Carolina Harmony

BY

J. S. LEONARD

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STATESVILLE, N. C.

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CAROLINA HARMONY

A book of new tunes especially
adapted to the hymns for
which they were
composed

WITH

CONCISE RUDIMENTS

BY

J. S. LEONARD

STATESVILLE, N. C.

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1895
Leon

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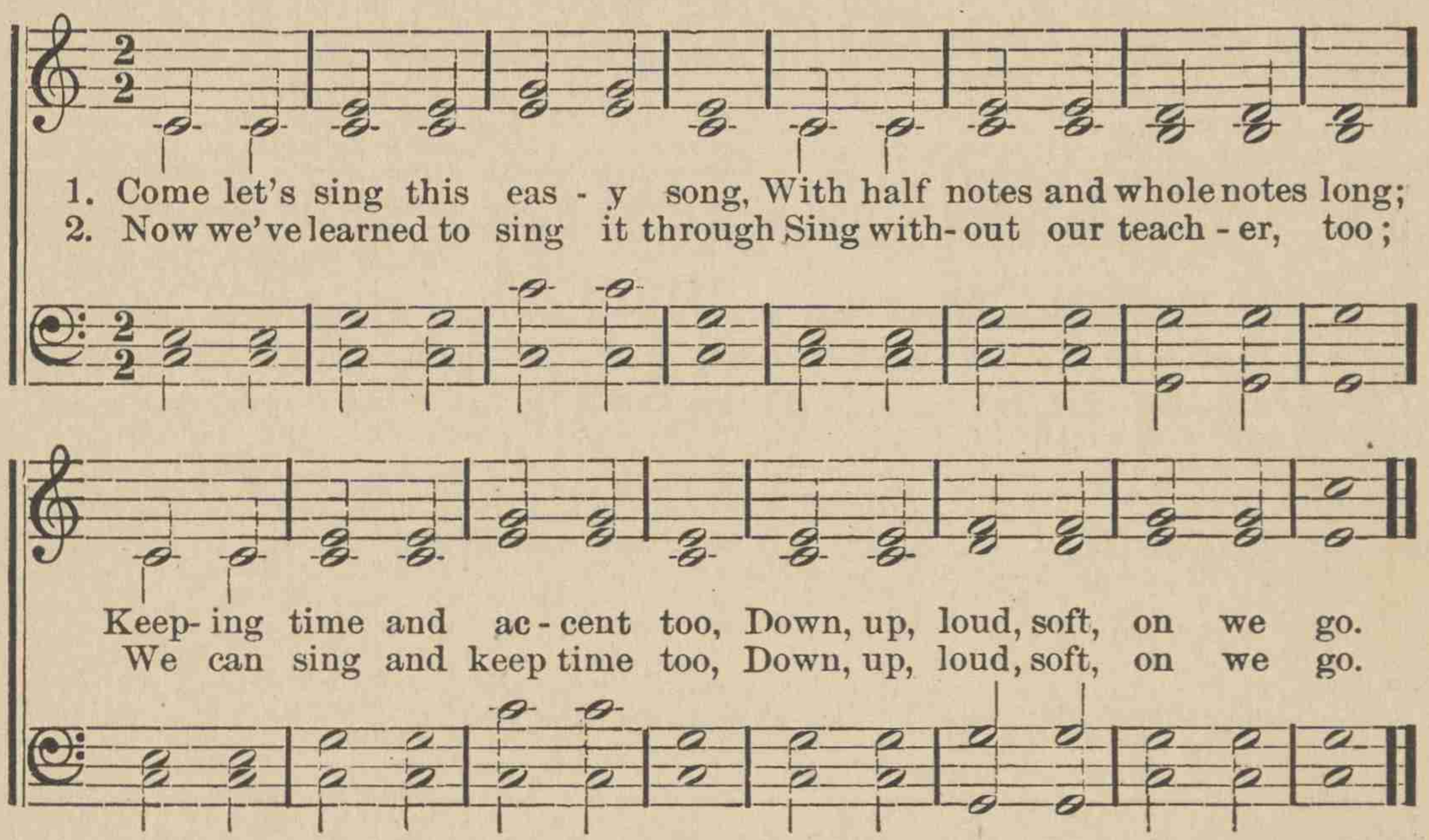
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CAROLINA HARMONY.

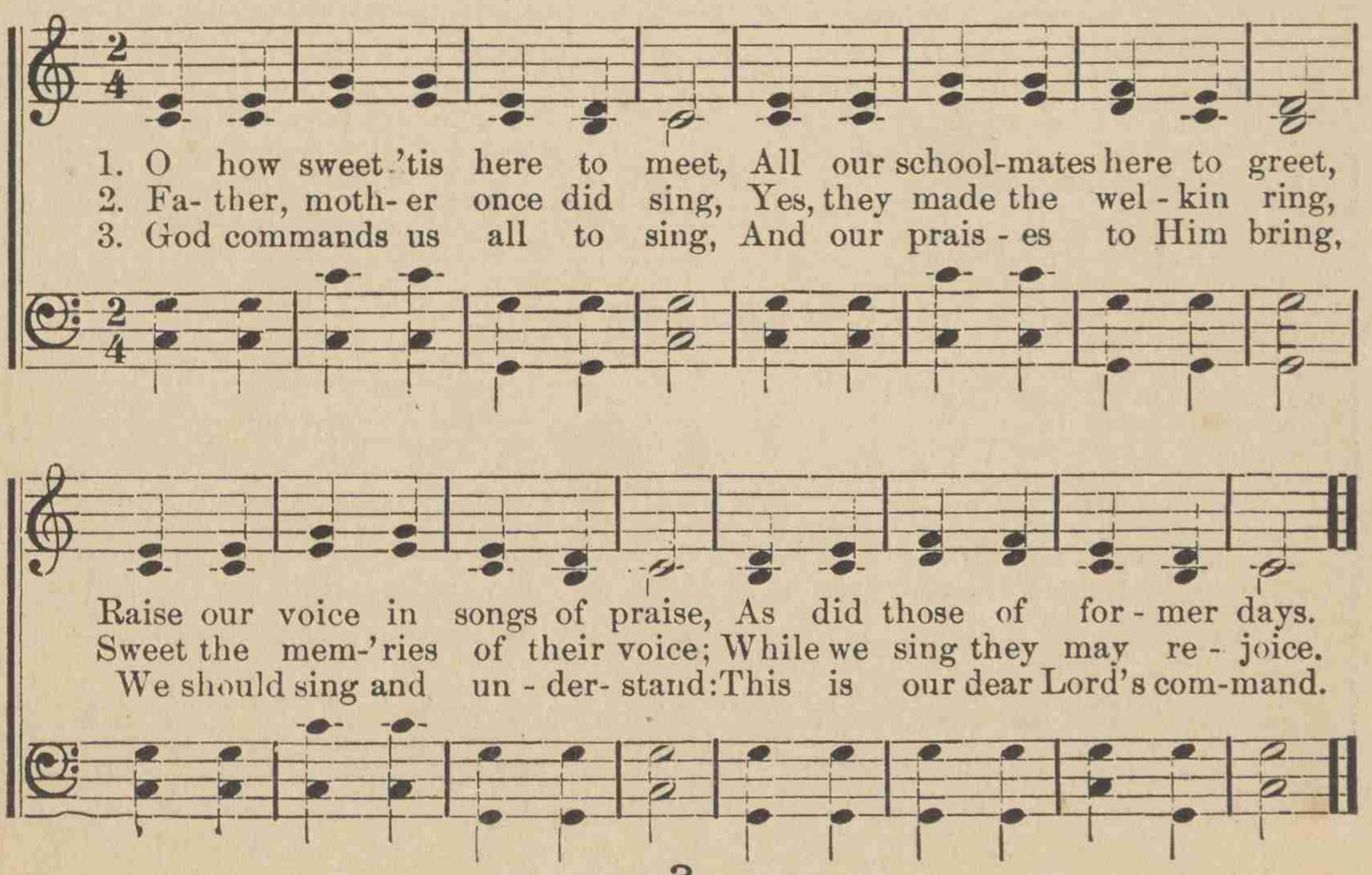
No. 1. EASY SONG.

J. S. L.



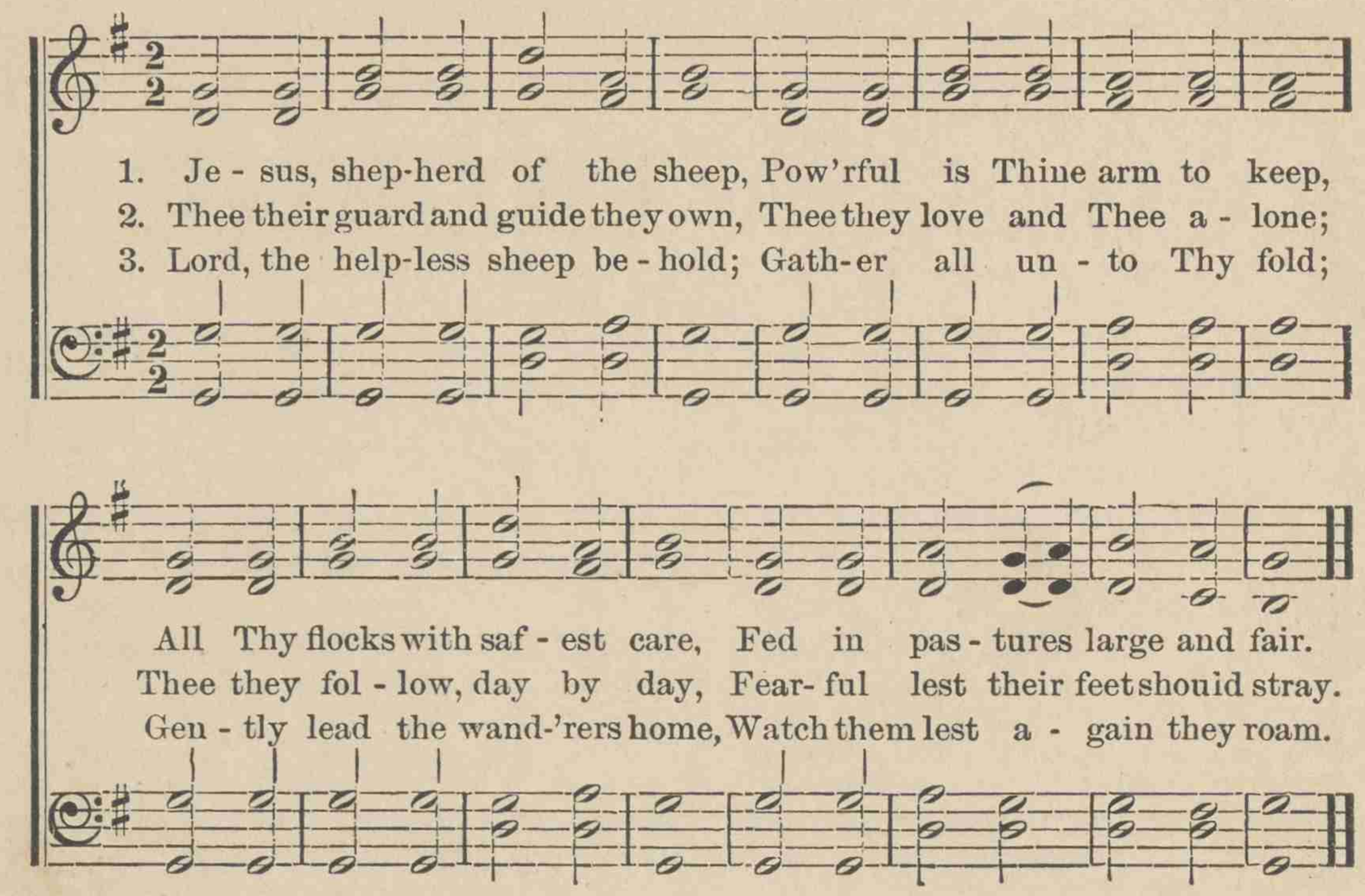
No. 2. 'TIS SWEET TO MEET.

J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD.

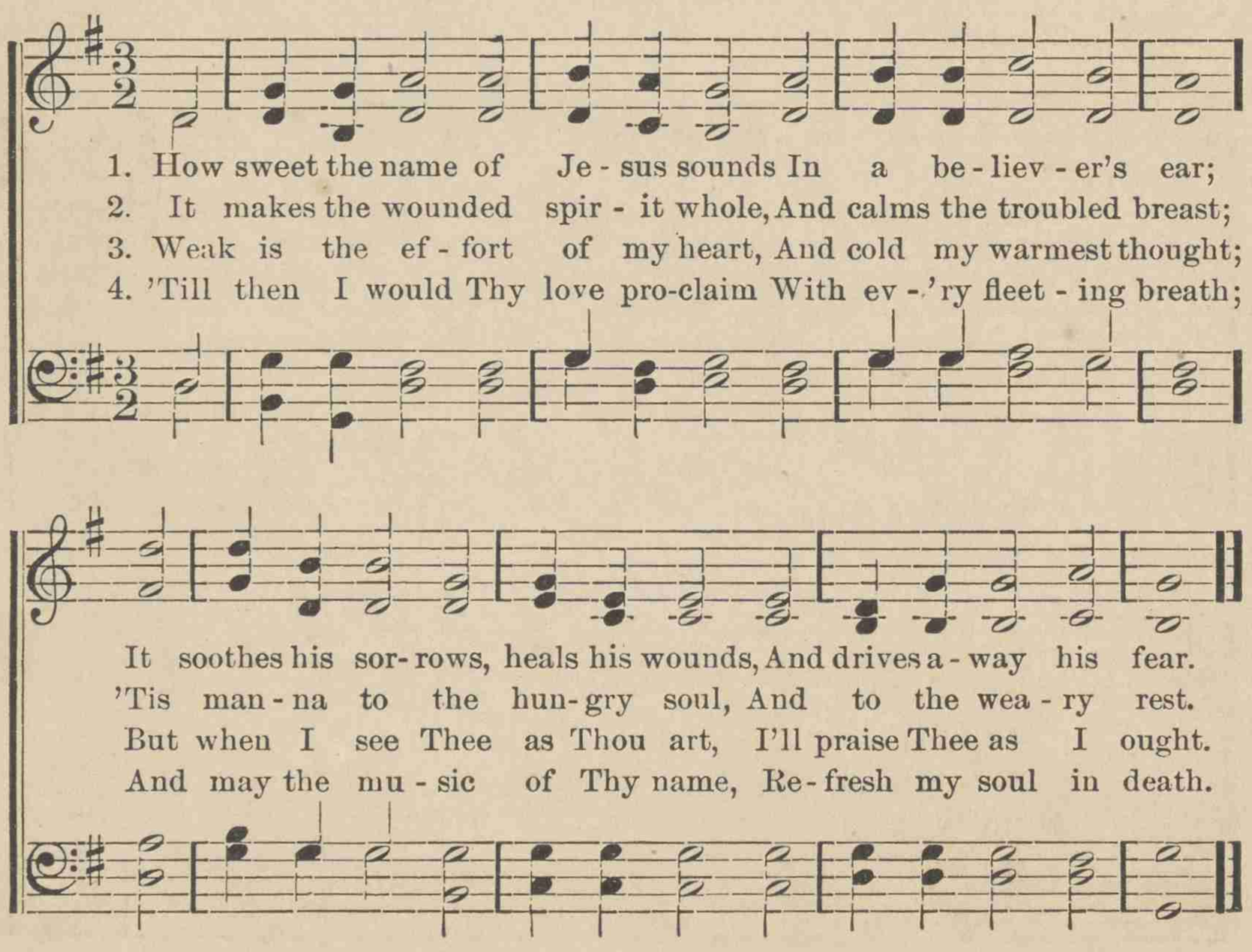


No. 3. SHEPHERD. 7s.

J. S. L.

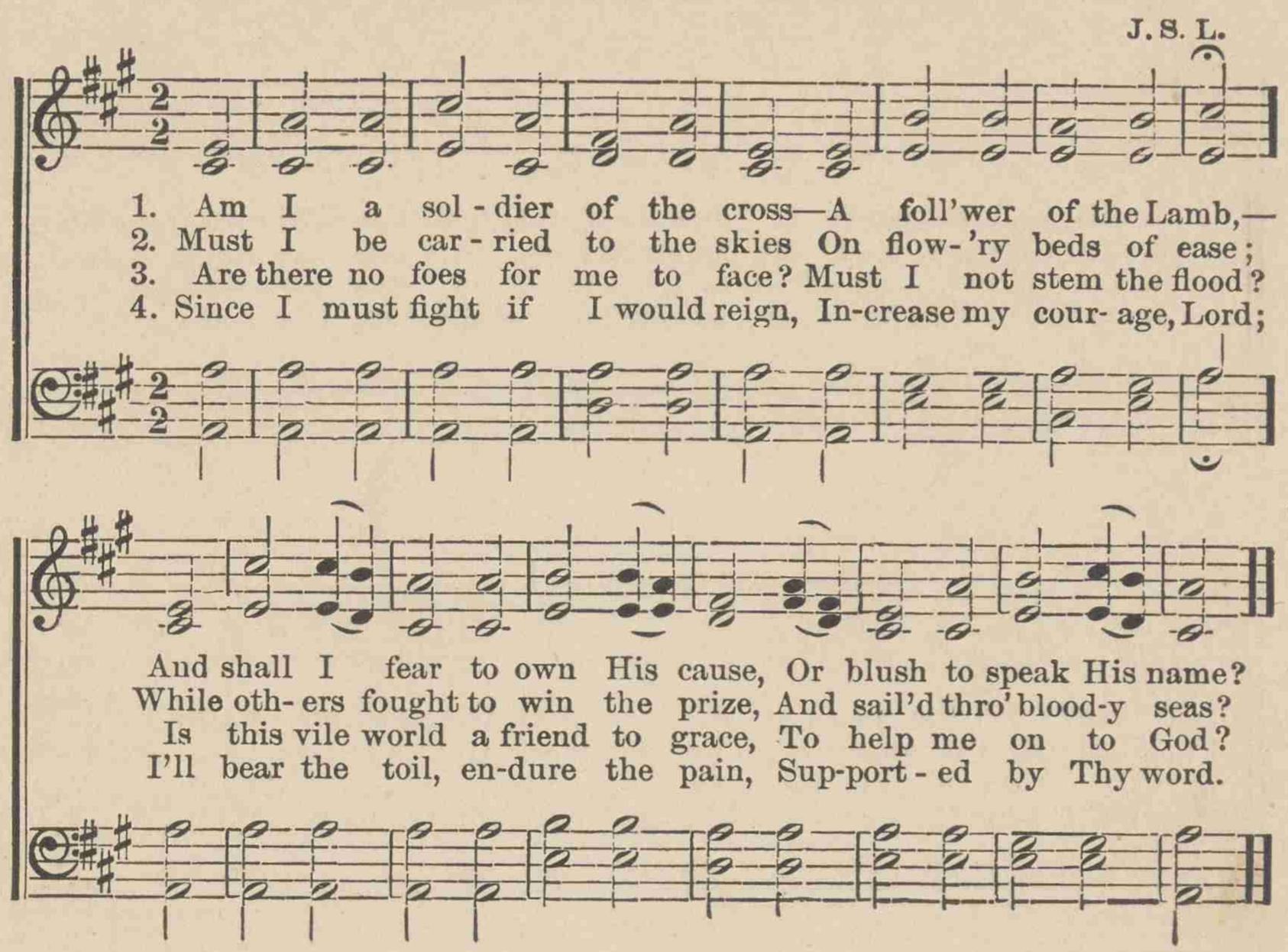


No. 4. AZMON. C. M.



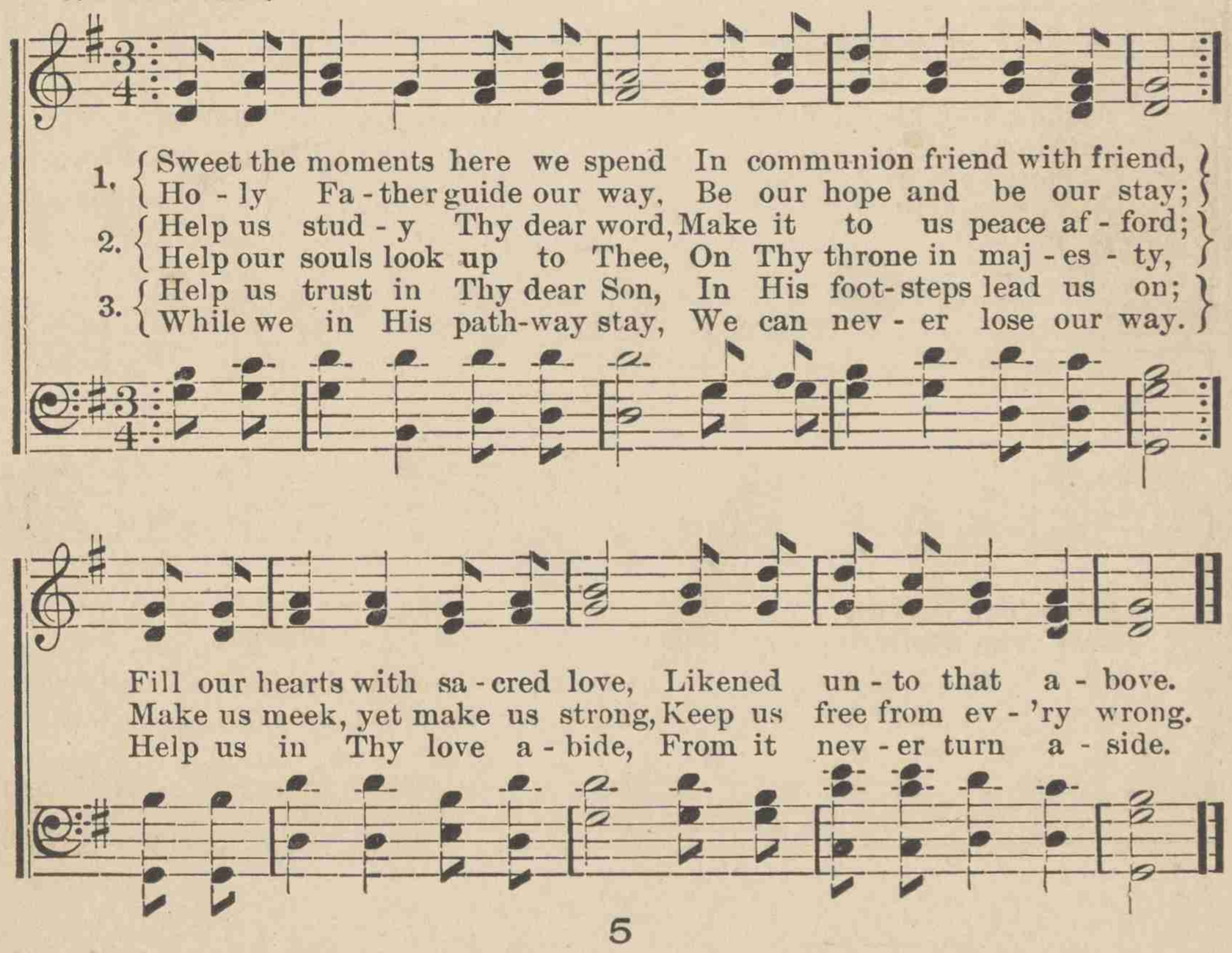
No. 5. STEADMAN. C. M.

J. S. L.



No. 6. COMPTON. 7s. 6l.

J. S. LEONARD. H. C. WILSON.



No. 7. CROWN. C. M.

J. S. LEONARD.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is- rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall,

Bring forth the roy - al dia - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

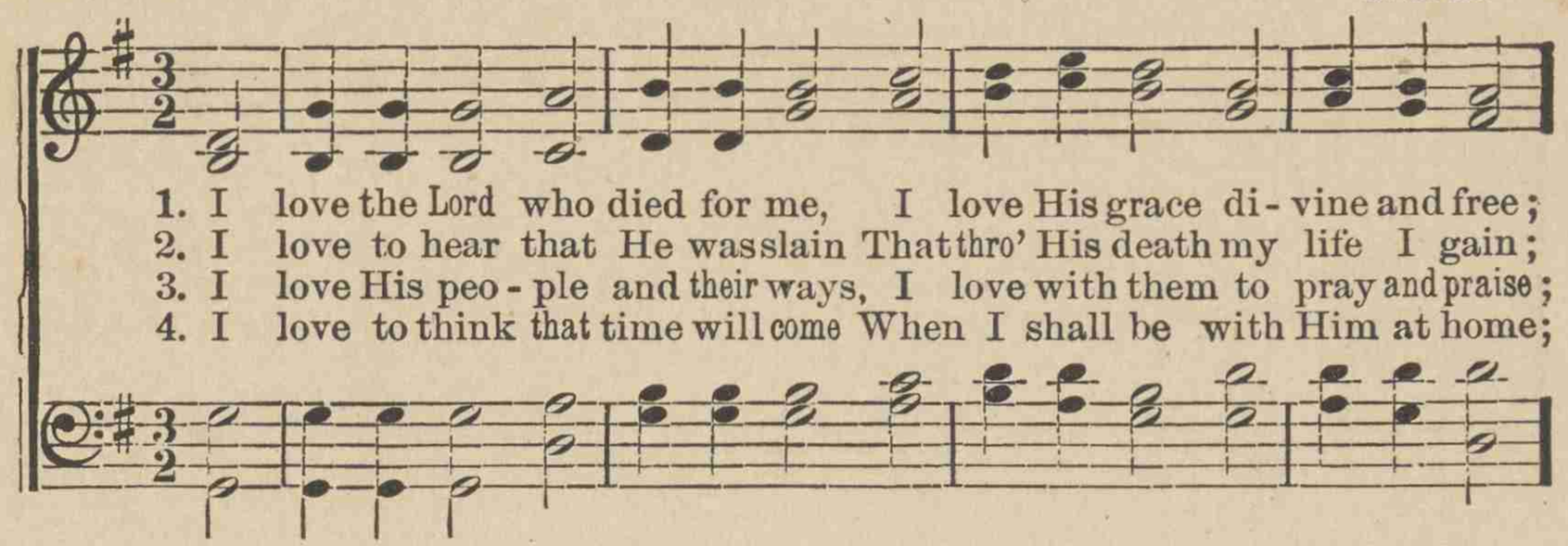
CHORUS.

And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of all;
And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of all;
And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of all;
And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as- cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 8. LOVE. L. M.

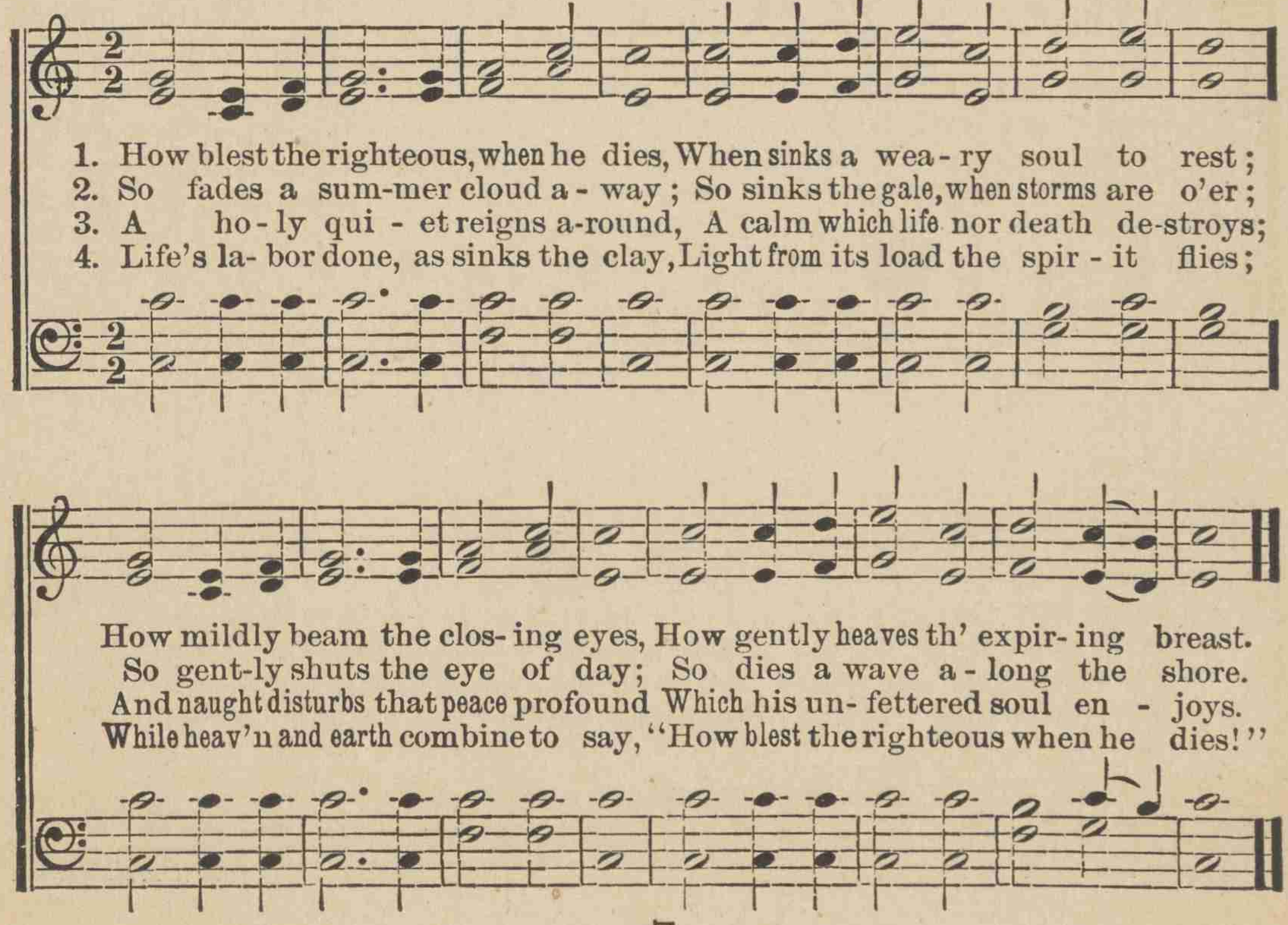
J. S. L.





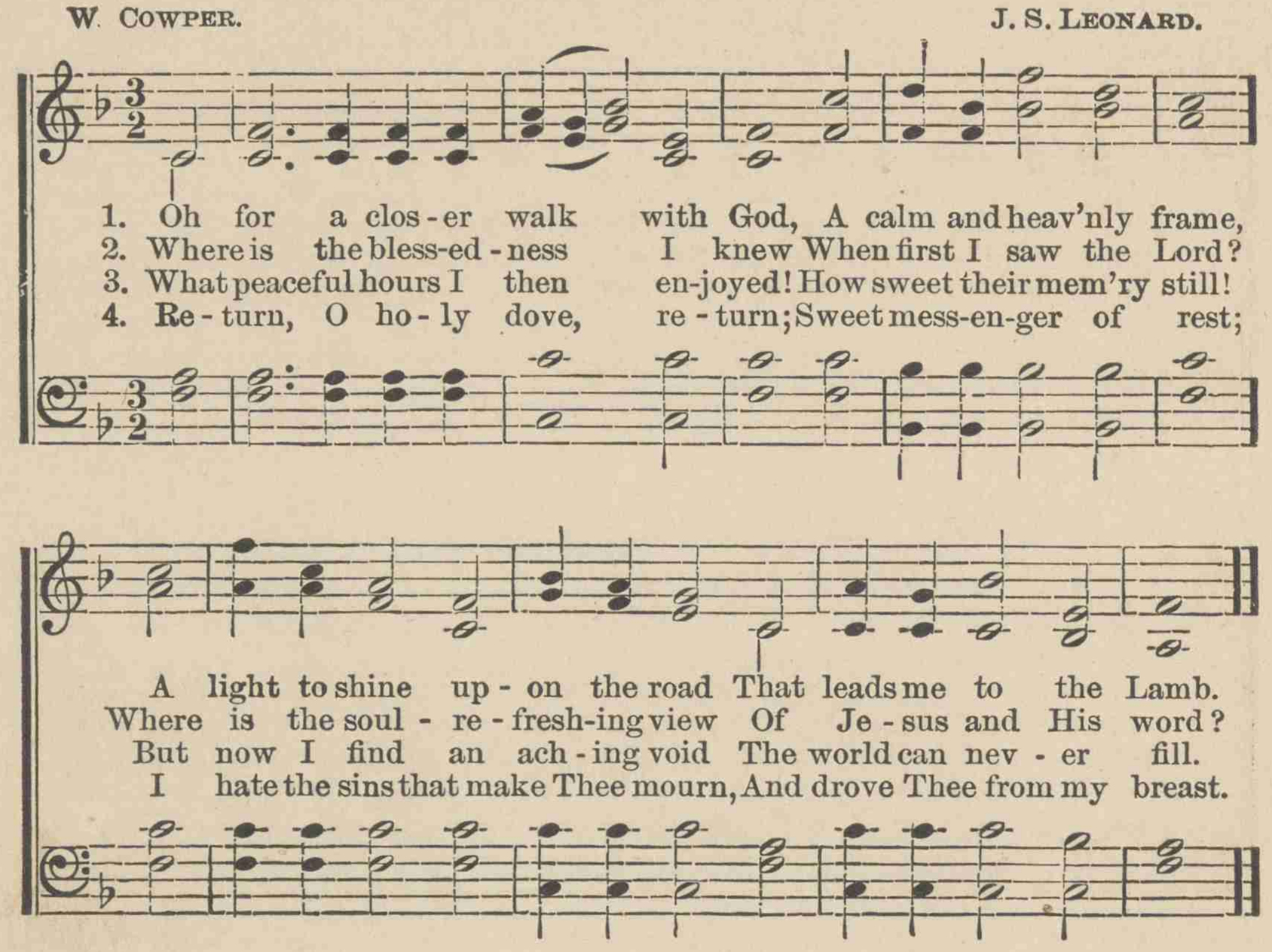
No. 9. PEACE. L. M.

BARBAULD. J. S. L.



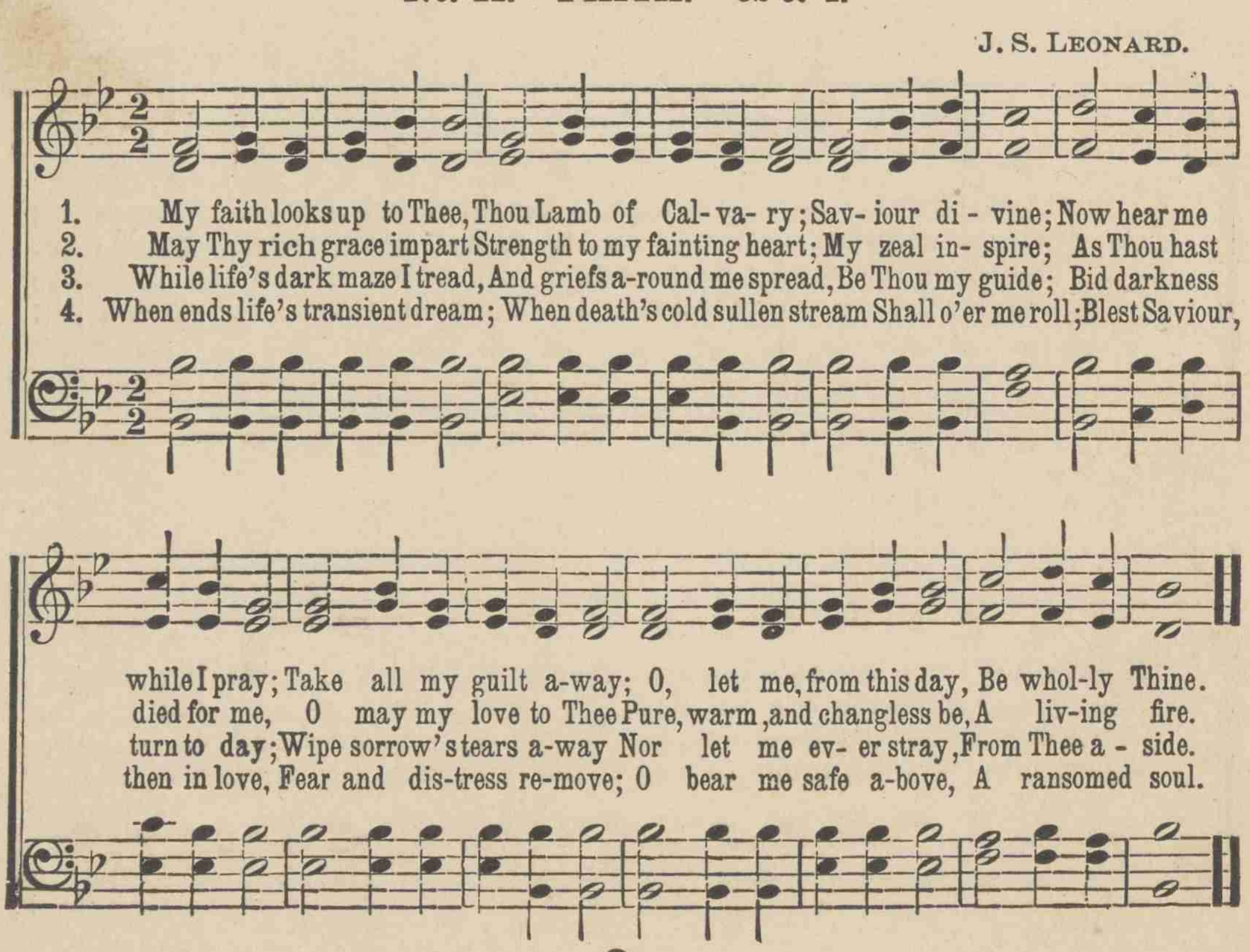
No. 10. ROSEBORO. C. M.

W. COWPER. J. S. LEONARD.



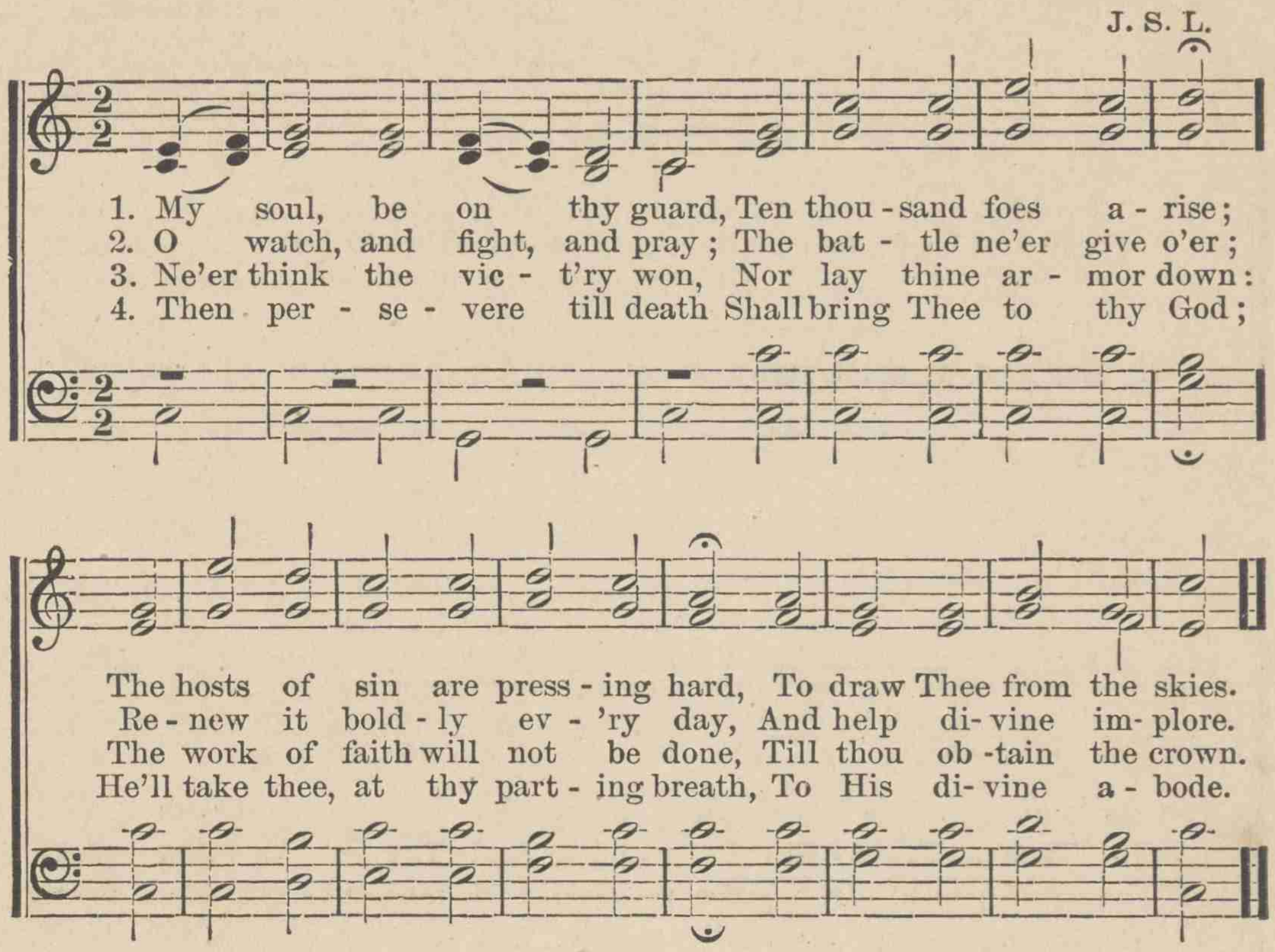
No. 11. FAITH. 6s & 4.

J. S. LEONARD.



No. 12. GUARD. S. M.

J. S. L.



No. 13. PRAISE. C. M.

J. S. LEONARD.



No. 14. REDEEMER. C. M.

J. S. LEONARD.

1. Thou dear Re-deem- er, dy - ing Lamb I love to hear of Thee;
2. Oh, may I ev - er hear Thy voice; In mer-cy to me speak;
3. O, all ye na- tions praise the Lord, His glo - ri- ous acts pro-claim,
4. His love is great, His mer - cy sure, And faith-ful is His word;

No mu- sic's like Thy charming name, Nor half so sweet can be.
In Thee my Priest will I re- joice, And Thy sal - va - tion seek.
The full-ness of His grace re- cord, And mag - ni - fy His name.
His Truth for - ev - er shall en-dure, For - ev - er praise the Lord.

