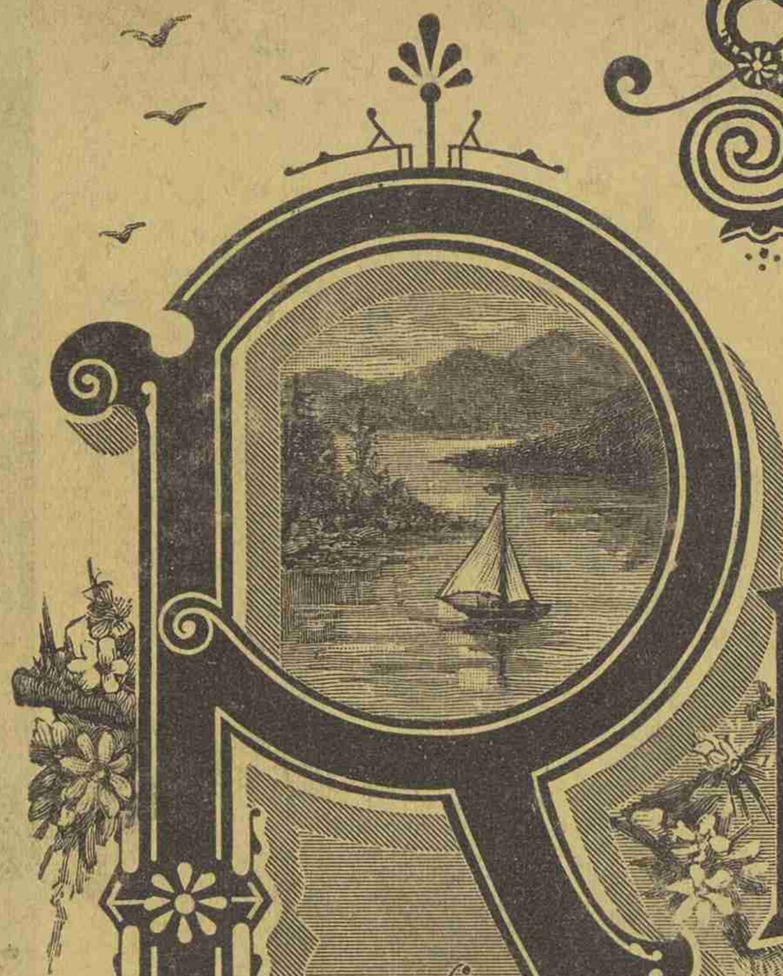
SONGS OF



REJOICING.

BY

FRED·A·

FILLMORE·

Z8
F485.2
1888

FILLMORE BROS., PUBLISHERS,
185 RACE STREET, CINCINNATI, O.

Price, 35 cents; per dozen, by express, not prepaid, $3.60; per dozen, by mail, prepaid, $4.00.

SONGS of REJOICING:

A COLLECTION OF

New Songs for the Sunday-School.

By FRED A. FILLMORE.

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45780

1888
Song A

Psalms xxxiii, 1–5.

REJOICE in the Lord, O ye righteous:
Praise is comely for the upright.
Give thanks unto the Lord with harp:
Sing praises unto him with the psaltery
of ten strings.
Sing unto him a new song;
Play skillfully with a loud noise,
For the Word of the Lord is right;
And all his work is done in faithfulness.
He loveth righteousness and judgment:
The earth is full of the loving kindness
of the Lord.

Philippians iv, 4–7.

REJOICE in the Lord alway: again I will say, Rejoice.

Let your forbearance be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand.

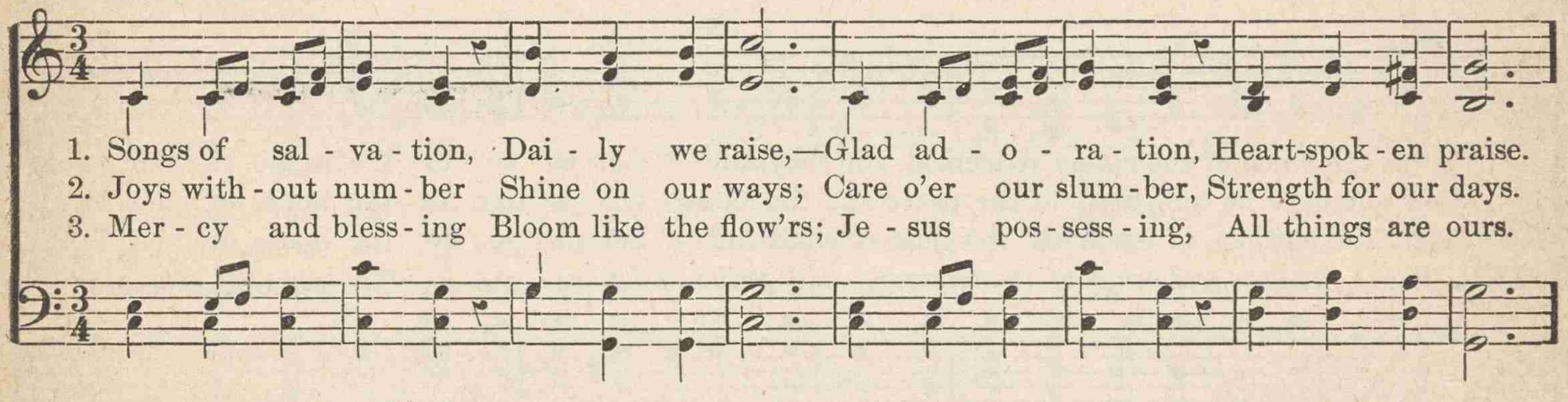
In nothing be anxious; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be known unto God.

And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus.

Songs of Rejoicing.

Songs of Rejoicing.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED A. FILLMORE.



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Let us Go to the House of the Lord.

C. M. F. F. A. F.

1. I was glad, and my heart did rejoice at the sound, When the blest in - vi - ta - tion I heard;
2. All the pleasures of rev - el - ry, pastime and mirth, All the joys that the world can af - ford,
3. May the time come to pass, and the day soon appear, That is prom-ised to us in the Word,

f. Fine.

'T was the voice of the ma-ny redeemed, and they said—"Let us go to the house of the Lord."
Can not once be compared to the peace and the bliss Of a day in the house of the Lord.
That the nations of earth all to - geth-er shall call—"Let us go to the house of the Lord."

D. S. *With anthems and songs of thanksgiv-ing and praise, "Let us go to the house of the Lord."*

CHORUS. D. S.

O come . . to the house of the Lord, O come . . to the house of the Lord;
O come to the house of the Lord, O come to the house of the Lord;

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We Will Follow.

ALICE M. SCHOFF. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. The sun, the moon, the shin - ing stars, All fol - low God's good way, And shall we less o-
2. The small-est things that he has made, The birds, the gen - tle flow'rs, Each lives its life as
3. Since all the earth o - beys his will, Of things both great and small, Much more should we be

be - dient be, Who know him more than they?
he de - creed, In bar - ren wastes or bow'rs. We will fol - low, we will fol - low, Where our
led by Him, Who loves us more than all.

CHORUS.

Lord sees best to guide; We will fol - low, we will fol - low, Ev - er keep-ing near his side.

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Jesus, I Will Trust Thee.

UNKNOWN. J. H. F.

1. Je - sus, I will trust thee, When across my soul, Like a fear-ful tempest Doubts and fears shall roll.
2. Je - sus, I will trust thee; There is none be-side; In thine arms of mer-cy I will ev - er hide;
3. Je - sus, I will trust thee; Trust thee even now; Trust thee when the death-dew Gathers on my brow;

When the tempter cometh, Sure-ly he will flee When I tell him: Je - sus, I am trusting thee.
And for my ac-ceptance, This my on - ly plea— Je - sus died for sin-ners, Je - sus died for me.
Trust thee in the sunshine, Trust thee in the shade; With thy precious shelter, I am not a - fraid.

CHORUS.

Trust - - ing, trust - - ing, Je - sus, I am trust-ing, on - ly thee;
Je - sus, I am trust-ing, Je - sus, I am trust-ing,

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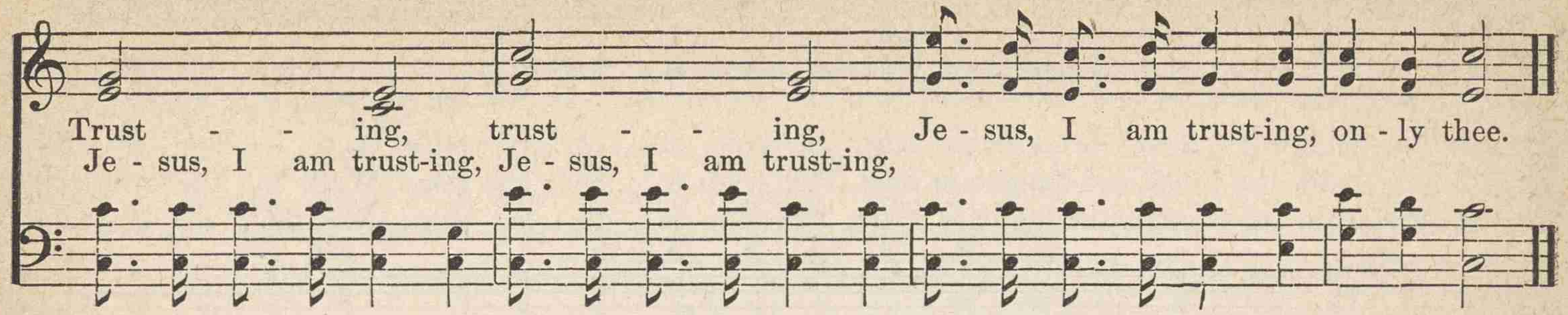
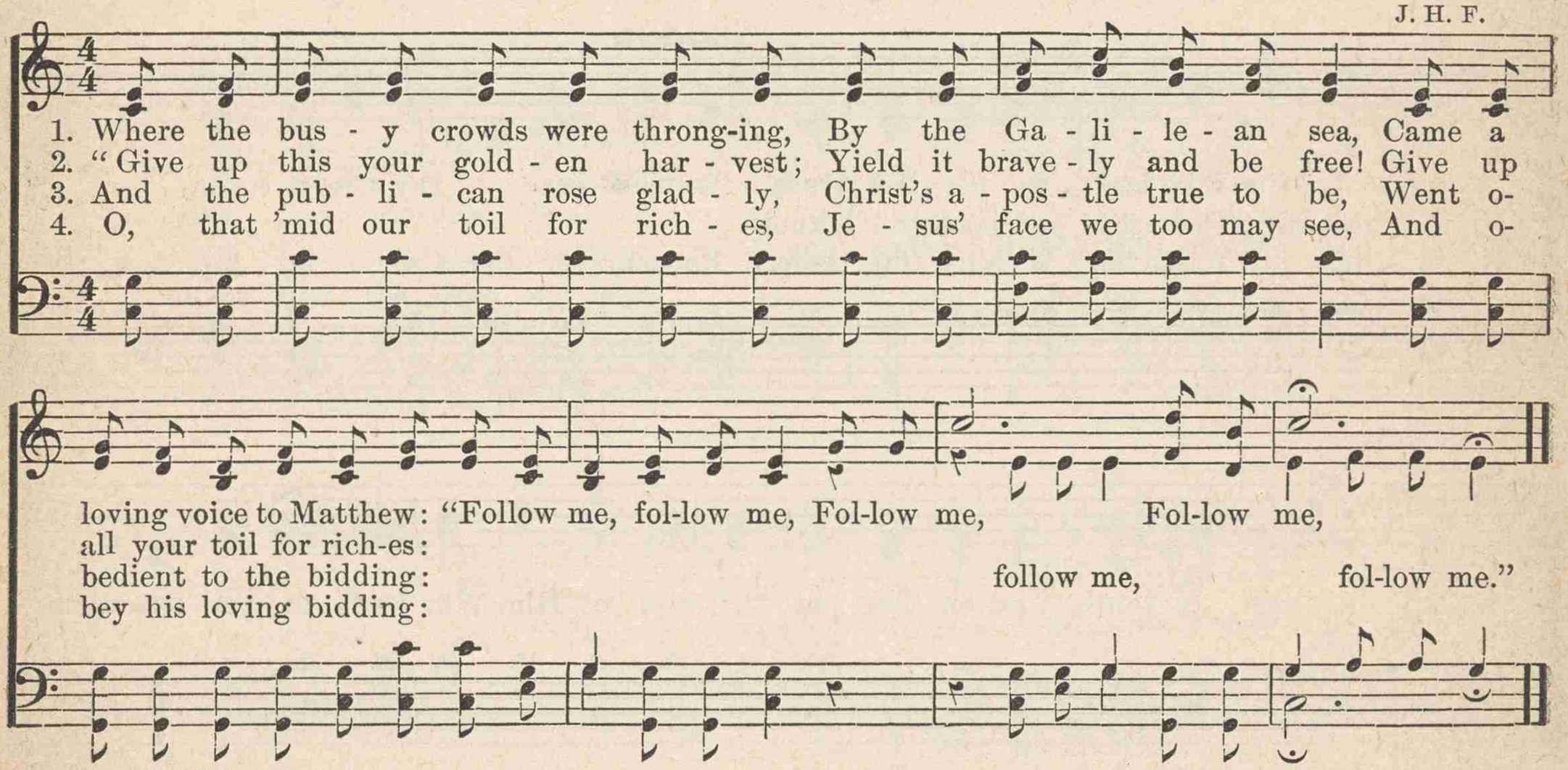

Follow Me.

J. H. F.

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Remember Thy Creator.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Re - mem-ber thy Cre - a - tor now, In days of ear - ly youth, And fol - low in the
2. A - void the broad and dangerous road, That leads to end - less woe; Walk in the strait and
3. Yield un - to Christ your ten - der heart, Entrust it to his care; No tho't of sin can

CHORUS.

ways of Him Who leads to per - fect truth. Re-mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor,
nar - row way, Then joy and peace you'll know.
en - ter in, While he is reign - ing there. Re-mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor now, In

days of ear - ly youth, And fol - low in the ways of Him Who leads to per - fect truth.

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Living Water!

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD, alt.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. "Liv - ing wa-ter!" O how sweet, Liv - ing wa - ter mine; O how precious are the
2. "Liv - ing wa-ter!" in these words There is life to me; As a dy - ing one I
3. "Liv - ing wa-ter!" O how sweet, From the lips of love; Gent - ly on my list'ning

CHORUS.

words, From the lips di - vine.
come, Look - ing un - to thee. "Liv - ing water!" thirsty soul, thirst-y soul, You may
ear, Fall - ing from a - bove.

ask, you may ask of me; "Liv-ing wa-ter!" I will give, I will give, Freely un - to thee.

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Ring Out, Glad Bells.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. J. H. F.

1. Ring out, glad bells, o'er hills and dells, In - vit - ing all the peo - ple, From toil and care to
2. Ring loud and clear, that all may hear The mu-sic of thy peal - ing; And ga - ther in from
3. Ring out the call till one and all Shall hear redemption's sto - ry; Ring peal on peal till

CHORUS.

praise and prayer, Ring, bells, from ev - ery stee - ple. Ring on, ring on, ring
paths of sin, To find the balm of heal - ing. Sweet bells, ring on, ring on,
all shall kneel Be - fore the King of Glo - ry.

on, ring on, Ring on, ring on.
Sweet bells, ring loud and clear, Sweet bells, ring on, ring on, Till all the world shall hear.

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Go Preach and Sing.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. F.

1. Go forth, the world is wide and dark, And wea-ry ones a-stray Are wait-ing for the
2. Go forth, the world is hun-ger-ing For Wisdom's dai-ly bread; Go tell them at their
3. Be-hold the Sun of Righteousness On wings of heal-ing rise! Go bid the world a-

Lamp of Truth, To guide them on their way.
Fa-ther's house A boun-teous feast is spread.
rise and look Be-fore in grief it dies.

