

1905

FILLMORE'S
Sunday-School
❖ **Songs** ❖
No. 3.

By
PALMER HARTSOUGH
AND
J. H. FILLMORE.



FILLMORE MUSIC HOUSE,
528 Elm Street, CINCINNATI, O. 41-43 Bible House, NEW YORK.



Z8
H257

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1905



Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:

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FILLMORE'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL SONGS No. 3.

116

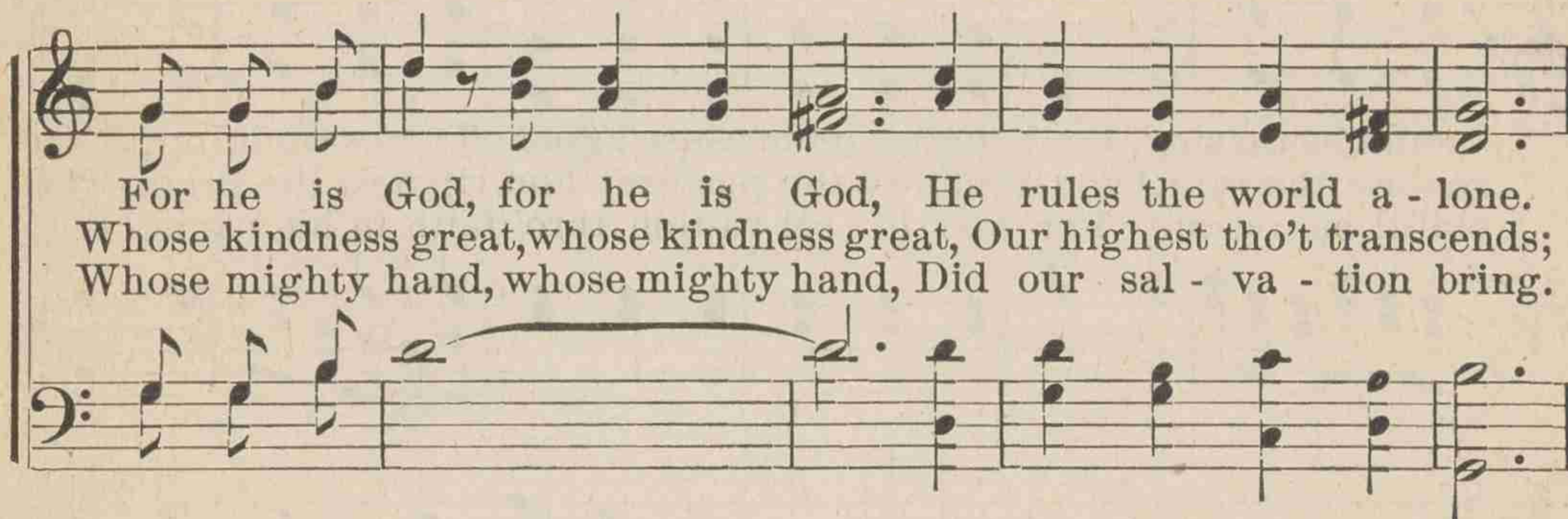
O Praise the Lord.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.



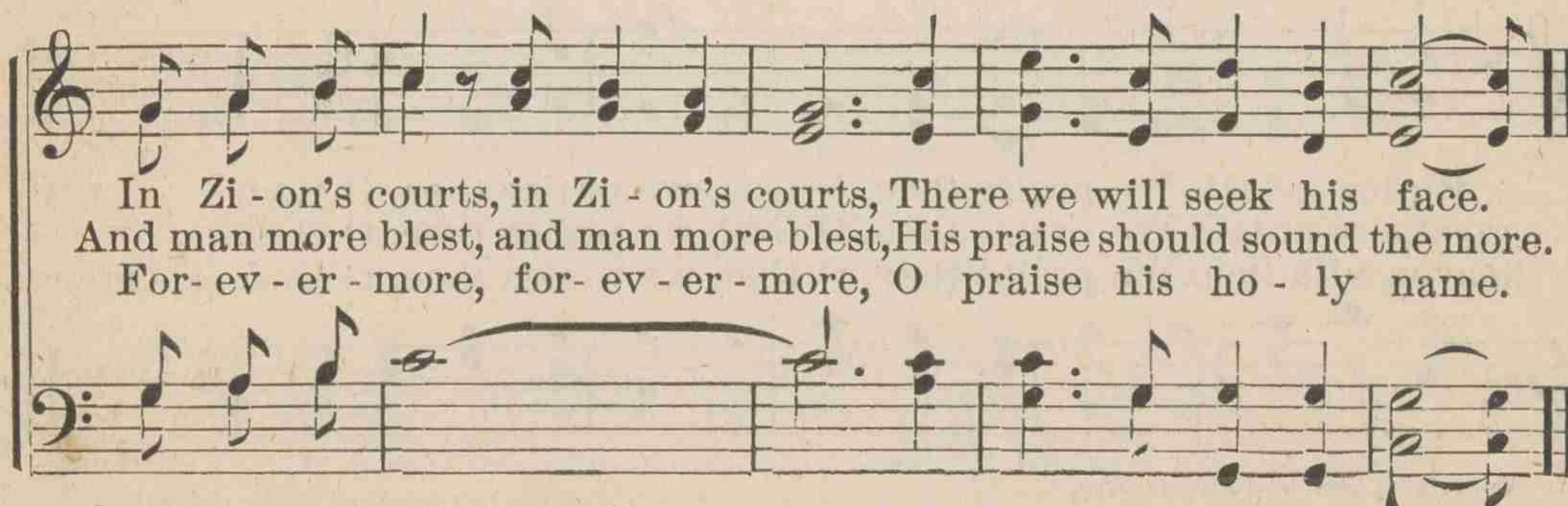
1. O praise the Lord! O praise the Lord! Come bow be-fore his throne;
2. O praise the Lord! O praise the Lord! Whose care o'er all ex - tends;
3. O praise the Lord! O praise the Lord! His love un-meas-ured sing,



For he is God, for he is God, He rules the world a - lone.
Whose kindness great, whose kindness great, Our highest tho't transcends;
Whose mighty hand, whose mighty hand, Did our sal - va - tion bring.



In Ja - cob's tents he loves to dwell, There sheds abroad his grace,
To him the war - blers of the wood, Their car-ols sweet out-pour;
When all was lost and help was vain, Our great Re-deem-er came;



In Zi - on's courts, in Zi - on's courts, There we will seek his face.
And man more blest, and man more blest, His praise should sound the more.
For-ev-er-more, for-ev-er-more, O praise his ho - ly name.

28
H257
Hymn
1905
F. 11



1. We praise thee, O God, in thy name we re-joice, We wor-ship be-
2. We praise thee, O God, for the gifts of thy hand, So free and so
3. We praise thee, O God, for the light of thy word, The message of




fore thee with the harp and the voice; For fa-vors un-numbered sweet
pre-cious o-ver all this fair land; Thou giv-est the sun-shine, thou
mer-cy we in gladness have heard; For Je-sus thy Son, who for




anthems we sing, For bounties unmeasured glad off'rings we bring; Thou
sendest the rain, Thou glad'nest the pasture, thou rip'nest the grain; The
sinful man came, For joys of sal-vation thro' faith in his name; For




Father, all gracious, who heedest our call, Thou King of all kindness, Thou
har-vest thou bringest in bil-lows of gold, The glad year thou crownest with
strength in the conflict vic-to-rious to be, For hope of the glo-ry of




Rit. *p* *f*
Ru-ler of all. We praise thee, O God, we praise thee, O God.
goodness untold. We praise thee, O God, we praise thee, O God.
heaven with thee. We praise thee, O God, we praise thee, O God. A - men.



118 The Lord is in His Holy Temple.

W. H. BAGBY.

J. H. F.



1. The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple, Let earth be - fore Him
 2. The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple, Be si - lent all and
 3. The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple, Bow down be - fore His

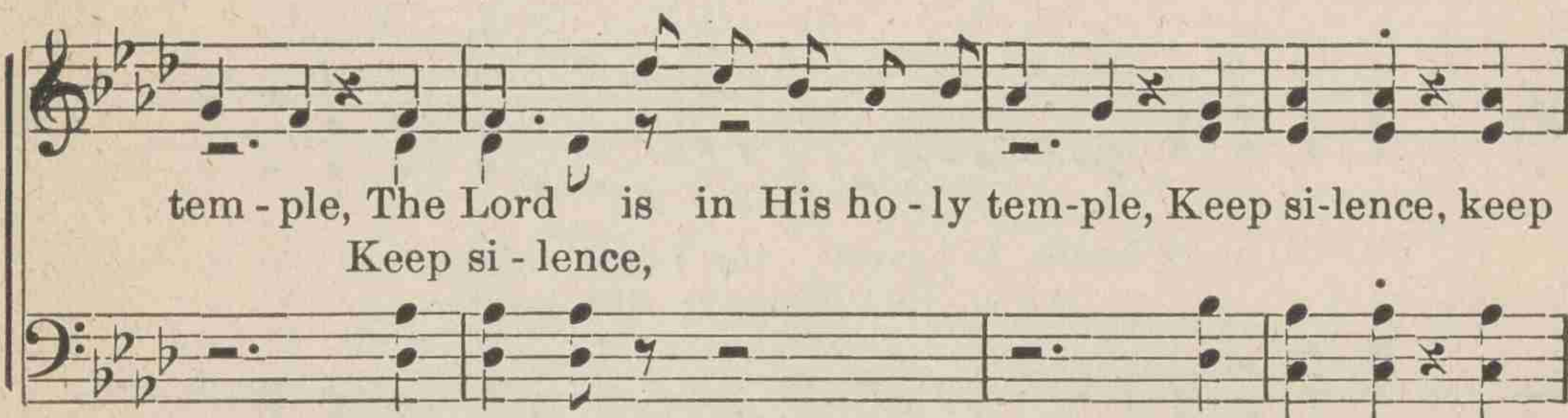


si - lence keep; In rev' - rence bow, ye loft - y mount - ains, And
 hear His word; In god - ly fear at - tend and lis - ten, A
 maj - es - ty; Be si - lent in His aw - ful pres - ence, Whose

REFRAIN.



be thou still, O rest - less deep! The Lord is in His ho - ly
 message hear from Christ the Lord!
 glo - ry fills e - ter - ni - ty! Keep si - lence,

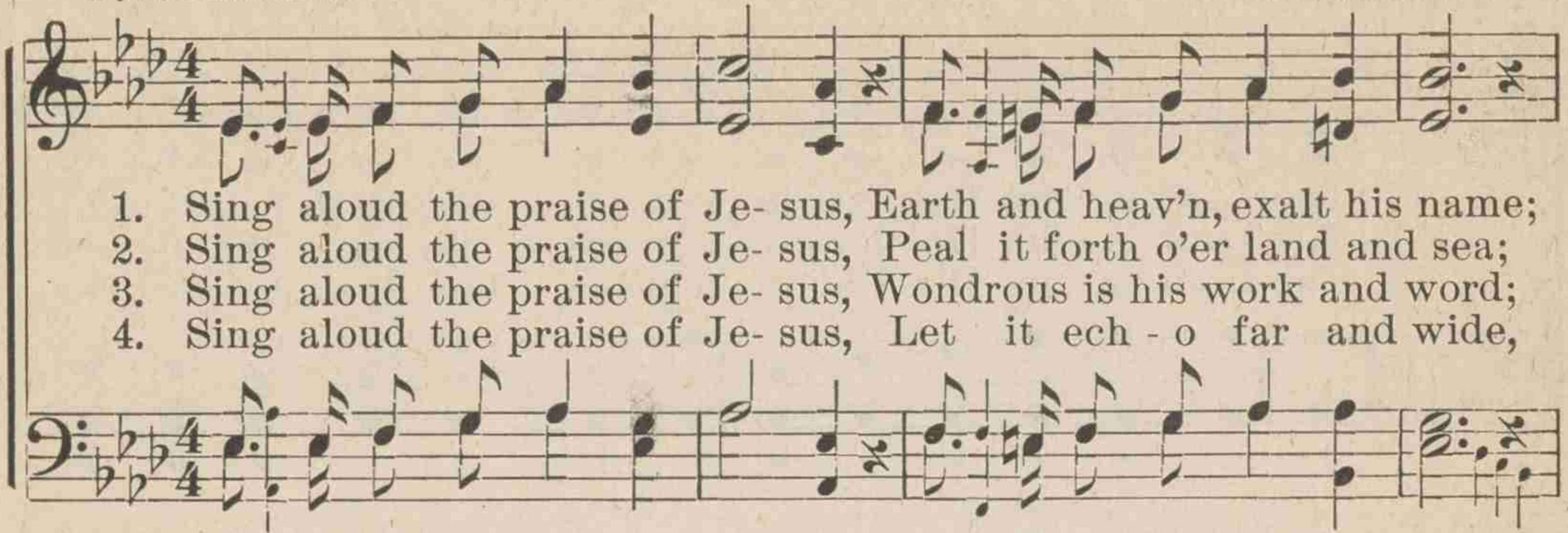


tem - ple, The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple, Keep si - lence, keep
 Keep si - lence,

For last verse.



si - lence, Keep silence be - fore Him. A - men.
 The Lord is in His ho - ly temple.



1. Sing aloud the praise of Je-sus, Earth and heav'n, exalt his name;
 2. Sing aloud the praise of Je-sus, Peal it forth o'er land and sea;
 3. Sing aloud the praise of Je-sus, Wondrous is his work and word;
 4. Sing aloud the praise of Je-sus, Let it ech-o far and wide,

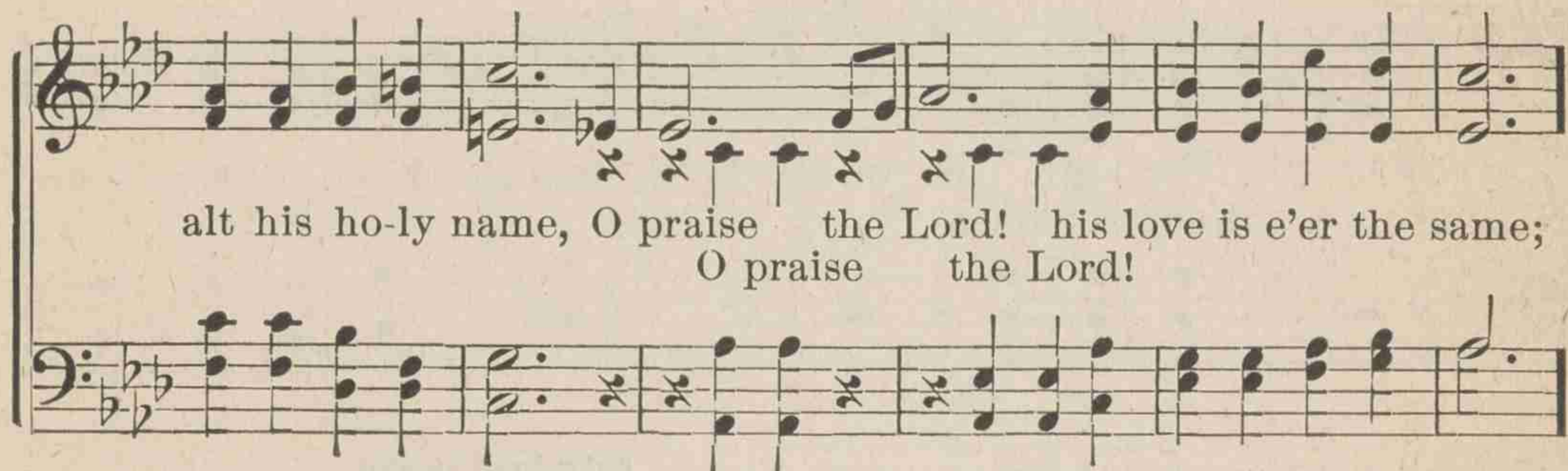


For his love and gra-cious favor, Heart and voice his praise proclaim.
 Tell the wea-ry, heav-y - la - den, That he died to set them free.
 Tell the news of free sal - va - tion, Sweetest message ev-er heard.
 Un - til ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion Hear of Christ the cru-ci-fied.

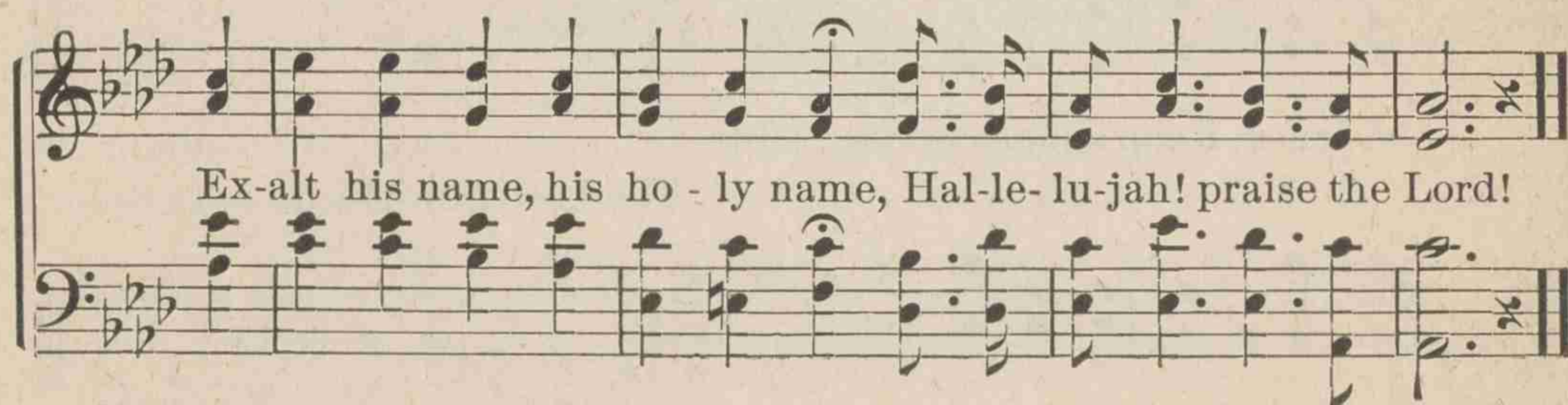
CHORUS.



O praise the Lord! his wondrous grace proclaim; O praise the Lord! ex-
 O praise the Lord! O praise the Lord!



alt his ho-ly name, O praise the Lord! his love is e'er the same;
 O praise the Lord!



Ex-alt his name, his ho - ly name, Hal-le-lu-jah! praise the Lord!

J. T. LATTA.

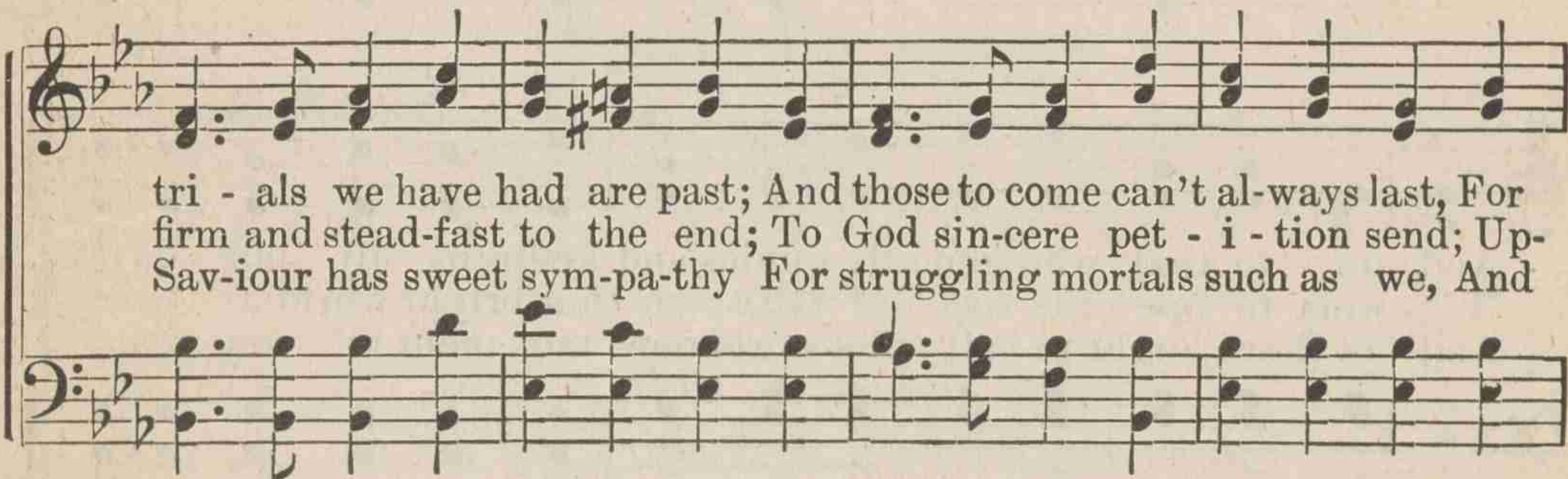
IRA B. WILSON.



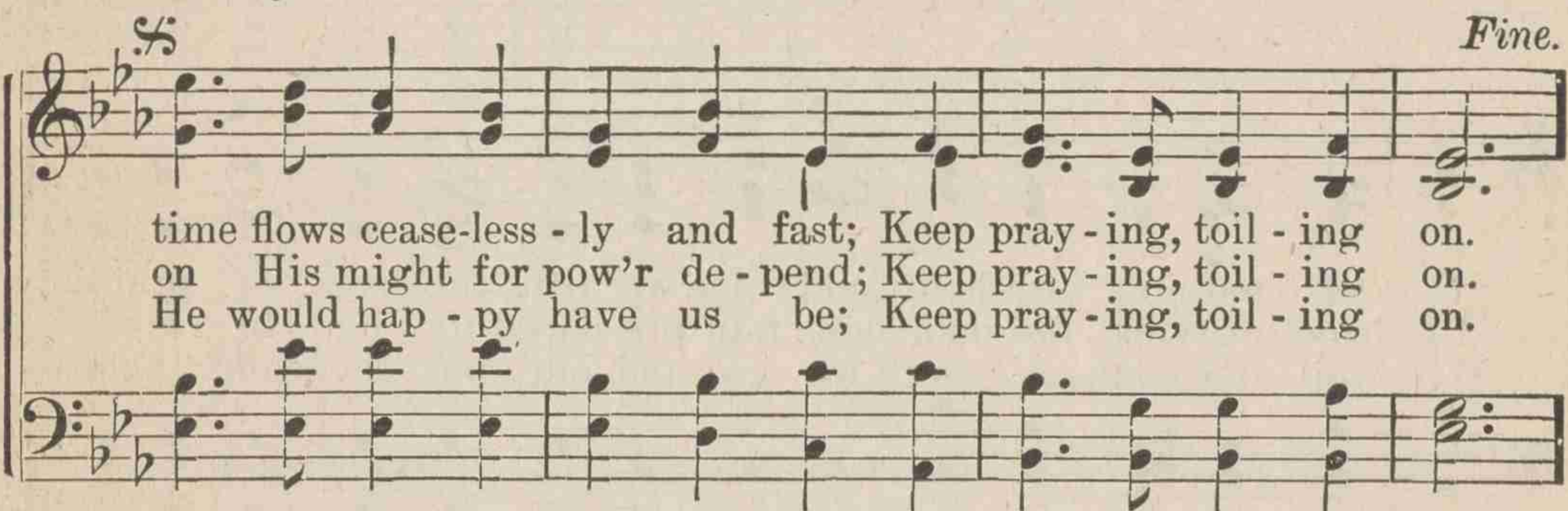
1. A - long life's rug - ged, thorn-y way, Keep praying, toil - ing on;
 2. All fears and fal - ter-ings dis-card, Keep praying, toil - ing on;
 3. If griefs seem more than you can bear, Keep praying, toil - ing on;



A - head there is a bright-er day, Keep pray-ing, toil-ing on. The
 A - head there is a bright reward, Keep pray-ing, toil-ing on. Hold
 For pray'r will light-en ev - 'ry care, Keep pray-ing, toil-ing on. The



tri - als we have had are past; And those to come can't al-ways last, For
 firm and stead-fast to the end; To God sin-cere pet - i - tion send; Up-
 Sav-iour has sweet sym-pa-thy For struggling mortals such as we, And



time flows cease-less - ly and fast; Keep pray - ing, toil - ing on.
 on His might for pow'r de - pend; Keep pray - ing, toil - ing on.
 He would hap - py have us be; Keep pray - ing, toil - ing on.

D. S.-head there is a bright - er day, Keep pray - ing, toil - ing on.

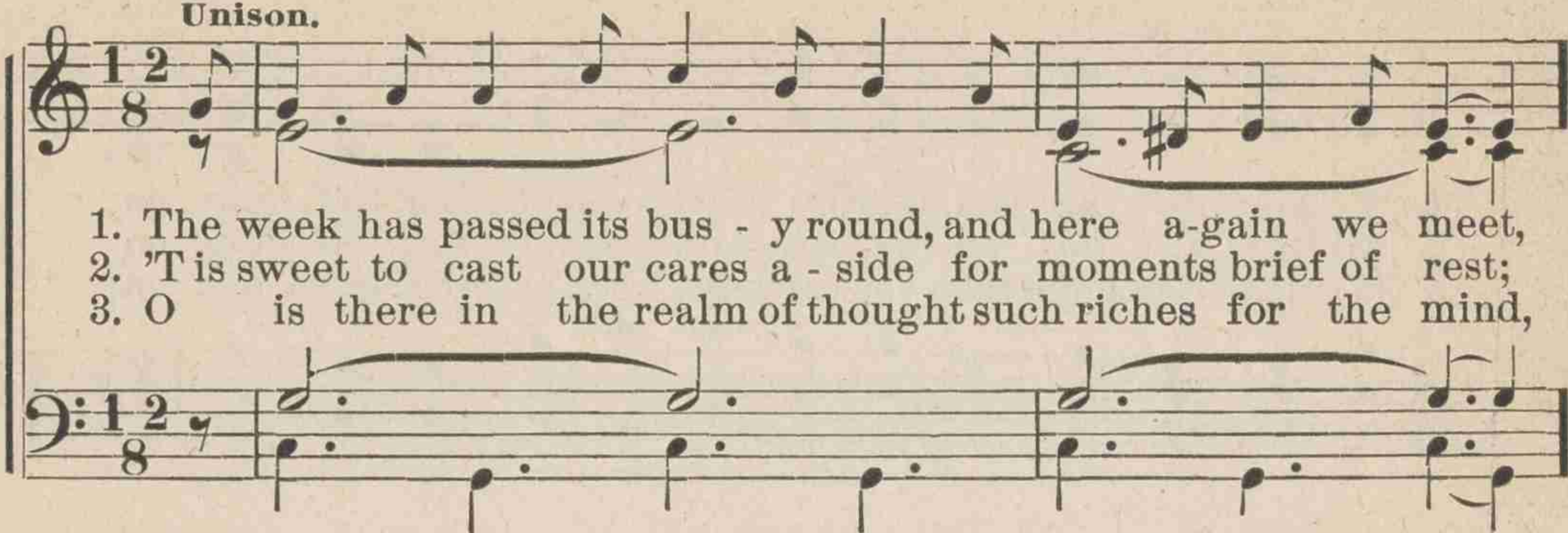


CHORUS. D. S.
 Keep pray - ing, toil - ing, Pray-ing, toil-ing on; A -
 Keep praying, toiling, praying, toiling,

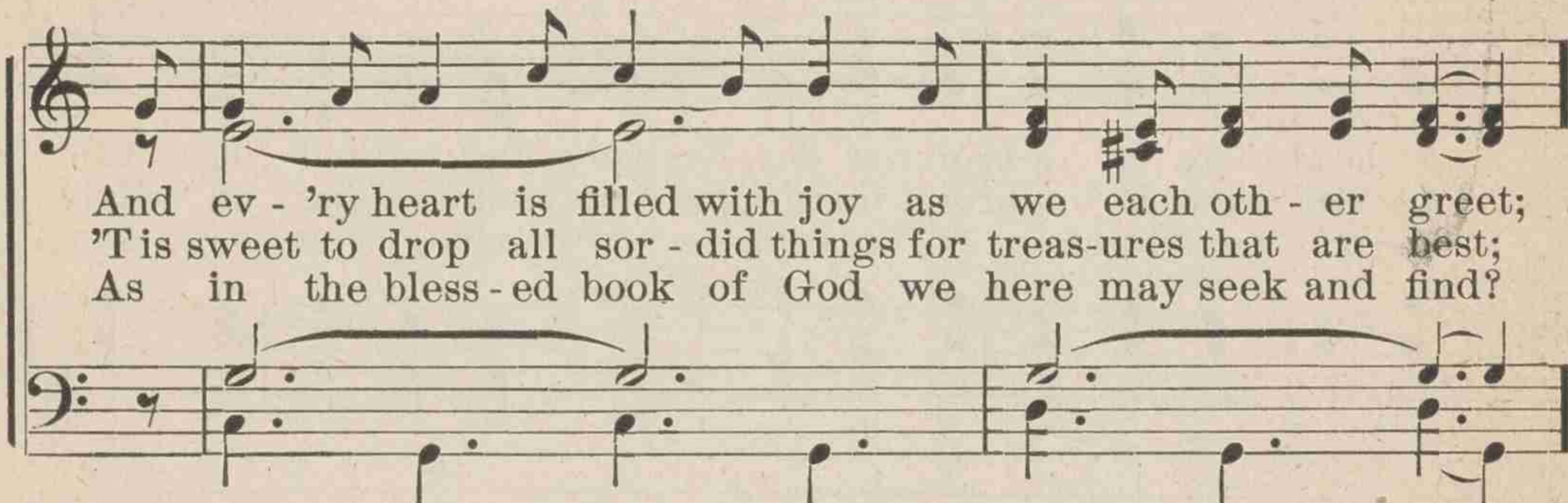
PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

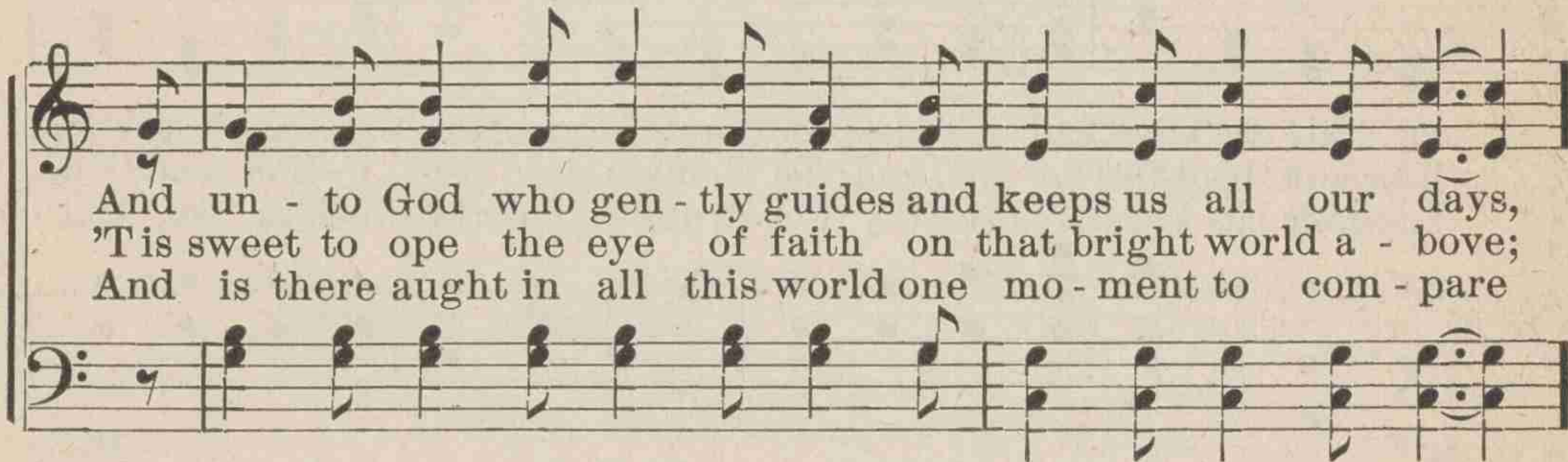
Unison.



1. The week has passed its bus - y round, and here a - gain we meet,
 2. 'Tis sweet to cast our cares a - side for moments brief of rest;
 3. O is there in the realm of thought such riches for the mind,



And ev - 'ry heart is filled with joy as we each oth - er greet;
 'Tis sweet to drop all sor - did things for treas - ures that are best;
 As in the bless - ed book of God we here may seek and find?

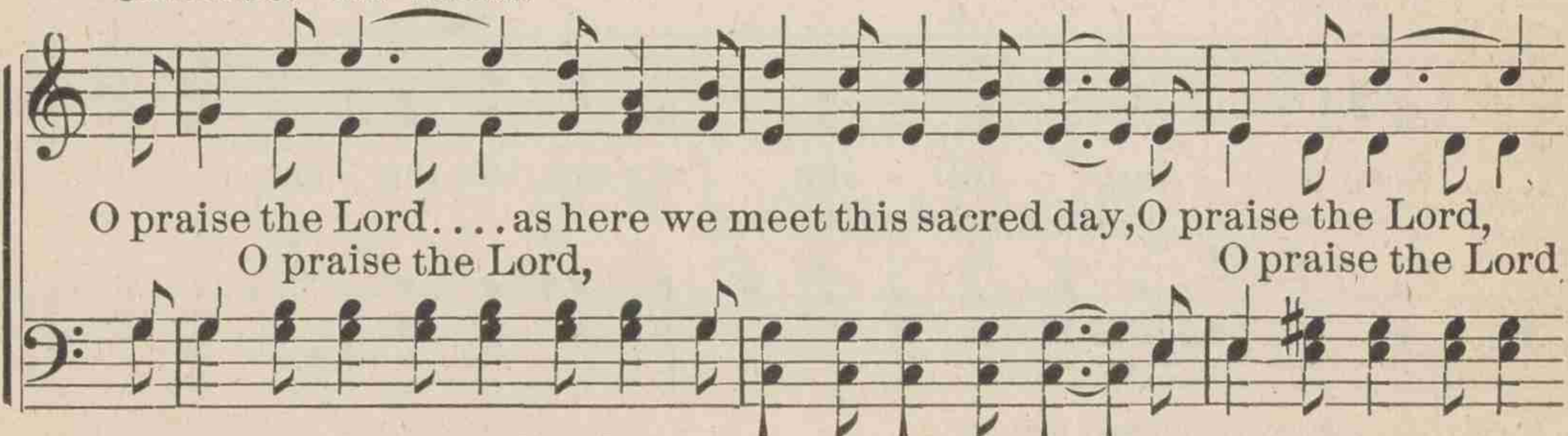


And un - to God who gen - tly guides and keeps us all our days,
 'Tis sweet to ope the eye of faith on that bright world a - bove;
 And is there aught in all this world one mo - ment to com - pare



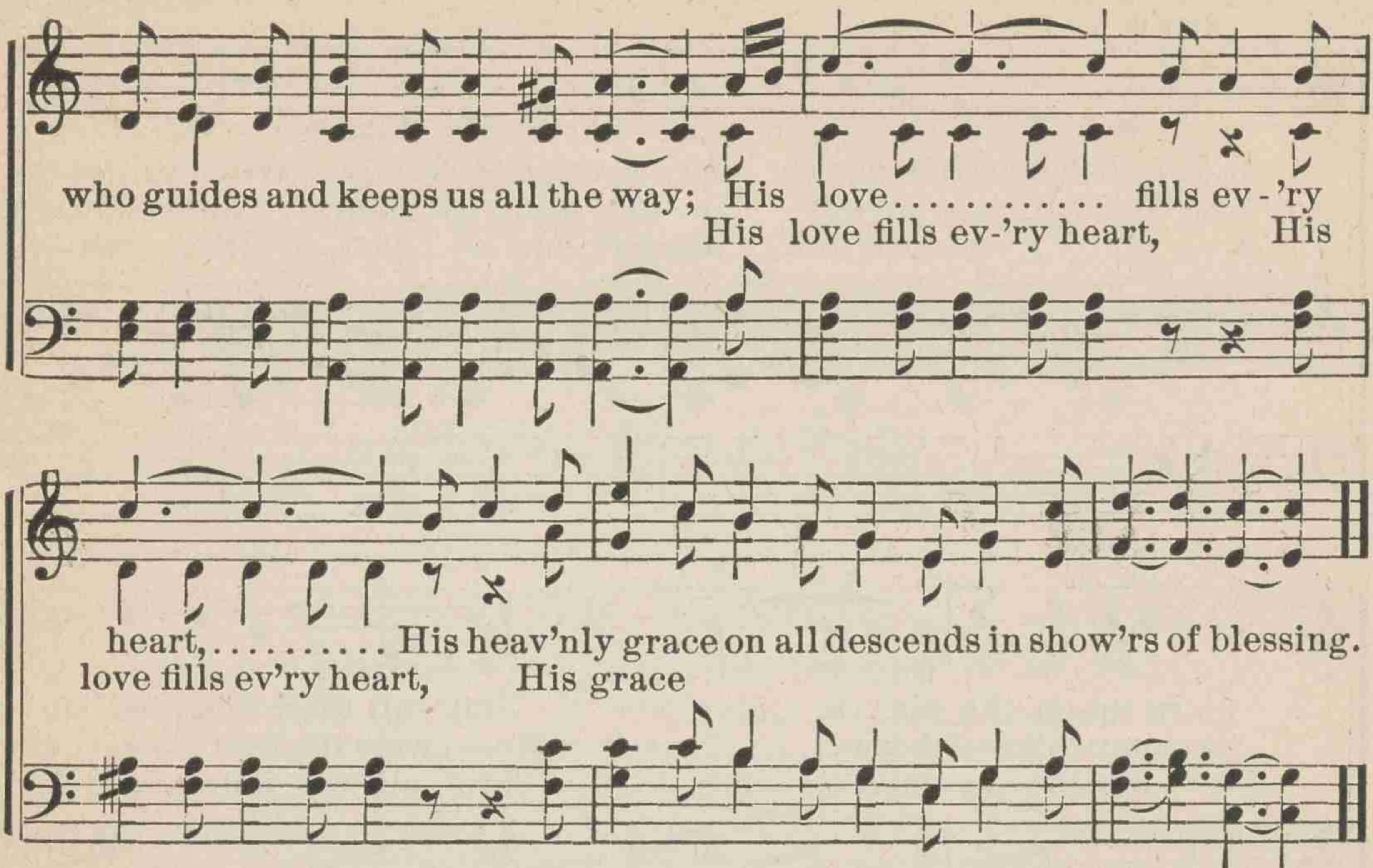
U - ni - ted now with heart and voice we lift the song of praise.
 'Tis sweet to view the man - sions fair pre - pared for us in love.
 With yon - der coun - try where we go, and our pos - ses - sions there?

CHORUS. All Voices.



O praise the Lord. . . . as here we meet this sacred day, O praise the Lord,
 O praise the Lord, O praise the Lord

The Week has Passed.



who guides and keeps us all the way; His love..... fills ev-'ry
His love fills ev-'ry heart, His

heart,..... His heav'nly grace on all descends in show'rs of blessing.
love fills ev'ry heart, His grace

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Spirit So Gentle.

MARY B. WINGATE.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Spir - it so gen - tle, Spir - it so ten - der, Spir - it of
2. Spir - it so gen - tle, Spir - it so ho - ly, Spir - it of
3. Spir - it so gen - tle, Spir - it so low - ly, Spir - it of

pu - ri - ty, Spir - it of love, Fall on thy wait - ing ones
ten - der - ness, Spir - it of grace, Fill us with thank - ful - ness
ho - li - ness, Spir - it of light, Show us the way of life,

Now while we lin - ger, Fit us for serv - ice, the service of love.
Now for each fa - vor, O let the love of God rest on the place.
Dawn on us ev - er, Ban - ish the dark - ness and give us the light.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

SOLO.

