PART THIRD

OF THE

NEW CHRISTIAN

HYMN AND TUNE BOOK

FILLMORE BROS., PUBLISHERS,

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

PRICE, 25 cts. Per dozen, not prepaid, $2.40. Per dozen, bv mall, prepaid, $2.90.

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NEW CHRISTIAN

HYMN AND TUNE-BOOK:

A SELECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES FOR CHRISTIAN WORSHIP.

PART III.

Fillmore, J. H.

Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.—Eph. v. 19.

CINCINNATI:

FILLMORE BROTHERS,
185 RACE STREET.

STANDARD PUB. CO.,
22 E. NINTH STREET.

PREFACE.

PART THIRD of the HYMN AND TUNE BOOK is a continuation of the class of songs in Part Second.

As the selections are chiefly reprints it is proper to say that the compilation has been made with the assistance of a large number of popular singers, leaders, evangelists and preachers. Such pieces only have been inserted as have proved by actual trial and use in public gatherings to be of more than ordinary merit.

All that were suggested could not be used, as the size of the book was limited; but leaders need have no doubts as to the popularity of those inserted, when once they are introduced to the people.

The many who have so kindly assisted me will please to accept my sincere thanks.

Again "committing the book to the blessing of the Father and the favor of His children," I send it forth on its mission.

JAS. H. FILLMORE.

CINCINNATI, *August*, 1887.

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ELECTROTYPED AT
FRANKLIN TYPE FOUNDRY,
CINCINNATI.

OOK.

J. H. F.

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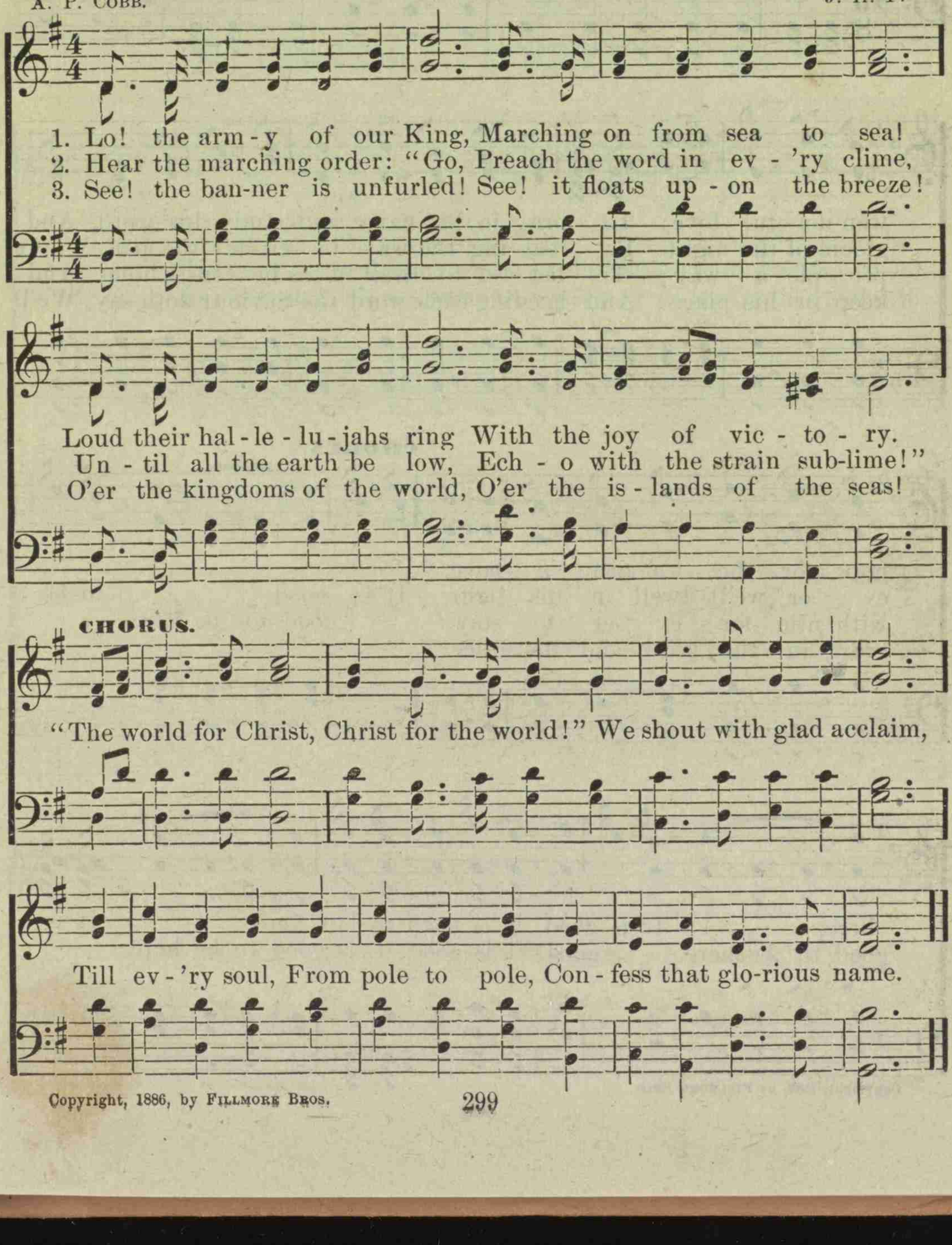
712 THE WORLD FOR CHRIST.

A. P. COBB. J. H. F.



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713 IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE.

J. H. PAINTER. Melody by J. H. PAINTER.

1. It is good to be here with Je - sus our Lord, And to sing of his won-der-ful love; To pray in his name and study his word, And
2. Trans-fig-ured the Lord doth shine on the soul, Dis - pel-ling the gloom of the night; Re - veal-ing the way to en-ter the goal, Where
3. 'Tis good to be ready when Je-sus shall come To take his dear peo - ple a - way; 'Tis bet-ter to dwell in his heaven-ly home, And
4. Then let us be doing our du - ty to - day; Let ev - 'ry one keep in his place; And heeding each word the Saviour doth say, We'll

CHORUS

hope for the Ca-naan a - bove.
ev - er we'll dwell in his light. It is good . . . . to be
with him for - ev - er to stay. good to be here,
grow in the truth and his grace.

here, . . . It is good, it is good to be here, . . . It is
good to be here, good, it is good, it is good to be here,

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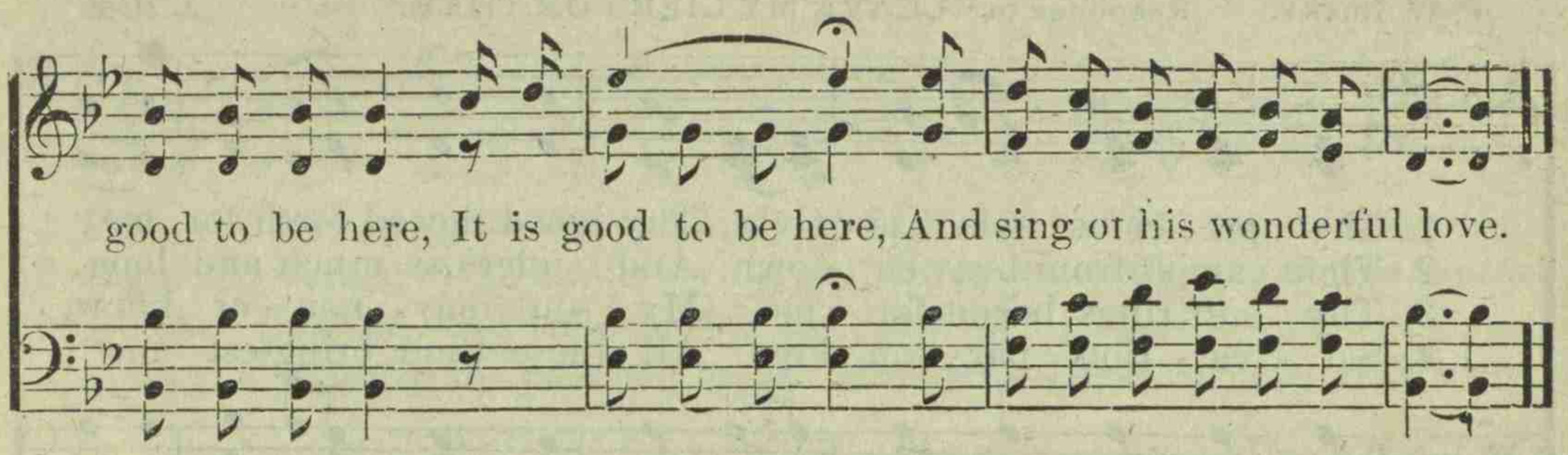
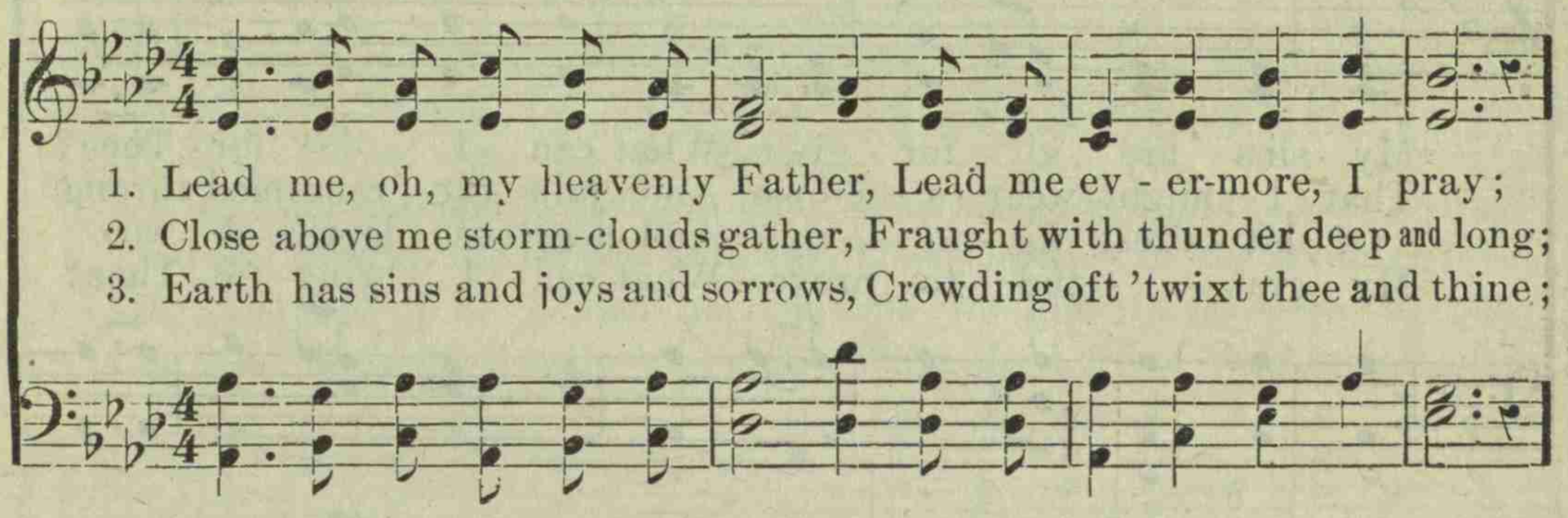
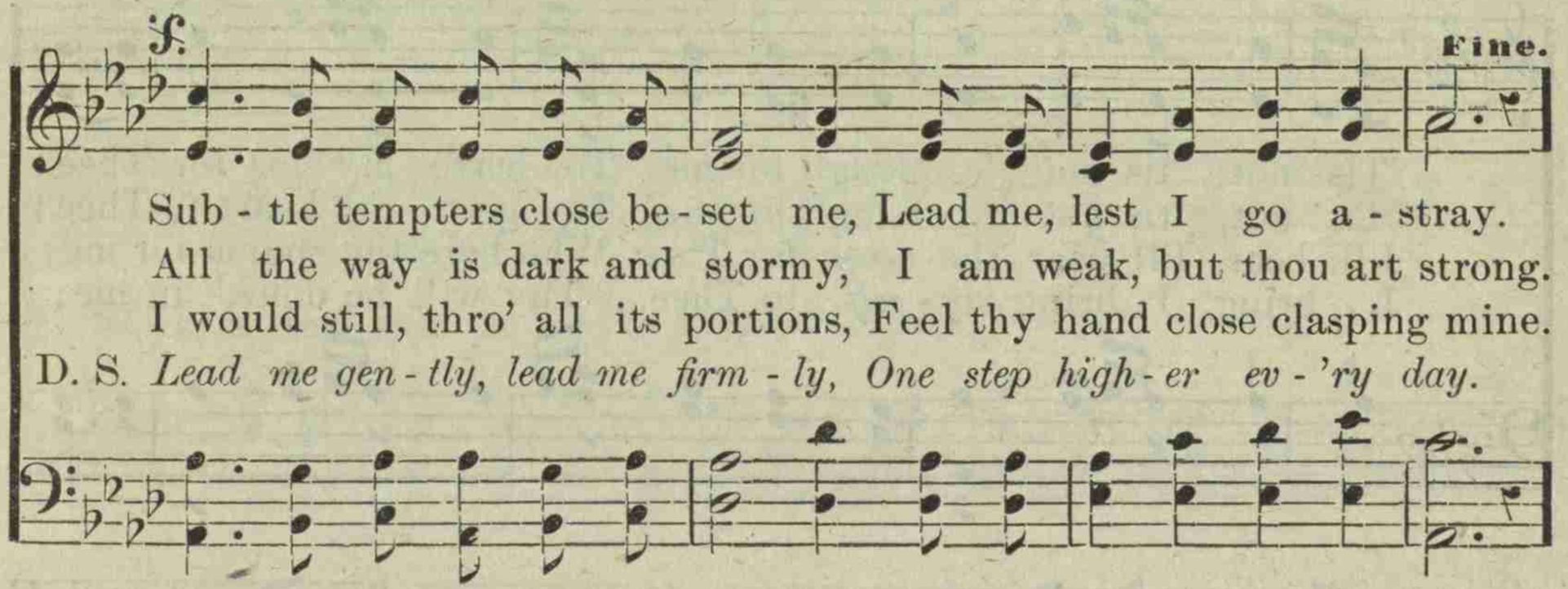
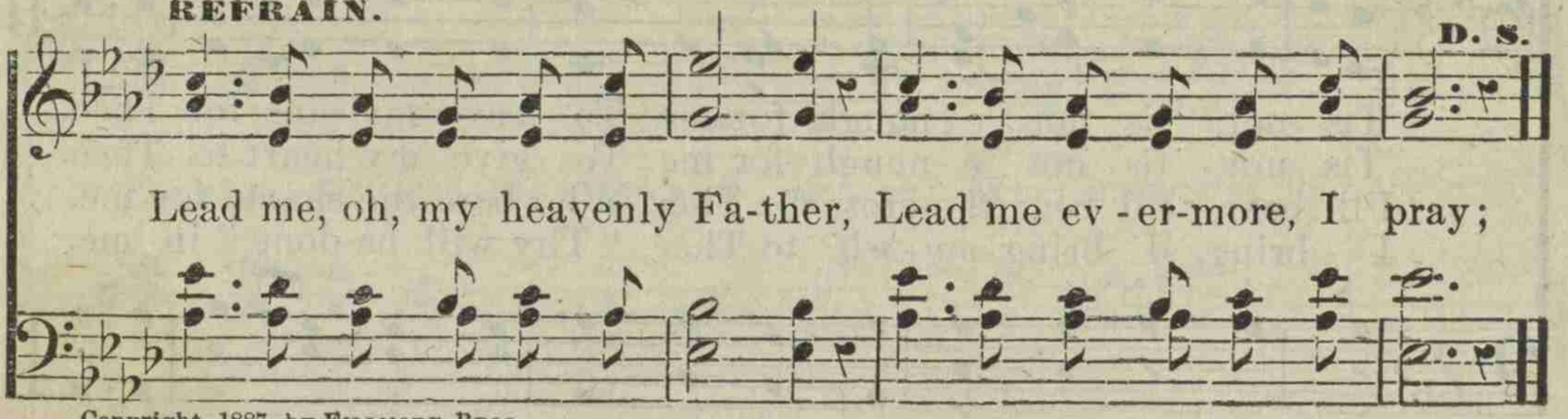

714 HEAVENLY FATHER, LEAD ME.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. F. New arrangement.







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715 I BRING MYSELF TO THEE.

C. W. BLAKE. Response to "I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE." J. H. F.

1. Thy pre - cious side was riv'n, Thy blood flowed forth for me;
2. Thou cam'st from heav-en down, And suffer'dst much and long,
3. Thy suff'rings borne for me, My soul may nev - er know,
4. Sal - va - tion, par - don, love, All these thou bring-est me

My sins are all for - giv'n, What can I do for Thee?
That I might wear a crown, And join the ransomed throng.
"Of bit - t'rest ag - o - ny, And deep - est depths of woe.
My grat - i - tude to prove—What can I bring to Thee?

'Tis not, 'tis not e - nough for me To leave my sins for Thee;
'Tis not, 'tis not e - nough for me To give my heart to Thee;
I'll bear, I'll bear the cross for Thee, Who bore the shame for me;
I bring, I bring *my - self* to Thee, "Thy will be done," in me;

'Tis not, 'tis not e - nough for me To leave my sins for Thee.
'Tis not, 'tis not e - nough for me To give my heart to Thee.
I'll bear, I'll bear the cross for Thee, Who bore the shame for me.
I bring, I bring *my - self* to Thee, "Thy will be done," in me.

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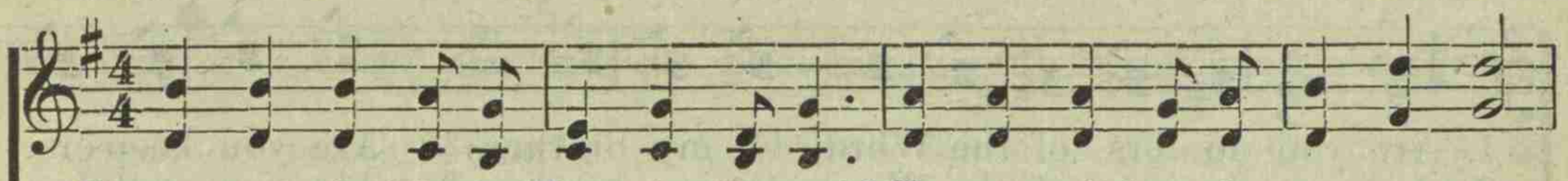
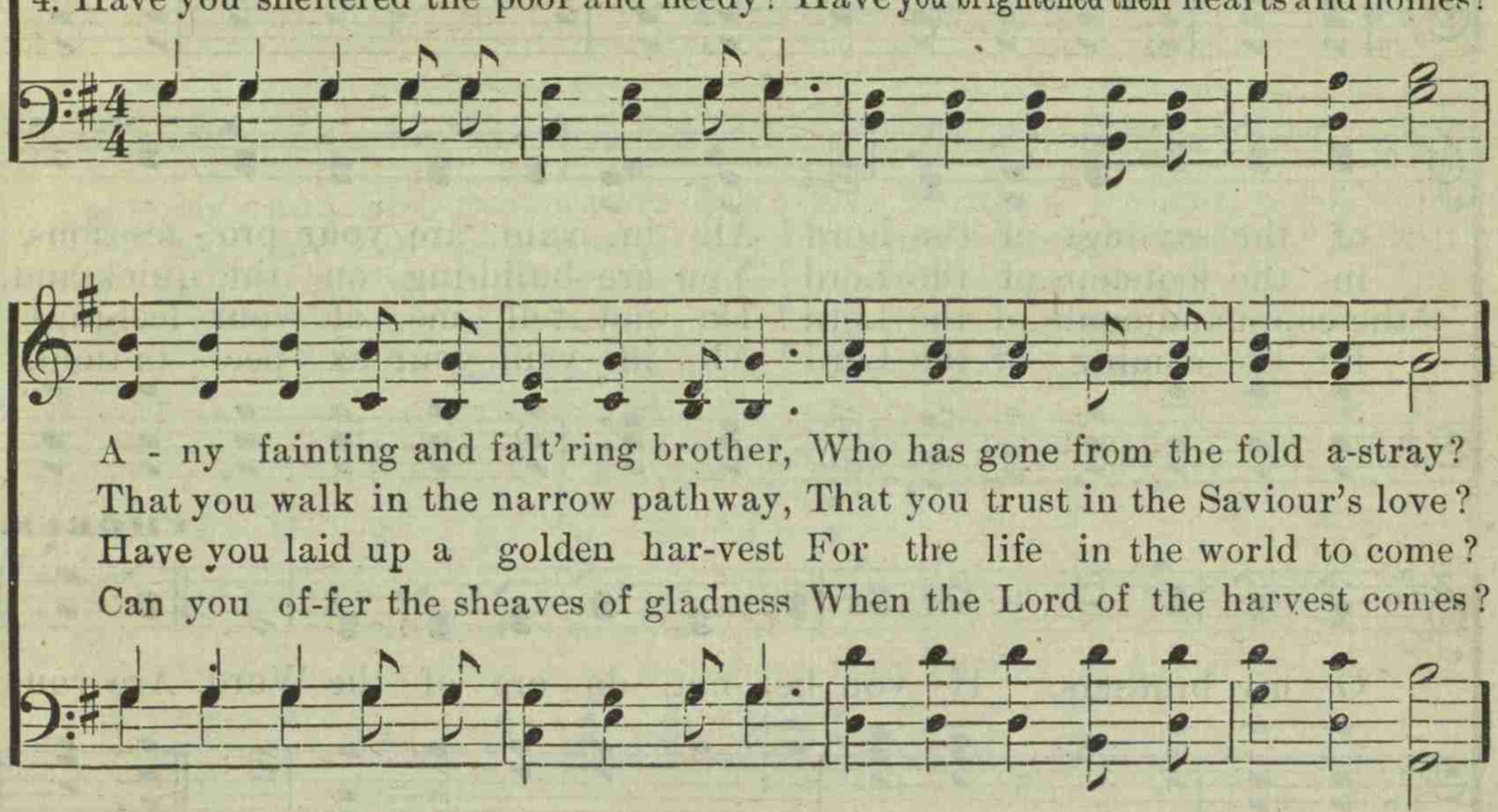
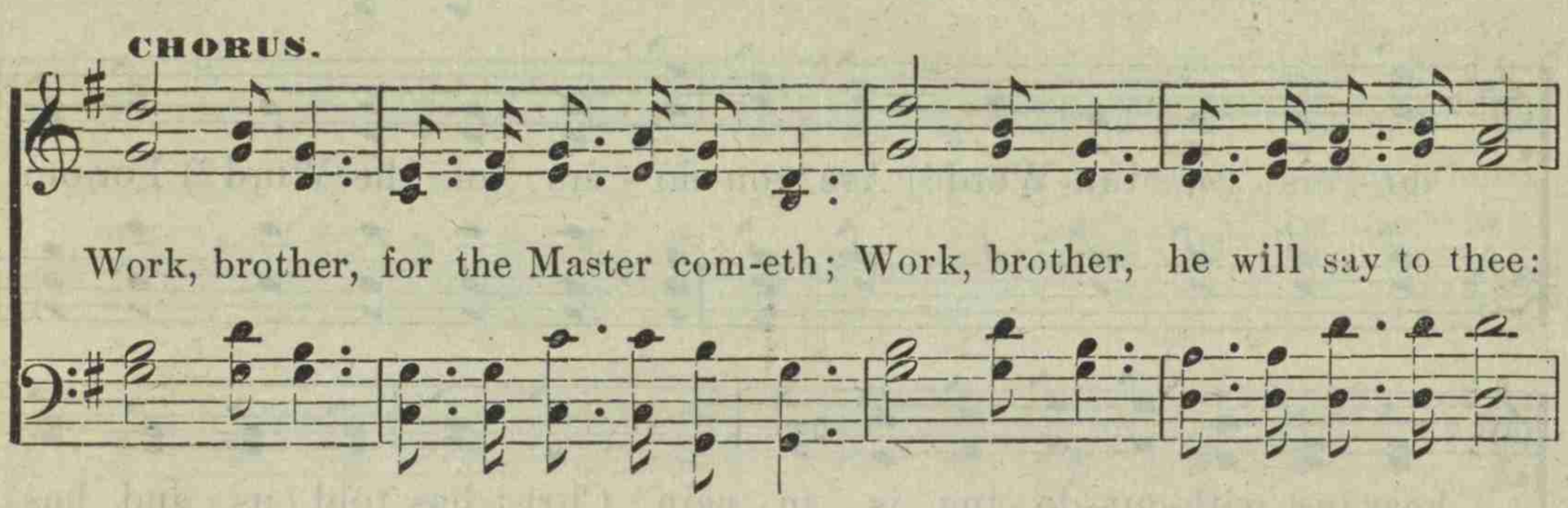
716 WORK, BROTHER.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Have you worked in the Master's vineyard? Have you led to the nar-row way
2. Have you worked in the Master's vineyard? Have you sought by your life to prove
3. Is the light of your lamp a beacon That will guide the wand'rers home?
4. Have you sheltered the poor and needy? Have you brightened their hearts and homes?

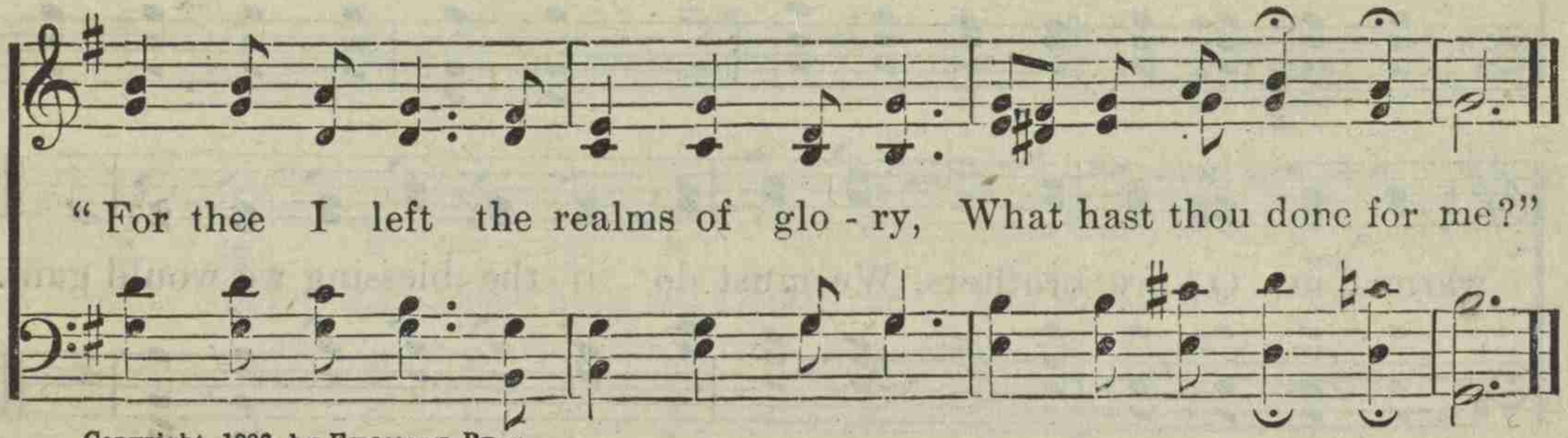


A - ny fainting and falt'ring brother, Who has gone from the fold a-stray?
That you walk in the narrow pathway, That you trust in the Saviour's love?
Have you laid up a golden har-vest For the life in the world to come?
Can you of-fer the sheaves of gladness When the Lord of the harvest comes?



CHORUS.

Work, brother, for the Master com-eth; Work, brother, he will say to thee:



"For thee I left the realms of glo - ry, What hast thou done for me?"

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717 ARE YOU DOERS OF THE WORD?

H. R. TRICKETT. J. H. F.

1. Are you do - ers of the Word, O my brothers? Are you keep-ers
2. Are you do - ers of the Word, O my brothers? Are you walk-ing
3. Are you do - ers of the Word, O my brothers? Are you keep-ing
4. Are you do - ers of the Word, O my brothers? Are you look-ing

of the say-ings of the Lord? All in vain are your pro - fes-sions,
in the footsteps of the Lord? You are build-ing on the quicksand,
the commandments of the Lord? Do not tell me of your feel-ings,
for the coming of the Lord? All in vain your ex - pec - ta-tions,

CHORUS.

O my brothers, If you be not do - ers of the Word. Are you

do - ers (of the Word?) Are you do - ers (of the Word?) For our

hear-ing with-out do - ing is in vain! Christ has told us and has

warned us, O my brothers, We must do if the blessing we would gain.

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718 I WILL FOLLOW JESUS.

R E. HUDSON.

1. Down in the val-ley with my Saviour I would go, Where the flow'rs are bloom-ing and the sweet waters flow; Ev - 'ry-where he leads me I would fol - low, fol - low on, Walking in his footsteps till the crown be won.
2. Down in the val-ley with my Saviour I would go, Where the storms are sweep-ing and the dark waters flow; With his hand to lead me I will nev - er, nev - er fear, Dangers can not fright me, if my Lord is near.
3. Down in the val-ley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close be - side my Sav - iour would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe - ly in the path that he has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

CHORUS.

Fol - low, fol - low, I will fol - low Je - sus! A-ny-where, ev-'ry-where, I will fol - low on; Fol - low, fol - low, I will fol - low Je - sus! Ev - 'ry-where he leads me I will fol - low on.

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719 WORK, WATCH, PRAY.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. F.

1. Work when the morn-ing shin-eth, Work when the noon-day gleams,
2. Work with a heart in-spir-ing, Work with a read-y hand,
3. Work till the summons com-eth, "Join with the hosts at rest,"

Work when the day de-clin-eth, Work in the mid-night dreams.
Work for the pure and ho-ly, Work for the true and grand.
So shall thy days be joy-ful, So shall thy nights be blest.

CHORUS.

Work, watch, pray, Work for the day will soon be gone;
Work and watch and pray,

Work, watch, pray, Soon will the Mas-ter come.
Work and watch and pray,

By permission.

720 OUT OF SELF AND INTO THEE.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Out of sad-ness in-to gladness, Saviour, thou hast bidden me;
2. Out of ter-ror, out of er-ror, Out of all that darkness brings,
3. Out of seem-ing, out of dreaming, Out of earth's un-cer-tain-ty,

In-to bless-ing, all pos-sess-ing, Out of self and in-to thee.
In-to un-ion and commun-ion With the ho-ly King of kings.
In-to sure-ness and se-cureness—Out of self and in-to thee.

REFRAIN.

Out of self and in-to thee! Lord, thy wondrous love I see;
Out of self and in-to thee! Lord, thy wondrous love I see;

Let me dai-ly far-ther flee, Out of self and in-to thee.
Let me dai-ly far-ther flee,

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721 HARVEST TIME.

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS. C. S. CABLE.

1. He that go-eth forth with weeping, Bearing precious seed in love,
2. Soft descend 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.
Precious fruits will thus be giv-en, Thro' the influence all di-vine.
Be the prospect ne'er so drear-y, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

CHORUS.

Lo! the scene of ver-dure bright'ning, In the rising grain ap-pear;
Lo! the scene of verdure bright'ning, In the rising grain appear;

See the waving fields are whitening, For the harvest-time is near.
See the waving fields are whitening,

By permission.

722 IS YOUR LAMP STILL BURNING.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. I. BALTZELL.

1. Are you Christ's light bearer? Of his joy a shar-er? Is this dark world
2. Is your heart warm glowing, With his love o'er-flowing, And his goodness
3. Keep your altars burning, Wait your Lord's returning, While your heart's deep

fair - er For your cheering ray; Is your bea - con light - ed, Guid-ing
showing, More and more each day? Are you pressing onward, With Christ's
yearning Draws him ev - er near; With his radiance splendid Shall your

D. S. *Are you ev - er wait - ing for your*

souls be - night-ed To the land of per-fect day?
faith - ful vanguard, In the safe and nar-row way? Oh, brother, is your
light be blended When his glo - ry shall ap- pear?
Lord's re - turning? Are you watching day by day?

Fine. CHORUS.

lamp trimmed and burning? Is the world made brighter by its cheering ray?

D. S.

By permission,

723 THE WATER OF LIFE.

H. R. TRICKETT. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. In the des - ert of sor - row and sin, Lo! I faint as I
2. In my weakness I turn to the fount, From the Rock that was
3. O thou God of com - pas - sion, I pray, Let me ev - er a-

jour - ney a - long; With the war - fare without and with-in, See my
smit - ten for me; And I drink and I joy - ful - ly count All my
bide in thy sight; Let me drink of the fount day by day, Till I

CHORUS.

strength and my hope nearly gone. I thirst, let me drink,
tri - als a blessing to be.
join thee in mansions of light. I thirst, let me drink,

Of the life-giving stream let me drink, 'Tis the Rock,
let me drink, 'tis the Rock,

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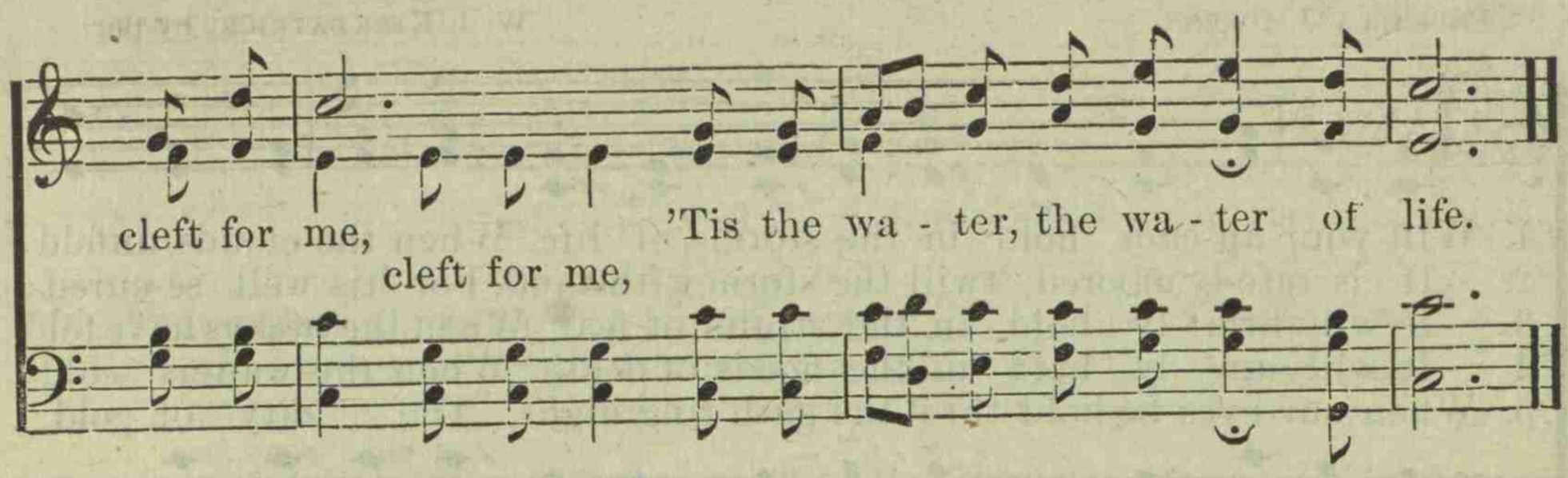
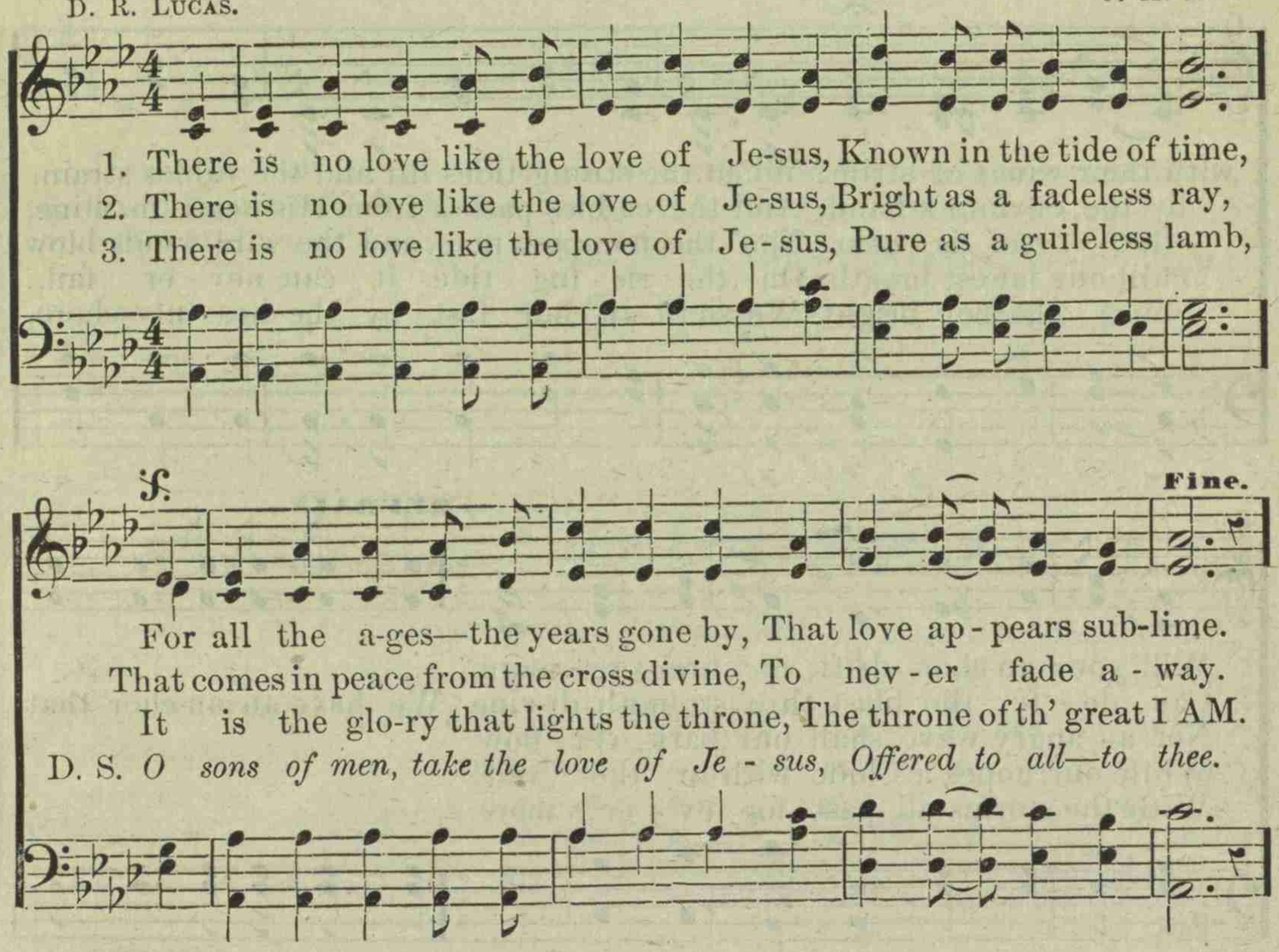
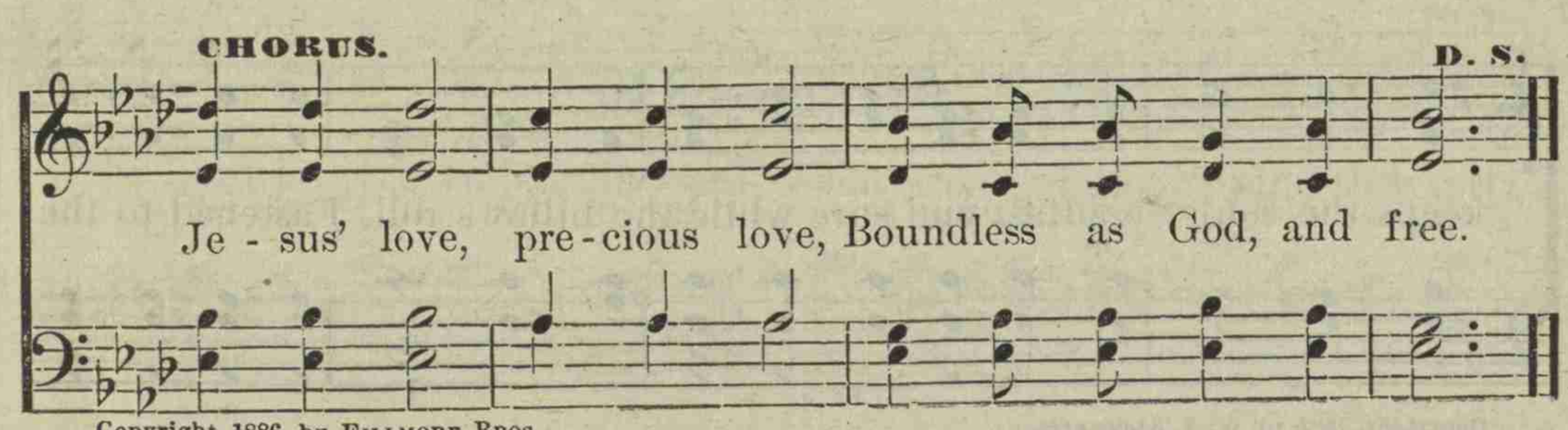


724 THE LOVE OF JESUS.

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



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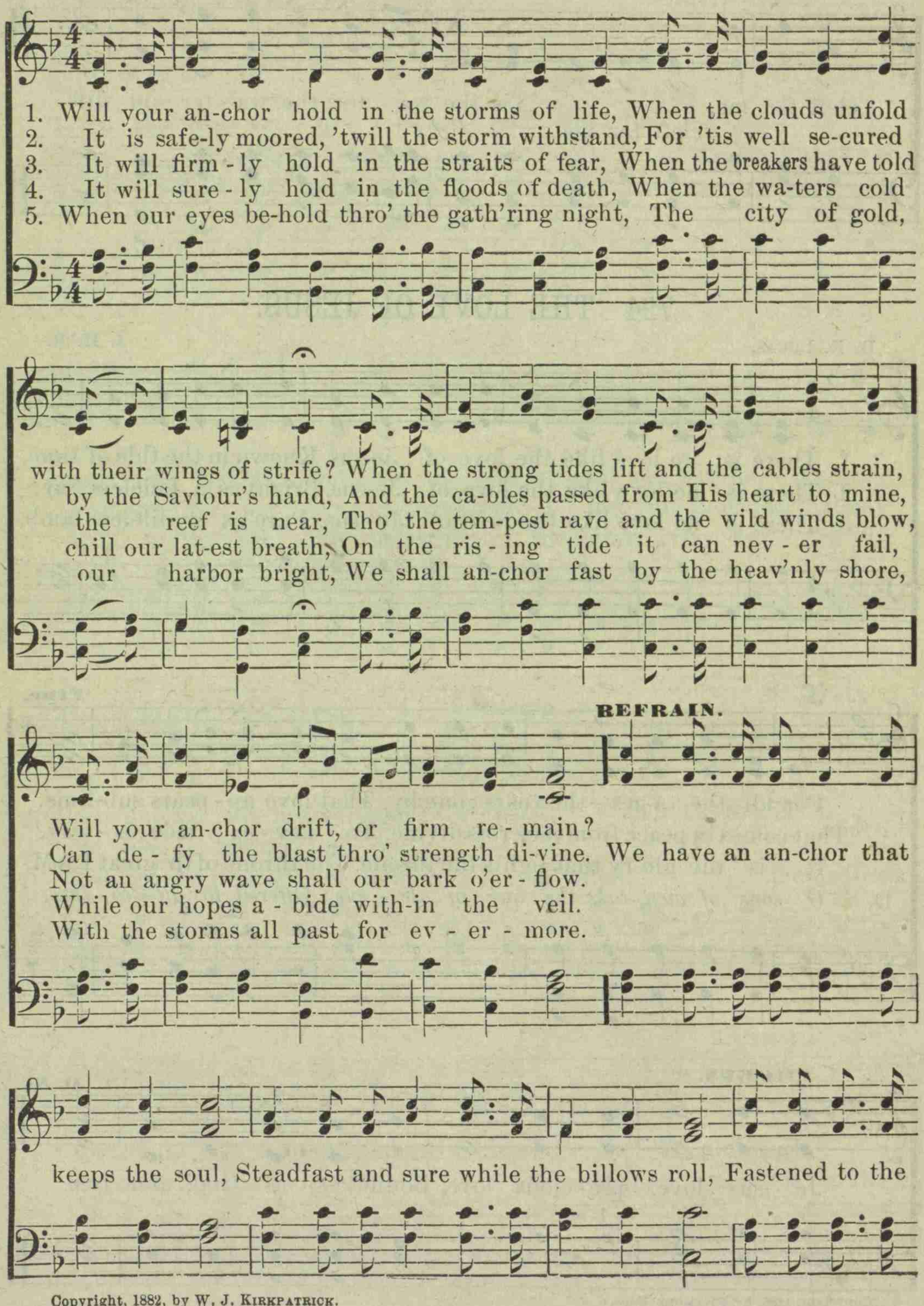
725 WE HAVE AN ANCHOR.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



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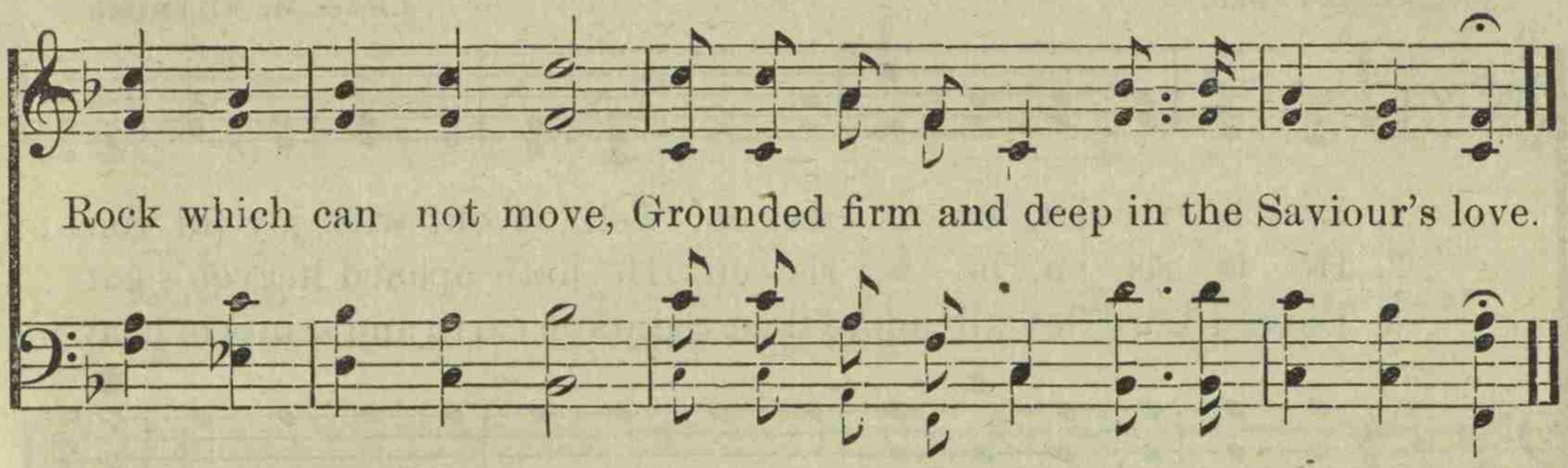
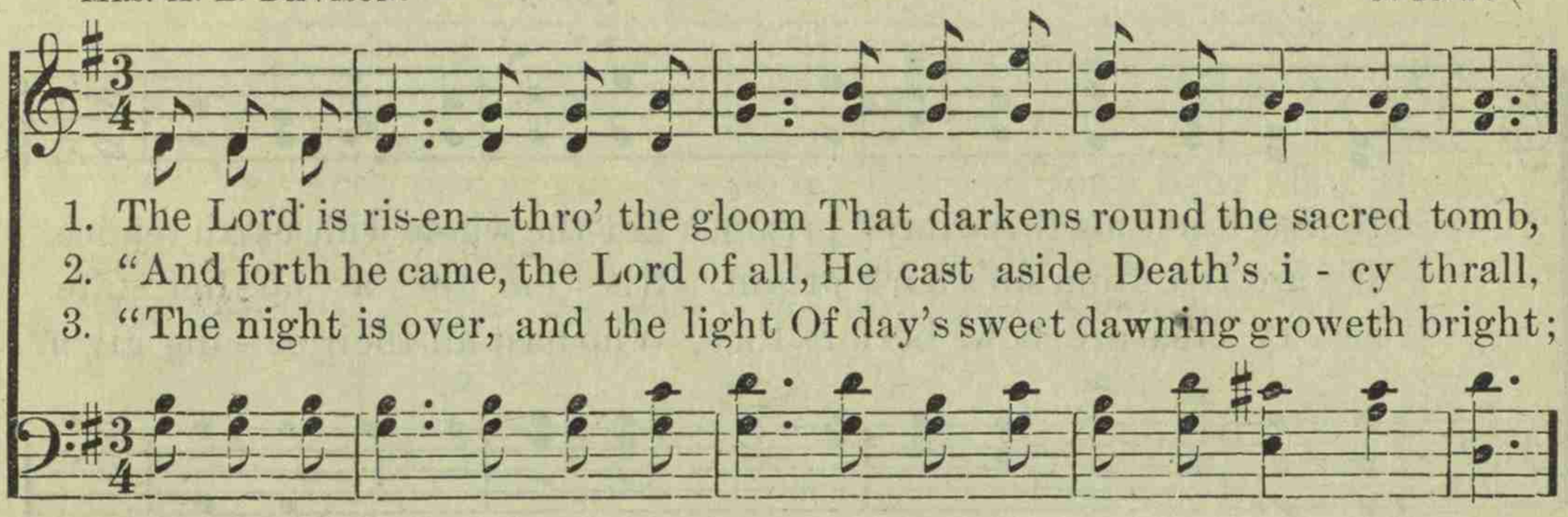
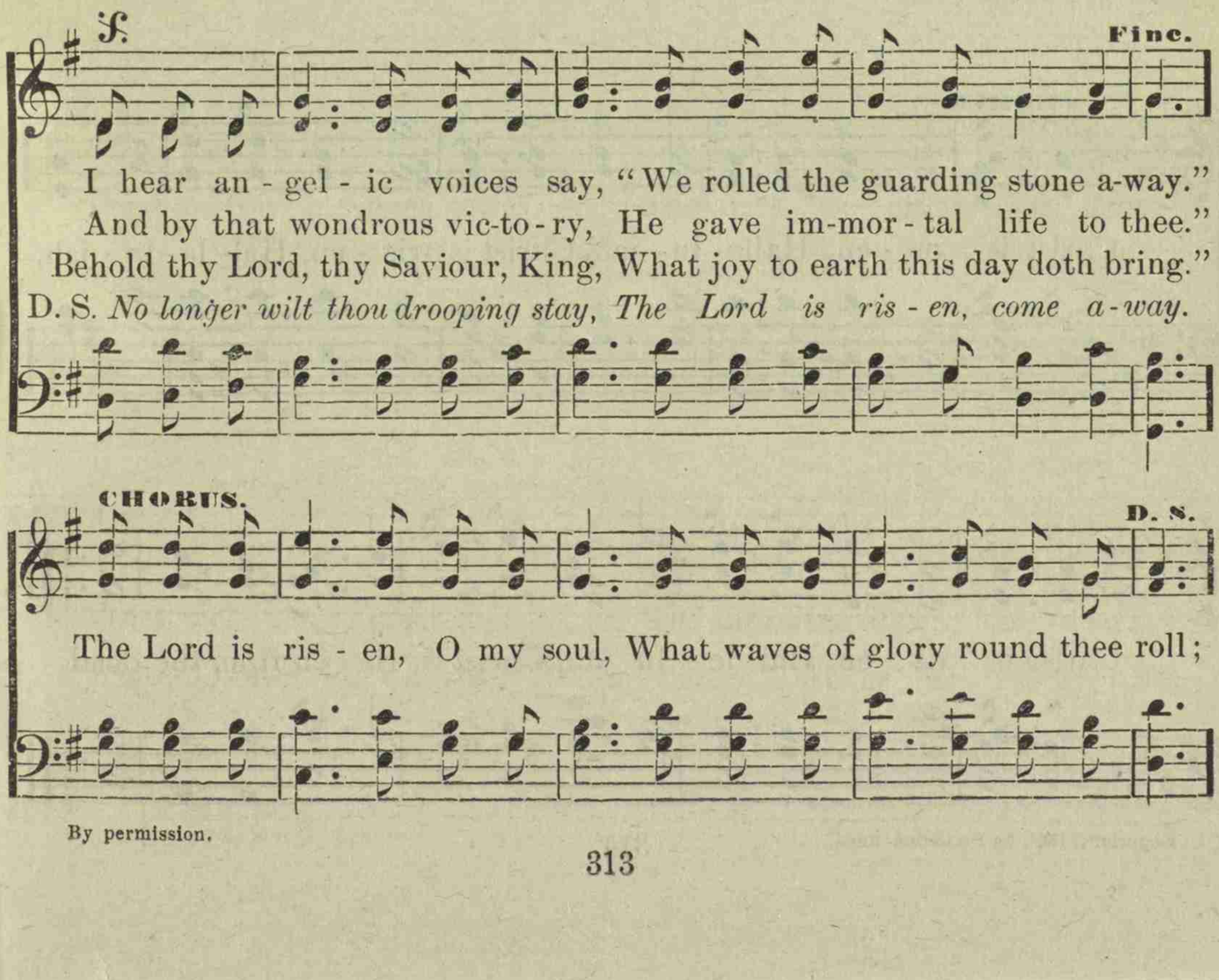
WE HAVE AN ANCHOR. Concluded.

726 THE LORD IS RISEN.

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





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727 CHRIST IS RISEN FROM THE DEAD.

C. F. ALEXANDER. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. He is ris - en, he is ris - en, Tell it out with joy-ful voice;
2. He is ris - en, he is ris - en, He hath opened heaven's gate;
3. Blessed Lord, let all adore thee, Saints on earth and saints in heav'n;

He has burst his three days' prison, Let the whole wide earth rejoice.
We are free from sin's dark prison, Ris - en to a ho - lier state.
Ev - 'ry creature bow be-fore thee, Who hast all their be - ing giv'n.

CHORUS.

Christ is ris - en, Halle - lu - jah, Christ is ris - en, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Christ is ris - en, Hal - le - lu - jah, Christ is ris - en from the dead.

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728 TRUST ON.

ANON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Trust on! trust on, be-liev-er! Tho' long the con-flict be,
2. Trust on! trust on; thy fail-ings May bow thee to the dust,
3. Trust on! the dan-ger press-es; Temp-ta-tion strong is near,
4. O Christ is strong to save us, He is a faith-ful Friend,

Thou yet shalt prove vic-to-rious; Thy God shall fight for thee.
But in thy deep-est sor-row, O give not up thy trust.
Yet o'er life's dang'rous rap-ids, He shall thy pas-sage steer.
Trust on! trust on, be-liev-er, O trust Him to the end.

CHORUS.

Trust on! . . trust on! . . Tho' dark the night and drear;
trust on! trust on!

Trust on! . . trust on! . . The morn-ing dawn is near.
trust on! trust on!

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729 THE KINGDOM SHALL STAND.

H. R. TRICKETT. J. H. F.

Boldly, in march style.

1. The kingdoms of earth pass a - way one by one, But the kingdom of
2. The tempest may rage and the hur-ricane roar, Yea, the wind and the
3. The kingdom of God is now o - pen to all, E'en the vi - lest may

heaven remains; It is built on a rock and the Lord is its King,
torrents descend, And the strong gates of hell may as - sail it in vain,
now en - ter in; There's a wel-come for all who will turn to the Lord,

CHORUS.

And for - ev - er and ev - er he reigns. It shall stand, It shall stand,
For the kingdom shall stand till the end.
Full sal - vation and par-don for sin. it shall stand, it shall stand,

Forev - er and ev-er and ev - er, It shall stand,
it shall stand, it shall stand,

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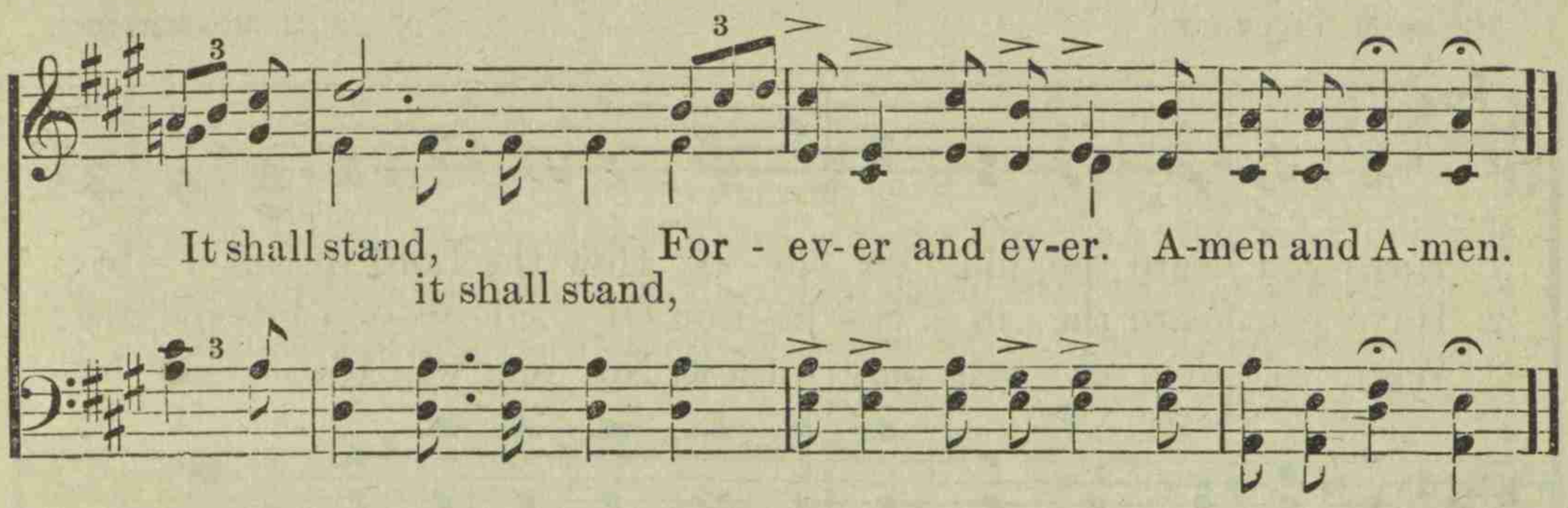
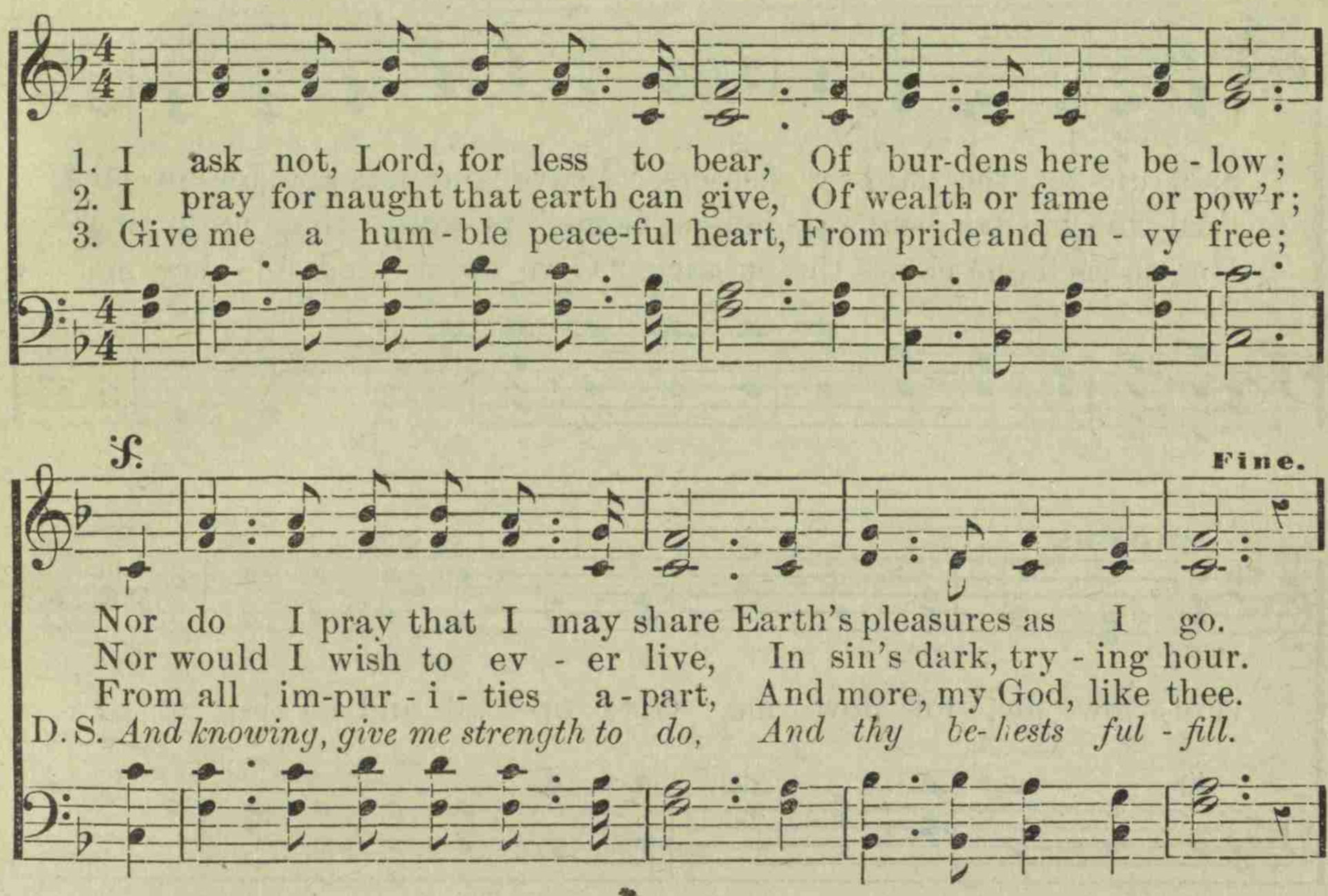
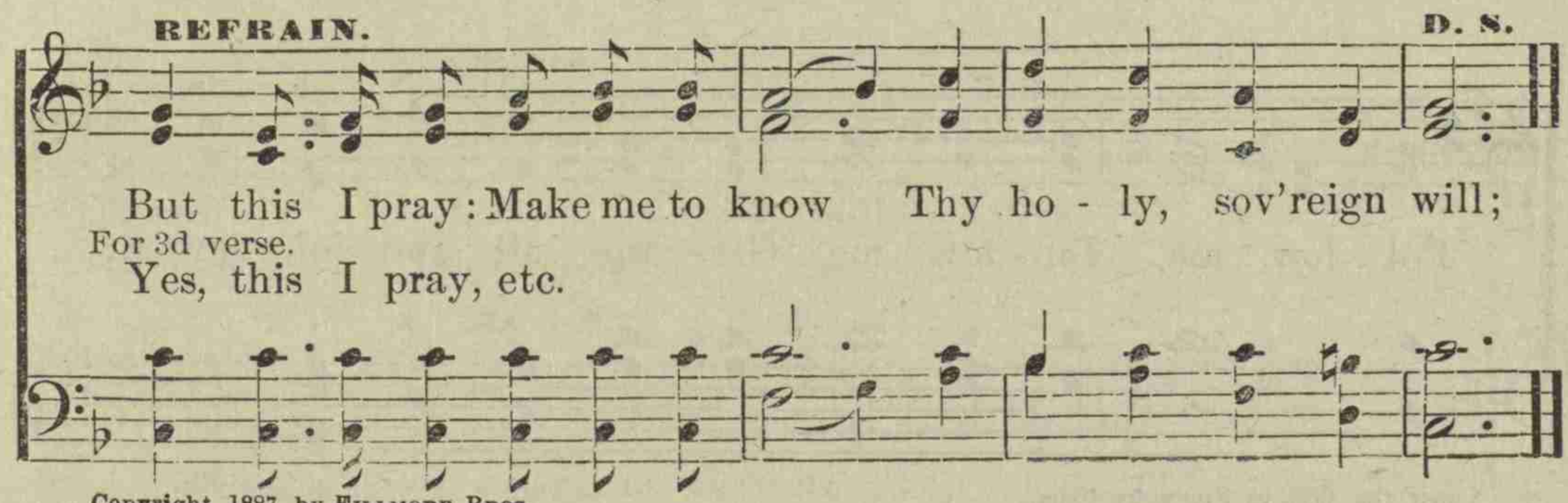

730 MY PRAYER.

J. M. HOPKINS. J. H. F.



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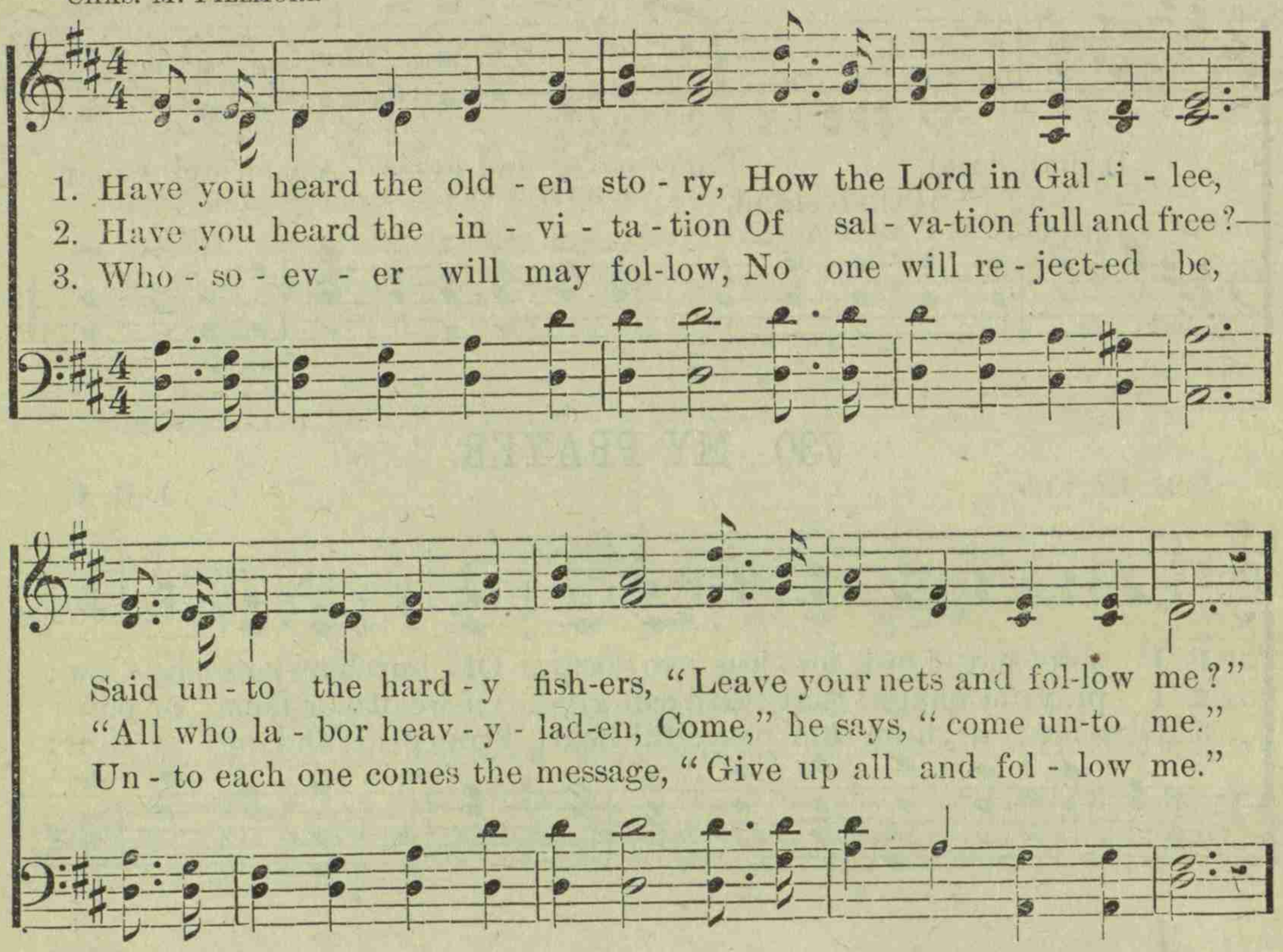
731 THE OLDEN STORY.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE J. H. ROSECRANS.



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732 WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Al-ways true; There's a right and wrong side—
2. Thousands on the wrong side Choose to stand, Still 'tis not the strong side,
3. Come and join the Lord's side—Ask you why? 'Tis the on - ly safe side

CHORUS.

Where stand you? Choose now, Choose now,
True and grand.
By and by. Who is on the Lord's side? Who is on the Lord's side?

On the right or wrong side? False or true? Choose now,
Who is on the Lord's side?

Choose now, On the right or wrong side? Where stand you?
Who is on the Lord's side?

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733 WALKING IN HIS FOOTSTEPS?

M. Lowrie Hofford, D. D. J. H. F.

SOLO or DUET.

1. Are you walk-ing in his footsteps, Are you al - ways do - ing good,
2. Are you walk-ing in his footsteps, Do you ev - er seek the lost
3. Are you walk-ing in his footsteps, As he bids you dai - ly do,

Do you fol - low aft - er Je - sus As sin-cere - ly as you should?
In the mountain and the des - ert, What-so - e'er may be the cost?
Do you fol - low near the Sav-iour, With him con-stant-ly in view?

Do you trav - el in the pathway That will shine with brighter light,
In the highways and the by-ways, Are your footsteps ev - er found,
In the sun-shine and the shad-ow, In the dark-ness and the light,

Till you reach the mansions yon-der, In the land of pure delight?
Where his wounded feet and bleeding, Left their marks up-on the ground?
Are you press-ing in your jour-ney To the land of pure delight?

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WALKING IN HIS FOOTSTEPS? Concluded.

FULL CHORUS.

Are you walk - - ing in his foot - - steps?

Are you walk-ing in his footsteps? Are you walking in his footsteps?

Are you al - ways do - ing good?

Are you al - ways do - ing good? Are you al - ways do - ing good?

Do you fol - low aft - er Je - sus

Do you fol-low aft - er Je - sus? Do you fol - low aft - er Je - sus

As sin-cere - ly as you should?

As sin-cere - ly as you should, as sin-cere - ly as you should?

As sin-cere - ly as you should?

734 THERE'S MUCH WE CAN DO.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. E. O. EXCELL.

1. There's much we can do if we work with a will, No time to be
2. So much we can do in the sow-ing of seed, Some fields are yet
3. So much we can do in the reaping of wheat, Some fields for the

wast-ed to-day; The Mas-ter is read-y our la-bors to bless,
bar-ren and waste; The foe will be bus-y in spreading the tares,
har-vest are white; So much may be lost when the harvest is past,

CHORUS.

