GEMS AND JEWELS

BY J. H. Fillmore
AND
J. H. Rosecrans

WARD & DRUMMOND, 711 Broadway, NEW YORK.

PRICE 35 CENTS; $3.60 PER DOZEN, NOT PREPAID; $30 PER HUNDRED, NOT PREPAID



JAMES WARRINGTON

HYS BOKE

Yee that desyre in herte and have plesaunce
Olde stories in bokis for to rede,
Gode matiers putt hem in remembraunce,
And of the others take yee none hede:
Bysechyng yowe of your godely hede,
Whane yee this boke have over-redde and seyne
To yts trewe owner restore yee yt ageine.

Who reades a boke rashly at random doth runne
He goes on hys errand, yet leaves it undone.

NE

GEMS AND JEWELS:

A COLLECTION OF

NEW SONGS FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY

J. H. FILLMORE AND J. H. ROSECRANS.

CINCINNATI:
FILLMORE BROTHERS.

NEW YORK:
WARD & DRUMMOND.

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GEMS AND JEWELS.

HE LOVES US.

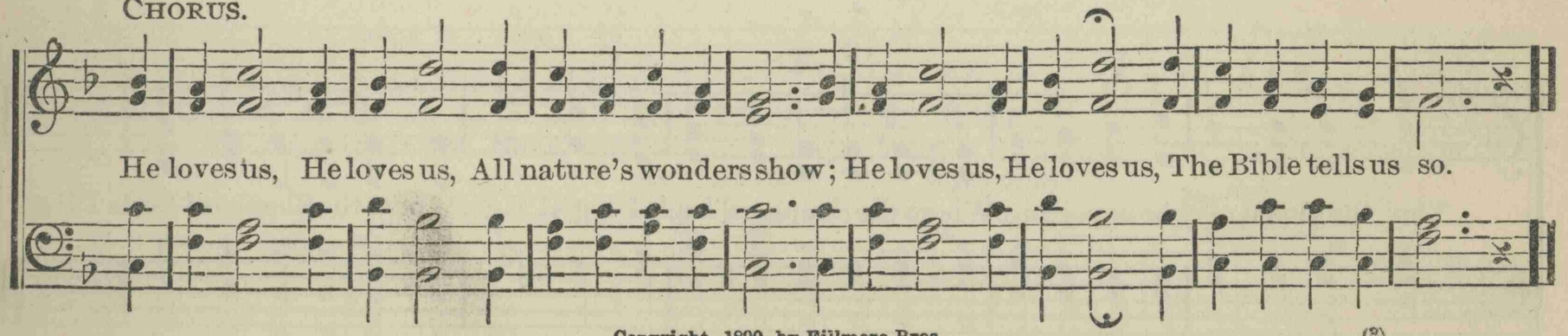
FRONIA SMITH. J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. Earth is full of brightness, Field, and sky a - bove Speak with all their myriad voices Of the Father's love.
2. Brooklets thro' the woodland, Flowers at our feet, Stars, that mount the sky at even, Speak in language sweet.
3. Leaf, and bird and flower, Bear His impress dear, Peace and gladness, friends and comfort, All he gives us here.



CHORUS.



He loves us, He loves us, All nature's wonders show; He loves us, He loves us, The Bible tells us so.

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WHERE THE SHEPHERD LEADS I'LL GO.

A. P. COBB. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Thro' the meadows green, invit - ing, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go! Thro' the shadows dark, excit-ing,
2. See! the gen - tle Shepherd lead-ing; Where the Shepherd leads I'll go! Hark! His voice in mercy pleading;
3. Though my feet be worn and weary, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go! Though the mountain-side be dreary,

CHORUS.

Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
} Hark! His voice is gent-ly calling: On my ear its strains are fall-ing,

Tho' the gloom may be appalling, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go, I'll go, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go.

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HARK! THE BELLS.

J. H. F.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Hark! the mu - sic of the bells, Call- ing us to praise and pray'r; Clear and sweet their chiming
2. To the tem-ple of the Lord Let us haste with will-ing feet; There to read His ho - ly
3. May Thy blessings, Lord, de-scend, As to Thee our hearts we raise ; While the bells and voic-es

CHORUS.

tells Of the joy that waits us there.
Word, There to sing His prais- es sweet.
blend In a grate-ful song of praise.

Hark! the bells, hap- py bells, Float-ing
Hark! the bells, happy bells,

on the tran- quil air; Hark! the bells, happy bells, Calling us to the house of pray'r.
Hark! the bells, happy bells,

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GATHER THEM INTO THE FOLD.

FRONIA SMITH. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Children are straying afar from the way, Gather them into the fold, Tell them the Saviour is
2. Many are friendless and homeless to-day, Gather them into the fold, Tell of that Friend and that
3. Tell of bright fields and the river of life, Gather them into the fold, Wait-ing them af-ter earth's

CHORUS.

call- ing to - day, Gath-er them in - to the fold. } Gath-er, gath-er,
home far a - way, Gath-er them in - to the fold.
sor - row and strife, Gath-er them in - to the fold. } Gath-er them in, gath- er them in,

Gath- er them into the fold, Gather, gather, Gath-er them into the fold.
Gather them in, gather them in,

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BENEATH HIS WING.

EDWIN H. NEVIN, D. D.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Be - neath His wing I sweet - ly rest, While balm - y peace reigns in my breast; I
2. A - midst all dan - gers, seen or known, His guard - ian wing is o'er me thrown; It
3. This heav'n-ly wing, so wide - ly spread, Is o - ver me where- 'er I tread; It
4. When wast- ing on the bed of death, I still can sing with dy - ing breath, For

nev - er need a foe to dread, While His bright wing is o'er me spread.
soothes me with its mag - ic power, And turns to light the dark - est hour.
ban - ish - es all gloom and fear To feel as - sured His wing is near.
round me I can clear - ly see Christ's wing of love o'er - arch - ing me.

REFRAIN.

repeat softly.

Be - neath His wing, be - neath His wing.
Be - neath His wing my heart doth sing, be - neath, be - neath His wing.

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SING THE SWEET STORY.

Mrs. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Sing, o - ver and o - ver, Beau- ti - ful sto - ry of old, More dear to the spir- it,
2. Here's bread for the starv-ing, Warmth to the nak - ed and cold, Life, life to the dy- ing,
3. Peace comes to the mourning, Joy that can nev - er be told, All found in be- lieving,

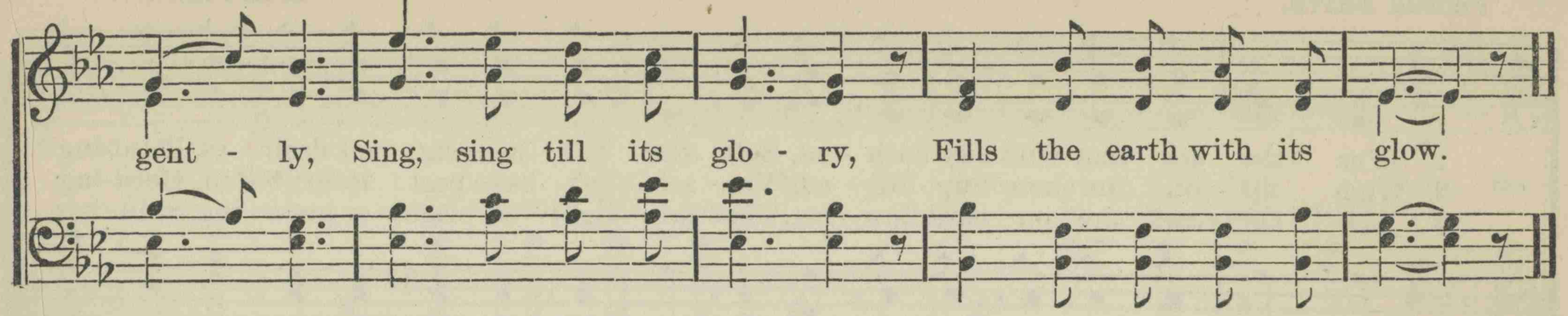
Bet - ter the more it is told, Each heart that awakes in this world of woe, Has
All in that sto - ry of old, The spir- it a - bid-ing in depths of grief, Shall
Just the sweet sto - ry of old, Then sing it a- gain to the slaves of sin, Their

need of the Sav-iour of men to know.
find in its heal- ing a sure re- lief.
steps to the pathway of truth to win.

CHORUS.

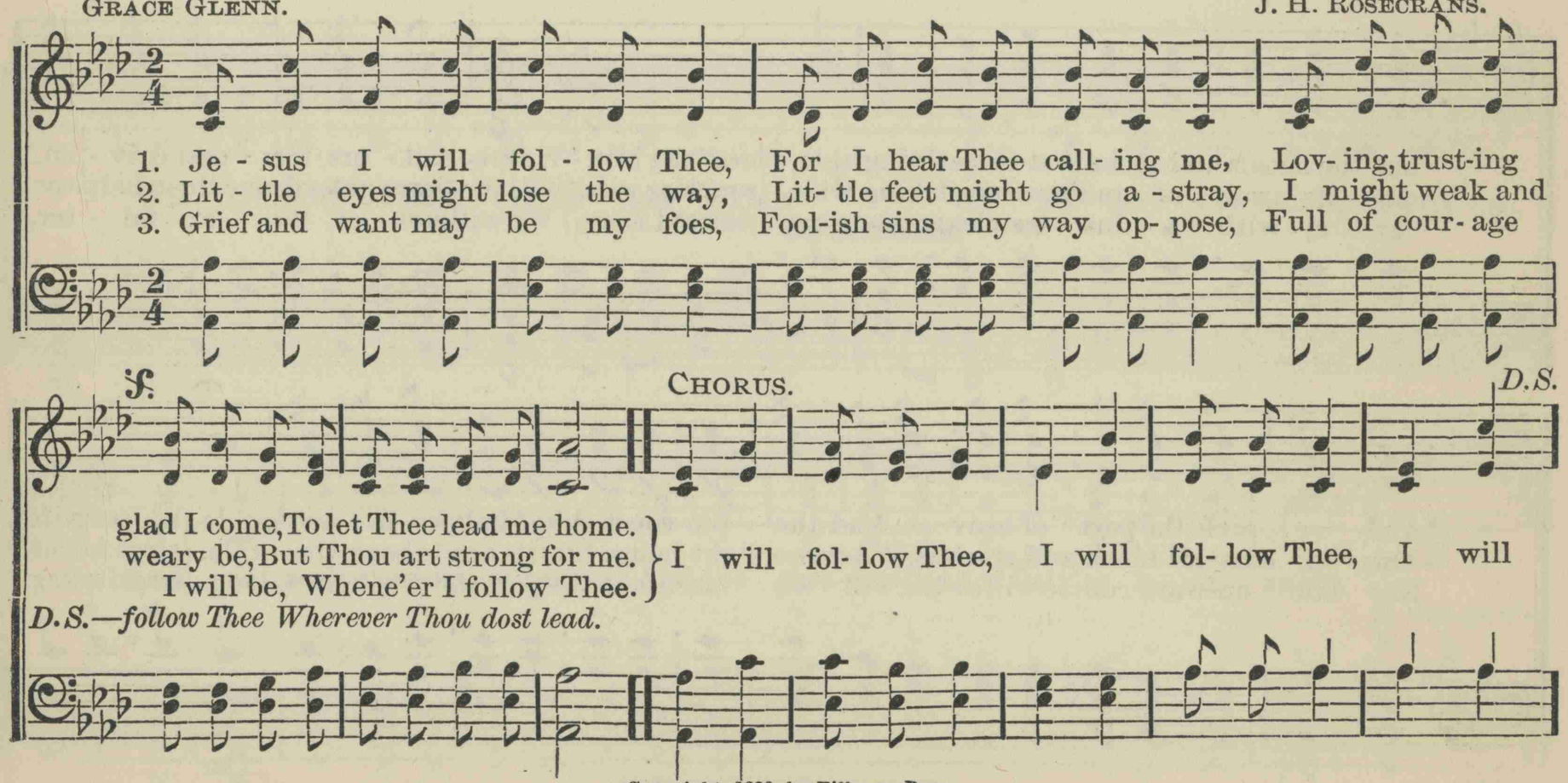
Sing, sing the sweet sto - ry, Sing, soft - ly and

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I WILL FOLLOW THEE.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. ROSECRANS.



D.S.—follow Thee Wherever Thou dost lead.

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THE HARBOR LIGHT.

FRONIA SMITH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. O'er the sea that wild - ly dash - es, Soft the har - bor - sig - nal flash - es, Point-ing
2. High up - on the shore up - lift - ed, Ves - sels oft have past it drift - ed, Heed-ing
3. As the years are on- ward flow - ing, That fair light is bright-er grow - ing, Shin - ing

out the shoals and rocks that threat'ning hide, (threat'ning hide,) We are sail - ors tem - pest driv - en,
not its arms of radiance stretching wide, (stretching wide,) Till the fierce gales drove them helpless
ev - er with a lus - tre clear and strong, (clear and strong,) We will nev - er, nev - er fal - ter,

And we seek the port of heav - en, And the bea-con-light of Calv'ry is our guide. (is our guide.)
On a coast all black and starless, Where no light-house lifts its head above the tide. (above the tide.)
Nor our on-ward course will al-ter, Till we anchor in the port we've sought so long. (sought so long.)

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CHORUS.

In the har - - bor, in the har - - bor There the
In the har - bor, in the har - bor,

bea - con-light is shin - ing far and wide, We are sail - ors tem - pest driv - en,
far and wide,

And we seek the port of heaven, And the bea-con-light of Calv'ry is our guide.
is our guide.

BLESSED BIBLE.

FRONIA SMITH. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. Bless- ed Bi-ble! priceless treasure! Will of Him who reigns above, Source of blessings without measure,
2. When as- sail'd by doubt or sor- row, 'Tis this Book a- lone can give Hope and courage for the mor- row,
3. Bless- ed Bi- ble! much I love thee! Naught so dear has e'er been giv'n. I will ponder well and heed thee,

CHORUS.

Tell- ing of a Saviour's love.
And all doubt and fear re- move.
Pointing out the way to heav'n.

I will treasure thee, Fondly treasure thee, Bless-ed Word of Life,

I'll treasure thee; I will treasure thee, Fondly treasure thee; Blessed Word of Life, I'll treasure thee.

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SUFFER THE CHILDREN.

J. H. F. [For Little Children.] J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Suf - fer the chil-dren to come un - to Me, Suf-fer the chil-dren to come un - to Me,
2. In - to His arms with the ten- der- est care, In- to His arms with the ten- der - est care,
3. Keep us dear Sav-iour for - ev - er Thine own, Keep us dear Sav-iour for - ev - er Thine own,

Suf - fer the chil- dren to come un - to Me; Such in My heav- en - ly king-dom shall be,
In - to His arms with the ten- der- est care; He will re-ceive us and shel- ter us there,
Keep us dear Sav - iour for ev- er Thine own; Lead us in safe - ty to heav- en our home,

Such in My heav- en - ly kingdom shall be, Such in My heav - en - ly kingdom shall be.
He will re- ceive us and shel - ter us there, He will re- ceive us and shel-ter us there.
Lead us in safe -ty to heav- en, our home, Lead us in safe - ty to heav- en, our home.

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CROWN HIM KING OF KINGS.

Mrs. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. J. H. ROSECRANS.

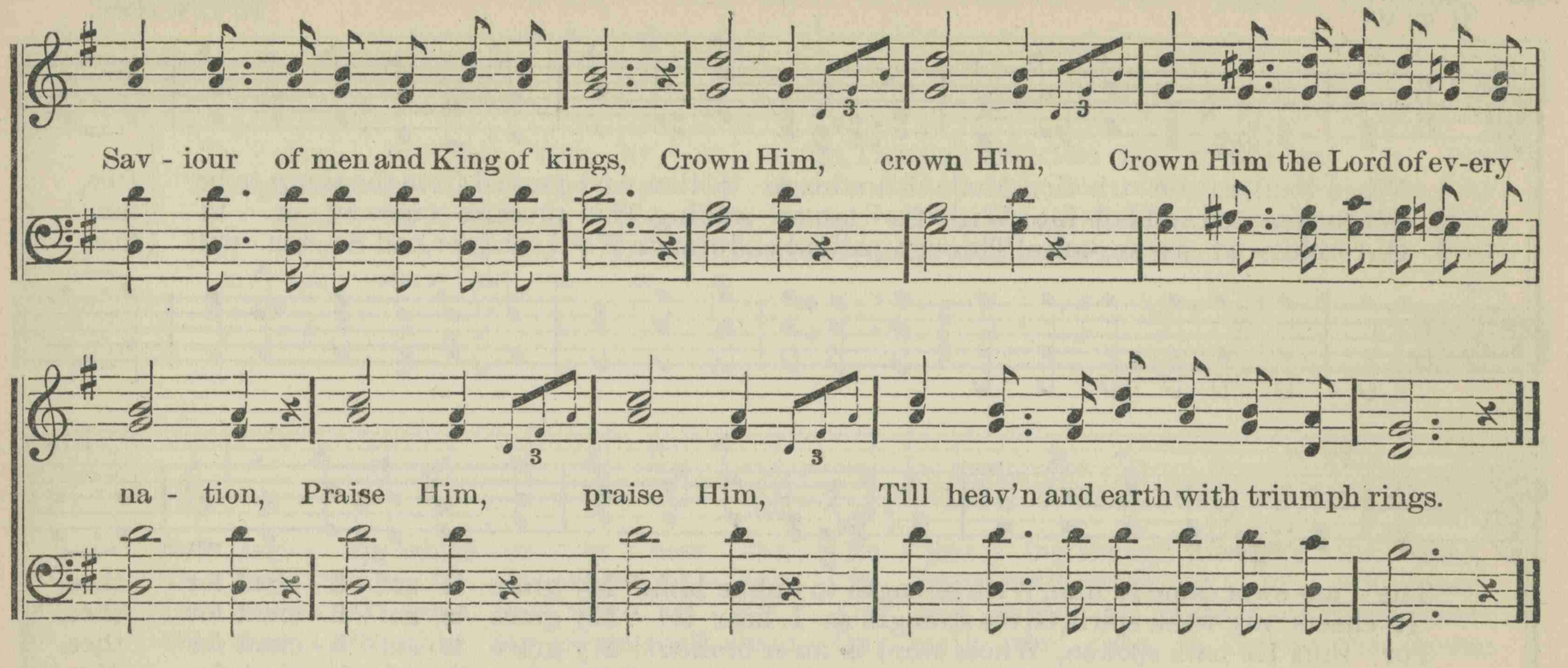
1. Come when the morn with ro - sy light is glow - ing, Come when the noon its golden shafts is throwing,
2. Come when the heart of childhood throbs with gladness, Come ere the eyes are dimm'd with tears of sadness,
3. Come in your manhood with its pride and pow - er, He is the might - y refuge strength and tower,
4. Come when the years of age are soft - ly fad - ing When o'er your lives the sun-set tints are shading,

Come from your stray-ing, Make no de - lay - ing, Seek the Lord of Life to - day.
Come and be-lieve Him, Come and re-ceive Him, He will nev - er turn a - way.
Fol - low Him ev - er, Noth - ing can sev - er. All His glo - ry you may share.
Come in your meek-ness, Come in your weak-ness Safe - ly rest with - in His care.

CHORUS.

Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him the Lord of our sal-va -tion, Praise Him, Praise Him,

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JESUS MY SAVIOUR.

FRONIA SMITH. J. H. ROSECRANS.



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MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE.

R. T. W.

R. T. WILEY.

1. When Paul, in con- tri- tion, Made thrice his pe- ti- tion, And prayed from the thorn to be free,
2. When tempted and fail- ing, With Sa - tan as - sail-ing, This promise comes ev - er to me,
3. Oh! bless- ed as- sur-ance! Through patient endurance We'll conquer, and Sa- tan will flee;

FINE.

The an- swer came to him, With strength to imbue him: "My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee."
It cheers my weak spirit, Gives strength as I hear it: "My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee."
For thus He hath spoken, Whose word is ne'er broken: "My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee."
D.S.—Fa- ther in heaven, His prom - ise hath giv - en: "My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee."

CHORUS.

D.S.

"My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee," What - ev - er the tri - al may be; The

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TAKE UP THY CROSS.

"The Quiver."

FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. To - day, to - mor - row, ev - er - more, Through cheerless nights with- out a star,
2. Though some there be who scorn thy choice, And tempt - ing voic - es bid thee stay,
3. I prom - ise on - ly per - fect peace, Sweet peace that lives through years of strife,
4. My yoke is eas - y; put it on! My bur - den ver - y light to bear;

Not ask - ing whith - er or how far, Re - joic - ing though the way be sore,
To - day while it is called to - day, If thou wilt heark- en to my voice,
Im - mor - tal hope, im - mor - tal life, And rest when all these wanderings cease:
Who shar - eth this My crown, shall share—On earth the cross, in heaven the crown:

REFRAIN.

Take up thy cross, And fol-low me, Take up thy cross, and fol-low, follow me.
Take up thy cross, And fol-low me, Take up thy cross, and follow me.

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FORWARD GO.

D. R. LUCAS. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. For-ward now, the voice of Je - sus brave-ly calls, (bravely calls,) I am Lead - er and Com-
2. Buck-le on the ar - mor, cast a - way all fear, (away all fear,) And re - mem- ber that the
3. Ev - 'ry sol- dier in the arm- y of the Lord, (of the Lord,) Who is faith- ful to the

- mand-er, fol- low me, (fol- low me,) Take my word and know whatever here befalls, (here befalls,)
sol- dier must o - bey, (must o - bey,) When the con- flict rag-es I am al-ways near, (always near,)
hum-ble trust I give, (trust I give,) When the battle's ended shall receive reward, (receive reward,)

CHORUS.

I will lead my trusting ones to vic - to - ry.
For I prom - ise to be with you all the way.
And with Me in glo - ry shall im-mor- tal live.

For-ward go, For-ward go, For- ward go,

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go, Take My word in faith and hope, and follow me, (follow me,) Forward go,
For-ward go, Forward go,

For-ward go, I will lead My trusting ones to vic - to - ry, (to vic - to- ry.)
For-ward go,

NONE LIKE JESUS.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Trust your life with Je- sus, He will lead you, He will feed you, None has strength like Je- sus.
2. Give your heart to Je - sus, He has sought it, He has bought it, No one loves like Je - sus.
3. Do all things for Je - sus, Singing, praying, Working, play-ing, No one helps like Je - sus.

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CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

J. H. HANAFORD. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Cast thy bread . . . up-on the wa- ters, Thinking not . . . 'tis thrown a - way;
2. Cast thy bread . . . up-on the wa- ters, Why, oh why . . . still doubting stand;

FINE.

God has said . . . . that thou shalt gather Rich re-wards . . . . some fu-ture day.
God shall send . . . . a bounteous har-vest If thou sow'st . . . . with lib-'ral hand.
D.S.—They but aid . . . . thee as thou toil-est, Truth to spread . . . from pole to pole.
D.S.—Cast thy bread . . and toil with pa-tience, Thou shalt la - - bor not in vain.

D.S.

Cast thy bread . . . . up-on the wa- ters, Wildly tho' . . . . the bil-lows roll;
Give then free - - ly of thy sub-stance, O'er this cause . . . . the Lord doth reign;

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THE OLD, OLD STORY.

MINNIE B. LOWRIE. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell it to me, tell it to me; Tell of the wond'rous
2. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, O - ver a-gain, o - ver a-gain; Tell of His life and
3. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Dear to my heart, dear to my heart; Oh, how its truth and

CHORUS.

ran - som, Ran-som to set me free.
glo - ry, Now it appears so plain.
beau - ty Com-fort and peace im-part.
} Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell how my debt of

sin was par - don'd. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the sto - ry true.

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A SONG OF PRAISE.

D. R. LUCAS. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. O Lord, my heart would bring Thee more, Something more, Something more, For when I count Thy
2. All I possess is from Thy hand, Will-ing hand, Lov-ing hand, All that is good Thou
3. All that I hope for Thou dost give, Free-ly give, Full- y give, That I in heav'n with

mer - cies o'er, Count Thy mer - cies o'er, I find them num-ber - less and strong,
dost com- mand, Dost in love com - mand, All that I have I bring to Thee,
Thee may live, I with Thee may live, And when I reach the gold - en shore,

With full for-giv- ness for all wrong, And I would praise Thee with my song, Praise Thee with my song.
An of - fer-ing so full and free, For well I know Thou lov-est me, Lovest ev- en me.
Where those that meet shall part no more, Then will I praise Thee ev- er-more, Praise Thee evermore.

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BEYOND THE WAVES OF JORDAN.

A. P. COBB. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. What radiant homes in realms of light, Beyond the waves of Jor - dan! That nev - er know the
2. What star-ry crowns for-ev- er fair, Beyond the waves of Jor - dan! That shine on brows all
3. What snow-white robes the blessed wear, Beyond the waves of Jor - dan! Shall I, in heav'n, their

CHORUS.

gloom of night, Be-yond the waves of Jor - dan!
free from care, Be-yond the waves of Jor - dan!
glo - ry share, Be-yond the waves of Jor - dan!

O, ra - diant home! O, robe and crown! Be -

- yond the waves of Jor-dan! On us from yon far height look down, Beyond the waves of Jor - dan!

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MARCHING TO THE PROMISED LAND.

J. H. FILLMORE. A. C. HOPKINS.

1. We're march-ing to the prom- ised land, A hap - py pil - grim band; Thro' clouds and
2. We're march-ing to the prom- ised land, Where crowns and glo - ries wait; The faith- ful
3. We're march-ing to the prom- ised land, As vic - tors o - ver sin; The might- y

CHORUS.

storms we press our way, With foes on ev - 'ry hand.
sol - dier soon shall pass, With - in the gold - en gate.
pow'r of Christ, our King, En - sures our en- trance in.

} We're march- ing, march - ing

To the land of end - less day, We're march-ing, march-ing Up the nar - row way.

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Mrs. L. M. Beal Bateman. J. H. Rosecrans.

D.C. 1. He of whom the books of Mo - ses, And the proph- ets told, Call-eth like a ten - der
2. Lo, the wed-ding feast is read - y, And the Bride-groom waits, Put the wedding robe up-
3. Who of you that once has tast - ed, Of the gos - pel feast, Will go out and at His

Fine.

shep- herd, Lambs in - to His fold. From the highways, from the by-ways, From the hedg-es
-on you, Ere they close the gates. Some have hast- ed out to meet Him, With their burning
bid - ding, See His guests in- creased? Long the lov- ing Bridegroom tarries, Kind-ly, sweet- ly

D.C.

dark with sin, From the pit- falls that may catch them, Go and get the chil-dren in.
lamps well trimmed; Some have slept, their oil has wasted, Till their lights have all been dimmed.
call-ing still, Send-ing near and far the mes- sage, All, yes all may come who will.

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THE BRIGHT, HAPPY HOME

Words arr. by J. W. McG.

J. W. McGARVEY Jr.

1. There's a bright, hap - py home o - ver yon - der, On the bright e - ter - nal shore;
2. There's a bright, hap - py home o - ver yon - der, Where the crys - tal wa - ters glide;
3. There's a bright, hap - py home o - ver yon - der, Where the song shall nev - er cease;

Where the saints shall dwell with Je - sus, All the glad for ev - er more.
Where the tree of life for - ev - er, Blooms by the sil - ver tide.
Where the saints shall dwell for - ev - er With the Lord in per - fect peace.

CHORUS.

We'll meet with our Sav - iour in the morn - ing, That Sav - iour full of love;

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We'll dwell with our King, and for ev - er more we'll sing In that hap - py home a - bove.

O LOVE DIVINE.

Mrs. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. O man of sor-rows! mor-tal grief Thou know - est well; The bit - ter pangs that Thou didst bear,
2. De-spised of men, Thou gav-est all, Their souls to save, Did'st bow Thy king - ly head to meet
3. O loved of God, O bless- ed Son, I call to Thee; Thro' shade and sun, thro' life and death,
- preme - ly blest In Thee I rest

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

What tongue can tell!
The cross, the grave.
Be near to me.
My Sav - iour King.