1. Bright bloom the daisies and sweet opes the rose, When smiles the
 2. Na - ture how love-ly in soft sun - ny hours, But when my
 3. O I do love him, my Sav-iour so dear, Him will I

morn up-on the air,..... But all their beauties do
 Saviour walks with me,..... More sweet the bird songs and
 fol - low ev - 'ry day;..... Thro' all my jour-ney I

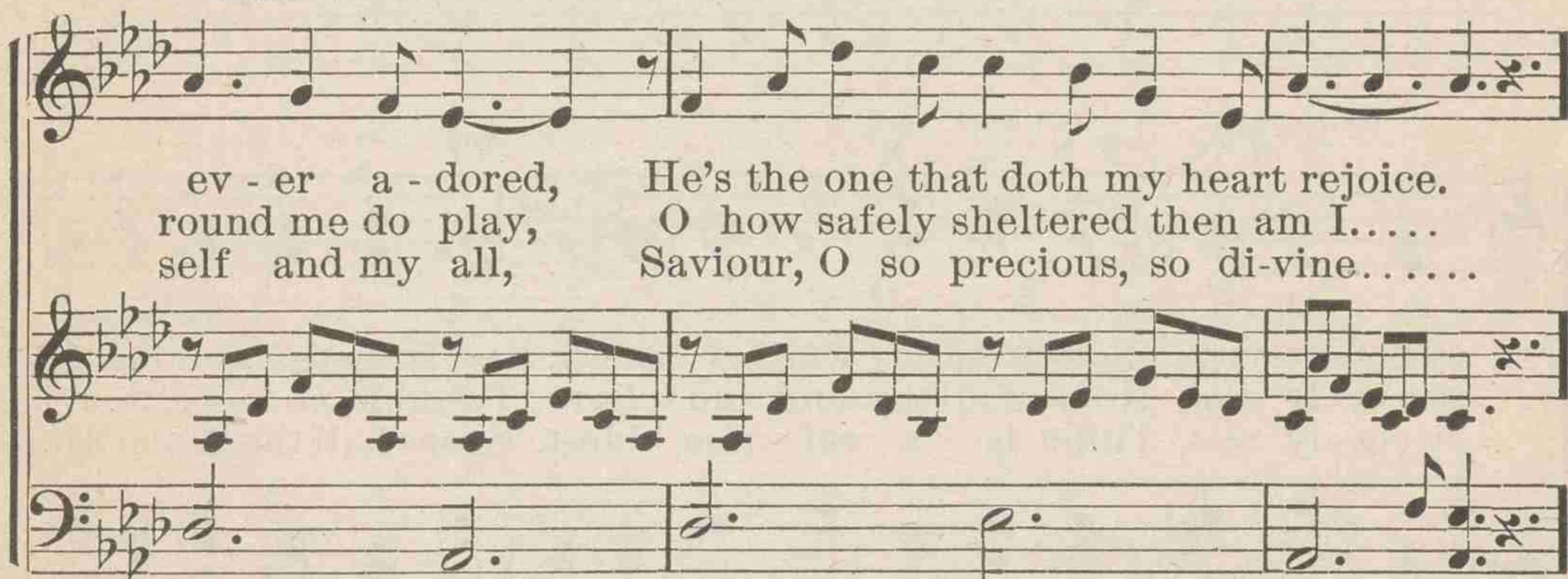
noth-ing dis-close That can with my Saviour once com-pare;
 more bright the flowers, Joyous things will then more gladsome be;
 know he'll be near, He will guide and keep me all the way;

Fair - er than lil - ies is Je - sus my Lord, Sweet - er than
 He rolls the burden of sor - row a - way, He chas - es
 Glad will I serve him what-e'er may be-fall, For him earth's

Fairer than Lilies.



mu - sic his voice;..... King in the heavens for-
 night from the sky,..... And when the tempests a-
 hopes I re - sign;..... Glad do I give him my-



ev - er a - dored, He's the one that doth my heart rejoice.
 round me do play, O how safely sheltered then am I.....
 self and my all, Saviour, O so precious, so di-vine.....

CHORUS.



Fair - er than lil - ies is Je - sus my Lord, Sweet-er than



mu - sic is his voice (his lovely voice); King in the heav-ens for-



ever a-dored, He's the one that doth my heart rejoice(my heart rejoice).

Tune.—"SWEET AND LOW."

Mrs. JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. BARNBY.

1. Trust and rest! trust and rest! Rest on the Saviour's breast; Rest, rest!
 2. Trust and rest! trust and rest! Rest on the Saviour's breast; Rest, rest!
 3. Trust and rest! trust and rest! Rest on the Saviour's breast; Rest, rest!

sweet-ly rest, Rest from thy wea-ry quest. Rest from thy wand'ring, O
 sweet-ly rest, None shall thy soul mo-lest. Tremble no more, there is
 sweet-ly rest, Thine is a ref-uge blest. Soon shall the threat'ning

storm-tossed dove, Rest in the shelter of per-fect love; Rest on the Saviour's
 none to fear; Tremble no more, there is shelter here; Rest on the Saviour's
 storm pass by, Safe un-til then in thy shel-ter lie; Rest on the Saviour's

breast; Trust and rest thee! O trust and rest thee, O rest!.....
 breast; Trust and rest thee! O trust and rest thee, O rest!.....
 breast; Trust and rest thee! O trust and rest thee, O rest!.....

1. Je - sus, thou Light divine, O'er all thy people shine; Rise in thy
 2. Je - sus, thou Sov'reign Lord, By heav'nly hosts adored, Lift thou up -
 3. Je - sus, thou Saviour dear, In doubtful darkness here, We look to

brightness, thou glo - ri - ous Sun; Drive all our night a - way,
 on us the light of thy face; Then will we tell a - broad,
 thee as our Light and our Guide; Thy word makes all things right,

Bring thou the perfect day; Come in thy glo - ry, O come, blessed
 The mer - cies of our God; Then will we sing of thy won - der - ful
 Thy smile makes all things bright; O then to live and to walk by thy

REFRAIN.

One. Come, O come,
 grace. side.
 Then come, O come, while thy chil - dren wait, Here at thy

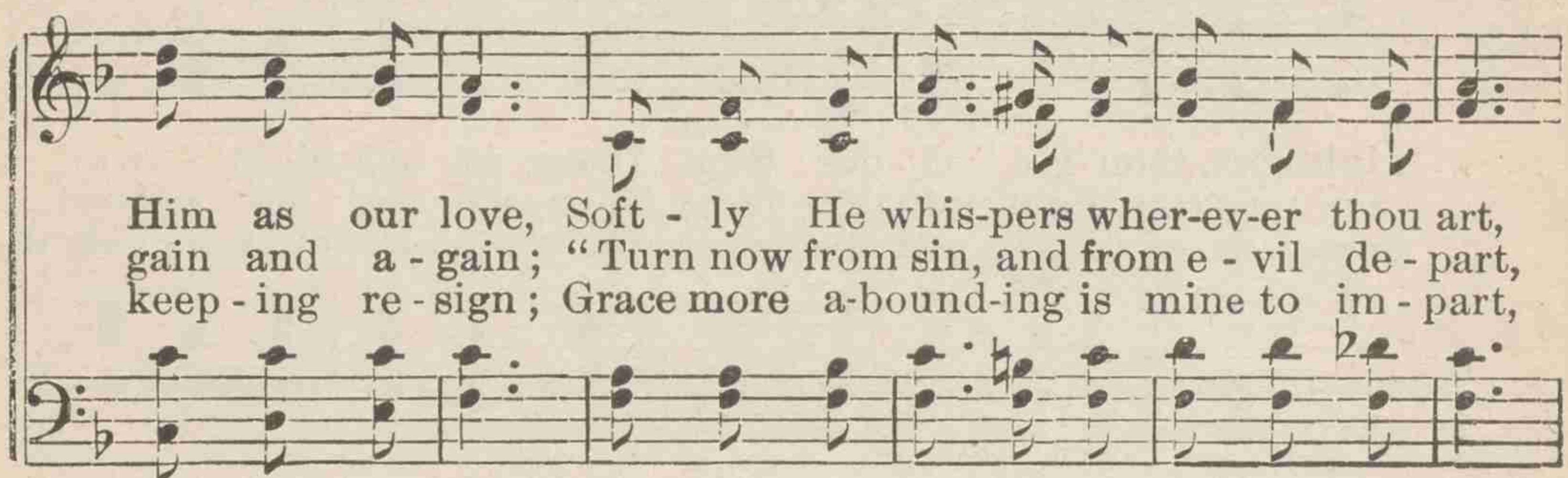
thou bless ed One.....
 tem - ple gate, Come, O thou bless - ed One.....
 Rit.

E. E. HEWITT.

ANNIE F. BOURNE.

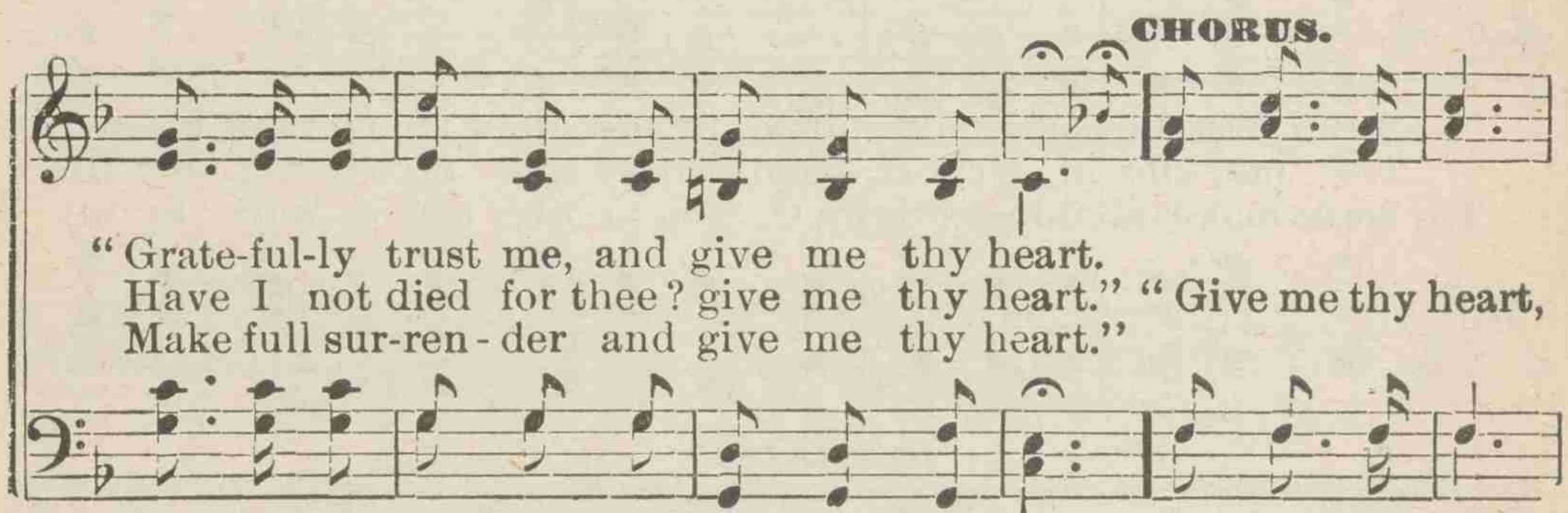


1. "Give me thy heart," says the Father a-bove, No gift so precious to
 2. "Give me thy heart," says the Saviour of men, Call-ing in mer-cy a-
 3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spir-it di-vine, "All that thou hast, to my



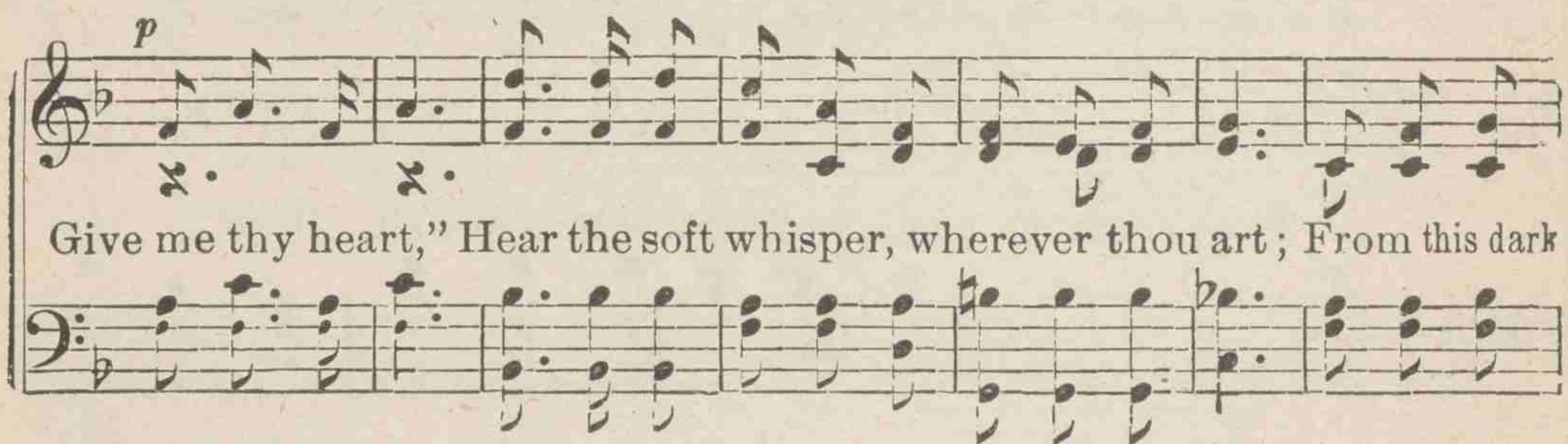
Him as our love, Soft-ly He whis-pers wher-ev-er thou art,
 gain and a-gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e-vil de-part,
 keep-ing re-sign; Grace more a-bound-ing is mine to im-part,

CHORUS.



"Grate-ful-ly trust me, and give me thy heart.
 Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart." "Give me thy heart,
 Make full sur-ren-der and give me thy heart."

p



Give me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wherever thou art; From this dark

Rit.



world He would draw thee a-part, Speaking so tenderly, "Give me thy heart."

W. F. M.

W. F. McCauley.

1. Sing of God's own sun-light, Bounteous, free and fair, Light and
 2. Tell the poor and need-y Of the path-way bright; Lead the
 3. Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Way and Truth and Life, By his

love and glo - ry Shin-ing ev-'ry - where! O what peace and comfort
 weak and sin - ful Up-ward to the light; Love and hope and courage
 Word and Spir - it Helps us in the strife; Sons of God, we'll con-quer

D. S.—Joy-ing in the ra-diance

In our souls a - bide, While we walk re - joic - ing At the
 Scat - ter as you go, Spreading heav'nly bless-ings Thro' this
 Thro' his dai - ly grace, And we shall be like him, When we

Of the nar - row way, Shin - ing ev - er bright-er To the

Fine. REFRAIN.

Sav - iour's side! }
 world be - low! } Walking in the sun - light, Hap - py is our song,
 see his face! }

per - fect day!

Pub - lish - ing glad ti - dings All the path a - long;

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to glad-den, When love shines in,
 2. How the world will glow with beau-ty, When love shines in,
 3. Dark-est sor - rows will grow brighter, When love shines in,

Ev - 'ry life that woe can sad - den, When love shines in.
 And the heart re - joice in du - ty, When love shines in.
 And the heav - iest bur - den light - er, When love shines in.

Love will teach us how to pray, Love will drive the gloom a-way,
 Tri - als may be sanc-ti - fied, And the soul in peace a - bide,
 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw Light to show us where to go;

CHORUS.

Turn our darkness in - to day, When love shines in. When love
 Life will all be glo - ri-fied, When love shines in. When
 O the heart shall blessing know, When love shines in.

shine in,.... When love shines in How the heart is
 love shines in....

in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

When Love Shines In.

turned to singing, When love shines in; When love shines in, When
When love shines in; When love shines in,

When love shines in, When love shines in,

love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.
When love shines in.

When love shines in,

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Come, Thou Fount.

Rev. R. ROBINSON.

JOHN WYETH.

Fine.

1. { Come, thou Fount of ev'-ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }
{ Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise; }

D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it! Mount of God's unchanging love.

D. C.

Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues a-bove;

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; O take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

Words and Music by STANLEY GREENWOOD.

1. We are in the ar - my of the bless - ed Lord, We are read-y
 2. Swells the loft - y cho - rus of our ral-lying song, Waves the banner
 3. Won't you come with us, and leave the ranks of sin? Won't you on the

gird - ed with the shield and sword; We are un - der or - ders of his
 o'er us as we march a - long; Ev - 'ry-where be-fore us fall the
 side of truth and right be - gin? Won't you join the ar - my that is

CHORUS.
 ho - ly word, We will conquer in his name.
 pow'rs of wrong; We will conquer in his name.
 sure to win? We will conquer in his name. } Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry!

hear the mighty call! Victory! victory! forward, one and all! Shout your wondrous

bat - tle cry, ye soldiers of the Lamb, Victory! victory! in Je-sus' name.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. F.



1. List! the trumpet of God is sound-ing, Is sound-ing from
 2. See, the ar-my of God ad-van-ces, In strength of his
 3. List! the trumpet of God is sound-ing, Is sound-ing for



sea to sea; On the field where the brave are falling There's a
 ho-ly might; See the flash of the mov-ing lan-ces, And the
 vic-to-ry; I must go, for the brave are fall-ing, And the



CHORUS.
 place in the ranks for me.
 glit-ter of hel-mets bright. There's a place in the ranks for
 Cap-tain has need of me.



me! (for me!) A place in the ranks for me! (for me!) On the



field where the brave are falling, There's a place in the ranks for me.

The Temple Hosanna.

Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!

Hosanna in the highest. Matt. 21: 9.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.
Unison.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Thro' all the temple ringing, Voices in sweet accord,— Children so
2. Now is thine hour of fa-vor, Now is thy triumph great; Zi - on, be-

loud are sing-ing Praises to Christ the Lord. O'er all the tu-mult
hold! thy Sav-iour Cometh in hum-ble state; Rul-ers in pride dis-

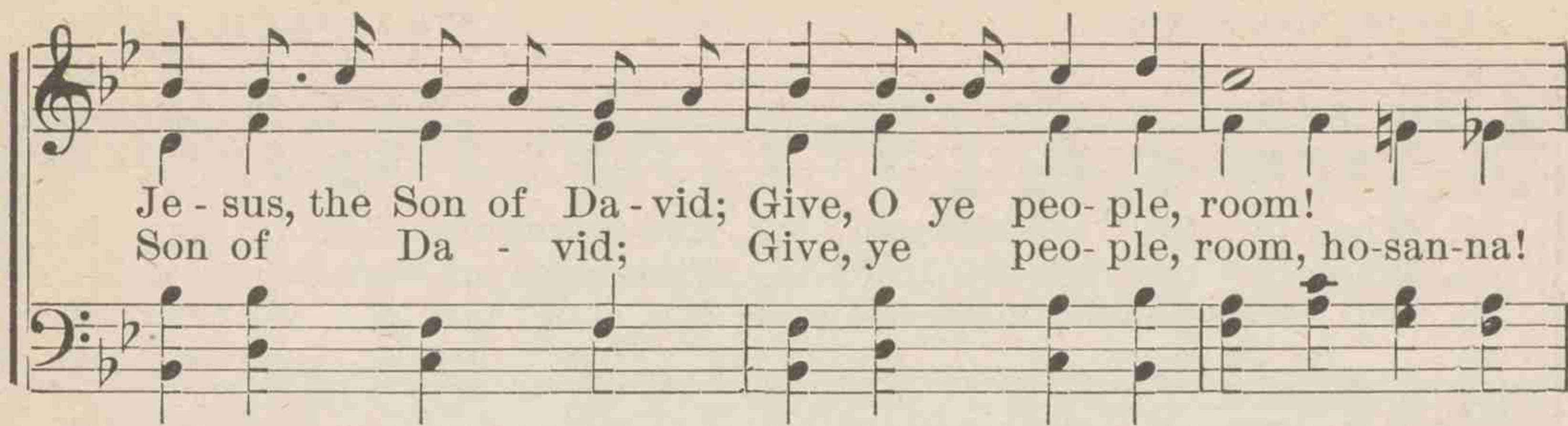
ris-ing, O'er all the wond'ring throng, Children, in strain surprising,
own him, Spurning the lowly One, Children with joy enthrone him,

CHORUS, in harmony.

Pour fourth their wondrous song. Sing, sing your loft-y prais - es,
Je - sus, the roy-al Son. Sing, O sing your loft-y prais-es,

Shout, shout your glad ho-san - na! This is the Lord's Appointed,
Shout, O shout your glad ho-san-na! He, Ap - point - ed,

The Temple Hosanna.



Je - sus, the Son of Da - vid; Give, O ye peo - ple, room!
Son of Da - vid; Give, ye peo - ple, room, ho-san-na!



Praise ye the Lord's A - noint - ed, Hail ye the great Mes-
Praise, O praise the Lord's Anointed, Hail, O hail the



si - ah, Make straight the path-way; sing! For thy
great Mes - si - ah,



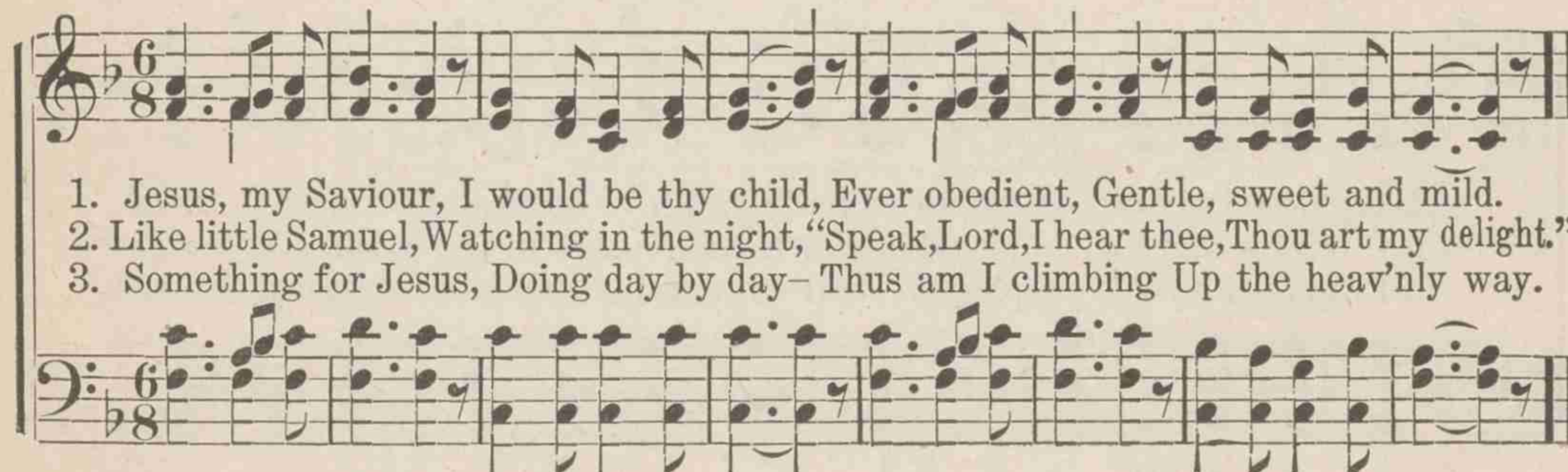
King has come! Sing, for thy King has come!
for thy King has come!

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Jesus, my Saviour.

FRONIA SMITH.

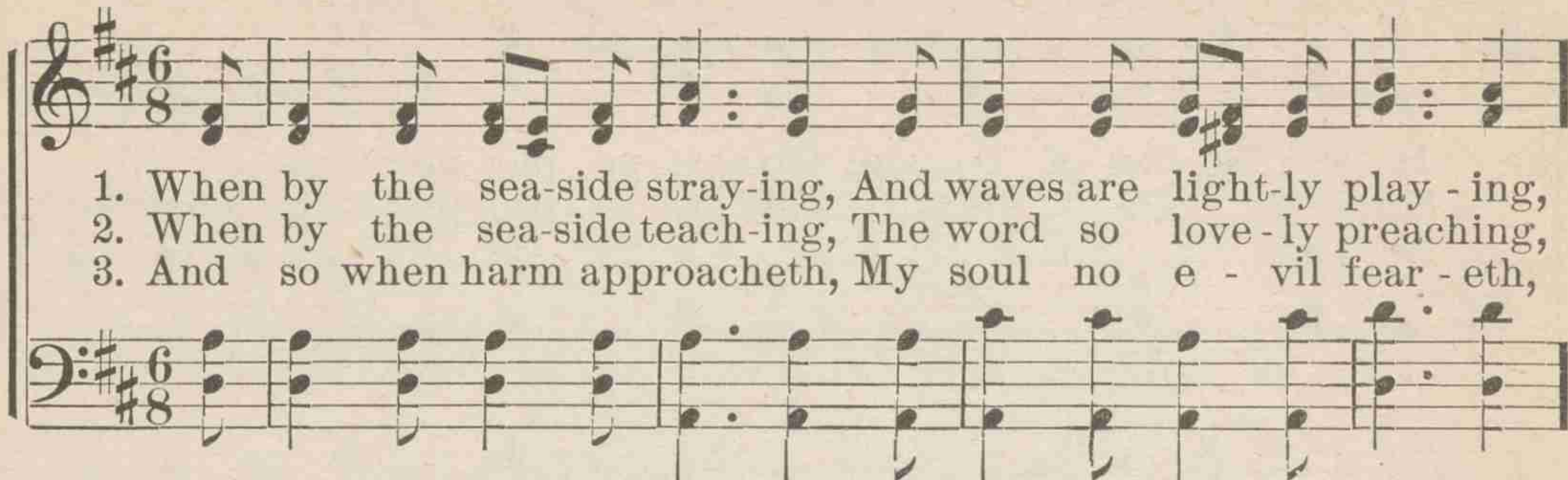
J. H. ROSECRANS.



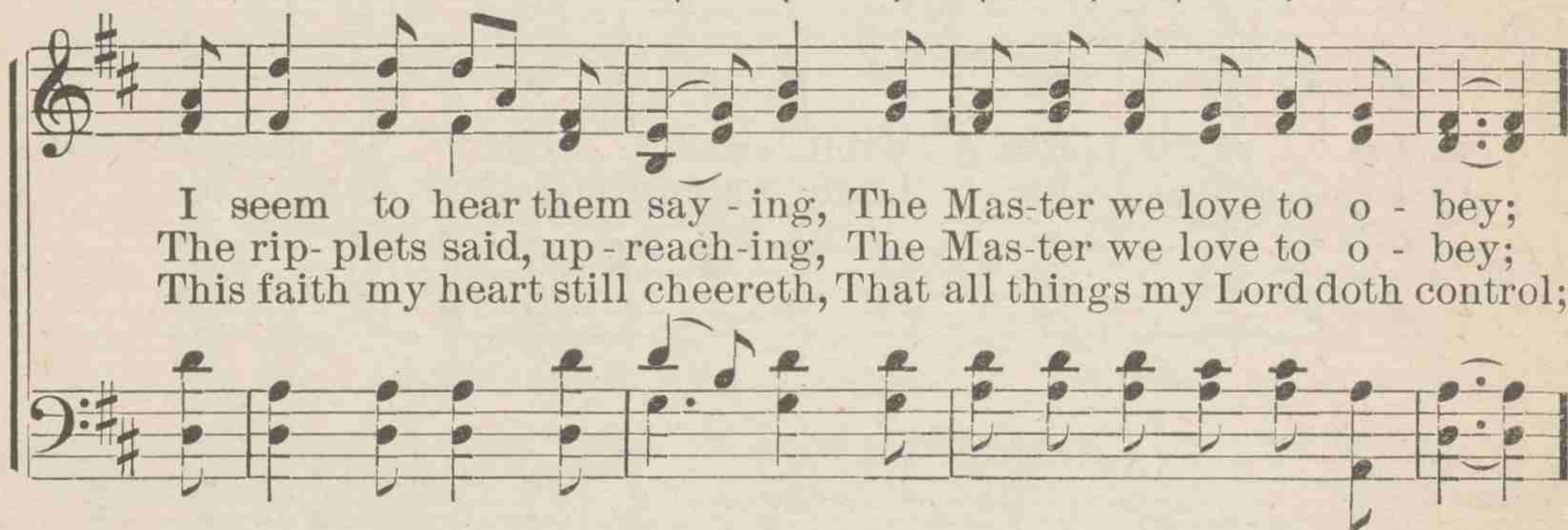
1. Jesus, my Saviour, I would be thy child, Ever obedient, Gentle, sweet and mild.
2. Like little Samuel, Watching in the night, "Speak, Lord, I hear thee, Thou art my delight."
3. Something for Jesus, Doing day by day - Thus am I climbing Up the heav'nly way.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

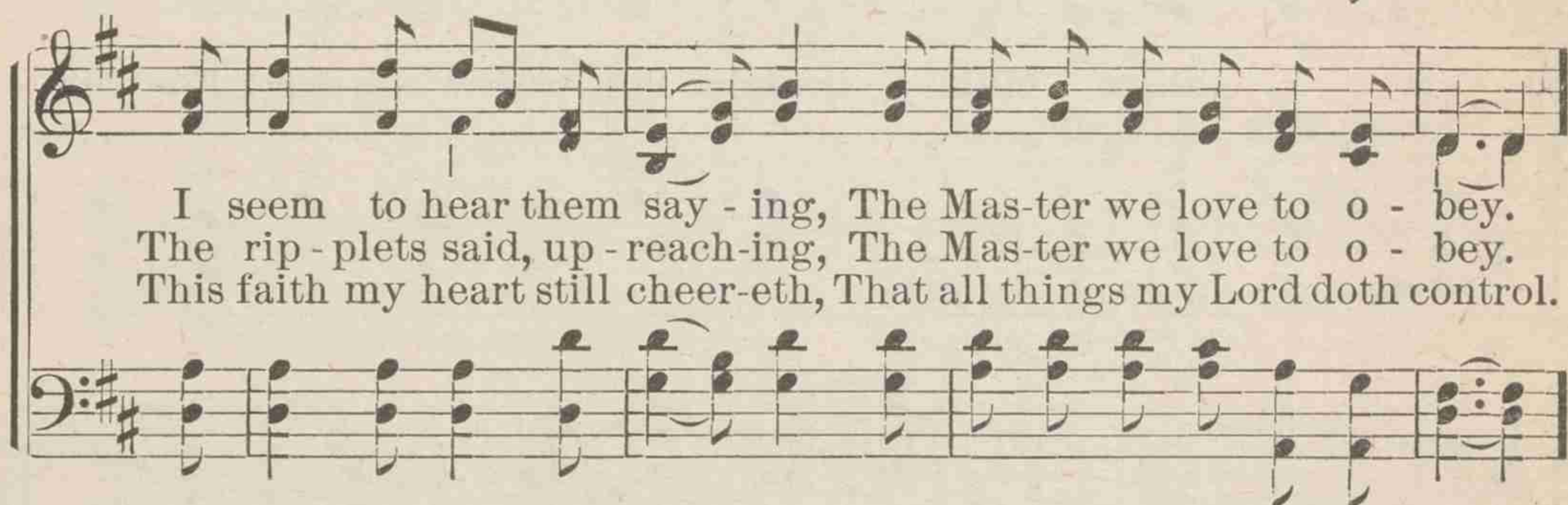
Mrs. CARRIE B. ADAMS.



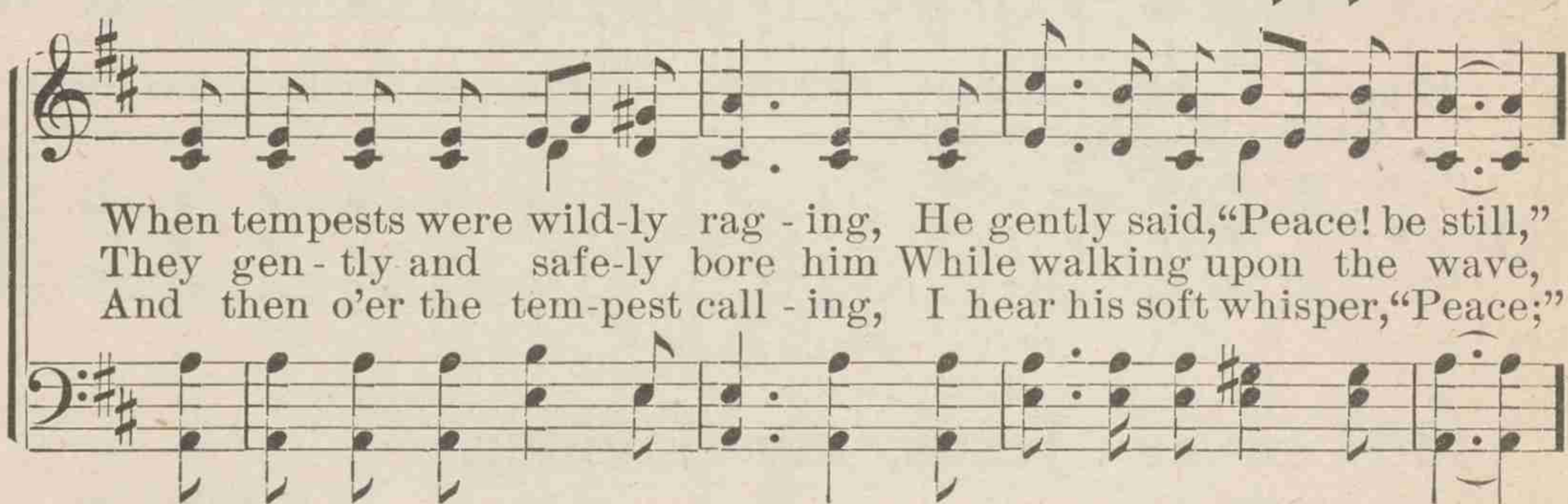
1. When by the sea-side stray-ing, And waves are light-ly play-ing,
 2. When by the sea-side teach-ing, The word so love-ly preach-ing,
 3. And so when harm approacheth, My soul no e-vil fear-eth,



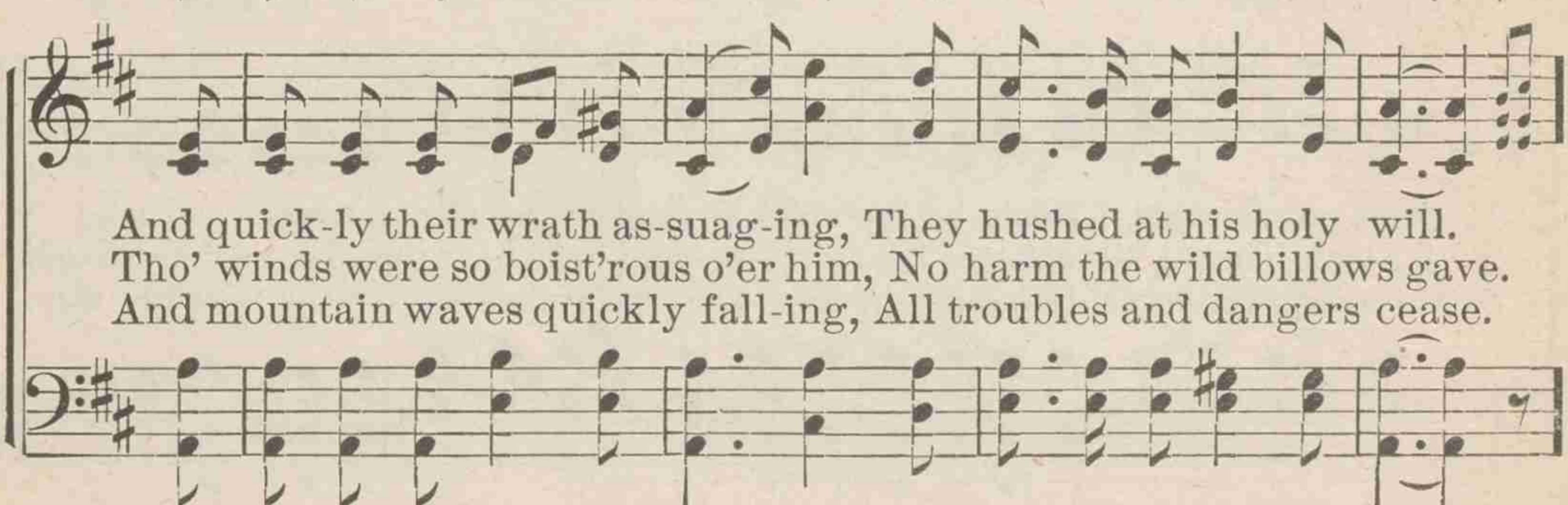
I seem to hear them say-ing, The Mas-ter we love to o-bey;
 The rip-plets said, up-reach-ing, The Mas-ter we love to o-bey;
 This faith my heart still cheereth, That all things my Lord doth control;



I seem to hear them say-ing, The Mas-ter we love to o-bey.
 The rip-plets said, up-reach-ing, The Mas-ter we love to o-bey.
 This faith my heart still cheer-eth, That all things my Lord doth control.



When tempests were wild-ly rag-ing, He gently said, "Peace! be still,"
 They gen-tly and safe-ly bore him While walking upon the wave,
 And then o'er the tem-pest call-ing, I hear his soft whisper, "Peace;"



And quick-ly their wrath as-suag-ing, They hushed at his holy will.
 Tho' winds were so boist'rous o'er him, No harm the wild billows gave.
 And mountain waves quickly fall-ing, All troubles and dangers cease.

He Cares for Me.

CHORUS.



Je-sus, my Saviour, who rules the sea, Calmeth the sea, still-eth the sea,



Je - sus, my Sav-iour, will care for me, Ev - er will care for me.



135

Thou Art My Shepherd.

M. E. THALHEIMER.

J. CRAMER.



1. Thou art my Shep-herd, Car - ing for all my need, Thy lit - tle
2. If thou wilt guide me, Glad - ly I'll go with thee: No harm can



lamb to feed, Trust-ing thee still. In the green pastures low,
come to me, Hold-ing thy hand. And soon my wea-ry feet,



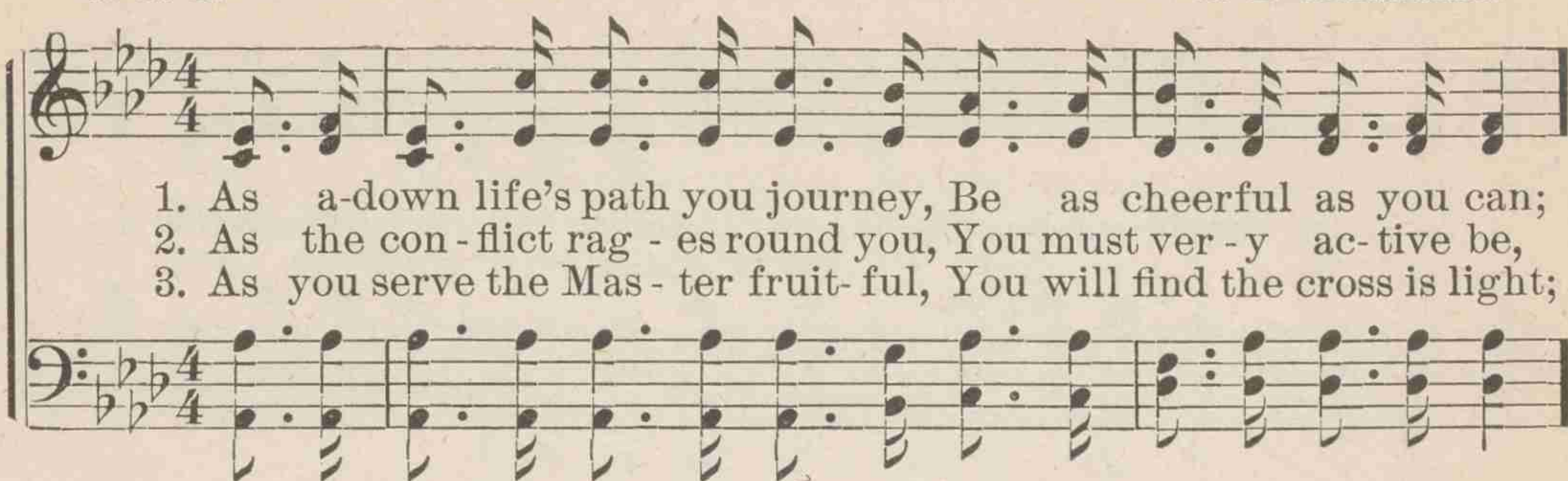
Where liv-ing waters flow, Safe by thy side I go, Fear-ing no ill.
Safe in the golden street, Where all who love thee meet, Redeemed shall stand.