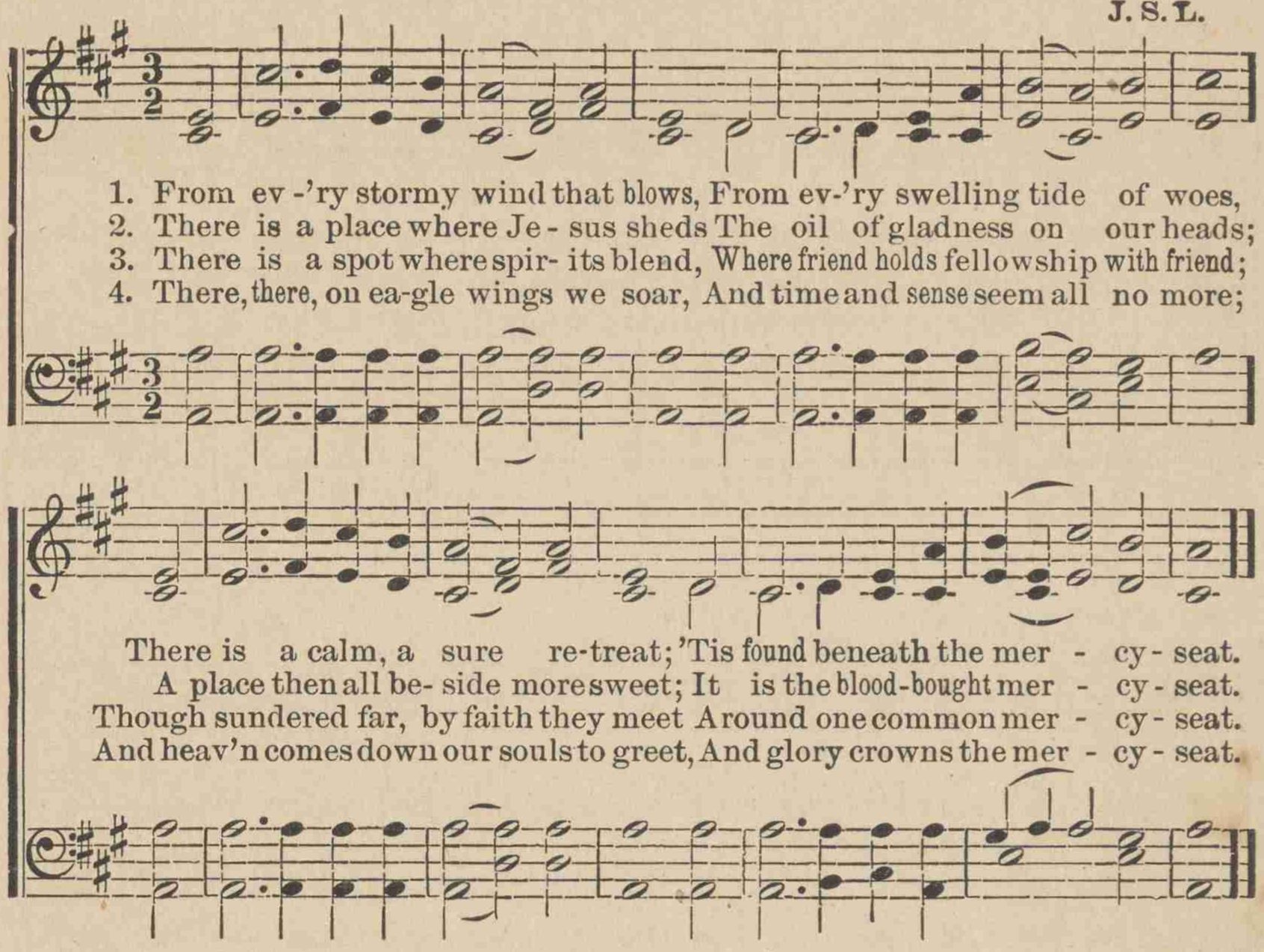
CHORUS.

When I ap- pear in yon- der cloud, With all His fa - vored throng,

Then will I sing more sweet, more loud, And Christ shall be my song.

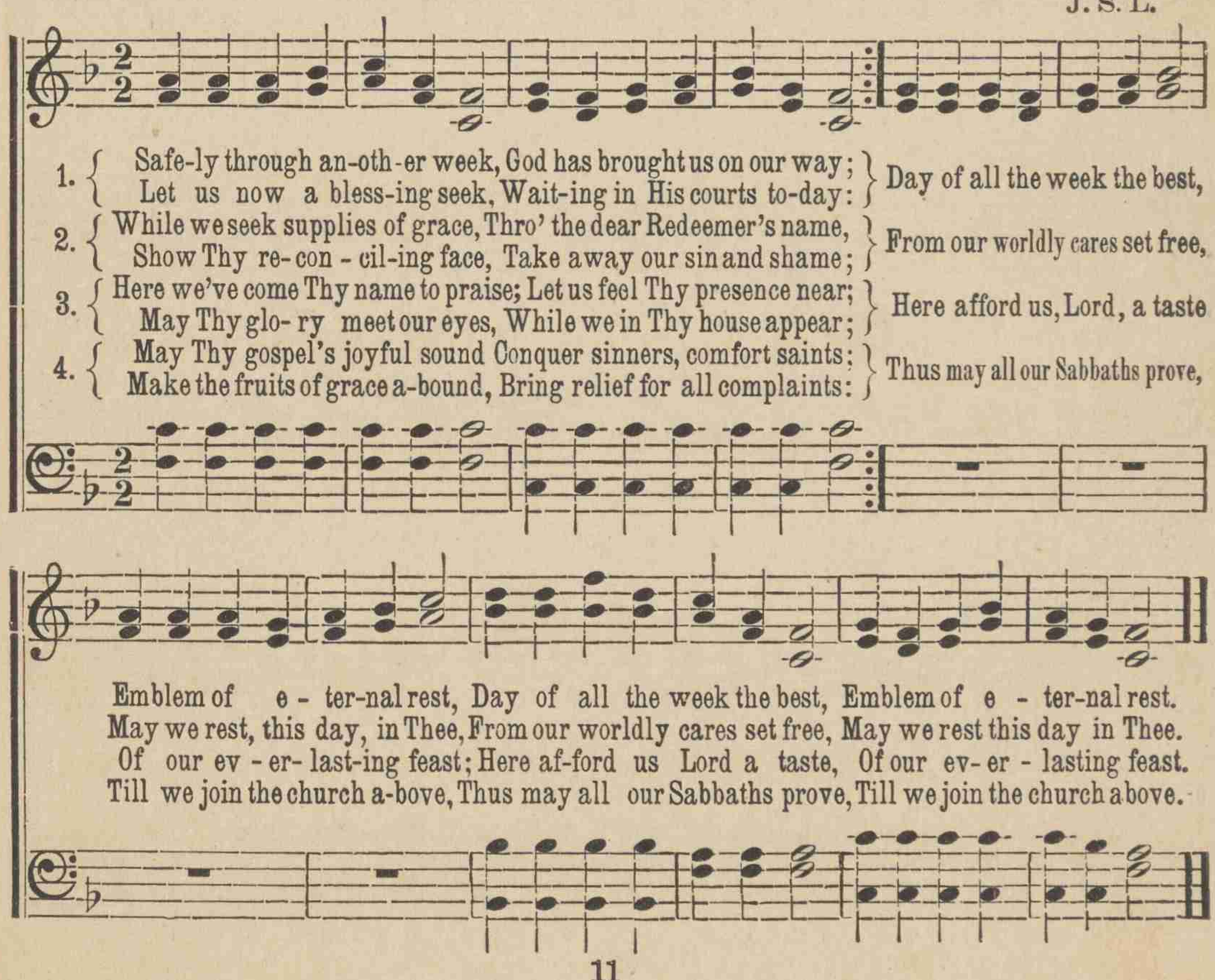
No. 15. SYLVESTER. L. M.

J. S. L.



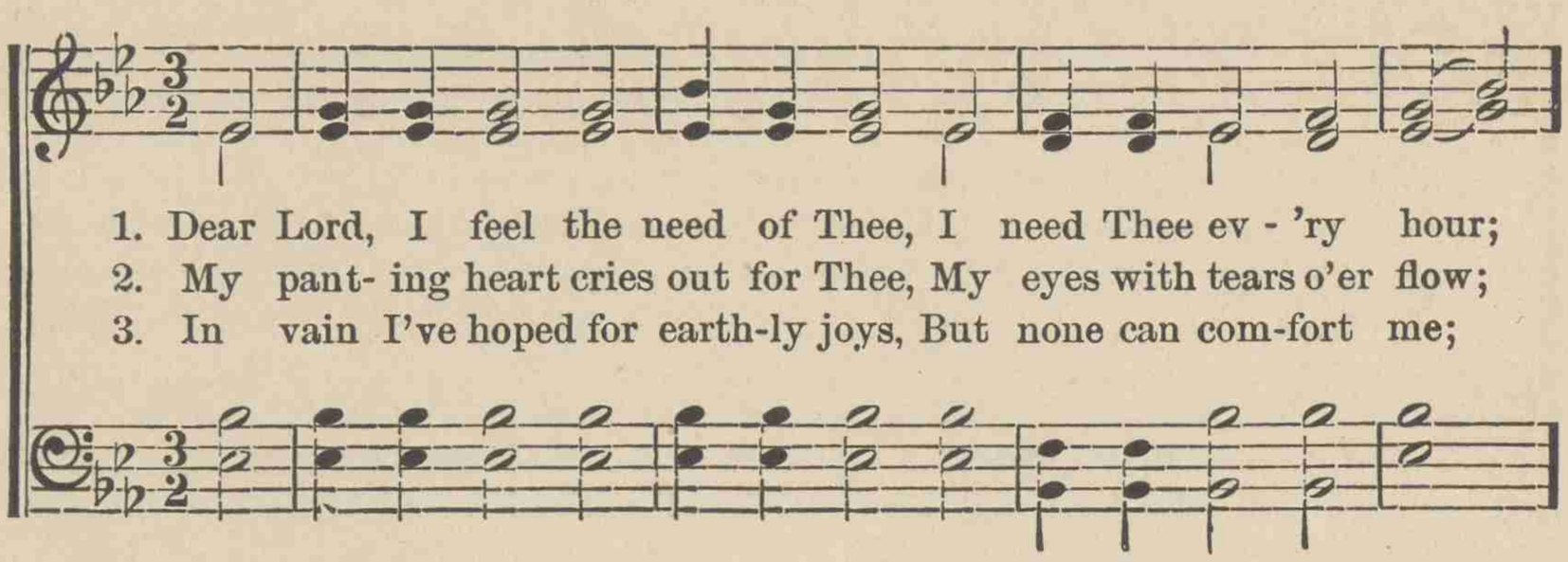
No. 16. SABBATH. 7s.

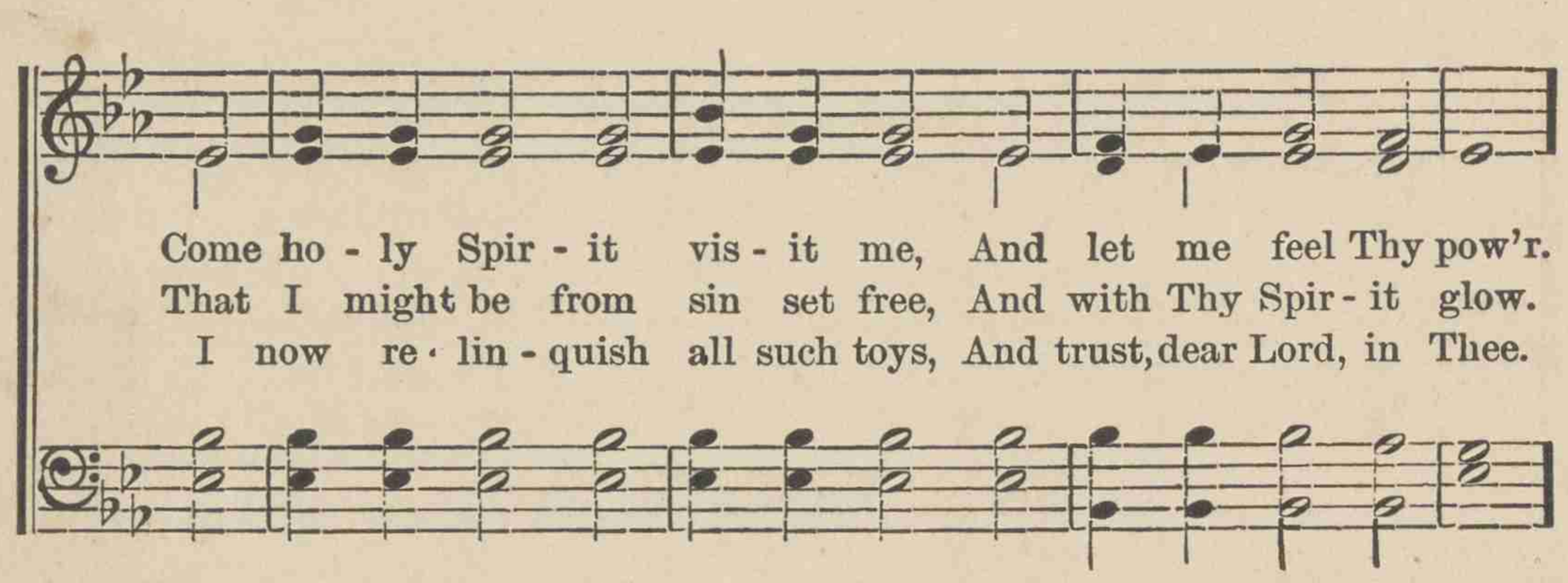
J. S. L.



No. 17. NEED OF THEE. C. M.

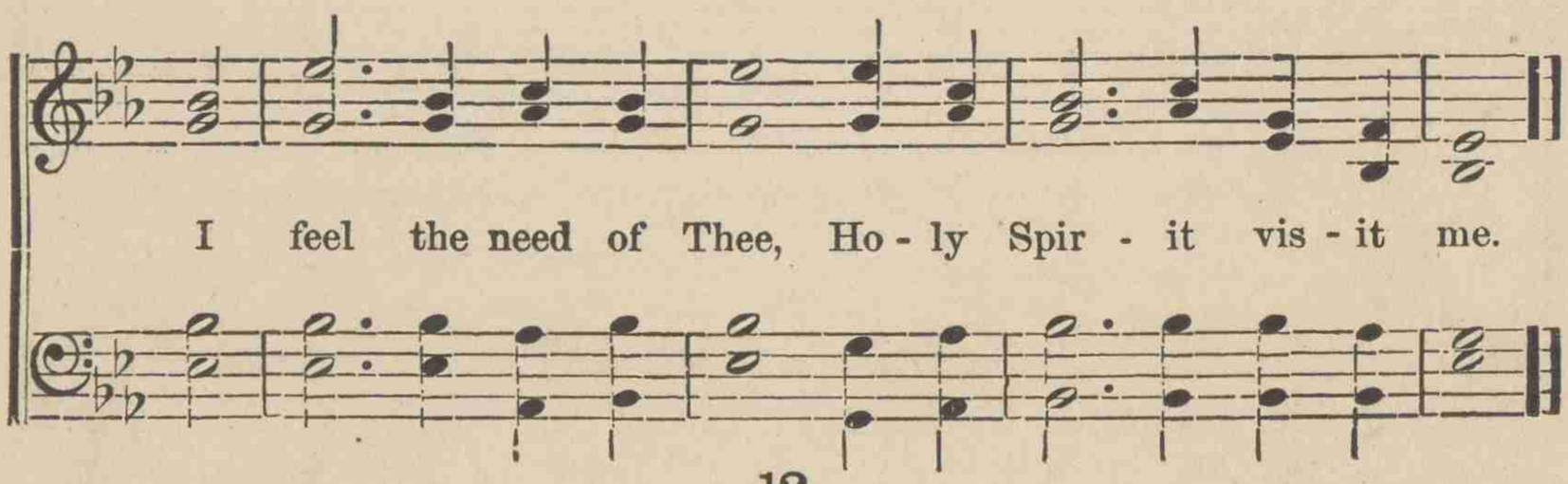
J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD.





CHORUS.





No. 18. HOME OF REST. C. M.

J. S. L.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the mo-ment come,
2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a- bides; And nev - er with'ring flow'rs,
3. Sweet fields be- yond the swell- ing flood, Stand dress'd in liv - ing green,

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell with thee at home.
Death like a nar - row sea di- vides, This heavenly land from ours.
So to the Jews fair Ca - nan stood, While Jor- dan rolled be- tween.

CHORUS.

When will the mo - ments come, When will the mo-ments come;

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell with Thee at home.

No. 19. TOWNSEND. L. M.

J. S. L.

1. A- wake, my soul to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re -
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet lov'd me not - with -
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of might - y foes, Tho' earth and hell my
4. When troub-le like a gloom - y cloud, Has gath-ered thick and

deem - ers praise, He just - ly claims a song from me, His
stand - ing all, He sav'd me from my lost es - tate, His
way op - pose, Ho safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His
thun-dered loud, He near my soul has al - ways stood, His

lov- ing kind-ness, oh, how free, His lov - ing kind-ness, oh, how free.
lov- ing kind-ness, oh, how great, His lov - ing kind-ness, oh, how great.
lov- ing kind-ness, oh, how strong, His lov - ing kind-ness, oh, how strong.
lov- ing kind-ness, oh, how good, His lov - ing kind-ness, oh, how good.

No. 20. STOP, POOR SINNER.

J. S. LEONARD.

1. Stop, poor sin - ner, stop and think Be - fore you
2. Say, have you an arm like God, That you His
3. Ghast- ly death will quick - ly come And drag you
4. Tho' your heart were made of steel, Your fore - head

fur - ther go: Will you sport up - on the
will op - pose, Fear ye not that i - ron
to his bar; Then to hear your aw - ful
lined with brass; God at length will make you

brink Of ev - er - last - ing woe? On the verge of
rod, With which He breaks His foes? Can you stand in
doom Will fill you with de - spair! All your sins will
feel He will not let you pass; Sin - ners, then in

ru - in stop—Now the friend - ly warn - ing take—Stay your
that dread day, Which His jus - tice shall pro- claim, When the
round you crowd. You shall mark their crim - son dye; Each for
vain will call, Those who now de - spise His grace, Rocks and

foot - steps ere you drop In - to the burn - ing lake.
earth shall melt a - way Like wax be - fore the flame.
ven- geance cry - ing loud And what can you re - ply.
mount-ains on us fall, And hide us from His face.

No. 21. A PLACE IN HEAVEN.

J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD.

1. There is a place in heav - en, Where the saints in glo - ry reign;
2. There is a place in heav - en, Where the saints in glo - ry stand;
3. There is a place in heav - en, That we call the gold - en shore;

There is a place in heav - en Where there's neither grief nor pain.
There is a place in heav - en, Where they form a un - ion band.
A place to meet your fa - ther, And your moth - er gone be - fore.

There is a place in heav- en, Where the Sav-iour reigns on high;
There is a place in heav- en, Where they walk the gold - en street;
A place the bless - ed Sav - iour Stands and pleads for you to come;

And by the grace He's giv - en, We may see Him bye and bye.
It is the place the ran-somsd souls Will all each oth - er greet.
Dear sin- ner, heed His bless - ed call, Ac - cept his bless - ed home.

A PLACE IN HEAVEN.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



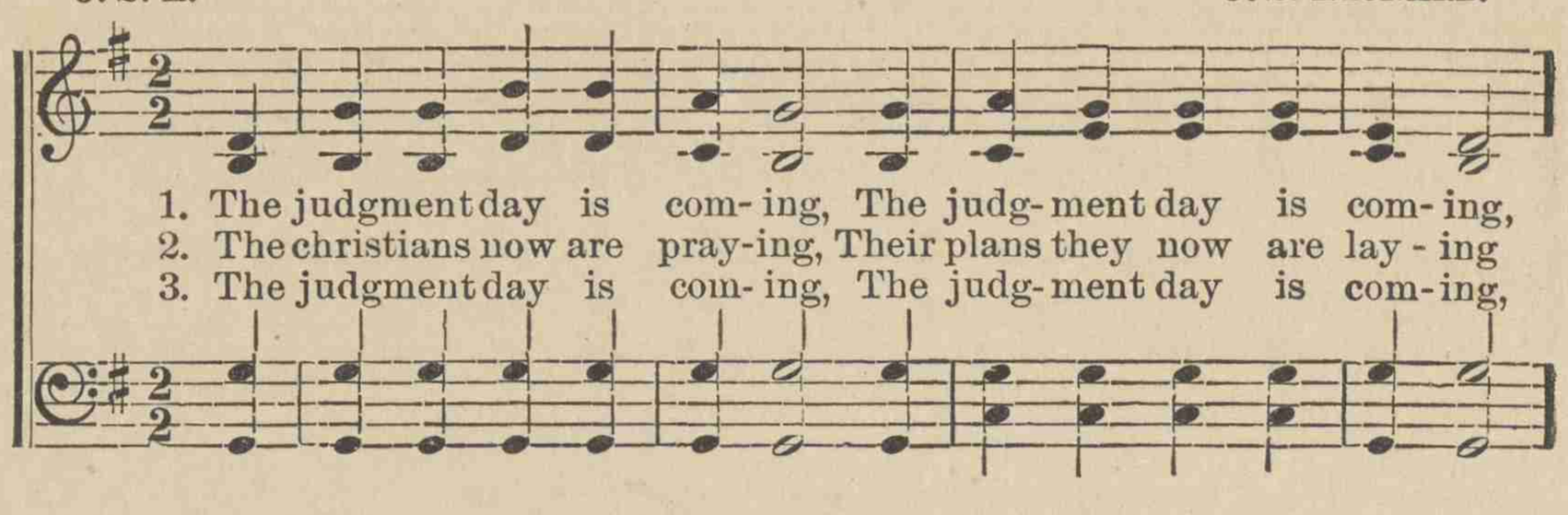


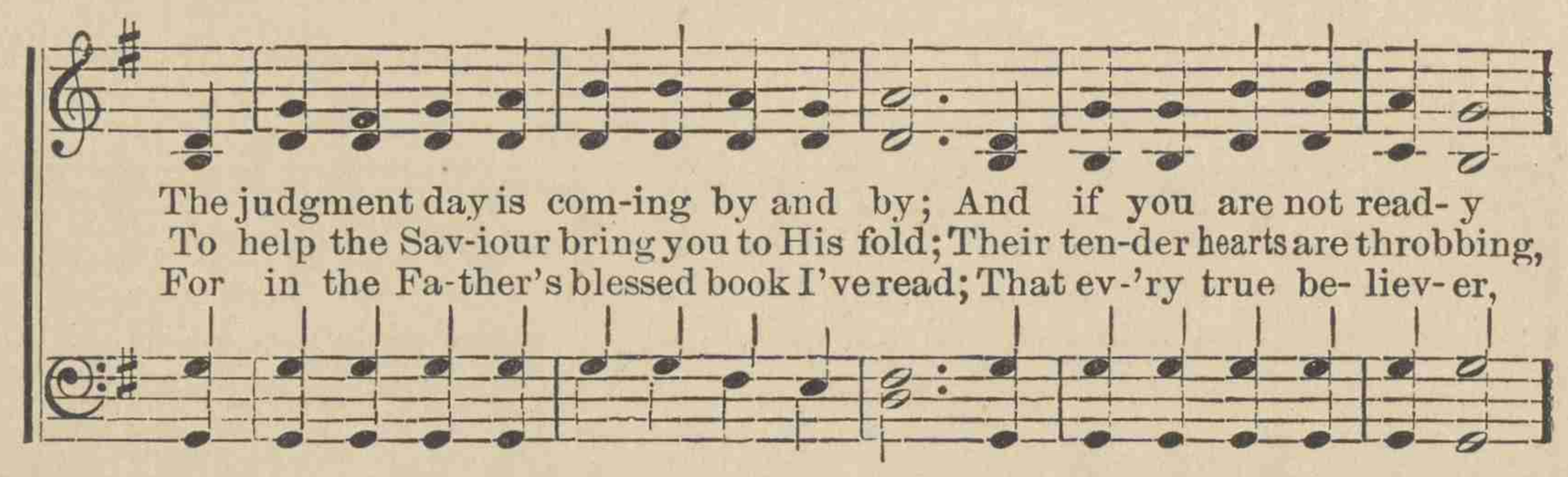


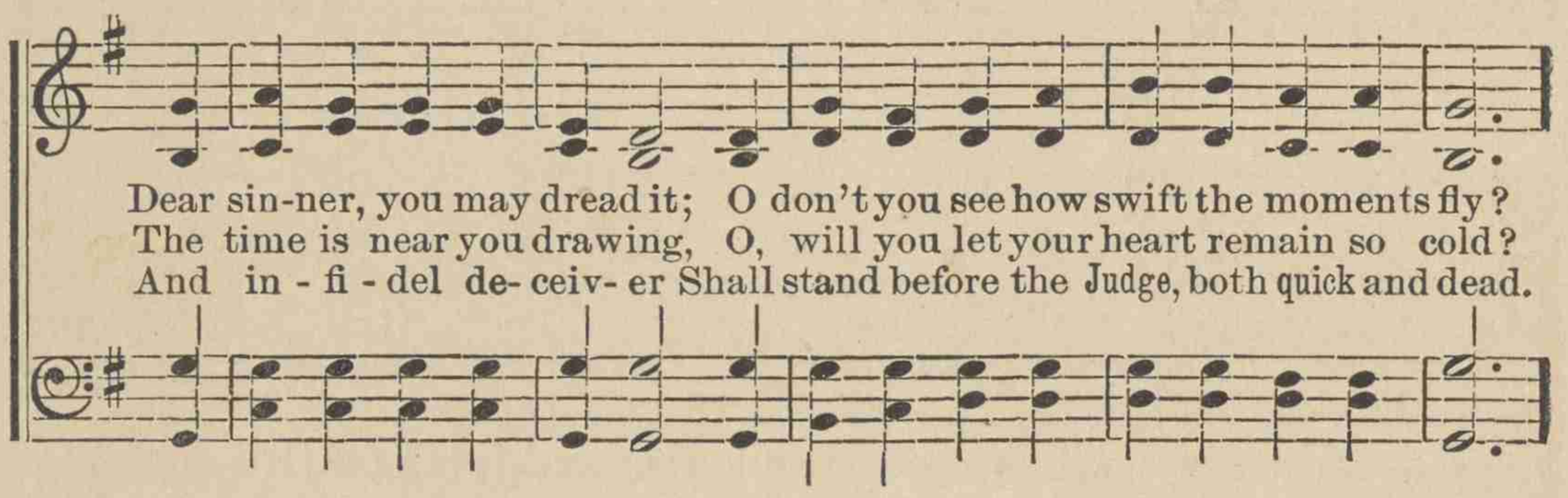


No. 22. JUDGMENT DAY.

J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD.





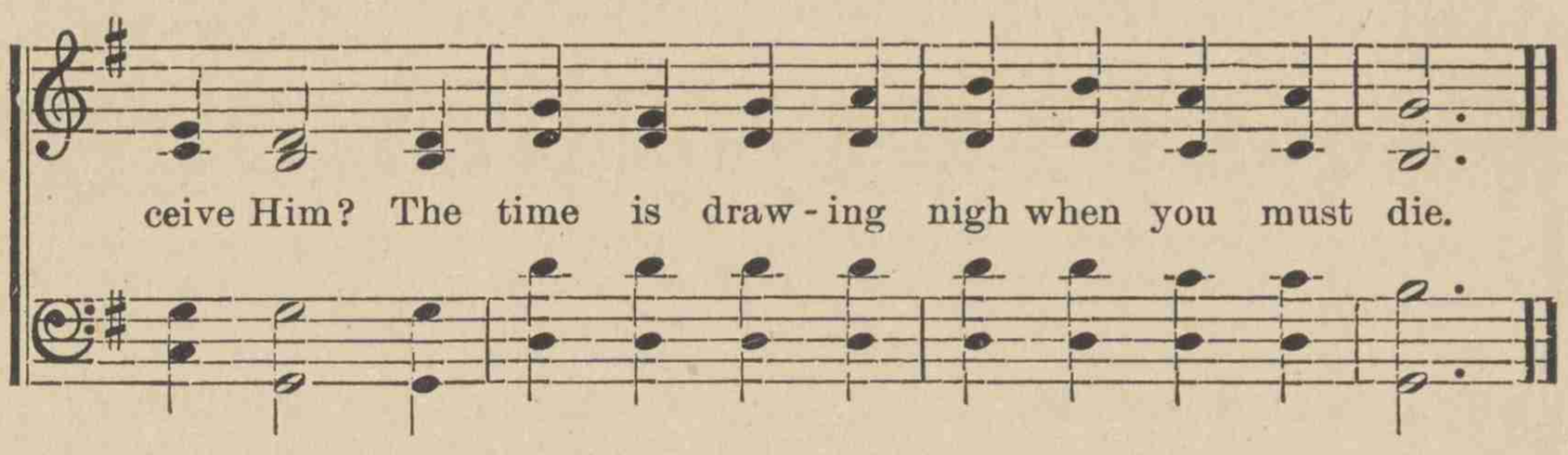


CHORUS.



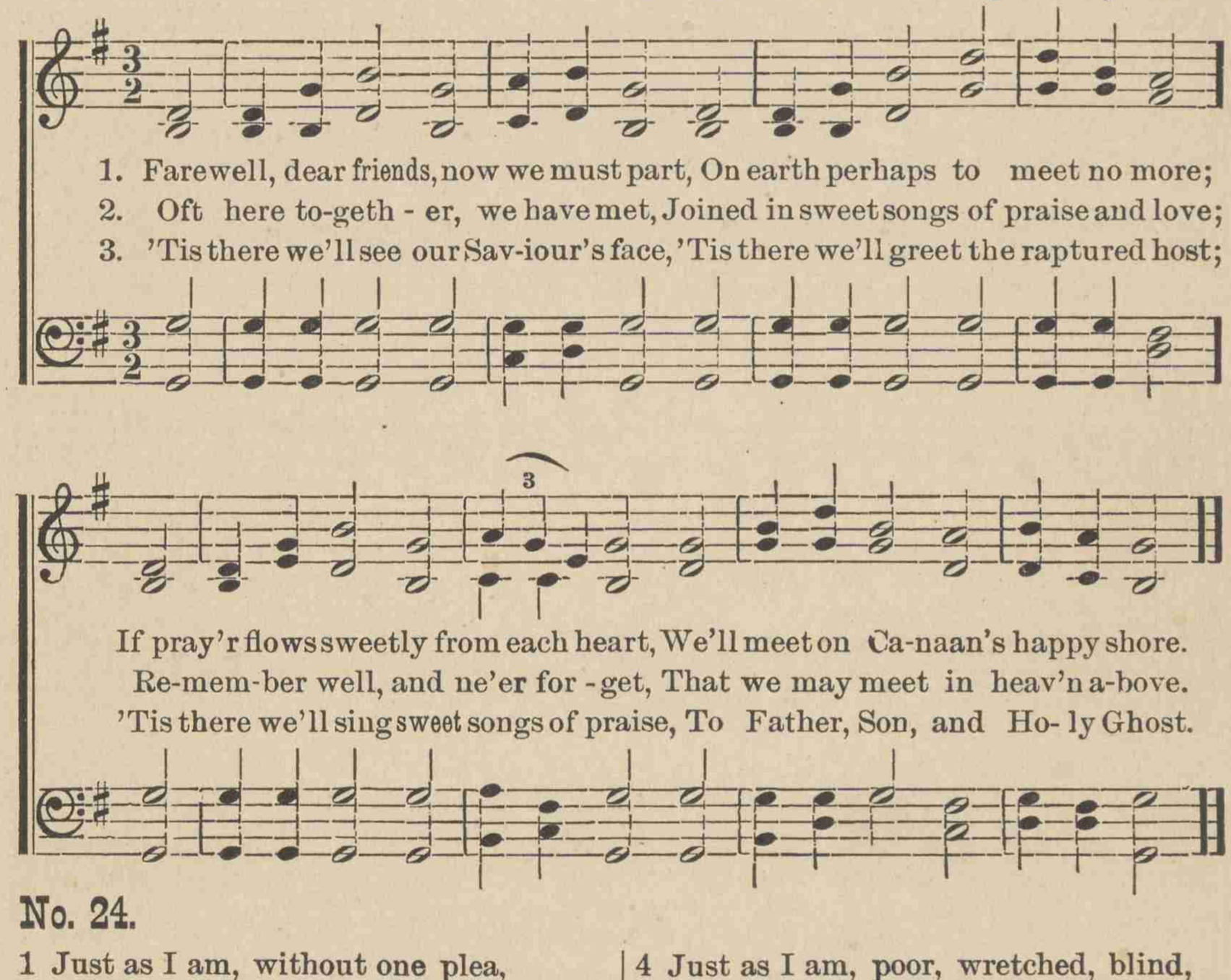


JUDGMENT DAY.—Concluded.



No. 23. FAREWELL. L. M.

J. S. LEONARD'S 1st. Composition, 1872.



No. 24.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

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

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

6 Just as I am; Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

No. 25. WHY WILL YOU DIE?

J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD.

1. Sin sick soul, why will you die? God the Fa - ther is ask - ing you why, Christ the physician is stand-ing near by. Healing and
2. Poor and need - y, sick and blind, Bur - dened with sor- rows of ev - 'ry kind, Je-sus the Saviour can take them a-way, He the phy-
3. Look to Je - sus, and you'll be saved, He who has triumphed o'er death and the grave, Makes the weak strong and the diffident brave, Look unto

CHORUS..

cleansing all those who apply.
si-cian all pain can al- lay.
Je-sus just now and be saved.
} Sin-ner, dear sinner, O why will you die?

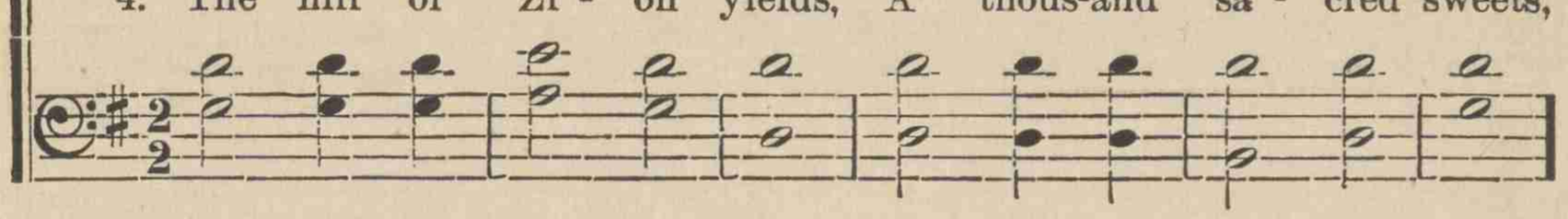
While the phy - si - cian is stand-ing so nigh, A- ble and willing the balm to ap - ply, Those who re - ject it for - ev - er shall die?

No. 26. DUPLIN. S. M.

J. S. LEONARD.



1. Come we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known;
2. The sor - rows of the mind, Be ban - ished from the place;
3. Let those re - fuse to sing, Who nev - er knew our God;
4. The hill of Zi - on yields, A thous-and sa - cred sweets,





Join in a song of sweet ac - cord, And thus sur-round the throne.
Re - lig - ion nev - er was de-signed, To make our pleas-ures less.
But chil- dren of the heav-'nly King, May speak their joys a - broad.
Be - fore we reach the heav-'nly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets.



CHORUS.



Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're



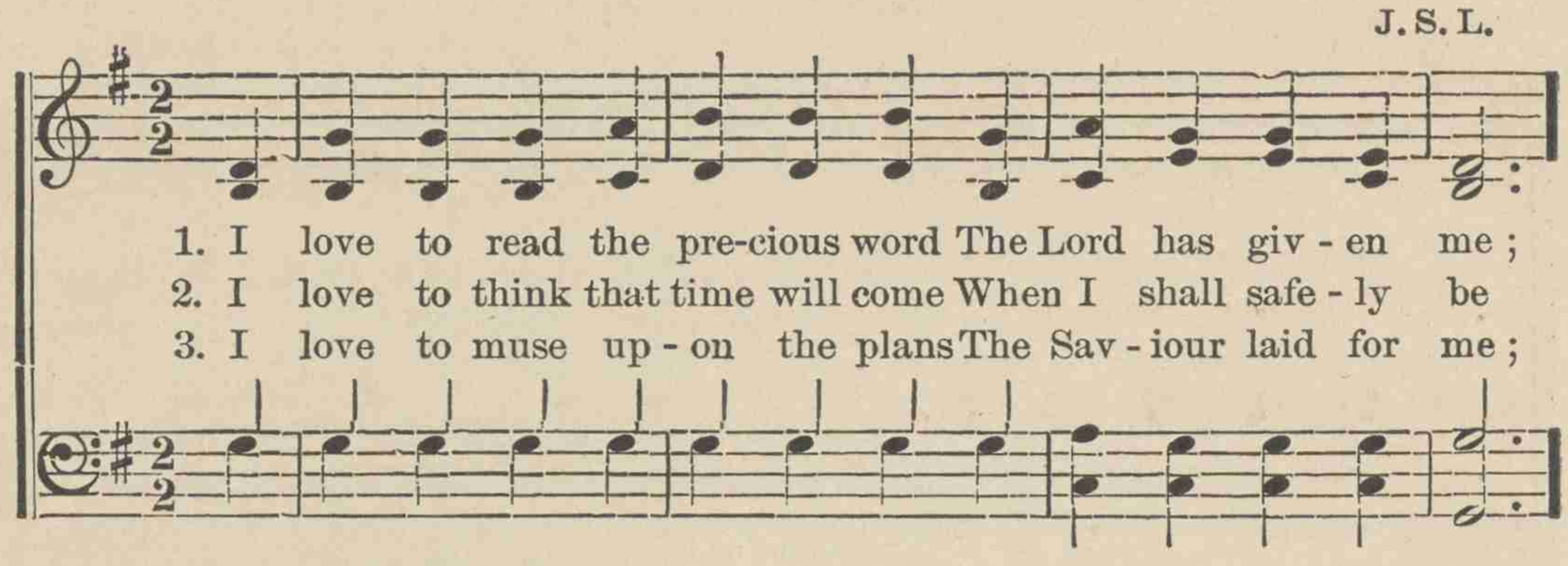


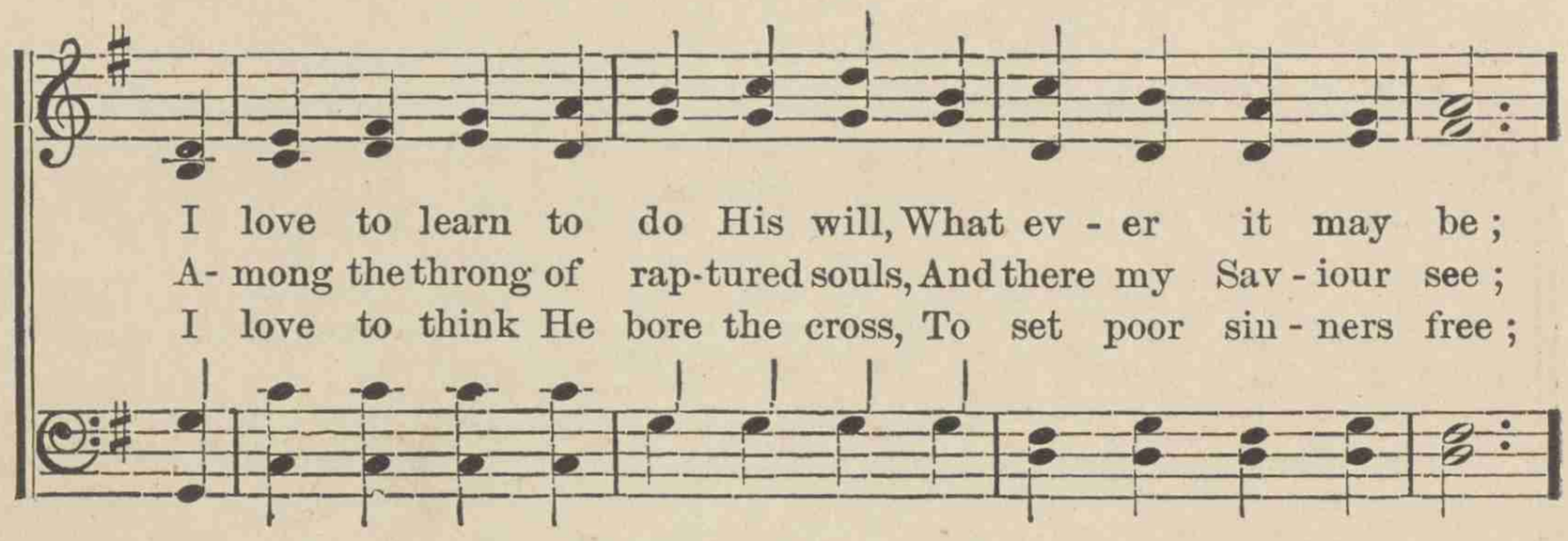
march - ing through Im- man-uels ground, To fair - er worlds on high.



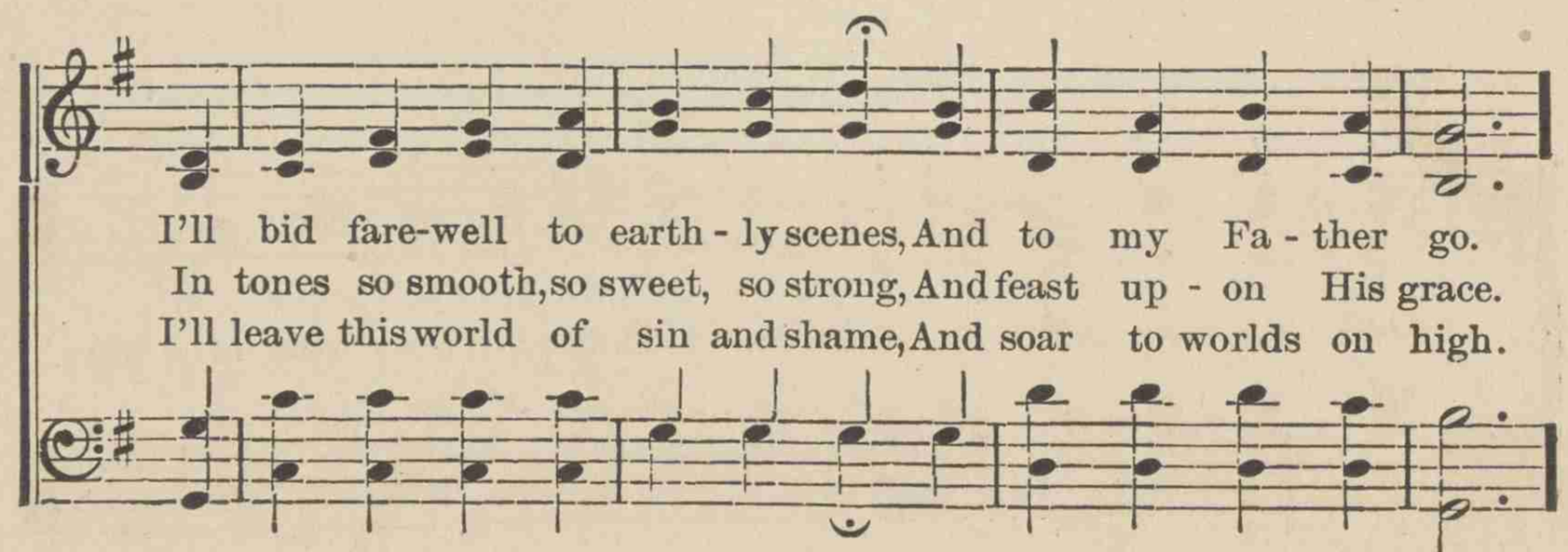
No. 27. I LOVE THE LORD.

J. S. L.





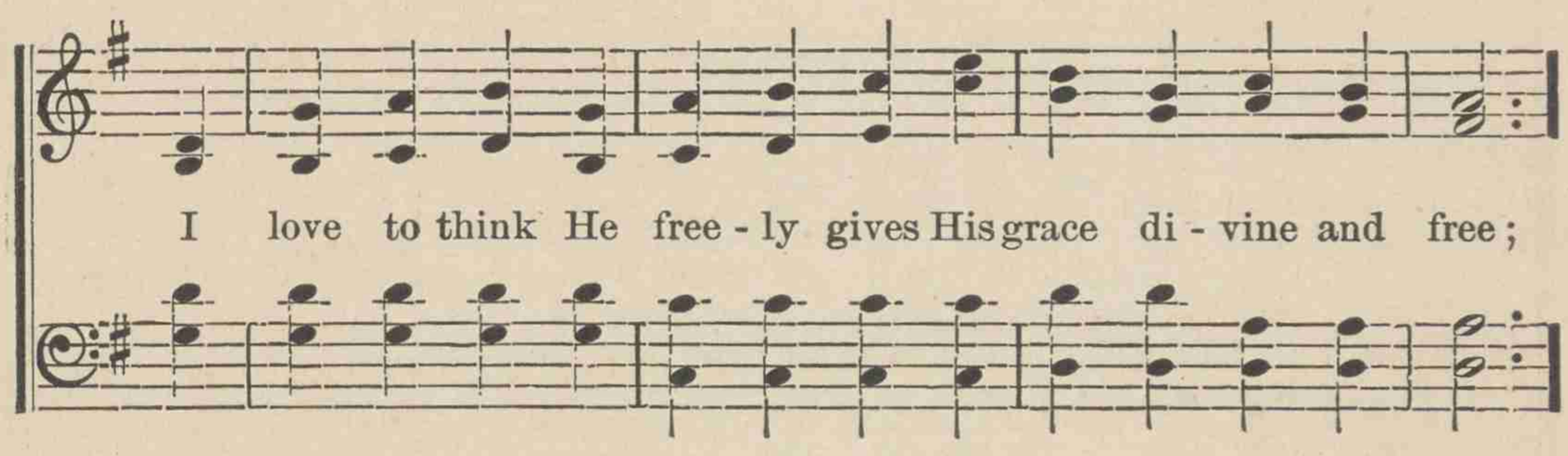




I LOVE THE LORD.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.









