THE GOSPEL CHORUS

GABRIEL

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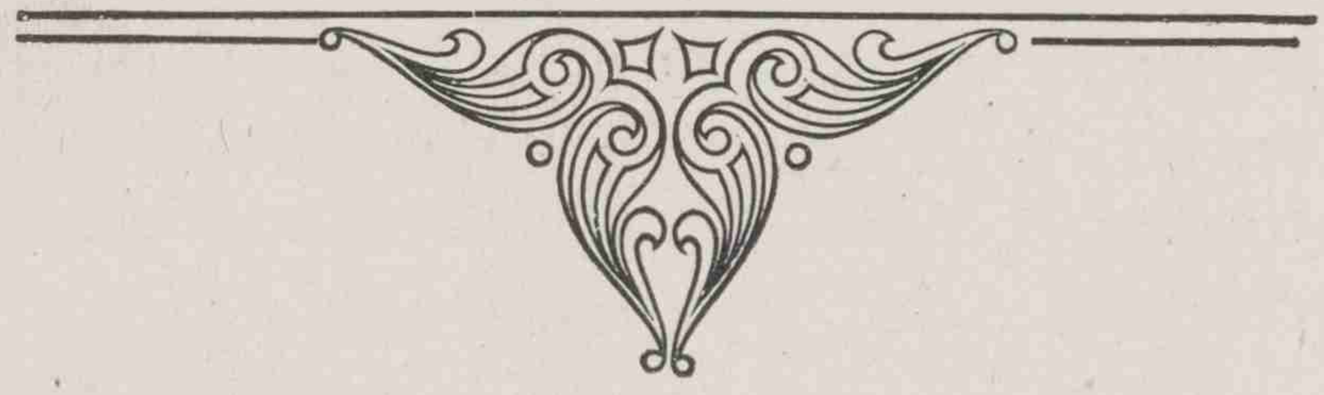
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The Gospel Chorus

A Collection of Special Gospel Songs
Adapted for use in

Evangelistic Choruses
Sunday-School Choirs
Church and Social Meetings



Compiled by
CHAS. H. GABRIEL

Price 50 cents; $4.80 per dozen, by express, not prepaid
$35.00 per 100, by express, not prepaid

FILLMORE MUSIC HOUSE

528 Elm Street,
CINCINNATI, OHIO

41-43 Bible House
NEW YORK

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Hymns
1907
Gabr

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EXPLANATION

The Gospel Chorus is offered for use in Church, Evangelistic Services, Sunday-School Choirs, Social Gatherings, and all other religious Associations where a class of music is wanted which is more elaborate than is the average Gospel Hymn, yet not as difficult as the usual Scripture Anthem.

The Gospel Chorus contains:

Solos, ... For the solo singer
Duets, . For male and for female voices
Trios, . . For various occasions
Unisons, . . . For power, and
Choruses, . . For beauty and brilliancy

All breathing the Divine Spirit, and telling the Sweet old Story of Love and Salvation.

In **The Gospel Chorus** will be found songs for Missions, Temperance, Patriotism, Christmas, Children's Day, Easter, Thanksgiving and other Anniversaries. Opening and Closing Selections, Marching Songs, Harvest Songs and many such compositions as will lend enthusiasm to that useful and desirable organization—the Volunteer Church Choir.

The collection is submitted with the hope that it will do a good part toward stimulating the young singers, and influencing the older ones, to join more heartily in church work and worship.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chicago, 1907.

THE GOSPEL CHORUS.

I TRUST IN THEE.

Mrs. N. P. C. Mrs. NELLIE PLACE CHANDLER.

1. Sav - ior, I come to Thee; Thou, Lord, my help must be; Thro' all my griefs and fears, E'ens sor - row's bit - ter tears, I trust in Thee,
2. Sav - ior, I come to Thee, Know - ing Thou lov - est me; Tho' bil - lows round me roll, Thou wilt sus - tain my soul; I trust in Thee,
3. When my last hour shall come, And I am near - ing home, Grace shall o'er death pre - vail, I know Thou wilt not fail; I trust in Thee,

CHORUS.

Still trust in Thee.
Still trust in Thee. I trust in Thee, O Sav - ior, Still trust in Thee,
Still trust in Thee. In ev - 'ry joy and sor - row, I trust in Thee.

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AWAKE! AWAKE!

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. KATHRYNE LINEHAN.

1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing with joy and glad - ness, Come,
2. A - wake! a - wake! come from your tents in tri - umph, Ye
3. A - wake! a - wake! and shout a loud re - joic - ing! Let

praise the King who reigns in pow'r on high! His ra - diance drives a -
sol - diers who are pledged to do His will; Put on the ar - mor
songs of vic - t'ry ring up - on the air; Ye ran-somed of the

way all gloom and sad - ness, His love su-preme has bro't sal - va - tion
that He has pro - vid - ed, And "Up-ward! on-ward!" be your watch-word
Lord re - peat His prais - es, Se - cure - ly ye shall rest with - in His

nigh! The Lord of hosts, the might - y One in bat - tle, The
still; The shield of faith, the hel - met of sal - va - tion, The
care; Come bow be - fore Him; at His feet low bend - ing Ac -

Prince of Peace, who rules the earth and sea, He mer - its all the
Spir - its sword, the might - y word of God; Go forth equipped to
knowledge Him your Sovereign true and wise, Your hap - py voic - es

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praise our lives can of - fer, To Him all glo - ry and do - min - ion be.
wage a val - iant bat - tle, And fol - low in the way your Captain trod.
to His throne as - cend - ing, Ex - tol His glo - ry to the bend - ing skies.

CHORUS.

A - wake! a - wake! and praise the Lord of glo - - - ry, Lift
and praise the Lord of glo - ry,

up your heads, ye gates! ye an - gels sing! . . . . . .
lift up your heads and sing!

Pro - claim His might! re - peat the old, old sto - - - ry, That
sto - ry, tell the sto - ry,

Je - sus reigns, a glo - rious match - less King. . . . . .
a match - less King.

CAMPING ON THE FIELD.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

March tempo.

1. We're en - camped up - on the bat - tle field,
2. Ear - nest, bold and watch-ful we must be;

D. S.—*We're en - camped up - on the bat - tle field,*

Du - ty plain - ly un - to us re - vealed, And our po - si - tion nev - er
Brave in ac - tion, true in loy - al - ty; Firm as a rock un - shak - en

Du - ty plain - ly un - to us re - vealed, And our po - si - tion nev - er

FINE.

will we yield Till the fin - al vic - t'ry's won. . . . . .
by the sea, Fight - ing for the King of kings. . . . . .
the vic - t'ry's won.

will we yield Till the fin - al vic - try's won. . . . . .

Foes are strong, but in Je - ho - vah's might we stand; Trust-ing in Him from
Toil and dan - ger tho' to us He may ac - cord, Yet will our du - ty

day to day, Fol - low-ing where He leads the way; In His name we,
well be done, Un - til the vic - tor's crown is won; For we know the
In His name we a

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a u - nit - ed, loy - al band Nev - er will quit the field, Nor the bat - tle
morn-ing light will bring re-ward, Ush - er - ing in re - lease, And e - ter - nal
u - - uit - ed

yield, Till we march at our Lead - er's com - mand. Loud ho - san - nas
peace, As we en - ter the joy of our Lord. Loud ho - san - nas
Loud ho - san - nas then we

then, we joy - ful - ly sing, Un - til the dis - tant isles shall hear Ech - oes re -
sing;

bound-ing far and near; Praise and hon - or give we un - to our King!
Praise and hon - or give we,

We shall the vic - tors be, And e - ter - ni - ty shall with His prais - es ring.

BEHOLD THE FIELDS.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Be-hold! be-hold! the fields al-read-y white, Be-hold! be-hold! the fields al-read-y white,
2. Be-hold! be-hold! the fields al-read-y white, Be-hold! be-hold! the fields al-read-y white,

The har-vest great! the har-vest great! On ev-'ry side the fields are white.
The land we love, the land we love, The glo-rious har-vest field of God.

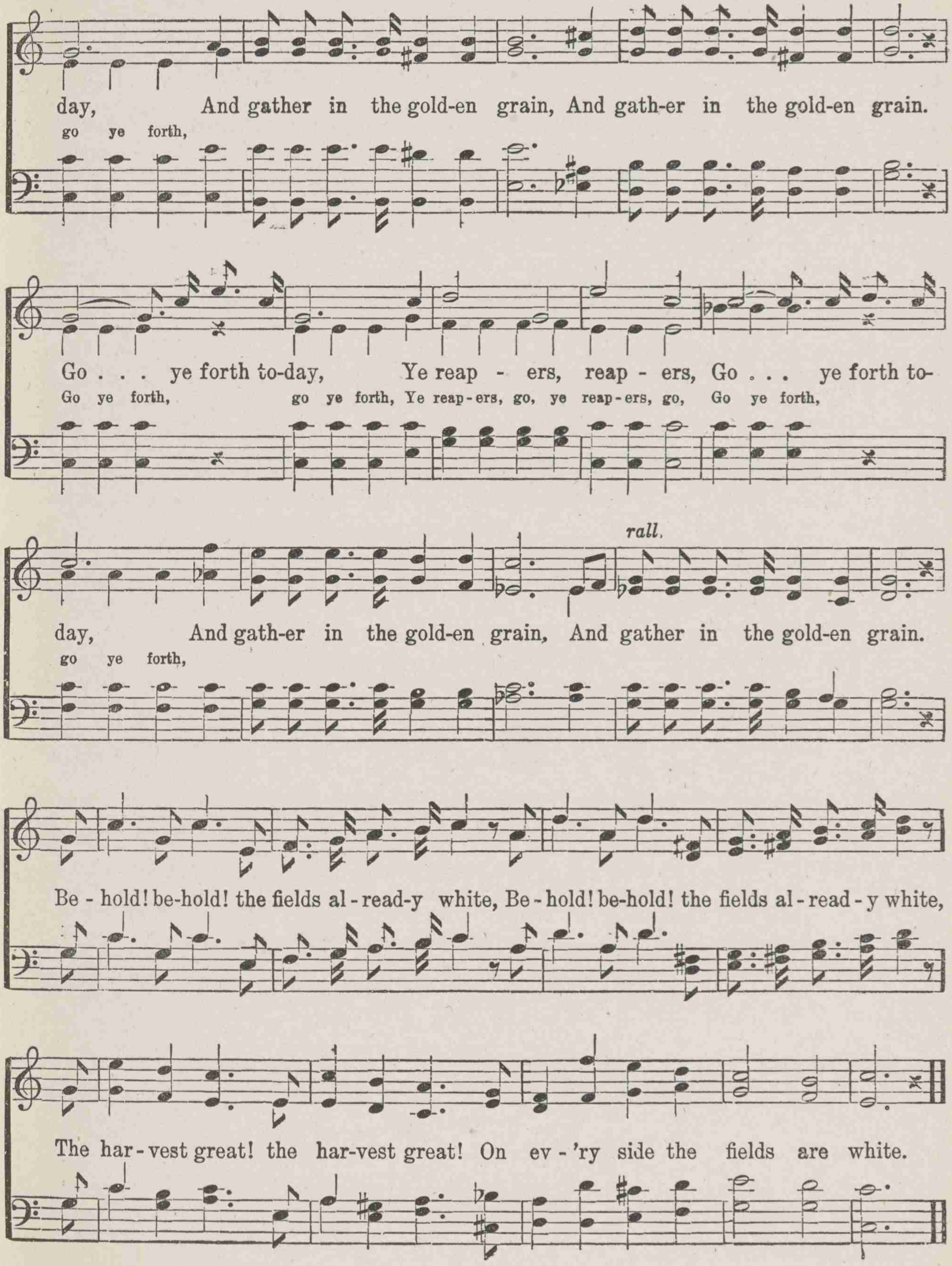
Come, oh, come, now speaks the blessed Mas-ter, Come, oh, come, He call-eth you and me;
List, a call comes from the dis-tant ham-let; List, a whis-per from the prai-rie wide;

See, He points us to the wait-ing har-vest, See, He bids us go so glad and free.
List, a voice of o-cean un-to o-cean; O'er our broad land waves the harvest tide.

CHORUS.

Go . . . ye forth to-day, Ye reap-ers, reap-ers, Go . . . ye forth to-
Go ye forth, go ye forth, Ye reap-ers, go, ye reap-ers, go, Go ye forth,

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day, And gather in the gold-en grain, And gath-er in the gold-en grain.
go ye forth,
Go . . . ye forth to-day, Ye reap - ers, reap - ers, Go . . . ye forth to-
Go ye forth, go ye forth, Ye reap-ers, go, ye reap-ers, go, Go ye forth,
rall.
day, And gath-er in the gold-en grain, And gather in the gold-en grain.
go ye forth,
Be - hold! be-hold! the fields al - read-y white, Be - hold! be-hold! the fields al - read - y white,
The har - vest great! the har-vest great! On ev - 'ry side the fields are white.

BE WITH US STILL.

Rev. W. R. FITCH. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. God of all might, our fa-thers' God, This land we love be - longs to Thee,
2. In Freedom's cause our fa-thers fought And cross'd the wild and storm - y deep;
3. By greed of pow'r or lust of gain May we be tempt-ed nev - er - more!
4. If for an em - pire we will seek Still oth - er lands be - yond the sea,

From shores the pil - grims' feet first trod, Far westward stretching to the sea;
The price-less boon which here they bought, May we, their chil-dren ev - er keep:
For - bid, O Lord, that we should stain Fair Free-dom's flag with hu - man gore
We'll wait, O Lord, till Thou dost speak, For Thou would'st have all peo - ple free;

Lest in our van - i - ty and pride We cease to do Thy
That as a na - tion strong we may Our high-est des - ti-
For sake of con - quest; rath - er let Christ's tender love our
O let us not, in Free-dom's name, Go forth to pil - lage,

right - eous will, And from the right now turn a - side, Be with us
ny ful - fill, Nor fool - ish - ly go far a - stray,
bo - soms fill; Lest in our fol - ly we for - get,
burn and kill; Lest for such deeds we blush with shame, Be

still! Be with us still! God of all might be with us still!
with us still! Be with us still!

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T. KOSCHAT.

Lento. *m*

1. The Lord is my Shep - herd, no want shall I know; I feed in green past - ures, safe-fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wan - d'ring, re- deems when op-pressed;
2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my Guard-ian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de- fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er near;
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With bless - ings un - meas - ured my cup run - neth o'er; With per - fume and oil Thou a - noint - est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Prov - i - dence more?
4. Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still fol - low my steps till I meet Thee a - bove. I seek by the path which my fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy king - dom of love.

IN ALL THINGS.

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

1. My hope is in Thee! Lord, help me to be More wor-thy of all I de - sire;
2. My trust is in Thee! Lord, help me to see More clear-ly Thy will should be mine;
3. My help is in Thee! I make but one plea In all I may say, think, or do:

Each day that I live, New serv-ice to give, More love and more grace I re - quire.
What Thou shalt decree, Make precious to me; Thy wis-dom I can - not de - fine.
Oh, lead, in Thy light, My footsteps a-right, That I to the end may be true.

CHORUS.

In all . . . . things and al - ways I'll trust Thee; No
In all things and al - ways, Then will I trust; No

sor - row Thou send-est un - just - ly; Yea, try . . . . me with fire, if it
sor-row Thou send - est me is un - just; Yea, try me with fire; if

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must be, I still . . . . . would be loy - al and true. . . . . .
thus it must be, I still would be loy - al, loy - al and true. . . .

NOW THE DAY IS ENDING.

SARAH L. DOUDNEY. IRA B. WILSON.

1. Sav - ior, now the day is end - ing, And the shades of ev'n - ing fall!
2. Com - fort those in pain or sor - row, Watch each sleep - ing child of Thine;
3. Par - don Thou each deed un - ho - ly; Lord, for - give each sin - ful tho't;

Let Thy ho - ly love de - scend-ing, Bring Thy mer - cy to us all.
Let us all a - rise, to - mor - row, Strengthened by Thy grace di - vine.
Make us con - trite, pure and low - ly, By Thy great ex - am - ple taught.

CHORUS.

Bless the gos - pel mes - sage spo - ken In Thine own ap - point-ed way!
Give each faint-ing soul a to - ken Of Thy ten - der love to - day. A - men.

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THE SHEPHERD'S VOICE.

H. BONAR. IRA B. WILSON.

1. They hear His voice! It is their Shepherd's and they know it well;
2. A Stran-ger voice They know not, love not, fol - low not, but flee;
3. He leads them out In - to the past - ures green, by wa - ters still;
4. And when this day Of storm and scat - ter - ing is end - ed here,

They fol - low Him Wher-e'er He leads, Shep - herd of Is - ra - el.
One voice a - lone At-tracts; 'tis He who said, "Come un - to me."
He leads them in, And guards them safe with - in the fold from ill.
Thou wilt bring them To green-er fields, and on to streams more clear.

CHORUS. *Slow and with expression.*

Ten - der Shep - herd, lov - ing Shep - herd, Shep - herd kind and true, . . .
Ten - der, lov - ing Shep - herd, kind and true,

Ev - er lead us, Ev - er feed us, And our strength re-new; Nev - er leave us
Lead us, feed us, Nev - er

nor for - sake us, Ev - er with us dwell, Shep-herd of Is - ra - el.
leave us, Ev - er with us dwell, Shep-herd of Is - ra - el.

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SWEET EDEN-LAND.

THOMAS WATSON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful E - den of rest, Free from all the dark shadows of care;
2. It is there where the lov'd ones have gone, Who have travel'd o'er Faith's gladsome way;
3. We will reach that sweet E-den some day, If we walk in the light of His love;

And the wea-ry and ransomed are blest, In the joy of God's love o - ver there.
Now with an-gels they sing the new song, In the light of the un - dy - ing day.
And we'll reap the re - ward of our faith, As we praise Him for - ev - er a - bove.

CHORUS.

Just o-ver the way lies the sweet E-den-land, With its evergreen shades and its pearly strand;

rit.

No dark shades of ev'ning will cloud the bright day, In the sweet E-den-land just o - ver the way.

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I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES.

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I will lift up mine eyes un - to the hills, from whence cometh my help;

un - to the hills, whence com - eth my help

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heav'n and earth;

from the Lord, heav'n and earth.

The Lord is thy keep - er, the Lord is thy keep - er, The Lord is thy shade up - on thy right hand,

thy shade

The Lord is thy keeper, the Lord is thy keep - er, The Lord is thy shade up - on thy right hand.

thy shade

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night,

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by

night. The Lord shall pre-serve thee from all e - vil,

He shall pre-serve thy soul from this time forth, from this time forth, and

ev - er, for ev - er - more. For ev - er - more, for ev - er - more.

GRACE SUFFICENT.

BISHOP STEPHEN M. MERRILL. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I walk in the light of His love, . . No cloud cov-ered sky do I see, . . .
2. When doubts and afflictions and grief . . Rush in like a tur-bu-lent sea, . . .
3. My pathway grows radiant with light, . . This won-der-ful prom-ise my plea; . . .

When soft-ly God speaks from a-bove— "My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee."
This word brings the sur-est re-lief— "My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee."
His pres-ence shall guide me a-right, His grace is suf-fi-cient for me.

When low in the Val-ley of Tears, . . With sor-rows o'er whelm-ing to me, ...
Thro' all the dark conflicts of life, . . . Come blessings un-num-bered and free, . . .
When down to the cross-ing I come, . . All dark-ness and shad-ows shall flee, . . .

This prom-ise dis-pels all my fears— "My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee."
From Him who speaks out in the strife— "My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee."
Till an-gels shall beck-on me home, His grace is suf-fi-cient for me.

CHORUS.

His grace is suf-fi-cient for me, . . . His grace is suf-fi-cient for me, ...
for me, His grace is suf-fi-cient for me,

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I'll sing while in mer-cy He lends me breath, His grace is suf - fi - cient for me;

His grace is suf - fi - cient for me, . . . His grace is suf - fi - cient for me, . . .

for me, His grace is suf - fi - cient for me,

I'll sing till the song shall be lost in death, His grace is suf - fi - cient for me.

GLORIA PATRI. No. 2.

Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost: As it

was in the be-gin-ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end, A-men, A-men.

FLAG OF OUR NATION.

N. P. C. NELLIE PLACE CHANDLER.

1. We hail thee, O flag of our na - tion! We hail thee, O flag
2. Where thou wav - est is peace and con - tent - ment; There op - pres - sion and ty -
3. May the God of our fa - thers pro - tect thee! Long for free - dom and right
4. This thy mis-sion,— to lift up the fal - len; Help the weak, bur - den bear -

of the free; 'Neath thy folds safe - ly kept is our na - tion, Thou
ran - ny die; Truth and right by the folds are pro - tect - ed, And our
proud - ly wave! Help to car - ry the light of the pos - pel! Those in
er to be, And the One who rules o - ver our na - tion, Shall go

CHORUS.

em - blem of true lib - er - ty.
God is ex - alt - ed on high. Proud-ly wave, O flag of free - dom O'er our
dark-ness and sin help to save!
with thee, O flag of the free!

land from sea to sea! We love our own Red, White and Blue, The em - blem of

lib - er - ty! Pro - tect - ed by the star - ry folds, Thy sons to ev - 'ry

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land must be The her - alds of the Prince of Peace, And the crown of Cal - va - ry.

THE THREE SISTERS.

E. L. McCord. W. W. Gilchrist.

1. I know three lit - tle sis - ters, I think you know them, too; For
2. I know three lit - tle les - sons, These lit - tle sis - ters tell, The

one is red, and one is white, And the oth - er one is blue.
first is Love, then Pu-ri - ty And Truth we love so well.

Chorus.

Hur - rah for these three little sis - ters! Hur-rah for the red, white and blue!

Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah for the red, white and blue!

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LIFT UP YOUR HEADS.

ADA BLENKHORN. QUARTET. J. WM. SUFFERN, Mus. Doc.

1. Lift up your heads, ye pearl-y gates, Swing wide up-on your gold-en pave!
2. Lift up your heads, O lift them high! For thro' your por-tals white doth come
3. Swing wid-er still, ye gates of pearl! For He who died and 'rose a-gain,
4. Lift up your heads, ye pearl-y gates! Swing wide up-on your gold-en floor!

For God, who loves the sin-ful world, Would keep the prom-ise that He gave.
A lit-tle child, God's on-ly Son, To find up-on the earth a home.
Your gleam-ing por-tals en-ters now A King, e-ter-nal-ly to reign!
Since Christ hath pass'd your por-tals white, Be o-pen wide for-ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

Lift up your heads, ye pearl-y gates, Swing wide up-on the gold-en floor!

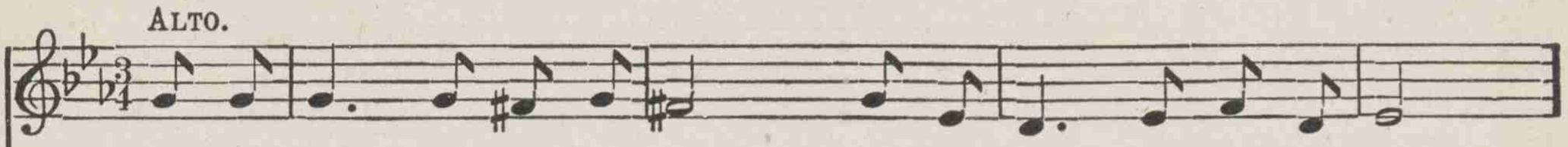
Be lift-ed up, e-ter-nal doors, Be o-pen wide for-ev-er-more!

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HE CARES FOR ME.

Rev. J. M, ORROCK. (DUET FOR TENOR AND ALTO.) CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

ALTO.



1. He's my *Shep - herd*, why should I Wor - ry lest I starve and die,—
2. He's my *Fa - ther*, and His smile Is a - bove me all the while;
3. He's my *Sav - ior*;'twas His love Bro't Him from the courts a - bove
4. He's my *Friend*, He helps me bear Ev - 'ry bur - den, ev - 'ry care;

TENOR.



Lest green past - ures fail to grow, And the wa - ter brooks to flow?
On His word I rest se - cure, For His prom-is - es are sure.
Down to earth to die in shame, Me, a sin - ner, to re - claim.
All my se - cret faults He knows, Yet His love to me o'er - flows.



REFRAIN.



He cares for me, He bears with me, My Shepherd, Father, Sav-ior, Friend.

He cares for me, He bears with me,

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AWAKENING CHORUS.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Prelude. Moderato.

1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing the bless-ed sto - ry; A - wake!
2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad-ness! Re - peat,

A - wake! a - wake! A - wake!
Ring out! ring out! Re - peat,

a - wake! and let your song of praise a - rise; A - wake! a-
re - peat a - new the sto - ry o'er a - gain, Till all the

A - wake! A - wake!
re - peat Till all

wake, the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam-
earth shall lose its weight of sad - ness And shout a - new

a - wake, And light is beam-
the earth And shout a - new

Male voices in unison.

ing from the radiant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re - sound with
the glo - ri - ous re - frain; With an - gels in the heights sing of the great sal-

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Full Harmony.

glad - ness, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je - ho - vah
va - tion He wrest-ed from the hand of sin and death.

reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re - joice! re - joice! lift
sin is back - ward hurled! Re - joice! re - joice!

heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns! Pro -
lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns! He reigns!

claim His sov - 'reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let His

glo - - - rious ban - ner be un - furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!
grand and glo - rious ban - ner be un - furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!

*The five measures between the two stars may be sung in unison.

MARCHING TO THE LAND ABOVE.

Mrs. W. W. SAVAGE. J. H. FILLMORE.

SOPRANOS and ALTOS in UNISON.

1. We are march-ing to a land a - bove, Beau - ti - ful land a - bove,
2. We are march-ing toward the cit - y fair, Beau - ti - ful cit - y fair,
3. We are march-ing to the home of God, Beau - ti - ful home of God,

beau - ti - ful land a - bove; To a land where dwells e - ter - nal love,
beau - ti - ful cit - y fair; Where the an - gel an - thems fill the air,
beau - ti - ful home of God; And our guide book is His ho - ly Word,

BASSES and TENORS in UNISON.

The beau - ti - ful land a - bove. And we sing a glad tri - umphant song,
The beau - ti - ful cit - y fair.
The beau - ti - ful Word of God.

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Marching a - long, marching a - long, marching a - long; While our glo - rious

Cap - tain leads us on, Marching a - long, marching a - long, marching a - long.