CHORUS.

Go, preach the gos-pel, sweet-ly sing The
praise of Zi-on's glo-rious King; A-far o'er all the earth proclaim Till all shall know his name.

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Jesus is Calling.

C. M. F. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Je - sus is call - ing for toil - ers, To work in his vine-yard to - day; When
2. Je - sus is call - ing for reap - ers, To gath - er the bright gold - en sheaves; A
3. Je - sus is call - ing for sol - diers, For sol - diers of cour - age and might; The

even - ing shall come, And the work is all done, Whatev - er is right he will pay.
crown for the head, With jew - els o'er-spread, Each reap-er that's faith-ful re - ceives.
fight may be long, And the foe may be strong, But vic - t'ry be - longs to the right.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is call - ing, Why will ye long - er de - lay, . . .
Je - sus is call-ing, is call-ing, is call-ing, Why will ye long-er de - lay,

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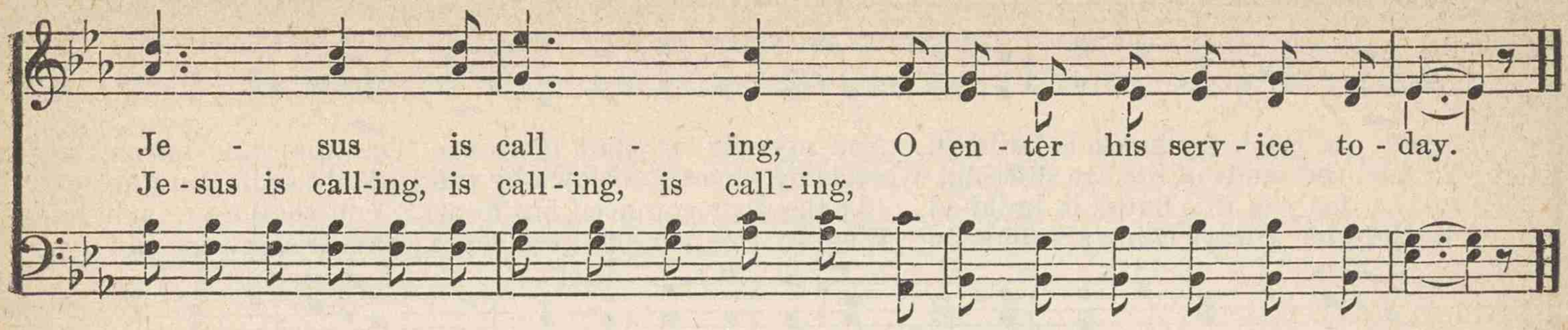
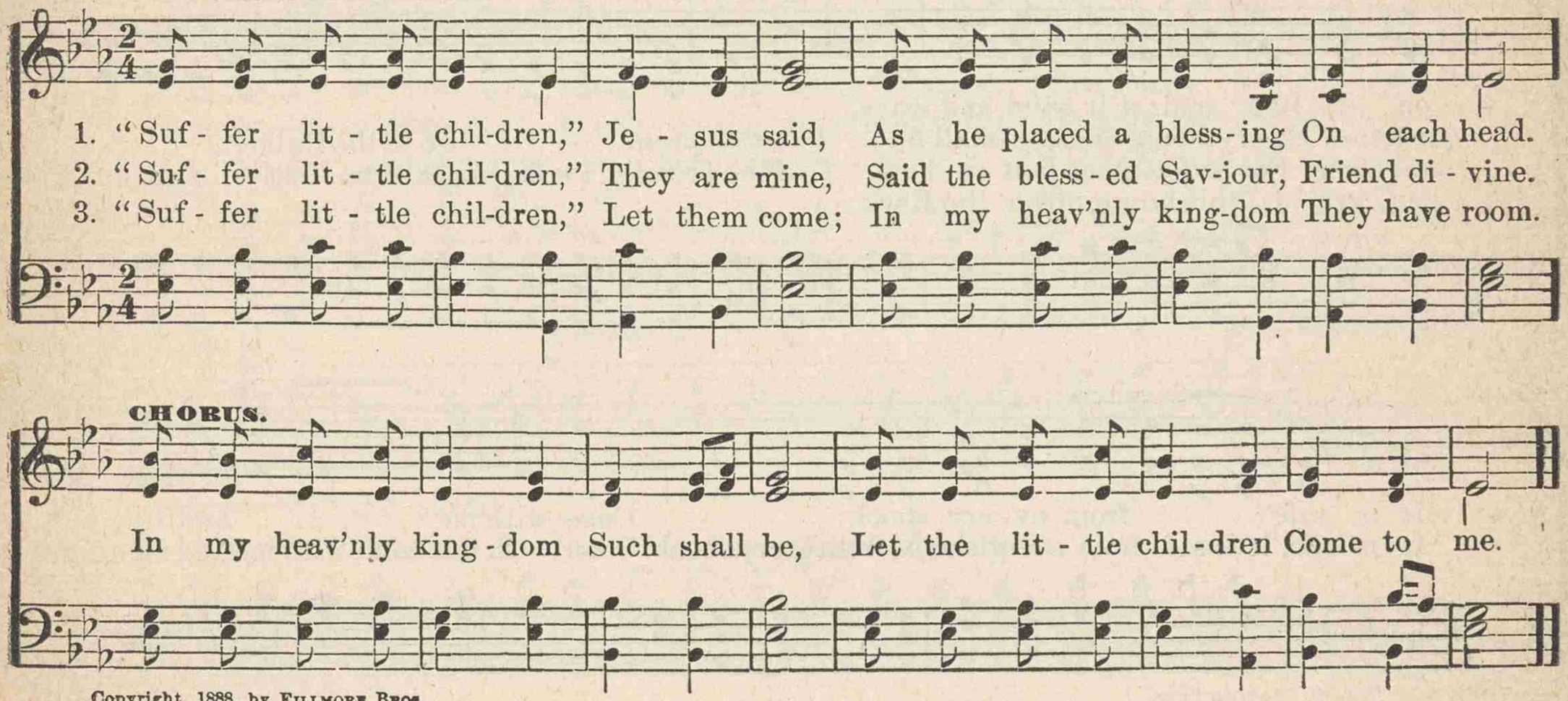

Suffer Little Children.

Words and Music by J. H. F.

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On the Rock.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. On a Rock my house is build-ed, And my spir - it shall be brave, Tho' the rains descend up-
2. Ah! the sands of life are shifting, Washed by waves and blown by wind; And a swift and sure de-
3. O, for you this house is build-ed, At the door you need but knock; You shall enter and be
4. Here is always calm a - bid - ing, What-so-e'er the tem-pest shock; Safe from ev-ery hid-den

CHORUS.

on it, Beat against it wind and wave.
struction Ev-ery house thereon shall find.
wel-come, For it hath not bolt or lock.
dan - ger Is this house up-on the Rock.

I've the prom - - - ise of the Builder, . . .
I've the promise, I've the promise of the Build-er, of the Builder,

It is safe from ev - ery shock; Come with me and live for-
It is safe, it is safe from every shock, from every shock; Come with me, come with me and live for-

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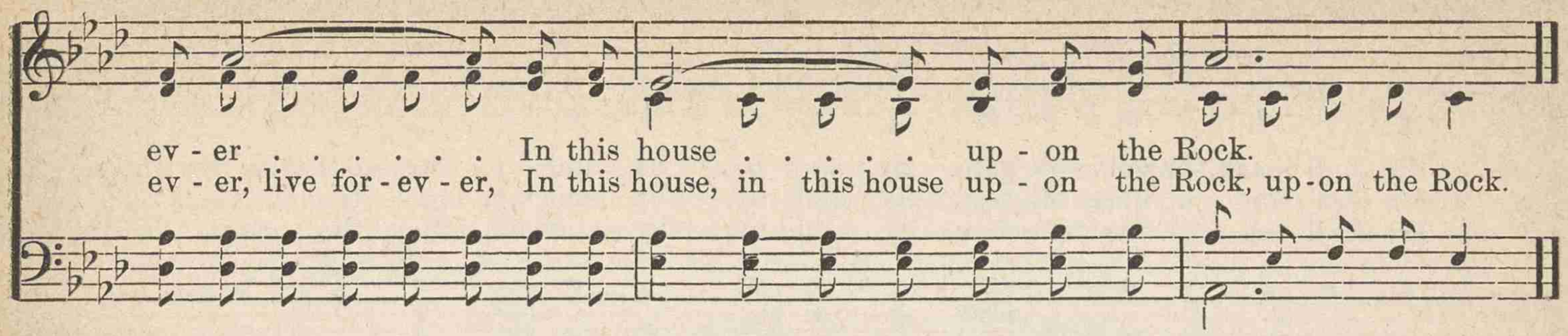
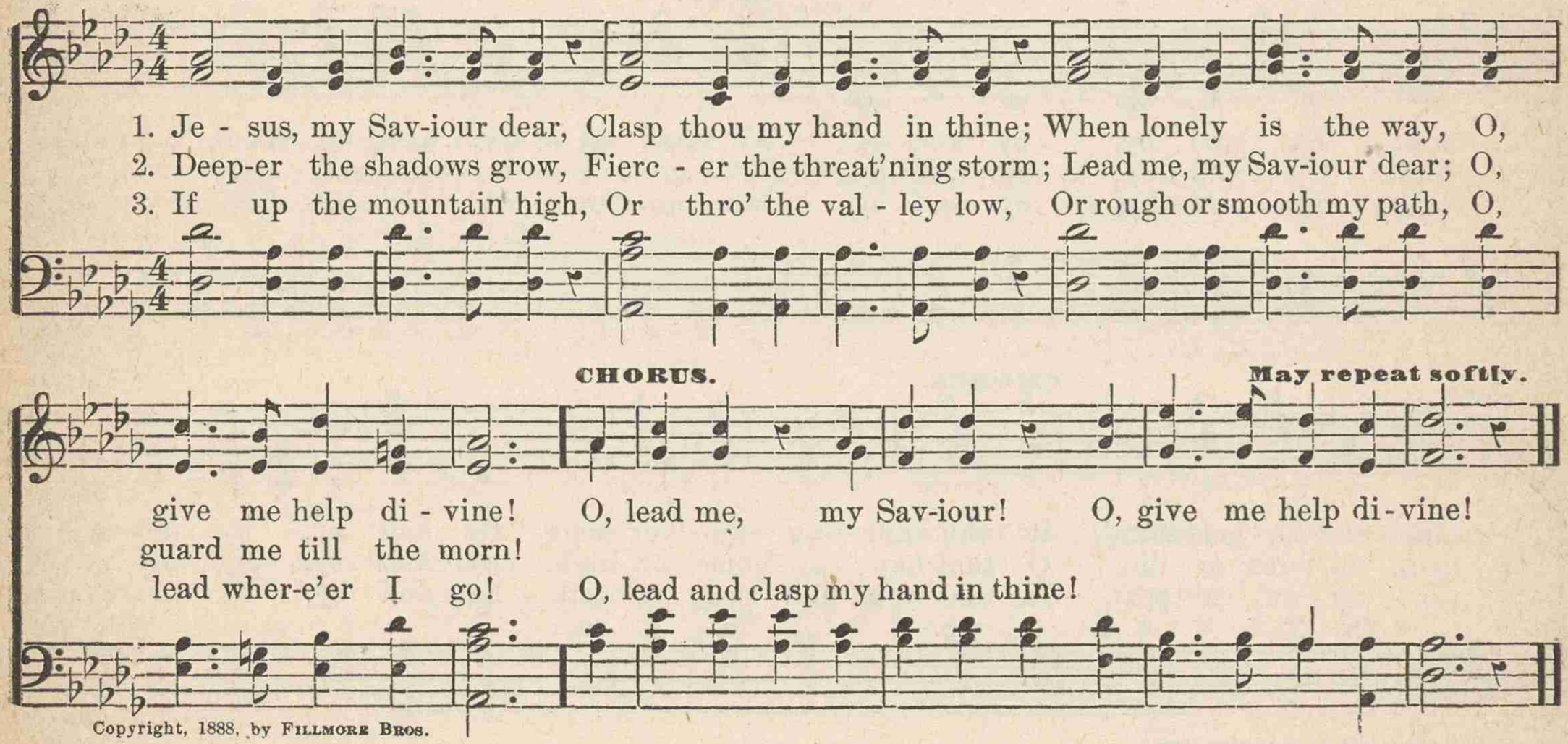


Lead Me.

Words arranged. FRED A. FILLMORE.

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By and By.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. W. A. OGDEN.

1. We shall reach the gold - en gate, By and by, by and by, We shall find the friends who
2. We shall find a bliss - ful rest, By and by, by and by, In the re - gions of the
3. We shall see our Saviour's face, By and by, by and by, Sing the anthem: "saved by

DUET.

wait, By and by, by and by; We shall en - ter, hand in hand, Where the
blest, By and by, by and by; Nev - er - more to breathe a sigh, Nev - er-
grace," By and by, by and by; Cast our crowns at his dear feet, As the

CHORUS.

saints and an - gels stand, In the shin - ing up - per land, By and by, by and by.
more to faint or die, O that hap - py home on high, By and by, by and by.
sto - ry we re - peat, In that safe and sure re-treat, By and by, by and by.

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Come to the Fountain.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Come to the fountain of mer - cy, Come with thy sin and thy woe; Bathe in the life-giv - ing
2. Come to this fountain of heal-ing, Wea - ry ones waiting be - low; Come, and find rest in its
3. Hear the sweet promise of Je - sus, Wait - ing his mer - cy to show; "Come, tho' your sins be like
4. Je - sus "delight-eth in mer - cy," All his sal - vation may know; Come, all the world to this

CHORUS.

wa - ters, Come, and be white as the snow.
wa - ters, Come, and be white as the snow. Come to the fountain of love, . . Come to the
crim-son, They shall be white as the snow." Come to the fountain of love, . .
fountain, Come, and be white as the snow.

fountain of love, . . 'Tis open and free, and waiting for thee, O come to the fountain of love.
. . . Come to the fountain,

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Wondrous Star.

ALANSON WILCOX. FRED A. FILLMORE

1. Wondrous star of Beth - le-hem, Standing o'er the in - fant one; As the guide to ho - ly men,
2. Her - ald an-gels came to earth, Crying "peace, good will we bring;" They rejoiced at Je - sus' birth,
3. Bless - ed Je- sus, may thy love, Change the hearts of sin-ful men; Guide them to thy courts a - bove,

CHORUS.

When they sought God's on- ly Son.
Now let all his prais - es sing. Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Peace on earth, good
Like a star of Beth - le - hem.

will to men; Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Peace on earth, good will to men.

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Precious Name, Dearest Name.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to speak its worth; It sounds like mu - sic
2. It tells me of a Sav-iour's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me of his
3. Je - sus! the name I love so well, The name I love to hear! No saint on earth its
4. This name shall shed its fragrance still A - long this thorn - y road; Shall sweet-ly smooth the

CHORUS.

in mine ear—The sweet - est name on earth. Precious name, dear-est name, I
pre-cious blood, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
worth can tell, No heart con-ceive how dear.
rug - ged hill That leads me up to God.

love to speak its worth (its worth), It sounds like mu - sic to my ear, The dear-est name on earth.

Precious name, dearest name, I

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Whatsoe'er I Can for Jesus.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. I hear the voice of Je-sus say, Why stand ye i-dle all the day? To seek my vineyard
2. I'll quit to-day the i-dle throng, With whom I've loitered now so long, And there, for right, a-
3. If but one tal-ent I com-mand, For Je-sus I will bold-ly stand, And I will toil with
4. Some precious seed that I may sow, May in-to ripened full-ness grow, And rescue some from

haste a-way, And la-bor there for me!
gainst the wrong, Will la-bor all the day.
ear-nest hand In Je-sus' blessed name.
end-less woe, Thro' Je-sus' precious blood.