And wag-es he of-fers to pay.
Then go, and be working with haste. No time to be wast-ed, for
If left to the mil-dew and blight.

man-y the fields, And lab'rers, as ev-er, are few; . . . A-
as ev-er, are few;

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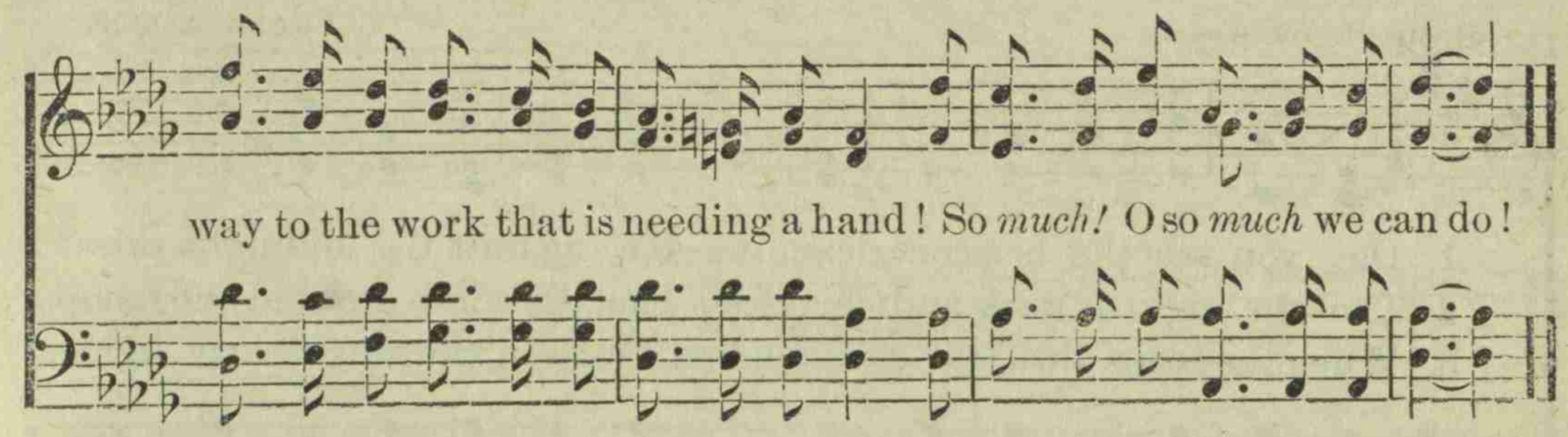
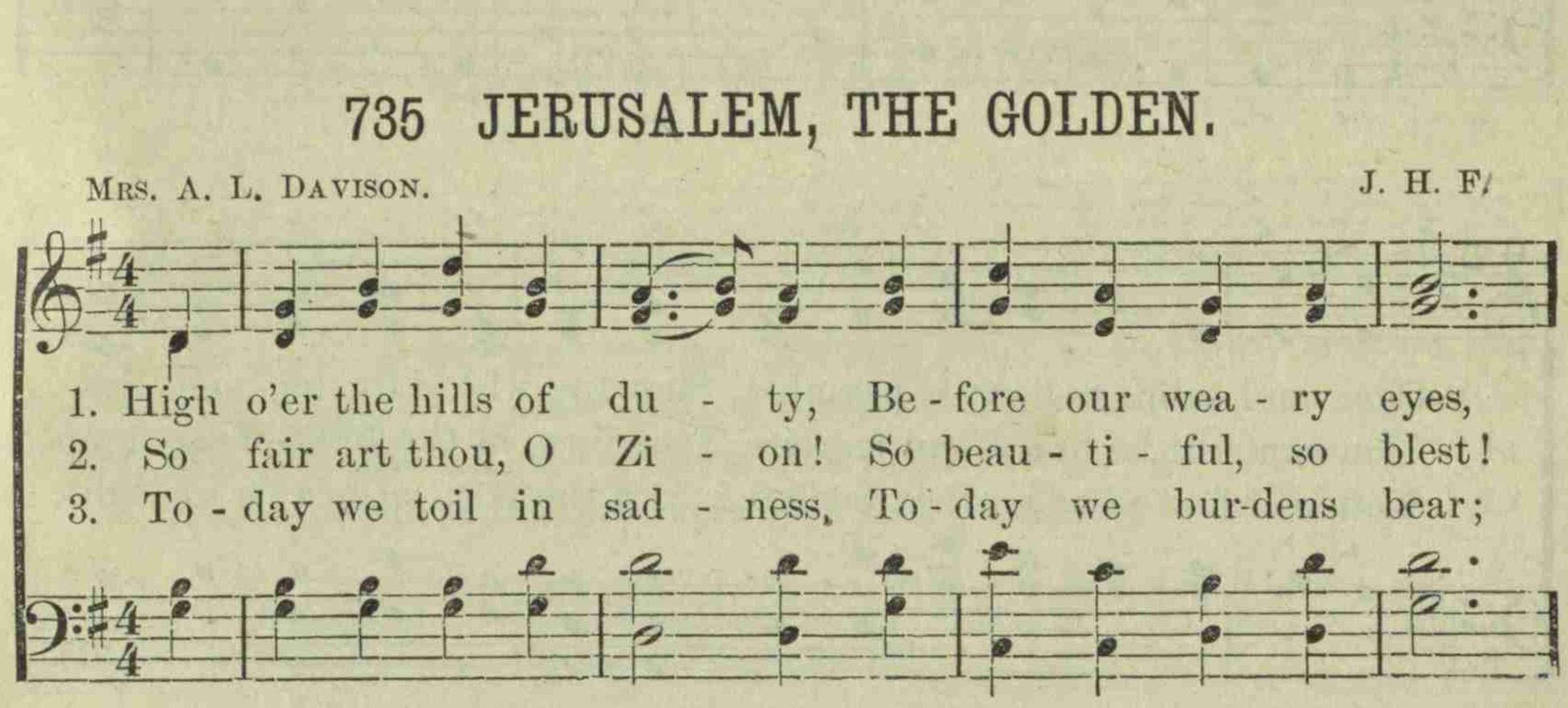
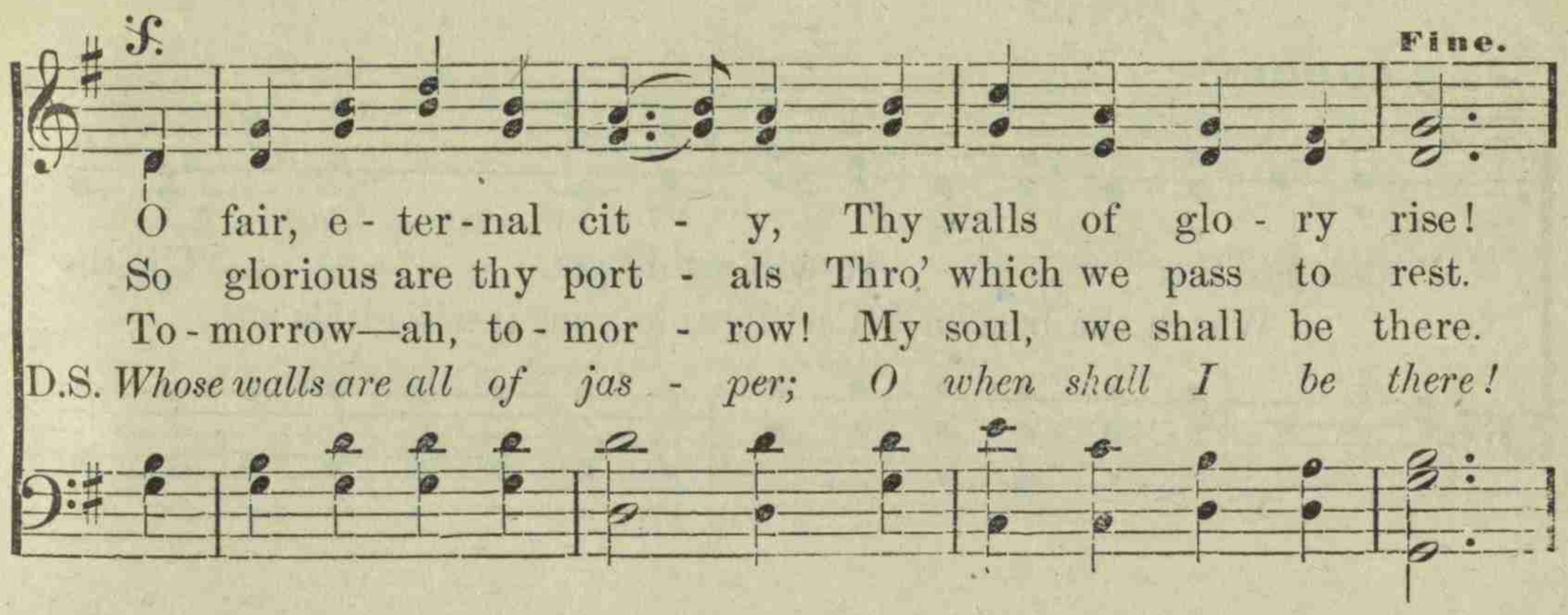
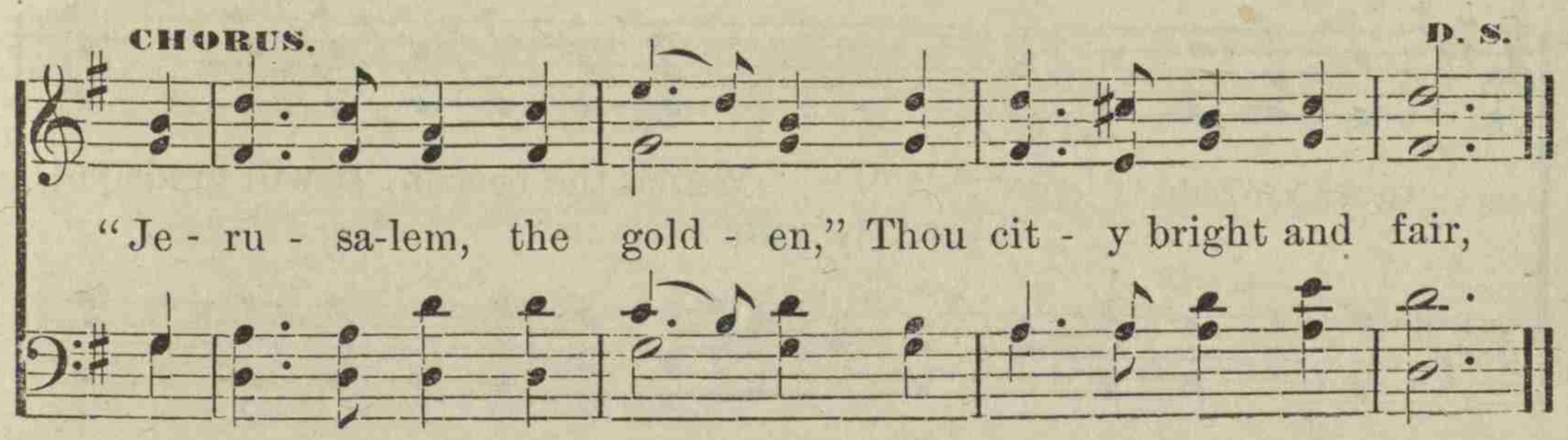
THERE'S MUCH WE CAN DO. Concluded.



735 JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN.

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



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736 DO YOU SEE THE BEACON?

JESSIE H. BROWN. T. FRANK ALLEN.

1. Do you see the bea-con gleam-ing Far against the midnight skies?
2. Tho' the night is dark and cheerless, Tho' the winds are cold and damp,
3. When the lamp, thro' darkness tended, Fades in morning's early light,

Clear and calm its light is beaming, Showing where the ha - ven lies.
You can still be brave and fearless, Trust-ing in the light-house lamp.
You will find your journey end-ed, And the port of heav'n in sight.

CHORUS.

Watch the bea - con! It will guide you Till the
Watch the beacon! It will guide you, it will guide you

rocks are safe-ly past; Watch the beacon! It will guide you,
safe - ly past,

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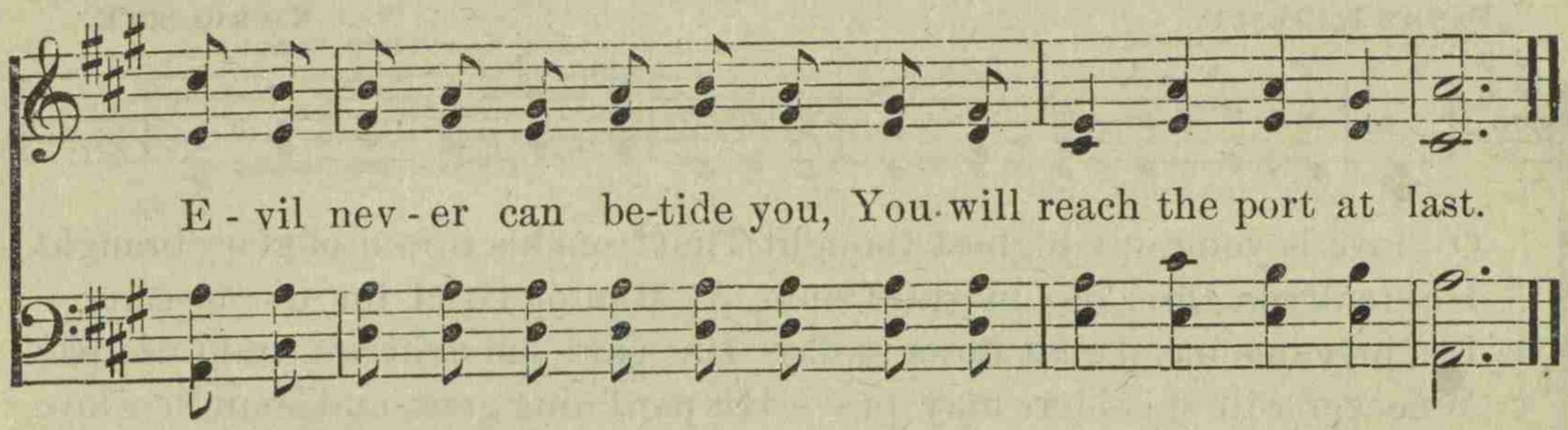
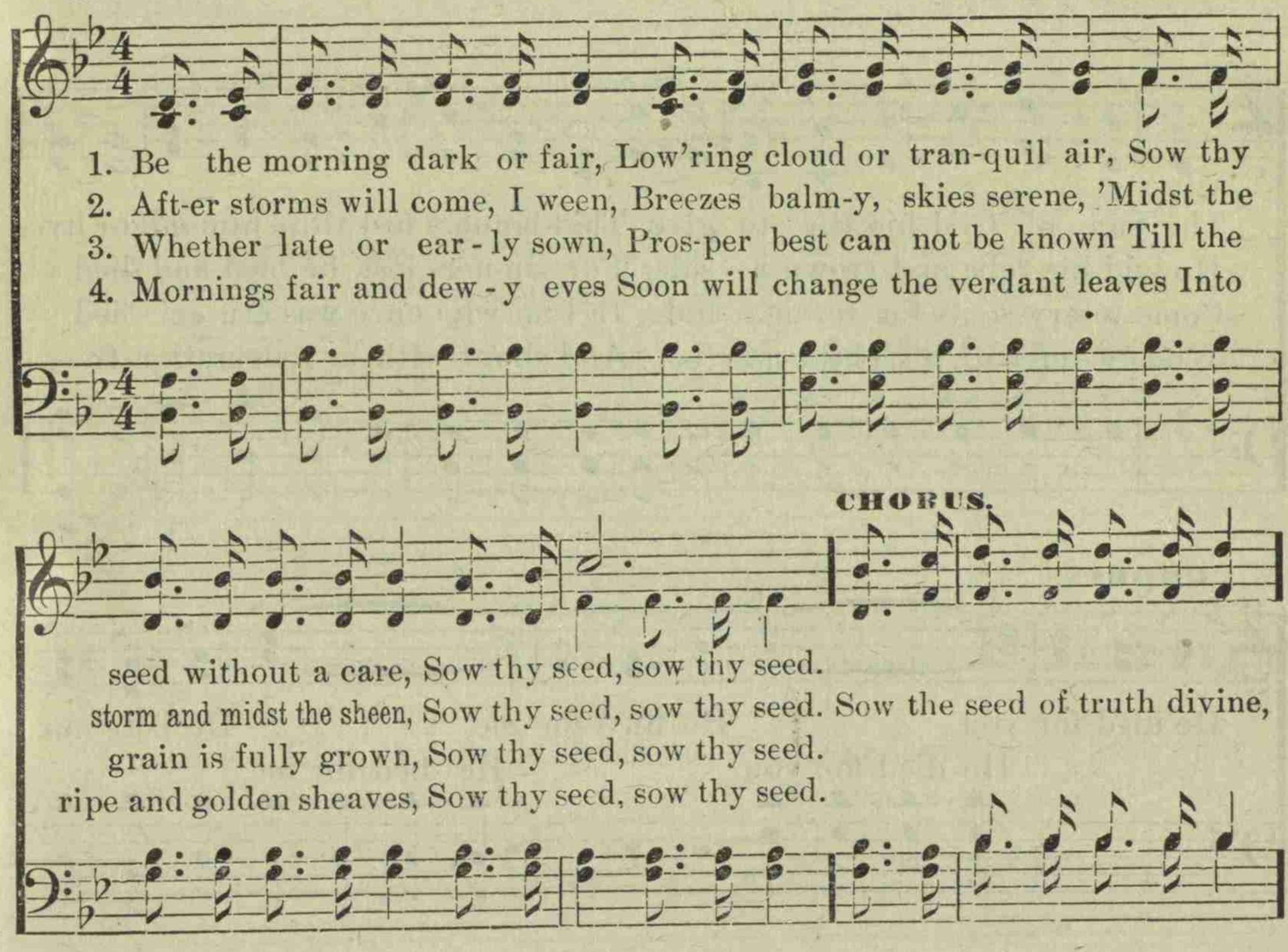
DO YOU SEE THE BEACON? Concluded.



737 SONG OF THE SOWER.

A. P. Cobb. J. H. F.



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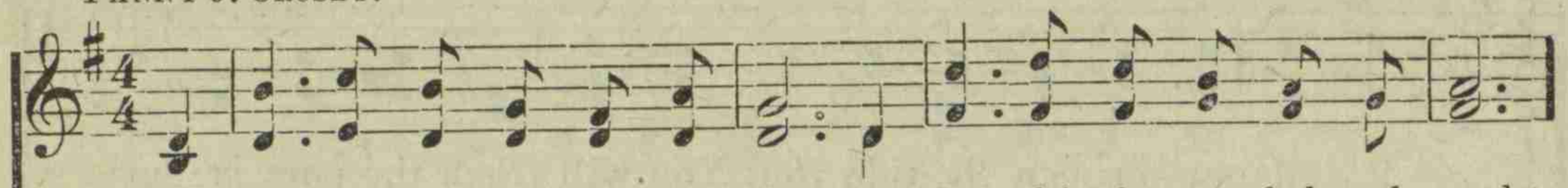
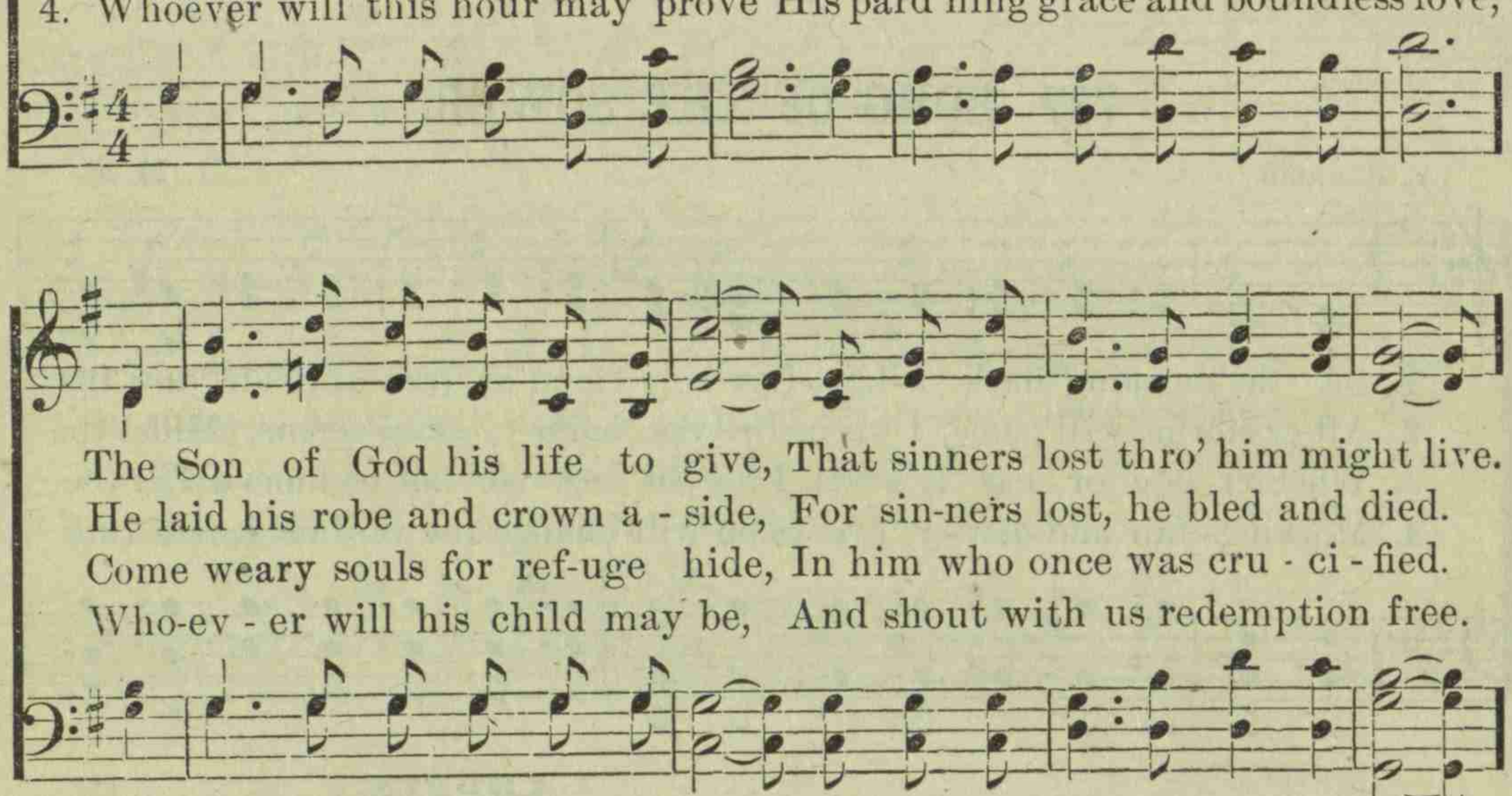
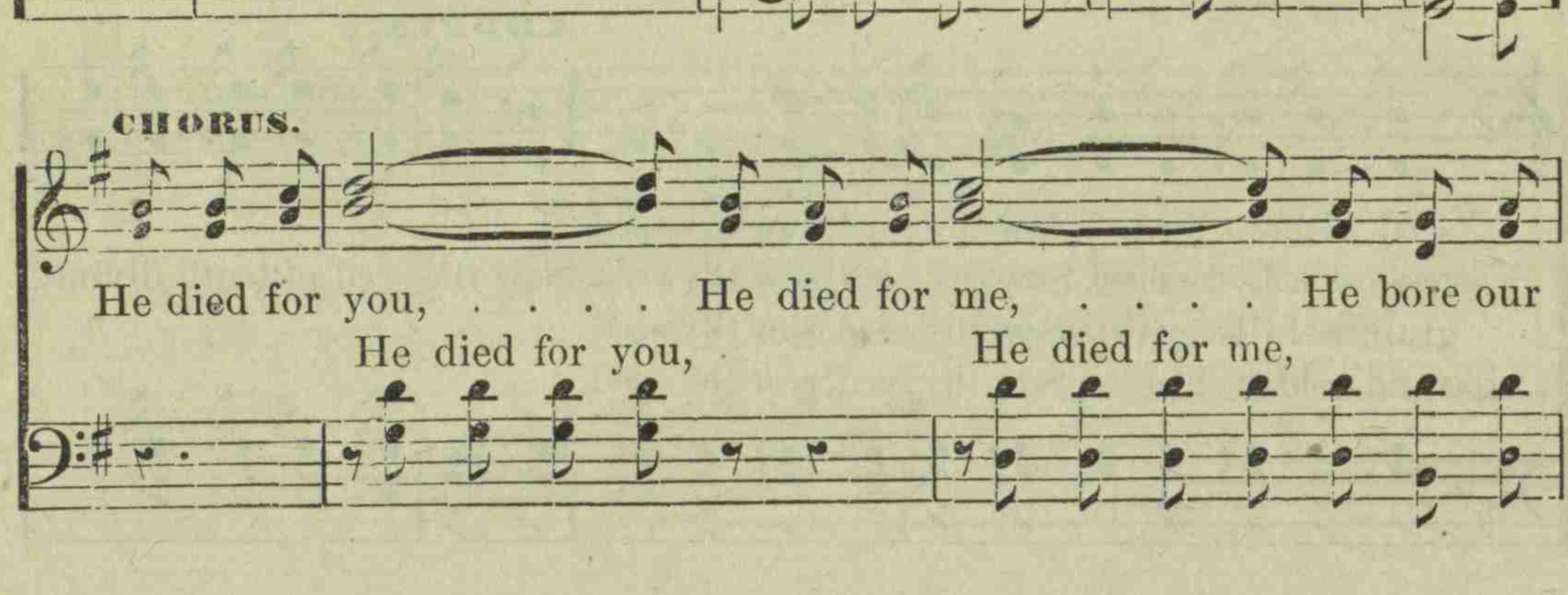
738 HIS GRACE IS FREE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O love beyond our highest thought, That from his throne of glory brought,
2. He took on him our mortal frame, A Man of Grief for us be-came,
3. His precious blood that flows to-day, Has paid the debt we could not pay.
4. Whoever will this hour may prove His pard'ning grace and boundless love,

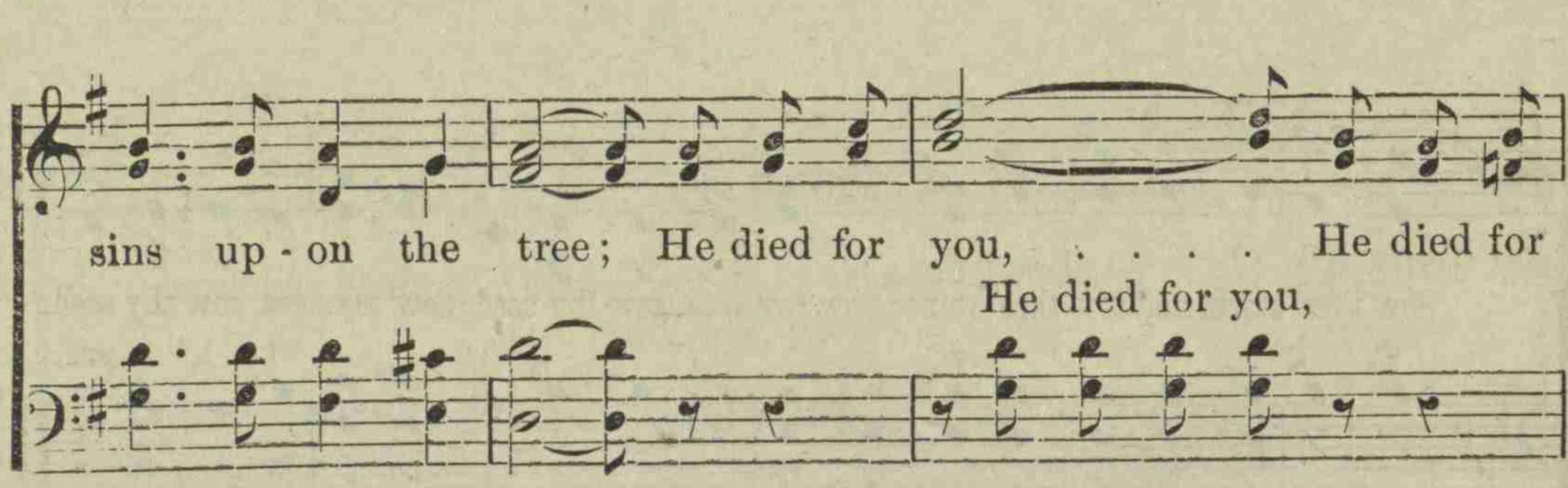


The Son of God his life to give, That sinners lost thro' him might live.
He laid his robe and crown a - side, For sin-ners lost, he bled and died.
Come weary souls for ref-uge hide, In him who once was cru - ci - fied.
Who-ev - er will his child may be, And shout with us redemption free.



CHORUS.

He died for you, ... He died for me, ... He bore our
He died for you, He died for me,



sins up - on the tree; He died for you, ... He died for
He died for you,

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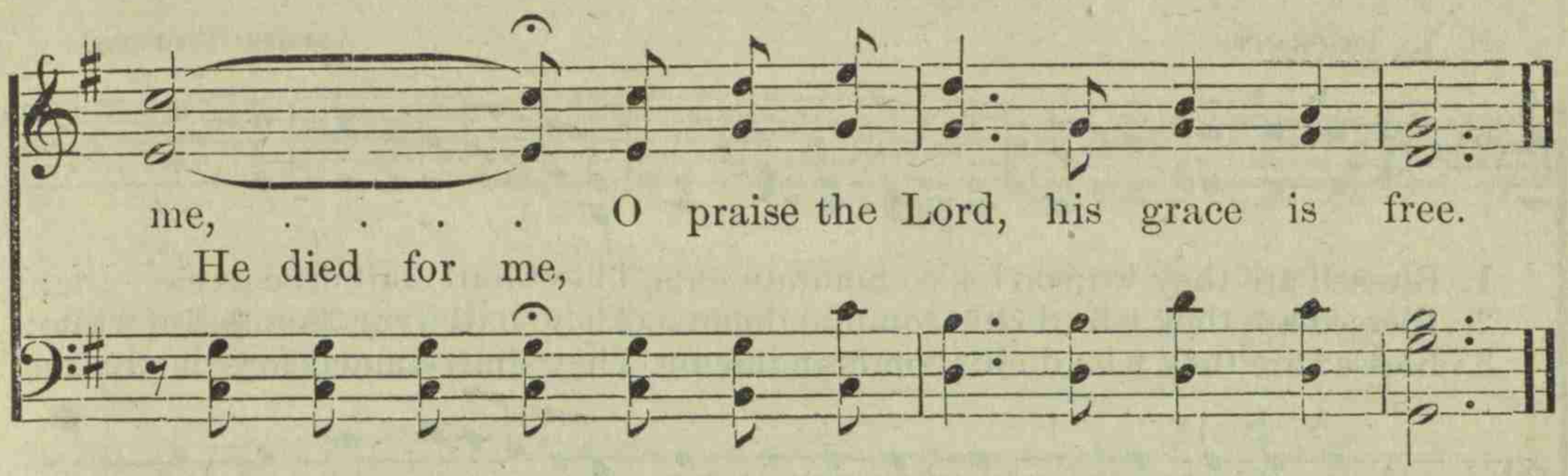
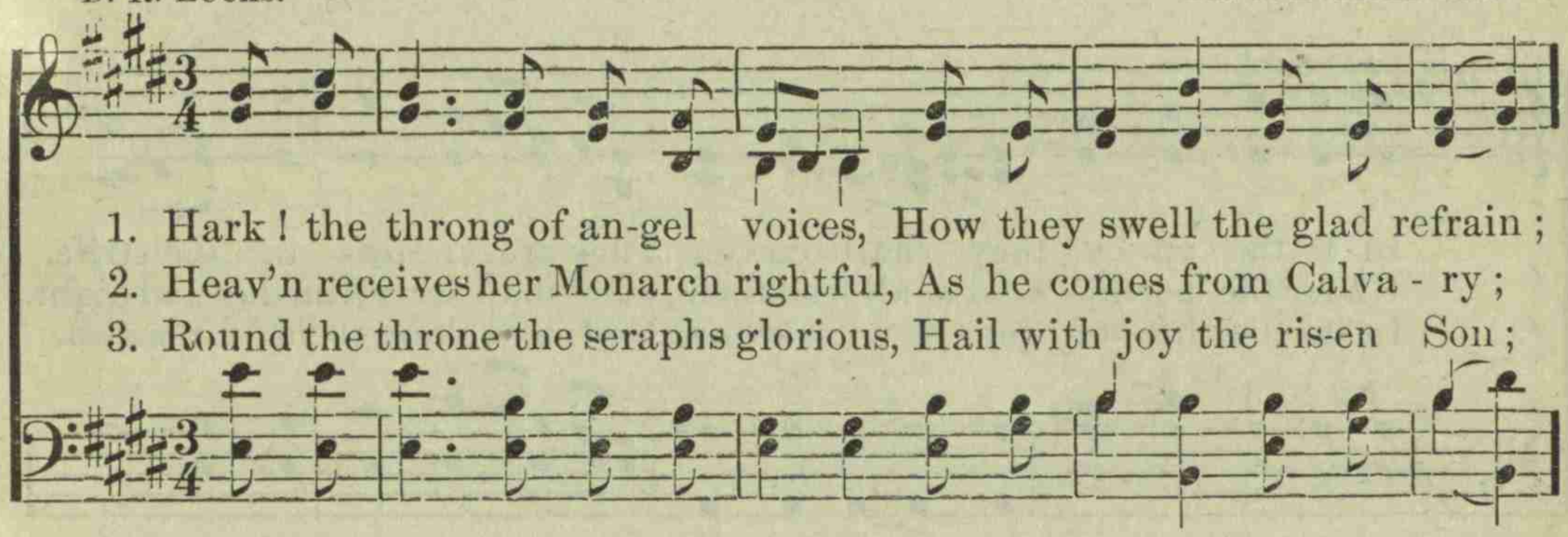
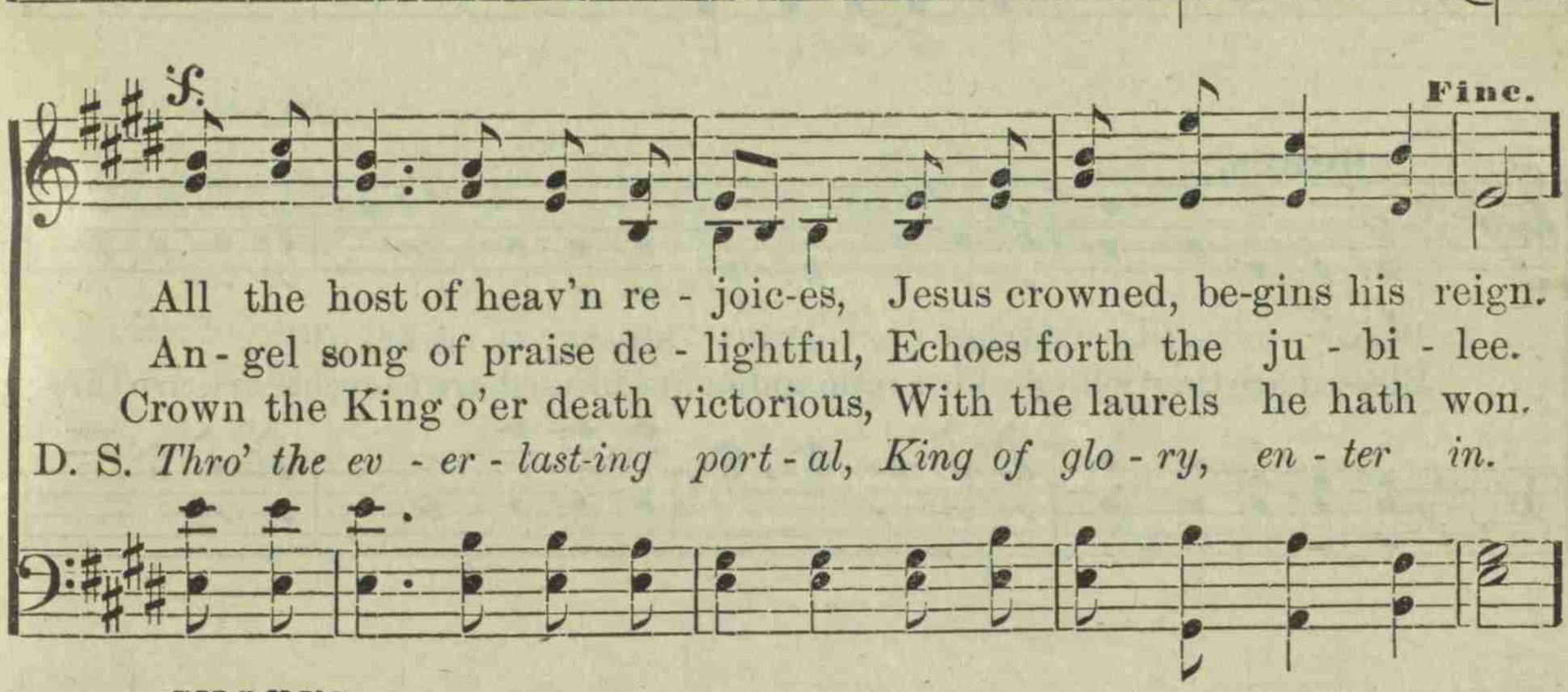
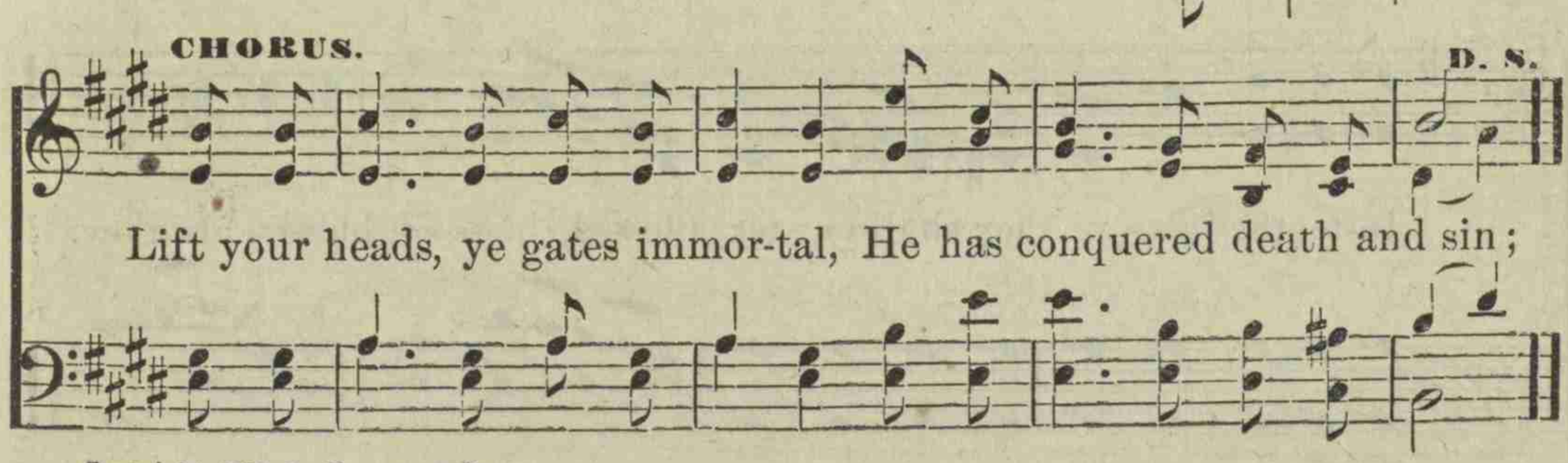
HIS GRACE IS FREE. Concluded.

739 THE ANGELS' SONG.

D. R. LUCAS. DR. J. B. HERBERT.







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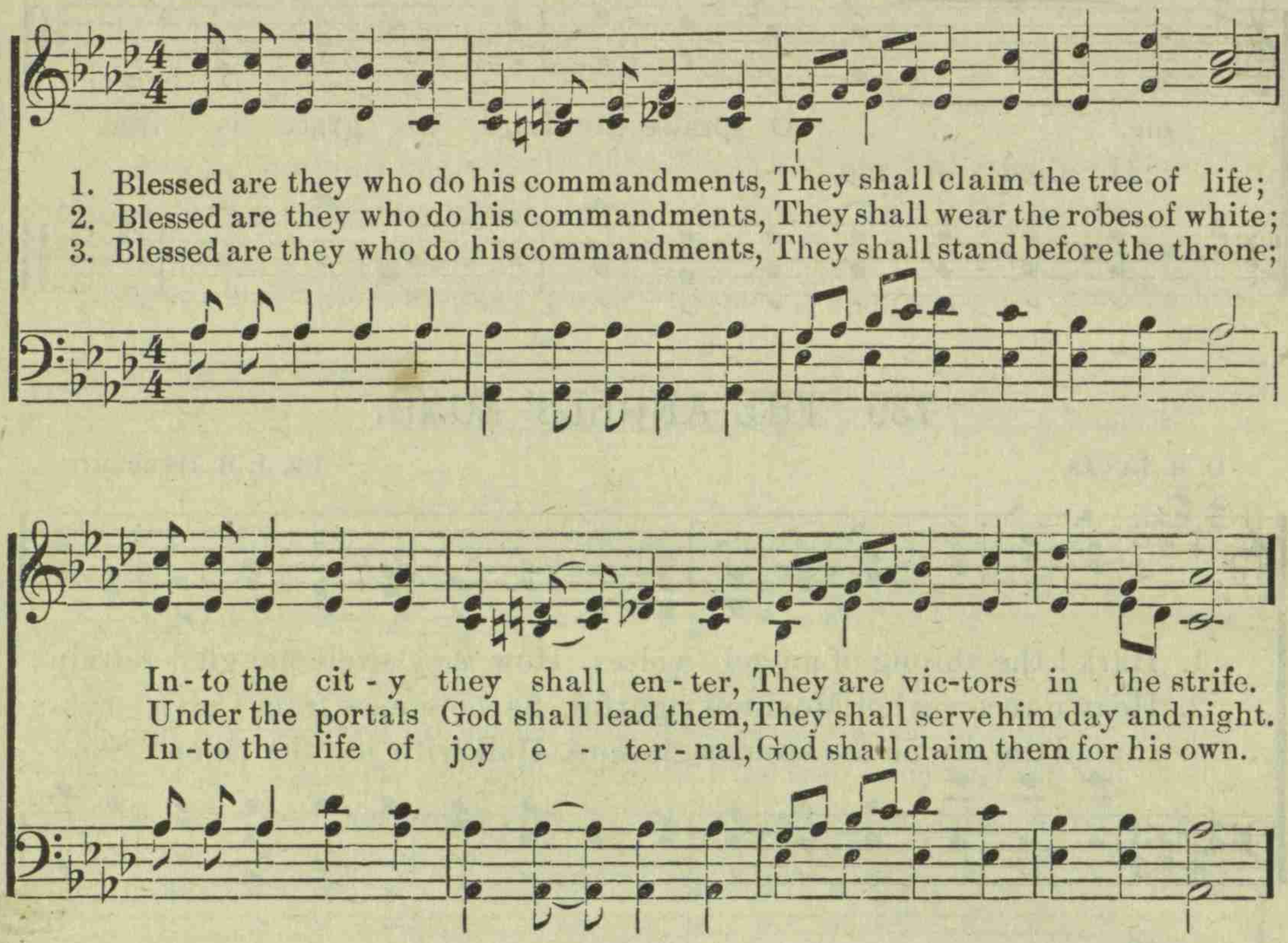
740 BLESSED ARE THEY.

H. R. TRICKETT. ALFRED POWERS.



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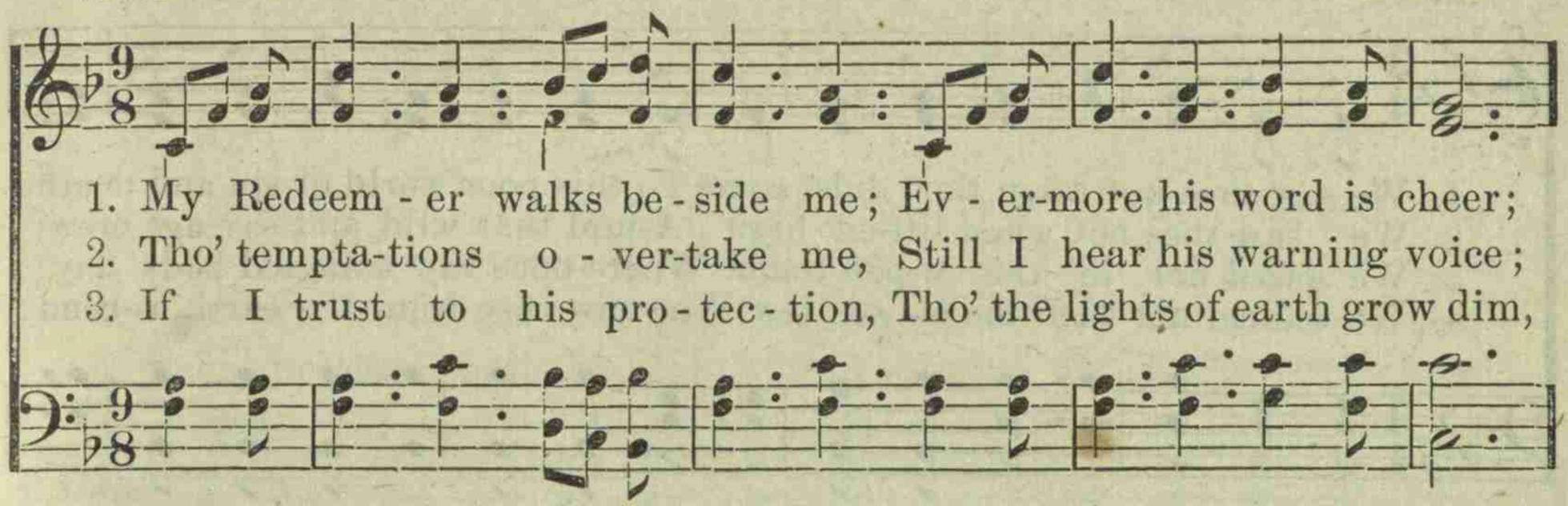
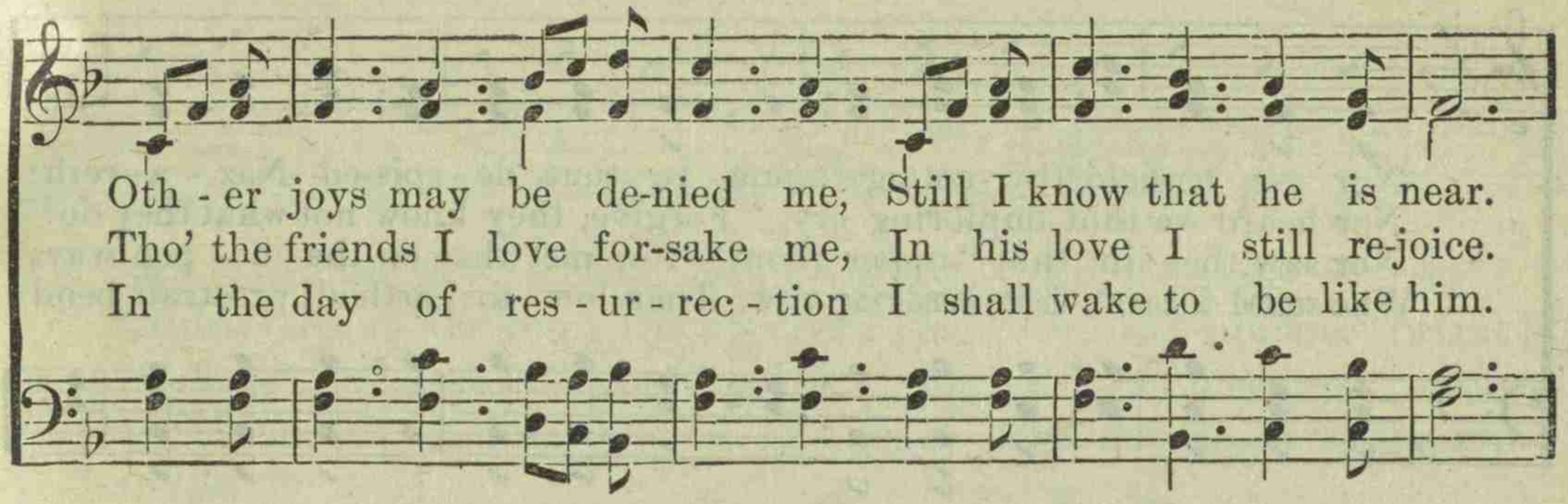
741 HE IS NEAR ME.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.



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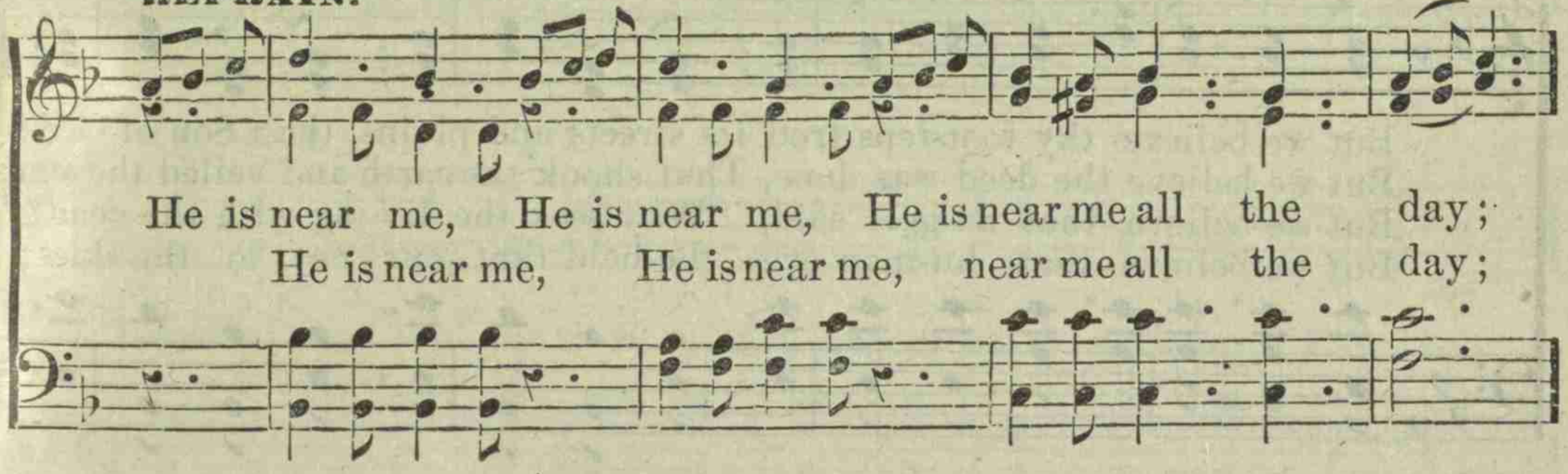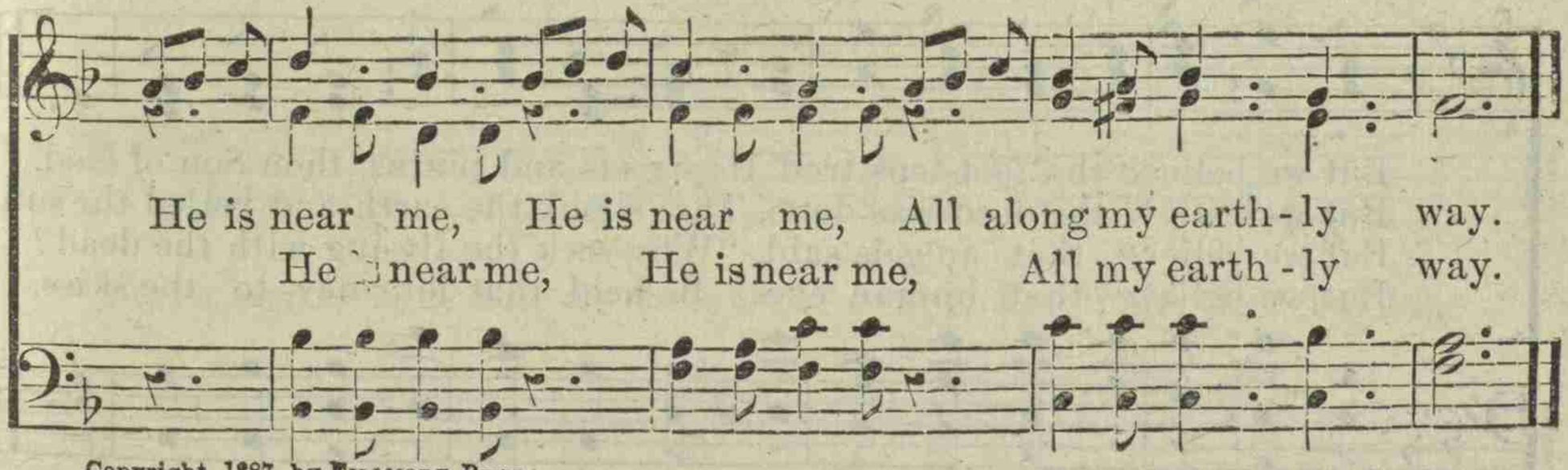
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742 WE BELIEVE.

ANON. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. We saw thee not when thou didst come To this poor world of sin and death;
2. We saw thee not when lift-ed high A-mid that wild and sav-age crew;
3. We gazed not in the o-pen tomb Where once thy mangled body lay;
4. We walked not with the chosen few Who saw thee from the earth as-cend;

Nor yet be-held thy cottage home In that de-spis-ed Naz-a-reth;
Nor heard we that imploring cry, "Forgive, they know not what they do!"
Nor saw thee in that "upper room," Nor met thee on the o-pen way;
Who raised to heav'n their wond'ring view, Then low to earth all prostrate bend;

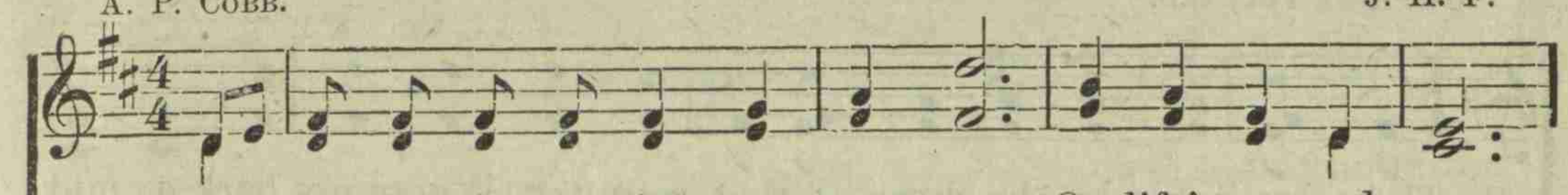
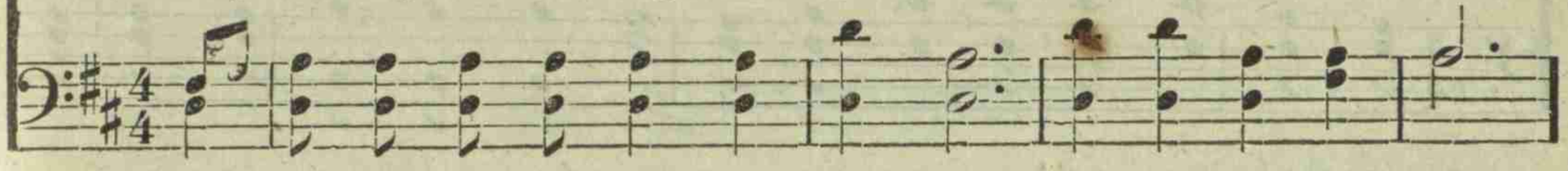
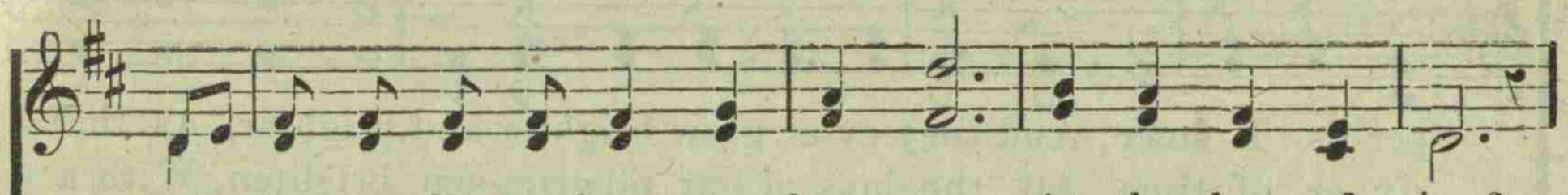
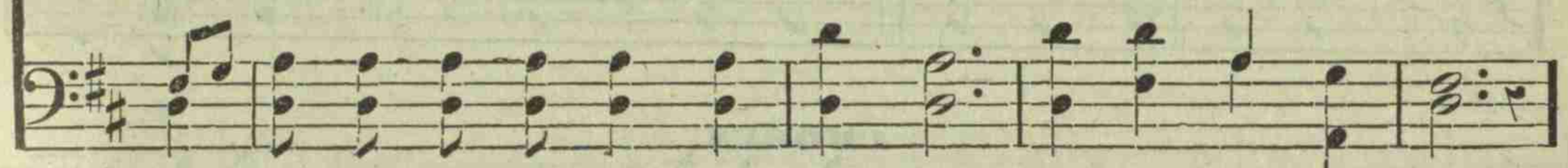
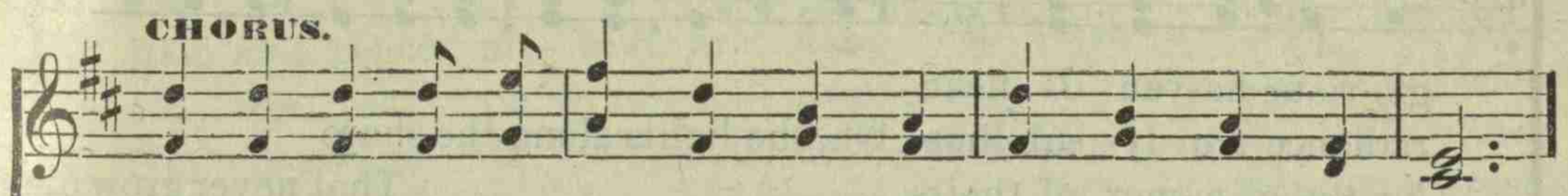
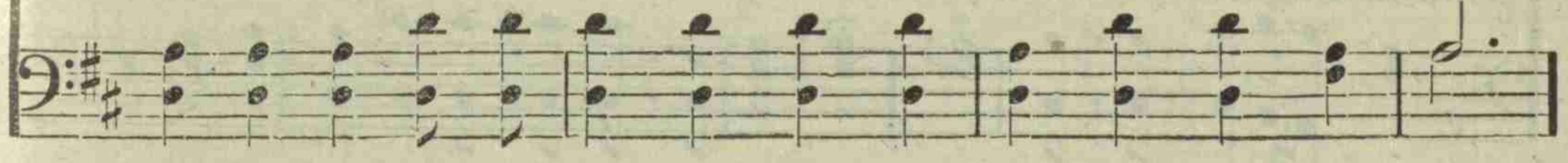
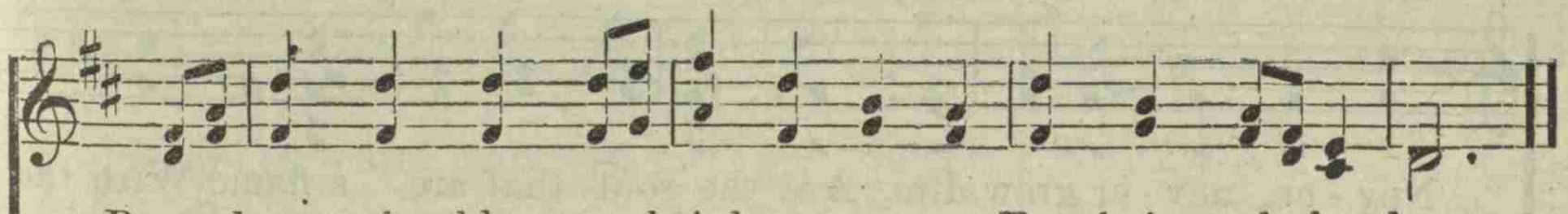
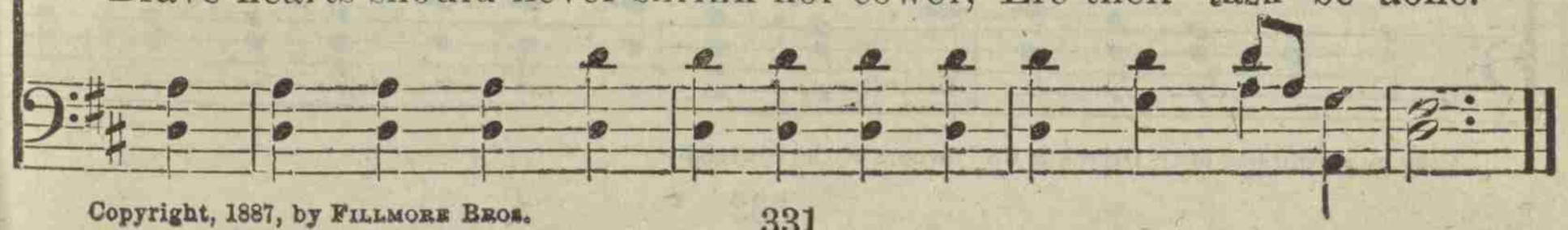
CHORUS.

But we believe thy footsteps trod Its streets and plains, thou Son of God;
But we believe the deed was done, That shook the earth and veiled the sun;
But we believe that an-gels said, "Why seek the liv-ing with the dead?"
But we believe that hu-man eyes Be-held that jour-ney to the skies;

But we believe thy footsteps trod Its streets and plains, thou Son of God.
But we believe the deed was done, That shook the earth and veiled the sun.
But we believe that an-gels said, "Why seek the liv-ing with the dead?"
But we believe that human eyes Be-held that jour-ney to the skies.

By permission.

743 DO YOUR FEET GROW WEARY?

A. P. COBB. J. H. F.

1. O brothers! do your feet grow wea - ry On life's rug-ged way,
2. O brother! is your lamp still burn - ing Thro' the gloomy night?
3. O brother! trust your gracious Sav - iour All the toil-some way;
4. Soon, brother, shall the night's deep sorrow Be for - ev - er gone;

And is the sky a - bove you drear - y At the close of day?
'Midst sorrows are you still dis - cern - ing Je - sus' promise bright?
Seek, ev - er seek his lov - ing fa - vor, Oft in meekness pray.
Joy com-eth with the gold - en mor-row, Heaven's peace shall dawn.

CHORUS.

Look above! tho' the dark clouds low-er, Soon will shine the sun;

Brave hearts should never shrink nor cower, Ere their task be done.

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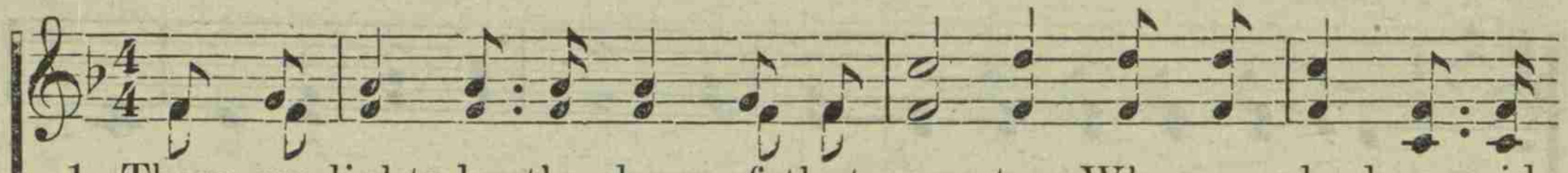
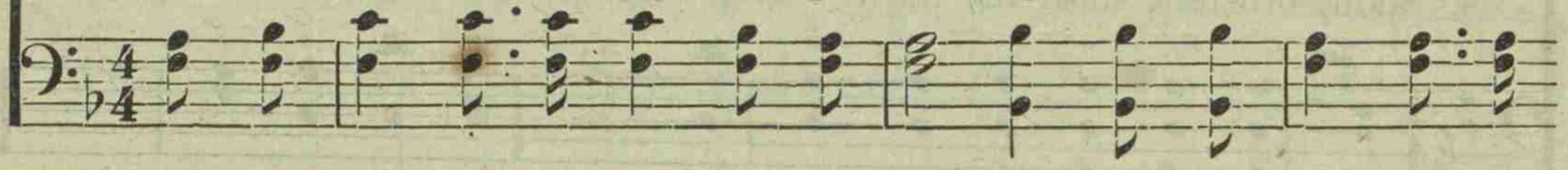
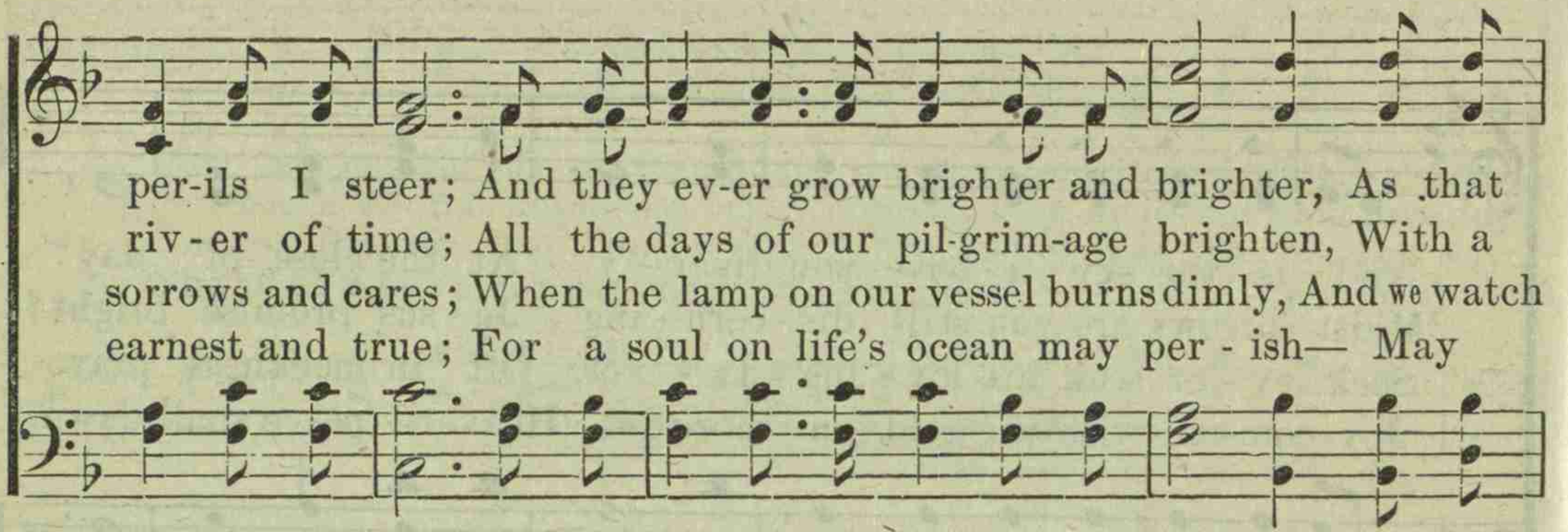
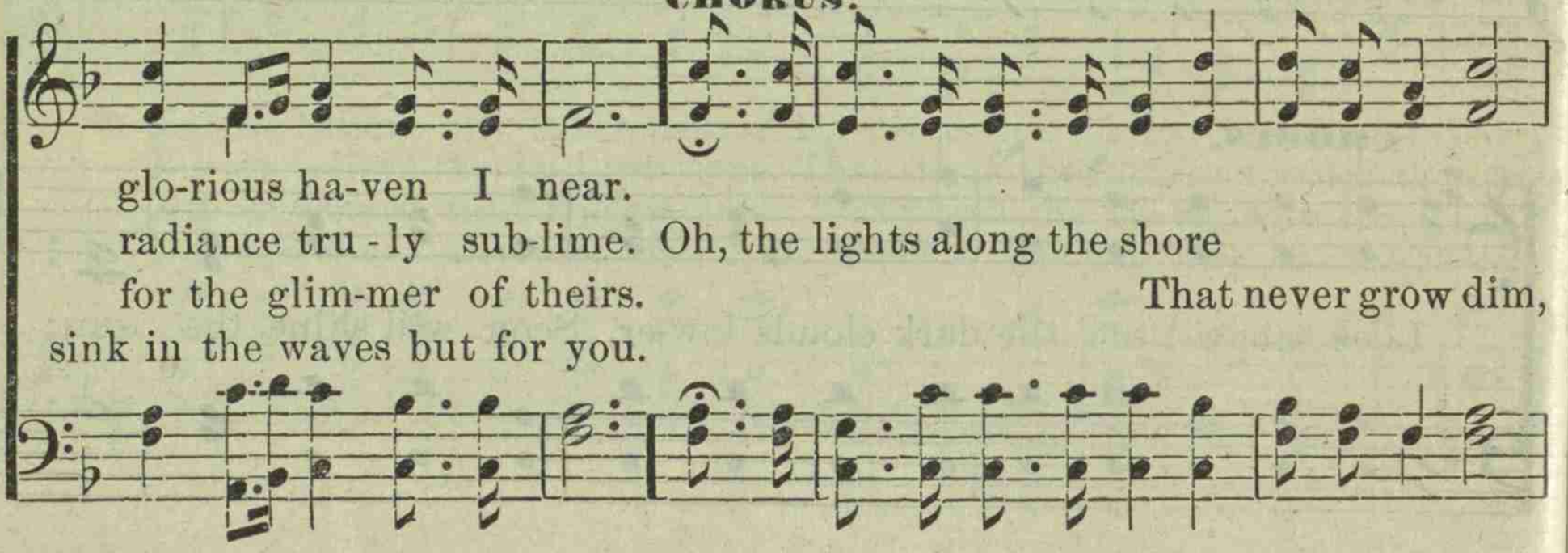
744 LIGHTS ALONG THE SHORE.

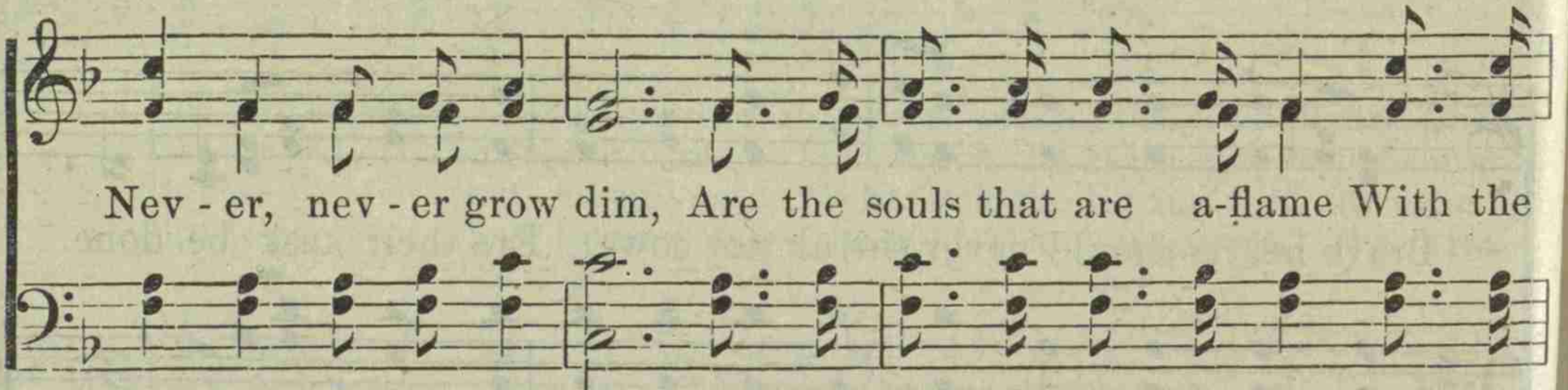
JOSEPHINE POLLARD. E. ROBERTS.



1. There are lights by the shore of that coun-try, Where my bark a - mid
2. There are lights by the shore as we jour-ney, As we float down the
3. Oh, they tell of a hope that will cheer us In the midst of our
4. Then for - get not your light, keep it shining, O Christian, be



per-ils I steer; And they ev-er grow brighter and brighter, As that
riv - er of time; All the days of our pil-grim-age brighten, With a
sorrows and cares; When the lamp on our vessel burns dimly, And we watch
earnest and true; For a soul on life's ocean may per - ish— May

CHORUS.

glo-rious ha-ven I near.
radiance tru - ly sub-lime. Oh, the lights along the shore
for the glim-mer of theirs. That never grow dim,
sink in the waves but for you.