CHORUS. ALL VOICES in UNISON.

We are marching to a land a - bove, Beau-ti-ful land a-bove, beau-ti-ful land a-bove;
We are marching toward the cit-y fair, Beau-ti-ful cit - y fair, beau-ti-ful cit - y fair;
We are marching to the home of God, Beau-ti-ful home of God, beau-ti-ful home of God;

To a land where dwells e-ter - nal love, Beau-ti - ful land a - bove, land a - bove.
Where the an - gel an-thems fill the air, Beau-ti - ful cit - y fair, cit - y fair.
And our guide book is His ho - ly Word, Beau-ti - ful Word of God, Word of God.

I AM PRAYING FOR YOU.

ADA POWELL. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

SOLO.

1. I'm pray - ing for you, My heart is with sor - row op - press'd;
2. I'm pray - ing for you, The Sav - ior is will - ing to hear;
3. I'm pray - ing for you, That you may a new life be - gin;

rit.

Oh, so long you have strayed and wandered! Come home to the Sav - ior and rest.
He has par - don for all transgressions—His ransom'd have nothing to fear.
Bow - ing low at a throne of mer - cy, Re - pent and be cleansed of your sin.

rit.

CHORUS. SOLO.

I'm pray - - ing for you, . . . I'm pray - - ing for you;

ALTO.

I'm praying for you, pray-ing for you, To Je - sus, the mer - ci - ful and true!

rit.

I'm kneel - ing with sor - row - ful heart, And pray - ing, still pray-ing, for you.

I'm kneel - ing with sor - row - ful heart, And pray - ing, still pray-ing, for you.

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Be - hold, I stand at the door and knock, I stand at the door and knock;

If a - ny man hear My voice and o - pen the door, I will come in to

him, and will sup with him, I will sup with him and he with Me. To

him that o - ver - com - eth, To him that o - ver - com - eth, Will I grant to

sit with Me in my throne, Will I grant to sit with Me in my throne.

AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

ISAAC WATTS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Voices in unison.

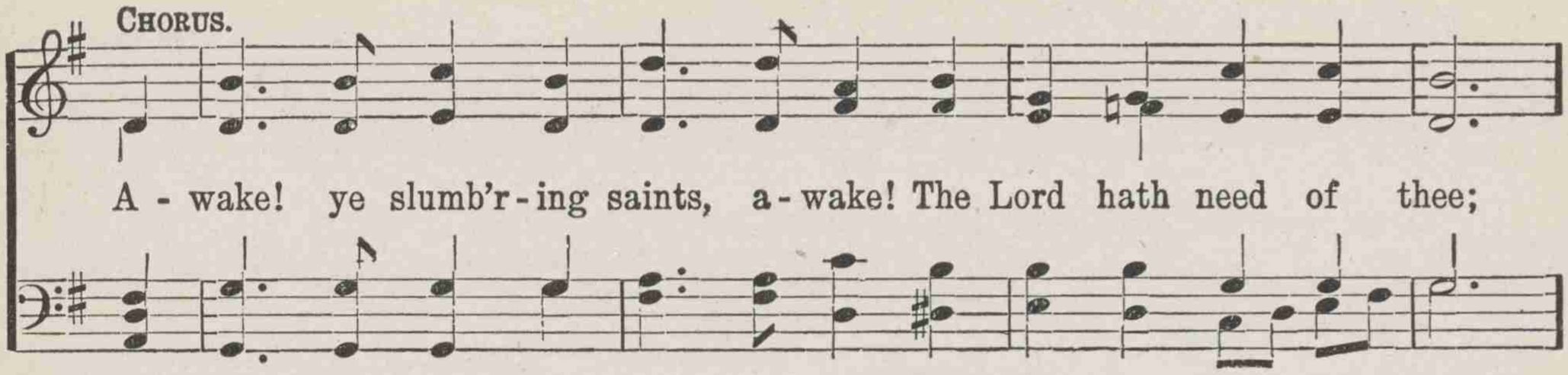
1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? Must I be car-ried to the skies On
2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God? Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-
3. Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall conquor, tho' they die: They see the tri-umph from a-far, By faith they bring it nigh, When that il-lus-trious day shall rise, And flow-'ry bed of ease, While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?

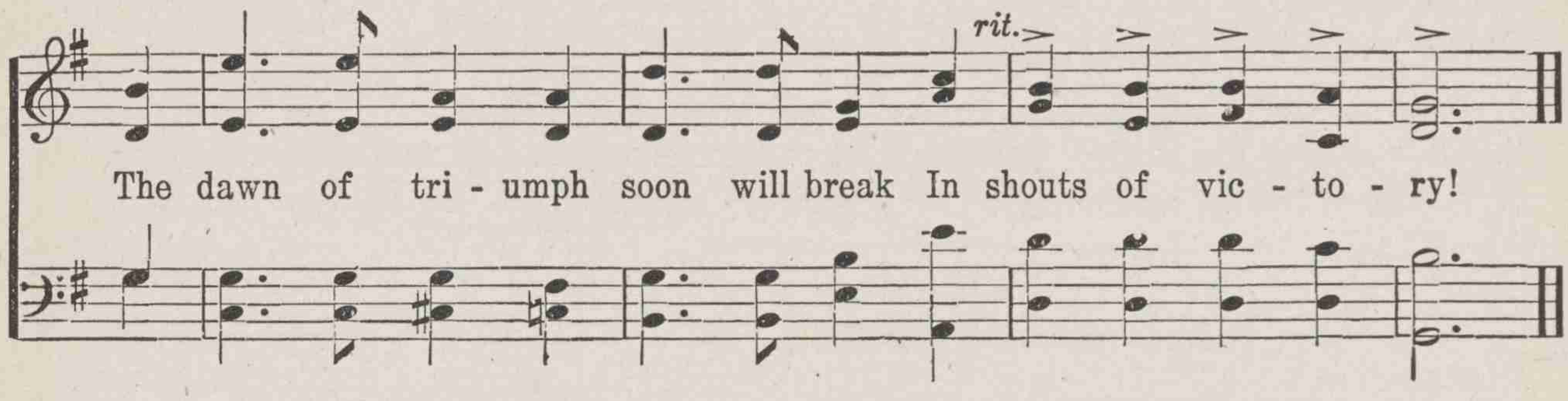
ff

rit. e dim.

crease my courage Lord; I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.
all Thine armies shine In robes of vic-t'ry thro' the skies, The glo-ry shall be Thine.

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GLORY BE TO THE FATHER.



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I SHALL SEE HIM.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

rit. e dim.

SOLO.

1. When my earthly days are end - ed, And the shadows fall around my door,
2. All a - long the thorn-y path-way, I have felt the lov-ing Fa - ther's care,
3. Fa - ther, lead me safe-ly, gen - tly; Hold my hand in Thine and lead me on,

When be-hind th'e-ter-nal hill-tops Sinks the sun of life to shine no more,
Heard Him whisper words of comfort When my cross seemed more than I could bear;
Thro' the dangers that surround me Till the darkness and the night are gone;

DUET.

Bur - dens I so long have car - ried, In that ev - 'ning hour I shall lay down,
Ev - 'ry wind that blew He tempered, With a ten - der, nev - er-fail - ing love,
Then when breaks the dawn e-ter - nal, And I see the jasp - er walls a - far,

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And the heav-y cross with glad-ness Change for an im - mor - tal crown.
And for this I shall a - dore Him, When I see my King a - bove.
May I, when I cross the riv - er, Find the gold - en gates a - jar.

CHORUS.

I shall see Him in His beau - - - ty, I shall
I shall see Him, shall see Him in His beau - ty, I shall look
I shall look . . . . . .

look up - on His face; . . . . . I shall sing His praise for
I shall look up - on His face; I shall sing, I shall
. . . . . shall And I shall sing, shall

ev - er, Saved by His re - deem - ing grace. . . . .
sing His praise for - ev - er, Saved by His re - deem - ing grace, Saved by His re - deem - ing grace.

HOW MUCH MORE.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY. MARTIN A. ELLIOTT.

rit.

ALTO SOLO.

1. The spar - rows sow and reap not, Nor gath - er food to spare;
2. A gift for each new morn - ing That shines up - on our way,
3. Much more He waits to bless thee With all good things be - low;

The lil - ies toil and spin not, Yet robes of beau - ty wear;
He waits to grant His chil - dren Who trust Him day by day,
Ex - ceed - ing - ly a - bund - ant The Fa - ther will be - stow;

And He who clothes the lil - ies And doth the spar - rows feed, How
And e'en the gift most pre-cious, All those who ask re - ceive— The
Be - yond your tho't to meas-ure, Be - yond your pow'r to tell; How

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much more will He give you What-e'er your soul shall need.
bless - ed Ho - ly Spir - it, To all who will be - lieve.
much more then here - af - ter, When we with Him shall dwell.

CHORUS.

O trust the lov - ing Fa - ther, And come to Him in pray'r; . . .
And come, O come to Him in pray'r;

Un - num - bered bless - ings wait thee, If thou will seek them there,

Un - num - bered bless - ings wait thee, If thou wilt seek them there.

I WILL NOT FEAR.

T. O. CHISHOLM. CHAS H. GABRIEL.

1. I will not fear, . . . my God is true, . . . He nev-er will . . . . for-
2. I will not fear, . . . what man can do . . . To hind-er and . . . . op-
3. I will not fear, . . . tho' thunders roll . . . Tho' deepest gloom . . . pre-
4. I will not fear, . . . e'en tho' He slay, . . . I trust His pow'r . . . to

1, I will not fear, my God is true, He nev - er will, He

sake; . . . . The prom-ise He . . . . . has made to me, ... He will not,
pose, ... I then shall more . . . . . than conq'ror be, ... Thro' Christ o'er
vail, ... The God of storms . . . . and darkness wills . . . . With me it
save; . . . . For He who formed . . . . me from the dust, ... Can raise me

nev - er will for - sake The prom - ise He has made to me,

can - - not break, Tho' haunting ills their shadows cast Up-
all my foes; Tho' ev - 'ry hope of earth may fail, And
shall be well; Tho' cast in - to the hot - test fire, My
from the grave; Se - rene and calm, thro' storm or sun, I

He will not can - not their shad-ows cast

on the way I fare, ... I rest in His . . . . al - might-y love, . . .
all my treasures flee, ... My por-tion still . . . He doth re-main, . . .
way His eyes be - hold, . . . When He hath tried . . . me in the flame, . . .
move toward my home, . . . With - out a fear . . . of pres - ent ill, . . .

the way I fare, I rest in His al - might-y love,

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CHORUS.

I trust, His con - stant care. . . . I will not fear, ...
He is e - nough for me. . . .
I shall come forth as gold. . . .
Nor dread of what may come. . . .

trust His con - stant care, I trust His con - stant care. I will not fear,

for He is near, ... Up - on His word I stand; He'll

for He is near, Up - on His word, up - on His word I stand;

help, and strengthen, and uphold by His al - might - y hand, by His al - might-y hand,

I will not fear, ... for He is near, Up - on His word I

I will not fear, for He is near, Up - on His word, up -

stand; He'll help, and strengthen, and up - hold by His al - might - y hand.

on His word I stand;

MARCHING BENEATH THE BANNER.

COLIN STERNE. H. ERNEST NICHOL.

pp DUET. *In march time.*

1. Hark to the sound of voic - es! Hark to the tramp of feet!
2. On then, ye gal - lant sol - diers, On to your home a - bove!

p

Is it a might - y ar - my Tread - ing the bus - y street?
Yours is the truth and glo - ry, Yours is the pow'r and love.

mf Harmony.

Near - er it comes, and near - er, Sing - ing a glad re - frain;
Here are ye trained for he - roes, Yon - der ye serve the King;

f

List what they say, as they haste a - way, To the sound of a mar - tial strain:—
March to the light 'neath the banner white, With the song that ye love to sing:—

f REFRAIN. *Unison.*

"March-ing be - neath the ban - ner, Fight - ing be-neath the cross,

Trust-ing in Him who saves us, Ne'er shall we suf - fer loss;

ff *Harmony,*

Sing - ing the songs of home - land, Loud - ly the cho - rus rings; We

march to the fight in our ar-mor bright, At the call of the King of kings."

FLING OUT THE BANNER.

G. W. Doane. J. B. Calkin.

1. Fling out the ban - ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
2. Fling out the ban - ner! an - gels bend In anx-ious si - lence o'er the sign,
3. Fling out the ban - ner! heath - en lands Shall see from far the glo-rious sight,

The sun, that lights its shin - ing folds, The cross, on which the Sav - ior died.
And vain - ly seek to com - pre - hend The won - der of the love di - vine.
And na - tions, crowd-ing to be born, Bap - tize their spir - its in its light.

FORWARD.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Voices in unison.

1. For - ward! for - ward! We are march - ing in a serv - ice glo - rious; For - ward! for - ward! Trust - ing in the bear - ing; For - ward! for - ward! Nev - er in the Lord our King vic - to - rious; For - ward! for - ward!
2. For - ward! for - ward! In - to all the world the mes - sage dark - est hour de - spair - ing; For - ward! for - ward!

With the ban - ner of Je - ho - vah o'er us, For - ward!
At the call of Him who leads us ev - er For - ward!

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for - ward! For the Sav - ior leads the way be - fore us.
for - ward! We will fear the foe or falt - er nev - er.

CHORUS.

Bat - tle - ments of Sa - tan must fall! Christ must rule and reign o - ver all!
For - ward! for - - - ward! for - - ward! for - - - ward!
Bat - tle - ments of Sin must fall, For Christ shall rule and reign o'er all, For

He in maj-es-ty pow'r, and might shall be Now and for - ev - er the King!
Now and ev - er King!

Un - to Him our prayers shall as-cend! His the glo - ry nev - er to end.
For - - ward! for - - - - ward! for - - ward! for - - - - ward!
Un - to Him our prayers as - - cend, For His the glo - ry ne'er to end.

With u - nit - ed voice now let earth re-joice and His prais - es sing.

THE ANGELS' CHORUS.

Introduction.

IRA B. WILSON.

rit.

1. Calm on the list - 'ning ear of night, Come heav'n's mel-
2. Ce - les - tial choirs, from courts a - bove, Shed sa - cred
3. O'er the blue depths of Gal - i - lee, There comes a

Upper notes for Violin Obligato.

o - dious strains, ... While wild Ju - de - a
glo - ries there, ... And an - gels with their
ho - lier calm. . . . . And Sha - ron waves in

stretches far, Her sil - ver man - tled plains. . . . .
sparkling lyres Make mu - sic on the air. . . . . .
sol - emn praise, Her si - lent groves of palm. . . . .

cres.

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"Glo - ry to God!" the sound-ing skies Loud with the an - thems ring;

Peace to the earth, good will to men, From heav'n's e - ter - nal King. A - men.

MIZPAH.

H. A. Henry.

The Lord watch be - tween me and thee, The Lord watch be-

tween me and thee, ... The Lord watch be - tween me and
me and thee,

thee, When we are ab - sent one from an - oth - er. A - men.

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PRESS THE BATTLE ON.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Prelude.

1. Press the bat - tle, Chris-tian sol - dier! God com - mis - sions us to go
2. In our own fair land be - lov - ed, And in lands a - cross the sea,
3. On the win - ning side with Je - sus Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er fear;

In the strength of Chrift, our Lead - er, Sa - tan's hosts to o - ver - throw.
Mul - ti - tudes are still in bond - age, Plead - ing, long - ing to be free.
Vic - tor in a thou - sand bat - tles, He, onr help - er, ev - er near.

'Gainst Him bit - ter war - fare wag - ing, In the con - flict fierce - ly rag-
Mill - ions now in dark-ness ly - ing, For the bread of life are cry-
With His ban - ner float - ing o'er us, We shall in His cause most glo-

ing, Ev - 'ry ran-som'd pow'r en - gag - ing, Press the bat - tle on.
ing; Haste to save, or per - ish try - ing—Press the bat - tle on.
rious, O - ver sin come off vic - to - rious, Press the bat - tle on.

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CHORUS.

We'll press . . . the bat - tle on, still press . . . the bat - tle on,
On, press on, on, press on, on, press on, on, press on,

From morn - ing light till set - ting sun Ne'er lay our ar - mor down;

We'll press . . . the bat - tle on, still press . . the bat - tle on,
On, press on, on, press on, on, press on, on, press on,

Un - til the vic - to - ry is won, And we've ob - tained a crown.

1, 2, 3. END.

D. S.

CHRIST SHALL BE KING.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Christ shall be King o - ver all the na - tions, sea to sea, shore to shore;
2. Christ shall be King! let your swords be gleam-ing, clean and bright, clean and bright;
3. Christ shall be King! make His reign all glo - rious! do and dare, do and dare;

Spread a - broad the proc - la - ma - tion, earth's do - min - ions o'er! An -
Soul, why i - dly sleep - ing, dream-ing? quit you for the fight! The
He shall be the Lord vic - to - rious, reign - ing ev - 'ry - where! His

nounce the com - ing king - dom, and the prom - ised vic - to - ry; The
bat - tle must be brave - ly waged, and pressed to vic - to - ry; The
king - dom shall ex - tend - ed be, and make the cap - tives free; The

Lord of lords and King of kings He shall for - ev - er be!
Lord of lords and King of kings He shall for - ev - er be!
Lord of lords and King of kings He shall for - ev - er be!

CHORUS.

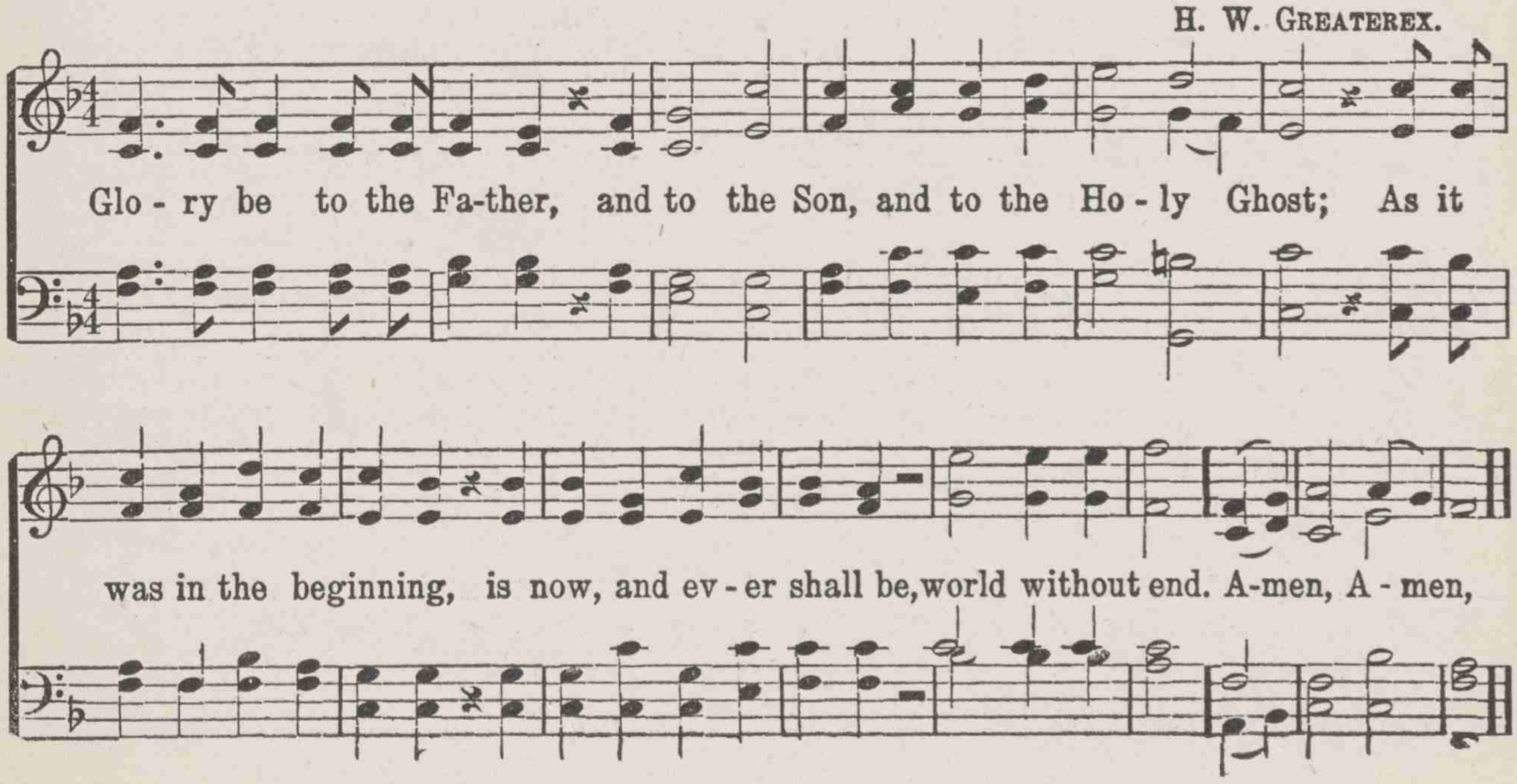
Christ shall be King! this our bat - tle - cry, Our Christ shall be
Christ shall be the King, the king, and let this be the bat - tle - cry, Our Christ shall be the

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GLORIA PATRI. No. 3.

H. W. GREATEREX.



ALL WE LIKE SHEEP.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.
SOLO or QUARTET.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. All we, like sheep, had wan - dered, And sin our doom had sealed, But
2. He was a man of sor - rows, Op - press'd with grief and strife, And
3. Then leave thy care with Je - sus, He's ten - der, just and true; The

Christ was bruis'd for our trans - gres - sions, And by His stripes we are healed.
car - ried as a lamb to slaugh - ter, He died that we might have life.
lov - ing heart of Him who sor - rowed, Will al - ways watch o - ver you.

CHORUS.

From Christ new strength we bor - row, In Him find sweet re - lief; For
He has car - ried all our sor - row, And He has borne our grief.

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HOW LONG, O LORD?

J. G. DECK. MENDELSSOHN.

cres.

1. How long, O Lord, our Sav - ior, Wilt Thou re - main a - way?
2. How long, O heav'n - ly bride-groom, How long wilt Thou de - lay?
3. Oh, wake Thy slum - b'ring vir - gins; Send forth the sol - emn cry,

dim.

Our hearts are grow - ing wea - ry At Thy so long de - lay.
And yet how few are griev - ing, That Thou dost ab - sent stay.
Let all Thy saints re - peat it— "The Bride-groom draw - eth nigh!"

Oh, when shall come the mo - ment, When, bright-er far than morn,
Thy ver - y bride her por - tion And call - ing hath for - got,
May all our lamps be burn - ing, Our loins well guird - ed be,

p

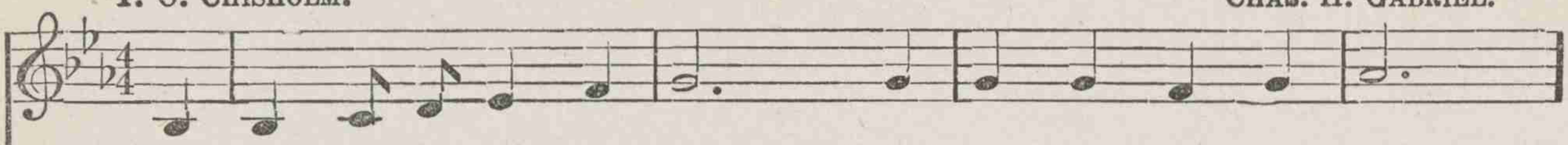
The sun - shine of Thy glo - ry Shall on Thy peo - ple dawn?
And seeks for ease and glo - ry Where Thou, her Lord, art not;
Each long - ing heart pre - par - ing With joy Thy face to see;

f *dim.*

Shall on Thy peo - ple dawn?
The sun-shine of Thy glo - ry Shall on..... Thy peo-ple dawn?
And seeks for ease and glo - ry Where Thou,..... her Lord, art not.
Each long-ing heart pre - par - ing With joy..... Thy face to see!

O CROSS OF LOVE.

