THE CORONET:

A COMPILATION OF

BRIGHT GEMS,

ADAPTED TO THE WANTS OF

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL, THE SINGING CLASS, AND THE SOCIAL CIRCLE.

SILAS M. HISSEM, Editor.

PUBLISHED BY

JOSEPH FUNK'S SONS,

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ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTIONS.

LESSON I.

OF TONES AND THE SCALE.

§1. Music is composed of TONES.

§2. Musical tones have THREE essential properties or elements, namely:

PITCH, LENGTH, POWER.

§3. Pitch regards a tone as *high or low.*

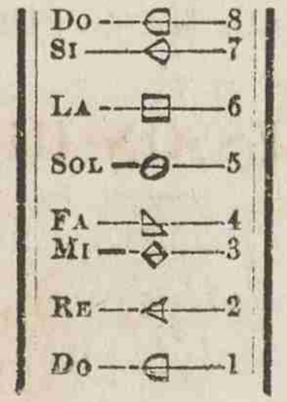
§4. Length, as *long or short.*

§5. Power, as *loud or soft.*

§6. There are only seven primitive tones in music.

§7. Tones follow each other according to certain fixed and determinate degrees.

§8. When these tones are arranged in a regular series, ascending or descending, they form the DIATONIC SCALE.



NOTE.—The word scale, from the Latin *scala* signifies a ladder. Thus the scale may be regarded as a musical ladder.

DIATONIC, from two Greek words signifying *through the tones*, or *from tone to tone.*

§9. Numerals and syllables represent the *relative* pitch of tones with respect to the scale.

§10. The scale consists of a regular series of eight tones, named as in the above scale.

§11. The distance from one tone to another is called *interval.*

§12. The intervals are not all alike in the scale, that is, some intervals are greater than others.

§13. The greater intervals are called *steps* and the smaller are called *half steps.*

§14. The order of the steps and half steps is— From one to two a *step;* from two to three a *step;* from three to four a *half step;* from four to five a *step;* from five to six a *step;* from six to seven a *step;* from seven to eight a *half step.*

Thus there are *seven* intervals in the scale, *five* of which are steps and *two* are half steps.

LESSON II.

The Staff.

§15. The tones of the scale and music are written upon a character called the Staff, with characters called notes.

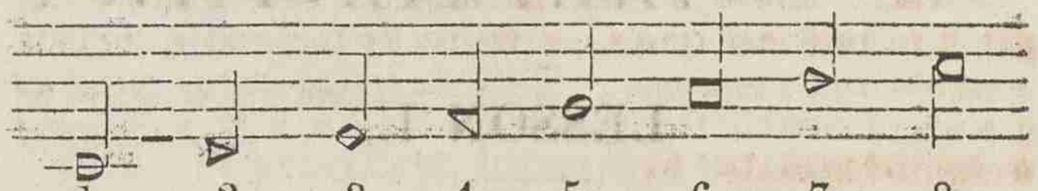
§16. The staff consists of five parallel lines, with four intermediate spaces.

§17. Each line and each space of the staff is called a *degree;* thus the staff contains *nine* degrees of sound, counted upward from the lowest.

§18. When more than nine degrees are wanted, the compass of the staff may be increased by the use of additional lines above or below, called *leger lines.*

§19. To aid us in the practice of vocal music, certain syllables are applied to the tones of the scale; to the first tone the syllable *Do* is applied; to the second *Re;* to the third *Mi;* to the fourth *Fa;* to the fifth *Sol;* to the sixth *La;* to the seventh *Si;* to the eighth *Do*, the same as the first. We can now write the scale thus:

THE SCALE WRITTEN ON THE STAFF.



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

Pronounced—

Doe, Ray, Mee, Fah, Sol, Lah, See, Doe.

Note.— In practicing the syllables the pupils should accustom themselves to dwell on the vowel sounds, with open mouth.

§20. The scale may commence on any degree of the staff; thus either line or space may be taken to indicate *one* or *Do;* but when any one degree of the staff is taken as *one* or *Do* of the scale, the other tones must follow in regular order, as in §14.

§21. *One* or *Do* is called the *Key note* or *Tonic,* because it is the tone from which all the other tones proceed, around which they move, and to which they return.

LESSON III.

Absolute Pitch, Letters, Clefs.

§22. Besides *relative* pitch, (§9,) tones have a permanent or *absolute* pitch.

NOTE.—There is just as fixed a standard for the pitch of musical tones, as there is for coins, or for weights and measures. This standard is the tone of a wire of certain thickness and length, with a definite weight suspended by it.

§23. The absolute pitch of tones is designated by the letters C, D, E, F, G, A, B.

§24. The *primitive* or *natural* scale is based upon the pitch C, or the tone C is taken as one.

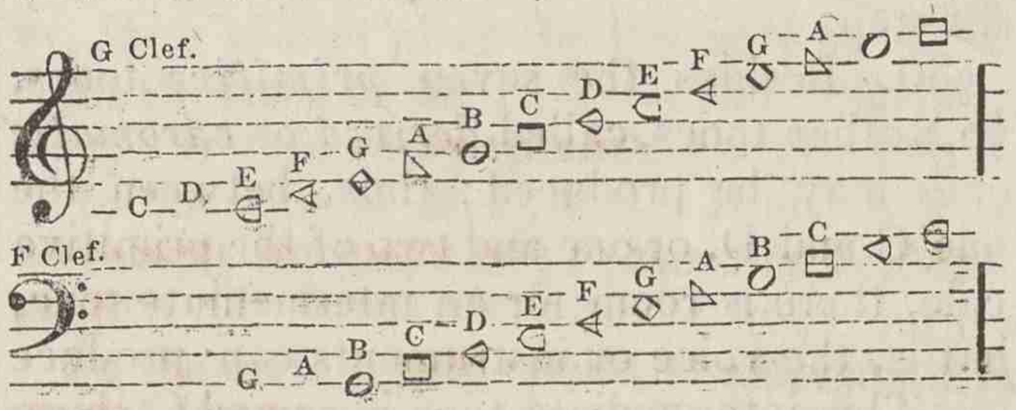
§25. In writing music, however, letters are are not used, but their place is supplied by the use of the staff and clefs. The lines and spaces of the staff represent the musical letters.

§26. The order of the letters on the staff is fixed by certain characters called CLEFS, (or keys to the staff.)

§27. There are two clefs in common use; the G clef and the F clef.

§28. When the G clef is placed on the staff, the first line represents E, the first space F, &c.; and when the F clef is on the staff, the first line represents G, the first space A, &c.

THE STAFF WITH CLEFS, LETTERS AND NOTES.



The pupil should commit to memory the order of the letters on the two staffs; G clef staff, thus:

E first line, F first space, G second line, A second space, B third line, C third space, D fourth line, E fourth space, F fifth line. G space above, A first added line above. C first added line below, D first space below.

F clef staff thus: G first line, A first space. B second line, C second space, D third line, E third space, F fourth line, G fourth space, A fifth line, B space above, C first added line above.

LESSON IV.

CHROMATIC SCALE,—SHARPS AND FLATS.

§29. The steps and half steps are fixed between the letters as follows: From C to D a step; from D to E a step; from E to F a half step; from F to G a step; from G to A a

step; from A to B a step; from B to C a half step.

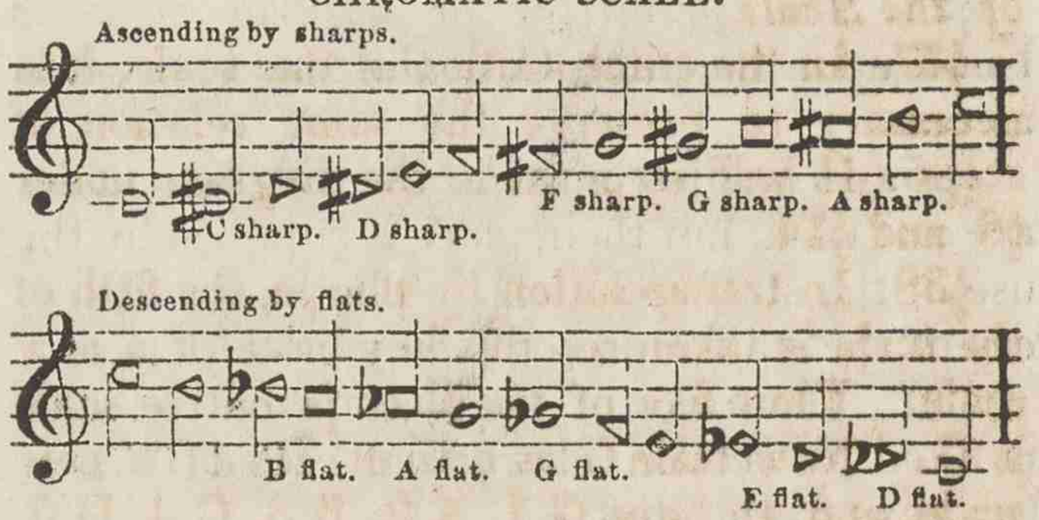
§30. Besides the seven *primitive* tones, (§6,) other tones, called *derived* or *chromatic* tones may be produced; thus, between the tone C and D, or one and two of the primitive scale, there is room for an intermediate tone, that is, the voice or instruments can produce it. This intermediate tone is named C sharp or D flat, and is written upon the same degree of the staff with the tone from which it derives its name. Between D and E there is room for an intermediate tone; this tone is called D sharp or E flat. From E to F the interval is a half step, which is the smallest practicable interval, hence there is no room for an intermediate tone. Between F and G we have an intermediate tone, called F sharp or G flat. Between G and A, a tone called G sharp or A flat. Between A and B another, called A sharp or B flat; but between B and C there is no room for an intermediate tone.

§31. Thus there are five intermediate or derived tones, which, added to the seven primitive ones, give us *twelve* tones.

§32. This character (♯) is called a *sharp*; this (♭) is called a *flat*. A *natural* (♮) restores a tone, previously sharp or flat, to its primitive pitch.

§33. When these tones are arranged in a series made up of half steps alone, they form the

CHROMATIC SCALE.



§34. By the use of flats we secure the same result in descending that we do by sharps in ascending. C♯ and D♭ indicate the same tone, though written on different degrees of the staff.

§35. Each one of the chromatic tones may be taken as the key note of a diatonic scale. Thus we can form *twelve* diatonic scales. The same order of progression must be preserved in each scale, as in §14; and hence all the scales are alike in every respect except pitch.

LESSON V.

Transposition of the Scale.

§36. When the key or scale is removed from C to any other pitch, this change is called Trasposition, or the *Transposition of the Scale.*

§37. In the transposition of the scale, it is necessary to preserve the same relation of steps and half steps as in the diagram under §8 and §14.

§38. In transposition by sharps, the fifth of the scale is taken as the key note of a new scale. Thus five of the C or primitive scale is G. Now take G as one or Do of a new scale, and we have G 1, A 2, B 3, C 4, D 5, E 6, F—but F will not do here, because from E to F is only a half step, and according to our diagram, (§8 and §14,) we must have a step from 6 to 7. We therefore take F♯7, and G 8. Thus, in the scale of G, F must be sharp.

§39. We therefore have the following rules:

In the scale of **G**, F must be sharp; or, *one sharp* places the key note on G.

In the scale of **D**, F and C must be sharp; or, *two sharps* place the key note on D.

In the scale of **A**, F, C and G must be sharp; or, *three sharps* place the key note on A.

In the scale of **E**, F, C, G, and D must be sharp; or *four sharps* place the key note on E.

In the scale of **B**, F, C, G, D and A must be sharp; or, *five sharps* place the key note on B.

In the scale of **F♯**, F, C, G, D, A and E must be sharp; or, *six sharps* place the key note on F♯.

§40. In transposition by flats, the fourth of the scale is taken as the key note of a new scale. Thus *four* of the primitive scale is F. Now take F as *one* or *Do*, and we have F–1, G–2, A–3, B—but B will not do here, because from A to B is a step, and our diagram, (§8, §14,) requires only a half step from 3 to 4. We therefore take B♭–4, C–5, D–6, E–7, and F–8. Thus, in the scale of **F**, B must be flat.

§41. We therefore have the following rules:

In the scale of **F**, B must be flat; or *one flat* places the key note on F.

In the scale of **B♭**, B and E must be flat; or, *two flats* place the key note on B♭.

In the scale of **E♭** B, E, and A must be flat; or, *three flats* place the key note on E♭.

In the scale of A♭, B, E, A and D must be flat; or, *four flats* place the key note on A♭.

In the scale of D♭, B, E, A, D and G must be flat; or, *five flats* place the key note on D♭.

In the scale of G♭, B, E, A, D, G and C must be flat; or, *six flats* place the key note on G♭.

§42. The sharps and flats necessary to any scale are placed on the staff at the commencement of each piece of music, and are called the SIGNATURE of the scale or key note.

§43. Sometimes sharps or flats are placed before a note in the course of a piece of music. When they are thus used, they are called *accidentals*, and operate only on the notes before which they are placed, or on all the notes in the same measure.

§44. A *Natural* (♮) restores a letter or note previously sharped or flatted to its primitive tone.

LESSON VI.

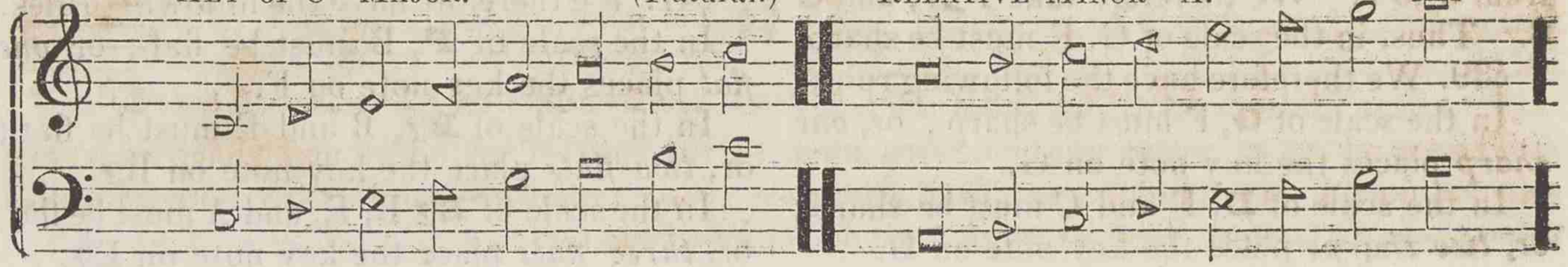
THE MINOR SCALE.

§45. The scale heretofore contemplated is called the major scale. There is another order of tones called the *Minor Scale*. The intervals of the minor scale differ from the major in their order. In the Minor scale the order of intervals is, from 1 to 2 a *step*; from 2 to 3 a *half step*; from 3 to 4 a *step*; from 4 to 5 a *step*; from 5 to 6 a *half step*; from 6 to 7 a *step*; from 7 to 8 a *step*.

§46. Each major scale has a relative minor, a *third below*, or a *sixth above*; and the syllable *La*, is applied to *one* of the minor scale.

The following examples will show how each major scale is written on the staff, with the necessary sharps and flats; also the relative minor scale, with the order of syllables.

KEY OF C MAJOR. (Natural.) RELATIVE MINOR—A.



KEY OF G—MAJOR. (One sharp.) RELATIVE MINOR—E.

G-1 A-2 B-3 C-4 D-5 E-6 F♯7 G-8. E-1 F♯2 G-3 A-4 B-5 C-6 D-7 E-8.

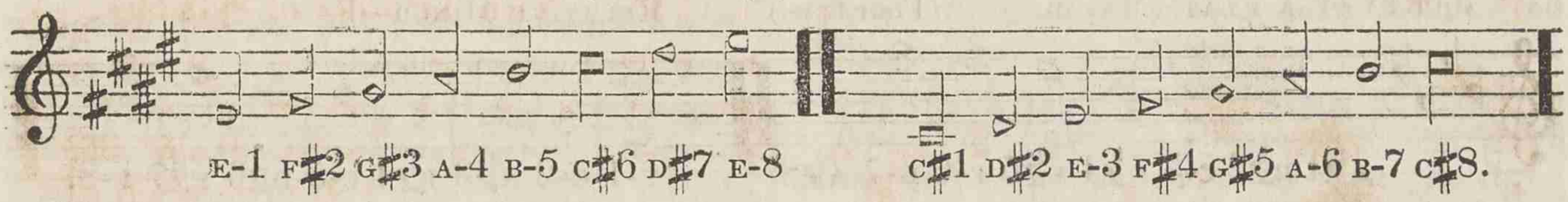
KEY OF D—MAJOR. (Two sharps.) RELATIVE MINOR—B.

D-1 E-2 F♯3 G-4 A-5 B-6 C♯7 D-8. B-1 C♯2 D-3 E-4 F♯5 G-6 A-7 B-8.

KEY OF A—MAJOR. (Three sharps.) RELATIVE MINOR—F SHARP.

A-1 B-2 C♯3 D-4 E-5 F♯6 G♯7 A-8. F♯1 G♯2 A-3 B-4 C♯5 D-6 E-7 F♯8.

KEY OF E—MAJOR. (Four sharps.) RELATIVE MINOR—C SHARP.



E-1 F♯2 G♯3 A-4 B-5 C♯6 D♯7 E-8 C♯1 D♯2 E-3 F♯4 G♯5 A-6 B-7 C♯8.

The formation of scales might be extended, by the use of an additional sharp in every remove, until every tone of the Chromatic scale (§33) would become the key note of a diatonic scale, (§8); but these examples are deemed sufficient.

KEY OF F—MAJOR. (One flat.) RELATIVE MINOR—D.

F-1 G-2 A-3 B♭4 C-5 D-6 E-7 F-8. D-1 E-2 F-3 G-4 A-5 B♭6 C-7 D-8.

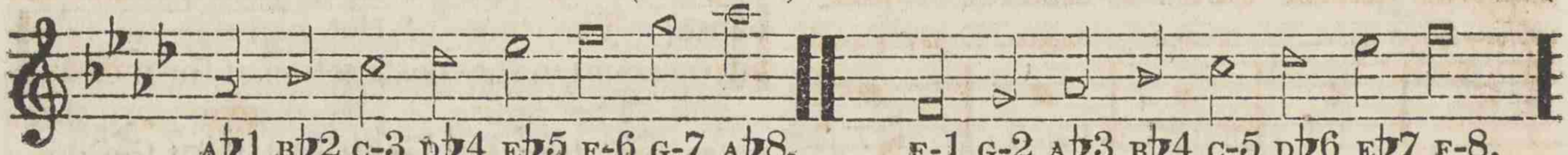
KEY OF B FLAT—MAJOR. (Two flats.) RELATIVE MINOR—D.

B♭1 C-2 D-3 E♭4 F-5 G-6 A-7 B♭8. G-1 A-2 B♭3 C-4 D-5 E♭6 F-7 G-8.

KEY OF E FLAT—MAJOR. (Three flats.) RELATIVE MINOR—C.

E♭1 F-2 G-3 A♭4 B♭5 C-6 D-7 E♭8. C-1 D-2 E♭3 F-4 G-5 A♭6 B♭7 C-8.

KEY OF A FLAT—MAJOR. (Four flats.) RELATIVE MINOR—F.



A♭1 B♭2 C-3 D♭4 E♭5 F-6 G-7 A♭8. F-1 G-2 A♭3 B♭4 C-5 D♭6 E♭7 F-8.

LESSON VII.

Length of Tones.

In §2 and §4 we learned that tones may be *long or short.*

§47. To represent the length of tones, characters called *Notes*, are used.

§48. Notes have a two-fold form,—a *figurate* form (§19,) which represents the *relative pitch*, or the syllables applied to them, and a Rhythmical form, which represents the *length* of tones.

§49. Each note has a corresponding *rest*. Rests are signs of silence, and take their names from the notes to which they are equivalent in time.

§50. The following are the forms of the notes and their corresponding rests:

Note.—These notes are sometimes called semibreve, minin, crotchet, &c. In these lessons the terms whole, half, quarter, &c., will be uniformly used as expressive of their value.

§51. Notes have not a *positive*, but only a *relative* length. Thus if we sing the whole note in four seconds, in any given piece of music, then the half note must be performed in two seconds, the quarter note in one, and so on; but if we allow only three seconds to the whole note, then the half note must be performed in one and a half seconds, and so on.

§52. Notes are subject to some modification in their time, by the use of characters annexed to them.

§53. A point or dot (·) placed after a note, increases its value or length one-half.

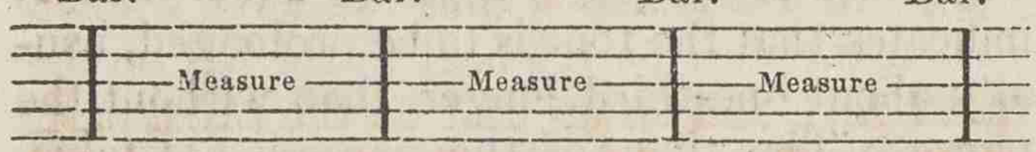
§54. A pause (𝄐) over or under a note, indicates that the tone is to be prolonged, usually about one-third longer than without the pause. The time of the pause is not taken into account in the construction of the measure.

§55. The figure 3 placed over any three notes tied together, indicates that the three notes are to be performed in the time of two notes of the same value without the figure. Such notes are called *Triplets*.

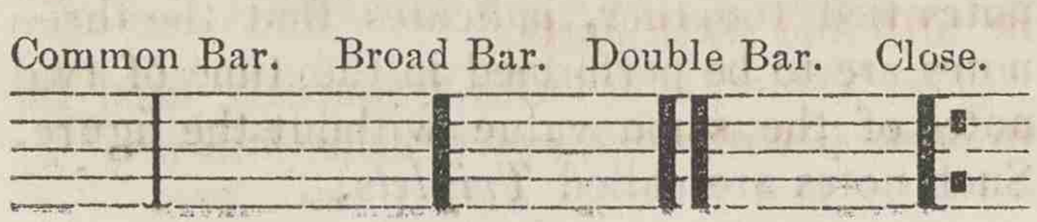
EXAMPES:

§56. The notes of music, when written, are divided into small equal portions, by characters called *Bars*, drawn across the staff. The distance from one bar to another is called *Measure*.

EXAMPLES:



§57. There are three bars used in writing music, as follows:



§58. The Common bar divides the staff into equal time-measures.

§59. The Broad bar is used to show the end of a line of poetry. This bar is often omitted.

§60. The Double bar shows where a strain ends that is to be repeated. It is also used at the commencement of a chorus.

§61. The Close shows the end of a piece of music.

LESSON VIII.

Of Time.

§62. Time in music consists in giving to every note its proper length, without making it either longer or shorter than it ought to be.

§63. There are three kinds of time in music, namely, *Common or even Time; Triple or uneven Time;* and *Compound time.*

§64. There are three varieties of Common time; two varieties of Triple; and two of Compound time.

EPAMPLES:

NOTE.—Other varieties of time-measures are frequently used in writing music, as 4-2, or 4-8, in Common time; 9-8, and 9-16 in Triple time, &c.

§65. The fractions express the contents of the measure. The *numerator* shows the number of notes in a measure, and the *denominator* the kind of notes. Thus, in 2-2 time two half notes, or their equal in other notes or rests, form a measure; in 3-2 time three half notes, or their equal in other notes or rests.

§66. When a measure contains the notes expressed by the fraction, it is called *primitive;* when it is made up of other notes, it is called *derivative.*

§67. Every measure, in any piece of music, except the first and last, whether primitive or derivative, must contain the quantity of notes expressed by the fraction.

§68. Measures are subdivided into small, equal portions, called parts of measures.

§69. The measures of 2-2 and 2-4 time are said to contain *two* parts, and the measures of 4-4 time *four* parts.

§70. The measures of 3-2 and 3-4 time are divided into *three* parts.

§71. The measures of 6-4 and 6-8 time are divided into *six* parts.

LESSON IX.

ON MARKING AND KEEPING TIME.

§72. Nothing is more essential to correct singing than accuracy in time.

§73. To aid the singer in giving to each tone its correct time, a regular and uniform motion of the hand is found to be of great advantage. The motion of the hand should be very quick and regular.

§74. In 2-2 and 2-4 time we have a *down* beat on the *first* part and an up beat on the *second* part; and in 4-4 time we have four beats to the measure, thus, *down—left—right—up*, or simply two beats, thus, *down—rest—up—rest.*

§75. In 3-2 and 3-4 time we have a down beat on the *first* part, a beat to the left on the *second* part, and an up beat on the *third* part.

§76. In 6-4 and 6-8 time we have a down beat on the *first* part, rest on the second and third, an up beat on the *fourth*, and rest on the fifth and sixth parts.

§77. Numerals are also frequently used in connection with time exercises as follows:

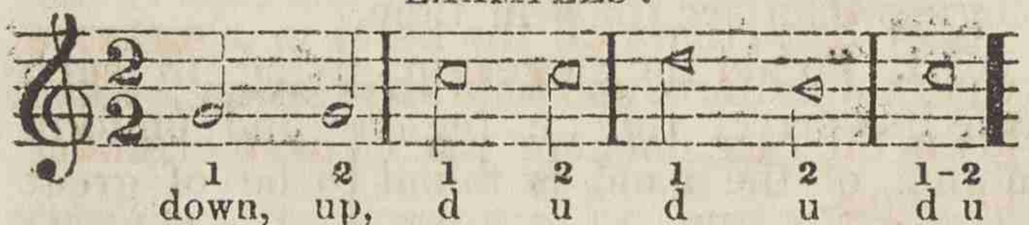
In 2-2 and 2-4 time, count *one—two.*

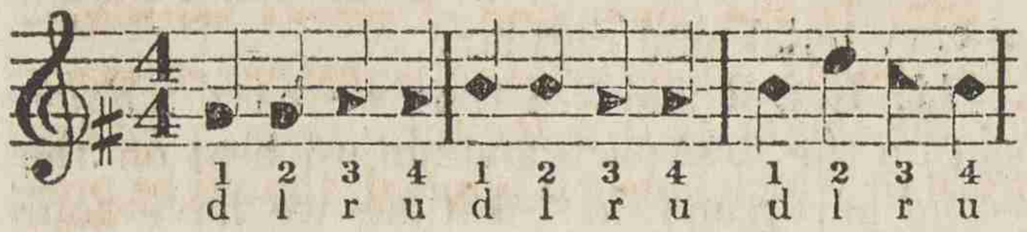
In 4-4 time, *one—two—three—four.*

In 3-2 and 3-4 time, *one—two—three.*

In 6-4 and 6-8 time, *one—two—three—four—five—six.*

EXAMPLES:





NOTE.—In these examples d stands for down beat, l for left beat, u for up beat, and r for rest.

The following signs are frequently used in writing music:

§78. A line of dots across the staff shows that a strain, or part of a tune is to be repeated from the double bar. This sign ($) also indicates a repeat of a portion of a tune, which closes at the word *fine.*

§79. *Da Capo, or* D. C. signifies to turn back to the beginning and repeat the first part.

§80. A curve line (⁀) drawn over or under two or more notes, indicates that all such notes are sung to one syllable. When the stems of eighth and sixteenth notes are joined together by heavy dashes, all the notes thus joined together are also sung or warbled to one syllable of poetry.

LESSON X.

POWER OF TONES—MUSICAL ELOCUTION.

§81. Every musical tone requires a certain degree of force in its production; but some tones require greater force or power than others. This distinction is called *force or power,* of musical tones, and embraces *Accent* and *Elocution.*

§82. Accent is the stress or force of voice given to a certain syllable in a word, or a tone

in music, that it may be better heard than the rest, or distinguished from them. Every word of more than one syllable, has one or more syllables accented; and every measure in music has one or more notes accented.

§83. In the primitive measures, (§66) of 2-2 and 2-4 time, the first note in the measure is accented, or loud, and the second unaccented, or soft. These measures may be so constructed, in their derivative form, as to require two accents.

§84. The measures of 4-4 time, in their primitive form, require two accents, that is, the first and third notes are loud, and the second and fourth soft.

§85. In 3-2 and 3-4 time, we have one accented and two unaccented notes in the measure, in their primitive form, that is, the first note is loud and the second and third soft. These measures may be so constructed as to require two or three accents.

§86. In the measures of 6-4 and 6-8 time, we have two accented and four unaccented notes in the primitive measures, that is, the first note is loud, the second and third soft, the fourth loud, and the fifth and sixth soft. These measures, in their derivative form, have frequently only one or two accents.

NOTE.—As a general rule, the accentuation of the poetry is a guide to the musical accent.

§87. Sometimes all the notes in a measure require a uniform and bold expression; when this is the case dots are placed over or under the notes.

§88. In the connexion of words with musical sounds, good elocution is just as necessary for the singer as it is for the orator. Every word to which music is applied, should be pronounced distinctly and grammatically. The tone should be prolonged entirely on the vowel, and the mouth kept open in a fixed position while the tone is prolonged, and the consonants before and after the vowels, forcibly and quickly, yet distinctly articulated. Without this, little expression can be given to vocal music.

§89. Every word and every sentence should be pronounced, in singing, with the same distinctness as when spoken or read, so that the sentiment of the poetry, when united with the tones of music, may be well understood. To

sing well, we must enter into the spirit of the song, and a careful study of this subject alone, is the only *true* guide to good musical elocution.

LESSON XI.

Classification of Voices.

§90. The human voice is naturally divided into four classes:

1. Low male voices, Base.
2. High male voices, Tenor.
3. Low female and boys' voices, Alto.
4. High female voices, Treble or Air.

The range of voices is shown in the following representations. The Base is written on the F clef staff, and the other parts on the G clef. Sometimes two parts are written on one staff; when this is the case, the Treble and Alto are written on the G clef staff, and the Tenor and Base on the F clef staff. In this work the Alto and Treble, (Air,) are written on the same staff.

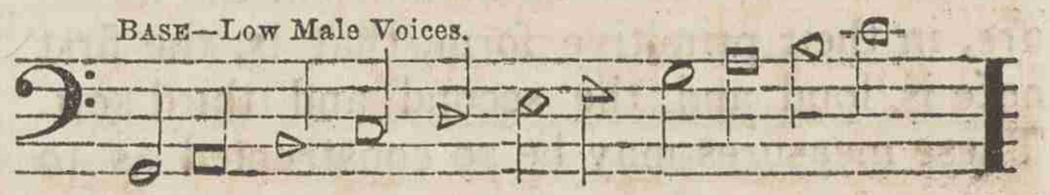
Range of Voices.

Tenor—High Male Voices.

Treble—High Female Voices.

Alto—Low Female and Boys' Voices.

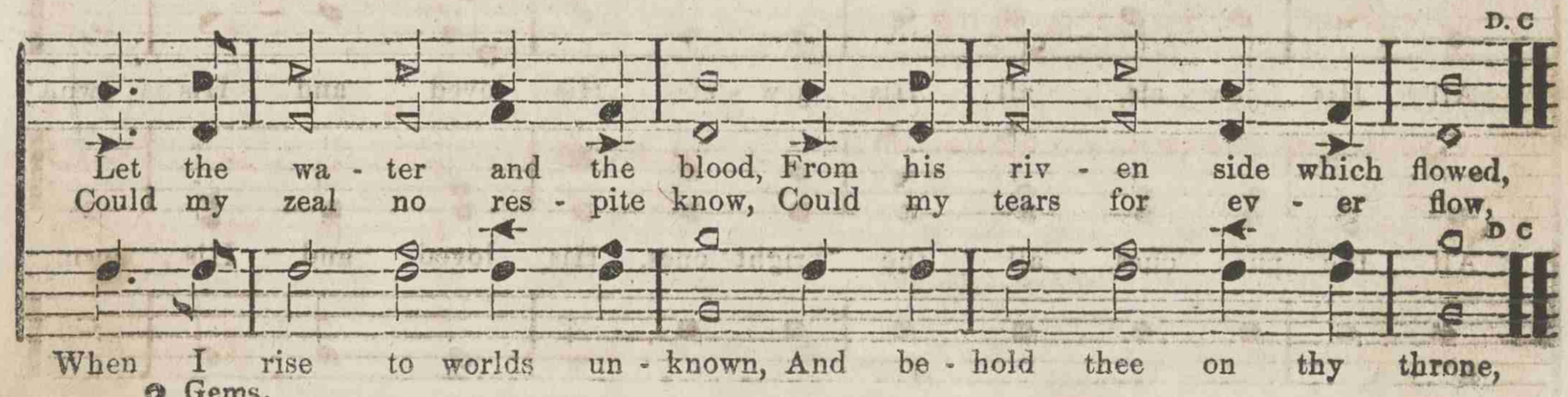
Base—Low Male Voices.



BRIGHT GEMS.

TOPLADY. ROCK OF AGES. DR. HASTINGS.

FINE.



REV. W. C. CUSHING.

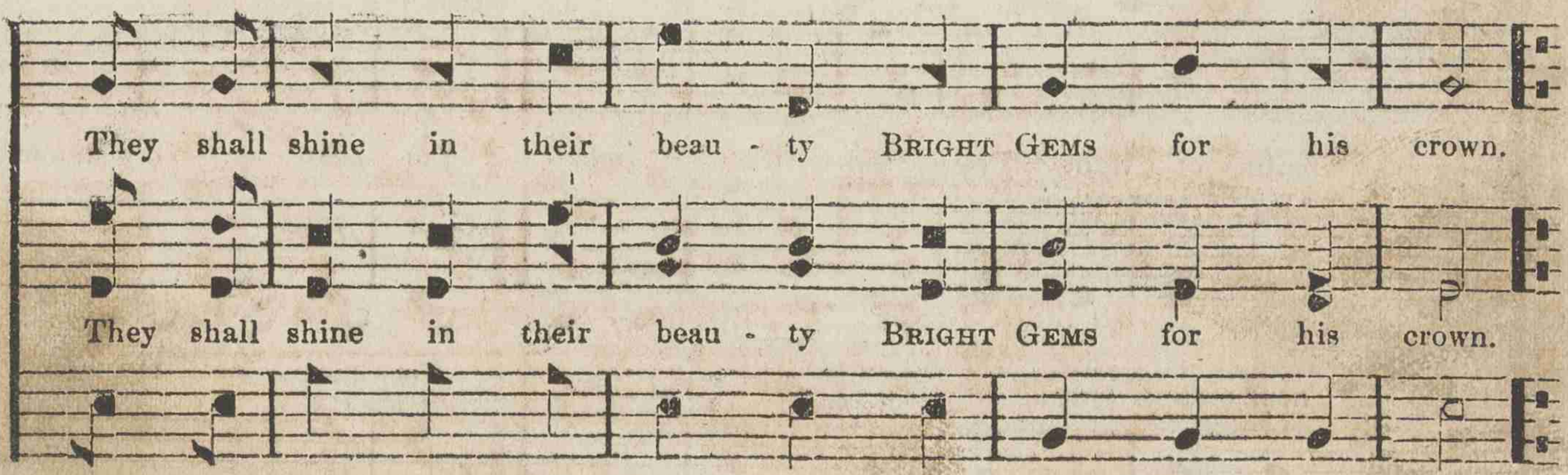
JEWELS.

