# GARNERED GEMS

of Sunday School Song

BY

H. R. PALMER.

AUTHOR OF

"Yield not to Temptation," "By and By, We shall meet Him,"
"Peace be still," "The Rose of Sharon," etc. etc.

PUBLISHED BY

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY,

CINCINNATI. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

Price 35 Cents.

# GARNERED GEMS

. . . OF . . .

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL SONG.

BY

H. R. PALMER, MUS. DOC.

Writer and Composer of "Yield not to Temptation"; "Shall I let Him in?" The Rose of Sharon"; "Beautiful Home"; "Children may come to the Savior," etc., and Composer of "Galilee, Blue Galilee"; "Peace, be Still"; "By and by we shall meet Him"; "Come, Sinner, Come"; "The Wayside Cross," etc., etc.

PUBLISHED BY

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY.

CINCINNATI. CHICAGO. NEW YORK.

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# PUBLISHERS' PREFACE

IN presenting to the Sunday-Schools of America a new singing-book by the author of "Songs of Love," the publishers desire to call attention to the following points peculiar to "Garnered Gems":

☞ It is essentially a *Sunday-School* Singing-Book.

☞ It contains the best hymns of about two hundred different writers.

☞ It represents the best thought of one hundred different composers.

☞ In making the book the author has had the assistance of many of the most distinguished workers in this field.

Here, for the first time, the author's well-known hymns and tunes are brought forward together. These hymns and tunes are used wherever the English language is spoken, and some of them have been translated into many different languages, and are sung wherever Christianity is preached.

The movement of each piece in the book is indicated by metronome marks, and it is earnestly recommended that all who lead in the singing should provide themselves with a pocket metronome, which will cost but fifty cents, and may be ordered of the publishers of this work.

We send forth "Garnered Gems" in the hope and belief that it will receive a warm and cordial welcome from all who have at heart the highest musical interests of the Sunday-Schools of America.

THE PUBLISHERS.

# GARNERED GEMS
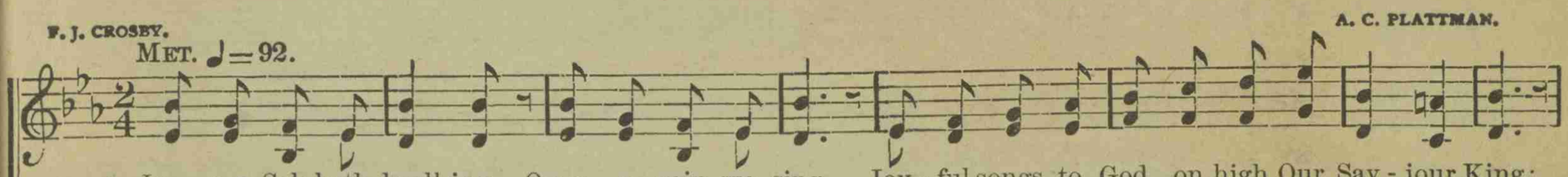
—OF—

## SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG.

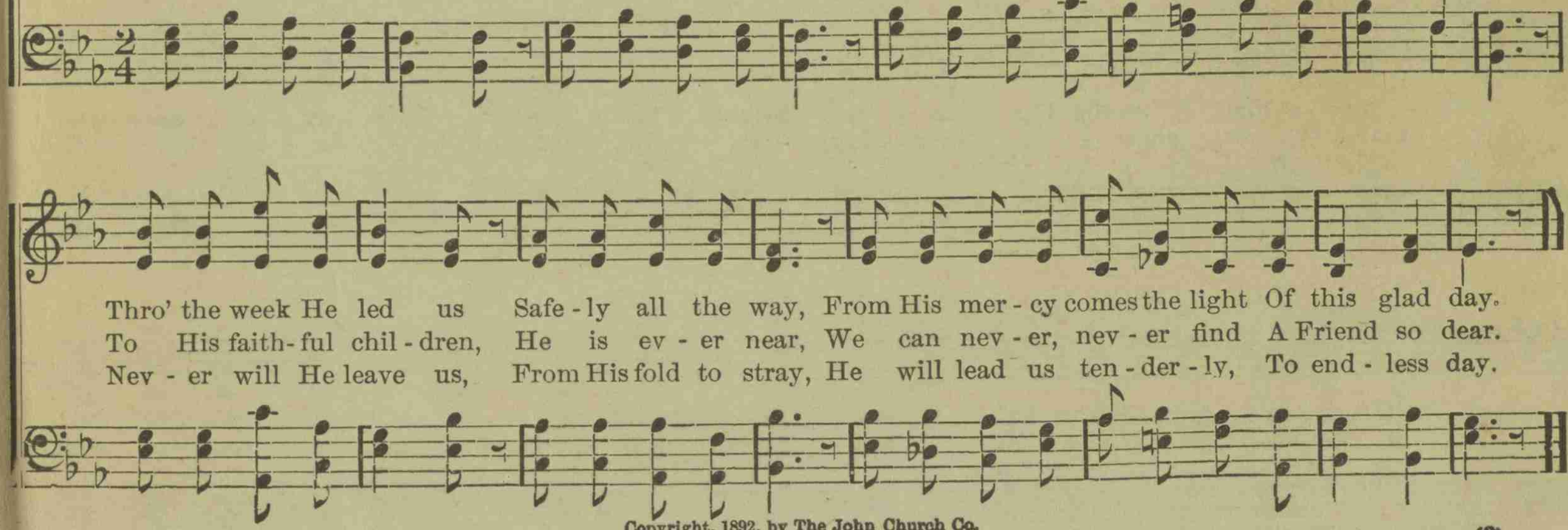
### In our Sabbath Dwelling.

F. J. CROSBY. A. C. PLATTMAN.

MET. ♩=92.



1. In our Sab-bath dwell-ing Once a-gain we sing, Joy-ful songs to God on high Our Sav-iour King:
2. In our Sab-bath dwell-ing Once a-gain we praise Him, whose blessings fol-low us Thro' all our days:
3. Like a gen-tle shep-herd Watching o'er the sheep, So our Sav-iour lov-ing-ly His own will keep.



Thro' the week He led us Safe-ly all the way, From His mer-cy comes the light Of this glad day.
To His faith-ful chil-dren, He is ev-er near, We can nev-er, nev-er find A Friend so dear.
Nev-er will He leave us, From His fold to stray, He will lead us ten-der-ly, To end-less day.

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# Praise Ye The Lord.

F. J. CROSBY. H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩ = 100.

ALL VOICES IN UNISON. FULL HARMONY.

1. Praise ye the Lord! joy-ful-ly shout ho-san-na! Praise the Lord with glad ac-claim;
2. Praise ye the Lord! He is the King e-ter-nal! Glo-ry be to God on high!

ALL VOICES IN UNISON. FULL HARMONY.

Lift up our hearts un-to His throne with glad-ness—Mag-ni-fy His ho-ly name.
Praise ye the Lord, tell of His lov-ing kind-ness—Join the cho-rus of the sky.

ALL VOICES IN UNISON. FULL HARMONY.

March-ing a-long un-der His ban-ner bright, Trust-ing in His mer-cy as we
Still march-ing on, cheer-i-ly march-ing on, In the ranks of Je-sus we will

go (still as we go,) His light di-vine ten-der-ly o'er us will shine; We shall be
go (yes we will go,) Home to our rest, joy-ful-ly home where the blest Gath-er and

go,

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CHORUS.

guid - ed by His hand now and for - ev - er. Stead - i - ly march- ing on, with ou-
praise the Sav-iour's name, praise Him for - ev - er.

ban - ner wav - ing o'er us, Stead - i - ly march - ing on, while we

ALL VOICES IN UNISON.

sing the joy - ful cho - - rus, Stead - i - ly march - ing on, pil - lar and

cloud go - ing be - fore us, To the realms of glo - ry, to our home on high.

# Once more within our Sabbath Home.

F. J. CROSBY. S. A. WARD.

MET. ♩=104.

1. Once more with - in our Sab - bath home, Our cheer - ful hearts we raise, To Him who watch- es
2. Once more with - in our Sab - bath home, We read the Book di - vine, And see, by faith, on
3. Our Sab - bath home, dear Sab - bath home, Where we, like buds and flow'rs Are train'd by gen - tle

o - ver us, Di - rect - ing all our ways; We thank Him for His ten - der love, That
ev - 'ry page Our Sav - iour's glo - ry shine; And while we come to learn of Him, The
hands to bloom A - mong ce - les - tial bow'rs:—What joy to praise our gra - cious Lord, As

crowns an - oth - er week,— We thank Him for His mer - cies past, And still His bless- ing seek.
low - ly and the meek,— We thank Him for His mer - cies past, And still His bless- ing seek.
now, from week to week, To thank Him for His mer - cies past, And still His bless- ing seek.

* Melody in bass particularly strong.

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# Ye Nations hear Him.

W. LUDDEN.

MET. ♪ = 108.

DUET. *cres.*

1. God is love! ye na-tions, hear Him; God is love! a - dore, re - vere Him; God is love! ye
2. God is love! the breez - es bring it; God is love! the bell-tunes ring it; God is love! the
3. Ev - 'ry pass - ing breath of ev - en, Ev - 'ry ob - ject un - der heav - en, All the sto - ry

*f* *dim.* *p* FULL HARMONY.

need not fear Him; His is tend'rest love. God is love! and He is ho - ly, Nev - er false, He
song - birds sing it; God is per - fect love. And the o - cean, as it foam-eth, And the wild wind
He hath giv - en, Whispers "God is love!" Though the ach - ing heart is sigh-ing, Though life's dear - est

*mf* *cres.* *f* *p dim.* *pp*

lov - eth tru - ly, Lov - eth all, the high and low - ly, With His yearn - ing love.
as it moan - eth, And each sea - son when it com - eth, Tells us God is love.
hopes are dy - ing, There's an un - der - tone re - ply - ing—"God is last - ing love."

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# The Promises of God.

H. R. PALMER

MET. ♩. = 72.

A. C. P. & P. L. C.

1. God's prom-ise for ev - er a - bi - deth We'll trust it from day un - to day, The ad - a - mant
2. A prom-ise for us in the morn - ing, A prom - ise at noon and at night; A prom-ise when
3. From the hour when we first found the Fa - ther Till earth's wea - ry jour-ney is o'er, His prom - is - es

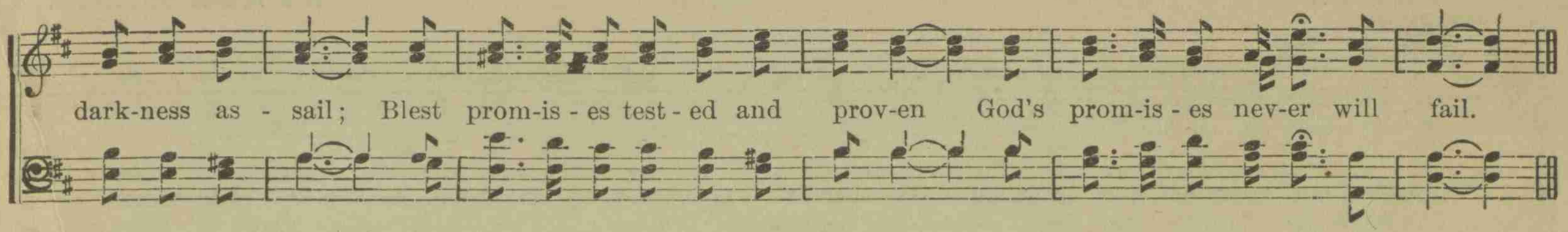
rock has less firm - ness, The prom- ise of God is our stay. His prom - is - es nev - er will
liv - ing or dy - ing, On earth, or in E - den so bright. They come from a kind lov - ing
bloom on our path - way, Sweet blos - soms of joy ev - er - more. His prom - is - es all are e -

fail us If faith - ful we stand to the right Tho' le - gions of dark - ness as - sail us, The
Fa - ther, To all the con - di - tions of life, In sick - ness, in joy or in sor - row, Each
ter - nal We'll rest from our wea - ri - ness there; Blest prom - is - es test - ed and prov - en, A

CHORUS.

prom - ise of God is our might.
prom - ise with bless - ing is rife. We'll rest in God's prom-is - es ev - er Tho' le - gions of
ref - uge from sor - row and care.

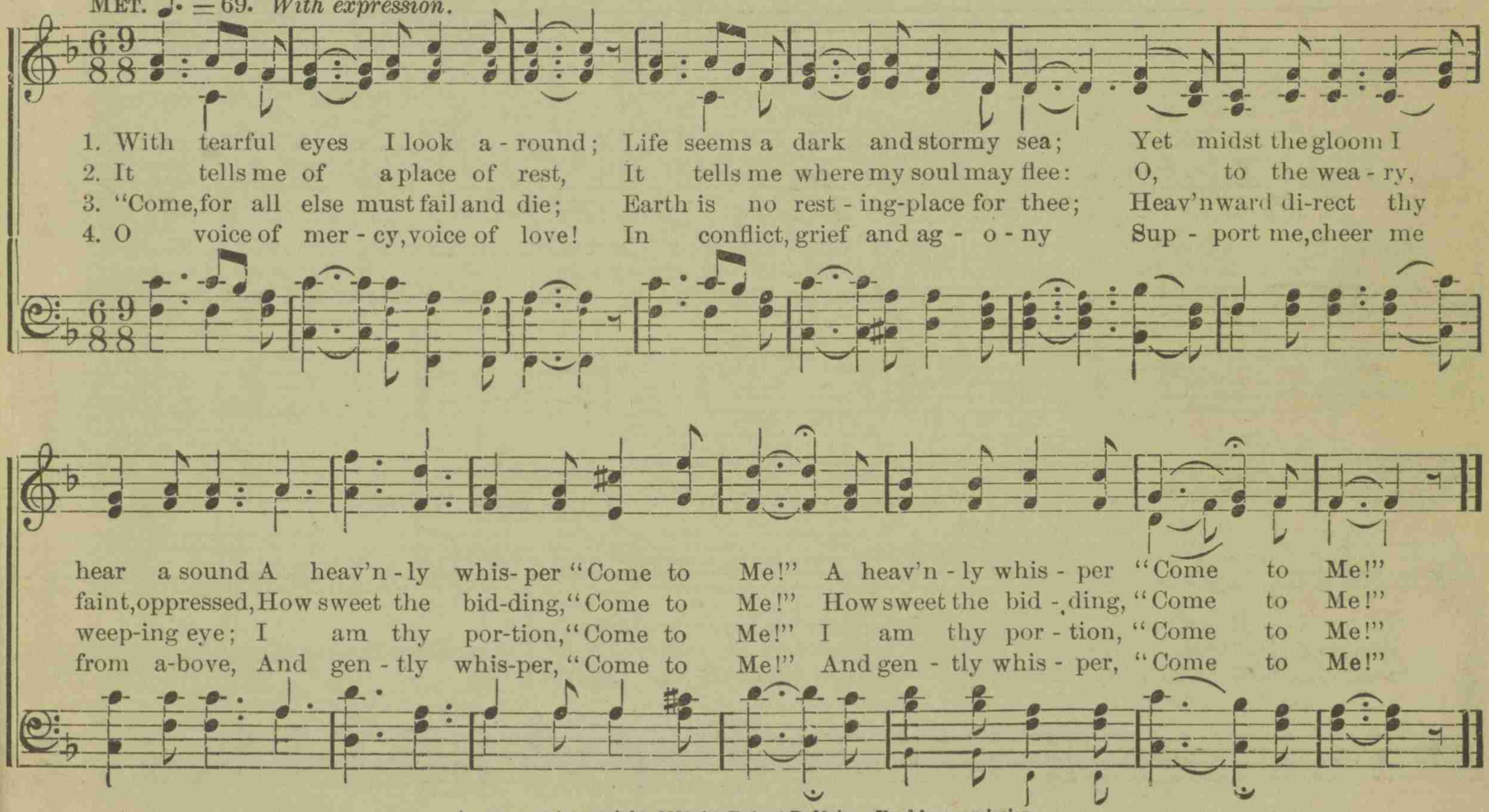
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## Come to Me.

C. ELLIOTT. A. RUBINSTEIN. ARR. BY H. P. MAIN.

MET. ♩. = 69. *With expression.*




Arrangement copyright, 1892, by Hubert P. Main. Used by permission.

# Fair Evening Hour.

E. E. HEWITT.

R. R. PALMER, DEC. 28-91.

SOLO.

MET. ♩. = 63.

1. The mur-mur-ing sum - mer breeze, Stirs light- ly a- mong the trees, And hush- es the flow'rs to slum - ber,
2. The blossoms of grove and field, Their del - i - cate per- fume yield, The dew-drops are gent - ly fall - ing,
3. What glo- ri- ous vis - ions wait, Be-yond the bright sun-set gate; Be read - y, O soul, to greet them,

*rit.* *a tempo.*

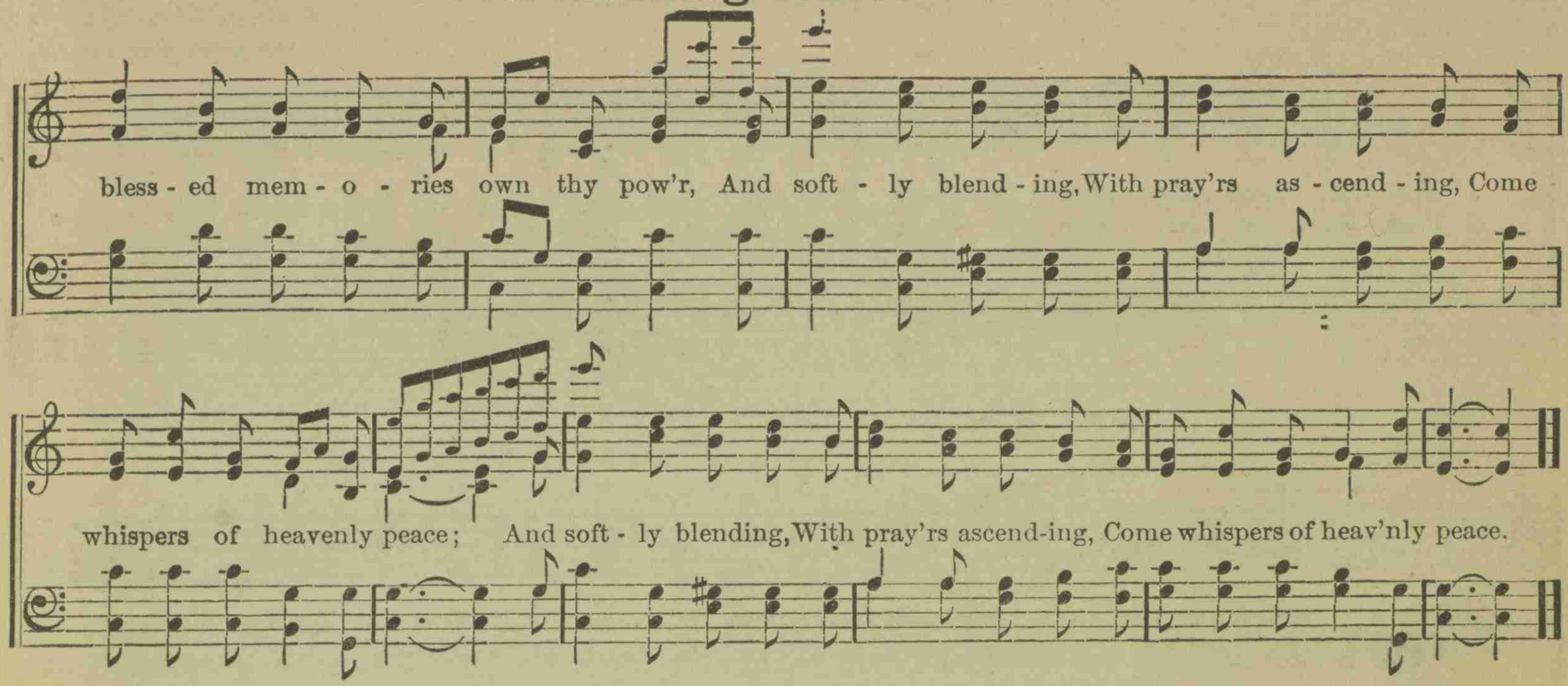
With lul - la - by mel - o - dies, O, calm as the lake- let's breast, Re-flect- ing the gold - en west,
The wounds of the day are heal'd. We welcome the gra- cious sign, Fall ten- der - ly, dews Di - vine;
Though early the call, or late. Soon pass- es the star - ry night, All shadows will take their flight,

CHORUS.

The heart holding sweet communings, This tranquil hour, pure and blest,...
Re-fresh ev - 'ry droop-ing spir - it, While lin-ger - ing sun-beams shine..
When breaks thine e - ter - nal morning, O beau- ti - ful Land of Light...
} O, hallowed hour! fair evening hour! What
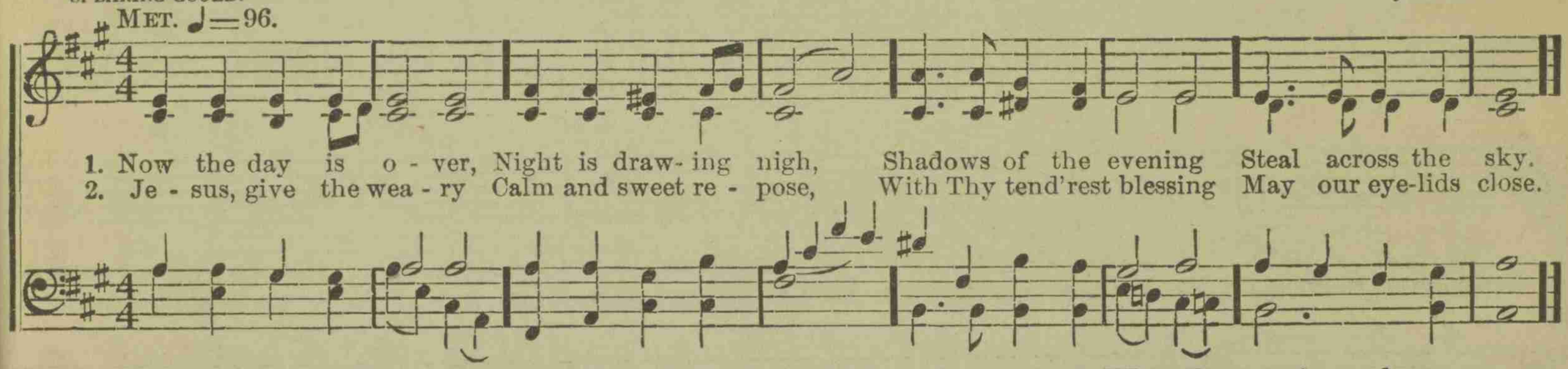
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## Fair Evening Hour.—Concluded.




## Now the Day is Over.

S. BARING-GOULD. J. BARNBY.




3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee,
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

4 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

# The Pure in Heart.

C. R. BLACKALL. L. VAN BEETHOVEN. ARR. BY P.

MET. ♩ = 100.

1. Bless - ed are the pure in heart, They that stand ap - proved of God, They shall have in
2. Bless - ed are the pure in heart, They that love the paths of God, They shall dwell from

life a part, True life here, Life with God; Pure in heart, they dai - ly see Christ in God their
sin a - part, Live in love, Walk with God; Pure in heart, oh, make me now, Je - sus, Sav-iour;

Glad
Help

on - ly Lord, Him who giv - eth all things free; Glad they hear His pre - cious word.
Thou, my Lord, Help me while I hum - bly bow, Help me fol - low Thy pure word.

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# The Angels' Song.

ARR. FROM RANDEGGER BY W. L.

MET. ♩ = 120

1. Now let us sing the An-gels' Song, That rang so sweet and clear, When heav'nly light and mu-sic fell On
2. He came to tell the Father's love, His good-ness, truth and grace: To show the brightness of His smile, The
3. He came to bring the wea-ry ones True peace and per-fect rest; To take a-way the guilt and sin, Which
4. He came to bring a glo-rious gift, "Good-will to men"—and why? Be-cause He lov'd us, Je-sus came, For

earth-ly eye and ear, To Him we sing, our Sav-iour King, Who al-ways deigns to hear.
glo-ry of His face, With His own light, so full and bright, The shades of death to chase.
darken'd and dis-tress'd, That great and small, might hear His call, And all in Him be bless'd.
us to live and die; Then sweet and long, the An-gels' Song, A-gain we raise on high.

cres. mf

f p f p

"Glo-ry to God, and on earth peace," "Glo-ry to God, good-will to men."

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# Trusting in Jesus.

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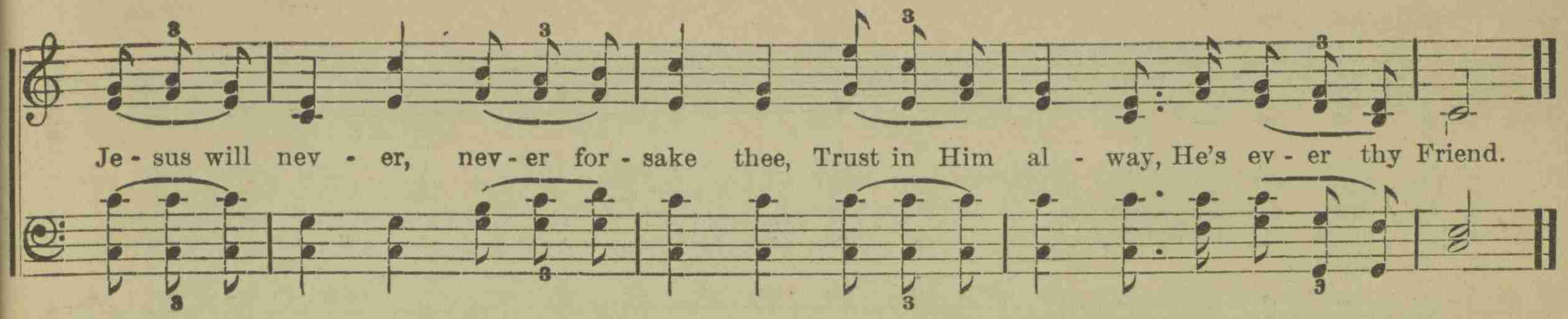
MET. ♩=84.

1. Je - sus will nev - er, nev - er for - sake thee, When thou are tempt - ed O turn un - to Him;
2. Down from on high He came to re - deem thee; Left His bright king - dom to suf - fer and die;
3. What tho' the darkness of gloom doth en - shroud thee, Blighting thy hopes in the morn-ing of life!

Sin - ful al - lure - ments shall con-quer thee nev - er, If from the Sav - iour a smile thou dost win;
Now in thy weak - ness He ev - er is near thee, Smile in af - flic - tion for Je - sus is nigh;
Je - sus thy Day - Star is ris - ing to cheer thee, He will dis - perse all the shad-ows of night.

He with His blood has wil - ling - ly bought thee, Ev - er His strength to thy weakness will lend:
He by His pow'r for - ev - er will shield thee, And with thy sor - row sweet com-fort will blend:
He by His love doth ten - der - ly draw thee, Mer - cy and grace He will sure - ly ex - tend:

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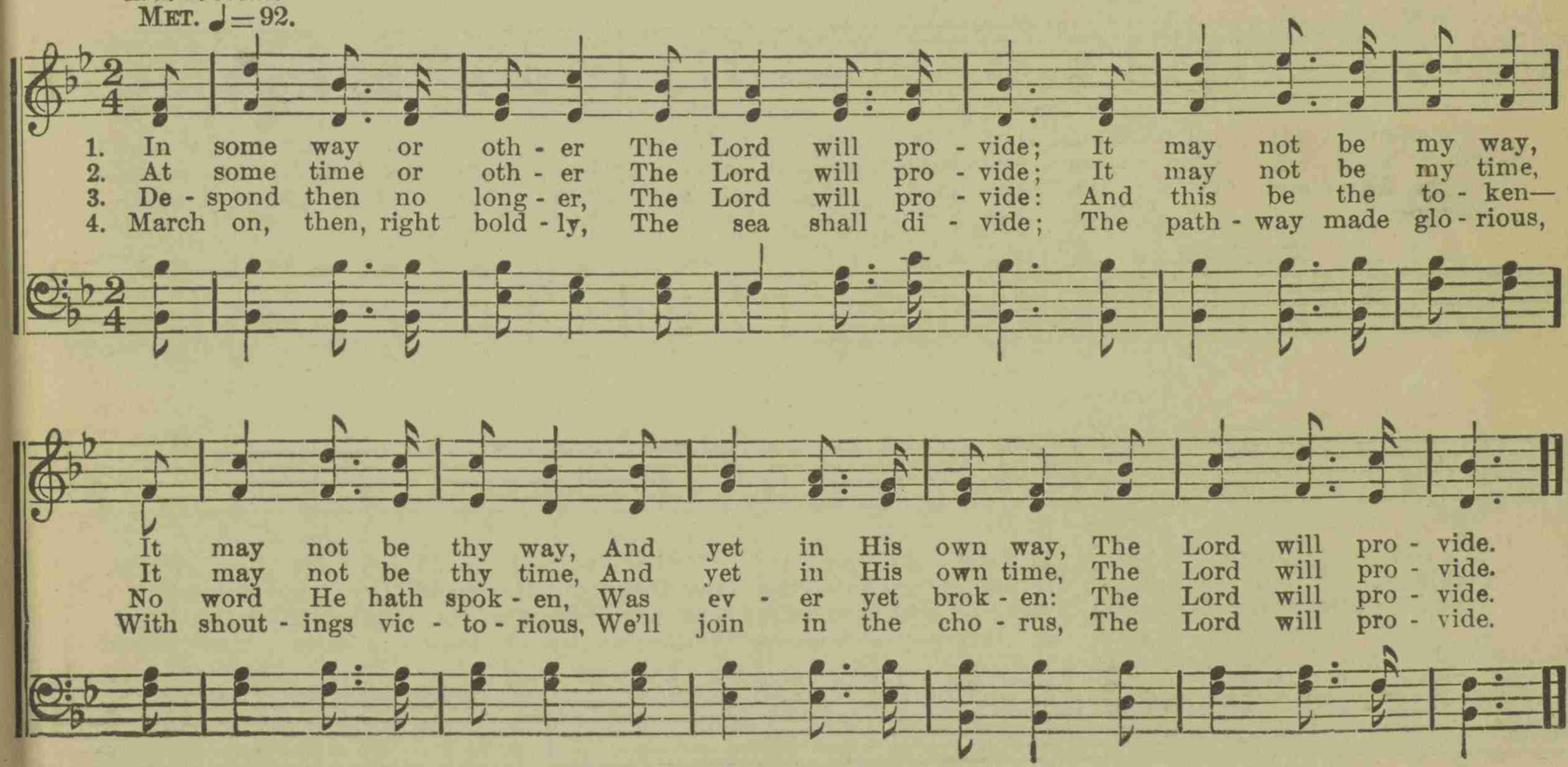



## The Lord Will Provide.

M. A. W. COOKE.

MET. ♩ = 92.

R. S. LORENZ.




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# I Was a Wandering Sheep.

H. BONAR. J. ZUNDEL, 1853, by per.

MET. ♩. = 72.

1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my
2. The Shep-herd sought His sheep, The Fa - ther sought His child; He fol - lowed me o'er
3. Je - sus my Shepherd is, 'Twas He that loved my soul; 'Twas He that wash'd me
4. No more a wand'ring sheep, I love to be con - troll'd; I love my ten - der

Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - troll'd: I was a way- ward child,
vale and hill, O'er des - erts waste and wild; He found me nigh to death,
in His blood, 'Twas He that made me whole; 'Twas He that sought the lost,
Shepherd's voice, I love the peace - ful fold: No more a way- ward child,

I did not love my home I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a - far to roam.
Famished and faint and lone; He bound me with the bands of love, He saved the wand'ring one.
That found the wand'ring sheep; 'Twas He that brought me to the fold; 'Tis He that still doth keep.
I seek no more to roam; I love my heavenly Father's voice, I love, I love His home!

# Over the River.

ARR. BY I. B. I. BALTZELL.

MET ♩. = 80.

1. O - ver the riv - er, the riv - er of time, Lies the bright land of a ver-dure sub-lime, Val - leys of
2. O - ver the riv - er time nev - er grows old, There are en - joyments and pleasures un - told; There is a
3. O - ver the riv - er our sor-rows will cease, Hush'd by the songs of a heav - en - ly peace; When we get

CHORUS.

beau - ty in splen-dor do shine; Beau-ti - ful, beau- ti - ful home! O - - ver the riv - er, The
cit - y with streets of pure gold; Beau-ti - ful, beau- ti - ful home!
there, what a hap - py re-lease! Beau-ti - ful, beau- ti - ful home! O- ver the beau-ti - ful riv - er, The

beau - - ti - ful riv - er, O - - ver the riv - er, The fields..... are all green.
beau- ti-ful, beau-ti - ful riv - er, O-ver the beau-ti - ful riv - er, The beautiful fields are all green.

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# Jesus is Calling.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

MET. ♩.=60.

*Very slow.* *pp*

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me; See on the
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead-ing, Plead- ing for you and for me? Why should we
3. Time is now fleet-ing, the moments are pass - ing, Pass- ing from you and from me; Shad - ows are

*m* CHORUS.

por- tals He's wait - ing and watching, Watching for you and for me. Come home,..... Come home.....
lin - ger and heed not His mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me.
gath - er - ing, death-beds are com - ing, Com-ing for you and for me. Come home, come home, come home,

come home,

*cres.* *pp* *ppp* *rit.* *pp*

Ye who are weary, come home: Earn-est-ly, ten-der-ly, Jesus is call-ing; Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

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# The Far Country.

L. S. LEASON.

MET. ♩ = 112.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, I lan - guish for one gleam Of all thy glo - ry fold - en In dis - tance and in dream! My thoughts, like palms in ex - ile, Climb
2. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, When sun - set's in the west, It seems the gate of glo - ry, Thou cit - y of the blest! And mid- night's star - ry torch - es, Thro'
3. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! Where loft - i - ly I'll sing, O'er pain and sor - row old - en For - ev - er tri - umph - ing! Tho' low - ly be thy por - tal, With
4. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! I toil on day by day; Heart - sore each night with long - ing, I stretch my hands and pray That midst thy leaves of heal - ing My

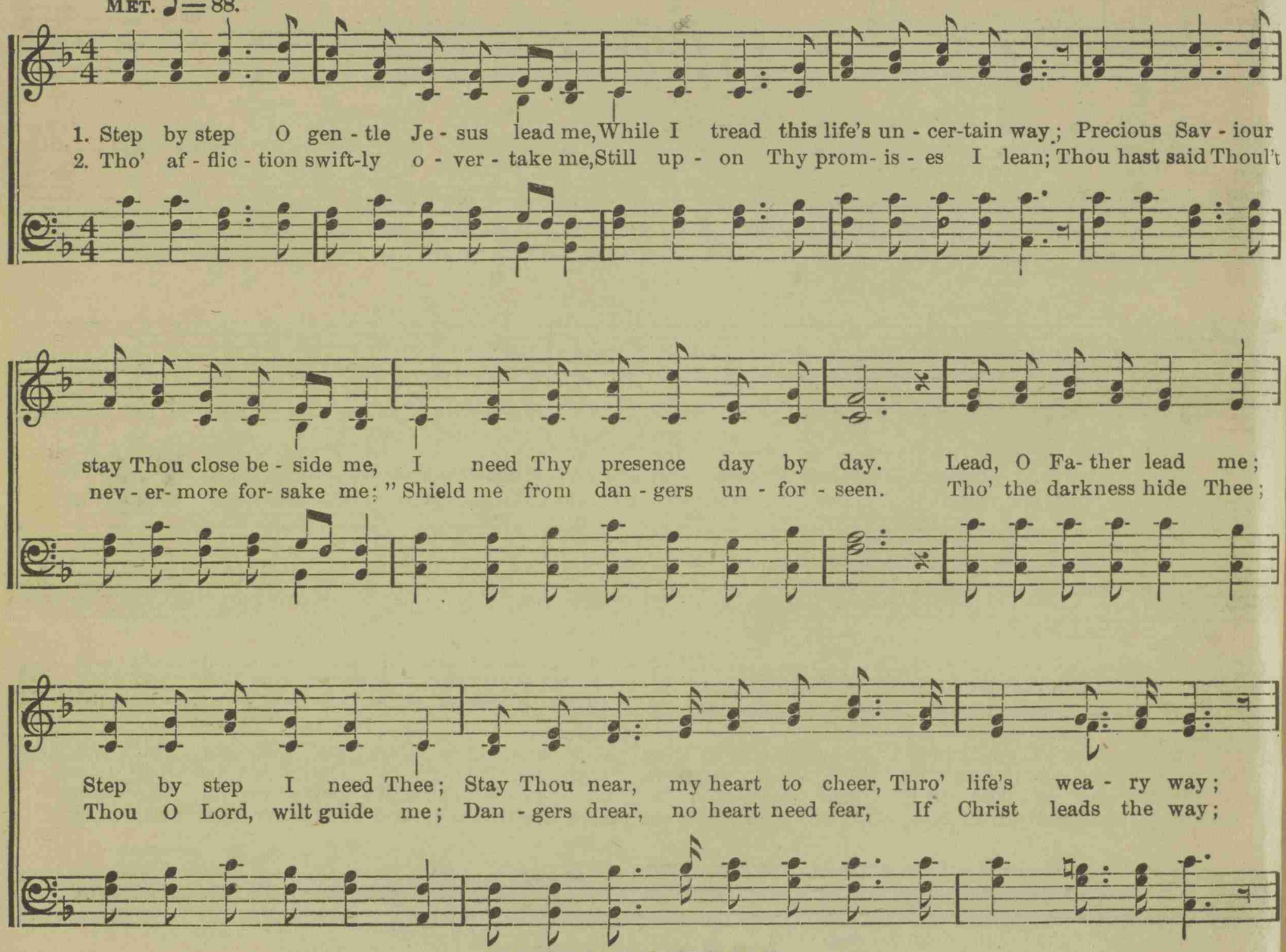
up to look and pray For a glimpse of that dear coun - try That lies so far a - way.
in - ter - me- diate gloom, Are wav - ing with their wel - come To thy e - ter - nal home.
dark - ness at the door, The man- sion is im - mor - tal, God's pal - ace for the poor.
soul shall find her nest, "Where wick - ed cease from troub -'ling, And wea - ry be at rest."

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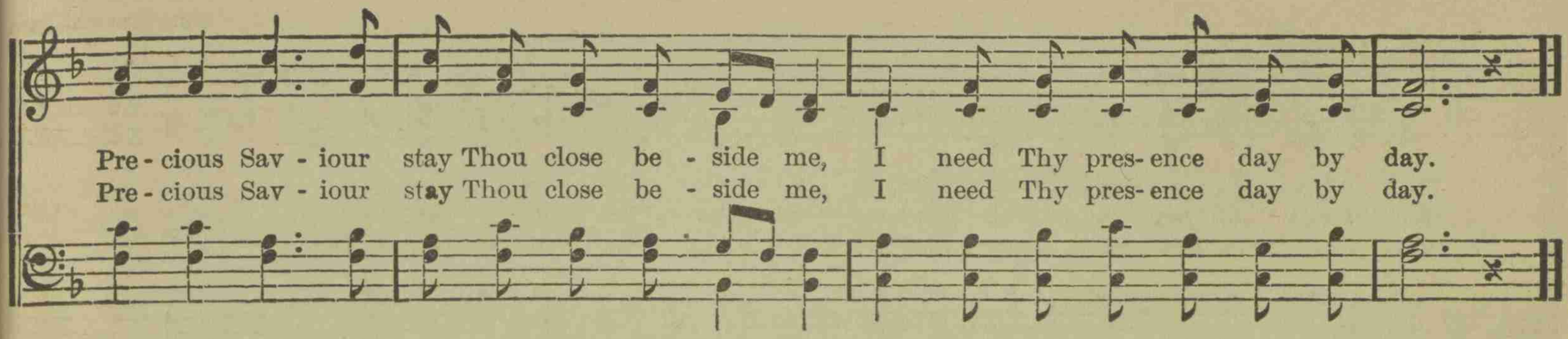
# Step by Step.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY H. R. PALMER.
( Written on the Limited Express, June 8th., '92.)

MET. ♩ = 88.

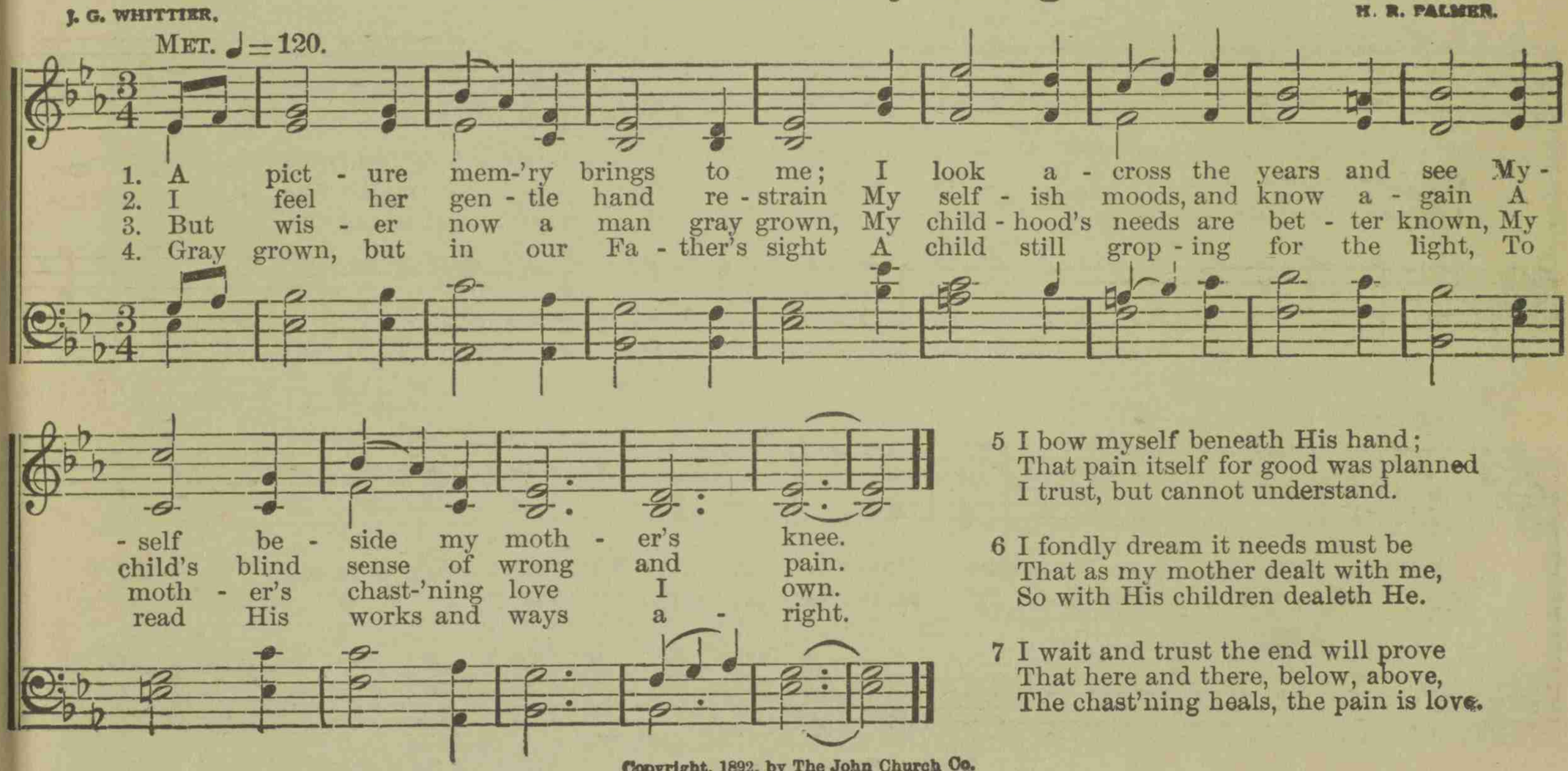



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## A Picture Mem'ry Brings.

J. G. WHITTIER. H. R. PALMER.




5 I bow myself beneath His hand;
That pain itself for good was planned
I trust, but cannot understand.

6 I fondly dream it needs must be
That as my mother dealt with me,
So with His children dealeth He.

7 I wait and trust the end will prove
That here and there, below, above,
The chast'ning heals, the pain is love.

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# Who Cares for a Soul?

J. S. O. CLEMM.

MET. ♩.=60.
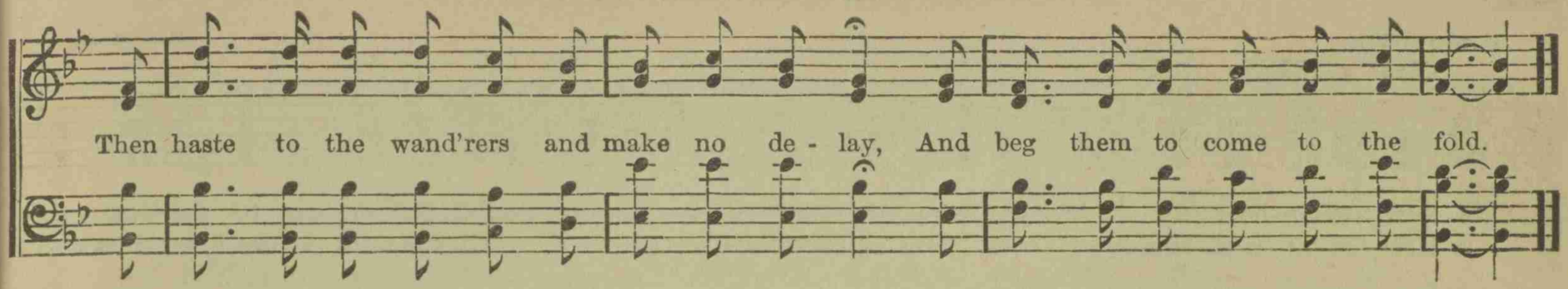
1. Who cares for a soul? say, Christian, do you? Or will you, with emp - ty hand,
2. Who'll speak to that soul that has-tens a - pace To death and e - ter - nal woe?
3. Who of us that cares when called to ac - count, To hear from the King, "Well done,"

Meet the Mas - ter and say there is noth-ing to do, When He your accounts shall de - mand.
Who will tell it of Je - sus in ac-cents of love, And point out the way it should go.
And to see 'mid the shin - ing ones gathered a - round, Some souls that our la - bors have won.

REFRAIN.

Who cares?..... Who cares?..... Who cares for a soul to - day?
cares for a soul, cares for a soul?