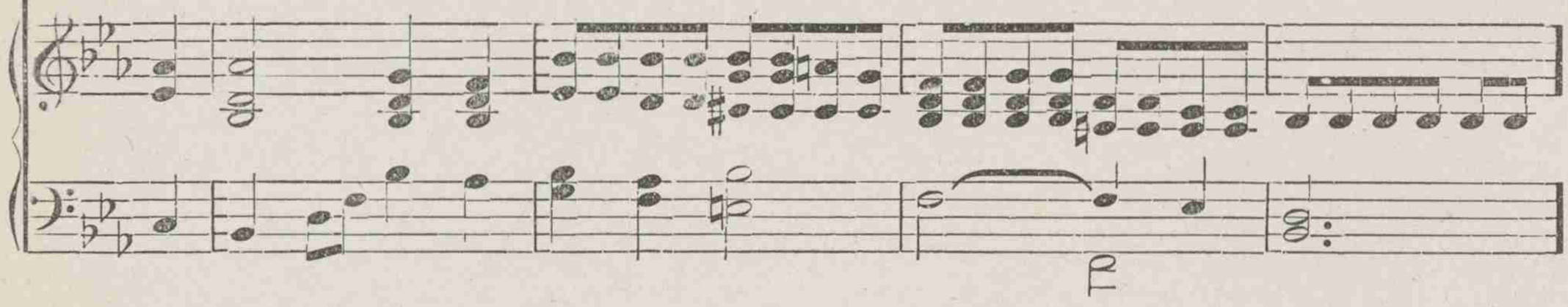
T. O. CHISHOLM. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



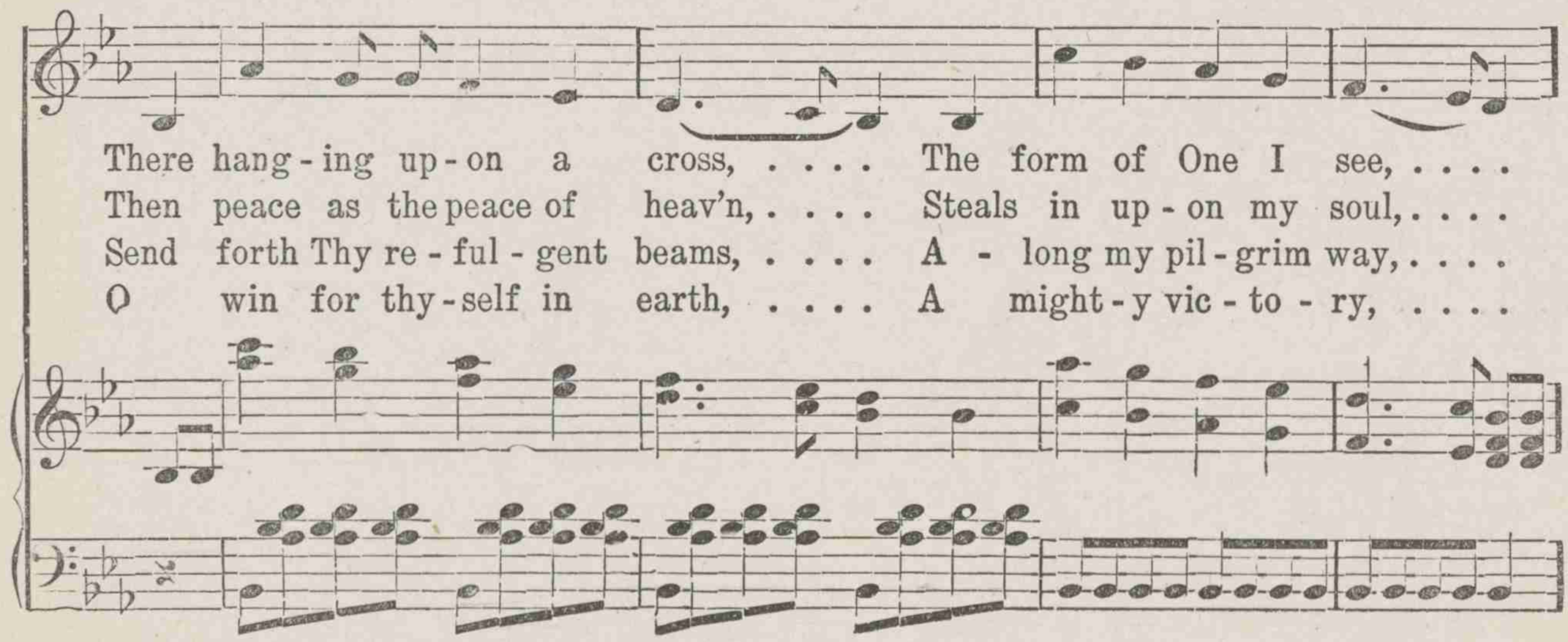
1. Far back in the a - ges past, Veiled in the mist of years,
2. And gaz - ing up - on that cross; What feel-ings fill my breast,
3. O cross of re - deem-ing love, Stay thou be - fore mine eyes,
4. O won - der - ful cross of Christ, With hearts of men plead on;



A won-drous vis - ion I be - hold, That moves my heart to tears;
What sor-row for my life of sin, What hun - ger - ings for rest!
Lest, wan-der-ing, my heart for - get Thy bleed - ing sac - ri - fice!
Constrain the way-ward raise the low, And melt the heart of stone;



There hang - ing up - on a cross, ... The form of One I see, ...
Then peace as the peace of heav'n, ... Steals in up - on my soul, ...
Send forth Thy re - ful - gent beams, ... A - long my pil - grim way, ...
O win for thy - self in earth, ... A might - y vic - to - ry, ...



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Who suf - fered there a sin - ner's death That sin - ners might be free.
And tides of deep and ho - ly joy Thro' all my be - ing roll.
And guide my feet thro' earth - ly night, To realms of fade - less day.
Till righteous - ness shall flood the earth, As wa - ters flood the sea.

CHORUS.

O cross of love! O cross of pain, My glo - ry and my plea! Up - on thy
arms ex - tend - ed wide, Christ Je-sus died for me, . . . Christ Je-sus died for me.

rit.

GOING THROUGH WITH JESUS.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Introduction.

f.

Unison Solo.

1. We're go - ing thro' with Je - sus! He in - to bat - tle leads us; En - list - ed in the ar - my of the Lord are we; His col - ors proud-ly wear-ing, His
2. The yoke of bond - age gall-ing, From bur-dened hearts is fall - ing Be-fore the on-ward march-ing of the Prince of Peace! The conq'ring hosts as - sem-ble, And
3. Tho' earth - ly friends for-sake us, And seem-ing ill o'er-take us, Thro' grace di- vine we'll come off con-q'rors in the strife; We have His word as - sur - ing, If

Semi Chorus.

shield and ban-ner bear-ing, With Christ, our Cap-tain, march-ing on to vic - to - ry.
Sa - tan's ar-mies trem-ble; The time is near when wars and tu-mults all shall cease.
to the end en - dur-ing, We with the faith-ful shall re-ceive a crown of life.

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CHORUS.

We're go - ing thro' with Je - sus! For - ev - er - more we will be true!
march - ing, march-ing on!

We're go - ing thro' with Je - sus! The glo-rious prize is still in view!
march - ing, march-ing on!

We're go - ing thro' with Je - sus! And in His strength we shall pre-vail;
march - ing, march-ing on!

We're go - ing thro' with Je - sus! Our an-chor holds with - in the vail.
march - ing, march-ing on.

Interlude only. *D. S.*

THE MEDIATOR.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There is a safe re-treat from ev-'ry e-vil, ... A sure de-fense from
2. There is a hand that reaches out in pit-y . . . . . To help the need-y
3. There is a Rock no storm hath ev-er shak-en, ... One whose founda-tion

1. There is a safe re-treat from ev-'ry e-vil, A sure de-

foes with-out, with-in; . . . . . A Friend whose love be-yond all un-der-
and the sin-op-pressed; . . . . And, tho' the scars of Cal-va-ry have
floods can-not re-move; . . . . . With-in its cleft the soul, se-cure-ly

fense from foes with-out, with-in; A Friend whose love be-

stand-ing . . . . . Is a-ble to de-liv-er us from sin. . . . . .
marred it, ... It still will lead the err-ing in-to rest. . . . . .
hid-ing, ... Is kept in ev-er-last-ing peace and love. . . . . .

yond all un-der-stand-ing Is a-ble to de-liv-er us from sin.

CHORUS.

O gra-cious Me-di-a-tor, My Sav-

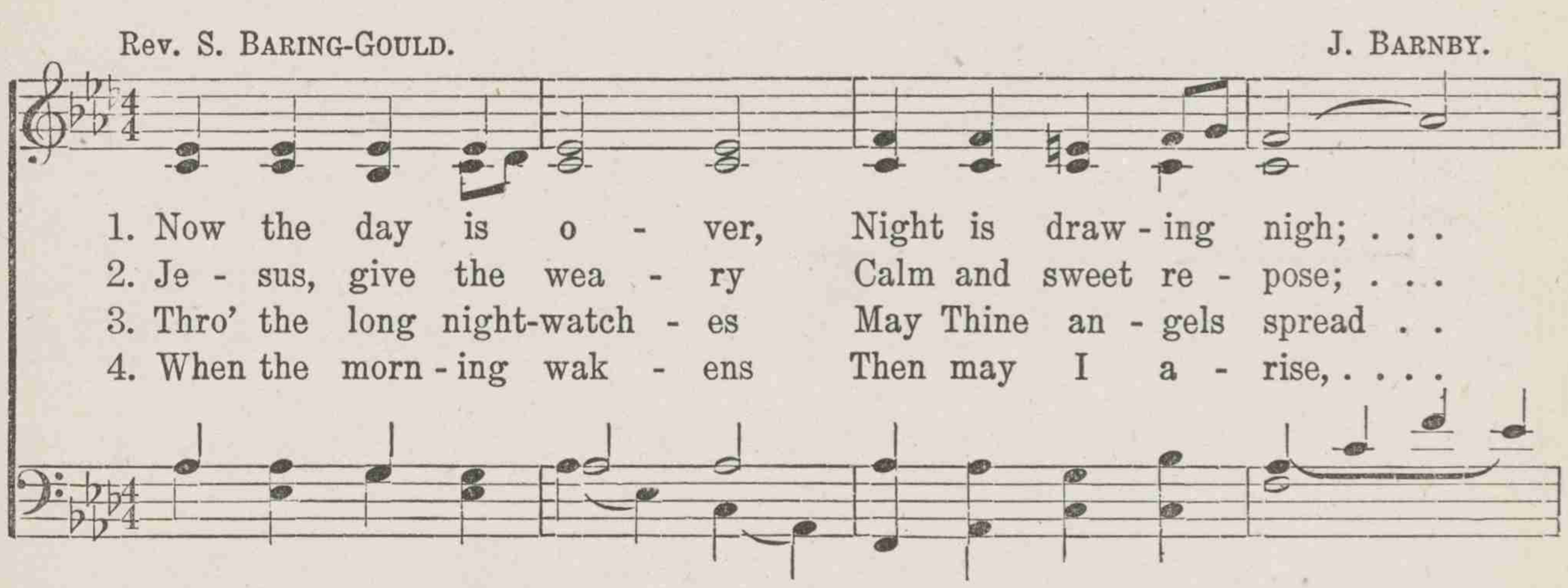
O gra-cious Me-di-a-tor, gra-cious Me-di-a-tor, My Sav-ior

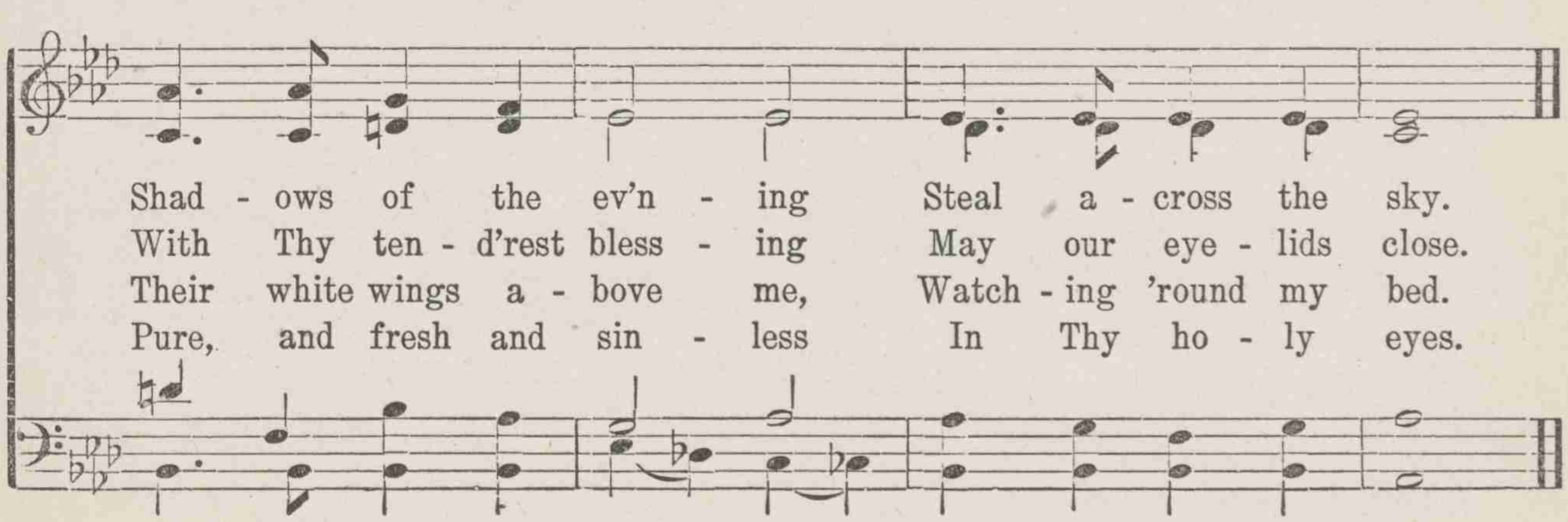
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NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

Rev. S. BARING-GOULD. J. BARNBY.

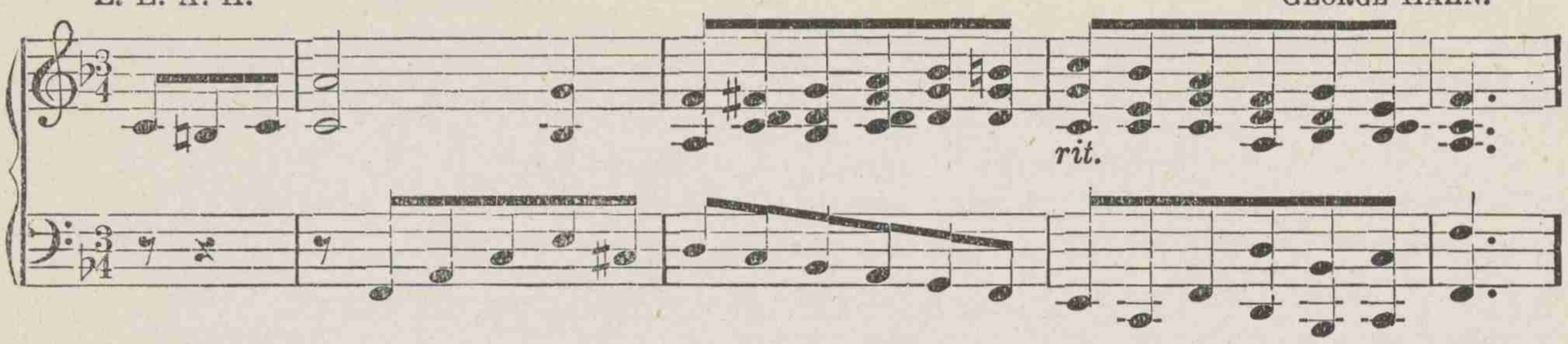




IMPATIENT HEART.

L. E. A. H.

GEORGE HAHN.



Contralto Solo.

1. Im-pa-tient heart, be still! O why wilt thou re - bel Against thy
2. Im-pa-tient heart, be still! Why wilt thou suf-fer so? Why all these

fate? This day de - ny thy stub-born will, And learn to
tears? This need - less grief and use-less woe? God knows thy

wait; Know'st not thy God will give thee what is best? Then
fears, And in His love He will do what is best; Then

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trust Him for the pre-sent hour, And leave, and leave the rest.
let thine i - dle murm'rings cease, And be, and be at rest.

CHORUS.

O trust Him, O trust Him, Im - pa - tient heart, O trust Him;

O trust Him, O trust Him, And leave the rest.

and leave

Interlude.

A VOICE CAME TO ME.

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

1. A voice came to me out of si - lence, In ten - der - ness pass - ing be - lief,
2. As gen - tle and soft as a whis - per, It fell in the dark - ness of night,
3. 'Twas Je - sus of Cal - va - ry speak - ing, 'Twas He, my Re - deem - er and King;

And won - der-ful words, sweet with comfort, It bro't to my soul in its grief, It
And when I had an-swered, a - bove me De - scend-ed a ha - lo of light, De -
He spake and I could not re - fuse Him, He came my sal - va - tion to bring, He

rit.

REFRAIN.* UNISON or SOLO.

bro't to my soul in its grief.
scend - ed a ha - lo of light.
came my sal - va - tion to bring.

For thee I was chas - tened,

For thee was de - nied, . . . For thee was re - ject - ed,

Full harmony.

For thee cru - ci - fied; I car-ried thy bur - den, I suf-fered for

*From "Calvary."

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thee, ... I died to re - deem thee, I died to re -
suf - fered for thee, I died, I died, to re - deem thee, I died, I

rit.

deem thee, I died to re - deem thee, O come un - to me.
died to re - deem thee,

HOLY SPIRIT, LIVING WATER.

Rev. S. H. PRATHER. EDNA G. YOUNG.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, liv - ing wa - ter, O re - fresh my thirst - y soul;
2. Wash me, Ho - ly Spir - it, wash me, Till each stain be white as snow;
3. O im - part that heav'n-ly wis - dom, Pure and peace - a - ble and kind;

Let the bil - lows of Thine o - cean O - ver me in cleans - ing roll.
Be with - in a well of wa - ter, Fill me now, and o - ver - flow.
Wis - dom which has no dis - sembling, An im - par - tial, low - ly mind.

D. S.–*And en - due me with that pow - er Which a - lone Thou canst im - part.*

CHORUS. D. S.

With Thy - self, the ho - ly unc - tion, Now an - noint my head and heart,

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THE DREAM CITY.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

INTRODUCTION. *ad lib.*

SOLO.

1. There's a cit - y that hath no need of light Of the moon, or the stars, or the sun; There is no noon, neither is there night, For the
2. I have dreamed of that cit - y I shall see, When the mists roll in splendor a - way, And morn - ing dawns, as it will for me, At the
3. I have thought I could hear the an - gels sing, As, un - num-bered, they stood 'round the throne On which One sat whom they crown'd their King, And I

day and night are one; There is no sin there, neither pain or care, Toil or
close of life's brief day; Of its jas - per walls and its pear - ly gates, Of its
knew Him—Christ, my own! As He looked on me I be - held Him smile, And His

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sor - row, death, nor de - cay; Ev - er - last - ing beau-ty a-bideth there, That shall
streets of bright shining gold, And the home therein which for me awaits When the
ten - der voice I could hear Saying: "Tar-ry yet but a lit - tle while, For the

nev - er pass a - way, That shall nev - er pass a - way.
por - tals bright un - fold, When the por - tals bright un - fold.
morn - ing draw - eth near, For the morn - ing draw - eth near."

CHORUS. *Faster.* *rit.*

Swing, ye golden gates, For a pilgrim waits At your portals fair For an entrance there!

Let the glad song ring, As the ransomed sing, "Hal - le - lu - jah! wel - come home."

LO! I AM WITH YOU.

INA M. SLUSSER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. My spir - it cri - eth out for Thee, Thou liv - ing One who chang - eth not. Earth's nois - es flood and fol - low me The while I try to call to Thee:— I call and find Thee not, I call and find Thee not!
2. My soul is faint, my hope is gone, Thou liv - ing One who gav - est sight To those born blind, I grope a - lone With none to help or hear my moan; Is there for me no light? Is there for me no light?
3. Oh, pur - blind soul, the light is here! Self's shad - ows on - ly blind thine eyes, Nor hand is to thy - self more near Than He who spake that all might hear His mes-sage from the skies, His mes-sage from the skies.

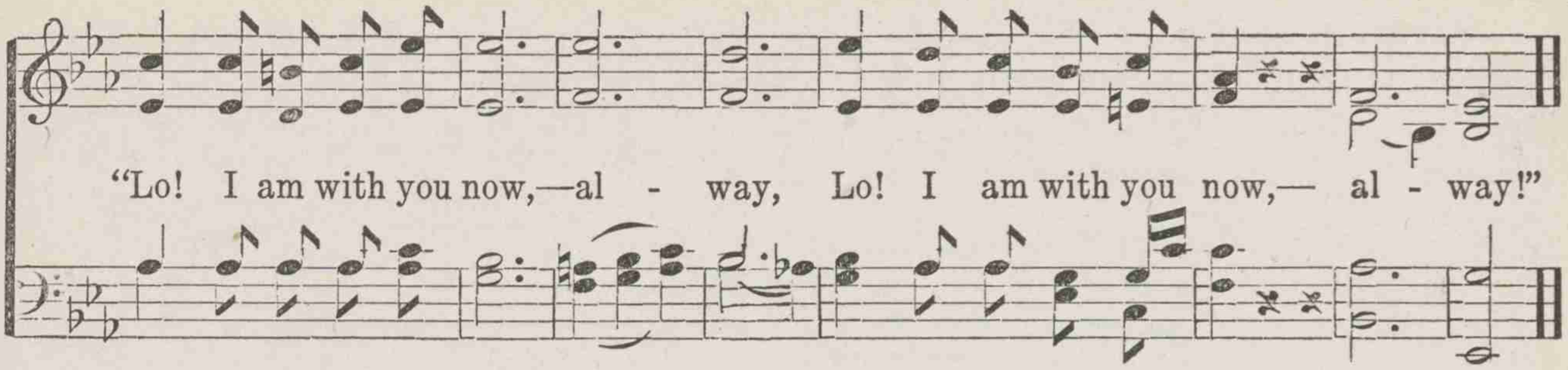
rit.

rit.

CHORUS.

His work is done! The ris - en Lord Speaks to His friends this part - ing word:

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IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

Rev. W. R. Fitch. Carl Fischer.





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JOY TO THE WORLD.

PALMER HARTSOUGH

Mrs. CARRIE B. ADAMS.

Unison. *Maestoso.*

1. Clear on earth's gloomy night Now shines a won-drous light, And from the
2. Now tribes on ev - 'ry side, Yield Him do - min - ion wide, And mon-archs
3. The des - ert blooms a - gain, Be - neath His gen - tle reign, And sounds a

heav'n-ly height A joy - ful chor - us sounds. Ye na - tions lift your eyes,
in their pride Be-fore Him prostrate fall. Earth your ho - san - nas sing,
glad re - frain, For strife and war shall cease. In sweet sub-jec - tion now,

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Ye mourn-ing souls a-rise, While ev - 'ry tongue re-plies, And wide the song re-sounds.
Thrones your high tribute bring, Hail your Re-deem - er King, And crown Him Lord of all.
To make His cheer - ful bow, Shall man be - fore Him bow, The Christ the Prince of Peace.

CHORUS. *Antioch.*

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive our King, Let
2. Joy to the world, the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their songs em - ploy; While
3. He rules the world, with truth and grace; And makes the na - tions prove The

ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re - peat the sound-ing joy, Re -
glo - ries of His right-eous - ness, And won - ders of His love, And

And heav'n and na - ture

heav'n and na - ture sing, and heav'n, And heav'n and na - ture sing.
peat the sound-ing joy, re - peat, Re - peat the sound - ing joy.
won - ders of His love, and won-ders, And won - ders of His love.

sing, 5 and heav'n and na - ture sing,

ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. On - ward Christian soldiers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of
2. At the sign of tri-umph Sa-tan's hosts doth flee; On then, Christian
3. Like a might - y arm - y Moves the church of God; Broth - ers, we are

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
soldiers, On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun - da-tions quiv - er
treading Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,

Leads a-gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle See His ban - ner go!
At the shout of praise; Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise.
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doctrine, One in char - i - ty.

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CHORUS.

On - ward! On - ward! With the cross of

On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! with the cross of Je - - sus

Je - sus go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, leads a -

go - - ing on, go - ing on be - fore!

gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle see His ban - ner go.

gainst the foe, a - gainst the foe,

LET THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH.

G.

Let the words of my mouth and the med-i-ta - tion of my heart be ac - cept - a-ble in Thy

sight, be ac-cept-a-ble in Thy sight, O Lord my strength and my . . . Re-deem-er, A - men.

my strength and my Re-deem - er,

PRAISE YE JEHOVAH.

CHAS. GOUNOD.

Praise ye Je - ho - vah, the Fa - ther ev - er - last - ing: Praise Him in

glo - ry, ye ran-somed hosts, un-ceas-ing-ly; An - gels a - dore Him, and cast your

crowns be - fore Him, Sing, all ye peo - ple, and praise the Lord for - ev - er - more.

Praise ye the Lord, Tell it out that Je - sus reigns, In pow'r and might, love and

Praise ye the Lord, and might,

light; He will rule in love e - ter - nal. Praise Him a - bove, in the

and light; O praise a - bove,

courts so high and ho - ly; All be - low join to bless His glo - rious name, The

name of the King of glo - ry. Praise Him, Je - ho - vah, who hath wrought our full sal-

va - tion, Sing Al - le - lu - ia, for the Lord vic - to - rious reigns. Glo - ry in the

high - est sing, Praise His mighty pow'r and maj - es - ty; All the earth shall mag-ni-

fy His ho - ly name, The King ev - er - more. King for - ev - er - more

THE PRINCE OF GALILEE.

A. E. PETERSON.
SOLO or QUARTET.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Once I heard the sweet old sto - ry, Of the Prince of Gal - i - lee,
2. Once I longed to know His pow - er, Longed to have His peace with-in,
3. Once I knelt in real re - pent - ance, At the feet of Him who died,
4. And to - day this low - ly Strang - er Lives as tru - ly as of old,

How He left His place in glo - ry, How He loved lost souls like me.
Know His pres - ence ev - 'ry hour, Have His vic - t'ry o - ver sin.
Felt the blood of my dear Sav - ior To this long - ing heart ap - plied.
He is ris - en from the man - ger To the courts of roy - al gold;

How He stilled the troub - led wa - ters, Healed the sick, re - stored the dead,
How I longed to know this Je - sus, Know Him as my dear - est Friend,
Oh, the light that fell up - on me, When this Gal - i - le - an came!
There He reigns in grand-est splen-dor Guides His chil - dren home-ward bound.

rit.

How He wan - dered, wea - ry pil - grim, How the mul - ti - tude He fed.
Oh, how glad - ly would I serve Him, Love and trust Him to the end.
'Twas the glo - rious light of heav - en, 'Twas the Ho - ly Spirit's flame.
Call - ing still with words so ten - der, "Seek me while I may be found."

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CHORUS. *All voices.*

O this Prince of Gal - i - lee, Gave His life for you and me,

of Gal - i - lee, for you and me,

Suf - fered death up - on the cross of Cal - va - ry, Died that

cross, up - on the cross of Cal - va - ry,

we might be made pure, That thro' faith we might en-dure,

we might be pure, we might en - dure,

rit.

Thro' the end - less a - ges of e - ter - ni - ty.

end - less a - ges of e - ter - ni - ty.

THE LORD WATCH.

G.

The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent, one from the other. A - men.

VICTORY! VICTORY!

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Thanks be to God who giv - eth us the vic - to - ry, Thro' Je - sus Christ our King!
2. Sol - dier, a-wake! and from your heart triumphantly With ex - ul - ta - tion sing;

Thanks be to God who rul - eth now in maj - es - ty, Who took from death its sting.
Sing un - to Him who conquered man's great en - e - my, Our Proph - et, Priest and King.

DUET.

Thanks be to God who gives o'er death su - prem-a-cy, The death that came by man!
Thanks be to God His ar - my now in - vin - ci-ble, Goes forth o'er hill and plain!