GEORGE F. ROOT.

From "The Prize," by permission.

CHORUS.

Like the stars of the morn - ing, His bright crown a - dorn - ing,
Like the stars of the morn - ing, His bright crown a - dorn - ing,


They shall shine in their beau - ty BRIGHT GEMS for his crown.
They shall shine in their beau - ty BRIGHT GEMS for his crown.

NEARER MY HOME.

J. M. EVANS.

From "Sabbath Carols," by permission.

1 A crown of glo - ry bright, By faith's clear eyes I see In

2 Oh, may I faith - ful prove, And keep this crown in view, And

3 Je - sus, be thou my God, My dai - ly steps at - tend; Oh!

4 Be thou my shield and sun, My Sa - vior and my guard; And,

CHORUS

yon - der realms of light, Pre - pared for me. I'm near - er my home,

through the storms of life, My way pur - sue I'm near - er my home,

keep me near thy side; Be thou my Friend.

when my work is done, My great re - ward.

near - er my home, Near - er my home to day; Yes, near - er my
near - er my home, Near - er my home to day Yes, Near - er my

Repeat very softly
home in heav'n to day, Than ev - er I was be - fore.
home in heav'n to day, Than ev - er I was be - fore.

COME, GO WITH US TO ZION.

A. S. KIEFFER.

From "The Golden City Songster," by permission.

1 We're trav'l-ing home to heav'n a - bove, We're on our way to Zi - on,
To sing a Sa - vior's dy - ing love; Come, go with us to Zi - on,

2 We're going to walk the plains of light; We're on our way to Zi - on,
Where per-fect day dis - pels the night; Come, go with us to Zi - on,

Mil - lions have reached that blest a - bode, And mil - lions more are on their road:

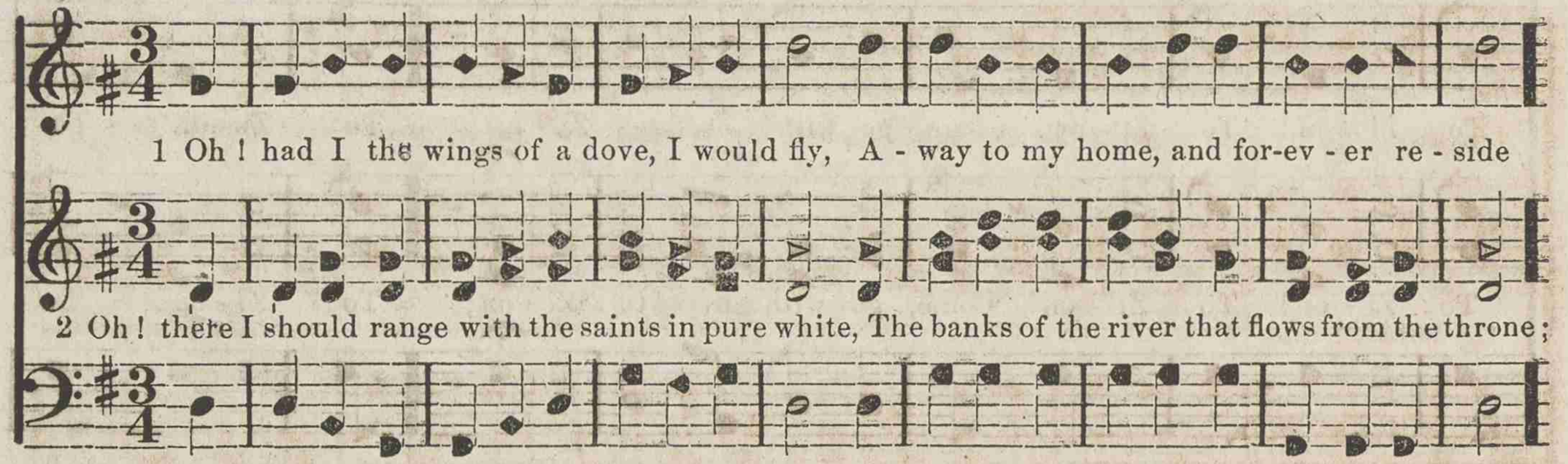
The crown of life we then shall wear, And all the joys of heav'n we'll share:

3 The way to heav'n is straight and plain—
We're on our way to Zion;
Repent, believe, be born again—
Come, go with us to Zion:
The Savior cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me."
CHORUS.—To Zion, &c.

4 We're going to join the heav'nly choir—
We're on our way to Zion;
To raise our voices—tune the lyre—
Come, go with us to Zion:
There saints and angels gladly sing,
Hosanna to our God and King.
CHORUS.—To Zion, &c.

LONGING FOR HEAVEN.

SILAS M. HISSEM.



3 The fields of that land may for ever be green; Its flowers ne'er wither, nor fruit-age de - cay;
4 With patriarchs, prophets, and sages of old, Who walked with their God in this valley of tears;

And au-tumn and spring hand in hand may be seen, Like beau-ty and wealth in their bri-dal ar - ray:
With saints and with martyrs in life's book enrolled, Methinks I might joyfully spend the long years:

The days of my sor-row-ing then should be past, My warfare and pil-grim-age both should be o'er;
If here in the gloom of this dun-geon be - low, The light of that smile pierce the gross walls of clay,
Each sight may be charming, ec-stat-ic each sound; Each o-dor be fra-grant as gales of the spring;
With an-gels how hap - pi - ly could I u - nite— They watched o'er my pathway with dangers bestrewn,

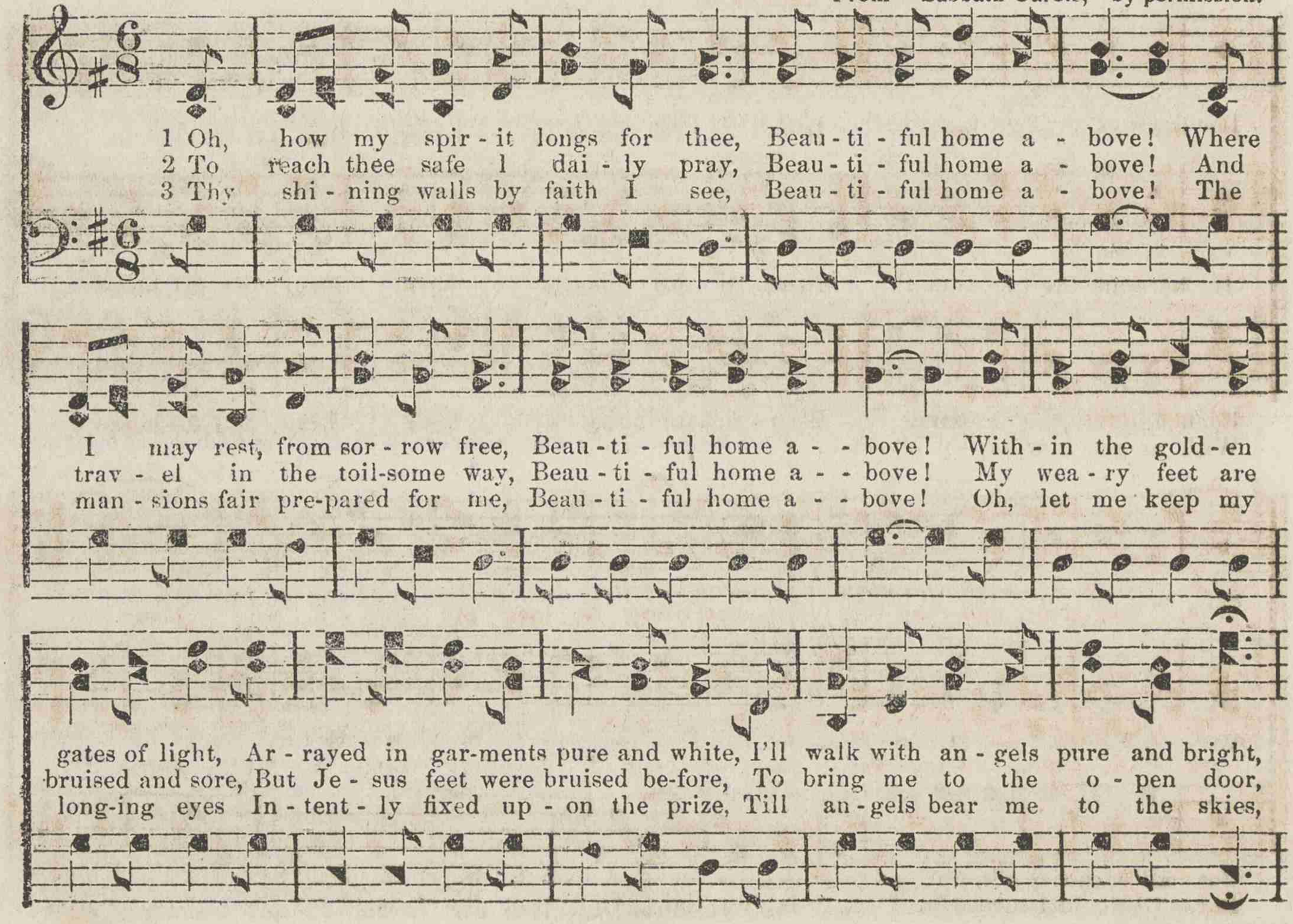
Safe, safe in the climes of bright glo-ry at last, Where sin and where suffering are heard of no more.
What triumphs of rap-ture in - ces-sant - ly flow From that blessed smile in the regions of day.
But all beau-ties min-gle, and all joys are found, A-lone in the smile of my Sa-vior and King.
But still would I turn with in - creas-ing de - light, To feast on the smile of my Sa-vior a - lone.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

BEAUTIFUL HOME ABOVE.

T. E. PERKINS.

From "Sabbath Carols," by permission.



CHORUS.

In my home a - bove. Beau - ti - ful home a - bove, Beau - ti - ful home a -

Of my home a - - bove. Beau - ti - ful home a - - bove, Beau - ti - ful home a -

In my home a - - bove. Beau - ti - ful home a - - bove, Beau - ti - ful home a -

bove, Oh, come, and take me, Sa - vior, come, I love my beau - ti - ful home.

bove, Oh, come, and take me, Sa - vior, come, I love my beau - ti - ful home.

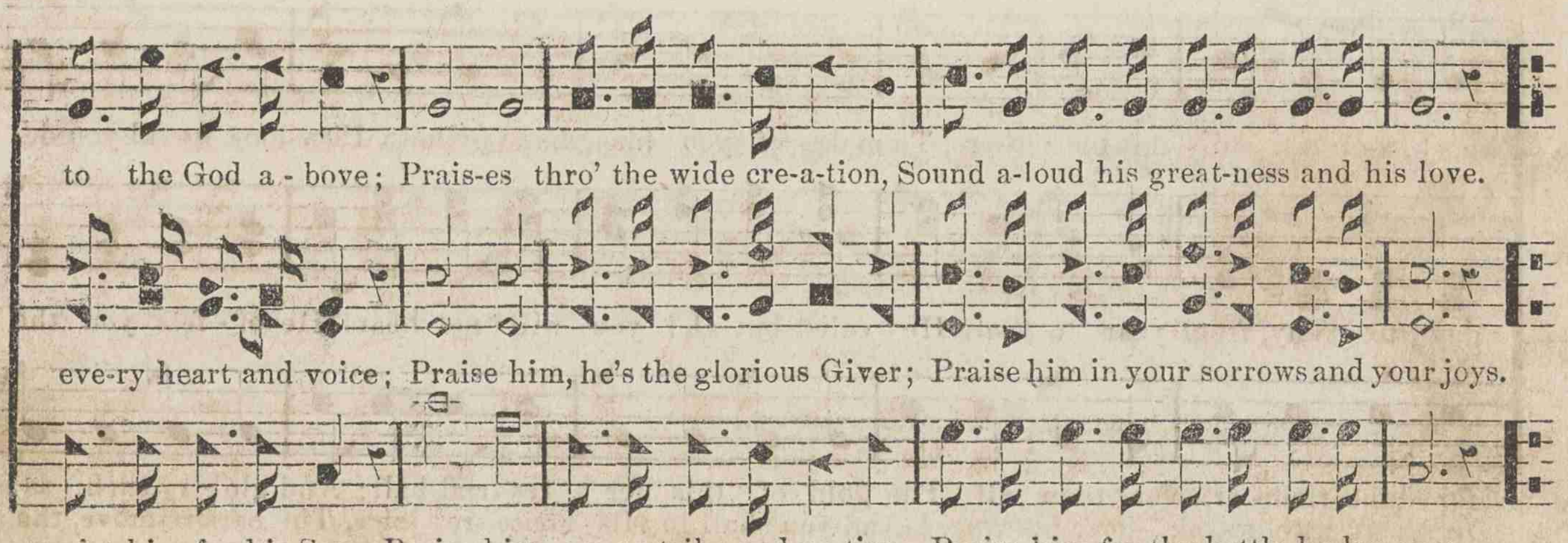
bove, Oh, come, and take me, Sa - vior, come, I love my beau - ti - ful home.

Very Quick.

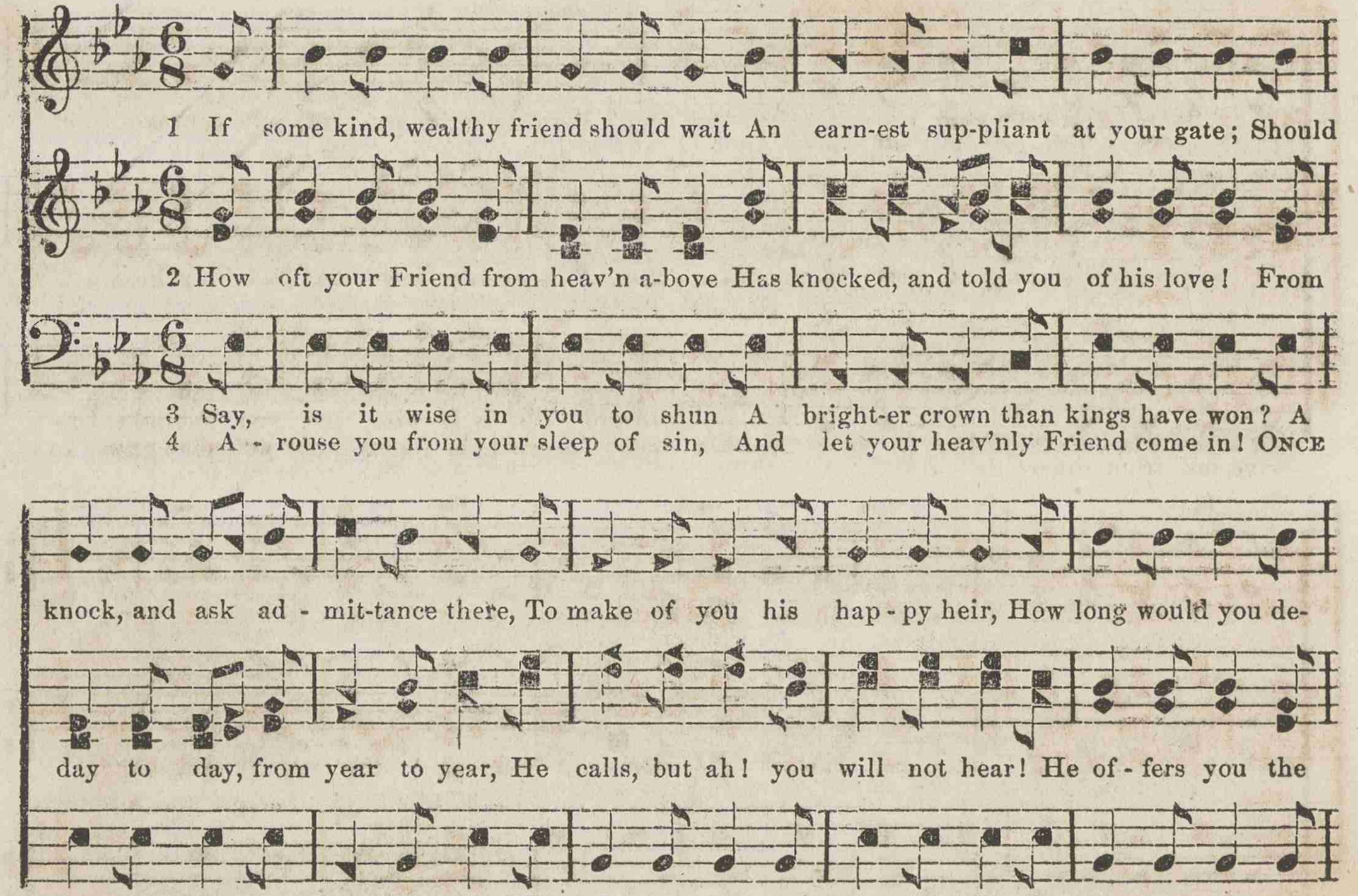
1 The val-leys and the moun-tains, The wood-land and the plain, The riv-ers and the foun-tains, The
2 And shall the voice of na-ture Thus glo-ri - fy its King; And man the no-ble crea - ture, No
3 The word of life he gave us To guide us to the sky; That he might just-ly save us, He

sun-shine and the rain, The stars that shine a - bove me, The flowers that deck the sod, Pro-
grate-ful trib - ute bring? Shall mer - cy strew his path - way, And all the sen - ses please, And
sent his Son to die— To die in shame and an - guish, To die a sac - ri - fice; To

Claim a - loud the glo - ry of my God. Prais - es, ho - ly ad - o - ra - tion, Prais-es
man with-hold the sac - ri - fice of praise? Praise him, ye that live for - ev - er; Praise him
save us from the death that nev - er dies. Praise him, praise him for sal - va-tion; Praise him,


to the God a - bove; Prais-es thro' the wide cre-a-tion, Sound a-loud his great-ness and his love.
eve-ry heart and voice; Praise him, he's the glorious Giver; Praise him in your sorrows and your joys.
praise him for his Son; Praise him, eve-ry tribe and na-tion; Praise him for the battle he has won.

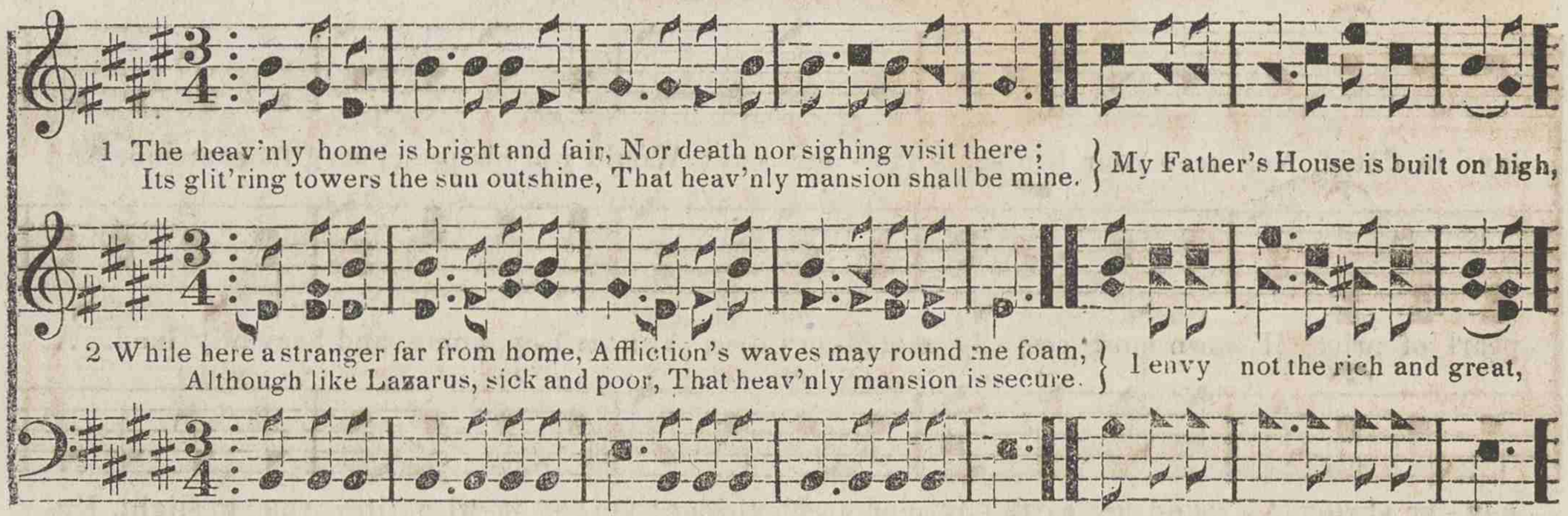
ONCE MORE HE KNOCKS.



lay in doubt, And keep your ben - e - fac - tor out? Would you his pre-cious gifts contemn, And
pearl of price, His own most cost - ly merch-an - dise, A heav'n-ly home and heav'n-ly land, A
nev - er shone, A - round an earth - ly mon-arch's throne! Oh! is it wise in you to slight, Un-
door throw wide, And bid Him in your heart a - bide; On earth be Christ your wel-come guest, In

treat with scorn both him and them? And treat with scorn both him and them!
seat a - mong the an - gel bands, A seat a - mong the an - gel bands.
fa - ding joys, un - mixed de - light? Un - fa - ding joys, un - mixed de - light?
heav'n with Him be ev - er blessed; In heav'n with Him be ev - er blessed.

THAT HEAVENLY MANSION.



From "The New Golden Chain," by permission.

| 1st time, | 2nd time.

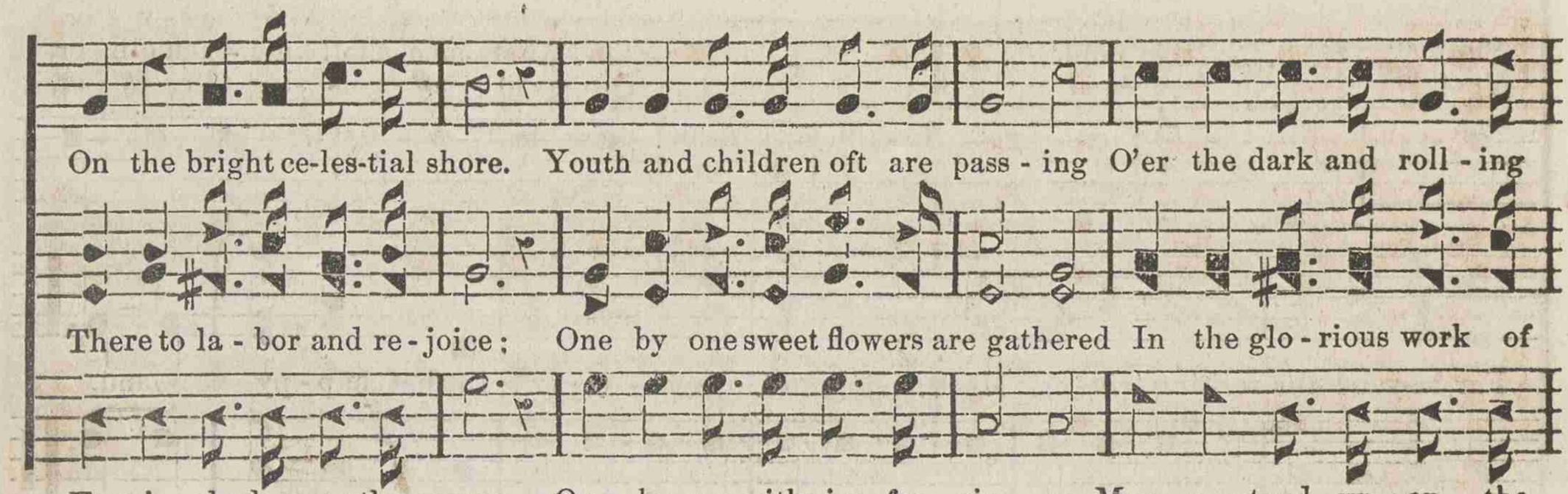
1 Shall we sing in heav'n for ev - er? Shall we sing? shall? we sing? [OMIT.]
Shall we sing in heav'n for-ev - er, [OMIT.] In that hap - py land?
2 Shall we know each other ev - er, In that land? in that land? [OMIT.]
Shall we know each other ev - er, [OMIT.] In that hap - py land?
3 Shall we sing with ho - ly angels, In that land? in that land? [OMIT.]
Shall we sing with ho - ly angels, [OMIT.] In that hap - py land?

Yes! Oh, Yes! in that land, that hap - py land, They that meet shall sing for - ev - er
Yes! Oh, Yes! in that land, that hap - py land, They that meet shall know each oth - er,
Yes! Oh, Yes! in that land, that hap - py land, Saints and an - gels sing for - ev - er,

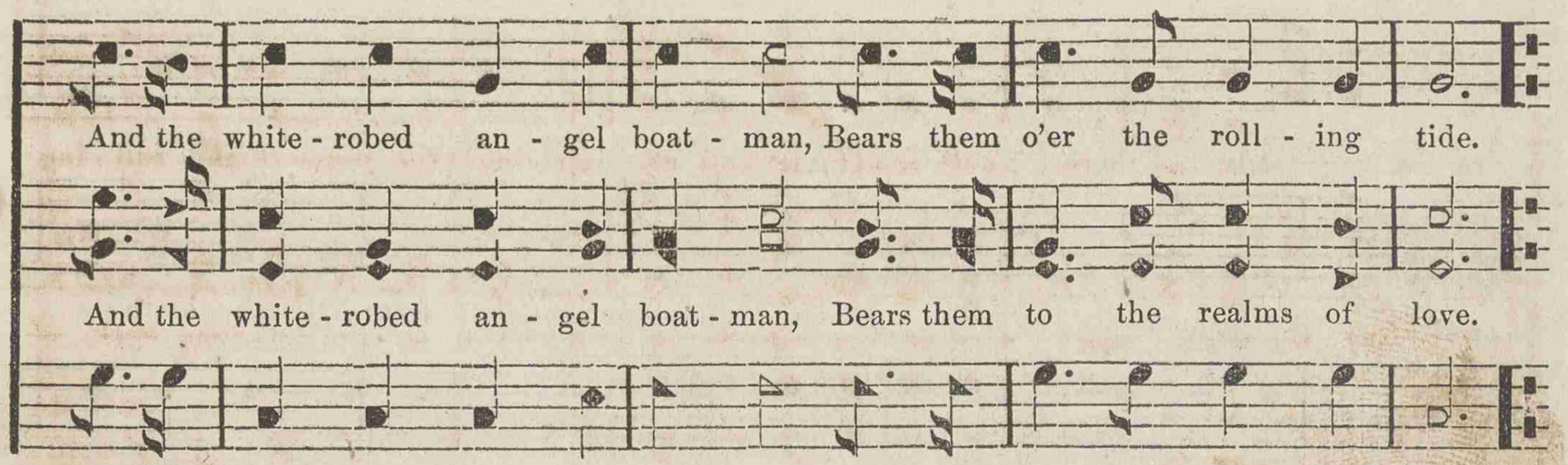
Far be-yond the roll-ing riv - er, Meet to sing and love for - ev - er, In that hap - py land.

THE ANGEL BOATMAN.

THEODORE E. PERKINS.
From "Sabbath Carols," by permission.



tide,..... And the white robed an - gel boat - man, Is the dy - ing Chris-tian's guide;
love,..... Gar-lands for the an - gel boat - man To con - vey to realms a - bove;
shore, Wait-ing till the an - gel boat - man Takes the helm and guides us o'er;


And the white - robed an - gel boat - man, Bears them o'er the roll - ing tide.
And the white - robed an - gel boat - man, Bears them to the realms of love.
And the white - robed an - gel boat - man, Lands us on the oth - er shore.

LOVE AT HOME. Words and Music by W. H. M'NAUGHTON.

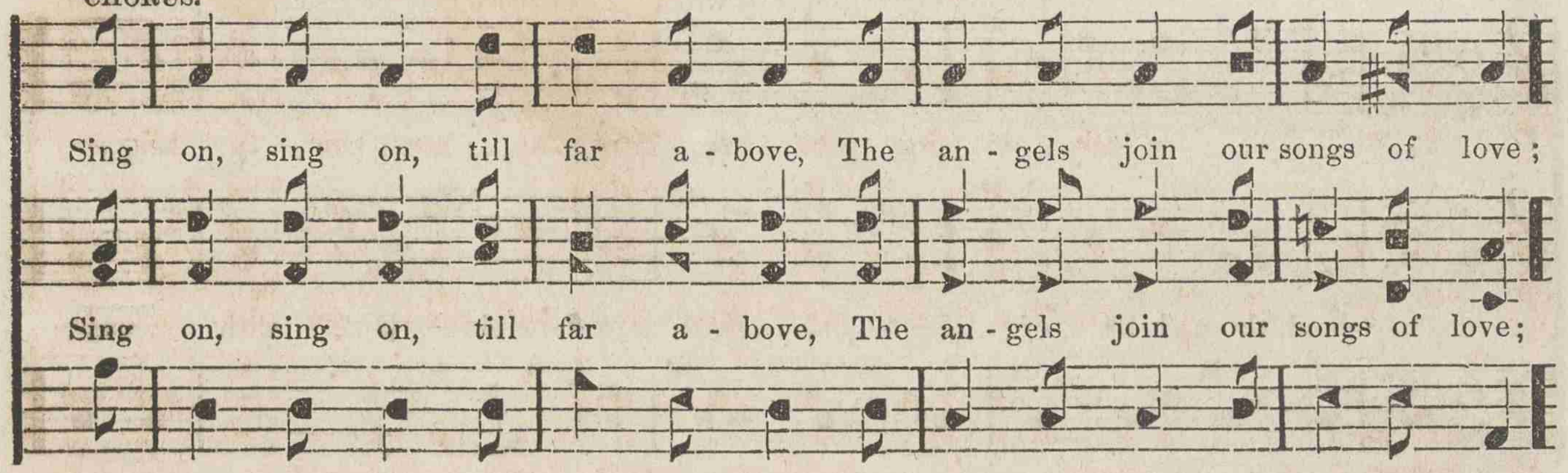
eve - ry side, Time doth soft - ly, sweet-ly glide, When there's love at home. Love at home, love at
gar - den sweet, Mak-ing life a bliss com-plete, When there's love at home. Love at home, love at
az - ure sky, Oh there's One who smiles on high, When there's love at home. Love at home, love at
care distressed, Through thy tender mer-cy blest, With thy love at home. Love at home, love at

home, Time doth soft - ly, sweet - ly glide, When there's love at home.
home, Mak - ing life a bliss com - plete, When there's love at home.
home, Oh, there's One who smiles on high, When there's love at home.
home, Through thy ten - der mer - cy blest, With thy love at home.

COME, LET US SING.

From "Sabbath Carols," by permission.

CHORUS.


Sing on, sing on, till far a - bove, The an - gels join our songs of love;
Sing on, sing on, till far a - bove, The an - gels join our songs of love;

Sing on, sing on, till far a - bove, The an - gels join our songs of love.
Sing on, sing on, till far a - bove, The an - gels join our songs of love.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

A. S. KIEFFER.

From "The Golden City Songster," by permission.

I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait me there;
There is the throne of Da - vid, And there from toil re - leas'd,
Oh! land that seest no sor - row, Oh! state that fearest no strife,

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
The shout of those that tri - umph, The song of those that feast:
Oh! roy - al land of flow - ers, Oh! Realms, and home of life!

JESUS IS HERE.

T. C. O'KANE.

1 O, come to Je - sus now, Je - sus - is here, Je - sus is here;
2 O, come this place with - in, Je - sus is here, Je - sus is here;
3 Come, then, to Je - sus now, Je - sus is here, Je - sus is here;
4 O, come to Je - sus now, Je - sus is here, Je - sus is here;

All low be - fore Him bow, Je - sus is here, Je - sus is here.
He sees you full of sin, Je - sus is here, Je - sus is here.
All near him low - ly bow, Je - sus is here, Je - sus is here.
Young and old to - geth - er bow, Je - sus is here, Je - sus is here.

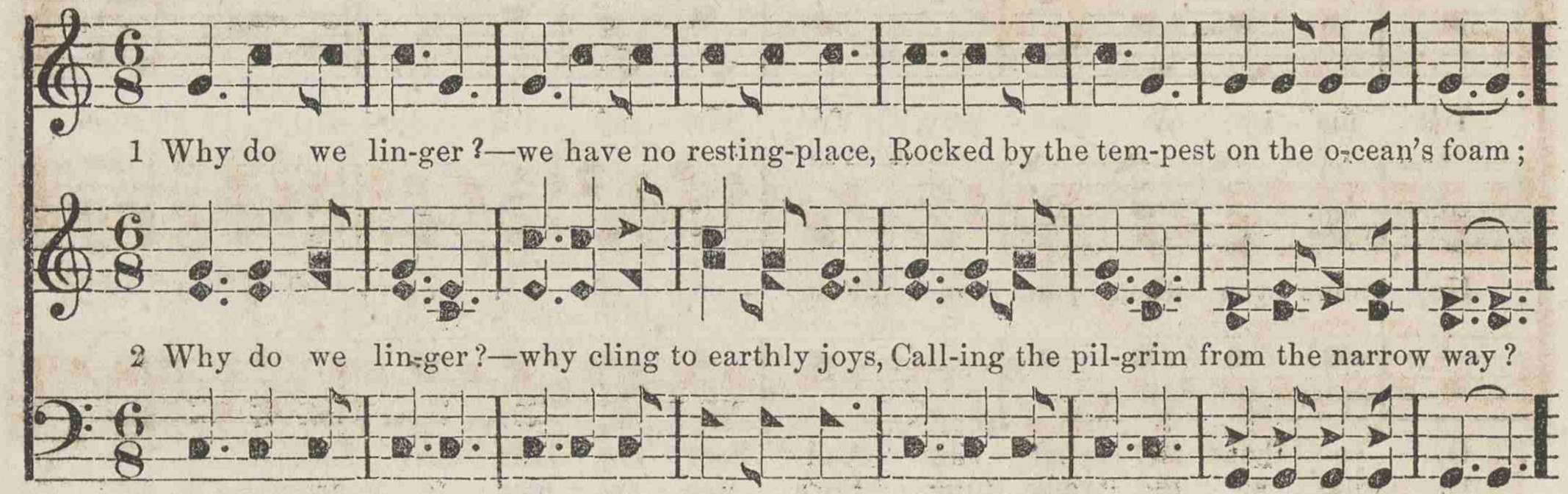
Too ma - ny go a - way, Too ma - ny still de - - lay, Though
He knows you when you come, Poor, wretch - ed, and un - done, Seek-ing
O, ye that feel your sin, And com - ing long have been, Now
O, what a glo - rious thing, Sin's wea - ry load to bring, And

3
Je - sus bids them stay; Je - sus is here, Je - sus is here.
Him, and Him a - - lone, Je - sus is here, Je - sus is here.
find your rest in Him, Je - sus is here, Je - sus is here.
lose it while we sing, Je - sus is here, Je - sus is here.