No. 28. FOUNTAIN.

W. C. J. S. L.

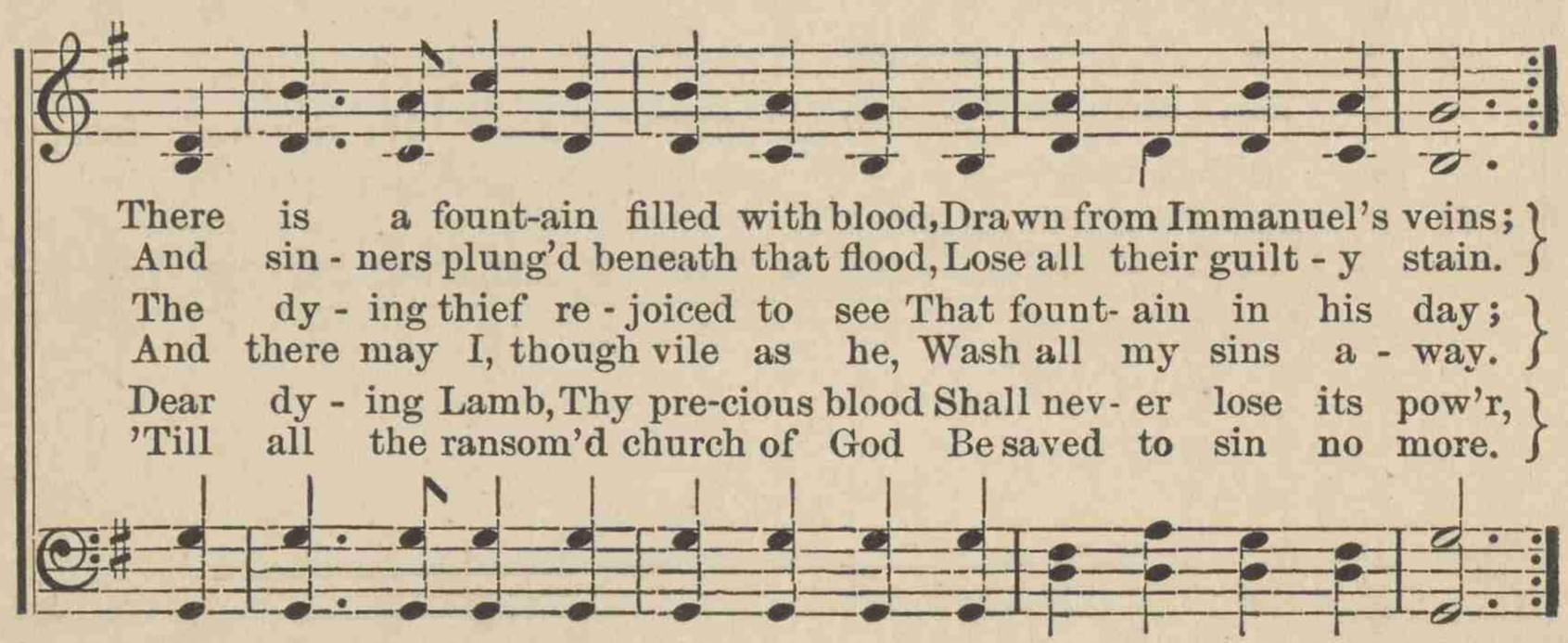


1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood,
   And sin- ners plung'd beneath that flood, Be-neath that flood, beneath that flood,

2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see, Rejoiced to see, re-joiced to see,
   And there may I, though vile as he, Tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he,

3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy precious blood, Thy precious blood, Thy precious blood,
   'Till all the ransom'd church of God, Church of God, church of God;



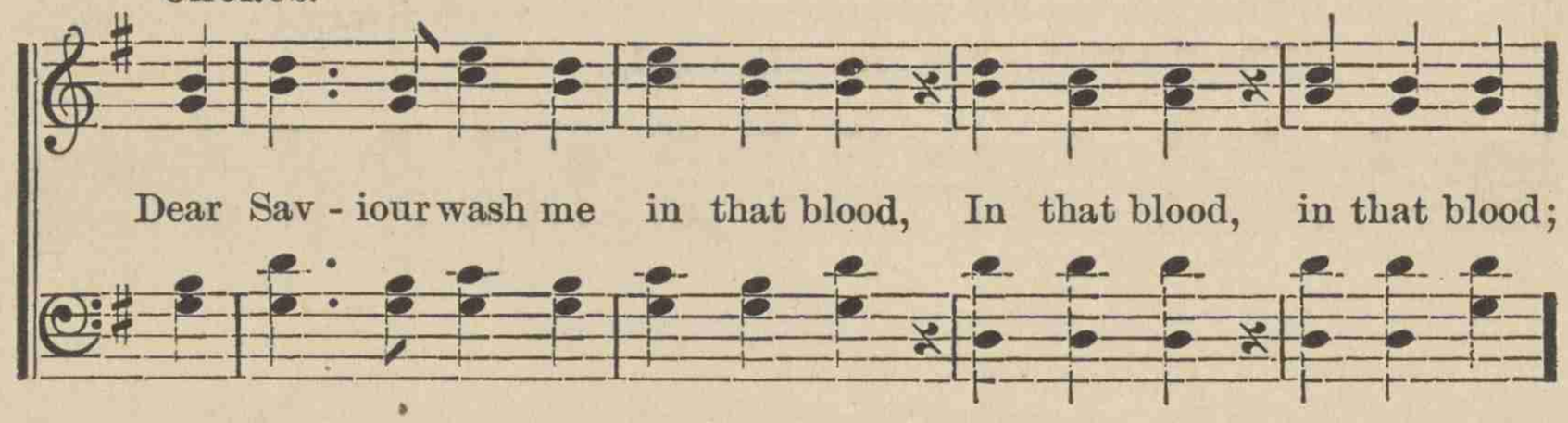


There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sin - ners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stain.

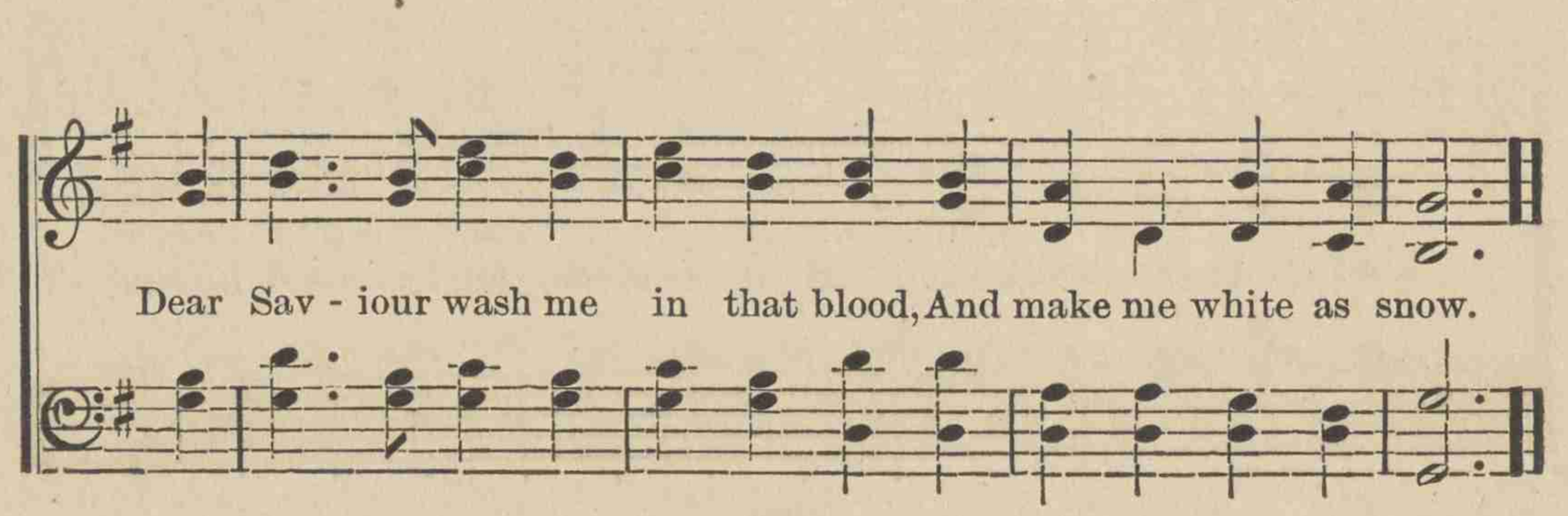
The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That fount- ain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.

Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev- er lose its pow'r,
'Till all the ransom'd church of God Be saved to sin no more.

CHORUS.



Dear Sav - iour wash me in that blood, In that blood, in that blood;



Dear Sav - iour wash me in that blood, And make me white as snow.

No. 29. FOUNT. 8 & 7.

ROBINSON. J. S. LEONARD.

1. Come, Thou fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I'll raise my Eb - en - e - zer, Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;
3. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or, Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise;
And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home;
Let Thy good-ness, as a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee;

Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it— Prone to leave the God I love—

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

No. 30. COME YE SINNERS.

J. HEART. J. S. LEONARD.

1. Come ye sin-ners, poor and need- y, Weak, and wounded, sick and sore,
2. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;
3. Ag - o - niz-ing in the gar-den, Lo! your mak-er pros-trate lies,
4. Lo th' in - car-nate God, as- cend- ed; Pleads the mer- it of His blood;

Je - sus read- y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
All the fit- ness He re - quir - eth, Is to feel your need of Him.
On the blood-y tree be - hold Him, Hear Him cry be-fore He dies.
Ven-ture on Him, ven-ture whol - ly, Let no oth - er trust in -trude.

CHORUS.

He can make you rich, and your wants can sup- ply, He can give you strength,

heal - ing balm He can ap - ply, And your sin - sick soul, made to

live and nev-er die, He in-stant-ly will save, if you on-ly will ap-ply.

No. 31. NEARER MY HOME.

J. S. LEONARD.

DUET.



1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought, Comes to me o'er and o'er,
2. I'm near my Fa- ther's house, Where ma- ny man - sions be,
3. I'm near the bound of life, Where burdens are laid down,



I'm near - er to my home to - day, Than I have been be-fore.
I'm near - er to the great white throne, And near the crys- tal sea.
I'm near - er to the chris-tian's bliss, And near-er to the crown.

REFRAIN.



Near - er my home,..... Near - er my home,.....
Nearer my home, yes, nearer my home, Nearer my home, yes, nearer my home,



Near - er to that hap - py land, Where the saints in glo - ry stand,



Near - er to my home to- day, Than I..... have been.... be - fore.

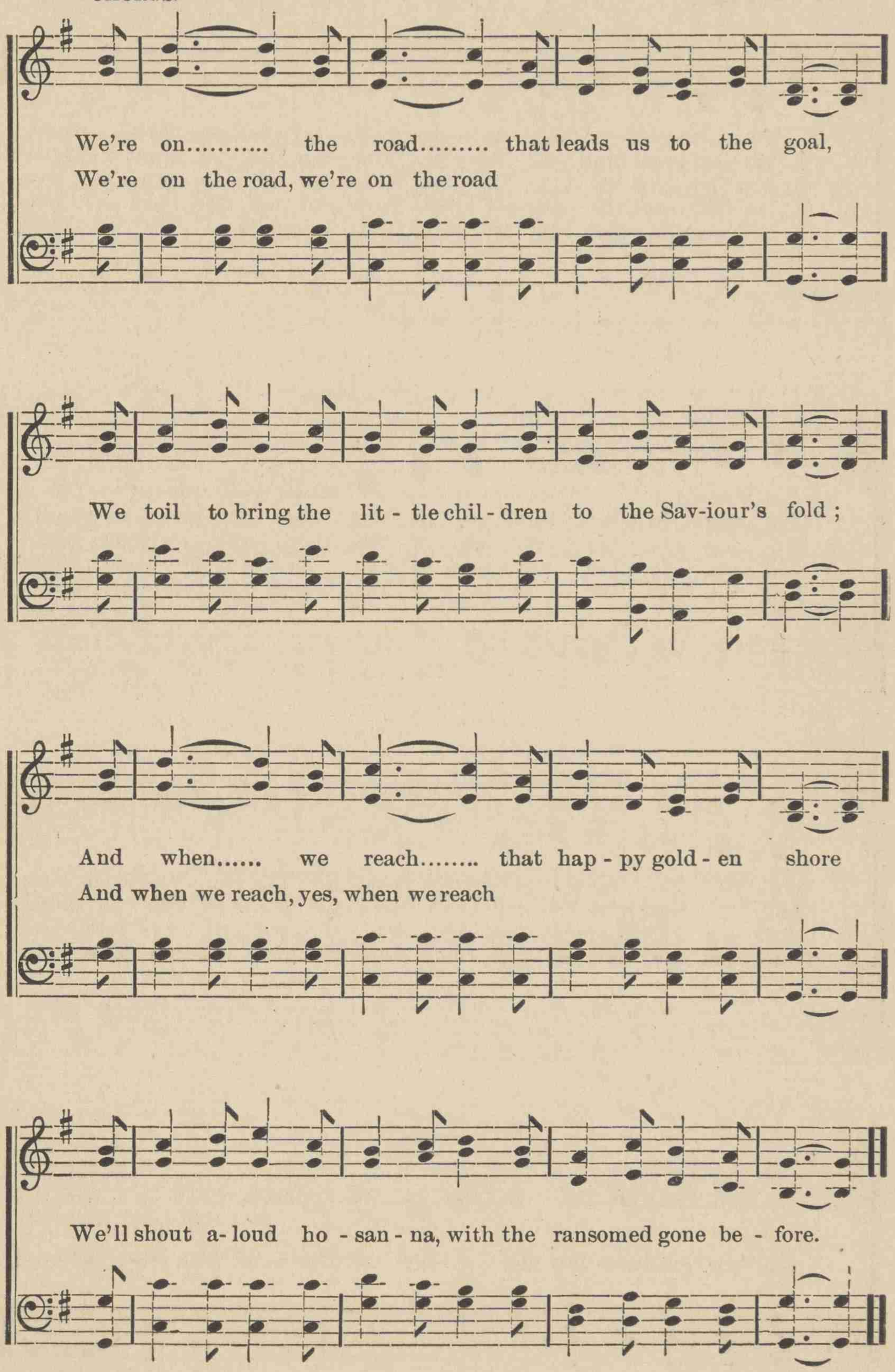
No. 32. GATHER IN THE CHILDREN.

J. S. LEONARD. J. S. LEONARD.



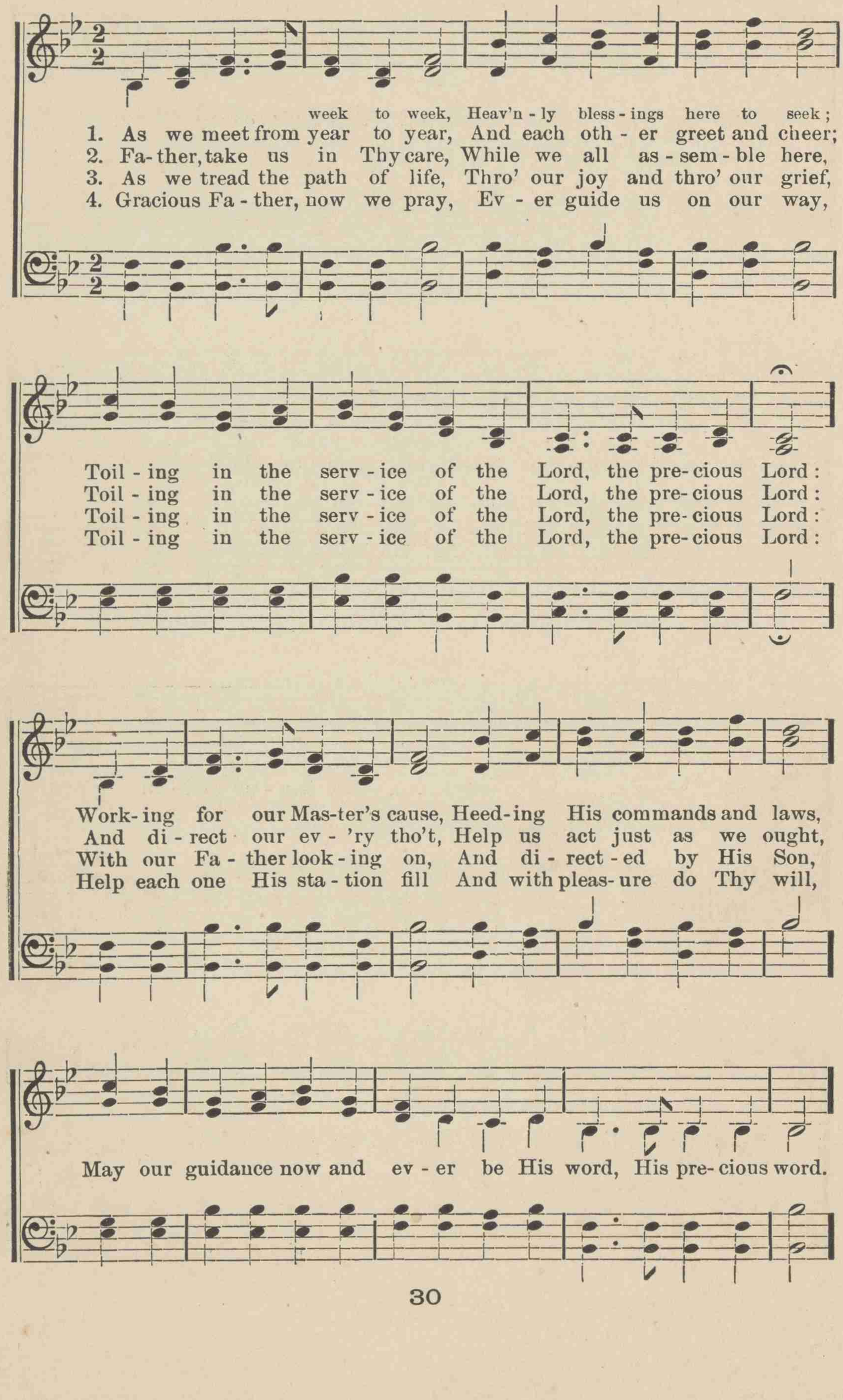
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CHORUS.


We're on..... the road..... that leads us to the goal,
We're on the road, we're on the road
We toil to bring the lit - tle chil - dren to the Sav-iour's fold ;
And when..... we reach..... that hap - py gold - en shore
And when we reach, yes, when we reach
We'll shout a- loud ho - san - na, with the ransomed gone be - fore.

No. 33. ANNUAL MEETING.

J. S. LEONARD. (Old air.) Harmonized by J. S. L.

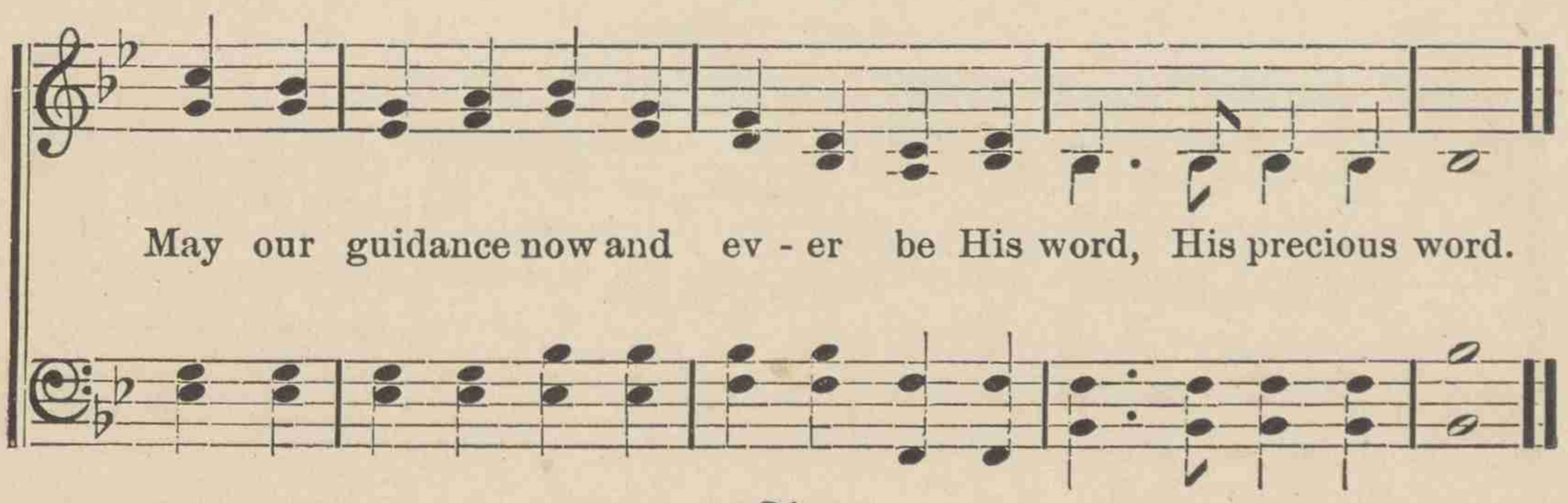


CHORUS.


Let Thy spir - it guide our way, Guard each tho't, each word we say;


May ev - 'ry act and deed be in ac - cord with Thy dear word.


Work-ing for our Mas-ter's cause, Heed-ing His commands and laws,


May our guidance now and ev - er be His word, His precious word.

No. 34. HE LEADETH ME. L. M.

J. H. GILMORE. J. S. LEONARD.

1. He lead - eth me! oh, bless - ed thought, Oh, words with heavenly com - forts fraught; What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still
2. Some-times 'mid scenes of deep - est gloom, Sometimes where E - den's flow - ers bloom, By wa - ters still, o'er troub - led sea,— Still
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur-mur nor re - pine—Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic - tory's won, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since

REFRAIN.

'tis God's hand that lead - eth me. He lead - - - eth
'tis His hand that lead - eth me.
'tis my God that lead - eth me.
God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me. He leadeth me,

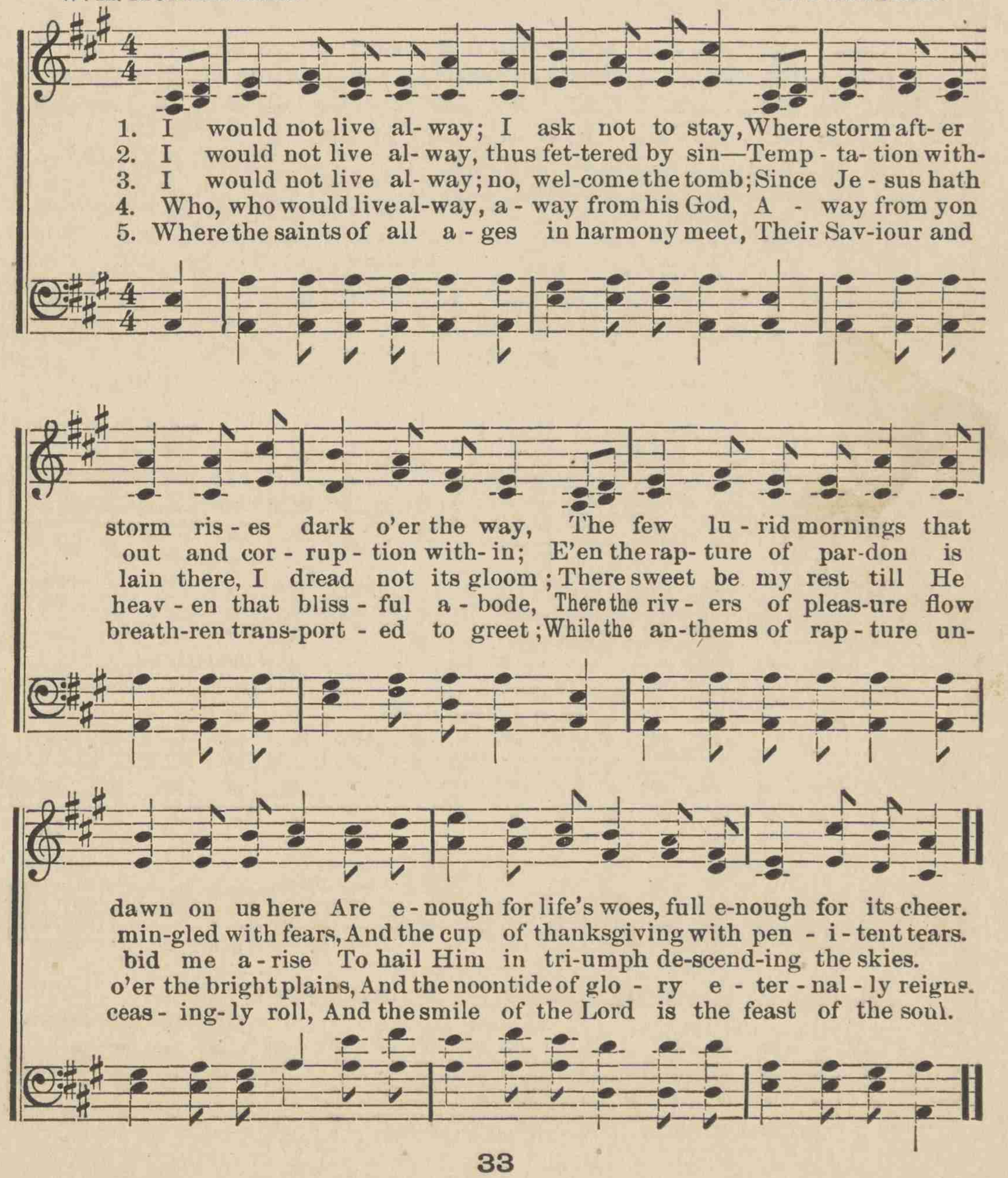
me, He lead - - - eth me, He
He leadeth me, He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me,

HE LEADETH ME.—Concluded.



No. 35. I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY. 11s.

W. A. MUHLENBERG. J. S. LEONARD.



No. 36. PRODIGAL.

J. S. LEONARD. J. S. LEONARD.

1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal now, O hear His sweet voice to-day; Wand'ring sin-ner just now make your vow,
2. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal now, O hear Him so tender-ly say; Tho' you've made that great frown on His brow,
3. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal now, He beck-ons to bring you this way, Stay no lon-ger so dis-tant in slough,

f CHORUS.

O why do you lon-ger de-lay? Wandering prodi-gal come;
Re-turn, it will van-ish a-way.
But come home to Father and stay. prod-i-gal come;

p Echo. *f*

Wan-der-ing prod-i-gal come,..... The Fa-ther is call-ing,
prod-i-gal come,

p Echo.

The Fath-er is call-ing, He's read-y to welcome you home.....
welcome you home.

No. 37. LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED. 7s & 6s. D.

NARCISSA E. DAVIS. J. S. LEONARD.

1. Let not your heart be troub - led, Oh, hear the Saviour's voice;
2. Let not your heart be troub - led, Oh, neith - er let it fear;
3. Let not your heart be troub - led, For He will come a - gain;

He's prom-ised to be with you, And make your souls re - joice.
He's prom-ised to re - mem - ber, His faith - ful chil-dren here.
And all that seems mys - te - rious, To us; He will make plain.

His man-sions now are wait - ing, For us to en - ter in;
The peace that pass-eth knowl-edge, We can - not un - der - stand;
When heav-en's gates are o - pened, And glo - ry is re - vealed;

When from this world of sor - row, We flee from ev - 'ry sin.
In ho - ly ben - e - dic - tions, Fall from His lov - ing hands.
We'll see in clear - est vis - ion What here has been con - cealed.

No. 38. CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

J. S. LEONARD. J. S. LEONARD.

1. In the ar- my of the Lord To de - fend His bless- ed word, And to
2. Ev -'ry vict'ry that we win Takes an - oth - er sol- dier in; Who will
3. We will send re-cruiting bands To those now in heathen lands, To en -
4. Un - til heathen nations all Shall have heard the gos - pel call, And the
5. When our vict'ries are complete, Then in heav-en we shall meet, With an

work for new recruits from day to day. Yes, for weeks, for months and years,
aid to ex - e - cute the Father's laws. Ev - 'ry soldier that we gain,
light - en and e - quip them for the war. Till the Pa-gans one and all,
world has heard the news that Je - sus died. Our work will not be done,
ev - er - last - ing boun - ty— a re - ward. We will walk the gold-en street,

Bringing in the vol-unteers, Who will gird the ar-mor on, and Christ o-bey,
Adds new lustre in the main, And it swells the ranks for Je-sus and His cause.
Shall have heard the gospel call, And the Gods of wood and stone shall be no more.
Which we on-ly have be-gun, Nor our vic-tories be complete on ev - 'ry side.
Ev-'ry comrade we will greet And will live in peace forev-er with the Lord.

CHORUS.

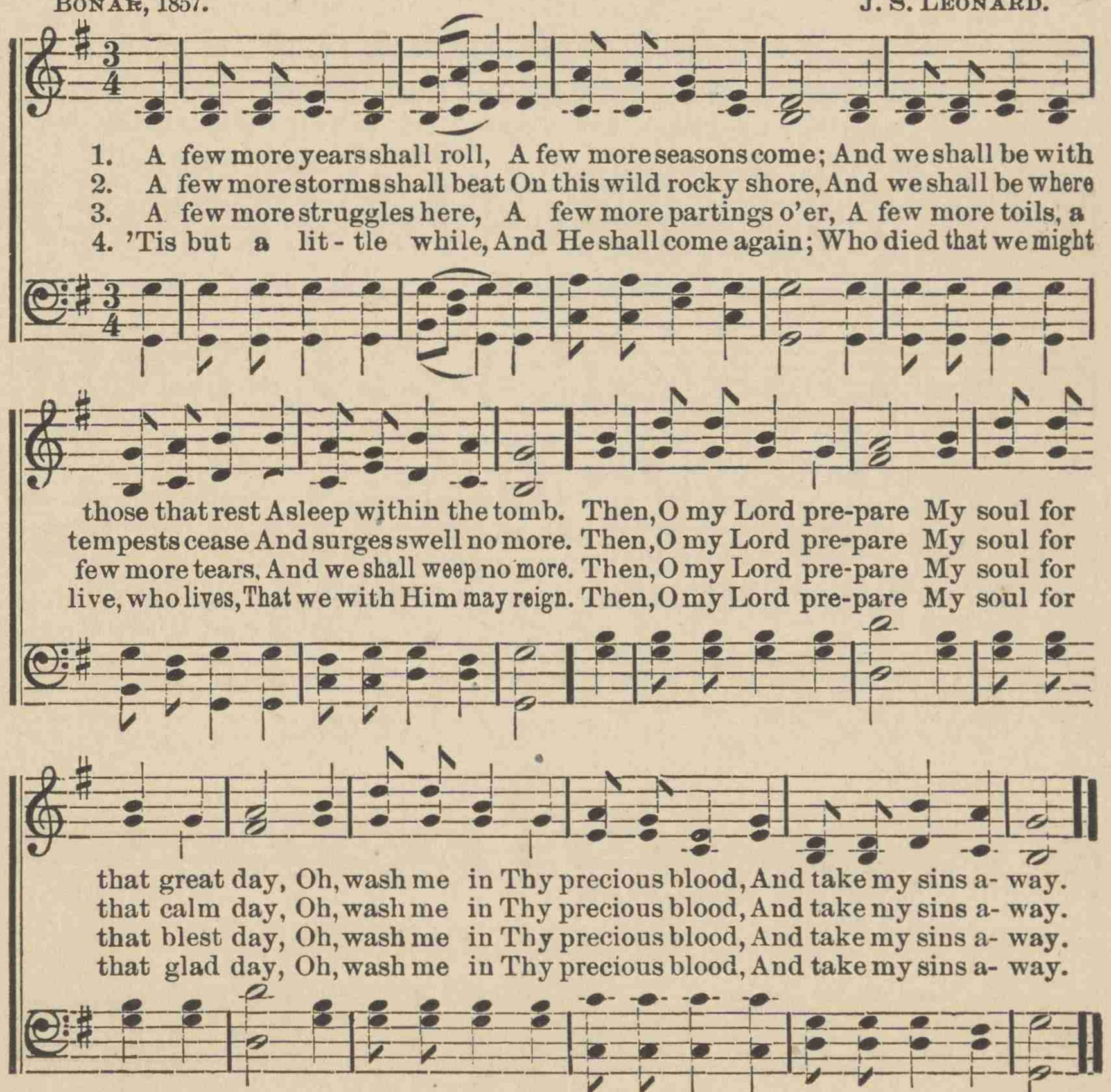
Stand, sen - ti- nel, stand, stand, sen - ti - nel, stand, With the sword of the

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No. 39. TIME. S. M. D.

BONAR, 1857. J. S. LEONARD.



No. 40. LET THE SAVIOUR IN.

J. S. LEONARD. J. S. LEONARD.

1. On the Sabbath day, while we sing and while we pray, Let the Saviour in, Let Him
2. On the Sabbath day, while we journey on our way, Let the Saviour in, Let Him
3. On the Sabbath day, blooming youth and hoary gray, Let the Saviour in, Let Him

in - to ev- 'ry heart, Now prepare the way, let Him in and let Him stay, And
in - to ev- 'ry heart, Sing in tune-ful lay, let us nev- er, nev- er stray, Nor
in - to ev- 'ry heart, Why should you delay? let Him in now while you may, And

REFRAIN.

from His gracious presence ne'er depart. Let the Saviour in; let the Saviour in,

Let the Sav-iour in - to ev - 'ry heart, Now prepare the way, let Him

in and let Him stay, And from His gracious presence ne'er de - part.

No. 41. ALMOST HOME. C. M. D.

Rev. C. C. BROTHERS. J. S. LEONARD.



1. O, tell me not, in measured tones, That death is ver - y near:
2. Death! no, 'tis nothing but a sleep, And such a sleep is sweet.
3. Hush, list! the an - gel band draws near; They're singing as they come:
4. A train of lov'd ones throng the shore To greet me as I come;





There is no death to those who wait For Je - sus to ap - pear.
The day de-clines, I'll lay me down Close by my Saviour's feet.
They come to take my spir - it up To their im - mor - tal home.
They're wait-ing there to wel-come me, And now I'm al - most home.



CHORUS.



Fare - well, farewell, I'm go - ing home! Sweet home, sweet home, sweet home!





The pearl - y gates are o - pen wide; Thank God, I'm al - most home!



No. 42. SABBATH BELLS.

J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD

1. O lis - ten to the Sab - bath bells A warn - ing
2. An - oth - er week has pass'd a - way, And time will
3. Re - mem - ber as we're pass - ing Thro' our jour - ney

now they bring; That we should meet in Sun - day-school, In
ne'er re - turn; An - oth - er bless - ed Sab - bath day Pre -
here be - low; That lit - tle words and deeds of love May

hon - or of our King. They ring a joy - ful peal, And
sents this bless - ed morn; Our pre - cious lives were spar'd, More
ev - er, ev - er grow. Then nev - er break the rule, But

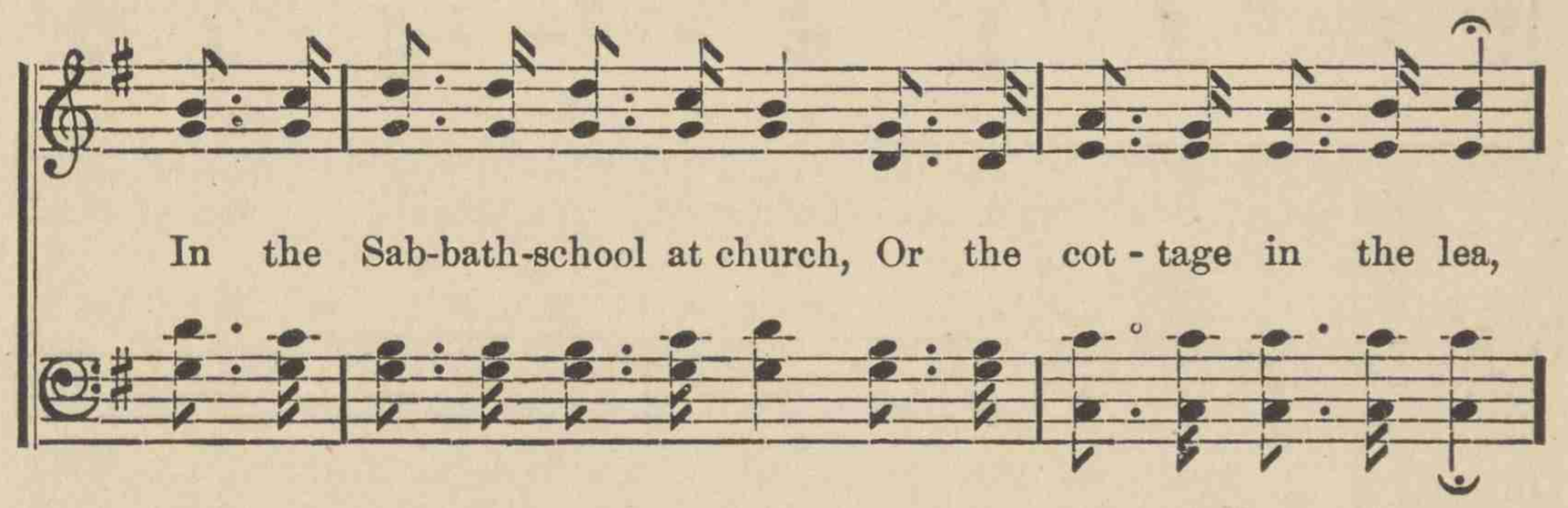
ev - 'ry note they sound Is heard a - cross the field Where
work that we should do, The work He has pre-par'd For
go to Sun - day-school And do your lit - tle might For

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SABBATH BELLS.—Concluded.

CHORUS.







No. 43. THREE CHEERS FOR CAROLINA.

J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD.

Moderato.



1. Car - o - li - na is the name, We ev - er cher - ish dear, Her
2. Railroads tra- verse wood and lea, This grand old State throughout, And
3. Loy - al farm- ers brave - ly strive, And keep a watch-ful eye, To
4. Pres - i - dents are com- ing here, And men of high re-nown, To
5. Im- mi- grants are com- ing in, From North and from the West, And
6. La - dies here wear ros - y cheeks, From mountains to the sea, And



loy - al sons at - tain to fame, Their names we'll ev - er cheer, Her
riv - ers flow from mount to sea, With boats in con-stant route, And
fur - nish us the staff of life, They al - ways have it nigh, Me -
hunt and fish from year to year, In Car - o - li - na Sound, And
in - va - lids their health to gain, Have found this state the best, The
cheer-ful words they kind - ly speak, As kind as they can be, No



col - or bear - ers man to man, As brave as men can be, Do
trans- por - ta - tion moves a - long, By wa - ter and by land, Let
chan - ics all are lay - ing plans, To build a new sup - ply, Of
mill - ion - aires have mon-ey spent, To take up va - cant land, Thro'
"Yan-kee" and the "Reb" are friends, Throughout this grand old state, They
won-der men from ev - 'ry clime, Throughout this na-tion great, Do

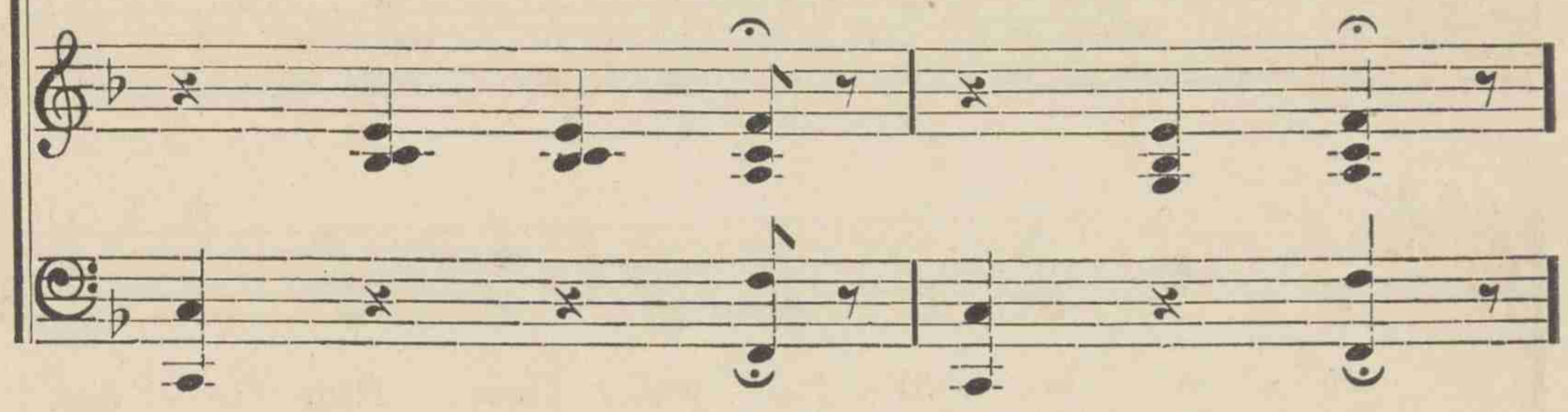


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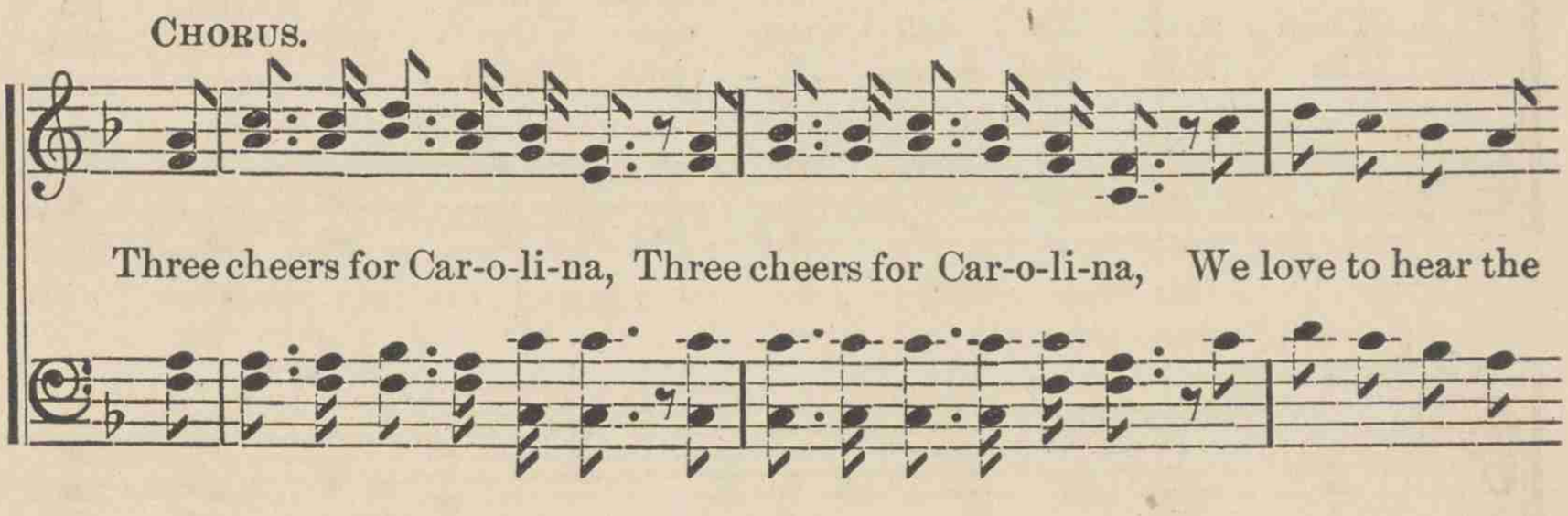
THREE CHEERS FOR CAROLINA.—Concluded.



form a pa - tri - ot - ic band, To guard our lib - er - ty.
ev - 'ry na - tive sing a song, For Car - o - li - na grand.
mills and factories o'er this land, Pros - per - i - ty is nigh.
wisdom they have pitched their tent, On Car - o - li - na strand.
toil to - geth - er hand in hand, To make Car-o - li - na great.
spend their mon-ey and their time, To come here for a mate.



