Messenger of Song

NOS. 1 AND 2 COMBINED.

BY J. H. HALL AND J. H. RUEBUSH.

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J. H. HALL, J. H. RUEBUSH and E. T. HILDEBRAND

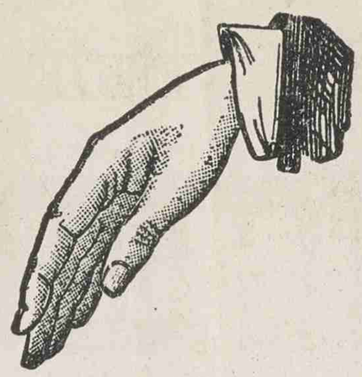
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MENTAL EFFECTS AND MANUAL SIGNS OF TONES IN KEYS.

NOTE.—The diagram shows the right hand as seen by the pupils sitting in front of the teacher towards his left hand.

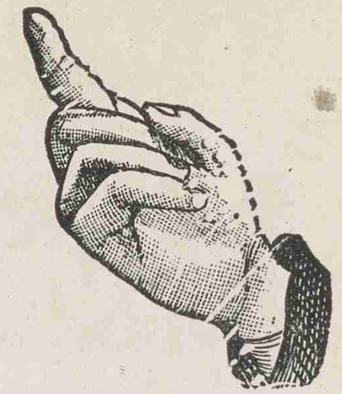
1893
Hall A



LAH.

THE SAD or *weeping* **tone.**

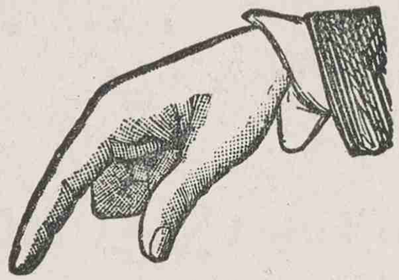
The Minor TONIC.



TE.

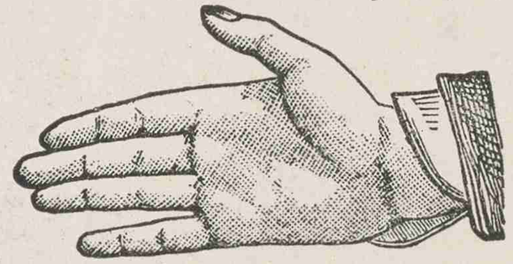
THE PIERCING or *sensitive* **tone.**

The Major LEADING TONE.



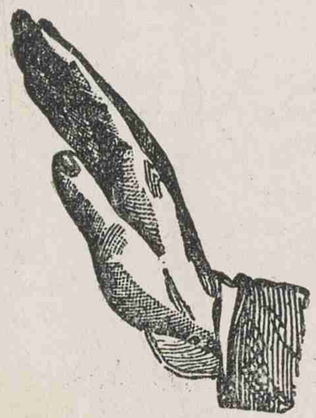
FAH.

THE DESOLATE or *awe-inspiring* **tone.**



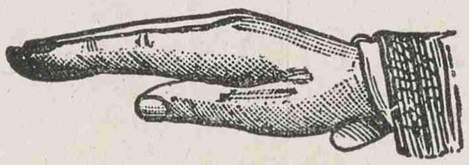
SOLE.

THE GRAND or *bright* **tone.**



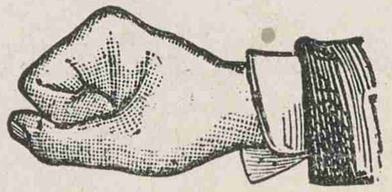
RAY.

THE ROUSING or *hopeful* **tone.**



ME.

THE STEADY or *calm* tone.



DOH.

THE STRONG or *firm* tone.

The Major TONIC

The above Manual Signs may be useful as a means of association, in the early stages of practice, especially in classes of young pupils.

A few minutes Scale Practice may be had at any time without resorting to book or blackboard.

THEORETICAL STATEMENTS.

1. **A musical sound is called a *Tone*.**

2. Every tone has four properties, viz: Length, Pitch, Power, and Quality.*

3. *Length*, the *duration* of a tone.

4. *Pitch*, the *highness* or *lowness* of a tone.

5. *Power*, the *loudness* or *softness* of a tone.

6. *Quality*, the *character* or *kind* of a tone.

7. There are three *departments* in the rudiments of music as follows:

Rhythmics, treating of the *length* of tones.
Melodics, treating of the *pitch* of tones.
Dynamics, treating of the *power* and *quality* of tones.

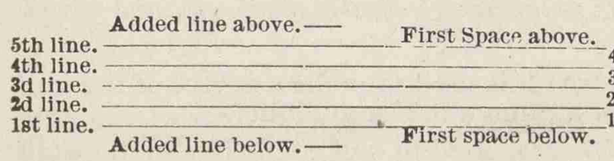
8. *Characters* called *notes* represent the length of tones of which there are six kinds in general use.

Example 1. Showing Notes

Whole Note	Half Note	Quarter Note.	Eighth Note.	Sixteenth Note.	Thirty-Second Note.
𝅝	𝅗𝅥	♩	♪	𝅘𝅥𝅯	𝅘𝅥𝅰

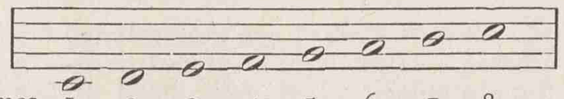
9. We represent the *pitch* of tones by a character called the *staff*. It consists of five lines and four spaces,† and may be enlarged by adding short lines. Each line and space is called a degree.

Example 2. The Staff.



10. *The Scale* is a series of eight tones, and are named by the numerals 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. The syllables Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Ti, Do, are applied in singing: and the first seven letters of the alphabet A, B, C, D, E, F, G, are used as pitch names.

Example 3. The Scale represented on Staff.



Numeral names.	1,	2,	3,	4,	5,	6,	7,	8.
Pitch names.	C,	D,	E,	F,	G,	A,	B,	C.
Syllable names.	Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Ti,	Do.

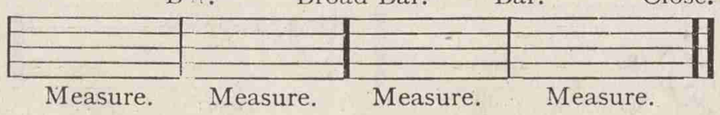
11. *Pitch* is usually classified as being both *Relative* and *Absolute*.

12. *Relative Pitch* is the relationship of tones as to pitch, or the position a tone occupies in the scale, while *Absolute pitch* is fixed and the same under all circumstances.

13. *A measure* is a *group of beats*, and is represented to the eye by the space between upright lines drawn across the staff called *bars*.

14. *The broad bar* usually denotes the ending of a line of words, or the ending of a musical phrase, while the *double bar* denotes the close, or end of a composition.

Example 4. Measures and Bars.



15. *Counting time* is indicating each pulse, or beat of a measure by counting.

16. *Beating time* is indicating each pulse, or beat of a measure by a certain motion of the hand.

17. *Accent* is a slight stress upon a certain pulsation, or beat, to mark its position in a measure.

18. *All music* will cause its beats to flow, or group, in one of two ways, viz: either by an accented beat followed by an unaccented beat, or an accented beat followed by two unaccented beats.

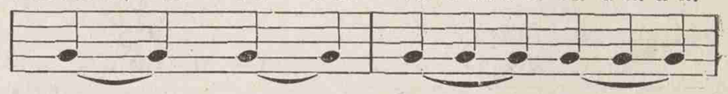
Example 5. Showing single groups between the bars.

Accented, unaccented, Accented, unaccented, unaccented.



Example 6. Showing double groups between the bars.

Accented, u-a. A. u-a. A. u-a. u-a. A. u-a. u-a.



19. A measure having two beats, is called *Double Measure*, and is indicated by counting *One*, *Two*, or by two motions of the hand—*Down*, *Up*. The first beat is accented.

20. A measure having three beats, is called *Triple Measure*, and is indicated by counting *One*, *Two*, *Three*, or by three motions of the hand—*Down*, *Right*, *Up*. The first beat is accented.

21. A measure having four beats, is called *Quadruple Measure*, and is indicated by counting *One*, *Two*, *Three*, *Four*, or by four motions of the hand—*Down*, *Left*, *Right*, *Up*. The first and third beats are accented.

22. A measure having six beats, is called *Sextuple** *Measure*, and is indicated by counting *One*, *Two Three*, *Four*, *Five*, *Six*, or by six motions of the hand *Down*, *Left*, *Left*, *Right*, *Up*, *Up*, or *Down*, *Up*, and counting *One*, *Two*,—comprehending three beats to each count or motion of the hand. **The first and fourth beats are accented.**

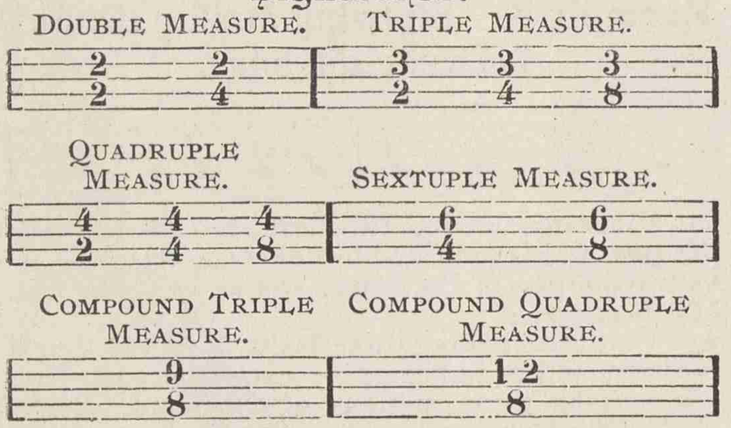
* One of the wonderful things about the human voice is that it can change its quality as no instrument can.
† As the eye can take in five lines easier than six, or more, so can it take in four spaces easier than six, as some have it. **See Ex, 2.**
* Called by some Authors *Compound Double measure*.

23. A measure having nine beats, is called *Compound Triple Measure*, and is indicated by three motions, *Down, Right, Up*,—comprehending three pulsations to each motion of the hand. The first, fourth, and seventh beats are accented.

24. A measure having twelve beats, is called *Compound Quadruple Measure*, and is indicated by four motions, *Down, Left, Right, Up*,—comprehending three mental beats to each motion of the hand. The first, fourth, seventh, and tenth beats are accented.

25. *The figures* at the beginning of a composition are called *Measure Signature*, the numerator denotes the number of beats (mental beats) in a measure, and the denominator the kind of note which coincides with each beat of the measure.

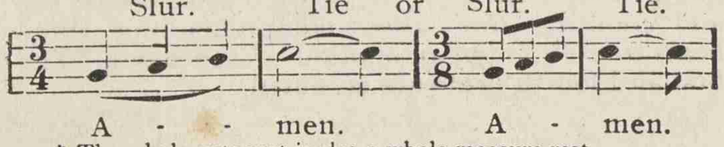
Example. 7. Showing Measure Signatures.



26. *A Slur* is the union of two or more tones *of different pitch* to be sung to one word or syllable, and is represented by a curved line connecting the notes.

27. *A Tie* is the union of two or more tones of *the same pitch* to be sung to one word or syllable, and is represented by a curved line connecting the notes.

Example 8. Showing Slur and Tie.



28. *Characters* indicating silence are called *rests*, of which there are six kinds in general use, and as regards duration correspond to notes of the same denomination.

Example 9. Showing Rests.

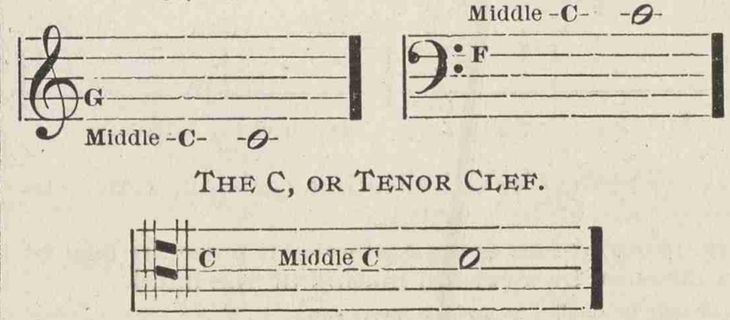
* Whole Rest.	Half Rest.	Quarter Rest.	Eighth Rest.	Sixteenth Rest.	Thirty-Second Rest.
𝄻	𝄼	𝄽	𝄾	𝄿	𝅀

29. *Human Voices* † are generally divided into four classes. High female voices called *Soprano;* low female voices called *Alto;* high male voices called *Tenor*, and low male voices called *Base.* Women's and children's voices are naturally an octave higher than men's voices.

30. *The pitch C*, which all voices have in common is called *Middle C*, and is the middle of the *great vocal compass*, and ladies can sing as many tones above it, as gentlemen can sing below it. *Middle C*, is a low tone for women and a high tone for men.

31. *Characters* called *Clefs* are used to locate the letters and determine the pitch of tones as represented by the staff, and also to indicate the parts which are to be sung by the different voices. *The G clef*, fixes *middle C* on the added line below, the *F clef*, the added line above, the *C clef*, the third space.

Example 10. Showing the Clefs.



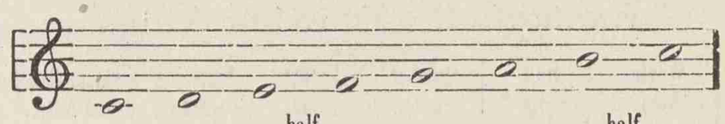
Example 11. Showing position of letters on the staffs, with G & F Cleis.



32. *An interval* is the difference of pitch between two tones.

33. There are seven intervals in the *Major Scale*, and are measured by steps and half-steps.

Example 12. Showing order of intervals in the scale.



1, step	2, step	3, half-step	4, step	5, step	6, step	7, half-step	8.
Do,	Re,	Mi	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Ti,	Do.
C,	D,	E,	F,	G,	A,	B,	C.

34. *Intermediate tones* are pitches introduced between the regular tones of the scale where the steps occur.

35. Intermediate tones are called *Chromatic tones*, and are represented by characters called *sharps* (♯), *flats* (♭), *naturals* (♮), *double sharps* (𝄪), and *double flats* (𝄫).

36. *A sharp* (♯) is used to make a degree of the staff represent a pitch a half-step higher.

37. *A flat* (♭) is used to make a degree of the staff represent a pitch a half-step lower.

38. *A natural* (♮) is used to make a sharped degree represent a pitch a half-step lower, (thus acting like a flat),—or to make a flatted degree represent a pitch a half-step higher, (thus acting like a sharp.)

* The whole note rest is also a whole measure rest.

† For lessons in voice training, see "Practical Voice Culture," by Hall & Ruebush, and for diagram of the usual compass of Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Base voices, see Hall's Improved Music Chart.

Example 13. The Natural acting as a Flat.



G, F♯, F, E, D, G.
Do, Ti, Ta, La, Sol, Do.

Example 14. The Natural acting as a Sharp.



C, B♭, A, B, C.
Sol, Fa, Mi, Fi, Sol.

39. A *Double-sharp* (𝄪) is used to make a degree already sharped, represent a pitch a half-step higher and is restored to the effect of a single sharp, thus: ♯♯.

40. *A double-flat* (♭♭) is used to make a degree already flatted, represent a pitch a half-step lower, and is restored to the effect of a single flat, thus: ♮♭.

Example 15. Double-Sharp Restored.



G♯, F𝄪, G♯, F♯, E.
Mi, Ri, Mi, Re, Do.

Example 16. Double-Flat Restored.



B♭, B♭♭, A♭, B♭, G.
Sol, Sa, Fa, Sol, Mi.

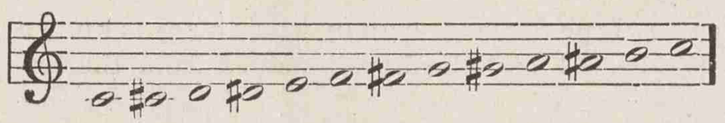
41. *Sharps* (♯), flats (♭), naturals (♮), double-sharps (𝄪), and double-flats (♭♭), occuring in a piece of music are called *Accidentals.*

42. The influence of an accidental extends throughout the measure in which it occurs, unless it is changed by another accidental.

43. *A scale* in which all the *diatonic* and *intermediate tones* occur in successive order is called *The Chromatic * Scale.*

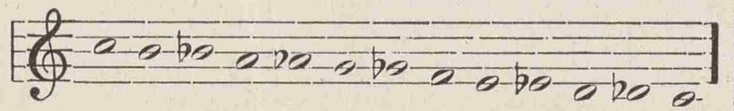
44. *The chromatic scale* has thirteen tones, and twelve intervals of a half-step each.

Example 17. Chromatic Scale Ascending.



C, C♯, D, D♯, E, F, F♯, G, G♯, A, A♯, B, C.
Do, Di, Re, Ri, Mi, Fa, Fi, Sol, Se, La, Li, Ti, Do.

Example 18. Chromatic Scale Descending.



C, B, B♭, A, A♭, G, G♭, F, E, E♭, D, D♭, C.
Do, Ti, Ta, La, Lay, Sol, Sa, Fa, Mi, Ma, Re, Rä, Do.

45. *A Brace* is a character used to connect two or more staffs, and generally indicates the number of parts which are to be performed simultaneously. The staffs thus connected is called a *score.*

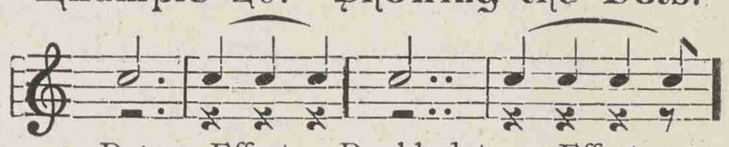
* This scale is called Chromatic because the intermediate pitches were formerly written in colors.

Example 19. Showing the Brace.



46. *A dot* placed after a note or rest adds one half to the rhythmical value of the same, and a second dot adds one half to the value of the first dot.

Example 20. Showing the Dots.



Dot. Effect. Double dot. Effect.

47. *Repeat Marks* are *dots* placed across the staff, and show that the music is to be repeated, either from the beginning, or between the two rows of dots.

48. *Da Capo*, or D.C. means to return to the beginning and close at *Fine.*

Example 21. Showing Repeat, D.C. and Fine.



49. *Dal Segno*, or D.S. means to return to the *sign* (𝄋) and close at *Fine.*

50. *The Hold, or Pause,* (𝄐) denotes that the tone indicated is to be sustained at the option of the leader.

Example 22. Showing D.S. 𝄋, Fine and Hold.



51. *A Triplet* is a group of three notes performed in the time of two of the same kind, and is indicated by the figure 3.

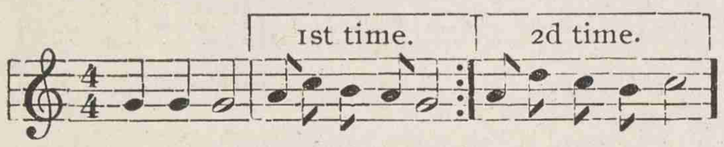
52. *A Unison passage* is two or more parts singing the same tones.

Example 23. Unison Passage and Triplets.



53. The inclosed | 1st time. | 2d time. | has reference to the first and second endings, and in the repeat, omit 1st time, and pass to 2d time.

Example 24. First and Second Endings.



54. *Syncopation* is commencing a tone on an unaccented beat and continuing it into the following accented beat, thereby temporarily changing the accent.

Example 25. Syncopation.



Sing with firm accent the syn-co- pa-ted tones.

55. *A Key* is a family of tones bearing a certain fixed relationship to each other, and may be used in any possible order. While the tones of the scale must occur in successive order.

56. *By Key Note* is meant *one*, or *tonic*, of a key, or scale, and from which all the other tones are determined.

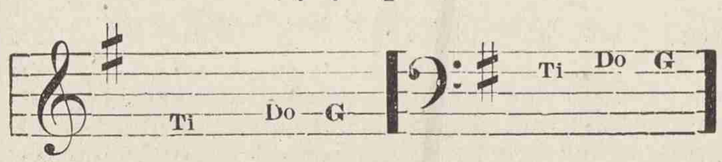
57. *A Signature* is the sign by which a key is known or indicated, and the key is named from the letter that is taken as one.

58. *Transposition** is singing, playing, or writing a scale, exercise, or tune, in a lower or higher key.

59. *Modulation* is going from one key into another during the course of a composition.

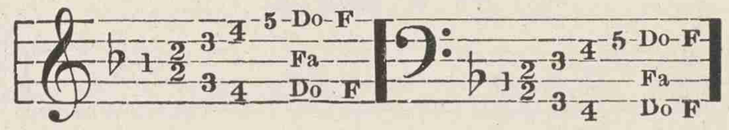
60. *The Key-Note Do* is always found on the first degree above the last or right hand sharp, and the syllable *Ti*, occurs on the same degree occupied by the last sharp.

Example 26. Showing Key-Notes. (Sharps.)



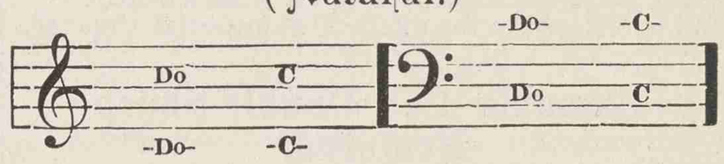
61. The syllable Fa always occurs on the same degree occupied by the last or right hand flat, and the key-note, Do, is found four degrees below, or five above the last flat, counting the degree occupied by the flat; and when there are two or more flats the key-note will be found on the same degree occupied by next to the last flat.

Example 27. Showing Key-Notes. (Flats.)



62. In the absence of sharps and flats the key-note Do, will be found on the added line below the staff and third space, G clef; and second space and added line above F clef.

Example 28. Showing Key-Notes. (Natural.)



63. Besides the *Major* and *Chromatic Scales*, already explained there is another, called the *Minor Scale*.

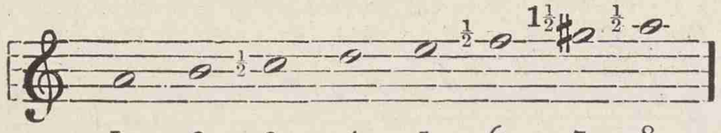
64. *The Minor Scale* has eight tones, with the syllable *La* for *key-note*.

65. The order of intervals in the *Harmonic*† *Minor Scale* is as follows: steps (major seconds) must occur between 1 and 2, 3 and 4, and 4 and 5; half-steps (minor seconds) must occur between 2 and 3, 5 and 6, and 7 and 8; while from 6 to 7 is a step-and-a-half, (augmented second.)

* To illustrate all transpositions, modulations, intervals, etc., etc. Procure a copy of Hall's Improved Music Chart.

† There are other forms of the *minor scale*, but less frequently used; such as the *natural* and *melodic* forms.

Example 29. Harmonic Minor Scale.



1,	2,	3,	4,	5,	6,	7,	8.
A,	B,	C,	D,	E,	F,	G♯,	A.
La,	Ti,	Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Si,	La.

66. *Every Major Scale or Key* has its *Relative Minor*, and every *Minor Scale or Key* has its Relative Major, thus: *six* or *La* of the *Major* is *one* or *key-note* of its *Relative Minor*, and *three* or *Do* of the *Minor*, is *one* or *key note* of its *Relative Major*, both keys, have the same signature,—but let it be understood that a peculiar feature of the *Minor scale*, is, that, all its pitches are not represented in the *signature;* as the *seventh* is *sharped* by an *accidental.*

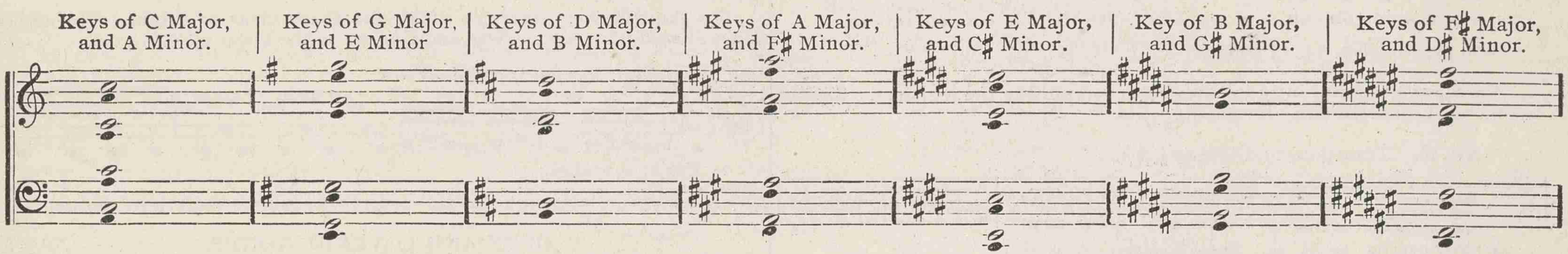
67. *The Relative Minor* to *C Major* is *A Minor*, and the *Relative Major* to *A Minor* is *C Major. Major Keys* are more bright and cheerful. *Minor Keys* are more plaintive or somber.

Example 30. Keys of C Major and A Minor.



68. *The Major Scale* is known by its *Major third*, (one to three, two steps.) A *Minor Scale* is known by its minor third, (one to three, one step and a half-step.)

Example 31. Signatures and Key-Notes in Major and Relative Minor Keys.





VOICE CULTURE.

VOWEL PRACTICE.

To practice the vowel sounds is excellent to train the voice in power and quality, as well as effective delivery of words.

It is only the vowels that we can sing (for in producing the consonants the organs are closed,) therefore it is necessary to practice all the vowels if we desire to produce a pure and healthy tone.

In No. 1. make the vowel changes very decided: give e, a close sound, ah, as broad as possible. In oh, and oo, contract the lips as in the act of whistling.

Keep the tongue flat in the lower part of the mouth, with the tip against the lower front teeth.

No. 1.

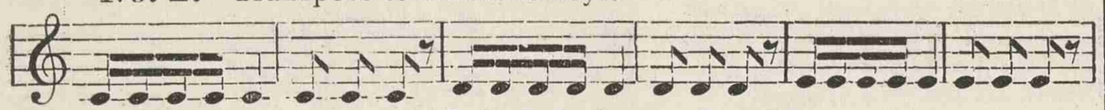


e - a - oo - oh - ah. e - a - oo - oh - ah, e - a - oo - oh - ah.

Also practice No. 14, 15 and 16.

No. 2, is very useful in equalizing tones and uniting the registers. Should be practiced often, or daily for good results.

No. 2. Transpose to different keys.



Koo koo koo koo koo oo oh ah, Koo koo koo koo koo oo oh ah, etc.

TIMBRE.

Timbre is used in expressing quality in singing. There are two timbres—clear and sombre.

The sombre is used in songs that have emotional tendencies—or to express grief, sadness and gloom.

The clear or bright timbre is used in glees and cheerful songs.

To make tones in the clear timbre let the larynx rise as high as possible and place the tone in front of the mouth, so as to make it sound clear and ringing.

To make tones in the dark or sombre timbre, lower the larynx as far as possible and place the tone back in the head, so as to make it vibrate in the chest.

In No. 3, give the first note in the measure the clear timbre, and the second, sombre.

No. 3.



Use ah, a, and e.

In the following make the tones sombre and give them deep resonance in the chest.

No. 4.

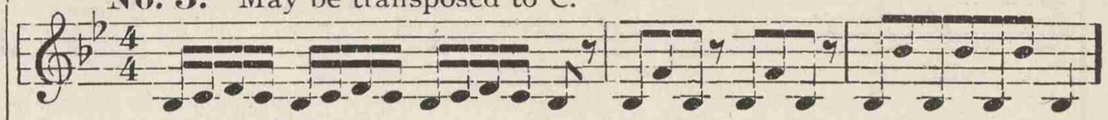


Use the words—Charm, arm, farm, rove, home and hall.

After this, select some pathetic song and practice in sombre timbre, also practice No. 18.

In the following exercise make the tones clear or bright. The upper tones should be made as clear and ringing as the lower ones.

No. 5. May be transposed to C.



Use e, a, and ah.

After this, select some cheerful song that requires the bright timbre.

OPEN AND COVERED TONES.

There are other qualities that we may give to tones independent of timbre.

Tones can be made open or covered.

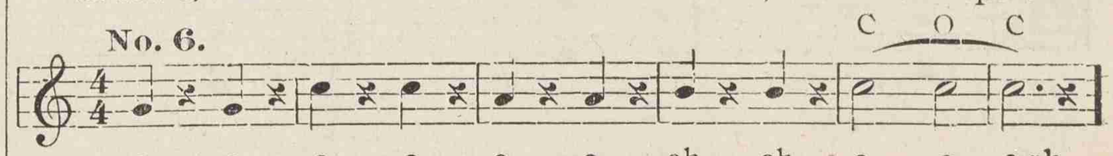
An open tone is one that is delivered without any restriction in the throat or mouth whatever.

A covered tone is one that is not so freely issued from the mouth, but more obstructed and confined in the throat and head.

Open tones partake of the qualities of the clear timbre, and the covered tones of the sombre.

In No. 6, make 1st note of each measure covered, and the 2nd open.

No. 6.



a a o o e e ah ah a o e ah.

As a general thing tones should not be made open above E or F.

BREATH SUPPORT.

When tones seem to be raised from a certain pitch to a higher, with the breath, it is said to be breath support.

First inflate the lungs quickly through both the mouth and nostrils: then hold the diaphragm firm, or may be described as holding the mucles hard in front of the waist. When the muscles of the waist are held rigid, those of the back should seem more relaxed, especially toward the close of a phrase or swell.

Make no effort in the throat—let it alone and do the work with the breath.

No. 7. Very slow. May be transposed to suitable keys.



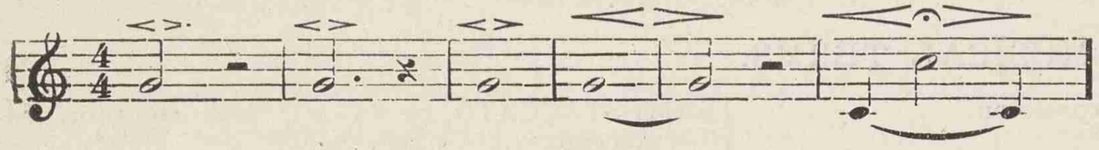
Use e, a, ah and o. Also practice No. 17.

Every principle given should be applied in some appropriate song.

SWELLS.

In making a swell, do it with the breath, if properly done, a sensation of outward pressure at the waist in front will be felt while making the Cres, and a sensation of relaxation or sinking at the back while making the Dim.

No. 8.



DIAPHRAGMATIC ACTIONS.

The diaphragm is the principle organ that we use in managing the breath, and is made to act different for different kinds of execution.

In No. 9 take breath quickly by an outward throb of the waist or abdomen.

Make the tones as short and disconnected as possible. Let each tone be accompained with a slight inward throb at the waist.

