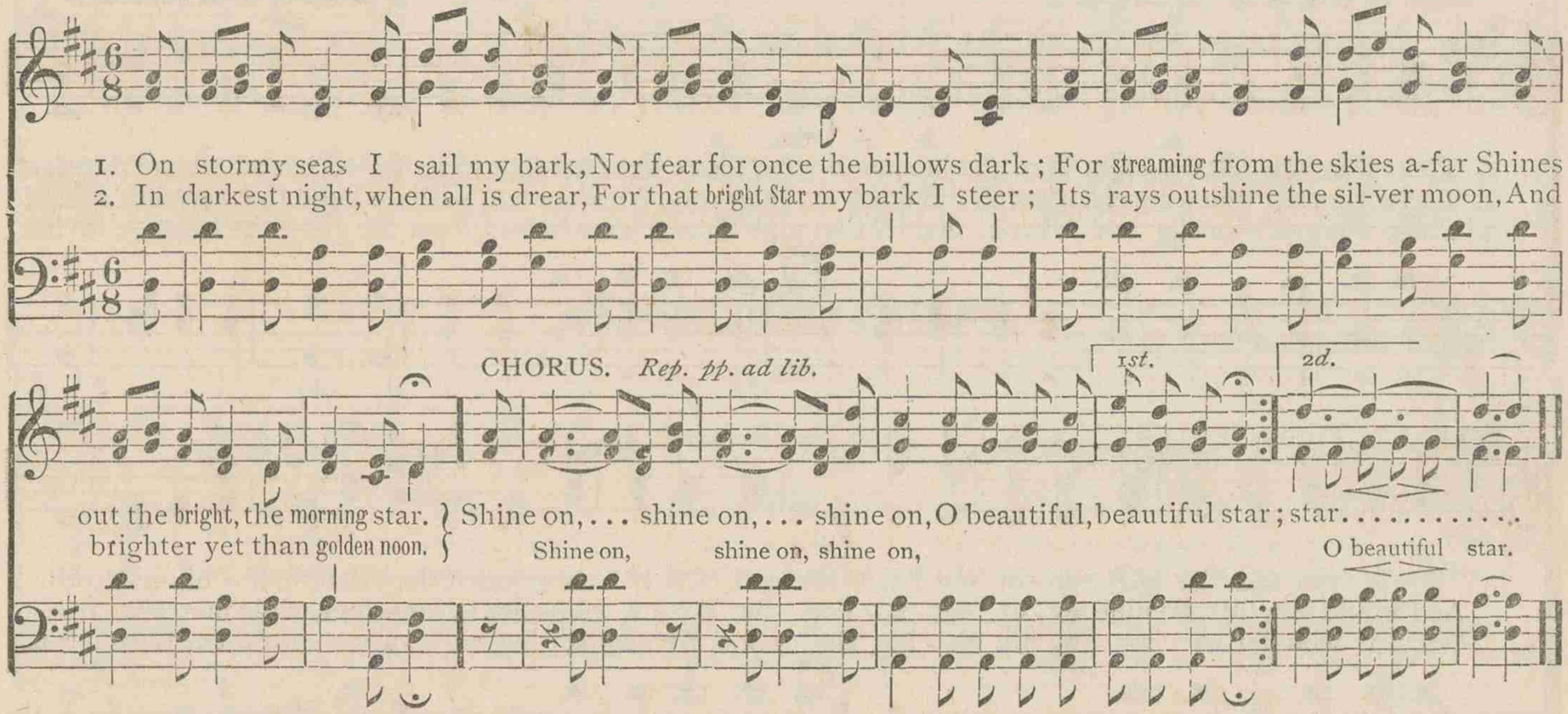
Shouting vic - to - ry ! vic - tory ! Vict'ry thro' the Lamb ! Shouting victo-ry ! vic - to- ry ! All glo-ry to His name.

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BEAUTIFUL STAR, SHINE ON.

Words by E. Rinehart.

Music by ASA HULL.



3 When on the crested wave I'm borne,
Amid the tumult of the storm ;
Or, when the sea is calm and still,
'Tis by that light I read God's will.—*Chorus.*

4 Beyond the main a joyous band
Is waiting on the shining strand,
To welcome to that peaceful shore
My little bark, its perils o'er.—*Chorus.*

CONCLUSION OF **THE HAPPY PILGRIM,** OPPOSITE PAGE.

4 I saw him in the valley
Death's shadow drawing nigh,
And still he sang exulting,
For it "is gain to die ;"
And when to Jordan's river
The pilgrim's feet had come,
'Twas but a step to cross it,
And he was safe at home.—*Chorus.*

5 Then, at the pearly portals
I saw the white-robed band
Greet him with shouts of welcome
Into the glory-land !
O, then, what rapture thrilled him
To look on Jesus' face,
And cast his crown before Him,
Who saved him by His grace.—*Chorus.*

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LIKE THE NINE.

Words by Mrs. S. C. Ellsworth.

Music by J. H. Tenney.

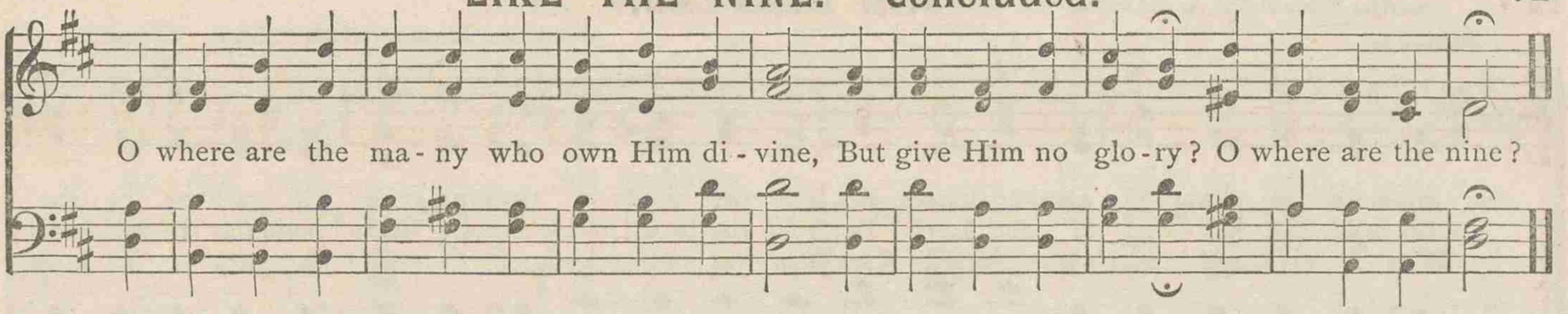
1. There were ten that besought Him, the Master di-vine, There were ten that were healed, but where are the nine?
2. There were ten who were cleansed, all but one went their way, Were content with the good that lasts but a day;
3. There was grace for the ten, what a marvel that nine Should have turned from the gift—the treasure divine!

On-ly one saw the gift, on-ly one heard the call, On-ly one grasped the treasure, tho' offered to all.
And would you like the nine ev-er sat-is-fied be, With a bless-ing so transient, while mercy is free?
What a won-der so ma-ny are do-ing the same, By neg-lect-ing sal-vation—for them Jesus came.

CHORUS.

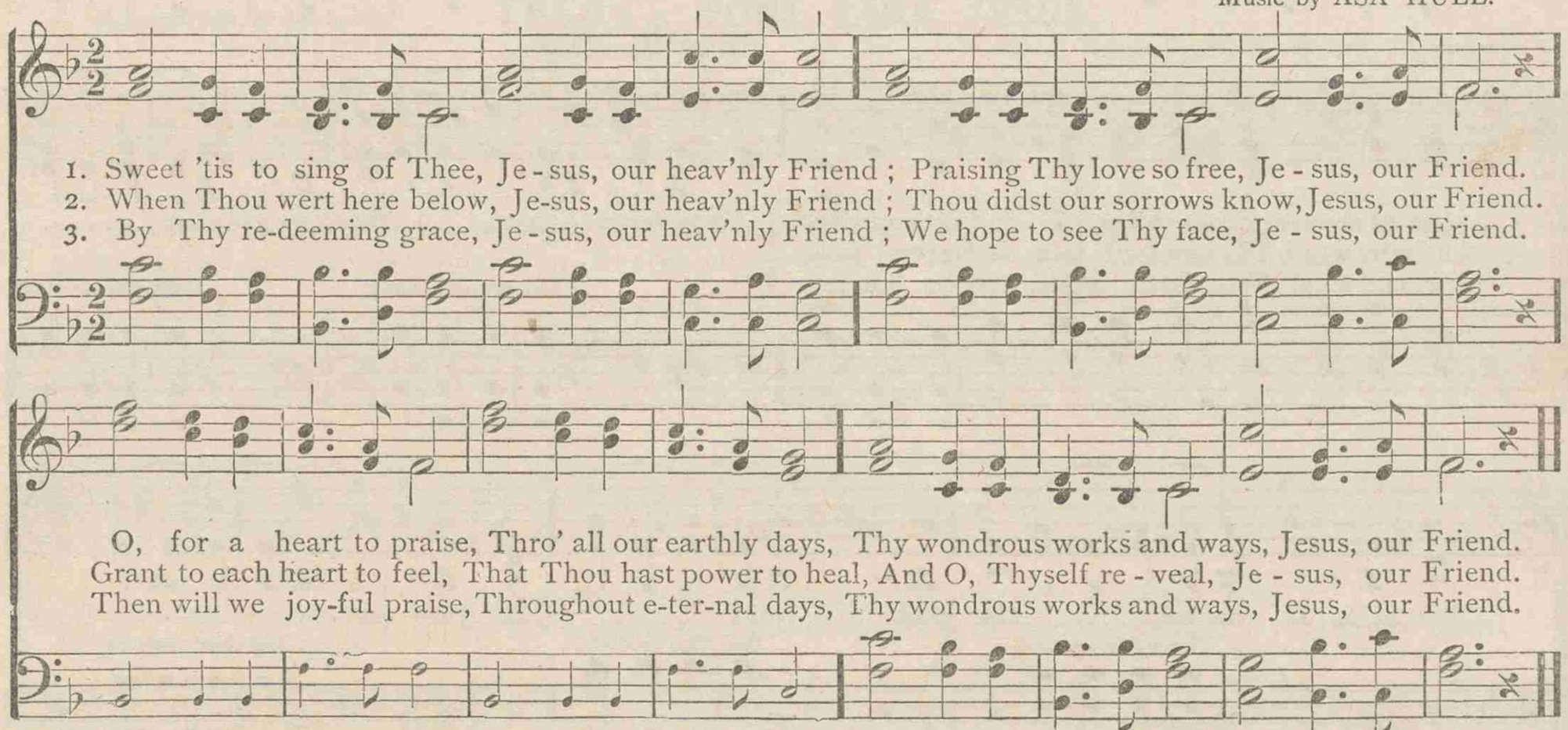
O where are the nine to bow at His feet? O where are the nine, with grat-i-tude meet?

LIKE THE NINE. Concluded.



JESUS, OUR FRIEND.

Music by ASA HULL.



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THE REAPERS.

Words and Music by ASA HULL. Chorus arr.

Moderato.

1. Be-hold the changing autumn leaves, Be-hold the fields of rip'ning grain, Go, gath-er in the
2. Be-hold the har-vest of the Lord! Be-hold the broad and whitening fields! Send out the call, send
3. Why i-dly stand? there's work for all; The Mas-ter calls, why long-er wait? Go, gath-er in both

CHORUS.—*Allegro.*

gold-en sheaves From valley, hill, and distant plain.
forth the word, Till hundred-fold the harvest yields.
great and small, Make haste, or you will be too late.
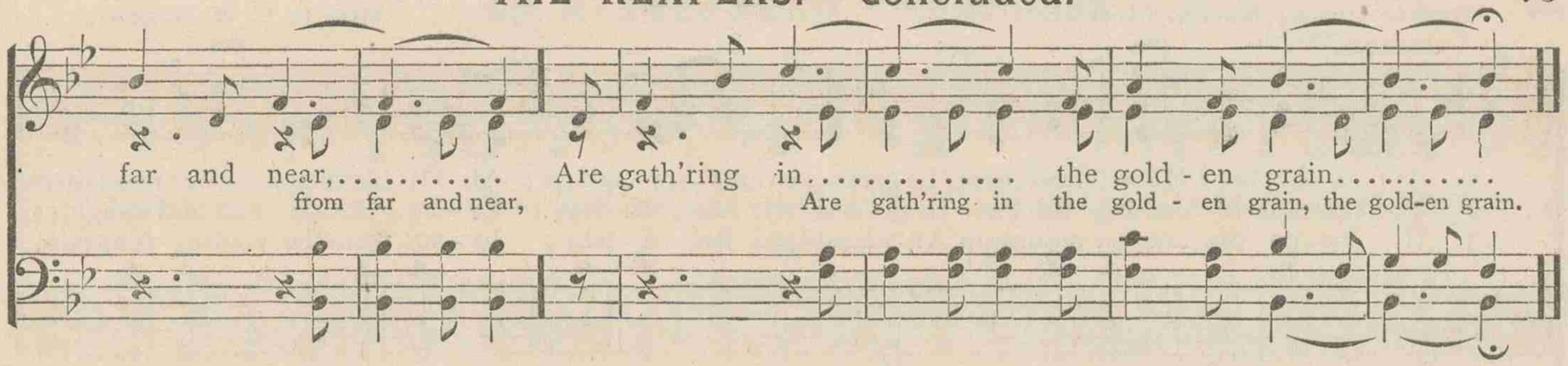
Then, reapers, haste, ... the skies are clear, ...

Then, reapers, haste, the skies are clear,

The fields re-sound..... the glad re-frain,..... The har-vest-ers,..... from

The fields resound the glad re-frain, The har-vest-ers,

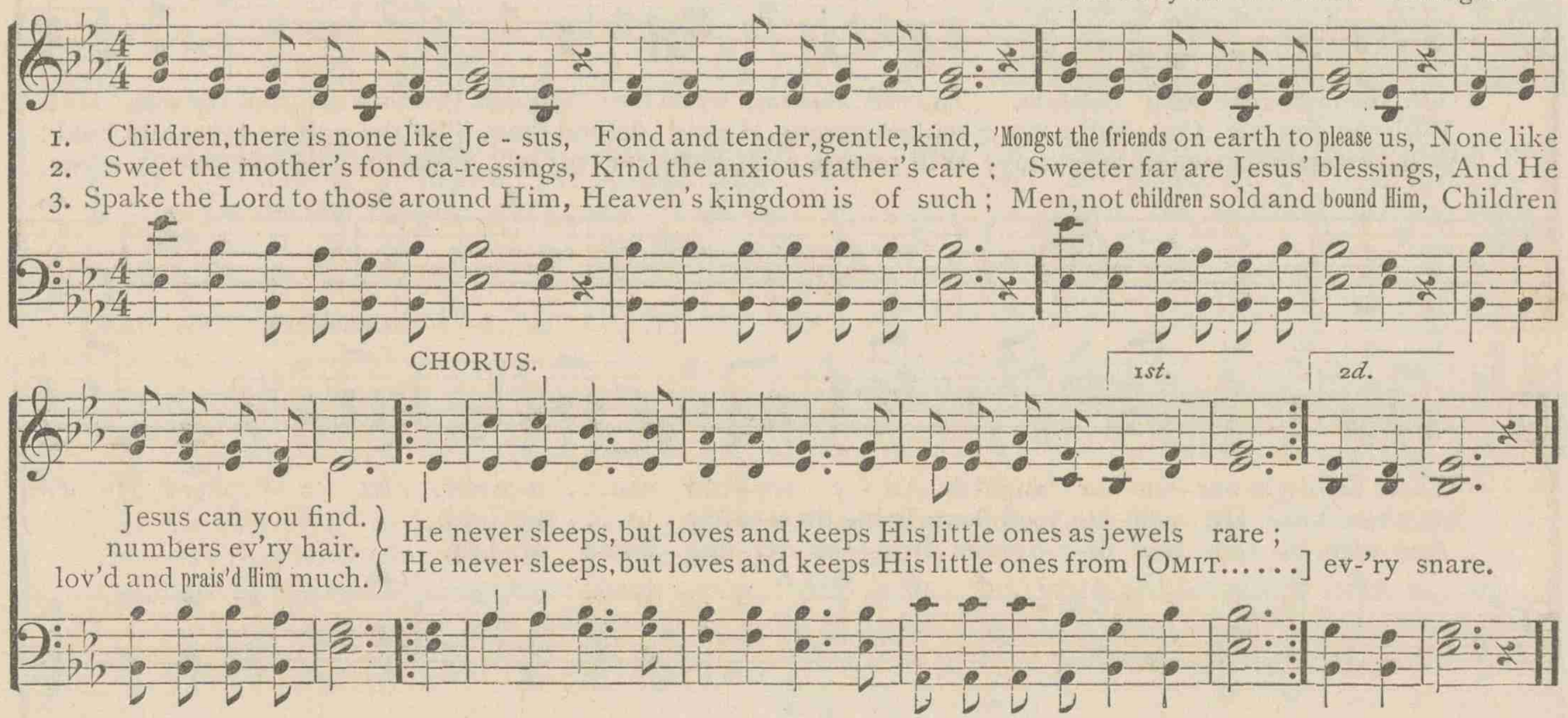
THE REAPERS. Concluded.



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THERE'S NONE LIKE JESUS.

Music by H. F. Wight. Arranged.



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AS A SHEPHERD.

Words by Robert Morris, LL.D.

Music by 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,
2. To the wells of cooling wa-ter, In the sul-try noon of day, Ey-'ry lit-tle son and daughter
3. If up-on the crag-gy mountain An-y lambkins flee a-way ; Je-sus, from the cooling fountain,

On the lambs He will be-stow. In His bos-om, when they languish, Precious children He will take,
With the gen-tle One shall stray. Shepherd strong, He will defend them, Tho' the wolf be fierce and bold ;
Will o'ertake them where they stray; Will restore each babe, for-giv-en, From the wild and sto-ny waste,

CHORUS.

Where no blight nor sin nor anguish An-y sor-row can... a-wake. As a shepherd He will
Shepherd kind, He will at-tend them, Bring them safely to.... the fold.
And with-in the fold of heaven Bring the dar-ling home at last.

AS A SHEPHERD. Concluded.

Ritard.

lead them, To green pastures they shall go ; All His blessings, as they need them, On the lambs He will bestow.

NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

Espressivo.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. No night shall be in heav'n ! no gath'ring gloom Shall o'er that glo - rious landscape ev - er come ;
2. No night shall be in heav'n ! no sorrows reign, No se - cret an - guish, no cor - po-real pain ;
3. No night shall be in heav'n ! O had I faith To rest in what the faith-ful Witness saith,

No tears shall fall in sad - ness o'er those flow'rs, That breathe their fragrance thro' ce - les - tial bow'rs.
No shiv'ring limbs, no burn - ing fe - ver there ; No soul's e - clipse, no win - ter of des - pair.
That faith should make these hideous phantoms flee, And leave no night, henceforth, on earth to me.

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ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

Words from "S. S. Gem," by permission.

Music by ASA HULL.
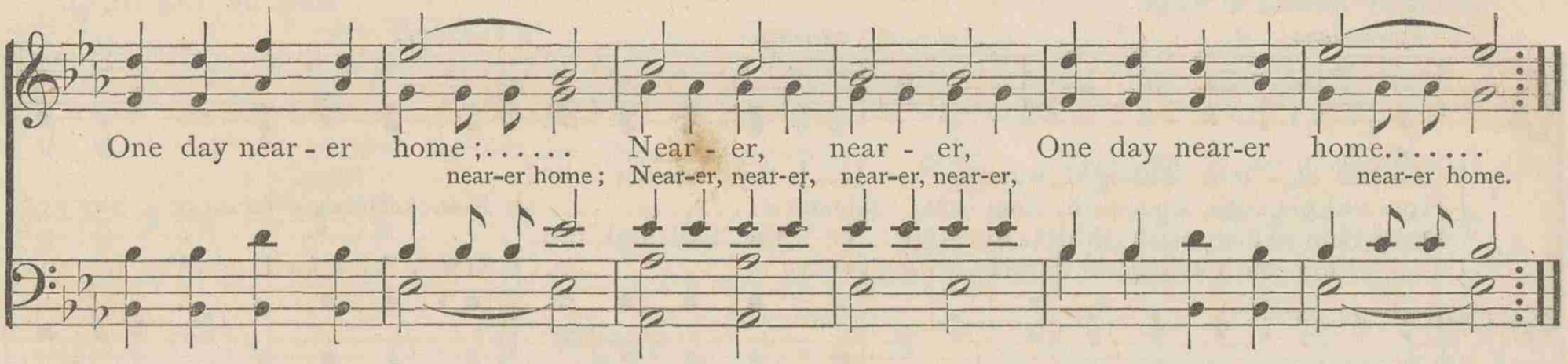
1. O'er the hills the sun is set - ting, And the eve is drawing on ; Slow - ly drops the gentle twi-light,
2. Worn and weary, oft the pil-grim Hails the setting of the sun, For the goal is one day near - er,

For an - oth-er day is gone. Gone for aye—its race is o - ver ; Soon the darker shades will come ;
And his journey nearly done ; Thus we feel when o'er life's desert Heart and sandal-sore we roam ;

REFRAIN. *Repeat pp ad lib.*

Still 'tis sweet to know at eve - ning That we're one day nearer home. Near - er, near - er,
As the twi - light gathers o'er us, We are one day near-er home. Nearer, nearer, nearer, nearer,

ONE DAY NEARER HOME. Concluded.
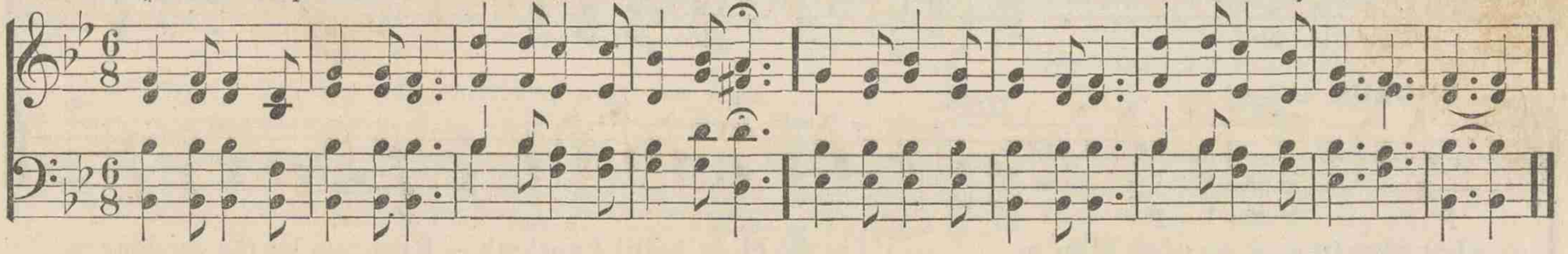


3 Nearer home! yes, one day nearer
To our Father's house on high,
To the green fields and the fountains
Of the land beyond the sky;
For the heavens grow brighter o'er us,
And the lamps hang in the dome,
And our tents are pitched still closer,
For we're one day nearer home. *Chorus.*

4 "One day nearer," sings the mar'ner,
As he glides the waters o'er,
While the light is softly dying
On his distant native shore;
Thus the Christian on life's ocean,
As his light-boat cuts the foam,
In the evening cries with rapture,
"I am one day nearer home." *Chorus.*

MEET AGAIN.

Slow, and with expression.

Music by ASA HULL.



1.
Meet again! when life is o'er;
Meet again! to part no more;
How it cheers the drooping heart
When from friends we're called to part.

2.
Meet again! where endless joy
We shall taste without alloy;
Meet where songs shall ne'er grow old,
Sweetly tuned to harps of gold.

3.
Meet again! how passing sweet,
Friends long lost again to meet;
Careworn souls by tempest driven,
Oh, how sweet to meet in heaven.

THE HEAVENLY VISITOR.

Words by ARTHUR C. COXE. Music by ASA HULL.

Con espressione.

1st time. 2d time.

1. In the si - lent midnight watches, List! thy bo-som door!
1. How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, [OMIT .....] Knocketh ev - er-more. Say not,
2. Death comes down with ruthless footstep To the hall and hut,
2. Think thou death will stand there knocking [OMIT .....] When thy door is shut? Je - sus

'tis thy pulses beat-ing, 'Tis thy heart of sin; 'Tis the Spirit's voice entreating Thee to let the Saviour in.
waiteth, waiteth, waiteth, But the door is fast; Grieved, away the Saviour turneth, Death breaks in the door at last.

CHORUS.

p *p*

Let Him in,..... Let Him in,..... 'Tis the Holy Spirit knocketh,—Rise, and let the Saviour in.

Let Him in, Let Him in,

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JESUS WAITS FOR THEE.

Music by C. H. Gabriel.

1. I heard the blessed Saviour say, Poor, wea-ry child of grief, Come un-to me with all your woes,

CHORUS.

And I will give re - lief. He calls ..... and waits,.... He calls ..... and waits, ...
He calls and waits for thee, He calls and waits for thee,

O wea - ry one, He calls and waits for thee.....
thee, for thee.

2.

I hearkened to His tender cry,
And tremblingly obeyed;
He whisper'd in my list'ning ear,
"Thy ransom has been paid."—*Cho.*

3.

O, what sweet comfort I have found;
How calm and sweet my rest;
How freely I confide my all,
And lean on Jesus' breast.—*Chorus.*

CONCLUSION OF **THE HEAVENLY VISITOR,** OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 Then 'tis time to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.

Nay, alas! thou foolish creature,
Can it be forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But He then will know thee not.—*Chorus.*

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THE LIVING WATER.

Words and Music by ASA HULL.

1. There's an o-pen fount in Zi - on, Where the living waters flow ; Opened free by Judah's Li - on,
   Ho ! ye, ev-'ry son and daughter, Life e - ter-nal ye may have ; Come and drink the living wa - ter ;
2. He that drinketh thirsteth nev - er, For his soul is sat - is - fied ; He shall dwell in peace forev - er,
   Ho ! ye, ev-'ry one that thirst-eth, Christ can living water give ; You can have it without mon - ey,

REFRAIN.

There the thirsty soul may go. } Come and drink, thy soul shall live, Come and drink, thy soul shall live ;
Come and drink, thy soul shall live. } shall live, shall live ;
And sit down at Je-sus' side. } On-ly drink, thy soul shall live, On-ly drink, thy soul shall live ;
Only drink, thy soul shall live. } shall live, shall live ;

Come, and drink the living water, Come and drink, thy soul shall live.
You can have it without mon-ey, On-ly drink, thy soul shall live.

3.

To that fountain ever flowing,
Whosoever will, may come ;
Endless life on all bestowing,
Whosoever will, there's room.
Pilgrim, haste to Zion's mountain,
Everlasting life receive ;
Hie thee to that flowing fountain,
Drink, O drink, thy soul shall live.
Drink, O drink, thy soul shall live, etc

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY.

By permission. Music by T. J. Cook.

1. Beautiful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beautiful cit - y that I love! Beautiful gates of pearly white,
2. Beautiful heav'n where all is light, Beautiful angels, cloth'd in white; Beautiful strains that never tire,
3. Beautiful crowns on every brow, Beautiful palms the conquerors show; Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,

cres. *f*

Beautiful temple—God its light! He who was slain on Cal - va - ry, O - pens those pearly gatēs to me.
Beautiful harps thro' all the choir; There shall I join the chorus sweet, Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.
Beautiful all who enter there; Thither I press with ea - ger feet, There shall my rest be long and sweet.

CHORUS. *Rep. pp ad lib.*

Zi - on, Zi - on, love - ly Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, cit - y of our God.

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I'M NEARING HOME.

Words by Mary D. James. Music by ASA HULL.

1. I'm nearing home ! Life's wintry blast Will soon be o'er, its gloom be past ; O, I shall gain the port at last :—
2. Tho' rocks and quicksands intervene, And raging billows roll between, My Pilot's skill will bring me in :—
3. These heav-y gales do me no harm ; Ter-rif - ic storms do not alarm ; My spir- it rests in sweetest calm :—

REFRAIN.

I'm nearing, nearing home ! Near - - - ing home,..... Near - - - ing home ! ...
Nearing my beau-ti - ful, beau- ti - ful home, Nearing my beau-ti - ful, heav-en- ly home.

Oh, I shall gain the port at last : I'm nearing, nearing my home !
My Pi- lot's skill will bring me in : I'm nearing, nearing my home !
My spir - it rests in sweetest calm : I'm nearing, nearing my home !

4.

O home, sweet home ! I'll soon be there,
The bliss of the redeemed to share ;
Only a few more storms to bear :—
I'm nearing, nearing home !

Refrain.

Nearing home, nearing home !
Only a few more storms to bear :—
I'm nearing, nearing my home !

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ON TO VICTORY.

Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Music by J. H. Tenney.

1. Sa - tan com-eth ! war he wag- eth ; Ev - 'ry soul he now en - gag - eth ; See ! the bat - tle
2. Lo ! our Cap-tain's word is call - ing ; Sol - diers in - to line are fall - ing ; On-ward ! en - e-
3. Zi - on's hour of tri - umph neareth ; Je - sus, Conqueror now ap-pear - eth ; Ne'er in vain the

CHORUS.

m *f* *ff*

wild - ly rag - eth, On to vic - to - ry ! Vic - to - ry ! vic - to - ry ! vic - to - ry !
mies fore- stall - ing, On to vic - to - ry !
word He bear - eth ; On to vic - to - ry !

mf *ff*

See ! see ! foes are rout - ing ! On ! on ! comrades shout-ing Vic - to - ry ! vic - to - ry ! vic - to - ry !

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IS THE STORY TRUE?

Words by Rev. A. B. Emmons.

Music by M. W. Seeley.

1. Hear, O hear the blessed sto - ry, How the Lord of life and glo - ry Died up - on the cross for
2. Hear, O hear His tender plead - ing, See, O see the Saviour bleed - ing, Do you know He died for
3. Cease, O cease your bitter an - guish, Trust in Him, no longer lan - guish, Je - sus gave His life for
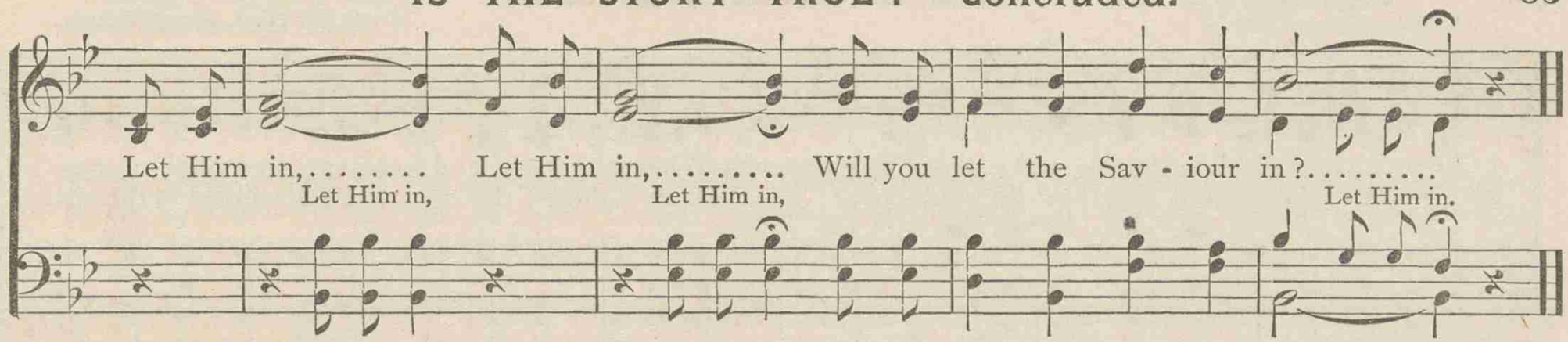
CHORUS.

you,— Do you think the sto - ry true? (Yes, 'tis true, He died for you,—Died, a
you? O be - lieve the sto - ry true. }
you? Will you prove the sto - ry true? (

Yes, 'tis true,

ran - som for your sin; With your heart He's pleading now, Will you let the Sav - iour in?
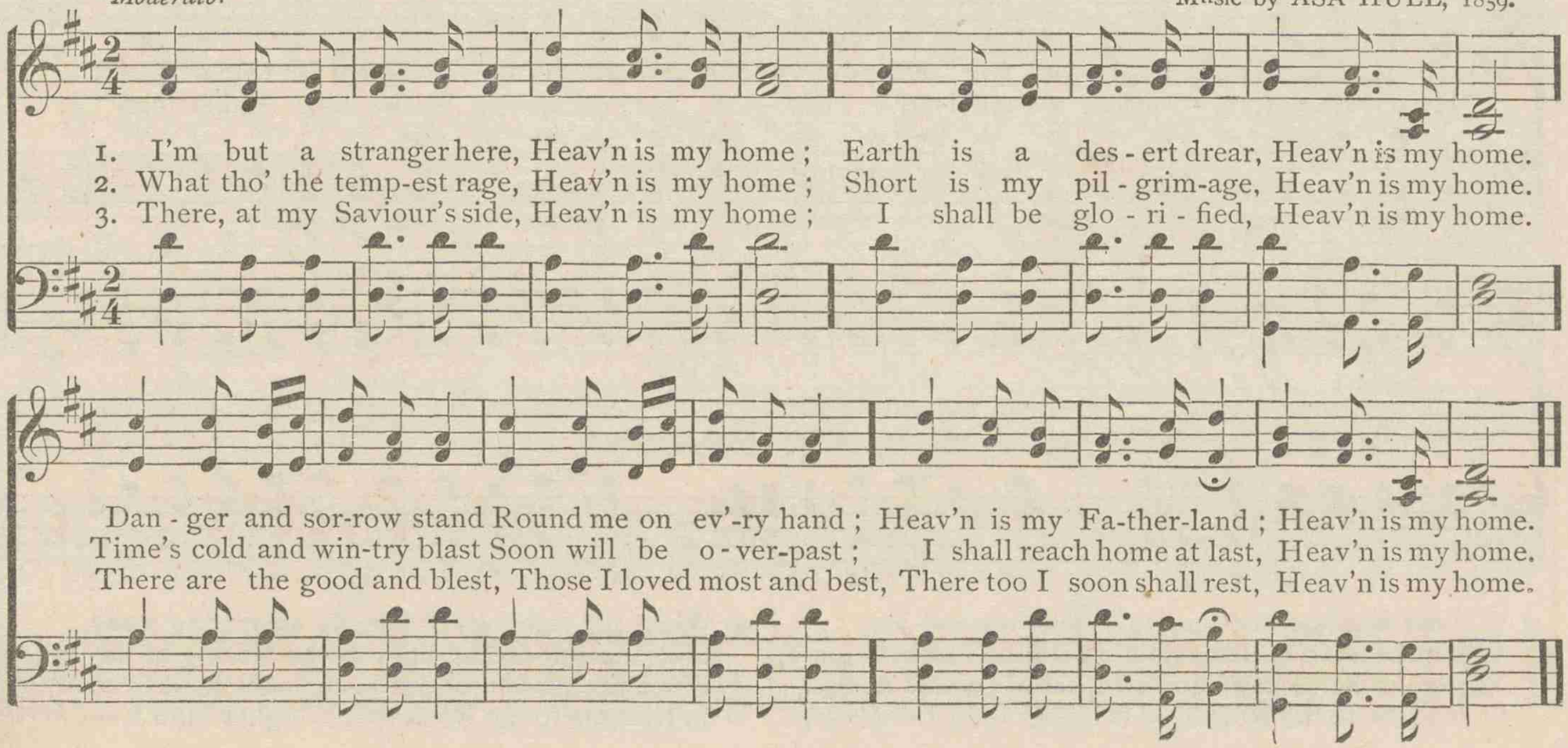
Let Him in,



HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

Moderato.

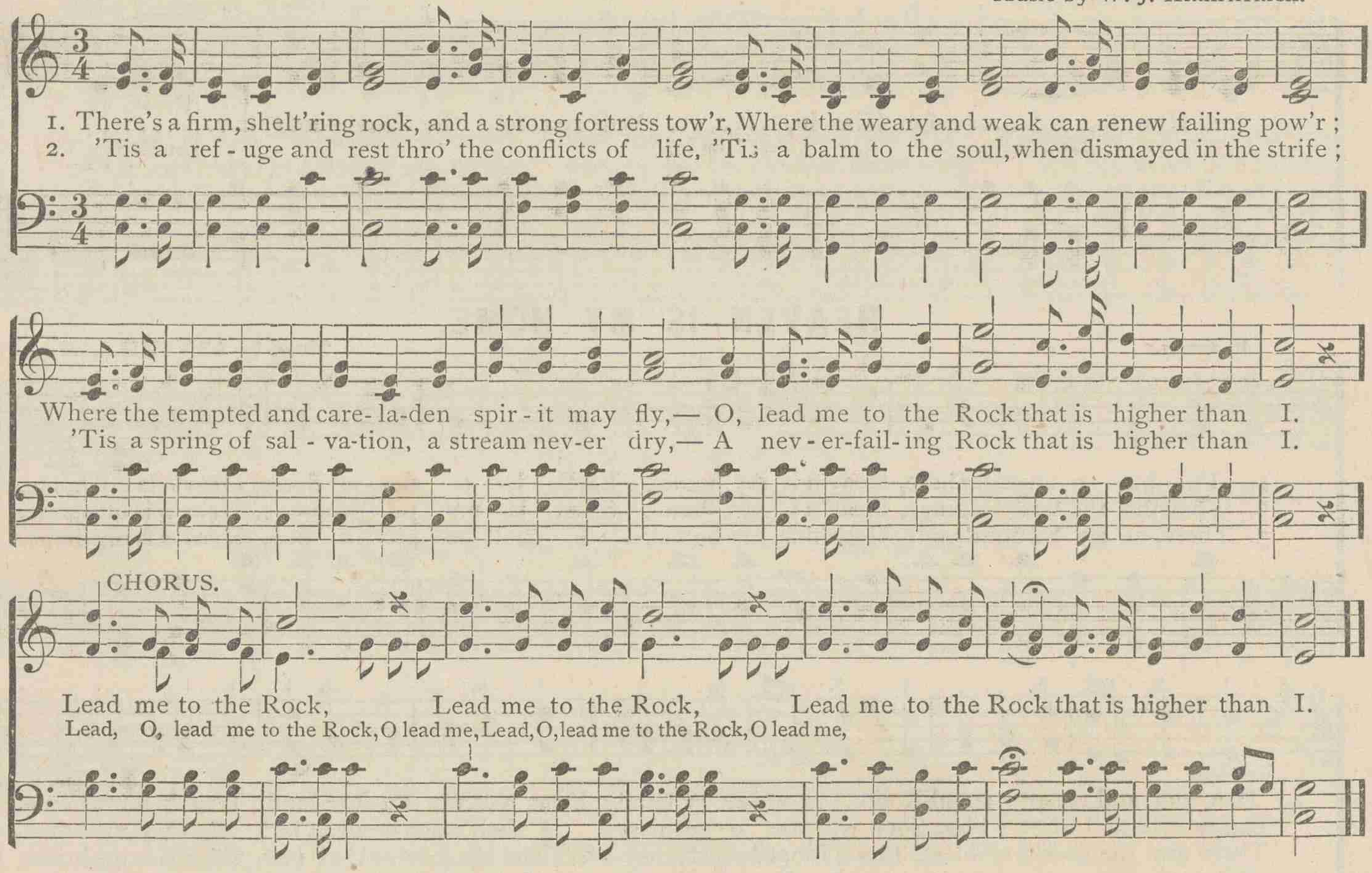
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THE SHELTERING ROCK.

Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.



3 'Tis my comfort and stay, my deliv'rer and joy,
When the heart is o'erwhelm'd with the ills that annoy;
When the fierce sweeping tempest of sorrow is nigh,
O, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.—*Chorus.*

4 When the few joys of life are all flitting away,
Like the soft-fading light at the closing of day ;
When the shadow of death steals the light from my eye,
O, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.—*Chorus*

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WAITING, ONLY WAITING.

Moderato, con Espressione.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. On-ly wait-ing till the shadows Are a lit-tle long-er grown; On-ly wait-ing till the glimmer
2. On-ly wait-ing till the an-gels O-pen wide the mys-tic gate; At the por-tals long I've waited,
3. On-ly wait-ing till the reap-ers, Have the last sheaf gathered home; For the summer time is fad-ed,

Of the day's last beams are flown; Till the light of earth is fad-ed From the heart once full of day; Till the
Wea-ry, poor and des-o-late; E-ven now I hear their footsteps And their voi-ces far a-way; If they
And the autumn leaves have come; Quickly, reapers! quickly gather The last ripe hours of my heart; For the

stars of heav'n are breaking Thro' the twilight soft and gray; Breaking, breaking Thro' the twilight soft and gray.
call me I am wait-ing, On-ly wait-ing to o-bey; Wait-ing, wait-ing, On-ly wait-ing to o-bey.
bloom of life is withered, And I'm ready to de-part; Read-y, read-y, I am read-y to de-part.