Nev - er, nev - er grow dim, Are the souls that are a-flame With the

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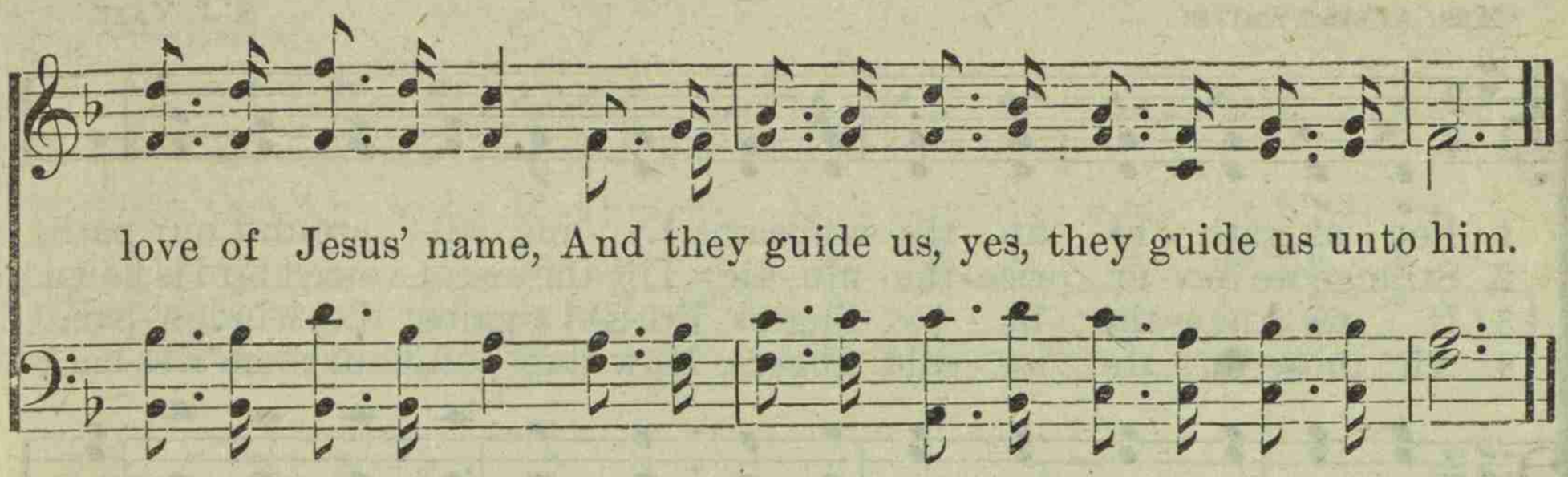
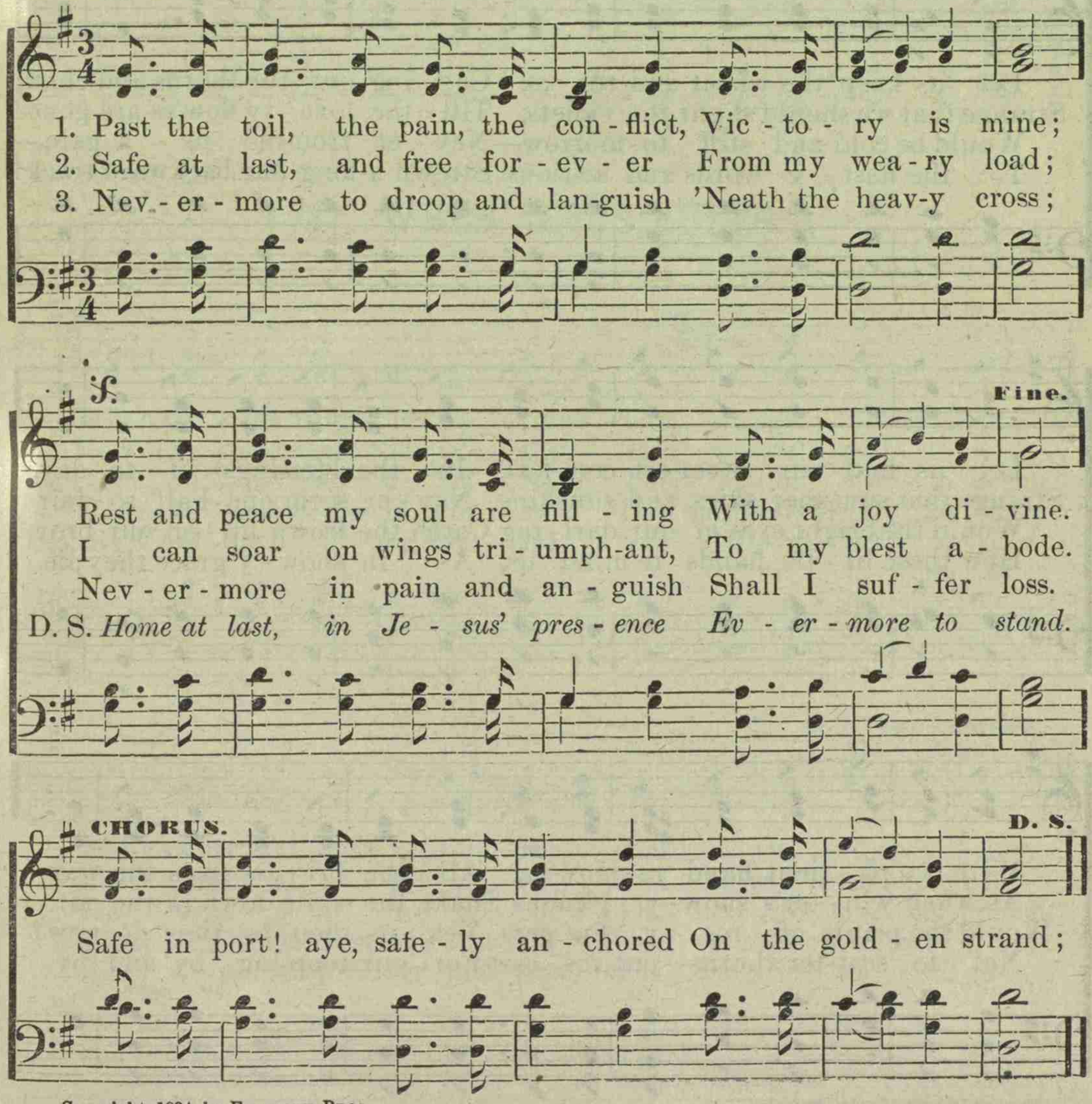
LIGHTS ALONG THE SHORE. Concluded.



745 SAFE IN PORT.

MRS. C. L. S. D. B. TOWNER.



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746 SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

MRS. ALBERT SMITH. S. J. VAIL.

1. Let us gath - er up the sunbeams Ly - ing all around our path,
2. Strange we nev-er prize the mu - sic Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown!
3. If we knew the ba - by fingers, Pressed a-gainst the window-pane,
4. Ah! those lit - tle ice - cold fingers, How they point our mem'ries back

Let us keep the wheat and ros - es, Cast - ing out the thorns and chaff;
Strange that we should slight the violets, Till the love - ly flow'rs are gone!
Would be cold and stiff to - morrow—Nev - er trou-ble us a-gain—
To the hast - y words and ac-tions Strewn a-long our backward track!

Let us find our sweet-est com-fort In the blessings of to - day,
Strange that sum-mer skies and sunshine Nev - er seem one - half so fair
Would the bright eyes of our darl - ing Catch the frown up - on our brow?
How those lit - tle hands re-mind us, As in snow - y grace they lie,

With a pa - tient hand re - mov-ing All the bri - ars from the way.
As when win - ter's snow - y pinions Shake the white down in the air.
Would the prints of ros - y fin - gers Vex us then as they do now?
Not to scat-ter thorns—but ros - es—For our reap-ing by and by.

By permission of PHILIP PHILLIPS.

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Then scat-ter seeds of kindness, Then scat-ter seeds of kindness,

Rit.

Then scat-ter seeds of kindness, For our reaping by and by.

747 WHEN JESUS RULES.

ALANSON WILCOX. Melody by ALANSON WILCOX.

1. When Je - sus rules the na - tions, The peo - ple all shall sing;
2. Now Je - sus asks the peo - ple The gos-pel call to hear;
3. Our Je - sus leads us for - ward, The na-tions all to reach;
4. When Je - sus comes in glo - ry, His saints shall all be there;

D. C. *We'll toil, we'll toil for Je - sus, Our la-bor's not in vain—*

D. C. for Chorus.

Their songs shall float on zeph - rys, And thro' the land they'll ring.
Their sins shall be for - giv - en, And he will draw them near.
He asks us all to la - bor And there his gos - pel preach.
Their suff'rings then all end - ed, The vic-tor's crown they'll wear.
The script-ures for our guid - ance, The vic - to - ry we'll gain,

748 THE EVERGREEN SHORE.

WM. HUNTER. A. D. FILLMORE.

1. We are joy-ous - ly voy - ag - ing o-ver the main, Bound for the
2. We have nothing to fear from the wind and the wave, Un-der our
3. Both the winds and the waves our Commander controls, Nothing can
4. Let the high heaving bil-low and mountainous wave Fear-ful - ly
5. Let the ves-sel be wrecked on the rock or the shoal, Sink to be

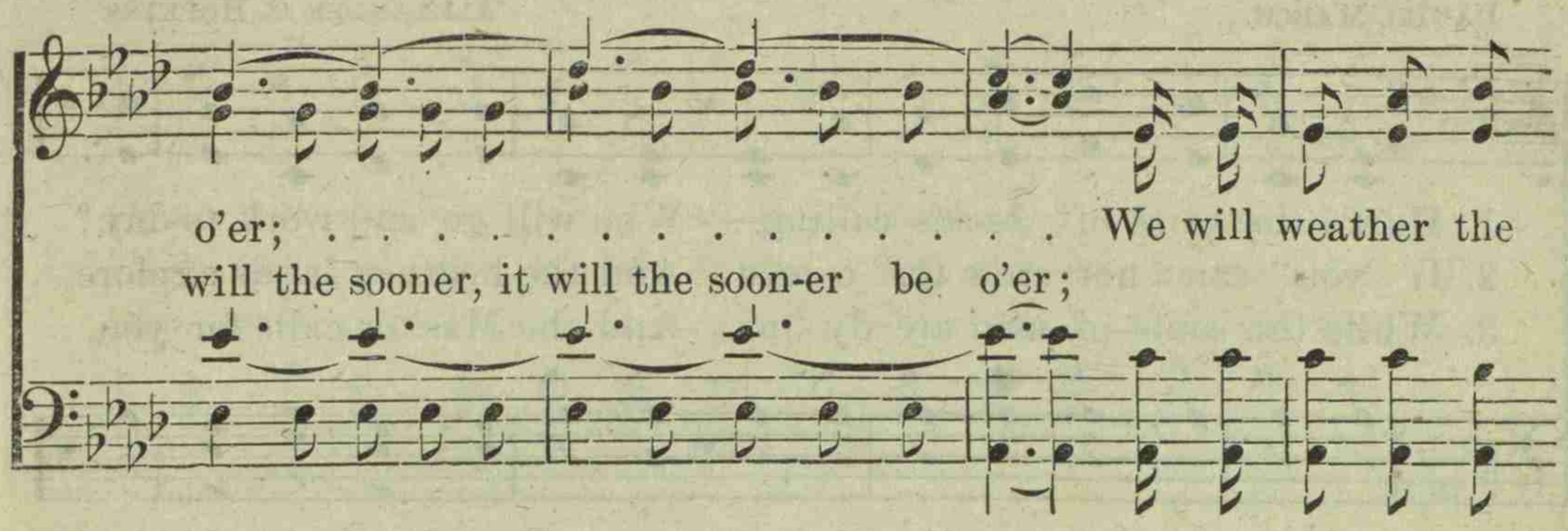
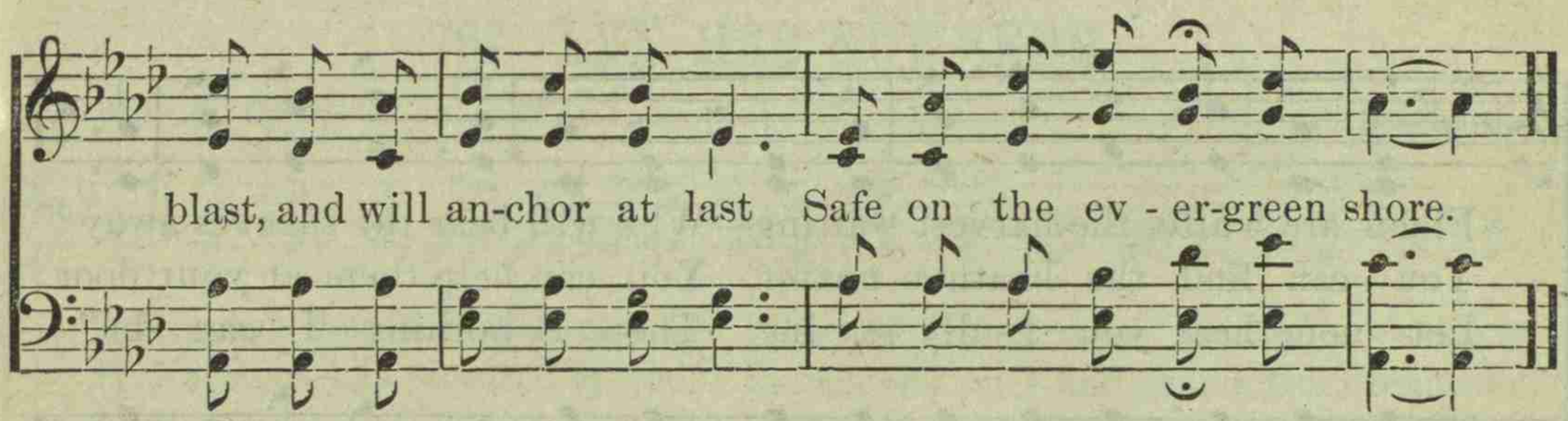
ev-er-green shore, Whose inhabit-ants nev - er of sickness complain,
Saviour's command; And our hearts in the midst of the dangers are brave,
baf-fle his skill; And his voice, when the thundering hurricane rolls,
o-ver-head break; There is one by our side that can comfort and save.
seen nev - er-more; He will bear, none the less, ev'ry pas - sen-ger soul

CHORUS.

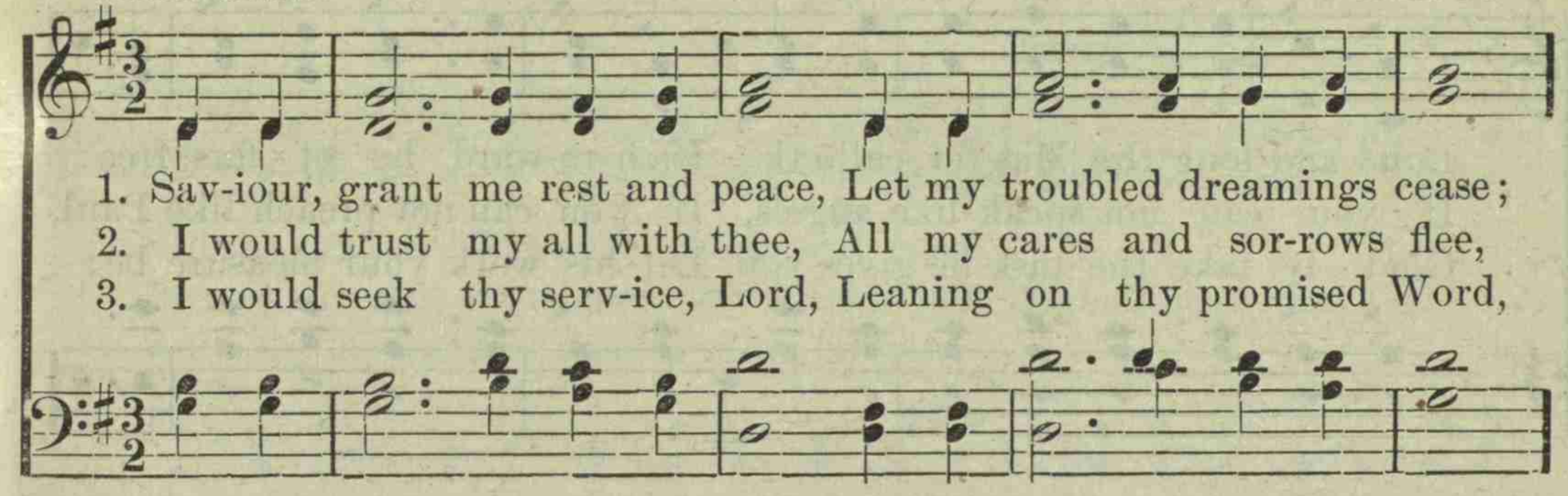
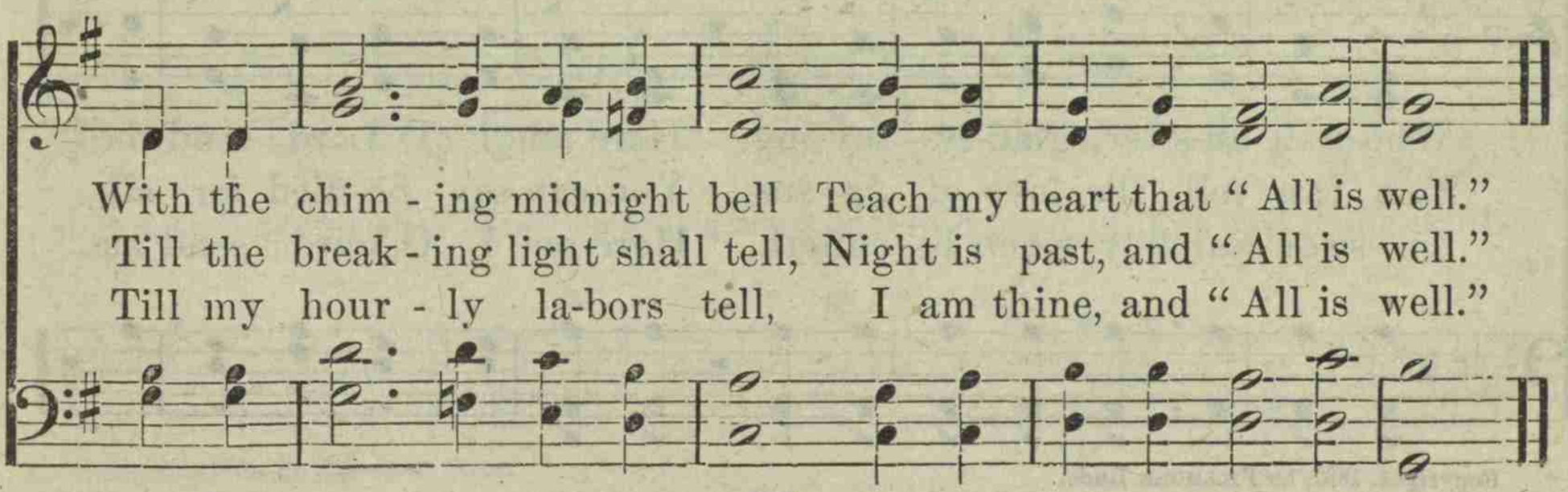
And nev - er see death a - ny more.
For Je - sus will bring us to land.
Can make the loud tem - pest be still: Then let the hur - ri-cane
There's One who will nev - er for-sake.
Safe to the ev - er-green shore.

roar, ... It will the soon-er be
let the hurricane, let the hurricane roar, It

By permission.

THE EVERGREEN SHORE. Concluded.



749 ALL IS WELL.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. F.



By permission.

750 WORKERS AT HOME.

DANIEL MARCH. ALEXANDER C. HOPKINS.

1. Hark! the voice of Je-sus calling—"Who will go and work to-day?
2. If you can not cross the o-cean, And the heathen lands explore,
3. While the souls of men are dy-ing, And the Mas-ter calls for you,

Fields are white, the harvest waiting—Who will bear the sheaves away?"
You can find the heathen nearer, You can help them at your door;
Let none hear you i-dly say-ing, "There is nothing I can do."

Loud and long the Mas-ter call-eth, Rich re-ward he of-fers free:
If you can not speak like angels, If you can not preach like Paul,
Glad-ly take the task he gives you, Let his work your pleasure be;

Who will an-swer, glad-ly say-ing, "Here am I, O Lord: send me?"
You can tell the love of Je-sus, You can say he died for all.
An-swer quick-ly when he calleth, "Here am I, O Lord: send me."

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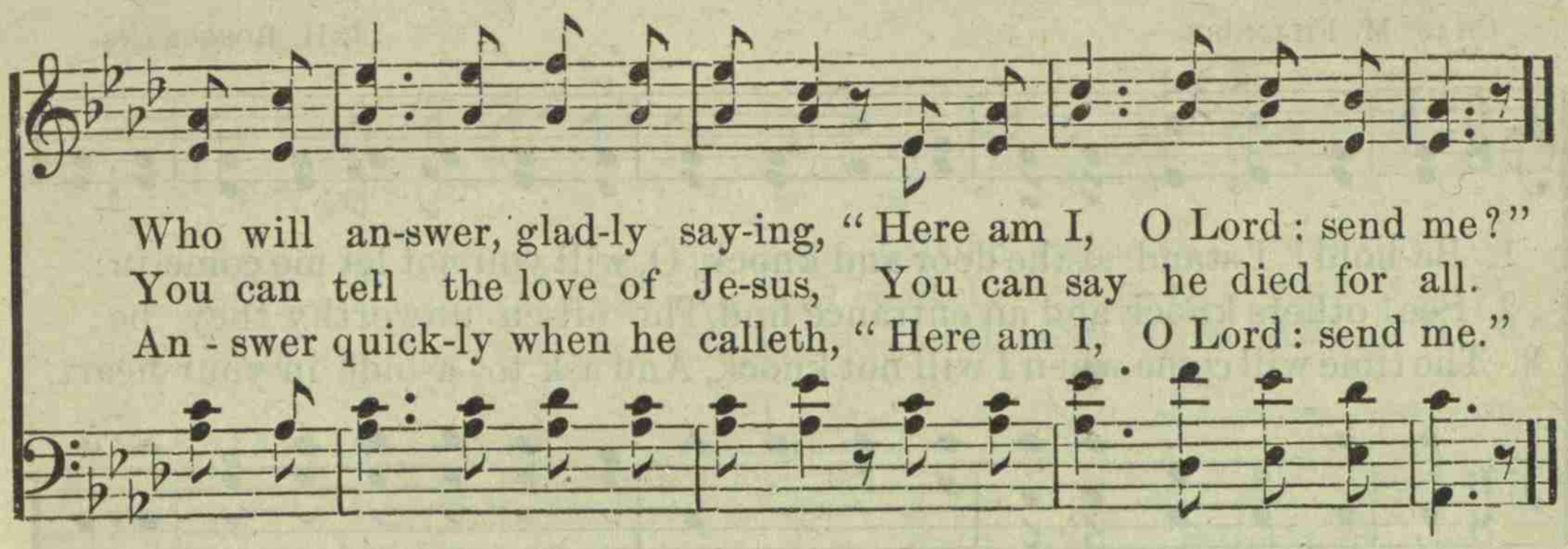
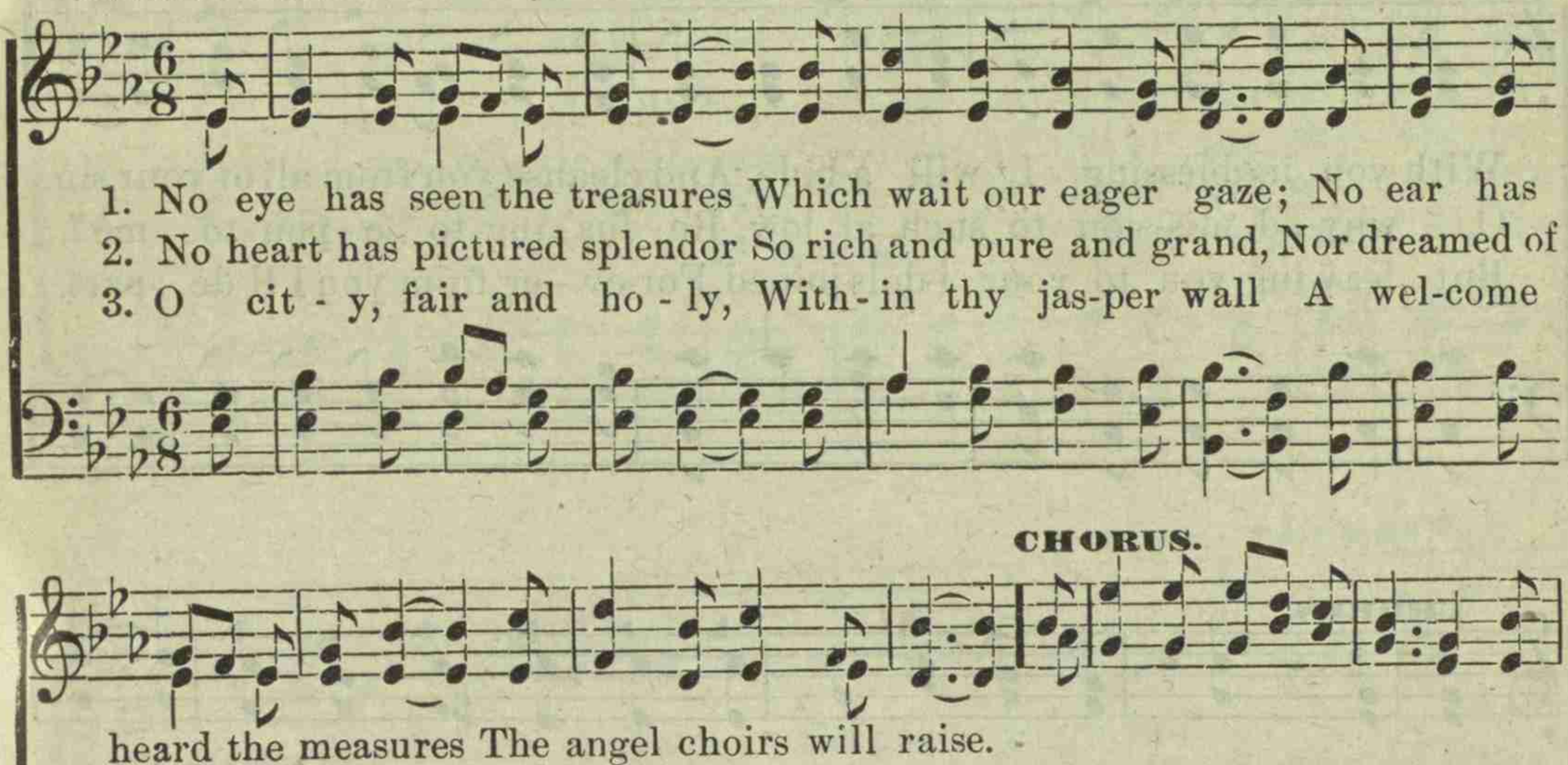


751 EYE HAS NOT SEEN.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. RHEEM.



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752 BEHOLD! I STAND AND KNOCK.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Be-hold! I stand at the door and knock, O, will you not let me come in:
2. See! others knock and an entrance find, Tho' oft-en unworthy they be;
3. The time will come when I will not knock, And ask to a-bide in your heart,

With you in blessing I will a-bide, And cleanse you from all of your sin.
O, why ad-mis-sion to such al-low, Re-fus-ing to o-pen to me?
But leav-ing you to your i-dols joined, For-ev-er from you I'll de-part.

CHORUS.

I knock—knock—o-pen to me, O-pen the door of thy heart;
I knock—knock—o-pen to me, O-pen, I soon may de-part.

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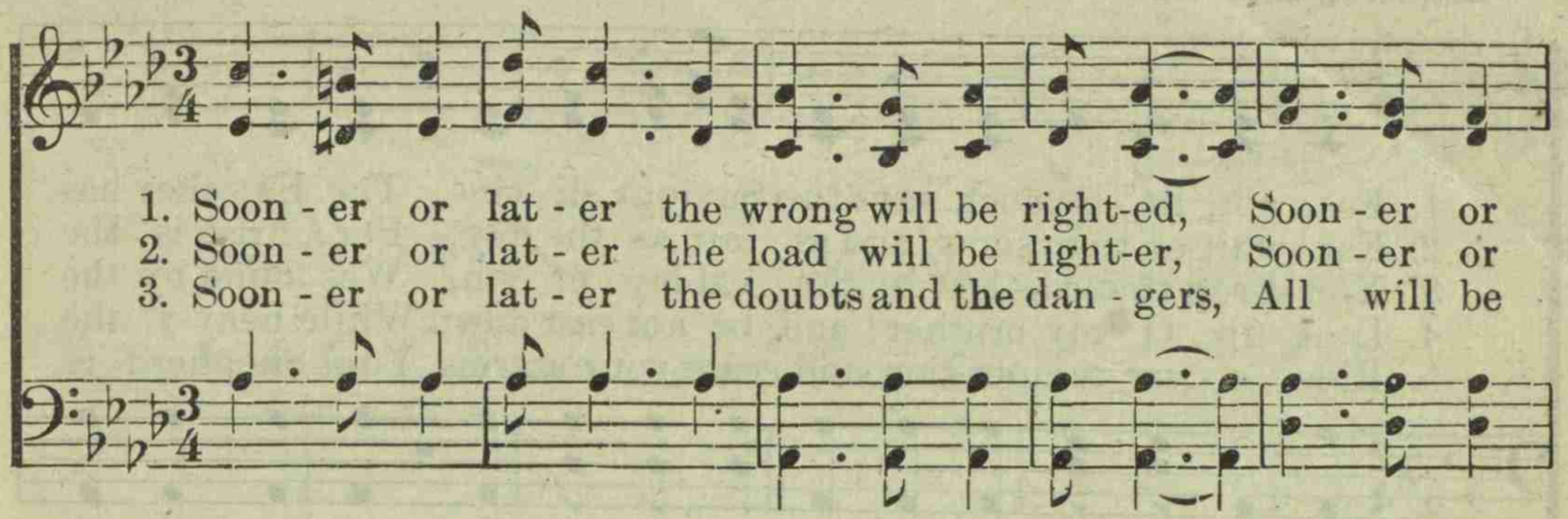
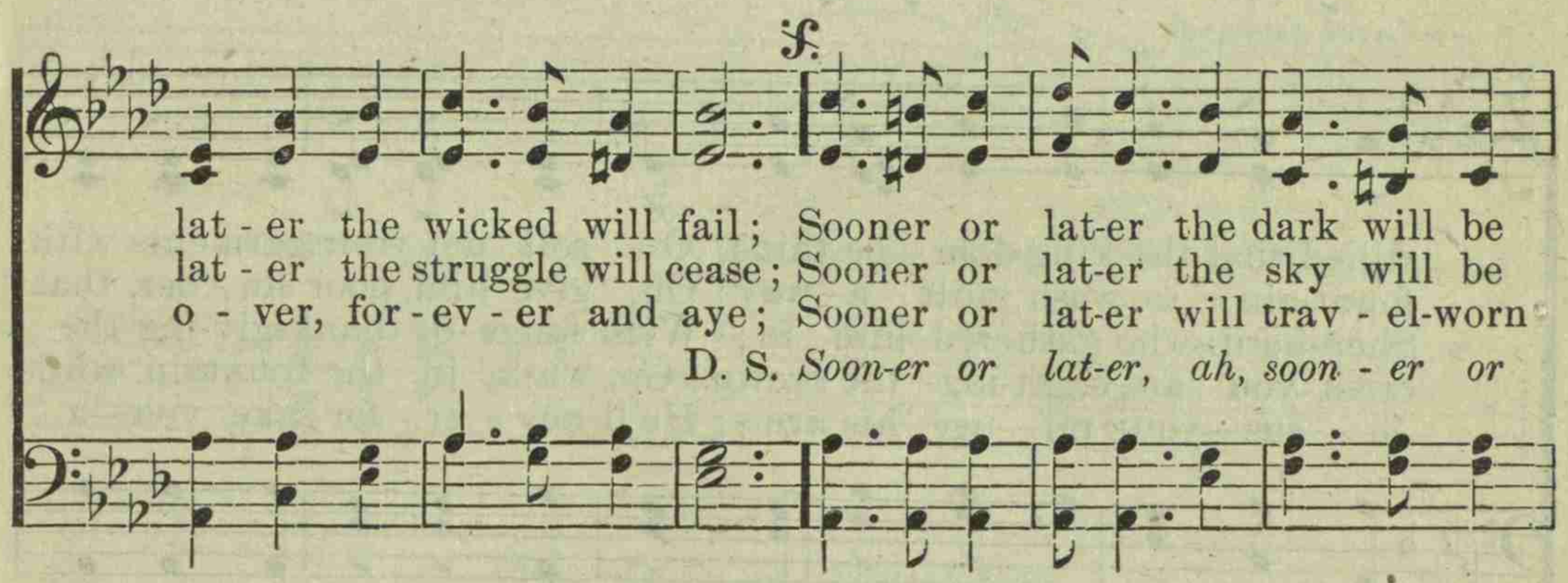
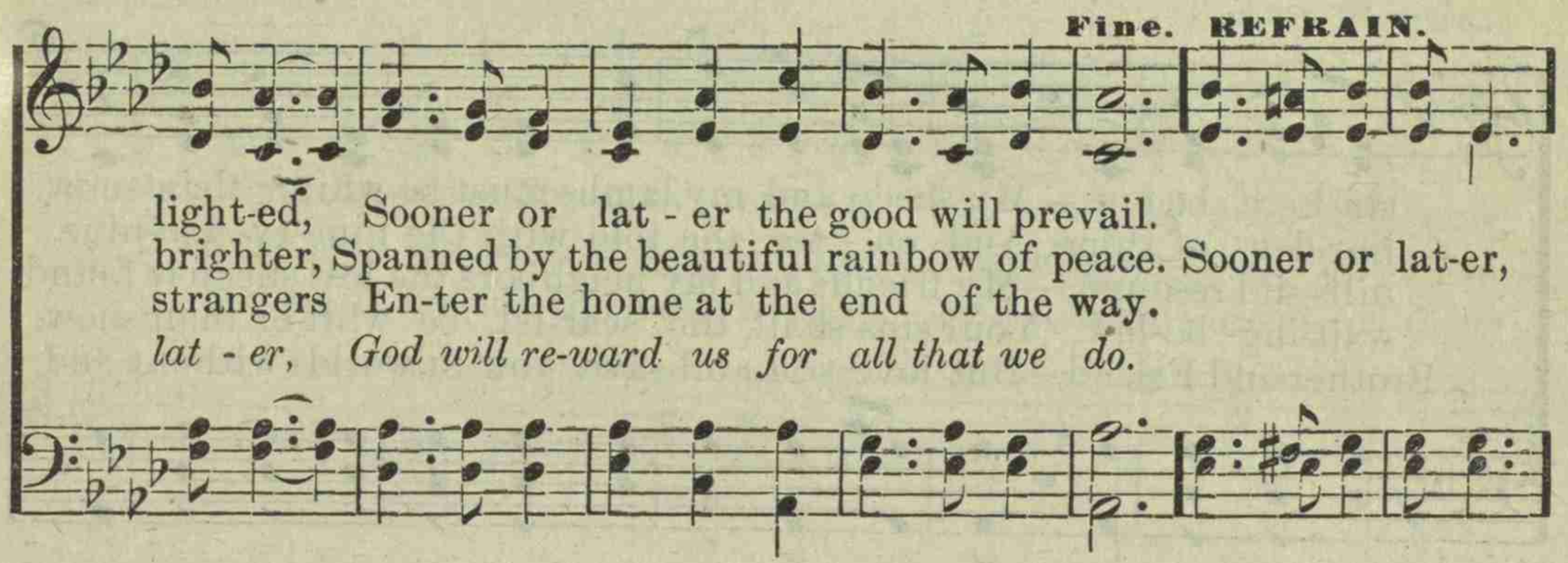
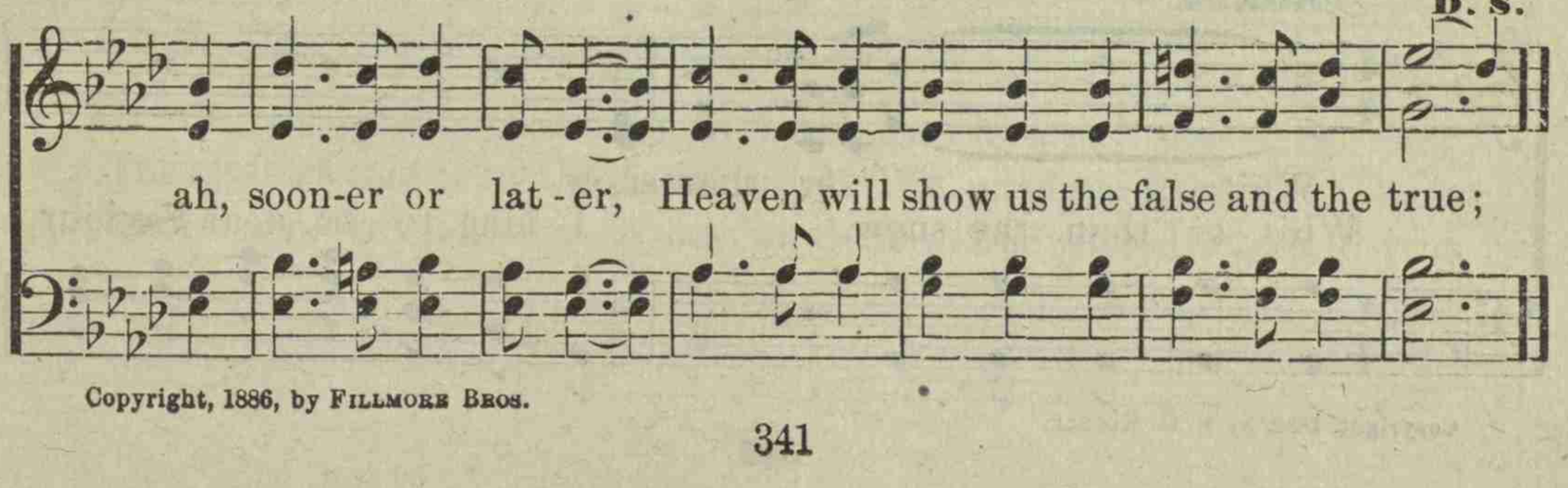
753 SOONER OR LATER.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. F.





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754 WHITER THAN THE SNOW.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER. J. A. DAILEY.

1. Fear not, lit - tle flock, says the Saviour di - vine, The Fa - ther has willed that the king-dom be thine, O soil not your garments with
2. Far whit-er than snow, and as fair as the day,—For Christ is the fount-ain to wash guilt a - way; Oh, give him, poor sin - ner, that
3. Yon sheep that was lost in the val-ley of sin, Was found by the Shep-herd, who gathered him in; With songs of thanksgiv-ing the
4. Look up, O my brother! and be not cast down While heav-y the cross, you are sight-ing the crown; Go, wash in the fountain, while
5. Ride o - ver tempta-tion and cease your alarms, Your Shepherd is Je - sus—your ref - uge his arms; He'll nev - er for-sake you—a

sin here be-low,—My sheep and my lambs must be whiter than snow.
bur-den of thine, And en - ter the fold with the nine-ty- and-nine.
hills did resound,—My friends and my neighbors the lost sheep is found.
wait-ing be-low, Your sins shall, tho' scar-let, be whit-er than snow.
Brother and Friend—But love you and save you in worlds without end.

CHORUS.

Whit - - - - er than snow,
Whit - er than the snow, I long to be, dear Saviour,

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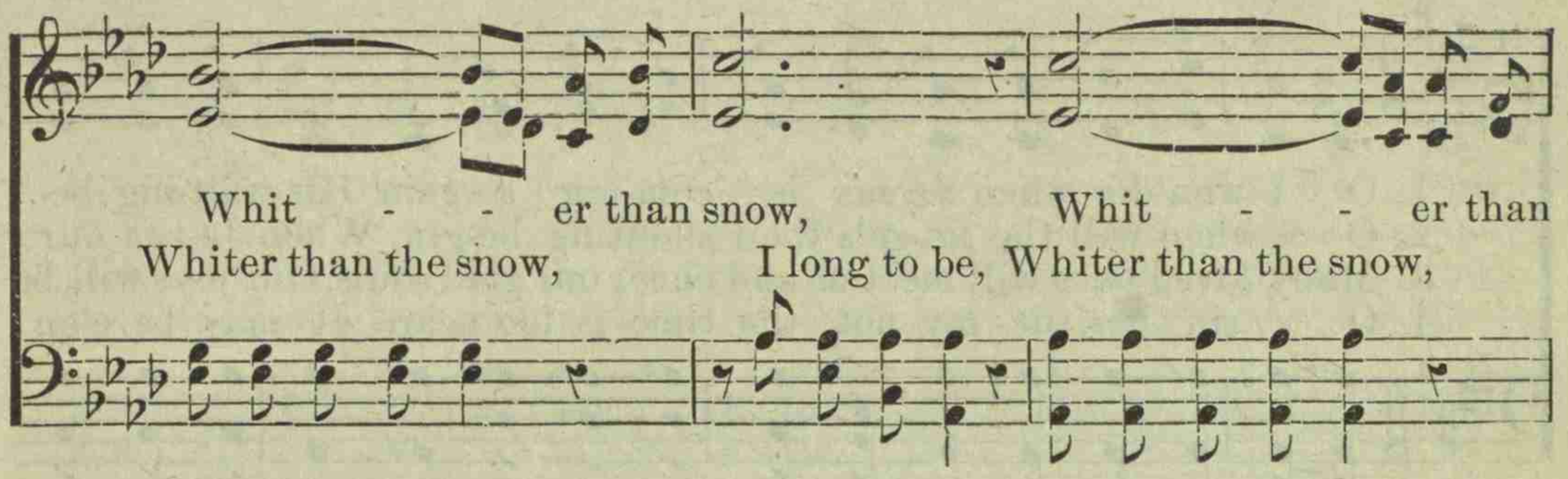
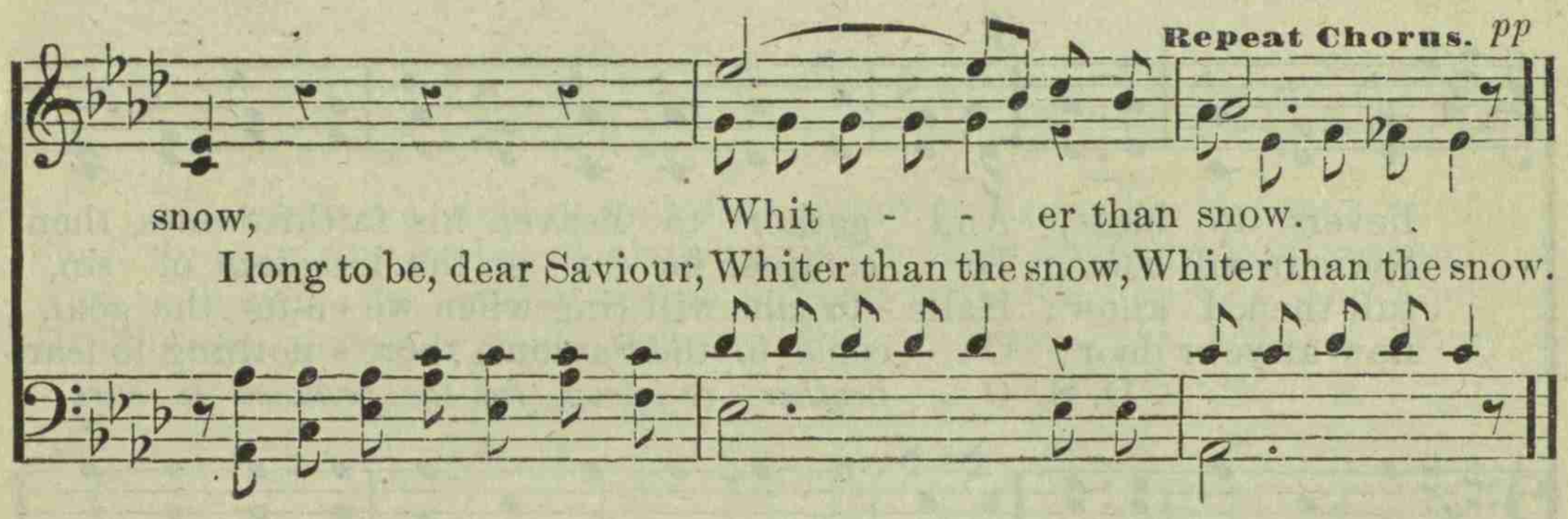
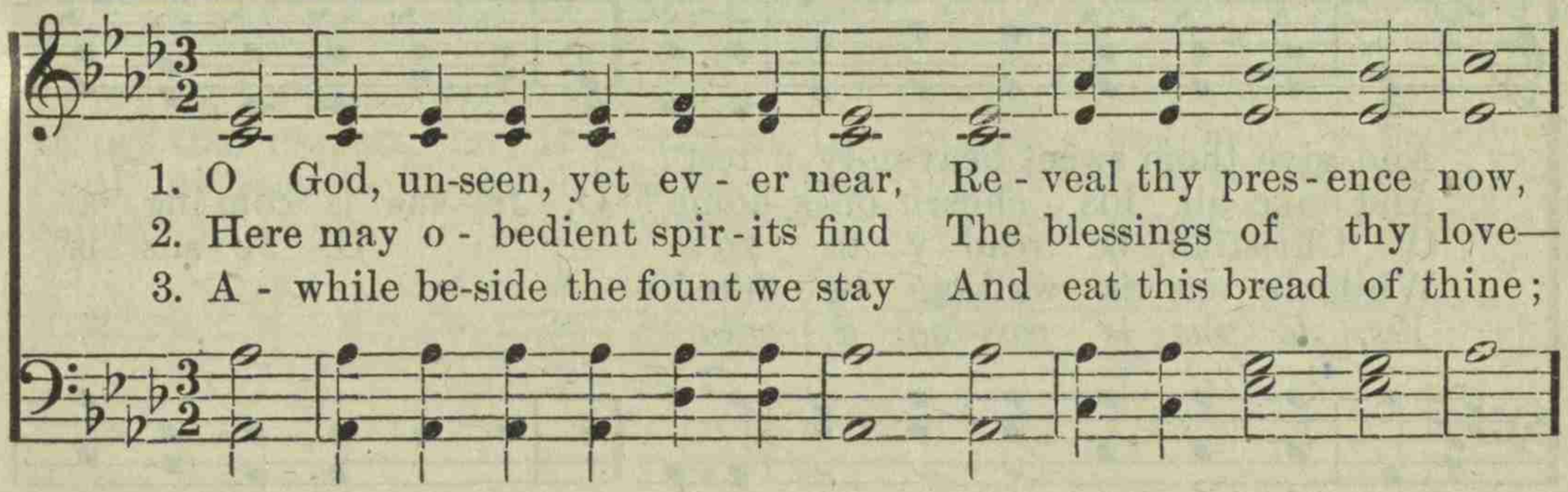
WHITER THAN THE SNOW. Concluded.

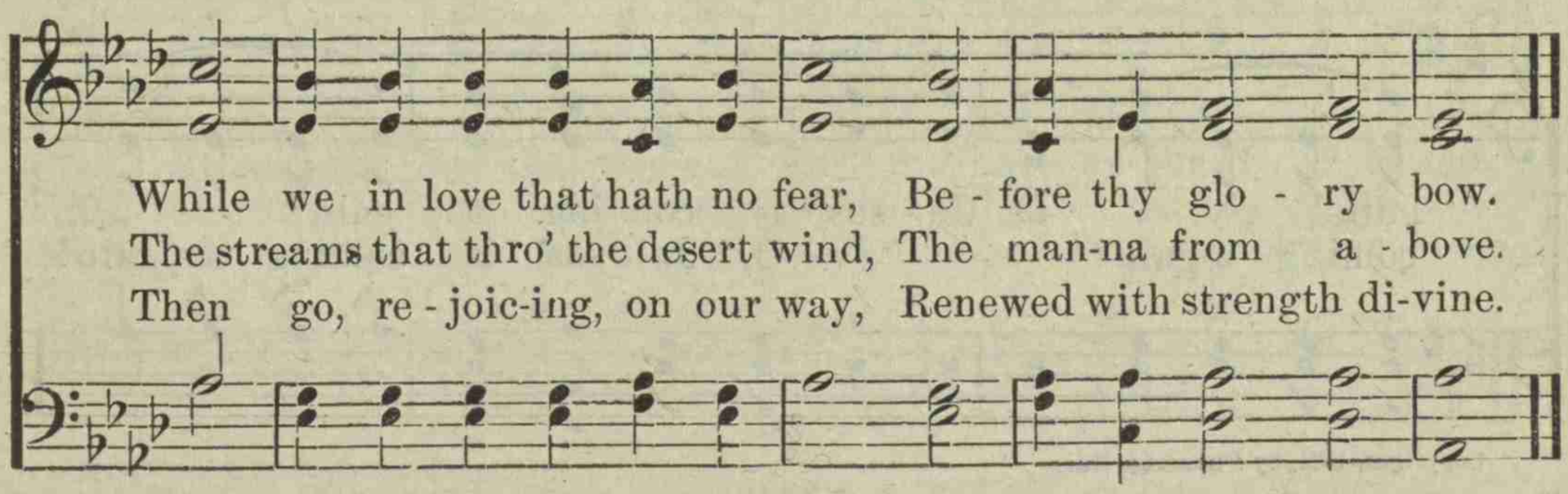




755 O GOD, UNSEEN.

ASHLAND. C. M. A. C. HOPKINS.





756 JESUS IS COMING AGAIN.

J. H. P. J. H. PAINTER.

1. O I won-der when Je-sus is com-ing a-gain His wait-ing be-
2. O when will the an-gels their shouting be-gin, When Je-sus our
3. Many loved ones will meet us and cheer our glad souls, Our joys will be
4. O sin-ner, de-lay not, the time is too near, It may be e'en

lievers to bless; And gather to heaven his faithful ones, then,
Saviour will come, To conquer for-ev-er the kingdom of sin,
full then, I know; Halle-lu-jahs will ring when we en-ter the goal,
now at your door; O come to the Saviour, there's nothing to fear,
D. S. *O brother, re-joice! for the promise is sure,*

And give them sweet heaven-ly rest?
And take all his chosen ones home? O, Je-sus is com-ing a-
O Christian, be read-y to go! O, Je-sus is
While Je-sus is walking be-fore!
Yes, Je-sus is com-ing a-gain.

Fine. CHORUS.

gain! . . . O, Je-sus is com-ing a-gain! . . .
coming a-gain! O, Je-sus is coming a-gain!

D.S.

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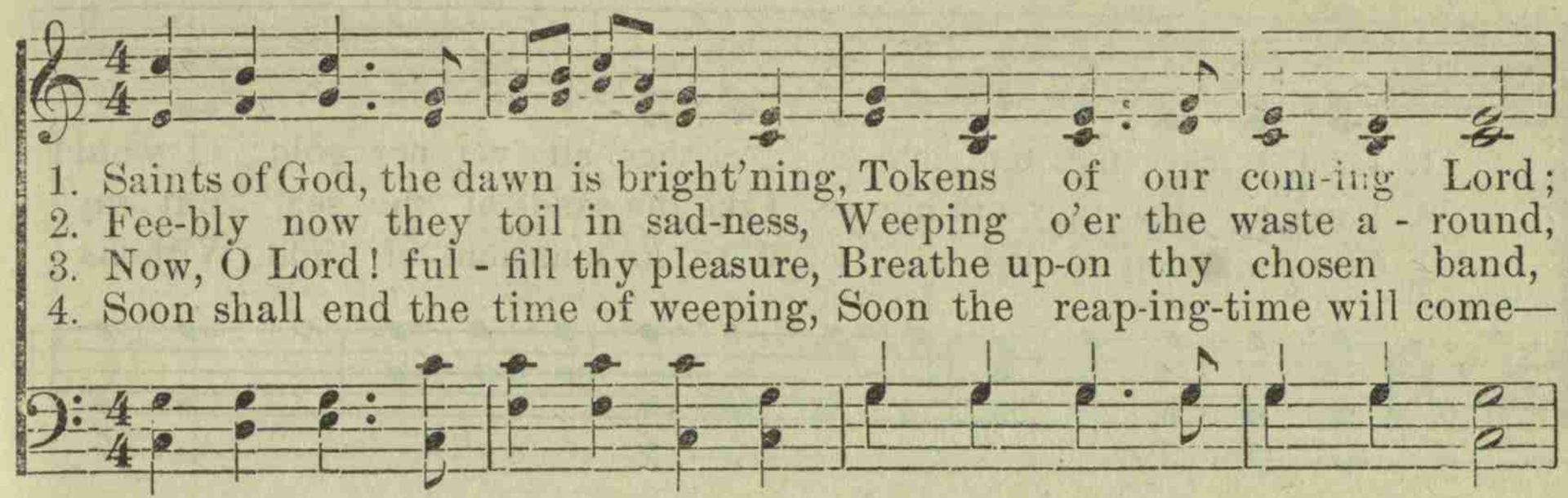
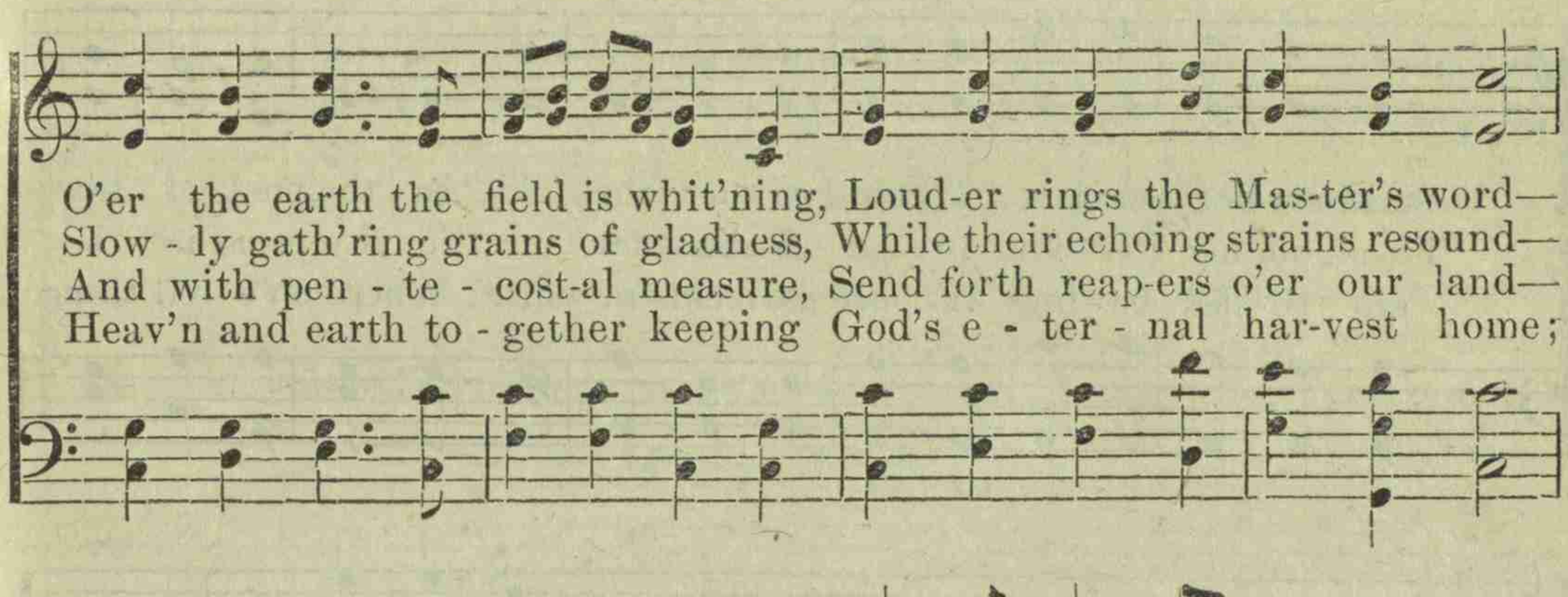
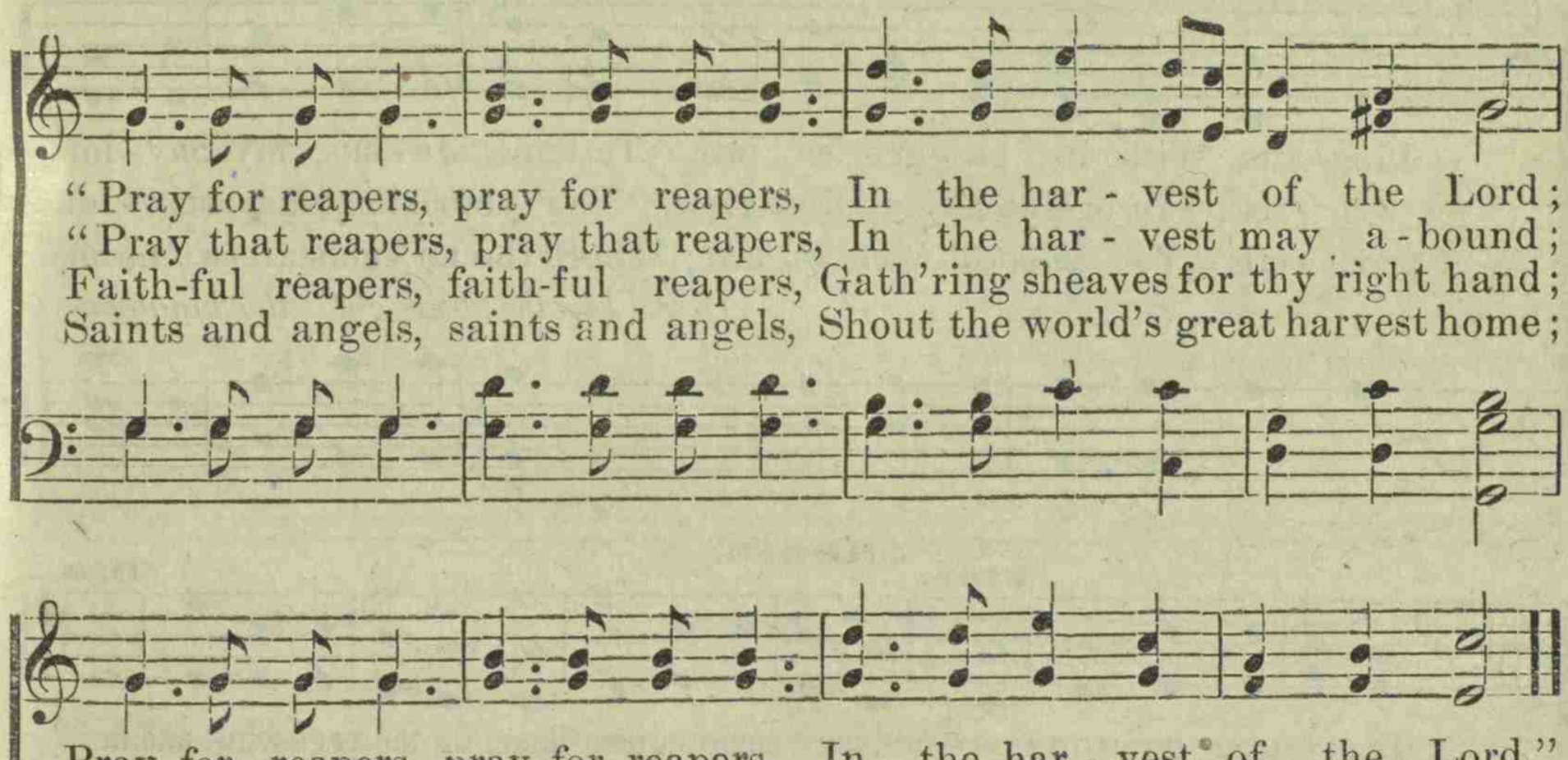
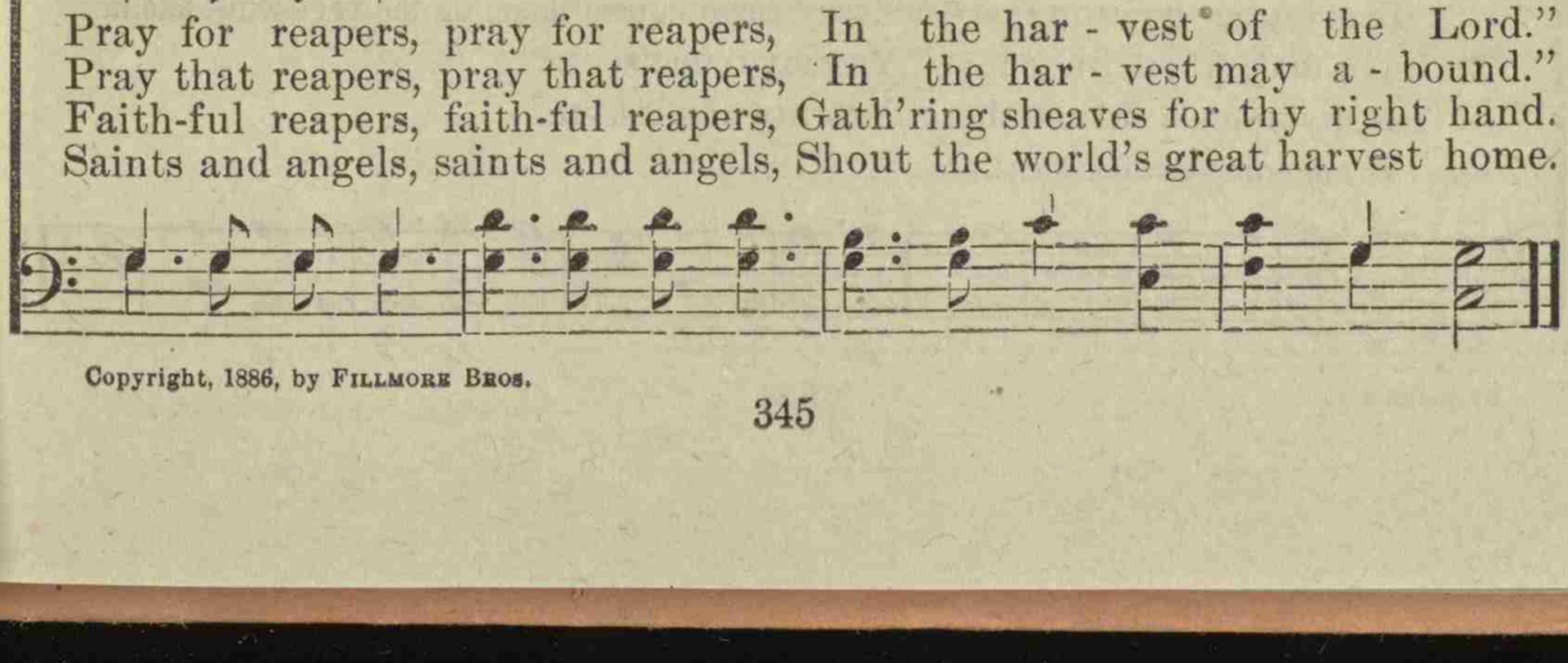
757 PRAY FOR REAPERS.

ANON. FRED A. FILLMORE.





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758 IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

MRS. MARY A. KIDDER. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I care not for rich-es, Nei-ther sil-ver nor gold; I would make sure of heav-en, I would en-ter the fold. In the book of thy
2. Lord, my sins, they are ma-ny, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, oh, my Sav-ior! Is suf-fi-cient for me; For thy prom-ise is
3. Oh, that beau-ti-ful cit-y! With its mansions of light, With its glo-ri-fied be-ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e-vil thing

king-dom, With its pa-ges so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-ior,
writ-ten, In bright let-ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
com-eth To de-spoil what is fair; Where the an-gels are watching,

D. S. *In the book of thy king-dom,*

CHORUS.

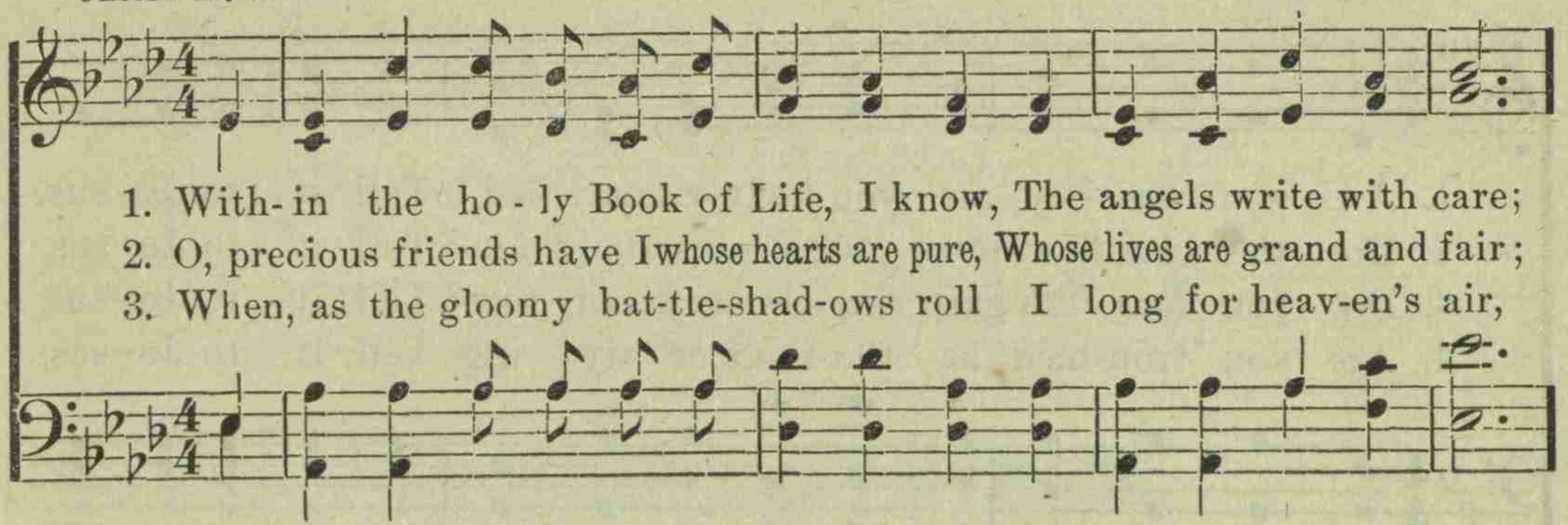
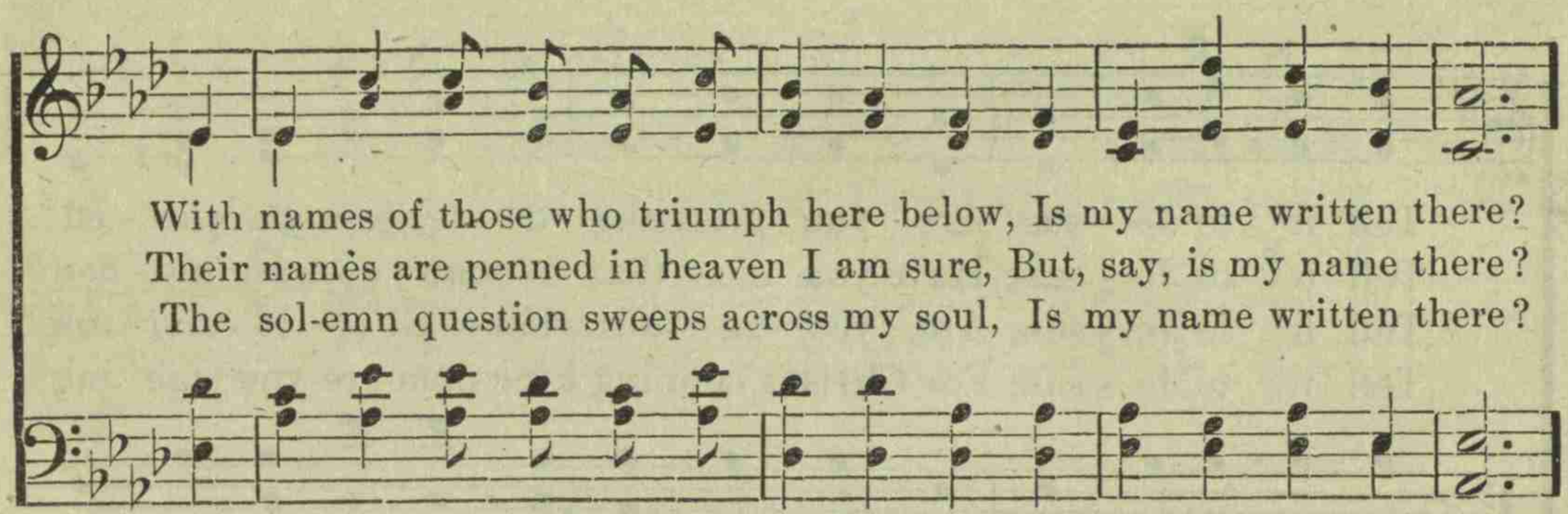
Fine. D. S.

Is my name written there? Is my name written there, On the page white and fair?
I will make them like snow." Yes, my name's, etc.
Yes, my name's written there. Yes, my name's, etc.
Is my name written there.

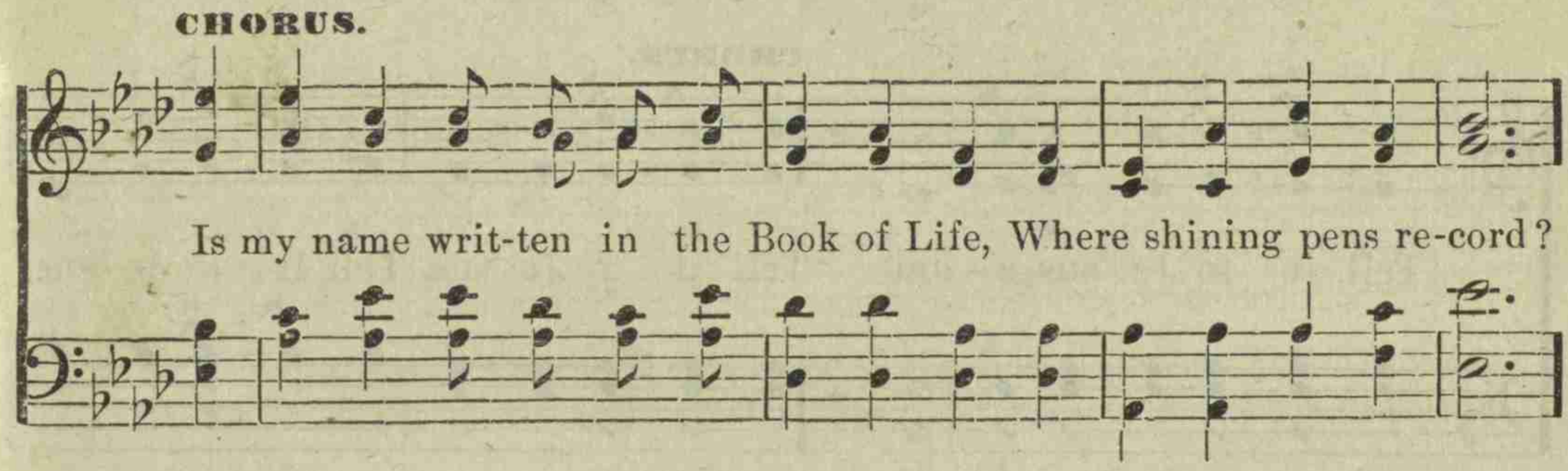
By permission.

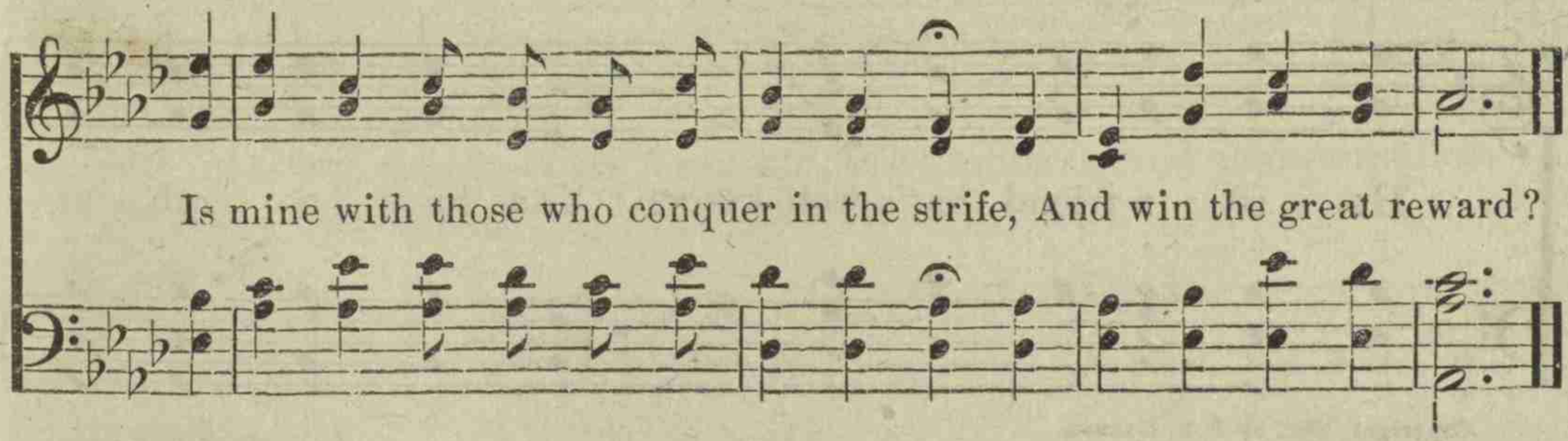
759 IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED A. FILLMORE.