CHORUS.

I will la-bor late and ear-ly, With the sow-ers and the reap-ers, Do-ing glad-ly, ev-'ry moment, What-so-e'er I can for Je-sus.

By permission.

Little Ones Come.

Words and Music by J. H. FILLMORE.

CHORUS.

1. Je - sus said when here be - low, Lit - tle ones come, lit - tle ones come; And he calls them
D. C. For he said when here be - low, etc.
2. Thus he keeps them day by day, Lit - tle ones come, lit - tle ones come, In the true and still, we know, Lit - tle ones, come to me.

Fine.

DUET.

Tho' we may not be so blest
hap - py way, Lit - tle ones, come to me.
In his king - dom grand and fair,
As were those up - on his breast, Yet to us his word is true, That he loves us too.
All the lit - tle chil - dren are; Those on earth and those a - bove Share his precious love.

D. C.

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He Came For Me.

UNKNOWN. ALEX. C. HOPKINS.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, in Beth-le - hem came, Born in a man - ger to sor-row and shame;
2. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, on Cal - va - ry's tree, Paid the great debt and my soul he set free;
3. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, the same as of old, While I did wan - der a - far from the fold;
4. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, shall come from on high, Sweet is the prom - ise as wea - ry years fly;

f. Fine.

O, it was won - der - ful, blest be his name, Seek-ing for me, Seek-ing for me.
O, it was won - der - ful, how could it be? Dy - ing for me, Dy - ing for me.
Gently and long he has plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, Call-ing for me.
O, I shall see him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, Com-ing for me.

CHORUS. D. S.

Seek - ing for me, Dy - ing for me, Call - ing for me, Com - ing for me;

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Hail the Risen King.

FRONIA SMITH. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. O lips break forth in song, Glad hearts your trib - ute bring; Of "glo - ry in the high - est," To Christ, the ris - en King.
2. A King in - deed is he, The u - ni - verse his throne; And all the scat - tered na - tions, He yet shall call his own.
3. To - day has burst the flow'r Of im - mor - tal - i - ty; Forth from his tomb 'tis spring - ing, To bloom e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! death is vanquished, Ter - ror from the grave is banished, Hail the ris - en King, Hail the ris - en King.

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Follow Thou Me.

M. B. C. SLADE. F. A. F.

NOTE.—Four children may be selected, each to sing a stanza as a solo—the school joining the chorus. Or the school may be divided into four sections, each section singing a stanza in turn, the school singing the chorus. Appropriate texts for reading before each stanza are—Matt. iv: 18-22; Matt. ix: 9; Luke ix: 59-62; Matt. xxv: 34. With the readings, the song makes an appropriate opening exercise for the school.

1. If I, like Gal - i - lee fish - ers, Were mending my nets by the main, And Je - sus,
2. If I were dwelling in pleas - ure, Or sit - ting in plac - es of gain, And Je - sus,
3. If I were sink-ing in sad - ness, Or dread-ing the cross and the pain, And Je - sus,
4. And when I am cross-ing the riv - er, And hear - ing the heav - en - ly strain, If Je - sus,

FULL CHORUS.

coming, should call me, He nev-er should call in vain.
coming, should call me, He nev-er shonld call in vain. Then fol-low the summons of Je-sus, Wher-
coming, should call me, He nev-er should call in vain.
wel - com-ing, calls me, He nev-er shall call in vain.

rit.

ev-er, howev-er it falls, For high up the pathway he sees us, And "follow thou me," he calls.

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Come, and I Will Give You Rest.

Words and Music by R. T. WILEY.

1. Wea - ry one, and heav - y - la - den, Toil - ing, fee - ble and distressed;
2. Are you in the depths of sor - row, Weighed by care and sore oppressed?
3. Are there deep with - in your bo - som, Hid - den sins, and un - con-fessed,
4. Cast on him your ev - 'ry bur - den, Lean up - on his lov - ing breast,

Hear the bless - ed bur - den - bear - er: "Come, and I will give you rest."
'Tis the Sav-iour's voice that calls you: "Come, and I will give you rest."
Bear - ing heav - i - ly up - on you? "Come, and I will give you rest."
Claim as yours the bless - ed prom - ise: "Come, and I will give you rest."

CHORUS.

Come to the Saviour, Why do you still delay? Come to the Saviour, He gent-ly calls to - day.

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Hallelujah to the Lamb.

WM. COWPER. P. P. ORR.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners, plunged be-
2. The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there have I, as
3. O Lamb of God, thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r, Till all the ransomed
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply, Re - deem-ing love has
5. And when this lisping, stammering tongue Lies si - lent in the grave, Then, in a no-bler,

neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
vile as he, Washed all my sins a - way.
Church of God Be saved to sin no more.
been my theme, And shall be till I die.
sweet - er song I'll sing thy pow'r to save.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, The Lamb that once was slain; Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, The Lamb who lives a - gain.

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Jesus, the Saviour of Sinners.

H. R. TRICKETT. AUGUSTUS HAYDEN.

1. Je - sus is read - y your sins to for - give, He is the Sav - iour of sin - ners;
   O are you read - y to serve him and live, Je - sus, the Sav - iour of sin - ners.
2. None are re - ject - ed be-cause of their sin, He is the Sav - iour of sin - ners;
   Now he is knock-ing O let him come in, Je - sus, the Sav - iour of sin - ners.
3. Je - sus is a - ble to con-quer the grave, He is the Sav - iour of sin - ners;
   Strong to de - liv - er and might-y to save, Je - sus, the Sav - iour of sin - ners.
4. Join all ye ransomed, his prais - es to sing, He is the Sav - iour of sin - ners;
   Sing hal - le - lu - jah to Je - sus, your King, Je - sus, the Sav - iour of sin - ners.

CHORUS.

All glo - ry and praise for - ev - er we'll sing, Re-deem - er and Sav - iour of sin - ners;

Thine is the glo - ry, al-might - y King, Je - sus the Sav - iour of sin - ners.

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Thy Word have I Hid in My Heart.

FRONIA SMITH. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. With my heart I will seek thee, O Mas-ter di-vine, And thy word I will hide it there-in:
2. With my lips I will say to the children of men, That thy judgments are righteous for aye;
3. Let me nev-er for-get that to thee I have brought All the wealth of my youth and my might;

I will pon-der it care-ful-ly line up-on line, That I nev-er against thee may sin.
I'll re-joice in thy law, and will nev-er a-gain Wander from thy commandments away.
'Tis my joy that thus ear-ly thy face I have sought, For thy statutes are all my de-light.

CHORUS.

Blest word! precious word! in my heart hid a-way! I will or-der my life by thy light;

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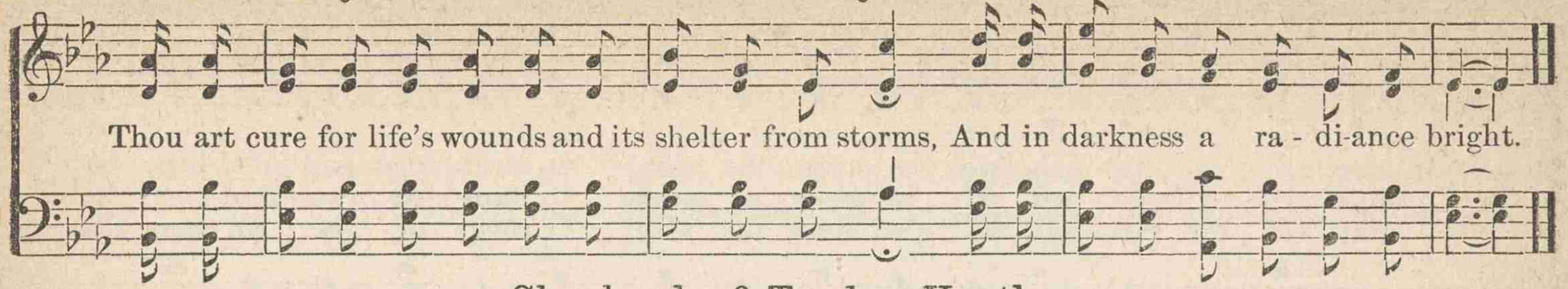
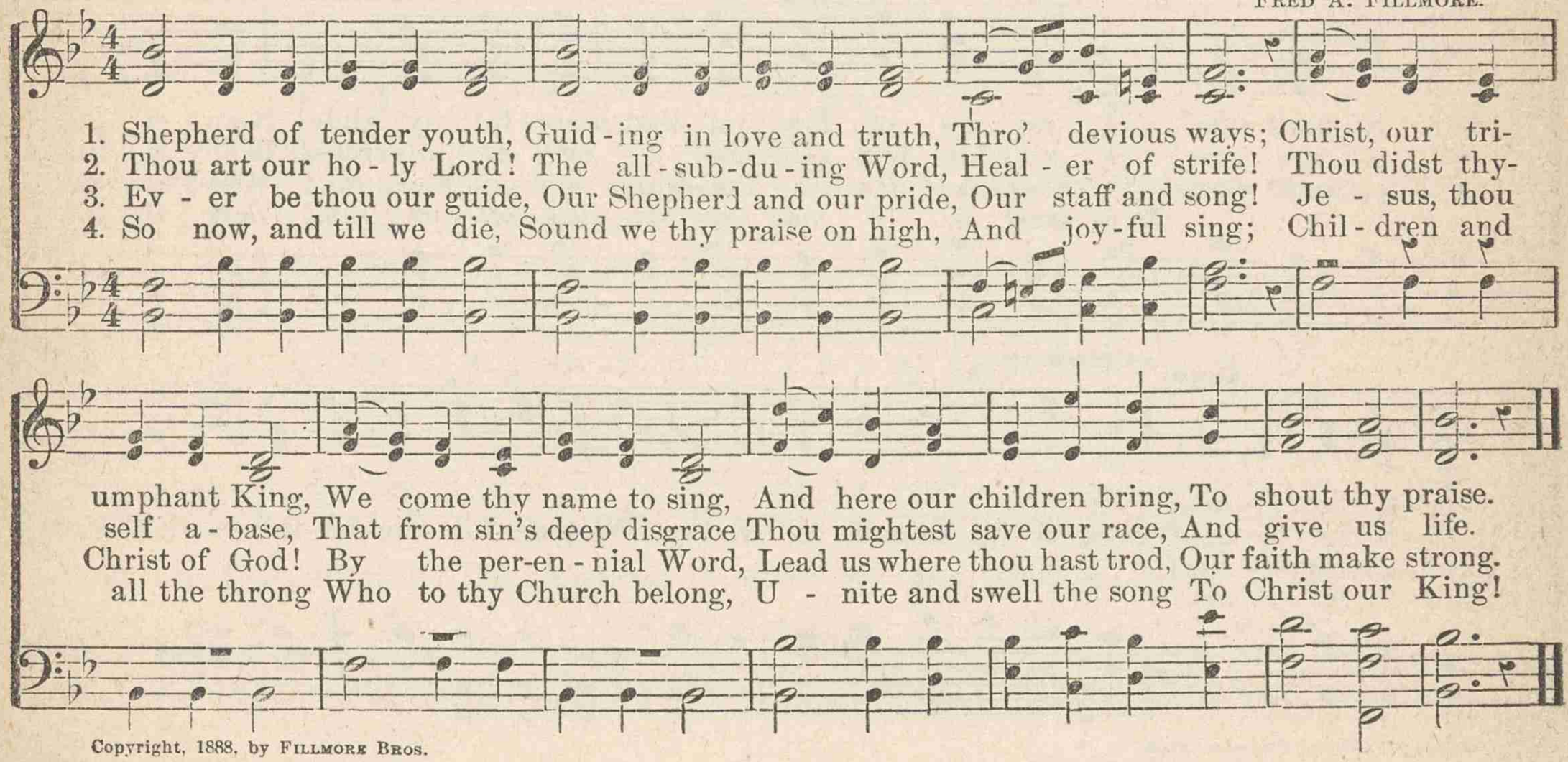


Shepherd of Tender Youth.

[In Book III. of Clement of Alexandria is given (in Greek) the most ancient hymn of the Primitive Church. It is there (one hundred and fifty years after the Apostles) asserted to be of much earlier origin. It may have been sung by the "beloved Disciple" before he ascended to his reward. The following version will give some imperfect idea of its spirit:]

FRED A. FILLMORE.



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Beautiful Eden.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. J. B. HERBERT.

1. O, voic - es of an - gels just o - ver the tide! O, meet - ings and greet-ings on
2. O, bright-ness e - ter - nal in re - gions of peace! O, bless - ed con - tent-ment that
3. O, smile of the Sav - iour that glad - dens the soul! O, songs of the sin - ners that

fair E - den's side! O, riv - ers of crys - tal that peace - ful - ly glide! Beau - ti - ful,
nev - er will cease! O, wis - dom and glad-ness to ev - er in - crease! Beau - ti - ful,
Je - sus made whole! O, bliss - ful fru - i - tion while a - ges shall roll! Who would not
D. S. *sweet to a - bide on the glad oth - er side! Beau - ti - ful,*

CHORUS.

beau - ti - ful E - den!
beau - ti - ful E - den! Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful E - den! Won-der-ful, won-der-ful E - den! How
dwell in bright E - den?
beau - ti - ful E - den!

Fine. D. S.

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God be Merciful to Me.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. Wea - ry of my load of sin, I am com - ing, Lord, to thee; Break the chains that bind my
2. When with burning thirst I pant, Thou a liv - ing fountain art; When with bleeding wounds I
3. Na - ked, starving, sick, a - lone, Shel-ter, strength, in thee a - bide; Pil-grim, stran-ger, while I
4. Worthless, help-less, lost, un-done, This a - lone is all my plea; I am emp - ty, thou art

CHORUS.

soul, Lift my guilt and set me free.
faint, Thou dost heal the bro - ken heart. Gift nor sac - ri - fice I bring, All in
roam, Be thou still my Friend and Guide.
full, Let thy mer - cy rest on me.

all is Christ my King, Thro' his grace I make my plea, God be mer - ci - ful to me.

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Holy Father, Thou Hast Taught Me.

J. M. NEALE. J. H. F.

Moderato.

1. Ho - ly Fa-ther, thou hast taught me I should live to thee a - lone; Year by year thy
2. In the world will foes as - sail me, Craft-ier, strong-er far than I; And the strife may
3. I would trust in thy pro - tect - ing, Whol-ly rest up - on thine arm, Fol - low whol - ly

hand hath bro't me On thro' dan - gers oft unknown. When I wandered, thou hast found me;
nev - er fail me, Well, I know, be-fore I die. Therefore, Lord, I come, be - liev - ing
thy di - rect - ing, Thou, mine on - ly guard from harm! Keep me from mine own un - do - ing

When I doubted, sent me light; Still thine arm has been around me, All my paths were in thy sight.
Thou canst give the pow'r I need; Thro' the pray'r of faith re-ceiving Strength—the Spirit's strength, indeed.
Help me turn to thee when tried, Still my footsteps, Father, viewing, Keep me ev - er at thy side.