TAKE THY CHILDREN HOME.

T. E. PERKINS.

From "The Golden Promise," by permission.



SEMI-CHORUS.

CHORUS.

KEEP ON PRAYING.

T. E. PERKINS.

From "Sabbath Carols," by permission.

1st time. 2nd time.

1 Long my spirit pined in sorrow, Watching, waiting all in vain,
Waiting for a golden morrow, [OMIT.] Free from worldly care and pain;

1st time. 2nd time.

2 Ye, who sigh for holy pleasures, Ye who mourn your load of sin,
Keep on praying— heavenly treasures, [OMIT.] In the end you're sure to win;

When I heard a sweet voice say-ing, In the ac-cents of a friend, Cheer up, brother, Keep on praying,

Wrestle with the Lord of glo-ry, Lay your trouble at his feet, Plead with faith in Calvary's story,

Keep on praying to the end. When our wayward thoughts are straying, When Gods mercy seems delaying,
Till your joys are all complete. When our wayward thoughts are straying, When God's mercy seems delaying,
Then we'll keep on, keep on pray - ing, keep on pray - ing, Keep on pray - ing to the end.
Then we'll keep on, keep on pray - ing, keep on pray - ing, Keep on pray-ing to the end.

THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

A. S. KIEFFER.

CHORUS.

Will you go? will you go? Will you go to that beau - ti - ful land?
Will you go? will you go? Will you go to that beau - ti - ful land?

Will you go? will you go? Go to that beau - ti - ful land.
Will you go? will you go? Go to that beau - ti - ful land?

GOD IS LOVE.

W. H. ROBERTS.

CHORUS—Lively.

1 Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?
Can my God his wrath for - bear, Me, the chief of sin-ners spare!
God is love, I know, I feel, Je - sus weeps and loves me still, Je - sus weeps and loves me still.

2 I have long with-stood his grace; Long pro-vok'd him to his face;
Would not heark-en to his calls; Grieved him by a thou-sand falls.
God is love, I know I feel, Je - sus weeps and loves me still, Je - sus weeps and loves me still.

3 Now in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins la-ment;
Now my foul re - volt de - plore; Weep, be - lieve, and sin no more.
God is love, I know, I feel, Je - sus weeps and loves me still, Je - sus weeps and loves me still.

From "The Prize," by permission.

CHORUS.

1 Who is He in yonder stall, At whose feet the shepherds fall? 'Tis the Lord, O wondrous
2 Who is He in yonder cot, Bend-ing to his toil-some lot? 'Tis the Lord, &c.
3 Who is He, who stands and weeps, At the grave where Laz'rus sleeps? 'Tis the Lord, &c.

4 Who is He in deep dis-tress, Fast-ing in the wil-der - ness? 'Tis the Lord, O wondrous,
5 Lo! at midnight who is He, Prays in dark Geth-sem-a - ne? 'Tis the Lord, &c.
6 Who is He in Calvary's throes, Asks for blessings on His foes? 'Tis the Lord, &c.

7 Who is He that from the grave, Comes to help, and heal, and save? 'Tis the Lord, &c.
8 Who is He that on yon throne, Rules the world of light a-lone? 'Tis the Lord, &c.

sto-ry, 'Tis the Lord, the King of glo-ry, At His feet we hum-bly fall, Crown him, crown him Lord of all.

sto-ry, 'Tis the Lord, the King of glo-ry, At His feet we humbly fall, Crown him, crown him Lord of all.

ALTO.

1 I'm trying to climb up Zi-ons Hill, for the Sa-vior whispers "love me;" Though all beneath is

2 I know I'm but a lit - tle child, My strength will not pro-tect me; But then I am the

3 Then come with me, we'll up-ward go, And climb this hill to - geth-er; And as we walk we'll

dark as death, Yet the stars are bright a-bove me. Then up-wards still to Zi - ons Hill, To the

Savior's lamb, And he will not neglect me. Then all the time I'll try to climb His

sweet-ly talk, And sing as we go thith-er. Then mount up still, God's ho - ly hill, Till we

land of joy and beau - ty, My path be - fore shines more and more, as it nears the gold-en ci - ty.

ho - ly hill of Zi - on, For I am sure the way is pure, and on it comes "no li - on."

reach the pearl-y por-tals, Where raptured tongues proclaim the song Of the shi-ning, robed Im-mor-tals.

SOLO, OR SEMI-CHORUS. DUET. FULL CHORUS.

I'm climbing up Zion's Hill, I'm climbing up Zi-on's Hill, Climbing, climbing, climbing up Zion's Hill.

I'm climbing up Zion's Hill, I'm climbing up Zi - on's Hill, Climbing, climbing, climbing up Zion's Hill.

TENOR.

AT EVE IT SHALL BE LIGHT.

S. J. VAIL.

1 The jour - ney through a vale of tears, By many a cloud o'er cast:

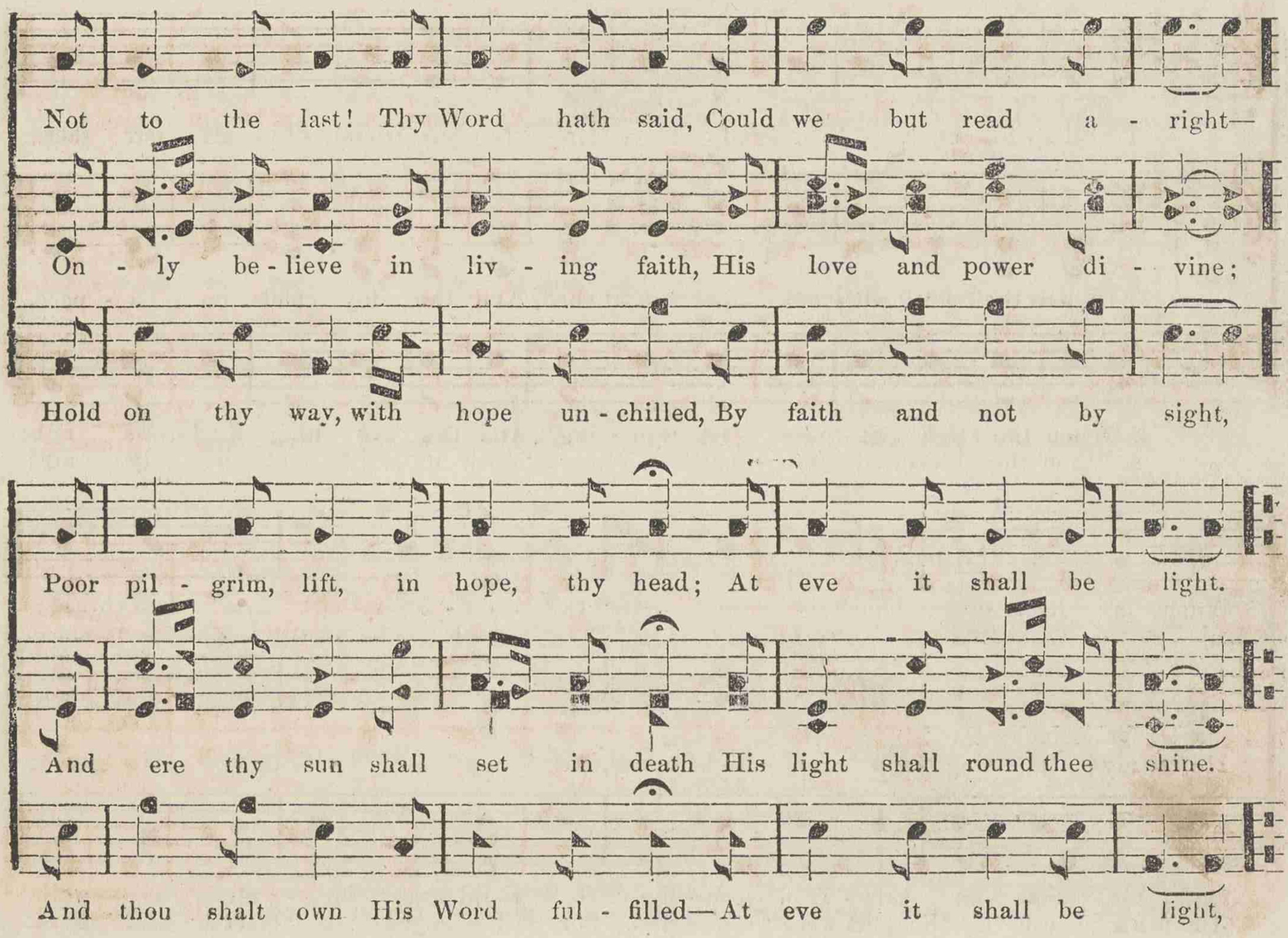
2 Though earth-born shad-ows now may shroud Thy thor - ny path a - while,

3 When tem - pest clouds are dark on high, His bow of love and peace

And world - ly cares, and world - ly fears Go with us till the last.

God's bless - ed word can part each cloud, And bid the sun - shine smile.

Shines sweet - ly in the vault - ed sky— A pledge that storms shall cease.


Not to the last! Thy Word hath said, Could we but read a - right—
On - ly be - lieve in liv - ing faith, His love and power di - vine;
Hold on thy way, with hope un - chilled, By faith and not by sight,
Poor pil - grim, lift, in hope, thy head; At eve it shall be light.
And ere thy sun shall set in death His light shall round thee shine.
And thou shalt own His Word ful - filled—At eve it shall be light,

BLISSFUL HOURS.

Then no fear nor sor - row shook me, Of His bound - less love pos - sessed;
Up - ward to my Sa - vior spring - ing, On the wings of faith I flew;
I was hap - py in his keep - ing, Hap - py through the shades of night;
There I met my glo - rious Sa - vior, There I feast - ed on his word;

In his sa - ving arms he took me; I re - posed up - on his breast.
Hymns of grate - ful prais - es sing - ing, Nei - ther doubt nor care I knew.
An - gels watched a - round me sleep - ing, And I dreamed of heav'n - ly light.
Mine his prom - i - ses and fa - vor, Mine the ev - er - last - ing Lord.

"Golden Sower," by permission.

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

W. B. BRADBURY.

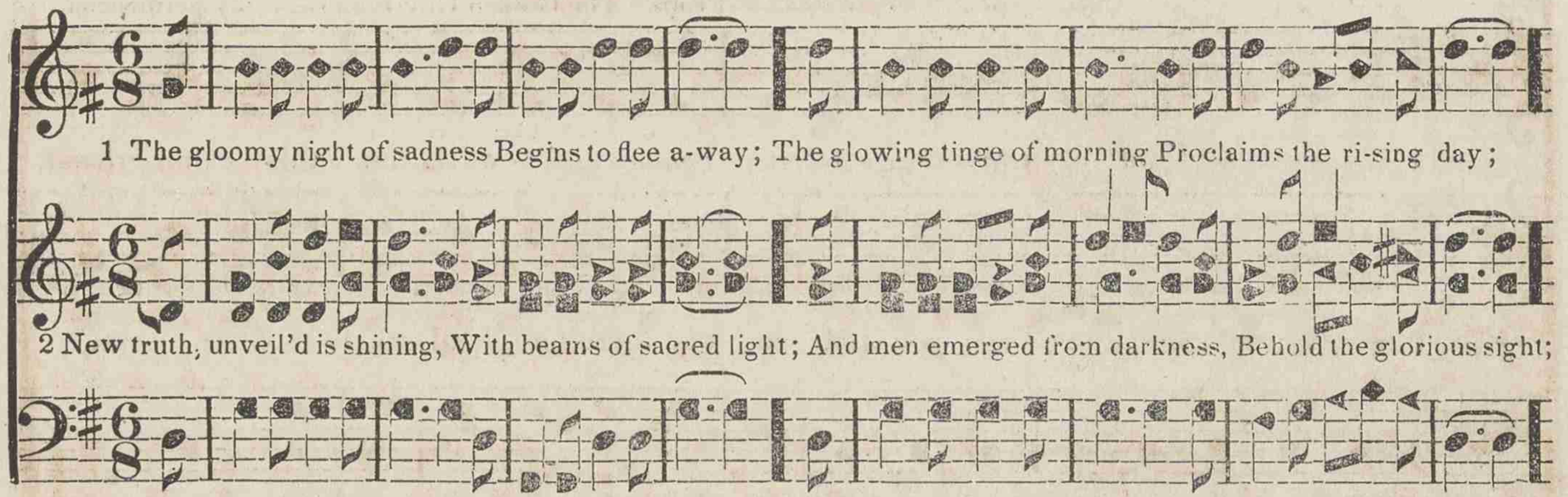
1 Dare to do right! Dare to be true! You have a work that no oth-er can do,
2 Dare to do right! Dare to be true! Oth-er men's fail-ures can nev-er save you,
3 Dare to do right! Dare to be true! God who cre-a-ted you, cares for you too:—
4 Dare to do right! Dare to be true! Keep the great judgment-seat always in view;
5 Dare to do right! Dare to be true! Je-sus, your Savior, will car-ry you through;

Do it so brave-ly, so no-bly, so well, An-gels will hast-en the sto-ry to tell:
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith; Stand like a he-ro, and bat-tle till death:
Treasures the tears that his striving ones shed, Counts and protects eve-ry hair of your heads:
Look at your work as you'll look at it then, Scanned by Je-ho-vah, and an-gels, and men:
Ci-ty, and man-sion, and throne all in sight, Can you not dare to be true and do right?

CHORUS.

Dare, dare, Dare to do right, Dare, dare, Dare to be true, Dare to be true, Dare to be true.

Dare, dare, &c.



1 The gloomy night of sadness Begins to flee a-way; The glowing tinge of morning Proclaims the ri-sing day;

2 New truth, unveil'd is shining, With beams of sacred light; And men emerged from darkness, Behold the glorious sight;

3 Let us begin the anthems, And join the choirs above; Exalt our great Redeemer, And praise the God we love:

4 The courts of heaven are ringing With songs of highest strains, And ceaseless praise is rolling Along the flowing plains:

The welcome day of promise, When Christ shall claim his right, And on the world of darkness Pour forth a flood of light.

Their glowing hearts in rapture Are filled with joy divine; And clad in borrow'd luster, To Jesus praise they shine.

All honor, praise, and glory, Salvation to our God; Ho - san-na to the Savior, Who washed us in His blood.
Oh! could we rise triumphant, And join with those above, To shout and sing forever The Savior's dying love!

CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. Words and Music by A. S. KIEFFER.

From "The Golden City Songster," by permission.

CHORUS.

5 Say, Christian, say, can I then join you,
Will he enlist me, say, Oh! say?
Yes, at repentance's headquarters
You can enlisted be to-day.

6 But, Christian, see, I have no armor,
No uniform to please his sight;—
You'd better go without that, sinner,
He will equip you for the fight.

7 Come, brother, come, we'll go up with you,
And He will take you in we know,
If you will promise to be faithful,
Guarding the camp against the foe.

8 Now, brethren, now we'er marching onward
High in the heavens our banners wave;
Glory to God, while others join us
Marching to realms beyond the grave.

HOME OF THE SOUL.

1 I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The far a - way
2 O, that home of the soul in my vis - ions and dreams, Its bright jas - per
3 There the great trees of life in their beau - ty do grow, And the riv - er of
4 That un-change - a - ble home is for you and for me, Where Je - sus of
5 O how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land, So free from all
home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the
walls I can see, Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the vail in - ter - venes Be -
life flow - eth by, For no death ev - er en - ters that ci - ty, you know, And
Naz - a - reth stands; The King of all king - doms for - ev - er is he, And he
sor - row and pain! With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands, To

years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no storm ev - er beats on the glit - ter - ing
tween the fair ci - ty and me; Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the vail in - ter-

noth-ing that mak-eth a lie; For no death ev - er en - ters that ci - ty, you
hold-eth our crowns in his hands; The King of all king-doms for - ev - er is

meet one an - oth - er a - gain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our

strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
venes Be - tween the fair ci - ty and me, Be - tween the fair ci - ty and me.

know, And noth-ing that mak - eth a lie, And noth - ing that mak - eth a lie.
he, And he hold - eth our crowns in his hands, And he hold-eth our crowns in his hands.

hands, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain.

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

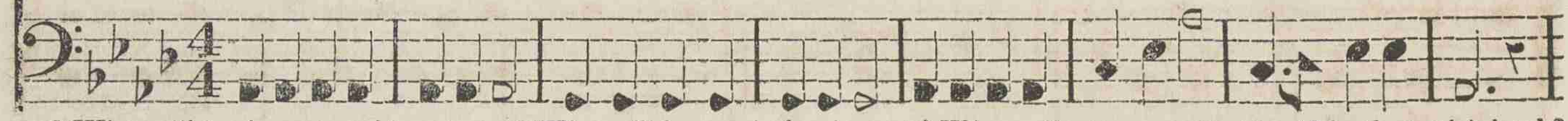
WHO WILL MEET ME?

GEO. F. ROOT.

From "The Prize," by permission.

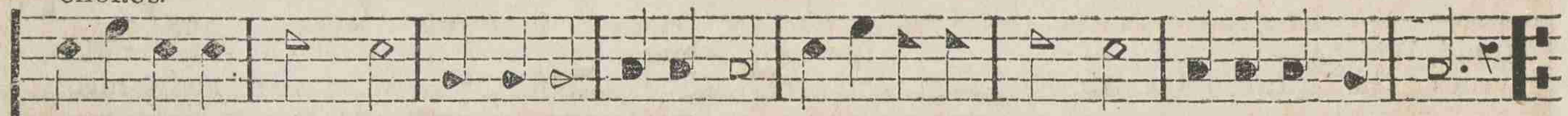
1 Who will meet me when I die? Who will lead me to the sky? Who will love me in that land? In that spirit land.

2 When my Savior, from on high, Calls my spirit to the sky, Who will meet me on the strand Of that spirit land?



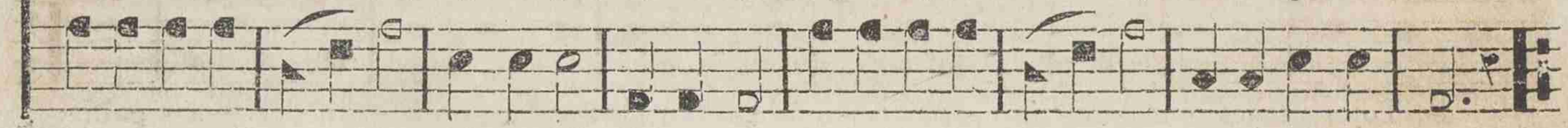
3 Who will hush my trembling heart? Who will heavenly joy impart? Who will love me in that land? In that spirit land?

CHORUS.



Angels bright will meet me, Angels bright, angels bright, Angels bright will meet me, In that spir - it land.

Angels bright will meet me, Angels bright, angels bright, Angels bright will meet me, In that spir - it land.



5 Bright Gems.

IN THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH.

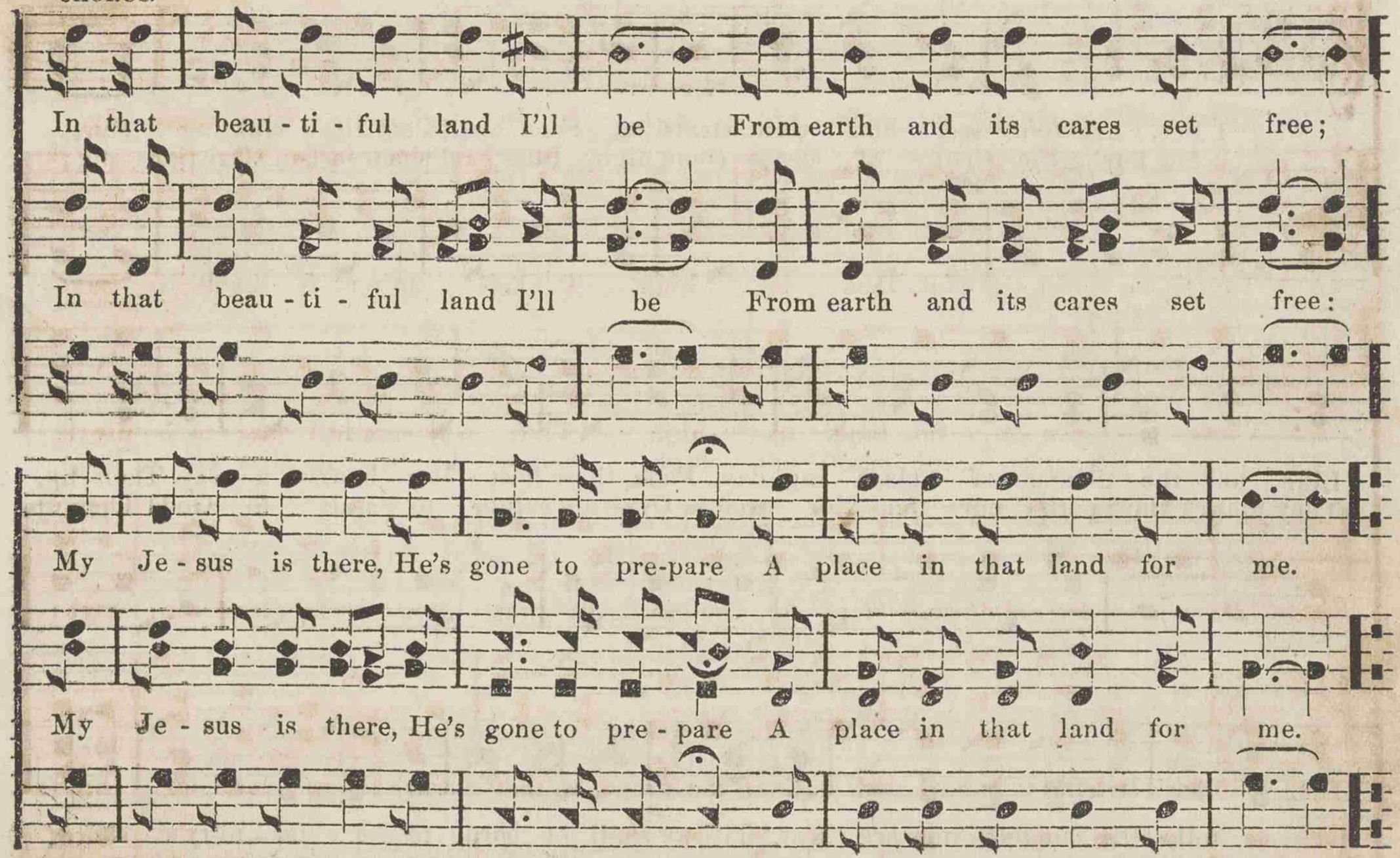
A. S. KIEFFER.

From "The Golden City Songster," by permission.

1 There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, To its glories I feign would fly,
2 There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, I shall en-ter it by and by;
3 There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, Then why should I fear to die;
4 There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, And my kind-red its bliss en - joy;

When by sor-row pressed down, I long for the crown, In that beau - ti - ful land on high:
There, with friends, hand in hand I shall walk on the strand, In that beau - ti - ful land on high:
When death is the way to the realms of day, In that beau - ti - ful land on high:
Me - thinks I now see how they're wait - ing for me In that beau - ti - ful land on high:

CHORUS.

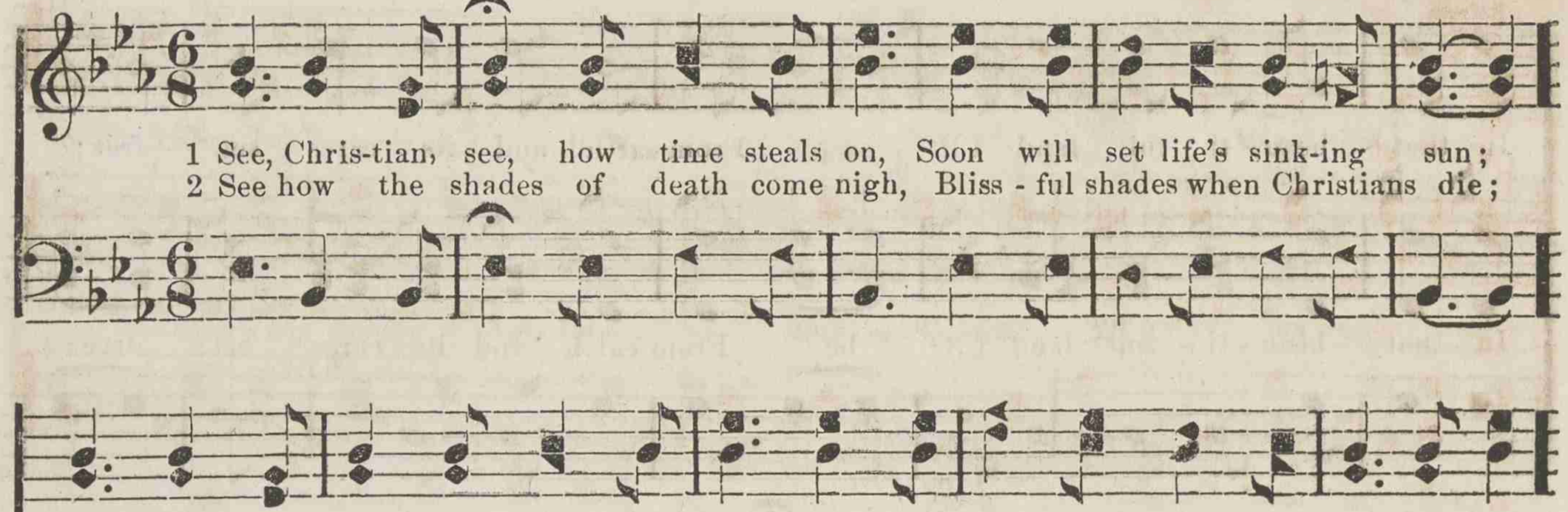


5 There's a beautiful land on high,
And though here I oft weep and sigh,
My Jesus hath said
That no tears shall be shed,
In that beautiful land on high.

6 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say "good-by,
When over the river,
We're happy for ever,
In that beautiful land on high.

THE CHRISTIAN WELCOME HOME.

SILAS M. HISSEM.



Refrain.

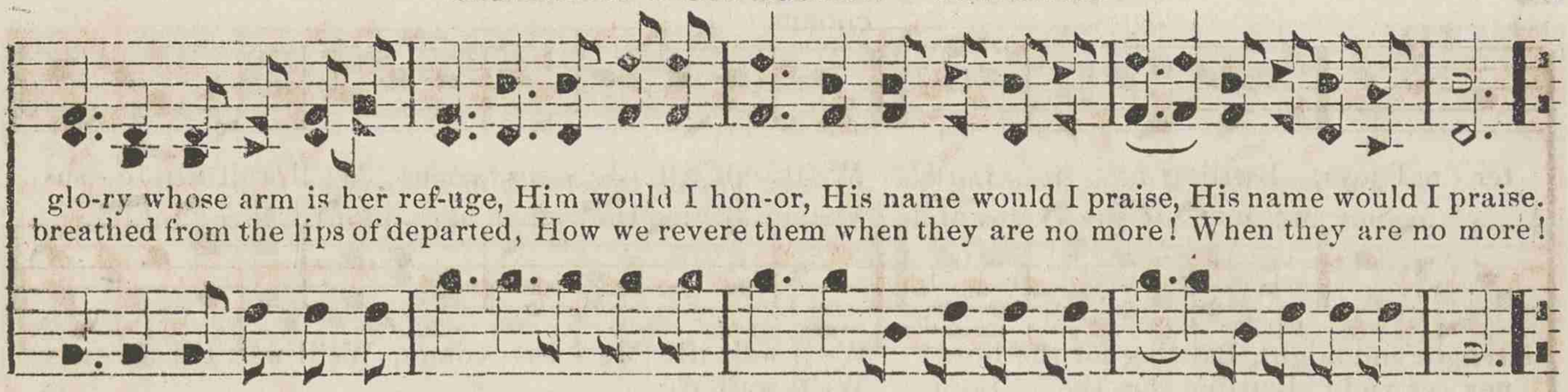
Our fi - nal sum - mons hav - ing come, How sweet the Chris-tian's wel - come home!
Our an - gel con - voy hav - ing come, How sweet the Chris-tian's wel - come home!

Home, sweet home, The Christian's welcome home, Home, sweet home, The Christian's welcome home.
Home, sweet home, The Christian's welcome home, Home, sweet home, The Christian's welcome home.

1 Sing-ing for Je-sus, Sing-ing for Je - sus, Trying to serve him wher-ev-er I go; Pointing the
2 Sing-ing for Je-sus hymns of de - vo-tion, Lifting the soul on her pinions of love; Dropping a

lost to the way of sal - va-tion— This be my mis-sion, a pil - grim be - low. When in the
word or a thought by the way-side, Tell-ing of rest in the man-sions a - bove. Mu - sic may

strains of my coun-try I min - gle, When to ex - alt her my voice I would raise; 'Tis for His
soft - en when language would fail us, Feelings long bu-ried 'twould oft-en re - store, Tones that were

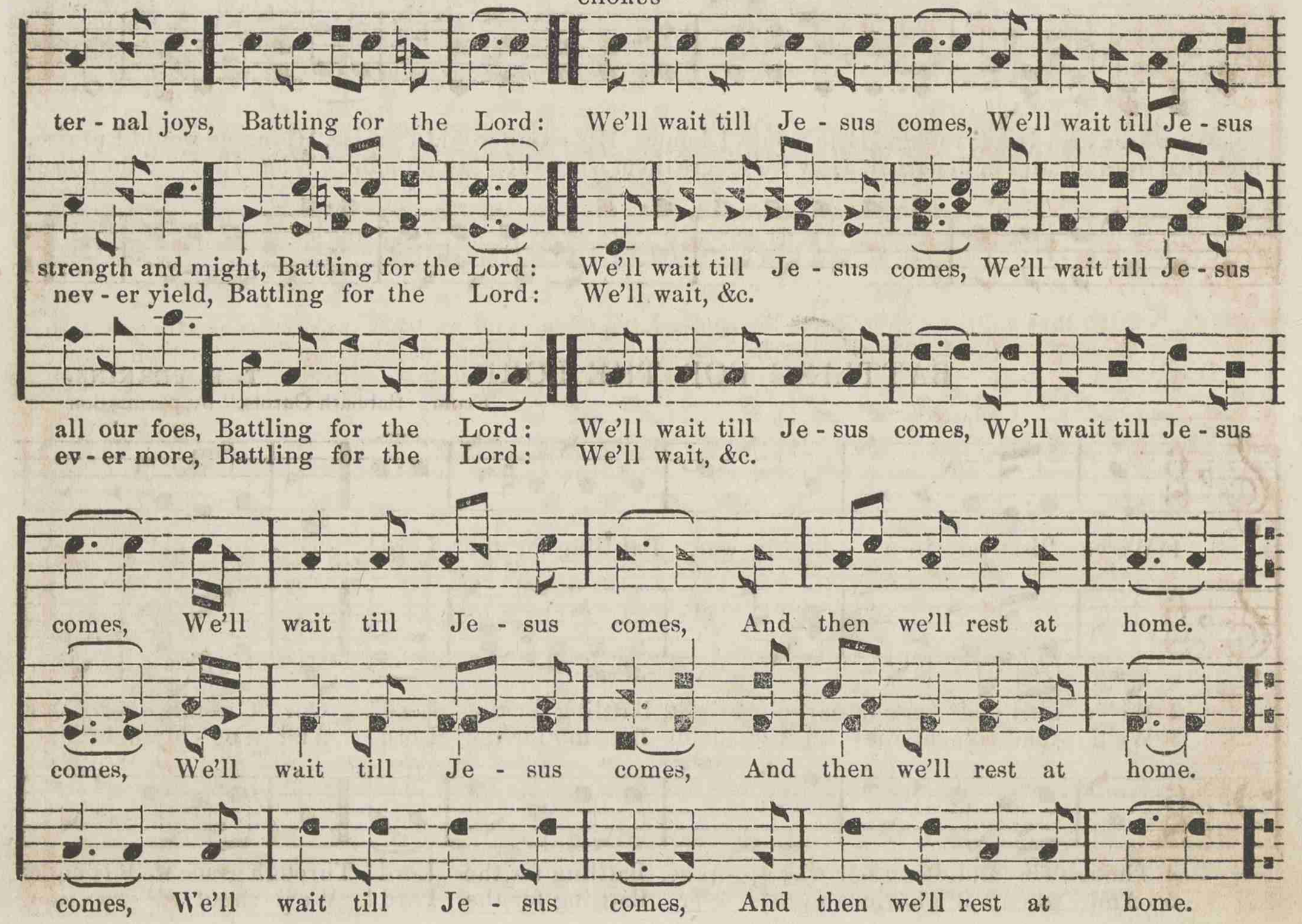


BATTLING FOR THE LORD.

T. E. PERKINS.

From "Sabbath Carols," by permission.