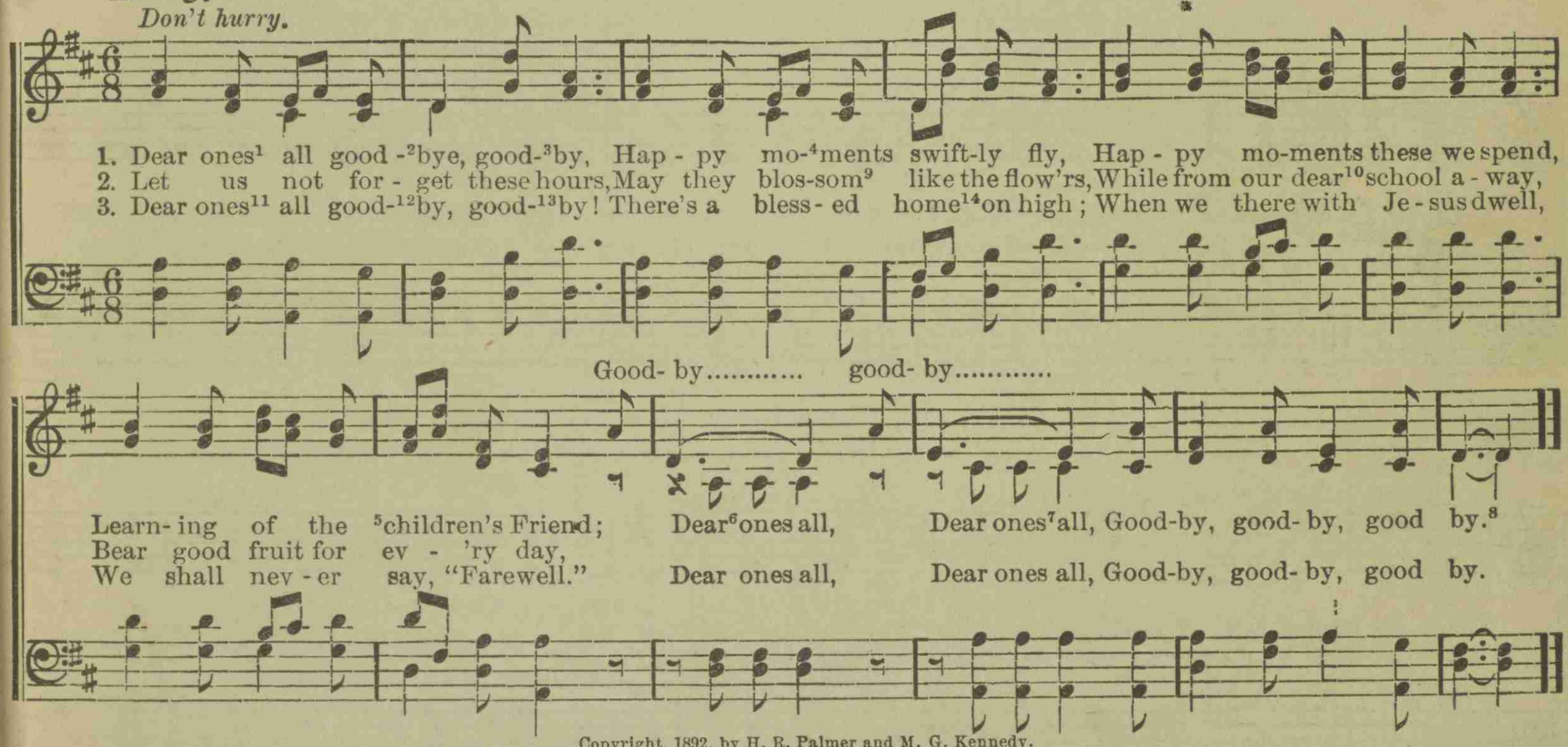
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## Good-by, Dear Ones All.

E. E. HEWITT. H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩. = 60.
*Don't hurry.*




Copyright, 1892, by H. R. Palmer and M. G. Kennedy.

MOTIONS.—1. Wave both arms right and left; 2. Bow to right; 3. Bow to left; 4. Hands in flight motion; 5. Point up; 6. Bow and wave to right; 7. Bow and wave to left; 8. Bow and wave to teacher; 9. Point down, as to growing flowers; 10. Wave both hands right and left; 11, 12, 13. Same as 1, 2, 3; 14. Hands thrown upward.

# Man the Life-boat!

M. W. STRYKER. H. P. MAIN.

MET. ♩=84.

1. Man the life-boat! Man the life-boat! Strong and short a-bove the roar, Sounds the or - der to the watch - ers
2. Man the life-boat! Man the life-boat! Fog and night and cru - el sea, All the odds of death a-gainst them,

On the tem-pest-beat - en shore, Hark! a - gain the guns ap-peal - ing! Sig-nals burn for swift re - lief;
And e - ter - nal jeo - pard - y. Thou, who bid'st us dare the surg - es, Stay us at the struggling oar!

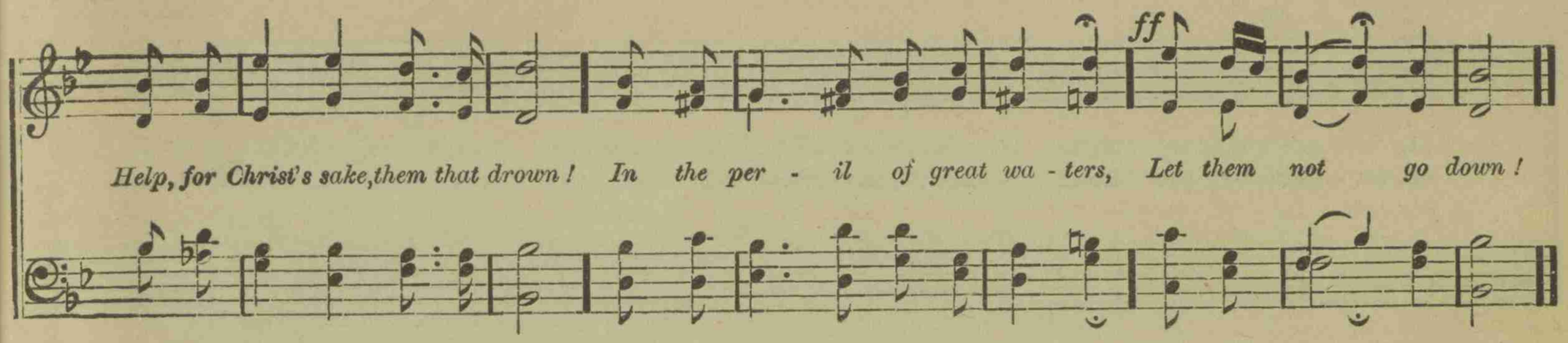
There are men and wives and chil-dren, Fac - ing death, on yon-der reef!
Nay go with us to the res - cue! Shall they sink in sight of shore?

*f*

*Man the life - boat! Man the life-boat!*

1.
2.
3.

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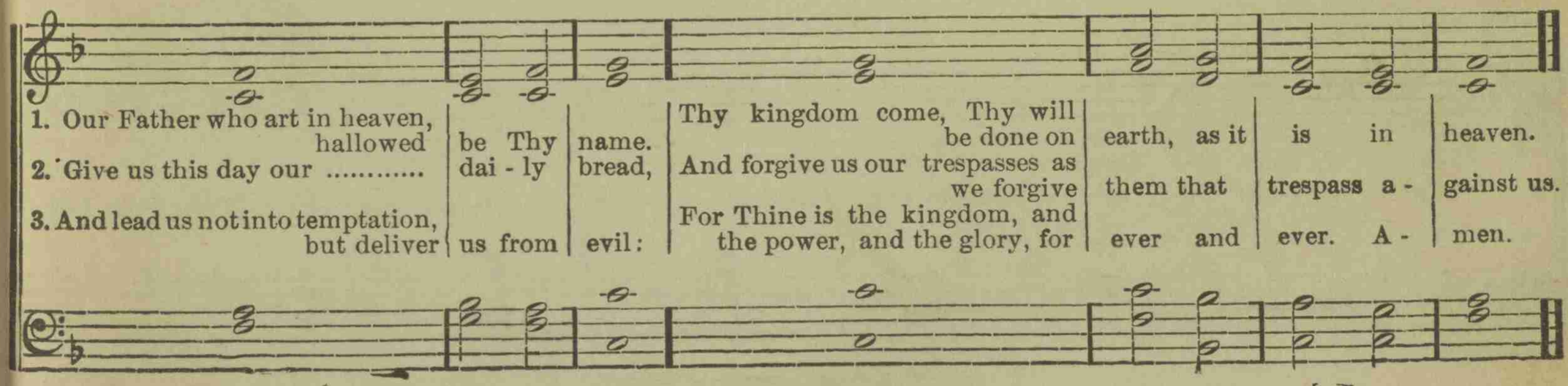



3 Man the life-boat! Man the life-boat!
Courage, fellow men! 'Tis He,
Guiding us to your deliverance,
Once that trod the Galilee!
Lo, the Church that carrieth Jesus,
Not death's flood gates shall o'erwhelm;
Scourging storms but urge us shoreward,
Life and Love are at the helm!
*Man the life-boat*, etc.

4 Man the life-boat! Man the life-boat!
Think how once on breaking deck
*Thou* didst stand aghast, till Jesus
Brought thee from the lurching wreck.
To the oars then! O Redeemer
Let Thy heart throb through our hand,
Till the souls in mortal danger,
Find through Thee the solid land.
*Man the life-boat*, etc.

# The Lord's Prayer.

ADAPTED BY H. R. PALMER.



# Jesus at the Door.

E. EGGLESTON. H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩=76.

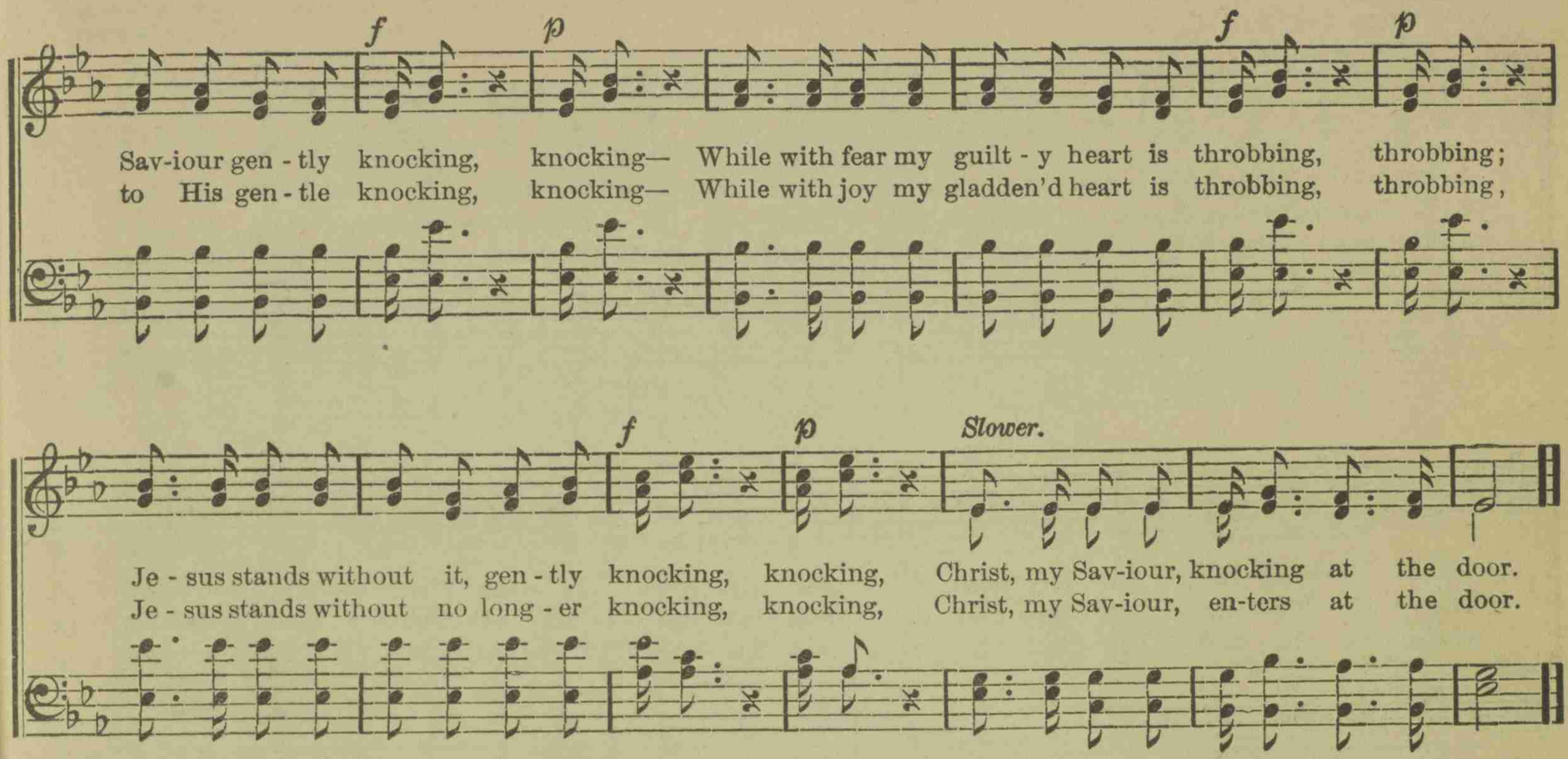
1. Je - sus' voice my name is call - ing, Seeks my heart to win; Hard - en'd is my
2. Pa - tient-ly the Lord is wait - ing, Wait - ing at the door; Pierced for me the

heart with sin - ning, Shall I let Him in? Shall I hear His ten- der plead-ing—Can I tell Him nay?
hand that's knocking, Knocking ev - er-more. Wide the door with joy I'll o - pen, Bid the Lord come in!

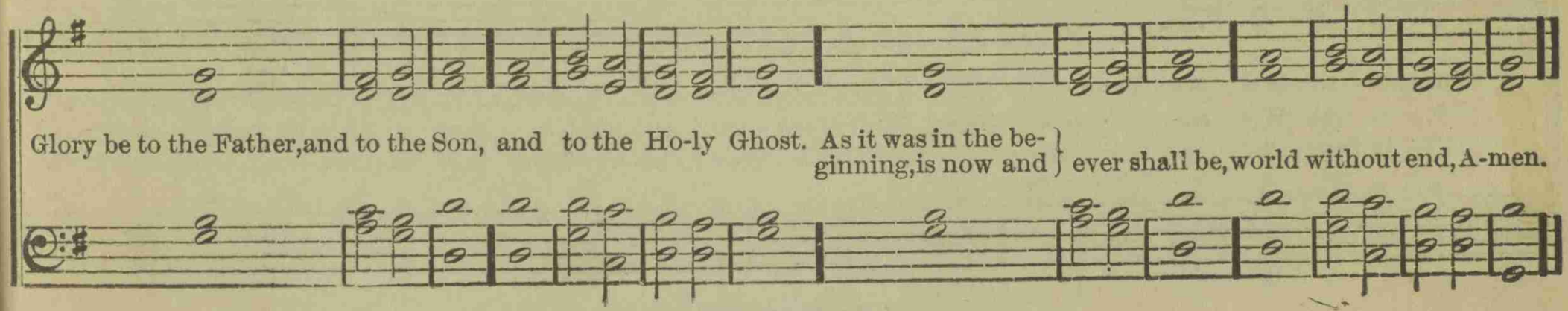
REFRAIN.

Can I close the door up - on Him, See Him turn a - way? Hark, I hear my
In my heart for - ev - er dwell - ing, Cast - ing out my sin. I will o - pen

By per. H. R. Palmer, owner of the Copyright.




## Gloria Patri.



# Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

C. WESLEY. J. ZUNDEL.

MET. ♩=84.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing,— Joy of heav'n, to earth came down! Fix in us Thy
2. Breathe, oh, breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub - led breast! Let us all in
3. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure, un - spot - ted may we be: Let us see our

hum - ble dwell - ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown: Je - sus! Thou art all com-pas - sion,
Thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom - ised rest: Come, al - might - y to de - liv - er,
whole sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly se - cured by Thee! Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry,

Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art; Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry tremb - ling heart.
Let us all Thy life re - ceive! Speed - i - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy tem - ples leave!
Till in heav'n we take our place; Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise.

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# "In the Cloud the Rainbow."

*"I do set my Bow in the cloud.....The waters shall no more become a flood."*—GEN. 9: 13-15.

Written for the composer by R. MORRIS.

MET. ♩= 66.

*All voices should sing the melody.*

H. R. PALMER.

1. When the flood had roll'd a - way, In the cloud the rain - bow! Joy - ful spread the com - ing day,
2. Drags the wea - ry day in gloom? In the cloud the rain - bow! Clouds and vis - ions of the tomb?
3. Droops the head in sor - row low? In the cloud the rain - bow! Has the grave its vic - t'ry now?
4. Je - sus saith "O come to me," In the cloud the rain - bow! "Clouds will pass and shad - ows flee,"

In the cloud the rain - bow! Then from heav'n a sure de - cree, *Nev - er - more shall del - uge be,*
In the cloud the rain - bow! Pa-tient wait, thou wea - ry heart, 'Tis the pow'r of Sa - tan's art,
In the cloud the rain - bow! Wait a mo - ment, Je - sus saith You shall tri - umph o - ver death;
In the cloud the rain - bow! "Bit - ter tears no more be shed, O'er the un - re - turn - ing dead,

FULL HARMONY.

And the to - ken you may see, In the cloud the rain - bow, In the cloud the rain - bow.
Un - be - lief will soon de - part, In the cloud the rain - bow, In the cloud the rain - bow.
Vic - t'ry hangs on sim - ple faith, In the cloud the rain - bow, In the cloud the rain - bow.
Come, ye wea - ry, droop-ing head, In the cloud the rain - bow, In the cloud the rain - bow!"

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# The Rifted Rock.

R. G. STAPLES. W. F. HEATH.

MET. ♩=96.

1. No oth - er ref - uge, Lord, have I, Who can I trust but Thee? Oh, fix my hope up -
2. Tho' clouds ob-scure and dark the way, Storms in wild fu - ry rage, Safe from a- larm, I
3. Come, storm-y wind, come, tem - pest shock, Roll, bil- lows of the sea; I am se- cure with -

CHORUS.

on the Rock That has been cleft for me. The rift - ed Rock, the rift - ed Rock, O
rest se - cure Till Thou the storms as - suage.
in the Rock That has been cleft for me. The rift - ed Rock, the rift - ed Rock, O

may it shelter me (shel- ter me); My hope is on the rift - ed Rock That has been cleft for me.

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# There is a Fountain.

J. NEWTON. ARR. BY R. M. McINTOSH.

MET. ♩. = 72.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood, There is a fountain
   And sin - ners, plung'd beneath that flood, be- neath that flood, be-neath that flood, And sin - ners, plung'd be-
2. The dy - ing thief re- joic'd to see, re - joic'd to see, re-joic'd to see, The dy - ing thief re -
   And there may I, though vile as he, vile as he, vile as he, And there may I, though

fill'd with blood, Drawn from Imman-uel's veins;
neath that flood, Lose all their guil - ty stains.
joiced to see That fountain in his day;...
vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way...

REFRAIN.

O Je - sus, re - ceive me! No more will I grieve Thee!

Thou, precious Re- deem - er, Oh, save me at the cross!

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

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

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# Brightly Dawns the Golden Morning.

F. J. CROSBY. H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩ = 100.

1. Bright-ly dawns the gold - en morn - ing, Rich in songs of ho - ly mirth;
2. Now the grave and death are van-quished, Christ our King e - ter - nal reigns;

1. Bright- ly dawns the gold - en morn - ing, Rich in songs of ho - ly mirth;
2. Now tne grave and death are van - quished, Christ our King e - ter - nal reigns;

Songs that tell the grand - est sto - ry Ev - er heard by man on earth.
All His foes He leads in tri - umph, Bound in ev - - er - last - ing chains.

Songs that tell the grand - est sto - ry Ev - er heard by man on earth.
All His foes He leads in tri - umph, Bound in ev - er - last - ing chains.

Weep no more, but turn be - liev - ing; See Him ris - - ing from the tomb;
Bright - ly dawns the gold - en morn - ing; Hail, O hail its bright re - turn;

Weep no more. but turn be - liev - ing; See Him ris - ing from the tomb;
Bright - ly dawns the gold - en morn - ing; Hail, O hail its bright re - turn;

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While a lus - - tre from His pres - ence, Lights the dark and cheer - - less gloom.
Haste to meet our Lord and Sav - iour, Let His love with - in us burn.

While a lus - tre from His pres - ence, Lights the dark and cheer - less gloom.
Haste to meet our Lord and Sav - iour, Let His love with - in us burn.

CHORUS.

Christ, our hope of life, has con - quered, Shout a - loud with glad ac - claim;

Christ, our hope of life has con - quered, Shout a - loud with glad ac - claim;

Full sal - va - - tion, swell the ti - dings, Full sal - va-tion through His name.

Full sal - va - tion, swell the ti - dings, Full sal - va- tion through His name.

# God is Love.

E. E. HEWITT. A MOTION SONG:—All voices may sing the melody. H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♪ = 104. DUET.

1. Wel-come, [1]wel- come, sun-ny hours! Wel- come,[2]lovely buds and flow'rs! Winds[3]that whisper as they pass
2. Brooks are[10]laugh-ing as they run, Bright[11]waves shining in the sun, Birds are[12]fly- ing thro' the air,
3. Ho - ly Bi - ble, [19]precious book, When on thy[19]dear page we look, Bet - ter there we read God's love,

ORGAN.

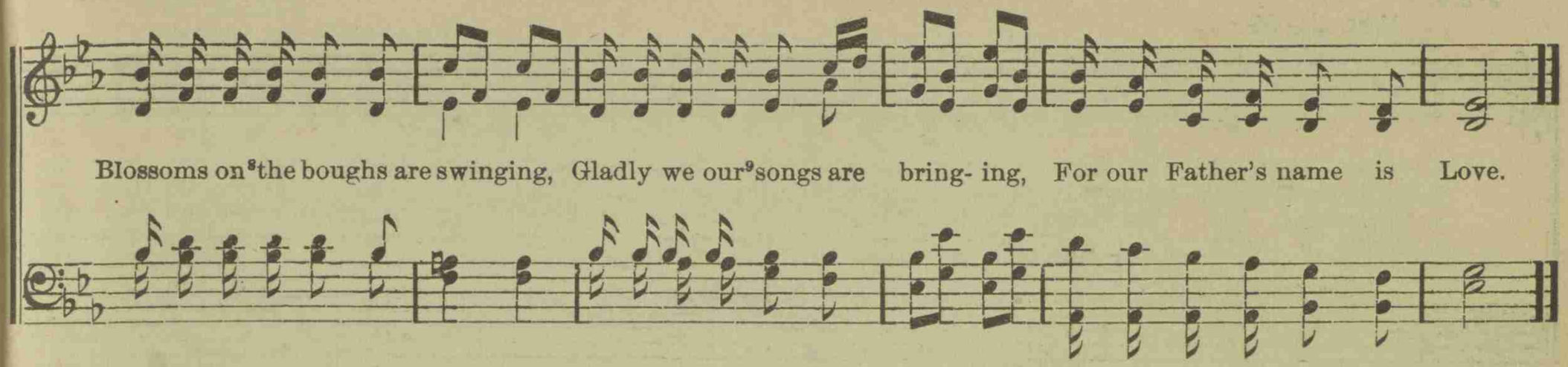
FULL HARMONY.

To the [4]dais-ies in the grass, Perfumed breez - es, soft and mild, Tell to [5]ev - 'ry lit - tle child,
[13]Beau - ty—[13]mu-sic— ev - 'ry -where. Hap - py [14]chil- dren, look a - round On fair[15]skies and[16]blooming ground,
Than in[20]flow'r or star [21]a - bove. Rich - er than all gifts of Spring, Is the gift [22]of Christ our King.

CHORUS. *Sprightly.*

This dear les - son of the Spring, God's kind[6]love in ev - 'ry thing. All the [7]lil - y - bells are ring - ing,
For our [17]Fa-ther made them all, And He [18]loves us— hears our call.
In Thy gar- den, Lord, may we, Pure and fair for - ev - er be.

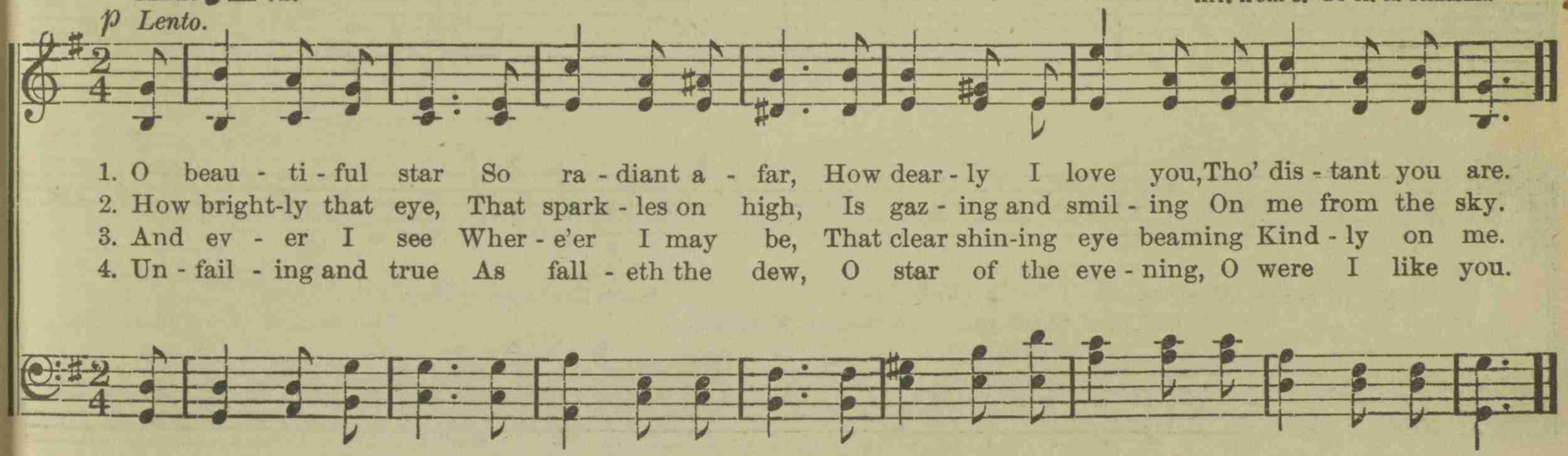
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MOTIONS.—1. Arms extended in welcome. 2. Arms extended downward. 3. Right arm raised, sweeping motion to left. 4. Brought back with sweeping motion to floor. 5. Right hand back of ear, head bent to listen. 6. Arms thrown out. 7. Swing right hand from wrist, arm down. 8. Same, but arm held high. 9. Fore-finger touch upper lip hand wafted upward. 10. Rippling motion of hand held low. 11 Undulating motion with both hands. 12. Flight motion. 13. Right hand extended, then left, far as possible; brought together with circular motion. 14. Half turn. 15. Look up. 16. Look down. 17. Point up. 18. Fold arms, as embrace. 19. Hold hands together, as open book. 20. Point down. 21. Point up. 22. Raise both arms in praise, looking up.

# O Beautiful Star.

MET. ♩ = 72. Arr. from S. BY H. R. PALMER.




1. O beau - ti - ful star So ra - diant a - far, How dear - ly I love you, Tho' dis - tant you are.
2. How bright-ly that eye, That spark - les on high, Is gaz - ing and smil - ing On me from the sky.
3. And ev - er I see Wher - e'er I may be, That clear shin-ing eye beaming Kind - ly on me.
4. Un - fail - ing and true As fall - eth the dew, O star of the eve - ning, O were I like you.

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# The Christian's Work Song.

R. G. S. R. G. STAPLES.

MET. ♩ = 96.

1. Chris-tians, lo! the fields are whit'ning For the har - vest of the Lord; Be not i - dle,
2. On - ward, Chris - tians, still press on-ward, Sing-ing sweet - ly as we go; Strong in faith, we
3. Chris-tians, lo! the dawn is break-ing, Of a clear - er bright - er day; Yield not to the
4. Gird - ed with the gos - pel ar - mor, Join the war, to bat - tle go; Armed with faith, with

CHORUS.

on - ward ev- er, Ye shall reap a rich re- ward. Toil on, toil on, The time of reaping
soon shall triumph, Tho' opposed by many a foe.
clouds of sorrow Ev - er on-ward press your way.
Christ as lead-er, Ye shall con-quer ev - 'ry foe.

Ev- er onward, Christians, toil on,

soon will come, Work on, work on, Soon the reaping time will come.....
brothers, work on, brothers, work on, The reap-ing time will come.

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M. A. LATHBURY. W. F. SHERWIN.

MET. ♩=112.

QUARTET OR SEMI-CHORUS

1. Day is dy - ing in the West; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and wor-ship while the night
2. Lord of life, be - neath the dome Of the U - ni - verse, Thy home, Gath - er us who seek Thy face

Sets her eve- ning lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.

FULL CHORUS.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts!

cres.

Heav'n and earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord most high!

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# The Lily of the Valley.

ARR. FROM A MELODY BY J. R. MURRAY.

MET. ♩ = 112.

1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry - thing to me, He's the fair - est of ten
2. He all my griefs has ta - ken, and all my sor - rows borne; In temp - ta - tion He's my
3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here, While I live by faith and
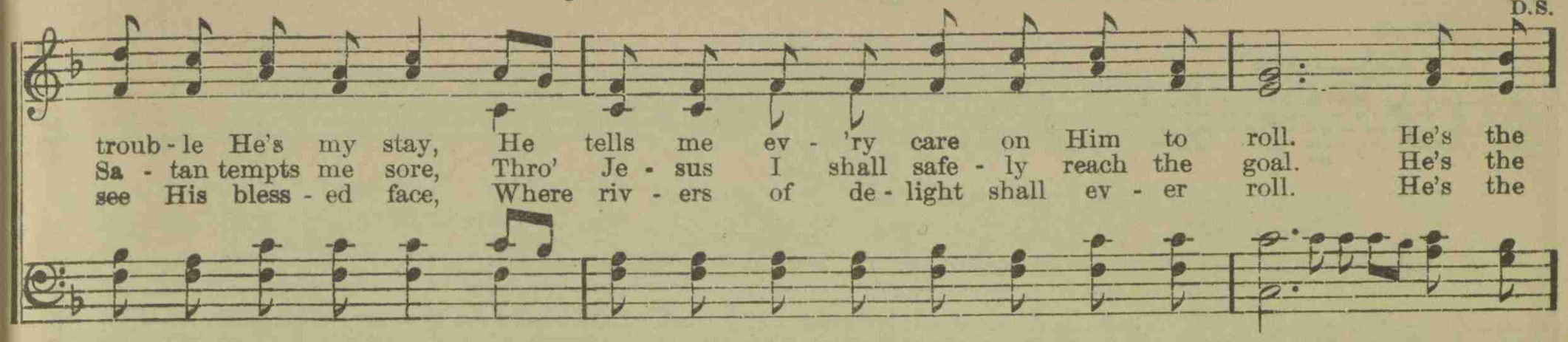
thou-sand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val - ley, in Him a - lone I see All I
strong and might-y tow'r; I have all for Him for - sak - en, and all my i - dols torn From my
do His bless - ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, I've noth - ing now to fear, With His

D.S.—*Lil - y of the Val - ley, the bright and Morn - ing Star, He's the*

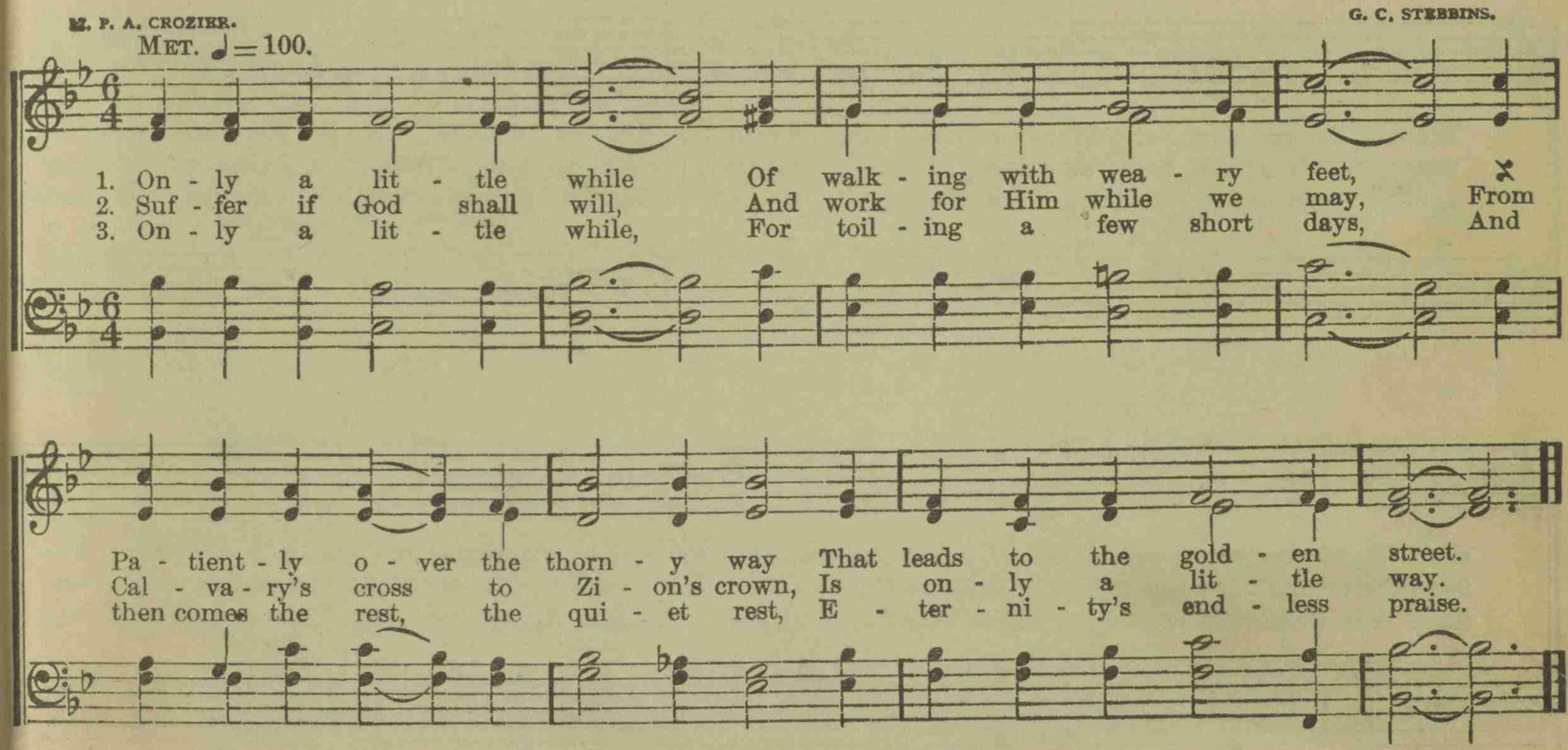
FINE.

need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole. In sor - row He's my com - fort, in
heart, and now He keeps me by His power. Tho' all the world for - sake me, and
man - na He my hun - gry soul shall fill. Then sweep - ing up to glo - ry, to

*fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul.*




## Only a Little While.




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# 40 Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

J. NEWTON. F. J. HAYDN.

MET. ♩= 84.

1. Glor - ious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God! He whose word can -
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love, Well sup- ply thy
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hovering, See the cloud and fire ap - pear! For a glo - ry

not be bro - ken, Form'd thee for His own a - bode: On the Rock of A - ges founded— What can
sons and daughters, And all fear of want re- move: Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er
and a cover-ing, Show- ing that the Lord is near: He who gives them dai - ly manna, He who

shake thy sure re - pose? With sal - va- tion's walls sur-round- ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
flows their thirst t'as-suage? Grace, which, like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.
list - ens when they cry,—Let Him hear the loud ho - san - na, Ris - ing to His throne on high.

# Would you Gain the Best in Life.

C. R. BLACKALL. H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩=104.

1. Would you gain the best in life? Win the prize 'mid all the strife? Hold your place thro' troubles rife?
   Know the world is watching you; Be sin- cere in all you do; With the good, the pure, and true,
2. Life is more than i - dle play; It will quick - ly pass a- way; Use a - right each gold - en day;
   There are earn - est press-ing needs, Fill'd a - lone by pur-est deeds; Hap - py he the call who heeds—
3. Look be- yond the pres- ent hour; Nev - er yield to Satan's pow'r; Tho' a - bove the clouds may low'r,
   On - ward press! nor, on the way, Loit - er once or waste the day, God and truth and right all say,

CHORUS.

With the right keep step! (*Omit*.....)
(*Omit*.....) Ev - er firm, keep step!
With the good keep step! (*Omit*.....)
(*Omit*.....) With the true keep step!
With the truth keep step! (*Omit*.....)
(*Omit*.....) "Strong in faith keep step!"

Keep step, **Keep step, ev- er,** Keep step,

Keep step ev - er, Keep step, Keep step, Keep step, Keep step ev - er.

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# Cling to the Bible.

M. J. SMITH. J. R. MURRAY.

MET. ♩=100.

1. Cling to the Bi - ble, tho' all else be tak - en; Lose not its prom - is - es pre - cious and sure;
2. Cling to the Bi - ble, this jew - el, this trea - sure Brings to us hon - or and saves fall - en men;
3. Lamp for the feet that in by - ways have wandered, Guide for the youth that would oth - er-wise fall;

Souls that are sleep - ing its ech - oes a-wak - en, Drink from the foun - tain, so peace - ful, so pure.
Pearl whose great val - ue no mor - tal can meas - ure, Seek and se-cure it, O soul, while you can.
Hope for the sin - ner whose best days are squandered, Staff for the a - ged, and best Book of all.

CHORUS.

Cling to the Bi - ble! Cling to the Bi - ble! Cling to the Bi - ble, Our Lamp and our Guide.

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# What Shall it Be?

M. B. BAMFORD.

H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩.=72.

1. A glad New Year or a sad New Year; Oh which shall the New Year be? I can - not tell what it
2. A glad New Year or a sad New Year, What mat - ter if dark or light? The cloud - y pil - lar will
3. A glad New Year or a sad New Year, 'Twill be as the Lord thinks best. The times and seasons are

hath in store I would that I might fore - see; But God knows well and I need no more, Is that not e -
guide by day The pil - lar of fire by night; With these to lead me up - on my way How can I but
all His own, O - bey-ing His high be - hest: He rul - eth all from His lov - ing throne, And so is my

nough for me? But God knows well, and I need no more, Is that not enough for me?
walk a - right? With these to guide me up - on my way How can I but walk a - right?
heart at rest. He rul - eth all from His loving throne And so is my heart at rest. A - men.

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# Lord God of my Salvation.

H. F. LYTE. S. S. WESLEY.

MET. ♩ = 100.

1. Lord God of my sal - va - tion, To Thee, to Thee I cry; Oh, let my sup - pli -
2. Thy wrath lies hard up - on me, Thy bil - lows o'er me roll; My friends all seem to
3. No! ban - ish'd and heart - bro - ken, My soul still clings to Thee; Thy prom - ise Thou hast

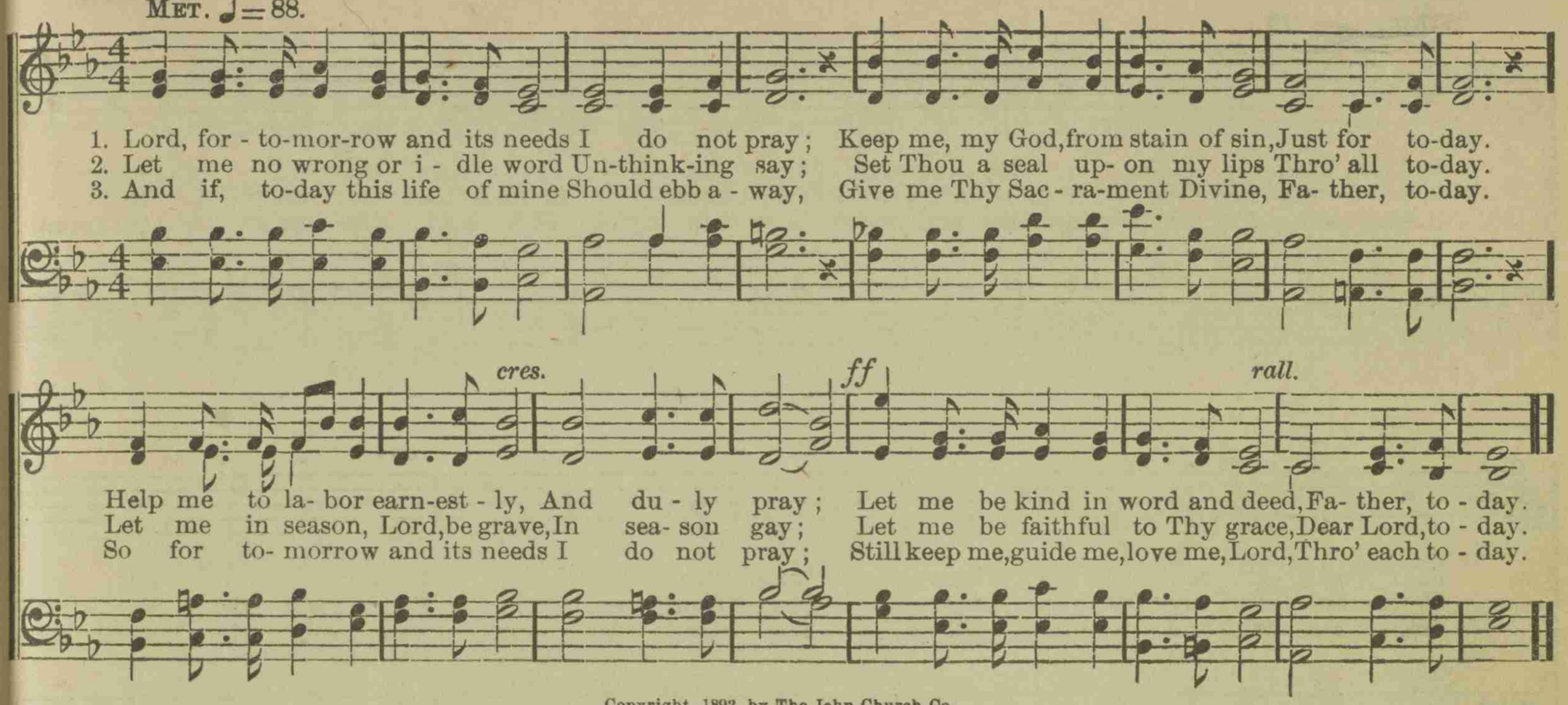
ca - ti n Ar - rest Thine ear on high. Dis - tress - es round me thick - en, My
shun me, And foes be - set my soul. Wher - e'er on earth I turn me, No
spo - ken Shall still my ref - uge be. So pres - ent ills and ter - rors My

life draws nigh the grave: De - scend, O Lord, to quick - en, De - scend my soul to save.
com- fort - er is near; Wilt Thou too, Fa - ther, spurn me? Wilt Thou re - fuse to hear?
fut - ure joy in - crease: And scourge me from my er - rors To du - ty, hope, and peace.

# Just for To-Day.

E. R. WILBERFORCE. H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩= 88.

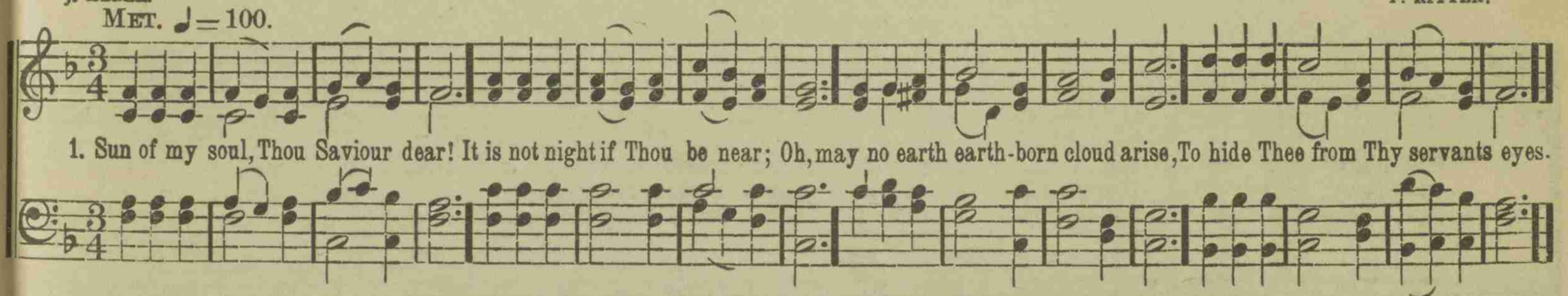



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# Sun of My Soul.

J. KEBLE. P. RITTER.

MET. ♩= 100.




2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

# Lead, kindly Light.

J. H. NEWMAN. J. B. DYKES.

MET. ♩= 72.

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - circ - ling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd 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 lov'd the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see..... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day; and, spite of fears,..... Pride rul'd my will: re-mem-ber not past years.
an - gel fac - es smile,..... Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while. A - men.

# Hark! Hark, My Soul!

F. W. FABER. J. E. ROE.

MET. ♩.=72.

1. Hark! hark, my soul; An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore:
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea-ry souls, for Je - sus bids you come;"
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea,

*Org. Ped.*

How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
And, thro' the dark its ech - oes sweet-ly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home.
And laden'd souls by thousands meek-ly steal - ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their wea-ry steps to Thee.

CHORUS. *repeat pp.*

An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night. A - men.

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# Why not To-Night?

H. BONAR. R. H. McGRANAHAN.

MET. ♩ = 100.

1. Oh, do not let the word de - part, And close thine eyes a-gainst the light, Poor sin- ner, hard-en
2. To - mor- row's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight, This is the time, oh
3. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u - nite, Be- lieve in Him the

CHORUS.

not thy heart, Why not be sav'd to- night?
then be wise, Why not be sav'd to- night?
work is done, Why not be sav'd to- night?

Why not to - night? Why not to-night? Thou would'st be sav'd?

Why not to- night? Why not to - night? Why not to- night? Why not be saved to - night?

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# Shall I Let Him In? 

MET. ♩.=66.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY H. R. PALMER.

1. Christ is knock- ing at my sad heart; Shall I let Him in? Pa - tient- ly plead-ing with
2. Shall I send Him the lov - ing word; Shall I let Him in? Meek- ly ac - cept-ing my
3. Yes, I'll o - pen this heart's proud door, Yes, I'll let Him in? Glad - ly I'll wel-come Him

my sad heart; Oh! shall I let Him in? Cold and proud is my heart with sin; Dark and cheerless is
gra-cious Lord; Oh! shall I let Him in? He can in - fi- nite love im-part; He can par-don this
ev - er-more; Oh! yes, I'll let Him in. Bless - ed Saviour, a - bide with me; Cares and tri - als will

all with - in; Christ is bid - ding me turn un - to Him, Oh! shall I let Him in?
reb - el heart; Shall I bid Him for - ev - er de - part, Or shall I let Him in?
light- er be; I am safe if I'm on - ly with Thee, Oh! bless - ed Lord, come in.

Copyright, 1879, by H. R. Palmer.

# We Plow the Fields.

Tr. by J. M. CAMPBELL.

S. THALBERG. Arr. and adapted by P.

MET. ♩. = 66.

1. We plow the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and
2. He on - ly is the Mak - er Of all things near and far: He paints the way - side
3. We thank Thee, then, O Fa - ther, For all things bright and good: The seed time and the

wa - tered By God's al - might - y hand; He sends the snow in win - ter, The
flow - er; He lights the even - ing star; The winds and waves o - bey Him, By
har - vest, Our life, our health, our food; Ac - cept the gift we of - fer For

warmth to swell the grain, The breez - es and the sun - shine, And soft re- fresh - ing rain.
Him the birds are fed, Much more, to us, His chil - dren, He gives our dai - ly bread.
all Thy love im - parts, And, what Thou most de - sir - est, Our hum - ble, thank-ful hearts. A-men.