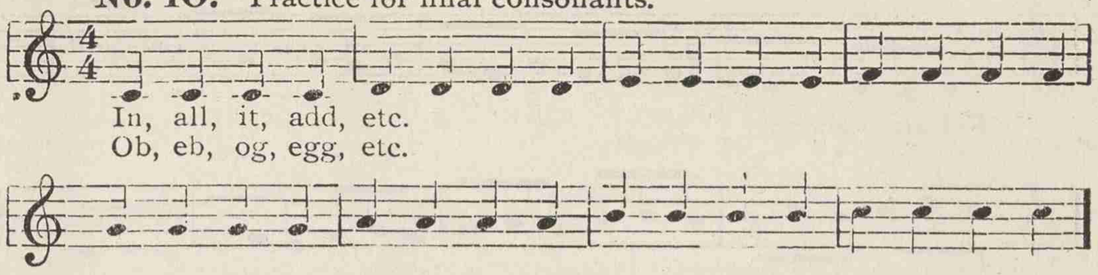
No. 9. Transpose.



Ha, ha, etc.

The above exercise will be very beneficial in developing the diaphragmatic action, which is very useful in rapid execution.

No. 10. Practice for final consonants.



In, all, it, add, etc.
Ob, eb, og, egg, etc.

No. 11.



Swing, bring, sing, fling, etc.
End, bend, lend, tend, etc.
Oil, boil, foil, coil, etc.
Foam, roam, loam, dome, etc.
Ease, freeze, squeeze, please, etc.
Earn, burn, fern, turn, etc.

No. 12. Practice initial consonants.



Bo, co, fo, lo, etc.
Lo, no, po, to, etc.

No. 13.



Clay, slay, play, etc,
Wig, gig, dig, etc.
Crow, fro, bow, etc.
Free, tree, the, etc.

No. 14. Exercises for flexibility.



Use ah, a, e and o.

No. 15.



Use ah, a and e.

No. 16.



Use ah, a and e. All of the above exercises may be transposed.

No. 17.



O-ver hills and dale Blows the balmy gale; Herald of the season vernal:

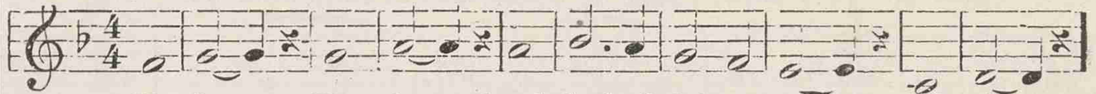


Grass is springing, Birds are singing, soon the bright flowers will un-fold:

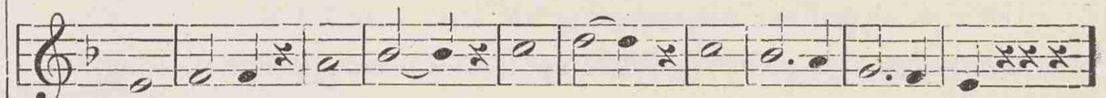


Nature's hymn should we join in harmony To the king e-ter-nal.

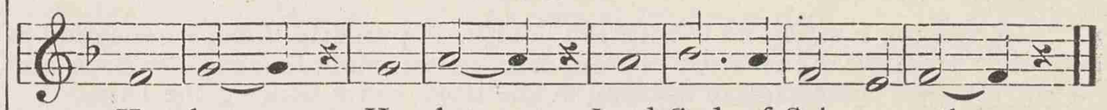
No. 18.



Ho-ly, Ho-ly Lord God of Sab-a-oth, Of thy



great-ness and thy glo-ry All heav'n and earth are full:



Ho-ly Ho-ly Lord God of Sab-a-oth.

DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS.

ANDANTE, (ăn-dän′-tā). A slow and gentle movement.

ALLEGRO, (al-lay′-gro). A fast and cheerful movement.

ALLEGRETTO, (al-le-gra′-to). Not so fast as allegro.

AD LIBITUM, (ad-lib′-i-tum). At pleasure.

ACCELERANDO. Gradually faster and faster.

A TEMPO. In time.

ADAGIO. Very slow.

BIS. Sing the passage twice.

CRESCENDO, (cres-shen′-do), or *cres.*, or  . Increasing in power.

CON SPIRITO. With spirit.

DIMINUENDO, or *dim.*, or  . Diminishing in power.

DOLCE. Soft, sweet, delicate.

ESPRESSIVO. With expression.

LARGO. Slow.

LEGATO. Connected style.

MAESTOSO, (mä-es-to′-zo). Majestic; with dignity.

MARCATO. In a marked or pointed style.

MODERATO. In a moderate time.

OBLIGATO. A solo part accompanied by other voices.

PORTAMENTO. A gentle gliding of the voice from one pitch to another.

PRESTO. Quick.

RITARD, or *rit.* Slower.

SFORZANDO, (sfort-zan-do). Or >, With strong force, explosive.

STACCATO, or ' ' ' ' . Detached, short and distinct.

SEMI-STACCATO, or • • • • . Not so short as staccato.

SWELL, or . Increasing and diminishing in power.

TUTTI. Full chorus.

THE. Pronounced *thee* when it precedes a word beginning with a vowel. When it precedes a word commencing with a consonant, the right pronunciation may be found by commencing the word *thus*, and stopping just before *s*. "The earth is thu-Lord's."

VIVACE. Quick and cheerful.

OCTAVA, or 8va. When placed over the notes means that they are to be played an octave higher than written. When placed below the notes they should be played an octave lower than written.

GRADED LESSONS.

NOTE TO TEACHERS.

Dear Teachers:—The object of the *authors* of this work was not to do your work but to help you by making clear and concise Theoretical Statements and practical hints in Voice Culture; followed by a series of Graded Lessons introducing the various topics in such a systematic way that we confidently believe it will meet your approval whether in the Singing School, Day School or Institute. You are left free to use your own way and judgment in giving the lessons. However always keep in mind the three following points.—First the *Reality*, Second its *Name*, and Third its *Sign*. Always use a Black Board and Hall's Chart, to be thoroughly successful in your work. If we can help you in any way write us.

We are yours Truly
The Authors.

The Scale represented on staff with the G or *Soprano Clef.*

The Scale represented on staff with the F or *Bass Clef.*

No. 1. Explain the *Staff* and *Close.*



1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.
C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C. C, B, A, G, F, E, D, C.
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Ti, Do. Do, Ti, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.
C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C. C, B, A, G, F, E, D, C.
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Ti, Do. Do, Ti, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

No. 2. Explain *Key of C, Double Measures, Signature,* and *Quarter Notes.*

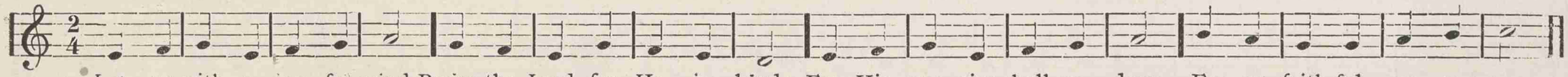


Mu - sic, mu - sic source of pleas-ure, Loud and soft it flows in measure; Now all sing and not grow wea - ry, Tho' the weather may be drear - y.

No. 3. (May be sung with No. 2.)



No. 4. Explain *Half Notes and Broad Bar.*

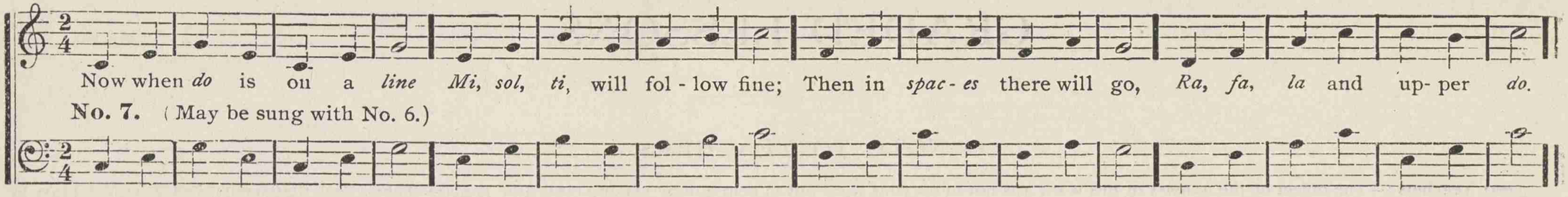


Let us with a joy - ful mind Praise the Lord for He is kind; For His mer - cies shall en - dure, Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure.

No. 5. (May be sung with No. 4.)



No. 6. Explain *Skips.*



No. 7. (May be sung with No. 6.)

No. 8. Explain *Quarter Rest.*



No. 9. (May be sung with No. 8.)



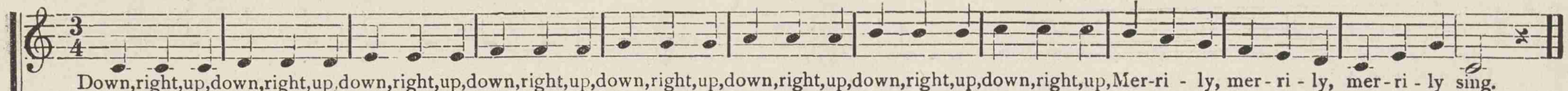
NOTE.—At this point, the teacher may explain the difference between *Ladies' Voices* and *Gentlemen's Voices;* also *Middle C.*

Harmony.

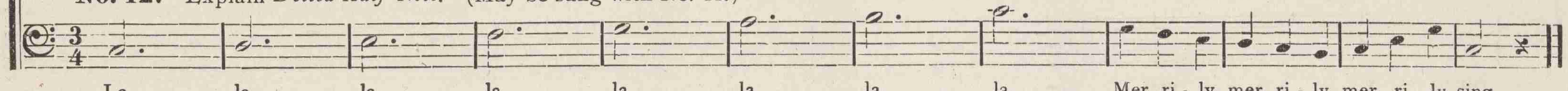
No. 10. Explain the *Brace,* singing in *Four Parts* and *Half Rest.* J. H. HALL.



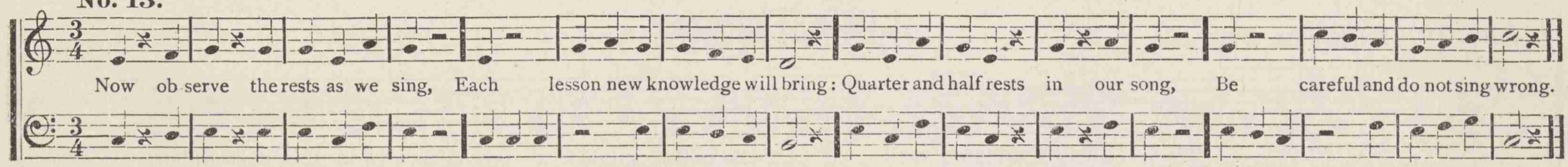
No. 11. Explain *Triple Measure.*



No. 12. Explain *Dotted Half Note.* (May be sung with No. 11.)



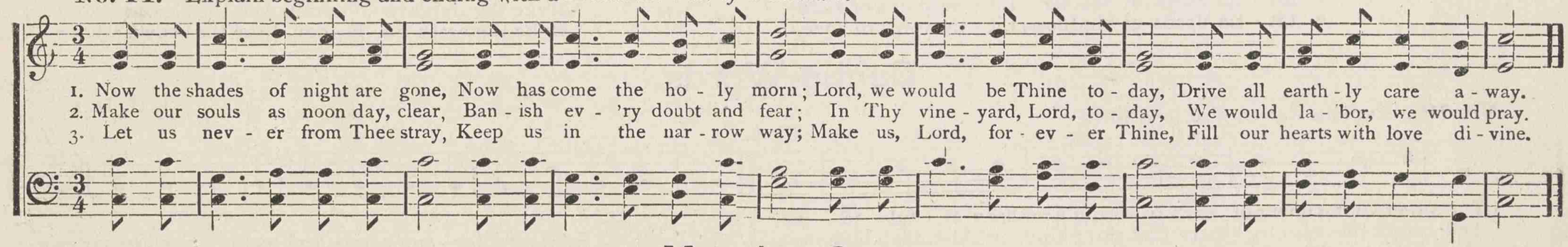
No. 13.



The Shades of Night.

J. H. HALL.

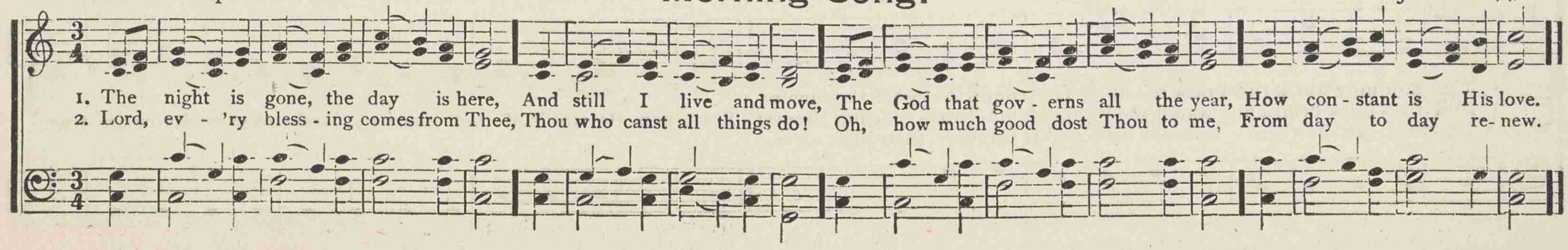
No. 14. Explain beginning and ending with a *Fractional Part of a Measure.*



No. 15. Explain the *Slur.*

Morning Song.

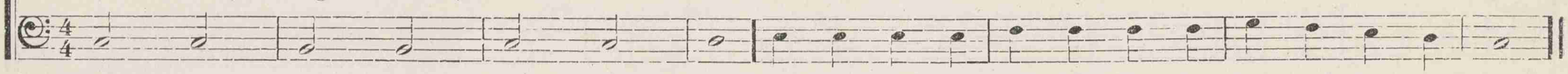
J. H. HALL.



No. 16. Explain *Quadruple Measure* and *Whole Note*.



No. 17. (May be sung with No. 16.)



Little Things.

No. 18. Explain the *Whole Rest*.

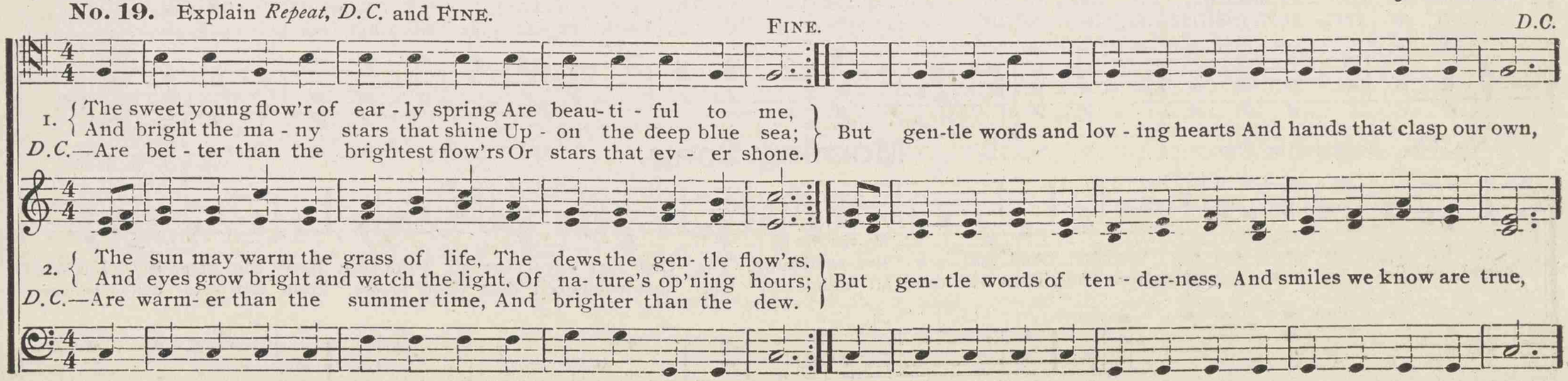
J. H. H.



Gentle Words.

J. H. HALL.

No. 19. Explain *Repeat*, *D.C.* and FINE.



No. 20. Explain *Sextuple Measure* and *Tie.*



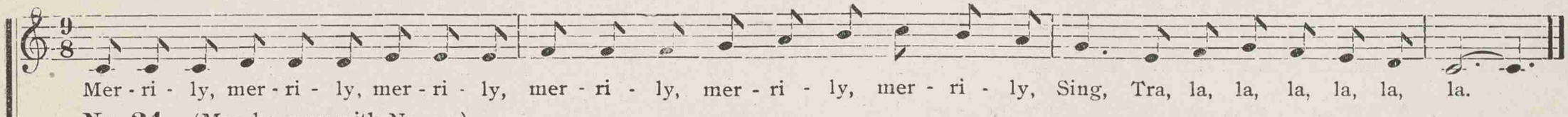
No. 21. (May be sung with No. 20.)

The Wild Birds.

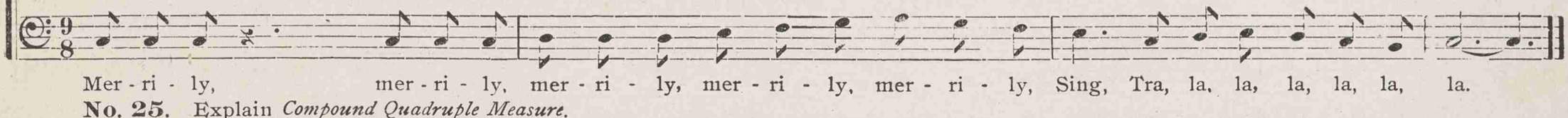
No. 22. J. H. HALL.



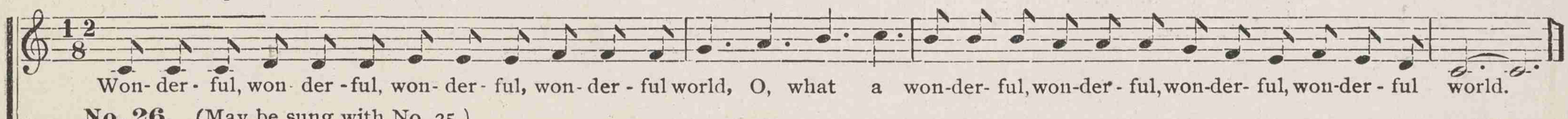
No. 23. Explain *Compound Triple Measure.*



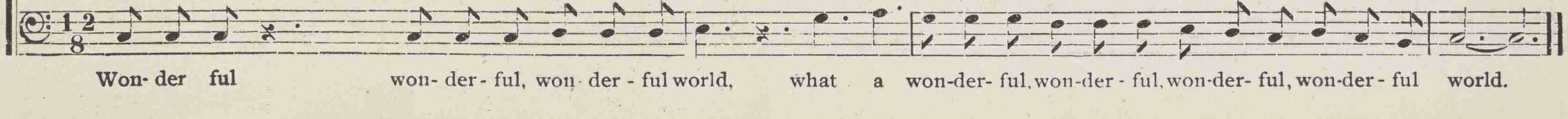
No. 24. (May be sung with No. 23.)



No. 25. Explain *Compound Quadruple Measure.*

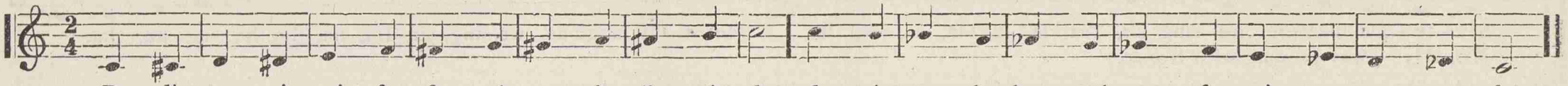


No. 26. (May be sung with No. 25.)

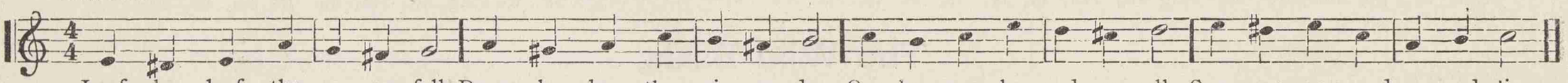


NOTE TO TEACHER.—The following *Chromatic Scale* and *exercises* are not to be used until after the *Intermediate tones* of the *scale* have been practiced by *imitation* and *blackboard exercises.*

No. 27. Explain *Chromatic Tones* and *Scale.*



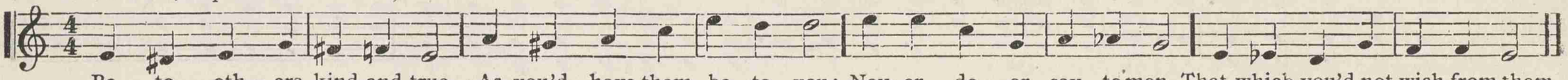
No. 28.



No. 29. (May be sung with No. 28.)



No. 30. (Explain the *Natural.*)



No. 31. (May be sung with No. 30.)



Gently Falls the Dew.

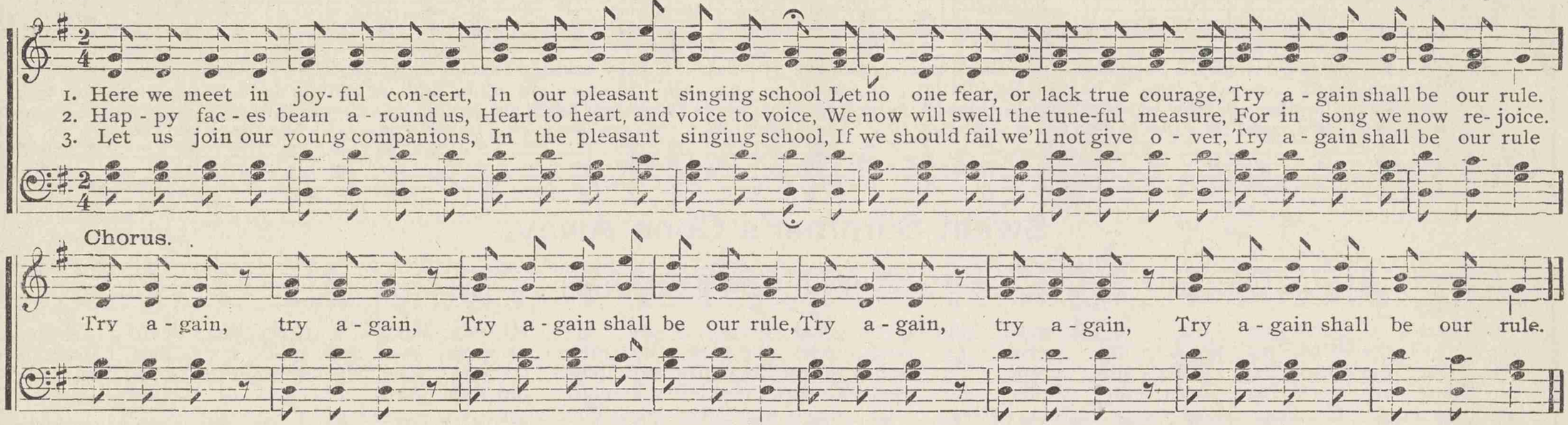
No. 32. J. H. HALL.



Try Again.

Explain *Key of C.*

CHAS. L. MOORE, by per.



Merry May.

Explain *Triplets.*

J. H. HALL.



See the Pretty, Happy Birds.

E. R. LATTA. Explain *Key of D.* J. H. RUEBUSH.

1. See the pret - ty, hap - py birds, In the tree - tops, day by day! If they could but speak in words, Don't you wonder what they'd say!
2. They would tell us, it may be, Childhood's days will soon be past, To re - turn no more, and we Should be hap - py, while they last!
3. See them hop from bough to bough! Hear them chirp, and sweetly sing! They, their nests, are building, now—See the moss and twigs they bring!

Sweet Summer's Gone Away.

S. C. HANSON.

1. There's a pur - ple tint on the wood - land leaves, And the winds are up all day; There's a rust - ling heard in the yel - low sheaves, And it seems to sad - ly say: "Sweet sum- mer," "Sweet sum- mer," "Sweet sum - mer's gone a - way," "Sweet sum - mer," "Sweet sum - mer," "Sweet sum - mer's gone a - way."
2. In the wrink - led brook no ros - es peep, And the bees no long - er stray, And the but - ter - flies have gone to sleep, And the lo - cust trills all day.
3. On the brown- ing fields the spi - der spins, Where the lambs no long - er play, And the crick - et now his chirp be - gins And the quail is whist-ling gay.
4. There are lov - ing arms for ba - by dear, Though the skies are chill and gray, And a co - sy home nest all the year, And sweet kiss - es ev - 'ry day.

Chorus.

"Sweet sum-mer's gone a - way," "Sweet sum-mer's gone a - way,"

"Sweet sum - mer's gone a - way," "Sweet sum - mer's gone a - way,"

From MERRY MELODIES, by permission of S. C. Hanson, Williamsport, Ind.

The Golden Morn.

Explain *Key of A.*

J. H. HALL.

1. Morn-ing mists from the sun are rolled, All the face of the earth is gold; Flow'rs unfold to the glowing ray; A - wak - ing bird-songs gay.
2. Hours creep on, and the day wears round; Shadows lengthen along the ground; Vapors drift o'er the face of day, The gold is turned to gray.

Thoughts of Childhood.

G. W. HALL.

1. Oh, sweet are the thoughts of our child - hood, As they come in the still - ness of night, They bring back the cot in the wild - wood And the brook with its wa - ters so bright; The birds that a - woke us so ear - ly, With their songs in the old ma-ple tree, The blos - soms with dew - drops so pearl - y, Still they come in the still - ness to me.
2. Oh, that was the fresh - ness of spring-time, Where no thoughts of the win - ter in - vade, No wea - ri - ness then toll'd its sad chimes, Or dull care on our path-way had laid; We wan-dered in joy - full - ness ev - er, Where in dreams now of pur - est de - light, From la - bor our thoughts we can sev - er, And re - turn in the still - ness of night.

The Mountain Brooklet.

A. S. K. A. S. KIEFFER.

Explain Key of E.

1. Hap- py lit - tle mountain brooklet, Winding free 'mid fern and pine, Sing-ing to the field and for- est With a mel - o - dy di- vine.
2. Once, a - long the moss - y bank-let, Chas-ing but - ter - fly and bee, I was hap- py, free and care-less As a lit- tle child could be.
3. When, a- gain, in manhood's glo-ry, Underneath the round, full moon, Breath'd I here the "old, old sto- ry" In a passioned, low, love-tune.
4. Now I stand a - lone, be-side thee In the gloaming of life's day, Catching glimpses of the glo - ry Of that land so far a - way.
5. Hap- py lit - tle mountain brooklet, Winding 'mid the ferns and pine, Thou dost fill my heart with rap-ture, As I list thy voice di- vine.

Chorus.

Whirl-ing, twirling, on-ward rush-ing To the blue and boundless sea, Splashing, flashing, dashing, gushing, Thou art still a joy to me.

Whirl-ing, twirl-ing, on-ward rush-ing To the blue and bound-less sea, Splashing, flashing, dashing, gushing, Thou art still a joy to me.

Used by permission.

Explain *Key of B.*

Ola.

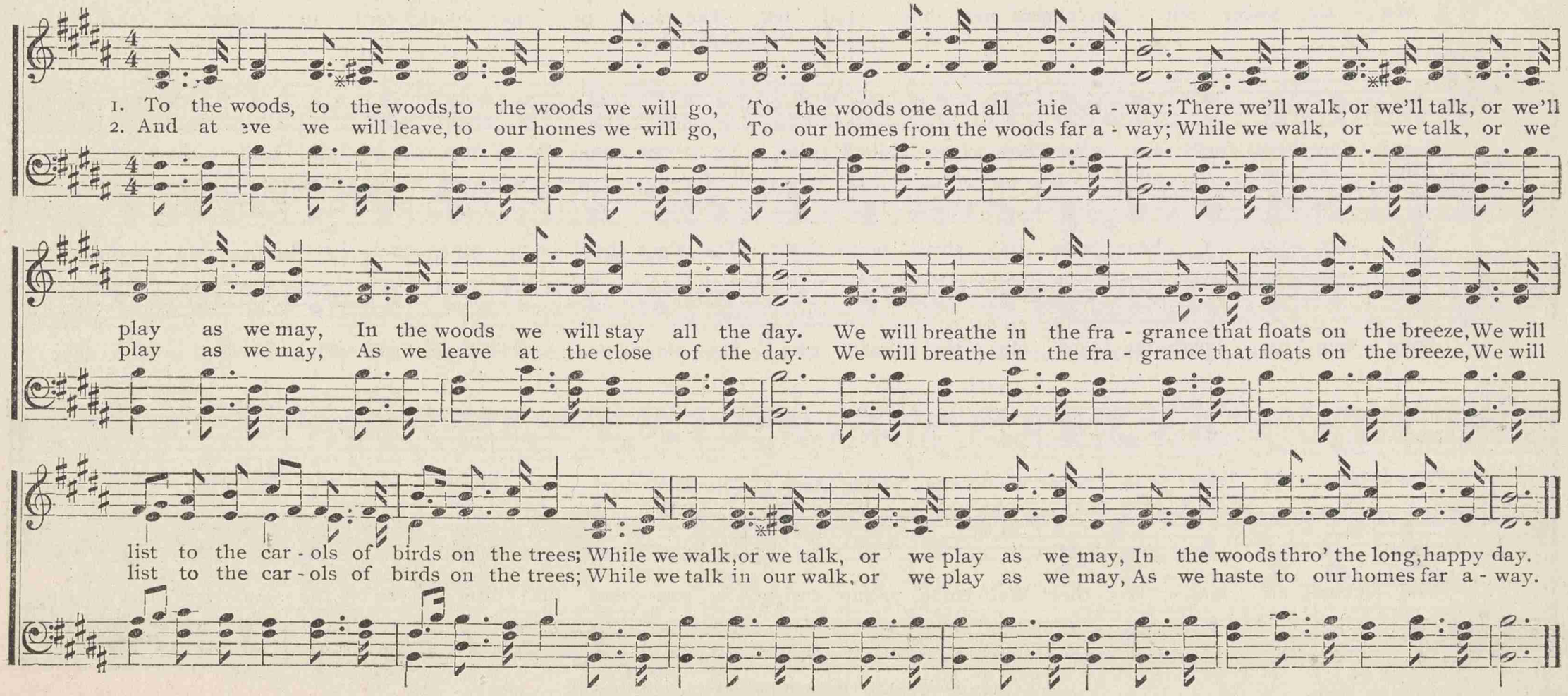
EVA H. KING.



Picnic Song.

A. S. KIEFFER.

W. H. RUEBUSH.



All Hail to Thee.

ELIZA COOK. GEORGE BAKER.

Explain *Key of F♯.*

1. Wel - come, all hail to thee! wel - come young spring! Thy sun - ray is bright on the but - ter - fly's wing,
2. Mu - sic, sweet mu - sic floats o - ver the earth One glad, cho - ral song greets the prim - ros - es' birth,
3. Mu - sic, sweet mu - sic, cheers mea - dow and lea, The song of the black - bird, the hum of the bee,

Beau - ty shines forth in the blos - som - robed trees, Per - fume floats by on the soft south-ern breeze.

The lark soars a - bove with its shrill matin strain, The shep - herd - boy tunes his reed-pipe on the plain.

Loud, hap - py laugh- ter of chil - dren at play, Pro - claims a de - light in springs beau - ti - ful day.

Wel - come, all hail to thee! Wel - come, young spring! Thy sun - ray is bright on the but - ter - fly's wing.