CHORUS


ter - nal joys, Battling for the Lord: We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till Je - sus
strength and might, Battling for the Lord: We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till Je - sus
nev - er yield, Battling for the Lord: We'll wait, &c.
all our foes, Battling for the Lord: We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till Je - sus
ev - er more, Battling for the Lord: We'll wait, &c.
comes, We'll wait till Je - sus comes, And then we'll rest at home.
comes, We'll wait till Je - sus comes, And then we'll rest at home.
comes, We'll wait till Je - sus comes, And then we'll rest at home.

From the "Christian Harp," by permission.

1 There's a land of light and love far a - way, Where the long sev-ered friends meet a-gain;
Where the long dark night and toil-wearing day, Nev - er tar - nish the bright golden plain.
D. C. Where the soul is freed from sor - row and death, And the tear nev - er more dims the eye.

2 To that gold - en shore some dear ones have gone, And we trust we shall meet them a-gain,
When that glo-rious morn in lus - ter shall dawn, And we stand on the bright golden plain;
D. C. And with an - gels bright, when time ceases flight, We shall sing of a dear Savior's love.

D. C.

Where the rude win-ter's blast nev - er chilled with the blast, Nor the dark'ning storms gloom the sky;

By the Riv - er of life, in the Cit - y of light, We shall roam with loved ones a - bove;

THE ANGELS ARE COMING.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

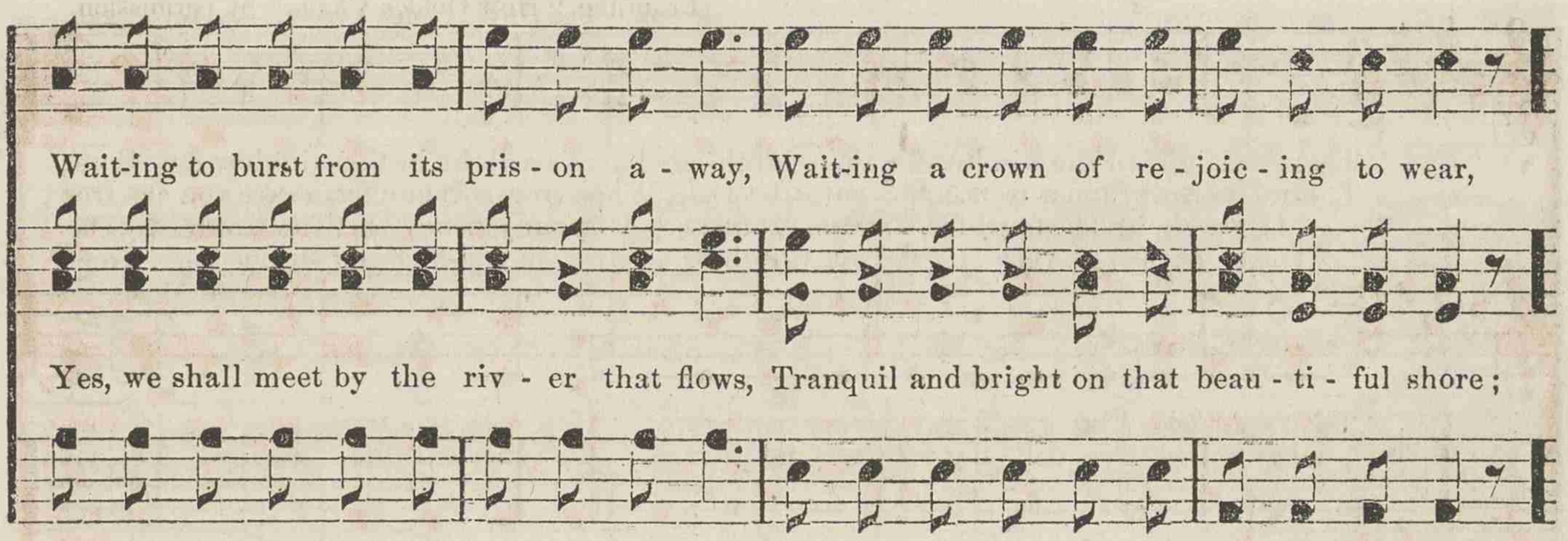
From "The New Golden Chain," by permission

1 The an-gels are com-ing for me, moth-er, Com-ing, com-ing, com-ing for me;
Al-rea-dy their mu-sic I hear, moth-er, Sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing for me;

2 Now gent-ly I'm go-ing to sleep, moth-er, Go-ing, go-ing, go-ing to sleep,
Glad voic-es are call-ing for me, moth-er, Call-ing, call-ing, call-ing for me;

The an-gels are com-ing for me, moth-er, To waft me a-way to the skies;
How light-ly it falls on my ear, moth-er, My spir-it is wait-ing to fly:

To wake where I nev-er shall sleep, moth-er, Or suf-fer a mo-ment of pain:
Their pin-ions of glo-ry I see, moth-er, Fare-well till I meet thee a-gain:


Wait-ing to burst from its pris - on a - way, Wait-ing a crown of re - joic - ing to wear,
Yes, we shall meet by the riv - er that flows, Tranquil and bright on that beau - ti - ful shore;

Wait-ing to en - ter the por - tals of day, My Shep-herd, my Sa - vior is there.
There will thy sor - row be lost in re - pose, O there I will leave thee no more.

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

From the "New Golden Chain," by permission.

1 There's a light in the window for thee, broth-er, There's a light in the win-dow for thee;
2 There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, brother, When from toil and from care you are free;
3 O watch, and be faith-ful, and pray, brother, All your journey on life's troubled sea,
4 Then on, per-se-vere - ing - ly on, broth-er, Till from con-flict and suf-fer-ing free;

A dear one has moved to the man-sions a-bove; There's a light in the win-dow for thee:
The Sa - vior has gone to pre-pare you a home, With a light in the win-dow for thee:
Tho' af-flic-tions as - sail you, and storms beat se-vere, There's a light in the win-dow for thee:
Bright an-gels now beck - on you o - ver the stream, There's a light in the win-dow for thee:

CHORUS.

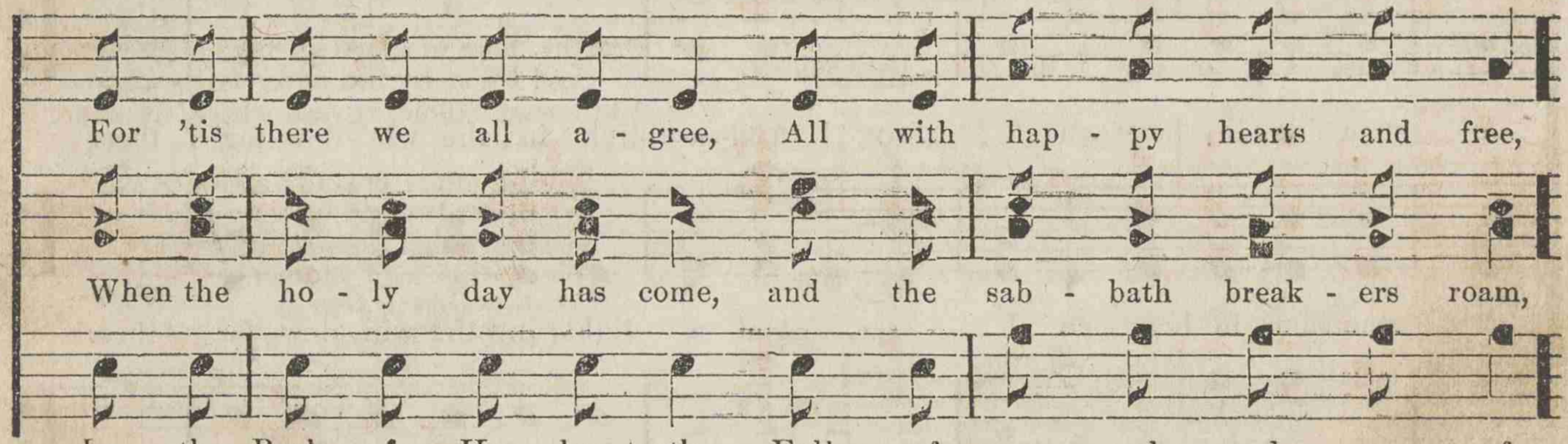
A man-sion in heav-en I see, And a light in the win-dow for thee;

A man-sion in heav-en I see, And a light in the win-dow for thee:

A man-sion in heav-en I see, And a light in the win-dow for thee.

A man-sion in heav-en I see, And a light in the win-dow for thee.

1 When the morning light drives a - way the night, With the sun so bright and full,
And the day of rest brightens eve - ry breast, I'll a - way to the sab-bath school.
2 On the frost - y dawn of a win-ter's morn, When the earth is wrapped in snow,
Or the sum-mer breeze plays a-round the trees, To the sab - bath school I'll go.
3 In the class I meet with the friends I greet, At the time of morning prayer:
And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise, For 'tis al - ways pleas-ant there.


For 'tis there we all a - gree, All with hap - py hearts and free,
When the ho - ly day has come, and the sab - bath break - ers roam,
In the Book of Ho - ly truth, Full of coun - sel and re - proof,

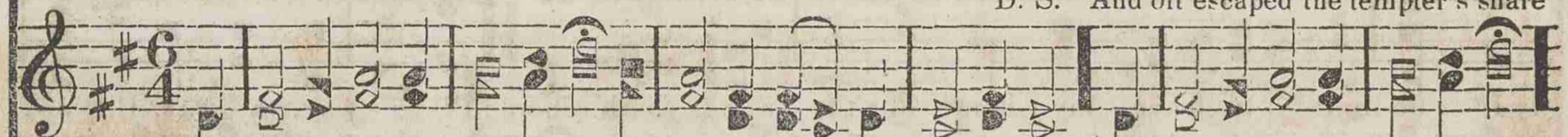
4 May the dews of grace fill the hallowed place,
And the sunshine never fail,
While each blooming rose which, in mem'ry grows,
Shall a sweet perfume exhale.
When we mingle here no more,
But have met on Jordan's shore,
We will talk of moments o'er
At the sabbath school.
CHO.— I'll away, away, &c.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

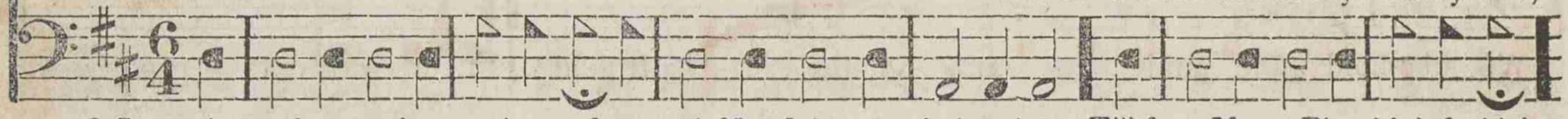
WM. B. BRADBURY.

From " The New Golden Chain," by permission.

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer ! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Father's throne,
D. S. And oft escaped the tempter's snare

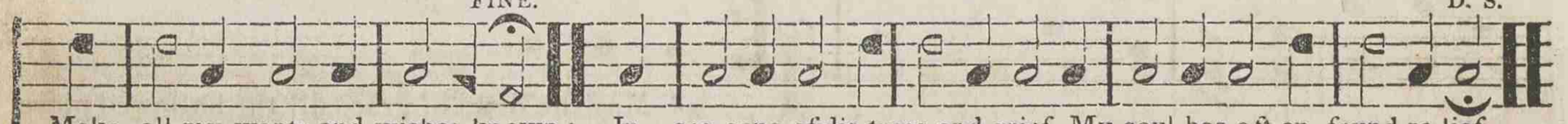


2 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer ! Thy wings shall my petition bear, To Him whose truth and faithfulness,
D. S. I'll cast on him my eve-ry care,

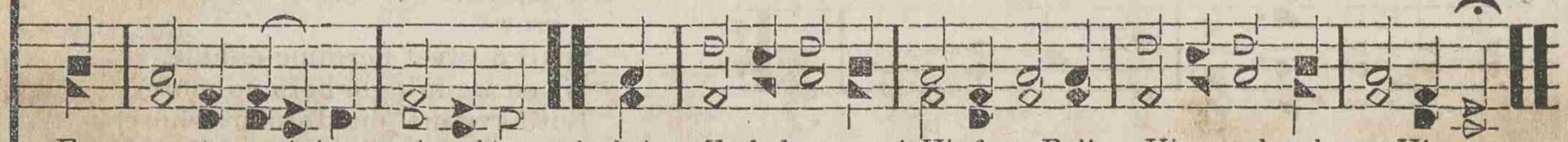


3 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer ! May I thy consolation share. Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty hight,
D. S. And shout while passing thro' the air,

FINE. D. S.



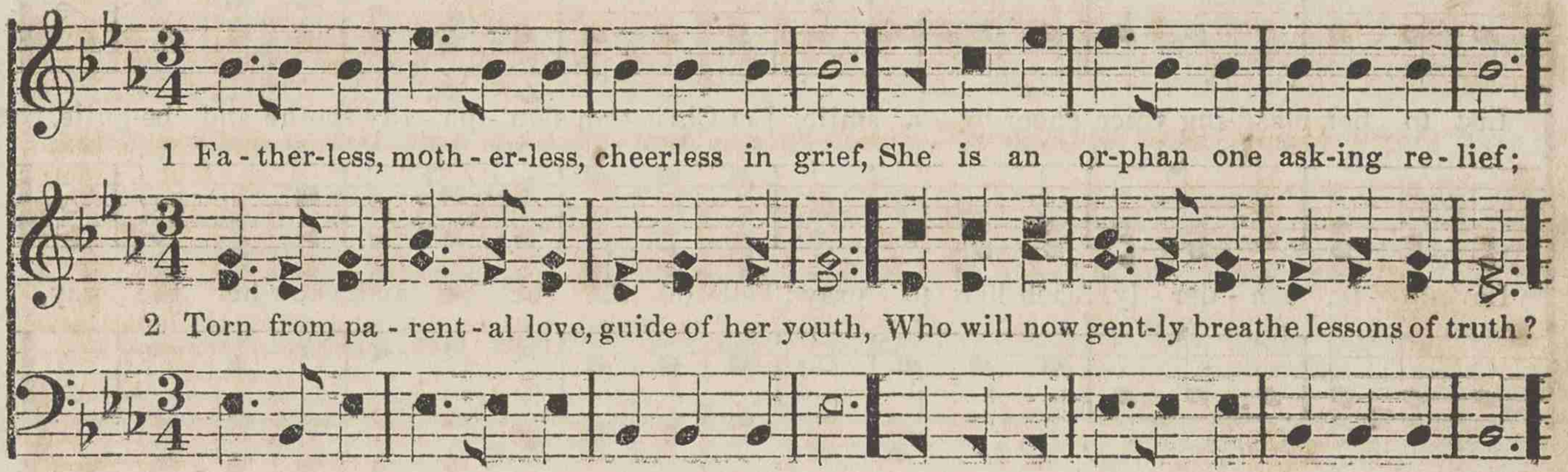
Make all my wants and wishes known : In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief,
By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.



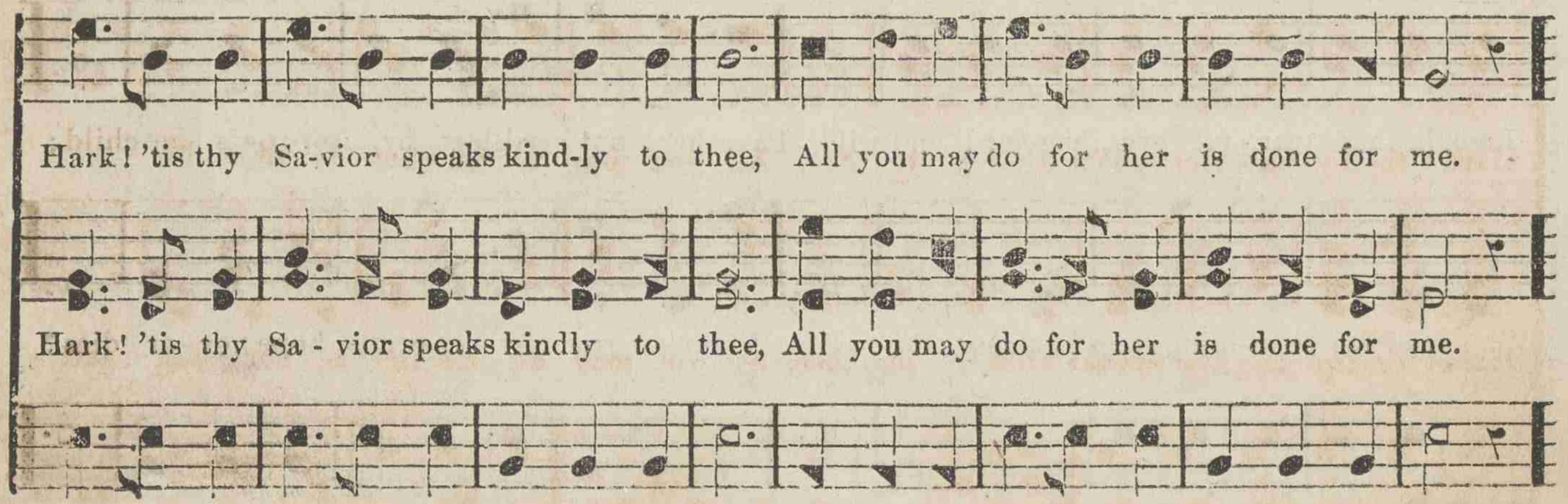
En - gage the wait-ing soul to bless ; And since He bids me seek His face, Believe His word and trust His grace,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer

I view my home and take my flight ; This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev-er - last - ing prize,
Fare-well, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

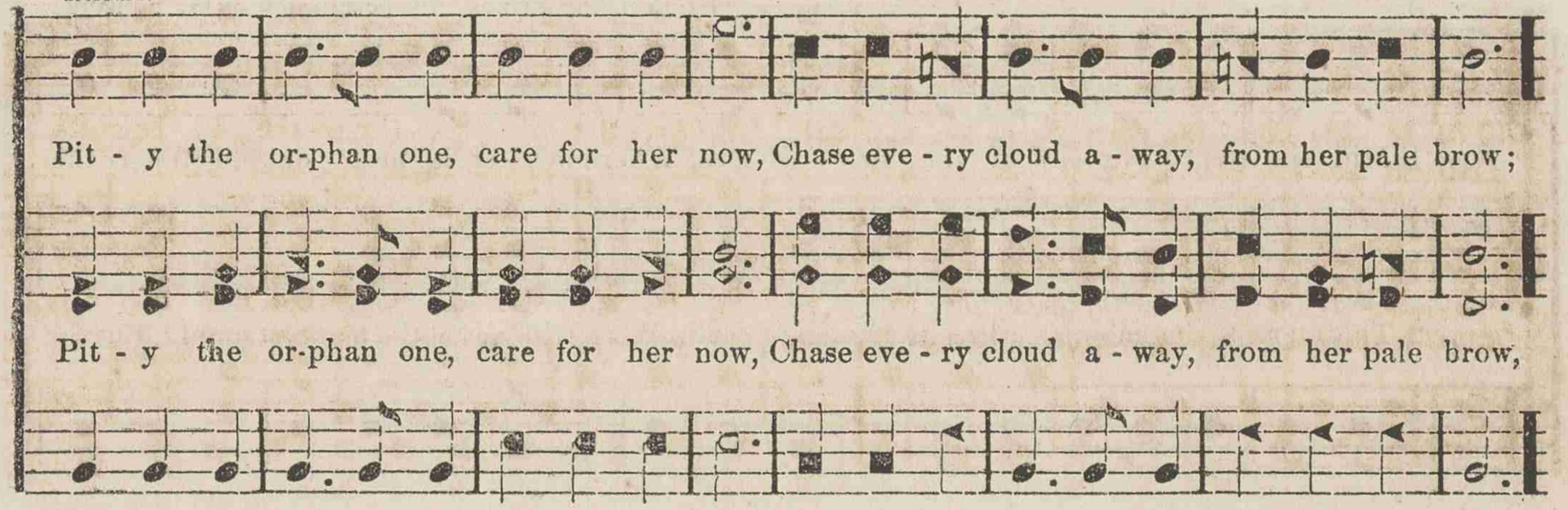
From "Sabbath Carols," by permission.



List to her plead-ing voice, cheer by a smile, Let Chris-tian sym - pa - thy soothe and be-guile,
Love-ing - ly, ten - der - ly, teach her to pray; Tell of the bet - ter land, show her the way,


Hark! 'tis thy Sa-vior speaks kind-ly to thee, All you may do for her is done for me.
Hark! 'tis thy Sa - vior speaks kindly to thee, All you may do for her is done for me.

Refrain.

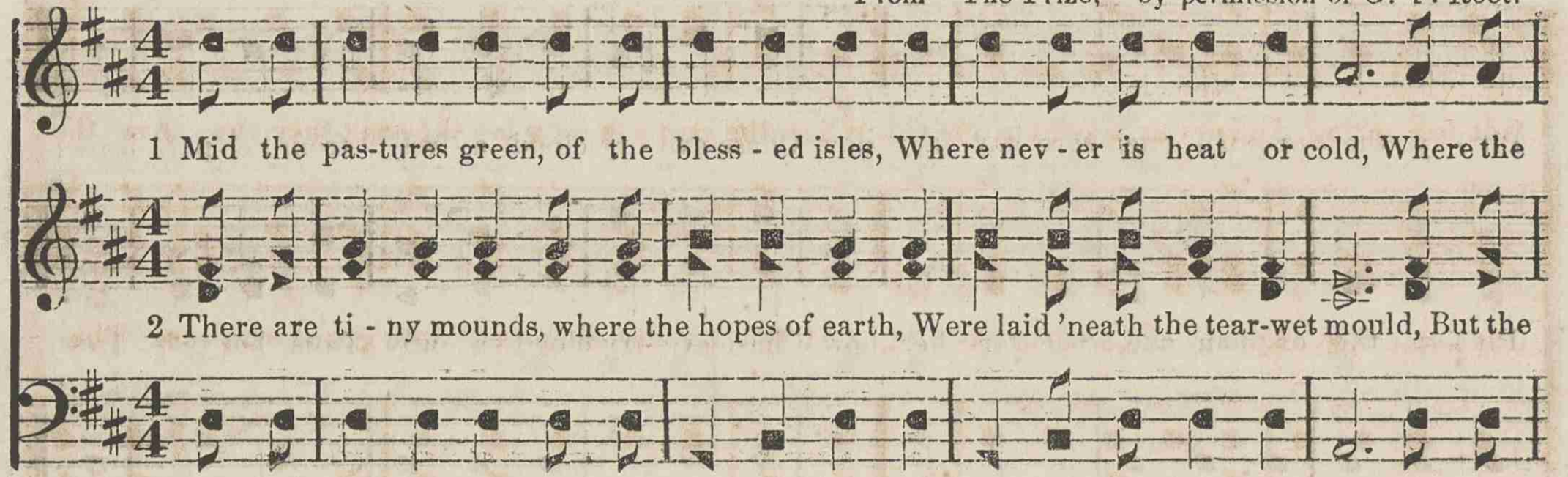

Pit - y the or-phan one, care for her now, Chase eve - ry cloud a - way, from her pale brow;
Pit - y the or-phan one, care for her now, Chase eve - ry cloud a - way, from her pale brow,

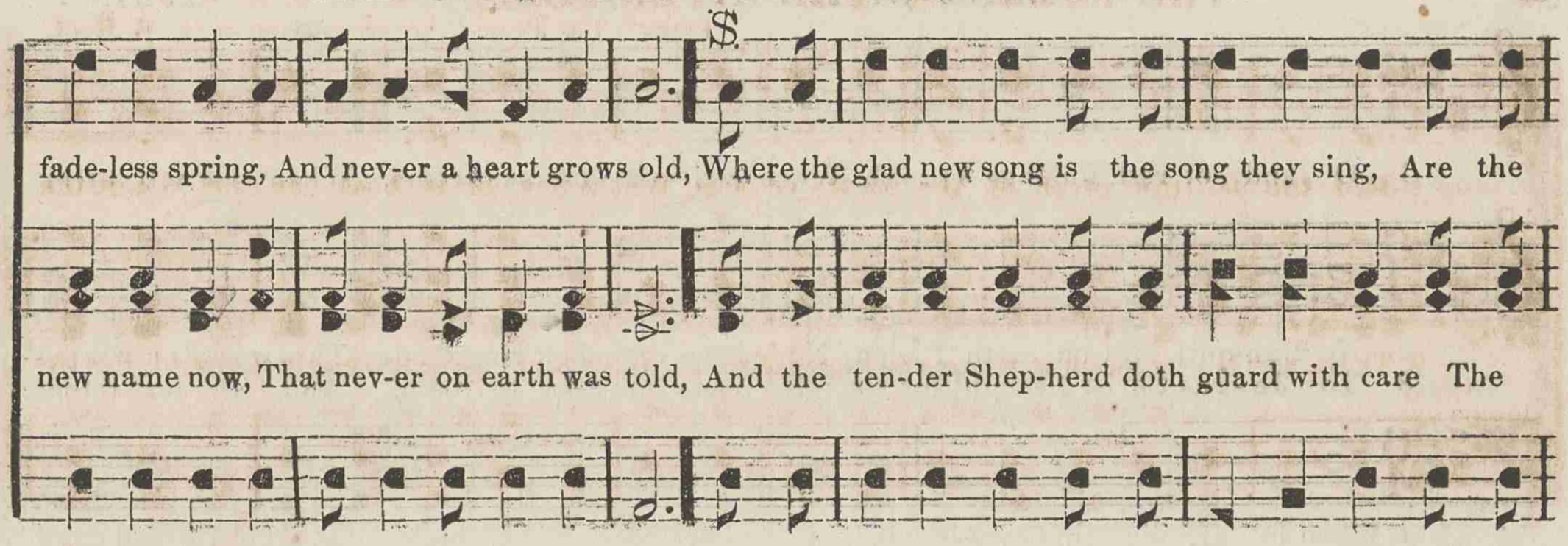
Hark! 'tis thy Sa - vior speaks kind-ly to thee, All you may do for her is done for me.
Hark! 'tis thy Sa - vior speaks kind-ly to thee, All you may do for her is done for me.

THE LAMBS OF THE UPPER FOLD.

REV. B. R. HANBY.

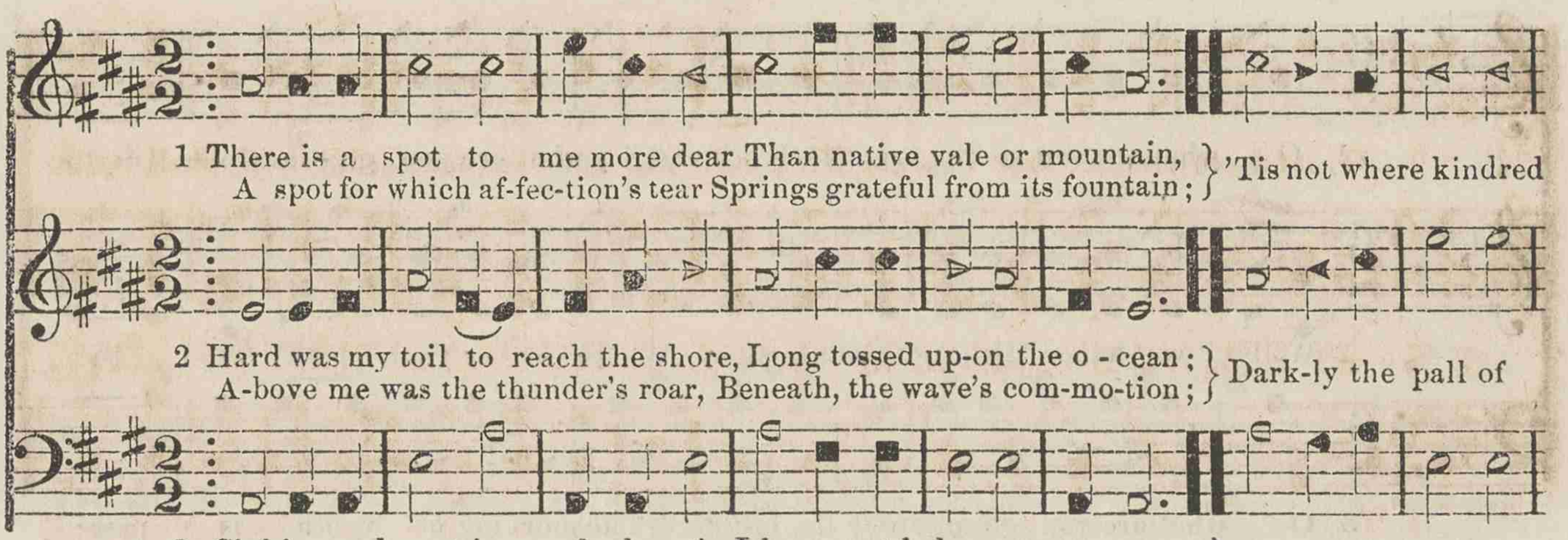
From "The Prize," by permission of G. F. Root.




fade-less spring, And nev-er a heart grows old, Where the glad new song is the song they sing, Are the
new name now, That nev-er on earth was told, And the ten-der Shep-herd doth guard with care The

1st time. 2nd time. FINE.
D. S.
lambs of the up - per fold: Lambs of the up - per fold, Lambs of the up - per fold.
lambs of the up-per fold: Lambs of the up - per fold, Lambs of the up - per fold.

LAND OF REST. C. M.


1 There is a spot to me more dear Than native vale or mountain,
A spot for which af-fec-tion's tear Springs grateful from its fountain;
'Tis not where kindred
2 Hard was my toil to reach the shore, Long tossed up-on the o - cean;
A-bove me was the thunder's roar, Beneath, the wave's com-mo-tion;
Dark-ly the pall of
3 Sinking and pant-ing as for breath, I knew not help was near me,
And cried, "O! save me, Lord, from death! Immortal Jesus, hear me!"
Then quick as thought

souls abound, Tho' that on earth is heaven; But where I first my Savior found, And felt my sins for-giv-en.
night was thrown Around me, faint with terror; In that dark hour how did my groans Ascend for years of error.
I felt him mine, My Savior stood before me; I saw his brightness round me shine, And shouted "Glory, glory!"

1 O what are you going to do, broth-er? Say what are you go - ing to do?

2 Will you honor His cause and kingdom Where ev - er your path may be?

3 O what are you go-ing to do, brother? The morning of youth is past;

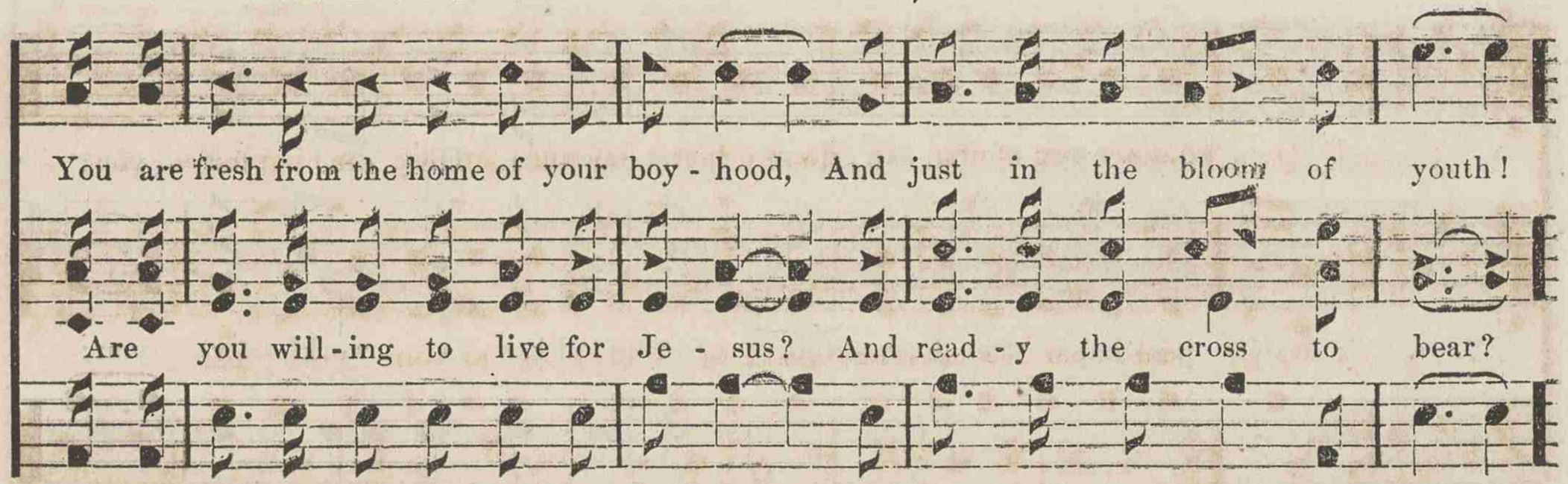
4 O what are you go - ing to do, brother? Your sun at its noon is high;

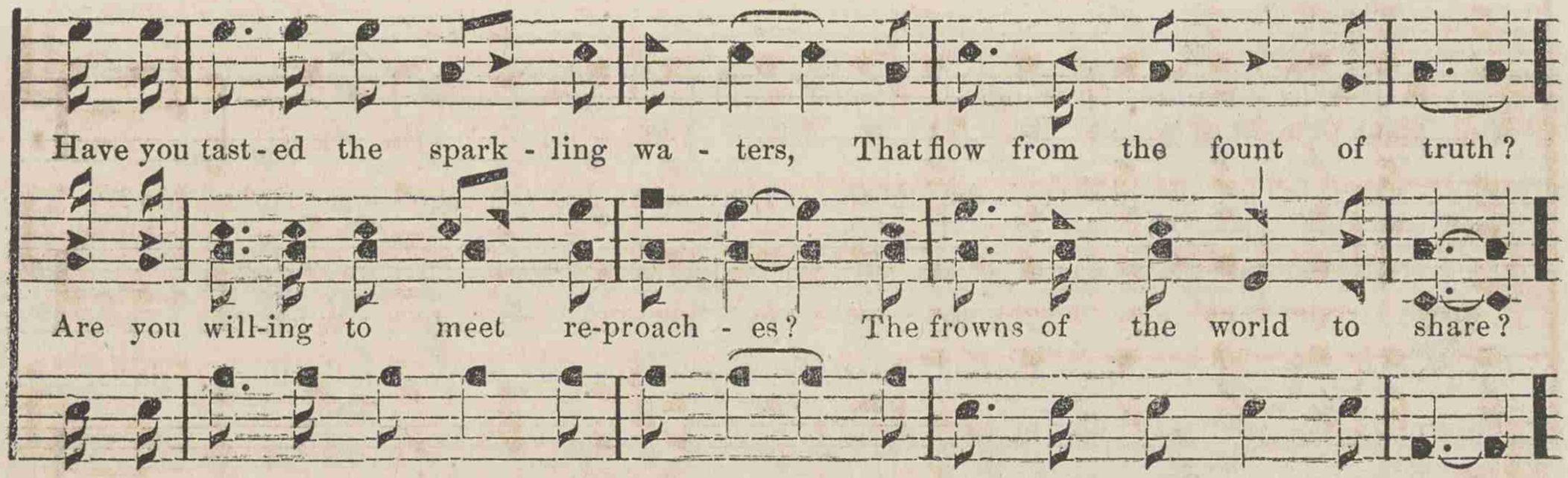
You have thought of some use - ful la - bor, But what is the end in view?

