

296

FILLMORES'
MALE * CHOIR.

PRICE, 15 CENTS.

THE FILLMORE BROTHERS CO. .

528 Elm Street,
CINCINNATI.

No. 41-43 Bible House,
NEW YORK.

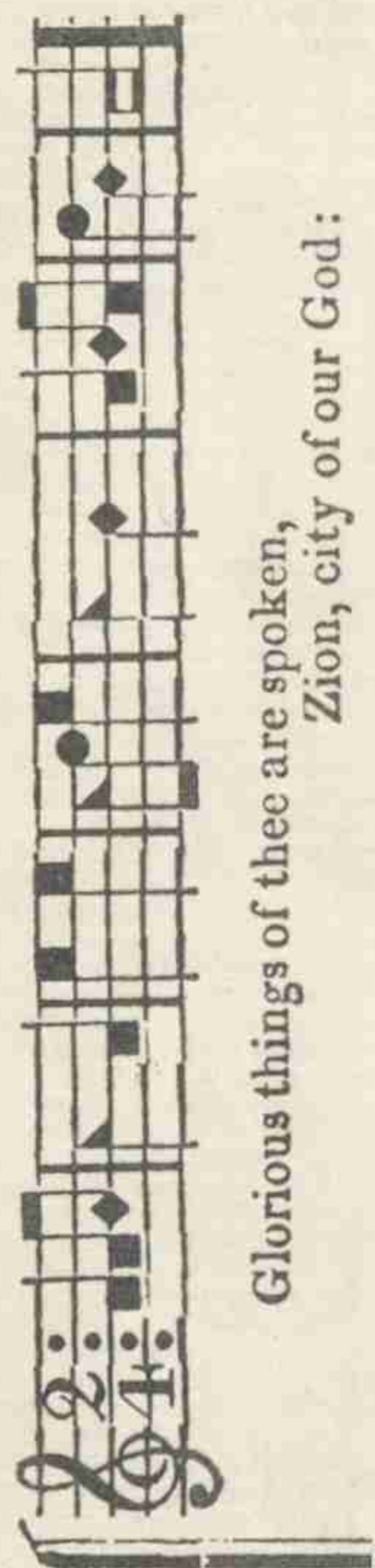
Z7
F487

PITTS
THEOLOGY
LIBRARY

BISHOP ROBERT WESTLY PEACH
COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC
AND
HYMNOLOGY

ACQUIRED BY THE
AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

1939



PRESENTED BY

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

TO

THE WARRINGTON-PRATT-SOULE
COLLECTION OF HYMNOLOGY

CASE MEMORIAL
LIBRARY

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

FILLMORES'

MALE CHOIR.

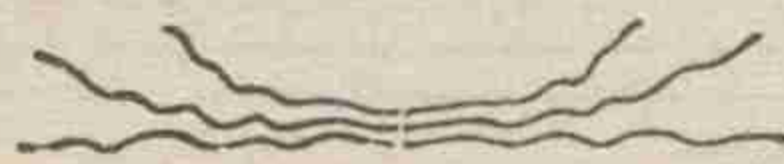
A COLLECTION OF NEW GOSPEL SONGS
FOR MALE QUARTETS AND CHORUSES.

... BY ...

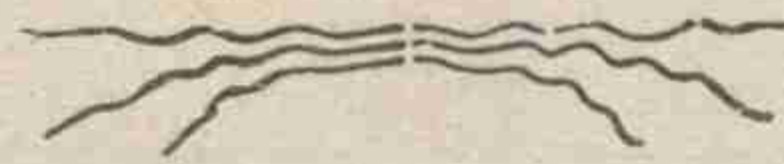
FRED. A. FILLMORE.

WITH SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS BY

FINLEY LYON AND J. H. FILLMORE.



PRICE 15 CENTS.



THE FILLMORE BROTHERS CO.

528 ELM STREET,
CINCINNATI.

41-43 BIBLE HOUSE,
NEW YORK.

Copyright, 1896, by Fillmore Bros.

Hymn
1896
Fill

Z 7
F487

PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

THIS book is issued in response to a call for good, easy male quartets and choruses for young men of ordinary compass of voice.

The book is somewhat of an experiment, as it confines itself to a smaller compass than is usual to male voice collections. We would be pleased to hear from those who use it, after they have given it a fair trial. If it is a success we will follow it with another. And by hearing from various leaders as to which of the songs are liked best, and how many of them are used, and other hints which the experience of leaders may suggest, we will be able to make the second volume better than this one.

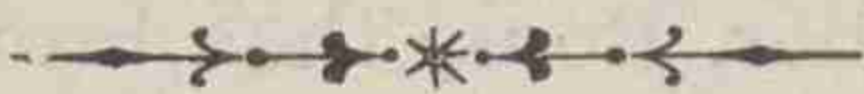
We have left the manner of singing—the tempo and expression in most cases—to the taste and judgment of the leader. The keys also in which the songs are sung may be varied; especially may they be pitched a half-step or a step higher than we have printed them in some instances where the first tenor singer has the easy compass. In those songs where one part has a solo, also where the melody is in the second tenor, the other parts should restrain and subordinate themselves.

Hoping that "Fillmores' Male Choir" will fill a long-felt want, we are,

Very truly yours,

THE PUBLISHERS.

FILLMORES' MALE CHOIR.



No. 1. Hallelujah, Praise the Lord.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. There is a glo - rious home a - bove, Oh, praise the Lord,
2. There saints shall walk the streets of gold, Oh, praise the Lord,
3. No sun by day, no moon by night, Oh, praise the Lord,
4. In joy shall meet long-part - ed friends, Oh, praise the Lord,

The cit - y of e - ter - nal love, Oh, praise the Lord.
The throne of God shall they be - hold, Oh, praise the Lord.
The Lamb its ev - er - last - ing light, Oh, praise the Lord.
And dwell in bliss that nev - er ends, Oh, praise the Lord.

REFRAIN. **Rit.**

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Praise the Lord.

Copyright, 1896, by Fillmore Bros.

This song may be sung in D-flat or D. 3

No. 2. Light is Breaking.

PALMERHARTSOUGH.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.



1. See, the light is break-ing, See, the dawn ap-pears, Earth is glad a -
2. 'Tis the time for la - bor, Rouse, then, brothers all, Ev - 'ry voice give
3. 'Tis the time most glorious, 'Tis the day fore-told, When the truth vic-



wak - ing From her night of tears; Error's chains are fall - ing,
an - swer To the Mas-ter's call; Ev - 'ry heart be val - iant,
to - rious, Joy-ful we be - hold; Fill the pre-cious mo - ments



Sor-rows fly a - way, Lo! the gos-pel's glo - ry Ush-ers in the
Ev - 'ry arm be strong, Go, the seed wide fling - ing, Smiling vales a -
Work with pur-pose true, While the heav'ns with bless - ing Bending, wait for



day, Lo! the gos-pel's glo - ry Ush - ers in the day.
long, Go, the seed wide fling - ing, Smil - ing vales a - long.
you, While the heav'ns with bless - ing Bend-ing, wait for you.



No. 3. The Mellow Eve.

Arr. and composed by J. H. F.



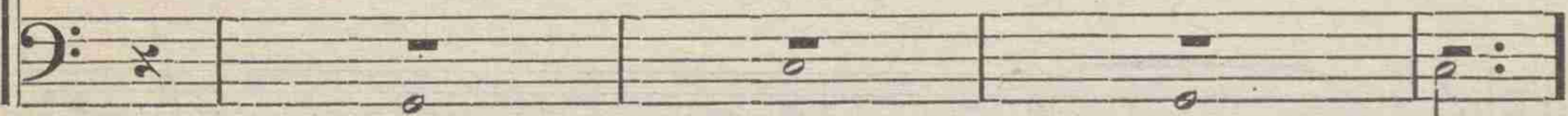
1. The mel-low eve is glid-ing Se-rene-ly down the west;
2. The eve-ning star has light-ed Her crys-tal lamp on high;



So, ev-'ry care sub-sid-ing, My soul would sink to rest.
So, when in death be-night-ed, May hope il-lume the sky.



The wood-land hum is ring-ing The day-light's gen-tle close;
In gold-en splen-dor dawn-ing, The mor-row's light shall break;



May an-gels round me, sing-ing, Thus hymn my last re-pose.
Oh, on the last bright morn-ing, May I in glo-ry wake!



No. 4. O Silvery Sea.

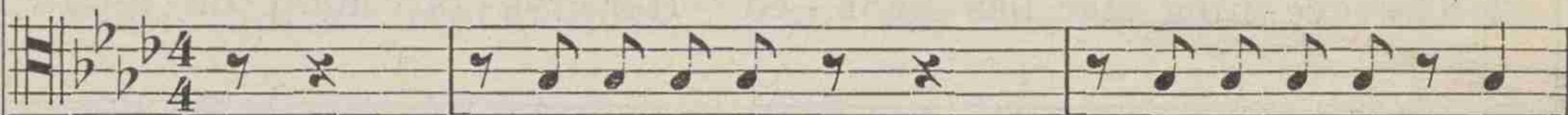
FRONIA SMITH.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

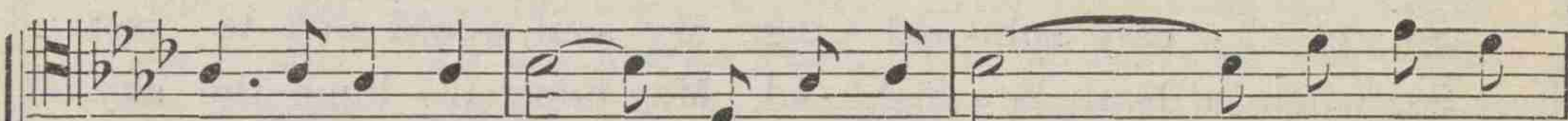
Andante.



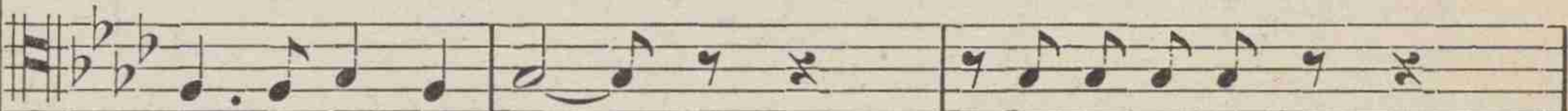
1. O sil-very sea . . . of Gal-i-lee, . . . In
2. I hear the cry . . . "Save, Lord, I pray" . . . From
3. The night is dark, . . . I'm on a sea, . . . Where



1. O sil-very sea . . . of Gal-i-lee, In
2. I hear the cry . . . "Save, Lord, I pray" From
3. The night is dark, . . . I'm on a sea, Where



east-ern lands so fair; In fan-cy now . . . I stand by
one faint-hearted there; My sink-ing heart . . . takes up that
waves roll high and wide; I'm lost, un-less . . . Thou pi-lot



east-ern lands so fair; In fan-cy now
one faint-hearted there; My sinking heart
waves roll high and wide; I'm lost, un-less



thee, . . . And see my Sav-iour there; I see Him
cry, . . . When storms beat heav-y here; For well I
me, . . . O Master strong and mild; Walk to me



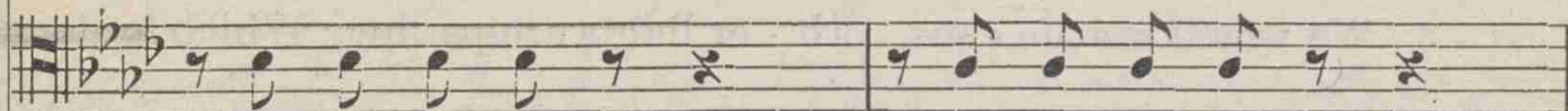
I stand by thee, And see my Sav-iour there;
takes up that cry, When storms beat heav-y here;
Thou pi-lot me; O Master strong and mild;



O Silvery Sea. Concluded.



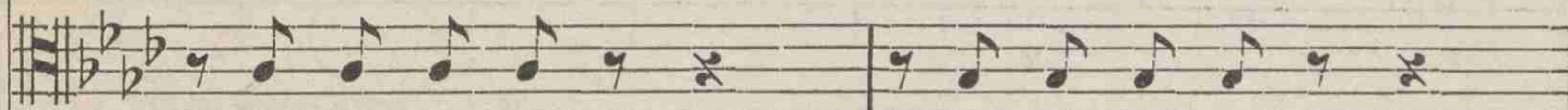
walk up - on the wave, When billows
know His gra-cious will Can calm life's
on this trou-bled sea, Dear Sav-iour,



I see Him walk For well I know Walk to me on	up - on the wave, His gra-cious will this trou-bled sea,
--	--



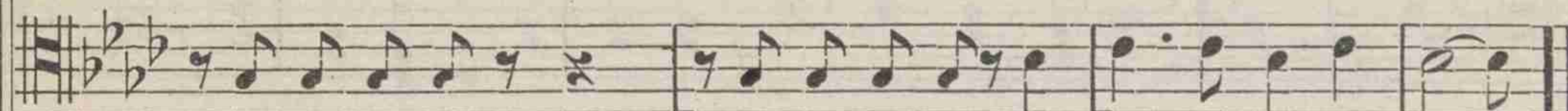
roll and clouds are dark, His trembling
rough and trou-bled sea, And to its
bid me walk to Thee; I shall not



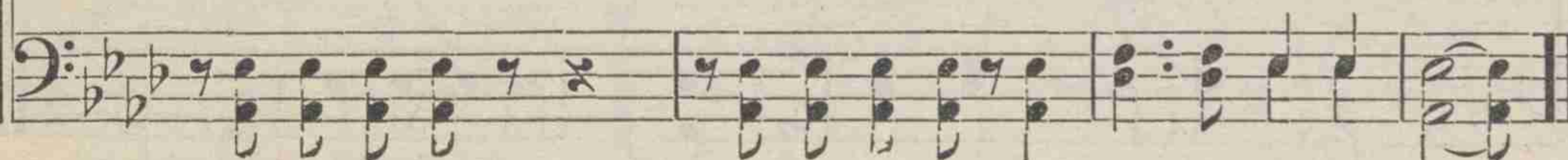
When bil-lows roll Can calm life's rough Dear Sav-iour, bid	and clouds are dark, and trou-bled sea, me walk to Thee;
---	--



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



His trembling ones And to its waves I shall not fail,	from death to save, Tossed helpless in their bark. say "Peace, be still," As there on Gal-i - lee. for Thou wilt save, As once on Gal-i - lee.
---	--



No. 5. We Would See Jesus.