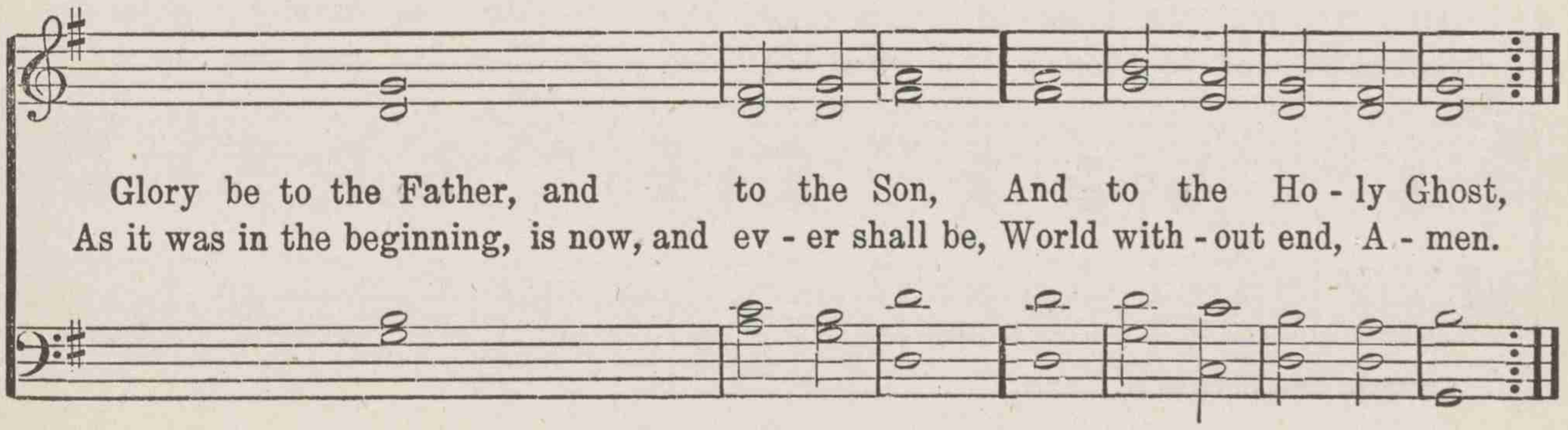
The res-ur-rec - tion come by Christ, the Con-quer-or, Who lived when time be-gan.
No pow'r can check His onward march to vic-to - ry, Since death it - self is slain!

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CHORUS.



GLORIA PATRIA No. 1.



74 WHILE THE HEAVENLY BREEZES BLOW.

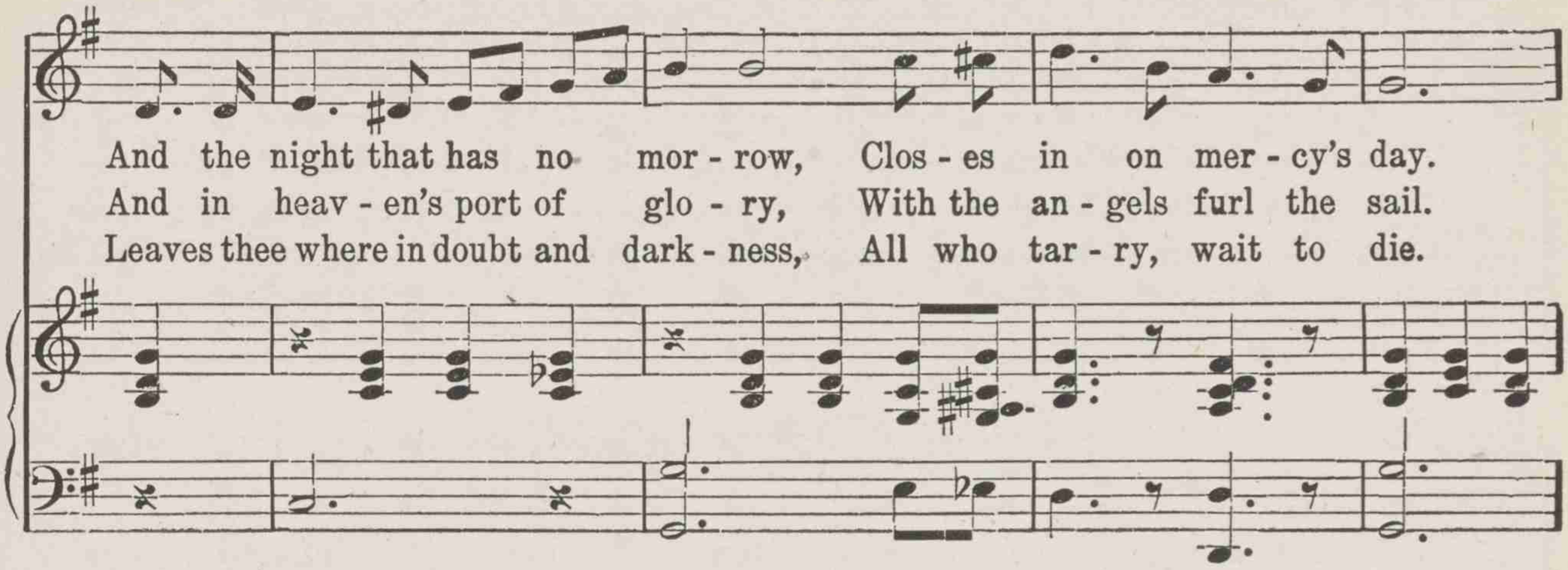
FRED WOODROW. GEO. H. CROSBY.

1. Spread the sail to heav'n - ly breez - es, Ere the bless-ing, pass - ing by,
2. Storms are sud - den rocks are ma - ny, Dan-gers ev - 'ry - where a - bound,
3. Spread the sail to heav'n - ly breez - es! God Him - self thy guide shall be,

Leaves thee where in doubt and dark - ness All who lin - ger, stay to die;
Ere up - on the shore of heav - en, Home and hap - pi - ness are found;
Till you an - chor in the har - bor Shin - ing o'er the troub - led sea;

Waits the Pi - lot not for - ev - er, Swift the mo - ments speed a - way,
All who love the bless - ed Sav - ior Safe - ly ride the storm - y gale,
Spread the sail to heav'n - ly breez - es, Ere the bless - ing, pass - ing by,

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And the night that has no mor - row, Clos - es in on mer - cy's day.
And in heav - en's port of glo - ry, With the an - gels furl the sail.
Leaves thee where in doubt and dark - ness, All who tar - ry, wait to die.


CHORUS.
While the heav'n - - ly breezes blow . . . While the tides . . . of mer-cy flow . . . . .
While the heav'n-ly breez-es blow, While the tides so freely flow,
slow.
Ere the day . . . . of grace is o'er . . . . . Spread the sail for heav'n's bright shore.
Ere the day of grace is o'er, Spread the sail for heav'n's bright shore.

CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Go forth, thou Church tri - umph - ant, In all thy bright ar - ray,
2. Go forth, thou Church tri - umph - ant, Ad - vance on ev - 'ry side,
3. Go forth, thou Church tri - umph - ant, Thy reign of peace ex - tend,

Thy great Com-mand - er calls thee, He leads the glo-rious way;
The crum-bling gates of em - pires For thee are ope - ning wide;
Till falls each proud op - press - or, And er - ror's night shall end;

Tho' hosts of hell op - pos - ing, In dead - ly com - pact stand,
The rule of kings is break - ing, The pow'rs of dark - ness fall,
Go forth, thou blood-bought ar - my, Thy truths di - vine in - stil,

From con-qu'ring still to con - quer, Go forth at His com-mand.
And na - tions swift are turn - ing To Him who rul - eth all.
Till God's great, free sal - va - tion With joy each heart shall fill.

CHORUS.

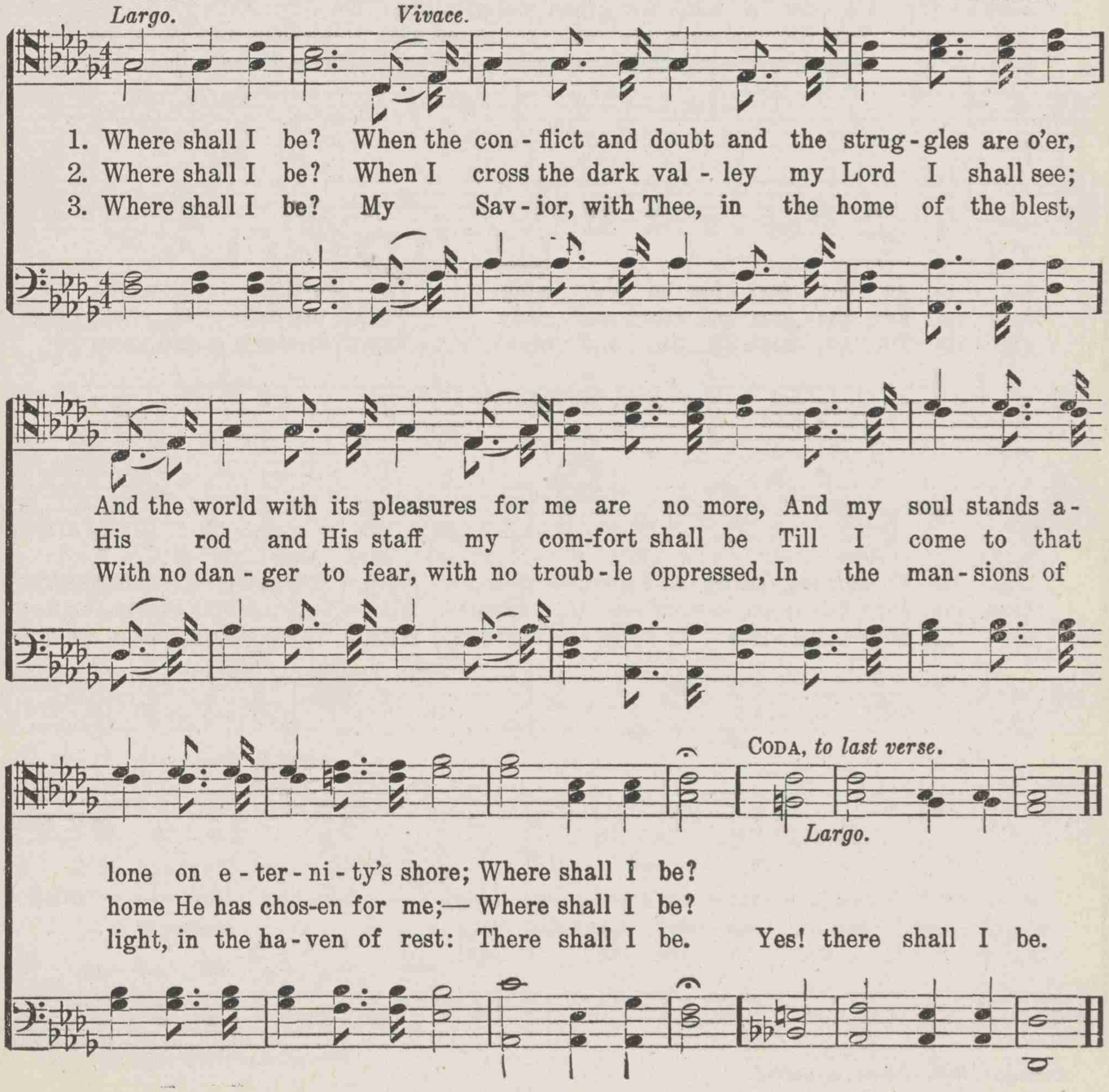
Go forth tri - umph - ant, In bright ar - ray,
Go forth tri - umph - ant, Go forth in bright ar - ray,

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WHERE SHALL I BE?

N. NORTON. C. ZOLINER.



THE TRAMP OF THE HOST.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Voices in Unison.

1. Like an arm - y we are march - ing Un - der a ban - ner grand and glorious, Ev - 'ry sol - dier true and loy - al In the serv - ice of the King.
2. Sin and er - ror are ap - pall - ing! Per - ish - ing souls are all a - round us; Hea - then na - tions on be - fore us For the gos - pel watch and pray.
3. Ma - ny dan-gers lie be - fore us, Wea - ri-some marches, sor - rows, loss-es; Heav - y bur - dens, lone - ly vig - ils To be kept by day and night;

Octaves.

For - ward ev - er on to bat - tle, Fol-low-ing Christ, who goes be - fore us, With a tramp,tramp,tramp,moving
Noth - ing daunt - ed, noth - ing fear - ing, Joy - ful - ly on - ward to the rescue With a tramp,tramp,tramp, we are
Yet de - ter - mined and u - nit - ed, Shar-ing a - like in cares and sorrows, With a tramp,tramp,tramp, we are

CHORUS.

on - ward, While the vic - tor's song we sing. Like an arm - y with
march - ing Where our Sav - ior leads the way. march - ing on
march - ing Up - ward to the land of light.

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ban - ners fly - ing, Against the hosts of sin we march, march a - way! Souls in
march - ing on

bond - age of sin are dy - ing; "They must and shall be free" rings the
march - ing on march - ing on

war - cry to - day, "They must and shall be free" rings the cry to - day.

A PRAYER.

H. A. H. H. A. H.

1. A - bide with me Lord! in mer - cy, Stay, stay Thou near my side;
2. A - bide with me Lord! I need Thee, I can - not let Thee go;
3. A - bide with me Lord! in sor - row, My help and com - fort be;

No dan - ger I fear, nor e - vil, While Thou art my guard and guide.
The way is so rough—O lead me, For Thou dost the dan - ger know.
Up - hold me, sus - tain and keep me In life and e - ter - ni - ty.

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GLORY TO JEHOVAH.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. W. A. POST.

1. Bless the Lord! O my soul, let the earth re-joice, Let the heav'ns be glad, and the sea lift its voice! All the
2. By the word of His mouth came the whirl-winds dread, Light'ning gleam and flash thro' the skies o-ver head; On the
3. Bless the Lord! O my soul, praise His ho-ly name! All His might-y works shall His pow-er pro-claim; Let the

trees of the field and the woods shall ring; Make a joy-ful noise, make a
wings of the wind doth He walk a-far; Robed in light di-vine, robed in
na-tions of earth with the an-gels cry, Glo-ry ev-er-more, glo-ry

CHORUS.

joy-ful noise, for the Lord reign-eth King,
light di-vine, is our bright Morn-ing Star, Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord,
ev-er-more, to Je-ho-vah most high!

Heav'n's tri-umph-ant choir shall sing, Hail His name, hail the King!

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Men with an - gels sing! Praise His name for - ev - er, Praise His name for-

ev - - er, he reign - eth king, Je - ho - vah reign - eth King,

Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, shout and sing, Our Je - ho - vah

reign - eth King, Our Je - ho - vah reign - - - eth King,
Our Je - hov - ah reign-eth King, Our Je - ho - vah reign - eth King,

Glo - ry to Je - ho - vah! A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

THE MAN BORN BLIND.

INA M. SLUSSER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

ALTO.

1. O sight - less eyes and grop-ing hands! The weight of dark - ened years
2. The learn - ed doc - tors of the law Looked on him in sur - prise,
3. "Dost thou be - lieve on God's own Son?" (No priest nor Rab - bi near.)

TENOR.

ORGAN.

Has stayed thy feet and dulled thy brain To hope - less doubts and fears.
Their cold hearts saw no proof of love. "*How* o - pened He thine eyes?"
"Who is He, that I may be - lieve?" Blest an - swer: "He is here!"

What gave thy fame to all man-kind? One an - swer on - ly, He!
Nor scorn nor threats can change the man. One an - swer on - ly, He!
"Lord, I be - lieve!" O see - ing heart! Thou speak'st for all man-kind,

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"I know where-as I once was blind, By His touch, now I see."
"I know where-as I once was blind, By His touch, now I see."
The heart that asks: "Who gave me help?" Must wor-ship the Di-vine.

CHORUS.

O Love, that came to find our need And prove Thy sav-ing grace,

We too are blind, touch Thou our eyes That we may see Thy face;

We too are blind, touch Thou our eyes That we may see Thy face.

PRAYER OF THE SOUL.

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

1. When clouds of sor - row dark-ly o - ver - shad-ow me, When friends for-sake, and all my earth - ly com - forts flee; Still, cling - ing to Thy word, my
2. Wher - e'er Thou lead-est, with Thee will I glad - ly go; No oth - er guide my loy - al, trust - ing soul shall know; I'll say in ev - 'ry joy, in
3. If, when Thou countest o - ver all that I have wrought, All I have hoped for, meas - ured all that I have sought, O bid me not, "De - part from

1. When clouds of sor - row o - ver - shad - ow me, When friends for-
2. Wher - e'er Thou lead - est I will glad - ly go; No oth - - er
3. If, when Thou count - est all that I have wrought, All I have

sake, and earth - ly com - forts flee; Still, cling - ing to Thy word, my
guide my trust - ing soul shall know; I'll say in ev - 'ry joy, in
hoped for, all that I have sought, O bid me not, "De - part, I

dai - ly pray'r shall be, "O Lord, ... Thy will be done." . . . . . .
ev - 'ry grief and woe, "O Lord, ... Thy will be done." . . . . . .
me! I know you not!" O Lord, ... Thy will be done. . . . . .

rit.

pray'r shall be, "O Lord, Thy will be done, O Lord, Thy will be done."
ev - 'ry woe, "O Lord, Thy will be done, O Lord, Thy will be done."
know you not!" O Lord, Thy will be done, O Lord, Thy will be done.

CHORUS.

Thy will, O Lord, ... Thy will be done; I'll trust Thy
Thy will, O Lord, not mine, be done; . . . . . .

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hand . . . . . to lead me on, Till life is past, ...
I'll trust Thy hand to lead me on, ... Till life is past,

and heav'n is won; . . . . . O Lord, ... Thy will be done. . . . . .
and heav'n is won; O Lord, Thy will be done, O Lord, Thy will be done.

THY WILL BE DONE.

(Written especially for Chas. H. Gabriel, by the author of "My Country, 'tis of thee.")

Rev. S. F. SMITH. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Thy way, O God, is best, Thy way,—not mine; Pa - tient be-
2. I know Thy wise de - sign,—Thy will is mine; From earth - ly
3. Clay in the pot - ter's hand,—Thy will is mine; 'Tis Thine the
4. Sor - row, or joy be sent,—Thy will is mine; In all Thy

neath Thy rod, Quick to o - bey Thy nod, Be - cause Thou art my God,—
dross re - fine, Shape to the Mould di - vine; My soul shall not re - pine,—
vase to make, Or Thine, dear Lord, to break; Thine, or to give,—or, take,—
way I see,—What-e'er my lot may be, I trust my all to Thee,—

Thy will,—not mine; Be - cause Thou art my God,—Thy will,—not mine.
Thy will,—not mine; My soul shall not re - pine,—Thy will,—not mine.
Thy will,—not mine; Thine, or to give,—or take,—Thy will,—not mine.
Thy will is mine; I trust my all to Thee,—Thy will is mine.

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BEAUTIFUL FLAG OF LIBERTY.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

Calore.

1. Beau-ti-ful flag of lib - er - ty, beau-ti-ful flag we love, Float a - far o'er the land and the sea, Proud - ly wave in col - ors bright; Thou star-ry stand-ard of the no - ble free; Thou beam - est the glo - ry of land and sea, Proud - ly wave, Col - ors bright; Thou
2. Beau-ti-ful flag of lib - er - ty, beau-ti-ful flag we love, O'er the free thou for ev - er shalt wave; Fall, ye crowns, ye thrones, de - cay; 'Twas God to thee thy hues e - ter - nal gave; Float on, O thou ban-ner of o'er for - - ev - er wave; Fall, ye crowns, thrones, de - cay; 'Twas stand - ard of the no - ble free; Thou glo - ry of Co- God thy hues e - - ter - nal gave; Float on, thou ban - - ner

Float a - far
O'er the free

fair Co - lum-bia's home, Thou shin - - est the light of the lands be - yond the foam;
free-dom wide un-furled, Float on, O thou symbol of jus - tice, o'er the world.
lum - bia's home, Thou light of lands be - - yond the foam;
wide un - - furled, Float on, Thou sym - bol, o'er the world.

Con fuoco.

O flag so free, We stand for
O flag, beau - ti - ful flag so free, float - ing so free, We stand, brave - ly we stand for

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thee, When strike the bolts of war, and flash the sa - bres bright.
thee, brave - ly for thee,

Thou beam - - est the glo - ry of fair Col - um-bia's home, Thou shin - - est the
Float on, O thou ban - ner of free-dom wide unfurled, Float on, O thou
Thou glo - ry of Co - - lum - bia's home, Thou light of lands
Float on, thou ban - - ner wide un - - furled, Float on, thou sym-

light of the lands beyond the foam; For thee we stand, thou en - sign fair of
sym - bol of jus - tice, o'er the world; For thee we stand, thou en - sign fair of
be - . yond the foam;
bol, o'er the world;

D. C. CODA *after last verse.*

truth and right. Beau - ti - ful flag of lib - er - ty,
O flag . . . . . of lib - er - ty, float on, O

Beau - ti - ful flag of lib - er - ty, Beau - ti - ful flag of lib - er - ty.
flag . . . . . of lib - er - ty,

rit.

THE WONDERFUL STORY.

N. A. McAULAY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I stood by the man - ger in Beth - le - hem's cave, And saw God's a-
2. I stood by the cross on the mount-ain of shame, I heard men re-

noint - ed whom love gave to save; I heard shin - ing an - gels their
vile my Re - deem - er's dear name, I saw how they nailed Him on

glad prais-es sing, To Him who was born, our Re - deem - er and King.
Cal - va - ry's tree, To suf - fer and die for a sin - ner like me.

I stood by the gar - den in Ke - dron's dark vale, When cries of deep
I stood by the tomb as He rose from the grave; And then on the

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an - guish mine ears did as - sail; And oh, how I felt as He
mount - ain where bless - ings He gave; I saw Him as - cend to a

prayed there a - lone, I knew that He came for my sins to a - tone.
glo - ry di - vine, And then I re - joiced that this Sav - ior was mine.

CHORUS.

O won - der - ful sto - ry of in - fi - nite love, That Je - sus should

come from the man - sions a - bove My sins to a - tone, my

rall.

bur - den to share, My soul to re - deem, His glo - ry to share.

WHERE IS THE KING?

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. *Ladies Quartet with mixed voice chorus.* A. O. OLIVER.

1. Where is the King for whom we mourn? We would a-noint Him—Lend us thine aid;
2. Where is the Christ in death laid low? All of our hopes are now in the dust;
3. Is He not dead? O doth He live? Where shall we find Him whom we now seek;

Tell us where they the Christ have borne, A-way from the place where He was laid!
Where is He laid? We fain would know, The cru - ci - fied Lord we learned to trust?
Ah! He is ris - en! truth ye give, And we shall be - hold and hear Him speak.

CHORUS.*

He is not here, for He is ris'n—Look ye, His emp - ty pris - on see!

He is not here! He go - eth be - fore you In - to Gal - i - lee.

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*If desired 1st stanza may be sung by female voices; 2d stanza by male voices; 3d stanza by both male and female voices in unison.

C. D. MARTIN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Stan-dard bear-ers in the temp-'rance arm - y, Haste with will - ing hearts and brave,
2. Stan-dard bear-ers in the temp-'rance arm - y, Let your courage ne'er give way;
3. Stan-dard bear-ers in the temp-'rance arm - y, In the con-flict you shall win!

Tell the mul - ti - tudes a - round you Of the Christ who came to save.
Should the road be rough and thorn - y, It will end in glo - r'ous day.
Ne'er a mo - ment be dis - cour - aged, God is might - i - er than sin!

CHORUS.

Lift up the stan-dard, it must wave O - ver land and o - ver sea; You must

help the world to save, Help to make men free, In pit - y help to make men free.

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FORWARD.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

For - ward, for - ward! For - ward go, for the

Lord is with thee, He is thy light, thy life, thy joy; For - ward,

for - ward! For-ward go, for the Lord is with thee, Mighty thy foes to de - stroy.

Her - - alds of the gos - - pel, Mes - sen - gers of mer - - cy,

Her - alds, oh, ye her - alds of the gos - pel, Mes - sen - gers, ye mes - sen - gers of mer - cy,

Chil - - dren of the king - dom, High the col - ors of Zi - on show;

Chil - dren of the king - dom,

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Fol - low - ers of Je - - sus, Ar - - mies of Je - ho - - vah,
Fol - low - ers, ye fol - low - ers of Je - sus, Ar - mies, oh, ye ar - mies of Jo - ho - vah,

Church . . of God tri - um - phant, Rise, and forth to the vic-t'ry go.
Church of God tri - um - phant,

For - ward, for - ward! For - ward go, for the
morn is break-ing, Swiftly the shad-ows fly a - way; For - ward,

for - ward! For - ward go, for the King in splendor, Ris - es and conquers the day.

MARCH ON.

N. P. C. NELLIE PLACE CHANDLER.

1. March a - long, O sol - dier, brave and true, Trust in Him who safe - ly
2. March a - long, O sol - dier, to the fray; And, while marching, ev - er
3. "On - ward!" ev - er let the watch-word be! On with zeal! so much de-

lead - eth you; Dread not the strong-est foe to meet, His cause shall nev - er
watch and pray, For Christ will thy de - liv - 'rer be, And He will give the
pends on thee That truth and right o'er all shall reign; Stand fast! your faith is

know de - feat, His pow'r o - ver all shall pre - vail! His word, un - bro - ken,
vic - to - ry, His pow'r o - ver all shall pre - vail! Tho' dan - gers hov - er
not in vain, His pow'r o - ver all shall pre - vail! He leads the way! dis-

shall en - dure, And tri - umph, in His name, is sure; To Him let songs of
round a - bout, Dread not the foe with - in, with - out; He from de - feat can
miss thy fear; In ev - 'ry tri - al He is near. Then loud in ex - ul-

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CHORUS.
March on,
prais - es ring, He is the Lord, the King!
vic - t'ry bring, He is the Lord, the King!
ta - tion sing, He is the Lord, the King!
March on, march on,
March on,
now be - gin - ning, March on, souls be win - ning;
Now the res - cue work be - gin - ning, March on, march on, Pre - cious souls for Je - sus win - ning;
now be - gin - ning, March on, souls be win - ning;
All your strength to Je - sus bring, Loud in ex - ul - ta - tion sing, And
take the world for Christ the King, For Christ, the Lord, the King!

96

BECAUSE HE LOVED HIS OWN.