O love di-vine, I call Thee mine; My heart to Thee I bring. Su -

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WE KNOW NOT YET.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. We know not yet what we shall be, Tho' now the Sons of God, When robed in immortal - i - ty We
2. We know not what our eyes shall see Among the starry spheres; What sounds of heav'nly melody Shall
3. We know not what the city is, The Tree, the Living Tide; The scenes, the sounds, the loves, the bliss, The

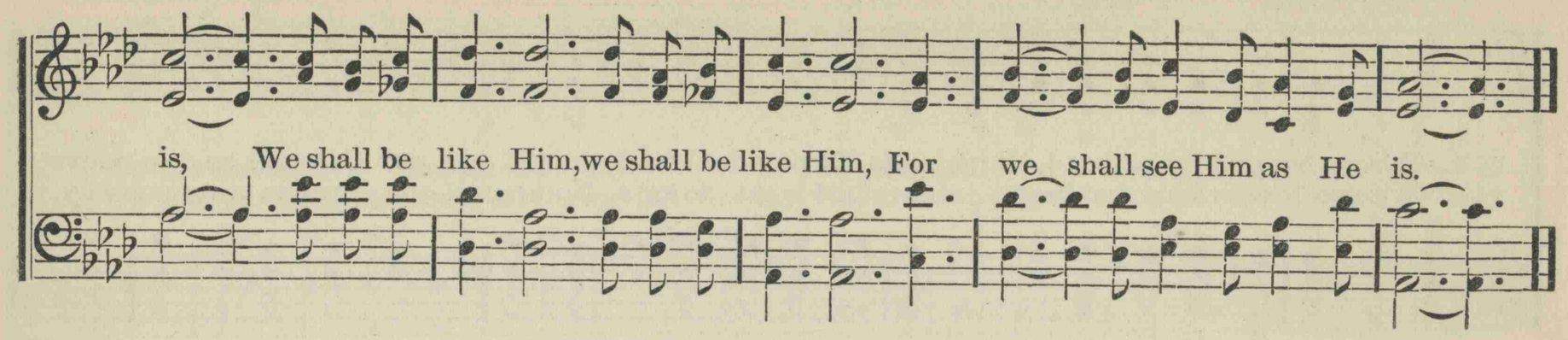
CHORUS.

rise above the sod.
greet our ravished ears.
Bridegroom and the Bride.

But we know . . that when He shall appear, . . . We know that we know He shall appear, we know

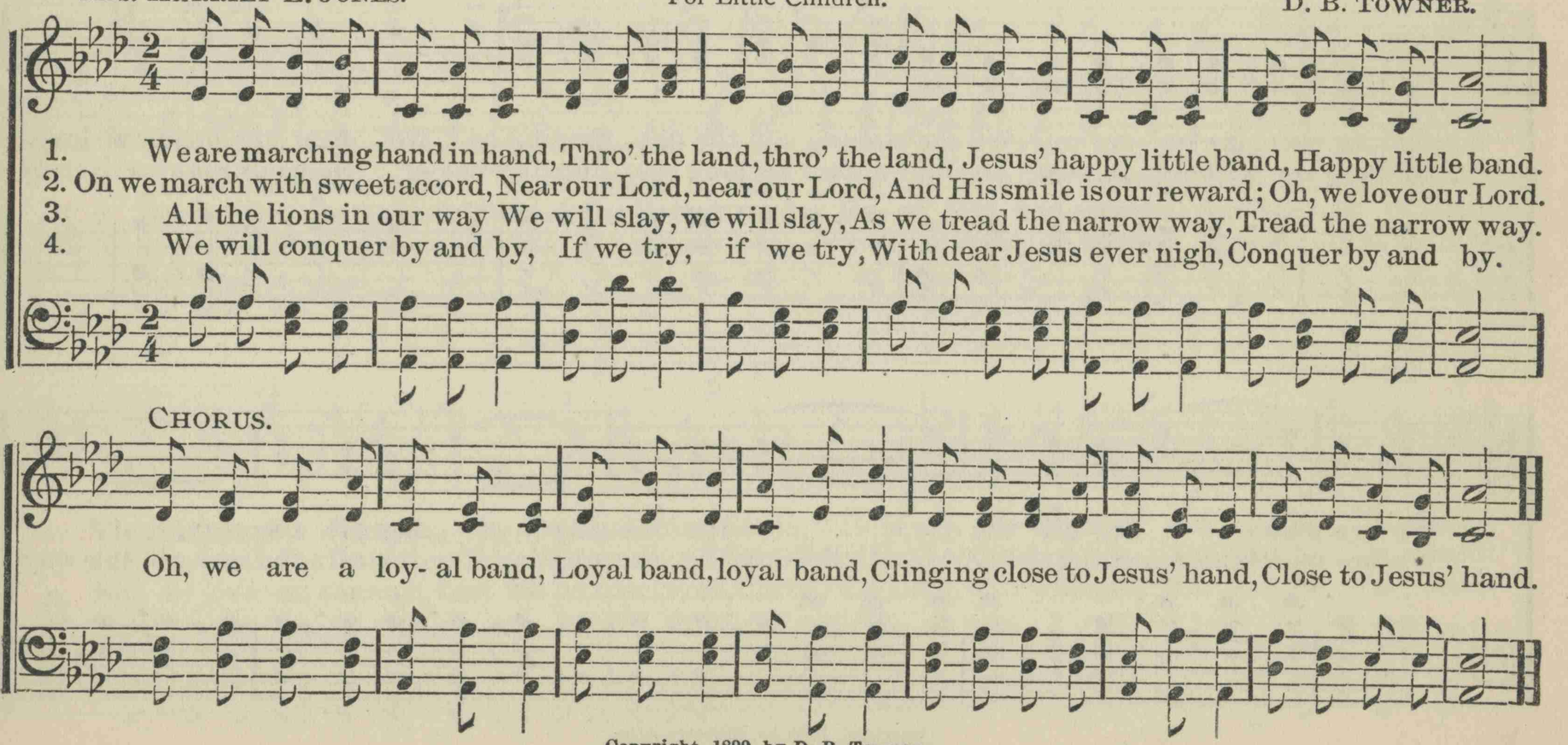
when He shall appear . . . We shall be like Him, we shall be like Him, For we shall see Him as He He shall appear,

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WE'RE A LOYAL BAND.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES. For Little Children. D. B. TOWNER.



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MARCHING AND SINGING.

FRONIA SMITH. J. H. ROSECRANS.

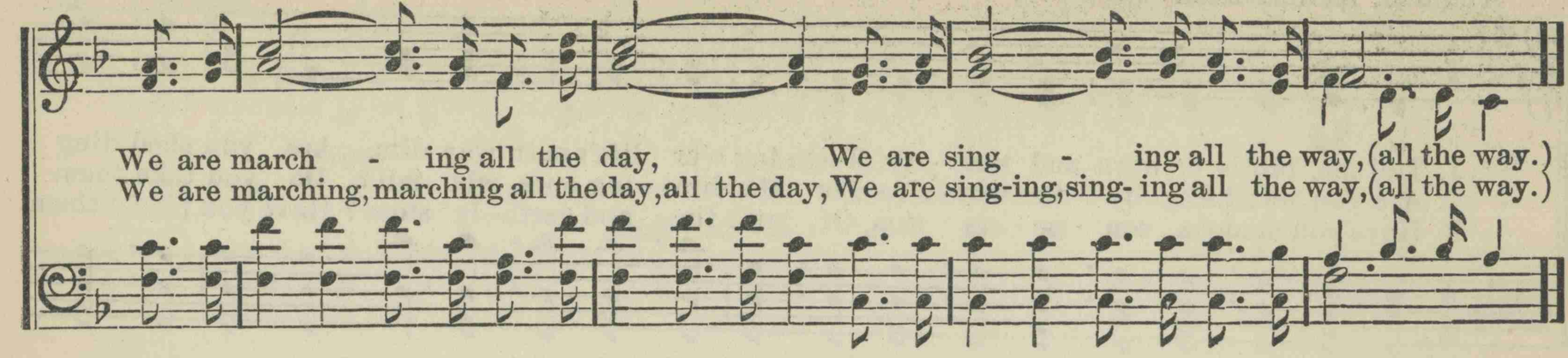
1. We're a happy pilgrim band, Marching to the promised land, Guided by our Cap-tain, on we move;
2. We've a Leader bold and brave, Jesus might-i- est to save, No fierce li - on dares to cross our way,

And to cheer us on our way, We are singing all the day, Singing as we near the shrine we love.
Marching on without a fear, To our Captain keeping near, Pilgrims nev-er from our ranks will stray.

CHORUS.

We are march - ing all the day, We are sing - ing all the way,
We are marching, marching all the day, all the day, We are sing-ing, sing-ing all the way, all the way,

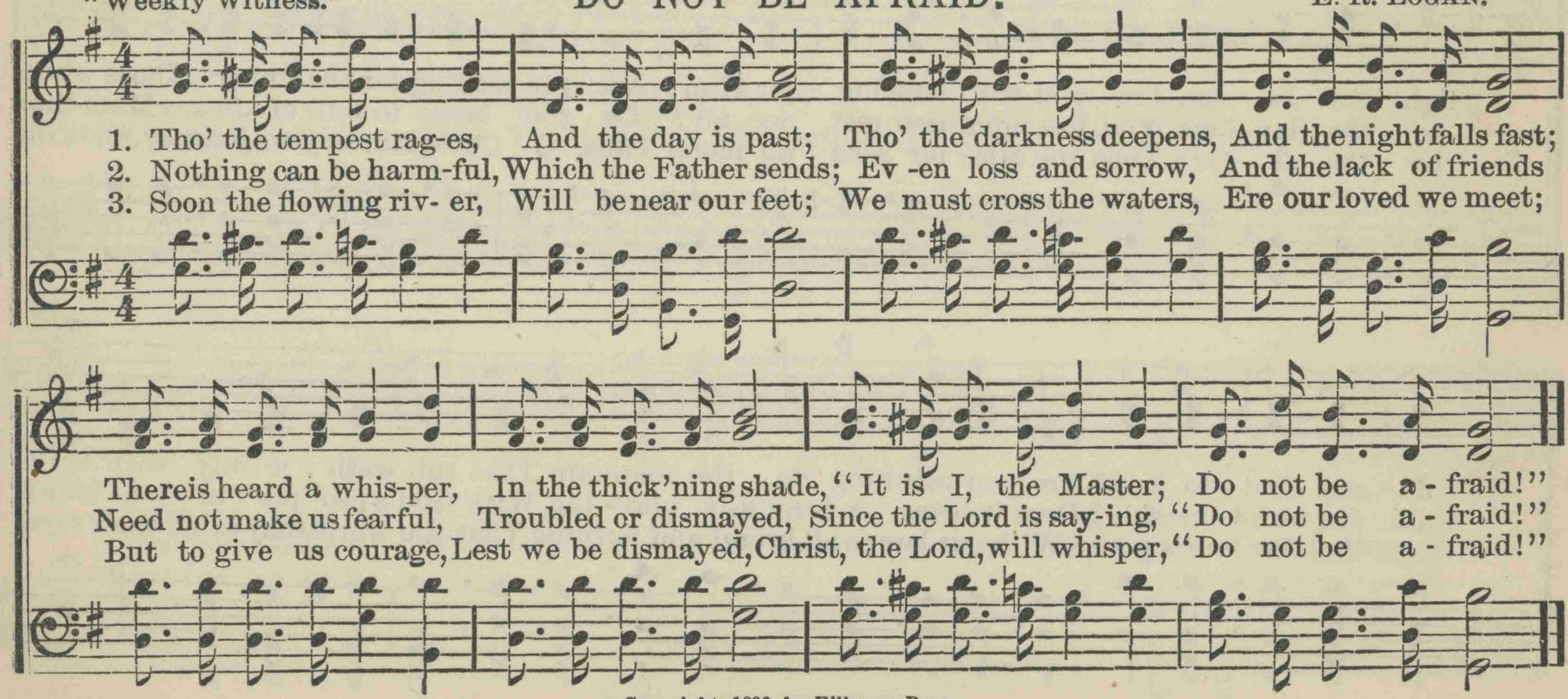
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"Weekly Witness."

DO NOT BE AFRAID.

E. R. LOGAN.



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ARE YOU WITNESSING FOR HIM?

ALICE M. BATCHELDER. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Tell me, broth- er, worn and wea - ry, Toil - ing o'er life's path-way dim, Are you shed-ding light for Je - sus, Are you wit - ness-ing for Him? Are you seeking for the sinners, Those whom Je - sus died to win? Are you point-ing to the foun-tain That can wash a- way their sin?
2. Are you watch-ing by the way- side For the faint - ing ones who fall? Do you take them to the Sav- iour, Who has prom-ised rest to all? Do you love to tell of Je-sus More than all the world be- side? Does it bring a heav'n-ly bless- ing With God's peo- ple to a- bide?
3. Have you made a con - se - cra - tion, Of your time, and earth- ly store? Have you plac'd them on the al - tar? Then the Mas- ter asks no more. Thus, O Christian, may we journey, Showing forth the Sav-iour's praise, With our lamps all bright and burning, That the world may catch their rays.

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CHORUS.

Tell me, broth - - er, worn and wea - - ry, Toil - ing
Tell me, broth - er, worn and wea - ry, Tell me, broth - er, worn and wea - ry, Toil - ing

o'er life's path - way dim; Are you shed - - ding
o'er life's path-way dim, Toil- ing o'er life's path-way dim; Are you shed- ding light for Je - sus?

light for Je - - - sus? Are you wit - ness - ing for Him?
Are you shed-ding light for Je - sus? Are you wit-ness-ing for Him? Are you witnessing for Him?

rit.

ABLE AND WILLING TO SAVE.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Mer - cy in Je - sus, my brother, Of - fers to you and to me, Par- don for all that we
2. Long have we wander'd in darkness, Groping in sor- row and sin, Bring-ing no tithes to His
3. Noth-ing is gain'd by de- lay - ing, Wea- ry with toil- ing and strife, He is the Lord of the

owe Him, Per- fect, en - dur- ing and free.
store-house,—Free- ly He bids us "Come in."
har- vest, He is the fountain of life.

CHORUS.

Je- sus is a - ble and will - ing,
Je - - sus is able and willing, yes,

Je - sus is calling to - day. Willing to save, A - ble to save, Why should we longer delay?
Je - - sus is calling to-day.

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JESUS LOVES ME.

J. H. F. For Little Children. J. H. FILLMORE.

1–4. Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me;

He came from His home in the skies a - bove, To show lit - tle chil - dren His won-drous love, To show us His won-drous love, To show us His won-drous love.
He blest lit - tle chil-dren with words of pray'r And bade them to trust in the Fa-ther's care, To trust in the Fa- ther's care, To trust in the Fa- ther's care.
His life and ex - am - ple He came to give, To show lit - tle chil - dren the way to live, To show us the way to live, To show us the way to live.
He suf - fered and died on the cross of shame That we might be saved thro' His bless - ed name, Be saved thro' His bless - ed name, Be saved thro' His bless - ed name.

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IN EVERY THING GIVE THANKS.

Mrs. L. M. B. Bateman. ALFRED POWERS.

1. The les - son is hard for our learn- ing, When tempt- ed to pine and to grieve,
2. We lin - ger so long with our tri - als, And live our per - plex - i ties o'er;
3. God gives us so man- y good bless - ings, So few lit - tle tri - als to bear;
4. Each pang holds a gift for our grasp - ing, If on - ly its les - sons we learn;

Yet God nev- er gave us a por - tion, But grate- ful - ly we should re - ceive.
We might be more earn-est - ly thank - ful, If count-ing our joys by the score.
We on - ly take note of our troub - les, And mag - ni - fy ev - er - y care.
In ev -'ry af - flic tion, then, broth - er, The in - cense of grate - ful - ness burn.

CHORUS.

Give thanks O my broth-er, Life's tri - als all through,
Give thanks, then, give thanks, O my brother, my brother, Life's tri-als, life's trials all thro', tri-als thro';

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Our bless - ings are man - y, Our sor - rows are few.
Our blessings, our blessings, are man - y, are man- y, Our sor-rows, our sor-rows are few.

FRONIA SMITH. BLESS THE LORD, O SOUL WITHIN ME. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. Bless the Lord, O soul within me, He hath done so much for thee; With His light as with a garment,
2. He has sent His an- gels to thee, Bearing messag - es of love; Thou hast felt their presence near thee,
3. He hath made thy foes to vanish, At His voice they fled a- way; Low- ly list-en while He teacheth,

REFRAIN.

All thy years He's cov-ered thee.
In that peace that's from a-bove.
Thou shalt learn the perfect way.
} Bless the Lord, O my soul, Bless the Lord, O my soul.

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WE SHALL SEE AND KNOW.

H. R. TRICKETT. A. C. HOPKINS.

1. When we pass death's silent portals, When we reach the oth- er shore, Shall we see the lov'd and lost ones,
2. When the sil- ver cord is loosened, When the sun of life is set, Shall we fear to cross the riv - er,
3. Welcome, then, the glorious dawning Of that bright e - ter- nal day; Who would linger in the darkness?

Those whom God has call'd before? Shall we, in e - ter-nal sunshine, Standing on the jas - per sea, Rob'd in
Shall we lin - ger with re-gret? No, we hear sweet voices calling, Calling to us from the shore, Calling,
Oh, for wings to fly a-way! No, ye blessed blood-wash'd lov'd ones, Soon I come to join your band, Wait for

CHORUS.

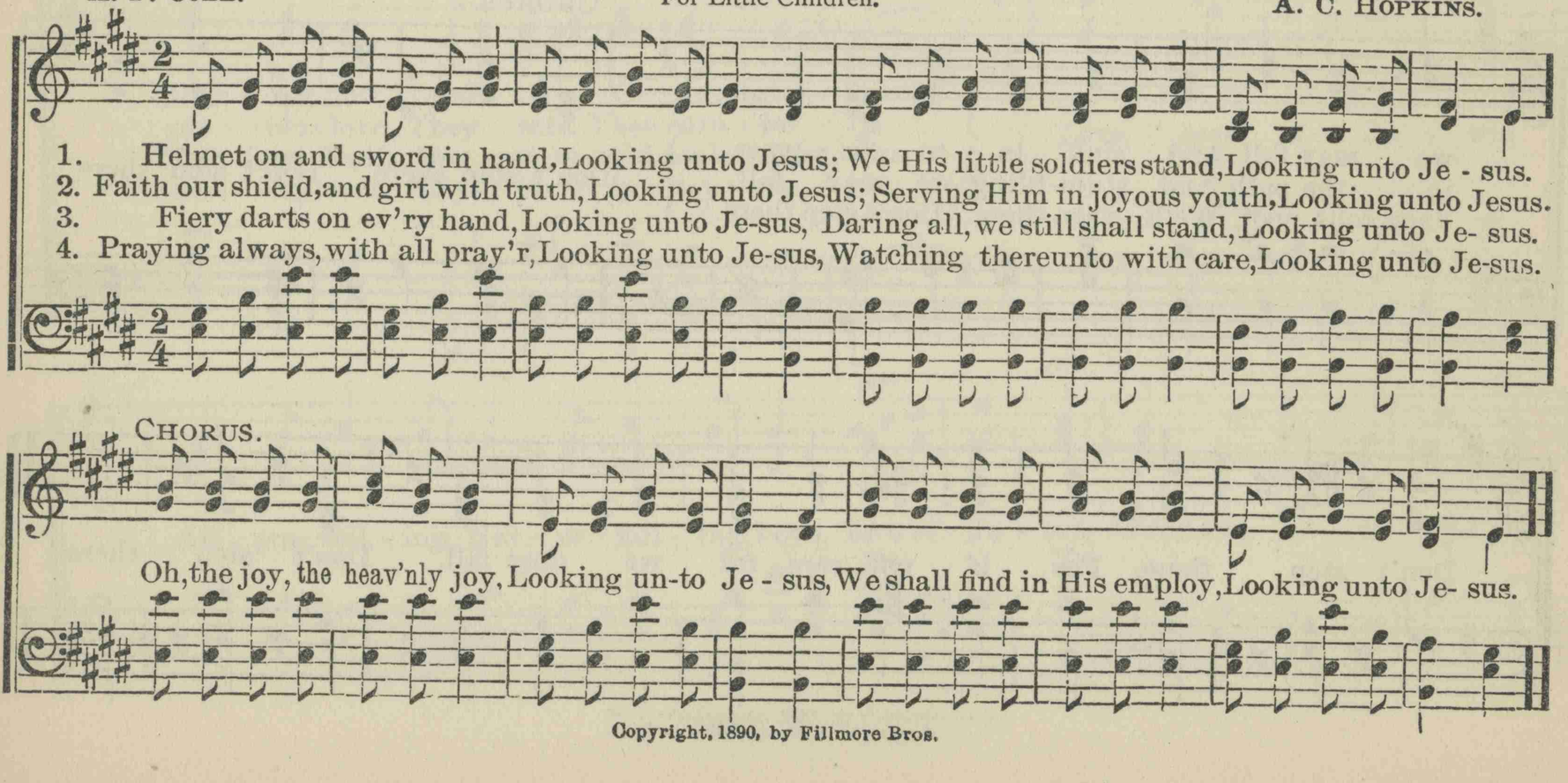
white and crown'd with glory, All our lov'd ones shall we see?
and the heart re- joic - es, For we see our friends once more.
me be-side the por- tal, Meet me in the glo - ry land.
} Hark! I hear an - gel - ic voices

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LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

A. P. COBB. For Little Children. A. C. HOPKINS.



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DON'T STEP THERE.

"Children's Friend."

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. As on the path of life we tread, We come to many a place, Where, if not care-ful,
2. Some i - dle hab - it, word or tho't, Some sin, how-ev - er small, May make us stum-ble
3. Our fel - low-trav'- lers on the road, We'll watch with anxious care, And when they reach some

CHORUS.

we may fall And sink in - to dis - grace.
in the path, And stum-bling, we may fall.
dang'rous spot, We'll warn them: "Don't step there."

} Don't step there, Don't step there,

Don't step there, For if not care - ful we may fall, Don't step there.

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LOVE OF JESUS.

Mrs. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. "The love of Christ constrain-eth us:" O Sav-iour, ev - er mild, Be-hold we wait Thy
2. Through all the ma - ny ways of life Thy peo-ple come to Thee: Constrain'd by love, O
3. Unstain'd Thou wert, and yet on Thee Was laid our mor - tal sin: Thou gav - est all that
4. Dear Lord, as Thou hast died for us We seek to live for Thee, Low at Thy feet we

bless - ing now, Lead us, O un - de - filed.
pre - cious love, They seek Thee earn - est - ly.
Thou from death Our dark-en'd souls might win.
kneel - ing wait Thy ho - ly face to see.

CHORUS.

Love, love of Je - sus,

All pre- vail - ing, Nev - er fail - ing, Love, love of Je - sus, Wondrous love of Je - sus.

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BLESSED CHRIST OF GALILEE.

Mrs. L. M. Beal Bateman. J. H. Rosecrans.

1. There's a far off path I should like to find, Where the Saviour walked of old in Gal - i - lee,
2. There's a way- side spring where I long to taste, Of the fountain where my Saviour drank before,
3. There's a near - er path where my feet may go, That is blessed because the poor He loved are there,
4. Though the hillside fountain of Gal - i - lee, May have sunk a-way and vanished long a - go,

In the shift- ing sand of the gold- en strand, By the wa- ters of the ev - er chang- ing sea.
And a low - ly cot in a qui - et spot, Where the Lord of love and la - bor dwelt of yore.
And the great de- light of the land of light, Will be bright-er for the woes that I may share.
In the fount of life I may quench all strife, And the gold- en crown of lov - ing la - bor know.

Chorus.

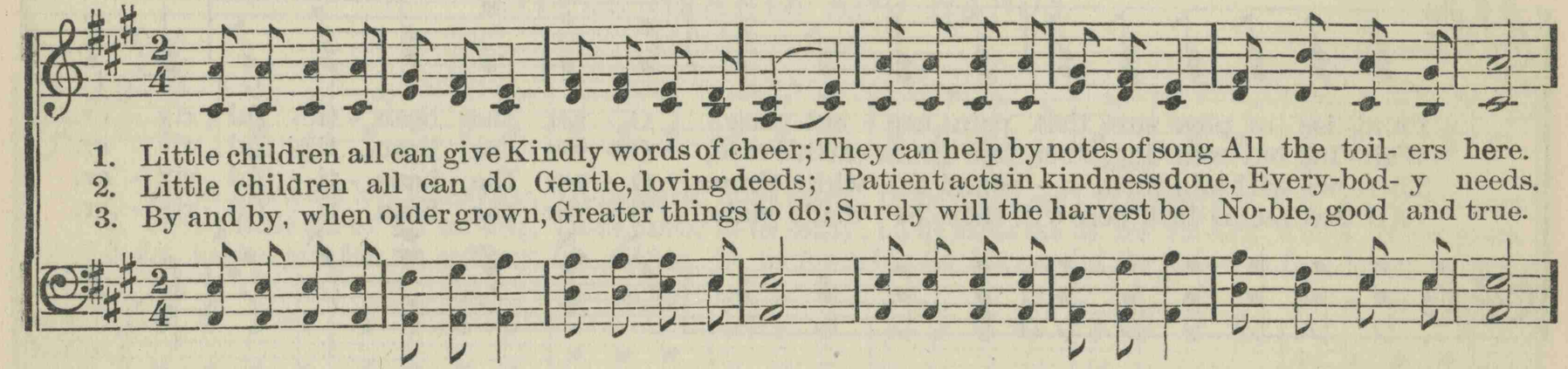
I should like to walk with Thee, Blessed Christ of Gali- lee, With thy smile of love up-on my soul;

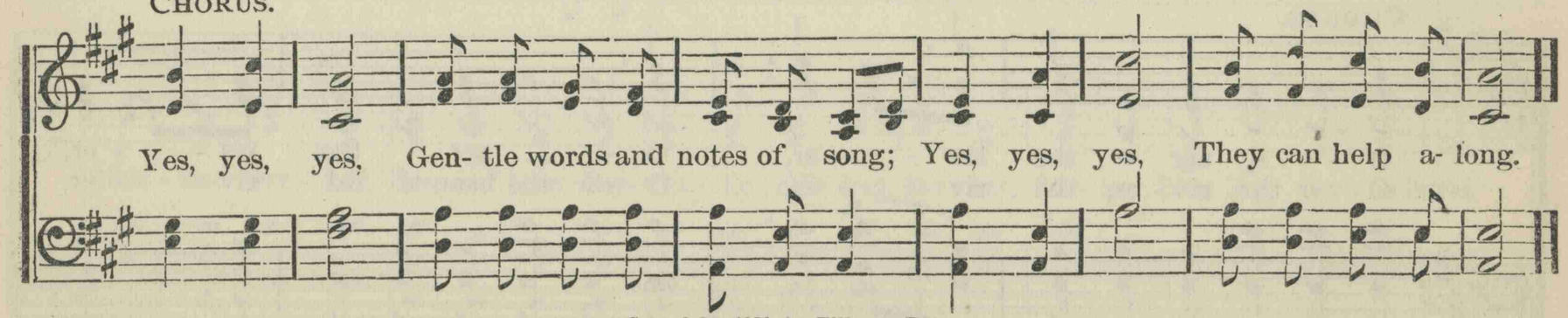
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LITTLE HELPS.

Mrs. L. M. Beal Bateman. [For Little Children.] J. H. Rosecrans.





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OVER THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

FRONIA SMITH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Mur-mur- ing soft - ly from re-gions a - far, Come to our souls, with no dis-cords that jar,
2. An - gel - ic voic- es seem borne on the air, Sweet - ly they sing of the man-sions so fair,
3. Friends have pass'd over and left us a - lone, Sad - ly we griev'd when be-reft of our own,
4. Joy will there ban-ish the mem -'ry of pain, Loss- es will turn in - to measure- less gain,

Prom- ise of plea- sure that pain can - not mar, O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er.
Wait- ing our com- ing, when free from earth's care, O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er.
There we will join them a - round the white throne, O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er.
All that seems dark here will there be made plain, O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er.

CHORUS.

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

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LITTLE HEARTS AND HANDS.

J. H. F. For Little Children. J. H. FILLMORE.



CHORUS.



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HOW MUCH I OWE.

D. R. LUCAS. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. O Lord how much I owe to Thee, For all Thy ten- der love to me, For what I am and
2. My home, my friends my brethren dear, And all that fills my heart with cheer. The faith and hope, to
3. This life with all its peace-ful ways, The Church with ho-ly songs of praise, The hope and love that

CHORUS.

hope to be, No tongue can ev - er tell. } No words can ev - er show How
calm my fear Has come, O Lord, from Thee. }
crown my days, The Lord has giv - en me. } No words can ev - er show

much to Thee I owe (I owe,) No heart on earth can ev - er know How great Thy love to me.

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CHRIST OUR KING.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Je - sus is the children's King, His joy- ous prais- es we will sing. He has left His
2. We will make no vain de - lay, But seek Him ear - ly on our way. He the children's
3. Man- sions bright for us to share, He dwells in glo - ry to pre - pare. He will come for

CHORUS.

word our guide To bring us safe - ly to His side.
faith - ful Friend Will love us ev - er to the end.
us a - gain, In end - less life with Him to reign!
} We're com- ing sound the strain,

We're com-ing, sing a - gain, Loud the joy-ful cho- rus ring, Children come to Christ their King.

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ARE YOU FIT FOR THE KINGDOM.