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O COME, COME TO-DAY.

Words by E. Rinehart. Music by ASA HULL.

1. Burden'd soul, come seek the Saviour, Hear him call, "come un-to me;" In His sight find grace and favor,
2. Look not at thy guilt nor sta-tion, Tho' un - worthy, He'll re-ceive; Je - sus died for thy sal - va-tion,

CHORUS.

In His love there's rest for thee. Then come, come a-way, The Saviour calls, why longer wait?
Waits to bring thee thy reprieve. Then come, come away, O come, come away,

O come, come to-day, For the morrow may be too late, may be too late, may be too late.
O come, come to-day, O come, come to-day,

3 Full salvation Jesus offers;
Full redemption in His blood;
Come, accept the proffered pardon,
And be reconciled to God.—*Chorus.*

4 Will you come? while He is pleading!
Will you come and be at rest?
Follow now the Spirit's leading,
Come, for 'tis your Lord's request.—*Chorus.*

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COMING TO THE SAVIOUR.

Words by E. D. Mund. Music by T. Frank Allen.

1st. 2d.

1. We have heard Thy call, blessed Saviour, Ringing over mountain and plain;
   It has touched our hearts by its accents, And no [Omit.....] long-er shalt Thou call in vain.
2. We are coming with heart-felt sorrow, That we came not long, long ago;
   That we strayed so far in the desert, Where we [Omit.....] found nothing but sin and woe.

CHORUS. *Rep. pp. ad lib.*

We are coming, we are coming, We are coming, Saviour, at Thy call;
We are com-ing, bless-ed Saviour, We are com-ing for Thy fa-vor; We are com-ing, Sav-iour, at Thy call, at Thy call;

We are com-ing, O re-ceive us; We are coming, O forgive us; We are coming, coming at Thy call.

3 We are coming, truly repentant;
All our inmost thoughts Thou dost know;
O forgive our long faithless wand'rings,
And Thy pardon graciously bestow.—*Chorus.*

4 We are coming, O blessed Saviour,
On Thy promises would we rest;
Trusting in Thy grace and Thy favor,
May our hearts now be supremely blest.—*Chorus.*

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THE ANGEL AT THE PORTAL.

Allegro sostenuto.

Words and Music by ASA HULL.

1. I fear not the gloom of midnight, I dread not the storm at sea; My Saviour can calm the raging
   I fear not, O, I fear not, Nor heed darksome waves of sin; For the An-gel is waiting at the
2. I heed not the world's allurements, While glory's bright star I see; I'll steer for the bright and shining
   I'm seek-ing for joys im- mor - tal, And crowns that the righteous win; And the Angel is waiting at the

CHORUS.

billows, And il - lu-mine a path for me.
por- tal Of glo - ry to let me in.
por- tal That the An-gel will ope for me.
por- tal Of glo - ry to let me in.

Waiting, waiting, waiting to let me in; For the wait-ing, wait-ing,

An-gel is waiting at the por-tal, Is waiting to let me in.

3.

I shrink not from cross or trial,
I shun not the narrow way;
I'll watch at the ever-op'ning portal
For a glimpse of eternal day.
I'll join in the praise eternal,
And here will my song begin;
For the Angel is waiting at the portal
Of glory to let me in.—*Chorus.*

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LOOK TO THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

Words by Mrs. E. W. Chapman. Music by J. H. Tenney.

1. A beacon bright the Christian stands Upon the shore of time; A light-house built on solid rock, That
2. A tow-er high the Christian stands, A clear and shining light, To cast a gleam a-cross the sea Of
3. Grand sen-ti-nel up-on life's coast, Be faithful, true, and brave; And ever keep your light ablaze, Be-

CHORUS.

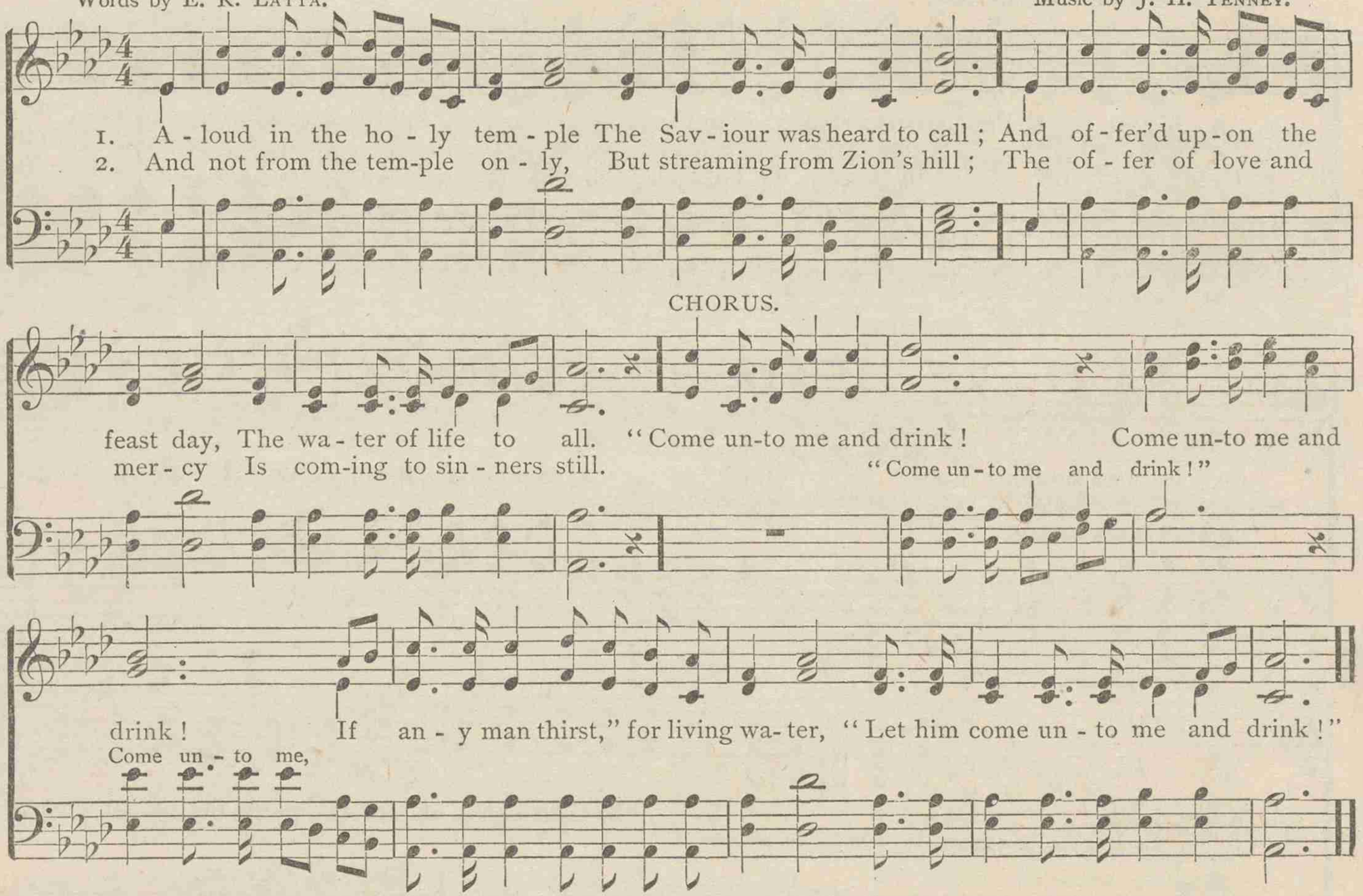
rears its head sublime. Look! Look! Look to the light-house, sailor, It tells of dan-ger
earth's dark, gloomy night. Look to the light-house, Look to the light-house,
nighted souls to save.

near; Look! Look! Look to the light-house, sailor, And guide thy ves-sel clear.
Look to the light-house, Look to the light-house,

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THE WATER OF LIFE.

Words by E. R. Latta. Music by J. H. Tenney.



3 Wherever a sinner dwelleth,
Though far from the Lord away ;
The blessed Redeemer calleth,
He calleth to them to-day.—*Chorus.*

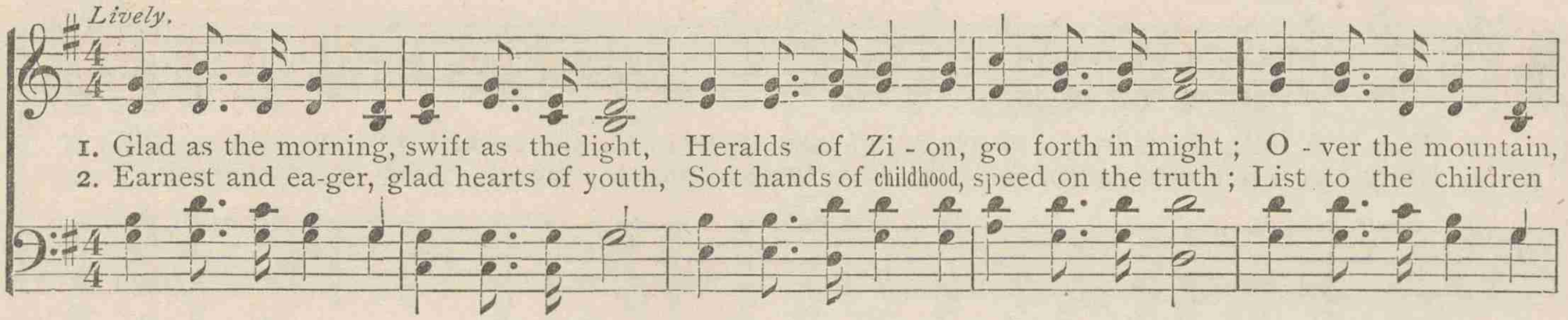
4 The Saviour enthroned in heaven
Will not always plead with men ;
The offer is freely given,
Come drink, never thirst again.—*Chorus.*

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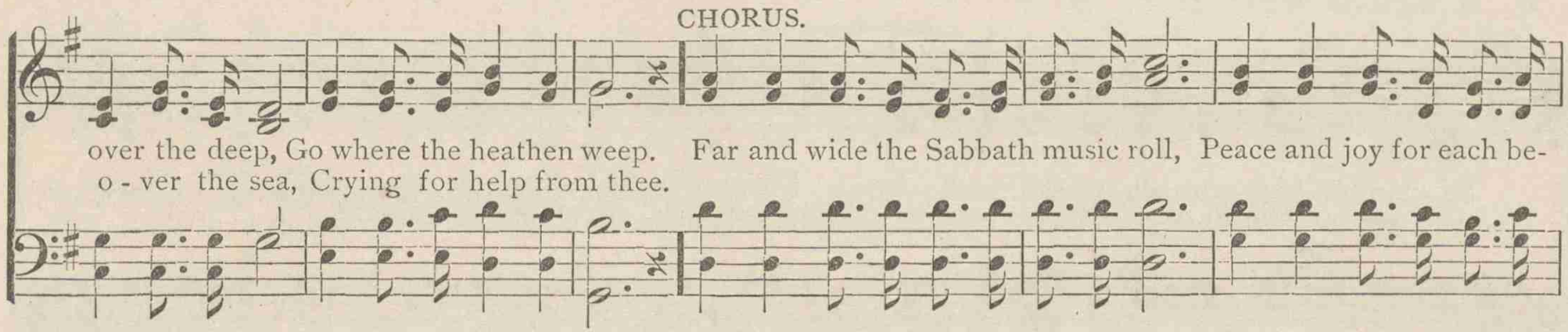
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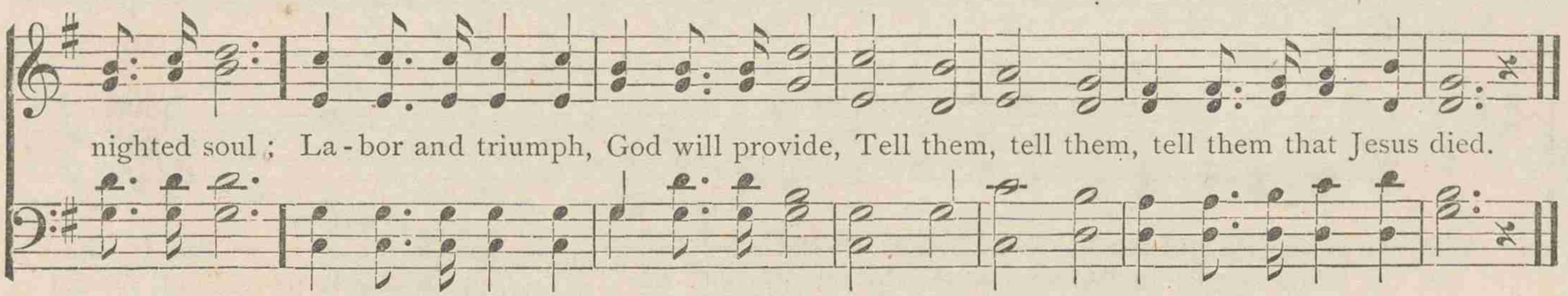
Words by P. J. Owens. Music by ASA HULL.

Lively.



CHORUS.





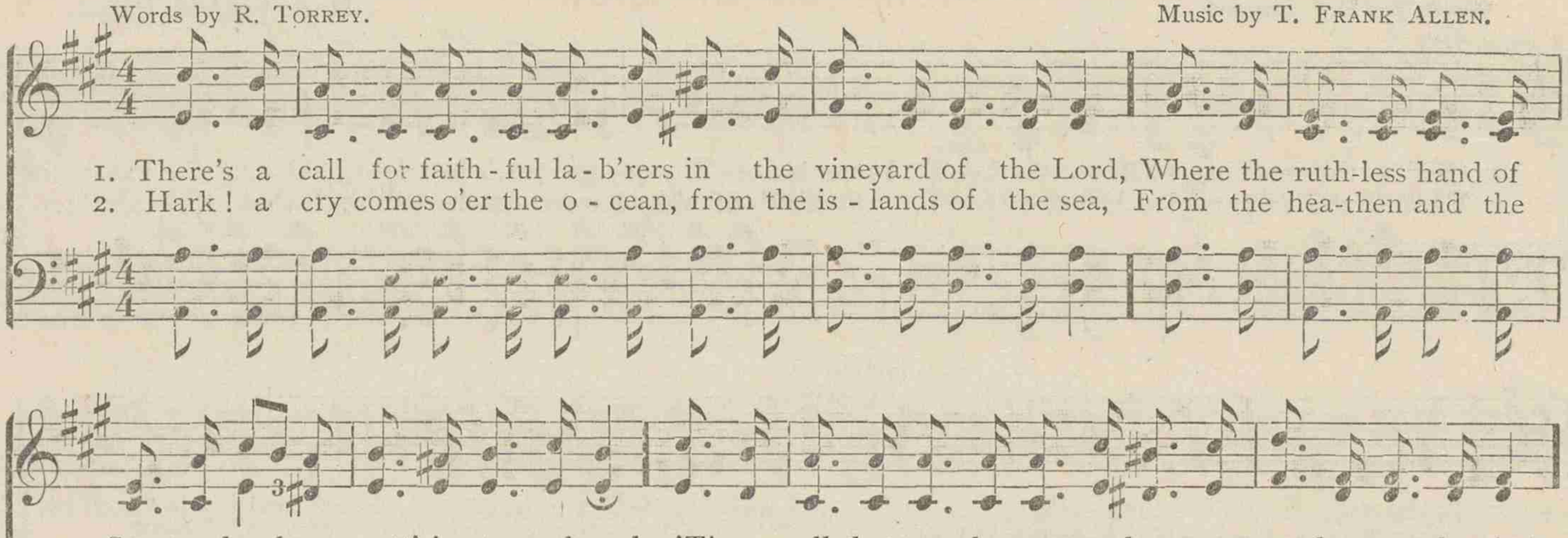
3 Free as the sunshine, wide as its ray,
Tidings of gladness, haste on your way;
Healing the sorrow, loosing the chain,
Teaching that Christ shall reign.—*Chorus.*

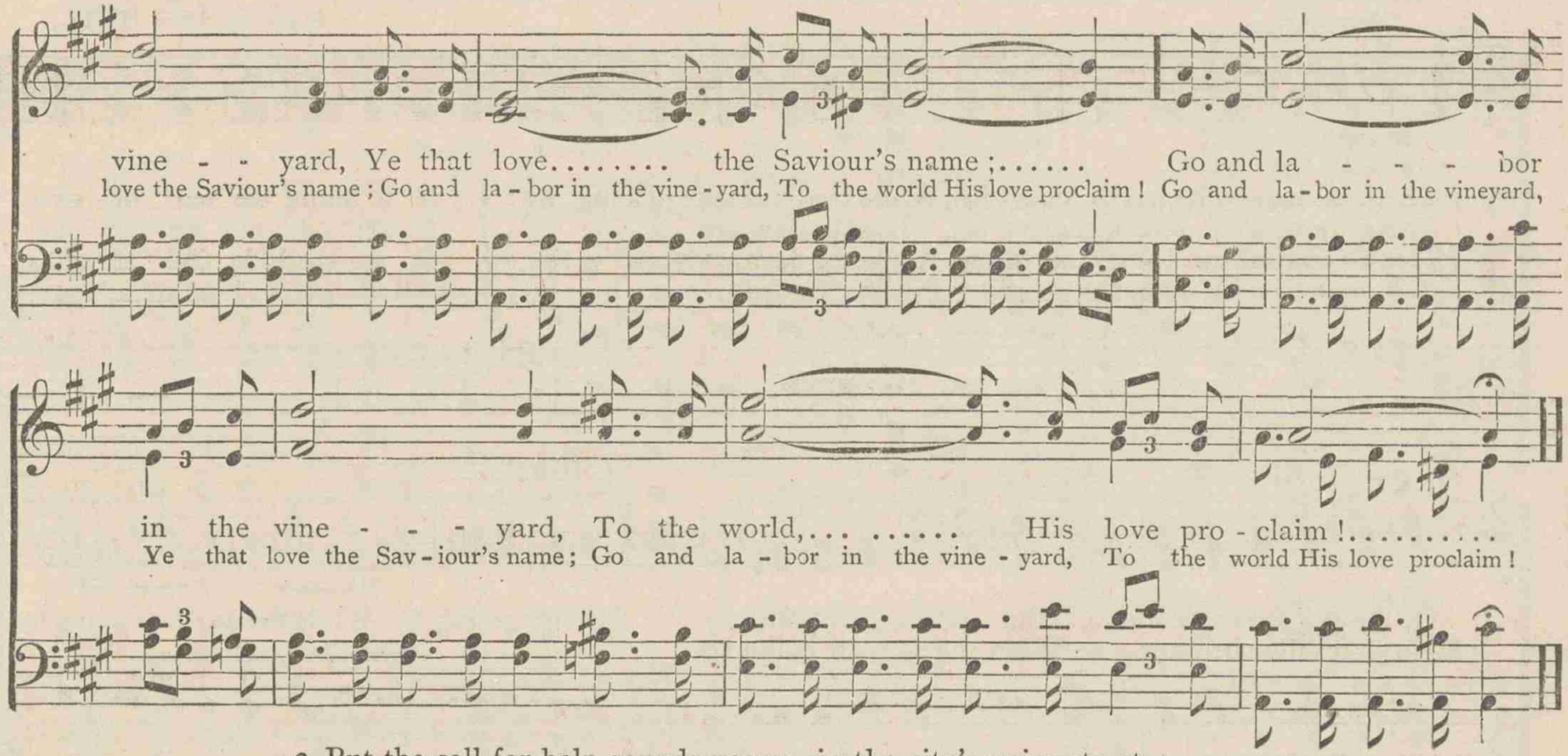
4 Clothed with salvation, shielded with might,
Heralds of Zion, bear on the light;
Over the desert, waiting for thee,
See how the shadows flee.—*Chorus.*

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THE GOSPEL CALL.

Words by R. Torrey. Music by T. Frank Allen.





3 But the call for help sounds nearer, in the city's noisy street—
From the friendless and the homeless, who with weary aching feet
Tread the ways of death unheeded, save by His all-seeing eye,
That can count the stars of heaven, and yet marks the sparrow die!—*Chorus.*

4 Lo! the field is white for harvest, but the reapers they are few,
And the hand that wields the sickle must be bold and strong and true;
For the fields in which we labor spread far over sea and land,—
"Preach my Gospel to all nations," was the Saviour's great command!—*Chorus.*

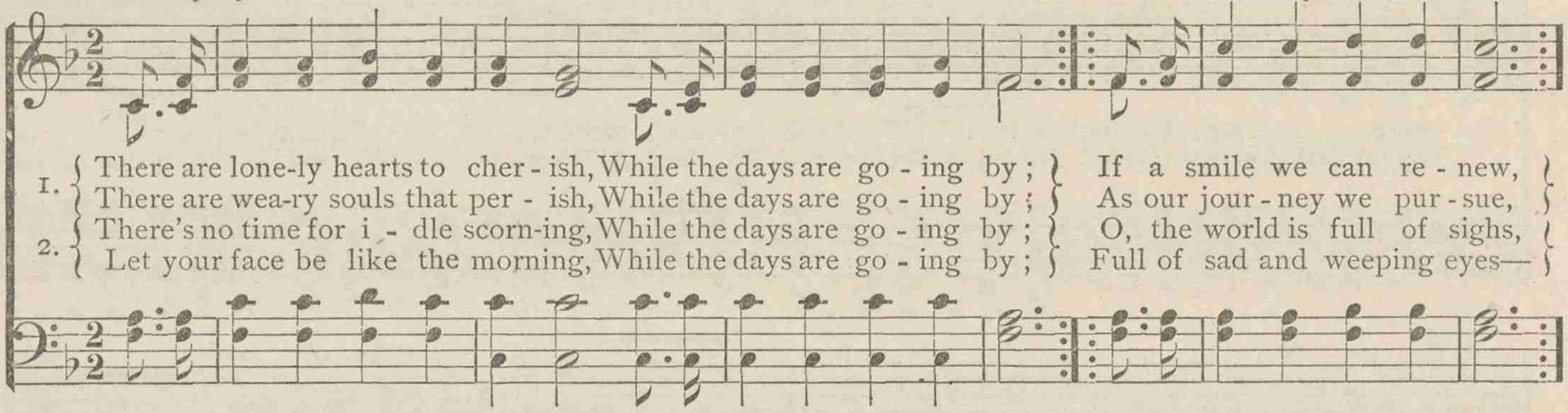
5 All around us and about us there is work for us to do—
We that call the Lord our Saviour must e'en labor for Him too;
Till our day of life is over,—then how great is the reward
Of the faithful who have labored in the vineyard of the Lord!—*Chorus.*

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WORK WHILE THE DAY LASTS.

Cheerfully.

Music by ASA HULL.



3.

All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by ;
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by ;
But the seed of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by.

BLESSED ARE THEY.

Words by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. Blessed are they that do His commandments, Bless - ed are they; They shall re - ceive a
2. Blessed are they that do His commandments, Bless - ed are they; Je - sus will take them
3. Blessed are they that do His commandments, Bless - ed are they; Je - sus will gen - tly

Blessed are they, Blessed are they,

CHORUS.

crown of bright glory That fadeth not a - way.
when life is o - ver, Up to the realms of day.
guide them in safety A - long the nar-row way.

Bless - - - ed, bless - ed, bless - - ed,

Bless-ed are they, Blessed are they, Blessed are they,

bless - - ed, Bless-ed are they that do His commandments, Blessed, bless-ed are they.

Blessed are they, Bless - - ed are they.

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UNDER HIS WINGS.

Words by James Nicholson. Music by ASA HULL.

1. In God I have found a re-treat, Where I can se-cure-ly a-bide; No refuge, nor rest so com-
2. I dread not the ter-ror by night; No ar-row can harm me by day; His shadow has cover'd me
3. The pes-ti-lence walking a-bout, When darkness has set-tled a-broad, Can nev-er compel me to

CHORUS.

plete, And here I in-tend to re-side. O, what comfort it brings, as my soul sweetly sings:
quite; My fears He has driv-en a-way.
doubt The presence and pow-er of God.

I am safe from all dan-ger while un-der His wings.

4.

The wasting destruction at noon,
No fearful foreboding can bring;
With Jesus, my soul doth commune,
His perfect salvation I sing.—*Chorus.*

5.

A thousand may fall at my side,
Ten thousand fall at my right hand;
Above me His wings are spread wide,
Beneath them in safety I stand.—*Chorus.*

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JESUS DIED FOR ME.

Words by Rev. A. A. Graley. Music by W. J. Cornell, arr. by Asa Hull.

1. Jesus sought and saved me, When a wand'ring child; In the fountain laved me, Wretched and de-filed ;
2. All unclean He found me, Poor and com-fort-less; But He threw around me Robes and righteousness;
3. Saviour, Thine for-ev-er, I would wholly be ; Let me never, nev-er, Tire of serving Thee.

Dried the eyes so tearful, Bade the anguish cease, And the heart so fearful, Filled with heav'nly peace.
Hush'd the cry of sadness, Taught me to re-joice, And to songs of gladness Tuned my heart and voice.
Gazing on Thy beauty Will my time em-ploy ; Toil is more than duty, 'Tis my brightest joy.

CHORUS.

All my song shall be, "Jesus died for me," Never sweeter song was sung, Than "*Jesus died for me.*"
shall be, for me,

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MERCY'S GATE.

Words by Samuel Callan. Music by ASA HULL.

1. There are joys we fondly cher-ish, While we tread this vale of earth ; There are those that never per - ish,
All who share the bliss of heav-en En-ter'd in at mercy's gate ; Thro' the grace by Je-sus giv - en,
2. Earth may have its many pleasures, They are fleeting as a day ; But a-bove are dearer treasures,
In the path of right and du - ty Man - y ills may be our fate ; But re - lig-ion has a beau - ty ;

CHORUS.

But in heav'n they have their birth.
They have reach'd their high estate.
That shall never pass a - way.
It is found at mercy's gate.

Let us ever strive to en - - - ter, Nev-er for the morrow wait ;

Let us strive to en - ter, Nev-er for the mor-row wait ;

Strive to enter, strive to en-ter, En-ter in at mercy's gate.....

at mercy's gate.

3.
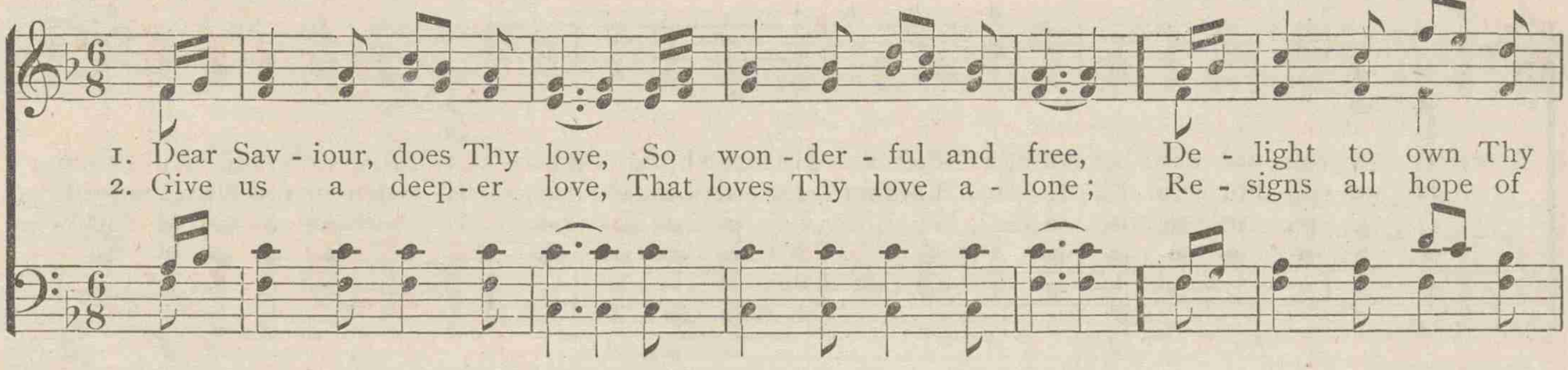
Up the hill ascending ever,
With our eyes upon the goal,
Let the world's allurements never
Cause us to forget the soul.
Soon our toil will here be ended,
Bright rewards for us await,
When to Him we are ascended,
Who has opened mercy's gate.

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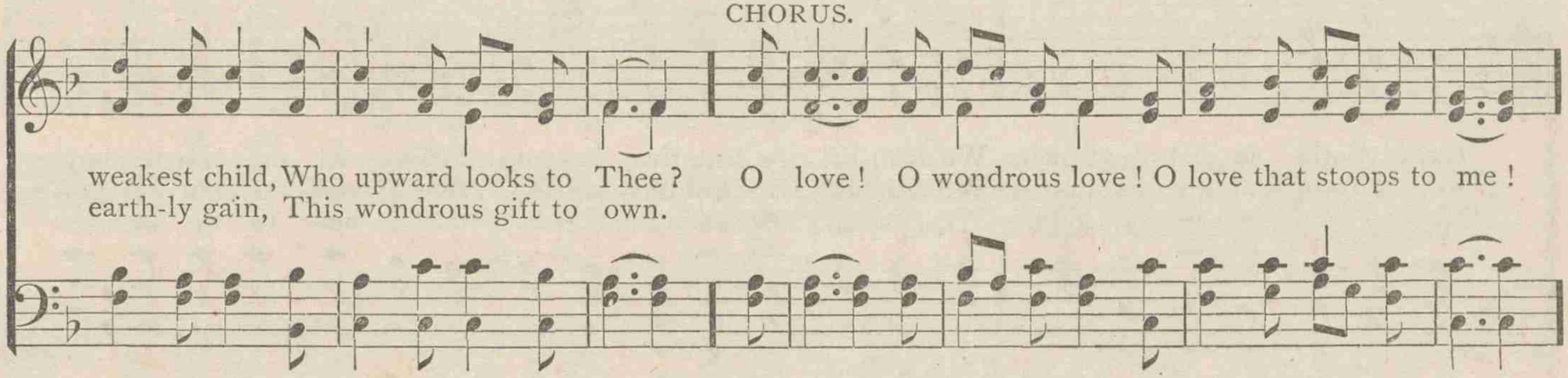
THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

Words by Eliza J. Coffin.
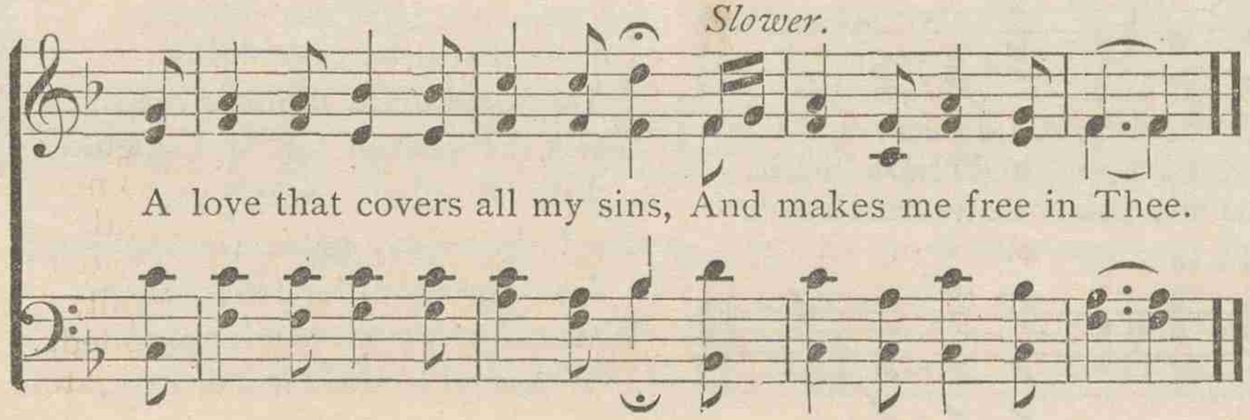
Music by J. H. Rosecrans.



CHORUS.



Slower.



3 Thee only would we love;
Be this our constant aim,
To lose all thought of self in Thee,
And glorify Thy name.—*Chorus.*

4 Then beautify us, Lord,
And may we meekly show
Our hearts to be Thy temple-home,
Where love shall ever flow.—*Chorus.*

WILLING HEARTS AND READY HANDS.

Words by D. D. Buck, D.D. Music by ASA HULL.

1. If we can not plant our cottage 'Mid an E - den's blooming bow'rs, While life's delightful summer
2. If we can not win a ti - tle To enwreathe our humble name; If we boast not birth nor beauty,
3. If we can not read the fu-ture, Whether weal or woe be - tide, If within the veil of darkness

Gai - ly 'mid un- fad - ing flow'rs, We with ho - ly love can la - bor, Till-ing Zi - on's fertile lands;
Wealth nor wis- dom, might nor fame, We can still be kindly - hearted, Act-ing well our low- ly part;
Mer - cy from our vis - ion hide,— We can un - derstand our mission, What is here to do or bear;

We can con - secrate to du- ty Willing hearts and ready hands.
And, tho' men may be ungrateful, God will prize the humble heart.
We can love and help each other, And the cross with Jesus share.

4.

Let us, then, be ever doing;
Day declineth, night is near;
Short the time of toil and suff'ring;
Jesus numbers every tear.
See! the pearly gates are opening;
Lo! the splendor from above;
List to lov'd ones yonder singing;
Welcome to the land of love.

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WAIT, AND MURMUR NOT.

Words by W. H. Bellamy. Music by J. P. Truitt.

1. The home where changes nev-er come, Nor pain, nor sorrow, toil, nor care; Yes! 'tis a bright and
2. Yet, when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n ordain'd thine earthly lot, Thou yearn'st to reach that

CHORUS.

blessed home; Who would not fain be rest-ing there? Wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not, and
blest a - bode, Wait, meek-ly wait, and mur-mur not.

murmur not, and murmur not; Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not, O, wait, and mur - mur not.

3 If in thy path some thorns are found,
Oh, think who bore them on His brow;
If grief thy sorrowing heart has found,
They reached a holier than thou.—*Chorus.*

4 Toil on, nor deem, though sore it be,
One sigh unheard, one prayer forgot;
The day of rest will dawn for thee
Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.—*Chorus.*

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ONLY REMEMBERED.

Words by Dr. H. Bonar.

Music by ASA HULL.

Rall. ad lib.

1. Up and a-way, like the dew of the morning, Soar - ing from earth to its home in the sun;
2. Shall I be missed if an - oth - er suc - ceed me, Reap - ing the fields I in spring-time have sown?

A tempo.

CHORUS.

Thus would I pass from the earth and its toiling, On - ly remembered by what I have done. On-ly remembered,
No, for the sow- er may pass from his la- bors, On - ly remembered by what he has done.

On - ly remembered, On - ly remembered by what I have done; On - ly remembered by what I have done.

3 Only the truth that in life I have spoken,
Only the seed that on earth I have sown,
These shall pass onward when I am forgotten,
Fruits of the harvest and what I have done.—*Cho.*

4 O, when the Saviour shall make up His jewels,
When the bright crowns of rejoicings are won,
Then will His faithful and weary disciples
All be remembered for what they have done.—*Cho.*

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WALK IN THE LIGHT.

Words by ASA HULL.

Music by Geo. C. Hugg.

1. Walk in the light the Lord hath giv'n, To guide thy steps a - right ; His Ho - ly Spir-it sent from heav'n,
2. Walk in the light of gos-pel truth, That shines from God's own word ; A light to guide in ear - ly youth,

CHORUS.

Can cheer the dark - est night. } *mp* Walk..... in the light,..... *Cres.* walk..... in the
The faith - ful of the Lord. } Walk in the light, in the beauti- ful light of God, Walk in the light, in the

light,..... *ff* Walk..... in the light,..... Walk in the light, the light of God.
beau-ti - ful light of God, Walk in the light, in the beau- ti- ful light of God.

3 Walk in the light ! though shadows dark,
Like spectres cross thy way ;
Darkness will flee before the light
Of God's eternal day.—*Chorus.*

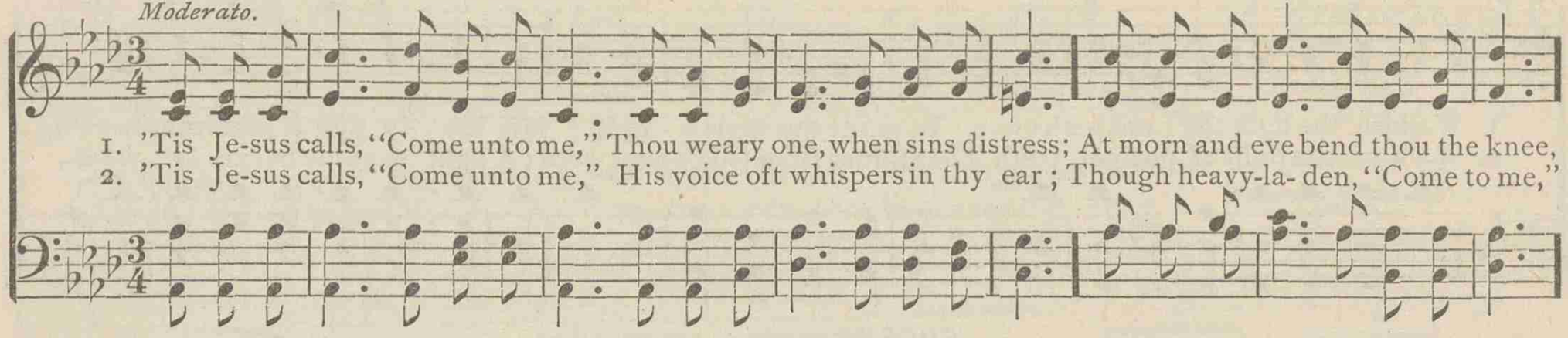
4 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt know
The love of God to thee ;
The fellowship so sweet below,
In heav'n will sweeter be.—*Chorus*

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THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

Words by R. G. Staples. Music by ASA HULL.

Moderato.



3 'Tis Jesus calls; Though racked with pain,
He'll soothe thy anguish, give thee peace;
Thou'lt seek all other helps in vain;
The gospel only can release.—*Chorus.*

4 'Tis Jesus calls! O, now be wise,
Relent, O heart of stone, relent!
Accept the offered sacrifice,
And of thy sins at once repent.—*Chorus.*

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SAVED, FULLY SAVED.

Words by Rev. H. R. Trickett. Music by J. H. Rosecrans.

3 Saved! saved! saved! numbered with those who believe;
Written my name in the Lamb's book of life ;
Armed and equipped for the war and the strife,
Daily His grace I receive.—*Chorus.*

4 Saved! saved! saved! never from Christ will I roam;
Death with its fetters cannot bind me fast,
Mansions of glory await me at last,
Angels will welcome me home.—*Chorus.*

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I REST IN THY LOVE.

Words by Rev. R. W. Todd. Music by Harry Sanders.
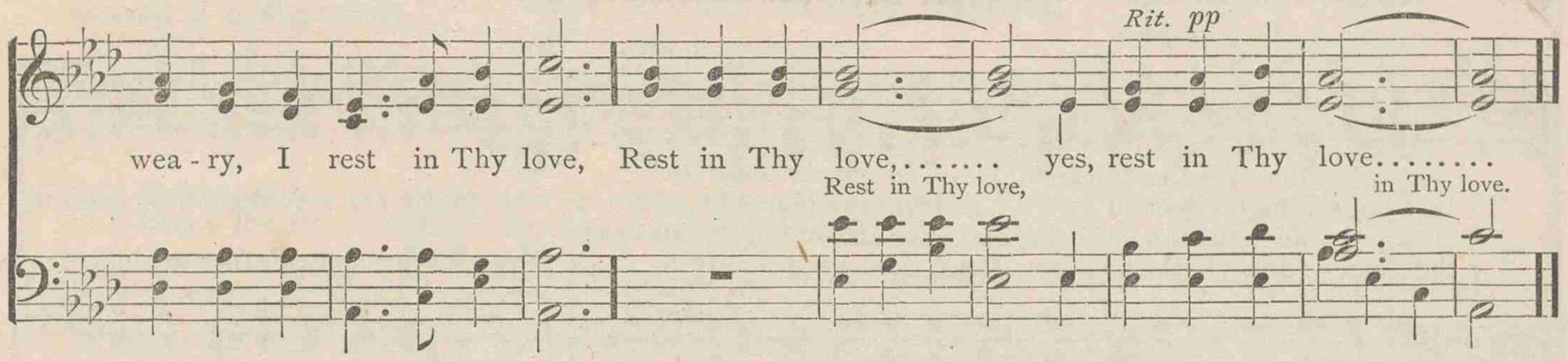
1. While way-worn and wea- ry I jour - ney a - long, Dear Saviour, Thy love is the theme of my song;
2. While burden'd with sor- row, and laden'd with woe, Dear Saviour, to Thee 'neath Thy cross will I go;
3. While struggling for Thee in the heat of the strife, Dear Saviour, Thy truth is the shield of my life;
4. And when—all the pangs of mor- tal - i - ty o'er— I join with the blood-wash'd who sing on the shore;

Thy smile is my bea- con, as onward I move; Thy cross is my shelter, I rest in Thy love.
I think of Thy sor- row and anguish for me, And yield at Thy bidding my sorrows to Thee.
My foes shall be vanquish'd—shall die 'neath my feet; I'll rest from the conflict with vic-t'ry complete.
I'll dwell with the pure in Thy tem - ple a - bove; For- ev - er and ev - er I'll rest in Thy love.