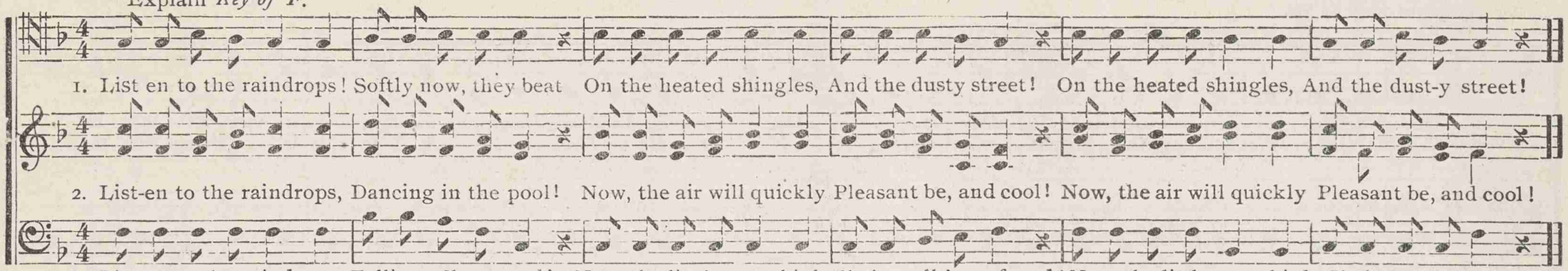
Wel - come, all hail to thee! Wel - come, young spring! Thy sun - ray is bright on the but - ter - fly's wing.

By permission.

Listen to the Raindrops.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. RUEBUSH.

Explain *Key of F.*



Country Life.

D. WILSON.



From Wilson's "Note Reader," by permission.

The King and the Miller.

Words by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.
Explain Key of B♭.

Music by FRANK FOREST.

1. There dwelt a mil - ler, hale and bold, Be - side the riv - er Dee; He worked and sang from morn till night No lark more blithe than he;
2. "Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said old king Hal, "As wrong as wrong can be; For could my heart be light as thine I'd glad - ly change with thee.

3. The mil - ler smiled and doffed his cap—"I earn my bread," quoth he; "I love my wife, I love my friend, I love my chil-dren three.
4. "Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while, "Farewell and hap - py be; But say no more, if thou'dst be true, That no one en - vies thee;

And this the bur - den of his song For - ev - er used to be; "I ev - vy no one—no, not I; And no one en - vies me."
And tell me now, what makes thee sing With voice so loud and free. While I am sad, though I'm the King, Be - side the riv - er Dee?"

I owe no one I can - not pay, I thank the riv - er Dee, That turns the mill that grinds the corn To feed my babes and me."
Thy meal - y cap is worth my crown; Thy mill my kingdom's fee; Such men as thou are Eng-land's boast, O mil - ler of the Dee!"

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We're a Happy Vocal Band.

J. H. LESLIE.

Explain *Key of E♭.*

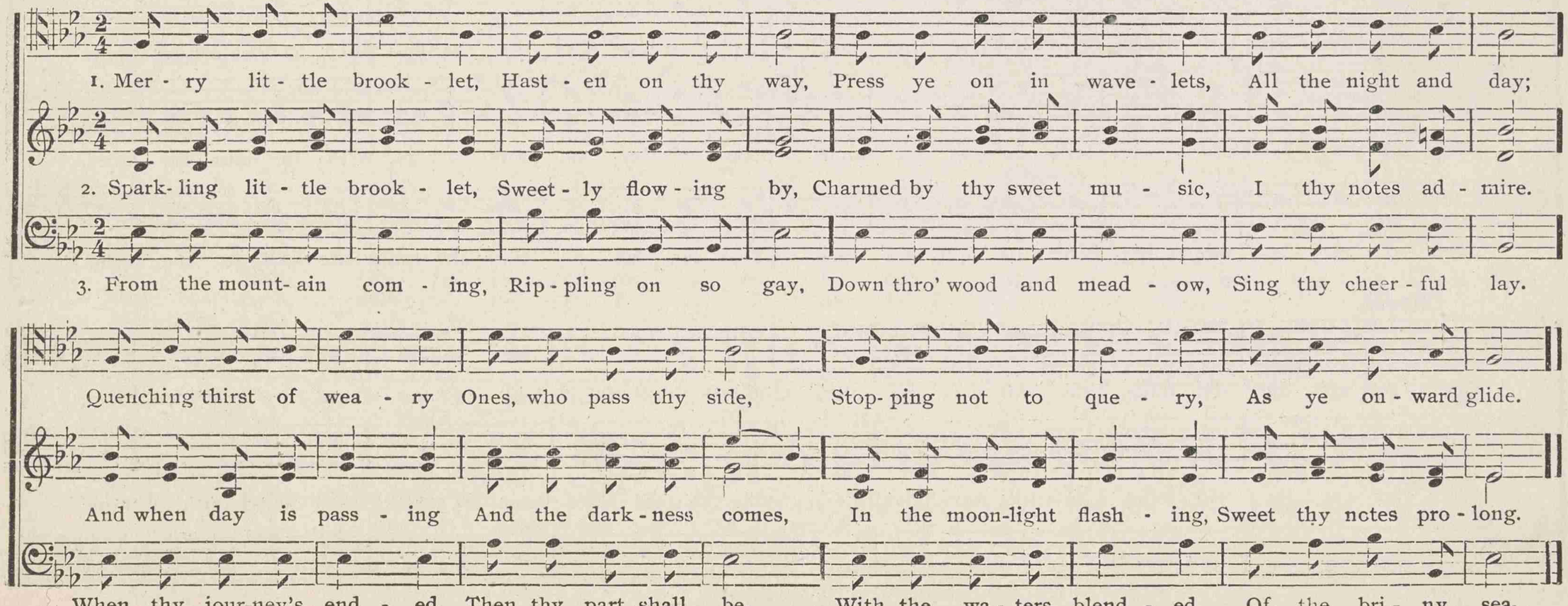
By per. E. D. KECK.



Music of The Brooklet.

S. J. O.

S. J. OSLIN.



Don't Forget the Old Folks.

Explain *Key of A♭.*

L. S. LEASON.

1. Don't for - get the old folks, Love them more and more; As they turn their long - ing eyes, T'ward the gold - en shore;

2. Don't for - get poor fa - ther, With his fail - ing sight; With his locks once thick and brown; Scan - ty now and white;

3. Don't for - get dear moth - er, With her fur - rowed brow, All the light of oth - er years, Time has fad - ed now;

Let your words be ten - der, Lov - ing, soft, and low; Let their last days be the best They have known be - low.

Tho' he may be child - ish, Still do you be kind; Think of him as years a - go, With his mas - ter mind.

Mem - o - ry is wan - ing, Soon its light will fail; Guide her gent - ly, till she stands Safe with - in the vale.

Chorus.

Don't for - get the old folks, Life will soon be o'er. Guide them till their wea - ry feet Tread the gold - den shore.

Don't for - get the old folks, Life will soon be o'er, Guide them till their wea - ry feet Tread the gold - den shore.

By permission of L. S. LEASON.

Song of the Raindrops.

W. H. GARDNER.

J. H. HALL.

Explain *Key of D♭.*

1. Drop, drop, drop! We can - not stop, We've lots of work to do. The flow-ers sweet, Our com-ing greet, And so my dears, should you!
2. Rain, rain, rain! Up- on the window pane, And on the dust- y ground, The thirst-y flow'rs, All love our show'rs They're glad when we come round.
3. Drip, drip, drip! We've made our trip, And we must soon be gone, Our work is done, And now the sun, You'll see to- mor-row morn.

Our Youthful Days.

J. D. VAUGHN.

T. HILDEBRAND.

1. Now with hap - py voic - es ring - ing clear, Hearts so light, fac - es bright as we go; O'er the mead floats gladsome
2. Hear the mer - ry school boy gai - ly shout, Trip- ping on, homeward bound, o'er the snow; Flee - cy flakes are fall - ing
3. Skimming o'er the ice with bound - ing feet, Boys and girls, in the whirl swift - ly go; Thrill- ing songs of mirth our

Chorus.

notes of joy, Hap - py we, ju - bi - lee, Ho, ho, ho!
all a - bout, Glad is he, and so free, Ho, ho, ho!
lad ears greet, Full of joy, loud hur - rah, Ho, ho, ho!

How we love the hap - py plays, When hearts are light, with youth- ful ways; In win - ter hours and sun - ny Mays, We greet those wel - come days.

Faces Far Away.

Explain *Key of* G♭.

Words and Music by E. T. HILDEBRAND.

Slow.

1. Vales and hills are robed in beau - ty, Moon and stars be-gem the sky; Lakes and streams in priest-ly
2. When the twi-lights soft - ly beam - ing, And the west-ern hues de - cay, Mem - 'ry calls to love-lights
3. Though the breez-es whis - per ev - er, Float - ing strains in wild and gay; But love's tones more dear and

Chorus.

du - ty, Send - ing sil-v'ry clouds on high.
gleam - ing, From the fac - es far a - way.
sweet - er, Swells in ech-oes far a - way.

Yet in day-dreams fit - ful sto - ry,

Yet in day-dreams fit - ful sto - ry,

Rit . . . . . .

When the pleas-ant fan-cies play We can hear the voi - ces ho - ly That are chim-ing far a - way.

When the pleas-ant fan-cies play We can hear the voi - ces ho - ly That are chim-ing far a - way.

Labor.

Explain the *Minor Key*. See § 63 to 68.

J. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Do not waste a moment's time; Life at best is but a span, La - bor hard and earn- est - ly, La - bor, la - bor while you can.
2. If con-tent-ment you would find, Spend the pre- cious moments well, Ev - 'ry day do some good deed, Then your life is sure to tell.

Hoxie.

E. T. HILDEBRAND.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, Shad- ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
2. Give, oh, give the wea - ry, Calm and sweet re - pose, With thy ten - derest bless - ing, May our eye - lids close.
3. When the morn- ing wak - ens, Then may we a - rise, Pure, and fresh, and sin - less, In Thy Ho - ly eyes.

Fare Thee Well.

J. H. HALL.

Slow.

Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Now I must leave thee ; Deep tho' it grieve me, Fare the well! Fare thee well!
Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare thee well!

How sad my heart; Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Now we must part, Now we must part.
Fare thee well! Fare thee well!

Bravo, Bravo All.

C. E. L.

C. E. LESLIE.

Cheerfully.

1. We are now in four part song, Keep your time and don't sing wrong,

1. We are now, yes we are now In four part song, Keep your time, yes keep your time, And don't sing wrong,
2. One and all, yes one and all, Should learn to sing, Keep your time, and make the air With mu - sic ring,

2. One and all should learn to sing, Make the air with mu - sic ring,

Ver - y care - ful we must be, Bra - vo, bra - vo all

Ver - y care - ful we must be, Bra - vo, bra - vo all

Ver - y care - ful we must be, One and two and three and four, and Now our scale we sing,

Chorus.

Bra - vo, bra - vo, ha, ha, ha, Hear them sing their scales, ha, ha Bra - vo, bra - vo, ha, ha, ha, We will laugh and sing, ha, ha,

Bra - vo, bra - vo, ha, ha, ha, Hear them sing their scales, ha, ha Bra - vo, bra - vo, ha, ha, ha, We will laugh and sing, ha, ha,

We will sing our scales in time, And let the oth - ers have the rhyme, Yes,

By permission of the Author.

Do not be of - fend - ed for we love to laugh and sing, with you, Ha, ha, ha, laugh and sing, laugh and sing, ha, ha.

Do not be of - fend - ed for we love to laugh and sing, with you, Ha, ha, ha, laugh and sing, laugh and sing, ha, ha.

We will sing so loud and strong, That all may know we don't sing wrong.

The Sailor's Home Song.

J. M. PELTON.

Allegretto.

1. Tho' far from na- tive land I roam, Rock'd by the roll - ing sea, Yet still I love my na - tive home, The brave land of the free.

2. When stars pale out the east - ern sky, And dew-drops melt a - way, When o'er the hills the sun mounts high, Bright ruler of the day,

3. When moonlight sil vers o er the plain, And all is hush'd to peace, When si-lence reigns o'er all the main, And still is ev- 'ry breeze,

Tho' winds are fair and skies are bright, And calm the rest - less sea, Yet, still by day and thro' the night, I think of home and thee.

When shad-ows long shine in the west And stretch a - cross the lea, When beast and bird have sunk to rest, Then think, oh, think of me!

When clouds rise dark and lightnings flash And show the threat'ning lea, And o'er the sur- ges thun- ders crash, Then think, oh, think of me!

Don't Fret.

Observe Whole Measure Rests and Staccato.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Has your neighbor in-jured you? Don't fret; You've no rea-son so to do; No, nev-er fret; You will yet come off the best,

2. Has a false re-port been made? Don't fret; Do you fear it will de-grade? No, nev-er fret, It will run it-self to death,

3. Are your en-e-mies at work? Don't fret; Do they still in se-cret lurk? Don't fret; They can't in-jure you a whit;

4. Thro' ad-vers-i-ty your way, Don't fret; There will come a brighter day; No, nev-er fret; Fortune's wheel keeps turning round,

CODA *After last verse. May be omitted.*

Nev-er mind it; let it rest; Don't fret, don't fret, No, nev-er, nev-er fret. Don't fret, don't fret, don't fret.

It will die for want of breath, Don't fret, don't fret; No, nev-er, nev-er fret. Don't fret, don't fret, don't fret.

They will soon be glad to quit; Don't fret, don't fret, don't fret. Don't fret, don't fret, don't fret.

Soon 'twill lift you from the ground, Don't fret, don't fret, No, nev-er, nev-er fret.

By permisson of FILLMORE BROS.

The Old Farm Gate.

Arr. from E. J. HALL'S Poem, by FLORENCE LE CLAIRE.

Arr. by H. R. PALMER.

1. The old farm gate hangs sag-ging down, ah me! On rust - y hin - ges bent and brown; ah me! Its latch is gone, and
2. The chil- dren have up - on it clung with me, And in and out with rap - ture swung, in glee, When their young hearts were

3. Be - side that gate have lov - ers true, ah me! Oft told the sto - ry, al - ways new, ah me! Have made their vows, have

4. That gate with rust - y weight and chain, ah me! Has closed up - on the funer - al train, ah me! That gate has oft - en
5. But dear to me a - bove all things, oh yes! By rea - son of the thoughts it brings, oh yes! Is that dear gate now

here and there It shows wide trac - es of re - pair, Ah me! ah me! ah me! Time pass- es so quick-ly a - way.
good and pure, When hope was fair and faith was sure, It seems but yes - ter- day, Time pass- es so quick-ly a - way.

dreamed of bliss, And sealed each prom - ise with a kiss, It seems but yes - ter- day, Time pass- es so quick-ly a - way.

open - ed wide To wel - come home a new - made bride, It seems but yes - ter- day, Time pass- es so quick-ly a - way.
sag - ging down, On rust - y hin - ges, bent and brown, Ah me! ah me! ah me! Time pass- es so quick-ly a - way.

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Pictures in the Clouds.

NELLIE WICKIZER. *Moderato.* R. H. RANDALL.

Duet. *May be sung as a Solo, by omitting the Alto*

1. When the clouds that veil the sun - shine, Rift, and let the light shine thro', Pic - tures leap from out the dark - ness, Float - ing on the e - ther blue; Mov - ing swift - ly from the shad - ows, Pure and white as drift - ed snow, Lakes and streams and loft - y moun - tains, Past our vis - ion come and go.
2. Now the sun - set throws the bright - ness, Of its spell o'er hill and dale, O'er the tow'rs our fan - cy paint - ed, O'er the mys - tic flee - cy sail; Now a - las, the night de - scend - ing, Cov - ers up our pic - tures bright, But the joy they give us, can - not Van - ish with the fad - ing light.
3. When the clouds of life fall round us, Cast - ing gloom a - bout our way, Thus will come from out the shad - ows, Vis - ions of some bright - er day; Tho'ts that bring sweet pic - tures to us, Of the hap - py days gone by, Then will float with all their glad - ness, Past our gaze in mem - 'ry's sky.

Chorus.

Let them come, ... to cheer our way, Mak- ing glad . . . . . the com-ing day,
Let them come, yes, let them come to cheer our way, to cheer our way, Mak- ing glad, yes, mak - ing glad the com-ing day, the com-ing day;

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In the dawn - - ing, of the morn - ing, When the night . . . . . has passed a - way, has pass'd a-way.
In the dawn, in the dawning of the morn-ing, of the morn-ing, When the night has passed a - way, when the night has passed a-way.

The Fisher.

FRED. WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL, by per.

1. So rug - ged and strong brown-faced and bold, The fish - er sails o - ver the bar, To watch on the deep as the
2. In reach of the deep and roar of maine The drift of the sand and the spray, He knows not a fear, and he
3. He spreads out his sail un - to the breeze, And mer - ri - ly tra-vels the maine, Still sing - ing the songs that the

Chorus.

sun goes down, Till rise of the morn - ing star.
dreads no ill, But goes on his storm - y way.
old folks hear, When home comes the boats a - gain.

Ho! ho to the fish - er of the deep (ho! ho!) Ho!

ho! to the fish-er of the deep (ho! ho!) He knows not a fear, and he dreads no ill But goes on his storm - y way.

Away to the Forest Shade.

LAURA E. NEWELL. JAS. L. ORR.

1. A - way to the for-est shade, Where floweth the murm'ring stream, We'll roam in the wood - land deep, To rest in its heart, and dream,
2. O! bon-nie the smiles of May, But dream-y the days of June, When birds softly trill each lay, And na - ture is all in tune,
3. Oh! beau-ti - ful for - est shade, Oh! joys of the sum-mer time, When earth is a vis - ion rare, And life is a dream sub-lime,

And there in its calm re - pose, With na - ture we would com-mune, As swift - ly the day glides by, 'Neath ra - di-ant skies of June.
When fra-grance of blooming flow'rs, Is waft - ed as zeph - yrs play, When birds fold their daint - y wings, To rest at the close of day.
Oh! gold-en these fleeting hours, So fair, ev - 'ry live - long day, 'Mid scenes of se - rene de - light, As we in the for - est stray.

Chorus.

A - way to the for-est shade, We'll hie to the sil-very stream, And roam in the wood - land deep, To rest in its heart, and dream.

Tootle-Toot.

(PRIMARY SONG.)

S. C. HANSON, by per.

1. Can[1] you toot a horn? Toot - le,[2] toot - le, toot. Can you toot a horn? Toot-le,[2] toot - le, toot. Can you toot a horn?
2. Hear me toot my horn, Toot - le,[2] toot - le, toot. Hear me toot my horn, Toot-le,[2] toot - le, toot. Hear me toot my horn
3. Come, oh, come and toot, Toot - le, toot - le, toot. Come, oh, come and toot, Toot-le,[2] toot - le, toot. Come, oh, come and toot,
4. What[1] a jol - ly time! Toot - le,[2] toot - le, toot. What a jol - ly time! Toot-le,[2] toot - le, toot. What a jol - ly time!

Toot - le,[2] toot - le, toot. Toot - le,[2] toot - le, toot - le, toot - le, toot, toot, toot.

1. Close both hands. Hold the end of the thumb of left hand erect, ready to place to the lips. Place the end of the thumb of right hand against the lower part of left hand.
2. Raise hands from position (1) and place them so as to represent a horn—the left thumb against the lips.

Friendship.

LAURA E. NEWELL. JAS. L. ORR.

1. We're bound by friendship's gold - en chain, And none may tell its power, For hearts will true to hearts re - main, Till
2. Tho' in the years for us in store, Our paths in life di - vide, We'll not for - get the days gone by, We
3. We've la - bored earn- est - ly and long, But we re - joice to - day, That by suc - cess our work is crown'd, 'Twill
4. Then though we now must say good- bye, True friends we will re - main, May heav - en bless you one and all, Un-
5. Un - til we meet a - gain dear friends, We meet to part no more, When friend-ship's bond shall last for aye, On

ends life's sun - set hour, For hearts will true to hearts re - main Till ends life's sun - set hour.
stud - ied side by side, We'll not for - get those days gone by, We stud - ied, side by side.
bright - en all the way, That by suc - cess our work is crown'd 'Twill bright - en, all the way.
til we meet a - gain May heav - en bless you one and all, Un - til we meet a - gain.
heav - en's shin - ing shore, When friend - ship's bond shall last for aye, On heav - en's shin - ing shore.

Chorus.

Till ends life's sunset hour, my friend, Till ends life's sunset hour, We'll still be bound by friendship's chain, When comes life's sunset hour.
Till ends life's sunset hour, my friend, Till ends life's sunset hour, We'll still be bound by friendship's chain, When comes life's sunset hour.

Song of the Clock.

WM. H. GARDNER. J. H. ROSECRANS.

Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock,

1. All the day and all the night, How the old clock ticks away! Tick - ing when the sun shines
2. When the hap- py boys and girls, En - ter with their bags and books, On bright eyes, and shining
3. When va- ca-tion comes a-long, And the children go a- way, Some one says the old clock's
4. While we grow and learn each year, Pa - - tiently it ticks a- way, And we leave it with a

Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock,

Refrain.

Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick!

bright, Tick - ing when the sky is gray.
curls, With a welcome face it looks.
song, Ticks out sad-ly all the day.
tear, When there comes our parting day.

Tick, tock, tick, tock! Always cheerful is its greeting,

Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick!

Tick, tock, tick, tock! Hark! 'tis singing, "time is fleeting, Work away then children dear. You must start your life work here."

Tick tock, tick, tock! Hark! 'tis singing, "time is fleeting, Work away then children dear. You must start your life work here."

You must start your life work here.

Village Bells.

STARKWEATHER.

1. Ring on, ye bells, with joy- ful tale, Far o - ver lake and lea; Make glad my love- ly na- tive vale As it was wont to be; Ring

2. Sweet is your tune-ful, changeful play, As on the gale it swells; Or soft - ly floats and dies a - way A- down the dis- tant dells; Ring

3. The sweet-est mem'ries of my life Are wov- en with thy strain, They come to cheer my lone - ly heart Like sun-shine aft - er rain; Speed

out your cheer - ful earn - est chime, And bid the gath-'ring throng With- in these walls keep ho - ly time, with heart-felt praise and song.

on, and let your joy - ful peal Re - sound a - far and near, Bid old and young, from hill and dale, De-vout- ly wor- ship here.

hope and joy as in the past, And in thy mes - sage bear A con - so - la- tion for each grief, And ev - 'ry earth-born care.

Refrain.

Ring on, Ring on, Ring on, bells, Ring on, Ring on, Ring, ye joy-ful bells.

Ring, mer-ry, mer-ry bells, Ring, mer-ry, mer- ry bells, Ring, mer-ry, mer-ry bells, Ring, mer-ry, mer-ry bells, Ring, mer-ry, mer- ry bells, Ring, mer-ry, mer-ry bells, Ring, ye joy - ful bells.

Over That Jasper Sea.

NEVA E. PARKHILL. (Dedicated to my niece, GRACE B. DRAKELY, Cottage Grove, Wis.) C. E. LESLIE, April 26, 1880, by per.

Duet.

1. O - ver the tide of that Jas - per sea, Soft - ly a sweet voice is call - ing to me; Lov - ing and ten - der, be -
2. O - ver the tide of that Jas - per sea, Soft - ly the ac - cents are plead - ing with me; Plead - ing so gen - tly in
3. O - ver the tide of that Jas - per sea, Com - eth a vis - ion of beau - ty to me; An - gels are float - ing a -

seech - ing its tone, Dear - ly be - loved, O why long - er roam?
mu - sic - al tones, Dear - ly be - loved, O why long - er roam?
down from the dome, Dear - ly be - loved, O why long - er roam?

Full Chorus.

Call - ing, call - ing, yes, call - ing for me,

O - ver the tide of that Jas - per sea. Call - ing. call - ing, yes, call - ing for me, O - ver the tide of that Jas - per sea.

Peaceful Slumbering.

CHAS. L. MOORE, by per.

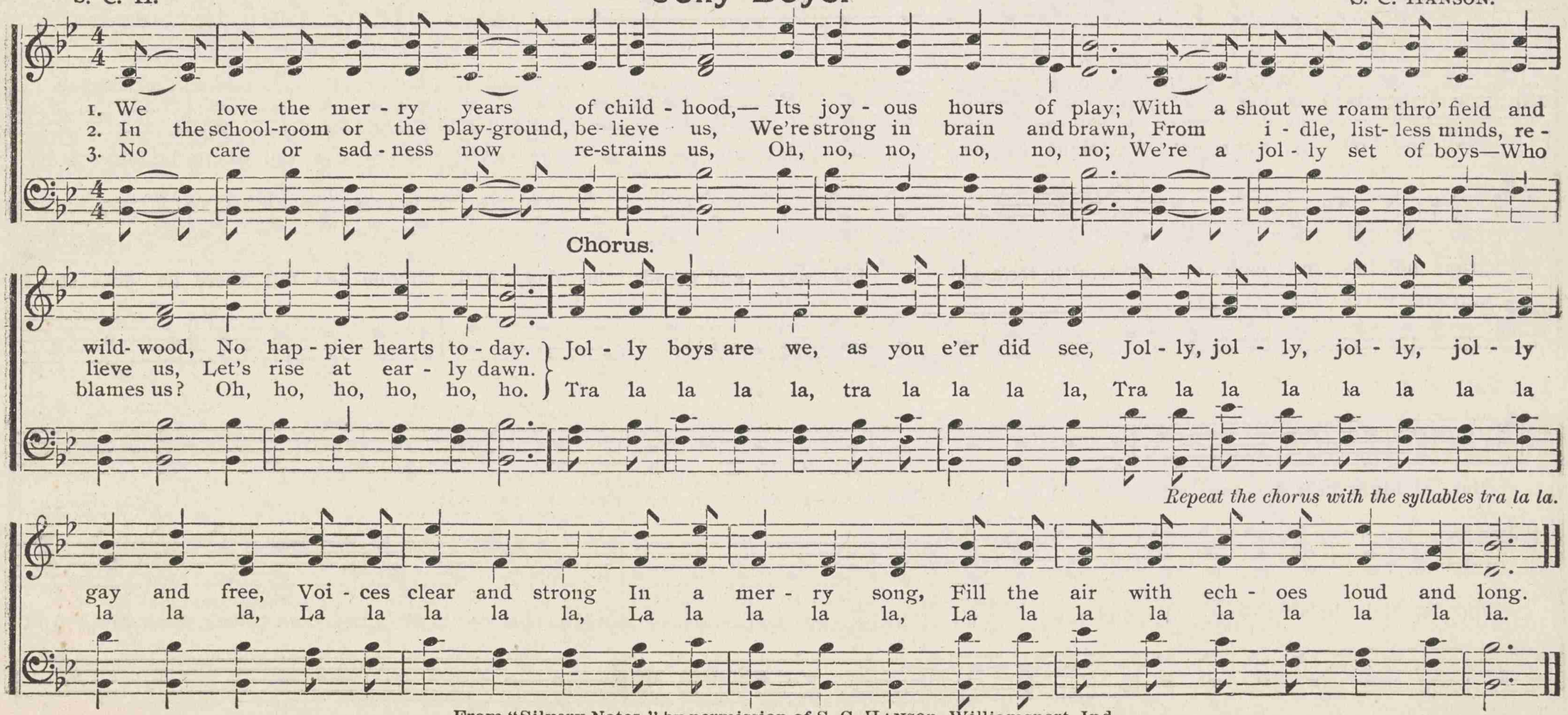
p Slow with expression. *m* *p* *m*

1. Peace - ful slumb'ring on the o - cean Sea - men bear no dan - ger nigh, Thy winds and waves in gen - tle
2. He, who, when the waves are roll - ing, Sets his trust in God on high, A - midst the tem - pests fierc - est



Jolly Boys.

S. C. H. S. C. HANSON.



From "Silvery Notes," by permission of S. C. HANSON, Williamsport, Ind.

The Song of the Bat.

Commit the words and music, and the piece will be well received in concert.

C. E. L. C. E. LESLIE.

1. The bat, the bat is a ver - y queer bird, He flies all round and noth-ing is heard, Ex-cept the flap of his ug - ly wings Which

2. The bat is out tho' a ver - y dark night, He flies all round as tho' it were light, He has no fear of his life or health 'Tis

cres.

is the on - ly song that he sings, In day - light he hides him - self a - way And no one can tell where he does stay,

cres.

true he has no mon - ey or wealth, He's odd in his way and spends the day, And no one can tell where he does stay.

But at night he's fly - ing all round and a - bout, The hous-es and barns he takes in his route.

f

But at night he's fly - ing all round and a - bout, The hous-es and barns he takes in his route. He's in at the win - dow, And

By permission of the Author.

f cres.

He's up to the ceal - ing and down to the floor. Be -

out at the door, Be -

f cres.

He's up to the ceal - ing and down to the floor, There now I have him right un - der my hat,

rit. pp

care- ful or else you will hurt the poor bat, Poor lit - tle bat, Poor lit - tle bat.

p *rit. pp*

care - ful or else you will hurt the poor bat, Poor lit - tle bat, Poor lit - tle bat.

p

Poor lit - tle bat, He's un- der my hat, Poor lit - tle bat, He's un- der my hat.

Music on the Ocean.

J. H. Hall.

1. Mu-sic on the ocean, When the winds go sweeping by Upward in their fu- ry, Dashing waves unto the sky.

1. Oh! there's music on the o - cean, When the winds go sweeping by; Bear-ing upward in their fu - - ry, Dashing waves un- to the sky.
2. Oh! the soft me-lodious surg - ing, Of bright waves on pebbly shore, Where rare shells like gems are gleam - ing, Where ne'er comes the dripping oar.

2. Soft melodious surging, Of bright waves on pebbly shore, Shells like gems are gleaming, Where ne'er comes the dripping oar.

Row the Boat Lightly, Love.

J. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Row the boat light- ly, love, o - ver the sea, Twi-light is fall - ing, I'll hast - en with thee, O'er the blue wa- ters now sparkling with foam,

2. Brave is the heart of the fish - er-man's bride, Tho' the wind fret-teth the wave in its pride; What tho' the storm hath en-com-passed the sea,

3. How the bark dash- es from mountain to vale, Toss'd like a feath - er the sport of the gale; Now it is riv - en, to- geth - er they go,

Obligato Solo.

Ev - er-more, dear-est, to dwell in thy home. Row . . . . the boat, light - ly, O - - - ver the sea, ...

Clasp-ing her treas-ure, oh, what car- eth she? Row the boat, light-ly, love, o - ver the sea, Row the boat, light-ly, love, o- ver the sea;

To the still depths of the cav - erns be- low.

Bass Solo.

Dai - - ly and night - - ly I'll wan - - der with thee, ... On, ... its clear bos - - om con -

Dai- ly and night-ly I'll wan-der with thee, Dai- ly and night-ly I'll wan-der with thee. On its clear bos- om con-tent-ed we'll roam,

tent - - - ed we'll roam, ... Ev - - - - er-more, dear - - est, to dwell . . . . . in thy home, . . .

On its fair bos- som con-tent- ed we'll roam; Ev - er- more dear- est, to dwell in thy home, Ev-er-more, dearest, to dwell in thy home.

Mary had a Little Lamb.