And stand as a bright ex - am - ple, That oth - ers your light may see?

The vig - or and strength of man - hood, My broth - er, are yours at last.

It shines in me - ri - dian splen - dor, And rides through a cloud - less sky.


You are fresh from the home of your boy - hood, And just in the bloom of youth!
Are you will-ing to live for Je - sus? And read - y the cross to bear?
You are ri - sing in world - ly pros - pects, And pros-pered in world - ly things;
You are hold-ing a high po - si - tion Of hon - or, of trust, and fame;


Have you tast - ed the spark - ling wa - ters, That flow from the fount of truth?
Are you will-ing to meet re-proach - es? The frowns of the world to share?
A du - ty to those less fa - vored, The smile of your for - tune brings.
Are you will - ing to give the glo - ry And praise to your Sa - vior's name?

CHORUS.

Is your heart in the Sa - vior's keep - ing? Re-mem - ber, He died for you;
Your lot may per - haps be hum - ble, But God has a work for you;
Go, prove that your heart is grate - ful— The Lord has a work for you;
The re - gions that sit in dark - ness Are stretch-ing their hands to you;

Then what are you go - ing to do, broth - er? Say, what are you go - ing to do?
Then what are you go - ing to do, broth-er? Say, what are you go - ing to do?

1 Re - turn, O wand'r-er, to thy home, Thy Fa - ther calls for thee;
No lon - ger now an ex - ile roam, In guilt and mis - er - - y:

2 Re - turn, O wand'r-er, to thy home, 'Tis Je - sus calls for thee;
The Spir - it and the bride say, Come, Oh! now for ref - uge flee:

3 Re - turn, O wand'r-er, to thy home, 'Tis mad-ness to de - lay;
There are no par - dons in the tomb, And brief is mer - cy's day:

CHORUS.

For you must be a lov - er of the Lord, of the Lord, For you must be a lov - er of the Lord,
For you must be a lov - er of the Lord, Or you can't go to heav-en when you die.

For you must be a lov - er of the Lord, For you must be a lov - er of the Lord,
For you must be a lov - er of the Lord, Or you can't go to heav-en when you die.
of the Lord,

BEAUTIFUL SABBATH MORNING.

T. C. O'KANE.
From "Fresh Leaves."

CHORUS.

Day calm and ho - ly, day near - est heaven, Day which a Father's boundless love has giv - en;
Day calm and ho - ly, day near - est heaven, Day which a Father's boundless love has giv - en;

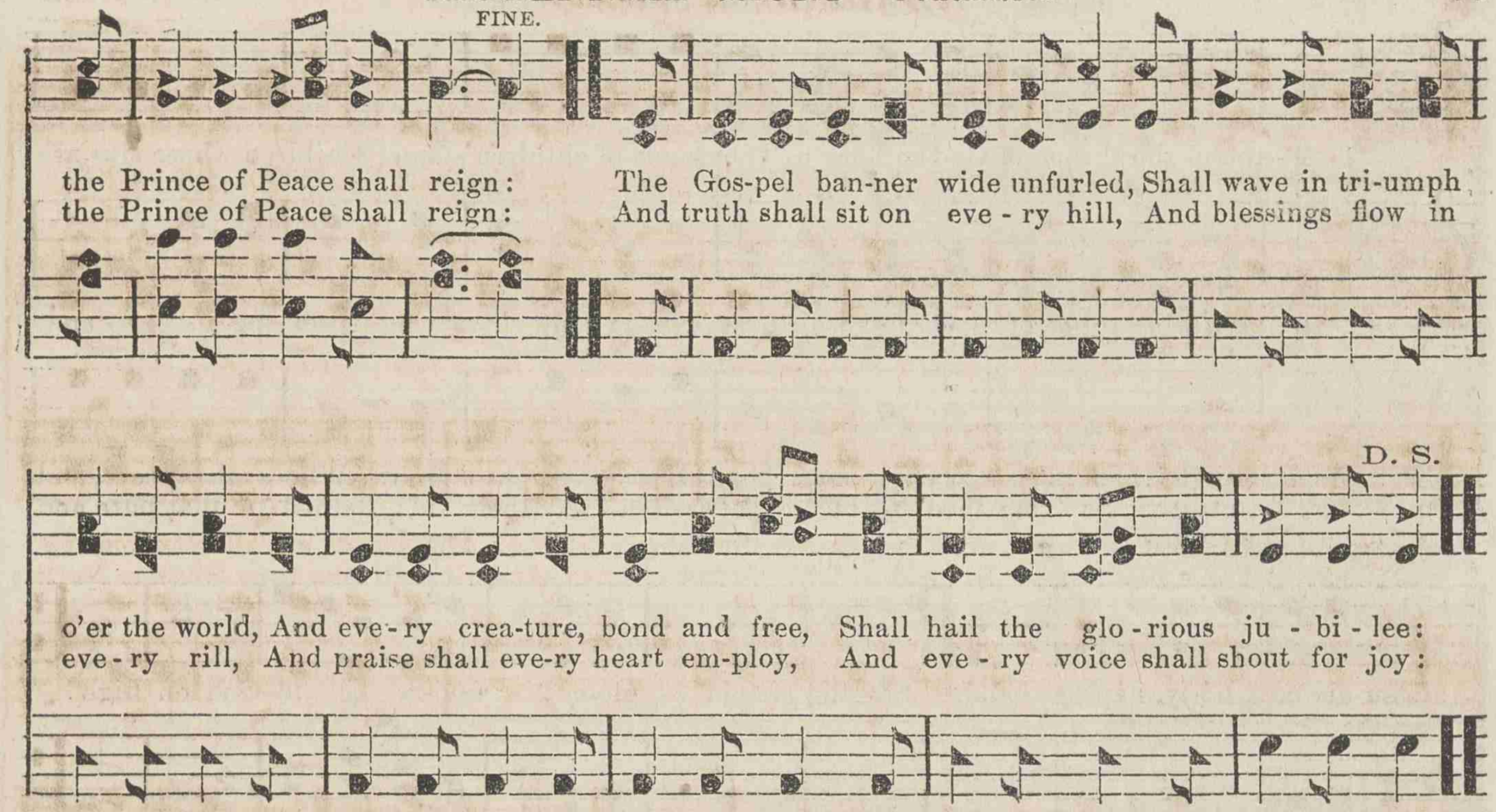
Oh! the Sab-bath morn-ing, beau - ti - ful and bright, Glad we hail its gold - en light.
Oh! the Sab-bath morn-ing, beau - ti - ful and bright, Glad we hail its gold - en light.

1 Re - joice! Re - joice! the prom-ised time is com - ing; Re - joice! Re - joice!
2 Re - joice! Re - joice! the prom-ised time is com - ing; Re - joice! Re - joice!

the Prince of Peace shall reign; And Zi-on's chil-dren then shall sing, The deserts are all blos-som-ing;
the Prince of Peace shall reign; From Zion shall the law go forth, And all shall hear from South to North;

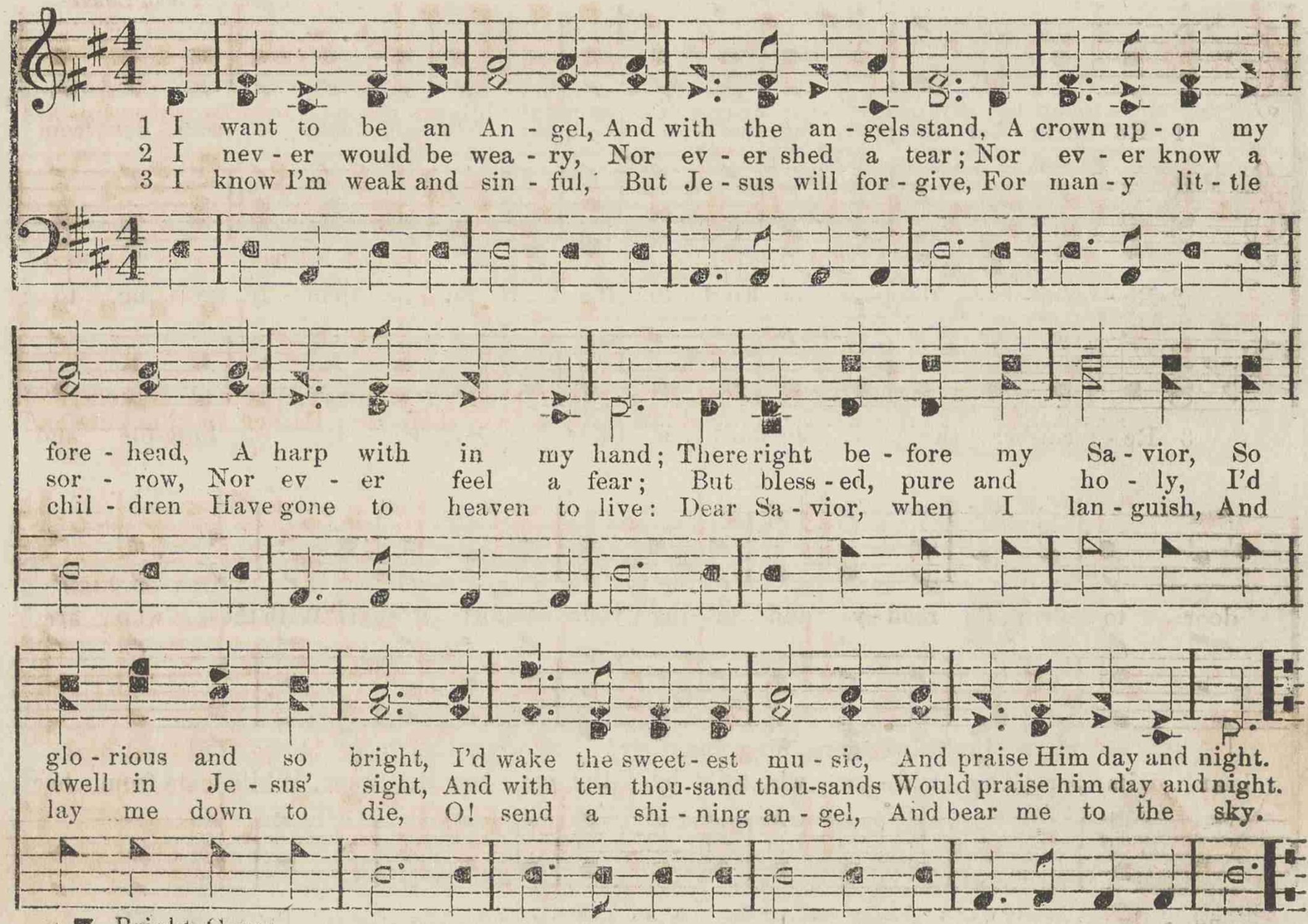
$.

Re - joice! Re - joice! the prom-ised time is com - ing; Re - joice! Re - joice!
Re - joice! Re - joice! the prom-ised time is com - ing; Re - joice! Re - joice!



3 Rejoice! Rejoice! the promised time is coming,
Rejoice! Rejoice! the Prince of Peace shall reign;
And lambs shall with the leopard play,
For nought shall harm in Zion's way; Rejoice, &c.
The sword and speer, of needless worth,
Shall prune the tree and plow the earth,
And peace shall smile from shore to shore,
And nations learn to war no more:
Rejoice! Rejoice! the promised time is coming,
Rejoice! Rejoice! the Prince of Peace shall reign.

AROUND THE THRONE.


1 I want to be an An - gel, And with the an - gels stand, A crown up - on my
2 I nev - er would be wea - ry, Nor ev - er shed a tear; Nor ev - er know a
3 I know I'm weak and sin - ful, But Je - sus will for - give, For man - y lit - tle
fore - head, A harp with in my hand; There right be - fore my Sa - vior, So
sor - row, Nor ev - er feel a fear; But bless - ed, pure and ho - ly, I'd
chil - dren Have gone to heaven to live: Dear Sa - vior, when I lan - guish, And
glo - rious and so bright, I'd wake the sweet - est mu - sic, And praise Him day and night.
dwell in Je - sus' sight, And with ten thou-sand thou-sands Would praise him day and night.
lay me down to die, O! send a shi - ning an - gel, And bear me to the sky.

CONSIDER THE POOR.

P. PHILLIPS.
From "Fresh Leaves."

1 Re - mem - ber the poor, the des - o - late poor, Nor leave them to wan - der from

2 Re - mem - ber the poor, be kind to the heart, So pa - tient - ly try - ing to

3 Re - mem-ber the poor, for hard is their lot, Go, vis - it the hum-ble and

door to door; Be read - y and will-ing your comforts to share With those who are

bear its part; The wid - ow who toils by the em - bers that wane, While tears from her

lone - ly cot; When blest is your bas - ket, and prospered your store, Be grate - ful to

CHORUS.

burdened with sor - row and care. For the prom - ise is sure, The prom - ise is sure,
eye-lids are fall - ing like rain. For the prom - ise is sure, The prom-ise is sure,
God and re - mem ber the poor. For the, &c.

Bless-ed is He, bless - ed is he, Bless-ed is he that con - sidereth the poor.
Bless-ed is he, bless-ed is he, Bless-ed is he that con - sidereth the poor.

THE ANGELS IN THE AIR.

REV. R. LOWRY.

By permission of P. PHILLIPS.

1 When life's la - bor - song is sung, And the e - bon arch is sprung, O'er the shad - ed couch of death so still, Then the Lord will light the scene, With the an - gels' star - ry sheen, As they wel - come us to Zi - on's Hill.

2 Dark the shadows in the vale, Fierce the howl - ing of the gale, But the shi - ning ones are near our door, With our robes as bright as they, We will tread the star - ry way, With the shad - ow and the storm no more.

3 Flood the heart with par - ting tears, Frost the head with pass - ing years, Min-gle want and woe to - geth - er here; But the Lord will lift the cloud, That en- wraps the shi - ning crowd, And we'll nev - er know a sor - row there.

CHORUS.

We'll meet each oth - er there, Yes! we'll meet each oth - er there, With

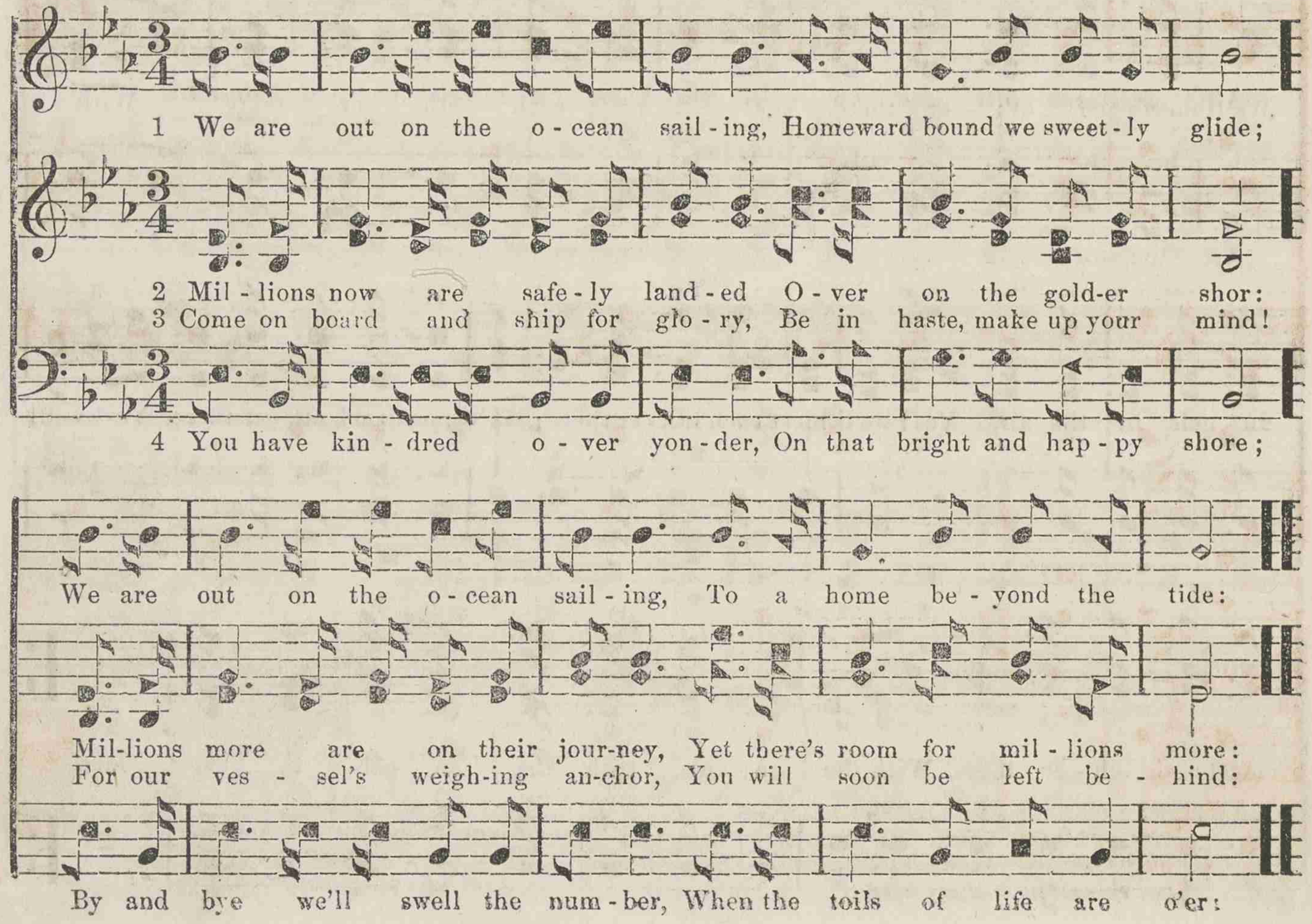
an - gels in the air, Yes! we'll meet each oth - er there; We'll meet each oth - er there, Yes! we'll

meet each oth - er there, With the an - gels, with the an - gels in the air.

WE ARE OUT ON THE OCEAN SAILING.

THOS. CHENOWETH.

Music contributed to Bright Gems.



CHORUS.

5 Spread your sails while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvatien is their song.

6 When we all are safely anchored
Over on the shining shore,
We will walk about the city,
And will sing for evermore.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

PILGRIM, WATCH AND PRAY.

T. E. PERKINS.

From "Shining Star," by permission.

1 Soft - ly on the breath of eve - ning, Comes the ten - der sigh of day;

2 Pearl - y dews like tears are fall - ing Gent - ly on the sleep-ing flowers;

3 'Tis the hour when hal - low'd feel - ings Chase our doubts and fears a - way;

4 Though temp - ta - tions dark op - press thee, Je - sus guides thee on thy way;

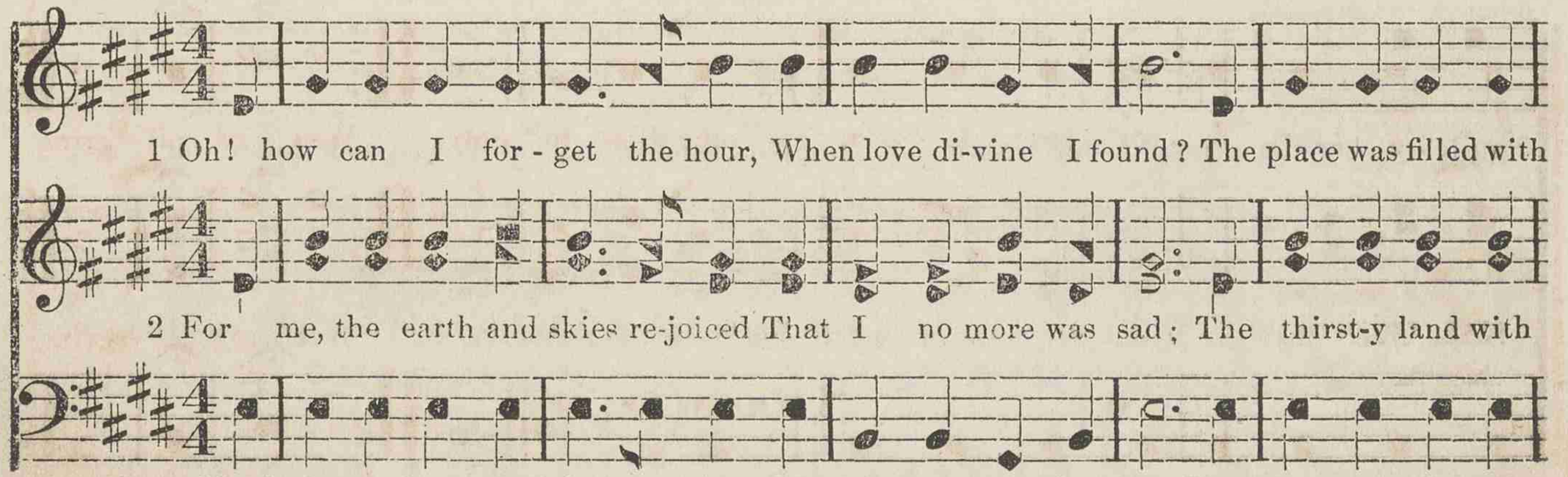
Lone - ly heart, by sor - row la - den, 'Tis the time to pray. Wea - ry pil - grim,

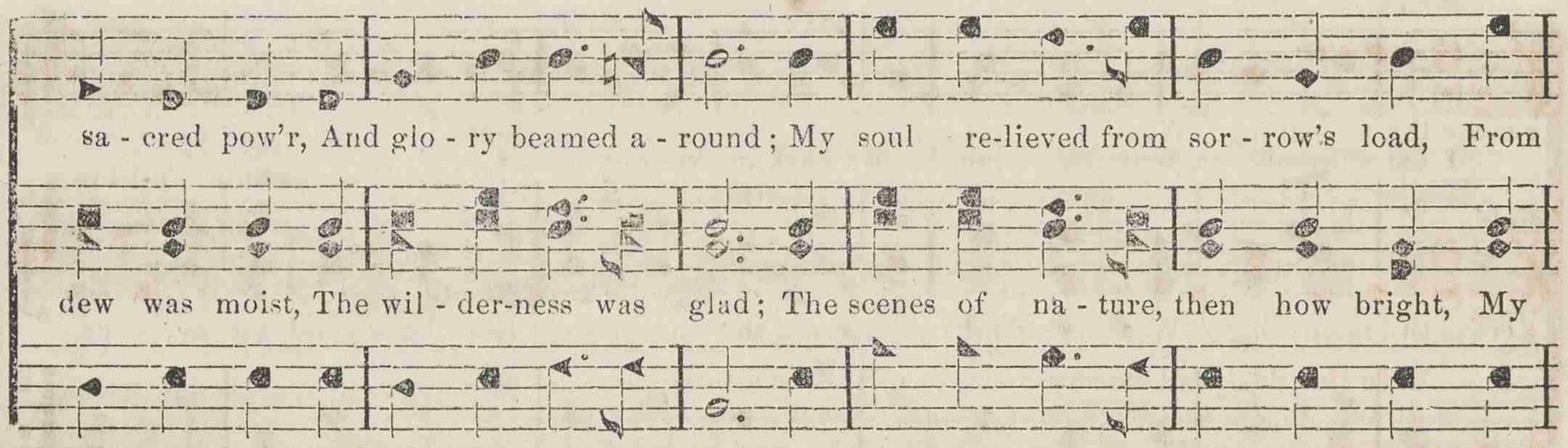
Stars, like an - gel eyes, are beam-ing From ce - les - tial bowers. Wea - ry pil - grim,

'Tis the hour for calm de - vo - tion, Pil-grim, watch and pray. Wea - ry pil - grim,

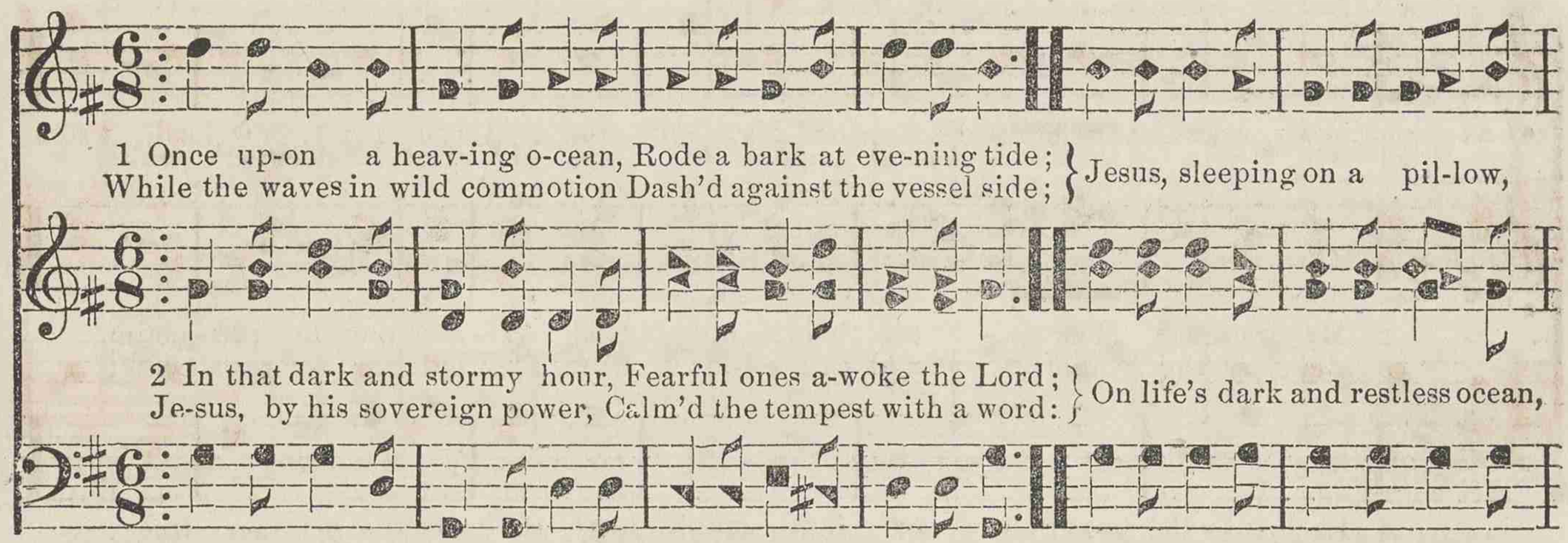
He Will hear thy light - est whis - per, Pil - grim, watch and pray. Wea - ry pil - grim,

REV. W. HUNTER. **OH! HOW CAN I FORGET THE HOUR?** SILAS M. HISSEM.




sa - cred pow'r, And glo - ry beamed a - round; My soul re-lieved from sor - row's load, From
dew was moist, The wil - der-ness was glad; The scenes of na - ture, then how bright, My
robes of grace, And bonds to lib - er - ty; I toil no more a wand'ring child, In
tears with mine, Were shar-ers in the feast; And an - gels on their watch - ful posts, With

guilt - y bon-dage free, A-dored with joy, the pard'ning God, That showed such love for me.
eyes re-joiced to view, I praised the Lord with warm de-light, And thought they praised Him too.
sla-vish, base em-ploy, But safe at home, my Fa - ther smiled, And feast - ed me with joy.
glad-ness hast-ed round, To tell to all the heav'n-ly host, The long lost child is found.


1 Once up-on a heav-ing o-cean, Rode a bark at eve-ning tide;
While the waves in wild commotion Dash'd against the vessel side;
Jesus, sleeping on a pil-low,
2 In that dark and stormy hour, Fearful ones a-woke the Lord;
Je-sus, by his sovereign power, Calm'd the tempest with a word:
On life's dark and restless ocean,
3 Je-sus knows your silent wee ping, When before his throne you bow;
Nev-er, nev-er is he sleeping Where he reigns in glory now:
If the world is dark before thee,
Heeded not the rag-ing bil-low; While the winds were all abroad, Calmly slept the Son of God.
'Mid the bil-low's wild commotion, Trembling soul, your Lord is here, He will make you still his care.
If the billows roll-ing o'er thee,— All thy soul with ter-ror fill,— hear Him saying, "Peace, be still."

LINGHAM. C. M.

1 O for a thou - - - sand tongues to sing, My great Re-deem-er's praise,

2 My gra-cious Mas - - - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,

3 Je - sus! the Name that calms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease;

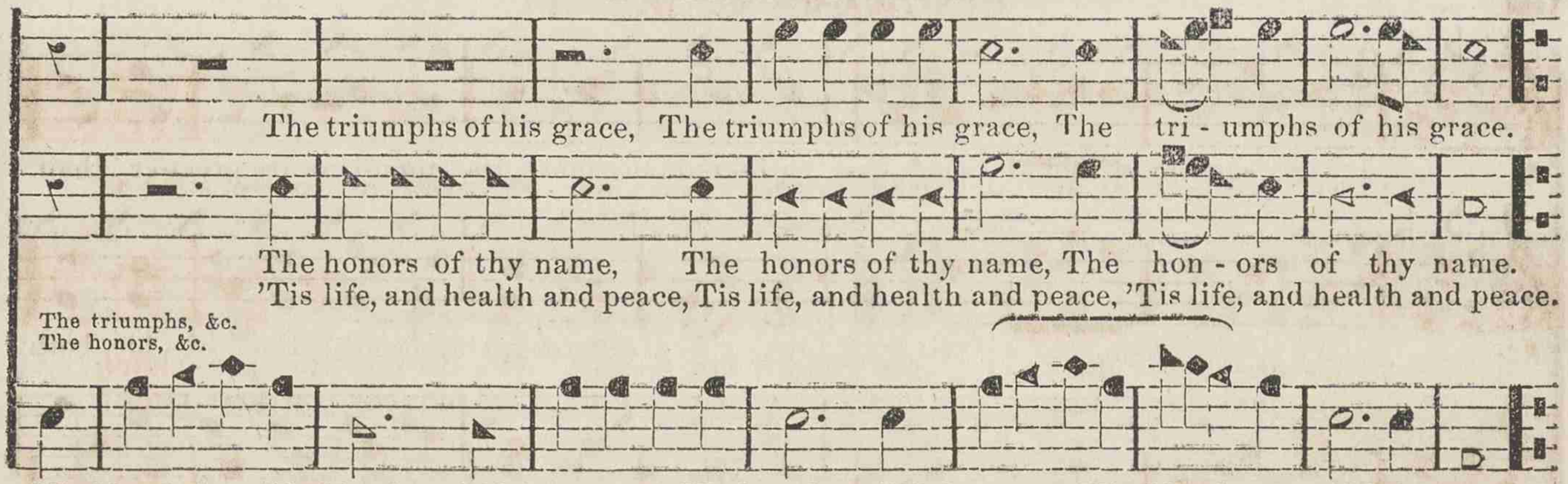
4 He breaks the power of can - cell'd sin, He sets the pris'-ner free;

My great..... Re - deem-er's praise; The glo - ries of..... my God..... and King,

As - - sist..... me to pro - claim; To spread thro' all..... the earth a - broad,

That bids..... our sor - rows cease! 'Tis mu - sic in..... the sin - - ners ears,

He sets the pris' - ner free; His blood can make the foul - est clean,



SHILOH.

SILAS M. HISSEM.

1 The sun-day school ar - my has gath-ered once more, Its num-bers are great-er than
2 We fight a-gainst e - vil and bat - tle with wrong, Our sword is the Bi - ble, both
3 In the midst of our con-flicts we'll think of our Lord, Who died on the cross and from
4 To Je - sus, our Cap-tain, ho - san - na we raise, And join with our teach-ers in

ev - er be - fore, Its ban - ners are spread and shall nev - er be furled Till the
trust - y and strong; Our watch-word is pray - er, and faith is our shield, And
death was re - stored, To save us from death, and to give us His place, With the
sing - ing His praise; His sol-diers we are, and His sol - diers we'll be, Till we

CHORUS.

Prince of sal - va - tion has con - quered the world. Sing! sing! for the ar - my is
nev - er, no nev - er, to foes will we yield. Sing! sing! for the ar - my is
an - gels who al - ways be - hold His bright face. Sing! sing! &c.
lay down our ar - mour and death sets us free. Sing! sing! &c.

on its bright way, To the homes of the blest, and the man - sions of day.
on its bright way, To the homes of the blest, and the man-sions of day.

JESUS IS MINE.

T. E. PERKINS.

From "Shining Star," by permission.

1 Fade, fade each earthly joy, Je-sus is mine! Break every ten-der tie, Je - sus is mine!

2 Tempt not my soul a-way, Je-sus is mine! Here would I ev-er stay, Je - sus is mine!

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je-sus is mine! Lost in this dawning night, Je - sus is mine!