FINLEY LYON.



1. We would see Je - sus— for the shadows lengthen A - cross the
2. We would see Je - sus, Rock of our sal - va - tion, Whereon our
3. We would see Je - sus, oth - er lights are pa - ling, Which for long



lit - tle land - scape of our life; We would see Je - sus,
feet were set with sov'reign grace; Not life nor death with
years we have re-joiced to see; The bless - ings of our



our weak faith to strengthen, For the last wea - ri - ness, the fi - nal
all their ag-i - ta - tion, Can thence re-move us, if we see His
pilgrimage are fail - ing, We would not mourn them, for we come to



CHORUS.
Slow.

Repeat softly.



strife.
face.
Thee.

We would see Je - sus,

We would see Je - sus.



No. 6. "Peace, be Still."

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.



1. Now up - on the trou-bled o - cean Falls the night so drear and dark;
2. So when on his burn-ing pil-low, Tossed with pain the suff-'rer lies,
3. When the hosts of sin as-sail-ing, Ruth-less hurl the hell-ish dart,



Wind and wave in wild com-mo-tion Rude-ly toss our help - less bark;
And his woe, like rag-ing bil-low, All earth's fee-ble aid de-fies,
And when doubts and fears pre-vail-ing, Al-most crush the faint-ing heart,



"Peace, be still," "Peace, be still," Je - sus speaks and tempests sleep;
"Peace, be still," "Peace, be still," Je - sus speaks in ac-cents blest;
"Peace, be still," "Peace, be still," Je - sus speaks and con-flicts cease;



At His word, At His word, Tran-quil is the deep.
At His word, At His word, All is hushed to rest.
At His word, At His word, All is peace, sweet peace.



No. 7. Oh, Praise the Lord.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

First Base
Obligato.

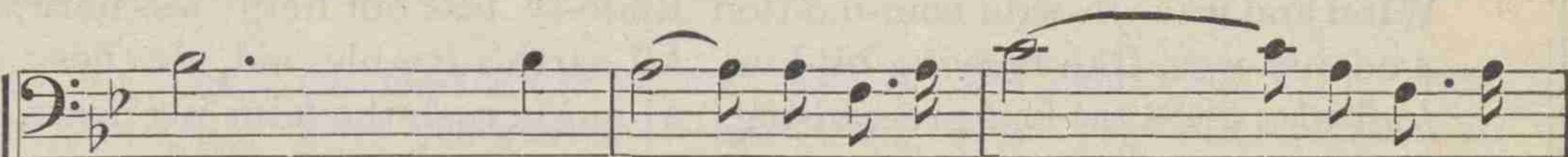
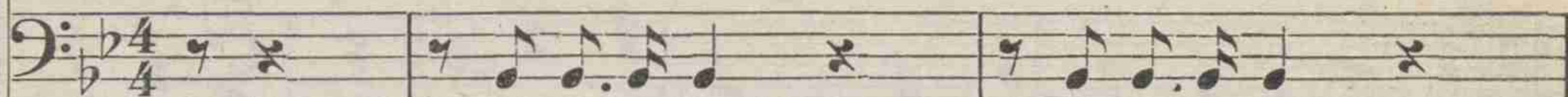
J. H. FILLMORE.



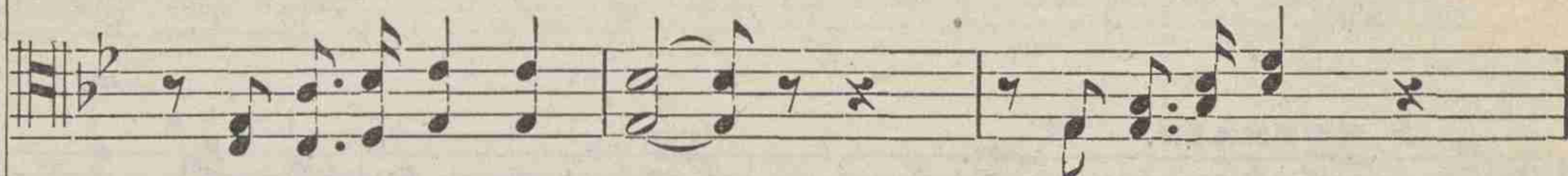
1. Oh, praise the Lord; . . . ex-alt His name, . . . And all His
2. From low-est depths . . . my feet He drew, . . . And on the
3. Oh, praise the Lord; . . . ex-alt His name, . . . All ye that



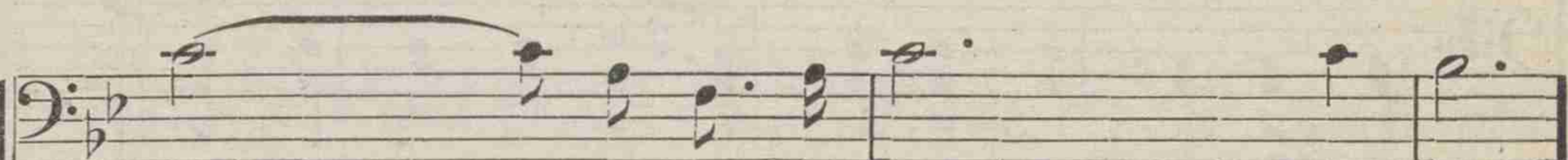
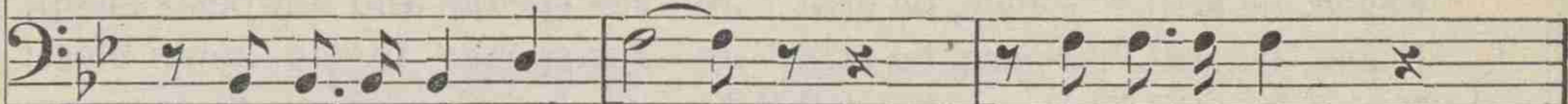
1. Oh, praise the Lord; ex-alt His name,
2. From lowest depths my feet He drew,
3. Oh, praise the Lord; ex-alt His name,



good - - ness show, From age to age, . . . His truth the
rock I stand, The vale of death . . . He leads me
dwell be - low, Your voices join . . . in loud ac -



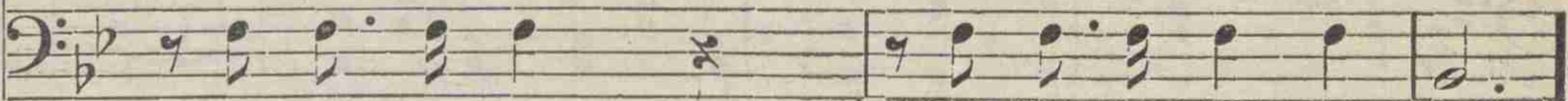
And all His goodness show,
And on the rock I stand,
All ye that dwell be - low,
From age to age,
The vale of death
Your voices join



same, . . . Let all the na - - - tions know;
through, . . . To joys at His right hand;
claim, . . . And His sal - va - - - tion show;



His truth the same,
He leads me through,
in loud ac - claim,
Let all the na - tions know;
To joys at His right hand;
And His sal - va - tion show;



Oh, Praise the Lord. Concluded.



His might - y deeds are eq - ui - ty, His gra - cious words are ver - i - ty,
O Rul - er, so com - pas - sion - ate, O Sav - iour, so om - nip - o - tent,
O'er death and hell vic - to - ri - ous, O'er earth and heav'n all glo - ri - ous,



His mighty deeds are eq - ui - ty, His gracious words are ver - i - ty,
O Rul - er, so com - pas - sion - ate, O Saviour, so om - nip - o - tent,
O'er death and hell vic - to - ri - ous, O'er earth and heav'n all glo - ri - ous,



His right - eous scep - ter shall en - dure, For - ev - er - more.
My rap - tured soul thro' end - less years Thy praise de - clares.
The Ho - ly One, the King Su - preme, Praise ye the Lord.



No. 8. Now the Day is Over.

S. B. GOULD.

J. BARNBY.



1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Thro' the long night watch - es, May Thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,



Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy tenderest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less, In Thy ho - ly eyes.



Steal a - cross the sky.

No. 9. Crown Him.

FINLEY LYON.

Moderato.



1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious, See the Man of Sor-rows now
2. Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him, Rich the trophies Je-sus brings;
3. Hark, those bursts of acclamma-tion, Hark, those loud triumphant chords,



From the fight returned vic-to-rious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow.
In the seat of power en-throne Him, While the heav'nly concert rings.
Je - sus takes the high-est sta - tion, Oh, what joy the sight af-fords.



Allegro con spirito.



Crown Him, crown Him, Crowns be-come the Vic - tor's brow;
Crown Him, crown Him, Crown the Sav - iour King of kings;
Crown Him, crown Him, King of kings and Lord of lords;

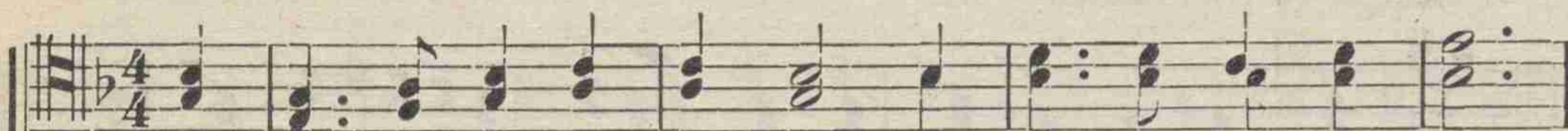


Crown Him, yes, crown Him, Crowns be-come the Vic - tor's brow.
Crown Him, yes, crown Him, Crown the Sav - iour King of kings.
Crown Him, yes, crown Him, King of kings and Lord of lords.

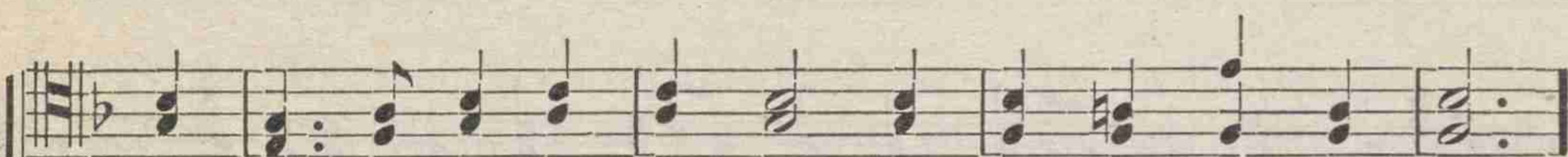


No. 10. Forever Thine.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I give the life Thou gav - est, My pres - ent, fu - ture, past;
2. I give the love, the sweet - est, Thy good - ness grants to me;
3. Out - side the camp to suf - fer, With - in the vale to meet;



My joys, my fears, my sor - rows, My first hope and my last.
Oh, take and make it meet, Lord,—An off - 'ring un - to Thee.
And hear the soft - est whis - per From out the mer - cy - seat.



CHORUS



Now fashion, form and fill me With light . . . and love; . .
now, and love, with love di - vine;



So, one with Thee, Lord Je - sus, I'm Thine, for - ev - er Thine. . .
now, ev - er Thine.



No. 11. I Know I Love Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.



1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth-ly joy,
2. I know that Thou art near-er still Than a - ny earth-ly throng;
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart, Then well may I be glad;



For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth-ing can des - troy.
And sweet-er is the thought of Thee Than a - ny love - ly song.
With-out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.



CHORUS.



I love Thee better, Lord, I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth-ly joy,



For Thou hast giv-en me The pearl of greatest price, Which nothing can destroy.



No. 12 . Faithfully Trusting.

Words arranged.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.



1. Just to trust and yet to ask, guid-ance still, (guid-ance still,)
2. Just to leave in His dear hands lit - tle things, (lit - tle things,)



Take the train - ing or the task as He will, (as He will,)
All we can - not un - der - stand, all that stings, (all that stings,)



Just to take the loss or gain as He sends it, Just to
Just to let Him take the care sore - ly press - ing, Find - ing



take the joy or pain as He lends it. Faith - ful - ly trust - ing,
all we have to bear, changed to bless - ing.



Joy - ful - ly trusting, Cast - ing all our care on Him, Oh, what blessing.



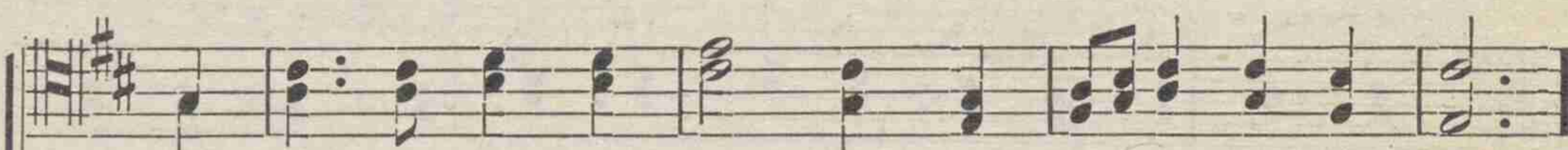
No. 13. The Gospel Banner.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

FINLEY LYON.