A. J. HODGE. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Are you fit for the kingdom, Is your heart all right? Should He call you to-mor-row,
2. Are you fit for the kingdom, Are you free from sin, Are you washed in the fountain,
3. Are you fit for the kingdom, Is it wise to wait? He may call you to-mor-row,

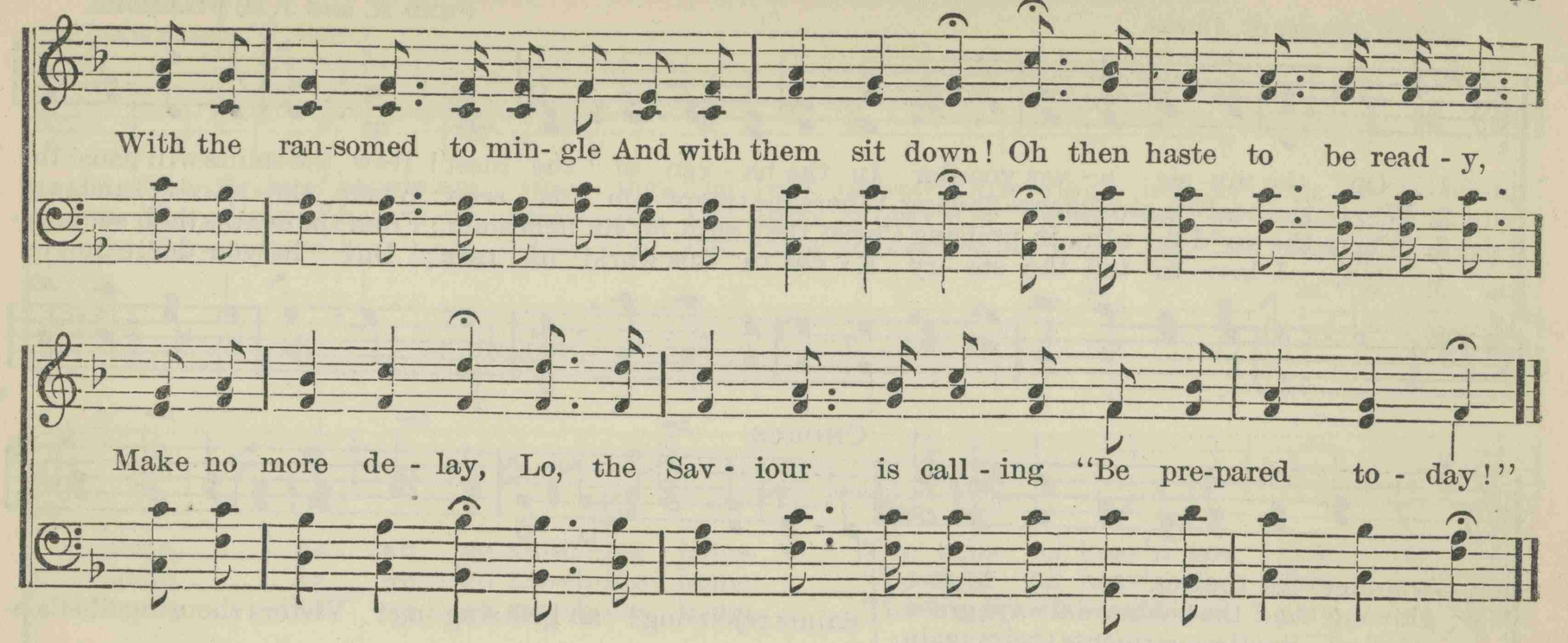
Could you bear His sight? Oh be sure you are read- y, 'Twere a fear - ful plight, To be
Are you clean with - in? Are you sure of your par-don, Are your gar- ments white, Are you
It may be too late! Oh be sure you are read- y, En - ter in be - fore The Good

CHORUS.

called to the kingdom, And your heart not right.
fit for the kingdom, Is your heart all right?
Mas - ter hath ris - en And hath shut the door!

} Are you fit for the kingdom, For the golden crown,

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SAVIOUR, TEACH ME.

C. M. Von Weber.



1 Saviour! teach me day by day,
Love's sweet lessons to obey;
Sweeter lessons cannot be:
Loving Him who first loved me.

2 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing till His face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

O THE MUSIC OVER THERE!

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES. FRED A. and J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Oh, the mu- sic o - ver yon-der In the ha - ven of the blest! How the saints will pause in
2. Where the healing streams are flowing, Where the tree of life is seen; Where the sil-v'ry sands are
3. Where the sav'd u - nite in praising Christ, the Lamb, for sin-ners slain; From the depths their souls up-
4. Oh, I love to tell the sto - ry E - ven in this world of care; But in yon-der realms of

CHORUS.

won-der As they en - ter in - to rest!
glowing, And the fields are always green.
- rais- ing—Spotless garments theirs again.
glo - ry Sweet-er far to sing it there!

Saints rejoic-ing! an-gels sing-ing! Victors shouting! bells a-

- ring- ing! Oh, the mu - sic o - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, the mu - sic o - ver there, o - ver there.

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LAWRENCE W. SCOTT. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. The bells of heav'n are ring - ing, The bells of heav'n are ring - ing, As we go marching
2. The light of heav'n is shin - ing, The light of heav'n is shin - ing, As we go marching
3. The harps of heav'n are play - ing, The harps of heav'n are play - ing, As we go marching

home, As we go march-ing home. The bells of heav'n are ring - ing, The
home, As we go march-ing home. The light of heav'n is shin - ing, The
home, As we go march-ing home. The harps of heav'n are play - ing, The

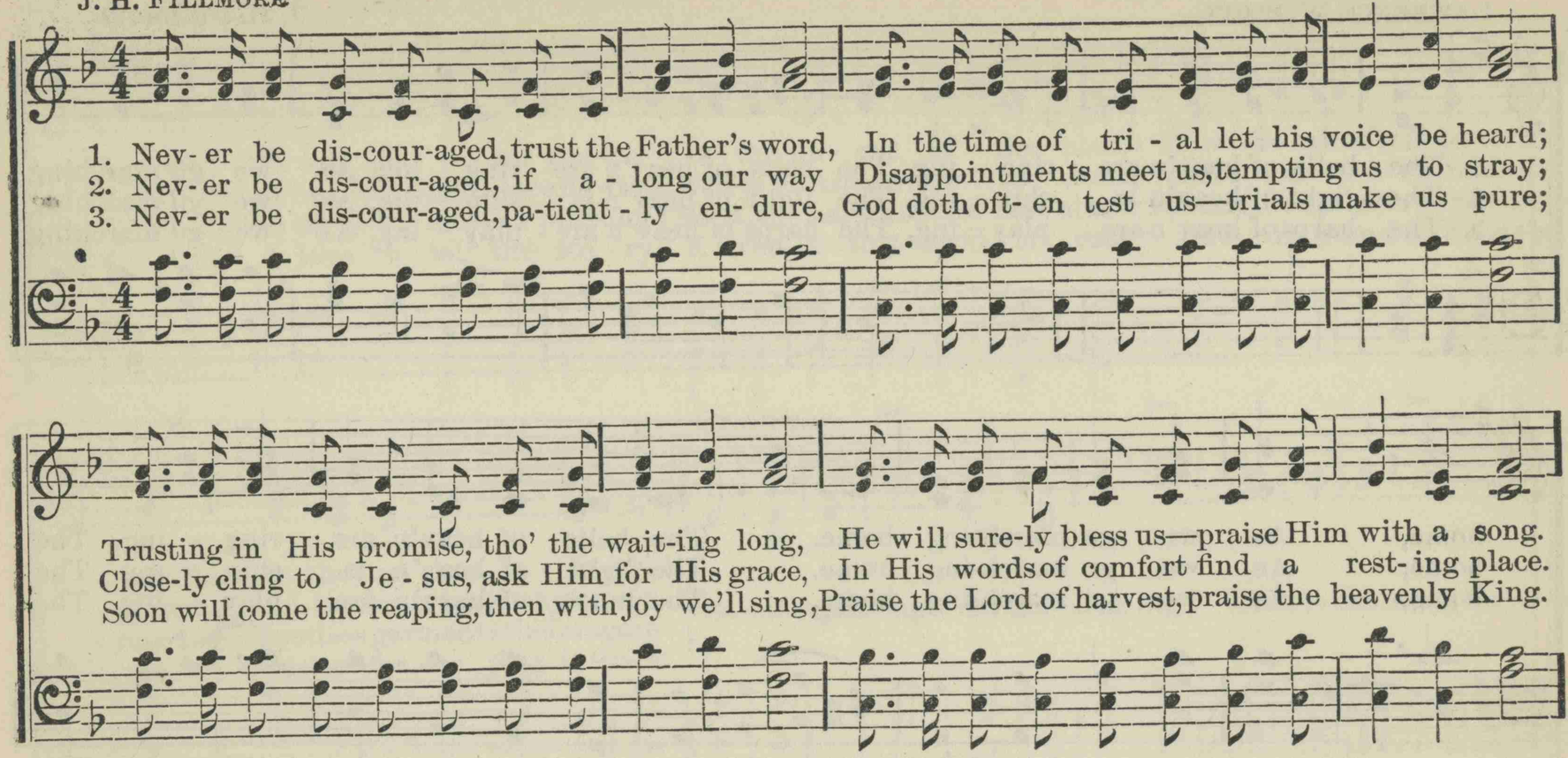
choirs of heav'n are sing - ing, The pearl - y gates are swing-ing, As we go marching home.
shade of night's de - clin - ing, The clouds have sil- ver lin - ing, As we go marching home.
heirs of heav'n are pray - ing, To God their homage pay - ing, As we go marching home.

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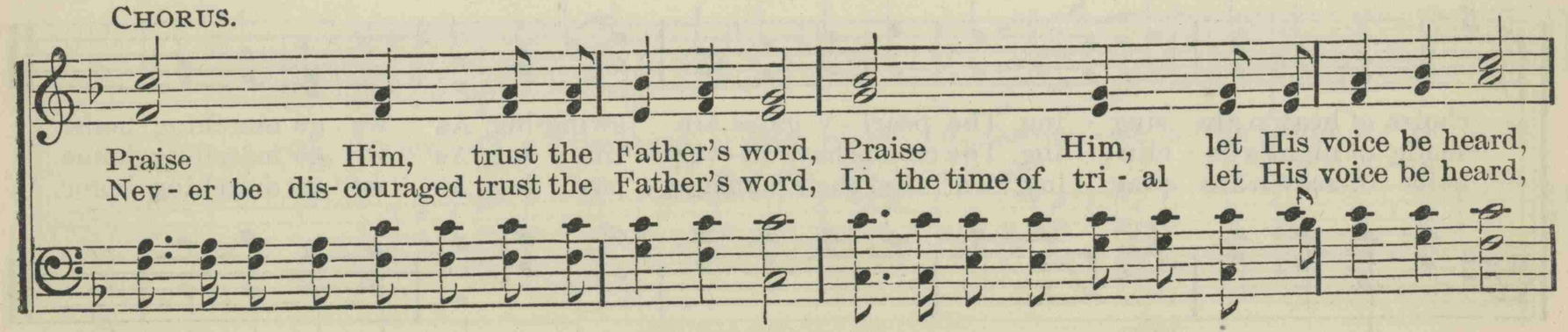
NEVER BE DISCOURAGED.

J. H. FILLMORE

J. H. ROSECRANS.



CHORUS.



From "Joy and Gladness," by per.



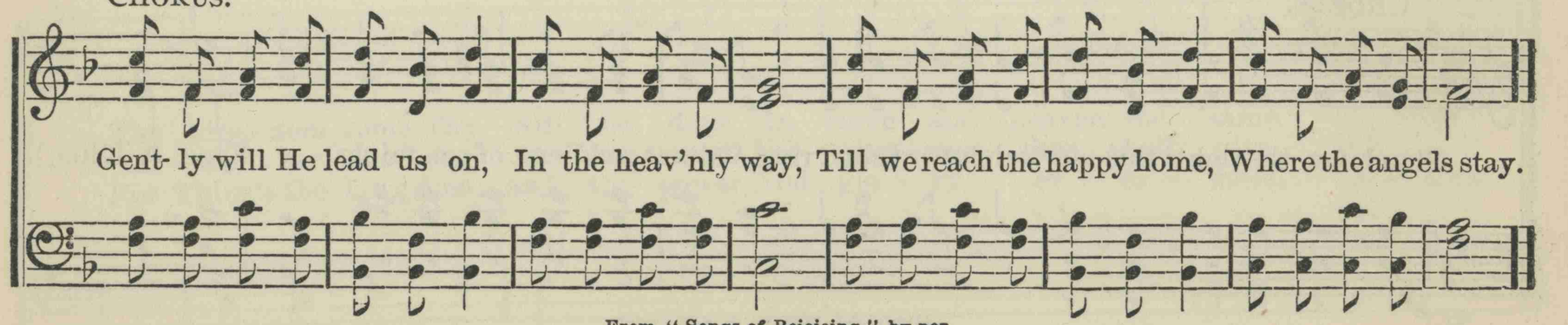
GENTLY HE LEADS US.

FRONIA SMITH. J. H. FILLMORE.

DUET.



CHORUS.



From "Songs of Rejoicing," by per.

STAND FOR THE RIGHT.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK. D. B. TOWNER.

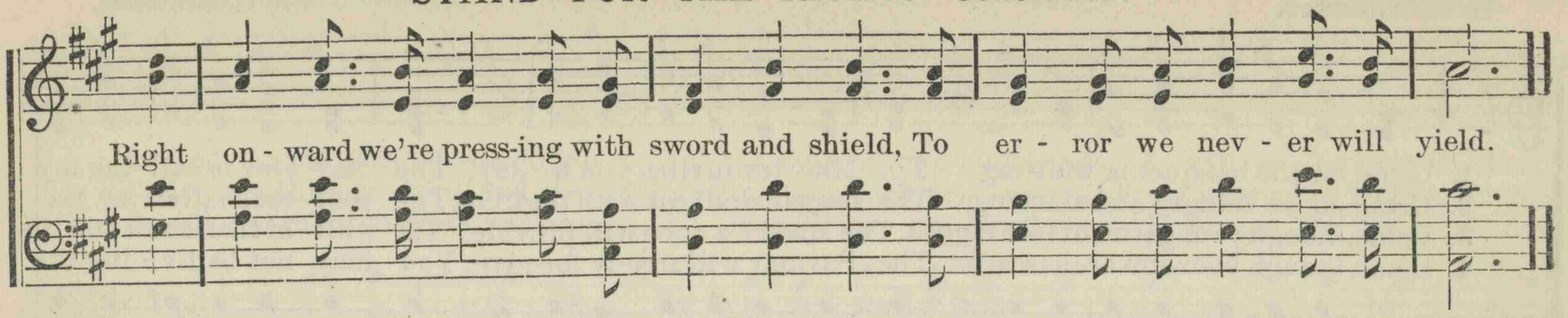
1. Sol - diers of Je - sus, His cross we bear, For truth and for right all tri - als dare;
2. Proud - ly our ban - ner we bear on high, The con - test we seek is draw - ing nigh;
3. Ev - er uphold - ing the cause we love, Our trust in the pow'r of God a - bove,

Clad in the ar - mor of faith we come, We're marching to Zi - on our home.
Je - sus is lead - ing our arm - y on, The vic - to - ry soon will be won.
Look - ing to Je - sus, our Sav - iour, King, This cho - rus we joy - ful - ly sing.

CHORUS.

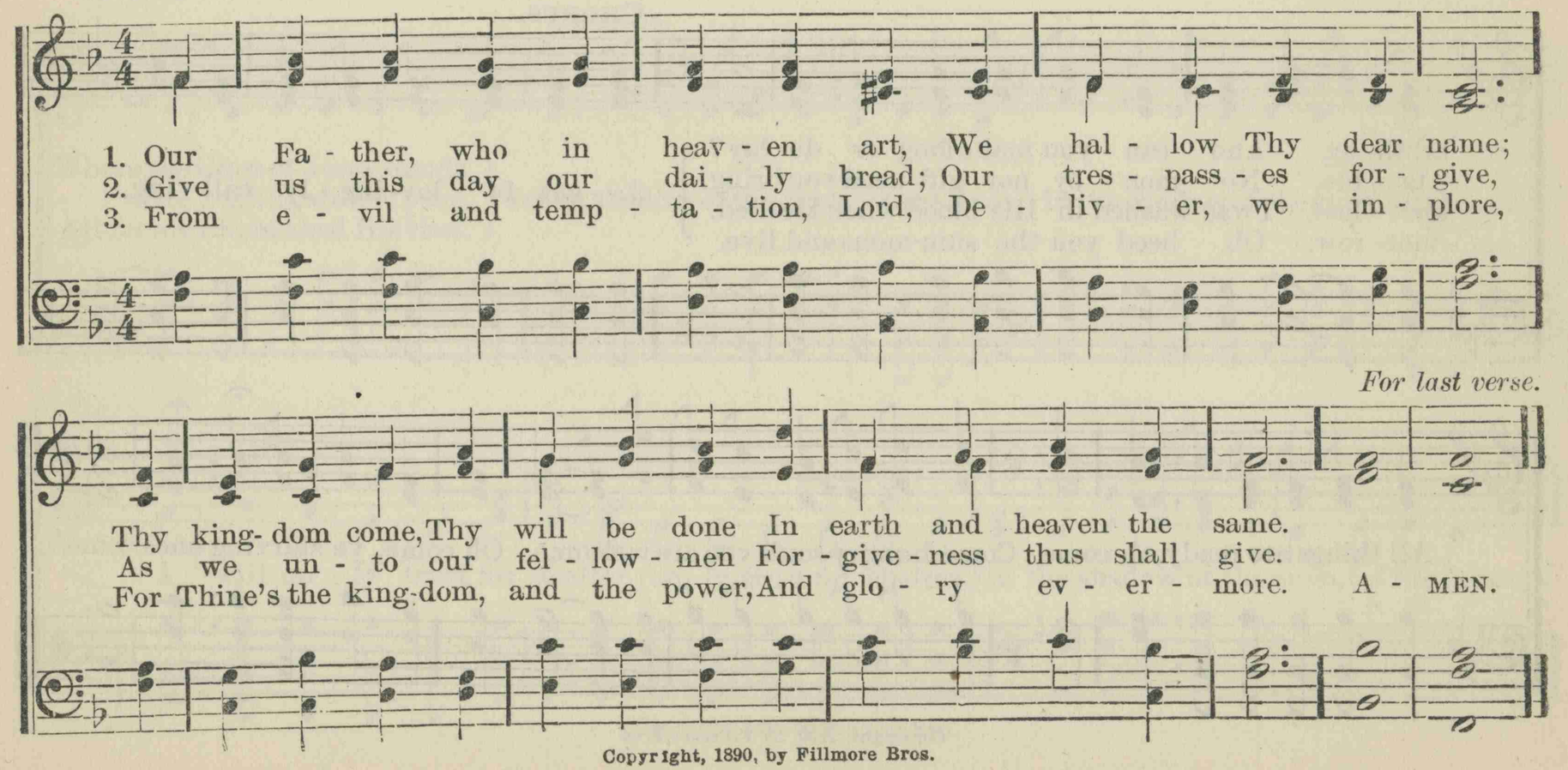
Stand for the right! this our watchword shall ring, Valiant soldiers of a might - y King, (a King,)

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THE LORD'S PRAYER.

MARY FARNHAM. J. H. FILLMORE.



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COME TO THE FEAST.

H. R. TRICKETT. A. C. HOPKINS.

1. Come, for the banquet is wait-ing, The Mas- ter invites you to- day, The Sav- iour is call- ing my
2. Come, oh ye hungry and starving, The beggar shall eat with the king, The poor- est shall sit at the
3. Come, though your garments are ragged, The Master a robe will provide, 'Tis whit- er than snow and 'tis
4. Come, though your sins are as scarlet, The Saviour will free-ly for-give, You may not be liv - ing to-

CHORUS.

broth- er, And can you make long- er de- lay?
ta - ble, No mon - ey nor gift need you bring.
spot - less, 'Twas washed in His blood when He died.
- mor- row, Oh heed you the sum-mons and live.

} Je - sus is lov- ing - ly call - ing,

All things are ready, oh come, Come hungry souls you are welcome, Oh come, ye starving ones, come.

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THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

Mrs. L. M. Beal Bateman. J. H. Rosecrans.

1. God for-bid that I should glo-ry In the work of hu-man hands, I will on - ly trust the shadow
2. In a thirs-ty land and wea-ry Stands a Great Rock, firm, se-cure, From its shadow flows a fountain
3. All for me that Rock was broken, All for me its wa- ters flowed, All for me the cross was lifted,

Chorus.

Where the Cross of Jesus stands.
Full of healing waters pure.
All for me Christ shed His blood.
} In the shadow of the cross, (of the cross,) In the shadow of the cross, (of the cross,)

I will on - ly trust for shelter, (on- ly trust for shelter,) In the shadow of the cross, (of the cross.)

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BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH.

For Little Children.

J. H. F. J. H. FILLMORE.



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MOVE FORWARD.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Move for-ward, soldiers of the cross, Move forward, tho' you suf - fer loss; Lo! Sa-tan's hosts a -
2. Move for-ward, there is much to do, By will-ing sol-diers, good and true; With shield of faith and
3. Move for-ward, you shall win the fight, For God is with the cause of right; While trusting in His

CHORUS.

round you stand, In Je - sus' name go take the land. } Move for - ward, for - ward,
sword in hand, Go brave-ly forth to take the land. }
prom- ise grand, You sure - ly shall pos - sess the land. } Move forward, forward, brave-ly forward,

Bold - ly march a - gainst the foe; For - ward, for - ward, For - ward go.
For-ward, for-ward, bravely for-ward, Bravely forward go.

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AT THE FOUNTAIN.

Mrs. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. J. H. ROSECRANS.

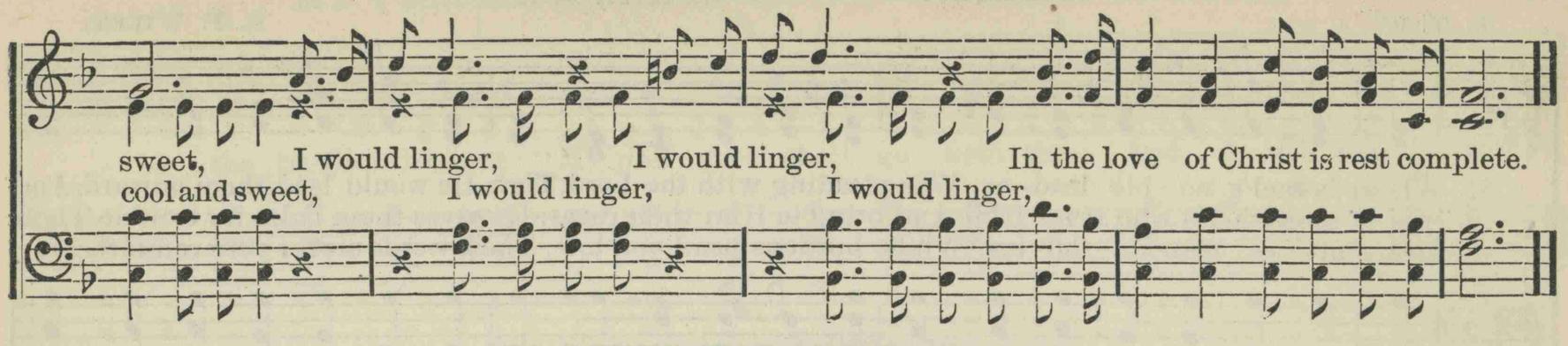
1. A wan - der - er wea-ry o'er the toil-some way, I long for fountains pure and sweet,
2. Oh long have I groaned beneath my load of care, A pil - grim in a stranger land,
3. I called till the sun-set in the gold- en west, Be - tok - ened day-light near its close,

I seek in the shade of El- im's cool - ing palms, To find a safe and calm re - treat.
I cried for a friend who would my burden share, Yet no one reached a help- ing hand.
A soft whis-per said, "Oh come to Me and rest, In Me thy soul shall find re - pose."

CHORUS.

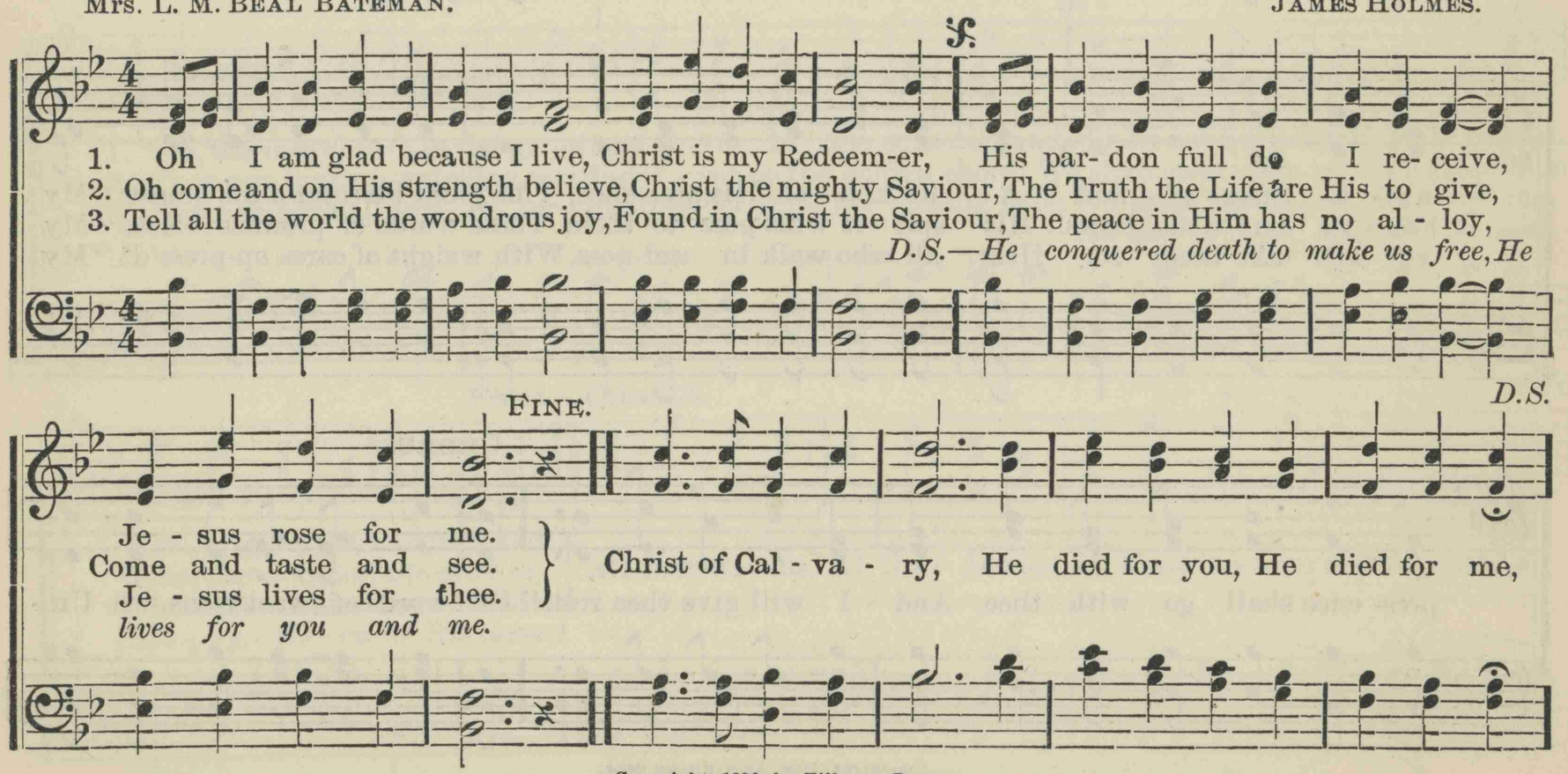
I would lin- ger, I would lin-ger, At the fount-ain pure and cool and
I would linger, I would linger,

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HE LIVES FOR YOU AND ME.

Mrs. L. M. Beal Bateman. James Holmes.



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MY PRESENCE SHALL GO WITH THEE.

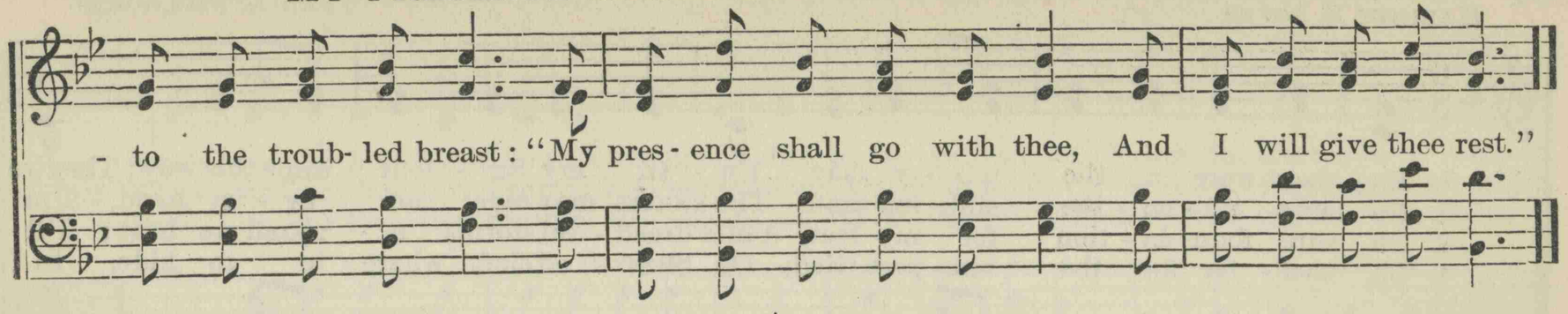
R. T. W. R. T. WILEY.