CHORUS.
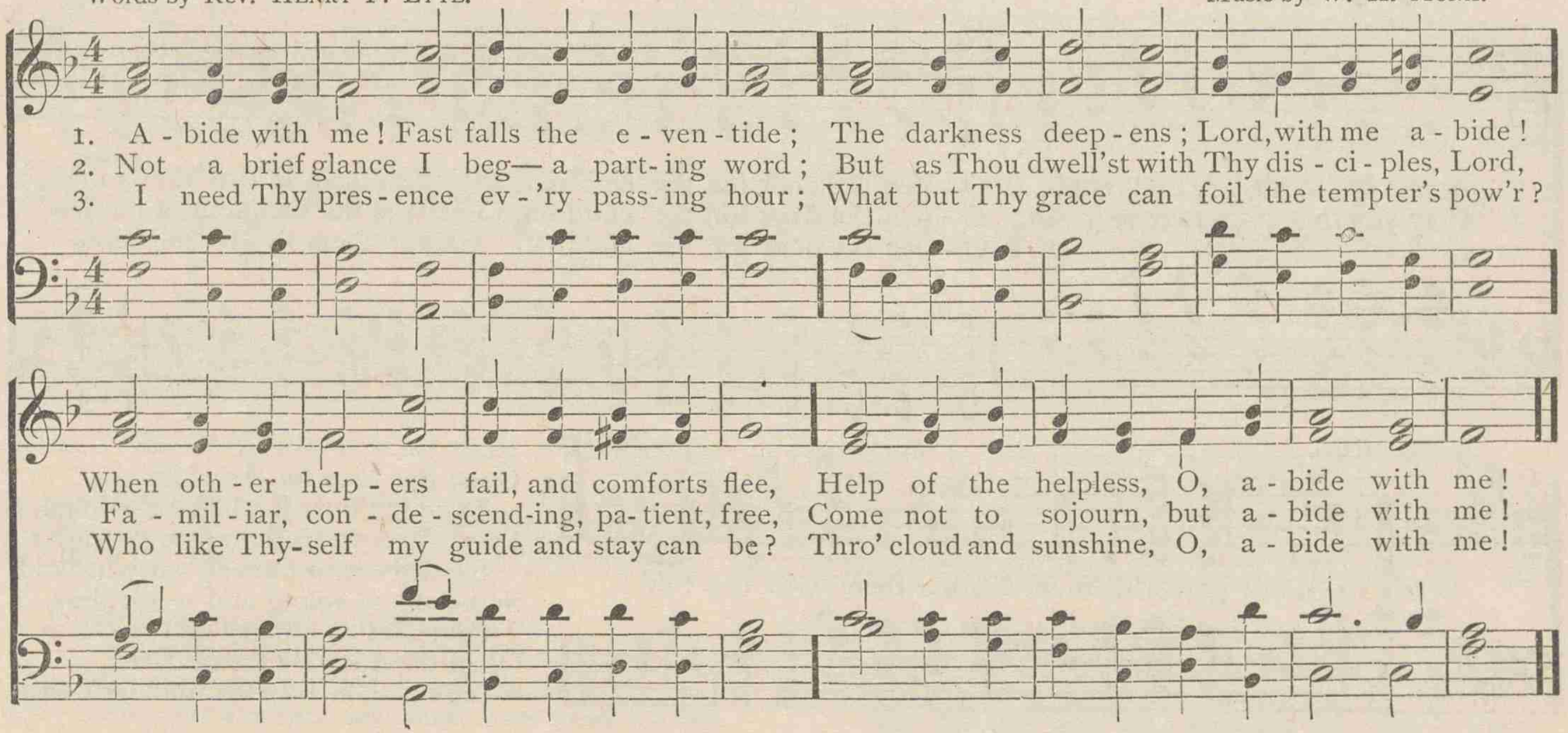
I rest in Thy love,.... .... yes, rest in Thy love,..... Tho' way-worn and

Rest in Thy love, Rest in Thy love,



THE EVENTIDE.

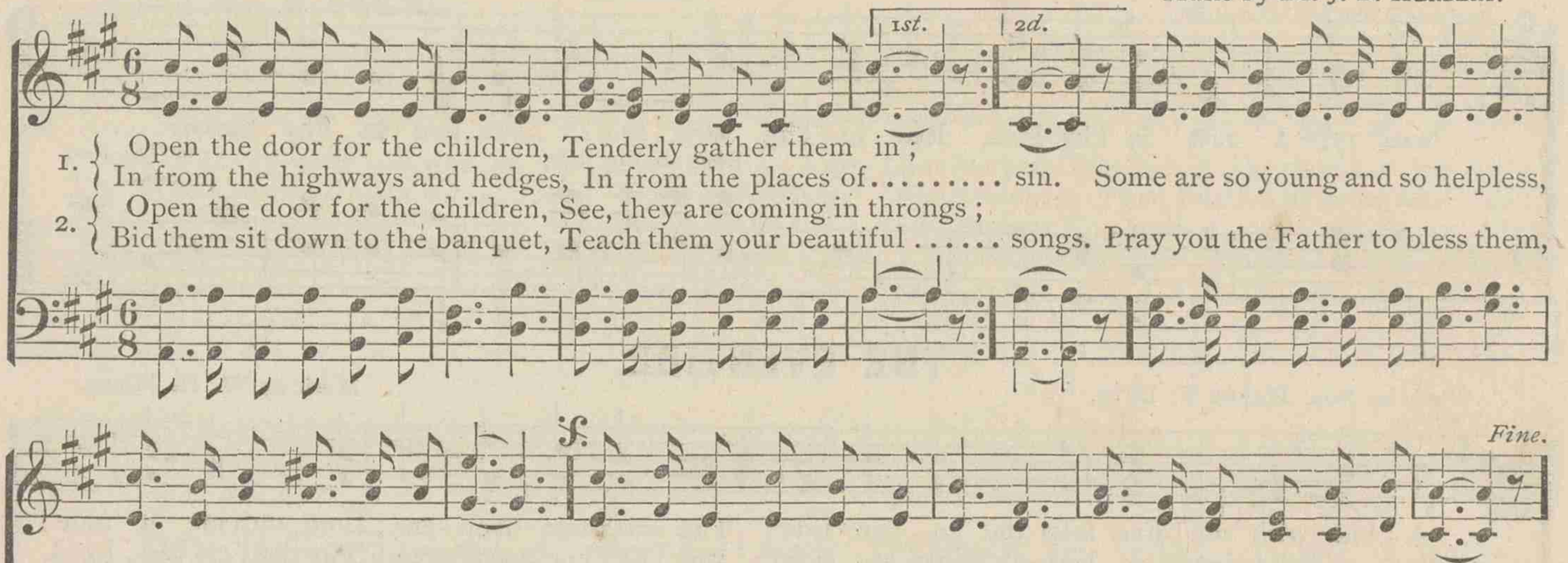
Words by Rev. HENRY F. LYTE. Music by W. H. MONK.



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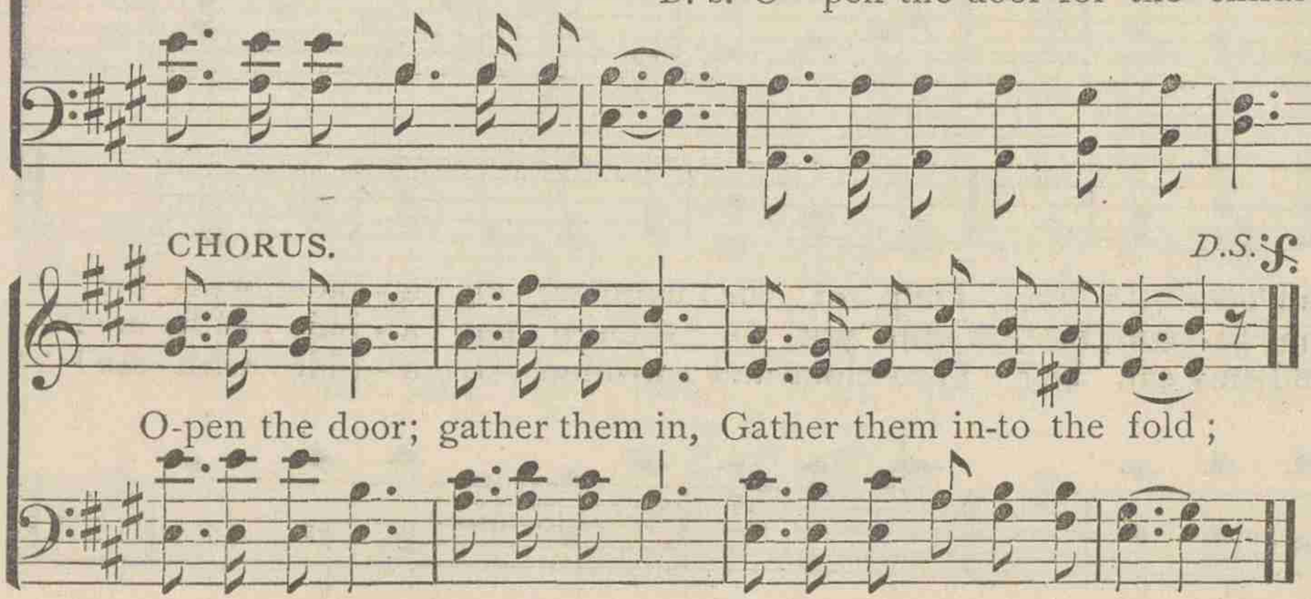
OPEN THE DOOR.

Music by Dr. J. B. Herbert.



1. Open the door for the children, Tenderly gather them in;
   In from the highways and hedges, In from the places of..... sin. Some are so young and so helpless,
2. Open the door for the children, See, they are coming in throngs;
   Bid them sit down to the banquet, Teach them your beautiful ..... songs. Pray you the Father to bless them,

Some are so hungry and cold; O - pen the door for the children, Gather them in - to the fold.
Pray you that grace may be given; O - pen the door for the children, Theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
D. S. O - pen the door for the children, Gather them in - to the fold.



O-pen the door; gather them in, Gather them in-to the fold;

3.

Open the door for the children;
Take the dear lambs by the hand,
Point them to truth and to goodness,
Lead them to Canaan's bright land.
Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold;
Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold.—*Chorus.*

OUR HOME OVER THERE.

Words by Mrs. E. R. Wells. Music by J. W. A. Cluett. Arr.

1st time. 2d time.

1. { In that beau - ti - ful home o-ver there, By the side of the Riv - er of Life,
Where the am - a - rath blooms ever fair, [Omit.....] Is no sor - row, nor

CHORUS.

sigh-ing, nor strife. Where the am-aranth blooms ev-er fair, ev-er fair, Is no sor-row, nor sigh-ing, nor strife;

Rep. pp ad lib.

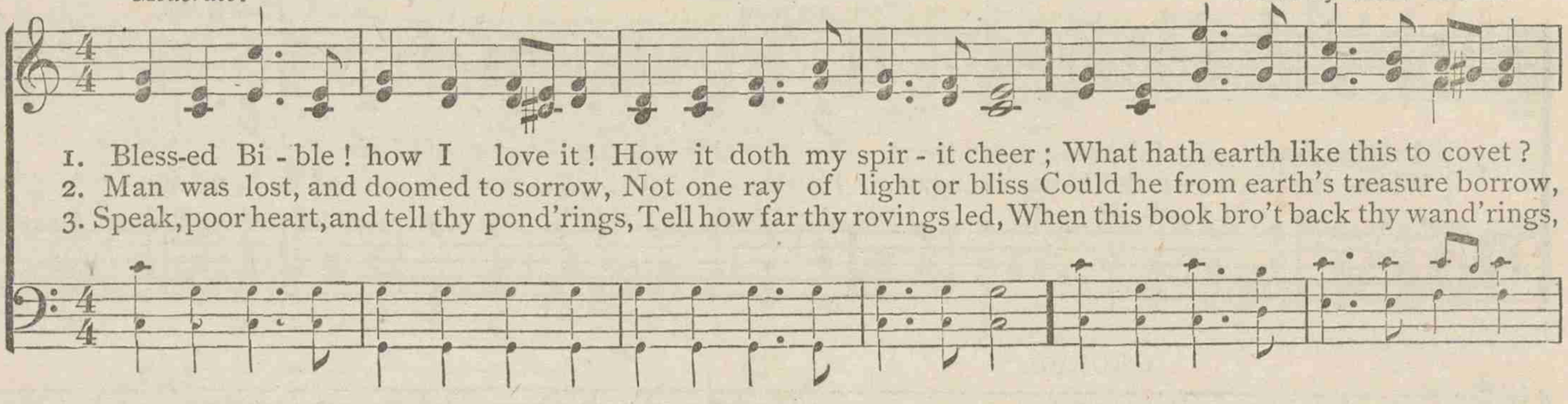
'Tis a beau - ti - ful place o - ver there, O - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there.

2 The now glorified saints over there,
They once suffered and toil'd here below;
Now exalted, Christ's triumph they share,
Sin, nor anguish, nor death ever know.—*Cho.*

3 They have gone to their home over there,
Where the city is glorious and bright,
And the crowns of the victor they wear,
And our God and the Lamb are the light.—*Cho.*

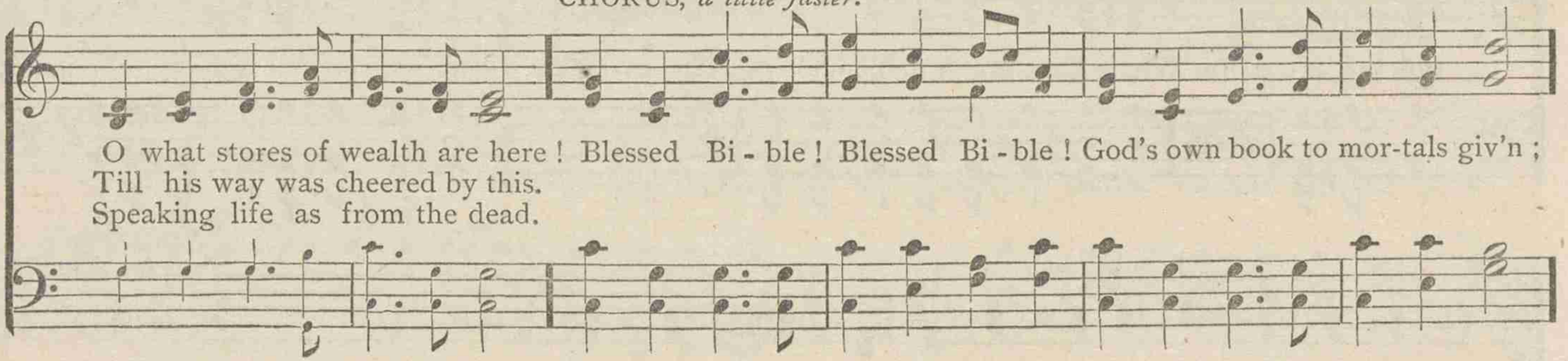
112 Words by Mrs. PHŒBE PALMER. THE GLORIOUS TREASURE.

Moderato. Music by ASA HULL.
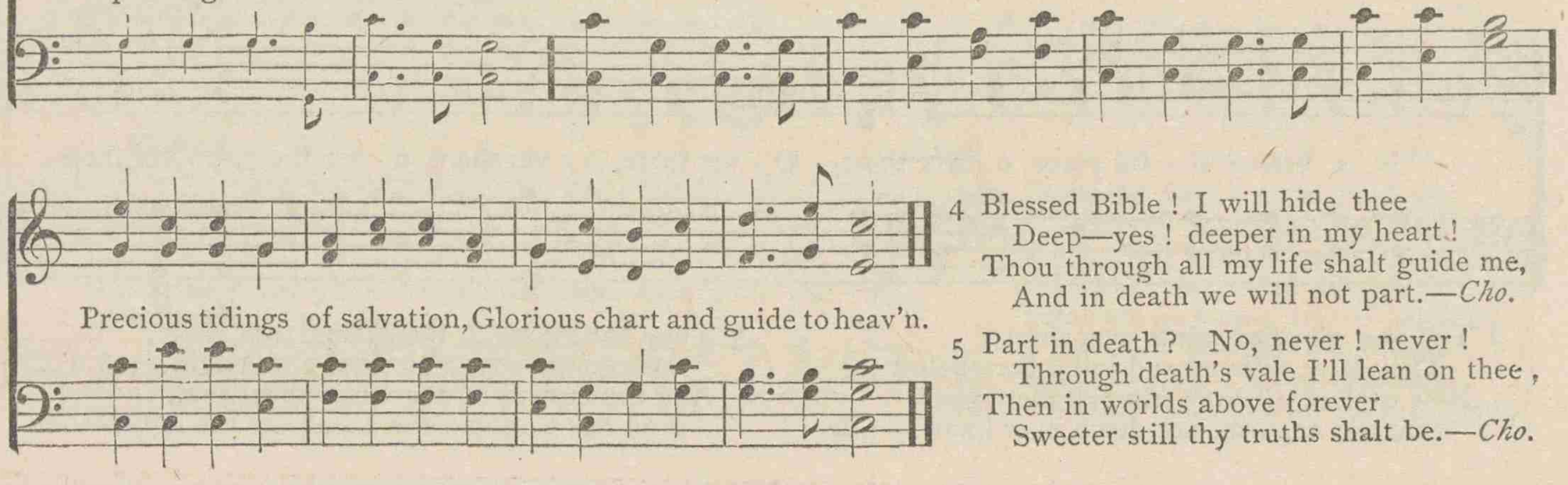


1. Bless-ed Bi - ble ! how I love it ! How it doth my spir - it cheer ; What hath earth like this to covet ?
2. Man was lost, and doomed to sorrow, Not one ray of light or bliss Could he from earth's treasure borrow,
3. Speak, poor heart, and tell thy pond'rings, Tell how far thy rovings led, When this book bro't back thy wand'rings,

CHORUS, *a little faster.*



O what stores of wealth are here ! Blessed Bi - ble ! Blessed Bi - ble ! God's own book to mor-tals giv'n ;
Till his way was cheered by this.
Speaking life as from the dead.



Precious tidings of salvation, Glorious chart and guide to heav'n.

4 Blessed Bible ! I will hide thee
Deep—yes ! deeper in my heart !
Thou through all my life shalt guide me,
And in death we will not part.—*Cho.*

5 Part in death ? No, never ! never !
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee ,
Then in worlds above forever
Sweeter still thy truths shalt be.—*Cho.*

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NO BOOK IS LIKE THE BIBLE.

Words by Fanny J. Crosby. Music by ASA HULL.

Duet.

1. No book is like the Bi - ble, For childhood, youth and age; Our du - ty, plain and sim - ple, We
2. It tells of man's cre - a - tion, His sad, pri-me-val fall; It tells of man's re-demption, Thro'
3. O, let us love the Bi - ble, And praise it more and more; Our life is like a shad - ow, Our

Semi-chorus.

find on ev - 'ry page; It came by in - spi - ra - tion: A light to guide our way, A voice from Him who
Christ, who died for all; In sa - cred words of wisdom It bids us watch and pray, And ear-ly come to
days will soon be o'er; But if we close - ly fol - low The counsel God has giv-en, We then may hope with

f.

D. S. The pilgrim's chart of

Fine. CHORUS.

D. S.

gave it, Re - prov - ing when we stray. No book is like the Bi - ble, The bless - ed book we love,
Je - sus, The Life, the Truth, the Way.
an - gels To sing His praise in heaven.

glo - ry, It leads to God a - bove.

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BOUNDLESS LOVE.

Words by E. J. Coffin. Music by ASA HULL.

1. O the love of Christ is boundless, Wid-er than the wid-est sea; Reaching to the vil-est
2. O the love of Christ is deep-er Than the dark-est, blackest sin; In the welcome "who-so-
3. O the love of Christ is high-er Than our as-pi-ra-tions are; And it bids each soul come

REFRAIN.

sinner, It hath found out even me. E-ven me, yes! e-ven me; It hath found out even me.
ever," E-ven I am counted in. E-ven I, yes! e-ven I; E-ven I am counted in.
nearer, E-ven me who strayed so far. E-ven me, yes! e-ven me; E-ven me who strayed so far.

Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! It hath found out even me.
Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! E-ven I am counted in.
Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! E-ven me who strayed so far.

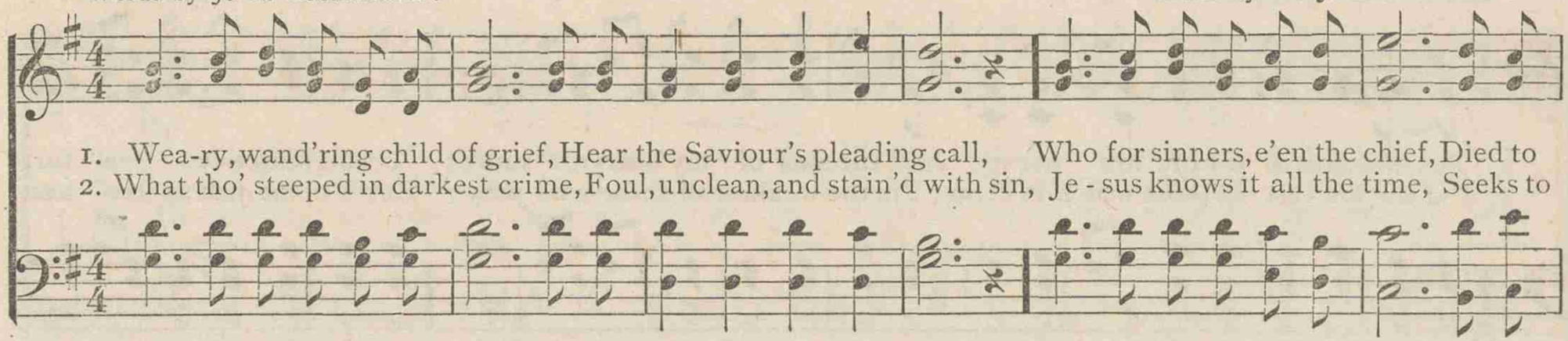
4.

O this love is everlasting,
Naught has power to break the tie;
One with Christ, I all inherit,
I am His, yes! even I.
Even I, yes! even I;
I am His, yes! even I.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
I am His, yes! even I.
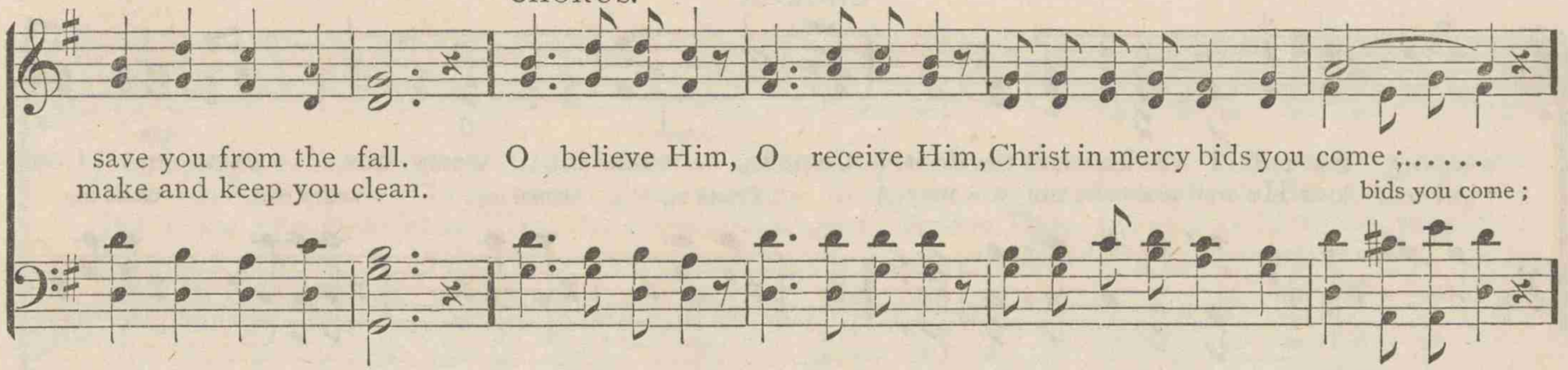
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THE VOICE OF LOVE.

Words by J. L. Louderback. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.



CHORUS.



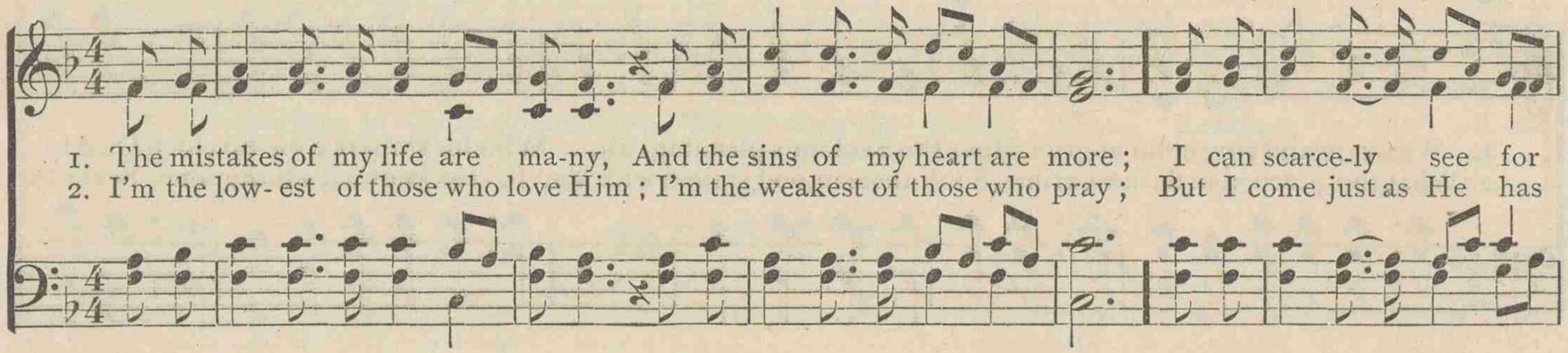
3 In thy course, O wand'rer, pause,
Listen to the voice of love,—
Christ the Saviour pleads thy cause
In the courts of heaven above.

4 And when life's great race is run,
And thy conflicts all are past ;
Heav'n in view, thy victory won,
God shall crown you His at last.
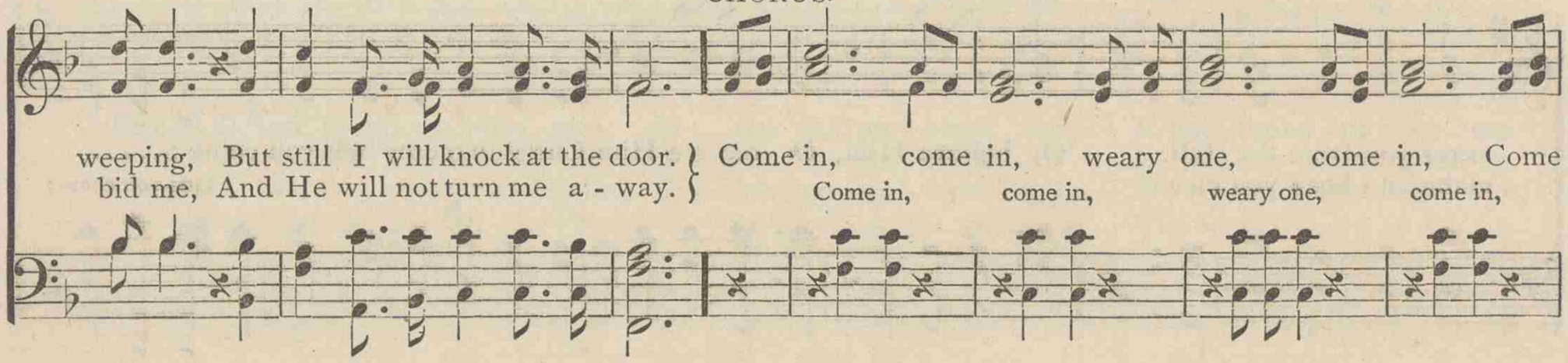
116 I WILL KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

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Music by Rev. D. C. John.



CHORUS.
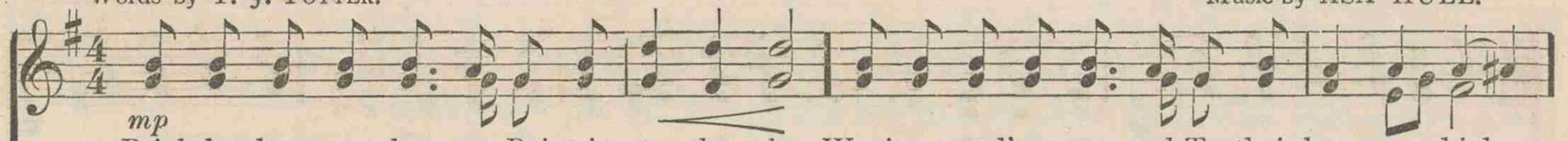


3 The mistakes of my life are many,
And my spirit is faint with sin;
Yet, 'mid sorrow, I hear Thee whisper,
Come in, weary one, now come in.—*Chorus.*

4 All my sins Jesus will forgive me:
All my stains He will wash away;
And the feet that so oft have stumbled
Shall tread thro' the bright gate of day.—*Chorus.*

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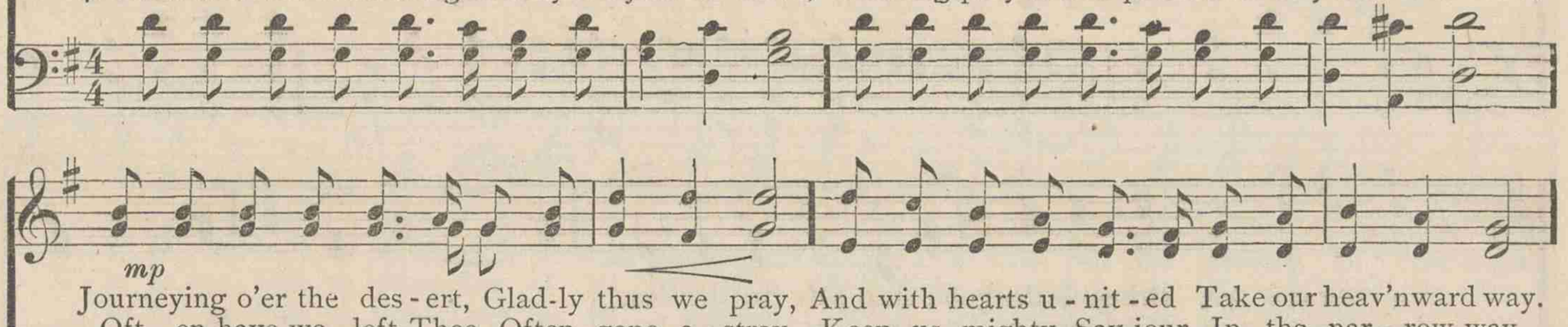
THE BANNER OF TRUTH.

Words by T. J. Potter. Music by ASA HULL.
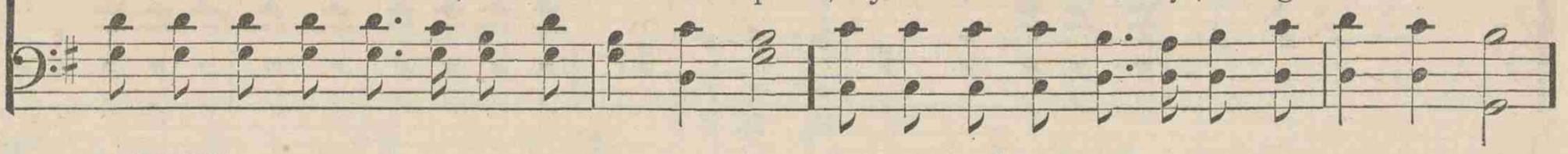


mp

1. Brightly gleams our banner, Point-ing to the sky, Waving wand'rers onward To their homes on high ;
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter. At Thy sa - cred feet, Here with hearts rejoicing See the chil - dren meet ;
3. All our days di - rect us In the way we go ; Lead us on vic-to - rious O - ver ev - 'ry foe ;
4. Then with saints and Angels May we join a - bove, Offering pray'rs and praises At Thy throne of love ;
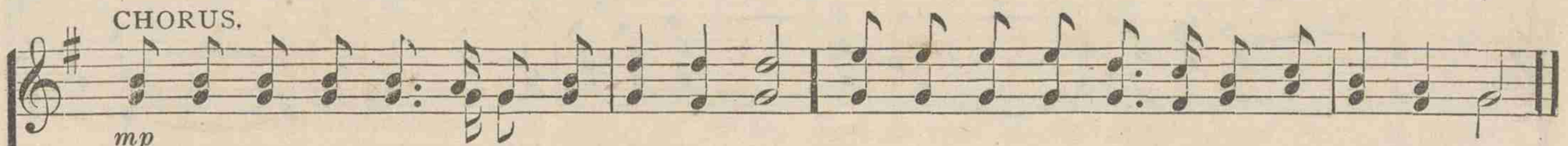


mp

Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad-ly thus we pray, And with hearts u - nit - ed Take our heav'nward way.
Oft - en have we left Thee, Often gone a - stray, Keep us, mighty Sav-iour, In the nar - row way.
Bid Thine Angels shield us When the storm-clouds lower ; Pardon Thou, and save us In the last dread hour.
When the toil is o - ver, Then comes rest and peace,—Je-sus in His beau - ty ; Songs that nev-er cease.

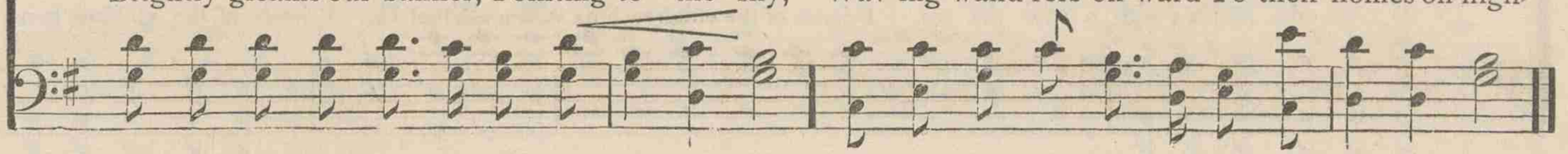


CHORUS.



mp

Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers on-ward To their homes on high.



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THE MESSENGER OF PEACE.

Arr'd by ASA HULL.

Music by L. L. Mentzer.
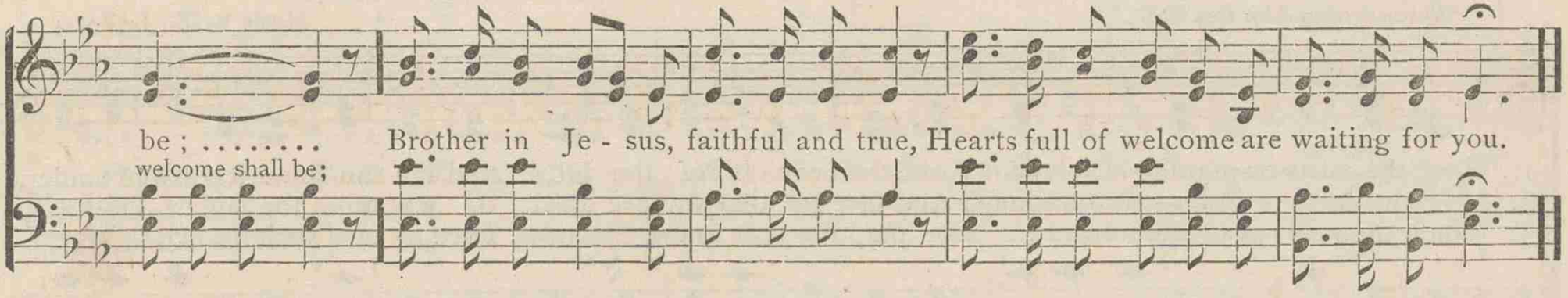
1. O - ver the bil - lows, o - ver the sea, Cometh the good ship onward so free ; Brother in Je - sus,
2. Cometh the greeting, words of good cheer, Cometh the god-speed un-to us here ; Bidding us la - bor,
3. Counting our pleasures all things but loss ; Winning the lost ones unto the cross : Sol - dier of Je - sus,
4. O - ver the waters, clasping warm hands ; Ties, kind and holy, binding two lands : You of the old - en,

CHORUS.

o - ver the sea, Bringeth the good ship safe to the lea.
learning to wait, Working for Je - sus, ear - ly and late,
o - ver the sea, Bear-er of tid - ings, welcome shall be.
we of the new, All in one ar - my, let us be true.

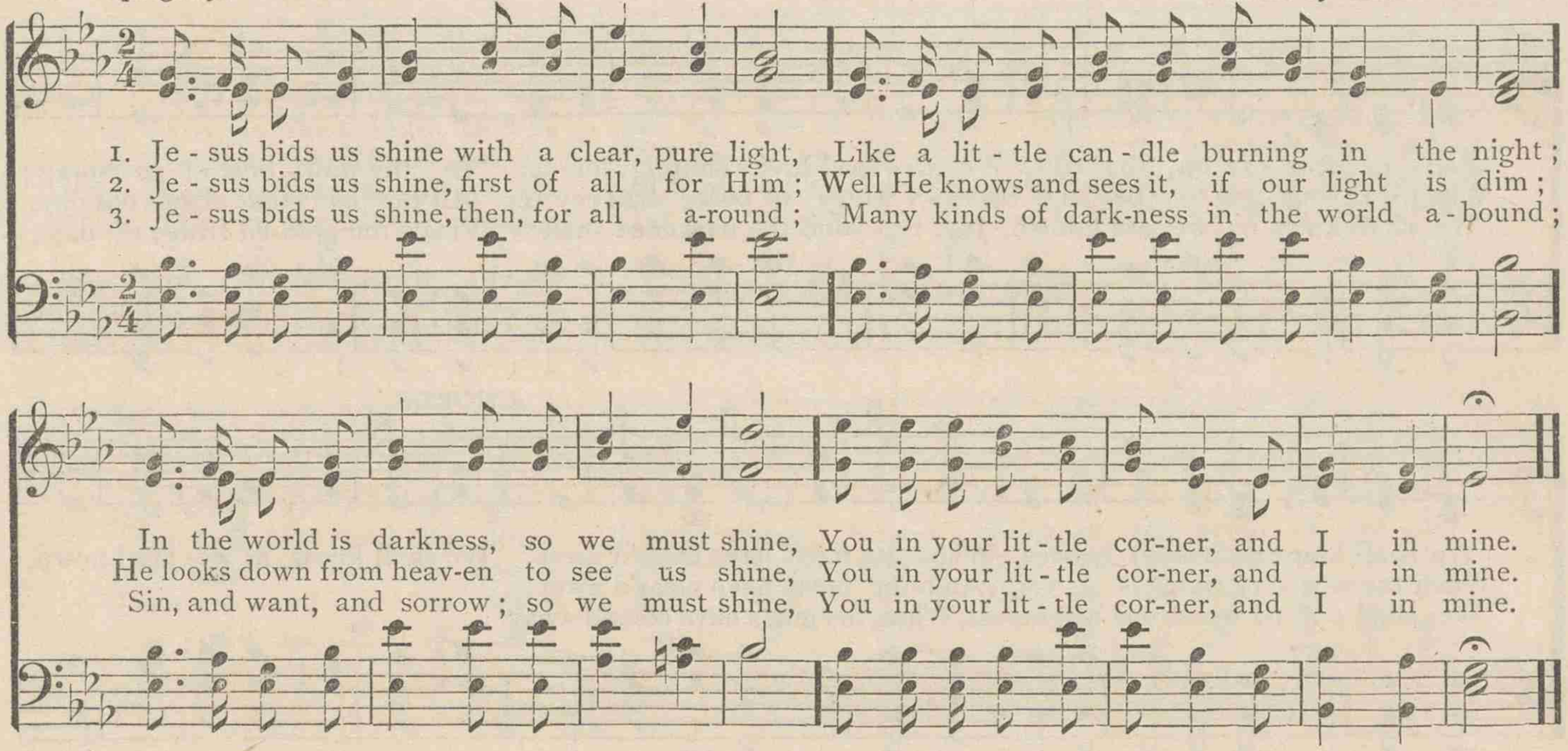
O - - - ver the bil - - lows,
O - ver the bil - lows and o - ver the sea,

O - - - ver the sea,..... Friends .... of the chil - dren wel - - come shall
O - ver the bil-lows and o - ver the sea, Friends of the children here welcome shall be, Friends of the children here



LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

Sprightly. Music by ASA HULL.



