"MAKE HIS PRAISE GLORIOUS."—Psalm 66: 2.

GLORIOUS PRAISE.

.. BY ..

A. J. SHOWALTER AND EDWIN MOOKE.

PUBLISHED BY

THE A. J. SHOWALTER CO., DALTON, GA.

W. H. MORRIS,
APPLETON CITY, . . MO.

WM. BEERY,
HUNTINGDON, . . . PA.

FOR SALE BY BOOKSELLERS GENERALLY.

"MAKE HIS PRAISE GLORIOUS."—PSALM 66: 2.

GLORIOUS PRAISE.

A NEW AND CHOICE

COLLECTION OF MUSIC,

CONSISTING OF

GLEES, PART-SONGS, HYMN-TUNES, ANTHEMS, GOSPEL SONGS, CHORUSES, ETC.

TOGETHER WITH

NEW RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

DESIGNED FOR

DAY SCHOOLS, SINGING SCHOOLS, INSTITUTES, CONVENTIONS, NORMAL SCHOOLS AND MUSICAL SOCIETIES.

BY

A. J. SHOWALTER AND EDWIN MOORE.

PUBLISHED BY

THE A. J. SHOWALTER CO., DALTON, GA.

W. H. MORRIS,
APPLETON CITY, ... MO.

WM. BEERY,
HUNTINGDON, ... PA.

FOR SALE BY BOOKSELLERS GENERALLY.

Copyright, 1892, by THE A. J. SHOWALTER CO.

"Make His Praise Glorious." —PSALM lxvi. 2.

PREFACE.

GLORIOUS PRAISE contains Mr. Showalter's "New Rudiments of Music," as published in "Singer's Ideal," which has met with such universal favor among the progressive class teachers and convention conductors of America. It also contains *One Hundred and Sixty* pieces of music (more than is found in the average 75 cent books), representing more than *fifty* composers, among whom we may mention Stephen Adams, John Carver Alden, J. A. Butterfield, George D. Buchanan, Dr. J. B. Dykes, L. O. Emerson, L. M. Evilsizer, Sir George J. Elvey, C. H. Gabriel, S. C. Hanson, George Fred. Handel, J. F. King, Dr. L. Mason, William H. Monk, W. H. Morris, Edwin Moore, J. L. Moore, Rev. W. S. Martin, B. M. McDowell, L. B. Mitchell, H. K. Oliver, W. H. Pontius, S. J. Perry, E. Roberts, F. L. Robertshaw, J. H. Rosecrans, Dr. G. F. Root, R. H. Randall, A. J. Showalter, Henry Schoeller, J. H. Tenney, W. G. Tomer, and twenty-five others.

Mr. L. O. Emerson has been an especially large contributor, and we are sure that his excellent compositions will please his thousands of friends and pupils.

Thanking all who have in any way aided us in the preparation of GLORIOUS PRAISE, we send it forth on its mission of song, respectfully inscribed to the earnest teachers of America, trusting that they will find it a valuable help in their laudable efforts to "make His praise glorious" by teaching the people to "sing with the spirit and with the understanding also."

A. J. SHOWALTER, DALTON, GA.
EDWIN MOORE, YONKERS, N. Y.

June 1, 1892.

SOUTHERN BAPTIST
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY LIBRARY
2825 LEXINGTON ROAD LOUISVILLE, KY 40280

NEW

RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

Sound is anything audible.

If the vibrations producing the sound are irregular, mere noise is the result. If the vibrations are regular, and of sufficient rapidity, then a musical sound or Tone is produced.

A tone has four properties, *viz*: Pitch, the name for the lowness or highness of a tone; Length, the name for the duration of a tone; Power, the name for the loudness or softness, or audibility of a tone, and Quality, the name for the kind or character of a tone.

The rudiments or elementary principles of music are divided into three departments, *viz*: Melodics, treating of the pitch of tones; Rhythmics, treating of the length of tones, and Dynamics, treating of the power and quality of tones.

Besides the four properties which are necessary to the existance of a tone, when different pitches are combined as in modern music, tones have another very important characteristic, and that is their individuality or mental effect.

The tone having the strongest and most marked individuality is the master-tone, the one around which all the others center. It has various names, sometimes being called "Tonic," sometimes "One," sometimes "Key-Tone," etc., but for the present we shall call it "Do." It is a strong, firm, restful tone.

Any pitch, either low or high, may be taken for this master-tone.

The tone next in importance, considered as to its individuality or mental effect, is a bright, joyous tone. It is sometimes called "Five," sometimes "Dominant," and sometimes "Sol." We shall use the latter name for the present.

As to its pitch, Sol is always the same distance from Do, so when the pitch of Do is changed, the pitch of Sol is changed also. This is true of all the other individual tones that we will learn.

Between the two tones already learned there is another tone which we shall call "Mi." It is also called "Three," and "Mediant." Like Do and Sol it is a restful tone, but it is neither so firm and strong as Do, nor so bright and joyous as Sol. It is a quiet, calm, beautiful tone.

We might liken the Do to a strong, firm man; the Sol to a joyous, happy child, and the Mi to a sweet, gentle woman.

These three tones, considered as to their mental effect, have the most marked individuality, and together form the Tonic Chord — the principal chord in modern music. Do is the Fundamental or Root of the chord; Mi is the Third, and Sol is the Fifth. These names apply to the different members of all three-toned chords.

Note to Teachers. Thorough drill should now be given upon these three tones. We give a few exercises as examples. The teacher should write many more. For this purpose a good roll blackboard is necessary. The publishers of this book can supply them. Use the syllable-names first, then la, loo, lo, tah, or other convenient syllables, and lastly, the words.

266241

Some teachers think this a slow process, and prefer to give the whole scale, absolute and relative pitch-names, the staff with clefs, etc., all in the same lesson, but such "haste makes waste."

No. 1.

sol
mi mi mi
Do do do do,
Sing - ing, sing - ing, sweet - ly sing - ing,

sol sol
Mi mi mi mi
do do,
Hap - py voic - es all u - ni - ted

sol sol
mi
Do do do do.
In this mi do sol sol do.

No. 2.

sol sol,
mi mi mi mi
Do do
Step - ping up - ward, step - ping up - ward,

Sol sol sol sol sol,
Sing - ing all so high;

Sol sol
mi mi mi mi
do do,
Step - ping down - ward, Step - ping down- ward,

Do do do do do.
Sing - ing all so low.

We have learned the three tones of the tonic chord, but in each case have been singing the fundamental tone — Do — lower than Mi and Sol. It may be sung higher than these two tones without losing or changing its individuality. Having learned the Do at this higher pitch, in which case it is called Eight instead of One, we may sing the following, and similar exercises:

No. 3.

sol
mi mi mi
Do do do do,
Sav - iour, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing,

do sol sol
Mi sol do mi;
Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;

sol
Mi mi mi mi
do do do,
Sin and want we come con - fess - ing,

do mi sol sol
Mi sol do do.
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

The next individual tone we wish to learn is just a little lower than Do, and is a piercing, sensitive tone — the most restless of all tones. It is sometimes called Seven, sometimes Sub-Tonic, and sometimes the Leading Tone. For the present we will call it Ti.

No. 4.

Do ti do mi sol sol mi,
Cast thy bur - den on the Lord,

do do sol
Sol ti ti do
mi sol;
On - ly lean up - on His word;

do do
Sol ti ti sol,
Thou shalt soon have cause to bless,

Mi sol mi do do ti do.
His e - ter - nal faith - ful - ness.

The next tone we wish to learn is the one next above Do. It is a bright, hopeful tone, somewhat akin to Sol, but having none of its restfulness. One name for this tone is Two, another, Super-Tonic. For the present we shall call it Re.

No. 5.

mi sol mi
Do do do re,
As the sun doth dai - ly rise,

sol sol mi
Re re
do re do;
Bright - 'ning all the morn - ing skies;

do ti ti do,
Mi mi sol
So to Thee with one ac - cord,

re do
Sol mi sol do ti re do.
Lift we up our hearts, O Lord.

The tone between Sol and Ti is a sad, wailing one. For the present we shall call it La, although it is also called Six, Sub-Mediant, and Minor Tonic.

No. 6.

sol la la
Do mi mi mi,
Vain - ly through night's wea - ry hours,

la la,
Do re mi re mi
Keep we watch lest foes a - larm;

Do ti do
sol la la sol,
Vain our bul - warks and our tow'rs,

Do re mi sol re mi do.
But for God's pro - tect - ing arm.

The tone next above Mi, like the one next below Do is a restless tone, but instead of the sharp, piercing effect of Ti, it has a desolate, awe-inspiring effect. This tone is sometimes called Four, and sometimes Sub-Dominant. For the present we shall call it Fa.

No. 7.

| | | |

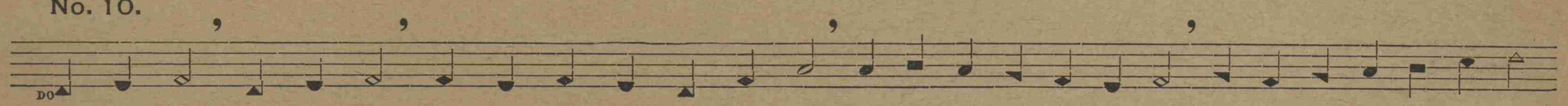
given to the tones, and the degrees upon which the notes are placed indicate the syllables to be sung, so it is only necessary at this stage of our work to say which degree we wish taken for Do.

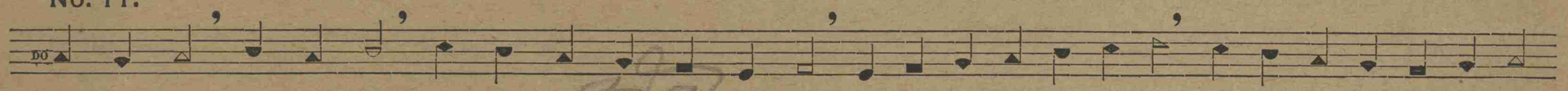
Sometimes notes of different shapes are used for the different tones of the scale, thus simplifying the reading for beginners. It must be understood, however, that this simply helps in *naming* the tones; *thinking* the tones, the more difficult and more important part of reading, is the same, no matter what notation may be used. The superficial teacher teaches his pupils to *read notes*; the thorough teacher teaches his pupils to *think music*.

READING EXERCISES.

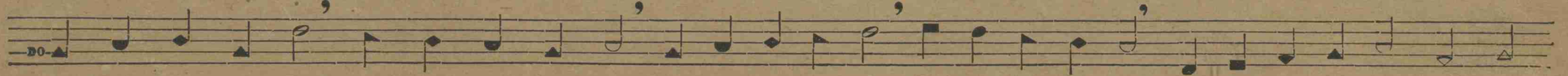
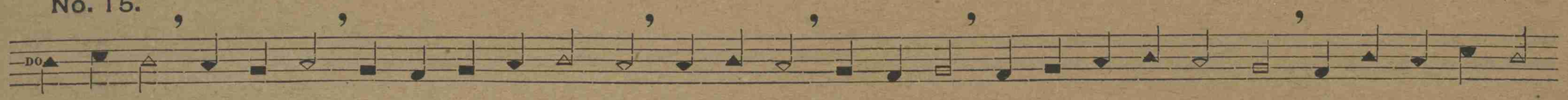
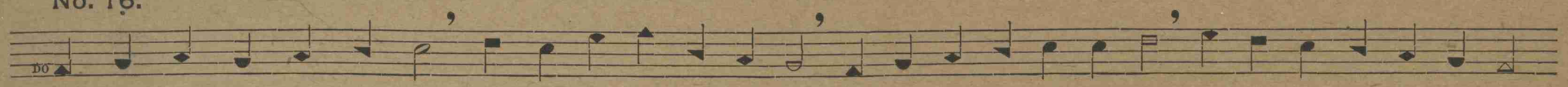
Note.—Practice these exercises thoroughly, singing slowly at first, then gradually faster until they can be sung quite rapidly. Use syllables first, then la. Change the pitch of the key-tone to suit the different numbers. It will help the singers to keep the time to tap the book lightly with the ends of the fingers, once for each quarter note and twice for each half note. This should not be continued too long, however.

No. 10.



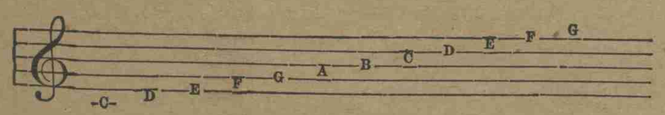
No. 11.

No. 12.

No. 13.

No. 14.

No. 15.

No. 16.

So far we have been studying and thinking of tones as to their individuality or mental effect, and as to their relative position in the scale. The names we have been using are called the Italian Syllable names. These are used in singing and when we wish to speak of the individuality or mental effect of the tones. Numeral names, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, are used when we wish to speak of the relative position, or Relative Pitch, of the tones of the scale.

In addition to these names, each tone used in music has a name to designate its particular pitch, regardless of its mental effect, or of its position in the scale. C is the name of a certain pitch, D of another, E of another, F of another, G of another, A of another, and B of another. These names are called Absolute Pitch names.

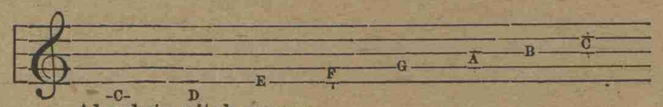
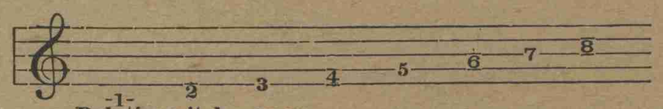
The degrees of the staff are made to represent the absolute pitches in a certain fixed way by the Clefs, of which there are three in common use. The Treble, or G clef, when placed upon the staff, makes the degrees represent the absolute pitches, as follows:

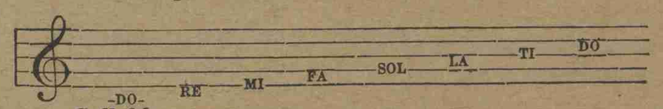


The absolute pitches, C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, bear the same relation to each other as the individual tones of the scale. In other words, these absolute pitches form the scale when the pitch C is taken for Do.

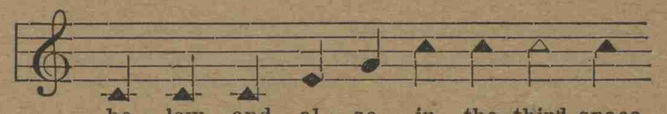
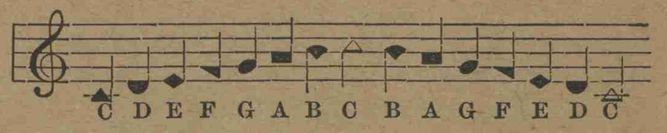
The pitches that are used to make the scale form what is called a Key. They only make the scale when used in scale form, but they make a key when used in any form.

Key-Tone is another name for the first tone of the scale, so whatever pitch is taken for Do is key-tone, and the scale, exercise, or composition, is said to be in the key of whatever pitch is taken as key-tone.

STAFF REPRESENTING THE KEY OF C.

Absolute pitch names.

Relative pitch names.



Syllable names.

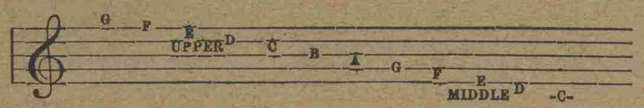
No. 17.

The C represented by the added line below is called Middle C. The C represented by the third space is an octave higher, and is called Upper C.

The G clef represents the pitches which ladies sing. Their voices being an octave higher than gentlemen's voices, the gentlemen sing tones an octave lower than those represented by the G clef or Treble clef staff— sometimes called the Treble staff. Thus, instead of beginning with middle C they begin with the C an octave lower than middle C, which is called Lower C.

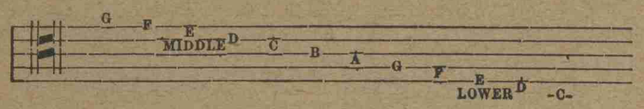
The C clef, or Tenor clef, makes the staff represent the pitches which gentlemen sing. With this clef middle C is represented by the third space and lower C by the added line below. This is called the Tenor staff.

As some gentlemen sing tones much lower than lower C, it becomes necessary to have a staff arranged for their voices. This is done with the use of the F or Bass clef, forming the Bass staff, with middle C represented by the added line above.

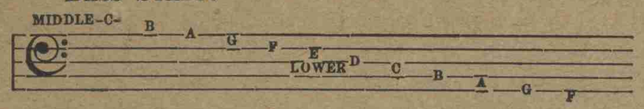
TREBLE STAFF.



TENOR STAFF.



BASS STAFF.



Before singing exercises in these different clefs, we wish to add another important feature to our work.

The regularity with which tones follow each other in music produces throbbings or pulsations in the mind of the performer or listener, which are often manifested by a motion of the head, hand, or foot. These pulsations are called Beats. Some beats are stronger than others, and are called Accented beats; the weaker beats are called Unaccented beats.

The music which corresponds to a group of two or more beats, the first of which is always accented; or the music which fills up the time of this group of beats, is called a Measure. The group of beats is usually called a measure, but it is only the mental measuring stick, so to speak, the real measure being the music itself. Written or printed music is divided into measures by Bars. A Broad bar is used at the end of a line, section, or period. A Double bar is used at the close or end of a composition.

If the music is so arranged as to cause the beats to flow in groups of twos, first accented and the second unaccented, it is in Double measure.

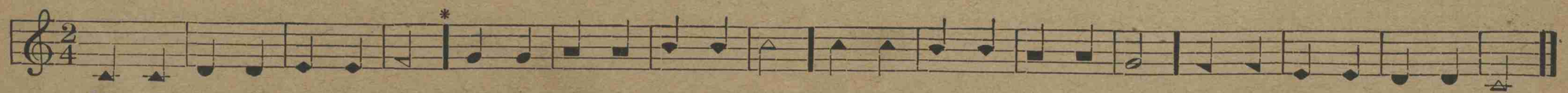
Giving the right length to each tone is called Keeping Time. Ultimately beats should be kept in the mind alone, but at first we are assisted in keeping time by counting the beats, called Counting Time, and by making a motion of the hand for each beat, called Beating Time. In double measure we count one, two, accenting the one; and beat down, up, making a stronger stroke for the down beat.

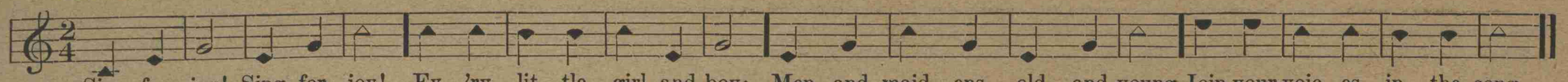
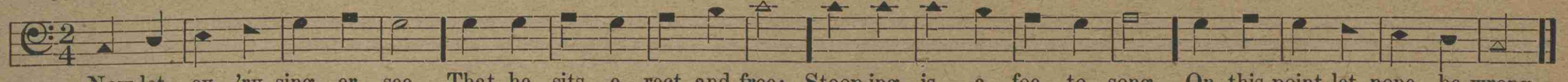
Figures in the form of a fraction are placed just after the clef as a measure sign or measure signature. The upper figure, in all the simple measures, indicates the number of beats in a measure; the lower figure, the kind of note that is taken as the beat-note.

Note.—In some books the lower figure is entirely omitted. In others a note is substituted for the lower figure. But these changes are of no consequence. When the musical world changes its present measure-signs it will not be to one of these, but will abandon the signs entirely. We have all laughed at the boy who drew a picture of a horse and added: "this is a horse." At present we write a piece of music in double measure and by a sign say: "this is double measure." But before we can omit the measure-sign we must adopt some one note as the beat-note. This should be the quarter note for the simple measures, and the dotted quarter for the compound measures. This rational plan is adopted in this book.

Let the pupils count and beat the time while the teacher sings, then let them sing while the teacher counts and beats the time. Let one-half count and beat while the other half sings, and *vice versa*; then let all sing while they beat the time, and finally let all sing and keep the beats in their minds only.

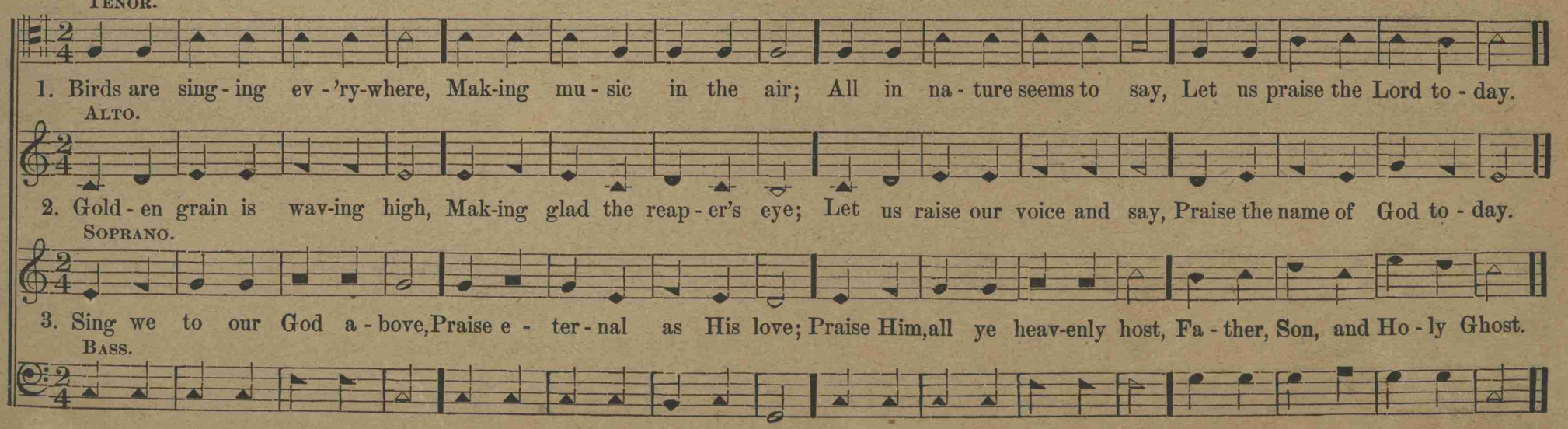
Syllables first, then la, and then the words, in the following exercises.

No. 18.

* In these exercises the broad bar indicates the breathing places.

No. 19.

No. 20.

No. 21.

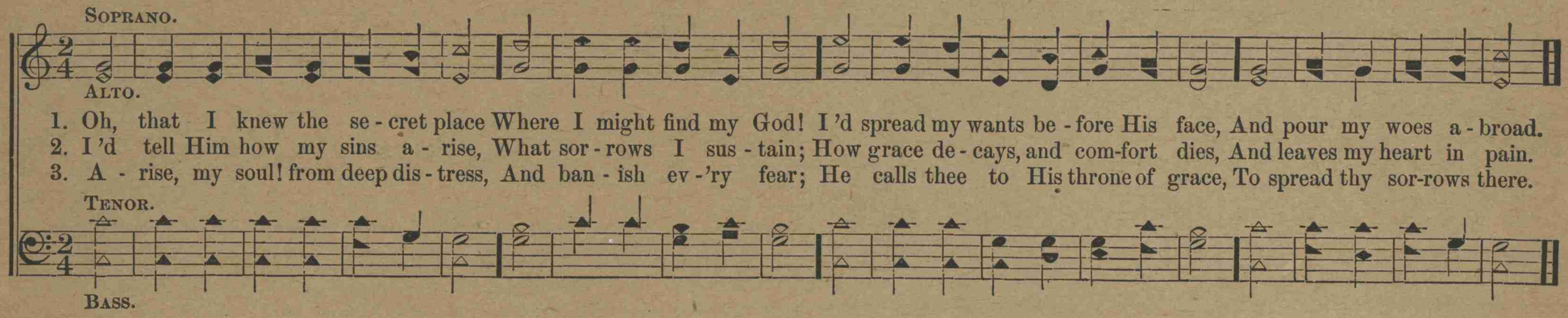
So far, we have used exercises in one part only, but the best music is in four parts. The lowest part is called Bass, and should be sung by gentlemen with low voices. The next higher part is called Tenor, and should be sung by gentlemen with high voices. The next higher part is called Alto, and should be sung by ladies with low voices. The highest part is called Soprano, or Treble, and should be sung by ladies with high voices. Boys whose voices have not changed should sing Alto or Soprano. A Brace connects all the parts that should be sung at the same time, and all the staves thus connected form a Score.

No. 22.



All Sunday-school singing-books, hymn and tune books and many other collections of music are printed with the music on two staves only, and, therefore, much of the music in this book is printed in this way, for the singing school is the place to learn how to sing in Sunday-school and church. If it is not correctly learned here it will probably not be learned at all.

No. 23.

HYMN-TUNE.

Silence as long as a Quarter Note is called a Quarter Rest, and is represented thus, 𝄽 or 𝄾 or 𝄿. These signs are also called Quarter Rests.

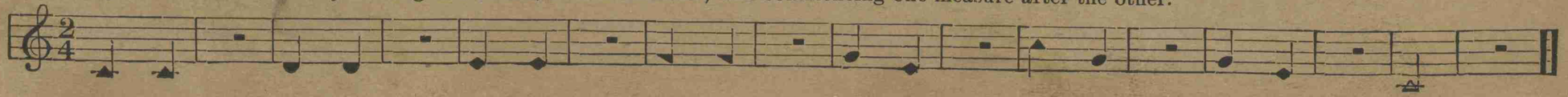
Silence as long as a Half Note is called a Half Rest, and is represented by this sign ▬ called also a Half Rest.

No. 24.

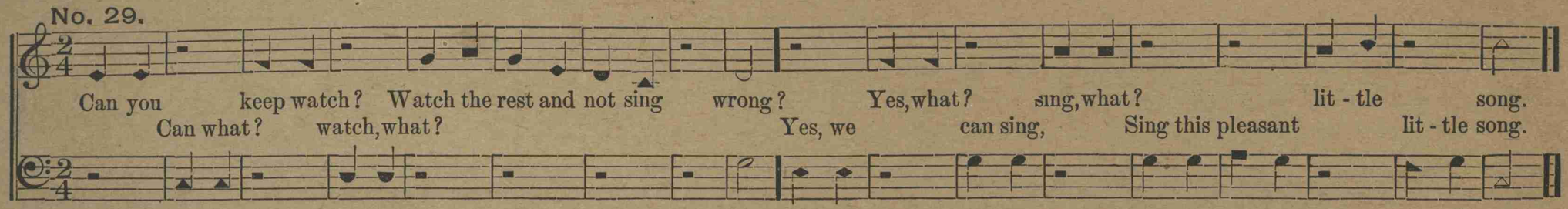
No. 25.

No. 26.

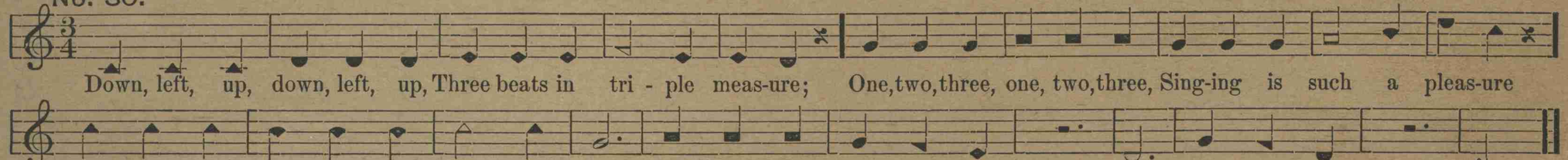
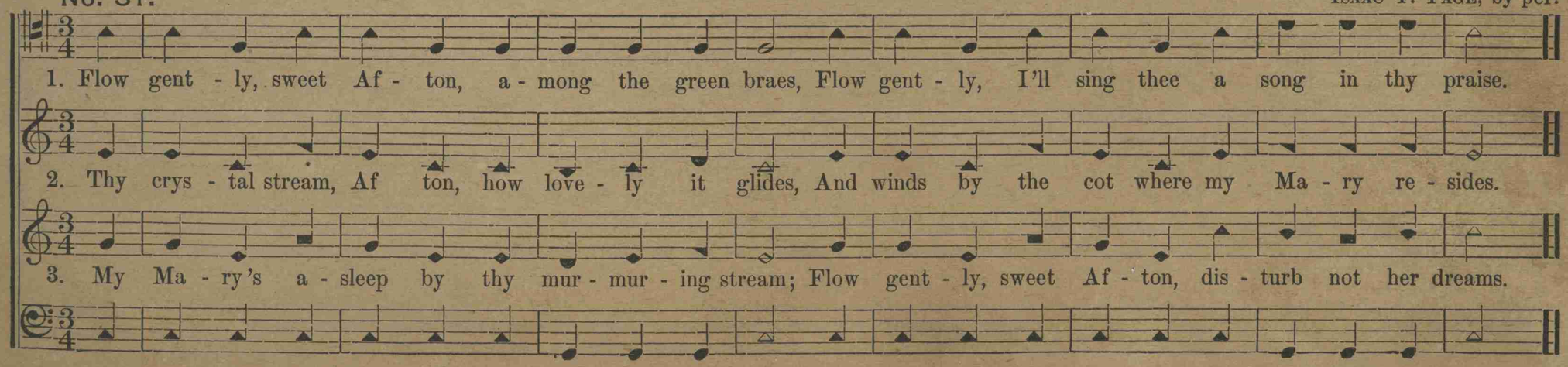
No. 27. **This exercise may be sung as a round, of two sections; one commencing one measure after the other.**



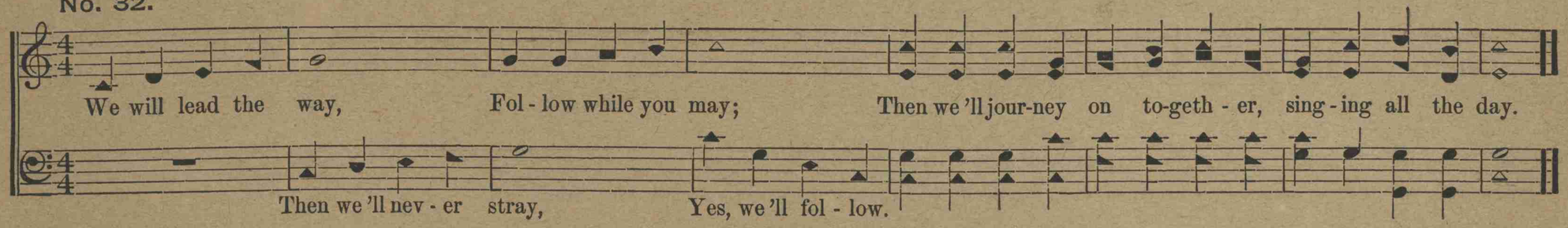
No. 28.

No. 29.

When the music is so arranged as to cause the beats to flow in groups of threes, one accented, and two unaccented, it is in Triple measure. The Triple measure signature with the quarter for beat-note is $\frac{3}{4}$; the counts are ONE, *two*, *three*, and the beats of the hand are DOWN, *left*, *up*, or DOWN, *right*, *up*.