136 Carry Sunshine In Your Heart.

J. R. B.

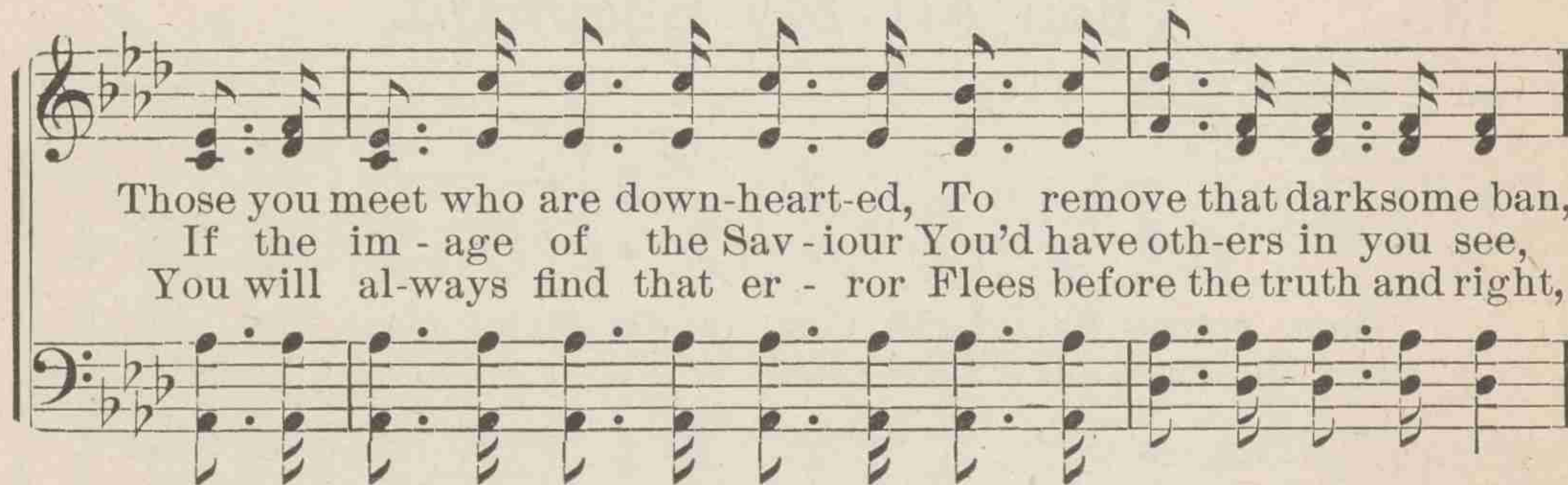
E. L. OZENDORFF.



1. As a-down life's path you journey, Be as cheerful as you can;
 2. As the con-flict rag-es round you, You must ver-y ac-tive be,
 3. As you serve the Mas-ter fruit-ful, You will find the cross is light;



Like a fount of sweet-est glad-ness, Love and bless your fellow man;
 Else the foes of truth and brightness, Cast their shadow o-ver thee;
 It dis-pels all gloom-y sor-row, Drives a-way the darkest night;



Those you meet who are down-heart-ed, To remove that darksome ban,
 If the im-age of the Sav-iour You'd have oth-ers in you see,
 You will al-ways find that er-ror Flees before the truth and right,



You must car-ry the bless-ed sun-shine in your heart.
 You must car-ry the bless-ed sun-shine in your heart.
 If you car-ry the bless-ed sun-shine in your heart.

CHORUS.



Carry the blessed sunshine in your heart, Car-ry the blessed
 Carry the blessed sun-shine, sunshine in your heart, 3

Carry Sunshine In Your Heart.

sunshine in your heart; If a blessing you would prove, And com-
sun - shine, sunshine in your heart;

mand the Saviour's love, You must carry the blessed sunshine in your heart,

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. There are triplet markings in the bass staff during the second line of music.

137

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. G.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine; For thee all the
2. I love thee, because thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a-

fol - lies of sin I re-sign; My gra-cious Re-deem-er, my
par-don on Cal-va-ry's tree; I love thee for wear-ing the
long as thou lend-est me breath; And say, when the death-dew lies
dore thee in heav-en so bright; I'll sing with the glit-ter-ing

Sav-iour art thou; If ev-er I loved thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.
thorns on thy brow; If ev-er I loved thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev-er I loved thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev-er I loved thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The score includes four numbered verses of lyrics.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.
Unison throughout.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Ban-ners waving proudly o'er us, Voic-es swelling loud the cho-rus,
 2. To the na-tions slow-ly waking, Lands their i-dol gods for-sak-ing,
 3. Join us in our good en-deav-or, On we'll go and fal-ter nev-er,

Hope the way makes bright before us, Vict'ry, vic-t'ry ours shall be.
 We the light of life are tak-ing, Vict'ry, vic-t'ry ours shall be.
 'Tis the cause of God for-ev-er, Vict'ry, vic-t'ry ours shall be.

CHORUS.

March-ing, march-ing, cheer-i-ly the bu-gle sound-ing,

March-ing, march-ing, read-y we to meet the foe;

March-ing, march-ing, light-ly ev-'ry heart is

Victory Ours Shall Be.

bound - ing, Je - sus is our Cap - tain, as we on - ward go.

139 Bring Them to the Sunday-School.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.
Unison.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. While we're gathered here in happy throng, While our voices join in joyful song,
2. Go and find the lost ones from the fold, Find the lambs that perish in the cold;
3. O the many snares that Satan spreads, O the many wicked paths he leads;
4. Eyes there are bedimmed with many a tear, Souls that sink in sin and sorrow here;

O so man-y children i - dly stray, O so man-y take the downward way.
Bring them here where all is warm and sweet, Bring them to the blessed Saviour's feet.
Save the children from the wiles of sin, To the Father's house go bring them in.
Reach a helping hand ere they go down, Save the jewels for the Master's crown.

CHORUS, in Harmony.

Bring them, bring the wand'ring ones, Bring them here and give them kindest welcome;
Bring, O bring the wand'ring ones, Bring and give them kindest welcome;

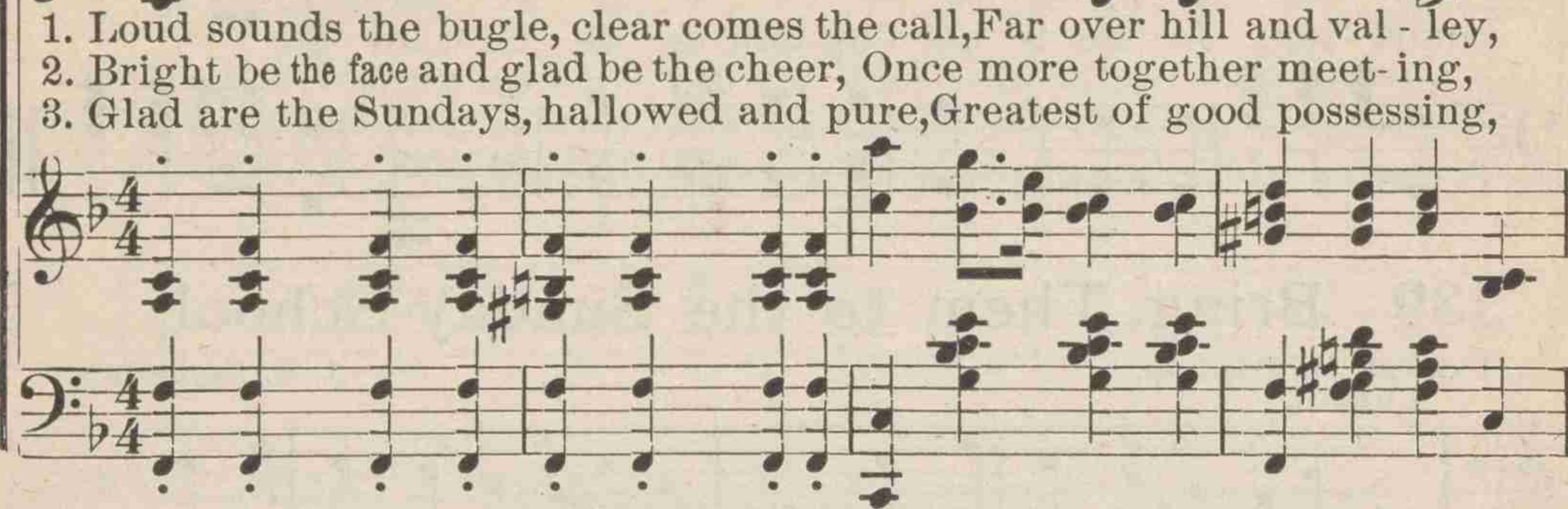
Bring them, bring the tho'tless ones, Bring them to the Sunday-School.
Bring, O bring the tho't-less ones, the Sunday-School.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.
Unison.

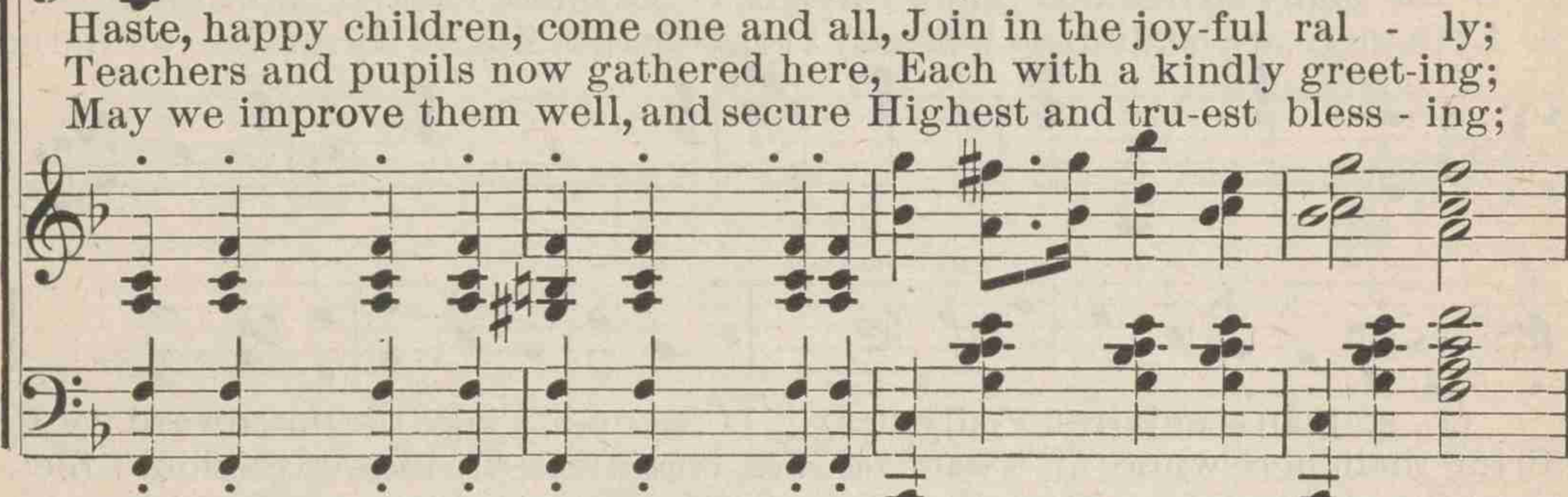
DONZIETTI. Arr. by J. H. F.



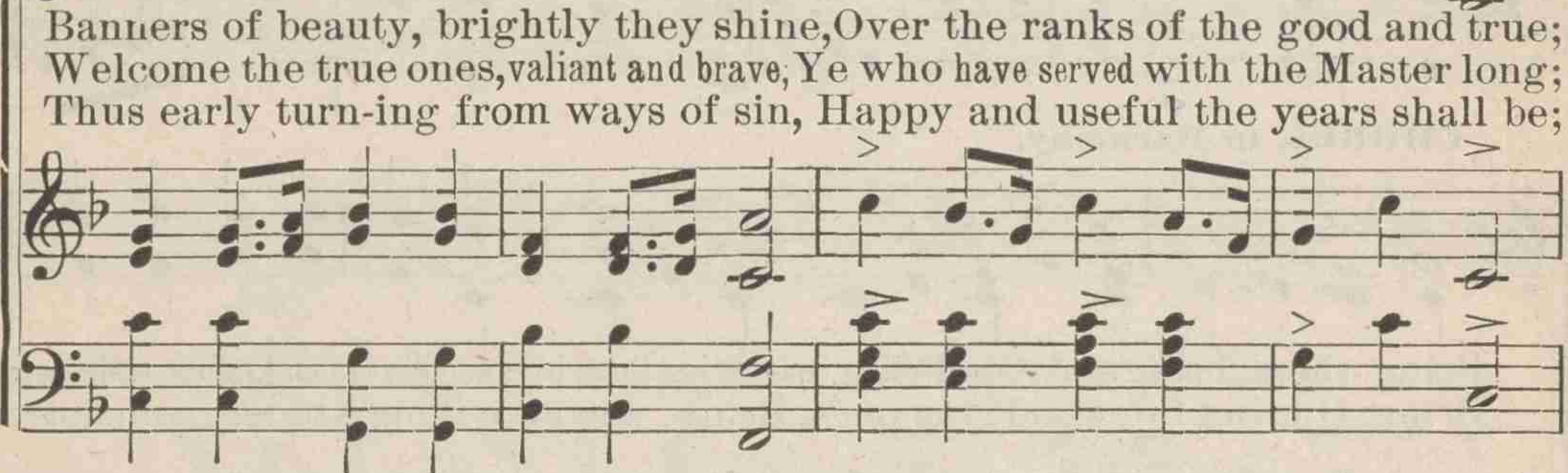
1. Loud sounds the bugle, clear comes the call, Far over hill and val - ley,
2. Bright be the face and glad be the cheer, Once more together meet - ing,
3. Glad are the Sundays, hallowed and pure, Greatest of good possessing,




Haste, happy children, come one and all, Join in the joy - ful ral - ly;
Teachers and pupils now gathered here, Each with a kindly greet - ing;
May we improve them well, and secure Highest and tru - est bless - ing;




Banners of beauty, brightly they shine, Over the ranks of the good and true;
Welcome the true ones, valiant and brave, Ye who have served with the Master long;
Thus early turn - ing from ways of sin, Happy and useful the years shall be;




Soldiers of du - ty, now in the line Form we for truth and for vic - t'ry.
Welcome the new ones, grace may ye have, As in his name we go forward
Thus ever learning, truth we shall win, Reigning with Jesus for - ev - er.



Loud Sounds the Bugle.

CHORUS.

Hark to the bu-gle calling away, Sweetly the strains re-sound - ing,

The first system of the chorus consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (F major). It contains the lyrics "Hark to the bu-gle calling away, Sweetly the strains re-sound - ing,". The bottom three staves are piano accompaniment, with the second and third staves being grand staves (treble and bass clefs). The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with triplets indicated by a '3' over the notes.

Haste, happy children, gather to-day, Come, O come, while the rally is sounding.

The second system of the chorus consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (F major). It contains the lyrics "Haste, happy children, gather to-day, Come, O come, while the rally is sounding." The bottom three staves are piano accompaniment, with the second and third staves being grand staves (treble and bass clefs). The piano part continues the rhythmic pattern from the first system, with triplets indicated by a '3' over the notes.

Omit after 2d verse. D.C. Use for Fine.

The final system of the chorus consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (F major). It contains the lyrics "Omit after 2d verse. D.C. Use for Fine." The bottom three staves are piano accompaniment, with the second and third staves being grand staves (treble and bass clefs). The piano part concludes the piece with a final chord and a double bar line.

141 Jesus is All the World to Me.

W. L. T.

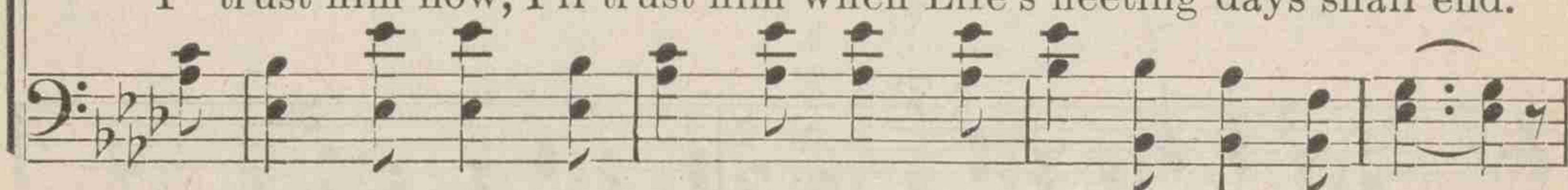
WILL L. THOMPSON.



1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
 2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
 3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to him I'll be;
 4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;




He is my strength from day to day, Without him I would fall.
 I go to him for blessings and He gives them o'er and o'er.
 O how could I this friend de - ny, When he's so true to me?
 I trust him now, I'll trust him when Life's fleeting days shall end.




When I am sad, to him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
 He sends the sunshine and the rain, He sends the harvest's golden grain;
 Fol - low - ing him I know I'm right, He watches o'er me day and night;
 Beau - ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau - ti - ful life that has no end;

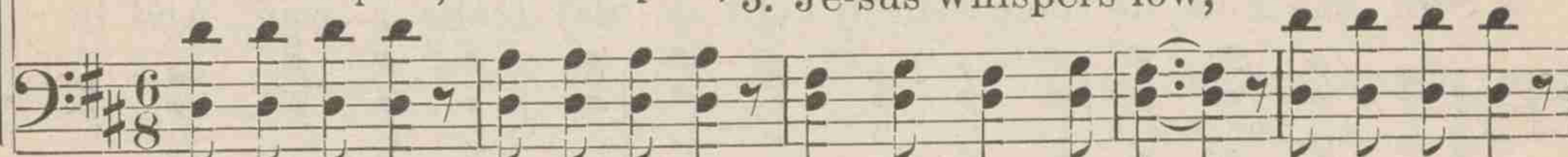
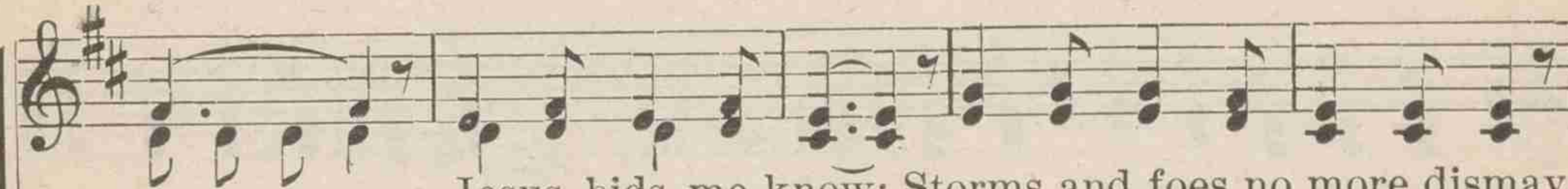



When I am sad, he makes me glad, He's my friend.
 Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my friend.
 Fol - low - ing him, by day and night, He's my friend.
 E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.





Peace,..... Peace,..... 1. Je-sus whispers low, Peace,.....
 Won-der-ful peace, Wonderful peace, 2. His the gift a-lone, Won-der-ful peace,
 3. Je-sus whispers low,

Peace,.... Jesus bids me know; Storms and foes no more dismay,
 Wonderful peace, Blessing all his own; Peace the world can not bestow,
 Jesus bids me know; For my sighs he gives a psalm,




Naught can fright his love a-way, Peace he gives me day by day,
 Peace the world can never know, Peace that day by day shall grow,
 For my tears a vic-tor's palm, Out of storm he brings a calm,




Jesus gives me peace; Peace,.... Peace,.... Jesus gives me
 Jesus gives me peace; Wonderful peace, Wonderful peace, Jesus gives me
 Jesus gives me peace; Jesus gives me




peace, Peace he gives me day by day, Je-sus gives me peace.
 peace, Peace that day by day shall grow, Je-sus gives me peace.
 peace, Out of storm he brings a calm, Je-sus gives me peace.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. There's a gen-tle voice with-in calls a-way (calls a-way), 'Tis a
 2. He has promised all my sins to for-give (to for-give), If I
 3. I will try to bear the cross in my youth (in my youth), And be
 4. Still the gen-tle voice with-in calls a-way (calls a-way), And its

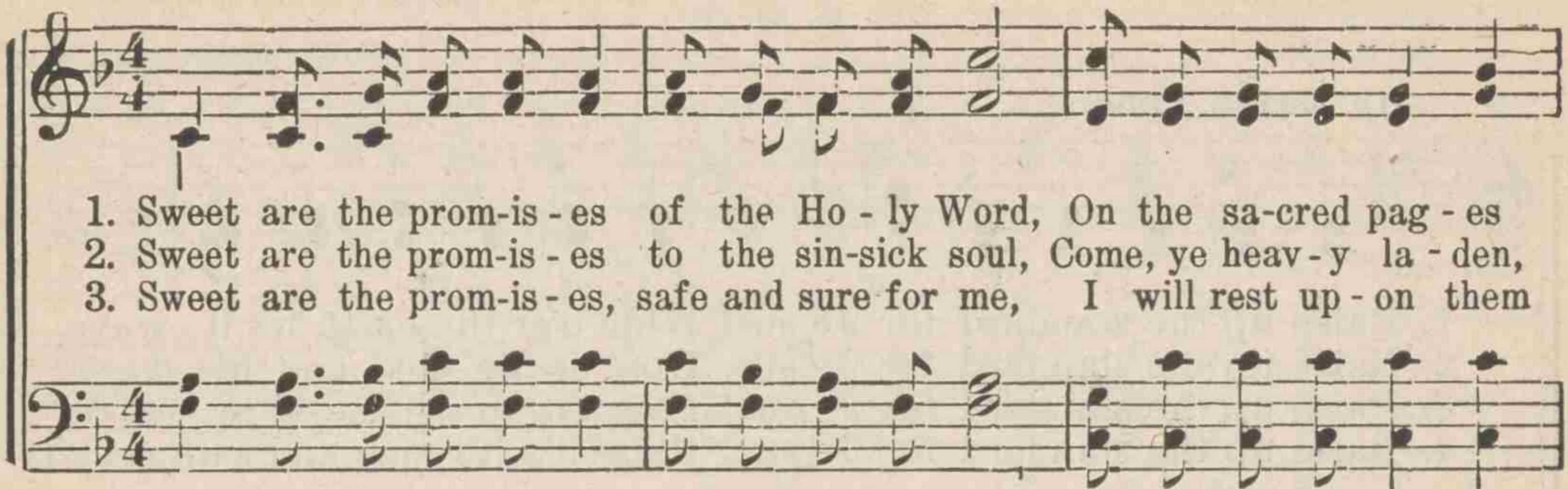
warning I have heard o'er and o'er (o'er and o'er); But my heart is melted
 ask in sim-ple faith for his love (for his love); In his ho-ly word I
 faith-ful to its cause till I die (till I die); If with cheerful step I
 warning I have heard o'er and o'er (o'er and o'er); But my heart is melted

now, I o-bey (I o-bey); From my Saviour I will wander no more.
 learn how to live (how to live), And to la-bor for his kingdom a-bove.
 walk in the truth (in the truth), I shall wear a star-ry crown by and by.
 now, I o-bey (I o-bey); From my Saviour I will wander no more.

CHORUS.

Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je-sus I will go and be saved;

Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je-sus I will go and be saved.



1. Sweet are the prom-is-es of the Ho-ly Word, On the sa-cred pag-es
 2. Sweet are the prom-is-es to the sin-sick soul, Come, ye heav-y la-den,
 3. Sweet are the prom-is-es, safe and sure for me, I will rest up-on them

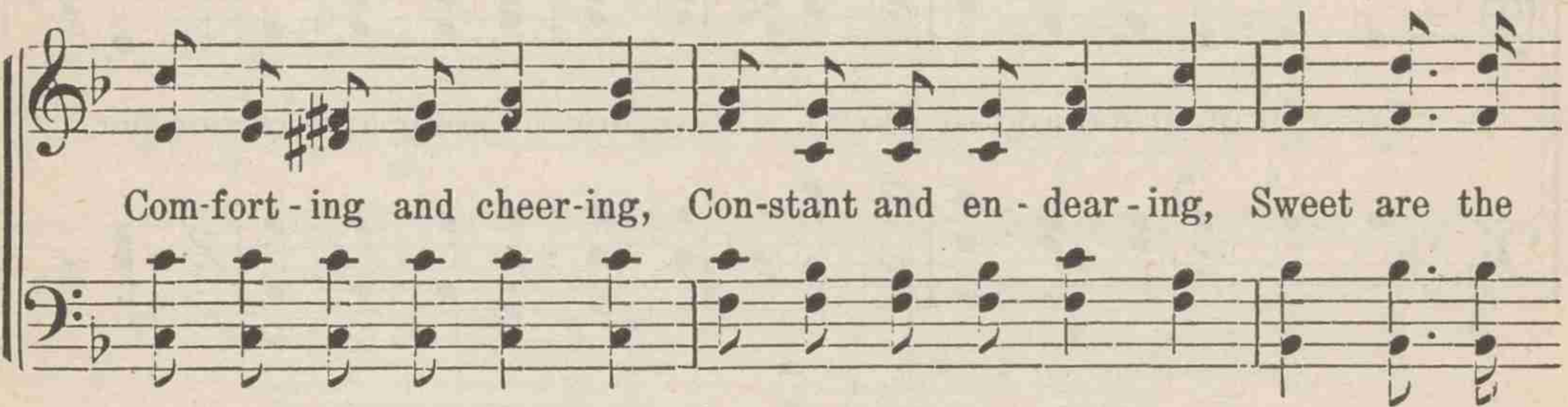


how they bright-ly shine; Blest the as-sur-an-ces of my gracious Lord,
 come, ye sore distressed, Here flows the healing fount, come and be made whole;
 what-so-e'er may come, Speaks He so ten-der-ly, "I will care for thee,"

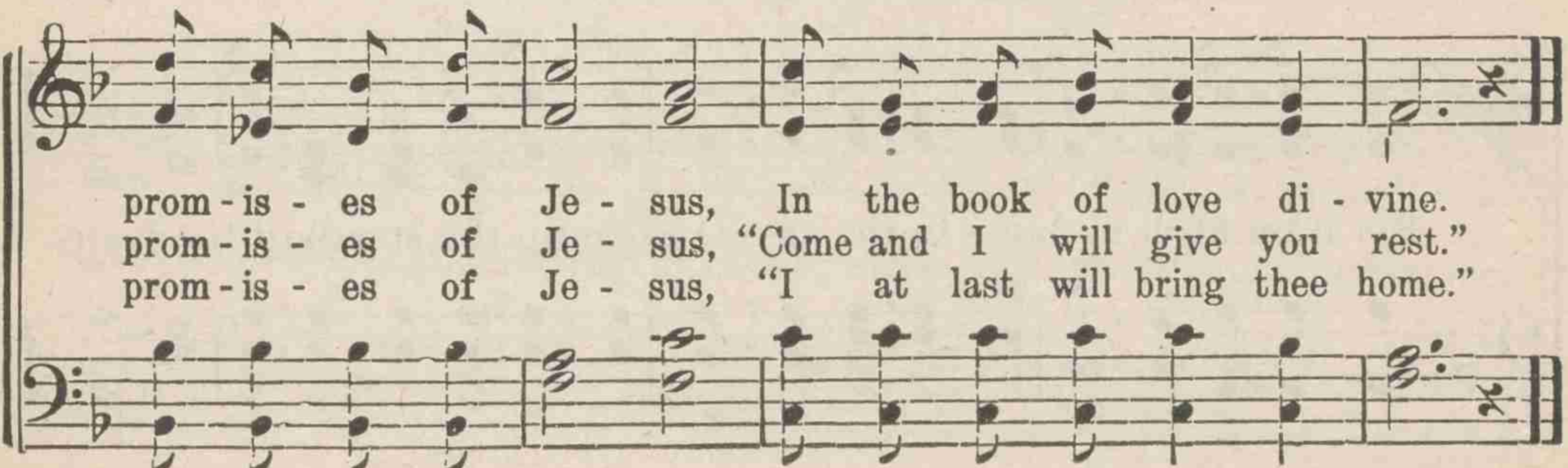
CHORUS.



In the book of love di-vine. Sweet are the prom-is-es of Je-sus,
 Come and I will give you rest. Sweet are the prom-is-es of Je-sus,
 "I at last will bring you home." Sweet are the prom-is-es of Je-sus,



Com-fort-ing and cheer-ing, Con-stant and en-dear-ing, Sweet are the



prom-is-es of Je-sus, In the book of love di-vine.
 prom-is-es of Je-sus, "Come and I will give you rest."
 prom-is-es of Je-sus, "I at last will bring thee home."

145 Raise Up the Standard for Jesus.

W. F. M.

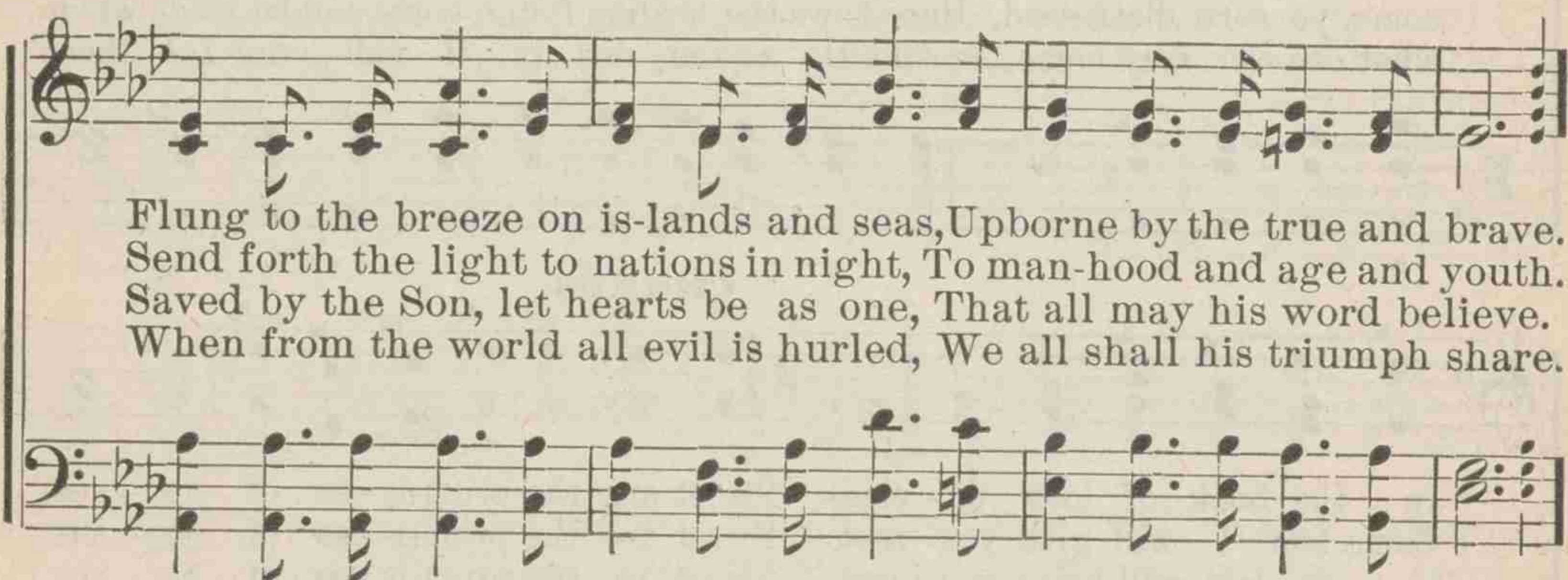
Is. 49: 22.

W. F. McCauley.

In March Time.

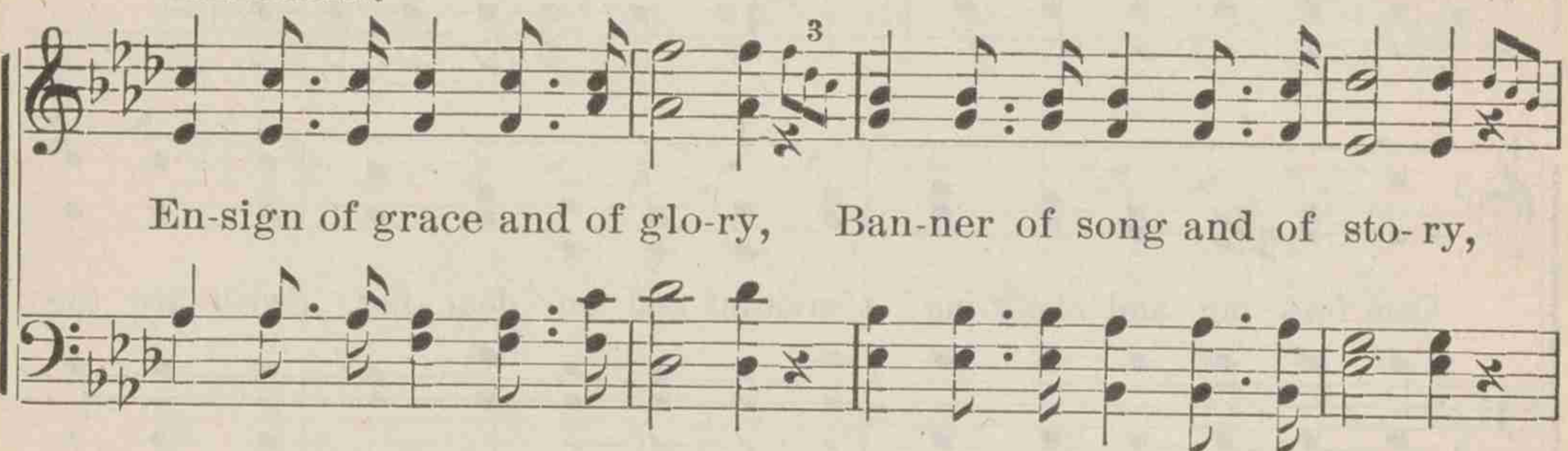


1. Raise up the standard for Je-sus! Wide o'er the earth let it wave,
 2. Raise up the standard for Je-sus, Hon-or-ing God and his truth!
 3. Raise up the standard for Je-sus! Pow-er to wit-ness re-ceive!
 4. Raise up the standard for Je-sus! Raise it with song and with pray'r!

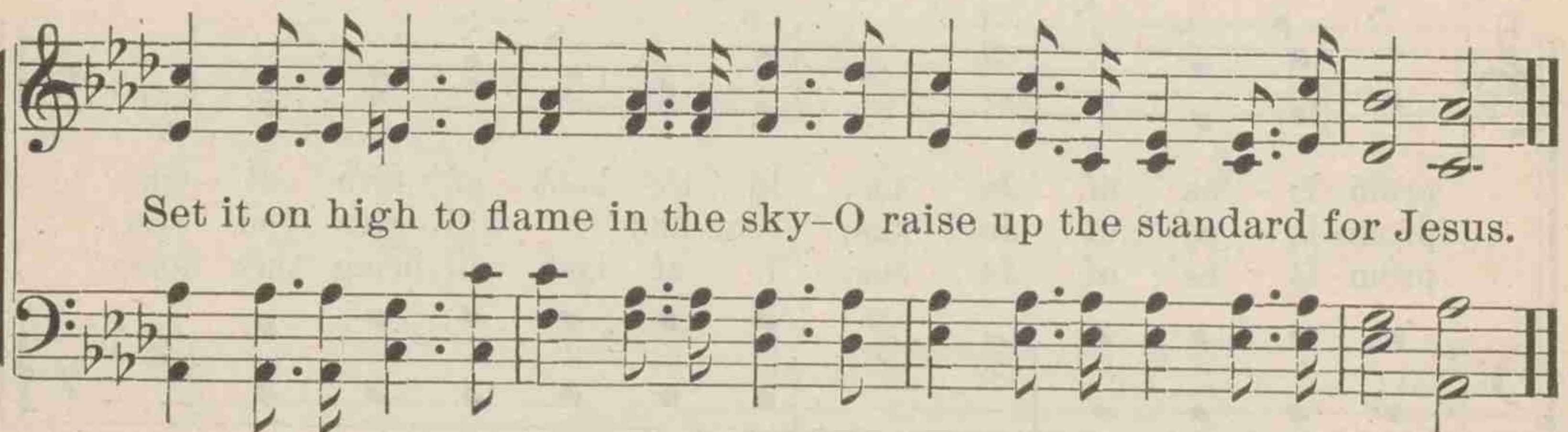


Flung to the breeze on is-lands and seas, Upborne by the true and brave.
 Send forth the light to nations in night, To man-hood and age and youth.
 Saved by the Son, let hearts be as one, That all may his word believe.
 When from the world all evil is hurled, We all shall his triumph share.

REFRAIN.



En-sign of grace and of glo-ry, Ban-ner of song and of sto-ry,

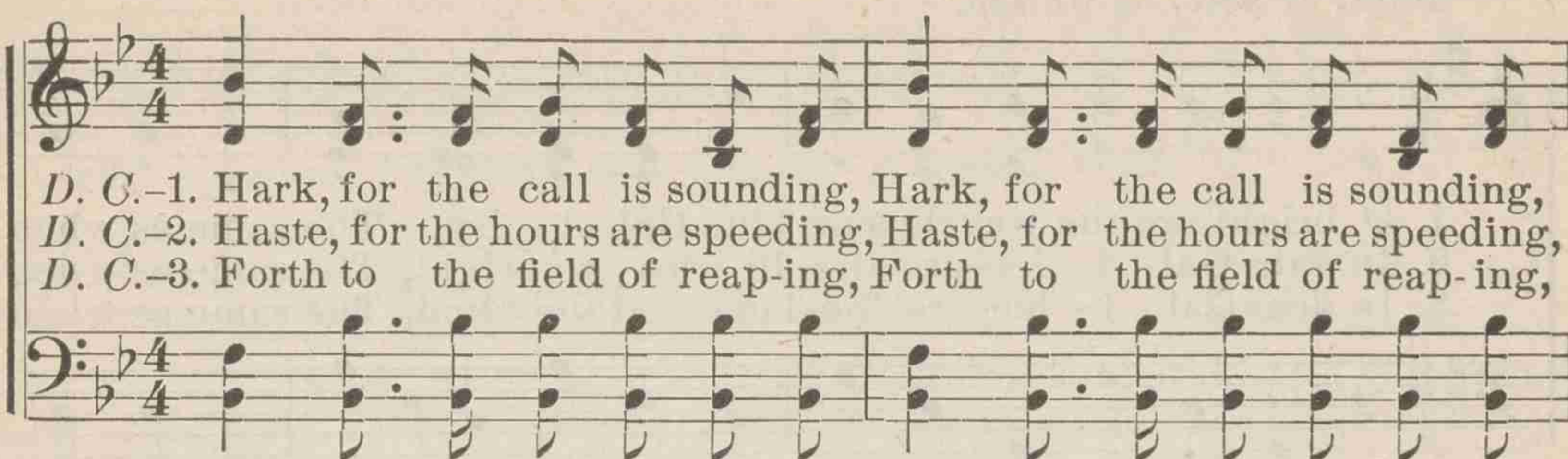


Set it on high to flame in the sky—O raise up the standard for Jesus.