Rit. **A tempo.**

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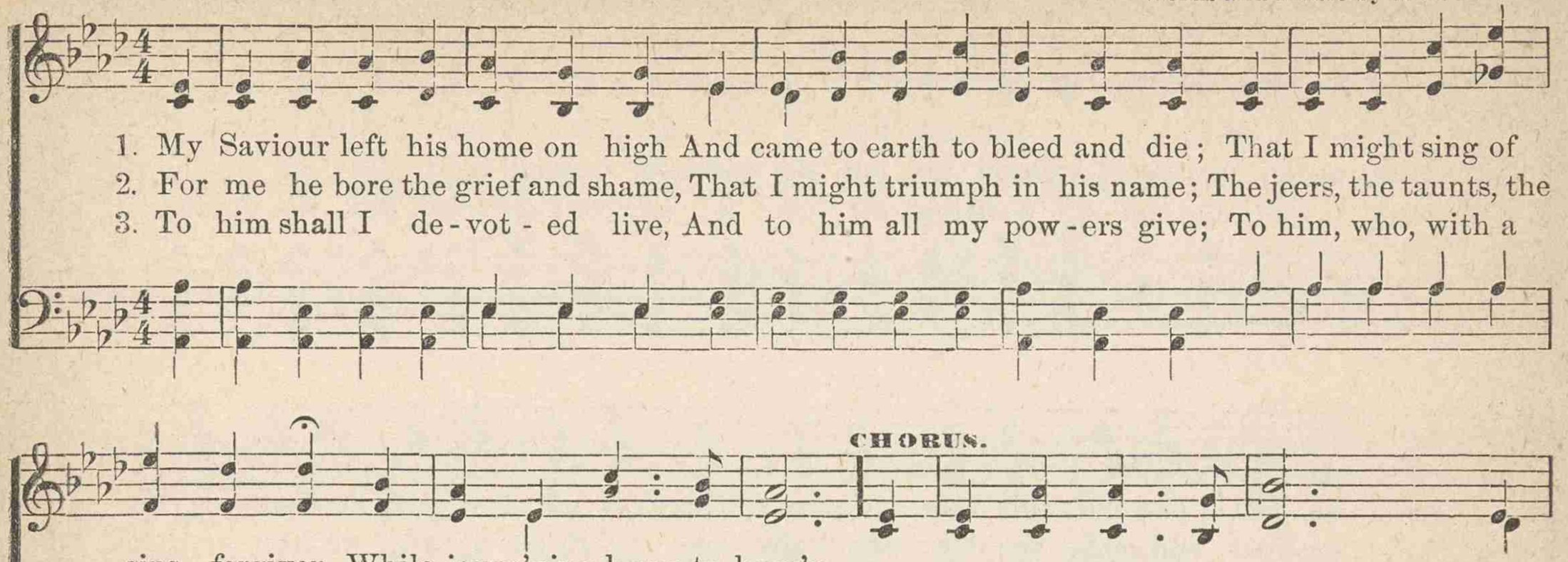
Words and Music by J. H. F.



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Arise and Gladly Sing.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. We are pil-grims on a jour-ney, thro' a wil - der-ness of care, There's a bless-ed land of prom - ise, just be-yond this vale of pray'r; There's a nar - row path be - fore us, 'tis the pathway of the free, God has built his wall be - side us, like the wa - ters of the sea.
2. Hosts of sin are close be-hind us, but the waves for us shall fight, Hid - den lies the way be- fore us, God will make the dark - ness light; Are we thirst - y, are we hun - gry, God for us the rock will smite, In the man - na of the an - gels shall our spir - its find de-light.
3. Foes a - wait our tim - id footsteps, oft - en is our cour-age tried, But the Captain of Sal- va - tion is our Coun - sel - or and Guide; If we fol - low, close - ly fol - low, it will not be ver - y long, Till we join the vic - tor's cho - rus in the grand triumph - al song.

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CHORUS.

Then a - rise and glad - ly sing, Of the glo - ry of our King, He who called us out to

meet him, To the end our hosts will bring. Ev - 'ry con - flict safe - ly o'er, We will

praise him more and more, Till the ark a - cross the wa - ters Rests on Jor-dan's far - ther shore.

The Child of a King.

HATTIE E. BUELL. JOHN B. SUMNER.

1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of the world in his hands;
2. My Father's own Son, the Sav - iour of men, Once wandered o'er earth as the poor - est of them;
3. I once was an out - cast stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, an "a - lien" by birth;
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a pal - ace for me o - ver there;

Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His cof - fers are full, he has rich - es un - told.
But now he is reign-ing for - ev - er on high, And will give us a home in the sweet by and by.
But I've been "adopted," my name's written down An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.
Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing, "All glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King."

CHORUS.

I'm the child of a King, The child of a King; With Je-sus my Saviour, I'm the child of a King.

Who is on the Lord's Side?

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Al - ways true; There's a right and wrong side, Where stand you?
2. Thousands on the wrong side Choose to stand; Still tis not the strong side, True and grand.
3. Come and join the Lord's side—Ask you why? 'Tis the on - ly safe side By and by.

CHORUS.

Choose now, Choose now, On the right or wrong side? False or true?
Who is on the Lord's side? Who is on the Lord's side?

Choose now, Choose now, On the right or wrong side? Where stand you?
Who is on the Lord's side? Who is on the Lord's side?

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"Call them In."

ANNA SHIPTON. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. "Call them in!" the poor, the wretched, Sin-stained wand'rers from the fold; Peace and par - don
2. "Call them in!" the Jew, the Gen - tile, Bid the stran - ger to the feast; "Call them in!" the
3. "Call them in!" the bro - ken-heart - ed, Cow'r-ing 'neath the brand of shame; Speak love's message,

free - ly of - fer, Gath - er in the young and old. "Call them in!" the weak, the wea - ry,
rich, the no - ble, From the high - est to the least. Forth the Fa-ther runs to meet them,
low and ten - der, "'Twas for sin - ners Je - sus came." See! the shad - ows lengthen round us,

La-den with the doom of sin; Bid them come and rest in Je - sus, He is waiting, "Call them in!"
He hath all their sorrows seen; Robe and ring and royal sandals Wait the lost ones, "Call them in!"
Soon the day-dawn will begin; Can you leave them lost and lonely? Christ is coming, "Call them in!"

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Christ Our Friend.

ALICE M. SCHOFF. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. Christ our Friend and Elder Broth-er, What a gracious word is this! Near-er us than a - ny
2. Christ our Friend, O, what a bless-ing! Thus to feel him ev - er near; O, what good to us pos-
3. Christ our Friend, O, wondrous story! Lov - ing us un - to the end; Who can know a greater

CHORUS.

oth - er, Feel - ing all our woe or bliss.
sess - ing Sav - iour-friend, so kind and dear! Yes, he knoweth of our sad - ness,
glo - ry Than this Christ to have as Friend.

Ev-'ry pain and grief we bear; And rejoiceth in our glad - ness, Ev-'ry bliss and joy to share.

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What are You Doing for Jesus?

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. F

DUET.

1. O what are you do - ing for Je - sus, With all he is do - ing for you?
2. O what are you bear - ing for Je - sus? For you he has tast - ed of pain;
3. O what are you giv - ing to Je - sus? He gives you sal - va - tion and peace;

To - day he is call - ing for work - ers, To - day he is call - ing for you.
Then suf - fer, it need be, to serve him, And count all your suf - fer - ings gain.
Then give him your life and your la - bors, Till life and its la - bors shall cease.

CHORUS.

Come in - to his serv - ice, Come in - to the strength of his might;
Come in - to his serv-ice, the joy of his serv - ice,

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Come, work as he gives you, And toil till the com-ing of night.
Come in-to the work that he gives you, he gives you,

L. H. JAMESON.

The Eternal God. (Hymn Chant.)

J. H. F.

1. God of each fleet-ing hour! Each mo-ment as it hur-ries on To join the
2. God of each ris-ing day! The wing-ed hours each day pro-claim, The glo-ries
3. God of the roll-ing year! Each sea-son shows thy bound-less love, For all that
4. God of E-ter-ni-ty! Thou art the Ev-er-last-ing God The heav'n of
5. God of In-fin-i-ty! Thou art the High and Loft-y One; Earth is thy

past,—for-ev-er gone—Dis-plays thy might-y pow'r, God of each fleet-ing hour.
of thy fear-ful name, In ev-'ry kin-dling ray, God of each ris-ing day.
live, and breathe, and move, On this ter-res-trial sphere, God of the roll-ing year.
heav'ns is thine a-bode In their im-mens-i-ty! God of E-ter-ni-ty.
foot-stool—heav'n thy throne; There is no God but thee, God of In-fin-i-ty.

Slower.

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At His Coming.

MRS. C. L. S. D. B. TOWNER.

1. When he gath-ers his belov-ed, shall we meet him? When the mansions he's preparing are complete;
2. Will our lamps be trimmed and burning when he com-eth? For it may be when the ev-en-tide shall fall;
3. When he o-pens wide the por-tals of the kingdom, Will we en - ter in - to glo-ry with the Lord?

Cloth'd with beauty in his presence shall we greet him? Shall we bow with those who worship at his feet?
Or it may be that the si-lence of the midnight Will be bro-ken by the Master's welcome call.
Will we en - ter as the bless-ed of the Fa-ther To receive the saints' ex-ceed-ing great reward?

CHORUS.

At his com - ing, at his com - ing, Songs of welcome, songs of triumph we will
At his coming we will meet him, at his coming we will greet him,

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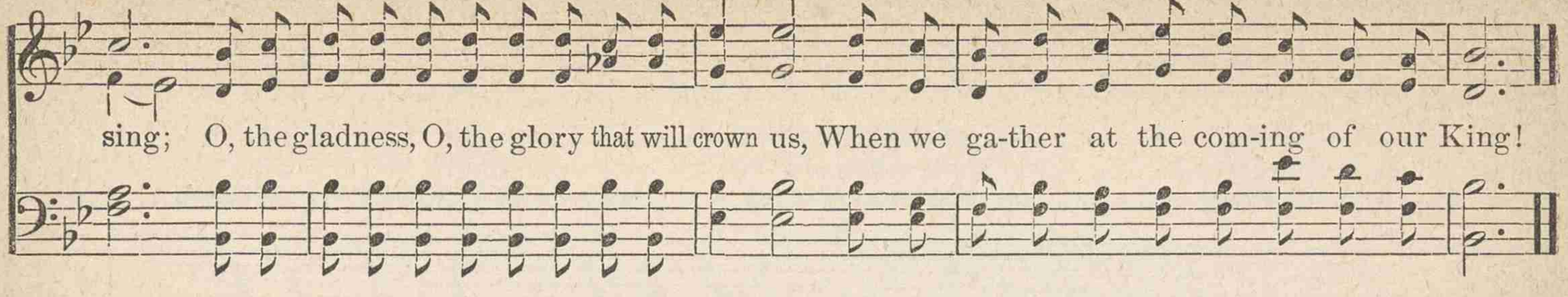
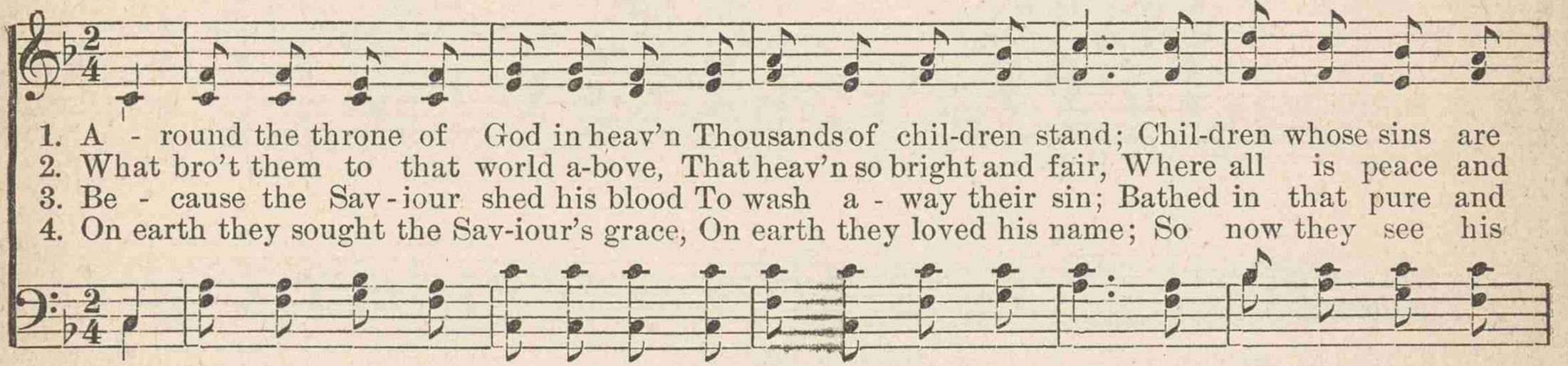
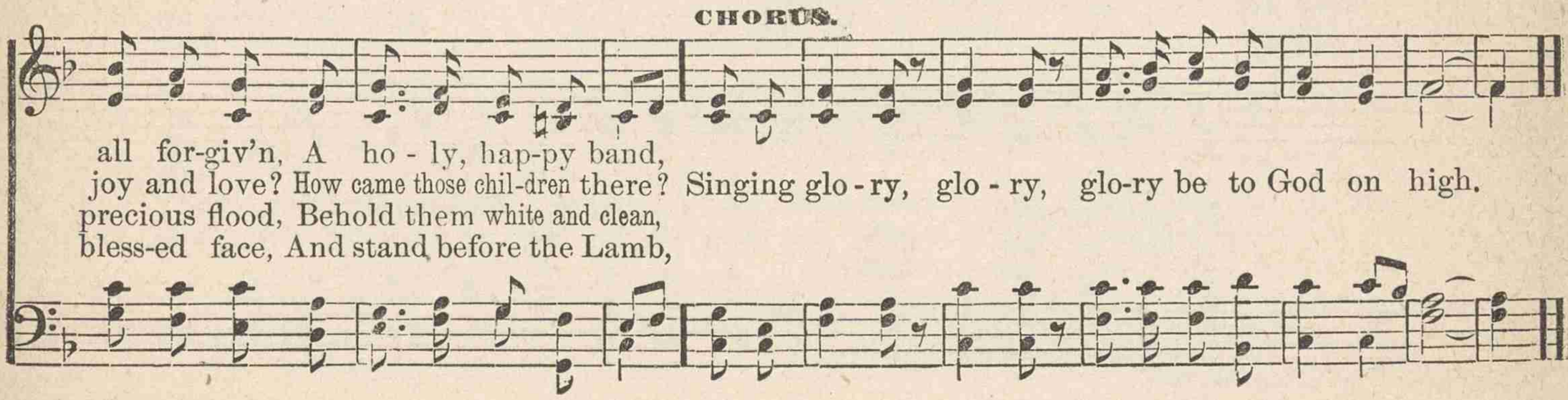


Around the Throne.

ANNIE SHEPHERD. English.

O Silvery Sea of Galilee!

FRONIA. SMITH. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. O sil-v'ry sea . . . . . of Gal - i - lee! In east - ern land, so fair;
2. I hear the cry, ... "Save, Lord, I pray!" From one faint-heart - ed there;
3. The night is dark, ... I'm on a sea Where waves roll high and wild;

1. O sil-v'ry sea of Gal - i - lee! In east - ern land, so fair;
2. I hear the cry, "Save, Lord, I pray!" From one faint-hearted there;
3. The night is dark, I'm on a sea Where waves roll high and wild;

I fan - cy now . . . . . I stand by thee, And see my Sav - iour there.
My sinking heart . . . . takes up that cry, When storms beat heav-y here.
I'm lost un-less . . . . . thou pi - lot me, O Mas - ter, strong and mild!

I fan - cy now I stand by thee, And see my Sav - iour there.
My sinking heart takes up that cry, When storms beat heavy here.
I'm lost un - less thou pi - lot me, O Mas-ter, strong and mild!

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I see him walk . . . up-on the wave, . . . When billows roll . . . and clouds are dark; . . .
For well I know . . . his gracious will . . . Can calm life's rough . . and troubled sea; . . .
Walk to me on . . . . this troubled sea, . . . Dear Saviour, bid . . . me walk to thee; . . .