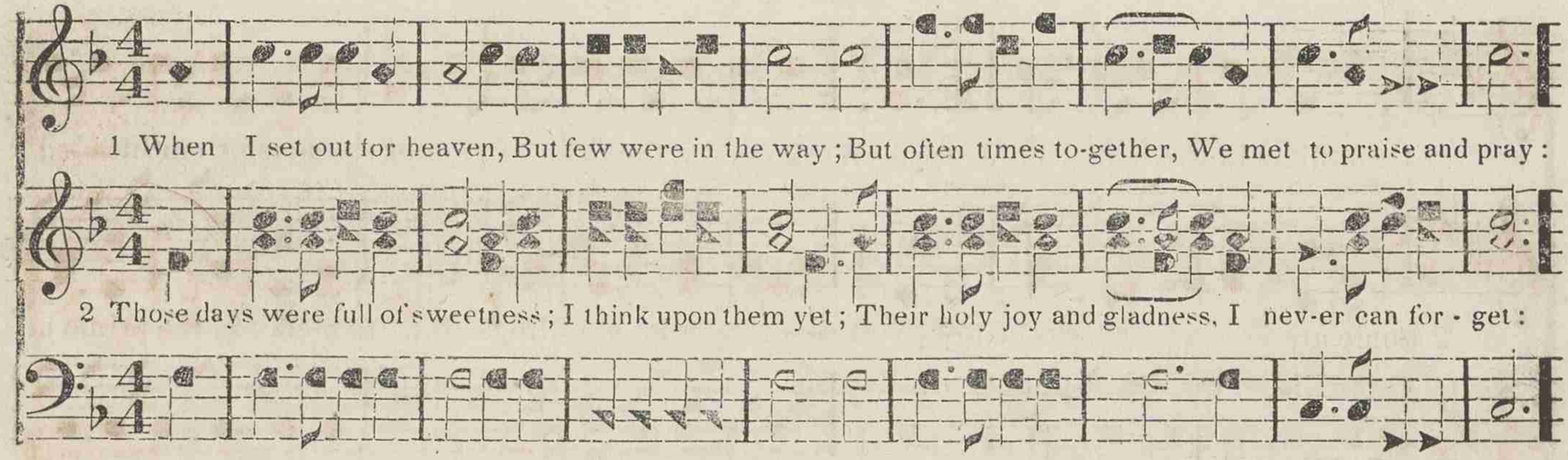
4 Fare-well, mor-tal-i-ty, Je-sus is mine; Welcome, e-ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine!

Dark is the wil-der-ness, Earth has no resting-place, Je-sus a - lone can bless, Je-sus is mine!

Per-ish-ing things of clay, Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart away, Je - sus is mine!

All, all my heart has tried, Left but a dis-mal void, Je-sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!

Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Jesus is mine!


1 When I set out for heaven, But few were in the way ; But often times to-gether, We met to praise and pray :
2 Those days were full of sweetness ; I think upon them yet ; Their holy joy and gladness, I nev-er can for - get :
3 The world was all against us, What cared we for its frown ? A better world before us, Contain'd a starry crown.
4 When one was call'd to leave us, And fly away to God, We cheer'd him with our voices, While crossing Jordan's flood :

Our bo-soms glow'd with rapture, With love our hearts were fired ; We sung and talked of glory, We sung and never tired.
We were a band of brothers, Of brothers fond and true ; We were a band of broth ers, And loved as brothers do.
We trampled on earth's pleasures, Its riches were but dross ; Its glory all was tarnish'd, We glo-ried in the cross.
We sung the songs of Zi - on, Around his dying bed, And witnessed with what triumph The soul from sorrow fled.

1 Sol-diers in the ranks of Je - sus, Work-ers in the field of grace, Preachers of our bless-ed

2 Some are here whose locks be-to-ken Years of watching, toiling care; Oth-ers in the prime of

3 Tell us, broth-er, are you plant-ing Good-ly seed on fertile ground? Is the glo-rious work pro-
4 Do not think of earth-ly tri-als, With your crown of life in view; Though afflicted, bear it

CHORUS.

gos - pel, Welcome to this sa - cred place. What an hour or ho - ly trans-port,

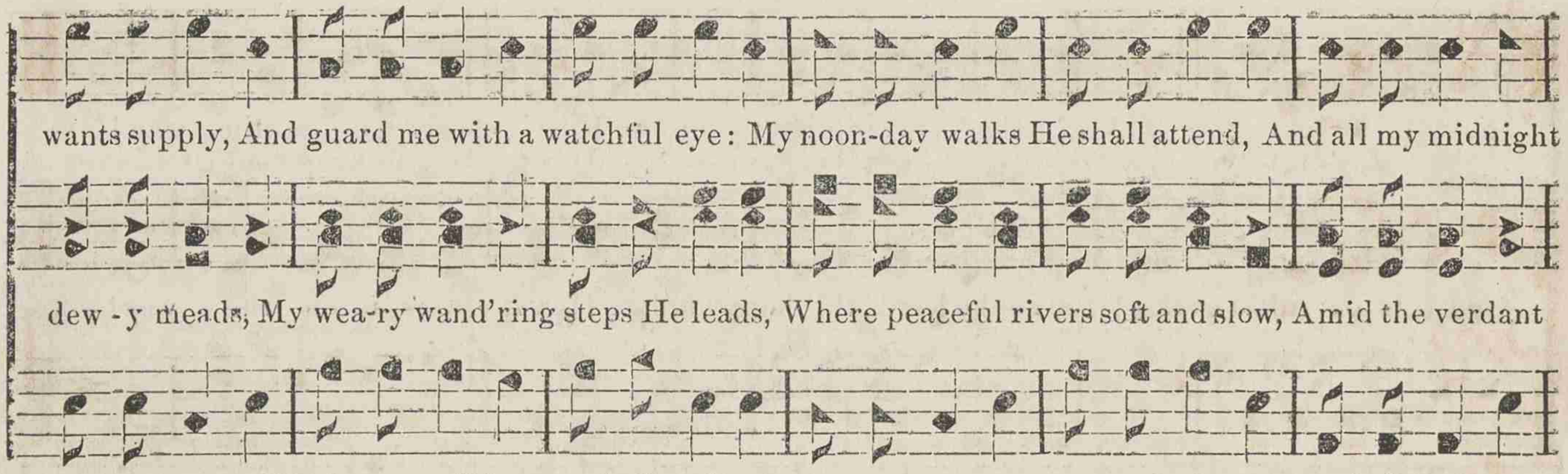
man-hood, Just be - gin their cross to bear. What an hour of ho - ly trans - port,

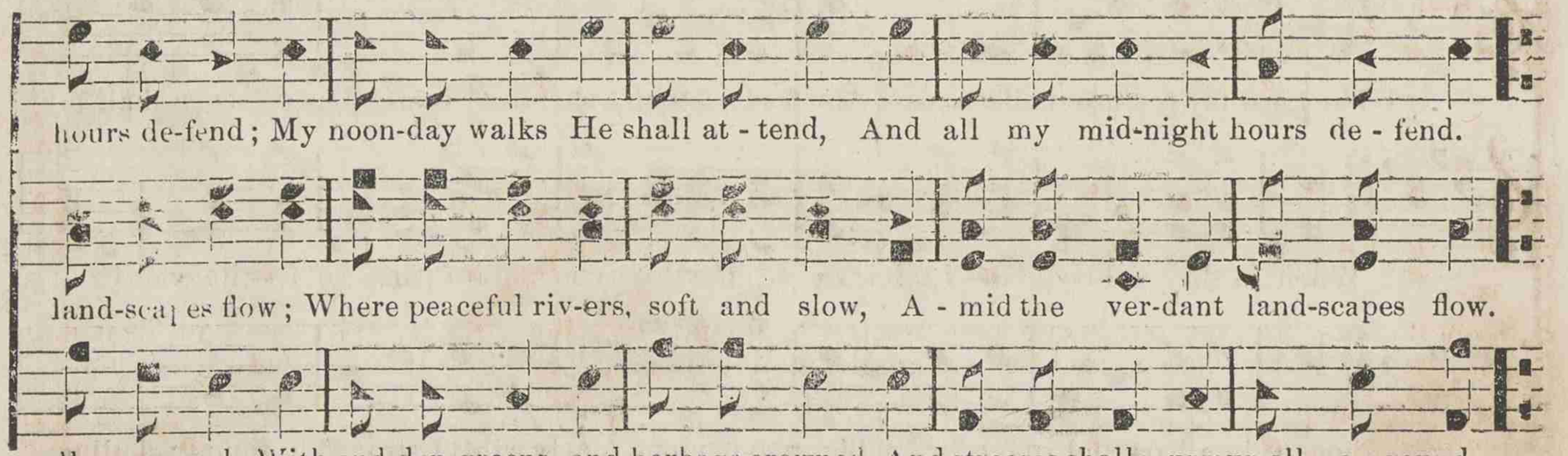
gress-ing; Does the fruit of joy a - bound? What an hour, &c.
meek-ly, Je - sus bled and died for you. What an hour, &c.

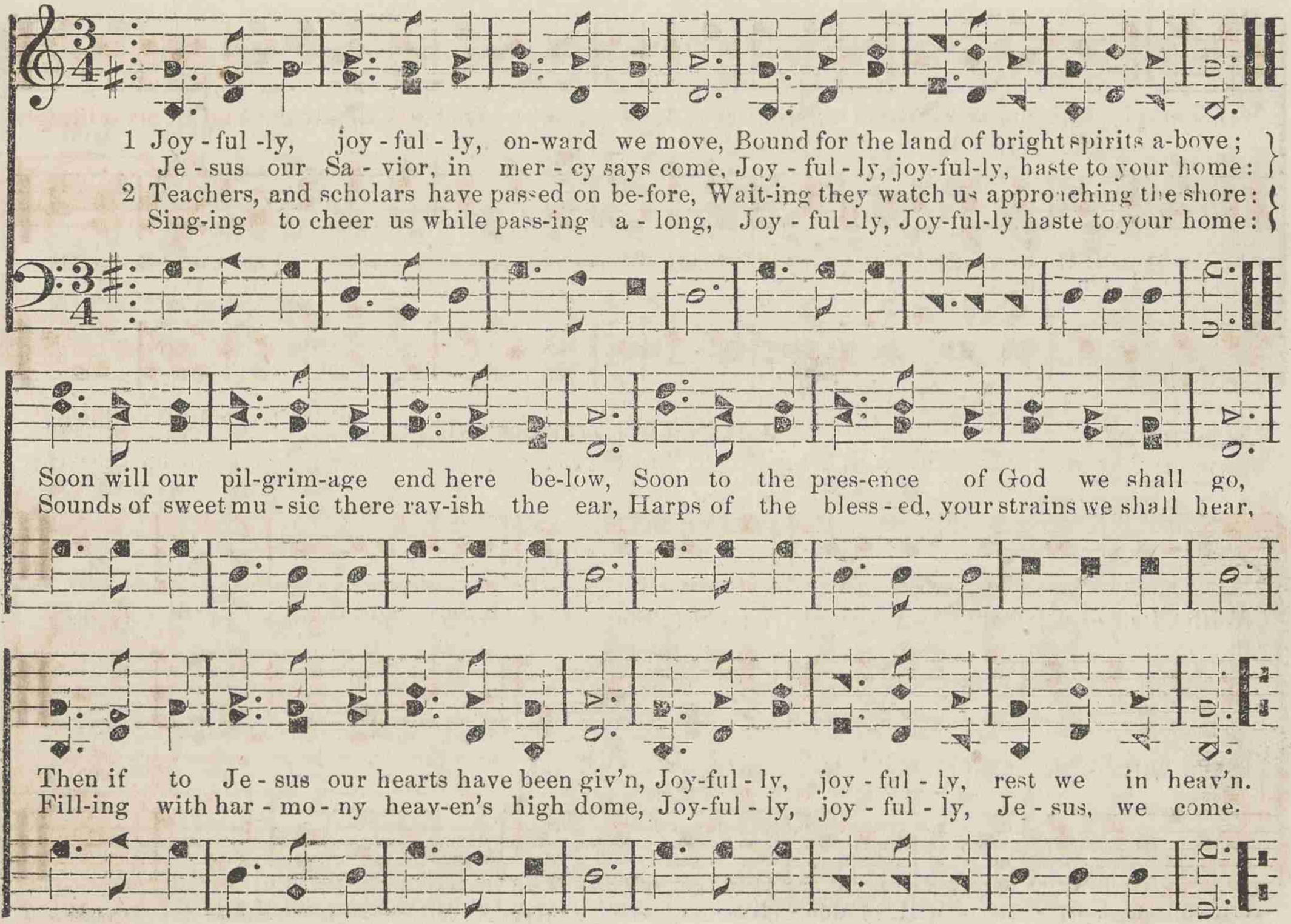
ADDISON.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

SILAS M. HISSEM.

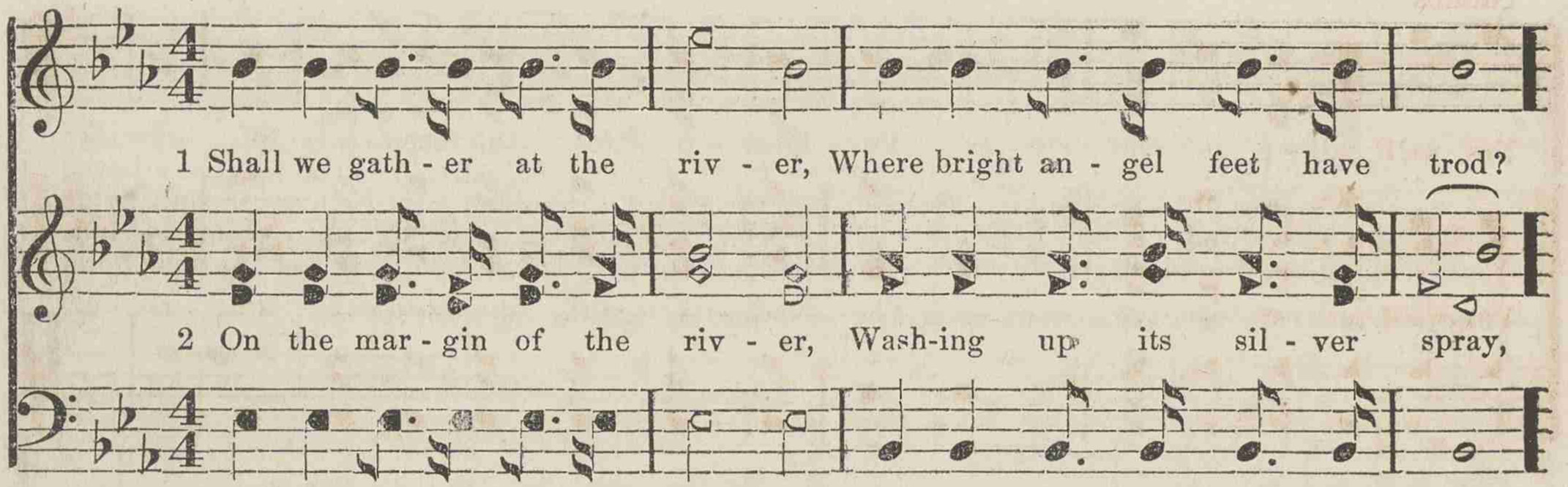

wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye: My noon-day walks He shall attend, And all my midnight
dew-y meads, My wea-ry wand'ring steps He leads, Where peaceful rivers soft and slow, Amid the verdant
The barren wilderness shall smile And streams shall murmur
pains beguile, With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
fear no ill, For thou, O Lord, art with me still: Thy friendly crook shall give me aid, And guide me thro' the


hours de-fend; My noon-day walks He shall at-tend, And all my mid-night hours de-fend.
land-scapes flow; Where peaceful riv-ers, soft and slow, A-mid the ver-dant land-scapes flow.
all a-round; With sud-den greens and herbage crowned, And streams shall murmur all a-round.
dreadful shade; Thy friendly crook shall give me aid, And guide me through the dread-ful shade.

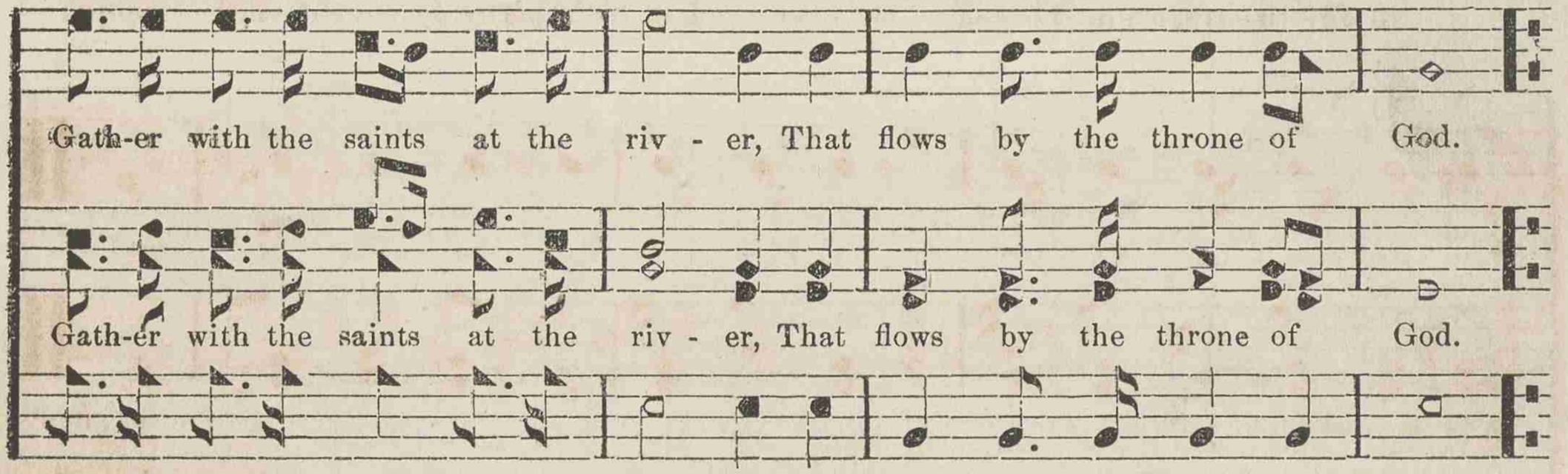

1 Joy - ful -ly, joy - ful - ly, on-ward we move, Bound for the land of bright spirits a-bove;
Je - sus our Sa - vior, in mer - cy says come, Joy - ful - ly, joy-ful-ly, haste to your home:
2 Teachers, and scholars have passed on be-fore, Wait-ing they watch us approaching the shore:
Sing-ing to cheer us while pass-ing a - long, Joy - ful - ly, Joy-ful-ly haste to your home:
Soon will our pil-grim-age end here be-low, Soon to the pres-ence of God we shall go,
Sounds of sweet mu - sic there rav-ish the ear, Harps of the bless - ed, your strains we shall hear,
Then if to Je - sus our hearts have been giv'n, Joy-ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, rest we in heav'n.
Fill-ing with har - mo - ny heav-en's high dome, Joy-ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, Je - sus, we come.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

REV. R. LOWRY. By permission.



CHORUS.



4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Savior's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.

5 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease:
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

1 Je-ru-sa-lem, for-ev-er bright, Beau-ti-ful land of rest; No winter there, nor chill of night—
2 Je - ru - sa - lem, for-ev-er free, Beau-ti-ful land of rest; The soul's sweet home of lib-er-ty,—
3 Je - ru - sa - lem for-ev-er dear, Beau-ti-ful land of rest; Thy pearl-y gates al-most ap-pear—

Beau-ti - ful land of rest! The dripping cloud is chased away, The sun breaks forth in endless day;
Beau-ti - ful land of rest! The gyves of sin, the chains of woe, The ransomed there shall never know,
Beau-ti - ful land of rest! And when we tread thy lovely shore, We'll sing the song we've sung be-fore,

CHORUS.

Je - ru-sa-lem! Je - ru - sa-lem! The beau-ti-ful land of rest! Beau-ti-ful land, beau-ti-ful land,

Je - ru - sa-lem! Je - ru-sa-lem! The beau-ti - ful land of rest! Beau-ti-ful land, beau-ti-ful land,

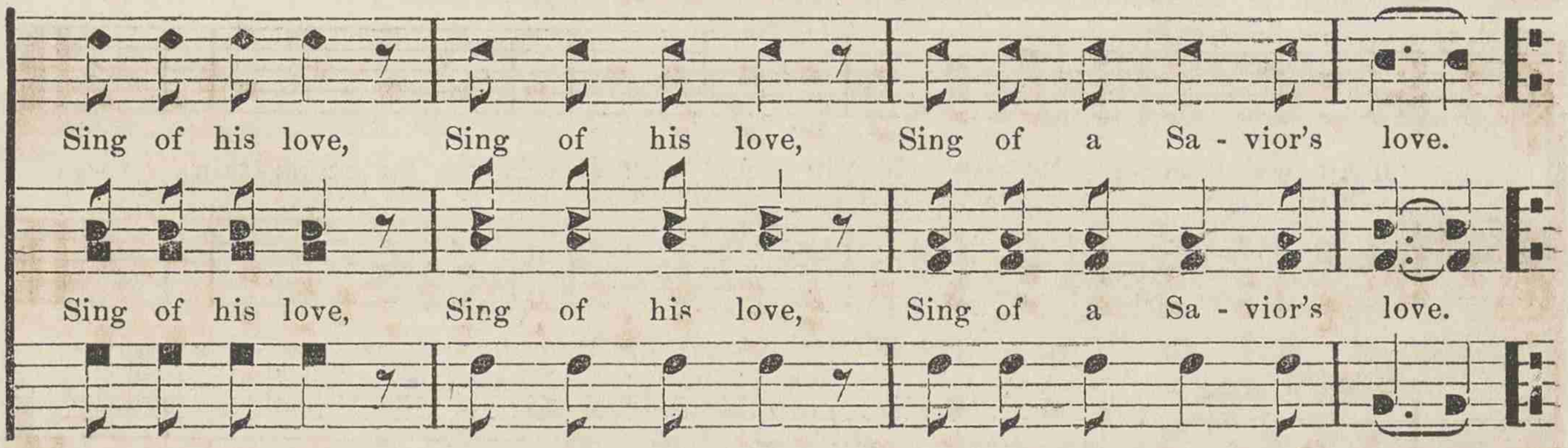
Beau-ti - ful land of rest! Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land, Beau-ti - ful land of rest!

Beau-ti - ful land of rest! Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land, Beau-ti - ful land of rest!

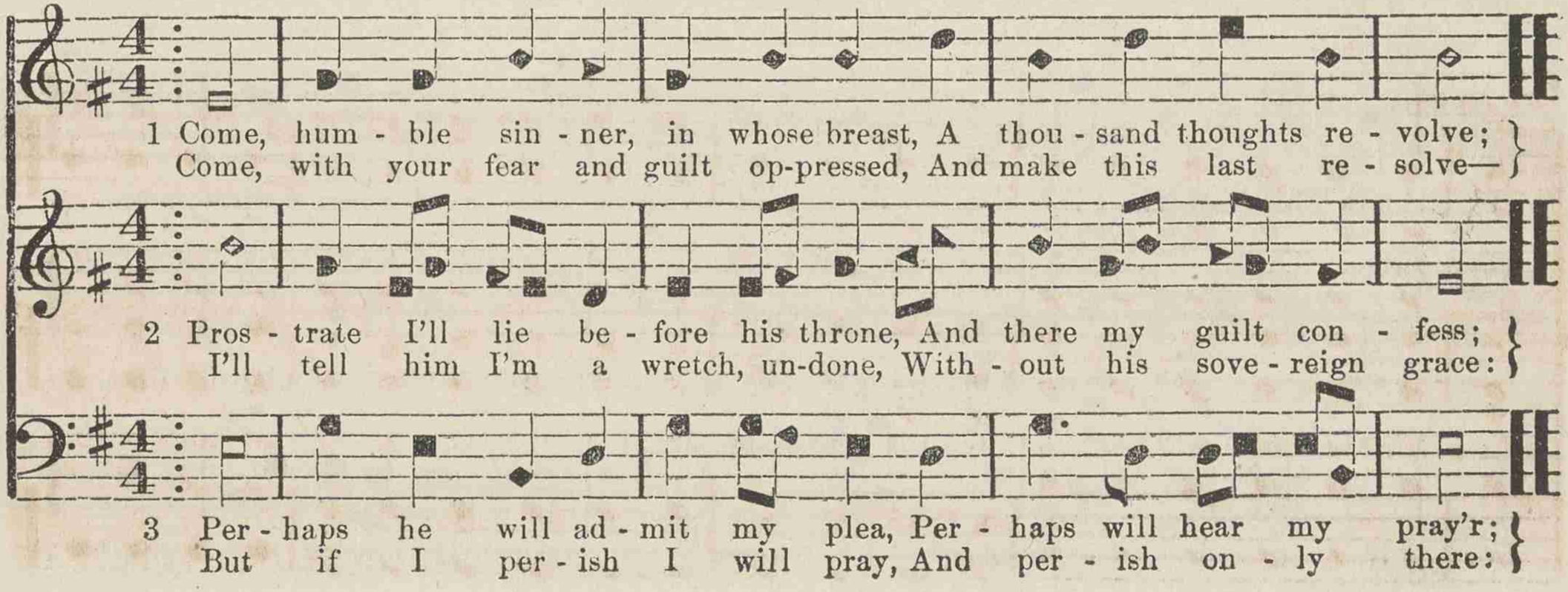
SING OF A SAVIOR'S LOVE.

Arranged.

CHORUS.



SALVATION. C. M.



"I'll go to Je - sus, though my sins Have like a moun - tain rose;
"I'll to the gra - cious King ap - proach, Whose scep - tre par - don gives;
"I can but per - ish if I go, I am re - solved to try:

I know his courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op - pose.
Per - haps he may com - mand my touch, And then the sup - pliant lives.
For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die."

1 I love to stay where my moth - er sleeps, And gaze on each star,
2 I love to kneel on the green turf there, A - far from the scenes
3 I still re - mem - ber how oft she led And knelt me by her,
4 I love to think how, be - neath the ground, She slum - bers in death,

as it twinkling peeps, Thro' that bending wil-low, which lone-ly weeps, O'er my mother's grave.
of my dai - ly care, And breathe to my Sa - vior my eve-ning prayer, O'er my mother's grave.
as with God she plead That I might be His when the clod was spread O'er my moth-er's grave.
as a Cap-tive bound, She'll slumber no more when the trump shall sound O'er my mother's grave.

MISS F. J. CROSBY.

THE POLAR STAR.

T. E. PERKINS.

From "Shining Star," by permission.

1 Wea - ry wand'-rer o'er the main, Seek - ing for thy home a - gain,

2 Stran - ger on a rock - y strand, Long-ing for thy Fath - er - land,

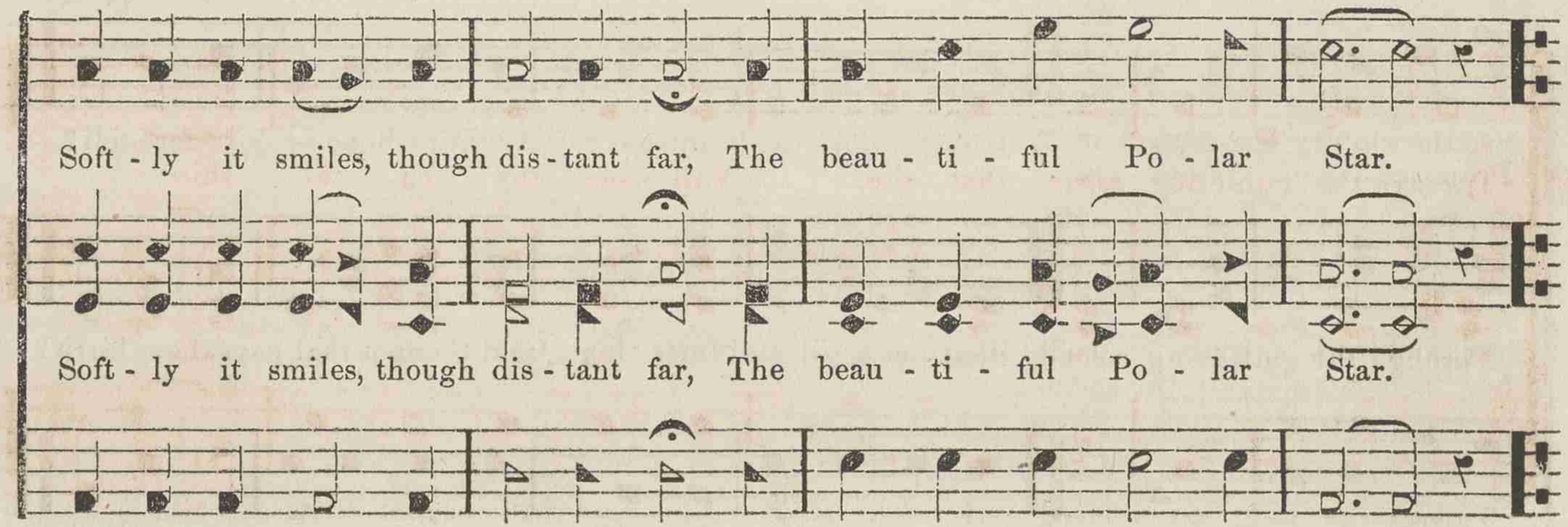
3 Lone - ly watch-ing, pale with grief, Thou shalt find a sweet re - lief;

Through the gath-ering mists that rise, Vail - ing thy na - tal skies.

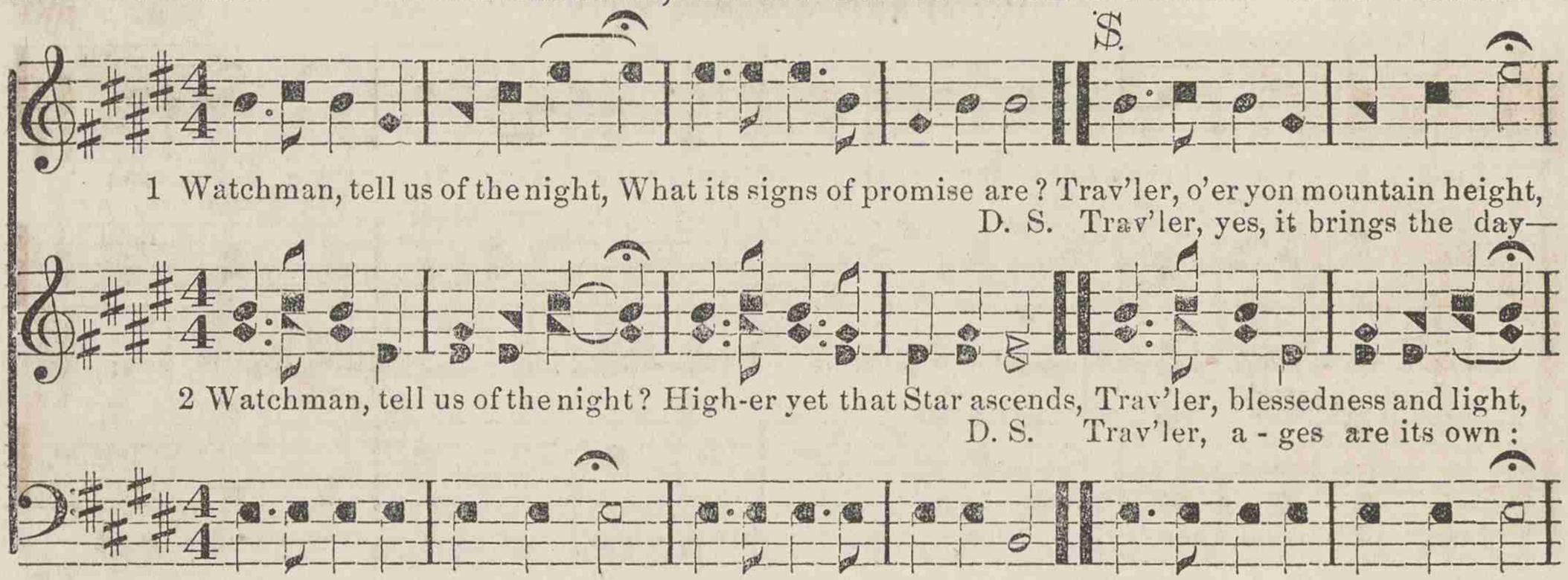
Through the gath-ering clouds that rise, Vail - ing thy na - tal skies.

Though thy tears un - heed - ed fall, Je - sus will count them all.

Look be - yond, there's light for thee, Stream - ing o'er the tur - bid sea;
Look be - yond, there's hope for thee, Dawn - ing o'er a tran - quil sea;
Look be - yond, there's joy for thee, Break - ing o'er a trou - bled sea;


Soft - ly it smiles, though dis - tant far, The beau - ti - ful Po - lar Star.
Soft - ly it smiles, though dis - tant far, The beau - ti - ful Po - lar Star.

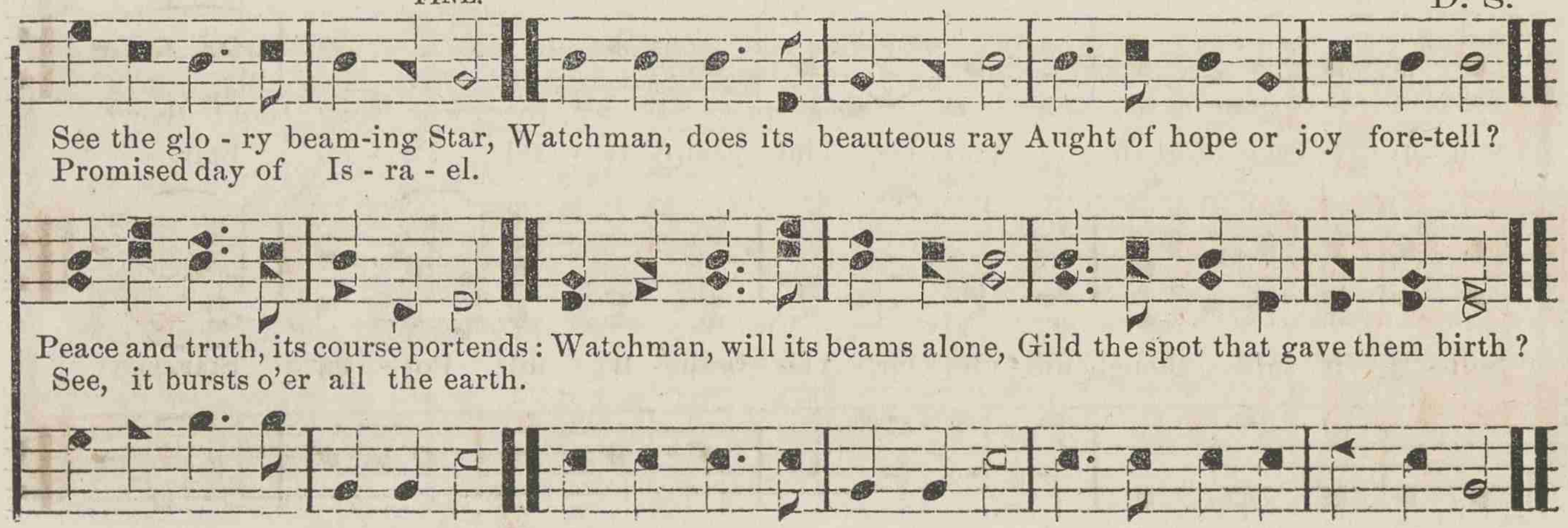
WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT.