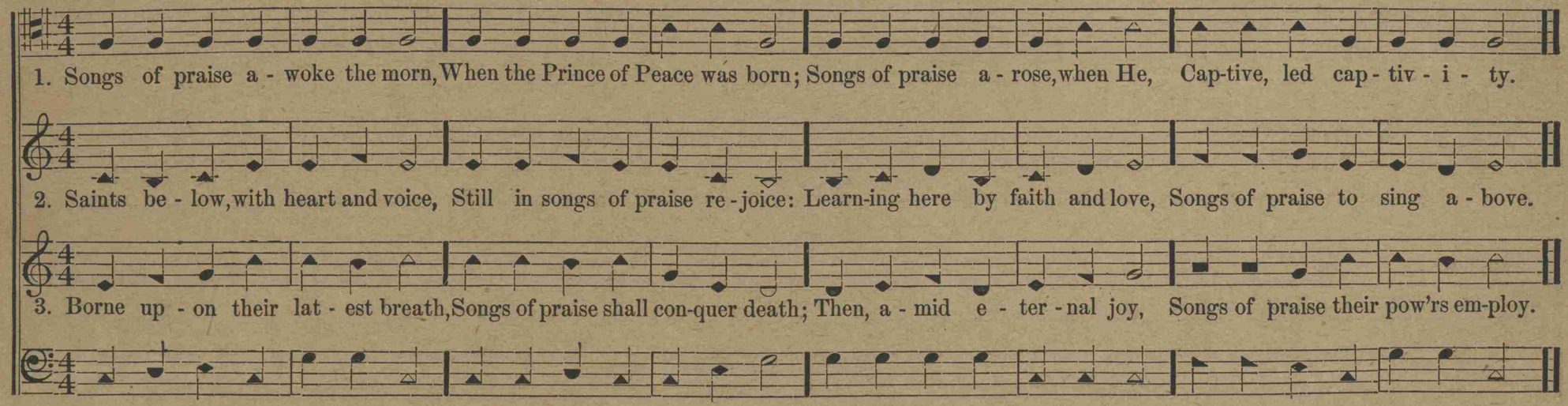
A tone-length equal to three-quarters is called a Dotted Half-Length, and is represented by a Dotted Half-Note (𝅗𝅥.). Its corresponding rest, Dotted Half-Rest, is represented thus: 𝄼.

No. 30.

No. 31. ISAAC T. PAGE, by per.

When music is so arranged as to cause the beats to flow in groups of four, the first and third of which are accented, the first being the primary accented one, it is in Quadruple measure. The measure sign for Quadruple measure with the quarter for beat-note is $\frac{4}{4}$. The counts are ONE, two, *three*, four, while the beats of the hand are DOWN, left, *right*, up.

A note equal to four-quarters is called a Whole Note, and is made thus: 𝅝. Its corresponding rest is made thus: 𝄻.

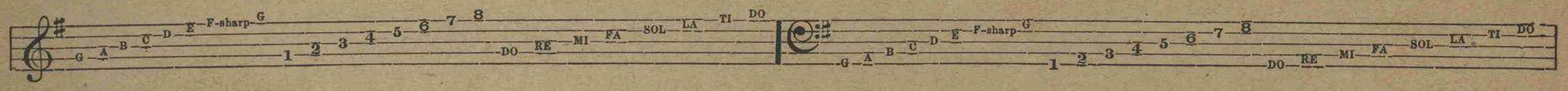
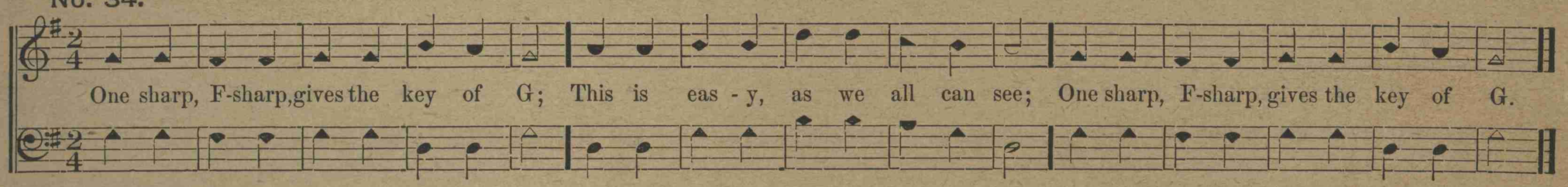
No. 32.

No. 33.

G. R. STURGIS, by per.



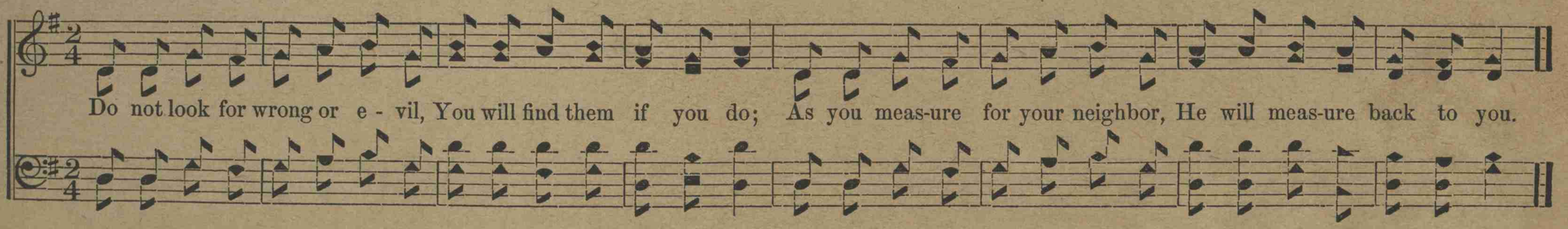
There is a pitch midway between F and G. It is called F-sharp. When all the pitches in the Key of C except F are used, and F-sharp takes the place of F, a wonderful change takes place in the character of these pitches. G becomes the strong, firm tone, or Do; A becomes the rousing, hopeful Re; B becomes the quiet Mi; C becomes the awe-inspiring Fa; D becomes the bright, joyous Sol; E becomes the sad, wailing La, and F Sharp becomes the piercing, sensitive Ti, which leads to the key-tone G. This group of pitches, then, constitutes the key of G. The staff, as we have used it, represents the pitches which make the key of C, and also all that constitute the key of G, except F-sharp. To make the staff represent the Key of G completely, the degree which represents F in the key of C must be made to represent F-sharp. This is done by placing a Sharp (♯) on the degree which represents F. The sharp is placed immediately after the clef, and causes all the degrees of the staff which represent F, to represent F-sharp.

The condition of the staff at the right of the clef, is called the Key Signature, or sign of the key. The condition of the degrees of the staff when they represent the key of C is called Natural, therefore the signature of the key of C is Natural, while that of the key of G is One Sharp. By the expression "one sharp" it is implied that all the other degrees are natural.

THE STAFF, REPRESENTING THE KEY OF G.

No. 34.

Tunes for practice in all of the keys will be found in the various departments of the book. Do not continue long enough in any one key for the pupils to associate any particular syllable-name with any particular degree of the staff. They should learn to read by relative position rather than fixed.

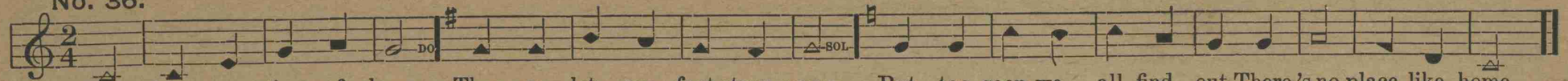
A tone half as long as a quarter is called an Eighth Length, and is represented by an Eighth Note, thus: ♪. The corresponding rest is made thus: 𝄾.

No. 35.

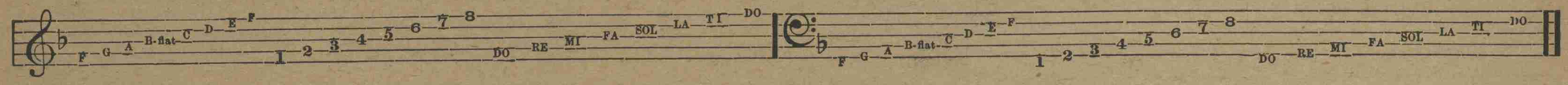


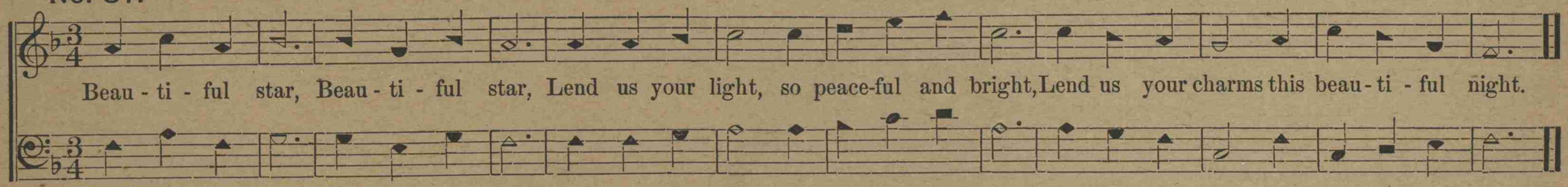
A tune does not always remain in one key. Changing from one key to another in the same piece is called Modulation. A tune may modulate through many keys. G is the same pitch in all keys, although it is Sol in the key of C, and Do in the key of G.

When a degree that has been sharped is to be changed back to natural, a Natutal (♮) is placed upon it.

No. 36.

Some-times we tire of home, Then we let our foot-steps roam; But too soon we all find out There 's no place like home.

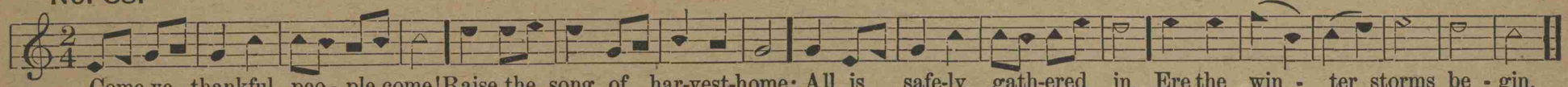
Midway between B and A, counting downwards, there is a pitch known as B-Flat. When B-flat is used instead of B, the other pitches being the same as those in the key of C, another new key is formed, in which F becomes Do, G becomes Re, A becomes Mi, B-flat becomes Fa, C becomes Sol, D becomes La and E becomes Ti. This is the key of F, and the signature is One Flat.

THE STAFF, REPRESENTING THE KEY OF F.

No. 37.

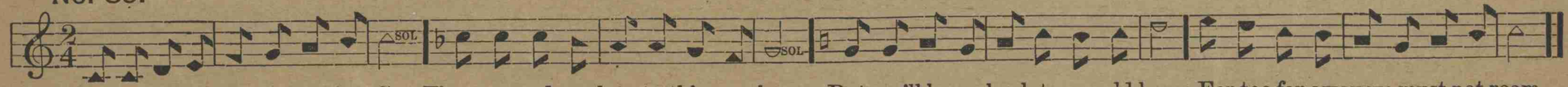


Beau - ti - ful star, Beau - ti - ful star, Lend us your light, so peace-ful and bright, Lend us your charms this beau - ti - ful night.

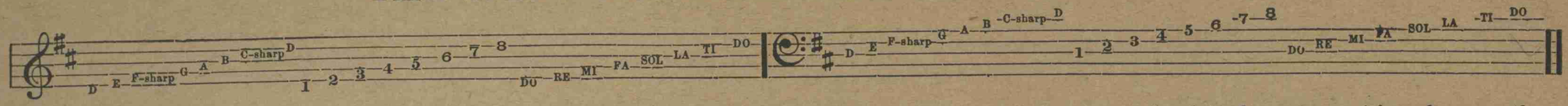
Sometimes two or more notes are connected by their hooks or dashes. As many as are thus connected are to be sung to one syllable of the words. Sometimes the notes are connected by a Tie ( ) or Slur ( ), in which case the same rule for singing the words is applied.

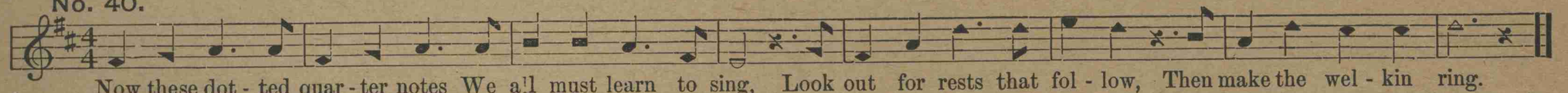
No. 38.

Come, ye thankful peo - ple, come! Raise the song of har-vest-home; All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin.

MODULATION FROM C TO F AND BACK TO C.

No. 39.

Now together we be-gin in C, Then we mod - u - late to this new key; But we 'll hurry back to our old home, For too far away we must not roam.

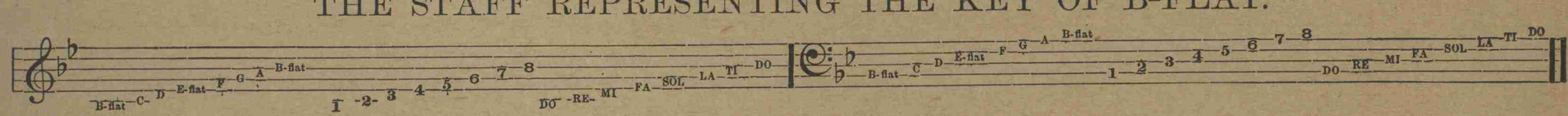
The pitch between C and D is called C-sharp. When C-sharp is used instead of C, along with the other pitches belonging to the key of G, a new key is formed, having Two Sharps for a signature, called the key of D.

THE STAFF REPRESENTING THE KEY OF D.

As a dot adds one half to the length of a note or rest, a dotted quarter note is as long as three eighth notes, and a dotted quarter rest is as long as three eighth rests. Thus 𝅗𝅥. equals 𝅘𝅥𝅮 𝅘𝅥𝅮 𝅘𝅥𝅮 and 𝄽 . equals 𝄾 𝄾 𝄾.

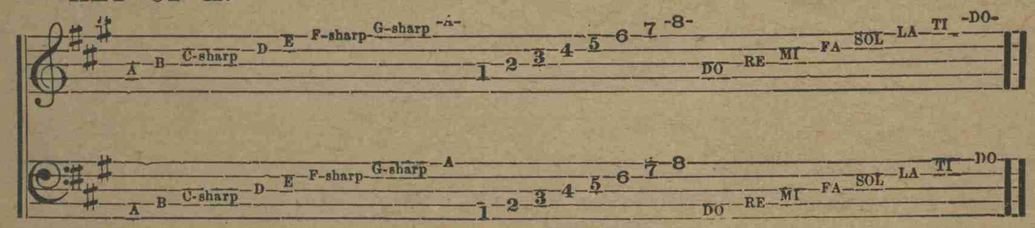
No. 40.

Now these dot - ted quar - ter notes We all must learn to sing, Look out for rests that fol - low, Then make the wel - kin ring.

The pitch between E and D, counting downward, is called E-flat. When this pitch is used instead of E, together with the others that go to make up the key of F, the key of B-flat is the result. The signature of the key of B-flat is Two Flats.

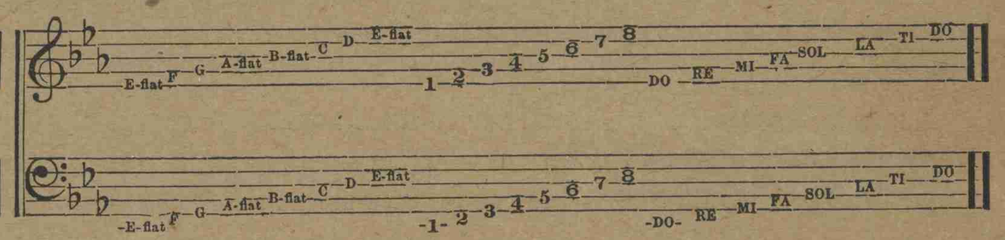
THE STAFF REPRESENTING THE KEY OF B-FLAT.

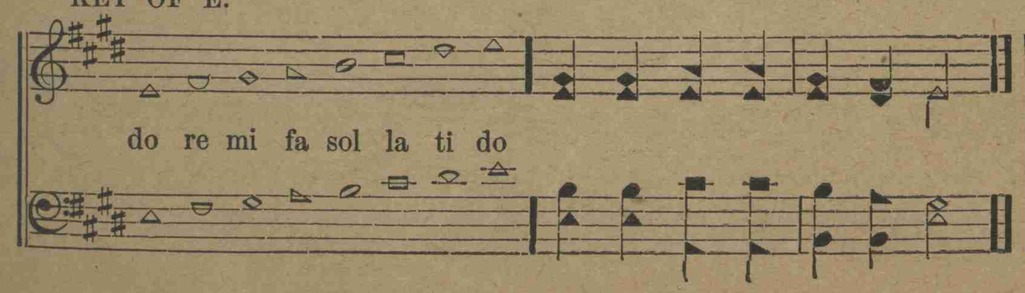
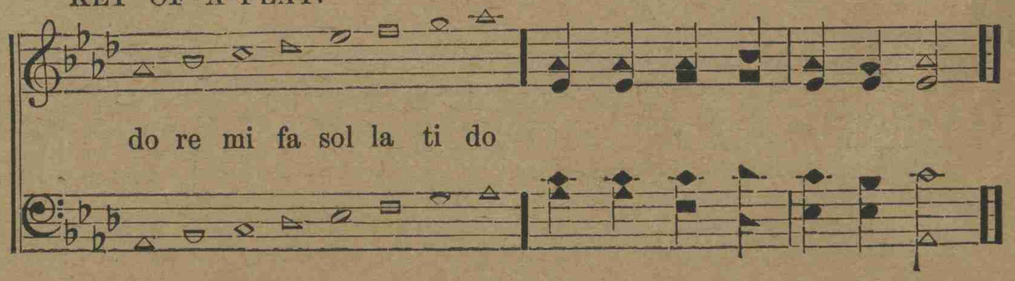
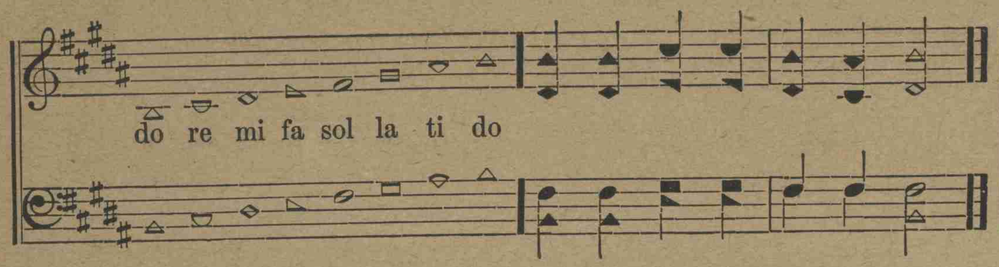
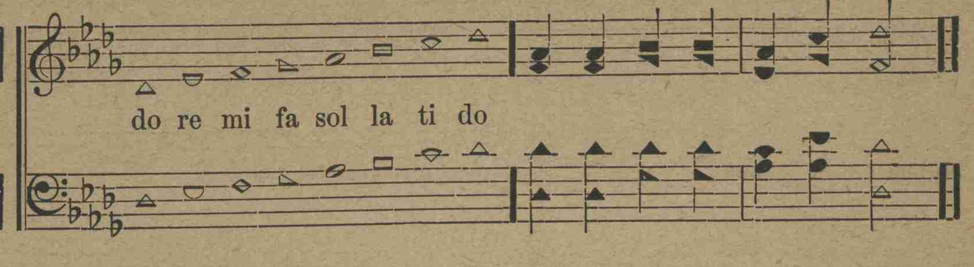
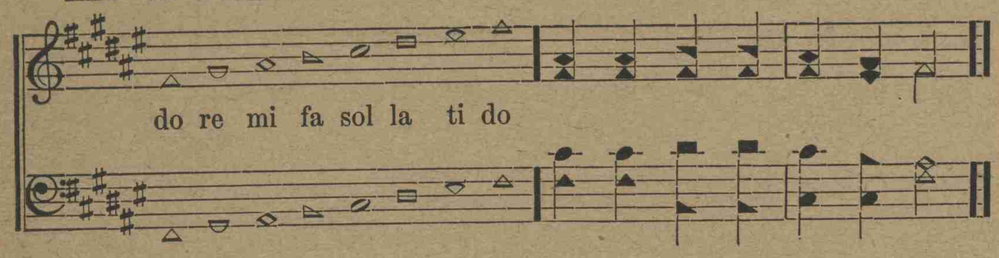
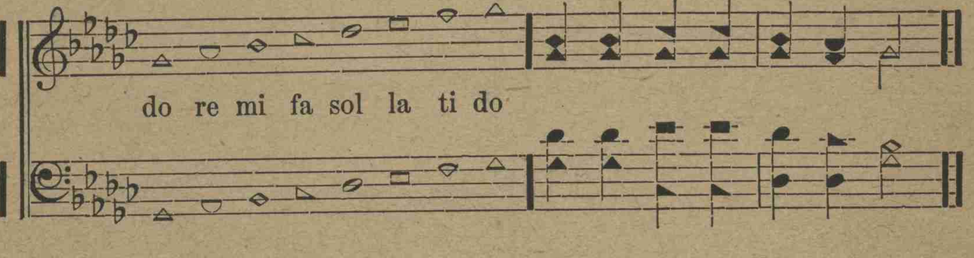


KEY OF A.



KEY OF E-FLAT.



KEY OF E.

KEY OF A-FLAT.

KEY OF B.

KEY OF D-FLAT.

KEY OF F-SHARP.

KEY OF G-FLAT.

This character (𝄐) is called a Hold or Pause, and is used when a tone or rest is wanted to be made longer than the time value of the note or rest over or under which it is placed.

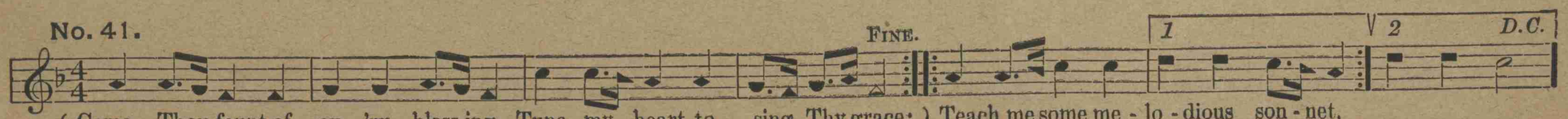
Dots to the left of the broad bar (𝄆) indicate that the preceding passage is to be repeated. When only a part of the passage is to be repeated two rows of dots are used, thus: (𝄆)

A note half as long as an eighth note is called a Sixteenth note, and is made thus: 𝅘𝅥𝅯. A sixteenth rest is represented thus: 𝄿

A sixteenth note frequently follows a dotted eighth note, the two making up the time of one beat.

D.C. means return to the beginning. D.S. means return to the sign (𝄋). FINE indicates the end after *D.C.* or *D.S.*

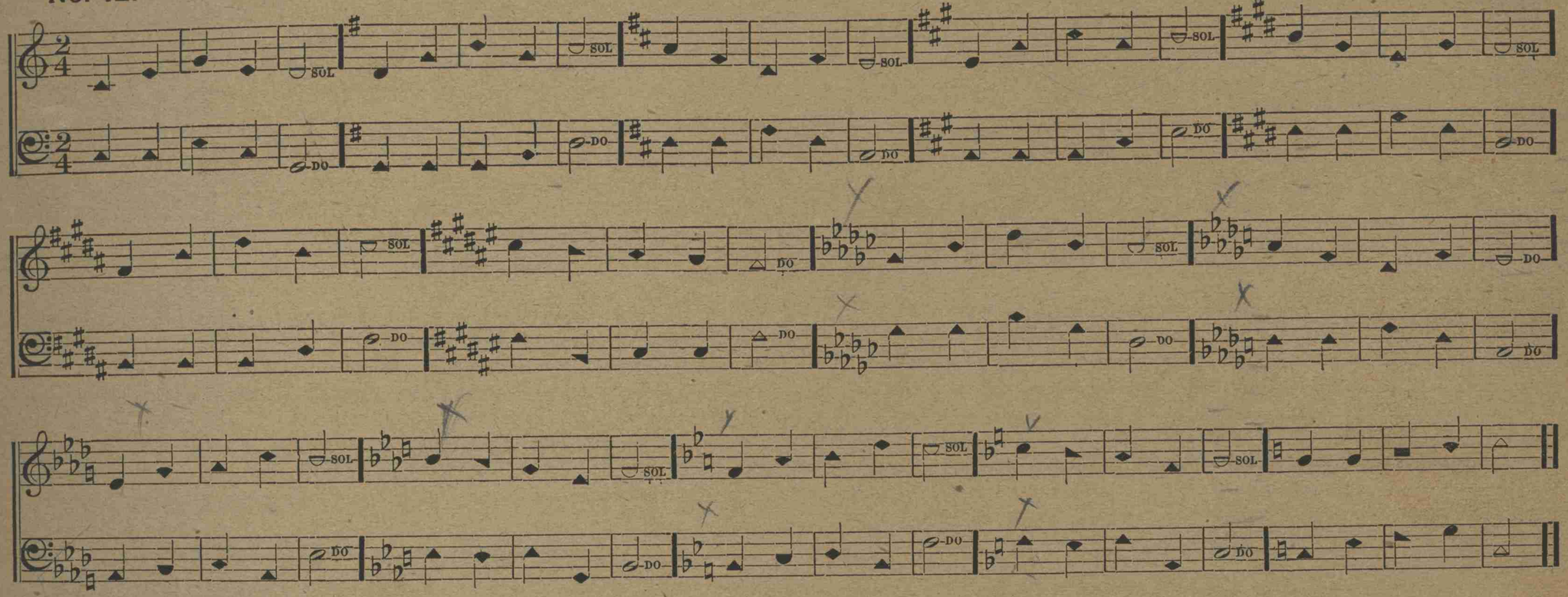
The figures 1 and 2, or 1ST time and 2ND time, have reference to the first and second ending in a repeat.

No. 41.

{ Come, Thou fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
{ Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
} Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net,
} Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove.

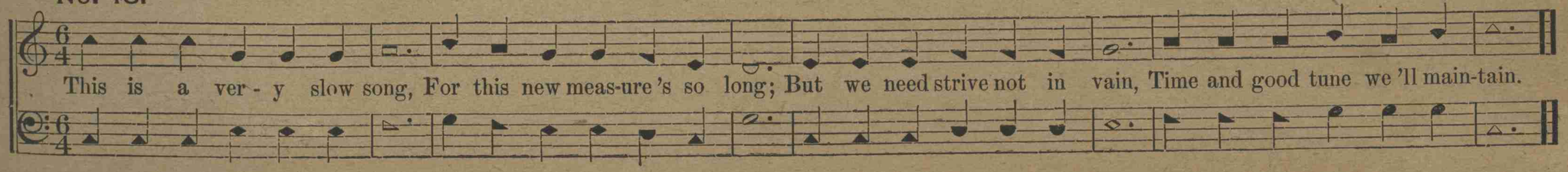
D.C. *Praise the mount, I 'm fixed up - on it, Mount of Thy re - deem-ing love.*

The following exercise is a modulation through all the keys, and should be sung from beginning to end, slowly at first and then faster. Use syllables and la. It should be noticed that the keys of F-sharp and G-flat have the same pitches, but different names and different representations. Changing the representation without changing the pitch is called an Enharmonic Change.

No. 42.



A measure producing six beats, the first of which is a primary accented one, the second and third unaccented, the fourth a secondary accented one, the fifth and sixth unaccented, is called Sextuple Measure. The counts are ONE, two, three, *four*, five, six; the beats of the hand are DOWN, left, left, *right*, up, up. The measure signature with the quarter for beat-note is $\frac{6}{4}$. To fill the measure with one note will require a Dotted Whole Note.

No. 43.

POWERS, STYLES OF SINGING AND PLAYING, MOVEMENT, ETC.

Mezzo, pronounced *māt″-só*, abbreviated *m*,—a medium power.
Piano, " *pi-ä″-no*, " *p*,—a soft "
Pianissimo " *pi-än-ē″-sē-mō*, " *pp*,—a very soft "
Forte, " *fōr″-tā*, " *f*,—a loud "
Fortissimo, " *fōr-tēs″-sē-mō*, " *ff*,—a very loud "
Crescendo, " *crĕs-shān″-do*, " *cres*,—an increasing "
Diminuendo," *dĭm-ĭn-ōō-ān″dō*, " *dim*,—a diminishing"
Swell, (< >) increasing and diminishing "
Lĕ-gä″-tō, (⌒) very smooth and closely connected.
Stäc-cä″-to, (' ' ' ') short; detatched; disconnected.
Sem-i-staccato, (. . . .) not quite so disconnected as staccato.
Mär-cä″-to, strongly marked; accented.

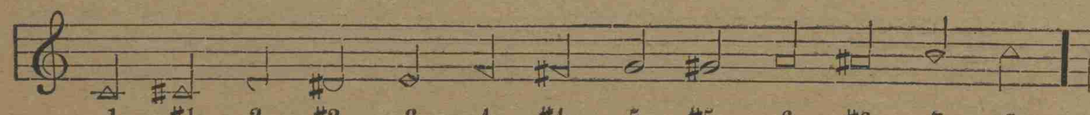
Tempo, pronounced *tām″-po*,—Time; movement of a piece.
Mod-ĕ-rä″-to,—medium or moderate movement.
Allegro, pronounced *äl-lā″-grō*,—fast movement.
Allegretto, " *äl-lĕ-grä″-to*, not quite so fast as allegro.
Presto, " *prās″-to*, very fast movement.
An-dän″-tĕ, a slow movement.
An-dän-ti″-nō, (tē″), not quite so slow as andante.
A-dä″-gio, (jo), a very slow movement.
Ac-cĕl-e-rän″-do, (tchĕl-ä), accelerating the time.
Ri-tär-dän″-do, (rē) abbreviated *rit.*, slacking the time.
Räl-len-tän″-do, gradually slower and softer.

The difference of pitch between any two tones, is called an Interval. In the regular succession of the tones of the scale there are two kinds of intervals, the larger, called Steps, and the smaller, called Half-Steps. The intervals of the scale we have learned are as follows: From One to Two, a step; Two to Three, a step; Three to Four, a half-step; Four to Five, a step; Five to six, a step; Six to Seven, a step; Seven to Eight, a half-step.

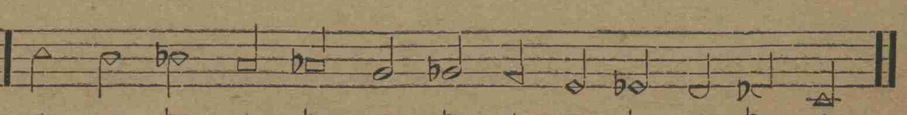
This is the Diatonic Major Scale, and the tones are called Diatonic Tones. Between those diatonic tones which form the interval of a step there is an intermediate tone. These intermediate tones (five in number,) are called Chromatic Tones, and the scale composed of the diatonic and chromatic tones, is called the Chromatic Scale. The chromatic tones are represented by the same degrees which represent the diatonic tones, but modified by Sharps (♯), Flats (♭), Naturals (♮), Double Sharps (𝄪), and Double Flats (𝄫). These characters when used anywhere except in the signature, are called Accidentals. An accidental effects but one staff, and the rule should be one part of the music only, and continues its significance throughout the measure in which it occurs, unless changed by another accidental.

A chromatic tone is either a half-step lower or a half-step higher than the diatonic tone from which it derives its name, hence all accidentals mean a half-step higher or a half-step lower.

Which accidental is to be used depends upon the previous condition of the degree to be changed. A natural degree is changed to mean a half-step higher by a ♯; a sharped degree to a half-step higher by a 𝄪; a flatted degree to a half-step higher by a ♮; a double flatted degree to a half-step higher by a ♮♭. A natural degree is changed to mean a half-step lower by a ♭; a flatted degree by a 𝄫; a sharped degree by a ♮, and a double sharped degree by a ♮♯.

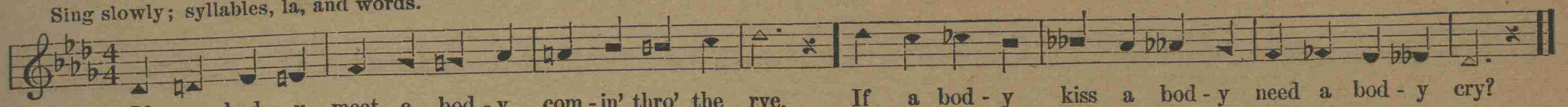
CHROMATIC SCALE, ASCENDING.