1. Now be the gos-pel ban - ner In ev - 'ry land un-furled, (unfurled,)
2. Yes, Thou shalt reign for-ev-er, O Je - sus, King of kings, (of kings,)



And be the shout, Ho - san - na, Re - ech-oed thro' the world,
Thy light, Thy love and fa - vour Each ransomed cap-tive sings;



DUET—1st Tenor and 1st Base.

CHORUS.



Till ev - 'ry isle and na - tion, Till ev - 'ry tribe and tongue,
The isles for Thee are wait - ing, The des-erts learn Thy praise,

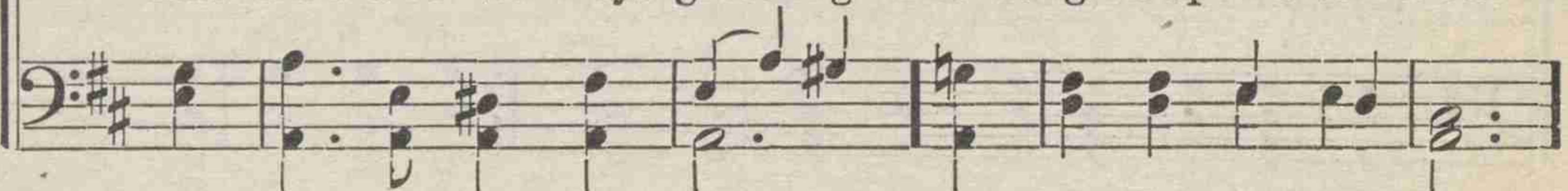


DUET.

CHORUS.



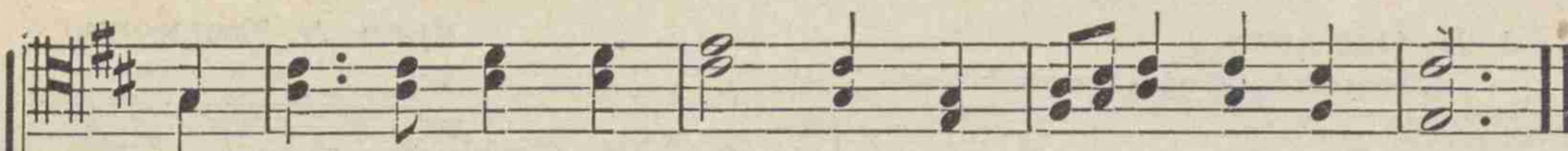
Re - ceive the great sal - va - tion, And join the hap-py throng.
The hills and val - leys greet-ing The song re-spon-sive raise.



Now be the gos-pel ban - ner In ev - 'ry land un-furled, (unfurled,)



The Gospel Banner. Concluded.



And be the shout, Ho - san - na, Re - ech-oed thro' the world.



No. 14. Forward the Call.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Sol - diers of Zi - on, For - ward the call, Ar - mies of Je - sus,
2. Grasp ye the true shield, For - ward the call, Draw ye the true sword,
3. Heed not the dan - ger, For - ward the call, Great is your Cap - tain,



For-ward the call; Na-tions are gath'ring near and from far, On then, ye
For-ward the call; Bold to the con-flict, bold to the foe, Lift ye the
For-ward the call; He leads the on - set, He goes be-fore, He gives the



he - roes, on to the war, On then, ye he - roes, on to the war.
stand-ard high as ye go, Lift ye the stand-ard high as ye go.
vic - t'ry now ev-er-more, He gives the vic - t'ry now ev-er-more.

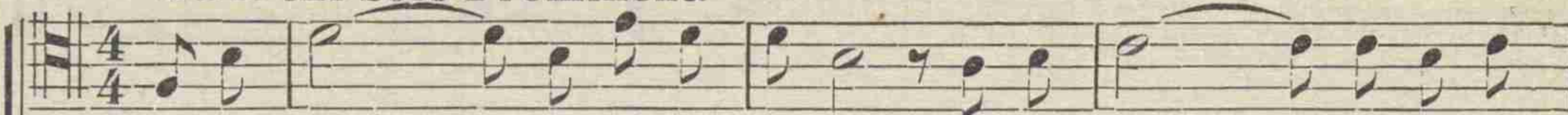


No. 15. Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.

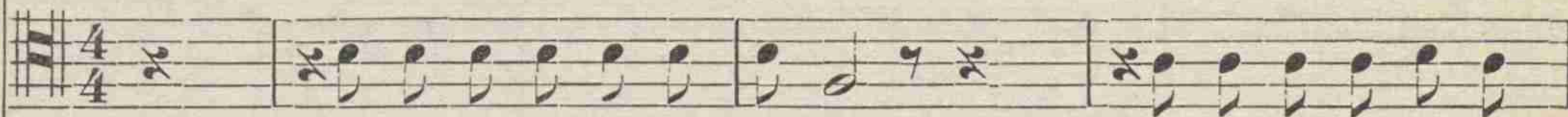
J. H. HANAFORD.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

Make the Solo Prominent.



1. Cast thy bread . . up-on the wa-ters, Thinking not . . 't is thrown a-
2. Cast thy bread . . up-on the wa-ters, Why, oh, why . . still doubting



1. Cast thy bread upon the wa-ters, Thinking not 't is thrown a-
2. Cast thy bread upon the wa-ters, Why, oh, why still doubting



way, God has said . . that thou shalt gather Rich re - wards, some future
stand, God shall send . . a bounteous harvest, If thou sowest with liberal



way, God has said that thou shalt gather Rich rewards some future
stand, God shall send a bounteous harvest, If thou sowest with liberal



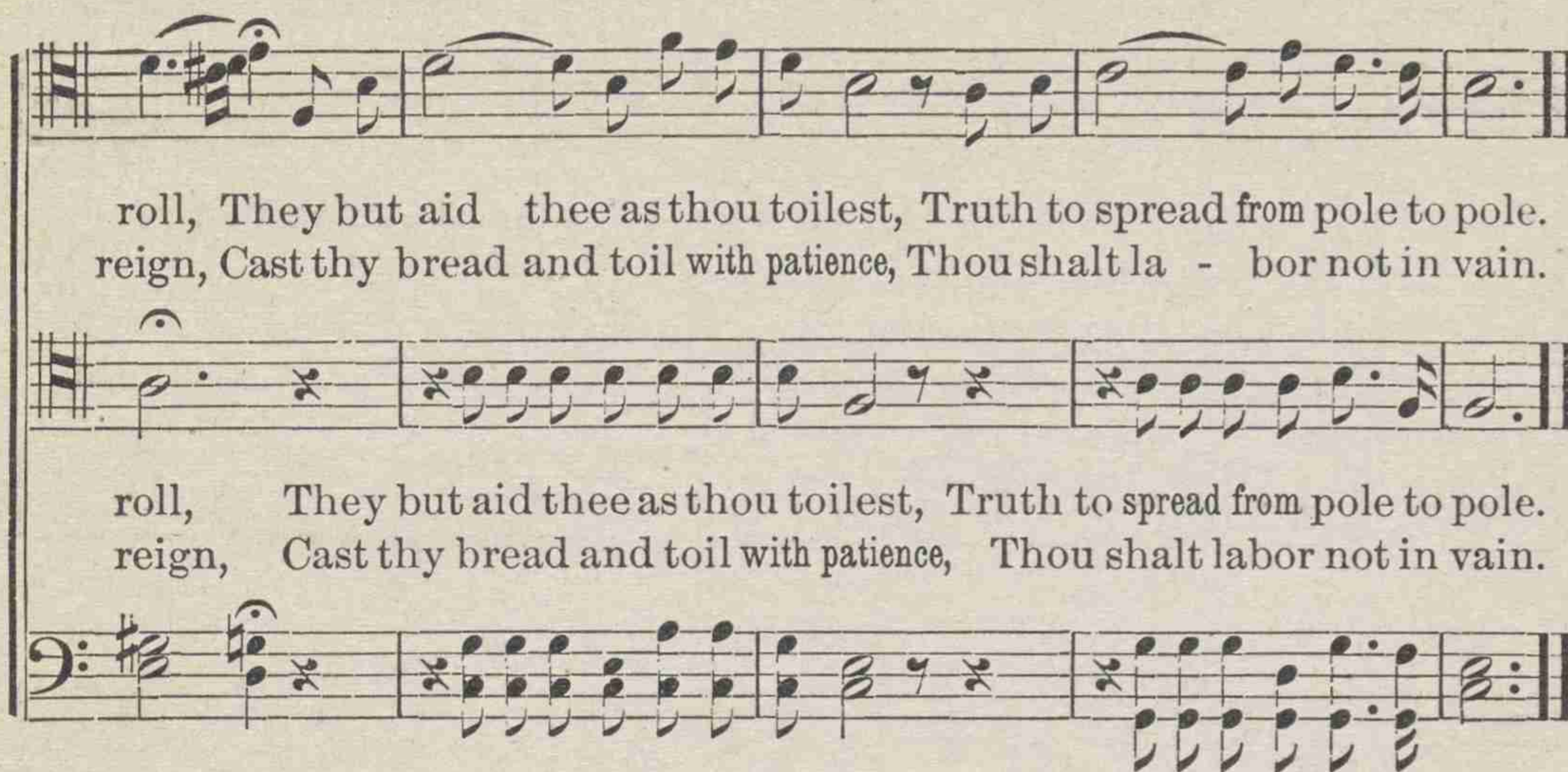
day; Cast thy bread . . up-on the wa-ters, Wildly tho' . . the billows
hand; Give, then, free - ly of thy substance, O'er this cause the Lord doth



day; Cast thy bread upon the wa-ters, Wildly tho' the billows
hand; Give, then, freely of thy substance, O'er this cause the Lord doth



Cast Thy Bread. Concluded.



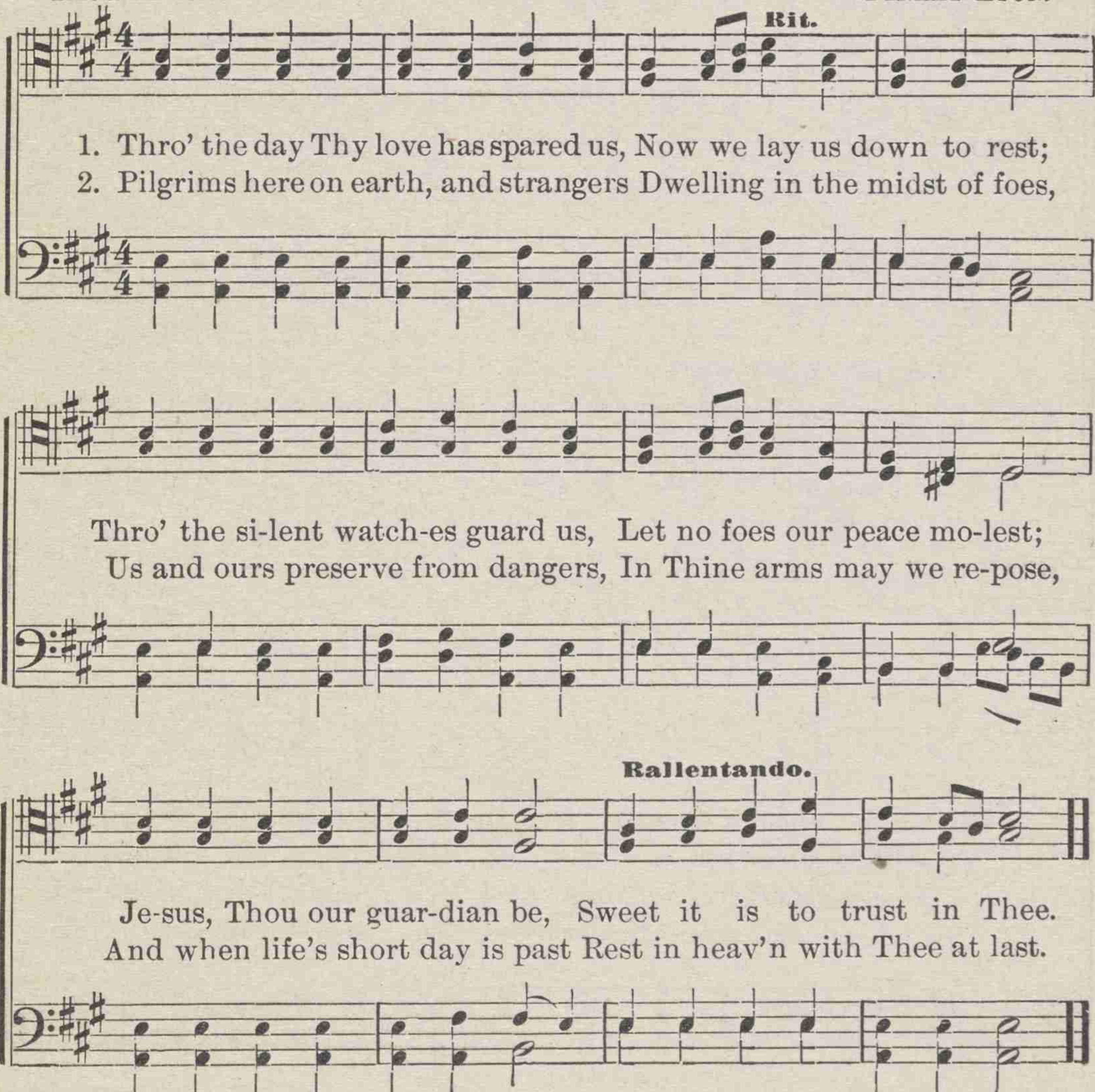
roll, They but aid thee as thou toilest, Truth to spread from pole to pole.
 reign, Cast thy bread and toil with patience, Thou shalt labor not in vain.

roll, They but aid thee as thou toilest, Truth to spread from pole to pole.
 reign, Cast thy bread and toil with patience, Thou shalt labor not in vain.