Arr. Copyrighted by H. R. Palmer.

# In Heavenly Love Abiding. 51

A. L. WARING. H. P. MAIN.

MET. ♩ = 88. *This hymn may be sung to the tune on the opposite page.*

1. In heaven - ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such con -
2. Wher - ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shep - herd is be -
3. Green pas - tures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be

fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here: The storm may roar with - out me, My
side me, And noth - ing can I lack: His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His
o'er me, Where dark - est clouds have been: My hope I can - not meas - ure, My

heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?
sight is nev - er dim; He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
path to life is free; My Sav - iour has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me.

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52

# Come Close to the Saviour.

E. J. CROSBY.

H. R. PALMER, Feb. 20th. 1890.

MET. ♩= 60. DUET.

op - pressed.....

1. Come close to the Sav - iour, Thy loving Redeem - er, O sorrowing heart op- pressed,(sorely oppressed.)
2. Come close to the Sav - iour, He calleth thee gent-ly, Draw near to thy Father's throne,(thy Father's throne.)
3. Come close to the Sav - iour, Earth-pleasures are fleet-ing, But Je- sus will care for thee,(He'll care for thee.)

Life's journey is drear - y, Thy spir- it is wea - ry; Oh, come unto Him and rest.
His eye will behold thee, His mer-cy enfold thee, Why car-ry thy grief a - lone.
What - ev - er may grieve thee, He never will leave thee, Thy strength as thy day shall be.

*cres - - - - - cen - - do. . . . .* op -

Come close to the Sav - iour, O why dost thou lin - ger? He know-eth thy heart op -
Come close to the Sav - iour, Oh, trust and re - mem - ber, Through tri - als our souls are
Come close to the Sav - iour, Oh come as a bird - ling Flies back to its par - ent

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pressed.....

*ff*

pressed, (sore- ly oppressed.) His promise be - liev - ing, His mes-sage re - ceiv - ing,
blest (rich- ly are blest.) What - ev - er be - tide thee, Thy Ref- uge will hide thee,
nest, (flies to its nest.) Where peace like a riv - er flows on-ward for - ev - er,

CHORUS. *Slowly, don't hurry.*

Oh come un-to Him and rest. Peacefully, tranquilly, tender-ly rest, Folding thy wings like a

dove..... Safe in the arms of His love.....

dove, like a dove, Peaceful - ly tranquil - ly ten- der - ly rest, Safe in the arms, in the arms of His love.

of His love.....

# Sabbath Chimes.

R. G. S. R. G. STAPLES.

MET. ♩ = 116.

1. Trip - ping light - ly, trip - ping o'er the ver - dant lawn, Glad - ly haste we on our way,
2. 'Tis a hap - py greet - ing that a - waits us where Teach-ers true, we love so dear,
3. Hast - en chil - dren, hast - en while the bells chime on, Call - ing you to Sun - day - school;

To the mu - sic of the chim - ing bells, each morn Of the pre - cious Sab - bath day.
With a kind - ly in - t'rest in our soul's wel - fare, Speak to us in words of cheer.
Lis - ten to the sto - ry of a Sav - iour born: Learn to keep the gold - en rule.

Songs of glad - ness we will sing With voic - es tuned in har - mo - ny;
Oh, 'tis love that fills each heart, And leads our feet un - to the place
Learn there, too, that Je - sus died From end - less woe thy soul to save;

Used by per. R. G. Staples.

Songs of love in hon - or of our Sav - iour, King,— Hap - py chil - dren we.
Where the faith - ful Christ- ian meets us to im - part Mes - sa - ges of grace.
To the rug - ged cross was nailed and cru - ci - fied; Tri - umphed o'er the grave.

CHORUS.

Chime, chime on, Mer - ry, mer-ry Sab - bath bells,chime on,
Chim - ing, sweet - ly chim - ing are the Sab - bath bells, Mer - ry, mer-ry Sab - bath bells,chime on,

Chime, chime on, Mer - ry, mer - ry Sab - bath bells.
List - en to the mu - sic of the chim - ing bells, Mer - ry, mer - ry Sab - bath bells.

# Jesus Lives Forever.

MORROW. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

MET. ♩ = 134.

1. Sing, ye peo - ple, loud and high, Je - sus lives for - ev - er! He is Lord of earth and sky,
2. Come, ye peo - ple, here is rest— Je - sus lives for - ev - er; As the birds re - turn to nest,
3. Pray, ye peo - ple, night and day, Je - sus lives for - ev - er; Mountains, na - tions may de - cay,
4. Hope, ye peo - ple, fear no doom, Je - sus lives for - ev - er; Sun - light glints o'er pain and gloom,

To His peo - ple ev - er nigh; We must suf - fer, we must die, But Je - sus lives for - ev - er.
Souls find an - swer to their quest Lean-ing on His welcome breast, Our Je - sus lives for - ev - er.
Gold - en thrones be - come as clay, Art and sci - ence pass a - way, But Je - sus lives for - ev - er.
Faith will tri - umph, tho' we soon Touch the shadows of the tomb, For Je - sus lives for - ev - er.

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# Sweet Sabbath Day.

J. E. RANKIN. GERMAN.

MET. ♩ = 106.

1. Sweet Sabbath day, Sweet Sabbath day! Thou gift from God, I love thee; I hail thy dawn-ing in the East, Thou
2. Sweet Sabbath day, Sweet Sabbath day! Thy bells be-times are ring - ing, And hap-py fac - es throng the street, The
3. Sweet Sabbath day, Sweet Sabbath day! Care's burdens thou un - bind - est, Grief hides her head on Jesus' breast, He

Used by permission.

bring- est rest to man and beast, Sweet Sabbath day, Sweet Sabbath day, Earth has no gift a - bove thee.
Lord with - in His house to meet, Sweet Sabbath day, Sweet Sabbath day, God's peace o'er all earth fling - ing.
whis-pers of His tear- less rest, Sweet Sabbath day, Sweet Sabbath day, Man's tru - est friend and kind - est.

## Jesus is There.

SELECTED. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

MET. ♩ = 92.

1. Come, sin-ner, turn thy feet, Quick - ly re - pair; Go to the mer - cy seat, Je - sus is there;
2. What, tho' thy guilt be deep, Do not de - spair; Kneel at the cross and weep, Je - sus is there;
3. A pard'ning voice will say, Sin - ner, come here; None will be cast a - way, Je - sus is there;
4. Oh, how we long to rise! Long to draw near; To yon-der bliss - ful skies, Je - sus is there;

Go with thy guilt and shame, Just like the pub - li - can; Trust in His ho - ly name, Je - sus is there.
With contrite hearts draw near, He'll ban - ish ev - 'ry fear, And wipe the fall - ing tear, Je - sus is there.
So gen - tly call - ing thee, Wea - ry one, come to me; Here shalt thy ref - uge be, Je - sus is there.
There where the an - gels sing, Sweet hal - le - lu-jahs ring, Be - hold the Sav-iour King! Je - sus is there.

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# Gathering Home.

M. B. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH.

MET. ♩.=69. DUET.

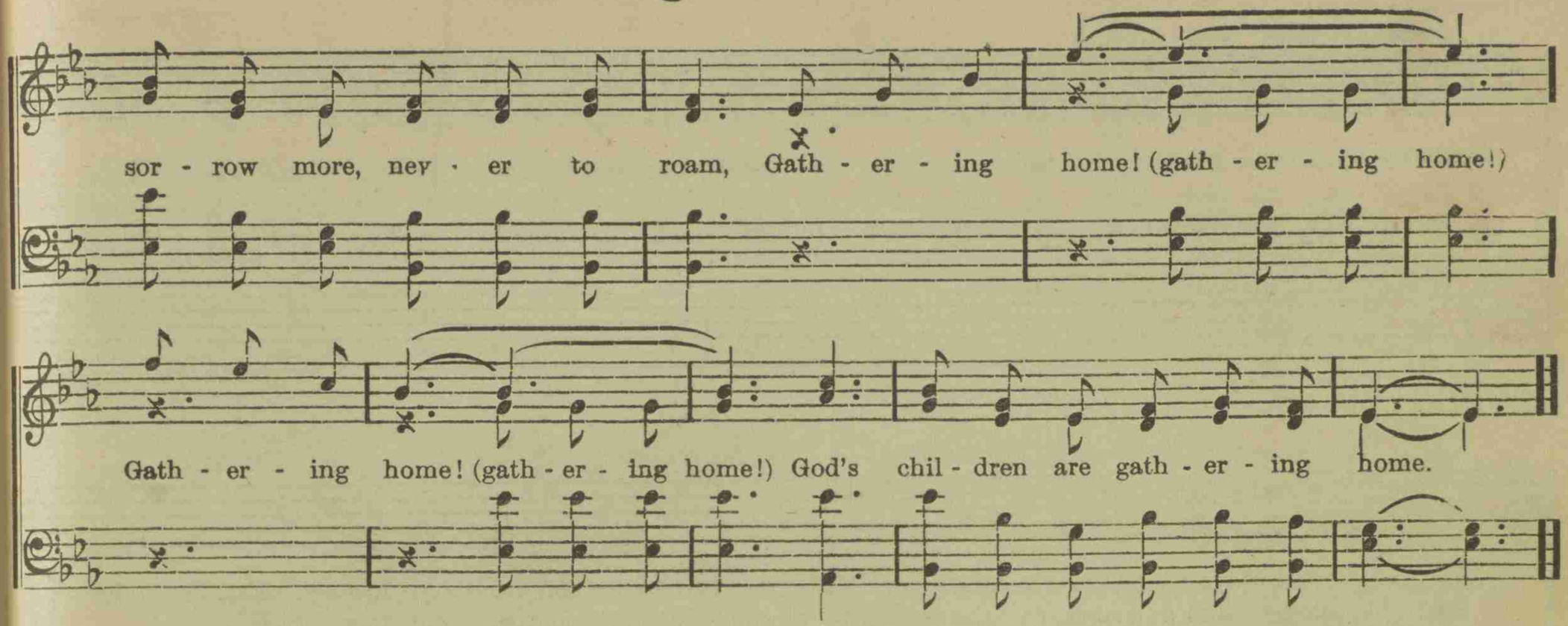
1. Up to the boun - ti - ful Giv - er of life, Gath - er - ing home! gath - er - ing home!
2. Up to the cit - y where fall - eth no night, Gath - er - ing home! gath - er - ing home!
3. Up to the beau - ti - ful man-sions a - bove, Gath - er - ing home! gath - er - ing home!

Up to the dwell - ing where com - eth no strife, The dear ones are gath - er - ing home!
Up where the Sav - iour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gath - er - ing home!
Safe in the arms of His in - fi - nite love, The dear ones are gath - er - ing home!

CHORUS.

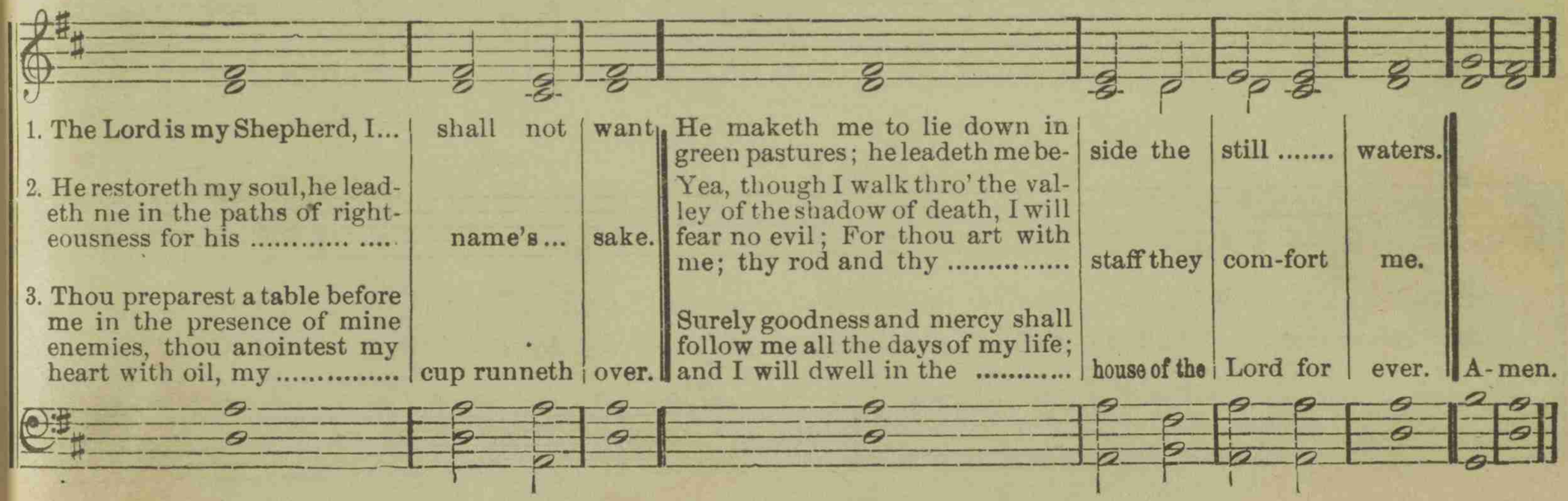
Gath - er - ing home!..... Gath - er - ing home!..... Nev - er to gath - er - ing home! gath - er - ing home!

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## The Lord is my Shepherd.

PSALM 23.



# Fall Into Line.

R. A. HOFFMAN. J. M. TENNEY.

MET. ♩=100

1. Fall in - to line, broth - er, fall in - to line! Hearken to me, to the mes-sage di- vine!
2. Fall in - to line, broth - er, fall in - to line! See how the hosts of the foe - man combine!
3. Fall in - to line, broth - er, fall in - to line! God is omnip - o - tent and He shall win!

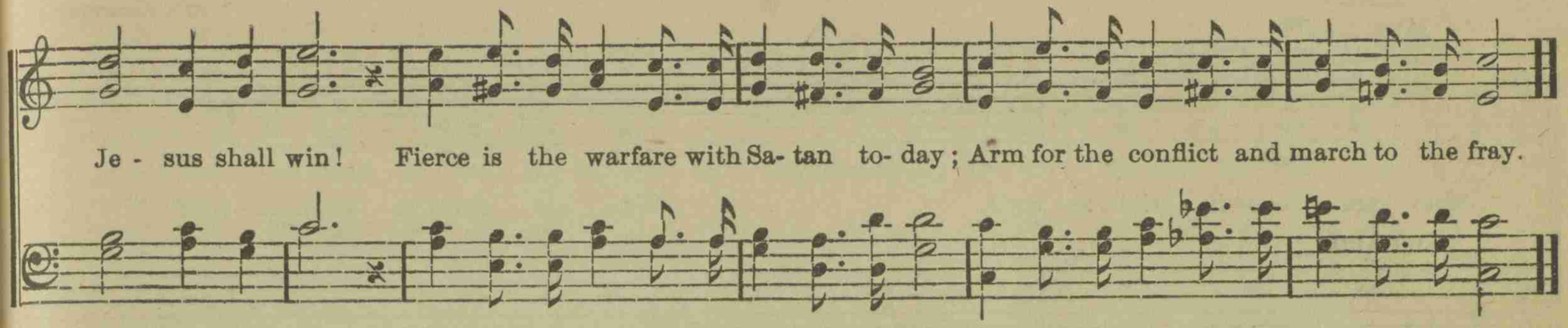
CHORUS.

Je - sus invites you to join in the fray, Gives you assur - ance of vic - t'ry to- day. Fall in - to
Join in the con- flict and rush to the field, Till we shall crush and compel them to yield.
On - ly be true to thyself and the Lord, And you shall share the e- ter - nal reward.

Fall into line,

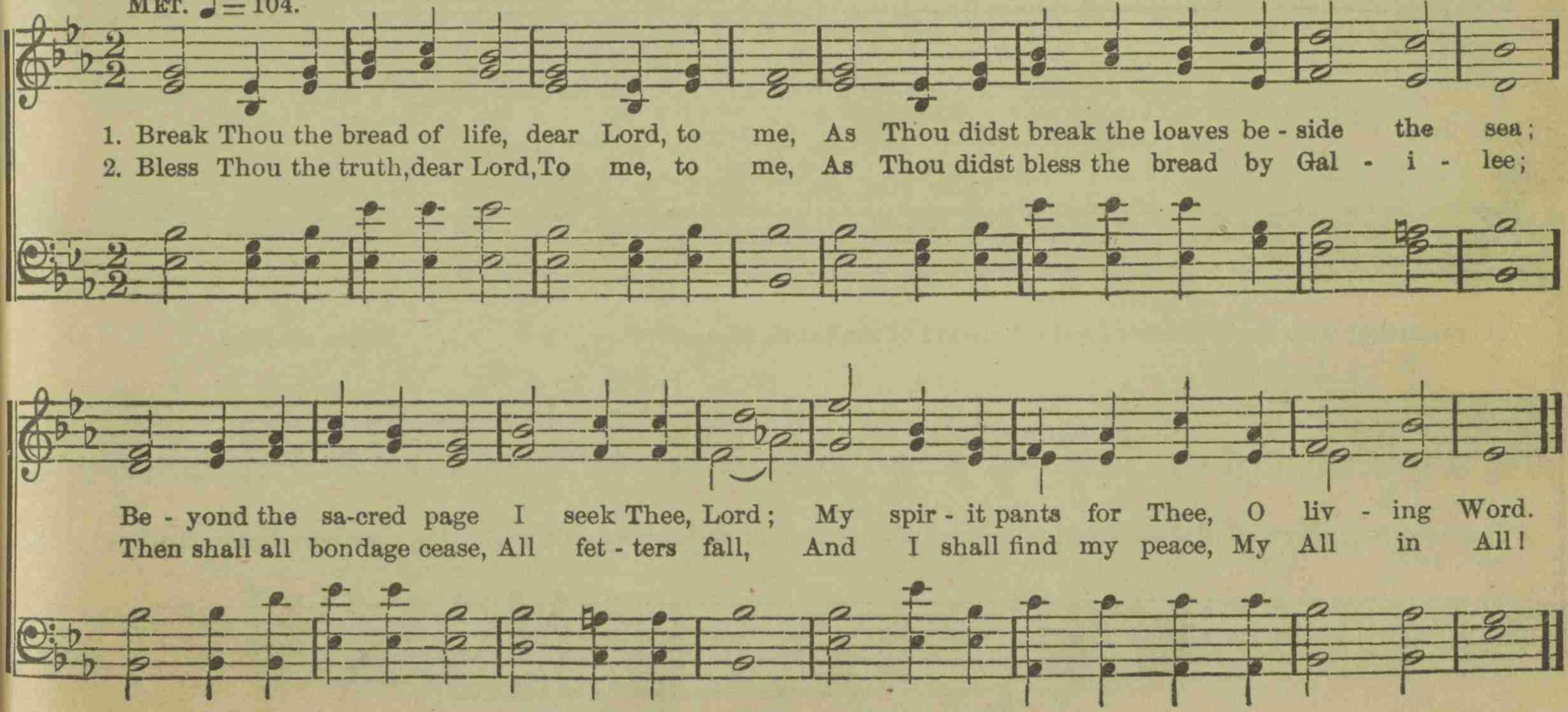
line, soldiers, fall in - to line, On to the bat - - tle, for
fall in - to line. Fall in - to line, soldiers, fall in - to line! On to the bat - tle, fall in - to line!

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## Break Thou the Bread of Life.

M. A. LATHBURY. W. F. SHERWIN.




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# Who are these in bright array?

H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩ = 72

SOPRANO SOLO.

Who are these in bright ar - ray? Who are these in bright ar - ray?

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

Who are these, who are these? Who are these?

TENOR.

BASS.

These are they who wash'd their robes in the blood of the Lamb, These are they, These are they.

These are they who wash'd their robes in the blood of the Lamb, These are they who wash'd their robes in the blood of the Lamb.

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SOPRANO. *Faster.* (Declamatory.)

ALTO.

There-fore they stand be - fore the throne, cry - ing Bless- ing, glo - ry, wis-dom, hon - or, Pow - er, and

TENOR.

BASS.

*a tempo.* *cres - cen - do.*

might be un - to God, ev - er, world with - out end.

{They shall hun-ger no more, Neither thirst an - y more,
{They shall walk by the streams Of the foun-tain of life,

*ff* *p*

1 *Repeat pp.* 2

For the Lamb up - on the throne shall feed them;
For the Lamb up - on the throne shall lead them;

{For the Lamb up-on the throne shall lead them,
{For the Lamb up-on the throne shall (*Omit.....*) lead them.

# Bethlehem's Star.

D. K.

MET. ♩. = 66 & 72.

*Slow and sustained.*

H. R. PALMER.

*a little faster.*

1. Si - lent night, hallow'd night; Si - lent sleep, calm and deep; Softly glitters bright Bethlehem's star,
2. Si - lent night, hallow'd night; On the plain wake the strain, Sung by heav'nly harbingers bright,
3. Si - lent night, hallow'd night; Earth a - wake, si- lence break! High your anthems of melo-dy raise;

*rit. ad lib.*

Beck'ning Is - ra - el's eye from a - far, Where the Sav- iour is born, Where the Sav- iour is born.
Fraught with tidings of heav- en - ly light, Christ, the Sav- iour, has come, Christ, the Sav- iour, has come.
Sing, ye mor - tals, your live - li - est praise, Peace for ev - er shall reign, Peace for ev - er shall reign.

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# Give Ye to Jehovah.

PARAPHRASE.

MET. ♩ = 92.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Give ye to Je - ho - vah, O sons of the might-y, Give ye to Je - ho - vah the glo - ry and pow'r:
2. The voice of Je - ho - vah comes down on the wa - ters; In thunder the God of the glo - ry draws nigh:

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Give ye to Je - ho - vah the hon - or and glo - ry; In beau - ty of ho - li- ness kneel and a- dore.
Lo, o - ver the waves of the wide - flowing wa - ters Je - ho - vah as King is en- thron - ed on high!

# Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. ALL VOICES IN UNISON. W. LUDDEN.

MET. ♩ = 92

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee; Let the water and the blood, from Thy riven side which flow'd,
2. Not the labors of my hands Can fulfil Thy law's commands; Could my zeal no languor know, Could my tears forever flow,
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyelids close in death, When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,

VOICES IN UNISON.

Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.
All for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and Thou alone. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.
Rock of A- ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

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# Beautiful City.

*Composed, by request for the Sunday School of H. W. Beecher's Church.*

G. GILL. T. J. COOK.

MET. ♩=100.

1. Beau-ti-ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beauti-ful cit - y that I love; Beauti-ful gates of pearl - y white,
2. Beau-ti-ful heav'n where all is light, Beauti-ful an-gels, cloth'd in white; Beauti-ful strains that nev- er tire,
3. Beau-ti-ful crowns on ev - 'ry brow, Beauti-ful palms the conq'rors show; Beauti-ful robes the ransom'd wear,
4. Beau-ti-ful throne for Christ our King, Beauti-ful songs the an - gels sing; Beauti-ful rest—all wand'rings cease,

MET. ♩.=88.

Beau-ti-ful tem-ple—God its light! He who was slain on Cal - va - ry, O - pens those pearl - y
Beau-ti-ful harps thro' all the choir; There shall I join the cho - rus sweet, Worshipping at the
Beau-ti-ful all who en - ter there; Thith-er I press with ea - ger feet, There shall my rest be
Beau-ti-ful home of per-fect peace; There shall my eyes the Sav - iour see, Haste to His heav'n - ly

REFRAIN. *Repeat pp.*

gates to me.
Sav-iour's feet.
long and sweet.
home with me.

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

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# My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

B. SCHMOLKE. C. M. WEBER, arr.

MET. ♩= 76.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Though seen through many a tear, Let not Thy
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each chang-ing

hand of love I would my all re - sign; Through sor - row or through joy,
star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear; Since Thou on earth hast wept,
fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee: Straight to my home a - bove

*Slower.*

Con - duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!
And sor - rowed oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done!
I trav-el calm - ly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done!

# 68 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. BARING-GOULD. A. S. SULLIVAN.

MET. ♩=88.

1. On - ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war: With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.
2. Like a might - y ar - my, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod;
3. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Con - stant will re - main;
4. On - ward, then ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng; Blend with ours your voi - ces In the tri-umph-song;

Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go.
We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Gates of hell can nev - er, 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail.
Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King; This thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

On-ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus, Go-ing on be - fore.
war, With the cross of Je - sus,

# Brightly Gleams our Banner.

(*For tune see page 68.*)

1 Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their homes on high.
Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And, with hearts united,
Take our heavenward way.

Cho.—Brightly gleams our banner,

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet;
Often we have left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep, us mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.

Cho.—Brightly gleams, &c.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go;
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.
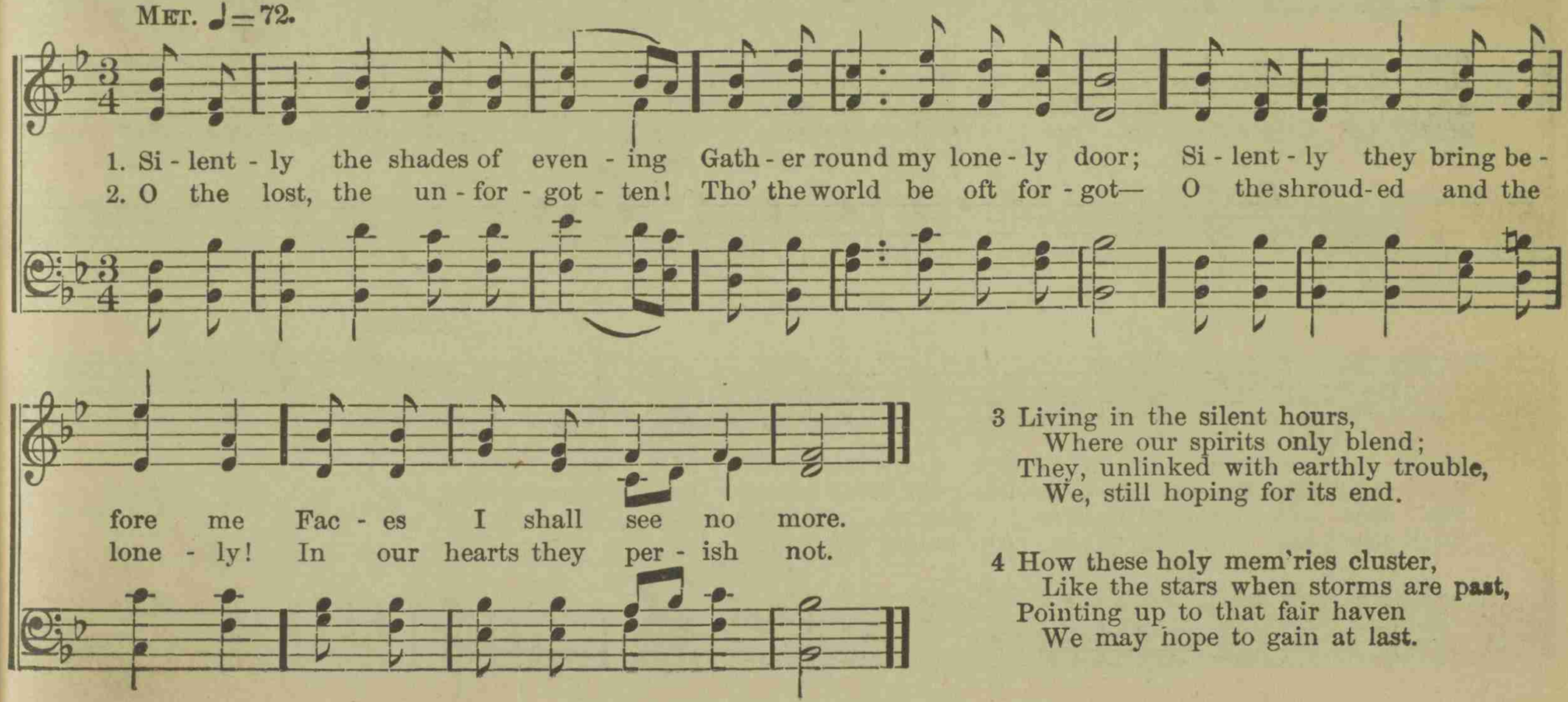
Cho.—Brightly gleams, &c.

T. J. POTTER.

# Silently the shades of Evening.

C. C. COX.

D. E. JONES.




3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend;
They, unlinked with earthly trouble,
We, still hoping for its end.

4 How these holy mem'ries cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair haven
We may hope to gain at last.

# When Jesus Comes in Glory.

S. A. WIGGINS. MET. ♩ = 104. H. R. PALMER.

1. When Je - sus comes in glo - ry, The bless - ed gos - pel sto - ry, Our dead in Christ shall rise.....
2. When Je - sus comes what joy! What bliss with-out al - loy! What songs of love di - vine!.....
3. He's com- ing soon or late; His ho - ly dead can wait; The slum - bers of the just .....
4. Oh yes He'll come a - gain! The shepherds of the plain, Who hail'd His na - tal star,.....

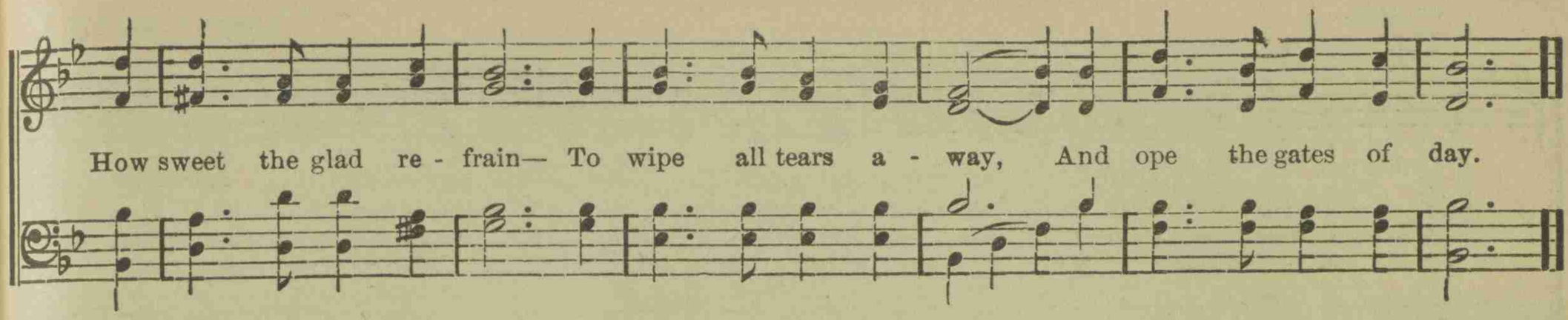
And meet Him in the skies.....When Je - sus comes a - gain, No sor - row, toil, nor pain;
How star- bright crowns will shine!..... When Je - sus comes, what peace! From death a sweet re - lease,
Are full of per - fect trust.....And we who still re - main, When Je - sus comes a - gain,
Shall see the gates un - bar. .....And they who ne'er have seen, And yet have faith - ful been,

CHORUS.

With ran-som'd souls in white, Our bod - ies full of light.
A life that knows no end, In wor - ship sweet to spend.
His face in peace will see, From earth - ly gar - ments free.
Shall shout- ing, en - ter in, And palms of vic - t'ry win.

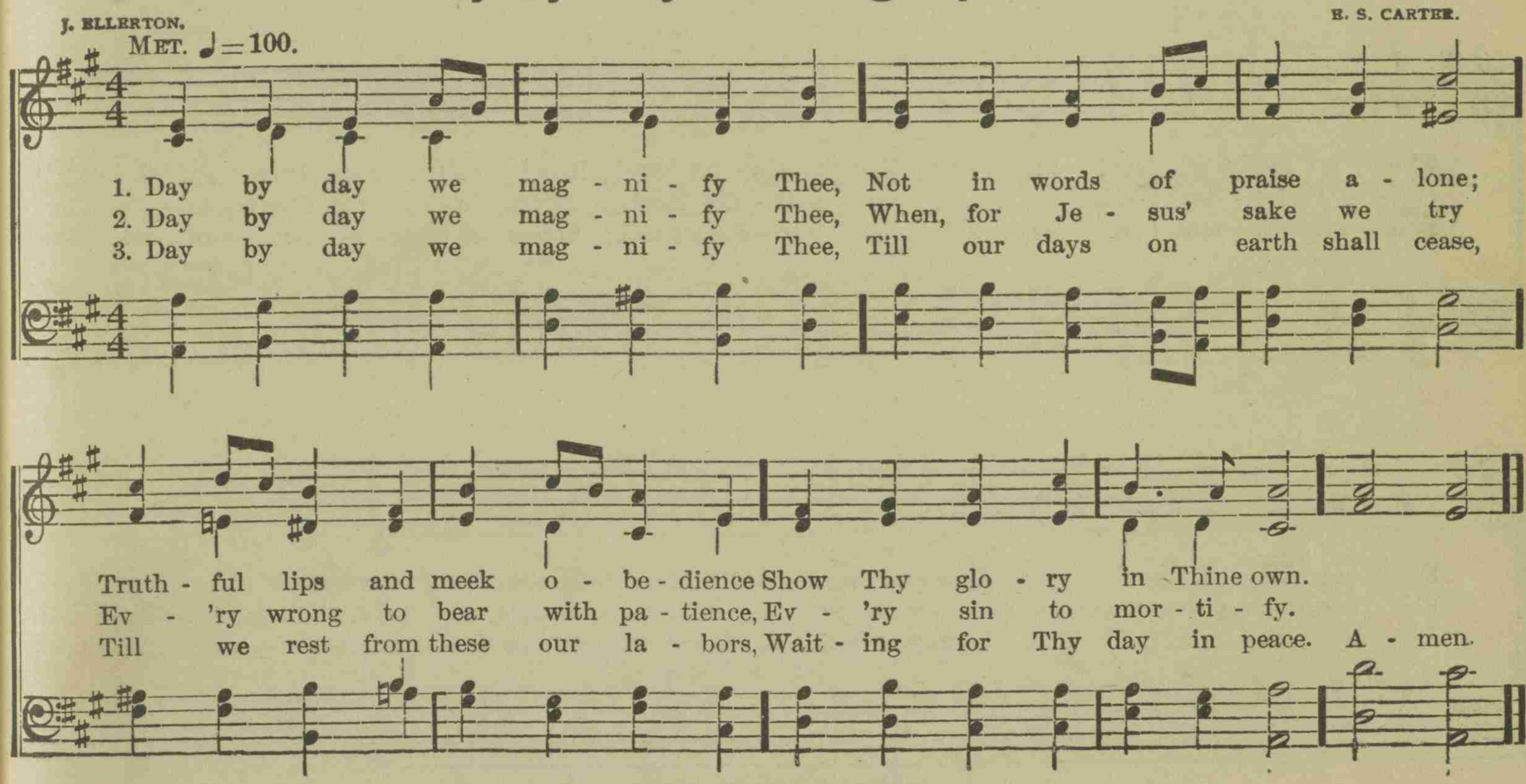
} Oh yes He'll come a - gain!

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## Day by Day we Magnify Thee.

J. ELLERTON. E. S. CARTER.



# 72 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

W. WILLIAMS. ANNIE F. HARRISON.

MET. ♩ = 96.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je- hov - ah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land; I am weak, but
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow; Let the fi - ery,
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub- side; Bear me thro' the

Thou- art might- y, Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand; Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en,
cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney through; Strong de - liv - 'rer, Strong de - liv - 'rer,
swell - ing cur - rent, Land me safe on Ca - naan's side; Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es

Feed me till I want no more. Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
Be Thou still my strength and shield. Strong deliv - 'rer, Strong de - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
I will ev - er give to Thee: Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee.

# Lord in Anger do not Chasten.

Psalm vi. (PARAPHRASE.)

W. A. LAFFERTY, by per.

MET. ♩ = 88.

1. Lord in an - ger do not chas- ten, Thy fierce wrath from me re - strain; I am weak in
2. Sor - rows deep my soul are griev-ing, Lord, how long, oh pit - y take; Lord, re - turn, my

CHORUS.

mer- cy hast-en, O re-lieve my soul from pain. God hath heard my sup- pli- ca - tion, My pe - ti- tion will not
soul re - liev-ing, Save me for Thy mer-cies sake.

My pe - ti- tion,

spurn. Let my foes with sure vex - a - tion, Back in sud - den shame re - turn.

My pe - ti- tion will not spurn. Let my foes with sure vex - a - tion, Back in sud - den shame re - turn.

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# 74 Sabbath Bells.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

ARR. FROM R. BY H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩. = 69.

1. O sweet Sab-bath bells! A mes-sage of mu - si-cal chim - ing Ye bring us from God, and we know what you say;
2. The day we love best! The brightest and best of the sev - en, The pearl of the week, and the light of our way;
3. Oh sweet Sab- bath rest! The gift of our Fa-ther in heav - en, A her - ald sent down from the home far a - way;

Now ris- ing, now falling, So tune-ful-ly calling His chil - dren to seek Him, and praise Him to - day.
We hold it a treasure, And count it a pleasure To wel - come the dawn - ing, and praise Him to - day.
With peace for the weary, And joy for the dreary, Then oh, let us thank Him, and praise Him to - day.

*p*

PIANO.

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# Sabbath Evening. 75

QUARTET OF SMOOTH VOICES.

S. F. SMITH. L. VAN BEETHOVEN.

MET. ♩ = 69.

*p*

1. Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray, Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day; Gen - tly as life's
2. Night her sol - emn man - tle spreads O'er the earth as day - light fades; All things tell of
3. Peace is on the world a - broad; 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God, Sym - bol of the

*pp* *cresc.* *rit.*

set - ting sun, When the Chris-tian's course is run, When the Chris-tian's course is run.
calm re - pose, At the ho - ly Sab - bath's close, At the ho - ly Sab - bath's close.
peace with - in When the spir - it rests from sin, When the spir - it rests from sin.

*pp* FULL CHORUS. *cres - - e - - dim.*

Ho - ly Sab-bath, soft - ly fad- ing, Gen-tly as life's set - ting sun.

4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in Thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

# Shall we meet beyond the River.

H. L. HASTINGS.

MET. ♩ = 72. SOLO, *or may be sung as a* DUET.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the Riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll, Where, in all the bright for-
2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er, Shall we meet and cast the
3. Where the mu-sic of the ransom'd Rolls in har-mo-ny a-round, And cre-a-tion's swells the
4. Shall we meet with many a lov'd one, Torn on earth from our em-brace? Shall we lis-ten to their
5. Shall we meet with Christ our Sav-iour, When He comes to claim His own? Shall we hear Him bid us

ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
an-chor By the fair ce-les-tial shore?
cho-rus With its sweet, me-lodious sound?
voi-ces, And be-hold them face to face?
wel-come, And sit down up-on His throne?

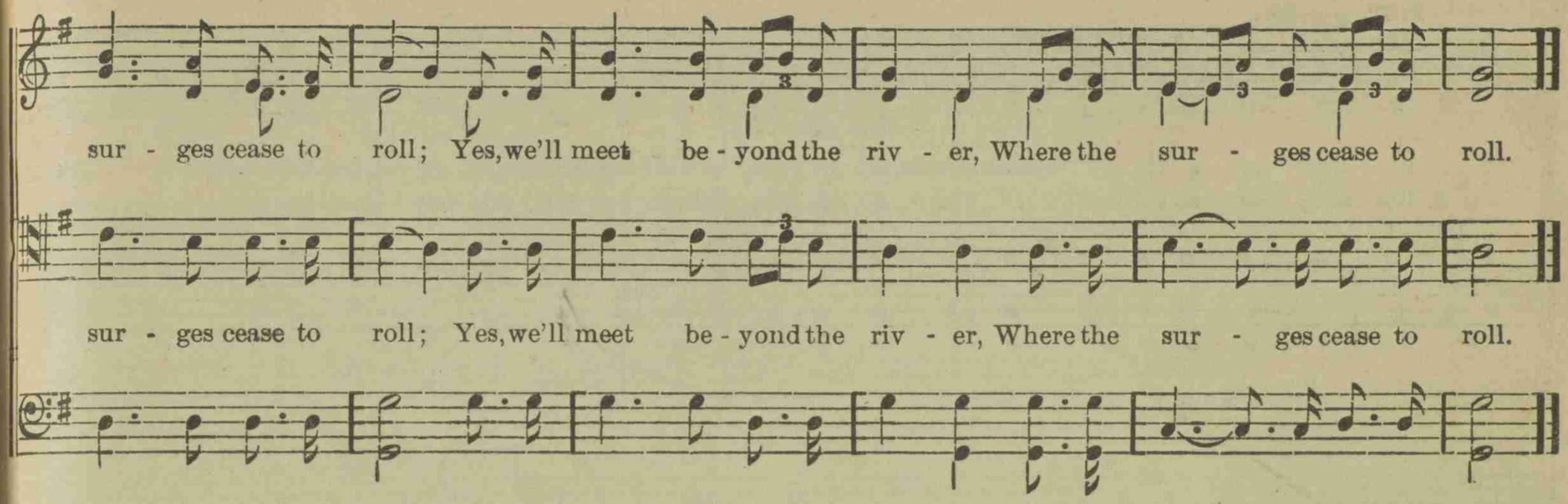
REFRAIN. FULL CHORUS.

Yes, we'll meet, Yes, we'll meet, Where the

Yes, we'll meet, Yes, we'll meet, Where the

Yes, we'll meet, Yes, we'll meet,

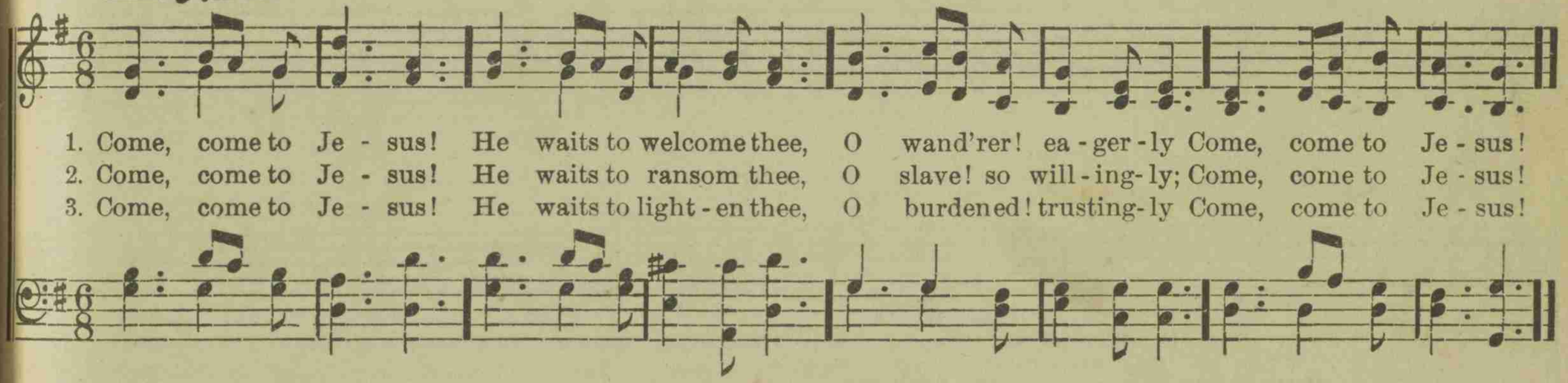
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# Come, Come to Jesus!

G. B. PECK. H. P. MAIN.

MET. ♩. = 63.




4 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to give to thee,
O blind! a vision free;
Come, come to Jesus!

5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
O weary! blessedly
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
O lamb! so lovingly,
Come, come to Jesus!

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# We Sing of a City.

E. A. HOFFMAN. H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩=80.

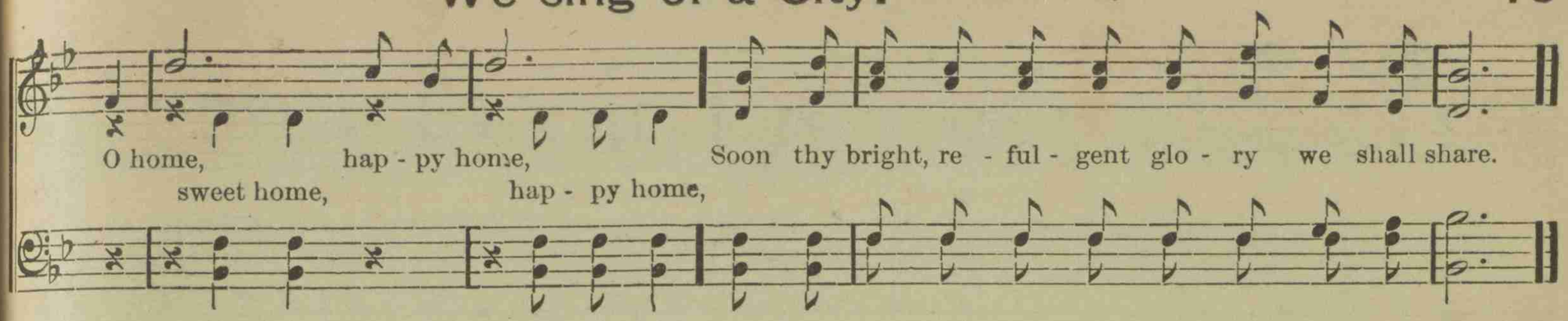
1. We sing of a cit - y whose streets are of gold, Whose mansions are ra - diant with glo - ry un-told,
2. We sing of a cit - y of pal - a - ces fair, Which Je - sus, our Sav - iour, has gone to pre-pare;

Whose walls are of jas - per and fair to be-hold, The cit - y of Je - sus our King.
And soon we shall reach our a - bid - ing place there, O cit - y of Je - sus our King.

REFRAIN.