I see him walk upon the wave, When billows roll and clouds are dark;
For well I know his gracious will Can calm life's rough and troubled sea;
Walk to me on this troubled sea, Dear Saviour, bid me walk to thee;

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

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

Seeds of Promise.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. O scat - ter seeds of lov - ing deeds, A - long the fer - tile field, For grain will grow from
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' wea - ry years, The seed will sure - ly live; Tho' great the cost it
3. The har - vest-home of God will come, And aft - er toil and care; With joy un-told your

CHORUS.

what you sow, And fruit-ful har - vest yield. Then day by day . . . . a - long your
is not lost, For God will fruit-age give.
sheaves of gold Will all be garnered there. Then day by day

way, ... The seeds of prom - - ise cast, ... That ripened
a-long your way, The seeds of promise cast, the seeds of promise cast,

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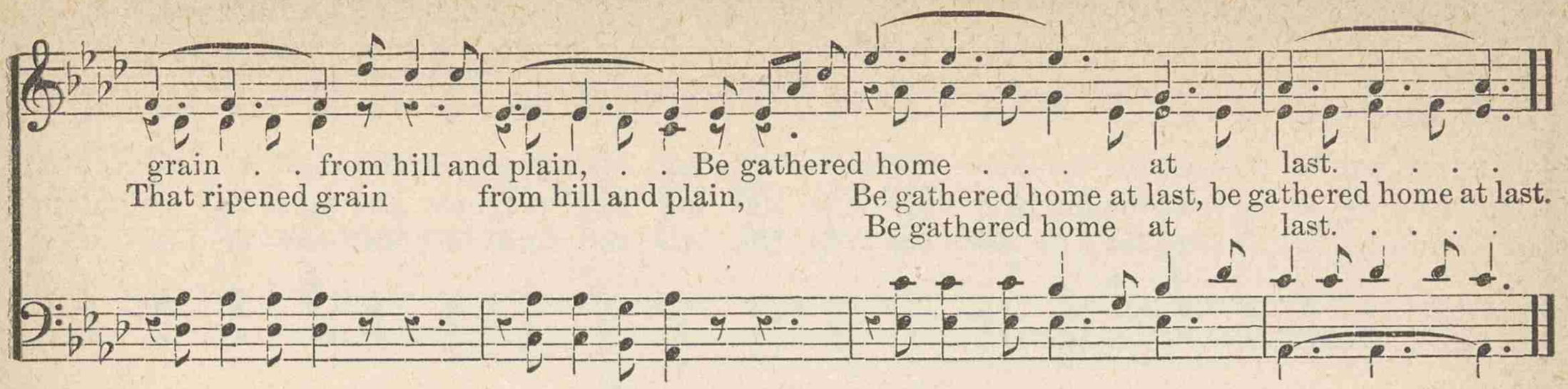
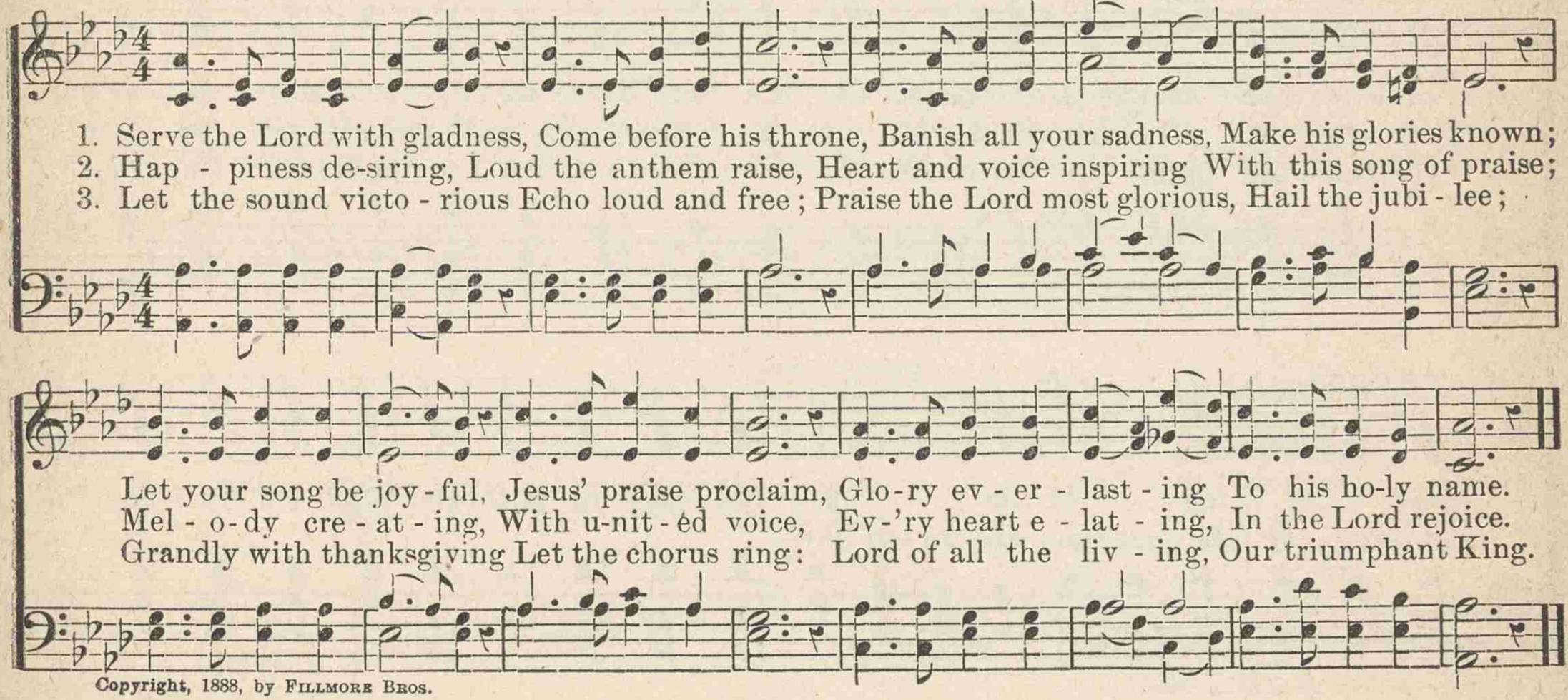
Seeds of Promise. Concluded.

Serve the Lord With Gladness.

D. R. LUCAS. F. A. F.

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Learning of Jesus.

Words and Music by J. H. F.

1. Learning of Je - sus the les - sons of truth, Mak - ing his pre-cepts the guide of my youth;
2. Learning of Je - sus, the teach - er di - vine, Mak - ing his pre-cepts and prom-is - es mine;
3. Learning of Je - sus, the Life and the Way, His are the words that shall nev - er de - cay;

Pre - cious the mo-ments I spend at his feet, Heed - ing his coun-sels so sweet.
Noth - ing of all that the world can af - ford, Charms me like words from my Lord.
Fol - low - ing faith - ful - ly, where he says come, Leads me to heav - en and home.

CHORUS.

Learn - ing of Je - sus, Les - sons of faith, and hope, and du - ty, I'm
Learn-ing of Je - sus from day un - to day, I'm

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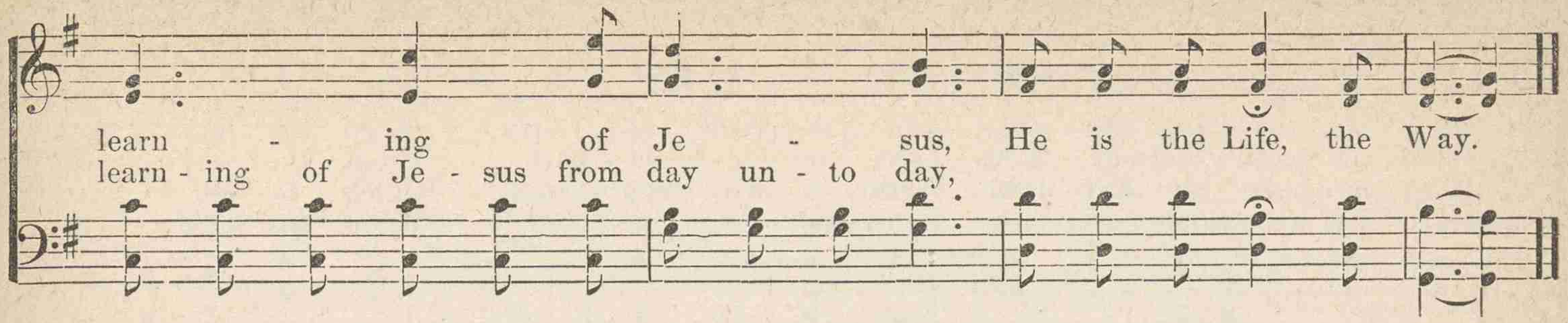
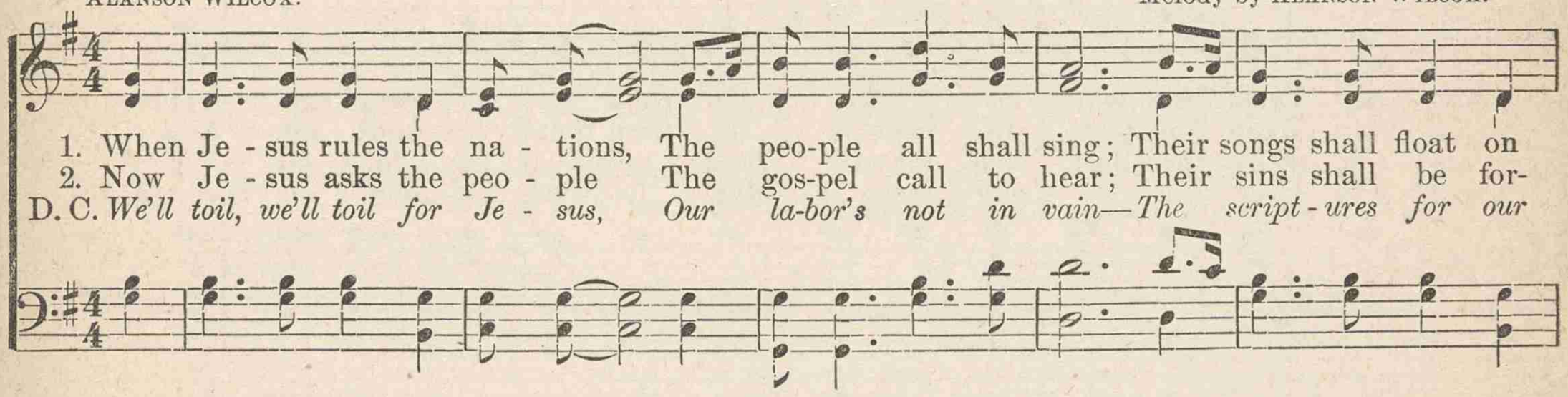
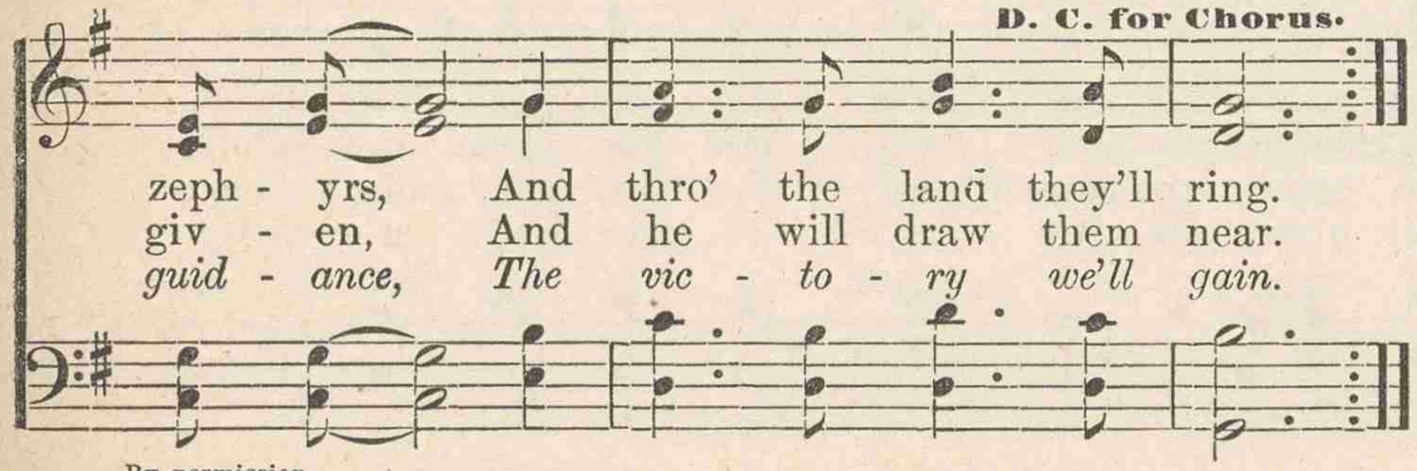

When Jesus Rules.

ALANSON WILCOX. Melody by ALANSON WILCOX.

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3 Our Jesus leads us forward,
The nations all to reach;
He asks us all to labor
And there his gospel preach.

4 When Jesus comes in glory,
His saints shall all be there
Their suff'rings then all ended,
The victor's crown they'll wear.

Lead Me.

Words and Music by R. T. WILEY.

1. Lead me, lov - ing Fa - ther, In the days of youth; Keep my feet from
2. When the world's temp-ta - tions Lure me to de - part From the way most
3. Help me bear my bur - dens With a will - ing hand, Quick to do in
4. May my life's whole meas - ure Faith - ful - ly ac - cord With the bless - ed

stray - ing From the way of truth. Be thou ev - er near me, Hold my
ho - ly, Keep me pure in heart, Be thou round a - bout me, Lest I
sea - son What thou dost com - mand; Bold to speak for Je - sus, Up my
pat - tern Giv - en in our Lord. May I, when 'tis end - ed, Through his

hand in thine; Let thy spir - it's ra - diance On my path - way shine.
faint and yield; Be thou strength un - to me, Hid - ing place and shield.
cross to take! Meek to bear re - proach - es For his dear name's sake.
won - drous love, Live with him for - ev - er, In the home a - bove.

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What Can I Do?

FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. F.

Solo or Unison.

1. What can I do for thee, My child - ish hands are weak; And yet, O gra-cious Lord!
2. I know what thou hast done, O bless - ed Christ! for me; What is thy ho - ly will?
3. They tell me of thy love For lit - tle ones like me; That thou didst smile on them,
4. And now, up - on thy throne, Thou wilt re - mem - ber me; What is there, O my Lord!

CHORUS.

I would thy bless - ing seek. What can I do, my Lord, for
What can I do for thee? What can I do, what can I do, my Lord, for thee, my
And bless them ten - der - ly.
A child can do for thee?

thee? What can I do, my Lord, for thee?
Lord, for thee? What can I do, what can I do, my Lord, for thee, for thee?

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Hosanna in the Highest.

A. P. COBB. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. 'Twas a morn - ing fair in the old - en time, And the tem - ple rang with the joyous chime,
2. As the waves of their liq - uid mu - sic rolled Thro' the spacious courts of the tem-ple old;
3. On this morn - ing fair, let the chil-dren raise, Glad voices to Je - sus in tuneful praise;

Of the voic - es of chil - dren, full and sweet, As they cast their palms at the Saviour's feet.
Can we doubt that the lov - ing Saviour smiled, When he heard the voice of each lit - tle child?
While the Lord looks down from his throne a-bove, On each lit - tle child with a smile of love.

CHORUS.