1 ♯1 2 ♯2 3 4 ♯4 5 ♯5 6 ♯6 7 8
Do Di Re Ri Mi Fa Fi Sol Si La Li Ti Do

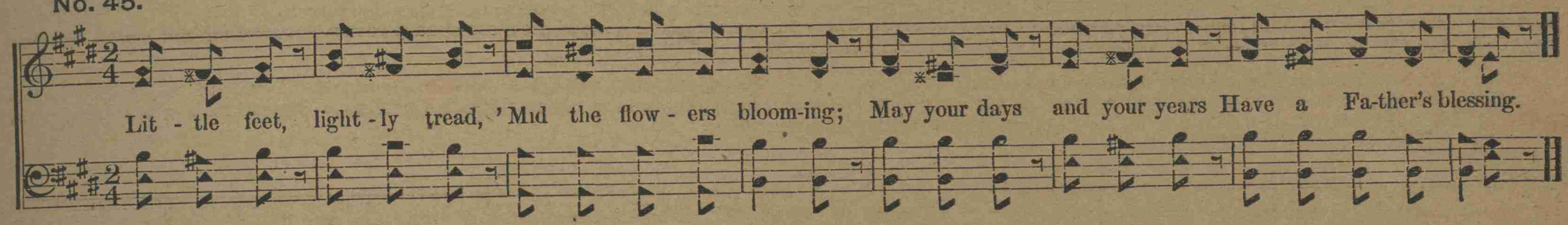
CHROMATIC SCALE, DESCENDING.



8 7 ♭7 6 ♭6 5 ♭5 4 3 ♭3 2 ♭2 1
Do Ti Te La Le Sol Se Fa Mi Me Re Ra Do

No. 44.

Sing slowly; syllables, la, and words.

No. 45.



A group of three equal notes performed in the time of two of the same denomination (in the time of) is a Triplet. The figure 3 is generally placed over or under the notes to indicate the triplet. This is true of the measures (Simple measures) so far learned. If the triplets are continued throughout the tune, the beat note is the time value of a triplet (or or). In such cases the measure is called a Compound Measure, and the figure 3 is not used to indicate the triplet movement.

The Compound measures are the same as the Simple measures as to the number of beats produced, the counting and beating time, accent, etc. The only difference is the triplet movement or rhythm.

The usual sign for Compound Double measure is $\frac{6}{8}$, meaning that each measure must contain the time-value of six eighths.

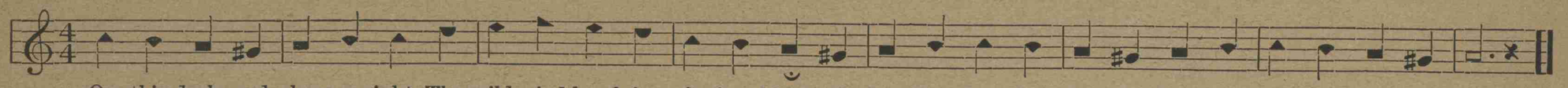
The usual signs for Compound Triple and Compound Quadruple measures are $\frac{9}{8}$ and $\frac{12}{8}$. Like the signs for the simple measures, these signs could easily be omitted. We only need to look at a measure of printed music, or hear a measure of real music to know the kind of measure. The sign can be of no use except to the most elementary student.

When a tone commences on an unaccented beat of a measure, and is continued on an accented beat, the accent is transposed; such a tone is called a Syncopated Tone, and the note representing it is a Syncopated Note.

No. 46. S. WEBBE.

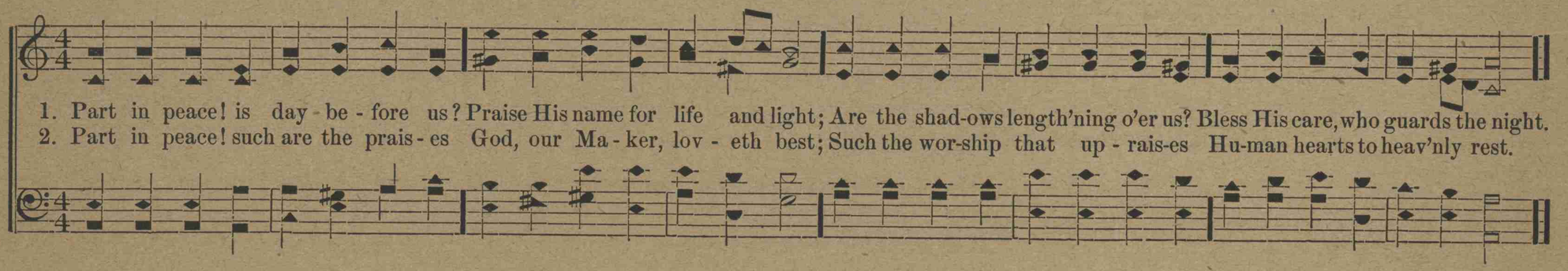
For simpler exercises, see those pieces in the various departments of the book containing syncopated notes.

No. 47.

Sing this and notice that the pitch A, syllable La, makes a perfect ending; also that the music is of a sad character.

On this dark and gloom-y night, The wild wind howls in fu-rious blasts; O cheer-less, cheer-less is the drear-y night, the drear-y night.

Whatever pitch makes a perfect ending, becomes tonic, or key-tone. In the above exercise the pitch A, makes a perfect ending; hence the exercise is in the key of A, but it is without the F-sharp and C-sharp that are necessary to make the key of A, already learned. That was the key of A MAJOR; this is the key of A MINOR. Major keys are bright and cheerful; minor keys are sad and serious. The key of A Minor has the same pitches as the key of C Major, except that it has G-sharp instead of G. These two keys have so many tones in common, and follow each other so pleasantly, that they are called Related Keys. A Minor is the *Relative Minor* of C Major, and C Major is the *Relative Major* of A Minor.

The signatures of all minor keys are the same as their relative major keys. In major keys Do is key-tone or tonic; in minor keys La is key-tone or tonic. Sometimes the sixth tone of the minor scale is sharped, forming what is called the Melodic Minor Scale. This form is used only in an ascending passage, while the Harmonic Minor, as written in No. 47, is the same ascending and descending.



1. Part in peace! is day-be-fore us? Praise His name for life and light; Are the shad-ows length'ning o'er us? Bless His care, who guards the night.
2. Part in peace! such are the prais-es God, our Ma-ker, lov-eth best; Such the wor-ship that up-rais-es Hu-man hearts to heav'nly rest.

Note to Teachers.— The next department contains a great variety of pieces for class and home practice. Many of the selections are just such words and music as are best adapted for use in Sunday Schools, Gospel Meetings, and general Public Worship. The main purpose of a singing school is to educate the young people in music — to teach them to sing from the printed page, to cultivate their voices, and to develop a pure taste; but it should not be forgotten that it furnishes the only means possible for training them to sing in the house of the Lord, and hence much of the music studied (though by no means all of it) should be suitable for that purpose.

Much of the music in this book will also prove useful for concerts, and the educational value of good concerts can not be over estimated. Let some of the pieces be sung by the full school, others by a quartet or double quartet. Other pieces will be better with three voices for each of the outside parts and two voices for each of the inside parts; others should be sung as quartets in the first part, with a semi-chorus for the Refrain or Chorus; and some will be good with a double quartet or semi-chorus in the first part, and the full chorus for the Refrain or Chorus. In a concert program, variety of volume and quality of voices, as well as variety of compositions, should be kept in view; and remember also that a simple piece well sung is always more pleasing to an audience than a mere attempt at a more difficult one. It has also more real artistic value. Intelligent people do not need to be amused at a concert; — their enjoyment of good music is much higher than that; but the singers must be thoroughly familiar with the music, and sing it both fluently and with good and varied expression, before they can really please an audience. Let all the singing be done for the love of good music and with a desire to please, rather than for show. Finally, think of music as a precious gift; use it rightly, and do not fail to thank the Giver.

Praise to Thee.

ISAAC T. PAGE, by per.

1. Praise to Thee, our great Cre - a - tor, Praise to Thee from ev - 'ry tongue; Join, my soul, with ev - 'ry crea- ture, Join the u - ni - ver - sal song.
2. Fa- ther, source of all com-pass- ion, Pure un-bound-ed grace is thine; Hail the God of our sal - va- tion! Praise Him for His love di-vine.
3. For ten thous-and bless-ings giv - en, For the hope of fut- ure joy, Sound His praise thro' earth and heaven, Sound Je - ho- vah's praise on high!
4. Joy - ful - ly on earth a-dore Him, Till in heav'n our song we raise; There en- rap-tured, fall be- fore Him, Lost in won - der, love and praise.

Lynchburg.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless- ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of mercy, nev - er ceas- ing, Call for songs of loud- est praise.
2. Here I'll raise my Eb - en - ez - er, Hith - er by Thy help, I'm come, And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
3. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be! Let Thy goodness like a fet - ter, Bind my wandering heart to Thee!

Teach me some me - lo- dious son- net, Sung by flam- ing tongues a-bove; Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—Mount of Thy re - deem-ing love.
Je - sus sought me when a stran- ger, Wandering from the fold of God, He to res- cue me from dan-ger, In - terposed His pre-cious blood.
Prone to wan- der, Lord, I feel it—Prone to leave the God I love, Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.

Copyright, 1830, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

Evening at Home.

A. J. S.

1. Evening at home, evening at home, What seems so sweet when afar we must roam, What seems so joyful when hither we come? Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
2. Cheerful and bright, cheerful and bright, From the warm hearth glows the ruddy firelight, Shining far out in the dark gloomy night, Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
3. Dear ones are there, dear ones are there, Joy and contentment beam out ev'rywhere, Banish'd is each tho't of sadness and care, Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

If I were a Sunbeam.

A. J. S.

1. If I were a sun-beam, I know what I would do, I'd go in - to the hov- els, All dark with want and woe, All dark with want and woe.
2. Steal-ing in among them, The brightest light I'd shed, Un-til each wea- ry suff'rer, With new hopes raised his head, With new hopes raised his head.
3. And while all looked upward, I there would shine and shine, Until all tho't of heaven, Their own sweet home and mine, Their own sweet home and mine.

The Birds and Flowers.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. We love the ti - ny birds that sing, Sweet songs of praise to God; Their ma - tins thro' the wild-wood ring, And e - cho all around.
2. We love the flow'rs in dell and field, In gar - den and in mead; In sum- mer they sweet fragrance yield, Tho' quick a - way they speed
3. We think that Je - sus loves them too, And bids them tell His love; Their mes - sa - ges are bright and new, And guide our tho'ts a-bove.

CHORUS.

We love (we love) the birds and flow'rs, With ge - nial air they come; Give back the hap - py, gold - en hours, And sweet-ly speak of home.

Copyright, 1890, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

Happy Childhood.

J. C. JOHNSON. Arr. by A. N. JOHNSON, by per.

1. Ah, when in hap - py child-hood, Those fair - y tales were told, Of many a won-drous he - ro, Of tow'rs, and gems, and gold.
2. I lov'd the gor-geous sto - ries, Oh, how I lov'd to hear, When told me by my moth - er, In ac - cents kind and dear.
3. And yet I love to hear them, As in the days gone by, They bring me gold - en mem-'ries, And cheer-ful then I cry:

DUET.

{Gold - en are child-hood's dreams of pleas - ure, pleas - ure, Hap - py the spring of life should ev - er be,
{Hap - py if au - tumn brings its treas - ure, treas - ure, Hap - py if win - ter days in peace we see.

FULL CHORUS. *Repeat pp.*

Ring then, ring ye light fair - y bells, Let sweet happy voi-ces chime with the dances, When the midnight ar - my ad-van-ces, Forth from shad - y dells.

Touch Us Gently, Time.

ROSE LYON, by per.

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

REFRAIN.

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

God is Ever Good.

MRS. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. See the shin - ing dew-drops On the flow - ers strewed, Prov-ing, as they spark- le, God is ev - er good, God is ev - er good.
2. See the morn-ing sun-beams Lighting up the wood, Si - lent - ly pro-claim- ing, God is ev - er good, God is ev - er good.
3. In the leaf - y tree-tops, Where no fears in - trude, Mer - ry birds are sing - ing, God is ev - er good, God is ev - er good.
4. Bring, my heart, thy trib - ute, Song of grat - i - tude, While all na - ture ut - ters, God is ev - er good, God is ev - er good.

Smiles of Home.

A. J. S.

1. Like an - gel eyes they gleam, Gentle smiles, happy smiles, And wake some fai - ry dream, Gentle smiles, hap-py smiles.
2. Ah, how they soothe the heart, Gentle smiles, happy smiles, So free from stud -ied art, Gentle smiles, hap-py smiles.
3. As ach - ing balm they come, Gentle smiles, happy smiles, So pure to ev - 'ry home, Gentle smiles, happy smiles.

Sweet Sabbath Eve.

A. J. S.

pp *p* *cres.* *dim.* *m* *ral - len - tan - do.*

1. Sweet Sabbath eve, bright is thy smile, Lin-ger to cheer us a - while; Sweet Sabbath eve, beau - ti - ful ray, Fade not so quickly a - way.
2. Sweet Sabbath eve, hallowed and blest, Bringing the wea- ry one rest; Lin-ger a-while, beau - ti - ful ray, Fade not so quickly a - way.
3. Sweet Sabbath eve, bear on thy wing, Upward the prais-es we sing; Faint-er thy voice, fad - ed thy hue, Gent-ly we bid thee a - dieu.

Gentle Smiles.

1. The sweet young flow'rs of ear - ly spring, Are beau - ti - ful to me; And bright the ma - ny stars that shine, Up - on the calm blue sea;
2. But gen - tle smiles and lov-ing hearts, And hands to clasp my own, Are bet - ter than the brightest flow'rs, Or stars that ev - er shone.
3. The sun may warm the grass to life, The dews the drooping flow'r, And eyes grow bright and watch the light, Of autumn's opening hour;
4. But gen - tle smiles of ten - der-ness, And smiles we know are true, Are warm - er than the sum-mer time, And brighter than the dew.

Gathering Seed.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

CHORUS.

1. { Out on the highways, wher-ev - er you go, Seed we must gath - er, and seed we must sow; / E - ven the ti - ni - est seed has a pow'r, Be it a this - tle or be it a flow'r. } That which we gath-er is that which we sow,
2. { Out of each moment some good we ob - tain, Something to win - now and scat - ter a - gain; / All that we lis - ten to, all that we read, All that we think of is gath - er - ing seed. } That which we gath-er is that which we sow,
3. { Gath-er - ing seed we must scat-ter as well; God will watch o - ver the place where it fell; / On - ly the gain of the har-vest is ours; Shall we plant net- tles, or shall we plant flow'rs? } That which we gath-er is that which we sow,

Seed-time and har-vest al - ter-nate - ly flow; When we have fin-ish'd with time 'twill be known How we have gathered and how we have sown.

Seed-time and har-vest al - ter-nate - ly flow; When we have fin-ish'd with time 'twill be known How we have gathered and how we have sown.

Come, Oh, Come.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Hear the bell so sweet-ly peal-ing, Come, oh, come! Ye who par-don, com-fort need-ing, Haste ye home! In our way the
2. Lo, the tem-ple door un-clos-es, Come, oh, come! There the heart in peace re-pos-es, Haste ye home! Love and pow'r from
3. Rest is wait-ing for the wea-ry, Come, oh, come! Hope is faint, the path is drear-y, Haste ye home! Turn-ing from each

mu-sic meets us, Ev-'ry ten-der tone en-treats us, Oh, no long-er roam! . . Oh, no long-er roam! . . . .
3. We no long-er roam! . . We no long-er roam! . . . .

heav'n de-scend-ing, Gent-ly plead, in mer-cy bend-ing, Oh, no long-er roam! Oh, no long-er roam!

oh, come, Oh, come, oh, come,
vain en-deav-or, Here our faith would dwell for ev-er, Oh, no long-er roam! Oh, no long-er roam!
3. We no long-er roam! We no long-er roam!

Oh, come!
Come,
come, Come, come,

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

The Dear Ones at Home.

A. J. S.

QUARTET.

1. I sit in the twi - light at eve - ning, A - wait - ing the shad - ows to come, And see in the fire - light a
2. In fan - cy I see all my loved ones A - round the old hearth-stone at home, And long for the place which a -
3. We'll all soon be done with life's toil - ing, Its sor - row and sin will be o'er; Then bring us, O Fa - ther, to

CHORUS.

gleam - ing Sweet fa - ces of loved ones at home.
- waits me, No more from their pres - ence to roam.

O the dear ones at home! O the dear ones at home! How

heav - en, Where part - ings will come nev - er - more. O the dear ones at home! O the dear ones at home! How

After last verse repeat chorus pp.

fresh in my mem - 'ry to - night! God grant that no e - vil to them e'er be-fall, And bring us all home to His own fire-light.

fresh in my mem - 'ry to - night! God grant that no e - vil to them e'er be-fall, And bring us all home to His own fire-light.

Copyright, 1890, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

Peace on the Deep.

ISAAC T. PAGE.

Slowly.

1. { Stars trembling o'er us, and sun - set be - fore us, Mountains in shad-ows and for-ests a - sleep;
   { While down the riv - er we float on to - geth - er, (*Omit.* . . . . .) Speak not, ah, breathe not, there 's peace on the deep.

2. { Come not, pale sor - row, be gone till to - mor - row, Rest soft - ly fall - ing on eye-lids that weep;
   { While down the riv - er we float on to - geth - er, (*Omit.* . . . . .) Speak not, ah, breathe not, there 's peace on the deep.

The Whispering Winds.

ISAAC T. PAGE.

rall.

1. Gent-ly and low, breathe soft and blow, Wind of the land and wind of the sea; Fragrant and fair, come, balmy air, Whisper to me, Oh, whis-per to me.
2. Gent-ly and low, tunefully flow, Wind of the groves and wind of the lea; Bird-notes of song, bear them along, Waft them to me, Oh, waft them to me.
3. Gent- ly and low, sweet zephyrs, blow Over the land and o - ver the sea; Fragrant and fair, come, balmy air, Whisper to me, Oh, whis-per to me.

Oakland. L. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise; Let the Re-deem-er's name be sung, Thro' ev-'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer-cies, Lord! E - ter - nal truth attends Thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Copyright, 1892, by THE A. J. SHOWALTER COMPANY.

A Song of Summer-Time.

1. The win-ter winds are gone and the summer sunshine come, O mer- ry are our hearts on this gladsome day! We'll join in happy song as we
2. The nights were long and cold and the days were dark and drear When winter with his snow and his ice held sway; But all his frosts are gone and we've
3. We love the summer-time with its sunshine and its flow'rs, When all the tuneful woods lift to God their voice: We'll join in cheerful songs, as we

REFRAIN.

jour-ney to our home, Re - joic- ing in the light streaming on our way.
naught from him to fear, As mer- ri- ly we sing on this sum-mer day.
pass the happy hours, To Him whose gracious love makes all things rejoice.

Then sing, O sing to- day, Sing
Then sing, O sing to- day, Then sing, O sing to-day, Sing

of the joy- ous summer - time; When all is bright and gay, And na- ture sings her sweetest rhyme.
of the joy- ous summer-time, sweet summer-time! When all is bright and gay, when all is bright and gay, And na- ture sings her sweetest rhyme.

WHISTLING INTERLUDE. (*May be omitted.*)

Play an octave higher than written.

Copyright, 1890, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

The Angels' Welcome Home.

J. A. BUTTERFIELD, by per.

TENOR.

1. How beau - ti - ful the world with its sun - shine and its flow'rs, How cheer - ful and sweet with its song - la- den bow'rs!
2. Oh, beau-teous are the stars, gen - tly whisp- 'ring from a - bove, Of Him who hath taught them sweet les- sons of love!
3. But by and by all these will like shad - ows flee a - way— The bird - song, the bloom,and the wild-wood,for aye,

BASS.

SOPRANO.

Yet 'mid its bloom and bright- ness no long - er would I roam, When I lis - ten to the an - gels, and their "wel-come
But bright- er gleams the light from yon heaven's e - ter - nal dome, When I lis - ten to the an - gels, and their "wel-come
But I will look be - yond, where sad chan - ges ne'er can come, And will lis - ten to the an - gels, and their "wel-come

ALTO.

home," wel - come, An - gels' wel - come home; Yes, 'mid its bloom and bright - ness no
Yes, bright - er gleams the light from yon
Wel- come, wel - come, joy - ous wel- come, An - gels' wel - come, wel - come home; Yes, I will look be - yond, where sad -

long - er would I roam, When I lis - ten to the an - gels and their "wel - come home."
heaven's e - ter - nal dome, When I lis - ten to the an - gels and their "wel - come home."
chan - ges ne'er can come, And will lis - ten to the an - gels and their "wel - come home."

The Academy Bell.

1. The rich air is sweet with the breath of Sep- tem- ber, The Su- mach is stain-ing the hedg- es with red; Soft rests on the hill-slopes the
2. It sounds not in vain o - ver mountain and val - ley, That too - sin which gathers the far- scattered clans: From playtime and leis - ure fleet-
3. They fly at its call, from soft, moth-er ca - ress - es; The boy will not tar - ry, the girl can - not wait; So the round head close-clipped and the
4. The path by the riv - er, where wil-lows are drooping, Is ra- diant with children, the long cit - y street, All bus - y with traf - fic, makes
5. God bless them, our dar-lings! God give them full meas-ure Of joy at the fountains of wis- dom and truth; We ten- der - ly view the en-

light we re - mem-ber, The glo - ry of days which so long a - go fled— When brown-cheeked and ruddy, Blithe-hearted and free, The
foot- ed they ral - ly, Brave lads and bright lass- es, o'er flow-ing with plans; From cro- quet and crick- et To blackboard and map, Is but
loose flow-ing tress- es To - geth-er flash out from the vine-trel-lised gate: And the house that was hold- en By rev - el su- preme, Is
room for their trooping, And rings to the rush of their beau- ti - ful feet, For the po - et and preacher, The man of af - fairs, And the
chantment of pleas-ure Which roy - al - ly lies on the days of their youth: For brown-cheeked and rud-dy, When children at home, That

summons to stud- y We answered with glee, Then list - en, oh! list- en once more to the swell Of the mas- ter- ful, mer-ry A - cad - e - my bell!
shooting a wick-et; No fear of mis- hap, O hark! how it ech-oes through dingle and dell, The joc-und, the earnest A - cad - e - my bell!
wrapped in the gold-en Fair peace of a dream, To sis - ters and mothers how sil - vern the swell Of the rest-bringing, easeful A - cad - e - my bell!
gen - tle home-teacher, O'er-burdened with cares, A - like, share a moment to wish- ing them well, Who speed when they hear the A - cad - e - my bell!
summons to stud- y Once called us to come; And voic- es de- part-ed we hear in the swell Of the nev - er - for - got-ten A - cad - e - my bell!

Copyright, 1890, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

O Merry, When the Stars are Bright.

EDWIN MOORE.

1. O mer - ry, when the stars are bright, To sing as you pass a - long, Of things that are dreampt by night, To the
2. The boy on the rag - ing deep Laughs loud that the skies are clear; And the murd - 'rer turns in sleep, And
3. At night all our wrongs are right, All per - ils of life grow smoothe, Then why com - eth the fierce day - light, When

mo - tion of some old song. O mer - ry are the Christ - mas times, And mer - ry are the bel - fry's chimes, That
dreams that a par - don's near. Mer - ry are the Christmas times, Mer - ry are the bel - fry's chimes, That
fan - cy is bright as truth.

man e'er sings in his midnight rhymes, O mer - ry are the Christ-mas times, O mer - ry, mer - ry are the Christmas times.
O mer - ry are the Christmas times.
man e'er sings in his midnight rhymes, O mer - ry are the Christ-mas times, O mer - ry, mer - ry are the Christmas times.
O mer - ry are the Christmas times,

Copyright, 1890, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

My Dear Childhood Home.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

QUARTET.

1. Many years have gone by since we parted With those of our dear childhood home, But the lov'd ones of old still we cherish, Though far, far away we may roam.
2. There we gather'd around the old hearthstone When day-light had faded away, And with fondest emotions of pleas-ure We sang at our work or our play.
3. There I sat by the side of my mother, And heard her sweet voice as she read From the book which her heart held most sacred: Her hand gently laid on my head.
4. Oh, those bright happy days, gone forever! No more shall my heart beat with joy, At the sights and the sounds of my childhood, With naught of life's cares to annoy.

CHORUS.

Oh, my dear childhood home! Oh, my dear childhood home! How I love to recall the dear faces of all, As we played round our dear childhood home, happy home.

Lullaby.

HENRY SCHOELLER, by per.

Gentle and flowing.

1. Bye, ba - by, day is o - ver, Bees are drows - ing in the clo - ver;
2. Bye, ba - by, birds are sleep - ing, One by one the stars are peep - ing;
3. Bye, ba - by, moth - er holds thee, Lov - ing, ten - der care en - folds thee;

Bye, ba - by, bye, Bye, ba - by, bye;

Very slow and soft.

Now the sun to bed is glid - ing, All the pret - ty flow'rs are hid - ing;
In the far - off sky they twink - le, While the cows come tink - le, tink - le;
An - gels in thy dreams ca - ress thee, Thro' the dark - ness guard and bless thee;

Bye, ba - by, bye, Bye ba - by, bye.

Sweet Summer's Gone Away.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. There's a pur - ple tint on the wood - land leaves, And the winds are up all day; There's a rust - ling heard in the
2. In the wrin - kled brook no ro - ses peep, And the bees no long - er stay; And the but - ter - flies have
3. On the brown- ing field the spi - der spins, Where the lambs no long - er play; And the crick - et now his
4. There are lov - ing arms for ba - by dear, Tho' the skies are chill and gray; And a co - sy home - nest

CHORUS.

yel - low sheaves, And it seems to sad - ly say: } "Sweet sum-mer's gone a - way," "Sweet sum-mer's gone a- way," "Sweet
gone to sleep, And the lo - cust trills all day. }

chirp be - gins, And the quail is whist - ling gay. } "Sweet sum- mer," "Sweet sum- mer," "Sweet
all the year, And sweet kiss - es ev - 'ry day. } "Sweet sum-mer's gone a - way," "Sweet sum-mer's gone a- way,"

sum- mer's gone a - way;" "Sweet sum- mer's gone a - way," "Sweet sum-mer's gone a - way," "Sweet sum-mer's gone a - way."

sum- mer's gone a - way;" "Sweet sum- mer," "Sweet sum - mer," "Sweet sum- mer's gone a - way."
"Sweet sum- mer's gone a - way," "Sweet sum-mer's gone a - way,"

Sailing and Singing.

T. A. J.

Joyfully.

1. Our voic - es ring with song, As we're sail- ing o'er the sea; We light- ly bound a - long, As our good ship on-ward speeds. O our

2. The breez-es bear us on, And we all u - nite in song; We've left all care be- hind, On the sea new joys to find. O'er the

hearts are light and free, And we're happy as can be, As we're sail- ing o'er the deep blue sea.

CHORUS.

Tra la la la la la

bil-lows swift we glide, As we sail with wind and tide, And our voic- es ring with mer - ry song. O we sing, Tra la la la la la

la, Tra la la la la la la, O we sing our songs of mirth and glee, As we're sail- ing o'er the deep blue sea.

la, O we sing, Tra la la la la la la, O we sing our songs of mirth and glee, As we're sail- ing o'er the deep blue sea.

Copyright, 1890, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

Singing in the Rain.

FLORENCE PERCY. W. H. PONTIUS, by per.

1. Where the elm-tree branch-es by the rain are stirr'd, Care-less of the show-er swings a lit - tle bird; Clouds may frown and dark-en, drops may

2. Dim-mer fall the shad-ows, mist-ier grows the air, Still the thick clouds gath-er, dark-'ning here and there; From the heav - y frin-ges pour the

rit. *a tempo.*

fall in vain; Lit - tle heeds the war - bler sing-ing in the rain! Si - lence soft, un - bro - ken, reign-eth ev - 'ry-where, Save the

drops a - main; Still the bird is sing - ing, sing-ing in the rain! Cheer-ful sum - mer proph - et! list - 'ning to thy song, How my

rit.

rain's low heart-throbs puls-ing on the air, Save the song, which, pass-ing, wins no an-sw'ring strain; Lit-tle cares the rob - in, sing-ing in the rain!

faint-ing spir - it grow-eth glad and strong! Let the black clouds gather, let the sun-shine wane, If I may but join thee, sing-ing in the rain!

Sweet Hallie.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Be - neath the cool shade of the cy - press trees, Where once with my dar - ling I loved to roam, I
2. The stars shine as bright as they did of old; The riv - er still runs by our tryst - ing place; But
3. Thy smile was like mag - ic to soothe and bless; Thy voice sweet - er far than the sigh - ing breeze; And

sit now and dream while the eve - 'ning breeze Sighs faint - ly its low sad-some moan.
gone is its song like a tale that's told, Re - flect - ing no more thy sweet face.
dear - er than all was thy lov - ing kiss, But gone, gone for - ev - er are these.

CHORUS.

Oh, Hal - lie! sweet Hal - lie! The world is so dark and my heart so lone; There's no one to cheer me, nor com - fort bring, Since thou from my bo - som hast gone.

Oh, Hal - lie! sweet Hal - lie! The world is so dark and my heart so lone; There's no one to cheer me, nor com - fort bring, Since thou from my bo - som hast gone.

Repeat Chorus pp.

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

Daisy Dare.

EDWIN MOORE.

1. I've been dream - ing of a sum-mer long a - go, Dai - sy Dare, Dai - sy Dare, When the gold - en heart - ed dai - sies
2. I've been dream - ing of a sum-mer long a - go, Dai - sy Dare, Dai - sy Dare, I can see the blos- soms wav - ing
3. I've been dream - ing of a sum-mer long a - go, Dai - sy Dare, Dai - sy Dare, Ere the fleet - ing years had flaked your

were a- blow, Blithe and fair, blithe and fair. I twined a wreath for you, In the sun - light and the
to and fro In your hair, in your hair; I can see your laugh - ing eyes, I can hear your low re
locks with snow Un - a - ware, un - a - ware, But be - neath the au - tumn bough You are fair - er to me

dew And I crowned your eyes of blue, eyes of blue, Dai - sy Dare, Dai - sy Dare.
-plies; 'Tis a dream that nev - er dies, nev - er dies, Dai - sy Dare, Dai - sy Dare.
now, With the sil - ver on your brow, on your brow, Dai - sy Dare, Dai - sy Dare.

Copyright, 1890, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

MOORE.

dai - sies

wav - ing
flaked your

and the

low re
to me

Dare.

Dare.
Dare.

We'll Sail Away O'er the Ocean.

S. J. P.

To the memory of G. M. Penland.

S. J. Perry.

1. There's a ha - ven of rest o'er the o - cean, Where the good and the pure all shall go; Ma - ny
2. There our loved ones are wait - ing to greet us, When the voy'ge on life's o - cean is o'er; When our
3. Soon the war - fare of life will be o - ver, Soon we'll gath - er and rest on the shore; Furl the

dear ones have gone on be - fore . . us, Yet there're ma - ny who lin - ger be - low. Then we'll sail, sail a - way o'er the
pil - grim - age here shall have end - ed, And we sail on life's o - cean no more.
sail, cast the an - chor for ev - er; Safe from break - ers and storms ev - er - more.

Chorus.

Then we'll sail, sail a - way o'er the

o - cean, We will glide o'er the dark, storm-y sea; When we reach heav-en's port we will an - chor: There's a wel-come for you and for me.

o - cean, We will glide o'er the dark, storm-y sea; When we reach heav-en's port we will an - chor: There's a wel-come for you and for me.

Copyright, 1892, by S. J. Perry.

Are all the Children in?

EDWIN MOORE.

1. The dark - ness falls, the wind, the wind is high, Dense black clouds fill the west - ern sky, The storm will soon be - gin, Dense
2. The fu - ture days are draw - ing, draw - ing nigh, They 'll go from this warm shel - ter here Out in the world's wild din; They 'll

3. God knows it all, His will, His will is best; I'll shield them now and yield the rest In His most righteous hand; I'll
4. If He should call us home, us home be - fore The chil - dren reach that bless-ed shore, A - far from care and sin, The

1. The dark-ness falls,

black clouds fill the west - ern sky, The storm will soon be - gin; The thun-ders roar, the lightnings flash, I hear the great round rain-drops dash. Are
go from this warm shel - ter here Out in the world's wild din; The rain will fall, the cold winds blow, I 'll sit a - lone and long to know Are

shield them now and yield the rest In His most righteous hand. Sometimes the souls He loves are riven By tempests wild, and thus are driven Near-
chil - dren reach that bless-ed shore, A - far from care and sin; I know that I shall watch and wait Till He, the keep - er of the gate, Lets

1 2

all the chil-dren in? Are all the chil-dren in? I hear the great round rain-drops dash, Are all the chil-dren in? all the chil-dren in?
all the chil-dren in? Are all the chil-dren in? I 'll sit a - lone and long to know Are all the chil-dren in? all the chil-dren in?

er the bet - ter land, Near - er the bet - ter land, By tem-pests wild, and thus are driven Near-er the bet - ter land. er the bet - ter land.
all the chil-dren in, Lets all the chil-dren in, Till He, the keep - er of the gate, Lets all the chil-dren in. all the chil-dren in.