CHORUS.



Three cheers for Car-o-li-na, Three cheers for Car-o-li-na, We love to hear the



dear old name, Of Car - o - li - na State, Three cheers for Car-o-li-na, Three



cheers for Carolina, Three cheers for ev' ry man and State, That make this nation great.



No. 44. COME TO THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD.



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CHORUS.

Come, chil - dren, come,
Come, chil - dren, come,
Come, chil - dren, come,
Come, chil - dren, come,

Come, chil - dren, come,
Come, chil - dren, come,
Come, chil - dren, come,
Come, chil - dren, come,

He'll give you life..... and light,
He'll give you life, give you life and light,

To lead you on your way.
To lead you on your way, on your way.

No. 45. Train Up a Child in the Way that He Should Go.

J. S. LEONARD. J. S. LEONARD.

1. Train up a child In the way that He should go, And He'll not de-part from it, When He is old." For these are the words, That we hear from the wise, And through the Ho - ly writ, We are told.
2. Your sons and daugh-ters, May all in - cline to stray And be prone to wander, Far from His fold. But if they've been trained, In the way they should go, They'll not de - part from it. When they are old.
3. Hap - py the child, Who o - beys the bless - ed Word, Who has prized its precepts Far a-bove the gold, And hap - py the par - ent, Who trains up that child, He'll not de - part from it When He is old.

CHORUS.

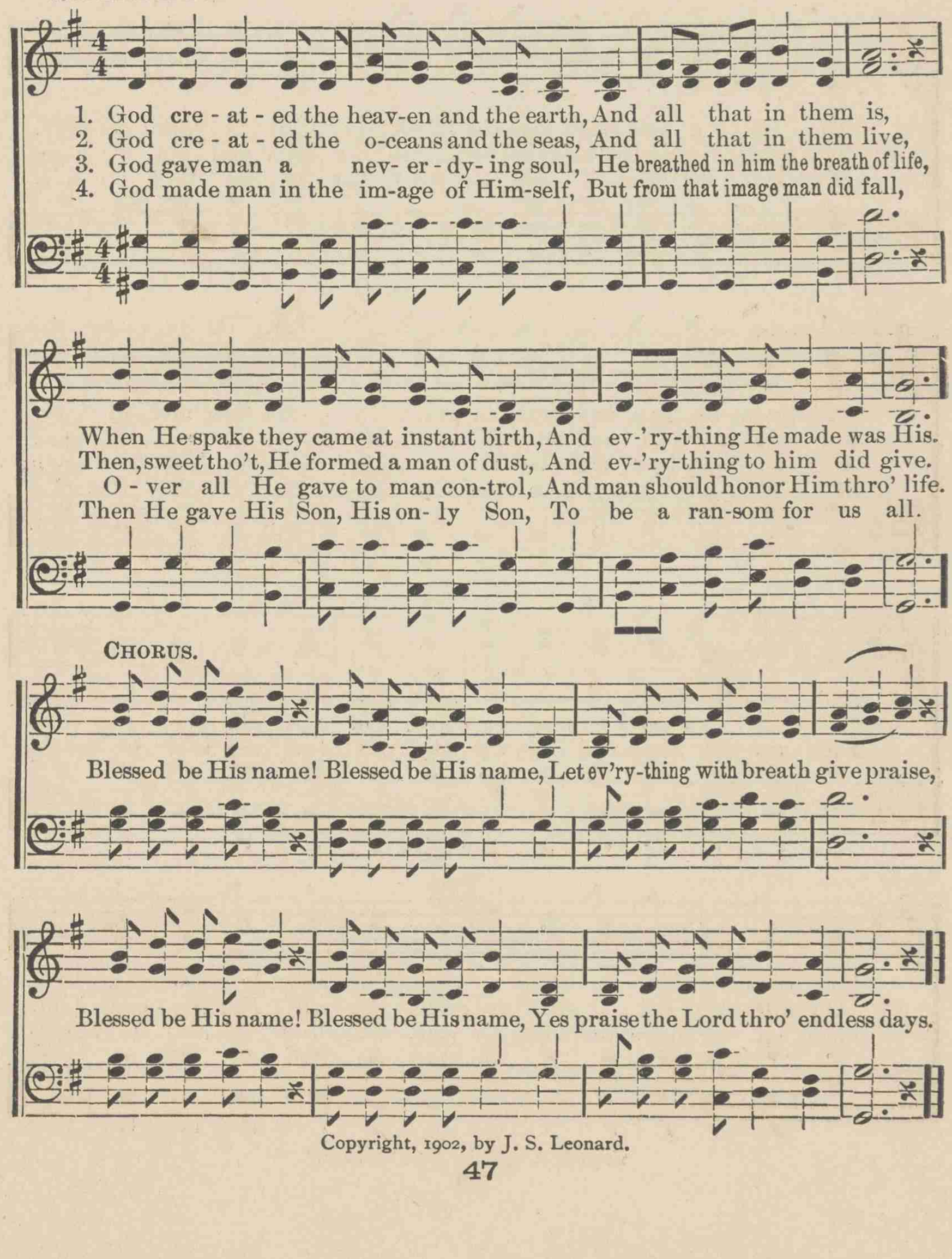
And through the Holy writ, We are told, And through the Holy writ We are told, Yes, train up a child, In the way that He should go,

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No. 46. THE CREATION.

J. S. LEONARD. J. S. LEONARD.



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No. 47. TO SABBATH-SCHOOL I LOVE TO GO.

J. S. LEONARD — C. M. Doub. — J. S. LEONARD.

1. To Sab-bath-School I love to go, It fills my soul with joy,
2. When du - ty calls me to en - list, I free - ly give my name,
3. I whol - ly trust my bless - ed Lord, His word shall be my guide,

To fill a mis - sion here be - low, My time in youth em-ploy.
To work in Sab-bath-School for Christ, For Him and not for fame.
If led by Him I can - not stray, Nor ev - er turn a - side.

To learn to live, and grow in grace, In sta - ture and in love:
For Je - sus all and none for self, My work He will ac - cept;
O Je - sus, lead me on my way, My heart to Thee I've giv'n;

And ev - 'ry day to step a pace, T'ward that bright world a - bove,
A full re-ward I shall re- ceive, For all His pre - cepts kept,
Thou art my hope, and Thou my stay, To lead my soul to heav'n,

And ev - 'ry day to step a pace, T'ward that bright world a - bove.
A full re-ward I shall re- ceive, For all His pre - cepts kept.
Thou art my hope, and Thou my stay, To lead my soul to heav'n.

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No. 48. LEAD ME ON.

J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD, 1903,

1. Sav - iour, draw me near - er Thee, (near-er Thee,) I would
2. Sav - iour, Ref - uge of my soul, (of my soul,) Help me
3. Sav - iour, teach me what to speak, (what to speak,) Guard my

ev - er near Thee be; (near Thee be,) I am weak, but Thou art
all my sins con - trol; (sins con-trol,) I am weak, but Thou art
tongue, and make me meek; (make me meek;) I am weak, but Thou art

strong; (Thou art strong,) Sav - iour, lead my soul a - long. (soul a- long.)
strong; (Thou art strong,) Guide my foot-steps on and on. (on and on,)
strong; (Thou art strong,) Bless - ed Sav - iour, lead me on. (lead me on.)

REFRAIN. *cres.*

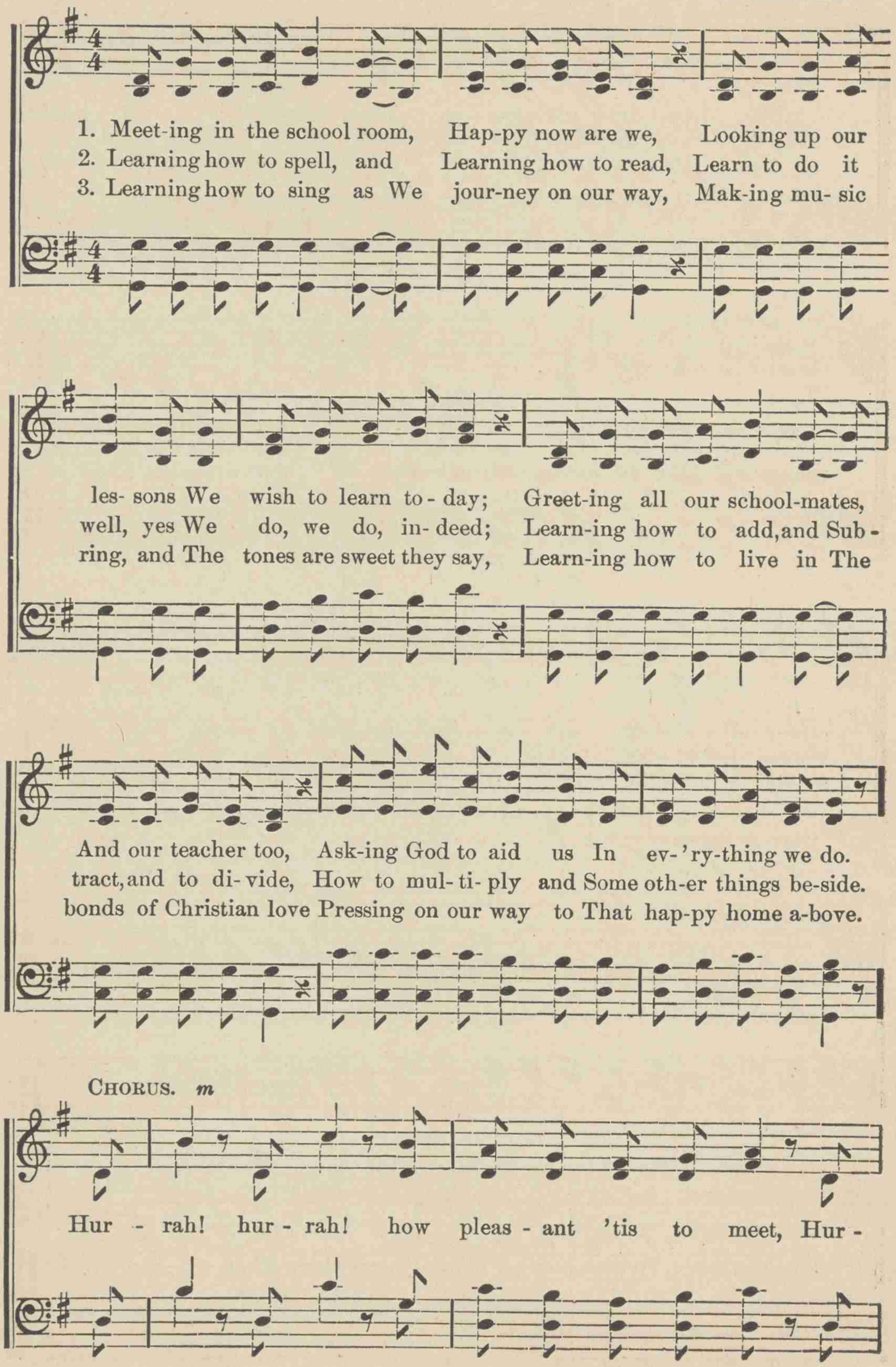
Lead me on, lead me on, To that home where Thou hast gone, Saviour lead me to the

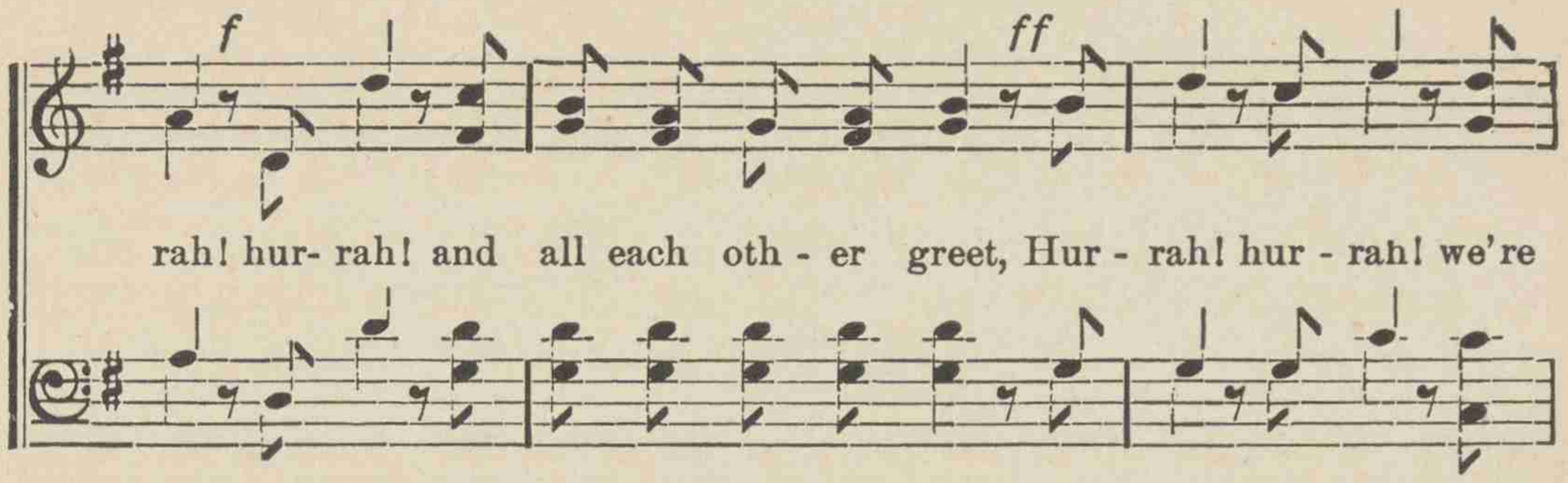
rit.

blissful throng, To that hap- py blissful home where Thou..... hast gone.

No. 49. MEETING IN THE SCHOOL ROOM.

J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD.

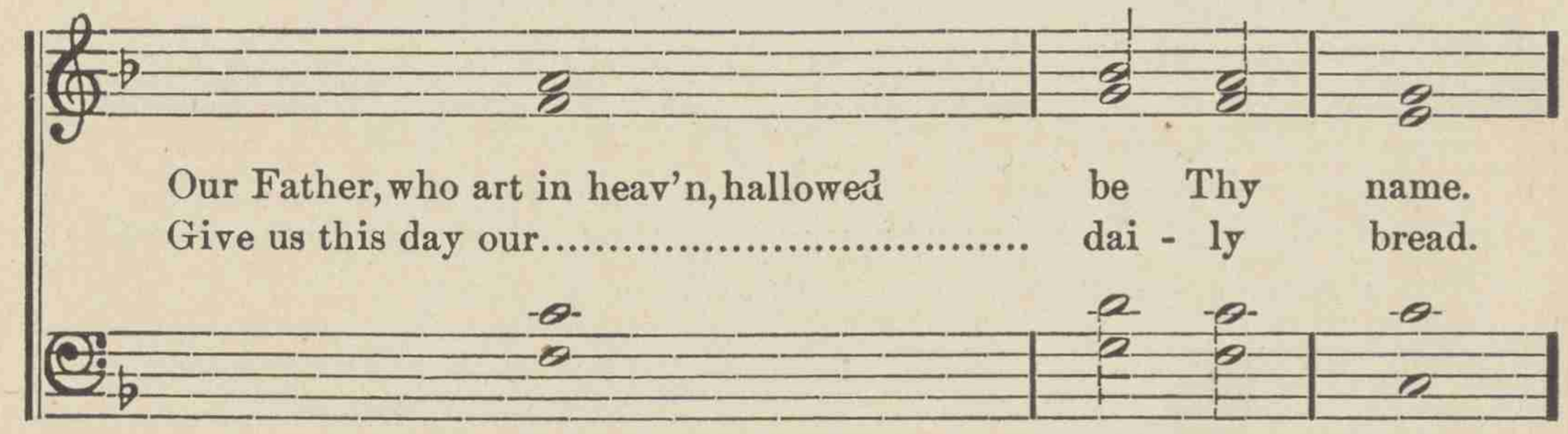


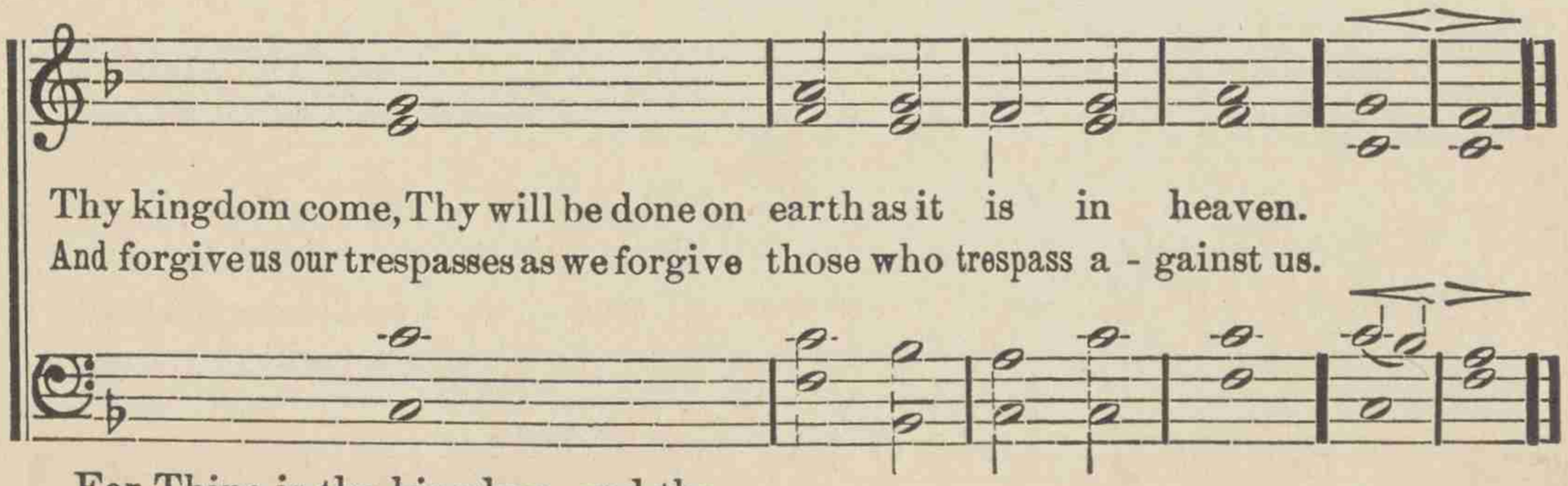




No. 50. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

J. S. LEONARD.





No. 51. GATHERING IN OUR SCHOOL ROOM.

J. S. LEONARD, 1903. J. S. LEONARD.

1. We are gath'ring in our school-room, This morn so bright and fair;
2. While we all o-bey our teach-ers, We know they'll hap-py be,
3. If the way looks dark and drea-ry, We know the say-ing true,

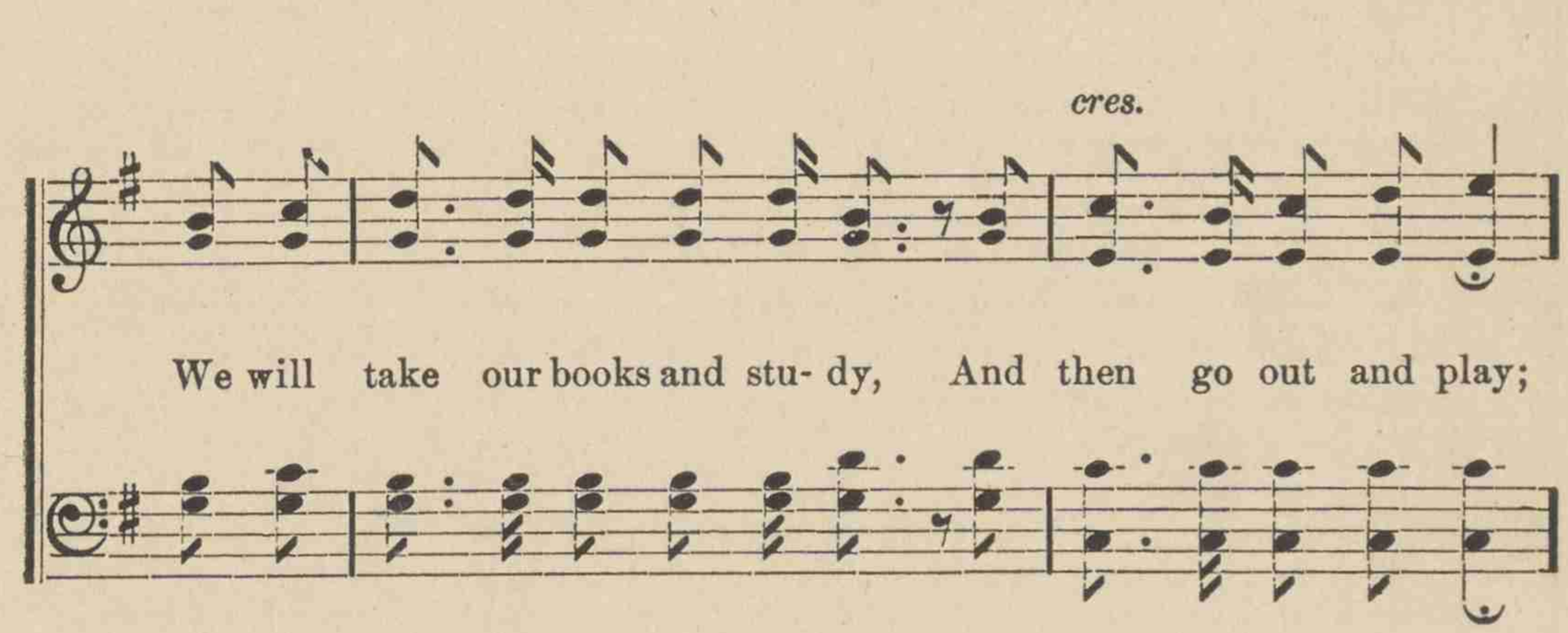
And we're thanking our dear Fa-ther For all His love and care;
When we look up-on their fa-ces, A glad-ness there we see;
That what man in past has done, Men in fu-ture too can do;

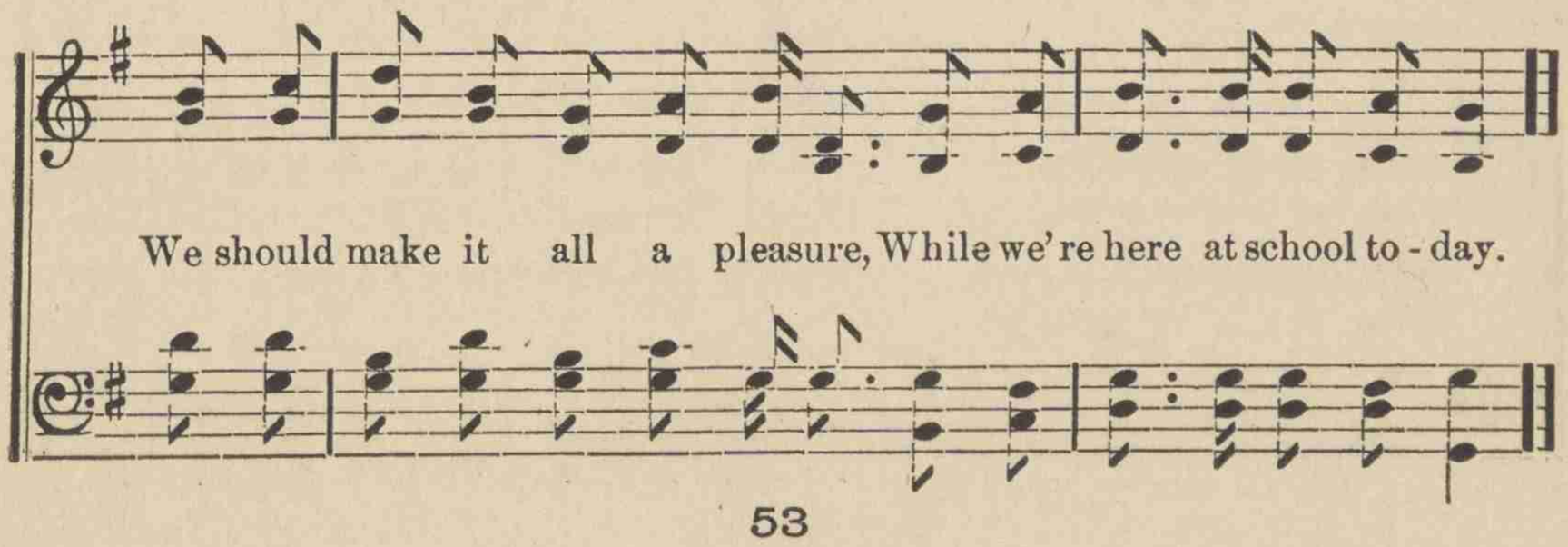
We will take our books and stud-y, And then go out and play;
When our fa-thers and our moth-ers Re-ceive a good re-port,
All the great, and good, and use-ful, That in the past stood high,

We should make it all a pleasure, While we're here at school to-day.
Then we're sail-ing all to-gether In time's sweet and pleas-ant boat.
Ne'er were those who said I can-not, But were those who said I'll try.

GATHERING IN OUR SCHOOL ROOM.—Concluded.







No. 52. THE BANNER THAT WE LOVE.

J. S. LEONARD. J. S. LEONARD, 1903.

1. O the red, white and blue, Is the banner that we love! See its beauty, as it floats in the air; We will ral-ly and we'll cheer,
2. Not a star, nor a stripe, Dare a foe e'er de - face, While she floats o'er the ma-ny or the few; Her de - fend- ers, with might,
3. O her man- dates are nought, But for free - dom and right, And the tyrants dread her presence ev 'ry-where; Our fore - fa-thers fought—

As it floats there a-bove, As we ral- ly we will gather ver - y near.
Will re - pair to the place, Where a foe in- sults the red, white and blue.
And their sons now will fight, For the lib-er- ty that ev-'ry one should share.

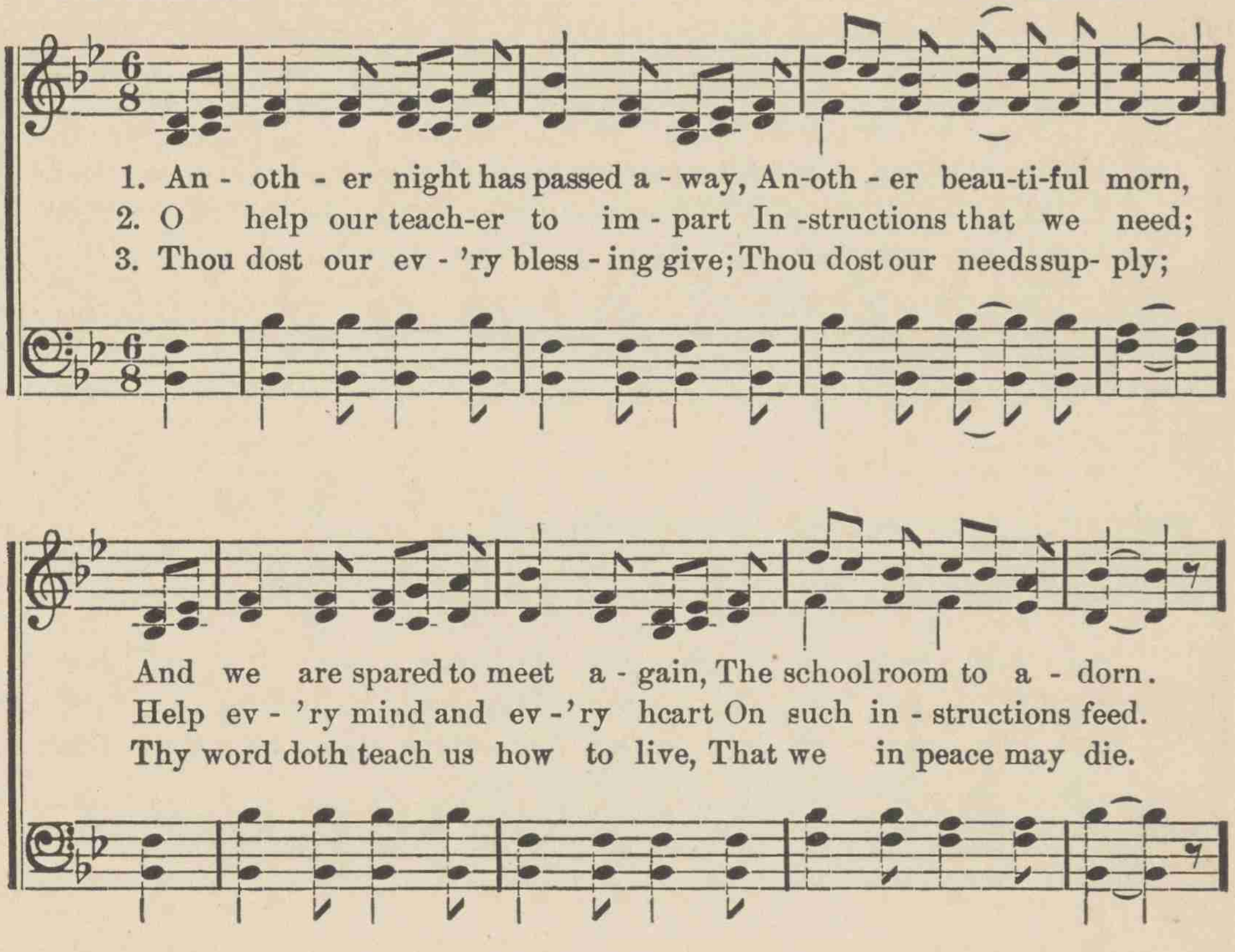
CHORUS.

Three cheers for the red, Three cheers for the white, Three cheers for the beautiful blue:

The red stands for courage, The white stands for purity—The blue for fi-del-i-ty too.

No. 53. BEAUTIFUL MORN.

J. S. LEONARD. J. S. LEONARD.



No. 54. EDUCATE YOUR CHILDREN.

J. S. LEONARD, 1904. J. S. LEONARD.

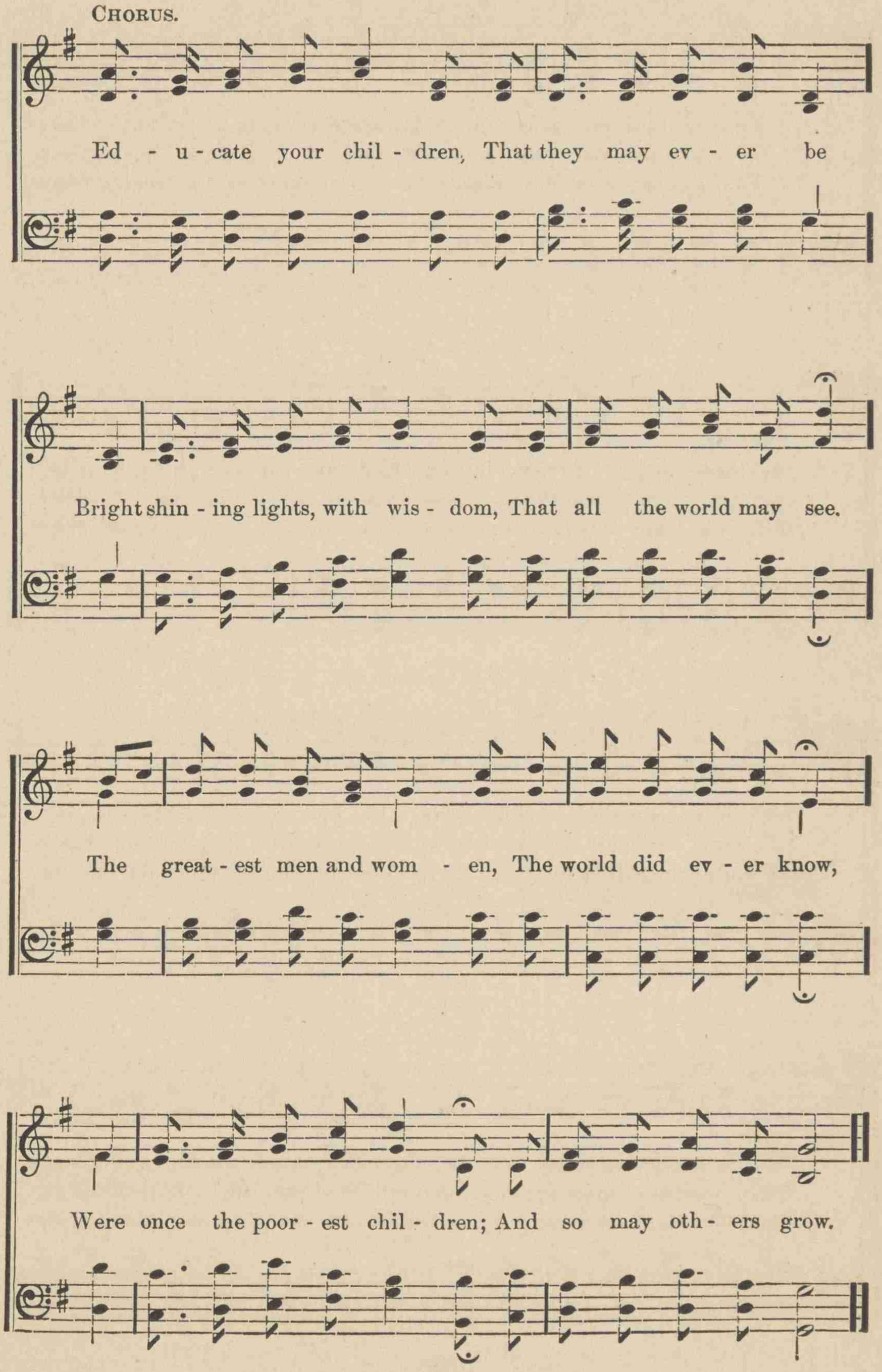
1. Ed - u - cate your chil - dren, Al-though they may be poor, Dear par - ents, look a - round you, And see the o - pen door,
2. Ed - u - cate your chil - dren, O see that girl or boy: That, yon - der in the fu - ture, May be a source of joy
3. Ed - u - cate your chil - dren, O lift them to a height Be - yond the deg - ra - da - tion With which we all must fight:

For ev - ery son and daugh - ter To en - ter in a race;
To fath - er and to moth - er, Of joy a sweet- ly flow,
And while you're ed - u - ca - ting The mind, as it ex - pands,

In which the low in sta - tion, May reach the high- est place,
But neg - li - gence on your part, May bring them ve - ry low.
Re-mem -ber, while you ed - u - cate, In - clude the hearts and hands.

EDUCATE YOUR CHILDREN.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



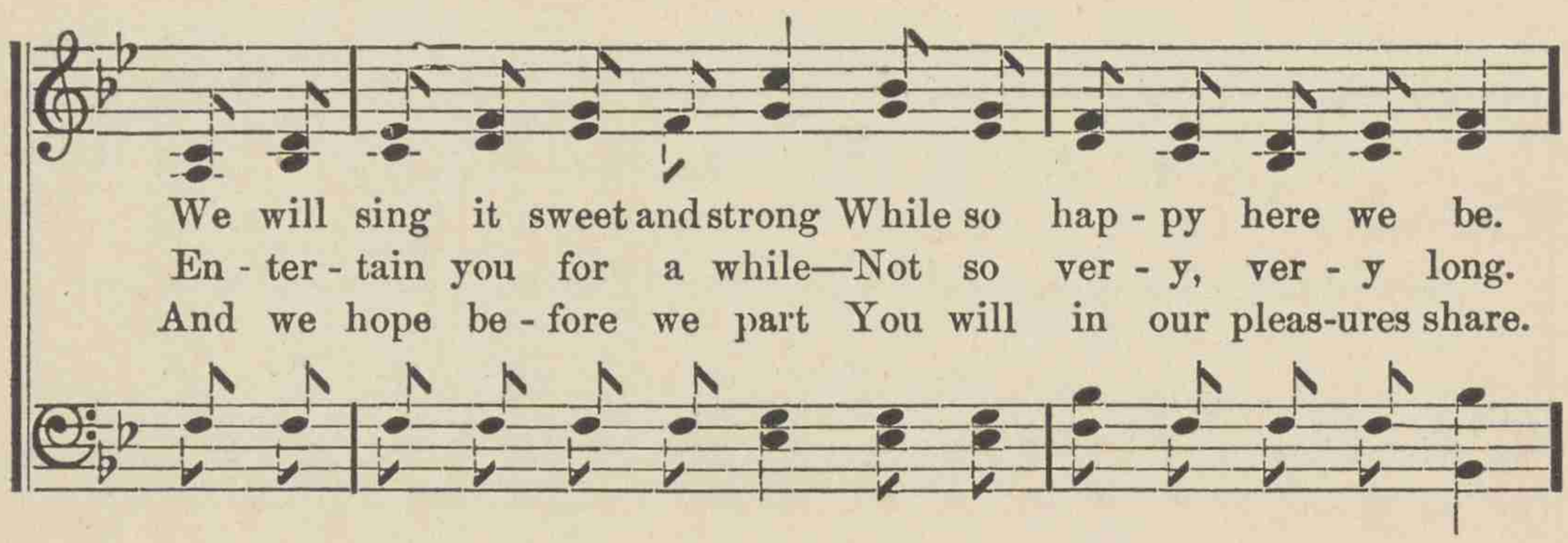
No. 55. GREETING GLEE.

J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD.



1. We will raise our voice in song, Now to sing a greet-ing glee;
2. We will greet you with a smile, And a wel-come in our song,
3. We will thank you from the heart, For your pres-ence with us here,

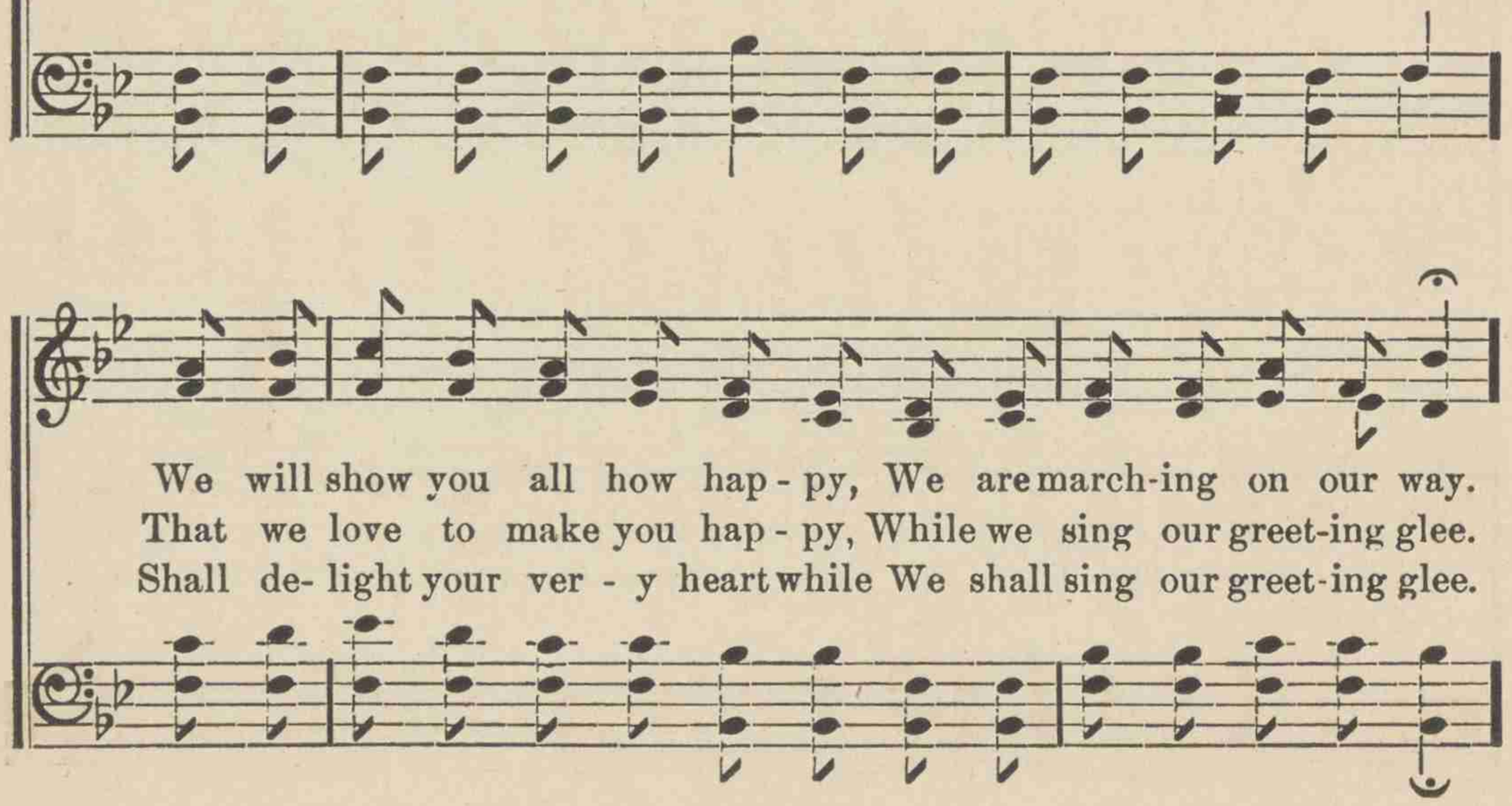




We will sing it sweet and strong While so hap-py here we be.
En-ter-tain you for a while—Not so ver-y, ver-y long.
And we hope be-fore we part You will in our pleas-ures share.



We'll pro-claim the joy-ful news In our song of tune-ful lay,
Ev-'ry ef-fort we shall make, We'd re-joice that you should see
We shall hope that what you hear, And we hope that what you see;



We will show you all how hap-py, We are march-ing on our way.
That we love to make you hap-py, While we sing our greet-ing glee.
Shall de-light your ver-y heart while We shall sing our greet-ing glee.

GREETING GLEE.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 56. FAREWELL, DEAR SCHOOLMATES.

J. S. LEONARD. J. S. LEONARD, 1905.

1. Farewell, dear schoolmates, now we must part; Bil- lows of sor- row Now
2. Farewell, dear teach-ers, faithful you have been Seek-ing our wel - fare A -
3. Farewell, dear friends, we give our thanks to thee, Farewell, dear stranger If

gath- er round my heart, Sweet have our meet - ings In the school-room been
gain and a - gain, Sweet be the mem - 'ries School days af- ford
a - ny here there be All who are pres - ent Now on you we call,

CHORUS.

Part-ing gives pain But we hope to meet a-gain.
May rich-est bless-ings Be your reward.
Farewell to you A -dieu to one and all.