1. When Is-rael's no - ble lead- er Was pleading with the Lord, That He would lead them onward, And un - to them af - ford A to- ken of His pres-ence, This prom-ise calm'd his breast: "My
2. 'Tis so with all who trust Him, And bring to Him their cares; He gives them balm for trouble, Their hea - vy bur- dens bears. His spir - it whis-pers to them These words of promise blest: "My
3. Hear, all ye wea- ry toil- ers, Whose burdens bend you low; These words are for your comfort, If ye will take them so. Hear, all who walk in sad-ness, With weight of cares op-press'd: "My

CHORUS.

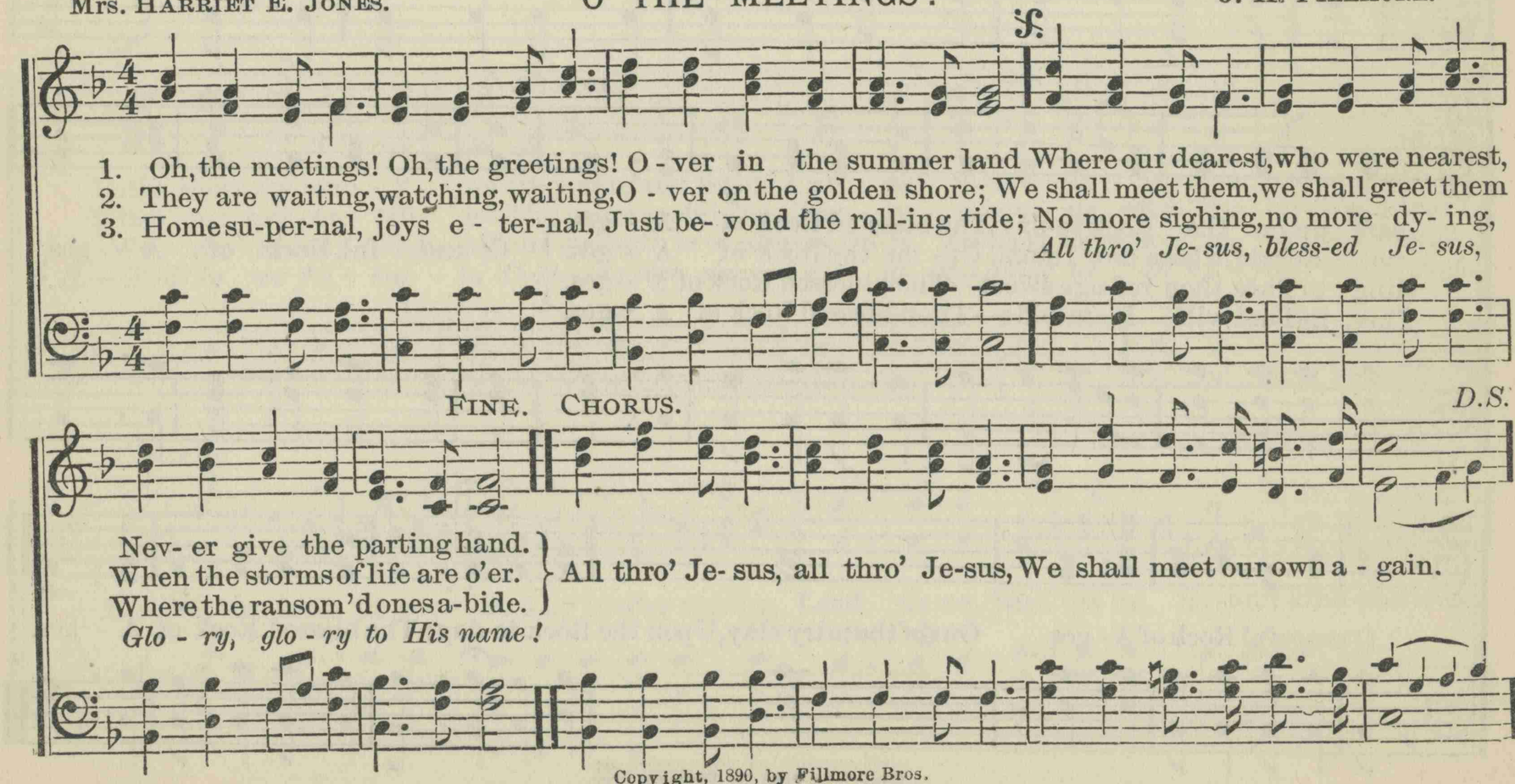
pres- ence shall go with thee, And I will give thee rest." Oh! words of sweet com- fort Un -

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O THE MEETINGS!

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES. J. H. FILLMORE.



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THE BLESSED ROCK OF AGES.

HARRIET E. JONES. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. My feet were in the mir - y clay Un - til my Sav - iour came this way; They're
2. No more up - on the sink- ing sand, The storms may rage on ev - 'ry hand, I'm
3. Oh, sure foun- da - tion for my feet, While dread - ful storms a - round me beat; I'll
4. Oh, shel - ter for the tem- pest-tried, Oh, bless - ed cleft where - in to hide, In

CHORUS.

safe up-on the Rock to-day, The bless-ed Rock of A - ges.
not a-fraid, where now I stand Up- on the Rock of A - ges.
cling to Thee, thou ref-uge sweet—Thou blessed Rock of A - ges.
Thee, in Thee will I a-bide—Thou blessed Rock of A - ges.

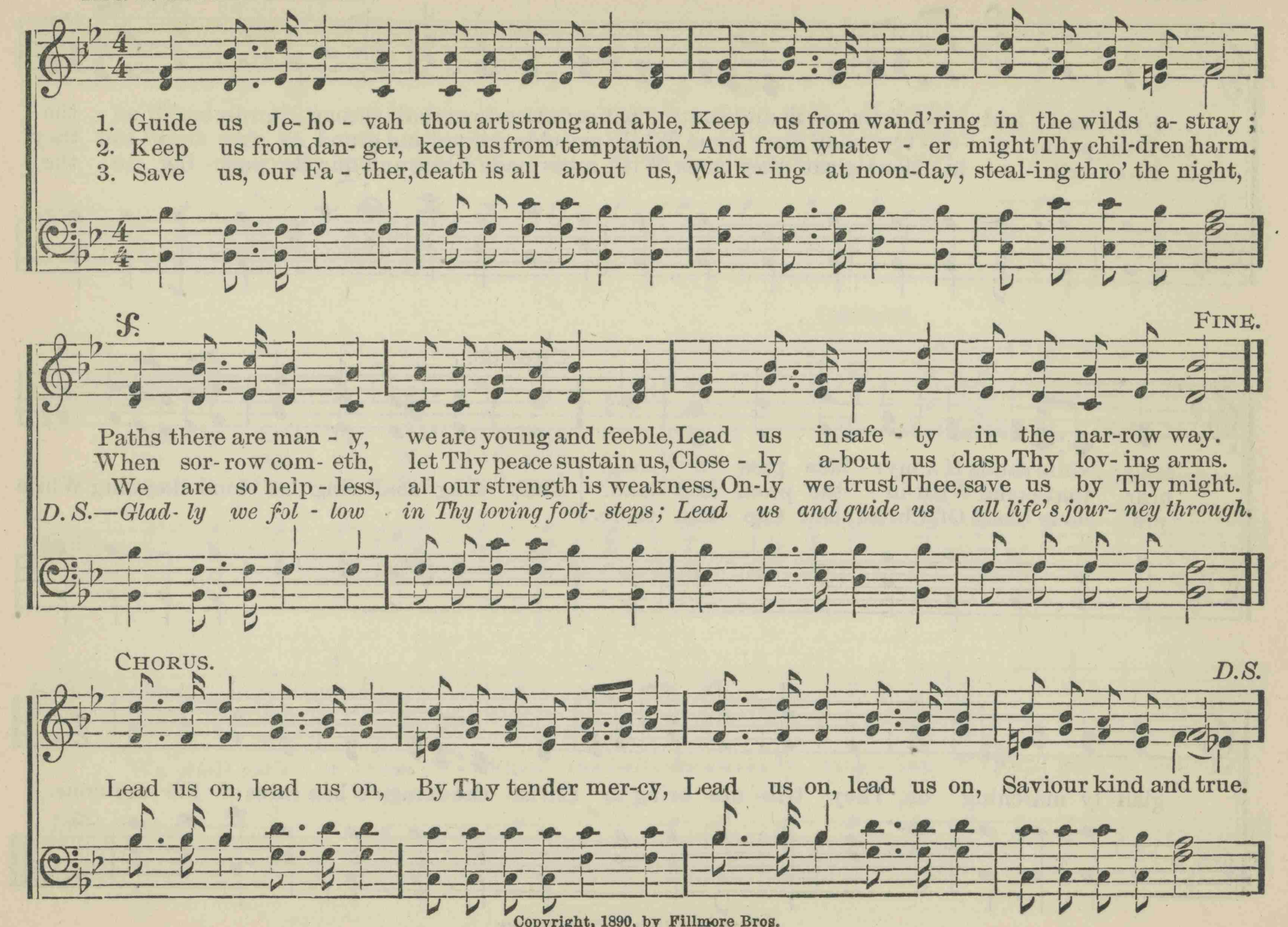
O, rest - ful Rock of A - ges,

O peaceful Rock of A- ges Out of the miry clay, Upon the Rock to-day; The blessed Rock of A - ges.

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LEAD US ON.

Mrs. L. M. Beal Bateman. J. H. Rosecrans.



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THE GATHERING OF THE NATIONS.

FRONIA SMITH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. From east and west, from north and south That countless host shall throng, Unnumber'd as the
2. With palms of vic-'try shall they come, While marching proud and grand As free from toil they
3. From trib - u - la - tions great they come With robes made white and fair, By wash- ing in the

CHORUS.

sea's white sands It s myr - iads pass a - long.
near that home With-in the prom- ised land.
pre - cious blood Of Christ their Cap - tain there.

} Their song shall ring as loud they sing While

glad- ly marching on, They trib- ute bring to Christ the King, When cares of life are done.

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WE SHALL GATHER HOME.

ETHEL M. COBB. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. When the bells are sweet - ly ring - ing, We shall gath - er home; And the an - gels
2. When the an - gels gen - tly call us, We shall gath - er home; Where no harm can
3. All the weak and sad and wea - ry, We shall gath - er home; In a cit - y

glad - ly sing - ing, We shall gath - er home.
e'er be - fall us, We shall gath - er home.
nev - er drea - ry, We shall gath - er home.

CHORUS.

We shall gath - er home,
gath- er home,
We shall gath - er home ; When the bells are sweet-ly ring - ing, We shall gath-er home.
gather home ;

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WATCH AND PRAY.

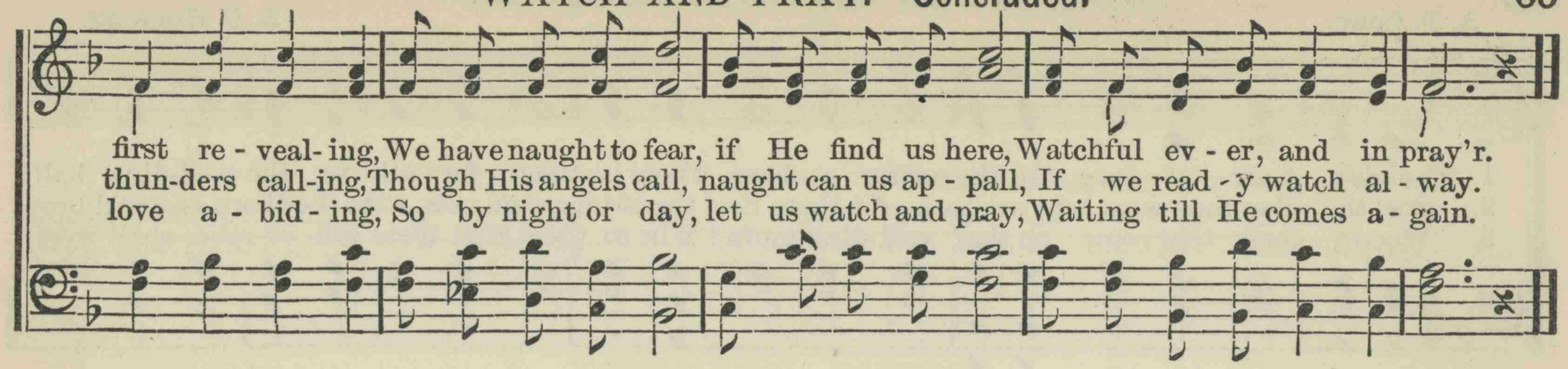
Mrs. L. M. Beal Bateman. J. H. Rosecrans.

1. Let us watch and pray, till the gloam of morn-ing, Still with faithful care, watching un - to pray'r,
2. He may come when earth from her slumber wak- eth, When the gold-en day, drives the night a - way,
3. He may come when spring is in beau - ty grow - ing, Or when ripened grain, waves on hill and plain,

Steadfast, though He give us no word of warn - ing, Watching, wait-ing, still in pray'r.
When a hymn of praise from all na - ture break-eth, When the glad heart bows to pray.
When the autumn woods are with glo - ry glow - ing, Or when win-ter hides his slain.

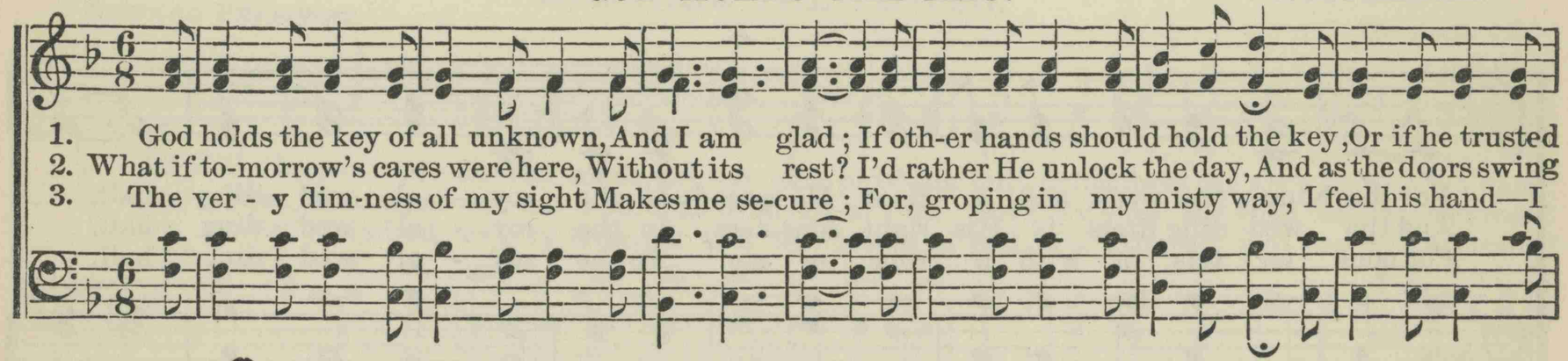
He may come when mid - night o'er earth is steal - ing, Or when day her soft tints is
Or when heav - y clouds with their light - nings fall - ing, Rend the darkened air with their
But what - ev - er fort - une of life be - tid - ing, There can be no dan - ger in

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GOD HOLDS THE KEY.

J. H. FILLMORE.





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4 I cannot read His future plan,
But this I know,
I have the smiling of His face,
And all the refuge of His grace,
‖: While here below. :‖

5 Enough; this covers all my want,
And so I rest;
For what I cannot He can see,
And in His care I soon shall be
‖: Forever blest. :‖

WHEN THE KING COMES IN.

A. P. COBB. A. C. HOPKINS.

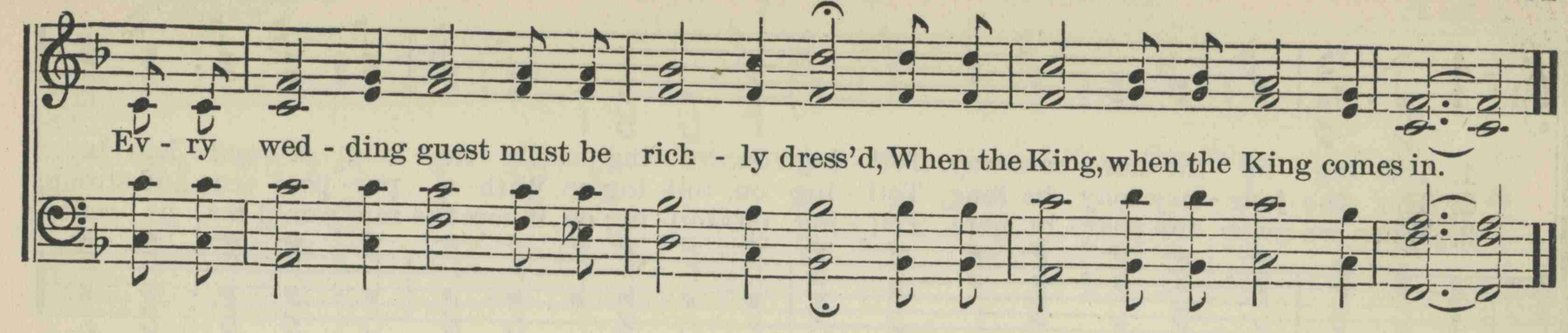
1. There's a feast of love in the courts a - bove, There is room for all in the wed-ding hall;
2. See! the robes they wear, who are gath-er'd there See! the Bridegroom now, with the thorn-crown'd brow,
3. Woe to them that come on that wed-ding morn! Woe to them that there oth- er robes shall wear!

For the King's Son weds, and a feast He spreads, In the roy - al wed - ding hall.
And the wed- ding dress is His right- eous-ness, In the roy - al wed - ding hall.
For none en - ters in with a robe of sin, To the roy - al wed - ding hall.

CHORUS.

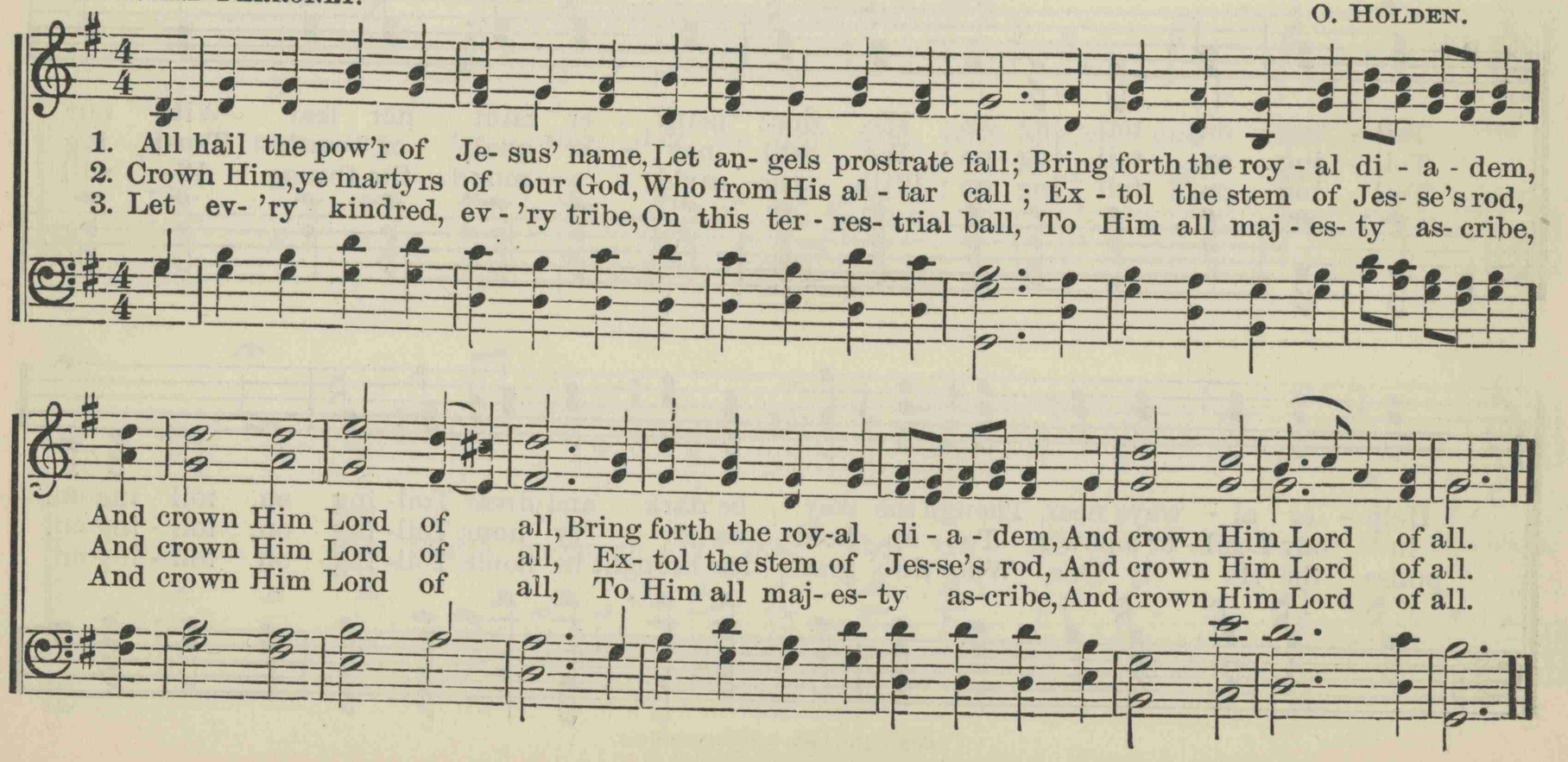
When the King comes in, When the King comes in To the feast of love in the courts a - bove.

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ALL HAIL THE POWER.

EDWARD PERRONET. O. HOLDEN.



TOILING UP THE NARROW WAY.

J. H. F. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Toil- ing up the nar - row way, Toil - ing on, toil- ing on, To the land of end - less day,
2. Tho' the jour - ney may be long, Toil - ing on, toil- ing on, With a pur- pose true and strong,
3. When we reach the pear - ly gate, Toil - ing on, toil- ing on, Where the ran- som'd for us wait,

Toil - ing on, toil - ing on; We shall neith - er faint nor fear With our
Toil - ing on, toil - ing on; We will nev - er quail or cow'r Trust - ing
Toil - ing on, toil - ing on; With the sav'd a - round the throne We will

Help - er al - ways near, Though the way be dark and drear, Toil- ing on, toil - ing on.
in our Lead - er's pow'r, To up - hold us ev - 'ry hour, Toil- ing on, toil - ing on.
praise the Ho - ly One, Who, thro' grace, has brought us home, Toil- ing on, toil - ing on.

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CHORUS.

We will glad - ly sing praise to Christ our King For the bless - ings of the

jour - ney day by day, day by day, And with heart and voice in His

name re - joice, While we brave - ly bear the tri - als of the way, of the way.

CHIME ON SWEET BELLS.

FRONIA SMITH. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. In - to Thy presence blest, Dear Lord, we cheerful come; Sweet peace pervades Thy house,
2. 'Tis here we gath-er strength, For each on-coming day; 'Tis here we ban- ish grief,

This tru - ly is our home; The bells' soft ac - cents rise and fall Up - on the air, in -
And anx-ious care a - way; With hearts made glad we list the call, Of chim - ing bells, en -

- vit - ing all Thy house to seek, Thy love to share, E'er guard - ed by Thy watch- ful care.
- treat- ing all To find sur-cease of sor - row here, And com - fort from Thy pres - ence dear.

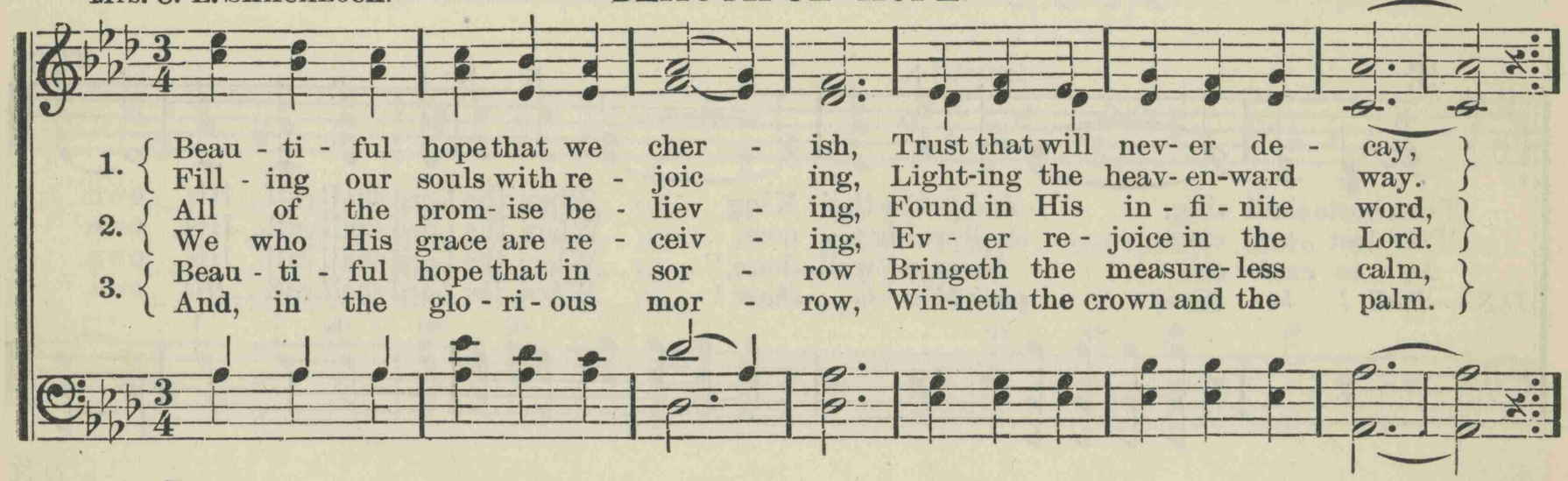
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CHORUS.

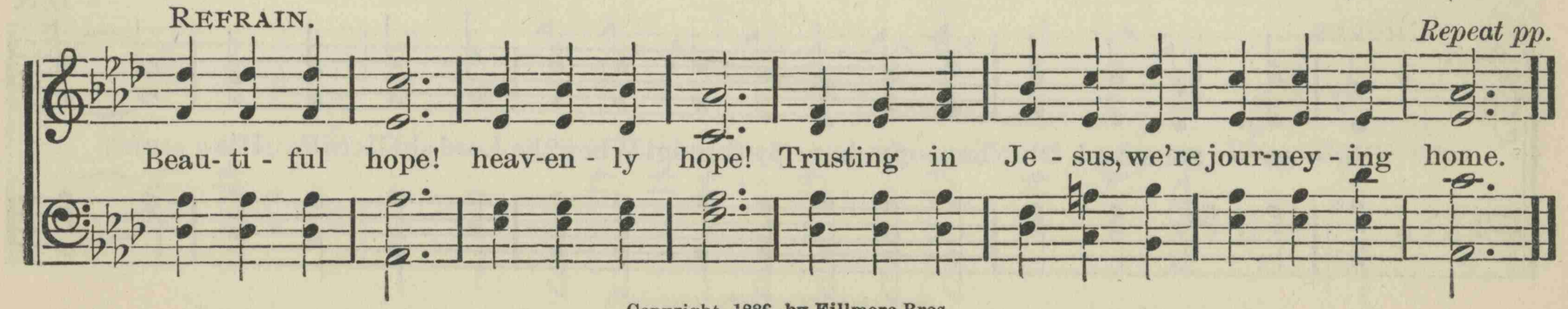


BEAUTIFUL HOPE.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK. J. H. ROSECRANS.



REFRAIN.



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WHEN THE LORD SHALL CALL HIS OWN.

A. P. COBB. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. There is a time, a hap - py time, When the Lord shall call His own ;
2. Like fer - tile seed each lov- ing deed, When the Lord shall call His own ;
3. What heav'nly grace, on ev- 'ry face. When the Lord shall call His own ;

FINE.

Then hosts shall sing, and praise their King, When the Lord shall call His own.
Tho' lost to view shall spring a - new, When the Lord shall call His own.
As to each one He says "well done," When the Lord shall call His own.
D.S.—Shall I be there, your bliss to share! When the Lord shall call His own.

D.S.

CHORUS.

Oh, an - gel song! Oh hap - py hap- py throng! When the Lord shall call His own.