CHORUS.





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760 TELL IT TO JESUS ALONE.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav-y-heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbid-den? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you trou-bled at the tho't of dy - ing, Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev-ing o - ver joys de- part - ed?
Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eyes are hid - den?
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx-ious what shall be to - mor - row?
Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's com-ing king-dom are you sigh - ing?

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,

He is a friend that's well known: You have no oth - er

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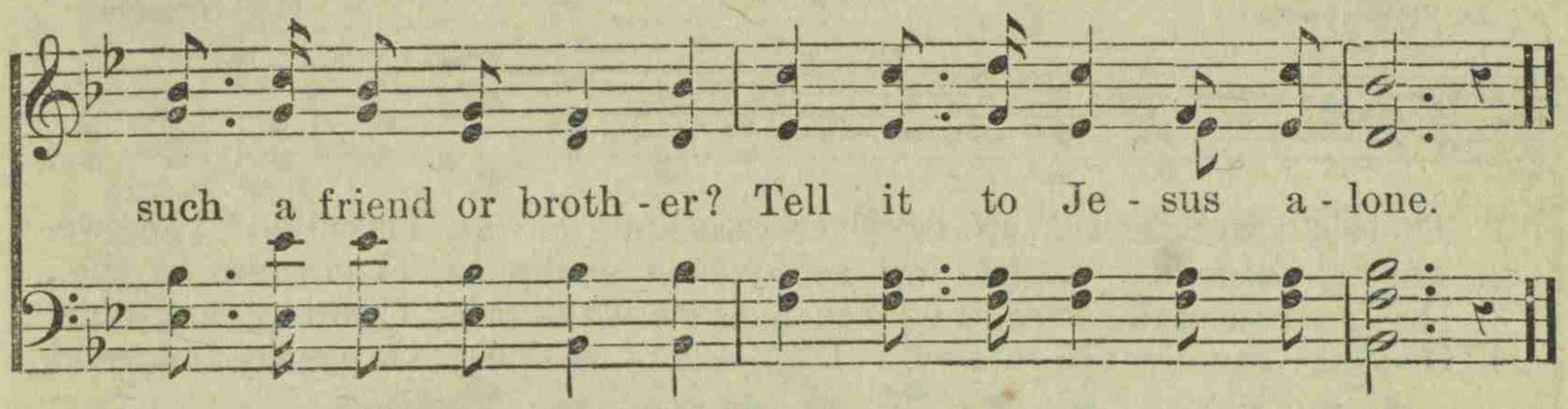
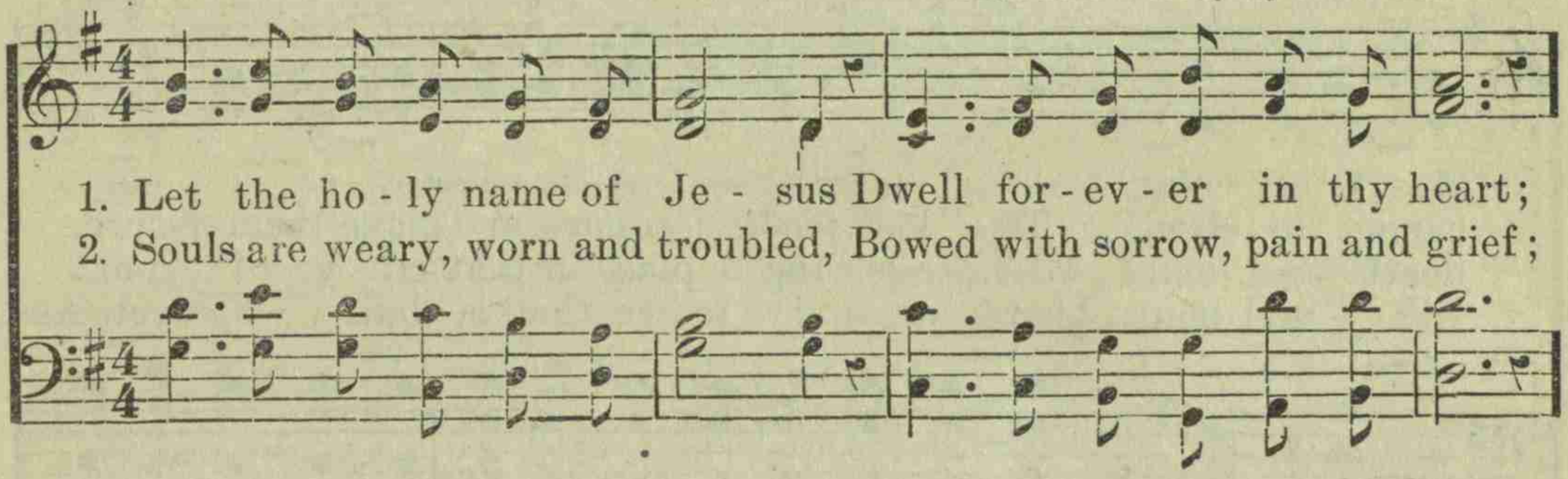
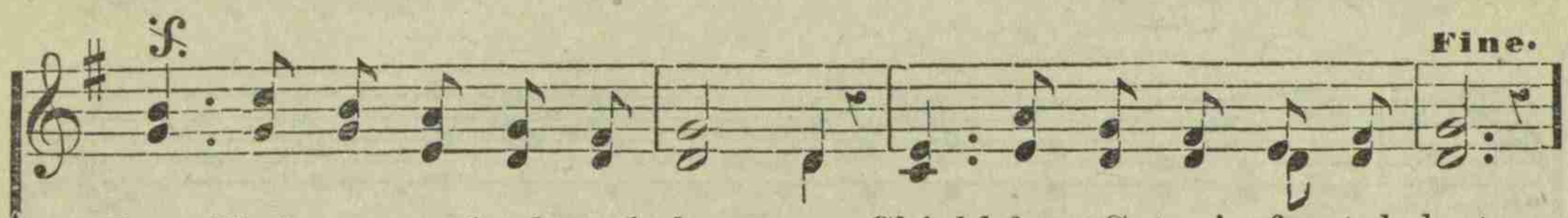
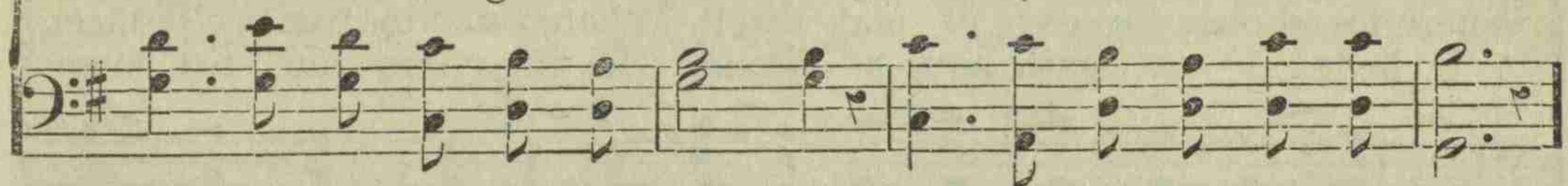
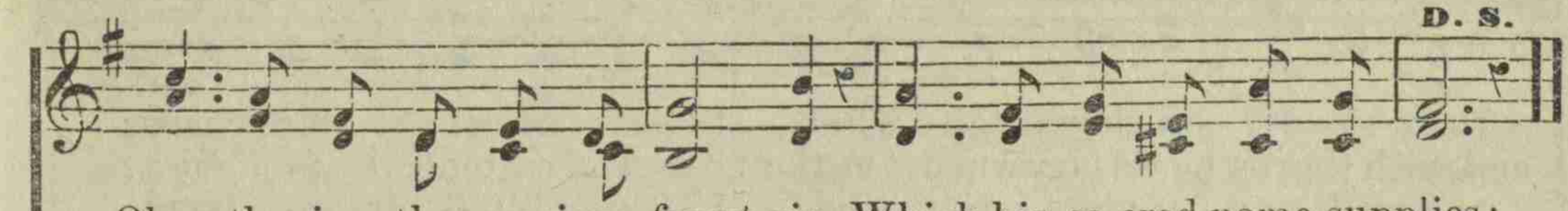
TELL IT TO JESUS ALONE. Concluded.



761 HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

Words and Melody by J. D. TRAPP.





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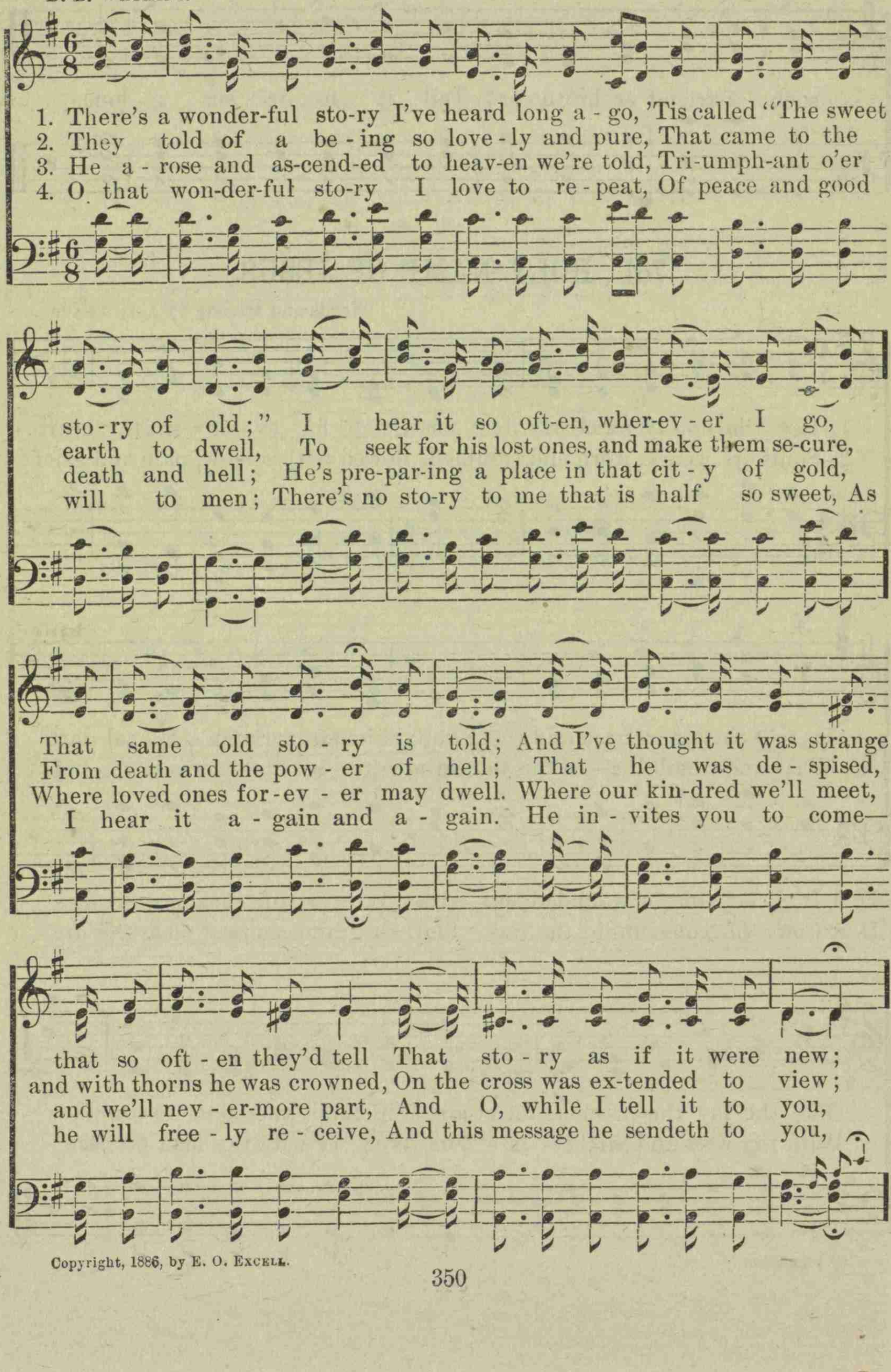
762 THAT OLD, OLD STORY IS TRUE.

D. B. WATKINS. E. O. EXCELL.



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THAT OLD, OLD STORY IS TRUE. Concluded.

But I've found out the rea - son they loved it so well, That
But O, what sweet peace in my heart since I've found That
It is peace to my soul, it is joy to my heart, That
"There's a man - sion in glo - ry for all who be - lieve," That

REFRAIN.

old, old sto-ry is true. That old, old sto-ry is true, That
old, old sto-ry is true. That old, old sto-ry is true, That
old, old sto-ry is true. That old, old sto-ry is true, That
old, old sto-ry is true. That old, old sto-ry is true, That

It is true,

old, old sto-ry is true; But I've found out the rea - son they
old, old sto-ry is true; But, O, what sweet peace in my
old, old sto-ry is true; It is peace to my soul, it is
old, old sto-ry is true; "There's a man - sion in glo - ry for

It is true,

love it so well, That old, old sto - ry is true.
heart since I've found That old, old sto - ry is true.
joy to my heart, That old, old sto - ry is true.
all who be - lieve," That old, old sto - ry is true.

763 BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide,
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, ev-er weeping, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustained our

and the dew-y eves; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reap-ing,
win-ter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, and the la-bor end-ed,
spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,

REFRAIN.

We shall come re-joic-ing, Bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,

bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-ing, Bringing in the sheaves.

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

By permission.

764 I WILL TELL OF THE SAVIOUR.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. F.

SOLO.

1. I will tell of the Sav-iour who died That the world might be saved thro' his love, For may be I can win to his side Some dear soul for his kind-dom a - bove.
2. I will tell of the peace he has sent To the hearts that are rest- ing in trust, For who knows but that perfect content May uplift some poor life from the dust? Day by day, day by day, All my way, all my way, I will tell the sweet sto-ry a-gain, and again; Day by day, day by day.
3. I will tell of the home where he waits To re-ceive me, be-yond the dark sea, For perchance I may lead thro' its gates One who learned of its glo - ries from me.

CHORUS.

All the way, all the way, I will tell of the Saviour of men.

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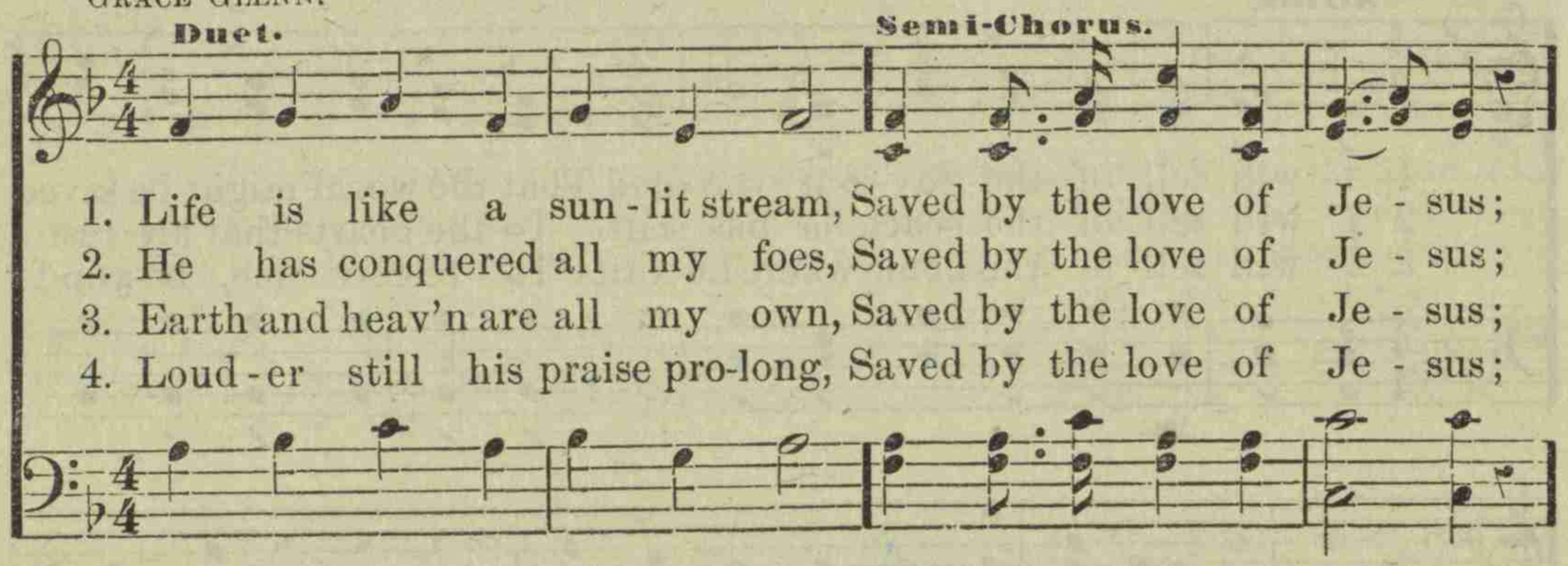
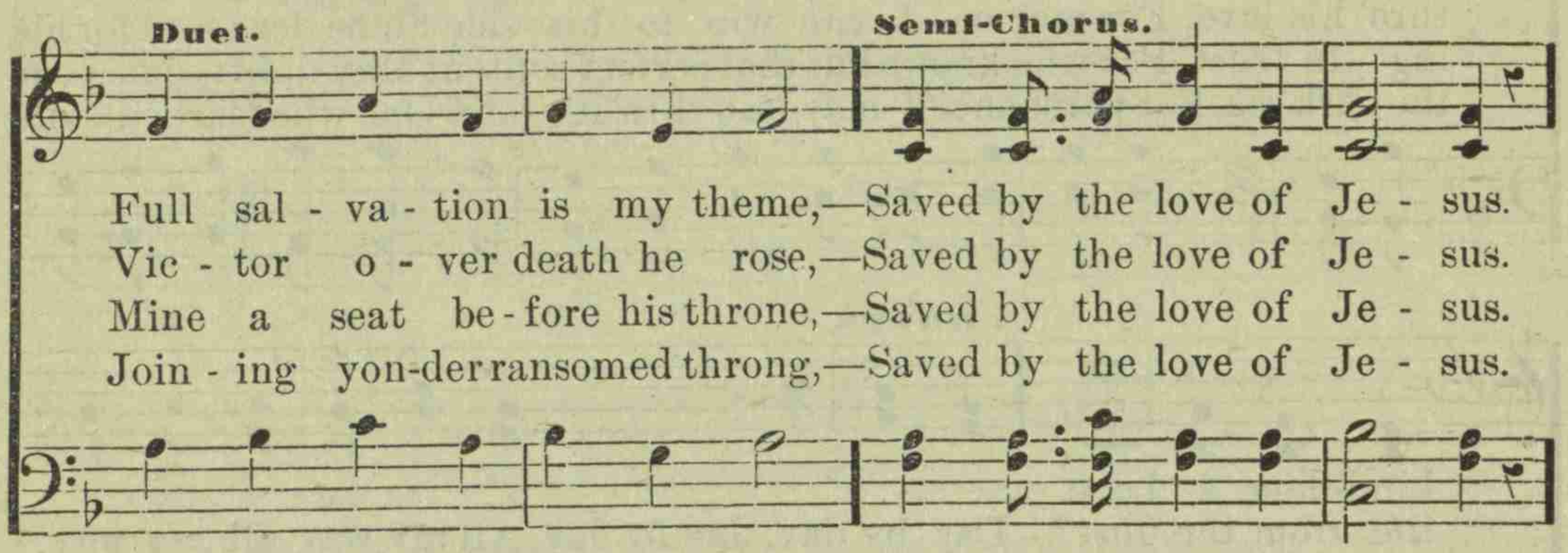
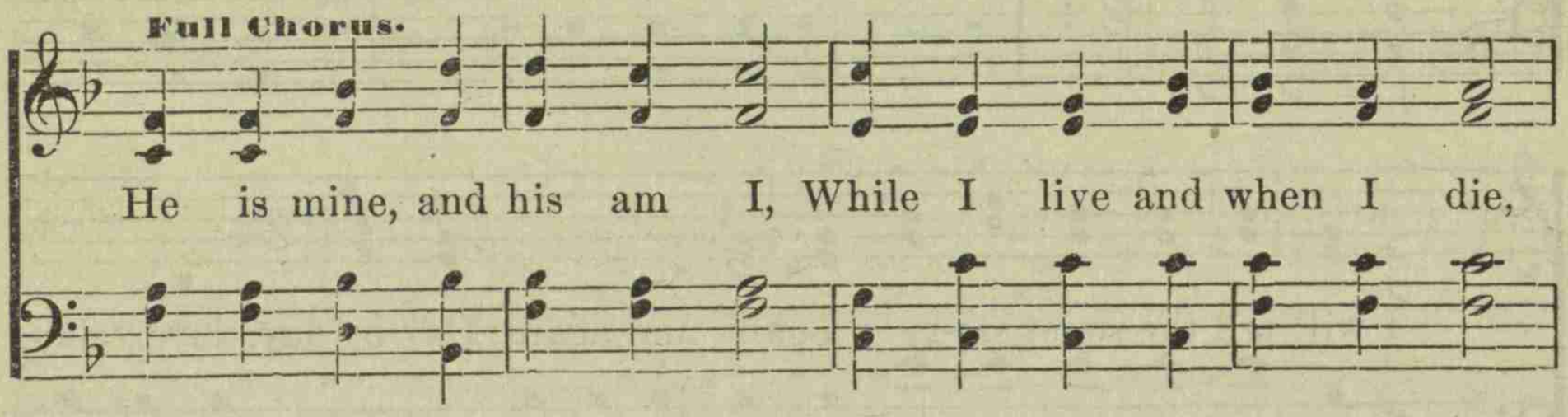
765 SAVED BY THE LOVE OF JESUS.

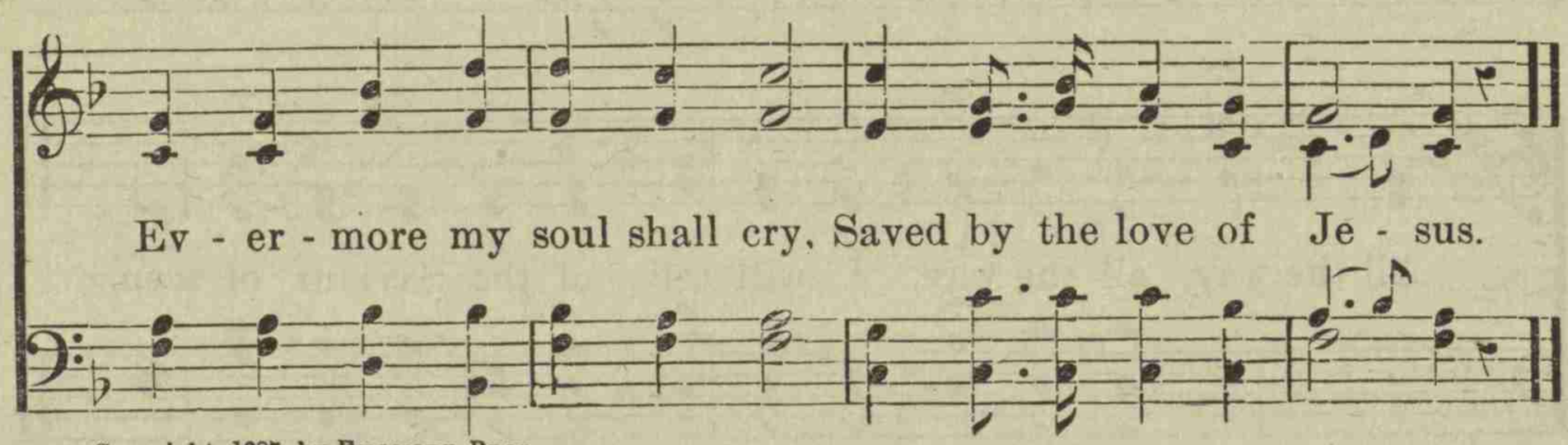
GRACE GLENN. J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. Life is like a sun-lit stream, Saved by the love of Je-sus;
2. He has conquered all my foes, Saved by the love of Je-sus;
3. Earth and heav'n are all my own, Saved by the love of Je-sus;
4. Loud-er still his praise pro-long, Saved by the love of Je-sus;

Full sal-va-tion is my theme,—Saved by the love of Je-sus.
Vic-tor o-ver death he rose,—Saved by the love of Je-sus.
Mine a seat be-fore his throne,—Saved by the love of Je-sus.
Join-ing yon-der ransomed throng,—Saved by the love of Je-sus.



He is mine, and his am I, While I live and when I die,



Ev-er-more my soul shall cry, Saved by the love of Je-sus.

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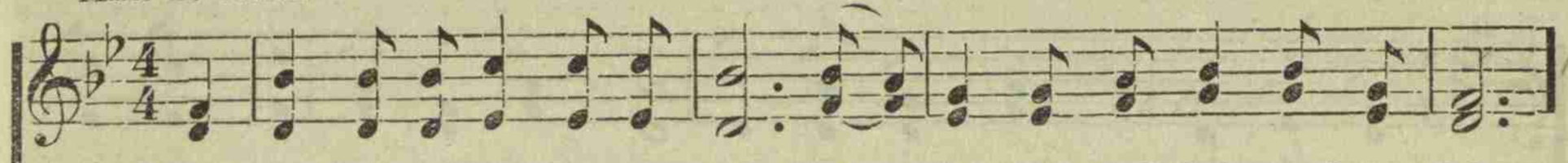
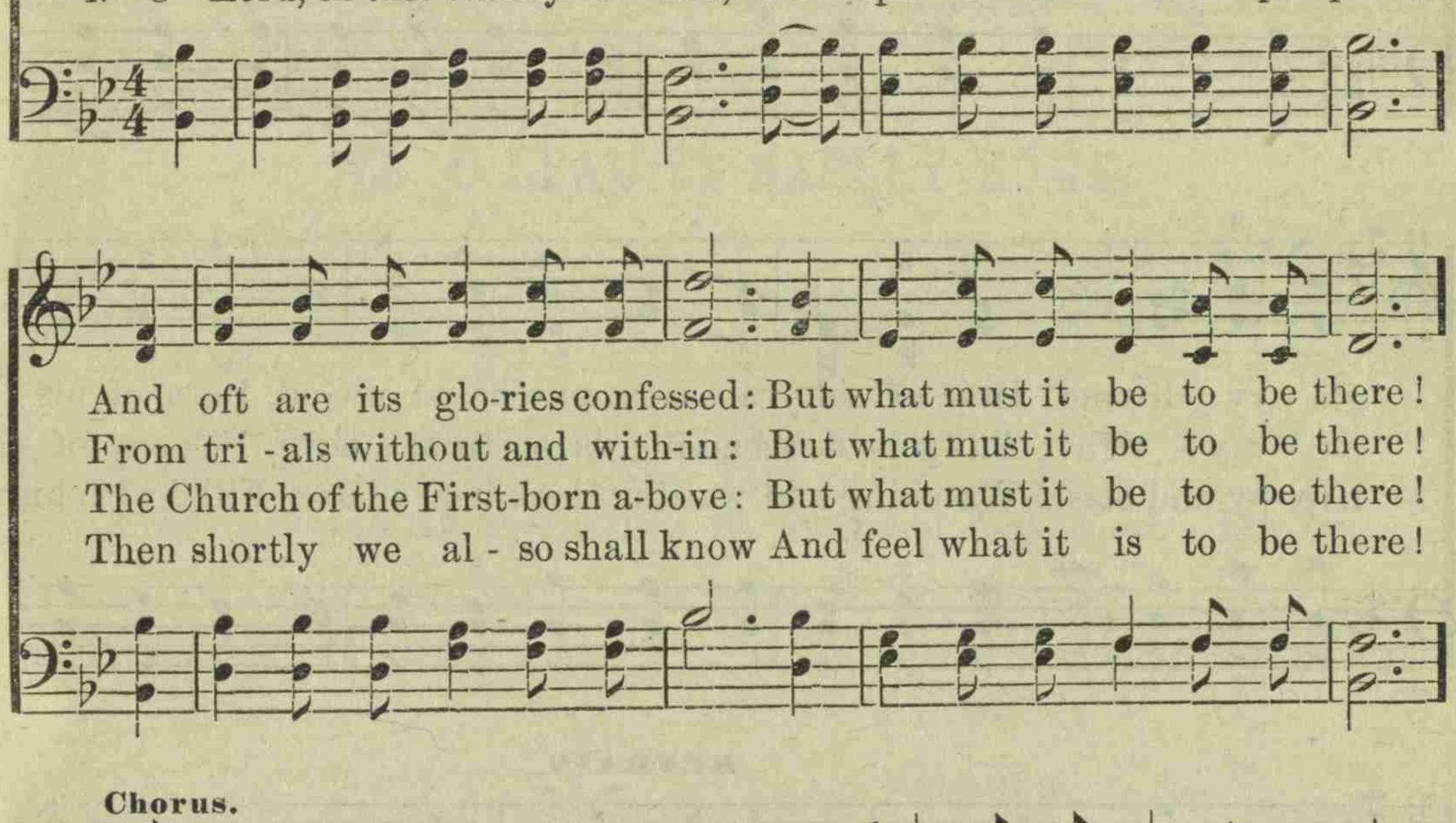
766 THE REALMS OF THE BLEST.

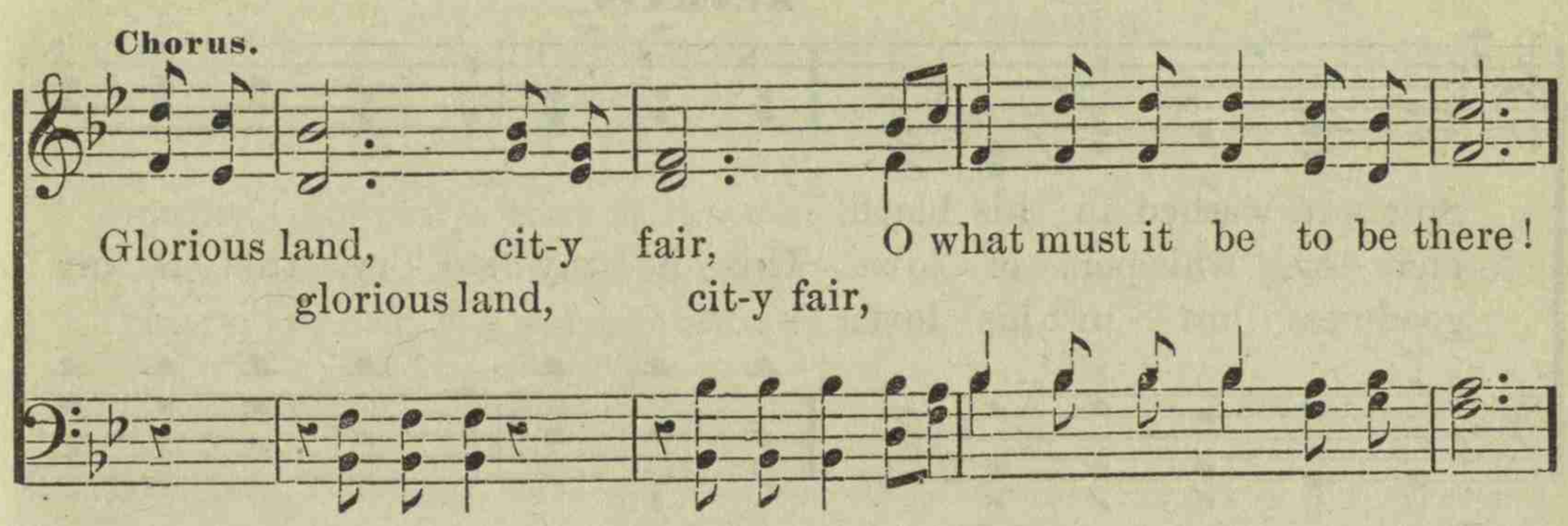
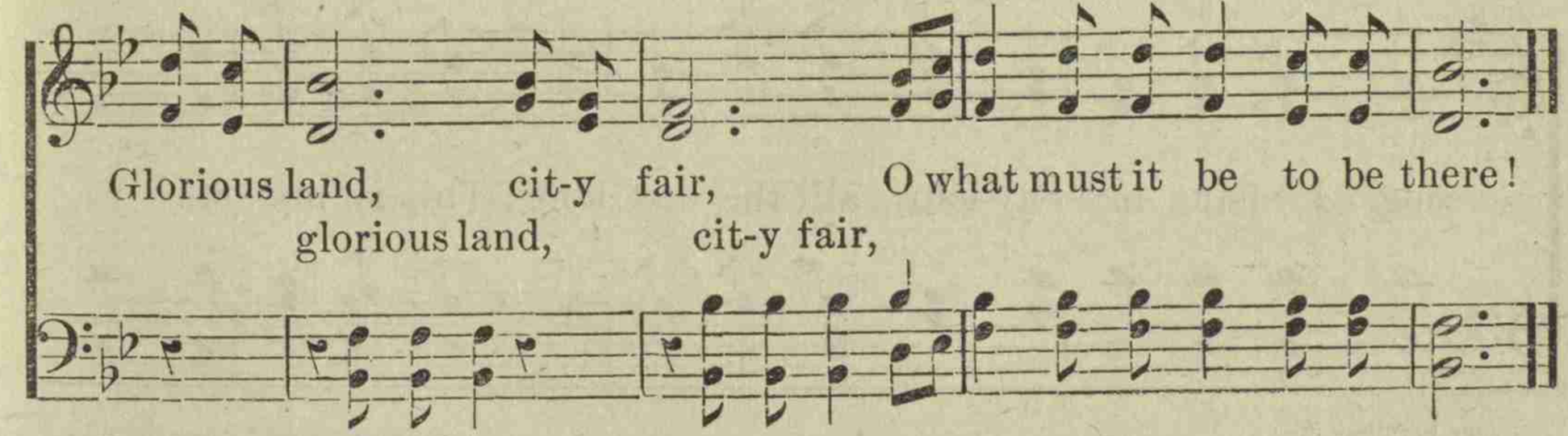
MRS. E. MILLS. Music and Chorus by P. H. DAYHOFF.



1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair,
2. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sor-row, tempta-tion and care,
3. We speak of its service of love, The robes which the glo-ri-fied wear,
4. O Lord, in this val-ley of woe, Our spir-its for heaven pre-pare;



And oft are its glo-ries confessed: But what must it be to be there!
From tri-als without and with-in: But what must it be to be there!
The Church of the First-born a-bove: But what must it be to be there!
Then shortly we al-so shall know And feel what it is to be there!

Chorus.

Glorious land, cit-y fair, O what must it be to be there!
glorious land, cit-y fair,

Glorious land, cit-y fair, O what must it be to be there!
glorious land, cit-y fair,

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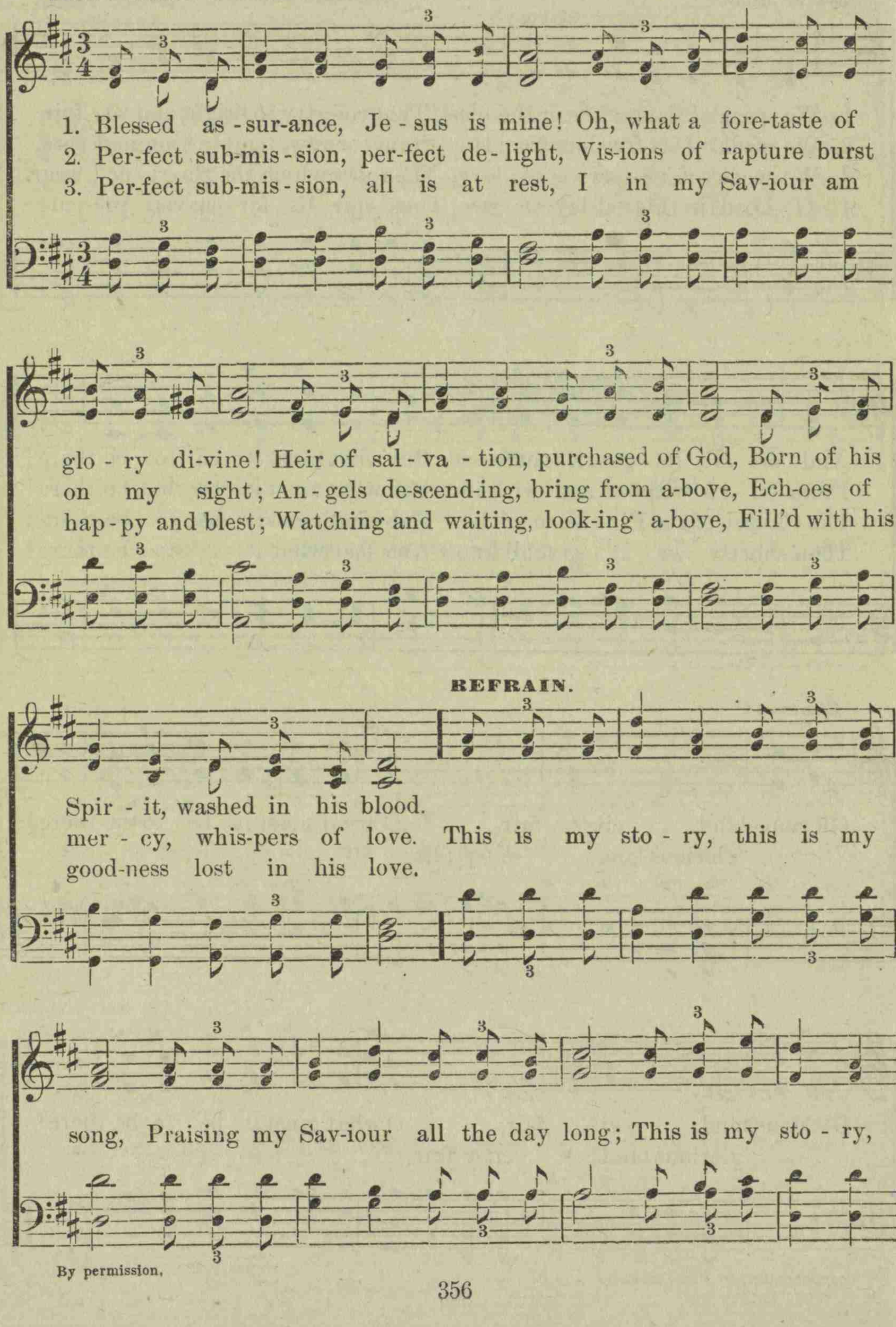
767 BLESSED ASSURANCE.

FANNY CROSBY. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.



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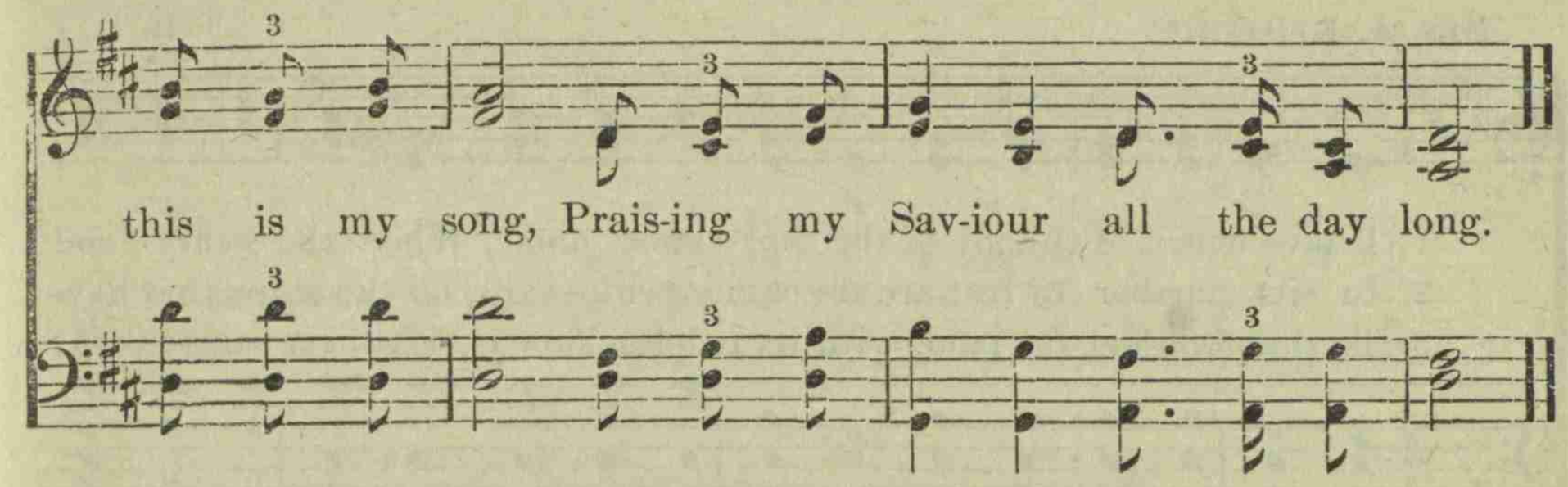
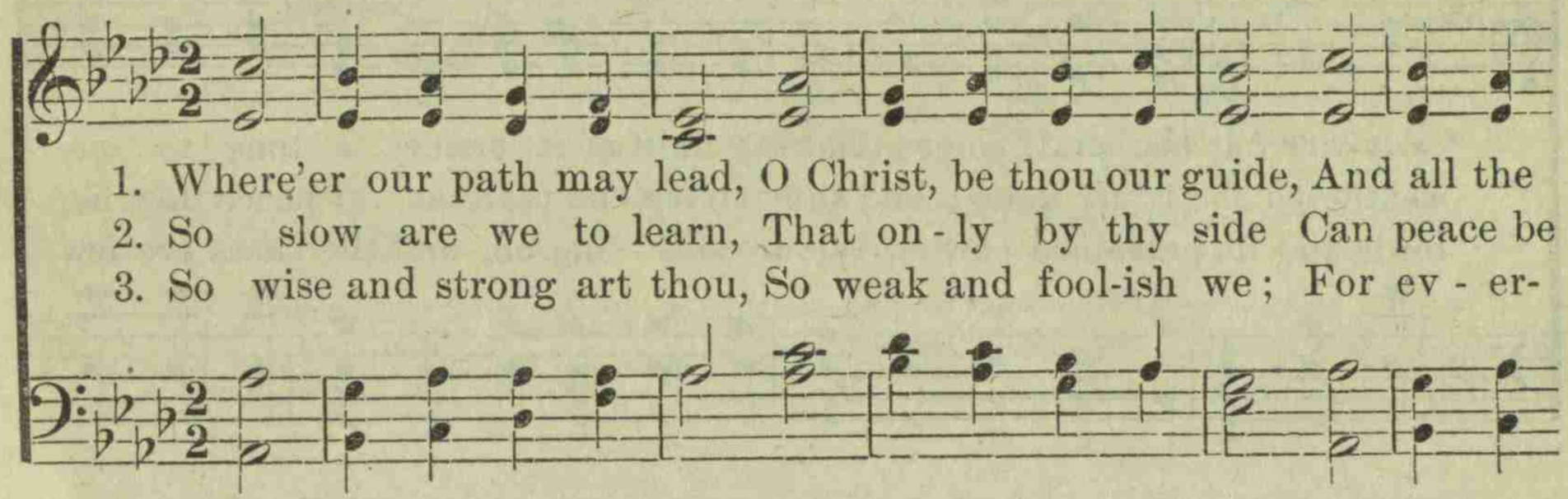
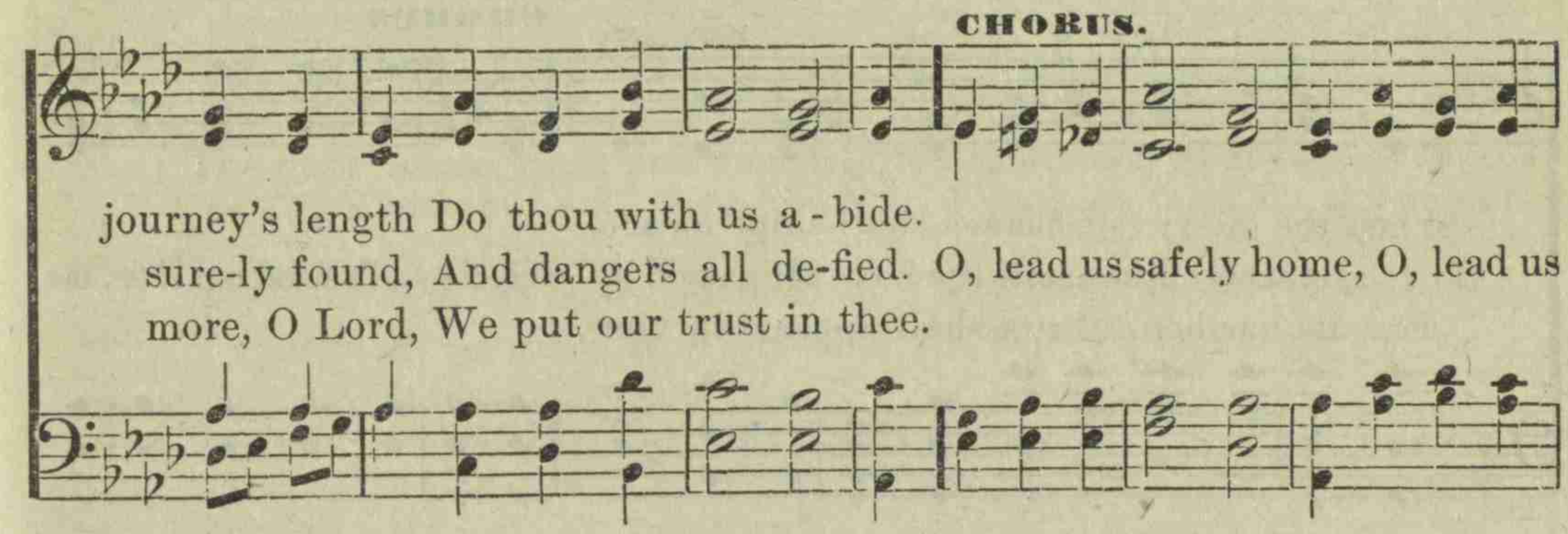
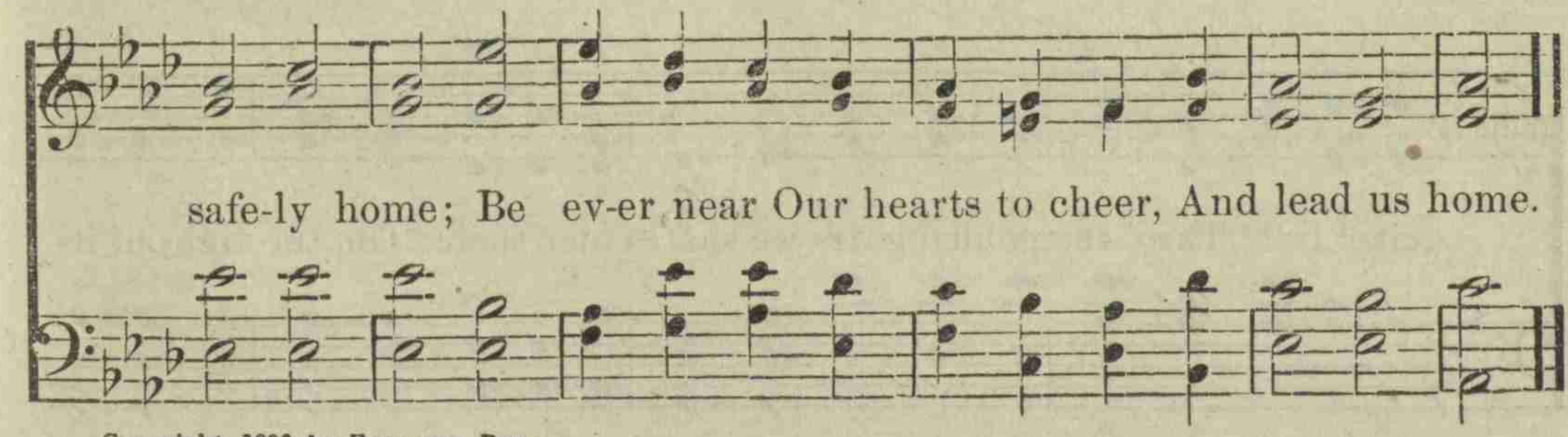
BLESSED ASSURANCE. Concluded.

768 O LEAD US SAFELY HOME.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. FRED A. FILLMORE.





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769 THE SOUL'S SWEET HOME.

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

1. I have heard of the joy of the soul's sweet home, Where the weary and
2. In its har-bor of rest are the white, white sails, Of the ships that have
3. To that won-der-ful land, with its fadeless flow'rs, With its beau-ti - ful

way-worn at last shall come; And the light of its beauty I long to see,
weathered the bitter gales; And they strive no more as at peace they lie,
birds and its perfumed bow'rs, We are sail - ing on, and the years are few

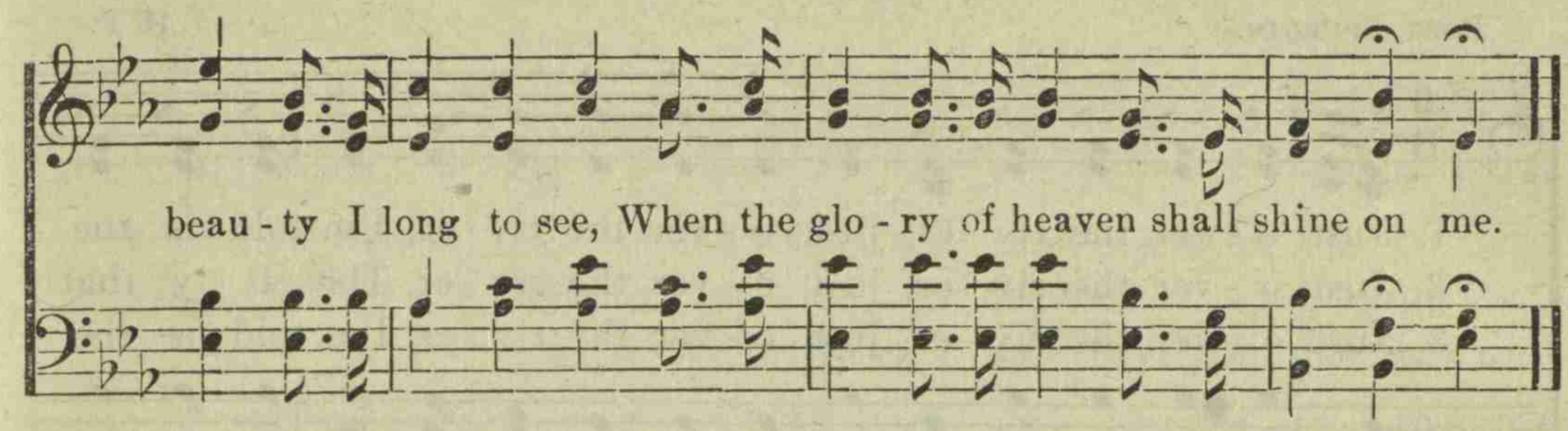
CHORUS.

When the glo-ry of heaven shall shine on me.
For the storms of the earth-life have all passed by. Oh, the soul's sweet home! Oh, the
Ere its har-bor of rest shall appear in view.

cit-y fair! Thro' the golden gates we shall enter there; Oh, the light of its

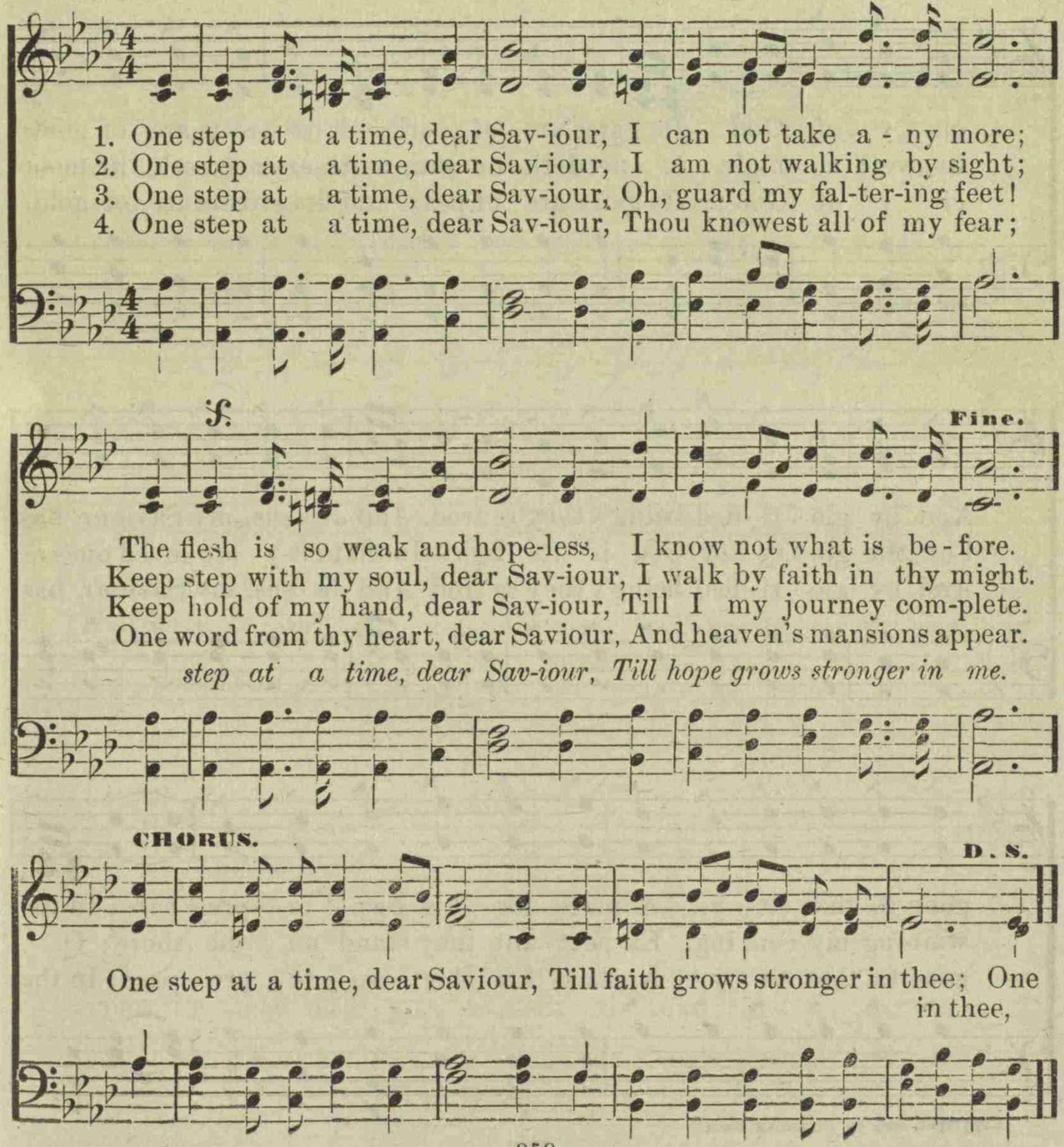
By permission.

THE SOUL'S SWEET HOME. Concluded.



770 ONE STEP AT A TIME.

T. J. SHELTON. J. H. ROSECRANS.



771 JUST OVER THE RIVER.

ROBT. SPURGIN. J. H. F.

1. Just o - ver the riv - er, just o - ver the riv - er, I'm told is the
2. Just o - ver the riv - er, just o - ver the riv - er, The cit - y that
3. Just o - ver the riv - er, just o - ver the riv - er, I'm told is the

cit - y of God; Its gates are of pearl and its streets are of gold,
knoweth no night; It needeth no sun, neith-er need-eth the moon,
cit - y of God; Its gates are of pearl and its streets are of gold,

And by glo - ri - fied being's they're trod. And Je - sus, my Saviour, has
For the glo - ry of God is its light. In that cit-y are loved ones a-
And by glo - ri - fied being's they're trod. And Je - sus, my Saviour, has

gone to that cit - y, A place for his own to pre - pare; In the
wait-ing my com-ing, Ex-pect - ant they stand on the shore; O
gone to that cit - y, A place for his own to pre - pare; In the

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JUST OVER THE RIVER. Concluded.

house of the Fa-ther the man-sions are ma-ny, And one is a-
when shall I en-ter my man-sion in heav-en, A pil-grim to
house of the Fa-ther the man-sions are ma-ny, And one is a-

CHORUS.

wait-ing me there. Just o - - - - ver the riv - - - - er,
roam nev-er more.
wait-ing me there. Just o-ver the riv-er, just o-ver the riv-er,

That beau-ti-ful cit-y I see; Just o - - - - ver the
That beau-ti-ful cit-y I see; And Je-sus, my Saviour, has

riv - - - - - er, A place in that cit-y for me.
gone to make read-y, A place in that cit-y for me.

772 IN THE HARBOR.

JESSIE H. BROWN. ALEX. C. HOPKINS.

1. Aft - er the voyage and the wa-ters' mad ri - ot, Aft - er the tem-
2. Blessed the thought that the voyaging is o - ver, Bless - ed the thought
3. When the long voyage of this life shall be end - ed, Thus we shall an-

pests that break on the sea, Blessed the port where we anchor in qui-et,
that the voyager is free; Home is a-wait - ing the travel-worn rover,
chor beyond the rough sea; Lights which the angels of heaven have tended

CHORUS.

Bless - ed the rest in the har-bor for me.
Lights in that har - bor are shin-ing for me. Blessed the rest in the
Shine from the har - bor for you and for me.

har-bor for me, Bless-ed the rest in the harbor for me, Blessed the

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IN THE HARBOR. Concluded.

port where we anchor in quiet, Blessed the rest in the harbor for me.

773 LET US WALK IN THE LIGHT.

ANON. ANON.

1. { 'Tis re - lig - ion that can give, In the light, in the light, Sweet-est
   { 'Tis re - lig - ion must sup-ply, In the light, in the light, Sol - id

2. { Aft - er death its joys will be In the light, in the light, Last-ing
   { Be the liv - ing God my friend, In the light, in the light, Then my

CHORUS.

pleasure while we live In the light of God.
com-fort when we die In the light of God.
as e - ter - ni - ty, In the light of God.
bliss shall nev - er end, In the light of God.

Let us walk in the light,

In the light, in the light, Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.

774 THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. R. E. HUDSON.

1. I know I love thee bet - ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth-ly joy,
2. I know that thou art near - er still Than a - ny earth-ly throng,
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad;
4. O Sav - iour, precious Sav-iour mine! What will thy presence be

For thou hast giv - en me the peace Which nothing can de - stroy.
And sweet-er is the thought of thee Than a - ny love - ly song.
Without the se - cret of thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with thee.

CHORUS.

The half has nev - er yet been told, Of love so full and free;
yet been told,

The half has never yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.
yet been told, cleanseth me.

Rit.

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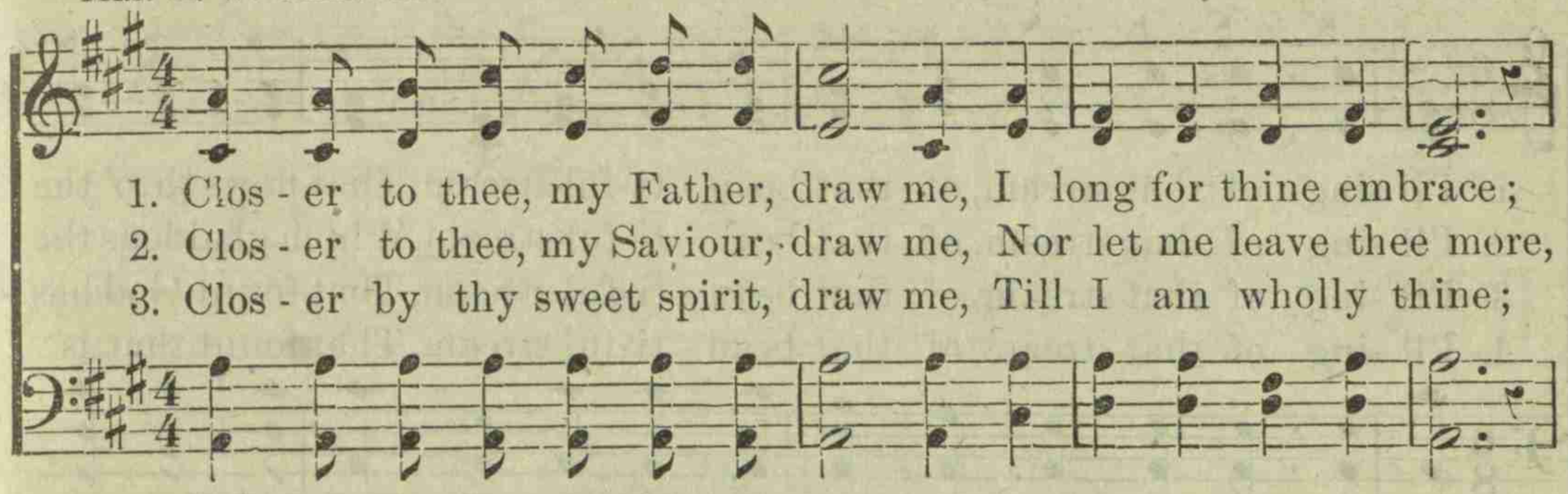
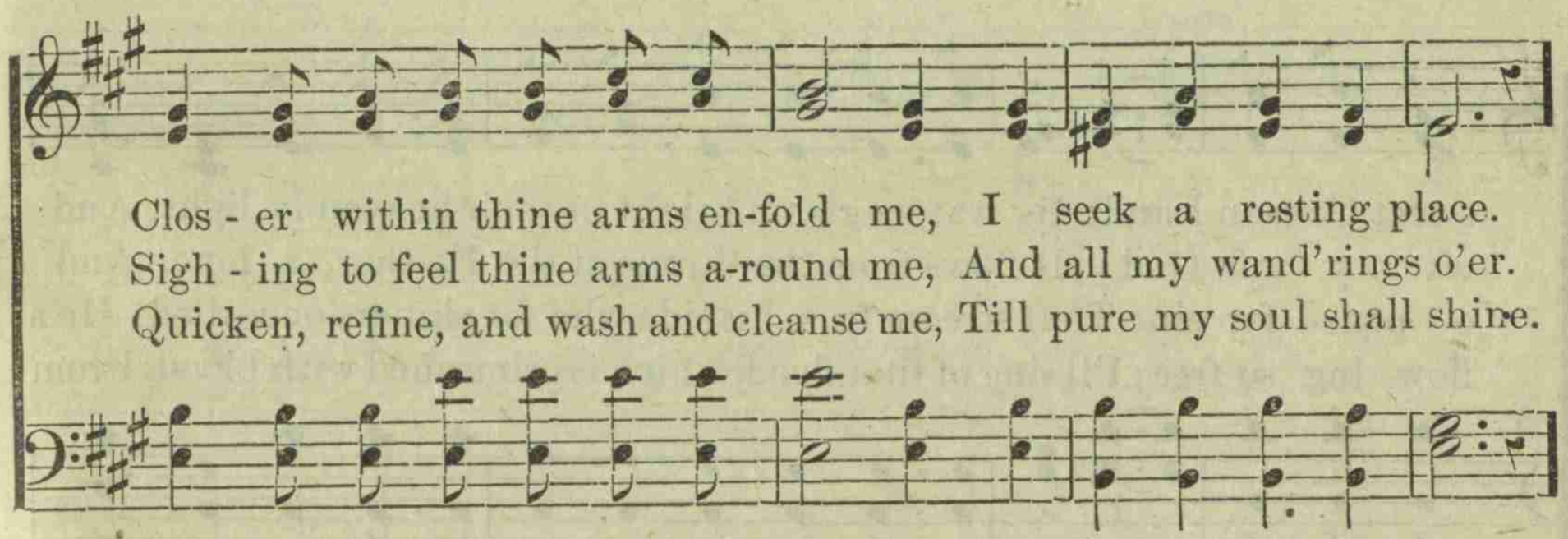
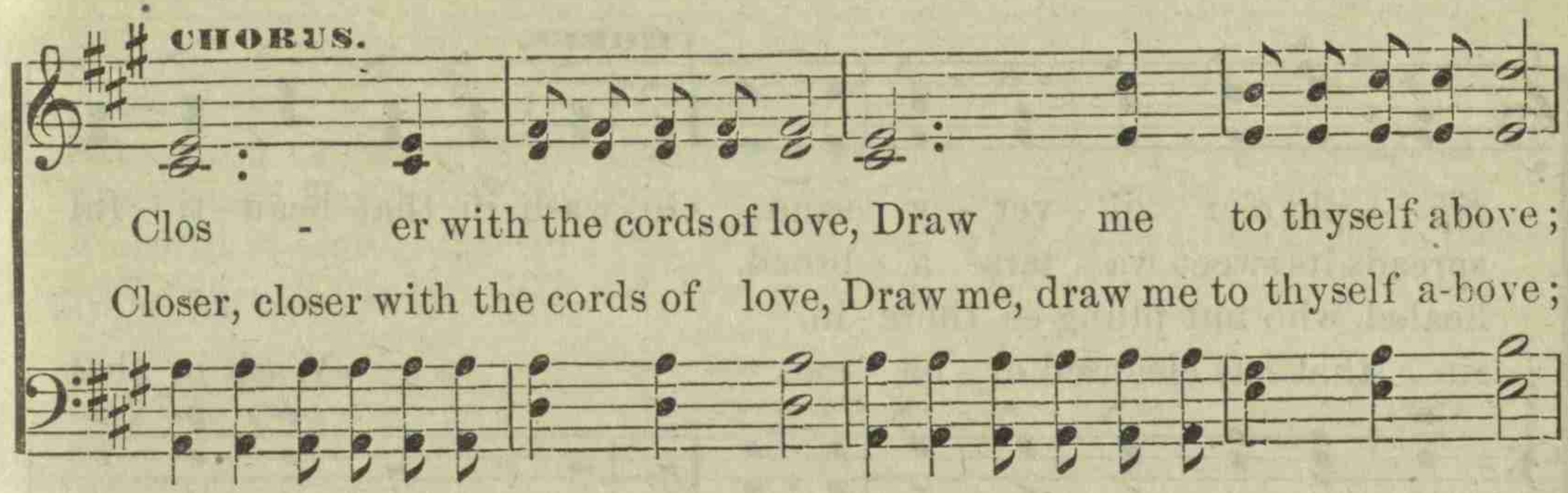
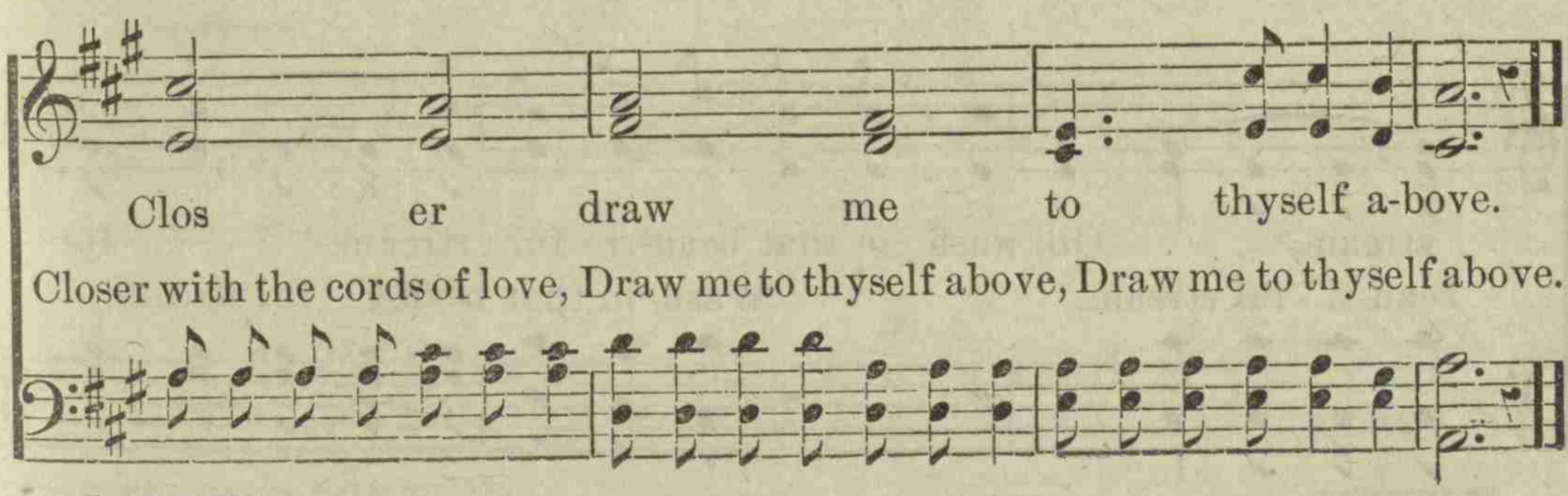
775 DRAW ME TO THEE.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.









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776 GO, WASH IN THE STREAM.