1 Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are? Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain height,
D. S. Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day—

2 Watchman, tell us of the night? High-er yet that Star ascends, Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
D. S. Trav'ler, a - ges are its own:

FINE. D. S.



See the glo - ry beam-ing Star, Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell?
Promised day of Is - ra - el.

Peace and truth, its course portends: Watchman, will its beams alone, Gild the spot that gave them birth?
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

FINE.

1 Who will sing, if not the chil-dren? Did not Je-sus die for them?
May they not, with oth - er jew-els, Spar-kle in His di - a - dem?
D. C. Why, un-less the songs of heav-en They be-gin to prac-tice here?

2 There's a choir of in - fant song-sters, White-robed round the Sa- - vior's throne;
An-gels cease, and wait - ing, lis - ten, Oh! 'tis sweet-er than their own!
D. C. Is it not the same per - fect-ed, Which up-on the earth they learned?

3 Je-sus when on earth so - journ-ing, Loved them with a won-drous love:
And will he, to heav'n re - turn-ing, Faith-less to his bless-ing prove?
D. C. Birds sing while the day is break-ing — Tell me, then, why may not they?

D. C.

Why to them were voic - es giv - en— Bird-like voic - es, sweet and clear—
Faith can hear the rapt - 'rous cho - ral, When her ear is up - ward turned:

Oh! they can-not sing too ear - ly! Fa-thers, stand not in the way!

GEO. P. MORRIS.

THE SAVIOR'S COMMAND.

J. S. VAIL.

By Permission.

1 O'er the por-tals of mer - cy these words are inscribed, And writ-ten in let - ters of gold:
2 O, ye wea - ry, draw nigh, 'tis the place of re - pose; Ye foot-sore, your journeyings cease;
3 All ye mourners, be - liev-ing, in con - fi-dence come; Ye des - o-late, haste to look up;

The way-far - ing man may be - hold them a - far, And knock at the heav - en - ly fold:
Ye toil-worn with la - bor, new vig - or put on, And knock at the por - tals of peace;
Ye trou-bled in heart, be re - signed to his word, And knock at the por - tals of hope;

CHORUS.

Knock, knock, knock! 'tis the Sa - vior's com-mand, Knock at the por - tals a - bove;

4 And ye sinners, O come! there's a palace for you,
Prepared by the Builder above;
Approach with your burden, in meekness submit,
And knock at the portals of love.

5 They're all waiting within, and the feast is prepared,
What folly to tarry and wait!
Let every one come in obedient haste,
And knock at the heavenly gate.

KELLY.

GLORY TO THE LAMB.

B. BLAKE.

Music contributed to "Bright Gems."

1 Down the a - ges, long de - part - ed, For a mo-ment look and won-der; List-en to the
2 See! the clouds are round a-bout Him, And the aw-ful trumpet soundeth, While the Lord up-
3 Lo! He rides up - on the tem-pest! Death and hell themselves do fear Him! All the worlds He
4 Standing by the quak-ing mountain, All the hosts of Is - rael trem-ble! In the pres-ence

Ten Commandments, Loud-er, far, than Si - nai's thun-der, Hear a Voice which speaks to thee:
on the moun-tain, His un-chang-ing law pro-pound-eth: "Jeal-ous is thy God, and thou
hath cre - a - ted! When He speak-eth, let us hear him! "Nev - er shalt thou take the Name
of the Ho - ly, Who can tri - fle or dis - sem - ble! Thou shalt mind the Sab - bath day,

5 King of kings, Jehovah! Jireh!
Thou art God; there is no other;
From of old we hear Thee saying—
"Thou shalt honor father, mother,
That thy days full long may be,
In the land God gives to thee."

6 Awful words from Sinai sounding,
Who shall question or gainsay them?
Like the lightning are His glances,
Who shall dare to disobey them?
There, "Thou shalt not kill," was writ;
"Nor adultery commit."

7 Lo! he looks through all disguises;
Tears each flimsy vail asunder!
Like the lightnings are his glances,
And his voice is like the thunder!
And to us he doth reveal,
This his will, "Thou shalt not steal."

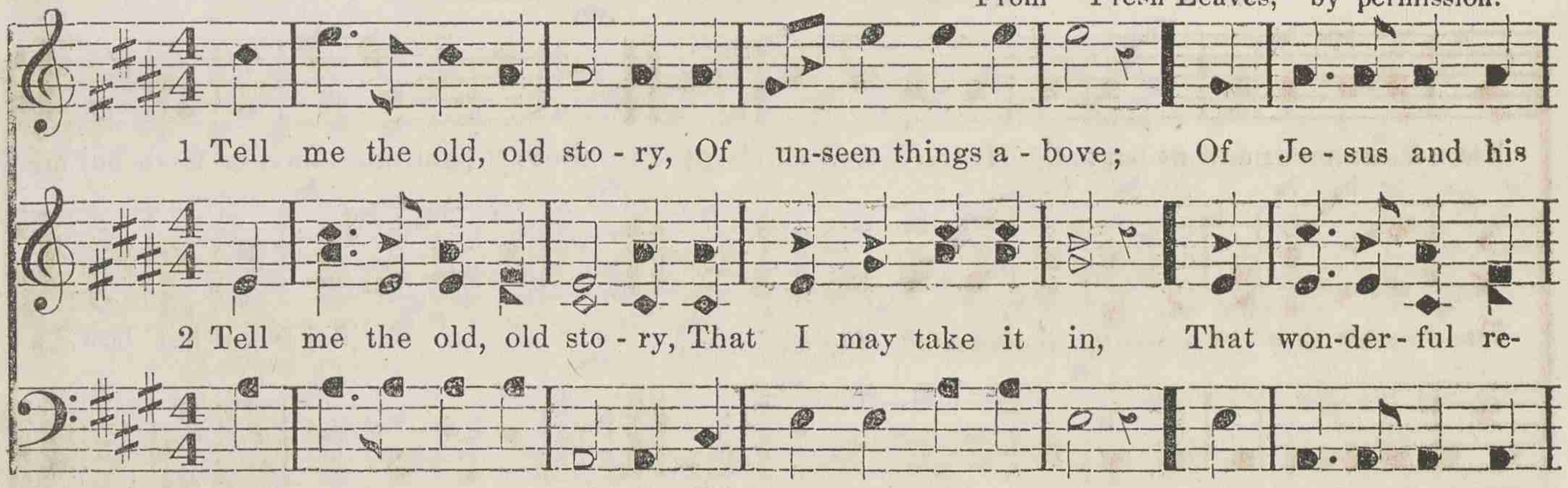
8 No false witness 'gainst thy neighbor,
Shalt thou bear; and thou shalt never
Covet aught that he possesseth,
Saith the God who lives forever;
The great God who from on high,
Waits to judge thee by and by.

LORD A. RUSSELL.

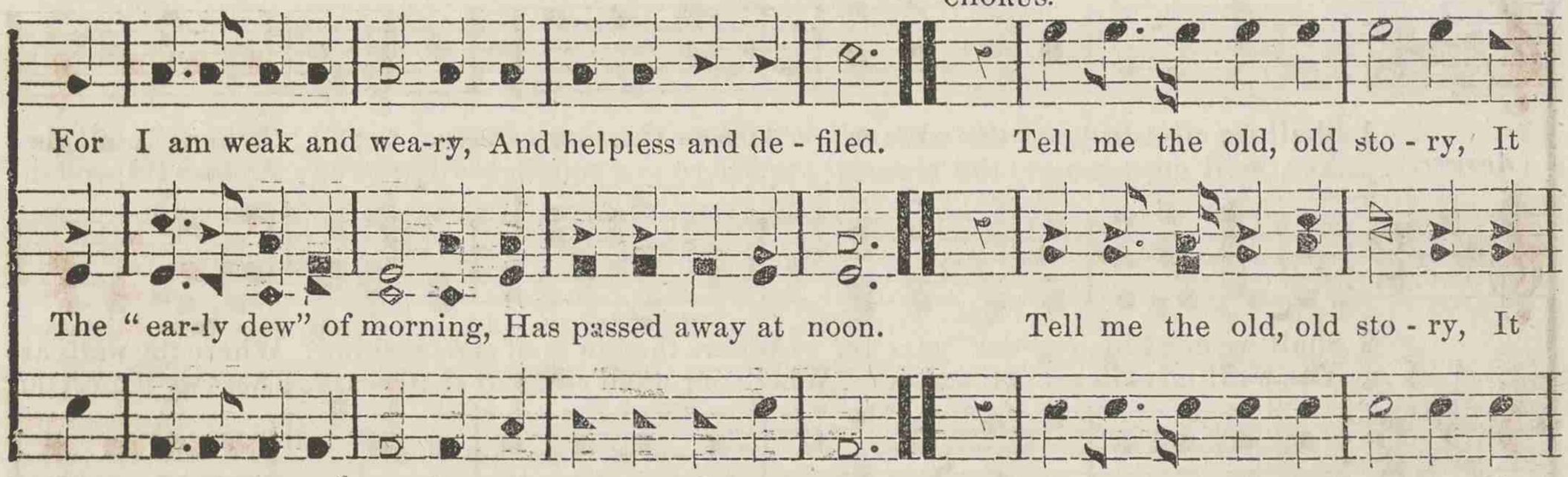
THE OLD, OLD STORY.

T. C. O'KANE.

From "Fresh Leaves," by permission.



CHORUS.


For I am weak and wea-ry, And helpless and de - filed. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, It
The "ear-ly dew" of morning, Has passed away at noon. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, It
In a - ny time of trou-ble, A com-fort - er to me. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, It
Tell me the old, old story, "CHRIST JESUS MAKES THEE WHOLE." Tell me, &c.

will my spir - it move; Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.
will my spir - it move; Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.
will my spir - it move; Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.

SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?

P. PHILLIPS.
From "Musical Leaves."

1 Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surg-es cease to roll? Where, in all the
(*Answer.*) Yes, we'll meet beyond the riv - er, Where our con-flicts all are o'er; And we'll spend the

2 Shall we meet in yon-der ci - ty, Where the tow'rs of crystal shine? Where the walls are
Yes, we'll meet in yonder mansions, Where our wand'rings all shall cease; There we'll meet our

CHORUS.

bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul? Shall we meet? Shall we meet?
blest for - ev - er, On the bright, ce - les - tial shore: We shall meet! We shall meet!

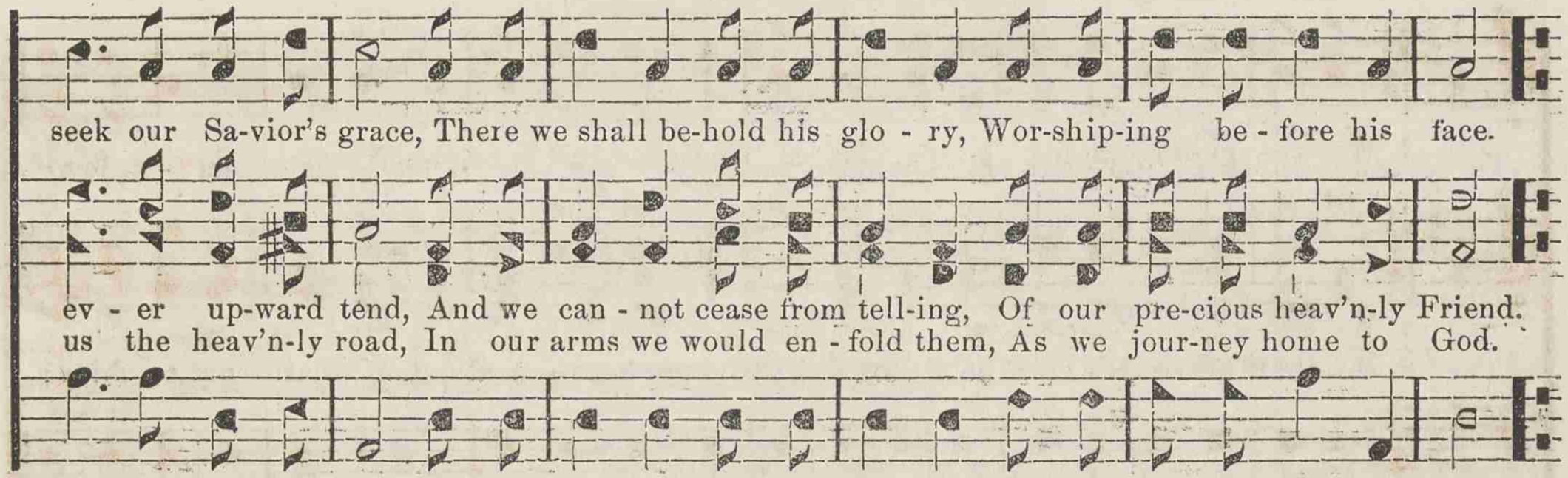
all of jas - per, Built of work-man-ship di - vine? Shall we meet? Shall we meet?
dear com-pan - ions, And be crowned with perfect peace: We shall meet! We shall meet!

3 Shall we meet with many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?
Shall we meet? &c.
Yes, we'll meet with bliss immortal,
Sweeter far than rest can be;
And before the throne eternal,
All our earthly triumphs see.
We shall meet, &c.

4 Shall we meet with Christ our Savior,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?
Shall we meet? &c.
We shall meet where all is onward,
Every change new glories bring;
And the host still moving forward,
Glorify our heavenly King.
We shall meet, &c.

WE ARE GOING.

1 We are go-ing, go-ing, go-ing, To a land where all is bright, Where are flowing, flowing,
2 We are sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, As we joy - full pass a - long; Hear the ringing, ringing,
3 We are pray-ing, pray-ing, pray-ing, For the sin-ners all a-round, Who are straying, straying,
4 Thus while years are fleeting, fleeting, Pace we on with prayer and song, Hasten to the meeting,
flow-ing, Liv - ing wa - ters, pure and bright; Here we learn Re-demp-tion's sto - ry, Here we
ring-ing, Of our glad, tri-umph-ant song: Hap - pi - ness our heart is swell - ing, As we
stray-ing, In a mis - er - y pro - found: We are long - ing, to be - hold them Tread with
meet-ing, Of the blood-washed, ransomed throng: Je-sus, Sa - vior, leave us nev - er, Help us,



NEW JERUSALEM.

To gaze on his glo - ries di - vine, Shall be my e - ter - nal em - ploy,
The crown that my Sa - vior be - stows Yon per - ma - nent sun shall out - shine;

And feel them in - ces - sant - ly shine, My bound-less, in - ef - fa - ble joy.
My joy ev - er - last - ing - ly flows,— My God, my Re - deem - er is mine.

HAMMOND says: "This was first sung in Scotland, when hundreds were asking, 'What shall we do to be saved?'"

1 Come to Jesus, Just now.—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you Rest." Matth. 11: 28.

2 He will save you, Just now.—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be SAVED." Acts 16: 31.

3 O, believe him, Just now.—"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever BELIEVETH on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Jn. 3: 16.

4 He is able, Just now.—"He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us."—Heb. 7: 25.

5 He is willing, Just now.—"The Lord is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." 2 Pet. 3: 9.

6 He'll receive you, Just now.—"He that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." John 6: 37.

7 Flee to Jesus, Just now.—"Flee from the wrath to come." Matth. 3: 7.

8 Call upon him, Just now.—"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." Acts 2: 21.

9 He will hear you, Just now.—"And Jesus said unto him, Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole." Mark 10: 52.

10 He'll have mercy, Just now.—"Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me." Mark 10: 49.

11 He'll forgive you, Just now.—"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." 1 John 1: 9.

12 He will cleanse you, Just now.—"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin." 1 Jn. 1: 7.

13 He'll renew you, Just now.—"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." 2 Cor. 5: 17.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

J. W. DADMUN.

1 In the Christian's home of glo - ry, There re-mains a land of rest; There my Savior's gone be-

2. He is fit - ting us a man - sion, Which e-ter - nal - ly shall stand, For my stay shall not be

3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But in that ce - les - tial

4 Death it-self shall then be vanquished, And its sting shall be withdrawn; Shout for gladness, O ye

CHORUS.

fore me, To ful - fill my soul's re - quest:
tran-sient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land:
cen - tre, I a crown of life shall wear:
ran-somed, Hail with joy the hap - py morn:

There is rest for the wea - ry! There is
On the oth - er side of Jor-dan, In the
There is rest for the wea-ry, There is
On the oth-er side of Jor-dan, In the
There is sweet rest, &c,

rest for the wea - ry! There is rest for the wea - ry! There is rest for you!
sweet fields of E - den, Where the Tree of Life is bloom-ing, There is rest for you!

rest for the wea - ry! There is rest for the wea - ry! There is rest for you!
sweet fields of E - den, Where the Tree of Life is bloom-ing, There is rest for you!

THE CHRISTIAN'S MISSION.

T. C. O'KANE.

1 Broth-er, you may work for Jesus; God has giv - en you a place, In some por-tion of his

2 Broth-er, you may pray for Je - sus, In your clos - et, and at home; In the vil-lage, in the

3 Broth-er, you may sing for Je - sus; O how pre-cious is his love! Praise him for his boundless
4 Broth-er, you may live for Je-sus, Him who died that you might live; O, then, all your ransomed

vineyard, And will give sustaining grace. He has bid - den you, "go, la-bor," And has promised a re-
ci - ty, Or wher - ev - er you may roam: Pray that God may send the Spir-it In-to some dear sin-ner's
blessings, Ev-er coming from a-bove. Sing how Je - sus died to save you; How your sin and guilt he
powers, Cheerful to his ser-vice give. Thus for Je - sus you may la - bor, And for Je - sus sing and

ward, E - ven joy and life e - ter-nal, In the kingdom of our Lord, In the king-dom of our Lord.
heart, And that in his soul's salvation, You may bear some humble part, You may bear some humble part.
bore; How his blood has sealed your pardon; "Sing for Jesus," evermore, "Sing for Jesus," ev-er-more.
pray, Con-se-crate your life to Je-sus—Love and serve him eve-ry day, Love and serve him every day.

1 I have sought round the verdant earth, For un - fa - ding joy;
I have tried eve - ry source of mirth, But all, all will cloy;
Lord, be -

2 I have wan-dered in ma - zes dark, Of doubt and dis - tress;
I have had not a kind-ling spark, My spir - it to bless:
Cheer-less

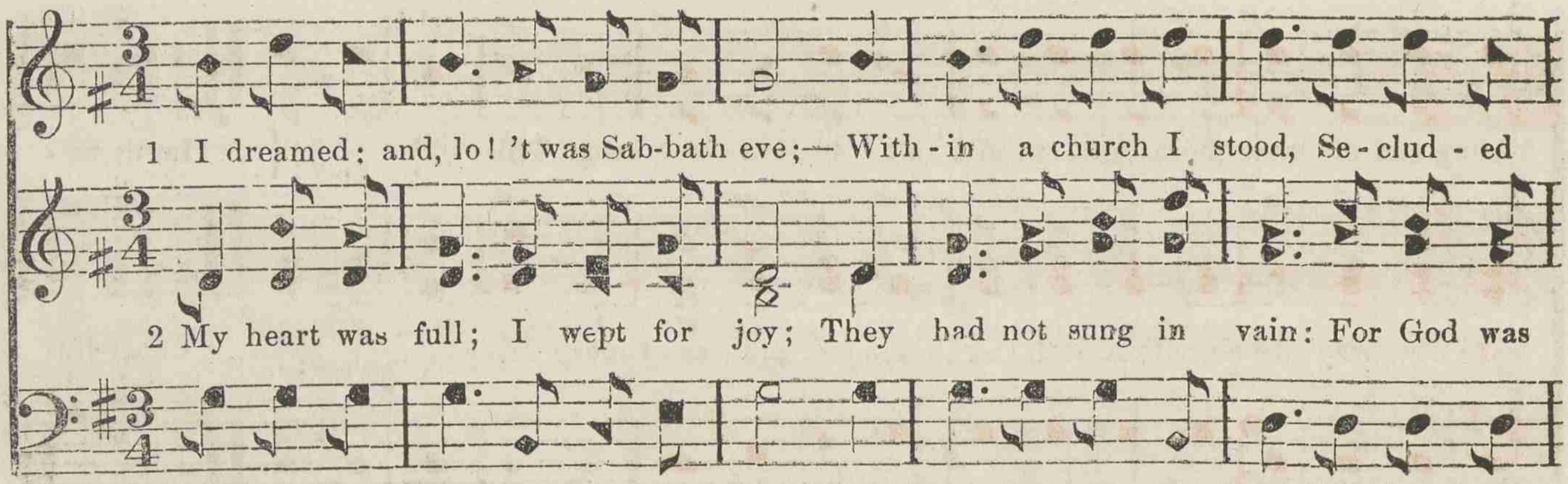
3 I then turned to thy Gos - pel, Lord, From fol - ly a - way;
I then trust - ed thy ho - ly word, That taught me to pray:
Here I

4 I will praise now my heav'n-ly King, I'll praise and a - dore;
I'll the heart's rich-est trib-ute bring, To thee, God of power:
And in

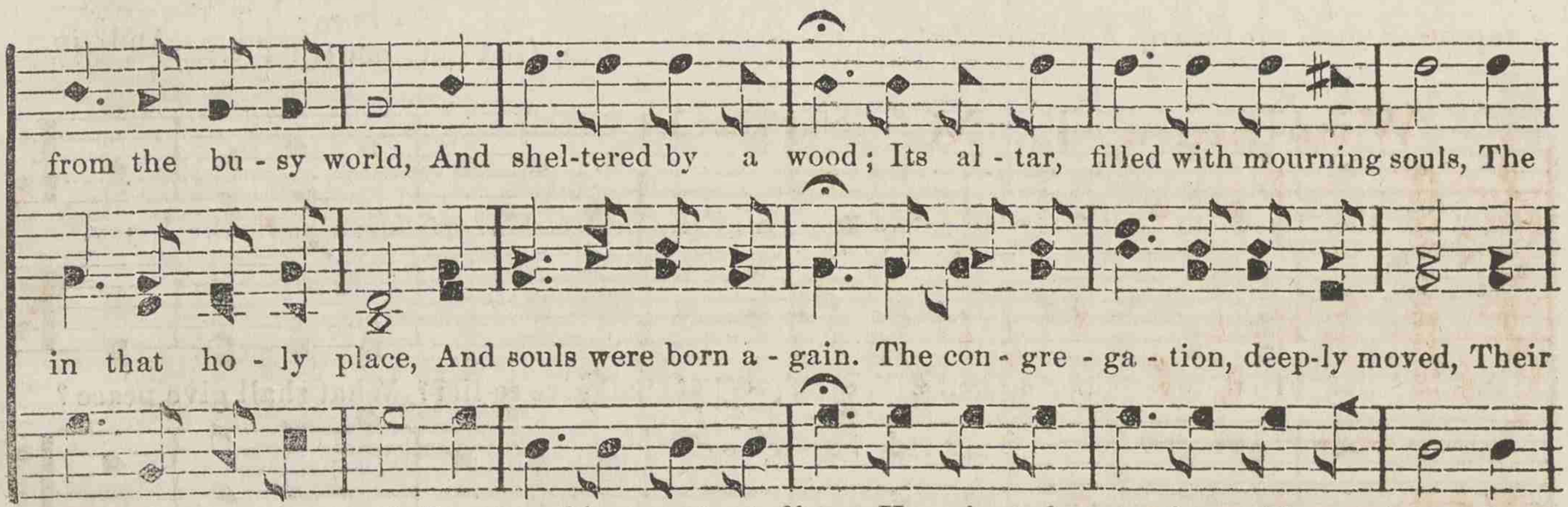
stow on me, Grace to set my spir - it free; Thine the praise shall be; Mine, mine the joy.

un - be - lief, Fill'd my la-boring soul with grief; What shall give re-lief? What shall give peace?

found re - lief; Here my wea - ry soul found rest; Hope of end-less bliss, E - ter - nal day.
heav'n a-bove, Saved by thy re-deem - ing love, Loud the strain shall move, For ev - er - more.



1 I dreamed; and, lo! 't was Sab-bath eve;— With-in a church I stood, Se-clud-ed
2 My heart was full; I wept for joy; They had not sung in vain: For God was
3 The scene was changed; and as I passed A-long the sea of time, The church of
4 Then swift-er than the light'ning wing, In air I seemed to rise; And in my



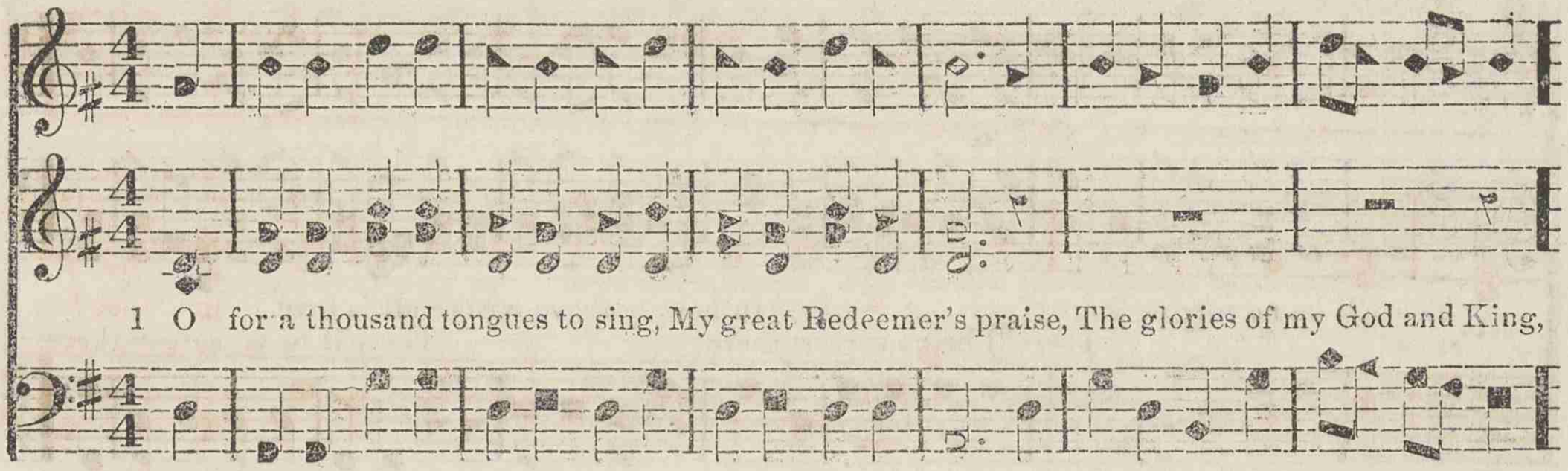
from the bu-sy world, And shel-tered by a wood; Its al-tar, filled with mourning souls, The
in that ho-ly place, And souls were born a-gain. The con-gre-ga-tion, deep-ly moved, Their
God, with one ac-cord, From earth's re-mot-est clime, U-ni-ted at the self-same hour, In
dream, a voice I heard, That filled me with surprise: "'T is done," He cried, "from heav'n and earth, One

Windham. L. M. (Sing after 1st verse.)

WINDHAM—Continued.

ARLINGTON. (Sing after 2d verse.)

CORONATION. (Sing after 3d verse.)



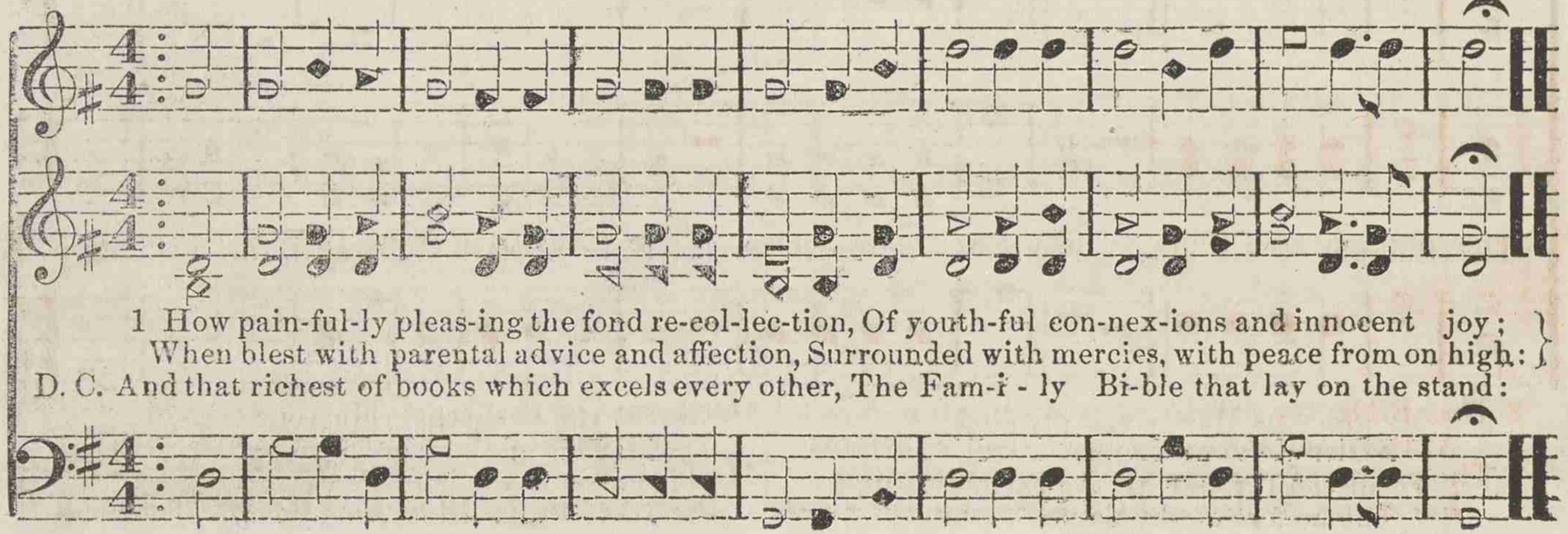
2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

THE HEAVENLY SHORE. (Sing after 4th verse.)

THE OLDFASHIONED BIBLE.

A. M. HALE.



D. C.

I still view the chairs of my fath-er and moth-er; The seats of the offspring as ranged on each hand;

CHORUS.

The old-fashioned Bible, The dear blessed Bible, The fam-i-ly Bi-ble that lay on the stand.

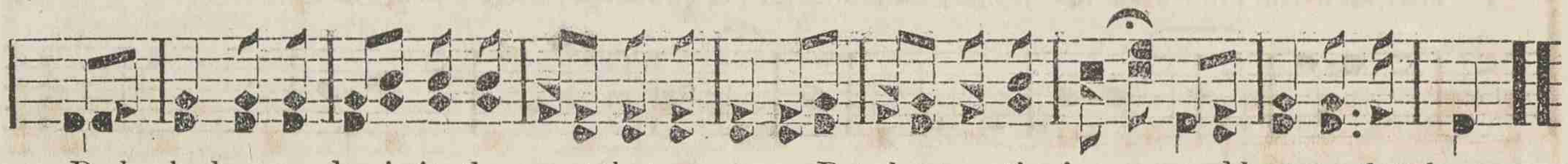
2 That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening could yield us delight;
The prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation
For mercy by day and for safety through night.
Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of a family band,
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.

THE ANGELS' WELCOME.

REV. R. LOWRY.
By permission.

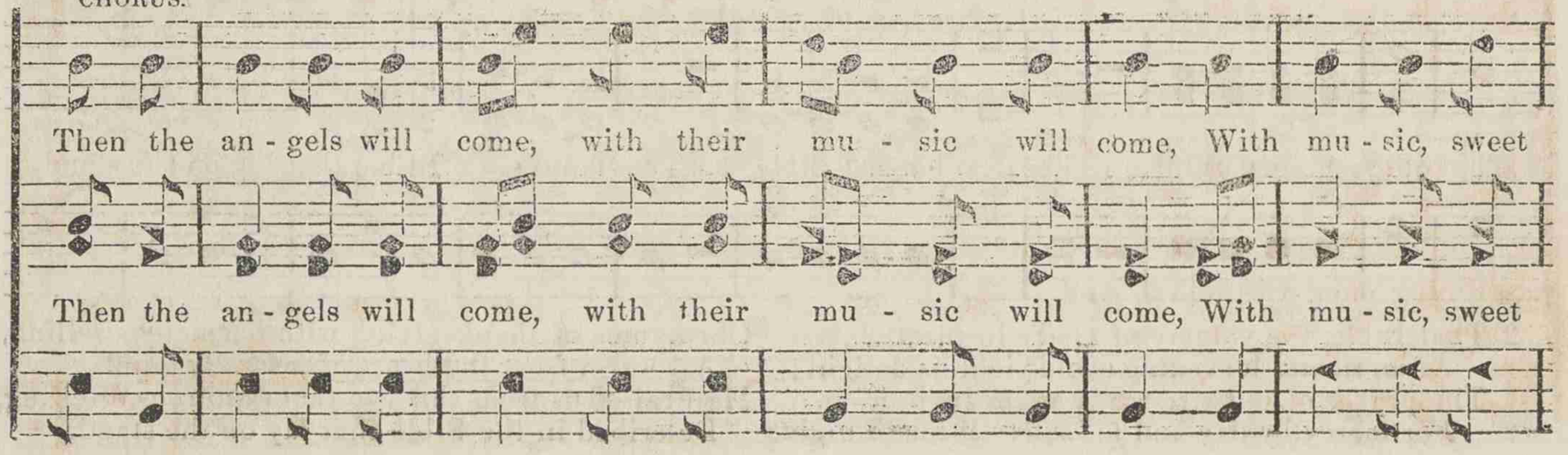
DUET.