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MORE AND MORE LIKE JESUS.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I would be from day to day, More and more like Je - sus! In what-e'er I do or say, More and more like Je - sus.
2. Less of self, and less of pride! More and more like Je - sus! Near - er to the cru - ci - fied! More and more like Je - sus.
3. I would from each fault be free! More and more like Je - sus! I would un - to oth - ers be More and more like Je - sus.
4. It shall ev - er be my song, More and more like Je - sus! Till I join the ran - somed throng, More and more like Je - sus.

CHORUS.

More and more, More and more, More and more like Je - sus, More and more, More and more, More and more like Je - sus.

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WILL HE BID US ENTER IN.

W. B. CARNES. D. Y. BAGBY.

1. Life is oft be-set with sorrows, Tri- als come on ev - ery hand, Fain would care-worn pilgrims borrow, Pleasures from the glory land, But we bide our time with patience, Waiting till our Lord shall come,
2. Oft we stumble by the wayside, When tempta -tions spread a- round, Thus to lure us from our du - ty, Sa-tan seeks to drag us down, But like serpent-bit-ten Is-rael, We can lift our trusting eyes,
3. Yes, we'll bide our time with patience, Batt'ling with the hosts of sin, If we're faith-ful to the Master, He will bid us enter in, When we've passed the pearly gateway, When we've reached the glory land,

CHORUS.

Waiting till the Mas-ter bids us En - ter our e - ter- nal home.
To the cross of our Re- deem - er, And our home be-yond the skies.
Pain and tears will all be ban- ished, By the lov - ing Fa-ther's hand.

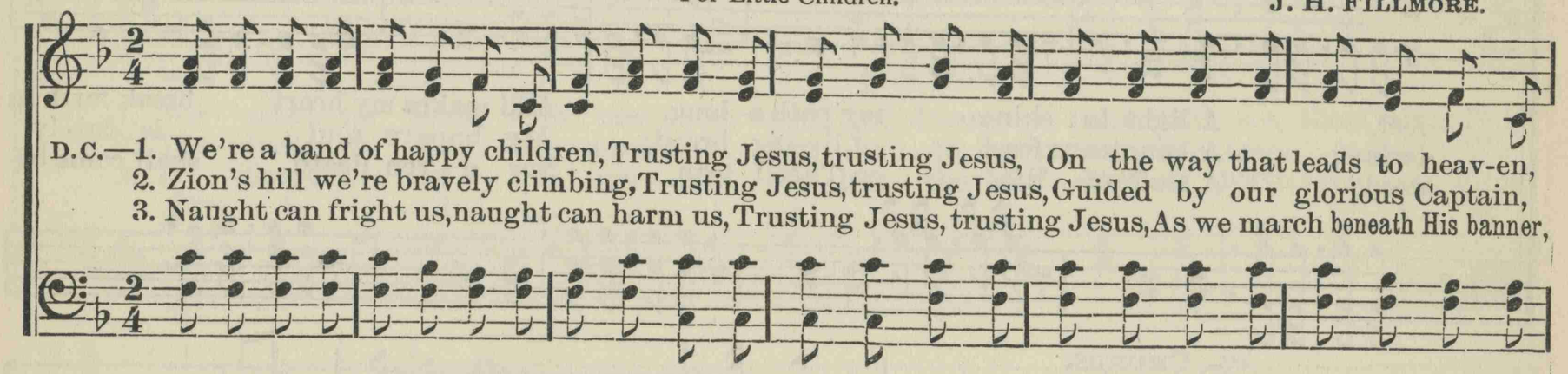
} Are we ready? Are we

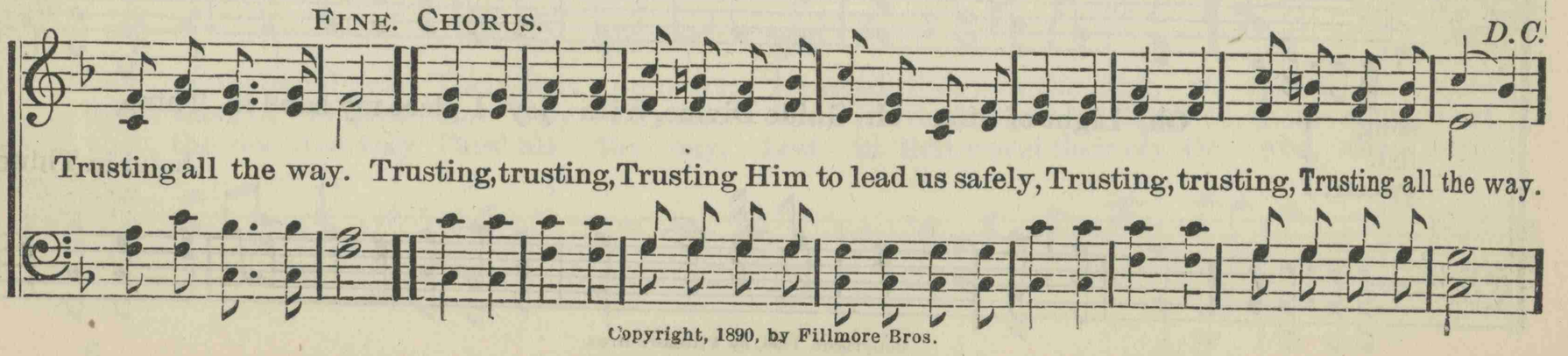
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TRUSTING JESUS.

FRONIA SMITH. For Little Children. J. H. FILLMORE.





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LIGHT OF LIFE.

Mrs. L. M. Beal Bateman.

J. H. Rosecrans.

1. O Lord, Thy word to me is sweet, A lamp to guide my wayward feet,
2. Word af- ter word, and line on line, Thy precepts 'round my heart en - twine;
3. A com-fort sweet in sor-est need, A Friend of friends art Thou in - deed,

A light to shine my path a- long, And makes my heart break forth in song.
A bounteous feast of liv-ing bread, My hungry soul is dai- ly fed.
A staff of life on Thee I lean, Nor e - ven death shall come be- tween.

Chorus.

Oh, Light of life, oh Guide Divine, With joy I place my hand in Thine,
hand in Thine,

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WE SCATTER SEEDS.

JOHN DEBLE. J. H. R.



From "Voice of Joy," by per.

THE LORD'S GOOD TIME IS COMING.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. There is a time for waking and for sleep- ing, A time for war- ing and a time for peace;
2. A time for pain, a time for shadeless pleasures, A time for shad-ows and a time for light;
3. A time for tears, a time for rapt'rous greeting, A time for ex - ile and a time for home;

A time for sow-ing, and a time for reap-ing, A time for toil, a time when toil must cease.
A time to lose, a time to find our treasures, A time for faith, a time for per - fect sight.
A time for parting, and a time for meet-ing, Trust on! the Lord's good time will sure - ly come.

CHORUS.

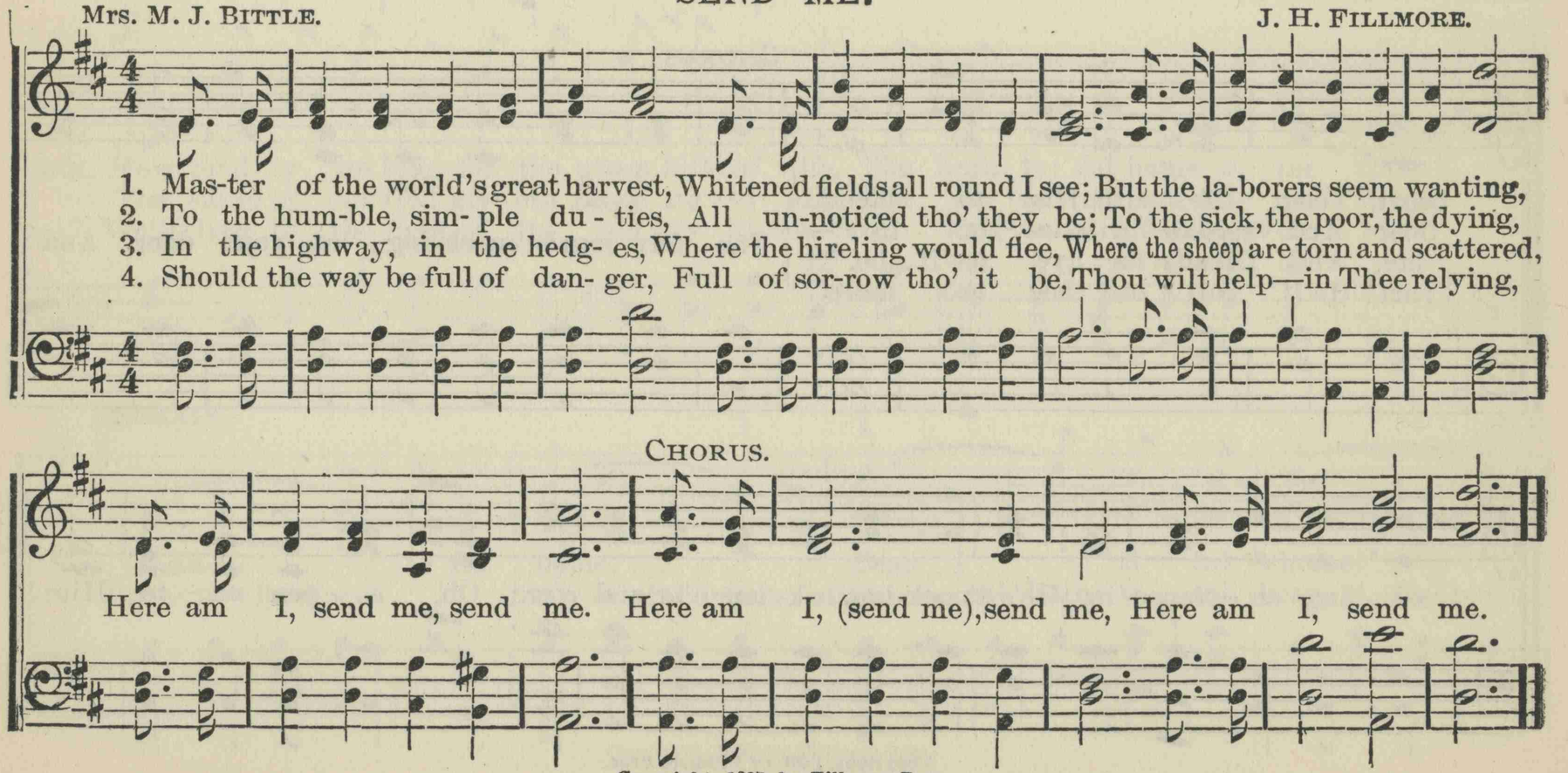
A time of rest will come to hearts grown weary, A time of praise to those that grieve and sigh;

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SEND ME.

Mrs. M. J. BITTLE. J. H. FILLMORE.



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THE SAVIOUR AT THE DOOR.

W. H. BAGBY. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Be - hold the Saviour at your door Your kind-est, true - est Friend Is seeking entrance to your
2. Oh yes, the bless- ed Son of God, Tho' Lord of all a - bove, Now paus-es at your lowly
3. "If a - ny man will hear my voice And o - pen un - to me, I'll sup with him and he with
4. With hand and feet and wounded side, He's knocking at your door. Oh sin- ner let Him not de-

CHORUS.

heart, Your life with His to blend.
door And speaks in tones of love:—
me, And friends for aye we'll be."
part! He'll call on thee no more.

The Sav- iour's knock-ing at your door, And ask - ing en - trance in, He's knock-ing, ask- ing o'er and o'er; Oh, o - pen un - to Him!

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BEAUTIFUL HOME.

FRONIA SMITH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. When la - den with sorrow and worn with earth's strife, And heavy our spir- its with care,
2. O, land of the blest, where our burdens shall fall, And rest, sweetest rest shall be ours;
3. We're trav- el - ing on-ward 'mid storm, and 'mid shine, To en - ter that beau-ti - ful home;

D.S. How fond- ly we long for the green hills of life, The beau- ti - ful home o - ver there?
The smile of our God giv- eth peace un - to all, And sin can- not mar the glad hours.
We'll bask in the light of its glo - ry di- vine, No long- er our foot-steps shall roam.

FINE.

REFRAIN.

D.S.

Beau - - ti - ful home, ... Beau - - ti - ful home, ...
Beau- ti - ful home, beau- ti - ful home, Beau- ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beau- ti - ful home,

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IF WE WALK IN THE LIGHT.

A. P. COBB. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. If we walk in the light of our Saviour and Friend, If we walk, in the light;
2. There'll be fellowship sweet with the friends of our Lord,
3. And the song of redemption on earth shall begin, If we walk, in the light;

There are pleas-ures in Je - sus that nev - er can end, If we walk, in the light.
And a bliss that earth's pleasures can nev - er af-ford,
For the blood of our Sav- iour shall cleanse from all sin, If we walk in the light.

CHORUS.

If we walk in the light of our Sav- iour and Friend, Then our song can- not cease and our

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LET US WITH A JOYFUL MIND.

MILTON. Arr. from MOZART.



O THE HOME OF THE SOUL.

Mrs. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Oh the home of the soul, Where the bright waters roll, Of the river of life 'mid the fair growing flow'rs.
2. All the gates stand a- jar Where the worshippers are, And the ransomed of God sound his praises a-far.
3. Come away to that land Where the safe gathered band, Praise the Lord by the work of each love-guided hand.

'Tis the land of the blest, 'Tis the place of my rest, And I long to be there in its calm quiet bow'rs.
And their white garments gleam, Like a moon-lighted stream, Or the soft-falling rays of a beautiful star.
Neither sor - row or fears, Neither sickness or tears, Neither parting or death on the joy - girded strand.

CHORUS.

Oh the joy, ... the de-light, ... Where the tree of life shall its healing leaves shed.
Oh the joy, the de-light,

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Where no sun . . . . giv-eth light, ... For the Lamb of God is its glo - ry in-stead.

Where no sun giveth light,

AROUND THE THRONE.

ANNIE SHEPHERD. English.

1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n Thousands of chil-dren stand; Chil-dren whose sins are all forgiv'n, A ho - ly, hap- py band,
2. What bro't them to that world a-bove—That heav'n so bright and fair, Where all is peace and joy and love? How came those children there?
3. Be - cause the Sav - iour shed His blood To wash a - way their sin; Bathed in that pure and precious flood, Behold them white and clean,
4. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace, On earth they loved His name; So now they see His blessed face, And stand before the Lamb,

CHORUS.

Singing glo- ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high.

THE GLORIOUS MORNING.

S. L. CUTHBERT. J. H. FILLMORE.

DUET.

1. When the mist - y clouds a-round you Hide the sun-light from your eyes, And the dark-ness that sur -
2. Dark-ness here! yet still a- bove you Shines the gol-den cit - y bright; On its streets are those who
3. With His pres-ence ev - er near you, Need- ed aid and hope to bring, How His words should always

rounds you Veils the bright-ness of the skies; Then, when e'er your courage fal- ters, Hear the
love you, Hap - py in its ra - diant light. With your Sav-iour close be- side you, Do not
cheer you—Make your heart with joy to sing. Oh, the light of day is shin-ing Far be -

words that Je - sus said When He walk'd up- on the waters,—"It is I, be not a - fraid."
fear, be not dis- may'd, With His hand and voice to guide you—"It is I, be not a - fraid."
yond the clouds and shade; No more darkness or re - pin-ing—"It is I, be not a - fraid."

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CHORUS.

By and by, ... there comes the dawn - ing Of a

By and by there comes the dawn - ing, comes the dawn- ing Of a

glo - - rious, hap-py day, By and by there comes the dawn- ing Of a

glorious happy day, a hap-py day, happy day,

bright and glorious morning, When the clouds shall fade a- way, shall fade a - way, (shall fade a - way.)

THIS I KNOW.

Rev. G. W. CROFTS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Where- as I once was blind, but now I see, This I know, This I know. The
2. The world that once was dark is full of light, This I know, This I know. The
3. By faith in Christ my sins are all forgiven, This I know, This I know. The
4. My bless - ed Sav - iour keeps me ev - ery hour, This I know, This I know. Se -

Lord has shown His mer- cy un - to me, Un-barred my pris - on door and set me free;
day has come— a - way has rolled the night, The "path of life" is clear un - to my sight,
sea of death is passed, the Rock is riven, I am a child of God, and heir of heaven,
-cure am I a - gainst the tempter's power, I fear not roll - ing waves nor storms that lower;

My heart is full of joy as it can be. This I know, this I know.
And all a - round is beau - ti - ful and bright. This I know, this I know.
My heart un - to the Lord is ful - ly given. This I know, this I know.
His ho - ly word a "sword," a "shield," a "tower." This I know, this I know.

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THERE IS A BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

Arranged for this work.

J. M. HOLMES.

1. There is a beauti-ful world, Where saints and angels sing; A world where peace and pleasure reigns, And
2. There is a beauti-ful world, Where sorrow nev-er comes; A world where tears shall nev-er fall, In
3. There is a beauti-ful world, Unseen to mor-tal sight, And darkness nev - er en- ters there—That
4. There is a beauti-ful world, Of har-mo-ny and love; Oh! may we safe - ly en- ter there, And

CHORUS.

heav'n-ly prais- es ring.
sigh- ing for our home.
home is fair and bright.
dwell with God a - bove.

} We'll be there, be there Oh, yes, we'll be there, Palms of vic - to- ry,

crowns of glo- ry, We all shall wear; We shall wear glorious crowns, In that beautiful world on high.

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MY HEAVENLY FRIEND.

IDA L. REED. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I have a Friend in heav - en, A faith-ful, lov- ing Friend, Whose ho - ly presence ev - er,
2. I have a Friend in heav - en, Who shar-eth all my grief, To Him I take my bur - dens,
3. I have a Friend in heav - en, A strong and mighty Friend, Whose ten-der love will ev - er

My footsteps doth at - tend. Though earthly friends for - sake me, I will not be a - lone,
He grants my soul re - lief. His care is ev - er o'er me, He guides me day by day,
Go with me to the end. Though earthly ties be bro - ken, I can- not be a - lone,

CHORUS.

For He is ev - er with me, And I am all His own.
Makes straight the path be - fore me, Sheds light up - on my way.
For Je - sus walks be - side me, And I am all His own.

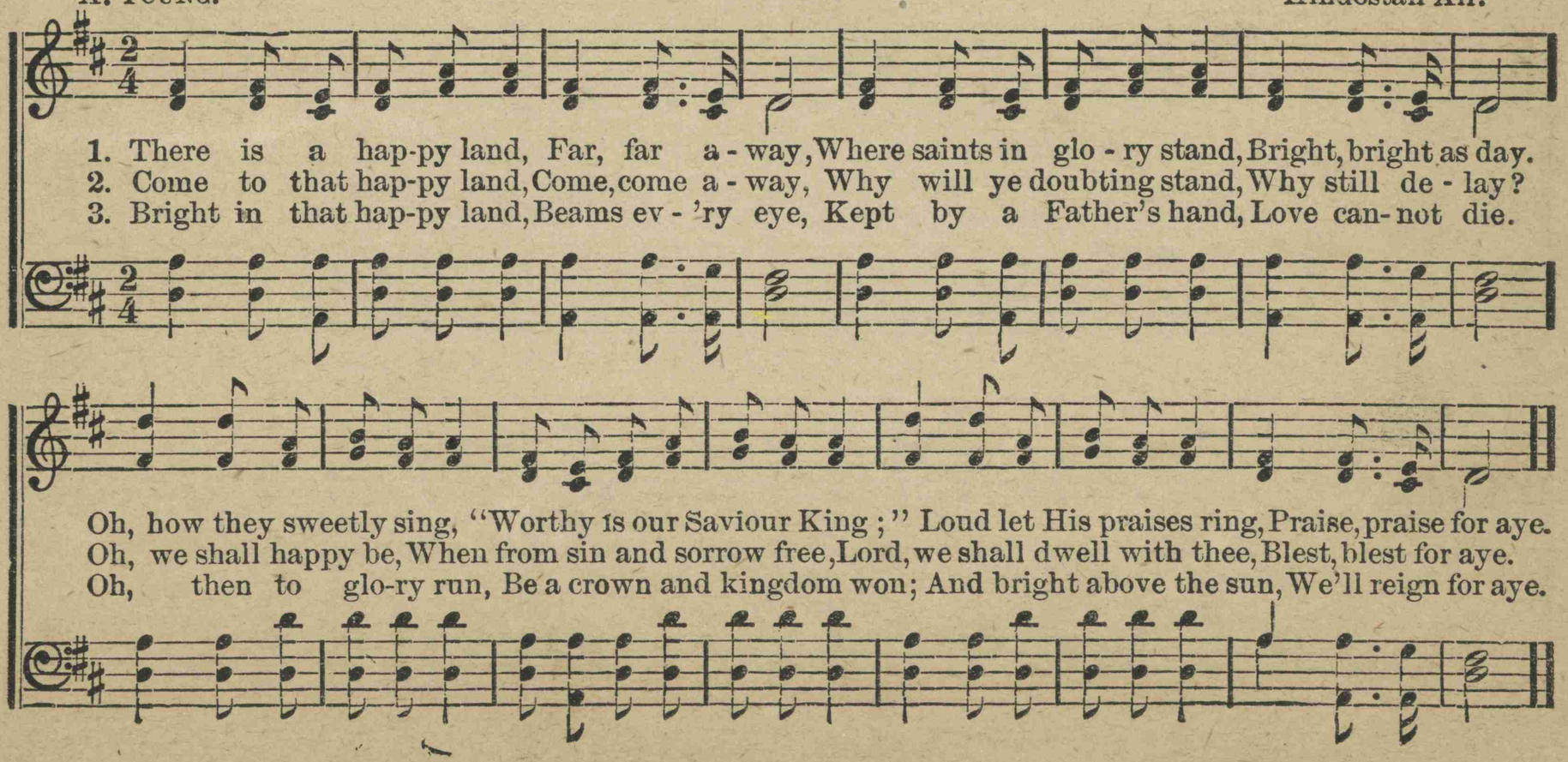
Though earthly friends forsake me,

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THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

A. YOUNG. Hindostan Air.



LET THEM COME TO ME.

Mrs. L. M. Beal Bateman. J. H. Rosecrans.

1. From far a-cross the roll-ing sea Sweet words of kindness come to me, "Of such shall heaven's kingdom
2. We seem to hear His tender voice Bid ev-'ry longing heart rejoice Who early make the Lord their
3. Oh, turn not youthful hearts a-way, In foolish paths of sin to stray, Let lit- tle children learn to

Chorus.

be, Let lit - tle chil- dren come." } "Let them come to me, Trust-ing, lov- ing -
choice Oh, let the chil- dren come! }
pray And un - to Je - sus come. }

"Let them come to me,

ly. Ex - cept ye come as lit - tle ones, Ye can - not come to me."
Trusting, lovingly.

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I WILL LIFT MY HEART.

FRONIA SMITH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Night and morning, Oh, my Sav-iour! I will lift my heart to Thee, When tempta- tions dark as -
2. Rock of ref- uge! strong Deliv'rer! Tow'r of strength when foes annoy, Present Sav- iour, when the
3. Night and morning, Oh, my Sav-iour! Un-to Thee for help I'll come, Thou wilt hear me, Thou wilt

CHORUS.

sail me, To Thy shelt'ring arms I'll flee.
temp- ter Would the helpless soul des - troy.
save me, Thou, at last, wilt bring me home.

} Oh, my Sav- iour! bless- ed Sav- iour! Thou didst

bear the cross for me, 'Neath Thy wing se- cure- ly hide me, Till the tempest's wrath shall flee.

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WE ARE LITTLE SOLDIERS.

FRONIA SMITH. FRED A. FILLMORE.

D.C. 1. We are lit - tle sol- diers, We are lit - tle sol- diers, Je-sus is our Captain and our faithful Guide;
2. With our val- iant Lead - er, With our val- iant Lead - er, We will never fal-ter, we will nev- er fear;

FINE.

March-ing 'neath His ban - ner, Marching 'neath His ban-ner, Nothing ill can fright us while we're on His side.
Brav-ing ev - 'ry dan - ger, Brav-ing ev - 'ry dan - ger, Je-sus ev- er with us all our hearts to cheer.

CHORUS.

March - ing, march- ing, marching straight along, Sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing loud our song, We're bravely
March - ing, march- ing, march - ing, marching, Sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing,

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D.C.

March-ing, march- ing, march-ing on our way, Sing - ing, sing - ing, Sing- ing all the day.
March-ing, march- ing, march - ing, march- ing, Sing - ing, sing - ing all the day.

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.

Mrs. JEMIMA LUKE. English.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here among men,
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown around me,
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in His love,
4. In that beau - ti - ful place He has gone to pre - pare For all who are washed and forgiven,

How He called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un-to me."
And if I thus earn - est - ly seek Him be- low, I shall see Him and hear Him above.
And ma- ny dear chil- dren are gath- er- ing there—"For of such is the kingdom of heav'n."

PRESS ON.

J. H. FILLMORE. J. H. ROSECRANS.

CHORUS.

Press on, press on, The bu- gle notes are call- ing us to arm for fight;
Press on, press on,

Press on, press on, For vic - to- ry must ev - er crown the cause of right.
Press on, press on,

SOLO OR UNISON.

1. Our cause is need - ing all the good and true There's work enough for ev- ery one to do,
2. Each faith - ful sol - dier shall receive a crown When comes the time to lay his ar- mor down;

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Oh, come and with us brave - ly take a stand To drive the foe from out the land.
His work all done, his ev - ry con - flict o'er In peace he reigns for ev - er more.

CHORUS.

Press on, press on, The bu - gle notes are calling us to arm for fight;
Press on, press on,

Press on, press on, For vic - to- ry must ev - er crown the cause of right.
Press on, press on,

THROUGH THE BLOOD OF THE CRUCIFIED.

A. P. COBB. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Have you touched the garments of the Ho - ly One? Are you washed in the soul-cleansing tide?
2. Are you walk- ing dai - ly with your Lord in view? Are you close to His dear, wounded side?
3. Are you bring-ing sin- ners to the sin-ner's Friend? Does your life tell of Je - sus who died?

Are your sins for - giv- en? Do you hope for heav- en Thro' the blood of the Christ cru- ci - fied?
Do you love your Sav-iour? Do you seek God's fa - vor Thro' the blood of the Christ cru- ci - fied?
Do you have the Spir - it? Do you peace in - her - it Thro' the blood of the Christ cru- ci - fied?

CHORUS.

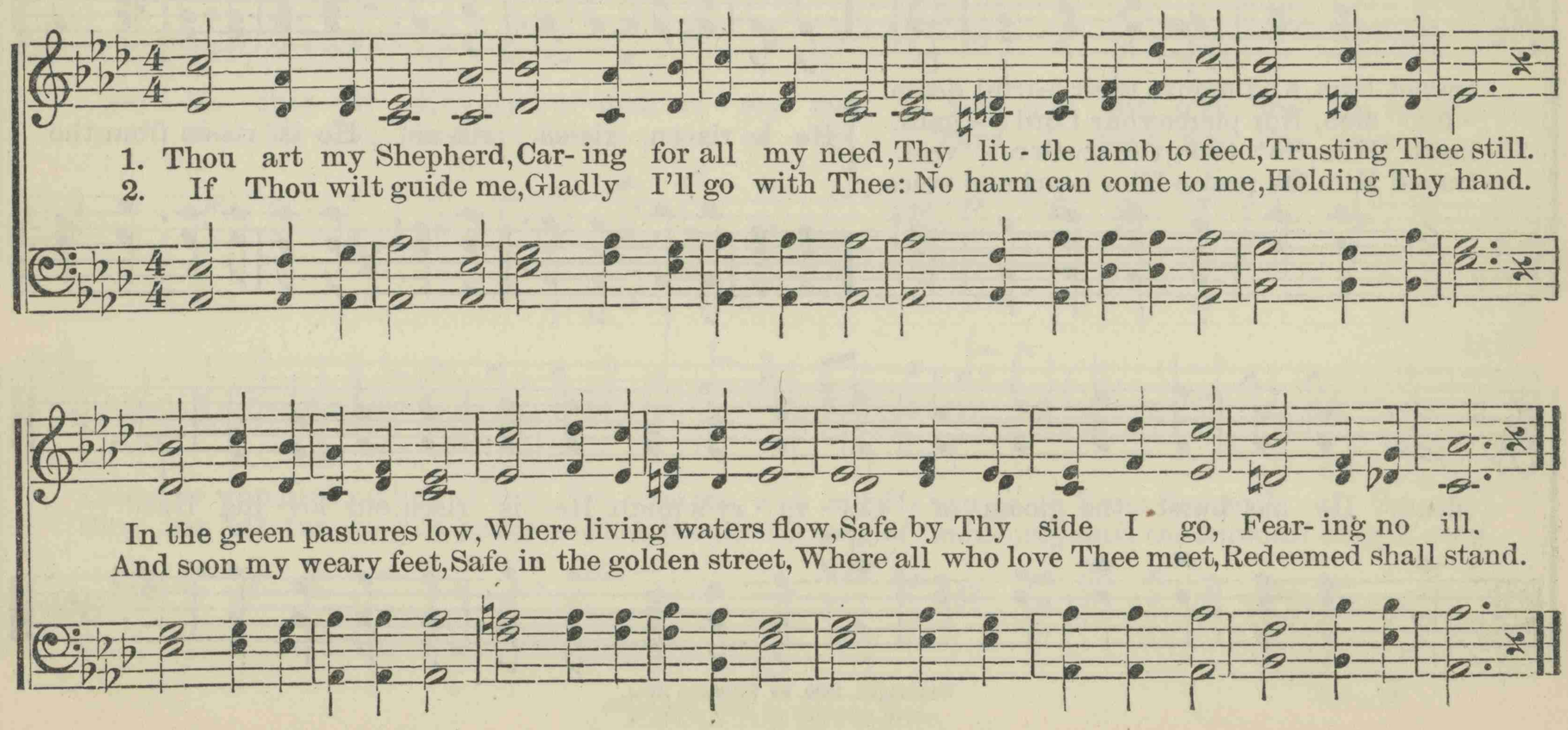
Thro' the blood, cleansing blood, Thro' the blood of the Christ cru-ci - fied!
Thro' the blood, cleansing blood,

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THOU ART MY SHEPHERD.