Copyright, 1892, by THE A. J. SHOWALTER COMPANY.

The Forest.

1. Oh, the for - est, the beauti- ful pleasant for - est! In its shades I am filled with de- light, When the breez- es come rust- ling among the
2. And the trees in their beauti-ful garments sway - ing, Mur-mur mu- sic so dream-y and sweet, That I fain would lie down 'neath their pleasant
3. In the for - est, the beauti- ful pleasant for - est! Where the stream ripples softly a - long, And the bright blooming flowers are shedding

leaf - lets I re - call childhood's moments so bright, When I roamed through the beautiful pleasant for - est, Thro' the woodland so tall and so
shad - ows All the day I would dream at their feet, Watch the clouds sailing on in their flee- cy white- ness, And my brow by the soft breez-es
fra - grance On the air all the bow- ers a- mong, When the rain-drops are patter-ing slow and soft - ly, On the lil - ies and blossoms so

green, Tall and green, Till my glad heart was filled with the mer - ry sun - shine, Tru - ly sun- shine as bright as e'er seen, Ev - er seen.
fanned, Breez-es fanned, While the wild birds are warb-ling their sweet-est mu - sic, In the for - est so state - ly and grand, Tall and grand.
gay, Bright and gay, At the break of the beau- ti - ful gold - en morn - ing, Let me go to the for - est a - way, Far a-way.

Copyright, 1890, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

At Twilight Time.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. In the twilight, when the shadows gather Round the old home place, Out of ev - 'ry dusk - y nook and cor - ner Peers some well-known face;
2. Oh, the love-light in the deep eyes glowing, As in long a - go, Ere the grass-es of the grave grew o - ver One who loved me so;
3. I 've a lit - tle fad - ed flower she gave me Just be - fore she died; Just a dai - sy, gath-ered by the way - side In the sum-mer - tide;

But one face is fair - er than the oth - ers, Dear-er far to me; 'T is the face of one whose home is Heav-en, That I love to see.
All the glad-ness of a van-ished sum-mer, Comes a - gain to me, In the gloam-ing with the face I dream of, Dear to mem - o - ry.
But to me it is a death-less flow - er, Tell-ing o'er and o'er Of the love that on - ly waits for Heav-en, And its own once more.

CHORUS.

Repeat pp.

Hast - en, hast - en, hour of twi - light, End the long, sad day; Then I feel that thou once more art near me, Dear one, gone a - way.

Hast - en, hast - en, hour of twi - light, End the long, sad day; Then I feel that thou once more art near me, Dear one, gone a - way.

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

I Would Remembered Be.

GEORGIANA ADAMS. EDWIN MOORE.

1. Oh, yes, I would re - mem-bered be In morn-ing's gold - en hour, When the birds are sing - ing sweet - ly In
2. Oh, yes, I would re - mem-bered be By dear kind friends of yore; Their gen - tle words of love and truth, I may
3. Oh, yes, I would re - mem-bered be At ev - 'ning's gen - tle hour, When the birds that sang so sweet at morn Will

ev - 'ry leaf - y bower; When the mod - est lit - tle dai - sy And for - get - me - not we see, 'T is then our hearts are
hear a - gain no more; And when my heart is sad and lone, For no lov - ing forms I see, Oh, then 't is sweet to
seek some qui - et bower; And when a - round the hearth at eve, The loved ones meet at prayer, Oh, then 't is sweet to

free from care; Oh, then re - mem - ber me; 'T is then our hearts are free from care; Oh, then re - mem - ber me.
think that I shall still re - mem-bered be; Oh, then 't is sweet to think that I shall still re - mem - bered be.
know that I shall be re - mem-bered there; Oh, then 't is sweet to know that I shall be re - mem - bered there.

Copyright, 1892, by THE A. J. SHOWALTER COMPANY.

Over the Strings of My Harp To-day.

ISABEL HOTCHKISS. *sl. alt.* EDWIN MOORE.

1. O - ver the strings of my harp to - day, Floats a song for the dy - ing year; A song that thrills with an
2. O - ver the strings of my harp to - day, Floats a song for my sweet lost youth; For I would give in
3. O - ver the strings of my harp to - day, Floats a song for the dy - ing year; A song that thrills with an

un - shed tear Thro' the twi-light, cold and gray; As the break - ers sob, As the break - ers throb On the lone - ly, sand - y shore;
ver - y truth, Fame and rich-es and power a - way, To dream once more Those bright dreams o'er On the lone - ly, sand - y shore;
un - shed tear Like the break-ers far a - way; How they beat and sob, How they beat and throb, On the lone - ly, sand - y shore;

And I hear that voice with its old re - frain For the days that nev-er come back a - gain, For the days that nev - er come back a - gain.
"It is vain re-gret," sighs that old re - frain For the days that nev-er come back a - gain, For the days that nev - er come back a - gain.
And I hear that voice with its old re-frain For the days that nev-er come back a - gain, For the days that nev - er come back a - gain.

By permission of THE ECHO MUSIC CO., LaFayette, Ind.

Star of the Evening.

ANON. E. ROBERTS.

DUET.

1. Star of the eve - ning, Shin - ing on high, Queen of the beau - ti - ful, Gem of the sky; Light of the
2. Eyes that are watch - ing, Gaze up - on thee, Eyes that are anx - ious - ly Watch - ing for me; Light of the

3. Day - star of glad - ness, When o'er the skies, Tem - pest and dark - ness sweep, Do thou a - rise; And when faith

CHORUS.

trav - el - er, Long-ing for rest, Ev - er - more peace - ful - ly Glow in the west. Star of the ev - 'ning, Shin-ing on
wan - der - er, Ev - er - more thine, Smil-ing I gaze on thee, Smile thou on mine.

fail - eth us, Light of the blest, Shine on our wan - der - ings, Guide us to rest. Star of the ev - 'ning, Shin-ing on

high, Queen of the beau - ti - ful, Gem of the sky; Queen of the beau - ti - ful, Gem of the sky.

high, Queen of the beau - ti - ful, Gem of the sky; Queen of the beau - ti - ful, Gem of the sky.

Copyright, 1892, by EDWARD ROBERTS.

The Midshipmite.

F. E. WEATHERBY. STEPHEN ADAMS.

TENOR AND BASS. CHORUS.

1. In fif - ty - five, on a win-ter's night, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We'd got the Roo-shan lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle
2. We launch'd the cutter an' shov'd her out, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! The lub - bers might have heard us shout, As the mid - dy cried, "Lads
3. "I'm done for now, good - bye," says he, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "You make for the boat, don't mind for me," "We'll take 'ee back, sir, or

ACCOMP. CHORUS.

mid-ship-mite, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "Who'll go a - shore to - night," says he, "And spike their guns a - long wi' me," "Why,
be a - bout!" Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We made for the guns, an' we ramm'd them tight, But the mus-ket shots came left and right, An'
die," says we; Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! So we hoist - ed him in, in a ter'i-ble plight, An' we pull'd, ev-'ry man, with all his might, An'

rit. *Waltz movement.*

bless 'ee, sir, come a - long," says we; Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! Cheer-i - ly, my lads, Yo - ho! . . With a long, long pull, An' a
down drops the poor lit-tle mid-ship-mite; Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! Cheer-i - ly, my lads,
sav'd the poor lit - tle mid-ship-mite; Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! Cheer-i - ly, my lads, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

La, la, la, la,

strong, strong pull, Gai-ly, boys, make her go! . . . An' we 'll drink to-night, To the mid - ship-mite, Sing-ing cheer-i - ly, lads, Yo ho!
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la,

La, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la,

Down by the River's Side.

E. M.

EDWIN MOORE.

1. Down by the riv - er's side, Where si - lent wa - ters glide, In ev - er - flow - ing tide, On to the sea; There flow - ers

2. Down by the riv - er deep, There stars their vig - ils keep, The birds have gone to sleep, Safe in their nest; The wave - lets

sweet and rare, With per - fume scent the air, While song - sters free from care Car - ol in glee. Tra la, la, la,

Tra la, la,

kiss the shore, Still rest - less ev - er - more While dis - tant thun-ders roar Far in the west. Tra la, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

la, Tra la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Copyright, 1892, by THE A. J. SHOWALTER COMPANY.

The Sleigh Ride. Waltz Song.

J. F. KING.

SOLO. *May be sung by all the Sopranos.*

1. A- way we go o'er the fleec - y snow, When moon- beams spar - kle round; Our hearts keep time to the
2. With laugh and song we will glide a - long, A - cross the glist - 'ning snow,— With friends be - side we will
3. Our hearts are light on this joy - ous night, Come join our hap - py throng; We soft - ly go o - ver

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

CHORUS.

mu - sic's chime, As mer - ri - ly on we bound.
gai - ly ride, The beau- ti - ful track be - low.
ice and snow, And mer - ri - ly join in song.

As mer - ri - ly on we bound, As mer - ri - ly

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

la, la, la, la, la,

As mer - ri - ly on we bound, we bound, As mer - ri - ly

on we bound; Our hearts keep time to the mu - sic's chime, As mer - ri - ly on we bound.

on we bound, we bound; Our hearts keep time to the mu - sic's chime, As mer - ri - ly on we bound, we bound.

Copyright, 1890, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

Why Not To-night?

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes a - gainst the light; Poor sin - ner, hard - en not thy heart, Why not be sav'd to - night?
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight; This is the time, oh, then be wise, Why not be sav'd to - night?
3. The Lord in pi - ty lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite? Re - nounce at once thy stub-born will, Come and be sav'd to - night.
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u - nite; Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Why not be sav'd to - night?

REFRAIN.

Earnestly. *rit.*

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 sav'd to - night?

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

Serenade.

W. B. BLAKE. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. Slum-ber on! the stars are shin - ing, And the moon is sink - ing low! Soft - ly sweeps the breath of heav - en, And the vel - vet ro - ses blow.
2. Slum-ber on! a king - ly guar - dian Keep-eth watch and ward to-night; One who sleep - eth not, nor slum-bers, Holds thee pre-cious in His sight.
3. Slum-ber on! the night is pass - ing As we chant our part - ing song; Love and hap - pi - ness at - tend thee All thy fu - ture life a - long.

rit.

Now the harp - tones of the wood-land Sink and swell up - on the air, Breathing mel - o - dies en-tranc-ing! Sleep and dream, my la-dy fair!
ime and tide are in His keep-ing, Morn and eve are His be-hest; Thou canst smile in hap - py dreaming, While such care enfolds thy rest.
Fare thee well! the stars shall wit-ness, From the vault - ed sky a-bove, That we pledge anew our friendship, Pledge anew our hearts' best love.

Grandfather's Day-Dream.

OR

THE SWING ON THE APPLE-TREE BOUGH.

From The Christian Advocate. Edwin Moore.

1. I'm old and gray, and I'm worn with care; My strength has well nigh fled; . . . I sit a - lone in my
2. The birds that sang a - bove my head Were not more gay than I; . . . . The gold - en mo - ments so
3. And there was one in the swing with me, A love - ly fair-haired child, . . . Whose life was like to a

old arm-chair; My com - rades all are dead. My mem - 'ry will back - ward roam— It brings be - fore me
light - ly sped Till sum - mer days flew by. Those hours were bliss with - out al - loy, No cloud was on my
sum - mer sea, So gen - tle, calm, and mild. An an - gel now she waits for me, A crown is on her

now, Each hill and dale of my child - hood home, And the swing on the ap - ple - tree bough.
brow, For life has brought me no pur - er joy, Than the swing on the ap - ple - tree bough.
brow, Yet still a gold - en-haired child I see, In the swing on the ap - ple - tree bough.

rit.

Copyright, 1886, by O. Ditson & Co. Used by per.

Swing, swing, swing, I fain would be a boy a-gain, Swing, swing, swing, And swing on the ap-ple-tree bough. . .

Swing, swing, swing, . . . Swing, swing, swing, . . Swing, swing, swing, . . . On the ap-ple-tree bough, the

bough, And swing on the ap - ple-tree bough.

Cradle Song.

EBEN E. REXFORD. E. ROBERTS.

1. O lul - la - by, my ba - by! the bee has gone to sleep; The dew is on the clo - ver, and peace is on the deep; Thy
2. O lul - la - by, my ba - by! the stars shine o - ver - head To light the way of an - gels who come a - bout thy bed; They
3. O lul - la - by, my ba - by! take thou this good-night kiss, And may it tell thee, dar - ling, what love a moth - er's is; Take

moth - er sings a - bove thee a lit - tle slum - ber song, And prays, be-neath her sing - ing, God keep my babe from wrong.
keep their watch a - bove thee un - til the morn - ing breaks, And from the dreams they brought thee, my lit - tle dar - ling wakes.
thou this kiss to dream of the while I breathe a prayer That God who gave shall have thee for - ev - er in His care.

REFRAIN.

Lul-la-by, lul-la-by, babe on my breast, Soft winds are rocking the roses to rest, Dream in thy slumber of mother's warm kiss; Lullaby, lullaby, sleep and dream.

Lul-la-by, lul-la-by, babe on my breast, Soft winds are rocking the roses to rest, Dream in thy slumber of mother's warm kiss; Lullaby, lullaby, sleep and dream.

Copyright, 1892, by EDWARD ROBERTS.

Good-Bye, Sweet Day!

QUARTET.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

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

CHORUS.

fades a - way; Good - bye, sweet day!
morn - ing ray; Good - bye, sweet day!

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

lon - ger stay! Good - bye, sweet day!
twi - light gray; Good - bye, sweet day!

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

From "WIDE AWAKE GLEE BOOK," by permission of Fillmore Bros.

Come to the Mountain.

EDWIN MOORE.

1. Oh, come to the moun - tain with free - dom and health, Un - known to the dwell-ings of splen-dor and wealth; There's

2. Oh, come to the moun - tain, the first blush of day Shall lead us a - far from the val - leys a - way; With

joy on the hills where the mer - ry winds blow, That ne'er can be found in the val - leys be - low; There life, light, and

bu - gle and spear we the moun-tains will climb, Where men walk with na - ture in grand-eur sub - lime; Oh, leave the bright

lib - er - ty e'er may be found, The spir - it of free - dom seems hov - er - ing round; There the cham - ois are bound-ing in

hall of mirth, al - so of song, For brief are the rap - tures that to them be - long; Oh, the hills of our Fa - ther, the

Copyright, 1892, by THE A. J. SHOWALTER COMPANY.

in - no - cent glee, There 's joy on the moun-tain, Then come there with me; There 's joy on the moun-tain, Come there with

hills of the free, Are the home of the hun - ter, Then come there with me; Are the home of the hun - ter, Come there with

me; There 's joy on the moun-tain, Come there with me. Oh, come to the moun-tain, Come hap - py and free, come, Oh, come to the

Come to the moun-tain, Come hap - py and free; Come to the moun-

me; Are the home of the hun - ter, Come there with me. Oh, come to the moun-tain, Come hap - py and free, come, Oh, come to the

mountain, Oh, come there with me; . . Oh, yes, there is joy, joy, and hearts full of glee, come, Then come, come, then come, come, Then come there with me.

tain, Oh, come there with me; Yes, there is joy, and hearts full of glee,

mountain, Oh, come there with me; Oh, yes, there is joy, joy, and hearts full of glee, come, Then come, come, then come, come, Then come there with me.

Beautiful River.

R. H. RANDALL.

QUARTET.

1. Beauti - ful riv - er flowing so calm - ly, Winding a-long in murmuring flow, . . Gliding for- ev - er on to the
2. Meadows and wood - land dotted with flow - ers, Fringing the banks with verdure so green; . . Sunbeams are play - ing, ripples are
3. Lil - ies are rest - ing deep in the shad - ows; Fringing the banks the daisies are seen; . . Shedding their sweet - ness, ros-es are

Beau-ti - ful riv - er flow-ing so calm- ly, Winding a-long in murmuring flow, Gliding forev - er,
Meadows and woodland dot-ted with flowers, Fringing the banks with verdure so green; Sunbeams are playing,
Lil -ies are rest -ing deep in the shadows; Fringing the banks the daisies are seen; Shedding their sweetness,

p *rit.* *pp* CHORUS. *f*

o - cean, Un- der the wil - lows bend-ing so low. . . . O beau- ti - ful riv - er, Now flow- ing so calm - ly,
danc - ing, Hap-py and gay as ev - er was seen. . . .
bloom - ing; Fair- ies shall crown thee, beau- ti - ful queen. . .

on to the o - cean, Un-der the wil - lows . . bending so low. O beau- ti - ful riv - er, Now flow-ing so calm - ly,
rip-ples are danc- ing, Hap-py and gay as . . . ev - er was seen.
ros- es are bloom-ing; Fairies shall crown thee, . . beau-ti-ful queen.

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

Still winding along In soft murmuring flow, Thus gliding for-ev - er On, on to the o - cean, Deep under the wil-lows, Low, bending so low.

Still winding along In soft murmuring flow Thus gliding for-ev - er On, on to the o - cean, Deep under the wil-lows, Low, bending so low.

From "THE KEY-LETTER," by permission.

Heart and Arm.

W. H. PONTIUS, by per.

1. Forth to the war the young trou-ba-dour hast-ed, Proud that his name in the list was en-roll'd; Nev - er a sigh on his la - dy he wast-ed,
2. Helm on his brow, in his hand his gui - tar, List - less in camp the young troubadour stroll'd; Pensive, he mourn'd for his mis-tress a - far,

3. But, when the bat - tle was fierce at its height, Bold - ly the trou-ba-dour struck with the bold; While, at each blow, o'er the din of the fight,
4. So to the end! it was fat - ed that Death Soon in his clutch should the troubadour hold; Pierc'd by a lance, as he lay, his last breath

REFRAIN.

Sing-ing a - dieu, as this bur - den he troll'd. Ah, la - dy fair! . . my heart is true, . . . But my arm is
Though as he went the same bur - den he troll'd.

Rang out his voice, and this bur-den he troll'd. Ah, la - dy fair! my heart is true, Ah, la - dy fair! my heart is true, But my arm is ev - er my
Faint - ly he gasp'd, and this bur-den he troll'd.

ev - er my coun - try's due; . . . And the trou-ba-dour's du - ty, O peer - less dame, Is to chant for love and to strike for fame!

ff

country's due, But my arm is ev - er my country's due; And the trou-badour's du - ty, O peer - less dame, Is to chant for love and to strike for fame!

Hail! Thou Merry May.

EDWIN MOORE.

1. Hail! all hail! thou mer - ry month of May! Hail! all hail! thou mer - ry month of May! We 'll has-ten to the woods a - way, And
2. Hark! hark! hark! to hail the month of May! Hark! hark! hark! to hail the month of May! The song-sters war-ble on each spray, And

scent the flow'rs so sweet and gay, And scent the flow'rs so sweet and gay. We will hast - en to the woods a - way, And scent the flow'rs so sweet, so sweet and
we will be as blithe as they, And we will be as blithe as they. How the song-sters war-ble on each spray, And we will be as blithe, as blithe as

gay. Haste a - way, To hail the mer - ry May! Haste a-way, To hail the mer - ry May! Haste a-way, To hail the mer - ry, hail the mer - ry,
they. Then a - way, To hail the mer - ry May! Then a-way, To hail the mer - ry May! Then a-way, To hail the mer - ry, hall the mer - ry,

hail the mer - ry May! Hail! hail the mer - ry month . . of May! . . We'll hast - en to the
hail the mer - ry May! la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Copyright, 1892, by THE A. J. SHOWALTER COMPANY.

woods . . a - way, . . And scent the flow'rs so sweet . . and gay; Haste a - way, haste a - way, haste a - way To hail the
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

mer-ry, mer- ry May, To hail the mer-ry, mer-ry May, the mer - ry May, the mer - ry May, the mer-ry May, the mer - ry May, mer-ry May, mer-ry May!

Sweet Flora.

QUARTET.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. One by one the stars of ev - 'ning Glis - ten in the glowing West, And my tho'ts are fond - ly turn - ing, To the dear one loved the best.
2. I can see you now, my dar - ling, As when first our pathways met; You were fair - est and the queen - liest, And to me are fair - est yet.
3. Now your love - ly gold - en tress - es, Time's rude hand has sil-ver'd o'er, And we 've al-most cross'd the riv - er, Soon we 'll reach the oth - er shore.

REFRAIN.

Ah, sweet Flo - ra, ah, sweet Flo - ra, You have fair - er to me grown, As the years, on time's swift pin - ions, All too rap - id - ly have flown.
Yes, sweet Flo - ra, ah, sweet Flo - ra, You have fair - er to me grown, As the years, on time's swift pin - ions, All too rap - id - ly have flown.
But, sweet Flo - ra, ah, sweet Flo - ra, You have fair - er to me grown, As the years, on time's swift pin - ions, All too rap - id - ly have flown.

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

Beautiful Bells.

EDWARD J. C. DONNELLY. EDWIN MOORE.

1. The stars shone out, the sil-very moon The east-ern sky was climb-ing, And in the Ab-bey's tur-ret high, The bells were soft-ly chim-ing;

2. Once more the glit-t'ring stars I see, And fair the moon is shin-ing; Once more the bells ring sweetly on, But I am left re-pin-ing;

Whilst we in sweet for-get-ful-ness That time its flight was wing-ing, Clasp'd hand in hand, with tho'tless joy, This sweet re-frain were sing-ing, were

Yet sad-der, sweet-er than be-fore, Seems now their gentle greet-ing; As think-ing of the bliss-ful past, I stand a-lone re-peat-ing, re-

sing-ing, sing-ing. Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful bells, beau-ti-ful sil-v'ry bells; Chime on, sweet bells,
Chime on, chime on, sweet bells,

peat, re-peat-ing. Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful bells, Chime on, sil-ver-y bells,

Copyright, 1892, by THE A. J. SHOWALTER COMPANY.

High in your tur - ret where mel-o - dy dwells, beau- ti - ful bells, chime on; . . . . . High in your tur - ret, in your tur - ret chime on, ...

High in your tur - ret where mel-o - dy dwells, beau-ti - ful bells, sil - ver - y bells, High in your tur - ret, in your turret, in your

where mel - o- dy dwells, Chime, chime on, sweet bells, chime on; Chime, chime on, sweet bells, chime on;

turret where mel-o - dy dwells, . . Beau - ti-ful, beautiful bells, chime on; Beau - ti-ful, beau-ti-ful bells, chime on;

Chime, chime on, sweet bells, sweet sil-ver-y, sil-ver-y bells, chime on, sweet bells, sweet sil-ver - y, sil-ver-y

1 2 *rit.*

Chime, chime on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet sil-v'ry bells, sweet sil-v'ry bells, . . bells, sweet sil-ver - y bells.

Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful bells, chime on, sweet sil-v'ry bells, sweet sil-v'ry bells, . . bells, . . . sil - ver - y bells.

bells, chime on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet sil-v'ry bells, sweet bells, sweet silv'ry bells, sweet sil-ver - y bells, sweet sil - ver - y bells.

News from Home.

W. H. PONTIUS.

Andantino con espress.

1. When the heart is ver - y drear - y, Grow-ing sad - ly o - ver - wea - ry Of the bonds that keep it
2. "News from home!" oh, wel - come let - ter! Strong in pow'r to break the fet - ter That en - cir - cles her who
3. Pres - ent sor - row wings are tak - ing, Pleas-ant mem - o - ries are wak - ing, And life's sun be-decks with

lone - ly Like a bird in wick - er dome, Comes a mes - sen-ger most cheer - y, Tho' it be a let - ter
la - bors Far a - way from all held dear, Yet it proves the pro - verb tru - ly Tells that joy and grief are
splen - dor Her whom du - ty called to roam; Yet the sym - pa - thy that's hid - den In those lines so sweet and

on - ly, For a moth - er wrote that "dear - ie," And it bring - eth news from home.
neigh - bors, For from eyes that grow un - ru - ly Slow - ly wells a glist - 'ning tear.
ten - der Makes the tears rise up un - bid - den O'er the wel - come "news from home."

REFRAIN.

Glad news from home, glad news from home; News, glad news from home; . . . . And the

News from home, ... news from home: . . . . . Wel - come news, glad news from home; . . . . And the

News from home, ... news from home; . . . . . Wel- come news, glad news from home; . . . . And the

Glad news from home, glad news from home; News, glad news from home, news from home;

Rallentando. *Repeat pp.*

tears rise up un - bid - den O'er the wel - come news from home, news from home.

Rallentando.

tears rise up un - bid - den O'er the wel - come news from home, news from home.

Rallentando.

tears rise up un - bid - den O'er the wel - come news from home, ... news from home.

Memory Bells.

JOHN HASKINS. EDWIN MOORE.

With careful expression.

1. Mem'ry bells are ev-er ringing, Toll-ing, toll-ing sad-ly on; To my heart thus ever bringing Songs of days long past and gone; Songs of happy, joyous child-hood,
2. Mem'ry bells! how sweet their chiming, In the hush of twilight eve! All the happy past reviving, Errors, too, for which I grieve. How my tho'ts are backward ranging,

rit.

When my heart was light and free, Blithe as birdling in the wild-wood, Trilling forth its melody, Blithe as birdling in the wild wood, Trilling forth its mel -o - dy.
Thro' the vistas of the past, Mem'ry bells say, "I am changing, Life is short! Time 's fleeting fast!" Mem'ry bells say, "I am changing, Life is short! Time 's fleeting fast!"

CHORUS.

cres. *f*

Sweet mem-o-ry bells, Sweet bells, sweet mem'ry bells, sweet bells, sweet bells! Like echoes from some fairy dell, Like echoes from some fai-ry

cres. *f*

Sweet memo-ry bells, Sweet bells, sweet mem'ry bells, sweet bells, sweet bells! Like echoes from some fairy dell, Like echoes from some fai-ry

cres. *f*

Sweet mem-o-ry bells, Sweet mem -'ry bells, sweet bells, sweet bells! Like echoes from some fairy dell, Like echoes from some fai - ry

cres. *f*

From Emerson's Royal Singer, by permission of THE OLIVER DITSON COMPANY.

dell, Mem'ry bells, mem'ry bells, sweet bells, sweet bells, Sweet memory bells, sweet mem'ry bells, sweet

dell, Mem'ry bells, Mem'ry bells, Sweet bells, sweet bells, Ye trance me with your mystic, mystic spell, Sweet memory bells, Sweet bells, sweet mem'ry bells, sweet

dell, Mem'ry bells, mem'ry bells, sweet bells, sweet bells, Sweet memory bells, sweet mem'ry bells, sweet

bells, sweet bells! Ye trance me with your mystic spell, sweet bells, Ye trance me with your spell, Ye trance me with your mystic spell, Sweet mem'ry bells!

bells, sweet bells! Ye trance me with your mystic spell, sweet bells, Ye trance me with your spell, Ye trance me with your mystic spell, Sweet mem'ry bells!

bells, sweet bells! Sweet bells, Sweet bells, ... sweet bells, Sweet mem'ry bells!

Waiting At The Door.

E. M.

EDWIN MOORE.

1. In a warm and sun-ny dell, Just be-side a wind-ing stream, Where the dais-ies and the gold-en-rod a-bound, Is a spot re-membered well, And of which I of-ten dream, 'T is the spot where youthful hap-pi-ness I found.

2. I have journeyed far and near, Seen the gay and bu-sy throng, Seeking pleasures at the door of fash-ion's shrine; Yet I fain would drop a tear, As I hear the mer-ry song, For it calls to mind my child-hood-day's lang-syne.

Home of child-hood, place I love so well,

Copyright, 1890, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

Cherished be thy mem'ry ev-er-more! As I wander far a - lone, There comes o-ver me a spell, As I think of loved ones waiting at the door.

CHORUS.

Wait-ing, they're wait-ing they're waiting at the door for me, They're wait-ing, they're waiting, they're waiting at the door for me.

Waiting at the door, they're waiting at the door, they're waiting at the door, for me, waiting at the door, waiting at the door, they're waiting at the door for me.

Waiting at the door, waiting at the door, waiting at the door for me, They're waiting at the door, they're waiting at the door, they're waiting at the door for me.

Come and Meet Me, Nora Darling.

Mrs. MINNIE SCHOELLER.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. When the qui - et stars are beam - ing O'er the world in peace-ful rest, Then to thee my tho'ts are turn - ing, And the si - lent hours are blest: Vis - ions fair of thee, en - tranc - ing, Come in dreams my heart to cheer, And for me life holds no pleas - ure, If my darl - ing is not near.
2. Do you not re-mem-ber dar - ling— On that sad, sad part-ing day, Ere the ship that bore me from you Spread her wings and sailed a - way; Where we met be - side the stream - let, Vow - ing love so true and sweet— From a - far, I come, my dar - ling, There, my bon - ny bride to meet.
3. Years have passed since last we part - ed, By the streamlet in the grove, But my heart to thee turns fond - ly, As in dis - tant lands I rove, Swift, ye white wings, bear me home - ward, To my love, who waits for me— Waits, with lov- ing words of wel - come, 'Neath the spreading hawthorn tree.

CHORUS.

Come and meet me, No - ra dar - - - ling, At the dear old tryst - ing place;
Come and meet me, No - ra dar - ling, meet me, dar - ling, At the dear old tryst - ing place;

I'll be there to greet you, dar - - - ling, There to see you face to face.
I'll be there to greet you, dar - ling, greet you, dar - ling, There to see you face to face.

Repeat pp.

Repeat pp.

Mr. Showalter's "Jennie with the Bright Blue Eyes" is beautiful. Published in sheet form. Price, 35 cents.

My Home is on the Mountain.

EDWIN MOORE.

1. My home is on the moun-tain, But my heart is in the dale, As sum-mer's gush-ing foun-tains, From the hill-side seek the
2. My love is in her bow-er, In the shad-ow of that glen, Where bright the Al-pine flow-er, From the cliff-side mock-eth
3. Time fli-eth like these foun-tains, But true love shall nev-er fail; My home is on the moun-tain, With the maid-en of the

vale; The cham-ois leaps O'er the i-cy steeps, And eag-lets sun-ward soar; But dawn of day, In the morn-ing gray, I
men; At morn-ing's light, To their gid-dy height, With ea-ger steps I spring; And dew-y bloom, In its first per-fume, To the
vale; And ev-'ry storm, Of the sun-light born, We'll wel-come with a song; And wan-ing light, In the soft moon-light, With

seek their haunts no more, I seek their haunts no more, I seek their haunts no more, I seek their haunts no more; But
maid-en's bow'r I bring, The maid-en's bow'r I bring, The maid-en's bow'r I bring, The maid-en's bow'r I bring; And
mer-ry dance pro-long, With mer-ry dance pro-long, With mer-ry dance pro-long, With mer-ry dance pro-long; And

Copyright, 1892, by THE A. J. SHOWALTER COMPANY.

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, no more I
dawn, but dawn of day, . . In the morn - ing, morn-ing gray, . . I seek their haunts no more, I seek their haunts no

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, I bring The
dew - y, dew - y bloom, . . In its first, its first per - fume, . . To the maid-en's bow'r I bring, The maid-en's bow'r I
wan - ing, wan - ing night, . . In the soft, the soft moon - light, . . With mer - ry dance pro- long, With mer - ry dance pro-

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, pro-long, With

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
more. La, la, la, la, la, dawn, but dawn of day. . . In the morn-ing, morn-ing gray, . . I seek their haunts, I seek their haunts, I

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
bring, La, la, la, la, la, dew - y, dew - y bloom, . . In its first, its first per - fume, . . To the maid-en's bow'r, the maiden's bow'r, the
long, La, la, la, la, la, wan - ing, wan - ing night, . In the soft, the soft moon - light, . . With mer - ry dance, with mer-ry dance, with

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

I seek their I seek their
seek their haunts no more, I seek their haunts, I seek their haunts, I seek their haunts no more, their haunts no more, their haunts no more.

maid-en's bow'r I bring, The maid-en's bow'r, the maid-en's bow'r, The maid-en's bow'r I bring, the bow'r I bring, the bow'r I bring.
mer - ry dance pro-long, With mer - ry dance, with mer-ry dance, With merry dance prolong, the dance pro - long, the dance pro - long.

with mer - ry with mer - ry

The Miller's Daughter. Canzonetta.