R. TORBEY, Jr. I. BALTZELL.

1. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti-ful stream, That flows thro' the
2. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti-ful stream, Which gladdens the
3. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti-ful stream, That fount God has
4. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti-ful stream, That fount that is

sweet Canaan Land; Its waters gleam bright in their heaven-ly light, And
cit - y of God; It flows from the throne of the Fa-ther, a - lone, And
o - pened for sin; That stream from his side who for sinners once died: He's
flow - ing so free; I'll sing of that flood, which is crimsoned with blood, From

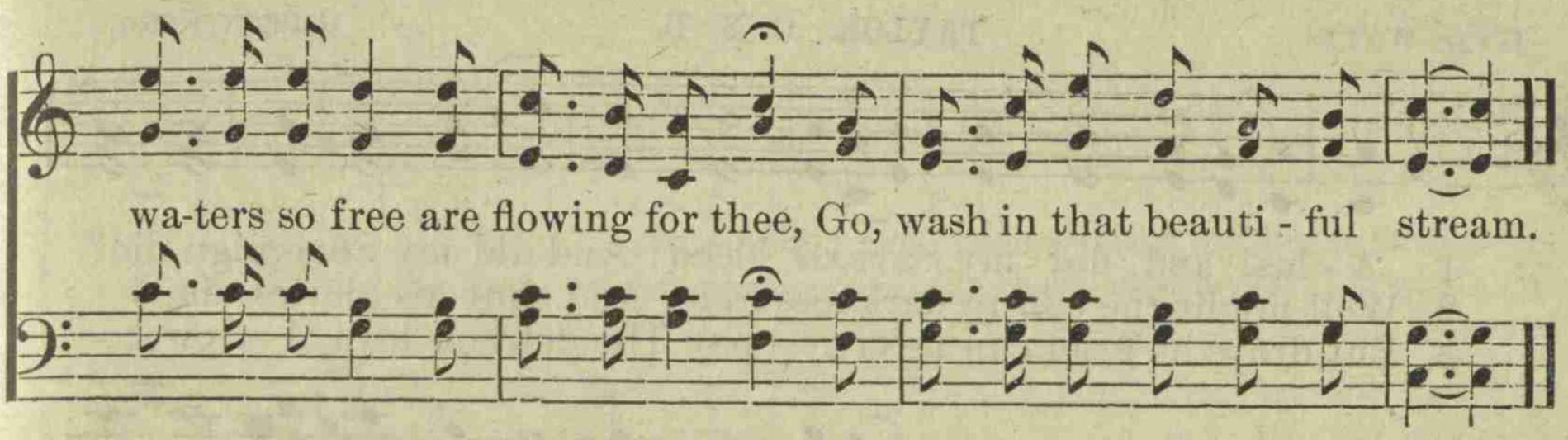
CHORUS.

rip - ple o'er sil - ver - y sand. Go, wash in that beau - ti - ful
spreads its sweet wa - ters a - broad.
healed, who but plung-es there - in.
sin that has cleansed ev - en me. Wash in that

stream, . . Go, wash in that beau-ti - ful stream, . . . Its
beau-ti - ful stream, Wash in that beau-ti - ful stream,

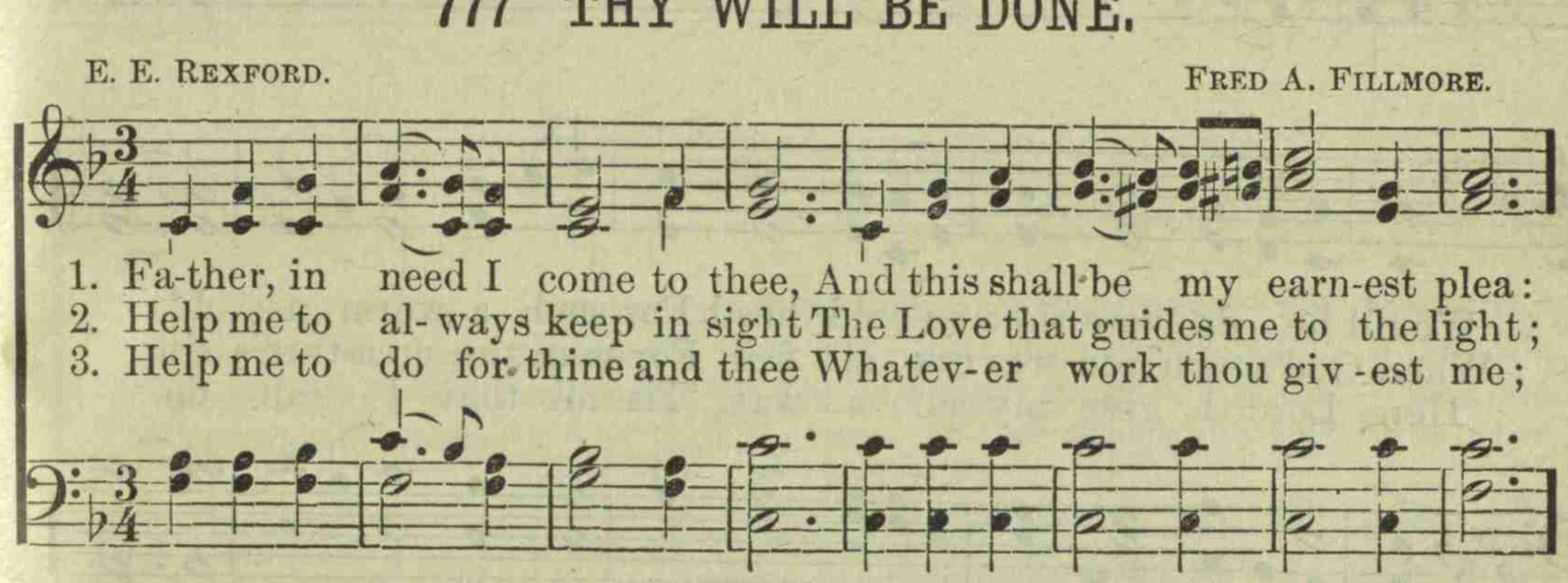
By permission,

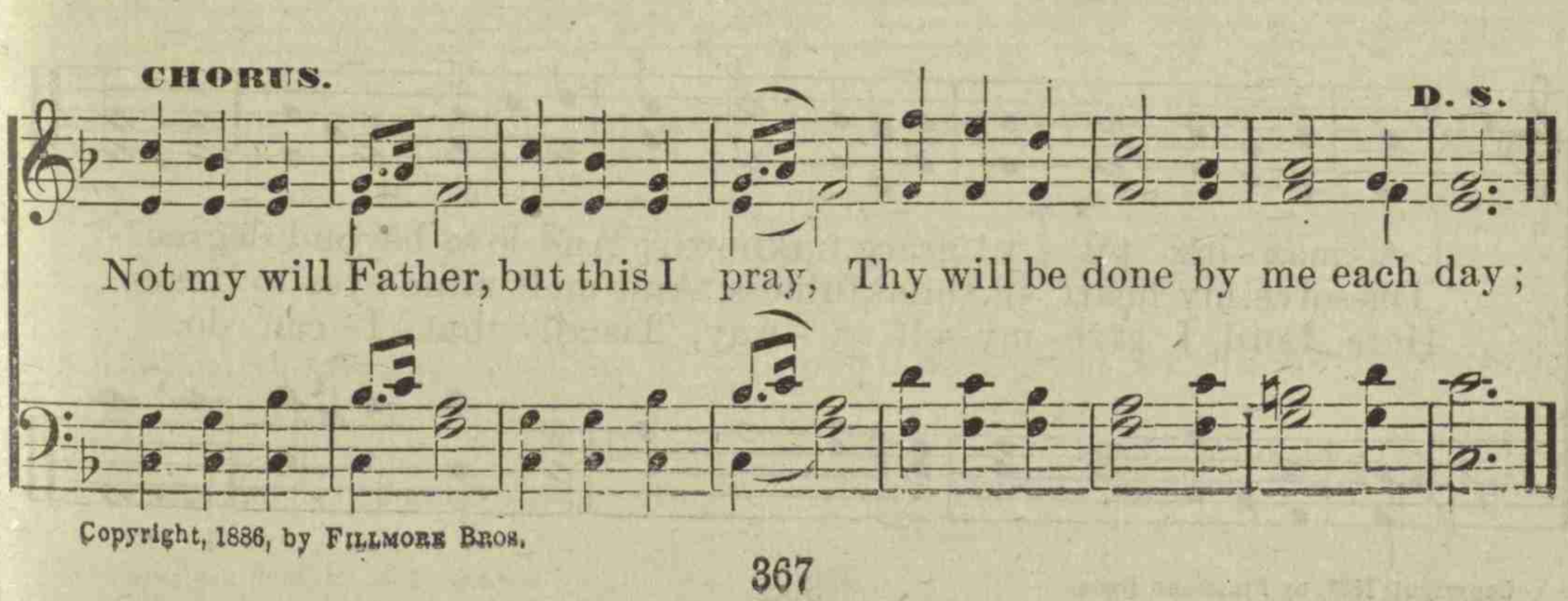
GO, WASH IN THE STREAM. Concluded.



777 THY WILL BE DONE.

E. E. REXFORD. FRED A. FILLMORE.





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778 ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?

ISAAC WATTS. TAYLOR. C. M. D. GIDEON KING.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
2. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in,
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would he de - vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
When God's own Son was cru - ci - fied For man the crea-ture's sin.
Here, Lord, I give my-self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned upon the tree?
Thus might I hide my blushing face While his dear cross ap - pears,
But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!
Dis-solve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my-self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

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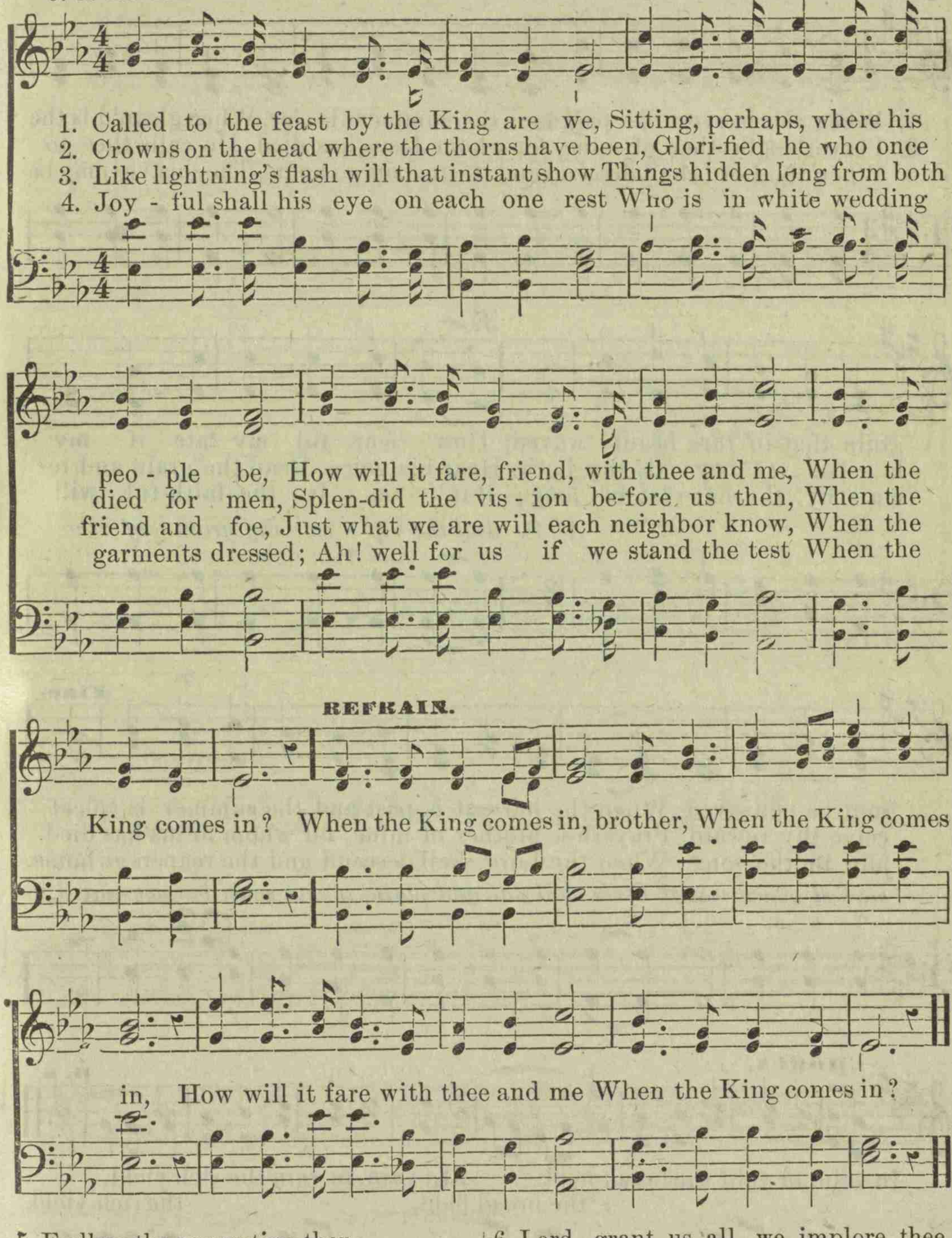
779 WHEN THE KING COMES IN.

J. E. LANDOR. E. S. LORENZ.



5 Endless the separation then,
Bitter the cry of deluded men,
Awful that moment beyond all ken,
When the King comes in.

6 Lord, grant us all, we implore thee, grace,
So to await thee each in his place,
That we may fear not to see thy face
When thou comest in.

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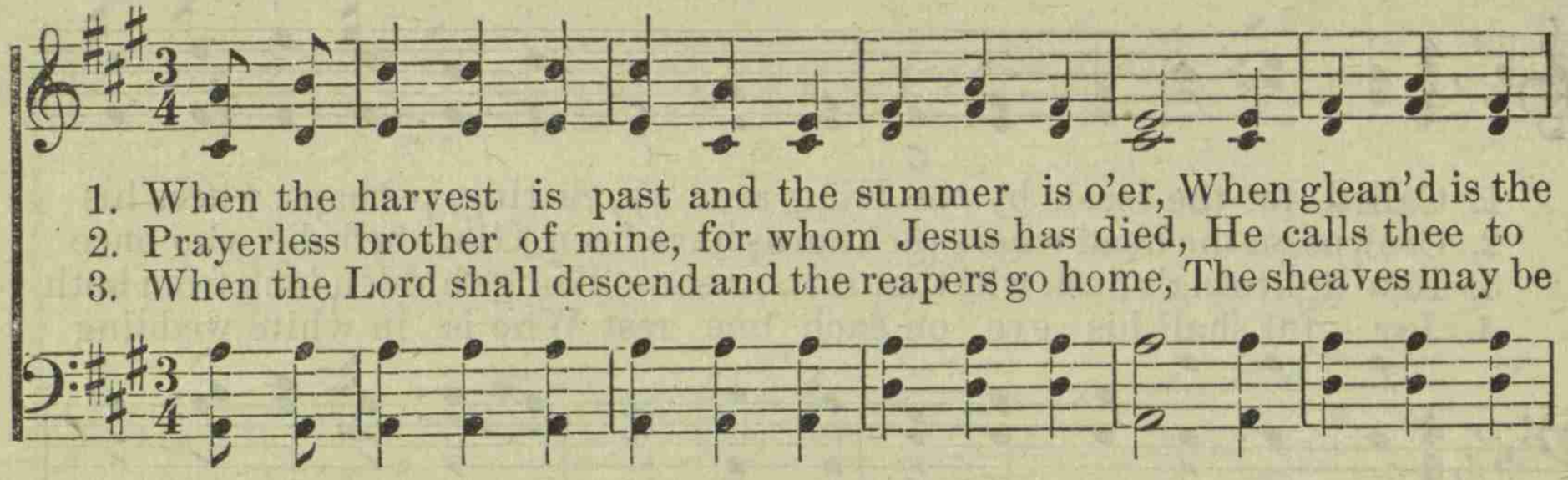
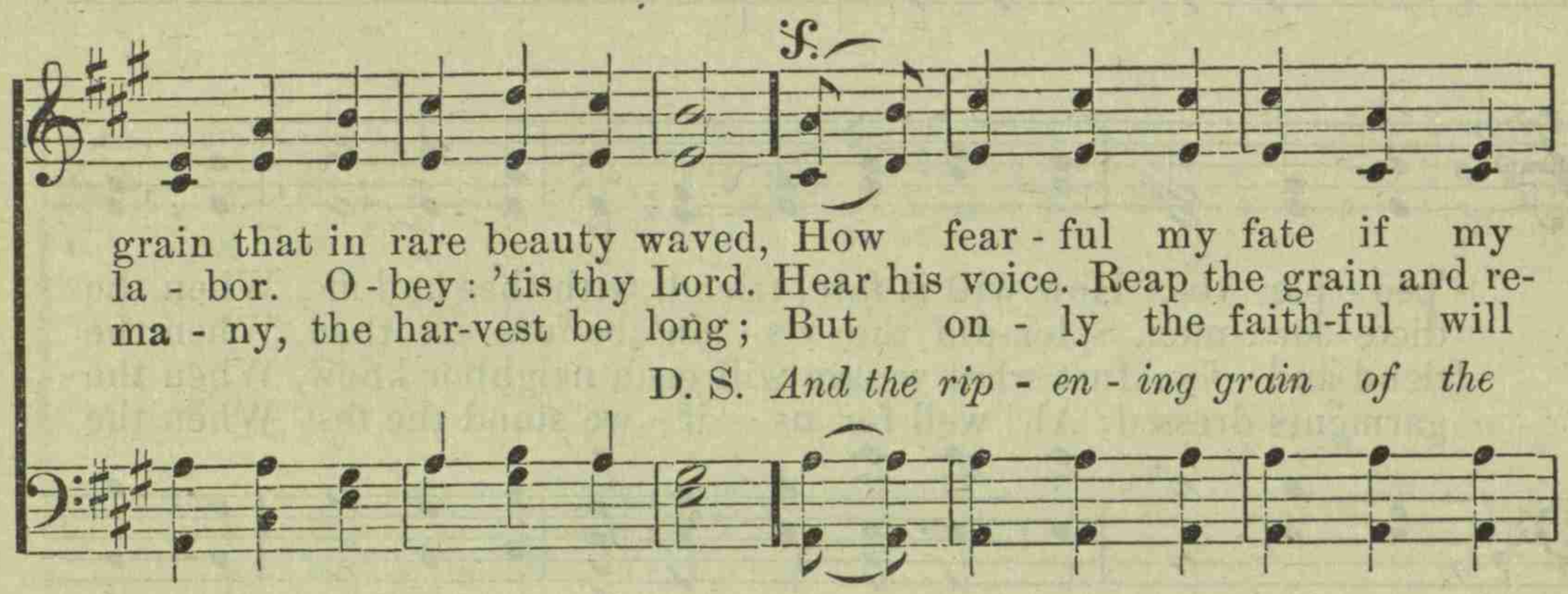
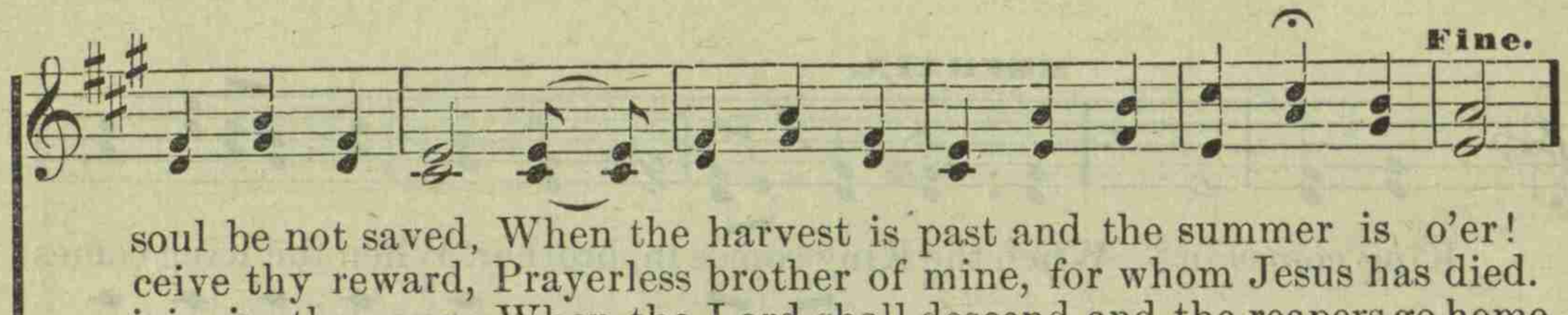
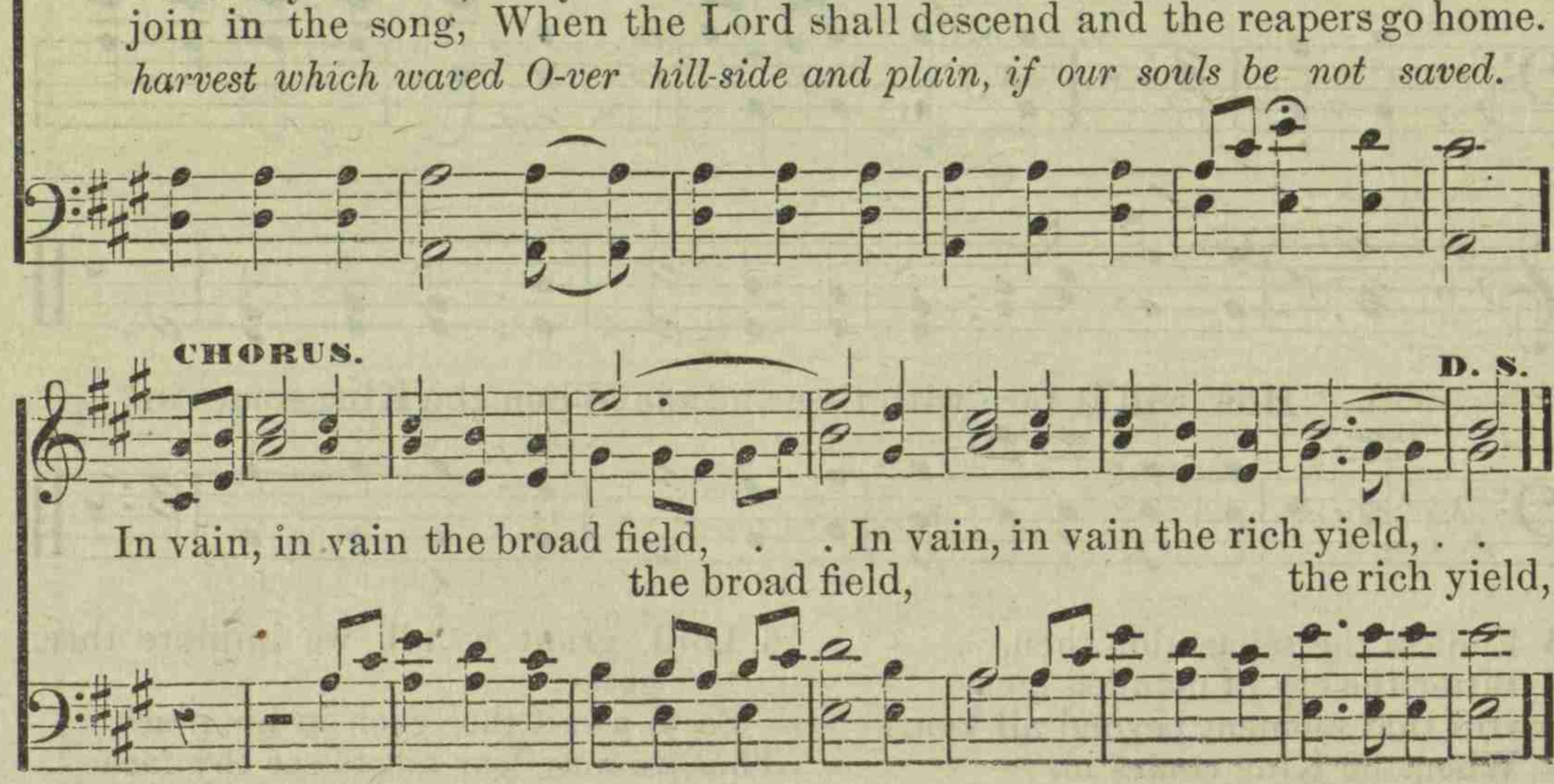
780 WHEN THE HARVEST IS PAST.

A. P. COBB. J. H. F.





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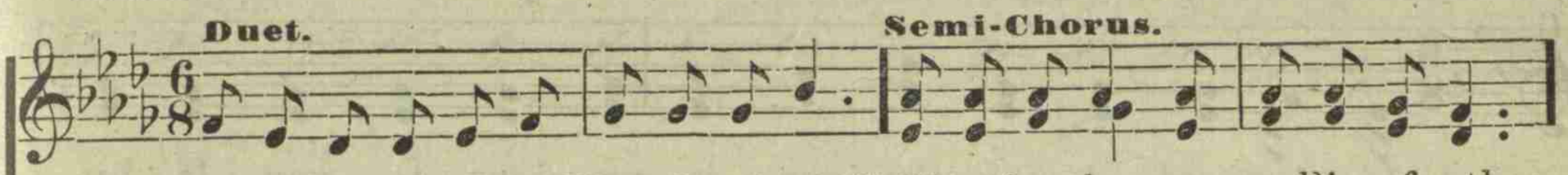
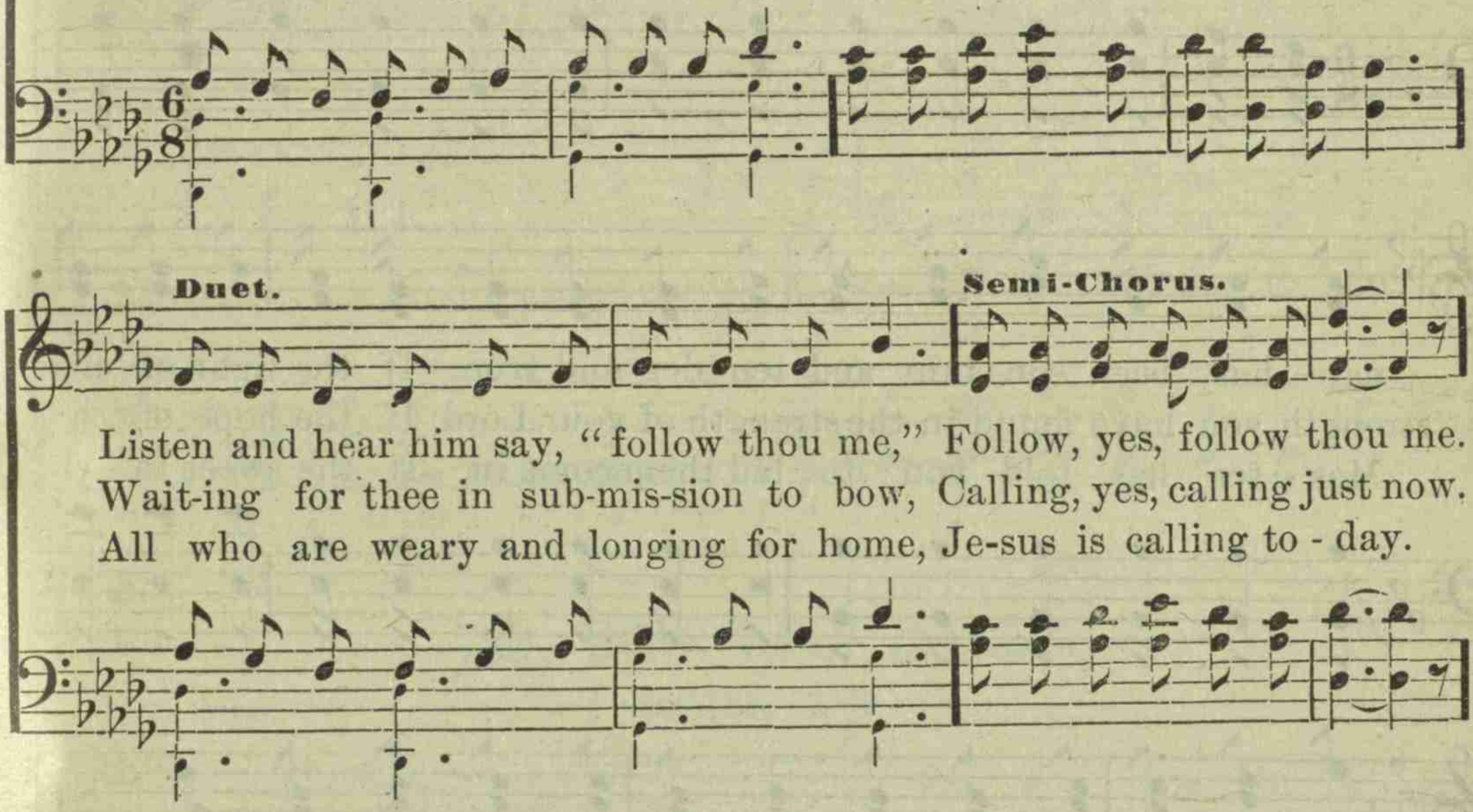
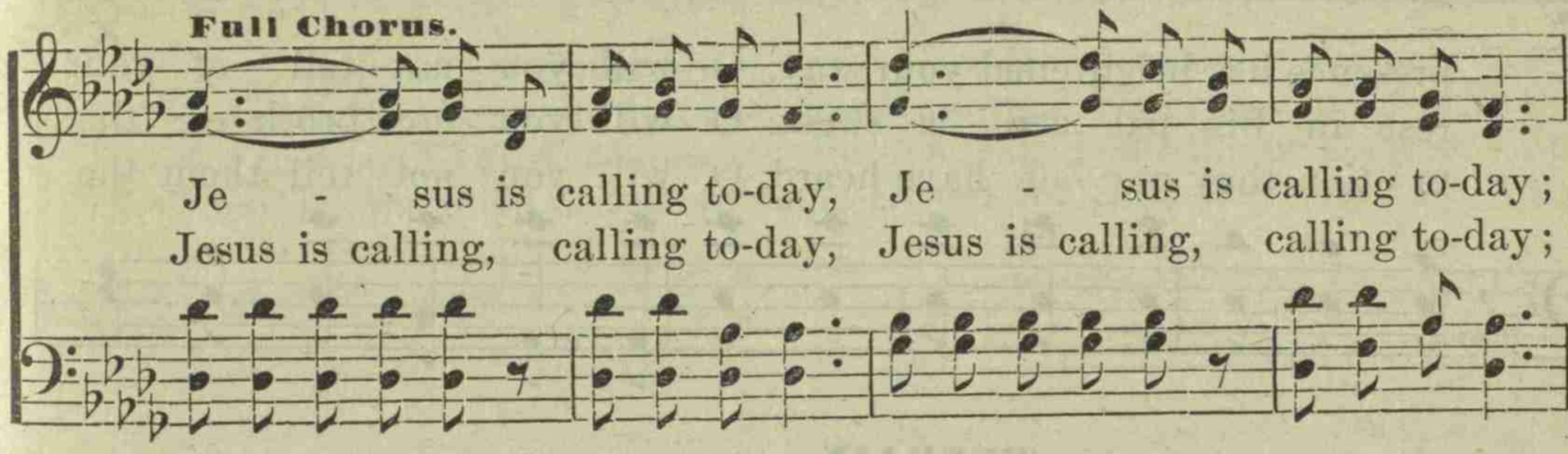
781 JESUS IS CALLING TODAY.

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

1. Jesus is tenderly calling for thee, Calling for thee, yes, calling for thee,
2. Jesus is tenderly calling thee now, Calling thee now, yes, calling thee now,
3. Jesus is tenderly calling, O come! Calling to-day, yes, calling to-day,



Listen and hear him say, "follow thou me," Follow, yes, follow thou me.
Wait-ing for thee in sub-mis-sion to bow, Calling, yes, calling just now.
All who are weary and longing for home, Je-sus is calling to - day.

Je - sus is calling to-day, Je - sus is calling to-day;
Jesus is calling, calling to-day, Jesus is calling, calling to-day;



Je - sus is calling to-day, Calling, yes, call-ing to - day.
Jesus is calling, calling to-day,

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782 TELL IT TODAY.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. F.

1. If the name of the Sav-iour is pre-cious to you, If his
2. If your faith in the Sav-iour has brought its re - ward, If a
3. If the souls all a-round you are liv - ing in sin, If the

care has been con-stant and ten-der and true, If the light of his
strength you have found in the strength of your Lord, If the hope of a
Mas - ter has told you to bid them come in, If the sweet in - vi-

presence has brightened your way, O will you not tell of your
rest in his pal - ace is sweet, O will you not, broth-er, the
ta - tion they nev - er have heard, O will you not tell them the

REFRAIN.

glad-ness to - day? O will you not tell it to - day? . . .
sto - ry re - peat?
cheer-bring-ing word? O will you not, will you not tell it to-day?

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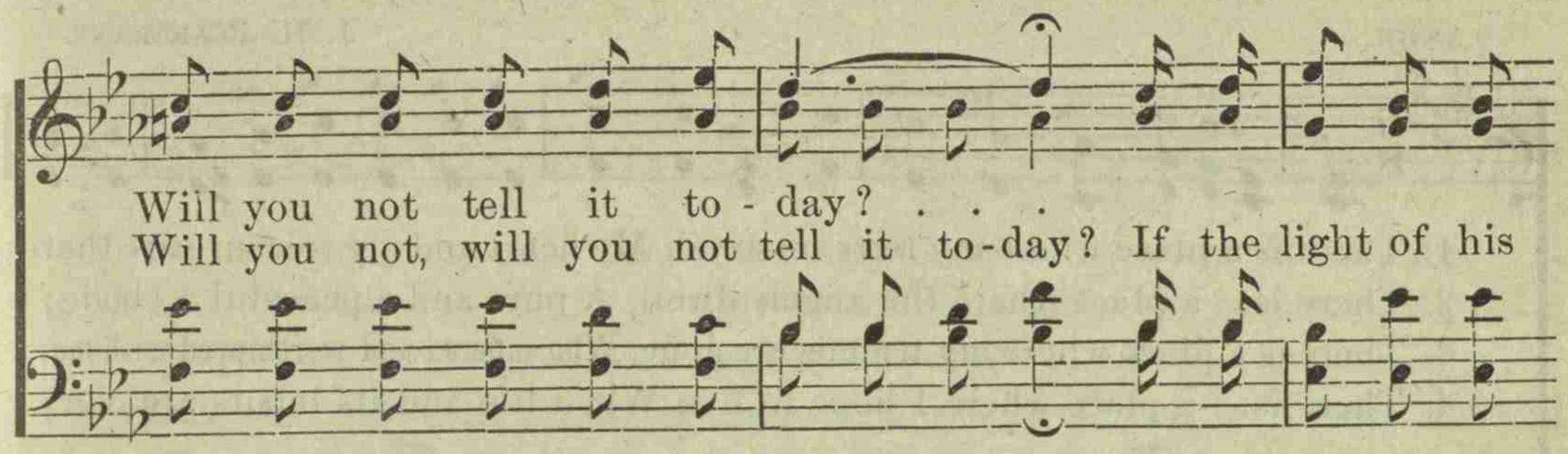
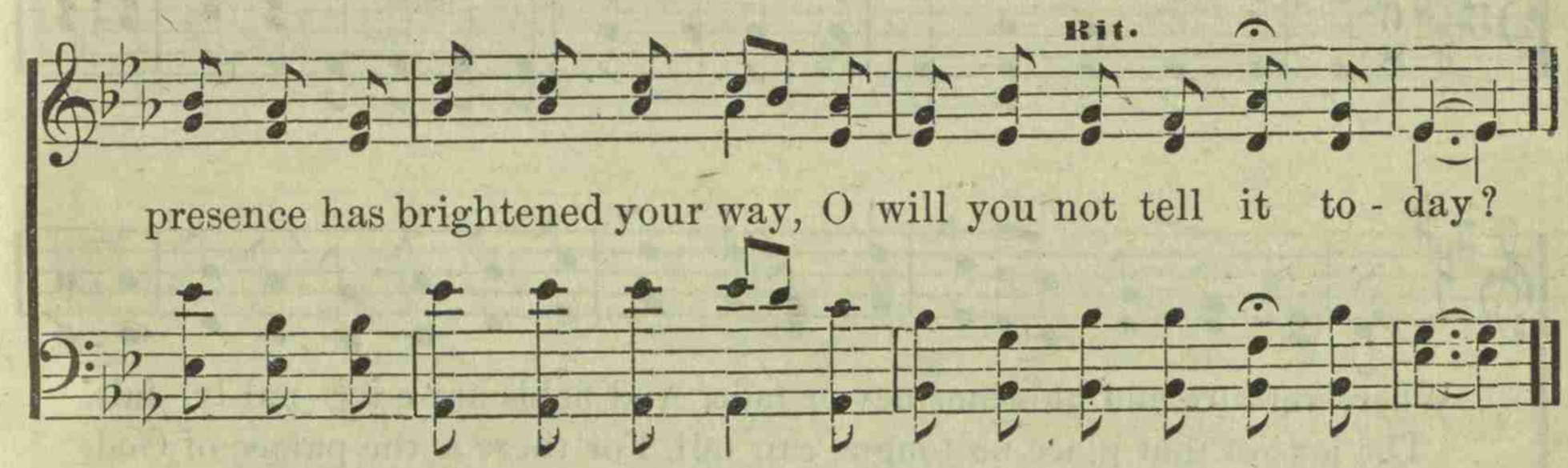
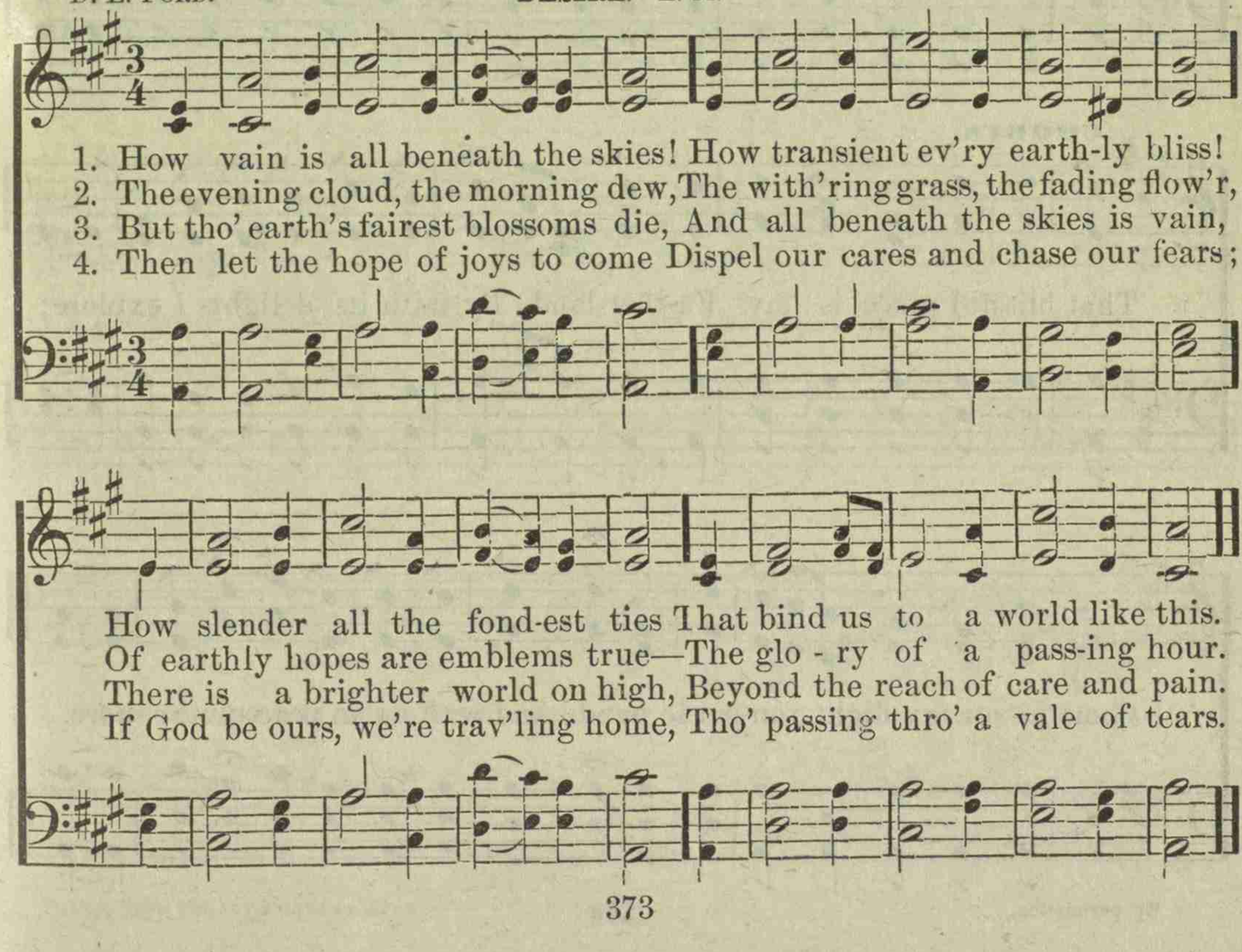
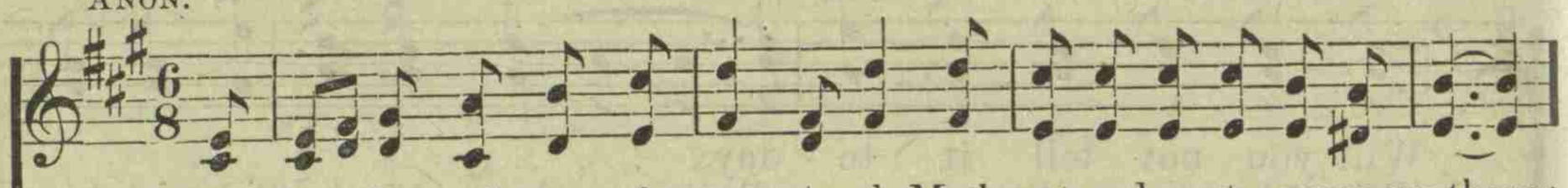
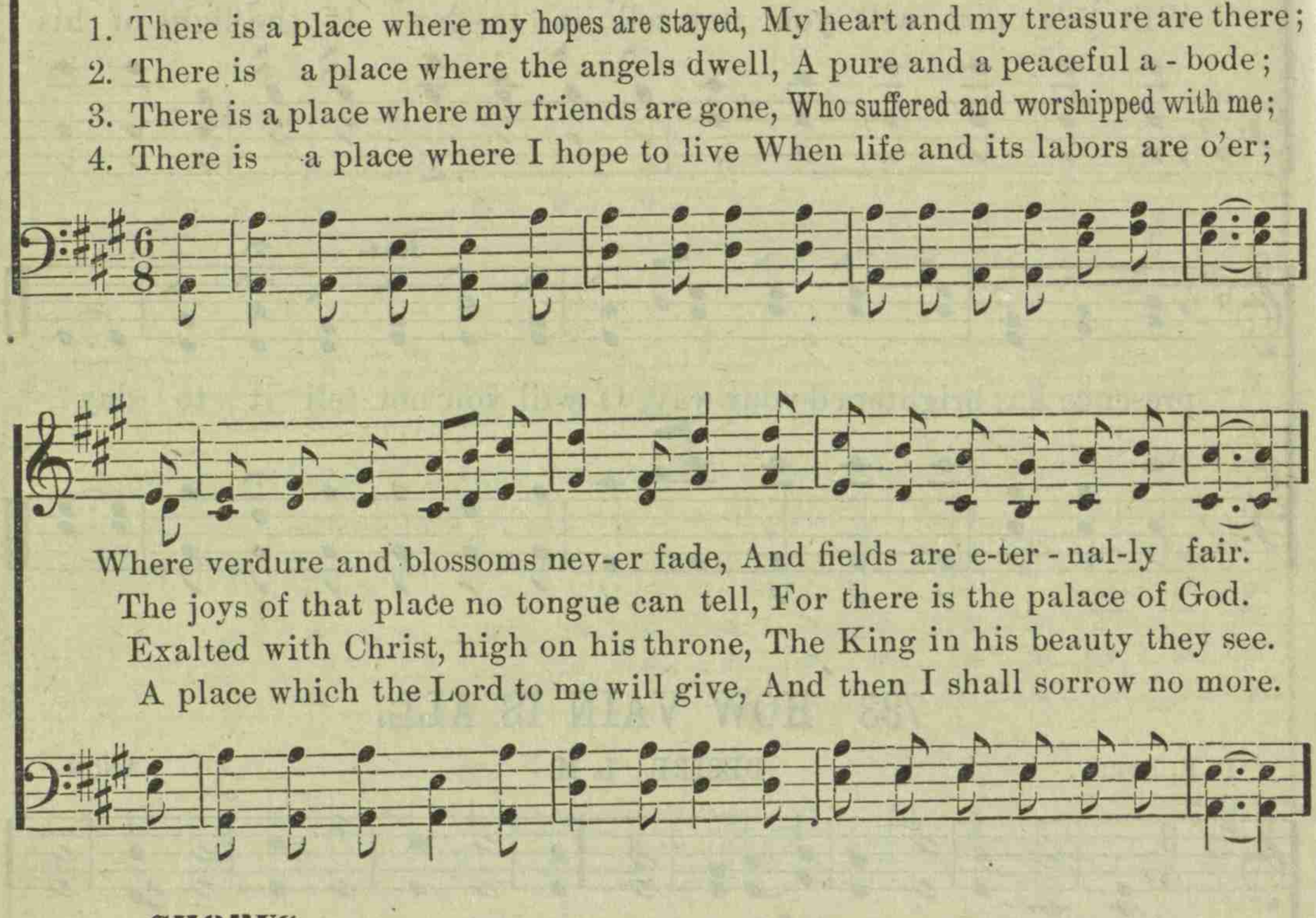

783 HOW VAIN IS ALL.

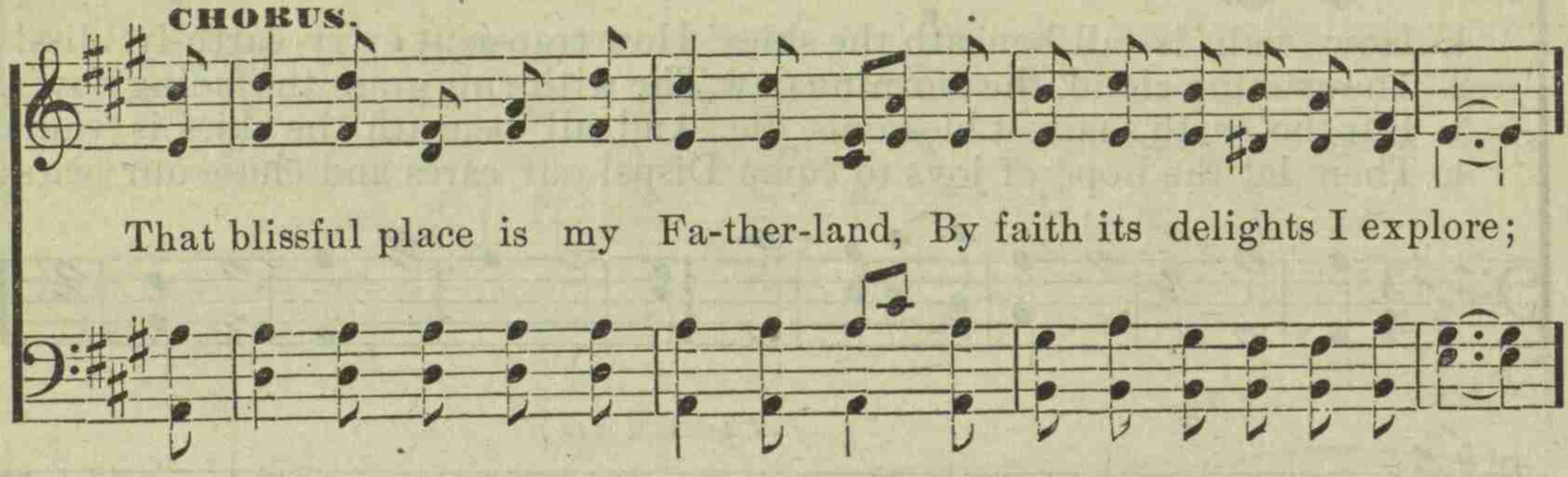
D. E. FORD. DESIRE. L. M. ANON.



784 THAT BLISSFUL PLACE.

ANON. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. There is a place where my hopes are stayed, My heart and my treasure are there;
2. There is a place where the angels dwell, A pure and a peaceful a - bode;
3. There is a place where my friends are gone, Who suffered and worshipped with me;
4. There is a place where I hope to live When life and its labors are o'er;



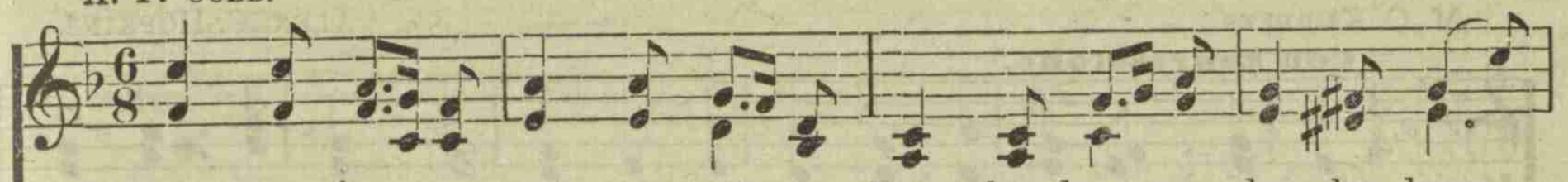
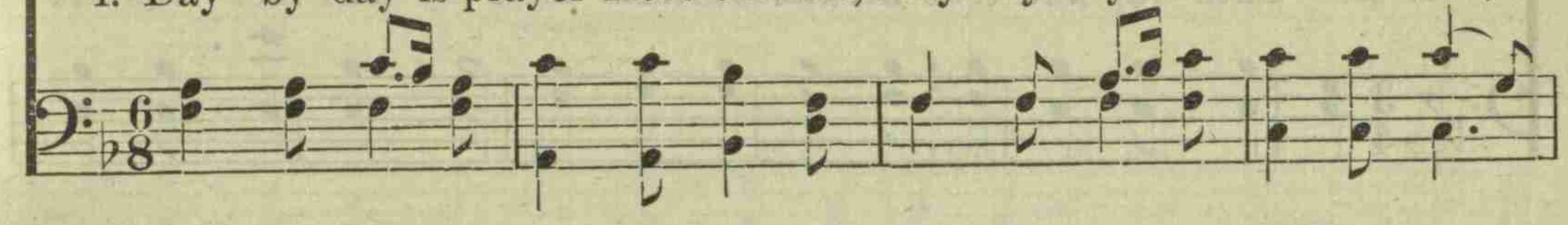
Where verdure and blossoms nev-er fade, And fields are e-ter - nal-ly fair.
The joys of that place no tongue can tell, For there is the palace of God.
Exalted with Christ, high on his throne, The King in his beauty they see.
A place which the Lord to me will give, And then I shall sorrow no more.

CHORUS.

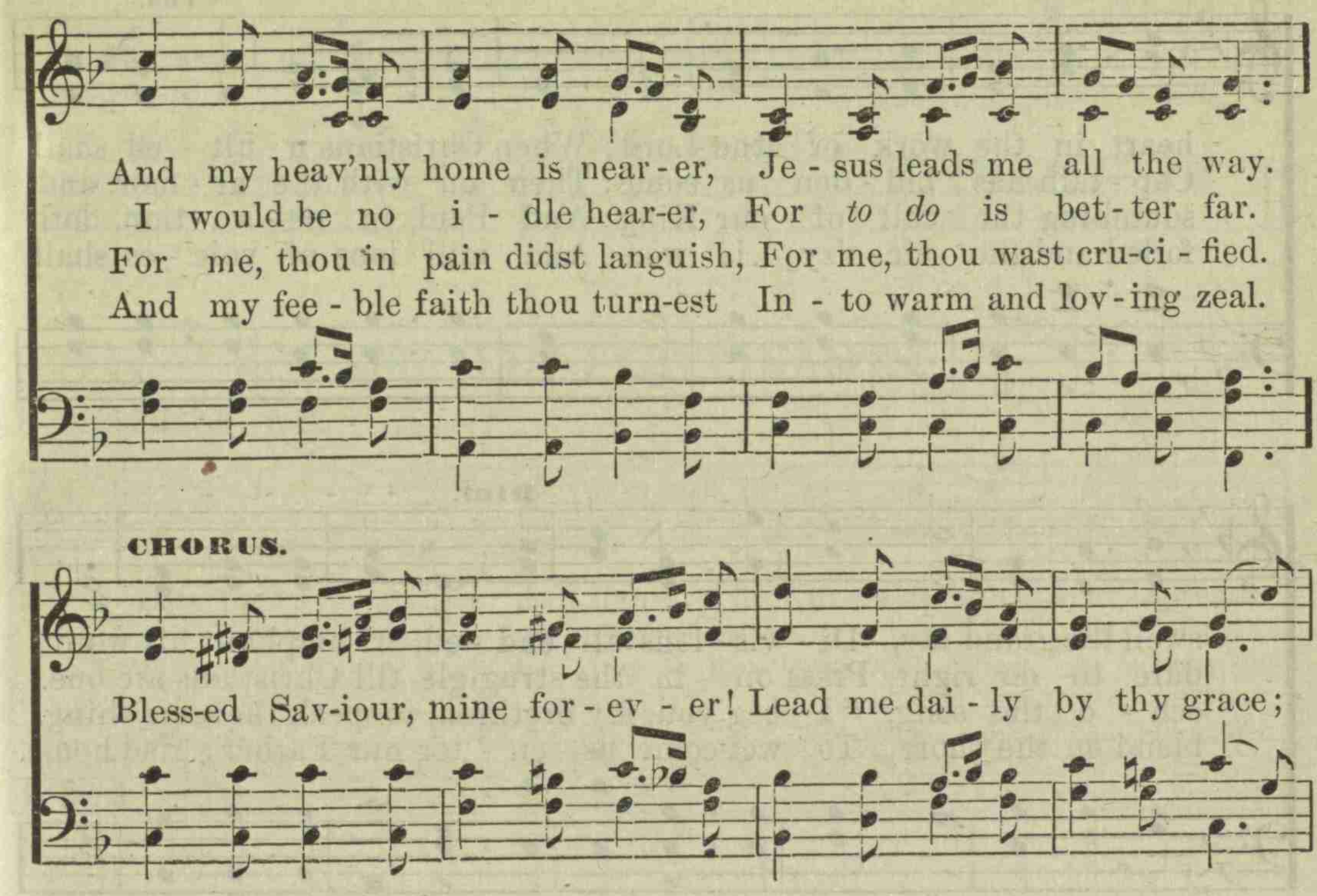
That blissful place is my Fa-ther-land, By faith its delights I explore;

Come fa-vor my flight, an-gel-ic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.

By permission.

785 NEARER HOME.

A. P. COBB. J. H. F.

1. Day by day my path grows clearer, Day by day, yes, day by day;
2. Day by day thy Word is dear-er— All its precepts precious are;
3. Can I, Lord, for-get thy anguish, Pierc-ed hands and riv-en side?
4. Day by day is prayer more earnest, Day by day is love more real;

And my heav'nly home is near-er, Je - sus leads me all the way.
I would be no i - dle hear-er, For *to do* is bet-ter far.
For me, thou in pain didst languish, For me, thou wast cru-ci - fied.
And my fee - ble faith thou turn-est In - to warm and lov-ing zeal.



CHORUS.

Bless-ed Sav-iour, mine for - ev - er! Lead me dai - ly by thy grace;

And when ends this life's en-deav-or, Let me see in heav'n thy face.

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786 HOW BLEST THE DAY.

"That they may be one, even as we are one."—JNO. 17: 22.

M. C. KURFEES. ALEX. C. HOPKINS.

Con Espressione.

1. How blest and how joy-ous will be the glad day, When heart beats to heart in the work of the Lord; When Christians u-nit-ed shall swell the grand lay, Di-vis-ions all end-ed, tri-umphant his word!
2. Come, brothers and sis-ters and join in the fight, Our Sav-iour and Cap-tain has bid-den us come; Then on with the ar-mor, and dare to do right, Press on in the strug-gle till Christians are one.
3. The pray'r of our Saviour im-pels us, move on, Its words are still sound-ing the call of our King; And Paul, in de-vo-tion, doth ech-o the song, "I beg you, my brethren, to speak the same thing."
4. Be faith-ful and true till the warfare is o'er, Till fact-ions are foiled and the vic-t'ry is won; And mill-ions of voic-es shall blend on the shore, To wel-come us en-ter our Father's glad home.

Cres. **Dim.**

CHORUS.

Oh! shout the glad word, Oh! hast-en the day, When all of God's

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HOW BLEST THE DAY. Concluded.

peo - ple are one, . . . Oh! shout the glad word, Oh!
God's peo - ple are one,

Cres. - - - Dim. - - -

hast - en the day, When all of God's people are one. . . .
God's peo-ple are one.

787 LET PARTY NAMES.

MARSHALL. S. M. M. C. KURFEES.

1. Let part - y names no more The Chris-tian world o'er - spread;
2. A - mong the saints on earth, Let mu - tual love be found;
3. Thus will the church be - low Re - sem - ble that a - bove;

Gen - tile and Jew, and bond and free, Are one in Christ, their head.
Heirs of the same in - her - i - tance, With mutual blessings crowned.
Where streams of pleas-ure ev - er flow, And ev - 'ry heart is love.

788 JOY AMONG THE ANGELS.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. There is joy in heav'n a-mong the an-gels, When a wan-der-er re-
2. There is joy on earth among the righteous, There are faithful hearts that
3. You can give that joy to saints and an-gels, For the lov-ing Shepherd

turns to the fold,—When he comes to seek a place of safe-ty, Aft-er
thrill with delight, When a soul is giv-en to the Saviour—Led to
calls you to-day, Heav'n and earth will join to bid you welcome, Do not

CHORUS.

straying in the dark and cold. There is joy . . . a-mong the
trust the gen-tle Shepherd's might. There is joy, yes, there is
lin-ger, do not lon-ger stray.

an - - - gels, There is joy a-mong the an-gels when a
joy a-mong the an-gels,

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JOY AMONG THE ANGELS. Concluded.

wan-der-er returns; There is joy . . . among the an - - -
There is joy, yes, there is joy among the

gels, When a wan-der-er re-turns to the fold. . . .
an - gels, to the fold.

789 SAVIOUR, TEACH ME.

WEBER. 7s. C. M. von Weber.

1. Saviour, teach me day by day, Love's sweet lessons to o - bey;
2. With a child-like heart of love, At thy bid-ding may I move;
3. Teach me all thy steps to trace, Strong to fol-low in thy grace;
4. Love in lov - ing finds em - ploy, In o - bedience all her joy;

Sweeter lessons can not be, Lov-ing him who first loved me.
Prompt to serve and follow thee, Lov-ing him who first loved me.
Learning how to love from thee, Lov-ing him who first loved me.
Ev - er new that joy will be, Lov-ing him who first loved me.

790 THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I fear, He leads in green pastures,
2. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I fear, He leads in green pastures,

be-side wa-ters clear, My soul he re-storeth, whenev-er I stray,
be-side wa-ters clear, My soul he re-storeth, whenev-er I stray,

D. S. thou still art with me, thy un-ceas-ing care,
D. S. then in the mansions of glo-ry a-bove,

Rit. - Fine.

And leadeth me back to his own righteous way. No e-vil shall ev-er
And leadeth me back to his own righteous way. Sure, goodness and mercy

Thy rod and thy staff will still comfort me there.
Thro' a-ges e-ter-nal I'll sing of his love.

D. S.

be-fall me, I know, E'en tho' thro' the valley of death I should go; Yea,
will follow me on, Thro' all of life's conflicts till vict'ry is won, And

791 WAITING BY THE RIVER.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. F.

1. We are waiting by the riv - er, Strong and weak, and young and old,
2. We are waiting by the riv - er, And we may not know how near
3. We are waiting by the riv - er, And at most 'twill not be long

Till the boat-man comes to bear us To the far - off streets of gold.
Are our foot-steps, glad or wea - ry, To its wa-ters still and clear.
Till we cross the si - lent wa - ters, Till we hear the an-gels' song.

CHORUS.

We are wait-ing by the riv - er, We are waiting, you and I (you and I),
One by one our friends are crossing, We shall join them by and by.

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792 WE WAIT HIS COMING.

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

1. We wait the com-ing of the Lord, The Sav-iour reigning now a - bove;
2. We wait the com-ing of our Friend, Who loves us with immor-tal love,
3. We wait the com-ing of the King, Who holds the keys of ev - 'ry grave,

The prom - ise of his ho - ly word, He shall con-firm in truth and love.
And shall himself from heav'n descend, And bring us to our home a - bove.
Who will the palms of vic - t'ry bring, And all his loy - al peo - ple save.

CHORUS.

O wait! . . . . O wait! . . .
O wait, calm-ly wait, calm-ly wait, for he will come! O wait, calmly wait,

O wait! . . . .
he will come and bring us home! O wait, calm-ly wait, calm - ly

wait, for he will come! O wait, he will come and bring us home, bring us home!

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793 AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

JOS. H. MARTIN. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. I think I should mourn o'er my sorrowful fate, "If sor - row in heav-
2. How sad-ly I'd feel in the heav-en - ly state, If sad - ness in heav-
3. O Lord, I beseech thee for wisdom and grace In win-ning lost souls

en can be," If no one should be at the beau - ti - ful gate, Both
en can be, If no one should be at the beau - ti - ful gate, Con-
un - to thee; That ma - ny may be in that beau - ti - ful place, A

CHORUS.

wait-ing and watch-ing for me. "Yes, wait - ing and watching for me.
duct - ed to glo - ry by me.
crown of re - joic-ing to me. Yes, waiting and watching for me, for me,

Yes, wait - - - ing and watching for me; May ma - ny of
Yes, wait-ing and watching for me;

those at the beau - ti - ful gate Be wait-ing and watching for me."

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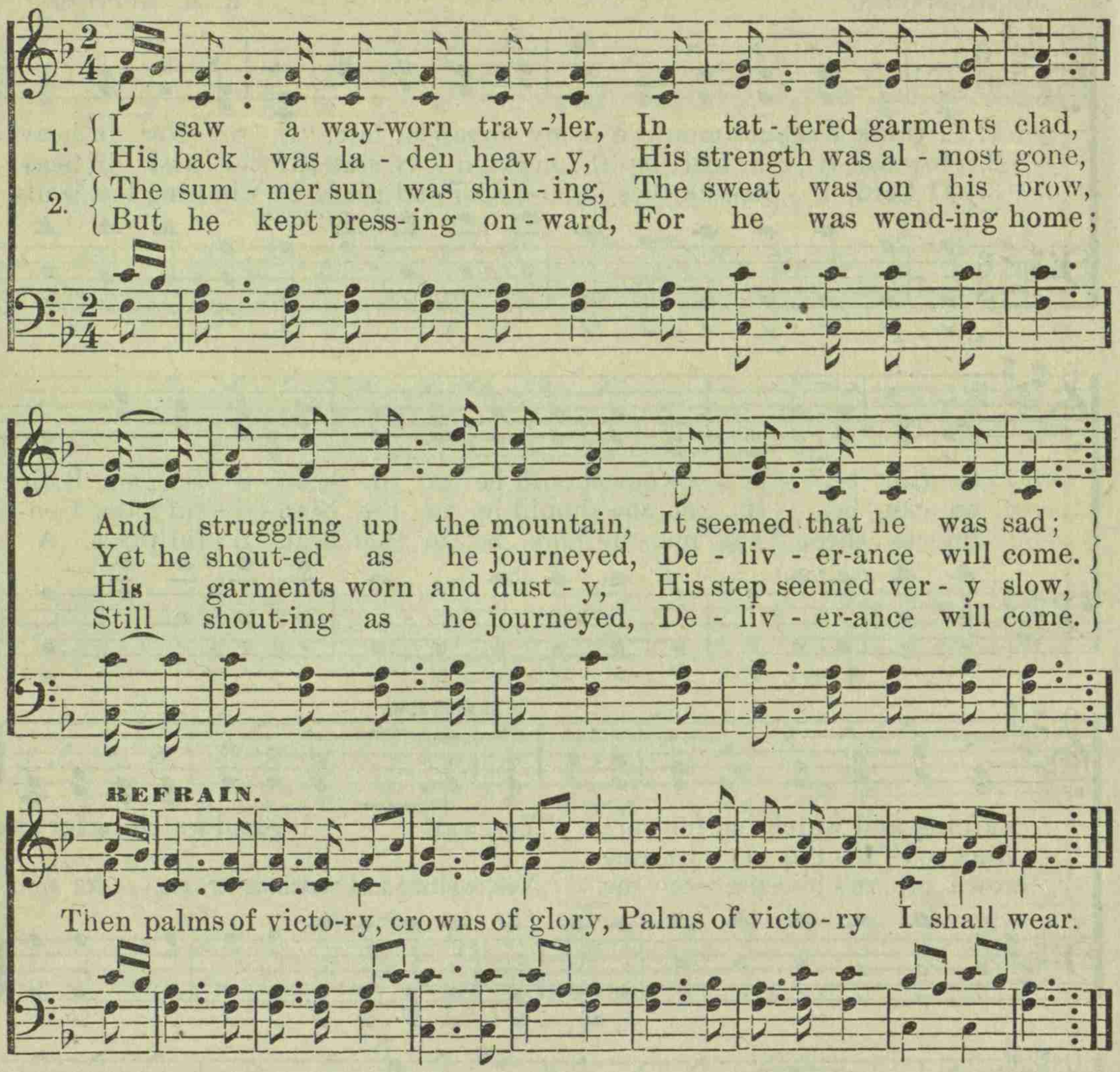
794 DELIVERANCE WILL COME.

ANON. ANON.



3 The songsters in the arbor
That stood beside the way,
Attracted his attention,
Inviting his delay:
His watchword being "Onward!"
He stopped his ears and ran,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come!

4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain
And reached the vale below·
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!

5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God;
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance has come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore:
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna
Deliverance has come!

795 THE CHILD OF A KING.

HATTIE E. BUELL. JOHN B. SUMNER.

1. My Fa-ther is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men! Once wandered o'er earth as the
3. I once was an outcast stranger on earth, A sin-ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for

world in his hands; Of ru-bies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His
poor-est of them; But now he is reigning for-ev-er on high, And will
"a-lien" by birth; But I've been "adopted," my name's written down An
me o-ver there; Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing, "All

CHORUS.

coff-ers are full, he has rich-es un-told.
give us a home in the sweet by and by. I'm the child of a King, The
heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.
glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King."

child of a King; With Je-sus, my Saviour, I'm the child of a King.

796 O SILVERY SEA.

FRONIA SMITH. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. O silv'ry sea . . . . of Gal - i - lee, In east - ern
2. I hear the cry, ... "Save, Lord, I pray," From one faint-
3. The night is dark, . . . I'm on a sea Where waves roll

land so fair; I fan - cy now . . . I stand by thee, And
heart-ed there; My sinking heart . . . takes up that cry, When
high and wild; I'm lost un - less . . . thou pi - lot me, O

see my Saviour there. I see him walk . . up - on the wave, . .
storms beat heavy here. For well I know . . his gracious will . .
Master, strong and mild. Walk to me on . . . this troubled sea, . .

When billows roll . . . . and clouds are dark; . . . His trembling
Can calm life's rough . . . and troubled sea; . . . . And to its
Dear Saviour, bid . . . . me walk to thee; . . . I shall not

ones . . . from death to save, Tossed helpless in their bark.
waves . . . say, "Peace, be still," As there on Gal - i - lee.
fail, . . . for thou wilt save, As once on Gal - i - lee.

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797 THESE SAYINGS OF MINE.

A. P. COBB. J. H. F.

1. Whoso heareth and *do-eth* these say-ings of mine, I will lik-en to
2. Whoso heareth and *scorneth* these say-ings of mine, Is fool-ish-ly
3. Art thou *foolish* or *wise,* O thou brother of mine? Art thou heeding thy

one who thro' storm and thro' shine, His house wise-ly builds on the
building thro' storm and thro' shine, His house on the sand, and 'twill
Saviour thro' storm and thro' shine? On the *rock* or the *sand,* O now

firm rock be-low, And safe there a-bides when the hur-ri-canes blow.
cer-tain-ly fall, When the storms shall descend and the tempests ap-pall.
tell me, I pray, On which art thou building thy dwelling each day?

CHORUS.

On the rock will I build, On the tried cor-ner-stone, Ev-er
sought by the best of earth's sag-es; Yes, on thee will I
build, and in thee trust a-lone, My Redeemer, thou Rock of the A-ges.

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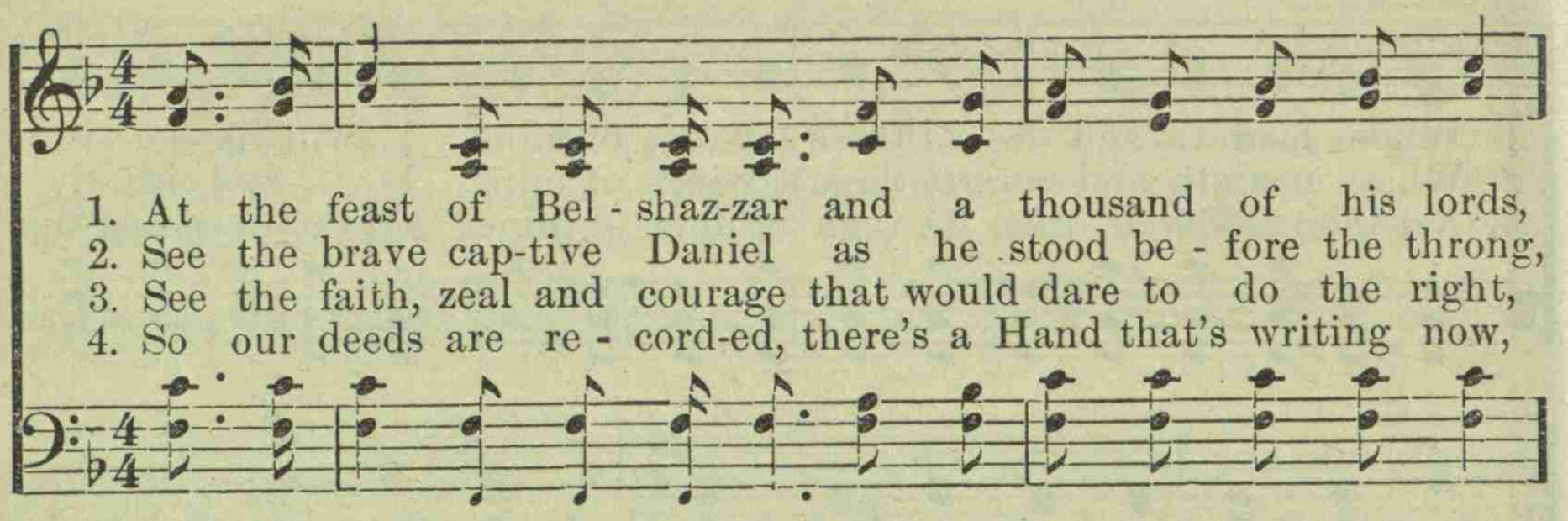
798 HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

Words and Music by KNOWLES SHAW.



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HANDWRITING ON THE WALL. Concluded.

CHORUS.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall,
'Tis the hand of God that is writ - ing on the wall;

'Tis the hand of God on the wall,
'Tis the hand of God that is writ - ing on the wall.

Shall the record be "Found wanting," or shall it be "Found trusting?"

While that hand is writ - ing on the wall,
While that hand is writ - ing, writ - ing on the wall.

799 HE WILL COME.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. J. H. ROSECRANS.

Solo. **Semi-Chorus.**

1. He will come, our ris - en Lord, By and by, by and by;
2. He will come, our gra - cious King, By and by, by and by;
3. There will be no wea - ry night, By and by, by and by;

Solo. **Semi-Chorus.**

He will all his saints re - ward, By and by, by and by.
Songs of tri-umph we will sing, By and by, by and by.
For the Lamb will be our light, By and by, by and by.

Full Chorus.

In his pres-ence we will meet, There to hold commun-ion sweet;
He will come his own to bear To the mansions pure and fair,
Let us cast a - side our fear, For that day will soon be here,

Heav'n will be with joy re-plete, By and by, by and by.
And his glo - ry we will share, By and by, by and by.
And the Sav - iour will ap - pear, By and by, by and by.

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800 SOME DAY.

MRS. A. L. D. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Some day, some day, I know not when, For me will come a heav'nly birth;
2. Some day, some day, I know not when, My eyes will close in qui-et rest;
3. Some day, some day, I know not when, Or whether it be far or near;

My soul will hear the an-gel's call, And I shall pass a-way from earth.
Up-lift-ing arms will bear me home, My soul shall ev-er-more be blest.
I walk in faith, 'tis when God wills, When all fulfilled my mis-sion here.

REFRAIN.

Some day, some day, I know not when, My Sav-iour will be with me then;

Some day, some day, I know not when, My Sav-iour will be with me then.

Rit.

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801 FOREVER THINE.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. T. FRANK ALLEN.

1. O thou who hast my ransom paid, On thee my load of sin is laid;
2. A - far from thee I wandered long, Redeem-ing love is now my song;
3. The world no more enchains my soul, I bow a - lone to thy con-trol;
4. With grateful heart thy praise I sing, My hopes, my fears to thee I bring;

To thee my all I now re-sign, For I am thine, for - ev - er thine.
On me the beams of mer - cy shine, For I am thine, for - ev - er thine.
I on - ly know thy will di-vine, For I am thine, for - ev - er thine.
Faith's sweet as - surance now is mine, For I am thine, for - ev - er thine.

CHORUS.