E. T. HILDEBRAND.

1. Ma - ry had a lit - tle Lamb, Its fleece was white as snow, And ev - 'ry where that Ma - ry went

2. And so the teacher turned him out, But still he ling - er'd near, And wait - ed pa - tient - ly a - bout,

D.S.— It made the chil - dren laugh and play,
D.S.— As if he said I'm not a - fraid,

FINE. *D.S.*

The lamb was sure to go. It fol - low'd her to school one day, Which was a - gainst the rule,

Till Ma - ry did ap - pear: And then he quick - ly ran to her, And lean'd up - on her arm;

To see a lamb at school.
You'll keep me from all harm.

Oh, Come with Me.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Oh, come with me o'er the wa - ters of the sil - ver lake, Oh, come, oh, come with me; Our joy - ous songs shall the ech - oes of the hills a - wake, Oh, come, oh, come with me.

2. Then o'er the lake in our lit - tle bark we'll gai - ly glide, Oh, come, oh, come with me; The hours will pass quick-ly with the gen - tly fleet - ing tide, Oh, come, oh, come with me.

lake, sil - ver lake,
glide, gai - ly glide,

me, come with me;
me, come with me;

wake, hills a - wake,
tide, fleet-ing tide,

Chorus.

Oh, come, come, come, come with me, Oh, come, come, come, come with me, Come, come with me, come, come with me o'er the

Oh, come, come, come, come with me, Oh, come, come, come, come with me, Oh, come with me o'er the

Come, come with me, Come, come with me o'er the

Oh, Come With Me.—Concluded.

Repeat softly after last verse.

wa- ters of the sil - ver lake, Come, come with me, come, come with me, And with mu - sic sweet the dis - tant ech- oes wake.

wa- ters of the sil - ver lake, Oh, come with me, And with mu - sic sweet the dis - tant ech - oes wake.

Come, come with me, come, come with me,

A. S. K.

Midnight Serenade.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1. 'Tis mid - night! 'tis mid-night, And ev - 'ry mount- ain height Is bath'd in a sea of glo - ry, This mys - tic moon- light night.

2. The moon-light! the moon-light Fills ev - 'ry mount- ain bow'r; And stars, like the eyes of an - gels, Beam on each rock - y tow'r.

3. 'Tis mid - night! 'tis mid - night O'er mountain, vale, and sea; And sweet are the night winds sing - ing Their songs of love to thee.

Chorus.

O fair - y moon-light night! I love thy tran - quil hours, And drink thy beau - ty in A-mong these mountain bow'rs.

O fair - y moonlight night! I love thy tran - quil hours, And drink thy beau- ty in A- mong these mountain bow'rs.

O fair - y moon-light night! I love thy tran - quil hours, And drink thy beau - ty in A-mong these mountain bow'rs.

By permission.

"Rum or Right," "Which Shall it Be?"

WM. H. GARDNER. J. F. KING, by per.

1. If you dear - ly love your coun-try, You will stand up for the right, And you'll try and rid the na- tion, Of in-temperance aw - ful blight.
2. Who is fill - ing up our pris - ons, Who is tear- ing down our homes? Who is steal- ing bread from orphans, Why these cryings, and these groans?
3. Do not give the fiends a li-cense, To send hu-man souls to hell, For the fall - en may say tru - ly, 'Twas thro' you in- deed we fell."

Cast your votes for men of hon - or, Drive the "Rum curse" from the land. Right will sure- ly gain the vic - t'ry, If you brave - ly make a stand.
It is rum, the dread de-stroy - er, Who has seized the soul of men. Oh, then ral - ly for the bat - tle, Nev - er let him win a - gain!
"Down with rum!" then be your watchword, Bravely bat - tle for the right. Save, oh, save, our coun-try, broth- ers, From in - temprance aw-ful blight!

Refrain.

Rum or right . . . . . will win the day, Let us then . . . . . drive rum a - way! Crush the ser - - - - pent 'neath your heel, On to vict - 'ry men of steel.
Rum or right will win the day, Let us then drive rum a - way! Crush the ser - pent 'neath your heel,

When The Morn with Dewy Fingers.

E. R. LATTA. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. When the morn with dew-y fin-gers Opes the port-als of the day, And with pearls the earth seems covered, How the shadows fly a-way.

2. When the morn with dew-y fin-gers, In her gold-en char-iot rides, Then a sense of speechless pleasure Ev-er in my heart a-bides.

3. When the morn with dew-y fin-gers, Blessings on the earth doth strew, How the cups of flow'rets o-pen, How the down-y pet-als glow.

4. When the morn with dew-y fin-gers Com-eth as on fai-ry wing, How the birds in vale and wood-land Do their songs of beau-ty sing.

Chorus.

Lovely morn with dewy fingers, Sweet thy coming is to me, When 'tis time for night to van-ish, Glad I wait and watch for thee.

Love-ly morn, oh, love-ly morn, Sweet thy com-ing is to me, When 'tis time for night to van-ish, Glad I wait and watch for thee.

Lovely morn with dewy fingers, Sweet thy coming is to me. When 'tis time for night to van-ish, Glad I wait and watch for thee.

By permission of Fillmore Bros.

The River's Song.

J. L. GILLESPIE.

1. Far a - way, far a - way, in the sun - ny mead - ow, Hear it now, hear it now, 'tis the riv - er's song.

2. Long a - go, long a - go, sport - ed there sweet child - hood; Hear it now, hear it now, shout- ing o'er the wave.

3. On - ward still, on - ward still, is the riv - er glid - ing, To the sea, to the sea, like the stream of time.

Rip-pling, dip - ping, dash - ing, flash - ing, thro' the mer - ry shad - ows, Beau - ti - ful and mu - sic - al it glides a - long.

Quaff - ing, laugh- ing, sing - ing, spring-ing, thro' the tan - gled wild - wood, O'er the rip - ple bend-ing each young brow to lave

Surg - ing, urg - ing, swell - ing, tell - ing, there is no de - lay - ing, Mur - mur - ing of o - cean, in a stream sub- lime.

Chorus.

Dip - ping, dip - ping, rip- pling, rip - pling, Oh, how mer - ri - ly! Flash-ing, flash-ing, dash-ing, dash- ing, On-ward to the sea;

Dip - ping, rip - pling, Oh, how mer - ri - ly! Flash-ing, dash- ing, On- ward to the sea;

Dip - ping, dip - ping, rip - pling, rip - pling, Oh, how mer - ri - ly! Flash-ing, flash-ing, dash- ing, dash-ing, On-ward to the sea;

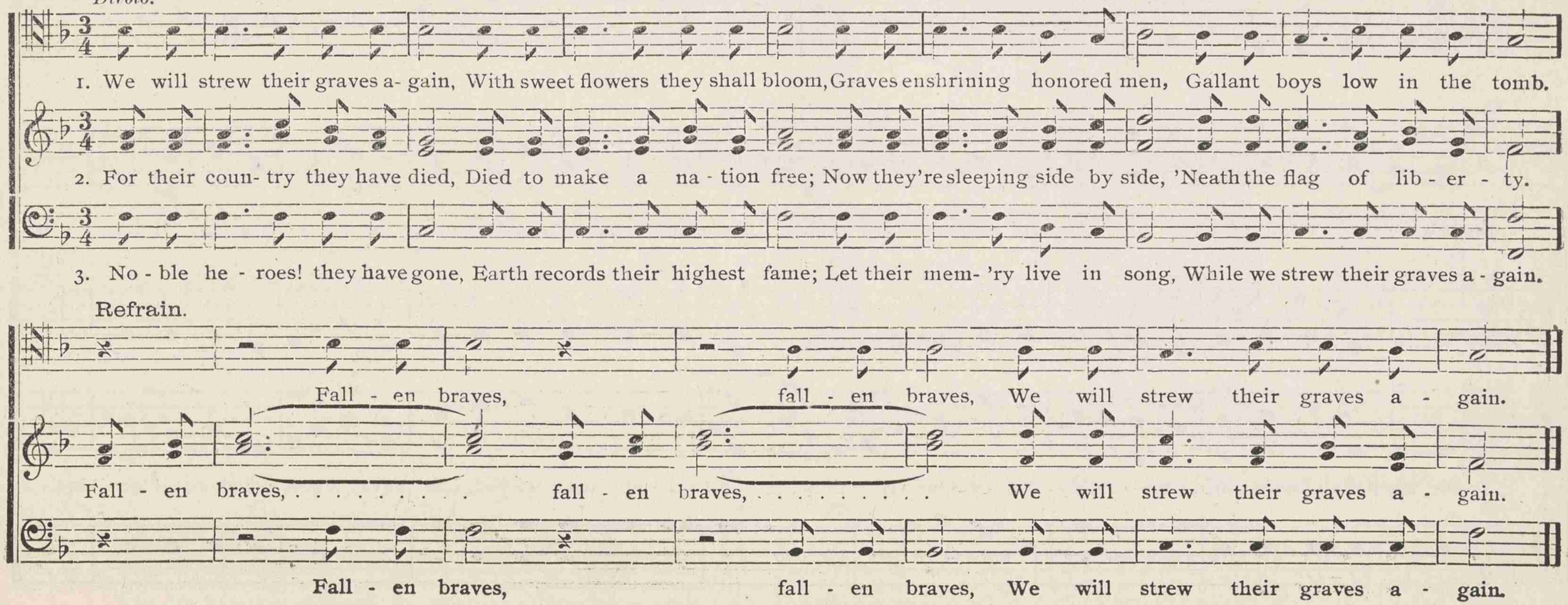
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We will Strew their Graves Again.

Words and Music by W. T. GIFFE.

Diroto.



By permission.

My Native Village Bells.

Quartet.

S. W. STRAUB.

1. A - gain I hear them soft and low, Come sweeping o'er the plain, With feelings once 'twas heav'n to know, And bliss to feel a - gain, For

2. How many a tune to mem'ry dear, Their plaintive notes re - call, The school, the dance up-on the green, And thee, more dear than all, Dear

though I've dwelt where music, all The soul with rap - ture swells..... I ne'er heard sounds could thrill my heart Like thine, my vil - lage bells,

one, when life's long noon is o'er— My fan - cy fond - ly tells..... In qui - et may we pass our days, Where sound our vil-lage bells,

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Chorus.

Sweet bells, sweet bells, sweet bells, sweet bells, I love to hear the chiming, chiming of my vil-lage bells, I

Sweet bells, sweet bells, sweet bells, sweet bells, I love my na - - tive

Sweet bells, sweet bells, sweet bells, sweet bells, I love to hear the chiming, chiming of my vil-lage bells, I

love to hear the chiming of my na-tive vil-lage bells; I ne'er heard sounds could thrill my heart..... Like thine, my vil-lage bells.

I ne'er heard sounds could thrill my heart Like thine, my vil-lage bells.

vil - - lage bells; I ne'er heard sounds could thrill my heart..... Like thine, my vil-lage bells.

love to hear the chiming of my na-tive vil-lage bells, I ne'er heard sounds could thrill my heart Like thine my vil-lage bells.

The Gurgle of the Jug.

T. M. T.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

Ad lib.

1. Of all the vile things some peo-ple will hug, The vil - est of things is an
2. For rich and for poor, it car- ries the drug, That poi-sons the blood and that
3. Oh! smash this old jug, this mur-der- ous jug; Let out the vile stuff that you

old fashioned jug; It steal- eth their bed, how - ev - er so snug, And drives them to sleep on some bit of a rug.
red-dens the "mug;" At the last they who drink, their graves will have dug, For in - to the lake they will stagger "Kerchug!"
fool- ish - ly lug; Put on the *Gough Har - ness*, and hitch up the tug, No lon- ger be hailed as a "Sot," or, a "Plug."

Chorus. *Spirituoso.*

Oh! the gur - gle of the jug, jug, jug, As it fills the guz - zler's mug, mug, mug,

Oh! the gur - gle of the jug, jug, As it fills the guz - zler's mug, mug,

Oh! the gur- gle, gen - tle gur-gle of the jug, jug, jug, As it fill- eth, fill- eth, fill- eth up the guz - zler's mug;

NOTE.—This excellent piece is published in sheet form with Piano accompaniment. Price, 30 cents.

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The Gurgle of the Jug.—Concluded.

*Second time Gurgleiss mo.**

Sweet - est mu - sic for the "Plug," plug, plug, Is the gur - gle of the jug, jug.

Sweet - est mu- sic, rar - est mu - sic for the "Plug," plug, plug, Is the gur - gle, gen - tle gur - gle of the jug, jug, jug.

* If sung as a solo entirely, a good effect is produced by singing the *base* the second time.

O, I am a Merry Sailor Lad.

MALE QUARTETTE. Arr. by J. H. Hall.

1st. & 2d. Tenor.

1. O, I am a mer - ry sail- or lad, With heart both light and free; I high - ly prize my gal-lant ship, I love the deep blue sea.
2. Where bound - ing bil - low rears its head To play with tempest cloud; Where storm's deep voice comes o'er the main, In murmurs hoarse and loud.

1st. Bass.

3. I look to tread the ves - sel's deck, A - mid the howl- ing gale, And lis - ten to the sea-gull's scream, And to the thun-der's rail.
4. O, see the viv - id light-ning play, A-round me bold and free; Yet some will love the dull, tame shore, But an o - cean life for me.

2d. Bass.

Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!

Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! I love, I love, I love the dark blue sea, I love, I love, I love the dark blue sea.

Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! I love, I love, I love the dark blue sea, I love, I love, I love the dark blue sea.

rit. *rit.*

Lead Me Where She's Sleeping.

Solo Obligato. *Andante.*

W. T. GIFFE.

1. Lead me some-times where she's sleep-ing, To our lit - tle Min - nie's grave; Where the i - vy

Chorus. *pp*

1. Lead me sometimes, etc.

2. Lead me some-times where she's sleep-ing, To that green and hal - lowed mound; Where the bright young

2. Lead me sometimes, etc.

3. Lead me sometimes where she's sleep-ing, Where our loved, lost Min - nie lies; Where the an - gels

vines are creeping, Where the blooming flow - ers wave, Where the pine-tree boughs are swinging,

stars are peeping Through the trees that guard a - round; Where so oft our hearts have blended,

guard are keeping, As they're wing-ing thro' the skies; Where the pine-tree boughs are swinging,

By permission.

In the balmy south - ern breeze; And the birds are sweet - ly sing-ing, In their home a - mong the trees.

In the earn-est heart - felt prayer; That in heav'n when life is end - ed, We may meet our dar - ling there.

In the balmy south - ern breeze; And the birds are sweet - ly sing-ing, In their home a - mong the trees.

Good-night, Beloved.

LONGFELLOW. GEO. BAKER.

Legato.

Good-night, good-night, be - lov - ed, I come to watch o'er thee, Good-night, good-night, be-lov - ed, I come to watch o'er thee,

cres. *ritard.*

To be near thee, to be near thee is peace a - lone for me, Good-night, good-night, be - lov - ed, I come to watch o'er thee.

Love Divine.

Arranged from "Last Rose of Summer," by W. L. THOMPSON.

Lento.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex cell-ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down, Fix in us thy hum ble dwelling, All thy faith ful mer-cies crown; Fath er,
2. Breathe, oh breathe thy loving spir-it, In - to ev - 'ry troub-led breast, Let us each in thee in her - it, Let us find thy promised rest; Come, al -

thou art all com-pas sion, Pure un-bound ed love thou art! . . . . . Vis - it us with thy sal va tion, En - ter ev - 'ry long-ing heart;
might - y, to de - liv - er, Let us all thy life re-ceive! . . . . . Gra-cious-ly come down and nev-er, Nev - er - more thy tem-ples leave;

Chorus.

1. Fath - er thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love thou art! Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry long-ing heart.

ritard. *Solo voice ad lib.*

2. Come, al-might-y, to de-liv - er, Let us all thy life re - ceive! . . . . Gra-cious-ly come down and nev-er, Nev - er-more thy tem-ples leave.

By per of Will L. Thompson & Co, East Liverpool, Ohio, and The Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

The Rose of Sharon.*

Affectionately inscribed to Mrs. PALMER. Written March 8th, 1878. **Words and Music by H. R. PALMER.**

1. There's a Rose that is blooming for you, friend, There's a Rose that is blooming for me; Its per-fume is per-vad-ing the world, friend, Its per-
2. Long a - go in the val - ley so fair, friend, Far a - way by the beauti - ful sea, This pure Rose in its beauty first bloom'd friend, And it
3. All in vain did they crush this fair flow'r, friend, All in vain did they shatter the tree, For its roots, deeply bedded, sprang forth, friend, And it

Refrain.

fume is for you and for me.
blooms still for you and for me.
blooms still for you and for me.

There's a Rose that blooms for me, A Rose that blooms for you, And its beauty all the world shall

There's a Rose, ... a love - ly Rose, ... And its beau-ty all the world shall

There's a Rose that blooms for me, A Rose that blooms for you, And its beau-ty all the world shall

see; . . . . There's a Rose that blooms for me, A Rose that blooms for you, Its per - fume is for you and for me.

see; . . . . There's a Rose, ... a love - ly Rose, ... Its per - fume is for you and for me.

see; . . . . There's a Rose that blooms for me, A Rose that blooms for you, Its per - fume is for you and for me.

* Of the many names given to our Saviour, the Rose of Sharon is the most beautiful. This little hymn was written on the shores of the Mediterranean, amid the fragrance of ever-blooming roses, and beneath the matchless beauty of Italian skies. Thoughts of the Holy Land on the farther shore, and of the purity and loveliness of the life of our Saviour mingled unconsciously with the surrounding beauty, and took form in this little poem and melody.

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Merrily Sing.

Words and Music by J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Mer-ri-ly sing our hap-py evening song (mer-ri ly sing,) Cheerily now the joy-ful notes pro-long (mer-ri-ly sing;) Heartily join our cheerful, hap-py

2. Joy-ful-ly sing the cho rus now we raise, Crowning the night with music's grandest lays; Singing will bless and brighten all our

mer-ri-ly sing, mer-ri-ly sing,

throng (mer-ri ly sing,) Merri-ly sing, mer-ri-ly sing. Chase a-way all care and sadness, Swell the an-them loud and long;

mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Chase a-way all care and sad-ness, Swell the anthem loud and long;

days, Mer-ri-ly sing, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing. Mu-sic is a gold-en treas-ure, Beau-ty dwells in ev-'ry sound;

mer-ri-ly sing, Mu-sic is a golden treasure, Beau-ty dwells in ev'ry sound;

By permission of FILLMORE BROS.

Lift your hearts to joy and glad-ness, With the ech - oes of our song; Then, sing our hap - py evening song (mer-ri-ly sing;) Cheerily

Lift your hearts to joy and glad - ness,

Joy is found in ev - 'ry meas - ure, Let its pleasures now a - bound; Then, sing our hap - py evening song; Cheer-i - ly

Joy is found in ev - 'ry meas-ure, mer-ri- ly sing,

now the joy-ful notes pro-long (mer ri ly sing;) Heartily join our cheer-ful, hap-py throng (merrily sing,) Merri - ly sing, mer-ri - ly sing.

mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly,

now the joy - ful notes prolong (mer-ri-ly sing;) Heartily join our cheer-ful, hap-py throng (merrily sing,) Merri - ly sing, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing.

If You Were Only Here.*

WALTZ SONG.

Arr. by W. H. BURGETT.

1. If you were on - ly here, ... The same as in the past, ... My heart would not be drear, ... My
3 If you were on - ly here, ... This soft and balm - y night, ... The stars would bright ap- pear, ... My
5. If you were on - ly here, ... How hap - py I would be, ... My heart would not be drear, ... If

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

sor - row could not last. . . . . The birds would sing a - gain, ... The flowers would soon ap - pear, ... And
heart would soon grow light. . . . The night - in - gale would sing, ... The ros - es bloom a - gain; . . . . . Ah,
you were on - ly here. . . . I'd dream the hours a - way, ... My heart would sing a - gain; . . . . . For

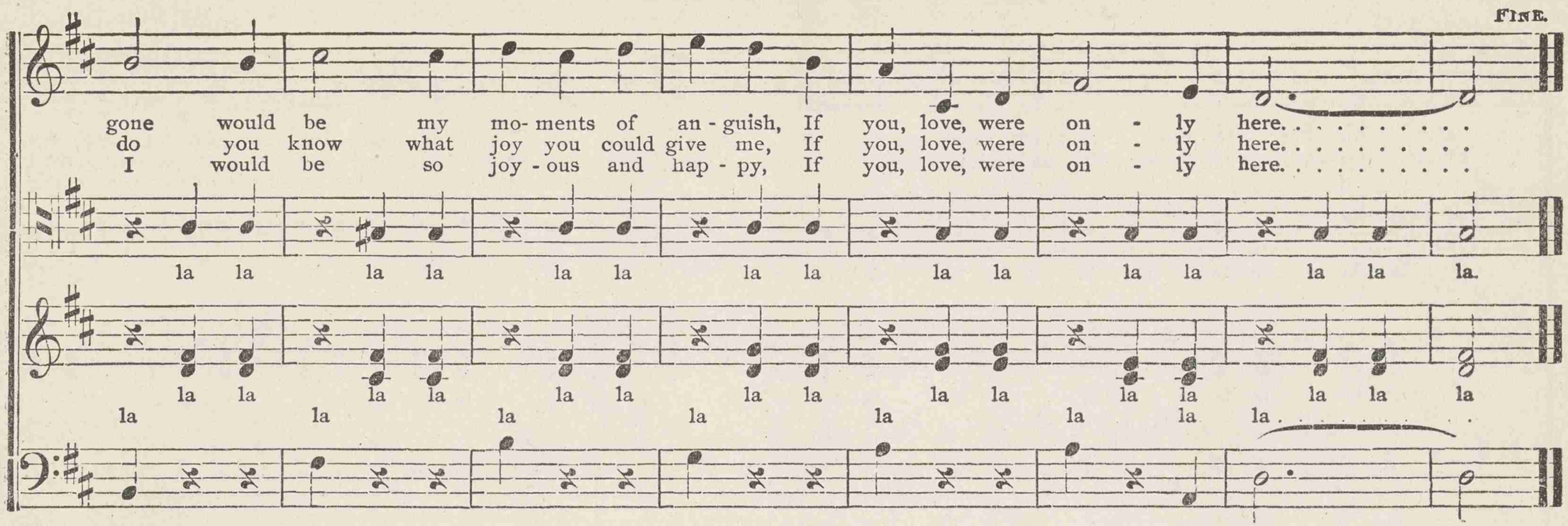
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*This beautiful song complete is printed in sheet form by H. A. French, Nashville, Tenn.

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FINE.
gone would be my mo- ments of an - guish, If you, love, were on - ly here.
do you know what joy you could give me, If you, love, were on - ly here.
I would be so joy - ous and hap - py, If you, love, were on - ly here.
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
2. But the birds have ceased to sing, And the flow'rs have ceased to bloom; And I am lone - ly
4. Have you for - got the vows We made in the flow'r - y glade, Be-neath the old tree's
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

If You Were Only Here.—Concluded.

all for thee, My heart is filled with gloom. . . . . For you come to me no more . . . . When the sun has
shade we sat, My love, at twi - light's fall. . . . . The pale moon climbs the heav'ns, . . . Shining bright- ly,

la la la

Merry Sings the Lark.

J. H. HALL.

1. Mer - ry sings the lark, at the break of day,
2. Rouse ye, rouse ye now, at the morn- ing call,
3. Health and strength are found in the morn- ing air,

Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la,

Lis - ten while she sings her mer - ry lay,
Rouse ye, i - dle dream- ers one and all,
Beau - ty, youth and life in na - ture's face,

Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la.

Chorus.

Hear her song, la la la, hear her song la la la, Yes, so sweetly she sings, Tra la a la, Tra la la la la la Hear her song, la la la, hear her song, la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la.

Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Yes, so sweetly she sings, Tra la la la, Tra la la la la la,

Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la.

Be Good and True.

WM. GARDNER. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Now, children dear, a word with you, Be- fore we go from school to-day, Where e'er you go, "be good and true," Remember, children, what I say:
2. You may not all be rich and great, Yet still I shall be proud of you, If when I en- ter heav-en's gate, I find you have been "good and true."
3. With hap- py hearts and will-ing hands, The sky of life shall o'er be blue, For blest is he who un-derstands, The way to e'er "be good and true."

Chorus.

"Be good and true!" What e'er you do, And stand up for the right, "Be good and true!" I say to you, And be a shin-ing light.

Happy Welcome.

J. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Welcome to our feast of mu - sic, Friends of mirth and friends of song, Will you with your tune- ful voi - ces Help us bear the strain a - long?
2. Let the sun - ny days of childhood Be re-called with youth's bright dreams, And the scenes a moment lin-ger, Lit by mem'ry's bright-est beams;
3. We will min- gle joy and sad- ness, In our fes - tal songs to-night; But let not the strains of sor - row Mar the joy of oth - ers bright;

We are hap-py here to meet you, While no fears our mirth al - loy, And as now with songs we greet you, May each heart be filled with joy.
Then in mu-sic's melt- ing sweetness, Bid the past days take their flight And be hap-py in the present, Till we say our kind good-night.
For thro' fond the rec - ol - lec-tions, Link'd a-round these solemn songs, Yet their sad-ness must not lin - ger, O'er the spot where mirth belongs.

Chorus.

Then a . . . . wel - - - - come Hap - - - - py wel - - come,

Then a hap - py wel - come, then a hap - py wel - come, Wel-come to this mer - ry bright eyed throng,

Wel - - - - - come to our feast of . . song.

Then a hap - py wel - come, then a hap - py wel - come, wel - come to our feast of mirth and song.

Then a hap - py wel - come, then a hap - py wel - come, wel - come to our feast of mirth and song.

Softly Sleep. (Serenade.)

1st. Tenor. MALE QUARTETTE. SCHULTZ.

Andante. p *mf* *dim.*

1. Soft - ly sleep! in peaceful pleasure, Now thy wear-ied eye- lids close; May some strain of heav'ly meas-ure Lull thy heart to calm re-pose.

2d. Tenor.

2. Soft - ly sleep! oh! what can sev - er True af - fec- tion's con- stan-cy? Tho' those eyes should close for-ev- er, Ne'er should sleep my love for thee.

1st. & 2d. Bass.

3. Soft - ly sleep! a bright - er mor- row Wake thee with it's fresh'ning light; Wake to life undimm'd by sor - row, Peace be with thee, love, to-night.

Song of the Whippoorwill.

Words and Music by WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

1. In the star - ry night so still, List - en to the whip- poor- will; For - est shades re - peat his song,

2. Soft - ly falls the star- light glow O'er the shad - ow'd world be - low; Fra-grance float - ing thro' the air,

3. Oth - er birds are blithe and gay, Sing - ing, but in morn's glad ray, While the whip- poor - will's sad tone

Duet. *ad lib.*

Dream - i - ly it floats a - long; Sad - ness thrills and fills his lay, Sing - ing all the sum-mer night a- way.

Dew - y fresh- ness ev - 'ry-where; Night and song our joys di - vide, In the balm - y sum-mer e - ven- tide;

Greets us when the day has flown; While we sing in joy and glee, May we learn, dear singing bird, from thee.

Used by permission.

Chorus.

Lis - ten to that plaint-ive trill, Whip - poor-will, sad whip - poor - will. Hark! hark!

Who can guess the tho'ts that thrill Heart of sweet-voiced whip - poor-will? Hark! whippoorwill, hark! whippoorwill,

May we, like thee, whip-poor-will, E'en in grief go sing - ing still. Hark! hark!

Repeat pp to close.

Sad - ly sings the whip - poor - will; Hark! hark! List - en to the whip-poor - will.

whippoorwill, whippoorwill; whippoorwill, whippoorwill.

Sad - ly sings the whip - poor - will; Hark! whippoorwill, hark! whippoorwill, List - en to the whip - poor - will.

Say So.

Words from "Western Rural."
Duet. Tenor and Baritone.

MALE QUARTET.

J. B. HERBERT.

1. If an - y one kind - ly goes out of his way To do you a fa - vor, re - sult as it may, While wait - ing a chance this kind act to re - pay.
2. 'Tis a small thing to ut - ter the thanks of the heart, But 'twould car - ry such heal - ing to ma - ny a smart, If more we would prac - tice this del - i - cate art.
3. Kind words, how we prize them! like sum - mer sun - shine, They strength - en and bless us, sup - port and re - fine. The rar - est of gems in so - ci - e - ty's mine.
4. Words tru - ly are small, but oft - times won - drous things, Un - locked from the lips they do take them - selves wings; Shall they strew sweets like hon - ey or sow barbs and stings?

Quartet.

f *cres e accel* . . . . . *ff* *a tempo.* *mf*

1. Don't for-get to be thank-ful and—
2. Don't for-get to be thank-ful and—

Say so, say so, say so, say so, say so! Don't for-get to be thank-ful and say so!

cres e accel . . . . . *ff* *a tempo.*

f *mf*

3. Is to feel ver - y thankful and—
4. Pray be thank-ful for fa - vors and—

Say so, say so, say so, say so, say so! Don't for - get to be thank-ful and say so!

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Sleep on Thy Pillow.

MALE QUARTETTE.

W. T. GIFFE.

Andante.

1st. & 2d. Tenor.

p *cres.* *p*

1. Sleep on thy pil- low, hap- py and bright As the moon on a bil- low re- pos - es at night; Soft be thy slumbers that cra - dle thy
2. Wake on the mor-row, love- ly and meek, And the morn-ing shall borrow its blush from thy cheek; Fresh-er than ros- es thy lips balm-y

1st. & 2d. Bass.

cres. *dim.*

heart, As the ho - li - est numbers love can im- part, Soft be thy slum - - - - bers, sweet be thy dreams.
gale, There zephyrs re - pos- ing, new sweets in- hale, Soft be thy slum - bers, sweet be thy dreams.

Used by per. of W. F. Shaw.

Soft be thy slumbers, Sweet be thy dreams.

Night Wind. (Serenade.)

MALE QUARTETTE.

R. S. TAYLOR.

1. O night- wind, be my ser - vant, And do an er - rand rare; Go seek yon peaceful chamber Where sleeps my la - dy fair; Her
2. Go load your wings with fragrance, Where freshest ro - ses bloom, And quick - ly to her win - dow Transport the rich per- fume; Go
3. With pray'rs and blessings la - den, O night wind, haste thee hence, En- trance my la- dy's slum - ber, And charm each languid sense; Then

dis - tant cur - tains gleam - ing, Shall guide you where she sleeps, Un - con-scious that her lov - er, His faith- ful vig - il keeps.
where the wild bird's sing - ing, En - liv - ens all the night, And waft his sweet-est mu - sic, To soothe her slumber light.
kiss her brow that's fair - er Than snow blown o'er the lea, And whis - per soft - ly to her, A dream of love and me.

Used by per. of W. F. Shaw.