O sweet, hap - py home, We are long - ing, we are long- ing for thy man-sions fair;
sweet home, hap - py home,

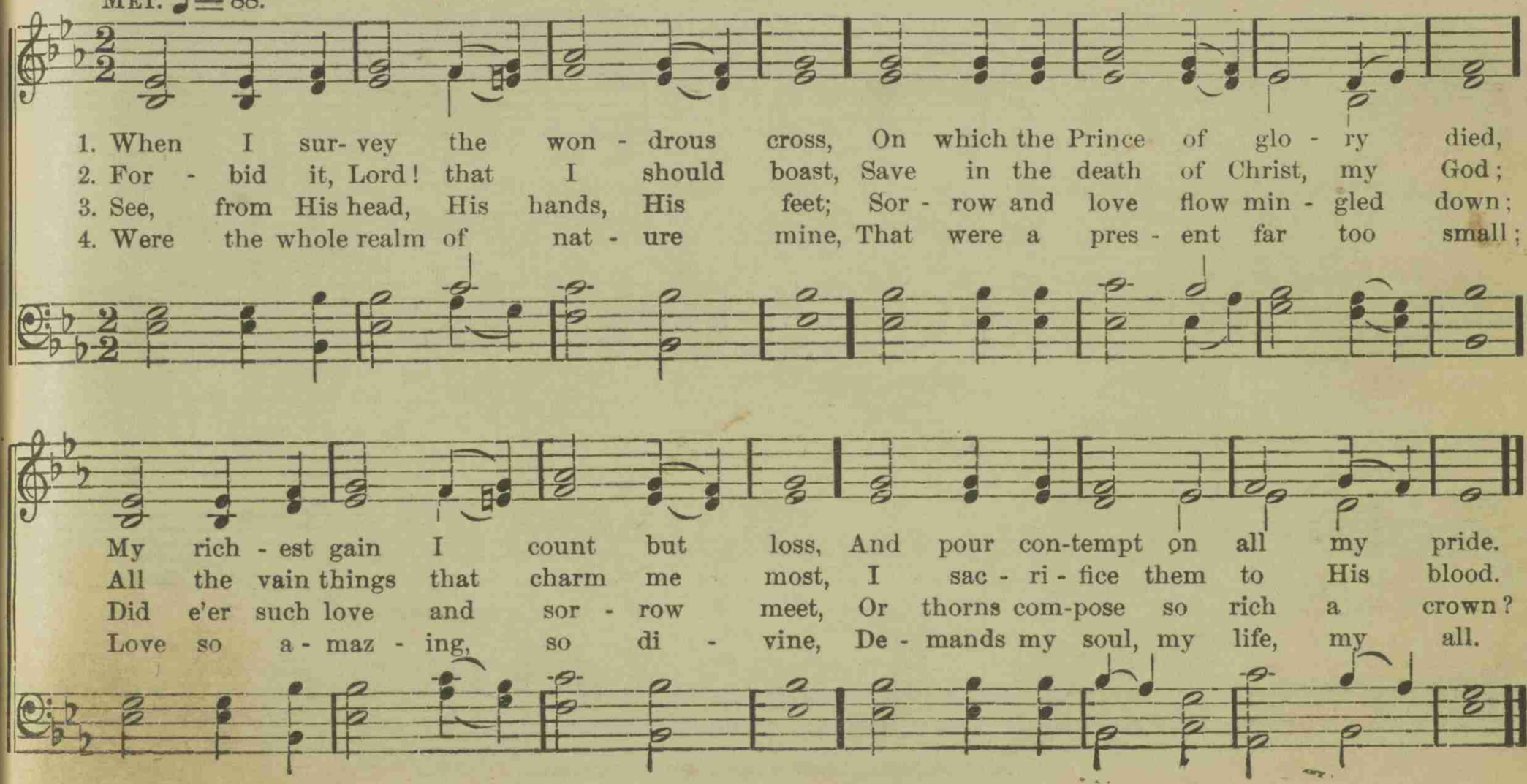
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## When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

I. WATTS. L. MASON.

MET. ♩ = 88.



# I Rest in Thy Love.

W. LUDDEN.

MET. ♪ = 100.

1. While way-worn and wea - ry, I jour - ney a - long, Dear Sav - iour, Thy love is the theme of my song;
2. While burden'd with sor - row and lad - en with woe, Dear Sav - iour, to Thee 'neath Thy cross will I go;

Thy smile is my bea - con, as on - ward I move, Thy cross is my shel - ter, I rest in Thy love.
I think of Thy sor - row and an - guish for me, And yield at Thy bid - ding my sor-rows to Thee.

CHORUS.

*p* *dim.* *p*

I rest in Thy love, I rest in Thy love, Thy love; Tho' way-worn and weary, I rest in Thy love.

*mp* *p*

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# In Sight of Heaven. 81

"*I saw the holy city.*"—REV. 21: 2.

R. MORRIS. L.L.D. H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩= 92.

1. Where flow'rs immor-tal bloom, We lit - tle pilgrims come, To view our promised home, In sight of Heaven.
2. Be - hold the star - ry walls— The bright and tow'ring halls! And hark! the an - gel calls— In sight of Heaven.
3. Ah! blest and sure reward Its treas - u - ries af-ford! They speak a bounteous Lord, In sight of Heaven.
4. Not long we'll tar - ry here;— But with good heart and cheer, Right on - ward we will bear— And go to Heaven.

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful the vis - ion, Home of those now ris - en, Bright home of hap - pi - ness,

Man - sion of bless - ed - ness, Cit - y of ho - li - ness, Where Je - sus lives.

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# Beautiful Home.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩.=84.

1. There is a home e- ter - nal, Beau- ti - ful and bright, Where sweet joys super - nal Never are dimm'd by night!
2. Flowers for ev - er are springing In that home so fair, Thousands of children are singing Praises to Je-sus there;
3. Soon shall I join that an- them, Far be-yond the sky, Je - sus became my ran-som, Why should I fear to die?

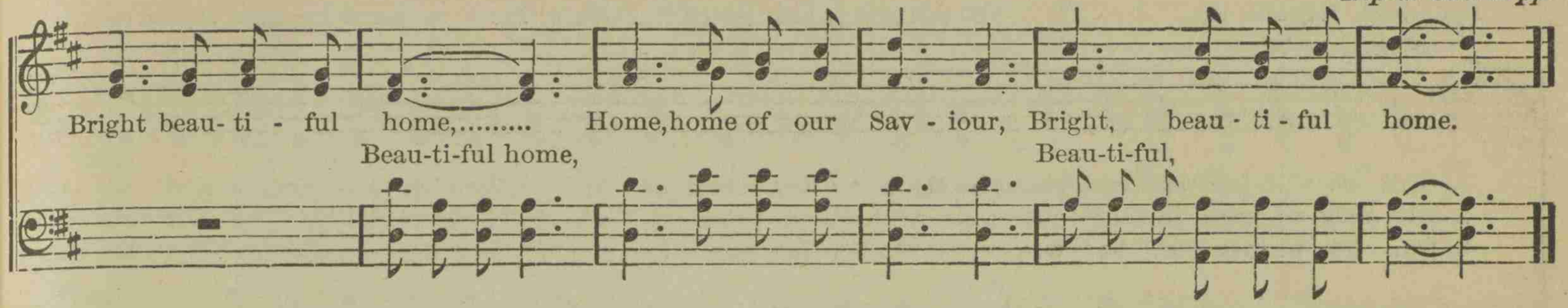
White- robed an - gels are sing - ing Ev - er a - round the bright throne,
How they swell the glad an - thems Ev - er a - round the bright throne,
Soon my eyes will be - hold Him Seat - ed up - on the bright throne,

REFRAIN.

When, O when shall I see thee, Beau - ti - ful, beau- ti - ful home? Home, beau - ti - ful home,.....
When, O when shall I see thee, Beau - ti - ful, beau- ti - ful home?
Then, O then shall I see thee, Beau - ti - ful, beau- ti - ful home. Beau-ti-ful home,
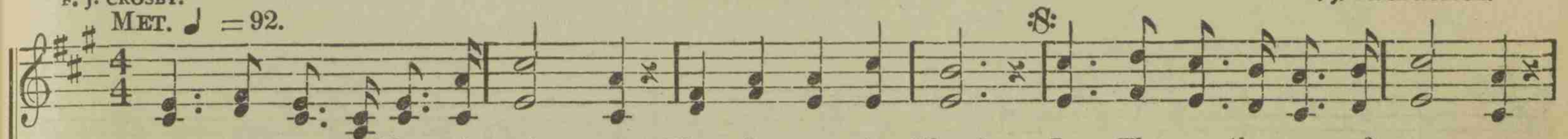
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*Repeat Chorus pp.*
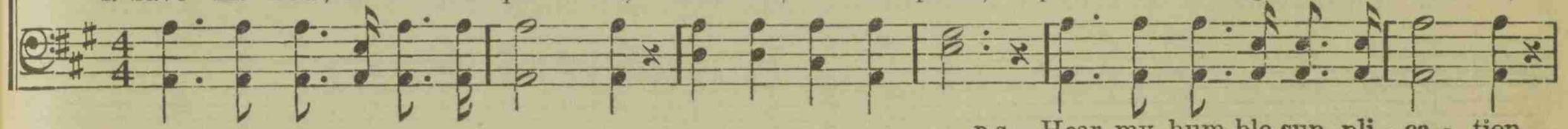



## Save Me Now.

F. J. CROSBY. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

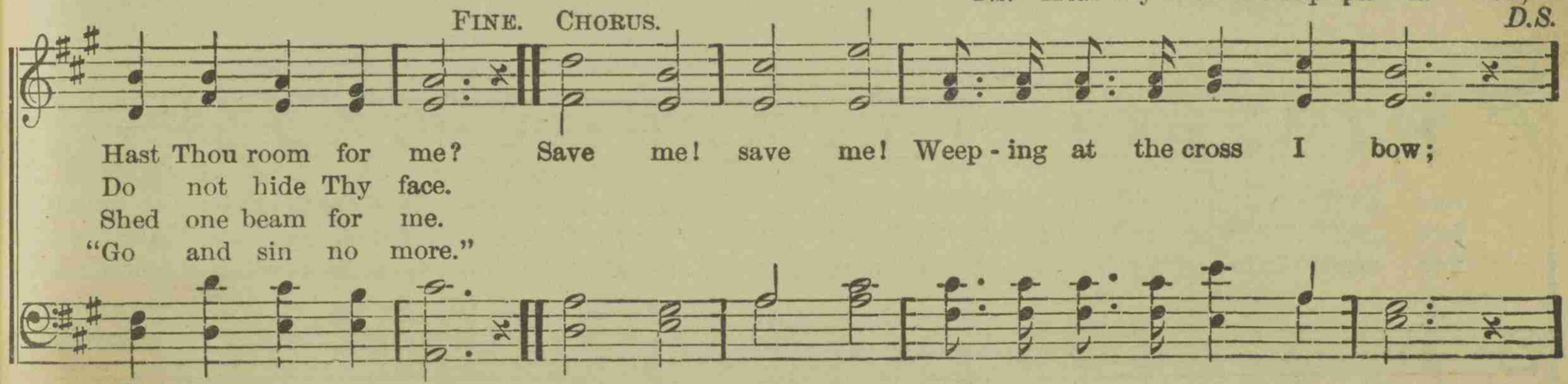



1. Lord, my wayward heart is brok - en, May I come to Thee? In Thy gen-tle arms of mer - cy
2. Though I long have griev'd Thy Spir-it, Long re- fused Thy grace, Do not cast me from Thy pres- ence,
3. Could my faith but touch Thy gar - ment Healed my soul would be; Let Thy smile of sweet for- give- ness
4. Save me now, or I must per - ish, Save me, I im - plore; Speak those lov-ing words so ten - der,



D.S.—Hear my hum-ble sup- pli - ca - tion,

FINE. CHORUS. *D.S.*



Hast Thou room for me? **Save me! save me!** Weep - ing at the cross I bow;
Do not hide Thy face.
Shed one beam for me.
"Go and sin no more."

**Je - sus, save me now.**

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# Girded with Joy and with Gladness.

Mid-Atlantic, May 20th, 1891. *"So run that ye may obtain."* 1 Cor. 9: 24. WORDS AND MUSIC BY H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩. = 76.

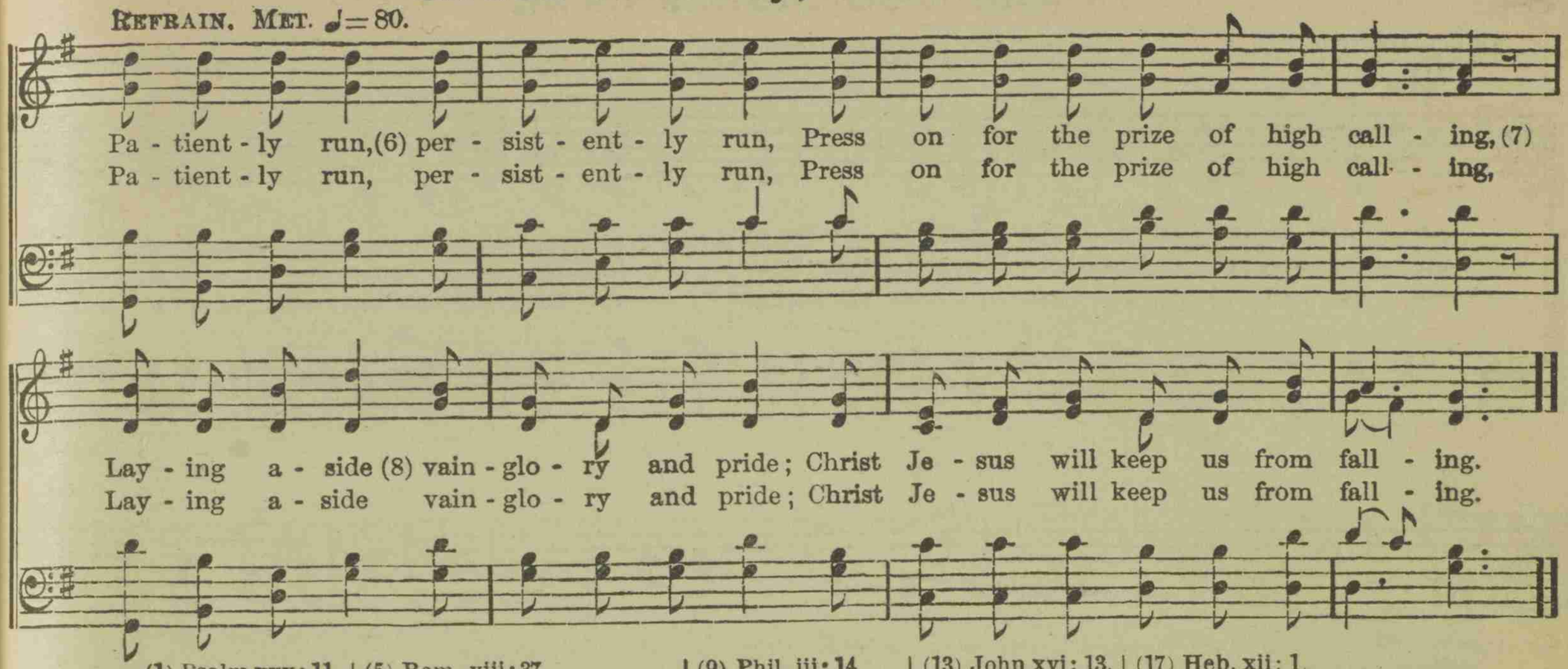
1. Gird - ed with joy and with glad-ness,(1)On to the race(2) of life; Ban- ish all sor- row and sad - ness,
2. All may en- gage in the con - test, All have a prize to win,(9) Therefore let this be our watch-word—
3. On, let us nev - er be wea - ry,(15)On till the race is run,(16) Lay- ing a - side ev - 'ry bur-den,(17)

Ea - ger - ly join the strife, Pa- tient- ly run, per - sist- ent - ly run The race that is set be -
"Run that ye may ob - tain."(10) Joy - ful - ly run, yes, earn-est - ly run Like those who have gone be -
On till the crown is won. (18) Fear-less - ly run, yes, faith- ful- ly run, The cross of the Lord be -

fore us; (3) Looking to Je - sus(4)whose promise as- sures us That we shall be more than vic - to - rious. (5)
fore us; (11) Trusting in Je - sus,(12)His Spir- it will lead us,(13)His ban-ner of mer - cy is o'er us. (14)
fore us; (19) Soon and for - ev - er be - yond the dark riv - er, We'll join in the soul-cheer-ing cho - rus. (20)

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REFRAIN. MET. ♩= 80.

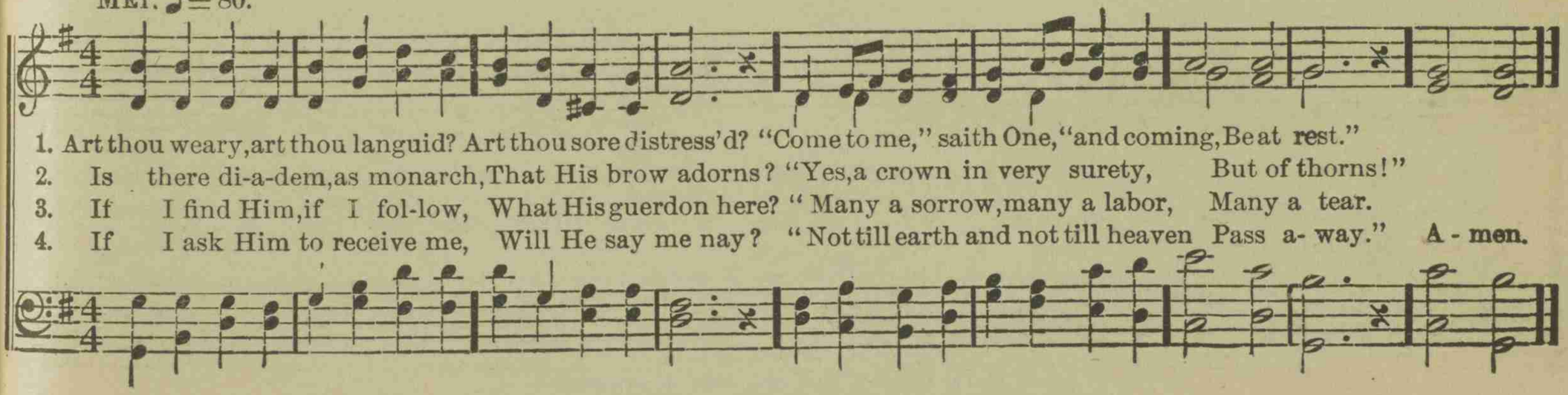



(1) Psalm xxx: 11.
(2) 1 Cor. ix: 24
(3) Heb. xii: 1.
(4) Heb. xii: 2.
(5) Rom. viii: 37.
(6) Heb. xii: 1.
(7) Phil. iii: 14 & Heb. iii: 1.
(8) Heb. xii: 1.
(9) Phil. iii: 14.
(10) 1 Cor. ix: 24.
(11) Heb. xi: 13.
(12) Psalm cxli: 7.
(13) John xvi: 13.
(14) Cant. ii: 4.
(15) Gal. vi: 9.
(16) Heb. vi: 1.
(17) Heb. xii: 1.
(18) 2d Tim. iv: 8.
(19) Gal. vi: 14.
(20) Rev. v: 9-12.

# Art Thou Weary?

J. M. NEALE. M. W. BAKER. ARR. H.

MET. ♩= 80.



# Our God Stands Firm.

TR. R. C. SINGLETON. ("Ein Feste Burg.") M. LUTHER.

MET. ♩ = 76.

1. Our God stands firm, a Rock and Tower, A Shield when dan - ger press - es, A read - y help in
2. Our strength is weakness in the fight; Our cour - age soon de - fec - tion; But comes a Warrior
3. Then Lord, a - rise, lift up Thine arm! With might - y suc - cor stay us! Oh, turn a - side the

ev - 'ry hour, When doubt or pain dis - tress - es! For our ma - lig-nant foe Un-swerv-ing aims his blow;
clad in might, A Prince of God's e - lec - tion! Who is this wondrous Chief, That brings this glad re - lief?
dead-ly harm, When Sa - tan would be - tray us; That, rescued by Thy hand, In tri-umph we may stand,

His fear - ful arms the while, Dark pow'r and dark - er guile; His hid - den craft is match - less.
The field of bat - tle boasts Christ Je - sus, Lord of hosts, Still conq'ring and to con - quer!
And round Thy foot - stool crowd, In joy to sing a - loud High praise to our Re - deem - er!

Har. by Hubert P. Main, 1881. Used by permission.

# I heard the Voice of Jesus say.

M. BONAR. F. ABT. HAR. BY H. P. MAIN.

MET. ♩=96.

SOLO. DUET.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest; Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst-y one,
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light; Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise,

FULL CHORUS.

Thy head up - on my breast." I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea-ry and worn, and sad;..... I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made, has made me glad.
Stoop down, and drink, and live." I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;..... My thirst was quench'd, my soul re - vived, And now I live, I live in Him.
And all thy day be bright." I look'd to Je - sus, and I found In Him my star, my sun;..... And in that light of life I'll walk Till trav - 'ling days are done, are done.

# "A Song of the Holy Land."

E. E. HEWITT. H. R. PALMER.

*Unison.* MET. ♪ = 112.

1. Beau - ti - ful land, "Ho - ly land," O, in the foot-prints of Je - sus to stand;
2. Beau - ti - ful land, "Ho - ly land," O, in the foot-prints of Je - sus to stand;
3. Beau - ti - ful land, "Ho - ly land," O, in the foot-prints of Je - sus to stand;

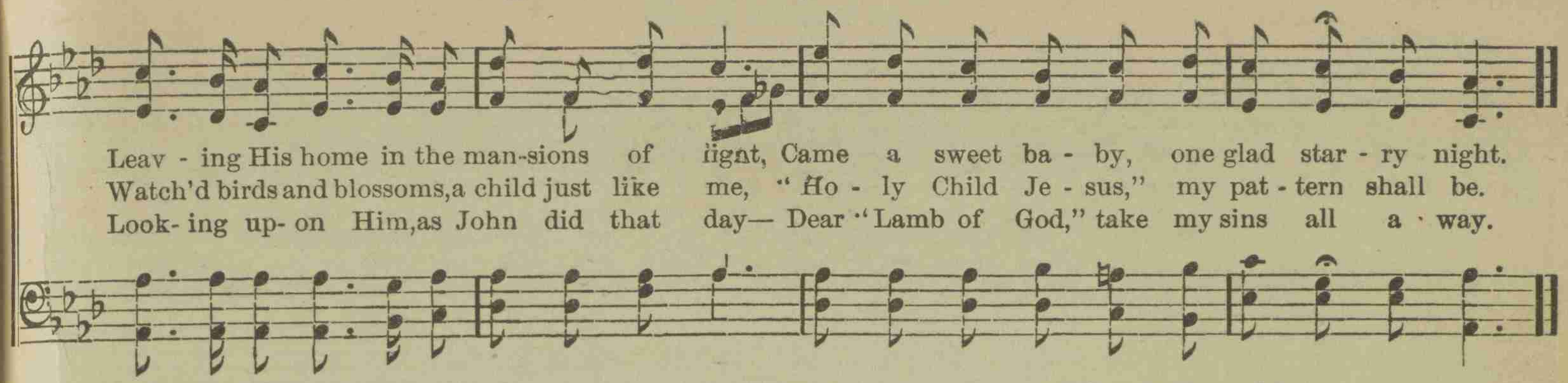
*Unison.*

"Ho - ly land," Beau - ti - ful land, Still may we fol - low Him, love's hap - py band.
"Ho - ly land," Beau - ti - ful land, Still may we fol - low Him, love's hap - py band.
"Ho - ly land," Beau - ti - ful land, Still may we fol - low Him, love's hap - py band.

Beau - ti - ful Beth - le- hem, Beth - le - hem fair! Pre- cious thy name, for King Je - sus came there;
Naz - a - reth, nest - ling a - mong thy green hills, Je - sus once stray'd by thy cool, flow - ing rills,
Riv - er of Jor - dan, while crowds gather'd round, By thy famed wa - ters, the Sav - iour was found;

With a good map in view, let a scholar point to the places indicated. The exercise may be varied by short readings, or recitations from the Gospels, bearing on the stanzas.

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4 Beautiful land, "Holy land," etc..
Cana, Capernaum, cities of old,
Here, in my Bible, true stories are told,
There Jesus came in His wonderful might,
Wrought deeds of mercy, made saddened hearts light.

5 Beautiful land, "Holy land," etc.,
Galilee, sparkling with sunbeams one hour,
Darkened the next with the storm's fearful power,
Jesus exerting His glorious will,
Trod thy wild billows, and bade them be still.

6 Beautiful land, "Holy land," etc.,
Sweet home of Bethany, peaceful retreat,
Here Mary sat at the dear Master's feet,
O, may my heart be a Bethany blest,
Open to Jesus, my heavenly Guest.

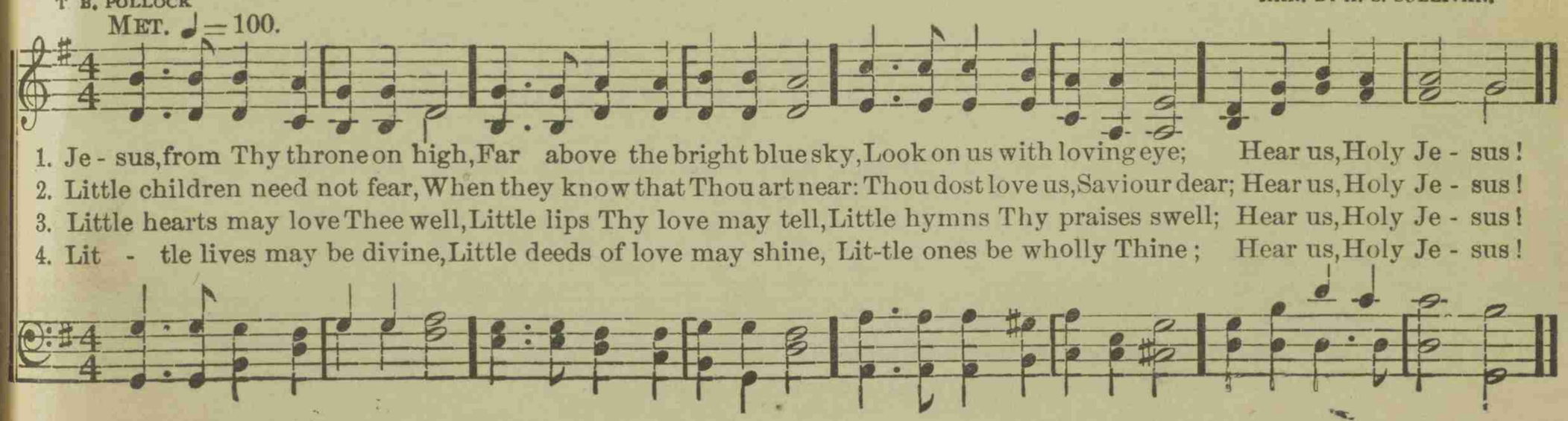
7 Beautiful land, "Holy land," etc.,
Royal Jerusalem, joyful with feasts,
To thy grand temple came people and priests;
Day after day, Jesus lovingly taught,
Palms and hosannas by children were brought.

8 Beautiful land, "Holy land," etc.,
Passing the gateway, outside the great wall,
Rises Mt. Calv'ry, He died there for all;
Near is the garden-tomb, where Jesus lay,
Till He arose on that blessed third day.

## Jesus, from Thy throne on High.

T B. POLLOCK

HAR. BY A. S. SULLIVAN.




1. Je - sus,from Thy throne on high,Far above the bright blue sky,Look on us with loving eye; Hear us,Holy Je - sus!
2. Little children need not fear,When they know that Thou art near: Thou dost love us,Saviour dear; Hear us,Holy Je - sus!
3. Little hearts may love Thee well,Little lips Thy love may tell,Little hymns Thy praises swell; Hear us,Holy Je - sus!
4. Lit - tle lives may be divine,Little deeds of love may shine, Lit-tle ones be wholly Thine; Hear us,Holy Je - sus!

# He Lives again.

## AN EASTER HYMN.

J. R. RANKIN. C. C. CONVERSE.

MET. ♩ = 104.

*Cheerfully.*

1. Up, up, my heart, all na - ture's spring-ing, Up, up, my heart, spring-birds are sing - ing,
2. As when the sun, the East long warn - ing, Toils up His path un - to full dawn - ing,
3. The first fruits He, of earth's de - part - ed, Come forth to cheer the bro - ken heart - ed,

Up, up, my heart, church-bells are ring-ing, He lives a - gain! He lives a - gain! On Cal-v'ry's hill who
And bursts, at last, in ra- diant morning: He lives a - gain! He lives a - gain! On Cal-v'ry's hill who
To wipe the tears that grief had start - ed. He lives a - gain! He lives a - gain! On Cal-v'ry's hill who

once was slain; Be thou of joy thy trib - ute bring - ing, He lives, He lives a - gain!
once was slain; He breaks from death, the tomb's wall yawn - ing, He lives, He lives a - gain!
once was slain: Greet Him a - loud, mor-tals, glad - heart - ed! He lives, He lives a - gain!

*rit.*

By permission Rev. J. E. Rankin, D.D.

# Satan the Seed is Sowing.

M. A. BAKER. H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩.=69.

1. Sa - tan the seed is sow - ing— So earn - est - ly sow-ing, sowing—Tares with the wheat are grow-ing, To -
2. God for the wheat is car - ing— So ten - der - ly car-ing, car-ing—Tho' till the har - vest spar-ing The
3. Souls are the wheat He's keep - ing— So lov - ing - ly keeping, keeping—Safe for the time of reap - ing, And
4. Har-vest the tares will sev - er— E - ter - nal - ly sev - er, sev - er—Then may we be for - ev - er Safe

REFRAIN. ♩=92.

geth - er grow-ing here.
tares which now appear.
gar - ners built a - bove.
in the Mas-ter's love.

But the an - gels will gath-er, By and by—by and by— The tares for the burning, And the wheat for the sky! The an- gels will gather, By and by—by and by—The tares for the burning, And the wheat for the sky!

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# Come, Thou Fount.

R. ROBINSON. F. VON FLOTOW. ARR. H.

MET. ♩=84.

1. Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of mer- cy, nev - er ceas - ing,
2. Here I'll raise mine Eb - en - e - zer; Hith-er by Thy help I'm come; And I hope, by Thy good pleas- ure,
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrain'd to be! Let Thy goodness, like a fet - ter,

Call for songs of loud- est praise. Teach me some mel- o - dious son- net, Sung by flam- ing tongues a - bove;
Safe- ly to ar- rive at home. Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee: Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;

Praise the mount—I'm fixed up- on it—Mount of Thy re - deem-ing love! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love!
He, to res - cue me from dan- ger, In - terposed His pre- cious blood, In - ter - posed His precious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

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# Do it with your Might.

M. E. SERVOSS. E. S. LORENZ.

MET. ♩=100.

1. In the journey of life there are duti - es for all, Which the Lord ap - points to the great and small, So meet
2. There are wee lit- tle feet you may guide in the way, There are songs to sing ere the dawn of day, And sad
3. There are bat- tles to win, and tho' brief be life's span There's a work for each in Je - hovah's plan; And He

CHORUS.

brave - ly the work that to you doth be-fall, And do it with your might.
hearts you may win, if you work, watch and pray, And do it with your might.
watch-eth to see if you do what you can, And do it with your might.

} Ev- er for the right! Ever for the right!

Stead- y and firm and true; Yes, what-e'er may be the work that your hands find to do, Do it with your might!

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# Story of the Raindrops.

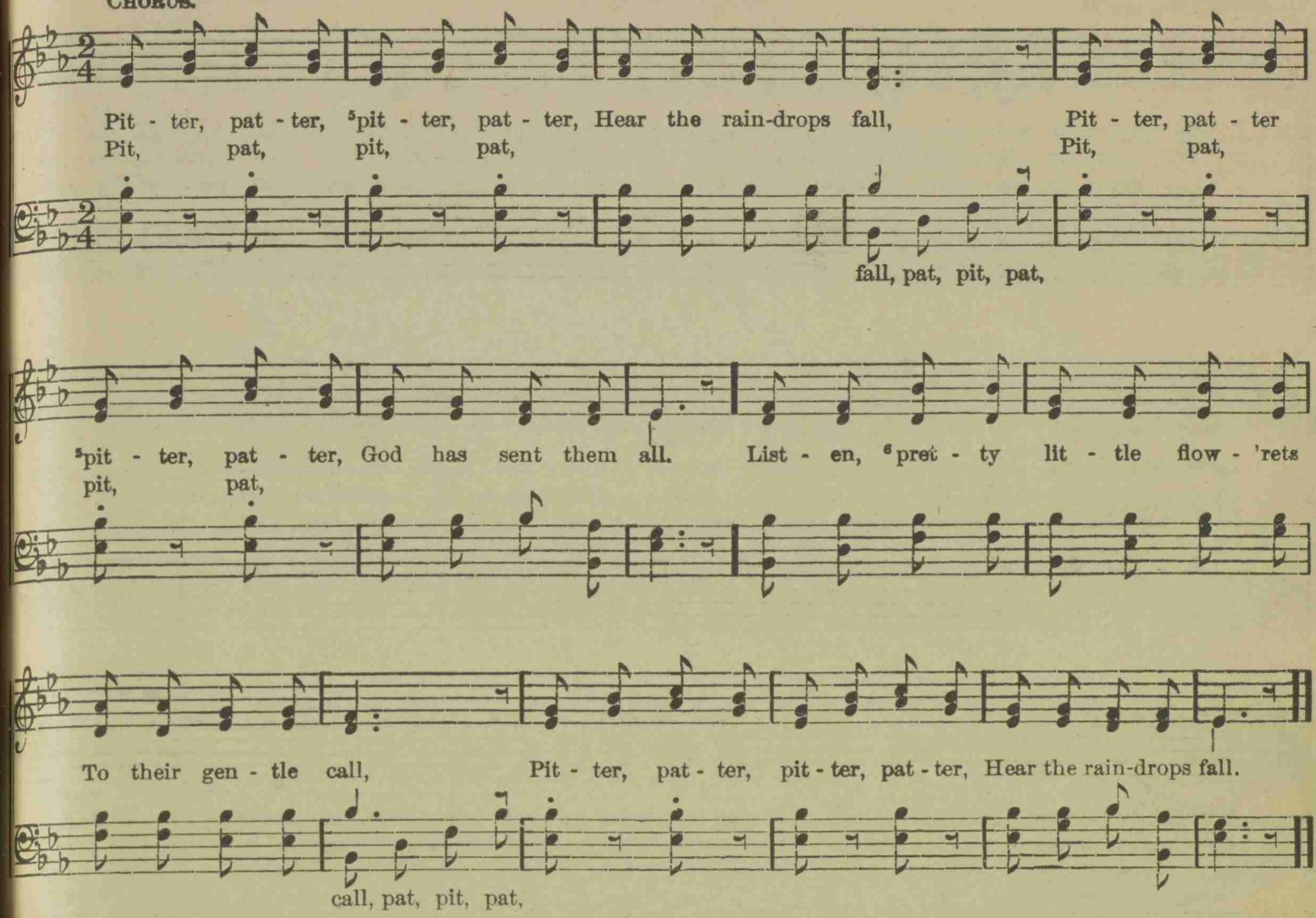
E. E. HEWITT. MET. ♩=104. MOTION SONG. H. R. PALMER.

1. One day, the lit - tle drops of rain, Dash'd [1]down against my win-dow pane; I tho't [2]how ver - y nice 'twould be If I could know their his - to - ry. And so, my [3]sis - ter's hand I took. And
2. She told me of the [7]toss-ing sea, How ver - y strange it seems to me! The sun can, [8]by a might - y law, The o - cean [9]va - pors up - ward draw, Un - til they [9]make the clouds on high, Like
3. The lit - tle rain-drops [13]feed the rills, That run in [13]mu - sic down the hills, And these, in turn, will find the sea, There, for a - while [14]their home will be, Un - til they rise [15]in mist a - gain, To
4. Our Heav'n-ly [17]Fa - ther, wise and great, All things up - on Thy bid - ding wait; Thy hand leads [18]out the cir - cling sun, And by Thy will, [19]the stream-lets run, At Thy command, [20]the wa - ters rise, To

begged her not to read her book, But tell me, [4]on this rain - y day, How came those drops from far a - way.
sails [10]up - on the deep blue sky; But when these [11]dark and heavy grow, They fall in [12]drops to earth be - low.
form an - oth - er show'r of rain, Ah, lit - tle drops! [16]I know you well, Your his - to - ry I now can tell.
o - verspread the [21]sun-ny skies, And when Thou [22]see - 'st best, they fall: Dear Lord, Thy love [22]is o - ver all.

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CHORUS.




MOTIONS.—1. Dashing motion, both hands. 2. Cheek resting on hand, in meditation. 3. Take next child's hand. 4. Arms raised and lowered with fluttering fingers; rain motion. 5 Snapping fingers. 6. Point to flowers or ground. 7. Wave motion, both hands. 8. Point up. 9. Hands placed low; slowly raised. 10. Hands moved over head. 11. Form arch. 12. Rain motion. 13. Right arm swung with rippling motion of fingers. 14. Wave motion. 15. Hands placed low, slowly raised. 16. Shake forefinger. 17. Look up. 18. Describe circle. 19. Rippling motion. 20. As before. 21. Arch. 22. Hands clasped, look up.

# While Shepherds Watched.

N. TATE.

ARR. AND PARTLY COMPOSED BY H. R. P.

MET. ♩.=72.

1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The an - gel of the
2. "To you, in Da- vid's town, this day, Is born of Da- vid's - line, The Sav - iour, who is
3. Thus spake the ser - aph; and forth-with Ap - pear'd a shin- ing throng Of an - gels, prais-ing

Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round. "Fear not," said he,—for might - y dread Had
Christ the Lord;—And this shall be the sign; The heav'n - ly Babe you there shall find, To
God, and thus Ad - dress'd their joy-ful song: "All glo - ry be to God on high, And

seized their troubled mind;—"Glad tid - ings of great joy I bring To you and all man - kind.
hu - man view dis - play'd, All humb-ly wrapp'd in swaddling bands, And in a man-ger laid."
to the earth be peace; Good- will hence-forth from heav'n to men Be - gin, and nev - er cease!"

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# Lift the Heart and bend the Knee. 97

MET. ♩ = 88.

*mp*

ARR. BY W. LUDDEN.

1. Child, a - mid the flow'rs at play; While the red light fades a- way; Moth- er, with thine earn- est eye,
2. Traveller, in the stranger's land, Far from thine own household band; Mourner, haunt-ed by the tone
3. War- rior, that from bat- tle won, Breathest now at set of sun; Wo- man, o'er the low - ly slain

Ev - er foll'wing si - lent - ly; Fa- ther, by the breeze of eve, Call'd thy har - vest work to leave;
Of a voice from this world gone; Cap-tive, in whose nar- row cell Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Weep-ing on his bur - ial plain; Ye that tri- umph, ye that sigh, Kin-dred by one ho - ly tie,

*mf*

*dim.*

Pray, ere yet the dark hours be, Lift the heart and bend the knee, Lift the heart and bend the knee.
Sail - or, on the dark'ning sea, Lift the heart and bend the knee, Lift the heart and bend the knee.
Heav'n's first star a - like ye see, Lift the heart and bend the knee, Lift the heart and bend the knee.

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# Broad tho' th' Atlantic be.

Mid-Atlantic, Jan. 15th. 1891.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩=72.

1. Broad tho' th' At-lan-tic be, God's love is broad-er; Deep tho' its wa-ters be, Yet God's love is deeper,
2. Swift thro' the surg-ing tide, Life's bark is glid-ing; Safe thro' the floods we ride, In God's love a-bid-ing,

If on a plac-id sea, Calm-ly we're sail-ing, 'Tis by His mer-cy free, His love nev-er fail-ing,
Though wintry winds are high, Storms o'er us break-ing, Still on His strength re-ly, All self-aid for-sak-ing,

Or if the wa-ters climb Bil-low on bil-low, Trust-ing His love sub-lime, We'll
Far on yon dis-tant shore, Loved ones a-wait us, When life's fierce storms are o'er, With

MET. ♩.=72.

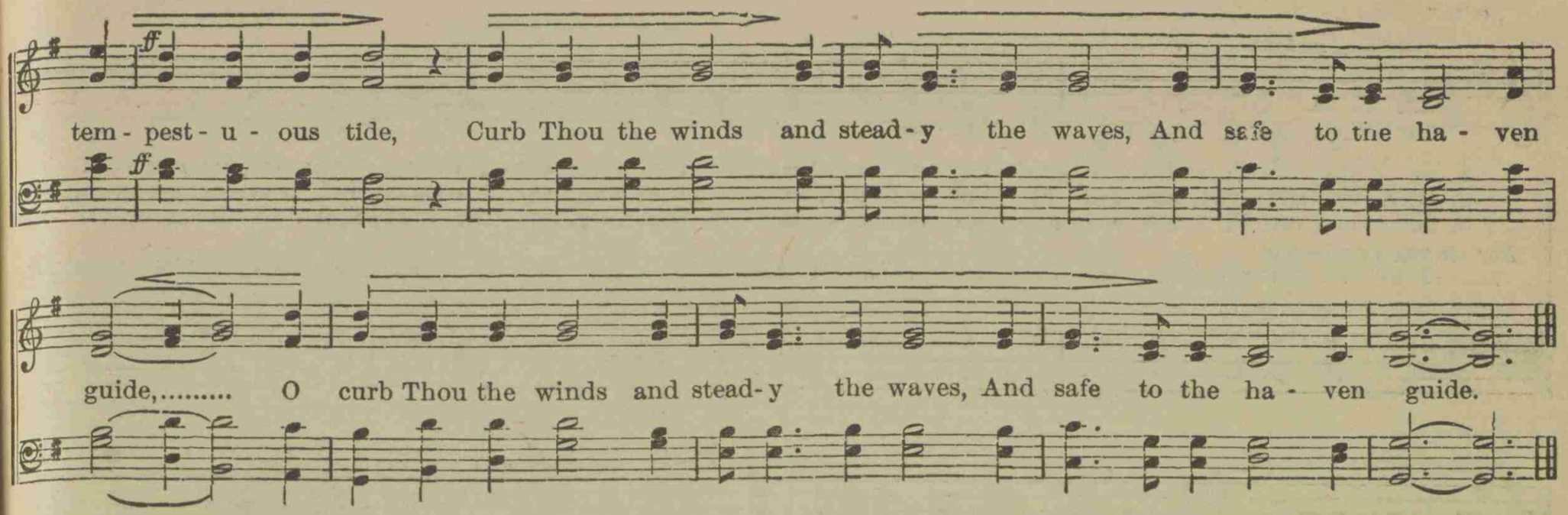
CHORUS.

rest on faith's pil-low.
rapt-ure they'll greet us.

O-ver life's o-cean deep and wide, O-ver its wild

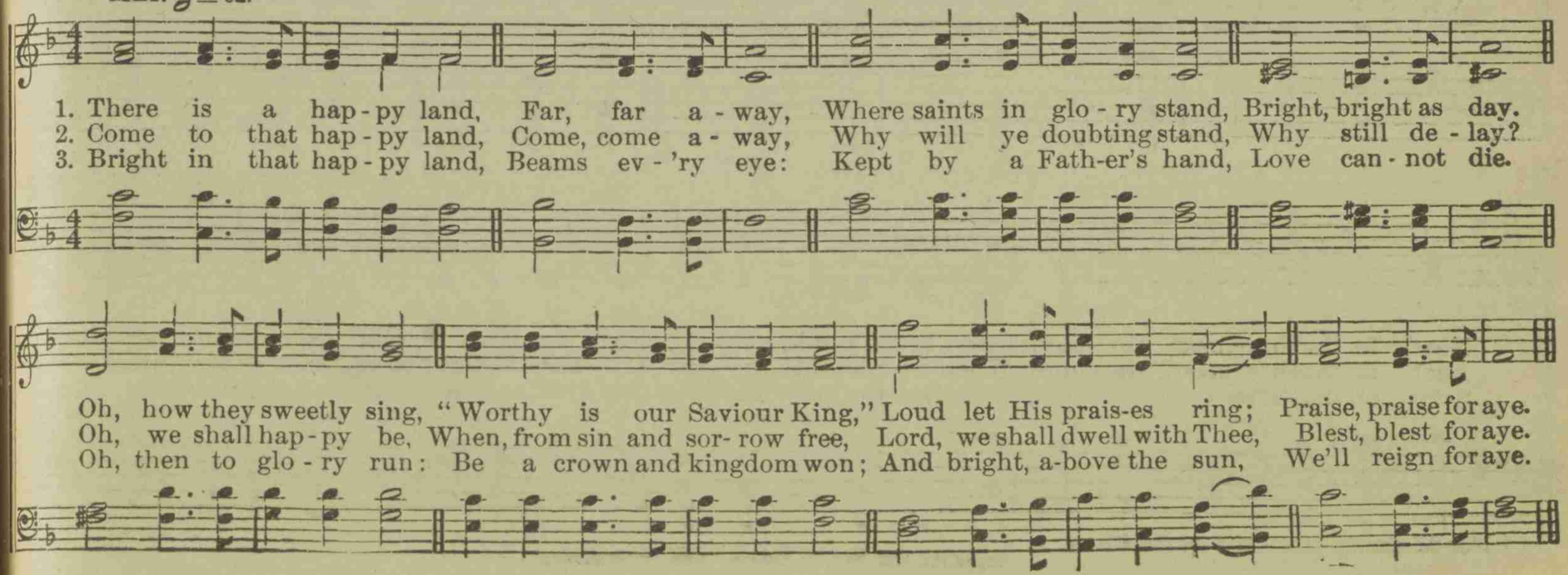
wide,.....

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# There is a Happy Land.

A. YOUNG. MET. ♩ = 92. S. S. WESLEY.



100

# Near to the Shore.

B. S. LEASON.

G. L. W.

MET. ♩ = 100.

1. Je - sus, our Pi - lot, is guid - ing us on, Near to the shore, near the shore; Soon we'll be safe, if we
2. Drear was the night, ere our Pi - lot we found, Near to the shore, near the shore; Bright was the morn-ing with
3. Je - sus, our Pi - lot, will an - chor us where, Safe on the shore, on the shore; Spir - its im-mor - tal will

*For 1st and 2d stanzas.*

D.C.—*Fear not, but trust to the Pi - lot a - lone,* **Near to the shore, near the shore; An - chored we'll be and for -*

FINE.

trust Him a - lone, Near to the shore, near the shore; On - ward and fear - less, with Christ for our guide,
Him homeward bound, Near to the shore, near the shore. Tri - als for-got - ten in our glad de-light,
wel - come us there, Safe on the shore, on the shore; Glad hal - le - lu - jahs! we'll join in the song,
*ev - er at home, Near to the shore, near the shore.*

D.C.

Near to the shore, near the shore; Safe - ly we'll sail, keep-ing close by His side, Near to the shore, near the shore.
Near to the shore, near the shore; When we be-hold the fair Ca - naan in sight, Near to the shore, near the shore.
Safe on the shore, on the shore; What tho' the jour - ney were fear - ful and long, Safe on the shore, on the shore.

* For 3d stanza D. C. *Safe on the Shore.*

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T. MACKELLAR. H. P. MAIN.

MET. ♩=96.

1. Fa - ther! in my life's young morn - ing, May Thy word di - rect my way:
2. Fa - ther! gen - tle is Thy teach - ing; Be a do - cile spir - it mine:
3. Fa - ther! let me nev - er cov - et Things of van - i - ty and pride:

Let me heed each gra - cious warn - ing, Lest my feet should go a - stray:
Ev - 'ry day Thy grace be - seech - ing, Let Thy lov - ing kind - ness shine
Teach me truth, and may I love it Bet - ter than all else be - side:

Make me will - ing, Make me will - ing All its pre - cepts to o - bey.
Al - ways on me, Al - ways on me, And my heart be whol - ly Thine.
Bless - ed Bi - ble! Bless - ed Bi - ble! May it be my heav'n - ward guide.