Ho - san - na to the Son of Da - vid, Bless-ed is he that com-eth in the

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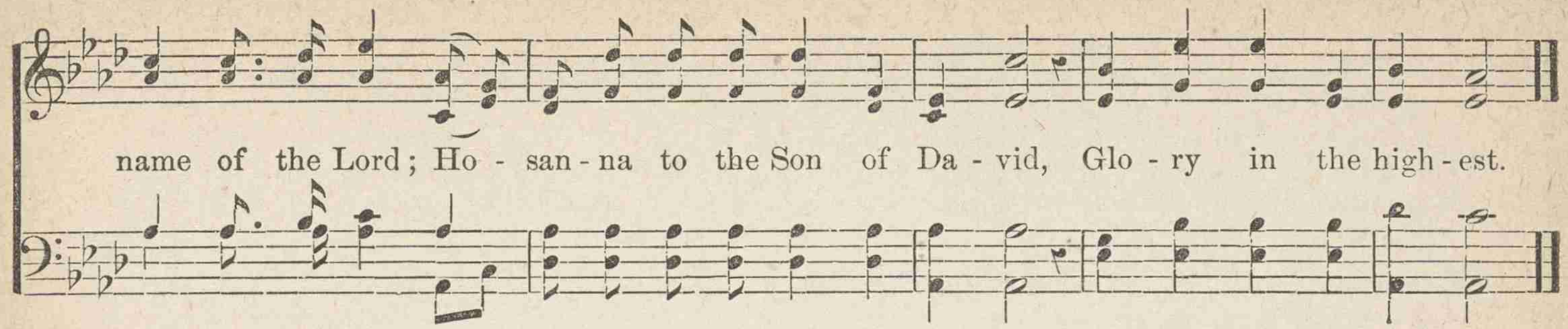
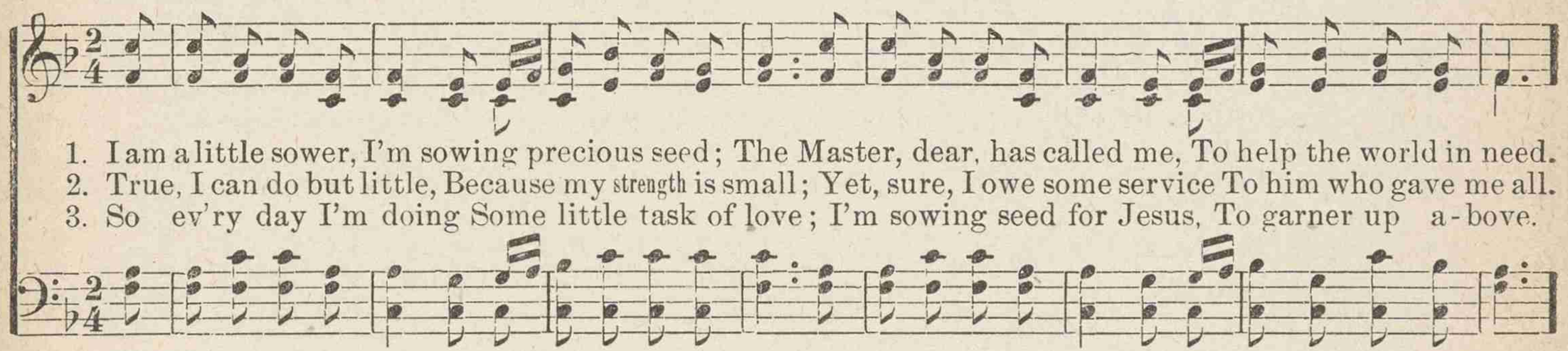
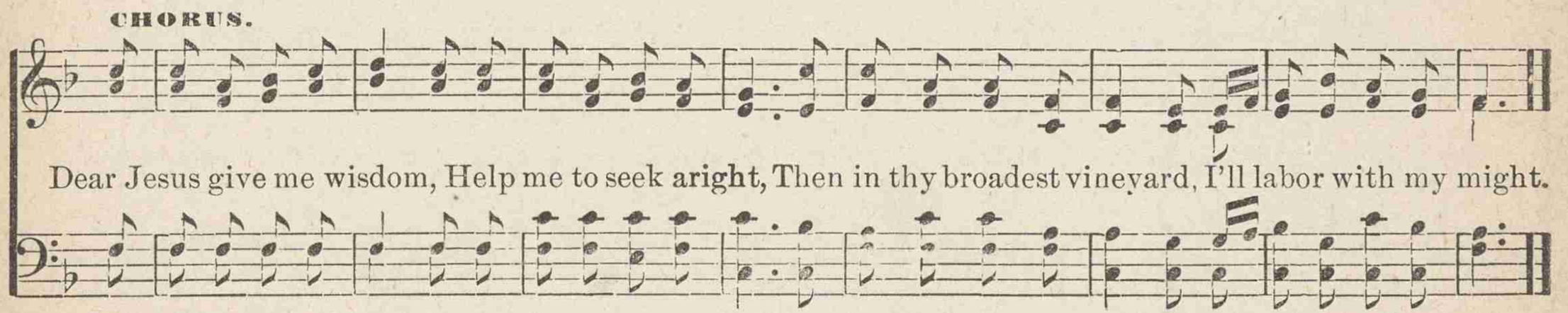

The Little Sower.

FRONIA SMITH. FRED A. FILLMORE.



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Marching Heavenward.

E. E. REXFORD. J. H. F.

1. Marching on to the land that we see from a-far, To the hills that are fair in the light of the sun;
2. Marching on, ev-er on, tho' the way seemeth long, To the rest and the peace that are waiting us there;
3. Marching on, ev-er on, and the sound of the song That is chanted by angels comes down to our ears;

Where the riv-er of life and the green pastures are, And the crown waits our brows when the conflict is done.
Where the air is a-stir with a ju-bi-lant song, And the day always sweet as the earth's time of prayer.
O, be glad, faithful hearts! for the march is not long, And the sol-diers of Je-sus have nothing to fear.

D.S. *To the hills that are fair in the light of the sun, Where the crown waits our brows when the conflict is done.*

CHORUS.

March-ing on, march-ing on, we tri-umph-ant-ly will sing! Marching on, march-ing on, to the land of Christ our King!

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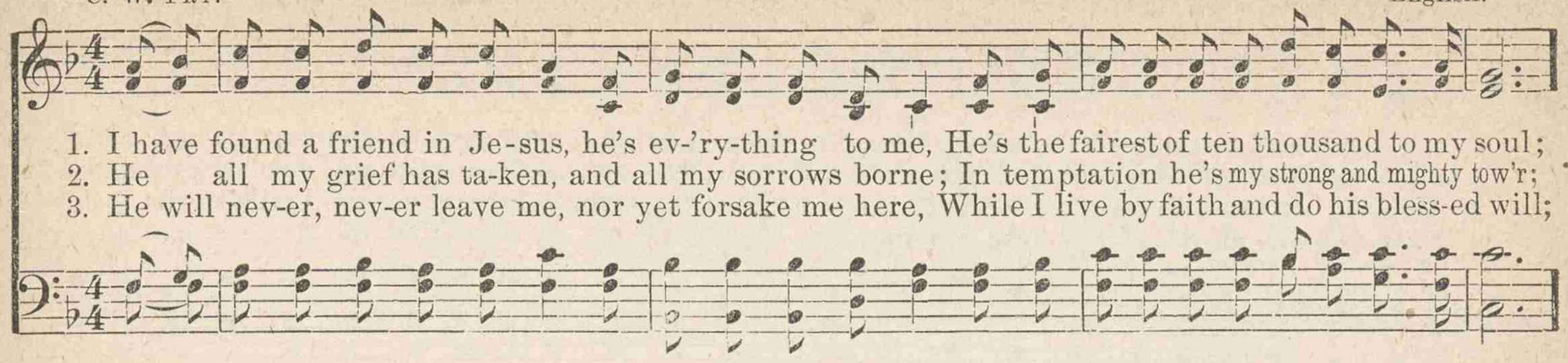
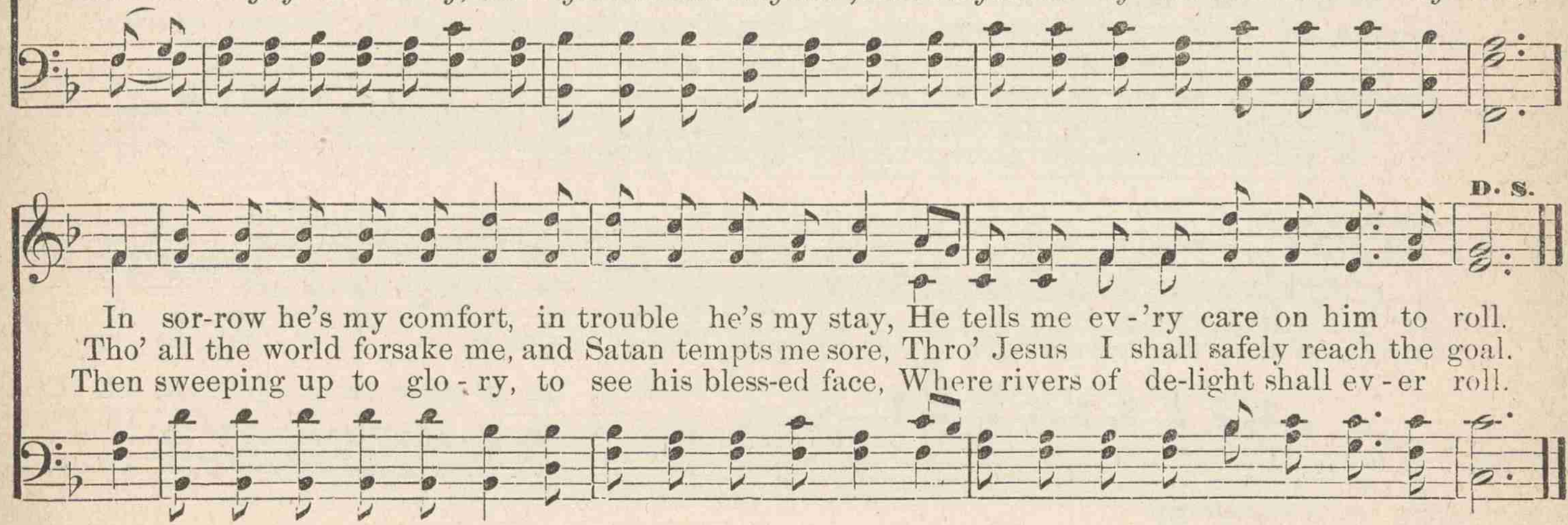
The Lily of the Valley.

C. W. Fry. English.

1. I have found a friend in Je-sus, he's ev-'ry-thing to me, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul;
2. He all my grief has ta-ken, and all my sorrows borne; In temptation he's my strong and mighty tow'r;
3. He will nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and do his bless-ed will;

f. **Fine.**

The Lil-y of the Valley, in him a-lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful-ly whole.
I have all for him forsaken, and all my idols torn From my heart, and now he keeps me by his pow'r.
A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear, With his manna he my hungry soul shall fill.
D.S. *He's the Lil-y of the Val-ley, the bright and Morning Star, He's the fair-est of ten thou-sand to my soul.*



D. S.

In sor-row he's my comfort, in trouble he's my stay, He tells me ev-'ry care on him to roll.
Tho' all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me sore, Thro' Jesus I shall safely reach the goal.
Then sweeping up to glo-ry, to see his bless-ed face, Where rivers of de-light shall ev-er roll.

Only Through Thee.

E. E. REXFORD. ALEX. C. HOPKINS.

1. Knowing our weakness we come to thee, Fa - ther, Ask-ing for strength for the bat - tle of life;
2. Oft - en and oft - en our feet will grow wea-ry, Ma - ny a time will we fal - ter and fall;
3. Vain-ly we trust in our own strength, our Father, Our strength is weakness and fails in the test;
4. Feel - ing our need of thy help, lov-ing, Fa - ther, Ow - ing a debt that we nev - er can pay;

Ask - ing for light in the pathway be-fore us, Leading us heav-enward out of earth's strife.
Hast thou not promised thy help to the need - y, Trusting in thee there is help for us all.
On - ly thro' thee can we bear on our bur-dens: On - ly in thee can the ma - ny find rest.
Come we to thee, on thy promise re - ly - ing, Thou wilt give strength for the need of the day.

CHORUS.

On-ly thro' thee there is strength for our weakness, This is our plea . . as so oft-en be - fore;

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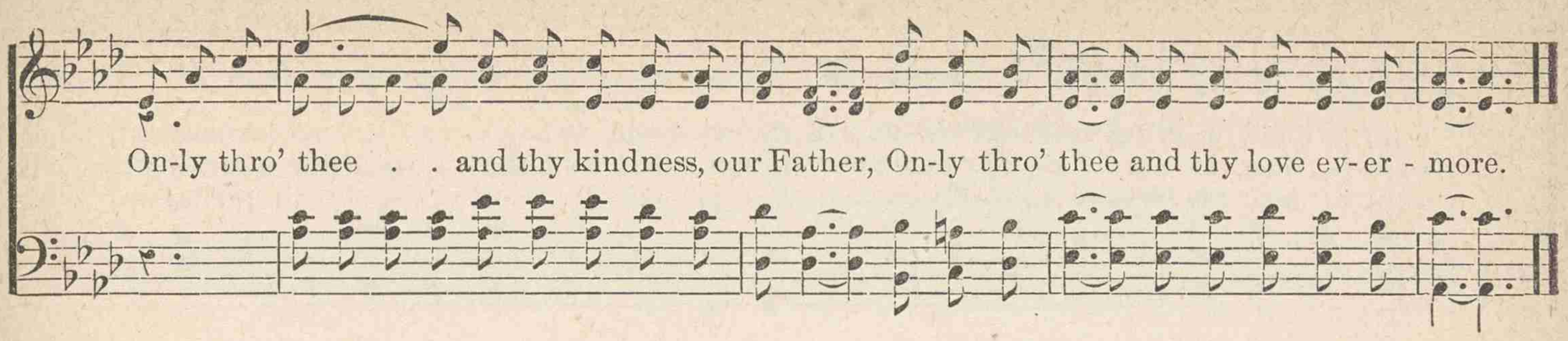
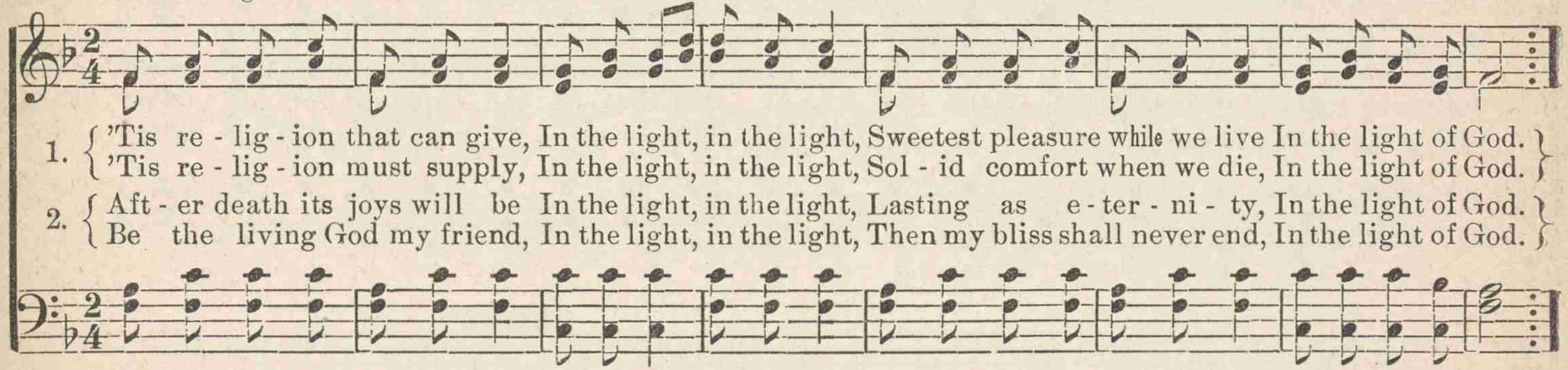
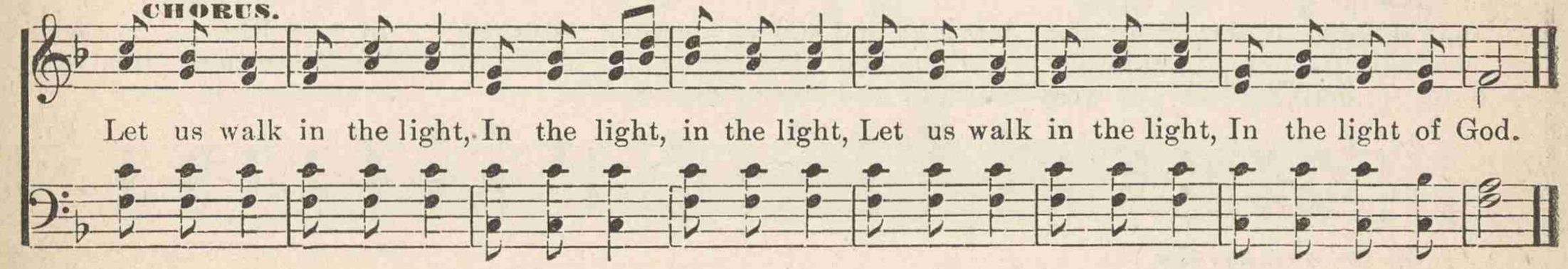


Let Us Walk in the Light.