E. E. HEWITT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The "Good Shepherd" sought for one lost sheep, A - way on the mount - ain height;
2. The "Great Shepherd" lives, He conquer'd death! All pow - er is His to - day;
3. The "Chief Shepherd" soon will come a - gain, To gath - er His loved ones home;

With bleed - ing hands and wound - ed feet, He trav - eled day and night;
He lives e - ter - nal - ly to save The sheep that went a - stray;
From ev - 'ry na - tion on the earth A mul - ti - tude shall come,

At last He gave His pre - cious life— He for the wan - d'rer died!
For they shall nev - er know a want, They shall be well sup - plied.
The song of prais - es to be heard Will be of Him who died;

It was be - cause He loved His own, The Shep-herd was cru - ci - fied;
It was be - cause He loved His own, The Shep-herd was cru - ci - fied;
It was be - cause He loved His own, The Shep-herd was cru - ci - fied;

It was be - cause He loved His own, The Shep-herd was cru - ci - fied.
It was be - cause He loved His own, The Shep-herd was cru - ci - fied.
It was be - cause He loved His own, The Shep-herd was cru - ci - fied.

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HURRAH FOR THE FLAG.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. A. O. T. ASTENIUS, and C. H. G.

1. Hur - rah for the flag, "Old Glory," All hal-lowed in song and sto-ry! Long, long may it
2. Hur - rah for the flag, we love it! It's folds light the heav'ns above it! Un - sul - lied, tri-
3. Hur - rah for the flag all glorious! Hur-rah for the flag vic - to-rious! The sym - bol of

wave in beau - ty, O'er scions of faith and du - ty. No ty-rant shall mar one stripe or a
um-phant ev - er, It floats o'er op-pres-sion nev-er. Each star in its field is worn as a
love un-spok - en, The emblem of love-chains broken! Till time is no more, from shore un-to

star, No traitor un-challenged, stain it; No al - ien de - ny, no foe - man de - cry The
shield Of jus-tice to home and na-tion; All hon - or to thee, O flag of the free, Thine,
shore Shall follow thy righteous se-quel; In truth, love and right, in justice and might, All

CHORUS.

blood that was shed to gain it.
thine is our ob - li - ga - tion. Hur - rah for the flag, "Old Glo-ry," All hallowed in song
men shall be free and e - qual!

and sto-ry! For it hearts have languished, Suffered in anguish On fields of bat-tle go - ry.

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MARCH BOLDLY ON.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. March bold - ly on, march bold - ly on, And smite the pow'rs of sin; . . . . In Je - sus' name, in Je - sus' name, Go forth thy crown to win;
2. This glo - rious war a - gainst the wrong Shall all our pow'rs em - ploy; . . . The tow'r - ing holds of sin so strong Our Lord will yet destroy;

A sol - dier true, go take thy stand And bat - tle for the All armored with the shield of faith, And gird - ed with His

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right, . . Hear now thy Captain's blest command, Go con - quer in His might.
sword, . . We'll stand in life, ex - ult in death, And con - quer thro' His word.

CHORUS.

March bold - ly on, march bold - ly on, And smite the pow'rs of sin; . . . .

In Je - sus' name, in Je - sus' name Go forth thy crown to win.

100

HE COMES.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Wave the sig - nal to the lands a - far Of a king - dom grand and glo - rious,
2. From the pris - ons and the dungeons dark He the cap - tives will de - liv - er;

Of a King of kings, and Lord of lords to be O - ver all the world vic - to - rious.
They shall be made prin-ces of the lov - ing God, At the hand of Christ, the Giv - er.

Not with car - nal weapons, not with gleaming sword Cometh He our chains to sev - er,
Ev - 'ry i - dol throne His feet shall trample down, Men shall ev-'ry-where a - dore Him,

But with love, with love and mercy, truth and grace He comes to reign for - ev - er!
Laud and mag - ni - fy His name, and they shall have No oth - er gods be - fore Him.

CHORUS.

Send the bless - ed news of sal - va - tion Un - to ev - 'ry land, ev - 'ry
Send the news of full sal - va - tion Un - to ev - 'ry land and

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na - tion! Cry a - loud to - day, And pre-pare ye the way, Make straight the crooked
na - tion! Cry a - loud to - day, pre - pare the way, Make straight the crooked

plac - es for His feet, For, lo! He comes to save those who per - ish;
plac - es for His feet, For, lo! He comes to save who per - ish; To

To re - claim, pro - tect and to cher - ish All who will be - lieve And His
re - claim, pro - tect and cher - ish All who will be - lieve And His

man - dates re - ceive. Then hast - en forth the com - ing of the King to greet!
man - dates re - ceive. Then hast - en forth the King to greet!

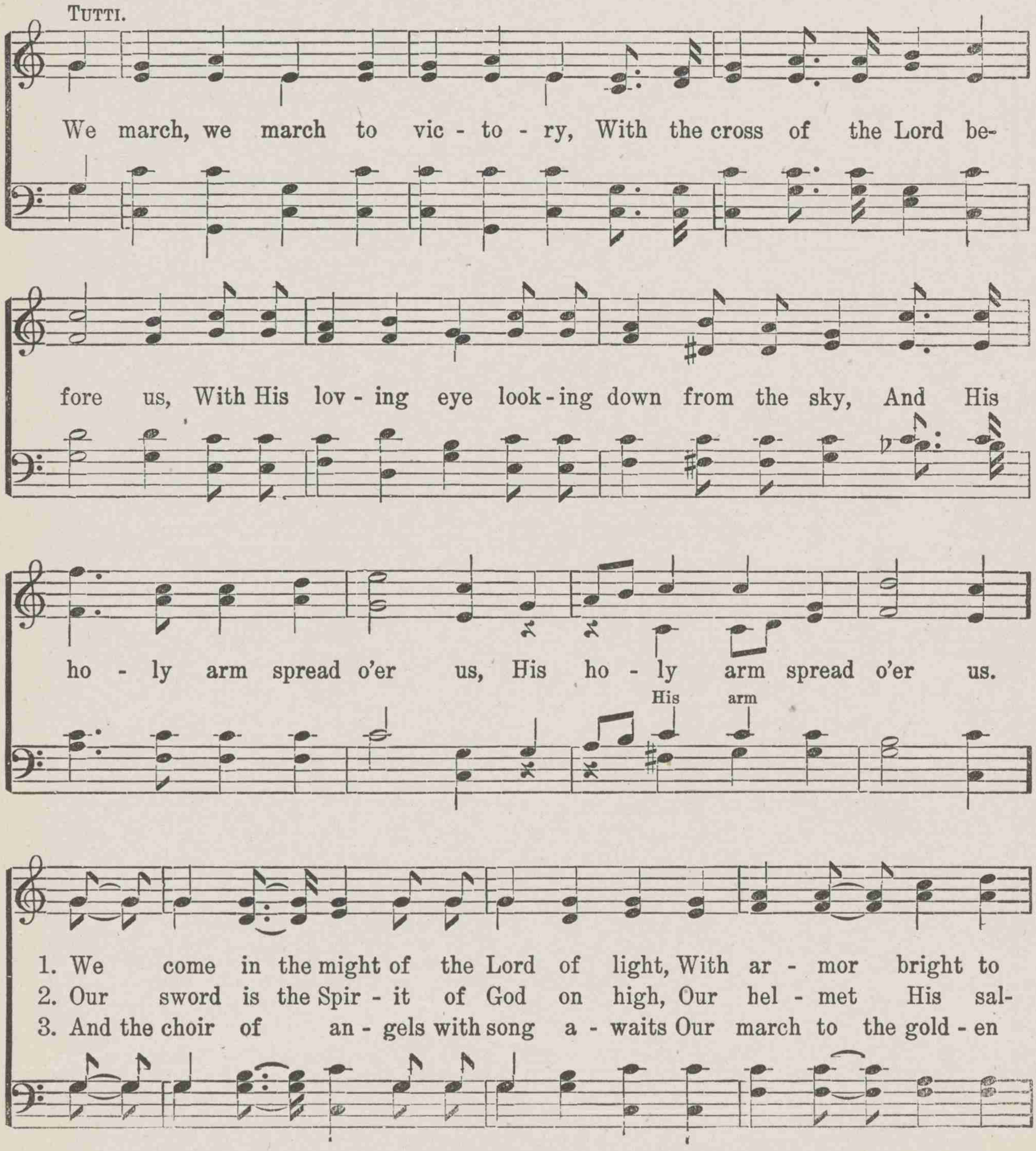
He comes! lo, the King of glo - ry comes! A - rise! be - hold! He comes!
He comes, be - hold, He comes! A rise! be - hold! He comes!

WE MARCH TO VICTORY.

G. MOULTRIE. J. BARNBY.



TUTTI.



meet Him; And we put to flight the ar - mies of night, That the
va - tion; Our ban - ner the cross of Cal - va - ry, Our
Zi - on; For our Cap - tain has bro - ken the bra - zen gates, And

sons of the day may greet Him, The sons of the day may greet Him.
watchword, the In - car - na - tion, Our watchword, the In - car - na - tion.
burst the bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of i - ron.

We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be-

fore us, With His lov - ing eye look-ing down from the sky, And His

ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.

His arm

SING TO THE LORD.

JENNY REE. Dr. S. B. JACKSON.

Sing to the Lord with the harp and the voice of a psalm.

Lady voices only.

1. Sing to the Lord, who in mer - cy hath brought us sal - va - tion; Sing to the Lord, Tell of Him, of His works and His ways; Sing to the Lord, Who is worth-y of all ad - o - ra - tion; Let our songs a - bound, And earth resound, With His un - end - ing praise.
2. Sing to the Lord, let the whole earth be filled with His glo - ry; Sing to the Lord, Be His goodness and mer - cy our theme; Sing to the Lord, 'Till the won-der-ful, won-der - ful sto - ry Of His love be known, And He a - lone Shall rule and reign su - preme.

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TUTTI.

The King of kings and Lord of lords, Our Re-deem-er is He! . . . . . All

Our Re-deem-er, Our Re-deem-er is He!

kings and Lord of lords,

praise and glo-ry shall Un-to Him for-ev-er be. Sing and

praise and glo-ry shall Un-to Him for-ev-er be. Sing and let your

let your loud hal-le-lu-jahs fill the sky, For He is wor-thy! our Sav-ior, to

hal-le-lu-jahs fill the sky, He is wor-thy! He, our Sav-ior,

us He sal-va-tion brings! Join the song that rings from the an-gel choir on

un-to us sal-va-tion brings! Join the song that ev-er sweet-ly rings, on

high, All praise both now and for-ev-er shall be to the King of kings!

106 O SAVIOR KING!

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Unison.

1. How sweet the old, old sto - ry of Je - sus, our Sav - ior! To us it
2. He came in gra-cious kind-ness, did Je - sus, our Sav - ior, To lead us
3. Al - though, despised, re - ject - ed, was Je - sus, our Sav - ior, And by His

SOLO or DUET.

brings new glo - ry each time we tell it o'er; The Fa - ther's on - ly
in our blindness, in - to His light and love; He with the low - ly
own neg - lect - ed, de - nied a dwell-ing place; He loved us, and in

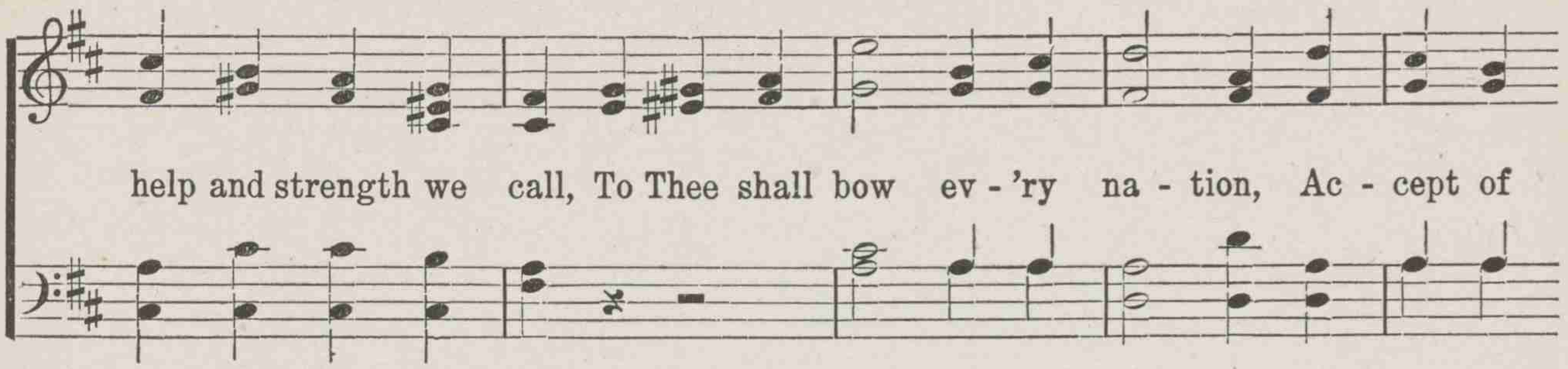
Son, He came sal - va - tion that He might pro - claim; All glo - ry be un -
and the poor Came down our sor-rows to en - dure; To cleanse our sin, and
our dis - tress, To com - fort, sol - ace, and to bless, He brought the balm of

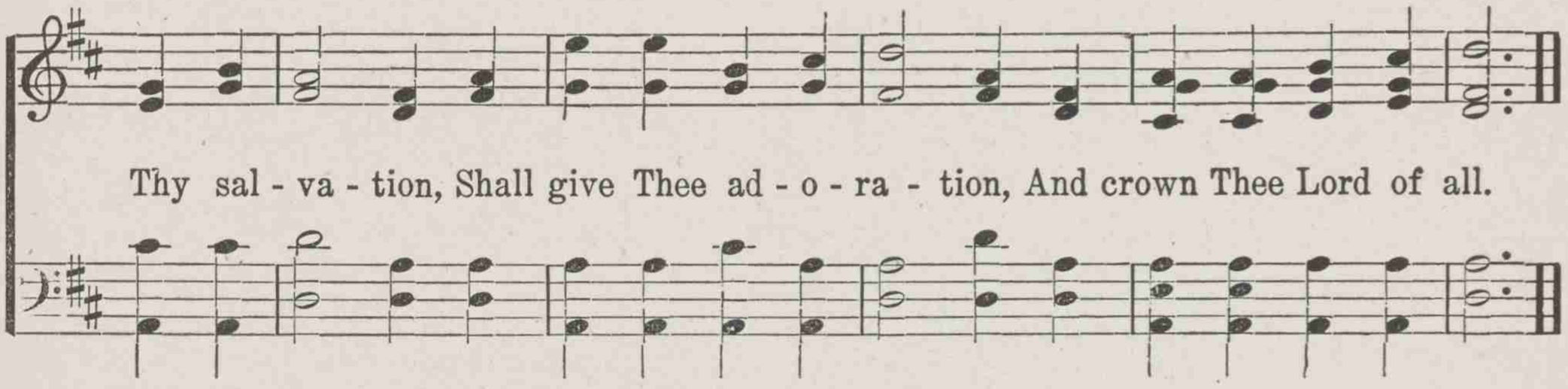
CHORUS.

to His name, To - day and ev - er - more!
make us pure And meet for heav'n a - bove. O Sav - ior King, Thy praise we
right-eous - ness, And saved us by His grace!

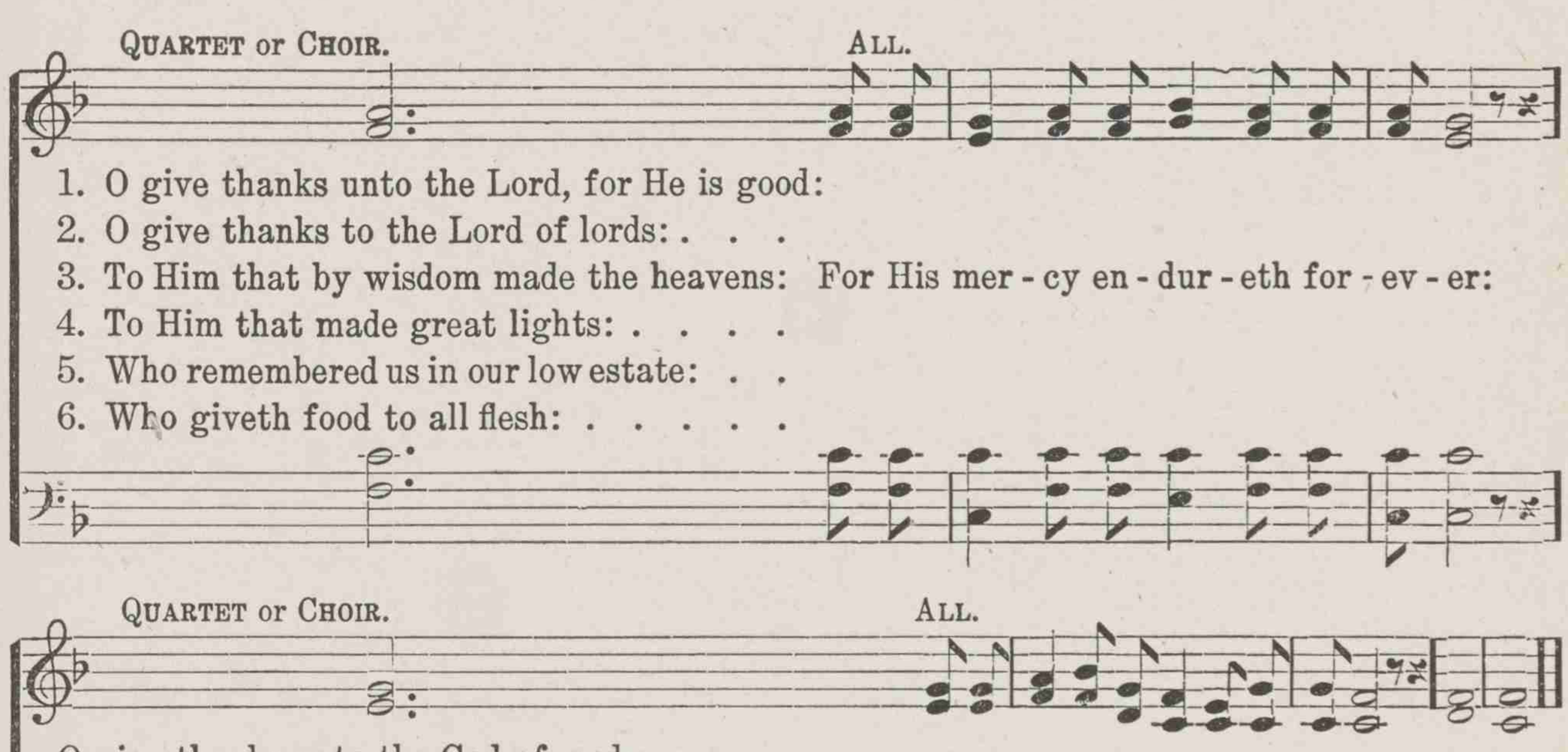
sing, For Thy great ob - la - tion; Thee will we own! On Thee a - lone for

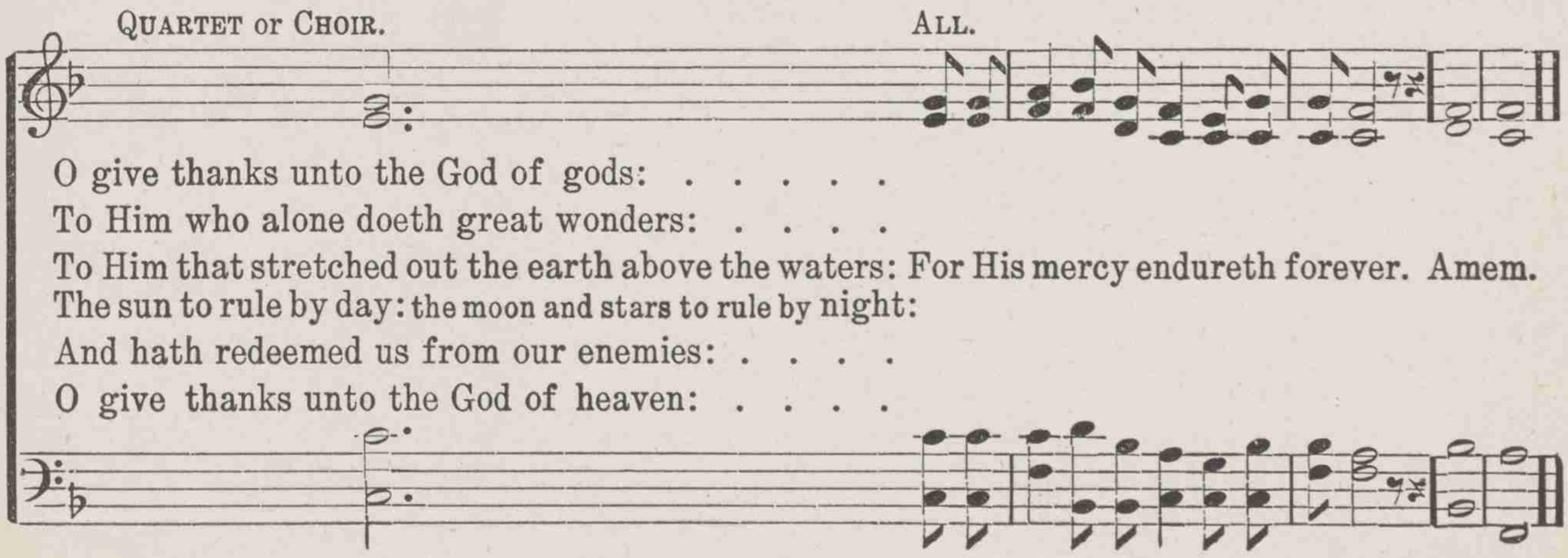
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HIS MERCY ENDURETH.





I'M NOT DRIFTING.

MENZIES CUMMING. J. H. ROSECRANS.

BASS SOLO.

1. Ah, no! I'm not drift-ing! but out on life's sea Each sail in the
2. Ah, no! I'm not drift-ing! there's grace in my heart, And the rocks and the
3. No! no! I'm not drift-ing! my faith sees the shore! I am head - ing for

breeze swells with Hope's ec - sta - cy; And my bark skims the tide like a
shoals are mark'd plain on my chart; Truth stands firm at the wheel and
Home when life's voy - age is o'er; Not a doubt in my soul, not a

bird on the wing, While my soul looks a - loft where the
steers o'er the sea, And Je - sus, a - loft, ev - er
throb in my breast, That my Pi - lot will steer to yon

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ran - som'd ones sing; I can hear their glad voic-es, as on - ward I sail, To
watch-es o'er me; I thus know I'm not drift-ing, a sport of the wave, But I'm
ha - ven of rest; Oh! there on its glo - ri - fied strand I will sing The

meet them in glo-ry, be - yond this dark vale; I can hear their glad voic - es, as
sail - ing to port thro' the gates of the grave; I thus know I'm not drift-ing, a-
prais - es of Je - sus, Re - deem - er and King; Oh! there on its glo - ri - fied

on - ward I sail, To meet them in glo-ry, be - yond this dark vale.
sport of the wave, But I'm sail - ing to port thro' the gates of the grave.
strand I will sing The prais - es of Je - sus, my Re-deem - er and King.

110 HOSANNA TO OUR SAVIOR KING!

E. E. HEWITT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

VOICES IN UNISON.

1. "Ho - san-na" sang the chil-dren in Zi - on, long a - go, Ho - san - na to our Sav - ior
2. Not words a - lone we of - fer to please the Lord a-bove, Ho - san - na to our Sav - ior
3. Ho - san - na in the highest, up - on this joy - ful day, Ho - san - na to our Sav - ior

King! And still we come re - joic - ing, and sing with hearts a - glow, Ho-
King! Our lives shall swell the cho - rus with mel - o - dies of love, Ho-
King! The palms of faith - ful serv - ice be - fore Him we will lay, Ho-

san - na to our Sav - ior King! Ho - san - na in the high-est! ex - ult-ant notes we raise
san - na to our Sav - ior King! And while life's ear - ly morn-ing is sparkling with the dew,
san - na to our Sav - ior King! The flow'rs we free - ly scat-ter, love-min - is - tries will be,

A - mid the bloom and brightness of summer's gold-en days, O let the air re-
And joy's bright blos - soms o - pen be - neath the sun - ny blue, We'll seek the bless-ed
Wher-ev - er, is the need - y, the Mas-ter's face we see; To hap - py fields of

ech - o with ring - ing songs of praise, Ho - san - na to our Sav - ior King!
Mas - ter, His gra - cious steps pur - sue, Ho - san - na to our Sav - ior King!
la - bor He call - eth you and me, Ho - san - na to our Sav - ior King!

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CHORUS.

1 2

Ho - san - na! ho - san - na! Ho - san - na to our Sav - ior King! King!

O PARADISE!

F. W. FABER. JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest!
2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! The world is grow - ing old;
3. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! I want to sin no more;
4. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise! O keep me in Thy love,

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;
Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold;
I want to be as pure on earth As on Thy spot - less shore;
And guide me to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove;

Where loy - al hearts and true

Where loy - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,

Where loy - - al

All rapt - ure through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight?

112 HAS MOTHER'S PRAYER BEEN ANSWERED?

INA DULEY OGDON. (SOLO.) J. H. FILLMORE.

Andante sostenuto.

1. Has mother's pray'r been answered, Her pray'r of long a - go, . . . For me, the hope-less
2. Has mother's pray'r been answered, Her pray'r of wea - ry years, When pride and hopes were
3. Yes, mother's pray'r is answered, I feel, I know 'tis true; Redemption's blood re-

cres.

wan - d'rer, In sin and shame so low? Oh, has that pray'r been an - swered For
blight - ed, Her pray'r of love and tears? She pray'd with faith un - daunt - ed, And
claims me, I walk in life a - new; Tho' lost, His grace has found me, Tho'

my poor, dy - ing soul; That pray'r to Christ, her Sav - ior, To save and make me whole?
did His promise fail? Does He re-ward His righteous? Did mother's pray'r a-vail?
blind, I now can see, His pow'r is all - suf - fi - cient To res - cue e - ven me.

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CHORUS.

1, 2. Has moth-er's pray'r been an - swered, Her pray'r for my sal - va - tion? Has
3. Yes, moth-er's pray'r is an - swered, Her pray'r for my sal - va - tion; Yes,

mother's pray'r been an - swered, Or did she plead in vain? Has mother's pray'r been
mother's pray'r is an - swered, She plead-ed not in vain; Yes, mother's pray'r is

an-swered? Has mother's pray'r been an - swered, And in her home in glo - ry Oh,
an-swered, Yes, mother's pray'r is an - swered, And in her home in glo - ry We

shall we meet a - gain?
soon shall meet a - gain.