Forev - er thine! . . can words ex - press . . . . Thy wondrous
Forev-er thine! can words express
love, ... thy tender - ness? . . Thy mercy, love . . .
Thy wondrous love, thy tenderness? Thy mercy, love

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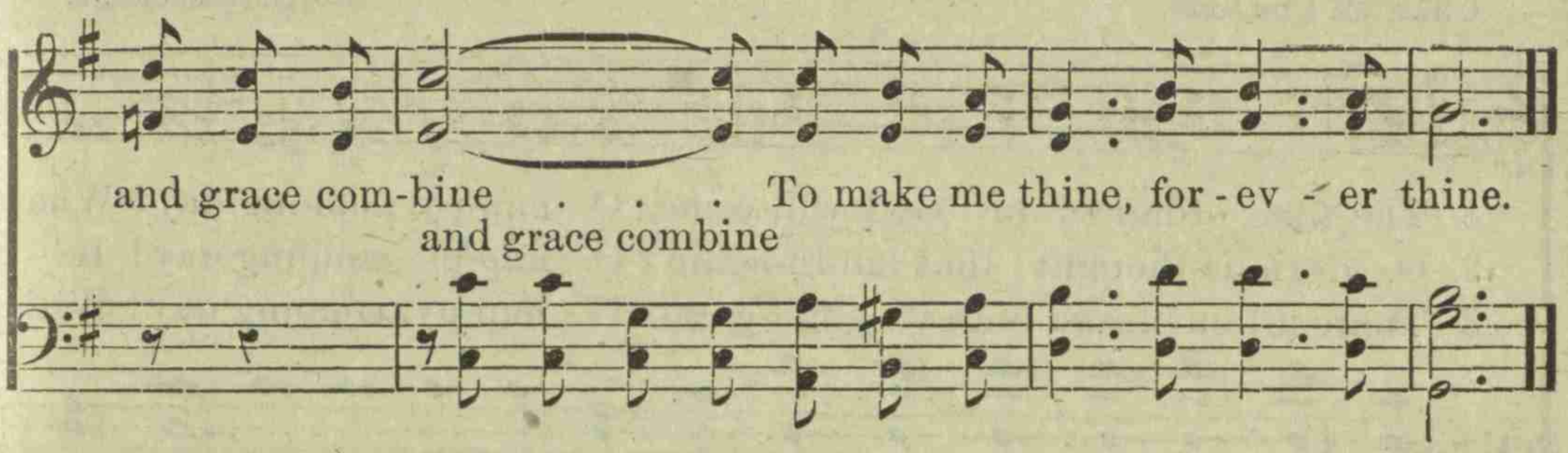
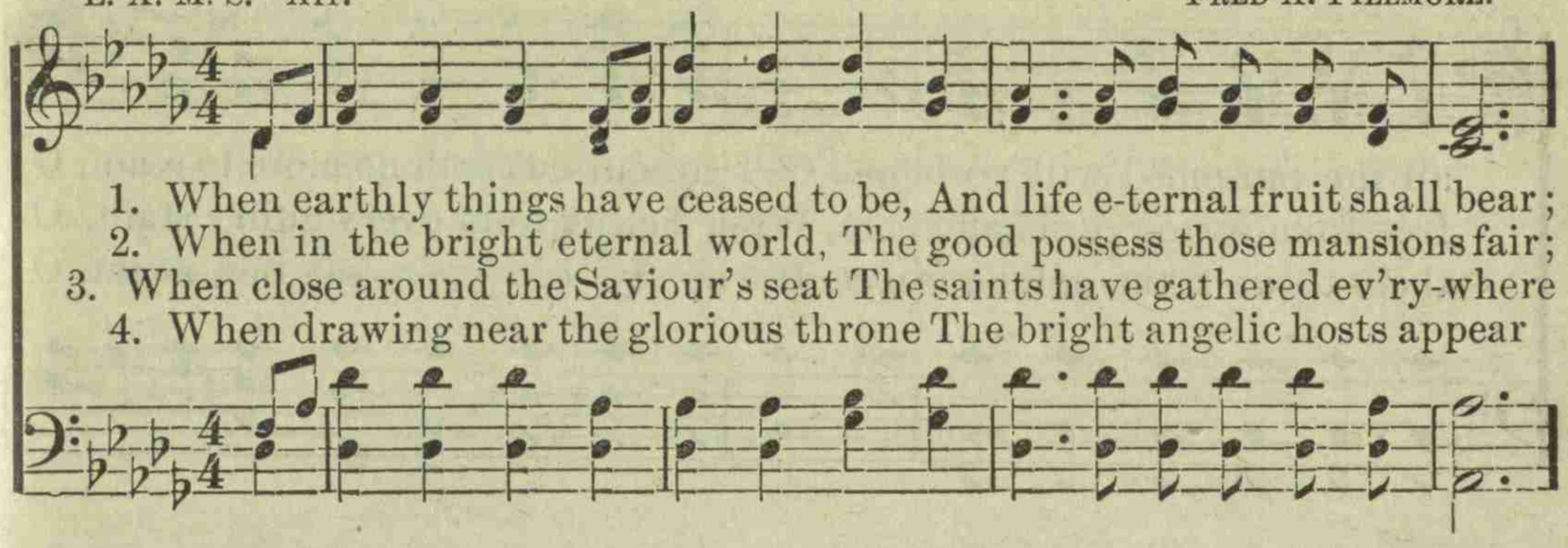
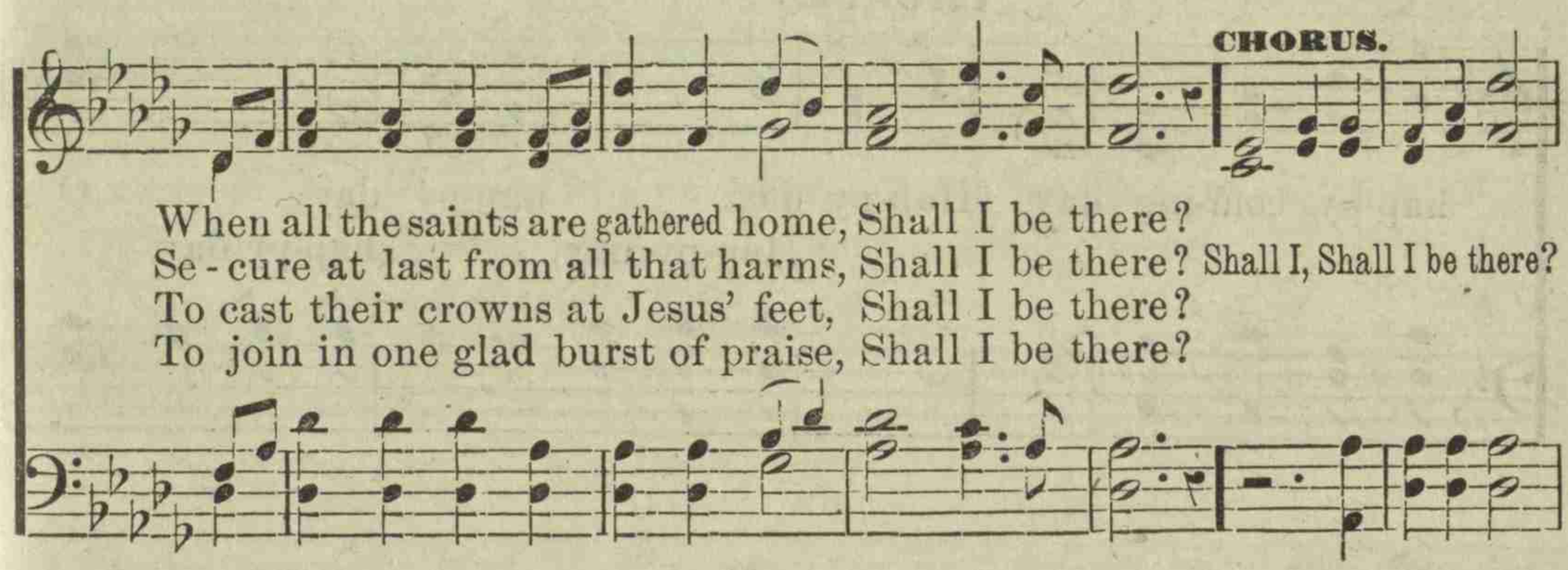
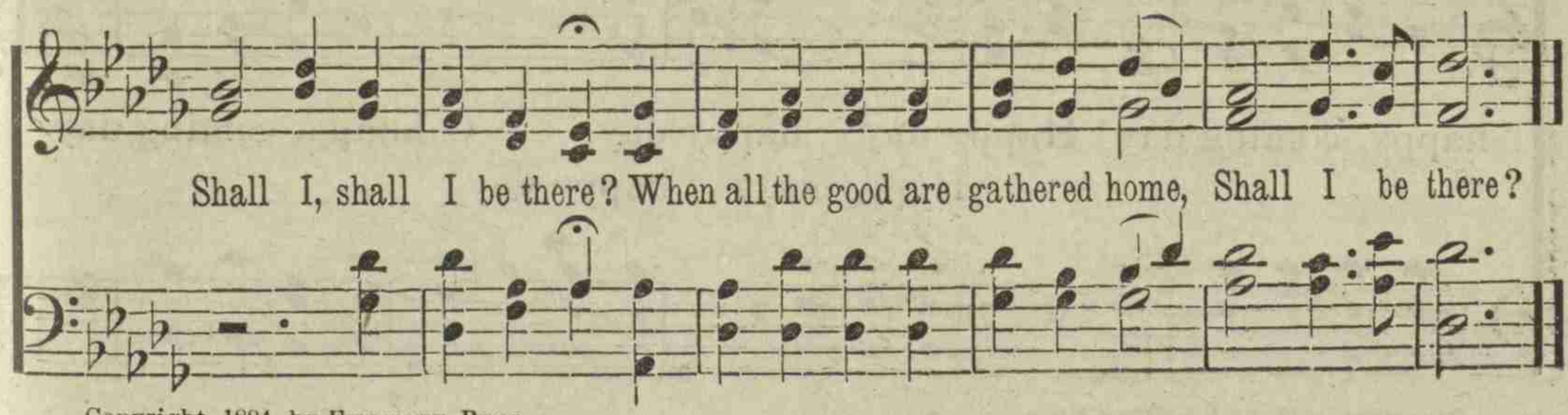

802 SHALL I BE THERE?

L. A. M. S. Arr. FRED A. FILLMORE.







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803 THE HAPPY, COMING DAY.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. The time ordained of God will come, O hap-py, com-ing day! When
2. O, glorious thought! that land to gain! O hap-py, com-ing day! Be
3. There all our loved ones we shall greet, O hap-py, com-ing day! With

all the ransomed will go home, O'er sin-cursed earth no more to roam, O
free from sorrow, grief and pain, Wash'd clean from every guilty stain, O
them to walk the golden street, In ho - ly con - ver - sa - tion sweet, O

CHORUS.

hap-py, com-ing day. Hap-py day, hap-py day, O
Hap-py day, hap-py day,

happy, coming day! Happy day, happy day, O happy, coming day
Happy day, happy day,

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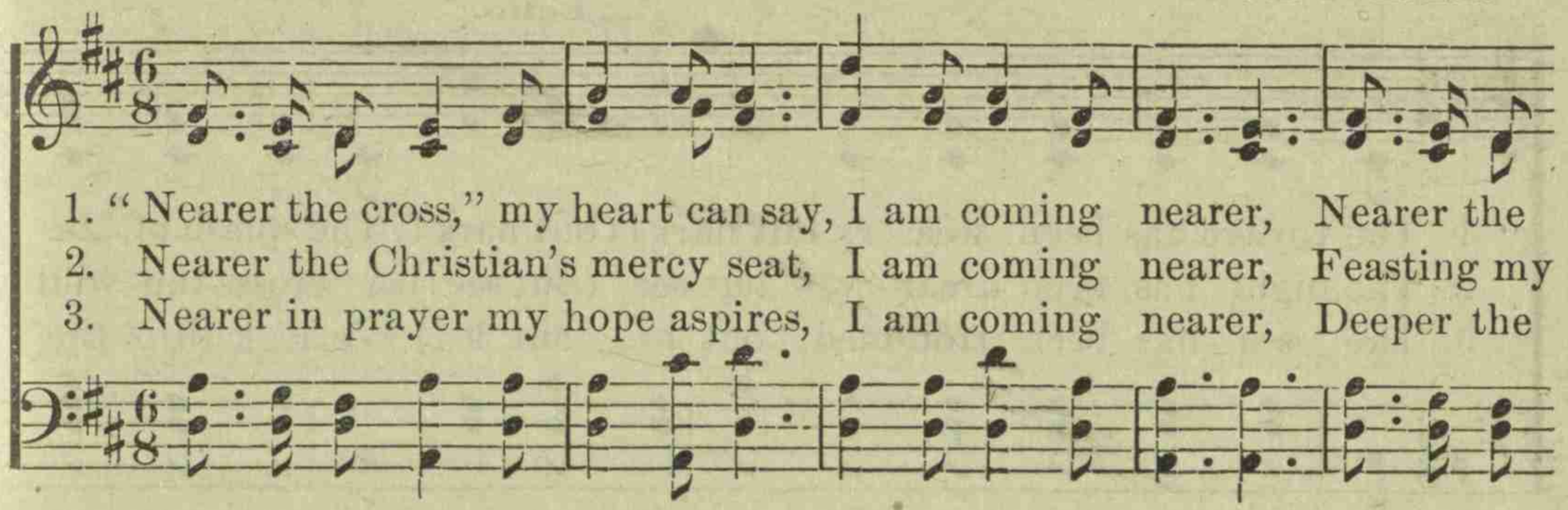
804 NEARER THE CROSS.

MRS. F. J. CROSBY. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

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805 BEAUTIFUL PORT OF THE BLEST.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. F.

pp **Echo.**

1. The voyage has been wea - ry but hark! (but hark!) The splash of the
2. The night has been drear - y, but see! (but see!) A - cross the wild
3. The sea has been trou-bled, but lo! (but lo!) We look thro' the

pp **Echo.**

breakers we hear; It comes thro' the shad-ow-ing dark, (the dark,) To
wa - ters a - far, Is shin-ing for you and for me, (for me,) The
gath - er - ing light; And now we as - sur - ed - ly know, (we know,) The

CHORUS.

tell us a ha-ven is near. O, beau - ti-ful port of the blest!
light of the day-bringing star.
land of our God is in sight. Beauti-ful port, port of the blest!

O, beau - - ti - ful port of the blest! Tho' beat-en and
Beau-ti - ful port, port of the blest!

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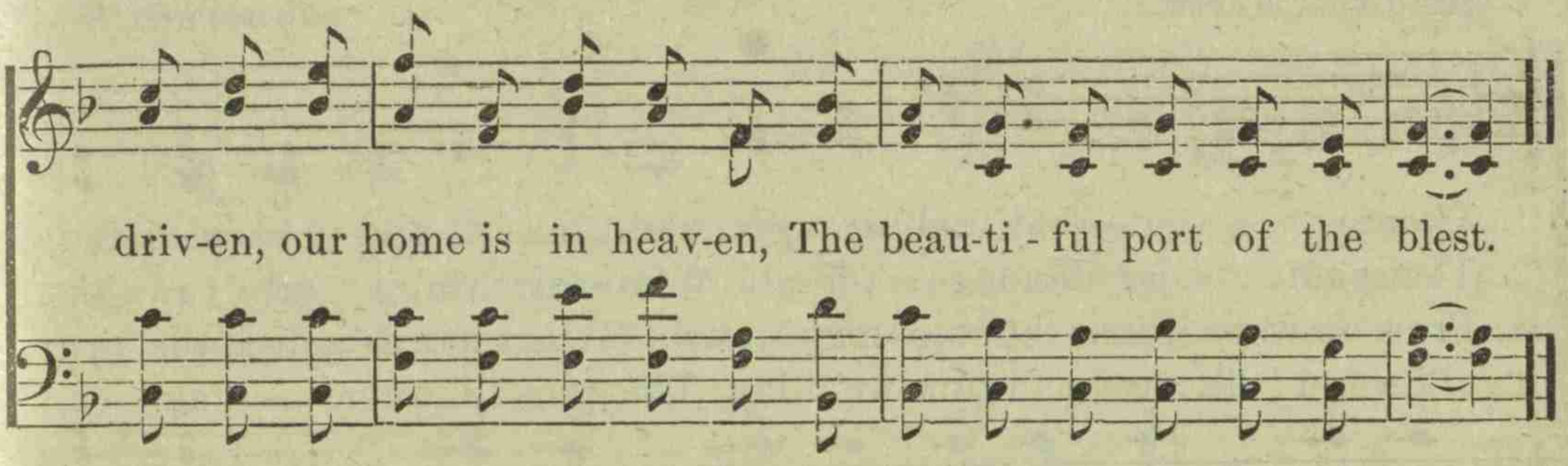
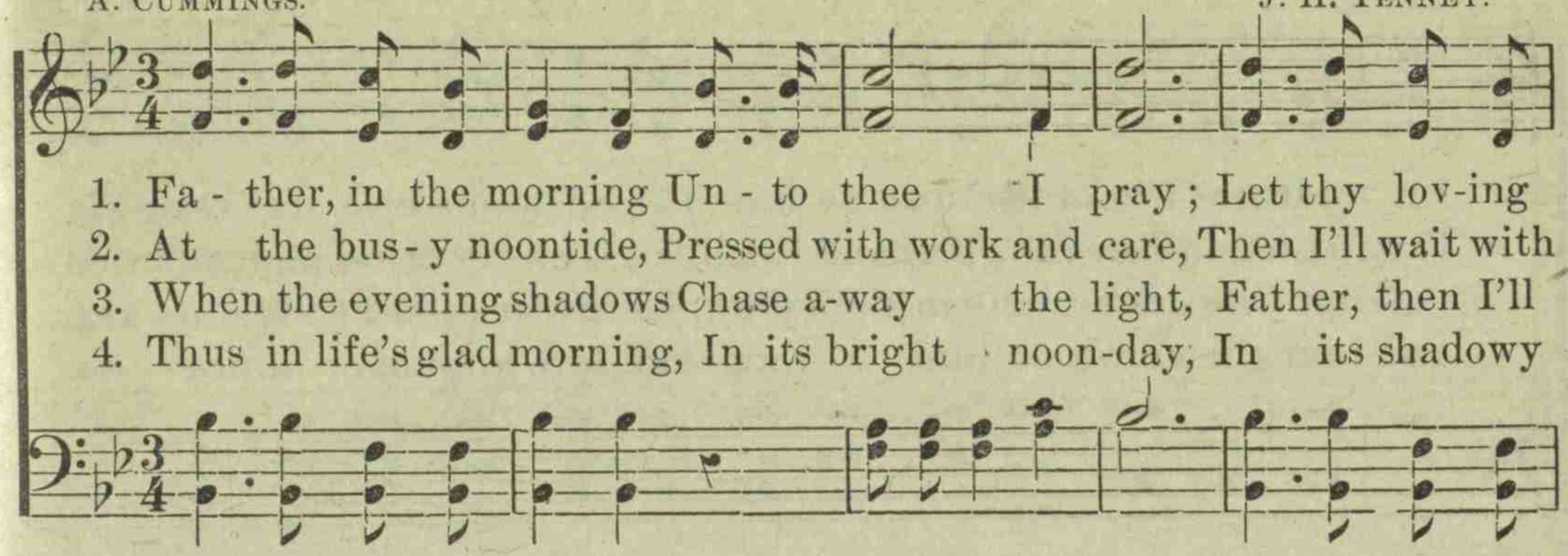
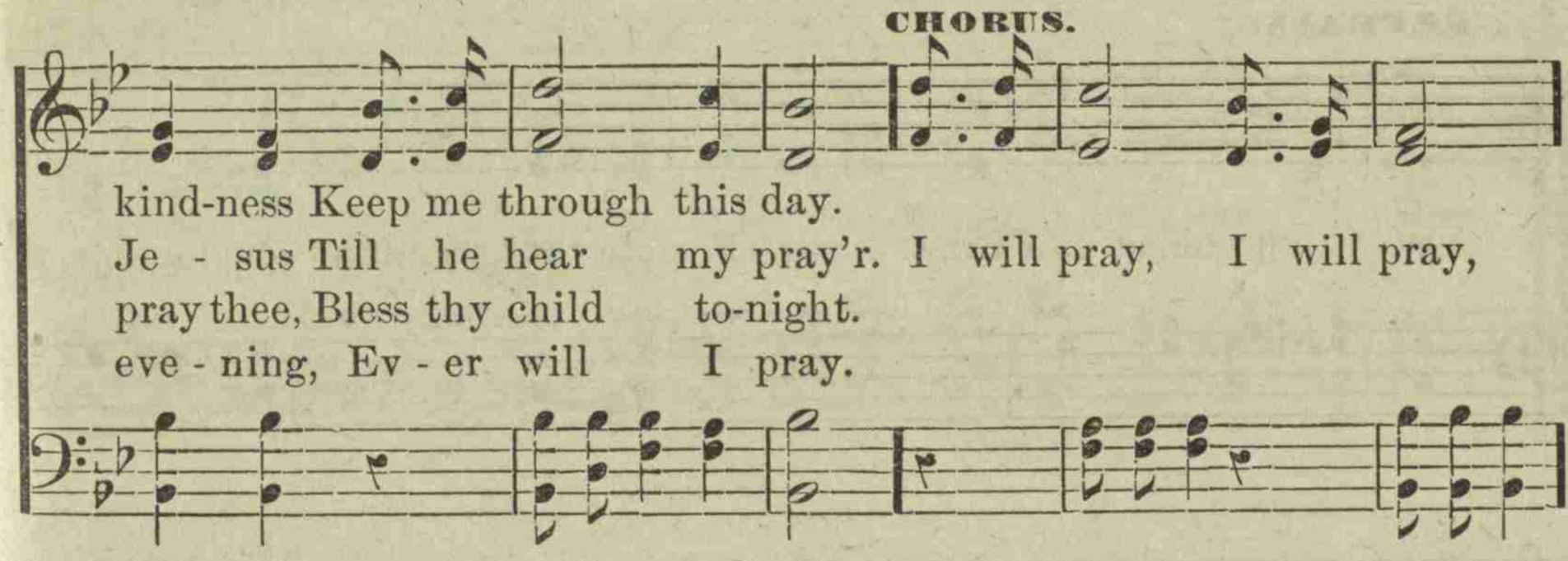
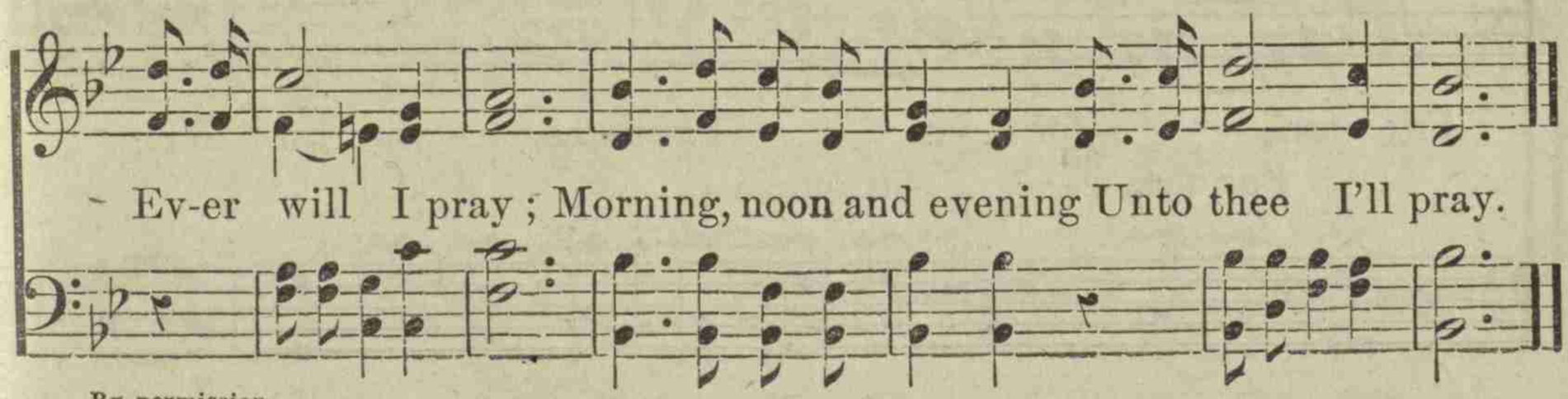

806 EVER WILL I PRAY.

A. CUMMINGS. J. H. TENNEY.







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807 THE GATE AJAR.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And thro' its port - als gleam-ing,
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion;
3. Press on-ward, then, tho' foes may frown, While mercy's gate is o - pen;
4. Be-yond the riv-er's brink we'll lay The cross that here is tak - en,

A radiance from the crown a - far, The Saviour's love re - veal - ing.
The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.
Ac-cept the cross, and win the crown, Love's ev-er-last - ing to - ken.
And bear the crown of life a - way, And love him more in heav - en.

REFRAIN.

Yes, in the blood of Christ I see The gate that stands a - jar for me,

For me, for me, That stands a - jar for me.
For me, for me,

By permission.

808 CLEFT FOR ME.

FANNY CROSBY. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Mighty Rock, whose tow'ring form Looks above the frowning storm;
2. Of the springs that from thee burst, Let me drink and quench my thirst;
3. When I near the stream of death, When I feel its chill-y breath,

Rock a-mid the des-ert waste, To thy sha-dow now I haste.
Wea-ry, faint-ing, toil-op-press'd, In thy sha-dow let me rest.
Rock where all my hopes a-bide, In thy sha-dow let me hide.

REFRAIN.

Un-to thee, un-to thee, Pre-cious Sav-iour, now I flee;

"Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee."

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809 CALLING ME OVER THE TIDE.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. F.

1. Friends who have loved me are slip-ping a - way, Si - lent - ly
2. Dim - ly thro' gath - er - ing dark-ness I see Je - sus, my
3. Nar - row the wa - ters, and tran-quil the shore; There my be-

onward they glide; Still are their voic-es, as backward they stray,
Friend and my Guide; An - gels are watching and wait-ing for me,
lov - ed a - bide,— Christ and the an-gels and friends gone be-fore,

REFRAIN.

Call - ing me o - ver the tide. Call - ing to me, they are

call-ing to me, Loved ones are calling me o - ver the tide; They are

call-ing to me, they are call-ing to me, Calling me over the tide.

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810 WHEN THE WAITING TIME.

J. H. F. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. When the waiting time is over, When the Master bids us come, In the glad and bright for-ev - er, We shall rest in peace at home. When the
2. When the waiting time is over, Battles fought and vict'ries won, We shall hear the Saviour's welcome, "Good and faithful one, well done."
3. When the waiting time is over, When the toils of life are past, We shall sing with holy rapture, "Praise the Lord, we're home at last." When the

CHORUS.

wait - ing time is o - ver, ... When from sin . . . . and sorrow free, We shall meet . . . beyond the
waiting, waiting, waiting, When the waiting time is over, When the waiting time is over, When from sin and sorrow free, We shall meet beyond the river, When the

riv - er, ... There to dwell e - ter - nal-ly, (e-ter-nal-ly.)
wait - ing time is o - ver,

Copyright, 1885, in "Banner of Beauty."

811 TAKE ME AS I AM.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un-less thou help me I must die;
2. Helpless I am and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt;
3. I bow be-fore the mer-cy - seat, Be-hold me, Saviour, at thy feet;
4. If thou hast work for me to do, In-spire my will, my heart renew;
5. And when at last the work is done, The battle fought, the vict'ry won,

Oh, bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
And thou canst make me what thou wilt, And take me as I am.
Thy work be - gin, thy work complete, And take me as I am.
And work both in, and by me too, And take me as I am.
Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, Oh, take me as I am.

CHORUS.

Take me as I am, Take me as I am;

Lord, I give my - self to thee, Oh, take me as I am.

Copyright, 1881, by GEO. C. STEBBINS.

812 I'M COMING BACK TO-NIGHT.

EMMA PITT. H. A. LEWIS.

DUET.

1. I'm com-ing back to Je - sus, Guilt-y and full of sin, I've wandered so far from his mer - cy, Still he will take me in.
2. I'm com-ing back to Je - sus, Back to the arms of love, I'll come and all bro-ken with sor - row, His sweet for-give - ness prove.
3. I'm com-ing back to Je - sus, Leaving all else be - hind, Fare- well to the sins that be-guile me, Now I shall par - don find.

REFRAIN.

I'm com-ing back to Je - sus, Back to the truth and right, I know it will cost me a strug - gle, But I'm com - ing back to- night; I'm coming back to Je - sus, I'm coming back to - night.

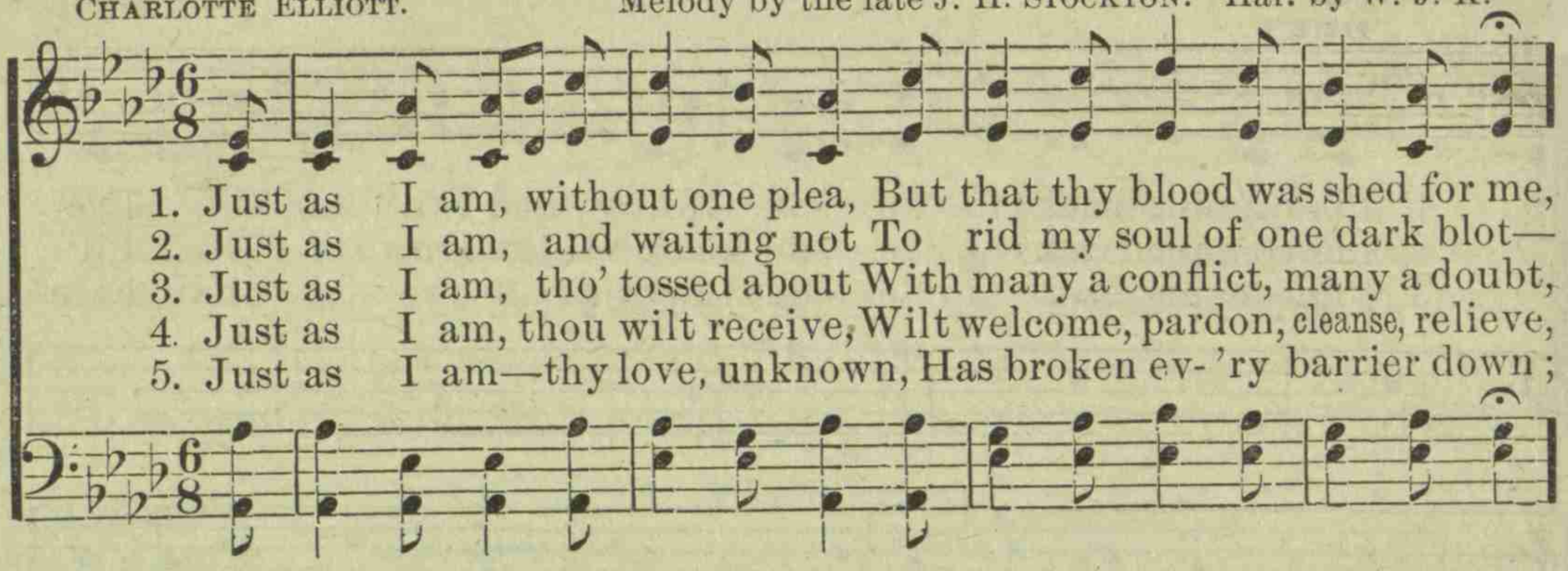
Cres.

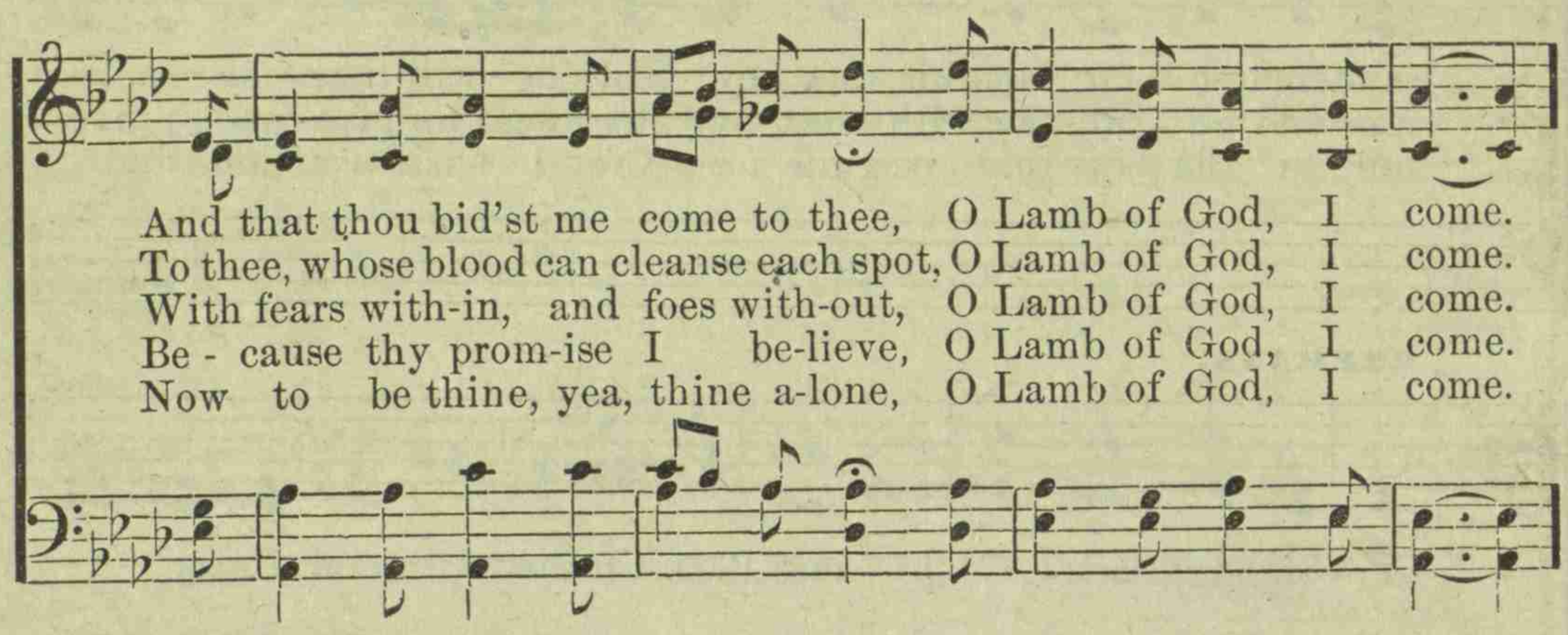
Repeat. *pp*

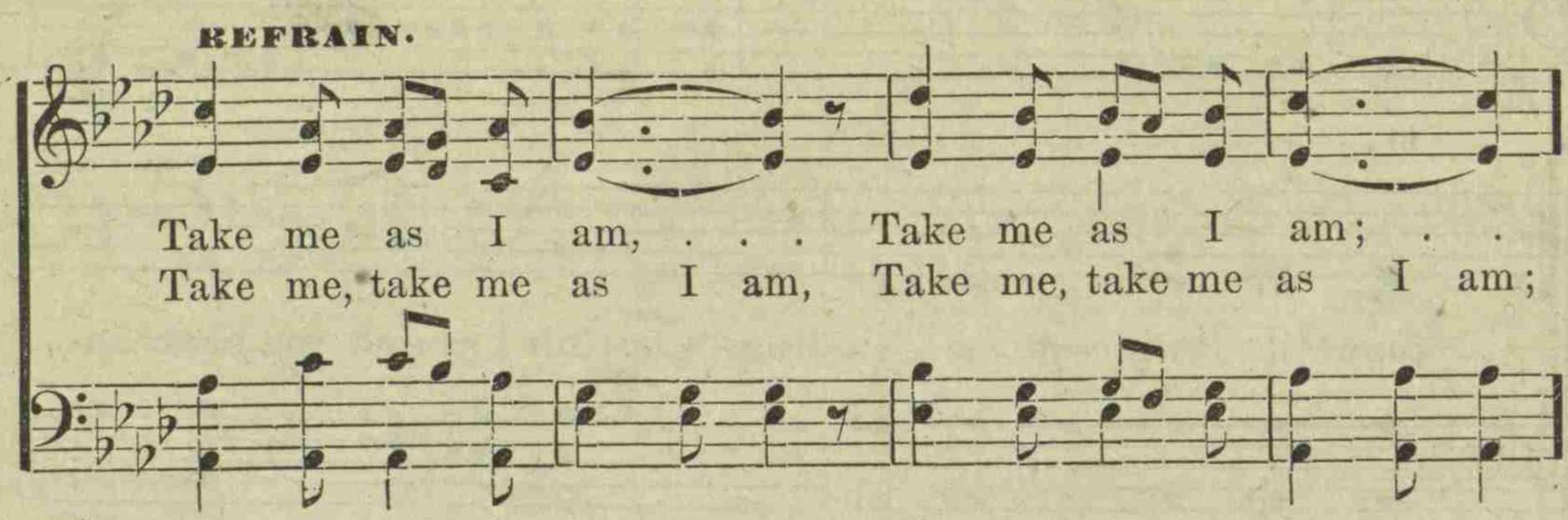
Copyright, 1884, by E. O. EXCELL.

813 JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. Melody by the late J. H. STOCKTON. Har. by W. J. K.



1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot—
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
5. Just as I am—thy love, unknown, Has broken ev-'ry barrier down;

And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come.
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come.
With fears with-in, and foes with-out, O Lamb of God, I come.
Be - cause thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come.
Now to be thine, yea, thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come.



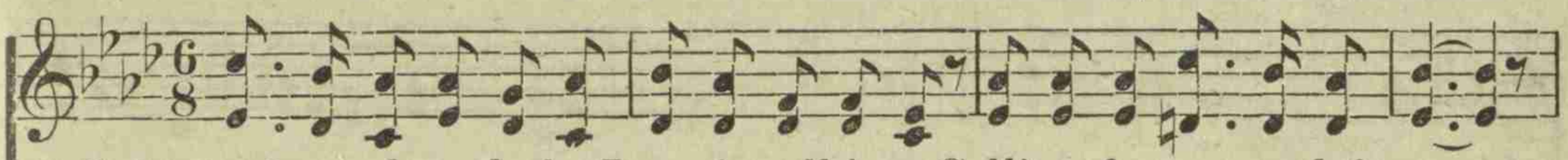
REFRAIN.

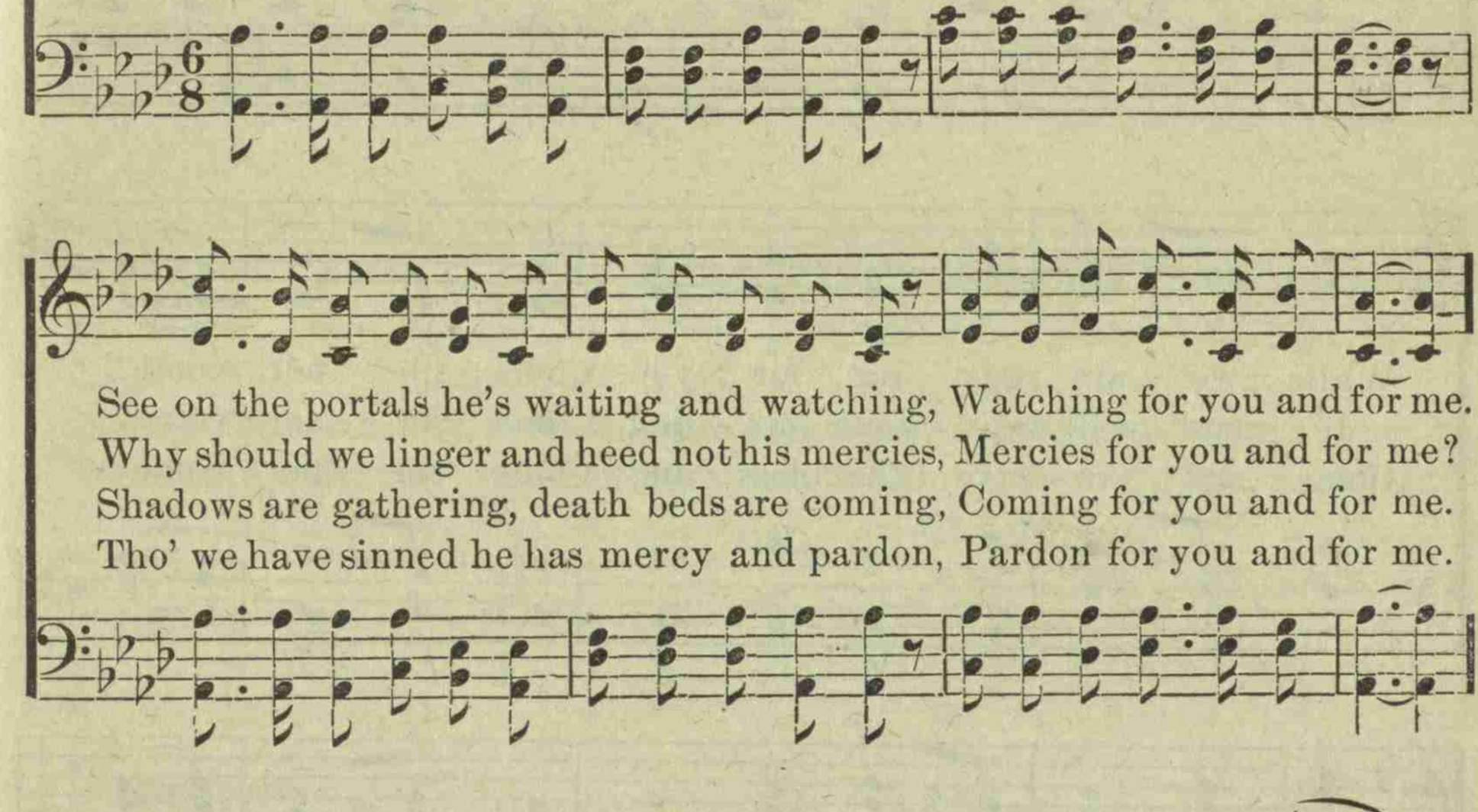
Take me as I am, . . . Take me as I am; . .
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;

And since for sin thy blood a-tones, O Lamb of God, I come.

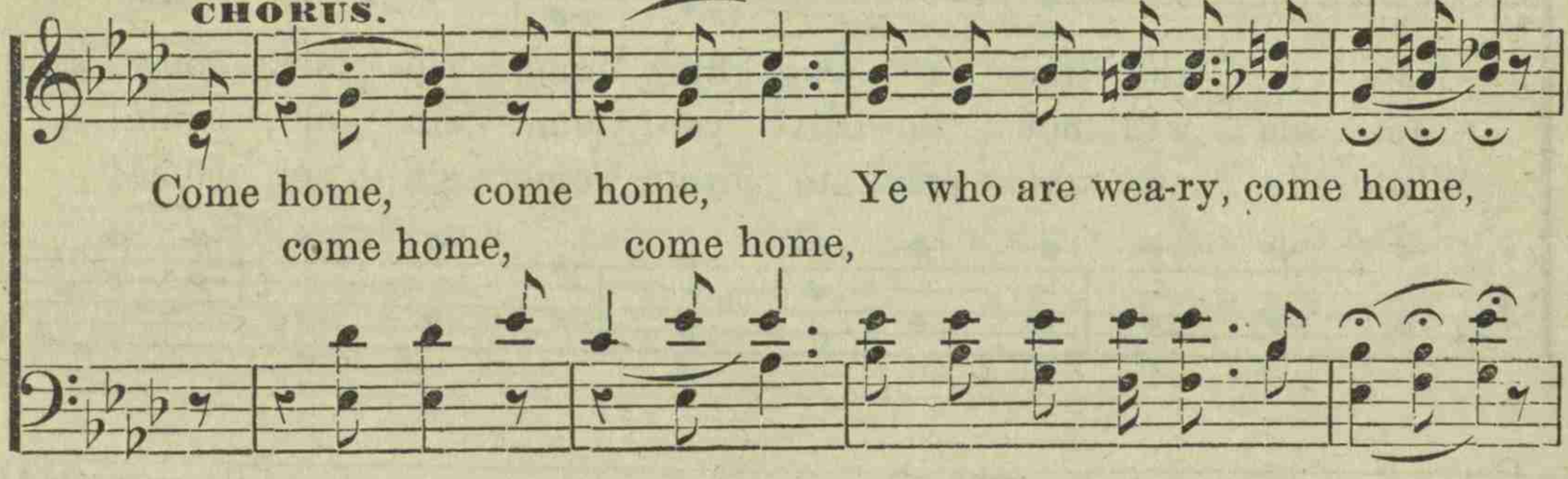
By permission of J. J. HOOD.

814 FOR YOU AND FOR ME.

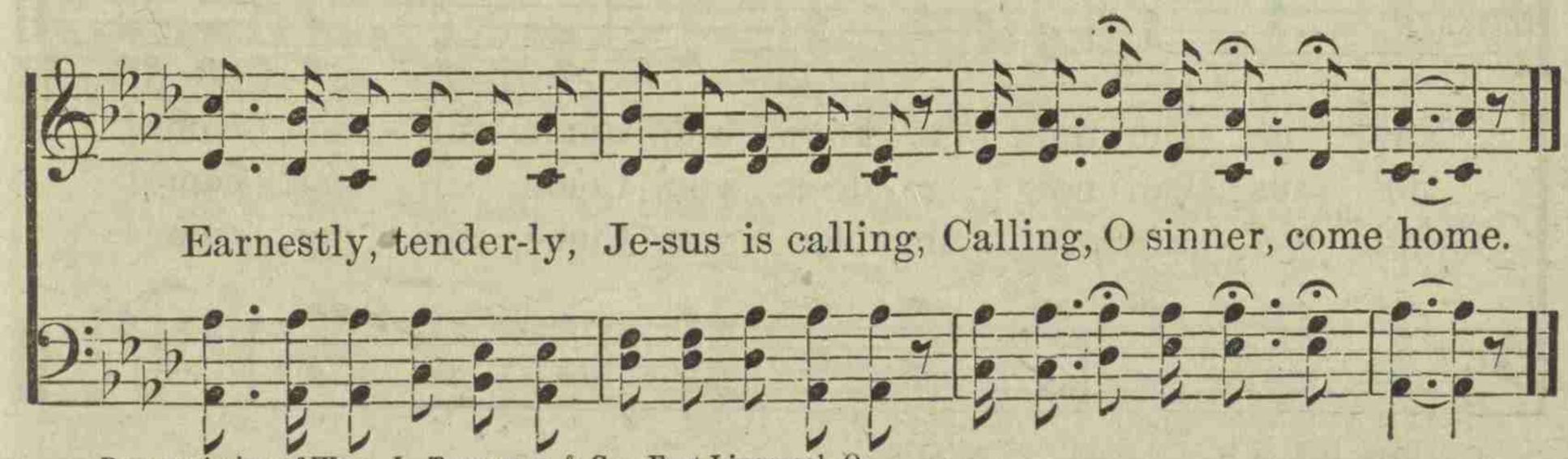
Words and Music by WILL. L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft - ly and tenderly Jesus is call-ing, Calling for you and for me,
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh, for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me,



See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned he has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.



Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
come home, come home,

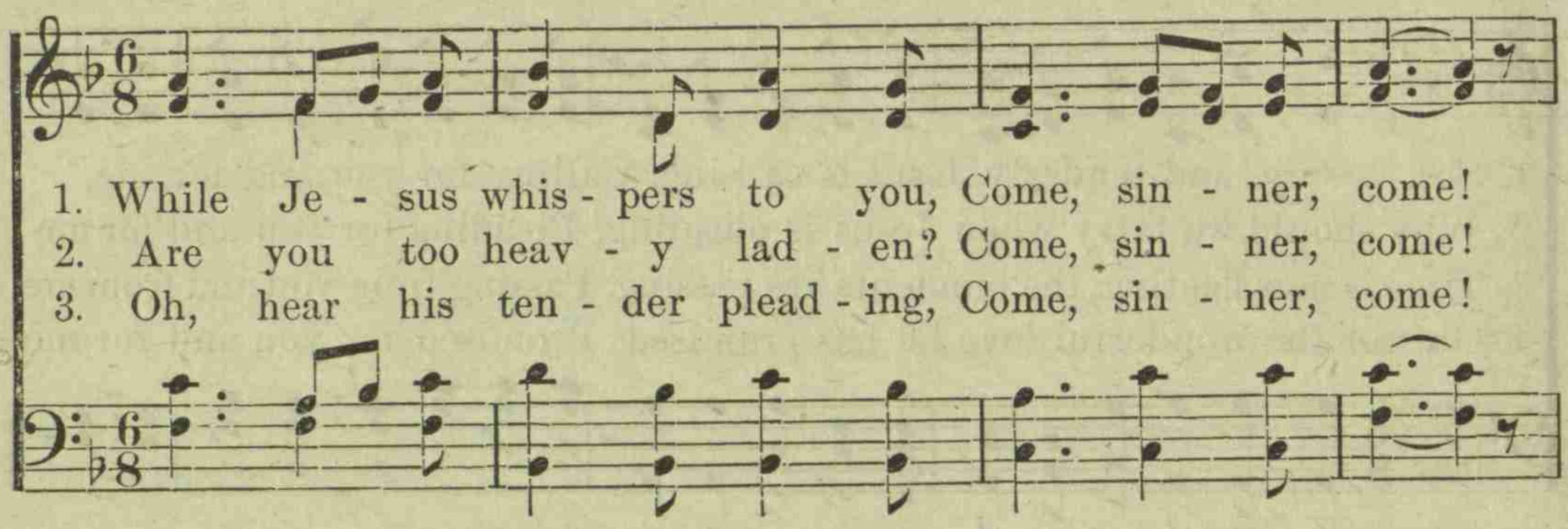


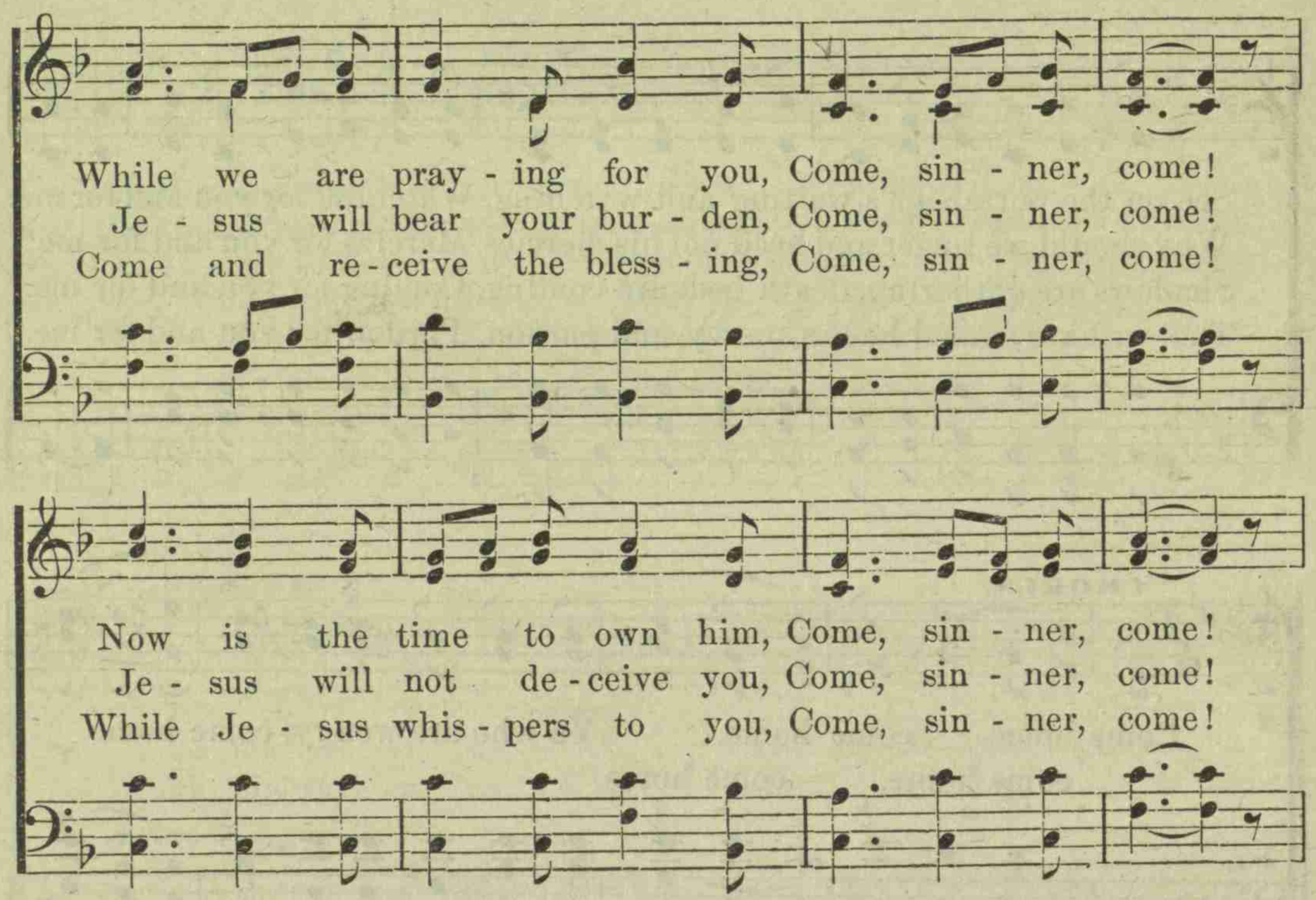
Earnestly, tender-ly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home.

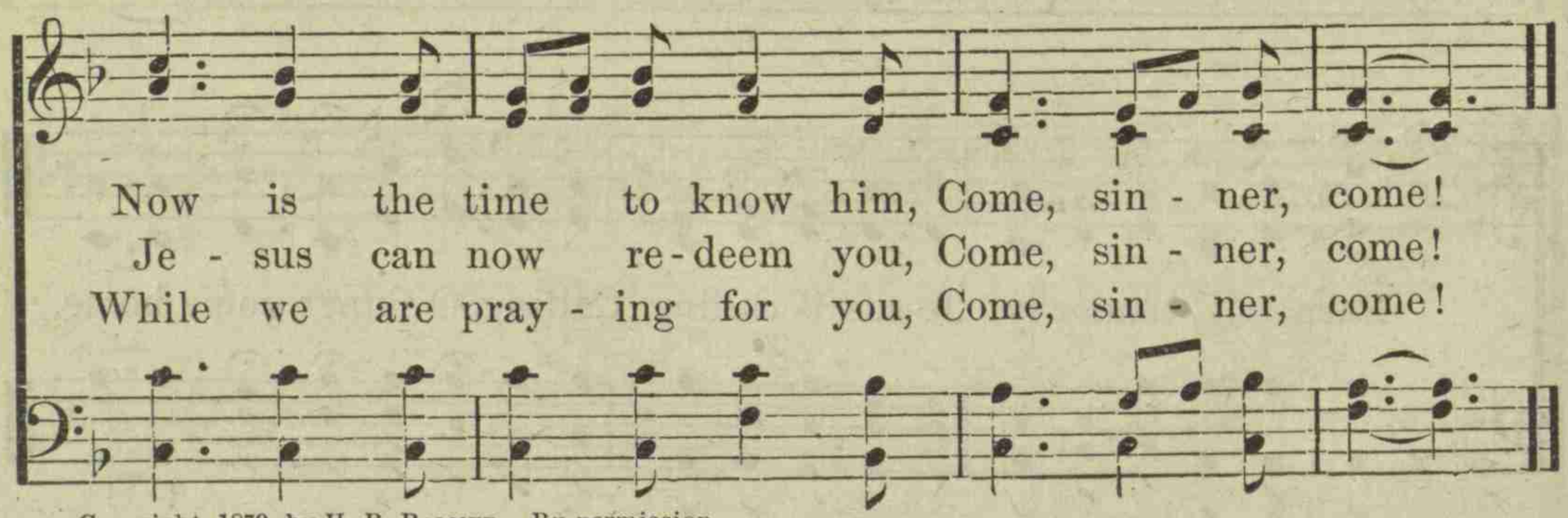
By permission of WILL. L. THOMPSON & Co., East Liverpool, O.

815 COME, SINNER, COME!

WILL. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.







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816 HE IS CALLING.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Soul, a Sav - iour thou art needing! Soul, a Sav - iour waits for thee!
2. He has died for thy transgression, If thou wilt, thou canst be free;
3. Do not lin - ger till the mor-row; Let thy lov - ing an-swer be,

Hear his words of ten-der plead-ing, Hear his gra-cious "Come to me."
Soul, he waits for thy con-fess - ion, "Saviour, I will go to thee."
"Sav-iour, in my joy or sor - row, I will ev - er go to thee."

CHORUS.

He is call-ing, soft - ly call-ing, On thine ear his voice is fall - ing;
He is calling, gently calling, On thine ear his voice is falling;

He is call-ing, soft - ly call-ing, "Come to me and be at rest."
He is calling, softly calling, "Come to me and be at rest."

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817 LOVINGLY, TENDERLY CALLING.

W. A. OGDEN. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Je-sus, the loving Shepherd, Calleth thee now to come In - to the
2. Je-sus, the loving Shepherd, Gave his dear life for thee, Ten-der - ly
3. Lingering is but fol - ly, Wolves are abroad to-day, Seek-ing the

fold of safety, Where there is rest and room. Come in the strength of
now he's call - ing, Wan-der - er, come to me. Haste, for without is
sheep who're straying, Seeking the lambs to slay. Je - sus, the lov-ing

manhood, Come in the morn of youth, En-ter the fold of safe-ty,
danger, Come, cries the Shepherd blest, En-ter the fold of safe-ty,
Shepherd, Call-eth thee now to come In - to the fold of safe-ty,

CHORUS arranged.

En - ter the way of truth.
En - ter the place of rest. Lov-ing-ly, ten-der - ly call - ing is he;
Where there is rest and room.

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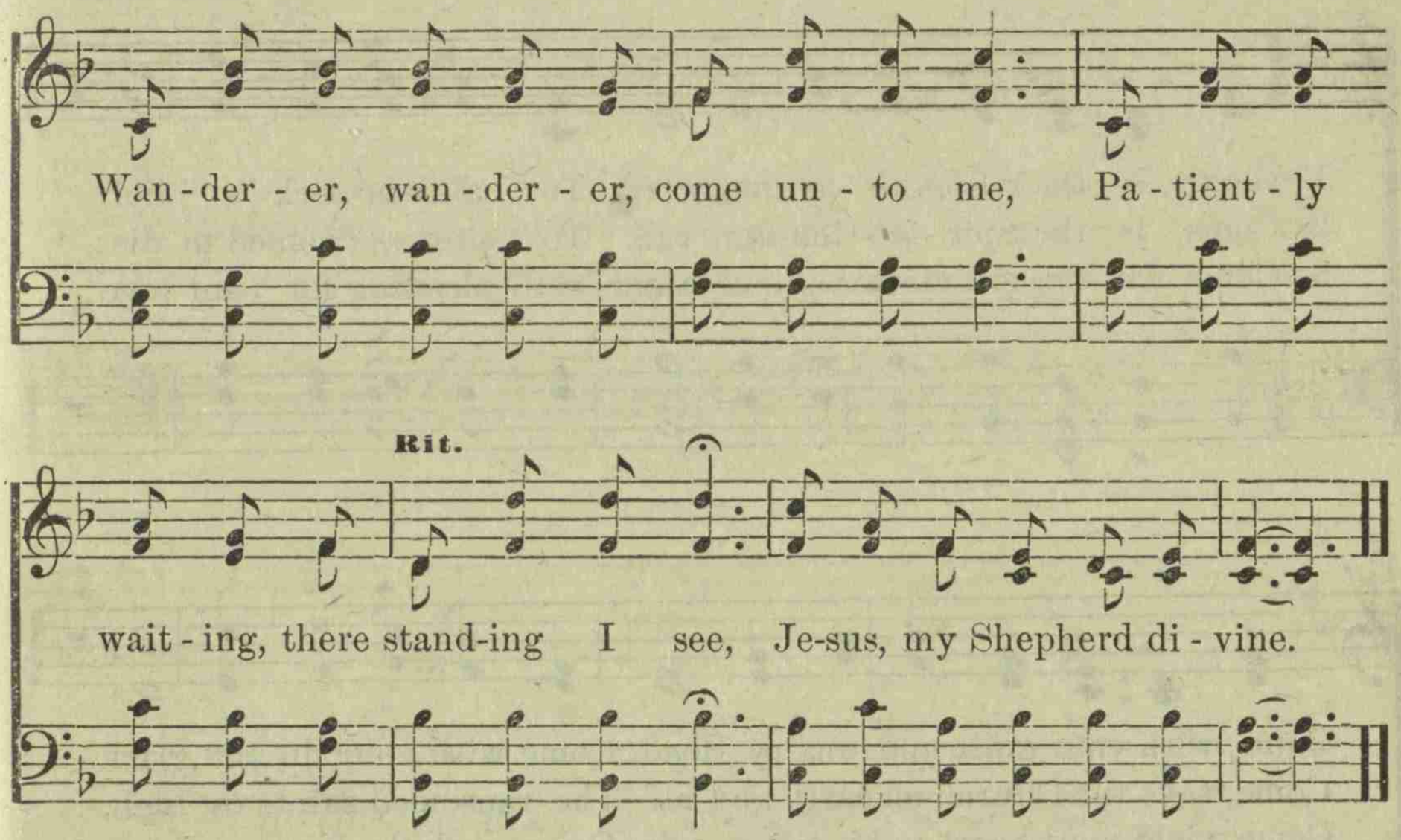
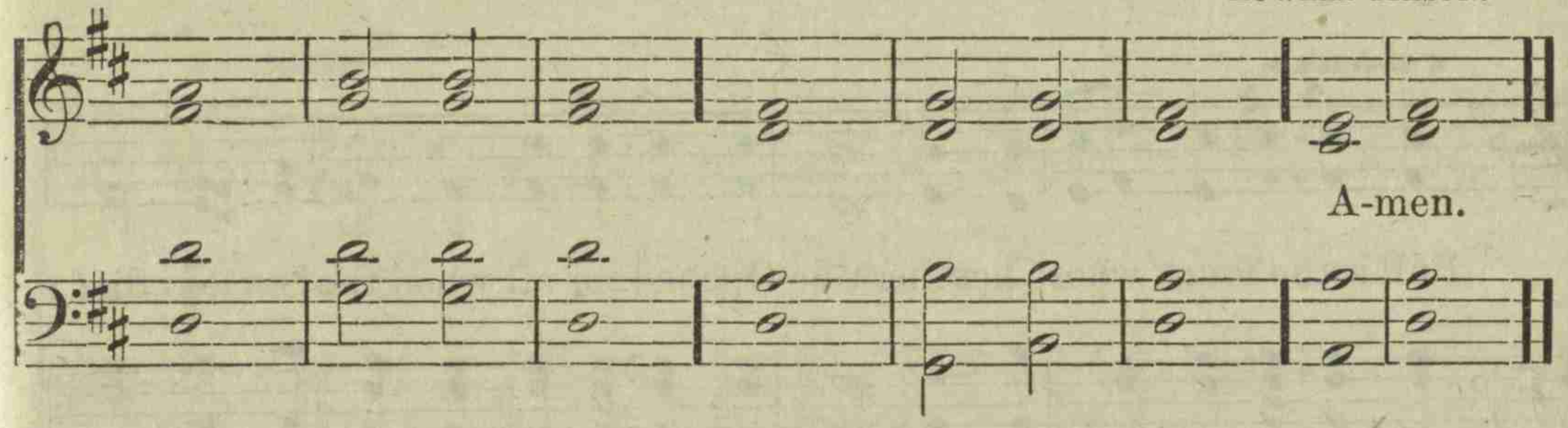
LOVINGLY. TENDERLY CALLING. Concluded.



818 THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

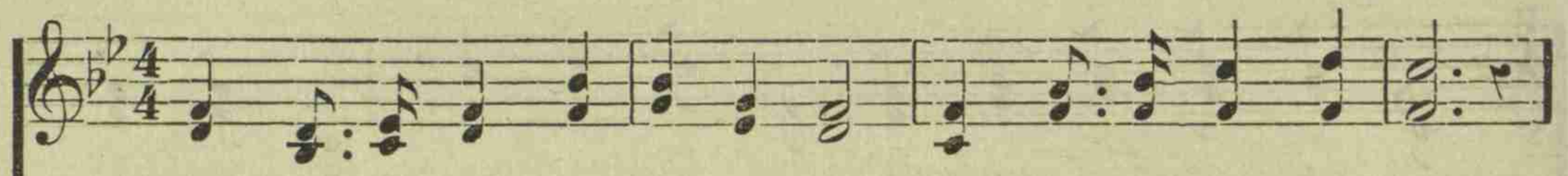
(CHANT.)

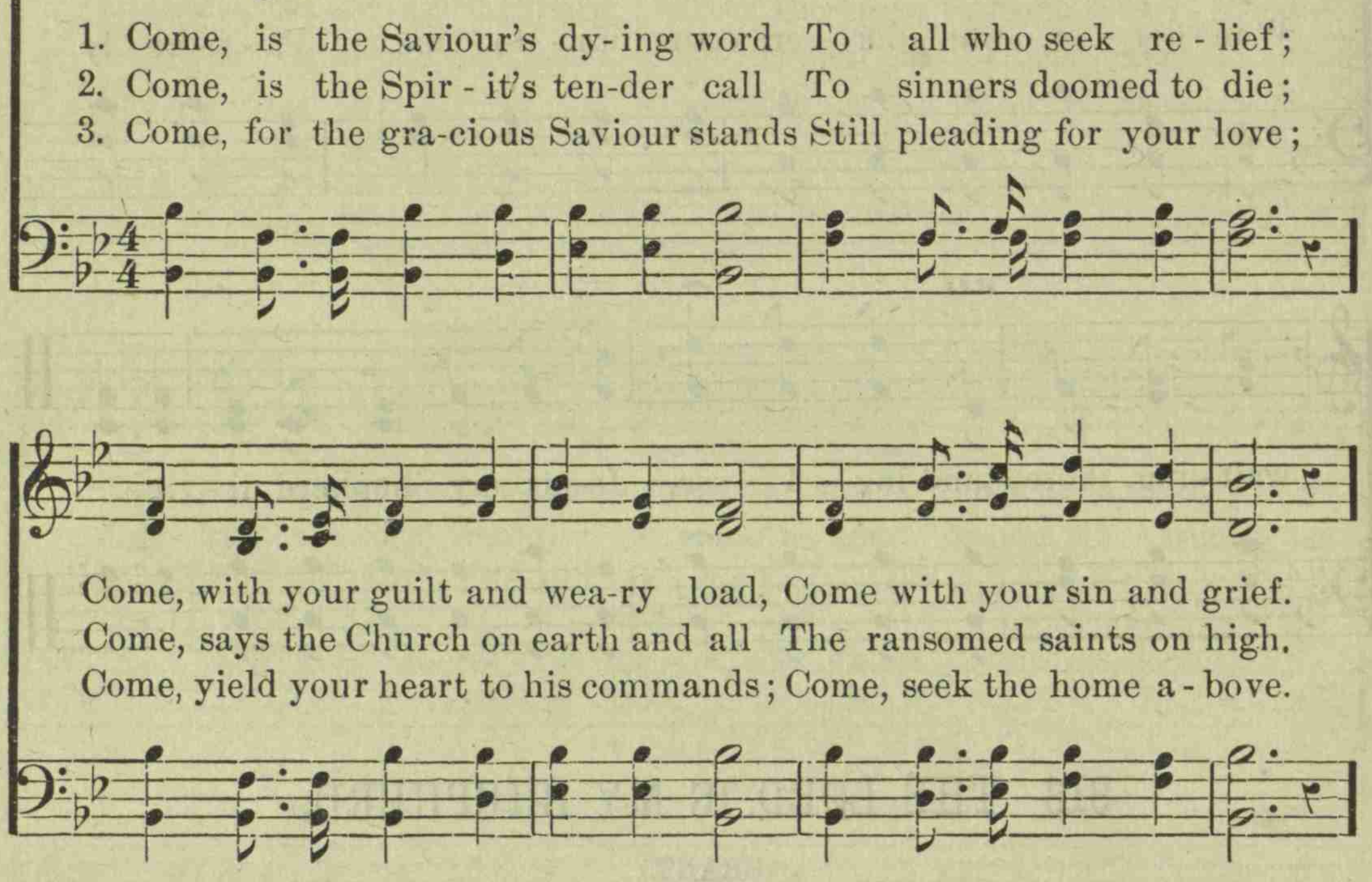
LOWELL MASON.

1 THE Lord is my Shepherd; I | shall not | want; || he maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the | still— | waters.

2 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's— | sake. || Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy | staff, they | comfort me.

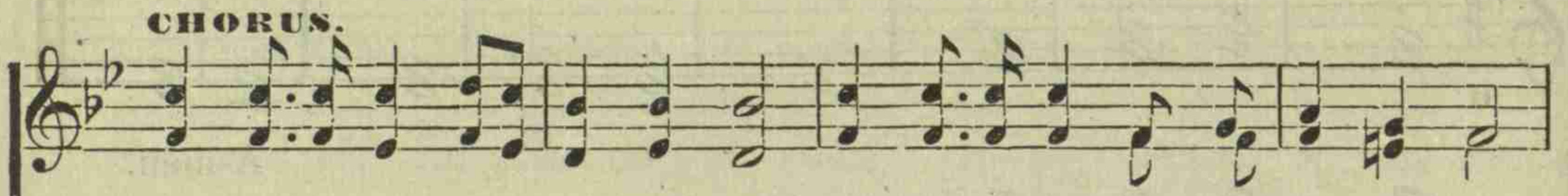
3 Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup runneth | over. || Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the | Lord for- | ever. || Amen.

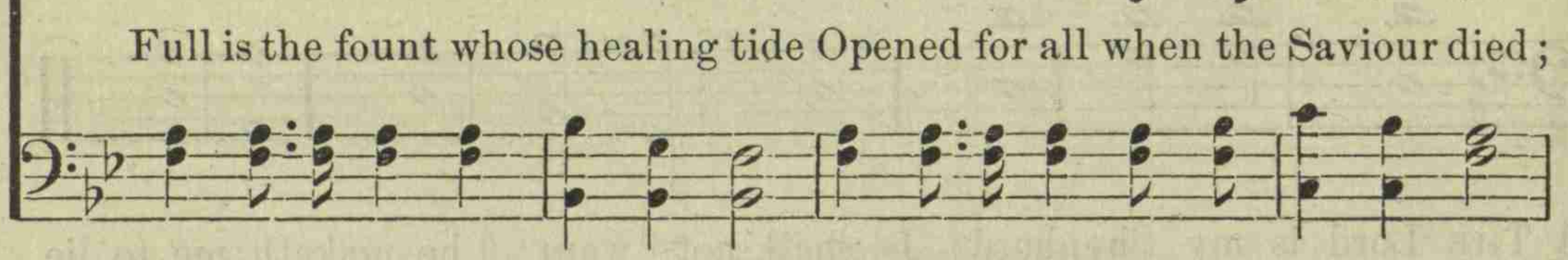
819 COME TO THE FOUNT.

W. T. TIBBS. J. H. F.

1. Come, is the Saviour's dy-ing word To all who seek re - lief;
2. Come, is the Spir - it's ten-der call To sinners doomed to die;
3. Come, for the gra-cious Saviour stands Still pleading for your love;

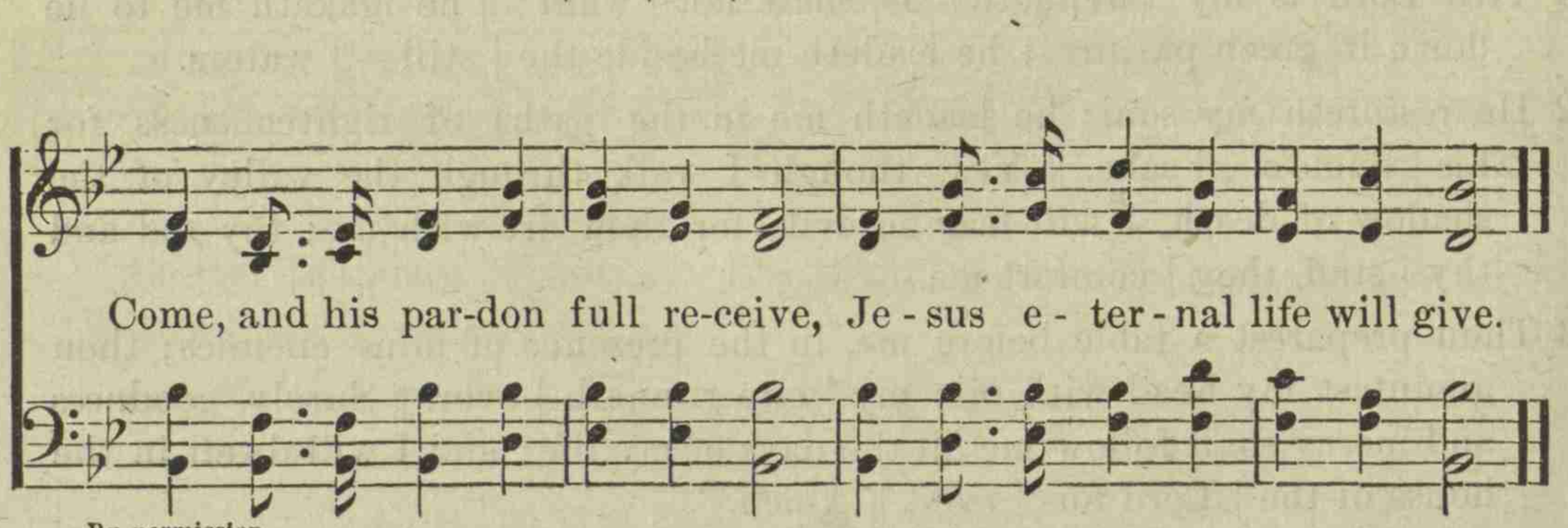


Come, with your guilt and wea-ry load, Come with your sin and grief.
Come, says the Church on earth and all The ransomed saints on high.
Come, yield your heart to his commands; Come, seek the home a - bove.