M. E. THALHEIMER. J. CRAMER.



HE IS RISEN.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Lone in the gar-den they laid Him, Low in the tomb, darkness and gloom; Think of the ones who be-
2. Wounded for sin and transgression, Bear- ing our pain, cru - el- ly slain; Come and make humble con-
3. Empty the tomb where they laid Him, Brok-en the seal, bruised but to heal, Sundered the bands that de-
4. Bright glows the place where they laid Him, Make Him your choice, gladly rejoice,—Be not as those who be-

CHORUS.

- trayed Him, And mourn their fearful doom.
- fes - sion, Nor pierce your Lord a - gain.
- layed Him, Go thou, the truth re - veal.
- trayed Him, Oh praise Him heart and voice.

He is ris- en, ris-en, ris- en, He is ris-en from the dead, He has burst the gloom of Cal - va - ry's tomb, He is risen, our lov- ing Head.

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FOR ME HE CARETH.

HORATIUS BONAR. J. H. FILLMORE.

D.C.—1. Yes, for me, for me He car - eth With a broth-er's ten- der care; Yes, with me, with
2. Yes, in me, in me He dwell-eth, I in Him, and He in me; And my emp - ty

FINE.

me He shar-eth Ev - ery bur- den, ev - ery fear. Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watch-eth,
soul He fill - eth, Here and thro' e - ter - ni - ty. Thus I wait for His re- turn - ing,

D.C.

Ceaseless watcheth night and day; Yes, e'en me, e'en me He snatcheth From the perils of the way.
Sing- ing all the way to heaven—Such the joy-ful song of morn-ing, Such the tranquil song of even.

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GLORY TO HIS NAME.

D. R. LUCAS. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. I will toil for Thee, For in love to me, Thou didst bear the cross of shame; I will
2. I will work to-day, Thy commands o-bey, Do-ing all Thy will de-mands; In the
3. I will watch and pray, That I may not stray From the path that Thou hast giv'n, All Thy

CHORUS.

praise my Lord, And will keep His word, Singing glo-ry to His name.
sunny hours, Gather fruits and flow'rs, Praising Thee with heart and hands. Glo - ry, glo - ry,
ho-ly will, In my life ful-fill, As I jour-ney home to heav'n.

Glo-ry to the Saviour, All proclaim; Glo-ry, glo - ry, Glo-ry to the Saviour, Praise His name.

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FRONIA SMITH. J. H. FILLMORE.

SOLO. *Andante resoluto.*

1. Pro- claim the tid - ings near and far, Go, tell the bless- ed sto - ry; The grave has giv - en
2. The Lord is ris - en, Oh, re- joice Ye hearts grown sad and wear - y; Let songs of glad-ness
3. Death has no sting for those who love This ris- en Lord to fol - low; A- cross their hearts the

CHORUS. *Allegretto.*

up its dead—The Lord of Life and Glo - ry. Sing glo - ry, glo - ry,
swell each voice That bears that won-drous sto - ry.
gloom - y grave Throws not its gloom - y shad - ow. Sing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,

Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, Sing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah.
Sing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,

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PRECIOUS SAVIOUR.

HARRIET E. J ES.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. When the shadows round me gather, Shutting out the light of day, When the clouds hang low and
2. When the burdens seem too heavy, And my soul is sore op-pressed, When my hands and feet grow
3. When the friends I love so dear-ly, Fall beside me, one by one, When my heart grows faint with-

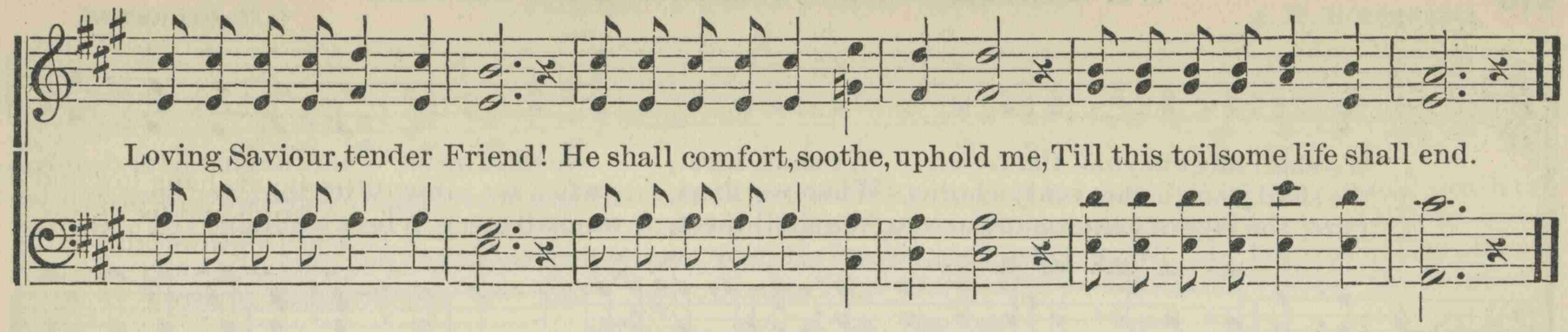
low - er, Hiding ev-ery cheering ray, Then I fly to my Re-deem- er, Lift my heart to Him for
wear - y, And there seems no place of rest, Then I fly to my Re-deem- er, Cast on Him my ev- ery
-in me, As I journey all a - lone, Then I fly to my Re-deem- er, Lov-ing Je- sus ev - er

CHORUS.

light, When He scatters all the darkness, And again my way grows light.
care, When He tells me, sweetly tells me: "I will all your burdens share."
nigh, When I hear those words of promise: "You shall meet them by and by."

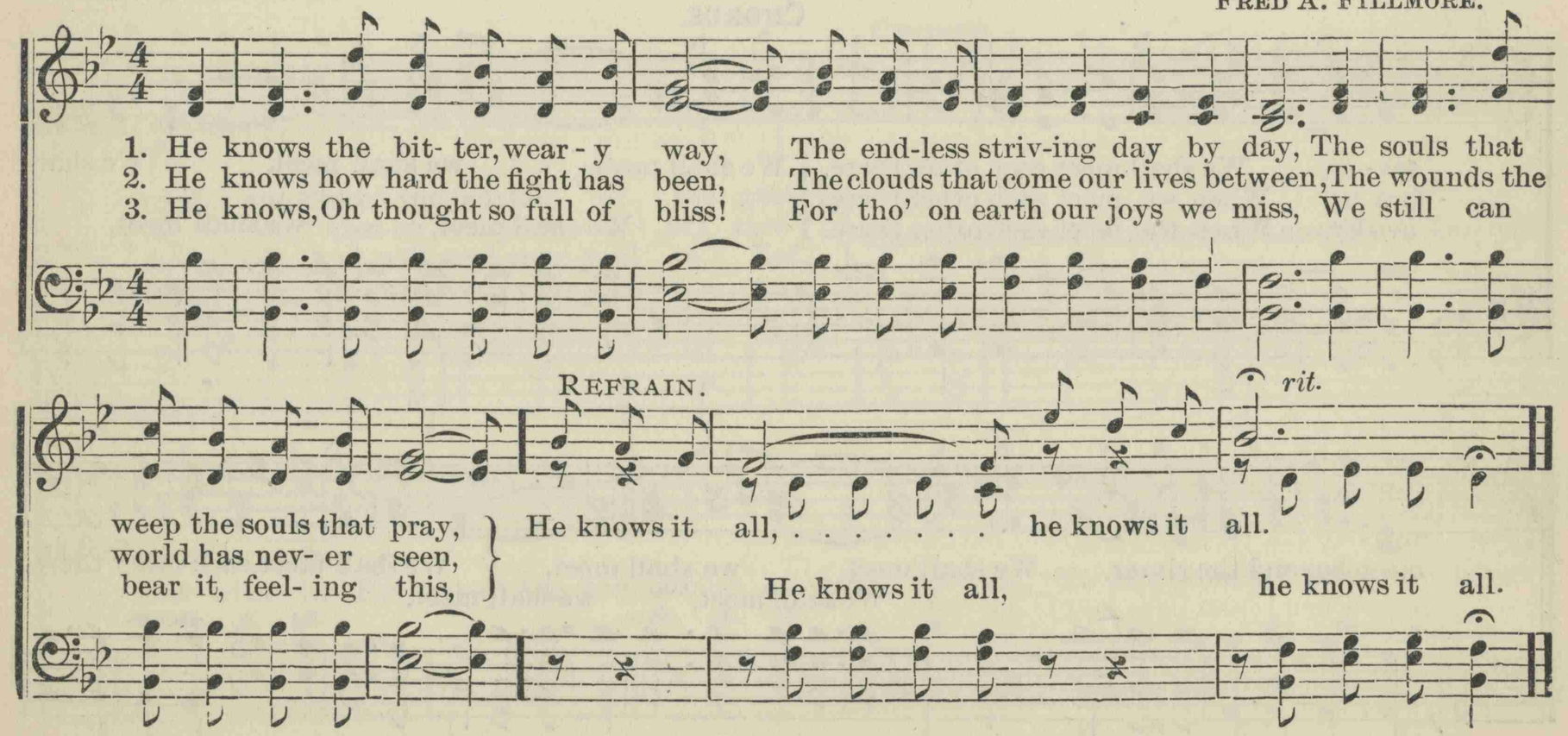
} Precious Saviour, Precious Saviour,

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HE KNOWS IT ALL.

FRED A. FILLMORE.



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WE SHALL MEET BEYOND THE RIVER.

J. H. F. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. We shall meet beyond the riv-er, We shall meet, we shall meet; Where no change of time can
2. We shall join the heavenly chorus, When we meet, when we meet; With the loved ones gone be-
3. Thro' the love of Christ, our Saviour, We shall meet, we shall meet; Where we'll sing His praise for-

CHORUS.

sev- er, We shall meet each other there. } We shall meet, we shall meet, We shall
- fore us, When we meet each other there. }
- ev - er, When we meet each other there. } We shall meet, we shall meet,

meet beyond the riv-er, We shall meet, we shall meet, We shall meet each other there.
We shall meet, we shall meet,

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HAVE YOU FOUND JESUS?

IDA L. REED. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Have you found that Friend and Sav-iour Who has died your soul to save? Who o'er sin and death tri-
2. Do you bring to Him your bur - dens? He will help you all to share, Heard you not His in - vi-
3. He will help you bear your sor - rows, Well He knows your every grief, He has borne them all be-
4. Trust in Him, your on - ly Sav - iour; Give to Him your heart to - day, And, within the fount of

CHORUS.

- umph - ant, Passed the por- tals of the grave?
- ta - tion, "Cast on me your ev - ery care"?
- fore you And will send your soul re - lief.
cleans - ing, He will wash your sins a - way.

} Have you found Him, do you know Him, Do you rest with - in His love? Are you looking on-ward, up-ward, To His promised home a - bove?

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UNSEEN BUT HEARD.

T. C. O'KANE.

Earnestly.

1. If we on - ly sought to bright - en Ev - 'ry path - way dark with care,
2. If we on - ly strive to cher - ish Ev - 'ry pure and ho - ly thought,
3. If we on - ly did our du - ty, Think - ing not what it might cost,

CHORUS.

If we on - ly tried to lighten All the burdens others bear,
Till within our hearts should perish All that is with evil fraught,
Then the earth would wear new beauty Like to that in Eden lost,
} We should hear the an - gels sing-ing,
} We should hear, should hear the angels singing,

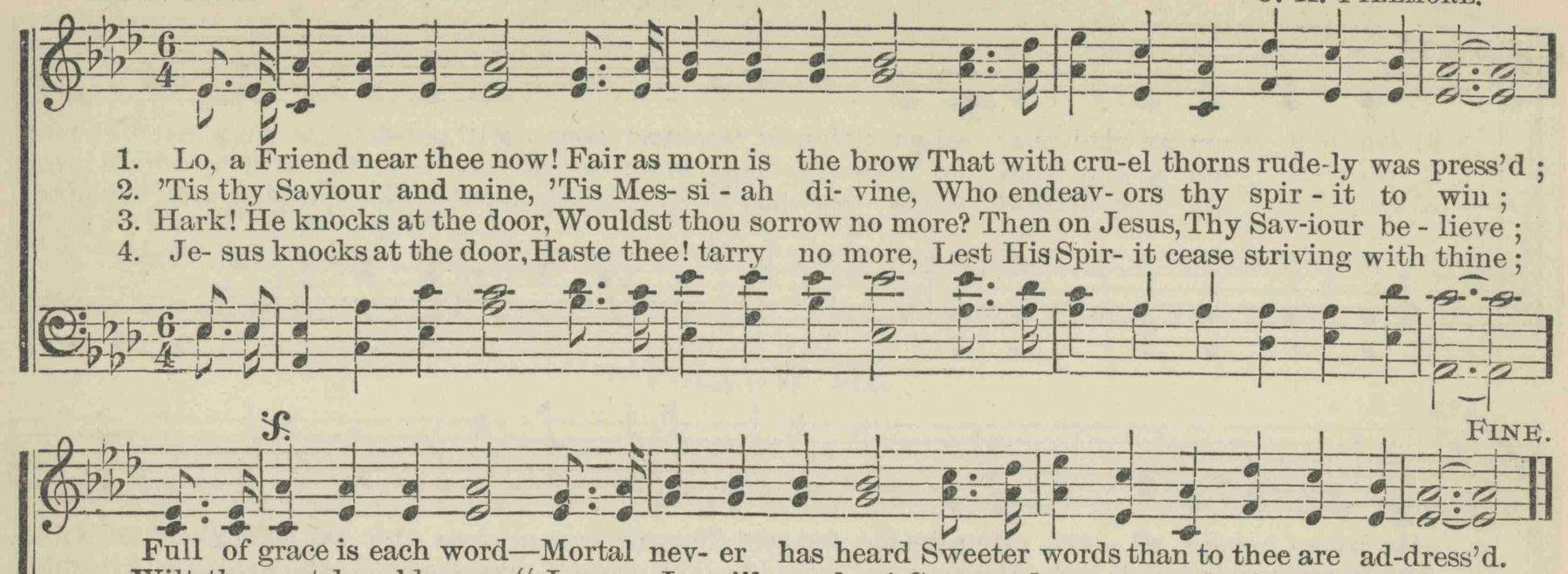
All a-round us night and day,..... We should feel them gent- ly wing- ing, At our side their up-ward way.
All a - round, a-round us night and day,

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JESUS KNOCKS AT THE DOOR.

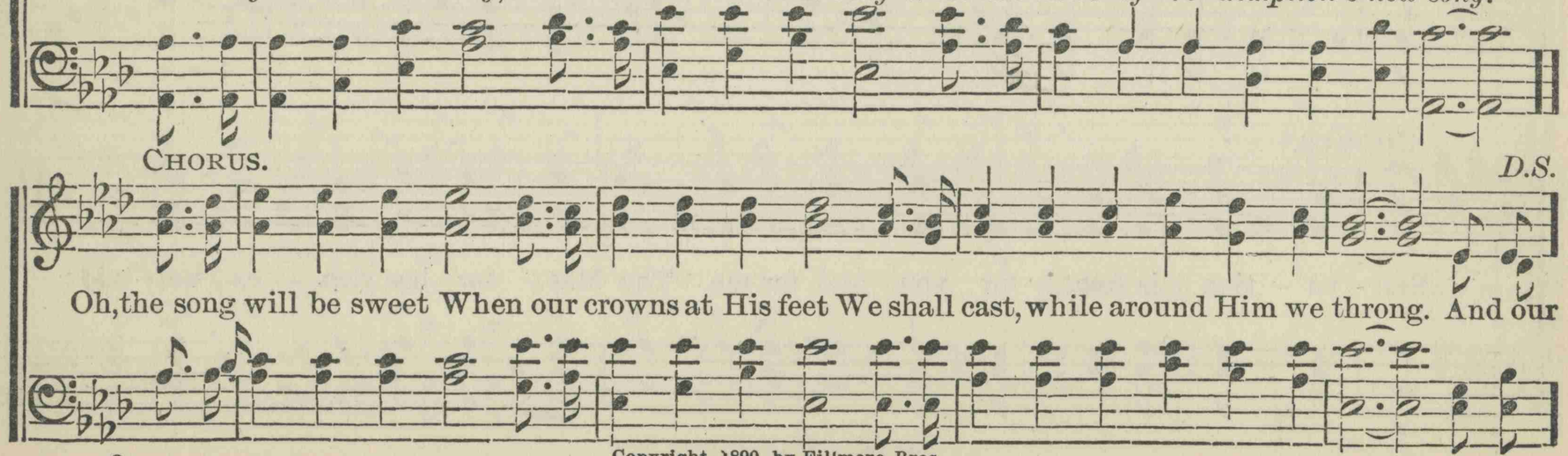
A. P. COBB. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Lo, a Friend near thee now! Fair as morn is the brow That with cru-el thorns rude-ly was press'd;
2. 'Tis thy Saviour and mine, 'Tis Mes- si - ah di- vine, Who endeav- ors thy spir - it to win;
3. Hark! He knocks at the door, Wouldst thou sorrow no more? Then on Jesus, Thy Sav-iour be - lieve;
4. Je- sus knocks at the door, Haste thee! tarry no more, Lest His Spir- it cease striving with thine;



Full of grace is each word—Mortal nev- er has heard Sweeter words than to thee are ad-dress'd.
Wilt thou not humbly say, "Je- sus, I will o - bey! Come, and en- ter, and reign Thou within."
Hear the mes-sage so sweet, Cast thy-self at His feet, And thy gracious Re- deem-er re- ceive.
Full of mer - cy is He Who with-out waits for Thee; O - pen wide! 'tis thy Saviour and mine.

glad trib- ute bring, While the hea-vens shall ring With the notes of re- demption's new song.



Oh, the song will be sweet When our crowns at His feet We shall cast, while around Him we throng. And our

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SALVATION IS FREE.

HARRIET E. JONES. FRED A. FILLMORE.

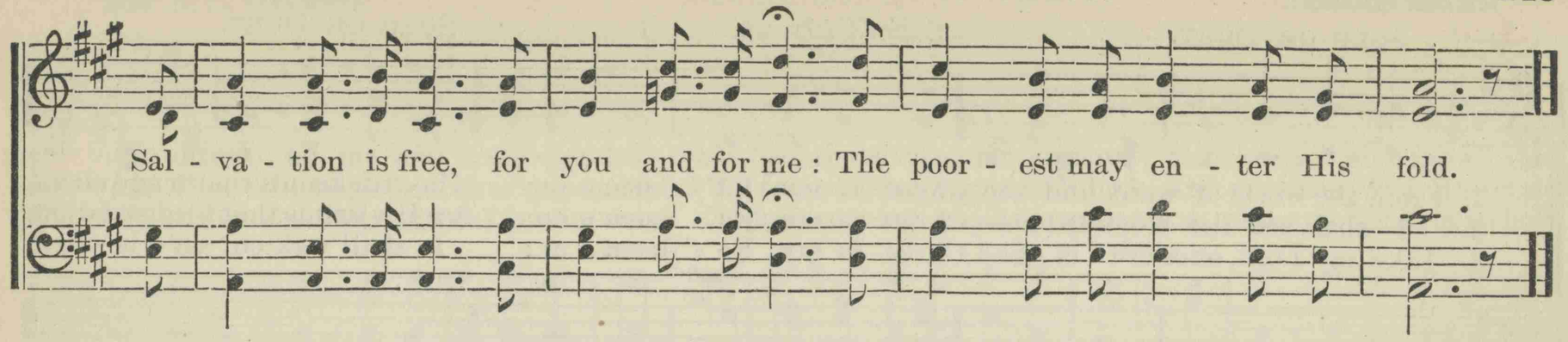
1. Oh! I am so glad that sal-va - tion is free, And Je-sus will par-don a sin - ner like me;
2. Oh! I am so glad that our Saviour is King And needs not the riches the wealthy would bring;
3. Oh! I am so glad that a sin - ner may live, And share in the riches this Mon-arch can give;

He asks not for sil - ver, He asks not for gold, The poor- est may en - ter the good Shepherd's fold.
His treas- ures are end- less—His rich- es un-told—The poor-est may share in the wealth of His fold.
And thro' years e - ter - nal His beau- ty be-hold: Just o - ver be-yond in the cit - y of gold.

CHORUS.

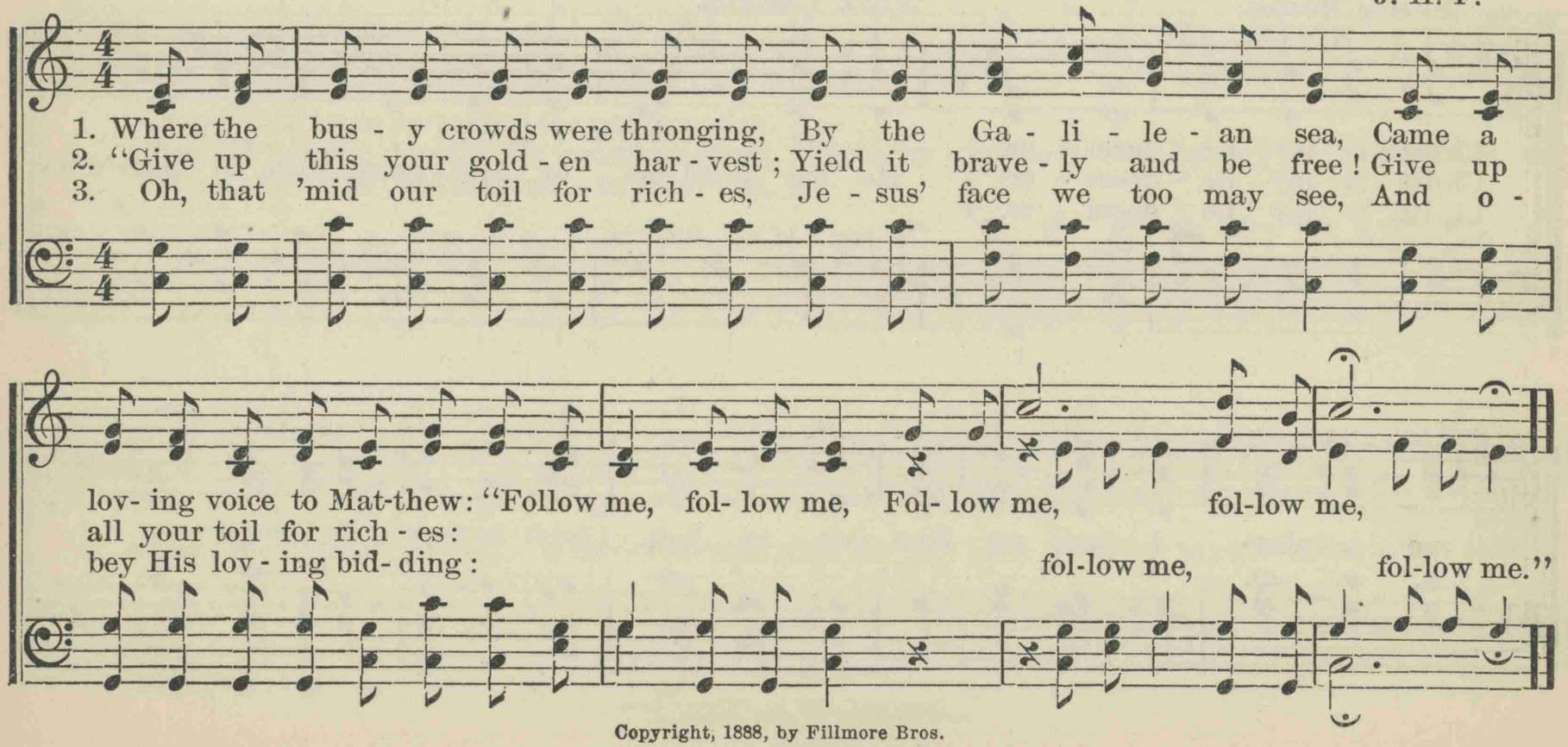
Sal - va - tion is free, for you and for me, The Mas - ter has rich - es un - told;

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FOLLOW ME.

J. H. F.



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CHRIST IS MY REDEEMER.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. ROSECRANS.

SOLO OR DUET. SEMI-CHORUS. SOLO OR DUET.

1. From the world of want and sin, Christ is my Re - deem - er; He can keep me pure and clean,
2. I shall see His wounded side, Christ is my Re - deem - er; See His hands that bled and died,
3. Like my Lord, once cru - ci - fied, Christ is my Re - deem - er; I shall wak-en sat - is - fied,

SEMI-CHORUS. FULL CHORUS.

Christ is my Re - deem - er.
Christ is my Re - deem - er.
Christ is my Re - deem - er.
Christ is my Re - deem - er.

He has saved me by His grace, Made in heav'n for me a place; I shall see Him face to face, Christ is my Re - deem - er.

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CLOSE BY MY SIDE.

Mrs. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Close by my side, O ten-der love That leads me to that home a-bove; That keeps beside me all the
2. Thro' sun and storm, thro' joy and grief, To sorrow bringing sweet relief; And guarding with His tender
3. For - ev - er faithful, loving true, O Christ, my love, my life are due A - lone to Thee, most holy

CHORUS.

way, That leads me toward the per-fect day.
hand, When dan-gers thickly 'round me stand.
Friend, Be with and keep me to the end.

} Close by my side, close by my side, He waits my

fee - ble steps to guide; O Sav - iour still with me a - bide Close by my side, close by my side.

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WHY SHOULD WE WEEP!

A. P. COBB. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Why should we weep, for those who sleep, On Je-sus' lov- ing breast! Far from life's din; far
2. Where naught alarms, where naught e'er harms, 'Neath skies forever fair; By waters bright, in
3. There an- gels dwell, and anthems swell The joy that can-not cease! They know no night; God

CHORUS.

from earth's sin, In par - a - dise they rest!
robes of white, They rest se- cure - ly there!
is their Light, No grief can mar their peace!
} In arms of love, in realms a - bove, God

gives His loved ones sleep! And those who rest on Je- sus' breast, He will se-cure - ly keep.

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D. R. LUCAS. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. How sweet are the songs of Jesus, Of ten-derest mel - o - dy, The hope of the heart to wak- en,
2. No songs like the songs of Je-sus, To lighten the weary heart, Its bur-dens of pain to les - sen,
3. Had we not the songs of Je - sus, How sad all the world would be, Our hope would be lost in darkness,
4. Then hail to the songs of Je - sus! And welcome their joyous strains, The songs of that wondrous sto-ry,

CHORUS.

Oh, sing them, yes sing for me.
Or bid them far hence de - part.
And life lose its mel - o - dy.
How Je - sus in tri- umph reigns!

Sweet songs, songs of Je- sus, Sweet songs,

Beautiful, beautiful, songs of Je- sus, Beautiful, beautiful,

sing them to me, Sing them with the spir - it, Sing them, yes, sing for me.
Joy-ful - ly, joy-ful - ly,

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BE READY WHEN HE COMES.