Respectfully inscribed to my friend, Prof. A. J. Showalter, Dalton, Ga.

Words by ALFRED TENNEYSON.

Music by JNO. CARVER ALDEN, A. M.

1. It is the mil - ler's daugh - ter, { And she is grown so dear, so dear, / And she is grown so dear, } That
2. And I would be the gir - dle { A - bout her daint - y, daint - y waist, / A - bout her daint - y waist, } And her
3. And I would be the neck - lace, { And all day long to fall and rise, / And all day fall and rise, } Up -

I would be the jew - el, That trem - bles at her ear; For, hid in ring - lets
heart would beat a - gainst me, In sor - row and in rest; And I should know if
on her balm - y bos - om, With her laugh - ter or her sighs; And I would lie so

day and night, I'd touch her neck so warm and white, her neck so warm and white.
it beat right, I'd clasp it round so close and tight, it round so close and tight.
light, so light, I scarce should be un - clasped at night, should be un - clasped at night.

Copyright, 1891, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

Loving Voices.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Lov - ing voi - ces sweet-ly min - gle, Like the mur-mur of a prayer; . . . In gay childhood's fairy fan - cies,
2. When the heart is sad and wea - ry, Soft-ly as the summer rain, ... Loving voi-ces, low and ten - der,
3. Sweet-est bless-ing in all tri - al, Soothing all my griefs and fears, ... Ev - er near, in joy or sad - ness,

1. Lov - ing voi-ces sweetly min-gle, Like the mur-mur of a prayer; In gay childhood's fairy fan-cies,
2. When the heart is sad and wea-ry, Soft - ly as the summer rain, Lov - ing voi-ces, low and ten-der,
3. Sweet - est bless-ing in all tri - al, Sooth - ing all my griefs and fears, Ev - er near, in joy or sad-ness,

In youth's visions, rich and rare, ... Oft we hear sweet songs of na - ture, Ris - ing o - ver land and sea; . . . .
Fall up - on the spir - it's pain, ... O'er life's pathway clouds may gath - er, But the shad-ows al - ways flee; . . . .
Changeless thro' the lapse of years; . . . . . Oh! more ho - ly and more ten - der, Than of yore they seem to be; . . . .

In youth's vis-ions, rich and rare; Oft we hear sweet songs of nature, Ris - ing o-ver land and sea;
Fall up - on the spir-it's pain; O'er life's pathway clouds may gather, But the shadows always flee,
Change - less thro' the lapse of years; Oh! more ho - ly and more tender, Than of yore they seem to be;

But like mu - sic in the dwell - ing, Lov-ing voi-ces are to me, Lov-ing voi-ces are to me.
For like sun-light in the dwell - ing,
Like to an - gels in the dwell - ing, Lov - ing voi-ces are to me, Lov - ing voi-ces are to me.

But like mu - sic, but like mu - sic in the dwell-ing, Lov - ing voi - ces, lov-ing voi-ces are to me, Lov - ing voi-ces are to me.
For like sun-light, for like sun-light in the dwell-ing,
Like to an - gels, like to an - gels in the dwell-ing, Lov-ing voi-ces, lov - ing voi-ces are to me, Lov-ing voi-ces are to me.

From His Home on the Mountain.

(QUARTET AND DISTANT CHORUS.)

Representing the approach, passing by, and dying away in the distance, of the music of the procession.

G. F. R.
QUARTET.

GEO. F. ROOT.

From his home on the moun - tain they bear him a - long, While the wood - lands re - ech - o the sweet old song;

From his home on the moun - tain they bear him a - long, While the wood - lands re - ech - o the sweet old song;

'T is the young chris - tian sol - dier who fell by the way, In the midst of the fight on the bat - tle day. Hark!

'T is the young chris - tian sol - dier who fell by the way, In the midst of the fight on the bat - tle day. Hark!

Used by permission of THE JOHN CHURCH CO., owners of the copyright.

Chorus begin as softly as you can sing the words, and increase a little, gradually, to represent distant music coming nearer.

OLD TUNE. CHORUS.

Chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, As ye jour - ney sweet - ly . .

QUARTET.

hark! hark! hark! now they, they come; Oh! sweet the, the song of home, yes,

Gradual increase to here while singing the words.

sing; Sing your Sav - iour's wor - thy

our home; Now near - er and near - er the train winds a - long, And the still air is glad with the

In humming this tune to end the performance, the Quartet sing only the first "hark." They then remain silent or join the humming. Let the humming diminish from the beginning to the end of the tune, and finally die away with the softest possible breathing of the tones.

From His Home on the Mountain. — Concluded.

From here diminish. No point should be louder than "mezzo" while singing the words.

FINE.

praise, Glo - rious in His works and ways.

sweet old song; For they know that he lives in the realms of the blest, From the toils and the cares of the earth at rest. Hark!

hark, to the foot - steps, as si - lent and slow, They are still pass - ing on to the val - ley be - low; And we

End with humming the old tune (mouths closed). Do not sing first Quartet again. See directions on bottom of previous page.

hear, 'mid the arch - es, the old ten - der lay, Grow - ing faint - er and faint - er, and dy - ing a - way. Hark!

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

Rock of Ages. 7s. D.

C. R. MULLINS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flow'd,
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know, These for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save and Thou a - lone:
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure; Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling; In my hand no price I bring; Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.
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.

Sivola. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

C. R. MULLINS.

1. Sing to the Lord, ye dis - tant lands, Ye tribes of ev - ery tongue; His new dis - cov - ered grace de - mands
2. Say to the na - tions, Je - sus reigns, God's own Al - might - y Son; His pow'r the sink - ing world sus - tains,
3. Be - hold He comes, He comes to bless The na - tions as their God; To show the world His right - eous - ness,

A new and no - bler song. A new and no - bler song, A new and no - bler song, A new and no - bler song.
And grace sur-rounds His throne. And grace sur-rounds His throne, And grace sur-rounds His throne, And grace sur-rounds His throne.
And send His truth a - broad. And send His truth a - broad, And send His truth a - broad, And send His truth a - broad.

Copyright, 1892, by THE A. J. SHOWALTER COMPANY.

78

Soldiers of the Cross.

F. M. DAVIS. EDWIN MOORE.

1. 'Neath the ban - ner of the Cross we 're marching, Val - iant sol - diers of a might - y King; Lift - ing high to -
2. Though the foe in num - bers may be great - er,— Like the sands up - on the sea - girt shore; They shall dis - ap-
3. 'Neath the ban - ner of the Cross we 're marching, Ransomed sol - diers of the Lord are we; Where He lead - eth

REFRAIN.

day the roy - al en - sign, While our of - fer-ings of praise we bring. March-ing, march-ing on, March - ing, marching on,
pear be - fore our Cap - tain, Who tri - um-phant shall be ev - er - more.
we will ev - er fol - low, March-ing 'neath the ban - ner of the free.

'Neath the ban - ner of a might-y King; O - ver sea and land, At our Lord's command, We will fol - low and His prais - es sing.

Copyright, 1892, by THE A. J. SHOWALTER COMPANY.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Oswald. 8, 7.

REV. J. B. DYKES.

1. Call Je - ho - vah thy sal - va - tion, Rest be-neath th 'Almighty's shade, In His se - cret hab - i - ta - tion, Dwell, and nev - er be dismayed.
2. There no tu - mult can a - larm thee, Thou shalt dread no hid - den snare; Guile nor vi - o - lence can harm thee, In e - ter - nal safeguard there.
3. From the sword at noonday wast-ing, From the noi-some pes - ti - lence, In the depth of midnight blast-ing, God shall be thy sure de-fence.
4. Thou shalt call on Him in trou - ble, He will heark-en, He will save; Here for grief re-ward thee dou-ble, Crown with life be - yond the grave.

Our Home is not Here.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Our home is not here in this coun-try be - low; Our home is in heav - en, and thith - er we go With Je - sus our guide as we
2. Our home is not here, and our hearts would not stay Where darkness ob-scures the pure light of the day; Our hopes are all cen - tred in
3. Our home is not here, for the man-sions up there Are won-drous - ly grand and so won-drous-ly fair, That nev - er could mor-tals be

REFRAIN.

jour - ney a - long, To the coun - try of mar - vel - ous beau -ty and song. Though pilgrims be - low, Christ Je - sus we know, And He
heav - en a - bove, In the coun - try of mar - vel - ous beau -ty and love.
tempt-ed to stray From that beau - ti - ful home and its kin-dred a - way.

cheers all the way with His love; Our com-pan - ion is He, and our guide He will be To the beau - ti - ful coun-try a - bove.

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

St. Crispin L. M.

SIR GEORGE JOB ELVEY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a -bout, With many a conflict, ma-ny a doubt, Fightings within, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
4. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Because Thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Strangers and Pilgrims.

EBEN E. REXFORD. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Stran - gers and pil - grims, thro' the world we wan - der, Like ex - iles long - ing for their na - tive land; And all our yearn-ings
2. Stran - gers and pil - grims! when like souls be - night- ed We grasp in dark-ness for our Fa - ther's hand, Lo, just a - head we
3. O rap-turous tho't! Be - yond the world of sor - row, Be - yond the hills of earth where now we roam, We'll find the rest of

for the sweet rest yon - der, The home - sick hearts of earth will un - der - stand. Pil - grims and stran-gers, wea - ri - ly we roam, But
see the heav'n-lamps light-ed, To guide our foot-steps to the fa - ther - land. What though a - while all wea - ri - ly we roam, In
God some glad to - mor - row; A lit - tle while, and then we'll all go home. Be pa - tient, wea - ry heart, the while you roam, For

in God's own good time we'll all get home, O home, sweet home! But in God's own good time we'll all get home, O home, sweet home.
God's good time will come the gath-'ring home, O home, sweet home! In God's good time will come the gath'ring home, O home, sweet home.
ev' - ning-time will call God's chil-dren home, O home, sweet home! For eve - ning time will call God's chil-dren home, O home, sweet home.

Call to Praise. S. M.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. A. J. BRIDGES AND J. A. SHOWALTER

1. Stand up, and bless the Lord, Ye peo - ple of His choice; Stand up, and bless the Lord your God, With heart, and soul, and voice.
2. Though high a - bove all praise, A - bove all bless-ing high, Who would not fear His ho - ly name, And laud and mag - ni - fy?
3. Oh, for the liv - ing flame From His own al - tar brought; To touch our lips, our souls in - spire, And wing to heav'n our thought.
4. God is our strength and song, And His sal - va - tion ours: Then be His love in Christ pro-claim'd, With all our ran-som'd pow'rs.

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

In a Little While.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. L. M. Evilsizer.

1. In a lit - tle while we shall be at home, And the gold - en streets of the cit - y roam, With the lov'd and blest who have
2. In a lit - tle while, with the Cross laid down, We shall up - ward mount to re - ceive the Crown; Rob'd in spot - less white we shall
3. In a lit - tle while 't will be o - ver - past, And the toil and pain will be o'er at last; And the wea - ry soul will have
4. In a lit - tle while we shall say "fare-well," And go up in the home of our God to dwell, Where there is no death, where there
5. In a lit - tle while, oh, the bliss - ful thought! We shall see the land we so long have sought; We shall be with Christ, hear His

Refrain.

gone be - fore, And a - bide with Je - sus for ev - er - more. In a lit - tle while, just a lit - tle while, We shall be, . . . we shall
hap - py be, With the Lord we love, thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

faster.

found sweet rest, In the home a - bove, on the Sav - iour's breast. In a lit - tle while, just a lit - tle while, We shall be, . . . we shall
are no tears, And no sor - row falls thro' the long, long years.

fastsr.

words of love, And His glo - ry share in the home a - bove.

slower.

be . . With the Lord we love, in the home a - bove, E - ter - nal - ly; With the Lord we love, in the home a - bove, E - ter - nal - ly.

be . . With the Lord we love, in the home a - bove, E - ter - nal - ly; With the Lord we love, in the home a - bove, E - ter - nal - ly.

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. Showalter.

Improve the Time.

L. B. M.

L. B. Mitchell.

1. O pil-grim, on your homeward way, Thro' life's fast fleet-ing years, How much the need of do - ing good, Re - liev - ing woes and tears.
2. Life's op - por-tu - ni - ties im-proved Will bring their rich re - ward, For all your work of love will be As un - to Christ the Lord.
3. Then do the ver - y best you can, While time is kind-ly given; By help - ing oth - ers on the way, You best pre - pare for heav'n.

Refrain.

Im - prove . . the precious time That is giv - en un - to you, For the Mas-ter doth re-quire no less Than all that you can do.
Improve, improve the precious, precious time, That is given un - to, un - to you,

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. Showalter.

In Beulah Land. C. M. D.

Rev. M. Lowrie Hoffman, D. D.

J. E. Derhammer.

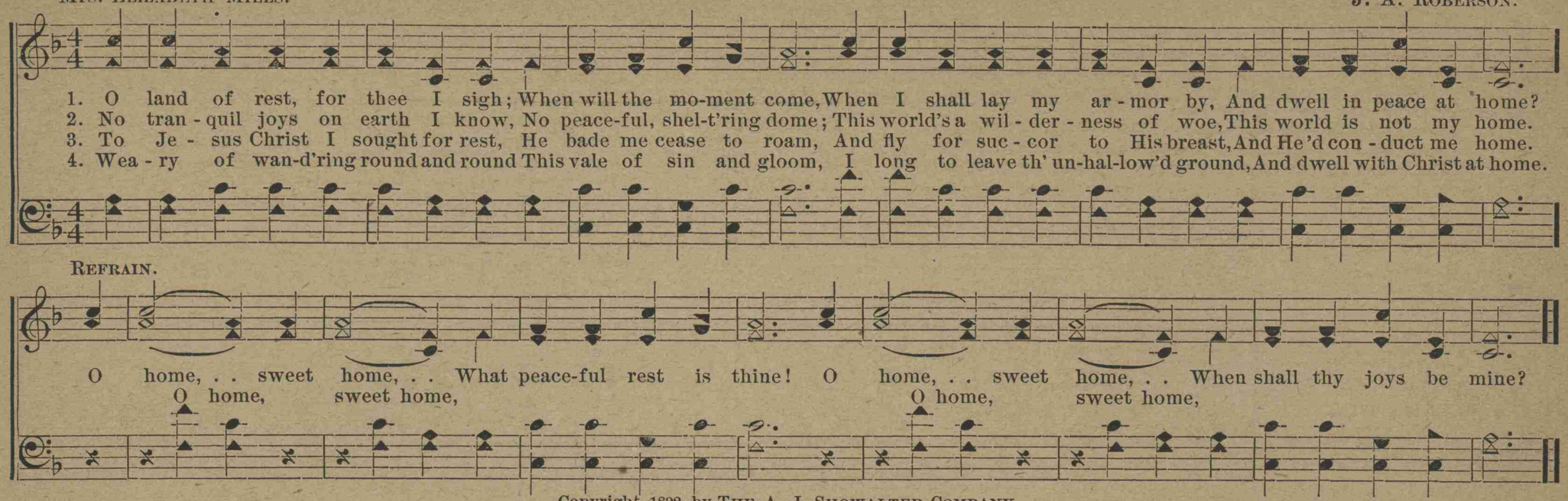
1. I'm lin-g'ring here in Beu - lah land, I'm near the gold - en shore; By faith I see the shin-ing strand, Where storms beat never-more.
2. I'm lin-g'ring here in Beu - lah land, And soon may soar a - way, And bask a - mid the gold-en light Of an e - ter - nal day
3. I'm lin-g'ring here in Beu - lah land, A heavenly home in view; The things of earth, that soon must fade, No long - er I pur - sue.

The mus - ic of ser - aph - ic songs Is waft - ed to my ear; And light re - ful - gent fills my soul, The glo - ry is so near.
Up - on the wings of faith I mount, And cast my rap - tured eyes O'er hill and val - leys, light - ed up With glo - ry from the skies.
A bright-ness beams from worlds above; Ser - aph - ic songs I hear; And light re - ful - gent fills my soul, The glo - ry is so near.

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. Showalter.

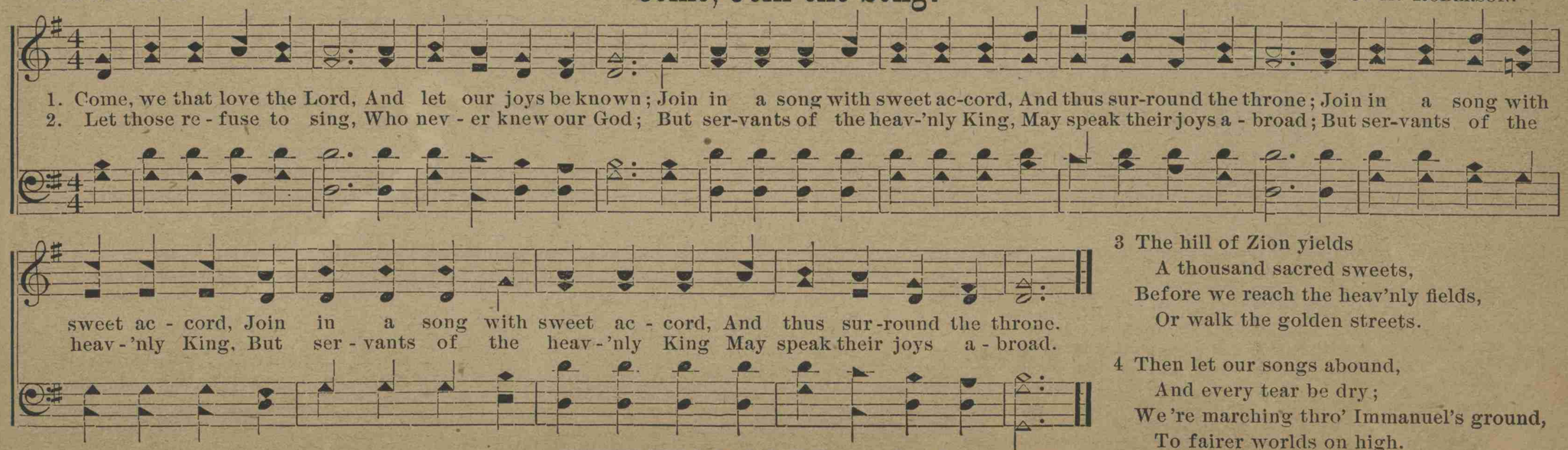
Land of Rest.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS. J. A. ROBERSON.



Copyright, 1892, by THE A. J. SHOWALTER COMPANY.

Come, Join the Song.

ISAAC WATTS. J. A. ROBERSON.

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

Copyright, 1892, by THE A. J. SHOWALTER COMPANY.

Send the Light.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There 's a call comes ringing o'er the restless wave, "Send the light! Send the light!" There are souls to rescue, there are souls to save, Send the light!
2. We have heard the Mac-e-don-ian call to-day, "Send the light! Send the light!" And a gold-en off'ring at the cross we lay, Send the light!
3. Let us pray that grace may ev'rywhere abound, "Send the light! Send the light!" And a Christ-like spirit ev'rywhere be found, Send the light!
4. Let us not grow weary in the work of love, "Send the light! Send the light!" Let us gather jew-els for a crown above, Send the light!

REFRAIN.

Send the light! We will spread the ev - erlasting light. With a will - ing, willing heart and hand, Giving God the

BASS SOLO.

Send the light! We will spread the ev - er - last - ing light With a will - ing heart and hand, Giv-ing God the glory

glo - ry ev - er-more, We will fol - low, fol-low His command. Send the light, the blessed gos - pel light, Let it

ev - er - more, We will fol - low His com - mand. Send the light, the bless-ed gos - pel light,

shine, from shore to shore! Send the light, and let its ra - diant beams Light the world for-ev -er - more.

Let it shine, from shore to shore! Send the light, and let its radiant beams Light the world for-ev-er-more.

Copyright, 1890, by CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Used by per.

Over the Sea.

E. ALBRIGHT. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. On the dis tant hea-then shore, Far be-yond the o-cean's roar, God has o-pened wide a door, O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea,
2. Bear the glad and joy - ful sound, That a Sav-iour has been found, To the souls of er - ror bound, O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea,
3. Then shall dawn the hap-py day, When the bright mil-len- nial ray Shall the dark-ness drive a - way, O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea,

Go, ye Chris-tians, true and brave, Cross the blue and roll - ing wave, And those ma - ny mil - lions save, O - ver the sea.
That the glo - rious gos - pel light, By its sav - ing pow'r and might, May dis - pel the sin of night, O - ver the sea.
When the earth, re-deem'd and free, Shall Mes - si - ah's king - dom be, And each soul shall bow the knee, O - ver the sea.

CHORUS.

O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea, And those ma - ny mil - lions save, O - ver the sea,
O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea,

O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea, And those ma - ny mil - lions save, O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea.
O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea,

He Knoweth the Way.

EDWIN MOORE.

1. I know not, the way is so mist - y, The joys or the griefs it shall bring; What clouds are o'er-hang-ing the fu - ture, What
2. I stand where the cross roads are meet-ing, And know not the right from the wrong; No beck - on-ing fin - gers di - rect me, No
3. I know that the way lead-eth home-ward, To the land of the pure and the blest; To the coun-try of ev - er fair sum - mer, To the

flow'rs by the road-side shall spring; But there 's one who will jour-ney be - side me, Nor in weal nor in woe will for - sake; And this is my
wel-come floats to me in song; But my guide will soon give me a to - ken, By wil - der-ness, moun-tain or lake, What-ev - er the
cit - y of peace and of rest; And there shall be heal - ing for sick - ness, And foun-tains, life's fe - ver to slake, What matters be -

sol - ace and com - fort," He know-eth the way that I take," And this is my sol - ace and com - fort," He know-eth the way that I take."
dark-ness a - bout me, " He know-eth the way that I take," What-ev - er the dark-ness a - bout me, " He know-eth the way that I take."
side? I go heav'n-ward—" He know-eth the way that I take," What matters be - side? I go heav'n-ward," He know-eth the way that I take."

Copyright, 1892, by THE A. J. SHOWALTER COMPANY.

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

At Jesus' Feet. C. M.

EDWIN MOORE.

1. At Je - sus' feet I take my place; I touch His gar-ment's hem; A help-less child in need of grace, My Lord will not con - demn.
2. I have no hope but in His love; His prom-ise is my plea; I give my-self to Him who strove E'en un - to death for me.
3. I on - ly ask that I may know What He would have me do; That my o - be - dient life may show The grace that bears me through.
4. I've noth-ing, Lord, to of - fer Thee But this weak heart of mine; O take it, Lord, and let it be Thine own, for - ev - er Thine.

Copyright, 1892, by THE A. J. SHOWALTER COMPANY.

We'll All Be Home Together.

E. E. Rexford. E. Roberts.

1. Oh, is there a - ny sweet-er tho't, When lone-some in our sor - row, We think of friends we miss so much, And then of God's to -
2. Re - mem - ber when the way grows dark A-round us and a - bove us, And we can reach no ten - der hand Of those who know and
3. Pray God that in the ways we tread To - day while skies are smil - ing, The night may find our wea - ry feet With rest and peace be -

mor - row? On earth we may not meet a - gain,—God on - ly know-eth wheth - er,—But when we climb the hap - py hills, We'll
love us, That o - ver in the heav - en - land There is no storm - y weath - er, And when we've cross'd the hills of God, We'll
guil - ing; But oh, if we should part - ed be, In mea - dow land or heath - er, God grant that at the eve - ning time, We'll

We'll all be home! . . . . O bless - ed thought! . . . . The

Refrain.

all be home to - geth - er! We'll all be home! O bless - ed tho't! Like sun-shine in wild weath-er!
all be home to - geth - er!
all go home to - geth - er!

e - ven- time . . . . is near, and then . . . . We'll all . . be home to - geth - er.

The e - ven-time is near, and then We'll all be home to-geth -er, We'll all be home, we'll all be home to-geth-er. . .

Copyright, 1892, by Edward Roberts.

I'd like to be like Jesus.

T. F. F.

THOS. F. FRANCIS.

1. I'd like to be like Je - sus, And have a lov - ing heart, To fol - low close be - hind Him, And nev - er-more de - part. I'd like to bear the
2. I love to speak for Je - sus, A kind, a gen - tle word Will sometimes lead the err - ing To vir - tue and to God. I love to tell His
3. I'd like to live like Je - sus, A life that's wholly wrought With lov-ing deeds of kind - ness That ne'er shall be for - got. But I will fol - low

ban - ner, The ban - ner of the Cross, And glo - ri - fy my Sav - iour, Counting oth - er things as dross. I would like to be, I would
good-ness To all who will re - ceive The of - fers of His mer - cy, And will on His name be - lieve.
close - ly The foot-steps He hath trod, And trust in Him my Sav - iour, Till He bring me home to God.

REFRAIN.

I would like to be,

like to be, I would like to be like Je - sus; I would like to be, I would like to be, I would like to be like Je - sus.
I would like to be, I would like to be, I would like to be,

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

Praise. S. M.

Melody by C. M. HATCH.

Harmonized by A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Come, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song of sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne.
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But chil - dren of the heav'nly King May speak their joys a - broad.
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Or walk the gol - den streets.
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We 're march-ing thro' Im - man-uel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

Jesus is Mine.

JANE CATHARINE BONAR.
SOLO, OR ALL VOICES IN UNISON.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Fade, fade each earth - ly joy, Je - sus is mine; Break ev - ery ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine;
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine; Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine;
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine; Lost in this dawn - ing bright, Je - sus is mine;
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine; Wel - come, e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine;

ORGAN.

CHORUS.

Dark is the wild - er - ness; Earth has no rest - ing-place; Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine.
Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine.
All that my soul has tried, Left but a dis - mal void; Je - sus has sat - is - fied; Je - sus is mine.
Wel - come, O loved and blest, Wel - come, sweet scenes of rest, Wel - come, my Sav - iour's breast, Je - sus is mine.

Copyright, 1892, by THE A. J. SHOWALTER COMPANY.

Moore. 8s & 7s.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God, He whose word can ne'er be bro - ken, Chose thee for His own a - bode.
2. On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake thy sure repose! With sal-va - tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
3. See! the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e-ter-nal love, Well sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want remove.
4. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov'ring, See the cloud and fire appear, For a glo - ry and a cov-'ring, Show-ing that the Lord is near.

Copyright, 1892, by THE A. J. SHOWALTER COMPANY.

Like a River Glorious.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. L. O. EMERSON.

1. Like a riv-er glo-rious, Is God's perfect peace, O-ver all vic'-to-rious, In its bright increase; Per-fect yet it flow-eth, Full-er ev-'ry day,
2. Hid-den in the hol-low Of His blessed hand, Nev-er foe can fol-low, Never traitor stand; Not a surge of wor-ry, Not a shade of care,
3. Ev-'ry joy or tri-al, Fall-eth from a-bove, Traced up-on our di-al, By the Sun of love; We may trust Him solely, All for us to do;

REFRAIN.

cres. *dim.*

Per-fect yet it grow-eth, Deep-er all the way. Stayed up-on Je-ho-vah, Hearts are fully blest; Find-ing as He prom-ised, Perfect peace and rest.
Not a blast of hur-ry, Touch the spir-it there.
They who trust Him wholly, Find Him wholly true.

Copyright, 1892, by THE A. J. SHOWALTER COMPANY.

Welcome, Wanderer.

DR. H. BONAR. J. L. MOORE.

1. In the land of stran-gers, Whith-er thou art gone, Hear a far voice call-ing, "My son! My son!"
2. From the land of hun-ger, Faint-ing, fam-ished, lone; Come to love and glad-ness, "My son! My son!"
3. See the door still o-pen, Thou art still my own; Eyes of love are on thee, "My son! My son!"
4. See the well-spread ta-ble, Un-for-got-ten one! Here is rest and plen-ty, "My son! My son!"

REFRAIN.

Wel-come, wan-d'rer, wel-come! To thy Fa-ther's home! Thou hast wan-dered far a-way; Come home! come home!

Copyright, 1892, by THE A. J. SHOWALTER COMPANY.

Lights Along the Shore.

1. There are lights by the shore of that coun - try, Where my bark a - mid per - ils I steer; And they ev - er grow bright-er, and
2. There are lights by the shore as we jour - ney, As we float down the riv - er of time; All the days of our pil - grim-age
3. Oh! they tell of a hope that will cheer us In the midst of our sor- rows and cares; When the lamp on our ves - sel burns
4. Then for - get not to keep your light shin - ing, O Chris-tian! be earn- est and true, For a soul on life's o - cean may

CHORUS.

bright - er, As that glo - rious ha - ven I near.
bright - en, With a ra - diance tru - ly sub-lime.
} Oh! the lights a - long the shore, That nev - er grow dim, nev - er, nev - er grow

dim - ly, We watch for the glim- mer of theirs.
per - ish, May sink in the waves,—but for You.
} Oh! the lights a - long the shore, That nev - er grow dim, nev - er, nev - er grow

dim, Are the souls that are a flame With the love of Je - sus' name, And they guide us, yes they guide us un - to Him.

dim, Are the souls that are a flame With the love of Je - sus' name, And they guide us, yes they guide us un - to Him.

Never Forget that Jesus is Your Friend.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. A - mid the ma - ny tri - als that meet you on life's way, Never for - get that Je - sus is your friend; Look ev - er to the Lord in
2. And if your task is heav - y, and you are weak and faint, Never for - get that Je - sus is your friend; For He is ev - er read-y to
3. Should friends that once were faithful, prove faithless and un-true, Never for - get that Je - sus is your friend; Tho' by the world for-sak-en, He 'll
4. Oh! val - ue His pure friendship, and trust Him ev - 'ry day, Never for - get that Je - sus is your friend; And you will have His presence to

con - fi-dence, and pray, And nev-er for - get that Je - sus is your friend.
hear the soul's complaint; Then nev-er for - get that Je - sus is your friend.
be a friend to you; Then nev-er for - get that Je - sus is your friend.
cheer you on the way; Oh! nev-er for - get that Je - sus is your friend.

REFRAIN.

Nev-er for - get, nev-er for - get, There's
Nev-er for-get, nev-er for-get,

One on whom you ev - er may de - pend; (nev-er for - get,) Nev-er for - get, nev-er for - get, Nev-er for - get that Je - sus is your friend.

opyright, 1892, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

Evening Song. 7s.

GEO. W. DOANE. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee.
2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es-capes with - out, with-in, Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.
3. Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way; Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

Copyright, 1891, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

Fatherland.

Arr. by A. J. S.

1. There is a place where my hopes are stayed, My heart and my treasure are there; Where verdure and blossoms never fade, And fields are eternally fair.
2. There is a place where the angels dwell, A pure and a peaceful abode; The joys of that place no tongue can tell, For there is the palace of God.
3. There is a place where my friends are gone, Who suffered and worshiped with me; Exalted with Christ high on His throne, The King in His beauty they see.
4. There is a place where I hope to live, When life and its la- bors are o'er; A place which the Lord to me will give, And then I shall sorrow no more.

REFRAIN.

That bliss- ful place is my fa- therland; By faith its delights I explore; Come, fa- vor my flight, an- gel - ic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.

God be with You!

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER.

By per. of J. E. Rankin.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain!—By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you; God be with you till we meet a- gain!
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain!—'Neath His wings securely hide you, Dai- ly man-na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we meet a- gain!
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain!—When life's perils thick confound you, Put His loving arms around you; God be with you till we meet a- gain!
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain!—Keep love's banner floating o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet again!

CHORUS.

Till we meet! . . Till we meet! Till we meet at Je- sus' feet; meet! God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Till we meet! meet a- gain! Till we meet! meet a- gain!

A Trust Song.

