"SINGING WITH GRATITUDE IN YOUR HEARTS."

Songs of Gratitude

NEW

JAS. H. FILLMORE.

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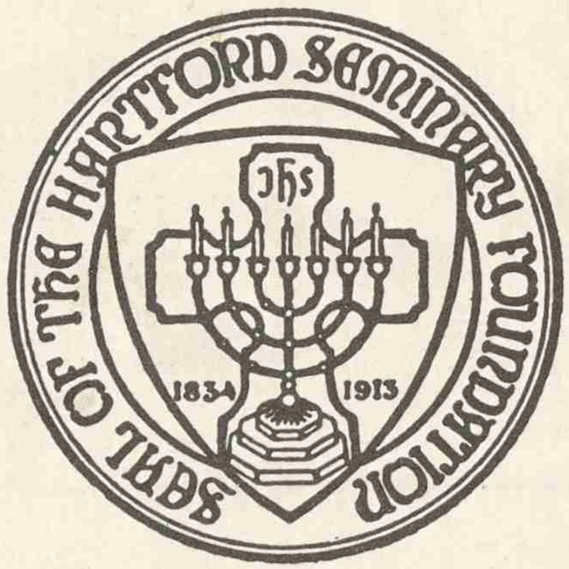
1879
1887

FILLMORE BROTHERS, Publishers,
185 RACE STREET, CINCINNATI, O.



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SONGS OF GRATITUDE:

A CLUSTER OF NEW MELODIES FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND WORSHIPING ASSEMBLIES.

By JAS. H. FILLMORE,

Author of "Songs of Glory," "Songs for the Wee Ones," "Hours of Song," and "Joyful Notes."

"*Singing with* GRATITUDE *in your hearts to the Lord.*"—COL. iii: 16.

CINCINNATI:

FILLMORE BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

1887.

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1887
Songs

INTRODUCTION TO THE NEW EDITION.

In this new edition of Songs of Gratitude I have replaced some pieces with better ones, and also reset some that I think are improved thereby. The new pages are: 8, 11, 14, 42, 49, 73, 84, 90, 91, 115, 124, 134.

It is not necessary to speak of the advantages the book possesses on account of the two styles of notation. I will mention but one, and that is to the figure-note reader. If such an one desires to learn to read round notes, a most excellent method is here given; namely, after becoming familiar with the tunes by the figure notes, take a copy of the round note edition and sing from it—in other words, use the figure notes as a *key* to the others.

I feel myself happy in presenting herewith a good book. If a few thousand Sunday-school workers make it *their* choice among the many good books in the field, of course I shall be happier.

Truly, yours,

JAS. H. FILLMORE.

March 1, 1879.

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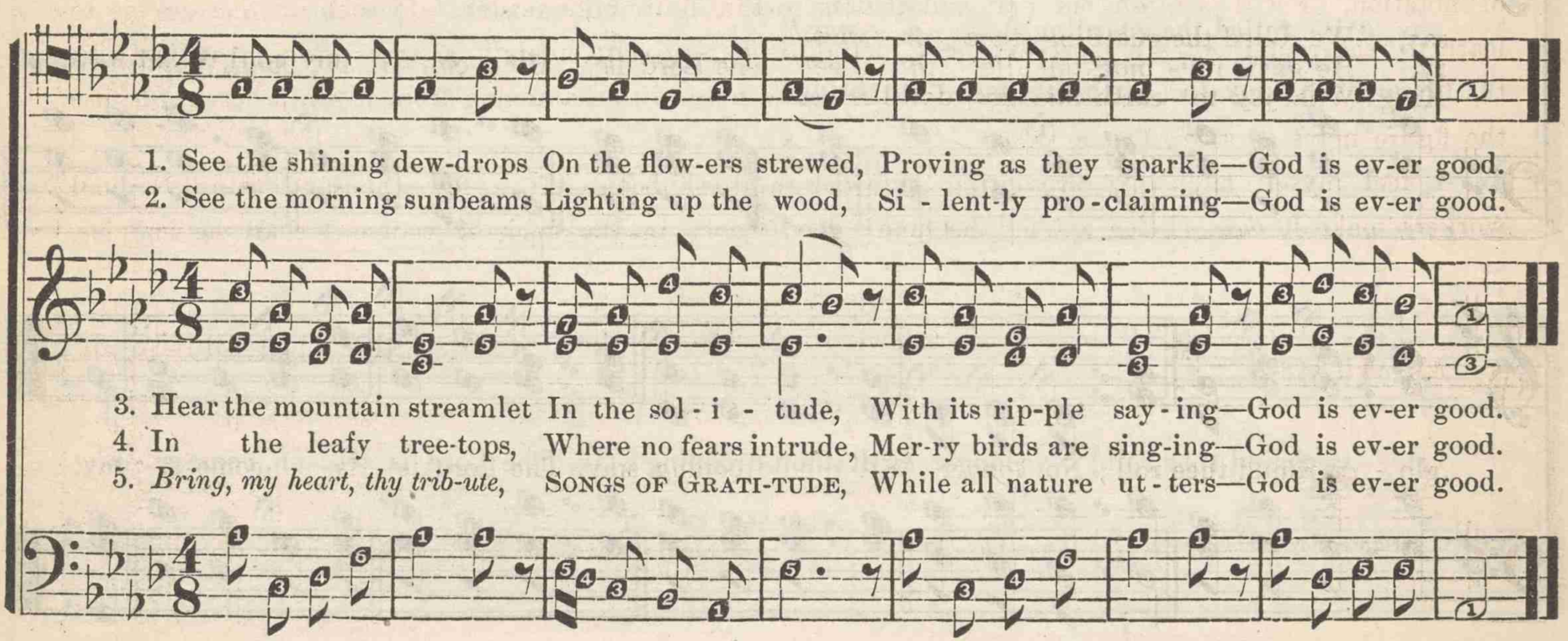
Electrotyped at the Franklin Type Foundry, Cincinnati.

Songs of Gratitude.

GOD IS EVER GOOD.

From "Joyful Notes."



MRS. A. L. DAVISON.

THE LORD IS RISEN.

J. H. F.

1. The Lord is ris-en—thro' the gloom That darkens round the sacred tomb, I hear an - gel - ic voi-ces
2. "And forth he came, the Lord of all, He cast a-side Death's i - cy thrall, And by that wondrous vic-to-
3. "The night is o - ver, and the light Of day's sweet dawning groweth bright; Behold thy Lord, thy Savior,

CHORUS.

say, "We rolled the guarding stone a - way."
ry, He gave im - mor-tal life to thee." The Lord is ris - en, O my soul, What waves of
King! What joy to earth this day doth bring."

glo - ry round thee roll; No longer wilt thou drooping stay, The Lord is ris - en, come a - way.

WHY I LOVE JESUS.

1. Would you know why I love Je-sus? Why he is so dear to me? 'Tis be-cause the love of Je-sus Makes my life so pure and free.
2. When I love my Je-sus tru-ly, Not a wick-ed thought can be In my heart, filled up so ful-ly, Then I know that Christ loves me.
3. Then when e-vil passions tempt me, And bad thoughts would lead astray, Comes the thought, "Your Je-sus loves you!" Can you now his love be-tray.
4. So my Je-sus' love doth guide me, As he watcheth from on high, And to heaven his love will lead me, When I lay me down to die.

REFRAIN.

This is why I love my Je-sus, Why he is so dear to me; 'Tis because the love of Je-sus Makes my life so pure and free.

A. D. FILLMORE.

SOLDIERS FOR JESUS.

J. H. F.

1. Hark! the trumpet is call-ing, brave sol-diers, The bat-tle-cry rings thro' the land; Truth and
2. World-ly pleasures may tempting-ly tell us The cross is too heav-y to bear, But the

CHORUS.

Right are in con-flict with Sa-tan, Come join our in-vin-ci-ble band. Come, oh, come, and
Sav-ior says, all who are faithful, A crown of bright glo-ry shall wear.

be a good sol-dier for Je-sus; Come, oh, come, the bat-tle we al-ways must win.

SOLDIERS FOR JESUS. Concluded.

Earth-ly joys so de - light-ful and charm-ing, Are changing and pass-ing a - way;
As sol - diers we're marching to Ca - naan, Our treas-ure is laid up a - bove,

But the joys we are seek-ing are con - stant, And never know change nor de - cay.
Where the saints of all a - ges are tell - ing The won-ders of in - fi - nite love.

HEAR OUR PRAISE. (Primary Class.)

1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a list'ning ear, When we sing be-fore thee, In-fant prai-ses hear.
2. Save us, Lord, from sinning, Watch us day by day, Help us now to love thee, Take our sins a - way.

H. R. TRICKETT.

THE ROCK AND THE SAND.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

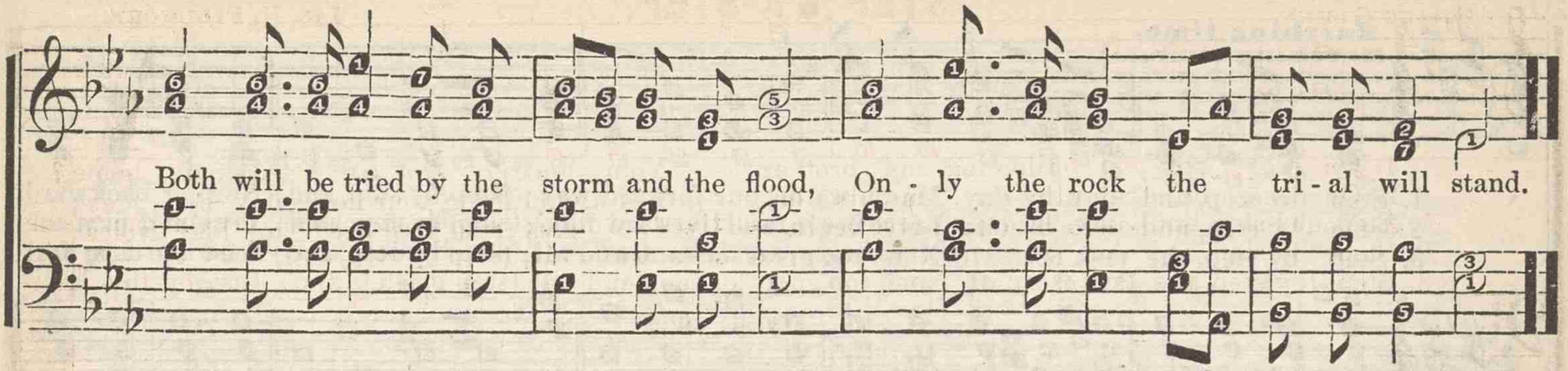
1. On what are you build - ing my brother, Your hopes of an e - ter - nal home?
2. On one, or the oth - er, my brother, You are building your hopes day by day;
3. Your Sav - ior has warned you, my brother, I pray you give heed to his voice;

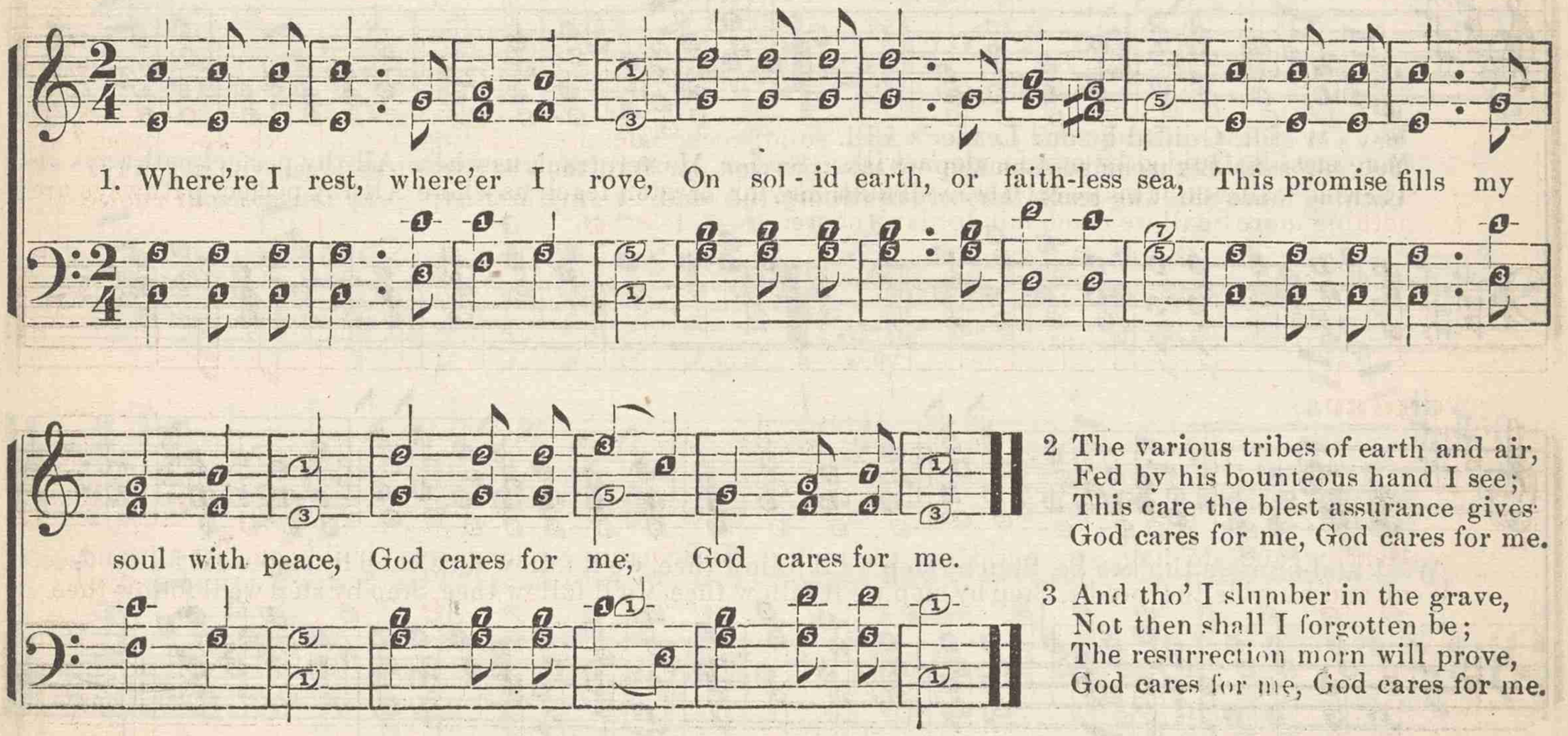
Is it loose shifting sand or the firm solid rock, You are trusting for a - ges to come?
You are risking your soul on the works that you do, Will the dark wa - ters sweep you a - way?
There is life on the rock, but death on the sand, Oh, my brother, pray tell me your choice.

CHORUS.

Hearing and do - ing, we build on the rock; Hearing a - lone, we build on the sand,

From "Helping Hand" by per.

THE ROCK AND THE SAND. Concluded.

GOD CARES FOR ME.

WM. BAXTER. From "Hours of Song."

2 The various tribes of earth and air,
Fed by his bounteous hand I see;
This care the blest assurance gives
God cares for me, God cares for me.

3 And tho' I slumber in the grave,
Not then shall I forgotten be;
The resurrection morn will prove,
God cares for me, God cares for me.

GRACE GLENN.

STEP BY STEP.

JAS. H. FILLMORE.

Marching time.

1. Step by step, and day by day, March we on our forward way; (step by step, and) Nev - er backward,
2. Step by step, and one by one Lives begin, and lives are done; (step by step, and) True and firm for
3. Step by step, the task is small, None too great for each and all; (step by step, and) Just by this, and

CHORUS.

nev - er still, Guided by our Leader's will.
Je - sus' sake Let us make each step we take. Savior, Master, teach us where All thy perfect pathways are;
nothing more Shall we reach fair Jordan's shore.

Weak and humble tho' we be, Step by step we'll follow thee, we'll follow thee, Step by step we'll follow thee.

WE WILL PRAISE THEE.

1. Heav'nly Father, Heav'nly Fa-ther, We, thy children, come be-fore thee, For thy blessing, for thy
2. In thy goodness, in thy mer-cy, Fa - ther, hear our joy-ous sing-ing, Ev - er lead us in the

fa - vor, To cheer and help us on our way. We will praise thee, we will praise thee, In
path-ways Of love and grat - i - tude and praise.

CHORUS.

songs of gladness we will praise thee, We will love thee, we will serve thee, Oh, guide us in thy perfect way.

GRACE GLENN.

BE IN OUR MIDST TO-DAY.

J. H. F.

Duet.

1. We haste to thy temple, oh, Father! We long for thy presence to - day; As thirst-panting harts by the
2. We haste to thy temple, oh, Father! Our fast fading strength to re-new; Bind up thou the wounded in
3. We haste to thy temple, dear Father, Smile down from thy glory a-bove; We shall not grow weary well-

Inst.

CHORUS.

way - side De - light by the wa - ters to stray.
spi - rit, Our faith and our courage re - new. Greet with thy presence thy children, Lord,
do - ing, If blest by thy presence of love.

Grant us the promise of thy word; Je - sus, we need thee on our way, Be in our midst to-day.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Two an-gels watch be - side me, Which ev - er way I go, One is with her face up-lift-ed The oth-er bow-eth low; They guide my er - ring feet—They speak in accents sweet, They
2. The face of one is bright - er Than words of mine can tell, And I oft-en hear her sing-ing: "Look up, for all is well," And "I am HOPE, thy guide, I will with the a - bide, Yes, ten-der The oth-er an - gel say: "Dear Sav-ior, un - de - filed, Help thou thy helpless child, Dear
3. But when a cloud o'er-pass - ing, Her bright-ness fades a - way, I can hear in ac-cents guide my erring, wayward feet, They speak in accents sweet.
I am HOPE, thy friendly guide, I will with thee a - bide."
Sav-ior, pure and un-de - filed, Help thou thy helpless child."

4 And straight the shadow passeth,
And in the sudden light
I can see her face uplifted,
And read her name most bright;
Upon her forehead fair
I read the name of PRAYER,
Upon her forehead bright and fair
I read the name of PRAYER.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

J. H. F.

1. How blessed is the day of rest, How sweet-ly calm and still; As we are gathered
   We learn the les-sons of those days, When Je-sus walked the earth; We hear in gen-tle
2. They tell us of his wond'rous life, How pure he was, how true, And all his deeds of
   They tell us of the death he died, The cru-el cross he bore, That we might be from

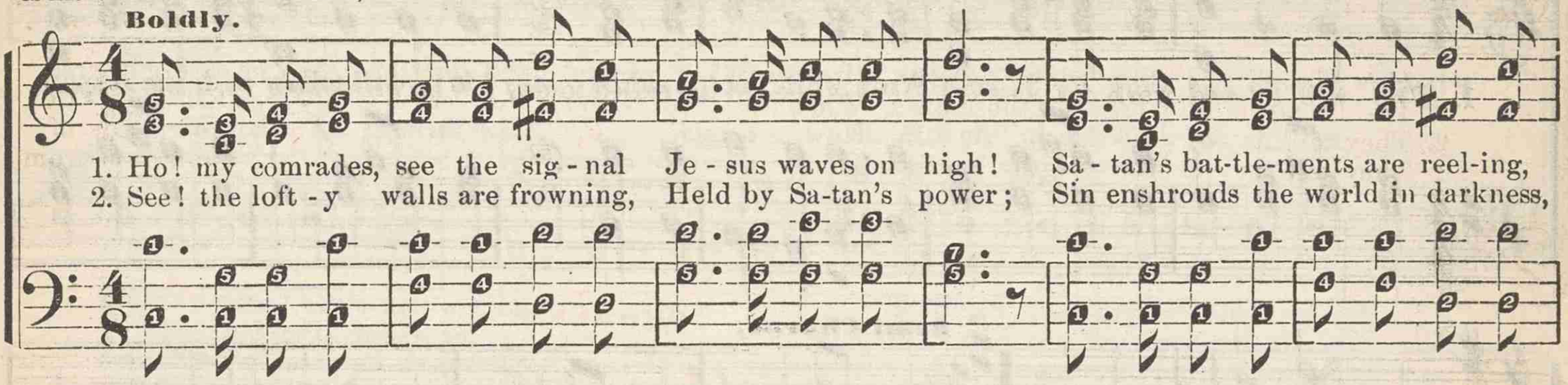
here to learn The Mas-ter's ho-ly will.
ac-cents told, The sto-ry of his birth.
faith-ful love They bring be-fore our view.
all our sin Set free for-ev-er more.

CHORUS.

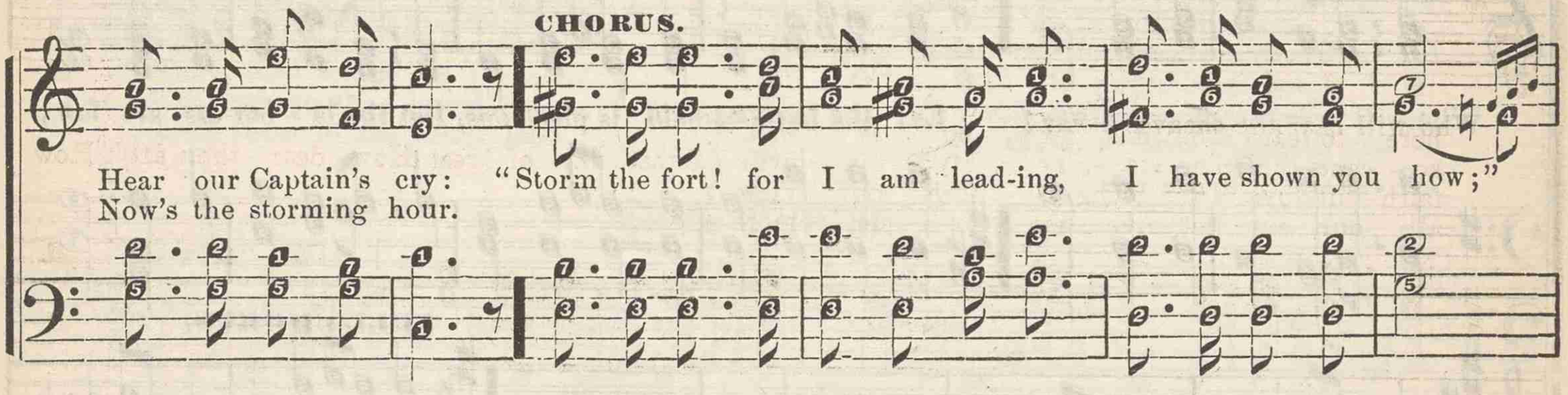
Sweet day of rest How dear thou art! How sa-cred ev-ery hour! We wel-come thee, Each happy heart Would own thy bless-ed power.

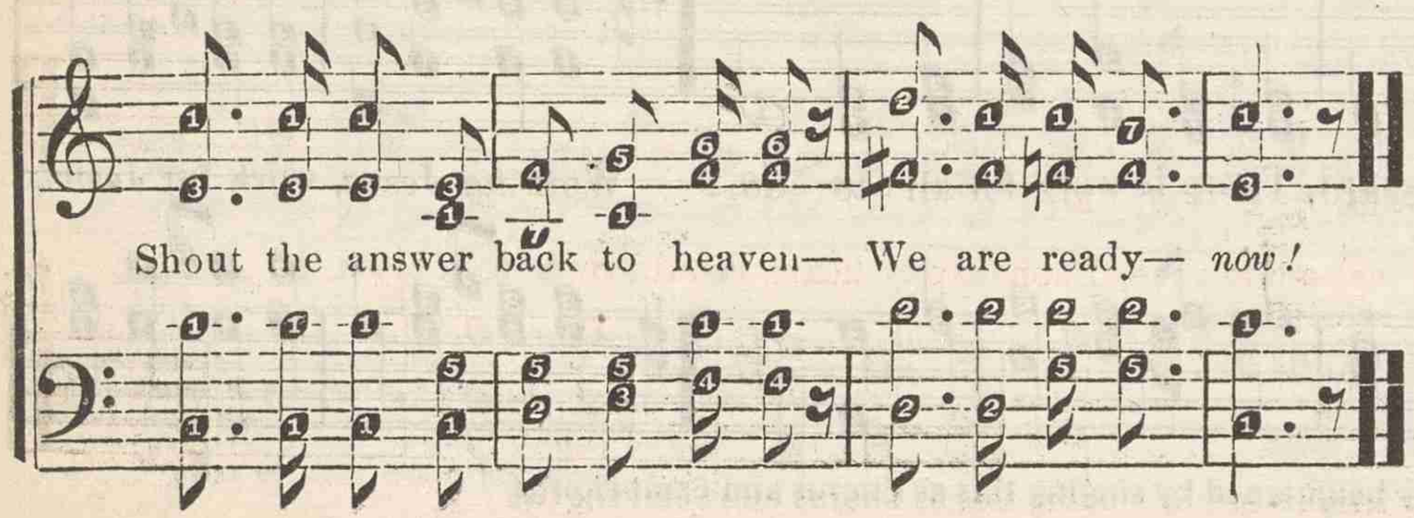
STORM THE FORT!

One of our returned missionaries thinks that the soldiers of Christ should be employed in *storming* instead of *holding* the Fort, and sends the following as a substitute for "HOLD THE FORT." He says, "If I read Jesus' signals aright, there are no times for lurking behind stone-walls, but for storming them. The fort is not ours to hold, but the Devil's (John 14:30; 12:31; 16:11). Holding forts is his work."—*The Watchman*, Boston.

Boldly.

1. Ho! my comrades, see the sig-nal Je-sus waves on high! Sa-tan's bat-tle-ments are reel-ing,
2. See! the loft-y walls are frowning, Held by Sa-tan's power; Sin enshrouds the world in darkness,

CHORUS.



Hear our Captain's cry: "Storm the fort! for I am lead-ing, I have shown you how;"
Now's the storming hour.

Shout the answer back to heaven— We are ready— *now!*

3 See! the prophets now are showing
How the fort must fall;
There is no such thing as failing,
Shout, my comrades, all!

4 Fierce and long the siege has lasted,
But the end is near;
Onward leads our great Commander,
Cheer! my comrades, cheer!

MARY E. KAIL.

WHO WILL GO AND WORK FOR JESUS?*

J. H. LESLIE.

CHORUS. Allegretto.

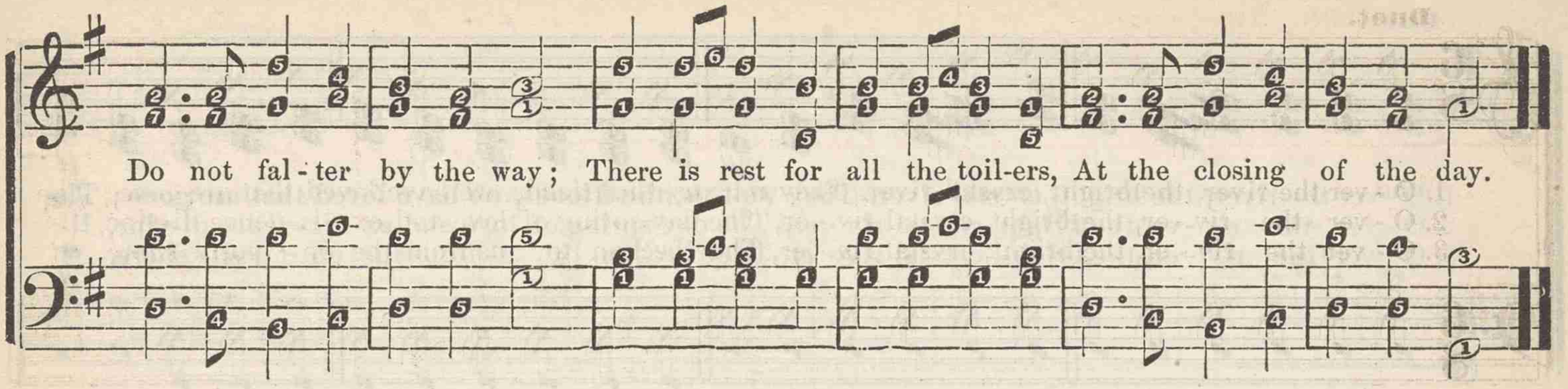
1. Who will go and work for Je-sus? Work, while yet 'tis called to-day? Who will follow with the reapers,

Semi-Chorus.

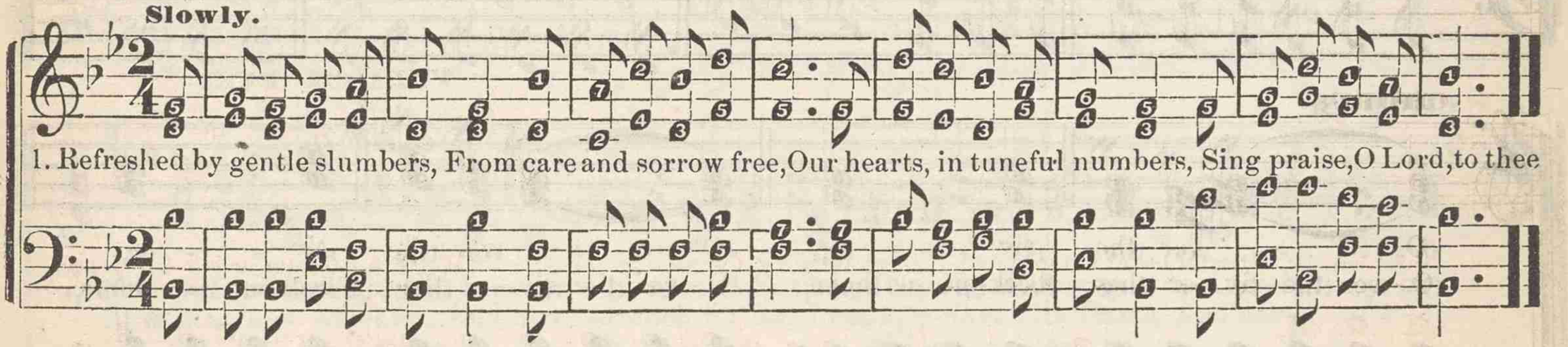
Who will bear the sheaves a-way? Lo! the har-vest-field is plenteous, But the la - bor-ers are few;

FULL CHORUS.

Has - ten to the Mas-ter's vineyard, There is work for all to do. Work for Jesus, work for Jesus,

* The PRIZE SONG. The effect will be greatly heightened by singing this as Chorus and Semi-chorus.

2 Many weary souls are waiting
To be kindly taken in,
From the paths of desolation,
From the haunts of vice and sin.
Go and whisper to them gently,
Take them fondly by the hand;
Point them to the blessed Savior,
Lead them to the better land.

3 When our earthly toil is ended,
And the harvest-time is o'er,
Jesus then will bid us welcome,
Over on the other shore.
There our labors are recorded,
And will never be forgot;
We will surely be rewarded
By the Lord that changeth not.

SONG PRAISE.

2 Thou spreadest joy and blessing,
Thou source of every good;
Then hear us, thee addressing,
In Songs of Gratitude.

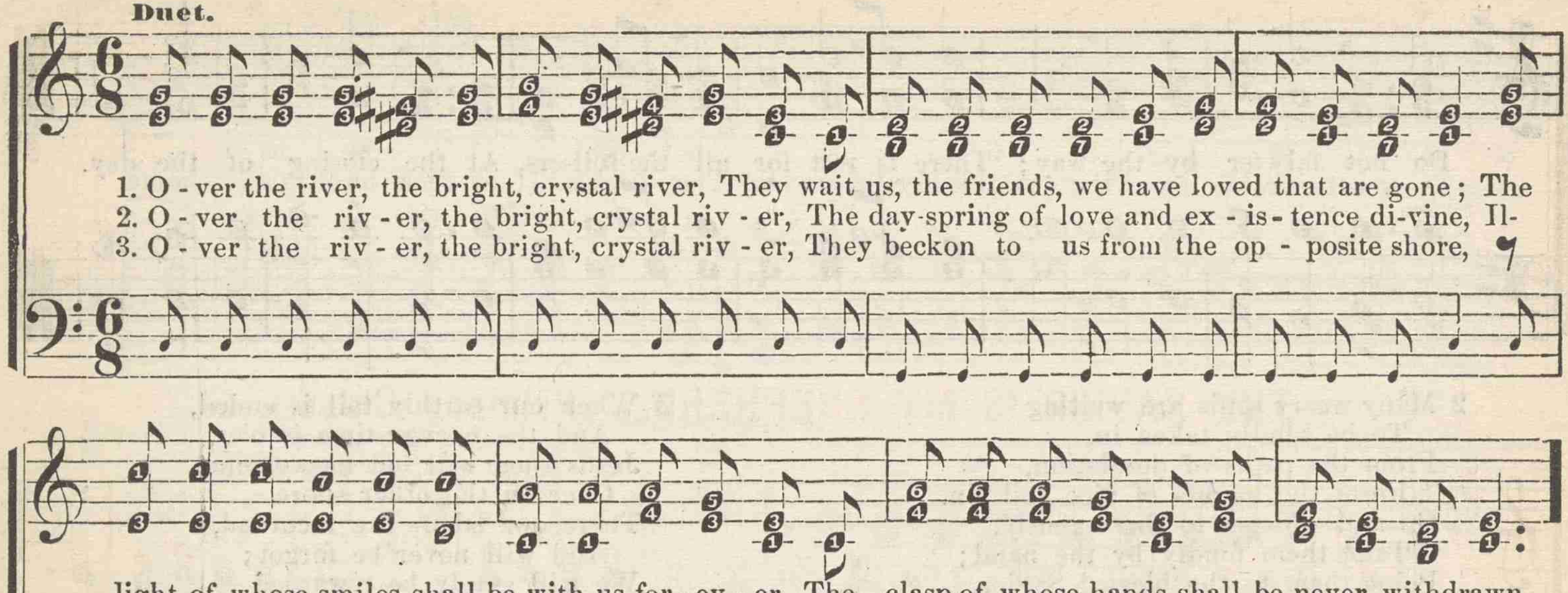
3 Oh, may we, ceasing never,
Extol thee all our days;
Our hearts and lives be ever
An endless song of praise.

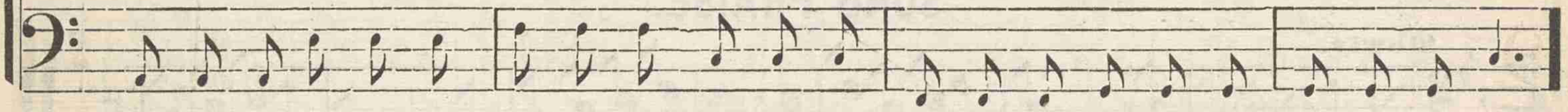
MRS. H. A. RAINS.

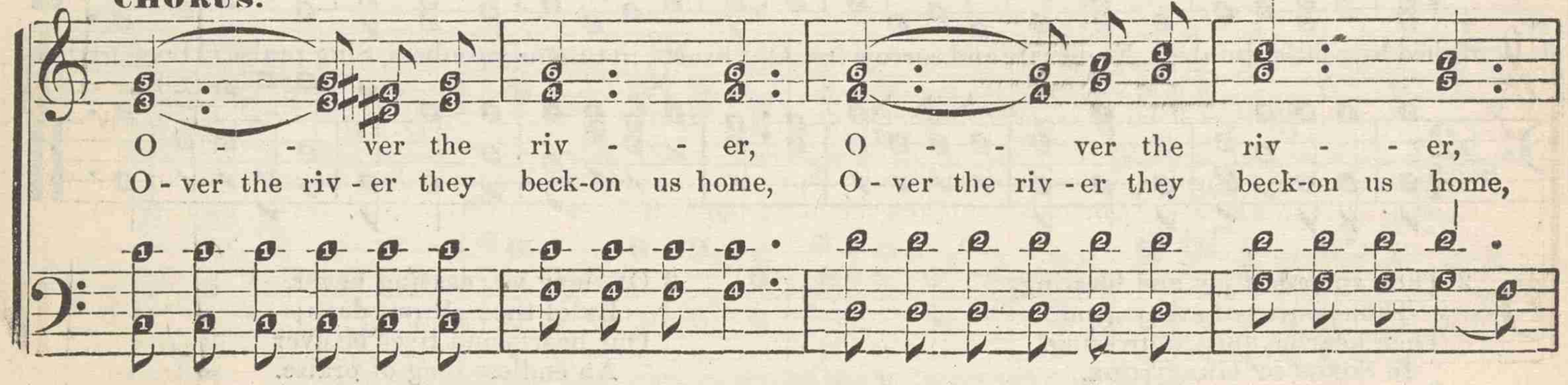
OVER THE BRIGHT, CRYSTAL RIVER.

J. H. F.

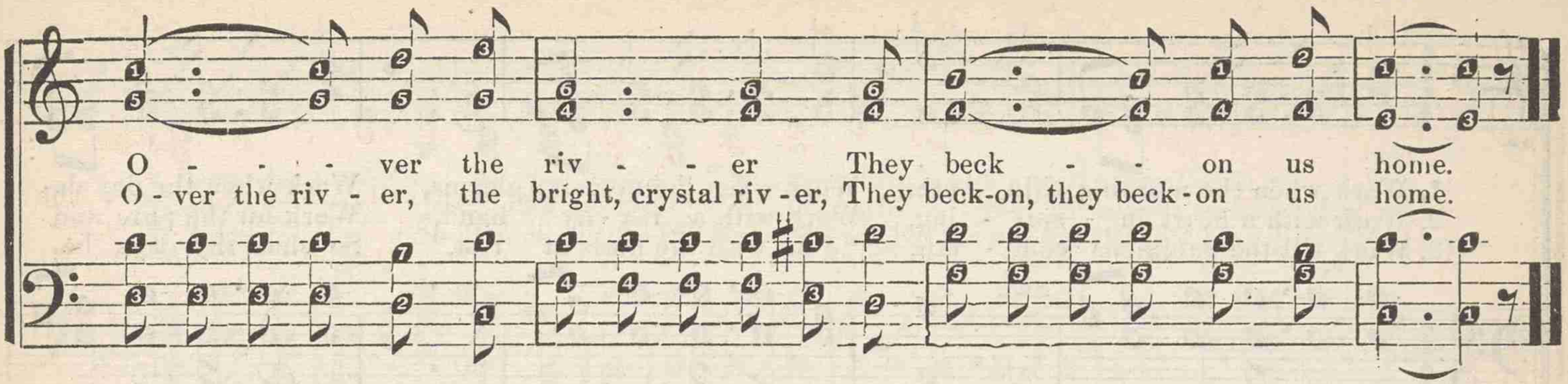
Duet.



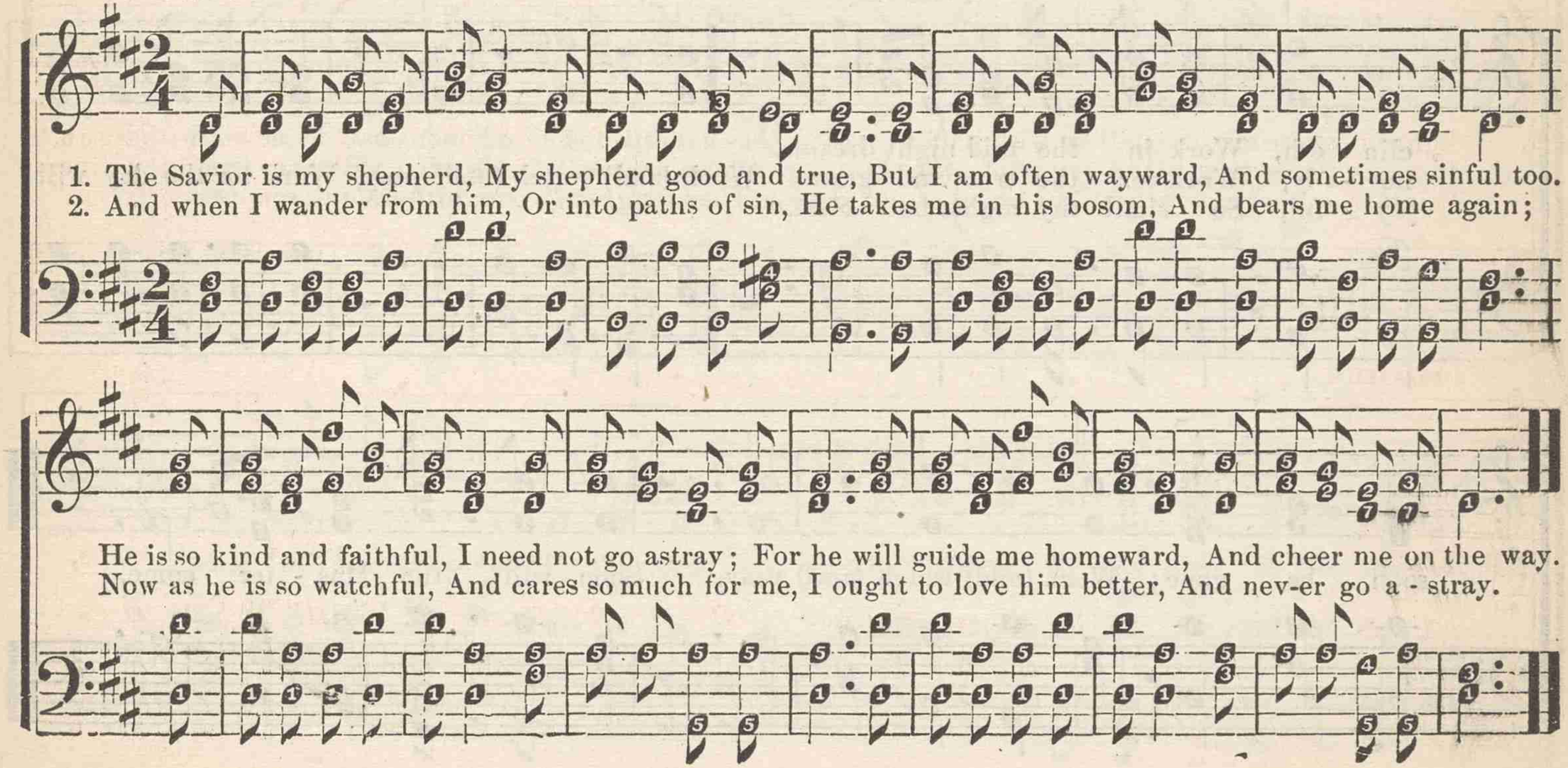
1. O - ver the river, the bright, crystal river, They wait us, the friends, we have loved that are gone; The
2. O - ver the riv - er, the bright, crystal riv - er, The day-spring of love and ex - is - tence di-vine, Il-
3. O - ver the riv - er, the bright, crystal riv - er, They beckon to us from the op - posite shore,

light of whose smiles shall be with us for - ev - er, The clasp of whose hands shall be never withdrawn.
lumines the eye as the rays of the morning Whose flashes of glo - ry will nev - er de - cline.
Saints who were cleansed by the blood of our Savior, They whisper, "come hither, and sorrow no more."

CHORUS.

O - - - ver the riv - - - er, O - - - ver the riv - - - er,
O - ver the riv - er they beck-on us home, O - ver the riv - er they beck-on us home,

OVER THE RIVER. Concluded.

Repeat pp.

THE SAVIOR IS MY SHEPHERD. (Primary Class.)

DR. S. F. SMITH. J. H. F.



GRACE GLENN.

WORK, WATCH, PRAY.

J. H. F.

1. Work when the morning shin - eth, Work when the noonday gleams, Work when the day de-
2. Work with a heart in - spir - ing, Work with a rea - dy hand, Work for the pure and
3. Work till the summons com - eth, "Join with the hosts at rest," So shall thy days be

CHORUS.

clin - eth, Work in the mid-night dreams.
ho - ly, Work for the true and grand. Work (and) watch (and) pray, Work for the day will
joy - ful, So shall thy nights be blest.

soon be gone; Work (and) watch (and) pray, Soon will the Mas - ter come.

1. Sing the prais - es of the Sav-ior, Tune your hearts and sweetly sing; Join in ask-ing for his
2. Mer - cy was his chiefest pleasure, Ere the world be - gan to move; Sweetly sing in numbered
3. Turn to Je - sus—Prince of glo - ry, Ho - ly Prophet, Priest and King; Spread abroad the wondrous

CHORUS.

fa - vor, Ask, for he is lis - ten - ing.
meas - ure, Sing the dear Re-deem-er's love. Al - le - lu - jah is the cho - rus, By the
sto - ry, Chil-dren all, his prai-ses sing.

choirs of heaven sung; By the loved ones gone be - fore us, By the pure of ev - ery tongue.

HASTINGS.

HARVEST TIME.