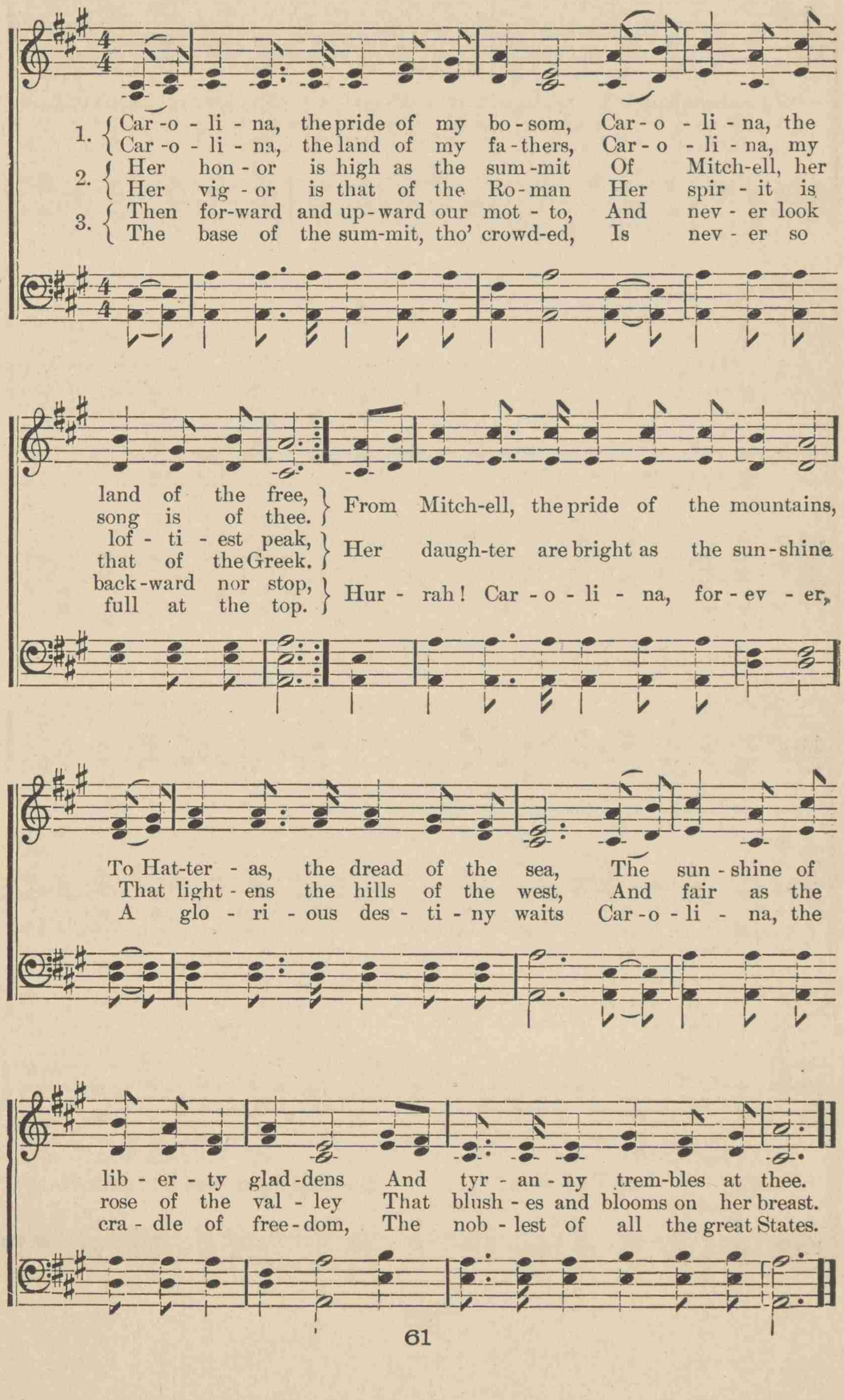
Fare- well Fare-
Fare you well

well, Farewell, dear schoolmates I bid you all a -dieu, Fare-
fare you well,

well, Fare - well, Blessings attend you All vacation through.
Fare you well, fare you well,

No. 57. CAROLINA, OUR PRIDE.

THOS. W. HARRINGTON. J. S. LEONARD.



No. 58. STUDENT'S LESSON.

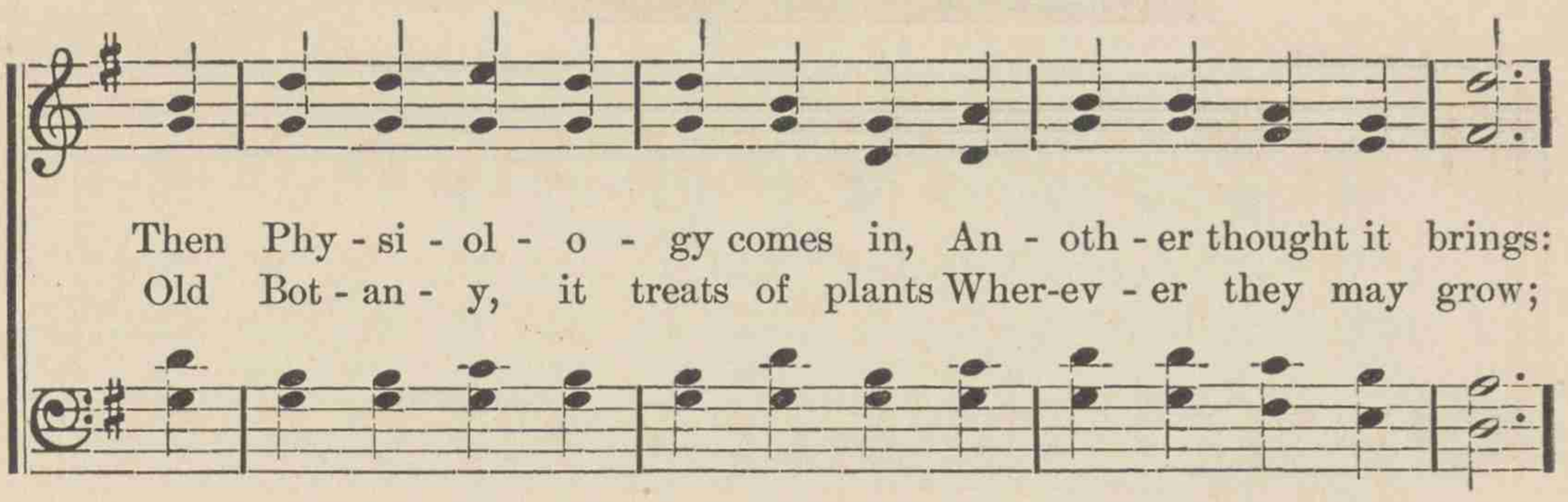
J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD.

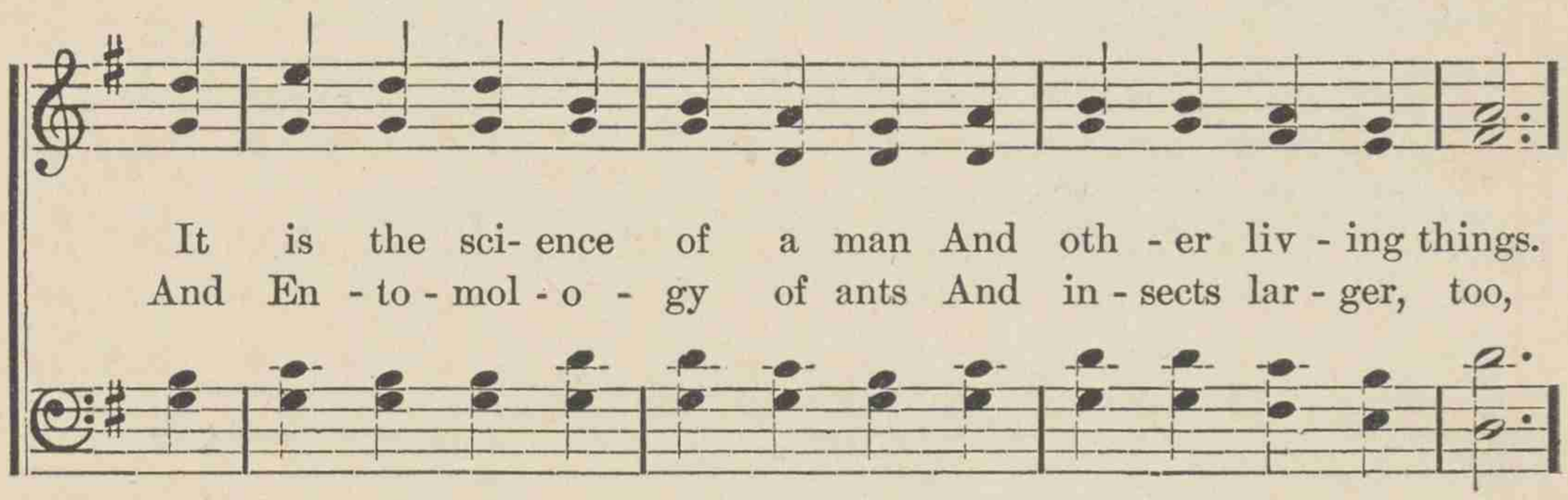
1. Old Gram-mar is the sci- ence Of a lan-guage that we know;
2. Phi - los - o - phy, it tells you things, And then ex- plains the cause;

A - rith - me - tic, the sci - ence Of the num-bers high or low.
And Civil Gov- ern - ment, it treats Of States and of their laws.

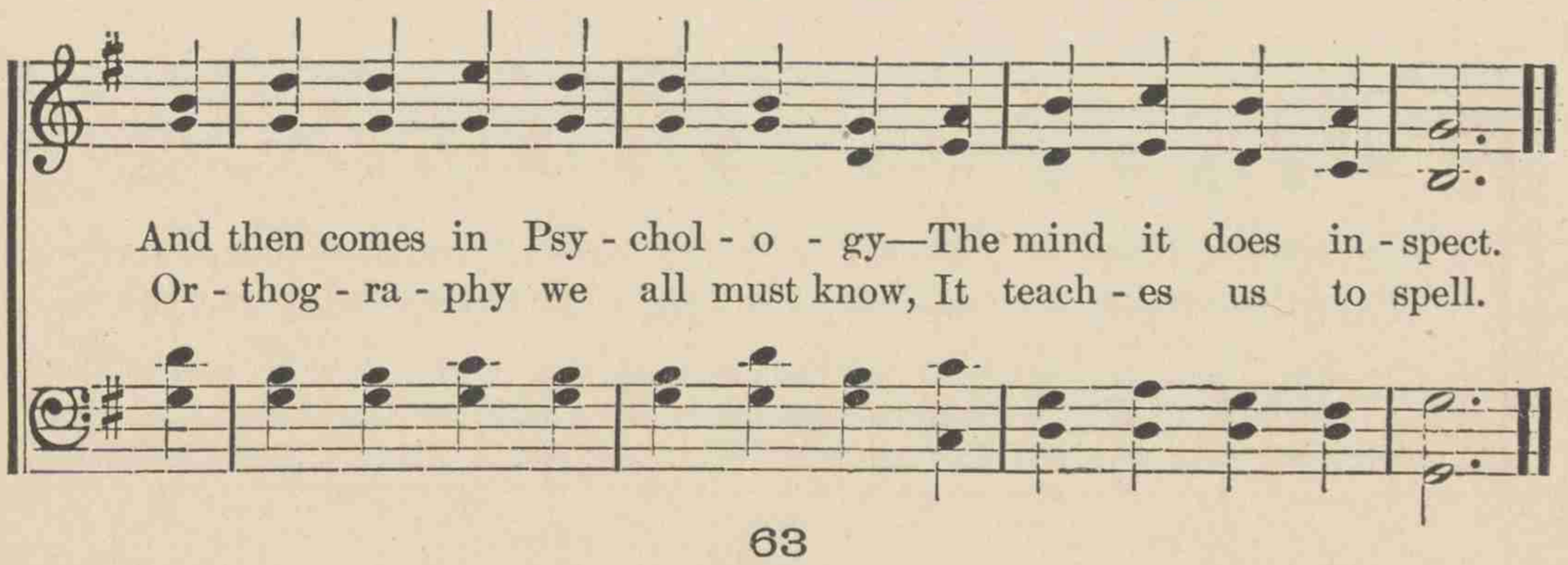
Ge - og - ra - phy, de - scrip- tion Of the sur - face of the earth;
And Miner-ol - o - gy, it treats Of min - er - als of worth;

And His - t'ry tells of men and things Of con - se-quence and worth.
And A - gri - cul -ture how to till The pro- ducts of the earth.


Then Phy - si - ol - o - gy comes in, An - oth - er thought it brings:
Old Bot - an - y, it treats of plants Wher-ev - er they may grow;


It is the sci- ence of a man And oth - er liv - ing things.
And En - to - mol - o - gy of ants And in - sects lar - ger, too,


A - nat - o - my, it tells you how A thing you may dis - sect;
And Pen -man - ship, it teach - es you To make your let - ters well;


And then comes in Psy - chol - o - gy—The mind it does in - spect.
Or - thog - ra - phy we all must know, It teach - es us to spell.

No. 59. TO THE GRADED SCHOOL I LOVE TO GO.

(DIXIE AND YANKEE DOODLE COMBINED.)

J. S. Leonard. Daniel D. Emmett.

1. To the Grad - ed School I love to go, I'll go thro' rain and sleet and snow; Hie a - way, hie a - way, hie a - way, hie a - way, I love to meet my teach - er, to - day, to - day, I love to grasp her friend - ly hand, And go to school in Dix - ies' land, Hie a - way, hie a - way, a - way down South in Dix - ie.

2. Ev - 'ry morn-ing when I raise my head, I think of School and jump from bed; Hie a - way, hie a - way, hie a - way, hie a - way, I dreamt I saw my teach - er, heard her say, heard her say, Now take your book right in your hand And go to school in Dix - ies' land, Hie a - way, hie a - way, a - way down South in Dix - ie.

TO THE GRADED SCHOOL I LOVE TO GO—Concluded.

Yankee Doodle.



No. 60. HIE AWAY TO SCHOOL.

J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD.

1. Hie a - way to school we go Let it rain or sleet or snow, We will
   We will nev - er tar - dy be When on time from home we flee, (*Omit.....*
2. All the he - roes grew to fame And the heroines just the same, Who have
   Thro' a dai - ly per - se-vere By the month and by the year, (*Omit.....*

1

2

hop and skip And cap - er as we go,
.....) Lest we i - dle on the
nob - ly served their Coun-try in the past.
.....) Till their country made a

CHORUS.

way Or we move too slow.
call For their use - ful task.
Hie, o hie a - way, Here we can - not stay,

We will tramp, tramp, tramp, As on we go, We will step quick, quick, Making

tracks thick, thick, We will nev - er tar - dy be, Unless we move too slow.

No. 61. FAITHFUL TEACHER.

(OLD FOLKS AT HOME.)

J. S. Leonard. J. S. Foster.

1. O how I love my faith - ful teach - er, Who teach - es me,
2. O how I love her faith - ful la - bor, Day, day by day,
3. When we are thro' with school and sev - er, When we grow old,

O is - 'nt she a faith -ful creature; None ev - er more can be.
How can I or my schoolmate neighbor Her mandates dis - o - bey.
For - get her I shall nev - er, nev - er Nev - er my love grow cold.

CHORUS.

Toil - ing, toil - ing, ev - er faith - ful Loy - al, kind and true,

How can a pu - pil be un - grate - ful How can I, how can you?

No. 62. SCHOOL-HOUSE IN THE GROVE.

(Tune—Nellie Gray.)

J. S. LEONARD. B. R. HANBY.

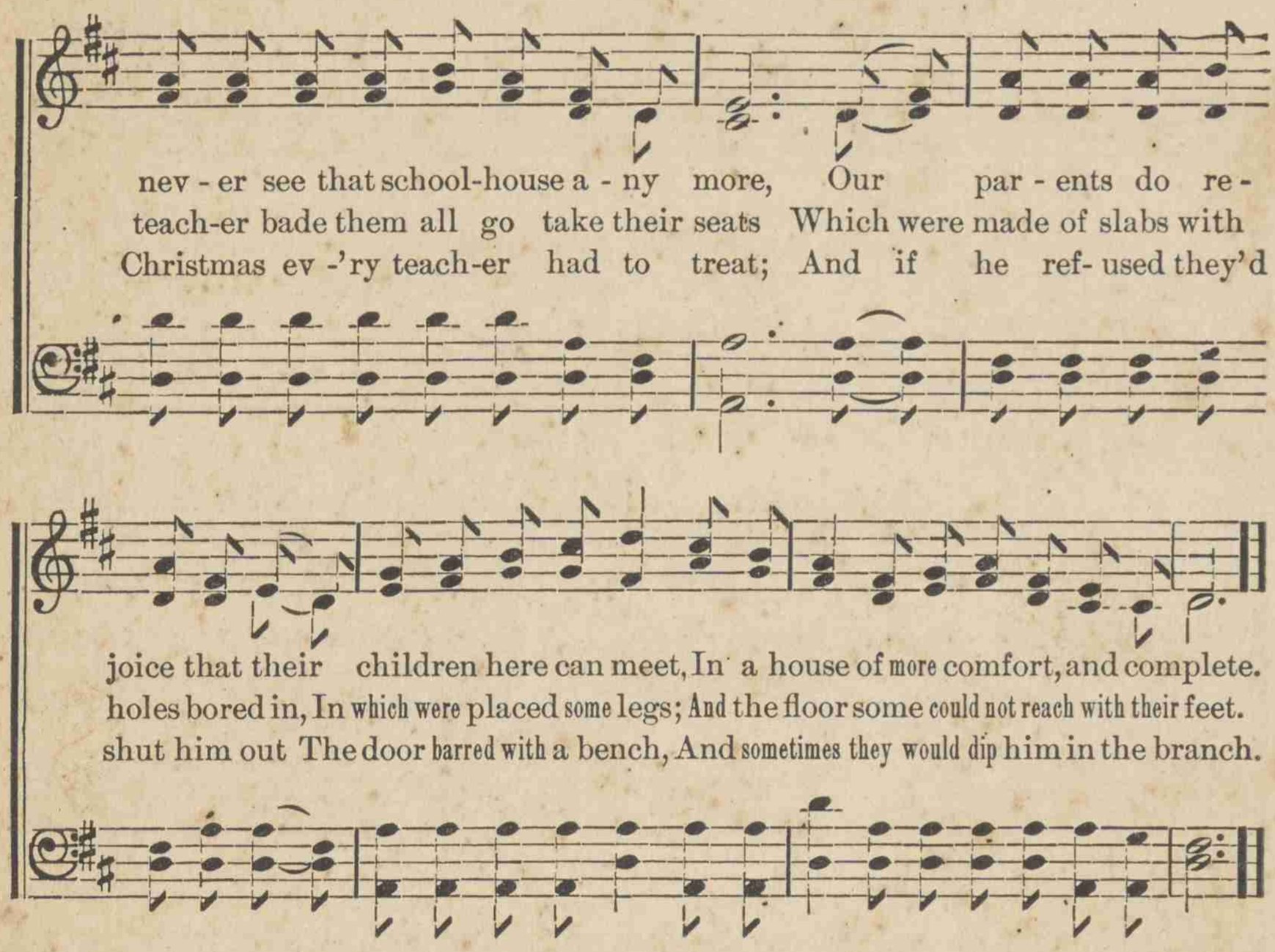
1. There is a school-house standing In the oak and hickory grove, Where the
2. The house our fa-ther's build-ed, Made of logs and daubed with clay, With a
3. A plank was placed a- cross the end Where each one sit to write, With a

school children meet from day to day, 'Tis the place where our parents met Their
chim-ney of rocks and clay and wood, And a log, like a ground-pole Of a
goose- quill - pen the teacher made, A log left out for "writing crack," From

ta- lents to im-prove, 'Tis the place where their games they used to play.
fence, the peo- ple say—Made a fire round which many pu - pils stood.
which they got their light, Had no glass in, the cold wind to e - vade.

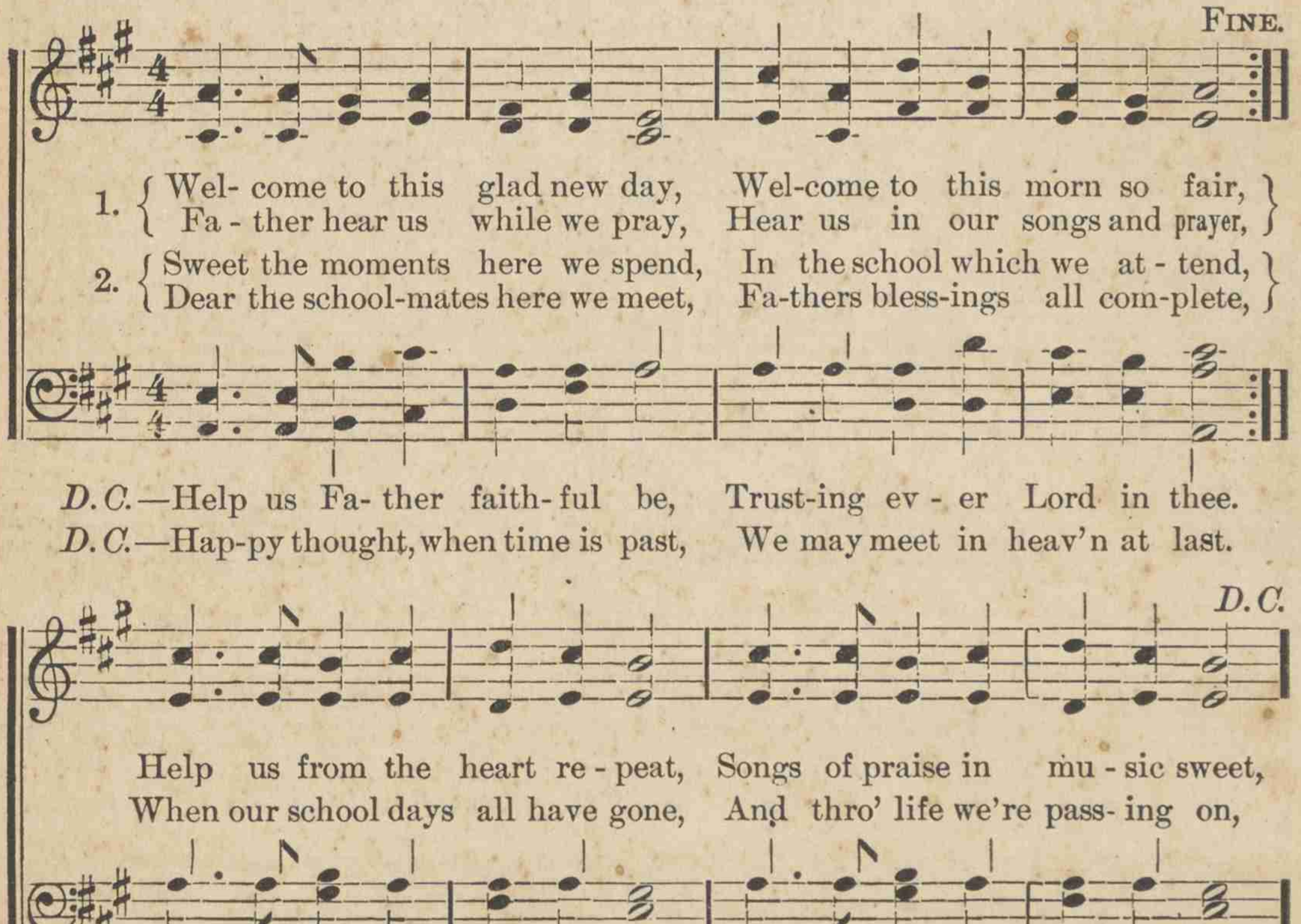
But the house has now de-cayed Where they studied and they played, And we'll
They would round the fire stand, "Blue-back Speller" in their hand, Till the
And the school term then per year, Six- ty days were quite a share, And at

SCHOOL-HOUSE IN THE GROVE.—Concluded.



No. 63. GLAD NEW DAY.

J. S. LEONARD. Spanish Melody.



No. 64. SCHOOL WITH BRIGHT ARRAY.

J. S, LEONARD. Old Melody.

1. We have come to spend the day, In our school with bright ar - ray, Leaving
2. We have heard the school-bell ring, And we' ve gathered now to sing, And to
3. When the day we all have spent, In the school with good in - tent, And to

home and our par - ents so dear, But we meet our teachers here, who will
tend to our sweet morning pray' r, And when this we all have done, To our
home we re - turn in the eve, From our hearts we hope and pray, To our

take us in their care, We are safe, and we need not fear.
grades go ev - 'ry one, Our les - sons we will de - clare.
par - ents we can say, We are wis - er, and not de - ceive.

CHORUS.

Oh, teachers, dear teachers we look to you, May the Fa - ther a -

bove, show His ten - der - est love, While you teach us, may He teach you!

No. 65. MEMORIES OF SCHOOL DAYS.

Tune.—"Old Black Joe."

J. S. LEONARD. STEPHEN FOSTER.

1. Sweet are the memo- ries Of school-days past and gone, Sweet be the
2. Sweet are the songs we sing When gathered in our hall, Cheer-ful in
3. Those who are teaching us Five days in ev - ery week, Teach-ing the

mem-o- ries Of those that now are on; Sweet are the memo- ries Of
ev-'ry thing For which our teachers call; Hap - py our voi-ces raise, Yes,
Eng-lish and the Lat- in and the Greek, Then at the Sunday-school The

teachers we have met, Their care and loving kindness We shall ne'er for - get.
ev-ery girl and boy, With ev - ery one a smiling face, Which gives them joy.
Scriptures they explain, Their work is next the Gos-pel, It is near the same.

CHORUS.

We'll meet them, we'll greet them While time is pass - ing

on; Their mem- 'ry we will cher-ish When school-days have gone.

NO. 66. THE PRECIOUS HOLY BIBLE.

J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD.

1. O the precious Ho - ly Bi -ble, Which the Lord to man did give,
2. May the pres - i - dent and cab-inet, And all of con-gress too,
3. In the schools throughout this na - tion, May the teach -ers we em - ploy,

Is the book that none can ri - val, For a law by which to live,
Take the bless-ed Ho - ly Bi - ble, For their guide to guide them through,
Take its pre - cepts for their fash - ion, May such pre- cepts be their joy,

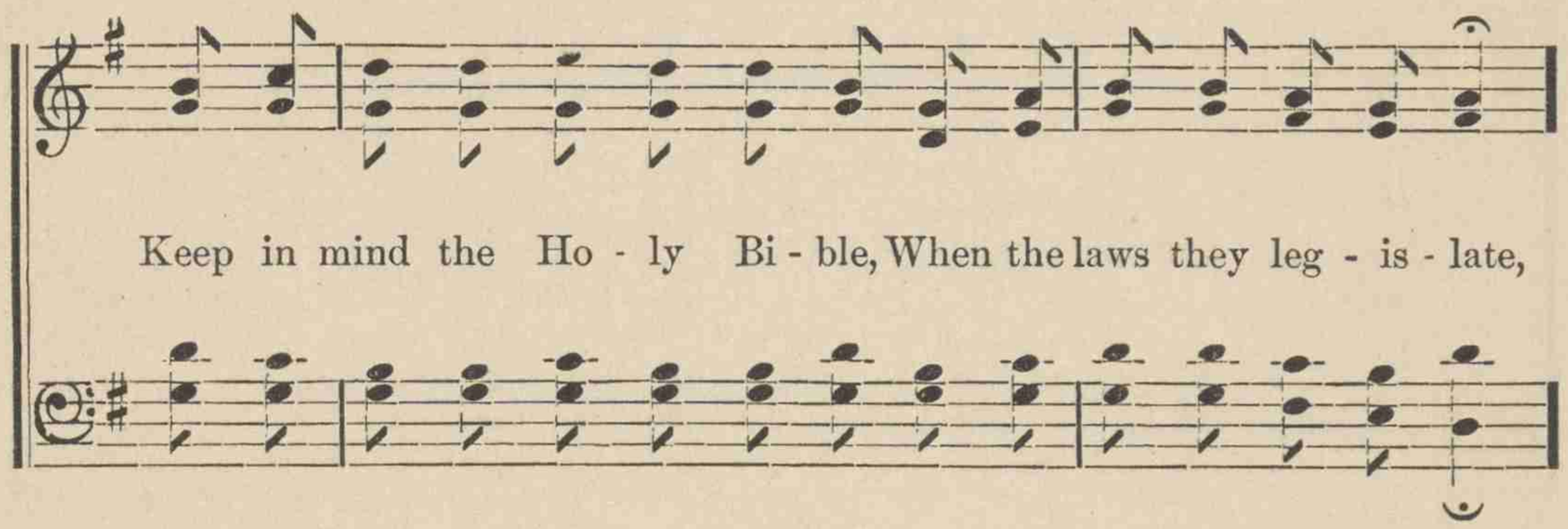
Then we pray that ev - 'ry na - tion, Ev - 'ry state and ev - 'ry clime,
May the governors of all the states, Pe - ruse it day by day,
May the precious Ho - ly Bi - ble, Be their rule and be their guide,

Make their laws in im - i - ta - tion, Of that Ho - ly Book Di - vine.
And the legis-la- tors, nev - er fail, To take it for their stay.
And may ev - 'ry book a - dopt - ed, With the Bi - ble co - in - cide.

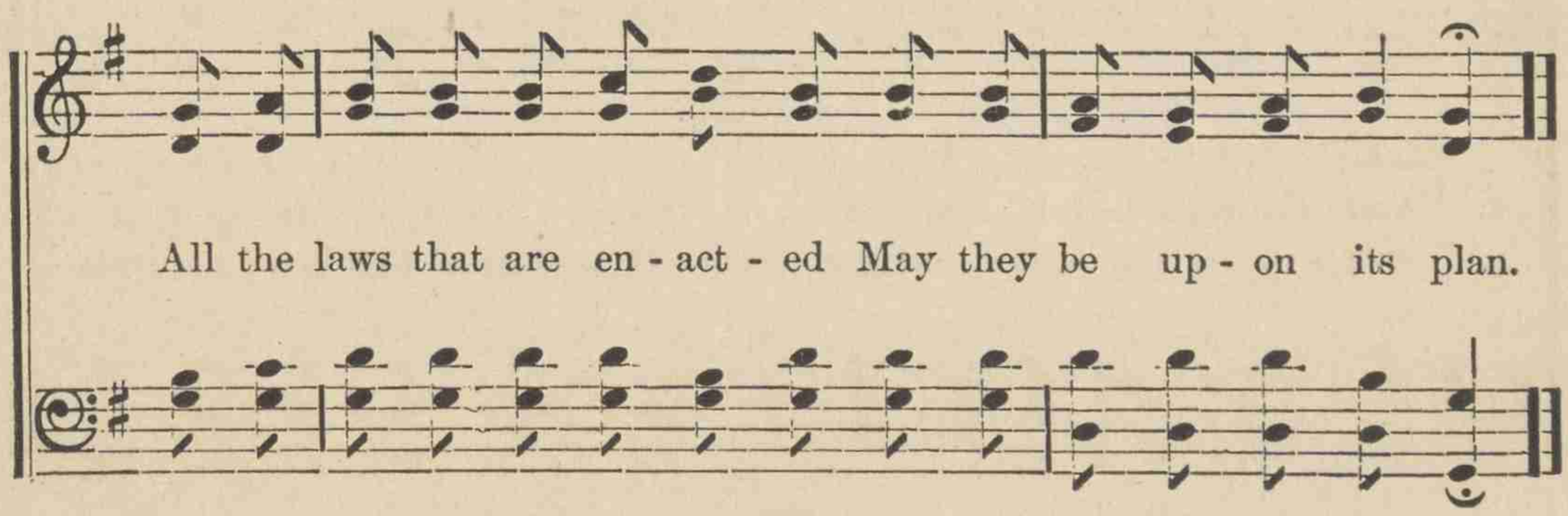
THE PRECIOUS HOLY BIBLE.—Concluded.

CHORUS.









No. 67. WEEP NOT FOR ME.

J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD.

1. Weep not for me When the sum - mons for me comes,
2. Weep not for me If my death should make you sad,
3. Weep not for me When you stand a - round my grave,

Weep not for me When the Fa - ther calls me home; Weep not when
Think of the joys That in heav- en make me glad; Think of my
Let sor- row flee When the Lord my soul hath saved; 'Neath yon - der

rit.

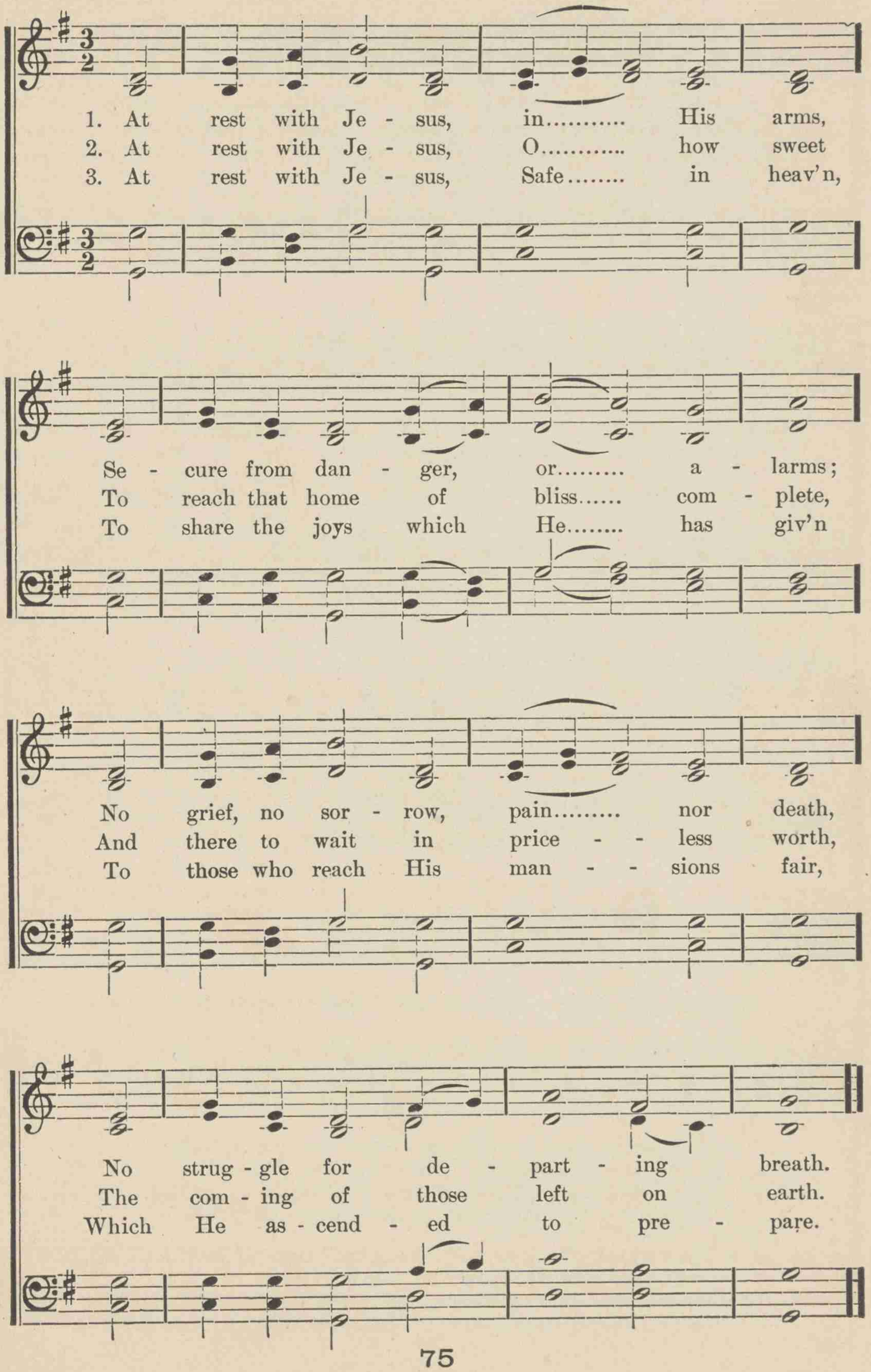
pain And when trou- ble leaves my breast, Weep not for me When my
joy With that hap- py fa-vored throng, Wait- ing for thee, Yes, for
sod, When my mor- tal bod - y lies, Safe, safe with God, My im-

May be used as 2nd ending for last verse.

soul has gone to rest.....
thee, for thee to come....
mor - tal spir - it lives,... My im - mor - tal spir - it lives.

No. 68. AT REST WITH JESUS.

J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD.



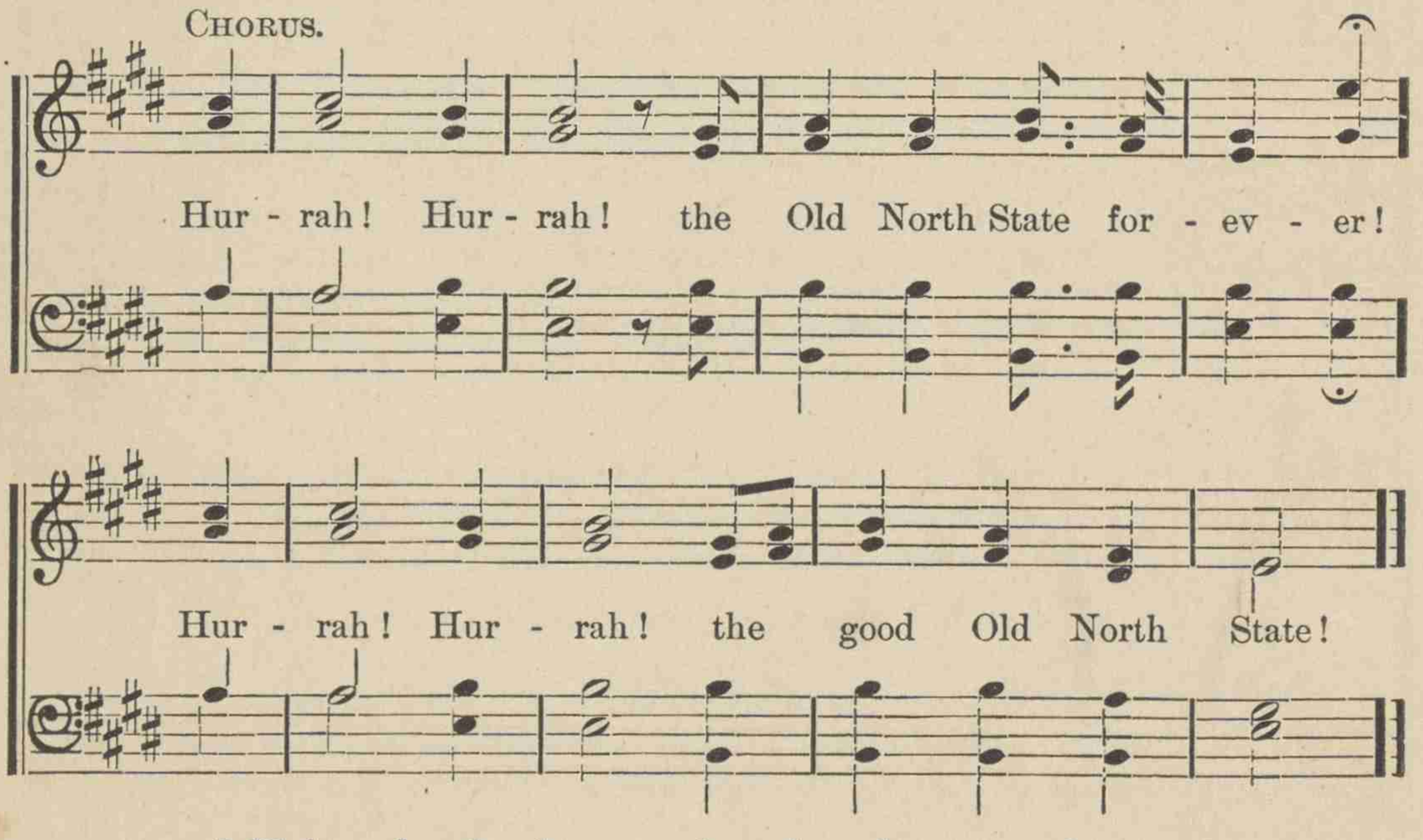
No. 69. THE OLD NORTH STATE.

WM. GASTON.





CHORUS.



3 Plain and artless her sons, but whose doors open faster
At the knock of a stranger, or the tale of disaster?
How like to the rudeness of their dear native mountains,
With rich ore in their bosoms and life in their fountains.

4 Then let all who love us, love the land that we live in
(As happy a region as on this side of Heaven,)
Where Plenty and Freedom, Love and Peace smile before us.
Raise aloud, raise together the heart-thrilling chorus!

No. 70. STAND UP, YE LITTLE SOLDIERS.

J. S. LEONARD. Unknown.





2 Stand up for education,
We should form a loyal band,
No matter what our station,
We should by it firmly stand;
Stand up, ye little soldiers,
Let us further on its pace,
May ignorance be banished,
And may knowledge take its place.

3 Stand up ye little soldiers,
While you're young and in life's bloom;
The bottom may be crowded,
But the top will give you room;
The great and noble sons on earth,
Of every tribe and race,
Shall soon have laid their armor down
And you must fill their place.

No. 71. HO! FOR CAROLINA!

W. B. H. W. B. HARRELL.

1. Let no heart in sor-row weep for oth-er days; Let no i - dle dream-er
2. Down in Car - o-lin - a grows the lof - ty pine, And her groves and for- ests
3. Come to Car - o-lin - a in the summer time, When the luscious fruits are
4. Then, for Car - o-lin - a, brave and free, and strong, Sound the meed of prais- es "in

tell in melt-ing lays Of the mer - ry meetings in the ros - y bow'rs
bear the sent - ed vine; Here are peace-ful homes, too, nest-ling 'mid the flow'rs
hanging in their prime, And the maid-ens sing - ing in the leaf - y bow'rs
sto - ry and in song" From her fer- tile vales and loft - y gran-ite tow'rs

For there is no land on earth like this fair land of ours!
Oh! there is no land on earth like this fair land of ours!
Oh! there is no land on earth like this fair land of ours!
For there is no land on earth like this fair land of ours!

CHORUS.

m *f* *m*

Ho! for Car - o - lin - a! that's the land for me; In her hap-py

f *cres.*

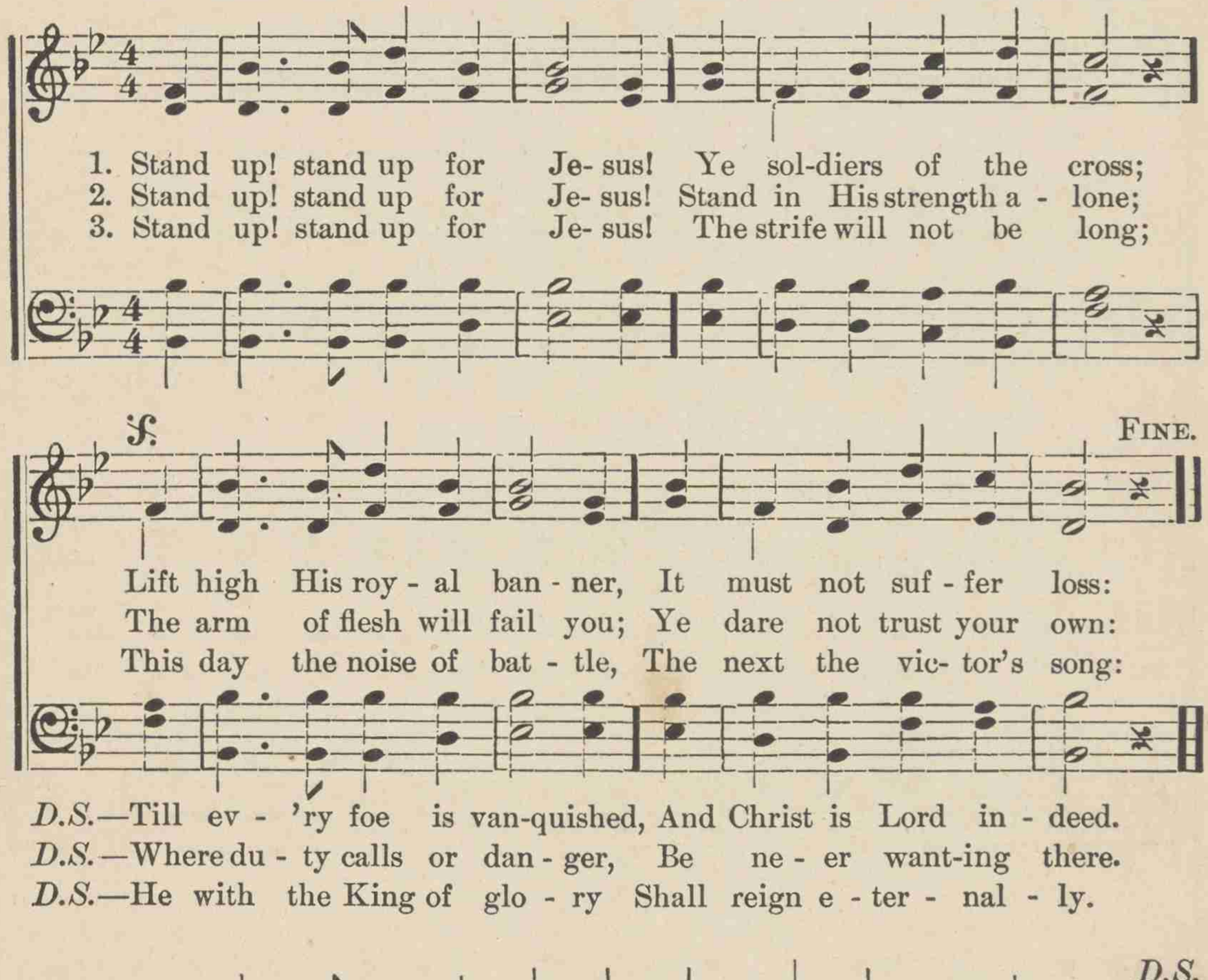
bor- ders roam the brave and free: And her bright-eyed daugh-ters

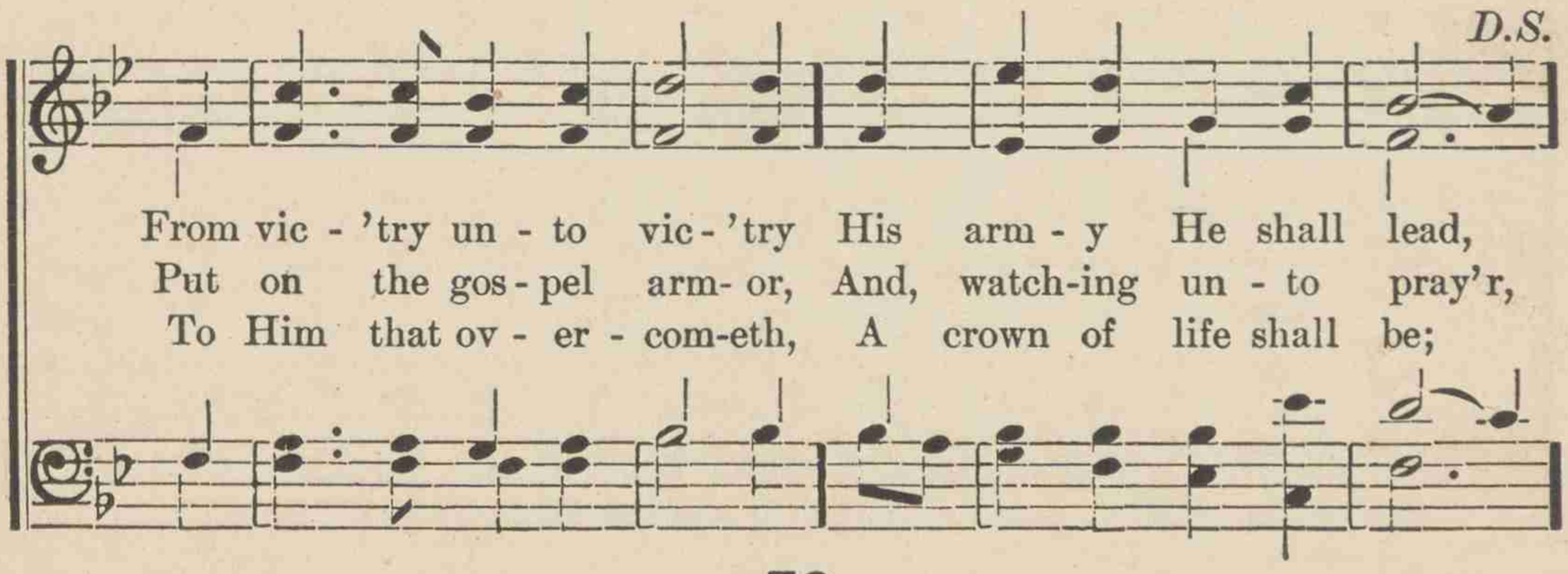
HO! FOR CAROLINA! Concluded.