JESUS, REDEEMER, SAVIOR MINE.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

SOLO or QUARTET and CHORUS.

1. Was it for me in si - lence Thou Didst once de - fense - less bow?
2. Bless - ed the tho't, it is for me The cross on Cal - v'ry stands!

Was it my sins that placed the crown Of thorns up - on Thy brow? Was it for
Bless-ed the hands stretch'd out for me, Those pierc-ed, bleed-ing hands! Wonder - ful

me the words were voiced That still ring out a - new? . . "For-give them, Fa - ther,
love that nailed Thee there! Com-pas - sion, boundless grace! . . For these I'll serve Thee,

O for-give, They know not what they do, They know not what they do."
Lord, un - til I meet Thee face to face, I meet Thee face to face.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Re - deem - er, Sav - ior mine, I'm not a-shamed of Thee! Tho' sun and

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moon re - fuse to shine, I still will call Thee mine Thro' - out e - ter - ni - ty.

WE THANK THEE.

Rev. J. H. GARRISON. Mrs. FRANK P. DOOLITTLE.

1. For the Christ of Gal - i - lee; For the truth which makes men free;
2. For the love that shines in deeds; For the life which this world needs;
3. For the right a - gainst the wrong; For the weak a - gainst the strong;
4. For the faith a - gainst tra - di - tion; For the truth 'gainst su - per - sti - tion;
5. For the cit - y God is rear-ing; For the new earth now ap - pear - ing;

For the bond of u - ni - ty, Which makes God's chil-(God's chil-) dren one, Which makes God's chil - dren one, we thank Thee.
For the church whose tri - umphs speeds The pray'r "Thy will (Thy will) be done," The pray'r "Thy will be done," we thank Thee.
For the poor who've wait - ed long For the bright-er age (the age) to be, For the bright - er age to be, we thank Thee.
For the hope whose glad fru - i-tion, Our wait - ing eyes (our eyes) shall see, Our wait - ing eyes shall see, we thank Thee.
For the heav'n a - bove us clearing, And the song of vic- (of vic-) to- ry, And the song of vic - to - ry, we thank Thee. A - men.

ENDING.

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SHINE IN.

Mrs. C. H. M.
DUET, ALTO AND TENOR.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. O glo - rious Sun of Right-eous-ness, A - rise with heal - ing
2. Thy rays can pierce the deep - est gloom, And pen - e - trate the
3. Still guide us on our pil - grim way, Up to that land which

in Thy wings, And lift us with Thy pow'r to bless, A-
dark - est night; With Thee no shad - ows ev - er come; Where
knows no night, Where shines one bright e - ter - nal day, The

CHORUS.

bove all sor - did earth - ly things.
Je - sus is, 'tis al - ways light! Shine in, . . shine in, . . oh,
Lamb Him - self the cit - y's light.

glo - rious Sun, Beat back the clouds that hov - er o'er; Shine

in, . . shine in, . . oh, glo - rious Sun, And light our way for - ev - er-more.

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E. E. HEWITT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Ye are of more val - ue Than ma - ny spar-rows are; He, who feeds the
2. Ye are of more val - ue, O chil-dren of the King, Made in His own
3. Ye are of more val - ue, Oh, let the mes - sage ring! Bright or storm - y

ra - ven, And numbers ev - 'ry star, Will not let His chil - dren One hour for-
like - ness, His sav-ing grace to sing; Bought with blood so pre - cious, Redeemed at
weath-er, 'Twill hope and gladness bring; Let us sweetly trust Him, Re - joic - ing

CHORUS.

sak - en be; Trust the heav'nly Fa - ther, And ev - er peace-ful be.
such a cost; Ye are not for-got - ten, His word can-not be lost. Trust Him, trust
in His love, Till we bet - ter praise Him, In sin-less homes a - bove.

Him, whose mercies shine a-far; Ye are of more val - ue than many sparrows are; Praise Him,

praise Him from morn till ev'ning star, Ye are of more val - ue than ma - ny sparrows are.

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SOMETIME.

Dr. M. VICTOR STALEY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

ORGAN.

MEZZO SOPRANO SOLO.

1. Tho' now o - ver-burdened with sor - row, Yet sor-row is for a day; The
2. Sometime, in that bless-ed for-ev - er, We'll lay all our bur - dens down: Some-
3. Sometime in those man-sions of beau - ty The Master prepares a - bove, We'll

troub-les that now o - ver-whelm us, Will sometimes have pass'd a - way; Some-
time from the hand of the Sav - ior Re-ceive our e - ter-nal crown; The
bask in the sun-shine of heav - en, And know all a Sav-ior's love: And

time will our mo-ments of an - guish Give place un - to hope and joy; . . . De-
love of our dear ones de-part - ed Shall cheer as in days of yore, . . And
there, in the cho - rus of an - gels, In midst of the white-robed throng, . We'll

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ff

spair shall not haunt us for-ev - er, Nor al-ways our cares an - noy. . . . .
earth's broken ties be u - nit - ed, Where partings shall be no more. . . .
raise to the Lord loud ho-san - nas, And join in the glad new song. . . .

CHORUS.

Some-time, . . . some-time will all our sor - rows cease; . . . .
Some - time, some - time, ... our sor - rows shall cease; Some-

Some-time, some-time, and our weep-ing eyes grow bright, Some-
time, ... some - time, ...

rit.

time our hearts know the per - fect peace Of that land where there is no night.

VESPER HYMN.

MATTIE A. BOUGHTON. Adapted.

1. Soft - ly the twi - light is fad - ing a - way, While we as - sem - ble to
2. Strength we im - plore for the con - flict with sin, Faith thro' the pre - cious a-

praise and to pray, Here in Thy tem - ple at close of the day,
tone - ment to win, Hope, joy - ous hope, like an an - chor with - in,

We lin - ger, Lord, for Thy bless - ing; Shed ho - ly peace in the
Tell - ing our cause is vic - to - rious; Thus shall we look up and

hearts waiting here, Grant to each one per - fect love with-out fear, Let the sweet
lift up to Thee; Thou wilt our strength and de - liv - er - ance be, Till from these

ad lib.

spir - it of pray'r hov - er near, All world-ly tho'ts now re - press - ing.
strug-gles and con-flicts we're free, Praise to Thy name ev - er glo - rious.

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FATHER IN HEAVEN.

Dr. M. VICTOR STALEY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Introduction.

SOLO.

1. Fa - ther in heav - en, hear the prayer, That I most hum - bly raise to Thee;
2. Fa - ther in heav - en, Thou dost know The paths that trend a - way from Thee;
3. Fa - ther in heav - en, 'neath Thine eye I'll walk by faith, till life be done;

Thou, Who dost note the spar - row's fall, Look with com-pas - sion up - on me;
Guide Thou my steps, and let me feel That Thou art ev - er lead - ing me;
Tho' rough the path my feet must tread, Still, trust-ing Thee, I'll jour - ney on;

rit.

Fa - ther in heav - en, lest I stray, Watch o'er Thy child from day to day.

cres. *rit.*

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A BATTLE SONG.

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

1. With a song on our lips and our flag un-furled, We are out in the field
2. All the day lo! the cloud in the sky leads on! Thro' the night burns the pil-

to re-claim the world! We are fighting for the King of kings; Long and loud our
lar of fire 'till dawn! Ev-'ry soldier's heart with courage burns, As a-far the

song of bat-tle rings! At the call from the throne we our names en-roll'd, And with
vic-t'ry each dis-cerns. We'll forsake not the field nor our arms lay down Till the

hearts brave and true, We our du-ty will do Un-til vic-t'ry's gates un-fold! And with
tu-mult shall cease, And the glo-ry of peace Shall our loy-al service crown; Till the

hearts brave and true We our du-ty will do Un-til vic-t'ry's gates un-fold!
tu-mult shall cease, And the glo-ry of peace Shall our loy-al serv-ice crown.

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Like a might-y ar - my on we move! Faith-ful un - to death we each will prove, . .

On! . . . . . on! on! . . . . . .

Like an ar - my on we move, And un - to death we each will faith - ful prove,

For lo! our God still reigns and ev - er glo-rious We keep His banner proudly wav-ing

o'er us; For - ev - er He shall rule, a King vic - to - rious, All glo - ry be un -

to His ho - ly name; All glo - ry be un - to His name! He is the

He is King,

King! He is a - ble to de - liv - er! He is the King!

He is King! He is a - ble to de - liv - er! He is King! He is King!

A Battle Song.

He shall rule from shore to shore! He is the King! He a - lone shall

He shall rule from shore to shore, He is King! He is King! He a-

reign for - ev - er, He is the King And His name shall al a - dore!

lone shall reign for - ev - er, He is King! He is King!

Like a might-y ar - my on we move! Faith-ful un - to death we each will prove, . .

On! . . . . . on! on! . . . . . .

Like an ar - my on we move, And un - to death we each will faith - ful prove,

1

For lo! our God still reigns and ev - er glo-rious We keep His banner proudly wav ing

For - ev - er He shall rule, a King vic- to-rious, All glo - ry (*Omit.*)

2

ff

o'er us; be un - to His name, all glo-ry be un - to His name, A-men, A - men.

M. L. MARTIN LUTHER.

1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail-ing;
2. Did we in our own strength con-fide, Our striv-ing would be los-ing;
3. And tho' this world, with dem-ons filled, Should threaten to un-do us,
4. That word a-bove all earth-ly pow'rs, No thanks to them a-bid-eth;

Our help-er, He, a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing.
Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos-ing.
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri-umph thro' us.
The Spir-it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid-eth.

For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great,
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth is His name,
The Prince of dark-ness grim, We trem-ble not for him; His rage we can en-dure,
Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al-so; The bod-y they may kill;

And, armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e-qual.
From age to age the same, And He must win the bat-tle.
For lo! his doom is sure: One lit-tle word shall fell him.
God's truth a-bid-eth still, His king-dom is for-ev-er. A-men.

WHEN I THINK OF JESUS.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

CONTRALTO SOLO.

1. When I think of Je - sus and His love for me,
2. When I think of Je - sus in Geth-sem - a - ne,
3. When I think of Je - sus— of His thorn-crowned brow,

Of the years of tri - al He en - dured in Gal - i - lee; Of the sor - row,
Of His pray'r, and of the tears of blood He shed for me; Of the bit - ter,
And be - hold Him meek-ly to the cru - el scourging brow; When up - on the

words of mine can - not ex - press; Of His love and mer-cy, grace and
heart - ache He en - dured a - lone, E - ven doubt - ed and neg - lect - ed
cross I see my Sav - ior there, Pleading for the sin - ner with His

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ten - der - ness, How I long to serve Him to be clean and
by His own— How my sin's ap - pall me, as to Him I
dy - ing pray'r, How my soul is lift - ed, puls-ing with de-

pure, Faith - ful, will - ing ev - er all things for Him to en - dure!
cry, "Mer - cy, Lord, have mer - cy! let me not a sin - ner die."
sire To be wor - thy, e - ven tho' I must be purged with fire.

𝄋 HYMN REFRAIN.* FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
   { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
   { Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me;
3. { Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;
   { Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind;

D. S.–Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

D. S.

Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am all un - right - eous - ness,

* After 1st stanza of solo, choir sings, very softly, the first two lines of "Hymn Refrain" likewise after 2d stanza of solo, sing first two lines of 2d stanza of hymn; after last stanza of solo sing entire last stanza of hymn, as indicated by the D. S.

THIS DAY IS MINE

Rev. W. R. FITCH

WINNIE M. GABRIELSON.

1. This day is mine! To-mor-row may not be! . . . I do not know that
2. This day is mine! It soon will pass a-way, . . . Swept backward in the
3. This day is mine! God gives me all the days . . . That I might work for

it will ev-er come! . . . . . An-oth-er day I may not live to
will ev-er come!

tide of van-ished years; . . . . . I can-not have a-gain a mis-spent
of van-ished years;

Him, and do His will; . . . . . And if each day I walk in wis-dom's
and do His will;

see; . . . These lips, which now can speak, may then be dumb. . . . This day is
day, . . . Tho' I should seek it care-ful-ly with tears. . . . This day is
ways, . . He'll guide my steps, and love, and keep me still. . . . This day is

mine! No mo-ment can I spare . . . . . For i-dle thoughts or
This day is mine! No mo-ment can I spare For i-dle
mine! How swift the mo-ments fly! . . . . . A-las for me if,
This day is mine! How swift the mo-ments fly! A-las for
mine! O then with all my might, ... For love of Him, and
This day is mine! O then with all my might, For love of

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self - in - dul - gent ease; . . . . . The work He gives to -
thoughts or self - in - dul - gent ease; The work He
when at set of sun; . . . . . In look - ing back with
me if, when at set of sun, In look - ing
with a faith sub-lime, ... Let me each task per -
Him and with a faith sub - lime, Let me each
D. S.–An - oth - er day I
D. S.–An - oth - er
day with love and care . . . . . Must be done now, if
gives to - day with love and care Must be done now,
sad and tear - ful eye, ... I find, too late, my
back with sad and tear - ful eye, I find, too late,
form, and feel at night . . . . . That all my work is
task per - form, and feel at night That all my work
may not live to see; . . . . . These lips which now can
day I may not live to see; These lips which now can
FINE.
I my Lord would please. This day is mine! To - mor - row may not
work has not been done.
e - ven with my time.
This day is mine! To-
speak may then be dumb.
D. S. al Fine.
be! . . . . . I do not know that it will ev - er come! . . .
mor - row may not be! ev - er come!

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

Rev. W. R. FITCH. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Unison melody.

1. Where - e'er our star - ry flag doth wave, On land or on the sea, It is the stand-ard of the brave, The em - blem of the free. Be - neath its folds the weak and strong, The tim - id lose their fears, And
2. It proud - ly waved that glo - rious day On Sar - a - to - ga's plain, When England's choic-est chiv - al - ry Were number'd with the slain. 'Twas seen at York-town in the glow Of the as - cend - ing sun, And
3. At Get - tys - burg, tho' stained with blood, It float - ed proud-ly still A - bove our boys who brave - ly stood On Cem - e - ter - y's hill. And when had ceas'd that blood-y war, The na - tion glad - ly knew That

CHORUS.

join - ing in the bat - tle song They meet the foe with cheers.
all the world re - joiced to know That Freedom's day had won. Our country's flag on
none might pluck a sin - gle star From out its field of blue.

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land or sea, O may it long re - main The em - blem of the brave and free,

Un - sul - lied by a stain; Who fight be - neath its star - ry folds, Must fight for

Free-dom's cause; The na - tion's hon - or it up - holds, And vin - di - cates her laws.

AMERICA.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive country thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
4. Our fa-thers' God to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing; Long may our

fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev-'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.
tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

132 BLESSED LORD, AND ONLY SAVIOR,

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. Arr. by Dr. S. B. JACKSON.

1. Bless - ed Lord, and on - ly Sav - ior, Look in Thy com-pas - sion
2. In our sor - row be Thou near us; In our toil and tri - al

On Thy peo-ple, and hear us; In Thy sight O grant us fav - or;
Be our Rock and sal - va - tion; In the hour of dang - er, hear us;

Form us to Thy per - fect fash-ion, and Come Thou gra-cious - ly near us.
Teach us, Lord, Thy self de - ni - al and Lead us o - ver temp - ta - tion.

SOPRANO SOLO.

We would hon-or Thee, love, a - dore Thee, In hu - mil-i - ty bow be - fore Thee,
Life with-out Thee all hope would sev - er; Death with-out Thee is death for - ev - er,

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CHORUS.

Hear us, Lord, hear our pray'r, For with-out Thee all else must van - i - ty be;
Hear us, Lord, hear our pray'r, And re-mem - ber our sins a - gainst us no more,

Hear, Lord, hear our pray'r,

We so oft-en Thy love have slighted, Cling - ing un-to a world be - night - ed,
Be Thou strength for our human weakness; Teach us char-i - ty, love and meek-ness,

CHORUS.

D. C. 2d stanza.

Yet, this hour hear our pray'r, Love us, keep us, and guide us safe - ly to Thee.
Yea, this hour hear our pray'r, Love us, keep us, and guide us safe - ly to Thee.

keep, guide,

CODA. *After 2nd stanza only.*

This our plea, Lord, shall be, World without end, world without end, A - men, A - men.

134 SHOW ME THE WAY DEAR SAVIOR.

ALLIE TOLAND CRISS. ALLIE TOLAND CRISS.

1. Show me the way, dear Sav - ior! The shad - ows are fall - ing fast; And
2. Show me the way, dear Sav - ior! The night is so wild and dark; I
3. Show me the way, dear Sav - ior! My cour - age is fail - ing fast; My

thro' the clouds a - bove me No ray of light is cast; The storm is
can - not stem the cur - rent, Un - less Thou guide my bark; Oh, fierc - er
storm-toss'd bark is sink - ing; Shall I be lost at last? Come near - er,

wild - ly ra - ging, The thun - ders loud - ly roar; The rest - less waves are dash -
grows the tem - pest, And wild - er rolls the sea! Help! help me O my Sav -
near - er to me, And speak the word of peace That stills the an - gry wa -

ing A - gainst the wreck-strewn shore.
ior! I trust a - lone in Thee. Show me the way, dear Savior, That Thou wouldst
ters And bids the tem - pest cease.

CHORUS.

have me go; Show me the way, dear Sav-ior, For Thou a - lone dost know.

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JUST AS I AM.

BASS SOLO. VIRGINIA GABRIEL, Arr.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
3. Just as I am—Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, re-lieve,

rit.

And that Thou bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fightings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,
Just as I am—Thy love un-known Hath bro-ken ev-'ry bar-rier down,

To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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STEADY, BROTHERS, STEADY.

H. R. TRICKETT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Vigorously.

1. Dark is the night, and the waves run high, Stead-y, brothers, steady!
2. Swift on the wings of the roar-ing wind, Stead-y, brothers, steady!
3. Steer by the chart, and no harm can come, Stead-y, brothers, steady!

8va.

Hid are the stars, and the storm-clouds fly, Be read - y, my brothers, be
Fly thro' the night and the day - light find, Be read - y, my brothers, be
Sail thro' the storm and we'll all reach home, Be read - y, my brothers, be

read - y. Cap - tains have we who de - liv - 'rance will bring,—
read - y. Day - light shall o - pen her win - dows of gold;
read - y. Com - rades have we who are safe on the shore —

8va.

Dark - ness and day - light are one to our King, He will de - liv - er, so
Safe - ty and Par - a - dise we shall be - hold, Shout ye for glad - ness, oh,
Com - rades a - wait - ing to greet us once more, Com - rades from whom we will

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joy - ful - ly sing, All glo - ry to Je - sus, our Sav - ior.
hearts, true and bold, All glo - ry to Je - sus, our Sav - ior.
part nev - er-more, All glo - ry to Je - sus, our Sav - ior.

CHORUS.

Stead-y, stead-y, stead-y, Fear ye not the bil-lows roll - ing high;
Stead-y, stead-y, broth - ers, stead - y, Fear not bil - lows roll-ing high;

Stead-y, stead-y, stead-y There's a star illumes the dark-est sky. . . . .
Stead-y, stead-y, broth-ers, There's a star il - lumes the sky, the darkest sky.

Storms will soon be past, The har-bor gain'd at last, All glo - ry be to Je-sus, our Sav-ior.

SONS OF PRAISE, AWAKE!

Partly written by A. O. OLIVER

Sons of praise, a - wake, a - wake, a-rise, Thrill with songs of praise the

Sons of praise a-wake, a-rise, Thrill with songs of

skies, a-wake! a-rise! Fill the star - ry, star - ry vault of space, Sing God's

praise the skies, Fill the star - ry vault of space,

Go to Coda after D. C.

won - drous love and grace, So sweet and strong,

Sing God's wondrous love and grace, At His touch so sweet and strong, Des-erts

And feed the throng, Ev - 'ry where clothe the

bloom and feed the throng! Life and beauty ev - 'ry where Clothe the earth in

earth in beauty fair, At His touch, so sweet and strong, Deserts bloom and feed the

beau - ty fair At His touch so sweet and strong, Deserts bloom and

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throng, Life and beauty ev-'ry where, Clothe the earth in beau-ty fair;
feed the throng, Life and beau-ty ev-'ry where, Clothe the earth in beau-ty fair;

His do-min-ion is from sea to sea, His the glo-ry shall for-ev-er be;
His do-min-ion is from sea to sea, His the glo-ry shall for-ev-er be;

D. C.

Pow'r and maj-es-ty to Him be-long, And His praise for ev-er be our song;
Un-to Him, un-to Him, And His praise for ev-er be our song;

CODA.

Maj-es-ty and pow'r are His a-lone, Whom an-gels wor-ship on the throne,

Thro' e-ter-ni-ty shall roll the song, Of praise, praise for aye. A-men.

140 WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?

JENNY E. HUSSEY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

SOLO, BARITONE or ALTO.

1. Had you dwelt in Bethl'hem cit - y When from
2. Had you dwelt in some fair val - ley 'Mong the
3. Had your eyes be - held the scourging Pur - ple
4. Had you like the lov - ing Ma - ry, Ear - ly

heav'n to earth came down Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Who for us left
hills of Gal - i - lee, When the Christ with His dis - ci - ples Walked and talked be-
robe, and crown of thorn, When the un - be - liev - ers mocked Him Would you then have
hastened thro' the gloom, Would your lips have framed the ques-tion, "Who has borne Him

throne and crown, Would you then, like watching shepherds Earnestly the Child have sought–
side the sea, Teach - ing les-sons from the lil - ies, How they neither toil nor spin,
shared their scorn? Or, like quick, im-pet-uous Pet - er, Read - y e'en with Him to die,
from the tomb?" Then what joy to hail Him ris - en, On that morning fair and bright,

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Would you, like the three who jour - neyed, Pre - cious gifts to Him have brought?
Yet your heav'n-ly Fa - ther robes them—Would your heart have let Him in?
O - ver come by Sa - tan's pow - er, Just as read - y to de - ny?
From the grave that could not pris - on Christ, the Lord of life and light.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Tell me, tell me, had you been there In the land of blest Ju - de - a,

Would you then the star have fol - lowed, Till you found the Guest so dear,

DUET.

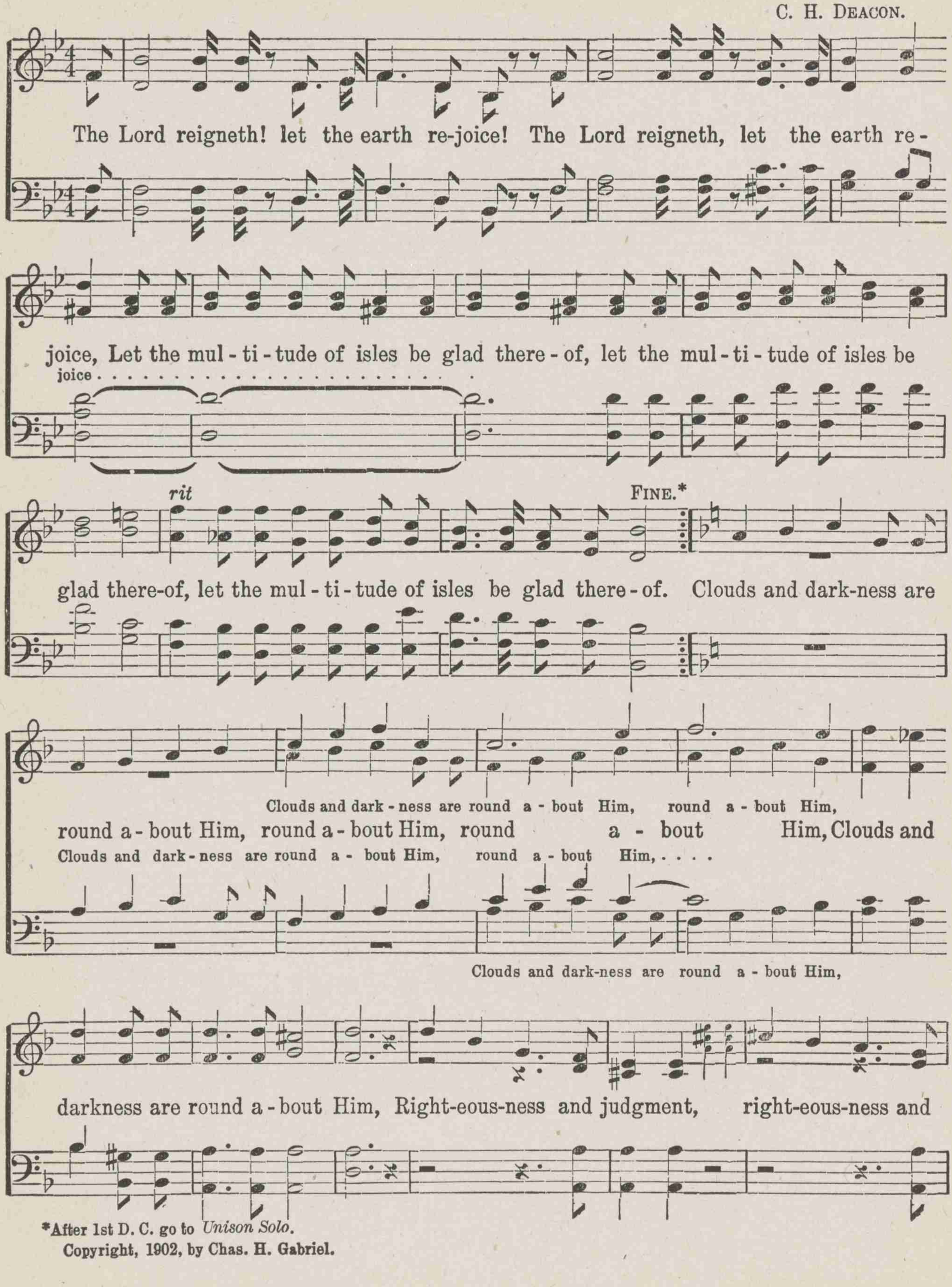
Ly - ing in a low - ly man - ger, In the sta - ble dim and drear?

ALL VOICES.

Ly - ing in a low - ly man - ger, In a sta - ble dim and drear?

THE LORD REIGNETH.

C. H. DEACON.



*After 1st D. C. go to *Unison Solo*.