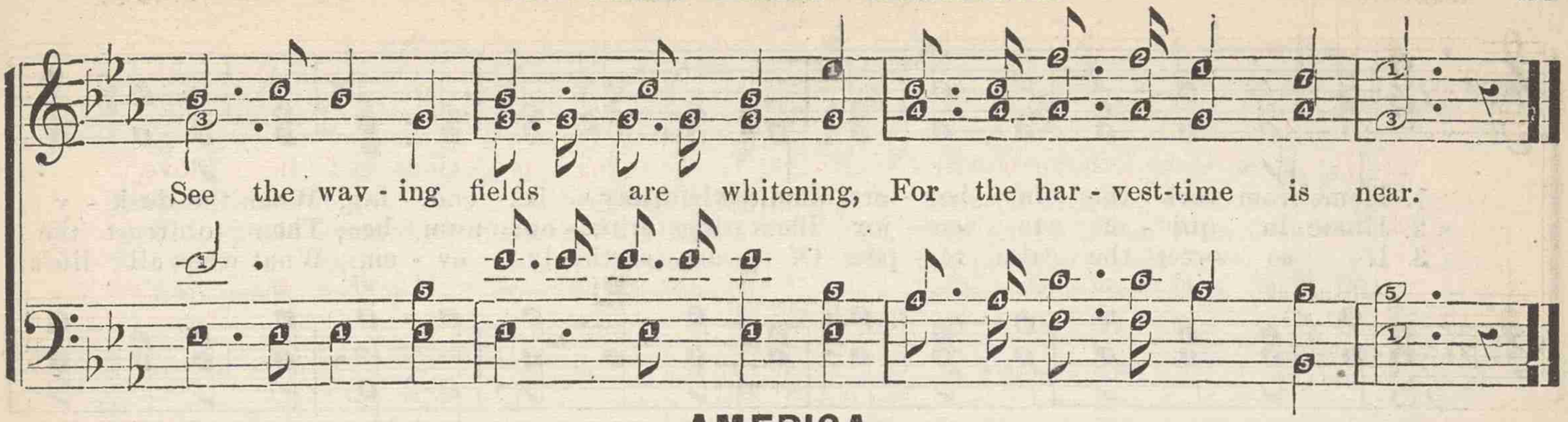
C. S. CABLE.

1. He that go - eth forth with weep - ing, Bear - ing pre - cious seed in love,
2. Soft de - scend the dews of heav - en, Bright the rays ce - les - tial shine;
3. Sow thy seed, be nev - er wea - ry; Let no fears thy soul an - noy;

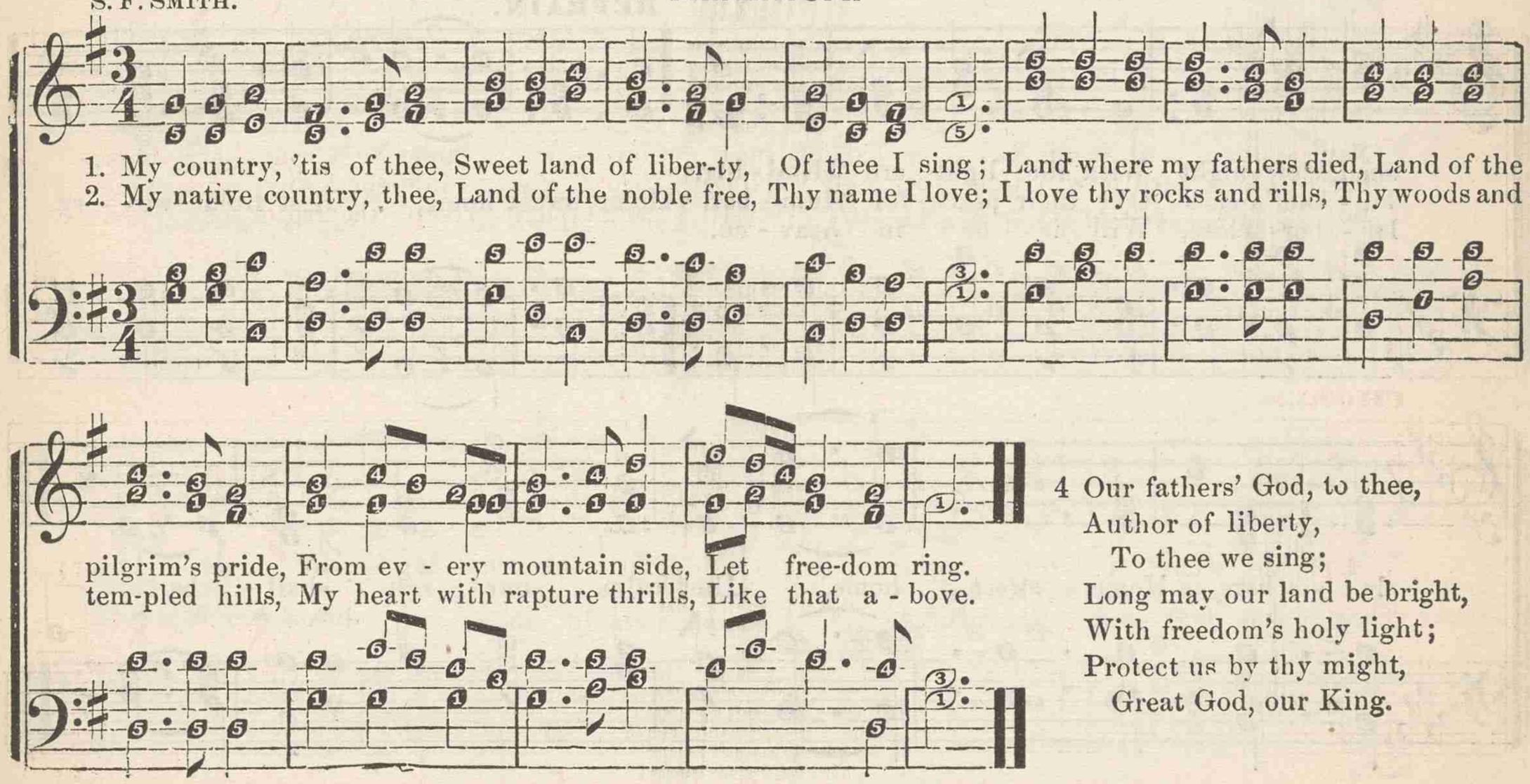
Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er sleep - ing, Find - eth mer - cy from a - bove.
Pre - cious fruits will thus be giv - en, Thro' the influence all di - vine.
Be the pros - pect ne'er so drea - ry, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

CHORUS.

Lo! the scene of ver - dure bright'ning, In the ris - ing grain ap - pear;



AMERICA.

S. F. SMITH.

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

GRACE GLENN.

REST AT HOME.

J. H. F.

1. Home from work the la - bor - ers Come when day is end - ing, When the dusk - y
2. Home in qui - et to en - joy Bless - ings with - out num ber; Then to trust the
3. If so sweet the calm re - pose Of an earth - ly ev - en, What when all life's

REFRAIN.

shades of night With the light are blend - ing.
Fa - ther's care O'er their peace - ful slum - ber. Home, sweet home, Rest from wea - ry
la - bors close, Will it be in heav - en.

la - bors, Home, sweet home, How calm our rest shall be.

1. Je - ho-vah reigns; he dwells in light, Arrayed with maj - est - y and might;
This spacious world made by his hands Still on its firm foun - da - tion stands.
2. Forev - er shall his throne endure; His promise stands for - ev er sure,
And peace, and joy, and ho - li - ness Becomes the dwell-ings of his grace.

But ere this world of ours was made, Or had its first foundation laid,
Je-hovah reigns, he dwells in light, Arrayed with pow'r, arrayed with might,

E-ter - nal - ly his throne had stood, Himself the ev - er liv - ing God.
This spacious world made by his hands Still on its firm foun - da - tion stands.

ON THE SEA.

1. Un - der the storm-burdened sky, On the rough waves rolling high, Tossed a frail barque on the
2. Long were the hours of the night, Pale were the boatmen with fright, Sadly they watched for the

dark Gal - i - lee; Je - sus had left it that day, Se - cret-ly go - ing to pray,
morn-ing to be; Lit - tle they guessed that the form Dear-est to all o'er the storm,

Up in the mountain, o'er-look - ing the sea.
Prayed for his loved ones a - broad on the sea.

3 Still on the billows they tossed,
Every man's courage was lost;
When on the water One walking they see;
Smitten with terror they cry—
"Be not afraid, it is I!"
Gently calls Christ from his path on the sea.

4 Never forget, weary soul,
When on life's billows you roll,
Long tho' the hours of your waiting may be;
One there is watching above,
Down from the heights of his love,
Caring forever for souls on the sea.

ONE BY ONE.

1. One by one the shad - ows gath - er 'Neath the arch - es of the sky, But to - mor - row
2. One by one the blos - soms with - er From the gar - dens of our care, But an - oth - er
3. One by one the hearts we cher - ish Van - ish down the stream of time, But to wait our

com - eth quick - ly, At whose dawn the shades shall fly.
spring-time sure - ly Will re-place their beau - ty fair.
ear - ly com - ing, In that brighter, bet - ter clime.

CHORUS.

One by one each grief and sor - row

Fade be - hind us o - ver there; In that cloudless sky to-morrow, Shall return no grief or care.

SYBIL.

SWEETLY OVER HILL AND VALLEY.

E. A. PERKINS.

1. Sweet-ly o - ver hill and val - ley Sounded far a voice of old, Like a strain of an - gel
2. "Hinder not their tim - id foot - steps, Welcome to the fold with-in, Let the ten - der lambs be
3. 'Mid the hal - le - lu - jahs ring - ing, 'Mid the burst of an - gel song, Je - sus, hear our childish

mu - sic, Floating down from gates of gold: "Let them come: the lit-tle children, Dangers
gath - ered, From the world's dark ways of sin." Yes, dear Sav-ior, we will hearken, Make us
hymn - ing, While we loud the notes pro - long; And be-yond the shadowy riv - er, On the

lie on ev - ery side;" 'Tis their lov-ing Shepherd calls them, He will keep, whate'er be - tide.
lambs of thy dear fold; Bless us al - so like the chil - dren In that sto - ry sweet of old.
glo - ry-light - ed shore, May we sing, with saints and se - raphs, Of thy love for-ev - er - more,

PLENTY OF WORK.

1. Plen - ty of work, for the Mas-ter, to do, You'll find it rea - dy wher - ev - er you go,
2. Plen - ty of work, for the Mas-ter, to do, Think not, my brother, there's noth-ing for you;
3. Hear now the voice that is speak-ing to you, Plen - ty of work, for the Mas-ter, to do;

Do not neg-lect it, your du - ty ful - fill, Work for the Mas-ter, yes, work with a will.
You have a du - ty, come then at his word, Work while you may, brother, work for the Lord.
Then up and at it, and work with a will, Then with his Spir - it your heart he will fill.

CHORUS.

Work while 'tis day, For the night cometh on; Work, work, work, work, Work for the Master commands you.

MRS. M. J. BITTLE.

FOLLOW ME.

J. H. F.

1. Long a - go, in old Ju - dea, By the shores of Gal-i - lee, Je - sus spake un - to the fishers:
2. Now no more in old Ju - dea, Je - sus walk - eth by the sea; But he calleth, ev-er calleth,

"Leave your nets, and follow me."
Who will come and follow me?

Lit-tle children hear the sto-ry, Pealing through the a - ges dim;
Come to Je - sus—time may tarnish Many a dream of beauty fair;

Who of you will leave your pleasures, Take your cross, and follow him.
What he of - fers fadeth never— Life e - ter - nal o-ver there.

Over there, beyond death's billows,
Eyes of faith can plainly see
The bright mansions where he promised
All his followers should be.
Children listen to the story,
Pealing thro' the ages dim;
Jesus loves you! died to save you!
Give up all, and follow him.

From "Songs of Glory."

Tenderly.

1. Fierce-ly the cold winds are howl-ing, Pit - i - less, chill - ing, and wild; Fa - ther in
2. Man - y are rag-ged and hun - gry, Homeless, and out in the storm; Com-fort and
3. Al - ways the poor we have with us, Need-ing our bless - ings to share; Send out thy

heav - en, in mer - cy Look on each suf - fer - ing child.
shel - ter, O Fa-ther! Give to each shiv-er - ing form.
peo - ple as an-gels, An - swer-ing pov - er - ty's prayer.

CHORUS.

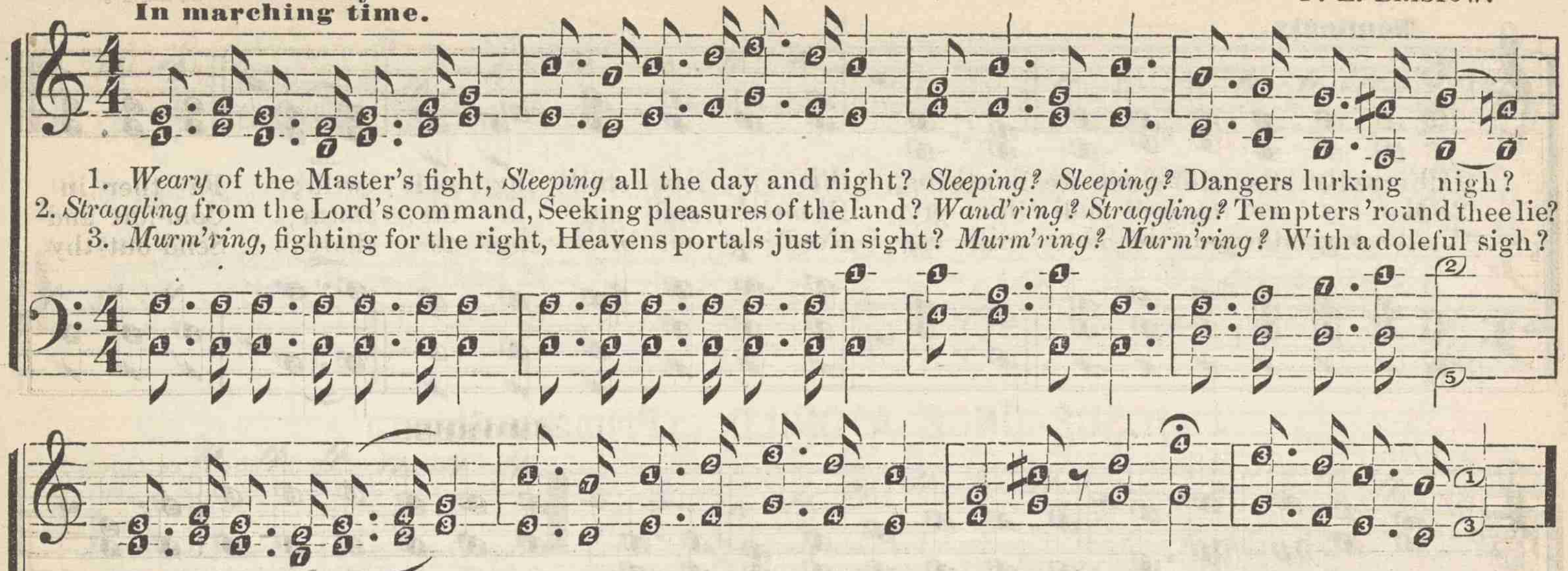
Put in the hearts of thy peo-ple,

Ev - ery-where they may go, Gifts of thy plen - ti - ful giv - ing, With a free hand to be - stow.

"FALL IN!"

Words and Music by F. L. BRISTOW.

In marching time.

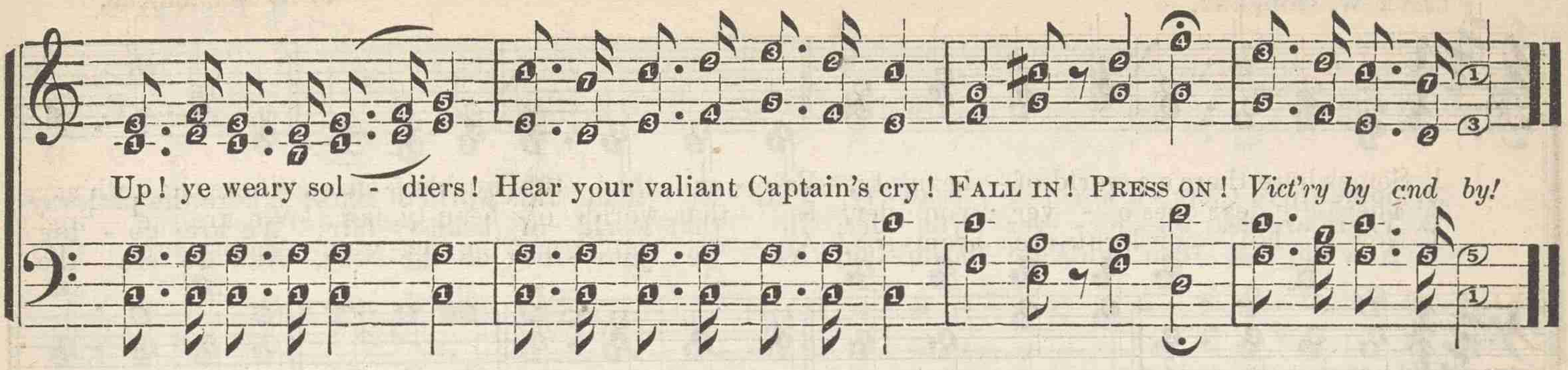


1. *Weary* of the Master's fight, *Sleeping* all the day and night? *Sleeping? Sleeping?* Dangers lurking nigh?
2. *Straggling* from the Lord's command, Seeking pleasures of the land? *Wand'ring? Straggling?* Tempters 'round thee lie?
3. *Murm'ring*, fighting for the right, Heavens portals just in sight? *Murm'ring? Murm'ring?* With a doleful sigh?

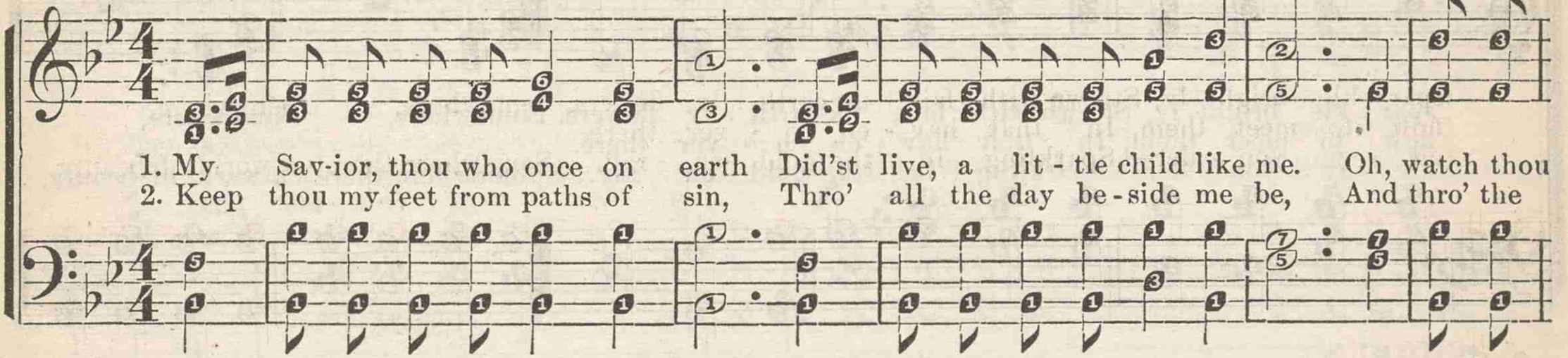
Up! ye weary sol - diers! Hear your valiant Captain's cry! FALL IN! PRESS ON! *Vict'ry by and by!*
Rally! straggling soldiers! Hear your valiant Captain's cry! FALL IN! PRESS ON! *Vict'ry by and by!*
List! ye murm'ring soldiers! Hear your valiant Captain's cry! FALL IN! PRESS ON! *Vict'ry by and by!*

CHORUS.

Satan comes with mighty hosts And desolates the land! Sowing seeds of sorrow and despair on every hand!

Tenor.

JESUS ONCE A CHILD. (Primary Class.)

A. L. D.

From "Songs for the Wee Ones."

3 Forgive, O Lord, when I forget,
And may my love for thee endure,
As thou dost know and understand
My childish heart, oh, keep it pure.

4 And make me gentle, kind and true,
My life what thou would'st have it be,
My Savior, thou who once on earth
Wert just a little child like me.

SOMEWHERE THERE'S A WORLD OF BEAUTY.

FRANK W. GODFREY. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Somewhere there's a world of beau - ty, Fair - er than this world of ours; Where the pathways
2. There are dear ones o - ver yon - der, In that world of beau-ty fair; We are go - ing
3. Now the bea - con lights are beam - ing, As we jour - ney on the way, And we see the

CHORUS.

spar - kle bright - ly, Strewn with fair, un-earth . ly flowers. Somewhere, Somewhere,
now to meet them, In that hav - en o - ver there.
cit - y yon - der— Sparkling in the gold - en ray. Somewhere there's a world of beauty,

Fairer than this world of ours, Somewhere, Somewhere, Strewn with fair unearthly flowers.
Where the pathways sparkle brightly,

SONG OF PRAISE.

MRS. Z. H. BATEMAN. J. BROADWIND.

Semi-Chorus.

1. O Je - sus, Sav - ior, King, Bow down thy list'ning ear, And while thy praise we sing,
2. In joy - ful hom - age, Lord, We bend before thy throne, In tune-ful mea - sures there
3. No gold or spark-ling gems, No in-cense rare have we,—Ac - cept our grate - ful hearts,

FULL CHORUS.

Thy children's voices hear.
Our Sovereign, Christ, to own. We will join the happy song Of the ransomed throng, Ere we dwell the angel
We bring them all to thee.

hosts a-mong, For the Savior's love From his home a-bove, Is a theme for ev - ery heart and tongue.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON.

VICTORY.

J. H. F.

1. Pilgrim with thine eyes uplifted, Toward the goal that gleams afar, Toiling, struggling toward that heaven.
2. One who passed this way before thee, Left his footprints on the sand, That the pilgrim, coming after,
3. In the bright, the crystal riv - er Thou shalt lave thy tired feet; Past is all thy wea-ry toil-ing,

Where immortal treasures are. Pause not, though thy feet are weary, Faint not, though thy soul is sad,
So might reach the promised land. All the toil - ing and the roughness That is thine thy Saviour bore;
'Neath the burden and the heat— Past thy earth-life, and the an-gels Lay thy cross for - ev - er down,

CHORUS.

Soon thou'lt reach that land elysian, Ev - er-more thou shalt be glad.
When the way thy feet have trodden, Pain shall touch thee nevermore. Ev - er-more thy song shall be,
On thy brow with hap-py sing-ing, Place the shining vic-tor-crown.

VICTORY. Concluded.

Vic - to - ry, Vic - to - ry! Ev - er-more thy song shall be, Vic - to - ry, Vic - to - ry!

HE LEADETH ME.

J. H. RHEEM.

1. The clouds hang heavy round my way, I | can not see, | But thro' the darkness I believe God | leadeth me.
2. Through many a thorny path he leads My | tired feet; | Thro' many a path of tears I go, But | it is sweet

'Tis sweet to keep my hand in His, While | all is dim; | To close my weary, aching eyes, And | follow him.
To know that he is close to me, My | Guide, my Guide. | He leadeth me, and so I walk Quite | satisfied.

OUR HEAVENLY HOME.

Arranged.

1. Oh, have you heard of yon bright clime, Undimmed by care, un-hurt by time, Where age comes
2. Eye hath not seen that glo - ry - land, Its fruits and flow'rs—angel - ic band; Ear hath not
3. It is the Fa - ther-land on high, Far, far be-yond the star - ry sky— Where Je - sus

REFRAIN.

not to fade a - way, But brings a bright, e - ter - nal day? Oh, yes, that clime we
heard the swell - ing song A - ris - ing from the blood-washed throng. But yes, that clime we
reigns, and bids us come, To dwell with him, for aye, at home. Oh, yes, that clime we

know full well, 'Tis of our heav'nly home ye tell, 'Tis of our heav'nly home ye tell.

1. Sow-ing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kindness; Sow-ing in the noontide and the dew-y eves;
2. Go and tell the na-tions now in heathen blindness; Tell them Jesus died—now no ex-cuse he leaves;
3. Sow-ing in the sunshine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;

Fine.

D. S. *Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.*
Bid them come to Je-sus; thus pre-pare the har-vest, You shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
By and by the har-vest, and our la-bors end-ed, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Bringing in the gold-en sheaves, Bringing in the gold-en sheaves.
the gold-en sheaves, the gold-en sheaves.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON.

THE OTHER LAND.

J H. F.

1. Somewhere beyond the vis - ion Of our des-pair - ing eyes, With-in the land e-
2. And soft - ly, sweet-ly flow - ing, A riv - er windeth fair, Thro' all the gold - en
3. When thro' the golden por - tal At last we en - ter in, Thro' him who hath re-

REFRAIN

lys - ian, The hills of glo - ry rise; What words can tell the beau - ty Of
glo - ry That reigns for - ev - er there; And of those shin - ing wa - ters, The
deemed us, A fade-less crown we win: And in that world of beau - ty, With

that ce - les - tial land, The cit - y God hath build - ed By his al - might-y hand.
dy - ing souls of men Shall drink with endless rap - ture, And, drinking, live a - gain.
all the ransomed throng, We'll join with ceaseless rap - ture, The ev - er - last-ing song.

THE GREAT TEACHER.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. F.

Solo. *

1. O bir-die, singing on the bough Thro' all the summer day, From dew-y morn till even - tide,
2. I asked the roses sweet and fair Thro' all the garden gay, Who taught them how to bud and bloom,
3. I asked the stars whose tender rays Across my pillow fell, Who taught them how to gleam and shine,

4. O mighty Ruler, Teacher wise, Of star, and flower, and bird, Be thou my Guide and Teacher too,

Rit.

Who taught you such a lay? And thus I hear the birdie sing: "My teacher was the Heavenly King."
And thus I heard them say: "We learned from him who rules above, The Lord of life, the Lord of love."
And keep their course so well, And thus I heard the stars reply: "It was that God, who reigns on high."

Rit.

Instruct me from thy Word. Thy gracious law I would o-bey, "Thou art the truth, the life, the way."

NOTE.—Select three girls, or boys, and let each one, in turn sing a verse of the first three as a solo; then the whole school sing the last verse with the parts below the solo.

MRS. Z. H. BATEMAN.

CHRIST ON THE WATERS.

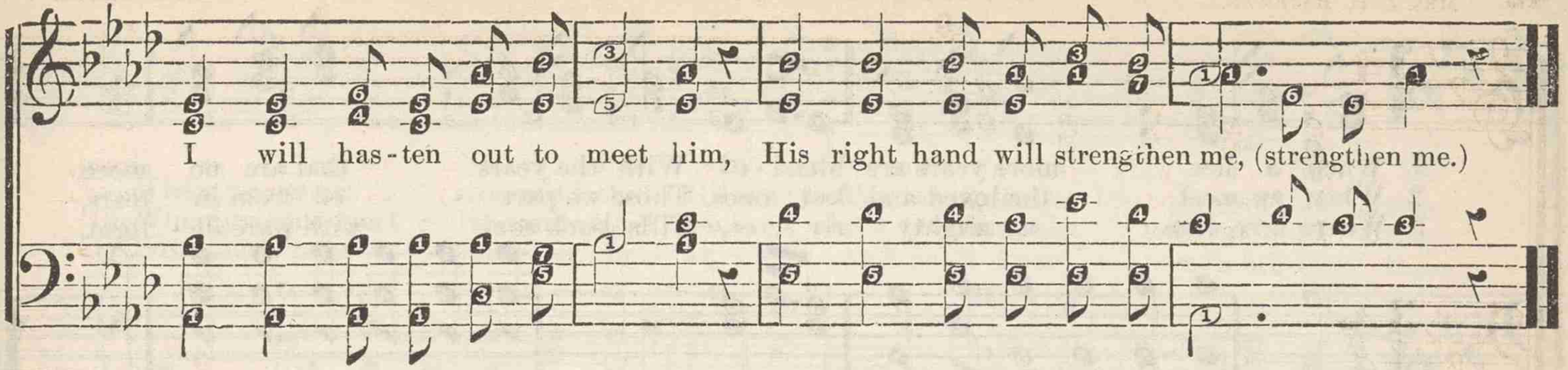
J. F. HENRY.

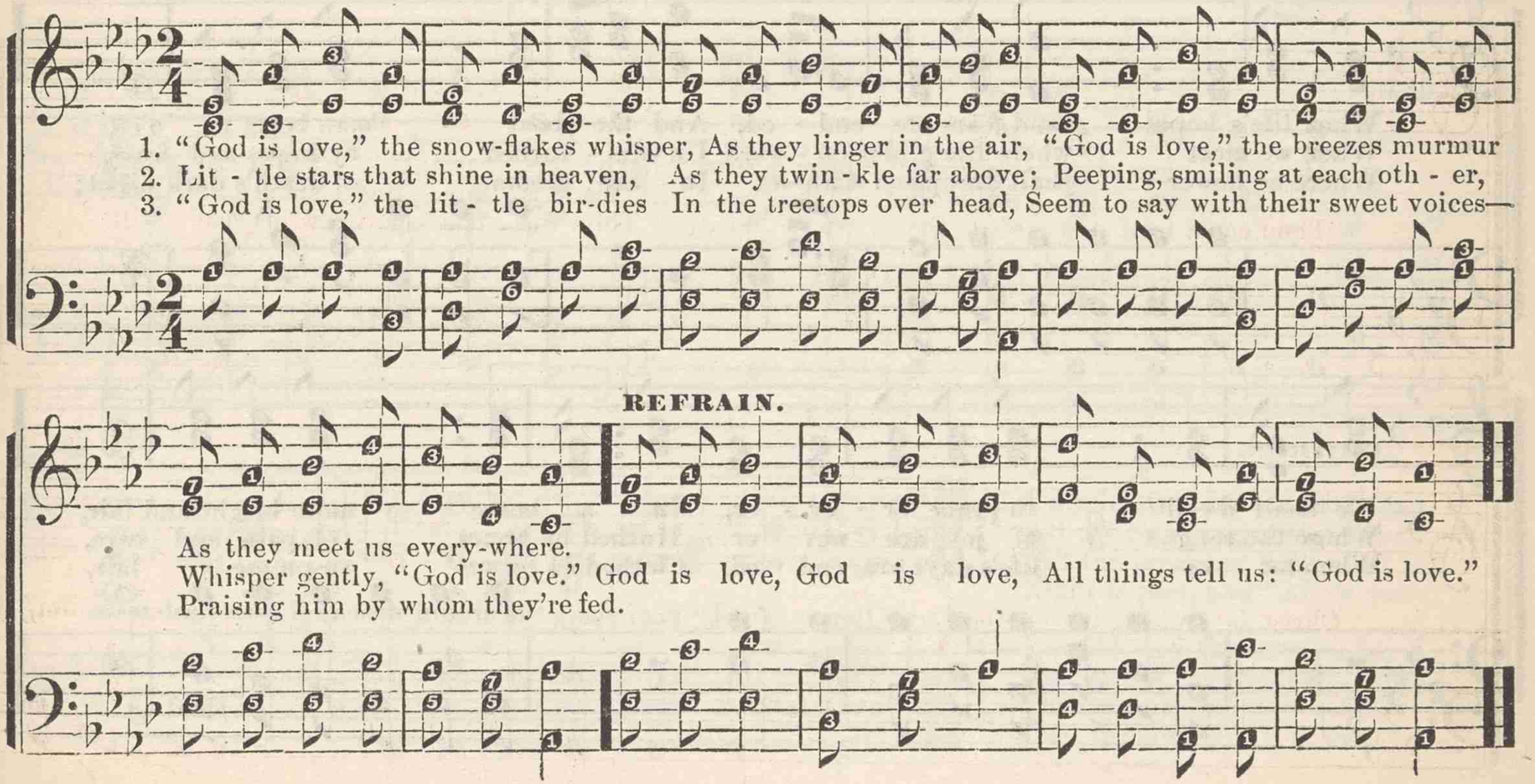
1. Christ is walk - ing on the wa - ters, And I will not be a - fraid,
2. I have passed a night of per - il, But the day is ver - y near,
3. I am not a - fraid' O Je - sus! Walk thou where - so - e'er thou will;

If I has - ten out to meet him, By his arm I shall be stayed.
On the wa - ter walks the Mas - ter, 'Tis his lov - ing voice I hear.
Thou canst lead me o'er the wa - ters, Thou the tem - pest wild can still.

CHORUS.

Christ is walk - ing on the wa - ters, Walk - ing on the troubled sea; (I will hasten to him,)

CHRIST ON THE WATERS Concluded.

GOD IS LOVE. (Primary Class.)

HARRY LEE. From "Songs of Glory."

W. H. H. PEARSON.

WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. When a few more years are blend - ed With the years that are no more,
2. When we meet the loved and lost ones, Those we part - - ed from in tears,
3. Where love, like a mighty riv - er, Fills each soul with pure de - light,

When life's hopes and fears are end - ed, And the boat - man bears us o'er,
When we meet where life glides on - ward Un - dis - turbed by hopes and fears,
Where no flower shall droop and with - er In the gloom of death's dark night;

We shall dwell in peace for - ev - er, In a home more bright and fair,
Where the songs of joy are nev - er Hushed by hours of pain and care,
When for us life's days are end - ed, Clothed in forms su-preme-ly fair,

WE SHALL KNOW. Concluded.

When we meet be-yond the riv - er, We shall know each oth-er there.
Where friends meet no more to sev - er, We shall know each oth-er there.
We shall meet and rest for - ev - er, And shall know each oth-er there.

ALL IS WELL.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. F.

1. Sav - ior, grant me rest and peace, Let my trou - bled dream-ings cease, With the chim-ing midnight bell Teach my heart that "All is well."

2 I would trust my all with thee,
All my cares and sorrows flee,
Till the breaking light shall tell,
Night is past, and "All is well."

3 I would seek thy service, Lord,
Leaning on thy promised Word,
Till my hourly labors tell,
I am thine and "All is well."

NEVER FORGET TO PRAY.

E. A. PERKINS.

1. Nev - er, my child, for-get to pray, Whate'er the du - ties of the day; If hap - py dreams have
2. Pray Him by whom the birds are fed, To give to thee thy dai - ly bread; If wealth his boun - ty
3. The time will come when thou wilt miss A father's and a mother's kiss; And then my child, per-

blessed thy sleep, If startling fears have made thee weep, With ho - ly thoughts be - gin the day, And
should be - stow, Praise Him from whom all blessings flow; If He who gave should take a - way, Oh,
chance you'll see Some who in prayer ne'er bent the knee; From such ex - am - ples turn a - way, And

REFRAIN. **Repeat pp.**

nev - er, my child, for - get to pray. Nev-er for - get, nev-er for-get, Nev-er for - get to pray.

A HOME ABOVE.

1. I have a home, a home a - bove, I have a God, a God of love; I have a Sav - ior
2. There through eter -ni - ty I 'll sing The praises of my Heavenly King, A- loud my new-born
3. Soon an - gels bright with music sweet, Will greet my weary, wand'ring feet, And those from here who 've
4. I have a place a - bove to rest, Safe folded to my Savior's breast; To dwell for - ev - er

CHORUS.

in the sky, Who bids me come to him on high. A home a - bove where
voice I 'll raise To shout my dear Redeemer's praise.
gone be - fore I 'll meet up - on that an - gel shore.
in his love, Safe in my home, my home a - bove. A home a - bove, a home a - bove, where

all is love, A home a - bove where all is joy and love.
all is joy and peace and love, A home a - bove, a home a - bove where all is joy and love.

From "Songs of Glory."

HOW I WISH I KNEW. (Primary Class.)

GRACE GLENN. From "Songs for the Wee Ones."

1. Lit - tle stars that twin - kle in the heavens blue, I have oft - en wondered if you
2. Did you see the cost - ly presents they had brought? Did you see the sta - ble they in
3. Did you hear the moth-ers' plead-ing thro' their tears For the babes that Her - od slew the

ev - er knew, How there 'rose one like you, lead - ing wise old men
won - der sought? Did you see the wor - ship ten - der - ly they paid
com - ing years? Did you see how Jo - seph, warned of God in dreams,

From the East thro' Ju - dah, down to Beth - le - hem?
To that stranger ba - by in the man - ger laid?
Hur - ried in - to E - gypt guid - ed by your beams.

4 Did you watch the Savior all those years of strife?
Did you know, for 'sinners, how he gave his life?
Little stars that twinkle in the heavens blue,
All you saw of Jesus how I wish I knew.

BLESSED RIVER.

1. Forth from the throne of glo - ry, Bright in its crys - tal gleam, Bursts out the liv - ing
2. Stream full of life and gladness, Spring of all health and peace, No harps by thee hang
3. Riv - er of God, I greet thee, Not now a - far, but near; My soul to thy still

CHORUS.

fount - ain Swells on the liv - ing stream.
si - lent, Nor hap - py voic - es cease. Bless-ed Riv - er, let me ev - er
wa - ters Hastes in its thirstings here.

Feast my eyes on thee, Bless - ed Riv - er, let me ev - er Feast my eyes on thee.

GRACE GLENN.

THE VICTOR'S SONG.

J. H. F.

1. We're the vic-tors now for - ev - er, o - ver death and o - ver sin, For this tri-umph did our Sav - ior die on Cal - va - ry to win, En - ded he a life of sor - row on the thrice-ac - curs-ed tree, Once for all he drank the wormwood and the gall for you and me.
2. We're the vic-tors, oh, proclaim it, thro' the earth and thro' the sky! For a - while be - low the an - gels Je - sus lived for you and I, But the thorn - y path so nar - row which his bles - sed footsteps trod, Led be - yond the gates of dark-ness to the pres - ence of our God.
3. Je - sus died! go breath the sto - ry in - to ev - ery list'ning ear, Tell them watch and wait his com - ing when his glo - ry shall ap - pear, For the gates of hell were bro - ken and the pris - on - er was free, When beyond the gloom - y por - tals Je - sus rose for you and me.

CHORUS.

We're the Vic-tors through the triumphs of our Lord, (thro' our Lord,) Lift his ban - ner high a-

bove us, 'tis his Word, ('tis his word); His the crown of thorns most cru - el and the

thrice accurs - ed tree, Yet he conquered all, he con - quered, and he strove for you and me.

HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

J. D. TRAPP.

1. Let the ho-ly name of Je - sus Dwell for-ev-er in thy heart; It will cleanse, refresh, and
2. Souls are weary, worn, and troubled, Bowed with sorrow, pain, and grief; Weak and trembling—in this

cheer you, Shield from Satan's fa-tal dart. Oh, the joy, the precious fount-ain, Which his
fount-ain Sure-ly find a sweet re-lief. With thy woes and earthly la-bors, Wea-ry

sacred name sup-plies; It is balm for wounded spir-its, It is life that nev-er dies.
with thy load of care; Come, oh come unto the Sav-ior, In him endless pleasures are.

TAKE MY HAND.

1. Take my hand, my heav'nly Father, Guide me wheresoe'er thou will, Knowing on - ly thou art
2. Take my hand, and lead me, Father, This a - lone is all I ask; Bear I then whate - life's
3. Lead me, ev - ery step is anguish, That without thee I as - say; Thou wilt nev - er see me

lead-ing, I will fol - low and be still. Though the clouds be nev - er rift - ed, Not a
bur-den, Un-der - take I an - y task. Trust-ing thee, I shall not fal - ter, Leaning
blinded, Nev-er let me go a - stray. Long e - nough I've vain - ly wan - dered, Let my

star-gleam shining clear, Stay me up by thy great pow - er, Let me know that thou art near.
on thee nev - er fail; Dire tempta - tions close be - set - ting, Shall in vain my soul as - sail.
i - dle roamings cease; Lead me from the troubled val - leys To the mountains of thy peace.

W. T. TIBBS.

COME TO THE FOUNT.

J. H. F.

1. Come, is the Sav - ior's dy - ing word To all who seek re - lief; Come with your guilt and
2. Come, is the Spir - it's ten - der call To sin-ners doomed to die; Come, says the Church on
3. Come, for the gra - cious Sav - ior stands Still plead-ing for your love; Come, yield your heart to

CHORUS.

wea - ry load; Come with your sin and grief.
earth, and all The ransomed saints on high. Full is the fount, whose healing tide Opened for all when the
his commands; Come, seek the home above.

Sav - ior died; Come, and his par - don full re - ceive, Je - sus e - ter - nal life will give.

1. Sing, oh sing the song a - gain! Sing of all my sins for - given; Raise a - loud the
2. Sing that in my depths of sin, Was the ran-som paid for me, By my bless-ed,
3. Sing so all the world may know, Not a - lone for me he died, But for them the

CHORUS.

joy - ful strain, Till it reach the gates of heaven.
dy - ing Lord, On the Cross of Cal - va - ry. Then the an - gels, bless - ed an - gels,
life - drops flowed From the wounded Sav - ior's side.

Cres.

When they hear the glad re-frain, With their harps will join the chorus, And re-peat the song a - gain

E. R. LATTA.

I'VE A MANSION OVER YONDER.

W. T. PORTER.

1. I've a man - sion o - ver yon - der, On the calm, e - ter - nal shore; In the bright, Ce - les - tial Cit - y, Where they nev - er sor - row more. I'm a pil - grim on my journ - ney, As the moments speed a - way; Near - er to my home in glo - ry, I am
2. I've a man - sion o - ver yon - der, Where no tem - pests ev - er rise; And my vis - ion turn - eth ev - er To my dwell - ing in the skies. What are all the ills and cross - es, That I here am called to bear, To the bless - ed - ness e - ter - nal That a-
3. I've a man - sion o - ver yon - der, Tho' I wan - der here be - low; I shall one day go and claim it—This, by faith in Him, I know. Friends I loved have gone be- fore me, And their crowns of glo - ry won, And my Lord will call *me* o - ver When my

draw-ing day by day; Near-er to my home in glo-ry, I am draw-ing day by day.
waits me o-ver there; To the bless-ed-ness e-ter-nal That a-waits me o-ver there.
jour-ney here is done; And my Lord will call *me* o-ver When my jour-ney here is done.

CHORUS.

I've a man-sion o-ver yon-der, Where my Lord has gone be-fore;
I've a man-sion o-ver yon-der, Where my

He has prom-ised to pre-pare it, In the cit-y on the shore.

GRACE GLENN

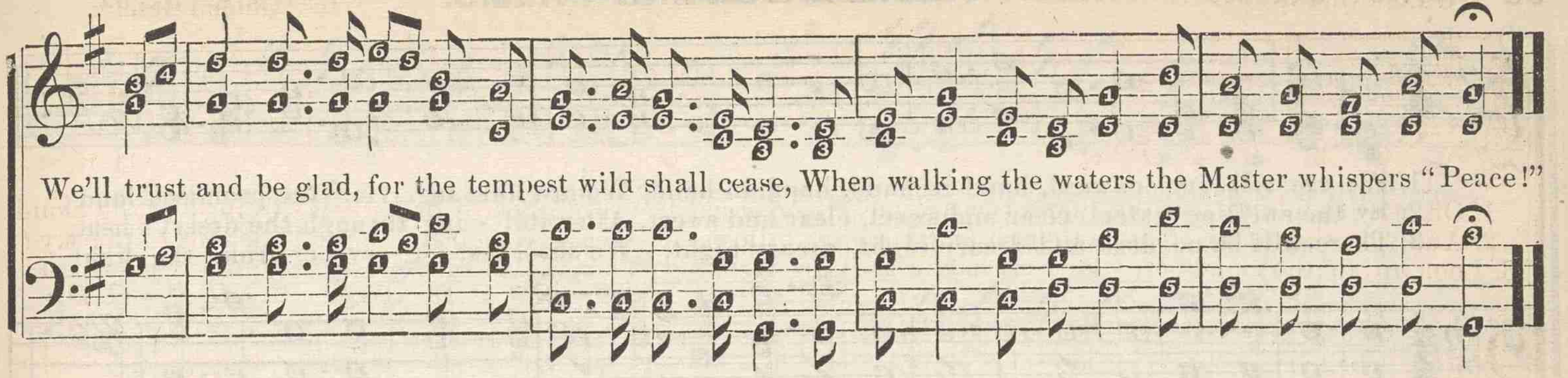
LOOK UP.