No. 72. STAND UP! STAND UP!

GEORGE DUFFIELD. WEBB. 7s. 6s. D. G. J. WEBB.





No. 73. THE SUNNY SOUTH.

J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD.



1. Come list - en now my count-ry - men, Give me at - ten - tive ear,
2. The sun- ny south with ti - dal wave Of commerce grow-ing great,
3. The sun- ny south with la- dies dear, So grace-ful and so neat,





To hear a song for Dix-ie's land, The sun- ny south so dear,
Where en - er - gy with vig - or bounds In ev - 'ry sun - ny State,
So mod- est, yet they're full of cheer, For ev - 'ry gent they meet,



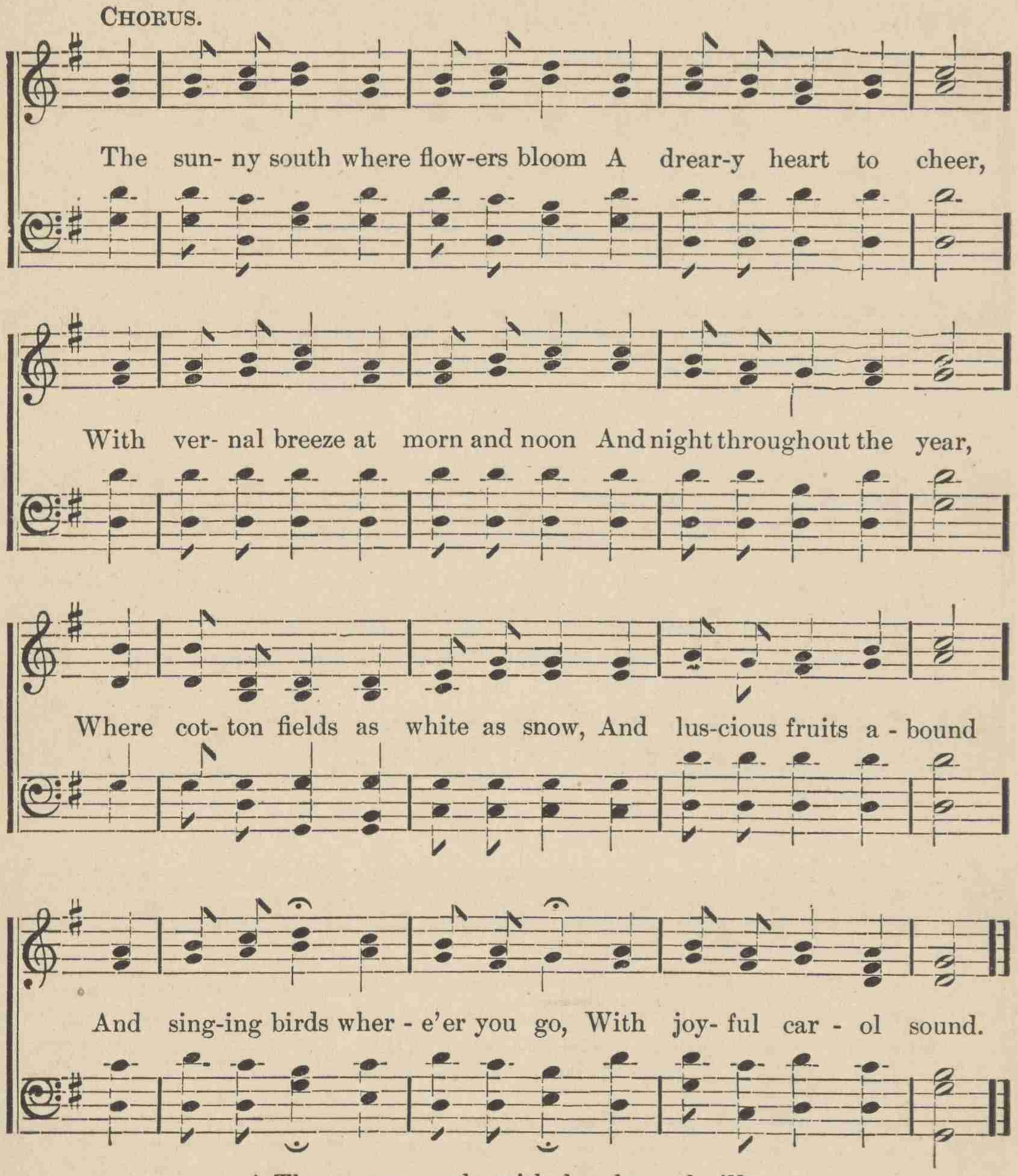
I've trav-ell'd all the globe a- round All quar-ters for too see,
And ev - 'ry man with help-ing hand As kind as he can be,
O bless them all, both great and small, Who - ev - er they may be,



And find there's none like Dix-ie's land, The sun - ny south for me.
O how I love this sun- ny land, This land so dear to me.
I love to live so near them all, Its just the place for me.

Copyright, 1908, by J. S. Leonard.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.—Concluded.



4 The sunny south with brooks and rills
With crystal water clean,
With every valley vale and hill,
In shades of living green,
Salubrious air with fragrance sweet
From every quarter floats,
Where Polly Parrots learn to speak,
And mocking birds sing notes.—CHO

5 The sunny south where years ago
The "gray and blue" were foes,
Where on the bloody battle fields,
They struck their fatal blows,
But now the hostile past they plant
And grasp a friendly hand,
And those who fought for Lee or Grant,
Like loving brothers stand.—CHO.

No. 74. MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

S. F. SMITH. (AMERICA, 6s, 4s.)



No. 75. MY DEAR AMERICA.

J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD.

1. Land of my na - tive birth, I love thy sa - cred earth: 'Tis
2. Thy no-bles fos - ter thee, Thy ban-ners nev - er flee: There's
3. I love thy moun - tains steep, Thy wa- ters pure and deep, Thy

cres. *rit.* *Moderato.*

dear to me; 'Tis dear to me. Land where my fathers spilt their
none like thee: There's none like thee. The Queens in all their majes-
val - lies great; Thy val - lies great: Thy precious name stands foremost

blood, Land where those he - ros brave- ly stood To ty- ran- y de -
ty, The Kings in all no- bil - i - ty, Do - min-ions none can
still, Thy man-dates ev- 'ry bos - om thrills. To all the world good

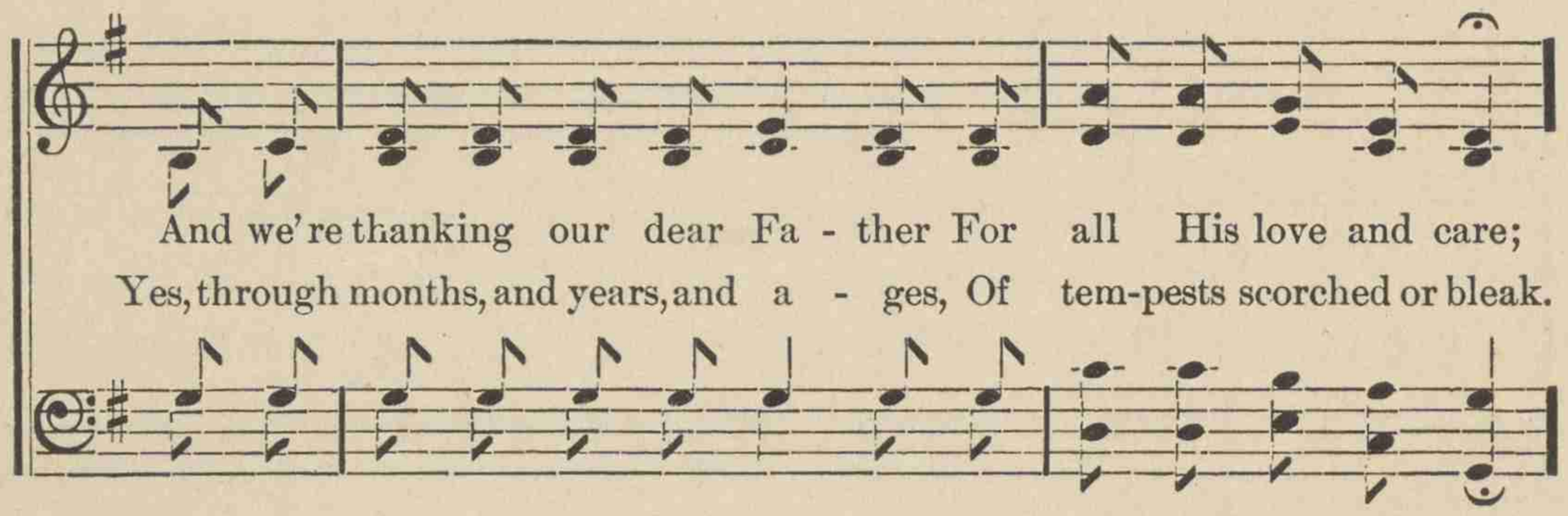
f *ff* *rit.*

stroy For free-dom we en - joy, For free-dom we en - joy.
see Like free A-mer - i - ca, Like free A- mer - i - ca.
will May all her mot - to be, My dear A- mer - i - ca.

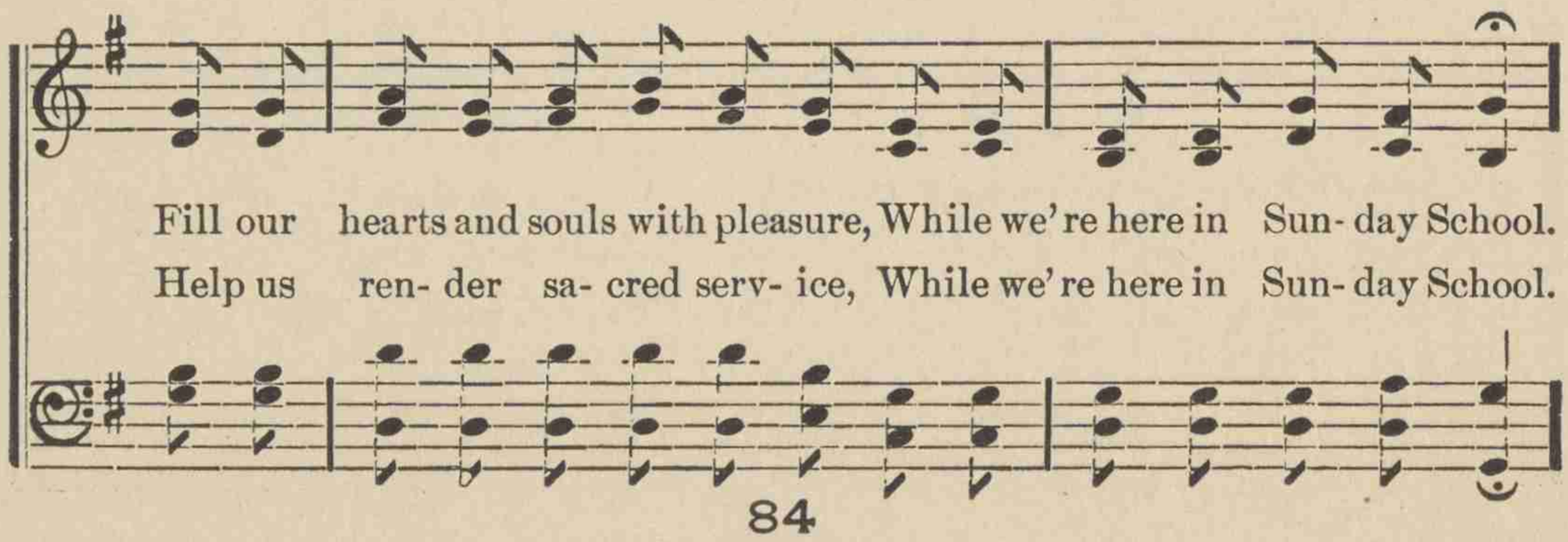
No. 76. GATHERING IN THE LORD'S HOUSE.

J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD.

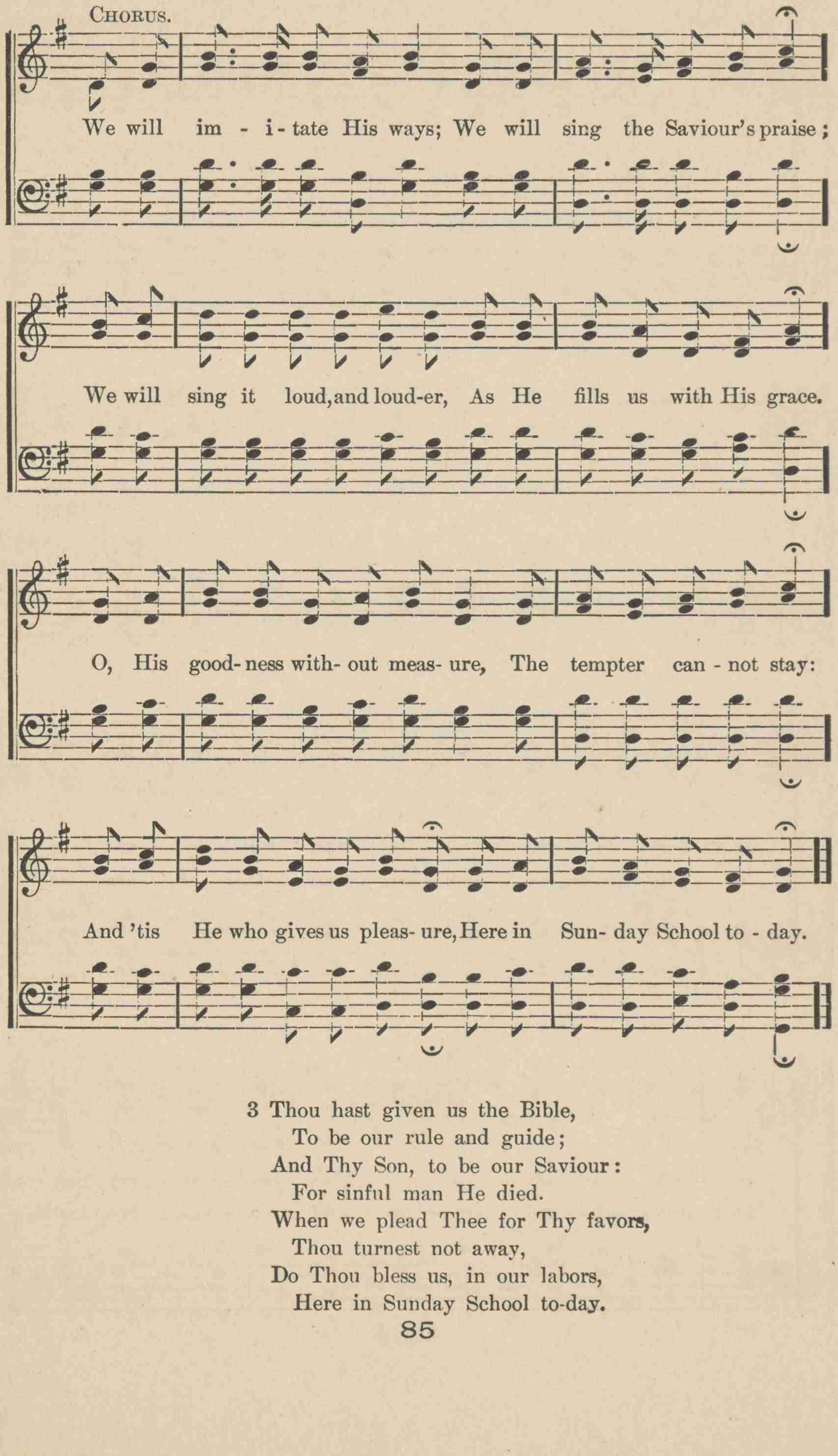








GATHERING IN THE LORD'S HOUSE.—Concluded.



3 Thou hast given us the Bible,
To be our rule and guide;
And Thy Son, to be our Saviour:
For sinful man He died.
When we plead Thee for Thy favors,
Thou turnest not away,
Do Thou bless us, in our labors,
Here in Sunday School to-day.

No. 77. HOW TO BE HAPPY.

J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD.

1. If you would be hap - py As on - ward you go,
2. You'll find that when oth - ers You hap - py have made,
3. No great wealth of pro - per - ty, Sil - ver or gold,

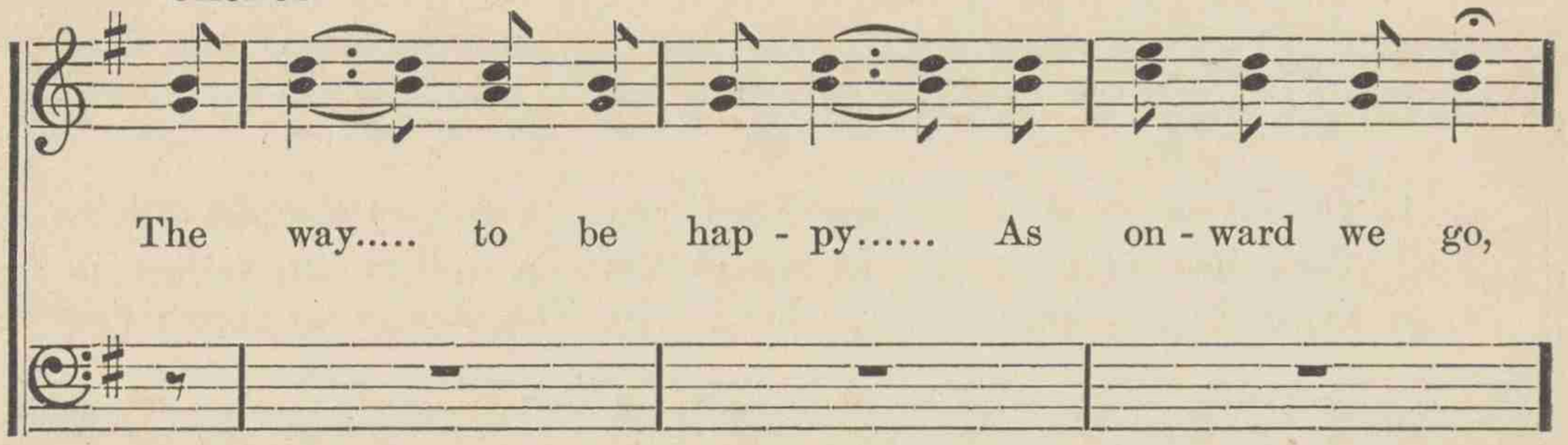
Just make a great ef - fort To make oth - ers so,
Foun - da - tion of hap - pi - ness You will have laid;
Can ev - er make hap - py The heart or the soul;

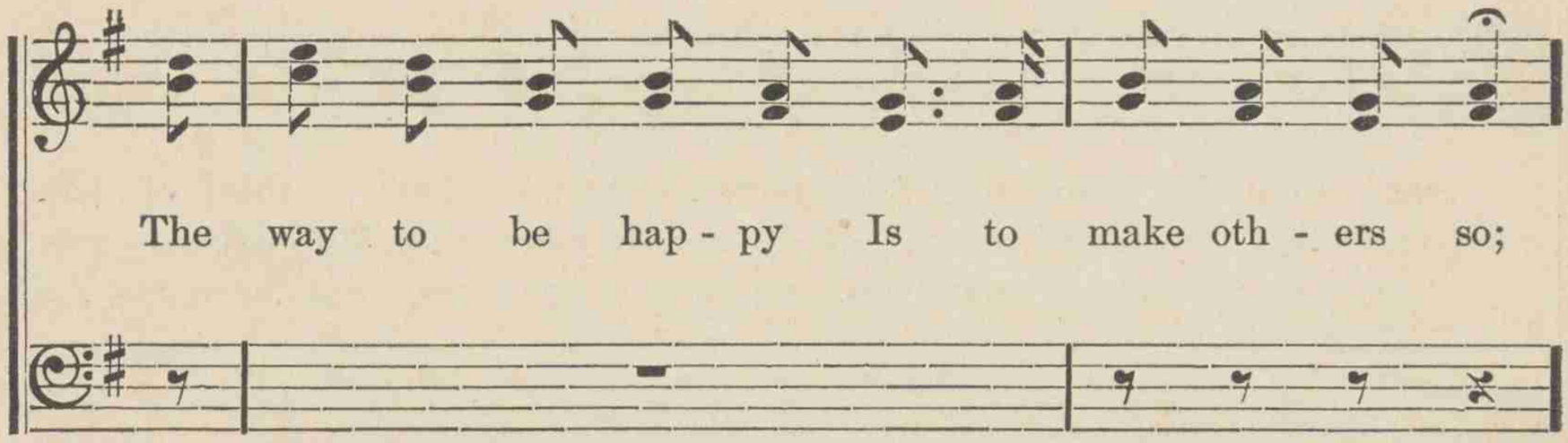
Your ef - forts ac - com - plish And you'll hap - py be,
The way to be hap - py, Yes, hap - py to be
If con- science is lash - ing Your guilt of neg - lect,

Just make oth - ers hap - py And you'll be hap - py.
Is make oth - ers hap - py, Then hap - py are ye.
To make oth - ers hap - py And oth - ers pro - tect.

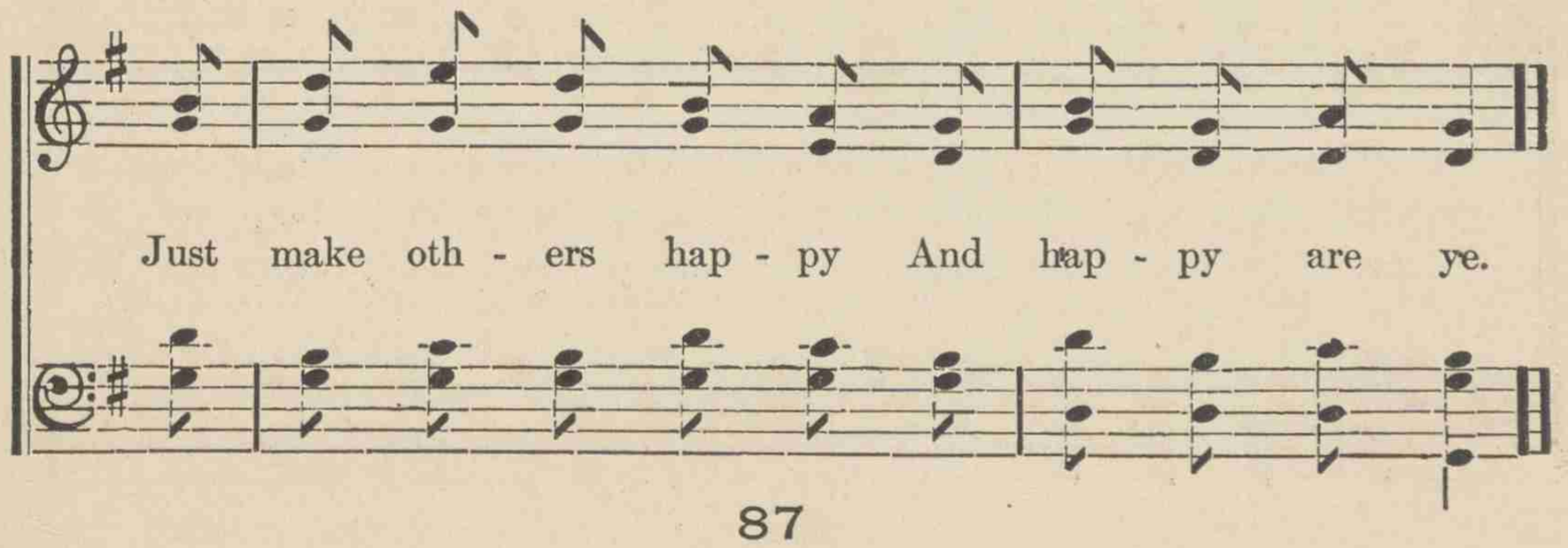
HOW TO BE HAPPY. Concluded.

CHORUS.









No. 78 THE MORE I LOVE THE CHILDREN.

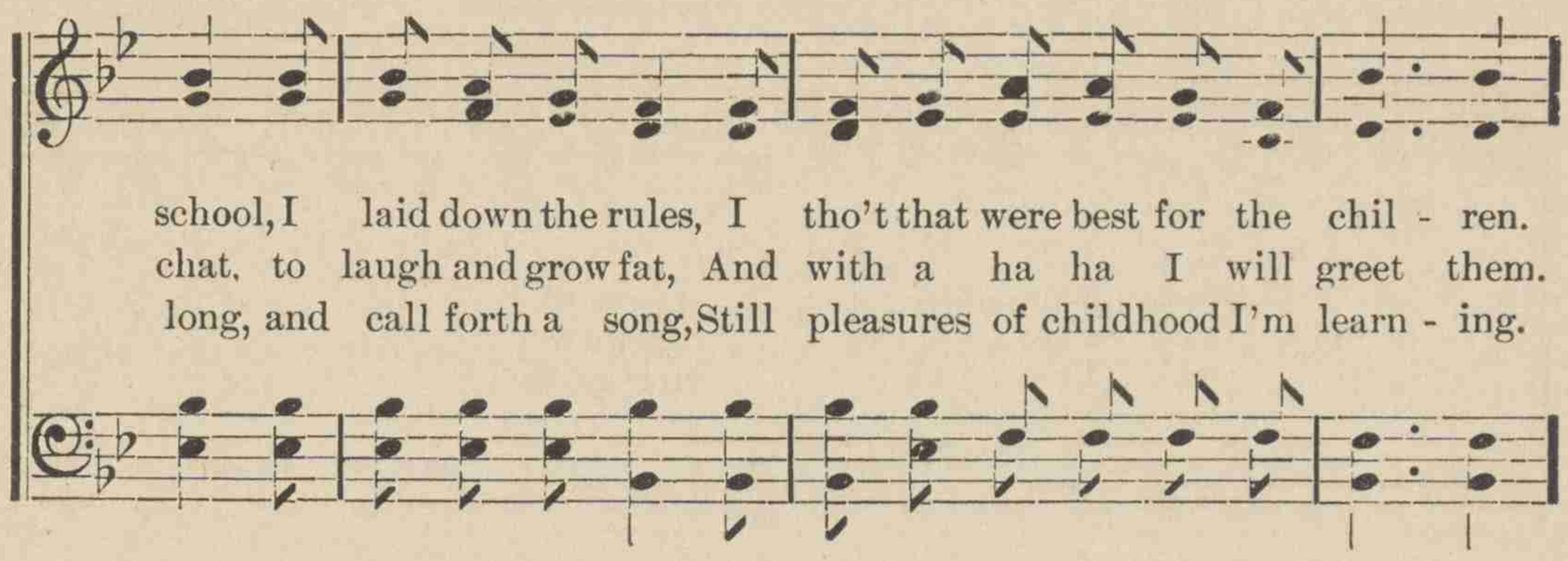
J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD.

1. The old- er I grow the fur-ther I go In tho' ts of the past with the chil - dren, Yes, when to my mind great pleasures I find I think of the
2. The children I meet in for- est or street, On hill or in val- ey or mea - dow, If bare-foot or shod, no mat- ter how clad, They drive a - way
3. The old- er I grow and fur-ther I go, The shorter my steps and my pac - es, Yet tho' I move slow, and tho' I bend low, I'm cheered by the

pleasures with chil - dren; In days of the past that have flown so fast
gloom's darkest sha - dow; They make me feel young, and make glib my tongue
children's sweet fac - es; The smiles and the joys of girls and of boys

I romped and I frol- icked with chil - dren, I taught them in
They cheer me with smiles when I meet them, They help me to
Are like the dew-drops of the morn - ing, They cheer me a -

THE MORE I LOVE THE CHILDREN. Concluded.









No. 79. THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD.

1. O how I love the old homestead, The old log house on the hill, The trees stand-ing round the old red ground, The
2. O how I love the old homestead, The place where friends love to meet, Tho' man - y the chang - es time has sped, I
3. O how I love the old homestead, The good old songs we would sing, The whis - tling boys their hors - es fed, The
4. O how I love the old homestead, The red-cheeked girls gathered in To sew on the quilts with home- spun thread, The

ground that we boys used to till; The barn where the hors-es and the
fain should submit na-tures fate; The paths where my brothers and my
girls sang their way to the spring; The old lo- cust trees where my
kind that the girls used to spin; And al - so the boys met to

cat - tle used to stay. The place where we romped in the
sis - ters used to tramp Have grown in - to hedg - es or
fa - ther called us all, The lo - custs to gath - er and
shuck the heap of corn, Di - vid - ed by rails to be

straw and the hay, The tree where the grapevine hung on the limb,
washed in - to clay, But yet ma - ny land-marks, yet man - y plants
make in - to beer, The brown gin- ger cake my kind moth- er baked
gin in the race, The race be - ing end - ed, quilt - ing complete,

Where we boys with the girls met to swing and to play.
Are al - most as love - ly to me to this day.
Was found on the side- board at home ev - 'ry year.
We cir - cled the ta - ble the good-things to eat.

CHORUS.

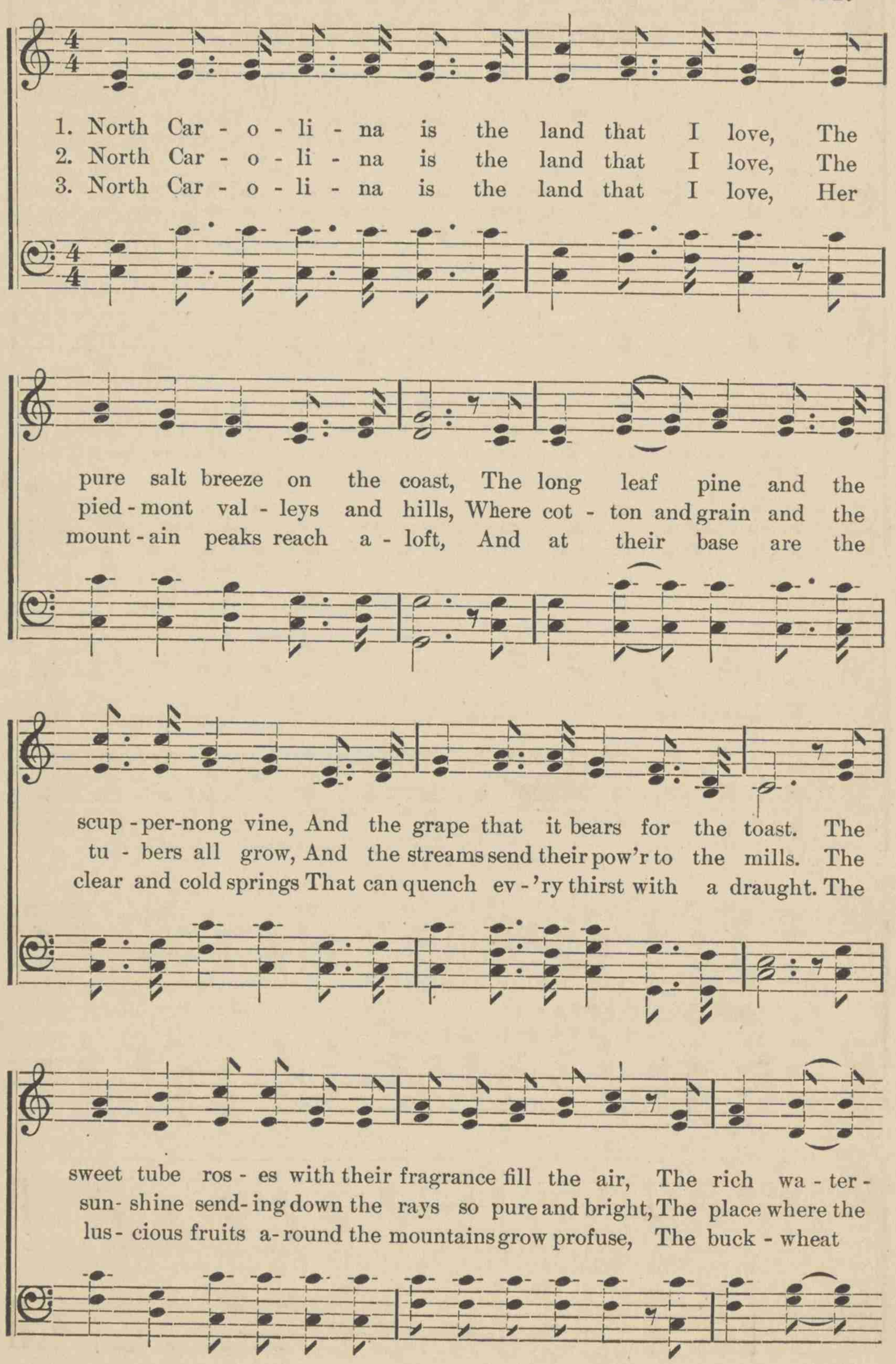
The old home- stead where my par- ents used to live, Hap - py

days there we spent long a - go. At night there was fun round the
there we spent long a- go.

big warm fire, While we boys used the fid - dle and the bow.

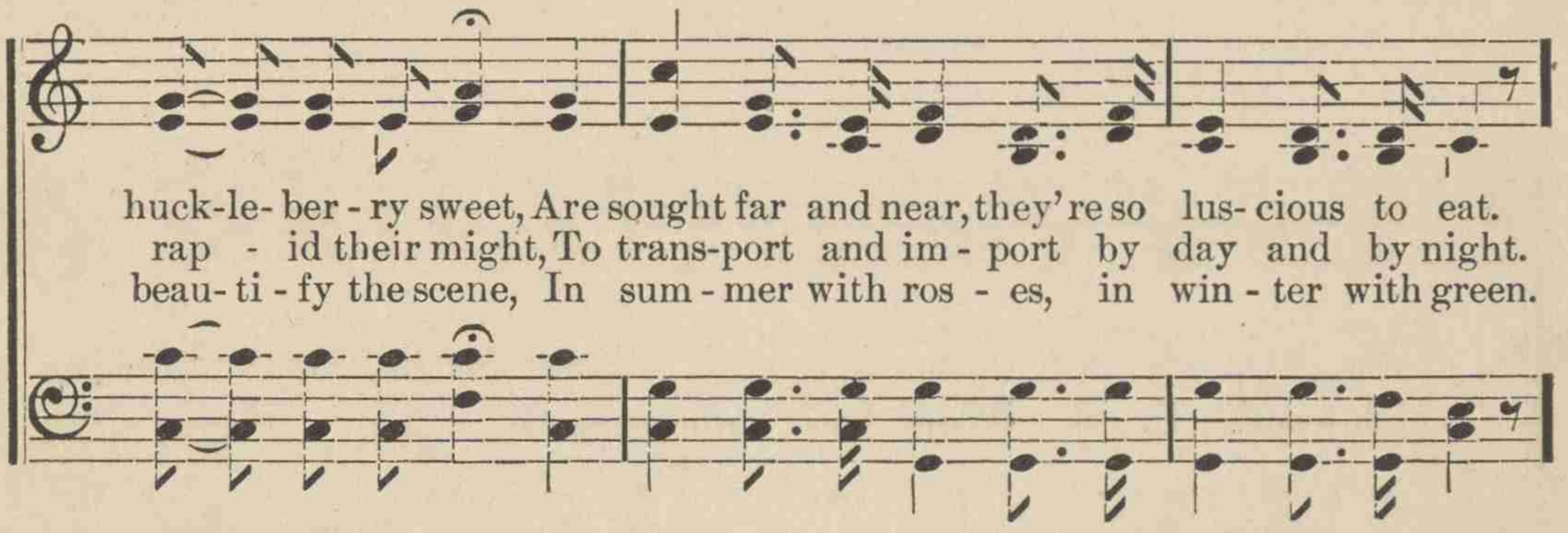
No. 80. NORTH CAROLINA, THE LAND I LOVE.

J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD.



NORTH CAROLINA, THE LAND I LOVE.—Concluded.



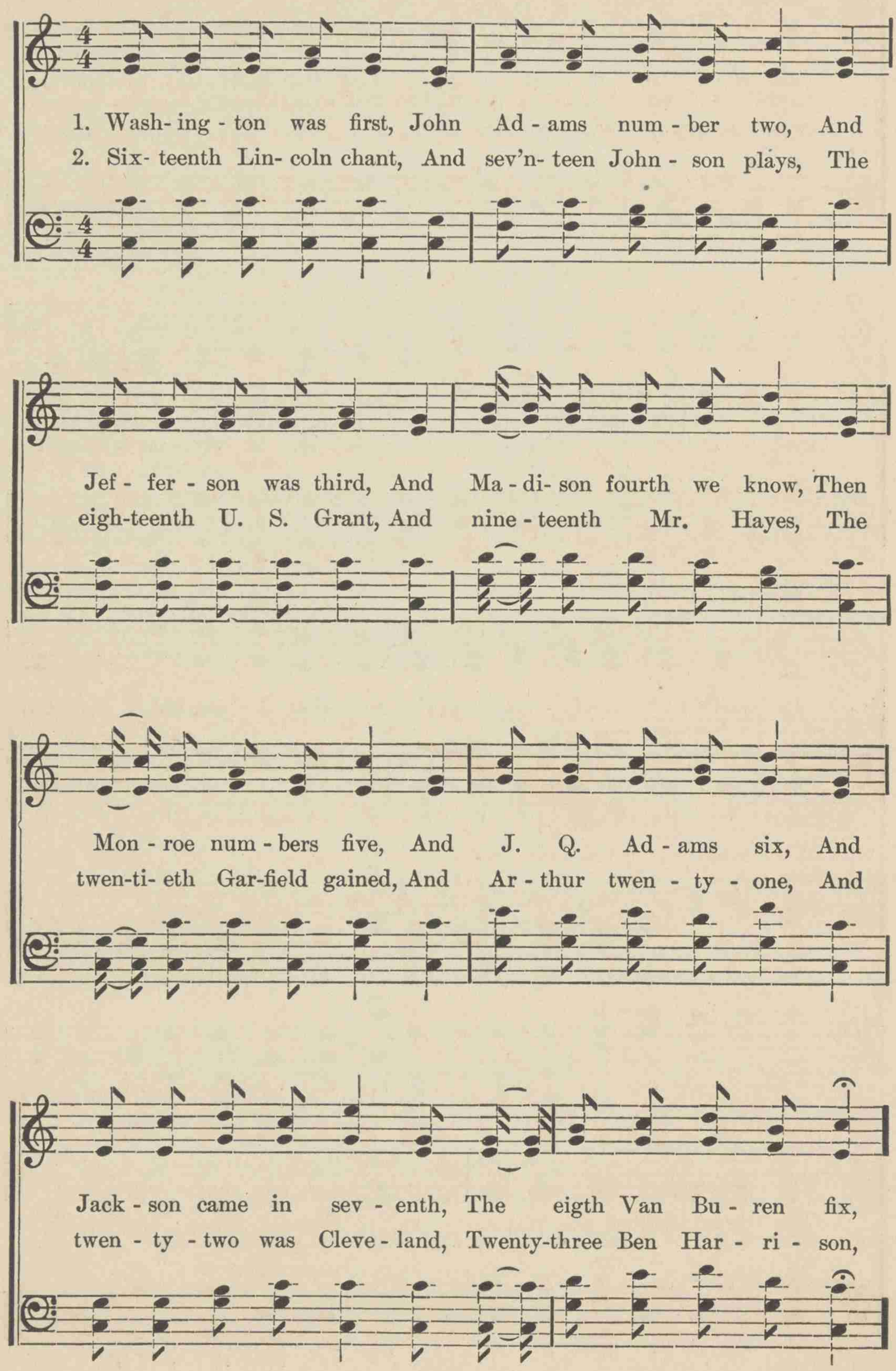


CHORUS.