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D. C.

judg - ment, right-eous-ness and judg-ment are the hab - i-ta-tions of His throne.

are the hab - i - ta - tions of His throne.

SOLO. *Unison.*

The heav'ns de - clare His right-eous-ness, and all the peo - ple see His glo - ry, see His

glo - ry, see His glo - ry, see His glo - ry, all the peo-ple see His glo - ry;

The heav'ns de-clare His right-eous-ness, and all the peo - ple see His glo - ry;

D. C. al Fine.

The heav'ns de-clare His right-eous-ness, and all the peo - ple see His glo - ry.

GOD KNOWS.

Mrs. Mary McCrae Culter. Chas H. Gabriel.

Baritone Solo.

1. Who knows what lies be - yond this mo - ment fair and sweet?
2. Who knows what lies be - yond the clouds we so much fear?
3. God holds what lies be - yond, and this we sure - ly know,

Who knows the path which spreads be - fore our wand - 'ring feet?
Who knows what light doth shine be - fore the dark - ness drear?
That on - ly what is best on us He will be - stow.

What lies be - fore of grief, or hope, or ra - diant cheer?
Who knows to what fair heights the val - ley path may climb,
His love lies on be - yond; His care is o - ver all,

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Ah! who can tell to - day what shall to - night ap - pear?
Or what bright joys will come to us in God's own time?
And in His arms of love no e - vil can be - fall.

CHORUS.

God knows, He knows, . . . then do not fear . . . . . He leads the way,—. . . His strength is
God knows, He knows, oh, do not fear He leads the way,—

near; . . . . . God knows the way . . . . . . He knows the need; . . . . Our souls may
His strength is near; God knows the way He knows the need; Our

CODA. *After Last stanza,* *rit.*

trust while He doth lead. God knows, He knows, God knows, He knows.
souls may trust while He doth lead. God knows, He knows, ...

146

HE CARETH FOR ME.

Mrs. GRACE WIESER DAVIS. Dr. H. R. PALMER.

1. As our heav - en - ly Fa - ther the spar - row's fall doth know,
2. As our heav - en - ly Fa - ther for lil - ies, too, doth care,
3. As our heav - en - ly Fa - ther the grass doth clothe so well;
4. Take no thought for the mor - row, thy heav'n - ly Fa - ther knows

As wav - ing leaf on the tree - top He notes as it fall - eth low,
Doth clothe with ex - qui - site beau - ty in pur - i - ty, oh, so fair;
As e'en the ti - ni - est in - sect He sees in its pu - ny cell;
The things that we stand in need of, He in - fi - nite mer - cy shows;

As e'en thy hairs are num - bered, let this thy com - fort be,
As spar-rows toil and spin not, yet by thy God are fed,
So pre - cious soul He know - eth thy life's mi - nut - est care,
Seek first for God's own king - dom set up with - in thy heart,

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Much more, O pre - cious loved one, thy Fa - ther cares for thee.
Much less will He for - get thee; thou shalt be safe - ly led.
And, praise His name, He deign - eth thy bur - dens all to bear.
And all things shall be add - ed; then "choose the bet - ter part."

p CHORUS. *f* *cres.* *ff*

He cares for me! He cares for me! Sing to thy - self each day!

p *f* *cres.* *ff*

He cares for me! He cares for me! In all things, and al - way.

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

f *p* *dim.* *p*

148

GOD IS NOT FAR AWAY.

ADA POWELL and C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. This tho't gives sweet - est com - fort, How - ev - er dark the day, As
2. My heart grows faint and wea - ry, But I can tru - ly say, I
3. His love is strong and change-less, And bears me thro' the fray, When

long and drear the jour - ney— God is not far a - way; When
trust Him thro' temp - ta - tion— God is not far a - way; No
fierce the bat - tle rag - es— God is not far a - way; Then

clouds hang dark-ly o-ver me, And sor - row's ash - es cov - er me, Al -
mat - ter where He lead-eth me, I'll go—for there He need-eth me; He
come what e'er He send-eth me, For grace and strength He lend-eth me, And

might - y to de - liv - er me,—
lov - eth, keep - eth, feed - eth me— God is not far a - way . . . God is not
from all harm de - fend - eth me—

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cres. *f*

far . . . . . a - way, ... God is not far . . . . . a - way.

rit.

CHORUS.

I would be near - er, near - er, And ev - er will I pray

To have the sweet as - sur - ance, God is not far a - way.

CODA. *Last time only.*

Come good or ill, I'll trust Him still, and say God is not far away.

Come good or ill, ... I'll trust Him still.

rit.

*May be used as a solo.

O SACRED HEAD.

PAUL GERHARDT. Arr. with additional melody, by C. H. G.

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound-ed, With grief and shame weighed down, Now scornful-
2. What language shall I bor - row, To thank Thee, dear-est Friend, For this, Thy

ly sur - round - ed With thorns Thy on - ly crown; O sa - cred Head, what
dy - ing sor - row Thy pit - y with-out end? O make me Thine for-

glo - ry, What bliss till now was Thine; Yet tho' de-spised and go - ry,
ev - er; And should I faint-ing be, Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er,

I joy to call Thee mine, What Thou, my Lord, hast suf-fered, Was
Out-live my love to Thee, Be near me when I'm dy - ing; O

all for sin - ners' gain: Mine, mine was the transgression, But Thine the
show Thy cross to me; And for my res - cue fly - ing, Come,

dead - ly pain; Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I re - sume Thy
Lord and set me free, These eyes, new faith re - ceiv-ing From Je - sus shall not

place; Look, on me with Thy fav - or, Vouch-safe to me Thy grace.
move, For he who dies be - liev - ing, Dies safe - ly thro' Thy love.

rit. *D. C. 2d stanza.*

CODA. *After 2d stanza,*

O show Thy cross to me, Come, Lord, and set me free!

O show . . . . . Thy cross to me, Come, Lord, and set me free!

Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I re - sume Thy place; Look on me

re - sume Thy place;

with Thy fav - or, Vouchsafe to me Thy grace, A - men, A - men.

Vouch - safe to

152

WE WALK TOGETHER.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY. CARL. FISCHER.

SOPRRNO SOLO.

1. We walk to - geth - er, my Lord and I, A - long the king's high - way;
2. We walk to - geth - er, thro' joy or pain, In fel - low - ship com - plete;

He leads me gen - tly, no fear have I, He guards me night and day.
To live is Christ and to die is gain, And work for Him is sweet,

We walk to - geth - er, He leads the way, No e - vil can I
We walk to - geth - er, my Lord and I, Oh, praise His ten - - der

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rit-

fear, But fol - low Je - sus from day to day, Con - tent while He is near.
love, He'll guide me safe to my home on high, In realms of bliss a - bove.

rit.

CHORUS.

Thro' days of sun - shine or clouded sky, We walk to - geth-er my Lord and

I, We walk to - geth - er, my Lord and I.

rit. a tempo,

HEAR OUR PRAYER.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. Arranged and partly written by G.



Un - to thee, our gra - cious Re - deem - er, Do our thank - ful
D. S.-Thou didst bring to us full sal - va - tion; For our sakes to



songs a - wake; Thou hast our souls be - friend - ed; Thou hast from sin de-
earth came down; For us be - came a strang - er, Slept in a low - ly



After D. S. go from here to sign ⊕



fend - ed; Ac - cept the praise we bring, We plead for Thy name's sake.
man - ger For us despised, Thou, Lord, Didst wear a thorn - y *omit.*
Ac - cept the praise we bring,

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BASS SOLO.

All thro' the days gone by Thy tender care hath been o - ver all;

Thou lookest down in love, Thou dost hear our cry, Thou who markest the spar- row's

fall. Thou nev - er hast for - sak - en

When sor - row's have o'er - tak - en; Thy love re -

Hear Our Prayer.

rit. *D. S.*

mains un - shak - en, For Thou dost hear when on Thee we call.

crown, O hear our pray'r, O hear our pray'r, In mer - cy hear our
crown, Hear our pray'r, hear our pray'r, hear, O hear our

pray'r, O hear our pray'r, O hear our pray'r, In mer - cy hear our
pray'r, hear our pray'r, hear our pray'r, hear O hear our

rit. e dim.

pray'r; To Thee we pray— turn not a - way, Lord, hear our pray'r. . . . .
pray'r; To Thee we pray— turn not a - way, Lord, hear our pray'r.

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

1. The sil - ver cord is loos - ened, And bro - ken is the gold - en bowl;
2. 'Tis but the old, old sto - ry Of "Earth to earth and dust to dust,"
3. Why should we mourn the ab - sent, And why should bit - ter tears be shed?

rit.

The pain, the strug - gle o - ver, Now dwells in peace th' im - mor - tal soul.
The wea - ry hands are fold - ed, The hands that holds no bro - ken trust.
He is not lost for - ev - er,— 'Tis but a sleep,—he is not dead!

(*If sung by a Quartet, this strain should be used as a Duet.*)

He's gone—but fragrant mem'ries hover near;He's gone—and yet his voice we almost hear;
He's gone—but just in - side the gates of gold;He's gone—but 'tis the same old tale re-told;
He's gone—but yon - der on the golden shore He's clasping hands witn lov'd ones gone before;

Pa - tience just a lit - tle long - er, my soul, Pa - tience just a lit - tle

rit. ad liö.

long - er, And thou, too, shalt go, To be at home for - ev - er.

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HOPE THOU IN GOD.

Rev. T. O. Chisholm. Chas. H. Gabriel.



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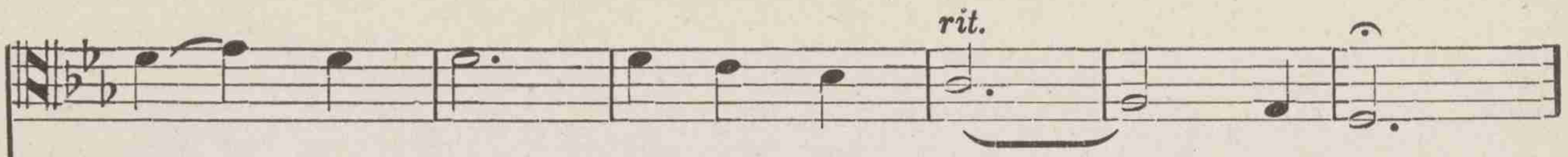
heed - less fears, Bid ev - 'ry doubt be gone.
bliss at length, More joy - ous make thy song.
ness will pass, Thy gray will turn to gold. be gone.

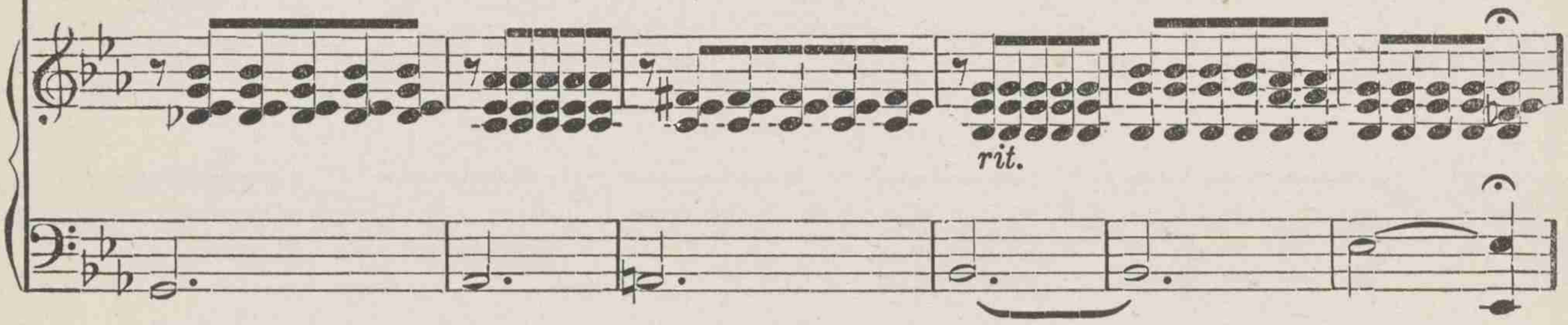
TENOR SOLO.

Be not dis - mayed when tem - pests rage Heed not the
He knows the weak - ness of thy fame, Re - mem - bers
Rest in His faith - ful, ten - der love, Nor seek to

black - ness of the night; He rules a - like in
well that thou art dust, His love for thee will
un - der - stand His ways; Thy face shall yet His

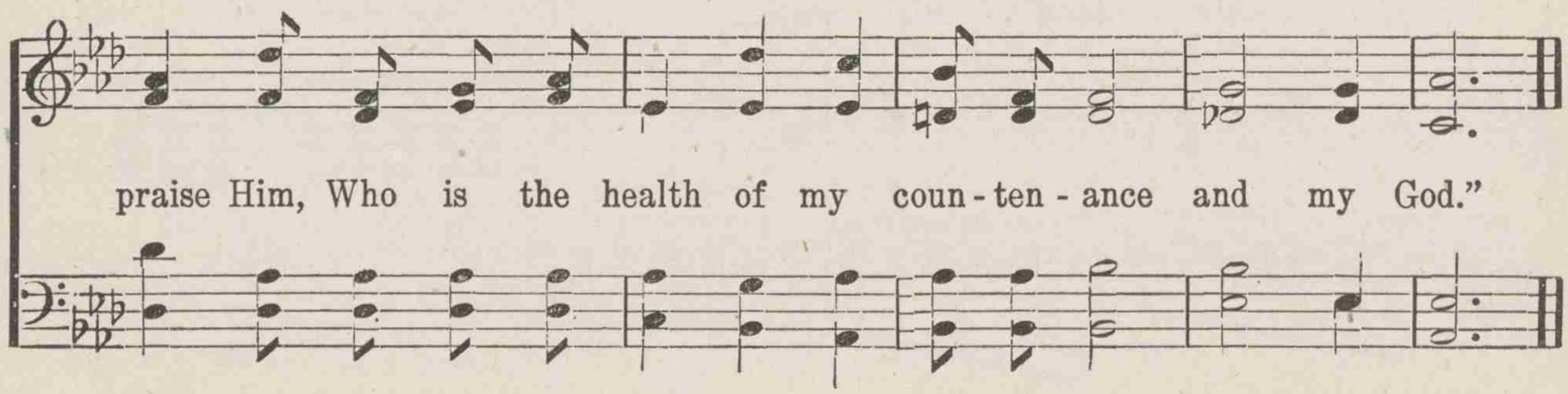
Hope Thou in God.





CHORUS.





ONE LITTLE HOUR.

JESSIE H. BROWN. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. One lit-tle hour for watch-ing with the Mas-ter, E-ter-nal years to walk with
2. One lit-tle hour to suf-fer scorn and loss-es, E-ter-nal years beyond earth's
3. One lit-tle hour for wea-ry toils and tri-als, E-ter-nal years for calm and

Him in white; One lit-tle hour to brave-ly meet dis-as-ter, E-ter-nal
cru-el frowns; One lit-tle hour to car-ry heav-y cross-es, E-ter-nal
peace-ful rest; One lit-tle hour for pa-tient self-de-ni-als, E-ter-nal

CHORUS.

years to reign with Him in light.
years to wear un-fad-ing crowns. Then souls be brave and watch un-til the
years of life where life is blest.

mor-row! A-wake! a-rise! your lamps of pur-pose trim; Your Sav-ior speaks a-

cross the night of sor-row; Can ye not watch one lit-tle hour with Him?

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THE ADVENT SONG.

Rev. W. R. FITCH. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. How sweet the song the an - gels sang That night on Beth - l'hem's plain;
2. Down thro' the years since that glad night, The world has felt the thrill,
3. Song of the Ad - vent, hear me still, And on each Christ-mas day,

The Ju - dean hills with mu - sic rang, And joined in the re - frain,
The ho - ly rapt - ure and de - light Which comes from God's Good Will,
In all our hearts peace and good will Hold un - dis - pu - ted sway,

"Peace here on earth, ... good will to men," . . . . . .
And peace, like the . . . . . full riv - er's flow, ...
To Him who is . . . . . the Prince of Peace, ...

And ev - 'ry heart . . . . . grew strong With faith, and hope, ...
Has poured it's tide . . . . . on them, Who in their hearts . . . . .
The sup-pliant knee . . . . . we bend; His king - dom He . . . . . .

and cour - age, when . . . . . They heard the Ad - vent song.
have come to know . . . . . The Christ of Beth - le - hem.
will here in - crease . . . . . His reign shall nev - er end.

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THE WISE MEN.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.
SOLO.

Dr. S. B. JACKSON.

1. Oh, the wise men said, We have seen His star, Guid - ing us to Him
2. And the wise men bro't Ma - ny gifts, and myrrh, Where the ho - ly babe
3. Oh, ye wise men, now, When you see His star Thro' the cen - tur - ies

From our land a - far; Tell us where He reigns! Ju - dah's King is He! We would
And His moth - er were; Glad-ly worshipped Him, Bow - ing at His feet, With their
Shin - ing from a - far, Haste with ea - ger feet, All your treasures bring; Give your

CHORUS.

greet Him now, And His glo - ry see. Oh, the wise men said, We have seen His
gifts so rare, And their in - cense sweet. And the wise men bro't Ma - ny gifts, and
lives a gift, To the reign - ing King. Oh, ye wise men, now, When you see His
star, Guid - ing us to Him From our land a - far; Now tell us where He
myrrh, Where the ho - ly babe And His moth - er were; They glad - ly worshipped
star Thro' the cen - tur - ies Shin - ing from a - far, Oh, haste with ea - ger

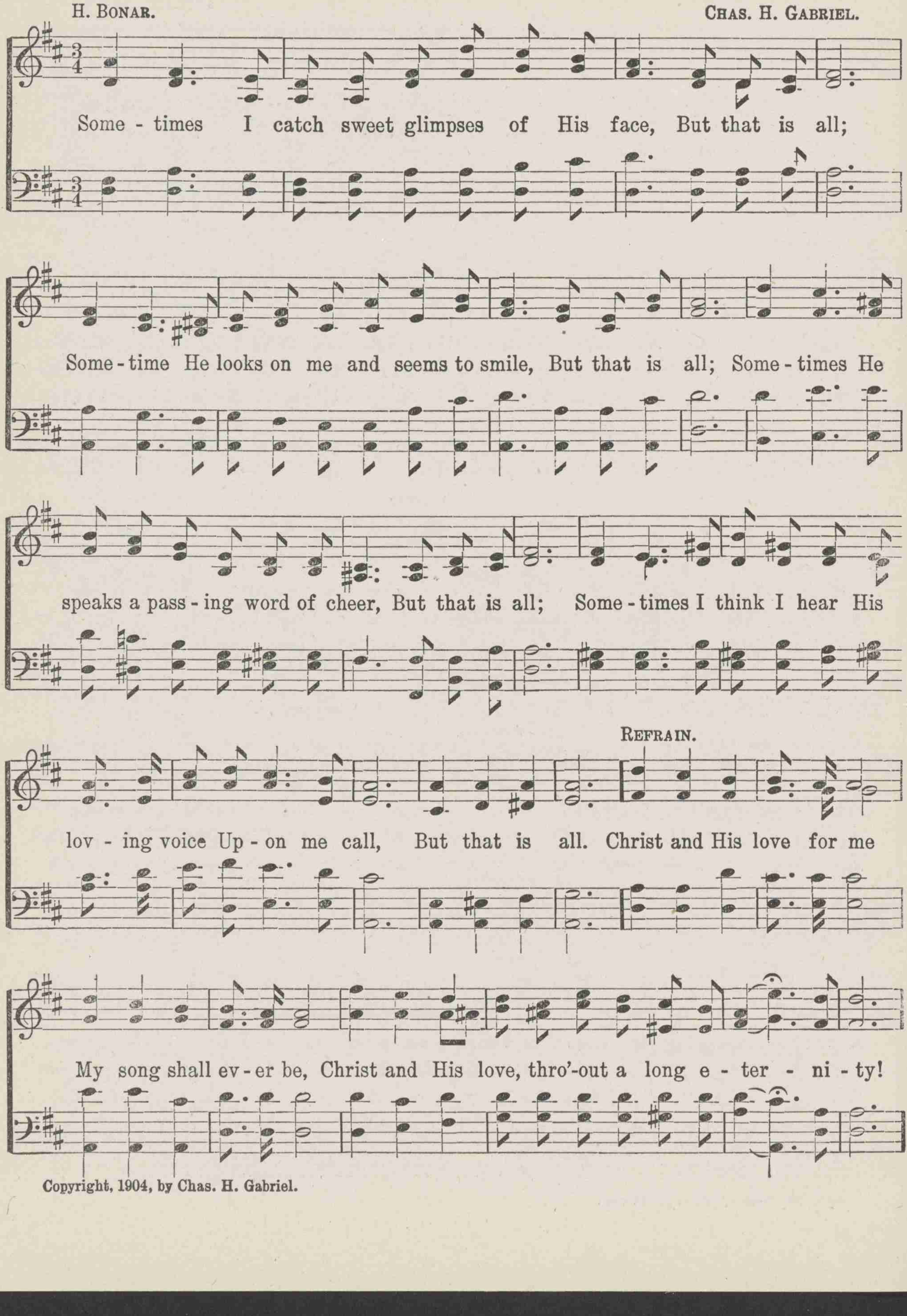
rit.

reigns! Ju-dah's King is He! We would greet Him now, And His glo - ry see.
Him, Bow - ing at His feet, With their gifts so rare, And their in - cense sweet.
feet, All your treasures bring, Give your lives a gift To the reign - ing King.

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CHRIST AND HIS LOVE.

H. BONAR. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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ALTO.

And is this all He meant when thus He spoke?

CHOIR.

"Come un - to me!"

Is there no deep - er, more en - dur - ing rest?

CHOIR.

In Him for thee?

Is there no stead - ier light for thee in Him?

CHOIR.

O come and see!

rit.

O come and see! O look, and look a - gain.

CHOIR.

All shall be right.

Christ and His Love.

tempo primo.

O taste His love and see that it is good, Thou child of night! O, trust thou,

trust thou in His grace and pow'r, Then all is bright; Nay, do not wor - ry Him by

heav - y tho'ts, But love His love, Do thou full jus - tice to His ten - der-

rit.

REFRAIN.

ness, His mer - cy prove. Take Him for what He is, Let thy hand

rit.

lie in His, Then shall thy trust-ing soul find rest for - ev - er - more.

WAS IT YOU?

C. D. MARTIN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Some-bod-y vot-ed to ru-in my boy, Was that some-bod-y you?
2. Some-bod-y ar-gued in fa-vor of wrong, Was that some-bod-y you?
3. Some-bod-y turned all my day in-to night, Was that some-bod-y you?
4. Some-bod-y li-censed an-oth-er to sell, Was that some-bod-y you?

Some-bod-y helped his pure life to de-stroy, Was that some-bod-y you?
Some-bod-y hushed in my life a sweet song, Was that some-bod-y you?
Some-bod-y vot-ed to throt-tle the right, Was that some-bod-y you?
That which could turn Par-a-dise in-to hell, Was that some-bod-y you?

CHORUS.

Was that some-bod-y you? . . . . Was that some-bod-y you? . . . .
was it you? was it you?

Some-bod-y vot-ed to ru-in my boy, Was that some-bod-y you? . . . .
was it you?

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TRAVELING HOMEWARD.

JAMES ROWE. IRA B. WILSON.

TENOR. *Obligato.*

1. Trav - el - ing home - - ward, near - er and near - - er Day af - ter day,
2. Wea - ry and worn, yet pa - tient - ly bear - - ing Tri - als and cares,
3. Ma - ny a storm may yet o - ver - take me, Tempted and tried,

1. Traveling homeward, near-er and near-er, Day af - ter
2. Weary and worn, yet pa - tient-ly bear-ing, Tri - als and
3. Ma - ny a storm may yet o - ver - take me, Tempt-ed and

my Sav - ior, to Thee; . . . . . And thro' the dark - - - ness clear-er and
as Thou didst command; . . . . . Cheered by the tho't that Thou art pre-
my spir - it may be; . . . . . Cour - age and faith will nev - er for -

day, my Sav - ior, near - er to Thee; And thro' the dark-ness,
cares, as Thou, as Thou didst command; Cheered by the tho't that
tried by sin my spir - it may be; Cour - age and faith will

clear - - er, Heav - en's glad light is shin - ing for me. . . . . .
par - - ing, Rest for my soul in yon - der bright land. . . . . .
sake me, For I am sure Thou car - est for me. . . . . .

clear - er and clear - er, Heaven's glad light is shin - ing, shin - ing for me.
Thou art pre - par - ing Rest for my soul in yon - der, yon-der bright land.
nev - er for - sake me, For I am sure Thou car - est, car - est for me.

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CHORUS.