146 Hark, For the Call Is Sounding.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

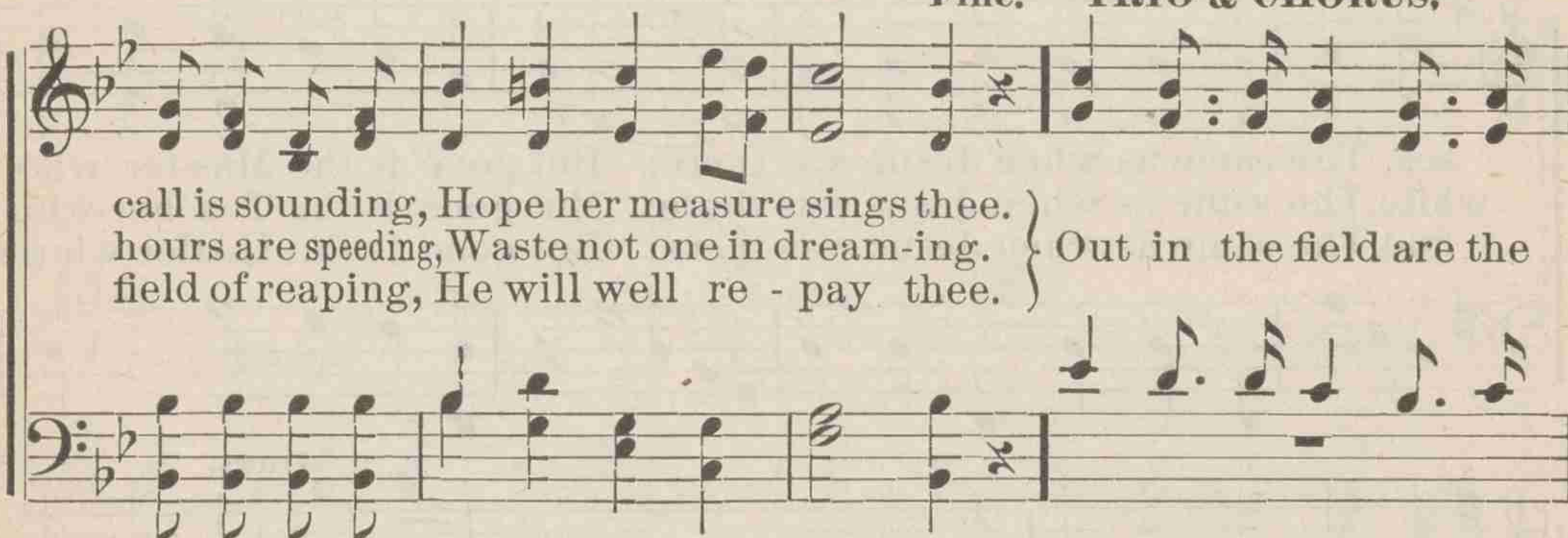


D. C.-1. Hark, for the call is sounding, Hark, for the call is sounding,
 D. C.-2. Haste, for the hours are speeding, Haste, for the hours are speeding,
 D. C.-3. Forth to the field of reap-ing, Forth to the field of reap-ing,

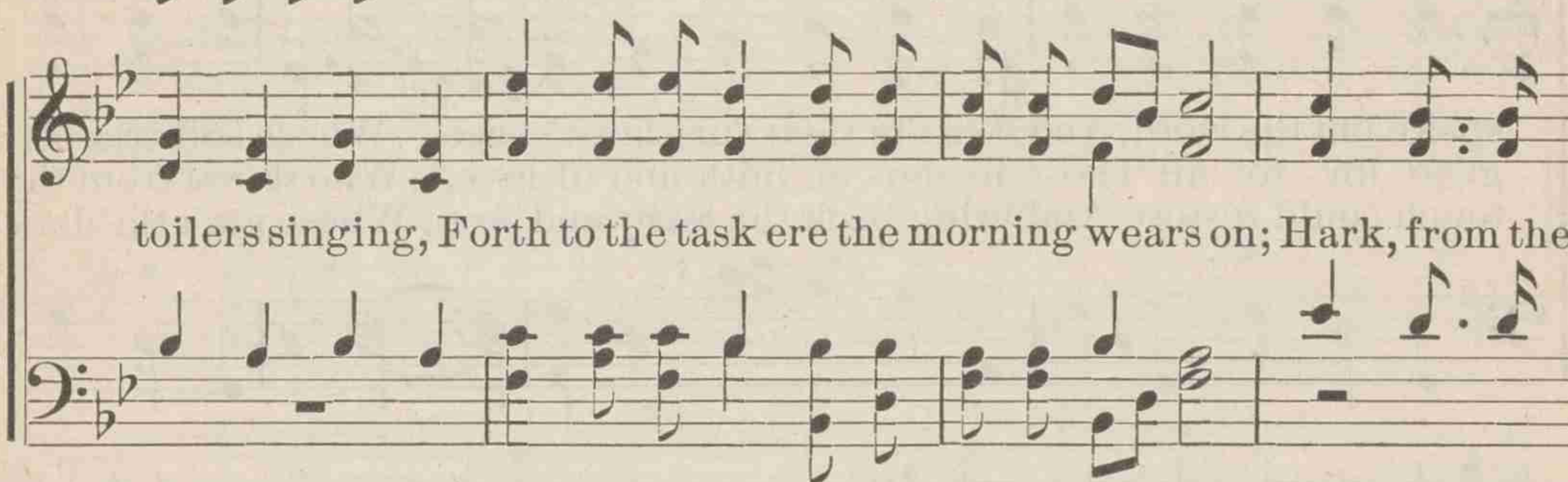


List the word it brings thee; Hearts are with pleasure bounding; Hark, for the
 Forth while morn is beaming; Christ is for toilers pleading; Haste, for the
 Let no fear de - lay thee; Je - sus account is keeping; Forth to the

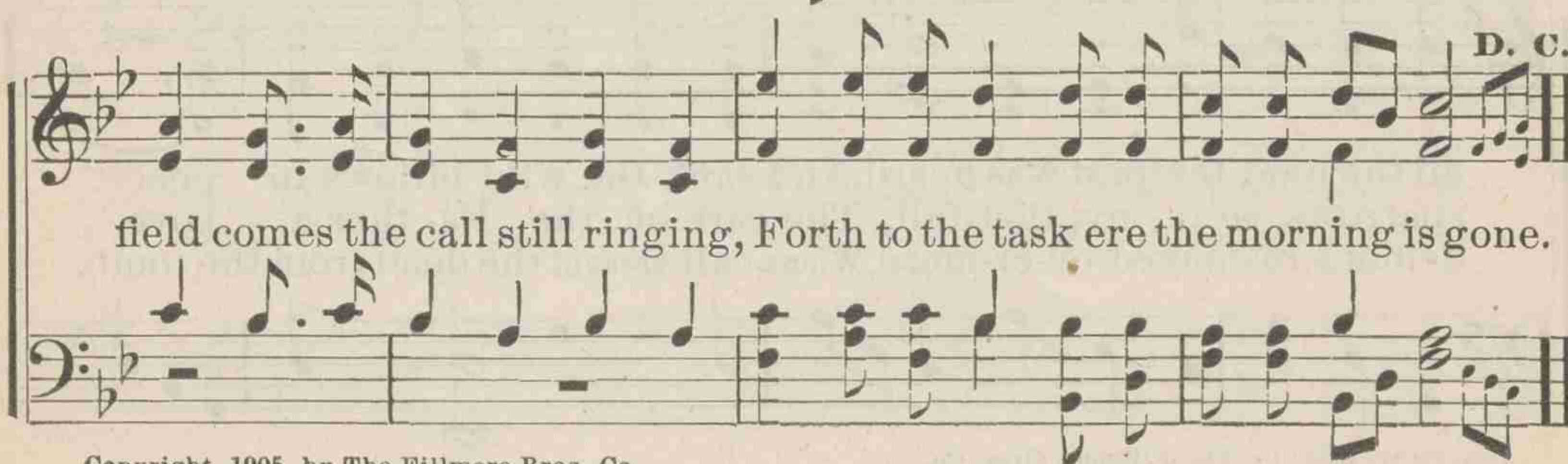
Fine. TRIO & CHORUS,



call is sounding, Hope her measure sings thee.
 hours are speeding, Waste not one in dream-ing. } Out in the field are the
 field of reaping, He will well re - pay thee.



toilers singing, Forth to the task ere the morning wears on; Hark, from the



field comes the call still ringing, Forth to the task ere the morning is gone.

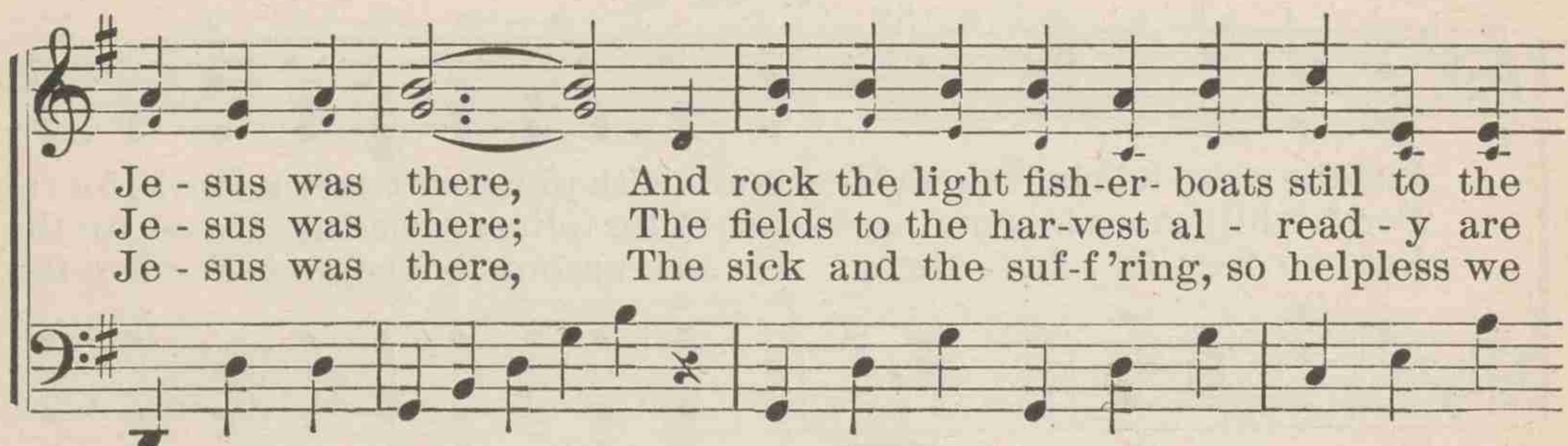
PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

Duet, or Solo, or Unison.

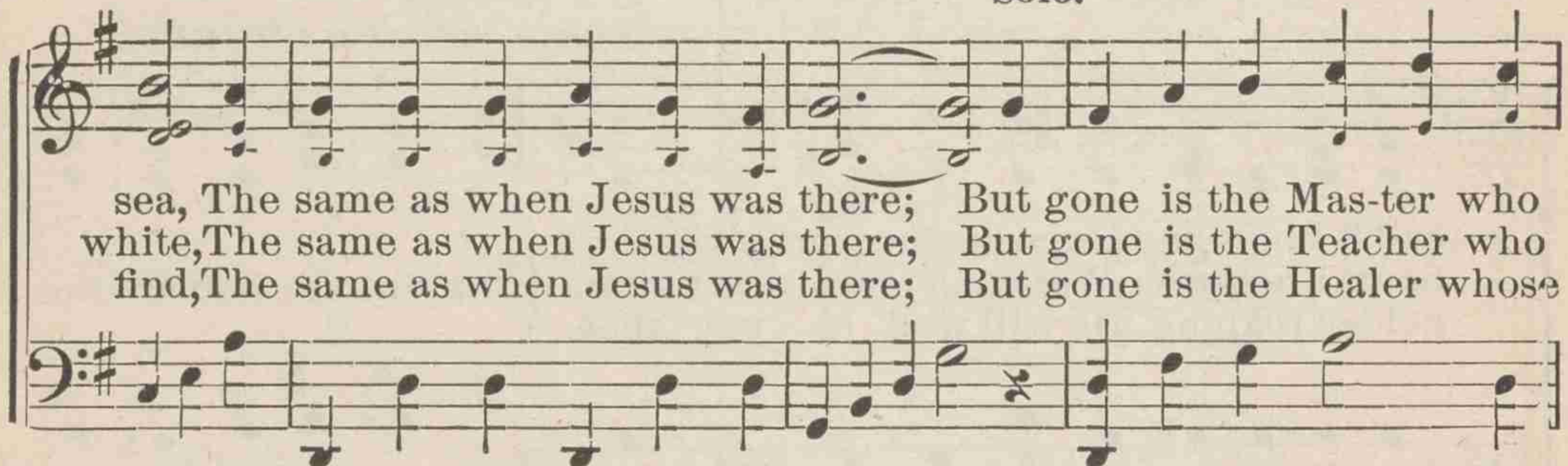


1. O bright are the wavelets on blue Gal - i - lee, The same as when
 2. In fair Gal - i - lee are the lil - ies so bright, The same as when
 3. In dear Gal - i - lee are the lame and the blind, The same as when



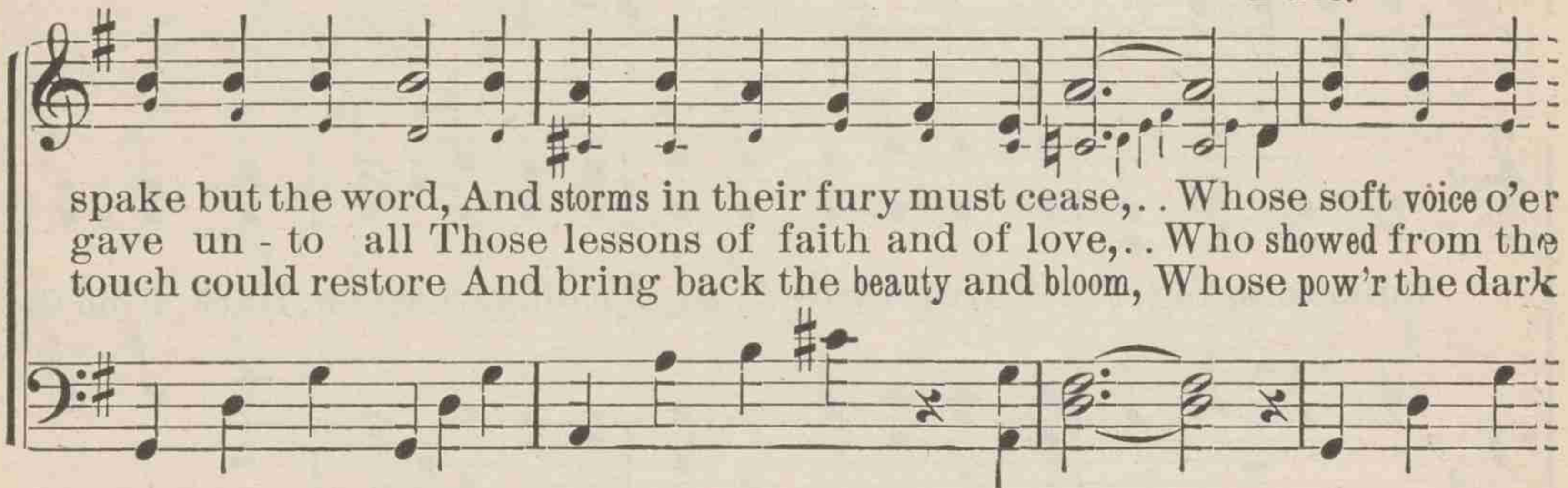
Je - sus was there, And rock the light fish-er-boats still to the
 Je - sus was there; The fields to the har-vest al - read - y are
 Je - sus was there, The sick and the suf-f'ring, so helpless we

Solo.

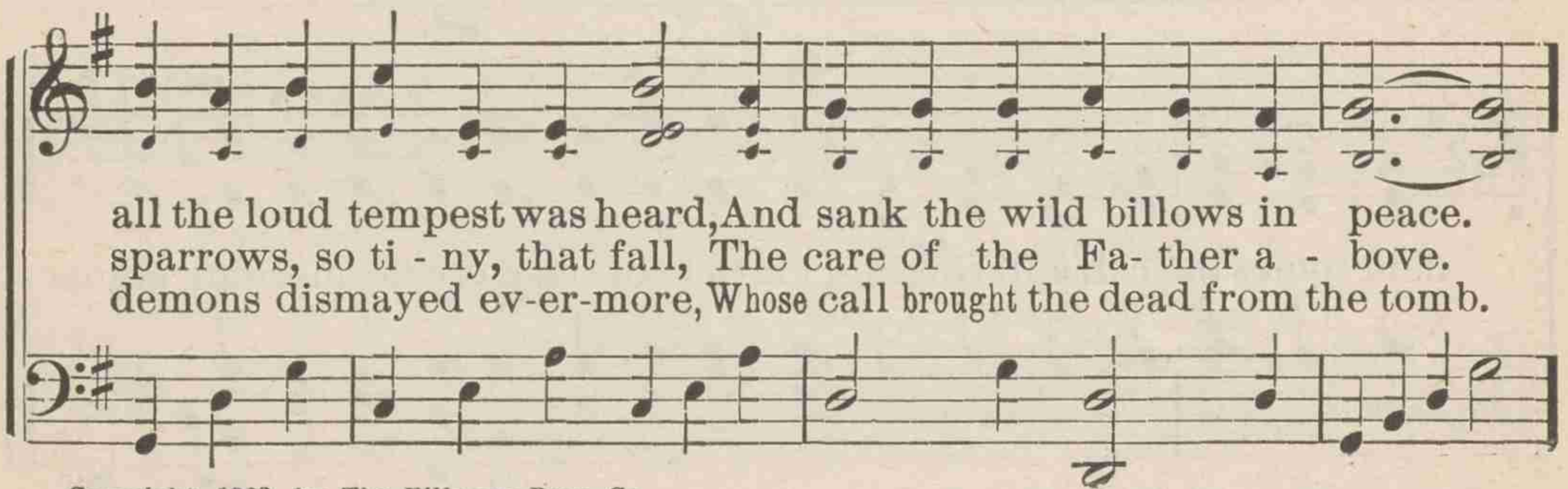


sea, The same as when Jesus was there; But gone is the Mas-ter who
 white, The same as when Jesus was there; But gone is the Teacher who
 find, The same as when Jesus was there; But gone is the Healer whose

Duet.



spake but the word, And storms in their fury must cease, . . . Whose soft voice o'er
 gave un - to all Those lessons of faith and of love, . . . Who showed from the
 touch could restore And bring back the beauty and bloom, Whose pow'r the dark



all the loud tempest was heard, And sank the wild billows in peace.
 sparrows, so ti - ny, that fall, The care of the Fa-ther a - bove.
 demons dismayed ev-er-more, Whose call brought the dead from the tomb.

When Jesus Was There.

CHORUS.

The chil-dren he took and gen-tly ca-ressed, When with us he
dwelt here be - low:..... The chil-dren so hap - py, the
chil - dren so blest Who lived in the dear long a - go....

148

Saviour, Teach Me.

JANE E. LEESON.

C. M. VON WEBER.

1. Saviour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les-son to o - bey;
2. With a child-like heart of love, At thy bid - ding may I move;
3. Teach me all thy steps to trace, Strong to fol - low in thy grace;
4. Love in lov-ing finds em-ploy—In o - be - dience all her joy;
Sweet-er les - son can not be—Lov-ing him who first loved me.
Prompt to serve and fol-low thee—Lov-ing him who first loved me.
Learning how to love from thee—Lov-ing him who first loved me.
Ev - er new that joy will be—Lov-ing him who first loved me.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. I am dreaming now of heav-en, Dreaming of the Home Be - yond,
 2. There are songs I can - not ut - ter, Float-ing on the tide of dreams,
 3. There are gold-en mists of glo - ry, 'Round about my soul to - day,

For I hear the dear ones yon - der Call-ing me with voi - ces fond.
 And the world of light and mus - ic, Near and ev - er near - er seems;
 And I know the land im - mor - tal Nev - er can be far a - way;

When a hush is on my spir - it, I can hear them bid me "Come!"
 Till I fan - cy I shall fol - low, As the voice doth bid me "Come!"
 So I lis - ten to the voi - ces, As they soft - ly bid me "Come!"

And my heart goes out in ten - der long - ing, Dreaming, I am

D.S.—And my heart goes out in ten - der long - ing, Dreaming, I am

dreaming, Dreaming of my home. I am dream - ing of my
 I am dreaming of my

dreaming, Dreaming of my home.

Copyright, 1905, by The Fillmore Bros. Co.

I'm Dreaming Now of Heaven.

D. S.



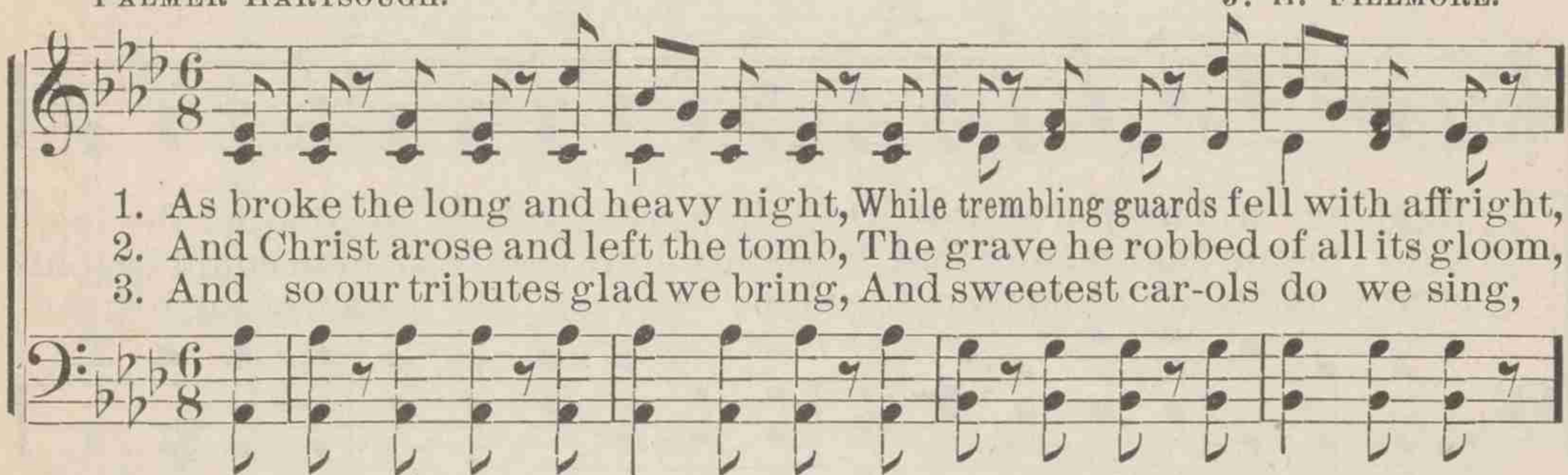
home, I am dream - ing of my home;
home, heav'nly home, I am dreaming of my home, heav'nly home;

150

The Resurrection Day.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

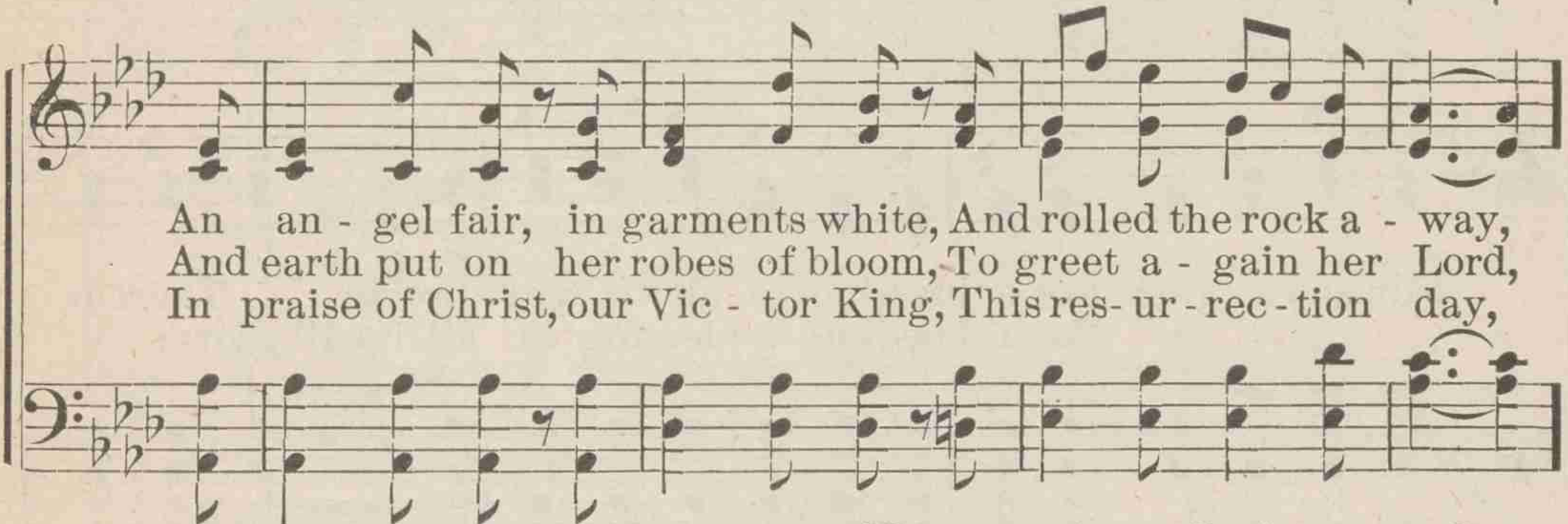
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. As broke the long and heavy night, While trembling guards fell with affright,
2. And Christ arose and left the tomb, The grave he robbed of all its gloom,
3. And so our tributes glad we bring, And sweetest car-ols do we sing,

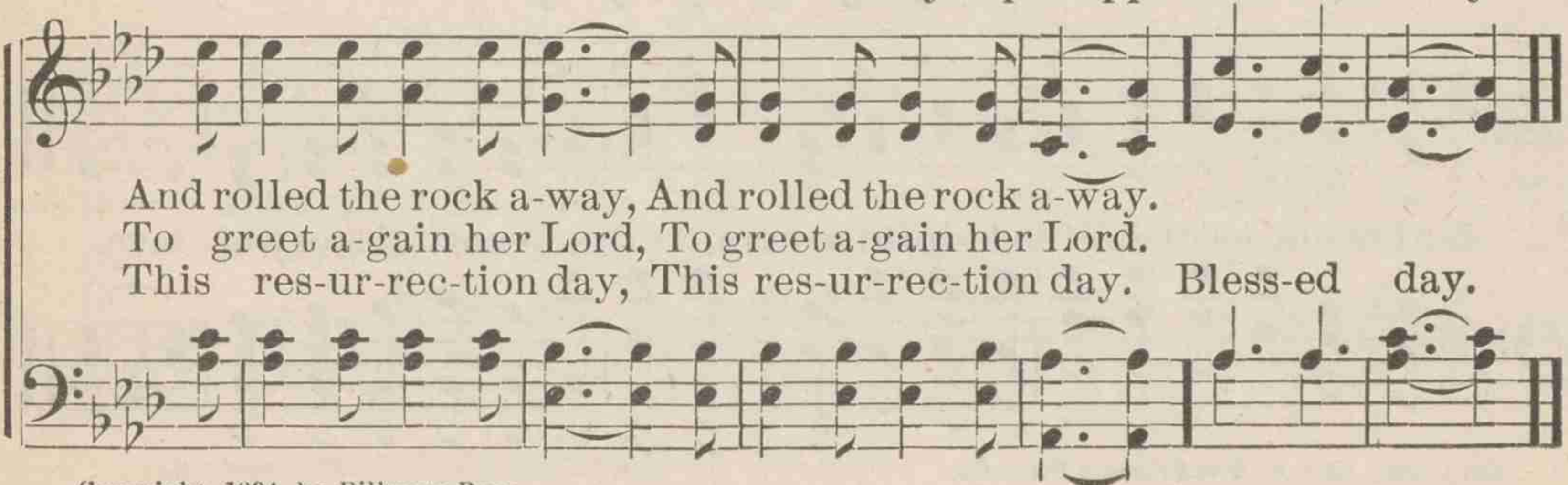


An an - gel fair, in garments white, Came down where Jesus lay;
And earth put on her robes of bloom, To greet a - gain her Lord;
In praise of Christ, our Vic - tor King, This res-ur - rec - tion day;



An an - gel fair, in garments white, And rolled the rock a - way,
And earth put on her robes of bloom, To greet a - gain her Lord,
In praise of Christ, our Vic - tor King, This res-ur - rec - tion day,

May repeat pp. Last verse only.



And rolled the rock a-way, And rolled the rock a-way.
To greet a-gain her Lord, To greet a-gain her Lord.
This res-ur-rec-tion day, This res-ur-rec-tion day. Bless-ed day.

JAMES ROWE.

IRA B. WILSON.

1. Oh, tell the sweet sto-ry wher-ev - er you go, For nothing can
 2. So man - y there are by the tempter controlled, Whose souls might be
 3. Far down in the val-leys, where life is so drear, Where souls live in

light-en a bur-den of woe, Or help a weak spir-it to conquer the foe,
 led to the shel-ter-ing fold, If plainly and sweetly to them could be told
 sorrow and trouble and fear, Are many who long have been waiting to hear

CHORUS.

Like the sto-ry of Je - sus' love.
 The sweet story of Je - sus' love.
 The sweet story of Je - sus' love. } Yes, tell it and sing it a-

gain and a - gain, For a blessing to all it will prove;..... There is
 For a blessing, a blessing to all it will prove;

nothing on earth half so helpful to man, As this beautiful story of love.

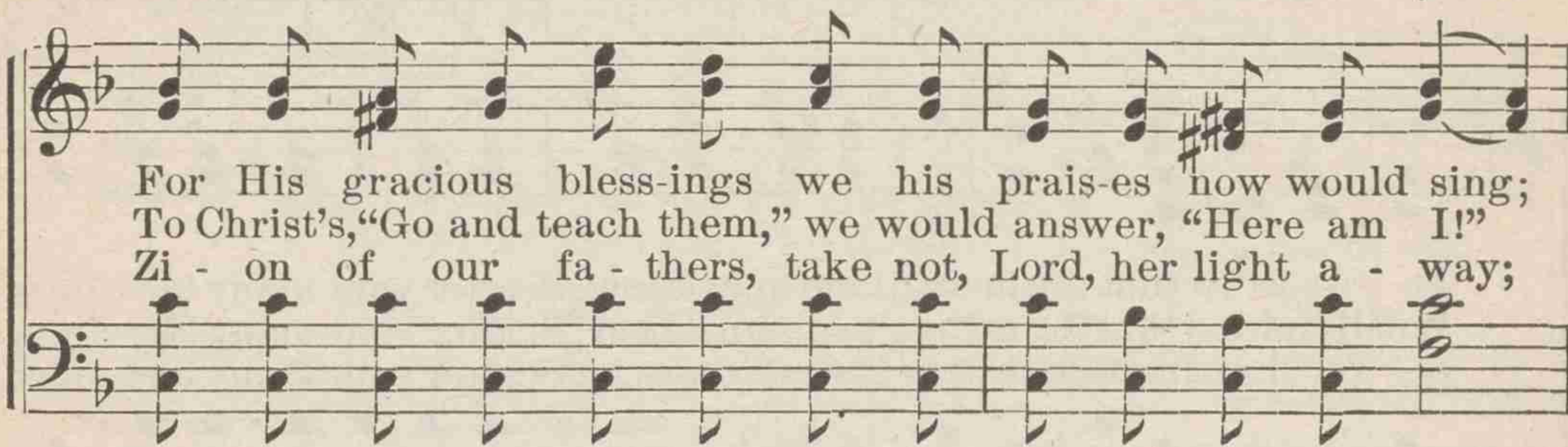
152 All and Always for the King.

J. H. K.

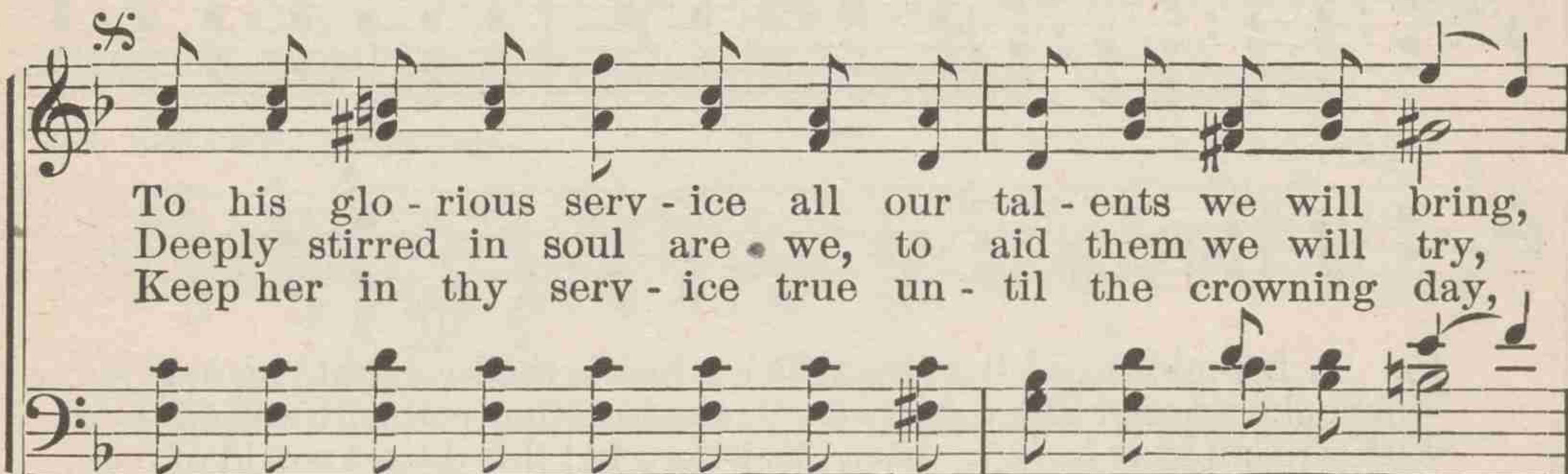
Rev. J. H. KEAGLE.



1. We are friends of Je - sus, "all and al - ways for the King;"
 2. Hear the cry of an - guish, "Come and help us ere we die!"
 3. Loy - al to our Zi - on, bless - ings on her we will pray;



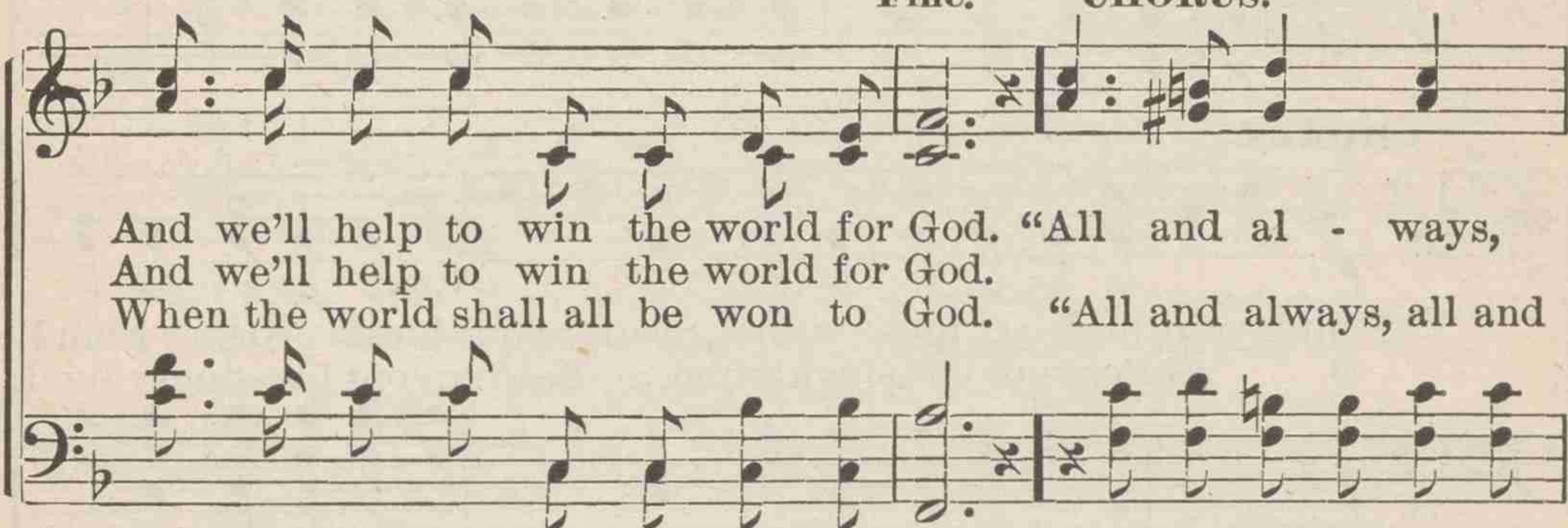
For His gracious bless - ings we his prais - es now would sing;
 To Christ's, "Go and teach them," we would answer, "Here am I!"
 Zi - on of our fa - thers, take not, Lord, her light a - way;



To his glo - rious serv - ice all our tal - ents we will bring,
 Deeply stirred in soul are we, to aid them we will try,
 Keep her in thy serv - ice true un - til the crowning day,

D.S.—To his glo - rious serv - ice all our tal - ents we will bring,

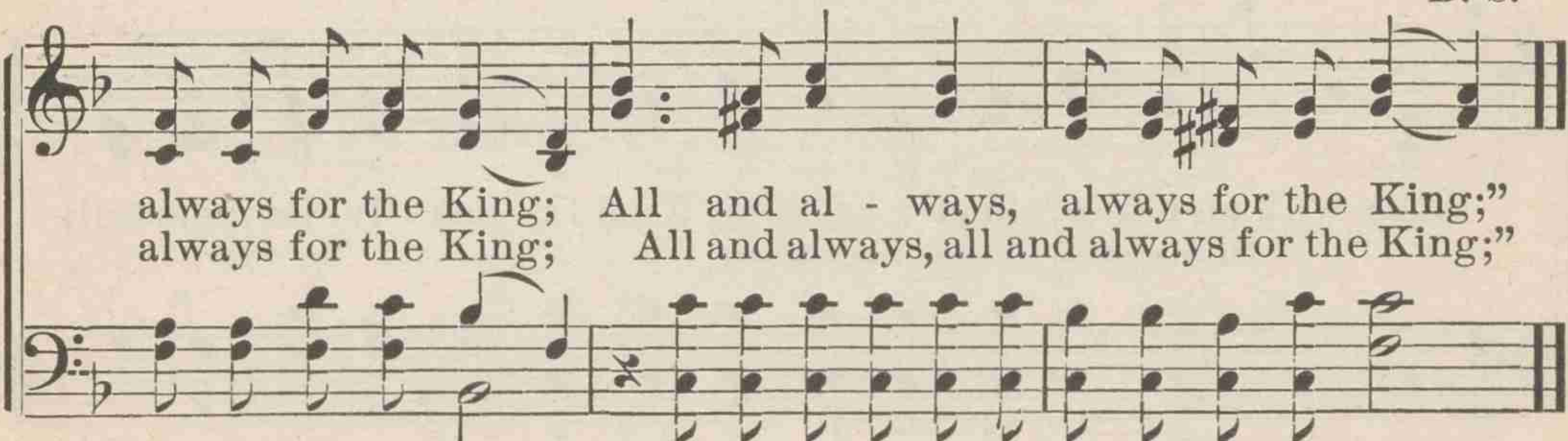
Fine. CHORUS.