120 Copyright, 1879, by S. J. Vail.

WHEN THE MISTS HAVE CLEARED AWAY.

Words arranged for this work.

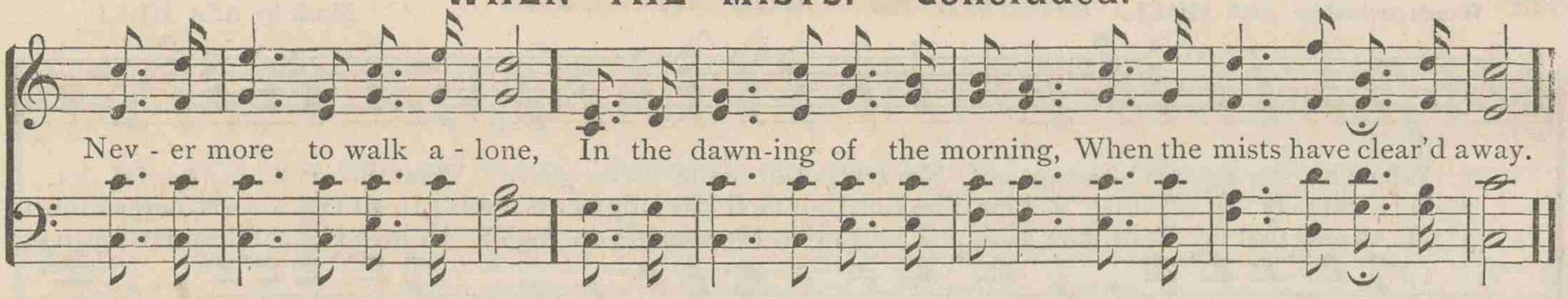
Music by S. J. Vail.

1. When the mists have roll'd in splendor From the beau - ty of the hills, And the sun-shine, warm and tender,
2. If we err in hu-man blindness, And for - get that we are dust; If we miss the law of kindness,
3. When the mists shall rise a-bove us As our Fa- ther knows His own, Face to face with those that love us,

Falls in beau - ty on the rills, We may read love's shining let - ter In the rain - bow of the spray;
When we strug - gle to be just: Snow - y wings of peace shall cov - er All the pain that clouds our day,
We shall know as we are known. Just be - yond the darkened shadows Floats the gold-en fringe of day;

CHORUS.
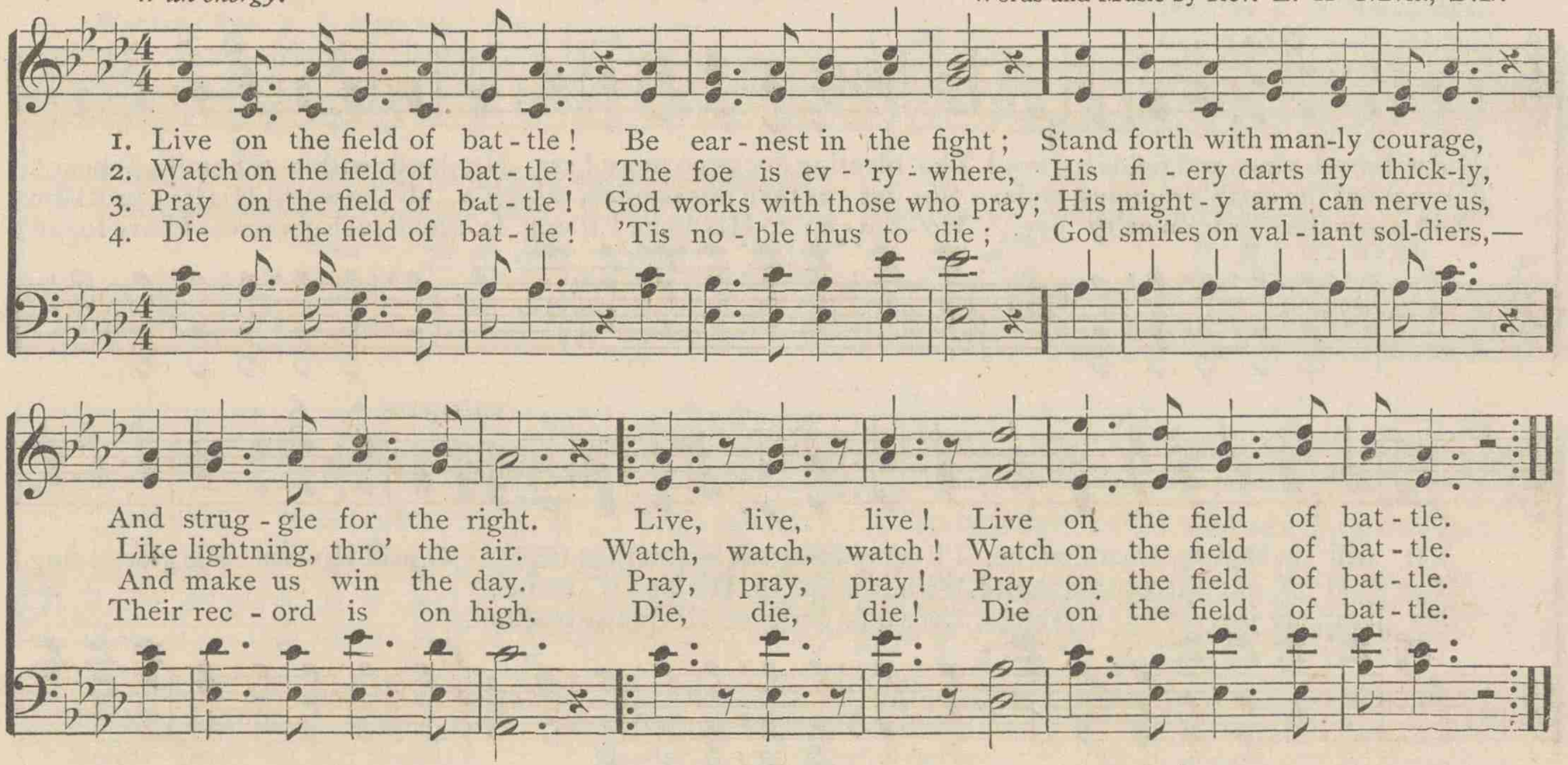
We shall know each other bet-ter, When the mists have clear'd away. We shall know as we are known,
When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have clear'd away.
We shall see its wondrous brightness, When the mists have clear'd away.



THE CHRISTIAN HERO.

With energy.

Words and Music by Rev. E. H. Nevin, D.D.



TRUST IN GOD.

Words revised by ASA HULL. Music by ASA HULL.
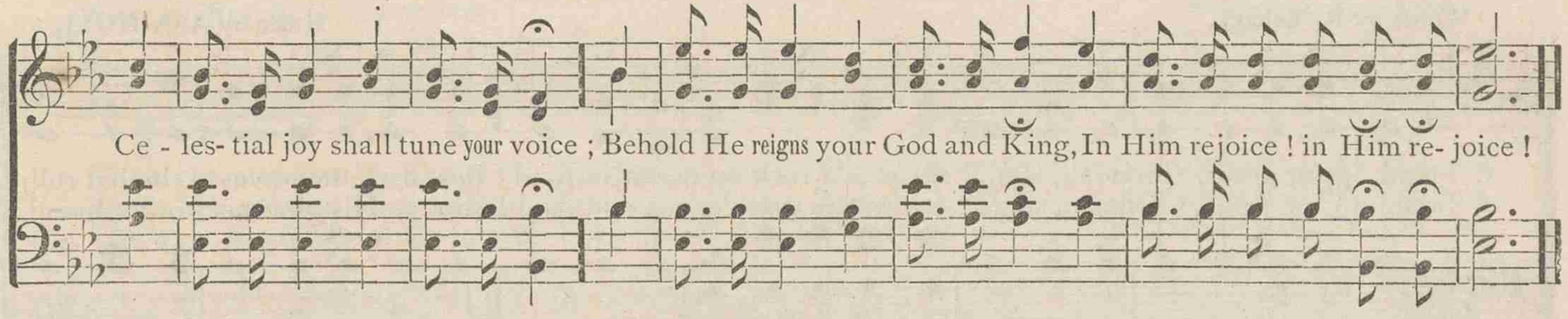
1. What tho' the fig-tree blossoms not, Nor fruits a-dorn the ol- ive grove? What tho' it be my fearful lot,
2. 'Tis sure - ly in His love a- lone The Lord our God His judgments sends; In all His ways is mercy shown,
3. I know that my Redeemer lives; I know that He ascends on high; In love His children He forgives,

'Midst barren vines and fields to rove? Tho' bleating flocks no more I see, Nor herds within the stall ap- pear;
Throughout the earth's remotest ends. So let us then our banners raise, To all the world His love proclaim;
And wipes the tear from ev'ry eye. Ho - san - na to His name I'll sing, In whom such goodness I have found;

CHORUS.

Yet still in God my trust shall be, I'll serve Him more from love than fear. O, praise His name! His glories sing!
The God of our sal-va-tion praise, With triumph in His ho - ly name.
My light, my joy, my ev - erything; Let saints and men His praise resound.

ff
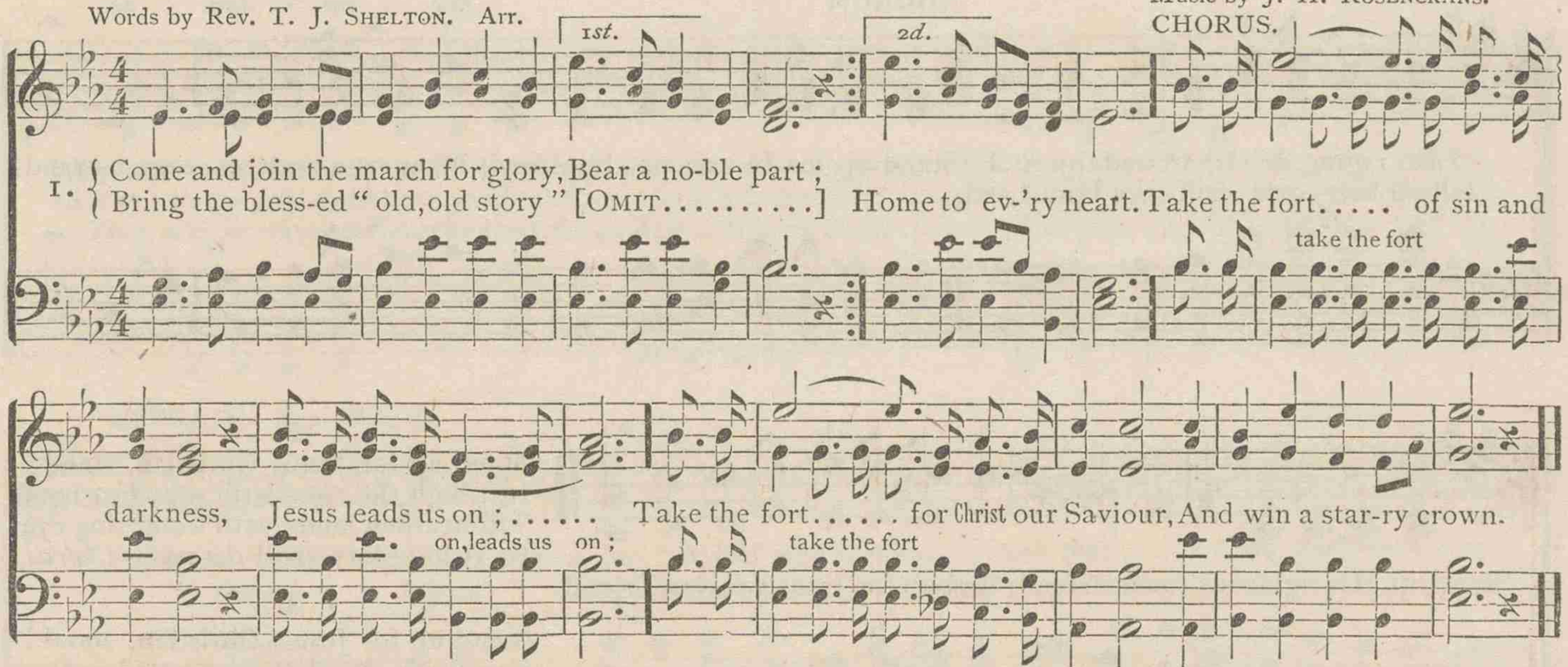


TAKE THE FORT.

Copyright, 1877, by Asa Hull.

Words by Rev. T. J. Shelton. Arr.

Music by J. H. Rosencrans.



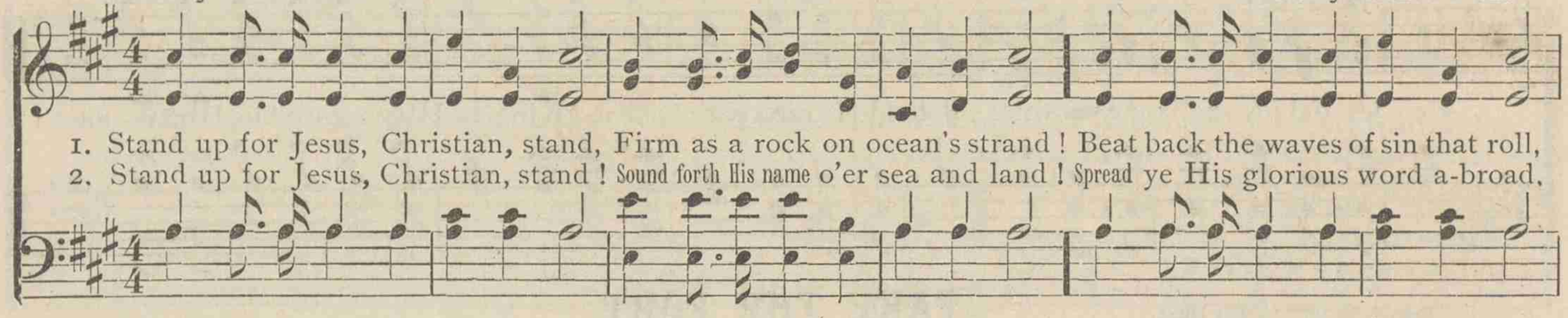
2 Take the Bible, precious treasure,
Faith shall be our shield ;
Follow Jesus, do His pleasure,
Never, never yield.—*Chorus.*

3 Take the helmet of Salvation,
And the Spirit's sword ;
Bear the truth to ev'ry nation,—
Battle for the Lord.—*Chorus.*

4 God of battles will defend us,
To our help will come ;
Angel guards will ere attend us,
And conduct us home.—*Chorus.*

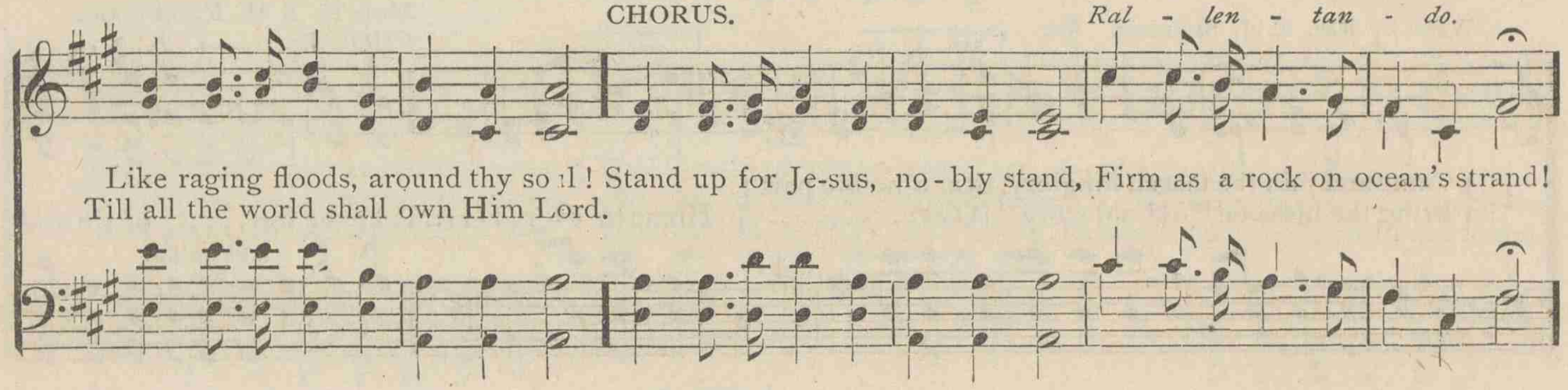
STAND UP FOR JESUS.

Words by R. TORREY. Music by ASA HULL.

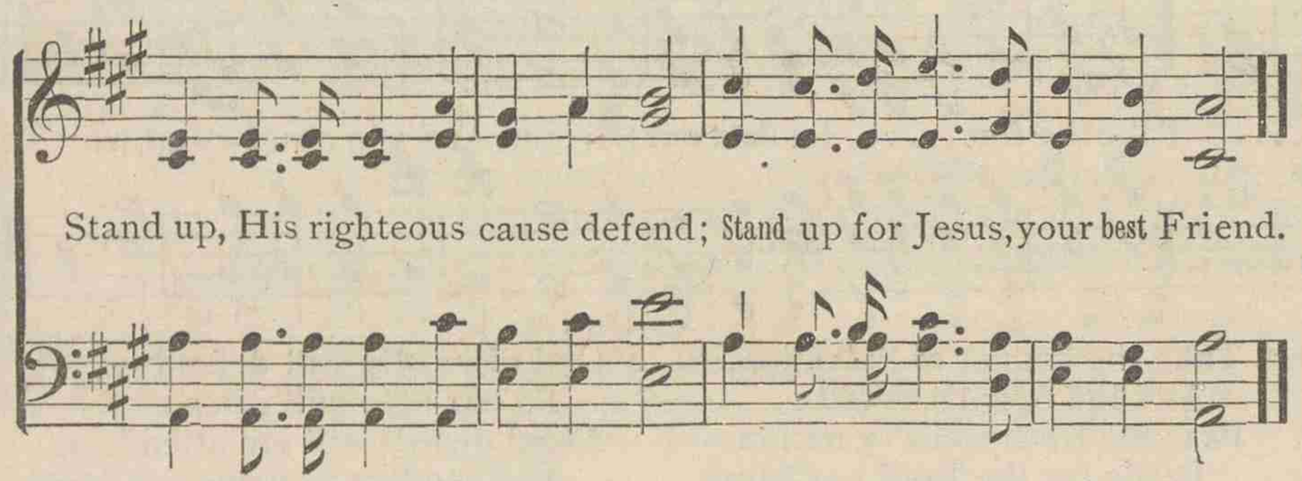


1. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand, Firm as a rock on ocean's strand ! Beat back the waves of sin that roll,
2. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand ! Sound forth His name o'er sea and land ! Spread ye His glorious word a-broad,

CHORUS. *Ral - len - tan - do.*



Like raging floods, around thy so l ! Stand up for Je-sus, no - bly stand, Firm as a rock on ocean's strand!
Till all the world shall own Him Lord.



Stand up, His righteous cause defend; Stand up for Jesus, your best Friend.

3.

Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand !
Lift high the cross with steadfast hand,
Till heathen lands, with wond'ring eye,
Its rising glory shall descry.—*Chorus.*

4.

Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand !
Soon with the blest immortal band
We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,
In realms of light, on heaven's bright shore.—*Chorus.*

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FOR YOU AND ME.

Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Music by J. H. Tenney.

1. There is a mansion bright and fair, For you and me ; There is a welcome waiting there For you and me :
2. There is a garment clear as light, For you and me ; There is a robe of purest white For you and me :
3. There is a ta - ble richly spread For you and me ; There is a full sup-ply of bread For you and me :

Why homeless, then, and wand'ring wide, Since Jesus doth a place provide, For you, O sin - ner, you and me.
O why on rags a thought bestow, Since Christ hath raiment white as snow, For you, O sin - ner, you and me.
Then why in want and sore distress, Since Jesus doth all things possess, For you, O sin - ner, you and me.

REFRAIN. *Rep. pp ad lib.* *Ritard.*

For you, and me, For you, yes, you and me ; For you and me, For you, yes, you and me.
For you and me, For you and me ; For you and me.

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THERE IS WORK FOR ALL.

Words by J. J. Maxfield. Music by J. H. Tenney.
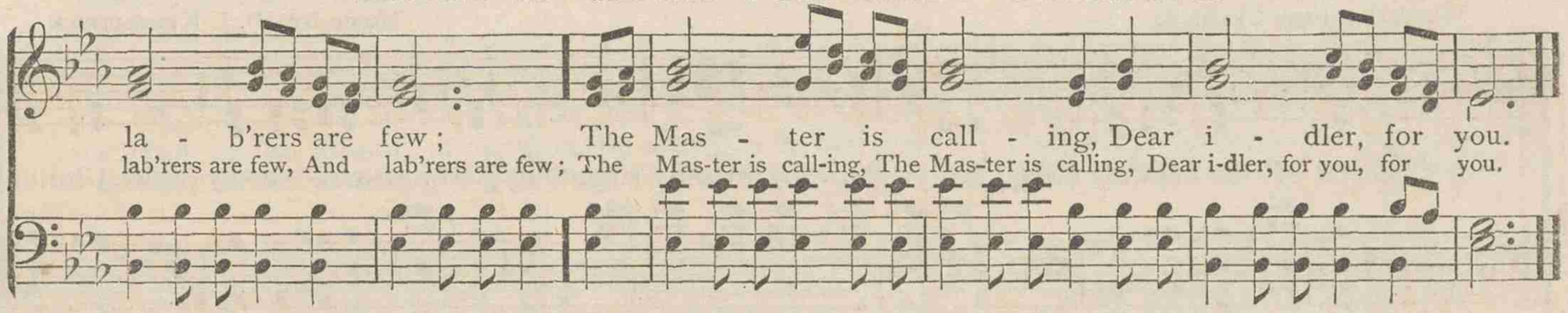
1. As long as we live in the world We all can find something to do ; For Jesus, who bids us "go work,"
2. The words which the Master once spake, To those who would follow Him then, Are binding upon us to-day
3. When Naaman, the leper, went down To Is - ra- el's seer to be healed, A little maid told him the way,

Has told us the lab'rers are few ; We need not stand idle and wait, Nor sin - ful-ly cov - et de - lay,
As when He was here among men. And children can publish the truth, That ev-er and ev - er shall last ;
Who straight to the prophet appeal'd. For God has declared in His Word, And now is fulfilled in these days,

CHORUS.
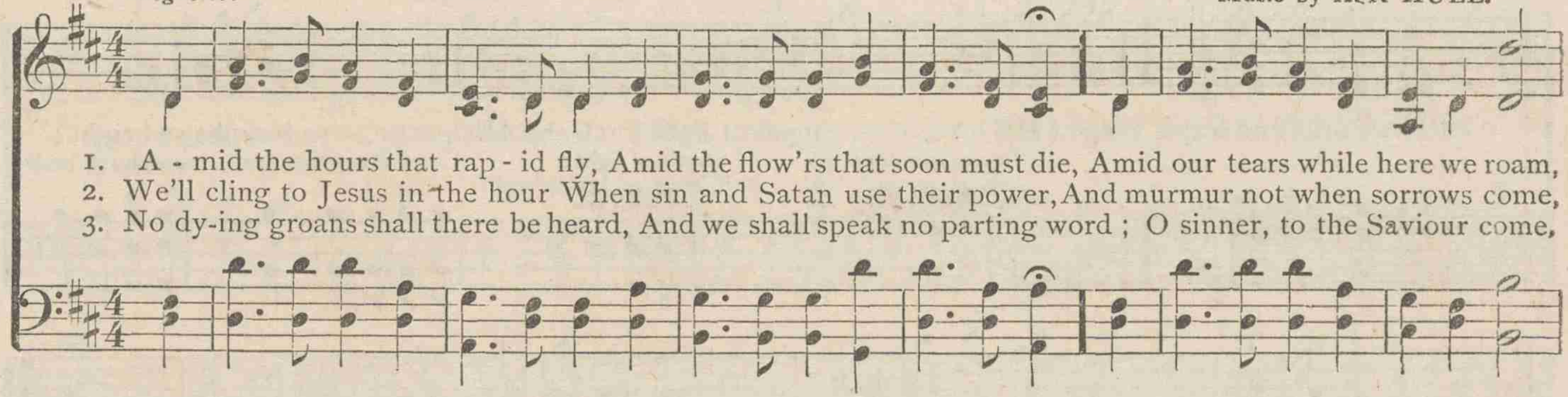
The vineyards where we are to toil Spread out all about us to-day.
Or go where the harvest is white, And glean where the reapers have passed.
That out of the mouth of the babes The Lord shall have perfected praise.

The har - vest is wait - ing, And
The harvest is wait-ing, The harvest is waiting, And
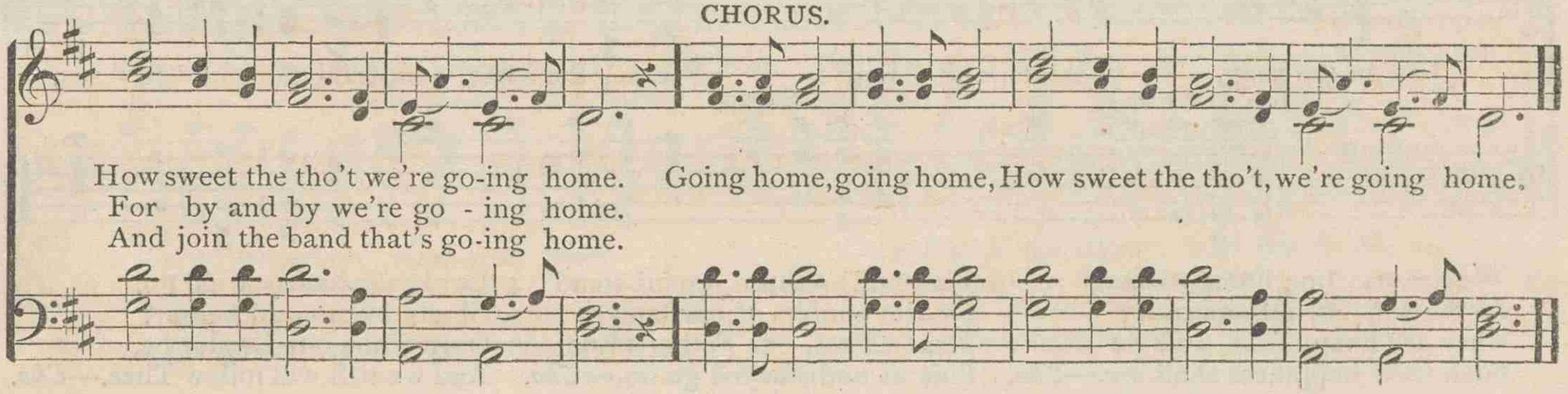


THE GLORIOUS PROSPECT.

Allegretto. Music by ASA HULL.



CHORUS.



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SING OF HIS LOVE.

Words by John Cennick. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Children of the heav'nly King, As ye jour-ney, sweetly sing, Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious

CHORUS.

in His works and ways. Sing of His love, ye angels of light; Carol His praise, ye seraphs so bright;

Sing of His love, ye angels of light; Carol His praise, ye seraphs so bright;

Join in the song, ye saints, with delight; Praising the name, wonderful name of Je - sus.

Join in the song, ye saints, with delight;

2 We are trav'ling home to God.
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.—*Cho.*

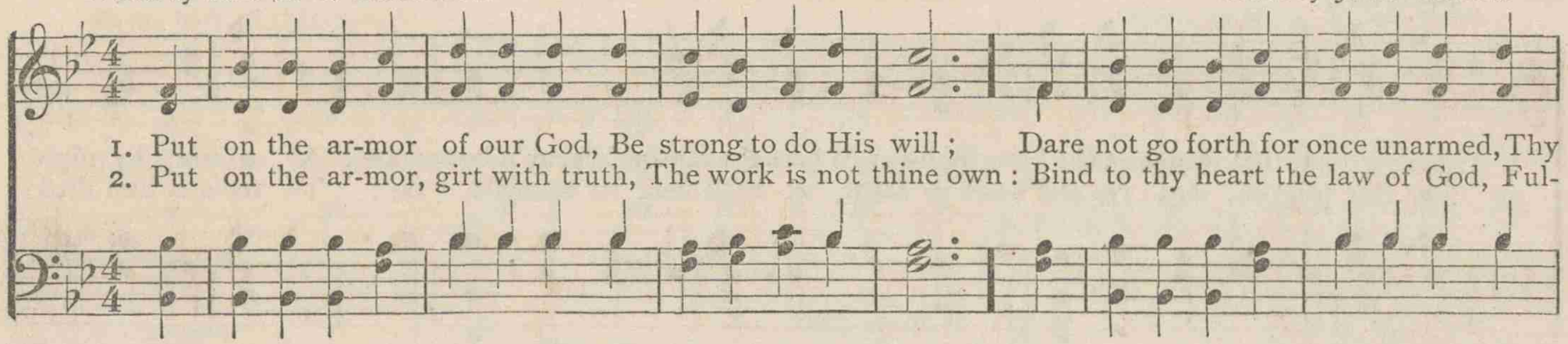
3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.—*Cho.*

4 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.—*Cho.*

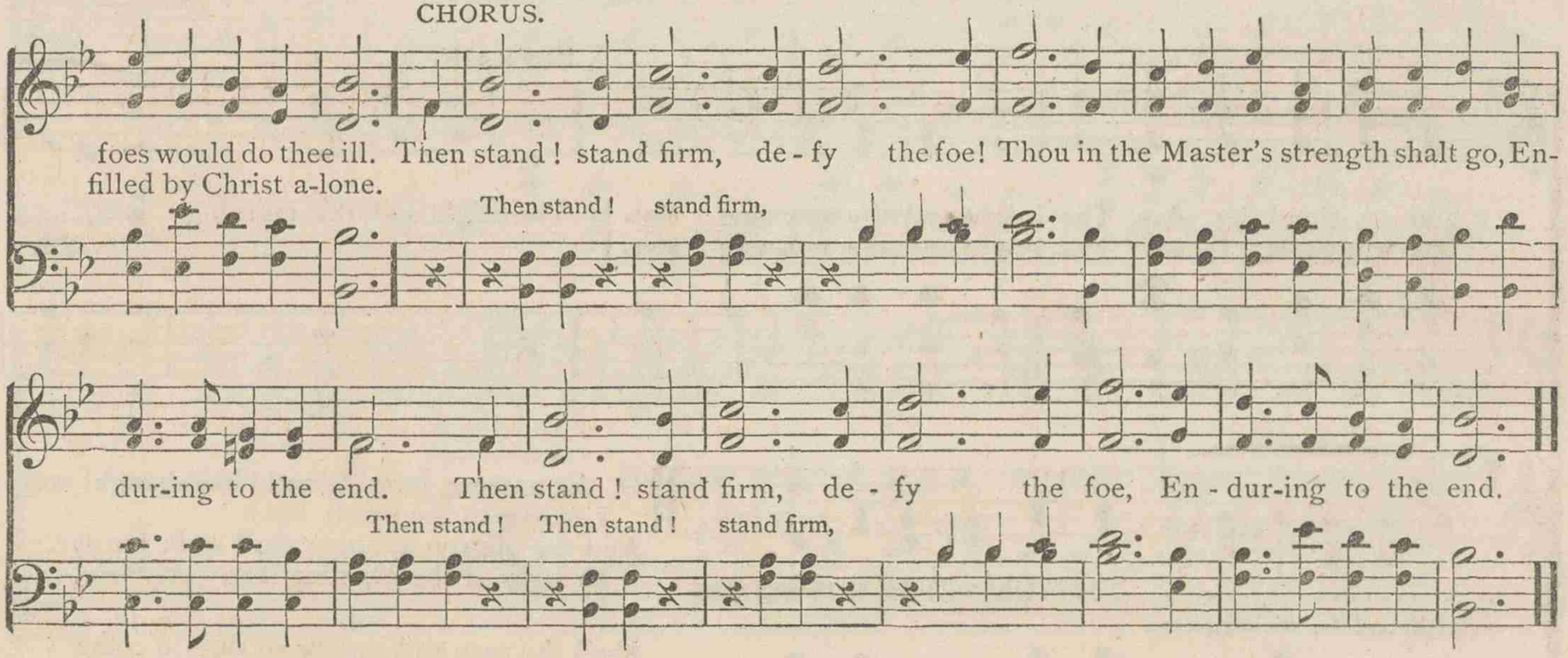
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PUT ON THE ARMOR.

Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Music by J. H. Tenney.



CHORUS.
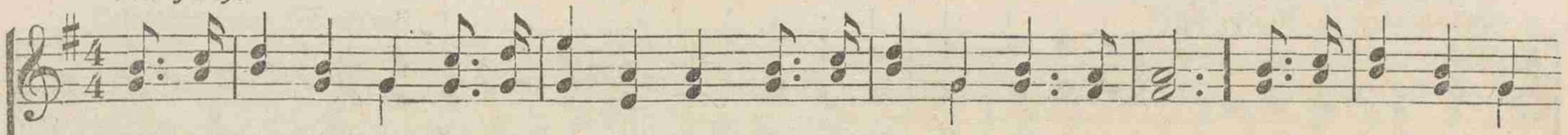


3 Put on the armor; shod with peace
Thy feet shall firm endure;
Though snares beset and thorns shall pierce,
He makes thy footsteps sure.—*Chorus.*

4 Put on the armor; take thy shield,
Faith in the risen Lord,
Once pierced with darts still aimed at thee,
He conquers with a word.—*Chorus.*
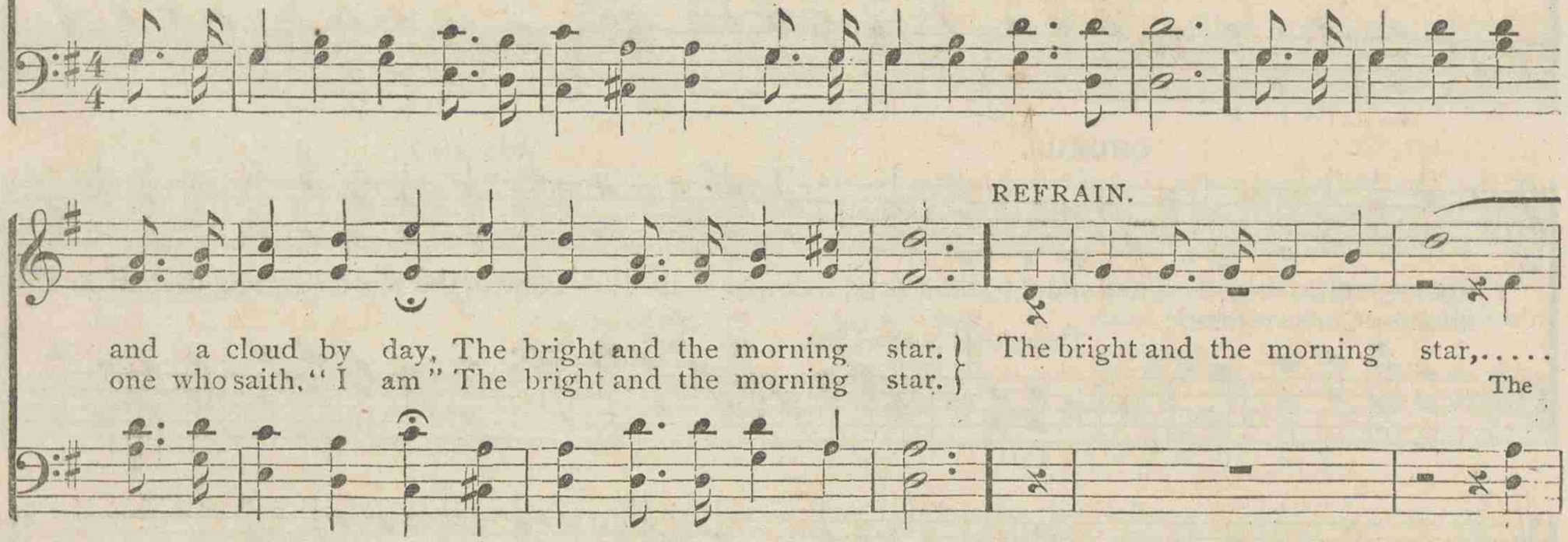
THE MORNING STAR.

Cheerfully.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.
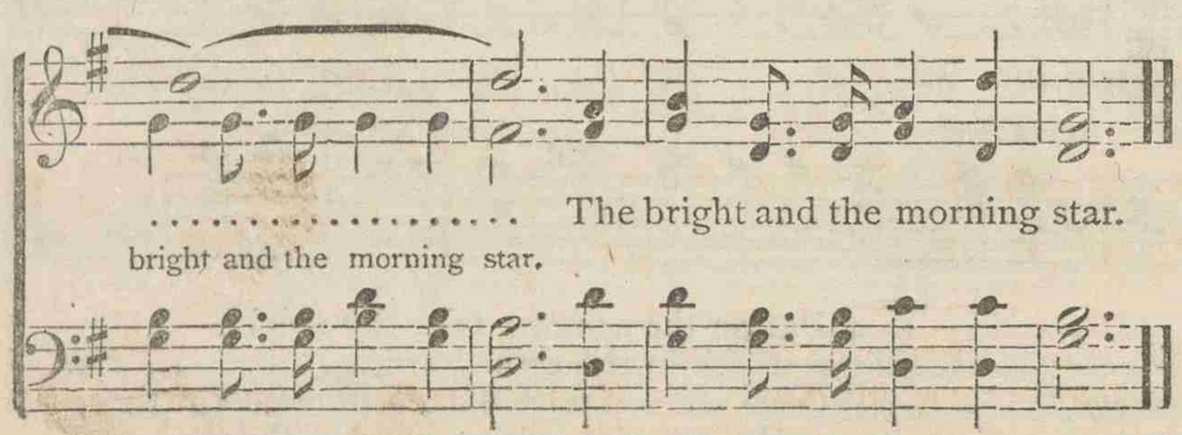


1. There's a star that shines on the blest highway, Where the ransom'd heav'n-bound are; As a fire by night
2. On the pilgrim, wea-ry, and weak in faith, It hath shed its beams a-far; To redeem him died



REFRAIN.

and a cloud by day, The bright and the morning star.
one who saith, "I am" The bright and the morning star.

The bright and the morning star,.....
The



..... The bright and the morning star.
bright and the morning star.

3.

O, the narrow, rugged, and blood-bought way
Leading to the pearly bar:
And the pilgrim stranger shall walk for aye,
By light of the morning star.—*Refrain.*

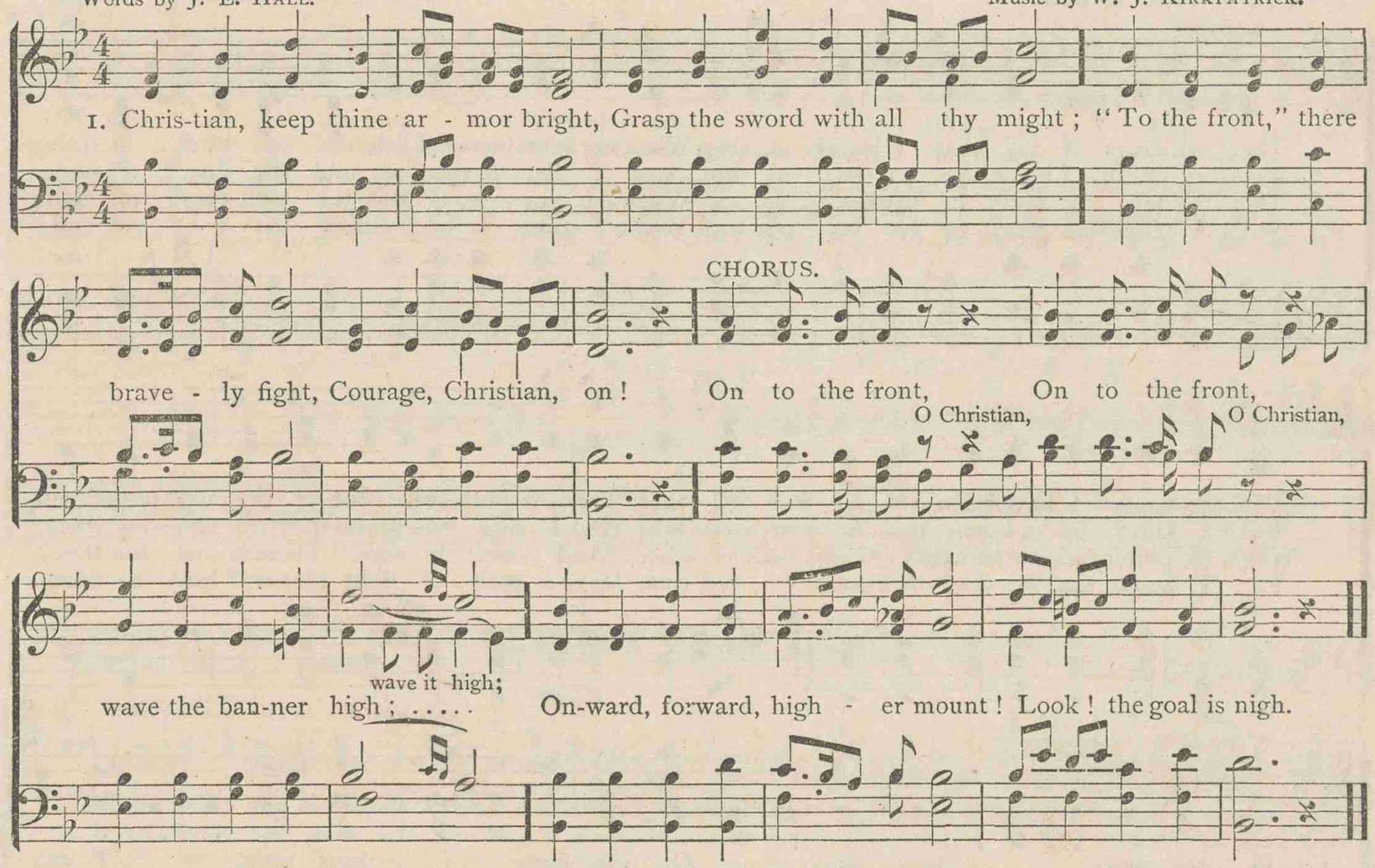
4.