Trav - el - ing home - - ward, trav - el - ing home - - ward, Soon I shall meet
Trav-el-ing home-ward, trav-el - ing home-ward, Soon I shall

Soon with the saved in glo - ry ex -

Him face to face, ... Soon with the saved in
meet Him, meet Him face to face,

tol Him, Sing of His love and won - der - ful grace. . . . .

glo - ry ex - tol Him, Sing of His love, His love and won-der-ful grace.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Marcia. *dim.* *cres.*

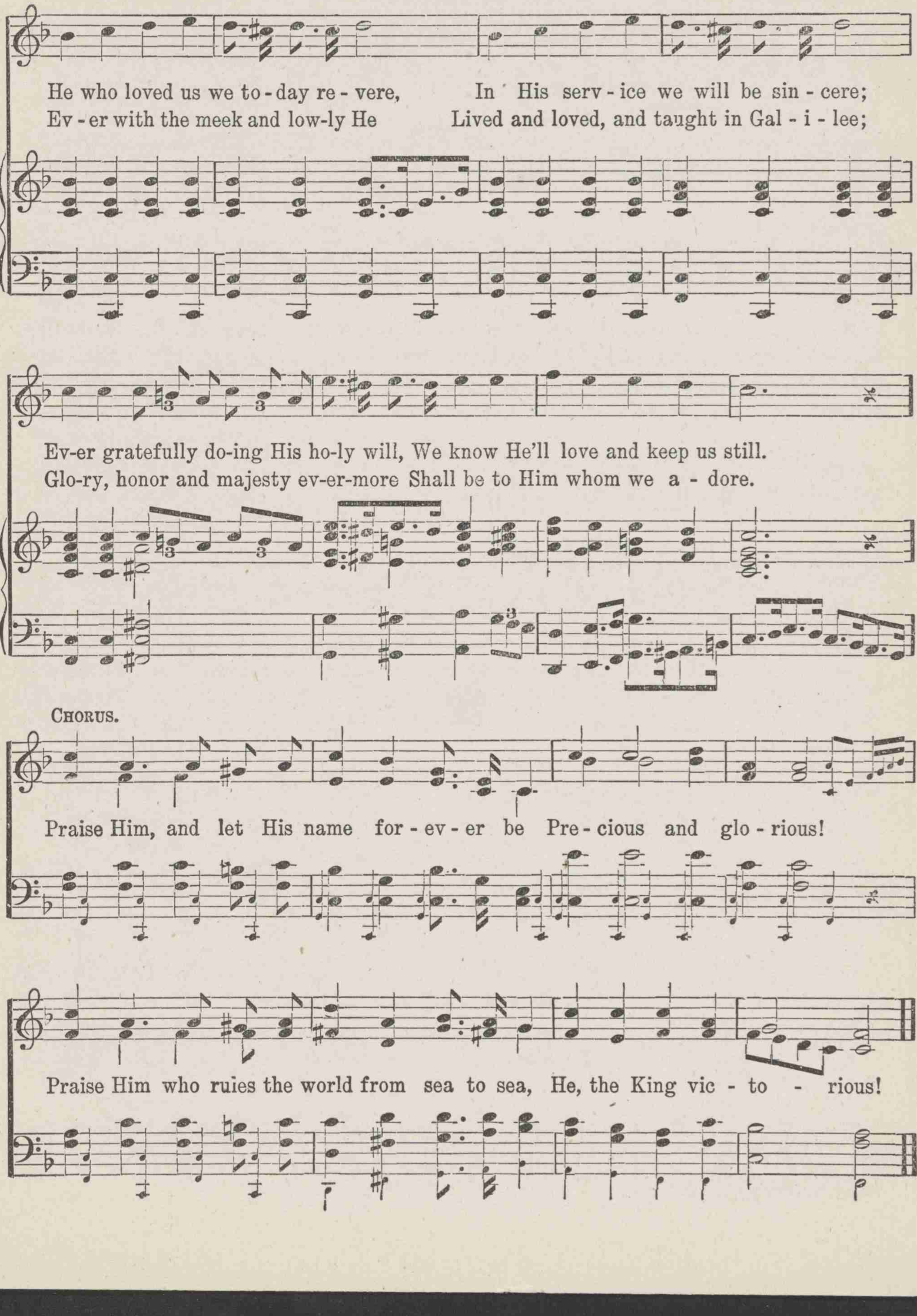
ff

VOICES IN UNISON.

1. Jesus, author of salvation, Into Thy presence we Come in hu - mil-i-ty,
2. All in nature sing His glory! Even the rocks and rills, Mountains and vales and hills,

Heart and voice in exultation, Join in a hymn of praise, And loud a glad ho-san-na raise;
Seem to tell the wondrous story, How to redeem and save A world from sin His life He gave;

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He who loved us we to-day re-vere,
In His serv-ice we will be sin-cere;
Ev-er with the meek and low-ly He
Lived and loved, and taught in Gal-i-lee;
Ev-er gratefully do-ing His ho-ly will, We know He'll love and keep us still.
Glo-ry, honor and majesty ev-er-more Shall be to Him whom we a-dore.
CHORUS.
Praise Him, and let His name for-ev-er be Pre-cious and glo-rious!
Praise Him who ruies the world from sea to sea, He, the King vic-to-rious!

THE STRANGER OF GALILEE.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Solo or Quartett.

1. In fan - cy I stood by the shore, one day, Of the beau - ti - ful murm'ring
2. His look of com-pas-sion, His words of love, They shall nev - er for - got - ten
3. I heard Him speak peace to the an - gry waves, Of that tur - bu - lent, rag - ing
4. Come ye who are driv - en, and tempt-est toss'd, And His grac - ious sal - va - tion

Of the beau - - - - ti - ful

sea; . . . . . I saw the great crowds, as they througed the way Of the Stranger of
be, ... When sin - sick and help - less He saw me there, This Stranger of
sea; . . . . . And lo! at His word are the wa - ters stilled, This Stranger of
see; . . . . . He'll qui - et life's storms with His "Peace, be still!" This Stranger of

murm'r - ing sea;

Of the Stran - -

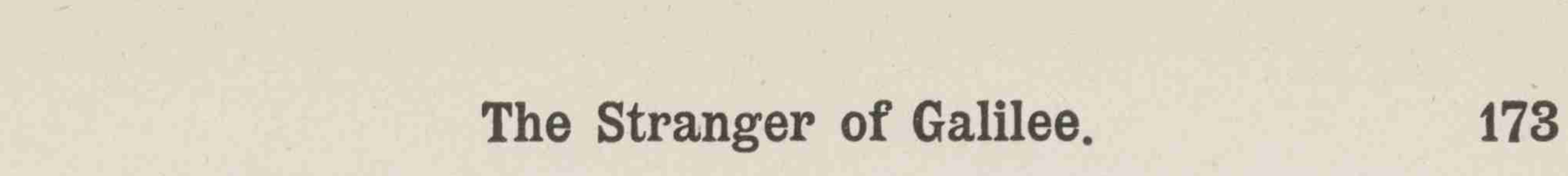
Gal - i - lee; . . . . I saw how the man who was blind from birth, In a
Gal - i - lee; . . . . He showed me His hand and His riv - en side, And He
Gal - i - lee; . . . . A peace - ful, a qui - et and ho - ly calm Now and
Gal . i - lee; . . . . He bids me to go and the sto - ry tell What He

ger of Gal - i - lee;

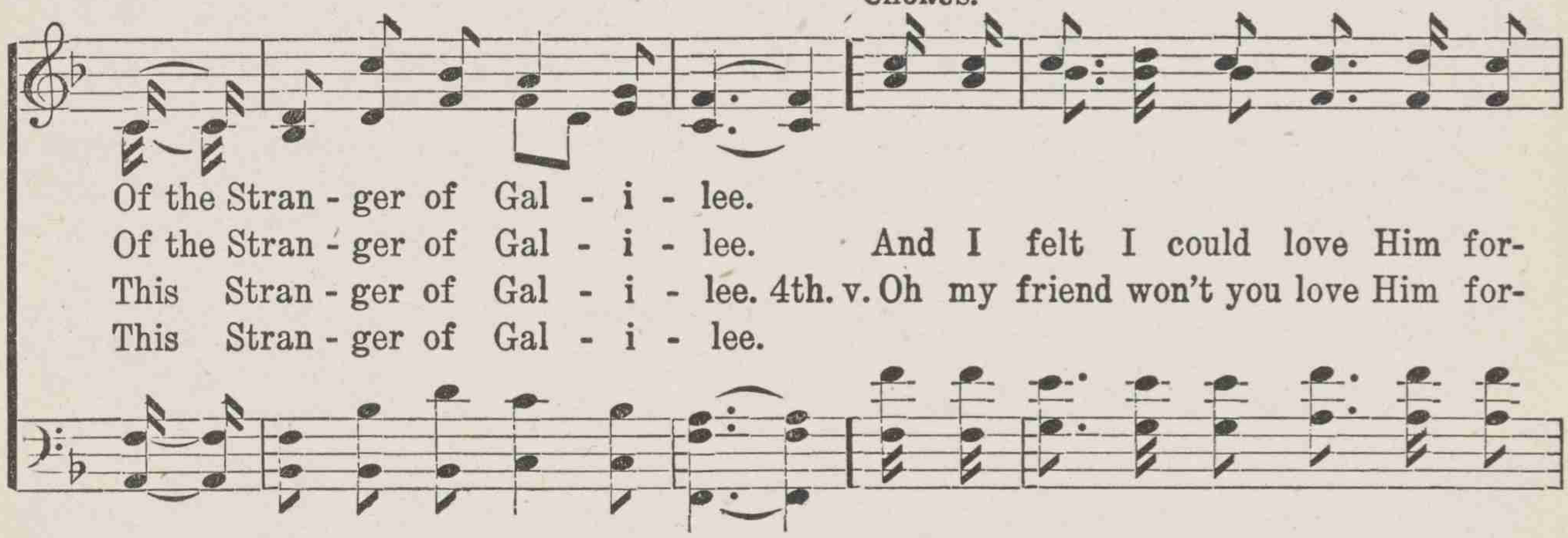
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mo-ment was made to see; . . . . . The lame was made whole by the match-less skill
whispered "It was for thee!" . . . . My bur - den fell off at the pierced feet
ev - er a-bideth with me, ... He hold - eth my life in His might - y hands,
ev - er to you will be, ... If on - ly you let Him with you a - bide,

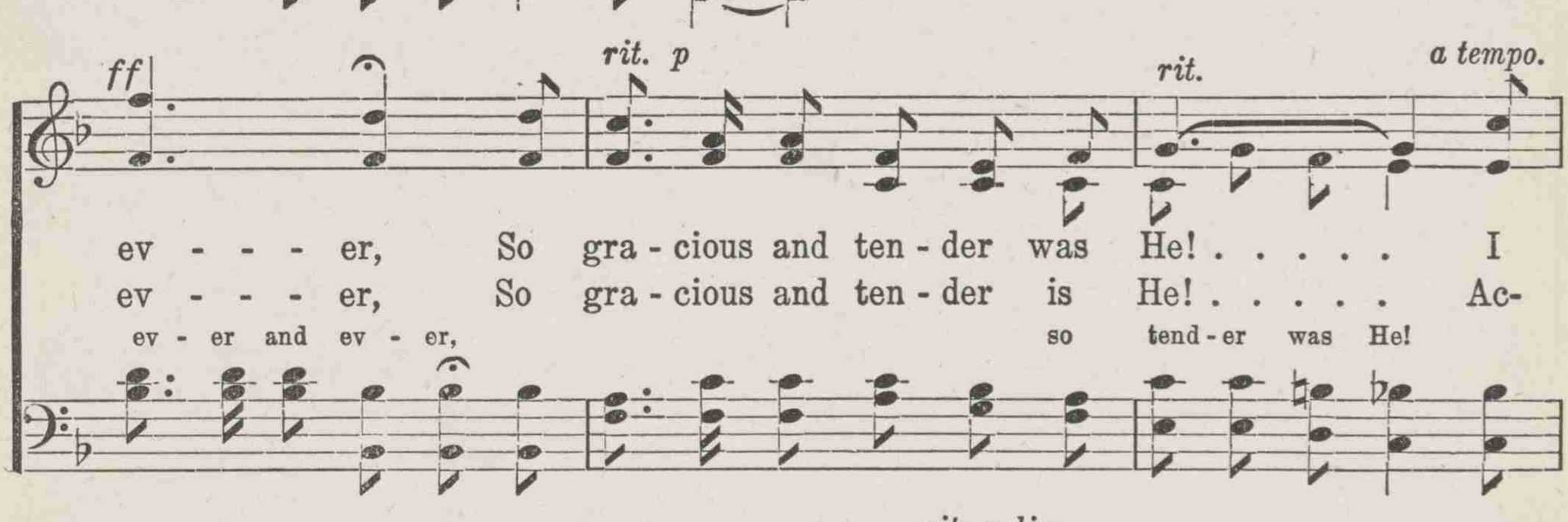


mo - - - ment was made to see;



CHORUS.

Of the Stran - ger of Gal - i - lee.
Of the Stran - ger of Gal - i - lee. And I felt I could love Him for-
This Stran - ger of Gal - i - lee. 4th. v. Oh my friend won't you love Him for-
This Stran - ger of Gal - i - lee.



ff rit. p rit. a tempo.

ev - - - - er, So gra - cious and ten - der was He! I
ev - - - - er, So gra - cious and ten - der is He! . . . . . Ac-
ev - er and ev - er, so tend - er was He!



cres. rit. e dim.

claimed Him that day as my Sav - - ior, This Stran - ger of Gal - i - lee.
cept Him to - day as your Sav - - ior, This Stran - ger of Gal - i - lee.
Lord and my Sav - ior,

THE WATERED LILIES.

Words Arranged

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1 & 2. The Mas-ter stood in the gar-den, A-mong the lil-ies fair, Which His
"My lil-ies need to be wa-tered," The heav'n-ly Mas-ter said: "Where-in

6. His own hands had drawn the wa-ter, To raise the thirs-ty flow'rs, But He
own right hand had plant-ed, And trained with tend'rest care; He looked at their snow-y
shall I draw it for them, And raise each drooping head?" Close by in the well-worn
used the earth-en ves-sel, To draw the liv-ing show'rs; Then un-to it-self it
blos-soms, And marked with ob-ser-vant eye, That His flow'rs were sad-ly
path-way, Soiled, emp-ty, and frail, and small, Was an earth-en ves-sel
whis-pered, As He laid it a-side once more, "I will still lie in His
droop-ing, That their leaves were parch'd and dry, That their leaves were parch'd and dry;
ly-ing, Seem-ing of no use at all, Seem-ing of no use at all.
path-way, Where I al-ways did be-fore, Where I al-ways did be-fore."

Go to Coda after D. C.

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SOLO. SOPRANO.

3. But the Mas - ter saw it and raised it From the dust in which it lay, And

smiled as He gen - tly whis - pered, "This shall do my work to - day."

TRIO. TUTTI. *rit.*

And smiled as He gen - tly whis - pered, "This shall do my work to - day."

And smiled as He gen - tly whis - pered, "This shall do my work to - day."

SOLO. ALTO. 2d.

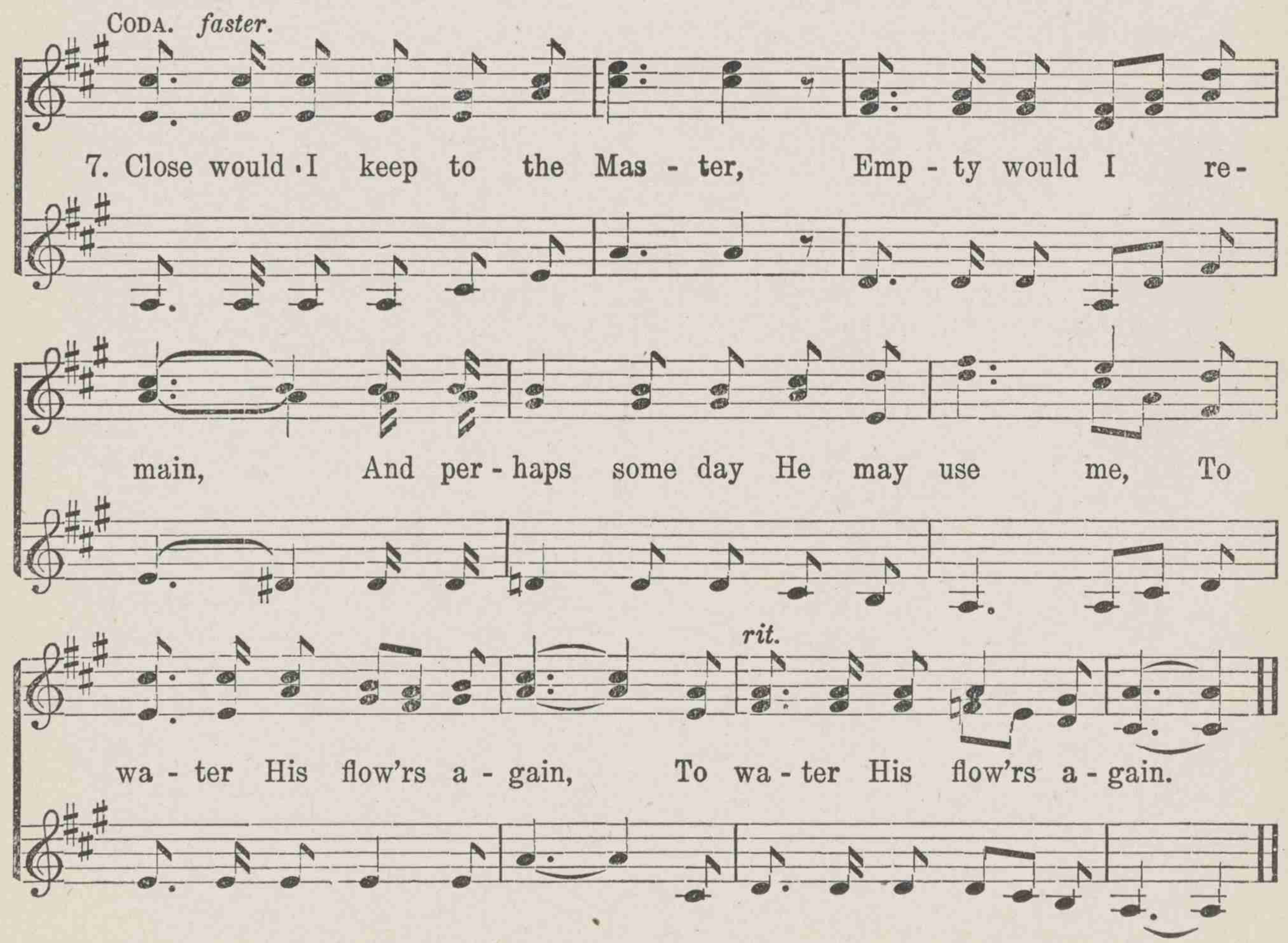
4. "It is but an earth - en ves - sel, But it lay so close to me; It is



5. RECITATION. 1st. Alto.

So to the fountain He took it,
And filled it full to the brim;
How glad was this earthen vessel
To be of some use to Him;
He poured the living waters
Over His lilies fair.

Until the vessel was empty,
And again He filled it there;
He watered the drooping lilies
Until they revived again;
And the Master saw with pleasure
That His work had not been in vain.



PRAYER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. CHAS. H. GABRIEL, Jr.*

God of our sal - va - tion, Our de - liv'rance be;

rit.

Our hearts' des - o - la - tion Cri - eth un - to Thee; As we bow be - fore Thee

rit.

At Thy sa - cred shrine, Hear, for we implore Thee, Make and keep us whol - ly Thine.

SOPRANO or TENOR SOLO.

May we hear Thy voice, like sweetest mu - sic, Speak - ing to us from Thy

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*This is the second composition of my fifteen year old son, and is printed *exactly as he wrote and arranged* the voice parts and accompaniment.—C. H. G,

Prayer.

throne in yon - der world of light, That we may love Thee more, and serve Thee

bet - ter, O lead us up in - to high - er realms from dark-est night.

In Thy lov - ing kind-ness Keep us day by day; Lead! for, in our blindness,

rit.

We should lose the way; Our hearts form and fashion, As our way we take,

rit. *Ending only.*

And in Thy com-pas-sion, Save us all, for Je - sus' sake, A - men.

SOPRANO SOLO. *Obligato.*

When the ev - 'ning shad - ows fall, And the day of life is done, In Thy mer - cy, O

When the ev - 'ning shad - ows fall, And the day is done.

Lord be with us in the hour Of the set - ting of the sun.

Lord be with us In the hour Of the set - ting of the sun, In Thy mer - cy, O

May the shad - ows flee a - way, And the light e - ter - nal shine As we en - ter the

May the shad - ows flee a - way, light e - ter - nal shine

D. S.

port - als of e - ter - ni - ty To be, Lord, for - ev - er Thine. . . .

port - als of e - ter - ni - ty To be, Lord, for - ev - er Thine, . . .

THE LORD IS KING.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

ORGAN.

1. The Lord is King! His reign on earth shall nev - er cease! Let man re - joice
2. The Lord is King! In truth and jus - tice He shall reign; His law con - cede

In Him with heart and voice, His prais - es sing, For, lo! His king - dom
His mandates hear and heed; On joy - ful wing, From mountain, val - ley,

shall in - crease Un - til ev - 'ry knee In hu - mil - i - ty bend - eth
hill and plain, Let our songs a - rise Till the vault - ed skies ech - o

*CHORUS.

to the Prince of Peace! The Lord is King! His prais - - es
with our glad re - frain The Lord of hosts is King of kings, His praise all earth and

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*All male voices sing the bass part; the female voices should be equally balanced on the Soprano, Alto and Contralto.

sing! From sea to sea and shore to shore, All na - tions shall His
heav - en sings

name a - dore! In right - - eous - ness, In pow'r to bless
In maj - es - ty and right - eous - ness, In wis - dom and with pow'r to bless,

He rules a - lone, His name we own, The Lord is King!
Lord is King, the Lord is King!

1

INTERLUDE.

D. S. 2d. stanza.

2

POSTLUDE.

"WHOSOEVER WILL MAY COME."

Mrs. N. P. C.

Mrs. NELLIE PLACE CHANDLER.

1. Wea - ry one . . . . a - far from Je - sus, In the bar - ren paths of sin,
2. Nev - er fear . . . . He will not leave thee; On - ly ask, thou shalt re - ceive;
3. None is like . . . . the bless - ed Sav - ior, No one can such love be - stow;

Hear thy Sav - - ior gen-tly call - ing, Plead-ing thy . . . poor heart to win.
Seek, and thou . . shalt find a bless-ing, On - ly trust . . . Him, and be-lieve.
"Tho' your sins . . be red like crimson, They shall be . . . as white as snow."

CHORUS.

For His yoke is eas - y and His burden is light, Then why will you longer roam? . . .
Then why will you long - er roam?

Hear Him call - ing thee in tones of love, Say-ing "Who-so-ev-er will may
Call-ing, call-ing, call-ing, call-ing thee in tones of love, "Who - so - ev - er

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come," . . . Who-so-ev-er, who-so-ev-er, He will guide you safe-ly

will may come," Who-so-ev-er, who-so-ev-er, Who-so-ev-er, who-so-ev-er,

D. C. 2d and 3d stanzas.

rit. FINE.

home; Who-so-ev-er, who-so-ev-er, Who-so-ev-er will may come;

who-so-ev-er will, Who-so-ev-er, who-so-ev-er,

ALTO or BASS SOLO. *May be omitted.*

4. Give O give thy heart to Je-sus, trust His "who-so-ev-er will,"

D. S. Chorus.

Then His won-drous grace and glo-ry Will thy life with gladness fill.

184 LET ME COME TO THEE.

Dr. M. VICTOR STALEY. ADOLPH JESREAL.

1. Je - sus, in Thy gen - tle mer - cy, O - pen wide Thine arms to me;
4. Oh, those blessed words of Je - sus— "Come thou un - to me and rest"

So wea - ry, lone, by all for - sak - en, Let, oh, let me come to Thee.
How per - fect - ly they soothe the spir - it, How they calm the troubled breast!

SOLO, SOPRANO or TENOR.

2. Long I've else-where sought for guidance, I have search'd, but all in vain.
5. Wild the storms may rage a - bout me, And the billows high may roll;

Thou a - lone, O Lord, canst comfort, And re - lieve this heart of pain.
Yet those words of sweetest comfort, Shall be peace un - to my soul.

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SOLO, ALTO or BASS.

3. Friends may one by one de - sert me, One by one my hopes de - part, And
6. And tho' darkest gloom surrounds me, And my soul is sore op-pressed, Then

one by one misfortunes gath - er, Till despair o'er whelms my heart.
I shall hear Thy kindly wel - come "Come thou un - to me and rest."

CHORUS.

O - pen wide Thine arms, dear Sav-ior Fold me closer, closer to Thy heart, ...
Clos - er to Thy heart,

E'en when wea - ry and dis - cour - aged, Bid me not from Thee de - part.

186 ALL PRAISE TO THEE.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. Arranged by C. H. G.

MALE VOICES.

All praise to Thee, God of our home, land and na - tion! A King art Thou,

wor - thy of high - est ad - o - ra - tion; Un - to Thee do we cry, Thou Su-

preme, Thou Most High! We laud Thee, Fa - ther, for Thy great sal - va - tion.

MIXED VOICES. (*All voices may sing the Soprano in unison, the Organ only taking the harmony.*)

When out on the mount - ains of sin, sore op-pressed, With-out hope for the

dawn of a day of peace and rest, To us from the bright-ness of glo-

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ry a - bove Thou didst fly on the wings of Thy won-der - ful love.

UNISON of VOICES.

No pow'r on earth or in the heav-ens can sev - er From

us Thy love, e - ven Thy love that fail - eth nev - er! Might - y

One, un - to Thee praise and glo - ry shall be Hence-

All Praise to Thee.

forth, now and for - ev - er, for - ev - - - er.

FULL HARMONY.

Ho - san - na! ho - san - na! A - men, a-

men, a - men, a - men, a - men, a - men.

rit.

rit.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. There is for toil a rec - om - pense; There is for faith a rich re - ward;
2. This bless-ed hope to-day is mine, That I thro' grace some day may stand,
3. What heights of rap - ture mine shall be, When wide the pearl - y gates un - fold,
4. I'll sit a - dor - ing at His feet, And kiss the hands once pierced for me;

For wea - ry souls a rest - ing place At home, for - ev - er with the Lord.
And find a - mong the saints re-deemed A rest - ing place at God's right hand.
And eye to eye, and face to face, My Lord and King I shall be - hold.
Up - on His face I'll graze and feast, Thro'-out a long e - ter - ni - ty.

rit.

Chorus.

Oh bless - ed hope, oh rich re - ward, To be for -
Oh bless - ed hope, oh rich re - ward, To

ev - - er with the Lord; To wait my
be for - ev - er with the Lord;

rit.

soul can well af - ford, To be for - ev - er with the Lord.

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190

NO ROOM FOR THEE.

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

1. When the books are o - pened on the judg - ment morn-ing, And the an - gel
2. On that day the sun shall fade a - way for - ev - er, Moon and stars grow

loud - ly cries; When the seas sur - ren - der their im - mor - tal treas-ures,
pale and cold; Dis - tant worlds, dis - solv - ing, with the earth shall crum - ble,

And the count - less dead a - rise; What a glad a - waken-ing, or a
As the heav'ns are backward rolled; From the wrath of God there will be

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time of sor - row To the mill-ions that will be, As the Judge e -
no de - liv'rance, No ap - peal from His de - cree; If you have de -

ter - nal cri - eth: "Come, ye bless - ed," Or: "There is no room for thee."
nied Him here, be sure that morn - ing, There will be no room for thee.

Ye could find no room for Me, Ye could find no room for Me; When I
Will you not make room for Him? Will you not make room for Him? Turn Him

rit.

came to thee, Ye re - ject - ed Me, Now there is no room for thee."
not a - way, Then in that great day There'll be room, be room for thee.

rit.

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