And we'll help to win the world for God. "All and al - ways,
 And we'll help to win the world for God.
 When the world shall all be won to God. "All and always, all and

And we'll help to win the world for God.

D. S.



always for the King; All and al - ways, always for the King;"
 always for the King; All and always, all and always for the King;"

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Scatter your man-y blessings to the ones you hold so dear, There may
2. Scatter your man-y blessings to the need-y all a-round, Bur-dens
3. Scatter your man-y blessings, how it light-ens up the heart, How in



be a sorrow that the heart alone may know; Scatter your many blessings,
it will lighten that the suff'ring poor must bear; Scatter your many blessings
o - ver-flow-ing tide the joy of God comes in; Scatter your many blessings,



for a friend is need-ing cheer, Price-less is the love that you may show.
where the woes of life a-bound, O the joys that you will waken there.
with the an-gels have a part, Making glad this desert world of sin.



CHORUS.



Scatter your bless - ings round, Scatter your bless - ings round;
O scatter your blessings round, Scatter your blessings round;



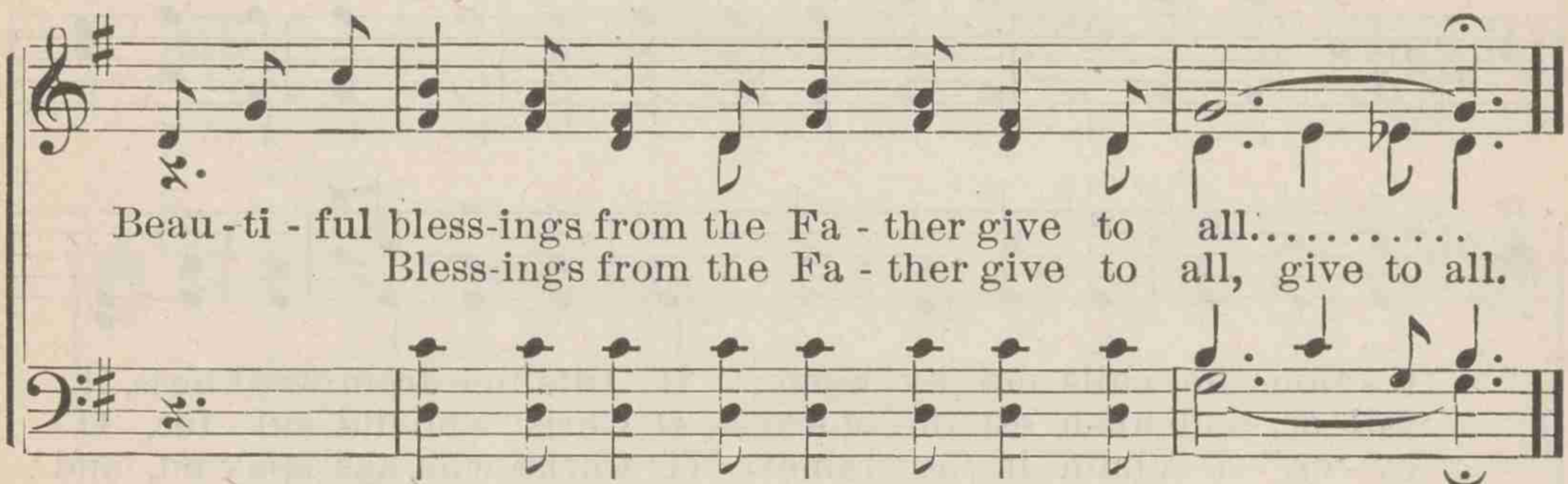
Share with an-oth-er, cheer a broth-er, Kind-ly, gen-tly let them fall;
Share, and cheer a broth-er,



Scatter Your Blessings.



Scat-ter your bless - ings round, Scat-ter your bless - ings round;
O scatter your blessings round, Scatter your blessings round;

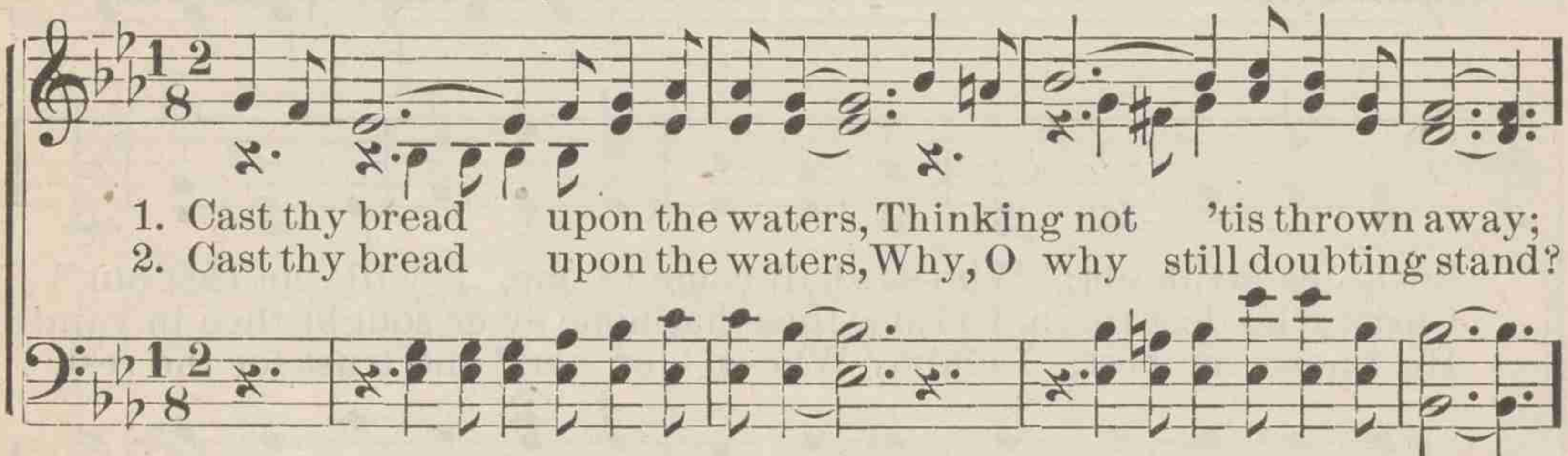


Beau-ti - ful bless-ings from the Fa - ther give to all.....
Bless-ings from the Fa - ther give to all, give to all.

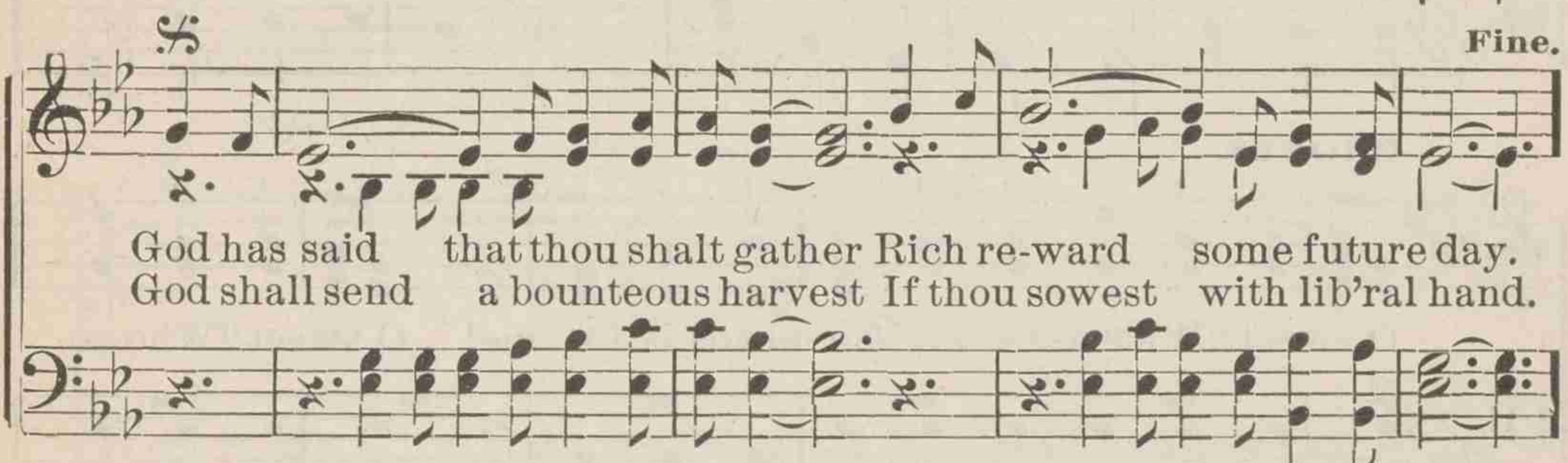
154 Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.

Mrs. PHOEBE J. HANAFORD.

J. H. FILLMORE.

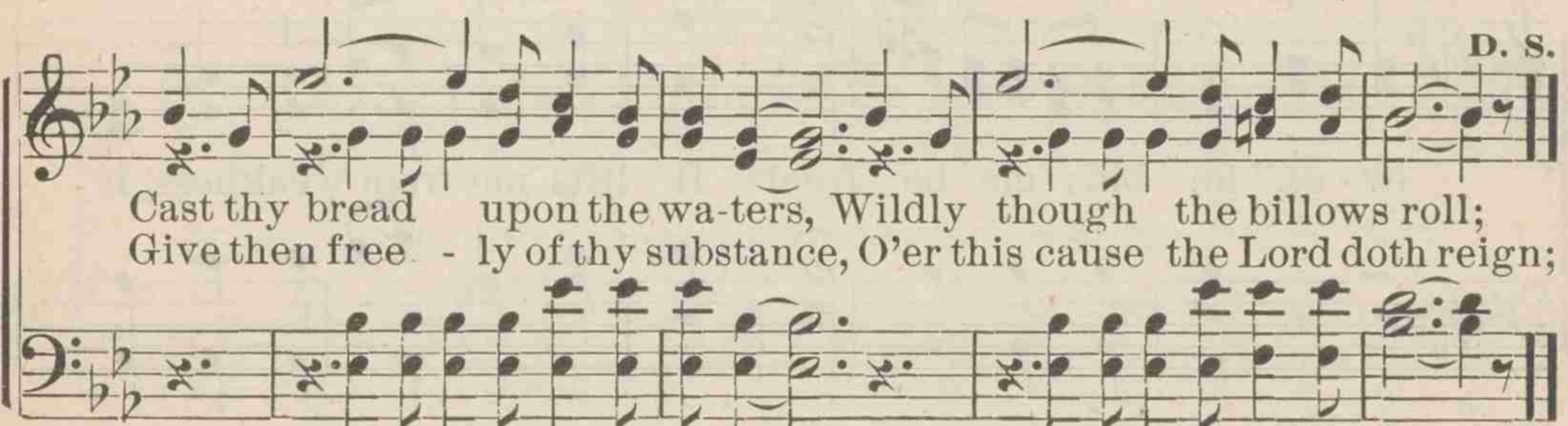


1. Cast thy bread upon the waters, Thinking not 'tis thrown away;
2. Cast thy bread upon the waters, Why, O why still doubting stand?



God has said that thou shalt gather Rich re-ward some future day.
God shall send a bounteous harvest If thou sowest 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 patience, Thou shalt la - bor not in vain.



Cast thy bread upon the wa-ters, Wildly though the billows roll;
Give then free - ly of thy substance, O'er this cause the Lord doth reign;

"SWEET AFTON."

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

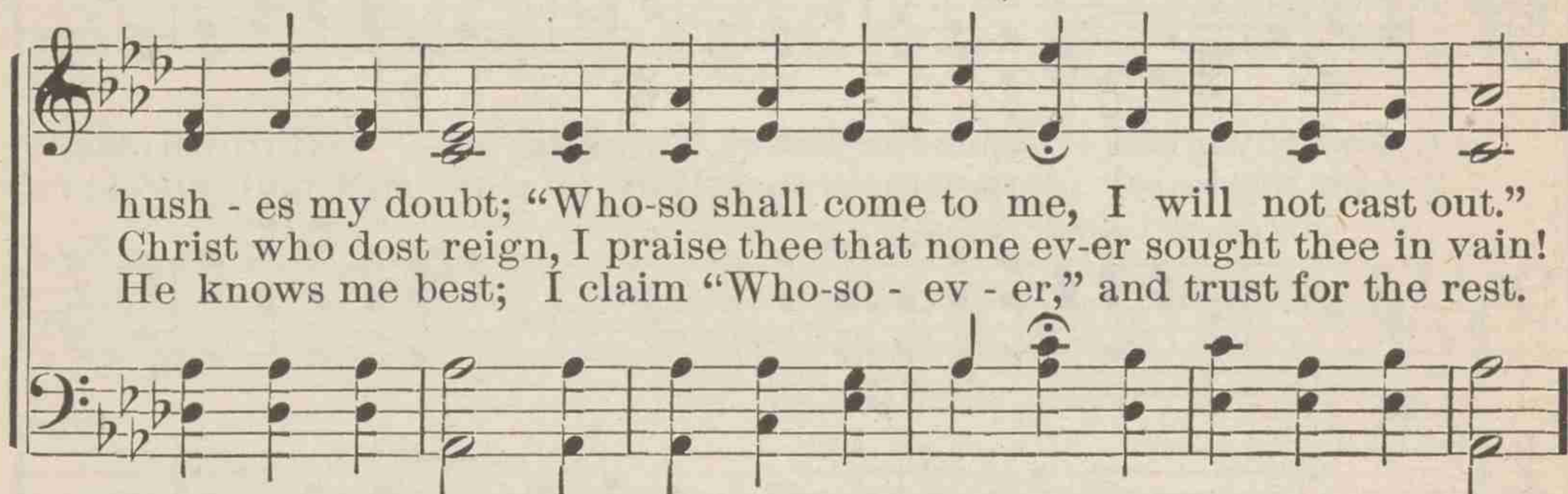
J. E. STILLMAN.



1. Sweet promise of Je-sus! the message I claim; He hears my pe-
 2. O Heav'nly Com-pas-sion in hu-man-est form, Who lov-est the
 3. O dear hu-man pit-y! O res-cue di-vine! O sweet "Whoso-



ti-tion, he calls me by name; It lifts me from weakness, it
 sail-or, and hush-est the storm,— O Christ who did suf-fer, O
 ev-er," I claim it as mine! 'Tis Christ who has spok-en, and

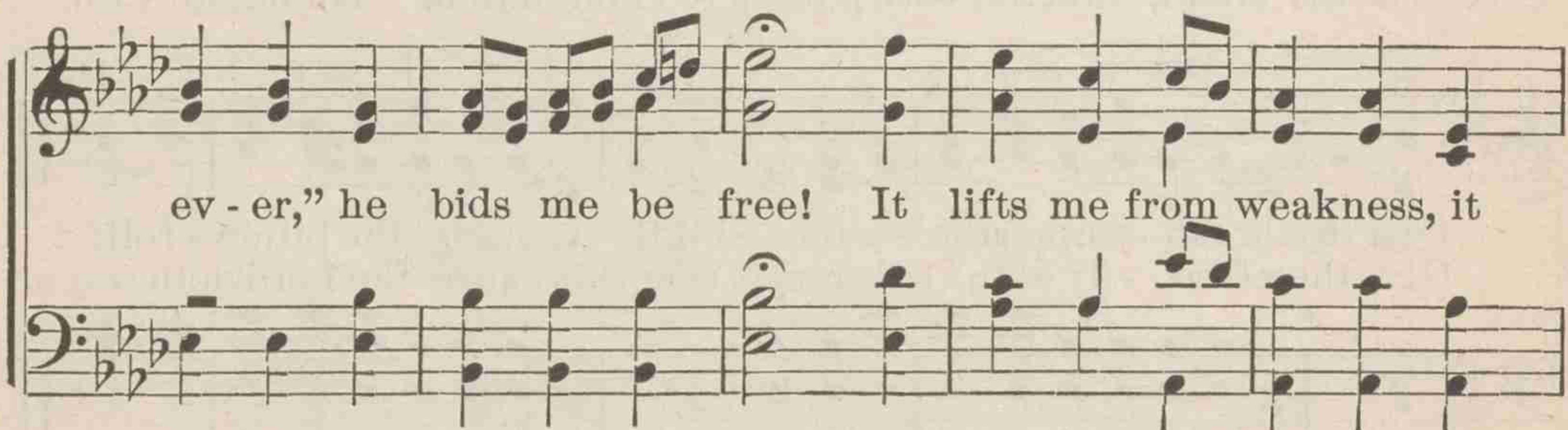


hush-es my doubt; "Who-so shall come to me, I will not cast out."
 Christ who dost reign, I praise thee that none ev-er sought thee in vain!
 He knows me best; I claim "Who-so - ev - er," and trust for the rest.

CHORUS.



O sweet "Whoso - ev - er," he means it for me! O sweet "Who-so-



ev - er," he bids me be free! It lifts me from weakness, it

O Sweet "Whosoever."

hush-es my doubt, "Whoso shall come to me, I will not cast out."

156

Soldiers Are We.

SONG FOR BOYS.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

Unison.

1. Soldiers are we at the call of our King, All in our plac-es ready;
2. Soldiers are we in the cause of the right, Truth is the banner o'er us;
3. Soldiers are we, and the battle is long, Yet will we falter nev-er;

Shouts will we raise, and songs will we sing, Marching with step true and steady.
Hosts of the wrong may be great in their might, Jesus, the King, goes before us.
Faithful and true till we join in the song, Triumph at last and for-ev-er.

CHORUS.

For - ward, the Captain is calling; On-ward, tho' brave men are falling;
Forward go, Onward go,

March we on 'mid danger and death; God will the vict'ry give.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.
Unison or Solo.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Bells of heav'n, how they gently chime On the Sunday morning sweet;
2. Bells of heav'n, peal your joyful notes Un - to all from Zion's towers;
3. Bells of heav'n, O sweet bells of God, May you never cease your chime,



O come a - way, O come a-way, Their sil-v'ry ech-oes re - peat:
 Bid discord cease and all be peace, And bless and hallow the hours;
 Till night be past, and clear at last Dawns glory's morning sublime;



Call-ing, call-ing from toil and strife, To the place of prayer so dear;
 Call the wor-ship-ers glad to come, To the courts of praise so fair,
 Call-ing still to the way-ward world, As the week-ly cy - cle rolls,



O come a-way, O come a-way, For comfort and blessing are here.
 For at her gates the King awaits, In beau-ty to welcome them there.
 O come to me, O come to me, And ye shall find rest to your souls.



CHORUS. *



Bells of heav'n, Loud and clear,
 Bells of heaven tenderly chiming, Swelling in cadence so loud and clear,



Bells, bells, loud and clear,

*The melody of the chorus is in the alto. The smaller children may sing it.

Bells of Heaven.



Bells of heav'n, Sweet to hear;....
Bells of heaven tunelessly rhyming, Sounding the message we love to hear;

Bells, bells, Sweet to hear;....

Bells of heav'n Sound a - broad,
Bells of heaven on the winds flying, Sound the sweet gospel to all abroad,

Bells, bells, Sound a - broad,

Bells of heav'n Call to God....
Bells of heav-en soft-ly re-ply-ing, Call us, still call us to God....

Bells, bells, Call to God.....

158 I Cannot Always Trace the Way.

Anon.

W. F. McCauley.



1. I can - not always trace the way Where thou, Al-might-y One, dost
2. When myst'ry clouds my darkened path, I'll check my dread, my doubts re-
3. When fear her chilling mantle throws O'er earth, my soul to heav'n a-
4. Yes, God is love! A thought like this Can ev-'ry gloomy thought re-

move, But I can al-ways, al-ways say That God is love.
prove; In this my soul sweet comfort hath, That God is love.
bove, As to her native home upsprings, For God is love.
move, And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss, For God is love.

159 Blessed Sunshine of God's Love.

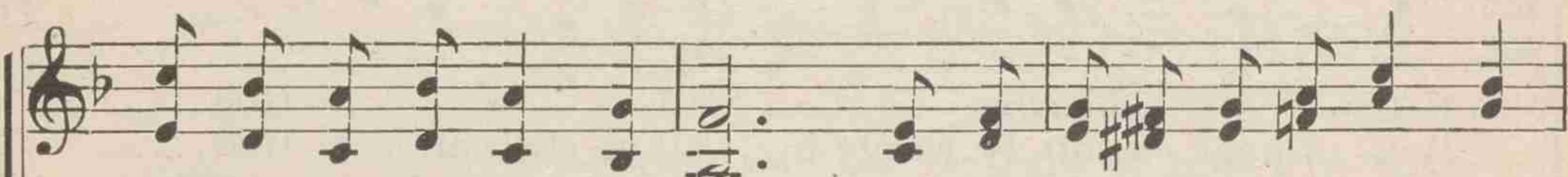
Words and Music by D. C. TREMAINE.



1. There's a song resounding clearly from the hilltop, And 'tis echoed thro' the
2. There are many hearts around us in the darkness, Groping sadly in de-
3. When you're weary, when you're weak and heavy laden, Lay your head upon his



glen; It reveals the love and mer-cy of the Sav-iour, As re-
spair; You can cheer them, you can wake their lives to gladness, You can
breast; Je - sus sent a mes-sage to re-lieve your sorrow—"Come to



flect-ed in the hearts of men. Her-ald wide the sto-ry of re-
dry a - way the bit - ter tear. On - ly tell to them the old, old
me and I will give you rest." It will lift from you your heavy



demp-tion, Of the Sav-iour who des-cend-ed from a - bove; It will
sto - ry, Told by an-gels un - to men so long a - go; Je - sus
bur - den, It will prove the faithfulness of Je - sus' love; And your



fill the saddened life with cheery sun-shine, Blessed sunshine of God's love.
left his Father's home of light and glory, Blessed sunshine to be - stow.
life will surely brighten 'neath this sunshine, Blessed sunshine from a - bove.



Blessed Sunshine of God's Love.

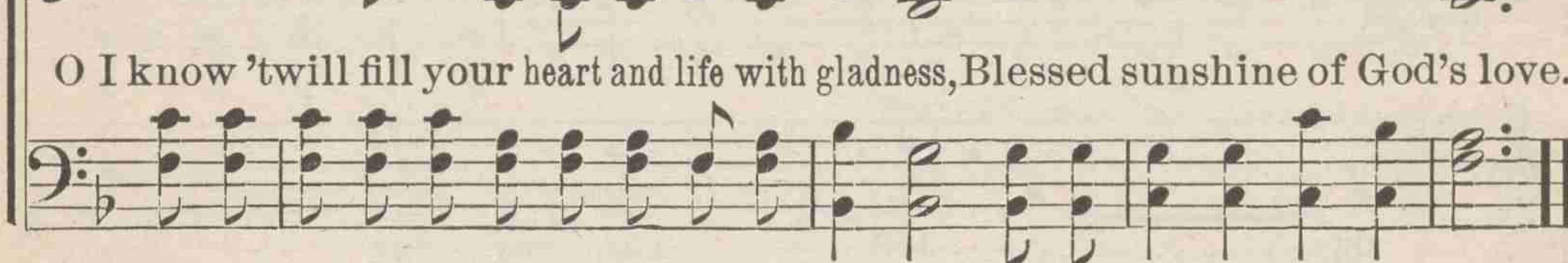
CHORUS.



O beloved, have you in your life this sunshine, Blessed sunshine of God's love?




O I know 'twill fill your heart and life with gladness, Blessed sunshine of God's love.



160

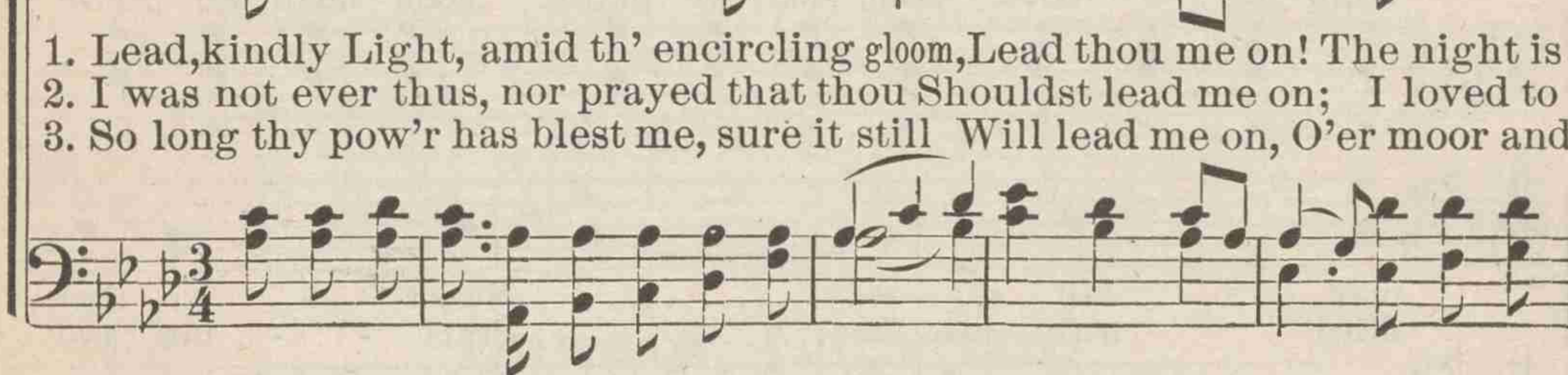
Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. NEWMAN.

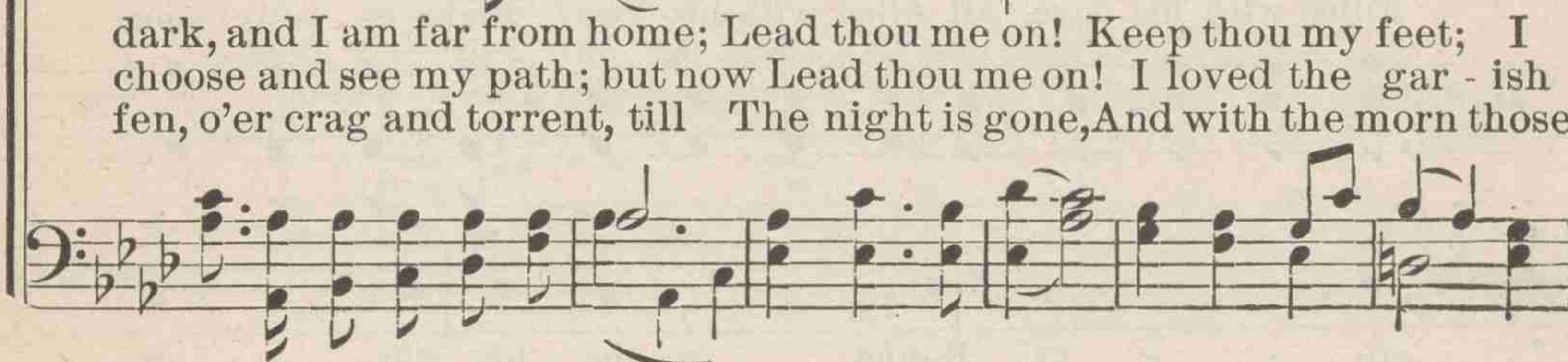
J. B. DYKES.



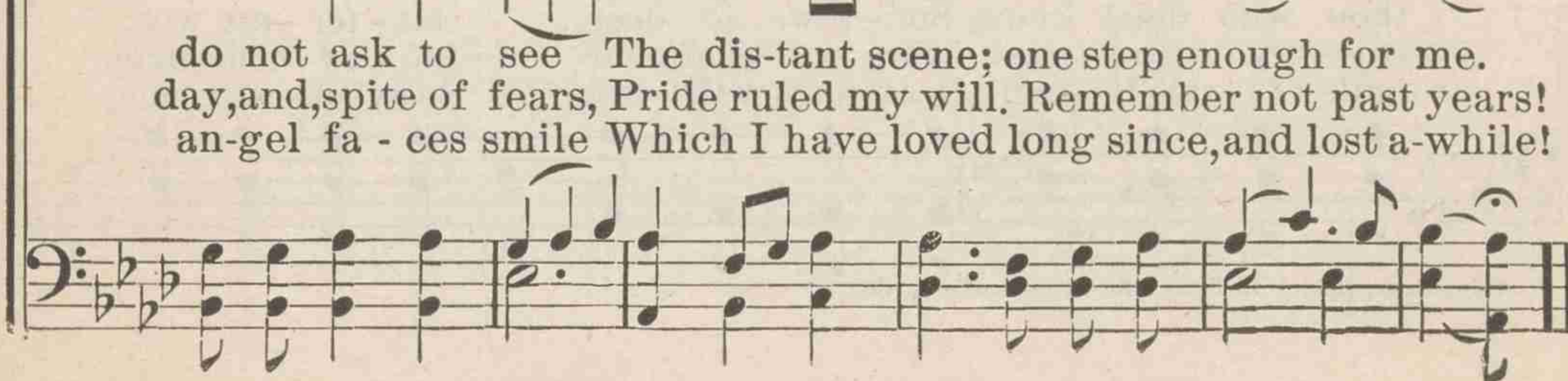
1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom, Lead thou me on! The night is
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on, O'er moor and




dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on! Keep thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those




do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step enough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!
an-gel fa - ces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while!



Brighter than Morning.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1st verse acc'p't only, 2d verse solo joins.

Solo.

2. Bright - er than morn - ing, fair - er than
 3. Soon shall we see Him reign - ing a-

1. Dark is the night, dark is the night, Deep on my heart the
 2. Brighter than morn, brighter than morn, Fair - er than day, yes,
 3. Soon shall we see, soon shall we see, Reigning a - bove, yes,

day,..... Je - sus, my Sav - iour,
 bove,..... Soon shall we praise him,

shad - ows of grief; Hopes that are dead, hopes that are dead,
 fair - er than day, Je - sus, my Lord, Je - sus, my Lord,
 reign - ing a - bove, Soon shall we praise, soon shall we praise,

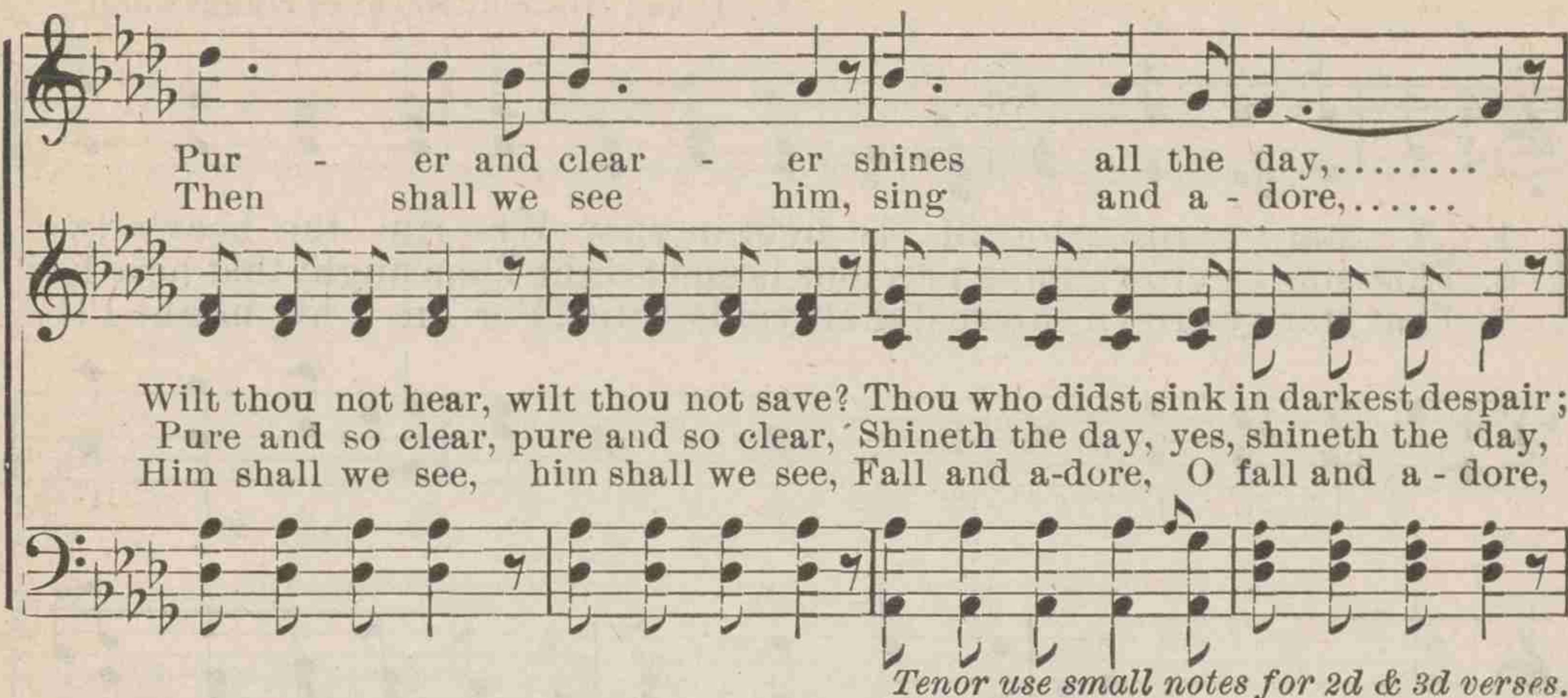
mak - eth my way;..... Sweet - er than
 filled with his love;..... Prais - ing and

Shed on my soul no ray of re - lief; Thou who didst weep,
 Mak - eth my way, he mak - eth my way; Sto - ry more sweet,
 Filled with his love, all filled with his love; Prais - es we'll sing,

sto - ry, Round me his glo - ry,
 sing - ing, All heav - en ring - ing,

thou who didst know, Sor - rows so deep, bit - ter - est woe,
 sto - ry more sweet, Glo - ry com - plete, glo - ry com - plete,
 prais - es we'll sing, Heav - ens will ring, heav - ens will ring,

Brighter than Morning.



Pur - er and clear - er shines all the day,.....
Then shall we see him, sing and a - dore,.....

Wilt thou not hear, wilt thou not save? Thou who didst sink in darkest despair;
Pure and so clear, pure and so clear, Shineth the day, yes, shineth the day,
Him shall we see, him shall we see, Fall and a-dore, O fall and a - dore,

Tenor use small notes for 2d & 3d verses.



Bright - er and fair - er makes he the way
Then shall we praise him, King ev - er - more.....

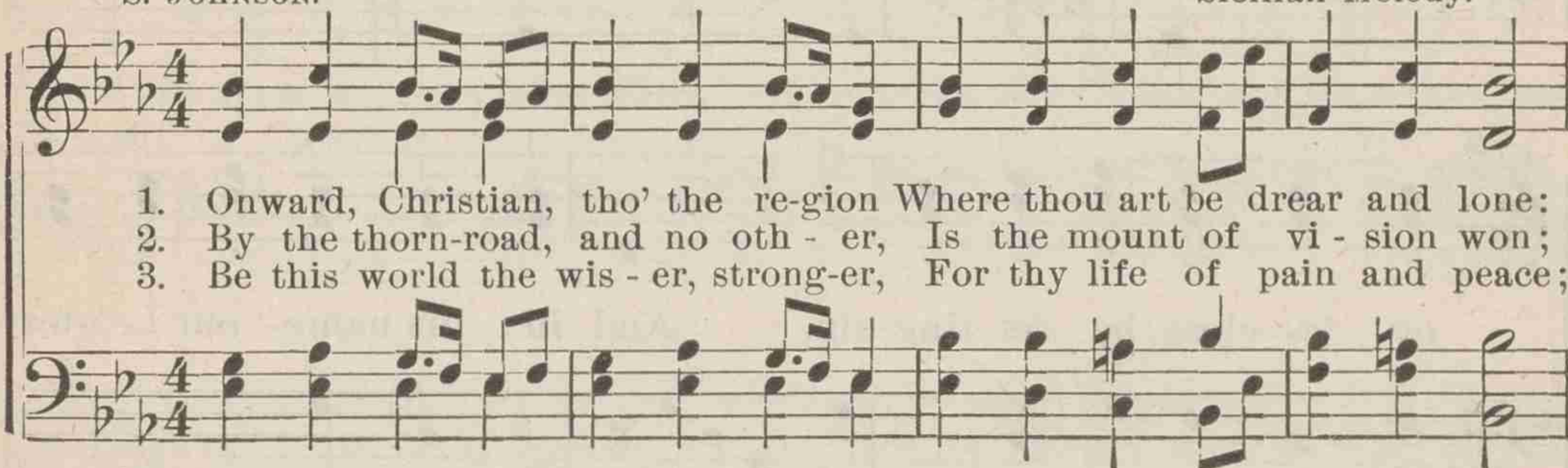
Suf - fer - ing One, sorrowing One, Thou who didst die, O hear my prayer.
Bright and so fair, bright and so fair, Makes he my way, makes he my way.
Him shall we praise, him shall we praise, King ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more.

162

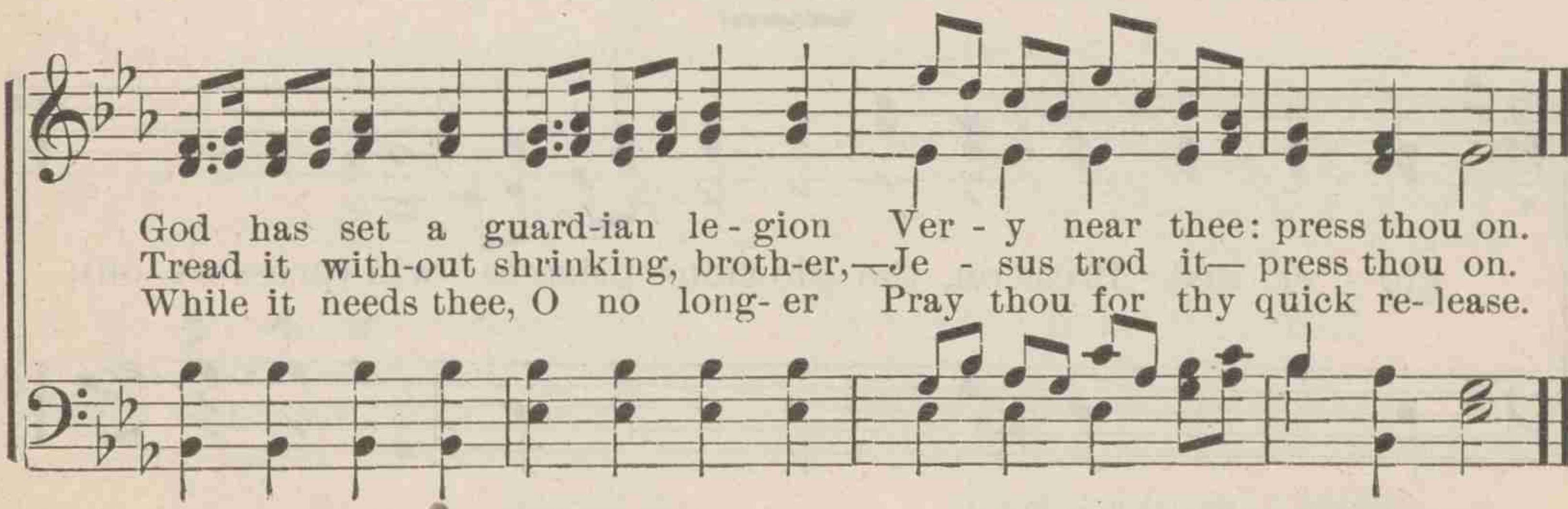
Onward, Christian.