1 My rest is in heav-en, my rest is not here, Then why should I murmur when trials apper?
2 It is not for me to be seek-ing my bliss, Or building my hopes on a re-gion like this;
3 Af-flic-tions may press me, they cannot destroy— One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy;
4 Let tri-al and danger my progress oppose, They only make heaven more sweet at the close;



Be hushed, my sad spir-it, the worst that can come, But shortens thy journey and hastens thee home.
I look for a ci-ty that hands have not piled, I pant for a coun-try by sin un-de-filed.
And the bit-ter-est tears, if he smiles but on them, Like dew in the sun-shine, grow dia-mond and gem.
Come joy, or come sor-row, what-e'er may be-fall, One hour with my Sa-vior will make up for all.

CHORUS.

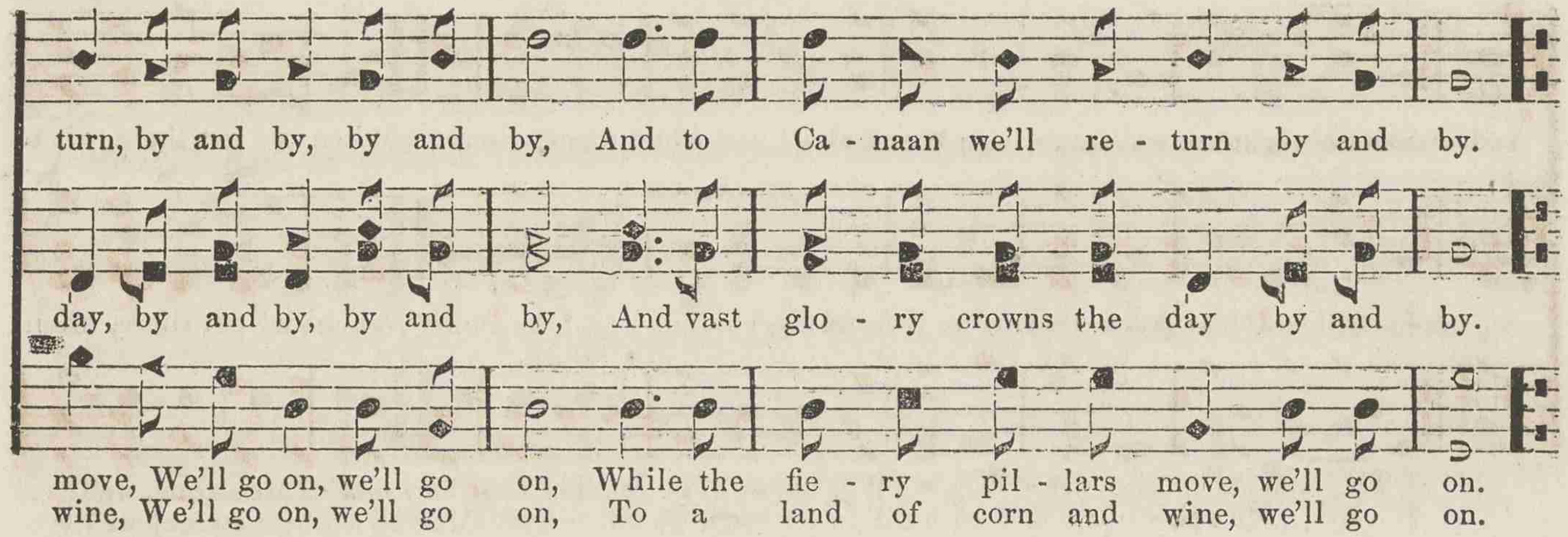


mu - sic to wel - come me home; In the bright gates of crys - tal the
mu - sic to wel - come me home; In the bright gates of crys - tal the

shi-ning ones will stand, And sing me a wel-come to their own na - tive land.
shi-ning ones will stand, And sing me a wel-come to their own na - tive land.

1 Our bond-age here will end by and by, by and by, Our bond-age here will end by and
2 Our De-liv'rer, he will come by and by, by and by, Our De-liv'r-er, he will come by and
3 Tho' our en - e-mies are strong, we'll go on, we'll go on, Tho' our en - e-mies are strong, we'll go
4 By Ma-rah's bitter stream we'll go on, we'll go on, By Ma-rah's bit-ter stream we'll go

by; From E-gypt's yoke set free, Hail the glo-rious ju - bi - lee! And to Ca-naan we'll re-
by,— Our sor-rows have an end, With our three-score years and ten, And vast glo - ry crown the
on; Tho' our hearts dissolve with fear, Lo! Si-nai's God is near; While the fie - ry pil - lars
on; Though Ba - ca's vale be dry, And this land yields no sup - ply, To a land of corn and

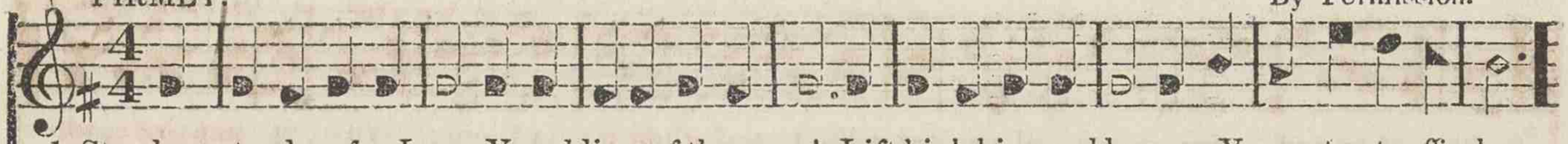


W. BAXTER. **CROSS AND CROWN.** PHILLIP PHILLIPS.

3 There we must bear the cross, and in
The path our Master trod, pursue,
And 'mid reproach and shame, still keep
His bright example in our view.
When we get there we shall lay down
The cross, and wear a glorious crown.

FIRMLY.

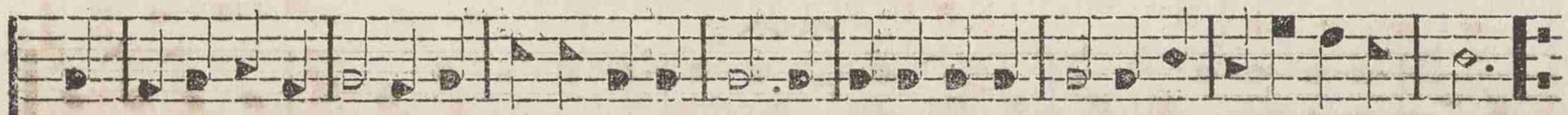
By Permission.



1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross! Lift high his royal banner, Ye must not suffer loss;

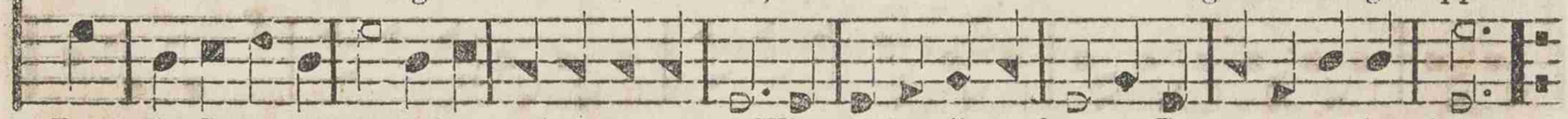
2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus! The trumpet call obey! Forth to the mighty conflict, In this his glorious day;

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus! Stand in His strength alone! The arm of flesh will fail you. Ye dare not trust your own;
4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus! The strife will not be long! This day the noise of battle, The next the victor's song;



From vict'ry unto vict'ry, His army shall He lead, Till every foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord indeed.

Ye that are men, now serve him, Your courage rise with danger,
Against un-num-bered foes, And strength to strenght oppose.



Put on the Gospel armor, And, watching unto prayer, Where duty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev-er wanting there.
To him that o-ver-com-eth, A crown of life shall be; He with the King of glory, Shall reign e-tern-al - ly.

THE FLAG OF THE FREE.

T. E. PERKINS.
By permission.

1 Like the heroes who gave us the land that we love, We will fight for our home and the country above;

2 With the sword of the Spirit, and pray'r for our shield, In the strength of our Lord let us on to the field;

3 Lo! the angel of hope, from the portals of day, Drops a smile, like a sunbeam of joy, on our way:
4 Let us stand by the cross till our du-ty is done, Till the con-flict is o'er and our vict'-ry is won;

And the ban-ner of Je-sus, en-twined may it be, With our beau-ti-ful standard, the Flag of the Free:

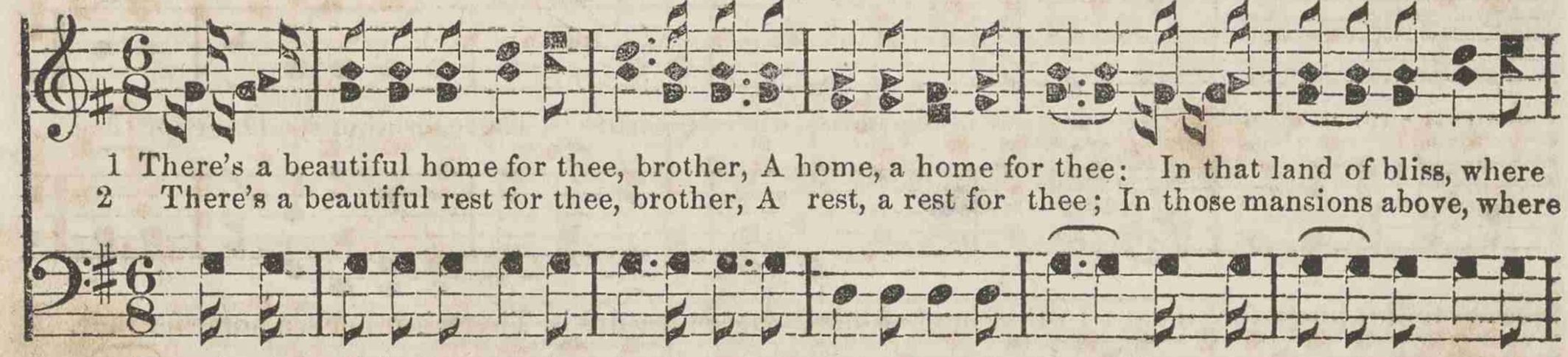
And the ban-ner of Je-sus shall wave o'er the sea, With our beau-ti-ful standard, the Flag of the Free:

She will blend them in beau-ty, and wave o'er the sea, With our beautiful standard, the Flag of the Free:
Till our na-tion u - nit - ed to Je-sus shall be, The ban-ner of Je-sus, the Flag of the Free.

CHORUS.

THE HOME ABOVE.

A. J. ABBEY.



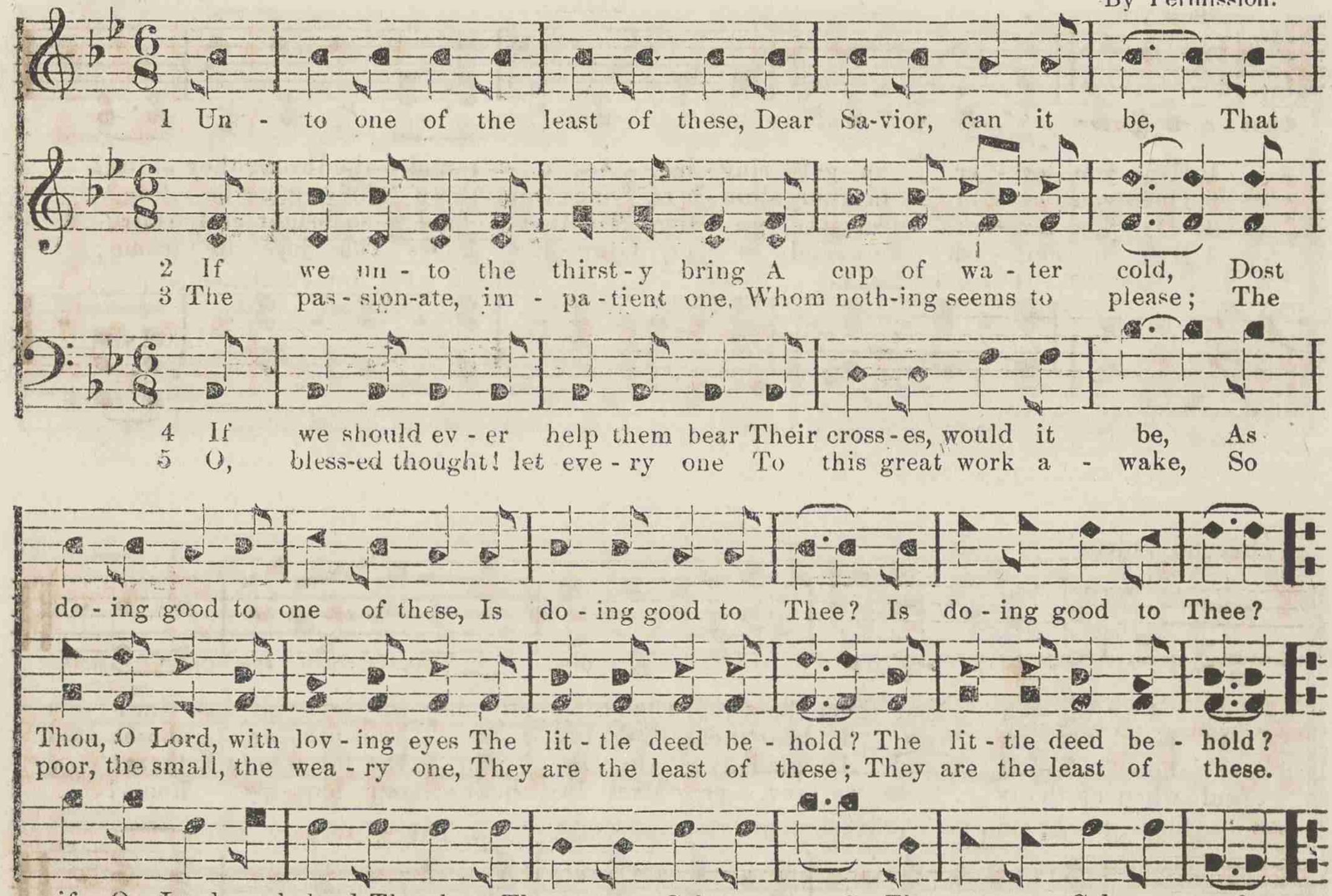
CHORUS.

pleas-ure is, There, brother's, a home for thee: A beau - ti - ful home for thee, broth-er, A
all is love, There, brother's, a rest for thee: A beau - ti - ful home for thee, brother, A
vict'-ry won, Our Sa-vior will give it to thee: A beau - ti - ful home, &c.
pure and bright, A glo - ri-ous robe for thee;
all is bright, That land where all is love:

beau - ti - ful home for thee; In that land of bliss, where pleasure is, There, brother's, a home for thee.
beau - ti - ful home for thee: In that land of bliss, where pleasure is, There, brother's, a home for thee.

"UNTO One of the Least of These."

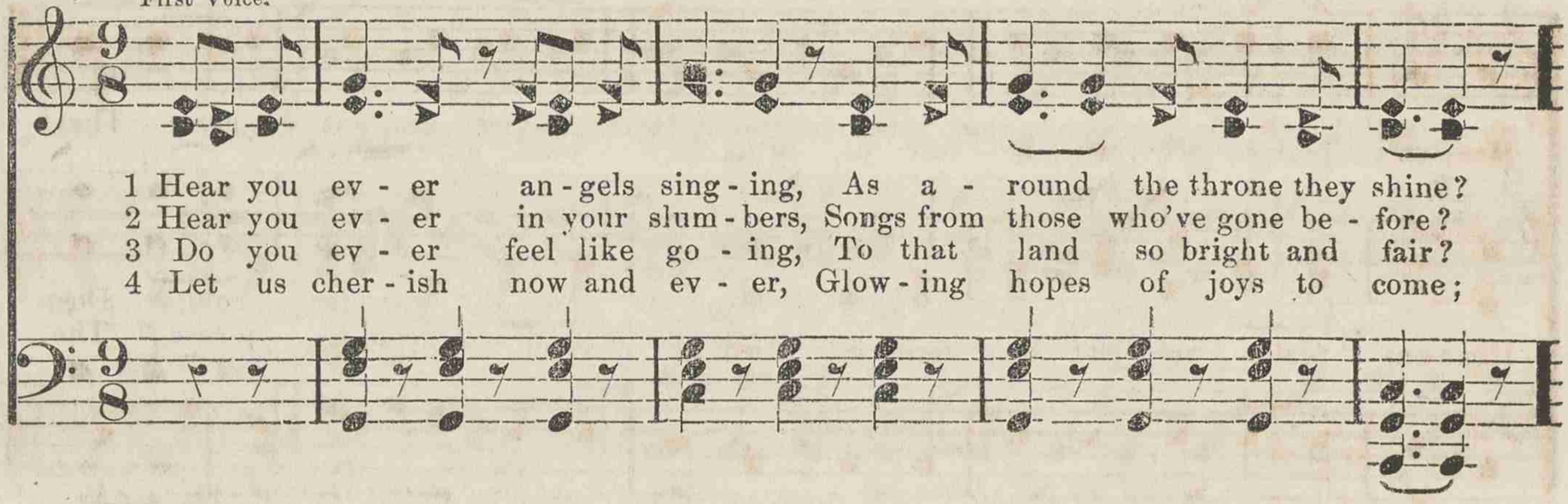
By Permission.



JUST BEYOND.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY T. C. O'KANE.
From "Musical Leaves," by permission.

First Voice.



Second Voice.

CHORUS.

Heav-en's plains are just be - fore us, Just be - - yond the shores of time;

Heav-ens plains are just be - fore us, Just be - yond the shores of time;

Soon we'll join the might - y cho - rus In that bright - er, bet - ter clime.

Soon we'll join the might - y cho - rus, In that bright - er, bet - ter clime.

DUET.

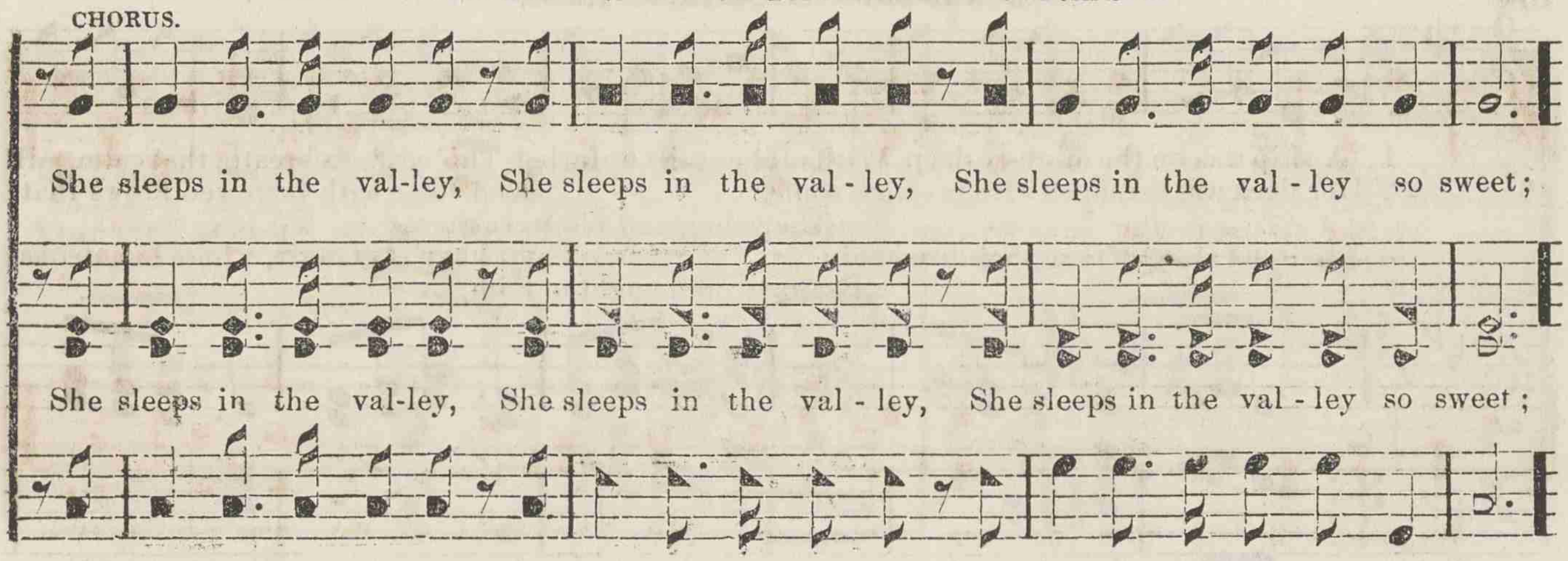
1 She sleeps in the val - ley so sweet, A - bove her the green wil-lows wave;
2 How calm - ly she rest - ed in God: To thy arms my Sa - vior, I come;

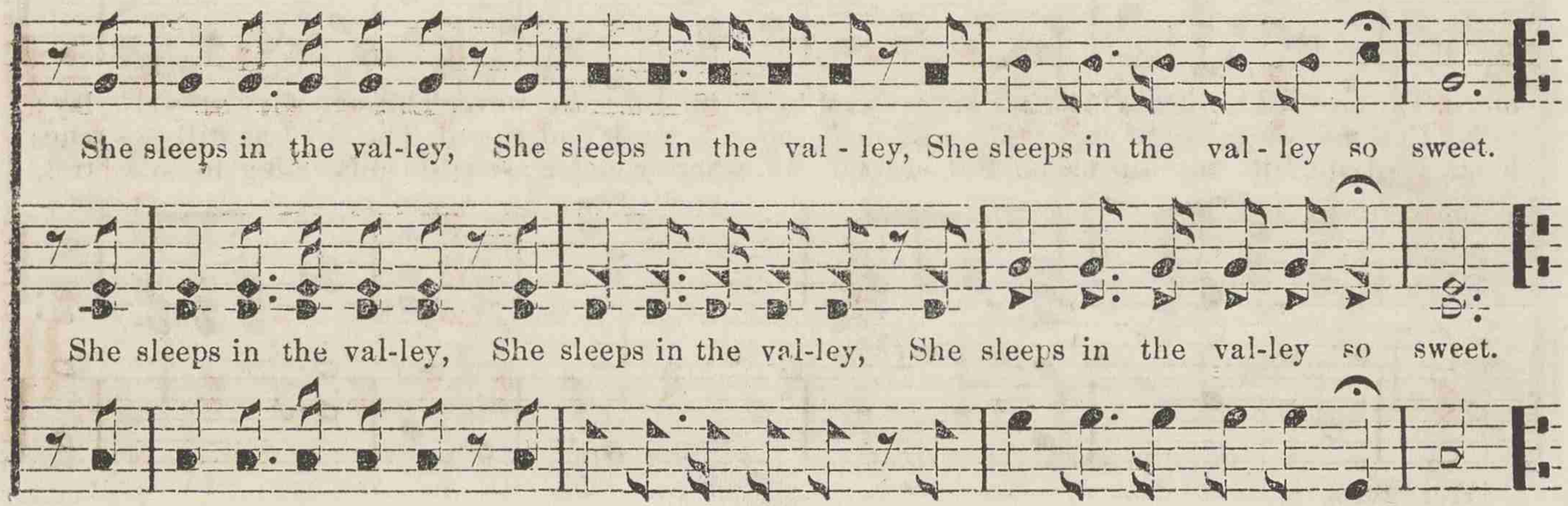
We plant - ed the rose at her feet,..... To bloom and de - cay o'er her grave:
Come quick-ly, come quick - ly, O Lord,..... And wel - come thy wan - der - er home!

She sleeps in the val-ley so sweet, No sound e'er dis - turbs her re - pose;
She sleeps in the val-ley so sweet, Her spir - it has ta - ken its flight;

So qui - et in the calm re - treat,..... She rests safe; se - cure from life's foes.
Her form is but dust at our feet,..... While she is an an - gel of light.

CHORUS.


She sleeps in the val-ley, She sleeps in the val - ley, She sleeps in the val - ley so sweet;
She sleeps in the val-ley, She sleeps in the val - ley, She sleeps in the val - ley so sweet;


She sleeps in the val-ley, She sleeps in the val - ley, She sleeps in the val - ley so sweet.
She sleeps in the val-ley, She sleeps in the val-ley, She sleeps in the val-ley so sweet.

1 A ship was on the migh-ty deep, With all her sails unfurled, Tho' scarce a breath, that calm, still
2 Her deck was thronged with precious souls, And some with furrowed brows that
The young and old were there;
3 All drank the cup that pleas-ure held, Their heav'nly Guide, whose bounteous
But gave no thought to Him,

morn, The crest-ed bil-lows curled: For many an hour up-on the wave, The state-ly ves-sel lay;
woke, Full many a trace of care: They gli-ded on— a week had passed, The sky was still se-rene;
hand, Had filled it to the brim: But, see far off, where yon-der sun Is fa-ding to his rest,

Then spread her can-vass to the breeze, And proudly sailed a-way.
As if a storm could nev - er change The beau ty of the scene.
That bank of clouds por-ten - tous rise, A-long the gold-en west!

4 Now peal on peal loud thun-ders

roll And viv-id lightnings flash! And now a-gainst the ves-sel's side, The an-gry billows dash!

Wild blows the wind! the night is dark! High, massive rocks are near! They stand aghast, that lone-ly

Rit.

throng, And cheeks are blanched with fear.

5 Quick! quick! let eve - ry sail be furled! But ere the word is

given, The helm is gone! the shroud's on fire! The mast in splinters riven! One burst of anguish, long and

deep, One cry of keen de-spair, From hearts that fa-tal hour had taught, Their on-ly hope was prayer.

6 A light, a voice from yonder tow'r, Comes sweeping o'er the wave, Cling to the spars! there's help at hand!

The life-boat, the life-boat comes to save! The life-boat, the life-boat comes to save.

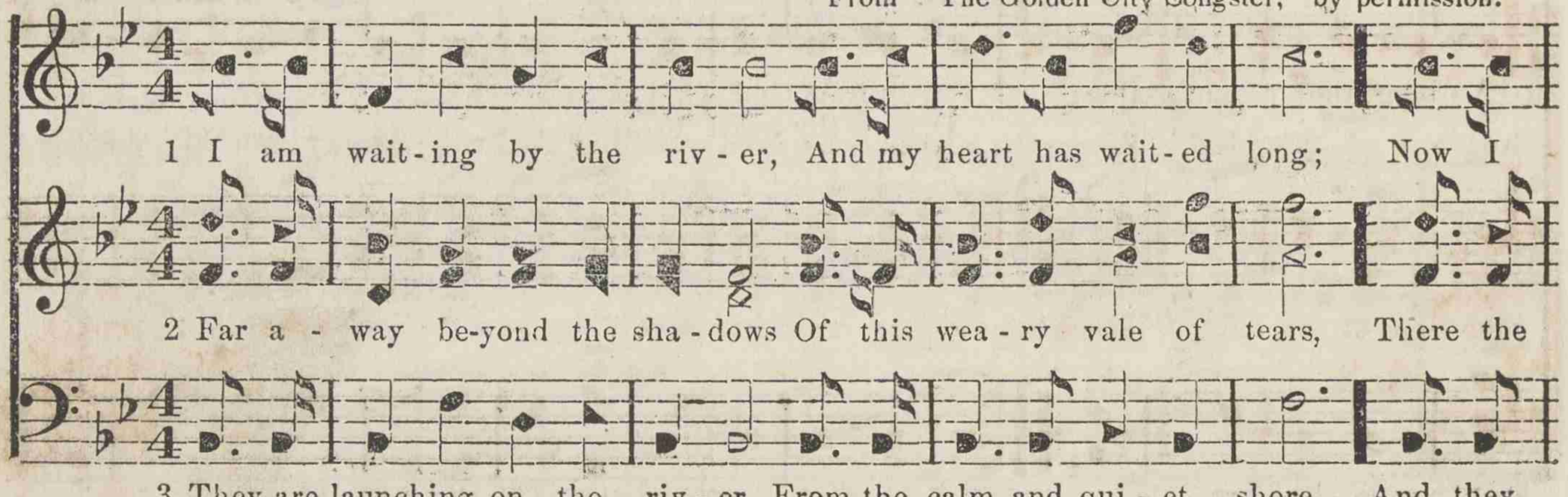
O sin-ner, on the voy'ge of life, Thy bark a-while may glide, As tranquill as that no-ble ship,

A - long the o-cean's tide:
7 But far from God, what canst thou hope? Or where for refuge fly,
O give thy heart to Je-sus now, Whose precious word is giv'n,

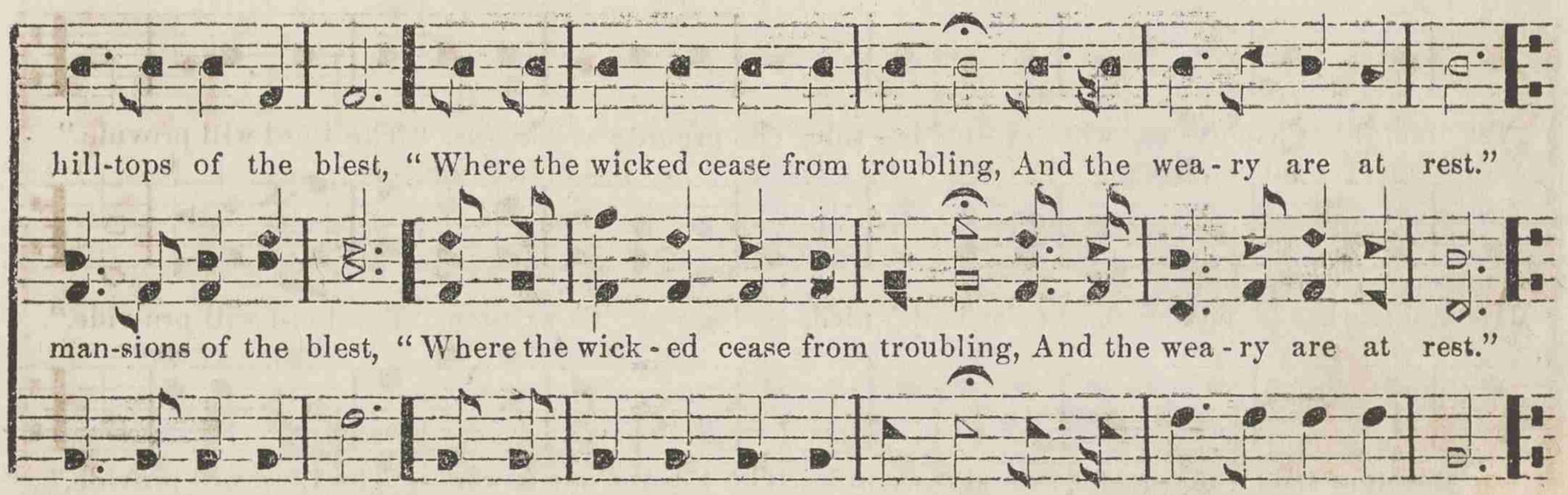
I AM WAITING BY THE RIVER.

A. S. KIEFFER.

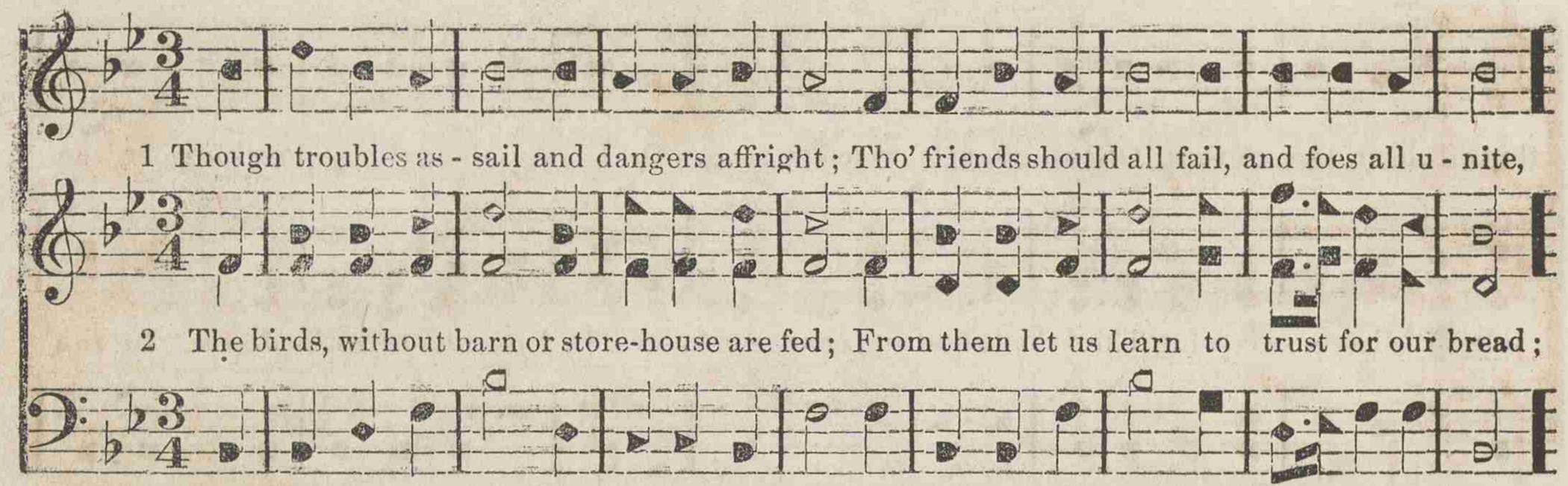
From "The Golden City Songster," by permission.



think I hear the cho-rus, Of the an-gels' welcome song. O, I see the dawn is breaking, On the
tide of bliss is sweep-ing Thro' the bright and changeless years. O, I long to be with Je-sus, In the
soon will bear my spir-it Where the wea-ry sigh no more. For the tide is swift-ly flow-ing, And I


hill-tops of the blest, "Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the wea-ry are at rest."
man-sions of the blest, "Where the wick-ed cease from troubling, And the wea-ry are at rest."
long to greet the blest, "Where the wick-ed cease from troubling, And the wea-ry are at rest."

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.



1 Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me;

2 Tho' like the wanderer— Day-light all gone, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone:
3 There let the way appear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;

4 Then with my waking thoughts, Bright with thy praise, Out of my stony griefs, Bethel I'll raise;
5 Or, if on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Up-ward I fly;

Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.

Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to thee— Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee!
An-gels to beckon me Near-er, my God, to thee— Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee!

So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to thee— Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee!
Still all my song shall be— Nearer, my God, to thee— Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee!

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