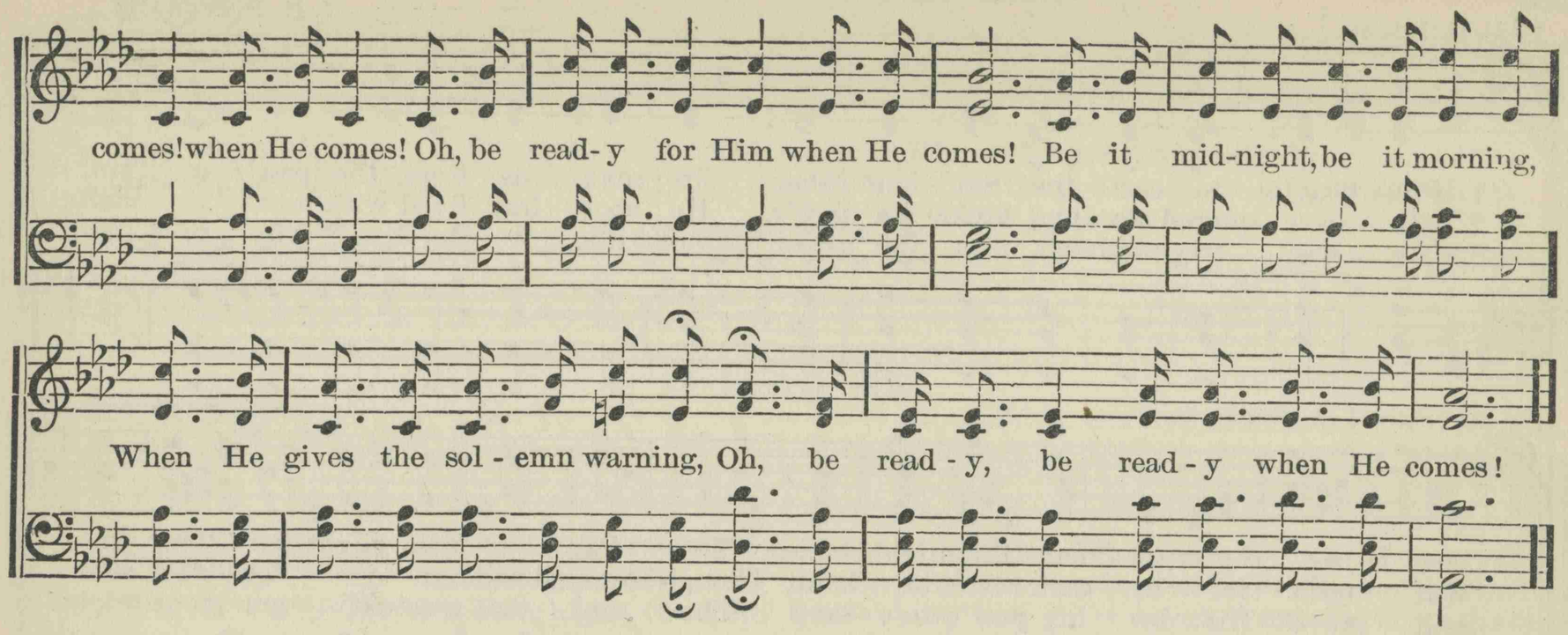
A. P. COBB. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Are you ready for your Lord, should He come? should He come? Are you ready for His sum - mons home? (summons home?) Does your anxious spir- it burn, His ap - pear-ing to dis-cern?
2. Oh, there'll be re - joicing when He comes! when He comes! If we hear Him saying: "Children come! ("Children come!) Come, ye bless - ed, en - ter in, I have cleans'd you from all sin!"
3. See! the saints en - ter in when He comes! when He comes! To the wedding when the Bride - groom comes! (when He comes!) Brightly burn-ing is each light, And in raiment spotless white,

CHORUS.

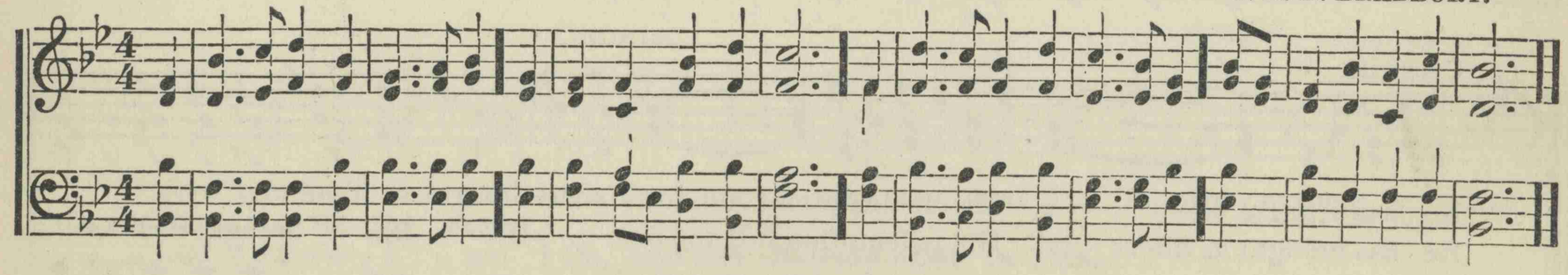
Are your ready if your Lord should come?
Oh, there'll be re - joicing when He comes!
See! the saints en - ter in when He comes!
} Oh, be read - y for Him when He

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HOW SWEET, HOW HEAVENLY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill the word;

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;

3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

HAIL HIM KING OF KINGS.

D. R. LUCAS. J. H. ROSECRANS.

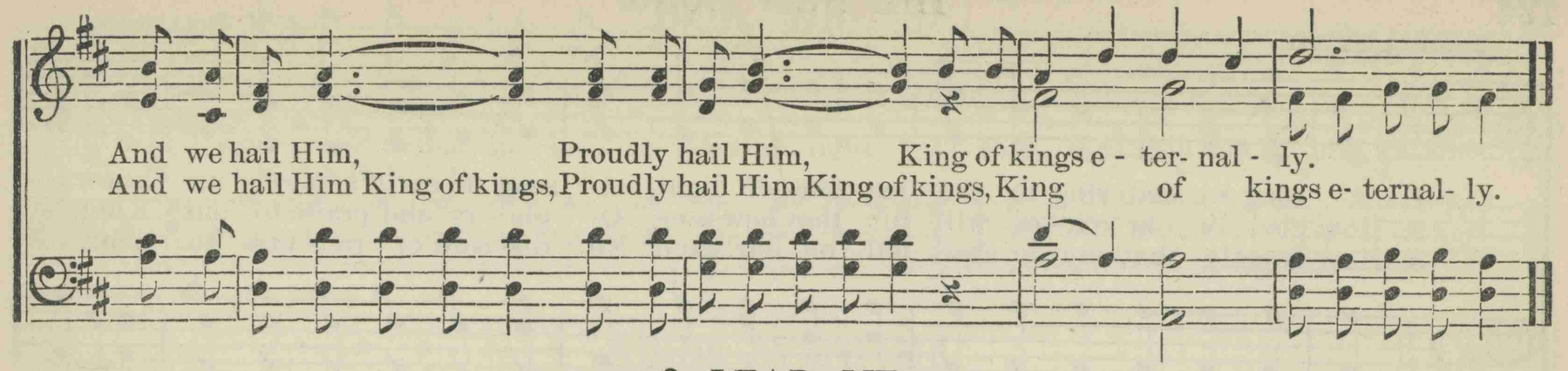
1. From heav'n to earth the Sav - iour came, To save us from the pow'r of sin,
2. He con - quered sin and broke its pow'r, He spot - less lived with- out a stain,
3. He rose tri- umph-ant o'er the grave Brought life, e - ter - nal life, to light,

That we e - ter - nal life might claim, To Par - a - dise might en - ter in.
Was faith - ful in each tri - al hour, Though scourged and cru - ci - fied and slain.
And proved His lov - ing pow'r to save The soul that trusts His gra- cious might.

CHORUS.

He has brought us, His re-demption, He has brought us lib-er - ty,
He has brought us lib- er - ty, His redemption full and free, He has brought us liberty,

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O LEAD ME.

Words arranged. FRED A. FILLMORE.



CHORUS. *May repeat softly.*



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THE NEW SONG.

FRONIA SMITH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. A song we shall sing in the reg- ions of light, A song to earth's toil-ers un - known—
2. How glad- ly our voic- es will lift that new song Of glo - ry and praise to our King,
3. How sweetly that mu-sic shall fall on our ears! No dis- cord or sad- ness to mar,

Its meas-ures so sweet, our sad hearts will de-light, We'll sing it a- round the bright throne.
How glad- ly our lips will its sweet notes prolong, How grand-ly that an-them will ring!
That new song of glad-ness shall ban- ish our tears, And drive all our sor-rows a - far.

CHORUS.

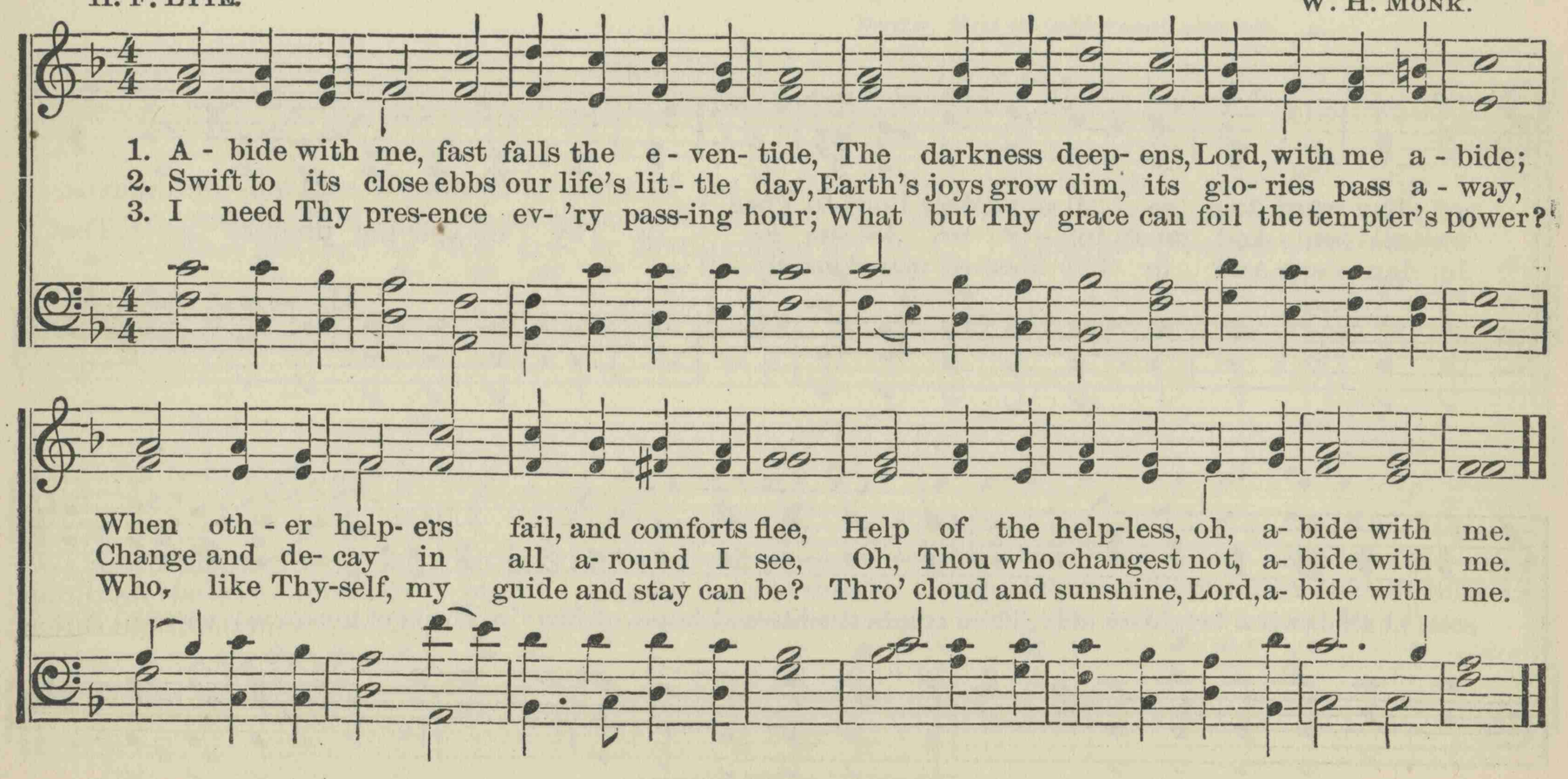
We'll sing it around the bright throne, We'll sing it around the bright throne;
We'll sing it, we'll sing it around the bright throne, We'll sing it, we'll sing it around the bright throne;

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ABIDE WITH ME.

H. F. LYTE. W. H. MONK.



I COME, DEAR LORD, TO THEE.

D. R. LUCAS

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. I know not where to go, O Lord, When sor-row's clouds encompass me, But to the promise
2. Desert - ed oft and lone - ly here, The heart with pain will o - ver- flow, But I can cast a -
3. So I will nev - er mur-mur more, But on the Lord in faith re - ly; Un - til I cross the

CHORUS.

of Thy word, And so I come, dear Lord, to Thee.)
way all fear, And trust- ing - ly to Je- sus go.
Jor-dan o'er, And to Thy bless-ed mansions fly. }

In Thy in- spir-ing promise giv'n, That soon shall dawn a bright-er day, Then comes the blessed hope of heav'n, To cheer me on my upward way.

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LET THY GLORY REST ON ME.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. ROSECRANS.

D.C. 1. Ye are the tem-ple of the Spir - it, Time it is thy Lord to glo - ri - fy, Keeping from all that
2. Shadows of doubting sin and sor-row, Sometimes over thee their darkness shed, Waiting the Lord's hosts
3. In - to the gates oh bring thanksgiving, En-ter thou in- to His courts with praise, So shall His kindness

FINE. SOLO, *with vocal accomp.*

might de- file thee, Wondrous dwelling of the Lord Most High. } Ho-ly Spir-it, pow'r di - vine,
move not on-ward, Till the cloud be lift - ed from thy head. } Let His smile upon thee rest,
o'er thee hov- er, So His fav - or shall prolong thy days. } Kings and priests to God art thou,

D.C.

Let Thy pu-ri - ty be mine, I Thy dwelling place would be, Let Thy glo-ry rest on me.
Thou shalt be supremely blest; Joyful days to thee be - long, Shouts of praise and notes of song.
Humbly then in worship bow, Prayer's sweet incense daily bring, Faith thy perfect of- fer - ing.

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JEHOVAH REIGNS.

Mrs. OHMAN, alt.

J. H. FILLMORE.

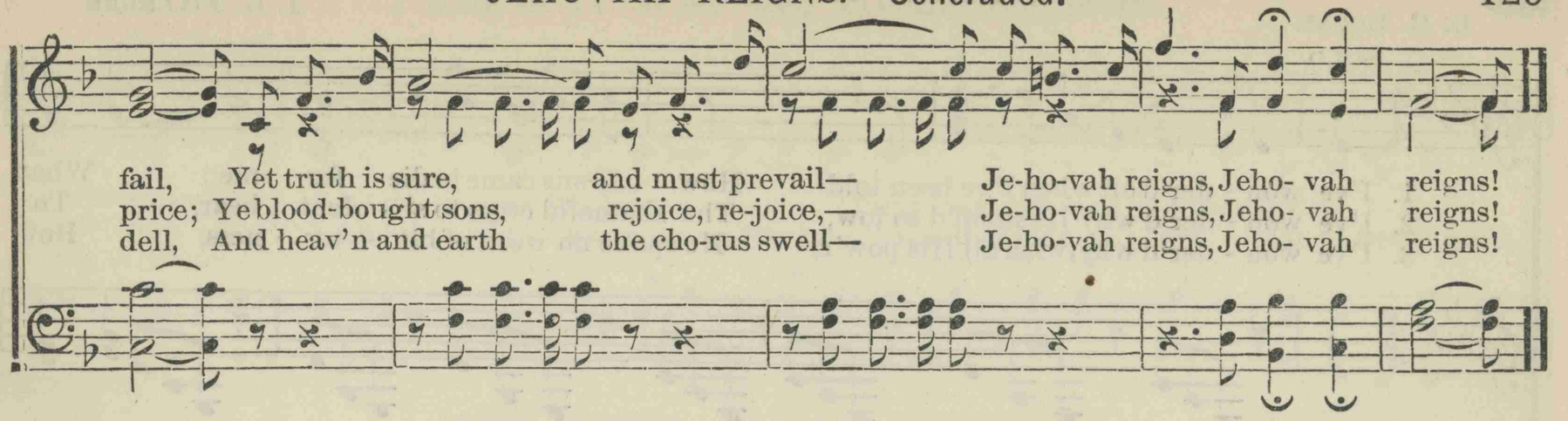
1. Tho' stars should fall and earth should shake, Tho' floods should rise and mountains
2. Should choicest things too fleet-ing prove, A faith- ful Friend have we a-
3. The Lord of heav'n, what can ap- pall? What needless woe on Him can

quake, Tho' suns their spheres should all for-sake— Je - ho-vah reigns, Jeho-vah
- bove; An arm to shield, a heart to love— Je - ho-vah reigns, Jeho-vah
fall? What cher-ished sin can Him en-thrall? Je - ho-vah reigns, Jeho-vah

reigns! Tho' sin and shame our hearts bewail; Right seem to sleep and jus- tice
reigns! Then tremble ye who dwell in vice, Watch ye who mourn sin's bit- ter
reigns! Let glitt'ring stars the language spell, While rock and sea and mount and

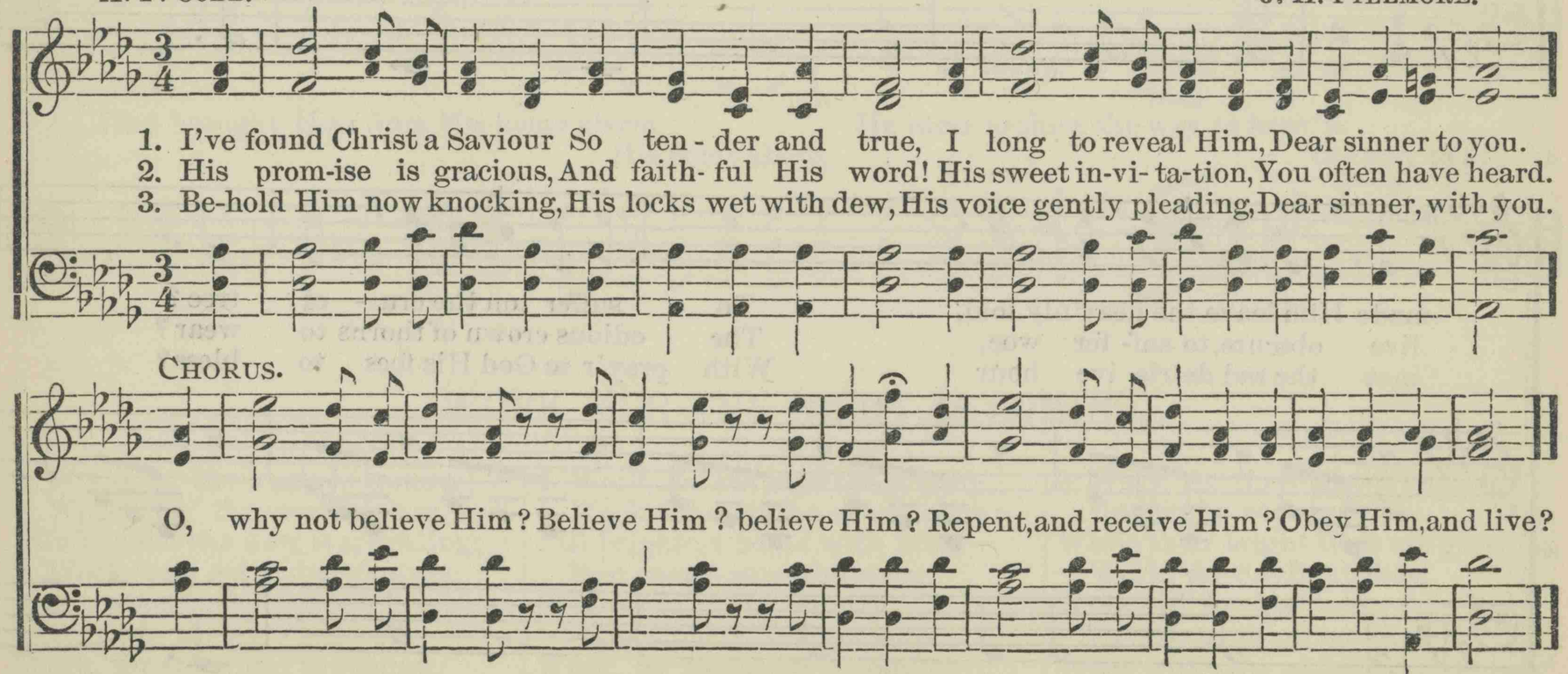
rit.

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I'VE FOUND CHRIST A SAVIOUR.

A. P. COBB. J. H. FILLMORE.



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I KNOW IT WAS HIS LOVE.

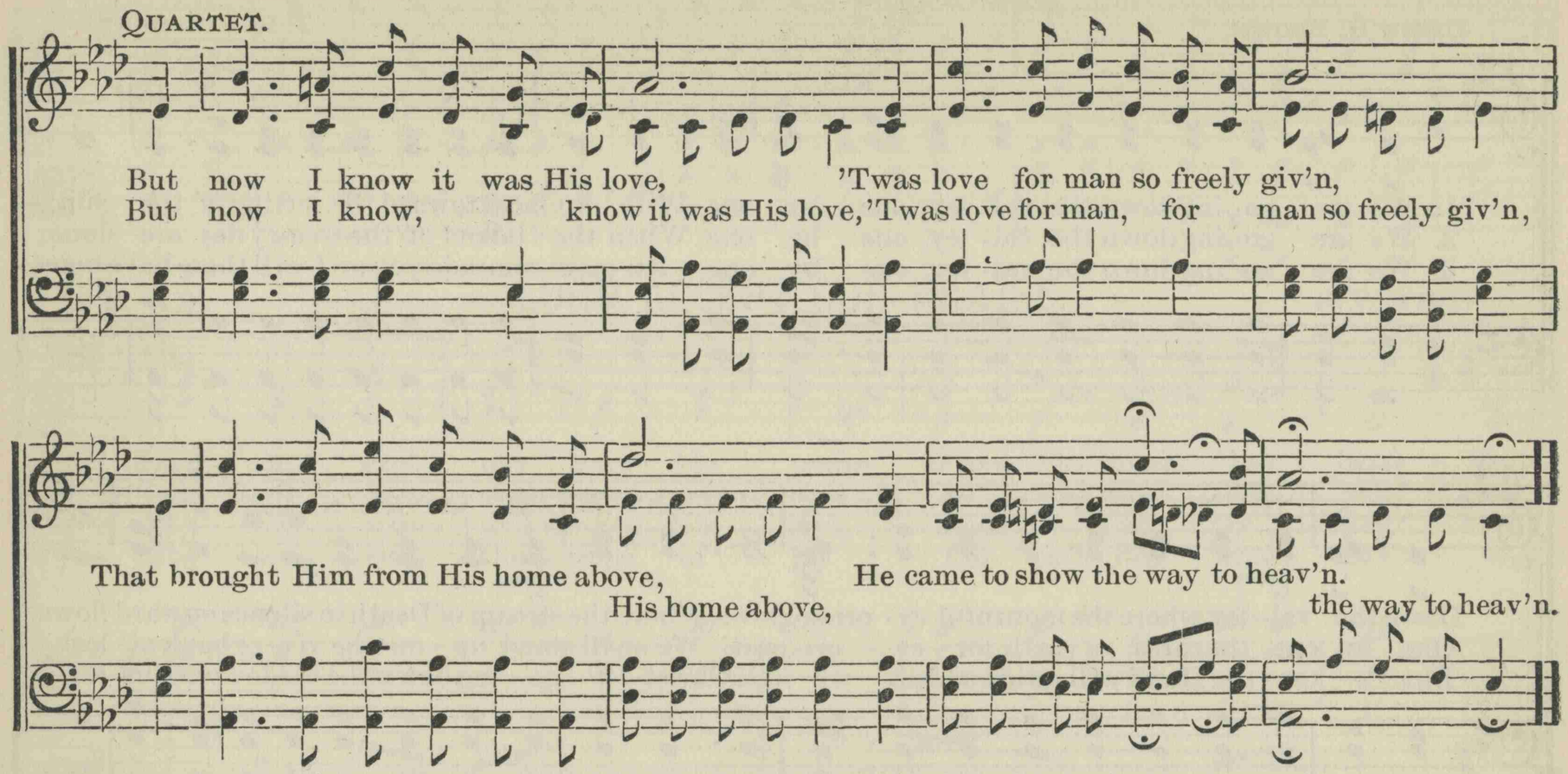
D. R. LUCAS. J. H. FILLMORE.

SOLO.

1. I've won - der'd oft when I've been told How Je-sus came to die for me; What
2. I've won - der'd why He stoop'd so low, The shameful cross to si - lent bear, To
3. I've won - der'd why, with all His pow'r, He spake no word of bit - ter - ness, But

made Him leave the heav'nly fold, To suffer on the cru - el tree?
live obscure, to suf- fer woe, The odious crown of thorns to wear?
met the sad de-ris- ive hour With pray'r to God His foes to bless?

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WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flowers;
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 every flying moment
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 daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

WE ARE GOING DOWN THE VALLEY.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

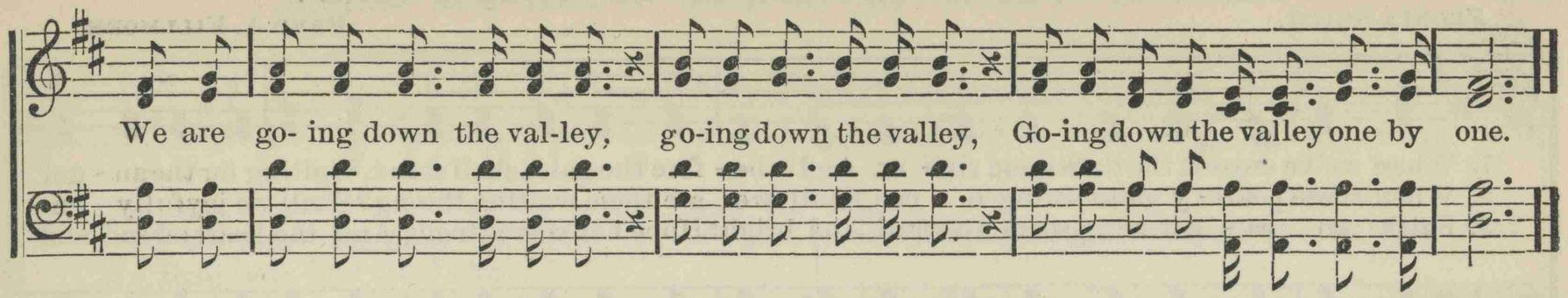
1. We are go- ing down the val- ley, one by one, With our faces toward the setting of the sun;—
2. We are go- ing down the val- ley, one by one, When the labors of the wea-ry day are done;
3. We are go- ing down the val- ley, one by one, Hu-man comrade you or I will there have none,

Down the val- ley where the mournful cy- press grows, Where the stream of Death in silence onward flows.
One by one, the cares of earth for - ev - er past, We shall stand up - on the riv- er bank at last.
But a ten- der Hand will guide us lest we fall, Christ is go - ing down the val-ley with us all.

CHORUS.

We are go - ing down the val-ley, go - ing down the val-ley Go-ing toward the setting of the sun,

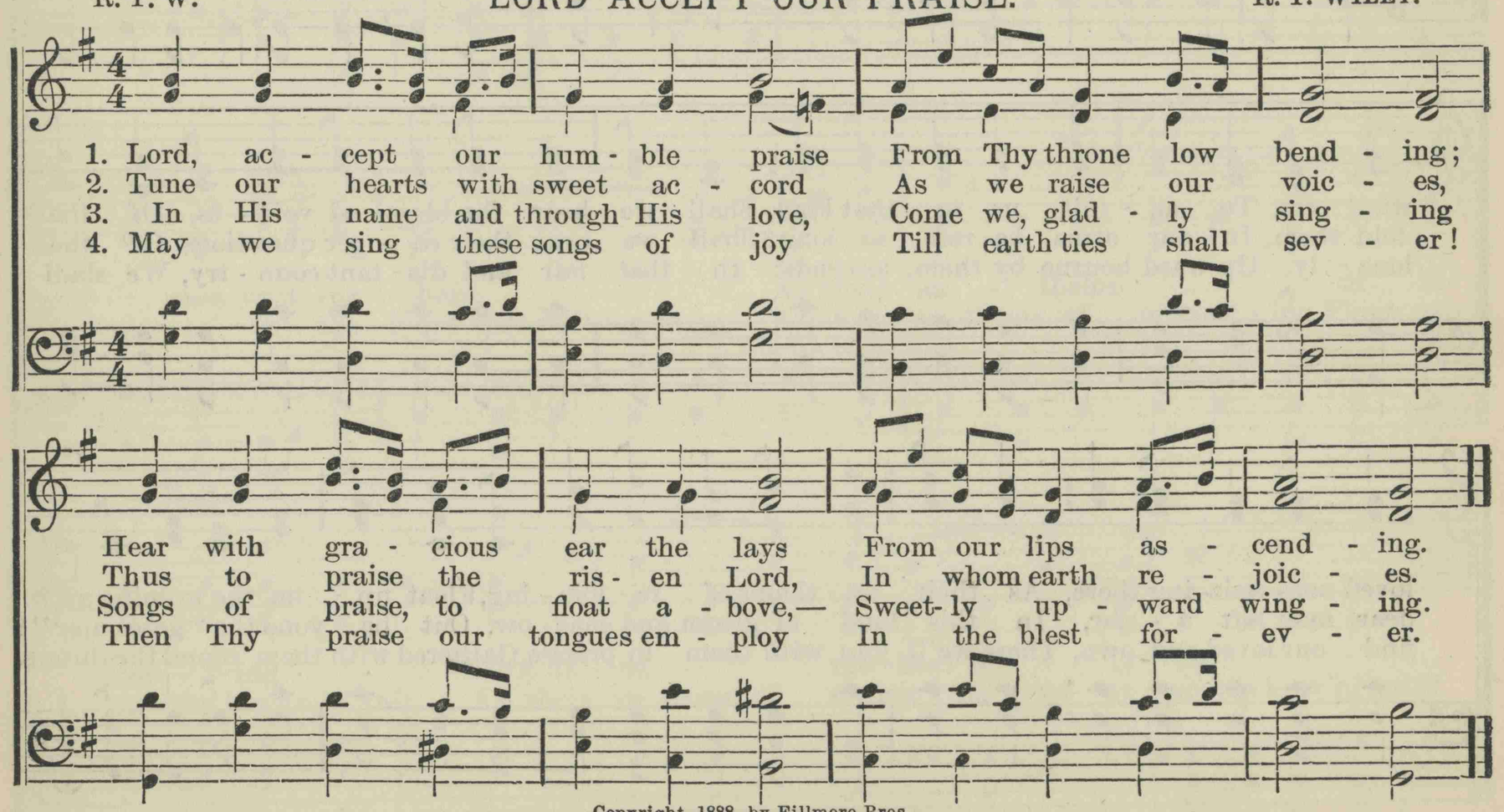
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R. T. W.