E. E. REXFORD. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Though sor-rows hedge our path-ways in, And bur - dens weigh us down, By faith and trust in God, we see A - bove the cross, the crown;
2. We feel the pres-ence of His love A - bout us all the way; We are not walk-ing here a - lone; In God's our hand we lay.
3. What mat - ter if the way is long? We know it leads us home; What mat-ter if a - bout our paths Earth's many sor-rows come?

Re - ly - ing in our Fa-ther's love, His own good time we wait, Be - liev - ing that the way we tread Will lead home soon or late.
He cheers us when we fal - ter most, By ten - der words and sweet, And trust - ful - ly we fol - low Him, Al - tho' with bleeding feet.
With stead-fast faith that fal - ters not, We 'll tread the toil - some way, Be - liev - ing that there 's rest a - head, For us, some hap - py day.

REFRAIN.

Oh, strong with faith in God a - bove, We jour - ney day by day, Con - tent to trust th' E-ter - nal Love For ev - er, come what may.

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

Hursley. L. M.

Arr. by WM. HENRY MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ry eye - lids gent-ly steep, Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For ev - er on my Saviour's breast.
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can-not live; A - bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take; Till, in the o - cean of Thy love, We lose ourselves in Heav'n a - bove.

Copyright, 1890, by A. J. Showalter.

Up the Shining River.

F. L. ROBERTSHAW.

Solo, or voices in unison.

1. Up the Shin-ing Riv - er, Sail - ing with the tide, Je - sus is my Pi - lot,
2. See how hard 'tis blow - ing, There'll be wind to-night; Trem-ble not, my broth-er,
3. Who's a - fraid when Je - sus Like an an - gel stands, Hold- ing sheet and till - er,

REFRAIN.

Je - sus is my guide.
He will steer us right.
In His ho - ly hands. } Steer the ves - sel, Je - sus, Steer it night and day, To the gold-en cit - y, Far, far a - way.

CHORUS.

Steer the ves - sel, Je - sus, Steer it night and day, To the gold- en cit - y, Far, far a - way.

INTERLUDE. (*May be omited.*)

Copyright, 1890, by A. J. Showalter.

Come unto Me.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

Andante.

Come un - to me, all ye that la - bor and are heav - y - la - den, and I will give you rest, I will give you rest. Take my yoke up -

on you, and learn of me, Take my yoke up - on you, and learn of me; For I am meek and low - ly in heart, And ye shall find rest

rit.

un - to your souls. For my yoke is eas - y, and my bur - den is light, My yoke is eas - y, and my bur - den is light, my bur - den is light.

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

Gate of Heaven. L. M.

JNO. A. SHOWALTER.

1. How sweet to leave the world a-while, And seek the pres-ence of our Lord! Dear Saviour! on Thy peo-ple smile, And come, ac-cord - ing to Thy word.
2. From bu - sy scenes we now re-treat, That we may here con-verse with Thee. Ah, Lord! behold us at Thy feet; Let this the "gate of heav-en" be.
3. "Chief of ten thousand!" now ap-pear, That we by faith may see Thy face; Oh, speak, that we Thy voice may hear, And let Thy pres-ence fill the place.

Let Every Heart Rejoice and Sing.

L. O. EMERSON.

Animato.

1. Let ev - 'ry heart re - joice and sing, Let cho - ral an-thems rise; Ye rev -'rend men and chil-dren bring To God your sac - ri - fice; For
2. He bids the sun to rise and set; In heav'n His pow'r is known; And earth, subdued to Him, shall yet Bow low be - fore His throne. For

He is good, Su - preme - - ly good, And kind are all His
For He is good, for He is good, Su-preme-ly good, su-preme-ly good, And kind are all His

ways. With songs and hon - ors sound - ing loud The great Je - ho-vah's praise, While the rocks and the rills, A glo-rious an-them
And the vales and the hills,

rit.

raise, A glo-rious an-them raise; Let each pro - long the grate-ful song, And the God of our fa-thers praise, And the God of our fa-thers praise.

Copyright, 1892, by THE A. J. SHOWALTER CO.

Captive Jews.

R. H. RANDALL.

DUET. *May be sung as a Trio.*

1. By wa - ters of Bab - y - lon sit - ting for - lorn, We wept bit- ter tears in that day of our scorn,
2. They asked for a song of our dear na- tive land, May skill and Thy cun - ning for - sake thee my hand,
3. On wil - lows of Ba - bel our harps we have hung, They rock to the breez - es neg - lect - ed, un - strung;
4. We sit in the shad - ow heart-wound - ed and sore, And gaze on the wa - ters that foam on the shore,
5. We en - vy the clouds float- ing calm - ly a - bove, And long to take flight on the wings of a dove,

We thought of our Zi - on so far, far a - way, The heath- en and the scoff of the spoil - er and the prey.
If ev - er to please them blas - phe - mers ab - hor'd, Thou dare to wake to mu - sic the harp of the Lord.
And if they re - ech - o 'tis on - ly in sighs, When touched by rag - ing tem - pests while howl - ing thro' the skies.
And en - vy each bil - low that flows to the sea, Be - cause it yet may wan - der, O Zi - on dear, to Thee.
Once more to be-hold ere we rest in the sod, The land of home and kin - dred, the sa - cred city of God.

CHORUS.

O beau- ti - ful Zi - on, dear while a - ges shall roll, Far from Thee, as cap - tives bound, We sit in an- guish of soul;

O beau- ti - ful Zi - on, shall we nev - er more stand On thy walls at e - ven- tide? Thou beau-ti - ful prom- ised land?

From "The Key-Letter," by permission.

We are Marching to Glory.

1. We are march - ing to glo - ry, and we're sing - ing the sto - ry That the pil-grims thro' the a - ges have sung, have sung;
2. O the path grow- eth bright- er, and the load seem - eth light - er, And our toil is but the la - bor of love, of love;
3. O then join in our sing - ing, and to Je - sus be bring - ing, All your Ser-vice and your heart full of love, of love;

And through - out ev - 'ry na - tion is the sweet - est ob - la - tion, Ev - er of - fered by a mor - tal tongue.
And when souls seek the fa - vor of the dear, bless - ed Sav - iour There is joy a - kin to that a - bove.
And we'll march on to - geth - er to the bright, bright for - ev - er Till we sing His praise at home a - bove.

CHORUS.

We are march - ing to glo - ry, yes we're march - ing to glo - ry, And the songs of sal - va - tion we will sing, we will sing,

So in - spir - ing and cheer- ing, as the por - tals we're near - ing, And we jour - ney on to crown the King

Copyright, 1890, by A. J. Showalter.

From "The Key-Letter," by permission.

102 . . .

Whiter than the Snow.

GEORGE D. BUCHANAN.

1. Come, my Re-deem-er, come, And deign to dwell with me; Come and Thy right as-sume, And bid Thy ri-vals flee—
2. Ex-ert Thy might-y pow'r And ban-ish all my sin; In this au-spi-cious hour, Bring all Thy grac-es in—
3. Rule Thou in ev-'ry thought And pas-sion of my soul, 'Till all my pow'rs are brought Be-neath Thy full con-trol—

CHORUS.

Come, my Re-deemer, quick-ly come, And make my heart Thy last-ing home,

Come, my Re-deem-er, quick-ly come, And make my heart Thy last-ing home, Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And
Come, my Re-deem-er, come, And make my heart Thy home, Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And

I shall be whit-er than snow, I shall be whit-er than the snow, I shall be whit-er than the snow,
I shall be whit-er than the snow, I shall be whit-er, whit-er than the snow, I shall be whit-er, than the snow, yes

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Wash me in the blood, in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er, whit-er than the snow.

By permission of G. D. Buchanan, owner of the Copyright.

The Open Gate.

1. I've heard them sing a - gain and a - gain, Of a gate that stands a - jar, Of a sun - ny clime, and
2. A wel - come home at the o - pen gate, From a band of an - gels bright, Do these for the ran - som'd
3. The sin - ner's friend, as He reach - es down, With a Sav - iour's won - drous love; Who pre - pares a man - sion,

gold - en plain, And a sin - less land a - far. But when I have past the chil - ly tide, And en - ter my home a -
spir - it wait, As it gains the land of light? We may not know of the joy un - told, The bliss of the oth - er
robe, and crown, In His shin - ing courts a - bove. Will gath - er His flock in - to the fold, To the fold be- yond the

CHORUS.

- bove, I be - lieve the gate will o - pen wide, On its gold - en hinge of love.
side, But when I come to the gate of gold, I be - lieve 'twill o - pen wide.
tide, As they near the gate, the gate of gold, I be - lieve 'twill o - pen wide.

} It will o - pen wide, yes

o - pen wide, I'll pass thro' its por - tals free, And rest in peace on the oth - er side, It will o - pen wide for me.

From "Living Gems," by permission of S. C. Hanson.
By permission of G. D. Buchanan, owner of the Copyright.

We Shall Know Each Other There.

C. E. B., arranged. C. H. CRAWFORD.

1. When the ev-'ning shadows gath- er, And the long days work is done; When we reach the unknown country Out be - yond the set- ting sun:
2. Cher-ished forms who walked beside us, Down the aisles of by-gone years, How we watched them fade and vanish, Thro' a mist of fall- ing tears;
3. All the way they've walked beside us, Ev - er near us, though un-seen, Hid-den from our blind-ed vis - ion By the veil that fell be-tween,
4. Hush, then, each re- bel-lious mur-mur, For we, too, are go - ing home, There to find our household treasures, Nev-er - more a-gain to roam:

Af- ter all the wea - ry wait- ing, In their peace - ful rest to share, No more need of an-guished parting—We shall know each other there.
Lov-ing voic - es hushed in si- lence, Join-ing now the an - gel band, Sing- ing glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, O- ver in the Beu- lah land.
But when Je - sus bids us en- ter Through the pearl- y por- tals wide, They will be the first to meet us O- ver on the oth - er side.
Safe with - in our Fa-ther's mansion, Clad in robes so bright and fair, Hymning loud our hal - le - lu - jahs, We shall know each oth- er there.

REFRAIN.

We shall know, we shall know, We shall know each oth - er bet - ter, We shall know each oth - er there;
sure - ly know, sure - ly know,

On the res - ur- rec- tion morn-ing, Free from toil and free from care, With our tear-dimmed eyes made perfect, We shall know each oth-er there.

Copyright, 1890, by A. J. Showalter.

Song of Gladness.

Rev. Geo. F. Robertson. A. J. Showalter.

1. I am so glad that my Fa - ther and God Has guard - ed each path - way in which I have trod;
2. I am so glad that my Sav - iour and King De - scend - ed from heav - en, re - demp-tion to bring;
3. I am so glad that the Spir - it di - vine Came hearts to re - new that were sin - ful as mine;
4. I am so glad that in heav - en a - bove Are man-sions e - ter - nal in which all is love;

Has ten - der - ly cared for me day . . by day, . . Fol - low - ing aft - er when ev - er I stray
His mis - sion is seek - ing and sav - ing the lost; . He brought us from death, His own death the cost.
To com - fort and bless, and to sanc - ti - fy, . . And fit by His pres - ence for dwell - ing on high.
The man - sions that Je - sus has gone to pre - pare, And where, with the ran - som'd His glo - ries He'll share.

Refrain.

All praise un - to Thee, . . . O Thou Fa-ther in heav'n, - . For all the rich bless - ings Thy love has giv'n; . .
Praise un - to Thee, O Thou Fa-ther, dear Fa-ther in heav'n, For the rich bless-ings, the bless-ings Thy love has giv'n;

The Fa - ther and Spir - it and Sav - iour we praise, . . To Thee be all glo - - - ry through end-less days.
Fa-ther, dear Fa - ther and Spir - it and Sav-iour we praise, To Thee be all glo - ry thro' end - less days.

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. Showalter.

E. R. LATTA.

Earth Our Tenting Ground.

E. ROBERTS.

1. We're on - ly pil-grims here be- low, To fair - er re-gion bound; The Sav-iour is our Josh - u - a, And earth our tent- ing ground;
2. We're on - ly pil-grims here be- low, Where countless ills a- bound; The Fa-ther's love our Man - na is, And earth our tent- ing ground;
3. We're on - ly pil-grims here be- low, With dan-gers all a- round; The stream of death our Jor - dan is, And earth our tent- ing ground;

Our home is far be- yond the reach Of troub- le and of care; We here have no a - bid - ing place, Our home is o - ver there.
Our home is where no part - ing comes, And skies are ev - er fair; We here have no a - bid - ing place, Our home is o - ver there.
Our home is more than Can- aan was, 'Tis bright be-yond com- pare; We here have no a - bid - ing place, Our home is o - ver there.

Copyright, 1890, by Edward Roberts.

REFRAIN.

O - ver there, O - ver there, Where per-fect bliss is found! O-ver there, O - ver there, Beyond earth's tenting ground.
O - ver there, O-ver there, O-ver there, O - ver there,

On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Music and Refrain by A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. On Jordan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish- ful eye, To Can-aan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses-sions lie.
2. Oh, the transport- ing rapturous scene That ris - es to my sight! Sweet fields ar-rayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.
3. O'er all those wide, ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e- ter - nal day: There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat- ters night a - way.
4. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for ev - er blest? When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos- om rest?

Copyright, 1890, by A. J. Showalter.

On Jordan's Stormy Banks. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Oh, I long to reach fair Ca- naan, And with all the blood-washed throng, Swell the an- thems that the ran- som'd sing, the ran-som'd sing;

Yes, I long to see my Sav - iour in the new Je - ru - sa - lem, In the cit - y of my God and King.

Copyright, 1890, by A. J. Showalter.

Go to Thy Rest in Peace.

(In Memory of JOHN HURSH, Orrville, O.)

J. F. KING.

Andante.

1. Go to thy rest in peace, (rest in peace,) And soft be thy re - pose; Thy toils are o'er, thy trou - bles cease,
2. Go to thy peace- ful rest, (peace-ful rest,) For thee we need not weep, Since thou art now a - mong the blest,

From earth-ly care in sweet re - lease. Thine eye- lids gent - ly close. . . . . Gent- ly close. . . . . .
No more by sin and sor - row press'd, But hushed in qui - et sleep . . . . . Qui - et sleep. . . . . .
Thine eye- lids gent - ly close, They gent-ly close.
But hushed in qui - et sleep, In qui- et sleep.

Copyright, 1890, by A. J. Showalter.

By And By.

Arr. by A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. When this toilsome life is o'er, When we reach that shining shore, There we'll find a sol-ace true,
2. When our bat-tles here are won, Then we'll shine forth as the sun, And we'll praise our God on high,
3. There our ev-'ry hope we'll find, In a Sav-iour, true and kind, One on whom we can re-ly,

1. When this life, this toilsome life is o'er, When we reach, we reach that golden shore, There we'll find, we'll find a sol-ace true,
2. When our bat-tles, battles here are won, Then we'll shine, we'll shine forth as the sun, And we'll praise, we'll praise our God on high,
3. There our hope, our ev-'ry hope we'll find, In a Sav-iour, Saviour true and kind, One on whom, on whom we can re-ly,

REFRAIN.

In that by and by we view, that we shall view. } By and by, ... by and by, There will be a by and
For the bless-ed by and by, sweet by and by.
When we reach that by and by, sweet by and by. } Sweet by and by, Sweet by and by, There will be a by and

After last verse repeat pp.

by, By and by, ... by and by, ... Yes, there'll be a by and by, sweet by and by.
by, by and by, There will be a by and by, There will be a by and by,

Copyright, 1889, by A. J. Showalter & Co.

When we come to Cross the River.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. EDWIN MOORE.

1. When we come to cross the riv - er, We will neith-er shrink nor fear, For the Saviour's bless-ed pres-ence Will be there our hearts to cheer;
2. When we come to cross the riv - er, We will bid our friends farewell, Place our hand in that of Je - sus, In whose keep-ing all is well;
3. When we come to cross the riv - er, And the earth shall dis - ap-pear, Heav'n with all its won-drous glo - ry, To our vi - sion will grow clear;

And His hand will safe - ly guide us, To the fair and dis - tant shore, Where we all shall share His glo - ry, With the saints for ev - er - more.
And on yon - der shin - ing por - tal, We with long-ing heart shall stand, Home to welcome all our kin - dred, To the fair Im-man-uel's land.
We shall neither fear nor fal - ter, As we cross the roll - ing tide, For the Lord will lead His loved ones, Safe-ly to the oth - er side.

REFRAIN.

When we come to cross the riv-er,
When we come to cross the riv - er, We will neith-er shrink nor fear, For the Sav-iour's blessed pres-ence Will be there our hearts to cheer.

Copyright, 1892, by THE A. J. SHOWALTER COMPANY.

Living Soul. S. M.

A. J. BRIDGES.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy, A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill; Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage To do my Mas - ter's will.
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live; And oh, Thy ser - vant, Lord, prepare A strict account to give.
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thyself re - ly, As - sured, if I my trust be-tray, I shall for ev - er die.

A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

Our Army Song.

E. ROBERTS, by per.

1. With ban - ners all un-furled, and a - long the King's highway Marching, with songs our voices ring-ing; The ar - my of the Lord, let us
2. His love for us we know, how for us He free - ly died, Oft - en we've heard the wondrous story; Though King eter-nal, He on the
3. In beau - ty and in grace He is near us ev - ery day, Of love and goodness ev - er tell - ing; He'll hear us when we sing, He will
4. The ar - my of the Lord, His commands may we o- bey, Voic- es with prais-es ev - er ring - ing; Our hearts be full of joy, as we

CHORUS.

lift our hearts to-day, Joy- ful lift up with prayer and singing.
earth was cru - ci- fied, Open-ing for us the gates of glo - ry.
} King of sal- va-tion, On Him ev - er call, To Him be glo- ry, the

keep us while we pray, Seek-ing to make our hearts His dwelling.
march a- long our way, Join-ing the an- gels in our sing- ing.
} King of sal- va-tion, On Him ev - er call, To Him be glo - ry, the

Lord of us all; For the love so free - ly given, Praise we now the Lord of heaven, Lift - ing our hearts in joy - ful cho - rus.

Lord of us all; For the love so free - ly given, Praise we now the Lord of heaven, Lift - ing our hearts in joy - ful cho - rus.

Turn your Glasses down.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Turn your glass-es down, boys, Turn your glass-es down, When with sparkling liq-uors Men the ban-quet crown; Tho' the smile once friendly
2. Lest the temp-ter win you In an e-vil hour, Lest he o-ver-come you By his sub-tle pow'r, Lest a draught seduc-tive
3. If a-mong the no-ble You a place would win, If you would not wan-der In-to paths of sin, If you val-ue vir-tue,
4. Prove yourselves he-ro-ic, Dare to take a stand, With the self-de-vot-ed, To re-deem the land; On the proffered tip-ple

REFRAIN.

Chang-es to a frown, Turn your glasses down, boys, Turn your glasses down. Turn them down, turn them down, Turn them
Res-o-lu-tion drown, Turn your glasses down, boys. Turn your glasses down.
Hon-or and re-nown, Turn your glasses down, boys. Turn your glasses down.
Ne'er for-get to frown, Turn your glasses down, boys, Turn your glasses down. Turn them down, turn them down, Turn them down, turn them down, Turn them

down, boys, turn them down, turn them down; Tho' the smile once friendly, Changes to a frown, Turn your glasses down, boys, Turn your glasses down.
Lest a draught se-duc-tive, Res-o-lu-tion drown,
If you val-ue vir-tue, Hon-or and re-nown,
down, boys, yes, turn them down, turn them down, boys, On the prof-fered tip-ple, Ne'er for-get to frown,

Mica. S. M.

J. M. LOOPER.

1. How gen-tle God's commands! How kind His pre-cepts are! Come, cast your bur-dens on the Lord, And trust His con-stant care.
2. Be-neath His watch-ful eye His saints se-cure-ly dwell; That hand which bears cre-a-tion up Shall guard His chil-dren well.
3. His goodness stands ap-proved, Unchanged from day to day: I'll drop my bur-den at His feet, And bear a song a-way.

O Praise God. *

W. H. PONTIUS, by per.

Maestoso.

f

O praise God in His ho - li - ness: praise Him in the fir - ma-ment of His power. Praise Him in His no - ble acts:

praise Him ac - cord - ing to His ex - cel - lent great - ness. Praise Him with the sound of the trum-pet: praise Him up - on the

ff

lute and harp. Praise Him in the cym-bals, in the cym - bals and danc - es: Praise Him up - on the strings and pipe.

f *cres.* *ff* *f*

Praise Him up - on the well-tuned cymbals: praise Him up - on the loud cym-bals. Let ev - 'ry thing that hath breath praise the Lord. A - MEN.

* Instead of the Amen at the close of the piece, the choir and congregation may unite in singing the Doxology, to the tune "Sessions," or any other appropriate tune in the key of B-flat.

Too Late.

M. Lindsay.
Arr. by A. J. S.

Quartet. Chorus.

1. Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill! Late, late, so late! but we can enter still. Too late! too late! ye can-not en-ter now. Too late! too late! ye
2. No light had we: for that we do re-pent, And, learning this, the Bridegroom will relent.

Quartet.

can-not en-ter now. 3. No light! so late! and dark and chill the night! Oh, let us in, that we may find the light; Oh, let us in, that we may find the light.

Chorus. Quartet.

Too late! too late! ye can-not en-ter now. Too late! too late! ye can-not en-ter now. 4. Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet, Oh, let us in, that

Chorus. *pp*

we may kiss His feet; Oh, let us in, Oh, let us in, Oh, let us in, tho' late, to kiss His feet. No! no! too late! ye can-not en-ter now.

Arr. copyright, 1892, by A. J. Showalter.

Rev. H. F. LYTE.

Pleasant are Thy Courts.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL, by per.

1. Pleas- ant are Thy courts a- bove, In the land of light and love; Pleas - ant are Thy
2. Hap - py souls, their prais- es flow E - ven in this vale of woe; Wa - ters in the
3. Lord, be mine this prize to win; Guide me through a world of sin; Keep me by Thy

1. Pleas-ant are Thy courts a - bove, In the land of light and love; Pleasant are Thy courts be-
2. Hap- py souls, their prais- es flow E- ven in this vale of woe; Wa- ters in the des - ert
3. Lord, be mine this prize to win; Guide me through a world of sin; Keep me by Thy sav - ing

courts be - low, In this land of sin and woe. O my spir - it longs and faints For the
des - ert rise, Man - na feeds them from the skies; On they go from strength to strength, Till they
sav - ing grace; Give me at Thy side a place: Sun and Shield a- like Thou art; Guide and

- low, In this land of sin and woe, O my spir - it longs and faints
- rise, Man- na feeds them from the skies, On they go from strenght to strength,
- grace; Give me at Thy side a place: Sun and Shield a - like Thou art;

con - verse of Thy saints, For the bright - ness of Thy face, King of glo - ry, God of grace.
reach Thy throne at length; At Thy feet, a- dor- ing fall, Who hast led them safe thro' all.
guard my err - ing heart; Grace and glo - ry flow from Thee, Shower, oh, shower, them, Lord, on me.

For the con - verse of Thy saints, For the bright - ness of Thy face, King of glo- ry, God of grace.
Till they reach Thy throne at length; At Thy feet a - dor- ing fall, Who hast led them safe thro' all.
Guide and guard my err- ing heart; Grace and glo - ry flow from Thee, Shower, oh, shower, them, Lord on me.

rit.

Let the People Praise Thee.

J. F. KING.

Allegro.

Let the people praise Thee, Let the people praise Thee, Let the people praise Thee, O Lord Most High. Let the people praise Thee, Let the people praise Thee, Let the people praise Thee, O

ff

Lord Most High, Let all the people praise Thee, Let all the people praise Thee, Let the people praise Thee, Let the people praise Thee, Let the people praise Thee, O

cres. *f* *Slow.*

Lord Most High. Then shall the earth, shall the earth yield her increase, and God, ev - en our own God, shall bless . . us.

Then shall the earth, Then shall the earth, Then shall the earth

All the ends of the earth shall fear Him.

allegro.

God shall bless us, God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear Him, earth shall fear Him. All the ends of the earth shall fear Him.

Copyright, 1890, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

How Beautiful Upon the Mountains.

Respectfully inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Newton.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

How beau - ti - ful up - on the mountains, How beau-ti - ful up - on the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good ti - dings, that

bring-eth good ti-dings, good ti-dings, that pub-lish - eth peace, that saith un - to Zi - on, that saith un - to Zi - on, thy God

QUARTET.

reign - eth, thy God reign-eth. How beau - ti - ful up - on the moun-tains, How beau - ti - ful up - on the moun-tains are the

SEMI-CHORUS.

feet of him that bring-eth good ti-dings, that bringeth good ti-dings, good ti-dings, that pub-lish-eth peace. Thy watch-men shall lift up the voice, thy

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

watch-men shall lift up the voice, With the voice to-geth-er shall they sing, With the voice to-geth-er shall they sing, With the voice to-geth-er

FULL CHORUS. *faster.*

shall they sing. Break forth in-to joy, break forth in-to joy, sing to-geth-er, ye waste plac-es of Je-ru-sa-lem, Break forth in-to joy, break

Last time, small notes.

FINE. *slower.* D.S.

forth in-to joy, break forth and sing. For the Lord hath com-fort-ed, hath com-fort-ed His peo-ple; He hath re-deem-ed Je-ru-sa-lem.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Dauerty. L. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me; And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot; To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt; Fightings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
4. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, re-lieve; Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
5. Just as I am, Thy love un-known Hath bro-ken ev-'ry bar-rier down; Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

O Sing Aloud to the God of Our Salvation.

L. O. Emerson.

Allegretto.

O sing a - loud to the God of our sal - va - tion, Hon - or and glo - ry to Him pro - claim; Praise Him, ye na - tions, ex -

O sing a - loud to the God of our sal - va - tion, Hon - or and glo - ry to Him pro - claim; Praise Him, ye na - tions, ex -

1st time as a duet only, 2nd time with chorus

alt His name, ye peo - ple, Mag - ni - fy and glo - ri - fy Je - ho - vah's name. Join . . . . in songs of prais - es,

alt His name, ye peo - ple, Mag - ni - fy and glo - ri - fy Je - ho - vah's name. Join in songs of prais - es, Praise Him, praise Him,

Laud and mag - ni - fy His ho - ly name, Praise . . . the Lord Je - ho - vah, All ye na-tions, praise the Lord.

Laud and mag-ni - fy His ho - ly name, Praise the Lord Je-ho - vah, Praise Him, praise Him, All ye na - tions, praise the Lord.

Copyright, 1892, by The A. J. Showalter Company.

Tell . . . of His sal-va-tion, Join in praise to our ex-alt-ed King; Praise the Lord Je-ho-vah, for

Tell of His sal-va-tion, Praise Him, praise Him, Join in praise to our ex-alt-ed King; Praise the Lord Je-ho-vah, Praise the Lord Je-ho-vah,

1 2 *con spirito.*

ev-er, ev-er-more, more. Re-joice in the Lord, O praise ye His name, Ex-alt ye the name of Je-ho-vah, Re-

praise Him, ev-er-more, more. Re-joice in the Lord, O praise ye His name, Ex-alt ye the name of Je-ho-vah, Re-

cres. 1 2

joice in the Lord, ex-alt ye His name, ex-alt ye His name for ev-er-more; Ex-alt ye His name for ev-er-more.

joice in the Lord, ex-alt ye His name, ex-alt ye His name for ev-er-more; Ex-alt ye His name for ev-er-more.

Seek and Ye Shall Find.

Andante sostenuto.

L. O. Emerson.

1. Oh, wea - ry souls that on-ward creep, In dark - ness and in pain; Oh, hearts that droop with sor - row deep, In sun-light and in rain;
2. The bliss ye crave is near at hand, While blind - ly ye may stray; Thy Sav - iour leads thee to the land, Sweet land of per - fect day!
3. A land of rest from all thy care, A home of pure de - light, And end of all the grief ye share, Oh, they are near our sight!

Be - hold, a - far, the shin-ing Cross, Nor spurn the welcome hand; Why grope thy way in fear and loss,—O seek and ye shall find! Why
Thy Mas - ter comes! oh! la - bor well, Thy sheaves in or - der bind; The blest re - pose, oh, who may tell,—But seek and ye shall find! The
Have sim - ple faith and trust in Him, And lo! no lon - ger blind, We gain the realms of Ser - a-phim—Then seek and ye shall find! We

Oh, seek and ye shall find, ... Oh, seek and ye shall find, ...

grope thy way in fear and loss—Oh, seek and ye shall find!
blest re-pose, oh, who may tell;—But seek and ye shall find!
gain the realms of Ser - aphim—Then seek and ye shall find!

Oh, seek and ye shall find, Oh, seek and ye shall find.

Copyright, 1892, by The A. J. Showalter Company.

Victory. S. M.

L. O. Emerson.

. A - rise, ye saints a - rise! The Lord our Lead - er is; The foe be - fore His ban - ner flies, For vic - to - ry is His.
2. Lead on, Al - might - y Lord! Lead on to vic - to - ry! En - cour - aged by the high re - ward, With joy we 'll follow Thee.
3. We 'll follow Thee, our guide, Our Sav - iour and our King! We 'll fol - low Thee thro' grace sup - plied From heav'n's e - ternal spring.

Copyright, 1892, by The A. J. Showalter Company.

O God, My Heart is Fixed.

J. L. Moore.

Moderato.

Fine.

D.C. O God, my heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed to praise Thy ho - ly name; Then a - wake! The tim-brel and the harp, Then a-wake! The tim-brel and the harp, Then a-wake, The timbrel and the harp, And praise His ho - ly name. I have thought of Thy lov-ing kind-ness, I have thought of Thy lov - ing kind-ness, And I will call up - on Thy great and mar-v'lous name with praise and thanks-giv - ing. Then a - wake! Then a - wake! Then a - wake! Then a - wake!

O God, O God, O God,

Then a-wake! Then a-wake! Then a-wake!

D.C. After D.C. Accel. *p* *m* *f* *ff*

Then a-wake! Then a wake! Then a-wake!

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. Showalter.

Be Telling of His Salvation.

A. J. Showalter, by per.

m *f* *m* *mp*

Praise ye the Lord, Sing praises to Je - ho-vah! Praise ye the Lord, Sing praises to Jehovah! Be tell-ing of His sal - va-tion, Be tell-ing of His sal - va-tion, Be

cres. *m* *cres.* *rall.*

tell-ing of His sal- va-tion from day to day! Be tell-ing of His sal - va-tion, Be tell-ing of His sal-va-tion, Be tell-ing of His sal - va-tion from day to day.