E. S. LORENZ

1. Oh, why should we fear tho' the storms are hov'ring o'er us, The sunlight still brightly is shining o'er the cloud,
2. And why should we tremble though angry raging billows, Are heaving their white heads defiant to the sky?
3. Look up! for the clouds, ere your tears have ceased, are breaking; The gale and its terrors are quickly over-past;

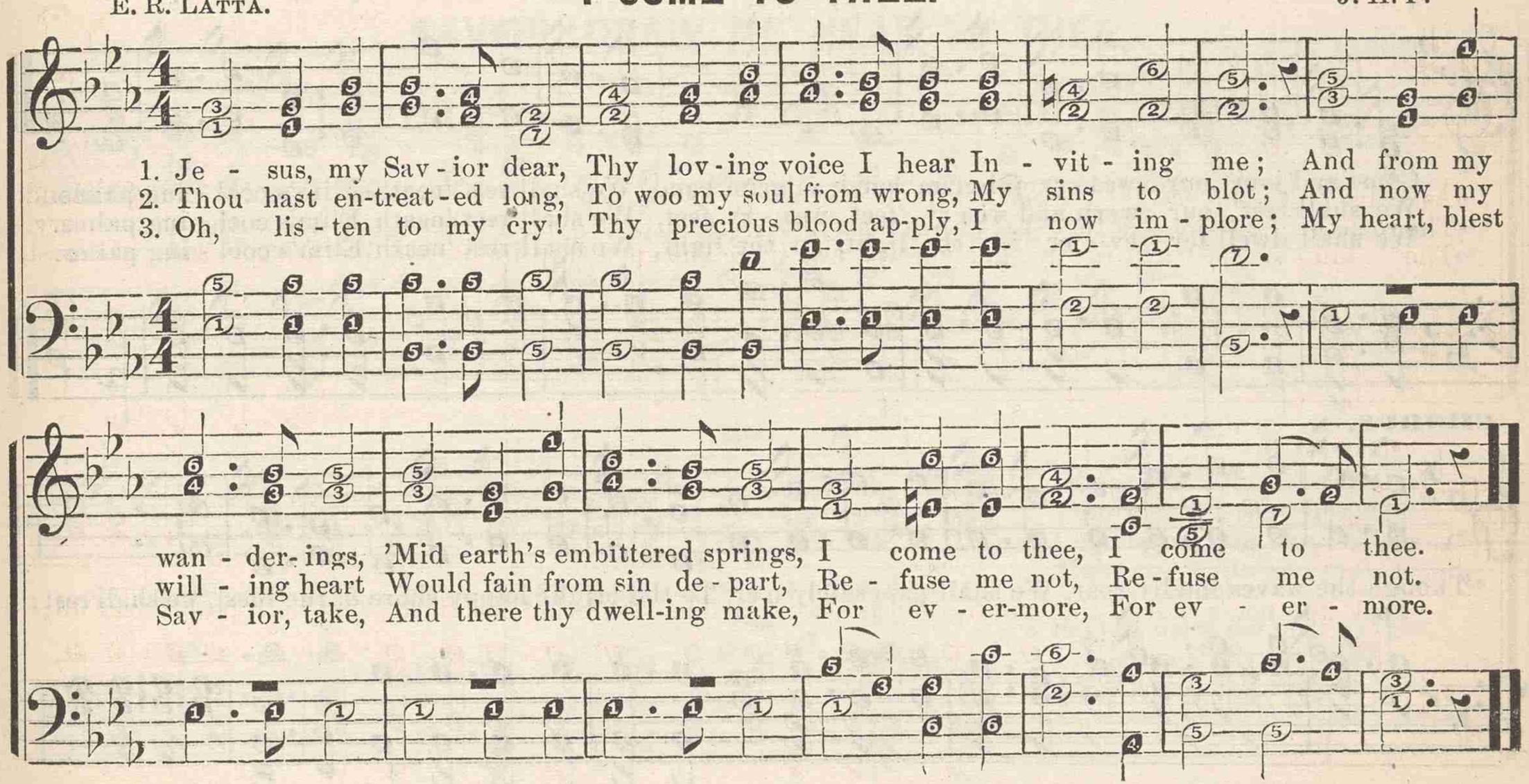
As calm in the moonlight the earth will sleep at even, As tho' ne'er the welkin was rent by thunders loud.
The rocks on the shore beat them back upon their pillows, And God over all hears and heeds the sailor's cry.
The mu - sic of earth is in har-mo-ny awaking, The good ship in harbor its anchor safe has cast.

CHORUS.

Look up! not a star of the countless hosts shall fall, The Hand that sustained them hath power over all;

We'll trust and be glad, for the tempest wild shall cease, When walking the waters the Master whispers "Peace!"

I COME TO THEE.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. F.



1. Je - sus, my Sav - ior dear, Thy lov - ing voice I hear In - vit - ing me; And from my
2. Thou hast en-treat - ed long, To woo my soul from wrong, My sins to blot; And now my
3. Oh, lis - ten to my cry! Thy precious blood ap-ply, I now im - plore; My heart, blest

wan - der - ings, 'Mid earth's embittered springs, I come to thee, I come to thee.
will - ing heart Would fain from sin de - part, Re - fuse me not, Re - fuse me not.
Sav - ior, take, And there thy dwell-ing make, For ev - er-more, For ev - er - more.

REV. B. F. BRISTOW.

'NEATH ELIM'S COOLING PALMS.

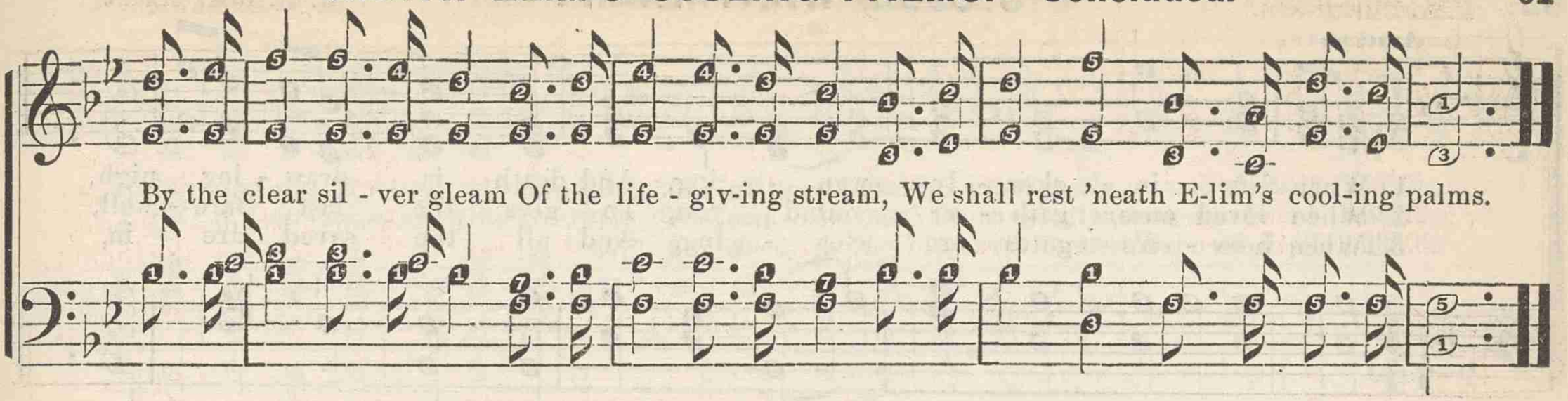
F. L. BRISTOW,
in "Golden Gate."

1. We are toil - ing onward, hand in hand, hand in hand, We are toil - ing for the promised land;
2. By the swelling waters, clear and sweet, clear and sweet, After toil - ing through the desert's heat,
3. There will be no dark and dreary night, dreary night, We shall rest for - ev - er from the fight;

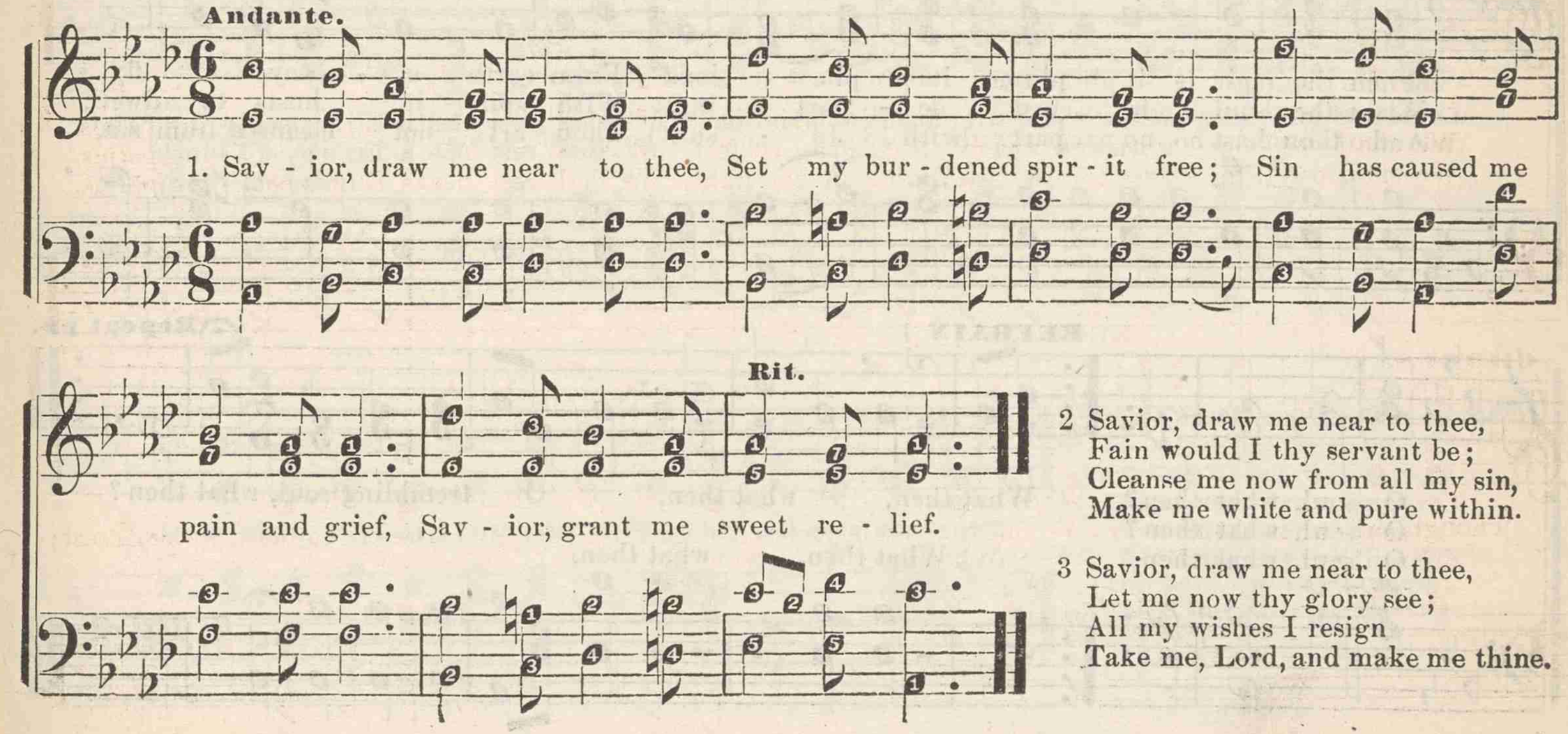
Come and join our wea - ry pil-grim band, pilgrim band, We shall rest 'neath Elim's cool - ing palms.
We shall rest our worn and wea-ry feet, wea - ry feet, We shall rest 'neath Elim's cool - ing palms.
We shall dwell for - ev - er in the light, in the light, We shall rest 'neath Elim's cool - ing palms.

CHORUS.

Though the waves loudly roar, We shall pass safely o'er, To the bright happy shore of the blest, we shall rest;



SAVIOR, DRAW ME NEAR TO THEE.

Words and Music by J. H. LESLIE.

2 Savior, draw me near to thee,
Fain would I thy servant be;
Cleanse me now from all my sin,
Make me white and pure within.

3 Savior, draw me near to thee,
Let me now thy glory see;
All my wishes I resign
Take me, Lord, and make me thine.

E. A. HOFFMANN.

O SOUL, WHAT THEN?

J. H. ROSECRANS.

Andante.

1. When life is slow - ly wan - ing, And death is draw - ing nigh,
2. When loved ones gath - er 'round you, To give the last fare - well,
3. When heav - en's gates are clos - ing, And all the saved are in,

When the spir - it plumes its pin - ions From earth a - way to fly,
When the soul is just de - part - ing, With spir - it hosts to dwell,
And thou hast no part with Je - sus, Thou art not cleansed from sin,

REFRAIN

O soul, what then? What then, what then, O trembling soul, what then?
O soul, what then?
O soul, what then? What then, what then,

Repeat pp.

HE CARETH FOR THE LILIES.

1. Be - hold the li - lies of the field, No toil - ing do they know, No anx - ious thought from day to
2. No So - lo - mon in king-ly robes Was half so fair as they, These li - lies in their ten - der

CHORUS.

day, Con - si - der how they grow. He car - eth for the li - lies, He gives each brilliant hue;
bloom Up - springing by the way.

O children, weak and faithless, Shall he not care for you?

3 Oh, why such anxious careful thought
For days that are to be,
Each day its duty brings, and then
The Lord will care for thee.

4 So leave thy future in his hands,
Thy Lord will still provide;
Around thee will his ceaseless love
For evermore abide.

JESUS IS CALLING FOR THEE.

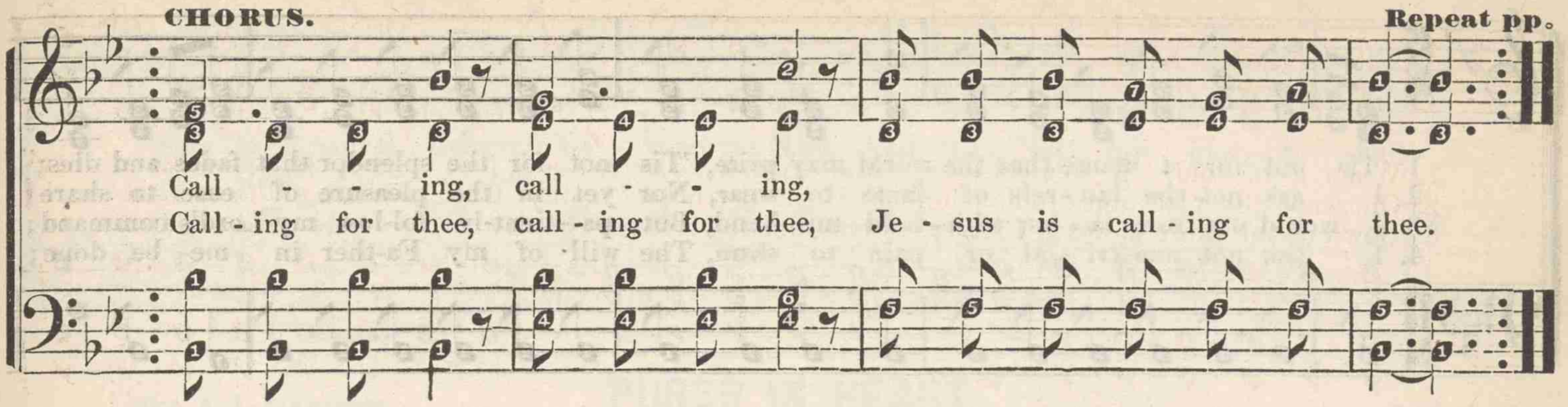
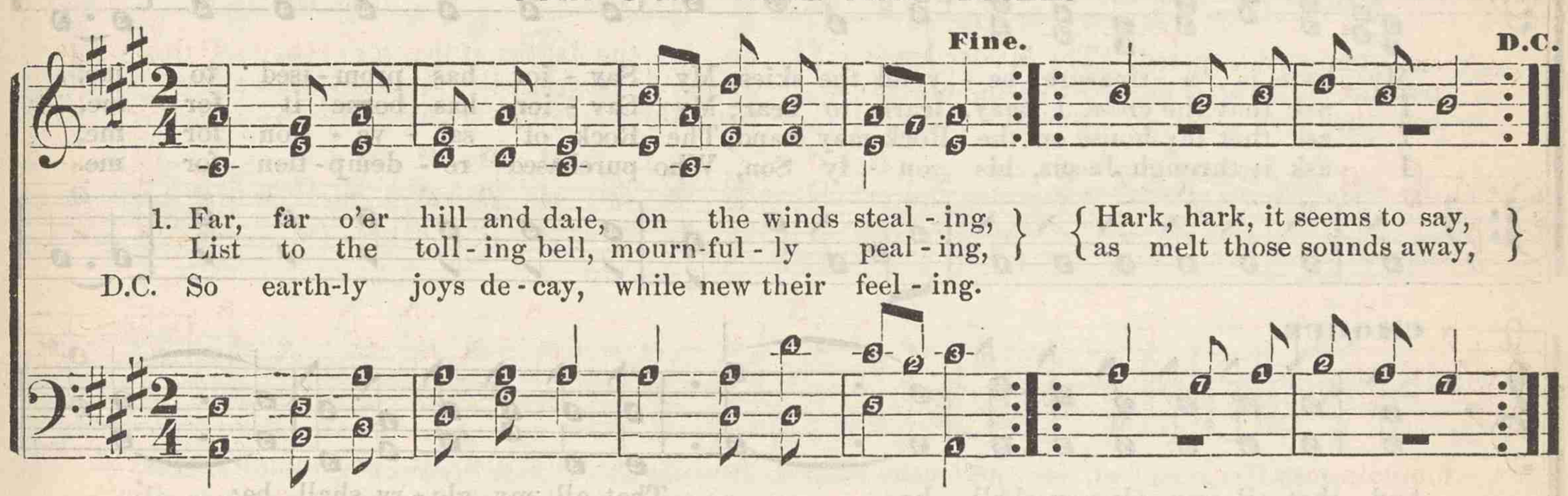
J. H. F., in "Pearly Gates."

1. When, as of old, in her sad-ness, Ma - ry sat weep-ing a - lone, Soft - ly the voice of her
2. Oh, when thy pleasures are flowing, Fad - ing thy hope and thy trust, When of the dearest earth-
3. Down by the shore of death's riv-er, Sometime thy footsteps shall stray, Where waits a boatman to

sis - ter, Whispered, "The Master has come."
treasures Dust shall re-turn un - to dust.
bear thee O - ver to in - fi - nite day.

So in the depths of thy sor - row,
Then, tho' the world may invite thee,
What then tho' dark be his sha-dow,

Gall tho' its
Vain will its
If when his

fountain may be, List, for there cometh a whis-per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.
of - fer - ing be, List, for there cometh a whis-per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.
coming thou see, Com-eth there soft-ly a whis-per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.

FAR O'ER HILL AND DALE.

2 Now thro' the charméd air, on the winds stealing,
List to the mourner's prayer solemnly bending:
Hark, hark, it seems to say, turn from those joys away,
To those which ne'er decay, for life is ending.

3 So when our mortal ties death shall dissever,
Lord, may we reach the skies where care comes never,
And in eternal day, joining the angels' lay,
To our Creator pay homage forever.

FANNY CROSBY.

THAT ALL MY GLORY SHALL BE.

S. J. VAIL.

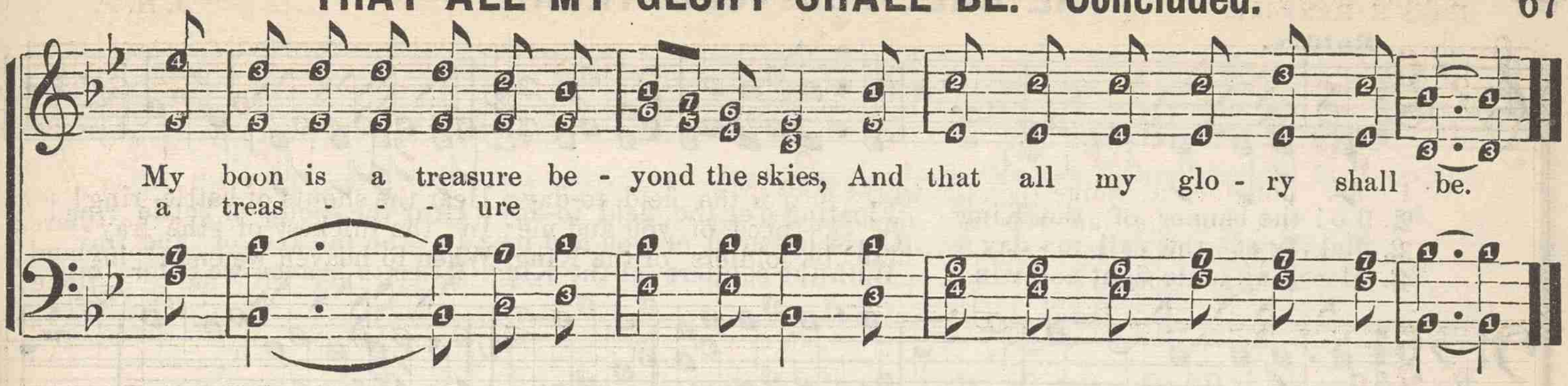
1. 'Tis not for a name that the world may prize, 'Tis not for the splendor that fades and dies;
2. I ask not the lau-rels of fame to wear, Nor yet in the pleasure of ease to share;
3. I would not from la-bor with-hold my hand, But pa-tient-ly fol-low my Lord's command;
4. I ask not one tri-al or pain to shun, The will of my Fa-ther in me be done;

My boon is a treasure be-yond the skies, My Sav-ior has prom-ised to me.
I ask that the cross I may learn to bear; My Sav-ior has borne it for me.
I ask that my house on the Rock may stand, The Rock of sal-va-tion for me.
I ask it through Je-sus, his on-ly Son, Who purchased re-demp-tion for me.

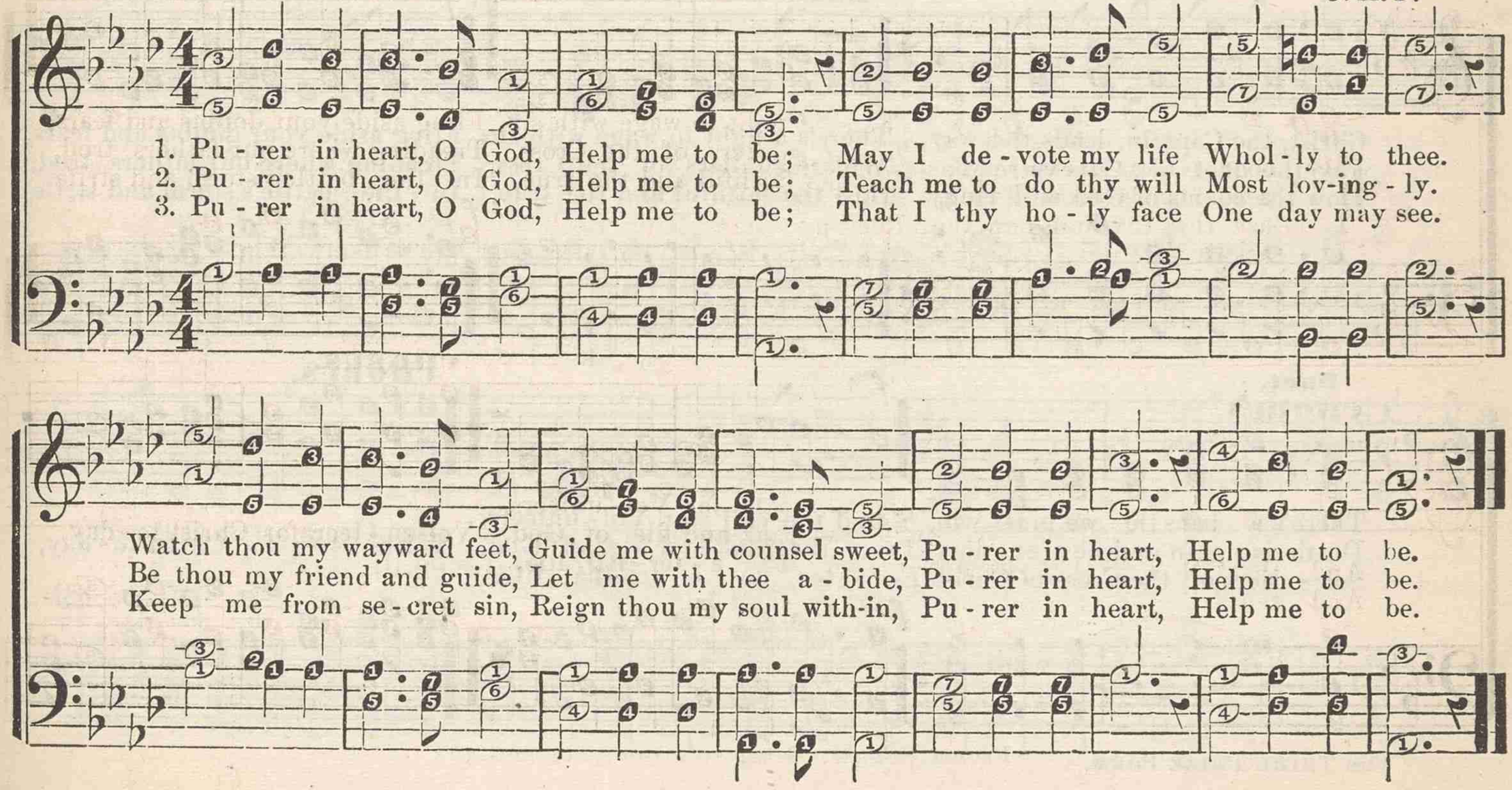
CHORUS.

And that all my glo-ry shall be, ... That all my glo-ry shall be; . . .
And that . . . . all my glo-ry shall be, My boon is

From "Songs of Grace and Glory," by per.

THAT ALL MY GLORY SHALL BE. Concluded.

PURER IN HEART.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. F.



EBEN E. REXFORD.

THE CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.*

J. H. F.

Boldly.

1. Lo! the banner of the King Floating o'er the field to-day; Hear the shouts of battle ring!
2. Ral-ly at the call to-day, Christ has need of you and me; In the thickest of the fray
3. Marching on to fight and win With the soldiers of the King. When to heaven we enter in,

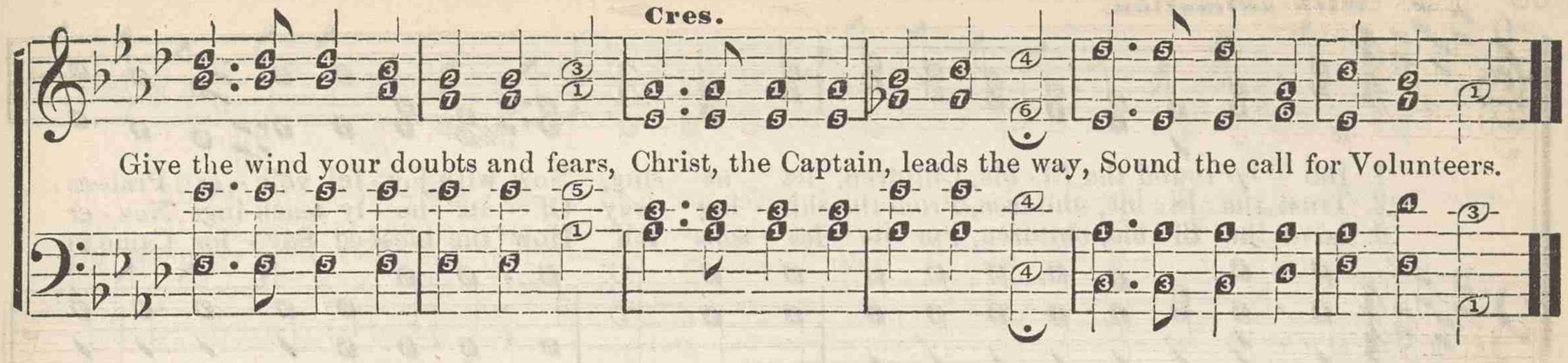
Duet.

Christ, the Captain, leads the way, There's a fight to wage with sin, Fling aside your doubts and fears,
Pay the debt of Cal-va-ry. We are soldiers of the Cross, Treading where our fathers trod,
How the courts of God will ring, Hail the faithful and the true, In the battle's storm and strife

Duet.

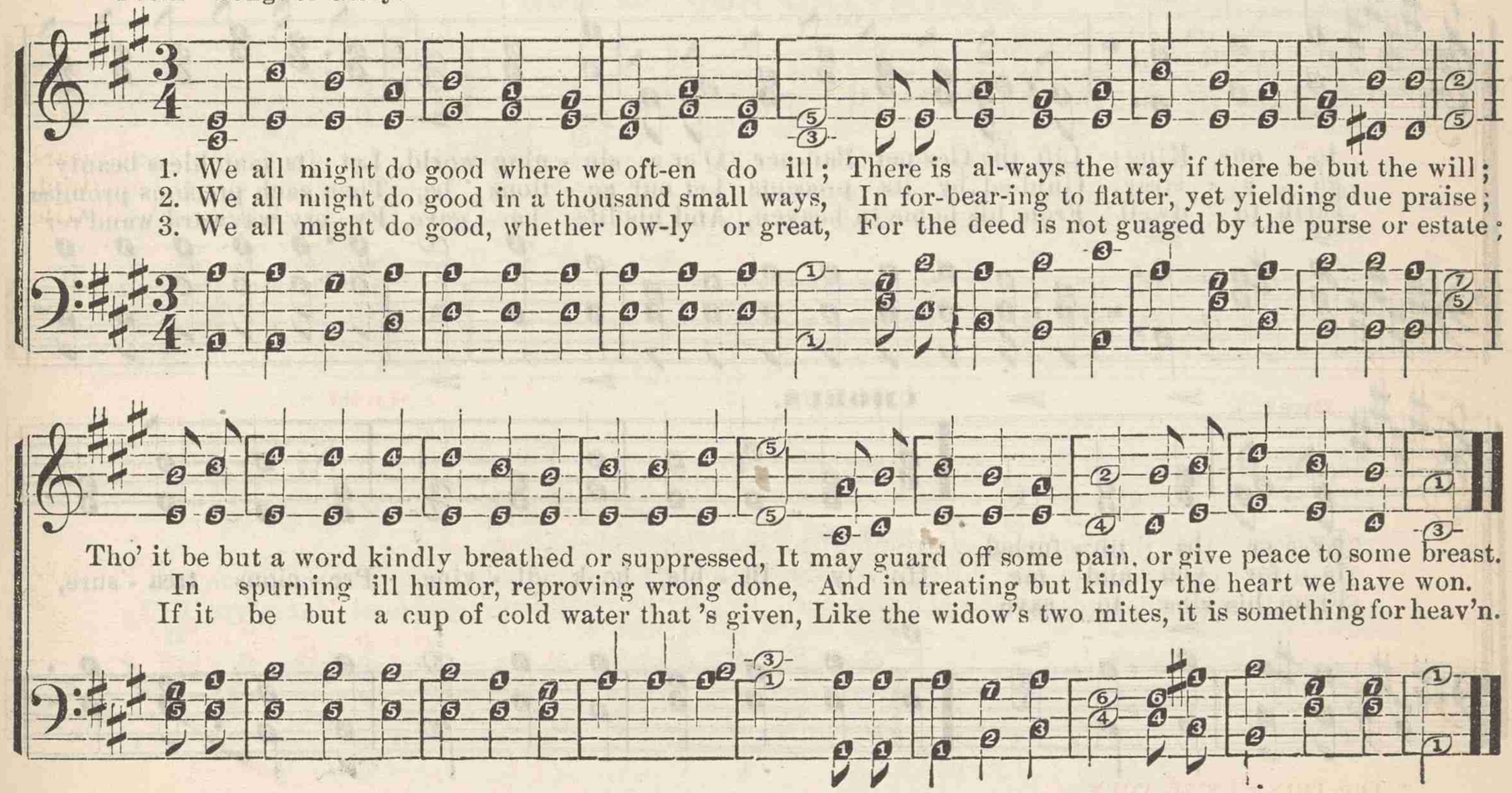
CHORUS.

There's a bat-tle we must win, Sound the call for Vol-unteers.
Death is gain and nev-er loss In the rank and file of God. Vol-un-teer for Christ to-day,
Sol-diers of the Cross of Christ En-ter to e-ter-nal life.

* The THIRD PRIZE POEM.

Give the wind your doubts and fears, Christ, the Captain, leads the way, Sound the call for Volunteers.

ALL MIGHT DO GOOD.

From "Songs of Glory." J. H. F.



1. We all might do good where we oft-en do ill; There is al-ways the way if there be but the will;
2. We all might do good in a thousand small ways, In for-bear-ing to flatter, yet yielding due praise;
3. We all might do good, whether low-ly or great, For the deed is not guaged by the purse or estate;

Tho' it be but a word kindly breathed or suppressed, It may guard off some pain, or give peace to some breast.
In spurning ill humor, reproving wrong done, And in treating but kindly the heart we have won.
If it be but a cup of cold water that 's given, Like the widow's two mites, it is something for heav'n.

GRACE GLENN.

RALLY 'ROUND THE BIBLE.

E. A. PERKINS.

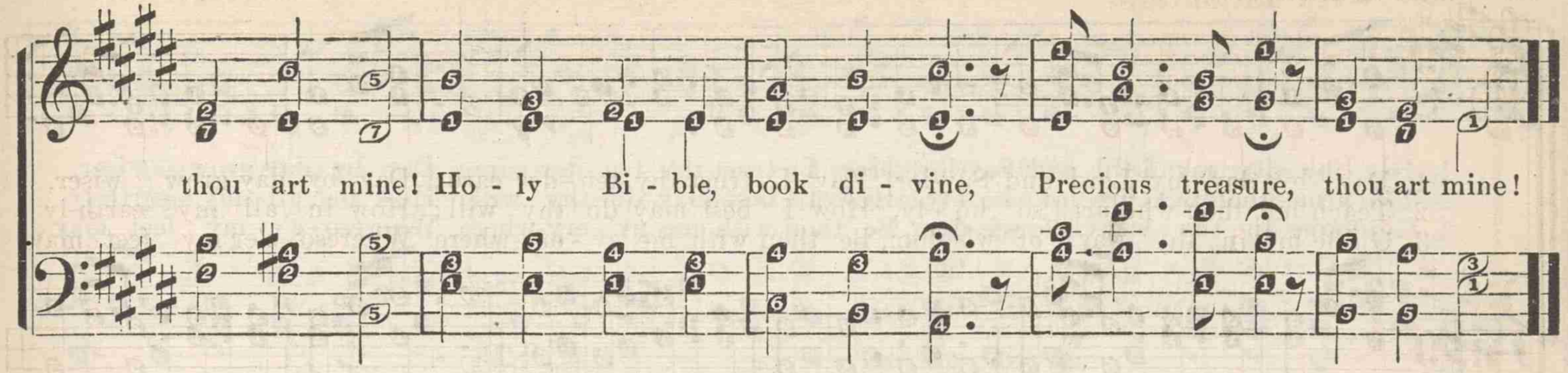
With animation.

1. Ral - ly 'round the Bi - ble, Children, let us sing, Now with joy - ful voic - es Prais-es
2. Trust the Bi - ble, children, From the shin - ing way Of its ho - ly teach-ings Nev - er
3. Love the Bi - ble, children, For its les - sons tell How the bless-ed Sav - ior Came on

to our King; Lift the Gos-pel Ban-ner O'er a sin - ning world, Let its matchless beauty
go a - stray. Guid-ed by its precepts Let our ac - tions be, Then each precious promise
earth to dwell From his home in heaven, And his life he gave, Ev - ery wayward wand'rer

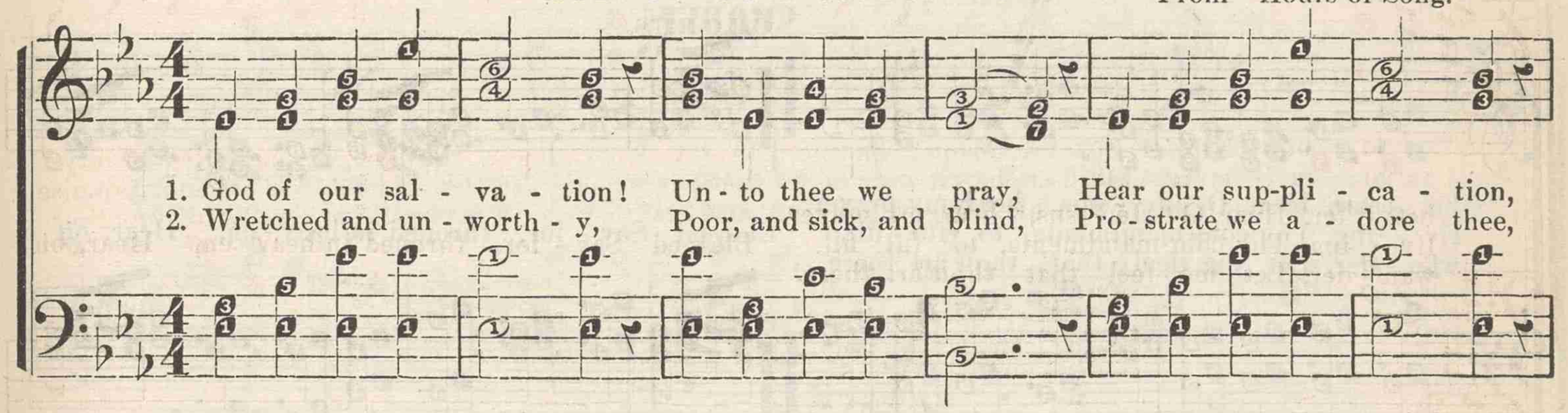
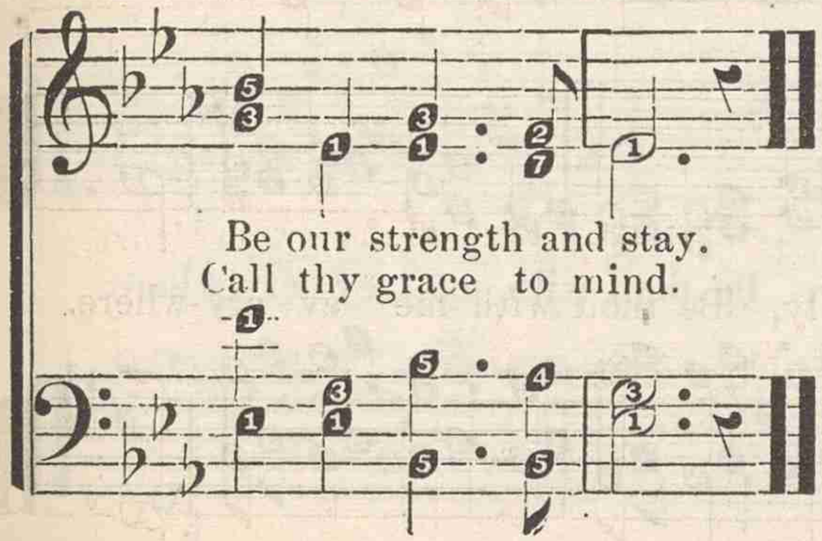
CHORUS.

Ev - er be un - furled.
Is for you and me. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre - cious trea - sure,
From his sins to save.



GOD OF OUR SALVATION.

From "Hours of Song."



2 He that dwelleth near thee
Safely shall abide;
Ever love and fear thee,
In thy strength confide.

3 Sure is thy protection,
Safe is thy defense,
While in deep affliction,
Woe, or pestilence.

5 God of our salvation!
Savior, Prince of Peace!
Boundless thy compassion,
Infinite thy grace.

6 While with love unceasing
Humbly we adore,
Grant us thy rich blessing,
And we ask no more.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON.

JESUS, HEAR MY PRAYER.

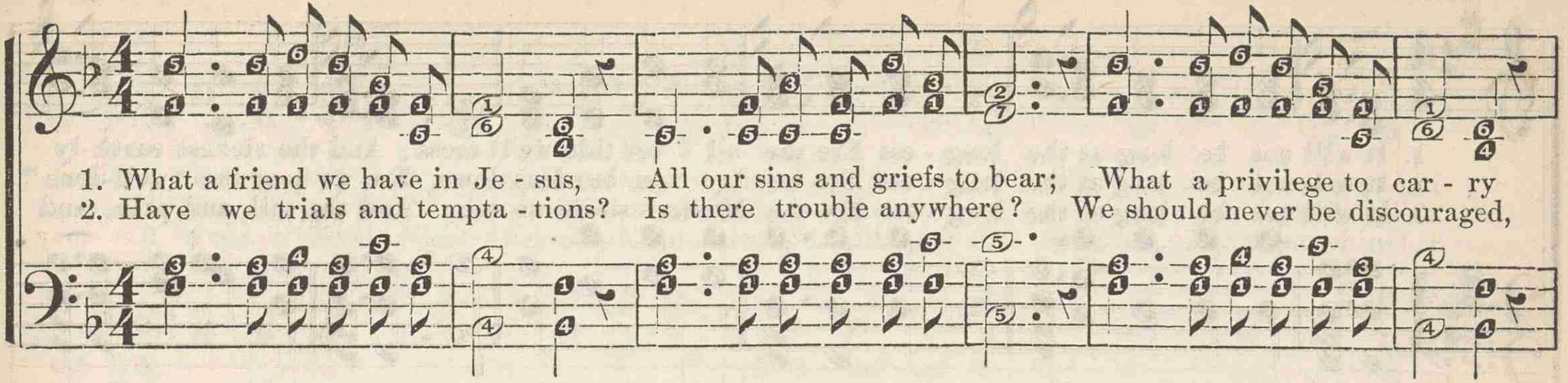
WILLIAM H. DANA.

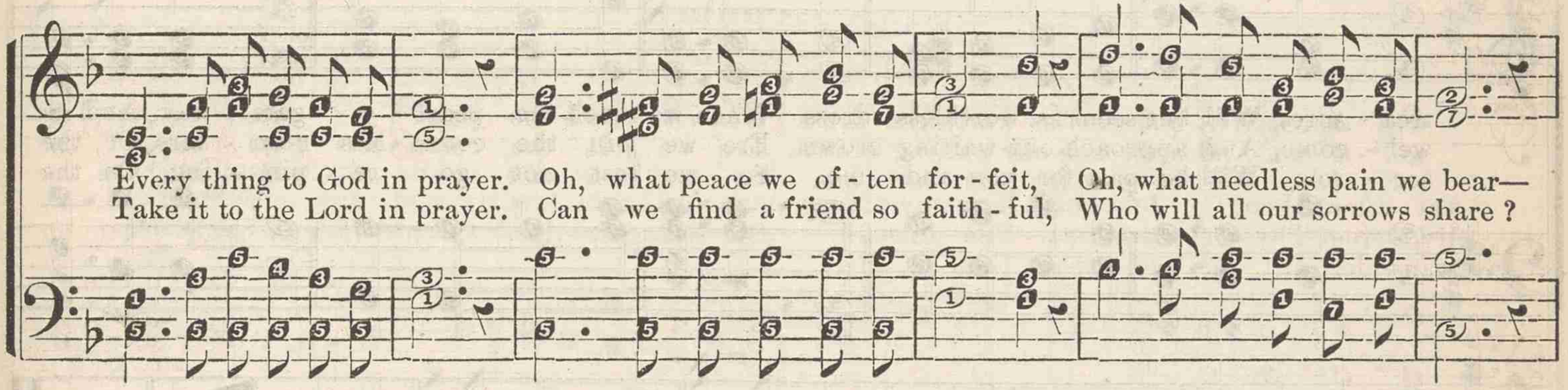
1. Day by day, my Lord and Sav-ior, May I trust thy ten-der care; Day by day grow wiser,
2. Teach me, thou who art so ho-ly, How I best may do thy will; How in all my earth-ly
3. Guide me in thy ways of wis-dom, Be thou with me ev-ery-where, Whereso-e'er my feet may

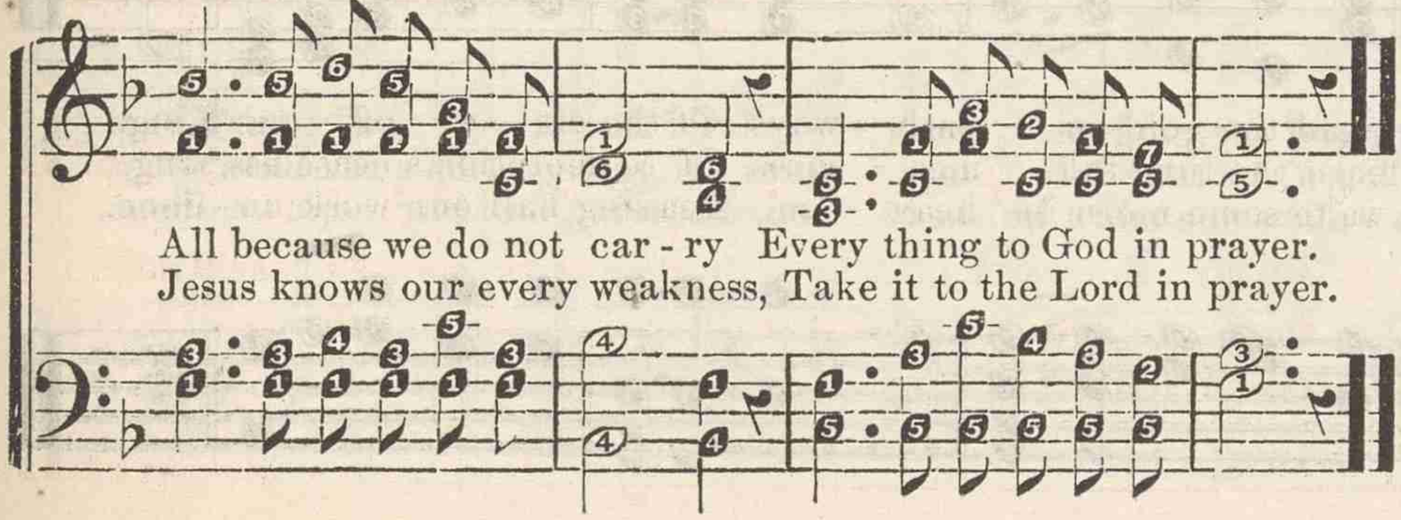
CHORUS.

bet-ter, Hear, O Je-sus, hear my prayer.
liv-ing Thy com-mandments to ful-fill. Bless-ed Sav-ior, throned in heav-en, Hear, oh
wan-der, Let me feel that thou art there.

hear my ear-nest prayer; Bless-ed Sav-ior, pure and ho-ly, Be thou with me ev-ery-where.