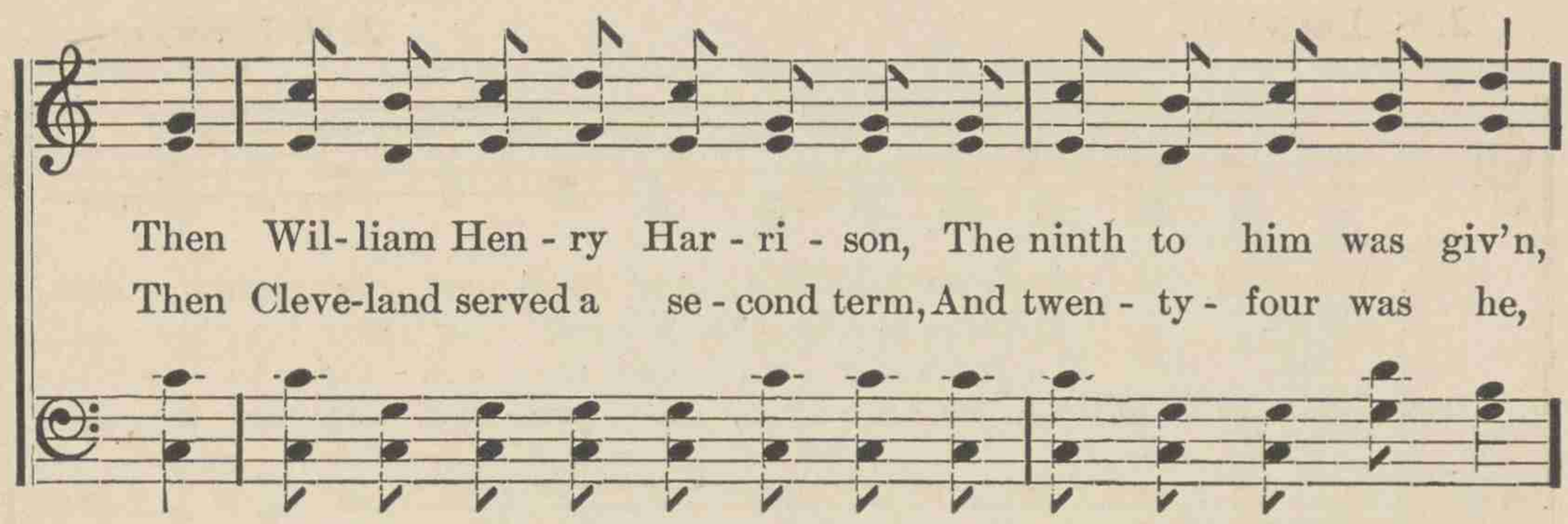


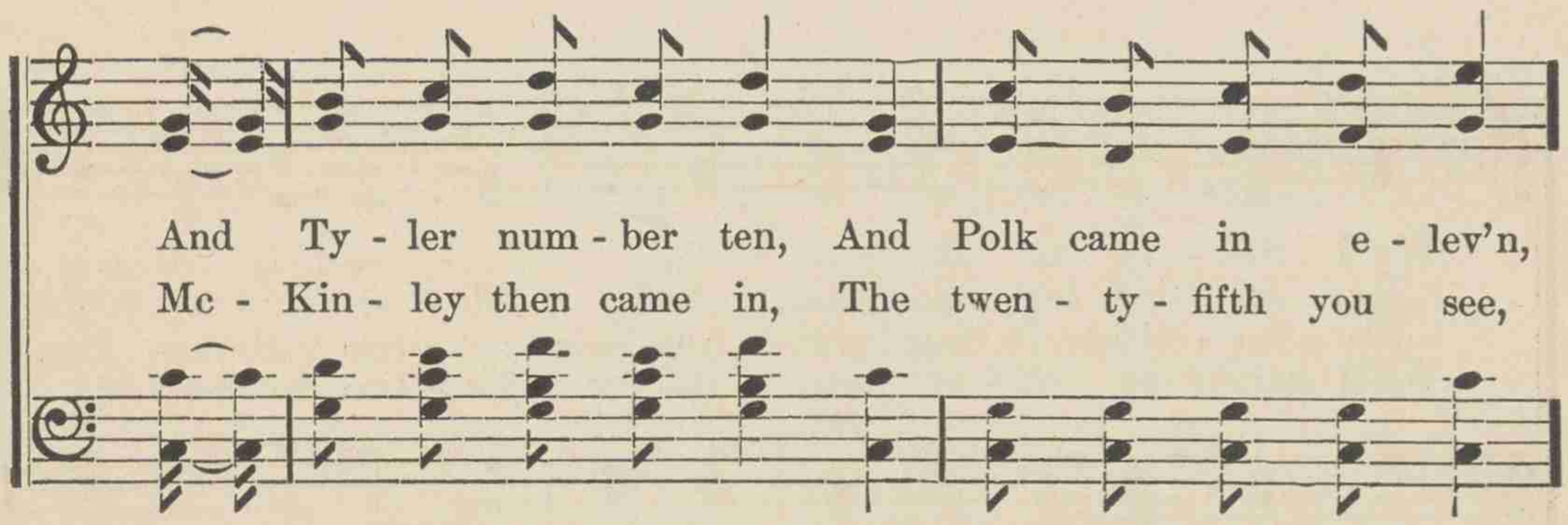
No. 81. SONG OF THE PRESIDENTS.

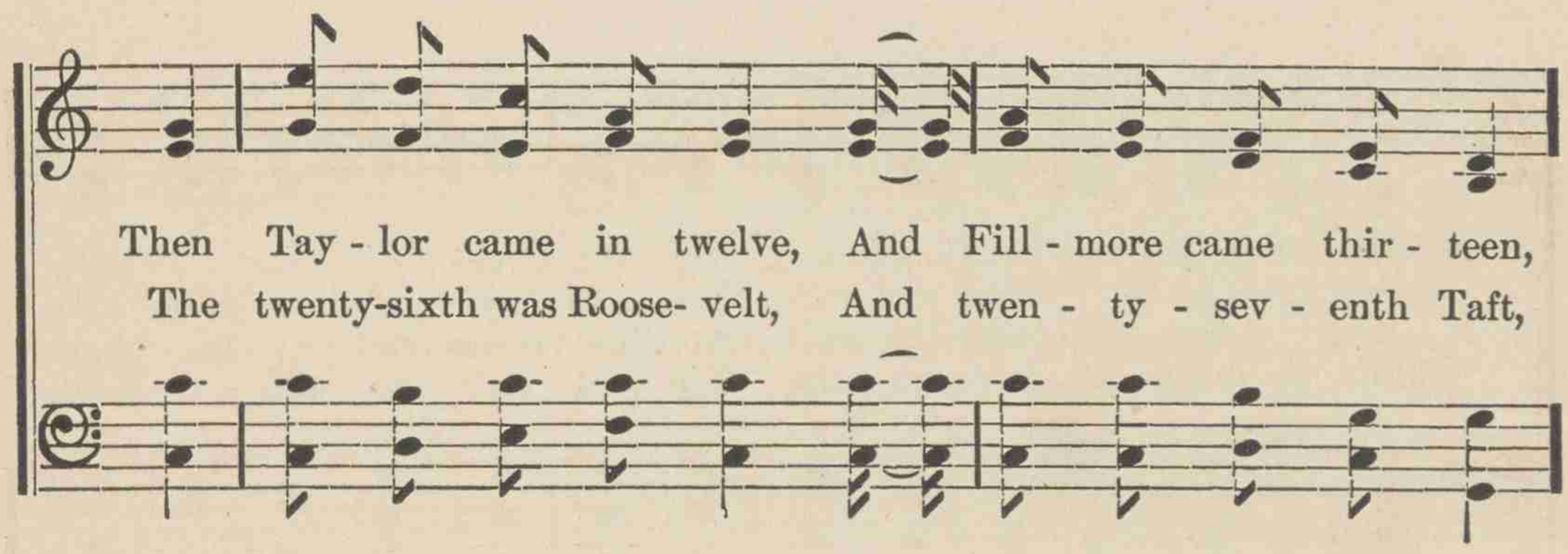
J. S. LEONARD. J. S. LEONARD.

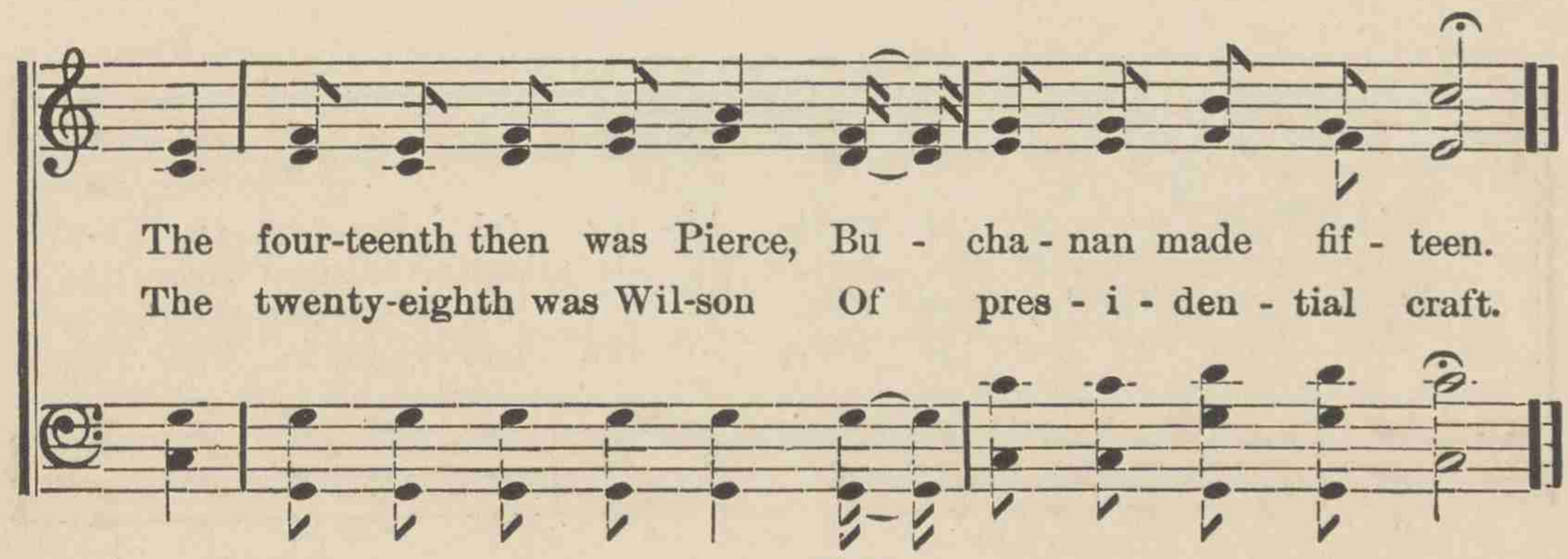


SONG OF THE PRESIDENTS.—Concluded.





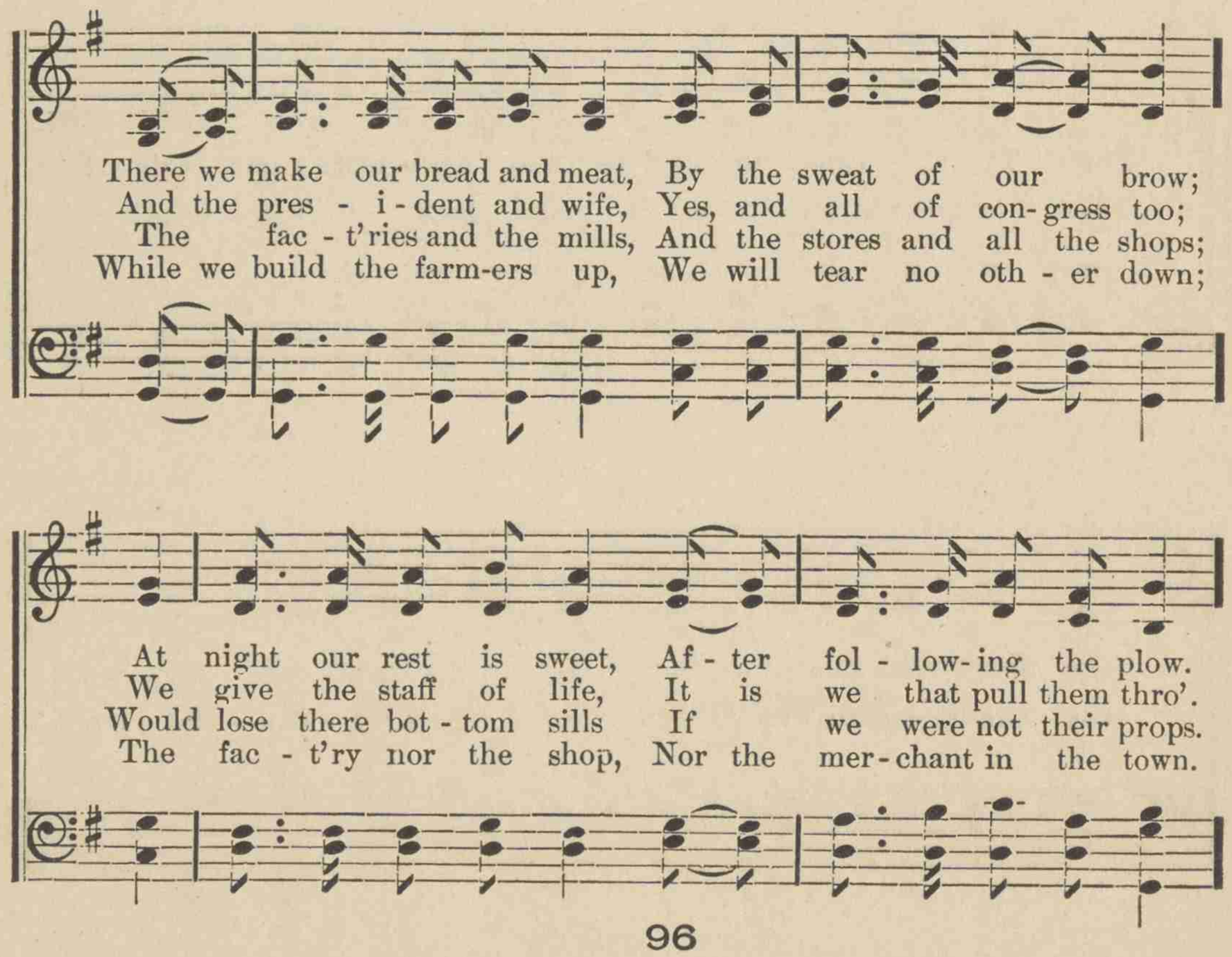




No. 82. WE LIVE ON THE FARM.

J. S. LEONARD. J. S. LEONARD.





WE LIVE ON THE FARM.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



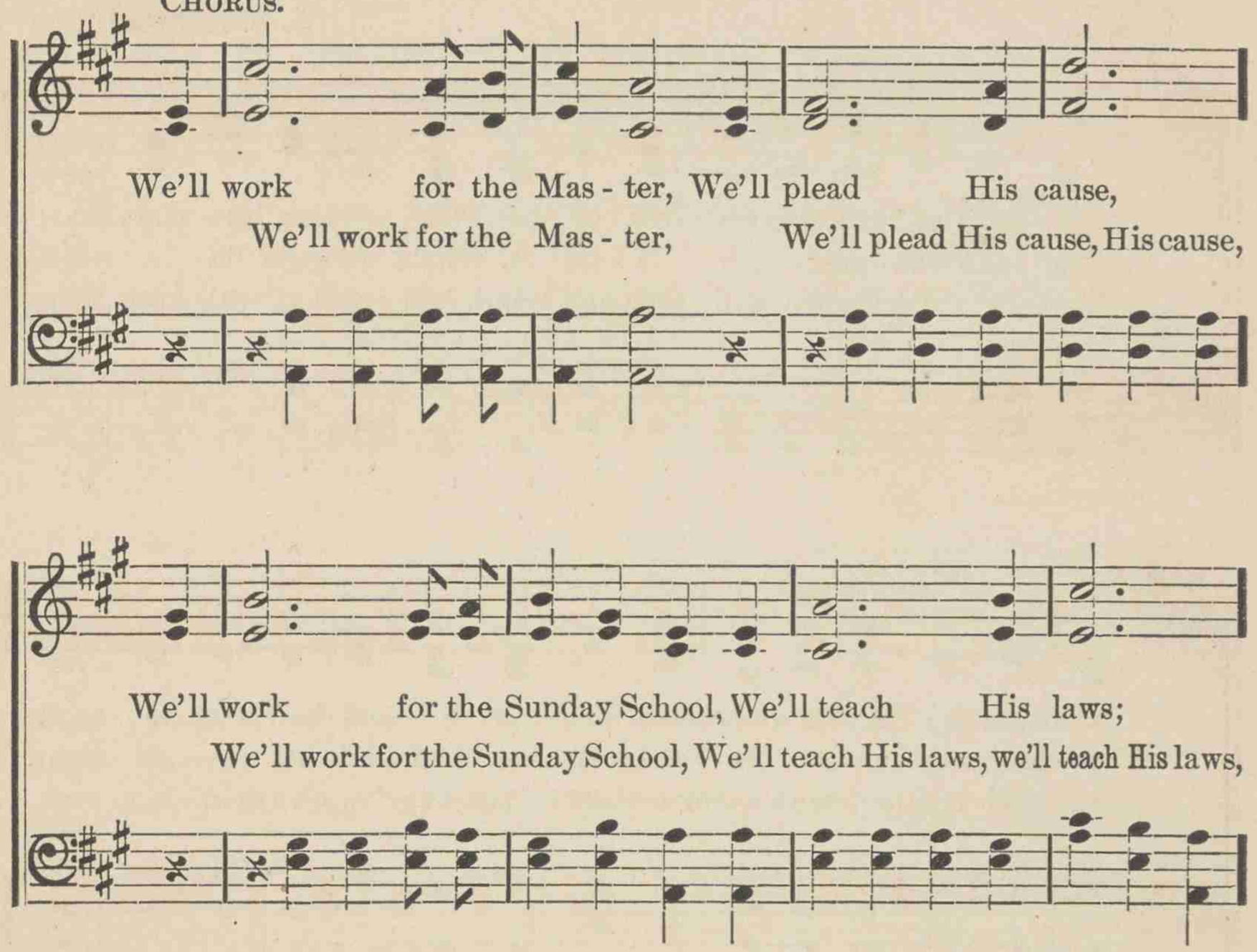
No. 83. WORK FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD.

1. We'll work not for fame, We'll work not for show, We'll work for the Sun-day School, We'll work to make it grow; We'll work through the storm, We'll work through the calm, For the work of the Mas-ter We will do what-e'er we can.
2. We'll work for the youth, We'll bring chil-dren in, We'll teach them the Bi-ble Truth, The shield for ev-'ry sin. With par-ents we'll plead, We'll teach them to know, We've en-list-ed in Sun-day School, To work and make it grow.
3. No mat-ter how meek, No mat-ter how low, Your pres-ence in Sun-day School Will help to make it grow. A word you can speak, A kind-ness can show, And a friend to the Sun-day School Can bring and make it grow.

WORK FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 84. THE GRUMBLERS.

J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD.



1. Some folks will grumble from day to day, They nev - er are con - tent;
2. The man who pess - em - is - tic is, Who's al-ways in a fright;
3. Some whin-ing women will pine and grind, And growl at this and that;





It makes no matter what comes their way, No mat - ter what is sent.
Who sees the worst lot al - ways his, And noth-ing ev - er right.
Yes, dis - con-tentment a-round them twines, They're always in a spat.





It's eith-er too hot or else to cold, Too wet, or else too dry;
Is noth - ing but a pest to me, From me I wish he'd stay;
Im - ag- ine that ev - 'ry - bod - y else Is bet - ter off than they;





Though bless-ings come to them un- told, Hard times they al - ways cry.
I'd thank him if ap-proach-ing me To go the oth - er way.
And if I half - way know my - self, I'll from them try to stay.

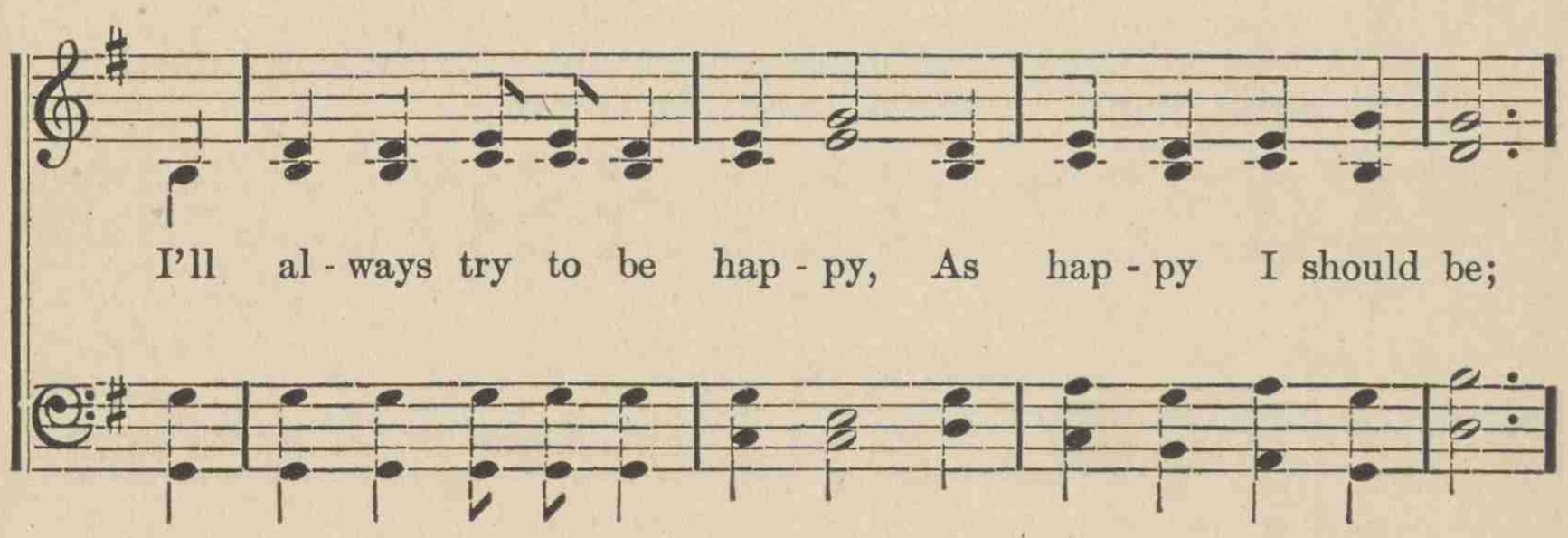


THE GRUMBLERS.—Concluded.

CHORUS.









No. 85. HOW BEAUTIFUL THE SUNSHINE.

J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD.

1. O bright is the morn- ing, How beauti - ful the day! The sunshine from
2. When darkness and shad- ows, Of night, have pass'd away; We hail then with
3. O bright is the morn- ing, We bless His hallow'd day; We meet here to

heav'n, With its life - giving ray. Be - to - kens in brightness, A God-giving love,
gladness The light of the day. It cheers us with gladness, Like spring cheers the dove,
praise Him In sweet tuneful lay. To hail Him, adore Him, And serve Him in love,

CHORUS.

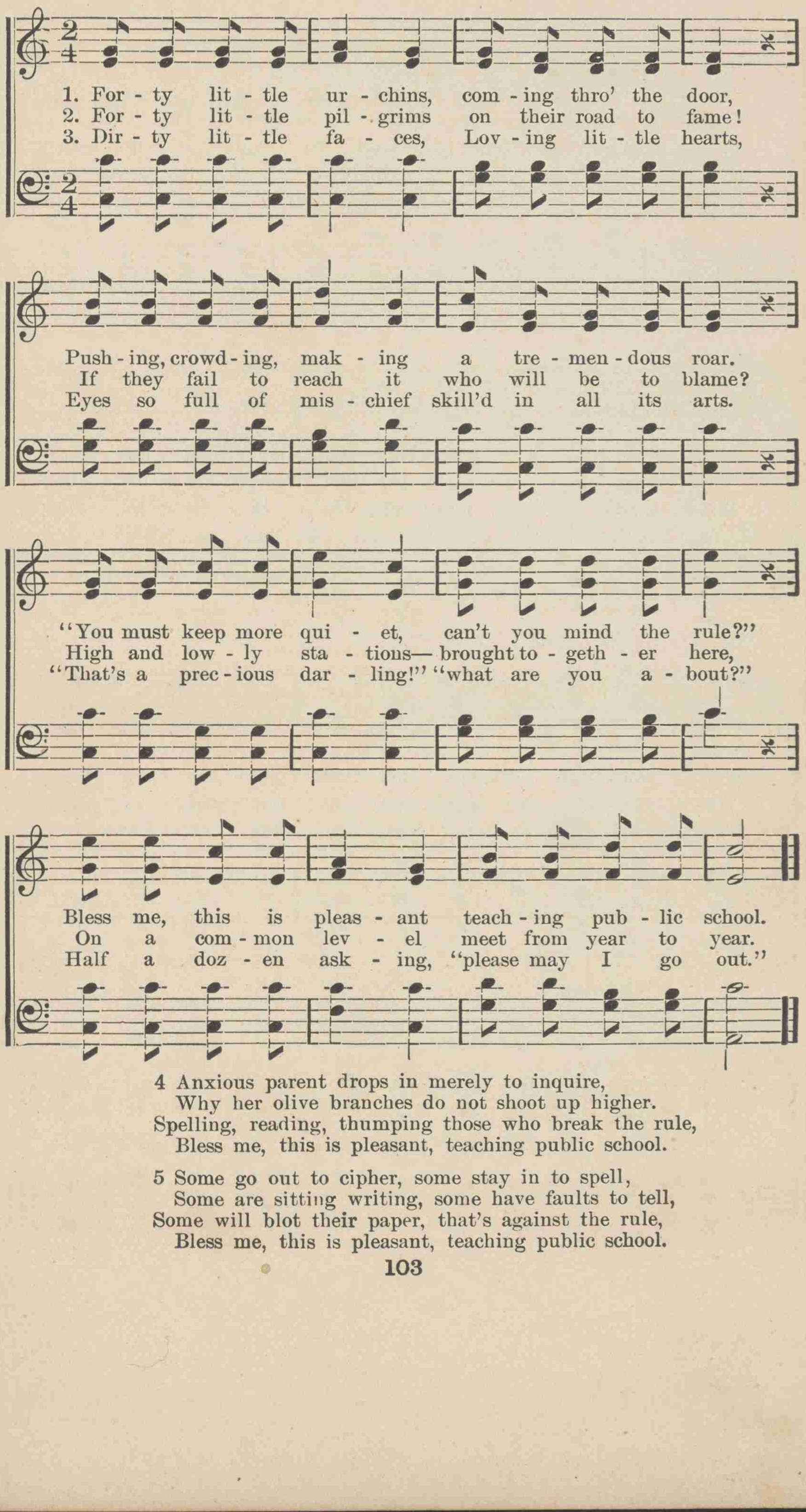
Yet faint is its like-ness Of Jesus' light above.
Yet faint is its like-ness Of Jesus' light above.
In sweet appar - i - tions Of Jesus' light above.
} How beau - ti- ful the

sunshine, How beau - ti-ful the sunshine, How beauti- ful the sunshine, A

to- ken of His love, Yet faint is its like-ness Of Je-sus' light a- bove.

No. 86. TEACHING PUBLIC SCHOOL.

H. R. Palmer.



4 Anxious parent drops in merely to inquire,
Why her olive branches do not shoot up higher.
Spelling, reading, thumping those who break the rule,
Bless me, this is pleasant, teaching public school.

5 Some go out to cipher, some stay in to spell,
Some are sitting writing, some have faults to tell,
Some will blot their paper, that's against the rule,
Bless me, this is pleasant, teaching public school.

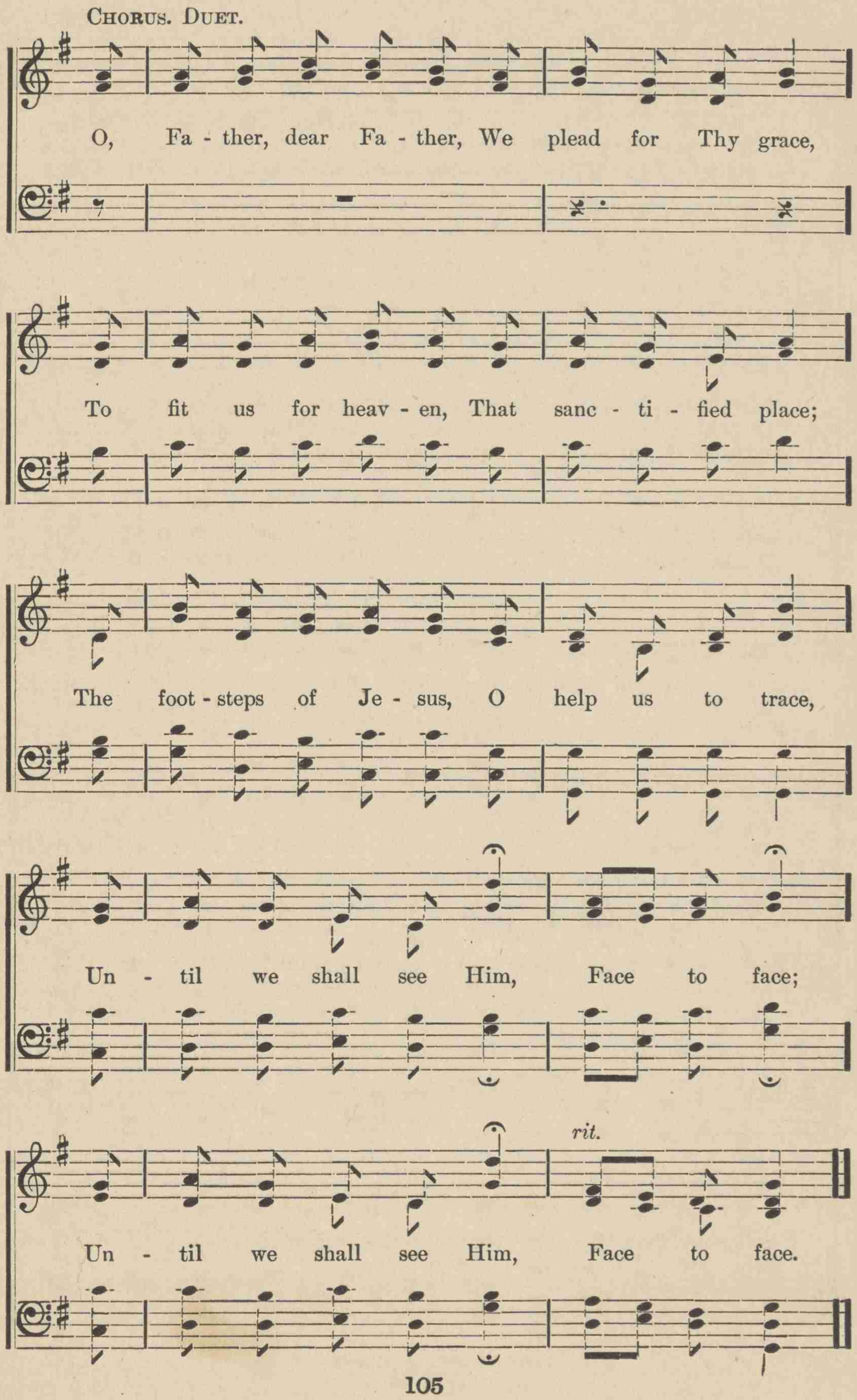
No. 87. ONCE MORE WE HAVE GATHERED.

J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD.



ONCE MORE WE HAVE GATHERED.—Concluded.

CHORUS. DUET.



No. 88. WORK SHALL BE MY THEME.

J. S. LEONARD. J. S. LEONARD.

1. Je - sus is call- ing to du - ty, His faith - ful, brave and true,
2. Je - sus, while we have as - sem - bled Be-tween these walls to - day,
3. Help us Thy word compre- hend, Lord, That leads to truth and light,

To faithful - ly work in His vine-yard, He's calling for me and for you.....
O help us be brave, yet be hum-ble, And serve Thee while here we stay.
And teach it to those all a-round us, The word of pow-er and of might.

Sa- tan's temp-ta- tions are lead - ing Ma - ny poor souls a - stray,
Sav-iour, u - nite us to - geth - er, In bonds of Chris-tian love,
Led by its coun-cils we err not, Nev - er can go a - stray,

And Je- sus is ten-der- ly call - ing, His servants to du- ty to - day.
That we may be worthy Thy fa - vor, Of blessings, yea send from a - bove.
It leads us, instructs us and guides us, That we may not err in our way.

CHORUS.

Work, work shall be my theme, For Him whom I love su-preme, And

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WORK SHALL BE MY THEME.—Concluded.



No. 89. HAPPY DAY.

J. S. LEONABD. From E. F. RIMBAULT.



2 O help our teacher to impart
That knowledge needful to each heart;
And help each pupil's mind to grasp,
Each needful word which it should clasp.

3 O bless the state in which we live,
Its rulers, Lord, the laws they give;
Increase their love for children dear,
To educate from year to year.

No. 90. SABBATH PETITION.

J. S. LEONARD. J. S. LEONARD.

1. Help us, Fa- ther, now we pray, On this Ho - ly Sabbath day, As we
2. Our meet-ing is in vain, Not a word can we ex-plain, Less the
3. Help Thy chil-dren look to Thee, On Thy throne in maj - es - ty, Simp- ly

med - i - tate up - on Thy bless- ed word, Help us con- centrate our minds,
pres-ence of Thy Spir - it be our guide, Help our souls look up to Thee;
trust- ing Thy dear Spir - it as our guide; Help each one his sta-tion fill;

On the things that are Divine; In that way that ev - er pleases Thee dear Lord.
And by faith Thy presence see; Help us now and ev - er-more with Thee abide.
And with pleasure do Thy will; Help us Sav-iour ev - er near to Thee a - bide.

CHORUS.

Help us im - i - tate the ways, Of Thy Son in yon- der days; When on

earth He set ex - am-ples here be - low, Help us im - i - tate His ways;

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SABBATH PETITION.—Concluded.



No. 91. REMEMBER THE SABBATH.

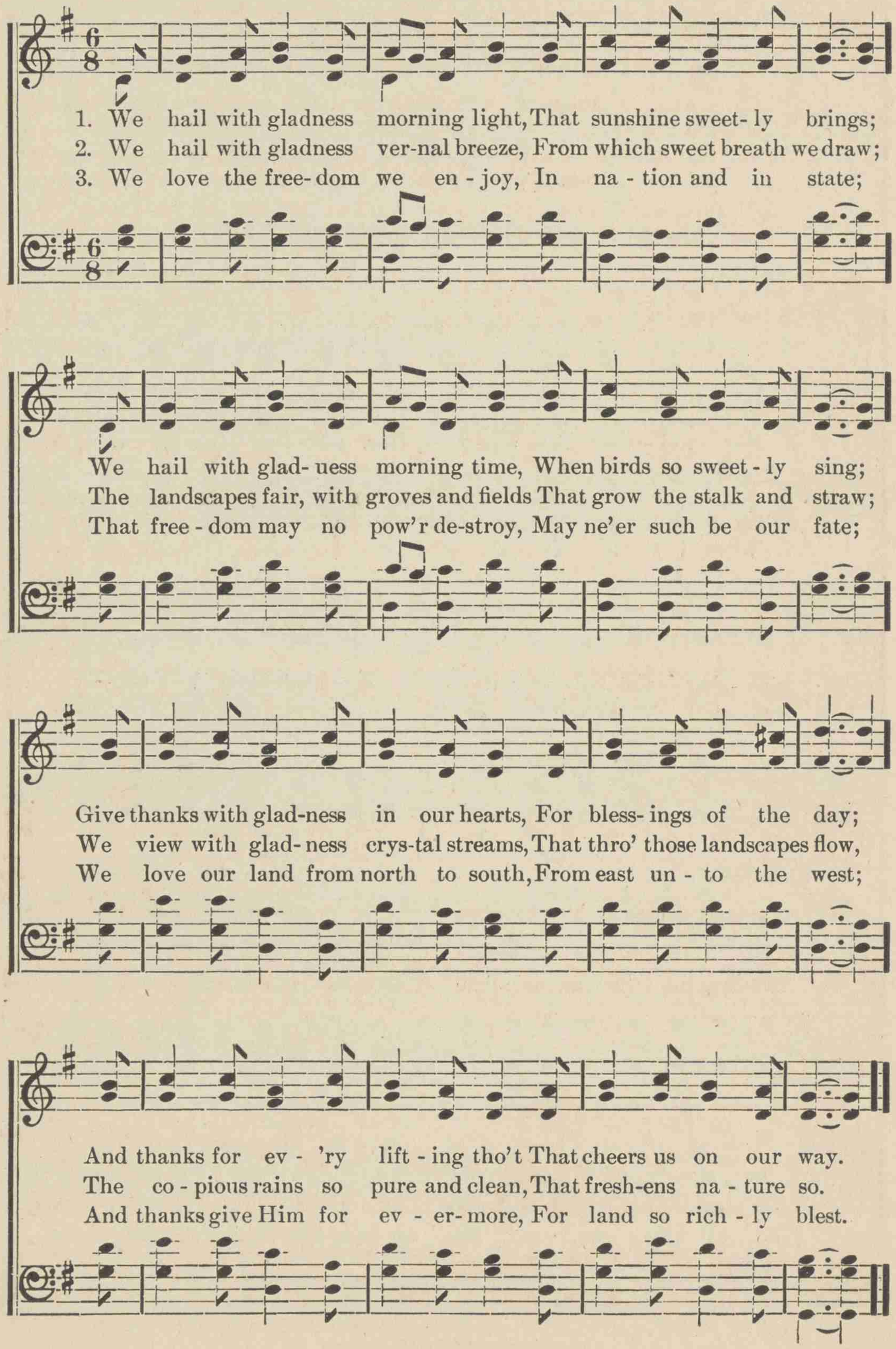
J. S. LEONARD. J. S. LEONARD.



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No. 92. WE HAIL WITH GLADNESS MORNING TIME.

J. S. LEONARD. C. M. D. J. S. LEONARD.



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No. 93. LORD, THY SERVANTS ASSEMBLE.

J. S. LEONARD. 8s. & 7s. J. S. LEONARD.

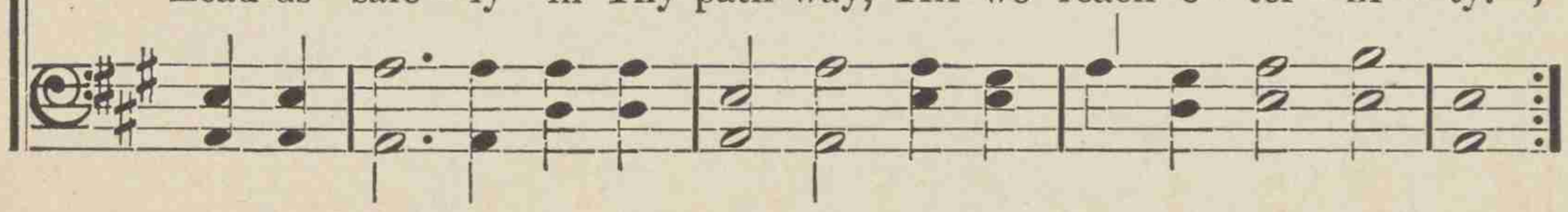


1. Lord, Thy serv- ants here as - sem-ble, Bless us, Lord, while here we meet;
   Help us here u - nite to - geth - er Christian hearts in bonds of love,
2. Fa - ther, look down with com-passion, Help us feel Thy presence nigh;
   Let Thy work, which Thou ap-point-ed, Be well done by us to - day,
3. When our work on earth is end - ed, And we lay our ar - mor by,
   Help us grow in grace and knowledge, Draw us clos - er, Lord, to Thee,





In the name of bless-ed Je - sus, Help us make our work com-plete.
Fill our souls with sa- cred pleas-ure, Lik- en un - to that a - bove.
While we in Thy courts as - sem- ble, All our needs, O Lord, sup - ply.
Ev - 'ry act by Thee is count- ed, All we do, and all we say.
Peace and joy, which Thou in-tend- ed, Wait for us be - yond the sky.
Lead us safe - ly in Thy path-way, Till we reach e - ter - ni - ty.



CHORUS.



Fa-ther, help us fill our sta - tion, In our weakness make us strong;



Fit our minds for each ob - la - tion, Guide us, Lord, or we go wrong.



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No. 94. GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN.

(8s & 7s) J. S. LEONARD.

1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God, He whose
3. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God, He whose
3. Glorious things of Thee are spoken, In Thy name help us a - dore, Let our

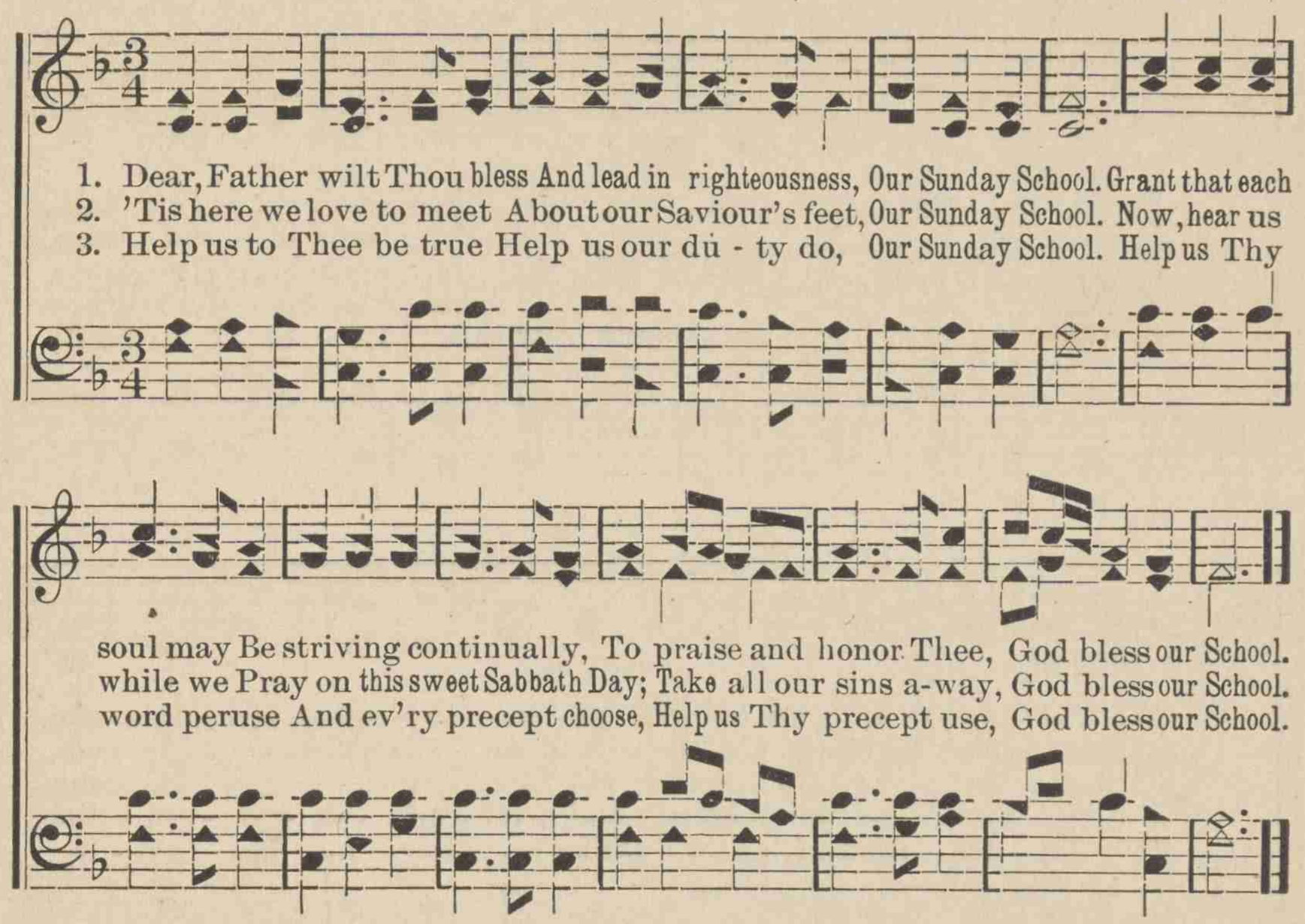
word can ne'er be bro - ken chose thee for His own a - bode,
word can ne'er be bro - ken chose thee for His own a - bode,
wor - ship be a to - ken Of that on the oth - er shore,

On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake her sure re - pose?
Lord, Thy Church is still Thy dwelling, Still is prec - ious in Thy sight;
Let the Church which Thou hast planted, For Thy crea - tures in Thy love

With sal-va - tion's walls surrounded, She can smile at all her foes.
Judah's tem - ple far ex - cell-ing, Beaming with the gos - pel light.
Im - i - tate that Thou hast granted, To those gone to heav'n a-bove.