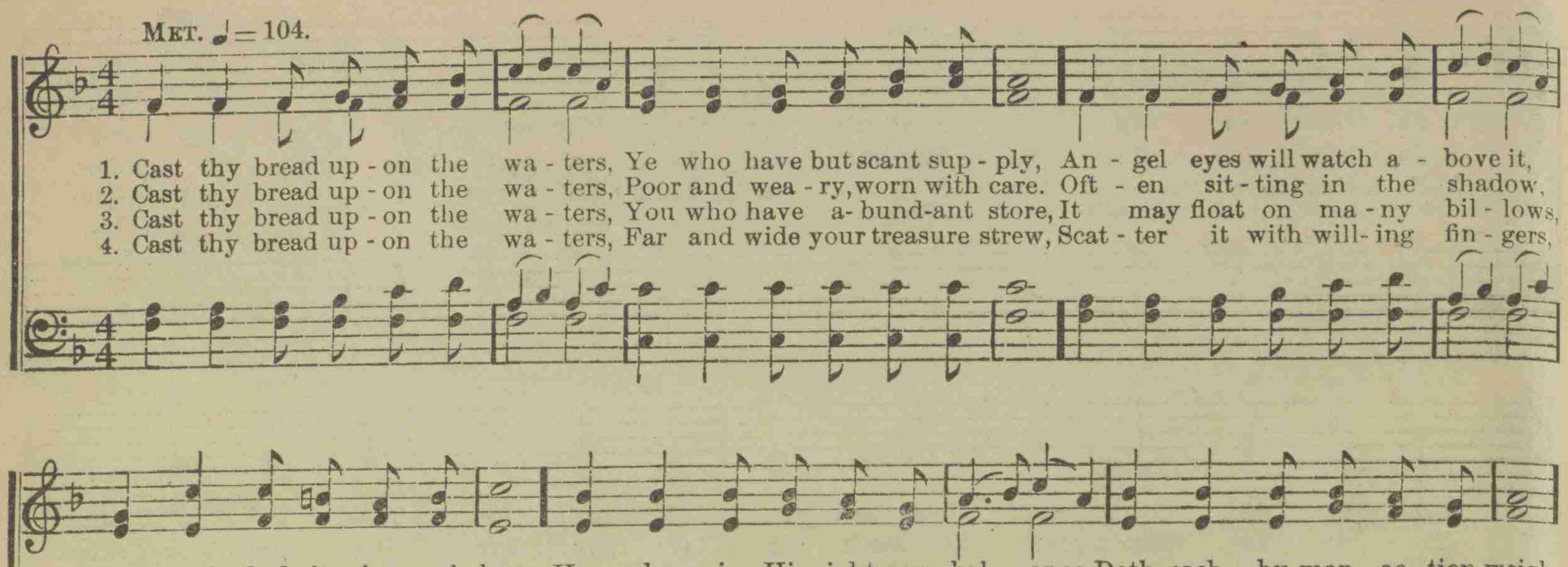
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# Cast thy Bread upon the Waters.
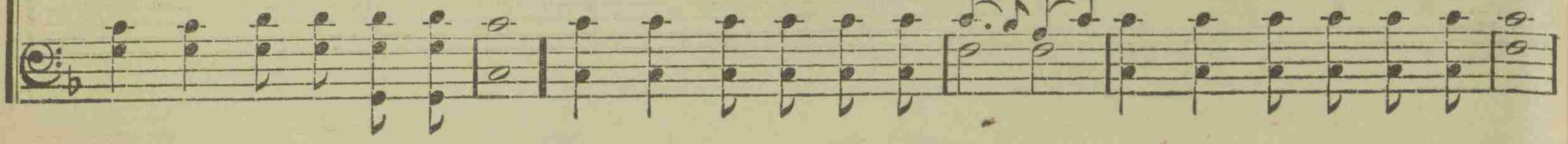
H. R. PALMER.

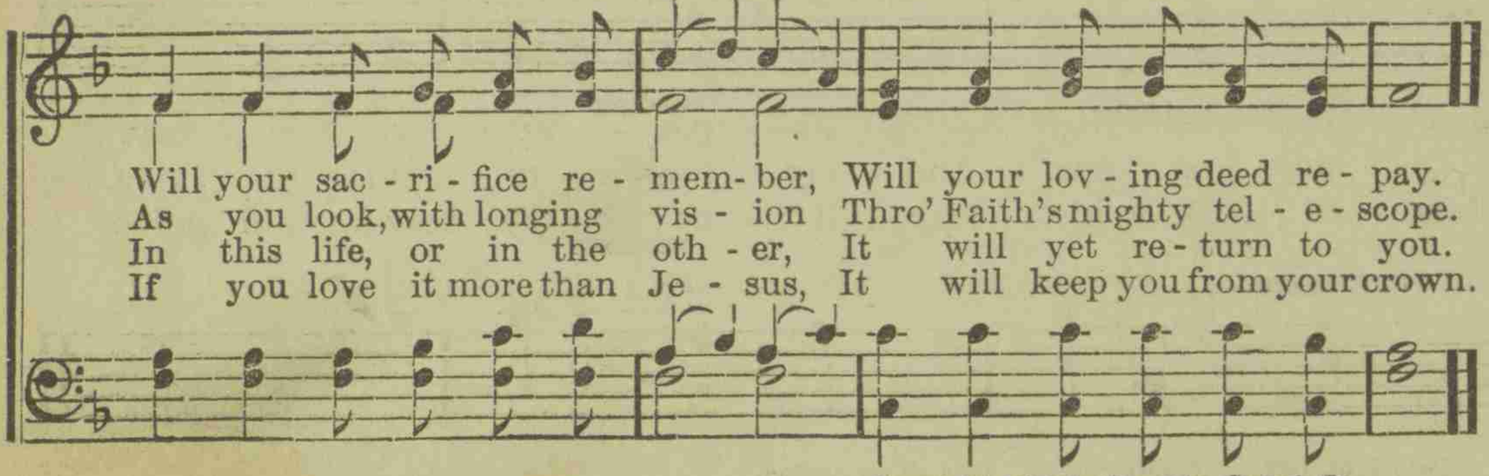
MET. ♩ = 104.

1. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Ye who have but scant sup - ply, An - gel eyes will watch a - bove it,
2. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Poor and wea - ry, worn with care. Oft - en sit - ting in the shadow,
3. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, You who have a- bund-ant store, It may float on ma - ny bil - lows,
4. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Far and wide your treasure strew, Scat - ter it with will - ing fin - gers,



You shall find it by and by. He who in His righteous bal - ance Doth each hu-man ac - tion weigh,
Have you not a crumb to spare? Can you not to those a - round you, Sing some lit - tle song of hope,
It may strand on many a shore. You may think it lost for - ev - er, But as sure as God is true,
Laugh for joy to see it go! For if you too close - ly keep it, It will on - ly drag you down;





Will your sac - ri - fice re - mem - ber, Will your lov - ing deed re - pay.
As you look, with longing vis - ion Thro' Faith's mighty tel - e - scope.
In this life, or in the oth - er, It will yet re - turn to you.
If you love it more than Je - sus, It will keep you from your crown.

5 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Waft it on with praying breath,
In some distant, doubtful moment
It may save a soul from death.
When you sleep in solemn silence,
'Neath the morn and evening dew,
Stranger hands which you have strengthened
May strew lilies over you.

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# Sing His Love Forever. 103

T. KELLY. H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩.=66.

1. Sing of Je - sus, sing for - ev - er, Of the love that chang - es nev - er, Who, or what from
2. Pa - tient - ly and per - se - ver - ing, Let us la - bor, nev - er fear-ing, While we wait for
3. Though we pass thro' trib - u - la - tion, Christ will be our con - so - la - tion, Ours will be a

Him can sev - er Those He makes His own! With His blood the Lord hath bought us, When we knew Him
His ap - pear-ing, All will then be well; By His word our fears al - lay - ing, All our fee - ble
full sal - va - tion, All will then be well; Hap - py still in God con - fid - ing, Fruit - ful if in

not He sought us, And from all our wand'rings brought us, His the praise a - lone.
foot - steps stay - ing, Let us nev - er cease our pray - ing, All will then be well.
Christ a - bid - ing; Ho - ly through the Spir - it's guid - ing, We with Him will dwell.

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# Yield not to Temptation.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩.=72.

1. Yield not to tempta - tion, For yielding is sin. Each vic - t'ry will help you, Some oth-er to win;
2. Shun e - vil com-pan- ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in rev'rence, Nor take it in vain;
3. To him that o'er-com - eth God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall conquer, Tho' oft-en cast down;

Fight man-ful - ly on - ward, Dark passions sub- due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
Be thoughtful and earn- est, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
He, who is the Sav - iour, Our strength will re-new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Saviour to help you, Comfort, strengthen and keep you, He is willing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

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J. S. B. MONSELL. W. LUDDEN.

MET. ♩.=72.

1. God is love; that an- them old - en Sing the glo - rious orbs of light, In their lan - guage
2. And the teem - ing earth re- joic - es In that mes - sage from a - bove, With ten thou - sand
3. Thro' these an - thems of cre - a - tion, Struggling up with gen- tle strife, Christ - ian songs of
4. Up to Him let each af - fec - tion Dai - ly rise, and round Him move; Our whole lives one

glad and gold - en, Tell - ing to us day and night Their great sto - ry, bless - ed sto - ry,
thousand voic - es Tell - ing back from hill and grove Her glad sto - ry, glo - rious sto - ry,
Christ's sal-va - tion, To the world with bless-ings rife, Tell their sto - ry, pre - cious sto - ry,
res - ur - rec - tion To the life of life a - bove; Our glad sto - ry, won- drous sto - ry,

*cres.* *f*

God is love, and God is might! Tell - ing to us day and night, God is love, and God is might!
God is might, and God is love! Tell - ing back from hill and grove, God is might, and God is love!
God is love, and God is life! To the world with bless-ings rife, God is love, and God is life!
God is life, and God is love! To the life of life a - bove; God is life, and God is love!

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# Marching on to Victory.

TEMPERANCE. WORDS AND MUSIC BY H. R. PALMER.

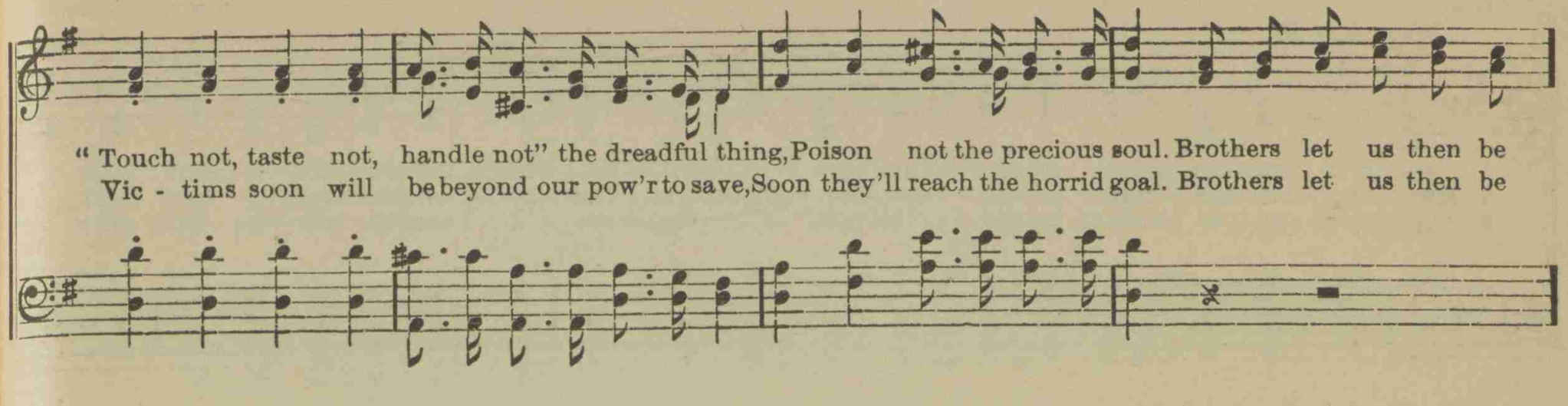
MET. ♩ = 112.

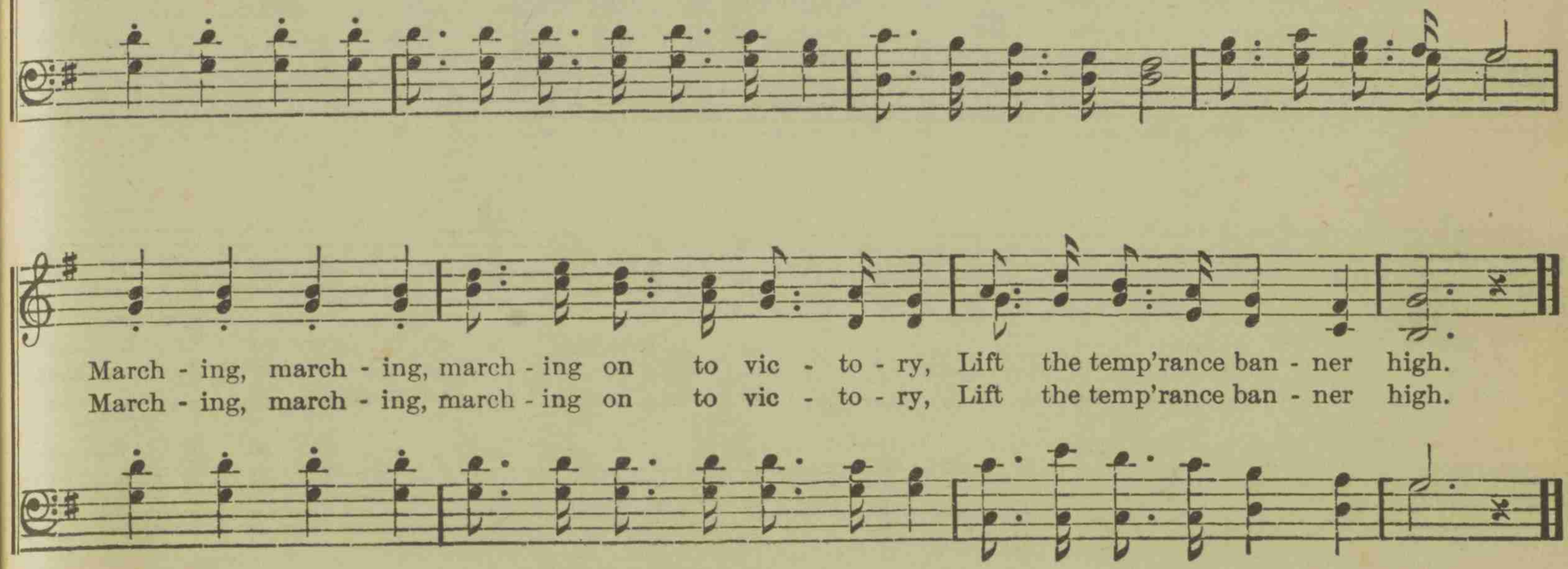
1. March- ing, march- ing, march-ing on to vic - to - ry, Raise our ban - ner high, Let it reach the sky;
2. March- ing, march- ing, march-ing on to vic - to - ry, See the dread- ful foe! Hear the cry of woe;

March - ing, march - ing, march-ing on to vic - to - ry, Lift the temp'rance ban - ner high.
Weep - ing thou- sands urge us on to vic - to - ry, Fal - ter not, but on - ward go.

"Touch not, taste not, han - dle not" the dread- ful thing, Ser - pent fangs lie hid - den in the bowl;
Sweep - ing, surg - ing, like a might - y ti - dal wave, Far and wide the whelm-ing wa - ters roll.

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"Touch not, taste not, handle not" the dreadful thing, Poison not the precious soul. Brothers let us then be
Vic - tims soon will be beyond our pow'r to save, Soon they'll reach the horrid goal. Brothers let us then be
March - ing, marching, marching on to vic - to - ry, Raise our ban - ner high Let it reach the sky;
March - ing, marching, marching on to vic - to - ry, Raise our ban - ner high Let it reach the sky;


March - ing, march - ing, march - ing on to vic - to - ry, Lift the temp'rance ban - ner high.
March - ing, march - ing, march - ing on to vic - to - ry, Lift the temp'rance ban - ner high.

# How Sweet was the Song.

D. K.

H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩.=66.

1. How sweet was the song of the an - gels of light, As, bend - ing o'er Beth - le-hem's plain,
2. They sang of the break of re - demp-tion's glad morn, The ho - ly had long'd to be - hold;
3. "Then glo - ry to God in the high - est!" I'll sing, For I am a sin - ner on earth;

They struck their bright harps, and the si - lence of night, A - woke at the heav - en - ly strain;
They sang of a Sav - iour in Beth - le - hem born, So long by the proph - ets fore - told;
I'll wel - come the tid - ings of mer - cy that bring The news of Em - man - u - el's birth;

While mild - ly a - round shone the glo - ry di - vine, And bathed, in ef - ful-gence so bright,.....
They sang of good-will from our God un - to men, Of peace to a val - ley of tears;.....
I'll go to His cross, though a sin - ner de - filed, And wash in the fountain of blood;.....

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The mount - ain, the val - ley, the sea and the plain, Once robed in the man - tle of night.
They sang of sal - va - tion from death and from sin, A balm for our sor-rows and fears.
I'll pray for the grace that can strengthen a child, And bring Him at last to His God.

## O Holy Saviour! Friend Unseen.

C. ELLIOTT. F. F. FLEMMING.

MET. ♩ = 63.

1. O Ho - ly Sav - iour! Friend un - seen, Since on Thine arm Thou bid'st me lean;
2. What though the world de - ceit - ful prove, And earth-ly friends and hopes re - move;
3. Though oft I seem to tread a - lone Life's drear-y waste, with thorns o'er - grown,
4. Though faith and hope are oft - en tried, I ask not, need not, aught be - side;

Help me, through-out life's chang - ing scene, By faith to cling to Thee!
With pa-tient, un - com - plain - ing love, Still would I cling to Thee!
Thy voice of love, in gent - lest tone, Still whispers, "Cling to me!"
So safe, so calm, so sat - is - fied, The soul that clings to Thee!

# In the Cross of Christ.

J. BOWRING. C. M. VON WEBER. ARR. BY H. P. MAIN.

MET. ♪ = 94

*Andante, espressione.*

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de- ceive and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the
3. Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleas - ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied; Peace is there that

sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime, Gath-ers round its head sub - lime.
cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy, Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

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# Thou art my Shepherd.
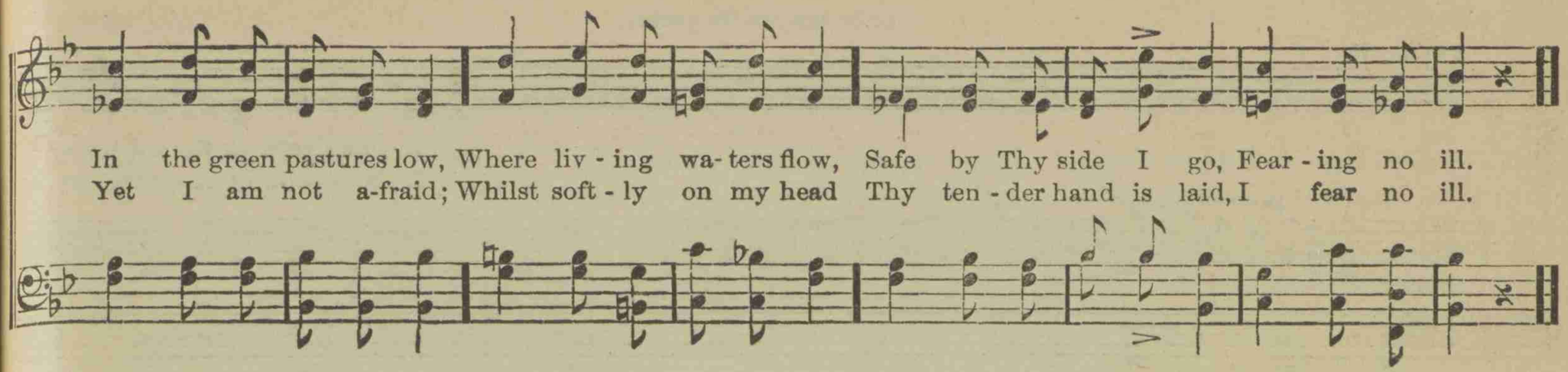
M. E. THALHEIMER. Arr. from J. B. CRAMER.

MET. ♪ = 112.

1. Thou art my Shep-herd, Car - ing in ev - 'ry need, Thy lit - tle lamb to feed, Trust - ing Thee still;
2. Or if my way lie Where death o'erhang-ing nigh, My soul would ter - ri - fy With sud-den chill,—

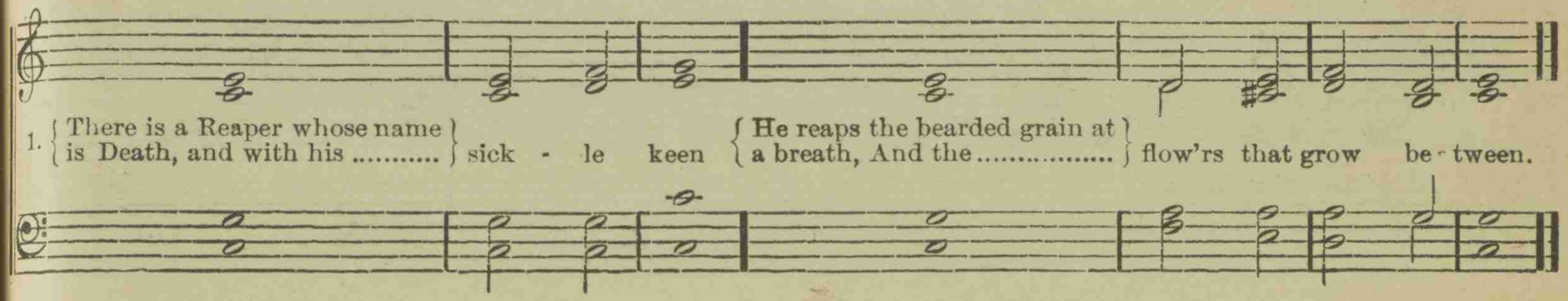
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## Thou art my Shepherd.—Concluded.




## The Reaper and the Flowers.

H. W. LONGFELLOW. Adapted by W. LUDDEN.



# She sleeps in the Valley so sweet.*

*( To be sung at the grave.)*

H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩ = 96.

ORGAN.

1. She sleeps in the val-ley so
2. How calm-ly she rested in

sweet, A - bove her the green willows wave; We plant - ed the rose at her
God; "To Thy arms, my Sav- iour, I come; Come quick- ly, come quick-ly, O

feet, To bloom and de-cay o'er her grave. She sleeps in the val - ley so sweet, No
Lord, And wel-come Thy wander - er home!" She sleeps in the val - ley so sweet, Her

* If sung at the grave this piece must be sung without accompaniment.

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sound e'er disturbs her re - pose; So qui - et in this calm re - treat, She rests safe se-cure from life's woes.
spir - it has ta - ken its flight; Her form is but dust 'neath our feet, While she is an an - gel of light.

REFRAIN. *Unaccompanied.*

She sleeps in the val- ley, She sleeps in the val - ley, She sleeps in the val - ley so sweet;

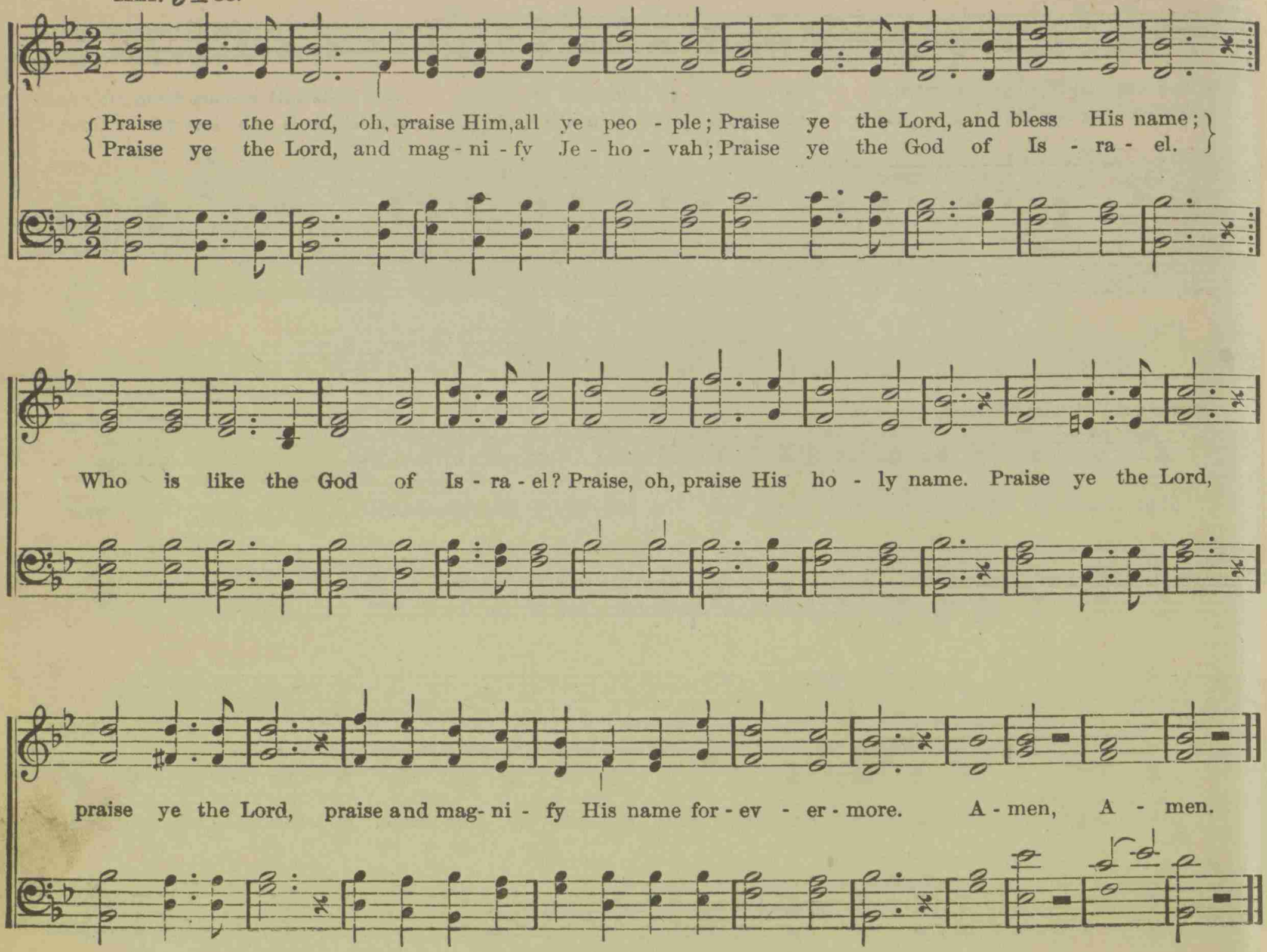
*pp*

She sleeps in the val - ley, She sleeps in the val - ley, She sleep in the val - ley so sweet.

# Praise Ye the Lord.

R. G. STAPLES.

MET. ♩=88.




By permission of R. G. Staples.

# Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

C. WESLEY. J. ZUNDEL.

MET. ♩= 96.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the bil - lows near me roll,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone,
3. Thou, O Christ! art all I want—More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint,
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov- er all my sins; Let the heal- ing streams a - bound,

While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, O my Sav- iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
Still sup-port and com- fort me: All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;
Heal the sick and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all unrighteous-ness;
Make and keep me pure with-in; Thou of life the Fountain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

*cres.*

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. **A - men.**

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# The Way-side Cross.

(The Lost Landmark.)

C. L. ST. JOHN. *May be sung by a smooth bass voice, or by all voices in unison.* H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩ = 96.

SOLO, *ad lib.* (Declamatory Style.)

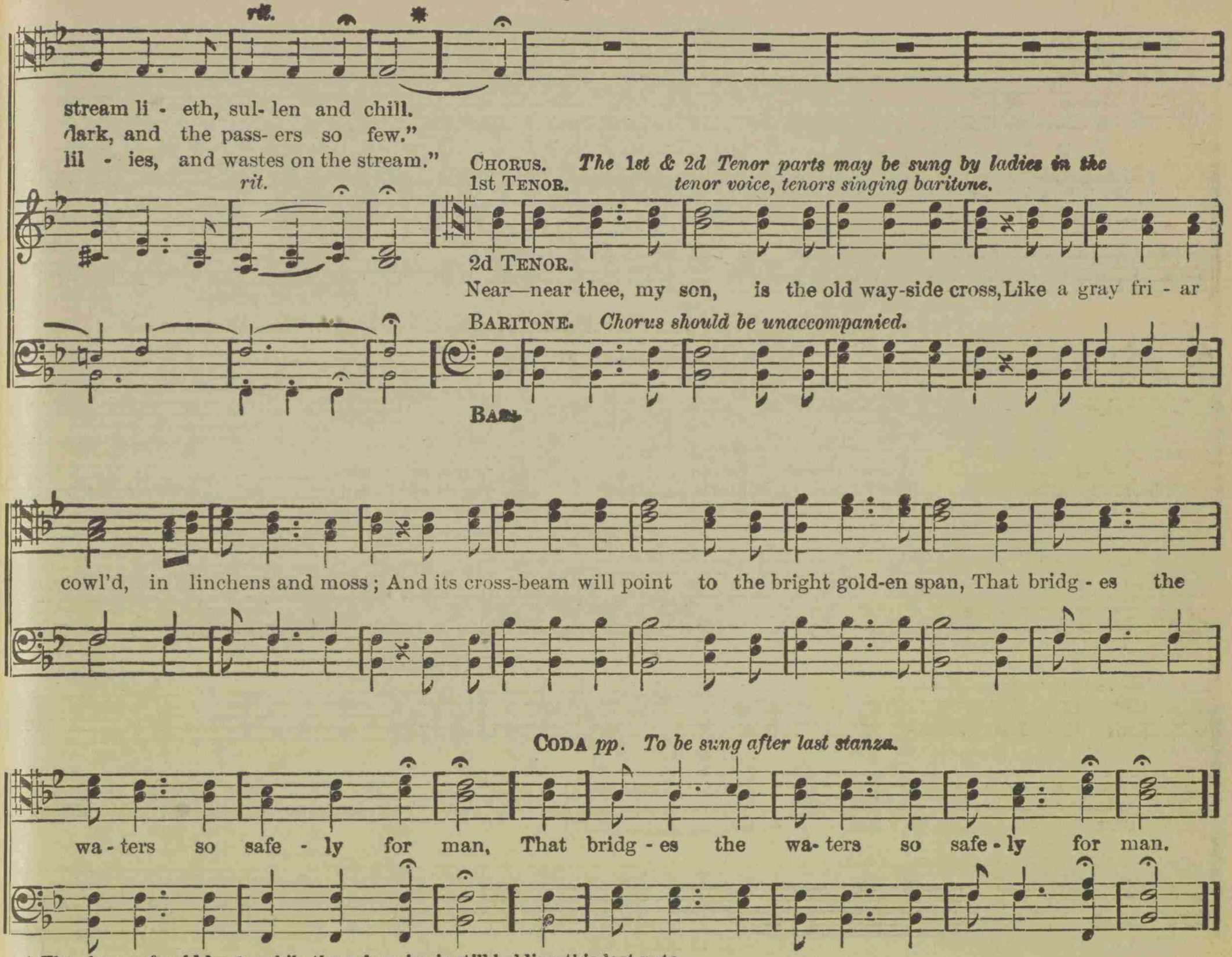
1. "Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pil - grim a - wea - ried, and
2. "Which way shall I take for the bright gold - en span That bridg - es the wa - ters so
3. "See the lights from the palace in sil - ver - y lines, How they pen - cil the hedg - es and

ORGAN.

*Slower and sustained.*

spent is my light; And I seek for a palace, that rests on the hill, But be-tween us, a
safe - ly for man? To the right? to the left? ah, me! if I knew— The night is so
fruit la - den vines— My fortune! my all! for one tan-gled gleam That sifts thro' the

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* The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding this last note.

# Memories of Galilee.

QUARTET, OR SEMI CHORUS.

R. MORRIS, L.L.D. H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩=80.

1. Each coo-ing dove..... and sigh-ing bough.....That makes the eve..... so blest to
2. Each flow'ry glen ..... and mos-sy dell,.....Where happy birds ..... in song a-
3. And when I read ..... the thrilling lore .....Of Him who walked..... up-on the

Each coo-ing dove and sighing bough That makes the eve

me,..... Has some-thing far..... di-vin-er now,..... It bears me
gree,..... Thro' sun-ny morn ..... the prais-es tell,..... Of sights and
sea,..... I long, oh, how ..... I long once more ..... To fol-low
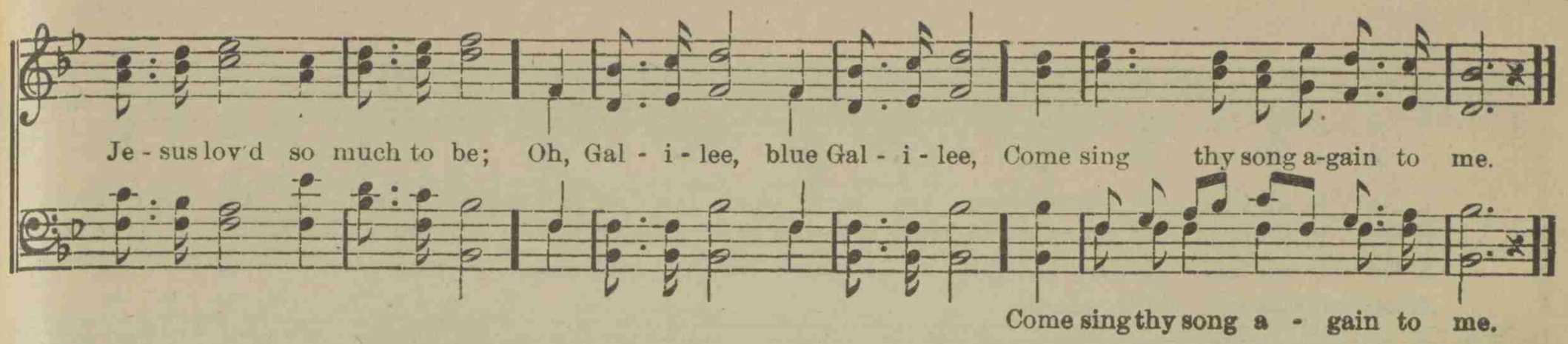
so blest to me, Has something far di-vin-er now,

FULL CHORUS.

back..... to Gal-i-lee.....
sounds ..... in Gal-i-lee.....
Him ..... in Gal-i-lee.....
} Oh, Gal-i-lee, sweet Gal-i-lee, Where

It bears me back to Gal-i-lee.

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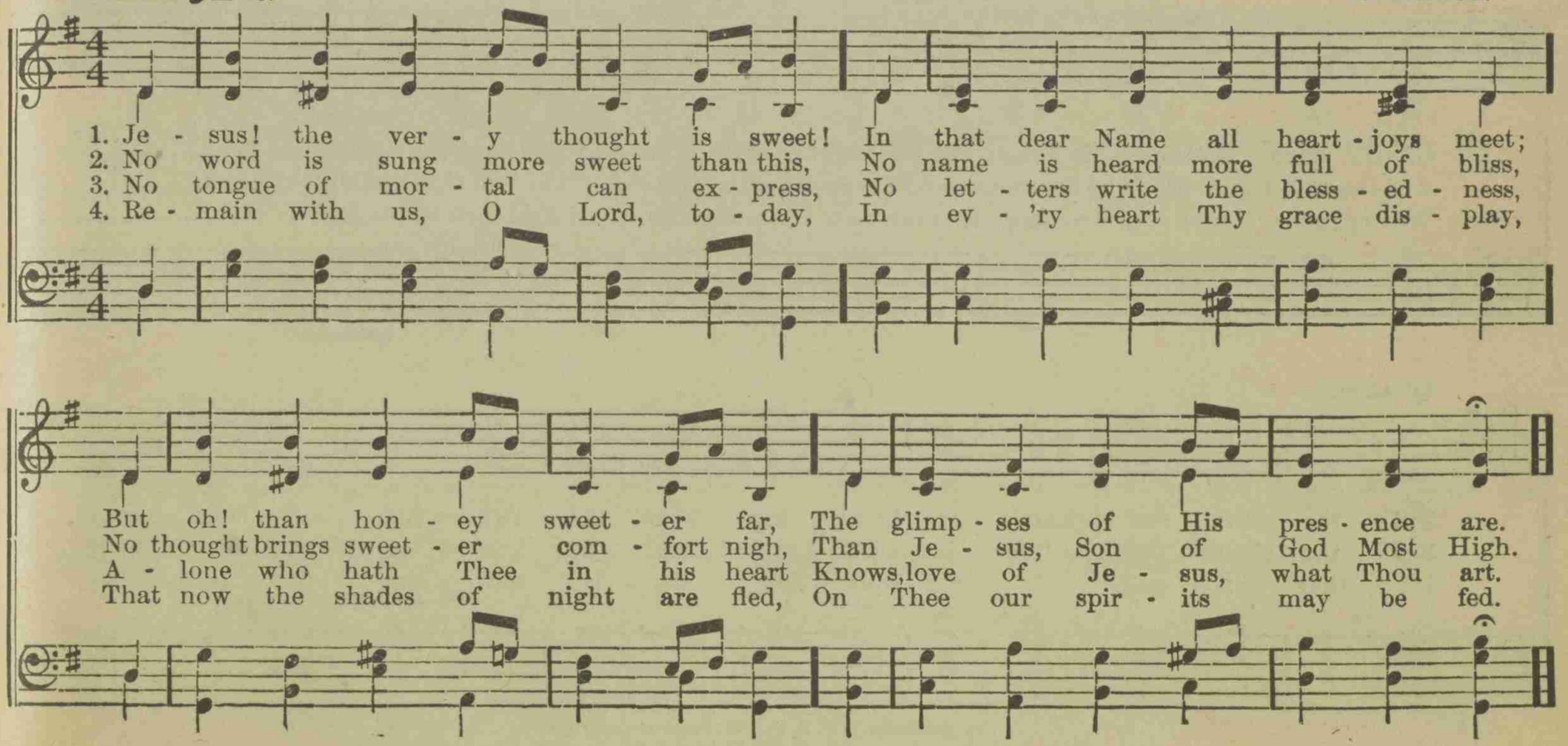



## Jesus! the very Thought!

TR. J. M. NEALE.

MET. ♩=80.

R. SCHUMANN.



# Only Waiting.

P. A. MACE.

ARR. AND ADAPTED BY H. R. PALMER.

SOLO.

1. On - ly waiting till the shadows Are a lit - tle lon - ger grown : On - ly wait-ing till the glimmer
2. On - ly waiting till the reap- ers Have their last sheaf gather'd home ; For the Summer time is end - ed,
3. On - ly waiting till the an- gels O - pen wide the mys - tic gate, At whose feet I long have lingered,

*Accompaniment soft.* MET. ♩ = 69.

*ad lib.*

DUET.

Of the days last beam is flown, Till the night of earth is fad-ed, From the heart once full of day, .....
And the Au- tumn winds have come, Quickly, reap-ers, gath- er quickly, The last ripe hours of my heart, .....
Wea-ry, poor and des - o - late, E - ven now I hear their footsteps, And their voices far a - way, .....

QUARTET.

Till the stars of heav'n are break - ing Thro' the twi - light soft and gray.
For the bloom of life is with - er'd And I hast - en to de - part.
If they call me, I am wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing to o - bey.

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# Never Alone.

R. W. RAYMOND.

ARR. FROM SILCHER, BY H. R. P.

MET. ♩. = 60.

1. Far out on the des - o - late bil - low The sail - or sails the sea, A - lone with the night and the
2. Far down in the earth's dark bos - om The min - er mines the ore; Death lurks in the dark be -
3. Lord, grant, as we sail life's o - cean, Or delve in its mines of woe, Or fight in the ter - ri - ble

REFRAIN.

tem - pest, Where count - less dan - gers be;
hind him, And hides in the rock be - fore;
con - flict, This com - fort all to know:

Yet nev - er a - lone is the Chris - tian Who

3d. v. That nev - er a - lone, etc.

lives by faith and prayer; For God is a Friend un - fail - ing, And God is ev - 'ry - where.

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# Two Angels: Hope and Prayer.

A. L. DAVIDSON. D. E. DORTCH.

MET. ♪ = 100.

1. Two an - gels watch be - side me, Which - ev - er way I go, One is with her face up -
2. The face of one is bright - er Than words of mine can tell, And I oft - en hear her
3. But when a cloud o'er - pass - ing, Her bright-ness fades a - way, I can hear in ac - cents
4. And straight the shad - ow pass - eth, And in the sud - den light, I can see her face up -

lift - ed, The oth - er bow - eth low; They guide my err - ing feet, They speak in ac - cents
sing - ing: "Look up, for all is well," And "I am HOPE, thy guide, I will with Thee a -
ten - der, The oth - er an - gel say: "Dear Sav - iour, un - de - fil'd Help Thou Thy help - less
lift - ed, And read her name most bright; Up - on her fore - head fair, I read the name of

sweet, They guide my err - ing, way - ward feet, They speak in ac - cents sweet.
bide, Yes, I am HOPE, thy friend - ly guide, I will with thee a - bide."
child, Dear Sav - iour, pure and un - de - fil'd, Help Thou Thy help - less child."
PRAYER, Up - on her fore - head bright and fair, I read the name of PRAYER.

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# I Have a Loving Father. 123

J. H. MARTIN. C. BRUNNER.

MET. ♩. = 60.

1. I have a lov - ing Fa - ther, I own His ten - der care, He fol - lows me with
2. I have a lov - ing Sav - iour, Who for my ran- som died, He pur-chas'd my re -
3. I have a lov - ing Spir - it That dwells my heart with-in; Re - leas - es me from
4. Then to the lov - ing *Fa - ther*, The *Spir - it*, and the *Son*; The ev - er bless - ed

kind - ness, At - tends me ev - 'ry - where. Oh! bless - ed be my Fa - ther, For
demp- tion, For me was cru - ci - fied. Oh! bless - ed be my Sav - iour, That
bond - age, The pow'r and love of sin. Oh! bless - ed be the Spir - it, My
*Trini - ty*, The sa - cred *Three in One*, Let hon - or, praise and glory be; Let

His a-bound- ing love, He'll guide me thro' my jour - ney, Transport my soul a - bove.
shed His pre- cious blood; A pu - ri - fy - ing fount - ain, A cleans-ing, heal - ing flood.
help - er and my friend, On Him I rest, my suc - cor, For strength and grace de - pend.
all His name a - dore; Give wor - ship and thanks-giv - ing, Both now and ev - er - more.

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# Our Birthday Song.

E. E. HEWITT. H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩=60.

1. Hap - py our birth - days, when we glad - ly bring, Hearts of af - fec - tion to our Sav-iour-King,
2. Hap - py our birth - days, when the past we see Spark - ling with mer - cies, all His gifts so free;
3. Hap - py our birth - days when His voice we hear, Try - ing to serve Him bet - ter ev - 'ry year;
4. Hap - py our birth - days, if each milestone be Near - er the man - sions by the crys-tal sea;

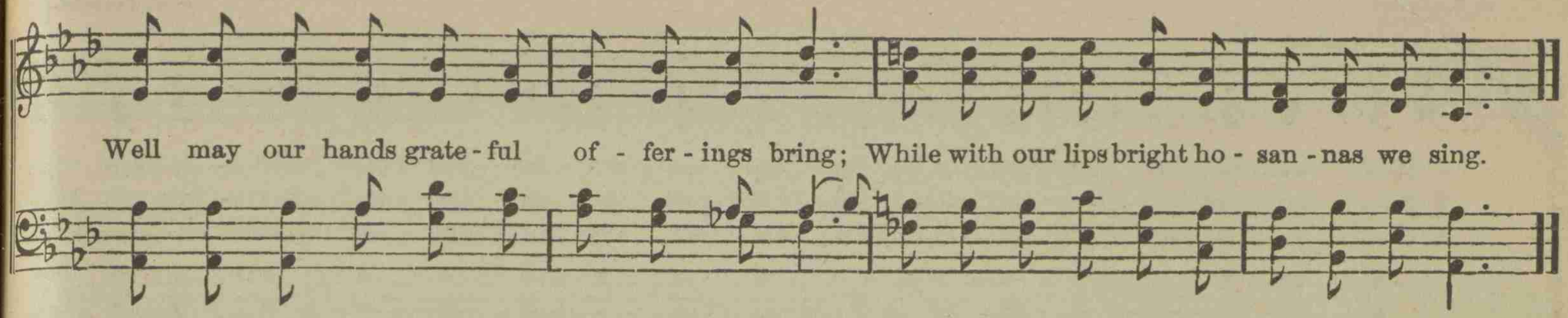
Lay - ing our gifts be - fore Him while we sing Sing - ing His ten - der love.
Oh how our Sav - iour loves us, you and me! Sing of His ten - der love!
Think - ing of oth - ers we may help and cheer, Sing - ing His ten - der love.
Near - er the Home Land, where His face we'll see, Sing - ing His ten - der love.

CHORUS.

MET. ♩.=60.

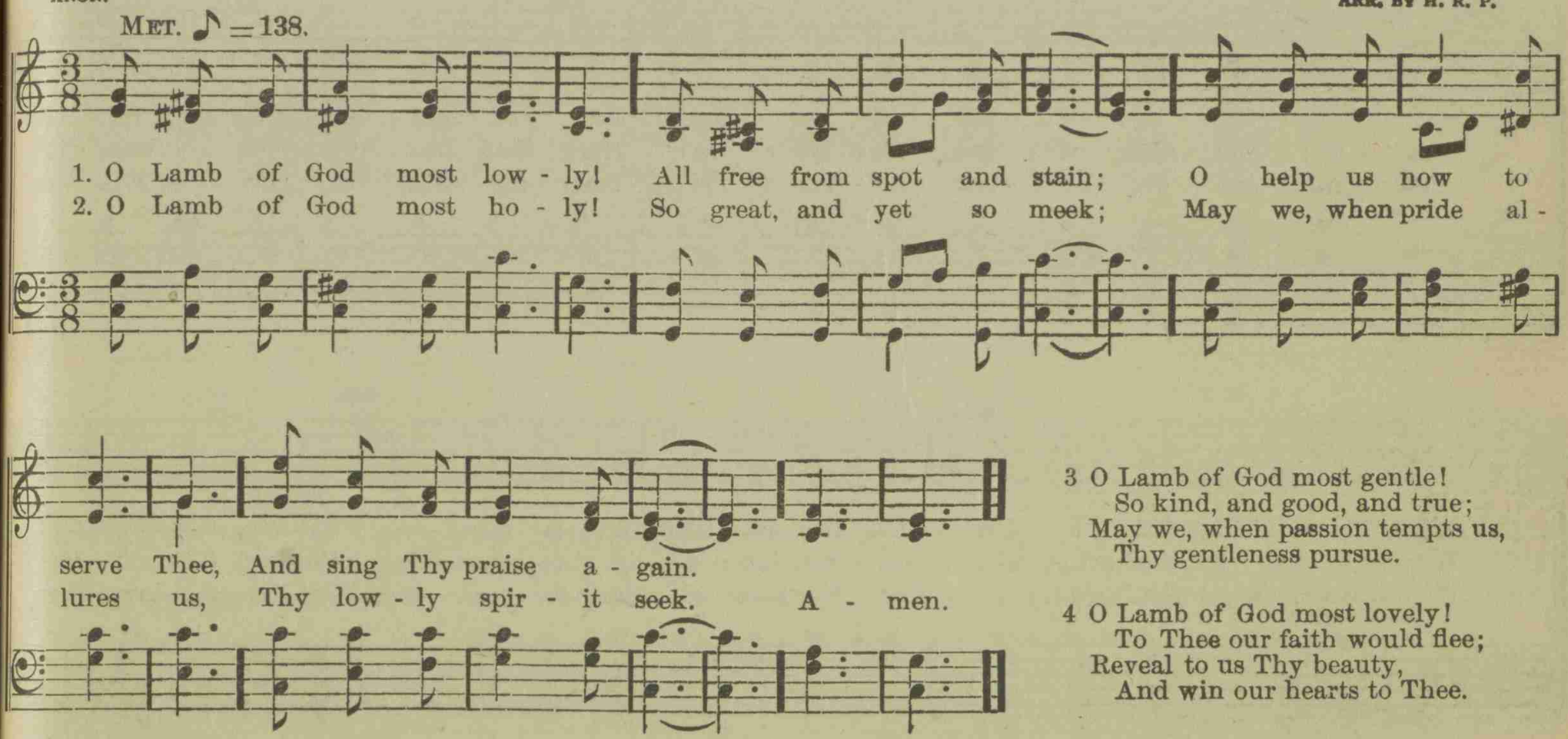
Sing - ing His ten - der love, trust - ing His care, Hap - py our birthdays are, Shin-ing and fair:

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## O Lamb of God.