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear; What a privilege to car - ry
2. Have we trials and tempta - tions? Is there trouble anywhere? We should never be discouraged,



Every thing to God in prayer. Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—
Take it to the Lord in prayer. Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sorrows share?

All because we do not car - ry Every thing to God in prayer.
Jesus knows our every weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.

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

GRACE GLENN.

'T WILL NOT BE LONG.

J. H. F.

1. It will not be long at the long - est Ere the sil - ver tide we'll cross; And the richest earth-ly
2. It will not be long at the long - est Ere we lay our burdens down, Ere we hear the "well-done"
3. It will not be long at the long - est Ere the Master's smile we see; And the toil, and pain, and

trea - sures Will but seem as worthless dross When we reach the pearl - y gate - way, And its
wel - come, And approach our waiting crown. Ere we join the count - less num - bers, Of the
sor - row Will be past for you and me. So we best not go re - pin - ing On the

por - tals en - ter in, When we tread the gold-en path - ways Of the cit - y of our King.
happy ransomed throng; Ere we learn the tune-ful mea - sures Of re-demption's ceaseless song.
way we may not shun, Lest we wake some morn in heav - en, Leaving half our work un - done.

CLOSER TO THEE.

J. H. LESLIE.

Andante.

1. Clos-er, still clos-er, my Sav-ior, to thee, Clos-er to Je-sus my heart longs to be;
2. Clos-er, by day, tho' my sky be all bright, Clos-er, still clos-er, when fall-eth the night;
3. When to the Jor-dan of death I de-scend, Dan-ger I'll fear not, if Christ be my friend;

Round me his arm, on his bo-som my head, Near the dear side which on Cal-va-ry bled.
Earth has no spot where without him I'm safe, Time has no mo-ment I need not his grace.
Breasting the bil-lows, my death-song shall be, Clos-er, still clos-er, my Sav-ior, to thee.

REFRAIN.

Clos-er, clos-er, Clos-er to thee, Clos-er, still clos-er, my Sav-ior to thee.

GRACE GLENN.

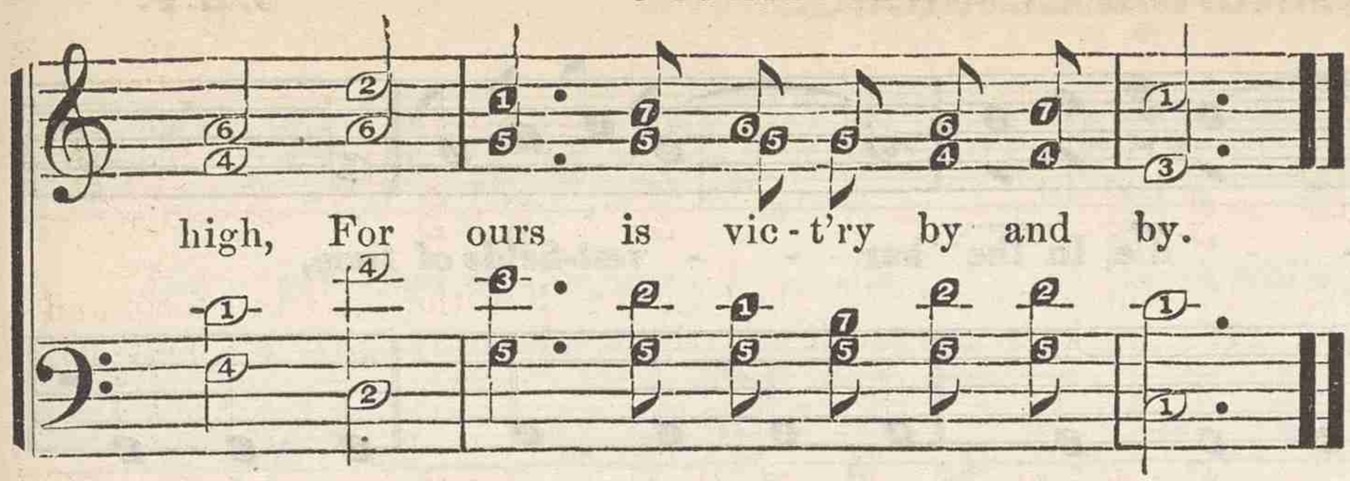
STANDARD-BEARERS.

J. H. F.

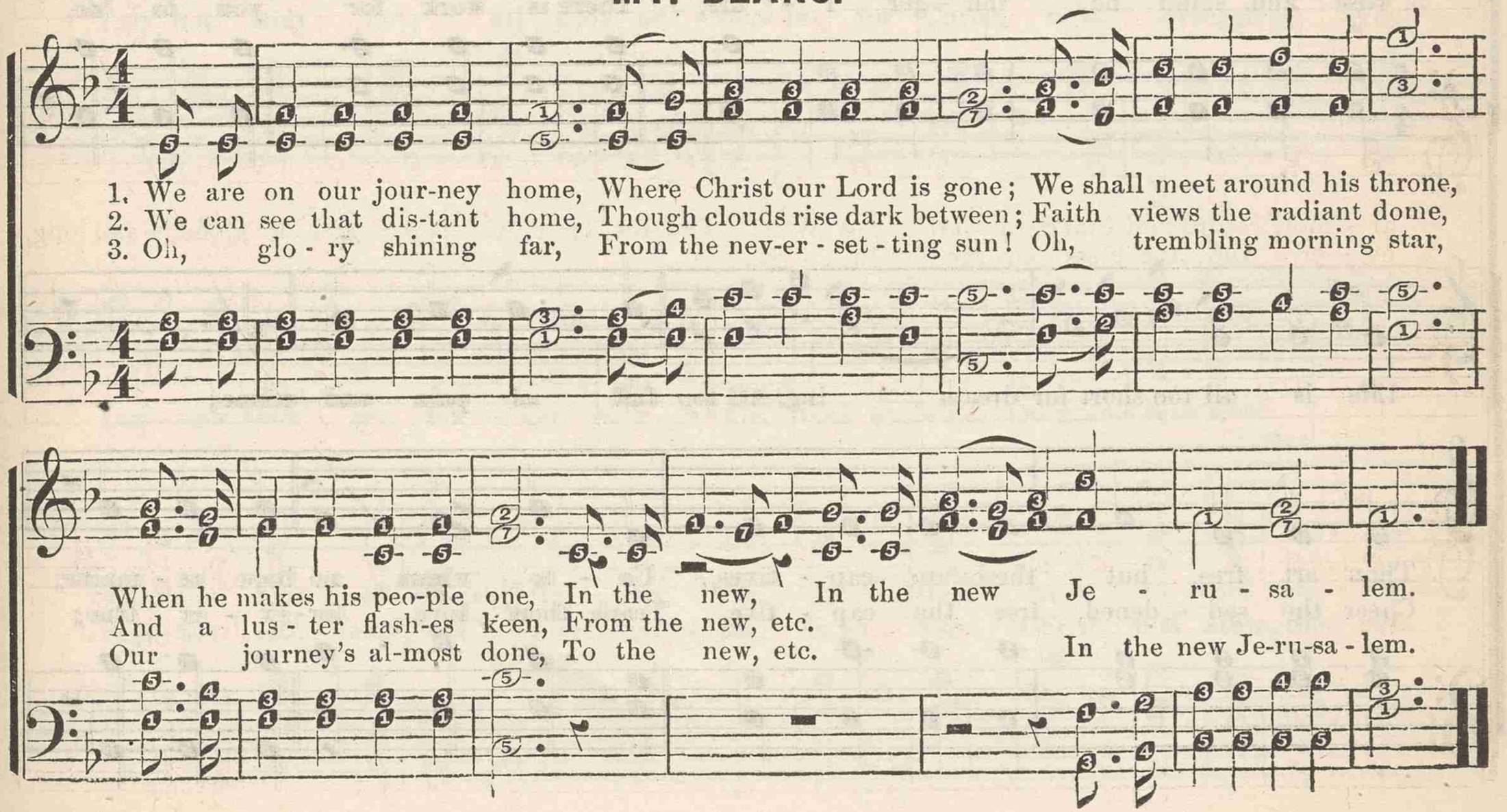
1. We may all be Standard - bear - ers In the ar - my of the Lord; For the u - ni - form and
2. We may all be Standard - bear - ers, If we keep the truth and right Firm-ly girt a - bout us

CHORUS.

ar - mor, Sword and Standard are the Word. Tho' the fight be fierce and long, (fierce and long,)
ev - er, And the bless - ed goal in sight.

We be weak and our foes be strong, (our foes be strong;) Bear the Sword of the Spir - it

3 We may all be Standard-bearers
If we ceaseless watch and pray;
If we enter not temptation,
Nor be idle by the way.

4 We may all be Standard-bearers
In the army of the Lord;
If we press with vigor onward,
Vict'ry is our sure reward.

MT. BLANC.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON.

STAND NOT IDLE.

J. H. F.

Soprano.

1. Cease your waiting, stand not i - - dle, In the har - - vest-fields of time,

Alto.

2. There are those whose feet are fet - tered, On whose hands are clank - ing chains,
3. Rise and stand no lon - ger i - dle, There is work for you to do,

Life is all too short for dream - ing, All too full of pain and crime;

Thou art free, but these are cap - tives, Un - to whom no hope re - mains;
Cheer the sad - dened, free the cap - tive, Teach them love for - ev - er true;

Lin - ger thou no lon - ger i - dle, Work while yet God grants thee time,

All the love of Christ, thy Sav - ior, To this work thy soul con - strains,
Fear not, faint not; all your toil - ing Is for Christ, he'll strength-en you,

Lin - ger thou no lon - ger i - dle, Work while yet God grants thee time.

Rit.

All the love of Christ, thy Sav - ior, To this work thy soul con - strains.
Fear not, faint not; all your toil - ing Is for Christ, he'll strengthen you.

THAT BLISSFUL PLACE.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. There is a place where my hopes are staid, My heart and my treasure are there; Where verdure and blossoms
2. There is a place where the angels dwell, A pure and a peaceful a - bode; The joys of that place no
3. There is a place where my friends are gone, Who suffered and worshiped with me; Ex - alted with Christ, high
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

CHORUS.

nev - er fade, And fields are e - ter - nal - ly fair.
tongue can tell, For there is the pal - ace of God.
on his throne, The King in his beau - ty they see.
me will give, And then I shall sor - row no more.

That blissful place is my fa - ther - land, By

faith its delights I explore; Come favor my flight, angelic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.

DUET. Not too fast.

1. Oh, would to me were on - ly given A tongue in-spired to tell The beau-ties of yon
2. There hope's sweet flowers eter - nal bloom, While seasons come and go, Un-touched by sor-row's
3. There lim - pid wa - ters, bright and clear, Flow o'er the gold - en sands, While thrill-ing mu - sic

CHORUS.

peace - ful heaven, Where saints im-mor - tal dwell. Bright, beau-ti-ful heaven, Bright, beau-ti - ful
chill - ing winds, That blight them here be - low. Bright, bright, beautiful heaven, Bright, bright,
strikes the ear—Harps swept by an - gel hands.

heaven.

Rit. **Repeat** *pp*

beau-ti - ful heaven, Home where the pilgrim for-ev - er shall rest, Bright, beau-ti - ful heaven.

SHOUT THE TIDINGS.

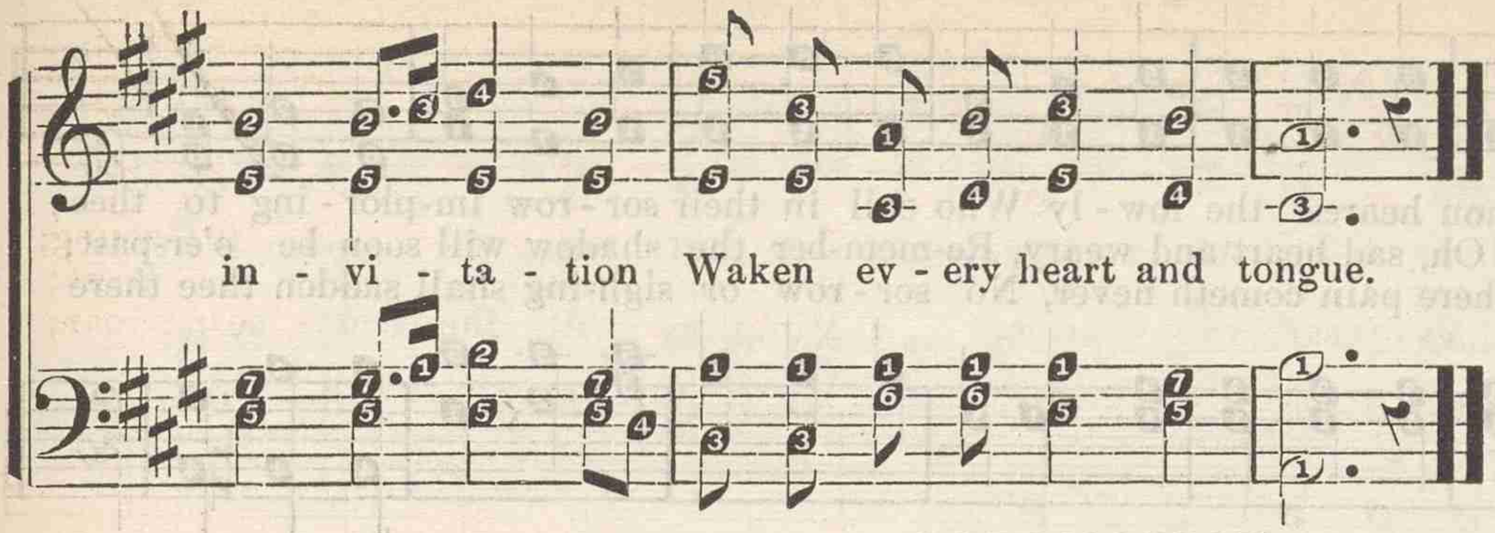
EDWARD A. PERKINS.

1. Shout, shout the ti - dings of sal - va - tion, To the ag - ed and the young,
2. Shout, shout the ti - dings of sal - va - tion, O'er the prai - ries of the West;
3. Shout, shout the ti - dings of sal - va - tion, Ming-ling with the o - cean's roar;

CHORUS.

Till the precious in - vi - ta - tion Wak-en every heart and tongue.
Till each gathering con - gre - ga - tion With the gos-pel sound is blest. Send the glad sound
Till the ships of ev - ery na - tion Bear the news from shore to shore.

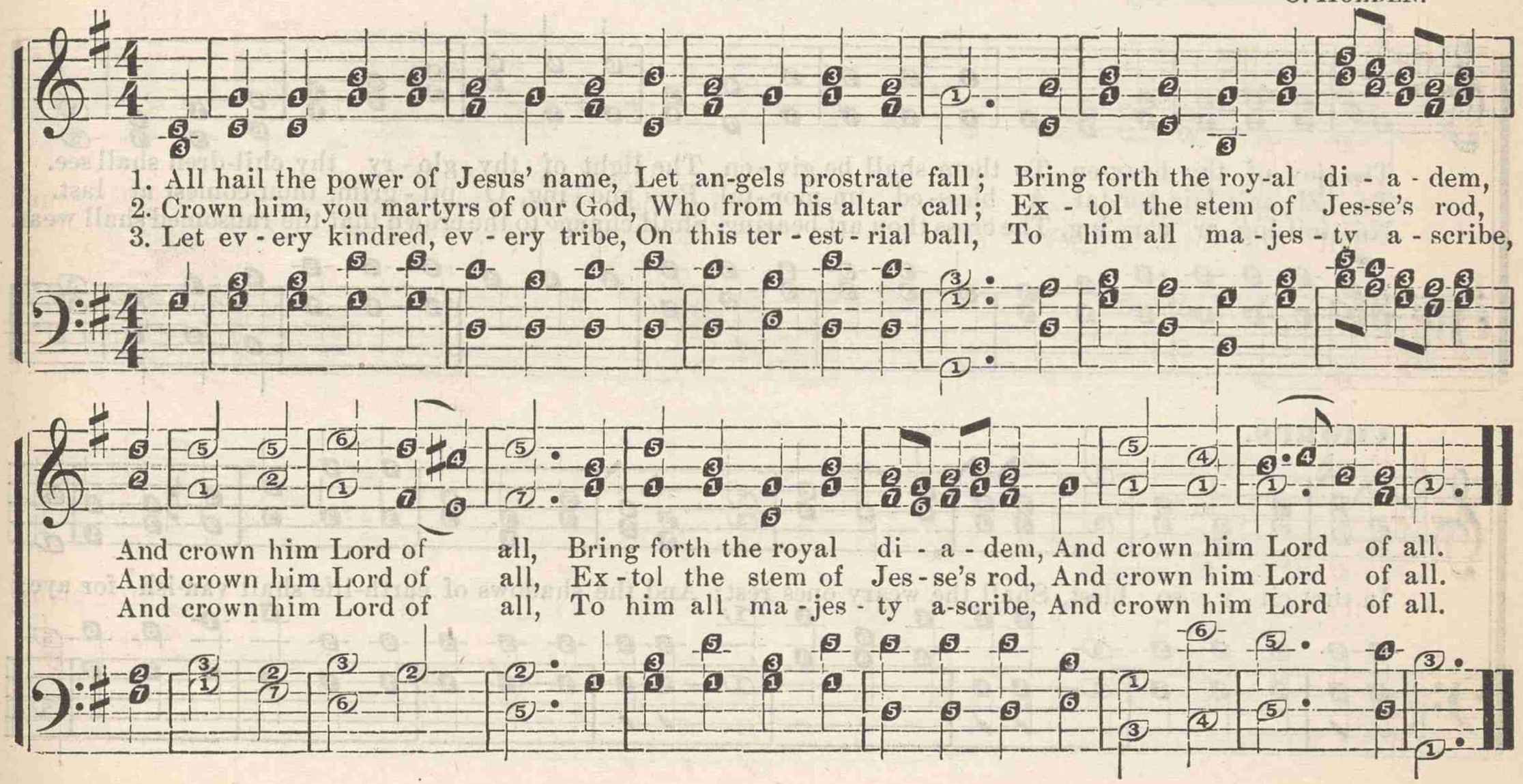
the earth a - round, Shout, shout the ti - dings of sal - va - tion, Till the pre - cious



4 Shout, shout the tidings of salvation,
O'er the islands of the sea,
Till in humble adoration
All to Christ shall bow the knee.

5 Shout, shout the tidings of salvation,
Till the *world* shall hear the call,
And with joyous acclamation
Crown the Savior Lord of all.

CORONATION.

O. HOLDEN.

THE CITY OF REST.

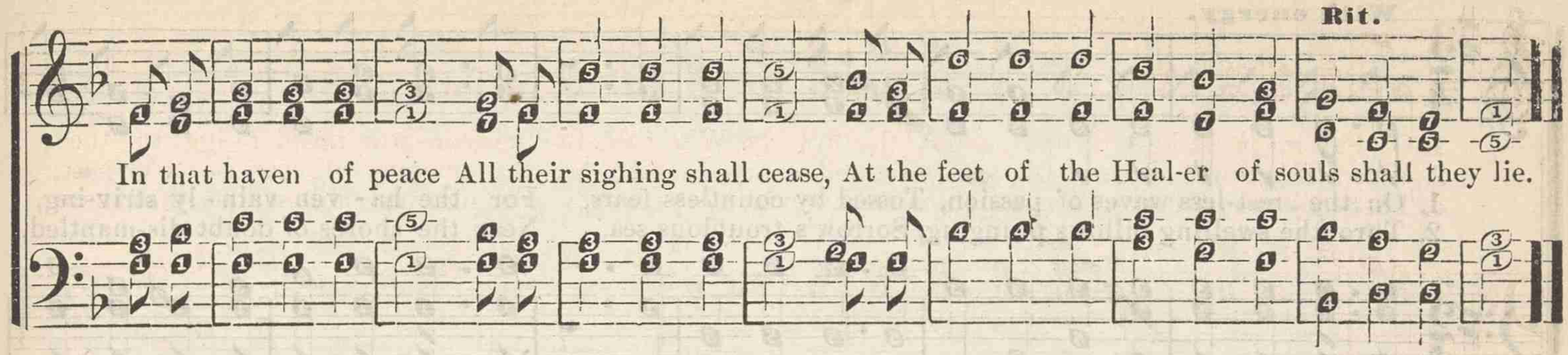
MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. F.

1. O Sav-ior, most ho-ly, Thou hearest the low - ly Who call in their sor - row im-plor - ing to thee;
2. When life groweth dreary, Oh, sad heart and weary, Re-mem-ber the shadow will soon be o'er-past;
3. There joy reigneth ever, There pain cometh never, No sor - row or sigh-ing shall sadden thee there

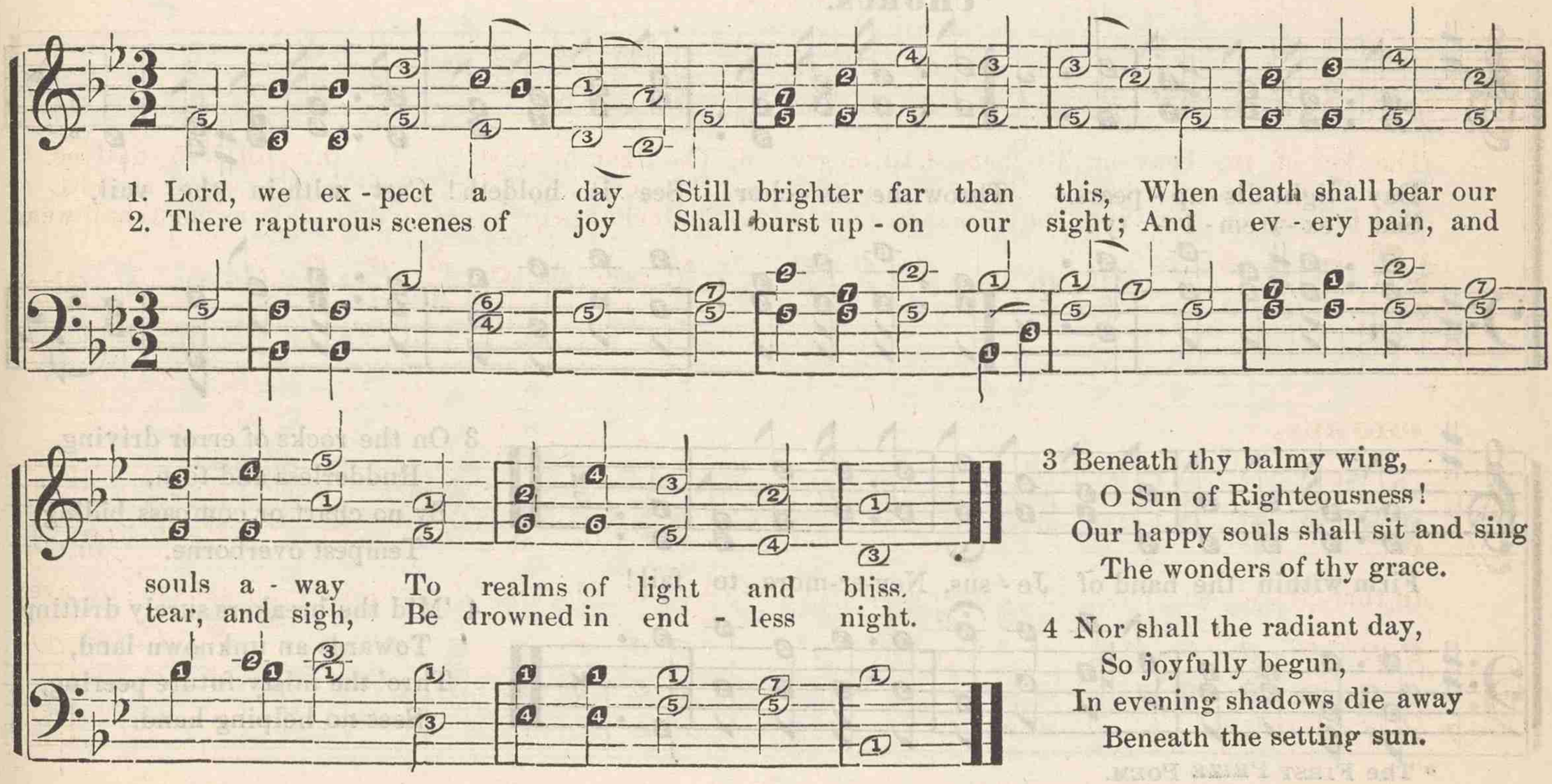
The joy of thy heav-en To them shall be giv - en, The light of thy glo - ry thy chil-dren shall see.
To Zi - on's fair por-tal A bless-ed im-mor -tal, Re - joic - ing, O pil - grim, thou comest at last.
No toil-ing or car - ing, The cross thou art bearing, Shall change to the crown that the ransomed shall wear.

CHORUS.

In that cit - y so blest, Shall the weary ones rest; And the shadows of earth-life shall van-ish for aye;



ALPHA. S. M.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.
Never before published.

3 Beneath thy balmy wing,
O Sun of Righteousness!
Our happy souls shall sit and sing
The wonders of thy grace.

4 Nor shall the radiant day,
So joyfully begun,
In evening shadows die away
Beneath the setting sun.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

THROW THE ANCHOR.*

J. H. F.

With energy.

1. On the rest-less waves of passion, Tossed by countless fears, For the ha - ven vain - ly striv-ing,
2. Thro' the swelling billows plunging, Sorrow's troublous sea, Near the shores of doubt dis-mantled,

CHORUS.

Day - light dis - ap - pears. Throw the an - chor! See it holdeth! Cast with-in the vail,
Sad ex - trem - i - ty!

Firm within the hand of Je - sus, Nev-er-more to fail!

3 On the rocks of error driving,
Rudderless and torn,
By no chart or compass biding,
Tempest overborne.

4 'Mid the breakers surely drifting,
Towards an unknown land,
Thro' the misty future peering,
Sees no helping hand.

* THE FIRST PRIZE POEM.

1. Lead me, oh, my heaven-ly Fa - ther, Lead me ev - er - more I pray,
2. Close a - bove me storm-clouds gath - er, Fraught with thun - der deep and long;
3. Earth hath sins, and joys, and sor - rows, Crowd - ing oft 'twixt thee and thine;

Fine.

Sub - tle tempt - ers close be - set me, Lead me, lest I go a - stray.
All the way is dark and storm - y, I am weak, but thou art strong.
I would still, through all its por - tions Feel thy hand close clasp - ing mine.

D. S. *Lead me gent - ly lead me firm - ly, One step high - er ev - ery day.*

CHORUS.

Lead me, oh, my heavenly Fa - ther, Lead me ev - er - more I pray.

D. S.

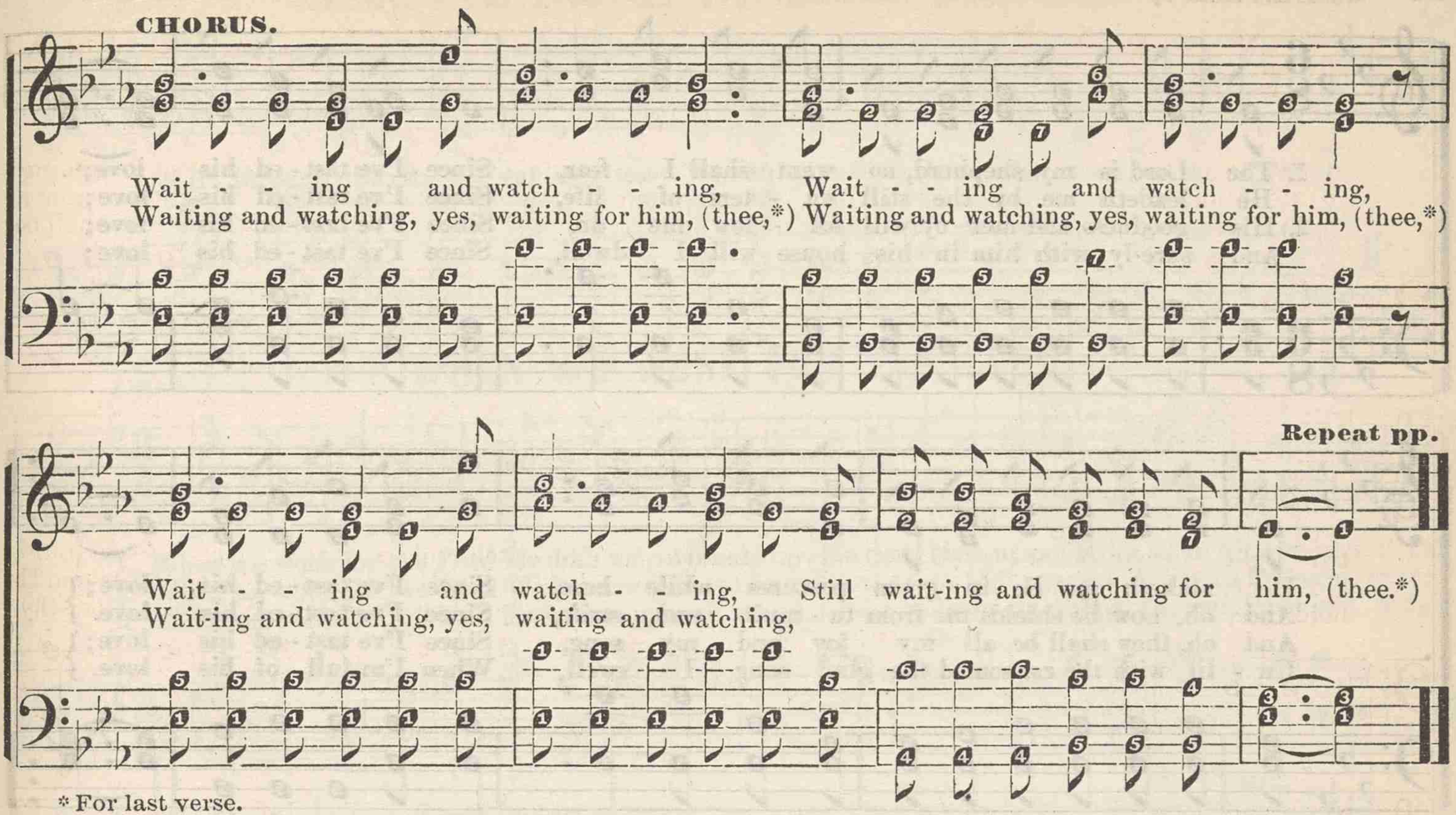
WAITING AND WATCHING.

WILL H. PONTIUS.

1. We know not the time when He cometh, At e-ven, or midnight, or morn; It may be at deepening
2. I think of His won-der-ful pit-y, The price our salvation hath cost; He left the bright mansions of
3. O Je-sus, my lov-ing Re-deem-er, Thou knowest I cherish as dear, The hope that mine eyes shall be-

twi-light, It may be at ear-li-est dawn. He bids us to watch and be ready, Nor suf-fer our
glo-ry To suffer and die for the lost. And sometimes I think it will please Him, When those whom He
hold thee, That I shall thine own welcome hear. If to some as a Judge thou appearest, Who forth from thy

lights to grow dim; That when He may come, He will find us, All wait-ing and watching for Him.
died to re-deem, Re-joice in the hope of His com-ing, By wait-ing and watching for Him.
presence would flee, A *Friend* most be-lov-ed I'll greet thee, I'm wait-ing and watching for thee.



* For last verse.

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?

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

CHORUS.

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

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

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown

Words and Music by

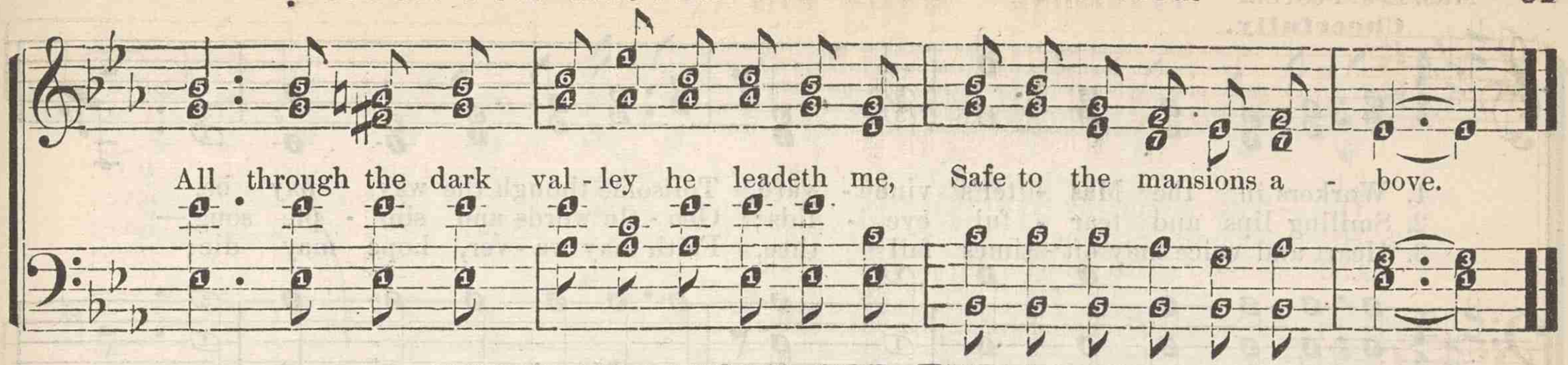
SINCE I'VE TASTED HIS LOVE.

J. H. RHEEM.

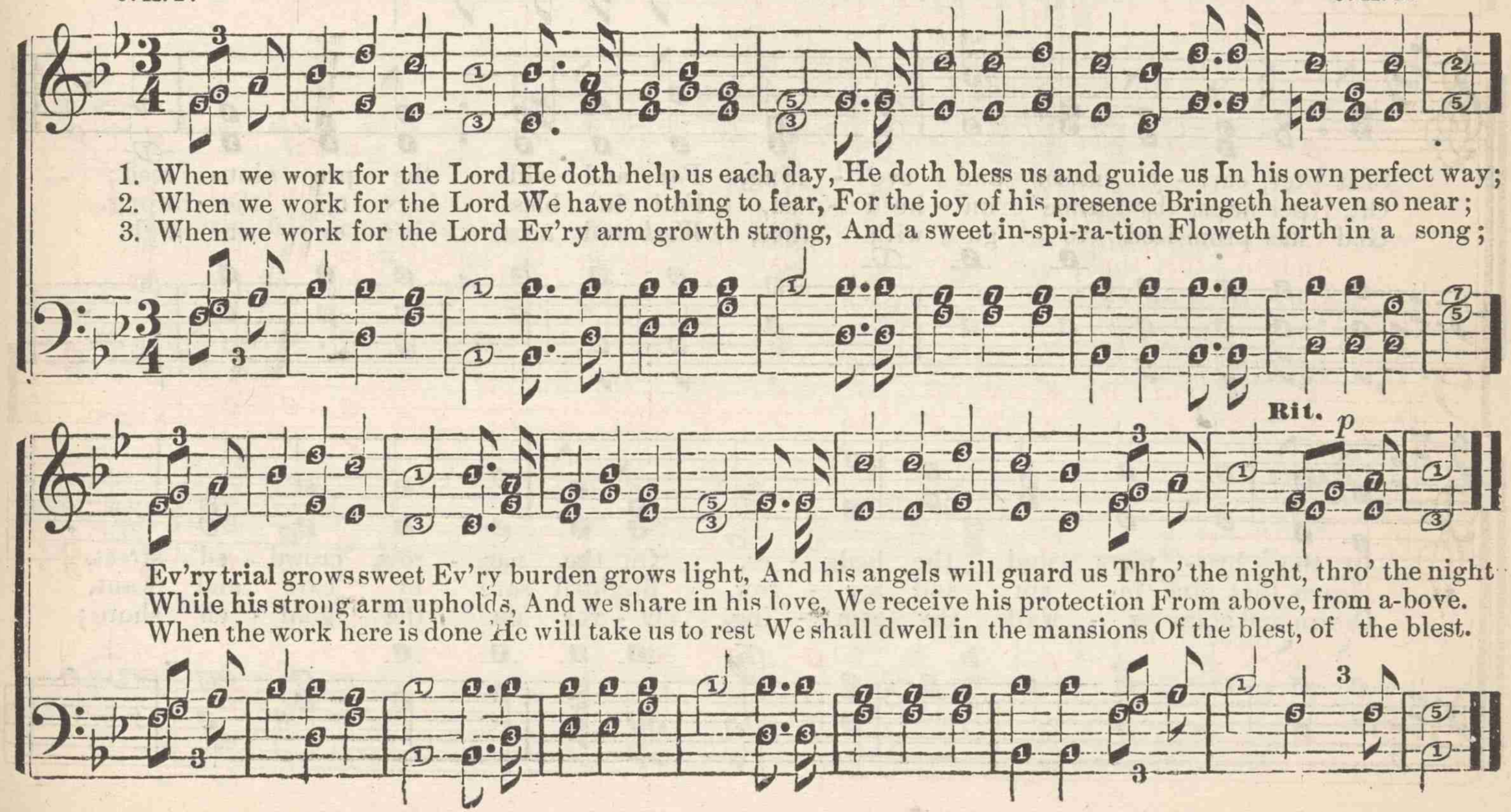
1. The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I fear, Since I've tast-ed his love;
He leadeth me by the still wa - ters of life, Since I've tast-ed his love;
2. His goodness and mer - cy will fol - low me on, Since I've tast-ed his love;
And sure-ly with him in his house will I dwell, Since I've tast-ed his love;

He maketh me lie in green pastures while here, Since I've tast-ed his love;
And oh, how he shields me from tu - mult and strife, Since I've tast-ed his love.
And oh, they shall be all my joy and my song, Since I've tast-ed his love;
Un - til with the ransomed the glad song I swell, When I'm full of his love.

CHORUS.

All through the dark val - ley he leadeth me, Since I've tast-ed his love.

WHEN WE WORK FOR THE LORD.

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



1. When we work for the Lord He doth help us each day, He doth bless us and guide us In his own perfect way;
2. When we work for the Lord We have nothing to fear, For the joy of his presence Bringeth heaven so near;
3. When we work for the Lord Ev'ry arm growth strong, And a sweet in-spi-ra-tion Floweth forth in a song;

Ev'ry trial grows sweet Ev'ry burden grows light, And his angels will guard us Thro' the night, thro' the night
While his strong arm upholds, And we share in his love, We receive his protection From above, from a-bove.
When the work here is done He will take us to rest We shall dwell in the mansions Of the blest, of the blest.

MRS. E. J. FOSTER.

WORK ON.

EDWARD A. PERKINS.

Cheerfully.

1. Workers in the Mas - ter's vine - yard, Toilsome though the way may be,
2. Smiling lips and tear - ful eye - lids; Gen - tle words and sim - ple song,—
3. Heart and voice may oft - times fail thee, Faith may wa - ver, hope may die;

Scat - ter, earl - y morn and eve - ning, Far and wide the pre - cious seed;
Oft, per-haps, by thee un - heed - ed, Fall in bless - ings on the throng.
God has prom-ised to go with thee, *Work* and *trust*, He's ev - er nigh.

In the by - ways and the hedg - es, On the nar - row, crowd - ed street,
Hearts that pine in sin and sor - row, Blighted sore by care and want,
Crown and stars a - wait thy com - ing, O - ver on the gold - en shore;

You may drop a word of wel - come, For the Sav - ior's com - ing feet.
May be led, by love and kind - ness, To the ev - er - heal - ing fount.
Pre-cious fruits of thine own sow - ing, When thine earth - ly work is o'er.

CHORUS.

Crowns and stars a - wait thy com - ing, O - ver on the gold - en shore,

Precious fruits of thine own sow - ing, When thine earth-ly work is o'er.

GRACE GLENN.

I THINK HEAVEN IS BETTER.

J. H. F.

With expression.

1. I think that the flow-ers in heav - en Are fair - er than an - y I know,
2. I'm sure that the mansions of glo - ry Are grand - er than mor - tals may dream,
3. I think that far brighter and bet - ter Than all that I ev - er can guess,

Fine.

And birds in the bow - ers im - mor - tal, Sing sweet - er than an - y be - low.
And fruits that are rich - er than E - den's, Grow free by the life - giv - ing stream.
There wait in the dear Fa-ther's keep - ing, All joys I may wish to pos - sess.
D. S. *When on - ly so soon I shall gath - er, The pleas-ures that nev - er shall die.*

CHORUS.

D. S.

Then why should I sigh for the treas - ures Of earth that so quick - ly would fly.

REJOICE EVERMORE.

1. Re - joice and be ye glad, Your cheer-ful voic - es raise, In tune-ful notes pro - long
2. Re - joice and be ye glad, For your re-ward is sure; Though tempted ye may be,

CHORUS.

Your songs of grateful praise. Re-joice, re-joice, Be hap - py all the day,
And tri - als oft en - dure. re - joice, re - joice,

'Tis bet - ter to be glad, Than grieve the time a - way.

3 Rejoice and be ye glad,
To sorrow ne'er give o'er,
However gloomily
The gath'ring storm-clouds lower.

4 Rejoice and be ye glad,
For it is His command,
Who bids us fear no ill,
Who holds us in his hand,

W. G. IRVIN.

ONLY WAITING.

J. H. F.

1. I am wait-ing for the morn-ing Of the bless-ed day to dawn,
2. I am waiting, worn and wea-ry With the bat-tle and the strife,
3. Waiting, hoping, trust-ing ev-er, For a home of boundless love,

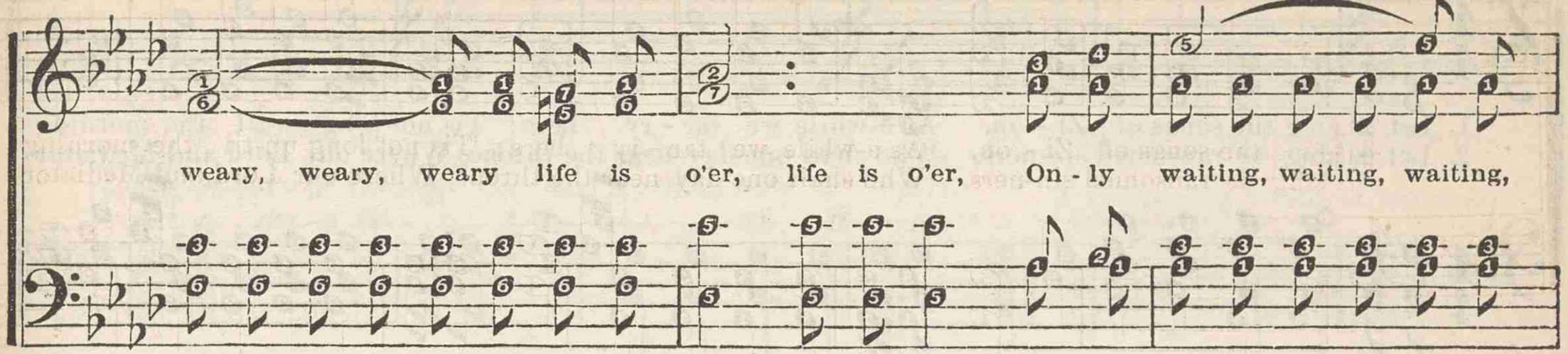
When the sor-row and the sad-ness Of this fear-ful life are gone.
Hop-ing, when the war has end-ed, To re-ceive a crown of life.
Like a pil-grim look-ing for-ward To the land of bliss a-bove.