No. 16. Even Song.

THOS. KELLY.

FINLEY LYON.



Rit.

1. Thro' the day Thy love has spared us, Now we lay us down to rest;
 2. Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers Dwelling in the midst of foes,

Thro' the si-lent watch-es guard us, Let no foes our peace mo-lest;
 Us and ours preserve from dangers, In Thine arms may we re-pose,

Rallentando.

Je-sus, Thou our guar-dian be, Sweet it is to trust in Thee.
 And when life's short day is past Rest in heav'n with Thee at last.

No. 17. I Lay My Sins on Jesus.

BONAR.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot-less Lamb of God;
2. I lay my wants on Je - sus, All full-ness dwells in Him;
3. I rest my soul on Je - sus, This wea - ry soul of mine;
4. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, low-ly, lov-ing, mild;



He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs-ed load.
He heal-eth my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re-deem.
His right hand me em - brac - es, I on His breast re-cline.
I long to be like Je - sus, The Fa-ther's ho - ly child!



I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim-son stains
I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur-dens and my cares,
I love the name of Je - sus, Im-man-uel, Christ, and Lord,
I long to be like Je - sus, A - mid the heav'nly throng,



White in His blood most pre-cious, Till not a spot re - mains.
He from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor-row shares.
Like fra-grance on the breez - es, His name a-broad is poured.
To sing, with saints, His prais-es, To learn the an-gels' song.



No. 18. Go When the Morning Shineth.

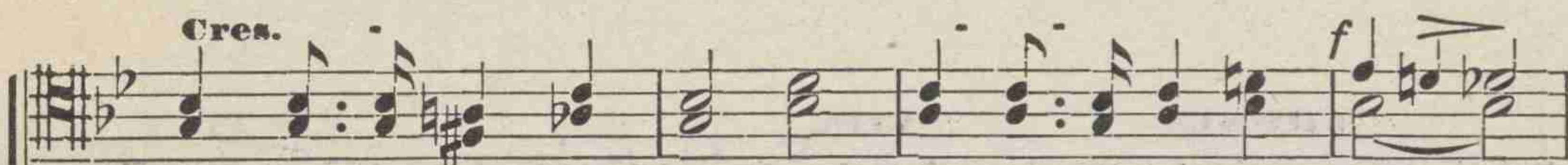
SINLEY LYON.



1. Go when the morning shin-eth, Go when the noon is bright, (is bright,)
2. Pray for all those who love thee, All who are loved by thee, (by thee;)



Go when the eve de - clin - eth, Go in the hush of night;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee, If a - ny such there be.



Go with pure mind and feel - ing, Put earth-ly tho'ts a-way, (away,)
Then for thy-self in meek-ness Humbly a blessing claim, (then claim,)



And in God's presence kneel-ing, Do thou in se - cret pray.
Blending with each pe - ti - tion, Thy great Re-deem-er's name.



No. 19. Work, Watch, Pray.

MRS. N. A. MONTFORT. Arr.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.



1. When the heart grows faint and the soul is weary, Brother, work, watch, pray;
2. When the way seems lost and the staff is broken, Brother, work, watch, pray;
3. For your work will bring you the richest treasure, Brother, work, watch, pray;



When the nights are long and the days are dreary, Brother, work, watch, pray.
And the spirit yearns for some kind-ly to-ken, Brother, work, watch, pray.
And your pray'rs' reward is the sweetest pleasure, Brother, work, watch, pray.



Work, watch and pray, Brother, bid the tempt - er flee, When the



heart is faint, and the life seems vain, My brother, work, watch, pray.



No. 20. Grateful Praise.

F. S. PIERPONT.

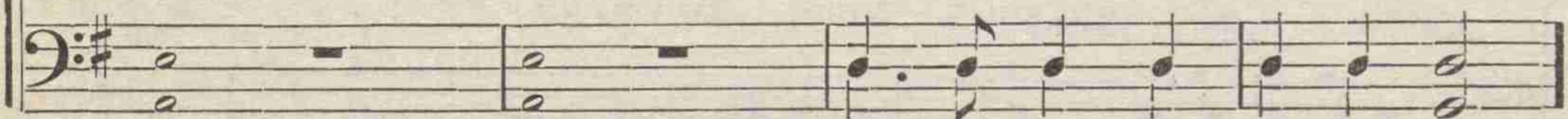
W. T. PORTER.



1. For the beau-ty of the earth, For the glo-ry of the skies,
2. For the won-der of each hour Of the day and of the night,
3. For the joy of hu-man love, Broth-er, sis-ter, par-ent, child,
4. For Thy Church that ev-er-more Lift-eth ho-ly hands a-bove,



For the love which from our birth O-ver and a-round us lies,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower, Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Friends on earth, and friends above, Pleas-ure pure and un-de-fled,
Of-f'ring up on ev-'ry shore Her pure sac-ri-fice of love,



Christ, our God, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate-ful praise,



Christ, our God, to Thee we raise



This our hymn of grate-ful praise, This our hymn of grate-ful praise.



No. 21. Be Merciful.

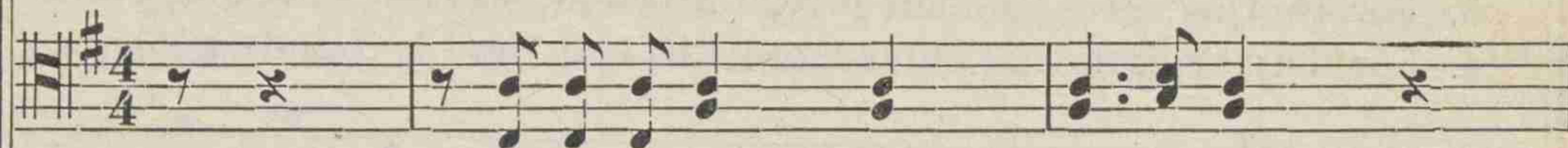
C. ELVEN.

FINLEY LYON.

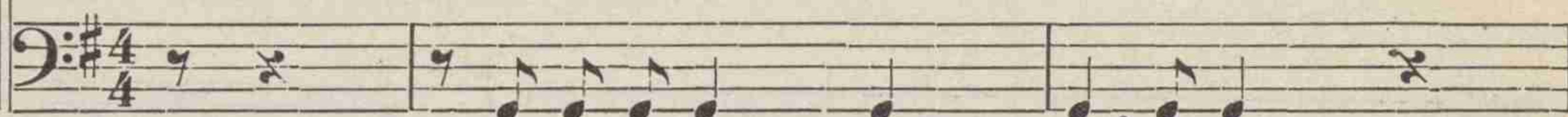
Baritone Solo.



1. With broken heart . . . and con-trite sigh, . . . A trembling
2. Far off I stand . . . with tear-ful eyes, . . . Nor dare up-
3. Nor alms nor deeds . . . that I have done . . . Can for a



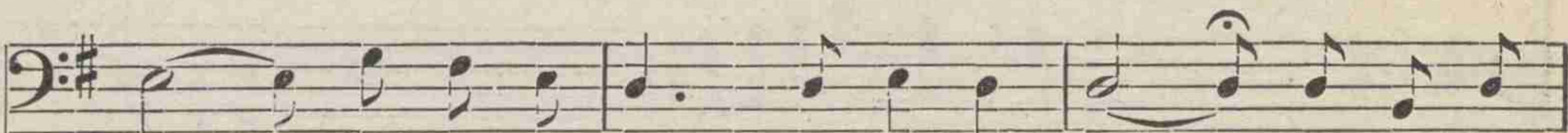
1. With broken heart and contrite sigh,
2. Far off I stand with tear-ful eyes,
3. Nor alms nor deeds that I have done



sin - ner, Lord, I cry; Thy pard'ning grace . . . is rich and
 lift . . . them to the skies; But Thou dost all . . . my anguish
 sin - - gle sin a - tone; To Cal-va - ry . . . a-lone I



A trembling sin - ner, Lord, I cry; Thy pard'ning grace is
 Nor dare up-lift them to the skies; But Thou dost all my
 Can for a sin - gle sin a-tone; To Cal-va-ry a -



free, O God, be mer - ci - ful to me; Thy pard'ning
 see, O God, be mer - ci - ful to me; But Thou dost
 flee, O God, be mer - ci - ful to me; To Cal - va -



rich and free, O God, be mer-ci - ful to me;
 an-guish see, O God, be mer-ci - ful to me;
 lone I flee; O God, be mer-ci - ful to me;



Be Merciful. Concluded.

Rit.

grace . . . is rich and free, O God, be mer - ci - ful to
 all . . . my an-guish see, O God, be mer - ci - ful to
 ry . . . a-lone I flee, O God, be mer - ci - ful to

Thy pard'ning grace is rich and free, O God, be mer - ci -
 But Thou dost all my anguish see, O God, be mer - ci -
 To Cal-va-ry a - lone I flee, O God, be mer - ci -

REFRAIN. Slowly.

me. Be mer - ci - ful to me, Be mer - ci - ful to me.

ful to me. Be mer - ci - ful to me.

No. 22. We Worship Jesus.

H. S. JONES.

Arr. from FLOTOW.

1. We have come to worship Je - sus, And in ad - o - ra - tion bow
 2. Pray'rs as-cend, like incense ris-ing, For new pardon, grace and peace:
 3. May the wis-dom of Thy gos - pel Com-fort for all times af - ford;

Low be-fore our gra-cious Sav-iour, Who vouch-safes to hear us now.
 May Thy Spirit's influence brighten All our lives—our faith in-crease.
 And may we be wait-ing, read-y At Thy com-ing, dear-est Lord.

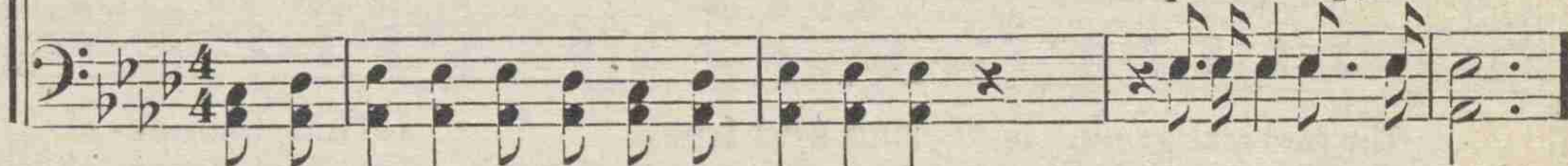
No. 23. Keep the Step.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. We are in the army of the Lord below, Keep the step, Keep the step,
2. Ev'ry one is happy as we march along, Keep the step, Keep the step,
3. Ev'ry eye is looking to the glorious prize, Keep the step, Keep the step,
Keep the step,



Ev'ry heart in union as we onward go, Keep the step, Keep the step,
Ev'ry one a singer of the new, new song, Keep the step, Keep the step,
Ev'ry heart has treasure in the golden skies, Keep the step, Keep the step,
Keep the step,



We've a Captain mighty, 't is the great King's Son, Leading all the way
Ev - 'ry day's a bat-tle and we watch and pray, Ev - 'ry day's a dash
Mind we not the hard-ship of the sol-dier true, Mind we not the straits



and we fol - low on, We'll to Him be true until the vict'ry's won,
in the dead-ly fray, Ev'ry day's a march along the King's highway,
that we're marching thro', 'T is the crown of glo-ry that we keep in view,



CHORUS.



And the crowning day has come.
Glo - ry to His ho - ly name. We are in the ar-my of the
As we urge our way a - long.



Keep the Step. Concluded.

Lord be-low, Keep the step, Keep the step, Ev - 'ry heart in
Keep the step,

Rit. un - ion as we on - ward go, *A tempo.* Keep the step, *Rit.* Keep the step.
Keep the step,

No. 24. Cling to the Mighty One.

FINLEY LYON.

f 1. Cling to the Might - y One, Cling in thy grief, Cling to the
2. Cling to the Liv - ing One, Cling in thy woe, Cling to the
3. Cling to the Bleed - ing One, Cling to His side, Cling to the

Ho - ly One, He gives re - lief; Cling to the Gra - cious One,
Lov - ing One Thro' all be - low; Cling to the Pard'ning One,
Ris - en One, In Him a - bide; Cling to the Com - ing One,

Cres. *f* Cling in thy pain; Cling to the Faith - ful One, He will sus - tain.
He speak - eth peace; Cling to the Heal - ing One, Anguish shall cease.
Hope will a - rise; Cling to the Reigning One, Joy lights thine eyes. *Rit.*

No. 25. The Shadow of the Rock.

RAY PALMER.
Con Brio.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.



1. In the shad-ow of the Rock, Let me rest, Let me rest, When I
2. I in peace will rest me there, Till I see, Till I see, That the
3. Then my pilgrim staff I'll take, And once more, And once more, I'll my



feel the tempest's shock Thrill my breast, Thrill my breast, All in vain the storms shall sweep,
skies again are fair O - ver me, O-ver me, That the burning heats are past,
onward journey make, As be-fore, As be-fore, And with joyous heart and strong,



While I hide, While I hide, And my tranquil station keep By Thy side.
And the day, And the day, Bids the trav-el - er at last Go his way.
I will raise, I will raise, Un - to Thee, O Rock, a song, Glad with praise.



CHORUS. Vigorously.



In the shad-ow of the Rock, Sheltered from the tempest's shock, There a



peaceful calm shall dwell, In my breast; In my breast; All in vain the storms may sweep,



The Shadow of the Rock. Concluded.

Rit ad lib.

While my hi-ding-place I keep, In the shad-ow of the Rock to rest.