ANON. ARR. BY H. R. P.




3 O Lamb of God most gentle!
So kind, and good, and true;
May we, when passion tempts us,
Thy gentleness pursue.

4 O Lamb of God most lovely!
To Thee our faith would flee;
Reveal to us Thy beauty,
And win our hearts to Thee.

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# Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

M. B. SLEIGHT. H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♪ = 116.

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Fol - low me, fol - low me!" Soft - ly thro' the si - lence fall - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!" As of old He called the fish - ers,
2. Who will heed the ho - ly man - date, "Fol - low me, fol - low me!" Leav - ing all things at His bid - ding, "Fol - low, fol - low me!" Hark! that ten - der voice en - treat - ing
4. Heark - en, lest He plead no lon - ger, "Fol - low me, fol - low me!" Once a - gain, oh, hear Him call - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!" Turn - ing swift at Thy sweet sum-mons,

When He walk'd by Gal - i - lee, Still His pa - tient voice is plead - ing, "Fol-low, fol - low me!"
Mar - i - ners on life's rough sea, Gen - tly, lov - ing - ly, re - peat - ing, "Fol-low, fol - low me!"
Ev - er-more, O Christ, would we, For Thy love all else for - sak - ing, "Fol-low, fol - low Thee!"

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# Sinners, turn; why will ye die? 127

C. WESLEY. J. BLUMENTHAL.

MET. ♩=88.

1. Sin - ners, turn; why will ye die? God, your Ma - ker, asks you why; God, who did your
2. Sin - ners, turn; why will ye die? God, your Sav - iour, asks you why; He, who did your
3. Sin - ners, turn; why will ye die? God, the Spir - it, asks you why; He, who all your

be - ing give, Made you with Him - self to live; He the fa - tal cause de - mands;
souls re - trieve, Died Him - self, that ye might live. Will ye let Him die in vain?
lives hath strove, Wooed you to em - brace His love. Will ye not His grace re - ceive?

Asks the work of His own hands, Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye cross His love, and die?
Cru - ci - fy your Lord a - gain? Why, ye ransomed sin-ners, why Will ye slight His grace, and die?
Will ye still re - fuse to live? Why, ye long-sought sin-ners, why Will ye grieve your God, and die?

# Sabbath Morn.

C. R. BLACKALL. H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩=96.

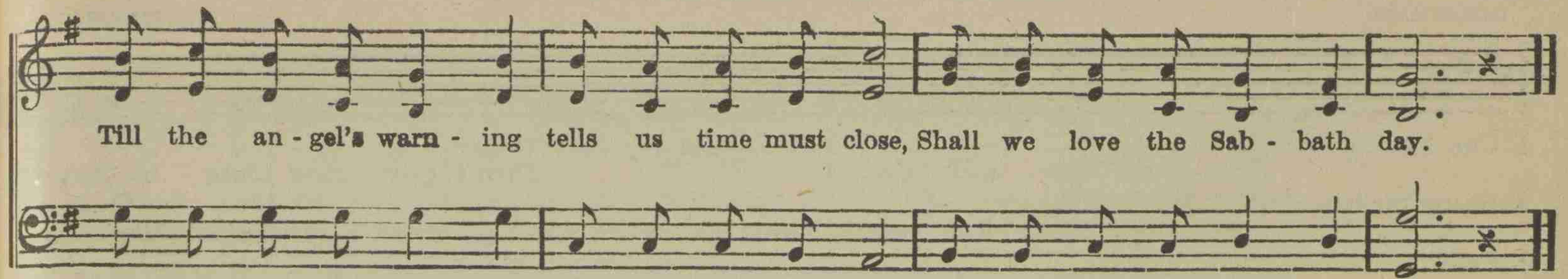
1. Glow-ing bright and pleasant is the ho - ly day, When from worldly du - ties, glad we turn a - way,
2. Hap - py bells are ring - ing, call- ing us a - way, With their mer- ry chim - ing, seem-ing e'er to say,
3. Joy- ous hearts are greet - ing, each to each to - day, While our dear Re-deem - er will- ing we o - bey,

Blest be - yond all oth - ers with their work or play, Is the ho - ly Sab - bath day.
"Come and join the sing - ing, haste with - out de - lay, 'Tis the ho - ly Sab - bath day."
And with voi - ces ming - ling, here we praise and pray, On this ho - ly Sab - bath day.

REFRAIN.
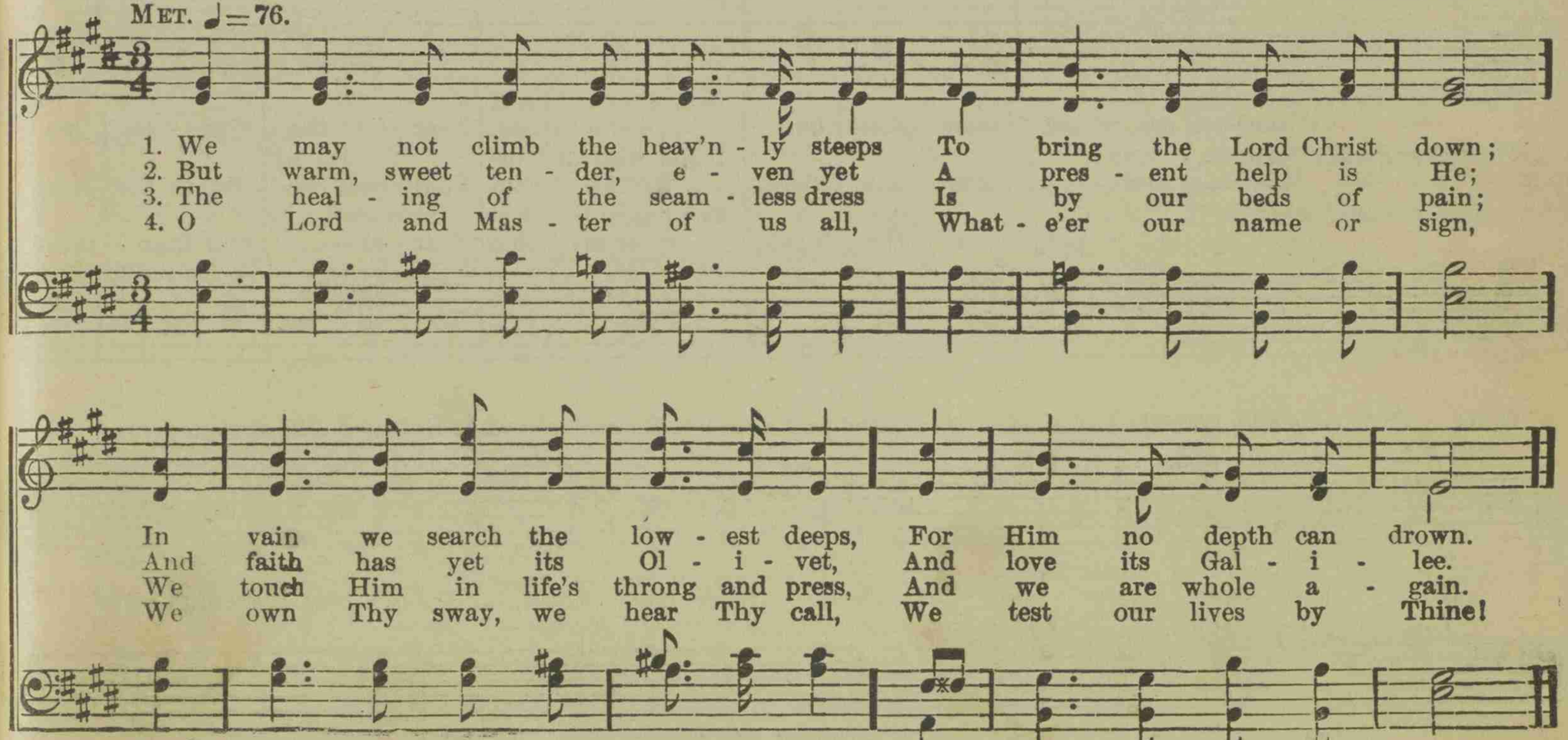
Ev - er pre - cious morn - ing when the Sav-iour rose, With His love a - dorn- ing, mak-ing friends of foes;

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## We may not Climb the Heavenly Steeps.

J. G. WHITTIER. W. V. WALLACE.




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130

# My Heavenly Home.

PHOEBE CARY. H. R. PALMER.

1. One sweetly solemn thought / Comes to me o'er and o'er; / I'm nearer my home to-day / Than I ever have been be- fore;
2. Nearer the bound of life, Where / we lay our bur - dens down; / Nearer leaving the cross,... ..... / Near - er gaining the crown
3. Father, perfect my trust! / Strengthen the might of my faith; / Let me feel as I would When / I stand on the rock of the shore of death;

1. Nearer my Father's house, / Where the ma - ny man - sions be; / Nearer the great white throne, / Near - er the crys - tal sea.
2. But lying darkly between, / Winding down— ..... thro' the night, / Is the deep and unknown stream / That leads at last to the light.
3. Feel as I would when my feet Are / slip - ping o'er the brink, / For I may be nearer my home / Near - er— ..... now than I think.

CODA. *To be sung only after the last stanza. In the last four measures Soprano should be light and Alto strong.*

*f* *dim.* *pp*

Home, home, sweet, sweet home; There's no place like home,..... There's no place like home.

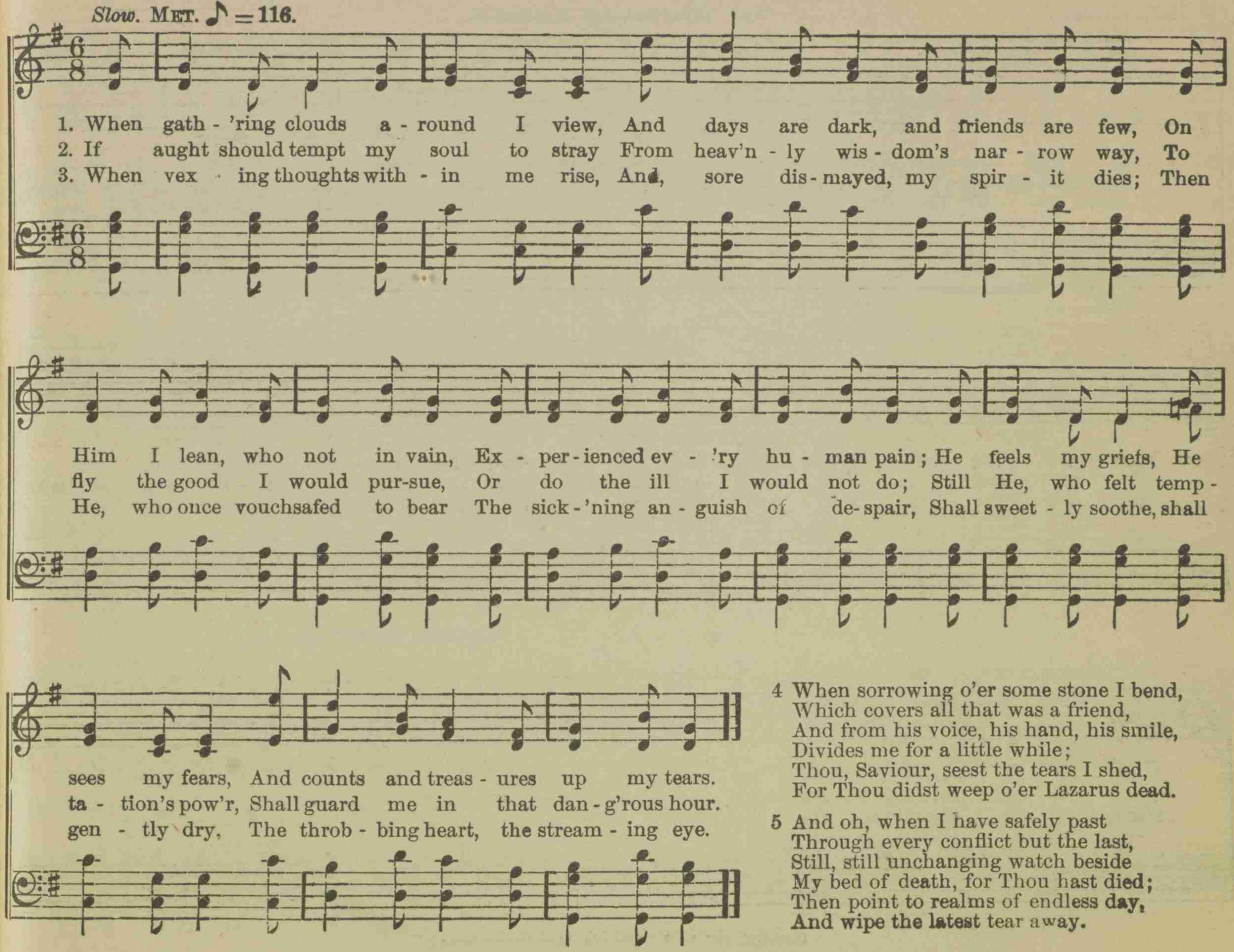
*f* *dim.* *pp*

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# When Gathering Clouds. 131

R. GRANT. AD. BY W. LUDDEN.

*Slow.* MET. ♪ = 116.




4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

5 And oh, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging watch beside
My bed of death, for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

# Thy Light is Come.

"*And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.*"—Isa. 60: 1.

For Temperance Meetings.

M. E. SERVOSS. H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩ = 96.

DUET. *Not too fast.*

1. A - mid the deep val - ley of an - guish and sor - row, Where dwell the foul de - mons who
2. Give thanks un - to God who is a - ble and will - ing To save to the ut - ter-most
3. Then ban - ish the wine - cup, and seek for a bless - ing From Him in whose might you a -

INST.

lurk in the still, Sweet hope had been lost, and for - got - ten the mor - row Till the
all who draw near; To send out His light, their re - demp-tion ful - fill - ing, While His
lone can pre - vail; For they who will seek Him, their weak-ness con - fess - ing, Shall have

CHORUS. *Spirited.* ♩. = 92.

A - rise!..... a - rise!.....

light of sal - va - tion broke o - ver the hill.
won - der - ful love shall dis - pel ev - 'ry fear.
strength to re - sist all the foes that as - sail.

A - rise! a - rise!

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A - rise, for thy light is come!..... A - rise! ..... a - rise..... A -

A - rise, for thy light is come!..... A - rise! a - rise! A -

rise, for thy light is come!..... The light..... of truth..... To

rise, for thy light is come!..... The light of His truth and love,

The light,..... ..... of truth..... To

The light of His truth and love,

lead..... thee home;.....

To lead to thy home a - bove; A - rise! Oh! a - rise, for thy light is come!

lead..... thee home;.....

To lead to thy home a - bove;

# Missionary Pennies.

**A Musical Dialogue for two boys and a girl. For Missionary Concerts.**

WORDS ARR. AND PARTLY WMITTEN BY FLORENCE LE CLAIRE. FRANK FOREST.

CHARLIE.

1. See here! see here! a bright new cent My fa - ther gave to me,..... O John - ny, say, what
2. Oh how I wish I had a pile Of pen - nies up so high,*..... What lots of play-things,
5. Here, Car - rie, take my bright new cent, I do not want the toys;..... I'd rath - er send the

ORGAN. MET. ♩.=84.

JOHNNY.

would you buy With it if you were me? And I've a pen - ny, too, see here! And tho' it is quite
love - ly toys, And can- dies I would buy. And I would buy a big live horse, And ride him all the
Bi - ble to The lit - tle girls and boys. And so would I; take mine a - long And send it, Car - rie,

BOTH.

small, 'Twill buy some can-dy I am sure, Or else a top or ball. Hoo - rah! oh see! A
day; I'm sure I nev - er should be tired, Nor ev - er want to play. Hoo - rah! oh see! &c.
too; If I'd a pile of pen-nies I Would give them all to you. ALL. But oh! but oh! 'Tis

* Measuring with his hands.

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bright new pen - ny for me. Oh, I will buy an el - e - gant toy, A bright new penny for me.
lit - tle that we could do— So we will send our pennies, dear friend, And leave the dol-lars for you.

CARRIE.

3. Now, boys, if you will list - en to me, I'll tell you some - thing true..... I
4. They nev - er have heard of our dear Lord, So gen - tle and so mild,..... Who

read a - bout some boys and girls A - bout as large as you,..... They live a - cross the
bless'd the lit - tle chil - dren, and Who loves each lit - tle child..... Our peo - ple send the

# Missionary Pennies.—Concluded

o - cean ma - ny Thous - and miles a - way; They ne - ver have read the Bi - ble 'tis said, They
pre - cious Word And mis - sion - a - ries there, But ma - ny are lost, so great the cost To

REFRAIN.

nev - er have learned to pray.
keep them ev - 'ry year.

Oh nay!..... they say!..... They nev - er have learned to

*Da Capo for 5th. Stanza.*

pray;..... They nev - er have read the Bi - ble 'tis said, They nev - er have learned to pray.

# Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty.

R. HEBER. J. B. DYKES.

MET. ♩= 112.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly!

mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in power, in love and pu - ri - ty!

# My Prayer.

H. BONAR. H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩= 60.

1. Ho - ly Father, hear my cry; Holy Saviour, bend Thine ear: Holy Spirit, come Thou nigh; Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear.
2. Father save me from my sin; Saviour, I Thy mer-cy crave; Gracious Spirit, make me clean; Father, Son, and Spirit, save.
3. Father, let me taste Thy love; Saviour, fill my soul with peace; Spirit, come, my heart to move; Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.

pp ff pp

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# 138 Have Courage, my Boy, to say No!

P. C. H. R. PALMER.

SOLO. MET. ♩. = 60.

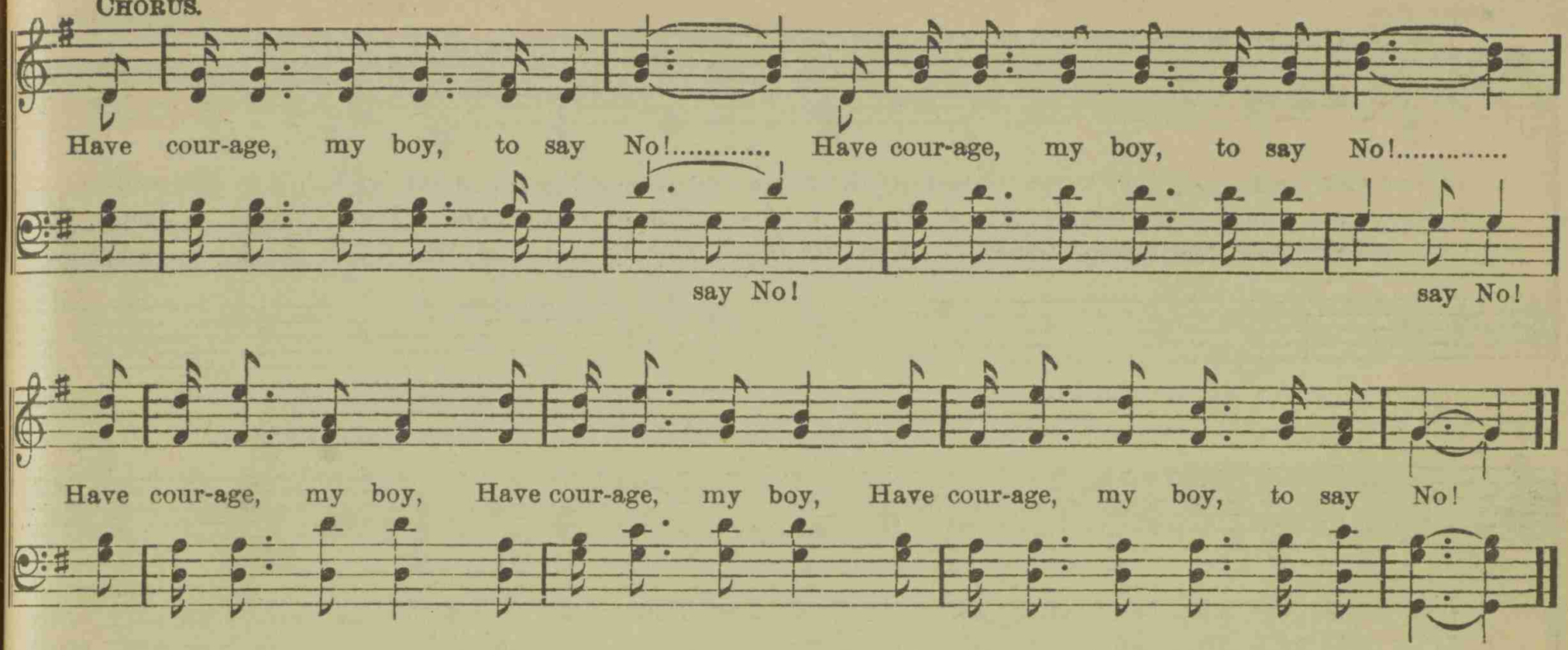
1. You're starting, my boy, on life's jour - ney, A - long the grand high-way of life; You'll meet with a thousand temp-
2. In courage, my boy, lies your safe - ty, When you the long jour-ney be - gin; Your trust in a heav - en - ly
3. In choosing your friends and compan - ions, Keep always this max-im in view, A - void the ap- pear- ance of

ta - tions—Each cit - y with e - vil is rife. This world is a stage of ex - citement, There's danger wher-
Fa - ther Will keep you un - spot-ted from sin. Temp - ta-tions will go on in - creas - ing, As streams from a
e - vil, And stand by the good and the true; Let this be your constant en - deav - or, A firm res - o-

ev-er you go; But if you are tempt - ed in weakness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
riv-u - let flow; But if you'd be true to your manhood, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
lution to show, And prove, should you ev - er be test - ed, Your courage, my boy, to say No!

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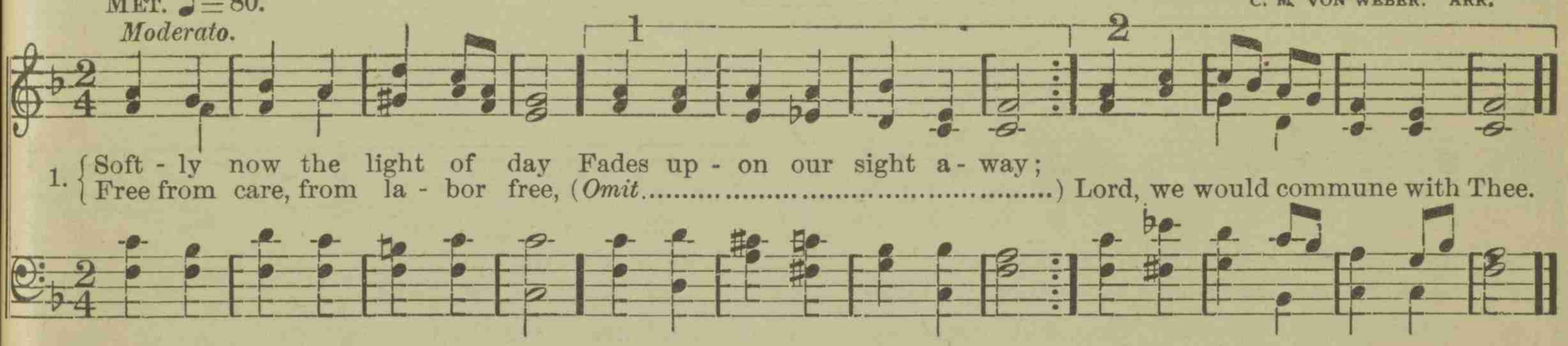
CHORUS.




## Softly now the Light of Day.

G. W. DOANE. C. M. VON WEBER. ARR.

MET. ♩ = 80.
*Moderato.*




2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou, who sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity,
Then from Thine eternal throne
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

# Loved Ones Gone Before.

M. B. C. SLADE. H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩ = 84. *Rubato.*

1. O'er the wa - ters, dark and foam - ing, Is a bright and peaceful shore; There the bliss- ful bands are
2. By the crys - tal streams of Heav - en, In its fields of fade- less flow'rs; To our loved and lost are
3. In the ma - ny - man-sion'd dwell - ing Of the ho - ly and the blest, Where the glad new song is

roam - ing, Of our loved ones gone be - fore. Just how near they stray to meet us, We can
giv - en Pu - rer joys than these of ours. Do they whis - per there the sto - ry Of their
swell - ing, Our be - lov - ed are at rest. We will hush each sigh of sad - ness, Lest it

nev - er sure - ly know, But their wel - com - ing will greet us, When we launch our bark to go.
love for us be - low? To those sum- mer heights of glo - ry, Do they long for us to go?
reach that peaceful land, There will come an hour of glad- ness, We shall join the spir - it band.

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REFRAIN.

We are com - ing, hap - py an - gels, O - pen wide the pear - ly gate; On - ly just a lit - tle lon - ger Shall we la - bor, love, and wait, We are com - ing, hap - py an - gels, O - pen wide the pearl - y gate, On - ly just a lit - tle lon - ger Shall we la - bor, love, and wait.

# 142 Singing from the Heart.

R. MORRIS, L.L.D. H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩=100.

*ff* *mf*
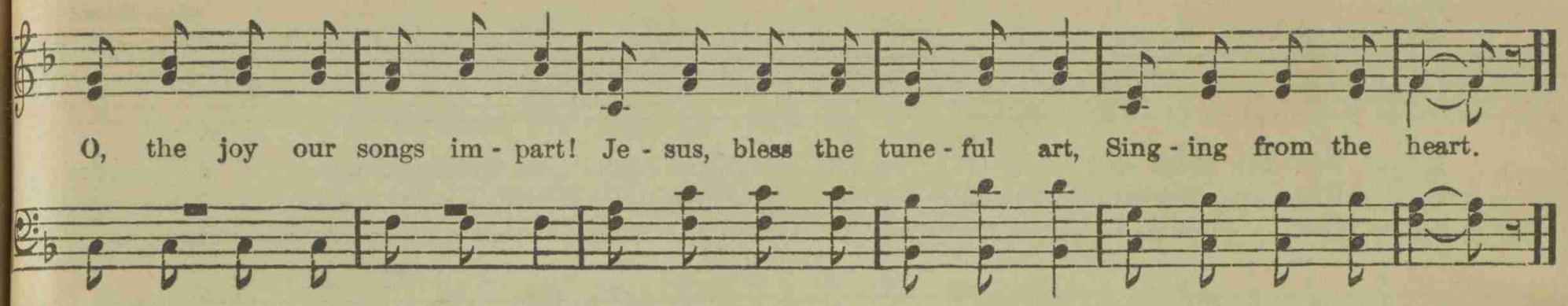
1. If you have a pleas - ant tho't, Sing it, sing it; As the birds sing in their sport,
2. Ev - 'ry gra - cious deed of His, Sing it, sing it; Noth - ing sounds so well as this,
3. Are you wea - ry, are you sad— Sing it, sing it; Make your-selves and oth - ers glad,

Sing it from the heart; Does the Ho - ly Spir - it move, For the chil - dren of His love—
Sing it from the heart; How the Lord walk'd on the wave, Res - cued Laz - 'rus from the grave,
Sing it from the heart; Bless - ed ones be - fore His face, Sing of Christ's a - ton - ing grace,

Sing, and point the home a - bove, Sing it from the heart.
Died our guilt - y souls to save, Sing it from the heart.
Give the Sav - iour end - less praise, Sing it from the heart.

} Sing - ing, sing - ing from the heart,

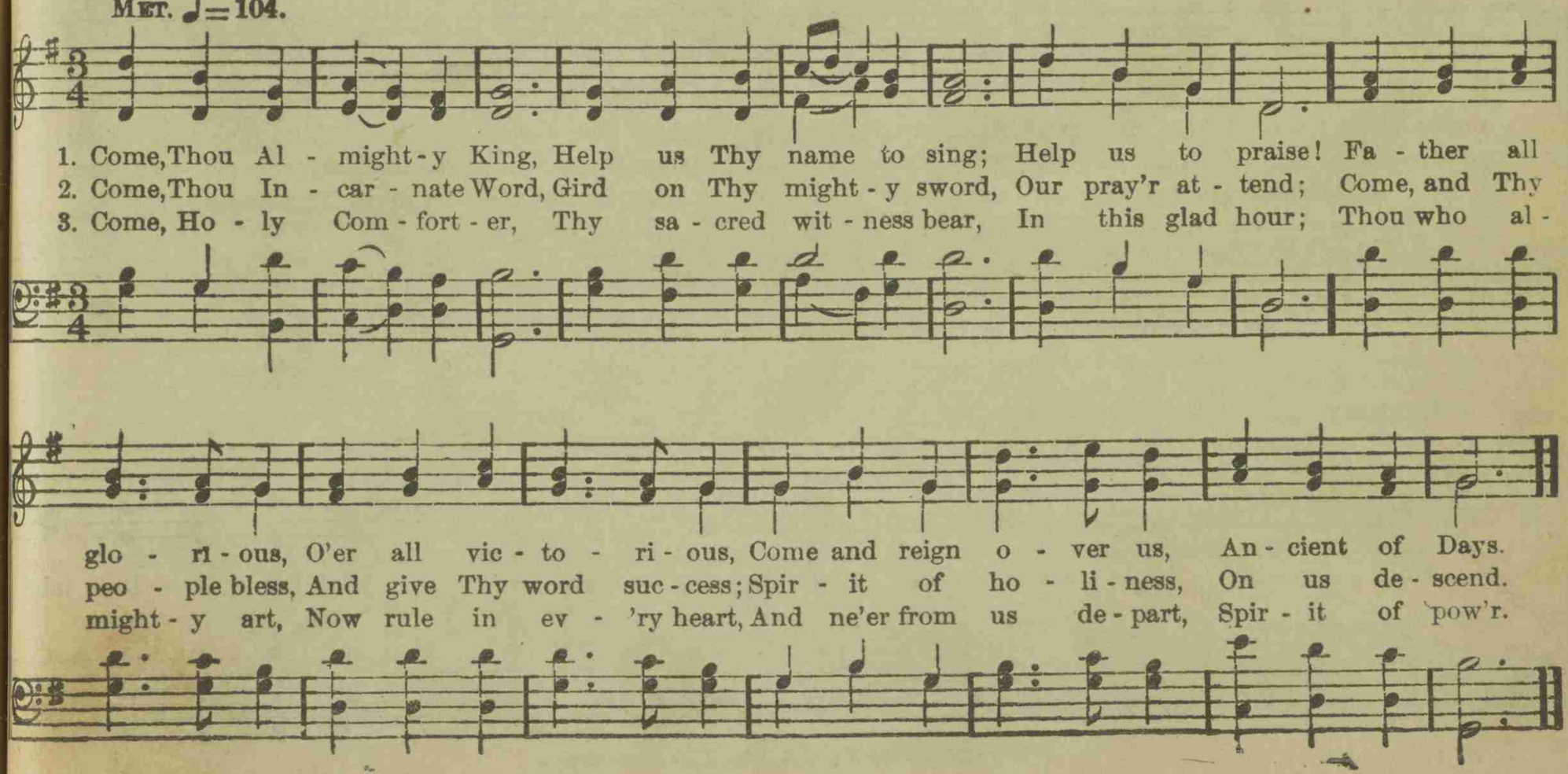
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## Italian Hymn.

C. WESLEY. F. GIARDINI.

MET. ♩=104.



# 144 See! From the Morning Land.

F. J. CROSBY. MET. ♩ = 96. H. R. PALMER.

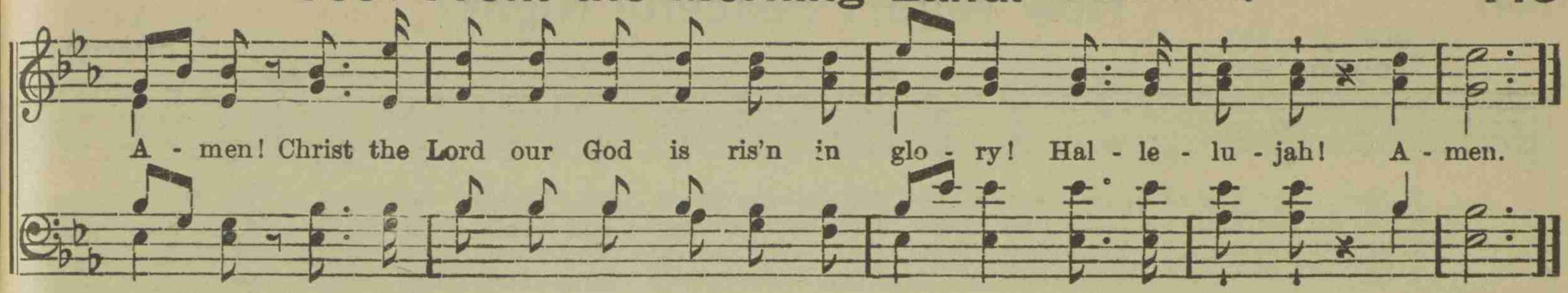
1. See! from the morn - ing land, O - ver its gold - en strand Love spreads her wings; Where, from a
2. Oh how her wel - come voice Bids them in hope re - joice, Calms ev - 'ry fear; Sweet - ly we
3. Hail, Thou A - noint - ed one, God's own e - ter - nal Son, Glo - ry to Thee; Thou our ex -

trou - bled sleep, Sad hearts a - wake to weep, Where their lone watch they keep, Tid - ings she brings.
hear her say, Roll'd is the stone a - way, Je - sus a - rose to - day, Dry ev - 'ry tear.
alt - ed Lord, Thou the In - car - nate Word, By all in heav'n a - dor'd, Thy name shall be.

REFRAIN. ♩ = 88.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is ris'n in glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!

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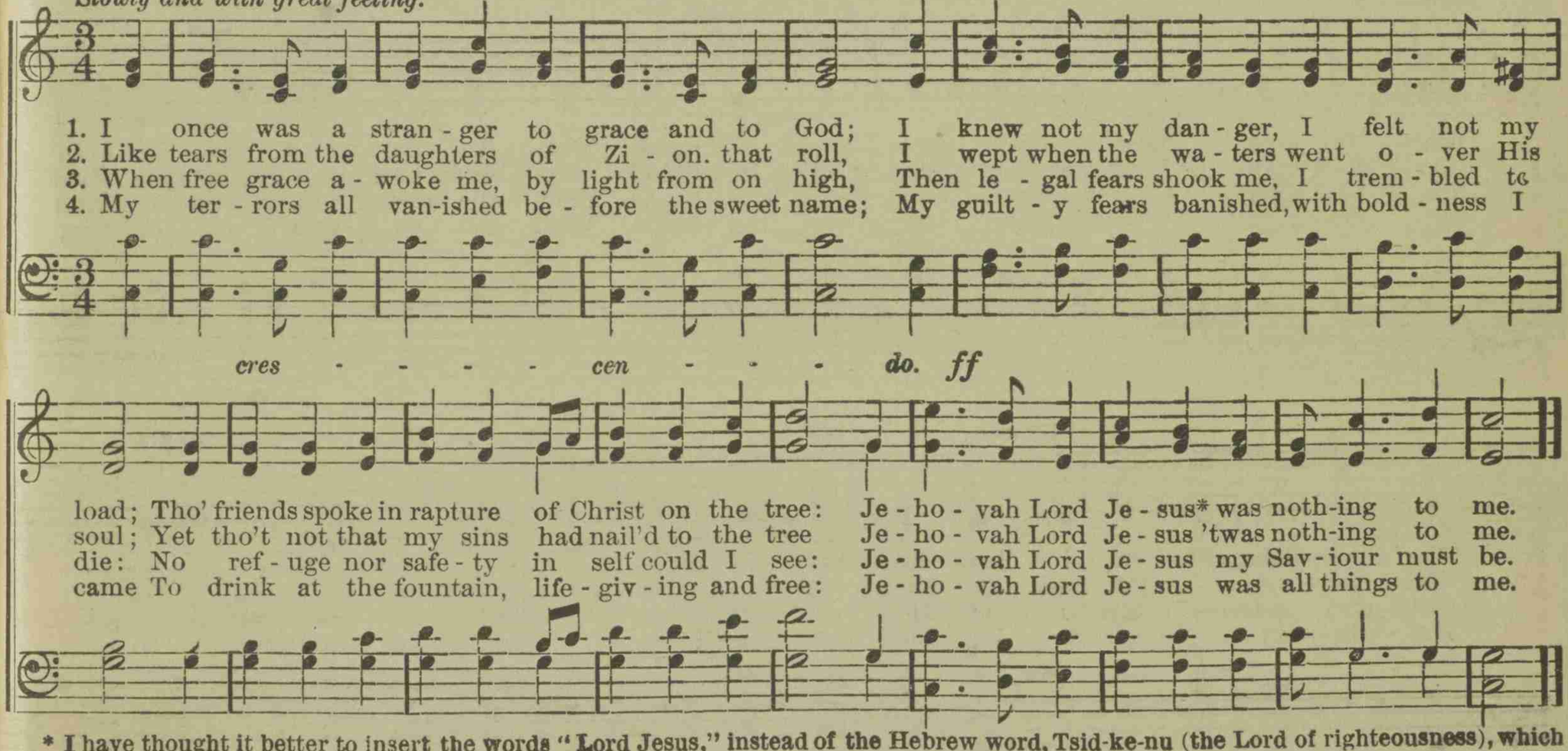

# I Once was a Stranger.

R. M. McCHEYNE.

MET. ♩=100.

*Slowly and with great feeling.*

H. R. PALMER.




* I have thought it better to insert the words "Lord Jesus," instead of the Hebrew word, Tsid-ke-nu (the Lord of righteousness), which occurs in the original.—H. R. P.

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# Holy Night! Peaceful Night!

MET. ♪ = 112.

W. LUDDEN.

*Larghetto.* *mp* *mf* *mp*

1. Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! Thro' the dark - ness beams a light. Ho - ly night!
2. Si - lent night! ho - liest night! Dark - ness flies and all is light. Si - lent night!
3. Si - lent night! ho - liest night! Guid - ing Star, oh, lend thy light! Si - lent night!
4. Si - lent night! ho - liest night! Won- drous Star! oh, lend thy light! Si - lent night!

*cres.* *f* *dim.* *cres.*

peace - ful night! Thro' the dark - ness beams a light, Yon - der they sweet vig - ils keep
ho - liest night! Dark-ness flies and all is light! Shep - herds hear the an - gels sing,
ho - liest night! Guid- ing Star, oh, lend thy light! See the east - ern wise men bring
ho - liest night! Wondrous Star, oh, lend thy light! With the an - gels let us sing

*mp* *p* *pp*

O'er the Babe, who in si - lent sleep, Rests in heav'n- ly peace, Rests in heav'n- ly peace.
"Hal - le - lu - - jah! hail the King! Je - sus Christ is here! Je - sus Christ is here!
Gifts and hom - - age to our King! Je - sus Christ is here! Je - sus Christ is here!
Hal - le - lu - - jah to our King! Je - sus Christ is here! Je sus Christ is here!

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# Christmas morn.

J. BYROM, ARR. R. G. STAPLES.

MET. ♩=84.

1. Chris - tians, a- wake! sa - lute the hap - py morn Where- on the Sav - iour of man-kind was born;
   Rise to a - dore the mys - te - ry of love Which hosts of an - gels chant-ed from a- bove.

2. Hark! what sweet sounds, what mu- sic fills the air! In warb- ling tones it strikes the ravish'd ear;
   An - gel - ic hosts, with har- mo- ny di - vine, De- scend from heav'n, and in full cho - rus join.

3. Christ came to save your souls from death and gloom; To realms of bliss he lifts you from the tomb;
   Glo - ry to God! ye mor- tals, spread the sound, In rapt-ured strains, to earth's re- mot- est bound.

CHORUS.

With an - gel first the joy - ful tid - ings be - gun—The tid- ings of the birth of God's be-lov - ed Son,

And loud the praise of wondrous love they sang, While heav'n and earth with hal - le- lu-jah's rang.

By permission of R. G. Staples.

# Little Pilgrim on the Road.

F. C. M'COOK. J. M. NORTH.

MET. ♩ = 100.

1. I'm a pil - grim, pil-grim on the road, Lit - tle pil-grim on the road, To the cit - y of our God;
2. I was bur - den'd, burden'd with a load, Heav-y burden'd with a load, When I start - ed on the road;
3. I was wea - ry, wea - ry of the load, Ver - y wea - ry of the load, As I tot-ter'd o'er the road;

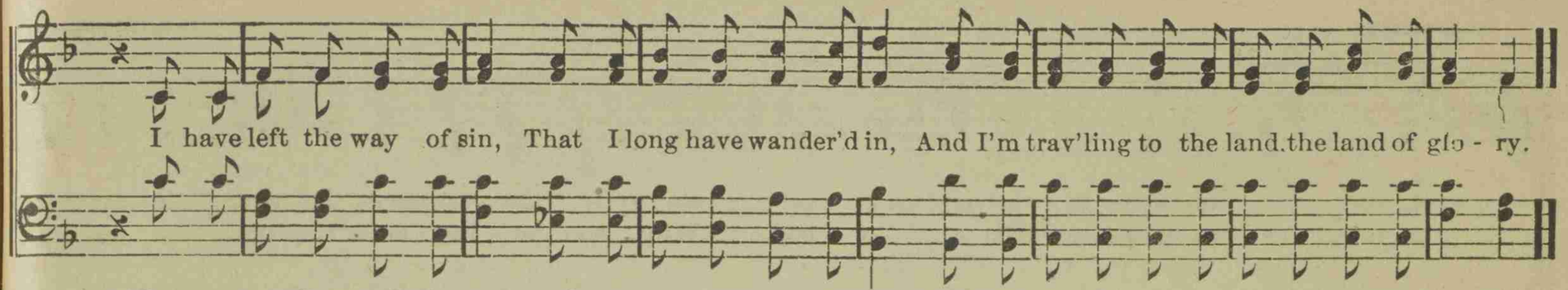
I have left the way of sin That I had long wan-der'd in, And I'm press - ing t'ward the
'Twas the sin that I had done; My own hand had laid it on, Ere I start - ed for the
But the Sav - iour took the pack From the lit - tle pil-grim's back; And I'm trav - 'ling on with

REFRAIN.

land, the land of glo - ry.
land, the land of glo - ry.
lightsome heart to glo - ry.

On, on, on! I'm trav-'ling on! On to glo - ry! on to glo - ry!

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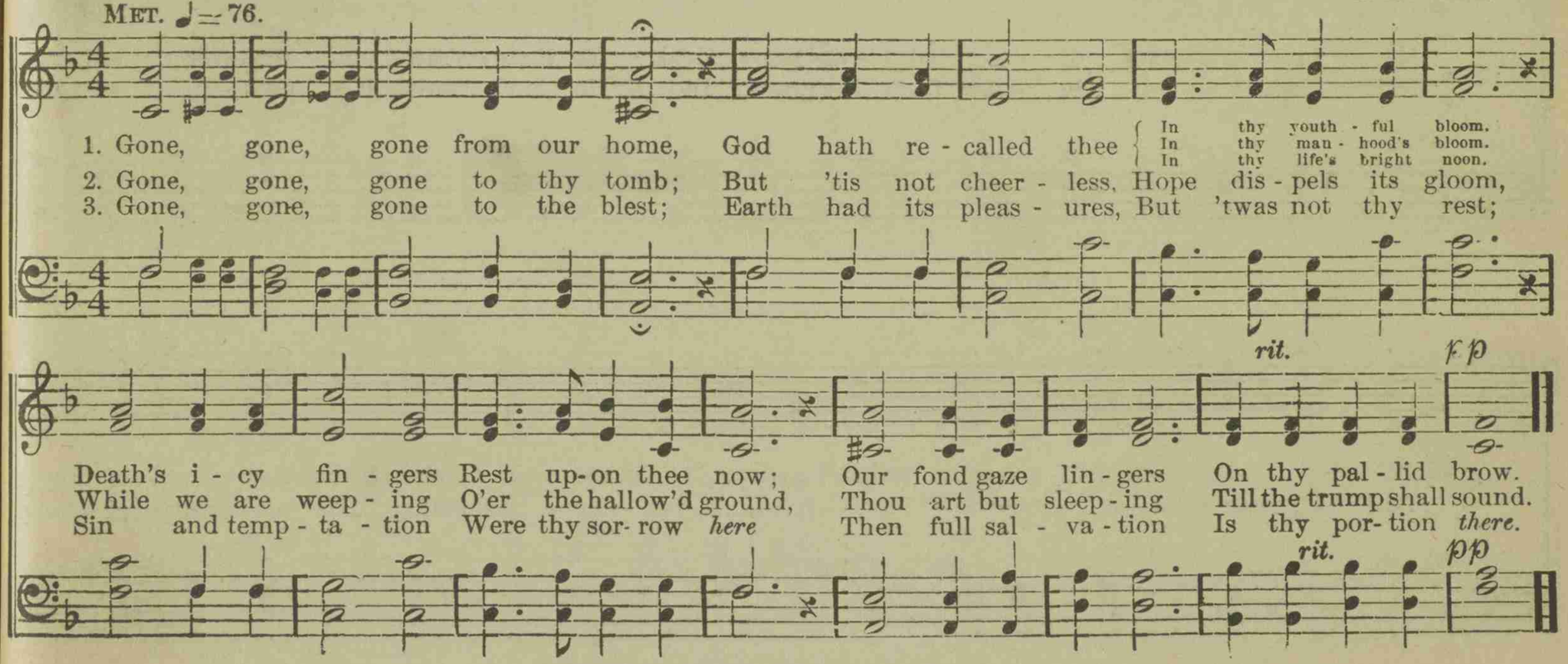



4 There are perils, perils by the road,
Many perils, by the road,
But I trust the pilgrim's God;
With my staff believing prayer,
Every danger I may dare,
While I travel to the land, the land of glory.
CHO.—On, on, on, etc.

5 Blessed Saviour, Builder of the road,
Thou the way to me hast showed,
Grace to enter it bestowed;
Oh, support me day by day,
Giving strength for all the way,
That I journey toward the land, the land of glory.
CHO.—On, on, on, etc.