CHORUS.

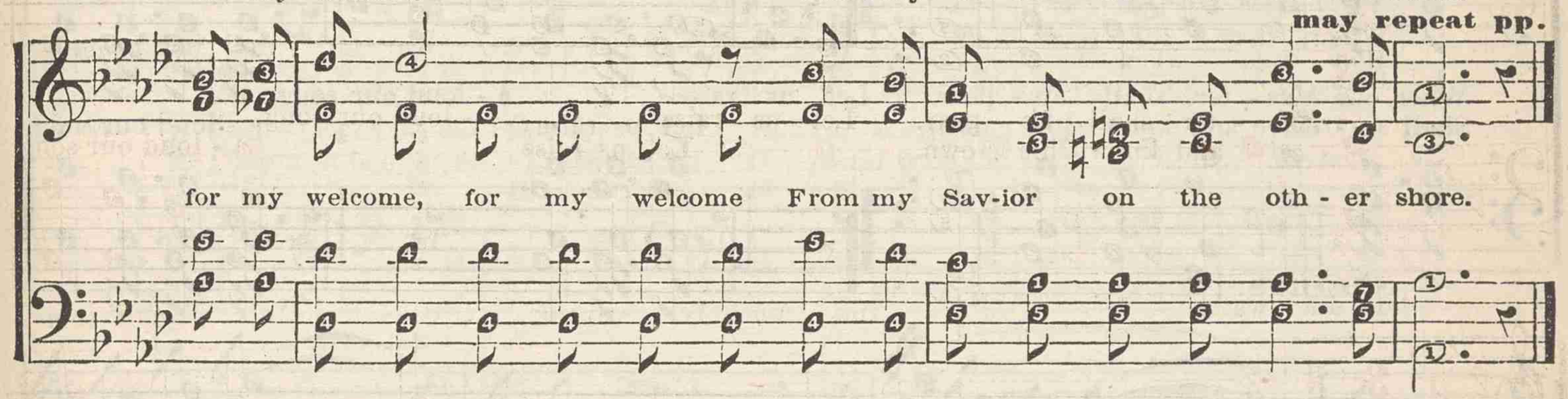
I am wait - - - - ing, on-ly waiting, Till this

I am waiting, waiting, waiting, on-ly waiting, waiting, waiting, Till this

From "Songs of Glory."

wea - - - - - ry life is o'er, On-ly wait - - - - - ing

weary, weary, weary life is o'er, life is o'er, On - ly waiting, waiting, waiting,

for my welcome From my Sav-ior on the oth - er shore.

may repeat pp.

for my welcome, for my welcome From my Sav-ior on the oth - er shore.

4. Waiting for the sun to cheer me,
With his pure, unmingled light,
Waiting for the saints to greet me,
In their robes of spotless white.
I am waiting, etc.

5. Waiting for the golden city,
Where the many mansions be;
Listening for the happy welcome
Of my Savior calling me.
I am waiting, etc.

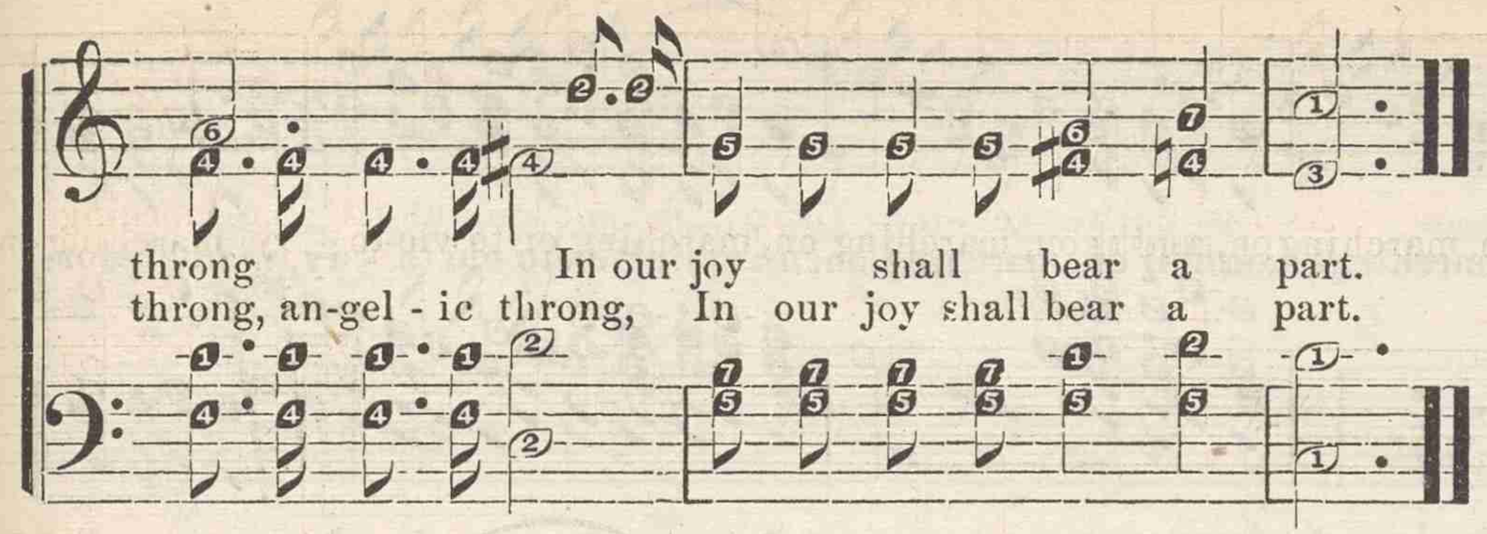
A NEW SONG.

MRS. Z. H. BATEMAN. J. BROADWIND.

1. Let us sing the songs of Zi - on, As a-while we tar - ry here; 'Tis not long un-til the morning
2. Let us sing as ransomed sin-ners. Who shall one day near the throne, Where our Lord and Mediator

CHORUS.

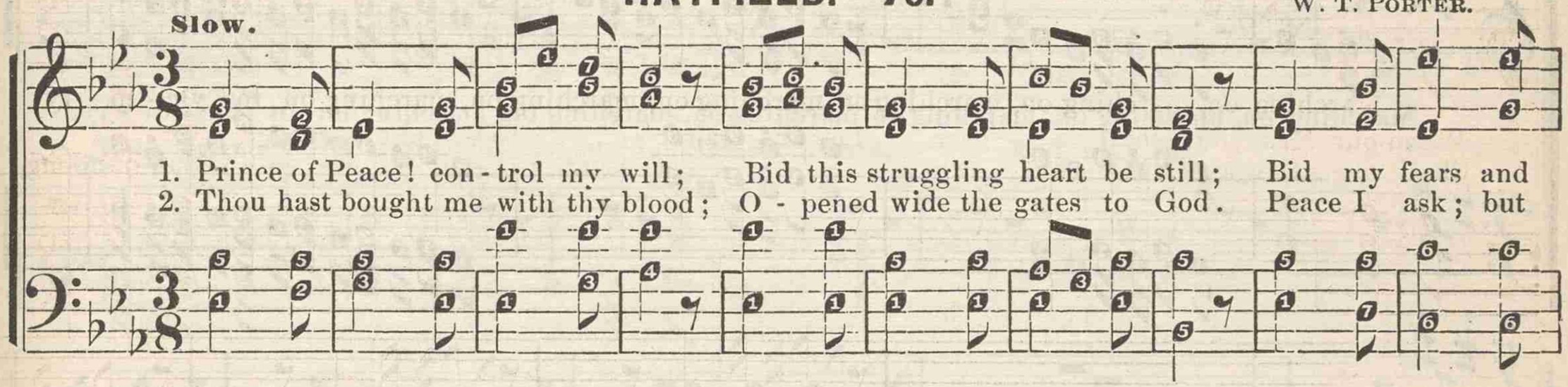
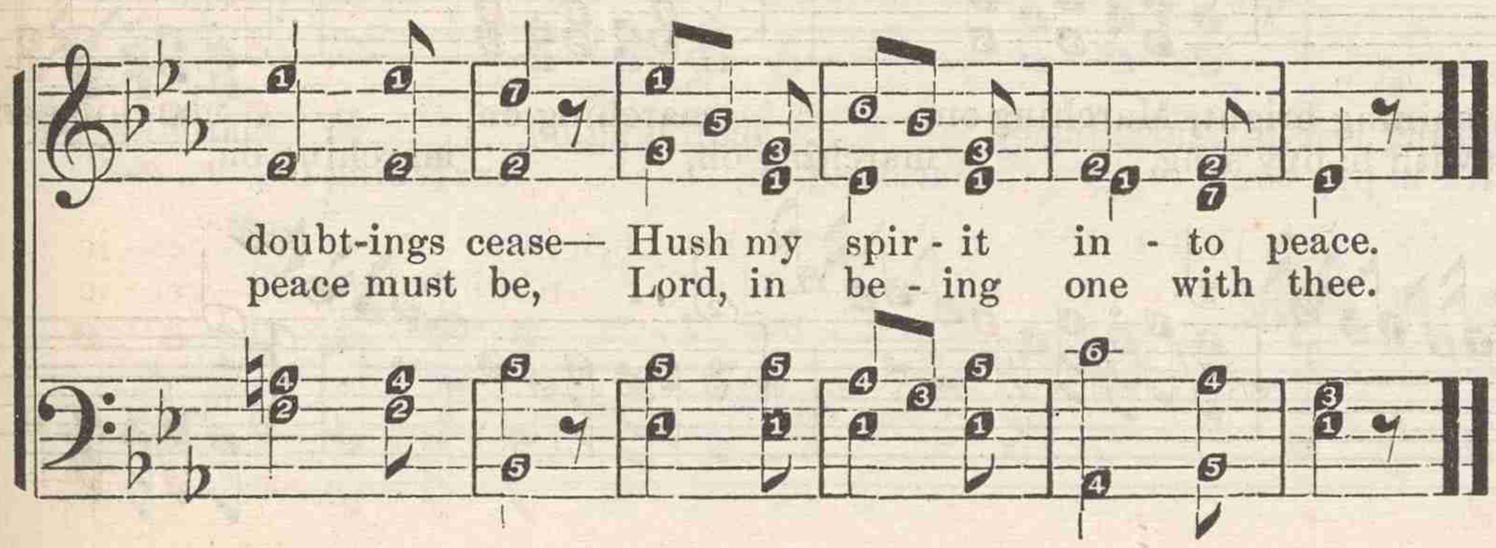
When our Mas - ter shall ap - pear. Let us raise . . . a - loud our song,
Shall re - ceive and know his own. Let us raise a - loud our song,

With an ech - - - o in each heart, And the bright . . an - gel - ic
With an ech - o in each heart, in each heart, And the bright an - gel - ic

3 Let us sing the land in glory,
Just beyond the pearly gates,
Where each loved one gone before us
Safe at home our coming waits.

4 Let us sing a song of triumph,
Over sorrow and the grave,
Through the mighty victor, Jesus,
Powerful in death to save.

HATFIELD. 7s.

W. T. PORTER.



3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not, with reason, fear,
I should prove a castaway.

4 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to pray'r;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

MARCHING ON.

J. H. F.

Marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on to vic-to - ry, marching on,

Marching on,

Fine.

Marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on to vic - to - ry.

Marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on to vic - to - ry.

1. With the heav'nly armor shining bright, Marching on, marching on, marching on,
2. We will cheer our hearts with happy song, marching on, marching on,

We are waging war for Truth and Right, Marching on, marching on, marching on,
In the Lord of Hosts our faith is strong, marching on, ... to vic - to - ry,

With the pow'r and might of Christ, our Lord, Marching on, marching on, marching on,
Soon we'll reach the land of endless day, marching on, marching on,

D.C.

Guided by his ev - er blessed Word, Marching on, marching on to vic - to - ry.
We must conquer Sa - tan all the way, marching on,

Words arr. by E. R. LATTA.

AT HIS RIGHT HAND.

F. L. BRISTOW.

Duet.

1. From earth—its cares—from its toils and pains Our souls shall soar ex - ult - ing a - way, We
2. 'Twill not be long, if we faith - ful prove, Un - til we reach that beau - ti - ful shore, Where
3. By faith we see to the jour-ney's end Our pil - grim-age— our suf - fer-ings o'er, Where

CHORUS.

soon shall gaze on those plains of light, Where shines the heav - en - ly day.
all the good with the Lord shall dwell, And pleas - ures last ev - er - more. Oh! I
we shall crowns that are fade - less wear, Where pleas - ures last ev - er - more.

love to sing of that land, . . . Where so pure and free I shall stand, . . . 'Mid the
Sing of that land. Free I shall stand.

white-winged an-gel-ic band, . . . At the lov-ing Father's right hand. . . .
an-gel-ic band, At the Father's right hand.

Rit.

I AM PERSUADED.

E. E. S. J. WM. SUFFERN.

1. I am per-suad-ed that Je-sus loves me: I am per-suad-ed sal-va-tion is free:
2. I am per-suad-ed that now is the time, I am per-suad-ed sal-va-tion is mine;
3. I am per-suad-ed that Je-sus a-lone, I am per-suad-ed that no oth-er one,

Christ is the re-fuge and heaven is the home, Where all persuad-ed, to Je-sus may come.
Je-sus is rea-dy and tells me to come, Doubt-ing is end-ed, and heav-en is won.
Can to the sin-ner af-ford a re-lease, Grant-ing him par-don with blessings and peace.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

THE WORLD'S HARVEST.

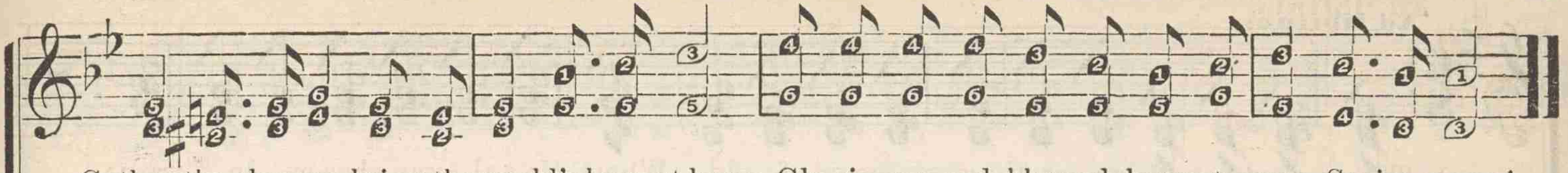
J. H. F.

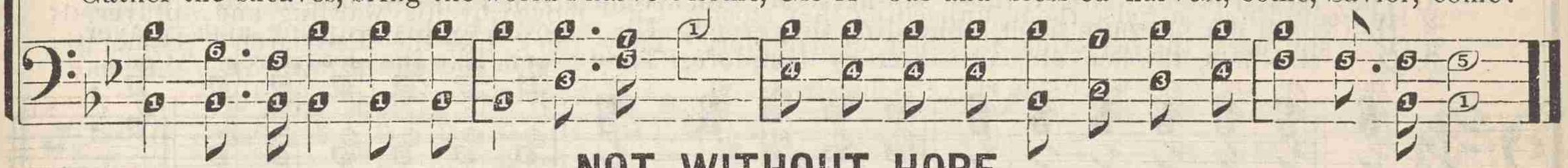
1. Serv - ants of Je - sus, the day is at hand, Fields for our la - bor in - vit - ing - ly stand;
2. Work is a - bundant, the promise is great, Few are the lab'rers, in sad - ness they wait;
3. Men who are faith-ful are faint-ing to - day, Full of their la - bors, they fall by the way;
4. Has - ten the time when the reapers shall sing, Joy and re-joicing, their sheaves homeward bring;

Mark ye the sig-nals, they wide-ly dif - fuse To-kens of the com-ing har-vest, joy - ful the news.
Pa - tient - ly toil-ing, yet dai - ly they cry, Pray ye that our Lord and Master, reap-ers sup - ply.
Fill ye the ranks, and with heart and with hand Gath-er in the blessed harvest, Christ gives command.
Saints with the an-gels to - gether shall meet, Glo - ri - ous and blessed meeting 'round Je - sus' feet.

CHORUS.

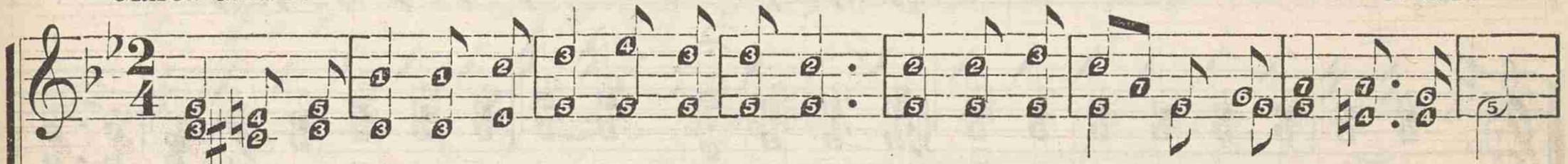
Pray for help, Christian, pray, pray, pray, Yes, yes, for help in the fields white to - day;

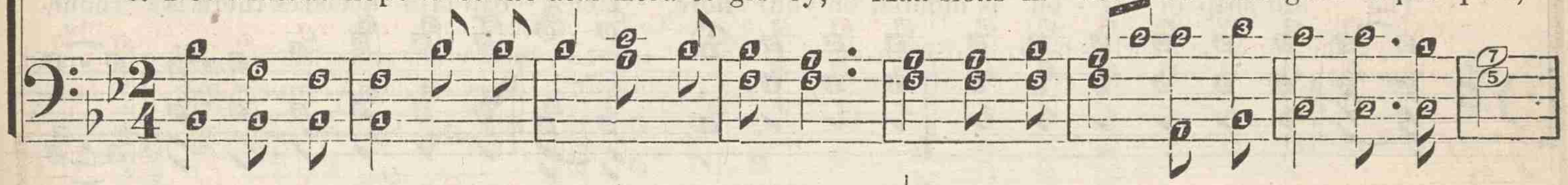
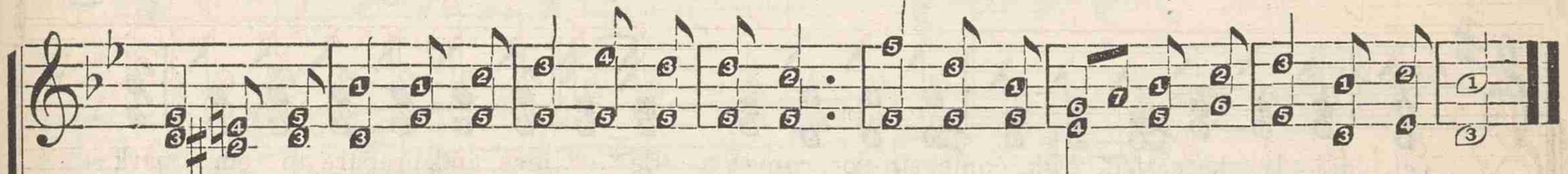


Gather the sheaves, bring the world's harvest home, Glo-ri - ous and bless-ed harvest, come, Savior, come!

GRACE GLENN.

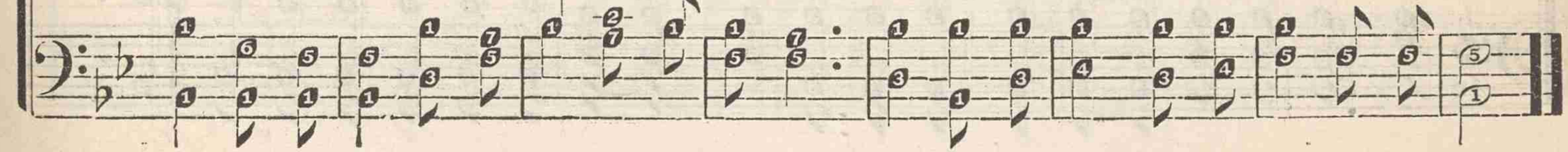
NOT WITHOUT HOPE.

J. H. F.



1. Not without hope, for the faith-lighted vis - ion Sees o'er the shades that en - vi - ron the tomb,
2. Not without hope in the anguish of part-ing, Since we shall meet in the home of the blest,
3. Not without hope since the dear Lord of glo - ry, Man-sions in heav - en has gone to pre - pare,



Life - giv - ing wa-ters in founts ev - er flow-ing, Know-ing no pres-ence of darkness and gloom.
Spir - its that here o - ver-burdened and wea - ry, There in the love of the Sav-ior may rest.
Leav-ing this prom-ise o'er-span-ning the a - ges, All his dis - ci - ples shall be with him there.



KATE HARRINGTON,
in "Christian Observer."

OUT OF THE ARK.

J. H. F.

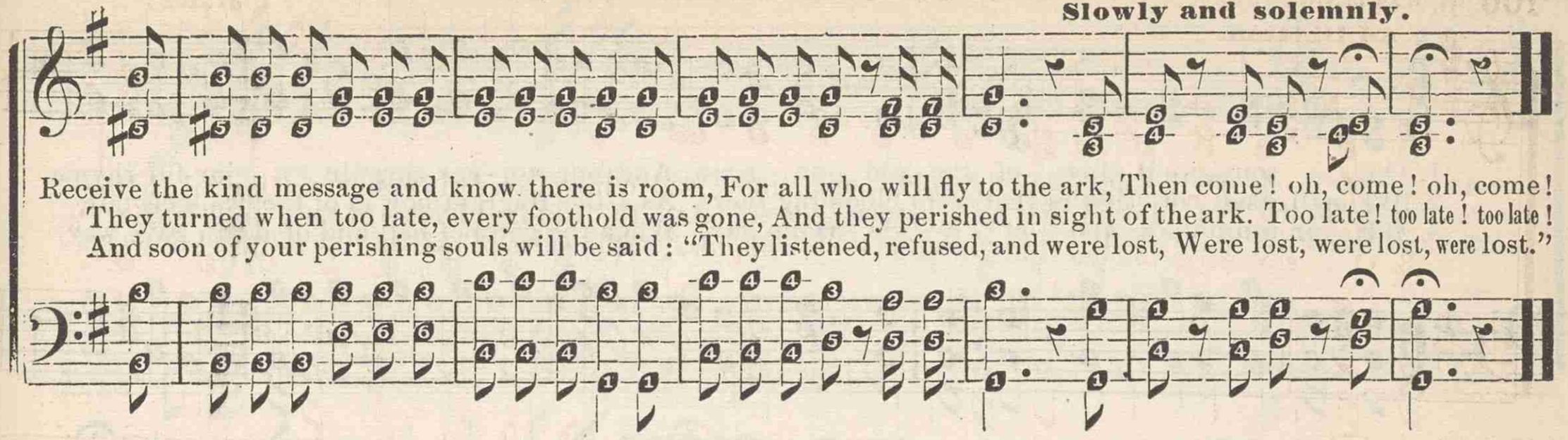
Ad libitum.

1. They recked not of dan-ger, those sin-ners of old, Whom No - ah was chos-en to warn;
2. He could not a-rouse them, unheeding they stood, Un - moved by his warning and prayer,
3. O sin - ners, the her - alds of mer - cy implore, They cry like the Pa-triarch: "Come,"

From constant transgressions their hearts had grown cold, And they laughed his petitions to scorn;
Till the prophet passed in from the on - coming flood, And left them to hopeless de - spair,
The old ship of Zi - on is moored on your shore, Her cap-tain declares there is room,

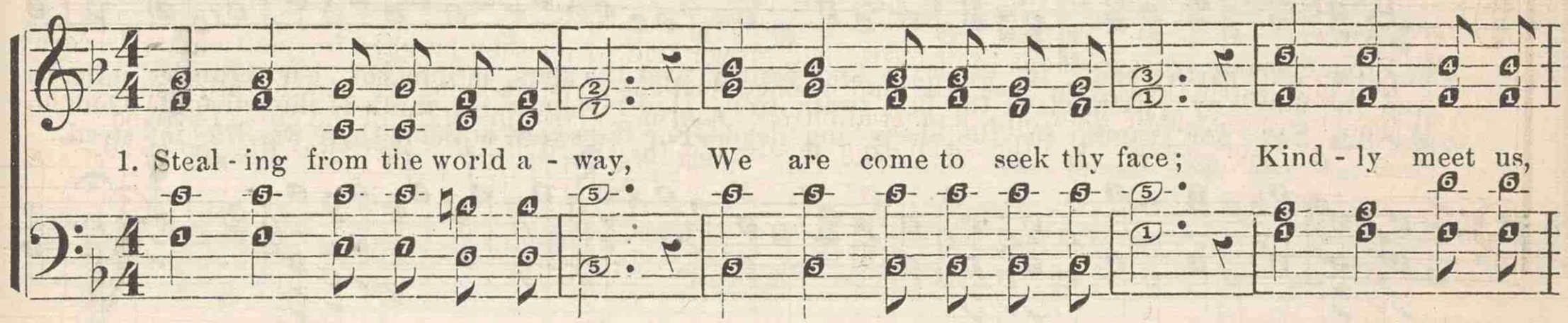
Yet, dai - ly he called, "Oh, come, sin-ner, come! Be - lieve, and prepare to em - bark;
The flood-gates were opened, the de-luge came on, While Heaven, of - fend-ed, grew dark;
The faith-ful have warned, be - liev - ers have prayed, Yet you cling to the sin - deadened host;

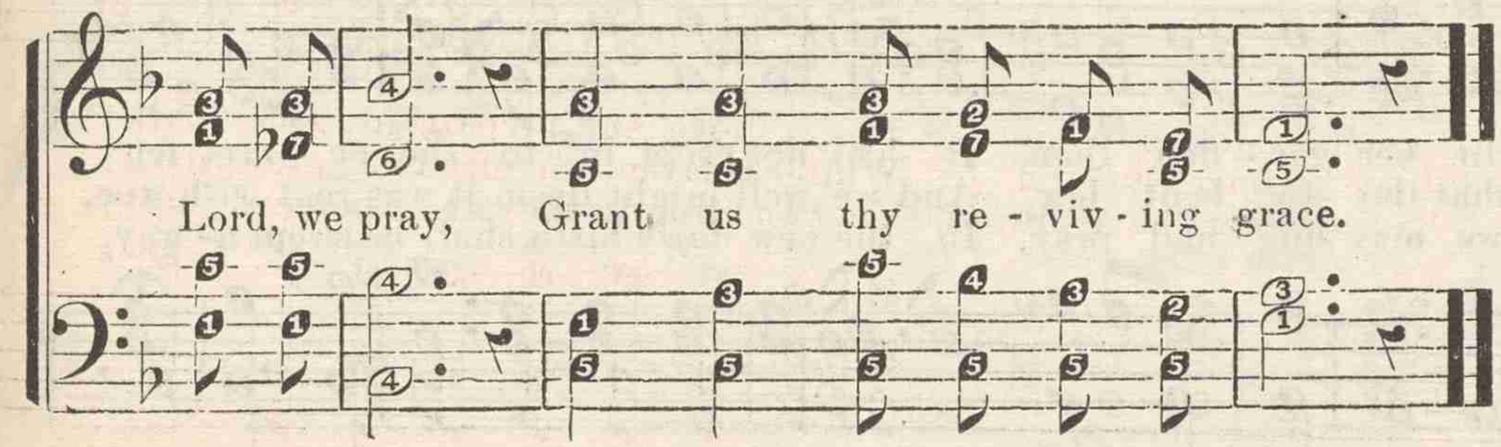
Slowly and solemnly.



Receive the kind message and know there is room, For all who will fly to the ark, Then come! oh, come! oh, come!
They turned when too late, every foothold was gone, And they perished in sight of the ark. Too late! too late! too late!
And soon of your perishing souls will be said: "They listened, refused, and were lost, Were lost, were lost, were lost."

BOONE. 7s.

From "Hours of Song."

1. Steal - ing from the world a - way, We are come to seek thy face; Kind - ly meet us,



Lord, we pray, Grant us thy re - viv - ing grace.

2 Yonder stars that gild the sky,
Shine but with a borrowed light·
We, unless thy light be nigh,
Wander, wrapt in gloomy night.

3 Sun of Righteousness! dispel
All our darkness, doubts and fears;
May thy light within us dwell,
Till eternal day appears.

GRACE GLENN.

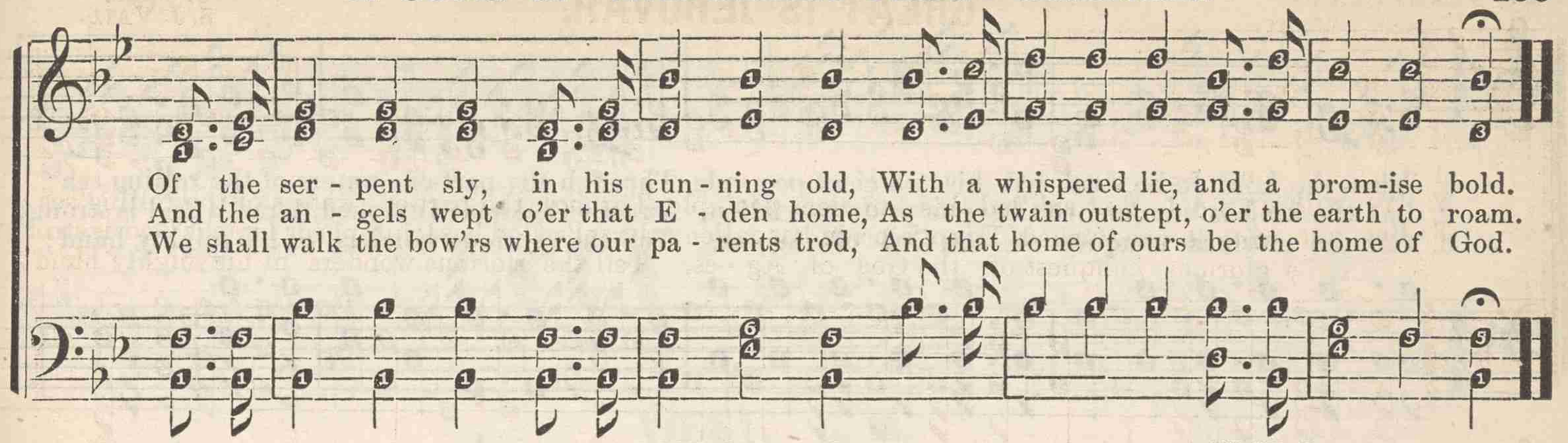
A SONG OF THE OLDEN TIME.

J. H. F.

1. Oh, a song we'll sing of the old - en time, And our voi - ces ring in a joy-ful rhyme,
2. We will sing of flow'rs that were blooming there, As the fragrant bow'rs of the an-gels fair,
3. But our song may tell of a glo - rious day, When the gates of hell and of death gave way,

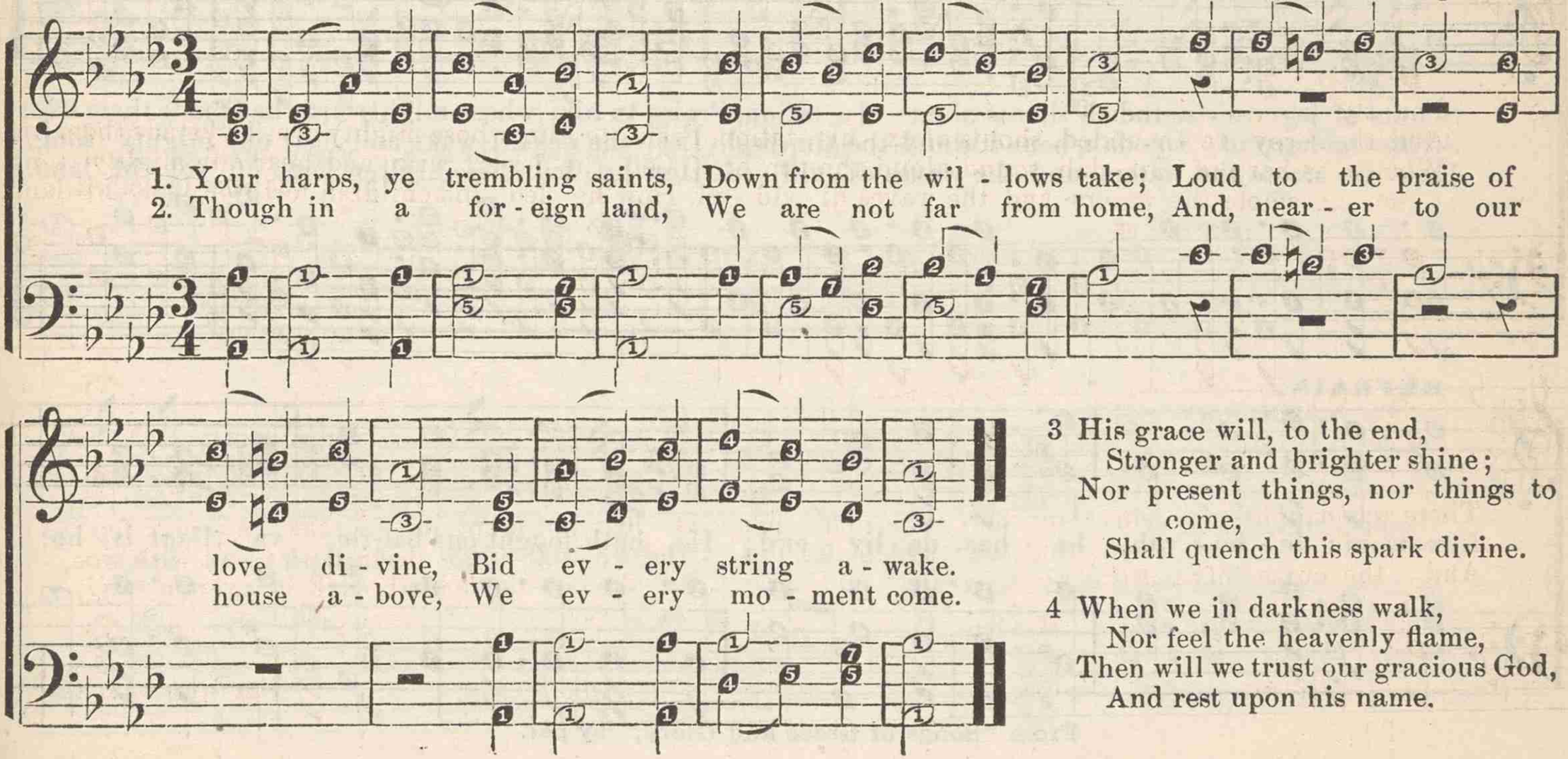
For the old earth then it was fair and young, And the stars, as men, of her beauties sung.
And the mos - sy path where the first twain trod, Had not know the wrath of the curse of God.
When a Sav - ior came to the sleep - ing dead—For the sword of flame there was life in - stead.

There was naught of sin in her gar - den then, It had not crept in - to the se - cret fen
It would al - most seem that the sky bent low, And we well might deem it was rent with woe,
And the curse of earth, we may sing and pray, In the new day's birth shall be swept a - way,



Of the ser - pent sly, in his cun - ning old, With a whispered lie, and a prom-ise bold.
And the an - gels wept o'er that E - den home, As the twain outstept, o'er the earth to roam.
We shall walk the bow'rs where our pa - rents trod, And that home of ours be the home of God.

BUDGE. S. M.

W. W. BENTLEY,
in "Hours of Song."

1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the wil - lows take; Loud to the praise of
2. Though in a for - eign land, We are not far from home, And, near - er to our

love di - vine, Bid ev - ery string a - wake.
house a - bove, We ev - ery mo - ment come.

3 His grace will, to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench this spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then will we trust our gracious God,
And rest upon his name.

FANNY CROSBY.

GREAT IS JEHOVAH.

S. J. VAIL.

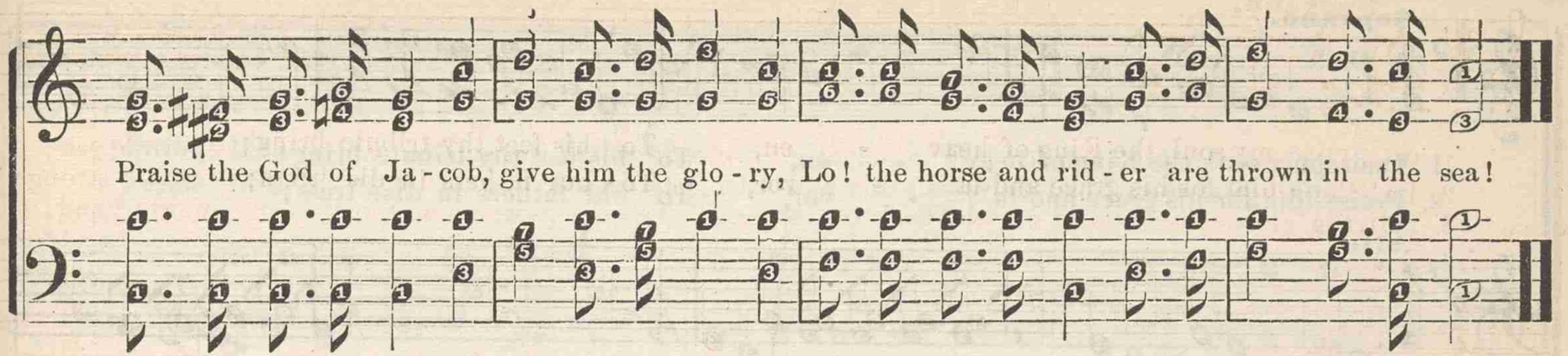
1. When the Lord Je-ho - vah led his an-cient peo - ple, Through the part-ed waters of the rolling sea;
2. Lo! the king is vanquished, Egypt's pride has fallen, Israel's God has triumphed, Israel's God is strong;
3. Tell the glorious conquest of the God of Ag - es, Tell the glorious wonders of his mighty hand;

Shouts of joy re - sounded, shouts of ex - ul - tation, Praise to him whose mighty arm had made them free.
Strike the harp of Ju - dah, sound aloud the tim-brel, Let the des-ert wake and hear our mighty song.
How he smote the waters and the waves di - vid - ed, How he led his children forth on sol - id land.

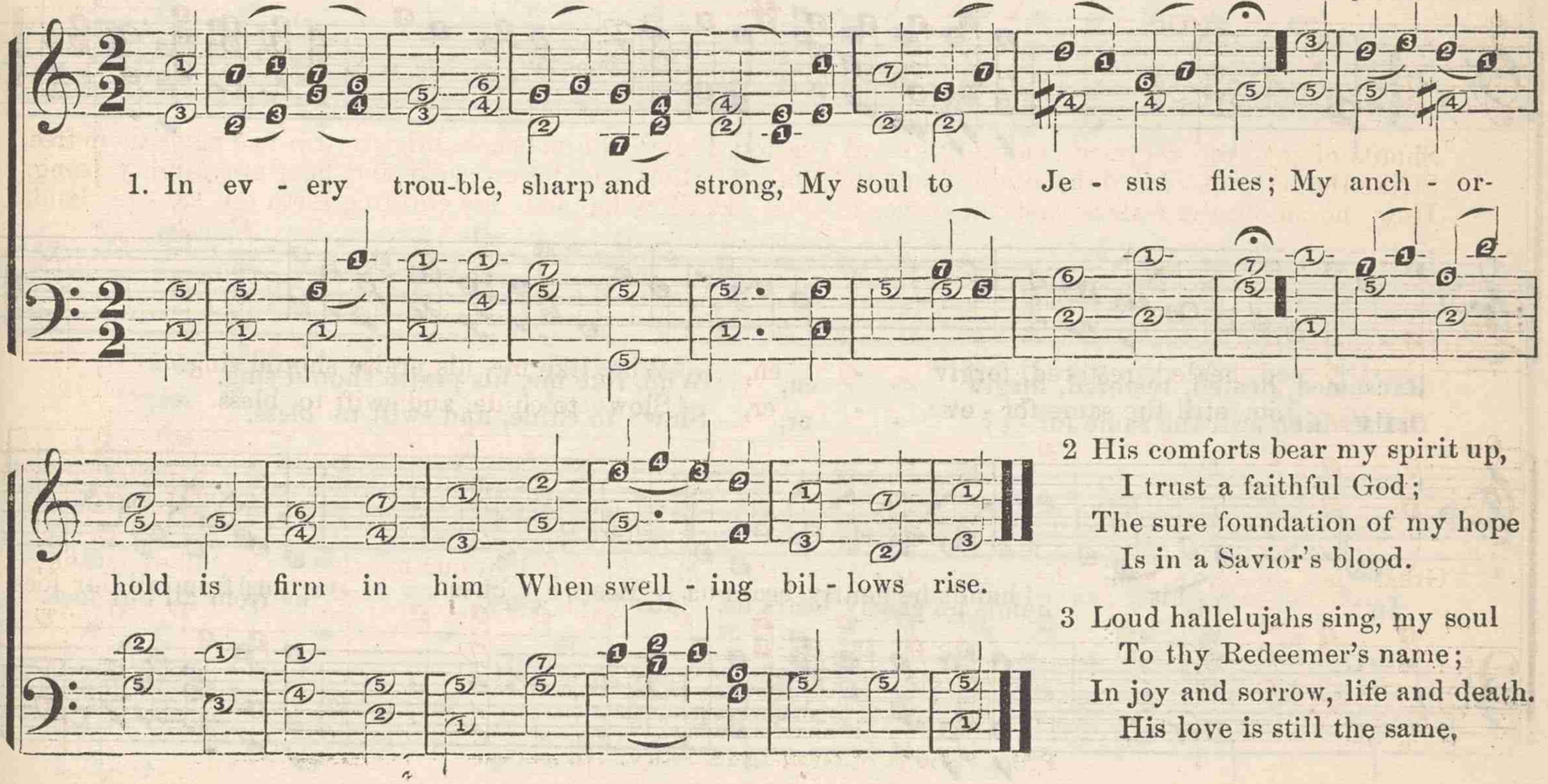
REFRAIN.

Great is Je - ho - vah, he has de - liv - er'd; He hath fought our bat-tle, va - liant is he;

From "Songs of Grace and Glory," by per.



WEST. C. M.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.
Never before published.

2 His comforts bear my spirit up,
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Savior's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul
To thy Redeemer's name;
In joy and sorrow, life and death.
His love is still the same.

LYTE.

PRAISE HIM.

J. H. F.

Soprano.

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, To his feet thy tribute bring;
2. Praise him for his grace and fa - vor, To our fathers in dis - tress;

Alto.

3. Fa - ther - like he tends and spares us, Well our feeble frame he knows;

Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiv - en, Who, like me, his praise should sing.
Praise him, still the same for - ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless.

In his hands he gently bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes.

Praise him, Praise him, Praise the ev - er - last - ing King;
Praise him, Praise him, Glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness;

Praise him, ev - er praise him, Praise him, ev - er praise him, Widely as his mer - cy flows;

Praise him, Praise him, Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.
Praise him, Praise him, Glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness.

Praise him, ev - er praise him, Praise him, ev - er praise him, Widely as his mer - cy flows.