S. JOHNSON.

Sicilian Melody.



1. Onward, Christian, tho' the re-gion Where thou art be drear and lone:
2. By the thorn-road, and no oth - er, Is the mount of vi - sion won;
3. Be this world the wis - er, strong-er, For thy life of pain and peace;



God has set a guard-ian le-gion Ver - y near thee: press thou on.
Tread it with-out shrinking, broth-er, Je - sus trod it—press thou on.
While it needs thee, O no long-er Pray thou for thy quick re-lease.

Words and Music by STANLEY GREENWOOD.

1. A star-ry crown to all is held in view Who run the heav'n-ly
 2. That star-ry crown more precious is and bright Than aught that here has
 3. That star-ry crown so great shall yet be mine, For in his might I'll

race (the race); A Right-eous Judge to all is just and true, Who
 worth (has worth), And still en-dures, when lost in end-less night Are
 strive (I'll strive); The gaud-y toys of earth will I re-sign, And

Duet,

triumph in his grace.
 all the gems of earth. } O joy-ful, then, put ev-'ry weight a-side, And
 for that kingdom live.

ev - 'ry close, be - set-ting sin, And in his name—our Leader

glo - ri - fied—Press on, the glo-rious prize to win (press we on);

Press On.

A starry crown to all is held in view Who run the heav'nly race, press we on,

A Righteous Judge to all is just and true Who tri - umph in his

grace, press we on, Who triumph in his grace, Press we on, on, on.

164 We Are On Our Journey Home.

CHARLES BEECHER.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We are on our journey home, Where Christ our Lord is gone; We shall meet around his throne,

When he makes his people one, In the new, in the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
In the new Jerusalem.

2 We can see that distant home,
Though clouds rise dark between;
Faith views the radiant dome,
And a luster flashes keen
From the new Jerusalem.

3 O holy, heavenly home!
O rest eternal there!
When shall the exiles come
Where they cease from earthly care,
In the new Jerusalem?

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. There is a riv - er whose crys - tal flood Ev - er so free - ly is flow - ing;
 2. Pil - grims are we in a des - ert land, Rough is the journey and drear - y;
 3. There by the riv - er, in bliss 'un - told, Prais - es e - ter - nal are ring - ing;

Riv - er of life from the throne of God, Bless - ing and beau - ty be - stow - ing.
 Here are we do - ing our Lord's command, Claiming his prom - is - es cheer - y.
 There by the riv - er, to harps of gold, We with the blest shall be sing - ing.

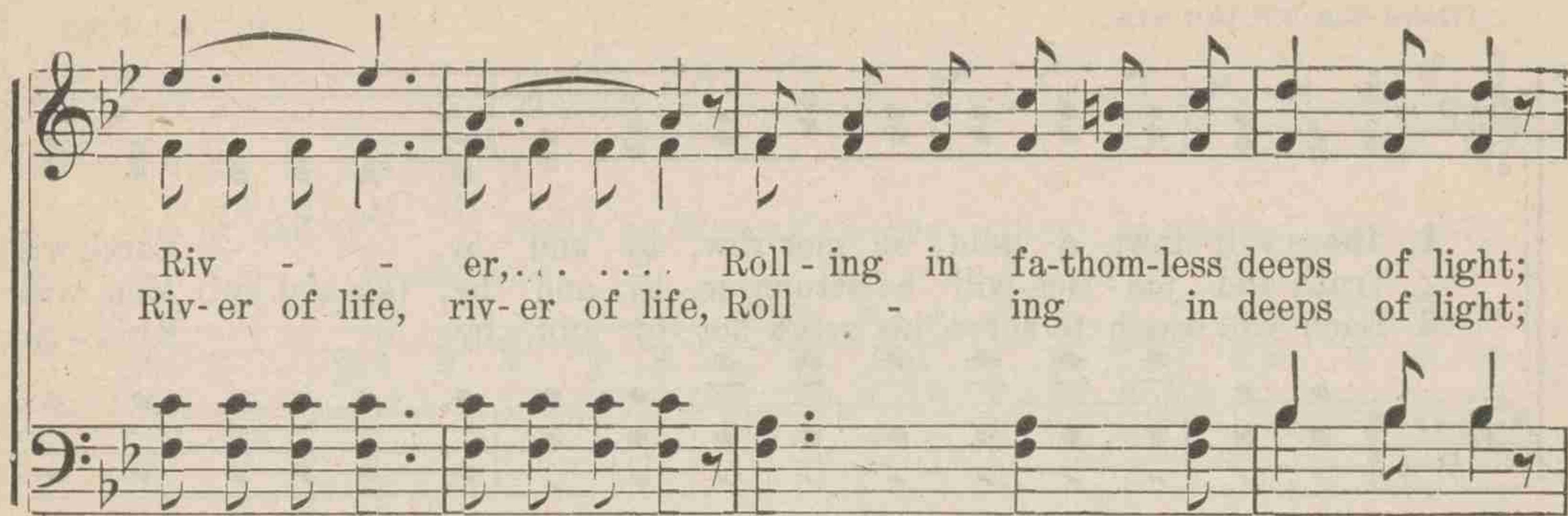
Meadows are drest in their liv - ing green, Flowers their sweetness re - veal - ing;
 Yonder's the coun - try to which we go, There is no night and no sad - ness;
 There with our loved ones, in realms of light, We shall be hap - py for - ev - er;

Here the great tree with its leaves is seen, Leaves that the nations are heal - ing.
 There the sweet waters of com - fort flow, There is the riv - er of glad - ness.
 Walk - ing with Je - sus in robes of white, There by the beau - ti - ful riv - er.

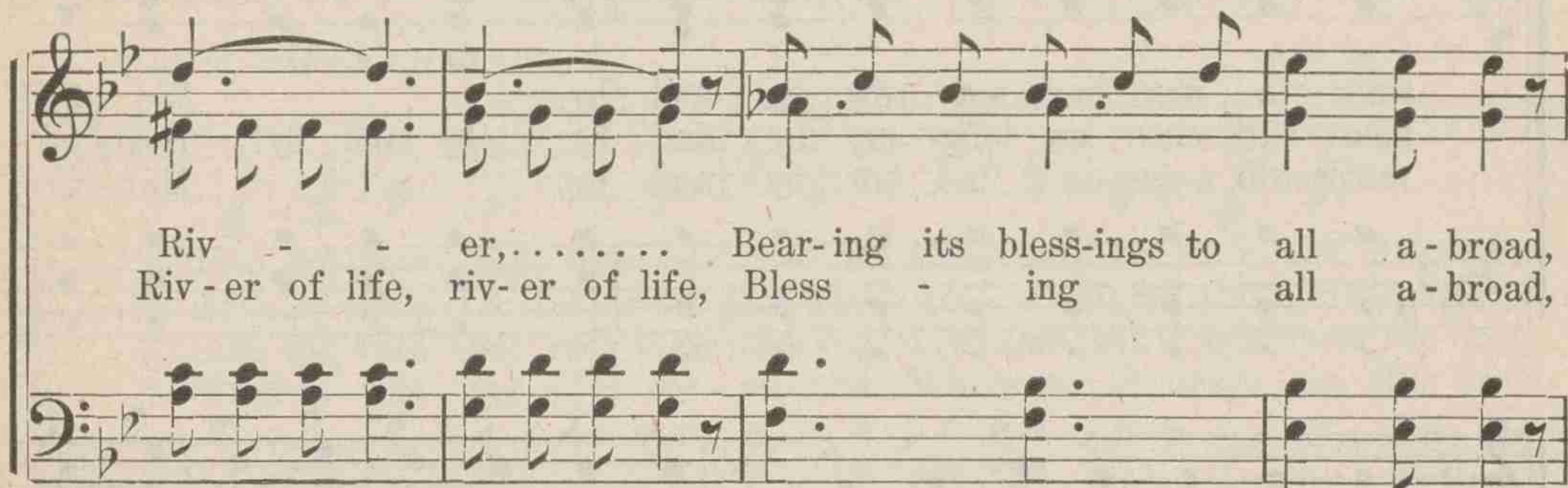
REFRAIN.

Riv - er, Smil - ing in rip - ples so clear and bright,
 Riv - er of life, riv - er of life, Rip - pling so clear and bright,

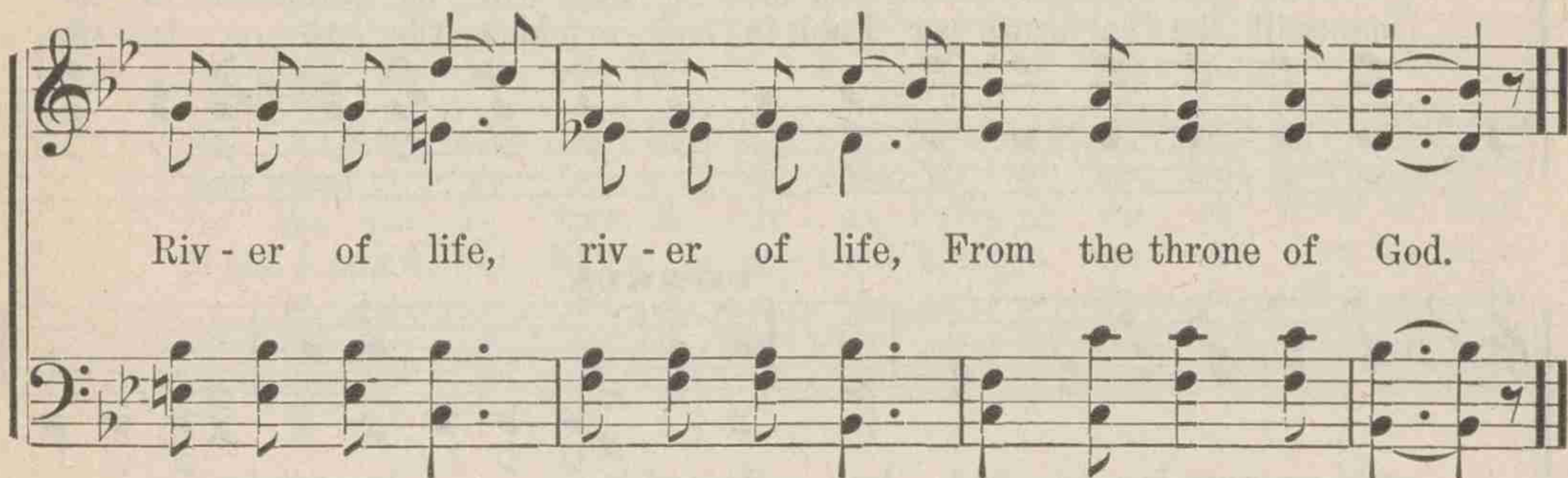
Beautiful River of Life.



Riv - er, Roll - ing in fa-thom-less deeps of light;
Riv - er of life, riv - er of life, Roll - ing in deeps of light;



Riv - er, Bear - ing its bless - ings to all a - broad,
Riv - er of life, riv - er of life, Bless - ing all a - broad,



Riv - er of life, riv - er of life, From the throne of God.

166

Response after Prayer.

J. H. F.



Hear our pray'r, O Lord, And keep us in thy love for - ev - er. A - men.

167 There Will Dawn a Golden Morrow.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. There will dawn a gold - en mor-row, by and by, Earth will
 2. Truth and jus - tice will be strong-er, by and by, (by and by!) Men will
 3. Each will learn to serve his neigh-bor, by and by, Kind - ly




wear a - way her sor - row, by and by, We shall
 bear with sin no long - er, by and by, (by and by!) Hosts of
 words will sweet-en la - bor, by and by, Man to




see the glo - ry bright-en, We shall feel the bur - den light-en, In the
 e - vil will be scat-tered, And their i - dols will be shattered, In the
 man will be a broth - er, Each in hon - or choose the oth - er, In the



CHORUS.



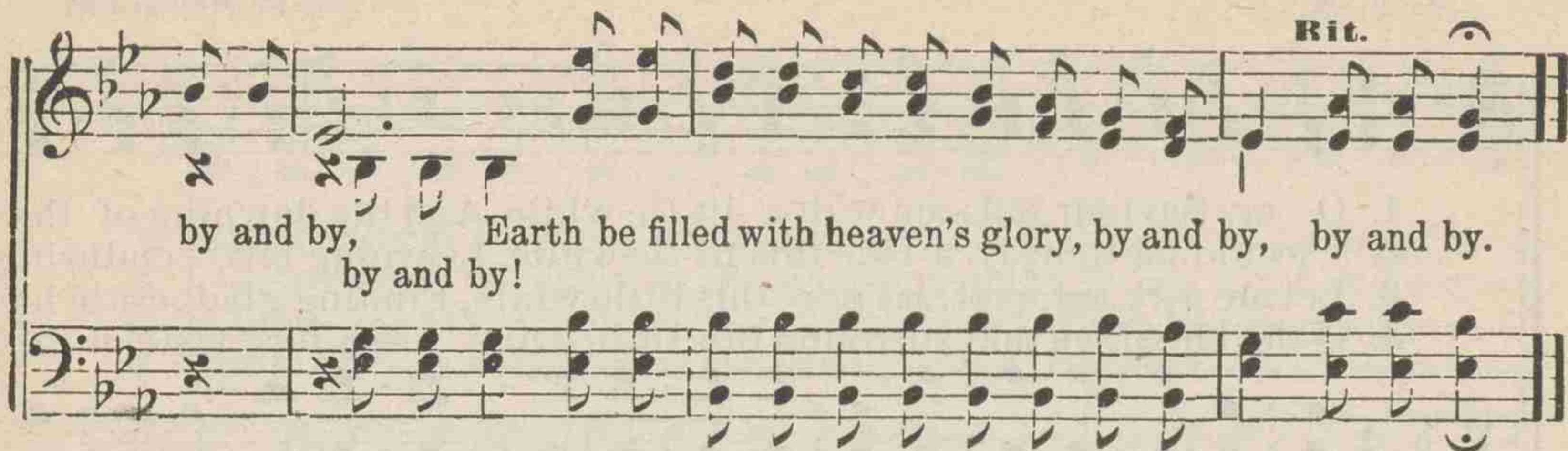
gold-en morn-ing by and by. By and by, by and by,
 By and by! by and by!




Hearts will know a sweeter sto-ry by and by, by and by! By and by,
 by and by!



There Will Dawn a Golden Morrow.



Rit.

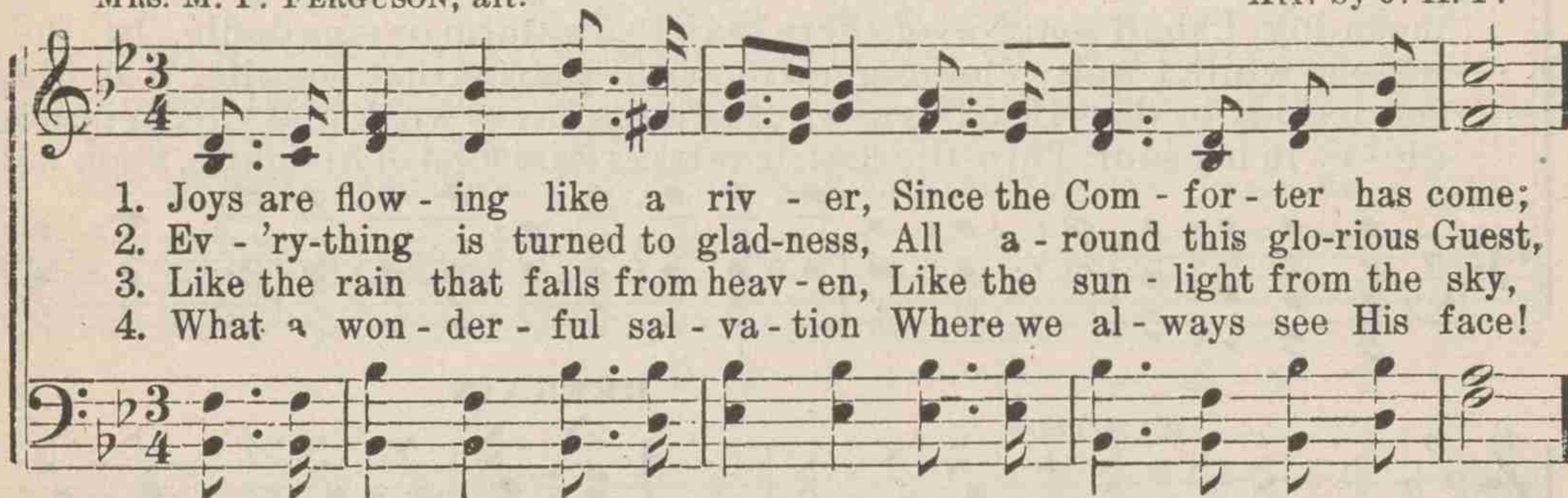
by and by, Earth be filled with heaven's glory, by and by, by and by.
by and by!

168

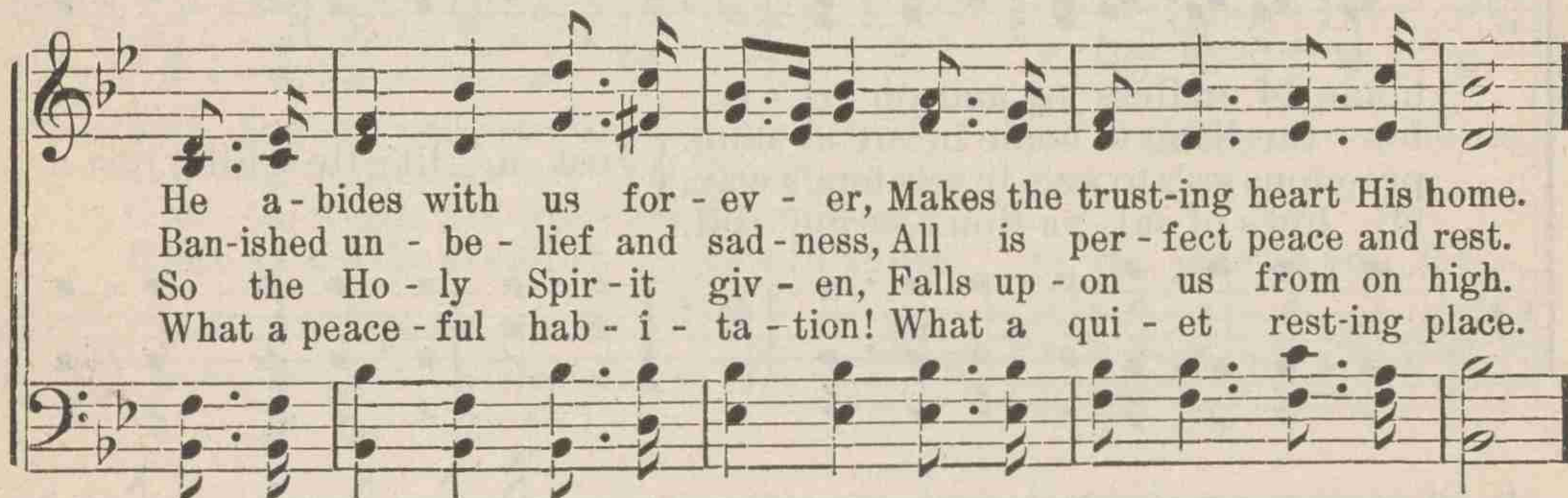
Blessed Quietness.

MRS. M. P. FERGUSON, alt.

Arr. by J. H. F.



1. Joys are flow - ing like a riv - er, Since the Com - for - ter has come;
2. Ev - 'ry-thing is turned to glad-ness, All a - round this glo-rious Guest,
3. Like the rain that falls from heav - en, Like the sun - light from the sky,
4. What a won - der - ful sal - va - tion Where we al - ways see His face!



He a - bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trust-ing heart His home.
Ban-ished un - be - lief and sad-ness, All is per - fect peace and rest.
So the Ho - ly Spir - it giv - en, Falls up - on us from on high.
What a peace - ful hab - i - ta - tion! What a qui - et rest-ing place.

CHORUS.



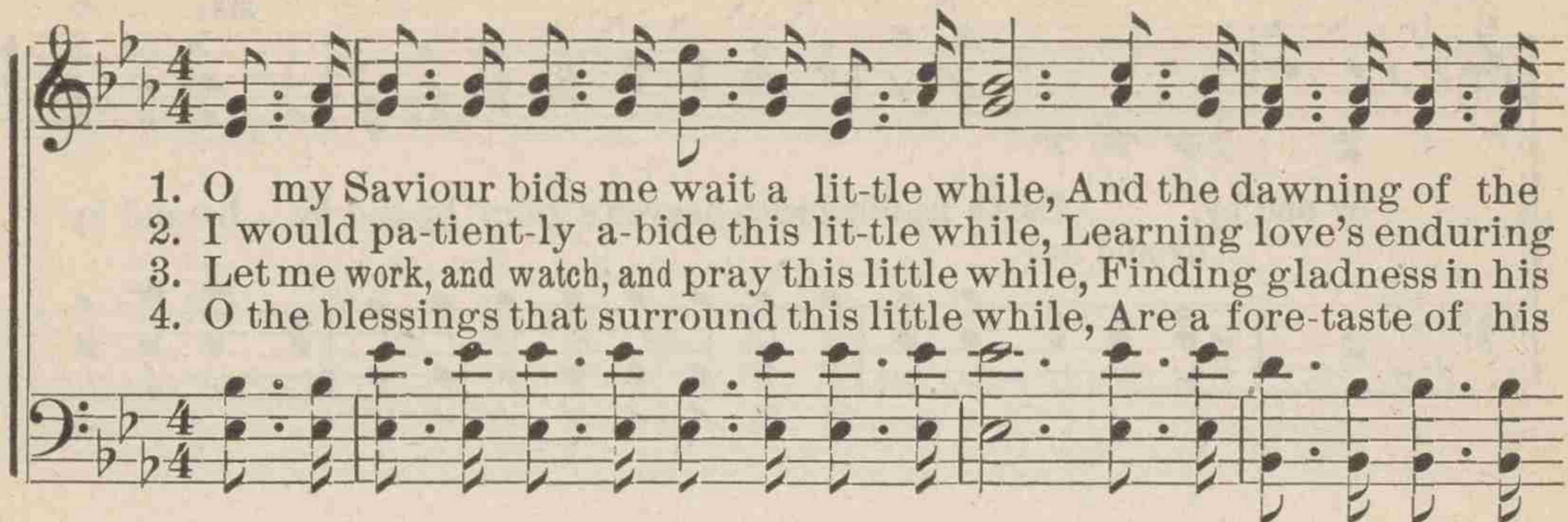
Bless-ed qui - et-ness, ho - ly qui - et-ness, Blest as-sur - ance in my soul!



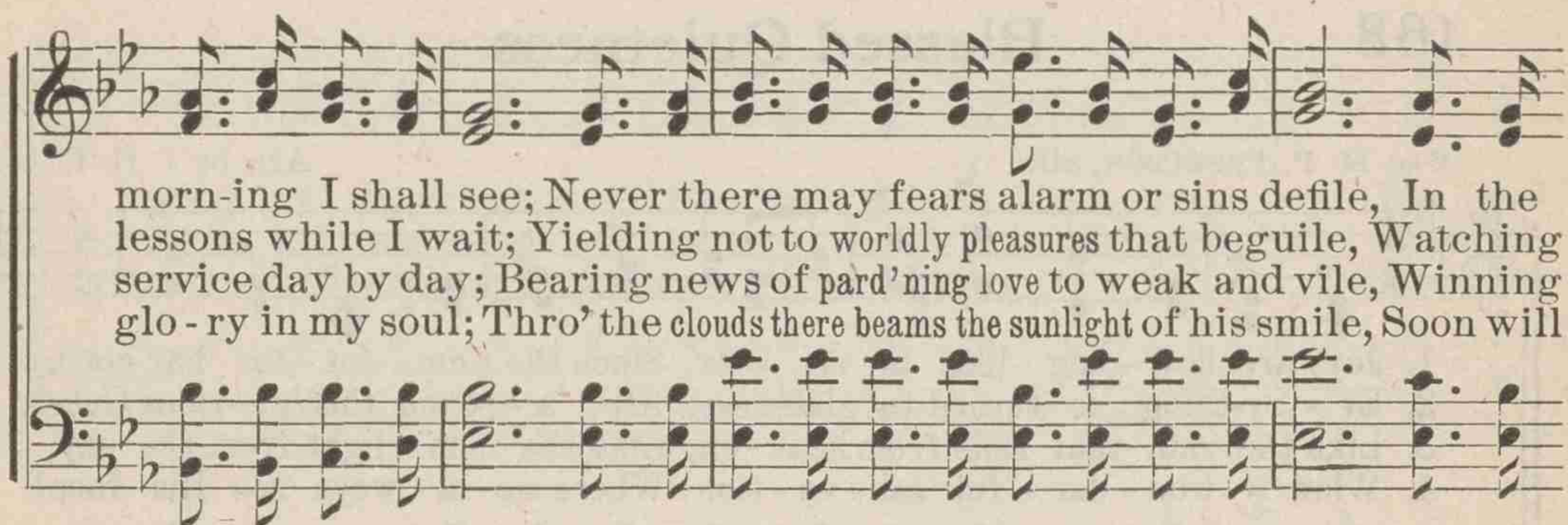
On the storm-y sea, Je - sus speaks to me, And the bil-lows cease to roll.

W. F. M.

W. F. McCauley.

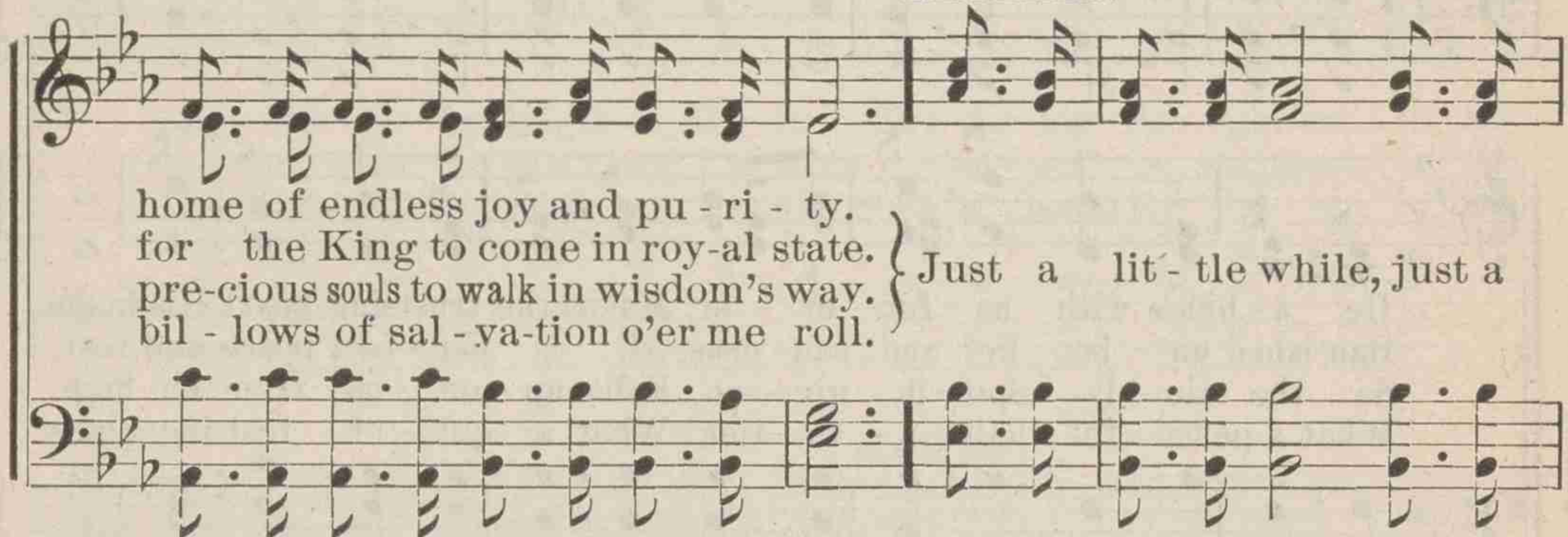


1. O my Saviour bids me wait a lit-tle while, And the dawning of the
 2. I would pa-tient-ly a-bide this lit-tle while, Learning love's enduring
 3. Let me work, and watch, and pray this little while, Finding gladness in his
 4. O the blessings that surround this little while, Are a fore-taste of his



morn-ing I shall see; Never there may fears alarm or sins defile, In the
 lessons while I wait; Yielding not to worldly pleasures that beguile, Watching
 service day by day; Bearing news of pard'ning love to weak and vile, Winning
 glo-ry in my soul; Thro' the clouds there beams the sunlight of his smile, Soon will

REFRAIN.

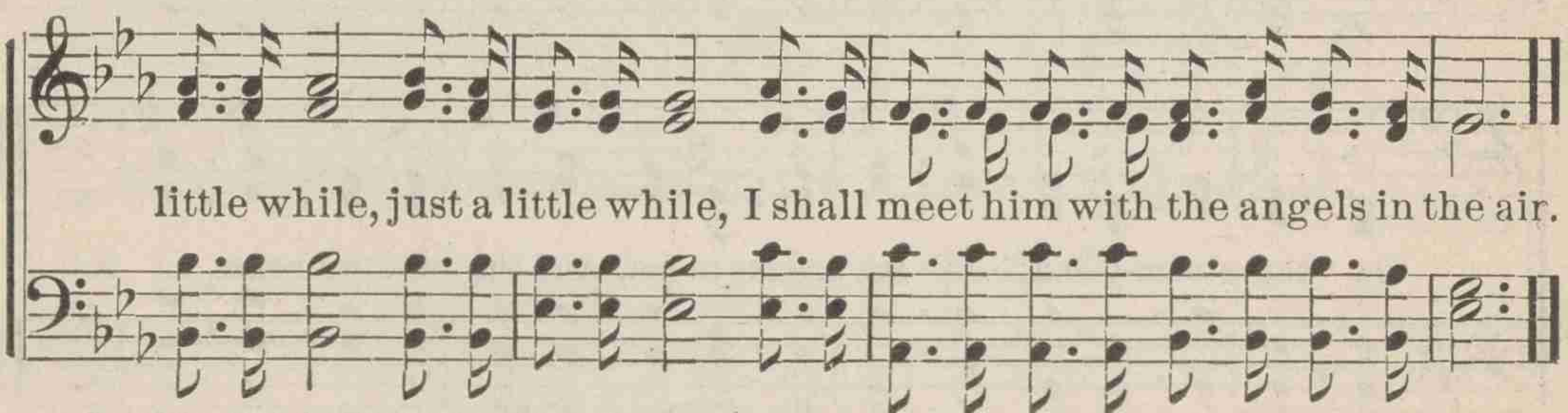


home of endless joy and pu-ri-ty.
 for the King to come in roy-al state.
 pre-cious souls to walk in wisdom's way.
 bil-lows of sal-va-tion o'er me roll.

Just a lit-tle while, just a



lit-tle while, Till the dawning of the morning bright and fair; Just a



little while, just a little while, I shall meet him with the angels in the air.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Is there aught so lovely as the sun-ny day, Making with its brightness
2. Is there aught so lovely as the pleasant smile, Ev-'ry grief and sorrow
3. Is there aught so lovely as the gen-tle word, When the angry tones of
4. Is there aught so lovely as the kind-ly deed; Here, where all are burdened



all so light and gay! How it comes in glo - ry from the beaming sun,
sweetly to beguile! How the shadows vanish, how the gloom departs;
strife and wrong are heard! How it stills the tem-pest in the troubled soul;
here, where all have need! How the load it lightens, clears the cloud-ed sky;



CHORUS.



Fill - ing all the world with glad - ness. Sun - shine, sun-shine,
Lov - ing smiles are life's bright sun-shine.
Gen - tle words are life's bright sun-shine.
Kind - ly deeds are life's bright sun-shine. O the love-ly sun-shine,



mak-ing all so bright, Sun - shine, sunshine, Bringing pure delight,
O the lovely sunshine,



All so freely given, Showing us of heaven; Let us love the blessed sunshine.



PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. The Fa-ther in heav-en so kindly doth give, To all that doth live, So
 2. How can we his won-der-ful goodness re-pay? O this is the way, We'll
 3. Of many good things we, ourselves, will deny, Some pleasures pass by, Our-
 4. The man who gives much for the cause of the Lord, Has faith in the Word, Gives



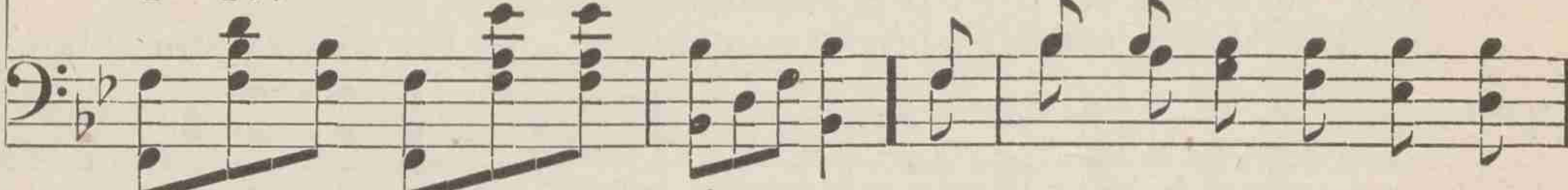

kindly doth give; The Fath-er in heav-en to all that doth live, Such
 try to re-pay; Our gra-ti-tude to Him we'll show in this way, We'll
 selves we'll deny; So man-y good pleasures pass will-ing-ly by, For
 free to the Lord; The man who gives much and confides in the Word, How



CHORUS.



bless-ings so kind-ly doth give.
 give all we can to re-pay. } O then with your pennies and
 him we, ourselves, will de-ny.
 hap-py, how rich in the Lord!




bright lit-tle dimes, Come at the call of the sweet Sunday chimes; Come




give to the Lord, Give to the Lord, Give what you can to the Lord.

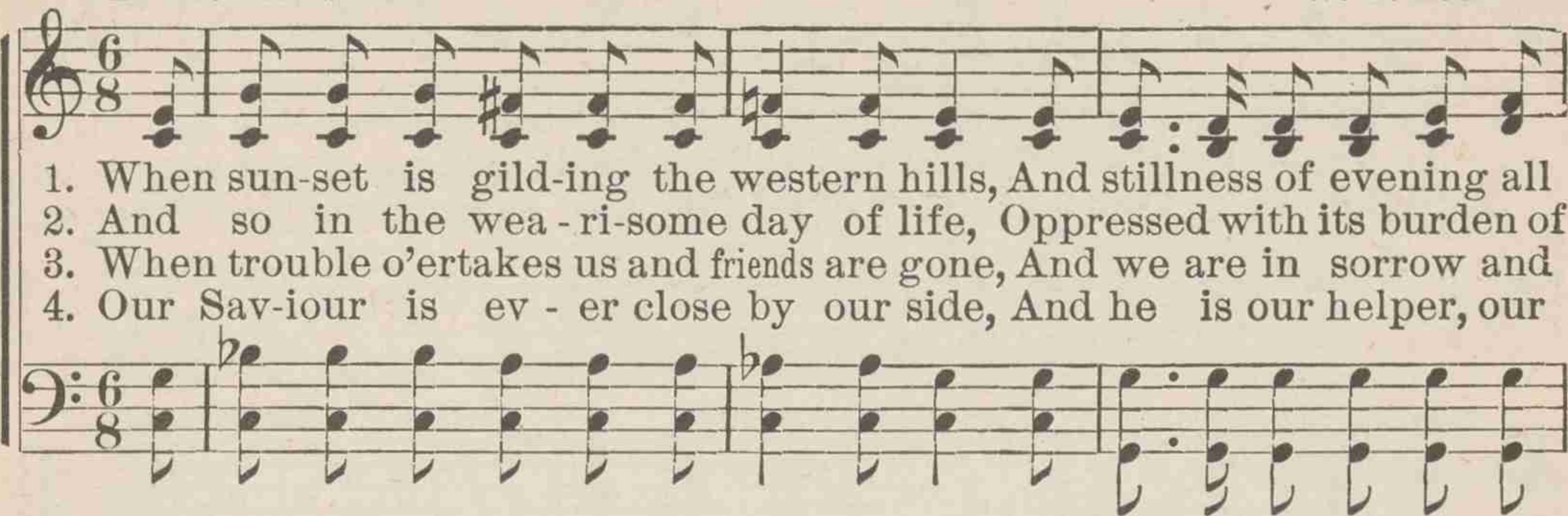


172 Striking Their Harps of Gold.

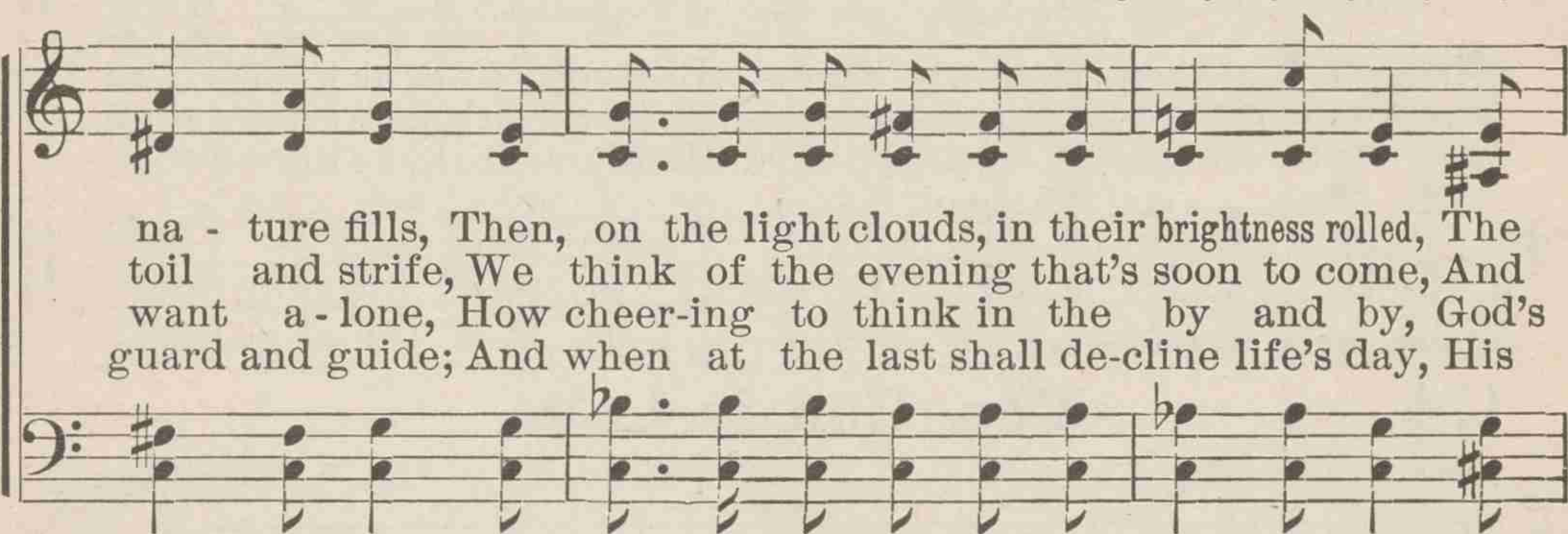
*Soprano and Tenor Duet, and Chorus.
The Bass and Alto may hum their parts till the Chorus is reached.*

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

W. A. Post.



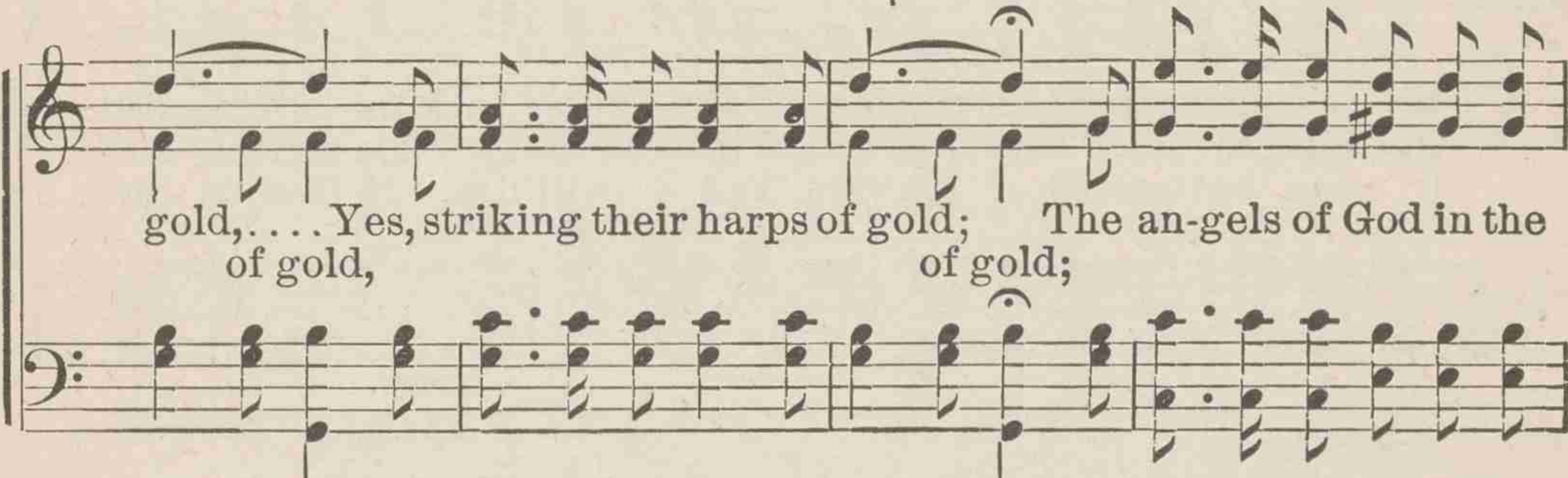
1. When sun-set is gild-ing the western hills, And stillness of evening all
2. And so in the wea-ri-some day of life, Oppressed with its burden of
3. When trouble o'ertakes us and friends are gone, And we are in sorrow and
4. Our Sav-iour is ev-er close by our side, And he is our helper, our



na-ture fills, Then, on the light clouds, in their brightness rolled, The
toil and strife, We think of the evening that's soon to come, And
want a-lone, How cheer-ing to think in the by and by, God's
guard and guide; And when at the last shall de-cline life's day, His



CHORUS.
an-gels seem striking their harps of gold.
flood with its glo-ry yon heav'n-ly home.
glo-ri-ous e-ven-tide draw-eth nigh.
an-gels shall bear us to heav'n a-way.



gold,.... Yes, striking their harps of gold; The an-gels of God in the
of gold, of gold;



After last verse pp.
sunset stand, Striking their harps of gold. Striking their harps of gold.