# Requiem.

H. R. PALMER.




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# Enter the Sepulcher.

F. J. CROSBY. H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩ = 84.

1. En - ter the sep - ul - cher, search it with care; On - ly the vest-ments that wrapp'd Him are there
2. Why are we faith - less His word to be-lieve? Why so re - luc - tant the truth to re-ceive?

He to His long-ing dis - ci - ples ap- pears, Heal - ing their sorrows, and dry - ing their tears.
Did He not promise to come from the grave? Did He not promise His peo - ple to save?

See in a mo - ment the stone rolled a - way: Gone are the watchmen, they fled in dis- may;
Yes! our Re-deem - er now lov - ing - ly stands, Ten - der - ly showing His nail-print - ed hands;

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Death can - not bind Him, its tri-umph is o'er; Death hath do - min-ion o'er Je - sus no more.
Touch - ing our eye - lids with fin - gers of love, Point-ing the way to His Fa - ther a - bove.

CHORUS.

Ris - en in glo - ry! oh, tell it a - gain! Ris - en in glo - ry! oh, joy - ful A-men!

Ris - en in glo - ry! ex - alt - ed, a-dored, PRINCE of the faith-ful, RE - DEEM-ER and LORD.

# Glad Tidings.

### A Christmas Carol.

W. L. MET. ♩=112. W. L. ARR. BY H. R. PALMER.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! Dawns the Day-spring from on high; Hal - le - lu - jah! Lo! the mid - night
2. Hal - le - lu - jah! Shep-herds first the tid - ings hear Hal - le - lu - jah! An - gel words re -
3. Hal - le - lu - jah! An - gel songs tri - umph - ant fill Hal - le - lu - jah! High-est heav'ns e -

shad - ows fly; Hal - le - lu - jah! See that shin - ing her - ald nigh; Hal - le - lu - jah!
buke their fear; Hal - le - lu - jah! 'Tis Mes - si - ah's ad - vent near, Hal - le - lu - jah!
ter - nal hill; Hal - le - lu - jah! They re - sound God's glo - ry still, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hark, glad tid - ings from the sky!
Born of Da - vid's lin - eage there.
Peace on earth. to man good will!

4 Hallelujah! Mercy on mankind hath smiled;
Hallelujah! View the heavenly new-born child!
Hallelujah! In our flesh yet undefiled,
Hallelujah! Son of David meek and mild.

5 Hallelujah! While the lowly shepherds gaze,
Hallelujah! Eastern sages bend and praise;
Hallelujah! We would our glad carols raise,
Hallelujah! Love and laud Him all our days.

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# Jesus, Hear Me. 153

M. L. DUNCAN. H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩=76.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep-herd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to-night; Thro' the dark - ness
2. May my sins be all for - giv - en, Bless the friends I love so well; Take me, when I

be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn-ing light. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee
die, to heav - en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell. Je - sus, ten - der Shepherd hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle

for Thy care, Thou hast cloth'd me, warm'd me, fed me; Lis - ten to my eve - ning pray'r.
lamb to - night; Thro' the dark - ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn - ing light.

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# The Ten Commandments.

(*Responses to be sung by the whole school.*)

*First.*—Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

*Response.*—"*Lord have mercy upon us,*" etc.

*Second.*—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

*Response.*—"*Lord have mercy upon us,*" etc

*Third.*—Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

*Response.*—"*Lord have mercy upon us,*" etc

*Fourth.*—Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day and hallowed it.

*Response.*—"*Lord have mercy upon us,*" etc.

*Fifth.*—Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

*Response.*—"*Lord have mercy upon us,*" etc.

*Sixth.*—Thou shalt not kill.

*Response.*—"*Lord have mercy upon us,*" etc.

*Seventh.*—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

*Response.*—"*Lord have mercy upon us,*" etc.

*Eighth.*—Thou shalt not steal.

*Response.*—"*Lord have mercy upon us,*" etc.

*Ninth.*—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

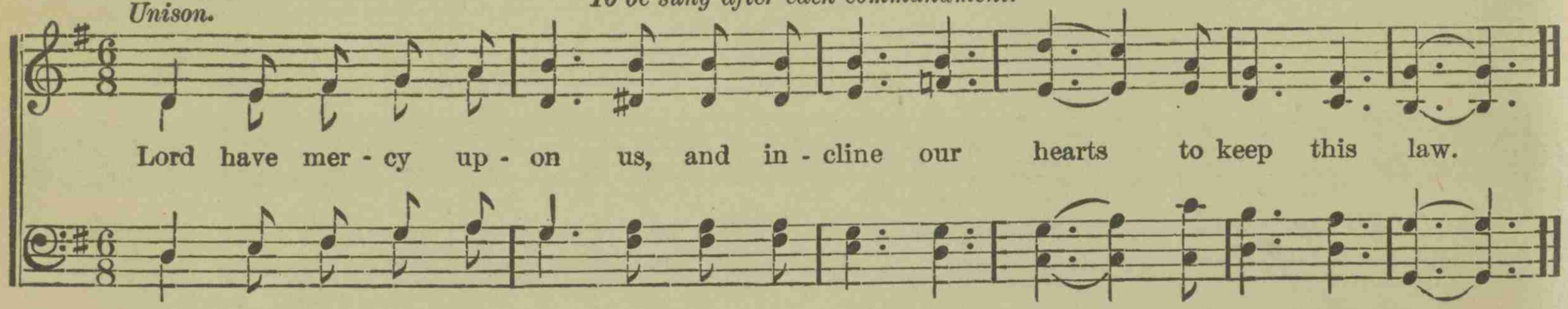
*Response.*—"*Lord have mercy upon us,*" etc.

H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩.=60.

*Unison.*

*To be sung after each commandment.*

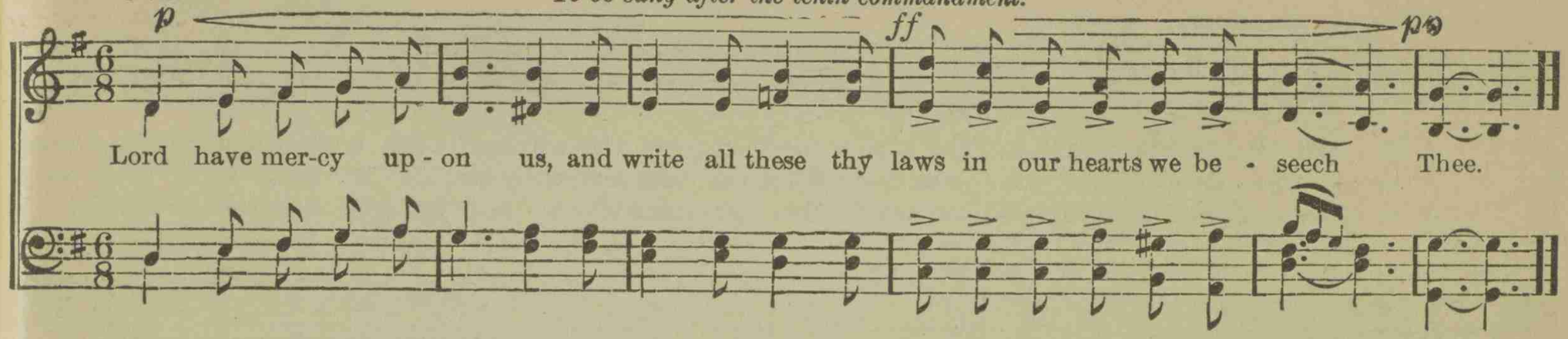



*Tenth.*—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

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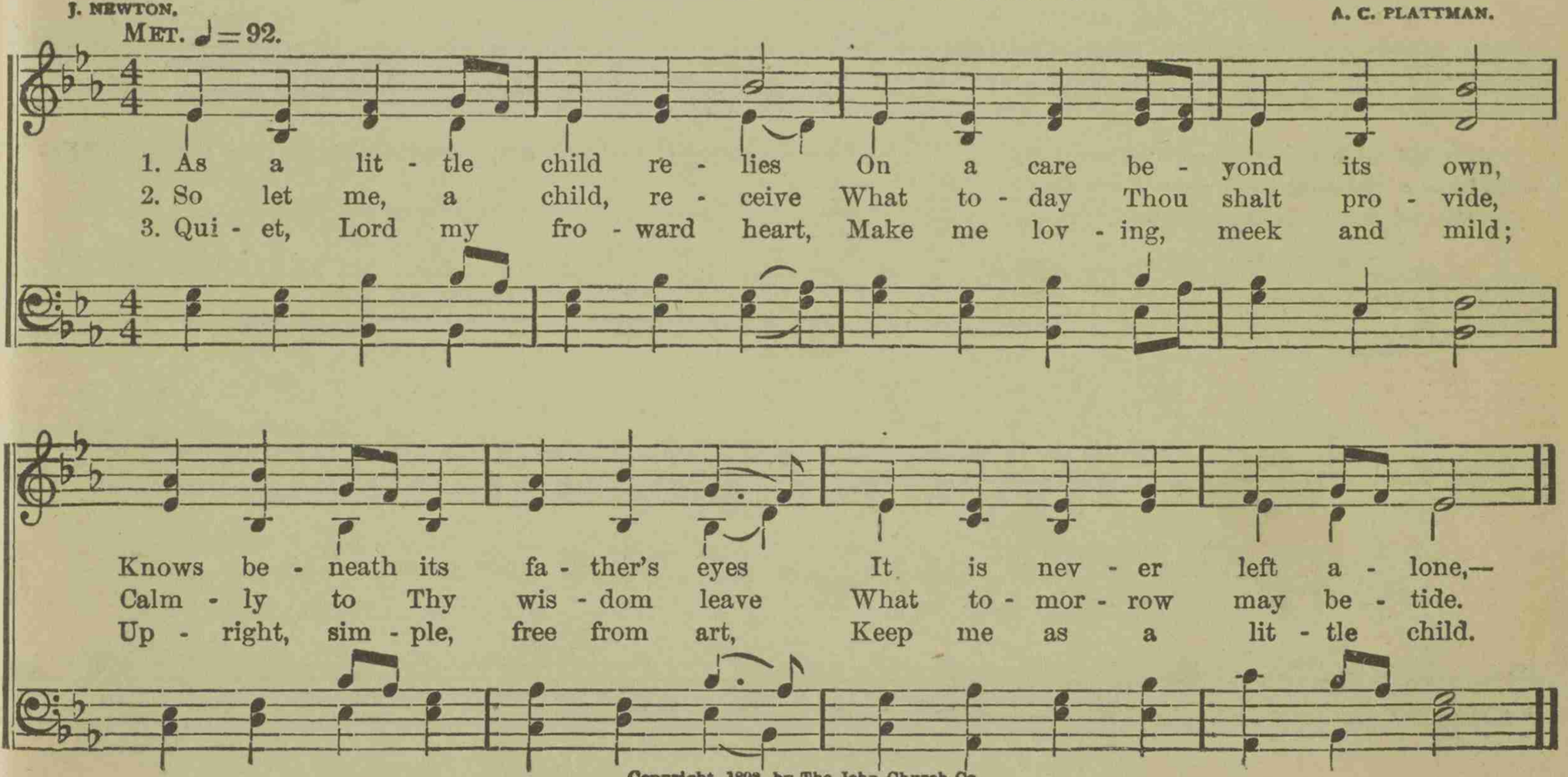
*Unison.*

*To be sung after the tenth commandment.*




## As a Little Child Relies.

J. NEWTON. A. C. PLATTMAN.




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# Children May Come to the Saviour.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY H. R. PALMER.
Written in 1868.

MET. ♩ = 36. DUET.

1. Je - sus loves lit - tle child-ren; He is their friend, His aid He will lend; Like a shepherd He'll lead them,
2. Je - sus now doth en- treat you; List to His voice, Oh hear and re - joice; He is read - y to meet you;
3. Je - sus now doth command you; Do not de - lay; Oh haste to o - bey; Dan-gers dark will surround you,

CHORUS.

Come to Him, children, to - day.
Lit - tle ones turn not a - way.
If from your Sav-iour you stray.

Children may come, children may come, Children may come to the

Sav - iour, Chil - dren may come, Chil- dren may come, Chil - dren may come and be saved.

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# A Word, a Song, a Smile. 157

MRS. J. G. WALSH, ARR. M. R. P.

A. C. PLATTMAN.

1. On - ly a word But with fer - ven - cy pour'd, O'er - flow - ing with love to God; And the hard heart breaks, and the tear - drops start; And an err - ing soul has re - solved to part
2. On - ly a song, But 'twas waft - ed a - long, And fell on a stran-ger's ear; And the words brought back sweet - est mem - 'ries old Of a moth er's voice, and her locks of gold;
3. On - ly a smile, But it gave for a - while, New strength to a faint - ing one; And with brav - er heart she re - newed the strife; And she trav - el'd up from a low - ly life

From the path that has long been trod, From the path that has long been trod.
And there dropp'd a re - pent - ant tear, And there dropp'd a re - pent - ant tear.
To the soul - cheer - ing words "well done," To the soul - cheer - ing words "Well done."

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# 158 If on a Quiet Sea.

A. M. TOPLADY. ARR. BY L. MASON.

MET. ♩=76.

1. If, on a qui - et sea, T'ward heav'n we calm - ly sail, With grate-ful hearts, O God, to Thee,
2. But should the sur - ges rise, And rest de - lay to come, Blest be the tem - pest, kind the storm,
3. Teach us, in ev - 'ry state, To make Thy will our own; And when the joys of sense de-part,

We'll own the fav - 'ring gale, With grate-ful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fav - 'ring gale.
Which drives us near - er home, Blest be the tem - pest, kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home.
To live by faith a - lone, And when the joys of sense de - part, To live by faith a - lone.

# Thy Kingdom Come.
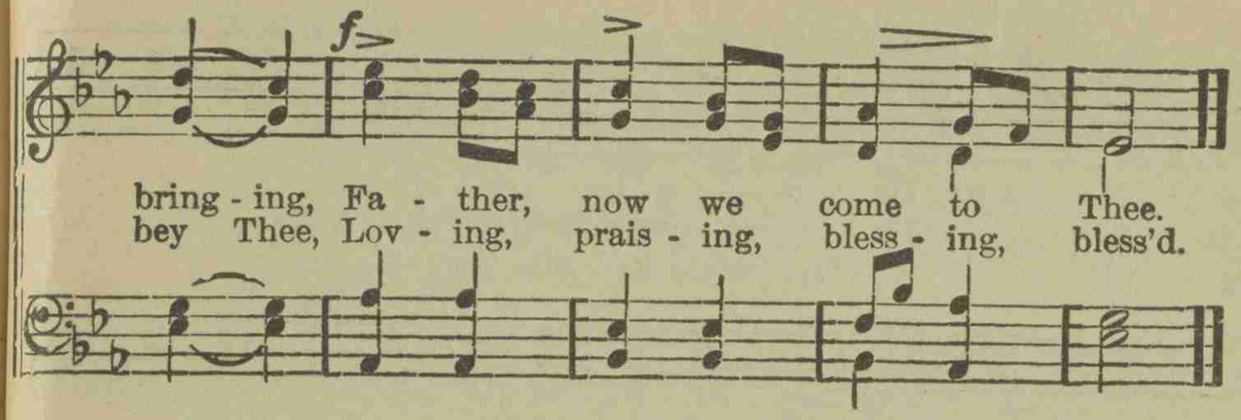
RANDEGGER. ARR. BY W. L.

MET. ♩=84. *Slow.*

*cres.*

1. God of Heav-en! hear our sing-ing; On - ly lit - tle ones are we, Yet a great pe - ti - tion
2. Let Thy king-dom come, we pray Thee, Let the world in Thee find rest; Let all know Thee, and o -

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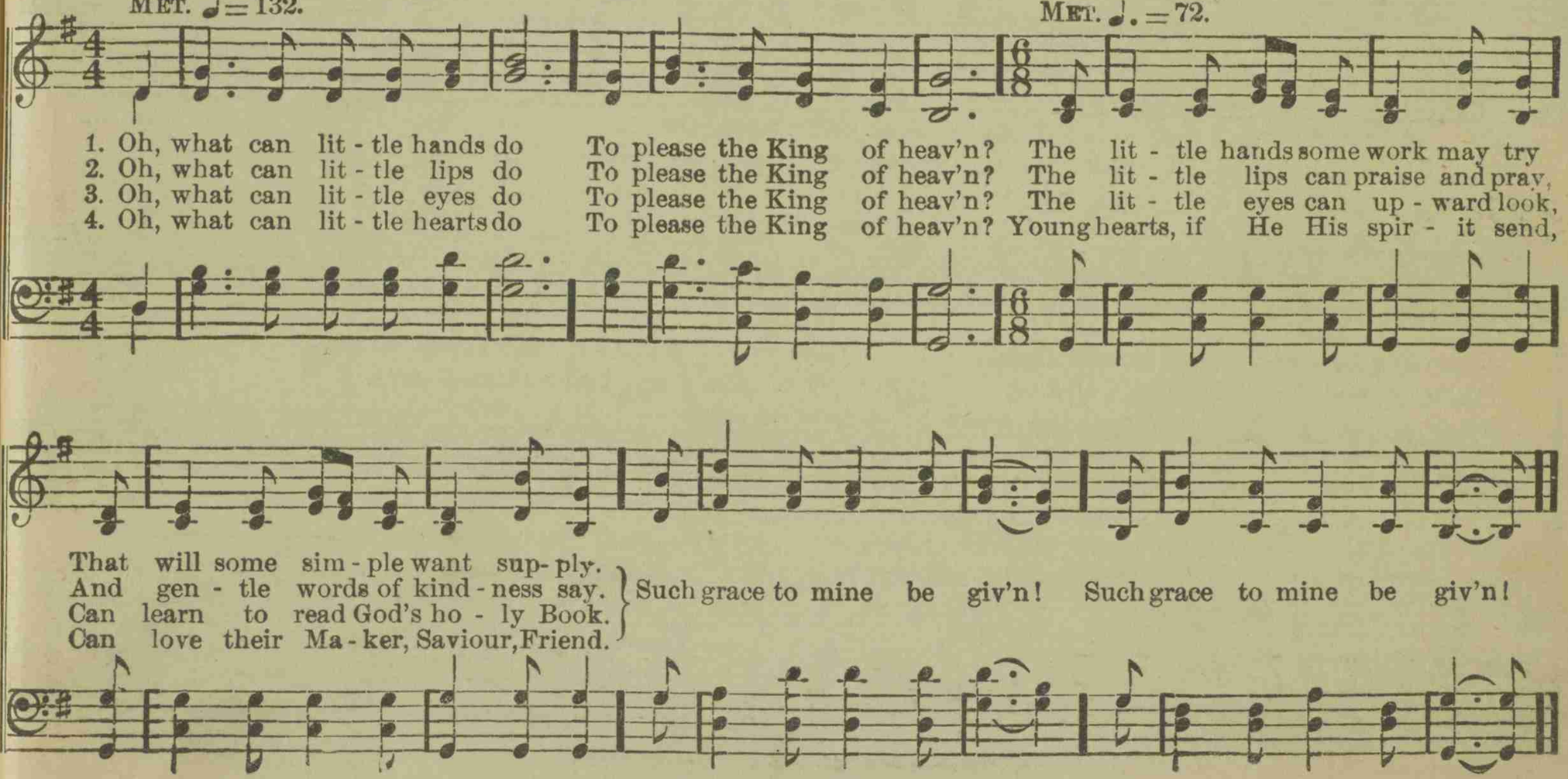



3 Let the sweet and joyful story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
Wake on earth a song of glory,
Like the angels' song above.

4 Father, send the glorious hour,
Every heart be Thine alone!
For the kingdom and the pow'r,
And the glory are Thine own.

## Oh, What Can Little Hands Do.

G. W. HINSDALE. MET. ♩=132. G. F. ROOT. MET. ♩.=72.




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# Guardian Angels.

ARR. BY H. R. PALMER.

D. K.

*p* *Semplice.* MET. ♪=88.

*cres.*

1. When chil-dren lay them down to sleep, Two an - gels come their watch to keep,
2. But when they wake at dawn of day The two bright an - gels go a - way:

*p*

*p*

PIANO OR ORGAN.

*cres.*

*p*

Cov-'ring them up safe- ly and warm, Ten- der- ly shield - ing them from harm.
Resting them from their work of love, For God him - self keeps watch a- bove.

*p*

*p*

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C. WESLEY.

MET. ♩ = 72.

ARR. FROM A. S. SULLIVAN, BY H. R. P.

1. Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child; Pit - y my sim -
2. Fain I would be as Thou art; Give me Thy o - be - dient heart; Thou art pit - i -

plic - i - ty; Suf - fer me to come to Thee. Lamb of God, I look to Thee,
ful and kind; Let me have Thy lov - ing mind. Let me, a - bove all, ful - fill

Thou shalt my ex - am - ple be; Thou art gen - tle, meek, and mild, Thou wast once a lit - tle child.
God my heav'n - ly Fa - ther's will; Nev - er His good Spir - it grieve, On - ly to His glo - ry live.

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# If I would be an Angel.

D. K.

H. R. PALMER.

SOLO.

MET. ♩.=66.

1. If I would be an an - gel, And with the an- gels stand, And sing the Saviour's prais - es, In
2. He says that I must love Him With mind,and heart,and soul, That ev - 'ry tho't and ac - tion Must
3. He prom- is - es to keep me, In ev - 'ry try- ing hour Of sor-row, sin, or dan - ger, If

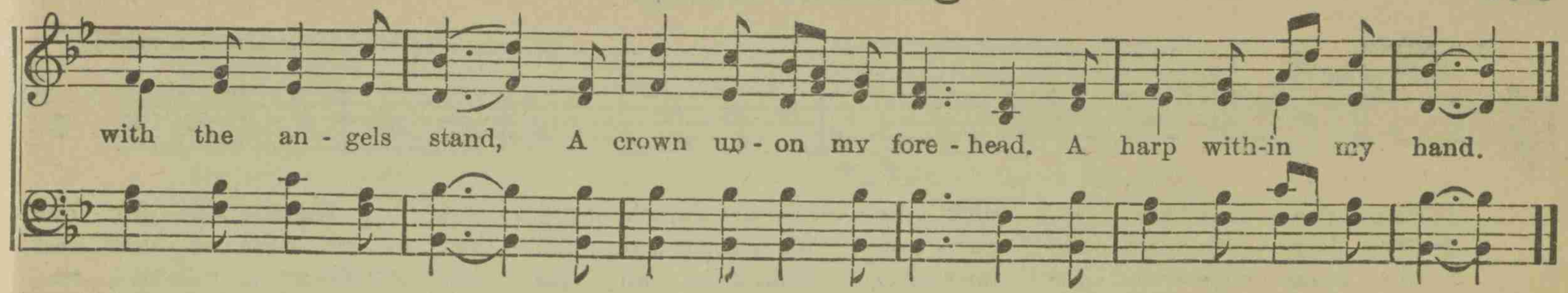
DUET.

yon-der hap-py land— I must o - bey His pre - cepts, Which He has kindly giv'n To
yield to His con - trol; That if I humbly seek Him, He'll par-don ev- 'ry sin, And
I but trust His pow'r: And when this life is o - ver, He'll take me as His own, To

REFRAIN.

guide our wand'ring foot-steps Un - to the path of Heav'n. Then I shall be an an - gel, And
by His grace will help me, E - ter - nal life to win.
stand a-mong the an - gels, Be - fore His Father's throne.

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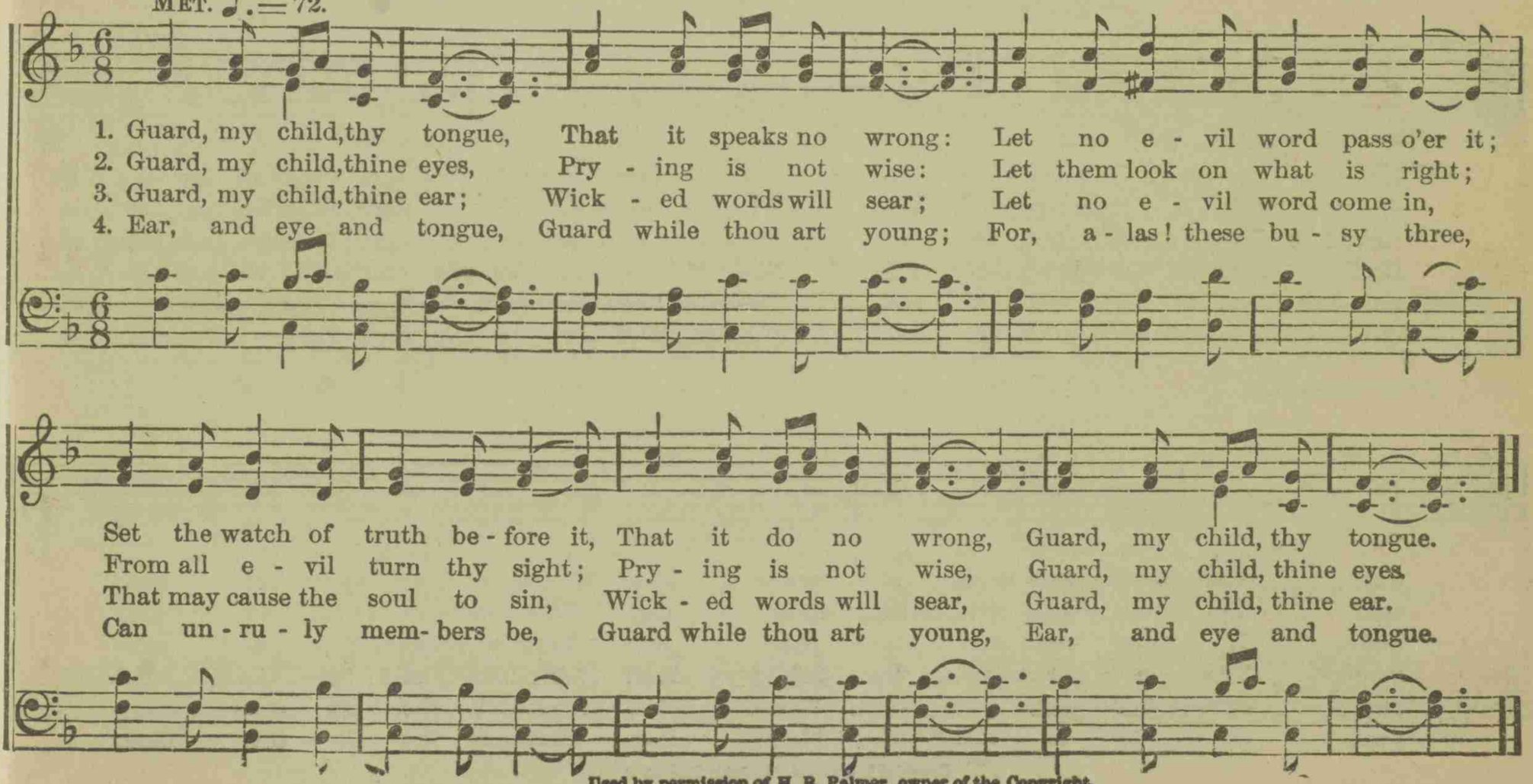



## Guard, My Child, Thy Tongue.

Words six hundred years old.

MET. ♩. = 72.
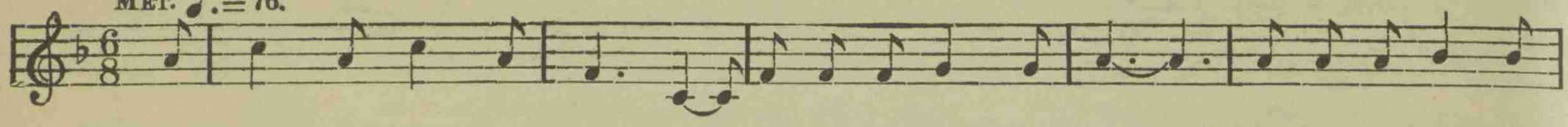
H. R. PALMER.
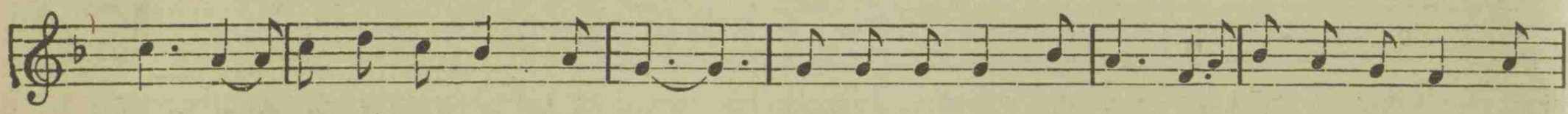



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# Motion Song.
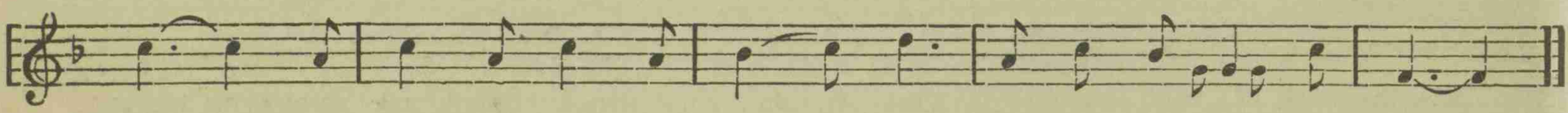
H. R. PALMER. MET. ♩.=76. ARR. BY H. R. PALMER.



1. Com - pan - ions hie we quick - ly Off to the school-room dear, There to be - gin our
2. With hon - est mind and pur - pose We will our tasks pur - sue, Show-ing in tho't and
3. Our hands have each five fin - gers, Making in all just ten Counting them one, two,
4. Six days for man to la - bor, Al - so six days for school, Wheth-er we work or
5. Take now our thumbs and fin - gers Mul - ti- ply all by three, Thir - ty will be the
6. We mul - ti - ply ten fin - gers, Ten fin-gers by thir - ty - six Then if we add five



les - sons Bright with the morn - ing cheer; Kind- ly our Heavenly Fa - ther Feed-eth us day by
ac - tion Dil - i - gent hearts, and true; Whether we count or cy - pher, Whether we sew or
three,four, Five, six,seven,eight, nine, ten; Then from each hand de-duct two, Three on each hand re -
stud - y Let us o - bey this rule: Now if to six we add one, Sev - en will be as -
num-ber, That is a month you see, Twelve of these months di-vide we, Grouping them three in
oth - ers,The to- tal we'll quick- ly fix. Three hundred six - ty five days; These will complete a



day, Our hands were made to praise Him, Wheth - er we work or play.
spin, In read - ing, writ - ing, spell - ing, Earn - est - ly strive to win.
main, If these we add to - geth - er They will make six a - gain.
sured, The sev - enth day's the Sab - bath Giv - en us by the Lord.
one, Spring, Sum- mer, Au - tumn, Win - ter, Thus do the sea - sons run.
**year,** A year so full of bless - ings, Praise to the Fa - ther **dear.**

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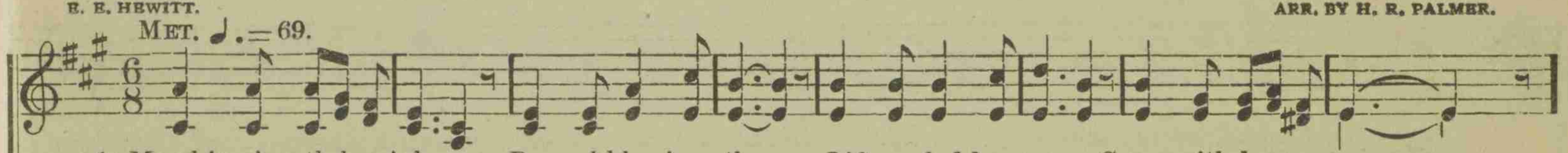
7 The figure THREE shines brightly,
Clear as the noon-day sun.
Find we in God THREE Persons
Marvelous THREE in One,
Father and Son and Spirit,
One as the ages roll.
And so in man three elements,
Spirit, and Body, and Soul.

8 Of all the mystic numbers
ONE is the most sublime,
One God and one Lord, one Spirit,
One Faith and one Hope divine.
Scripture doth ever teach us
United we all should be
Be ONE in Christ our Saviour
Dwelling in unity.

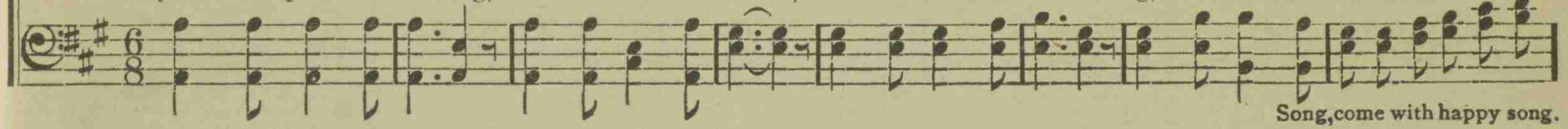
9 So thus to each is given
Lessons on every hand,
Precious is this instruction,
All of its precepts grand;
Oh may we use them wisely
Idleness to ignore,
But work for God's sole glory,
Praise Him forevermore.

# Marching 'Neath Love's Banner.

E. E. HEWITT. ARR. BY H. R. PALMER.

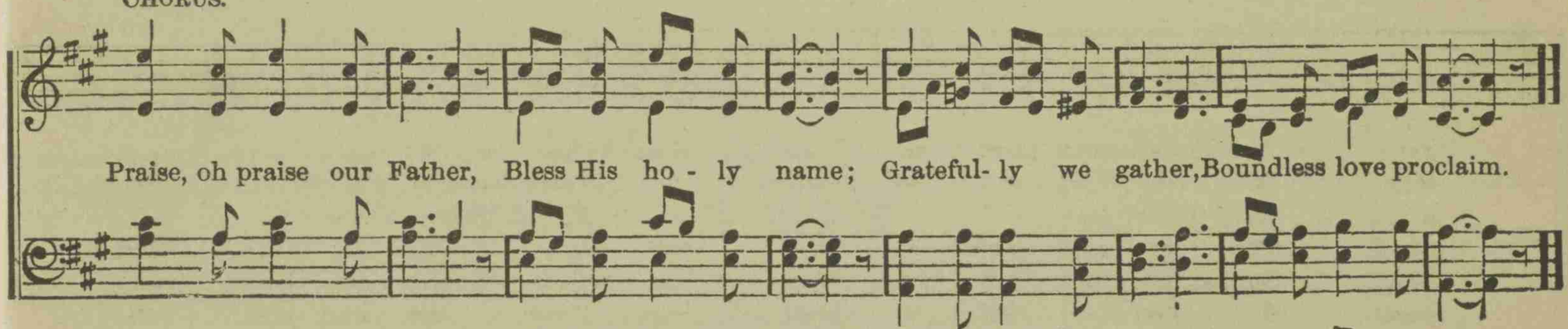



1. Marching 'neath love's banner Roy- al blessings throng; Lift a glad ho-san-na, Come with happy song.
2. Beams of "grace and glory," Shine upon our way. Bless-ed is life's story, Guid - ed, day by day.
3. Let us trust sin-cerely; On His help re - ly, For He loves us dearly, Will all need sup-ply.
4. Joy - ful prais-es swelling, All earth's "little while," When the heart is dwelling, In the Saviour's smile.



Song, come with happy song.

CHORUS.



Praise, oh praise our Father, Bless His ho - ly name; Grateful- ly we gather, Boundless love proclaim.

Words and arrangement Copyright 1892, by The John Church Co.

# Angry Words! Oh, let them Never.

D. E. H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩ = 72.

1. An - gry words! oh let them nev - er From the tongue un - brid - led slip; May the heart's best im-pulse
2. Love is much too pure and ho - ly; Friendship is too sa - cred far, For a mo-ment's reck-less
3. An - gry words are light - ly spo - ken; Bit - t'rest thot's are rash - ly stirred—Brightest links of life are

R.H.

L.H.

CHORUS.

ev - er Check them e'er they soil the lip.
fol - ly Thus to des - o - late and mar.
bro - ken, By a sin - gle an - gry word.

"Love one an - oth - er," Thus saith the Sav - iour, Children, o -
"Love each oth - er, love each oth - er,"

bey the Father's blest command: "Love one an-oth - er," Thus saith the Sav - iour, Children, o-bey His blest command.
'Tis the Father's blest command: "Love each oth - er, love each oth- er," 'Tis His blest command.

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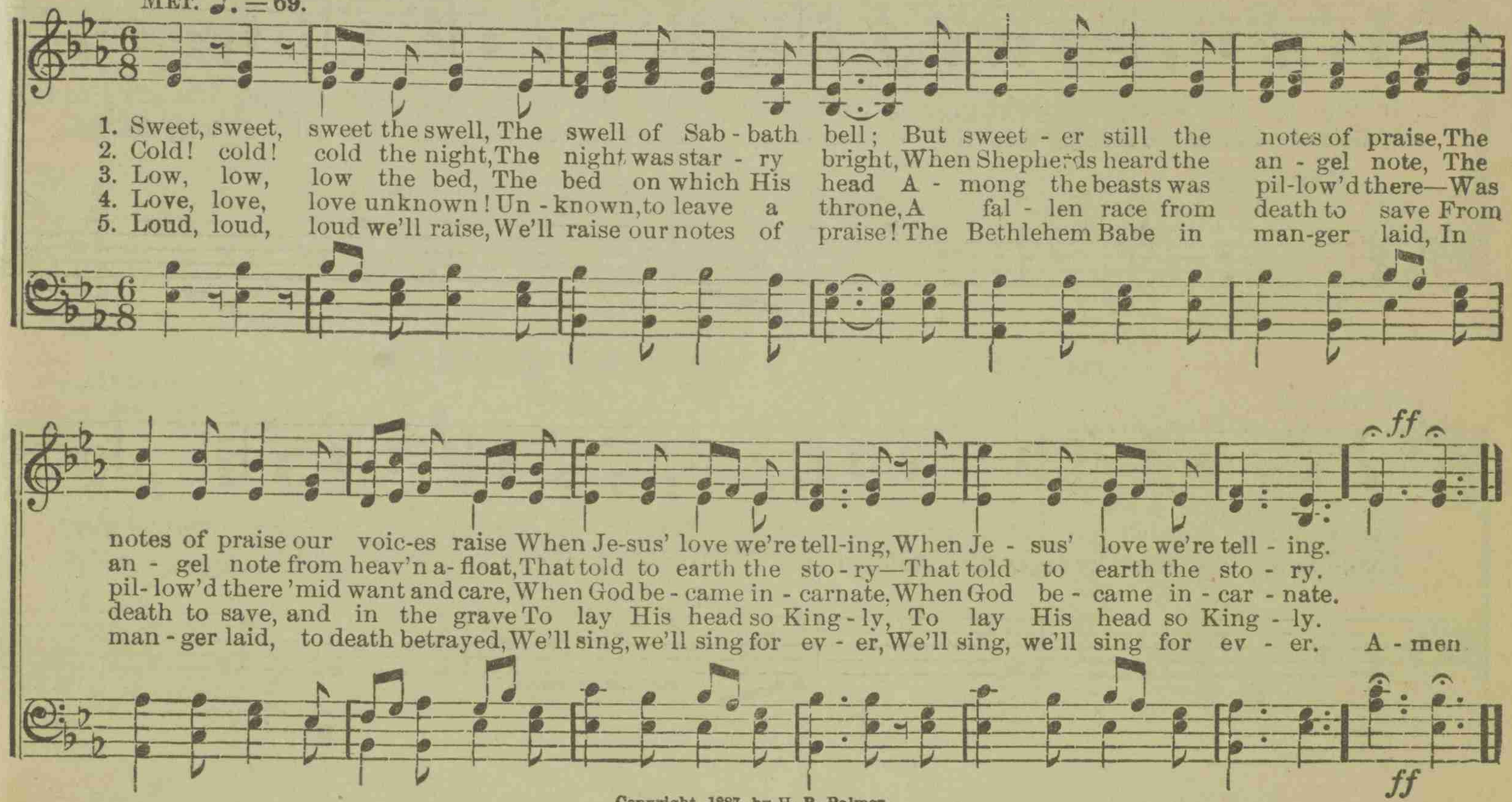
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# The Bethlehem Babe. 

FOR CHRISTMAS.

J. E. RANKIN. H. R. PALMER.

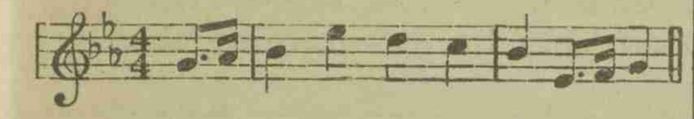
MET. ♩. = 69.




Copyright, 1887, by H. R. Palmer.

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CHRISTMAS. C. M.



CALM on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The Day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,—
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

E. H. Sears.

# Merry Little Sunbeams.

M. A. HARRIS. H. R. PALMER.

DUET.
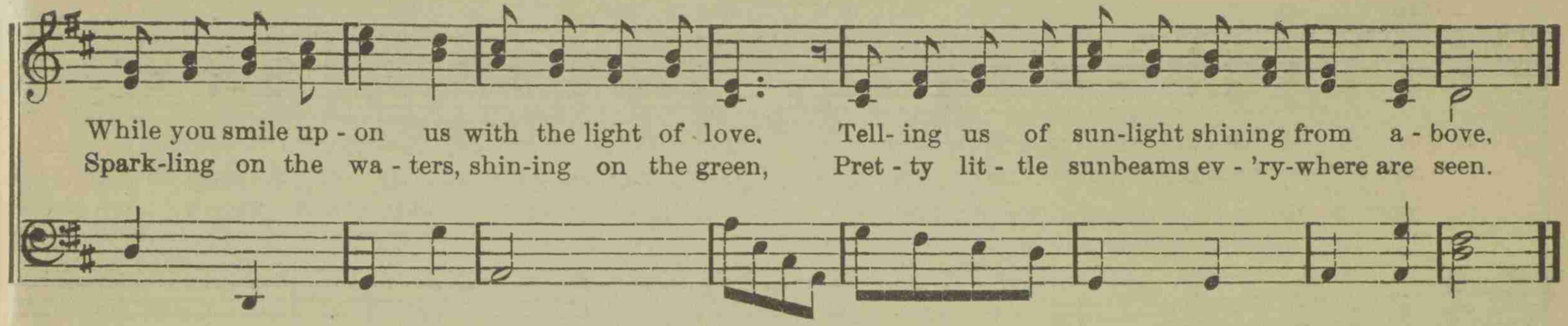
1. Hap - py lit - tle sunbeams skipping all a-round, Like the lit - tle fair - ies tripping o'er the ground,
2. Gold - en beams are peeping thro' the o - pen door, Chas - ing af- ter shad - ows all a - long the floor.

MET. ♩= 88.

Now we'll try to catch you, but you run a - way, Pret- ty lit - tle sunbeams, won't you come and stay?
Look-ing thro' the green leaves, as the children pass, Hunt-ing af - ter rain drops hid-den in the grass,

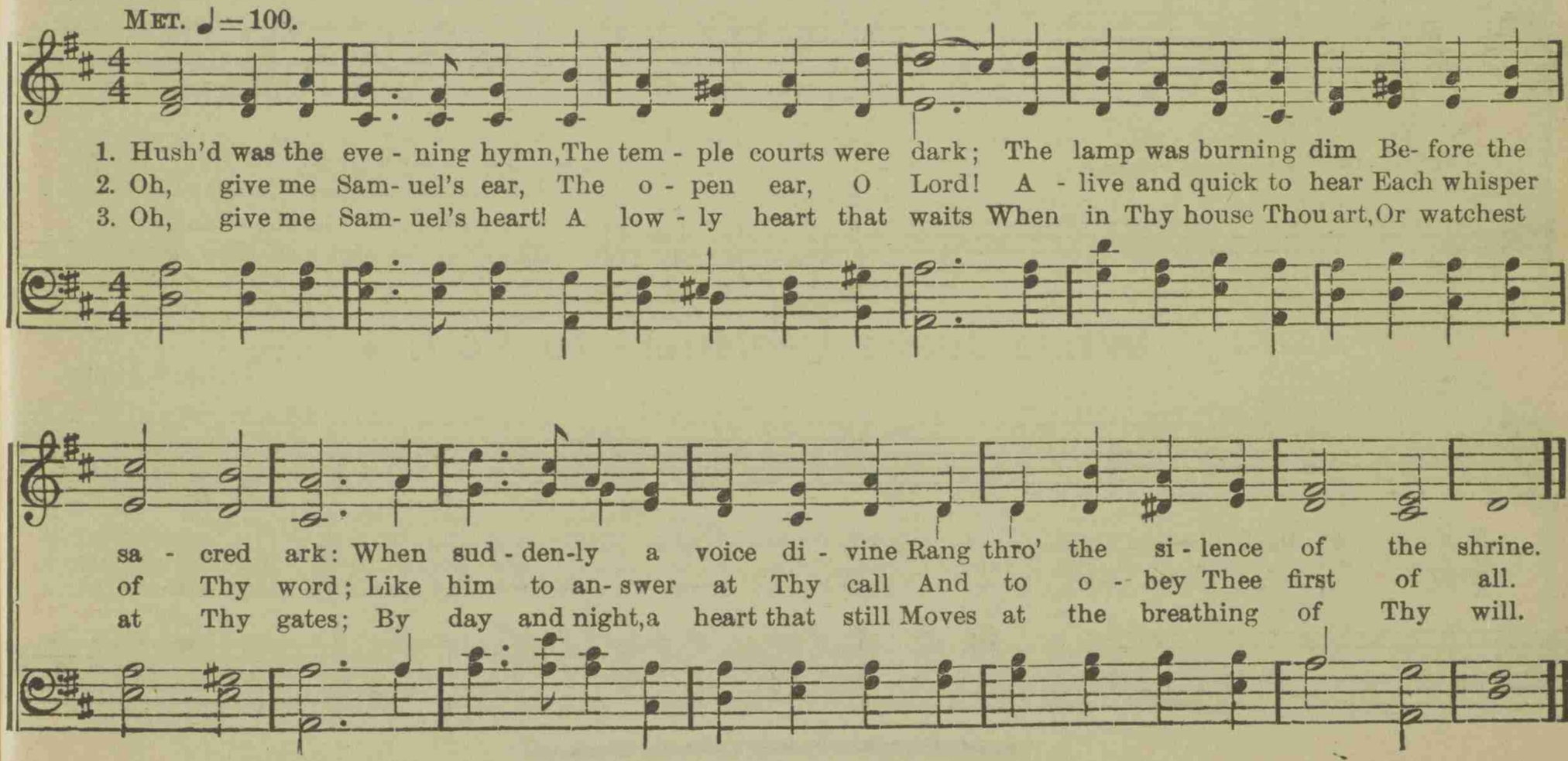
Mer - ry lit - tle sunbeams skipping here and there. How we love to chase you, here and ev - 'ry- where.
Look-ing af - ter bird- ies and the flow- ers bright. Put- ting all the stars out by their morning light.

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## Hushed was the Evening Hymn.

J. D. BURNS. A. S. SULLIVAN.



# 'Tis Finished!

S. STENNETT.

MET. ♩=88.

V. C. TAYLOR.

FULL HARMONY. DUET.

ALTO SOLO.