No. 26. Go Ye.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. "Go ye in - to all the world!" 'Tis the lov-ing Lord's command;
2. Go ye to the souls that mourn, With the gracious gos-pel call;
3. Go ye to the souls that grope, Seeking light and finding none;

Let His ban-ner be un-furled O - ver ev - 'ry land.
Tell how Christ their griefs has borne—How He died for all.
Tell them of the Christian's hope, Tell what Christ has done.

Go ye into all the

CHORUS.

Go ye, go ye, Preach the gospel to ev-'ry crea-ture,
world, into all the world, into all the world, Preach to ev-'ry crea-ture,

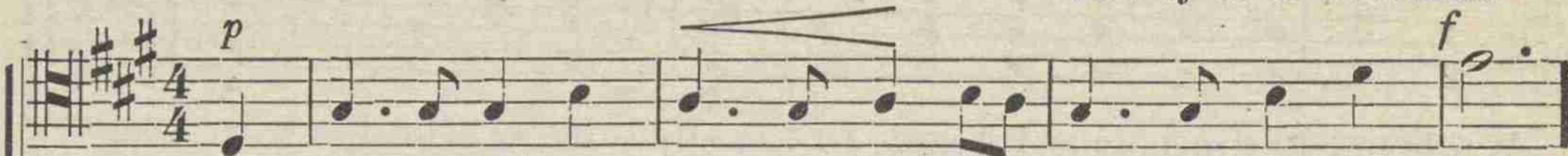
al - - way.

Go ye, go ye, I am with you, with you al - way.

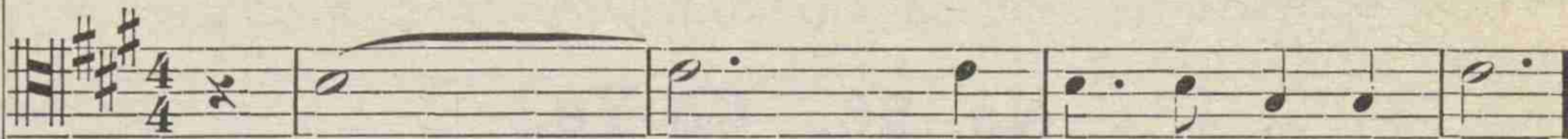
Go ye into all the world, into all the world, I am with you al - way.

No. 27. The Lord is My Shepherd.

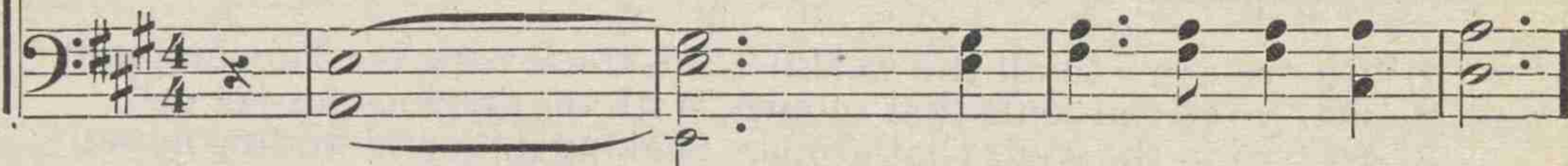
Arr. by J. B. HERBERT.



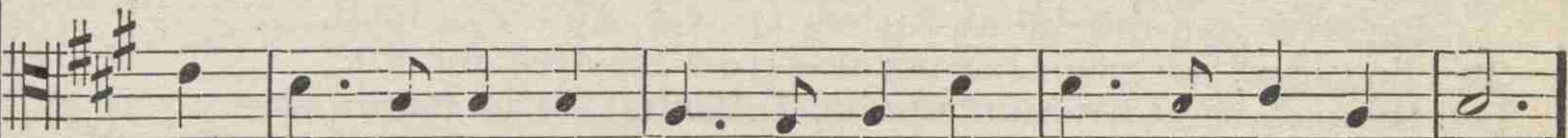
1. The Lord's my Shep-herd, I'll not want, He makes me down to lie
2. Yea, tho' I walk thro' death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no ill:



p Hum He makes me down to lie
Yet will I fear no ill:



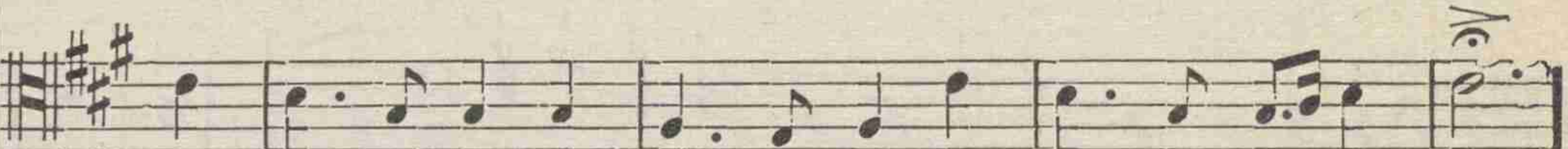
In pas-tures green, He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.
For Thou art with me, And Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.



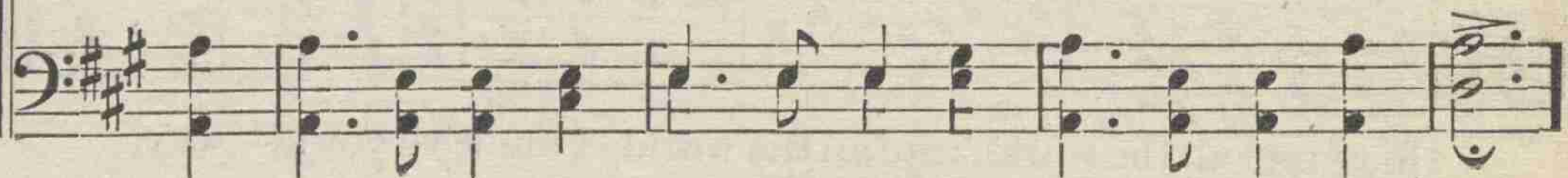
In pas-tures green, He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.
For Thou art with me, And Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.



My soul He doth re-store a-gain, And me to walk doth make
Good-ness and mer-cy all my life Shall sure-ly fol-low me,



My soul He doth re-store a-gain, And me to walk doth make
Good-ness and mer-cy all my life Shall sure-ly fol-low me,



The Lord is My Shepherd. Concluded.

m *rit-e-dim.*

With - in the paths of righteous-ness, E'en for His own name's sake.
And in God's house for ev - er-more, My dwelling-place shall be.

p

in paths of right, E'en for His own name's sake.
for - ev - er - more, My dwelling-place shall be.

No. 28. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil the law's de - mands;
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my heart-strings break in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne;

Be of sin the dou - ble cure—Cleanse me from its guilt and power;
All for sin could not a - tone—Thou must save and Thou a - lone.
Foul, I to the foun - tain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

No. 29. Glorious Things.

J. NEWTON.

FINLEY LYON.



1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
2. See the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love,
3. Blest in - hab - i - tants of Zi - on, Washed in the Redeemer's blood,



He whose word can-not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode.
Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of drought re-move.
Je-sus, whom their souls re - ly on, Makes them kings and priests to God.



On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake Thy sure re-pose?
Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst to assuage—
'Tis His love His peo-ple rais - es With Him-self to reign as kings;



With sal - va - tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver, Nev - er fails from age to age.
And, as priests, His sol - emn prais-es Each for a thank-offering brings.



Glorious Things. Concluded.

REFRAIN. Con spirito.



On the Rock of A-ges founded, What can break thy sure re- pose?



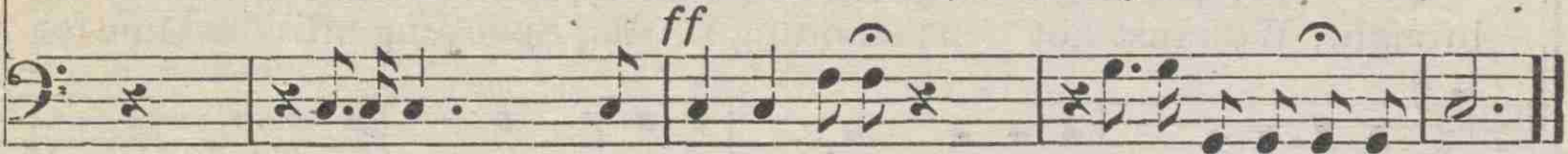
On the Rock of A-ges founded, What can break thy sure repose?



With sal-va - tion's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.



With salva - tion's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.



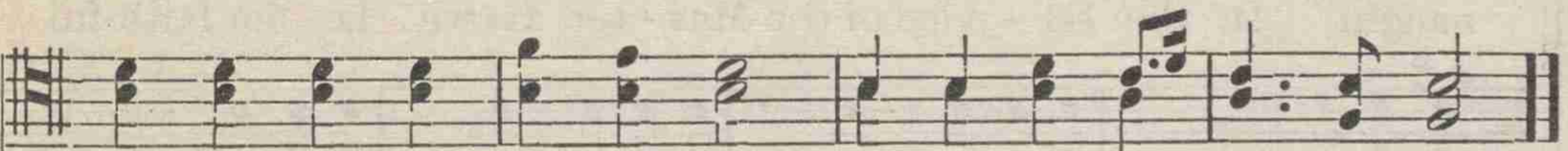
No. 30. Thine Forever.

M. F. MAUDE.

Arr. from BLUMENTHAL.



1. Thine for - ev - er! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne a - bove,
2. Thine for - ev - er! Oh, how blest! They who find in Thee their rest!
3. Thine for - ev - er! Sav-iour, keep These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
4. Thine for - ev - er! Thou our Guide, All our wants by Thee sup-plied,



Thine for - ev - er! may we be, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty!
Sav-iour, Guardian, Heav'nly Friend, O de - fend us to the end!
Safe a - lone be-neath Thy care Let us all Thy good-ness share.
All our sins by Thee for - giv'n, Lead us, Lord, from earth to heav'n



No. 31. We Shall Rest.

E. R. LATTA.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

Baritone Solo.



1. This is not our time of rest-ing, When the seed-time speeds a-
2. This is not our place of rest-ing, Where there is so much to
3. If we wish to share the har-vest, When the gold-en sheaves are



1. This is not our time of rest-ing, When the seed-time
2. This is not our place of rest-ing, Where there is so
3. If we wish to share the har-vest, When the gold-en



way, Seeds of love and truth to scat-ter, We should la - bor all the
do, Ere the night of death come on us, And the world is lost to
brought, We must not be standing i - dle, Spending all our time for



speeds away, Seeds of love and truth to scat-ter, We should la-bor
much to do, Ere the night of death come on us, And the world is
sheaves are brought, We must not be standing i - dle, Spending all our




day; When the bright e-ter-nal morn-ing On our rap-tured sight shall
view; When we pass the shining por-tals, Never, nev - er-more to
naught; In the ser - vice of the Mas - ter, If we la - bor faith-ful-



all the day; When the bright e - ter - nal morn - ing On our rap - tured
lost to view; When we pass the shin - ing por - tals, Nev - er, nev - er
time for naught; In the ser - vice of the Mas - ter, If we la - bor



We Shall Rest. Concluded.



rise, We shall rest from toil and weep-ing, In the mansions of the skies.
 roam, We shall cease from toil and weep-ing, In our ev-er-last-ing home.
 ly, Heav'n shall be our place of resting, And the time e-ter-ni - ty.



sight shall rise, We shall rest from toil and weep-ing, In the mansions of the skies.
 more to roam, We shall cease from toil and weep-ing, In our ev-er-last-ing home.
 faith-ful-ly, Heav'n shall be our place of rest-ing, And the time e-ter-ni-ty.



No. 32. God Speed the Right.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. See, the foe's at hand, God speed the right; Val - iant
 2. Thro' the path of life, God speed the right; Thro' the
 3. Tho' we may not know, God speed the right; Tho' we
 4. Come, oh, bless-ed day, God speed the right; Drive the



must we stand, God speed the right; Let this pray'r as-cend,
 fierc - est strife, God speed the right; Er - ror soon will fall,
 blind - ly go, God speed the right; Soon be - neath the sun
 night a - way, God speed the right; Let Thy light di - vine,



Fight, then, till the end, God speed the right, God speed the right.
 Truth will con-quer all, God speed the right, God speed the right.
 Shall His will be done, God speed the right, God speed the right.
 O'er the na-tions shine, God speed the right, God speed the right.



No. 33. Going Down the Valley.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

With feeling.



1. We are go - ing down the val - ley one by one, With our
2. We are go - ing down the val - ley one by one, When the
3. We are go - ing down the val - ley one by one, Hu - man



fa - ces t'ward the set-ting of the sun; Down the valley where the
la - bors of the wea - ry day are done; One by one the cares of
com-rade you or I will there have none; But a ten - der hand will



mournful cypress grows, Where the stream of death in silence onward flows.
earth for - ev - er past, We shall stand up-on the riv-er-bank at last.
guide us lest we fall, Christ is go-ing down the val-ley with us all.



mf CHORUS.