CHORUS.

Full is the fount whose healing tide Opened for all when the Saviour died;

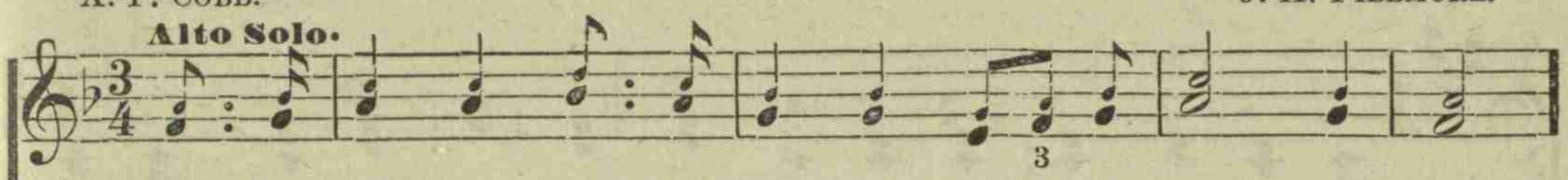


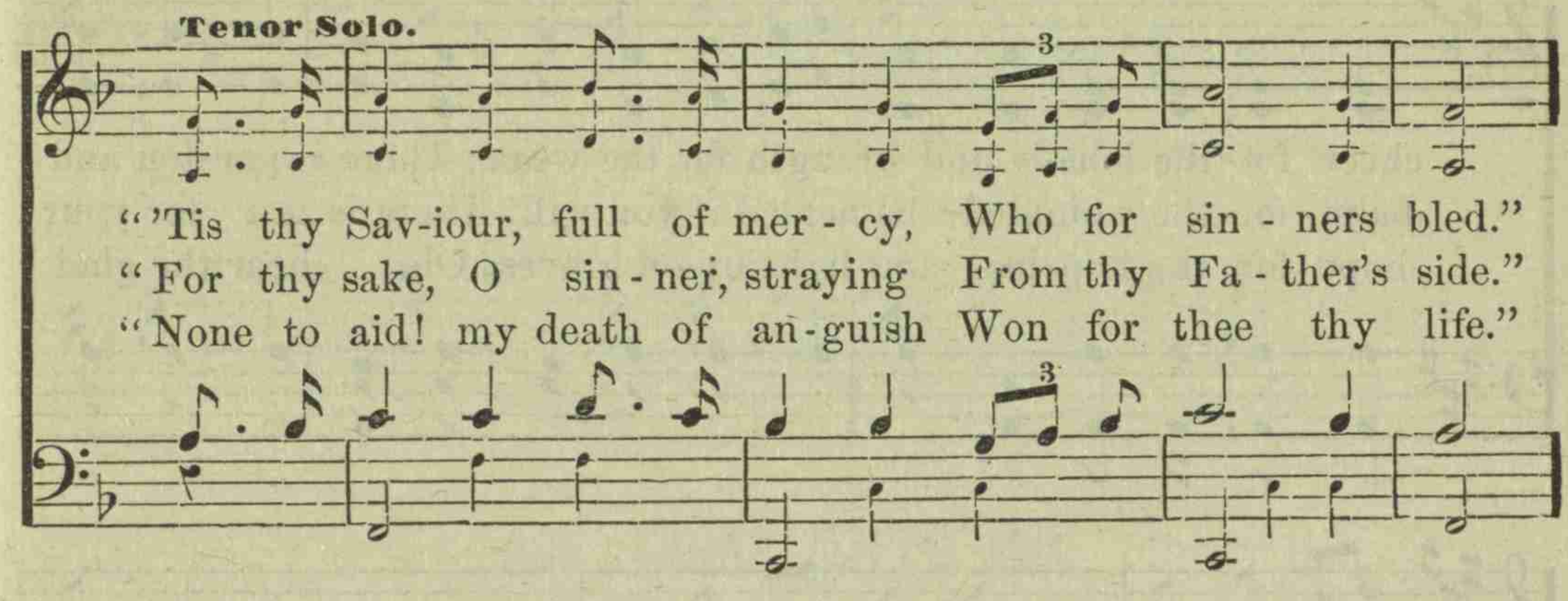
Come, and his par-don full re-ceive, Je - sus e - ter - nal life will give.



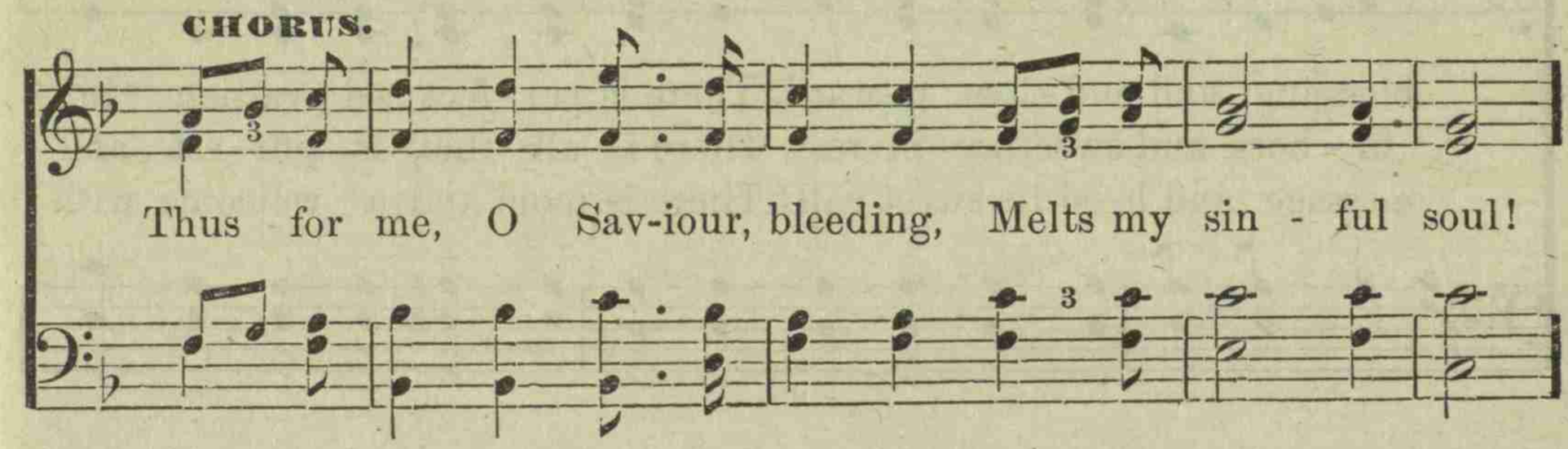
By permission.

820 WHO IS THIS?

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

1. "Who is this, from E - dom com - ing, With his gar - ments red?"
2. "Wherefore are thy garments col - ored In a crim - son tide?"
3. "Was there none to aid thee, Sav-iour, In that fear - ful strife?"



"'Tis thy Sav-iour, full of mer - cy, Who for sin - ners bled."
"For thy sake, O sin - ner, straying From thy Fa - ther's side."
"None to aid! my death of an - guish Won for thee thy life."



Thus for me, O Sav-iour, bleeding, Melts my sin - ful soul!

With me all thy wounds are pleading, Cleanse me, make me whole.

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821 WILL YOU COME?

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. There is rest for the wea-ry, if rest they will seek, There is
2. There is sight for the blinded and cure for the ill, There is
3. There is peace for the troubled and free-dom for slaves, There is

cheer for the lone-ly and strength for the weak; There is par-don and
balm for the wounded—be healed if you will; There is zest for your
hope for the hopeless, and light up-on graves; Oh, hear the glad

bless-ing, and end-less re-ward, There is per-fect sal-va-tion in
la-bors, and sweetness in rest, There is all that is pur-est, and
message, and heed its sweet call! There is room and a welcome with

CHORUS.

Je-sus, the Lord. Will you come, will you come to the Lord?
dear-est, and best.
Je-sus for all. Will you come,

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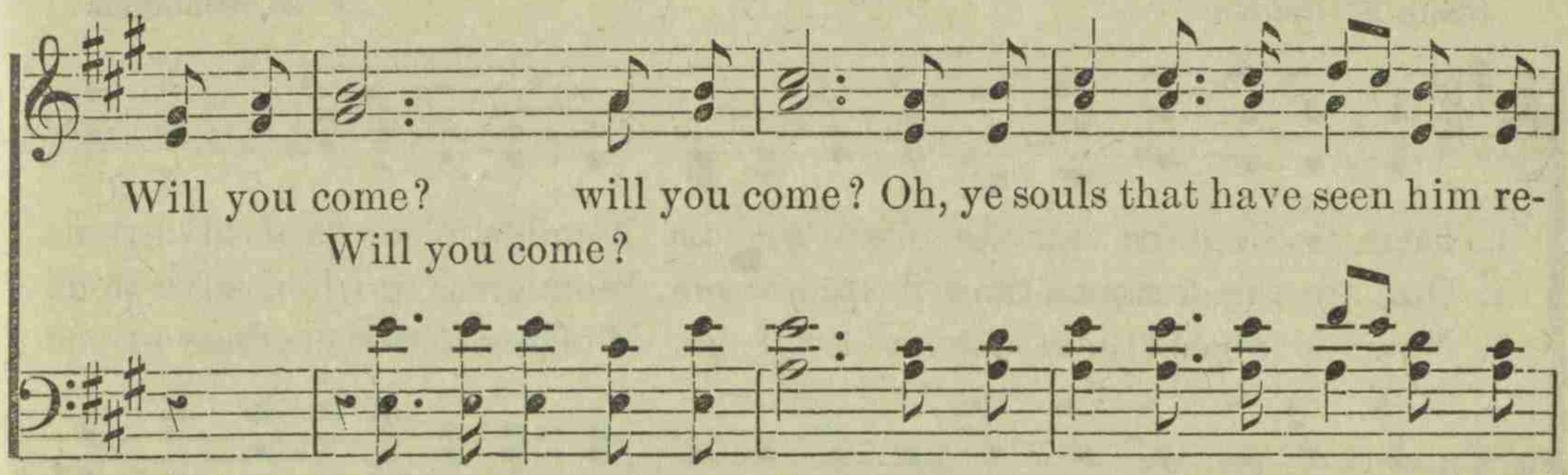
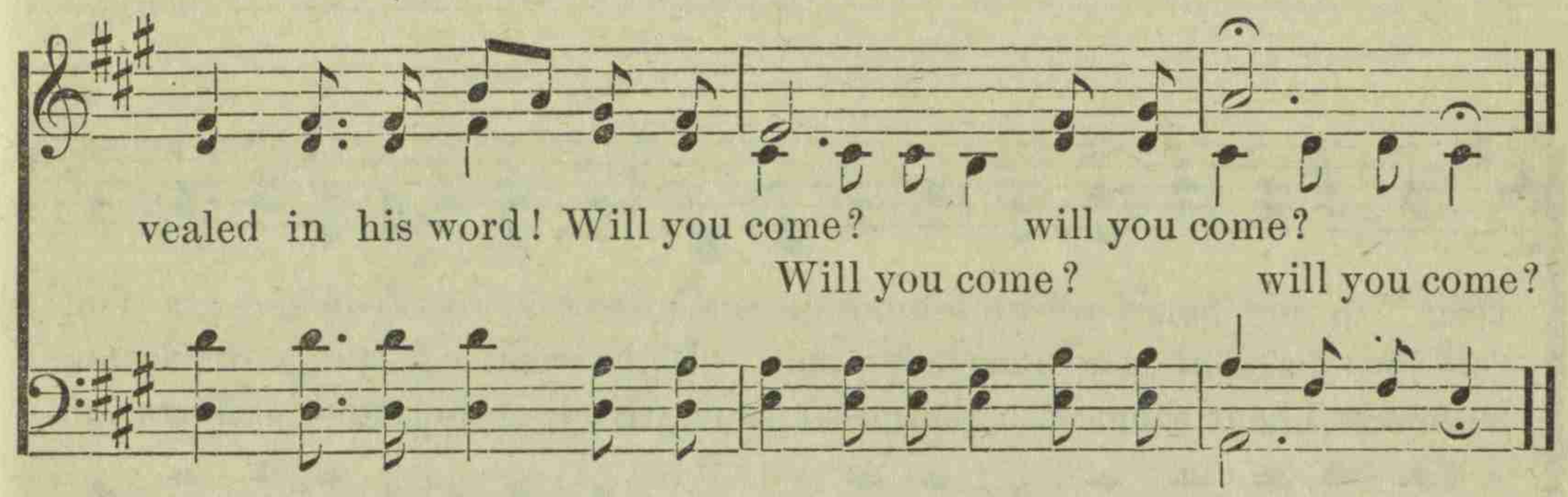
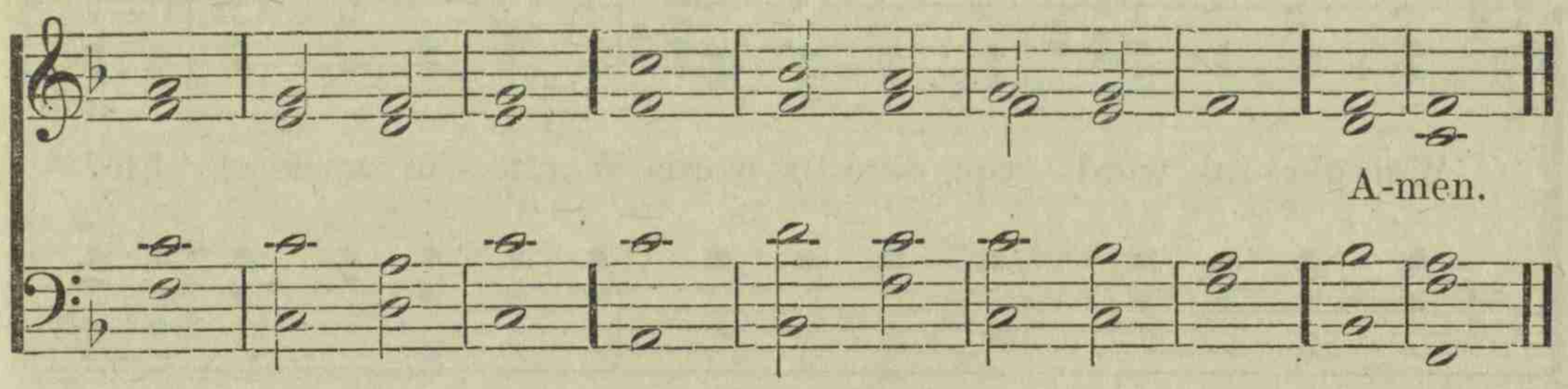
WILL YOU COME? Concluded.





822 COME UNTO ME.

(CHANT.)

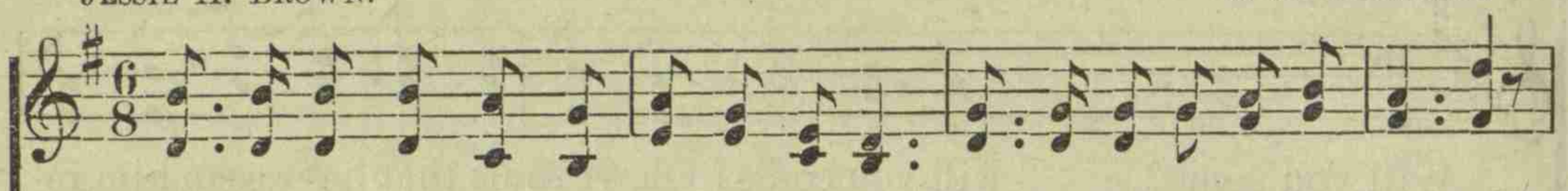
ANON.

1 COME unto me, all ye that labor and are | heavy- | laden, || and | I will | give you | rest.

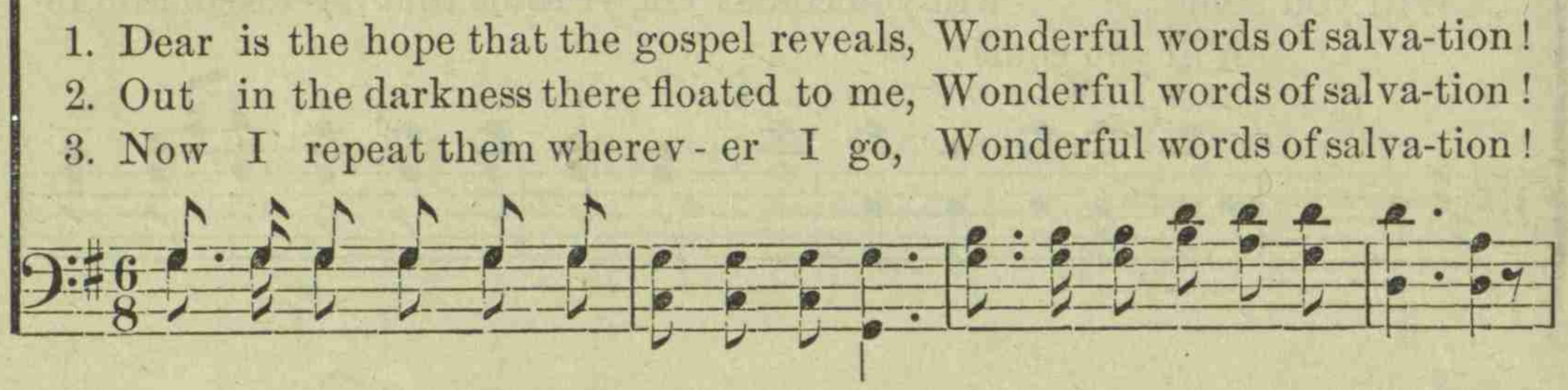
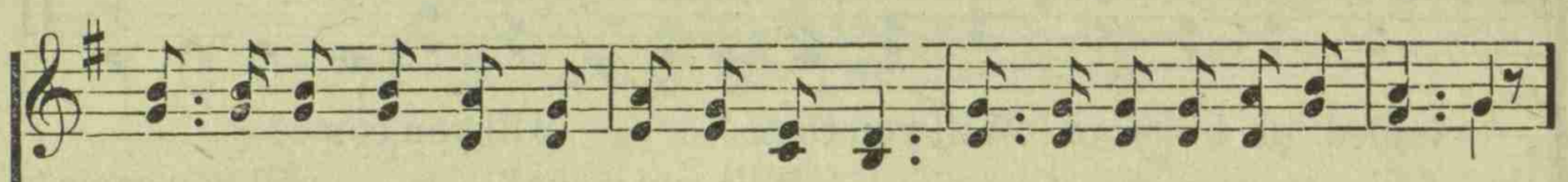
2 Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me: for I am meek and | lowly··in | heart: || and ye shall find | rest un- | to your | souls.

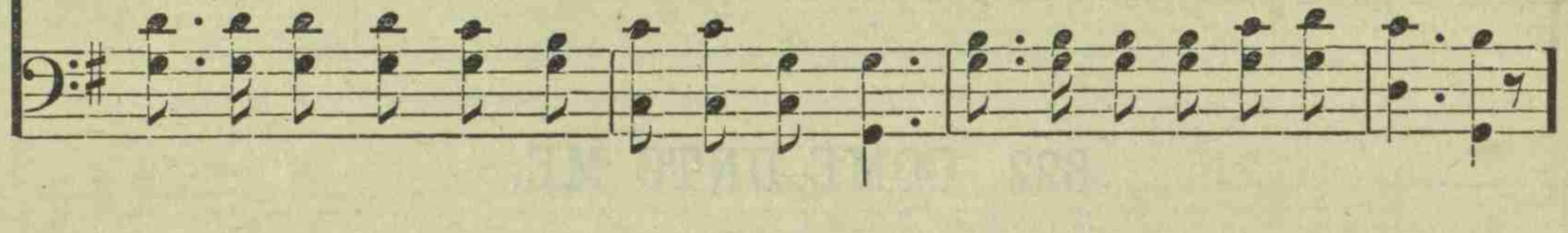
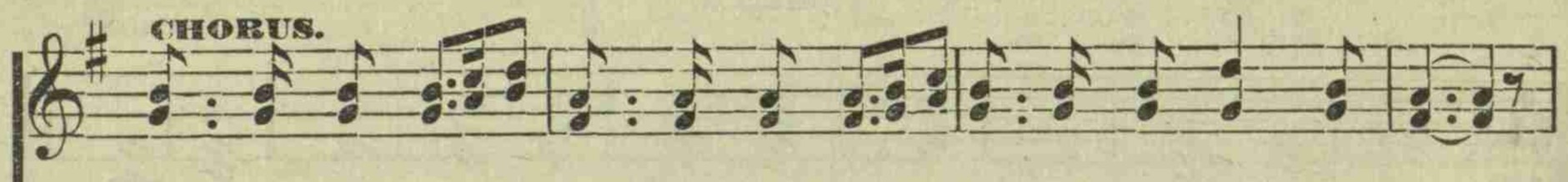
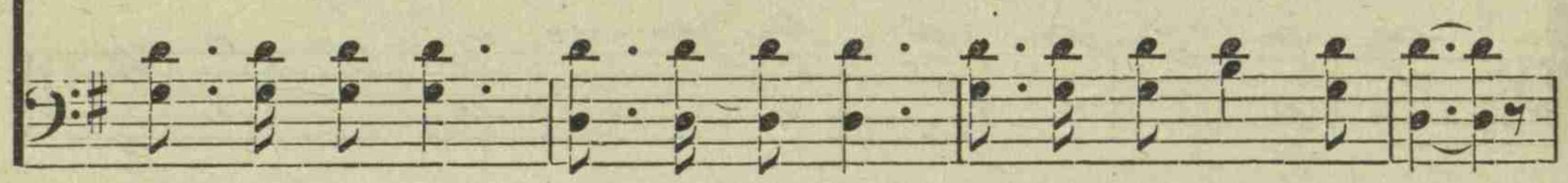
3 For my yoke is easy, and my | burden··is | light, || for my yoke is easy, | and my | burden··is | light.

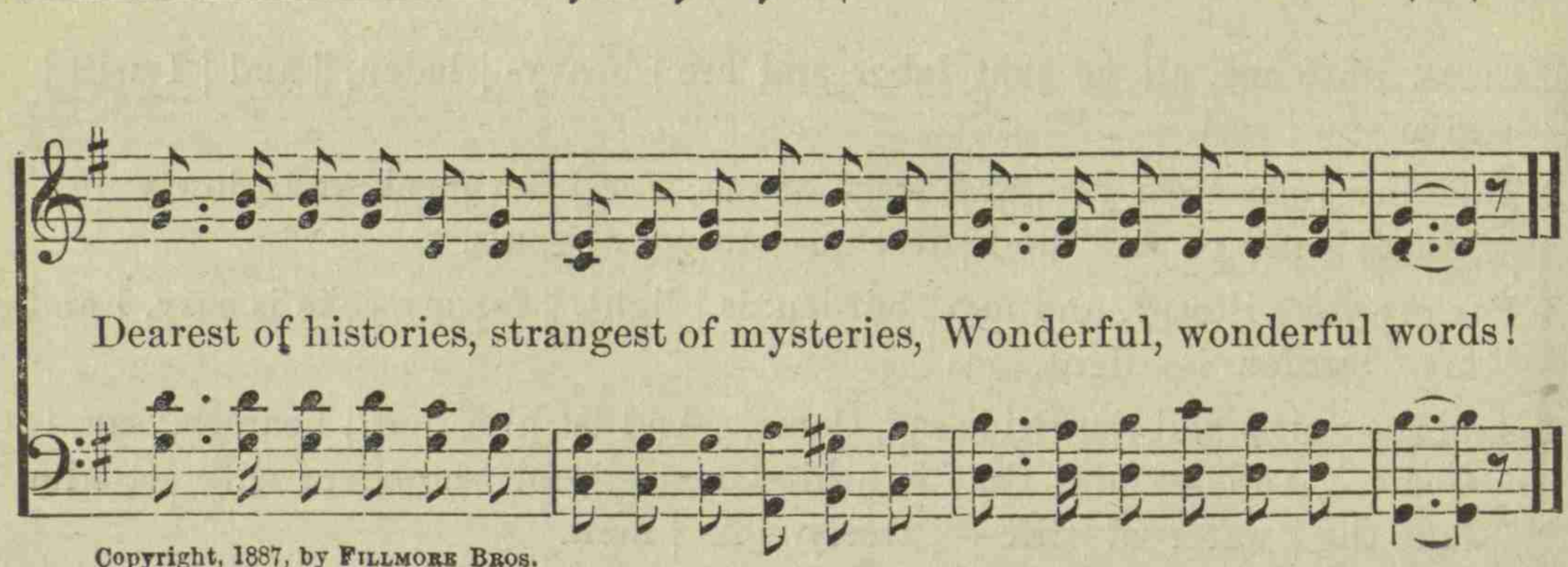
4 And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that | heareth,··say, | Come. || And let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the | water··of | life— | freely. A- | men.

823 WONDERFUL WORDS OF SALVATION.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Dear is the hope that the gospel reveals, Wonderful words of salva-tion!
2. Out in the darkness there floated to me, Wonderful words of salva-tion!
3. Now I repeat them wherev-er I go, Wonderful words of salva-tion!



Dear to my heart are its tender ap-peals, Dear is its sweet invi-ta-tion.
"Je-sus has died as a ransom for thee"—This was their strange revelation.
Others will hear them with gladness I know, Heeding their fond exhortation.

Won-der-ful words, won-der-ful words, Wonder-ful words of life!

Dearest of histories, strangest of mysteries, Wonderful, wonderful words!



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824 HEAVEN AT LAST.

H. BONAR, D. D. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. An - gel voic - es sweet - ly sing - ing, Ech - oes thro' the blue dome
2. On the Jas - per threshold stand-ing, Like a pil-grim safe-ly
3. Soft - est voic - es sil - ver peal - ing, Fresh-est fragrance, spir-it-
4. Not a tear-drop ev - er fall - eth, Not a pleasure ev - er
5. Christ him-self the liv - ing splen-dor, Christ the sunlight, mild and

ring - ing, News of wondrous gladness bringing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
land - ing, See the strange bright scene expanding; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
heal - ing, Hap-py hymns around us steal-ing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
pall - eth, Song to song for - ev - er call - eth; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
ten - der, Prais-es to the Lamb we ren - der; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!

REFRAIN.

Heav'n at last! heav'n at last! O, the joy-ful sto - ry of heav'n at last!

Small notes for final ending.

Heav'n at last! heav'n at last! Endless, boundless glory, In heav'n at last!

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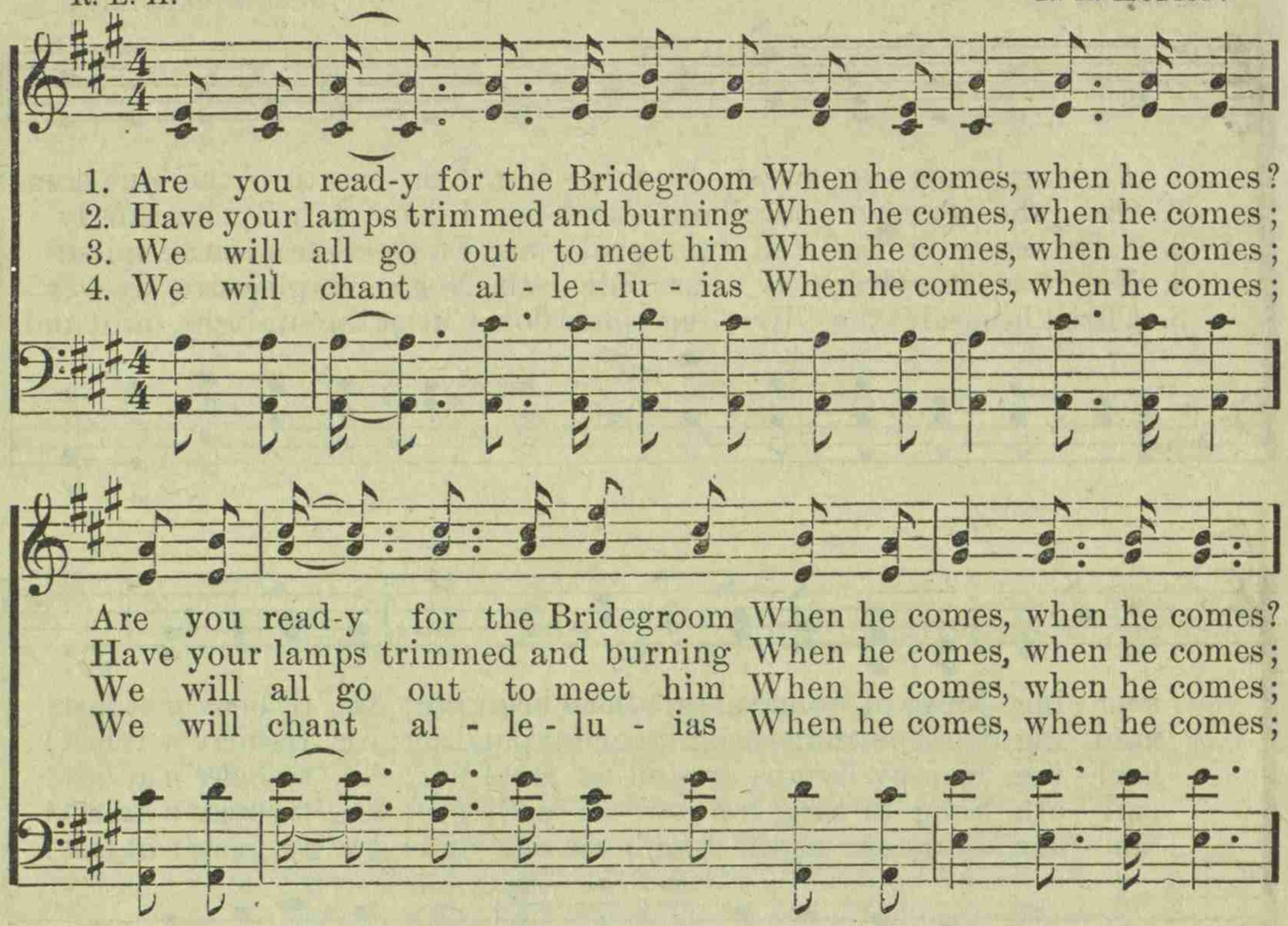
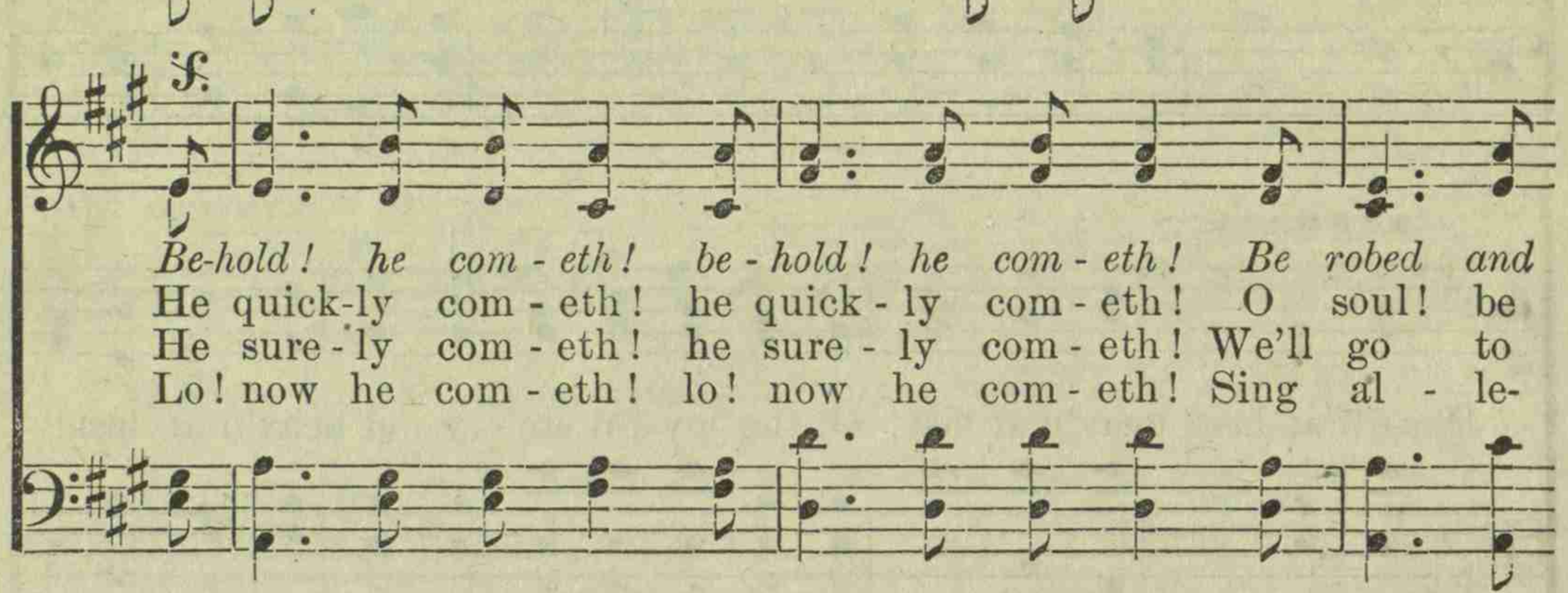
825 BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM.

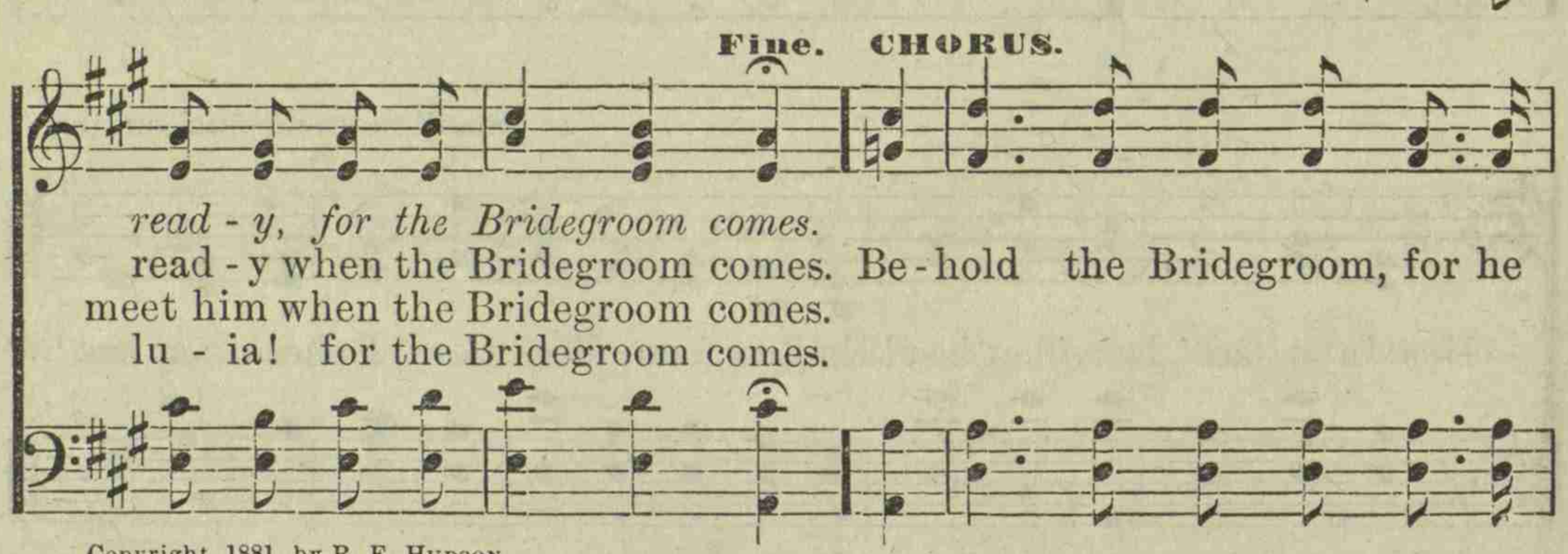
R. E. H. R. E. HUDSON.

1. Are you read-y for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes?
2. Have your lamps trimmed and burning When he comes, when he comes;
3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes;
4. We will chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes;

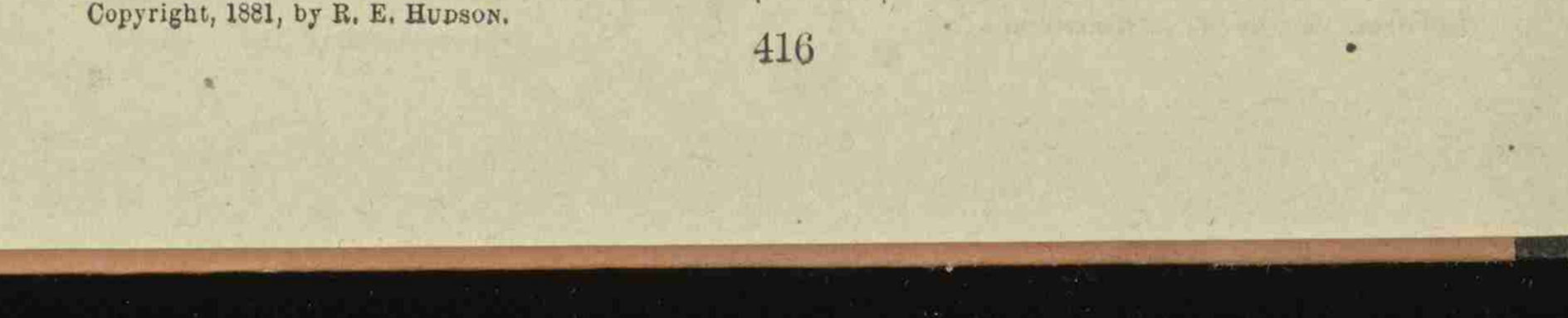


Are you read-y for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes?
Have your lamps trimmed and burning When he comes, when he comes;
We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes;
We will chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes;



Be-hold! he com - eth! be - hold! he com - eth! Be robed and
He quick-ly com - eth! he quick - ly com - eth! O soul! be
He sure - ly com - eth! he sure - ly com - eth! We'll go to
Lo! now he com - eth! lo! now he com - eth! Sing al - le-

Fine. CHORUS.

read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.
read - y when the Bridegroom comes. Be - hold the Bridegroom, for he
meet him when the Bridegroom comes.
lu - ia! for the Bridegroom comes.



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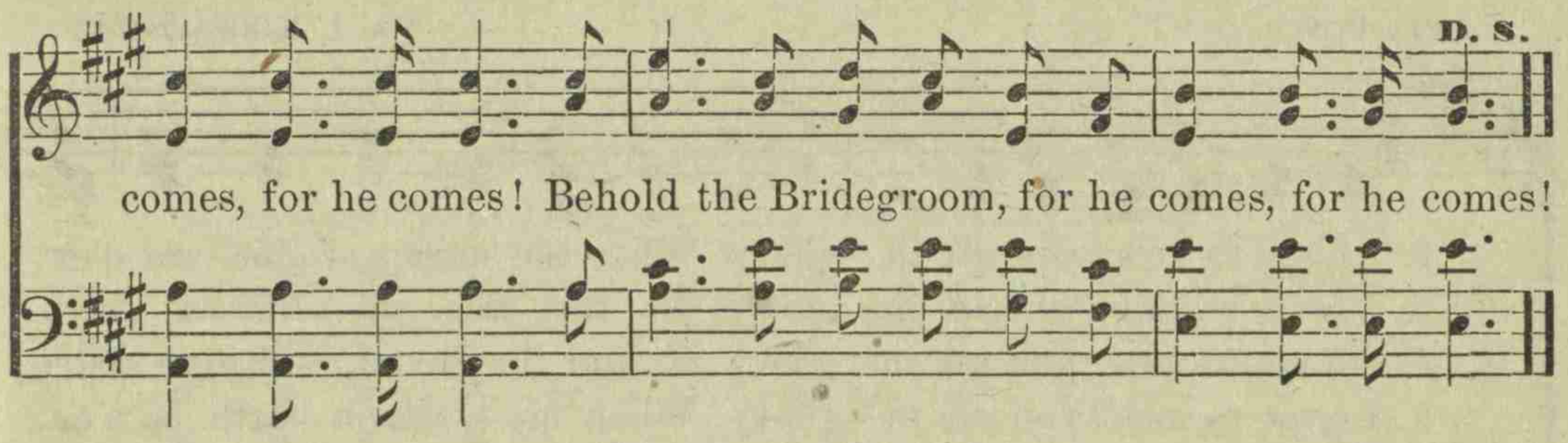
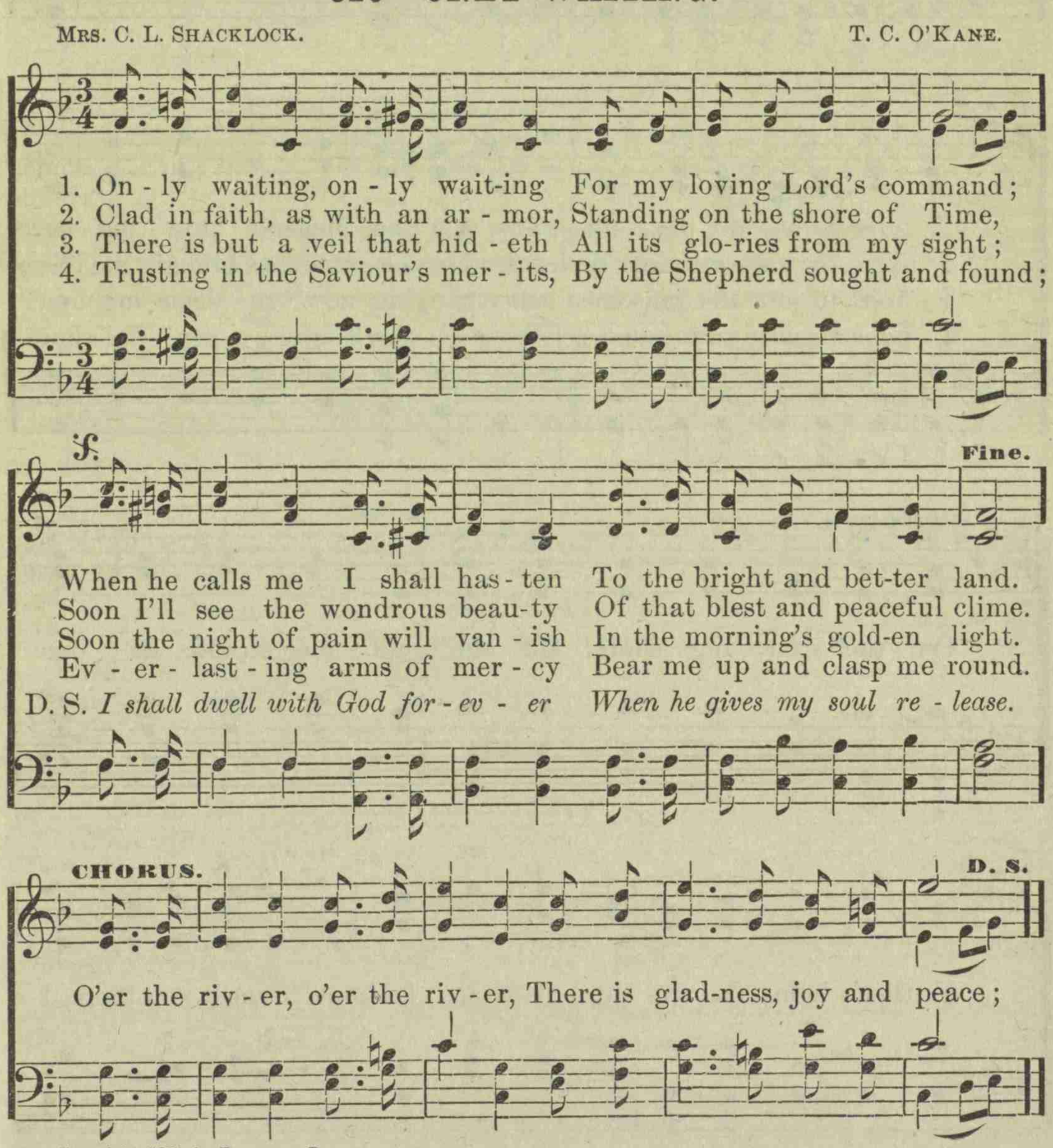
BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM. Concluded.



826 ONLY WAITING.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. T. C. O'KANE.



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827 I HOPE TO MEET YOU ALL IN GLORY.

EMMA PITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I hope to meet you all in glo-ry, When the storms of life are o'er;
2. I hope to meet you all in glo-ry, By the tree of life so fair;
3. I hope to meet you all in glo-ry, Round the Saviour's throne above;
4. I hope to meet you all in glo-ry, When my work on earth is o'er;

I hope to tell the dear old sto-ry, On the bless-ed shin - ing shore.
I hope to praise our dear Redeemer For the grace that brought me there.
I hope to join the ransomed army Singing now re - deem-ing love.
I hope to clasp your hands rejoicing On the bright e - ter - nal shore.

CHORUS.

On the shin - ing shore, On the gold - en strand, In our

Fa-ther's home, In the hap - py land: I hope to meet you there, I

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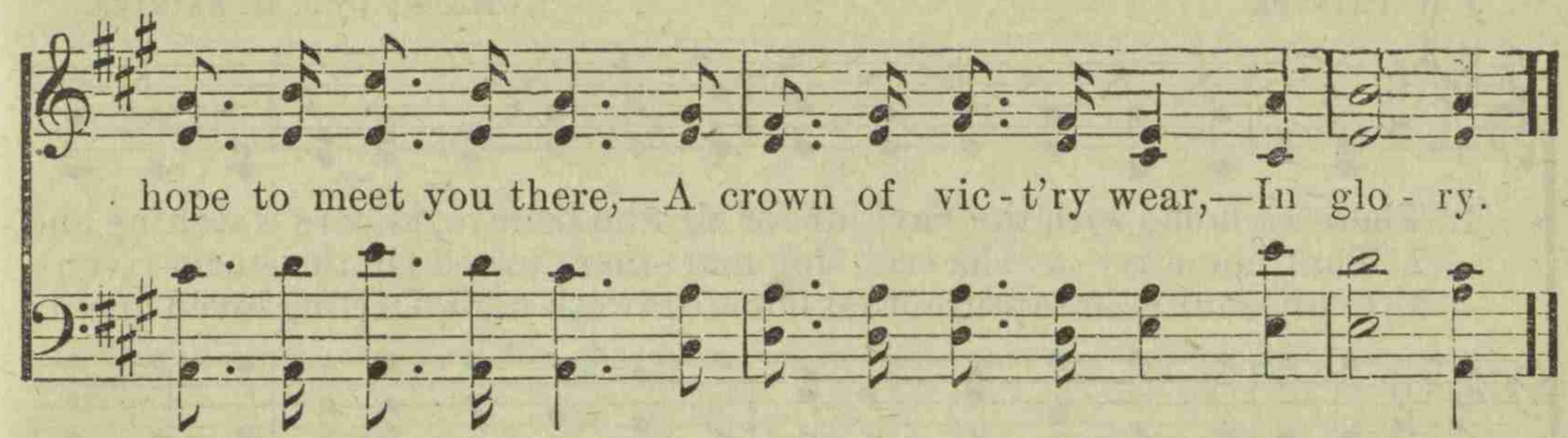
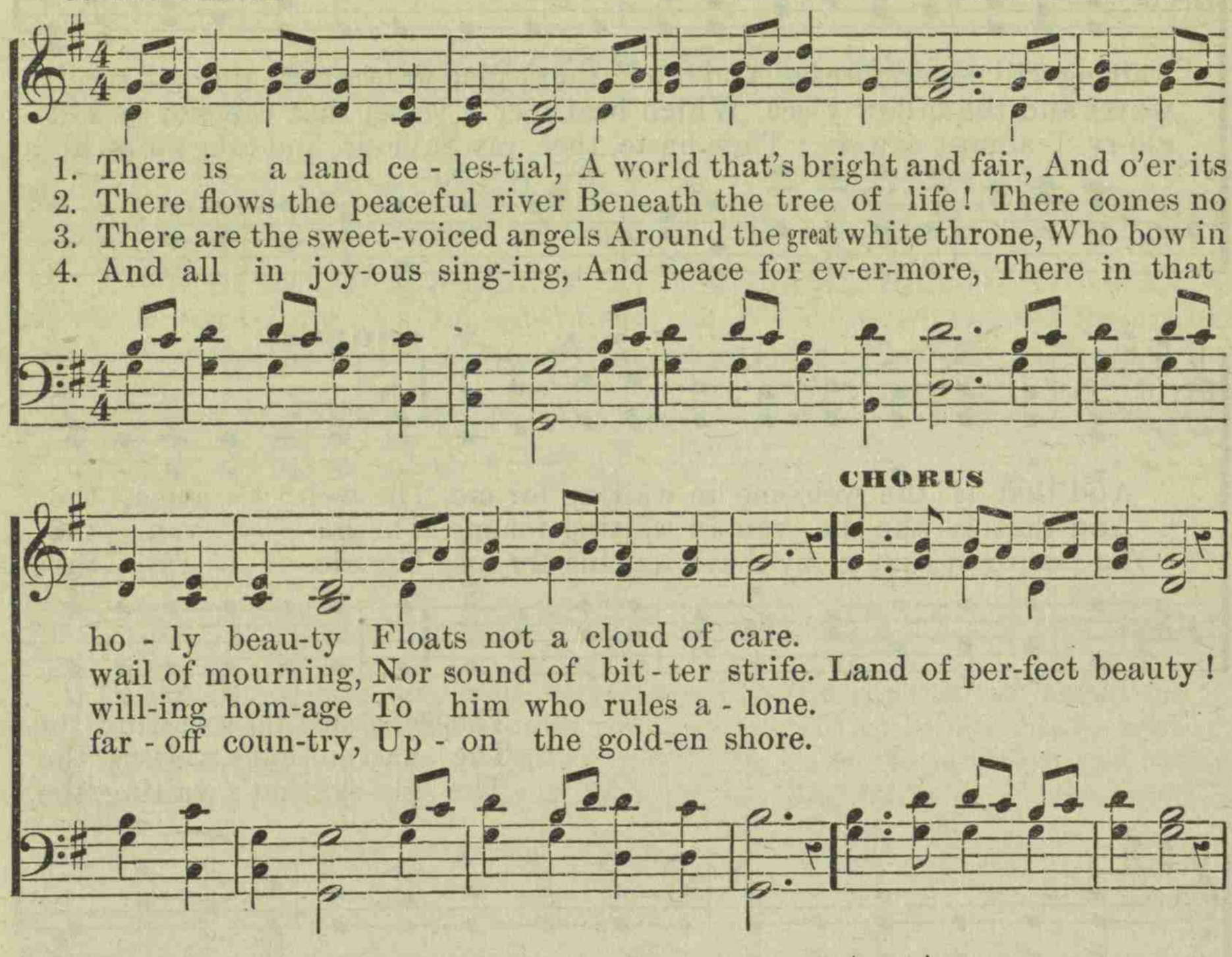
I HOPE TO MEET YOU ALL. Concluded.



828 THE LAND CELESTIAL.

FANNIE CHURCH. J. H. ROSECRANS.



By permission.

829 THE WELCOME THAT'S WAITING.

J. H. PAINTER. Melody by J. H. PAINTER.

1. There's a home with the Saviour for all who believe, Where watching and
2. That home is a ha-ven for mar-iners tossed On the storm-riven
3. O my soul is in rapture, that home draweth nigh, Darling loved ones in

waiting will nevermore be, And the Father's glad welcome each saint will receive,
waves and the billow-y sea, Which beat o'er a vessel that can not be lost—
glo-ry I almost can see; Then haste, thee, my Saviour, and take me on high,

CHORUS.

And that is the welcome in waiting for me. The wel - come, the
And that is the ha-ven in waiting for me. The ha - ven, the
To share in that glory that's waiting for me. The glo - ry, the

The welcome that's waiting, the
The ha-ven that's waiting, the
The glo-ry that's waiting, the

wel - come, The welcome that's waiting for me; . . The
ha - ven, The ha-ven that's waiting for me; . . The
glo - ry, The glo - ry that's waiting for me; . . The

welcome that's waiting, The welcome that's waiting for me, for me; The
ha - ven that's waiting, The ha-ven that's waiting for me, for me; The
glo - ry that's waiting, The glo - ry that's waiting for me, for me; The

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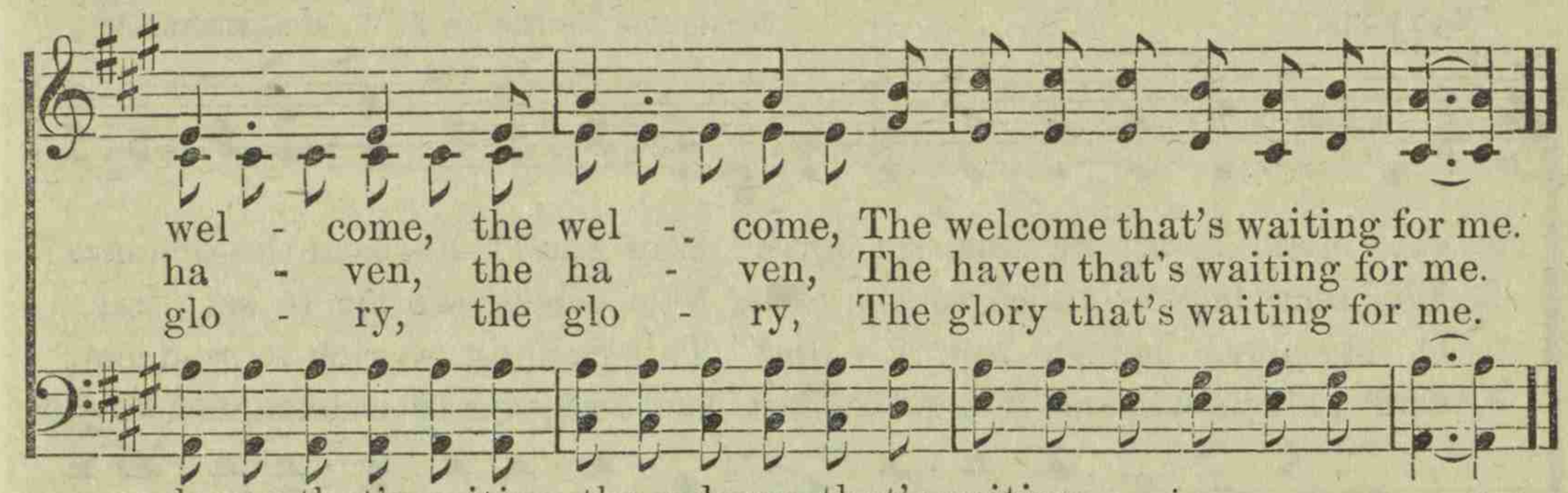
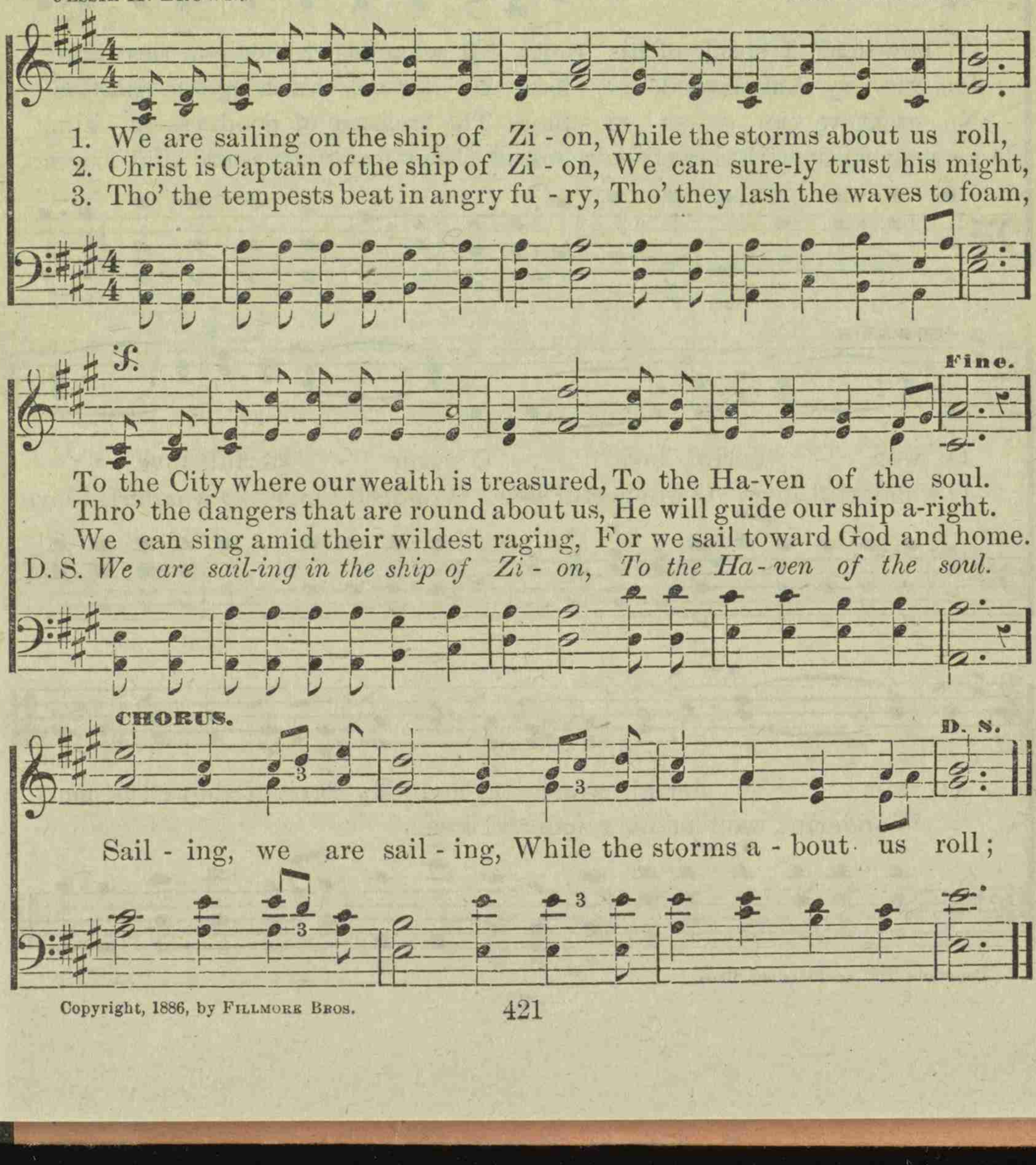
THE WELCOME THAT'S WAITING. Concluded.



830 THE HAVEN OF THE SOUL.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED A. FILLMORE.



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831 WONDERFUL LOVE.

MAXWELL. Music and Chorus by J. W. McGARVEY, JR.

1. How shall I my Saviour set forth? How shall I his beauties de-clare?
2. Tho' once he was nailed to the cross, Vile rebels like me to set free,
3. O sin-ners! believe and a - dore This Saviour, so rich to re-deem;
4. Come, all ye who see yourselves lost, And feel yourselves burdened with sin,

Or how shall I speak of his worth, Or what his chief dig-ni-ties are?
His glo - ry sus-tain-ed no loss, E - ter-nal his kingdom shall be.
No creature can ev - er ex - plore The treasure of goodness in him.
Draw near while with terror you're tossed, O-bey and your peace shall begin.

CHORUS.

O won - derful love! . . O won - derful love! . .
O wonderful love! O wonderful love! Wonderful love! O wonderful love!

O won - - derful, wonderful love, My Saviour showed to me.
Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful love,

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832. NEARER TO THEE.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

SOLO.

1. Back from the Long Ago, Distant and dim, Breathing a warning low,
2. Oft in an hour of bliss Comes the refrain, Bid-ding me find in this,
3. Thus let me dai-ly rise Nearer thy throne, Near-er the lasting prize

Comes a sweet hymn; Fraught with my childhood dreams, Is it for me;
Heav-en - ly gain; E'en in my griefs I say: Fa - ther, I flee
Kept for thine own; E'en when Death's heralds come, Lord, may they be

Slower. CHORUS. Tempo.

Sa-cred and tender seems, "Nearer to thee;"—"Still all my song shall be,
Out of this clouded way, Nearer to thee;—"So by my woes to be
An-gels to lead me home, Nearer to thee;—"An-gels to beckon me,

Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee."

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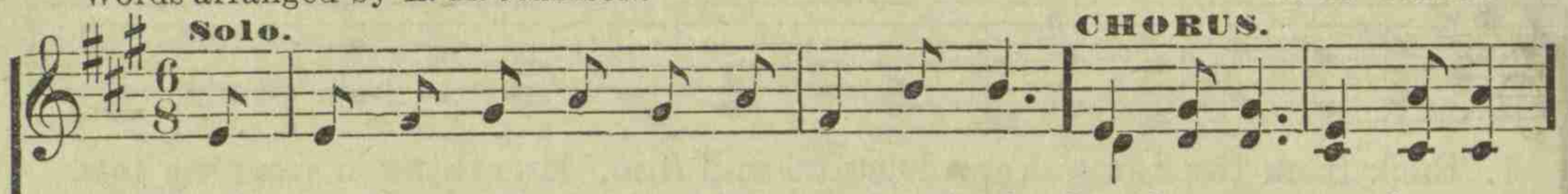
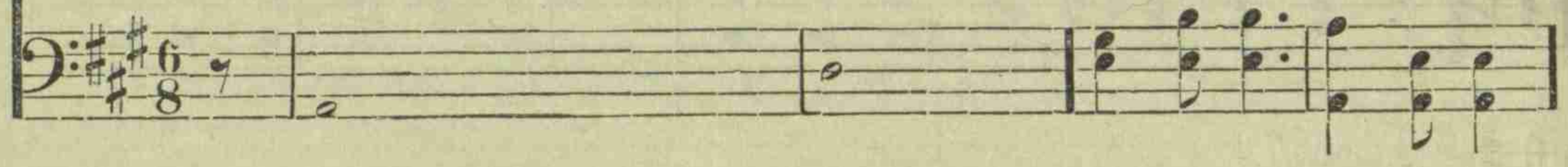
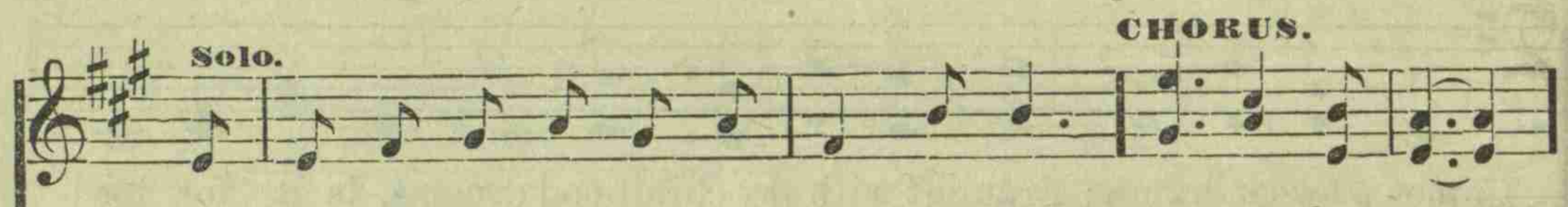
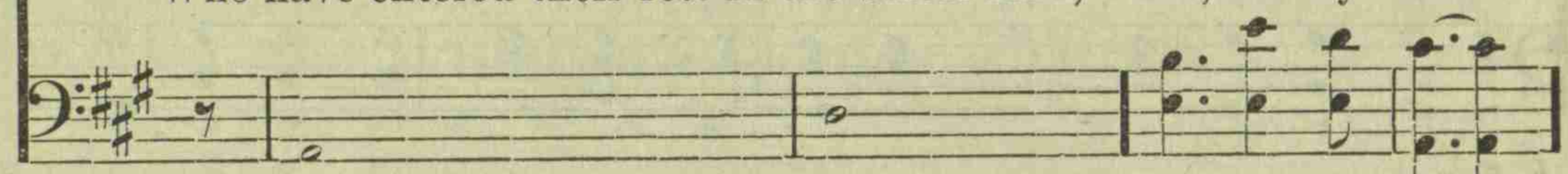
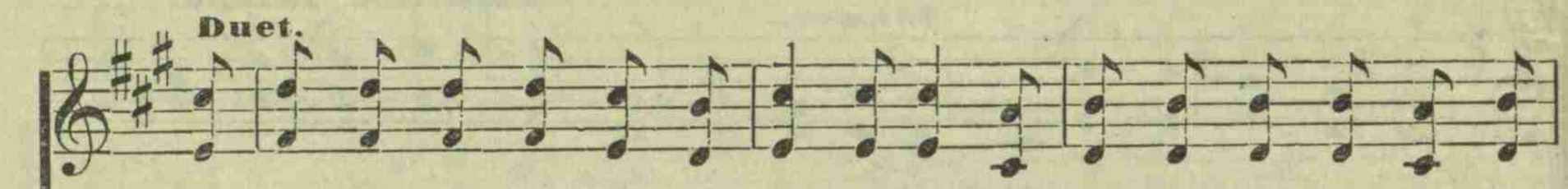
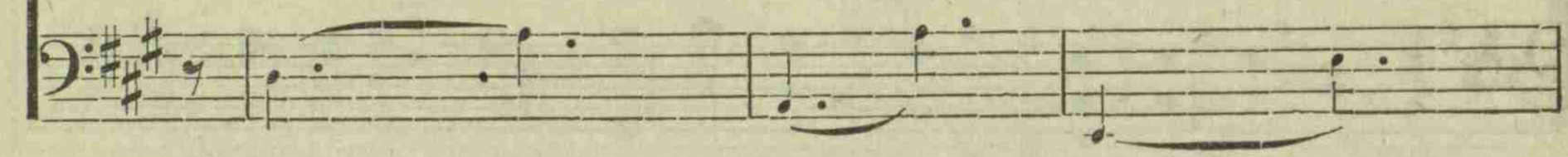
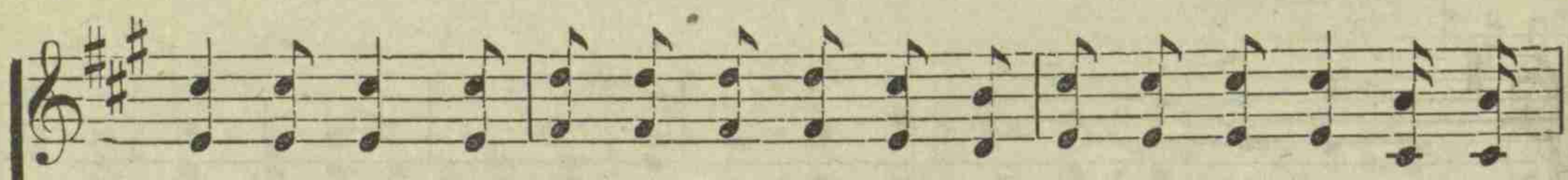
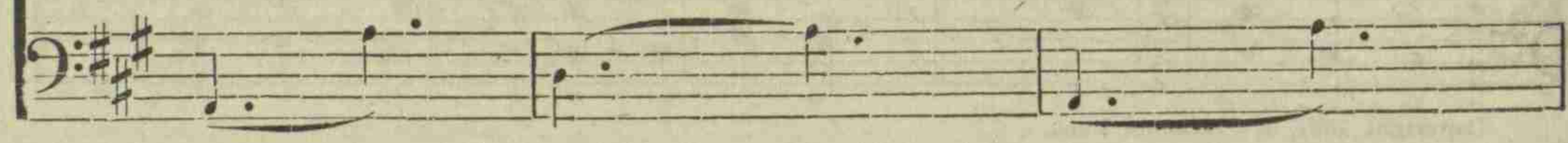
833 GATHERING HOME.

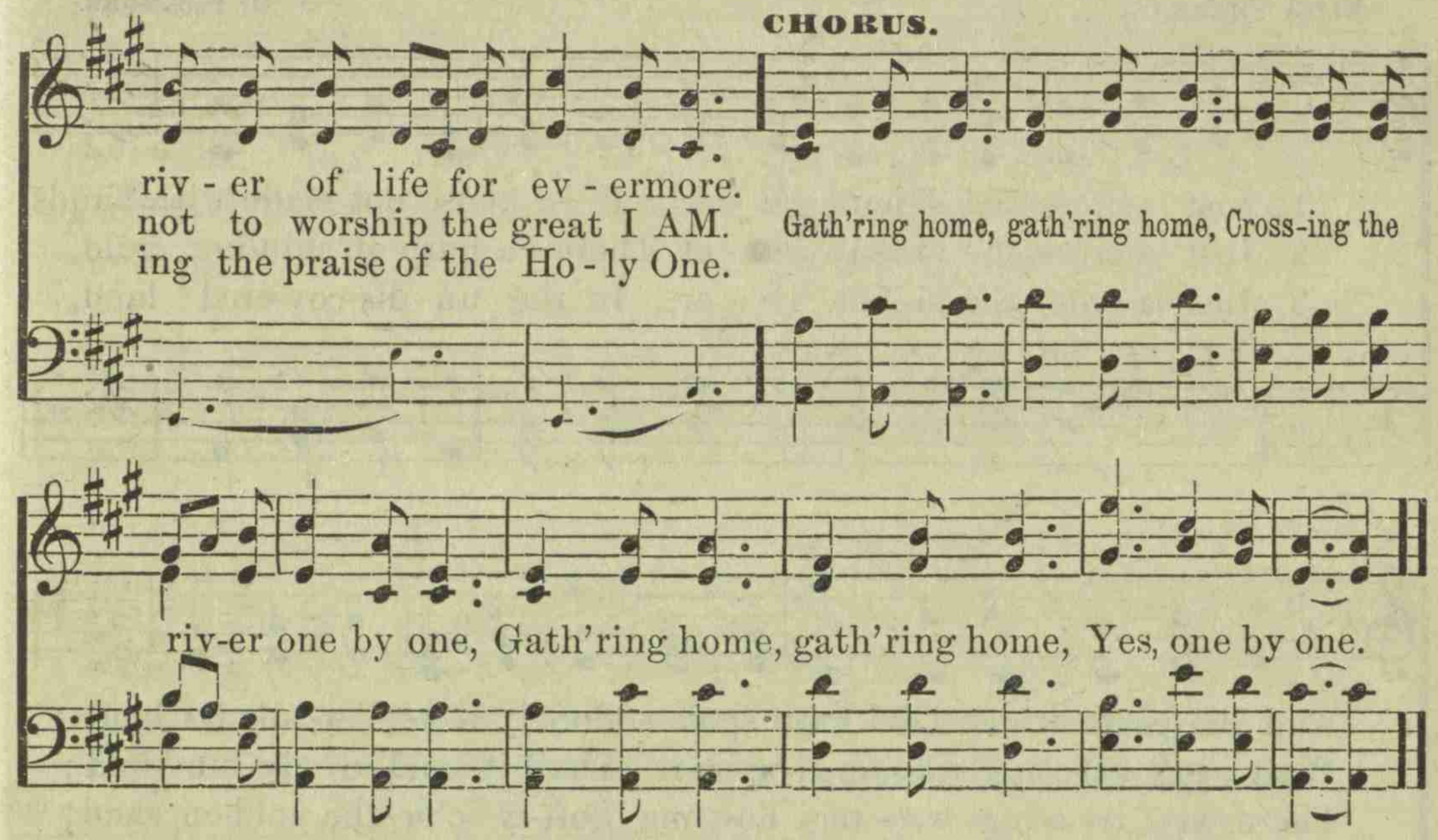
Words arranged by L. H. JAMESON. W. A. OGDEN.