Pull Away Merrily. Boat Song.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Pull a - way mer - ri - ly, o - ver the wa - ters! Tug to your oars for the wood-tan-gled shore: We're off and a - float with earth's lov- li - est daught-ers,
2. Pull a - way cheer - i - ly, land is be - fore us, Green groves are flinging their balm to the spray; The sky like the spir - it of love, bending o'er us,
3. Pull a - way heart - i - ly, light winds are blow - ing, Crisping the rip - ples that dance at our ride; The moon bathes in sil - ver, the path we are go - ing,

Worth all the ar - go - sies wave ev - er bore. Pull a - way gal-lant - ly, pull a - way val - iant - ly, Pull with a swoop, boys, and pull for the shore;

Lights her bright torch-es to show us the way. Pull a - way cheer - i - ly, pull a - way mer - ri - ly, pull with a nerve, boys, to geth - er give way;
Night is ar-ray'd in her robes like a bride. Pull a - way read - i - ly, pull a - way stead - i - ly, pull with a will, boys, and sing as we glide;

ff

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, bend to the oar! Pull for the

ff

Pull for the shore, boys, bend to the oar! . . . . Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,
Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, bend to the oar; Pull for the

By permission.

shore, boys, bend to the oar! . . . . . O . . . . . Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, bend to the oar!

mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, bend to the oar! Pull a - way gal - lant-ly, Pull a-way val-iant - ly, mer - ri - ly, bend to the oar!

shore, boys, bend to the oar! . . . . .

The Skylark.

Soprano Solo. Arr. by J. H. HALL.

1. Bird of the wil - der - ness, Blithe - some and cum - ber - less, Sweet be thy mat - in o'er moor - land and lea!
2. Wild is thy lay and loud, Far in the down - y cloud, Love gives it en - er - gy, love gives it birth.
3. O'er fell and mount - ain sheen, O'er moon and mount - ain green, O'er the red stream - ers that her - alds the day.
4. Then when the gleam - ing comes, Low in the heath - ers blooms, Sweet will thy wel - come and bed of love be!

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Rit.

Em - blem of hap - pi - ness, Blest is thy dwell - ing place, And to a - bide in the des - ert with thee!
Where on thy dew - y wings, Where art thou jour - ney - ing? Thy lay is heav - en, thy love is on earth.
O - ver the cloud - lit dim, O - ver the rain - bow's rim, Mus - ic - al cher - ub, soar sing - ing, a - way.
Em - blem of hap - pi - ness, Blest is thy dwell - ing place, Oh to a - bide in the des - ert with thee!

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

For the Sun Shineth Bright Over All.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

Allegretto

1. There are bright-tint- ed flowr's where the soft breez-es float, And the dews of the ev - 'ning fall, Where the bird and the bee from the hon - ey cups drink, For the

2. There are beau - ti- ful souls with a calm- ness se-rene, And a hap - py con-tent with - al, And they dwell in the glow of the ra - di ant beam, For the

3. There are sor - rowing hearts who the-lone vig- ils keep, Where the storms of af-flic - tion fall, There are love cher ish'd mounds in the green-cover'd vale, But the

Chorus.

sun shin- eth bright o - ver all. O-ver all, o-ver all, For the sun shin- eth bright o - ver all, o-ver all, 'Tis a

sun shin- eth bright o - ver all. O - ver all, o - ver all, For the sun shin eth bright o - ver all, 'Tis a

sun shin - eth bright o - ver all. O-ver all, o-ver all, For the sun shin - eth bright o - ver all, o- ver all 'Tis a

beau - ti - ful earth, with its brill- iance and shade, For the sun shin- eth bright o - ver all, o - ver all, For the sun shin-eth bright o - ver all.

beau - ti - ful earth with its brill- iance and shade, For the sun shin- eth bright o - ver all, (o- ver all,) For the sun shin-eth bright o - ver all.

beau - ti - ful earth with its brill - iance and shade, For the sun shin-eth bright o - ver all, For the sun shin-eth bright o - ver all.

Trip Lightly.

J. H. LESLIE, by per.

1. Trip light - ly o - ver troub - le; Trip light - ly o - ver wrong; We on - ly make grief doub - le By dwell - ing on it long.

2. Trip light - ly o - ver sor - row, Tho' all the way be dark; The sun may shine to-mor - row, And gay - ly sing the lark;

3. Trip light - ly o - ver sad - ness; Stand not to rail at doom; We've pearls to string of glad - ness On this side of the tomb;

Why clasp woe's hands so tight - ly? Why sigh o'er blos-soms dead? Why cling to forms un-sight - ly? Why not seek joy in - stead?

Fair hopes have not de-part - ed, Though ros - es may have fled: Then nev - er be down-heart-ed; But look for joy in - stead.

While stars are night - ly shin - ing, And heav'n is o - ver - head, En-cour - age not re - pin - ing; But look for joy in - stead.

Chorus.

Repeat. pp

Trip lightly, trip lightly, Trip light - ly o - ver troub - le; Trip lightly, trip lightly, Trip light - ly o - ver wrong.

Trip light - ly, trip light - ly, Trip light - ly o - ver troub - le; Trip light - ly, trip light - ly, Trip light - ly o - ver wrong.

Trip lightly, trip lightly, Trip light - ly o - ver troub - le; Trip lightly, trip lightly, Trip light - ly o - ver wrong.

O, By Rivers.

Arr. from a Melody by ROSSINI, by J. B. HERBERT.

Soprano Solo. *mp*

1. O, by riv - ers, by whose falls, Me - lo - dious birds sing mad - ri - gals; O, by riv - ers, by whose
2. Where sil - ver sands and peb - bles sing E - ter - nal dit - ties to the spring; Sil - ver sands and peb - bles

Chorus. *Moderato.*

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

La la la la la la la la la la

f Chorus. *m*

falls, Me - lo - dious birds sing mad - ri - gals. The shepherd swains shall dance and play, For they de-light on each May day;
sing E - ter - nal dit - ties to the spring. There shall you pass the wel-come night In syl - van pleasure and de - light;

la la la la la.

f *m*

The shep-herd swains shall dance and play, For they de-light on each May day;
la la la There shall you pass the wel come night In syl - van pleasures and de - light;

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f *m Allegretto.*

The shep - herd swains shall dance and play, For they de - light on each May day. Tra la la
There shall you pass the wel - come night In syl - van pleas- ure and de - light.

Tra la la

The shep - herd swains shall dance and play, For they de - light on each May day. Tra la la
There shall you pass the wel - come night In syl - van pleas- ure and de - light. Tra la la la la la la

Repeat pp.

la tra la la la tra la la la tra la la.

la tra la la la tra la la la tra la la la.

cres - - - - - cen - - - - - - - do.

la la la la la la

Deep Rolling Clouds.

ROSSINI.

p Andante.

Deep roll - ing clouds now gath- er blackness, Darkness enshrouds the skies a- bove us; And swaying in the wind, the loft- y tree-tops low- ly bend;

And sway - ing in the wind, the loft - y tree - tops low - ly bend;

Now darts the lightning thro' the dark night, Viv - id - ly flash - ing, Fear - ful in might!

Vid - id - ly flash - ing, Fear - ful in might!

Now comes the rain in tor-rents pouring, Sweeps o'er the plain, The wind loud roaring, In wild- ness comes the gale, And fiercely shrieks its fearful

wail In wild- ness comes the gale, And fiercely shrieks its fear- ful wail, Hark! hear the thun-der
wild-ness comes the gale, And fiercely shrieks its fear-ful wail,

f *f* *dim.* *p* *dim.* *cres.*

Fear- ful - ly roar; Pause we in won - der, Hum-bly a - dore! Pause we in won-der, Hum-bly a - dore! May He who ev - er

dim. *p cres.* *f* *m* *f* *m*

reigns on high, In safe- ty keep when dan- gers nigh; He will de-fend, He is our friend, He will de fend, He is our friend; We

f *ff accelerando.*

trust in Him in all our ways, And loudly raise the song of praise, And loudly raise the song of praise, The song of praise, The song of praise.

Soldier's Farewell. Male voices.

From the German by L. C. ELSON.

JOHANNA KINKEL.

p *Andante.* *Rit.* *cres.*

1. How can I bear to leave thee, One part - ing kiss I give thee; And then what-e'er be - falls me, I
2. Ne'er more can I be-hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With spear and pen - non glanc - ing, I
3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are throng - ing; That with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll

go where hon - or calls me,
see the foe ad - vanc - ing,
whis - per soft while dy - ing,
} Fare - well, fare-well, my own true love, Fare-well, fare - well, my own true love.

We, The Undersigned. Temperance Song.

Words by LAURA ELMER.

Music by Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

1. We've made up our mind, Don't you see? don't you see? Hearts have here combined, We will flee. Wine-cups ru - by-lined; Spurn them we, spurn them we;
2. This shall be our song, Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry day; Shout we loud and long On our way. Cups for us shall brim, Crys - tal bright, dia-mond light;
3. Sweet and sparkling flow, Bubbling springs, purling springs; Pure the grate-ful glow, Wa - ter brings; Come and pledge us here, Give the hand, give the hand;

Chorus.

We, the un - der - signed, Thus a - gree.
So shall head and limb, Move a - right.
On - ly wa - ter clear, For our band.
} We, the un - der - signed, We the un - der - signed, We the un - der - signed, Thus a - gree.

Evening Bells.

F. J. CROSBY. WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Eve-ning bells, Oh! evening bells, Peal- ing thro' the qui - et dells; Sweet the tale your mu - sic tells, Float-ing on the breeze a - long.

2. Eve-ning bells, I tread a- lone Where, in years that now have flown, Oft I heard your sil - ver tone, Peal - ing on the twi light air.

3. Eve-ning bells, I lin - ger yet, Not to weep with vain re-gret, Tho' my soul can ne'er re-gret How I loved your hap - py chime;

While among these rus - tic bowers I am dreaming—fondly dreaming, Falls the light of van-ished hours, Mem'ries sweet of love and song.

Still for those I treasured then, I am pin- ing, ev - er pin - ing; Where is now that youthful train? Bells of eve- ning tell me where?

Once a-gain your mu - sic pour, Gen-tly swelling— rapture tell - ing, Joy my heart may feel no more, Evening bells of old - en time.

Ritardando.

Eve-ning bells, O eve - ning bells, Peal- ing thro' the qui - et dells, Eve - ning bells! Float - ing a - long.
Sweet the tale your mu - sic tells, Float- ing on the breeze a- long.

Eve - - ning bells! Eve - - ning bells! Eve - - ning bells! Float - ing a - long.

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Let the Hills Resound.

BRINLEY RICHARDS.

Animated.

Let the hills, re-sound with song, As we proud - ly march a - long, For as of old our sires were bold, stout hearts have

Let the hills, re-sound with song, As we proud - ly march a - long, For as of old our sires were bold, stout hearts have

Go to Coda for close.

we; While Cambria's mountains stand, Like the ram-parts of our land, Un - fet-tered as the winds, are her chil-dren free.

we; While Cambria's mountains stand, Like the ram-pants of the land, Un - fet-tered as the winds, are her chil-dren free.

Omit 2d. time.

War we wage for free- doms her - i - tage, Our cause is true that ur - ges to the con - flicts close, And

War we wage for free- doms her - i - tage, Our cause is true that ur - ges to the con - flicts close, And

Key of E♭.

peace shall crown the war- rior's bright re - nown, The fame of him who bore him thro' the front of foes, Let the

peace shall crown the war- rior's bright re - nown, The fame of him who bore him thro' the front of foes, The

Land of my home, Tender tho'ts will come, When thy hills and valleys in dreams I see, And thy hearth-fire rise as blue as skies,
Fair flows thy streams, And in sun-lit gleams, Break upon the stones of a milk-white strand, And as soft haze fills the range of hills,

In dreams I see And the hearth-fires rise, as blue as skies,

Land of home, my land of home, my land of home, my land of home, A milk-white strand, And as soft haze fills the range of hills,

D.C.

Eyes of the dear ones are turn'd on me.
Fond pray'rs arise for my own lov'd land.

Coda.

The hills re-sound, The hills resound with song, with song, with song.

D.C.

Eyes of the dear ones are turn'd on me.
Fond pray'rs arise for my own lov'd land.

The hills resound with song, The hills resound, the hills resound, the hills resound, with song.
with song, with song.

Swift as a Flash.

From "Cinderella"—ROSSINI.

Soprano Solo.

Swift as a flash . . . that mocks the light, ... Thou seem'st a

While to joy we sing in - vit - ing, While to joy we sing in - vit - ing, Hearts and voic - es all u - nit - ing,

bird . . . . in air - y flight, ... When home re - turn - ing, We leave these cool

Hearts and voic - es all u - nit - ing, Oh, what pleas - ure, what de-light, When home re - turn - ing, We leave these cool

fountains, And loft - y mount-ains, What pleas-ure, what de-light, Ah! . . . . . .

fountains, And loft - y mountains, What pleas-ure, what de-light, In bow - ers, sweet - est flow - ers, Wet by show - ers,

Swift as a flash that mocks the light,

Ev - er fair and bright. While to joy we sing in - vit - ing, While to joy we

Thou seem'st a bird in air - y flight, With what delight,

sing in-vit - ing, Hearts and voic - es all u - nit - ing, Oh, what pleas-ure, what delight, Oh, what delight, With what joy our

Our songs in-vite, Our songs in-vite Our songs in-vite

songs in - vite, Oh, what pleas-ure, what de light, With what joy our songs in-vite, Oh, what pleas-ure,

Swift as a Flash.—Concluded.



Cheerily the Bugle.

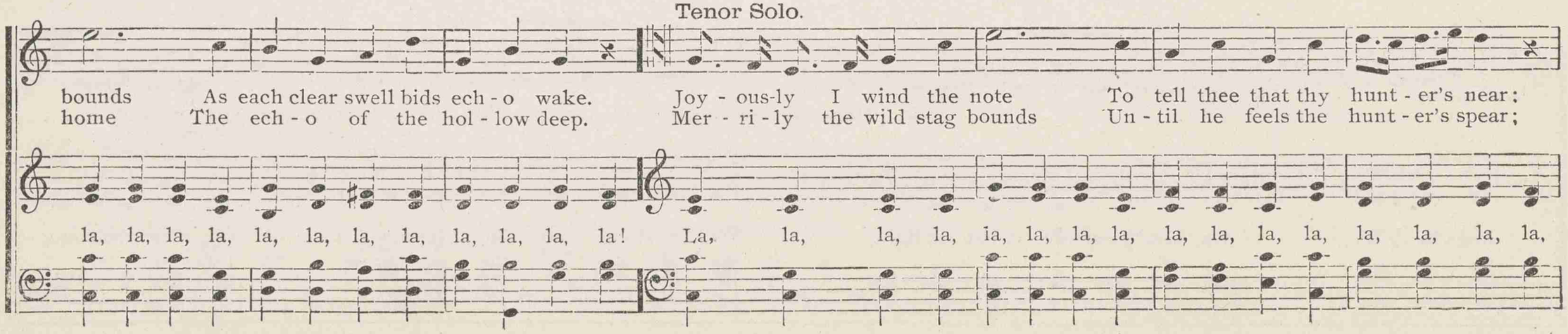
Allegro. Soprano Solo. Arr. from "Flora's Festival."

1. Cheer - i - ly thy bu - gle sounds When home re-turn-ing o'er the lake; Mer - ri - ly my bo - som
2. Fear-less - ly thy foot-steps roam When snow hangs on the diz - zy steep; Driv - ing from its rock - y

Vocal Accompaniment.



Tenor Solo.



Semi Chorus.

Mer - ri - ly I speed my boat To - wards the place by thee made dear.
Cheer - i - ly the glen re - sounds With cho - rus and the hun - ter's cheer.

Flo - ra, for thee, thee on - ly These

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la! Flo - ra, for thee, thee on - ly These

mount-ain wilds are sweet to me; Each crag and val - ley lone - ly Is blest be-cause 'tis lov'd by thee. Ah!

mount-ain wilds are sweet to me; Each crag and val - ley lone - ly Is blest be-cause 'tis lov'd by thee.

Full Chorus.

Sound, sound, sound, sound the mer - ry, mer - ry mount-ain horn At ev' - ning's close, at morn-ing's ear - ly dawn.

Sound, sound, sound, sound the mer - ry, mer - ry mount-ain horn At ev' - ning's close, at morn-ing's ear - ly dawn.

Gayly Launch, and Lightly Row.

Arr. from Meyerbeer, by J. H. HALL.

Gay - ly launch, . . . and light-ly row, Gay - ly launch, and light-ly row, While the zeph - - yrs gently

Gay- ly launch, and light-ly row, Gay - ly launch, . . and light-ly row, While the zephyrs

Gay - ly launch, . . . and light-ly row, Gay - ly launch, and light ly row, While the zeph - - yrs gently

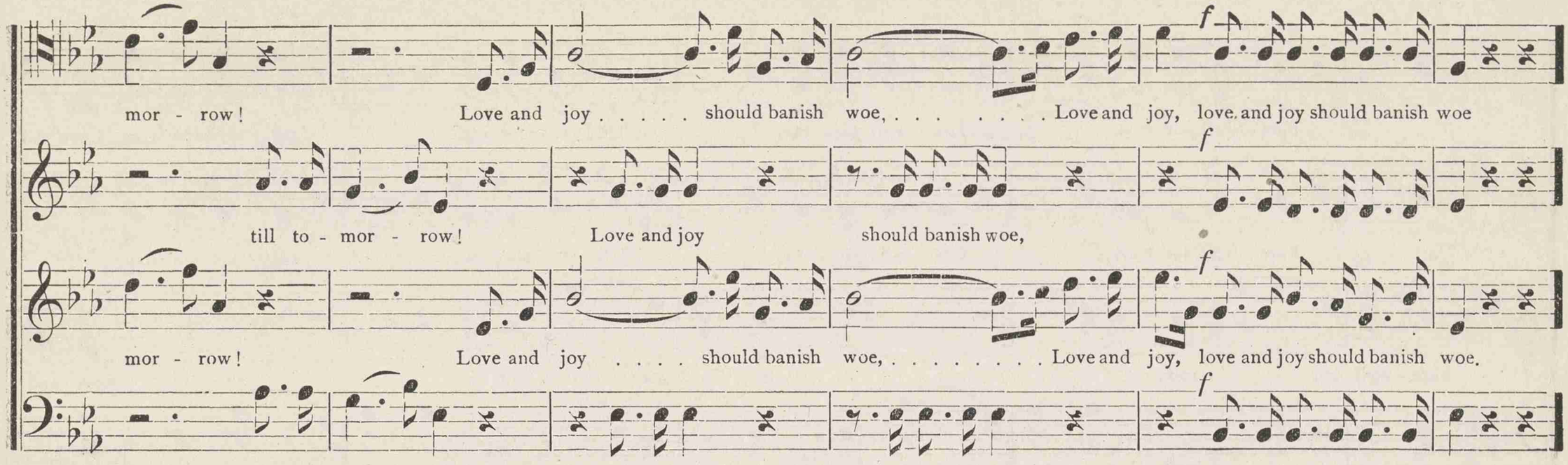
Gay- ly launch, and light ly row, Gay - ly launch, . . and light-ly row, While the zephyrs

blow, While the zeph-yrs gen - tly blow, Fare - well sor - row, Till to -

gen - ly blow, While the zeph - - yrs gen - tly blow, Fare - well sor - row,

blow, While the zeph-yrs gen - tly blow, Fare - well sor - row, Till to -

gen - tly blow, While the zeph - - yrs gen - tly blow, Fare - well sor - row.


mor - row! Love and joy . . . . . should banish woe, ... Love and joy, love and joy should banish woe
till to - mor - row! Love and joy should banish woe,
mor - row! Love and joy . . . . should banish woe, ... Love and joy, love and joy should banish woe.
till to - mor - row! Love and joy should banish woe,


Love and joy should ban - ish woe, Love and joy should ban - ish woe!
Love and joy should ban - ish woe, Love and joy should ban - ish woe!
Love and joy . . . . . should ban - ish woe, Love and joy should ban - ish woe!
Love and joy should ban - ish woe, Love and joy . . . . . should ban - ish woe!

Gayly Launch, and Lightly Row.—Continued.

Fare - well sor- row, fare - well sor - row, Till to - mor- row, till to - mor- row, Love and

Fare - well sor- row, fare - well sor - row, Till to - mor- row, till to - mor- row,

Fare - well sor - - row, till to - mor - - row, Love and

Fare - well sor - - row, till to - mor - - row,

f

joy . . . . . should ban - ish woe, ... yes, love and joy, yes, love and joy should ban - ish

Love and joy . . . . . should ban - ish woe, ... yes, love and joy should ban - ish

f

joy . . . . . should ban - ish woe, ... yes, love and joy, yes, love and joy should ban - ish

Love and joy . . . . . should ban - ish woe, ... love and joy should ban - ish


woe, should ban - - ish woe, should ban - - ish
woe, should ban - - ish woe, should ban - - ish
ff
woe, Love and joy should ban - ish woe, Love and joy should ban - ish woe, Love and joy should ban - ish woe, Love and joy shall ban - ish
woe, Love and joy should ban - ish woe, should ban - ish woe, yes, love and joy, and joy should ban - ish woe. . . .
woe, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,
woe, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, love and joy, and joy should ban - ish woe. . . .

Hark! Apollo Strikes the Lyre.

H. R. BISHOP.

Hark! hark! hark! A - pol - lo strikes the lyre, A - pol - lo strikes the lyre; Hark! hark! hark! A -

Hark! hark! hark! A - pol - lo strikes the lyre, Hark! A - pol - lo strikes the lyre; Hark! hark! hark! Hark!

pol - lo strikes the lyre, A - pol - lo strikes the lyre; And loud - ly, loud - ly sounds the gold - en wire, To

hark! hark! hark! hark! A - pol - lo strikes the lyre; And loud - ly, loud - ly sounds the gold - en wire, To

bid of heav'n the tune-ful, tune-ful choir, Their art di - vine em-ploy, their art di - vine em - ploy, their

bid of heav'n the tune-ful, tune-ful choir, Their art di - vine em-ploy, their art di - vine em - ploy, their

art di - vine em - ploy, their art . . . . . di - vine em- ploy, Whose song har - monious, harmonious shall rebound, In

rit. cres.

ff Solo.

art di-vine em - ploy, Their art di- vine em-ploy,

pp

echoes, in echoes, from the vast pro - found, Whose song har - mo - nious, har - mo-nious, shall re - bound, In

p

Whose song shall re - bound,

p

echoes, in echoes from the vast pro - found, And earth shall catch, shall catch the charming sound, With

In ech-oes from the vast pro - found, And earth shall catch shall catch the charming

From the vast the charm - ing sound,

Hark! Apollo Strikes the Lyre.—Continued.

wide, with wide dif - fus - ing joy, ... Whose song har - mo- nious, har -

sound, with wide, with wide dif - fus - ing joy, With wide dif - fus - ing joy, ... Whose song har - mo - nious

mo - nious shall re - bound, In ech - oes, in ech - oes from the vast pro - found, Whose song har - mo- nious, har-

shall re- bound In ech oes from the vast pro - found, Whose song har - mo - nious

mo- nious shall re - bound In ech - oes in ech - oes from the vast pro - found, And earth shall

shall re- bound In ech - oes from the vast pro - found, And earth

ech - oes from

cres. pp

catch the charm - ing sound, With wide, with wide dif - fus - ing joy, And earth shall

shall catch the charm - ing sound, With wide, with wide dif - fus - ing joy, And earth shall catch the

cres. pp

cres.

catch the charm - ing sound, With wide, with wide dif - fus - ing joy, dif - fus - ing, dif -

charming sound, And earth shall catch the charming sound, With wide dif-fus-ing joy, With wide dif - fus - ing joy, dif - fus - ing, dif -

With wide

cres.

D. S.

fus - ing joy, dif - fus - ing, dif - fus - ing joy, With wide dif - fus - ing joy. . . . . .

fus - ing joy, dif - fus - ing, dif - fus - ing joy, With wide dif - fus - ing joy. . . . . .

D. S.

With wide

Canon. "Soft the Evening Falls."

BEETHOVEN.

Soft the even - ing falls, The bird of twi - light calls Our foot-steps home . . . . No lon - ger

Soft the even-ing falls, The bird of twi - light calls Our foot - steps home . .

Soft the even - ing falls, The

calls Our foot-steps home, ... No lon - ger roam, For soft the eve - ning falls, The

roam, For soft the even - ing falls, The bird of twi - light calls, Our foot - steps home, . . .

. . . No lon - ger roam, For soft the even - ing falls The bird of twi - light calls Our

bird of twi-light calls Our foot - steps home . . . . . No long - er roam, For soft the even - ing

1 2

bird of twi - light calls Our foot-steps home . . . . No lon - ger foot - steps home . . . . No long - er roam.

. . No long - er roam, For soft the even - ing falls, The soft the even - ing falls, No long - er roam.

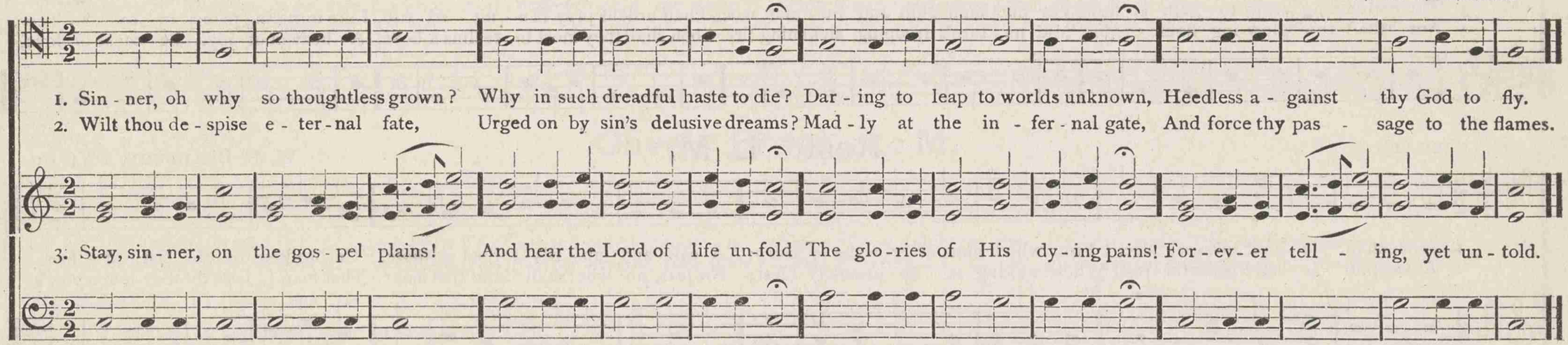
foot - steps home . . . . No long - er roam, For soft the even - ing falls, No long - er roam.

falls, The bird of twi - light calls, Our foot-steps home calls, No long - er roam.

CHURCH MUSIC.

Sessions. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.



Uxbridge. L. M.

D. E. FORD.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



Gratitude. L. M.

Rev. P - A. I - D. Bost.

1. How blest the sa - cred tie that binds; In un - ion sweet, ac - cord - ing minds! How swift the heav'nly course they run, Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one!
2. To each the soul of each how dear! What jealous care, what ho - ly fear! How doth the gen-erous flame with-in, Re - fine from earth and cleanse from sin.
3. Their streaming tears to - geth - er flow, For hu - man guilt and hu - man woe; Their ardent pray'rs u - nit - ed rise, Like mingling flames in sac - ri - fice.
4. Nor shall the glow-ing flame ex-pire 'Mid na - ture's drooping, sickening fire: Soon shall they meet in realms a-bove, A heaven of joy, be - cause of love.

Rest. L. M.

W. B. Bradbury, 1844.

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep! From which none ev er wake to weep; A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is su - preme-ly blest; No fear, no woe shall dim that hour That man i - fests the Sav-iour's pow'r.
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! oh for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be! Se-cure-ly shall my ash - es lie, Waiting the summons from on high.

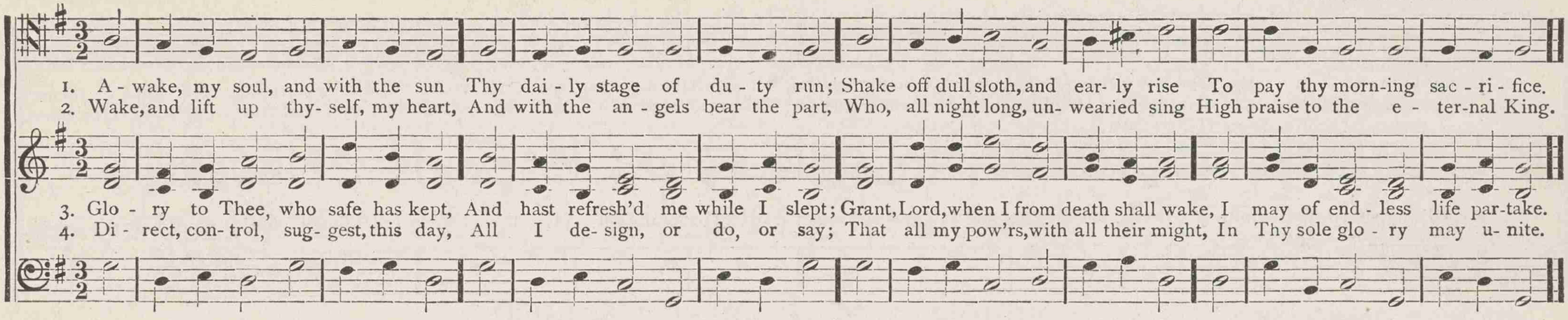
Hebron. L. M.

Dr. L. Mason.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far His pow'r pro-longs my days; And ev -'ry ev -'ning shall make known Some fresh memorials of His grace.
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home; But He for-gives my fol - lies past; He gives me strength for days to come.
3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low for my head; While well-appoint - ed an-gels keep Their watchful sta - tions round my bed.

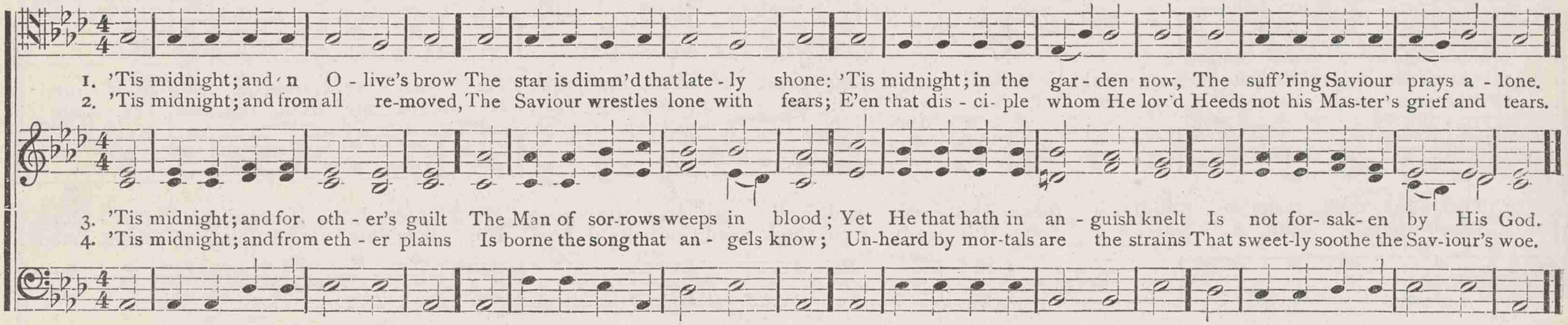
Rockingham. L. M.

Dr. Lowell Mason.