We are go - ing down the val-ley, Go - ing down the val-ley,

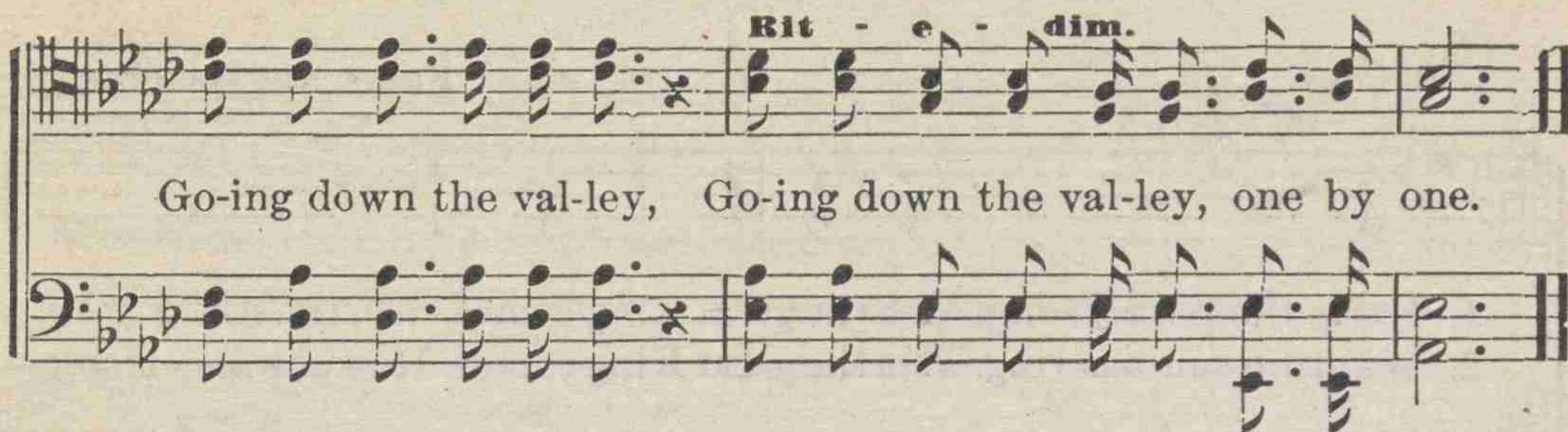


Go-ing t'ward the set-ting of the sun; We are going down the valley,



Going Down the Valley. Concluded.

Rit - e - dim.



Go-ing down the val-ley, Go-ing down the val-ley, one by one.

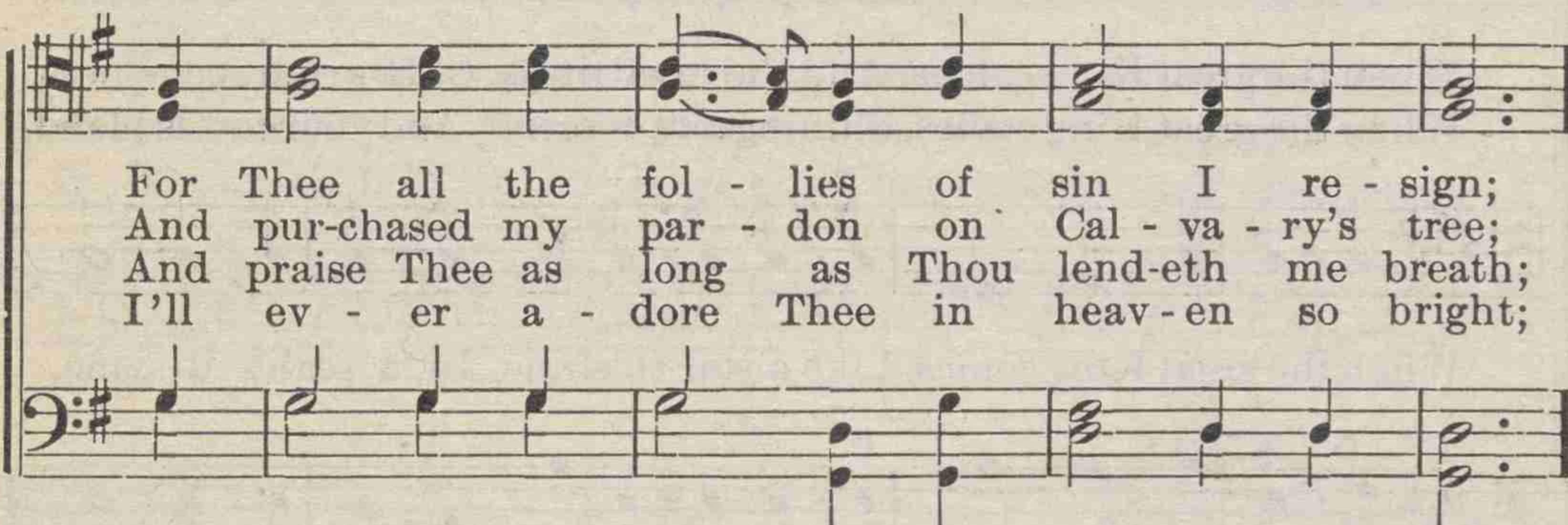
No. 34. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

Melody in Second Tenor.

A. J. GORDON.

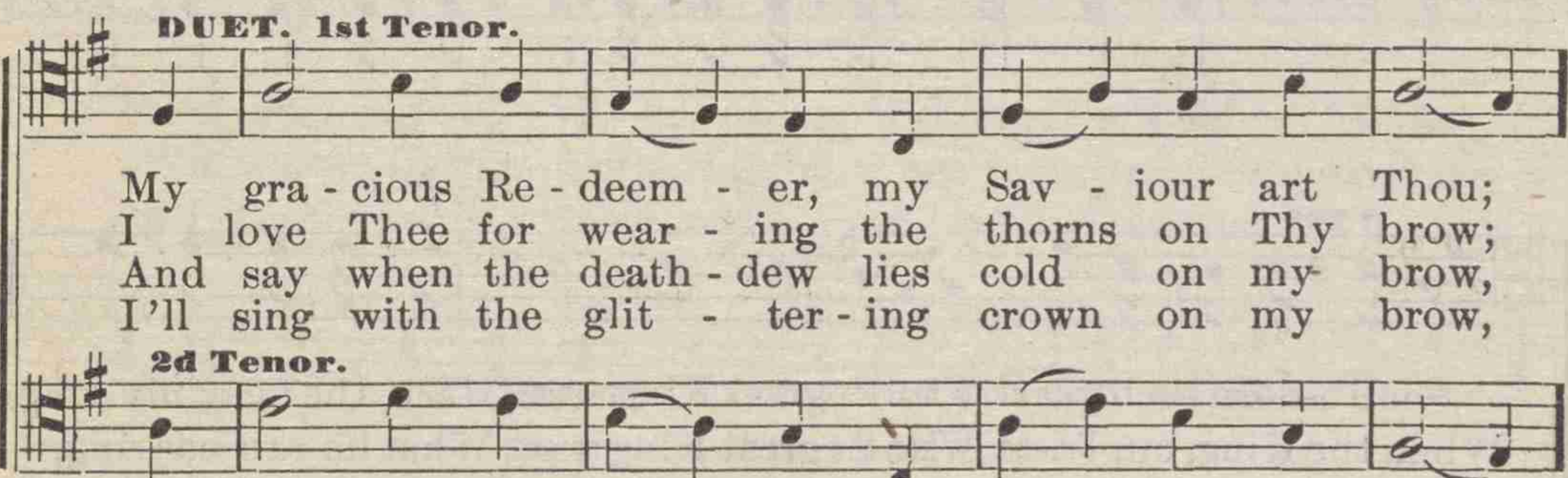


1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
 2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,
 3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light



For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
 And pur-chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
 And praise Thee as long as Thou lend-eth me breath;
 I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;

DUET. 1st Tenor.



My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou;
 I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;
 And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
 I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,

2d Tenor.



If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 35. When the Great King Comes.

A. P. COBB.

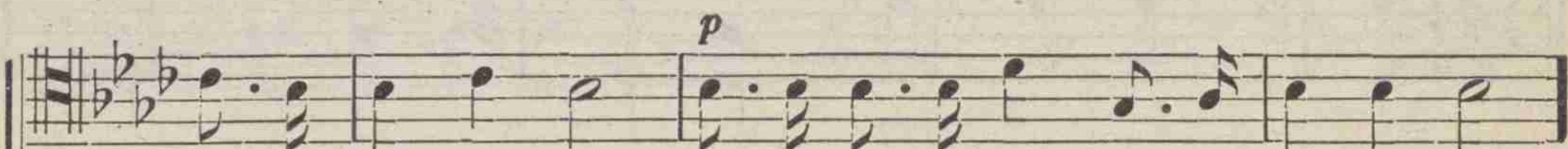
FRED. A. FILLMORE.



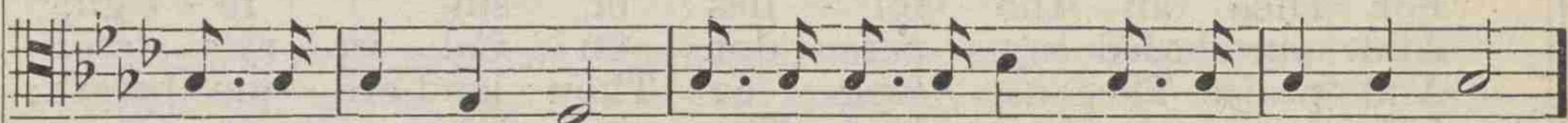
1. Hark, the heav'nly song, When the great King comes, See, the shining throng,
2. What ho-san-nas ring, When the great King comes, How the angels sing,



3. Shall a crown be mine? When the great King comes, Like a star to shine?



When the great King comes, And the royal dress Of His right-eous-ness,
When the great King comes, Shining hosts descend, And your carols blend,



When the great King comes, Like a star to shine, In a realm di-vine,



Shall a-dorn each guest, When the great King comes; Hark, the heav'nly song,
When the King, our Friend, When the great King comes; What ho-san-nas ring,



Shall a crown be mine? When the great King comes; Shall a crown be mine?



When the Great King Comes. Concluded.

Rit.

When the great King comes, See the radiant throng, When the great King comes.
When the great King comes, How the angels sing, When the great King comes.

When the great King comes, Like a star to shine? When the great King comes.

Rit.

No. 36. Remember Me, O Mighty One.

JOHANNA KINKEL.

1. When storms around are sweeping, When lone my watch I'm keeping,
2. When walk - ing on life's o - cean, Con - trol its ra - ging mo - tion;
3. When weight of sin op - press-es, When dark de-spair dis-tress-es,

'Mid fires of e - vil fall - ing, 'Mid tempt-er's voi-ces call-ing,
When from its dan-gers shrinking, When in its dread deeps sinking,
All thro' the life that's mor-tal, And when I pass death's por-tal,

REFRAIN.

Re-mem-ber me, O Mighty One! Remember me, O Might-y One!

No. 37. My Heavenly Guest.

NETTIE LEIGH.

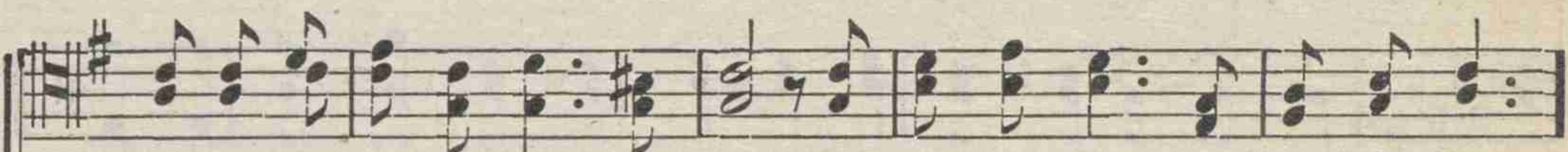
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



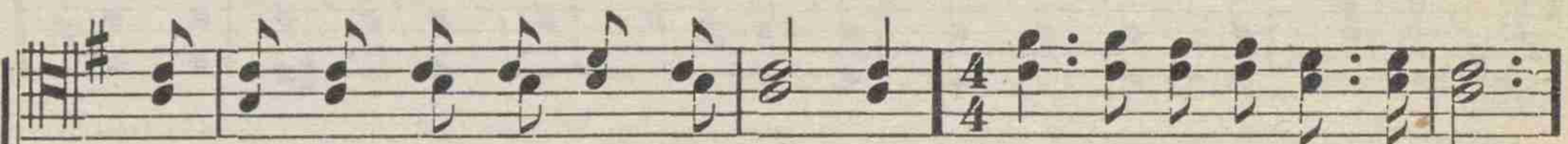
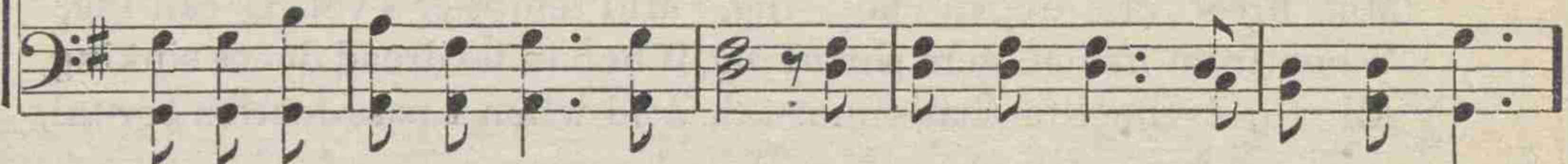
1. The door was shut; and when I heard His gen-tle knock, I nev-er stirred;
2. The night was dark, and chill the air, And yet He wait-ed meek-ly there;
3. Touched by such tender, winning grace, At last I long'd to see His face,
4. We supped to-geth-er, and it seemed That heav'n itself around me gleam'd!