L. H. JAMESON.

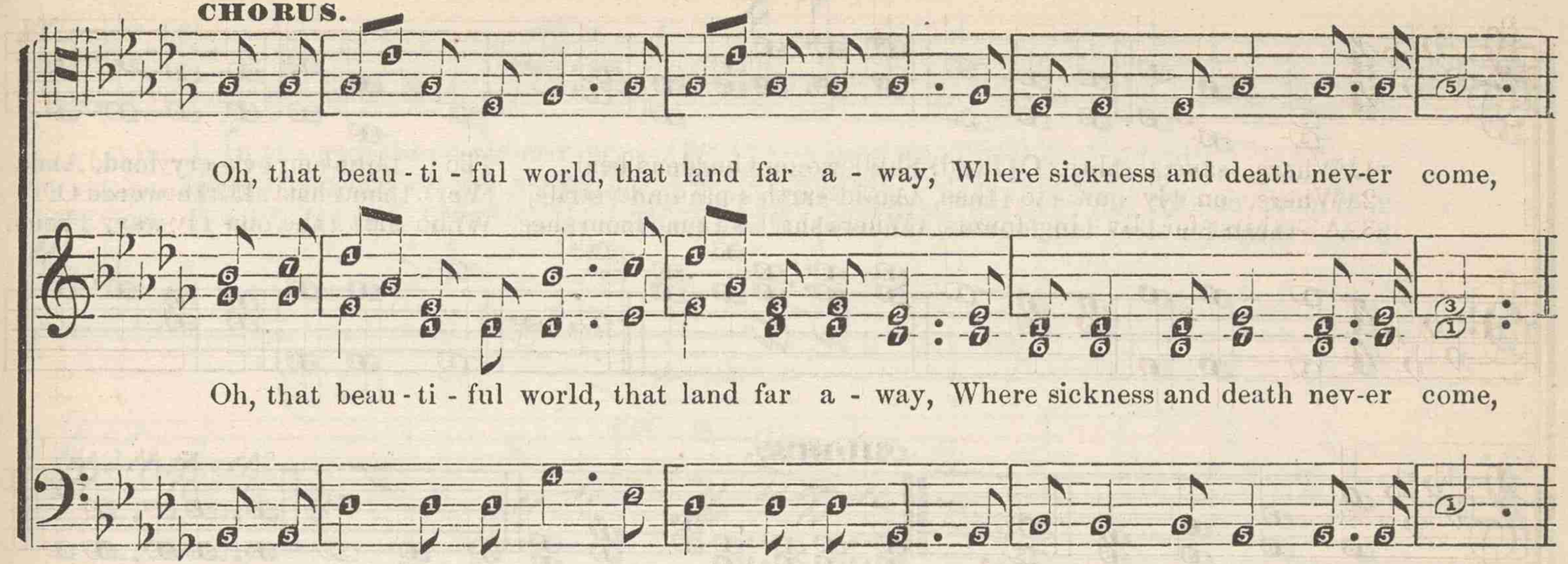
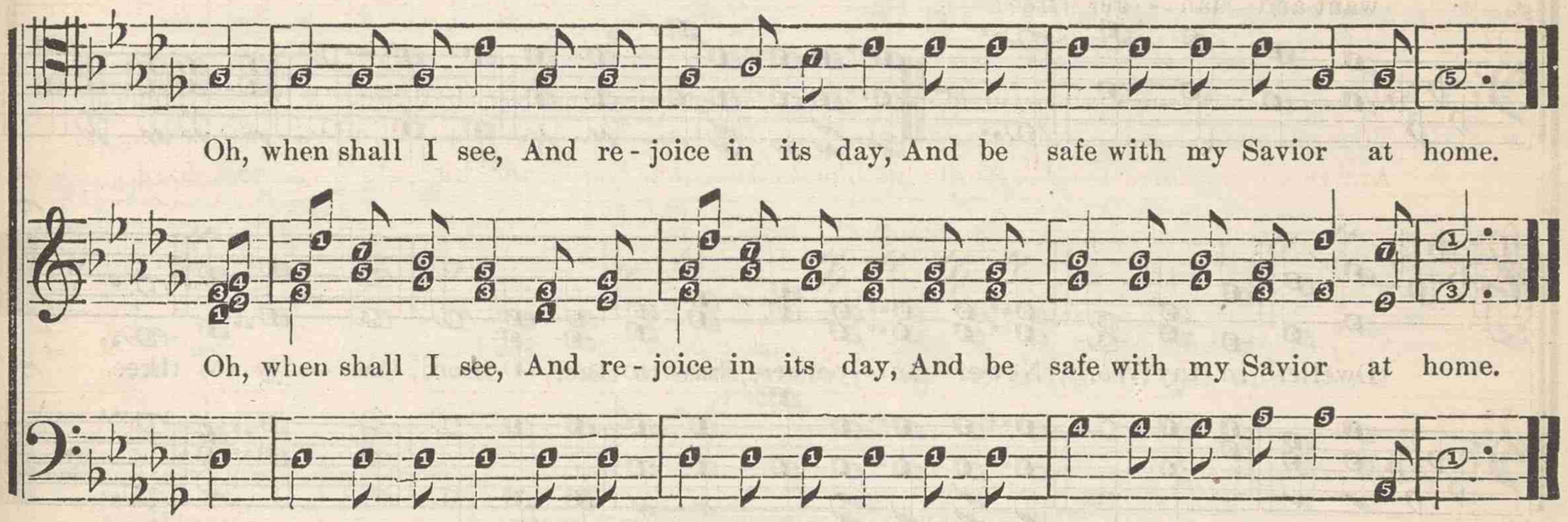
THE BEAUTIFUL LAND FAR AWAY.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. There's a beauti - ful land far a - way, Where no troubles nor storms ev-er come,
2. Neither sorrows nor sighing are there, Nor are hearts ev - er burdened with cares,
3. 'Tis the home of our Fa-ther and God; And our glo - ri - fied Sav-ior is there,

Where the straying shall never more stray, Where the homeless shall find a "sweet home."
There none ut - ter the wail of de-spair, Nor are eyes ev - er blind-ed with tears.
And those ransomed from earth by his blood, In his joy and his glo - ry to share.

From "Lightning Music Reader," by per.

CHORUS.

Oh, that beau - ti - ful world, that land far a - way, Where sickness and death nev-er come,
Oh, that beau - ti - ful world, that land far a - way, Where sickness and death nev-er come,

Oh, when shall I see, And re - joice in its day, And be safe with my Savior at home.
Oh, when shall I see, And re - joice in its day, And be safe with my Savior at home.

ONLY TO THEE.

MRS. Z. H. BATEMAN. W. T. PORTER.

1. Where, save to thee, O Lord, Shall we our burdens bear, To light-en ev - ery load, And
2. Where, on - ly un - to thee, Amid earth's pain and strife, For thou hast all the words Of
3. A - thirst for liv - ing founts, Where shall we turn from thee, Who art the on - ly way, From

CHORUS.

soft - en ev - ery care?
ev - er - last - ing life? Nev - er an - y-where, Save to thee, O Lord, Ev - er-last-ing life
want and dan - ger free?

Dwelleth in thy Word, Nev-er an - y-where, Save to thee, O Lord, On - ly to thee.

ALMOST HOME.

GRACE GLENN.

Duet.

1. In the west the sun is sinking, One by one the stars out-shine; Over there beyond the shadows
2. I am weary with the journey, But its hours are fail-ing fast, Few and fewer count the mile-stones,
3. Pain and ease, and grief and gladness, Intermingled all the way, But I'll find sweet rest to-morrow,

CHORUS.

Waits that precious home of mine.
As I watch them fly-ing past. Al-most home, al-most home, O - ver all the weary, wea-ry
I am al - most home to-day.

way, Al - most home, al - most home, Near-er to my happy home to-day. (Sweet home.)

Rit. Rit.

MRS. Z. H. BATEMAN.

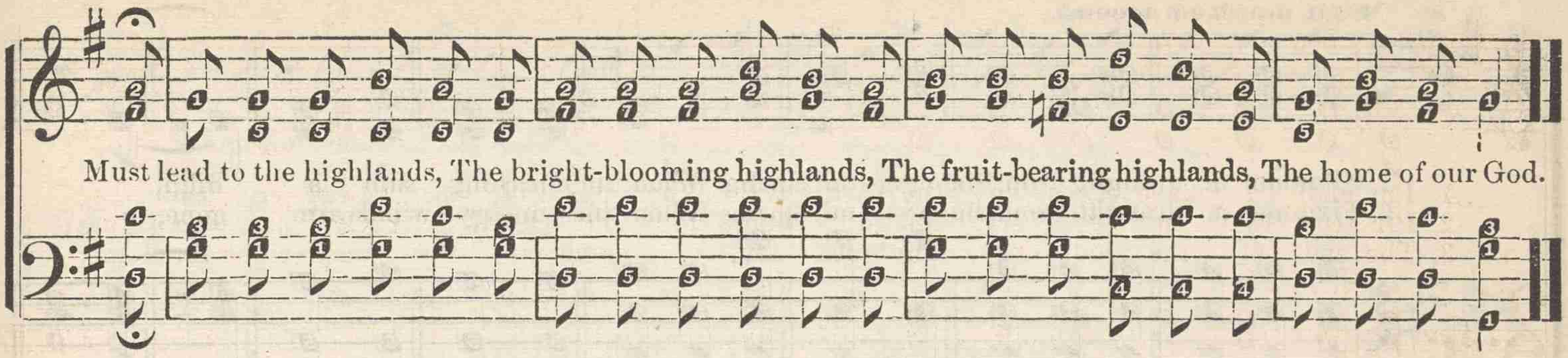
THE PATHWAY.

W. T. PORTER.

1. I'm glad I have chos - en the path - way Where Je - sus my Lead - er can be;
2. I'll trust him in ev - ery con - di - tion, He suf - fered all I can en - dure;
3. The end of the jour - ney, why ques - tion, A home in the man - sions for me,

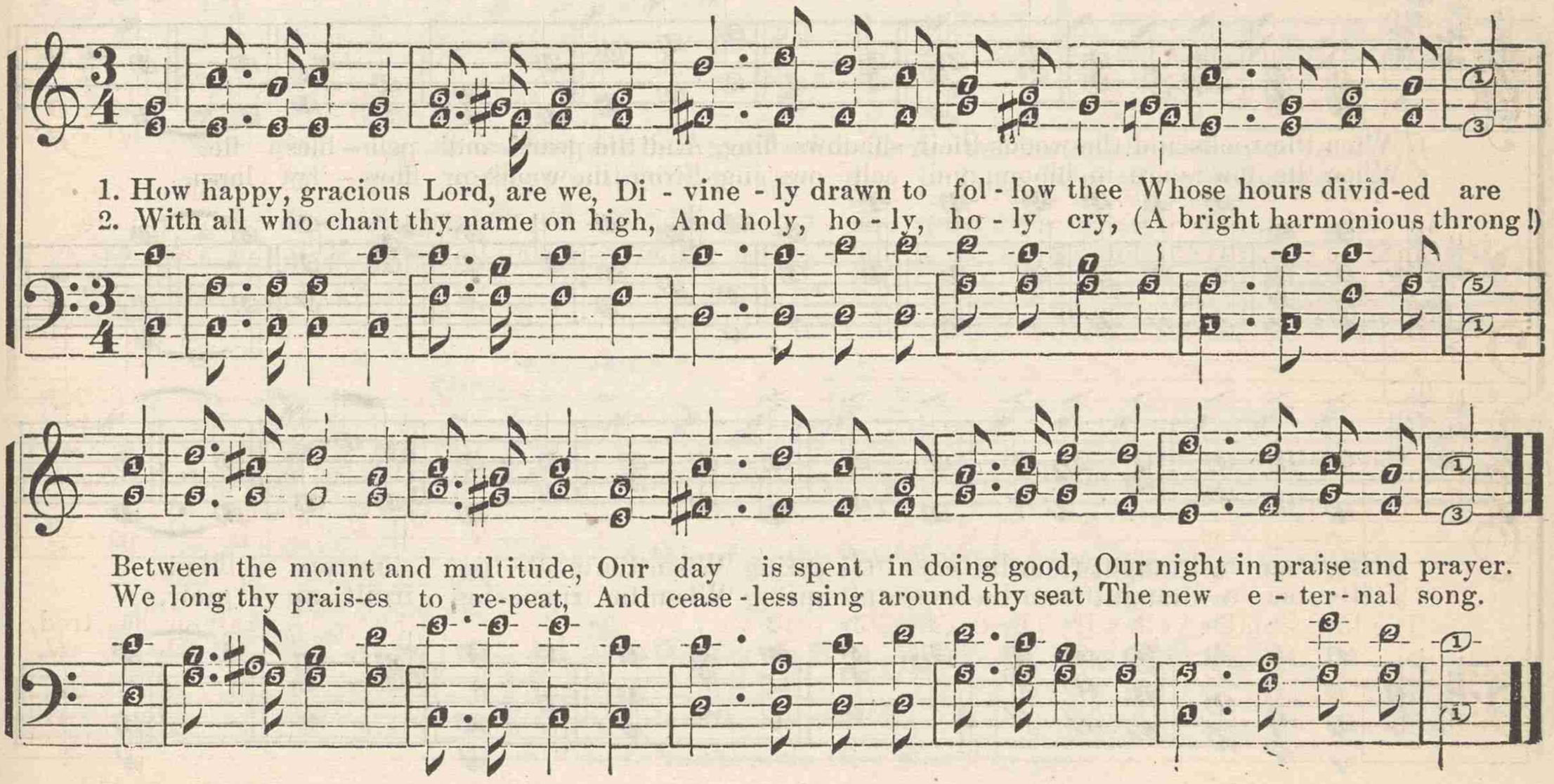
A road with his foot - prints re - main - ing, Is sure - ly a safe one for me.
In tri - al, and ev - ery temp - ta - tion His pre - cepts and prac - tice are pure.
Since Je - sus went for - ward be - fore me Where else could my dwell - ing - place be.

CHORUS.

The low, humble path-way, The dark valley path-way. The dear, blessed pathway The Sav-ior has trod,

Must lead to the highlands, The bright-blooming highlands, The fruit-bearing highlands, The home of our God.

ANAGLEN. 4th P. M.

W. T. PORTER.



1. How happy, gracious Lord, are we, Di - vine - ly drawn to fol - low thee Whose hours divid-ed are
2. With all who chant thy name on high, And holy, ho - ly, ho - ly cry, (A bright harmonious throng!)

Between the mount and multitude, Our day is spent in doing good, Our night in praise and prayer.
We long thy prais-es to re-peat, And cease - less sing around thy seat The new e - ter - nal song.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

GIVE ME A DRAUGHT. (Temperance.)

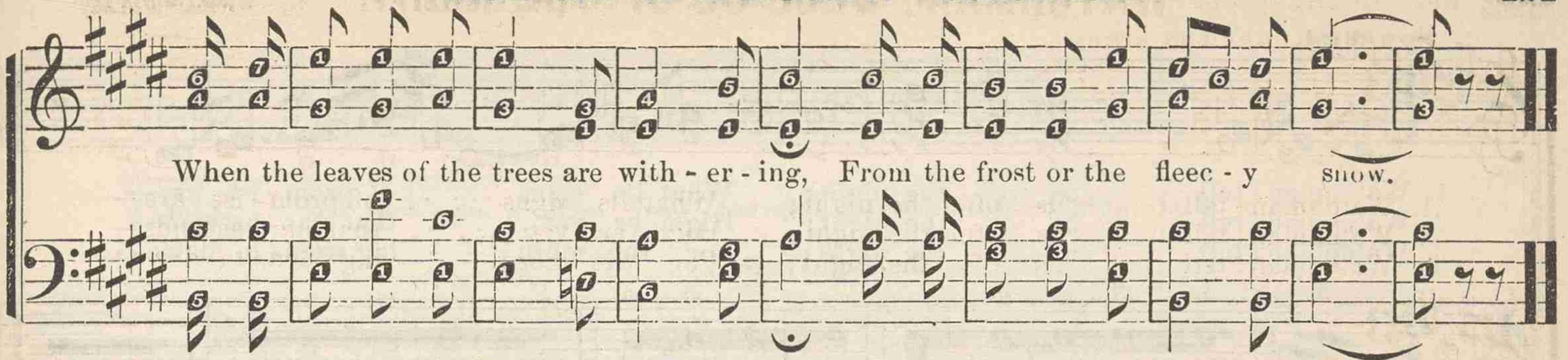
E. A. PERKINS,
in "Joyful Notes."

With marked accent.

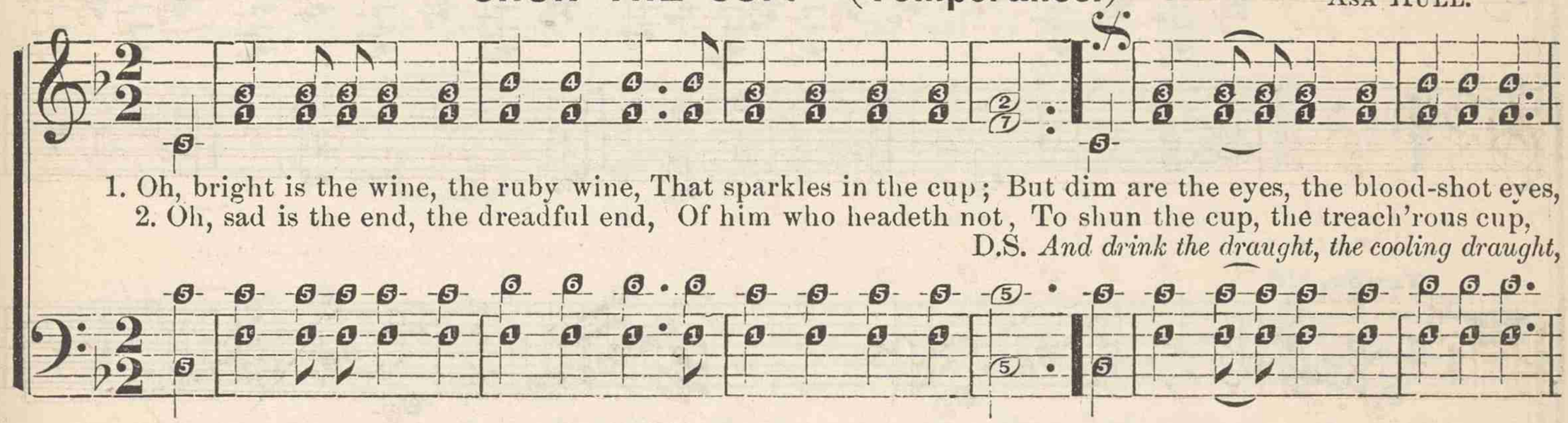
1. Give me a draught from the crys - tal spring When the burn-ing sun is high,
2. Give me a draught from the crys - tal spring When the win - try winds are gone,

When the rocks and the woods their shadows fling, And the pearls and peb - bles lie.
When the flow'rs are in bloom, and ech - oes sing From the woods or flow - 'ry lawn.

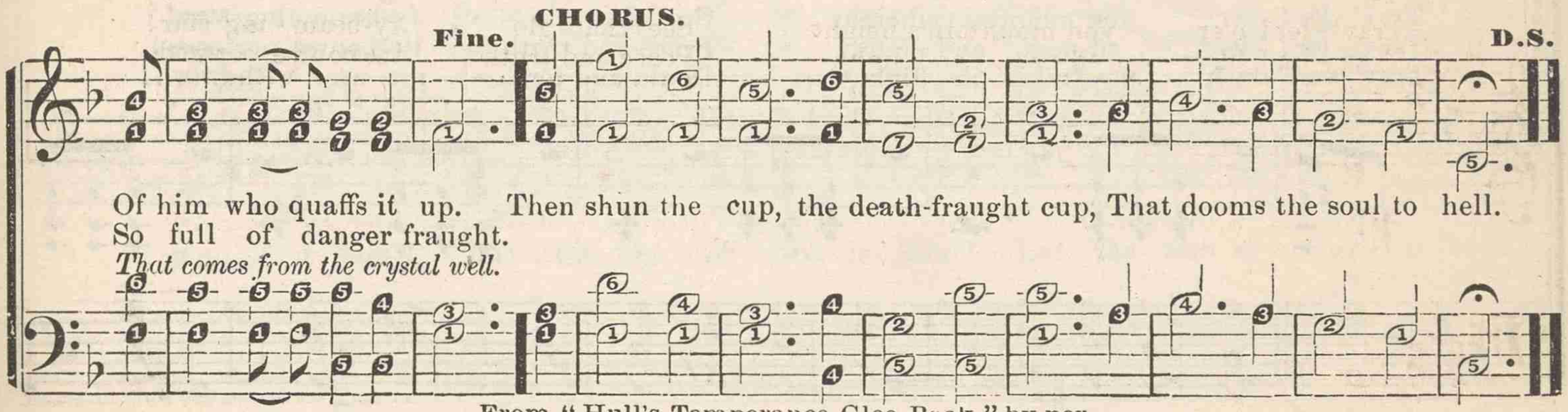
Give me a draught from the crys - tal spring When the cool - ing breezes blow,
Give me a draught from the crys - tal spring When the ripen - ing fruits ap - pear,

GIVE ME A DRAUGHT. Concluded.

SHUN THE CUP. (Temperance.)

ASA HULL.



CHORUS.



From "Hull's Temperance Glee Book," by per.

WATCHMAN! TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

FRANZ ABT.

Soprano.

1. Watchman! tell us of the night; What its signs . . of prom - ise are—
2. Watchman! tell us of the night; High - er yet . . . that star ascends—
3. Watchman! tell us of the night; For the morn - - ing seems to dawn—

Tenor.

Trav'-ler! o'er yon mountain's height See that glo - ry-beam - ing star!
Trav'-ler! bless - ed-ness and light, Peace and truth its course portends!
Trav'-ler! dark - ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter - ror are withdrawn!

CHORUS.

Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of joy or hope fore-tell? Trav'-ler! yes; it
Watchman! will its beams a-lone Gild the spot that gave them birth? Trav'-ler! a-ges

Watchman! let thy wand'rings cease, Hie thee to thy qui-et home— Trav'-ler! lo! the

brings the day— Prom-ised day of Is-ra-el, Prom-ised day of Is-ra-el.
are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth, See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

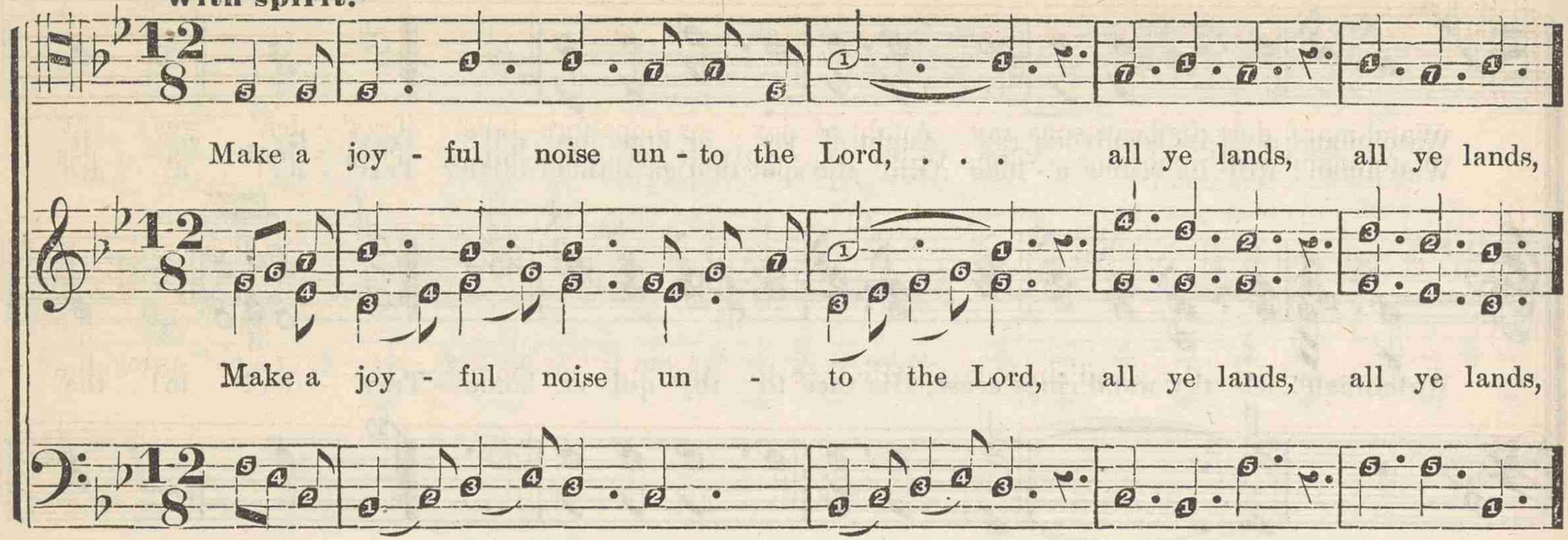
Rit.

Prince of Peace! Lo! the Son of God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come!

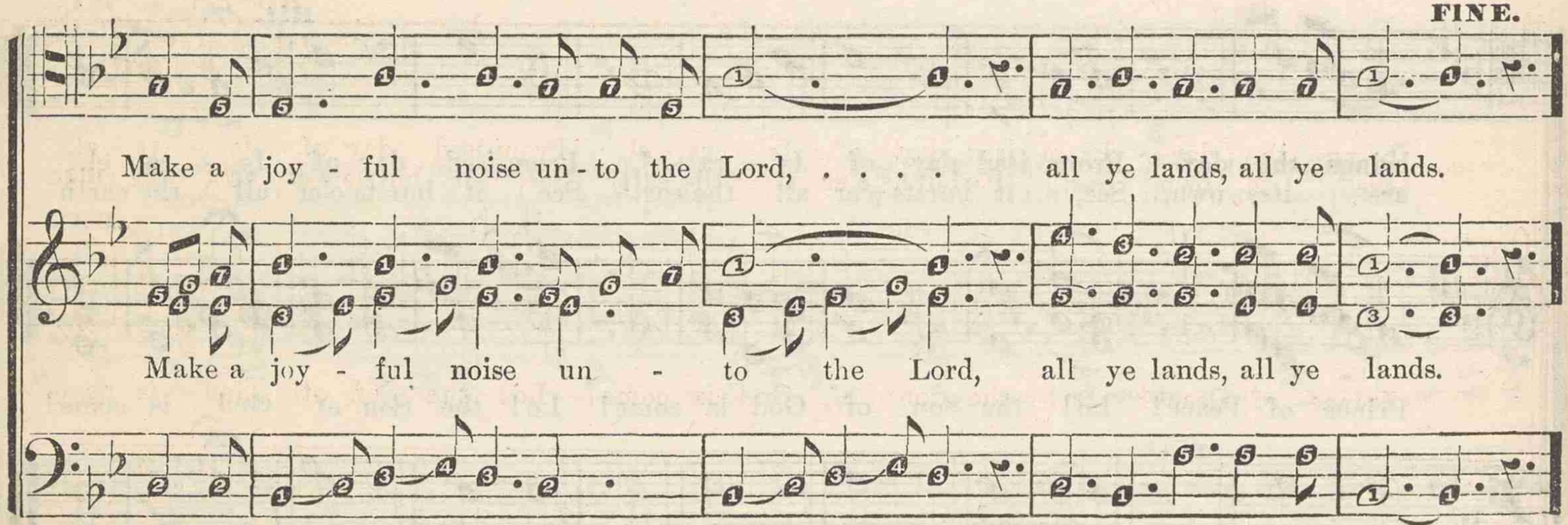
MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE.

J. H. FILLMORE.

With spirit.

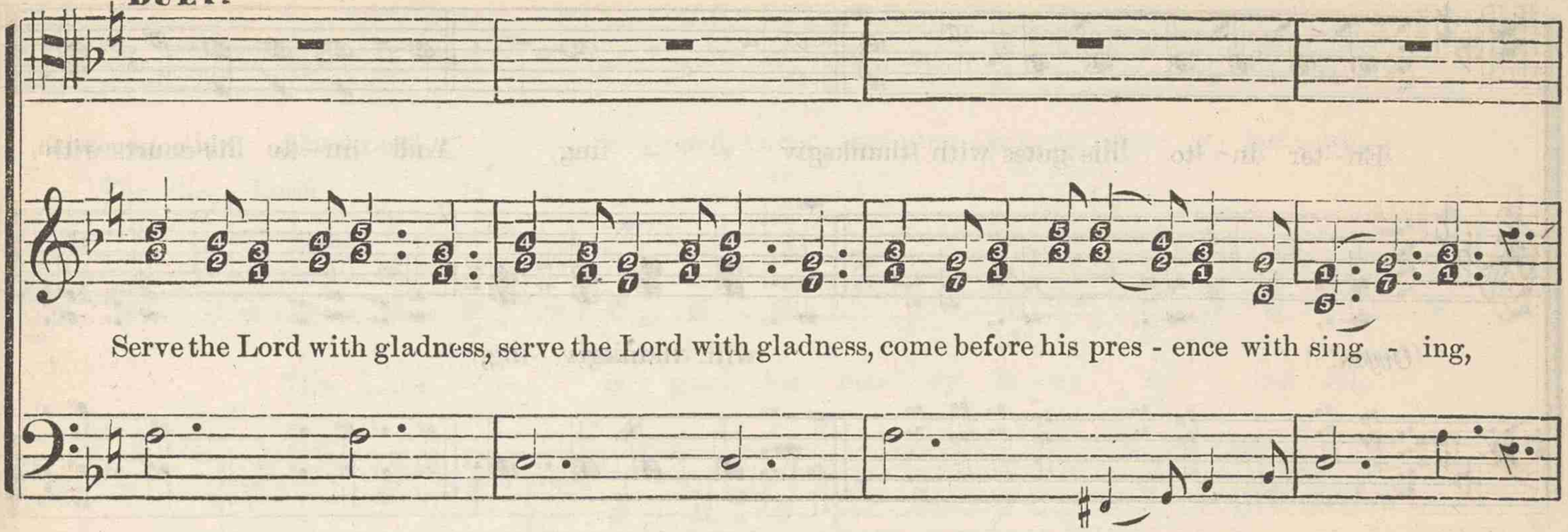
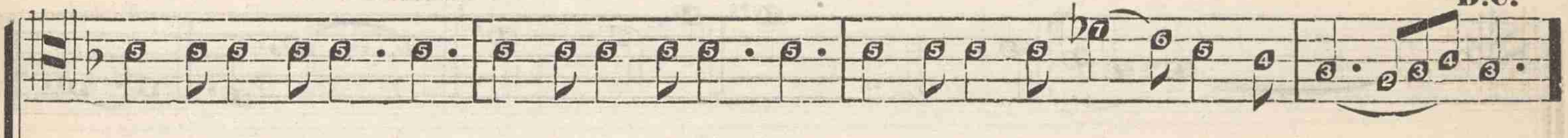


FINE.



From "Festival Glee Book," by per.

Omit after first D. C.

DUET.

D.C.

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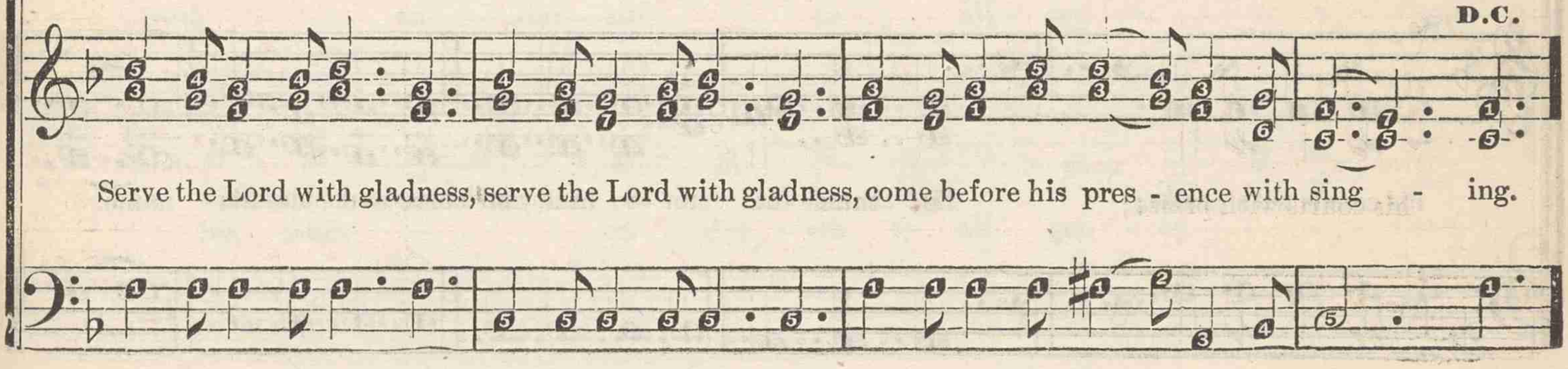
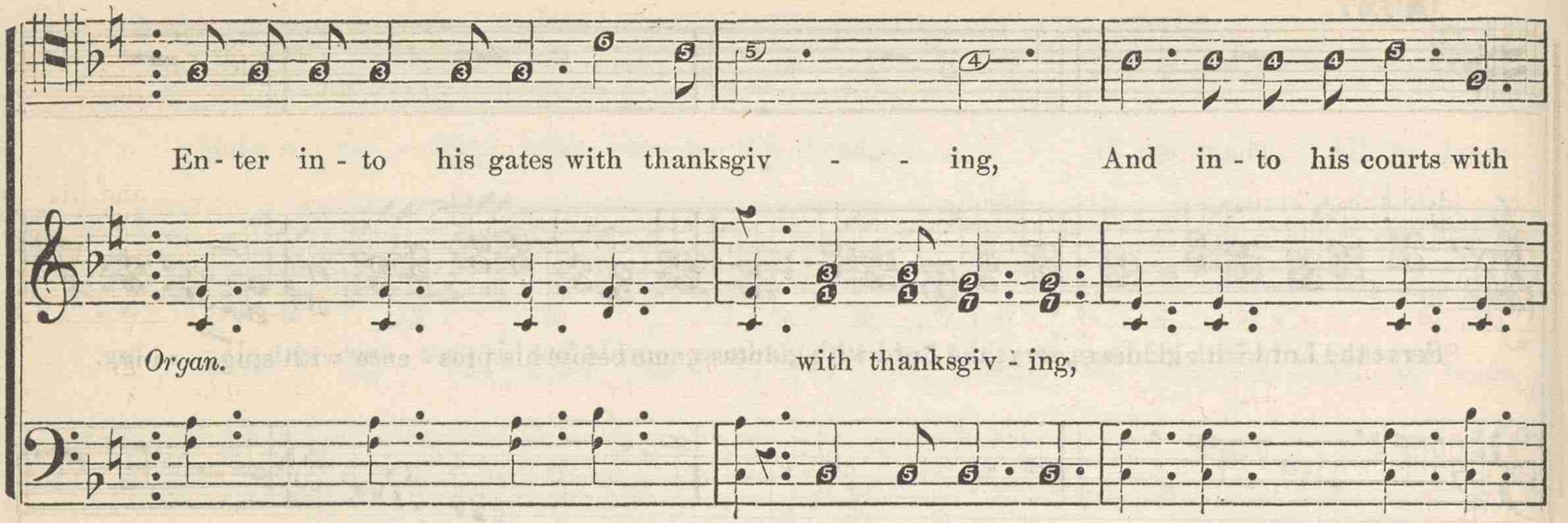
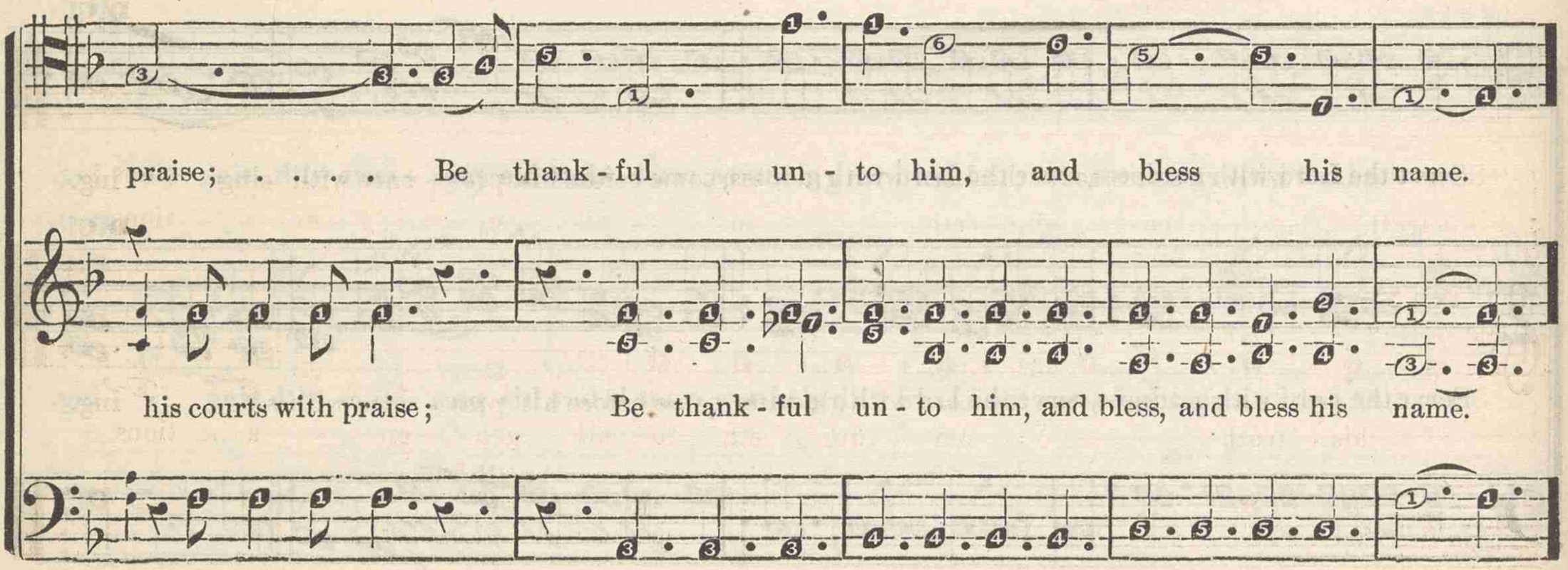

MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE. Continued.

The Lord is good, his mer - cy is ev - er - last - ing,

For the Lord is good, . . . and his

The Lord is good, his mer - cy is ev - er - last - ing,

his truth en - dur - eth to all gen - er - a - tions.

truth . . . en - dur - eth to all gen - - er - a - tions.

D.C.

his truth en - dur - eth to all gen - er - a - tions.

D.C.

Words from German.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE.

DR. J. B. HERBERT.

1. A - mid life's wild com - mo - tion, Where naught the heart can cheer, Who points beyond its
2. When doubts and fears distress us, And all around is gloom, And shame and fear op-

o - cean To heaven's brighter sphere? Our fee - ble foot - steps guid - ing, When from the path we
press us, Who can our souls il - lume? Heaven's rays are 'round us gleaming, And making all things

stray? Who leads to bliss a - biding? Christ is our on-ly *Way.*
bright; The *Sun of Truth* is beaming In glo - ry on our sight.

3 Who fills our hearts with gladness,
That none can take away?
Who shows us, 'midst our sadness,
The distant realms of day?
Mid fears of death assailing,
Who stills the heart's wild strife?
'Tis Christ, our Friend unfailing,
The *Way*, the *Truth*, the *Life.*

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land,
2. O - pen thou the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow;

I am weak, but thou art might - y, Hold me with thy pow'r - ful hand; Bread of heav-en,
Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my journey through; Strong De - liv - 'rer,

Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De - liv'- rer, Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid the swelling stream divide;
Death of death, and hell's de-
struction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

W. T. PORTER.

Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Shall be our song to - day.

1. An - oth - er year's rich mercies prove His ceaseless care and bound-less love; So let our loud - est voic - es raise Our an - ni - vers - 'ry song of praise.
2. The song that woke the glorious morn When David's greater Son was born, Sung by an heaven-ly host, and we Would join th'angel - ic com - pa - ny.
3. And while we with the angels sing, Gifts, with the wise men, let us bring Un - to the Babe of Beth-le-hem, And of - fer our young hearts to him.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Glo -ry, glo - ry,

glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high; Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,

Rit.

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

Rall.

COME LET US REJOICE.

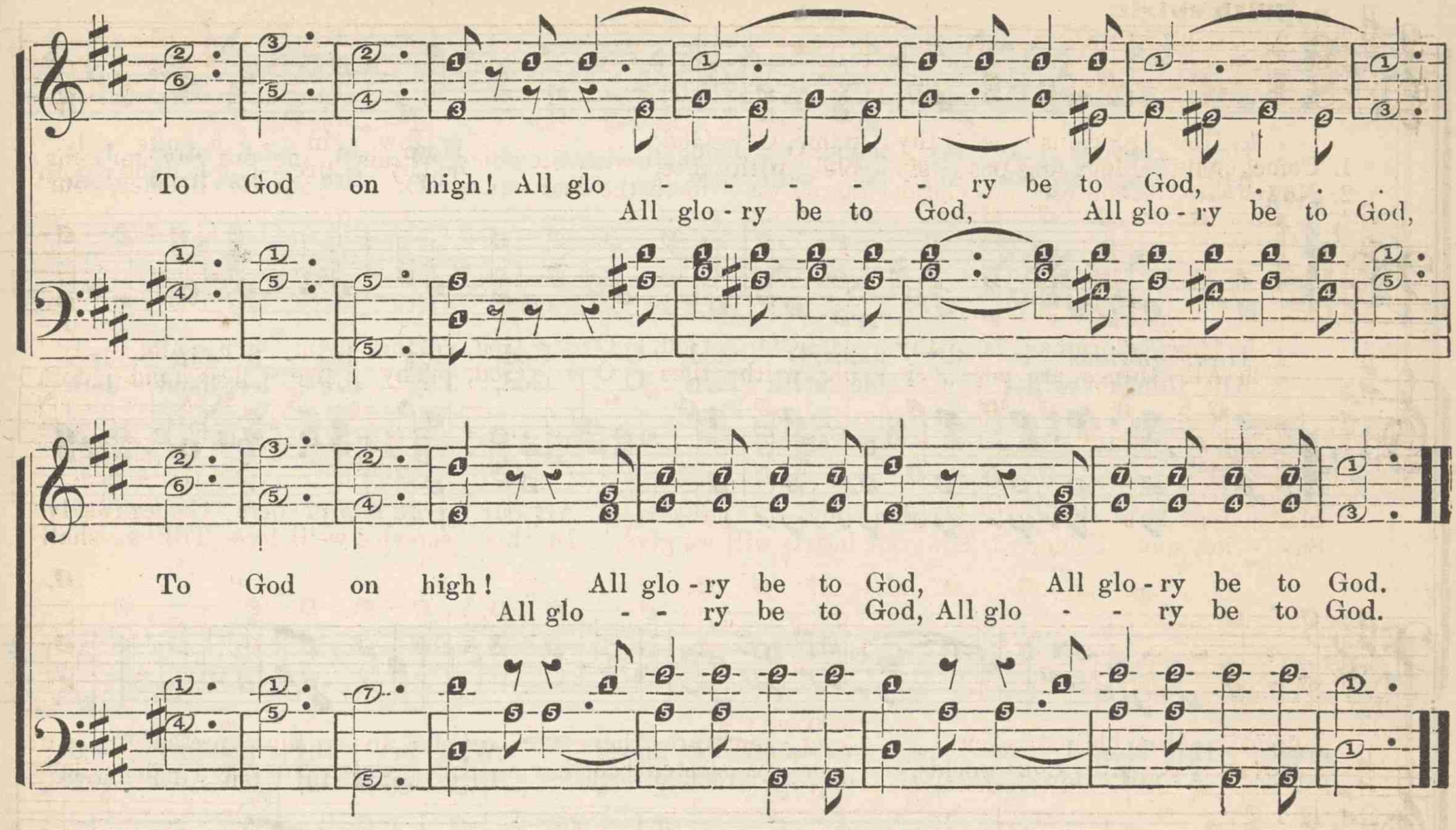
BENEDICT.

With spirit.

1. Come, come let us re - joice, Join - ing heart with the voice, Prais - ing our Sav - ior for
2. Now with loud-est ac - claim Sound we forth the dear name Of our Re - deemer, our

bless - ings he's giv'n; All the joy we pos-sess, All our true hap-pi - ness Comes free-ly
Sav - ior, and Friend; Him our hearts will we give, In his ser-vice we'll live, Till we shall

CHORUS.

down from "Our Father in heaven." All glo - - - - - ry be to God, . . .
praise him in worlds with-out end. All glo - ry be to God, All glo-ry be to God,

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

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

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

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

ESTELLA DAVISON.

HOW GLORIOUS IS THY NAME.

J. H. F.

Soprano.

1. How glorious is thy name, O God, How in - fi - nite - ly
2. All things are pos - si - ble with thee, Thy tire - less hand doth

Alto.

1. How glorious is thy name, O God, O God, How in - fi - nite - ly
2. All things are pos - si - ble w ith thee O God, Thy tire - less hand doth

great; How blessed ev - er - more are they, Who in thy presence wait;
move; A mil - lion worlds, or is stretch'd forth In watch - ful ten - der love;

great; How blessed ev - er - more are they, Who in thy presence wait;
move; A mil-lion worlds, or is stretch'd forth In watch-ful ten - der love;

From Cook's "S. S. Quarterly," by per.