1. They're gathering homeward from ev'ry land, One by one, one by one;
2. They're gathering homeward from ev'ry shore, One by one, one by one;
3. We are hastening homeward to join the band, One by one, one by one;

Their feet are now pressing the shin-ing strand, Yes, one by one.
To join with the faithful ones gone be-fore, Yes, one by one.
Who have entered their rest in the better land, Yes, one by one.



Their labor-stain'd garments are all laid down, Their brows are adorn'd with a
Thro' great tribulations they made their way From regions of darkness to
With angels we'll sweep thro' the pearly gates Of the city where Christ, the

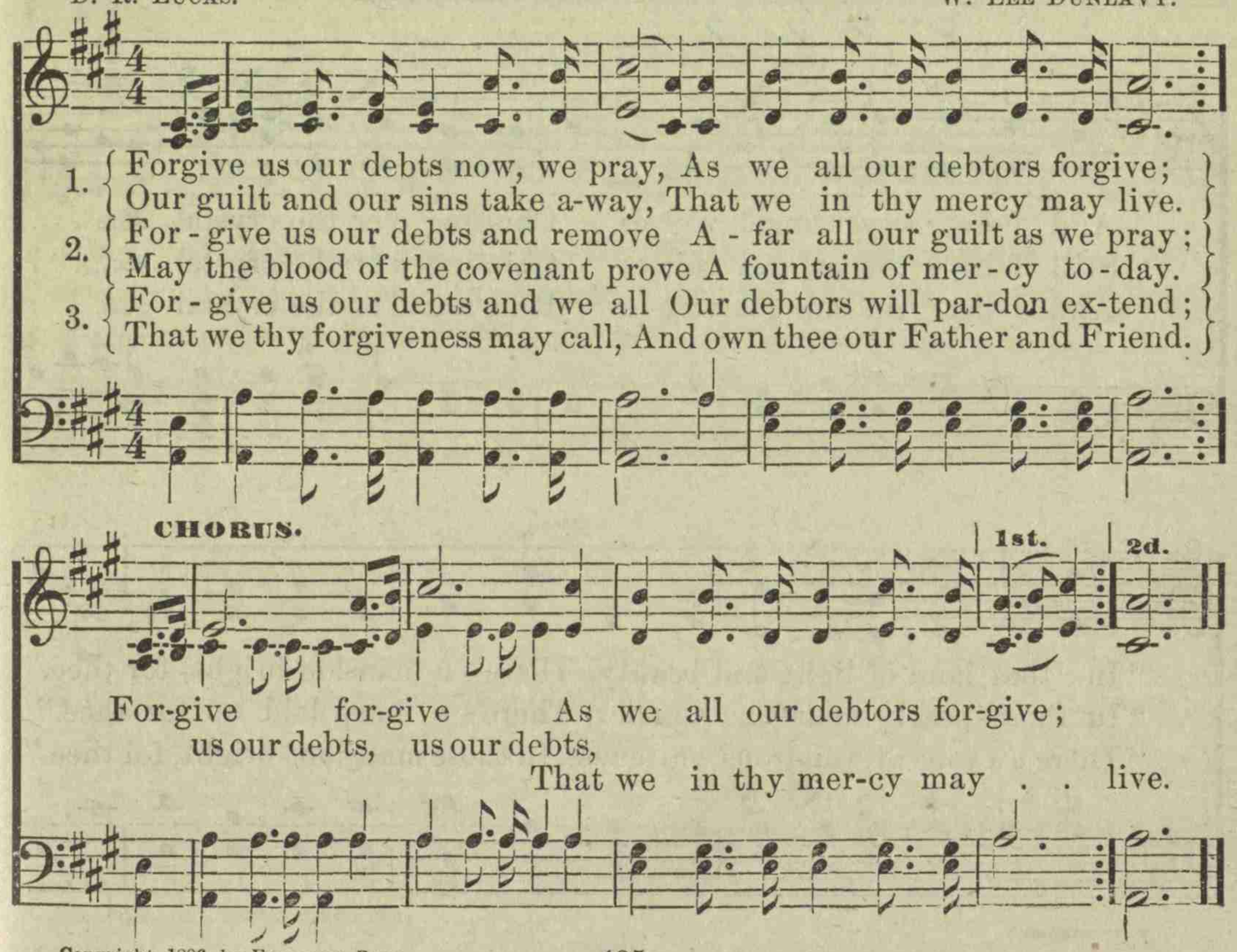


living crown, And cloth'd in white raiment, they rest on the shore Of the
endless day; And now, in the presence of God and the Lamb, They cease
forerunner, waits, And join, with millions around the white throne, In hymn-

GATHERING HOME. Concluded.



834 FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS.

D. R. LUCAS. W. LEE DUNLAVY.



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835 ANGEL VOICES.

ELIZA SHERMAN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Just a-cross the si-lent riv - er Is a house not made with hands,
2. Just a-cross the si-lent riv - er There's a harp of shin-ing gold,
3. Just a-cross the si-lent riv - er, In the un - dis-cov-ered land,

And the peace which God hath spoken Soft-ly rests o'er all its lands;
Wait - ing till my ransomed spir - it Shall its mel - o - dy un - fold;
There are liv - ing wa - ters flow-ing Soft-ly o'er the gold-en sand;

And I hear sweet angel voic-es Chiming o'er the crystal sea, . .
Still I hear the an - gel voic-es Chiming o'er the crystal sea, . .
And I hear the an - gel voic-es Ring-ing o'er the crystal sea, . .

"In that land of light and beauty, There's a mansion bright, for thee."
"In those pearly mansions yon-der, There's a harp laid up for thee."
"There's a robe of wondrous whiteness, In those mansions bright, for thee."

By permission.

ANGEL VOICES. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Chim - ing, chim - ing, Far a - cross the crystal sea, . .
Soft-ly chiming, sweetly chiming, Come those voices yet to me, . .
Still those voices come to me, . .

"In that land of light and beauty, There's a mansion bright, for thee."
"In those pearly mansions yonder, There's a harp laid up for thee."
"There's a robe of wondrous whiteness, In those mansions bright, for thee."

836 SING OF JESUS.

THOMAS KELLEY. J. H. F.

1. Sing of Jesus, sing for - ev - er, Of the love that changes nev - er;
2. With his blood the Lord has bought them; When they knew him not he sought them;
3. Thro' the desert Jesus leads them; With the bread of heav'n he feeds them;

Who, or what from him can sev - er Those he makes his own.
And from all their wand'rings brought them—His the praise a - lone.
And thro' all the way he speeds them To their home a - bove.

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837 WAITING TO WELCOME US THERE.

PAUL M. RUSSELL. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. On that shore, on that bright golden shore, Where the darkness of night
2. By and by we shall rest in that land, With the loved and the lost
3. Ev - 'ry day we are near-ing the shore, All the sor-rows of earth

is unknown, Where the bright angels stand ev - er-more, Glo - ry-
gone be - fore, By and by we will join that glad band, And ho-
soon shall cease, We will soon hear the dip of the oar, Soon re-

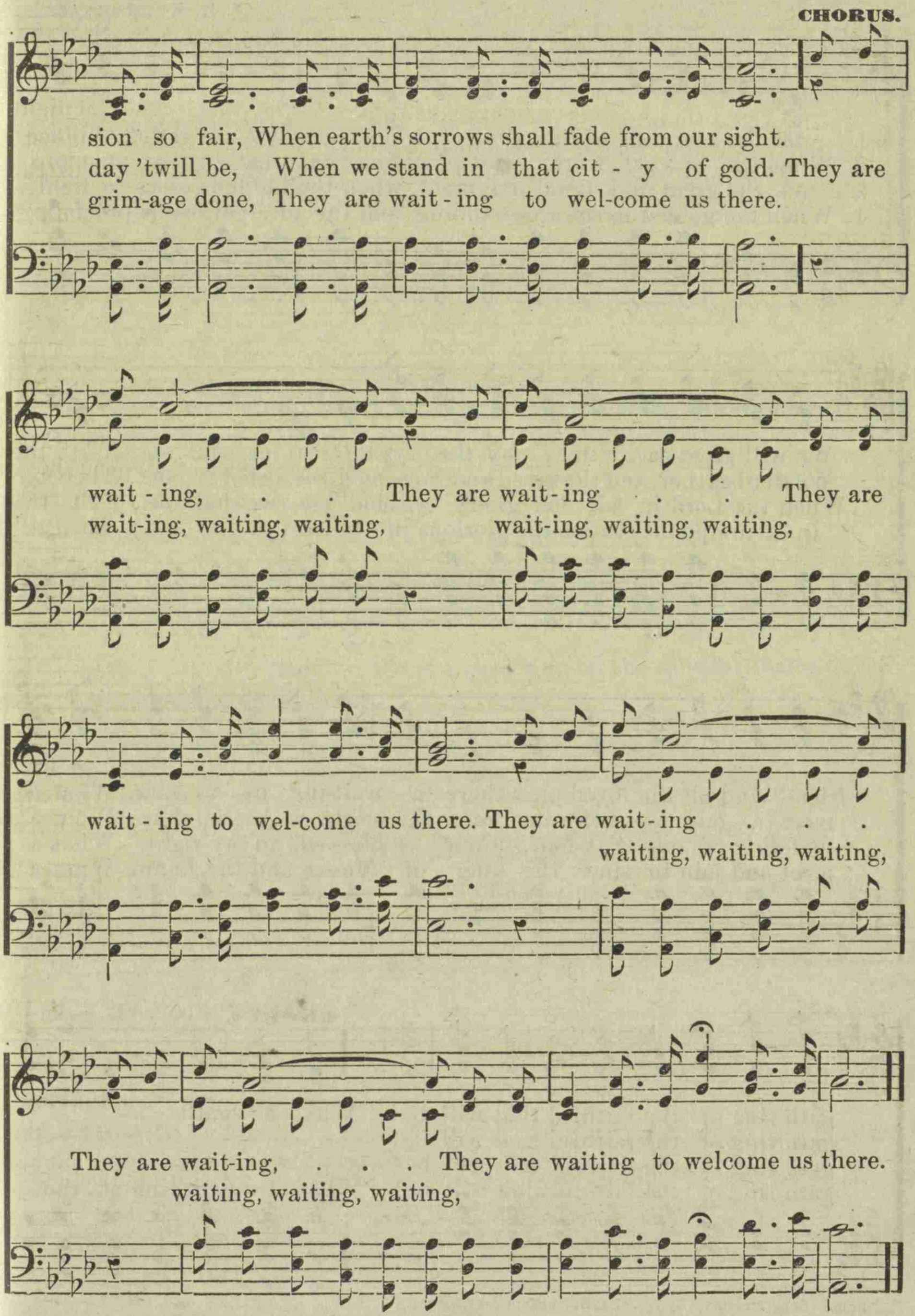
crowned at the Father's great throne; They are wait-ing to wel-come us
san-nas will sing ev - er - more; Heaven's King in his beau - ty we'll
pose in that ha - ven of peace; O how hap - py are they who have

Cres.

there, To the joys and e - ter - nal de-light, Of a home in that man-
see, And the wealth of that cit - y unrolled, And O what a glad
gone To that realm of e - ter - ni - ty fair! They are waiting, our pil-

Copyright, 1882, in "Voice of Joy."

WAITING TO WELCOME US. Concluded.



838 WHAT A GATHERING THAT WILL BE.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gathered home,
2. When the an - gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more,
3. At the great and fi-nal judgment, when the hidden comes to light,
4. When the golden harps are sounding, and the an - gel bands proclaim,

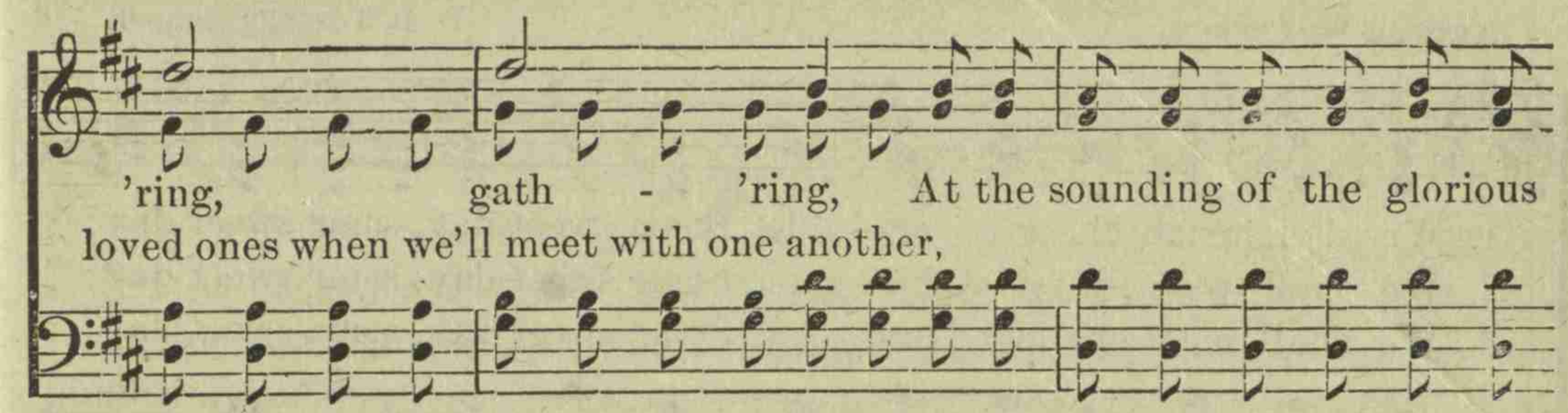
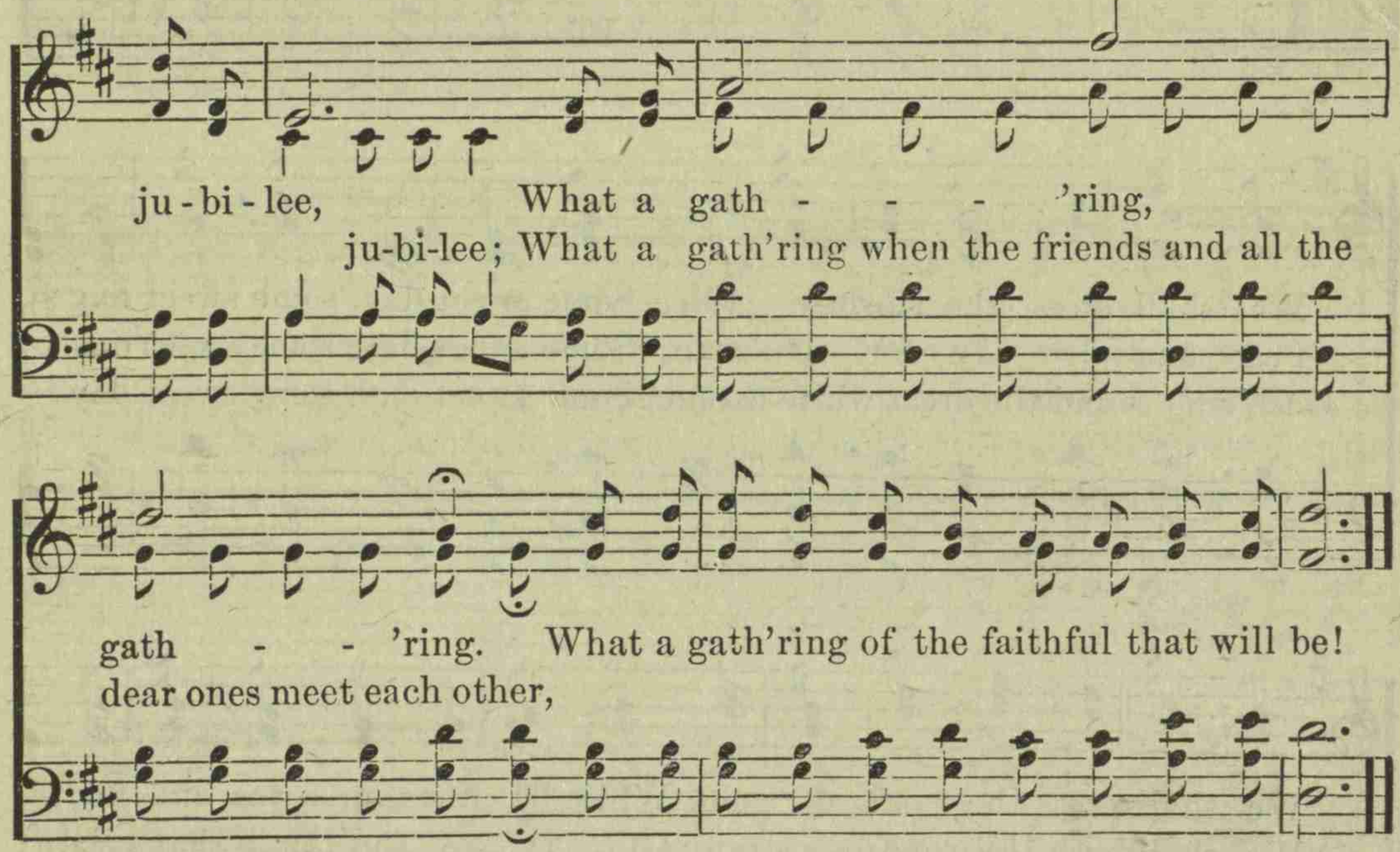
We will greet each oth-er by the crys-tal sea, (crys-tal sea,) With the
We shall gather, and the saved and ransomed see, (glad-ly see,) Then to
When the Lord in all his glo-ry we shall see, (we shall see,) At the
In triumphant strains the glorious ju - bi-lee, (ju - bi - lee,) Then to

friends and all the loved ones there a - wait-ing us to come, What a
meet a - gain to - geth - er on the bright ce - les-tial shore, What a
bid-ding of our Sav-iour, "Come, ye bless-ed, to my right," What a
meet and join to sing the song of Mo-ses and the Lamb, What a

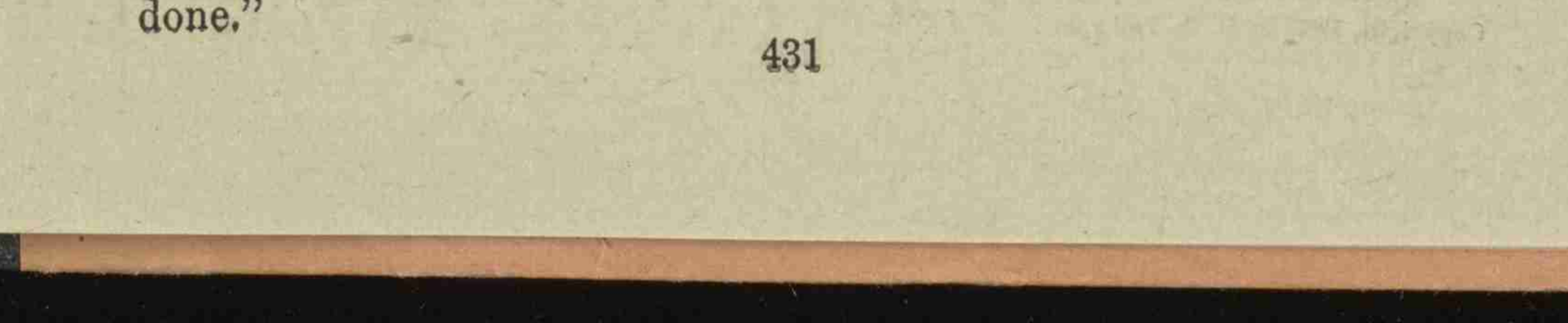
CHORUS.

gath'ring of the faithful that will be! What a gath - - -
gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
gath'ring of the faithful that will be! What a gath'ring of the

From "Song Treasury," by per. of J. H. KURZENKNABE & SONS.

WHAT A GATHERING. Concluded.

839 THY WILL BE DONE.

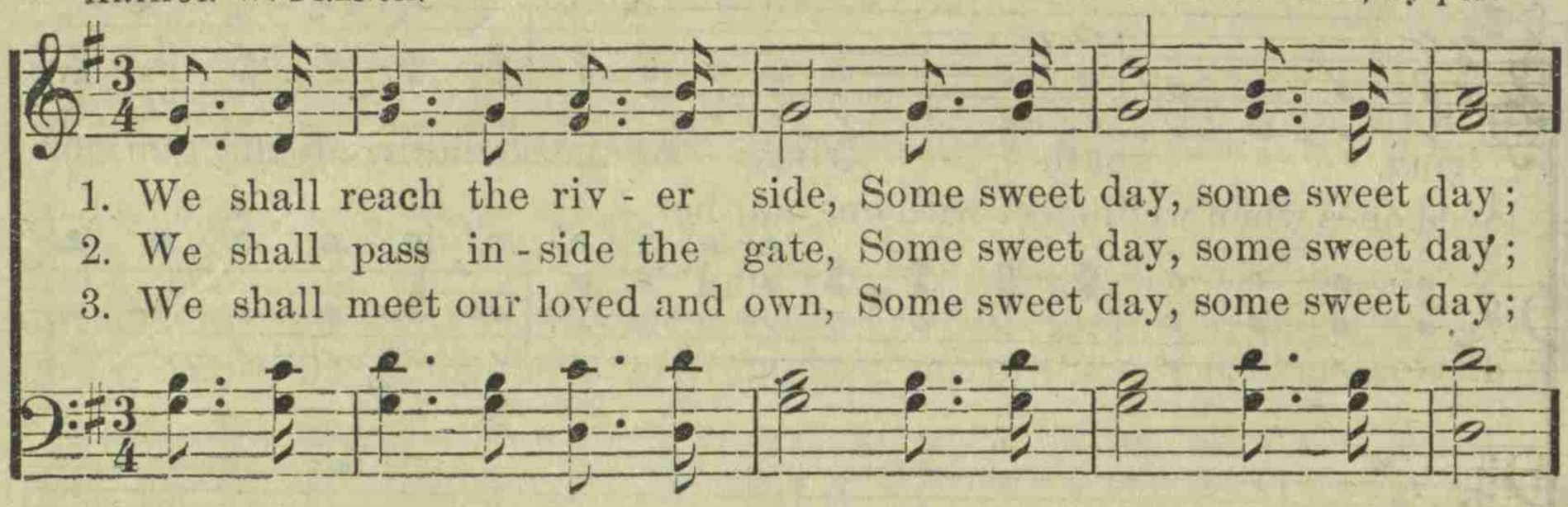
JOHN BOWRING. (HYMN CHANT.) LOWELL MASON.



1 "THY will be | done." || In devious way The hurrying stream of | life may | run; || Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, | "Thy will be | done."
2 "Thy will be | done." || If o'er us shine A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun, || This prayer will make it more divine— | "Thy will be | done."
3 "Thy will be | done." || Though shrouded o'er Our | path with | gloom, || one comfort, one Is ours: to breathe, while we adore, | "Thy will be | done."

840 SOME SWEET DAY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. D. B. TOWNER, by per.



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841 GOD BE WITH YOU.

J. E. RANKIN

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet again, By his counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings securely hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With his sheep se - cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
Dai - ly man-na still di-vide you, God be with you till we meet again.
Put his arms un-failing round you, God be with you till we meet again.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, . . till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet again,
Till we meet,

Till we meet, . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet again,

By permission of J. E. RANKIN, Orange Valley, N. J.

842 SOUND THE BATTLE CRY.

W. F. S. WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Sound the bat - tle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause, we know,
3. Oh! thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us one and all

For the Lord; Gird your ar - mor on, Stand firm, ev - 'ry one; Rest your
Must prevail; Shield and banner bright Gleaming in the light; Battling
By thy grace; When the battle's done, And the vic-t'ry won, May we

CHORUS. *ff*

cause up - on His ho - ly word.
for the right We ne'er can fail. Rouse, then, soldiers, ral - ly round the
wear the crown Be-fore thy face.

ban-ner, Read- y, stead - y, pass the word a - long; Onward, forward,

shout a-loud Ho- san - na! Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

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843 WE'LL CROWN THEM.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. We'll take up our stand for the youth of our land, And weave them a gar-
2. We'll tempt not the youth from the fountain of truth, Whose waters are pure
3. Our sweet household joys, the girls and the boys, We'll shield from the tempt-

land to wear; Tho' no leaves of the vine in our wreath shall entwine,
and di - vine, But we'll ban - ish for - e'er from our homes that are dear,
er so bold; And we'll bind their white brows that with innocence glow,

CHORUS.

For we'll crown them with roses so fair. We'll crown them, we'll
The chalice that sparkles with wine.
With a crown that is rich-er than gold. We'll crown them with roses, we'll

crown them, We'll crown them with roses so fair, We'll crown
crown them with roses, We'll crown them with

them, we'll crown them, We'll crown them with roses to wear.
roses, we'll crown them with roses,

From "New Silver Song," by permission.

844 O SOUND THE JUBILEE.

H. S. TAYLOR. J. B. HERBERT.

p Cres - - - - - cen - - - do -

1. There's a rod a - bove the o - cean, And a wind a-cross the
2. O the might-y God has spok - en, For the children whom he
3. We will stand a - side like Mo - ses, When Je - ho - vah pass- es

Dim - - - -

wave, And a pathway thro' the sea, And a path-way thro' the sea.
loves! He has said they shall be free, He has said they shall be free!
by, And his glo - ry we will see, And his glo - ry we will see.

p Cres - - cen - - - do.

And a na - tion is in mo - tion For a land with-out a
Up, O Ja - cob! heed the tok - en, When the fi - ery pil - lar
For he o - pens and he clos - es With a pow - er great and

f

slave! O, sound the ju - bi - lee! O, sound the ju - bi - lee!
moves! O, sound the ju - bi - lee! O, sound the ju - bi - lee!
high, O, sound the ju - bi - lee! O, sound the ju - bi - lee!

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O SOUND THE JUBILEE. Concluded.

CHORUS. Cres. f

Ju - bi - lee! Ju - bi - lee! Ju - bi - lee! come!

Dim.

Sound the sil - ver trum - pet, Call the chil - dren home!

p Cres.

For the yoke of Rum is bro - ken, And the peo-ple shall be

f

free! O, sound the ju - bi - lee! O, sound the ju - bi - lee!

845 VICTORY IS NEAR.

REV. D. R. MILLER.* English.

1. We have met Rum's grim Apollyon, lo! these ma - ny wea - ry years,
2. Oh, the day is coming, coming! we can read it in the dawn,
3. Then, a - wake! a-rouse, ye freemen! for our chains shall dis - ap-pear;

And with ban - nered hosts have braved his bat - tle cry;
We can see the sun - light stream - ing in the sky;
Oh, the land we love to hon - or shall be free!

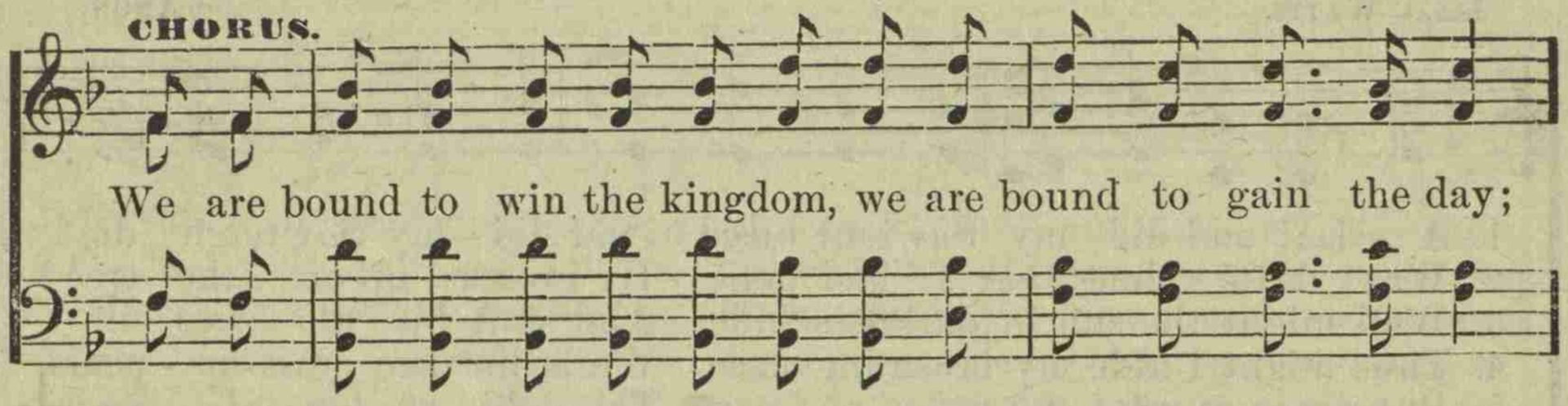
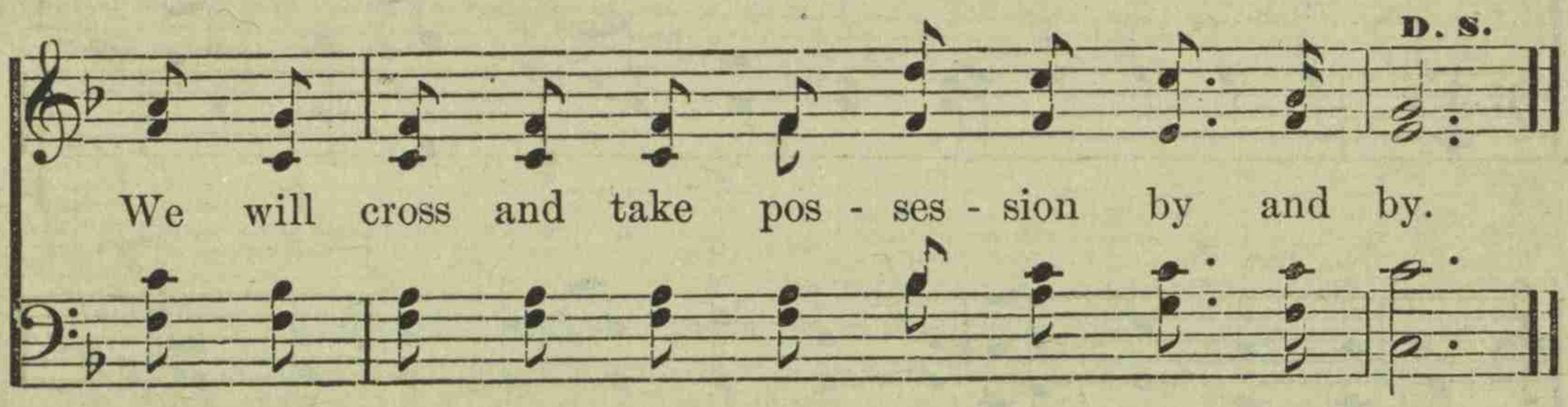
But, hur - rah! the day is breaking and the vic - to - ry appears,
And a thou-sand hap-py voic - es tell us that the night is gone,
And a new e - man - ci - pa-tion shall re - ech - o far and near,

D.S. *Oh, lift up your streaming banners, for the mists have rolled a - way!*

Fine.

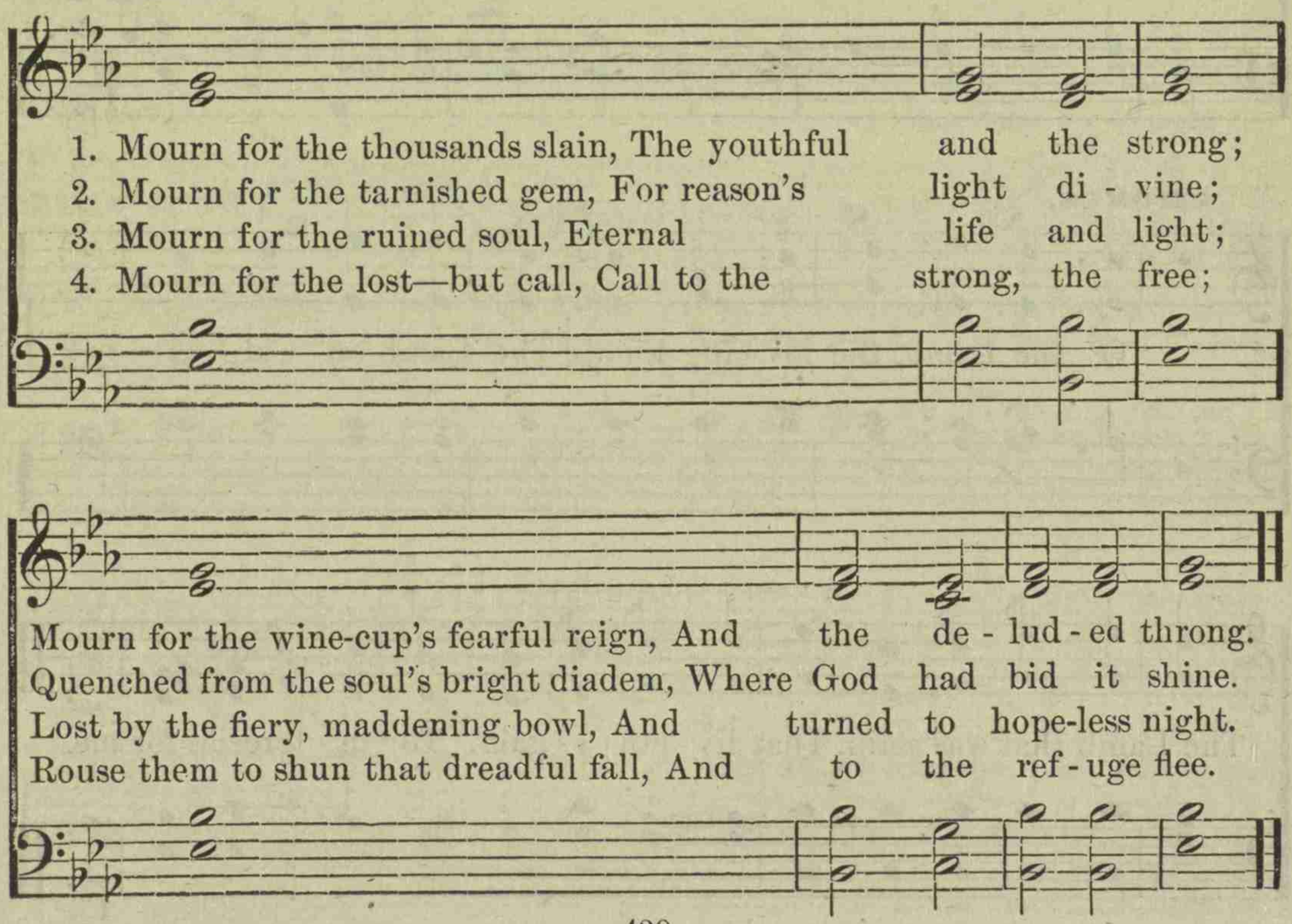
And we'll tri - umph in the dawn - ing by and by.
And the day of our re - demp - tion draw - eth nigh.
In the dawn - ing of this glo - rious ju - bi - lee.
And the bless - ed day of vic - to - ry is nigh.

* Copyright, 1887, by FILLMORE BROS. From "The Battle Cry."

VICTORY IS NEAR. Concluded.

846 MOURN FOR THE THOUSANDS SLAIN.

(CHANT.)

S. C. BRACE. TALLIS.



847 BOWER. C. M., with Chorus. (Minor.)

ISAAC WATTS. ANON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While his dear cross ap - pears,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de-gree!
When God's own Son was cru - ci - fied For man the creature's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

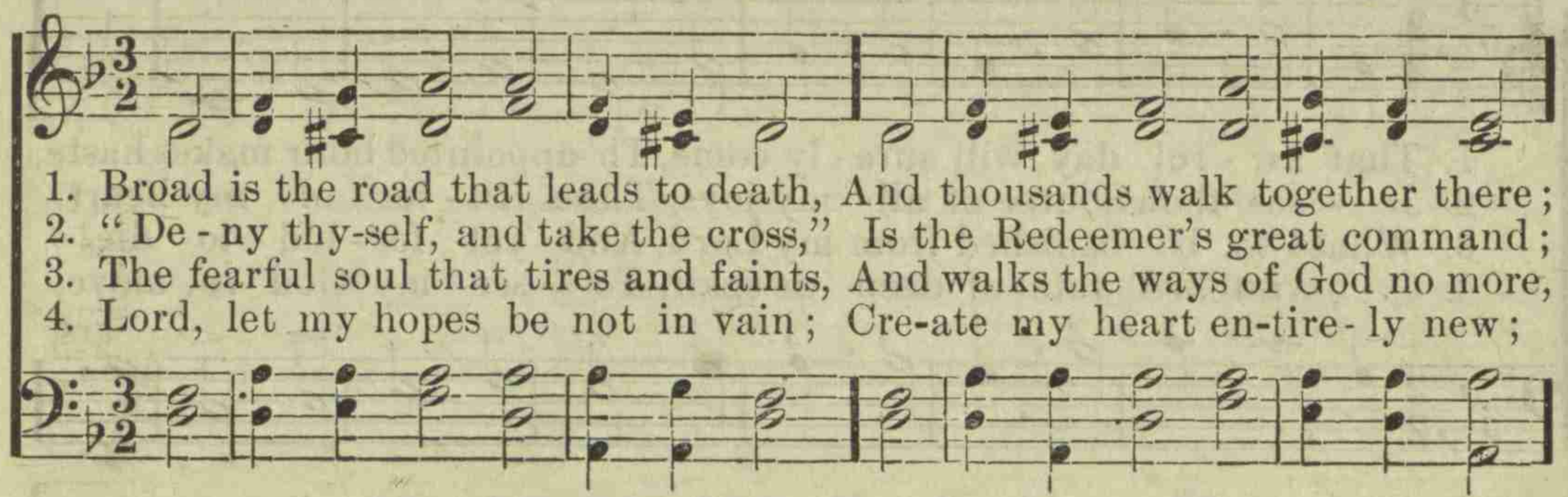
CHORUS.

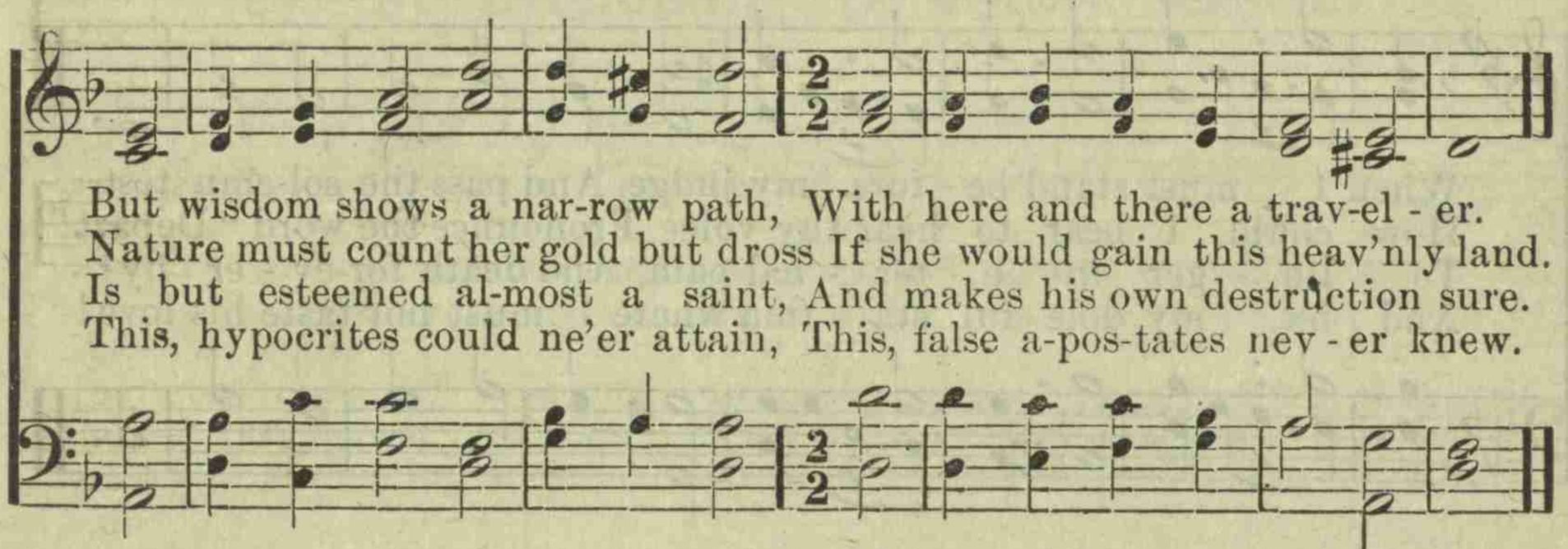
O the Lamb, the lov - ing Lamb, The Lamb on Cal - va - ry!

The Lamb that was slain, That liv - eth a - gain, To in - tercede for me.

848. WINDHAM. L. M. (Minor.)

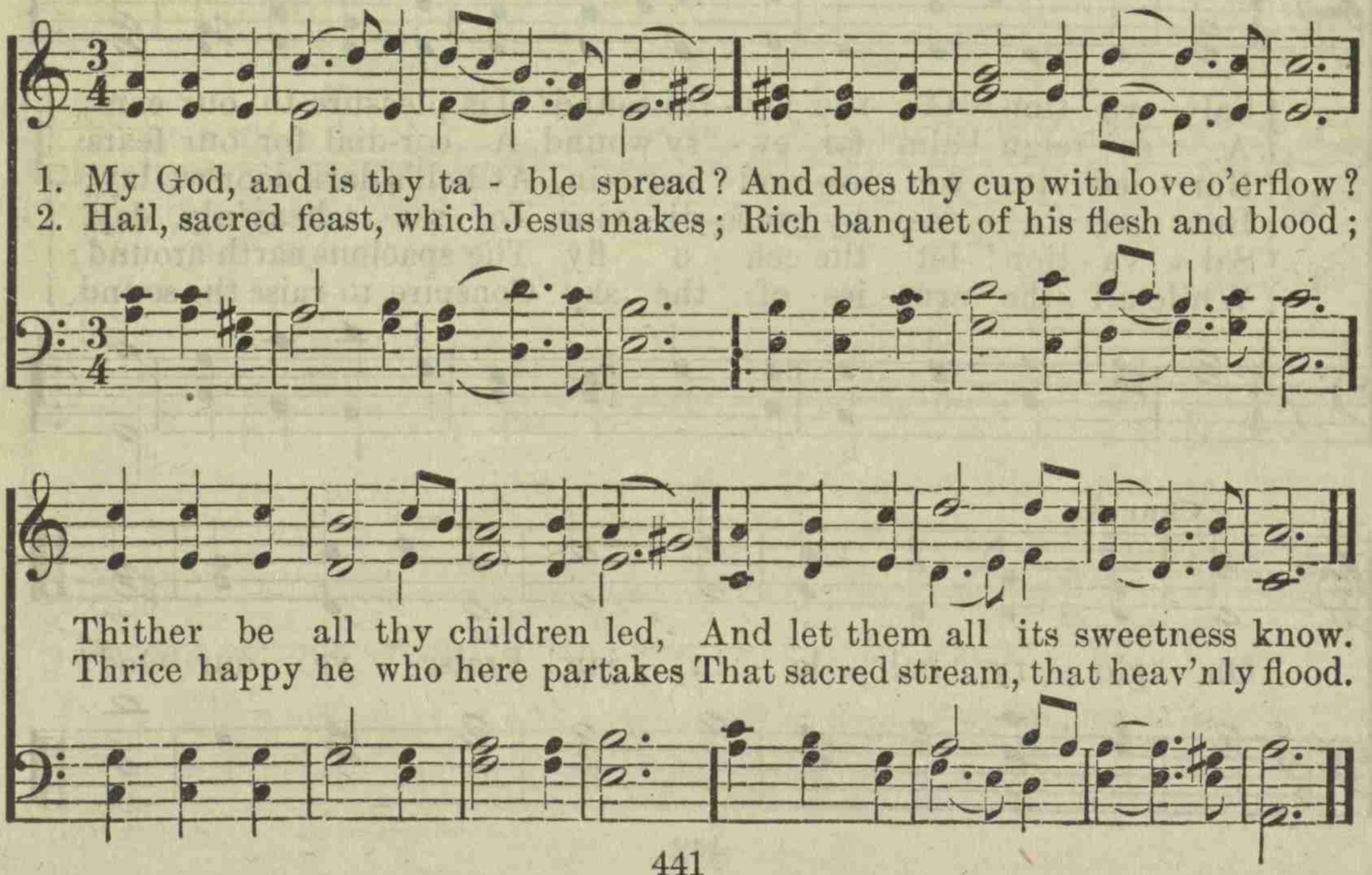
ISAAC WATTS. DANIEL READ.





849 SACRED FEAST. L. M. (Minor.)

ANON. DR. BENJAMIN ROGERS.



850 TRIBUNAL. C. M. (Minor.)

ISAAC WATTS. ANON.

1. That aw - ful day will sure - ly come, Th' appointed hour makes haste,
2. Je - sus, thou Source of all my joys, Thou Ru - ler of my heart,
3. What! to be banished from my Lord, And yet for - bid to die!
4. O wretched state of deep de-spair, To see my God re - move,

When I must stand be - fore my judge, And pass the sol-emn test.
How could I bear to hear thy voice, Pronounce the word "Depart!"
To lin - ger in e - ter - nal pain, And death for-ev - er fly!
And fix my dole - ful sta - tion where I must not taste his love!

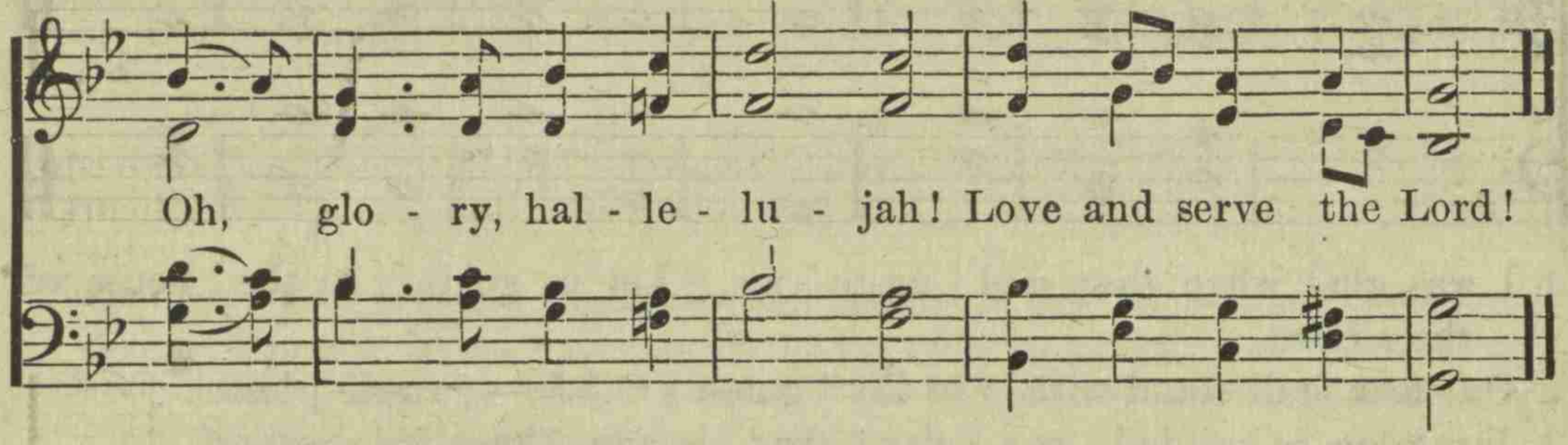
851 WOODMAN. C. M. (Minor.)

ISAAC WATTS. ANON.

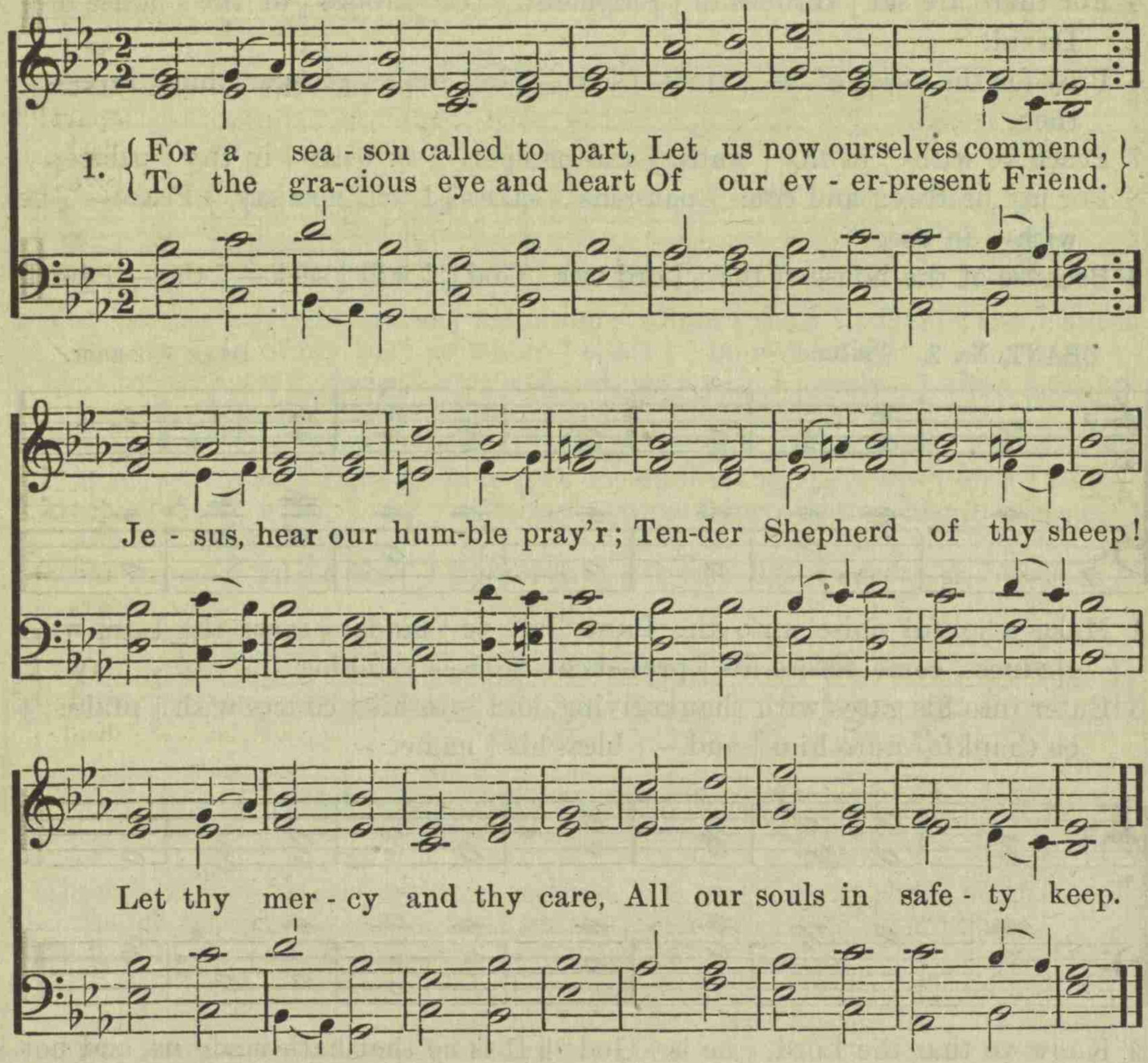
1. { Sal - va - tion! O the joy - ful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears;
   { A sov'reign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor-dial for our fears.
2. { Bur - ied in sor - row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay;
   { But we a - rise, by grace di - vine, To see a heav'nly day.
3. { Sal - va - tion! let the ech - o fly The spacious earth around;
   { While all the arm - ies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.

Chorus.

Oh, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye our God!

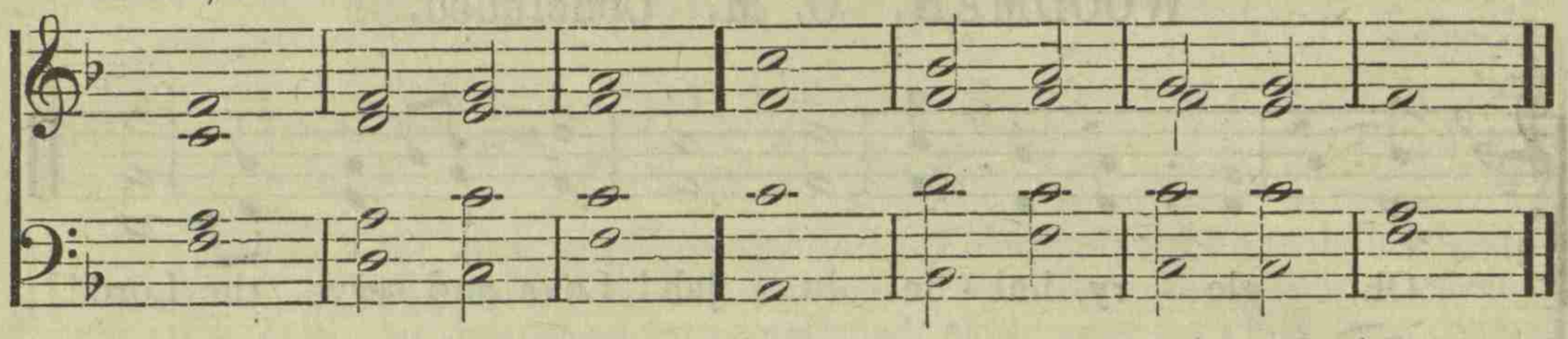
WOODMAN. C. M. Concluded.

852 ST. NICHOLAI.* 7s. Double. (Major.)

ANON.



*I heard this tune sung by a large congregation, at the St. Nicholai Church, Leipzig, Feb. 8, 1852. L. MASON. I heard it sung in the same church about every other Sunday from October, 1847, to March, 1849. It appears to be the OLD HUNDREDTH of Leipzig. The Germans usually sing the melody only, the male voices greatly predominating. The Organ supplies the harmony. WM. B. BRADBURY.

CHANT, No. 1. (Psalm cxxii.) RICHARD FARRANT.



1 I was glad when they said | un-to | me, || Let us go in- | to the | house··of the | Lord.

2 Our feet shall stand with- | in thy | gates, || O | Je— | ru-sa- | lem.

3 Jerusalem is builded | as a | city || that | is com- | pact to- | gether:

4 Whither the tribes go up, the | tribes··of the | Lord, || unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks un- | to the | name··of the | Lord.

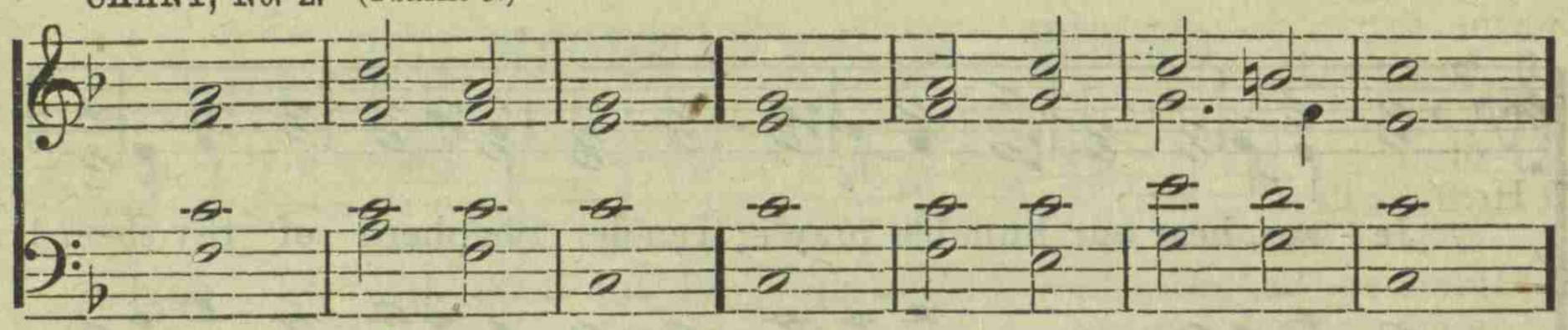
5 For there are set | thrones of | judgment, || the thrones | of the | house of | David.

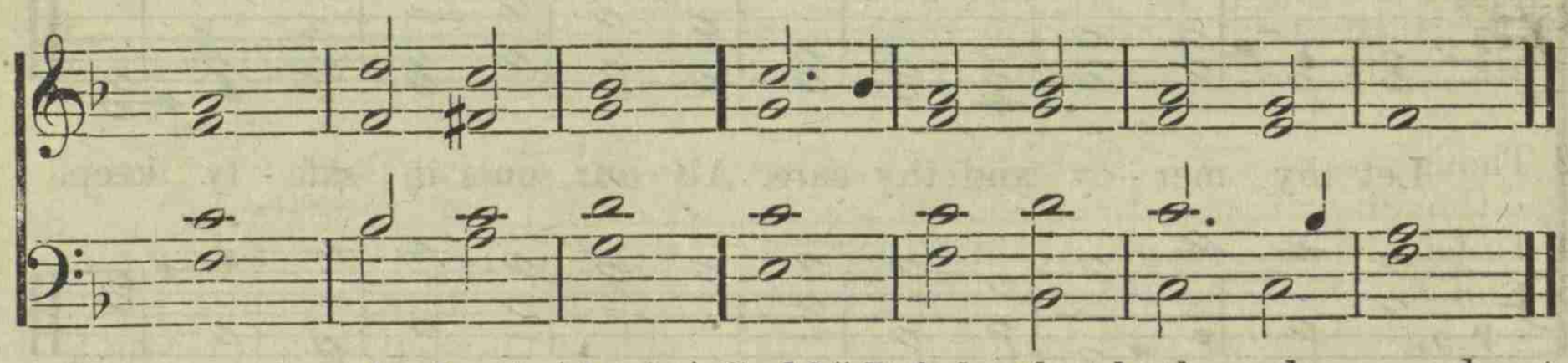
6 Pray for the peace of Je- | ru-sa- | lem; || they shall | prosper··that | love— | thee.

7 Peace be with- | in thy | walls, || and prosperi- | ty with- | in thy | palaces.

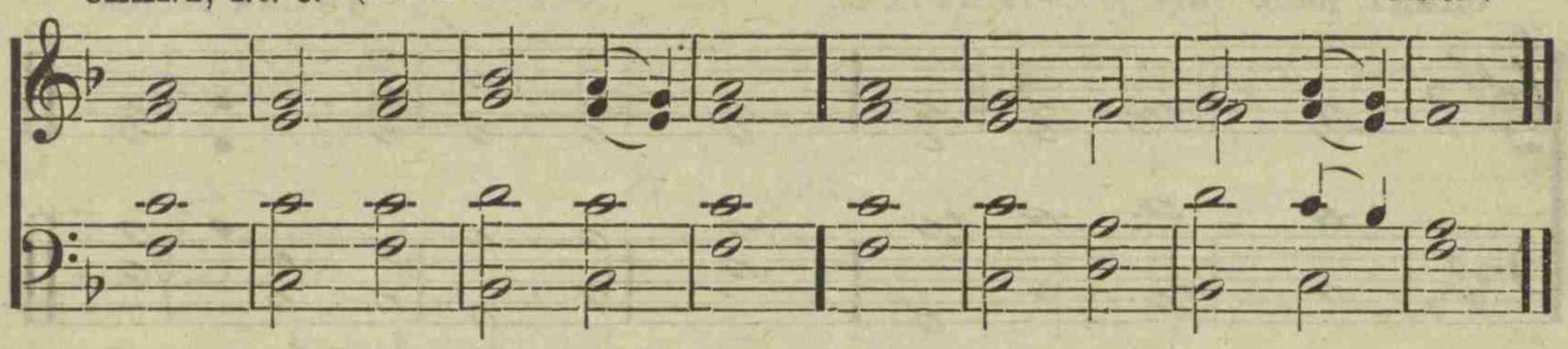
8 For my brethren and com- | pan-ions' | sakes || I will now say, | Peace— | be with- | in thee.

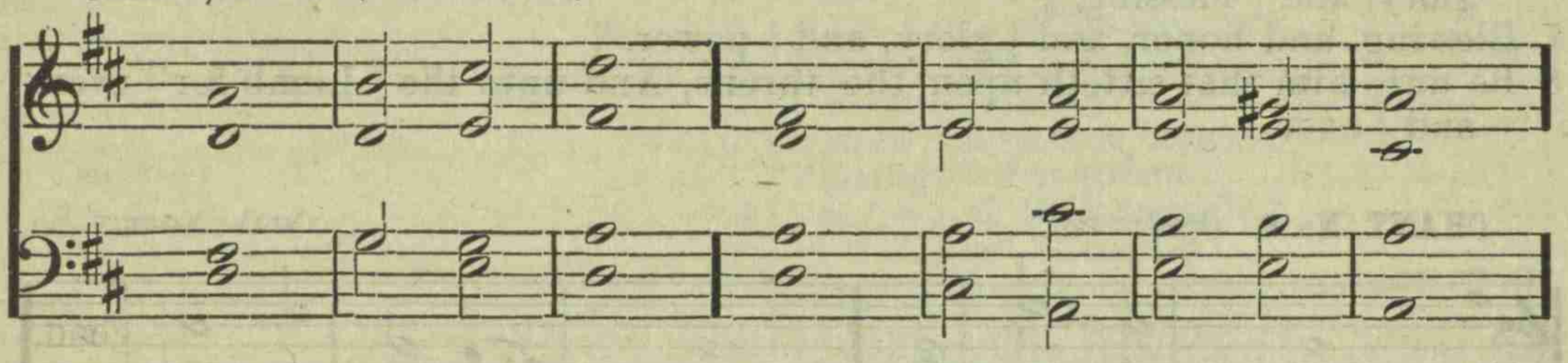
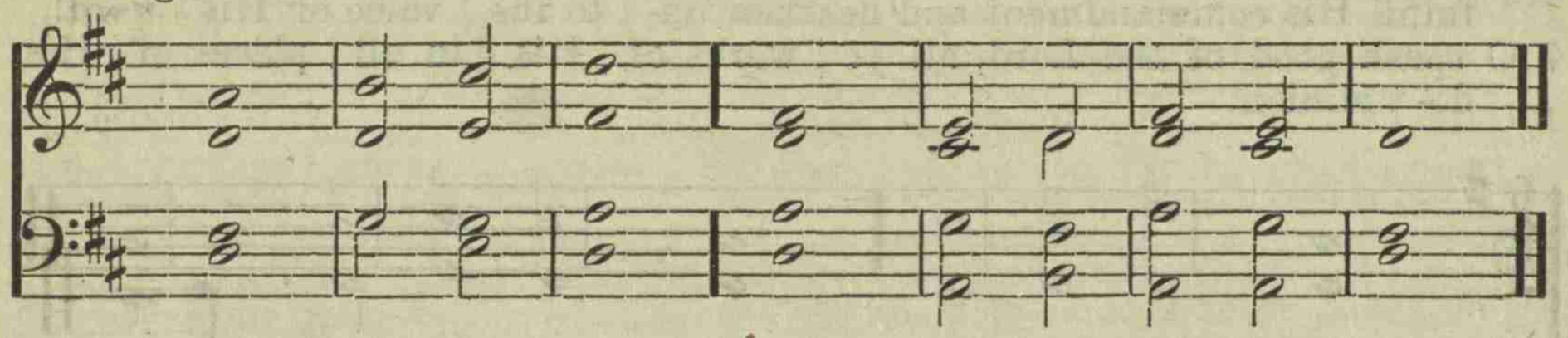
9 Because of the house of the | Lord our | God || I will | seek— | thy— | good.

CHANT, No. 2. (Psalm c.) DEAN ALDRICH.

1 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all ye | lands; || serve the Lord with gladness, come before his | pres-ence | with— | singing.

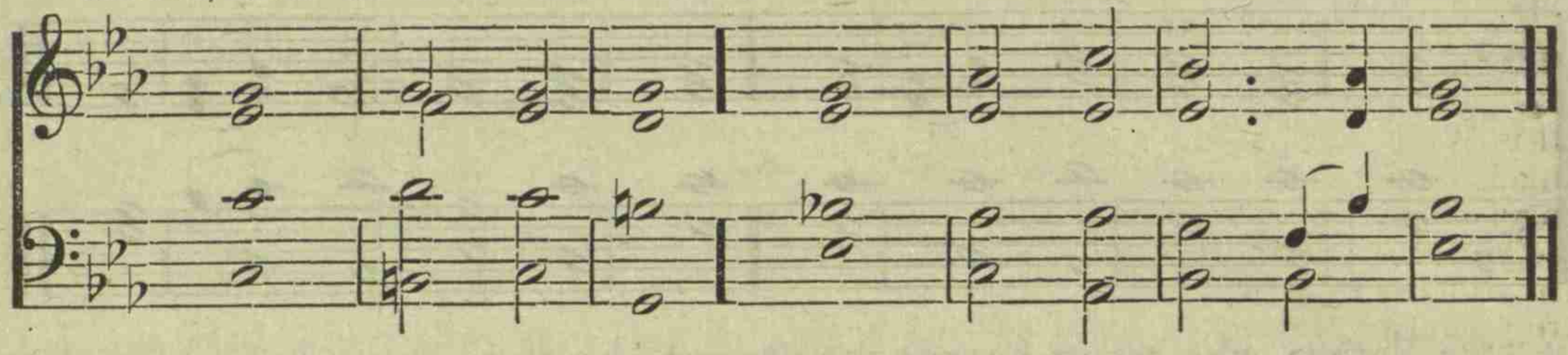
3 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise; || be thankful unto him | and— | bless his | name.

2 Know ye that the Lord, | he is | God? || It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, | and the | sheep of··his | pasture.

4 For the Lord is good; his mercy is | ev-er- | lasting, || and his truth endureth to | all— | gen-e- | rations.

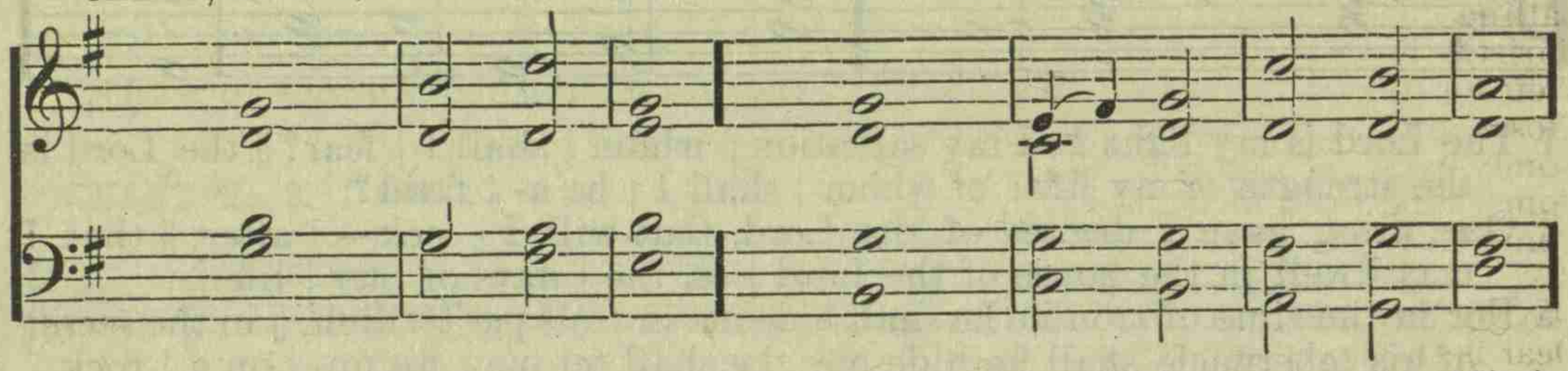
CHANT, No. 3. (Matt. vi : 9–13. ANON.

1 Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name; ‖ thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread; ‖ And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that | trespass··a- | gainst— | us.
3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; ‖ For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | A— | men.

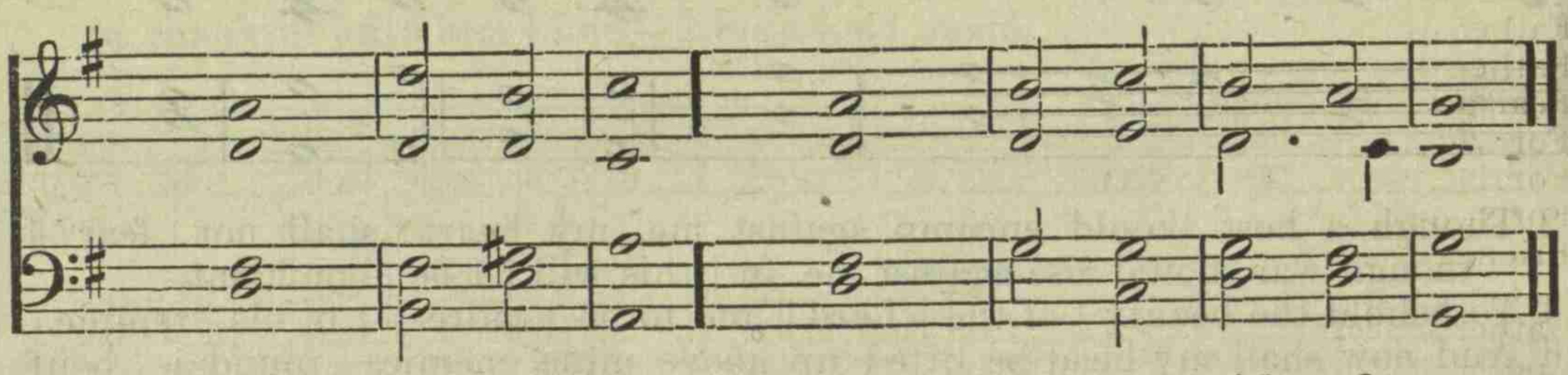
CHANT, No. 4. (Psalm xxvii.) ANON.

1 The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom | shall I | fear? ‖ the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom | shall I | be a- | fraid?
3 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I | seek— | after, ‖ that I may dwell in the house of the Lord | all the | days of··my | life.
5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in | his pa- | vilion, ‖ in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me | up up- | on a | rock.
7 Hear, O Lord, when I cry | with my | voice: ‖ have mercy also upon me, | and— | answer | me.
9 Hide not thy face | far— | from me; ‖ put not thy | servant··a- | way in | anger.

2 Though a host should encamp against me, my heart | shall not | fear; ‖ though war should rise against me, in | this will | I be | confident.
4 To behold the beauty | of the | Lord ‖ and to in- | quire— | in his | temple.
6 And now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies | round a- | bout me; ‖ Therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing; yea, I will sing | prais-es | unto··the | Lord.
8 When thou saidst, Seek | ye my | face, ‖ my heart said unto thee, thy face, | Lord,— | will I | seek.
10 Thou hast | been my | help; ‖ leave me not, neither forsake me, O | God of | my sal- | vation.

CHANT, No. 5. (Rev. iv: 8–11; v: 12, 13.) WILLIAM FELTON.



1 HOLY, holy, holy, | Lord··God Al- | mighty! ||
2 Which was, and | is, and | is to | come. ||
3 Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and | honor··and | power; ||
4 For thou hast created all things, And for Thy pleasure they | are and | were cre- | ated. ||
5 Worthy is the Lamb | that was | slain, ||
6 To receive power, and riches, and wisdom, And strength, and | honor, and | glory, and | blessing. ||
7 Blessing, and honor, and | glory, and | power, ||
8 Be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, And unto the | Lamb for | ever·· and | ever.

CHANT, No. 6. (Psalm ciii.) CHAS. NORRIS.

1 PRAISE the Lord, | O my | soul, || And all that is within me | praise His | holy | name.
3 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin || and | healeth··all | thine in- | firmities.
5 O praise the Lord, ye angels of His, ye that ex- | cel in | strength, || ye that fulfill His commandment and hearken un- | to the | voice of··His | word.
7 O speak good of the Lord, all ye | works of | His, || in all | places··of | His do- | minion.



2 Praise the Lord, | O my | soul, || and for- | get not | all His | benefits;
4 Who saveth thy life | from de- | struction || and crowneth thee with | mercy·· and | lov-ing- | kindness.
6 O praise the Lord, all | ye His | hosts, || ye servants of | His that | do His | pleasure.
8 Praise thou the Lord, | O my | soul! || Praise thou the | Lord,— | O my | soul!

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