Shall the care and sorrow so sure to come
All our peaceful moments mar?
Nay, in gloom shines brightest the light of home,
The bright and the morning star.—*Refrain.*

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ON TO THE FRONT.

Words by J. E. Hall. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.



2.

Christian, heed not doubts and fears,
Tremble not at laughs and jeers;
Heav'n will greet you soon with cheers,
Onward, Christian, on!

3.

Christian, why at ease sit down?
Mind not hater's scorn or frown;
Decked with stars shalt be thy crown,
Onward, Christian, on!

4.

Christian, keep the goal in view,
Eyes on Jesus, His on you;
He, thy strength, will lead you thro'
Heav'n thine own reward.

THE NEW SONG.

Words by FLORA L. BEST. Music by JNO. R. SWEENEY. By per.

Moderato.
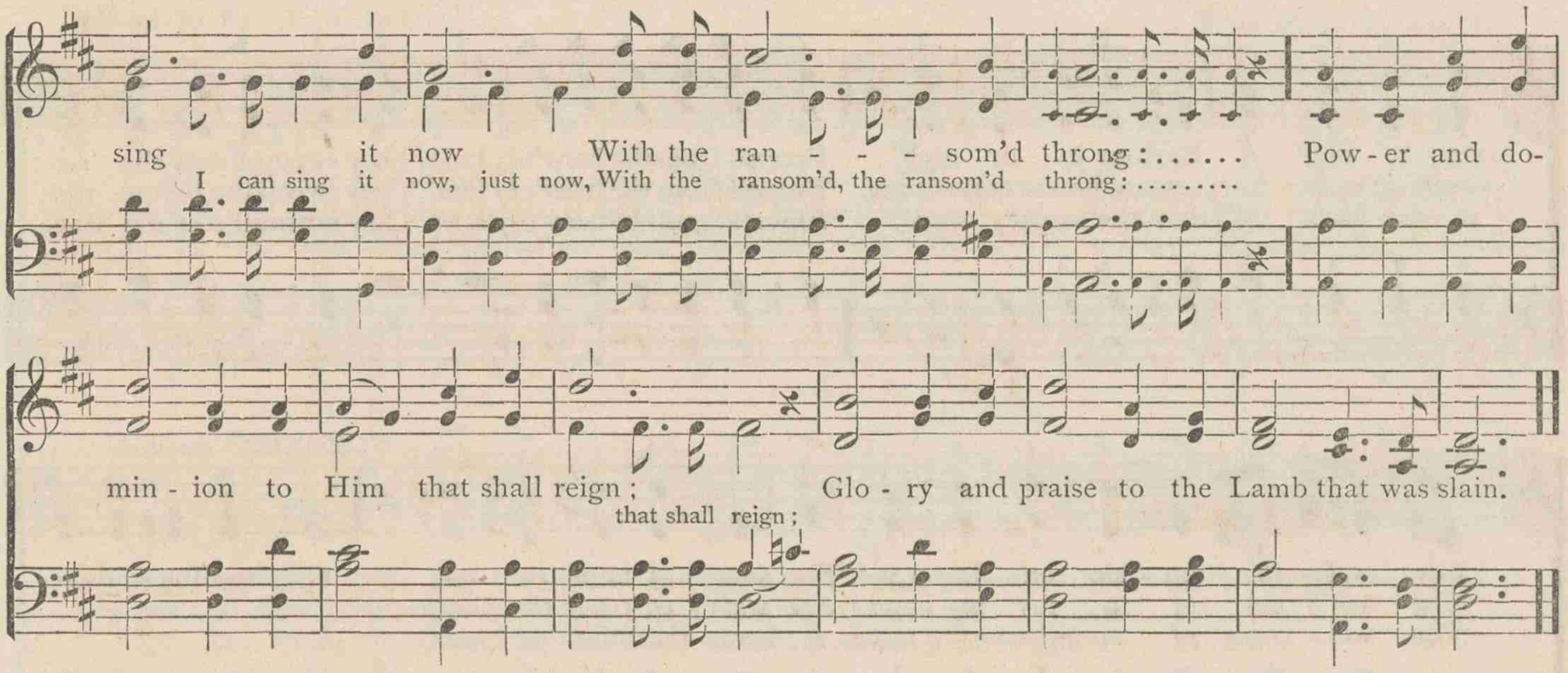
1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing, When my heart was as blithe as a bird.. in spring;
2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the din... of strife;
3. Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad, When the gra - cious Mas- ter hath made me glad?
4. Shall I catch the gleam of its jas - per wall, When I come to the gloom of the e - ven- fall?

But the song I have learn'd is so full of cheer, That the dawn shines out in the darkness drear.
But I know of a home that is won- drous fair, And I sing the psalm they are sing - ing there.
When He points where the man - y bright man-sions be, And sweet - ly says, "There is one for thee?'
For I know that the shad - ows drear- y and dim, Have a path of light that will lead to Him.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

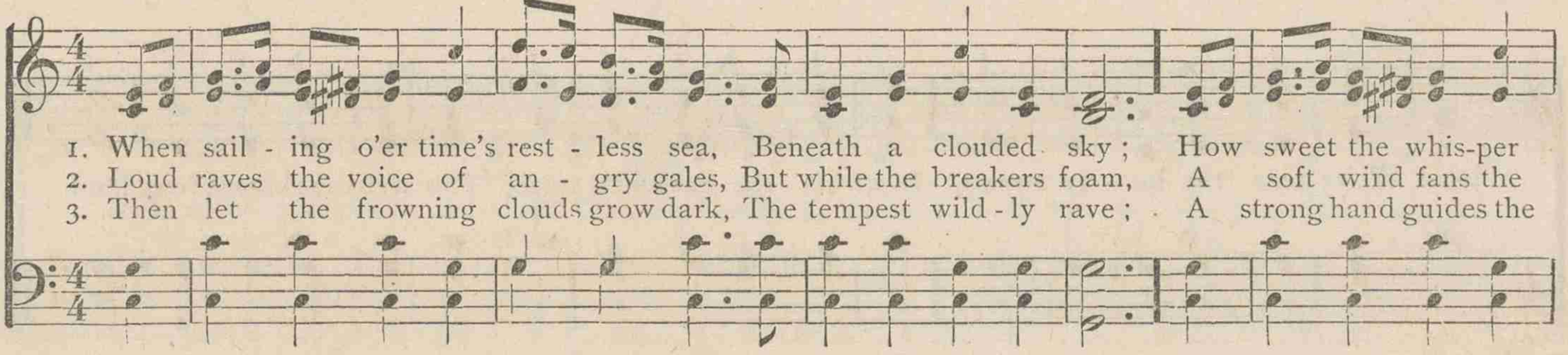
O, the new, new song, O, the new, new song, I can

O, the new, new song, new song, O, the new, new song, new song,



BREEZES FROM LAND.

Words by Miss P. J. Owens. Music by ASA HULL.



BREEZES FROM LAND. Concluded.

comes to me, A Saviour ev - er nigh. Breezes from the heav'nly land, They sweep across the sea;
spreading sails, A pleasant breeze from home. Breezes from the heav'nly land, They sweep the billows o'er,
la - den bark A - cross the stormy wave, Breezes from the heav'nly land, They murmur o'er the wave,

CHORUS. *Animato.*

They waft the mu - sic on the strand, The song of hope to me. O, waiting souls, re-
The voi - ces of a lov - ing band Are waft - ed from the shore.
The wel - come of an outstretch'd hand, A heart that bled to save.

joice, We're near the ho - ly strand, List! 'tis the Saviour's voice, The welcome breeze from land.

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HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.

Words by Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Music by J. H. Tenney.

1. My Sav-iour guides me in the way That leads to realms of end - less day; And tho' His plans I
2. My Sav - iour is my dear - est friend, And He will love me to the end; Tho' troubles come, in
3. My Sav - iour nev - er leaves my side, He knows what sorrows will be-tide; And tho' rough bil-lows

CHORUS.

can - not tell, Yet, Je - sus do - eth all things well. O love, no mor - tal tongue can tell! O
peace I dwell, For Je - sus do - eth all things well.
o'er me swell, I know He do - eth all things well.

Ritard.

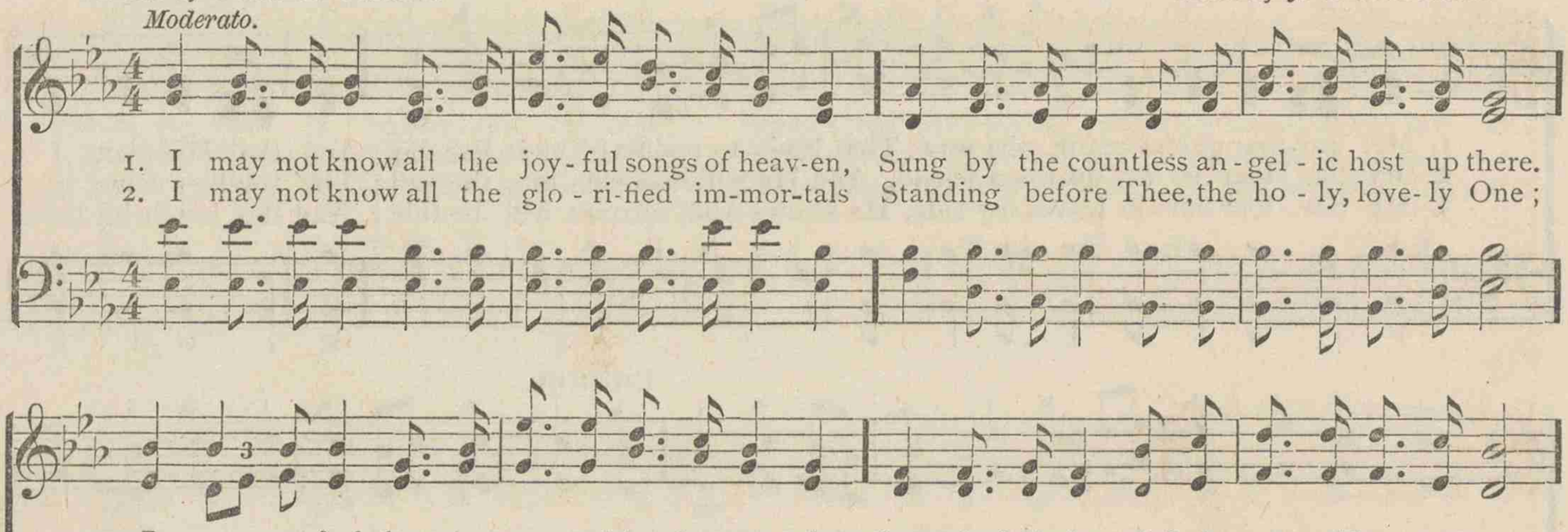
love, no hu-man power can quell! Whate'er betide, in peace I dwell, For Je - sus do - eth all things well.

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SONGS OF HEAVEN.

Words by Chas. H. Gabriel. Music by J. H. Anderson.

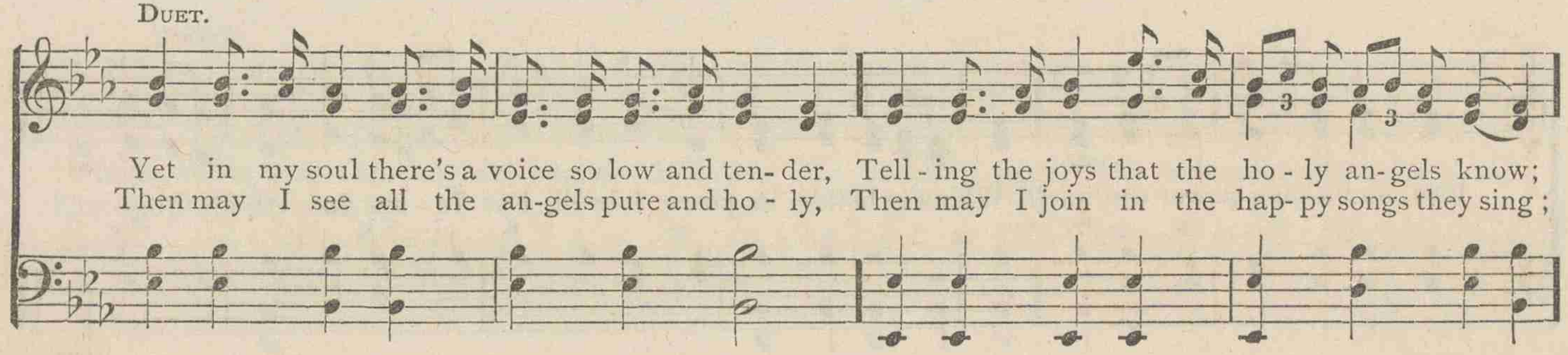
Moderato.



1. I may not know all the joy-ful songs of heav-en, Sung by the countless an-gel-ic host up there.
2. I may not know all the glo-ri-fied im-mor-tals Standing before Thee, the ho-ly, love-ly One;
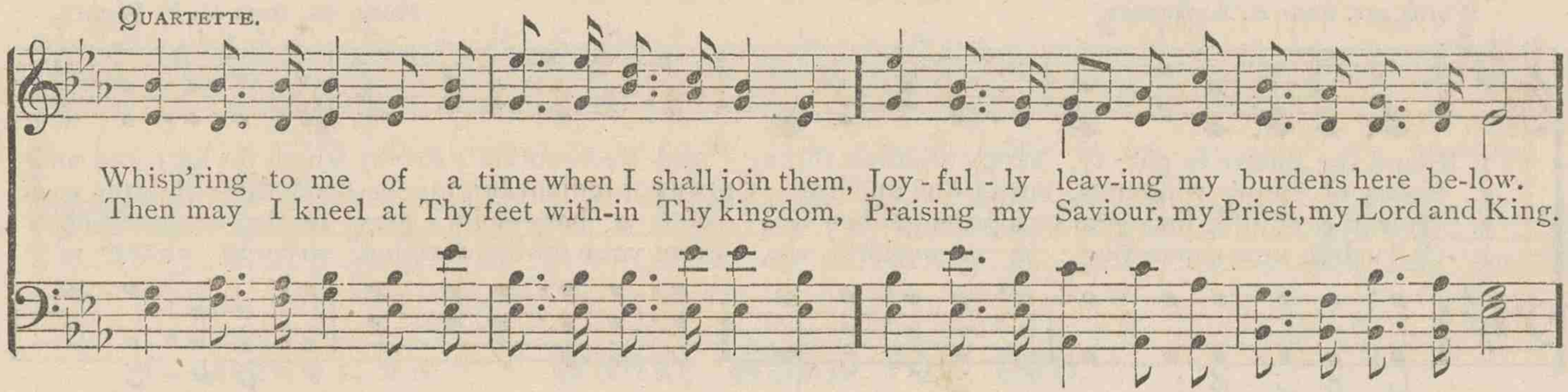
I may not feel the sweet peace of the im-mor-tals,—Sanc-ti-fied, glo-ri-fied crowns of love to wear:
But I would join in the hap-py, hap-py cho-rus, Sing-ing for-ev-er around Thy glorious throne.

Duet.

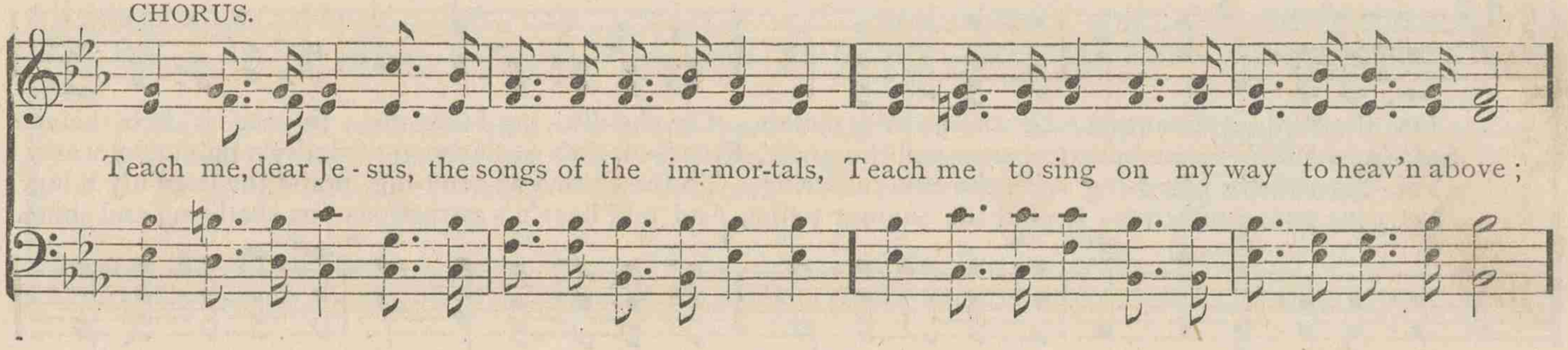


Yet in my soul there's a voice so low and ten-der, Tell-ing the joys that the ho-ly an-gels know;
Then may I see all the an-gels pure and ho-ly, Then may I join in the hap-py songs they sing;
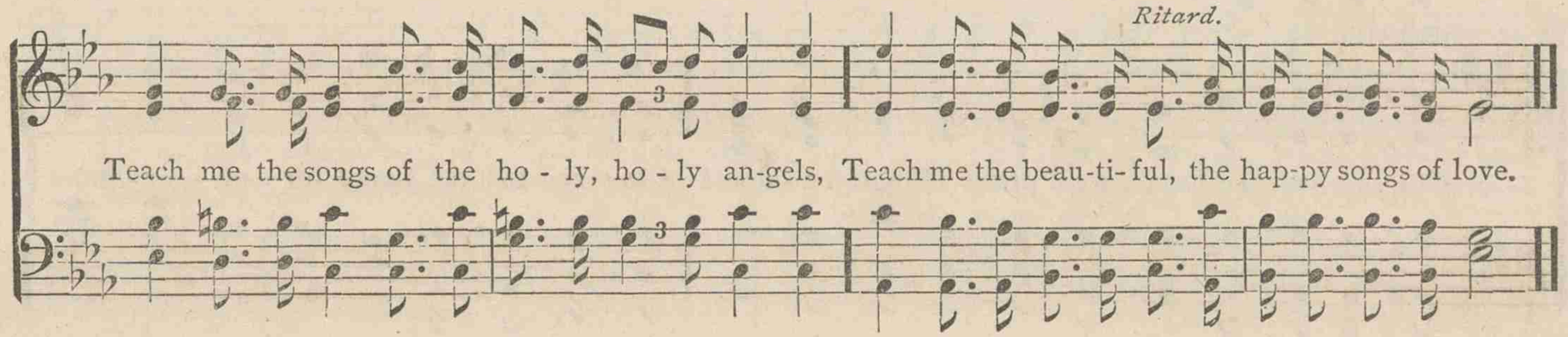
QUARTETTE.



CHORUS.



Ritard.



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REDEMPTION'S SONG.
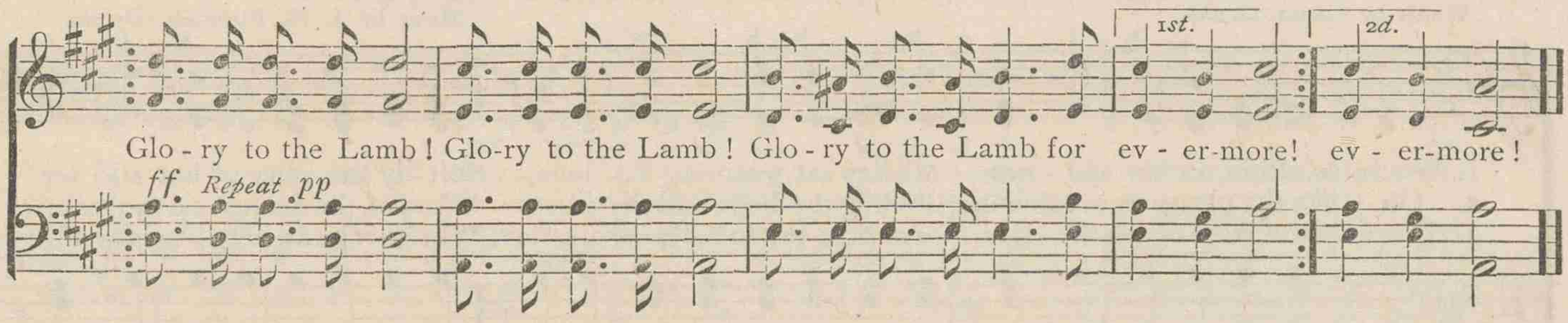
Words arr. from A. A. Graley. Music arr. from H. F. Wight.

1. Round the throne in glo - ry, happy children throng, And Redemption's sto - ry wakes the harp and song;
2. Robes of snowy whiteness, beau-ti-ful and rare; Crowns of radiant brightness—such those children wear;
3. Now the skillful fin - gers sweep the gold-en lyre; Not a harp-er lin - gers in that ransom'd choir;
4. Chil - dren now sojourning in a world of sin, From your fol-lies turn-ing, strive to en-ter in;

On the verdant mountain, by the purling stream, Or the liv - ing fount-ain, Je - sus is their theme.
Safe from death's bereavement, sorrow and the grave, Free from sin's enslavement, vict'ry's palm they wave.
Voi - ces sweetly blend-ing with the tuneful string, To the throne as-cend-ing, praise the heav'nly King.
Let your young affections Round the Saviour twine, And 'mid heav'n's attractions you shall sing and shine.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry to the Lamb, we'll praise Him and a - dore! Glo - ry to the Lamb for ev - er - more!

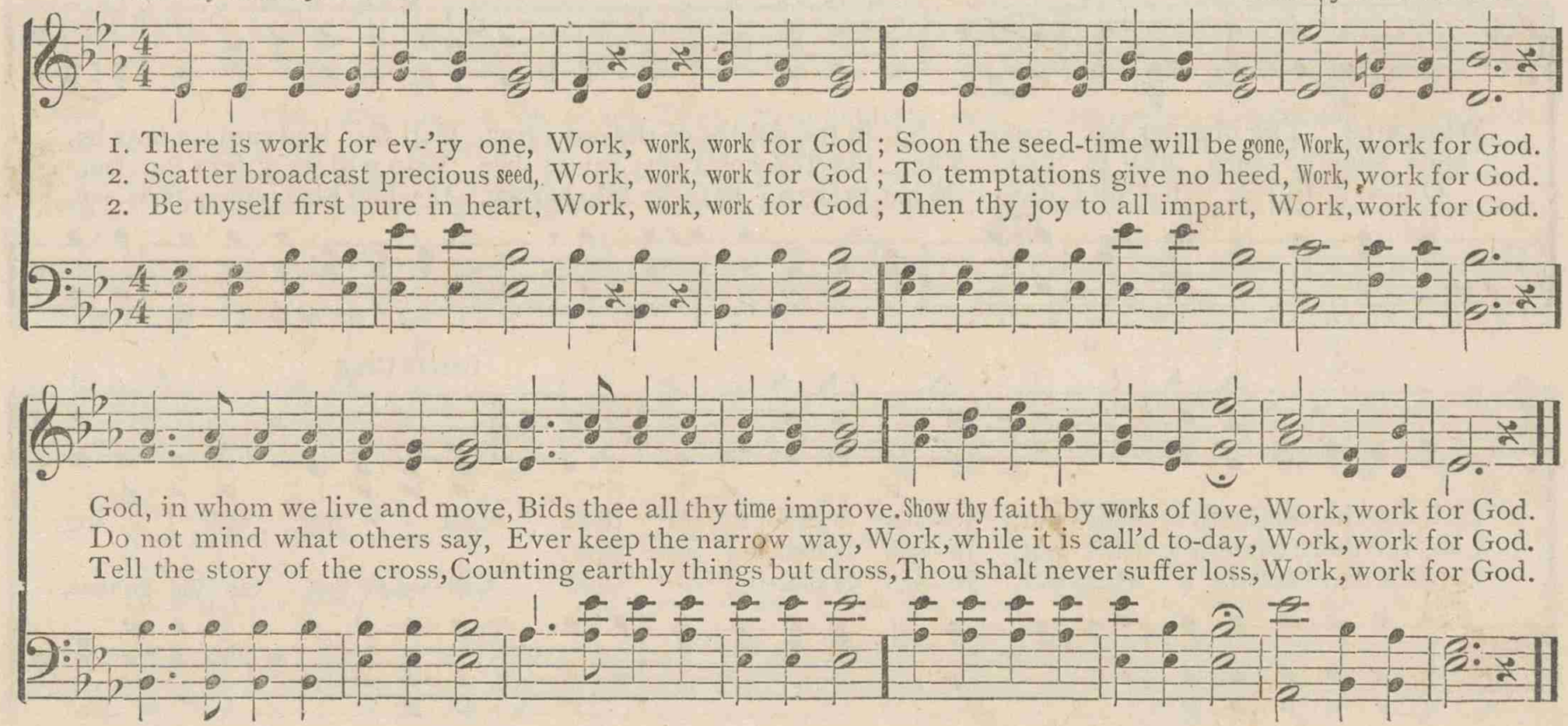


WORK, WORK FOR GOD.

Copyright, 1879, by Asa Hull.

Words by Eliza J. Coffin.

Music by ASA HULL.



1. There is work for ev-'ry one, Work, work, work for God; Soon the seed-time will be gone, Work, work for God.
2. Scatter broadcast precious seed, Work, work, work for God; To temptations give no heed, Work, work for God.
2. Be thyself first pure in heart, Work, work, work for God; Then thy joy to all impart, Work, work for God.

God, in whom we live and move, Bids thee all thy time improve. Show thy faith by works of love, Work, work for God.
Do not mind what others say, Ever keep the narrow way, Work, while it is call'd to-day, Work, work for God.
Tell the story of the cross, Counting earthly things but dross, Thou shalt never suffer loss, Work, work for God.

140 JESUS IS CALLING FOR THEE.

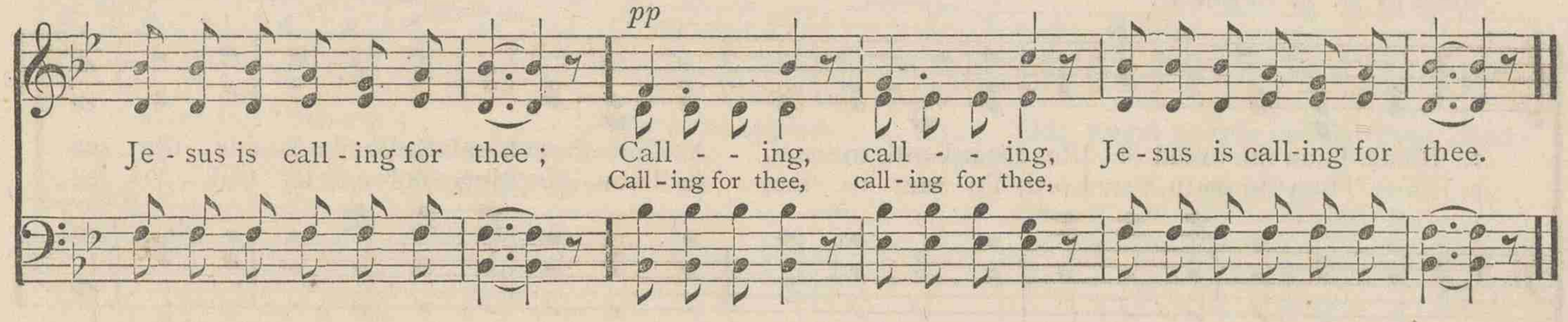
Words by GRACE GLENN. Music by J. H. FILMORE. By per.

1. When, as of old, in her sad - ness, Ma - ry sat weep-ing a - lone, Soft - ly the voice of her sis - ter
2. Oh, when thy pleasures are flowing, Fading thy hope and thy trust, When of the dearest earth-treasures
3. Down by the shore of death's river, Some time thy footsteps shall stray, Where waits an angel to bear thee

Whispered, "The Mas-ter has come." So, in the depths of thy sor - row, Gall tho' its fountain may be,
Dust shall re - turn un - to dust. Then, tho' the world may invite thee, Vain will its of-fer - ing be,
O - ver to in - fi - nite day. What then tho' dark be his shadow, If when his coming thou see,

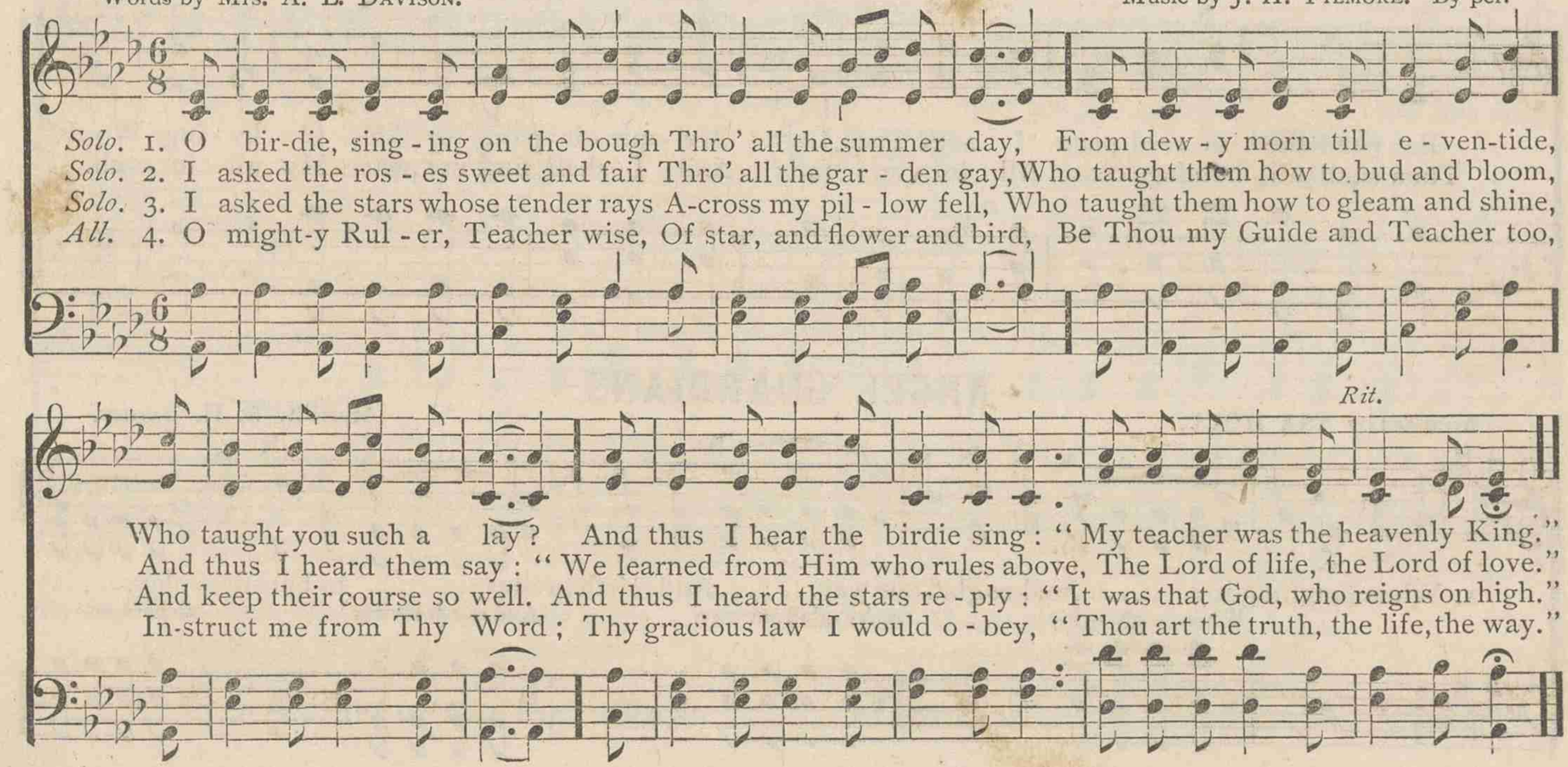
CHORUS. *f*

List, for there cometh a whis - per, Je - sus is call-ing for thee. Call - - ing, call - - ing,
List, for there cometh a whis - per, Je - sus is call-ing for thee.
Cometh there soft-ly a whis - per, Je - sus is call-ing for thee. Call - ing for thee, call - ing for thee,



THE GREAT TEACHER.

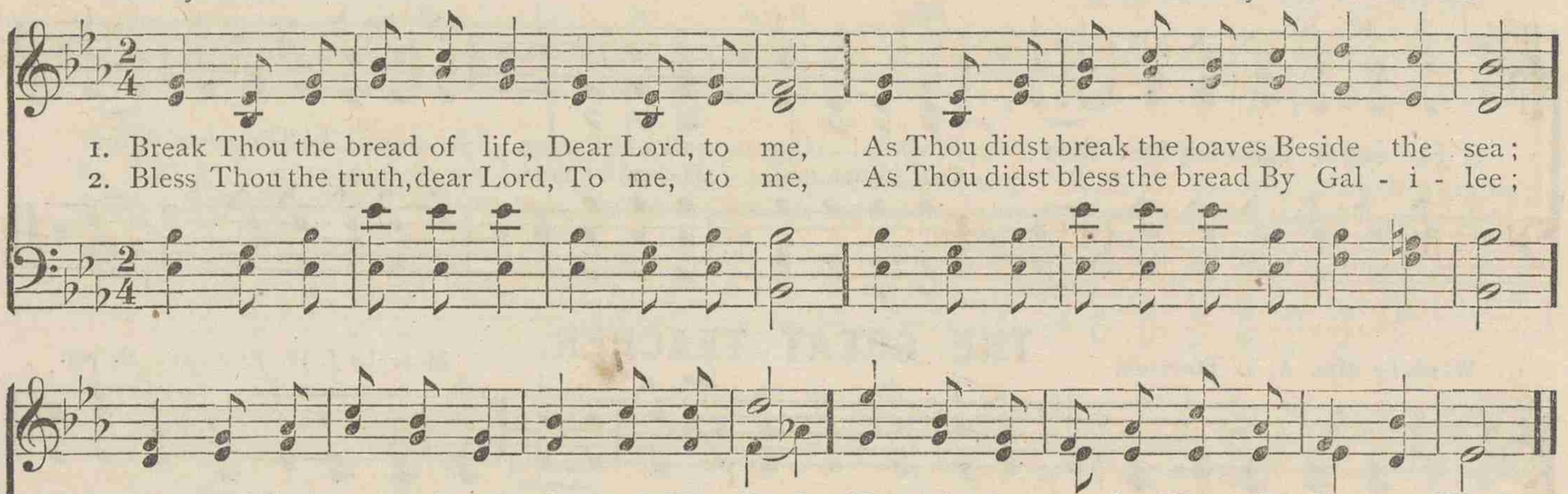
Words by Mrs. A. L. Davison. Music by J. H. Filmore. By per.



142
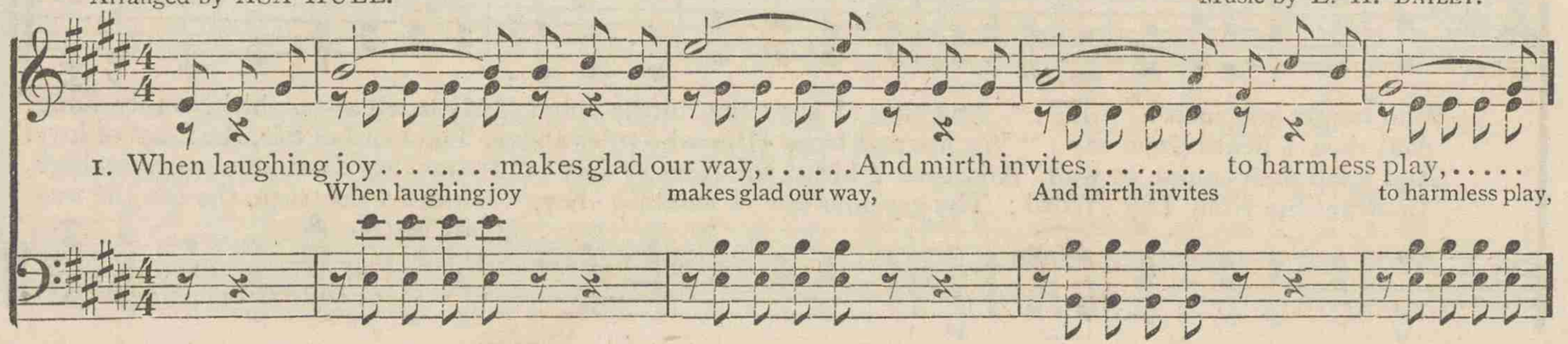
THE BREAD OF LIFE.
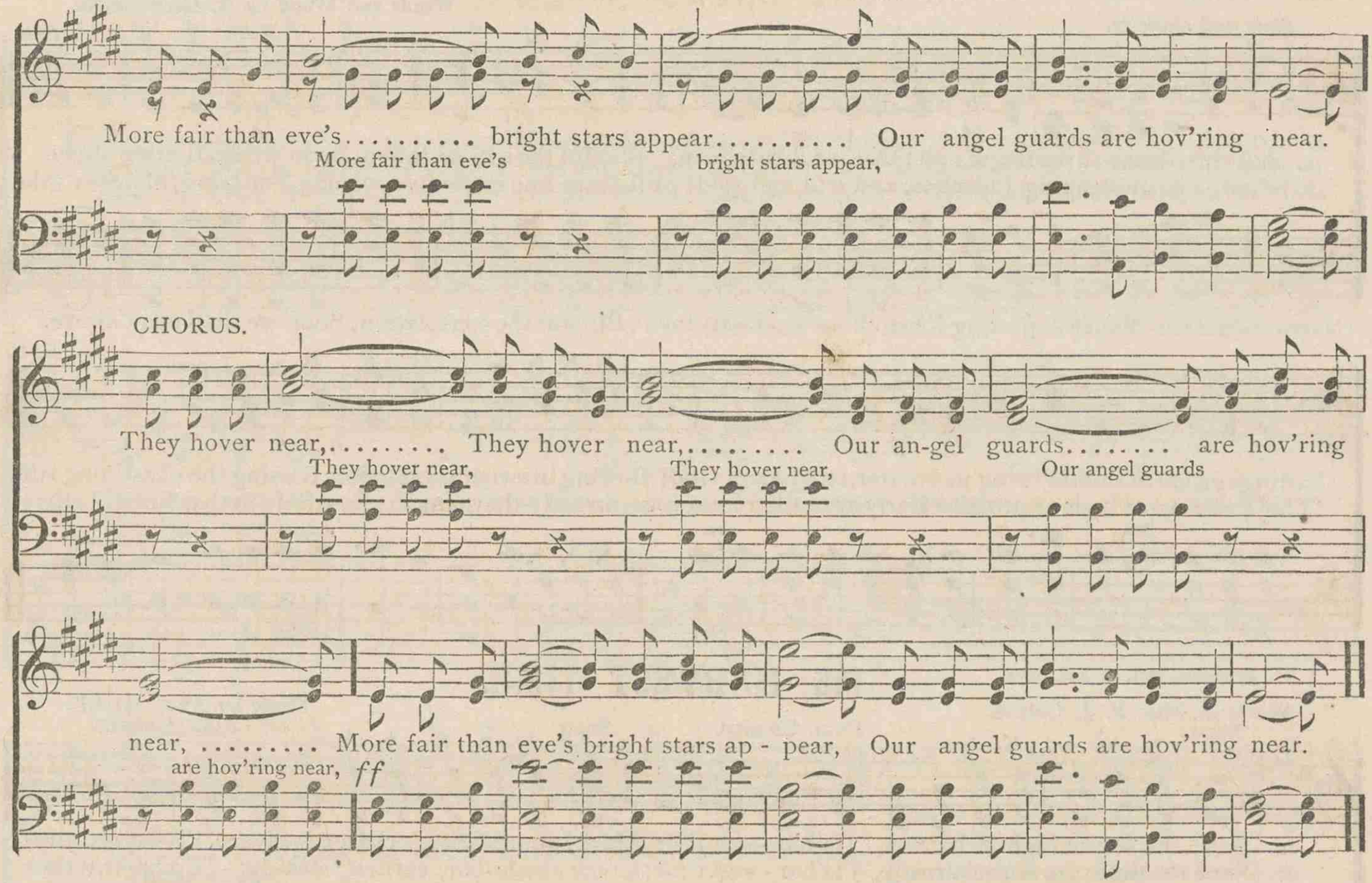
Words by M. A. LATHBURY. Music by WM. F. SHERWIN.