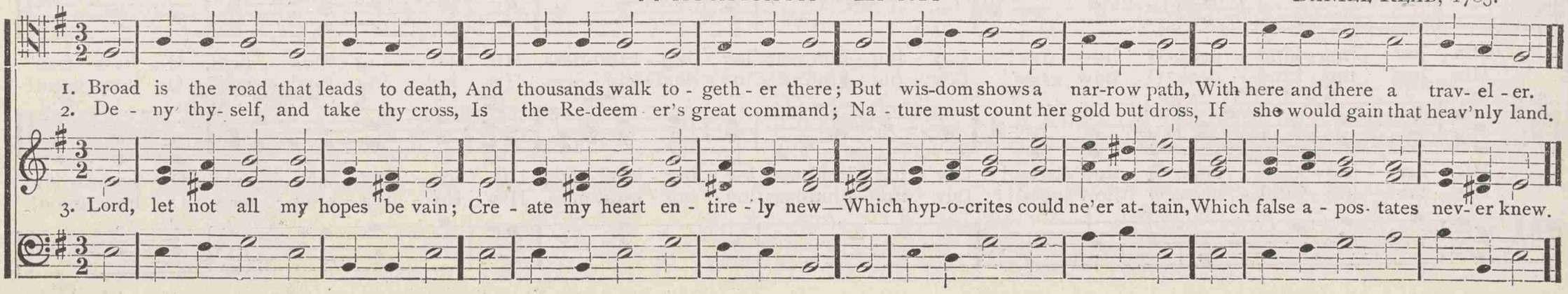
Olive's Brow. L. M.

W. B. Bradbury.



Windham. L. M.

Daniel Read, 1785.



Duke Street. L. M.

J. L. HATTON.

1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays, Attempt Thy great Cre-a- tor's praise; But oh, what tongue can speak His fame? What verse can reach the loft - y theme?
2. Enthroned a- mid the ra - diant spheres, He, glory, like a gar-ment wears; To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thousand suns a-round Him shine.
3. Raised on de - vo- tion's loft - y wing, Do thou, my soul, His glo- ries sing; And let His praise em - ploy thy tongue Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.

Loving-Kindness. L. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. American Tune.

1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays And sing Thy great Re-deem - ers praise; He just - ly claims a song from me:
2. He saw me ruin - ed by the fall, Yet loved me, not - with-stand- ing all; He saved me from my lost es - tate:
3. Tho' num- 'rous hosts of might- y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op - pose, He safe - ly leads my soul a - long.
4. When troub-le, like a gloom- y cloud Has gath - ered thick and thun- der'd loud, He near my soul has al - ways stood!

His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how free! Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing - kind-ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how free!
His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how great! Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing - kind-ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how great!
His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how strong! Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing - kind-ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how strong!
His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how good! Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing - kind-ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how good!

Woodworth. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am! with-out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt, Fight-ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
4. Just as I am! Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve, Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

Duane Street. L. M. (Double.)

Rev. GEORGE COLES, 1835.

1. Be mer-ci-ful, O God of grace, To us Thy peo-ple: let Thy face Beam on us that Thy church may shine, In this dark world with light di-vine.
2. Let them with joy Thy prais-es sing, Earth's righteous Judge and sov'reign King; Il-lu-mined by Thy ho-ly word, Let all the na-tions praise the Lord.

Re-veal, O Lord, Thy sav-ing plan, To all the fam-i-lies of man: Let dis-tant na-tions hear Thy word, Let all the na-tions praise the Lord.
Then shall this bar-ren world as-sume New beau-ty, and the des-ert bloom: Our God shall rich-ly bless us then, And all men fear His name. A-men.

Old Hundred. L. M.

GUILLAUME FRANC, 1543.

Praise God from whom all bless-ings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here be-low, Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host, Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

Ortonville. C. M.

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, In a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear, And drives a - way his fear.
2. It makes the wound-ed spir- it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis man-na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea-ry rest, And to the wea - ry rest.
3. By Him my pray'rs ac-cept-ance gain, Although with sin de - filed; Sa - tan ac - cus - es me in vain, And I am owned a child, And I am owned a child.

Gates. C. M.

T. J. GRIGGS.

Moderato.

1. Dear Fa - ther! to Thy mer - cy seat, My soul for shel - ter flies: 'Tis here I find a safe re - treat, When storms and tem-pests rise.
2. My cheer-ful hope can nev - er die, If Thou, my God, art near; Thy grace can raise my com-forts high, And ban - ish ev - 'ry fear.
3. Oh! nev - er let my soul re-move From this di - vine re - treat; Still let me trust Thy pow'r and love, And dwell be - neath Thy feet.

Bartlett. C. M. (Double.)

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day, Which God has called His own; With joy the sum-mons we o - bey, To wor - ship at His throne.
2. Spir - it of grace! O deign to dwell With - in Thy church be - low; Make her in ho - li - ness ex - cel, With pure de - vo - tion glow.

Thy cho - sen tem - ple, Lord, how fair! As here Thy ser - vants throng To breathe the hum - ble, fer - vent prayer, And pour the grate - ful song.
Great God, we hail the sa - cred day, Which Thou hast called Thine own; With joy the sum-mons we o - bey, To wor - ship at Thy throne.

Marlow. C. M.

WESLEY. Rev. JOHN CHETHAM.

1. Lord, I be - lieve a rest re-mains To all Thy peo - ple known; A rest where pure en - joy-ment reigns, And Thou art loved a - lone;
2. A rest where all our soul's de - sire Is fixed on things a - bove; Where fear, and sin, and grief ex - pire, Cast out by per - fect love.
3. Oh, that I now the rest might know, Be - lieve and en - ter in! Now, Sav - iour, now the pow'r be - stow, And let me cease from sin!
4. Re - move this hard - ness from my heart, This un - be - lief re - move: To me the rest of faith im - part, The Sab - bath of Thy love.

Arlington. C. M.

Moderato. Dr. ARNE.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol-l'wer of the Lamb; And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease, While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood - y seas?
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?

St. Nicholas. C. M.

Dr. HAVERGAL.

1. E - ter - nal Source of joys di - vine, To Thee my soul as - pires; Oh, could I say, "The Lord is mine!" 'Tis all my soul de - sires.
2. My Hope, my Trust, my Life, my Lord, As - sures me of Thy love; Oh, speak the kind, transport-ing word, And bid my fears re - move.
3. Then shall my thank ful pow'rs re - joice, And tri - umph in my God, Till heaven-ly rap - ture tune my voice, To spread Thy praise a - broad.

Evan. C. M.

Rev. Wm. H. Havergal.

Slowly, gently.

1. In mer - cy, Lord, re - mem - ber me Through all the hours of night, And grant to me most gra - cious - ly The safe-guard of Thy might.
2. With cheer-ful heart I close mine eyes, Since Thou wilt not re - move: Oh, in the morn - ing let me rise Re - joic - ing in Thy love!
3. Or if this night should prove the last, And end my tran - sient days, Then take me to Thy prom - ised rest, Where I may sing Thy praise.

Dundee. C. M.

Guil. Franc, 1545.

Slowly.

1. Let not de - spair nor fell re - venge Be to my bo - som known; Oh, give me tears for oth - er's woes, And pa - tience for my own.
2. Feed me, O Lord, with need - ful food: I ask not wealth, nor fame; But give me eyes to view Thy works, A heart to praise Thy name.
3. Oh, may my days ob - scure - ly pass, With - out re - morse or care! And let me for my part - ing hour From day to day pre - pare.

Hurlbutt. C. M.

T. F. Seward.

1. My God, my Fa - ther, bliss - ful name! Oh, may I call Thee mine? May I with sweet as - sur-ance claim, A por-tion so di - vine?
2. Whate'er Thy sa - cred will ob-tains, Oh, give me strength to bear! And let me know my Fa-ther reigns, And trust His ten - der care.

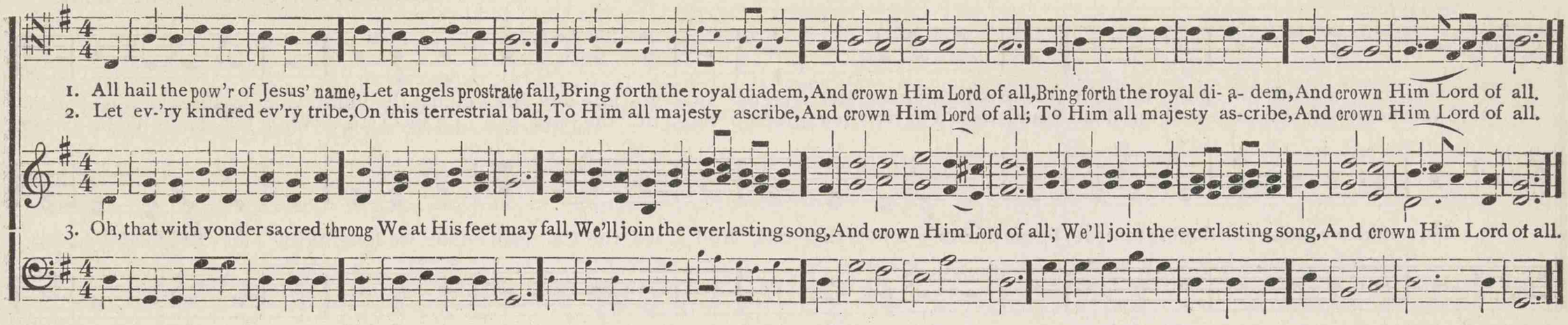
Newcastle. C. M.

Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. Thee we a - dore, E - ter - nal Name, And hum - bly own to Thee How fee - ble is our mor - tal frame, What dy - ing worms are we.
2. The year rolls round, and steals a - way The breath that first it gave; What - e'er we do, where - e'er we be, We're travelling to the grave.

Coronation. C. M.

EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN, 1793.



Elizabethtown. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



Windsor. C. M.

RAVENSCROFT.



Varina. C. M. (Double.)

Arranged from RINK, by G. F. ROOT.

Not too fast.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor - tal reign; In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures ban- ish pain.
2. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood, Stand dress'd in liv - ing green; So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood While Jor- dan roll'd be- tween.
3. Oh, could we make our doubts remove, Those gloom-y doubts that rise, And see the Ca- naan that we love, With un - be-cloud- ed eyes.

There ev - er- last - ing spring a-bides, And nev - er withering flow'rs; Death, like a nar- row sea, di-vides This heav'nly land from ours.
But timor-ous mor-tals start and shrink To cross this nar- row sea; And lin - ger, shivering, on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.

Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

Communion. C. M.

J. H. HALL.

1. Here at Thy ta - ble, Lord we meet, To feed on food di - vine; Thy bod - y is the bread we eat, Thy precious blood the wine.
2. He that pre-pares this rich re - past, Him- self comes down and dies; And then in-vites us thus to feast Up - on the sac - ri - fice.
3. Sure there was nev - er love so free, Dear Sav-iour, so di - vine! Well Thou may'st claim that heart of me Which owes so much to Thine.

Redeeming Love. C. M.

P. B.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1. There is a fount - ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins, And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt- y stains.
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That fount-ain in his day; And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
3. Thou dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r, Till all the ran-somed sons of God Are saved to sin no more.

Chorus.

Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die, And then I hope to sing this love In sweet- er strains on high.

Fair Haven. C. M. Double.

Scotch Air.

Slow.

1. Hail! sweet-est, dear- est tie that binds Our glow- ing hearts in one; Hail! sa - cred hope, that tunes our minds To har - mo- ny di - vine:
2. No ling-'ring hope, no part - ing sigh, Our fu - ture meet-ing knows; The friend-ship beams from ev - 'ry eye, And hope im-mor - tal grows:

It is the hope, the bliss - ful hope Which Je - sus' grace has giv'n; The hope, when days and years have pass'd, We all shall meet in heav'n.
Oh, sa - cred hope, oh, bliss - ful hope, Which Je - sus' grace has giv'n; The hope, when days and years have pass'd, We all shall meet in heav'n.

Laban. S. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

With earnest expression.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a - rise; The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
3. Ne'er think the vic- t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down; Thy ar-duous work will not be done Till thou ob - tain the crown.

Bealoth. S. M.

1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode, The church our bless'd Re- deem - er saved With His own pre- cious blood.
2. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend; To her my toils and cares be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
3. Je - sus, Thou Friend di-vine, Our Sav-iour and our King, Thy hand from ev - 'ry snare and foe Shall great de - liv- 'rance bring.

I love Thy church, O God; Her walls be - fore Thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
Be- yond my high - est joy, I prize her heav'n-ly ways, Her sweet com-mun- ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n The bright- est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of heav'n.

Gerar. S. M.

Dr. Lowell Mason.

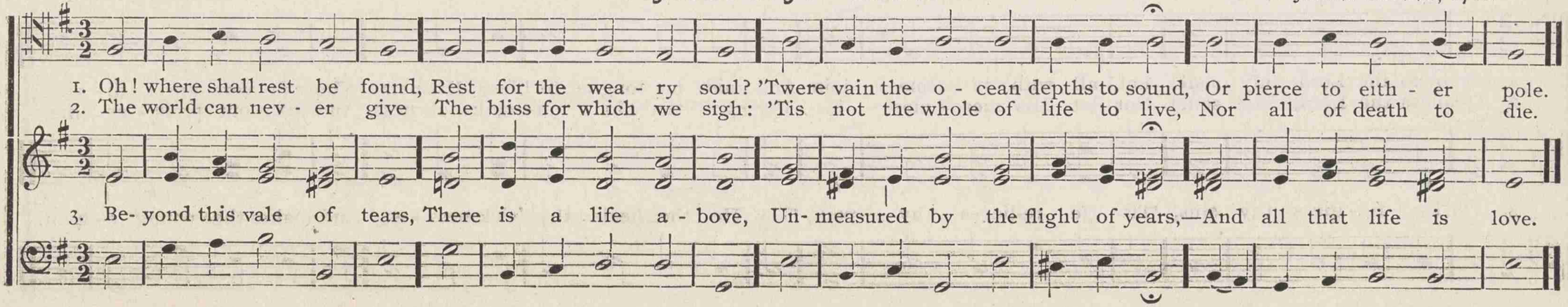


Albion. S. M.



Aylesbury. S. M.

James Green, 1710.



Lottie. S. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. How gen- tle God's com-mands! How kind His pre - cept are! Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con- stant care.
2. His boun- ty will pro - vide, His saints se- cure - ly dwell; That hand which bears cre - a - tion up, Shall guard His chil- dren well.
3. Why should this anx-ious load Press down your wea - ry mind? Oh, seek your heav - 'nly Fa-ther throne, And peace and com- fort find.
4. His good-ness stands ap-proved, Un-changed from day to day; I'll drop my bur - den at His feet, And bear a song a - way.

Tenderness. S. M.

EDWARD HAMILTON.

Slowly, gently.

1. If on the qui - et sea Toward heav'n we calm-ly sail, With grate - ful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fav - 'ring gale.
2. But should the surg- es rise, And rest de - lay to come, Blest be the sor - row, kind the storm, Which drives us near- er home.

Boyleston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. O bless the Lord, my soul! Let all with - in me join, And aid my tongue to bless His name, Whose fa- vors are di - vine.
2. O bless the Lord, my soul! Nor let His mer - cies lie For - got - ten in un-thank- ful- ness, And with- out prais - es die.
3. 'Tis He for- gives thy sins, 'Tis He re-lieves thy pain, 'Tis He that heals thy sick-ness - es, And makes thee young a - gain.

Dennis. S. M.

Arr. from HANS G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in christ-ian love; The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

Sweet Day. S. M.

B. C. UNSELD.

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise! Wel-come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes.
2. The King Himself comes near, And feasts His saints to - day; Here we may sit, and see Him here, And love, and praise and pray.
3. One day, a-midst the place Where my dear God hath been, Is sweet-er than ten thou-sand days Of pleas - ur - a - ble sin.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT.

To them that Love the Lord. S. M.

J. H. HALL.

1. To them that love the Lord, The prom - i - ses are giv'n, A hun-dred fold re- ward on earth, E - ter - nal life in heav'n.
2. To them that love the Lord, A few more sor - rows here, A few more days of toil on earth, And Christ will then ap - pear.
3. To them that love the Lord, The saints se - cure - ly blest, A life in Je - sus hid be - low, In heav'n e - ter - nal rest.

Ennius. 7s.

FINE. D. C.

1. { Peo - ple of the liv - ing God, I have sought the world a - round, / Paths of sin and sor - row trod, Peace and com - fort no-where found: } Now to you my spir - it turns— Turns a fu - gi - tive un-blest;
D. S.—Breth-ren, where your al - tar burns, O re - ceive me in - to rest.

D. C.

2. { Lone - ly I no long - er roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave; / Where you dwell, shall be my home, Where you die, shall be my grave; } Mine the God whom you a - dore, Your Re-deem - er shall be mine;
D. S.—Earth can fill my soul no more,—Ev - 'ry i - dol I re - sign.

Greatorex. 7s. 6 lines.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

FINE. D. C.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side that flowed,
D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from sin, and make me pure.

2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan-guor know, All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;
D. C.— In my hand no price I bring; Simp - ly to Thy cross I cling.

Pleyel's Hymn. 7s. (Single.)

IGNACE PLEYEL.

Slow.

1. To Thy pas - tures, fair and large, Heav'n-ly Shep- herd, lead Thy charge; And my couch, with ten - d'rest care, Midst the spring - ing grass pre - pare.

2. When I faint with sum-mer's heat, Thou shalt guide my wea - ry feet To the streams, that still and slow, Thro' the ver - dant mead - ows flow.

Martyn. 7s. (Double.)

S. B. MARSH.

FINE. D.C.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, / While the rag - ing bil - lows roll, While the tem - pest still is high. } Hide me, O my Sav - iour hide, Till the storm of life is past;

D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O, re - ceive my soul at last.

2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee: / Leave, O leave me not a - lone; Still sup-port and com - fort me: } All my trust on Thee is stayed; All my help from Thee I bring:

D.C.—Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.

Rock of Ages. 7s.

Arr. by J. A. SHOWALTER.

D. C. for Ref.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee: Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone; Still sup-port and com-fort me.
3. All my trust on Thee is stayed; All my help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the sha - dow of Thy wing.

Ref.—Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

Seymour. 7s.

C. M. von WEBER.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day, Fades up - on my sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com-mune with Thee.
2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es-capes, with - out, with - in, Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.
3. Soon, for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way; Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord to dwell with Thee.
4. Thou who, sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty; Then, from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pity - ing eye.

Amboy. 7s. (Double.)

Dr. Lowell Mason.

Joyful, animated.

FINE.

D.C.

1. { Wake the song of ju - bi - lee, Let it ech - o o'er the sea! }
{ Now is come the promis'd hour, Je - sus reigns with sov'reign pow'r! } All ye na-tions, join and sing, "Christ of lords and kings is King!"
D. C.—Let it sound from shore to shore, Je - sus reigns for - ev - er - more.

2. { Now the des - ert lands re - joice, And the is-lands join their voice; }
{ Yea, the whole cre - a - tion sings, "Je - sus is the King of kings!" } Wake the song of Ju - bi - lee! Let it ech - o o'er the sea!
D. C.—Let it sound from shore to shore, Je - sus reigns for - ev - er - more.

Welcome. 7s. (Double.)

G. W. Linton.

FINE.

D.C.

1. { Welcome, wel - come day of rest, To the world in kind - ness given; }
{ Welcome, to this care-worn breast, As the beaming light of heav'n, } Day of soft and sweet re - pose; Gen-tly now the moments run,
D. C.—As the peace - ful stream-let flows, Ra-diant with a sum - mer's sun.

2. { Day of ti - dings from the skies, Day of sol-emn praise and pray'r, }
{ Day to make the sim - ple wise: Oh, how great Thy bless-ings are, } Welcome, wel come day of rest, With thy in-fluence all di - vine:
D. C.—May thy hal - lowed hours be blest To this fee - ble heart of mine.

Prayer. 7s.

Asahel Abbot.

1. Firm - ly trust-ing in Thy blood, Noth-ing shall my heart con-found; Safe - ly I shall pass the flood, Safe - ly reach Immanuel's ground.

2. When I touch the bless - ed shore, Back the clos - ing waves shall roll; Death's dark stream shall never-more Part from Thee my rav-ished soul.

Mount Vernon. 8s. & 7s.

S. F. SMITH. Dr. L. MASON.

1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the sum - mer breeze, Pleas-ant as the air of eve-ning When it floats a - mong the trees.
2. Peace-ful be thy si - lent slum - ber, Peace - ful, in the grave so low; Thou no more wilt join our num-ber, Thou no more our songs shalt know.
3. Dear - est sis - ter, thou hast left us, *Here* thy loss we deep - ly feel, But 'tis God that hath be - reft us, He can all our sor- row heal.
4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled, Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee, Where no fare-well tear is shed.

* Originally written on the occasion of the death of a young Lady, a member of Mount Vernon School, Boston.

Disciple. 8s. & 7s. (Double.)

HENRY F. LYTE. MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low Thee; Na - ked, poor, de-spised, for - sa - ken, Thou from hence my all shalt be;
2. Let the world de- spise, for - sake me, They have left my Sav- iour, too; Hu- man hearts and looks de-ceive me, Thou art not, like man, un - true;
3. Go, then, earth- ly fame and treas-ure! Come, dis - as - ter, scorn and pain! In Thy ser- vice pain is pleas ure, With Thy fa - vor, loss is gain;

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;—Yet how rich is my con- di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own.
And, while Thou shalt smile up- on me, God of wis - dom, love and might, Foes may hate, and friends may shun me, Show Thy face and all is bright.

I have called Thee "Ab-ba, Fa - ther," I have stayed my heart on Thee; Storms may howl and clouds may gath- er, All must work for good to me.

Nettleton. 8s. & 7s.

New Arrangement.

1. When the world my heart is rend - ing, With its heav - iest storm of care, My glad tho'ts to God as- cend - ing, Finds a ref - uge from de- spair.
2. There's a hand of mer - cy near me, Though the waves of trou- ble roar; There's our hour of rest to cheer me, When the toils of life are o'er.
3. Oh! to rest in peace for - ev - er, Joined with hap - py souls a - bove, Where no foe my heart can sev - er From the Sav - iour whom I love.
4. This the hope that shall sus- stain me Till life's pil - grim- age is past; Tears may vex and troub- le pain me; I shall reach my home at last.

Chorus.

I love Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah! I love Je - sus, yes, I do, I do love Je - sus, He's my Sav - iour, Je - sus smiles, and loves me too.

I love Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah! I love Je - sus, yes, I do, I do love Je - sus, He's my Sav - iour, Je - sus smiles, and loves me, too.

Greenville. 8s. & 7s. (Double.)

J. J. Rousseau.

FINE.

D. C.

1. { Come, Thou fount of ev -'ry bless - 'ng, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace: / Streams of mer- cy, nev- er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. } Teach me some mel - o-dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues above:

D. C.—Praise the Mount—I'm fixed upon it, Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.

2. { Here I'll raise mine Eb-en - e - zer, Hith er by Thy help I'm come; / And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe- ly to ar - rive at home. } Je - sus sought me, when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;

D. C.—He, to res- cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.

Stockwell. 8s. & 7s.

D. E. JONES.

1. Si-lent - ly the shades of ev - 'ning Gath- er round my lone- ly door; Si- lent - ly they bring be- fore me Fa- ces I shall see no more.
2. Oh, the lost, the un - for- got - ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got; Oh, the shrouded and the lone - ly, In our hearts they per-ish not.
3. How such ho - ly mem'ries clus - ter, Like the stars, when storms are past; Pointing up to yon fair ha - ven, We may hope to gain at last.

Perez. 8s. & 7s.

JOHN KEMPTHRONE. English Tune.

1. Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns a-dore Him; Praise Him an - gels in the height; Sun and moon re- joice be- fore Him;
Sun and moon re- joice be - fore Him;

2. Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken, Worlds His mighty voice o-beyed; Laws which nev - er can be bro - ken,
Laws which nev - er can be bro - ken,

Praise Him all ye stars of light. A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A - - men.
Praise Him all ye stars of light.

For their guidance He hath made. Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A - - - - men.
For their guid-ance He hath made. A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A - - men.

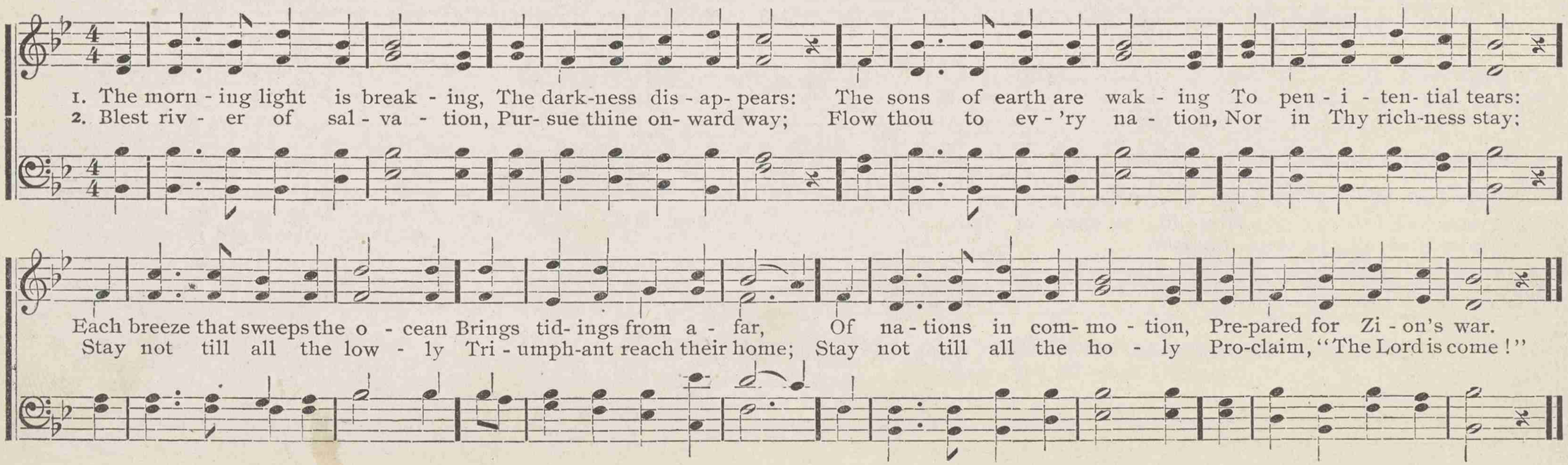
Missionary Hymn. 7s. & 6s.

Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1824.



Webb. 7s. & 6s.

GEO. JAMES WEBB.



Pierce. 8s. (Single.)

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. We speak of the realms of the bless'd, That coun-try so bright and so fair; And oft are its glo-ries confessed—But what must it be to be there?
2. We speak of its free-dom from sin, From sor- row, temp-ta- tion and care, From tri - als with-out and with- in— But what must it be to be there?
3. We speak of its ser-vice of love, The robes which the glo - ri- fied wear, The church of the First-born a - bove—But what must it be to be there?

Bethany. 6s. & 4s.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

Slow movement.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.
2. Tho' like a wanderer Daylight all gone, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.
3. There let the way appear Steps up to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me In mercy giv'n; Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.

Olivet. 6s. & 4s.

RAY PALMER.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour di- vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be wholly Thine!
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire!
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee aside.
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour! then, in love, Fear and distrust remove; Oh, bear me safe above, A ransom'd soul!

Abide with Me. 10s.

H. F. LYTE. W. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me—fast falls the e-ven-tide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide! When other help-ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me!
2. I need Thy presence ev-'ry passing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!
3. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless: Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness; Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory? I triumph still, if Thou a-bide with me!
4. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

The Happy Land.

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a - way; / Where saints in glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day; / Oh, how they sweetly sing, "Worthy is our Sav-iour King!" Loud, let His prais-es ring For - ev - er there.
2. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come a - way; / Why will you doubting stand, Why yet de - lay? / Oh, we shall hap-py be, When from sin and sorrow free! Lord, we shall live with Thee, For ev - er there.
3. Bright in that hap-py land, Beams ev-'ry eye. / Kept by a Fath-er's hand, Love can-not die! / Then shall His Kingdom come, Saints shall share a glorious home; And bright above the sun Reign ev-er - more.

The Lord's Prayer.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

Our Father Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our dai - ly bread, And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass a - gainst us.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. A - men.

GOSPEL SONGS.

Jesus is your Friend.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. H. HALL.

1. What a pre - cious friend we have in Je - sus! With His love He bless - es us each day! With His grace He won-drous-ly sus-tains us,
2. What a ten - der friend we have in Je - sus! In com - pas - sion, Oh, how rich is He! Who so kind, so gen - tle and for - giv - ing,
3. What a lov - ing friend we have in Je - sus! On the cru - el cross of Cal - va - ry He a - toned that none should ev - er per - ish,

Chorus.

As we walk with Him the nar - row way. Who so faith - ful to His own could be? But be saved through Him e - ter - nal - ly. } Je - - - - sus is your friend, ... His love . . . . . will nev - er end, Je - sus is your friend, Je - sus is your friend, His love will nev - er end,

He will leave you nev - er, Walk with you for - ev - er, Je - - - - sus is your friend. Je - sus is your friend, Yes, Je - sus is your friend.

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Soon We'll Walk the Golden Streets.

Rev. CHARLES W. M'CROSSAN. J. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Soon we'll reach the pearl - y gates; Soon we'll walk the gold-en street; There for us the Sav - iour waits; Soon the dear ones we shall meet.
2. Sor - row's tears will be no more, Sick-ness nor dis - ease will come, On that hap - py gold - en shore, Bless - ed and e - ter - nal home.
3. Oh, what joy will thrill us then, As we see our Sav-iour's face; Sweet - est voic - es there will blend, Prais-ing His re-deem - ing grace.

Chorus.

Soon we'll walk the gold - en streets, Soon the dear ones we shall meet.

Soon we'll walk, yes walk the golden streets, Soon we'll walk, yes walk the golden streets, Soon the dear ones, dear ones we shall meet, Soon the dear ones we shall meet, shall meet.

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Over in the Glory-Land.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We are on our way to a home on high, O - ver in the glo - ry - land; There we'll meet and rest, in the by and by, O - ver in the glo - ry - land.
2. We will join the song that the ran-somed sing, O - ver in the glo - ry - land; And for - ev - er praise our e - ter - nal King, O - ver in the glo - ry - land.
3. When the cares and tri - als of earth are past,—O - ver in the glo - ry - land; Je - sus waits to crown us His own at last, O - ver in the glo - ry - land.
4. With the lov'd ones gone to that shin - ing shore, O - ver in the glo - ry - land; We shall meet, oh, joy, meet to part no more, O - ver in the glo - ry - land.

Chorus.

O - ver in the glo - ry - land! O - ver in the glo - ry - land! There with all the blest we shall meet and rest, O - ver in the glo - ry - land.

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LIZZIE. J. CALVIN BUSHEY, by per.

Duett.

1. When glo - ri - fied spir - its with wel - come shall greet me, And lead me to man - sions pre - pared far a - bove; I'll
2. While an - gel - ic le - gions with harps tuned ce - les - tial, Har - mo - nious - ly join in the cho - rus a - bove; All
3. Then hail, bless - ed state, hail, ye song - sters of glo - ry, Ye harp - ers of bliss, soon I'll meet you a - bove; Oh

Ritard.

bathe in the o - cean of pleas - ure un - bound - ed, And rove with de - light through the E - den of love.
glo - ry, and hon - or, and might, and do - min - ion, Who brought us through grace to the E - den of love.
joys that a - wait me when free from temp - ta - tion, My home is in heav - en, the E - den of love.