Words Arranged. ANON.

A Bright and Starry Crown.

E. R. LATTA. F. A. F.

1. I want to know, each day and hour I here on earth may spend, Whatev - er to my lot may fall, That
2. I want to feel, as on I go, My weakness and my need; And that I tread the nar-row way That
3. I want to hear his bless-ed voice My name in glo - ry call; I want to stand with spirits blest, With-

Je - sus is my friend. I want to feel that on me rests His *smile*, and not his *frown*; And
doth to glo - ry lead. I want to ev - er feel that he Ac - cepts me for his own; That
in the jas - per wall. If I am faithful here be - low Un - til life's work is done, I

CHORUS.

that there is re-served for me A bright and star-ry crown. A crown of life, A
he will give me, in that day, A bright and star-ry crown. A crown of life, a crown of life, A
know I shall for - ev - er wear A bright and star-ry crown.

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bright and star-ry crown. A crown of life that ne'er shall fade, A bright and star-ry crown.
bright, a bright and star-ry crown;

Sweet Charity.

FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. Tho' I speak with tongues of angels, Tho' I see with prophet's glass, Tho' I have the sum of knowledge, Without
2. Tho' my faith shall move the mountains, Tho' my heirs the poor shall be, Tho' my bod-y feed the al - tar, All shall

CHORUS.

Rit.

thee I'm sound-ing brass. Without thee, Sweet Char-i - ty, Without thee, Sweet Char-i - ty.
count for naught to me. Without thee, Sweet Chari - ty, Sweet Charity, Without thee,

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Over the Sea.

C. ALBRIGHT. AUGUSTUS HAYDEN.

1. On the dis - tant heathen shore, Far be-yond the o-cean's roar, God has opened wide a door,
2. Bear the glad and joy - ful sound That a Sav-iour has been found, To the souls in er-ror bound,
3. Then shall dawn the hap - py day, When the bright millen - nial ray, Shall the darkness drive a - way,

O - ver the sea (o - ver the sea). Go ye Chris-tians, true and brave, Cross the
O - ver the sea (o - ver the sea). That the glo - rious gos - pel light, By its
O - ver the sea (o - ver the sea). When the earth, redeemed and free, Shall Mes-

blue and roll - ing wave, And those ma - ny mill - ion save, O - ver the sea (o - ver the sea).
sav-ing pow'r and might, May dis - pel the sin and night, O - ver the sea (o - ver the sea).
si - ah's king-dom be, And each soul shall bow the knee, O - ver the sea (o - ver the sea).

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Crown Him Lord of All.

EDWARD PERRONET. J. G. ARCHER.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al
2. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball, To him all maj - es-
3. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall; We'll join the ev - er-

REFRAIN.

di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all. And crown him Lord of all, And
ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all. And crown him Lord of all, And
last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all. And crown him Lord of all, And

crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.
crown him Lord of all, To him all maj - es - ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.
crown him Lord of all, We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

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The Water of Life.

H. R. TRICKETT. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. In the des - ert of sor - row and sin, Lo! I faint as I jour - ney a - long;
2. In my weak-ness I turn to the fount, From the Rock that was smit - ten for me;
3. O thou God of com - pas - sion! I pray, Let me ev - er a - bide in thy sight;

With the war - fare with - out and with - in, See my strength and my hope near - ly gone.
And I drink and I joy - ful - ly count All my tri - als a bless - ing to be.
Let me drink of the fount day by day, Till I join thee in man-sions of light.

CHORUS.

I thirst, let me drink, Of the life - giving stream let me drink;
I thirst, let me drink, let me drink;

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'Tis the Rock, cleft for me, 'Tis the wa - ter, the wa - ter of life.
'Tis the Rock, cleft for me,

Almost.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. FRED A. FILLMORE

1. Almost thy feet have pressed The pastures green and fair; Almost thy soul found rest Beside still waters there.
2. Almost thy heart communed With Christ thy Lord and King; Almost thy voice attuned His love and praise to sing.
3. Almost thou hast received Thy kind and patient Lord; Almost by faith believed His loving, precious word.

O, yes, so near the gate! Yet ling'ring there in doubt; The prize within so great, Yet standing still without.
So near thy lib - er - ty, Yet slavish fears to know; An heir of heav'n might be, Yet grov'ling here below.
Almost thy soul hast learned His precepts to obey; Almost thy feet have turned To walk the great highway.

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Bless Us Just Now.

HARRIET E. JONES. J. H. ROSECRANS

1. Bless-ed Re-deem-er, O come ver-y near, Grant a rich bless-ing to all that are here;
2. Bless-ed Re-deem-er, thy promise we claim, While we are gath-ered to call on thy name;
3. Lord, we are wait-ing, O come ver-y near, Come, precious Sav-iour, our spir-its to cheer;

Fill with thy spir-it while humbly we bow, Lord, we are wait-ing, O bless us just now.
While we are pleading, O help to be-lieve, While we are wait-ing, O may we re-ceive.
Give the an-oint-ing we earn-est-ly crave, Give it this mo-ment, O might-y to save.

CHORUS.

Come, come, bless us just now, Hear our pe-ti-tions while hum-bly we bow;

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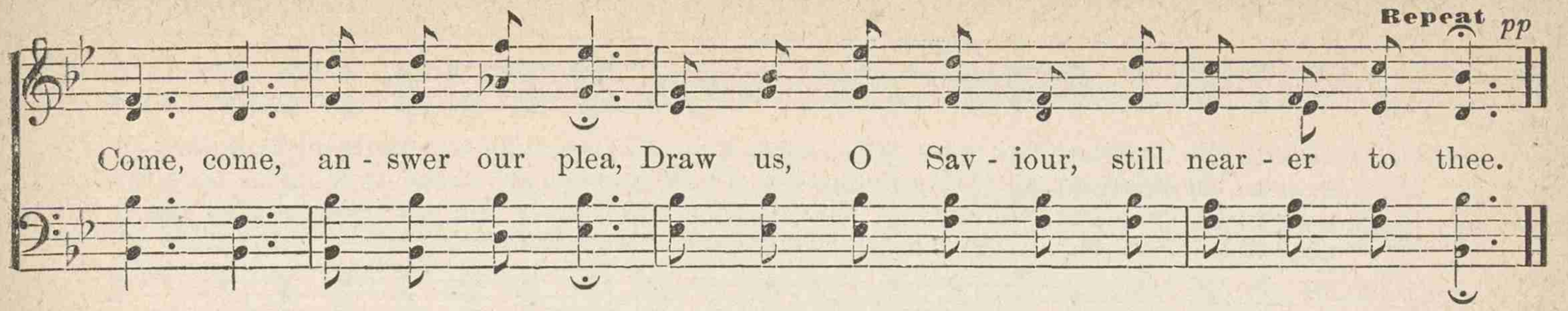
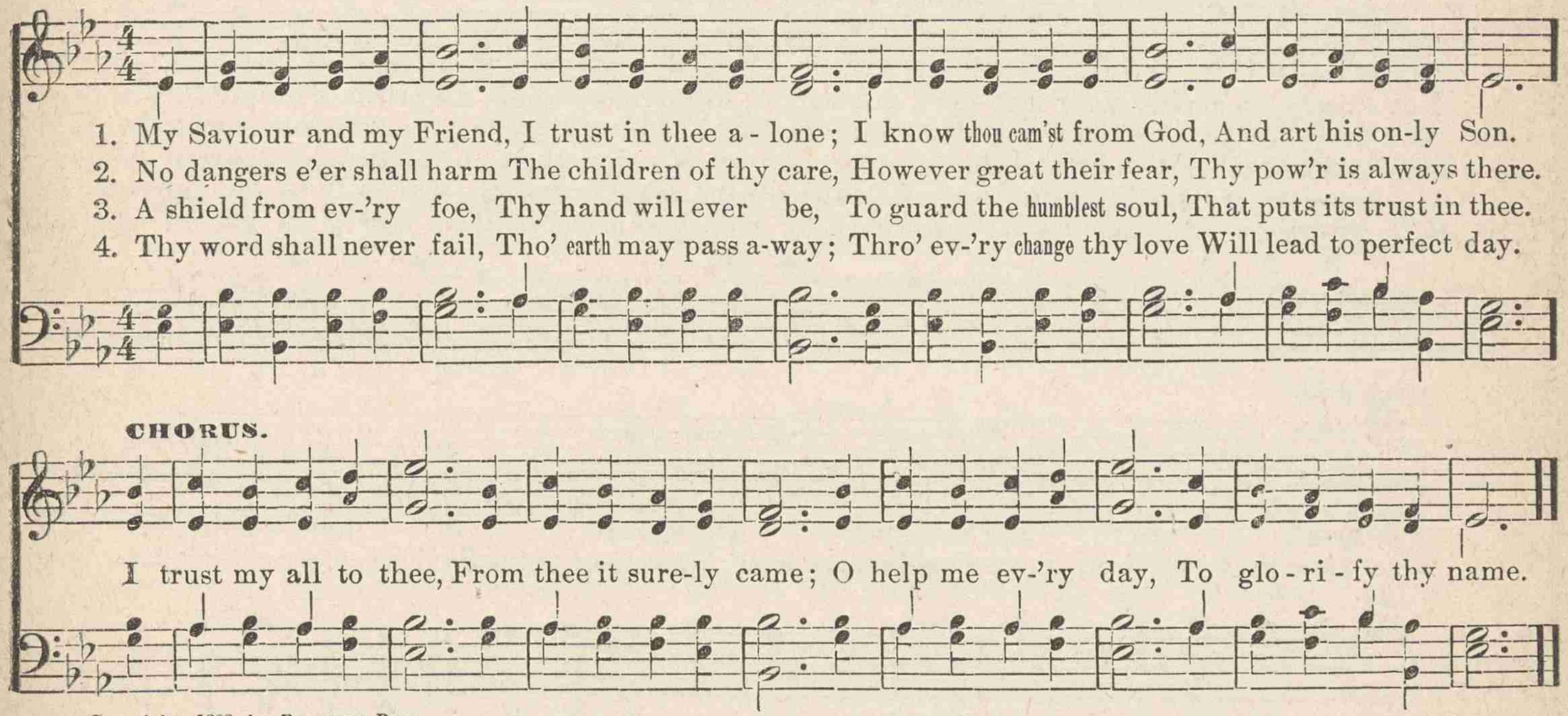

I Put My Trust in Thee.

Words and Music by J. H. F.

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Draw Near to the Saviour.

GRACE GLENN. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. Draw near to the Sav-iour, his mer-cy in-vites you, Not waiting and doubting to follow a-far,
2. Draw near to the Sav-iour, not i-dly de-lay-ing, The highways are broad that entice thee to stray;
3. Draw near to the Sav-iour, whatev-er be-tide thee, A-like is he precious in gladness or woe;
4. Draw near to the Sav-iour, his love bids you welcome, Away from the snares of temptation and sin;

f. Fine.

But closely, so closely your feet shall not wander From paths where the prints of his guiding steps are.
And deep are the pit-falls thy footsteps be-tray-ing, If once they beguile from his beau-ti-ful way.
Draw near to the Saviour and share in his glo-ry, En-joy the rich foretaste of heav-en be-low.
His mansions are waiting with stores of rich treasures, He stands at the door-way to bid you come in.

D. S. *With rev-er-ence fear him, with lov-ing draw near him, More bright shall the light of his glo-ry ap-pear.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Draw near to the Sav-iour, Draw near to the Saviour, draw near.
Draw near to the Saviour, more closely draw near, Draw near to the Saviour, more closely draw near.

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Steer for the Light.

H. R. TRICKETT. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. Once on the o-cean sailed a gal - lant bark, Loudly roared the billows and the night was dark;
2. Now there are thousands sailing o'er life's sea, Sail-ing thro' the darkness to e - ter - ni - ty;
3. Trust to the Beacon, you will reach the port, No one ev - er perished who its pa - ges sought;

Eager eyes were watching, piercing thro' the night, That when they saw the beacon they might steer for the light.
Je-sus gives the Bi - ble as a beacon bright, That when the gloom is deepest we may steer for the light.
Je-sus shines within it, bless-ed Star of night, And none will fail to reach him when they steer for the light.

D. S. *See, the light is shin-ing from the qui - et shore ; Soon we'll drop the an-chor and the voyage will be o'er.*

CHORUS.

Steer for the light, brother, steer for the light, It will guide you safely thro' the dangers of the night;

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Come Join the Cheerful Song.

M. LOWRIE HOFFORD, D. D. J. H. F.

1. Come, join the cheer-ful song, Take up the sweet re - frain; Come sound the notes of
2. Come, join the cheer-ful song, There is no name so sweet As that which tunes our
3. Come, join the cheer-ful song, In yon - der vault - ed sky; In high - est notes we'll

Take up the sweet re - frain;

CHORUS.

praise a - loud, And mag - ni - fy his name.
loft - y strain, And makes our bliss com-plete. The song be - fore the throne, That
sing his praise, Who came on earth to die.