Who call up - on thy name and know That thou wilt hear, that
To raise the fall - en man who calls Up - on thy name, up-

Who call up - on thy name and know That thou wilt hear, that
To raise the fall - en man who calls Up - on thy name, up-

thou wilt hear, Wher - ev - er they may be, That thou art near.
on thy name; All things may change, but thou Art still the same.

thou wilt hear, Wher - ev - er they may be, That thou art near.
on thy name; All things may change but thou Art still the same.

SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS.

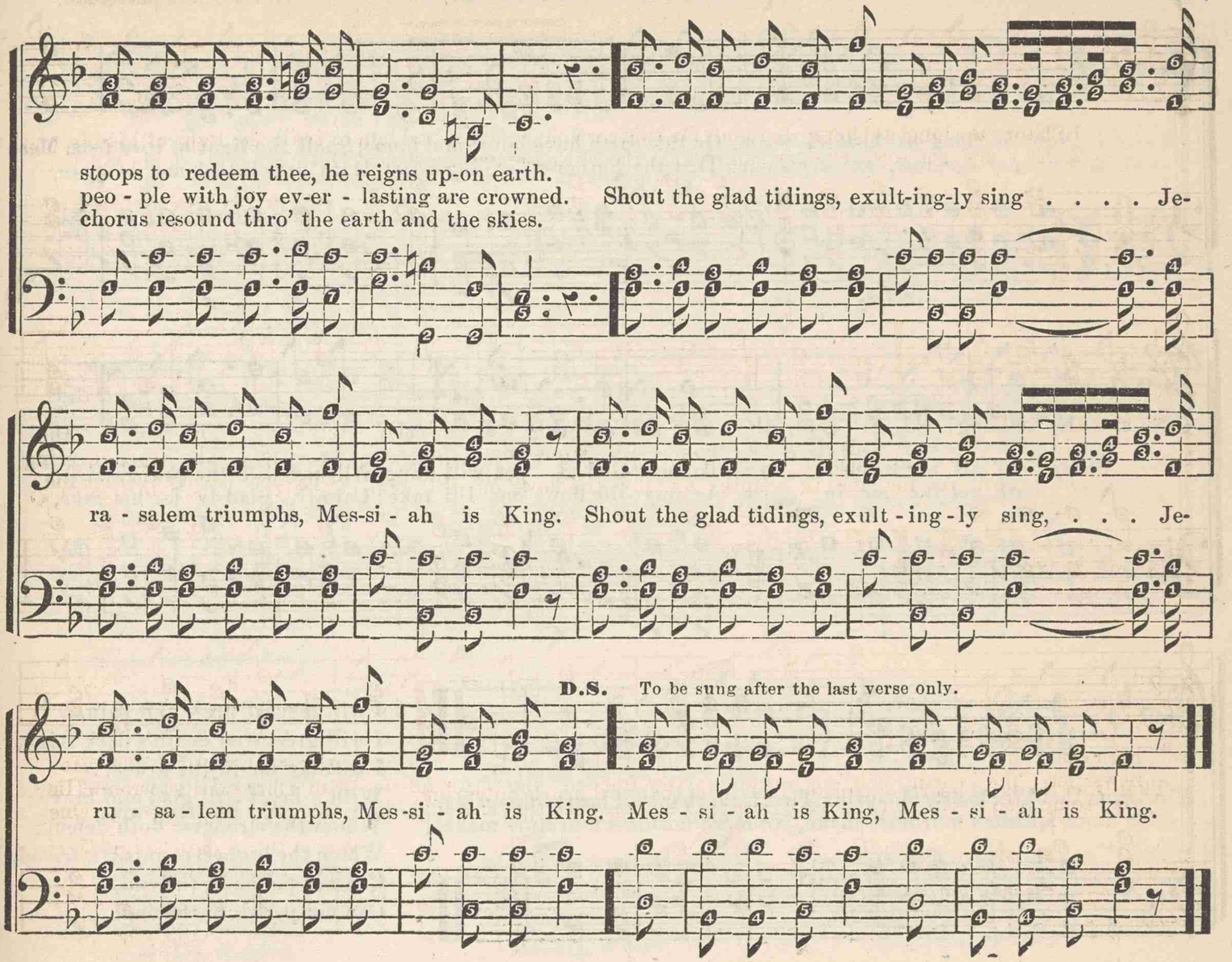
AVISON.

Shout the glad tid-ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing, ... Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes-

si - ah is King!

1. Zi - on, the mar - vel - ous sto - ry be tell - ing, The Son of the
2. Tell how he com - eth from na - tion to na - tion, The heart-cheering
3. Mor - tals, your hom - age be grate - ful - ly bring-ing, And sweet let the

high - est, how low - ly his birth, The brightest arch-an - gel in glo - ry ex - cel-ling, He
news let the earth ech - o round; How free to the faith-ful he of - fers sal - va - tion—His
glad-some ho - san - na a - rise; Ye an - gels, the full hal - le - lu - jah be sing-ing; One


stoops to redeem thee, he reigns up-on earth.
peo - ple with joy ev-er - lasting are crowned.
chorus resound thro' the earth and the skies.
Shout the glad tidings, exult-ing-ly sing . . . . Je-
ra - salem triumphs, Mes-si - ah is King.
Shout the glad tidings, exult - ing - ly sing, . . . Je-
D.S. To be sung after the last verse only.
ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes - si - ah is King.
Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King.

GERHARDT.

IN THE SHADOWS.

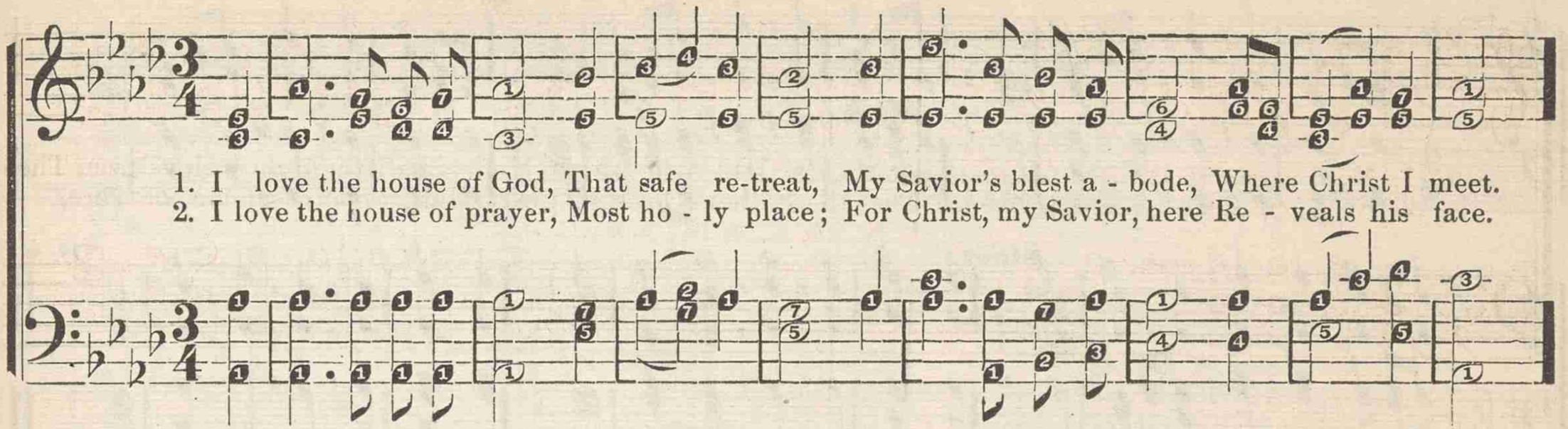
T. J. COOK.
Never before published.

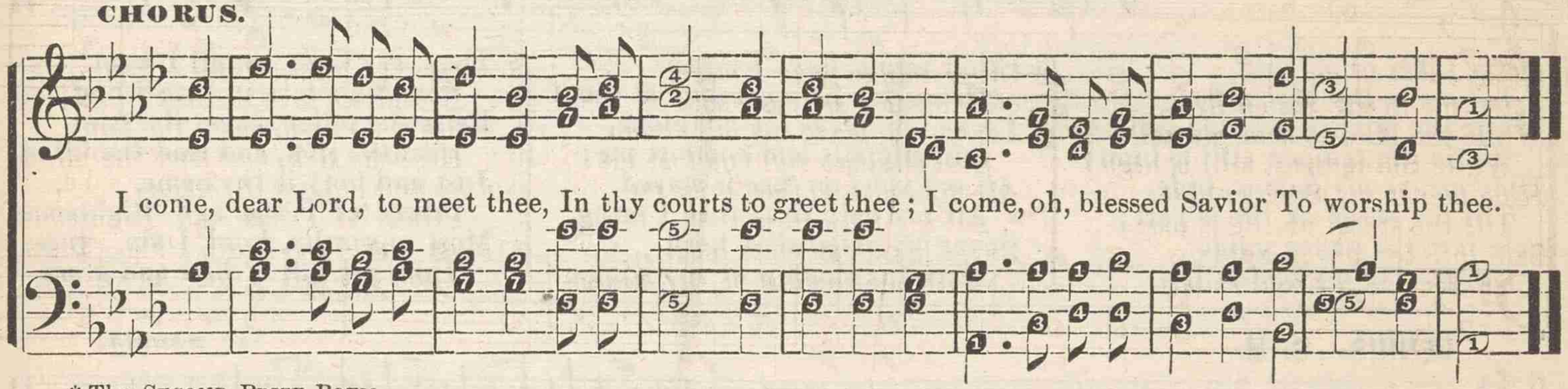
1. Now as long as here I roam, On this earth have house and home, Shall the light of love from Thee
2. Ev - ery sor-row, ev - ery smart That the Father's lov - ing heart Hath appoint-ed me of yore,

Shine thro' all my mem-o - ry; To my God I yet will cling, All my life the praises sing,
Or hath yet for me in store, As my life flows on I'll take; Calmly, glad-ly for his sake,

That from thankful hearts outspring, That from thankful hearts outspring.
No more faithless murmurs make, No more faithless murmurs make.

3 I will meet distress and pain,
I will greet e'en death's dark reign,
I will lay me in the grave,
With a heart still glad and brave;
Whom the strongest doth defend,
Whom the highest counts His friend,
Can not perish in the end,
Can not perish in the end.

THE HOUSE OF GOD.*

CHORUS.



* The SECOND PRIZE POEM.

3 My sins I here confess
Before thy throne,
And my unworthiness
With shame I own.

4 Unless thou smile on me,
I can not live;
Remember Calvary,
And then forgive.

5 Wash me, and make me clean;
Be thou my Guide;
Oh, keep me free from sin,
And near thy side.

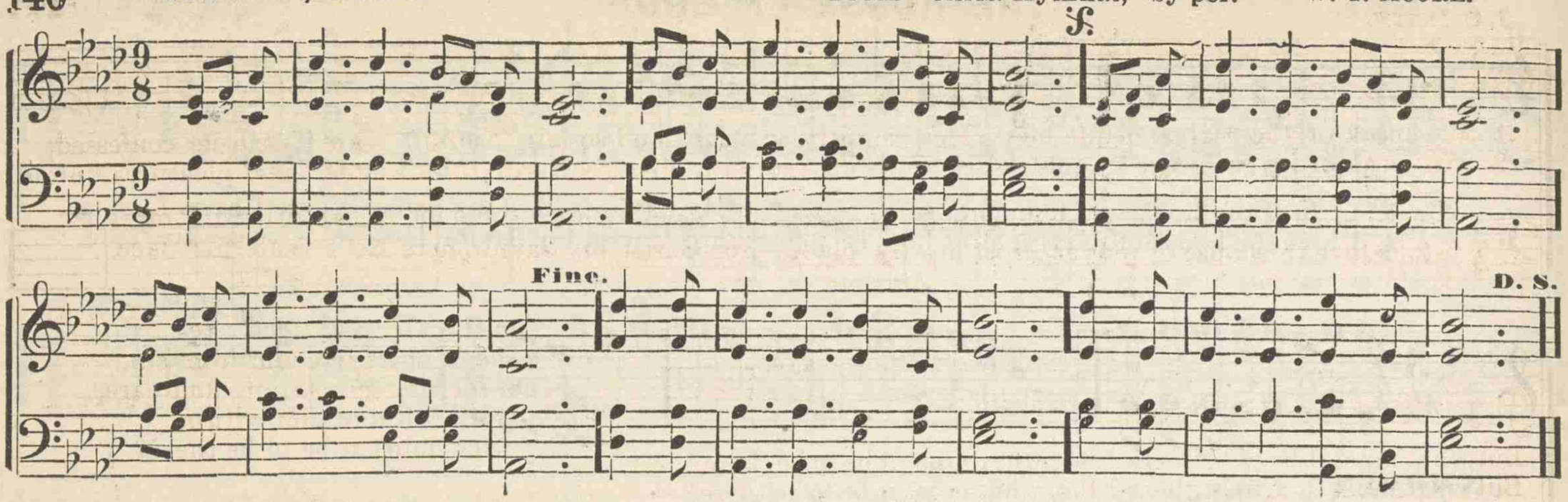
6 May I my strength renew
While waiting here;
The way to heaven pursue,
Meekly, in fear.

7 Now may the grace of God
Attend my way,
Thy Word and Spirit guide,
To endless day.

CHORUS.

And then, dear Lord, I'll meet thee,
In thy courts will greet thee;
And then, oh, blessed Savior,
I'll worship thee.

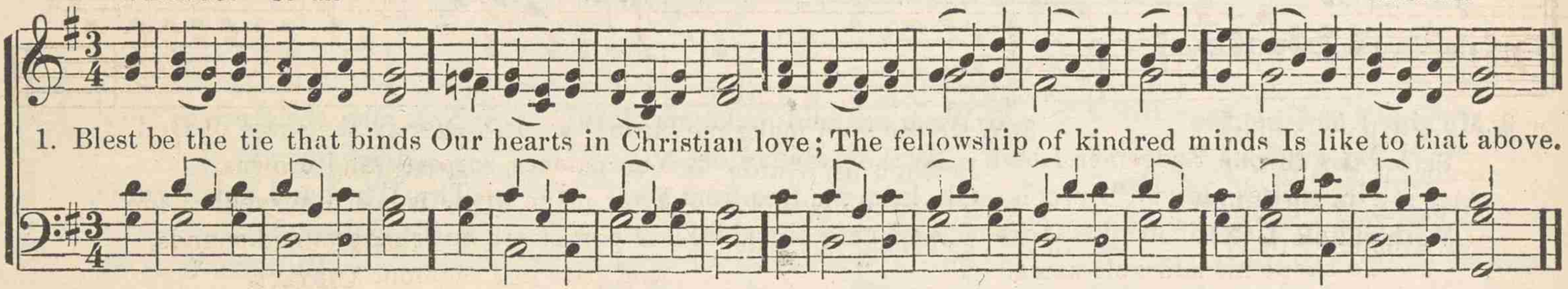
WILSON. 7s, Double.

From "Chris. Hymnal," by per. W. T. MOORE.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

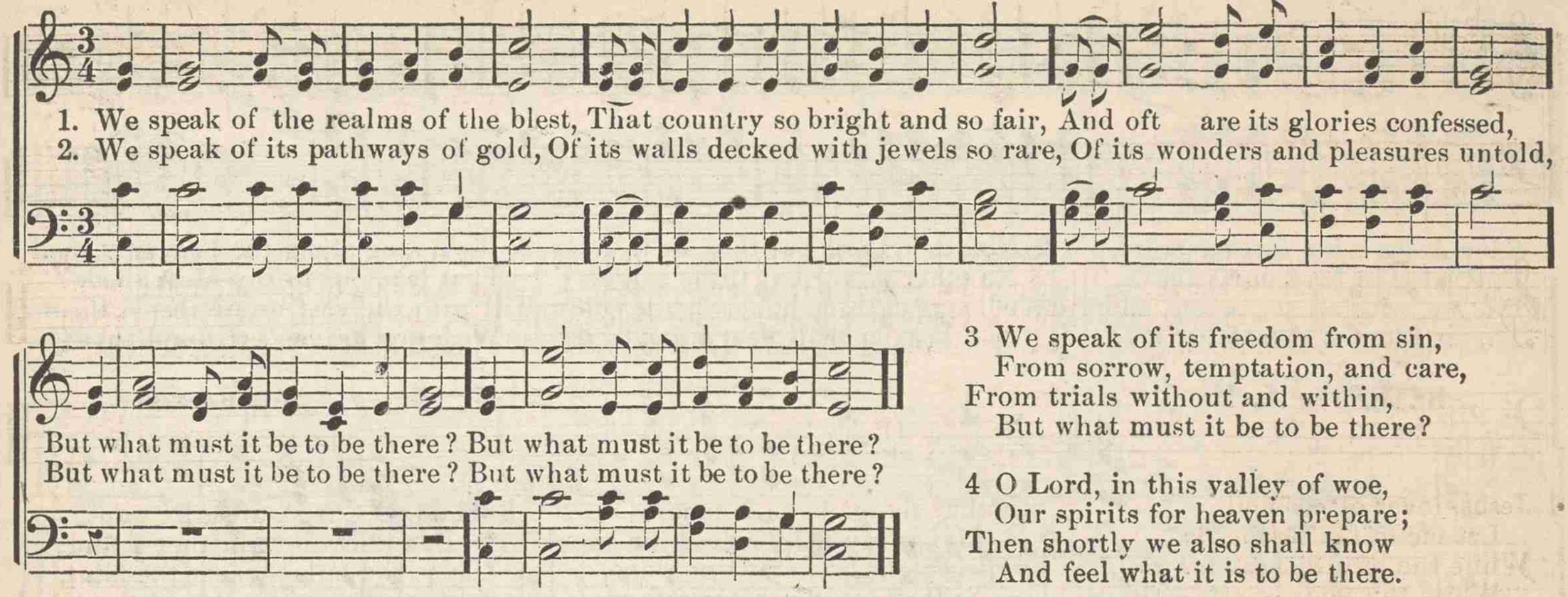
2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee!
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
Boundless love in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
Prince of Peace and Righteous-
Most unworthy, Lord, I am, [ness;
Thou art full of love and grace.

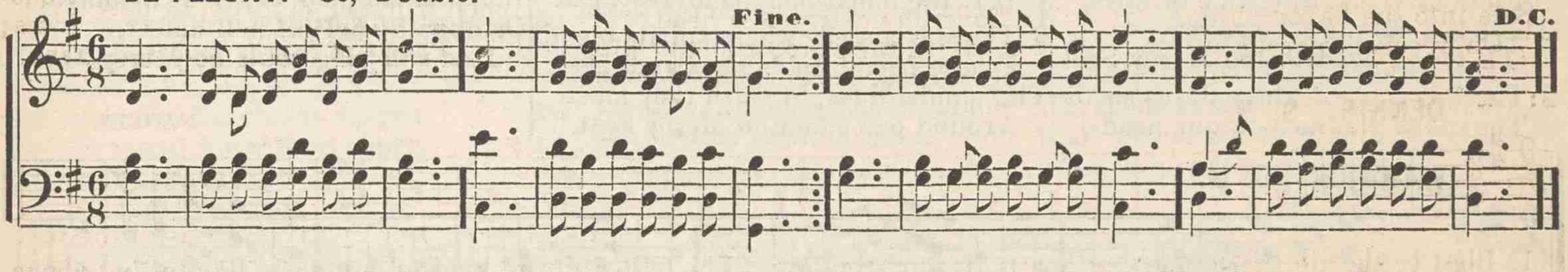
DENNIS. S. M.

NAGELI.

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

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

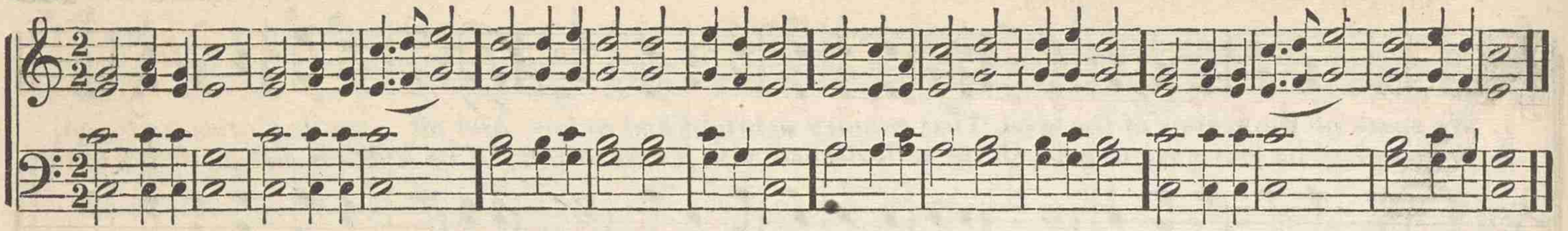
3 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there?

4 O Lord, in this valley of woe,
Our spirits for heaven prepare;
Then shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

DE FLEURY. 8s, Double.

1 My gracious Redeemer I love!
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable name.
To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

2 Yon palaces, scepters, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away.
The crown that my Savior bestows
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows—
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

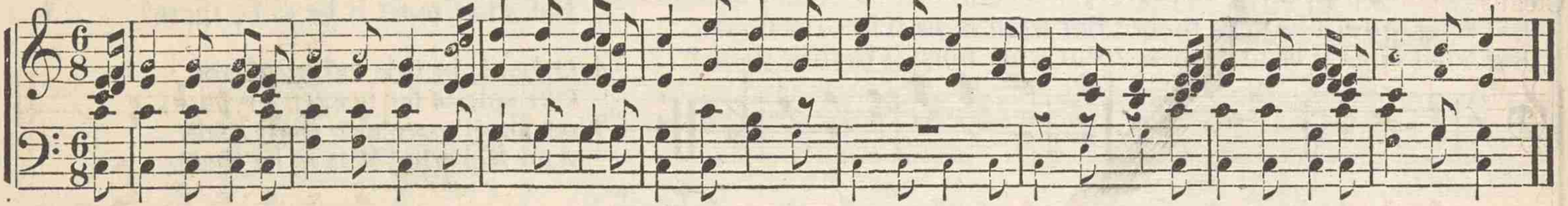
SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

1 King Jesus reign forever more,
Unrivaled in thy courts above,
While we, with all thy saints, adore
The wonders of redeeming love.

2 No other Lord but thee we'll know,
No other power but thine confess;
We'll spread thine honors while below,
And heaven shall hear us shout thy grace.

3 We'll sing along the heavenly road
That leads us to thy blest abode:
Till with the vast unnumbered throng
We join in heaven's triumphant song—

RETREAT. L. M.

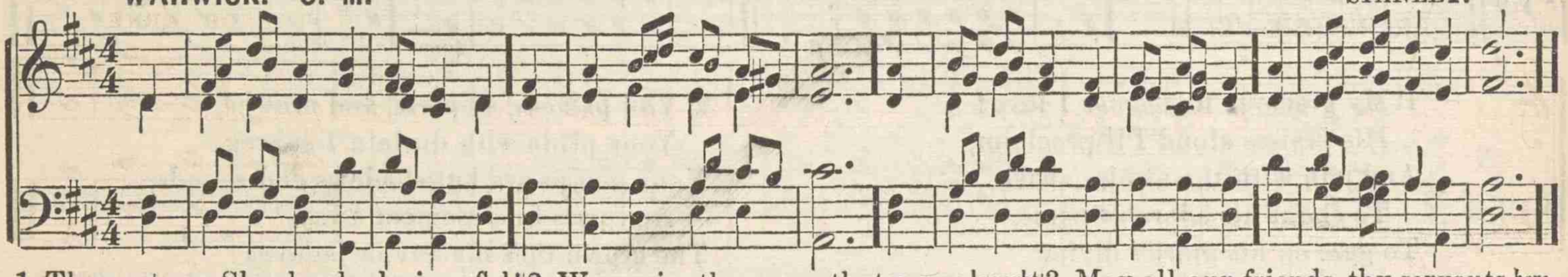
DR. HASTINGS.

1. From ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm a sure retreat--
'Tis found beneath the Mercy Seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought Mercy Seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Tho' sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy Seat.

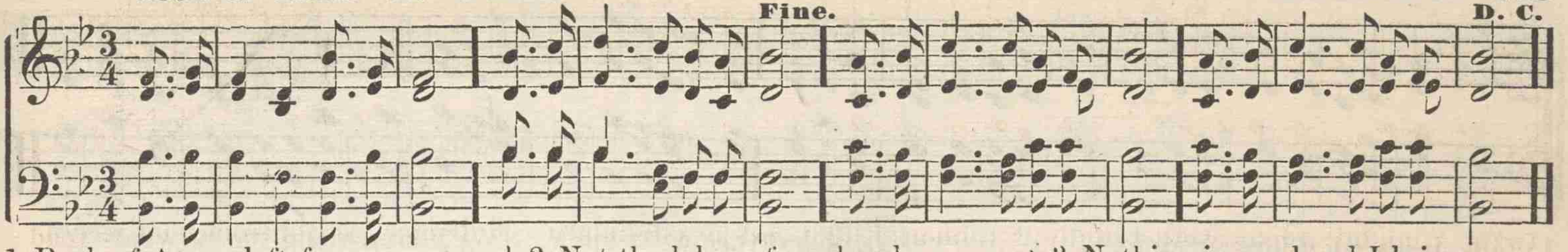
4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd;
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring souls no Mercy Seat?

WARWICK. C. M.

STANLEY.

1 Thou art our Shepherd, glorious God!
Thy little flock behold,
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
The children of thy fold.

2 We praise thy name that we were brought
To this delightful place
Where we are watched, and warned, and taught,
The children of thy grace.

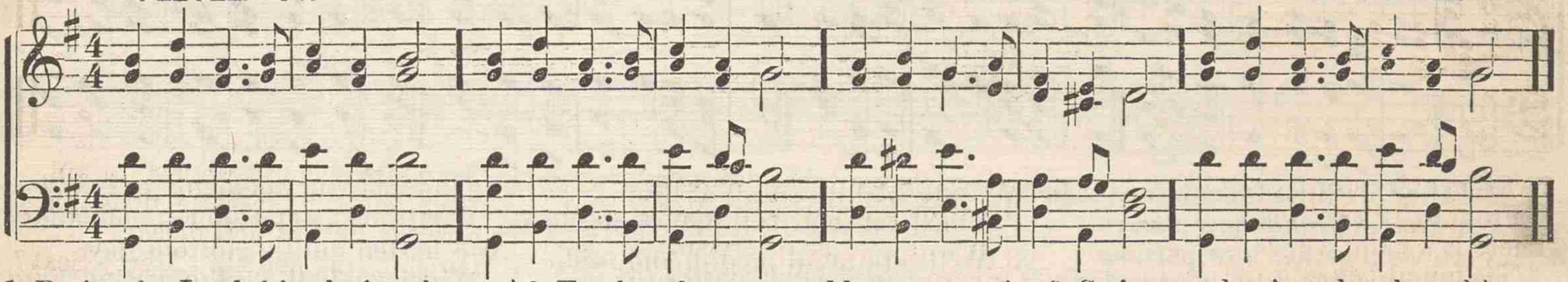
3 May all our friends, thy servants here,
Meet with us all above,
And we and they in heaven appear,
The children of thy love.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the laws demands;
Could my zeal no respite know
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

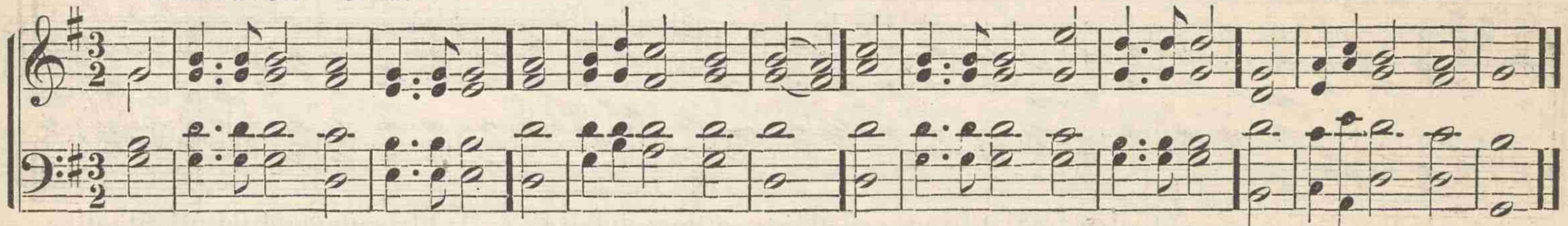
PLEYEL. 7s.

J. PLEYEL.

1 Praise the Lord, his glories show,
Saints within his courts below;
Angels round his throne above,
All that see and share his love.

2 Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell his wonders, sing his worth;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise him, praise him, evermore!

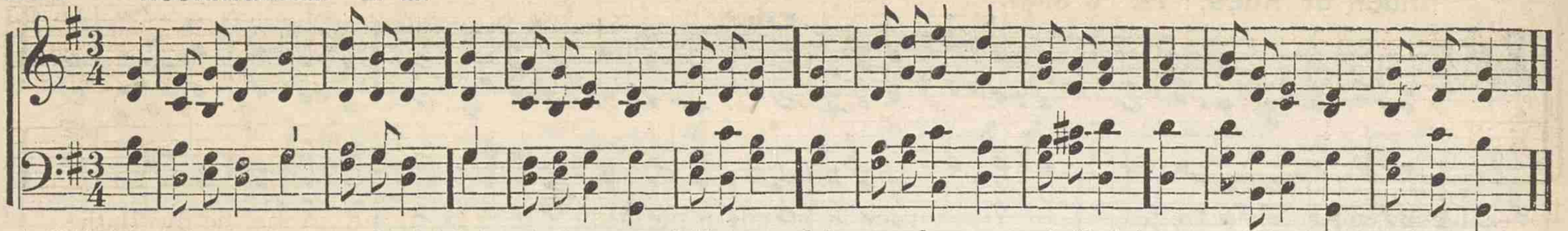
3 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore;
Praise him, praise him, evermore!

ARLINGTON. C. M.

DR. ARNE.

1 Hosanna to the Prince of light,
That clothed himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away!

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.

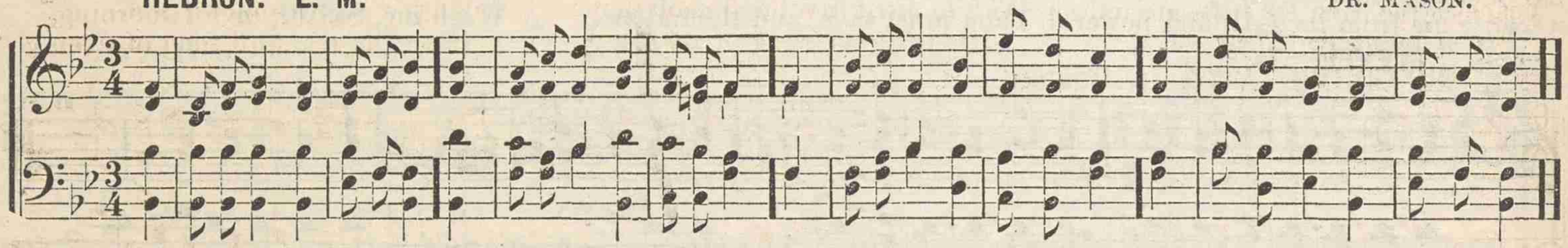
3 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

1 Th' Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Tho' clouds and darkness veil his feet;
His dwelling is the mercy seat.

2 Immortal light and joys unknown
Are for the saints in darkness sown:
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

3 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honors of the Lord:
None but the soul that feels his grace.
Can triumph in his holiness.

HEBRON. L. M.

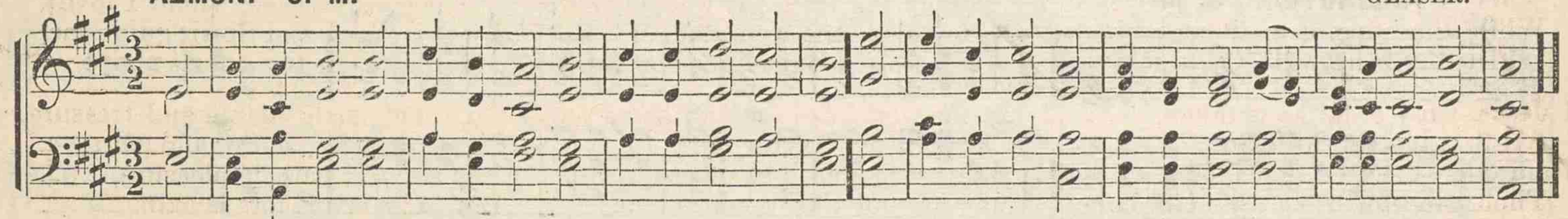
DR. MASON.

1 Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus;
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

3 We'll talk of all he did, and said,
And suffered for us here below;
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

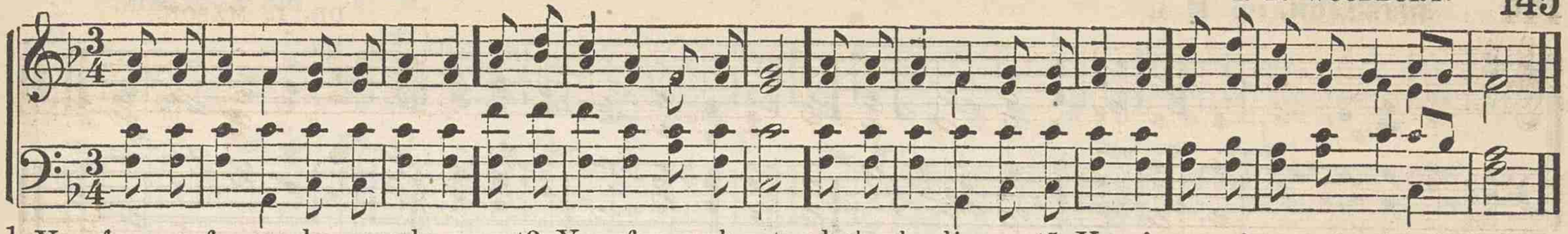
5 Thus—as the moments pass away—
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

AZMON. C. M.

GLASER.

1 Ashamed of Christ! our souls disdain
The mean, ungen'rous thought;
Shall we disown that friend whose blood
To man salvation brought?

2 With the glad news of love and peace,
From heaven to earth he came;
For us endured the painful cross,
For us despised the shame.

3 To his command let us submit
Ourselves without delay;
Our lives—yea, thousand lives of ours—
His love can ne'er repay.

QORRNANCE. 8s & 7s.

1 Yes, for me, for me he careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden, every fear.

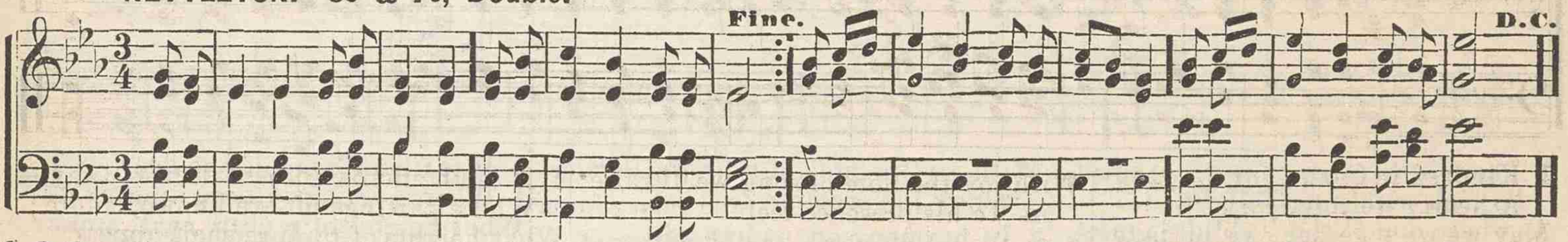
2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes, e'en me, e'en me he snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

3 Yes, for me he standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding;
Constant in untiring love.

4 Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me he spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

5 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth;
I in him, and he in me;
And my empty soul he filleth,
Here, and through eternity.

6 Thus I wait for his returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s, Double.

1 O thou Fount of every blessing!
Tune my heart to sing thy grace!
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me ever to adore thee,
May I still thy goodness prove,
While the hope of endless glory,
Fills my heart with joy and love.

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

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind me closer still to thee.
Never let me wander from thee,
Never leave thee, whom I love;
By thy Word and Spirit guide me,
Till I reach thy courts above.

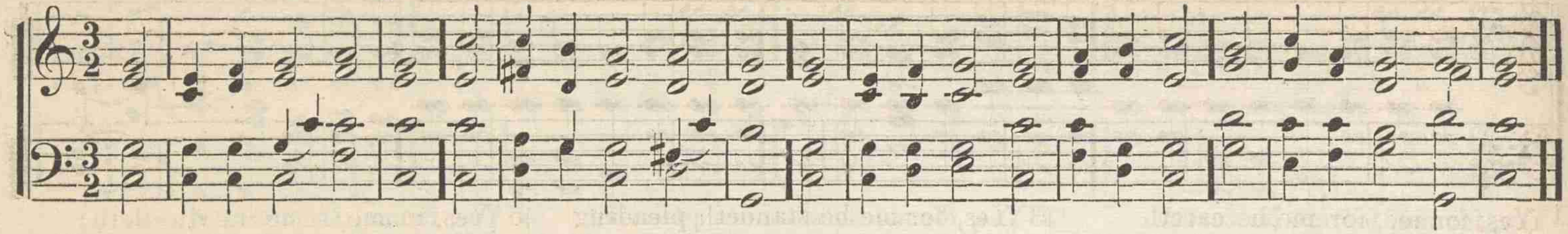
---

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
I am poor, dispised, forsaken—
Thou henceforth my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition—
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
It has left my Savior too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not like them untrue:
Whilst thy graces shall adorn me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me.
Show thy face and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;
In thy service, pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, Abba Father!
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All will work for good to me.

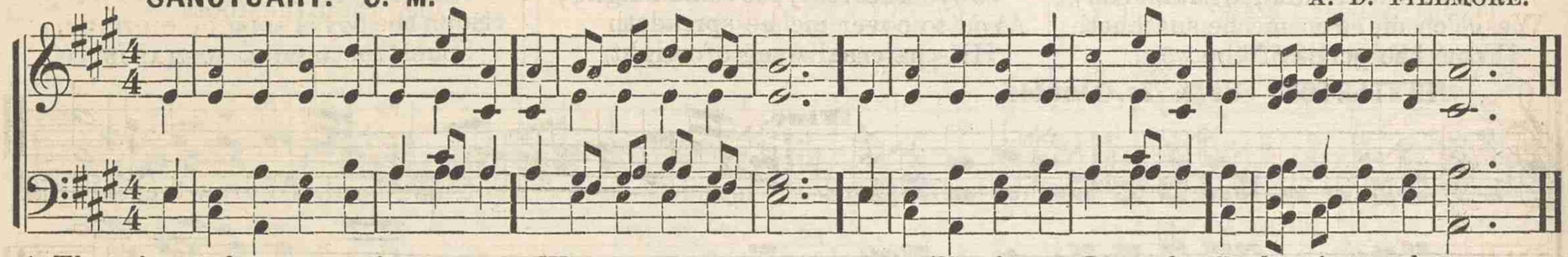
BOYLSTON. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1 Hungry, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we would starve indeed;
For we no money have to buy,
Nor righteousness to plead.

3 The food our spirits want,
Thy hand alone can give;
Oh, hear the prayer of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live!

SANCTUARY. C. M.

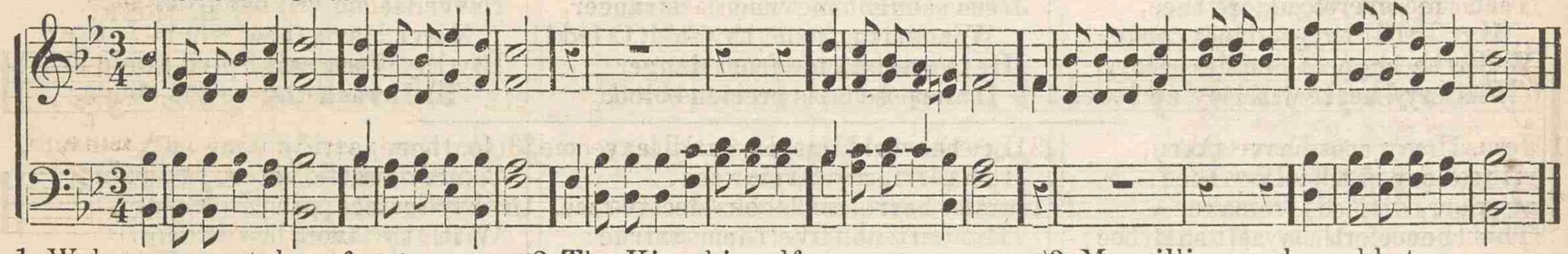
A. D. FILLMORE.

1 There is no place on earth so sweet,
So rich with pure delight,
As where our Father's children meet,
To worship him aright.

2 With saints on earth to sing his praise,
Inspires with holy zeal;
With joy the note of song we'll raise
As we his presence feel.

3 In harmony our voices join
To praise our Savior's name;
Bright angels, too, their powers combine
To celebrate his fame.

4 If earth affords a joy so dear,
Where partings oft are known,
What heights of rapture shall appear
For ever near God's throne?

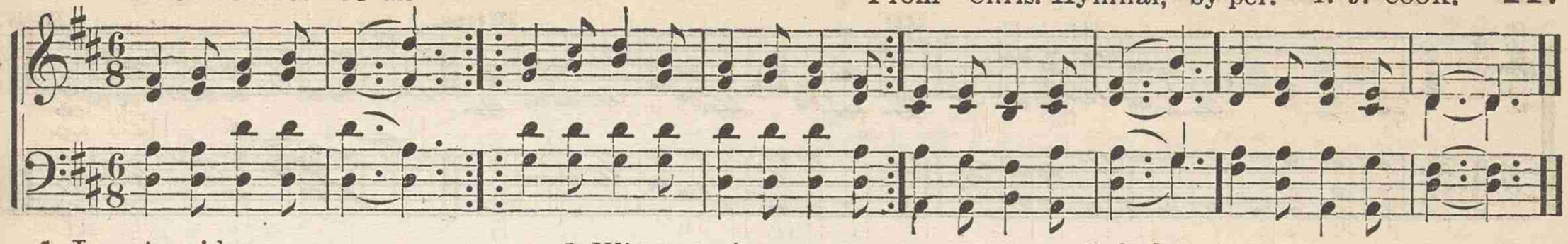
LISBON. S. M.

DANIEL READ.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
‖: Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes. :‖

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
‖: Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray. :‖

3 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
‖: And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss. :‖

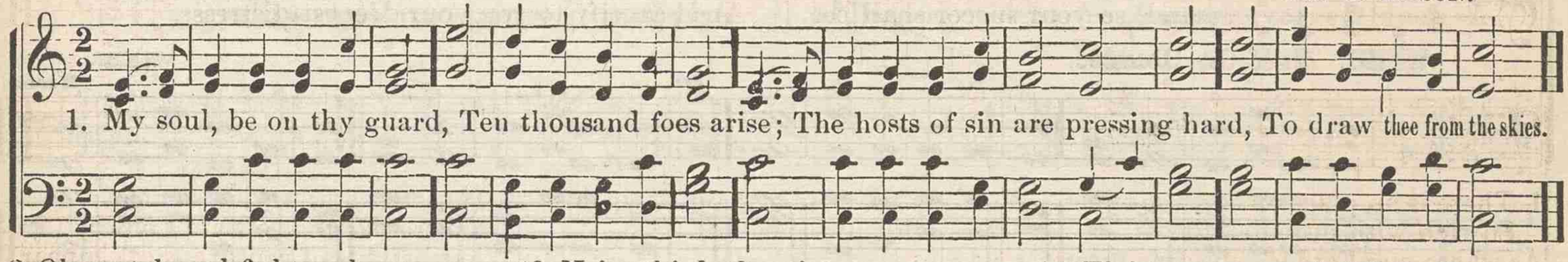
McCHESNEY. P. M.

From "Chris. Hymnal," by per. T. J. COOK.

1 Jesus! guide our way,
To eternal day!
So shall we, no more delaying,
Follow thee, thy voice obeying;
Lead us by the hand
To our Father's land.

2 When we danger meet,
Steadfast make our feet,
Lord, preserve us, uncomplaining,
'Mid the darkness round us reigning!
Through adversity
Lies our way to thee.

3 Order all our way
Through this mortal day;
In our toil with aid be near us;
In our need with succor cheer us;
When life's course is o'er,
Open thou the door!

LABAN. S. M.