Refrain.

Then hail . . . blessed state, ... hail ye harp - - ers a - bove, ... I'll rove with delight, rove with de-light thro' the E - den of love.

Then hail . . . blessed state, ... hail ye harp - - ers a - bove, ... I'll rove, ... I'll rove with de-light thro' the E - den of love.

Hail blessed state, hail blessed state, hail ye harpers above, ye harpers a-bove, I'll rove with de-light, I'll rove with delight thro' the E - den of love.

Hail blessed state, hail blessed state, hail ye harpers above, ye harpers a-bove, I'll rove with de-light, I'll rove with delight thro' the E - den of love.

Love of God.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Sing we of the grace of God, Of the won-ders of His love; Tell His glo-ries all a-broad, And of His won der-ful love!
2. Love that brought sal-va-tion near, Thro' God's well be-lov-ed Son, And be-liev-ing we shall wear Yon-der a beau-ti-ful crown!
3. Love of God so full and free, Love of God so strong to save, Blood that cleans-eth e-ven me, Won-der-ful, won-der-ful love!
4. Love that holds the worlds in space, Love that light-eth all with-in; Love that keeps us by His grace, Won-der-ful, won-der-ful love!

Chorus.

Won-der-ful love of God! . . . . Won-der-ful love of God! . . . How it re-deem-eth, and how it reclaimeth The souls He hath bought with blood.
oh won-der-ful love! oh won-der-ful love!

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A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. We have a Rock, a safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm; A sure foun-da-tion for our feet, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
2. O Rock of A-ges, al-ways sure, A shel-ter in the time of storm; Where wea-ry pil-grims rest se-cure, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
3. With-in the cleft we safe-ly hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm; And there would ev-er-more a-bide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
4. O Rock of A-ges, hide Thou me, A shel-ter in the time of storm; And ev-er keep me close to Thee, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

Chorus.

Our Je-sus is the Rock where we safe-ly rest, We safe-ly rest, we safe-ly rest; Our Je-sus is the Rock where we safe-ly rest, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

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WHAT CHEER.

(May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.)

A seaman on his dying bed, being asked by a fellow-sailor, "What cheer?" said: "Heaven heaves in sight; I see the headland." The next day the question was repeated: "What cheer?" "Rounding the cape—almost in." The third day the question was repeated: "What cheer?" "In port," his quivering lips replied; and the next moment, "Let go the anchor."

LAURA E. NEWELL. R. A. GLENN.

1. A drift up - on the storm - y sea, A sail - or dy - ing lay, A friend be - side him gent - ly knelt, Just
2. A gain his com - rad soft - ly speaks, What cheer? my lad what cheer, Round - ing the cape, I'm al - most in, The
3. A gain he speaks with quick - 'ning breath, He stirs his mate so dear, Kneels close be - side his couch of pain, To

at the close of day, What cheer, he said O, sail - or lad, When heav - en heaves in sight, I see the head -
sky grows bright and clear, Though long I've sailed on storm - y seas, The dan - ger all is past, I'll gain the har -
ask a - gain what cheer? In port: his quiv - 'ring lips re - plied, Let go the an - chor now, And with a smile

land, joy is mine, I'm al - most past the night.
bor, by and by, I'm go - ing home at last.
the sail - or died, All calm his peace - ful brow.

CHORUS.

O christ - ians tell us what cheer, . . . As o - ver life's bil -
what cheer,
lows you sail, . . . Are you near - ing the port of the glo - ry land, Will you drop your anch - or with - in the vail?

Where the Living Waters Flow.

Words arr. EDWARD E. NICKERSON.

1. Rest to the wea - ry soul And ach - ing heart is giv'n, Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow; Grace makes the wounded whole, Love
2. For thee, my soul, for thee, These price-less joys were bought, Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow; Thine is the mer - cy free, That
3. Come, with the ran som'd train, The Sav-iour's prais - es sing, Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow; Re - joice! the Lamb was slain, A -
4. And soon be - fore His face, We'll praise in light a - bove, Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow; Tri - umph-ant thro' His grace, Made

Refrain.

fills our heart with heav'n, Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow.
Christ to earth has bro't, Down where the liv - ing wa ters flow.
dore! He reigns a King, Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow.
per - fect by His love, Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow.

Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow, ... Down where the tree of life doth

liv-ing wa-ters flow,

grow, Hal - le - lu - jah! I am liv - ing in the light, For Je - sus and the right, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.

liv - ing wa - ters flow.

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Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "He is faithful that hath promised."—HEB. 10: 23. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as - su - rance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of
2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight, An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a -
3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am hap - py and blest, Watch-ing and wait - ing, look - ing a -

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Chorus.

God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
bove, E - choes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love.
bove, Filled with His good - ness, lost in His love.

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long.

If we Knew.

Duett or Solo, *omitting small notes.*

Words and Music by J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1. If we knew when walking thoughtless In the bus - y, crowd-ed way, That some pearl of wond'rous beau - ty, Close be - side our path-way lay,
2. If we knew what forms were faint-ing For the shade that we could fling, If we knew what lips were parch-ing, For the wa - ter we could bring,
3. If we knew when friends a-round us Close-ly press to say good - by, Which a - mong the lips that kiss us, First a - mong the dai - sies lie,

Lest some care - less feet should tramp-le, Some rare jew - el to the ground,
Lest some care - less feet should tramp-le, Some rare jew - el to the ground, We would pause where now we hast-en, We would oft - en look a - round.
Bear-ing cups of cool-ing wa - ter, Plant-ing rows of sha-dy palms, We would haste with ea-ger foot-steps, We would work with willing hands.
Ten - der words of love e - ter - nal, We would whis - per in their ears, We would clasp our arms around them, Look-ing on them thro' our tears.

By permission.

Dash it Down!

Mrs. F. A. F. Wood-White. A. Beirly.

1. There is poi - son in the bowl, Dash it down! It will ru - in heart and soul, Dash it down! And with - out a hope or pray'r,
2. There is poi - son in the bowl, Dash it down! Lest its ills up - on you roll, Dash it down! Life is not for self and sin,
3. There is poi - son in the bowl, Dash it down! (Dash it down!) Drink pure wa-ter and be whole, Dash it down! (Dash it down!) Sparkling fountains full and free,

Refrain.

Be your fu - ture e'er so fair, Spread de-struc-tion ev -'ry-where; Dash it down! Then shun . . . . . it while you may!
Not to waste our mo-ments in, But to strive and no - bly win; Dash it down!
Pass-ing on-ward to the sea, Rise on ev - 'ry side for thee; Dash it down! (Dash it down!) Shun it while you may, Shun it while you may!

Oh, shun . . . . . it ev -'ry day! E - vil snares . . . . be - set your way! Take the right step, oh, dash it down!
Shun it ev -'ry day, Shun it ev -'ry day! Snares be-set your way, Snares be-set your way!

From "Jubilee Choir." Vol. 2. By per. of A. Beirly, publisher, Chicago, Ill.

Come to Jesus.

E. R. Latta. J. H. Tenney, by per.

Chorus.

1. Come to Je- sus! He will save you, Tho' your sins as crimson glow; If you give your hearts to Je - sus, He will make them white as snow. } Come to Je - - sus!
2. Come to Je- sus! do not tar - ry; En - ter in at mercy's gate; Oh, de - lay not till the mor-row, Lest thy com-ing be too late.
3. Come to Je- sus! dy - ing sin - ner! Oth- er Saviour there is none; He will share with you His glo - ry, When your pilgrimage is done. } Come, come to-day!

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Entire Consecration.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. Chorus by W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Chorus.



5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart,—it is Thine own,—
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store!
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee!

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"OUR HOME BEYOND."

MARY B. SHUSS. S. W. BEAZLEY.

1. Our home be-yond the vale of strife, Where sin can - not an - noy, Where Je - sus is Him-self the life And all is light and joy.
2. The pure a - lone shall en - ter there, No con - flict shall be found, No death nor sor - row, sin nor care In our bright home be - yond.
3. Be- yond this home of er - ror here, We know we soon shall be. Dear Sav - iour cast out ev - 'ry fear, That we that home may see.

CHORUS.

Our home be - yond, our home be - yond, Be - yond all sin and care. Where Je - sus waits with friends so fond, To bid us wel - come there.

COME TO JESUS, NOW.

Words and Music by GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. O sin - ner come to Je - sus now, Give him your heart, be - fore him bow, For he is plead - ing now for thee, He gave his life to make you free.
2. O, come to Je - sus while in youth, That you may grow in grace and truth, And thus be strong to fight the wrong, To do his will in deed and song.
3. O, come to Je - sus though in age, Let sin ners scoff and demons rage, Your soul you'll save, a heav - en gain, In glo - ry you shall ev - er reign.
4. O, come to Je - sus ere too late; To - mor-row morn may seal thy fate, And just be- fore the ris - ing sun, Thy knell may toll and life be done.

CHORUS.

O, come to Je - sus, Come to him, Be - fore him hum - bly bow, O, come to Je - sus come to him He saves he saves, just now.

Even Me.

Mrs. E. CODNER. "Bless me, even me also, O my Father."—GEN. 27 : 38. J. H. HALL.

1. Lord I hear of show'rs of blessings Thou art scatt-'ring full and free, Show'rs the thirst- y land re - fresh-ing; Let some droppings fall on me.
2. Pass me not, O God my Fa- ther, Sin- ful tho' my heart may be; Thou might'st leave me; but the rath- er, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
3. Pass me not, O gracious Sav-iour: Let me live and cling to Thee; Fain I'm long - ing for Thy fav - or: Whilst thou'rt calling, call on me.

Refrain.

E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some droppings fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.
E- ven me, e- ven me, E- ven me, e- ven me,

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He that Goeth Forth and Weepeth.

J. E. H. J. E. HALL, by per.

Duet. Sop. or Alto.

1. He that go - eth forth and weepeth, Bear - ing precious seed, Let Him know that as He sow - eth To the sin-ner's need, So He'll reap.
2. He that go - eth forth and weepeth, Trust - ing in the Lord, Let Him know that all He sow - eth Of the precious word, That He'll reap.
3. He that go - eth forth and weepeth, All a- glow with love, Oft - en-times, just while He sow - eth, Hearts be- gin to move; So He'll reap.
4. He that go - eth forth and weepeth, Christ He nev - er leaves, Doubtless shall re-turn re-joicing! Bringing home His sheaves, Thus, He'll reap.

Tenor.

p Chorus.

Sow-ing now, . . sow-ing now, . . . But reap-ing by and by; Weeping now, . . . weeping now, . . . Re-joic- ing by and by.
Sow-ing now, sow-ing now, Weeping now, weeping now,

When the Mists are Gone.

S. J. O.

S. J. OSLIN, by per.

1. When the mists are gone, And all clouds have flown, Then the light of an e - ter - nal day Will, up - on us dawn,—Be a hap - py morn,
2. There the mists and clouds, Oft our path en-shrouds, And the earth - ly tem-pests ris - es high; But they soon will pass, And our souls find rest,
3. When the mists are gone, And the light has come, Then, a smil - ing Sav-iour we will see; And with loved ones, sing Prais - es to our King,

Chorus.

When all earth- ly cares have passed a - way.
Then we'll see a bright- er, clear - er sky.
And for - ev - er there we'll hap - py be.

When the mists are gone And all earth - ly cares have passed a - way, Then we'll know . . . . . as we are known,
When the mists are gone, when the mists are gone, know as we are known, know as we are known,
And be hap - py thro' e - ter - nal day!

Unsearchable Riches.

F. J. C.

J. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. O the unsearch- a - ble rich - es of Christ—Wealth that can never be told ;— Rich - es' ex-haustless of mer- cy and grace, Precious, more precious than gold!
2. O the unsearch- a - ble rich - es of Christ, Who shall their greatness declare; Jew- els whose lus-tre our lives may a - dorn, Pearls that the poorest may wear.
3. O the unsearch- a - ble rich - es of Christ, Free-ly, how free ly they flow; Mak- ing the souls of the faith-ful and true Hap- py wher-ev - er they go.
4. O the unsearch- a - ble rich - es of Christ, Who would not gladly en- dure Tri - als, af- flic-tions, and cross-es on earth, Rich-es like these to se - cure?

Chorus.

Pre - cious, more pre - cious,—Wealth that can nev- er be told; O the un-search- a - ble rich- es of Christ! Pre-cious, more precious than gold.

Come Home.

B. E. W. LUKE 15: 4-7. Rev. B. E. WARREN.

1. Come, ye prod - i - gal in sin, far a - way, (far a- way,) Do not wan-der in the dark-ness, I pray, (come to-day;) Hear the Shepherd's loving voice,
2. There is rest from sin and sor - row for thee, (yes, for thee,) Do not wait un - til the mor- row, be free, (Oh, be free,) He will peace and joy im - part,
3. Will you tram- ple mer- cy un - der your feet? (sin-ful feet?) Will you slight his lov- ing fav - or so sweet? (Oh, how sweet!) If your heart's too hard to feel,
4. Tho' thy heart be flint- y hard like the rock, (like the rock,) He will break it with his love, if you'll knock, (if you'll knock,) Come and enter heav-en's gate,

Will you make Him now your choice? Oh, sin - ner, do not slight Him to - day.
Do not grieve Him from your heart, Oh, hast - en, there is room, come and see.
Like the wir - y tempered steel, He'll soft - en, save by grace, so com-plete.
For, if you would lon - ger wait, This door of love and mer - cy you'll lock.

Chorus.

Come home, ... Come home, ... There's a wel - come now for you, (will you come?)
Come home, oh, will you come? Come home, oh, will you come?
Do not wander a-ny more, Come and knock at mercy's door, Hear the Shepherd's gentle call, Will you come? (oh, will you come?)

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Bid Him Come In.

P. B. P. BILHORN.

1. Oh, what a Sav - iour, He's plead-ing for you, Plead - ing for you, plead - ing for you; Come and ac - cept Him, He's
2. Will you not trust Him as Sav - iour to - day? Trust Him to - day? trust Him to - day? He will drive sor - row and
3. O - pen your heart's door and bid Him come in? Bid Him come in, bid Him come in; He hath re-deemed you, He'll
4. Come now to Je - sus, for why will you die? Why will you die? why will you die? While He in mer - cy is

lov - ing and true, 'Tis Je - sus now plead - ing for you.
sigh - ing a - way, Will you not trust Je - sus to - day?
cleanse you from sin, Oh, bid the dear Sav - iour come in.
com - ing so nigh, Oh, broth - er, then why will you die?

Chorus.

Shall . . . . . He come in? . . . . . Shall He come in? Shall He come in?

Shall . . . . . He come in? . . . . . Will . . . . . you not bid . . . . . the dear Sav - - iour come in?
He will re-deem you and save you from sin; Bid Him come in, bid Him come in, Bid the dear Sav-iour come in.

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Oh! Why Not To-night.

Anon. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28. J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1. Oh, do not let the world de - part, And close thine eyes against the light, Poor sin - ners, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to - night.
2. To - mor - row's sun may nev - er rise, To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight; This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to - night.
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin - gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re - quite; Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, oh, to - night.

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Oh! Why Not To-night. Concluded.

Chorus.

Oh, why not to-night? oh, why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved, Then why not, oh, why not to-night?

Hope On.

GRANVILLE H. MEIXELL. J. H. RUEBUSH.

1. De - spair not when dark, gloom-y shad - ows Ath - wart thy life's path-way seem drawn; Be - hind them, God's sunlight is
2. Hope on, with full trust in God's good - ness; Hope on, till life's bat - tle is won; And tho' friends dis-ap-point and for-
3. Hope on, though life's dark shad-ows low - er; Hope on, e'en though hid seem life's sun; Its warm rays in ef - ful-gence are
4. And thus hop - ing, thy life will grow bright - er, Till re-flec - tion the light of life's sun, 'Twill illumine some pilgrim's dark

gleam - ing In bright - ness to cheer thee— hope on. . . .
sake thee, One Friend is still faith - ful— hope on. . . .
stream - ing Be - hind ev - 'ry cloud— still hope on. . . .
path - way, Caus - ing him to cheer and hope on. . . .

Chorus.

Hope on, hope on, De -
Ev - er hope on, ev - er hope on,

spair not but ev - er hope on, . . . Sun - shine bright - ness will break through the clouds by and by.
ev - er hope on, ev - er hope on, ev - er hope on,

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Whiter than the Snow.

* * *

GEORGE D. BUCHANAN.

1. Come, my re-deem - er, come, And deign to dwell with me; Come, and Thy right as - sume, And bid Thy ri - vals flee—
2. Ex - ert Thy might-y pow'r And ban - ish all my sin; In this au - spic - ious hour, Bring all Thy grac - es in—
3. Rule Thou in ev - 'ry thought And pas - sion of my soul, 'Till all my pow'rs are brought Be - neath Thy full con - trol—

Chorus.

Come, my Re-deem-er, quick-ly come, And make my heart Thy last-ing home,

Come, my Re-deem - er, quickly come, And make my heart Thy last-ing home, Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And
Come, my Re-deem - er, come, And make my heart Thy home, Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And

I shall be whit-er than snow, I shall be whit-er than the snow, I shall be whit-er than the snow,
I shall be whit-er than the snow, I shall be whit-er, whit-er than the snow, I shall be whit-er than the snow, yes

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, ... And I shall be whit - er than snow.
Wash me in the blood, in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er, whit - er than the snow.

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I Shall Be Satisfied.

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."—Ps. 17: 15.

Words and Music by LIZZIE S. BUSHEY.

1. Lord I ask not rich - es, Nor bur-dens cast a - side, Won-drous love and mer - cy, Shall make me sat - is - fied.
2. When the temp-est gath - ers, And o'er life's surg-ing tide, Lord, Thy lov - ing pres - ence, Shall make me sat - is - fied.
3. When we reach the thresh - old, And pearl - y gate ope wide, Then in all Thy glo - ry, Shall make me sat - is - fied.

Chorus.

I shall be sat - is - fied a - ny - where, ev - ry - where, I shall be sat - is - fied, In a Fa-ther's care.

Sat - is - fied,

Rit.

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Welcome Home.

Mrs. PHŒBE PALMER.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. Oh, when shall I sweep thro' the gates, The scenes of mor-tal - i - ty o'er, What then for my spir - it a - waits? Will they sing on the beau ti- ful shore,—
2. When from Calvary's mount I a - rise, And pass through the por-tals a - bove, Will shouts, "Welcome home to the skies," Re - sound through the regions of love?
3. Yes, loved ones who knew me be - low, Who learned the new song with me here, In cho - rus will hail me, I know, And welcome me home with good cheer.
4. The beau - ti - ful gates will un - fold, The home of the blood-washed I'll see, The cit - y of saints I'll be - hold, For O, there's a welcome for me!
5. A sin - ner made whit - er than snow, I'll join in the might - y ac-claim, And shout through the gates as I go, Sal - va - tion to God and the Lamb!

Refrain.

Wel-come home! Wel-come home! A wel-come in glo - ry for me; Wel-come home! Wel-come home! A wel-come for me.

Welcome home, Welcome home, Welcome home, Welcome home, Welcome home,

The Handwriting on the Wall.

K. SHAW. "And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."—DANIEL 5: 5. Arr. by J. H. HALL.

1. At the feast of Bel- shaz-zar and a thous- and of his lords, While they drank from golden ves-sels, as the Book of Truth records—
2. See the brave cap- tive Dan-iel, as he stood be-fore the throne, And re-buked the haughty monarch for his might - y deeds of wrong;
3. See the faith, zeal and cour-age, that would dare to do the right, Which the spir - it gave to Dan-iel—this the se - cret of his might,
4. So our deeds are re - cor- ded—there's a Hand that's writing now: Sin- ner, give your heart to Je - sus—to His roy - al man-dates bow;

In the night, as they revelled in the roy - al pal- ace hall, They were seized with con-ster- na-tion—'twas the Hand up- on the wall!
As he read out the writ- ing, 'twas the doom of one and all, For the king- dom now was finished—said the Hand up- on the wall!
In his home in Ju - de - a, or a cap - tive in the hall, He un - der-stood the writ-ing of his God up- on the wall!
For the day is ap-proaching—it must come to one and all, When the sin- ners' con-dem - na-tion will be writ - ten on the wall!

Chorus.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall! 'Tis the hand of God on the wall! Shall the writ- ing on the wall! writ- ing on the wall!

rec- ord be "Found want-ing!" or shall it be "Found trusting!" While that hand is writ- ing on the wall? *rit.* writ- ing on the wall!

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What Shall our Answers Be?

E. R. LATTA. Rev. D. E. DORTCH.

1. When we in the judg-ment stand, In that might - y com - pa - ny, And the Judge shall question us, Oh, what shall our an- swers be?
2. When the Lord has gath-ered there, From the land and from the sea, All the fam - i - lies of men, Oh, what shall our an- swers be?
3. Lord it is a sol- emn tho't, That we must ac-count to Thee, In that great and aw - ful day, What shall our poor an- swers be?

What for ev - 'ry tri - fling tho't, And each i - dle word we say? What for ev - 'ry sin - ful act We may do from day to day?
What for all our wants of faith, What for all our lack of love? Can we hope a crown to gain, And a man - sion bright a - bove?
Oh, pre- pare us, Lord, we pray, In thy pres - ence there to stand! Purge us from each sin - ful blot? Place us, Lord, on thy right hand!

Chorus.

When that aw - - - - ful day we see, Oh, what shall . . . . . our an - swers be?
When that aw - ful day we see, day we see, Oh, what shall our an - swers be, our an- swers be?

When that aw - - - - - ful day we see, Oh, what shall . . . . . our an - swers be?
When that aw - ful day we see, day we see, Oh, what shall our an - swers be?

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140 Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER, A. M.

To Save a Poor Sinner Like Me.

GRACE I. FOSTER.

1. I'll sing of the sto - ry, how Je - sus from glo - ry Has saved a poor sin - ner like me; That all who be - lieve him, and
2. His glo - ry im - mor - tal bright o - ver the por - tal, Has ban - ished the gloom from the grave; The Lord has as - cend - ed, the
3. Tho' sea - sons of er - ror, and mo - ments of ter - ror, Like bil - lows of sor - row may roll; In Christ I'm con - fid - ing, in
4. My peace like a riv - er flows on - ward for - ev - er, A tide to e - ter - ni - ty's sea; To swell the old sto - ry with

all who re - ceive Him, His bless - ed sal - va - tion may see.
dark - ness is end - ed, And now he is might - y to save.
him I am hid - ing, With safe - ty and rest to my soul.
voic - es in glo - ry, He saved a poor sin - ner like me.

Chorus.

Then sing the glad cho - rus, His ban - ner is o'er us, His mer - cy is bound - less and free, From heav - en de - scend - ed, His love is ex - tend - ed, To save a poor sin - ner like me.

rit.

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Have Courage, my Boy, to say No!

"Resist the devil and he will flee from you."—JAMES 4: 7.

P. S.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

Solo.

1. You're starting, my boy, on life's jour-ney, A - long the grand highway of life; You'll meet with a thous - and tempta - tions—Each cit-y with e - vil is rife.
2. In cour-age a - lone lies your safe - ty, When you the long journey be - gin; Your trust in a heav - en - ly Fa - ther Will keep you un-spotted from sin.
3. Be care-ful in choosing com - pan - ions, Seek on - ly the brave and the true; And stand by your friends when in tri - al, Ne'er changing the old for the new.

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This world is a stage of ex-cite-ment, There's danger wherev-er you go; But if you are tempt-ed in weak-ness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
Temp-ta-tions will go on in-creas-ing, As streams from a riv-u-let flow; But if you'd be true to your man-hood, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
And when by false friends you are tempted, The taste of the winecup to know; With firm-ness, with pa-tience and kindness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!

Chorus.

Have courage, my boy, to say No! Have courage, my boy, to say No! Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, to say No!

say No! say No!

Rally, Christian Soldiers.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. "Take unto you the whole armor of God.—EPH. 6: 13. J. H. HALL.

Rit.

1. Broth-er, ral-ly to the stand-ard, Shield and sword in hand; Take your place a-mong the sol-diers Un-der Christ's command.
2. Broth-er, we must save the fall-en; Lend a will-ing hand, And the gra-cious Lord will help them In the truth to stand.
3. Let us all en-list with Je-sus In the fight with sin; If we brave-ly stand to-geth-er We will sure-ly win.

Chorus.

Rit.

Come and with the best en-deav-or, Bear the bat-tle-heat; Let us no-bly stand to-geth-er Till the vic-t'ry is com-plete.

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Oh, to be Ready!

Author unknown. J. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Oh, to be read - y when death shall come, Oh, to be read - y to hast- en home; No earth - ly cling-ing, no ling-'ring gaze,
2. No flit - ting shad- ows to dim the light Of an - gel pin-ions all winged for flight; No cloud- like phantoms, to fling a gloom
3. To list to the mu- sic of an - gel lyres, To catch the rapt- ure of ser - aph fires; To lean in trust on the ris - en One,

No strife at part- ing, no sore a - maze; No chains to sev - er that earth hath twined, No spell to loos - en that love would bind.
Twixt heav'n's bright portals and earth's dark tomb; But sweet - ly, gent - ly, to pass a - way From earth's dim twi-light to per - fect day.
Till borne a - way to a fade - less throne, Then, oh, to be read - y when death shall come, And oh, to be read - y to hast - en home.

Chorus.

Oh, ... to be read - y, Oh, . . to be read - y, Oh, ... to be read - y to go . . . . to our home. . .
Oh, to be read-y when death shall come, Oh, to be ready when death shall come, Oh, to be ready to go to our home, Oh, to be read-y to go to our home.

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Mighty to Save.

Rev. R. W. TODD. "I, that speak in Righteousness, mighty to save."—ISAIAH, 63 : 1. HARRY SANDERS.

1. O! who is this that com - eth From E-dom's crim-son plain, With wound-ed side, with garments dyed? O tell me now Thy name!
2. O why is thine ap - par - el With reek- ing gore all dyed, Like them that tread the wine-press red? O why this blood- y tide?
3. O bleed-ing Lamb, my Sav - iour, How could'st thou bear this shame? With mercy fraught, mine own arm bro't, Sal - va - tion in my name;

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I that saw Thy soul's dis-tress, A ran - som gave; I that speak in right - eous - ness, Might-y to save.
I the wine-press trod a - lone, 'Neath dark -'ning skies; Of the peo - ple there was none, Might-y to save.
I the blood - y fight have won, Con - quered the grave; Now the year of joy has come, Might-y to save.

Chorus.

f *cres.* *ff*

Might - y to save, Might-y to save, Might-y to save, Might-y to save, Might-y to save, Lord, I trust Thy wondrous love, Might-y to save.

Jesus Only.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

"They saw no man, save Jesus only."—MATT. 17 : 8.

J. H. HALL.

Duet. Soprano and Tenor.

1. "Je - sus on - ly!" this the watchword, Guiding, like a star, my way; He the friend that walks beside me, Cheering ev - 'ry pass- ing day.
2. "Je - sus on - ly!" when the sunshine Floods with gold the way I go; Then He is to me the dear- er For the joy He doth bestow.
3. "Je - sus on - ly!" when the shadows Dark - ly o'er my path- way fall, He the light that shines in darkness, He my Sav - iour and my all.
4. "Je - sus on - ly!" when I'm sinking In - to the em-brace of death; He my Sav- iour will be with me To my last ex - piring breath.

Chorus.

"Je - sus on - ly!" "Je- sus on - ly!" He the dear-est friend, and best; Hav- ing Him to walk be-side me, Oh, my soul is tru - ly blest.

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Seeking the Lost.

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

1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind-ly en-treat-ing Wan-der-ers on the mount-ain a-stray; "Come un-to me," His mes-sage re-
2. Seek-ing the lost, and point-ing to Je-sus, Souls that are weak, and hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in ways of sal-
3. There I would go on missions of mer-cy, Fol-low-ing Christ from day un-to day; Cheer-ing the faint, and rais-ing the

peat-ing, Words of the Mas-ter speak-ing to-day.
va-tion, Show-ing the path to life ev-er-more.
fall-en; Point-ing the lost to Je-sus, the way.

Chorus.

Go-ing a-far up-on the mountain,
Go-ing a-far . . . . . up-on the mount-ain . . . Bringing the

Bring-ing the wan-d'rer back a-gain, back a-gain, In-to the fold
wan - - - - - d'rer back a-gain In-to the fold . . . . . of my Re-

of my Re-deem-er, Je-sus the Lamb for sin-ners slain, for sin-ners slain.
deem-er, ... Je-sus the Lamb . . . . . for sin-ners slain. . . . . .

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ANTHEMS.

Praise and Thanksgiving.

J. H. HALL.

Praise and thanks-giv - ing be un - to God! Praise and thanks-giv - ing, Praise and thanks-giv - ing be un - to

Praise and thanks-giv - ing be un - to God! Praise and thanks-giv - ing, Praise and thanks-giv - ing be un - to

God, Be un - to God, For He is gra - cious, is gra - cious, For He is gra-cious.

God, Be un - to God, be un - to God, For He . . . . . is gra - cious, For He is gra-cious.
Be un - to God, For He is gra - cious, For He is gra-cious.

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Praise and Thanksgiving. Concluded.

Praise and thanks-giv - ing be un - to God, For thro' the earth and boundless skies doth speak His goodness and His grace,

Praise and thanks-giv - ing be un - to God, For thro' the earth and boundless skies doth speak His good - ness and His grace,

Praise and thanks-giv - ing be un - to God; Let us with wor - ship, come in - to His pres - ence, Let us with wor - ship, with

Praise and thanks-giv - ing be un - to God; Let . . us with wor - ship, come in - to His pres - ence, Let us with wor - ship, with

songs of praise, of praise in Him re - joice, Praise and thanks-giv- ing be un - to God! Praise and thanks-giv- ing be un - to God!

songs of praise in Him re - joice, Praise and thanks-giv - ing be un - to God! Praise and thanks-giv - ing be un - to God!

We Will Give Thanks.

J. H. RUEBUSH.

FINE.

Give thanks, give thanks to God on high, The sov-reign Lord of earth and sky, Your tongues em-ploy in songs of joy To Him whose love is ev - er nigh.

We will give thanks, and praise Thy name, We will give thanks,

We will give thanks, ... and praise Thy name, ... We will give thanks, ... and praise Thy

D.C.

and praise Thy name, We will give thanks, and praise Thy name, Praise Thy name for - ev - er more.

name, ... We will give thanks, ... and praise Thy name, ... Praise Thy name . . . . for - ev - er more. . . . . .

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I Was a Wandering Sheep.

To my Pupils at Shenandoah Institute, Dayton, Va.

W. H. RUEBUSH.

1. { I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - trol'd:
I was a wayward child, I did not love my home; I did not love my Father's voice, I lov'd a - far to roam.

2. The Shep-herd sought His sheep, The Fa - ther sought His child; He fol - low'd me o'er vale and hill, O'er des - ert waste and wild; He found me nigh to death, De - spair-ing, faint, and lone; He bound me with the bonds of love, He saved the wand'ring one.

Instrument.