First time, semi-chorus; second time, full chorus.

m

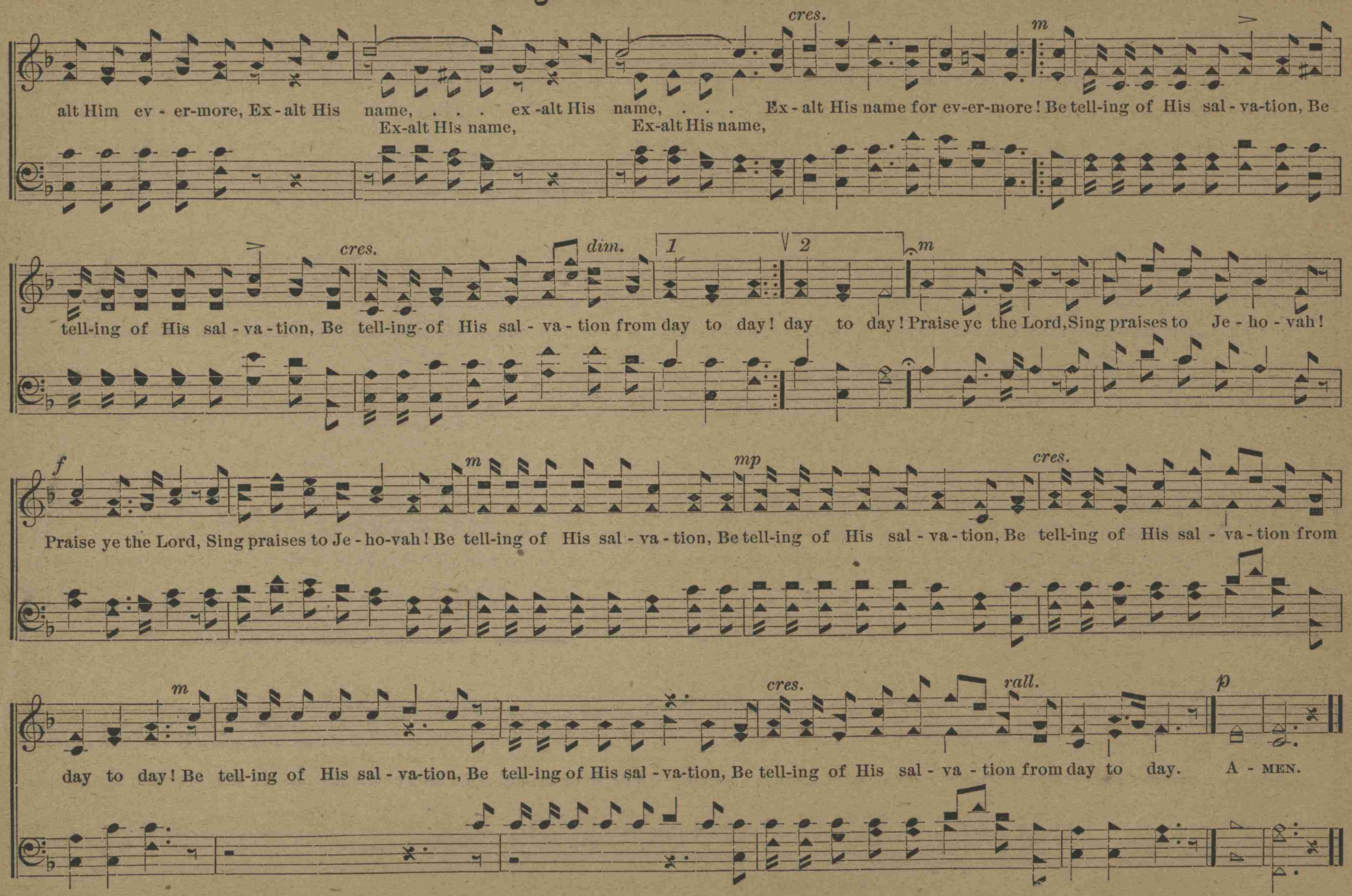
Ex - alt His name, ex - alt His name for - ev - er! Ex - alt His name, ex - alt His name for - ev - er! B tell-ing of His sal - va - tion, Be

ex - alt . . ex - alt . . . Be telling of His sal -

cres. *f* *m* *f*

tell-ing of His sal - va - tion, Be tell-ing of His sal - va-tion from day to day. Ex-alt His name for ev - er! Ex -

va - tion, Be tell-ing of His sal - va - tion, Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord,


cres.
m
alt Him ev - er-more, Ex - alt His name, . . . ex - alt His name, . . . Ex - alt His name for ev-er-more! Be tell-ing of His sal - va-tion, Be
Ex-alt His name, Ex-alt His name,
cres.
dim.
1
2
m
tell-ing of His sal - va - tion, Be tell-ing of His sal - va - tion from day to day! day to day! Praise ye the Lord, Sing praises to Je - ho - vah!
f
m
mp
cres.
Praise ye the Lord, Sing praises to Je - ho-vah! Be tell-ing of His sal - va - tion, Be tell-ing of His sal - va - tion, Be tell-ing of His sal - va - tion from
m
cres.
rall.
p
day to day! Be tell-ing of His sal - va-tion, Be tell-ing of His sal - va-tion, Be tell-ing of His sal - va - tion from day to day. A - MEN.

Hear, O Thou Shepherd.

JNO. CARVER ALDEN, A. M.

Not too slow.

Hear, O Thou Shepherd, Thou Shepherd of Israel, Thou that leadest Joseph, Thou that leadest Jo-seph like a sheep; Show Thyself al-so, show Thyself al-

A little slower.

so, Thou that sit-test, Thou that sit-test, sit-test between the Cher-u-bim. Be-fore Eph-raim, be-fore Ben-ja-min, Eph-raim, Ben-ja-min, and Ma-

DUET.

nas-seh, Stir up Thy strength, stir up Thy strength, stir up Thy strength, and come and help us. Turn us a-gain, O God; Turn us again, O God; Show the light of Thy

CHORUS.

countenance, and we shall be whole. Turn us a-gain, O God; turn us a-gain, O God; Show the light of Thy countenance, and we shall be whole. A-MEN.

Copyright, 1892, by THE A. J. SHOWALTER COMPANY.

We are Marching Home to Zion.

From "UNDER THE PALMS," by Dr. GEO. F. ROOT.

CHORUS.

cres.

1. We are marching home to Zi-on, We are marching day by day, We are marching home to Zi - on, We are pil-grims on the way; In our

cres. *f*

Sav-iour's word con - fid - ing, To His cross our eyes we raise, In His prom - is - es a - bid - ing, Onward march with songs of praise.

March-ing on - ward, marching on - ward, Marching on - ward day by day.

Marching on-ward, March-ing on-ward, March-ing day by day, day by day. We are marching home to Zi - on, We are

cres. *f*

QUARTET.

pil - grims on the way; Yes, we 're marching home to Zi - on, Chris - tian pil - grims on the way. 2. We are march-ing home to Zi - on, For di -

Used by permission of THE JOHN CHURCH CO., owners of the copyright.

We are Marching Home to Zion.—Continued.

rec - tion we will pray, By the still Ab - a - na riv - ers, In the palm groves by the way, We will be by God pro-tect - ed If in

March-ing on-ward, ev - er on - ward, We are

Him our trust we place, An - gel-guard-ed and pro-tect - ed, We shall tri-umph in His grace, Marching on-ward, ev - er on-ward, We are

cres.

pil - grims on the way. Pil - grims, pil - grims on the way, ev - er on . . . . . .

CHORUS.

We are march-ing home to Zi - on, We are pil-grims on the way, Ev - er marching home to Zi - on, Chris-tian

... the way. Marching home, marching home, March-ing home, ... Marching home,

pil-grims on the way. March-ing home, march-ing home, Chris-tian pil-grims marching home, Marching home, yes, marching home,

March-ing home, march-ing home, March-ing home, ... marching home, We are pilgrims marching home, marching home.

Marching home, marching home, Chris-tian pil-grims marching home, marching home, We are pilgrims marching home, marching home.

Come Unto Me.

J. F. KING.

Andante. *cres.* *dim.*

Come un - to Me, and I will give you rest. Come un - to Me, All ye that la - bor And are hea - vy la - den, and I will give you

rest. Take My yoke up - on you and learn of Me, Take My yoke up - on you and learn of Me. For I am

pp *f* *dim. and rit.* *m*

meek and low - ly at heart, And ye shall find rest Un - to your souls. . . For My yoke is

p *pp*

ea - sy and My bur - den is light, My yoke is ea - sy and My bur - den is light. A - men, A - men.

Copyright, 1890, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

The Lord Shall Comfort Zion.

TENOR AND ALTO DUET. EDWIN MOORE.

The Lord shall comfort Zi - on, He shall comfort all her waste places, and He will make her wil-der-ness like E - den, and her des - ert like the

The Lord shall comfort Zi - on, He shall comfort all her waste places, and He will make her wil-der-ness like E - den, and her des - ert like the

CHORUS.

gar-den of the Lord. The Lord shall comfort Zi - on, He shall comfort all her waste places, and He will make her wilderness like E - den, and her

gar-den of the Lord. The Lord shall comfort Zi - on, He shall comfort all her waste places, and He will make her wilderness like E - den, and her

des-ert like the gar-den of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiv-ing and the voice of mel - o - dy, Joy and gladness shall be

des-ert like the gar-den of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanks-giv-ing and the voice of mel - o - dy, Joy and gladness shall be

Copyright, 1890, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

The Lord Shall Comfort Zion.—Continued.

found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of mel - o - dy. My righteous - ness is near, my sal - va - tion is gone forth, and mine arm shall judge the

found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of mel - o - dy. My sal - va - tion is gone forth, and mine arm shall judge the

peo-ple, mine arm shall judge the people, the isles shall wait upon me and on mine arm shall they trust, The isles, the isles shall wait, the isles shall wait up-

peo-ple, mine arm shall judge the people, the isles shall wait upon me and on mine arm shall they trust, The isles, the isles shall wait, the isles shall wait up-

allegro.

on me and on mine arm, mine arm shall they trust. Lift up your eyes un - to the heav-ens, and look up - on the earth be -

on me and on mine arm, mine arm shall they trust. Lift up your eyes un - to the heav-ens, and look up - on the earth be -

neath; for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, for the heavens shall vanish away, for the heavens shall vanish a-

neath; for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, for the heavens shall vanish away, for the heavens shall vanish a-

way, shall van-ish a - way, a - way like smoke; But my sal - va-tion shall be for ev - er, shall be for ev - er-more, shall be for ev - er - more,

way, shall van-ish a - way, a - way like smoke; But my sal - va-tion shall be for ev - er, shall be for ev - er-more, shall be for ev - er-more, Shall

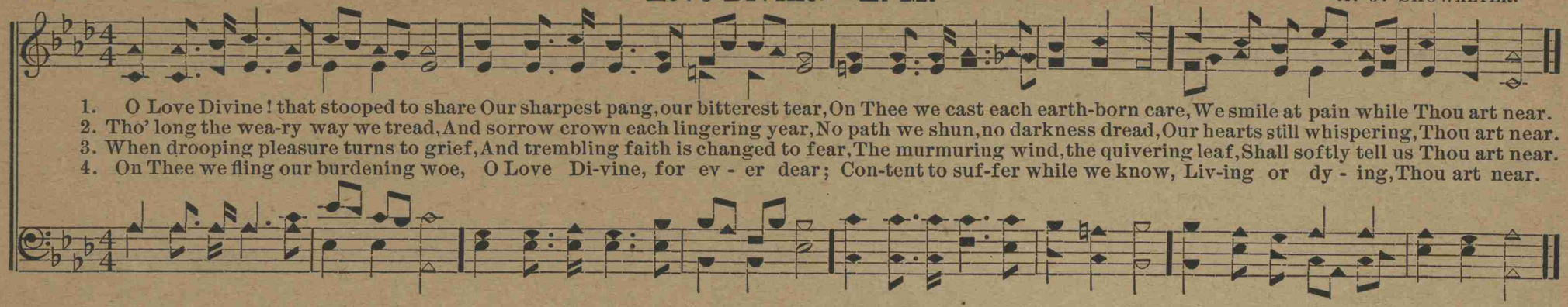
for ev - er and ev - er, shall be for ev - er - more, shall be for ev - er-more, shall be for ev - er-more.

be for ev - er-more, shall be for ev - er-more, for ev - er, and ev - er, shall be for ev - er - more, shall be for ev - er-more, shall be for ev - er-more.

132 O. W. HOLMES.

Love Divine. L. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

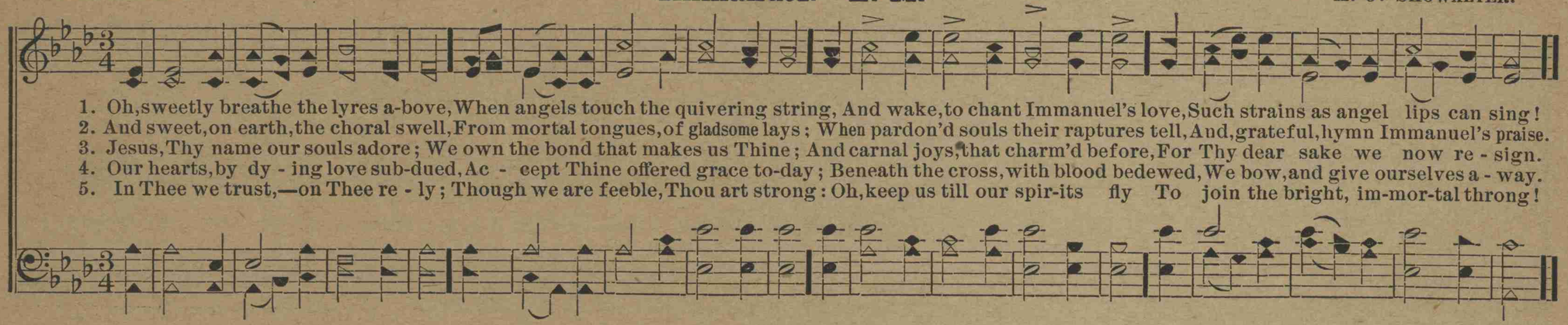


1. O Love Divine! that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear, On Thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at pain while Thou art near.
2. Tho' long the wea-ry way we tread, And sorrow crown each lingering year, No path we shun, no darkness dread, Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.
3. When drooping pleasure turns to grief, And trembling faith is changed to fear, The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf, Shall softly tell us Thou art near.
4. On Thee we fling our burdening woe, O Love Di-vine, for ev - er dear; Con-tent to suf-fer while we know, Liv-ing or dy - ing, Thou art near.

RAY PALMER.

Immanuel. L. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

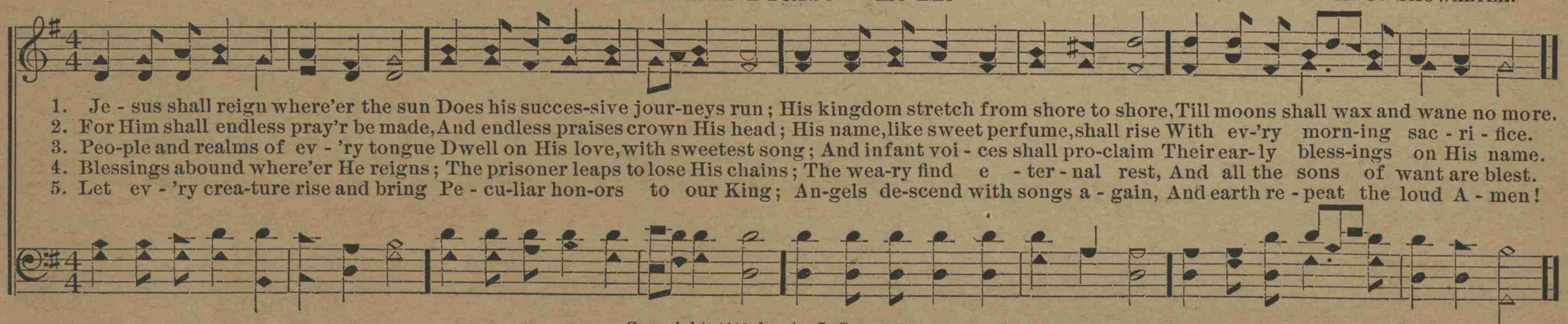


1. Oh, sweetly breathe the lyres a-bove, When angels touch the quivering string, And wake, to chant Immanuel's love, Such strains as angel lips can sing!
2. And sweet, on earth, the choral swell, From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays; When pardon'd souls their raptures tell, And, grateful, hymn Immanuel's praise.
3. Jesus, Thy name our souls adore; We own the bond that makes us Thine; And carnal joys, that charm'd before, For Thy dear sake we now re - sign.
4. Our hearts, by dy - ing love sub-dued, Ac - cept Thine offered grace to-day; Beneath the cross, with blood bedewed, We bow, and give ourselves a - way.
5. In Thee we trust,—on Thee re - ly; Though we are feeble, Thou art strong: Oh, keep us till our spir-its fly To join the bright, im-mor-tal throng!

ISAAC WATTS.

Endless Praise. L. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his succes-sive jour-neys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
2. For Him shall endless pray'r be made, And endless praises crown His head; His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sac - ri - fice.
3. Peo-ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love, with sweetest song; And infant voi - ces shall pro-claim Their ear-ly bless-ings on His name.
4. Blessings abound where'er He reigns; The prisoner leaps to lose His chains; The wea-ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
5. Let ev - 'ry crea-ture rise and bring Pe - cu-liar hon-ors to our King; An-gels de-scend with songs a - gain, And earth re - peat the loud A - men!

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

ISAAC WATTS.

Federal St. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glory died, My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow min-gled down; Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small; Love so a - maz-ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS.

Gratitude. L. M.

Arr. from BOST by Dr. HASTINGS.

1. My God, how end-less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev - 'ry eve-ning new; And morning mer-cies from above, Gent - ly dis - til like ear - ly dew.
2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours; Thy sovereign word restores the light, And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.
3. I yield my pow'rs to Thy command; To Thee I con - se - crate my days; Perpetual blessings from Thine hand Demand perpetu-al songs of praise.

ISAAC WATTS.

Uxbridge. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

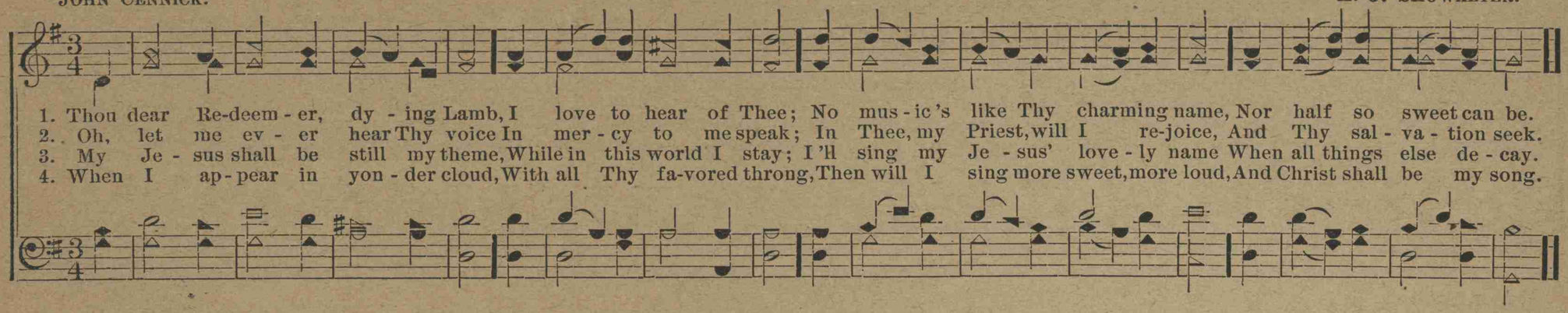
1. The heav'ns de-clare Thy glo - ry, Lord! In ev - 'ry star Thy wis - dom shines; But when our eyes be- hold Thy word, We read Thy name in fair-er lines.
2. The roll - ing sun, the chang-ing light, And nights and days, Thy pow'r confess; But the blest vol-ume Thou hast writ, Re-veals Thy justice and Thy grace.
3. Great Sun of Righteous-ness, a - rise, Bless the dark world with heavenly light; Thy gos-pel makes the simple wise, Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

Missionary Chant. L. M.

H. C. ZEUNER.

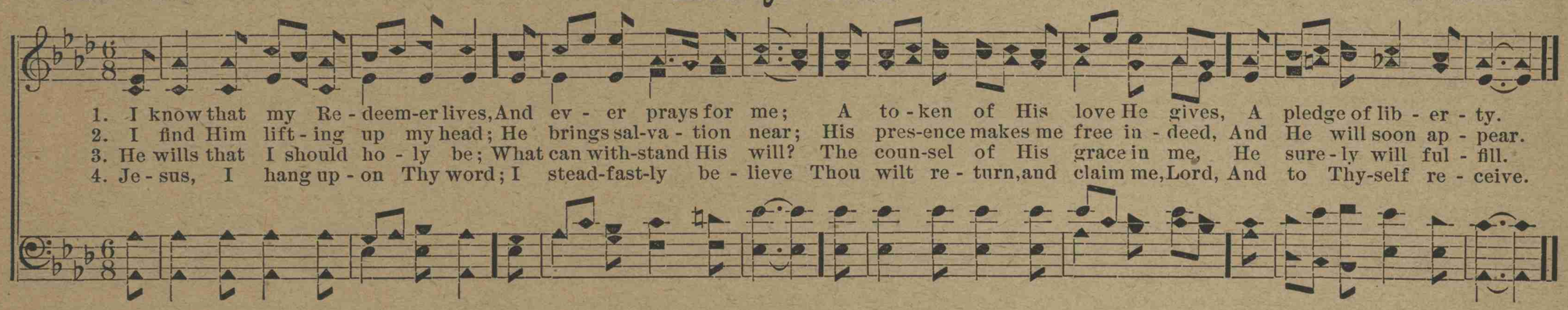
Redeemer. C. M.

JOHN CENNICK. — A. J. SHOWALTER.



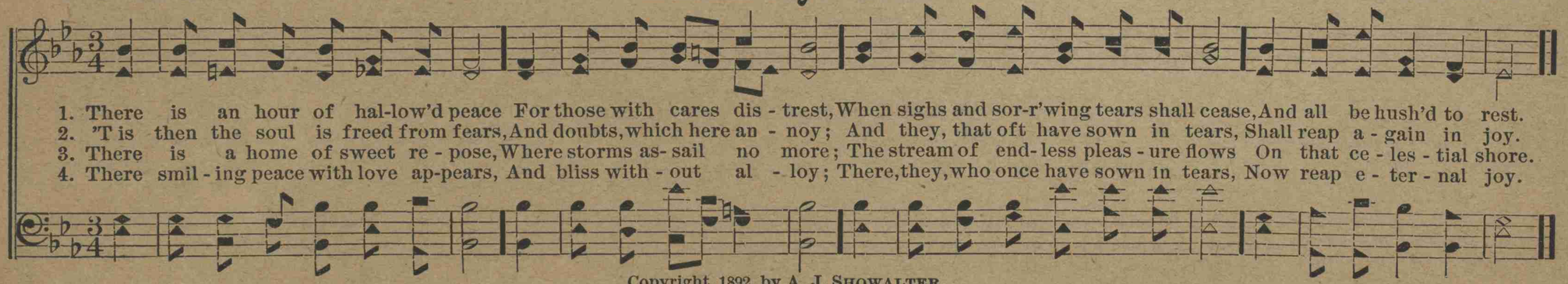
Liberty. C. M.

CHAS. WESLEY. — A. J. SHOWALTER.



Eternal Joy. C. M.

W. B. TAPPAN. — A. J. SHOWALTER.



Copyright, 1892, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

ISAAC WATTS.

Christmas. C. M.

HANDEL.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-l'wer of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? Or blush to speak His name?
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease, While others fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' bloody seas? And sail'd thro' bloody seas?
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God? To help me on to God?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord; I 'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

GEO. BURDER.

Downs. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Come, ye that know and fear the Lord, And raise your tho'ts a - bove; Let ev - 'ry heart and voice ac - cord, To sing that "God is love."
2. This pre-cious truth His word de - clares, And all His mer-cies prove; Je - sus, the gift of gifts, ap-pears, To show that "God is love."
3. Be - hold His pa-tience, bear -ing long With those who from Him rove; Till might -y grace their hearts sub - dues, To teach them "God is love."
4. Oh, may we all, while here be - low, This best of bless-ings prove; Till warm -er hearts, in bright - er worlds, Proclaim that "God is love."

ISAAC WATTS.

Varina. C. M. D.

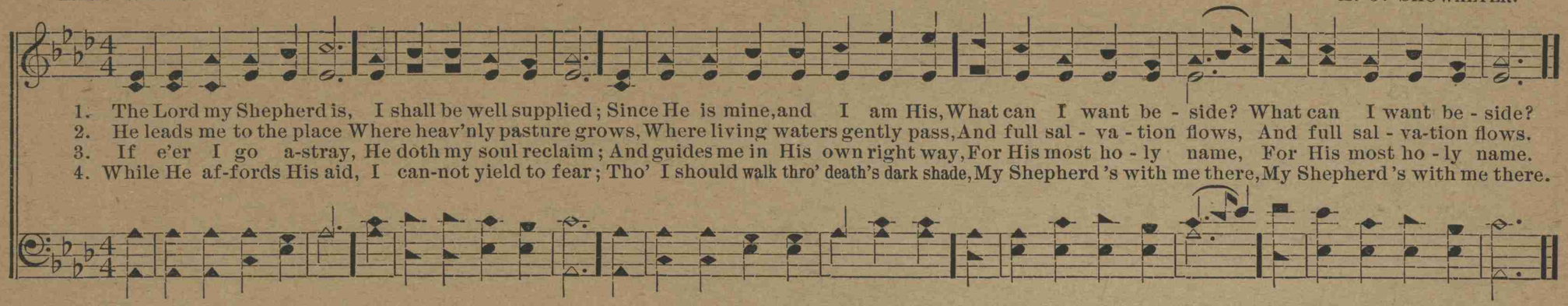
Arr. by Dr. G. F. ROOT.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor - tal reign; In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban - ish pain.
2. Oh, could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloom-y doubts that rise, And view the Ca - naan that we love, With un - be-cloud - ed eyes;

There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er with-'ring flow'rs; Death, like a nar - row sea, di-vides This heav'nly land from ours.
Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood, And view the land-scape o'er, Not Jor-dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

Shepherd. S. M.

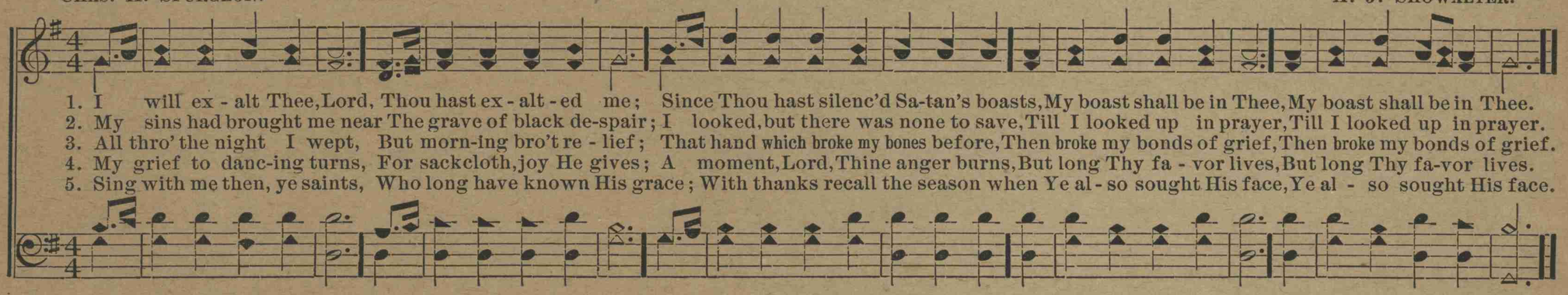
ISAAC WATTS. A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. The Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well supplied; Since He is mine, and I am His, What can I want be - side? What can I want be - side?
2. He leads me to the place Where heav'nly pasture grows, Where living waters gently pass, And full sal - va - tion flows, And full sal - va-tion flows.
3. If e'er I go a-stray, He doth my soul reclaim; And guides me in His own right way, For His most ho - ly name, For His most ho - ly name.
4. While He af-fords His aid, I can-not yield to fear; Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade, My Shepherd 's with me there, My Shepherd 's with me there.

Spurgeon. S. M.

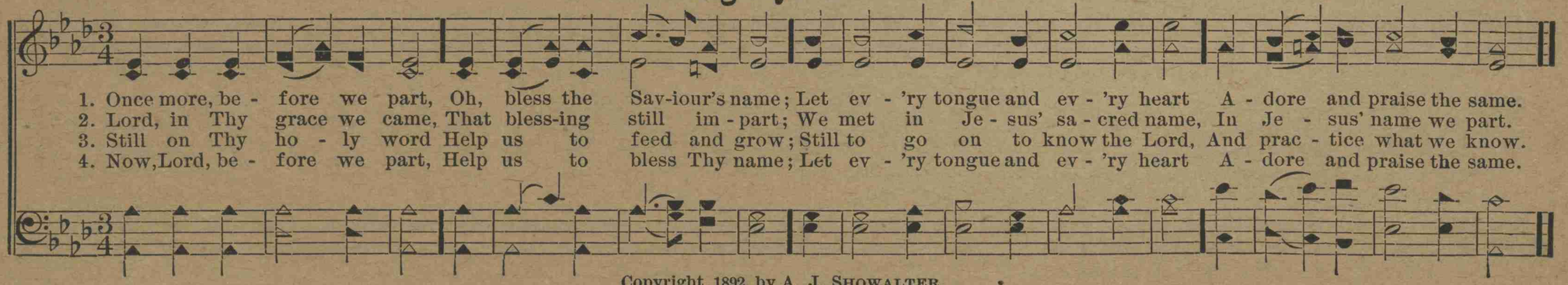
CHAS. H. SPURGEON. A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. I will ex - alt Thee, Lord, Thou hast ex - alt - ed me; Since Thou hast silenc'd Sa-tan's boasts, My boast shall be in Thee, My boast shall be in Thee.
2. My sins had brought me near The grave of black de-spair; I looked, but there was none to save, Till I looked up in prayer, Till I looked up in prayer.
3. All thro' the night I wept, But morn-ing bro't re - lief; That hand which broke my bones before, Then broke my bonds of grief, Then broke my bonds of grief.
4. My grief to danc-ing turns, For sackcloth, joy He gives; A moment, Lord, Thine anger burns, But long Thy fa - vor lives, But long Thy fa-vor lives.
5. Sing with me then, ye saints, Who long have known His grace; With thanks recall the season when Ye al - so sought His face, Ye al - so sought His face.

Parting Hymn. S. M.

JOSEPH HART. A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Once more, be - fore we part, Oh, bless the Sav-iour's name; Let ev - 'ry tongue and ev - 'ry heart A - dore and praise the same.
2. Lord, in Thy grace we came, That bless-ing still im - part; We met in Je - sus' sa - cred name, In Je - sus' name we part.
3. Still on Thy ho - ly word Help us to feed and grow; Still to go on to know the Lord, And prac - tice what we know.
4. Now, Lord, be - fore we part, Help us to bless Thy name; Let ev - 'ry tongue and ev - 'ry heart A - dore and praise the same.

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

JOHN AUSTIN. **Ellington. S. M.** J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Blest be Thy love, dear Lord, That taught us this sweet way,— On - ly to love Thee for Thy - self, And for that love o - bey.
2. O Thou, our soul's chief hope! We to Thy mer - cy fly; Wher - e'er we are Thou canst pro-tect, What-e'er we need, sup - ply.
3. Wheth-er we sleep or wake, To Thee we both re - sign; By night we see, as well as day, If Thy light on us shine.
4. Wheth-er we live or die, Both we sub - mit to Thee; In death we live, as well as life, If Thine in death we be.

PAUL GERHARDT. **Rigon. S. M.**

1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope and be un - dis - may'd; God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears, God shall lift up thy head.
2. Thro' waves, thro' clouds and storms, He gen - tly clears thy way; Wait thou His time; so shall this night Soon end in joy - ous day.
3. Far, far a - bove thy thought His coun - sel shall ap - pear, When ful - ly He the work hath wro't, That caused Thy need - less fear.
4. What tho' thou rul - est not! Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell Pro - claim, God sit - teth on the throne, And rul - eth all things well.

JOHN CENNICK. **Song of Rejoicing. 7s. With Refrain.** H. K. ZELLONGER, by per.

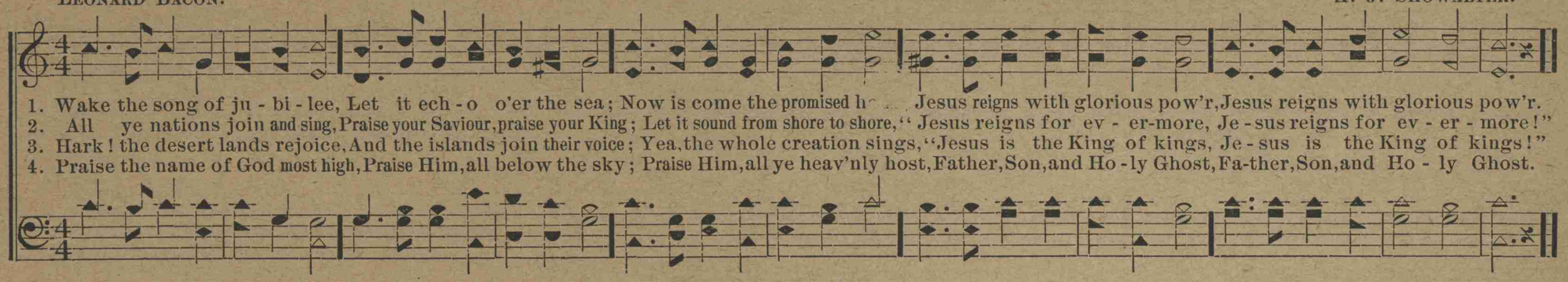
1. Chil-dren of the heav'nly King, As ye jour-ney sweet-ly sing, Sing your Sav-iour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways.
2. Ye are traveling home to God, In the way the fa - thers trod, They are hap - py now and ye Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
3. Shout ye lit - tle flock and blest, You on Je - sus' throne shall rest; There your seat is now pre - pared, There your king-dom and re - ward.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Let us sing with loud ac - claim, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Praise to our Re-deem - er's name.