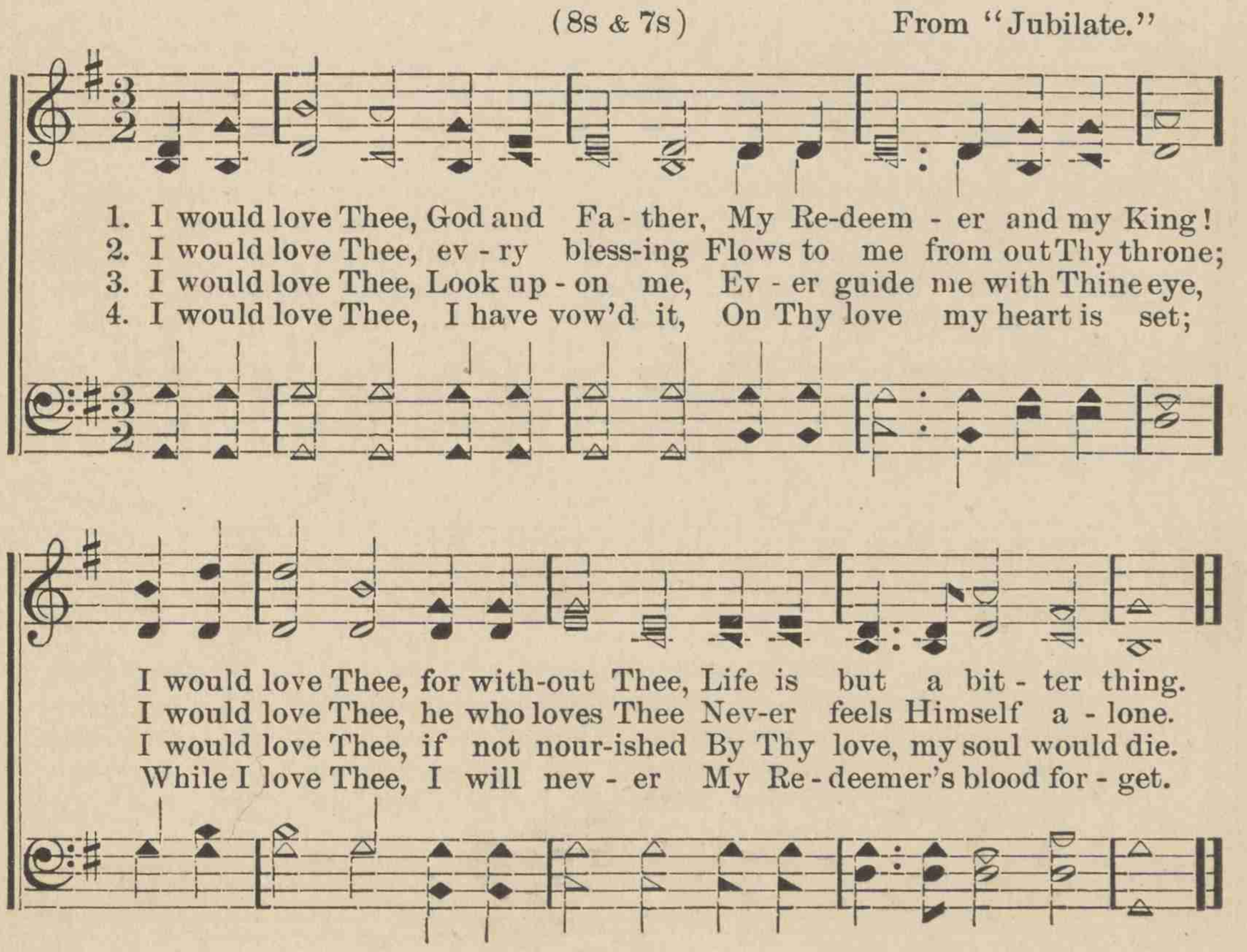
No. 95. SUNDAY SCHOOL PRAYER.

(America, 6s & 4s) HENRY CAREY.



No. 96. REDEEMER No. 2.

(8s & 7s) From "Jubilate."



No. 97. THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY. JOHN STAFFORD SMITH.

SOLO OR QUARTET.



1. Oh,..... say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light,
2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
3. And..... where is that band who so vaunt- ing - ly swore,
4. Oh,..... thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand
5. When our land is il - lum'd with... lib - er - ty's smile



What so proud - ly we hailed at the twi- light's last gleam - ing,
Where the foe's haught- y host in dread si - lence re - pos - es,
That the hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion,
Be - tween their loved home and wild war's des - o - la - tion,
If a foe from with - in strike a blow at her glo - ry,



Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep,
A..... home and a coun- try should leave us no more?
Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n- res - cued land
Down, down with the trai - tor, that... dares to de - file



O'er the ram - parts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly stream-ing?
As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con- ceals, half dis - clos - es?
Their..... blood has washed out their foul foot- steps' pol - lu - tion.
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na - tion!
The..... flag of her stars and the page of her sto - ry!



And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air,
Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam,
No..... ref - uge could save the..... hire - ling and slave,
Then..... con - quer we must, when our cause it is just,
By the mil - lions un - chained who our birth - right have gained,

Gave... proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream:
From the ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave:
And.... this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!"
We will keep her bright bla - zon for - ev - er un - stain'd!

CHORUS.

ff

Oh,..... say, does that star- span-gled ban - ner yet wave
'Tis the star- span - gled ban - ner; oh, long may it wave
And the star- span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth wave
And the star- span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave
And the star- span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave

cres. *ff*

O'er the land ... of the free and the home of the brave.
O'er the land ... of the free and the home of the brave.
O'er the land ... of the free and the home of the brave.
O'er the land ... of the free and the home of the brave.
O'er the land ... of the free and the home of the brave.

No. 98. THE SABBATH DAY RETURNETH.

J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD.

1. The Sab-bath day re - turn - eth, How sweet the day of rest,
2. The day the bless - ed Sav - iour Came forth from out the tomb,
3. The day when loved ones gath - er, The gos - pel feast to share,

The hallowed day the Lord hath made Of all the days the best.
The day He burst the bars of death And triumphed o - ver gloom.
The day of all the days the best When Je - sus feels so near.

An - oth - er week of la - bors, And toils we now lay by;
The day we meet to serve Him In fel - low-ship and love;
When from this world of cares,..... We find ourselves set free;

And seek our Fa-ther's fa - vors, Sent from His throne on high.
In em-blems of a fore - taste, Of per- fect bliss a - bove.
An em- blem of sweet rest Throughout all e - ter - ni - ty.

THE SABBATH DAY RETURNETH.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



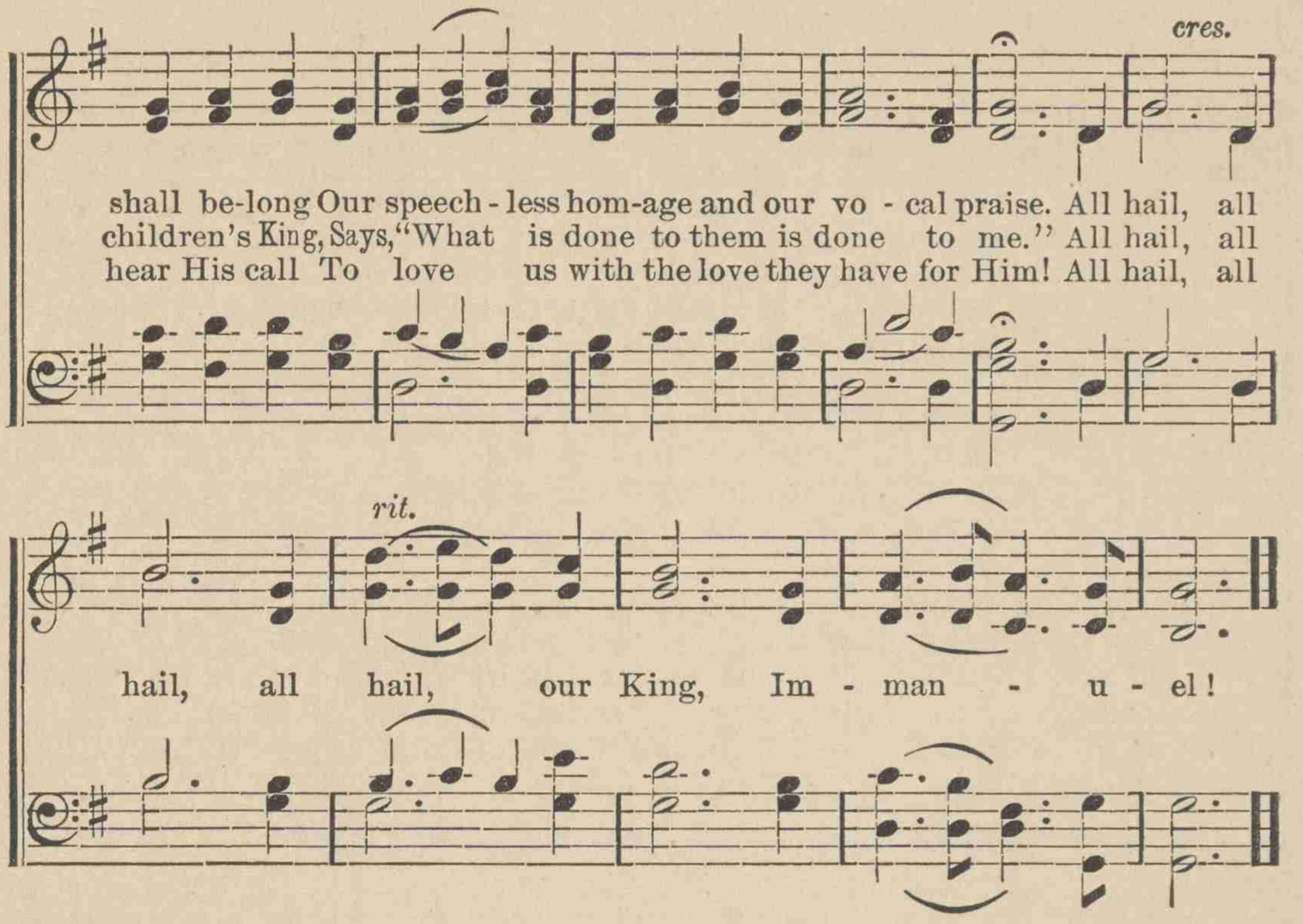
No. 99. WE HAIL THE KING.

(Dedicated to the children of the Thomasville Orphanage, 1914.)

Rev. J. D. Moore. J. S. LEONARD.

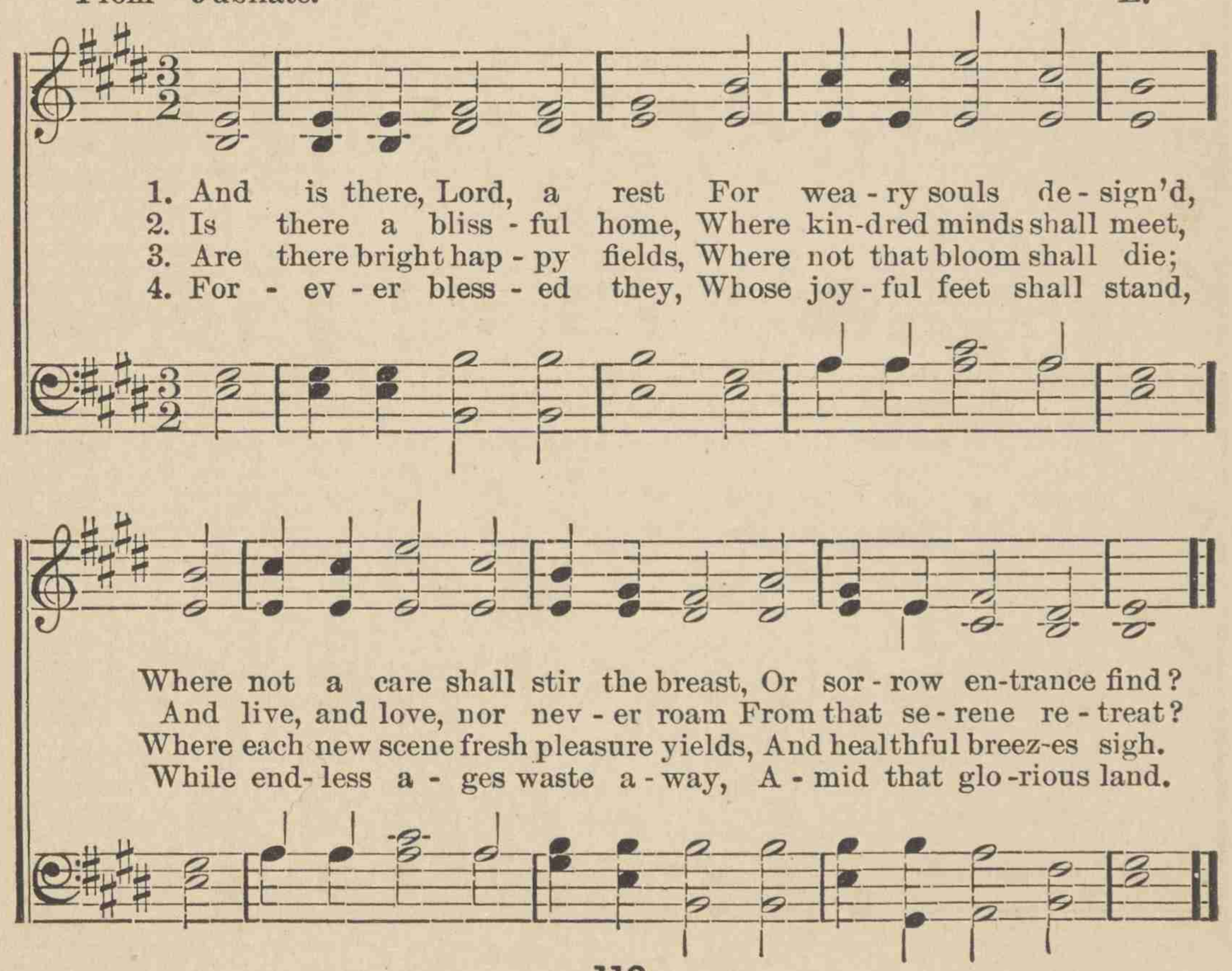
1. We hail the King, Im - man - u - el, To whom the chil - dren once a wel-come gave! To Him, our greet - ing anthems swell, While our ten - der palm - tree branch - es wave. To Him we lift our hearts in song, Whose bless - ings fol - low us through all our days; To Him for - ev - er
2. We hail the King, Im - man - u - el, Who comes with re - gal might and kind - ly heart, A - mong the least of earth to dwell; His love to show, His na - ture to im - part. Be - fore Him all the an - gels sing Of good - ness deep - er than the bound - less sea; For He, who is the
3. We hail the King, Im - man - u - el, We sing His mer - cies, all so won - der - ous; His name we praise, His love we tell, Who holds His ser - vants' hands firm un - der us. He notes the lit - tle spar - row's fall, And sees our griefs with eyes that can - not dim. Let all His peo - ple

WE HAIL THE KING.—Concluded



No. 100. LEWIS. S. M.

From "Jubilate." E.



No. 101. TOAST TO NORTH CAROLINA.

Mrs. CLARK. Mrs. S. D. SWAIM.

1. Here's to the land of the long leaf pine,
2. Here's to the land where the cot - ton blooms white,
3. Here's to the land where the maid - ens are fair - est,

The sum - mer land, where the snn doth shine,
And the scup - per - nong per-fumes the breeze at night,
Where friends are true, and cold hearts are rar - est,

Where the weak grow strong, and the strong grow great,
Where the south - ern moss, and the jes - sa - mine mate,
The near land, the dear land, what - e'er our fate,

Here's to down home,— the "Old North State."
The land that we love,— the "Old North State."
The best land, the blest land,— the "Old North State."

No. 102. GREEN FIELDS.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779. German Melody.

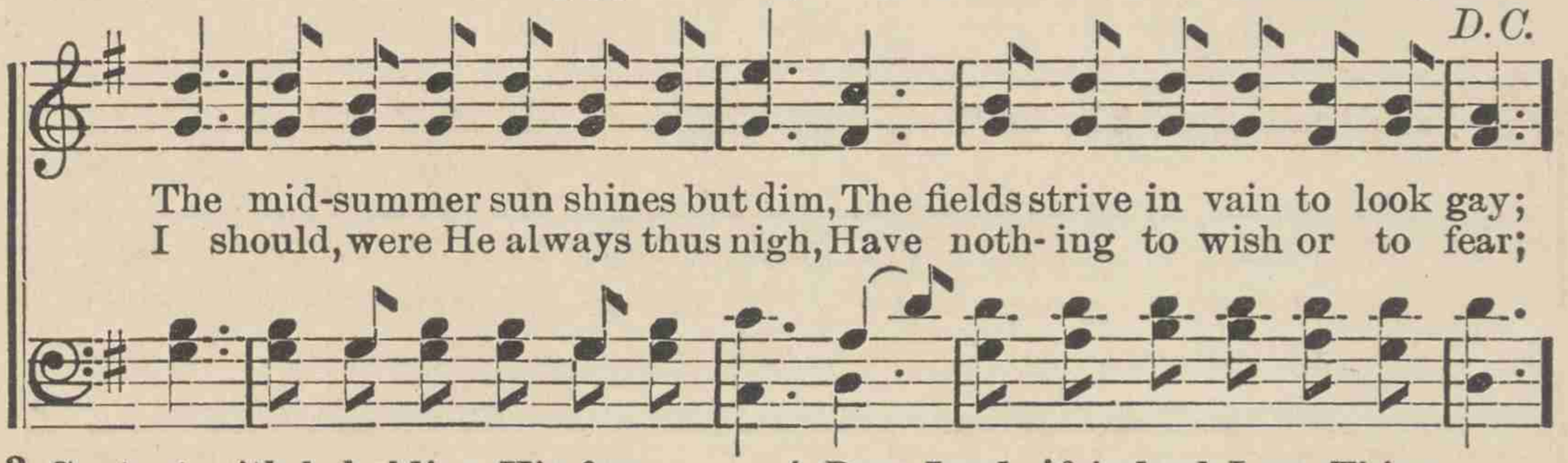
FINE.



1. How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Je-sus no long-er I see!
   Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me.
2. His name yields the richest per-fume, And sweet-er than mu-sic His voice;
   His presence dis-pens-es my gloom, And makes all within me re-joice.

D.C.—But when I am hap-py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleasant as May.
D.C.—No mor-tal so hap-py as I, My summer would last all the year.

D.C.



The mid-summer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
I should, were He always thus nigh, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear;

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace, a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto Thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

No. 103. GRINNELL. L. M.

From "Jubilate."

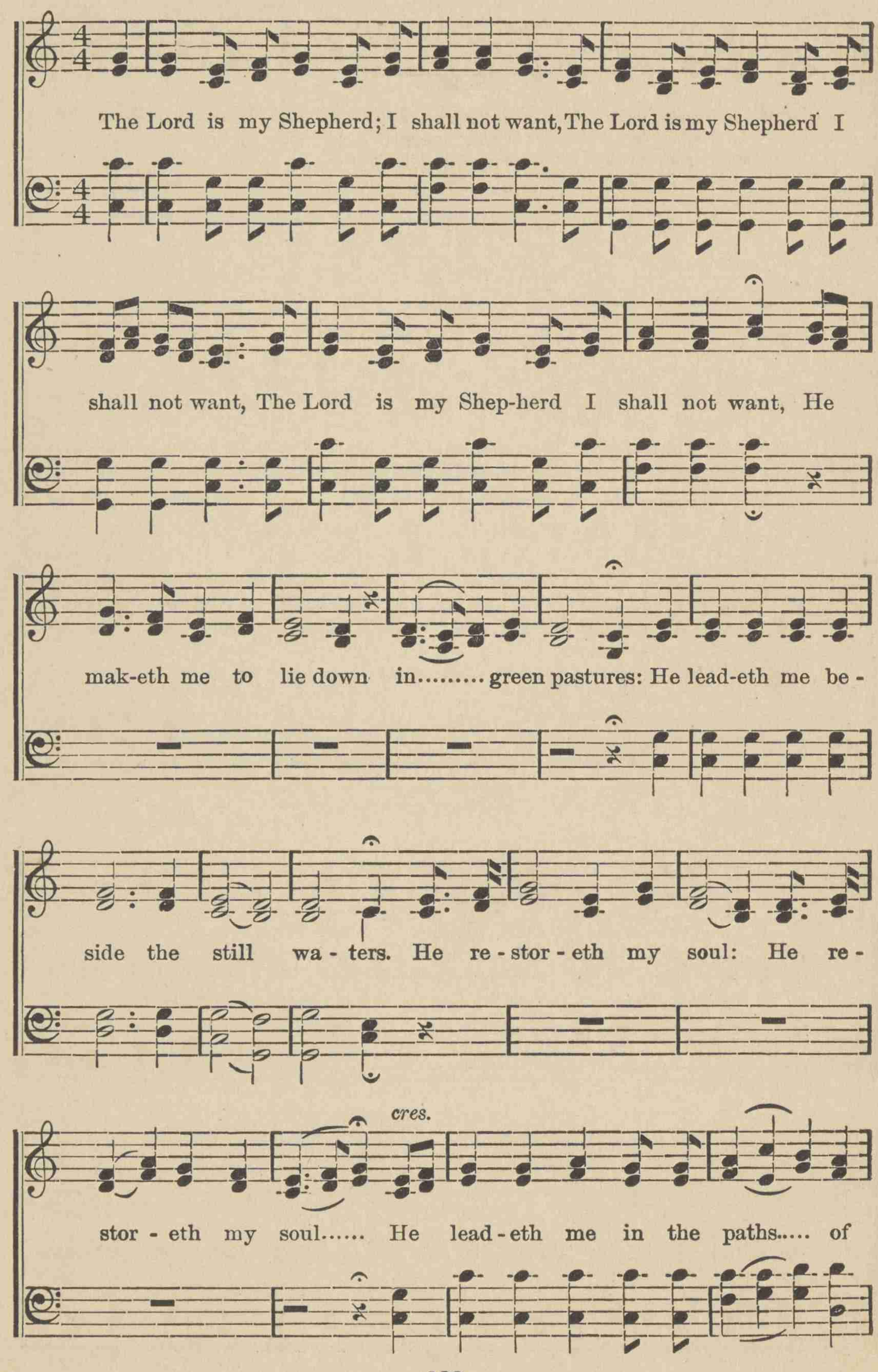


1. I love the Lord who died for me; I love His grace di-vine and free;
2. I love to hear that He was slain; That thro' His death my life I gain;
3. I love His peo-ple and their ways; I love with them to pray and praise:
4. I love to think that time will come When I shall be with Him at home,—

I love His word, for there I read That He loved me, and for me He bled.
I love to think on Him by faith, And muse up-on His cru-el death.
I love the Fa-ther and the Son; I love the Spir-it He sent down.
When I shall love as He loves me, And praise Him thro' e-ter-ni-ty.

No. 104. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

J. S. LEONARD.



Andante.

right-eous-ness for His name's sake. Yea, tho' I walk thro' the

val-ley of the shad-ow of death I will fear no e-vil, for

cres.

thou..... art with me; Thy rod and thy staff they com-fort

f *ff*

me, Thy rod and thy staff they com-fort me. Thou pre-par-est a

Moderato.

ta-ble be-fore me In the pres-ence of mine en-e-mies:

Thou a - noint-est my head with oil; My cup runneth o - ver.

Sure - ly good - ness and mer - cy shall fol - low me, Sure - ly

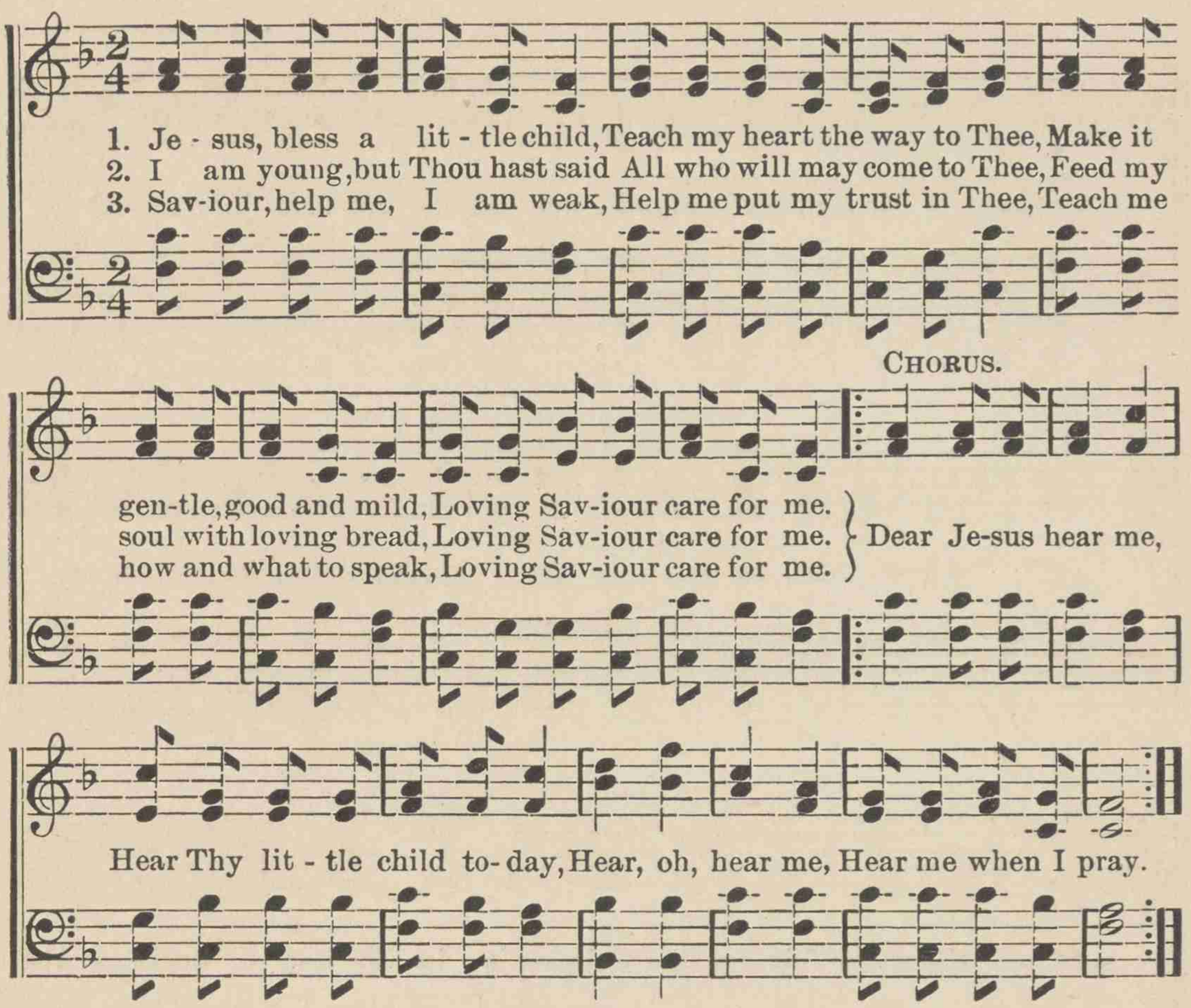
good - ness and mer - cy shall fol - low me All the days

of my life; And I..... will dwell in the house of the

Rit.

Lord for - ev - er. The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

No. 105. JESUS, BLESS A LITTLE CHILD.



No. 106. FERGUSON. C. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1800. GEO. KINGSLEY, 1811.



No. 107. BLESSED IS THE MAN.

J. S. LEONARD.

Bless-ed is the man that walk-eth not in the coun-sel of the un -

god - ly, Nor standeth in the way of sin - ners, Nor sit - teth in the

seat of the scorn- ful; But his delight is in the law of the Lord; And

in His law doth he med - i - tate day and night, But his de-light is

dim. *p*

in the law of the Lord, And in His law doth he med - i - tate

rit.

day..... and night. And he shall be like a tree plant-ed by the

riv - ers of wa - ter That bringeth forth his fruit in his sea - son; That

bring-eth forth his fruit in his sea - son, His leaf al - so

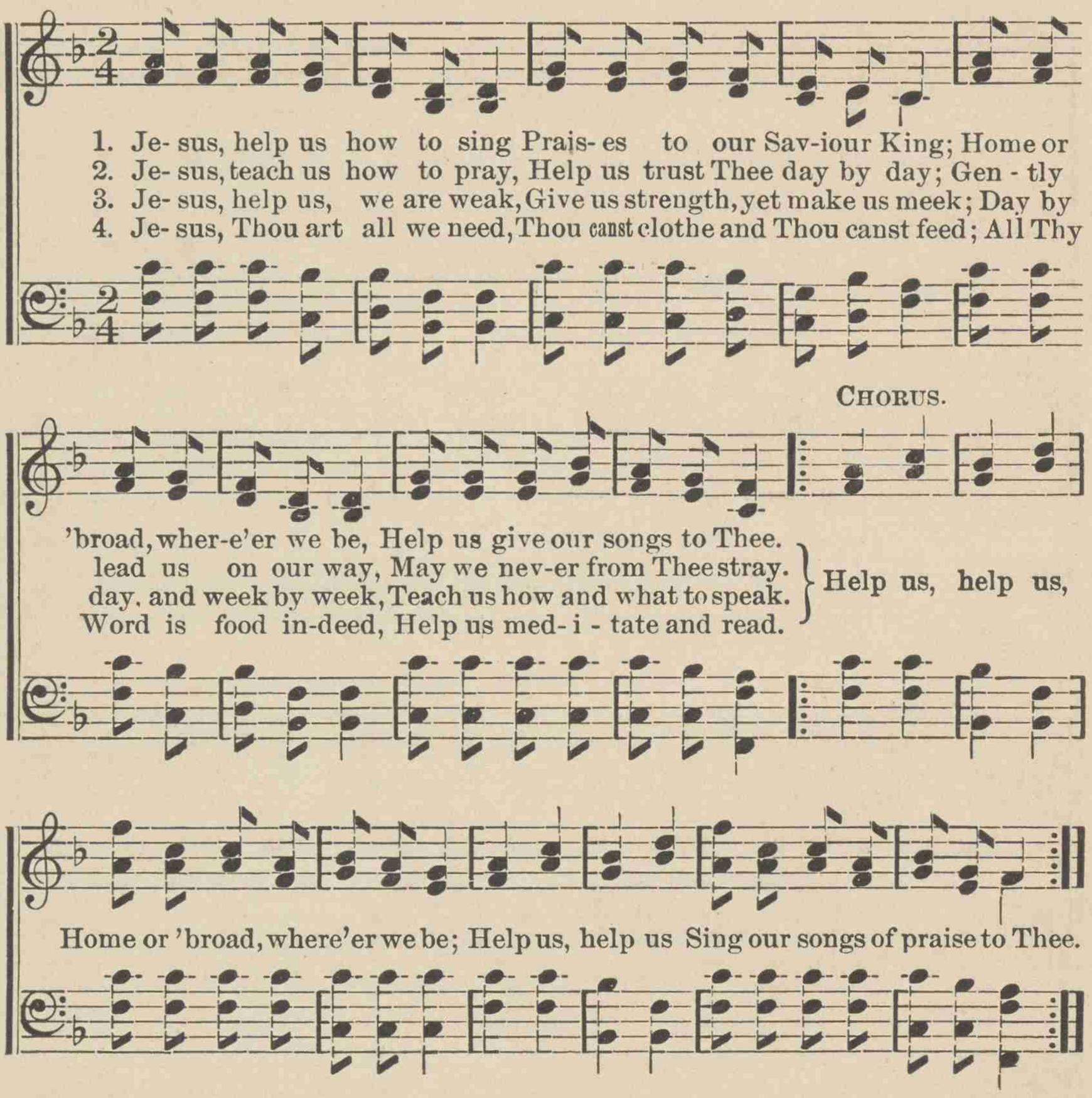
shall not with - er: And what - so - ev - er he do - eth shall

ritard. last time.

pros - per, And what - so - ev - er he do - eth shall pros - per.

No. 108. JESUS, HELP US.

J. S. L. J. S. LEONARD.



No. 109. BIM, BOME, BELL.

(Round in Three Parts.)



No. 110. EASTER ANTHEM.

WILLIAM BILLINGS.

Lively.

Hal - le - lu - jah!

The Lord is ris'n in - deed, Hal - le - lu - jah!

The Lord is ris'n in - deed! Hal - le - lu - jah!

The Lord is ris'n in - deed! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Now is Christ ris - en from the dead, and be - come the

Now is Christ

Now is Christ ris - en from the

first fruits of them that slept. Now is Christ ris - en from the

the first fruits of them that slept. Hal - le - lu - jah!

dead, and be- come the first fruits of them that slept.

dead, and be-come the first fruits of them that slept. Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! And did He

And did He rise?.....

And did He rise? And did He rise?..... did He rise?

And did He rise? did He rise?

rise? And did He rise?..... did He rise?

..... And did He rise?..... did He rise?

Hear, O ye na- tions, hear it, O ye dead! He rose! He rose!

Hear, O ye na-tions, hear it, O ye dead! He

He rose! He rose!

He burst the bars of

rose! He rose! He burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of


death! He burst the bars of death, and triumph'd o'er the grave! Then, then,
death! He burst the bars of death, and tri-umph'd o'er the grave! Then, then,
then I rose! then I rose! then I rose!
then I rose! then I rose! then I rose! then I rose!
then I rose! then I rose! then I rose! then I rose!
Then first hu- man- i - ty, tri-umphant, pass'd the crystal ports of light,
Then first hu- man- i - ty, tri-umphant, pass'd the crystal ports of light,

and seized e - ter - nal youth. Man, all im-mor-tal hail!

and seized e - ter - nal youth. Man, all im- mor-tal hail!

hail! Heav-en, all lav-ish of strange gifts to man, Thine all the glo - ry,

hail! Heav - en, all lav - ish of strange gifts to man, Thine all the glo - ry,

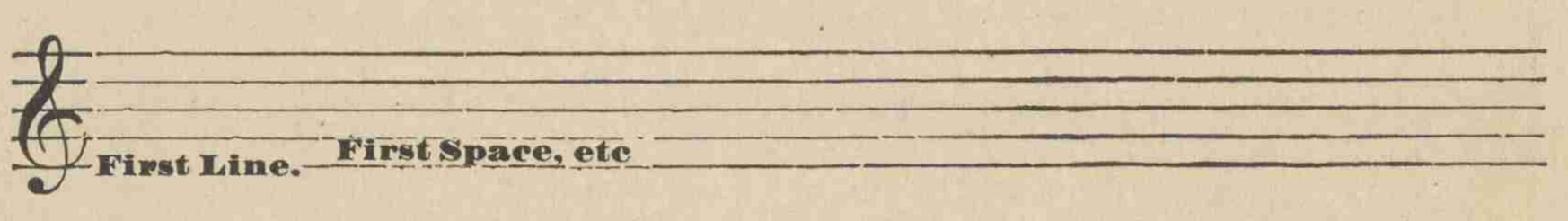
man's the boundless bliss, Thine all the glo-ry, man's the boundless bliss.

man's the boundless bliss, Thine all the glo-ry, man's the boundless bliss.

RUDIMENTS.

The staff is a character composed of five lines and four spaces, and is used to represent the pitch of tones.

STAFF.



Each line and each space is called a degree.

The lower line is called the first degree, and they are numbered upward.

Notes are used to represent the length of tones, and we have five in common use. The whole note 𝅝, half note 𝅗𝅥, quarter ♩, eighth ♪, and sixteenth 𝅘𝅥𝅯.

We have characters called rests which correspond in time with the notes they represent. The whole rest is a square below the line thus: 𝄻. The half rest is a square above the line thus: 𝄼. The turn of the quarter is to the right of the stem thus 𝄽. The eighth has a turn to the left thus: 𝄾. The sixteenth has two turns to the left thus: 𝄿

Musical notation is divided into equal portions called measures by bars across

Bar. Meas.

the staff  The different kinds of measure are known by figures placed at the beginning of the staff called time marks.

Figure 2 indicates double measure.

Figure 3 indicates triple measure.

Figure 4 indicates quadruple measure.

Figure 6 indicates sextuple measure & etc.

The proper movement of music is maintained by the division of time into short equal portions called beats or pulsation. A beat is a motion of the hand and forearm, and a point of rest as long as the motion.

Double measure is beat down and up.

Triple measure is down, left and up.

Quadruple measure is down, left, right and up.

Sextuple measure is down and up.

The general rule for accent is the first of Double measure.

The first of Triple measure.

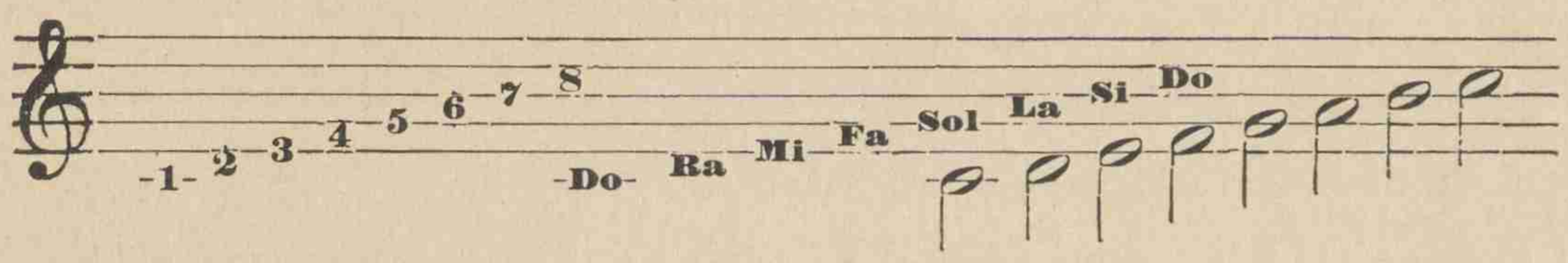
The first and third of Quadruple.

The first and fourth of Sextuple, but when more than one note is sung to one beat in any kind of measure, the first is accented.

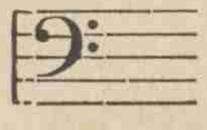
We have what is called a musical scale; it is a series of eight tones, each differing in pitch. The tones are numbered by the figures from 1 to 8.

We have names for these figures. We call 1 Do, 2 we call Ra, 3 Me, 4 Fa, 5 Sol, 6 La, 7 Se and 8 Do.

SCALE.



This scale should be practiced until all the intervals can be made with ease.

When there are neither flats or sharps in a piece of music, Do (the key note in all major music) is found on the second space in the bass staff and on the third space in all the other staffs; the bass is known by this cleff  and the other parts by this cleff 

When we have one flat, (♭) Do is three degrees below it or four above it, and so with each succeeding flat. When we have sharps, (♯) Do is always on the first line or space above the right hand sharp.

A dot placed after a note adds one half to its original length.

A row of dots across the staff indicates a repeat. D. C. shows that you return to the beginning of the piece, and finish at the word FINE. D. S. shows that you repeat from the sign 𝄋.

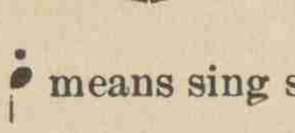
m. means medium tone; *f* means loud, and *ff* very loud.

p. means soft, and *pp* very soft.

sf. means an immediate stress.

Cres. means increasing force.

Dim. means diminish.

 means swell and diminish.

 means sing short and distinct.

When Do is found on a line, Do Me, Sol and Se will be found on lines ascending, and Do, La, Fa and Ra on spaces descending. When Do is on a space, Do, Me, Sol and Se will be found on spaces ascending, and Do, La, Fa and Ra will be on lines descending.

W. H. KEYSER, PHILA.

As the Hart Panteth After the Waterbrook.

No. 111.

J. S. LEONARD.

As the hart pant-eth aft - er the wa - ter-brook, So pant-eth my

soul aft - er thee, O God, My soul thirst- eth for God, for the

liv - ing God; O God, thou art my God, O God, thou art my

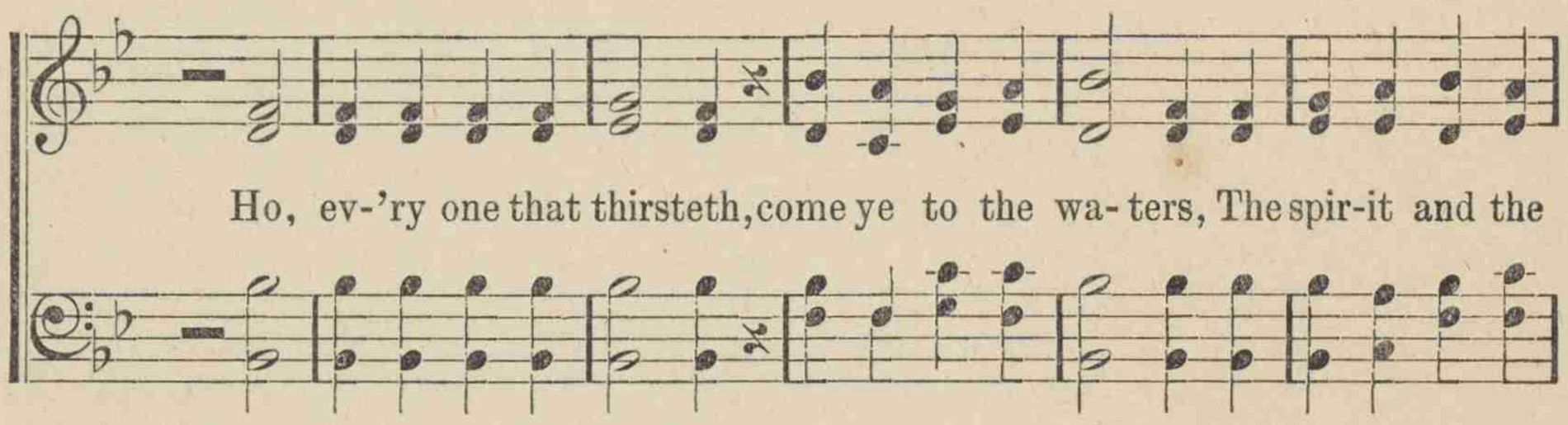
God, O God, thou art my God, Ear - ly will I seek thee;

My soul..... thirst - eth for thee, My flesh..... long - eth for

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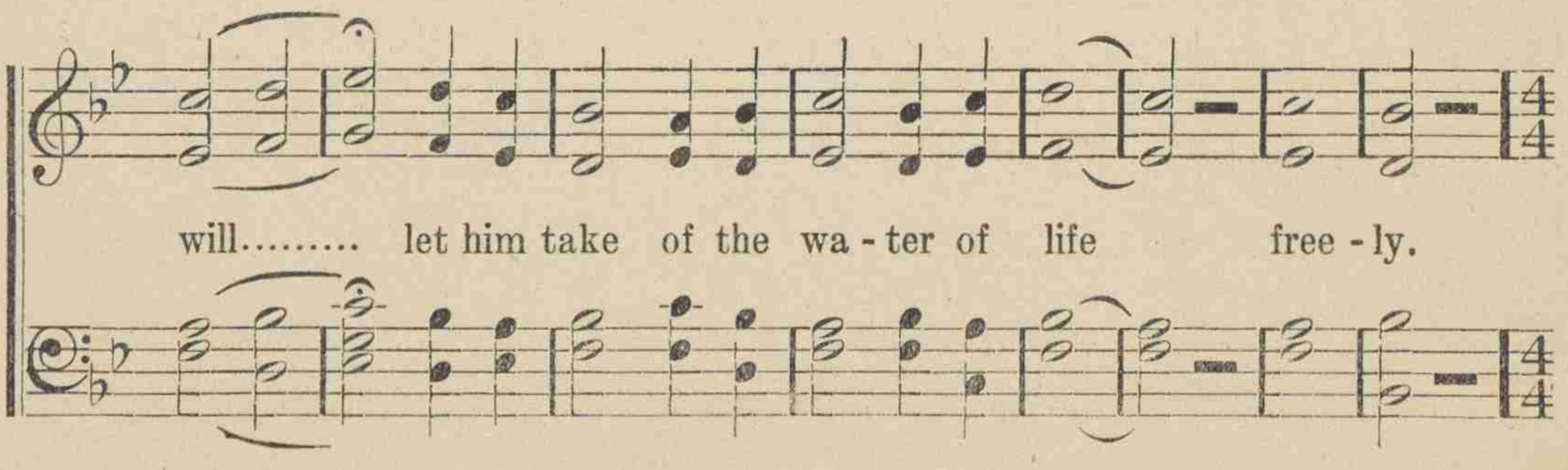
As the Hart Panteth After the Waterbrook—Continued.











As the Hart Panteth After the Waterbrook—Concluded.

I am the bread of life, I am the bread of life,

I am the bread of life; He that com - eth to me

Shall nev - er hun - ger, Shall nev - - er hun - ger;

And he that be-liev - eth on me..... shall nev - er thirst;

p *rit.*

Lord, ev - er - more give us this wa - ter and bread of life.