1. "'Tis fin-ished!" so the Sav - iour cried, And meek-ly bow'd His head, and died; "'Tis fin-ished!" yes, the
2. 'Tis fin-ished! all that Heav'n fore-told By prophets in the days of old; And truths are o - pened
3. 'Tis fin-ished! Son of God, Thy pow'r Hath triumphed in this aw - ful hour; And yet our eyes with

FULL HARMONY.

race is run, The bat - tle fought, the vic - t'ry won.
to our view, That kings and prophets nev - er knew.
sor - row see That life to us was death to Thee.

4 "'Tis finished!" Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

5 "'Tis finished!"—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
"'Tis finished!" let the echo fly,
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

# While Jesus Whispers to You.

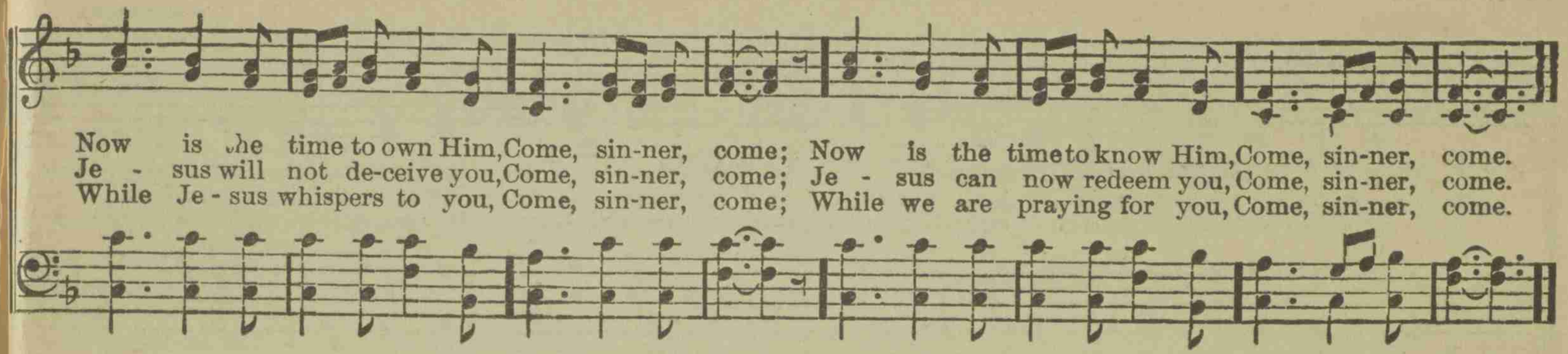
W. E. WITTER.

MET. ♩.=60.

H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin-ner, come; While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come.
2. Are you too heav - y la - den? Come, sin-ner, come; Je - sus will bear your burden, Come, sin-ner, come.
3. Oh, hear His ten-der pleading, Come, sin-ner, come; Come, and re-ceive the bless-ing, Come, sin-ner, come.

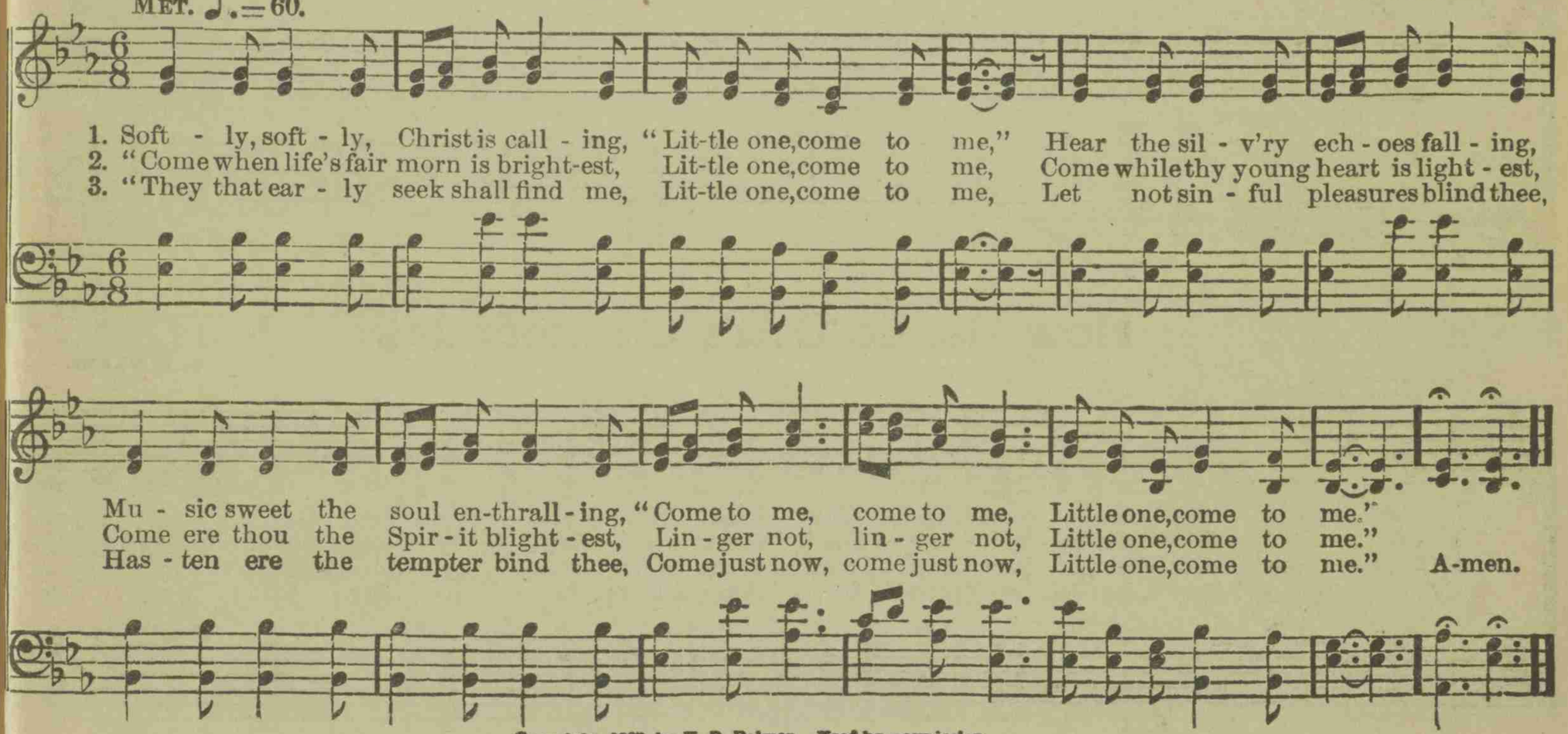
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## Little One, Come to Me.

FOR THE INFANT CLASS.

ANON. H. R. PALMER.




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# When Time Seems Short.

G. W. BETHUNE. I. B. WOODBURY.

MET. ♩ = 100.

1. When time seems short and death is near, And I am press'd by doubt and fear, And sins, an o - ver-flow-ing tide,
2. His name is Je- sus, and He died, For guilt- y sin- ners cru - ci - fied; Con-tent to die that He might win
3. If grace were bought, I could not buy; If grace were coin'd, no wealth have I; By grace a- lone I draw my breath,

As - sail my peace on ev - 'ry side, This tho't my ref - uge still shall be, I know the Saviour died for me.
Their ransom from the death of sin; No sin- ner worse than I can be, Therefore I know He died for me.
Held up from ev - er - lasting death; Yet, since I know His grace is free, I know the Saviour died for me.

# How Gentle God's Commands!

P. DODDRIDGE. H. G. NAGELI.

MET. ♩ = 88.

1. How gen - tle God's com- mands! How kind His pre - cepts are! Come, cast your
2. Be - neath His watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell; That hand which
3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind? Haste to your
4. His good - ness stands ap - prov'd, Un - chang'd from day to day; I'll drop my

bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.
bears cre - a - tion up, Shall guard His child - ren well.
heav'n - ly Fa - ther's throne, And sweet re - fresh - ment find.
bur - den at His feet, And bear a song a - way. A - - men.

## Rejoice and be Glad!

H. BONAR. J. J. HUSBAND.

MET. ♩.=60.

1. Re-joice and be glad! The Redeem - er has come! Go look on His cra - dle, His cross, and His tomb.
2. Re-joice and be glad! For the blood hath been shed; Re-demp-tion is fin - ish'd, the price hath been paid.
3. Re-joice and be glad! For the Lamb that was slain O'er death is tri-umph- ant, and liv - eth a- gain.
4. Re-joice and be glad! For He com - eth a - gain! He com- eth in glo - ry, the Lamb that was slain.

CHORUS.

1 2

{Sound His prais - es, tell the sto - ry Of Him who was slain; (*Omit.* ..... .....
{Sound His prais - es, tell with glad - ness, (*Omit.*.....) He liv - eth a - gain.}

*For 4th verse.*—He com - eth a - gain.

# 174 Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

C. WESLEY. J. R. SWENEY.

MET. ♩.=63.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul!
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none;
3. Plenteous grace with Thee is found,

INSTRUMENT.

Let me to Thy bo-som fly,..... While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;... Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me;
Grace to cov - er all my sin;..... Let the heal-ing streams abound; Make and keep me pure within;

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CHORUS

Hide me, O ..... my Sav - iour, hide,..... Till the storm..... of life is past;.....
All my trust ..... on Thee is stayed,..... All my help..... from Thee I bring;.. .....
Thou of life..... the fount - ain art;..... Free - ly let..... me take of Thee;.....

Hide me, O..... my Sav-iour,hide, Till the storm..... of life is past;

Safe in - to..... the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive..... my soul at last.
Cov - er my..... de-fence - less head With the shad - - ow of Thy wing.
Spring Thou up ..... with - in my heart, Rise to all..... e - ter - ni - ty.

Safe with-in the ha - ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.

# I Love Thy Church.

T. DWIGHT. F. L. ARMSTRONG.

*Andante.* MET. ♩= 56.

1. I love Thy church, O God! Her walls before Thee stand Dear as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
2. Be-yond my highest joy I prize her heav'nly ways, Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
3. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n The brightest glories earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of heav'n.

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## 176 Blessed Saviour, Thee I Love.

D. DUFFIELD. A. CASE, 1830.

MET. ♩=160.

1. Bless - ed Sav - iour! Thee I love, All my oth - er joys a - bove; All my hopes in Thee a - bide,
2. Once a - gain be - side the cross, All my gain I count but loss; Earth-ly pleasures fade a - way,—
3. Bless - ed Sav - iour, Thine am I, Thine to live, and Thine to die; Height or depth, or earth - ly pow'r,

Thou my hope, and naught be - side: Ev - er let my glo - ry be On - ly, on - ly, on - ly Thee.
Clouds they are that hide my day: Hence, vain shad-ows! let me see Je - sus cru - ci - fied for me.
Ne'er shall hide my Sav - iour more: Ev - er shall my glo - ry be On - ly, on - ly, on - ly Thee!
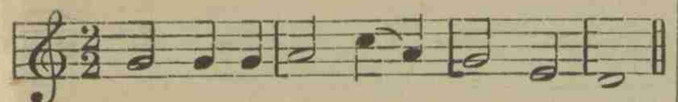
## Jesus Calls Us, O'er The Tumult.

C. F. ALEXANDER. I. B. WOODBURY.

MET. ♩=112.

1. Je-sus calls us, o'er the tu- mult Of our life's wild, restless sea; Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, Christian, follow me!
2. Je-sus calls us! by Thy mer-cies, Saviour, may we hear Thy call; Give our hearts to Thy o-bedience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

### ZEPHYR. L. M.
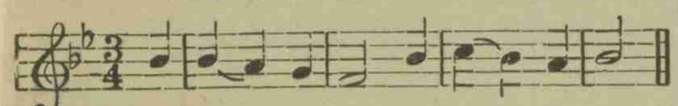


SWEET, is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams lingering there;
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

2 The time how lovely and how still!
Peace shines and smiles on all below;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow.

3 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees the smiling heaven above.

J. Edmeston. 1820.

### ALL SAINTS. L. M.



Go, labor on; spend, and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?
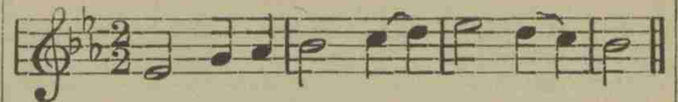
2 Go labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not,
The Master praises;—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil, comes rest; for exile, home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal!—Behold! I come!"

H. Bonar. 1857.

### DUKE STREET. L. M.



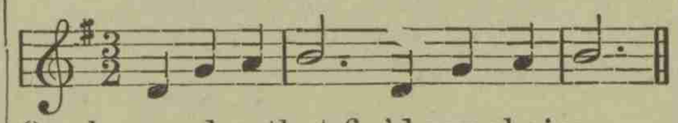
JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more:
In Him the tribes of Adam boast,
More blessings than their father lost.

3 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

I. Watts. 1719.

### O HAPPY DAY. L. M.



OH, happy day that fix'd my choice
On Thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS.

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away:
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.
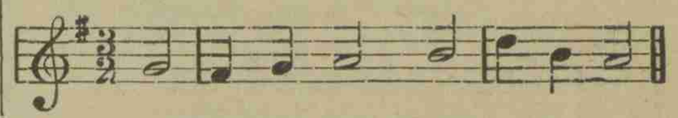
2 Now I resolve, with all my heart,
With all my power to serve the Lord;
Nor from His precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

3 Oh, be this service all my joy;
Around let my example shine;
Till others love the best employ,
And join in labors so divine.

4 Oh, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave His sacred ways;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live Thy praise.

P. Doddridge. 1755.

### ROCKINGHAM. L. M.



GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

T. Ken. 1697.

**Tune.—ROCKINGHAM.**

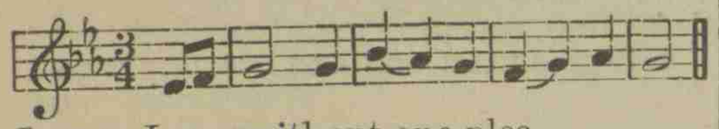
O HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Thou God of hosts, by all adored;
The earth and heavens are full of Thee,
Thy light, Thy power, Thy majesty.

2 Loud hallelujahs to Thy name,
Angels and seraphim proclaim:
By all the pow'rs and thrones in heaven,
Eternal praise to Thee is given.

3 Glory to Thee, O God most high!
Father, we praise Thy majesty!
The Son, the Spirit, we adore!
One Godhead, blest for evermore.

J. Conder. 1825.

### WOODWORTH. L. M.



JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
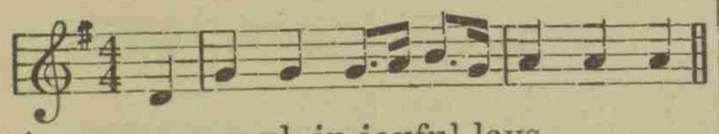
2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot:
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears, within—without:
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

4 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!

C. Elliott. 1836.

### LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.
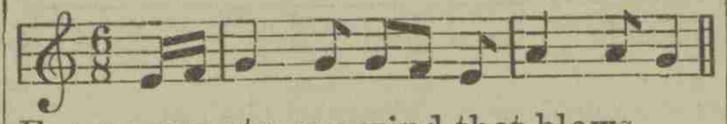


AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving kindness, oh, how great!

3 I often feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have Him forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

S. Medley. 1787.

### RETREAT. L. M.



FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;—
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
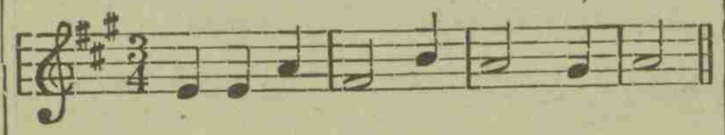
2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place, than all besides, more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 O may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

H. Stowell. 1830.

### MIGDOL. L. M.
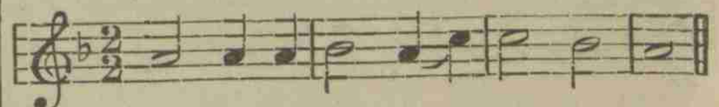


EARTH has a joy unknown to heaven,
The new-born peace of sins forgiven;
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.

2 Loud is the song, the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain;
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

3 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine;
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

A. L. Hillhouse. 1822.

### FEDERAL STREET. L. M.



JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee—
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days!

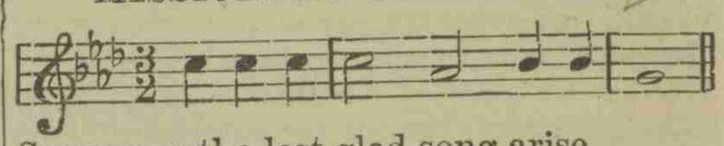
2 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend,
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

J. Grigg. 1765.

### MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.
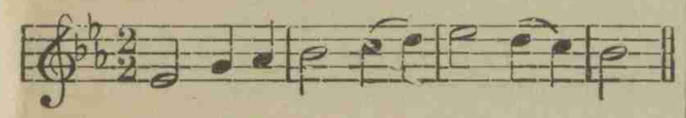


SOON may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies,
That song of triumph, which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God! to Thee;
And, over land, and stream, and main,
Wave Thou the sceptre of Thy reign.

3 Oh! that the anthem now might swell,
And host to host the triumph tell,—
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!

Mrs. Voke. 1816.

### DUKE STREET. L. M.

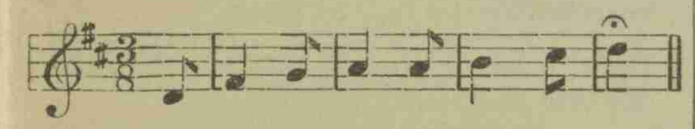


COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of Thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our tho'ts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done, [Son.
By all the church, through Christ, His
I. Watts. 1719.
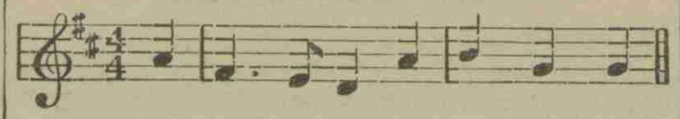
### SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M.



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

2 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
‖: I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r! :‖
W. W. Walford. 1846.

### HE LEADETH ME. L. M.



HE leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me
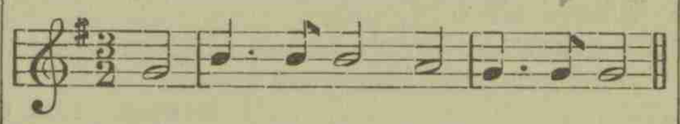
REFRAIN.

He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
By His own hand He leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

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

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!
J. R. Gilmore. 1859.

### ARLINGTON. C. M.



THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.
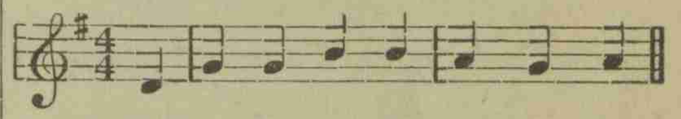
2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the path of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale;
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff will comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life,
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.
"Rouse's Version." 1643.

### CORONATION. C. M.



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

2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.
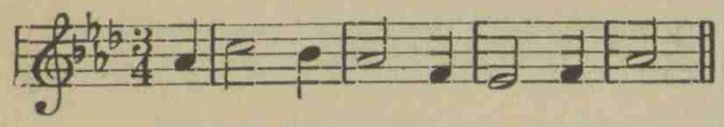
3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

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

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

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.
E. Perronet. 1779.

### AVON. C. M.



Am I a soldier of the cross?
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?
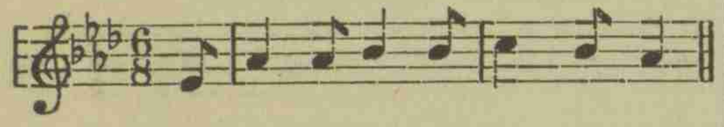
2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease.
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pair
Supported by Thy word.

4 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.

I. Watts. 1723.

### ORTONVILLE. C. M.



How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And for the weary, rest.

3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King:
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

I. Newton. 1779.

### Tune.—ORTONVILLE.

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

4 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be Thine.

S. Stennett. 1782.
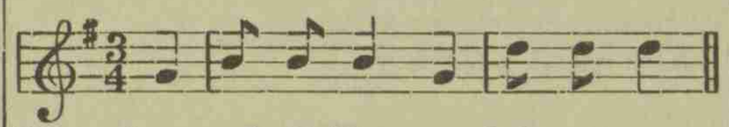
### Tune.—ORTONVILLE.

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

2 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

J. Newton. 1779.

### MARLOW. C. M.



With joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God hath called His own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at His throne.
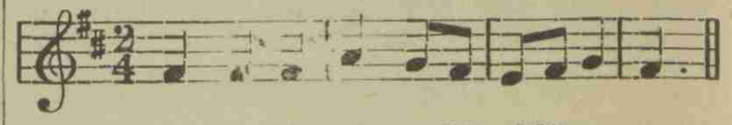
2 Thy chosen temple, Lord! how fair!
Where willing votaries throng,
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace! Oh! deign to dwell
Within Thy church below
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

H. Auber. 1829.

### NAOMI. C. M.
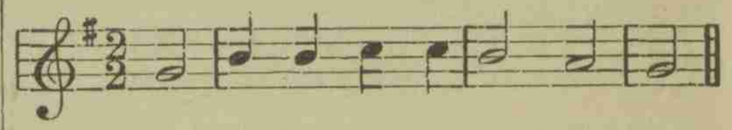


Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

A. Steele. 1760.

### PETERBORO'. C. M.
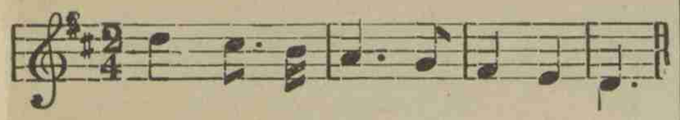


The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Through life's brief, fleeting hour,
And gives the Spirit's quickening ray,
To those who seek His power.

2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
Help, Lord, to hear Thy voice to-day;
Obedien[illegible] our life.

T. Hastings. 1848.

### ANTIOCH. C. M.



Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

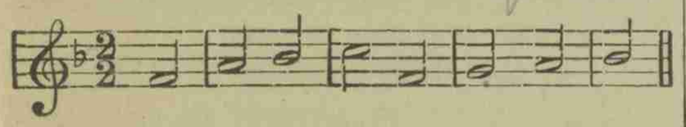
2 Joy to the earth,—the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

I. Watts. 1709.

### DUNDEE. C. M.



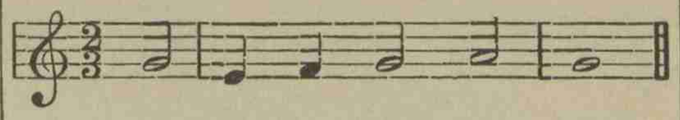
Enthroned on high, almighty Lord!
Thy Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfil in us Thy faithful word,
And all Thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire,
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour! what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 His love within us shed abroad,—
Life's ever-springing well,
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

T. Haweis. 1792.

### BOYLSTON. S. M.
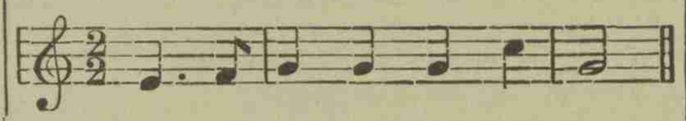


Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart;
And for His cradle and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

3 Lord, we Thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

J. Keble. 1819.

### LABAN. S. M.



My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sins are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
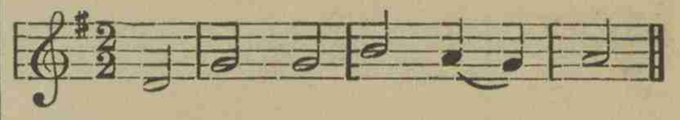
2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou receive thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

G. Heath. 1781.

### ST. THOMAS. S. M.



Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
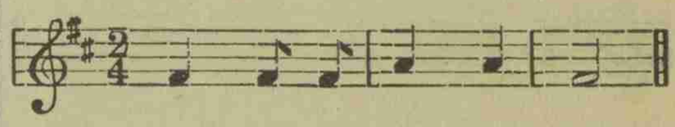
2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will He call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

W. Hammond. 1745.

### SHAWMUT. S.M.



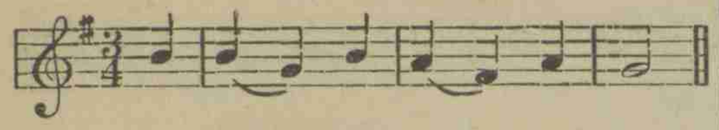
Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
Angels with wonder see:
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

B. Beddome. 1787.

### DENNIS. S. M.



Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
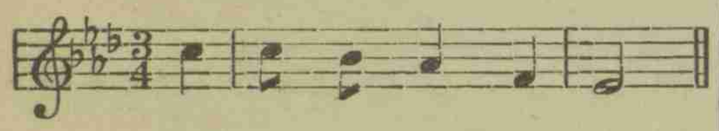
2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

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

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

J. Fawcett. 1772.

### STATE STREET. S. M.



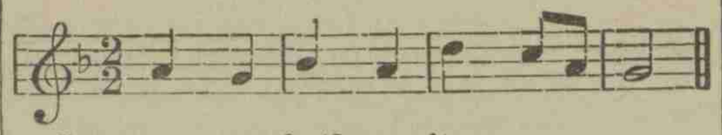
Come to the land of peace;
From shadows come away;
Where all the sounds of weeping cease,
And storms no more have sway.

2 Fear hath no dwelling here;
But pure repose and love
Breathe through the bright, celestial air
The spirit of the dove.

3 "Come to our peaceful home,"
The saints and angels say,
"Forsake the world, no longer roam;
O wanderer, come away!"

J. Montgomery. 1853.

### VON WEBER. 7s.
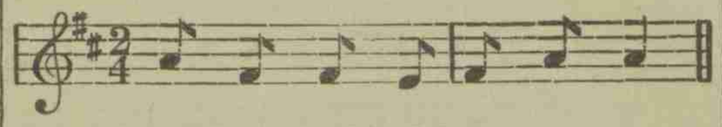


Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself invites thee near,
Bids thee ask Him, waits to hear.

2 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

J. Newton. 1779.

### JESUS LOVES ME.



Jesus loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak, but He is strong.

Chorus.

Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.

2 Jesus loves me! He who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide,
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.
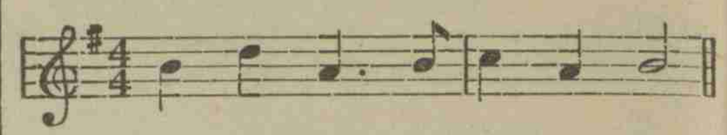
Cho.—Yes, Jesus loves, &c.

3 Jesus loves me! He will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love Him, when I die
He will take me home on high.

Cho.—Yes, Jesus loves, &c.

A. Warner. 1859.

### PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.



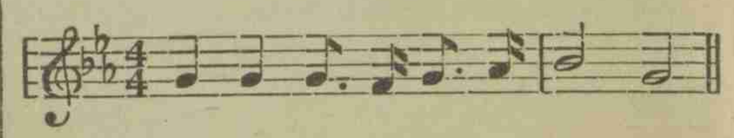
Jesus! Master! hear me cry,
Save me, heal me, with a word;
Fainting, at Thy feet I lie,
Thou my whispered plaint hast heard.

2 Jesus! Master! mercy show;
Thou art passing near my soul;
Thou my inward grief dost know,
Thou alone canst make me whole.

3 Jesus! Master! as of yore
Thou didst make the blind man see,
Light upon my soul restore;
Jesus! Master! heal Thou me.

A. Shipton. 1855.

### THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.



Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod—
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing from the throne of God?

Chorus.

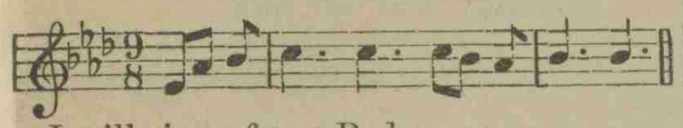
Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God?

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever
All the happy, golden day.

3 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease:
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

R. Lowry. 1864.

### MY REDEEMER.



I will sing of my Redeemer
And His wond'rous love to me:
On the cruel cross He suffered,
From the curse to set me free.

CHORUS.
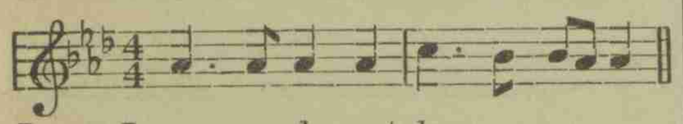
Sing, oh sing of my Redeemer,
With His blood He purchased me;
On the cross He sealed my pardon,
Paid the debt ‖: and made me free. :‖

2 I will tell the wondrous story,
How my lost estate to save,
In His boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.

3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His trumphant power I'll tell,
How the victory He giveth
Over sin, and death and hell.

P. P. Bliss. 1875.

### DISCIPLE. 8s & 7s.
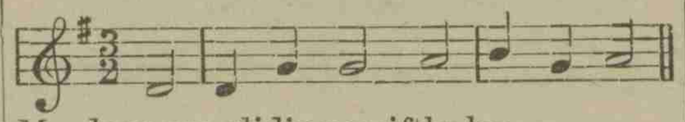


JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known:
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

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

H. F. Lyte, 1824.

### SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s.



My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly?
These hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.

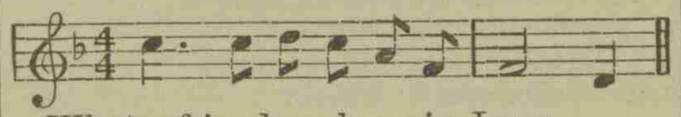
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore,
We may almost discover.

2 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That pefect rest naught can molest.
Where golden harps are ringing.

3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says, come and there's our home,
Forever, oh! forever!

D. Nelson. 1835.

### WHAT A FRIEND. 8s & 7s.
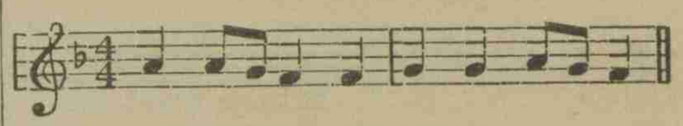


What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer!

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

J. Scriven. 1855.

### GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.



HOLY Source of consolation,
Life and light Thy grace imparts;
Visit us in Thy compassion,
Guide our minds and fill our hearts;
Heavenly blessings without measure
Thou canst bring us from above;
Lord, we seek that heavenly treasure,
Wisdom, holiness, and love.

2 Dwell within us, blessed Spirit;
Where Thou art no ill can come;
Bless us now through Jesus' merit,
Reign in every heart and home;
Saviour, lead us to adore Thee,
While Thou dost prolong our days;
Then, with angel hosts before Thee,
May we worship, love, and praise.

B. W. Noel. 1832.

Tune.—GREENVILLE.

WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine.
Lord I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought is Thine;
‖: Thine entirely, Thine entirely,—
Thro' eternal ages Thine! :‖

W. Mason. 1794.
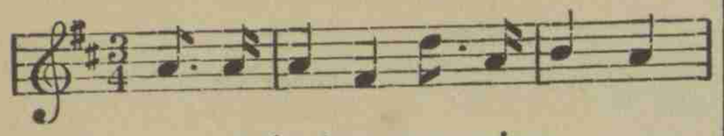
### *DOXOLOGY.*

Tune.—GREENVILLE.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
‖: O refresh us, O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness. :‖

J. Fawcett. 1774.

### ZION. 8s, 7s & 4.



On the mountain-top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,—
Zion, long in hostile lands:
‖: Mourning captive!
God Himself will loose thy bands. :‖

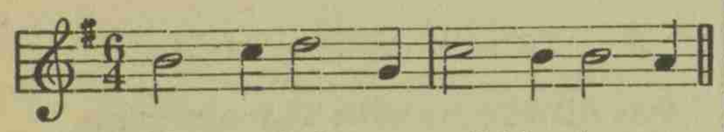
2 Has thy night been long and mournful,
All thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
‖: Cease thy mourning;—
Zion still is well-beloved. :‖

3 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread His truth abroad:
‖: Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God. :‖

4 God of Jacob, high and glorious!
Let Thy people see Thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world in every land;
‖: Let the idols
Perish, Lord! at Thy command. :‖

T. Kelly. 1806. 1809.

### EVEN ME. 8s, 7s & 3.



Lord! I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me.
Even me,—even me!
Let some droppings fall on me.

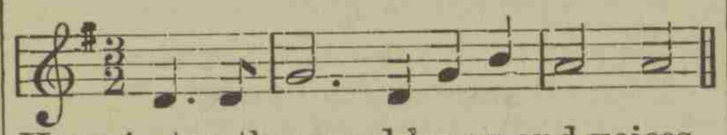
2 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,—
Even me, &c.

3 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh! forgive and rescue me.—
Even me, &c.

4 Love of God, so pure and changeless,—
Blood of God, so rich and free,—
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me,—
Even me, &c.

E. Codner. 1860.

### HARWELL. 8s, & 7s.

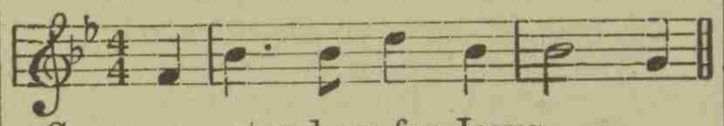


Hark!—ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above,
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;—
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See! He sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

2 Saviour! hasten Thine appearing;
Bring,—O! bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;—
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,—
"Glory, glory to our King."
Hallelujah! &c.

T. Kelly. 1804.

### WEBB. 7s & 6s.
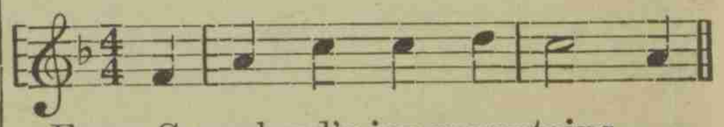


Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross!
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,—
The next, the victor's song:
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He, with the King of glory,
Shall reign eternally.

G. Duffield Jr., 1858.
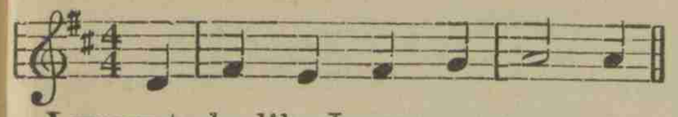
### MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.



From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

### THE WATCHER. 7s & 6s.
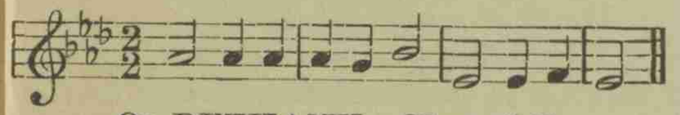


I WANT to be like Jesus,
All gentle, pure, and mild;
His seal upon my forehead,
And owned as His dear child.
My heart so weak and sinful,
All changed by grace divine,
And all my life to serve Him,
And ever call Him mine.

2 I want to live like Jesus,
Whose words with love were fraught;
I want to find His favor,
By Him be truly taught.
Oh, then I'm sure that ever
His hand will guide me on,
Until the heavenly portals
And glory shall be won.

Anon.

### SULLIVAN. 6s & 4s.



Or BETHANY. Key of G.
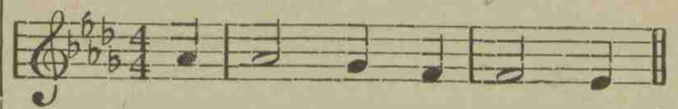
NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
‖: Nearer, my God, to Thee! :‖
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
‖: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :‖
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
‖: Nearer my God to Thee, :‖
Nearer to Thee!

S. F. Adams. 1841.

### IT IS WELL.



WHEN peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrrow, like sea-billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

CHORUS.

‖: It is well with my soul, :‖
It is well, it is well with my soul.

2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin—not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!

H. G. Spafford. 1875.

### THE OLD, OLD STORY.

TELL me the Old, Old Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

REFRAIN.

Tell me the Old, Old Story,
‖: Tell me the Old, Old Story, :‖
Of Jesus and His love.

2 Tell me the same Old Story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear;
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

K. Hankey. 1866

### Tune.—WORK. Key F.
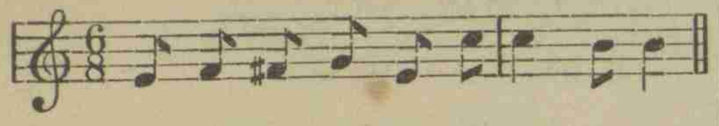
WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

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

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

A. L. Walker. 1860.

### WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?
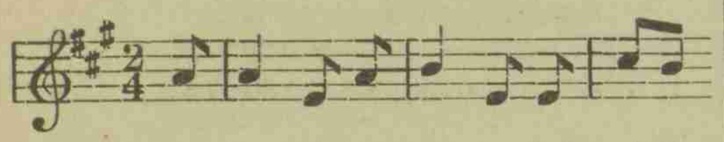


Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
‖: Oh, what shall the harvest be? :‖
‖: Sown in the darkness, or sown in the light:‖
‖: Sown in our weakness, or sown in our might, :‖
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah, sure, will the harvest be.

2 Sowing, the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home;
‖: Oh, what shall the harvest be? :‖
‖: Sown in the darkness, or sown in the light, :‖ &c.

E. S. Oakey. 1850.

### PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.



How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word;
What more can He say than to you He hath said,—
To you who for refuge to Jesus hath fled?

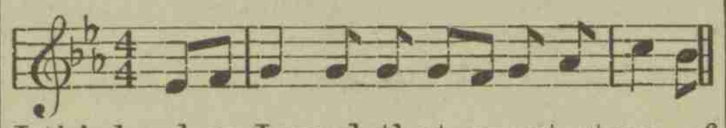
2 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed;
I now am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen Thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee over flow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul though all hell should endeaver to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

J. Keith. 1787.

### I THINK WHEN I READ.
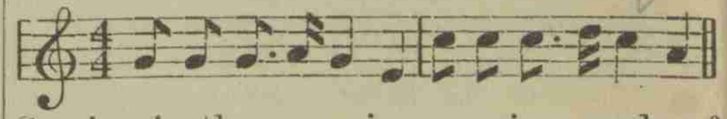


I think when I read that sweet story of of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children like lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear him above—
4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

J. Luke. 1841.

### BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.



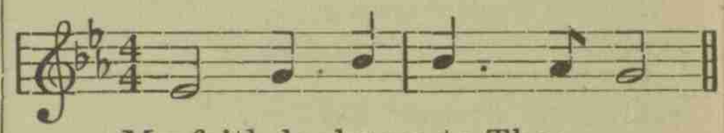
Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

CHORUS
‖: Bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come, rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves. :‖

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze:
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

K. Shaw. 1870.

### OLIVET. 6s & 4s.



My faith looks up to Thee
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh! let me from this day,
Be wholly Thine!
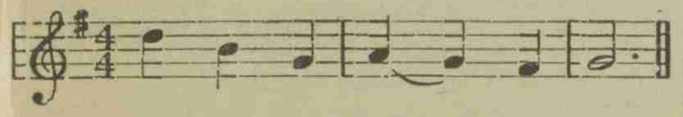
Oh! may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

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.

R. Palmer. 1830.

### ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

See page 143.
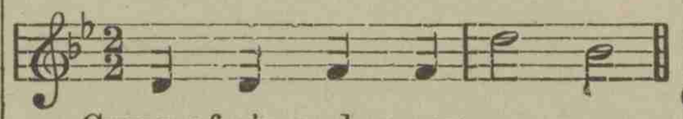


Rise, glorious Conqueror! rise,
Into Thy native skies;
Assume Thy right;
And where, in many a fold,
The clouds are backward rolled,
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light!

2 Enter, incarnate God!
No feet but Thine have trod
The serpent down:
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider yon portals throw!
Saviour! triumphant, go
And take Thy crown!

3 Lion of Judah! hail!—
And let Thy name prevail
From age to age:
Lord of the rolling years!
Claim for Thine own the spheres;
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage.

M Bridges. 1848.

### ENTREATY. 6s & 4s.
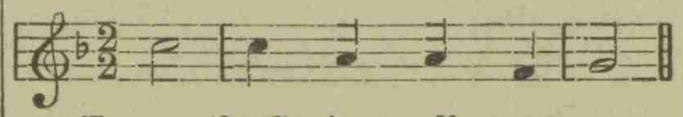


Child of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay:
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee, to-day.
Heaven bids thee come
While yet there's room
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow!
Why wilt thou die?
Come while thou canst borrow
Help from on high:
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow!
Thy moments glide,
Like the flitting arrow,
Or the rushing tide;
Ere time is o'er.
Heaven's grace implore!
Child of sin and sorrow,
In Christ confide.

T. Hastings. 1832.

### AMOY. 6s & 4s.



To-day the Saviour calls
Ye wanderers, come;
O ye benighted souls!
Why longer roam?

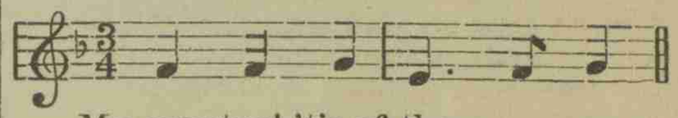
2 To-day the Saviour calls;
O hear Him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

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

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

S. F. Smith. 1831

### AMERICA. 6s & 4s.



My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!
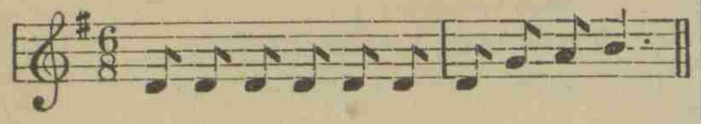
2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

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

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

S. F. Smith. 1832.

## JESUS LOVES EVEN ME.



I AM so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of His love in the Book He has given;
Wonderful things in the Bible I see:
This is the dearest that Jesus loves me.

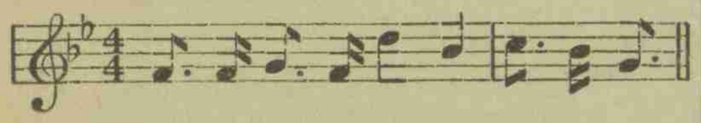
CHO.—I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me,
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.

2 Though I forget Him, and wander away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me."

P. P. Bliss. 1870.

## RING THE BELLS OF HEAVEN.



RING the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,
For a soul returning from the wild;
See! the Father meets him out upon the way,
Welcoming His weary, wand'ring child.
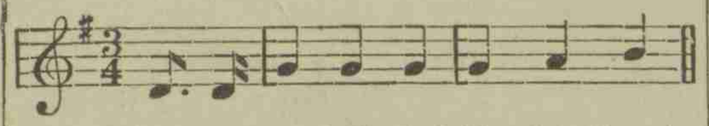
CHO.—Glory! glory! how the angels sing,
Glory! glory! how the loud harps ring;
'Tis the ransomed army, like a mighty sea, [free.
Pealing forth the anthem of the

2 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,
For the wanderer now is reconciled;
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,
And is born anew a ransomed child.

3 Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast to-day, [strain!
Angels swell the glad triumphant
Tell the joyful tidings! bear it far away!
For a precious soul is born again.

W. O. Cushing. 1866.

## HALLELUJAH, 'TIS DONE.



'TIS the promise of God, full salvation to give
Unto him who on Jesus, His Son, will believe.

‖:Hallelujah! 'tis done! I believe on the Son;
I am saved by the blood of the crucified One.:‖

2 Though the pathway be lonely, and dangerous too,
Surely Jesus is able to carry me through.
Hallelujah &c.
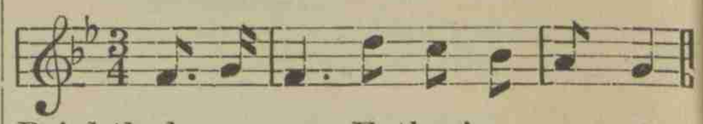
3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng,
They are safe now in glory, and this is their song:—Hallelujah &c.

4 Little children I see standing close by their King,
And He smiles as their songs of salvation they sing:—Hallelujah &c.

5 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me
And the theme of our praises forever will be,—Hallelujah &c.

P. P. Bliss. 1874.

## LET THE LOWER LIGHTS.



Brightly beams our Father's mercy
From His light-house evermore;
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.

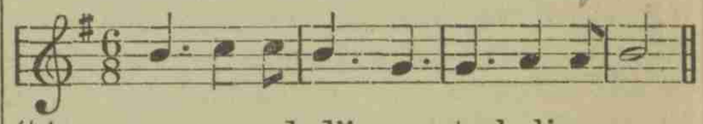
CHO.—Let the lower lights be burning!
Send a gleam across the wave!
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
You may rescue, you may save.

2 Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.

3 Trim your feeble lamp, my brother;
Some poor sailor tempest-tost,
Trying now to make the harbor,
In the darkness *may be lost.*

P. P. Bliss. 1870.

## ALMOST PERSUADED.



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

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away;
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear;
"O wanderer, come."

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

P. P. Bliss. 1871.

Hymns 1192 — There is no 37
~~4~~ ~~17~~ ~~21~~ ~~25~~ ~~28~~ ~~33~~ 36
~~20~~ ~~43~~ ~~45~~ 49

39 O Lord of life to Thee we pray 1
38 O God of Light & Love 2
14 Great Source of good our God & Friend 3
31 Lord of all we bow before Thee 4
51 Thronies which thousands cherish 5
20 In each breeze that wanders free 6
18 In ages past majestic prophets came 7
19 In darkest hours I hear a voice 8
45 One sweet flower has drooped & faded 9
28 Look around thee! Say how long 10
54 When Israel's host in days (old) 11
~~41~~ O Thou to whom in ancient time Pierpont 12
~~49~~ Sing to ye Lord Jehovah's name - Watts - 13
33 Lord what offering shall we bring - J Taylor 14
17 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound - Bowring - 15
~~48~~ Rejoice ye lands in ye Lord Newton 16
1 A charge to keep I've Wesley 17
52 How sure & way by ye Epis - 18
5 Come Holy Spirit Heavenly - With all - Watts - 19
42 O Thou whose power o'er moving ye Jehova - 20
40 O Source (uncreated light - Dryden - 21
16 Heaven is a place (rest from sin - Montgomery - 22
48 Shine forth eternal Source (light - Doddridge - 23
55 While thee I seek - Wesley - 24
26 Lead kindly light - Newman - 25
46 Prayer is ye soul's - Montgomery 26
35 My Father charging Name - Steele - 27
13 Great God & bestowest thy Son - Hervey Jr - 28
7 Father (mercies in thy word - Steele - 29
22 In ye cross (X ye Bowring - 30
21 In sure fraternal bond (love - Montgomery - 31
25 Jesus shall reign - Watts 32
6 Dear not sad they - Bryant 33
36 Thy God I thank Thee may no thought Newton 34
44 O where shall rest be found - Montgomery - 35
23 Immortal love my happy home - 36
11 God (eternity fromthee - Doddridge - 37
8 Father thy fatherly care - Bowring 38
53 When all thy mercies - Addison - 39
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3 Calm ye ye listening - Sears - 42
32 Lord thou art good all nature shows - 43
4 Christian brethren ere we part - White - 44
30 Lord now we part in thy blest Name - Kobe - 45
50 Thanks for mercies past receive - Adam - 46
10 Glorious in thy saints & pleas - Doddridge Gill - 47
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