LORD ACCEPT OUR PRAISE.

R. T. WILEY.



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SHALL WE KNOW OUR LOVED ONES THERE?

FRONIA SMITH. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. When we've crossed the darksome riv - er, And be - fore the gates shall stand, Waiting for the an - gel
2. When those pearl - y gates swing o - pen, Shall we see them waiting, throng? Shall we joyfully en -
3. Faith on ea - ger wing soars up-ward, And bright Hope her way attends, And the heart oft sad and

ward - ers, To ad - mit us to that land, Shall we hear the bless - ed voic - es, Of the
- fold them, In our arms be- reft so long? Shall we hear their ea - ger ques-tions, Of the
lone - ly, Up-ward bourne by them, as-cends: In that fair and dis - tant coun - try, We shall

loved ones wait- ing there, As their an - thems of re - joic - ing, Float up - on the evening air?
dear ones left a - far, In this land of gloom and shad- ow, Out be - yond the "gates ajar"?
find our loved and own, There we'll join with them in praises, Gathered with them 'round the throne.

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Shall we hear the bless - ed voic - - es, Of the loved
Shall we hear the bless - ed voic - es Of the loved ones wait-ing there, Shall we hear the blessed
We shall hear (*for third verse.*)

ones wait- ing there, As their an - thems of re-
voic - es Of the loved ones wait-ing there, As their an- thems of re - joic - ing Float up -

-joic - ing, Float up - on the heav'n - ly air?
- on the heav'n-ly. air, As their an- thems of re- joic - ing Float up - on the heav'nly air?

ON THE HILLS BEYOND THE RIVER.

J. H. FILLMORE.

Alto and Tenor prominent.

1. There are hills be-yond the val - ley where the riv - er glideth by, Where the E- den flow'rs are blooming un - der- neath a cloud-less sky; There the state - ly palms are sway - ing in the soft and balm - y breeze; Birds of par - a - dise are sing - ing from the ev - er - ver - dant trees.
2. On those hills be-yond the riv - er is our heavenly Father's throne, And the brightness of that cit - y mor - tal eye hath nev - er known; Oh, its gates are shin - ing bright- ly in the nev - er - fad - ing day, For the sun- shine is e - ter - nal, and can nev - er pass a - way.
3. While we walk a - long the val - ley we may sometimes gain a view Of the hills beyond the riv - er un - der - neath the arch- ing blue; If our foot - steps nev - er fal - ter, in the path that should be trod, We may one day claim a dwell- ing in the cit - y of our God.

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CHORUS.

Oh, the hills be - yond the riv - - - er, State - ly
Oh, the hills be - yond the riv - er, oh, the hills,

hills, ma - jes - tic hills; We shall rest in peace for
State - ly hills, ma - jes - tic hills, ma - jes - tic hills, We shall rest in peace for

ev - - - er, On those hills, en - dur - ing hills.
ev - er, on those hills, On those hills en - dur - ing hills, en - dur - ing hills.

THE KINGDOM OVER YONDER.

ANDREW A. VEATCH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. This world is fair, this life is sweet, Where na - ture's charms sur - round us;
2. I watch on dream - y shore and sea The sun - beams glance and quiv - er,
3. I hear sweet words and ten - der vows, From dear com - pan - ions prov - ing

And warmth and beau - ty blend and meet Har - mo - nious - ly a - round us;
And think how fair the day must be That shines a - cross the riv - er.
By ev - 'ry sign af - fec - tion knows, How earn - est is their lov - ing;

But bright - er vis - ions of de - light, Come o'er us as we pon - der,
I hear the sea - son's change - ful notes, As 'round the world they wan - der,
Then muse up - on that high - er love, Which speaks in lan - guage fond - er,

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That bless - ed realm be - yond our sight, The king-dom o - ver yon - der.
And think what grand-er mu - sic floats In the king-dom o - ver yon - der.
Where spir - its meet and ser - aphs move, In the king-dom o - ver yon - der.

REFRAIN.

1-3. O - ver yon - der, o - ver yon - der, In the king-dom o - ver yon - der,

That bless - ed realm be - yond our sight, In the king-dom o - ver yon - der.
And think what grand - er mu - sic floats In the king-dom o - ver yon - der.
Where spir - its meet and ser - aphs move In the king-dom o - ver yon - der.

I WONDER IF THERE'S ROOM FOR ME.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

First Voice.

1. I have heard of a home far a- way a- bove the skies, Where the good and the true may hap-py be; I have looked thro' the stars, And I've watch'd thro' lonely hours, And I've wondered if there's room for me?
2. But they say that the righteous shall scarcely enter there; How then shall a sin - ner like me? I am far, far away From the gentle Shepherd's care; Oh, I wonder if He'll make room for me?

By per. of Will L. Thompson, East Liverpool, Ohio.

Second Voice.

Yes, there's room for you and for me, And there's room for the whole world be-side; The
Yes, there's room, the call is for thee, 'Tis a grand in - vi- tation, full and free; There's

won - der- ful love of the Lord reach-es all; It gent-ly calls us now to His side.
room for us all, If we list to His call; Yes, He's willing to make room there for thee.

CHORUS.

Room for you and me, And there's room for all; List-en, list- en, Hear His earn- est call:
Yes, there's room for you,

Who - so - ev - er will may come, Who - so - ev - er will may come, Come ye that are

wear - y And are heav- y la - den, List- en, He's call- ing thee, There's room for all.

GOOD-NIGHT.

ELLA LANDER. D. B. TOWNER.

DUET AND CHORUS.

1. Loving word that's night-ly whisper'd O'er each ti-ny trun- dle-bed, While a mother's ben - e -
2. When the toils of day are o - ver, Friend to friend bids soft good-night, Praying that the coming
3. Gen- tly whisper'd by the dy - ing, At the fad- ing of the day: Ent'ring in up - on the
4. Some good-night will be the last one, When our days of earth are o'er, When we reach the shin- ing

CHORUS.

dic - tion Falls up-on the sleep-er's head.
mor - row Be with heaven's bless-ing bright.
shin - ing Of the heav'nly light for aye.
por - tal And earth's twilights are no more.

} Loving good-night, tender good-night, Sweet word of parting

pp

good - night. Parting is on - ly, on-ly for night, Meeting will come with the light, (good night.)

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WHAT A MORNING THAT WILL BE.

Mrs. L. M. Beal Bateman. J. H. Rosecrans.

Chorus.

What a morning that will be, Hal- le - lu - jah! What a morn - ing! what a morn - ing!
What a morning that will be! what a morning that will be!

When our eyes the King shall see, Hal - le - lu - jah! What a morn - ing that will be!
What a morning that will be!

Solo, or Unison.

1. When all the clouds of dark- ness break, When all the dead from dust a - wake,
2. The dreams of earth will soon be o'er, And death and sor - row come no more,
3. No wak - ing doubts, no dark-'ning fears, No long good - bys in grief and tears,
4. Oh, come a - way to that bright land, Be - fore the throne of God we'll stand,

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And all the just His like- ness take, Oh, what a morn - ing that will be!
When we a - wake on yon fair shore, Oh, what a morn - ing that will be!
But joy su - preme thro' end - less years, Oh, what a morn - ing that will be!
And sing with all the ran-somed band, Oh, what a morn - ing that will be!

FULL CHORUS.

Then, a- wake and swell the song, Halle - lu - jah! Joy-ful notes of praise prolong, Halle - lu - jah!

When we join the ransomed throng, Hal - le - lu - jah! What a day of love and peace that will be.

BENEATH THE SHADOW OF THY WING.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. My hope is in Thy promise, Lord (Thy promise, Lord), My trust in Thy un - fail- ing
2. Tho' wave on wave of sor-row rise, (of sor- row rise), Tho' storms of woe should veil the
3. Tho' broad the road and fair the way, (and fair the way), That tempts me from Thy care to

word, (un-fail- ing word), My heart in sweet con-tent will sing, (my heart will sing), Beneath the shadow
skies, (should veil the skies), Se-cure I rest, my God, my King, (my God, my King), Beneath the shadow
stray, (Thy care to stray), More close- ly to Thy side I'll cling, (Thy side I'll cling), Beneath the shadow

of Thy wing, (beneath Thy wing), Be- neath the shadow of Thy wing, (beneath Thy wing.)

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CHORUS.

Oh gra - cious Lord 'tis sweet, 'tis sweet to be, Thro' ev - 'ry change so
'tis sweet to be, so

near, so near to Thee, My heart in sweet con - tent will sing, (my heart will sing,) Be -
near to Thee,

neath the shadow of Thy wing (beneath Thy wing,) Beneath the shadow of Thy wing, (beneath Thy wing.)

SWEET HOME OF REST.

Mrs. A. L. DAVISON.
DUET or SOLO.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. How fair are the walls of that cit - y of light, Whose streets by the ransomed are trod,
2. And sometimes the gates of that cit - y I see, And sometimes in mel- o- dy clear
3. I list to their mu - sic, the cit - y draws near, The cit - y of in - fin-ite rest,

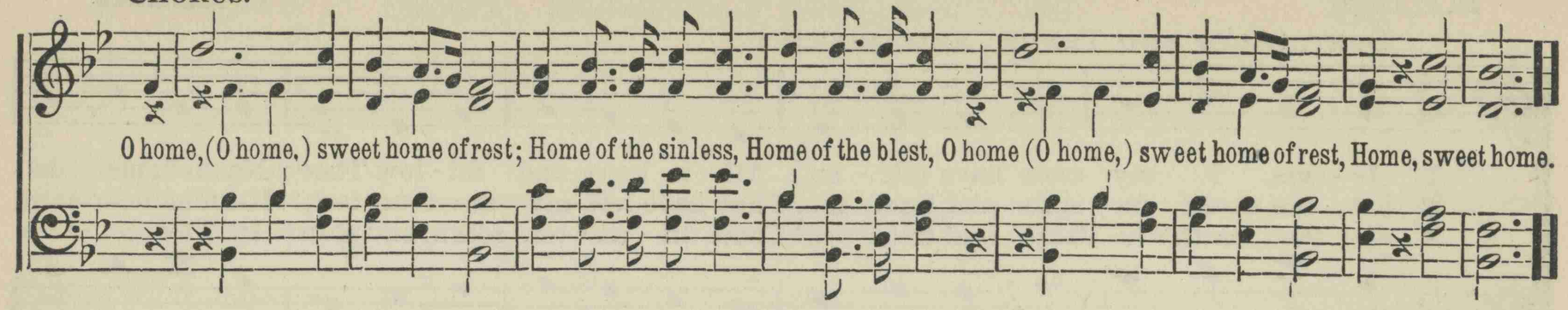
And o - ver whose beau- ty there com- eth no cloud, Whose builder and mak- er is God.
The voic - es, whose si - lence has sad-dened my heart, Come sweetly my spir - it to cheer.
They call me in ac - cents of ten- der - est love, They sing of the home of the blest.

Rit.

Rit.

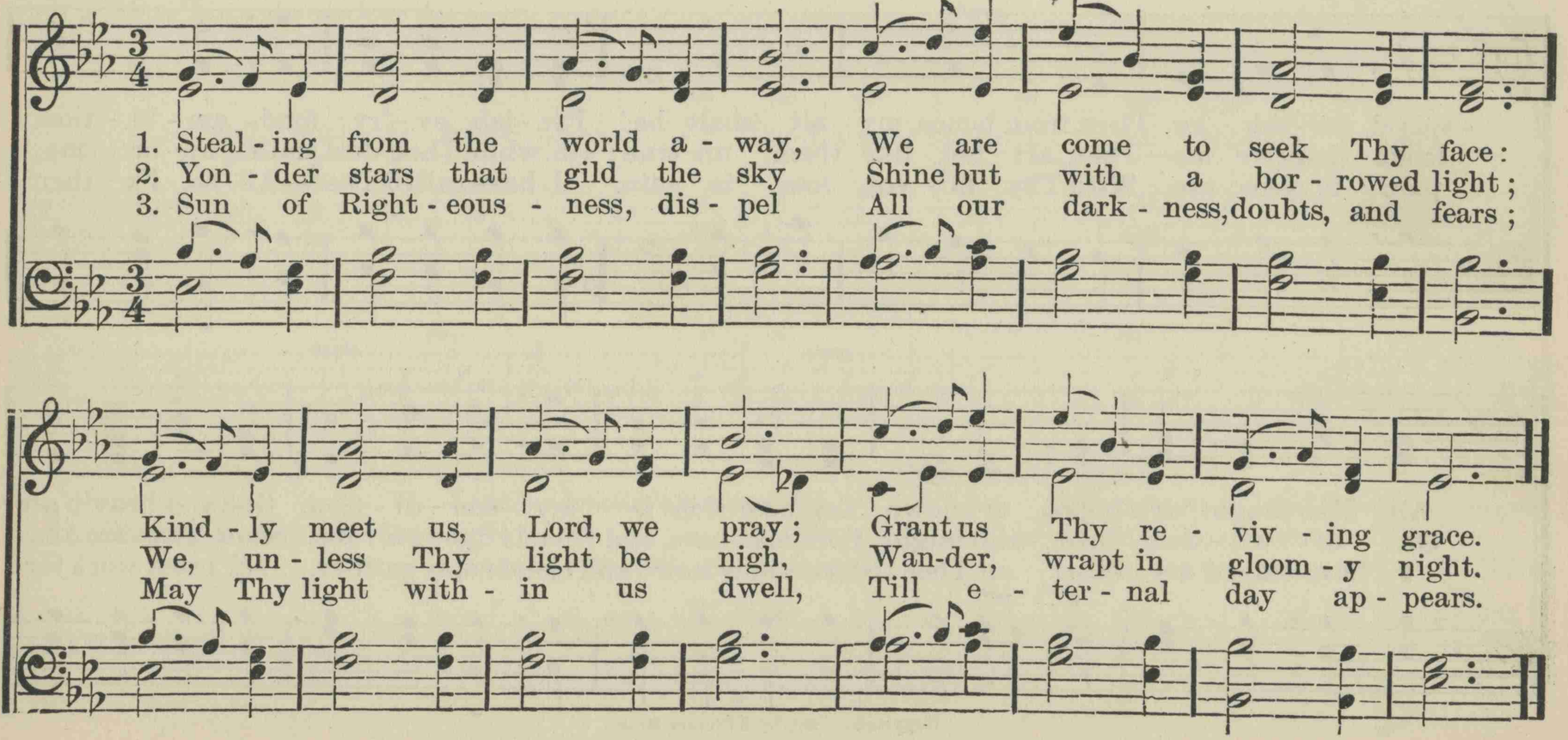
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CHORUS.



FLOWER.

J. H. FILLMORE.



JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN

H. F. LYTE. J. H. FILLMORE.

DUET, (ALTO AND TENOR) AND QUARTET.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee; Na - ked, poor de -
2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - iour, too; Hu - man hearts and
3. Go then, earth - ly fame and treas - ure! Come dis - as - ter, scorn, and pain! In Thy ser - vice

cres. *dim.*

- spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be! Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion,
looks de-ceive me—Thou art not, like them, un - true; Oh, while Thou dost smile up - on me,
pain is pleas - ure, With Thy fa - vor, loss is gain. I have called Thee—Ab - ba, Fa - ther!

cres. *dim.*

All I've sought, or hoped, or known, Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are
God of wis - dom, love, and might, Foes may hate, and friends dis-own me, Show Thy face and
I have stayed my heart on Thee! Storms may howl, and clouds may gath-er, All must work for

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CHORUS. *Tenor prominent, two measures.* *cres.* *dim.*

still my own!
all is bright.
good to me.

Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low Thee;

Tenor prominent, two measures.

Na - ked, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.

OLD HUNDRED.

1. From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Let the Creator's praise arise; Through every land, by every tongue.
2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Eternal truth attends thy word; Till suns shall rise and set no more.

LAND OF SUNSHINE.

FRONIA SMITH. FRED A. FILLMORE.

Trio and Quartet.

1. Far above earth's lowering shadows, Well I know the sunlight falls, And the glo-ry of God's presence
2. Here the mists of sorrow shroud us Friends depart or prove unkind, There our Father's smile is constant,
3. Far above earth's lowering shadows, Well I know the sunlight falls, And the glo-ry of God's presence

TENOR.

Glitters o'er the jas- per walls. Land of sunshine! there no shadow, Shuts the light from out the
Driving gloom from out the mind. May I on- ly reach that country, What doth mat- ter darkness
Glitters o'er the jas - per walls. Land of sunshine! there no shadow, Shuts the light from out the

soul, (no shad-ow,) There no tempests darkly gath - er, While the happy a - ges roll.
here, (what matter,) Like a dream 'twill be forgot - ten, When that glory shall ap - pear.
soul, (no shad- ow,) There no tempests darkly gath - er, While the happy a - ges roll.

rit.

There no tempests gather,
Like a dream forgotten.

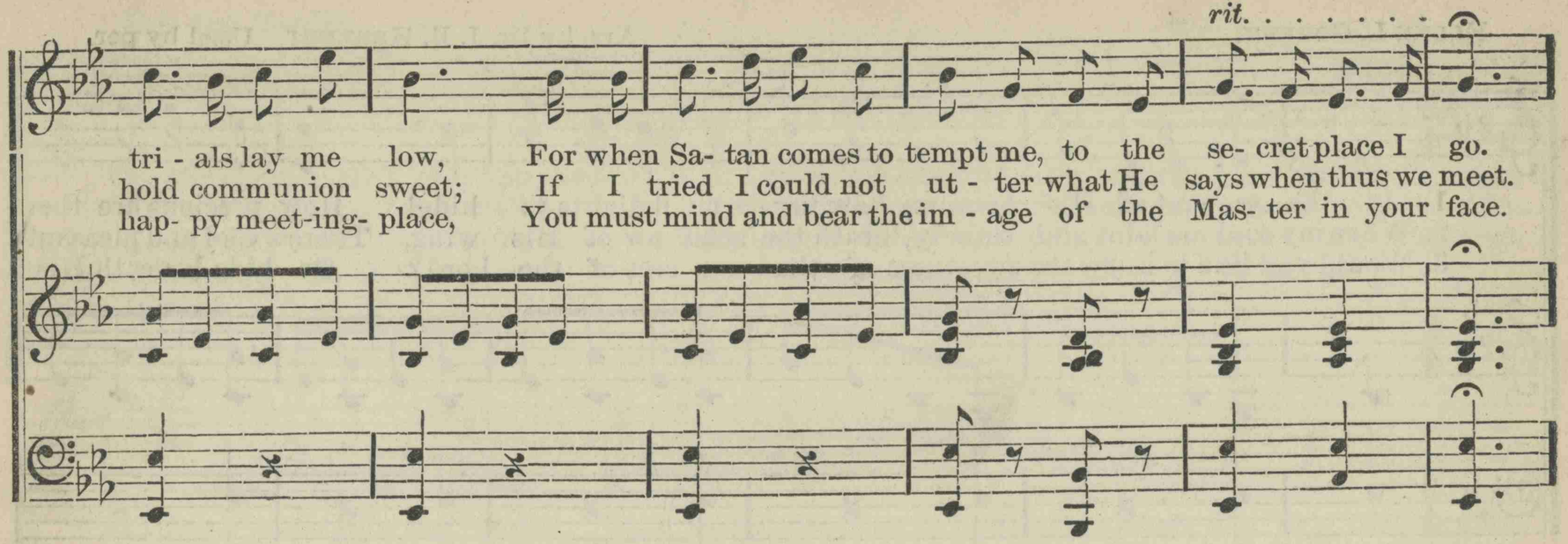
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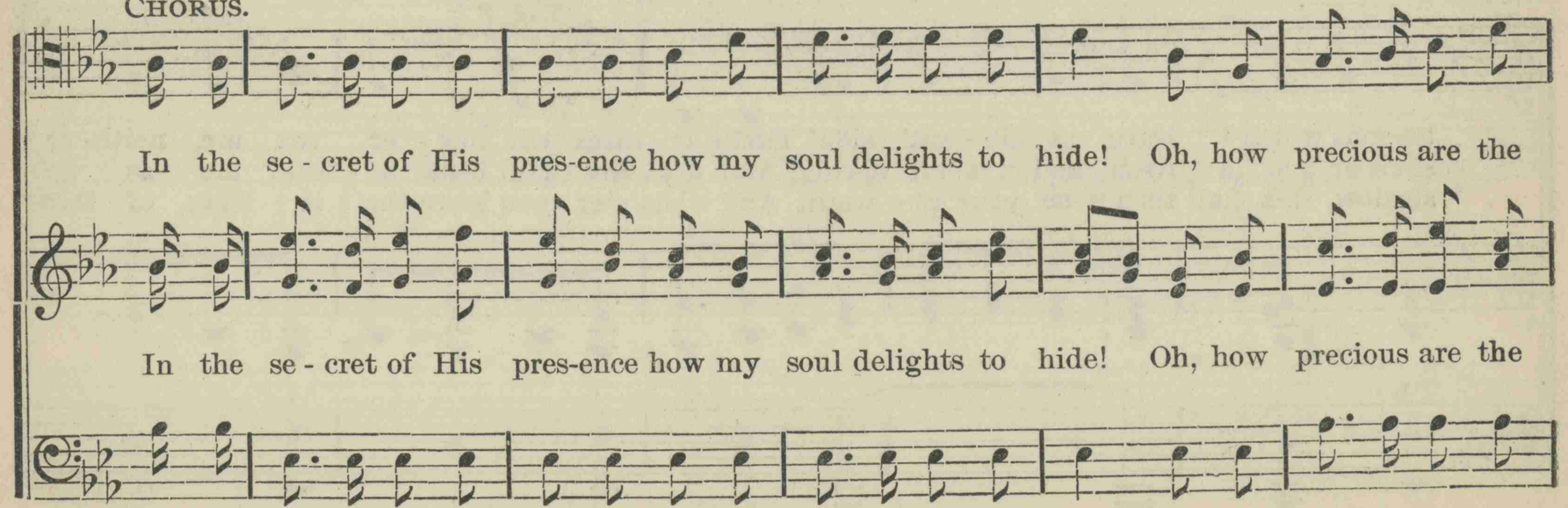
SOLO.

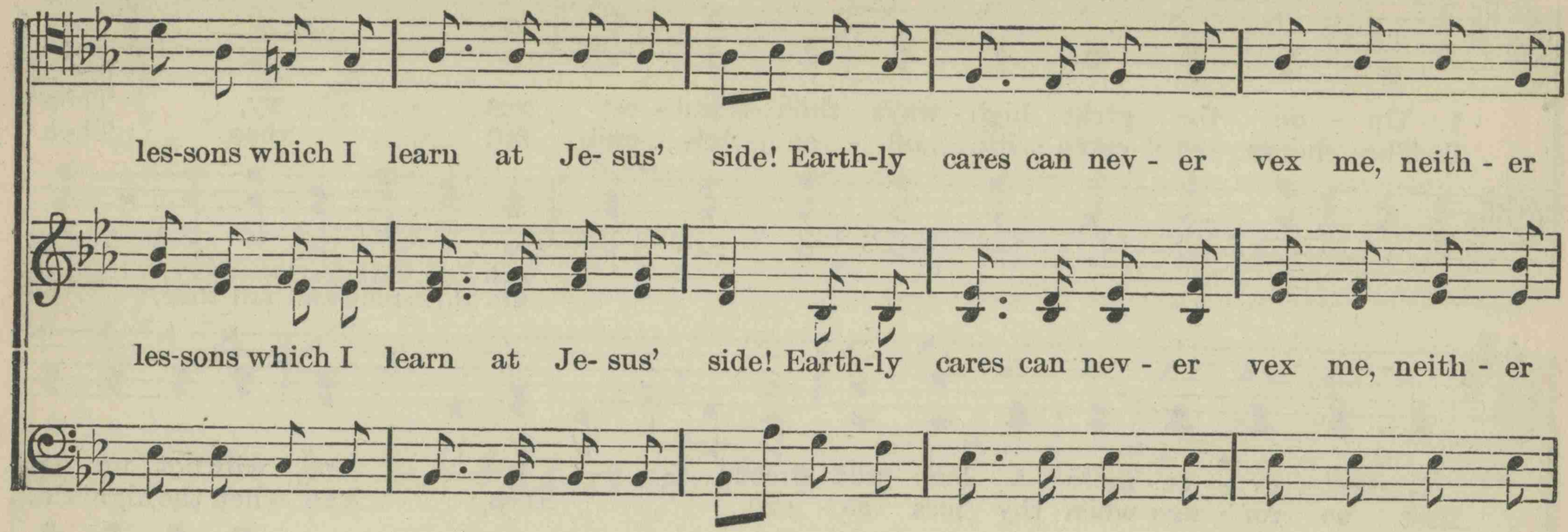
1. In the se - cret of His presence how my soul delights to hide! How precious are the
2. When my soul is faint and thirs-ty, 'neath the shad- ow of His wing, There's cool and pleasant
3. Would you like to know the sweetness of the se - cret of the Lord? Go hide beneath His

les-sons which I learn at Je - sus' side! Earth- ly cares can nev - er vex me, neith- er
shelt-er and a fresh and crys- tal spring; And my Sav - iour rests be - side me as we
shadow, this shall then be your re - ward; And when e'er you leave the si - lence of that


rit.
tri - als lay me low, For when Sa- tan comes to tempt me, to the se- cret place I go.
hold communion sweet; If I tried I could not ut - ter what He says when thus we meet.
hap- py meet-ing- place, You must mind and bear the im - age of the Mas- ter in your face.

CHORUS.


In the se - cret of His pres-ence how my soul delights to hide! Oh, how precious are the
In the se - cret of His pres-ence how my soul delights to hide! Oh, how precious are the


les-sons which I learn at Je- sus' side! Earth-ly cares can nev - er vex me, neith - er
les-sons which I learn at Je- sus' side! Earth-ly cares can nev - er vex me, neith - er


tri - als lay me low, For when Sa- tan comes to tempt me, to the se- cret place I go.
rit . . . . . .
tri - als lay me low, For when Sa- tan comes to tempt me, to the se- cret place I go.

HE WAITS FOR THEE.

Mrs. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Up - on the great high - ways thou stand - est wea - - ry, Thou
2. The hopes of earth - life oft - en fade and fail thee, Thou

wea - ry, standest wea - ry,
fail thee, fade and fail thee,

cri - est ev - er - more "A - lone and drear - - y," And wilt not un - der -
hast no ref - uge when thy foes as - sail thee, And when the night shall

drear - y, lone and drear-y,
- sail thee foes as - sail thee,

- stand that there so near thee, Thy Sav - iour waits to love, and bless, and
come, oh, who will guide thee, If thou dost still re - fuse the Friend be -

near thee, there so near thee,
guide thee, who will guide thee,

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cheer thee. He stands so near, and yet thy blind - ed vis - ion Is
- side thee. In Him is strength, in Him di - vine com - pas - sion, He

cheer thee, bless and cheer thee.
- side thee, Friend be-side thee.

turned a - way from hope and light e - lys - ian, Thou wilt not see that 'Tis for thee He
chang - es not, though things of earth-ly fash - ion Grow old and die, ah! turn thee, heart so

car - eth, For thee, for thee the heav - y cross He bear - - eth.
wear - y, And thou shalt nev - er more be lone and drear - - y.

the heav - y cross He bear - eth.
and drear - y, lone and drear - y.

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