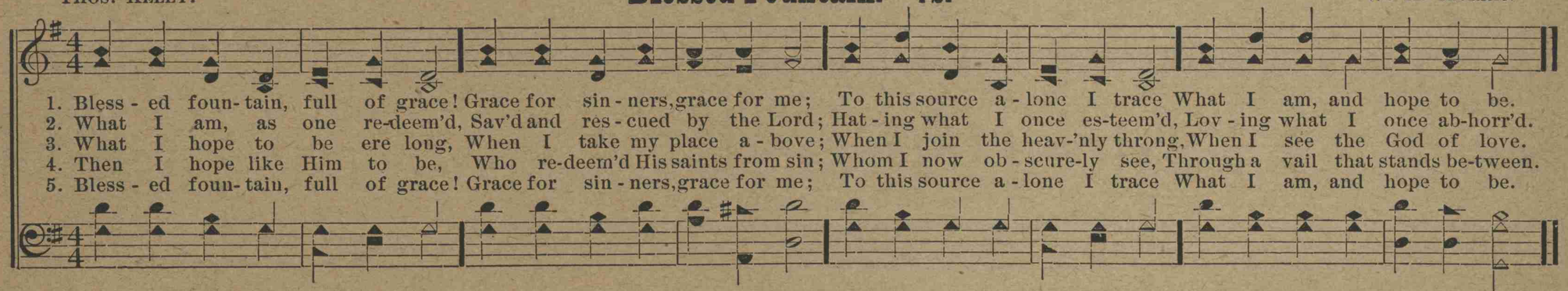
Song of Jubilee. 7s.

LEONARD BACON. A. J. SHOWALTER.



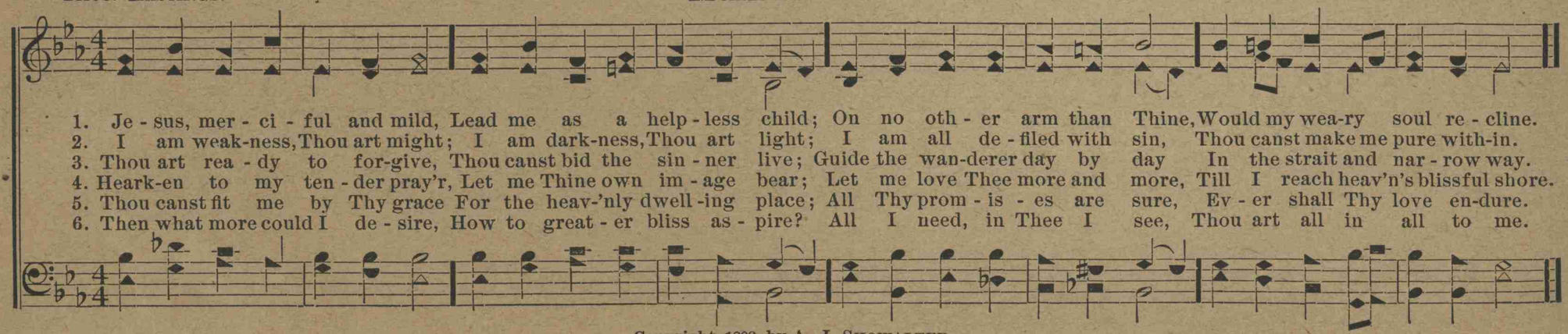
Blessed Fountain. 7s.

THOS. KELLY. W. H. MORRIS.



Mullins. 7s.

THOS. HASTINGS. A. J. SHOWALTER.



Copyright, 1892, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

As the Hart. 7s. 61.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. As the hart, with ea - ger looks, Panteth for the wa- ter-brooks, So my soul, a - thirst for Thee, Pants the liv - ing God to see;
2. Fears, my food by night, by day; Grief, consumes my strength a - way: While his craft the tempt-er plies, "Where is now thy God?" he cries.
3. Why art thou cast down, my soul? God, thy God, shall make thee whole; Why art thou dis - qui - et - ed? God shall lift thy fall-en head;

When, oh, when, with fil - ial fear, Lord, shall I to Thee draw near? When, oh, when, with fil - ial fear, Lord, shall I to Thee draw near?
This would sink me to de - spair, But I pour my soul in pray'r; This would sink me to de - spair, But I pour my soul in pray'r.
And His coun - te -nance be - nign Be the sav - ing health of thine, And His coun - te - nance be - nign, Be the sav - ing health of thine.

Tr. by H. W. BAKER.

Hide Me, Saviour. 7s. D. or 8s & 7s. D.

JOSEPH GARRISON, by per.

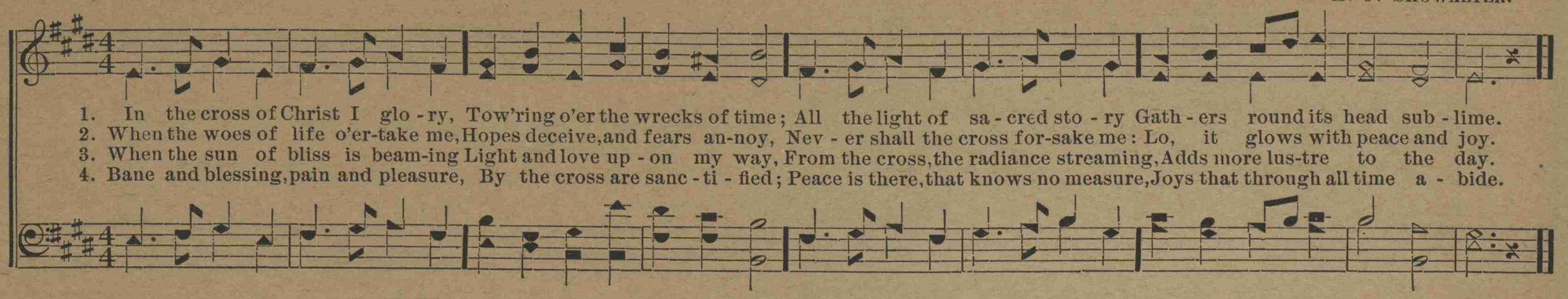
1. Je - sus, grant me this I pray, Ev - er in Thy heart to stay; Let me ev - er-more a - bide Hid-den in Thy wound-ed side.
2. If the e - vil one pre - pare, Or the world, a tempt-ing snare, I am safe when I a - bide In Thy heart and wound-ed side.
3. If the flesh, more dangerous still, Tempt my soul to deeds of ill, Naught I fear when I a - bide In Thy heart and wound-ed side.
4. Death will come one day to me; Je - sus cast me not from Thee: Dy - ing, let me still a - bide In Thy heart and wound-ed side.

REFRAIN.

Hide me, O my Saviour! hide me, Till each storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha-ven guide me, And re - ceive my soul at last.

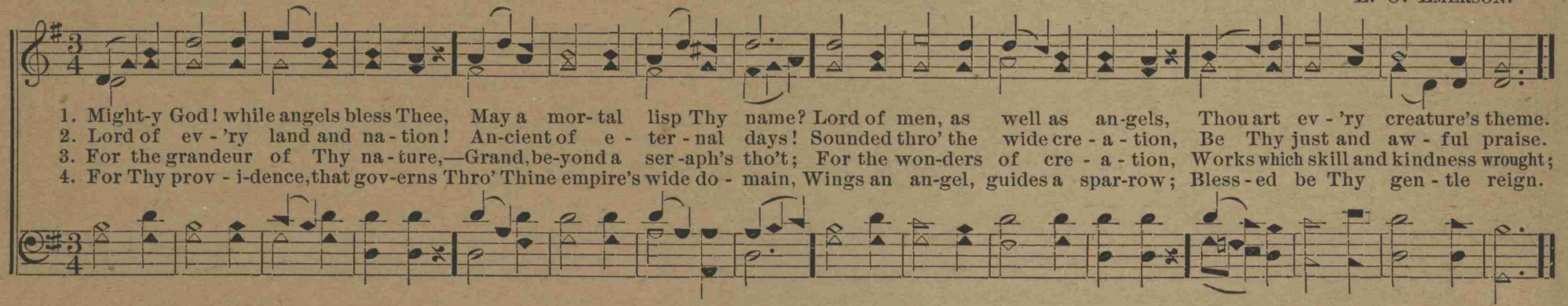
Bowring. 8s & 7s.

JOHN BOWRING. A. J. SHOWALTER.

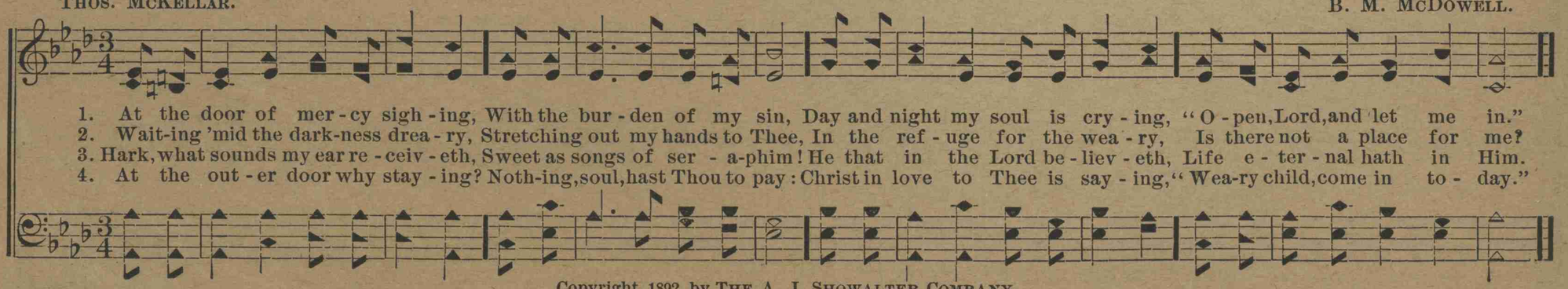


Robinson. 8s & 7s.

ROBERT ROBINSON. L. O. EMERSON.



Iliff. 8s & 7s.

THOS. MCKELLAR. B. M. MCDOWELL.

Copyright, 1892, by THE A. J. SHOWALTER COMPANY.

Praise the Lord. 7s & 6s. With Refrain.

WESLEY, ARR. — A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Praise the Lord who reigns a - bove, And keeps His courts be - low,
2. Pub- lish, spread to all a - round, The great Je - ho -vah's name;
3. Praise Him, ev - 'ry tune- ful string, Praise Him with heav'nly art;
4. Him in whom they move and live, Let ev - 'ry crea-ture sing,

Praise Him for His wondrous love, And all His goodness show.
Let the gos - pel trum-pet sound, The Lord of Hosts proclaim.
All the pow'r of mu - sic bring, The mu - sic of the heart.
Glo - ry to their Mak - er give, And hom-age to their King.

Oh, praise Him,

Oh, praise Him,

REFRAIN.

Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him for His match-less power; Praise Him, Praise Him,

Praise Him for His no - ble deeds, Oh, praise Him for His matchless pow'r; Praise Him from whom all good pro- ceeds, Let earth and heav'n a - dore.

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

Save and Bless. 6s & 5s, D.

REV. GEO. F. ROBERTSON. — A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. *Save* me, gra - cious Mas - ter, Par - don all my sin; By Thy blood and spir - it, Make me pure with - in.
2. *Bless* me, O my Sav - iour, Give suf - fi - cient grace, Help me run with pa - tience In the Chris - tian race.
3. *Guide* me, bless - ed Je - sus, In the nar - row way, Let Thy light shine bright - er, Un - to per - fect day.
4. *Keep* me, ten - der Sav - iour, Ev - er in Thy love And at last re - ceive me To Thy - self a - bove.

REFRAIN.

Save and bless me, Je - sus, Guide and keep from sin, By Thy blood and Spir - it, Make me pure with - in.

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

142 S. J. STONE.

Weary of Earth. Chant.

MARIANNA WILLIAMS.

1. Weary of earth, and laden with my sin, I look to heaven and long to en - ter in, But there no evil thing may
2. So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand, In the pure glory of that ho - ly land? Before the whiteness of that
3. It is the voice of Jesus that I hear; His are the hands stretched out to draw me near, And His the blood that can for
4. 'T was He who found me on the death - ly wild, And made me heir of heav'n, the Fa - ther's child, And day by day, whereby my
5. Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, Right-eous Lord; Thine all the merits mine the great re - ward; Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the

find a home; And yet I hear a voice that bids me "come."
throne ap - pear? Yet there are hands stretch'd out to draw me near.
all a - tone, And set me faultless there be - fore the throne.

soul may live, Gives me His grace of par- don, and will give.
gold - en crown; Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

Gone Home. Chant.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Gone home! gone home! She lingers here no longer, a restless pilgrim walking
2. Gone home! gone home! The door thro' which she vanish'd closed with a jar, and left us
3. Gone home! gone home! Oh, shall we ever reach her, see her again, and know her
4. Gone home! gone home! O human-hearted Saviour, give us a balm to soothe our

For last verse only.

pain- ful - ly, With homesick longing, daily growing stronger, and yearning visions of the joys to be.
here a - lone, We stand without, in tears, forlorn and banished, longing to follow, where one loved has gone.

for our own? Will she conduct us to the heavenly Teacher, and bow beside us low be - fore His throne?
heav - y woe, And if Thou wilt, in tender, pitying favor, hasten the time when we may rise and go, When we may rise and go.

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. SHOWALTER.

GENERAL INDEX.

	PAGE
Are All the Children In?	40
A Song of Summer-Time	29
As the Hart	139
At Jesus' Feet	88
A Trust Song	96
At Twilight-Time	42
Beautiful Bells	60
Beautiful River	56
Be Telling of His Salvation	122
Blessed Fountain	138
Bowring	140
By and By	108
Call to Praise	80
Captive Jews	100
Christmas	135
Come and Meet Me, Nora Darling	68
Come, Join the Song	85
Come, oh, Come	26
Come to the Mountain	54
Come Unto Me (Davis)	98
Come Unto Me (King)	128
Cradle Song	52
Daisy Dare	38
Dauerty	117
Down by the River's Side	47
Downs	135
Earth Our Tenting Ground	106
Ellington	137
Endless Praise	132
Eternal Joy	134
Evening at Home	22
Evening Song	94
Fatherland	95
Federal Street	133
Ferrier	82
From His Home On the Mountain	74
Gate of Heaven	98
Gathering Seed	25
Gentle Smiles	25
God Be With You Till We Meet Again	95
God is Ever Good	24
Gone Home	142
Good Bye, Sweet Day	53
Go to Thy Rest in Peace	107
Grandfather's Day-Dream	50
Gratitude	133
Hail! Thou Merry May	58
Happy Childhood	23
Hear, O Thou Shepherd	124
Heart and Arm	57
He Knoweth the Way	88
Hide Me, Saviour	139
How Beautiful Upon the Mountains	116
Hursley	96
Hymn-Tune	10
I'd Like to Be Like Jesus	90
If I Were a Sunbeam	22
Iliff	140
Immanuel	132
Improve the Time	84
In a Little While	81
In Beulah Land	84
I Will On Christ Believe	83
I Would Remembered Be	43
Jesus is Mine	91
Land of Rest	85
Let Every Heart Rejoice and Sing	99
Let the People Praise Thee	115
Liberty	134
Lights Along the Shore	93
Like a River Glorious	92
Living Soul	109
Love Divine	132
Loving Voices	73
Lullaby	33
Lynchburg	21
Memory Bells	64
Mica	111
Missionary Chant	133
Moore	91
Mullins	138
My Dear Childhood Home	33
My Home is On the Mountain	70
Never Forget that Jesus is Your Friend	94
News From Home	62
Oakland	28
O God, My Heart is Fixed	121
Oh, Land of Rest	85
O Merry When the Stars Are Bright	32
On Jordan's Stormy Banks	106
Onward Press	82
O Praise God	112
O Sing Aloud to the God of Our Salvation	118
Oswald	78
Our Army Song	110
Our Home is Not Here	79
Over the Sea	87
Over the Strings of My Harp To-day	44
Parting Hymn	136
Part in Peace	20
Peace On the Deep	28
Pleasant Are Thy Courts	114
Praise	90
Praise the Lord	141
Praise to Thee	21
Redeemer	134
Rigon	137
Robinson	140
Rock of Ages	77
Sailing and Singing	35
Saint Crispin	79
Save and Bless	141
Seek and Ye Shall Find	120
Send the Light	86
Serenade	49
Shepherd	136
Singing in the Rain	36
Sivola	77
Smiles of Home	24
Soldiers of the Cross	78
Song of Gladness	105
Song of Jubilee	138
Song of Rejoicing	137
Songs of Praise	12
Spurgeon	136
Star of the Evening	45
Strangers and Pilgrims	80
Sweet Flora	59
Sweet Hallie	37
Sweet Sabbath Eve	24
Sweet Summer's Gone Away	34
The Academy Bell	31
The Angel's Welcome Home	30
The Birds and Flowers	22
The Dear Ones at Home	27
The Forest	41
The Lord Shall Comfort Zion	129
The Midshipmite	46
The Miller's Daughter	72
The Open Gate	103
The Sleigh Ride	48
The Swing on the Apple-Tree Bough	50
The Whispering Winds	28
Too Late	113
Touch Us Gently, Time	23
Turn Your Glasses Down	111
Up the Shining River	97
Uxbridge	133
Varina	135
Victory	120
Waiting at the Door	66
We are Marching to Glory	101
We are Marching to Zion	125
Weary of Earth	142
Welcome, Wanderer	92
We'll All be Home Together	89
We'll Sail Away O'er the Ocean	39
We Shall Know Each Other There	104
What Would It Profit Me Then?	83
When We Come to Cross the River	109
Whiter than Snow	102
Why Not To-night?	49

METRICAL INDEX.

L. M.

	PAGE
Dauerty	117
Endless Praise	132
Federal Street	133
Gate of Heaven	98
Gratitude	133
Hursley	96
Immanuel	132
Love Divine	132
Missionary Chant	133
Oakland	28
St. Crispin	79
Uxbridge	133

C. M.

At Jesus' Feet	88
Christmas	135
Downs	135
Eternal Joy	134
Hymn-Tune	10
In Beulah Land (Double)	84
Liberty	134
Redeemer	134
Sivola	77
Varina (Double)	135

S. M.

Call to Praise	80
Ellington	137
Living Soul	109
Mica	111
Parting Hymn	136
Praise	90
Rigon	137
Shepherd	136
Spurgeon	136
Victory	120

7's.

As the Hart (Double)	139
Blessed Fountain	138
Evening Song	94
Ferrier	82
Hide Me, Saviour (Double)	139
Mullins	138
Pleasant are Thy Courts (Double)	114
Rock of Ages (Double)	77
Song of Jubilee	138
Songs of Praise	12

8's and 7's.

Bowring	140
Iliff	140
Lynchburg (Double)	21
Moore	91
Oswald	78
Part in Peace	20
Praise to Thee	21
Robinson	140

6's and 5's.

God is Ever Good	24
Like a River Glorious (Double)	92
Save and Bless (Double)	141

6's and 4's.

Jesus is Mine	91

Gospel Songs.

A Trust Song	96
By and By	108
Come, Join the Song	85
Earth Our Tenting Ground	106
Fatherland	95
Gathering Seed	25
God Be With You Till We Meet Again	95
Go to Thy Rest in Peace	107
He Knoweth the Way	86
I'd Like to be Like Jesus	90
Improve the Time	84
In a Little While	81
In Beulah Land	84
I Will on Christ Believe	83
Jesus is Mine	91
Land of Rest	85
Lights Along the Shore	93
Like a River Glorious	92
Never Forget that Jesus is Your Friend	94
On Jordan's Stormy Banks	106
Onward Press	82
Our Army Song	110
Our Home is Not Here	79
Over the Sea	87
Pleasant are Thy Courts	114
Praise the Lord	141
Save and Bless	141
Seek and Ye Shall Find	120
Send the Light	86
Soldiers of the Cross	78
Song of Gladness	105
Song of Rejoicing	137
Strangers and Pilgrims	80
The Open Gate	103
Too Late	113
Turn Your Glasses Down	111
Up the Shining River	97
We are Marching to Glory	101
Welcome, Wanderer	92
We'll All Be Home Together	89
We'll Sail Away O'er the Ocean	39
We Shall Know Each Other There	104
What Would It Profit Me Then?	83
When We Come to Cross the River	109
Whiter than Snow	102
Why Not To-night?	49

Anthems.

Be Telling of His Salvation	122
Come Unto Me (Davis)	98
Come Unto Me (King)	128
Hear, O Thou Shepherd	124
How Beautiful Upon the Mountains	116
Let Every Heart Rejoice and Sing	99
Let the People Praise Thee	115
O God, My Heart is Fixed	121
O Praise God	112
O Sing Aloud to the God of Our Salvation,	118
The Lord Shall Comfort Zion	129
We are Marching to Zion	125

Chants.

Gone Home	142
Weary of Earth	142

Glees and Four-Part Songs.

Are All the Children In?	40
A Song of Summer Time	29
Beautiful River	56
Come, Oh, Come	26
Cradle Song	52
Daisy Dare	38
Down by the River's Side	47
Good Bye, Sweet Day	63
Happy Childhood	23
Heart and Arm	37
I Would Remembered Be	43
Loving Voices	73
Lullaby	33
My Dear Childhood Home	33
O Merry When the Stars are Bright	32
Over the Strings of My Harp To-day	44
Sailing and Singing	35
Serenade	49
Singing in the Rain	36
Sweet Flora	59
Sweet Summer's Gone Away	34
The Academy Bell	31
The Birds and Flowers	22
The Dear Ones at Home	27
The Forest	41
The Miller's Daughter	72
The Sleigh Ride	48
The Whispering Winds	28
Touch Us Gently, Time	23

Songs with Chorus.

At Twilight Time	42
Captive Jews (Duet and Chorus)	100
Come and Meet Me, Nora Darling	68
Grandfather's Day-Dream (Song)	50
News From Home (Duet and Chorus)	62
Star of the Evening (Duet and Chorus)	45
Sweet Hallie	37
The Angel's Welcome Home (Dt. & Cho.)	30
The Midshipmite	46
The Swing on the Apple-Tree Bough (Song)	50
Up the Shining River	97
Waiting at the Door	66
We'll Sail Away O'er the Ocean	39

Choruses.

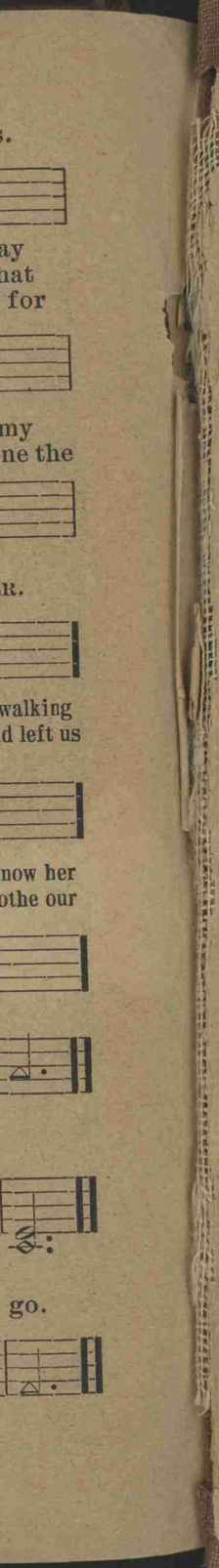
Beautiful Bells	60
Come to the Mountain	54
From His Home On the Mountain	74
Hail! Thou Merry May	58
Memory Bells	64
My Home is On the Mountain	70

Quarter Dwight
Maynard No. 5
F. C.

F. 0. 7.

W. R. F. Bright,
MAYNARD, S. C.

Yours Famous Eyes
Cross Roads
S. C.


ay
hat
for
my
ne the
R.
walking
d left us
now her
othe our
go.

NEW AND POPULAR MUSICAL WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

THE A. J. SHOWALTER COMPANY, DALTON, GA.

Music Publishers, Printers, and dealers in General Musical Merchandise.

Singing School and Convention Books.

GLORIOUS PRAISE.

BY A. J. SHOWALTER and EDWIN MOORE.

This is our latest book for singing schools, conventions and musical societies. It is needless to speak of Mr. Showalter's ability in this line of work. He is not a superior as a practical teacher, and having held more Normal schools than any other one man, he knows just what is needed by the progressive teachers of the country. Mr. Moore is a musician of ripe scholarship, and his rare ability as a composer is fully demonstrated by the many charming pieces he has contributed to Glorious Praise. 144 large pages. Printed in both round and shaped notes.

Price, 50 cents per copy; $5.40 per dozen.

[illegible] MEDAL.

BY A. J. [illegible] and EDWARD ROBERTS. Assisted by [illegible] and EDWIN MOORE.

This book contains 224 large pages, 20 of which are given to the New Rudiments of Music, in Mr. Showalter's best style; the remainder contains a great variety of the best music that was ever brought together in any one book. This is the verdict of advanced teachers everywhere. Printed in both round and shaped notes, and sold at the low price of 75 cents per copy; $7.50 per dozen.

SHOWALTER'S NEW METHOD.

BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

A most excellent book for teachers who wish a small class book. No other book of its size contains more or better material. Printed in both round and shaped notes.

Price 35 cents per copy; $3.60 per dozen.

NATIONAL SINGER.

BY A. J. SHOWALTER and J. H. TENNEY.

Price 75 cents per copy; $7.50 per dozen.

REGAL SCEPTER.

BY J. H. SHOWALTER and S. [illegible] PERRY.

Price 50 cents per copy; $5.40 per dozen.

These are two shaped note books that have met with much favor among all classes of teachers who use this particular notation. NATIONAL SINGER has long been a favorite, and is yet as popular as ever. REGAL SCEPTER is a new book, but has fair to become equally popular.

Sunday-School and Gospel Song Books.

PERENNIAL SONGS.

BY A. J. SHOWALTER and EDWARD ROBERTS.

This is our latest and best book of the kind. The music and hymns were selected and prepared with the greatest care by two scholarly Sunday-school workers, who bring to their work the ripest musical scholarship. They have prepared a book that will last—be a *perennial* blessing to every Sunday-school that uses it. It has already been used in a great many prominent evangelistic meetings, and the universal verdict is that it is unsurpassed. Printed in both round and shaped notes. Price 35 cts. per copy; $4.00 per dozen. Flexible leather, 75 cts.

Work and Worship.

BY A. J. SHOWALTER and J. H. TENNEY. A hundred thousand copies of this book have been sold, and it is still as popular as ever. Printed in both round and shaped notes. Price 35 cents per copy; $4.00 per dozen.

Glad Evangel.

BY SHOWALTER, EVILSIZER, and PERRY. Round and shaped notes. Tag covers, 20 cents per copy; $2.25 per dozen. Board covers, 25 cents per copy; $2.75 per dozen. This like GLAD EVANGEL NO. 2 (same size, style, and price), by SHOWALTER, EVILSIZER, and MOORE, is a very popular small book.

NEW VOICE OF PRAISE.

BY A. J. SHOWALTER, H. A. LEWIS, and Rev. A. BOTTEMAN. As would be supposed from the authors' names, this is a most excellent collection of Sunday-school and Gospel songs. Both round and shaped notes. Price 35 cents per copy; $4.00 per dozen.

GOOD TIDINGS COMBINED.

BY A. J. SHOWALTER. Price 25 cents per copy; $2.50 per dozen. A round and full popular shaped note book. Not new but very good.

"The best selling book of the kind in the United States."—F. L. GILSON CO. (largest music printers in America).

Class, Choir, and Congregation.

By A. J. SHOWALTER.

The best book in the world to harmonize all the musical people of a community. It contains 348 pages of just such music as is most useful and pleasing in Singing Schools, Conventions, Young Men's Christian Associations, Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor, Epworth Leagues, Sunday Schools, Choirs, Congregations, and all other private or public worship. Hundreds of teachers and thousands of schools and congregations are using it to-day, and will doubtless continue to do so for many years to come. Those who have not used it will do well to examine this book before selecting one for either Class, Choir, or Congregation. Printed in both round and shaped notes. Price 75 cents per copy; $7.50 per doz. Elegant morocco edition, $3.00 per copy.

Miscellaneous Books.

Showalter's Theory of Music.

BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

This is a very plain and practical treatise on Harmony and Composition. Many teachers and students have pronounced it superior to all others for use, either with or without a teacher. Round notes only. $1.00 per copy; $10.00 doz.

True Method for the Reed Organ.

BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

Another practical book from Mr. Showalter's prolific pen. It contains no useless matter, but is made up of just such exercises and studies as are necessary for the most rapid advancement of the learner, consistent with thoroughness. Also, Waltzes, Songs, etc. Round notes only. $1 per copy; $10 per doz.

People's Anthems.

BY A. J. SHOWALTER and EDW'D ROBERTS. A splendid anthem book for average choirs, and at the very low price of 50 cents per copy; $5.40 per dozen. Both round and shaped notes.

Hymns, Tunes, and Gospel Songs.

BY A. J. SHOWALTER. This book contains all of our great book, CLASS, CHOIR, and CONGREGATION, except the first 80 pages of singing school music. It will at once be seen that it is a great book for Sunday schools and congregational use. Printed in both round and shaped notes. Price 50 cents per copy; $5.40 per doz.

Practical Voice Culture.

BY B. C. UNSELD and A. J. SHOWALTER. The only practical book of the kind sold at a low price. Extremely useful in singing schools, institutes, normal schools, and music classes. Printed in round notes only. Price 75 cents per copy; $7.00 per dozen.

New Songs—Sheet Music.

We are constantly adding to our catalogue, and can furnish any piece of sheet music or music book, no matter where published, but desire to call special attention to the following:—

DAISY DARE. Song and Chorus. By HENRY SCHOLLER.

This is a rare gem—one of the best songs published in a long time. 35 cents per copy.

THREATNING CLE. Sacred Song and Chorus. By EDWARD ROBERTS.

All Christian people will be delighted with this excellent composition. 35 cents per copy.

COME AND MEET ME, NORA DARLING. Song and Chorus. By A. J. SHOWALTER.

Never fails to please, either in the parlor or as a popular concert number. 35 cents per copy.

THE RING MY MOTHER WORE. Song and Chorus. By EDWIN MOORE.

This is a tender melody, so well adapted to the beautiful words of this song that it is sure to touch a responsive chord in every heart. 35 cents per copy.

GOOD NIGHT, MY PRETTY ONE. Song and Chorus. By EDWIN MOORE.

Another beautiful composition by the author of "The Ring My Mother Wore." Sure to please everybody who loves the "little ones," and who does not? 35 cents per copy.

JUNE AT THE GATE. Song and Chorus. By FRANK M. DAVIS.

A sentimental song in the popular vein. Sure to please every lover of this class of music. 35 cents per copy.

THE LILIES IN THE LANE.
WHEN HE KISSED ME BY THE SEA.
ONLY ONE BEAUTIFUL BLOSSOM.

Three new Songs with Chorus. By CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

All are in the best style of this popular composer. 35 cents each.

AT TWILIGHT TIME. Song and Chorus. By A. J. SHOWALTER.

A simple little piece, the words by E. E. REXFORD. Sure to please all who love songs for the people. 30 cents per copy.

SUMMER TIME IN GEORGIA. Duet and Chorus. By EDWARD ROBERTS. Words by F. L. STANTON. 30 cents per copy.

SING ME SOME TENDER STRAIN. Song and Chorus. By WM. LEELY. 35 cents.

When ordering books, or sending your subscription for THE MUSIC TEACHER, please state with each order which notation is wanted.

☞ ALL TEACHERS ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO SEND BRIEF REPORTS OF THEIR WORK FOR PUBLICATION IN OUR MUSICAL JOURNAL. ☜