I thought the entrance of a guest Would only mar my peace and rest,
Not one reproachful word He spoke, Not one complaint the silence broke,
And eag-er-ly un-clasped the door, So close-ly barred to Him be-fore,
Each doubt was gone, each fear was stilled, And high-est hopes were all ful-filled,



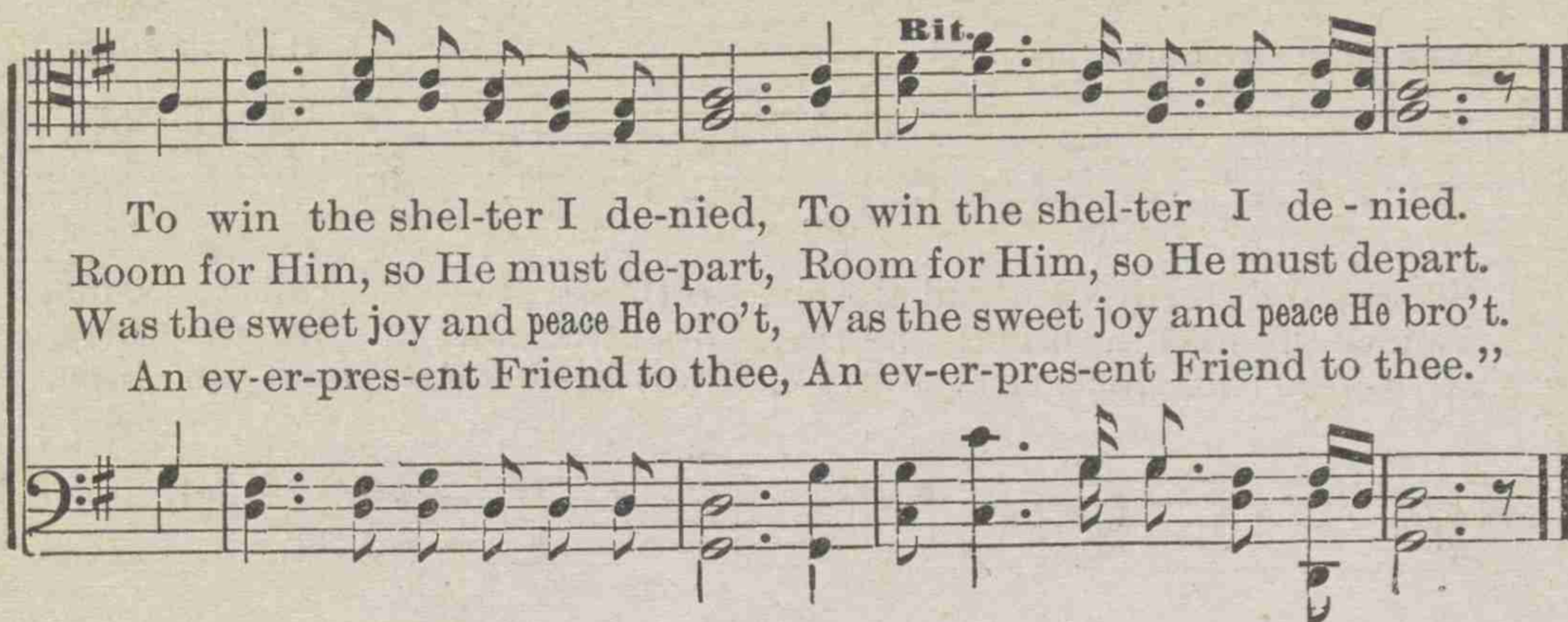
Would only mar my peace and rest. A-gain He knocked; a-gain I kept
Not one complaint the silence broke. It grieved me He should ling'ring stand,
So close-ly barred to Him be-fore. He entered: and my lit-tle room
And high-est hopes were all ful-filled. So now my prayer is "Lord, a-bide,



Si-lence with-in, as tho' I slept; He knocked more loudly then, and tried
Re-luc-tant to withdraw His hand; But there was not within my heart
Was filled with light, instead of gloom; And, far transcending all my tho't,
For - ev - er with me, at my side!" "Fear not!" He answered: "I will be



My Heavenly Guest. Concluded.



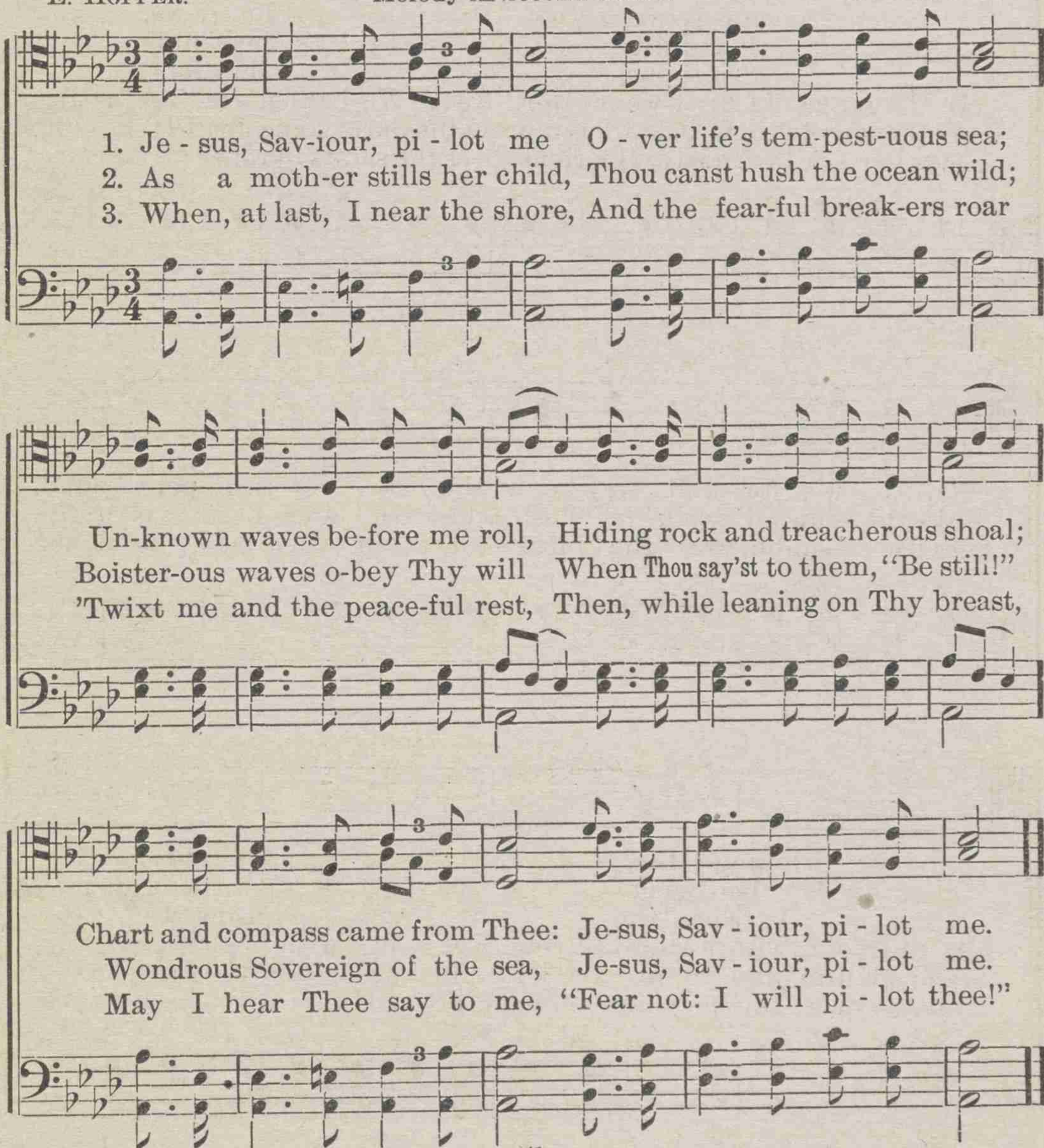
To win the shel-ter I de-nied, To win the shel-ter I de-nied.
 Room for Him, so He must de-part, Room for Him, so He must depart.
 Was the sweet joy and peace He bro't, Was the sweet joy and peace He bro't.
 An ev-er-pres-ent Friend to thee, An ev-er-pres-ent Friend to thee."

No. 38. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

E. HOPPER.

Melody in Second Tenor.

J. E. GOULD.



1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;
 2. As a moth-er stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
 3. When, at last, I near the shore, And the fear-ful break-ers roar

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
 Boister-ous waves o-bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

Chart and compass came from Thee: Je-sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je-sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not: I will pi - lot thee!"

No. 39. The Christian War Song.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. War sounds forth his dread alarms, Broth-ers, 'tis the call to arms;
2. Comes the foe in proud ar-ray, Sinks the soul in dire dis-may,
3. Thro' the con-flict dark, of time, Faith be-holds the end sub-lime,



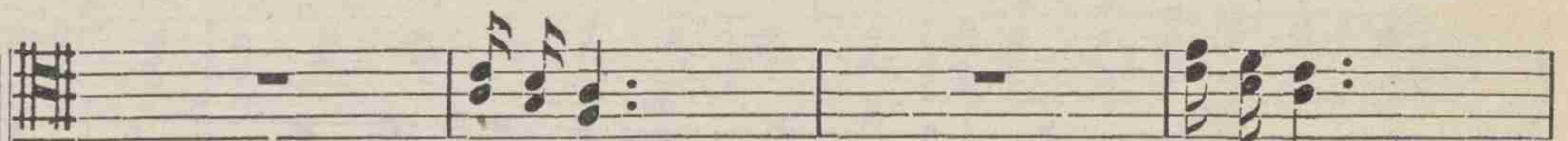
Ral-ly we,
Fear-ful-ly,
Glo-ri-ous,

Ral-ly we,
Fear-ful-ly,
Glo-ri-ous,

In the ranks of Christ we muster, 'Neath His banner's fadless lus-ter,
As the shouts come bold, defying, As his darts come swift-ly fly-ing,
Sees her Lord enthroned and glorious, Sees the saints in robes vic-to-rious,



Ral-ly we, for well we know the sil-ver trum-pet's sound,
Sinks the soul, for weak is flesh when Sa-tan's hosts as-sail;
Sees the tri-umph, sees the bless-ed peace when war is done;



Joy-ful-ly,
Bat-tle-ing,
Praising Him,

Joy-ful-ly,
Bat-tle-ing,
Praising Him,

At the word, with joy ad-vanc-ing, Ev-'ry eye with hope is glanc-ing,
Stand we firm, and no sur-ren-der, Christ our Cap-tain and De-fend-er,
And she hears the heav'nly chorus, Praising Him who reigneth o'er us,



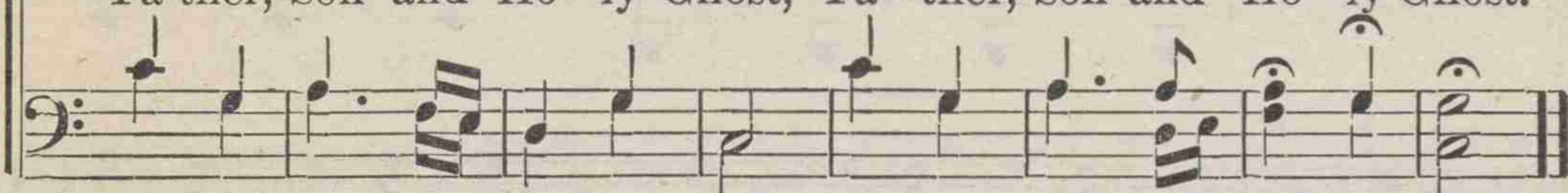
The Christian War Song. Concluded.



Steps are light as march we onward thro' Immanuel's ground, we're marching
Fierce the bat-tle, yet with Christ our Captain we pre-vail, pre-vail with
Ev - er say - ing, glo - ry, hon - or and the vic-t'ry won, be un - to



On, on, on for truth and right, On, on, on in God's own might.
Christ our Cap - tain we pre - vail, Christ our Cap - tain we pre - vail.
Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost, Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.



No. 40. Christian, Dost Thou See Them?

J. M. NEALE.

J. H. FILLMORE.



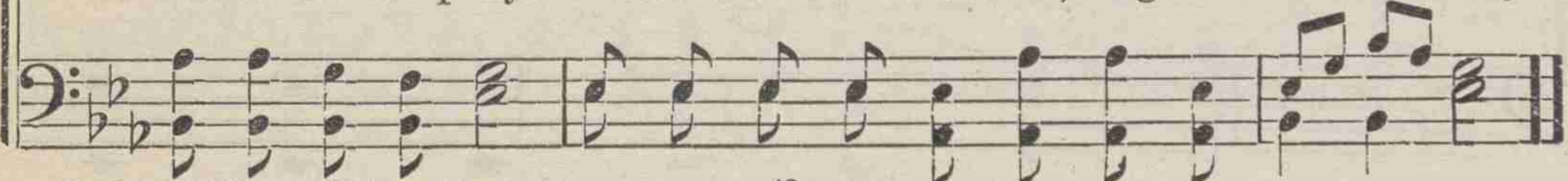
1. Christian, dost thou see them, On the ho-ly ground, How the pow'rs of
2. Christian, dost thou feel them, How they work within, Striving, tempting,
3. Christian, dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair? "Always fast and



dark-ness Rage thy steps a-round? Christian, up and smite them,
lur - ing, Goad-ing in - to sin? Christian, nev-er trem - ble,
vig - il? Always watch and pray'r?" Christian, an-swer bold - ly:



Counting gain but loss; In the strength that cometh By the ho - ly cross!
Nev - er be down-cast; Gird thee for the bat-tle, Watch and pray and fast!
"While I breathe I pray!" Peace shall follow battle, Night shall end in day.



No. 41. Battle Hymn.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

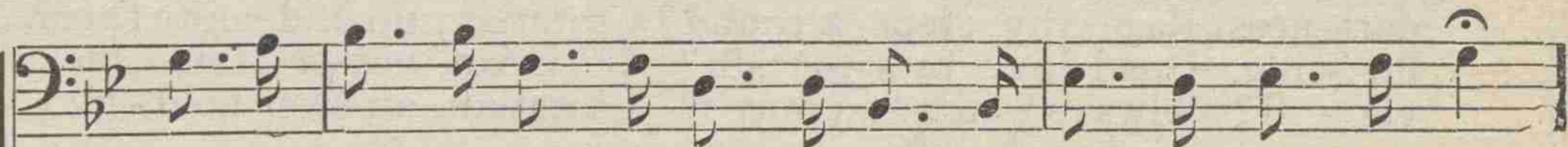
Baritone Solo.
Vigorously.