ANGEL GUARDIANS.

Arranged by ASA HULL. Music by E. H. BAILEY.





2 When dark despair doth rule the hour,
And make us feel its gloomy power,
Our guardians come in sympathy,
To set us from our bondage free.—*Chorus.*
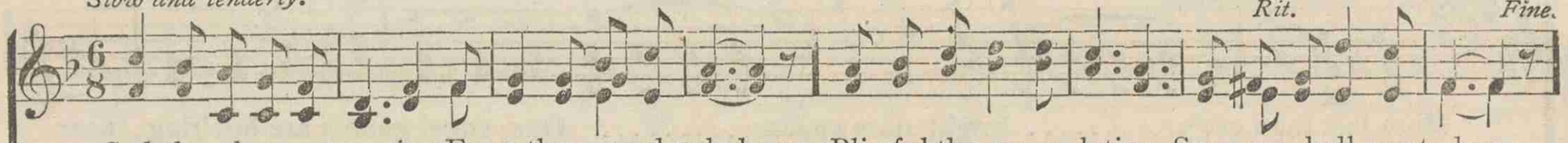
3 With blessings to each earthly home,
These messengers of heaven come,
Inspiring thoughts of higher life,
Free from all sorrow, fear, and strife.—*Chorus.*

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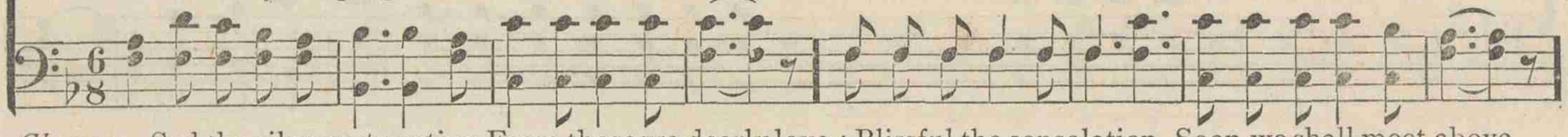
SAD THE SILENCE.

Words and Music by R. G. Staples.

Slow and tenderly. *Rit.* *Fine.*



1. Sad the silence at parting From those we dearly love; Blissful the con-so-lation, Soon we shall meet above.
2. Silent, silently sleeping, Pulseless, and still, and cold; Still, there's no cause for weeping For lambs of Jesus' fold.

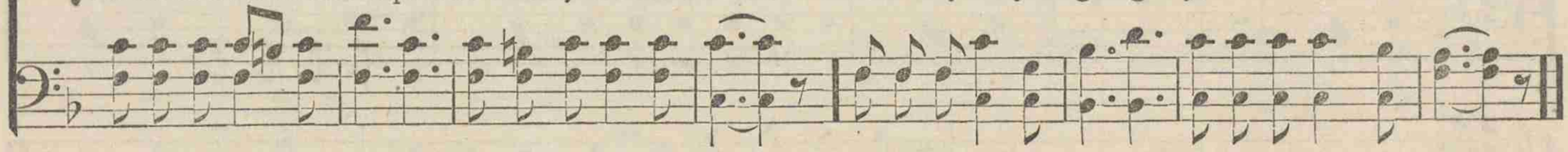


Chorus.—Sad the silence at parting From those we dearly love ; Blissful the consolation, Soon we shall meet above.

D. C.



Partings on earth should bring us Nearer, still nearer God; Bowing in sweet submission, Kissing the chast'ning rod.
Tho' these sweet buds of promise Early are called from time, Sweetly they sing in glory, Safe in that blissful clime.



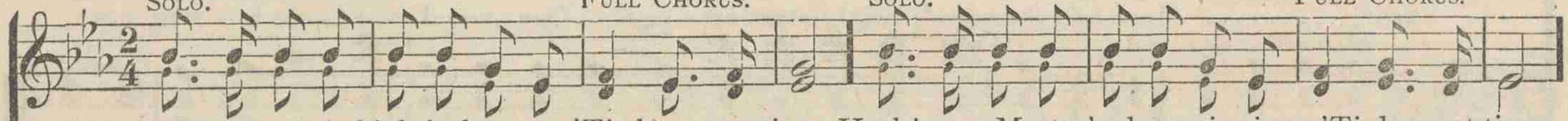
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'TIS HARVEST TIME.

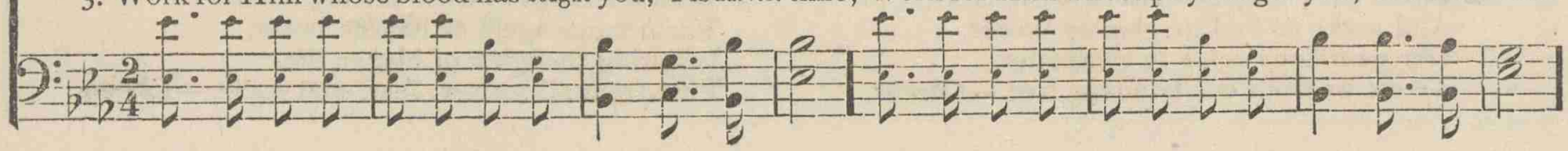
Words by Miss P. J. Owens.

Music by ASA HULL.

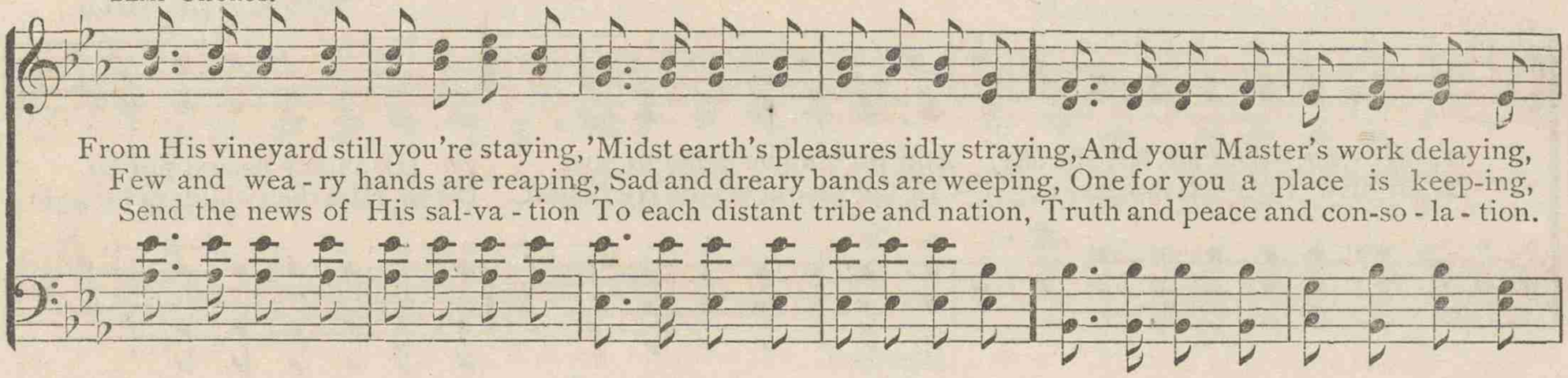
Solo. Full Chorus. Solo. Full Chorus.



1. See ! the sun is high in heaven, 'Tis har - vest time; Hark! your Master's charge is given, 'Tis harvest time.
2. See ! the fields are white already, 'Tis har - vest time; Come and la-bor, earnest, stea-dy, 'Tis harvest time.
3. Work for Him whose blood has bought you, 'Tis harvest time; Work for Him whose pity sought you, 'Tis harvest time.
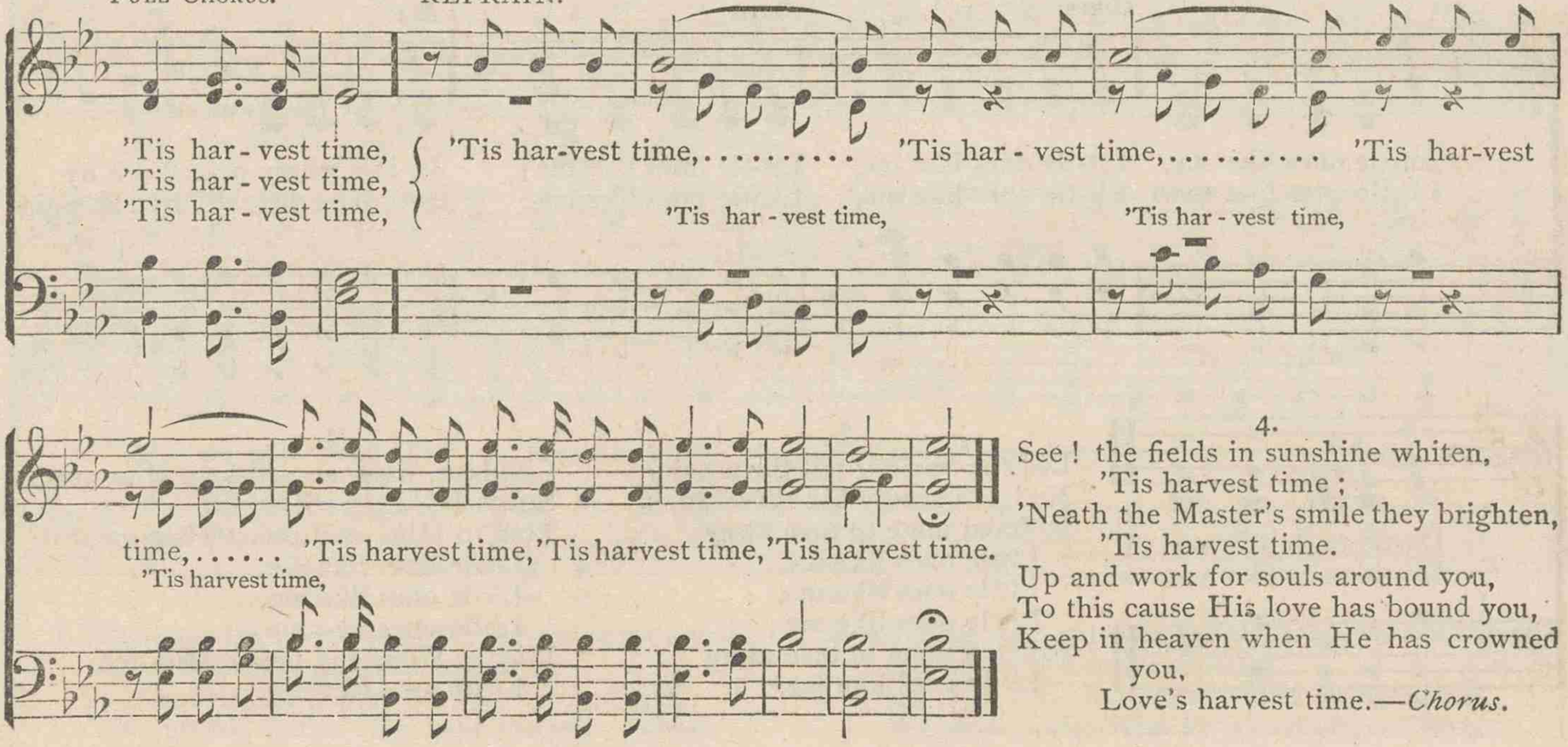


SEMI CHORUS.



From His vineyard still you're staying, 'Midst earth's pleasures idly straying, And your Master's work delaying,
Few and wea - ry hands are reaping, Sad and dreary bands are weeping, One for you a place is keep-ing,
Send the news of His sal-va - tion To each distant tribe and nation, Truth and peace and con-so - la - tion.

FULL CHORUS. REFRAIN.



'Tis har - vest time, 'Tis har - vest time, 'Tis har - vest time, 'Tis har-vest time,..... 'Tis har - vest time,..... 'Tis har-vest time,..... 'Tis har - vest time, 'Tis har - vest time,

time,..... 'Tis harvest time, 'Tis harvest time, 'Tis harvest time.

'Tis harvest time,

4.

See! the fields in sunshine whiten,
'Tis harvest time;
'Neath the Master's smile they brighten,
'Tis harvest time.
Up and work for souls around you,
To this cause His love has bound you,
Keep in heaven when He has crowned you,
Love's harvest time.—*Chorus.*

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JESUS, SAVIOUR OF ALL.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Je - sus, when He left the sky, And for sinners came to die, In His mercy passed not by
2. Mothers then—as mothers ought— In the places where He taught, Un-to Him their children brought,

GIRLS. BOYS. ALL.

Lit-tle ones like me. Lit-tle ones like me, Lit-tle ones like me; In His mercy passed not by
Lit-tle ones like me. Lit-tle ones like me, Lit-tle ones like me; Unto Him their children brought,

Lit-tle ones like me.
Lit-tle ones like me.

3.

Did the Saviour tell them nay?
No! He kindly bid them stay;
Suffered none to turn away
Little ones like me.
Little ones like me,
Little ones like me;
Suffered none to turn away
Little ones like me.

4.

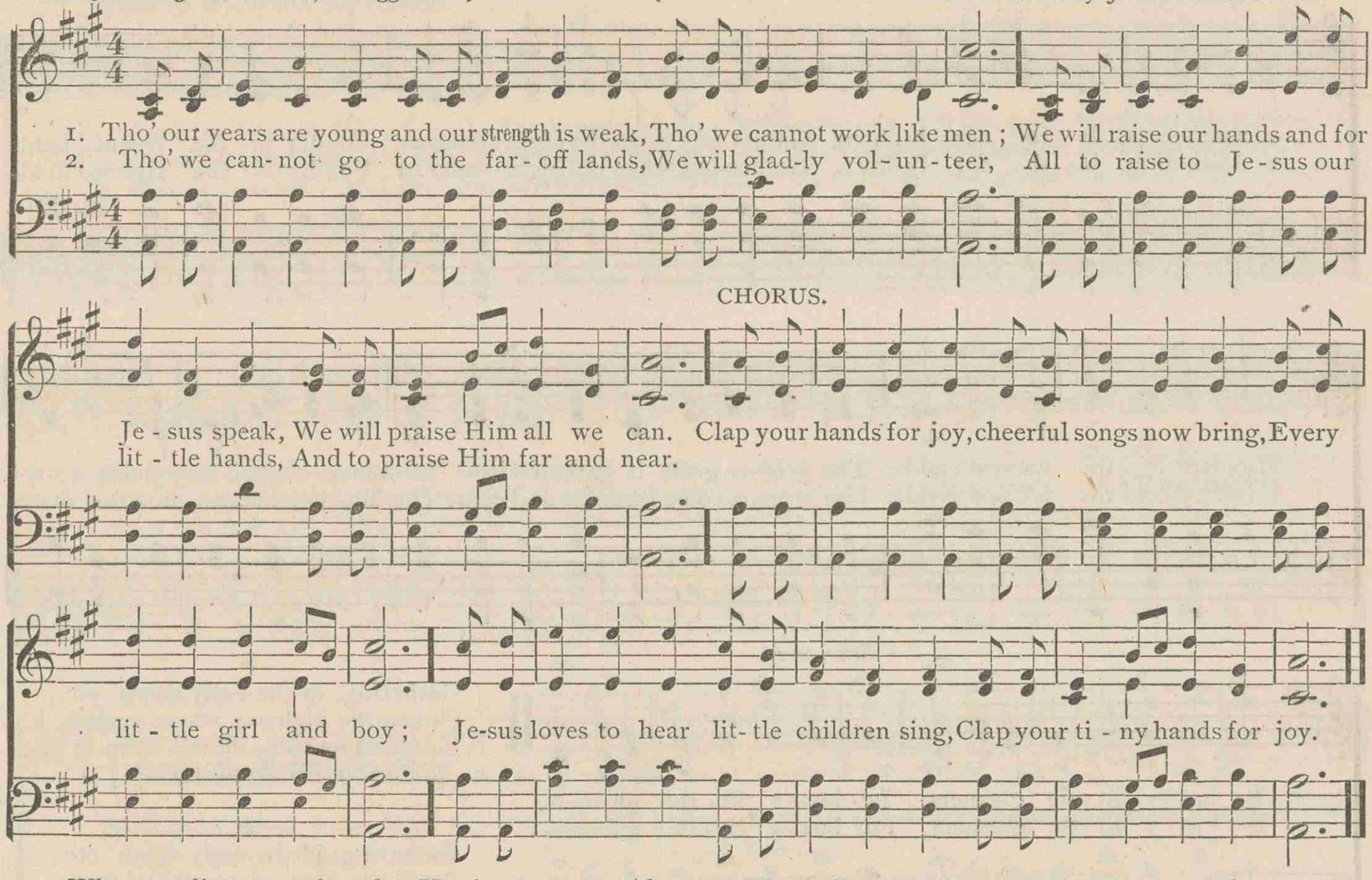
Children, then, should love Him now,
Strive His holy will to do,
Pray to Him, and praise Him too,
Little ones like me.
Little ones like me,
Little ones like me;
Pray to Him, and praise Him too,
Little ones like me.

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CLAP YOUR HANDS FOR JOY.

May be sung with action, as suggested by the Chorus.

Words and Music by J. H. Kurzenknabe.



3 When our lives were bought, He the ransom paid,
And He made us white as snow ;
So then raise all hands, for the Saviour said,
We should praise Him here below.—*Chorus.*

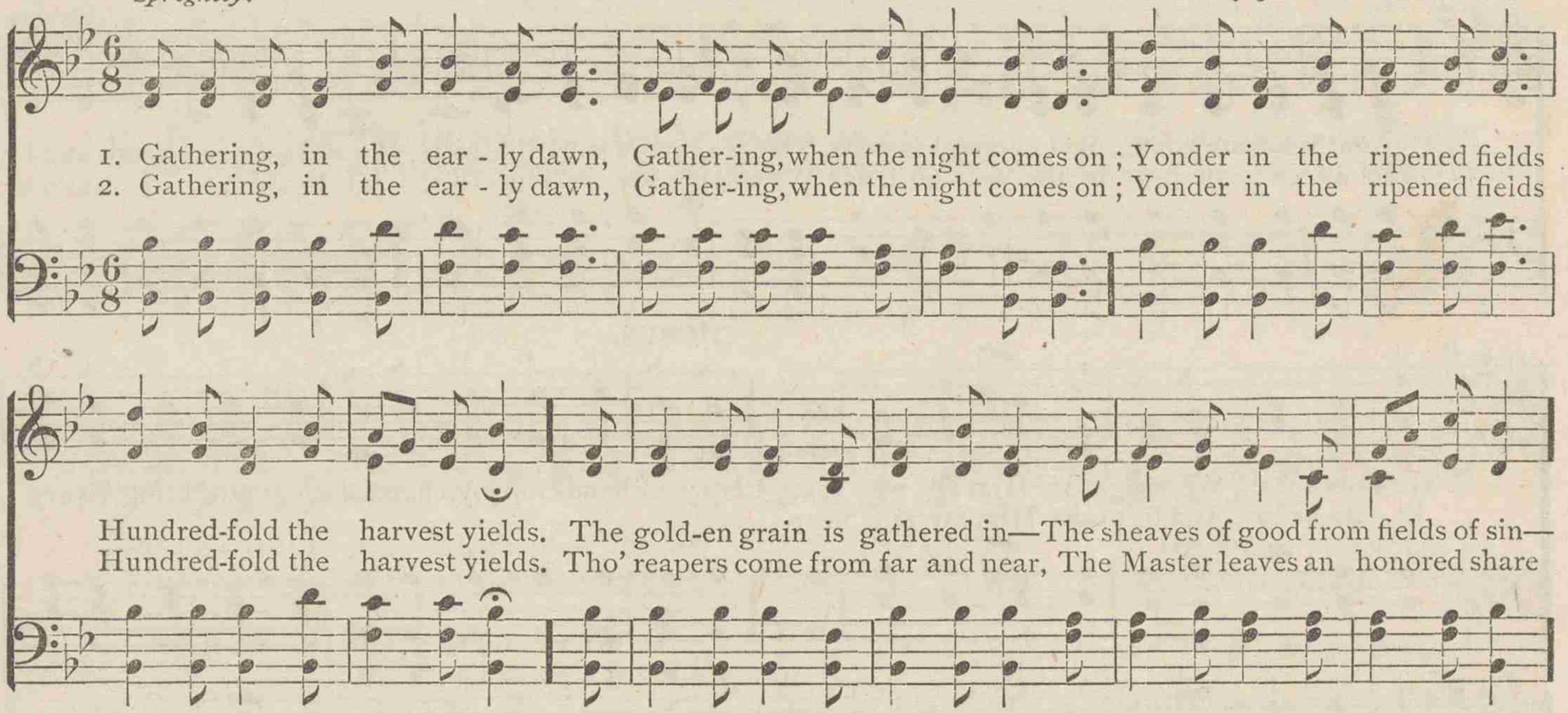
4 We shall sing at last with the blood-wash'd throng
On the bright celestial shore ;
Then we'll raise our hands till in sweeter song
We shall praise Him for evermore.—*Chorus.*

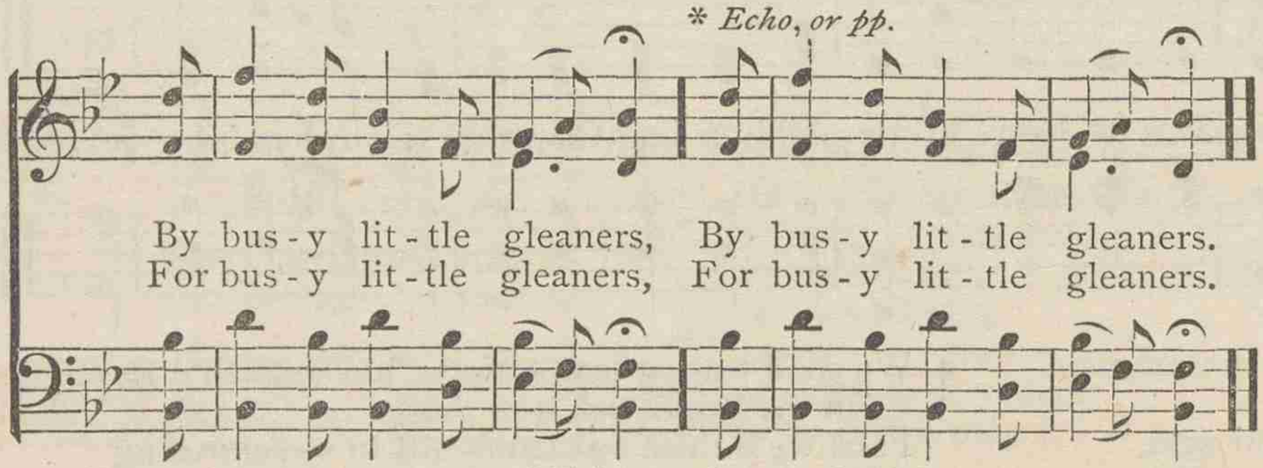
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BUSY LITTLE GLEANERS.

Sprightly.

Words and Music by J. H. Kurzenknabe.





3.

Gathering, in the early dawn, etc.,
Out in the highway where you go,
To plant or reap, there's work to do ;
‖: For busy little gleaners. :‖

4.

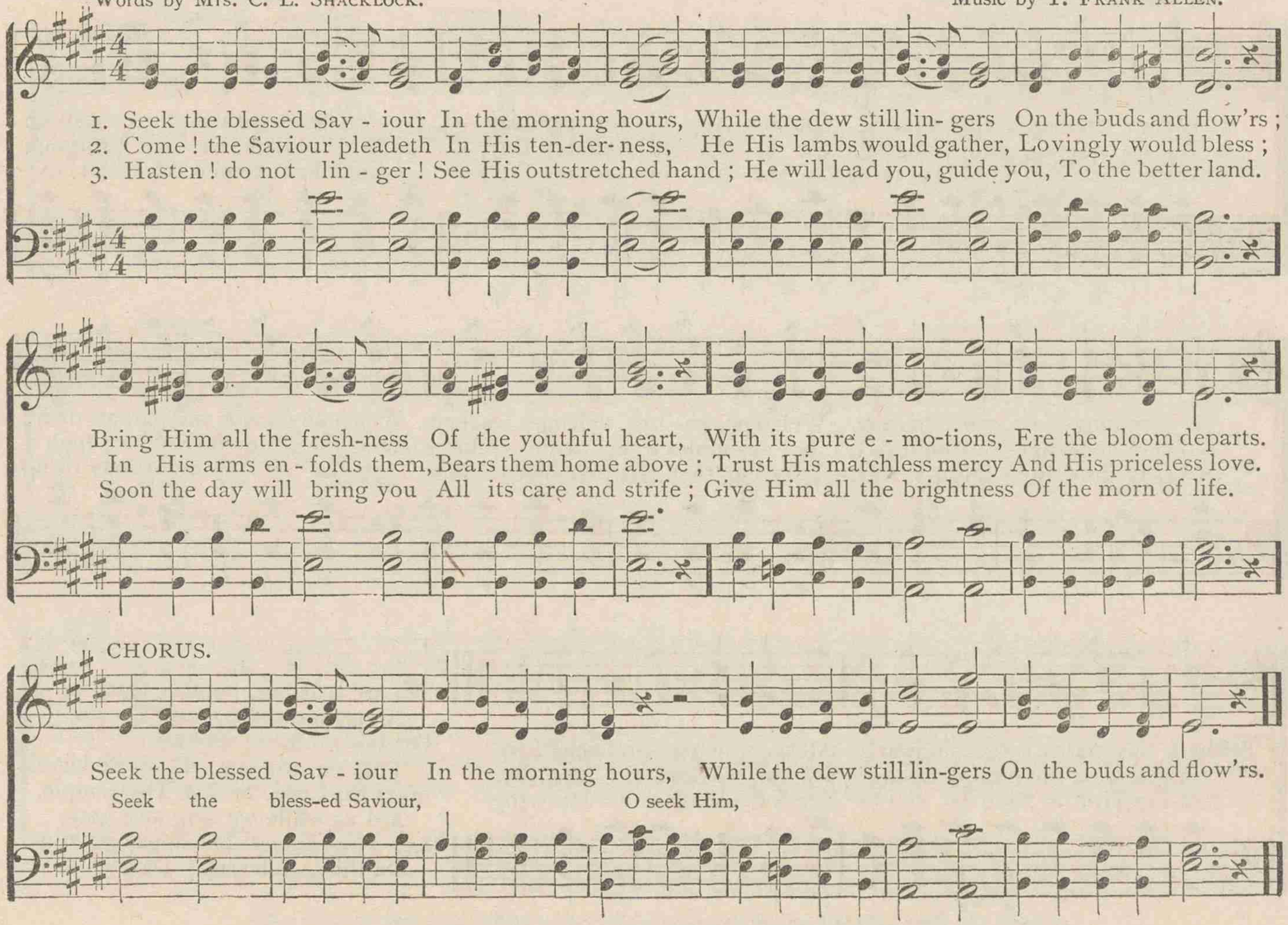
Gathering, in the early dawn, etc.,
Amid the glow of autumn leaves,
We carry home our golden sheaves,
‖: Such happy little gleaners. :‖

* *Echo may be sung by eight or ten girls, in an adjoining room.*

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IN THE MORN OF LIFE.

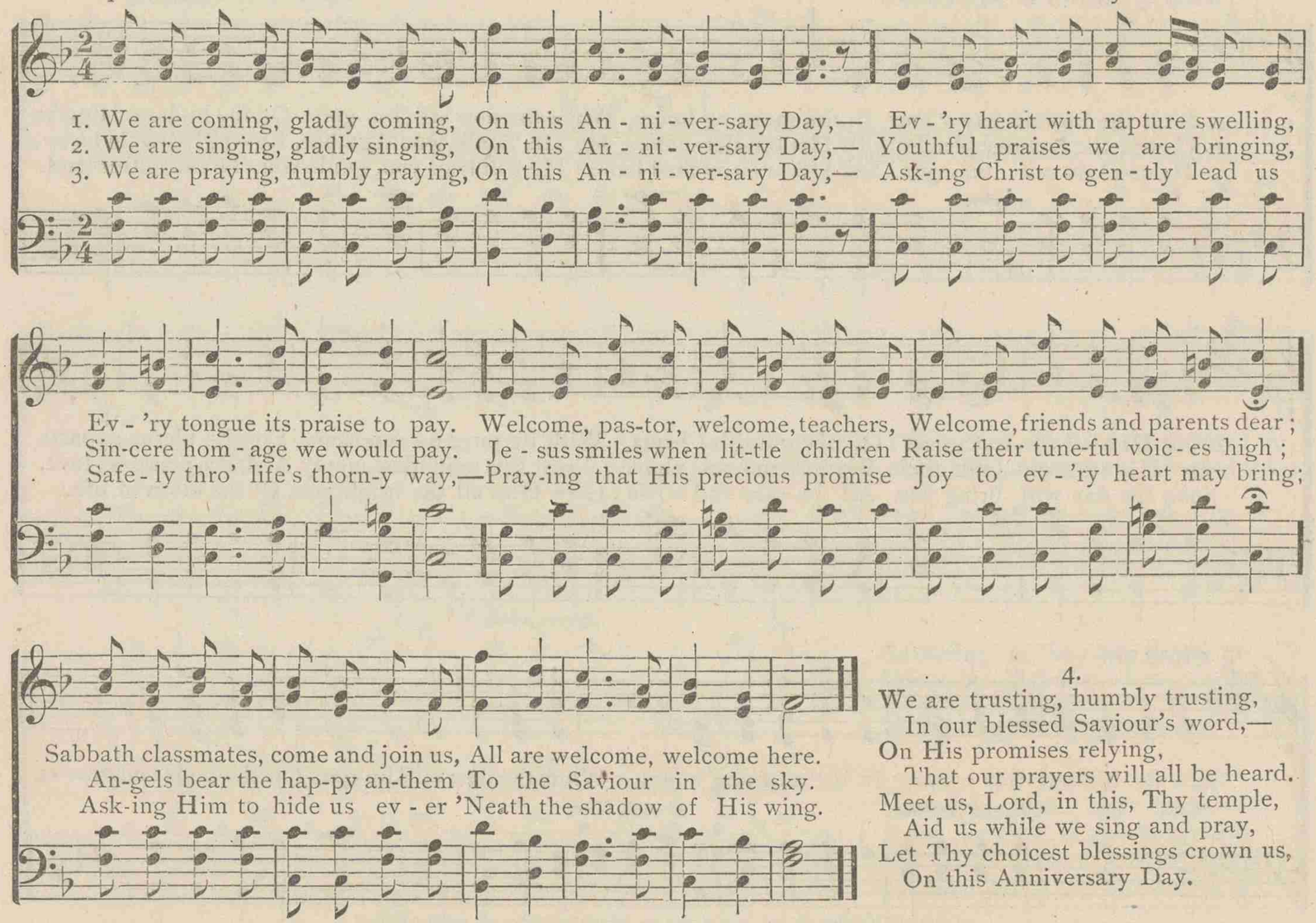
Words by Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. Music by T. Frank Allen.



COMING, GLADLY COMING.

Spirited.

Music by A. ALLMUTH.



4.
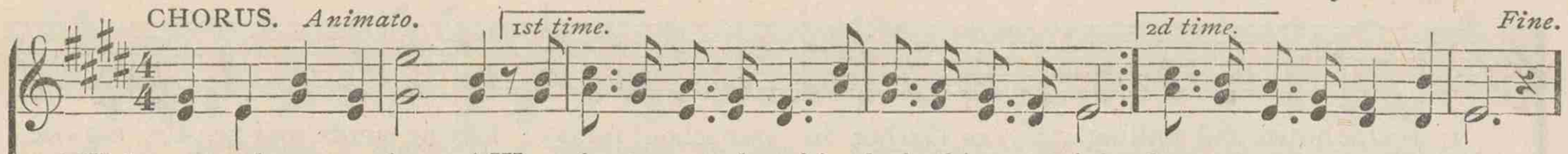
We are trusting, humbly trusting,
In our blessed Saviour's word,—
On His promises relying,
That our prayers will all be heard.
Meet us, Lord, in this, Thy temple,
Aid us while we sing and pray,
Let Thy choicest blessings crown us,
On this Anniversary Day.

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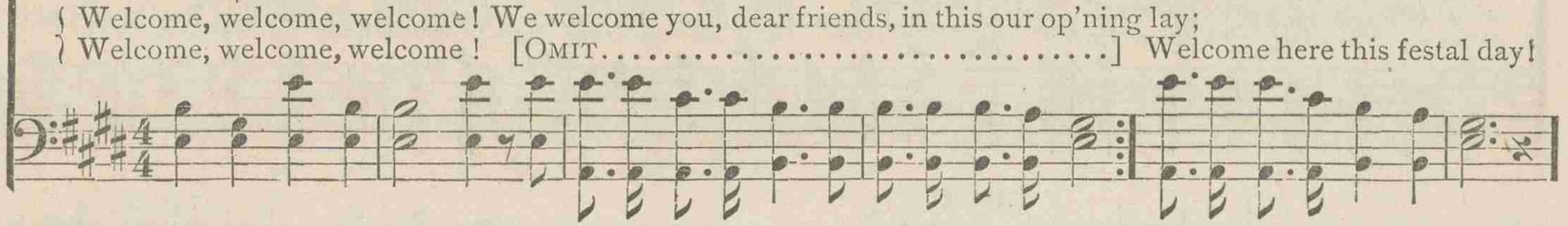
OPENING LAY.

Words and Music by ASA HULL.
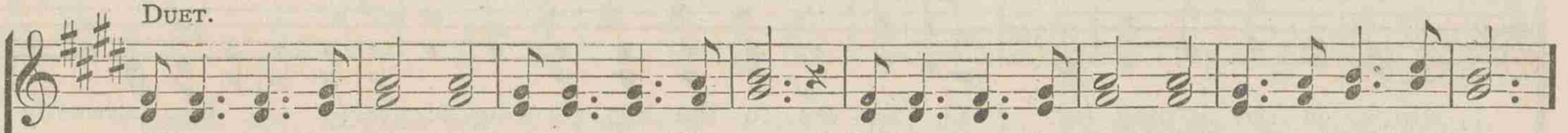
CHORUS. *Animato.*



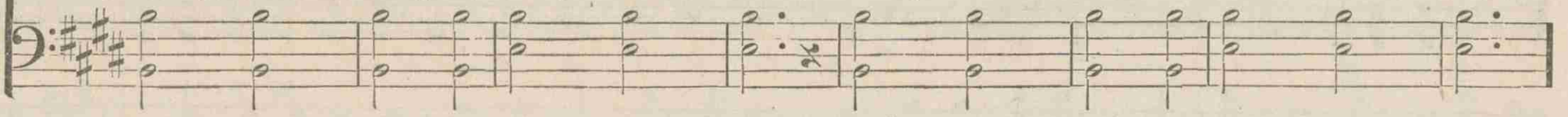
Welcome, welcome, welcome! We welcome you, dear friends, in this our op'ning lay;
Welcome, welcome, welcome! [Omit.....] Welcome here this festal day!
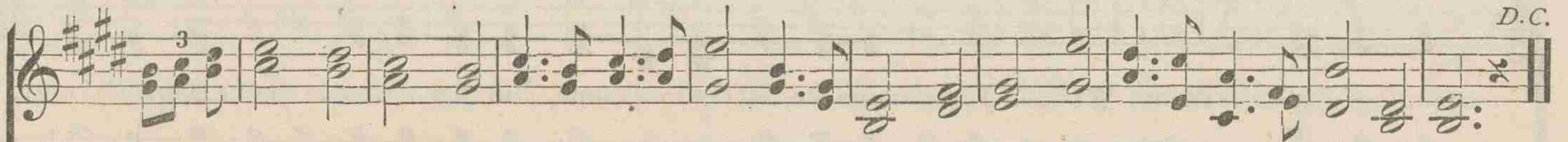


Duet.
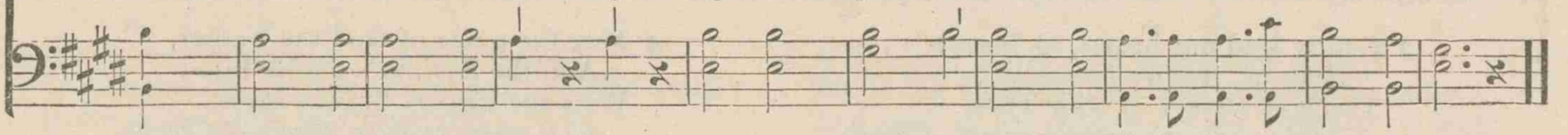


1. Many are the sor-rows, many are the tears, Many are the hopes, and many are the fears
2. Many joys we've tast - ed, many hopes have fled, Many friends are number'd with the si-lent dead,
3. Many are the dan-gers, many are the snares, Many are the con-flicts, many are the cares,





That have cross'd our pathway since we last did meet; But we've come again, our kindred and our friends to greet.
Since we met to cel-e-brate this festive day; But we've come again to greet you with our cheerful lay.
That the Lord has kindly led us safely through; And again we've come to celebrate this day with you.



Sing entirely through, without Interlude, commencing and ending with the Chorus.

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GREETING SONG.

Music by W. J. Kirkpathick.

1. Joyful hearts and smiling fa - ces Gather in our school to-day; Loving words, and gen-tle mu - sic,
2. We are looking for Thy presence, And we wait to hear Thy voice; Long to hear Thee, know Thee, love Thee,

CHORUS.