3. { Jesus my Shepherd is, 'Twas He that sav'd my soul; 'Twas He that wash'd me in His blood, 'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost, That found the wand-'ring sheep; 'Twas He that bro't me to the fold, 'Tis He that still doth keep.

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The Herald Angels Sing.

J. H. ALLEMAN.

m Moderato.

Hark! the her-ald an - gels sing, Peace on earth and mer - cy mild, God and sin- ners rec - on - ciled.

Hark! the her-ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth and mer - cy mild, God and sin- ners rec - on - ciled.

m *f* *p* FINE.

Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Hear them chant in strains of joy and glad-ness, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo- ry be to God most high.

Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Hear them chant in strains of joy and glad-ness, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo- ry be to God most high.

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The Herald Angels Sing. Continued.

Obligato. Soprano or Tenor. *lively.*

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hear them sing, Prais - es to the new-born King, Glo - ry, glo - ry, hear them sing, Prais - es to the new-born King.

Semi staccato.

pp

Joy on earth the an - gels sing, Peace on earth, good will to men, All the heav- 'nly hosts pro-claim, Christ is born in Beth - le- hem.

Chorns.

mf

cres.

Hark! the her-ald an - - - gels sing. For un - to us is born, This day, in the cit - y of Da - vid, A might-y Prince and King,

Hark! the her - ald an - - - gels sing. For un - to us is born, This day, in the cit - y of Da - vid, A might-y Prince and King,

ff

ff

Who shall rule my peo - ple, Is - ra - el! Sing a - loud, ye hosts, ye hosts, Pro-claim the won-drous sto - ry! Christ is born in

f

Who shall rule my peo- ple, Is - ra - el! Sing a - loud, ye hosts, Pro-claim the won-drous sto - ry! Christ is born in

Sing a - loud, ye hosts, ye hosts,

m Obligato Duet.

Beth - le - hem, He reigns, the King of glo - ry. Glo - - - ry be to God! . . . . . to God on

pp Inst.

Beth - le - hem, He reigns, the King of glo - ry. *p* Glo-ry be to God! Glo- ry be to God!

f *f*

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

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

f Allegro. *cres.* . . . . . *rit.* . . . . . *D. C.*

Glo - ry to God in the high- est, Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Glo - ry to God in the high- est, And on earth peace, good-will to men.

Glo - ry to God in the high- est, Glo - ry to God in the high- est, Glo - ry to God in the high- est, And on earth peace, good-will to men.

Be Thou Exalted.

R. H. RANDALL.

Be thou exalted, O God, a - bove the earth, Let thy glory shine about us, And fill our hearts with joy.

Be thou exalted, O God, a - bove the earth, Let thy glory shine about us, And fill our hearts with joy.

Let the glo - ry of thy name be heard in all the earth;

f *cres.* *ff*

Be thou ex - alt - ed, be thou ex - alt - ed, Let the glo - ry of thy name be heard in all the earth; Be thou ex - alt - ed,

Obligato. Duet.

Let the glo - ry of thy name be heard in all the earth, I will praise . . . . the Lord a -

be thou ex - alt - ed, Let the glo - ry of thy name be heard in all the earth. I will praise

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bove. I will praise . . . . . the Lord a - bove, I will praise . . . . . the Lord a -

The Lord a - bove, I will praise the Lord a - bove, I will praise

bove, For His great and lov - ing kind - ness.

The Lord a - bove, For His great and lov - ing kind - ness. Be thou ex - alt - ed, be thou ex - alt - ed,

Bass Solo.

Be thou ex - alt - ed, a - bove the earth, Be thou ex - alt - ed, be thou ex - alt - ed, Be thou ex - alt - ed a - bove the earth.

Be Thou Exalted. Concluded.

Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Praise the Lord and let his name be heard in all the earth,

ff.

Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Praise the Lord and let his name be heard in all the earth,
Praise ye the Lord, ... Praise ye the Lord, ...

Praise the Lord and let his name be heard in all the earth, Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, A - men, A - men, A - men.

Praise the Lord and let his name be heard in all the earth, Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord. A - men, A - men, A - men.

"Praise the Lord! O Jerusalem."

WM. F. SHERWIN.

Moderato. *Allegro.*

Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord, Praise him, praise him, praise the Lord, Praise him,

Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord, Praise him, praise him, O house of Is-rael, praise the Lord, Praise him,

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Tenor. *ff*

praise him, sing praise unto our God. Praise the Lord, O Je - ru - sa-lem, Je - ru - sa-lem, praise thy God, thy God, O Zi - on;

p

praise him, sing praise unto our God. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord— O Je - ru - sa - lem, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, praise thy God, O Zi - on;

For he hath strength-ened the bars of thy gate, He hath bless - ed thy child - ren with - in thee. Praise him, praise him,

Praise the Lord, O Je - ru - sa-lem, praise thy God, O Zi - on, He hath blest thy child - ren with - in thee. Praise him, praise him, O

Slower.

praise the Lord, praise him, praise him, O Zi - on, praise thy God, O Zi - on, praise thy God: Praise ye the Lord.

house of Is - rael, praise the Lord, praise him, praise him, O Zi - on, praise thy God, O Zi - on, praise thy God: Praise ye the Lord.

Soldiers of Christ, Arise.

CHARLES WESLEY. J. H. ALLEMAN.

Allegro. *cres.*

Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on, Strong in the strength which God supplies Thro' His e - ter - nal love.

Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on, Strong in the strength which God sup- plies Thro' His e - ter - nal love.

Solo Obligato.

Omit repeat at close.

f *ff* FINE.

Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His might-y pow'r, Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts, Is more than con-quer - or.

Strong in the Lord, the Lord of hosts, And in His might- y, might - y pow'r, Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts, Is more than con - quer- or.

cres.

Stand, then, in His great might, With all His strength en - dued, But take to arm you for the fight The pan - o - ply of God.

Stand, then, in His great might, With all His strength en - dued, But take to arm you for the fight The pan - o - ply of God.

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Soldiers of Christ, Arise. Concluded.

Solo. Baritone. D.C.

That hav - ing all things done, And all your con-flicts passed, Ye may o'er- come thro' Christ a - lone, And stand en - tire at last.

Full Chorus *Semi Staccato.*

That hav - ing all things all things done, And all your con- flicts, con-flicts passed, Ye may o'er-come thro' Christ a - lone, And stand en - tire at last-

Glory be to God Most High.

E. T. HILDEBRAND.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al-might- y, Glo - ry be to Thee, Heav'n and earth are full of Thy glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most high.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y, Glo - ry be to Thee, Heav'n and earth are full of Thy glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most high.

Glo- ry be to God most high, Glo ry, Glo- ry, Glo- ry be to God most high, Glo - ry be to God most high, To God most high, A- men, A - men.

Glo- ry be to God most high, Glo- ry be to God most high, Glo - ry be to God most high, To God most high, A-men, Amen, A - men.

Sing ye Jehovah's Praises.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

Allegretto.

Sing ye Je - ho - vah's prais - es, Praise ye His name for - ev - er, Earth now to heav - en rais - es Her voice in grate - ful lays.

Sing ye Je - ho - vah's prais - es, Praise ye His name for - ev - er, Earth now to heav - en rais - es Her voice in grate- ful lays.

Sing His praise, Sing His praise, Sing His great sal - va - tion, Sing His praise, Sing His praise,
Glo - - ri - fy Him, Glo - - ri - fy Him, Let His great sal-va-tion now ap - pear, Glo - - ri - fy Him, Glo - - ri - fy Him,

Sing His praise, Sing His praise, Sing this great sal - va - tion, Sing His praise, Sing His praise,

Send the joys - ful news, news. Sing ye Je - ho - vah's prais- es, Praise ye His name for - ev - er, Earth now to heav - en
Send the joy-ful tid-ings far and near, near.

Send the joy - ful news, news. Sing ye Je- ho- vah's prais - es, Praise ye Him name for - ev - er, Earth now to heav - en

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p *f*

rais - es Her voice in grate - ful lays. Far, far a - way, Far, far, a - way, All, all have strayed, Yet, yet His love,

rais - es Her voice in grate- ful lays. Far, a - way from Him his peo-ple all have strayed, Yet, His

Far, far a - way, Far, far a - way, All, all have strayed, Yet, yet His love,

yet, yet His love, kind - ness nev-er is de- layed. Sing ye Je- ho - vah's prais - es, Praise ye His name for - ev - er,

lov - - - ing kind - ness nev - er is de - layed. Sing ye Je - ho - vah's prais - es, Praise ye His name for - ev - er,

yet, yet His love.

rit.

Earth now to heav - en rais - es Her voice in grate - ful lays. Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

Earth now to heav - en rais - es Her voice in grate - ful lays. Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

Saviour, again to Thy Dear Name.

JAS. CHESTER.

Andante. ♩ = 72.

1. Sav - - iour, a - gain . . . . . to Thy . . . . . dear name we raise
2. Grant . . . . us Thy peace, ... Lord, thro' . . . . the com-ing night,

p Sempre staccato.

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise, Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our parting hymn of praise
2. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night, Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night; Turn Thou for us its dark-ness in - to light;

Rit. *a tempo.*

With . . . . . one ac - cord . . . . . our part - ing hymn of praise, We stand to bless Thee
Turn . . . . . Thou for us . . . . . its dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - - ger

Rit.

We stand to bless Thee e'er our wor-ship cease, Then kneel - ing wait Thy word of peace, Grant us Thy peace up - on our home-ward way.
From harm and dan - ger keep Thy chil-dren free, Dark - - ness and light are one with Thee. Sav-iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise,

e'er our wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - - ing wait Thy word of peace.
keep Thy chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.

With Thee be - gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless thee e'er our wor-ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.

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Andante. J. P. VANCE.

1st Soprano.

O Lord, our God, how ex - cel-lent Thy name, how ex - cel-lent, in

2d Soprano.

O Lord, our God, how ex - cel-lent Thy name, how ex - cel-lent, Thy name,

Organ.

f

all the earth, how ex - cel-lent Thy name in all the earth, How ex - cel-lent Thy name, how ex - cel-lent in

how ex - cel-lent Thy name in all the earth, How ex - cel-lent Thy name, how

f

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How Excellent Thy Name. Continued.

all the earth, How ex- cel-lent Thy name, how ex- cel-lent, how ex - cel lent Thy name in all the earth.

rit.

ex - cellent, how ex - cellent Thy name, how ex - cellent Thy name, how ex - cel - lent Thy name in all the earth.

rit.

f

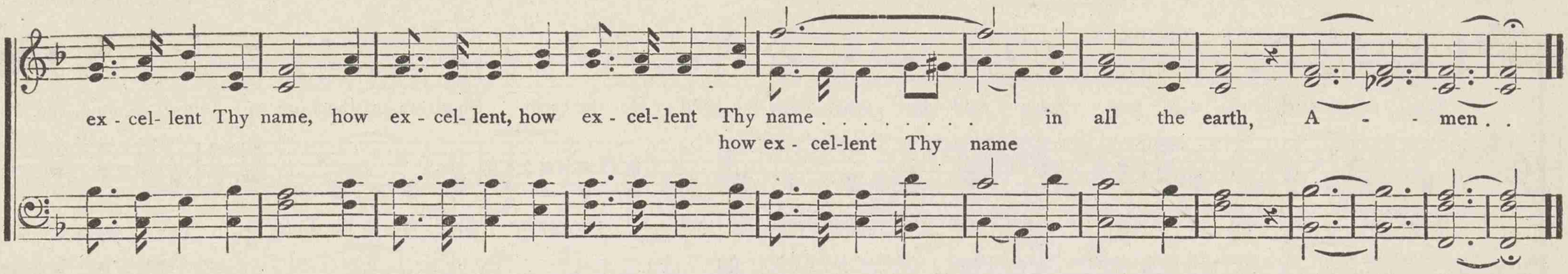
O Lord, our God, how ex - cel- lent Thy name, how ex - cel- lent Thy name in all . . the earth; Lord, how

f

How ex - cel - lent, ...

ex - cel-lent, how ex - cel-lent Thy name: Lord, how ex - cel-lent, how ex - cel- lent Thy name, O Lord, our God, how

Thy name, ...



Blessing and Glory.

B. C. UNSELD.



By permission of A. S. KIEFFER.

Sing unto the Lord.

O. R. BARROWS.

cres.

Sing un - to the Lord a new song, and His praise from the end of the earth, Sing un - to the Lord a new song, and His

Sing un - to the Lord a new song, and His praise from the end of the earth, Sing un - to the Lord a new song, and His

FINE. Soprano Solo.

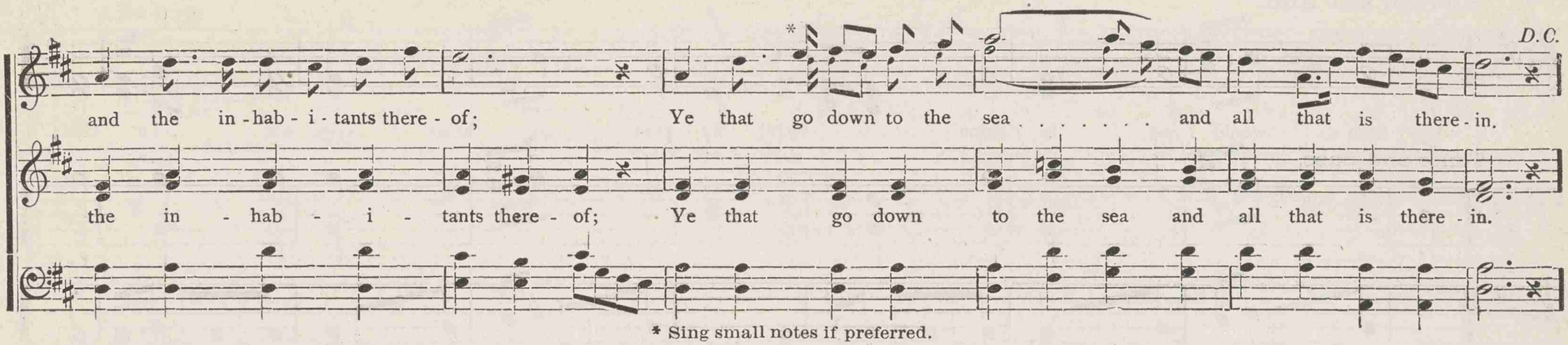
praise from the end of the earth, Ye that go down to the sea . . . . . and all that is there - in,

praise from the end of the earth, Ye that go down to the sea and all that is, that is there - in,

Ye that go down to the sea . . . . . and all that is there - in, The isles and th'in - hab-it - ants there - of, ...

Ye that go down to the sea and all that is there - in, The isles, the isles and

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* Sing small notes if preferred.

How Pleasant, How Divinely Fair!

J. E. Hall.



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How Pleasant, How Divinely Fair! Continued.

Soprano and Alto.

f *p* *f* *p*

My flesh would rest in Thine a - bode; My pant - ing heart cries out for God;

Tenor and Bass.

My God, my King, why should I be So far from all my joys and Thee!

Alto Solo.

Blest are . . . the souls who find . . . a place, With - in . . . . the tem - - ple of . . Thy grace;

There they . . . be - hold Thy gent - - ler rays, And see Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

Sop'r & Alto.

Cheer - ful they walk with grow - - - ing strength. Till all shall meet in heav'n . . . at length.

Till all shall meet in heav'n . . at length.

How Pleasant, How Divinely Fair! Concluded.

Cheer - ful they walk with grow - - - ing strength, Till all shall meet in heav'n at length.

Cheer - ful they walk, with grow - - - ing strength, Till all shall meet in heav'n . . . at length.

Trio.

Till all be - fore Thy face ap - pear, And join in nob- ler wor - ship there. A - - men, . . A - - men.

Till all be - fore Thy face ap - pear, And join in no - bler wor - ship there. A - men, A - men.

The Last Sleep.

Rev. E. A. DAYMAN. (FUNERAL HYMN.) J. H. HALL.

1. Sleep Thy last sleep! Free from care and sorrow; Rest where none weep, Till th' eternal morrow: Tho' dark waves roll O'er the silent river, Thy fainting soul Jesus can deliver.
2. Life's dream is past; All its sin and sadness; Brightly at last, Dawns the day of gladness: Un-der Thy sod, Earth, receive our treasure, To rest in God, Waiting all His pleasure.
3. Tho' we may mourn Those in life the dearest, They shall return, Christ, when Thou appearest: Soon shall Thy voice Comfort those now weeping, Bidding rejoice All in Jesus sleeping.

Be Still, and Know that I am God.

J. H. HALL.

p Andante. FINE.

Be still! be still! be still! Be still, and know that I am God, that I am God.

Be still! be still! be still! Be still, and know that I am God, Be still, and know that I am God, that I am God.

Faster.

I will be ex - alt - ed, ex - alt - ed a - mong the hea - then, I will be ex - alt - ed in the earth;

I will be ex - alt - - ed a - mong the hea - then, I will be ex - alt - ed in the earth;
I will be ex - alt - ed, ex - alt - ed a - mong the hea - then,

D. C.

I will be ex - alt - ed a - mong the hea - then, I will be ex - alt - ed in the earth, I will be ex - alt - ed in the earth.

I will be ex - alt - ed a - mong the hea - then, I will be ex - alt - ed in the earth, I will be ex - alt - ed in the earth.

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Rest From Your Labors.

Andante. Voluntary for opening services. C. E. LESLIE.

p *f* *ff*

Rest from your la-bors on this ho - ly day, And give thanks to God, He is the rul - er of the earth and sea, Is our might- y God,

Rest from your la-bors on this ho - ly day, And give thanks to God, He is the rul - er of the earth and sea, Is our might- y God,

cres. *ff* *m* *f*

He will shield you from all dan - ger, in him; Bless - ed be His name for - ev - er, Bless-ed be the name of God,

Therefore will we trust in him; Bless- ed be the name of God,

He will shield you from all dan - ger, in him; Bless - ed be His name for - ev - er,

Soprano obligato.

We will praise his name for - ev - er, We will mag - ni - fy His ho - ly name, Bless - ed be His name for - ev - er,

Semi-staccato. *If*

We will praise His name for - ev - er, We will mag - ni - fy His name; Bless-ed be His name for - ev - er,

By permission of Mrs. C. E. LESLIE.

Repeat pp Duet.

Blessed be the name of God, We will praise His name for - ev - er, We will mag-ni - fy His ho - ly name; Bless - ed be His name for-

Bless the name of God, We will praise His name for - ev - er, We will mag-ni - fy His ho - ly name; Bless - ed be His name for-

ev - er, Bless-ed be the name of God, Rest from your la - bors, rest in the Lord, Trust in His pow - er, trust in the Lord;

ff *cres.*

ev - er, Bless-ed be the name of God, Rest from your la - bors, rest in the Lord, Trust in His pow - er, trust in the Lord;

Finale. *p* *p* *m* *p* *rit.* *pp*

rest in the Lord, peace - ful - ly rest, Rest, rest, rest in the Lord.

Legato.

Rest, rest, rest in the Lord, Rest, rest, peace - ful - ly rest, Rest, rest, rest in the Lord.

Christ, the Lord is Risen to-day.

W. H. RUEBUSH.

Org. Org. Org.

Christ, the Lord is ris'n to - day, Chris - tians haste your vows to pay; Of - fer ye your prais - es meet,

D. C.—Hail e - ter - nal hope on high, Hail thou King of vic - to - ry; Hail thou Prince of life a - dored,

Org. FINE. Org. Org.

At the pas - cal vic - tim's feet For the sheep the Lamb hath bled, Sin - less in the sin - ners stead.

Help and save us, gra - cious Lord.

Org. Duette.

Christ is ris'n to - day we cry, Now He lives no more to die. Christ, the vic - tim un - de - filed,

ORGAN.

man to God hath rec - on - ciled, While the strange and aw - ful strife met to - geth - er death and life,

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Bass Solo.

Chris-tians on this hap - py day, haste with joy your vows to pay; Christ, is ris'n to - day we cry,

now he lives no more to die.

Chorus.

Christ, who once for sin - ners died, now the first born

of the dead; Throned in end - less might and power, lives and reigns for - ev - er - more.

Rit. . . . . . *D. C.*

Magnify and Praise the Lord.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

Moderato. *m*

Let all the earth fear the Lord, Fear the Lord, Let all the in - hab - i - tants of the world stand in awe of Him, stand in

awe . . . . of Him. It was done For He spake and it was done . . . . . It was done. For He spake and it was done . . . Let all the earth, let

it was done

Bass Solo.

it was done

Praise the Lord and mag - ni - fy His name, and mag - ni - fy, and

all the earth, praise the Lord, Praise the Lord and magni - fy His name. Mag - ni - fy His ho - ly name, mag - ni - fy His ho - ly name, Glo - ri - fy,

rit-e-dim.

mag-ni - fy, and mag - ni - fy His name.
Glo - ri - fy His name for-ev- er-more.

Yea, let all Is - ra-el, Yea, let all Is - ra - el, Bow down and worship, Be - fore the Lord, Be - fore the Lord.

By per.

Magnify and Praise the Lord. Concluded.

mf Soprano Solo. *cres.*

O praise . . . the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord for - ev - er more.

Praise the Lord, O praise the Lord, Praise the Lord for - ev - er- more, Praise the Lord, O praise the Lord for - ev - er and for - ev - er - more.

f

Praise the Lord O, praise the Lord Praise the Lord for -

Praise, O praise the Lord, Praise Him in your songs, Praise Him with the Cymbal, with the Psal-ter- y and Harp, Praise, O praise the Lord, Praise Him ev-er-more O ex -

f *ff*

ev - - - - - er - more. A - men, A - men, a- men, a- men, a- men, A - men.

ff

alt and praise His name for - ev - er- more, for - ev - er - more. A - men, A - men, a- men, a - men, a- men, A - men.

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

Cimaroso. Arr. by J. H. B.

Spirited.

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

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

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

cres. *ff*

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

Glo - ry to God in the high - est, in the high-est, in the high - est and on earth peace

cres. *ff* *dim.*

God in the high - est, Glo - ry to God in the high-est, in the high est, in the high - est, and on earth

rit.

and on earth peace Good-will, good- will. Glo - ry to God in the high - est,

and on earth peace Good-will, good - will. . . . . Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Glo - ry to

rit. *cres.*

peace and on earth peace Good-will, good - will. . . . . Glo - ry to God in the high - est,

f *ff*

Glo - ry to God in the high - est Glo - ry to God in the high - est. Glo- ry be to God in the high - - est.

God . . . . . in the high - est, Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Glo- ry be to God in the high - - est.

f

Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Glo- ry be to God in the high - - est.

BLESSED IS THE PEOPLE.

R. A. GLENN.

Moderato marcato.

Bless - ed is the peo - ple, bless - ed is the peo - ple, bless - ed is the peo - ple, that know the joy - ful sound.

SOLO. DUETT. QUARTET.

They shall ev - er walk in Thy light, They shall ev - er walk in Thy light, they shall ev - er

repeat. pp *faster.*

walk in the light in Thy light, O Lord. In Thy name . . shall they re - joice

In Thy name shall they re-joice re-joice.

All the day, all the day, In Thy name . . . . . shall they re -

all the day, all the day, In Thy name shall they re -

joice . . . . . re - joice all the day.

joice shall they re-joice, re - joice all the day.

FINE.

For Thou . . . . . art the glo - - - ry, the

For Thou art the glo - ry, the glo - ry and strength, For

glo - - - ry, the glo - ry and strength, For Thou . . . . . art the

Thou art the glo - ry, the glo - ry and strength, For Thou art the glo - ry, the glo - ry, the glo - ry and strength.

Repeat pp D. S.

The Mercy of the Lord.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

I will sing of the mer - cy of the Lord for - ev - er, With my mouth will I make known Thy faith - ful - ness un - to

all gen - er - a - tions, un - to all gen - er - a - tions. For I have said, for I have said mer - cy shall be built up for-

ev - er, Mer - cy shall be built up for - ev - er, And Thy faith - ful - ness, and Thy faith - ful - ness be es -

tab-lished in the ver - y heav'ns, in the ver - y heav'ns. And the heav'ns shall praise Thy won - ders, Lord, In the

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con-gre-ga-tion of the saints, For who in heav'n can be com-pared un-to the Lord. Who? who? who? The heav'n's are Thine, O

Lord, are Thine, the earth and the full-ness there-of, Who a-mong the sons of the might-y can be lik-ened, can be

lik-ened un-to Him. I will sing of the mer-cy of the Lord for-ev-er, I will sing His mer-cy,

I will sing His love, and His faith-ful-ness, and His faith-ful-ness be es-tab-lished in the ver-y heav'n's, in the ver-y heav'n's.

Come unto Me.

R. H. RANDALL.

Come, come un - to me, all ye that la - bor and are heav - y - la - den, And I will give you rest,

Come, come un - to me, all ye that la - bor and are heav - y - la - den, And I will give you rest, . . . And

sweet rest. Take my yoke up - on you and learn of me,

I will give you rest, I will give you rest, sweet rest. Take my yoke up - on you and learn of me, Take my yoke up -

For I am meek and low - ly in heart, And ye shall find rest un - to your

on you and learn of me, For I am meek and low - ly in heart, And ye shall find rest . . . un - to your

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souls, For my yoke is eas - y, and my bur - den is light, For my yoke is eas - y, and my bur - den is light.

souls, For my yoke is eas - y, and my bur - den is light, For my yoke is eas - y, and my bur - den is light.

Obligato. *1st time Tenor, 2nd time Soprano. Ad lib.*

For . . . . my yoke is eas - y, and my bur - den is light, For . . . . my yoke is eas - y, and my

For my yoke is eas - y, and my bur-den is light, my bur-den is light, For my yoke is eas - y, and my

bur - den is light. Come un - to me, Come un - to me, Come un - to me, And

bur-den is light, my bur-den is light. Come un - to me, un - to me, Come un - to me, And

Come un - to me, un - to me,

Come unto Me. Concluded.



Consolation.

(FUNERAL HYMN.)

A. L. THAYER.



* *His* may be substituted for her.

By permission of Dr. W. O. PERKINS.

W. O. PERKINS.

Bless-ed, bless-ed are the pure in heart, Bless-ed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God, shall see God, for

Bless-ed are the pure in heart,

Bless-ed, bless-ed are the pure in heart, Bless-ed are the pure in heart, they shall see God, for

they shall see God, Bless-ed are the pure, they shall see God, Bless-ed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

they shall see God, Bless-ed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God, Bless-ed are the pure, they shall see God.

they shall see God, Bless-ed are the pure, they shall see God, Bless-ed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

for they shall see God, for they shall see God. A - men, A - men.

Bless-ed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God, for they shall see God. A - men, A - men.

By permission of Dr. W. O. PERKINS.

Sing for Joy.

Rather slow.

A. BEIRLY.

m

Sing for joy, and mag-ni-fy the Lord! Sing for joy, and mag-ni-fy the Lord!

m

Let us ex-alt, ...

f

Let us ex-alt, . . .

Sing for joy, and mag-ni-fy the Lord! Sing for joy, and mag-ni-fy the Lord!

m

Ex-alt His name together,

f

Ex-

. . . . . .

ff

Ex-alt His name to-geth-er, Ex-alt His name to-geth-er, Ex-alt and glo-ri-fy His ho-ly name!

Let us ex-alt, ...

ff

alt His name to-geth-er,

Ex-alt His name to-geth-er, Ex-alt His name to-geth-er, Ex-alt and glo-ri-fy His ho-ly name!

By per. of A. BEIRLY, publisher, Chicago, Ill.

f *f*

For the Lord is great and glo - ri- ous, There-fore let us ex - alt His name, Therefore, let us ex - alt His name;

For the Lord is great and glo - ri- ous, For the Lord is great and glo - ri- ous, There-fore let us ex - alt His name, Therefore, let us ex - alt His name;

f

Therefore let us ex - alt His ho- ly name, Therefore let us ex - alt His ho-ly name,

f *f*

For the Lord is great and glo-ri-ous, For the Lord is great and glo- ri-ous, Therefore let us ex - alt His ho- ly name, Therefore let us ex - alt His ho-ly name.

Cres. *Rit.* *ff* *m* *Rall.*

There-fore let us ex - alt His ho - ly name For ev - - - - er, ev - er - more, for ev - - - er-more. A - men, A - - - men.

ff

There fore let us ex - alt His ho - ly name For ev - er, ev - er - more, for ev - - - er-more. A - men, A - - - men.

For God So Loved the World.

J. H. HALL.

Moderato.

For God so loved the world, That He gave His Son, His on - ly be - got - ten Son,

For God so loved the world, For God so loved the world, That He gave His Son, His on - ly be - got - ten Son,

Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him, be - liev - eth in

That who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him, ... Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in

Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him,

FINE.

Him, be-liev-eth in Him, That who - so - ev - er be - liev-eth in Him should not per - ish, but have ev - er - last - ing life.

Him, ...

Him, be-liev-eth in Him, That who - so - ev - er be - liev-eth in Him should not per - ish, but have ev - er - last - ing life.

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Here - in is love, here - in is love, Not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and gave His Son.

Here - in is love, here - in is love, Not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and gave His Son.

Yes, God is love, and ten - der - ness, Words like these can ev - 'ry doubt re - move.

Yes, God is love, God is love, and ten - der - ness, Words like these can ev - 'ry doubt re - move. Yes,

D.S.

Yes, God is love I can tru - ly say, That God is love and gave His Son.

God is love, I can al - ways tru - ly say, That God . . . . . is love and gave His Son.

Yes, God is love I can tru - ly say, That God . . . . is love and gave His Son.

The Heavens Declare the Glory.

H. R. PALMER, newly arr'd.

The heav'ns de - clare the glo - ry of God, And the firm - a - ment show - eth His han - dy work; Day, un - to day, uttereth

speech, ... Night un - to night show - eth knowledge, ... There is no speech nor language where their

Day un - to day uttereth speech, Night un - to night showeth knowledge,

voice, where their voice is not heard. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men! Hal - le -

Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah,

Rit.

lu - jah, A - men! A - men! A - men! A - men. . . . . .

Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Hal-le - lu - jah A - men! Hal-le - lu - jah A - men! Hal-le - lu - jah A - men and A - men.

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He Watching Over Israel.

MENDELSSOHN.

Allegro moderato.

He watching o - ver Is - ra - el, slum-bers not, nor sleeps,

He watching o - ver Is - ra - el, slumbers not, nor sleeps, He slum- bers not, nor sleeps, He watching o - ver Is - ra -

cres. *cres.* *p*

He slumbers not, ... nor sleeps, He slumbers not, nor sleeps, slum - bers not, He slum- bers not, nor sleeps, He

He watching o - ver Is - ra - el, slum-bers not, nor sleeps, slum - bers not, nor sleeps, He

el, He slumbers not, nor sleeps, He watching o - ver Is - ra - el, slum - bers not, nor slum-bers not, nor sleeps, He

He watching, slumbers not, nor sleeps, He slum - bers not, nor sleeps, slum - bers not nor, sleeps, He

pp *p* *cres.* *dim.* *pp*

slum - bers not, sleeps not, He watch - ing, ... slum - - - - bers not, nor sleeps.

slum - bers not, sleeps not, He watch- ing Is - - - - ra - el, slum - - - - - bers not, nor sleeps.

slum - bers not, sleeps not, He watch - ing Is - ra - el, ... slum - bers not, nor sleeps.

slum - bers not, sleeps not, He watch - ing Is - ra - el, ... slum - bers not, our sleeps.

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