173

He Knows It All.

Anon.

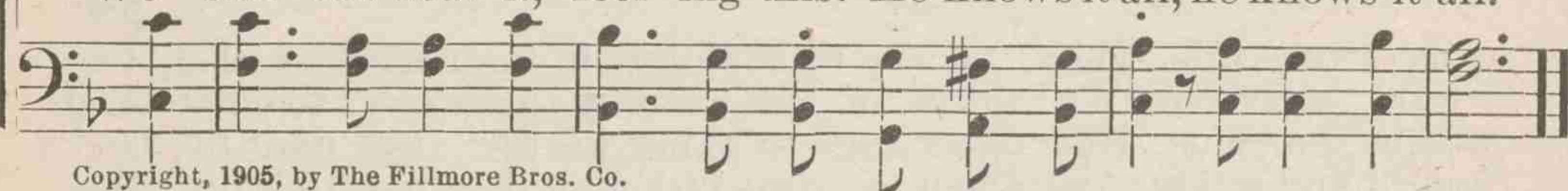
STANLEY GREENWOOD.



1. He knows the bit-ter wea-ry way, The end-less striving day by day,
2. He knows how hard the fight has been, The clouds that come our lives between,
3. He knows, O tho't so full of bliss! For tho' on earth our joys we miss,



The souls that weep, the souls that pray, He knows it all, he knows it all.
 The wounds the world has nev-er seen, He knows it all, he knows it all.
 We still can bear it, feel-ing this: He knows it all, he knows it all.



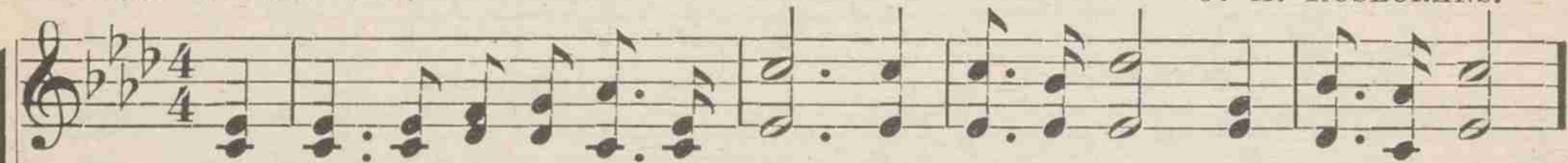
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174

Yes, God is Love.

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. Yes, God, whose better name is Love, With tender voice speaks to my soul;
2. Since God is love, he pleads with me To turn from sin, to trust his grace;
3. All heaven bends to plead with me That I the gracious pledge will prove;



He sees me tempest-tossed and lone, While o'er my bark the billows roll.
 One sin-gle step a-way from self, Will show to me his smiling face.
 I can but per-ish if 'tis vain, And I will live, if God is love.



CHORUS.



Yes, God is love, I know 'tis true, I've turned from self, I've looked above;



Copyright, 1905, by The Fillmore Bros. Co.

Yes, God is Love.

No fear can ev - er move my trust-ing heart, Since God is Love.

175

Christ is the Best.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

"ROBIN ADAIR."

Music Arranged.

1. Dear are the friends I know, — Christ is the best!
 2. Sweet are the joys of life, — Christ is the best!
 3. Sweet are the homes of earth, — Heav'n is the best!

True is the love they show, — Christ is the best!
 Each is with sor - row rife, — Christ is the best!
 Dear - ly I prize their worth, — Heav'n is the best!

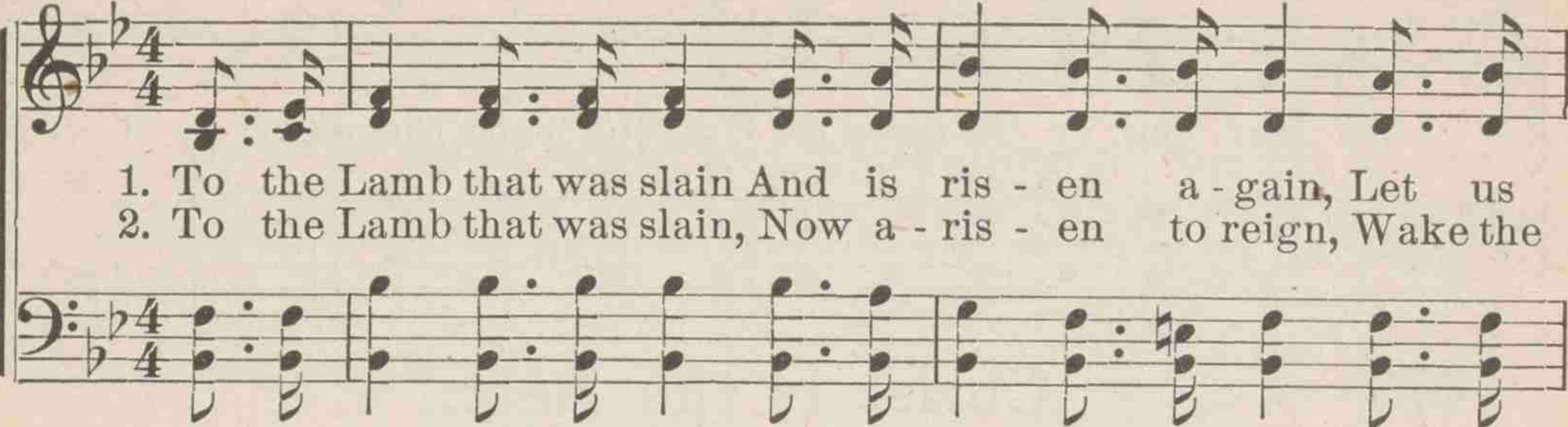
He is a friend in - deed, Faith - ful in sor - est need;
 Fleet-ing is pleas-ure's smile, Last - ing but life's brief while;
 Loved ones must leave us here, Hearth-stones must lose their cheer;

Nev - er in vain I plead, — Christ is the best!
 Vain - ly these joys be - guile, — Christ is the best!
 There none need Death to fear, — Heav'n is the best!

176 To the Lamb That Was Slain.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

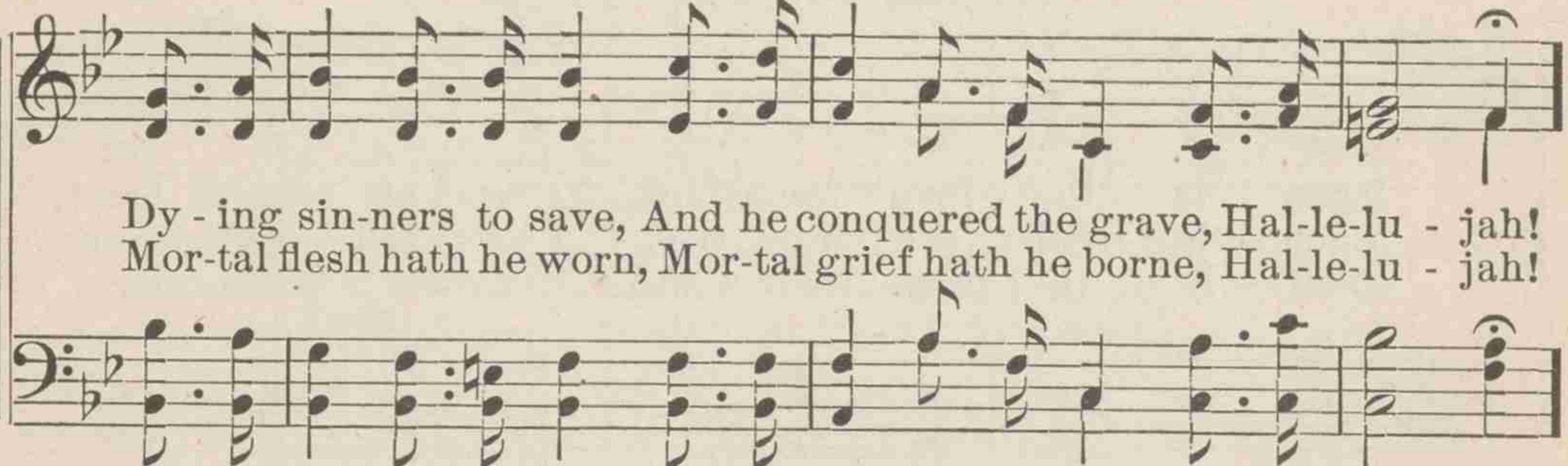
J. H. FILLMORE.



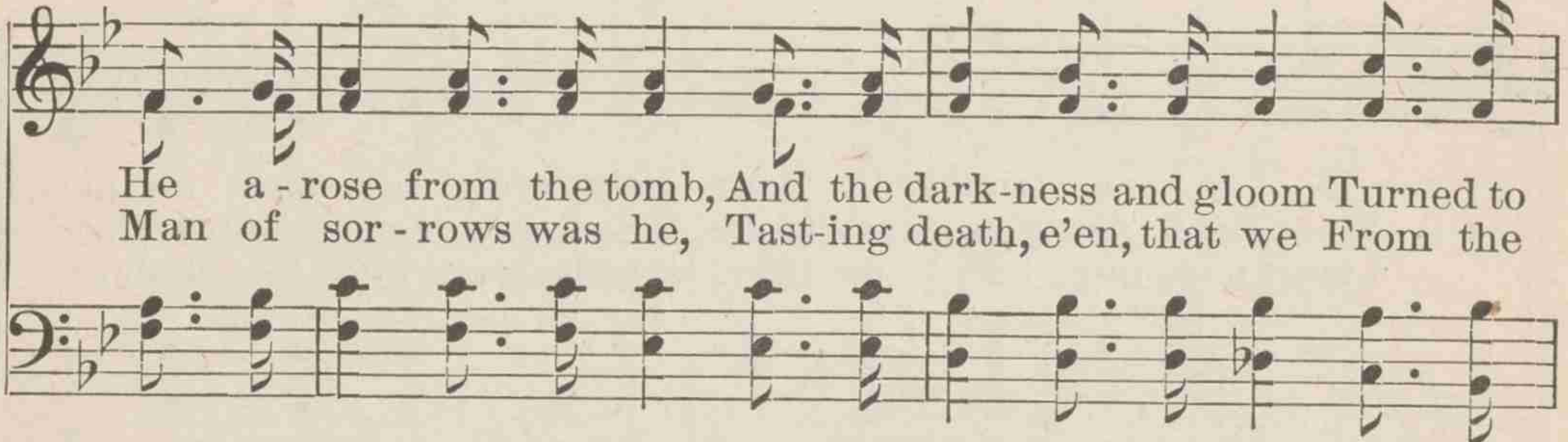
1. To the Lamb that was slain And is ris - en a - gain, Let us
2. To the Lamb that was slain, Now a - ris - en to reign, Wake the



now swell the strain, Hal - le - lu - jah! He his life free - ly gave,
bless - ed re - frain, Hal - le - lu - jah! For the dy - ing that mourn,



Dy - ing sin - ners to save, And he conquered the grave, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Mor - tal flesh hath he worn, Mor - tal grief hath he borne, Hal - le - lu - jah!



He a - rose from the tomb, And the dark - ness and gloom Turned to
Man of sor - rows was he, Tast - ing death, e'en, that we From the



beau - ty and bloom, Hal - le - lu - jah! From his throne in the sky,
curse might be free, Hal - le - lu - jah! Now to glo - ry re - stored,

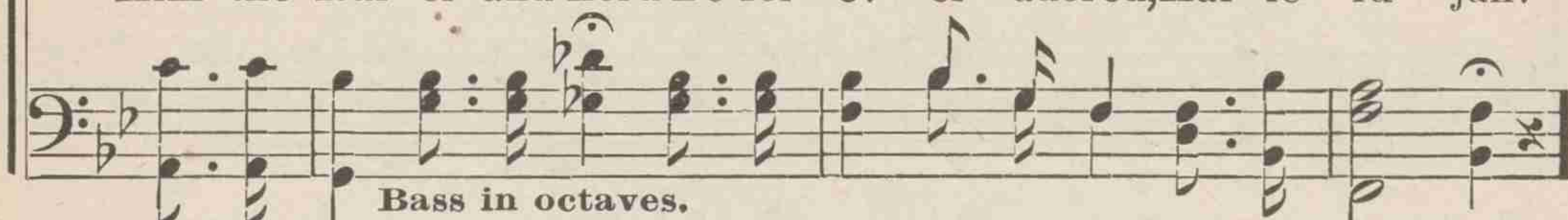
D. S.—*might and re - nown,*

To the Lamb That Was Slain.

Fine.



With the Fa-ther on high, He will hear ev-'ry cry, Hal-le - lu - jah!
Him the Rul - er and Lord Be for - ev - er adored, Hal-le - lu - jah!



Bass in octaves.

Heav'nly hosts, bowing down, Low shall cast ev-'ry crown, Hal-le - lu - jah!

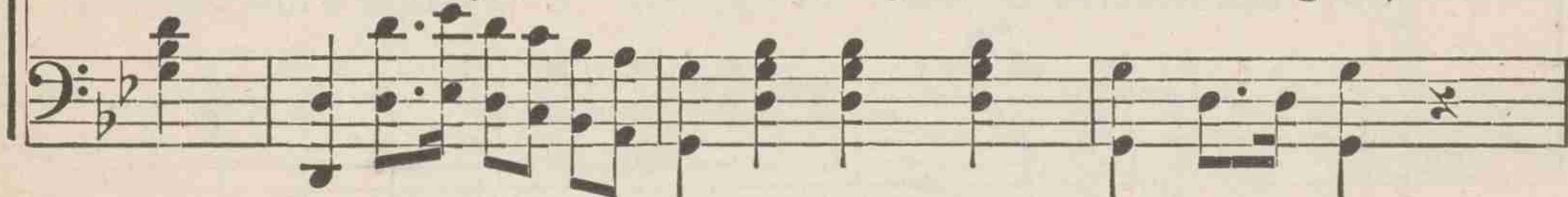
CHORUS. In Unison.



Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb that was slain! To the bruised and the bleeding,



Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu-jah! for he liv-eth a-gain, The As-



Harmony.



cended, the Exalted, Hal-le - lu - jah! Human hearts all a-flame, Human



D. S.



tongues shall proclaim Endless praise to his name, Hal-le-lu - jah! At his



177

What Grace, O Lord!

EDWARD DENNY.

HAYDN.

1. What grace, O Lord, and beau-ty shone A-round thy steps be - low;
 2. O give us hearts to love like thee! Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
 3. One with thy-self, may ev - 'ry eye, In us, thy breth-ren, see

What pa-tient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe!
 Far more for oth - ers' sins than all The wrongs that we re - ceive.
 The gen - tle-ness and grace that spring From union, Lord, with thee.

178

He Will Lead Us There.

D. R. LUCAS.

FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. Je - sus tells the welcome sto - ry Of a Fa-ther's ten-der care;
 2. Je - sus teaches by the sparrow, We should never more de - spair;
 3. Je - sus teaches by the lil - y, Of a Fa-ther's lov-ing care;

Tho' we can not see his glo - ry, He will lead us, he will lead us there.
 Tho' the path to heav'n be narrow, He will lead us, he will lead us there.
 Tho' we pass the shadowed valley, He will lead us, he will lead us there.

CHORUS.

Tho' we may not see the Fa - ther; By his watchful providential care,

He Will Lead Us There.

Thro' the clouds that gather darkly 'round us, He will lead us, he will lead us there.

179

Till We Meet.

Words and Music by STANLEY GREENWOOD.

1. Till we meet a - gain in his blessed name, May no dark'ning ill be - tide;
2. Till we meet a - gain in his courts so blest, May we keep the crown in view;
3. Till we meet at last at his bless-ed feet, May we true and faithful be;

In the peace of God ev-er-more the same, May each trusting heart abide.
In the strength of God may our souls find rest, And the fight each day re-new.
In the love of God and communion sweet, May we walk till him we see.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet where we part no more;
till we meet, till we meet,

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet on the golden shore.
till we meet, till we meet,

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. O'er the mead-ow and the mountain, on the for - est and the lea,
2. How it ban - ish - es the win - ter, how it brings the flow'rs of spring,

Falls the sun - shine, bless-ed sun-shine, And it tells us of the
Bless-ed sun - shine, bless-ed sun-shine, How thro' all the vast cre-

Falls the sun, blessed sun,
Bless-ed sun, blessed sun,

love of God so boundless and so free; Does the sunshine, blessed sunshine,
a - tion 'tis the joy of ev'-ry thing; Blessed sunshine, blessed sun-shine,

Does the sunshine, blessed sun-shine,
Bless-ed sunshine, blessed sun-shine,

CHORUS.

Bless-ed, bless-ed sunshine. Like the love of God, so tender and so sweet,
love of God, so wondrous and so great,

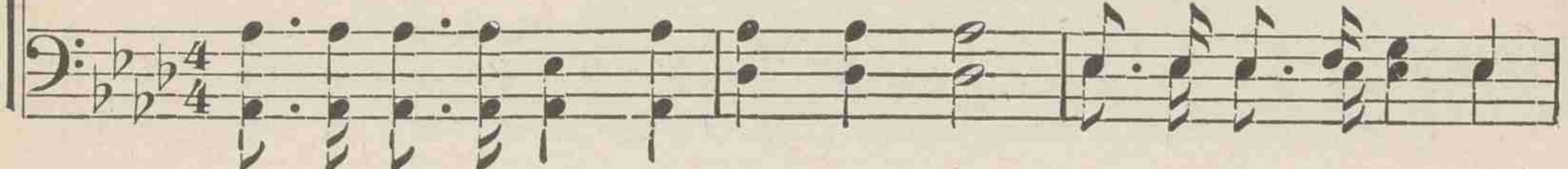
The blessed sunshine, the blessed sunshine; Like the
The blessed [Omit.] sunshine, sunshine, sunshine.

Make Some Other Heart Rejoice.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.



1. Would you know earth's highest happiness, Would you know its greatest
 2. Pleasant smiles will cheer a drooping heart, Kindly words relieve a
 3. Man-y hearts are crushed with bitter woe, Many hearts with grief are




bless-ed - ness, Would you know its truest joyfulness, Make some other
 bit-ter smart, Helping hands to weakness strength impart, Make some other
 bend-ing low, Many hearts need help you can bestow, Make some other



CHORUS.



heart re - joice. Give a pleasant smile, Speak a kindly word,




Lend a hand to help a broth - er, Give a pleasant smile,




Speak a kind-ly word, Lend a hand to help an - 'oth - er.



F. J. CROSBY.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

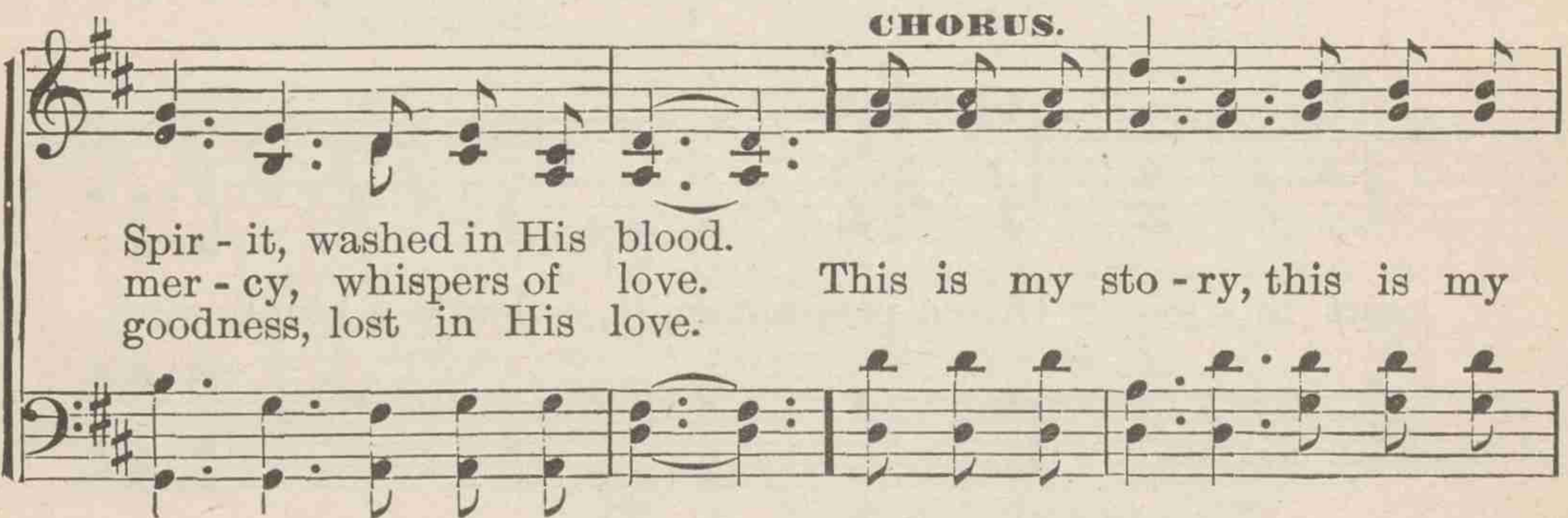


1. Blessed as - surance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, perfect de - light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now
 3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am



glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va-tion, purchased of God, Born of His
 burst on my sight, Angels descending, bring from above, Ech-oes of
 hap - py and blest, Watching and waiting, looking above Filled with His

CHORUS.



Spir - it, washed in His blood.
 mer - cy, whispers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
 goodness, lost in His love.



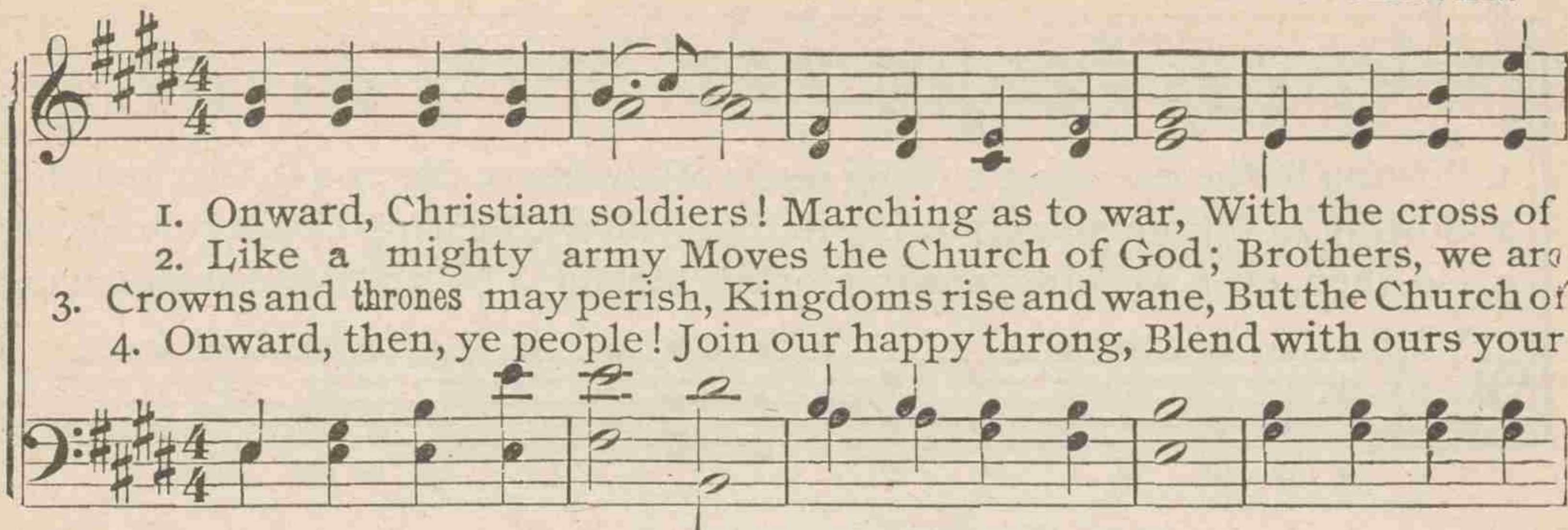
song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my



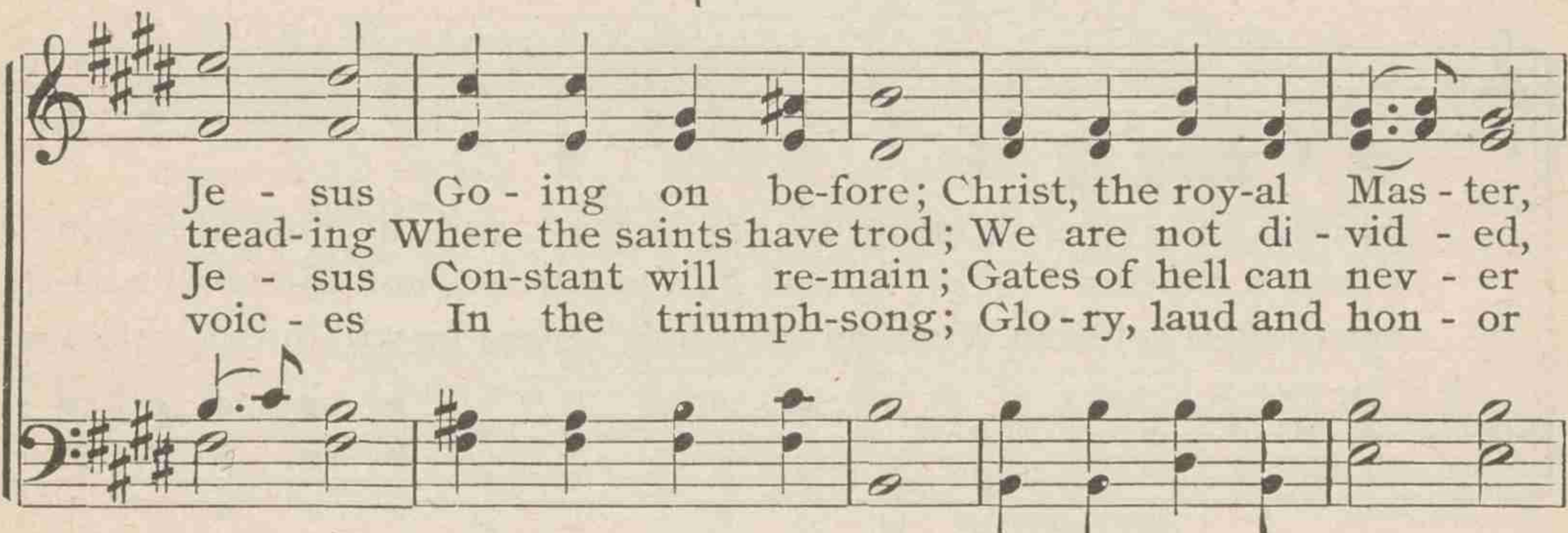
sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

S. B. GOULD.

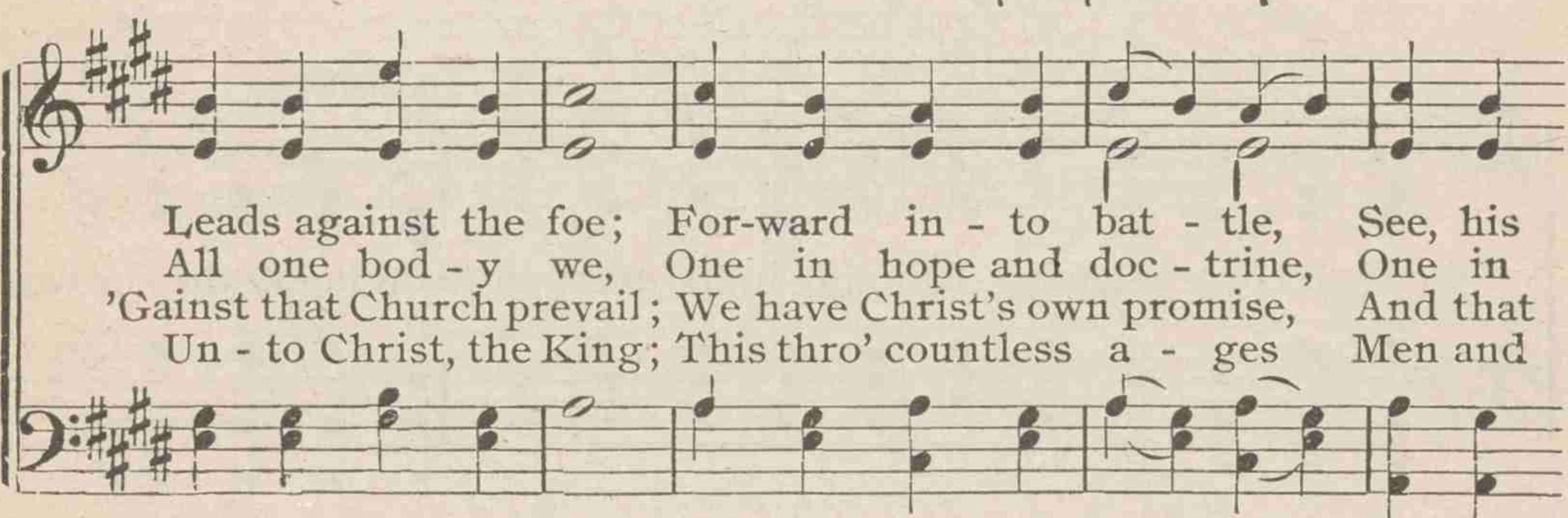
A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
 4. Onward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your



Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
 Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
 voic - es In the triumph - song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or

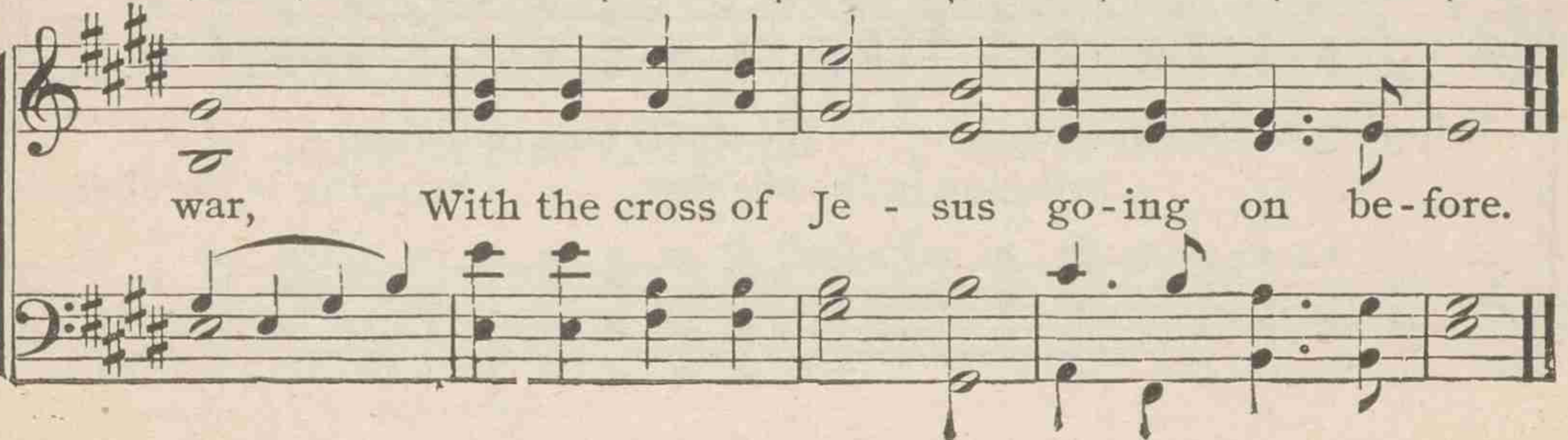


Leads against the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, his
 All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in
 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that
 Un - to Christ, the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and

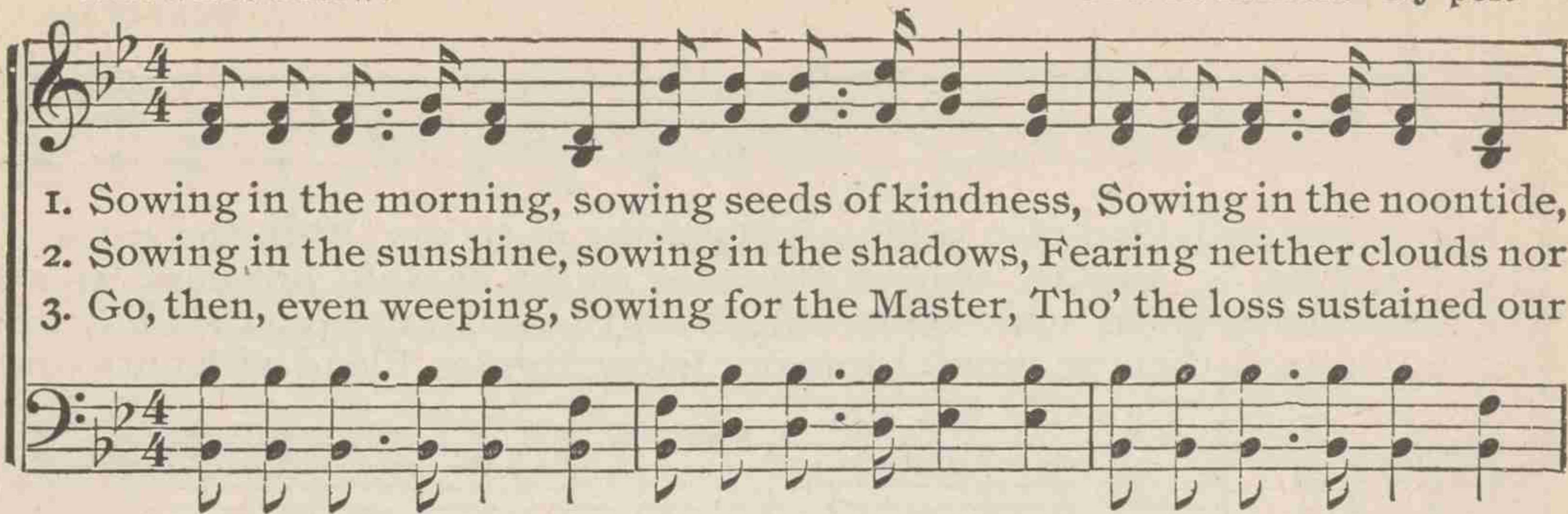
REFRAIN.



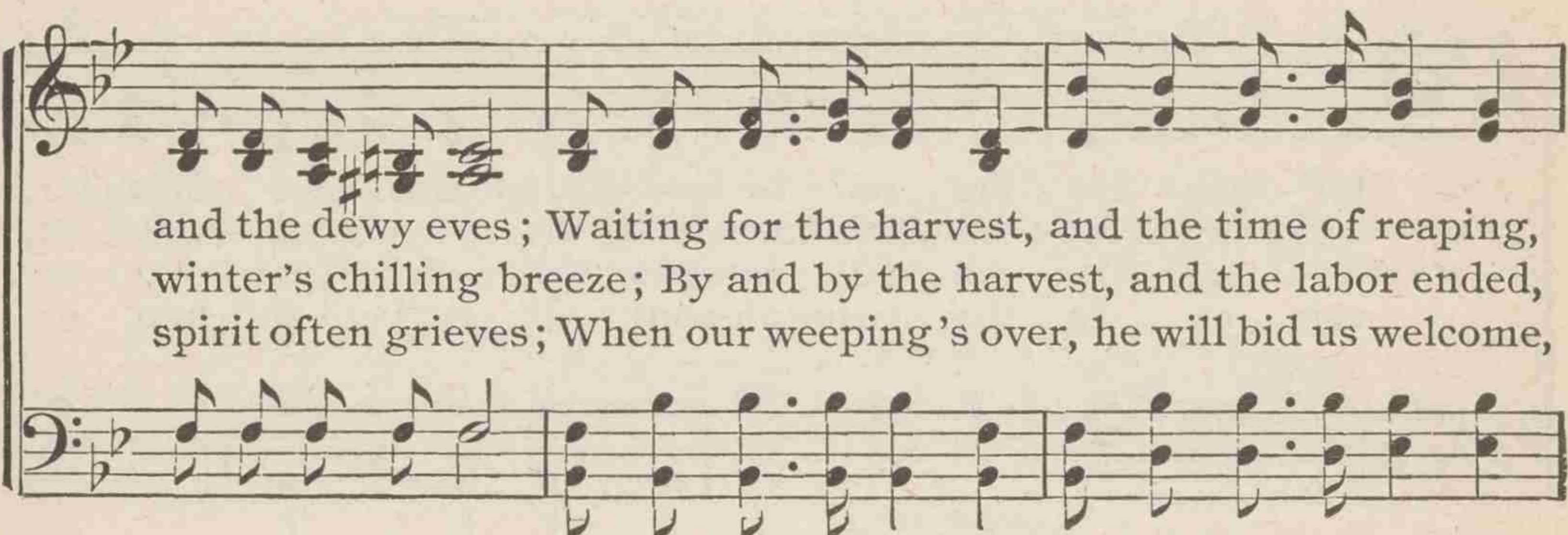
ban - ners go!
 char - i - ty. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to
 can not fail.
 an - gels sing.



war, With the cross of Je - sus go - ing on be - fore.