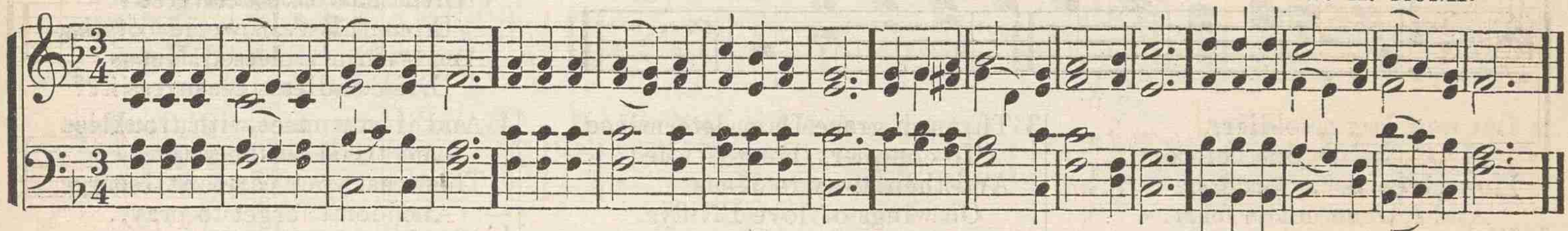
DR. L. MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard, To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch and fight and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

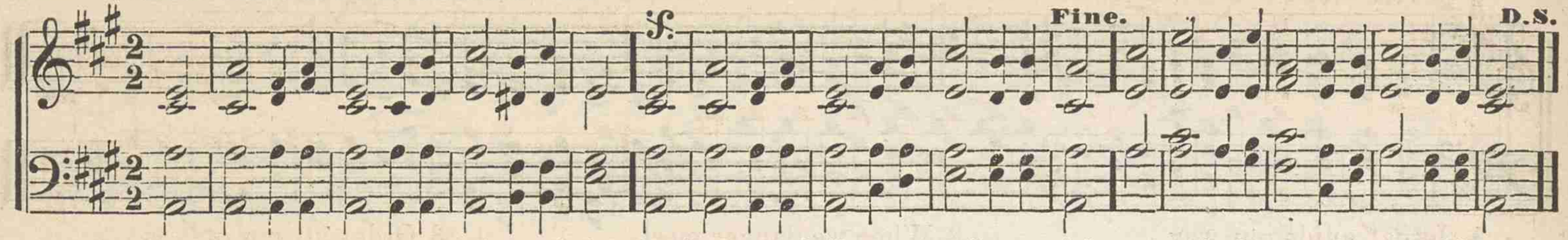
4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

BEADLES. L. M.

W. H. MONK.

1 Awake, my soul! lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

2 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all; guard every part;
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

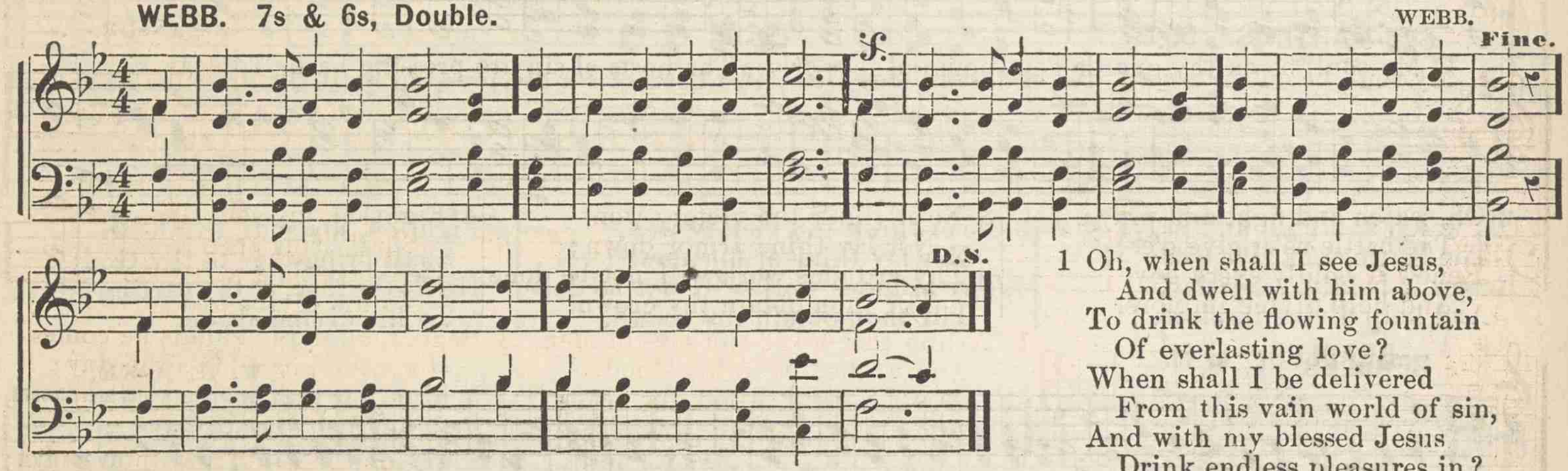
3 Come, then, my soul! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield.
Put on the armor from above,
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. IIs.

1 How firm a foundation, you saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he has said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition, in sickness and health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As your days may demand, so your succor shall be.

3 Fear not—I am with you; oh, be not dismayed!
I, I am your God, and will still give you aid;
I'll strengthen you, help you, and cause you to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I cause you to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not you o'erflow;
For I will be with you, your troubles to bless,
And sanctify to you your deepest distress.

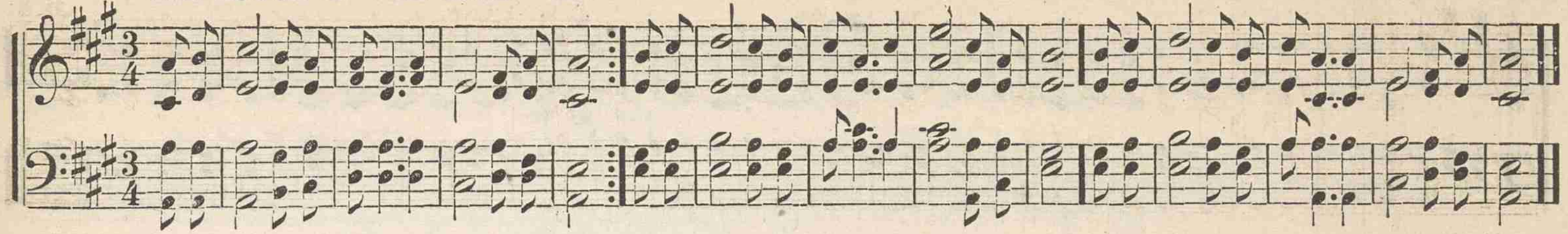
WEBB. 7s & 6s, Double.

1 Oh, when shall I see Jesus,
And dwell with him above,
To drink the flowing fountain
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear.
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow—
I bid them both adieu;
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when your warfare's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

THE HOUSE OF THE LORD. 12s.

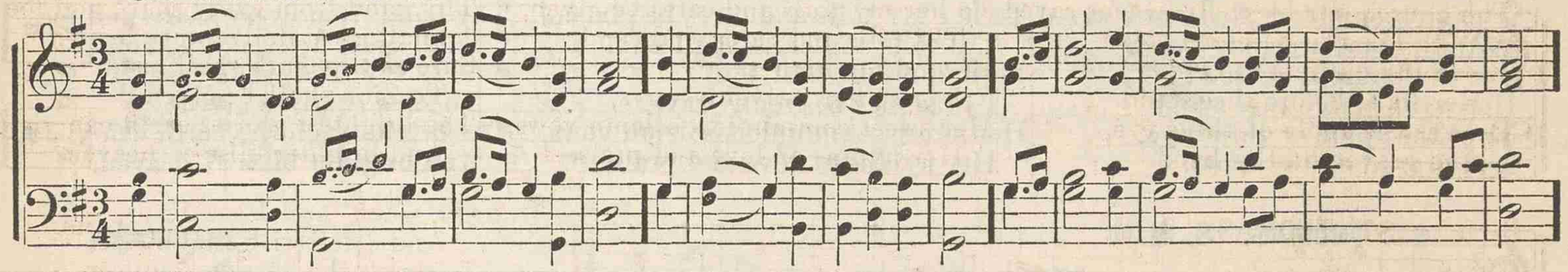
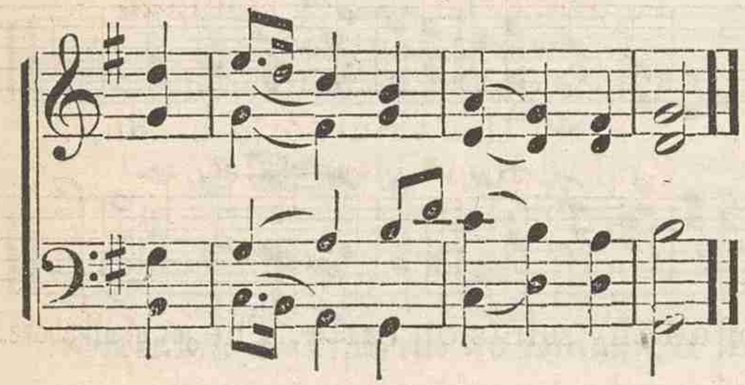
ARRANGED.

1 You may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale,
Of the silvery streamlets and flowers of the vale;
But the place most delightful this earth can afford,
Is the place of devotion, the house of the Lord.

2 You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn;
Of the sky's softening graces when day is just gone;
But there's no other season or time can compare
With the hour of devotion, the season of prayer.

3 You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road
Are the friends of my Master, the children of God.

4 You may talk of your prospects, of fame, or of wealth,
And the hopes that oft flatter the favorites of health,
But the hope of bright glory, of heavenly bliss—
Take away every other, and give me but this.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

TANSUR.



1 To him that loved the sons of men,
And washed us in his blood,
To royal honors raised our heads,
And made us priests to God;

2 To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love;
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

3 Behold, on flying clouds he comes!
His saints shall bless the day;
While they that pierced him sadly mourn,
In anguish and dismay.

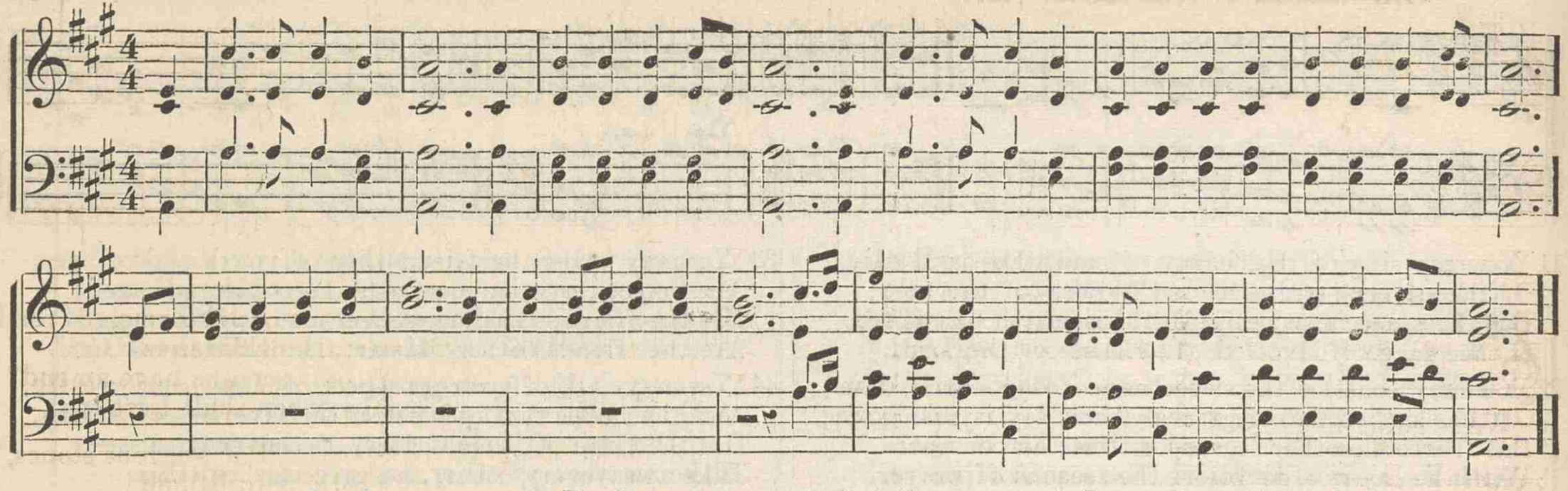
4 Thou art the First, and thou the Last;
Time centers all in thee;
Almighty Lord, who wast, and art,
And ever more shall be!

---

1 Oh, for a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

3 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

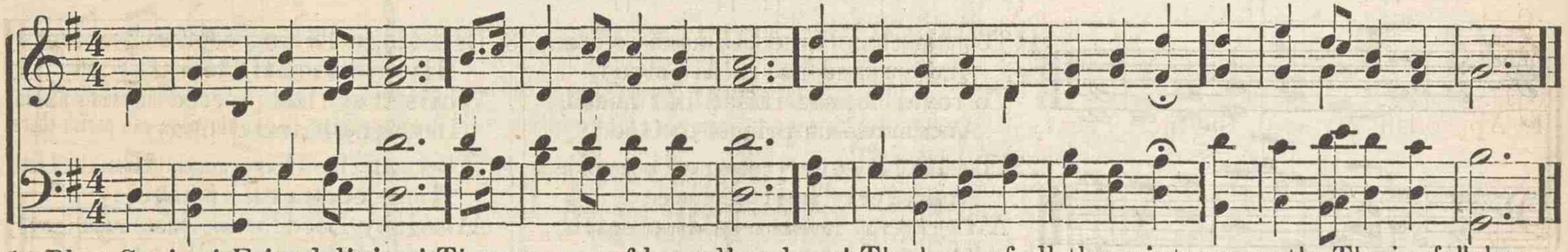
BEALOTH. S. M. Double.

1 I love thy kingdom Lord—
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

2 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my toils and cares be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

3 Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Savior and our King!
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

WILLIAMS.

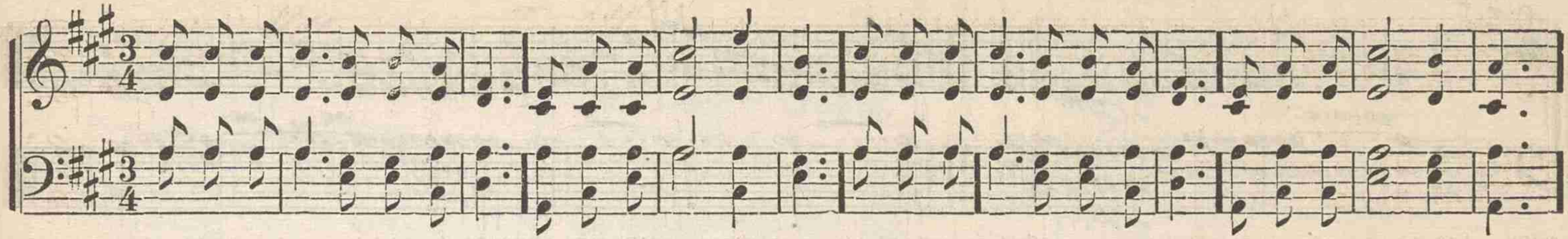
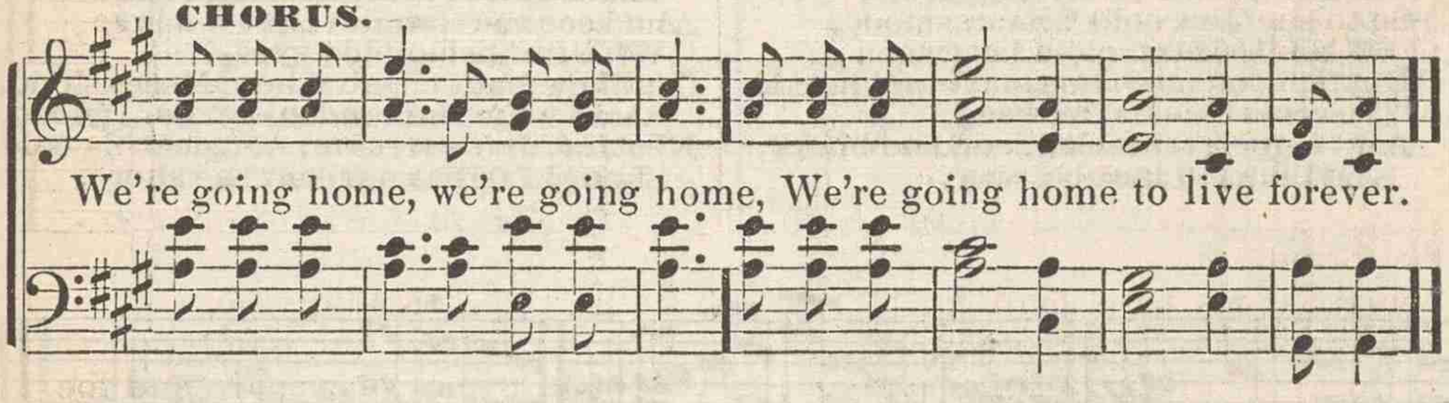


1. Blest Savior! Friend divine! Thou source of boundless love! The hope of all thy saints on earth, The joy of all above.

2 How can I tell thy worth!
How make thy glories known!
No language can thy goodness speak,
No tongue thy mercies own.

3 My words can not express
The sweetness of thy name!
Nor can my feeble lips declare
The wonders of thy fame.

4 Then take my trusting heart,
I can not give thee more:
Make rich my soul's deed poverty,
From thine unwasting store!

GOING HOME. C. M.

CHORUS.

We're going home, we're going home, We're going home to live forever.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Oh, how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys, when shall I see?

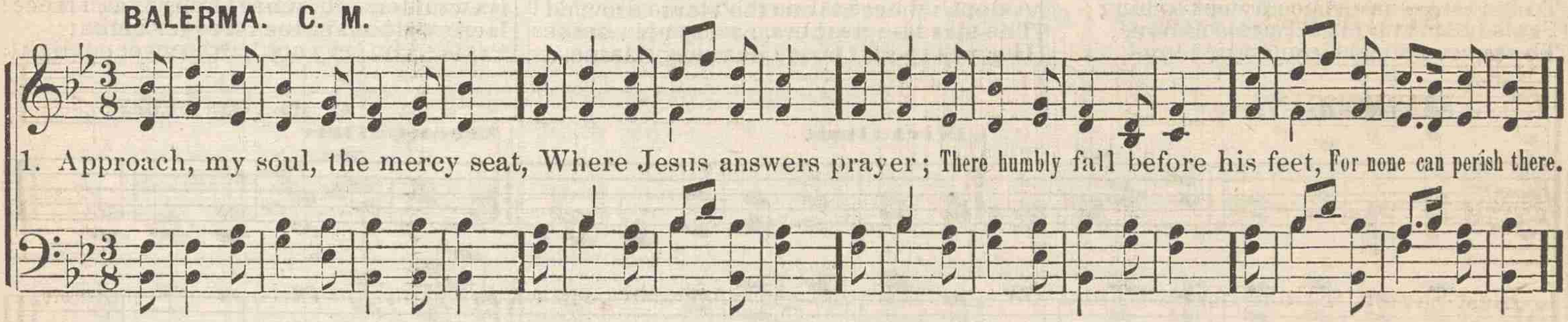
2 Thy walls are all of precious stones,
Most glorious to behold!
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens
My study long have been;
Such sparkling gems by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die and go from hence.

5 Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

BALERMA. C. M.

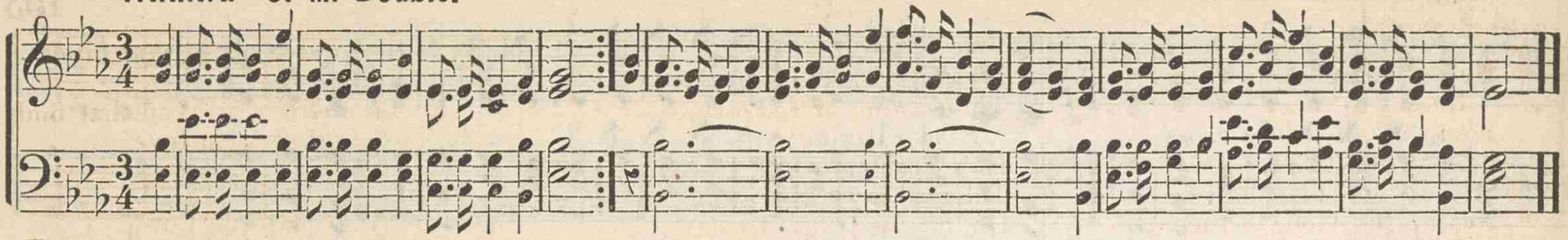


1. Approach, my soul, the mercy seat, Where Jesus answers prayer; There humbly fall before his feet, For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

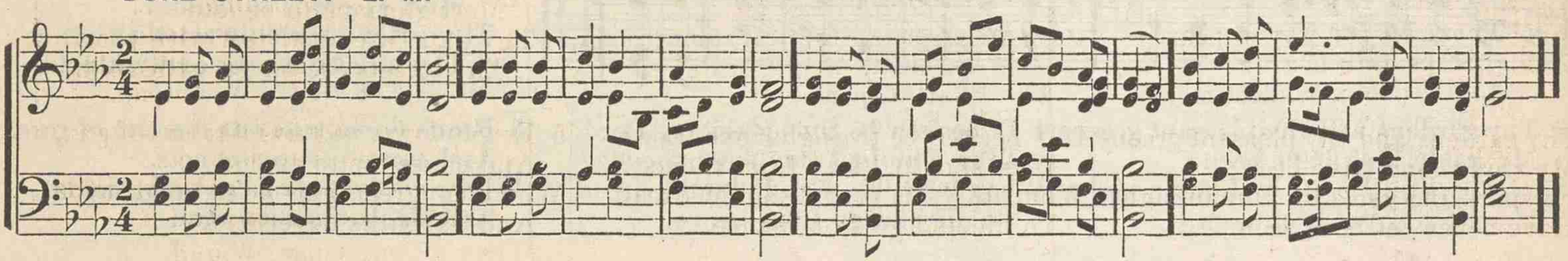
3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Oh, wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

VARINA. C. M. Double.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between;
But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, trembling, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

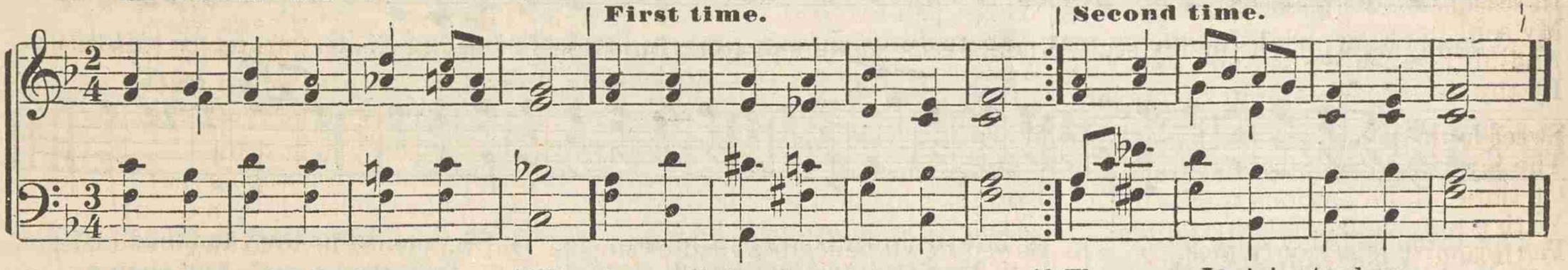
3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes—
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landsbape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

1 Awake, my tongue; thy tribute bring
To him who gave thee power to sing;
Praise him who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge; how profound!
A depth where all our tho'ts are drown'd!
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3 But in redemption, oh, what grace!
Its wonders, oh, what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines forever bright;
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

SEYMOUR. 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER.

1 Savior! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lessons to obey;
Sweeter lessons can not be:
Loving him who first loved me.

2 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

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

1

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

Tho' like the wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

2

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

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
The joy I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return.
With such I hasten to the place
Where God my Savior shows his face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day,
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

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

4

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

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

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

When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet and dear esteem
In every action glows.

Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he 's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

5

Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place!
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly king
May speak their joys abroad.

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

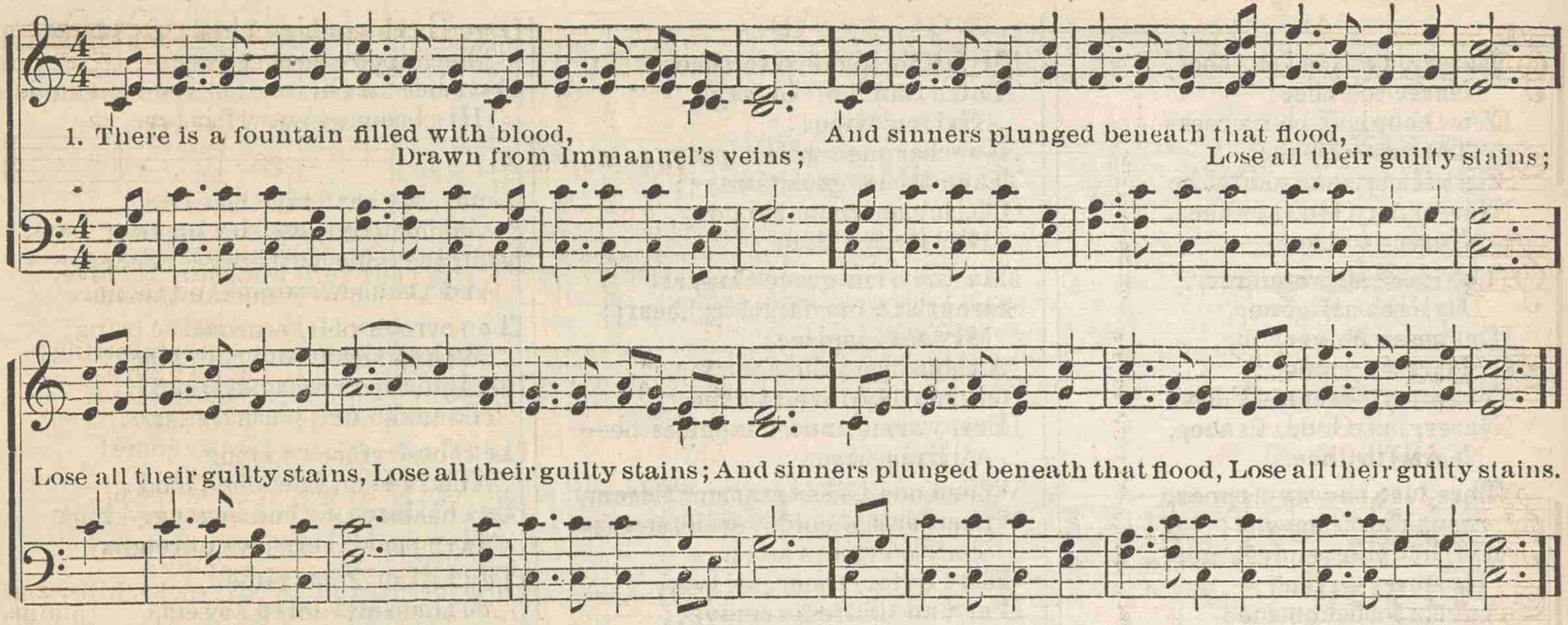
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We 're marching o'er this hallowed ground
To fairer worlds on high.

6

Did Christ o'er sinner's weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let tears of penitential grief
Flow forth from every eye.

The Son of God in tears—
The wondering angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

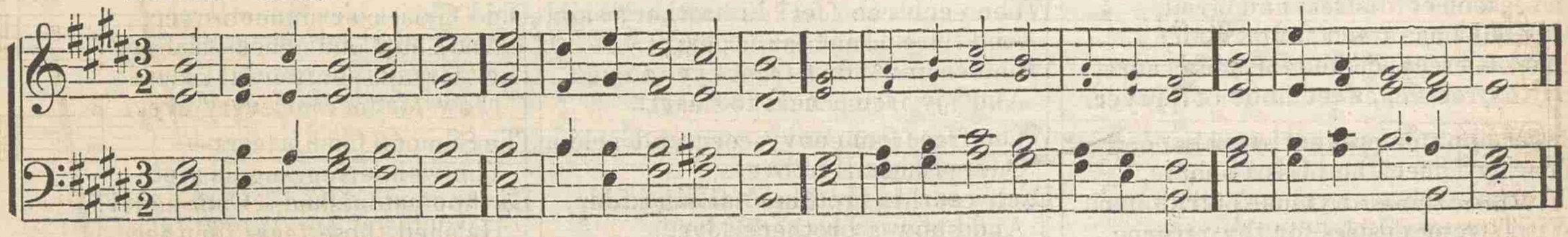
He wept--that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear;—
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there 's no weeping there.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

2 O Lamb of God, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
‖:Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.:‖

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

4 And when this lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
‖:Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.:‖

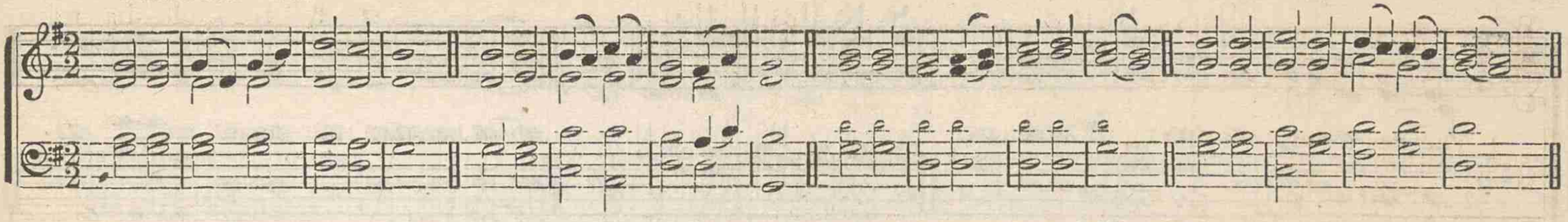
DOVER. S. M.

ENGLISH.

1 Great is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes the churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone,
Through all her palaces.

HENDON. 7s.

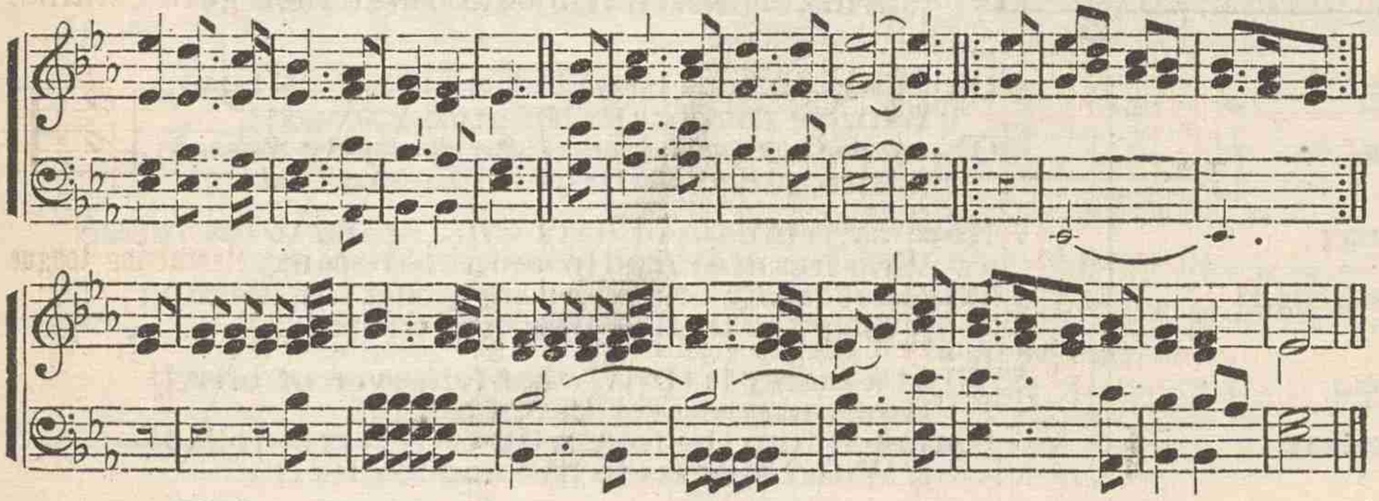
DR. MALAN.

1 Now begin the heavenly theme;
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Savior's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals join the hosts above—
Join to praise redeeming love.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

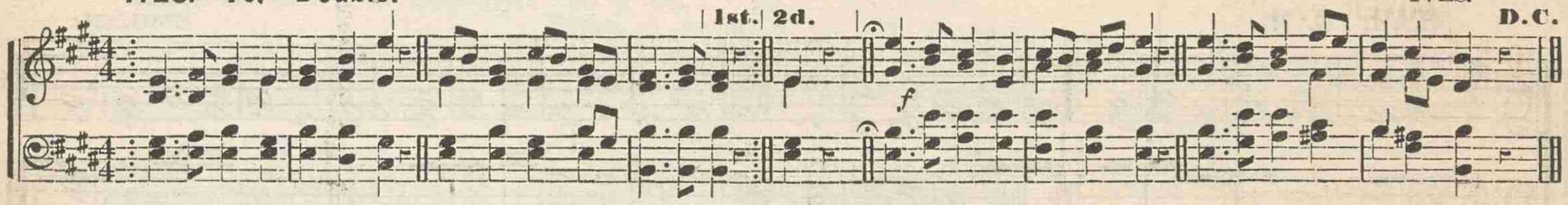
HANDEL.

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

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

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

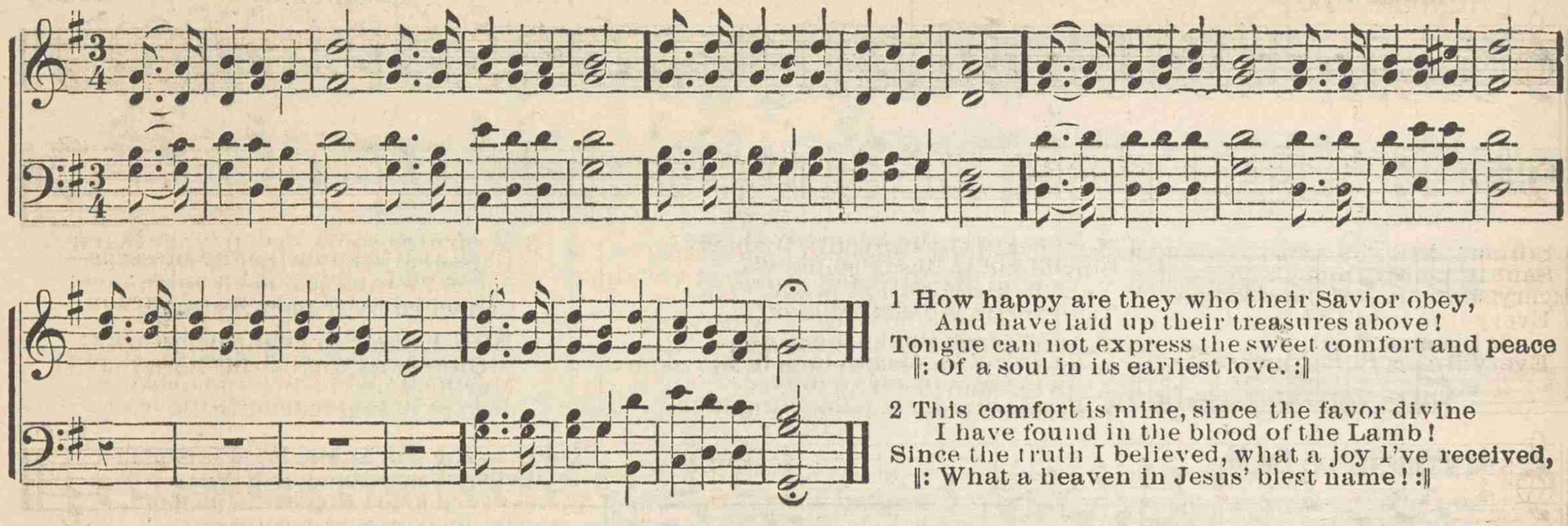
4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

IVES. 7s. Double.

IVES.

1 Who are these in bright array,
This exulting, happy throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name.
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Thro' their great Redeemer's might,
More than conqurors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs:
Perfect love dispels all fear;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

ROWLEY. IIs & 9s.

1 How happy are they who their Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue can not express the sweet comfort and peace
‖: Of a soul in its earliest love. :‖

2 This comfort is mine, since the favor divine
I have found in the blood of the Lamb!
Since the truth I believed, what a joy I've received,
‖: What a heaven in Jesus' blest name! :‖

3 'Tis a heaven below my Redeemer to know,
And the angels can do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet and the story repeat,
‖: And the lover of sinners adore. :‖

4 Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song;
Oh, that all to this refuge may fly!
He has loved me, I cried, he has suffered and died
‖: To redeem such a rebel as I! :‖

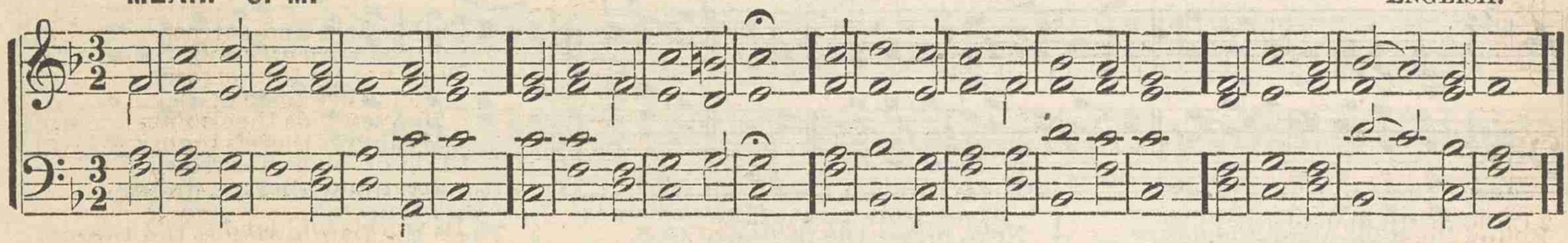
5 On the wings of his love I am carried above
All my sin and temptation and pain;
Oh, why should I grieve, while on him I believe,
‖: Oh, why should I sorrow again! :‖

6 Oh, the rapturous height of that holy delight,
Which I find in the life-giving blood!
Of my Savior possessed, I am perfectly blessed,
‖: Being filled with the fullness of God! :‖

7 Now my remnant of days will I spend to his praise
Who has died me from sin to redeem,
Whether many or few, all my years are his due;
‖: They shall all be devoted to him. :‖

8 What a mercy is this? what a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gathered into the fold, with believers enrolled—
‖: With believers to live and to die! :‖

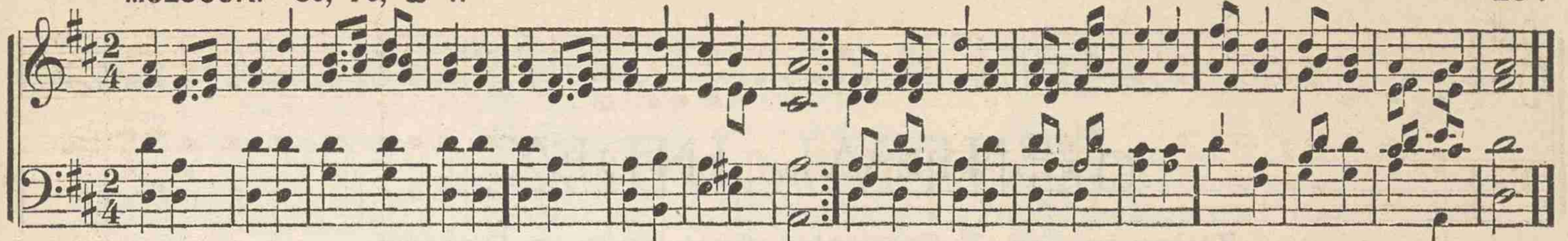
MEAR. C. M.

ENGLISH.

1 Our souls are in the Savior's hand,
And he will keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill.

2 Him eye to eye we there shall see,
Our face like his shall shine;
Oh, what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

3 Oh, what a joyful meeting there,
In robes of white array!
Palms in our hands we all shall bear.
And crowns that ne'er decay

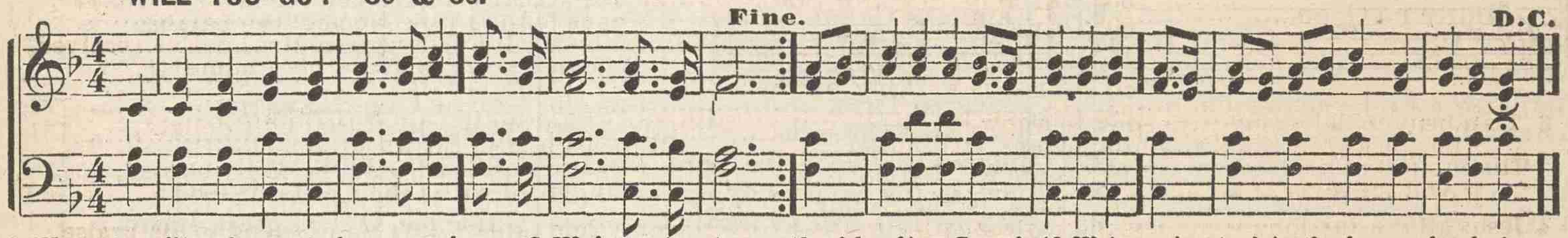
MOLUCCA. 8s, 7s, & 4.



1 Sinners will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, oh, how tender,
Every line is full of love;
‖: Listen to it, :‖
Every line is full of love.

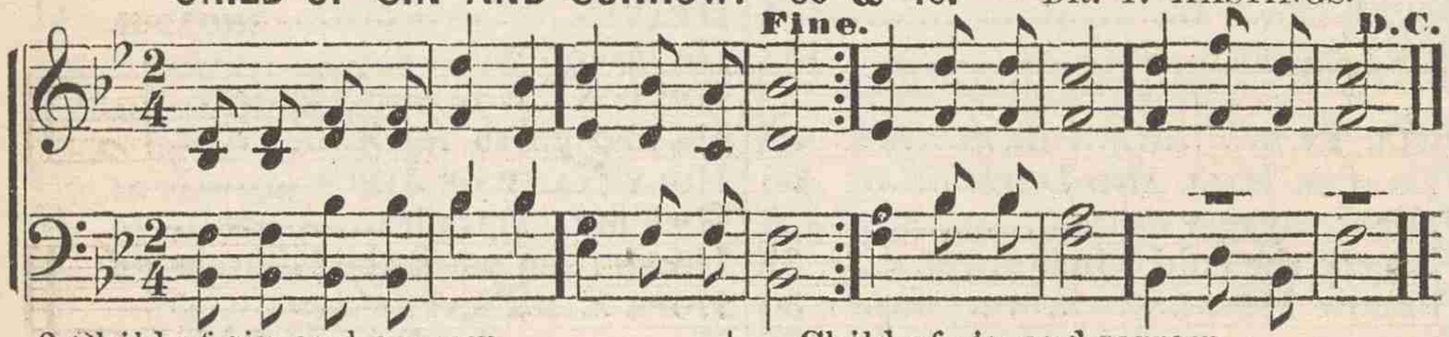
2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim:
"Pardon to each rebel sinner:
Free forgiveness in his name;"
‖: Oh, how gracious!" :‖
"Free forgiveness in his name."

3 Will you not receive the message—
Listen to the joyful word—
And embrace the news of pardon
Offered to you by the Lord?
‖: Can you slight it— :‖
Offered to you by the Lord?

WILL YOU GO? 8s & 3s.

1 We're trav'ling home to heaven above,
Will you go?
To sing the Savior's dying love,
Will you go?
Millions have reached that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God,
And millions more are on the road,
Will you go?

2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name,
Will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share,
Will you go?

3 We're going to join the heavenly choir,
Will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre,
Will you go?
There saints and angels gladly sing
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
Will you go?

CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW. 6s & 4s. DR. T. HASTINGS.

1 Child of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day;
Heaven bids thee come,
While yet there's room;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come while thou canst borrow
Help from on high;
Grieve not that love,
Which from above—
Child of sin and sorrow—
Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow,
Lift up thine eye!
Heirship thou canst borrow
In worlds on high!
In that high home,
Graven thy name;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Swift homeward fly!

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