Mingle in our op'ning lay. } O, lis - ten to the hap - py song of greet - - ing, Sweetly
In Thy love we would re-joice. }

greeting, happy greeting,

sounding 'neath the dome; While in Jesus' name we bid thee welcome, Bid thee welcome to our Sabbath home.
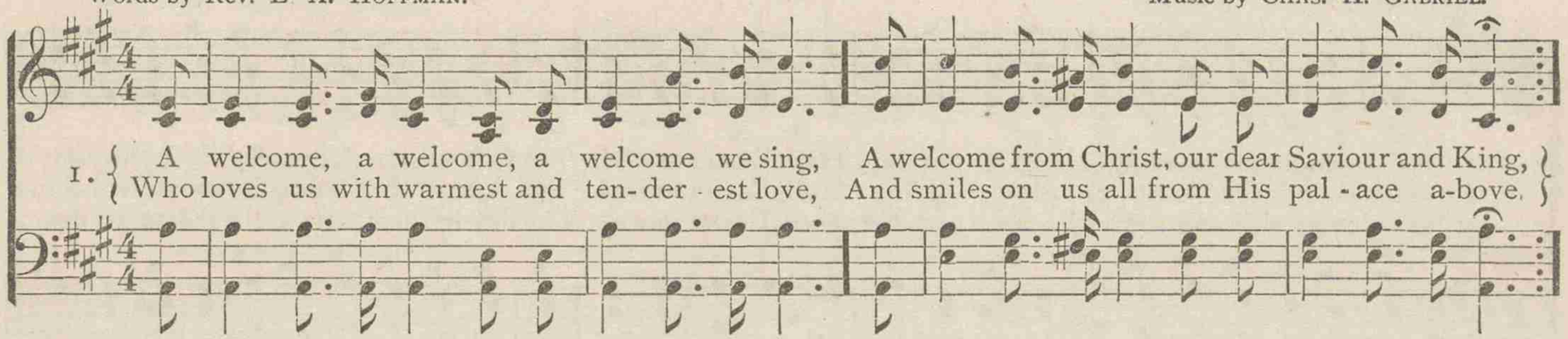
3 Gently lead our hearts, O Jesus!
Help us, lest we go astray;
Teach us always to obey Thee,
Guide us in the narrow way.—*Chorus.*
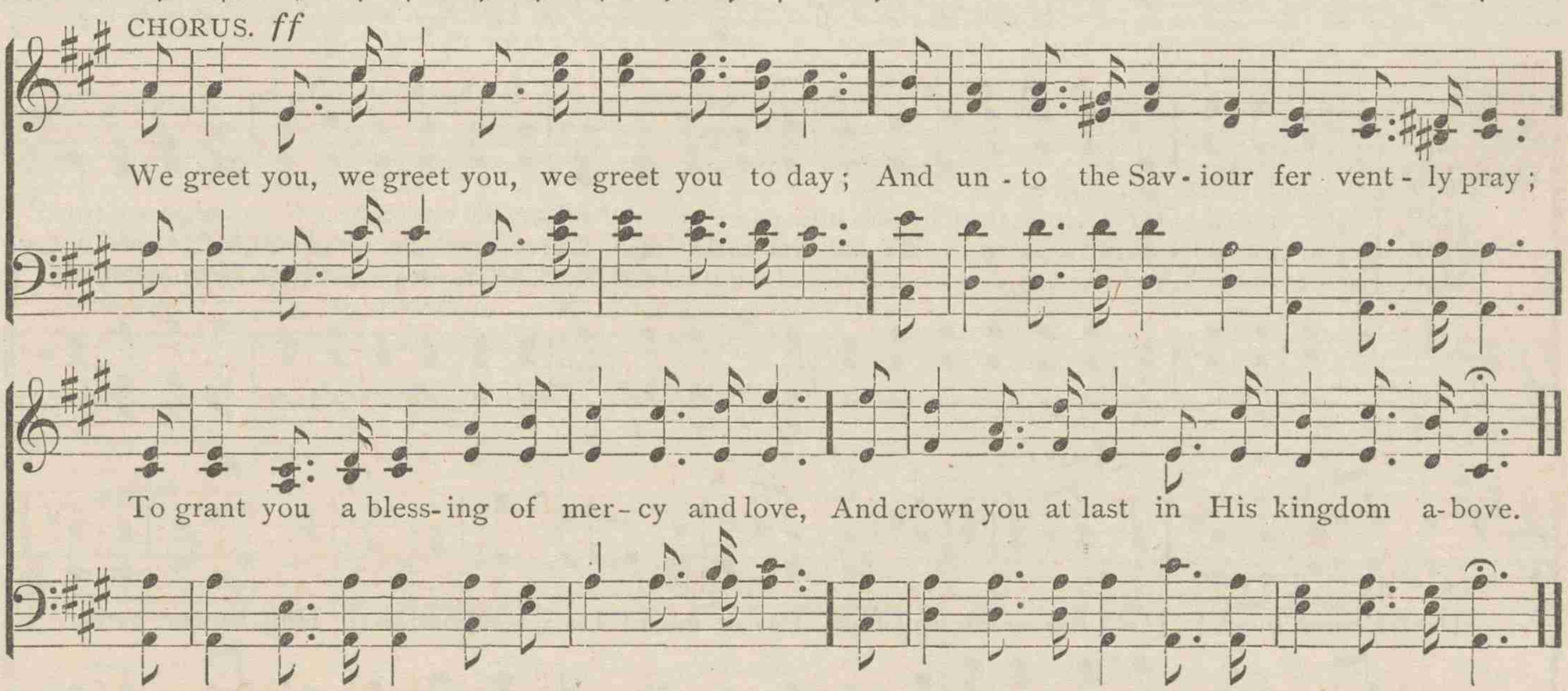
4 May the grace of God the Father,
And the Saviour's tender love;
With the blessed Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.—*Chorus.*

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A WELCOME TO ALL.

Words by Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Music by Chas. H. Gabriel.





2 A welcome, a welcome, a welcome to all,
To parents, and friends, to the great and the small,
Unite in the songs that we joyfully raise,
The blessed Redeemer of sinners to praise.—*Chorus.*

3 A welcome, a welcome, a welcome to-day,
We gather from home and our earth-cares away,
And send up our thoughts to the kingdom on high,
The home we are seeking beyond the blue sky.—*Cho.*

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HAIL, EASTER MORN!

Words by Marian Froelich. Music by G. Froelich.

1. We welcome thy coming, O blest Easter day; Hail, Easter morn! For death's starless night is dispell'd by thy ray;
2. He liv-eth, the Victor, O glo-ry divine; Hail, Easter morn! The light of that dawning for-ev- er will shine;
3. So welcome with song and with flowers and cheer; Hail, Easter morn! The day to the hearts of the children so dear;

Hail, Easter morn! Our Saviour, the Christ is now risen indeed, And souls that were captive from bondage are freed.
Hail, Easter morn! Death's sceptre is broken, triumphantly sing, O Grave, where's thy vict'ry, and, Death, where's thy sting?
Hail, Easter morn! And rise we above earth's confusion and strife, With Christ, our passover, to newness of life.

CHORUS.

Hail, Easter morn! Hail, Easter morn! Hail, Easter morn! Hail! hail! hail! hail! Hail, Easter morn!

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OUR RISEN LORD.

Words by Mary D. James.

Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Our glo-rious ris - en Lord— By earth and heav'n ador'd— Vic - to - rious King! Who vanquish'd death and
2. The tomb could not re - tain The Lamb for sinners slain, God's bless- ed Son; Vic - to- rious o'er the
3. "The Lord is ris'n in - deed!" And now to in - ter - cede For us He stands Be - fore His Father's
4. O wondrous, glorious plan To save re - bel- lious man! O matchless grace! We would His love pro-

CHORUS.

hell, Whose love no tongue can tell, His praise we sing! Hal - le - lu- jah sing! hal - le - lu-jah! Let the
grave, The might- y One to save, Our tri - umph won!
throne, Delights our names to own, Grav'n on His hands!
claim, And mag - ni - fy His name In cease - less praise.

joy - ful tidings ring! Christ the Lord is ris-en, hal - le - lu-jah! He is ris - en, vic-to-rious King!

Hallelujah!

156

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HE IS RISEN TO-DAY.

QUARTETTE.

Text: Matt. 28, 5–7.
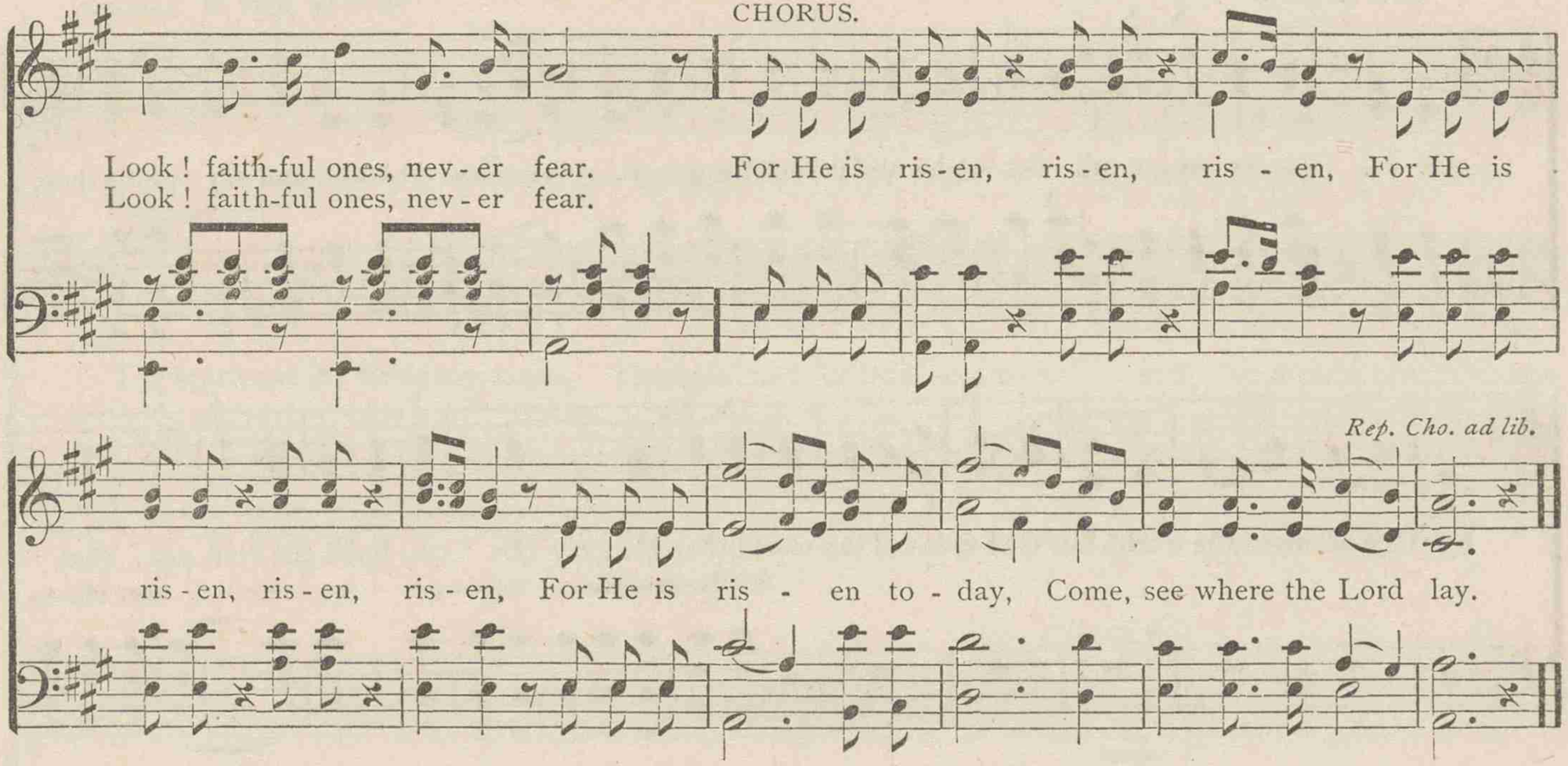
Music by ASA HULL.

1. Come, see the place where the Lord lay, Fear ye not, fear not; Ye seek the Christ who is ris - en to - day, Faithful ones, fear not.
2. Go, quick-ly tell His dis - cip - les, Fear ye not, fear not; He go - eth forth in - to Gal - li - lee, Faithful ones, fear not.

SOLO.

Come, see the place, the emp - ty tomb; Come, view the robe, the seal, the stone; Ye seek the Lord, but He is not here,
He rose tri - umph - ant o'er the grave, And now He lives, might - y to save; No rock-bound tomb could hold Him here,

CHORUS.



CHRIST IS RISEN TO-DAY.

TUNE.—"*Gospel Praise Book*," p. 229.

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day,
Sons of men and angels say ;
Raise your joys and triumphs high ;
Sing, ye heav'ns,—and earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,—
Fought the fight, the battle won ;
Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er :
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ has burst the gates of hell :
Death in vain forbids His rise ;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King ;
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Once He died our souls to save ;
Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?

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GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD.

FULL CHORUS.

Music by JOHN H. SARCHET.

Go ye, go ye in - to all the world, and preach the gospel to ev - 'ry creature, and say un-to them:

For God so loved the world, For God so loved the world, that He gave His on - ly-be-got - ten Son, that

that He gave His on - ly-be - got - ten Son, ... that who-so-

ff Adagio. Fine.

who-so - ev - er be - liev-eth on Him should not perish, but have everlast-ing life, ev - er - last - ing life.

ev - - - er be - liev-eth on Him,

ff

Solo.

Come un - to me, all ye that la - bor and are hea - - vy-

Quartette.

pp

The Spirit and the Bride say, come, The Spirit and the Bride say, come, and who-so-ev-er will, let him

O come, yes, come,

Rit. ad lib. *D. C.*

la - den, and I will give you rest ; Come ! come ! and I will give you rest.....

come, let him come, and you shall find rest, Come ! come ! I will give you rest.

you shall find rest.

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WAKE THE SONG OF JUBILEE.

Music by ASA HULL.

QUARTETTE.

1. Wake the song of ju - bi - lee, Let it ech - o o'er the sea; Now is come the promised hour, Je-sus

REFRAIN *for each verse.*

mp *Cres.*
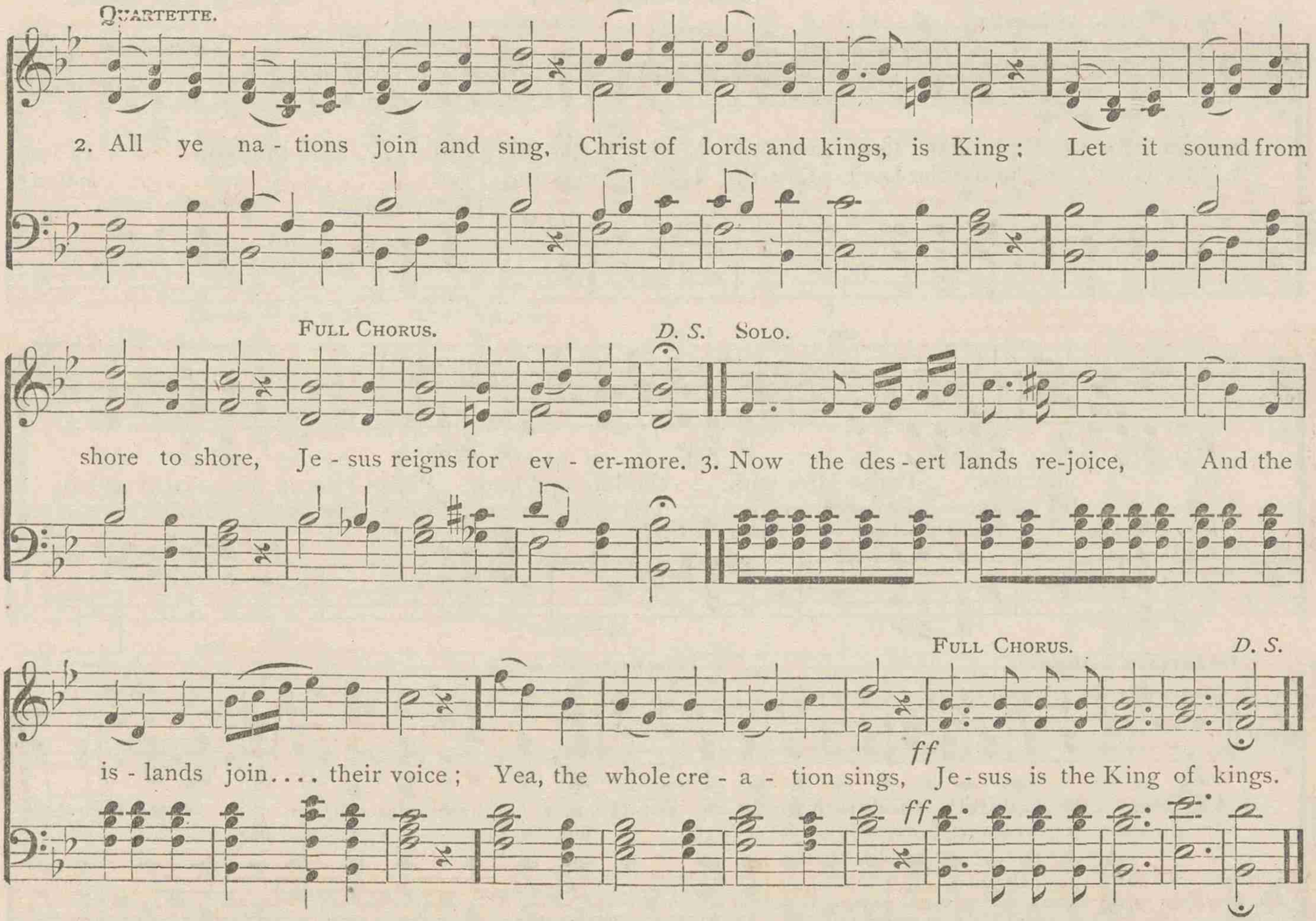
reigns with sov' - reign pow'r. Wake the song of ju - bi - lee, Let it ech - o o'er the

Wake the song, the song of ju - bi - lee, Let it ech - o, ech - o

f *ff* *Rit.* *Fine.*

sea; Now is come the promis'd hour, Je - sus reigns with sov' - reign pow'r.

o'er the sea; Now is come, is come the promis'd hour, Je-sus reigns with sov' - - reign pow'r.



Note.—*Return to Refrain after singing the 2d verse, also after 3d verse.*

ANTHEM—"Praise the Lord."

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[Text: 2 Chron. xx. 21.]

Music by ASA HULL.

FULL CHORUS. *Allegretto.*

QUARTETTE *1st time.*

ff *mp*

1. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Praise the Lord..... in the beau - ty of
2. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Praise the Lord..... in a new..... and a

ff

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,

Rep. each v. Full Chorus.

ho - - li - ness. Praise Him with.... the lute and harp, Praise Him in the voice of melody.
joy - - ful song. Praise Him for.... His mighty acts, Praise Him in the sound of harmony.

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord.
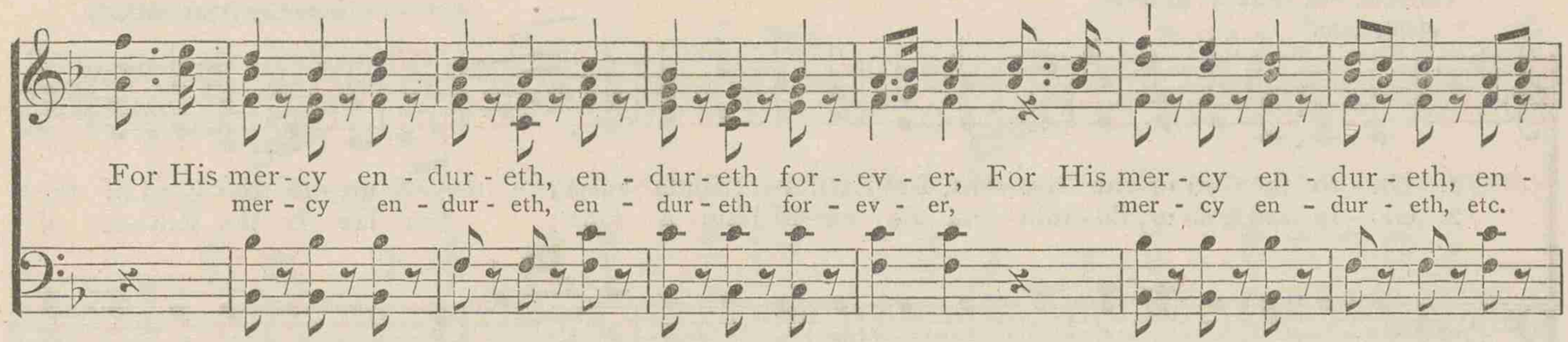
QUARTETTE. *Moderato.*
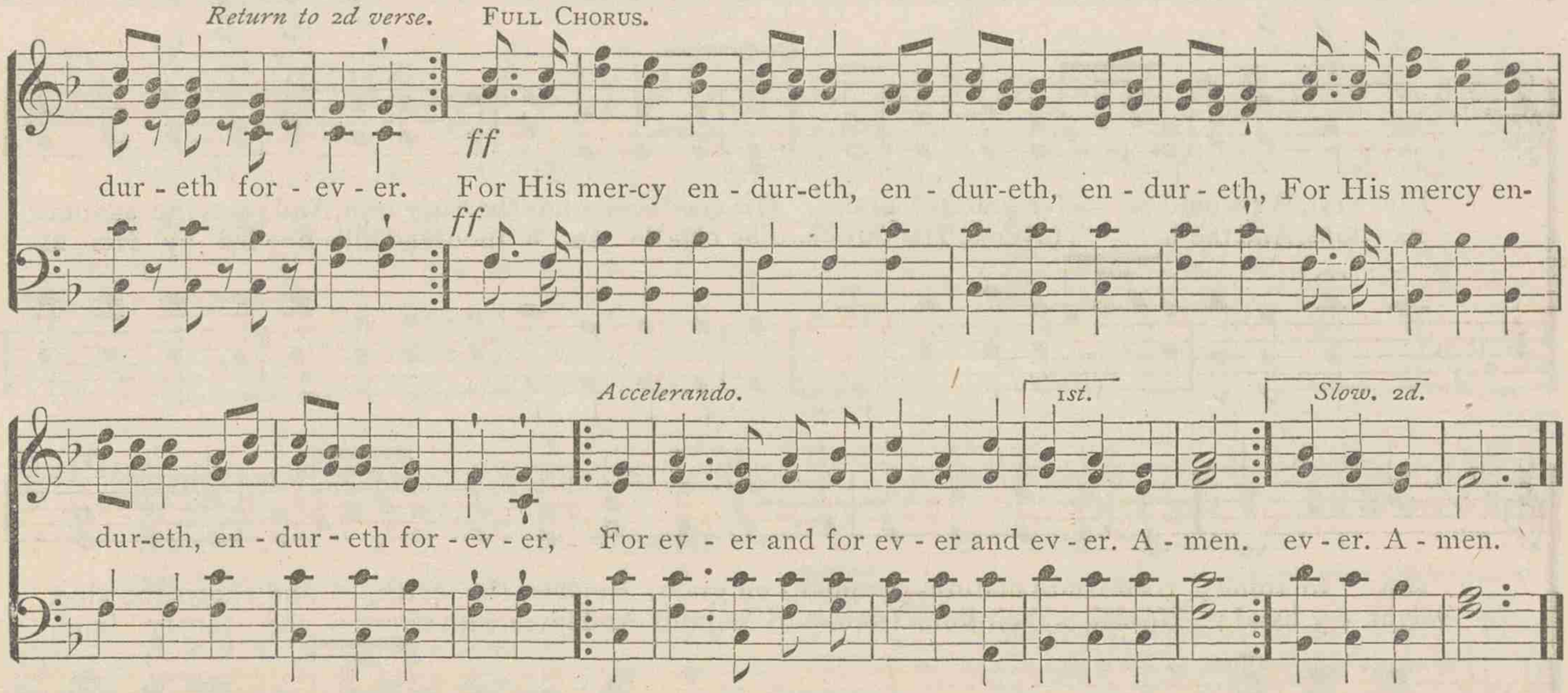
OBLIGATO SOLO.

mp

For His mercy en-dureth, en- dureth for-ev - er, For His mer - cy en-dur-eth, en - dur - eth for-ev-er.

mer-cy en - dur - eth, en - dur- eth for - ev - er, mer - cy en - dur - eth, en - dur - eth for ev - er.





Note.—*This piece may be sung through as Full Chorus, omitting the first repeat, singing the second Quartette very softly, Sopranos taking the Obligato Solo, leaving the harmony parts to the Altos. The movement in triple measure should be sung in slow and exact time until the last strain is reached, which should be accelerated as indicated. It will be found more interesting, if possible to sing it as marked.*

PRAISE HIS HOLY NAME.

Copyright, 1880, by D. W. KNOWLES.

Words and Music by ASA HULL.

Allegretto.

1. Un - to the God of the sea - sons, Let Earth her tribute raise; And un - to the Lord of the
2. Glo - ry and hon - or, do - min - ion, Be un - to Him a - lone; For He is the Rul - er of

QUARTETTE.

har - vest, We would of - fer grateful praise. His goodness sends the early rain, And gives the summer
na - tions, And the u - niverse, His throne. The cat - tle on a thousand hills Are fed by His al -

sun to shine; Its warmth matures the gold - en grain, Revives the earth, and cheers the vine.
might - y hand; He slakes their thirst from sparkling rills, And laves with streams the thirsty land.

CHORUS. *Moderato.*

f

Praise Him, praise Him, praise His ho- ly name ! Praise Him, praise Him, praise His holy name !

Praise Him, praise Him, praise His holy name ! Praise Him, praise Him, praise His holy name, His ho - ly

ff

name !..... Praise His ho - - - ly name !.....

Praise His holy name, praise His holy name! Praise His holy name, praise His holy name !

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THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

Full Chorus—*Animato.*

Words and Music by ASA HULL.

A-wake ! a-wake ! a-wake !

Small notes are for Cornet or Organ.

A-wake the trumpet's joyful sound! A-

{ Awake the trumpet's joyful sound ! A - wake the trump - et's
{ Let all the earth its Lord proclaim, Let all the earth its

Let all the earth its Lord proclaim, Let

1st time. *2d time.*

wake the trumpet's joyful sound, In praise of Him, In praise of Him

joy - ful sound.... In praise of Him whose goodness doth abound ;

Lord pro-claim... And mag - ni - fy His [Omit.....] ho - ly name, His holy

all the earth its Lord proclaim, And mag-ni-fy, and mag-ni-fy His

Quartette—*Moderato.*

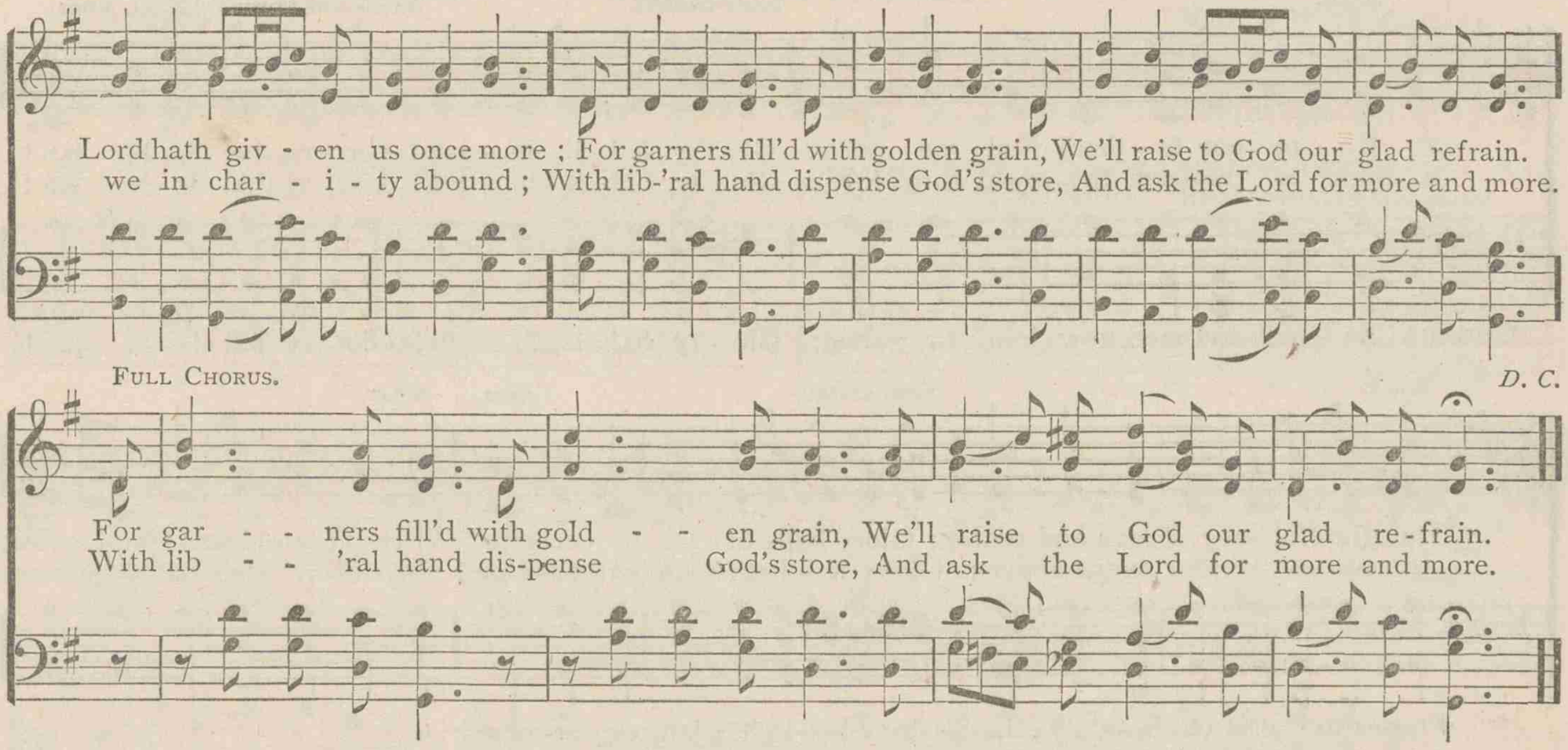
name, mag-ni-fy His ho - - - ly name.

* *Fine.*

1. A - bund-ant fruit so rich in store, The
2. With peace and plen-ty all a - round, May

* *Fine.*

* *Second verse should follow first D. C. without interlude.*



ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

Tune.—"*Thanksgiving and Pratse.*"

Full Cho. Awake ! Awake ! awake ! etc.
Quartette. We come again with right good cheer,
To greet our friends and kindred here ;
With joyousness our voices raise
In a triumphant song of praise.
Full Cho. With joyousness our voices raise
In a triumphant song of praise.

2.

Full Cho. Awake ! awake ! awake ! etc.
Quartette. Another year its tale hath told
Of joy and sorrow, as of old ;
As borne on time's resistless wing
We'll praise the Lord our heav'nly King.
Full Cho. As borne on time's resistless wing, etc.

3.

Full Cho. Awake ! awake ! awake ! etc.
Quartette. Our days are passing as a dream,
So sweetly gliding down life's stream ;
No darksome clouds o'ercast our sky.
For joy now beams from ev'ry eye.
Full Cho. No darksome clouds o'ercast our sky, etc.
Da Capo. Awake ! awake ! awake ! etc.

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TRIBUTE OF PRAISE.

Words and Music by E. U. EDEL.

SOLO. SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Un - to our fa - ther's God we raise; Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
2. Born to re-deem the world thro' love; Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

CHORUS. An - gels and men now join to sing; Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

SOLO. SEMI-CHORUS. *Fine.* SOLO.

Our grateful song of love and praise; Glory halle-lu - jah ev - ermore! When the world was tempest-tost;
Je - sus our Saviour reigns above; Glo-ry hal- le-lu - jah ev - er-more! Joy-ful- ly your anthems raise;

Praises to Christ our heav'nly King; Glo-ry hal- le-lu - jah ev - er-more!

SEMI-CHORUS. SOLO. *D. C.*

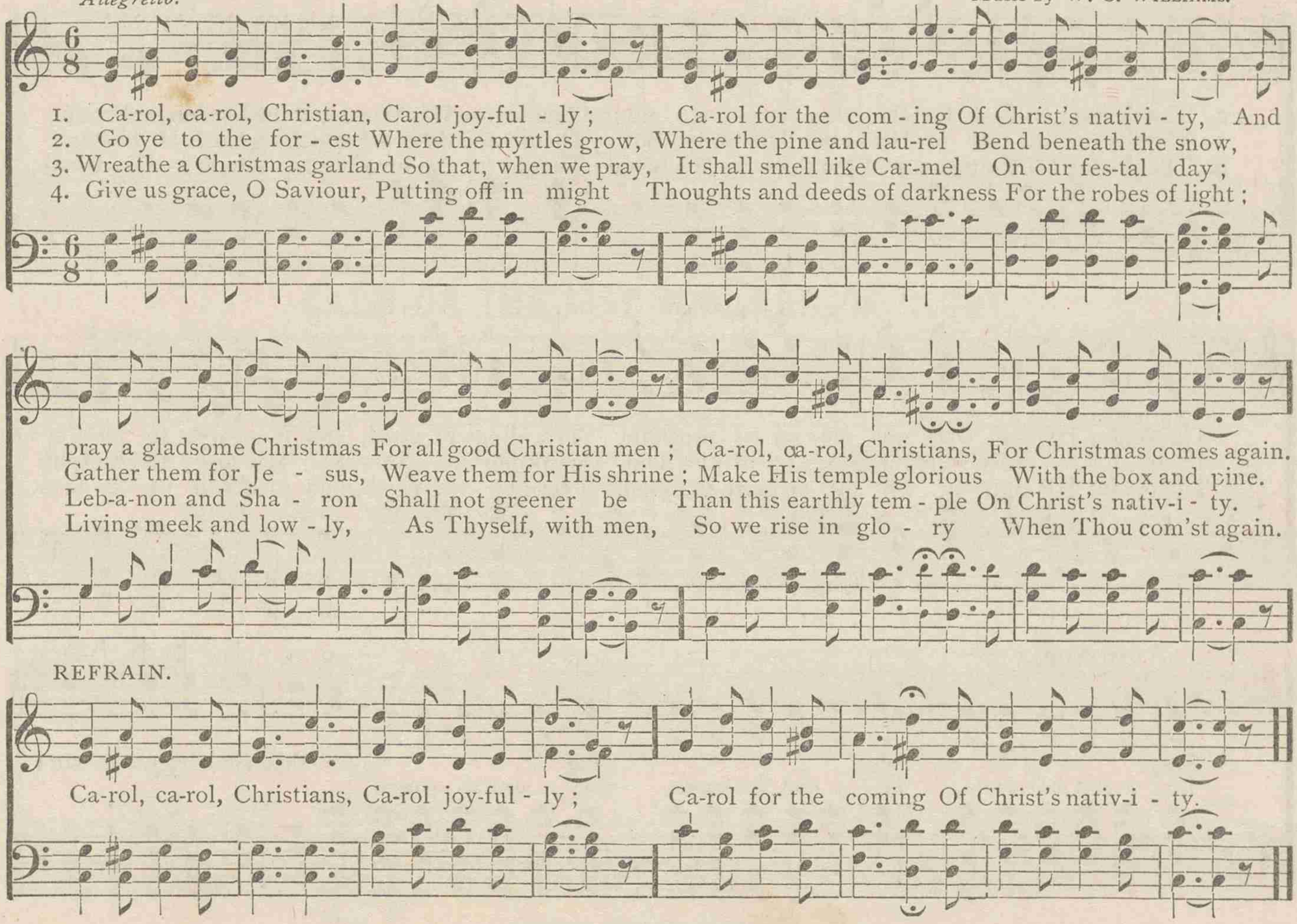
Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! Jesus came to save the lost, And guide to heav'n's bright shore.
Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! Fill the earth with gladsome praise Till time shall be no more.

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CAROL JOYFULLY.

Allegretto.

Music by W. C. Williams.



170

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THANKS BE TO GOD.

Words by H. S. Perkins.
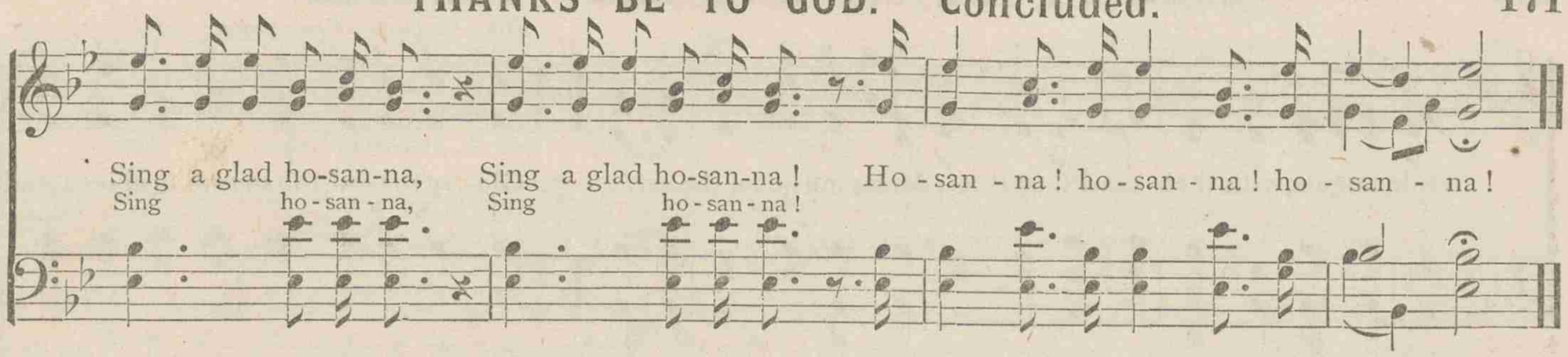
Music by ASA HULL.

1. Thanks be to God for the vic - t'ry o - ver sin; Thanks for His Word and the teachings therein;
2. Thanks for the gift of His loved, His on-ly Son; Thanks for the work which on earth He be-gun;
3. Thanks for re-demp-tion and purchase by His blood; Thanks for the love He has taught in His Word;

Thanks for His Son who was giv - en to proclaim Ti - dings of good, and the earth to reclaim.
Thanks for the peace which it brings un-to the soul, Work-ing for Je - sus, His love to un-fold.
Thanks for His Spir - it, for ev - er-more to reign, Peace on the earth, and good will un - to men.

CHORUS.

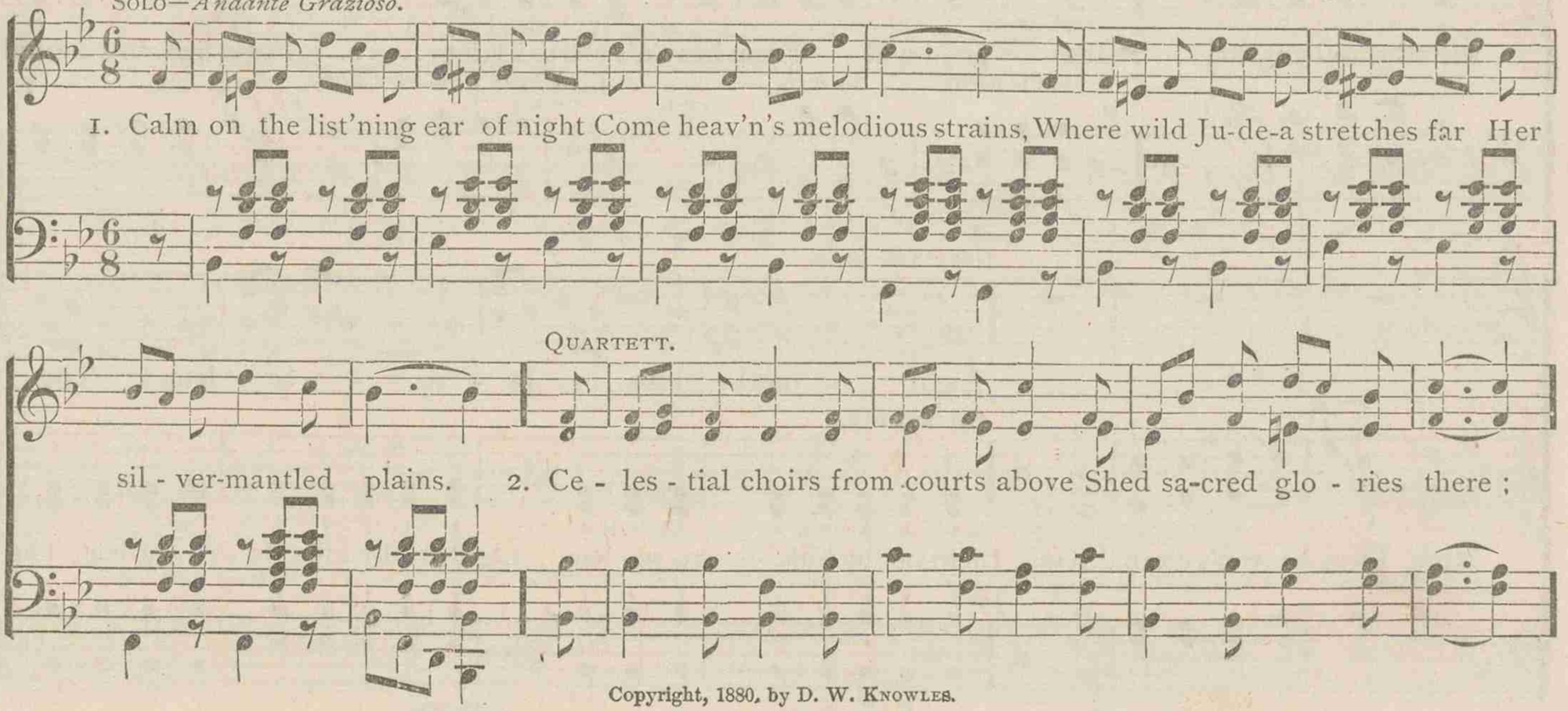
Sing, Sing, Sing for the vic - t'ry o - ver sin;
Sing a glad ho - san-na, Sing a glad ho - san-na, Sing a glad ho - san-na



CALM ON THE LIST'NING EAR OF NIGHT.

Words by EDMUND H. SEARS. Music by J. H. TENNEY.

SOLO—*Andante Grazioso.*



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CALM ON THE LIST'NING EAR. Continued.

FULL CHORUS—*Con spirito.*

While angels, with their sparkling lyres, Make music on the air. 3. Glo- ry to God, the sounding skies Loud

with the anthem ring: Peace good-will From heav'n's eternal King,..... From heaven's eternal

to the earth, to men, From heav'n's eternal King,

p *cres.* *ff*

OBLIGATO SOLO.

Light on thy hills,.... Je - ru - sa - lem, The

QUARTETTE.

King, From heaven's eternal King. Light on thy hills, Je - ru-sa - lem, Light on thy hills, Je - ru - sa-lem, The

pp

Sav - iour, Christ.... the Lord..... is born; And bright..... on Beth - - le -

Saviour, Christ the Lord, is born, The Saviour, Christ the Lord, is born; And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains,

hem's.. joyous plains Breaks the first Christmas morn, Breaks the first Christmas morn.

FULL CHORUS.