1. Hark! the tramping of an arm-y, Marching on with purpose strong,
2. Hark! the sound of falling fetters, North and south and east and west,
3. See the men whose chains are broken, Work-ing stead-fast-ly and true,
4. God is lead-ing on this arm-y, With its work for you and me,



With the pray'r of men and women, All the earn-est ranks a-long,
And our brothers find their freedom, And in find-ing it are blest
For their weak and fall-en brothers, With a hope they nev-er knew,
Trust in Him, my tempted broth-er, 'T was His arm that set you free;

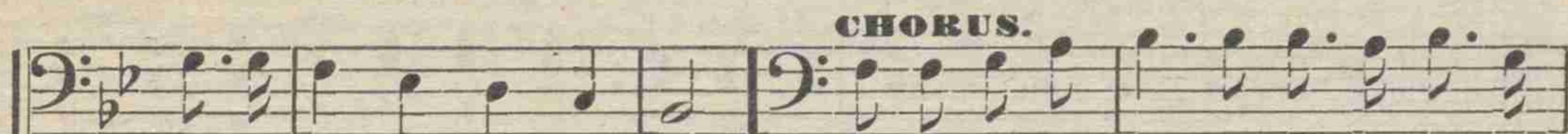


Ris-ing to the God of bat-tles, For the put-ting down of wrong,
With a new and no-ble man-hood That shall stand a fier-y test,
Till they find their own sal-va-tion, Brothers, we will work with you.
Think the strength of man is weakness, And with God is vic-to-ry,



Battle Hymn. Concluded.

CHORUS.



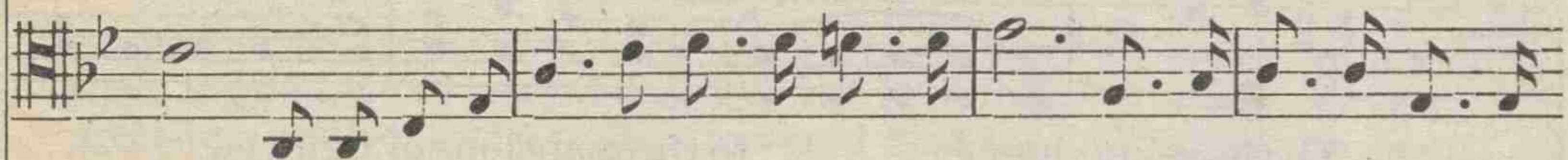
As the years go marching on. Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, hear the mighty



Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, hear the mighty



throng, Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, All the ranks a-long, Ris-ing to the God of



throng, Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, All the ranks a-long, Ris-ing to the God of



bat-tles, For the putting down of wrong, As the years go marching on.



bat-tles, For the putting down of wrong, As the years go marching on.



No. 42. Gathering Home.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.



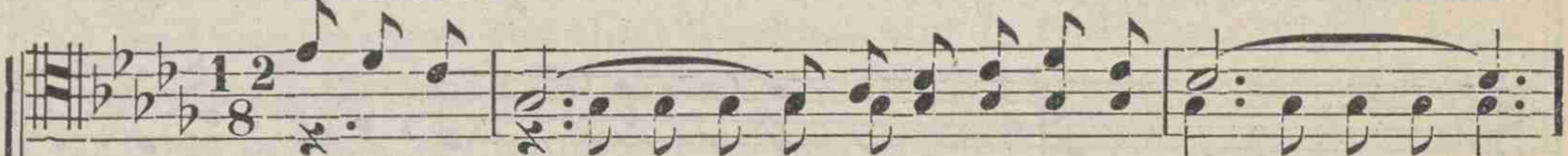
1. The years are bear-ing us swift a-way, We are gath-er-ing home,
2. Each day we're nearing the golden shore, We are gath-er-ing home,
3. Tho' dear ones leave us so si-lent-ly, We are gath-er-ing home,
4. Oh, praise the Lord for His wondrous love, We are gath-er-ing home,



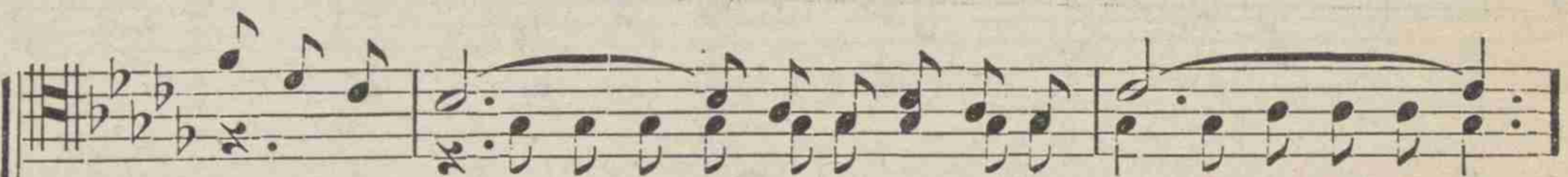
Tho' earth al-lures us, we may not stay, We are gath-er-ing home.
 Our wand'rings wea-ry will soon be o'er, We are gath-er-ing home.
 We soon shall fol-low and with them be, We are gath-er-ing home.
 Oh, praise the Lord for the home above, We are gath-er-ing home.



CHORUS.



Gath-er-ing home . . . to the mansions of light,
 Gathering home to the mansions of light, mansions of light,



Home to that cit - y where cometh no night,
 Home to that city where cometh no night, where cometh no night,



Home with the loved . . . ones who passed on be-fore,
 Home with the loved ones who passed on be-fore, passed on before,



Gathering Home. Concluded.

There shall we dwell in bliss ev - er - more, (ev - er-more.)

No. 43. Love, Rest and Home.

Melody in First Base.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Beyond the smiling and the weep-ing, Be-yond the waking and the
 2. Beyond the blooming and the fa-ding, Be-yond the shining and the
 3. Beyond the part-ing and the meet-ing, Be-yond the farewell and the

sleep-ing, Be-yond the sowing and the reap-ing, I shall be soon.
 shad-ing, Be-yond the hoping and the dreading, I shall be soon.
 greet-ing, Be-yond the pulse's fe-vered beat-ing, I shall be soon.

CHORUS.

Home, sweet home, Love, rest and home, sweet home; My
 My home, sweet home, Love, rest and home;

home, sweet home, Home, . . . sweet home.
 My home, sweet home, sweet home,

No. 44. He Knows It All.

FINLEY LYON.

Moderato.

1. He knows the bit - ter, wea - ry way, (the wea-ry way,) The
 2. He knows how hard the fight has been, (the fight has been, The
 3. He knows when faint and worn we sink, (when worn we sink,) How

end - less striv - ing day by day, Of those who
 clouds that come our lives be - tween, The wounds the
 deep the pain, how near the brink Of dark de-

weep and those who pray; (who pray;) He knows it all. . . .
 world has nev - er seen; (ne'er seen;) He knows it all. . . .
 spair we pause and shrink ; (and shrink;) He knows it all, (He knows it all.)

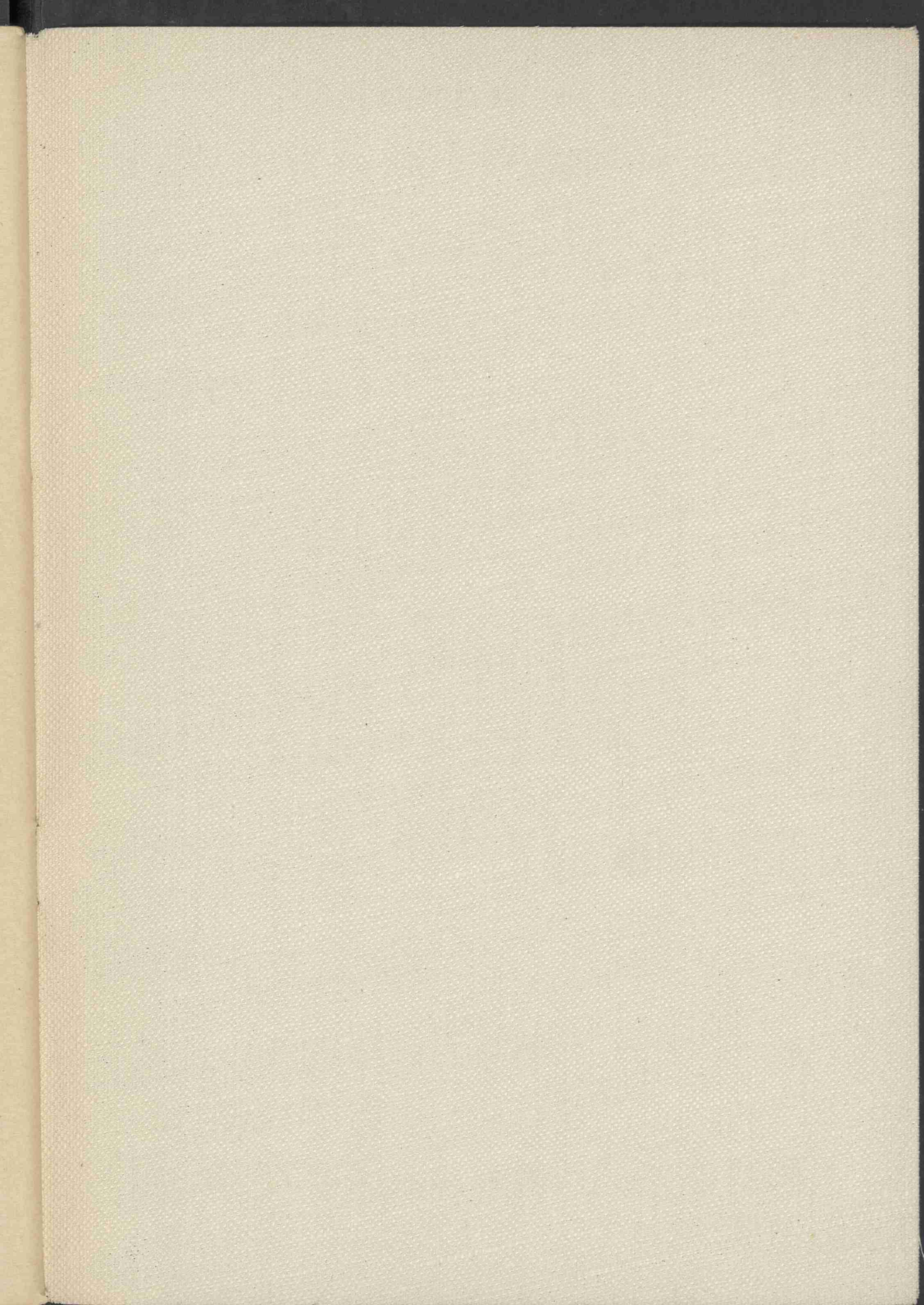
REFRAIN. Allegro.

Rall.

A tempo.

He knows it all, . . . He knows it all, Yes, Jesus knows it all; He knows it
 He knows it all, He knows it all,

all, He knows it all, Yes, Je-sus knows it all.
 He knows it all, He knows it all, He knows it all.



Quartets and Choruses for Men

A NEW COLLECTION OF GOSPEL SONGS FOR MEN'S VOICES, BY
J. H. FILLMORE, HENRY FILLMORE, PALMER HARTSOUGH,
WITH CONTRIBUTIONS BY J. B. HERBERT, J. W. LERMAN,
LOUIS D. EICHHORN, S. W. BEAZLEY AND OTHERS.

To promote male voice singing is an aim of this new book. It hopes to popularize male singing by furnishing attractive music that is within the grade and compass of the mass of men singers. It contains songs that beginners may make a start with, and from the easiest grade progress by gradual steps through the various grades higher up. There are no really difficult songs in the collection.

We have issued a circular intended to help those who would organize men's quartets or choruses. The circular suggests the songs to use for beginners and points out a line of grades for practice, giving other hints also.

The publishers believe that **QUARTETS AND CHORUSES FOR MEN** will greatly please all who are interested in men's singing, because the book will meet their needs for beautiful and effective songs that come within the compass and grade of the abilities of the singers, and satisfy the demand for songs of quality.

The book contains 224 pages, the usual gospel song-book size, bound in cloth.

Prices: 35 cents per copy by mail postpaid; 30 cents per copy mail or expressage *not* prepaid.

A sample copy for examination mailed, to be returned if not wanted.

SONGS OF PRAISE

BY J. H. FILLMORE, PALMER HARTSOUGH AND MANY POPULAR
WRITERS AS CONTRIBUTORS, WITH FULL ORCHESTRATION BY HENRY FILLMORE.

This new Sunday School Song Book is being received with great favor. The music possesses a quality of life and spirit that quickens the heart-beats into joy and enthusiasm. The words are good. The subjects are vital to present-day interests, and furnish inspiration for greater work in the Sunday school. Where **SONGS OF PRAISE** is used there is something doing, not only musically, but in every department of the work. Get **SONGS OF PRAISE** and you will add 100 per cent. to your school's interest in its work.

If you have an orchestra, or wish to have one, **SONGS OF PRAISE** is the book that will promote this department also.

Prices of Song Books: 25 cents each; \$20 per 100, not prepaid. (Specimen pages, with orchestration, free.)

Orchestra Books: 75 cents each. Piano Accompaniment, \$1. Sent postpaid.

**Songs
of Might**
To Cheer the Fight
Against the Blight
Of Liquordom.

A collection of new Prohibition Songs by Charles M., Fred A. and J. H. Fillmore, and other authors. The book is designed for use at all Prohibition and Temperance Meetings, and Campaign Rallies. Contains many new "hits" for both mixed voices and male voices. Up-to-date songs with which to interest and stir the people in a fight against saloons. Price: 25 cents; \$2.40 per dozen.

FILLMORE MUSIC HOUSE

528 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.

41-43 Bible House, New York