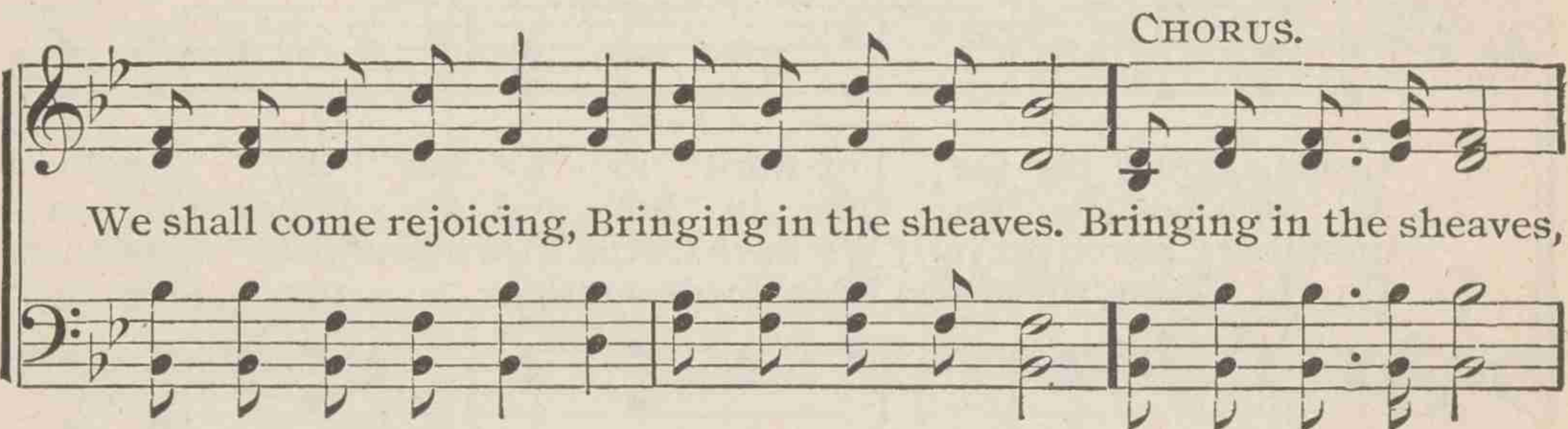


1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide,
 2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
 3. Go, then, even weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our



and the dewy eves; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
 winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
 spirit often grieves; When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome,

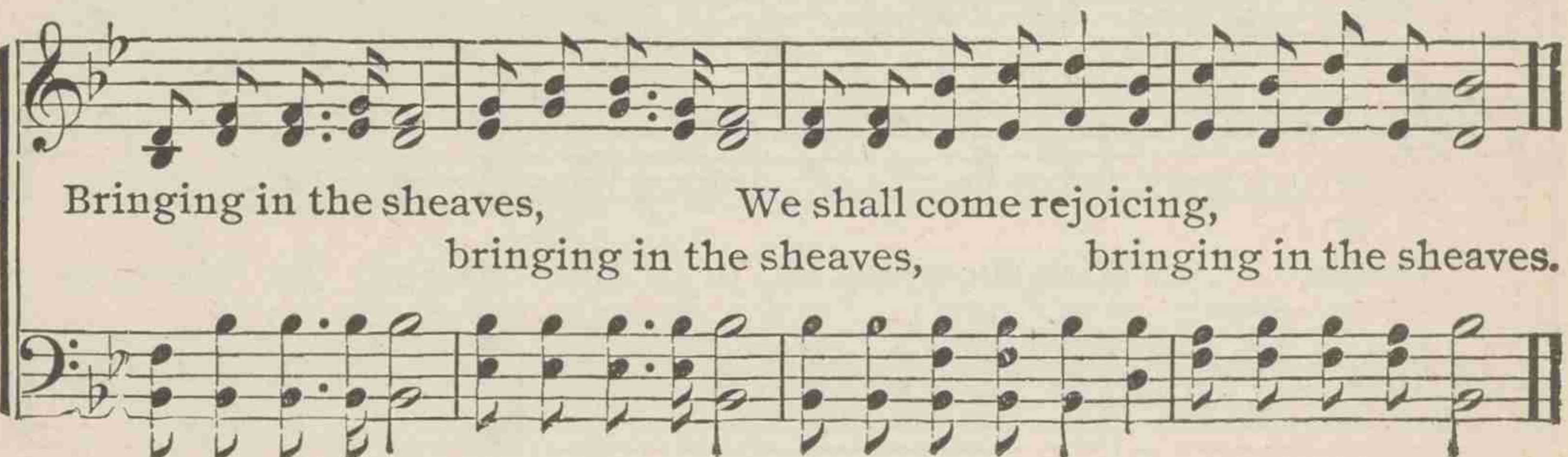
CHORUS.



We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,



Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves



Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing,
 bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves.

1. I know that my Redeem-er liv - eth, And on the earth
 2. I know his promise nev-er fail - eth, The word he speaks,
 3. I know my mansion he pre-par - eth, That where he is

again shall stand; I know e - ternal life he giveth, That grace and
 it can not die; Tho' cruel death my flesh assaileth, Yet I shall
 there I may be; O wondrous tho't, for me he careth, And he at

CHORUS.

power . . . are in his hand. { I know, I know . . .
 see . . . him by and by. { And on the earth . . .
 last . . . will come for me.

that Je-sus liv-eth, }
 a-gain shall (omit) } stand; I know, I know . . . that life he

Rit.

giv-eth, That grace and power . . . are in his hand.
 are in his hand.

RAY PALMER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour di-vine:
2. May thy rich grace impart, Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire;

{ Now hear me while I pray; }
{ Take all my guilt a-way; } Oh, let me, from this day, Be wholly thine.
{ As thou hast died for me, }
{ Oh, may my love to thee } Pure, warm and changeless be, A living fire.

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

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

ELIZA SHERMAN.

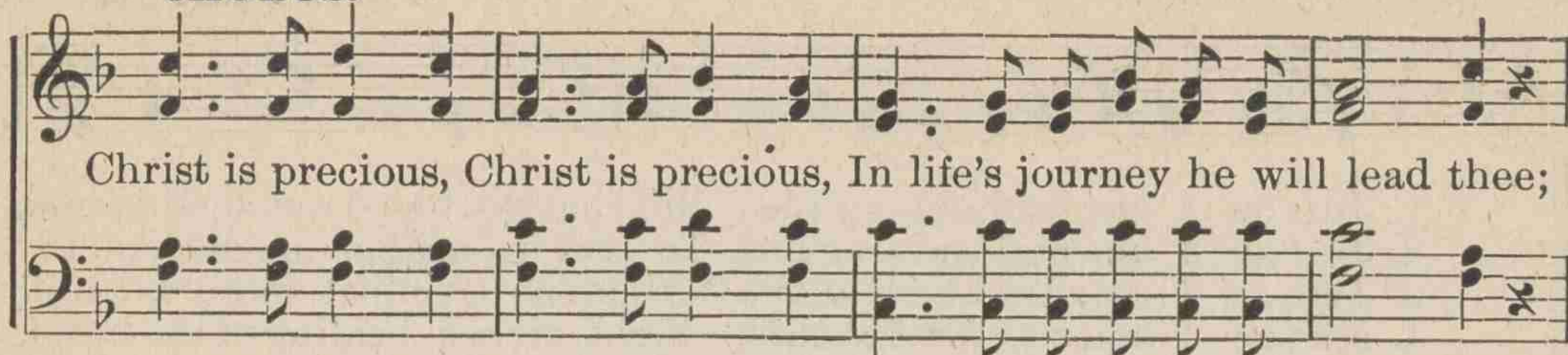
J. H. F.

1. Oh, the precious love of Je - sus, Growing sweeter day by day,
2. But we can not know the full - ness Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
3. Come and taste the love of Je - sus, At his feet thy burdens lay;

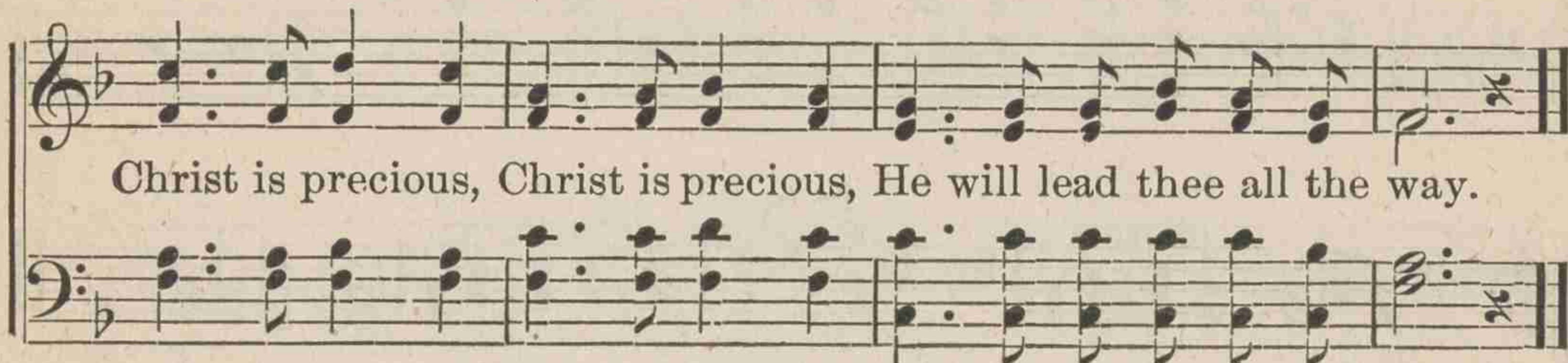
Tu - ning all my heart so joy - ous To a heavenly mel-o - dy.
Till we see and know his glo - ry, In the heavenly home above.
Trust him with thy grief and sorrow, Bear this joyful song a - way.

Christ is Precious.

CHORUS.



Christ is precious, Christ is precious, In life's journey he will lead thee;



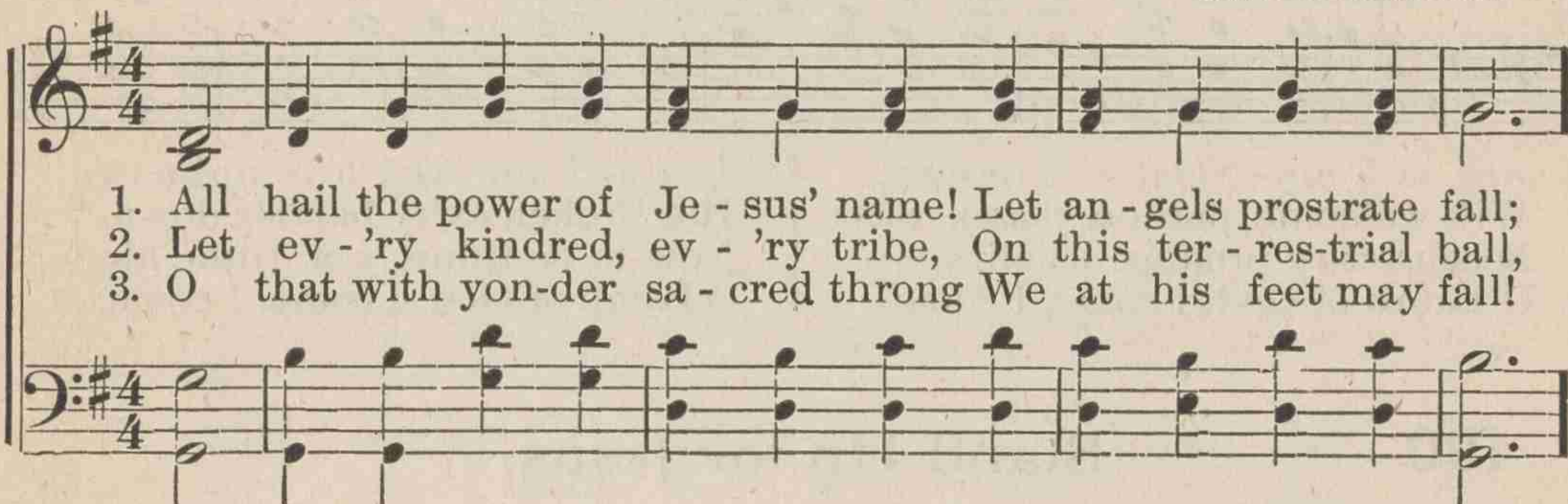
Christ is precious, Christ is precious, He will lead thee all the way.

188

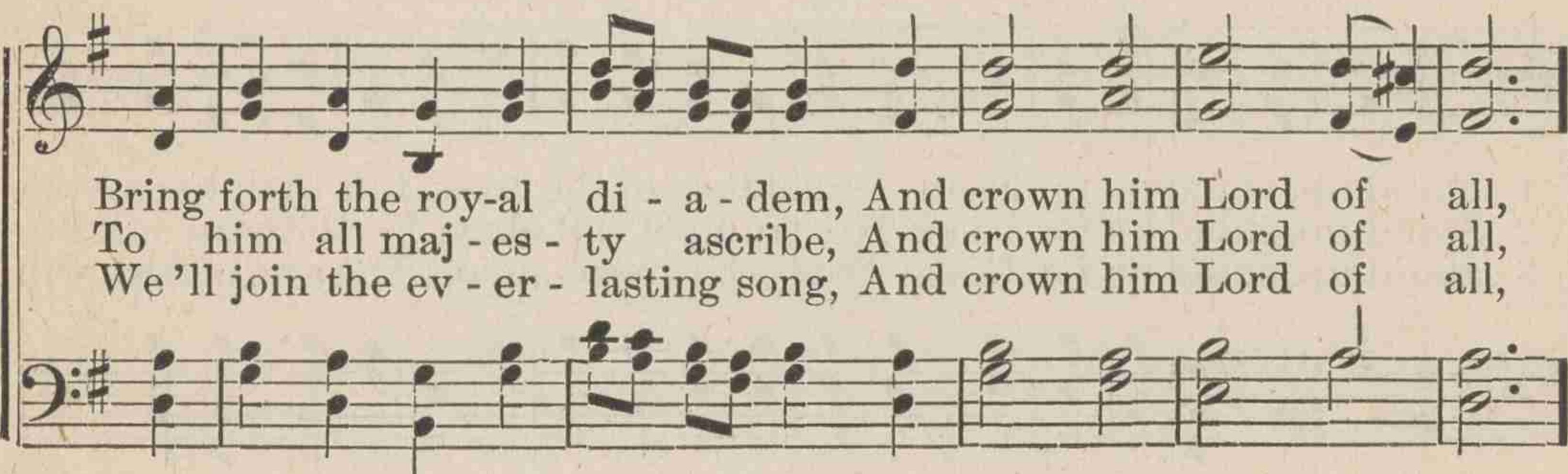
All Hail the Power.

EDWARD PERRONET.

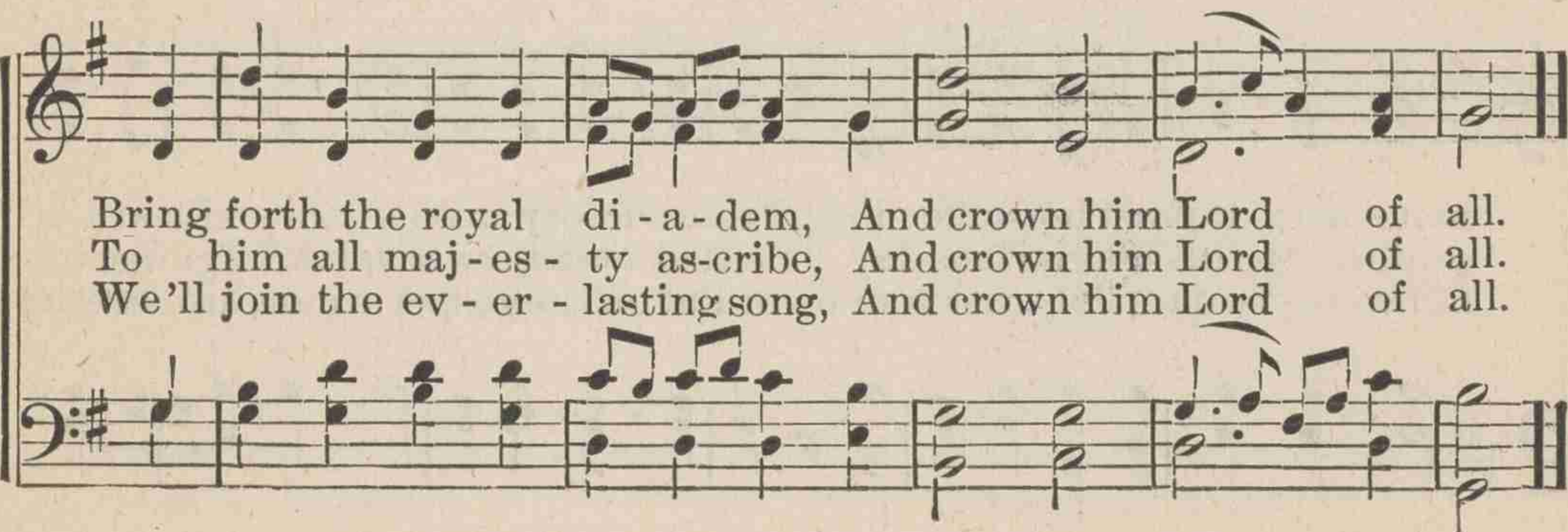
OLIVER HOLDEN.



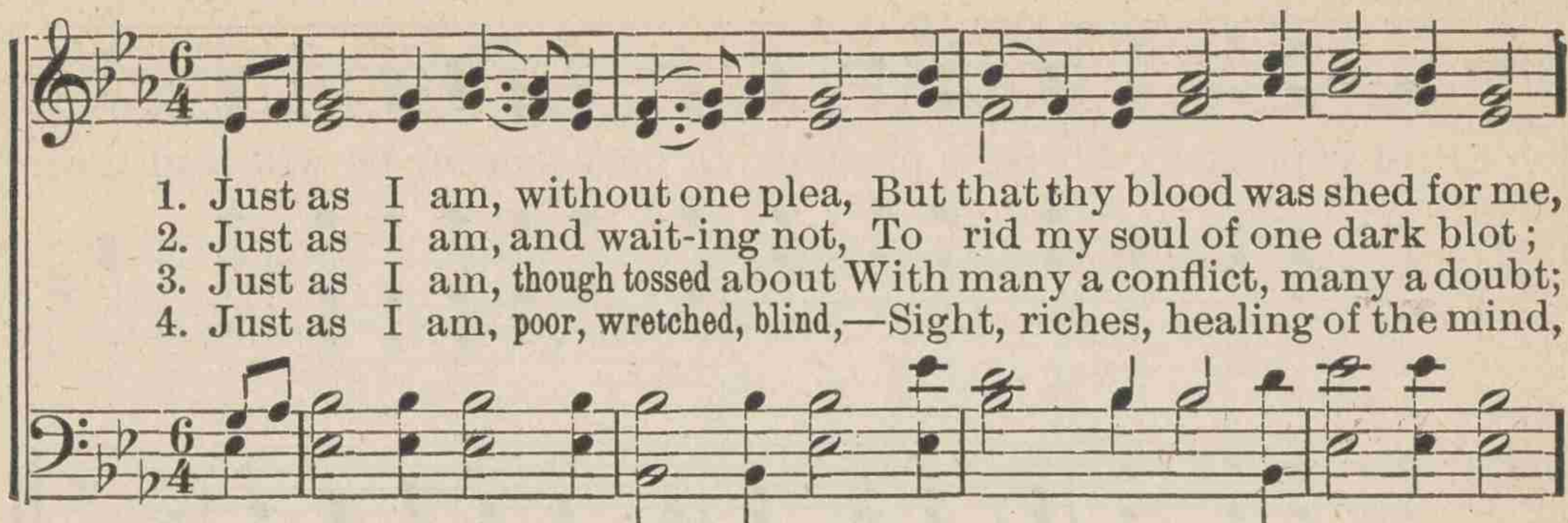
1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kindred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball,
3. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall!



Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all,
To him all maj - es - ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all,
We'll join the ev - er - lasting song, And crown him Lord of all,



Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
To him all maj - es - ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - lasting song, And crown him Lord of all.



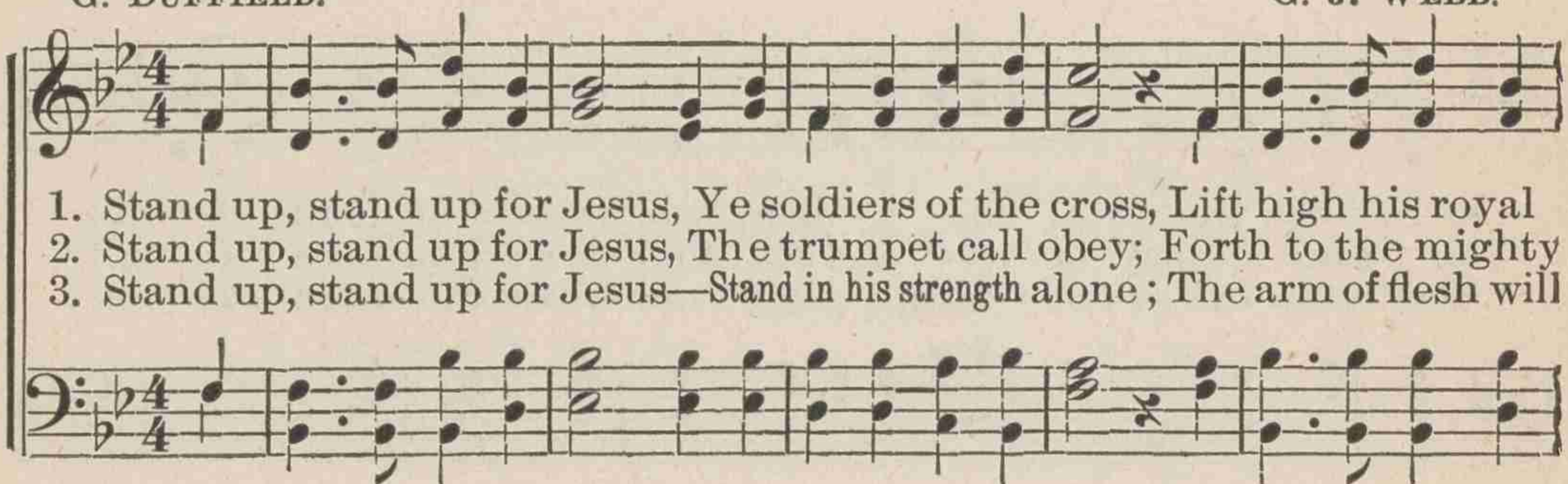
1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not, To rid my soul of one dark blot;
 3. Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt;
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—Sight, riches, healing of the mind,



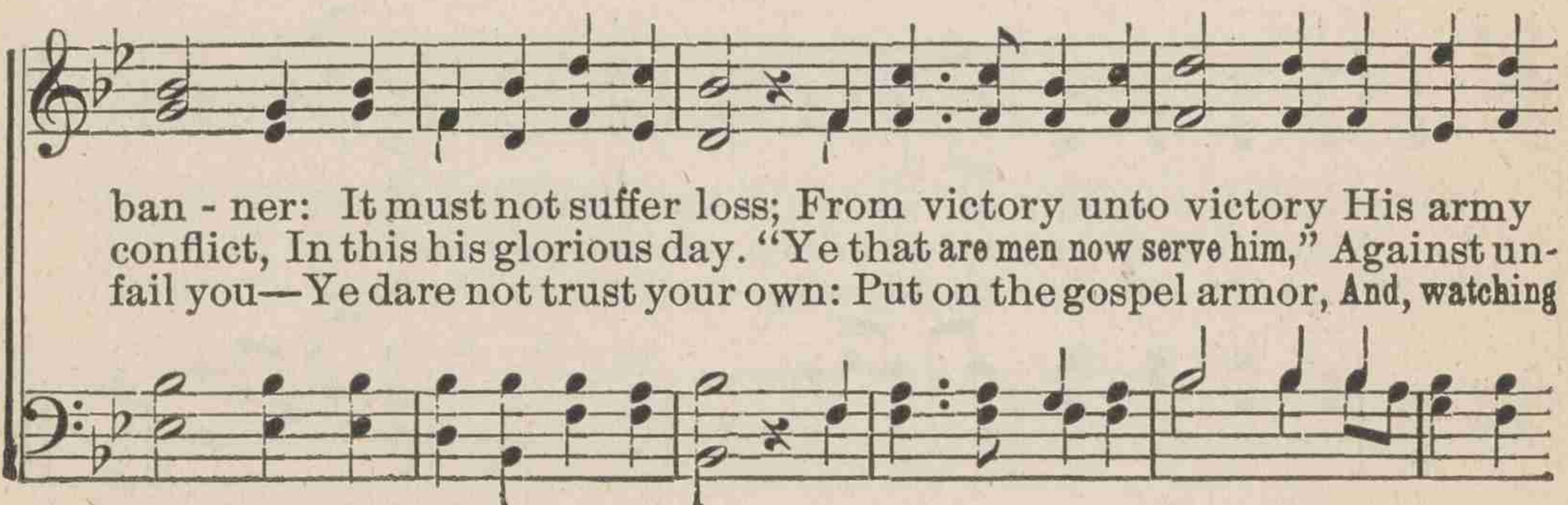
And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 With fears within, and foes without—O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find—O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because thy promise I believe—
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown,
 Has broken ev'ry barrier down,
 Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

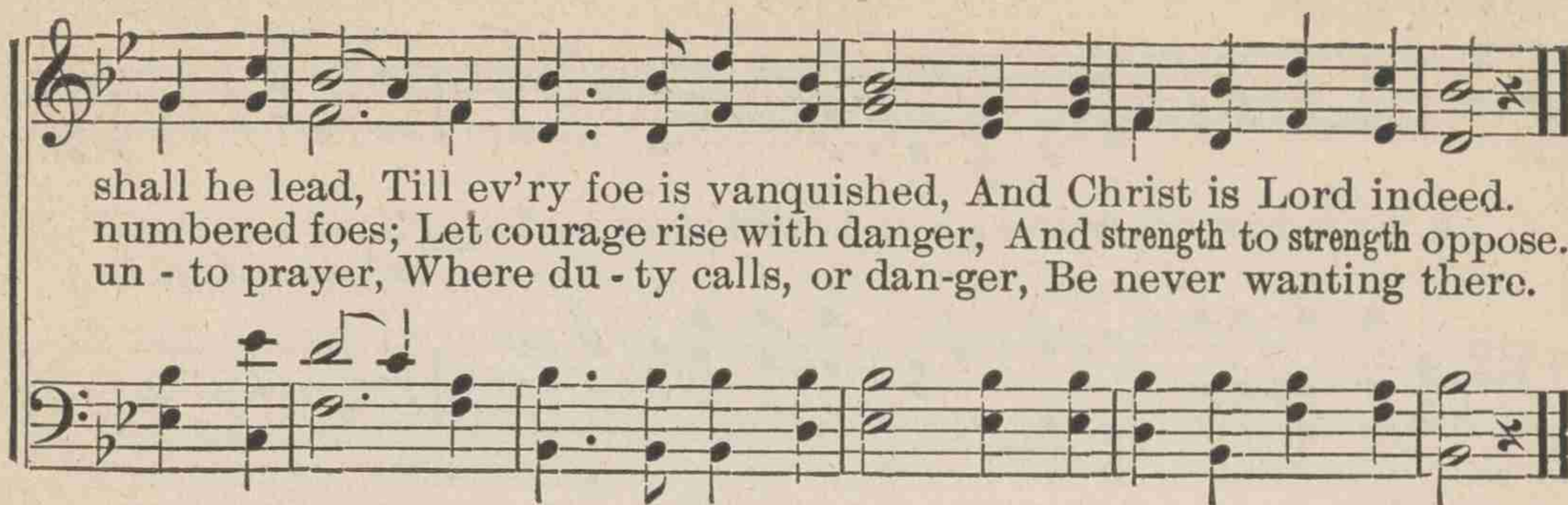


1. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross, Lift high his royal
 2. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, The trumpet call obey; Forth to the mighty
 3. Stand up, stand up for Jesus—Stand in his strength alone; The arm of flesh will



ban - ner: It must not suffer loss; From victory unto victory His army
 conflict, In this his glorious day. "Ye that are men now serve him," Against un-
 fail you—Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gospel armor, And, watching

Stand Up for Jesus.



shall he lead, Till ev'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord indeed.
numbered foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
un - to prayer, Where du - ty calls, or dan-ger, Be never wanting there.

191

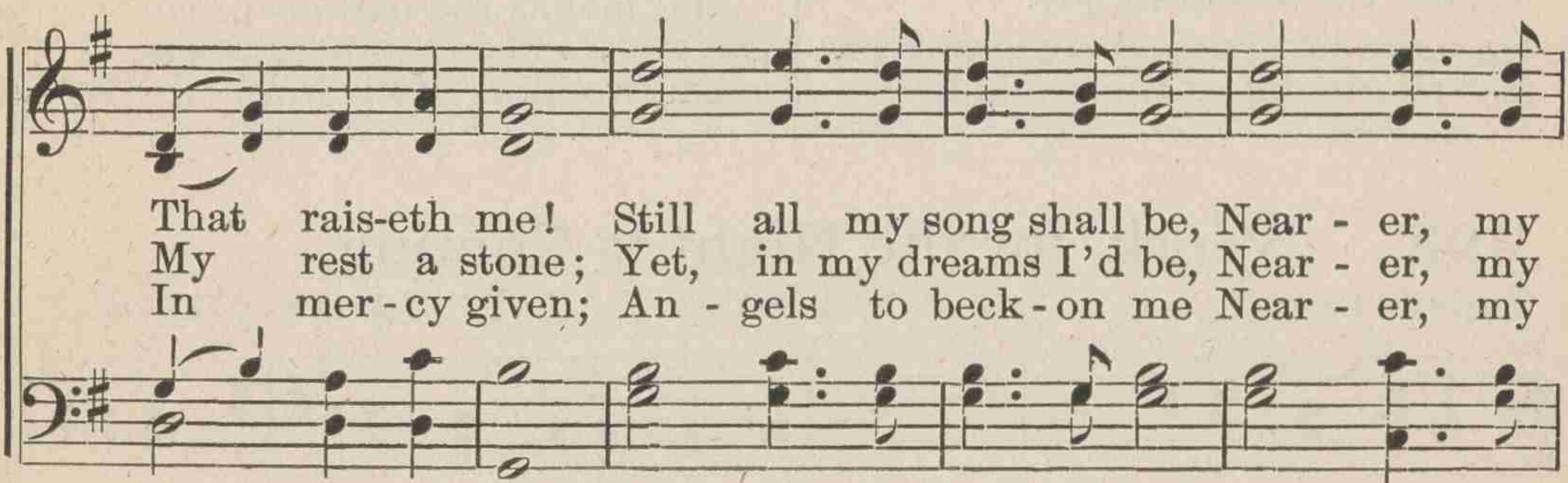
Nearer, My God, to Thee.

MRS. S. F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee; E'en tho it be a cross
2. Tho like the wanderer, Daylight all gone, Darkness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way appear, Steps unto heaven; All that thou sendest me,



That rais-eth me! Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
My rest a stone; Yet, in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my
In mer-cy given; An - gels to beck-on me Near - er, my



God, to thee! Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee!

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

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

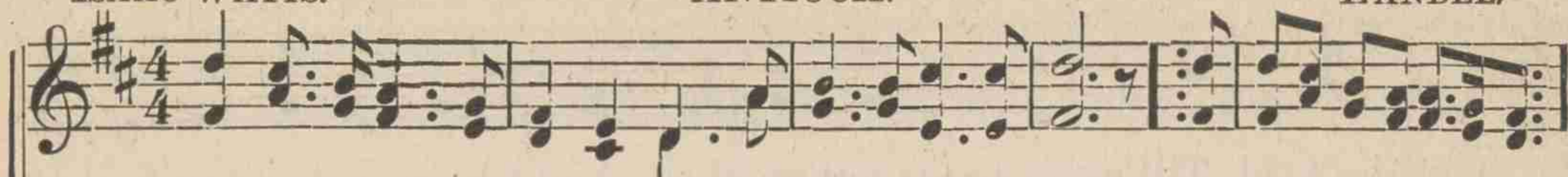
192

Joy to the World!

ISAAC WATTS.

ANTIOCH.

HANDEL.



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; { Let ev - ery heart }
 { prepare him room, }



And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven, and heaven and nature sing.
 sing . . .



And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing,

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:
 Let men their songs employ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.</p> <p>3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;</p> | <p>He comes to make his blessings flow,
 Far as the curse is found.</p> <p>4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.</p> |
|--|---|

193

Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER.

WORK SONG.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro the morning hours; Work while the
 2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest
 3. Work, for the night is coming, Un - der the sunset skies; While their bright



dew is sparkling; Work mid springing flowers; Work when the day grows brighter,
 hours with labor—Rest comes sure and soon. Give every fly-ing mo-ment
 tints are glowing, Work, for daylight flies. Work till the last beam fadeth,



Work for the Night is Coming.

Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
 Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
 Fadeth to shine no more; Work while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er.

194

We Praise Thee, O God.

WM. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Je-sus who
2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo-ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re - vive us a-gain; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be

CHORUS.

died, and is now gone a - bove.
 Saviour, and scattered our night. Hal - le-lu-jah! thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-
 sins, and has cleansed every stain.
 sought us, and guided our ways.
 re - kin-dled with fire from above.

lu-jah! A-men. Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glory, Re-vive us a-gain.

Violin obligato.

1. When I was but a lit - tle child, how well I rec - ol - lect How
 2. Tho' I was oft - en wayward, she was al - ways kind and good, So
 3. When I be - came a prod - i - gal, and left the old roof-tree, She
 4. One day a mes - sage came to me; it bade me quick - ly come, If

I would grieve my mother with my fol - ly and neglect; And now that she has
 patient, gen - tle, lov - ing, when I acted rough and rude; My childhood griefs and
 al - most broke her loving heart in mourning aft - er me; And day and night she
 I would see my moth - er ere the Sav - iour took her home; I promised her, be -

gone to heav'n, I miss her tender care, O an - gels, tell my mother I'll be there.
 tri - als she would gladly with me share, O an - gels, tell my mother I'll be there.
 prayed to God to keep me in His care, O an - gels, tell my mother I'll be there.
 fore she died, for heaven to pre - pare, O an - gels, tell my mother I'll be there.

Tell Mother I'll Be There.

CHORUS.

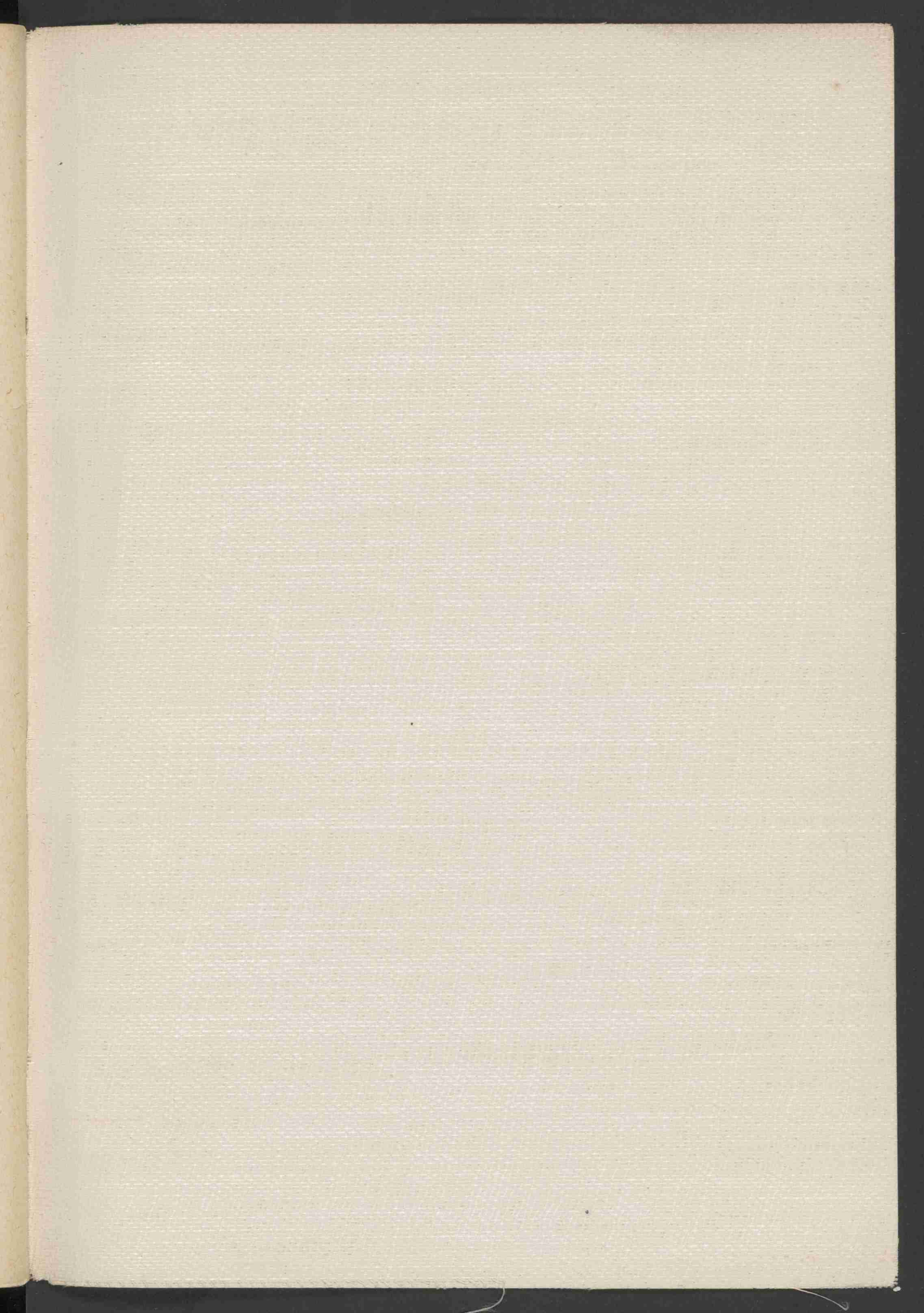
Tell moth-er I'll be there in an-swer to her prayer; This

message, guardian an-gels, to her bear; Tell mother I'll be there, heav'n's

joys with her to share, Yes, tell my dar-ling moth-er I'll be there.

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