Bright on Bethlehem's joy-ous plains Breaks the first Christmas morn, Breaks the first, the first Christmas morn. Bright on Bethlehem's

joy - ous plains Breaks the first Christmas morn, Breaks the first Christmas morn, Breaks the first Christmas morn.

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HAIL, BLESSED MORN!

Words by Samuel Callen. Music by ASA HULL.

1. Hail, bless-ed morn! When Christ was born A babe in Beth-le-hem; When at His birth
2. Lo! from a-far Still shines the star, By faith we see the gem! That went be-fore
3. "No room," they said, So He was laid In man-ger rude and bare; Low lies His head
4. Wise men of old Brought gifts of gold, Of frank-in-cense and myrrh; But far a-bove

CHORUS.

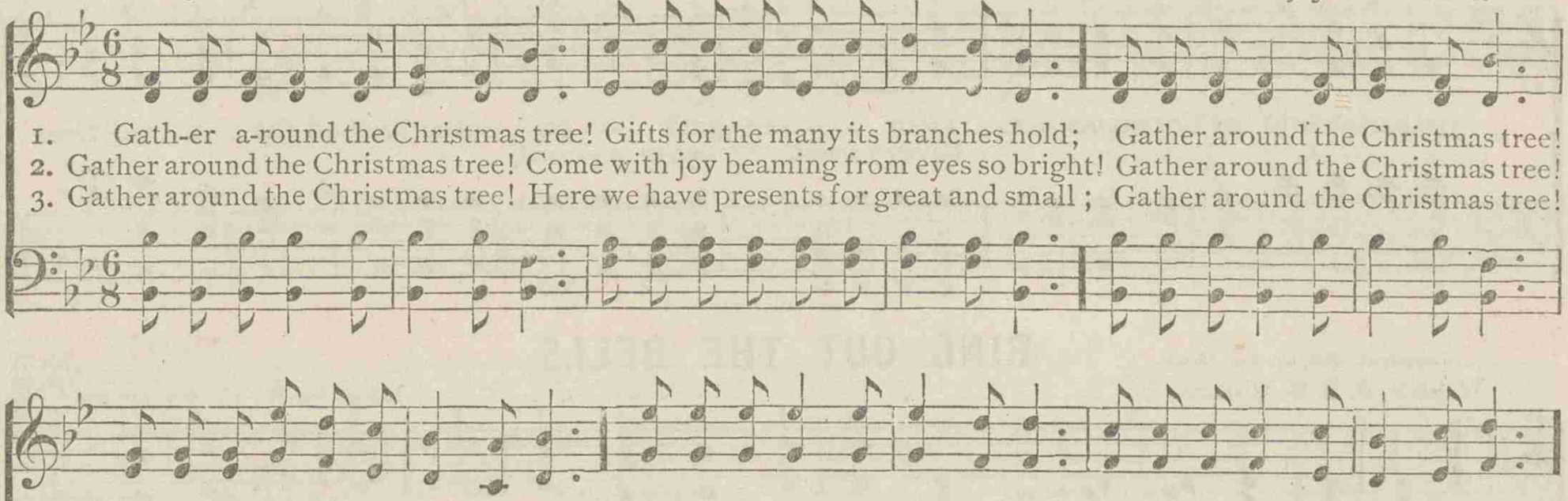
Peace came to earth, Good will to sons of men! All hail the morn, When Christ was born! Let
Wise men of yore, And shone o'er Beth-le-hem!
In hum-ble bed, The shep-herds found Him there.
All gifts of love, The heart doth God pre-fer.

earth a-dore her King! Join in the song Of an-gel throng, And hal-le-lu-jahs sing!
throng, And hal-le-lu-jahs sing!

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AROUND THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Words by E. R. Latta. Music by J. H. Tenney.



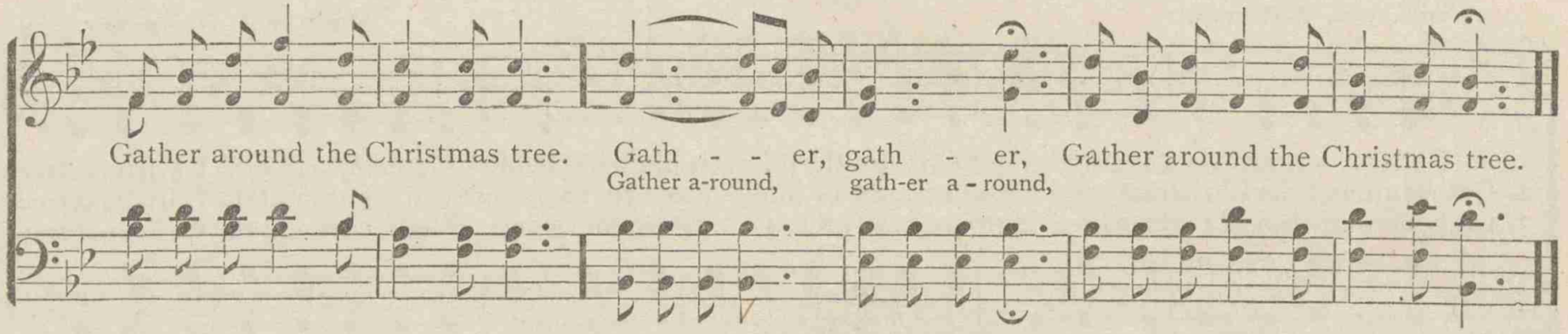
1. Gath-er a-round the Christmas tree! Gifts for the many its branches hold; Gather around the Christmas tree!
2. Gather around the Christmas tree! Come with joy beaming from eyes so bright! Gather around the Christmas tree!
3. Gather around the Christmas tree! Here we have presents for great and small; Gather around the Christmas tree!

Come with rejoicing, both young and old; Welcome the gladsome Christmas time! Dear to our hearts this happy scene!
Mer-ri - ly singing with pure delight; Nev-er for-get the to-kens fair, Parents and teachers here bestow;
Thanking the Lord who hath given all; Think of the Saviour cru - ci - fied, Sent as the Fa-ther's gift to men;

CHORUS.

Come, for these gifts of love are thine, Loading the branches so fresh and green. Gath - - er, gath - er,
Never for-get the ten - der care, Watching and cherishing you below.
Flee to the blest Redeemer's side, Never to wander from Him again. Gath- er a-round the Christmas tree,

AROUND THE CHRISTMAS TREE. Concluded.

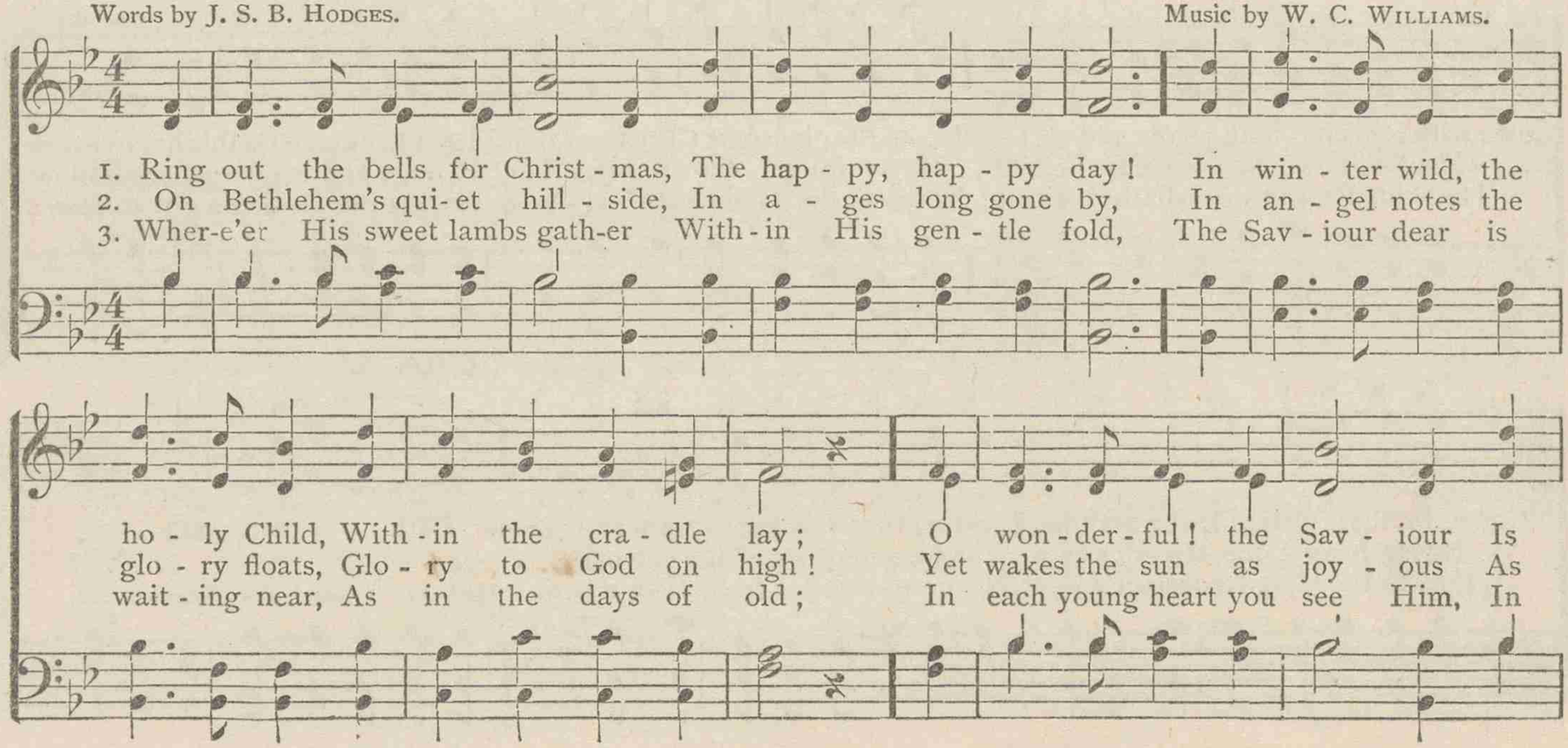


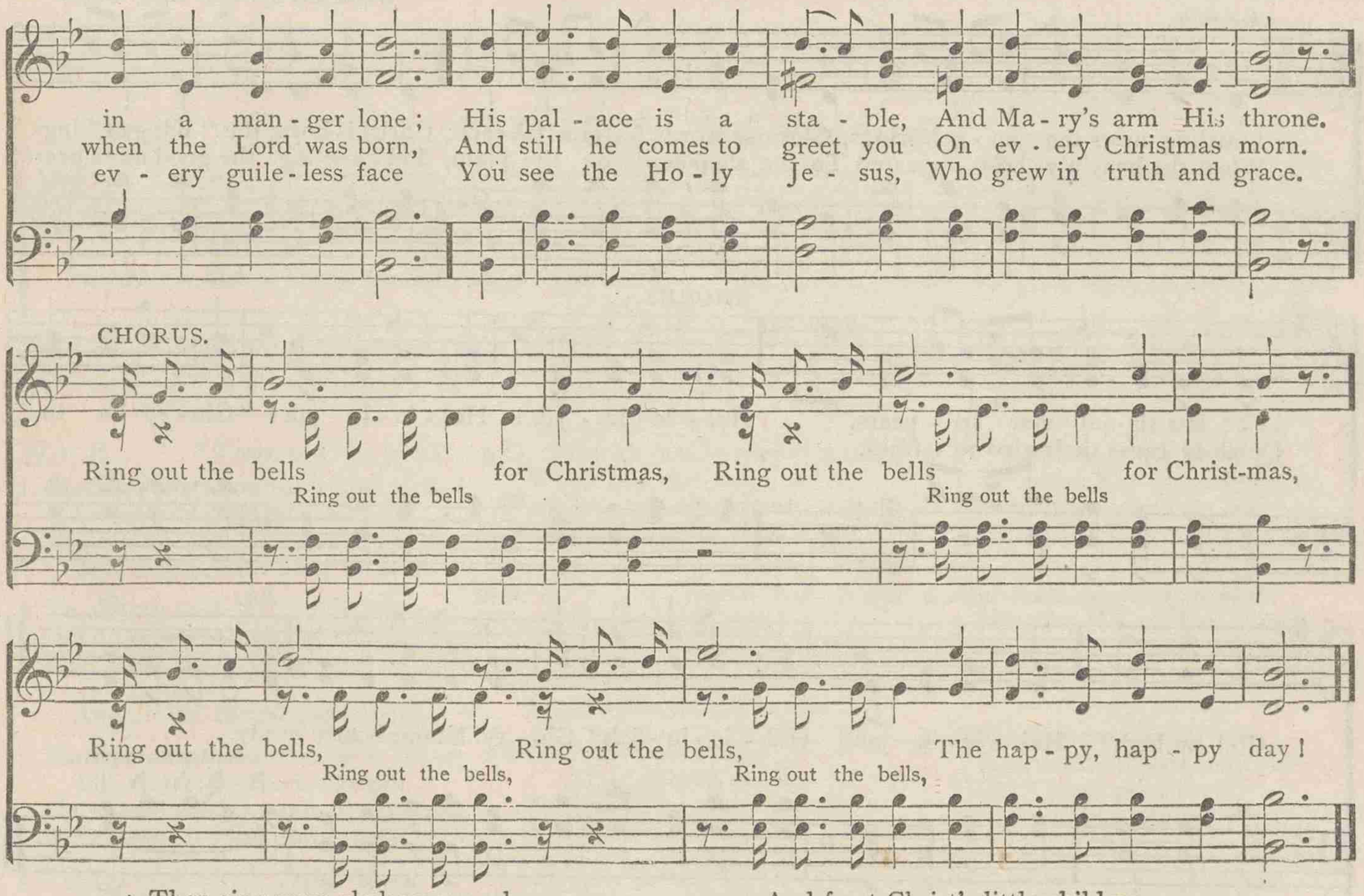
RING OUT THE BELLS.

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Words by J. S. B. Hodges.

Music by W. C. Williams.
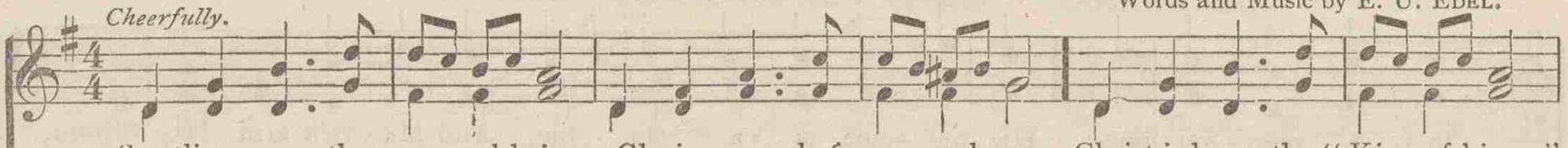




4 Then sing your gladsome carols,
And hail the new-born Sun,
For Christmas light is passing bright,
It smiles on ev'ry one ;—
And feast Christ's little children,
His poor, His orphans call ;
For He who chose the manger,
He loveth one and all. *Chorus.*

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THE WONDROUS BIRTH.
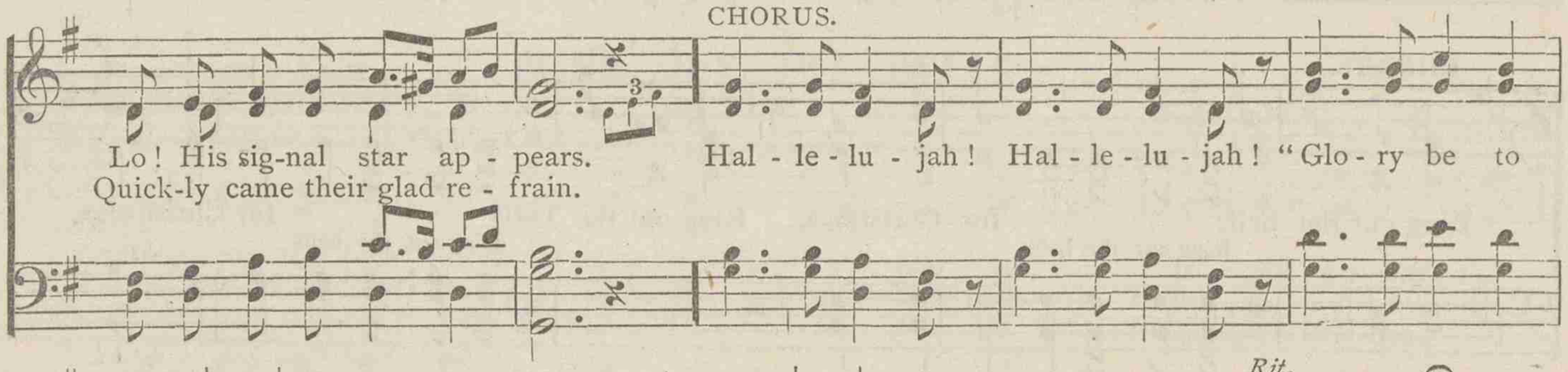
Words and Music by E. U. EDEL.

Cheerfully.

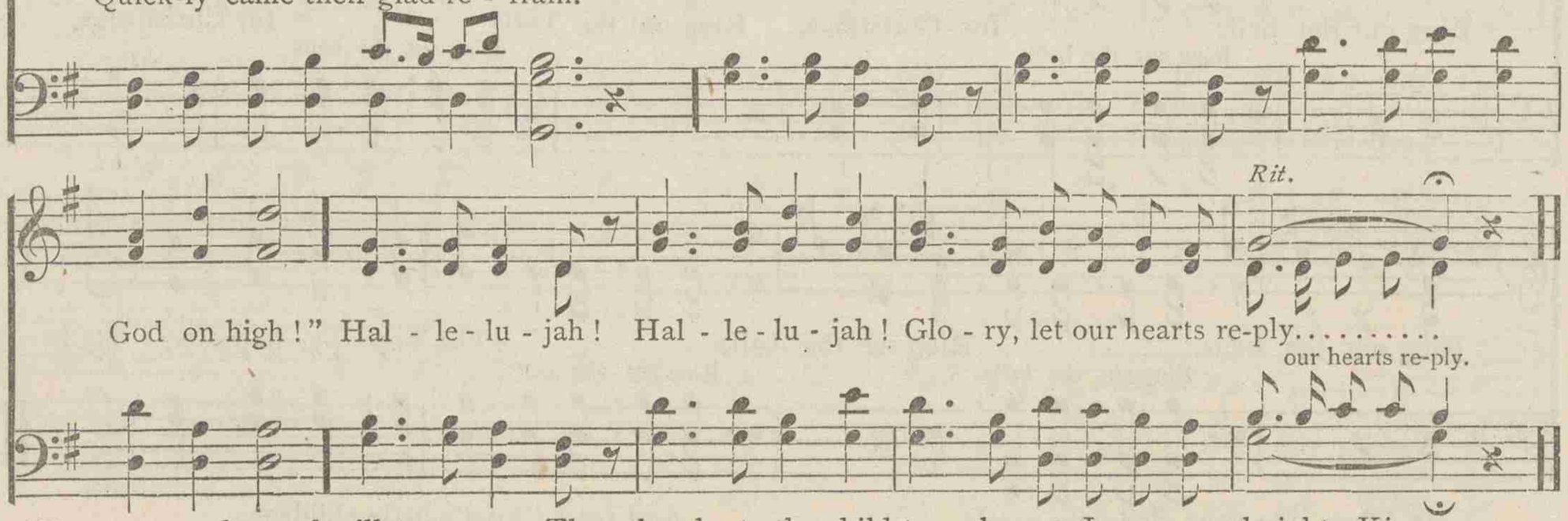


1. Startling news the an - gel brings, Glorious words for mor-tal ears; Christ is born, the "King of kings,"
2. When the heav'nly host appeared To the shep-herds on the plain, Fol - low-ing the good news heard,

CHORUS.



Lo! His sig-nal star ap - pears. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! "Glo - ry be to
Quick-ly came their glad re - frain.



God on high!" Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, let our hearts re-ply.....
our hearts re-ply.
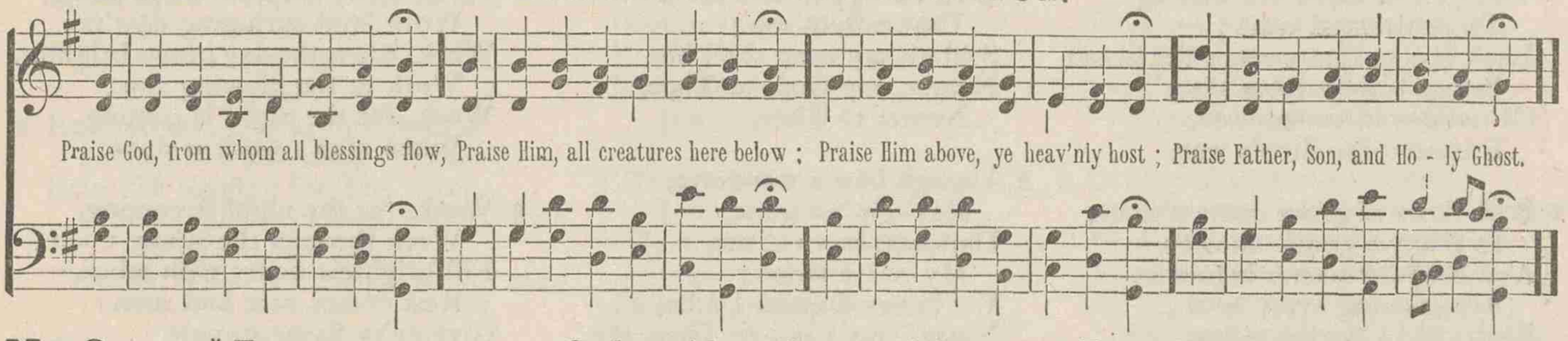
3 Peace on earth, good-will to men,
Jesus comes to save and bless;
Go and find in Bethlehem
Christ the Lord, and Him confess.

4 Then they haste the child to seek,
Trusting in the angel's word;
Worshiping the Saviour meek,
Wise men found in Him their Lord.

5 Jesus, our almighty King,
Lives and reigns in heav'n above;
We adore and gladly sing
Praises for His boundless love.

DEVOTIONAL HYMNS.

No. 1. DOXOLOGY.—Old Hundred.



No. 2.

* *Tune*, G. P. B., p. 73.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all !

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all !

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all !

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

5 O, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall !
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all !

No. 3.

Tune, G. P. B., p. 59.

1 I HEAR the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small,
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in Me thy all in all.

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

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

3 For nothing good have I,
Whereby Thy grace to claim,
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

4 And then complete in Him,
My robe His righteousness,
Close shelter'd 'neath His side,
I am divinely blest.

5 When from my dying bed
My ransom'd soul shall rise,
Then " Jesus paid it all !"
Shall fill the vaulted skies.

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

* " *G. P. B.*" *refers to* " *Gospel Praise Book*," *by* ASA HULL.

No. 4.

Tune, G.P.B., p. 203.

1 THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answers brings;
And heavenly gales are blowing
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel-call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 5.

Tune, G.P.B., p. 77.

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

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

3 There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven:
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee, etc.

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

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

No. 6.

Tune, G.P.B., p. 89.

1 WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours,
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flow'rs;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,—
Rest comes sure and soon:
Give ev'ry flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies;
Work, for the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

4 Work, for the night is coming,
Work, while the fields are white;
Work, for thy sands are running,
Work, while hopes are bright;
Gather thy sheaves of morning;
Rest not thy hand at noon;
Labor and strive till evening;
Rest when daylight's gone.

No. 7. *Tune*, G.P.B., p. 154.

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

2 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to Thee;
Fain I'm longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, call for me;
Even me, even me,
Whilst Thou'rt calling, call for me.

3 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see,—
Witnesses of Jesus' merit;
Speak some word of pow'r to me;
Even me, even me,
Speak some word of pow'r to me.

4 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so rich and boundless,
Magnify it all in me;
Even me, even me,
Magnify it all in me.

5 Pass me not, the lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me;
Even me, even me,
Blessing others, O bless me.

No. 8. *Tune*, G.P.B., p. 168.

1 FADE, fade, each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine!
Break every tender tie,
Jesus is mine!
Dark is the wilderness;
Earth has no resting-place;
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine!

2 Tempt not my soul away;
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest;
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest;
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine.

No. 9. *Tune*, G.P.B., pp. 105, 119.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
All my hope from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

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

No. 10. *Tune*, G.P.B., p. 91.

1 I HEAR Thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee ;
For cleansing in Thy precious blood,
That flow'd on Calvary.
Cho.—I am coming, Lord !
Coming now to Thee !
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
That flow'd on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure ;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

5 All hail ! atoning blood !
All hail ! redeeming grace !
All hail ! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness.

No. 11. *Tune*, G.P.B., p. 75.

1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone :
Thou must save, and Thou alone :
In my hand no price I bring ;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 12. *Tune*, G.P.B., p. 122.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes ;
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship
Through all eternity. [reign

No. 13. *Tune*, G.P.B., p. 124.

1 MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine !
Now hear me while I pray ;
Take all my guilt away ;
O, let me, from this day,
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire !
As Thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire !

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour ! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
O, bear me save above—
A ransomed soul !

No. 14. *Tune*, G.P.B., p. 52.

1 I LOVE to tell the story :
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true ;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

Cho.—I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story :
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story :
It did so much for me !
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story :
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story :
For some have never heard
The Message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story :
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.

No. 15. *Tune*, G.P.B., p. 245.

1 MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country ! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song !
Let mortal tongues awake ;
Let all that breathe partake ;
Let rocks their silence break ;
The sound prolong !

4 Our fathers' God ! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing :
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King !

No. 16. *Tune*, G.P.B., p. 145.

1 TO-DAY the Saviour calls !
Ye wand'rers, come ;
O, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam ?

2 To-day the Saviour calls !
For refuge fly ;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

3 To-day the Saviour calls !
O, hear Him now ;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

4 The Spirit calls to-day :
Yield to His power ;
O, grieve Him not away,—
'Tis mercy's hour.

No. 17. *Tune*, G.P.B., p. 245.

1 GOD bless our native land !
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night ;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

2 For her our pray'r shall rise
To God, above the skies ;
On Him we wait ;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State !

No. 18.

Tune, G.P.B., p. 180.

1 I HAVE a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,
A dear, loving Saviour, tho' earth-friends be few;
And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me;
And O, that my Saviour were your Saviour too!

Chorus.—For you I am praying, for you I am praying,
For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.

2 I have a Father; to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon will He call me to meet Him in heaven,
But O, that He'd let me bring you with me too!

3 I have a robe; 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
O, when I receive it, all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!

4 I have a peace; it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And O, could I know it is given to you.

5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And pray'r will be answered—'twas answer'd for you!

No. 19.

Tune, G.P.B., p. 179.

1 "ALMOST persuaded" now to believe;
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive.
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, Spirit, go Thy way,
Some more convenient day
On Thee I'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away.
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are ling'ring near,
Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear,
O wand'rer, come!

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" cannot avail,
"Almost" is but to fail,
Sad, sad that bitter wail—
"Almost, *but lost!*"

No. 20.

Tune, G.P.B., p. 117.

1 HE leadeth me! O blessed thought,
O, words of heav'nly comfort fraught;
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Chorus.—He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes when Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

No. 21.

Tune, G.P.B., p. 224.

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

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
O, while Thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright,

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

4 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come disaster, scorn, and pain!
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on Thee!
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by pray'r!
Heav'n's eternal day before thee:
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

No. 22.

Tune, G.P.B., p. 118.

1 WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to Him in prayer.
O, what peace we often forfeit,
O, what needless pain we bear;
All because we do not carry
Everything to Him in pray'r.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 23.

Tune, G.P.B., p. 190.

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

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

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize,
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 24.

Tune, G.P.B., p. 207.

1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here;
Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view:
Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we reign with Thee above.

No. 25.

Tune, G.P.B., p. 122.

1 JUST as I am, without 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 waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, come.

3 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee I find;
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

4 Just as I am, though toss'd about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5 Just as I am Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

No. 26.

Tune, G.P.B., p. 71.

1 THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar ;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.
Chorus.—In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore ;
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

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

4 We shall rest on that beautiful shore,
In the joys of the saved we shall share ;
All our pilgrimage toil will be o'er,
And the conqueror's crown we shall wear.

5 We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall reign,
In the land where the saved never die ;
We shall rest free from sorrow and pain,
Safe at home in the sweet by and by.

No. 27.

Tune, G.P.B., p. 244.

1 NOW to heav'n our pray'rs ascending,
God speed the right ;
In a noble cause contending,
God speed the right ;
Be our zeal in heav'n recorded,
With success on earth rewarded,
‖: God speed the right. :‖

2 Be that pray'r again repeated,
God speed the right ;
Ne'er despairing though defeated,
God speed the right ;
Like the good and great in story,
If we fail, we fail with glory,
‖: God speed the right. :‖

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right ;
Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right ;
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heav'n's own time succeeding,
‖: God speed the right. :‖

4 Still our onward course pursuing,
God speed the right ;
Ev'ry foe at length subduing,
God speed the right ;
Truth our cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it ;
‖: God speed the right. :‖

No. 28.

Tune, G.P.B., p. 115.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

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

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

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 29.

Tune, G.P.B., p. 131.

1 O, THINK of a home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.
Over there, over there,
O, think of a home over there.

2 O, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.
Over there, over there,
O, think of the friends over there.

3 My Saviour is now over there;
There my kindred and friends are at rest:
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

No. 30.

Tune, G.P.B., p. 79.

1 "LAND ahead!" its fruits are waving
O'er the hills of fadeless green;
And the living waters laving
Shores where heavenly forms are seen.
Chorus.—Rocks and storms I'll fear no more,
When on that eternal shore;
Drop the anchor! furl the sail!
I am safe within the vail!

2 Onward, bark, the cape I'm rounding;
See the blessed wave their hands;
Hear the harps of God resounding
From the bright, immortal bands.

3 There, let go the anchor, riding
On this calm and silv'ry bay;
Seaward fast the tide is gliding;
Shores in sunlight stretch away.

4 Now we're safe from all temptation;
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the Rock of our salvation!
We are safe at home at last!

INDEX OF TUNES.

After His Likeness..... 18
All for Jesus..... 35
Angel Guardians..... 142
Anniversary Hymn..... 167
Anthem—Praise the Lord..... 162
Anywhere..... 21
Are You Waiting..... 15
Around the Christmas Tree..... 175
As a Shepherd..... 74
A Welcome to all..... 153

Bear Thy Cross..... 65
Beautiful Star, Shine on..... 69
Believing and Trusting..... 17
Better Further on..... 8
Beyond the River..... 28
Blessed are They..... 97
Boundless Love..... 114
Breezes from Land..... 133
Bringing in the Sheaves..... 37
Burning the Chaff..... 52
Busy Little Gleaners..... 148
By the Crystal Sea..... 13

Calm on the List'ning Ear..... 171
Carol Joyfully..... 169
Christ is Risen To-day..... 157
Clap your Hands for Joy..... 147
Clinging to the Saviour..... 53
Closer to Thee..... 26
Come, O come to Jesus..... 46
Coming, gladly Coming..... 150
Coming to the Saviour..... 89

Doxology..... 179

For You and Me..... 125

Go and Tell It..... 60
Go Ye into All the World..... 158
Greeting Song..... 152

Happy Pilgrims..... 11
Hail! Blessed Morn..... 174
Hail! Easter Morn..... 154
Heaven is My Home..... 85
He doeth All Things Well..... 135
He is Risen To-day..... 156
Heralds of Zion..... 93
His Guiding Hand..... 32
Holy, Lord God Almighty..... 67

I'm Nearing Home..... 82
In the Glorious Sunlight..... 58
In the Morn of Life..... 149
In the Shadow of the Rock..... 63
Is my Name written There..... 5
Is the Story True..... 84
I Rest in Thy Love..... 108
I will Knock at the Door..... 116

Jesus Died for Me..... 99
Jesus is Calling for Thee..... 140
Jesus is There..... 27
Jesus our Friend..... 71
Jesus, Saviour of All..... 146
Jesus Waits for Thee..... 79

Knocking at the Door..... 23

Let your Light Shine..... 119
Let Thy Mercy Shine on Me..... 36
Like the Nine..... 70
Little Pilgrims..... 47
Look to the Light-house..... 91

Meet Again..... 77
Mercy's Free..... 30
Mercy's Gate..... 100
Merton..... 39

New Whiter than Snow..... 22
No Book is like the Bible..... 113
No Night in Heaven..... 75

O Come, Come To-day..... 88
One Day nearer Home..... 76
On the Lord's side..... 24
On to the Front..... 131
On to Victory..... 83
Only Remembered..... 104
Onward and Upward..... 57
Onward, Right Onward..... 51
Opening Lay..... 151

Open the Door..... 110
Open Wide the Door..... 64
Our Home Over There..... 111
Our Risen Lord..... 155

Perseverance and Trust..... 56
Praise His Holy Name..... 164
Put on the Armor..... 129

Redemption's Song..... 138
Ring out the Bells..... 176
Running the Race..... 31

Sabbath Chimes..... 66
Sabbath Morning..... 55
Sad the Silence..... 144
Saved, Fully Saved..... 107
Sing on, Sing Sweetly on..... 44
Sing of His Love..... 128
Songs of Faith..... 45
Songs of Heaven..... 136
So will I Comfort Thee..... 61
Sowing the Seed..... 40
Stand up for Jesus..... 124
Star of Hope..... 29
Stranger Voices..... 49
Suffer Children to Come..... 43

Take the Fort..... 123
Tell Me of Jesus..... 6
Thanks be to God..... 170
Thanksgiving and Praise..... 166
The Angel at the Portal..... 90
The Banner of Truth..... 117
The Beautiful City..... 81
The Beautiful Stream..... 54
The Bread of Life..... 142
The Christian Hero..... 121
The City of God..... 16
The Eventide..... 109
The Glorious Prospect..... 127
The Glorious Treasure..... 112
The Fast Ebbing Tide..... 9
The Gospel Call..... 94
The Great Teacher..... 141
The Happy Pilgrim..... 68
The Harvest Home..... 19
The Heavenly Visitor..... 78
The Hiding Place..... 42
The Hush of Night..... 3
The Living Water..... 80
The Master is Calling..... 38
The Messenger of Peace..... 118
The Morning Star..... 130
The New Song..... 132
The Open Door..... 48
The Penitent..... 62
The Portals of Pearl..... 34
The Precious Saviour..... 4
The Prodigal's Return..... 12
The Reapers..... 72
The Riven Rock..... 41
The Sacred Stream..... 14
The Saviour's Call..... 106
The Saviour's Love..... 101
The Sheltering Rock..... 86
The Shining Way..... 20
The Sweet Over There..... 7
The Voice of Love..... 115
The Water of Life..... 92
The Way He Leads Us..... 59
The Wondrous Birth..... 178
There is Work for all..... 126
There's None like Jesus..... 73
'Tis Harvest Time..... 144
Tribute of Praise..... 168
Trust in God..... 122

Under His Wings..... 98

Wait and Murmur not..... 103
Waiting, only Waiting..... 87
Wake the Song of Jubilee..... 160
Walk in the Light..... 105
Wanderer, Seek Thy Home... 25
Watching and Waiting..... 10
When the Mists have Cleared. 120
Where are the Harvesters..... 50
Willing Hearts and Ready.... 102
Work while the Day lasts..... 96
Work, Work for God..... 139

Youthful Praise..... 33

INDEX OF HYMNS WITHOUT MUSIC.

All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name 179
Almost persuaded, now to 184
Blest be the tie that binds..... 182
Christ the Lord is risen to-day. 157
Fade, fade each earthly joy.... 181
God bless our native land..... 183
He leadeth me! O blessed.... 184
I have a Saviour, He's pleading 184
I hear the Saviour say..... 179
I hear Thy welcome voice..... 182
I love to tell the story..... 183
Jesus, I my cross have taken.. 185
Jesus, lover of my soul....., 181
Just as I am, without one plea. 186
Land ahead! its fruits are..... 188
Lord, I hear of showers..... 181
My country, 'tis of thee..... 183
My faith looks up to Thee..... 182
Nearer, my God, to Thee..... 180
Now to heaven our prayers.... 187
O think of a home over there.. 188
Rock of Ages, cleft for me.... 182
Sweet hour of prayer, sweet... 186
The morning light is breaking. 180
There is a fountain filled with. 188
There's a land that is fairer.... 187
To-day, the Saviour calls..... 183
What a friend we have in Jesus 185
While with ceaseless course... 186
Work, for the night is coming. 180

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

Anniversary.

Angel Guardians..... 142
Anniversary Hymn..... 167
As a Shepherd..... 74
A Welcome to all..... 153
Bringing in the Sheaves..... 37
Coming, gladly Coming..... 150
In the Glorious Sunlight..... 58
I will Knock at the Door..... 116
Only Remembered..... 104
Opening Lay..... 151
Open the Door..... 110
Redemption's Song..... 138
Sing on, Sing sweetly on..... 44
Songs of Faith..... 45
Songs of Heaven..... 136
Thanks be to God..... 170
The Beautiful City..... 81
The City of God..... 16
The New Song..... 132
The Sacred Stream..... 14
Wake the Song of Jubilee..... 160

Children.

As a Shepherd..... 74
Busy Little Gleaners..... 148
Clap your Hands for Joy..... 147
In the Morn of Life..... 149
Jesus, Saviour of All..... 146
Little Pilgrims..... 47
Open the Door..... 110
Suffer Children to Come..... 43
There's None like Jesus..... 73

Christmas.

Around the Christmas Tree..... 175
Calm on the List'ning Ear..... 171
Carol Joyfully..... 169
Hail! Blessed Morn..... 174
Ring out the Bells..... 176
The Wondrous Birth..... 178
Tribute of Praise..... 168
Wake the Song of Jubilee..... 160

Devotional.

(*See also Index of Hymns without Music.*)

After His Likeness..... 18
All for Jesus..... 35
Boundless Love..... 114
Closer to Thee..... 26

His Guiding Hand..... 32
Holy, Lord God Almighty..... 67
I Rest in Thy Love..... 108
Jesus Died for Me..... 99
Jesus Waits for Thee..... 79
Let Thy Mercy Shine on Me... 36
So will I Comfort Thee..... 61
The Bread of Life..... 142
The Eventide..... 109
The Hiding Place..... 42
The Riven Rock..... 41
The Saviour's Love..... 101
The Sheltering Rock..... 86
Under His Wings..... 98

Easter.

Christ is Risen To-day..... 157
Hail, Easter morn..... 154
He is Risen To-day..... 156
Our Risen Lord..... 155

Heaven.

By the Crystal Sea..... 13
Better Further on..... 8
Heaven is My Home..... 85
I'm Nearing Home..... 82
Jesus is There..... 27
No Night in Heaven..... 75
Our Home Over There..... 111
The Beautiful City..... 81
The City of God..... 16
The Glorious Prospect..... 127
The Portals of Pearl..... 34

Invitations to Christ.

For You and Me..... 125
Is the Story True?..... 84
Jesus is Calling for Thee..... 140
Mercy's Free..... 30
O Come, Come To-day..... 88
The Heavenly Visitor..... 78
The Living Water..... 80
The Saviour's Call..... 106
The Water of Life..... 92

Missionary.

Go and Tell It..... 60
Go Ye into All the World..... 158
Heralds of Zion..... 93
The Gospel Call..... 94
The Master is Calling..... 38
The Messenger of Peace..... 118
The Open Door..... 48
The Reapers..... 72
Where are the Harvesters..... 50

Praise and Thanksgiving.

Anthem—Praise the Lord..... 162
Holy Lord God Almighty..... 67
Praise His Holy Name..... 164
Thanks be to God..... 170
Thanksgiving and Praise..... 166
Wake the Song of Jubilee..... 160
Youthful Praise..... 33

Receiving the Saviour.

Believing and Trusting..... 17
Coming to the Saviour..... 89
I will Knock at the Door..... 116
Jesus Waits for Thee..... 79
Let Thy Mercy shine on Me... 36
Open Wide the Door..... 64
Saved, fully Saved..... 107
The Hiding Place..... 42
The Penitent..... 62

Work Songs.

All for Jesus..... 35
Bringing in the Sheaves..... 37
Let your Light Shine..... 119
Look to the Light-house..... 91
No Book is like the Bible..... 113
Only Remembered..... 104
On to the Front..... 131
On to Victory..... 83
Onward and Upward..... 57
Onward, Right Onward..... 51
Perseverance and Trust..... 56
Put on the Armor..... 129
Running the Race..... 31
Sabbath Chimes..... 66
Sabbath Morning..... 55
Sing on, Sing Sweetly on..... 44
Sowing the Seed..... 40
Stand up for Jesus..... 124
Take the Fort..... 123
The Banner of Truth..... 117
The Christian Hero..... 121
The Master is Calling..... 38
'Tis Harvest Time..... 144
There is Work for all..... 126
Walk in the Light..... 105
Where are the Harvesters..... 50
Willing Hearts and Ready..... 102
Work, Work for God..... 139

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