The song be - fore the throne, That

sweeps the harps a - bove; The song that fills the bound - less sky, Is

sweeps the harps a - bove;

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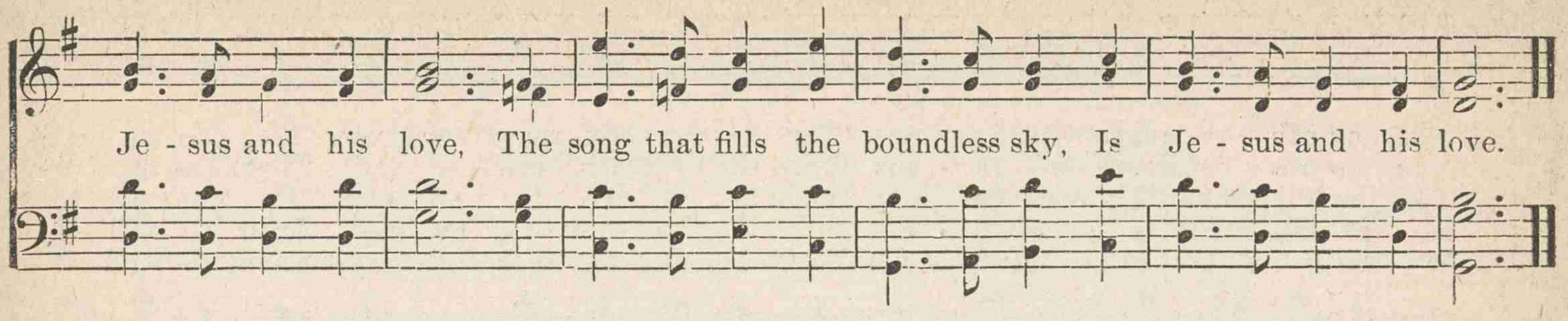
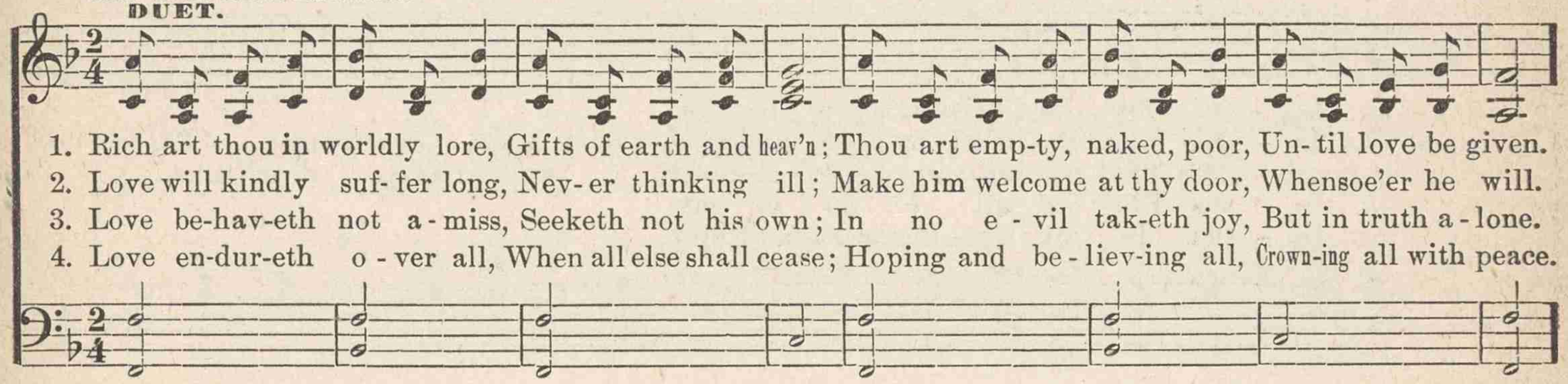
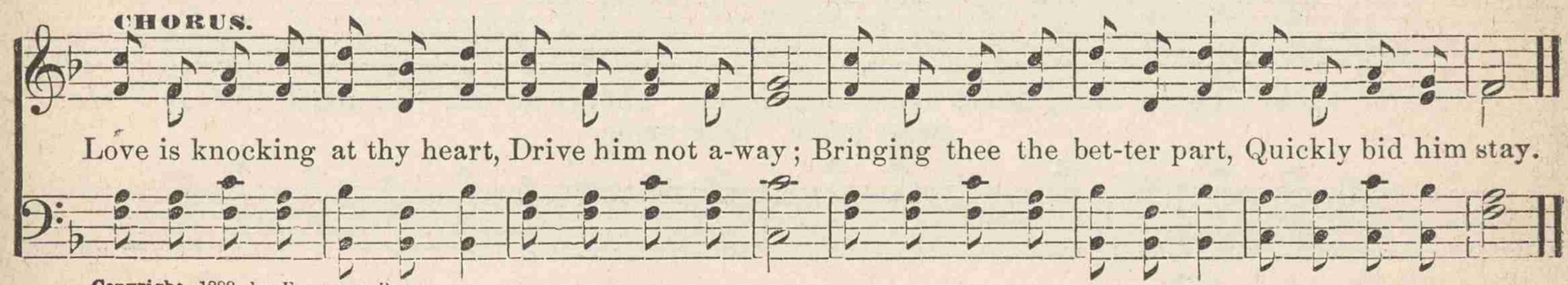

Love is Knocking at thy Heart.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. J. H. F.

DUET.



CHORUS.

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There's no Other Name Like Jesus.

Words and Music by F. E. BELDEN.

1. There's no oth - er name like Je - sus, 'Tis the dear - est name we know, 'Tis the an - gels'
2. There's no oth - er name like Je - sus When the heart with grief is sad, There's no oth - er
3. 'Tis the hope that I shall see him, When in glo - ry he ap - pears, 'Tis the hope to
4. If he wills that I should la - bor In his vine-yard day by day, Then 'tis well if
5. If he wills that death's cold fin - ger Touch my fee - ble, mor - tal clay, Then 'tis well if

REFRAIN.

joy in heav - en, 'Tis the Christian's joy be - low.
name like Je - sus When the heart is free and glad. Sweet name, dear name, There's no
hear his wel - come That my faint-ing spir - it cheers. sweet name, dear name,
on - ly Je - sus Bless - es all I do or say.
on - ly Je - sus Is my dy - ing trust and stay.

oth - er name like Je - sus; Sweet name, dear name, There's no oth - er name like Je - sus.
sweet name, dear name,

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I Will Do My Best.

J. H. PAINTER. J. H. F.

1. I will do my best for the blessed Lord, And he'll help me on my way; I will sing his praise
2. I will do my best in the Bible-school, And I'll learn to sing and pray; I will help them all
3. I will do my best to be good and true, And to win some soul for aye; So my friend I come,
4. O the hap-py day, when the Christ will come, And will take us home to rest; O to gain that land,

and I'll read his word, And I'll to him ev-er pray.
and o-bey the rule, Yes, I'll do my best this day.
yes, I come to you, Let us do our best to-day.
and to reach that home, Let us ev-er do our best.

CHORUS.

Saviour help me, Saviour help me,
thy child, thy child,

Ever hold me to thy breast; Saviour help me, Saviour help thy child, And I'll ever do my best.
thy child,

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The Flag of Immanuel.

A. P. COBB. FRED A. FILLMORE.

D. C. 1. How it marches, the flag of Im-man - u - el, How it marches, the flag of Im-man - u - el, The
D. C. 2. How it triumphs, the flag of Im-man - u - el, How it triumphs, the flag of Im-man - u - el, The
D. C. 3. How it bless - es, the flag of Im-man - u - el, How it bless - es the flag of Im-man - u - el, The

Fine.

star-gemmed flag, The sun-kissed flag, The blood-bought flag of Immanuel. See its silk-en folds unfurled
star-gemmed flag, The sun-kissed flag, The blood-bought flag of Immanuel. It shall conquer ev - er-more,
star-gemmed flag, The sun-kissed flag, The blood-bought flag of Immanuel. Ev - 'ry na-tion, ev - 'ry tribe,

D. C.

O'er the kingdoms of the world, O - ver all, o - ver all, As the flag of Im-man - u - el.
It shall float from shore to shore, O - ver all, o - ver all, As the flag of Im-man - u - el.
Shall their peace and joy as - cribe Ev - er-more, ev - er-more, To the flag of Im-man - u - el.

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Happy Land, Blessed Home.

E. R. LATTA. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. There's a beautiful land, there's a blissful abode, Where the bright shining angels give glory to God; And the
2. We may sing of the beauties awaiting us there, When we pass from this world of temptation and care; But how
3. In that beau-ti - ful land there is never a tear, And the songs of the angels en-rapt-ure the ear; O, how

f. **Fine.**

ransomed from earth their Redeem-er a-dore, Who hath saved them from sin and from death evermore.
lit - tle we know of the glo - ry in store, For the chil-dren of God, in the blest ev - er-more.
blest it will be on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the pres - ence of God to a - bide ev - er-more.

D. S. *wor - ship the Fa - ther, his glo - ries a - dore, In that land, hap - py land, there to dwell ev - er-more.*

CHORUS. **D. S.**

Hap - py land, bless-ed home, Happy land, blessed home, How our hearts long for thee! We would
hap-py land, bless-ed home,

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Watch and Pray.

MRS. A. L. D. ALFRED POWERS.

1. O wan-der-er in earth-ly ways, Where dangers lurk on ev-'ry hand, Where sudden storms so oft-en rise, And foes for-ev-er round thee stand. O watch and pray, O pilgrim
2. Thy du-ty is a constant watch, An earn-est, lov-ing hopeful, care; A trust that says, my Lord is true, He'll hear and an-swer all my pray'r.
3. There's One who knows each joy or grief, And comes to meet thy spir-it there; He'll make thy blessing great-er seem, Or in thy bit-ter grieving share. and pray, O watch and pray,

CHORUS.

ev-er watch and pray, The tempter seeks to lead thy soul a-stray, O pilgrim watch and pray. and pray,

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Passing Through the Gate.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. F.

1. One by one our loved ones leave us, As the hour of life grows late; One by
2. One by one are they in - vit - ed, To our Mon-arch's broad es - tate; Not a
3. One by one we all are go - ing, Down the path - way steep and straight; Ah, the

CHORUS.

one their part-ings grieve us, They are passing thro' the gate.
loy - al soul is slight-ed, They are passing thro' the gate. They are pass-ing thro' the gate,
joy there is in know-ing, We shall meet be-yond the gate.

On - ly pass-ing thro' the gate; On the oth - er side to wait, They are passing thro' the gate.

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There is a Cross for Me.

J. M. HUNT. GEO. BAKER.

1. There is a cross for me to bear As thro' this life I go; For Je-sus bore a cross for me, And drank a cup of woe.
2. The cross that Je-sus gives to me I'll dai-ly learn to bear; And strength to stand be-neath the load, I'll hum-bly seek in prayer.
3. 'Tis he who bears the cross be-low Shall wear a crown a-bove; And all who la-bor faith-ful here Shall share a Sav-iour's love.

CHORUS.

The cross I'll bear till Je-sus says That I may lay it down; And when he leads me safe-ly home, He'll give for it a crown.
The cross I'll bear till Je-sus says

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We are Coming.

J. H. PAINTER. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. We are com-ing, we are com-ing, We have heard the Master's word To the workers of the morn-ing
2. We are sow ing, we are sow-ing, For the har-vest of the Lord; And in knowledge we are grow-ing
3. We are reaping, we are reaping, In the field of golden grain; And the garnered sheaves are keeping
4. Saviour, help us, Saviour, bless us, While we la-bor in thy love; Teach us, guide us, and caress us

CHORUS.

In the vineyard of the Lord. We are com - - ing, we are com - - ing, We will
While we learn his precious word.
For the soul's e - ter-nal gain.
When thou tak-est us a - bove. coming, coming, coming, we are coming, coming, coming,

ever serve the Lord, Who is call - ing, who is call - ing, In his true and precious word.
calling, calling, calling, who is calling, calling, calling,

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The Star in the East.

FRONIA SMITH. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. The ma - gi of the east Bro't gifts to Christ, the King, Of gold and myrrh and spices sweet, A
2. An - gel - ic voices sang To shepherds on the plain, The song that thro' all a - ges rings, Of
3. Go, bear the news a - broad, To na-tions, near and far; And bid them seek and worship him, Led

fra-grant of - fer - ing. But we have bro't this day, Gifts bet-ter far than these, The off rings of our
peace, good will to men. Let us take up his praise, Who left his home on high, And bear to all the
on - ward by his star. All darkness it dis - pels, Its light shines fair—serene, And by its soft ef-

thankful hearts, And joyful, joyful songs of praise, The off'rings of our thankful hearts, And joyful songs of praise.
sons of men, Glad tidings, tidings of great joy, And bear to all the sons of men, Glad tidings of great joy.
fulgent beams, The way, the way is clearly seen, And by its soft effulgent beams, The way is clearly seen.

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Follow Thou Me.

ADEL MACDONALD. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. In - to the homes where the friendless ones are, Fol-low, yes, fol-low thou me; Seek-ing the burdens of
2. In - to the by-ways and hedges un-seen, Fol-low, yes, fol-low thou me; Reaping where some were too
3. Out of temptations and sins that al - lure, Fol-low, yes, fol-low thou me; In - to the paths that are
4. In - to the beau-ti - ful heav-en a - bove, Fol-low, yes, fol-low thou me; There to e - ter - nal - ly

oth - ers to bear, Fol-low, yes, fol-low thou me.
care-less to glean, Fol-low, yes, fol-low thou me.
shin - ing and pure, Fol-low, yes, fol-low thou me.
dwell in my love, Fol-low, yes, fol-low thou me.

CHORUS.

Fol-low thou me, Fol-low thou me, Helping the helpless, the need-y, the poor, Fol-low thou me, Fol-low thou me, Fol-low thou me ev - er - more.

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Jesus Alone can Save.

Words and Music by J. H. F.

1. No oth - er name in earth or heav'n, Je - sus a - lone can save; No oth - er name to
2. On - ly in him is par-don found, Je - sus a - lone can save; On - ly in him doth
3. No oth - er name, O heed the word, Je - sus a - lone can save; Come to him now, ac-

men is giv'n, Je - sus a - lone can save. Je - sus a - lone can save, . .
grace a-bound, Je - sus a - lone can save.
cept your Lord, Je - sus a - lone can save. can save, yes,

CHORUS.

Je - sus a - lone can save, No oth - er name to men is giv'n, Je - sus a - lone can save.

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Just for Today.

Words Arranged. J. H. F.

1. Lord, for to - mor - row and its needs I do not pray, But keep me from the
2. Let me no wrong or i - dle word, Un-think - ing say; Set thou a seal up-
3. Not for to - mor - row and its needs Dear Lord, I pray; But for thy love and

stain of sin, Just for to - day. Thy sov'reign will a - lone, I
on my lips, Just for to - day. Kind words I would ex - press, And
guid-ance now, Just for to - day. For when this fleet - ing life Shall

would o - bey, For - get - ting all my own, Just for to - day.
du - ly pray, That thou my work wilt bless, Just for, just for to - day.
ebb a - way, I know thou wilt be near To bless that day.

To bless, to bless that day.

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To the Uttermost.

Words and Music by R. T. WILEY.

1. God's love is unbounded and changeless for-ev - er, His mer - cy and goodness my refuge shall be;
2. When sin with its fetters had burdened and bound me, When, blinded and weary, I longed to be free,
3. His love is more broad than the calm flowing river, And greater its depth than the nethermost sea;
4. O sin-ner! with burden of grief and of sadness, Why longer in darkness and wea-ri-ness roam?

And nothing of pres-ent or fu-ture can sev - er The love which the Father hath shown unto me.
His love broke the bonds that were clinging around me, And opened my eyes that his beauty I see.
More high than the stars, it en-dur - eth for - ev - er, It saves to the ut-ter-most, saves e-ven me.
Seek Je-sus, he'll turn all thy sor - row to gladness, Thy sins, tho' as scarlet, as snow shall become.

CHORUS.

The blood of the crucified From sin sets me free; It saves to the uttermost, It saves e-ven me.

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Wonderful Love.

MAXWELL. Music and Chorus by J. W. McGARVEY, JR.

1. How shall I my Saviour set forth? How shall I his beauties declare? Or how shall I speak of his worth,
2. Tho' once he was nailed to the cross, Vile rebels like me to set free, His glo - ry sus-tain - ed no loss,
3. O sin-ners! believe and a - dore This Saviour, so rich to re - deem; No creature can ev - er ex-plore
4. Come, all ye who see yourselves lost, And feel yourselves burdened with sin, Draw near while with terror your tossed,

CHORUS.

Or what his chief dig-ni - ties are? O won - der-ful love! . . O won - derful
E - ter-nal his kingdom shall be.
The treasure of goodness in him.
O-bey and your peace shall be-gin. O won-derful love! O wonderful love! Wonderful love! O

love! . . . O won - - der - ful, won-der-ful love, My Sav - iour showed to me!
won-der - ful love! Won-der - ful, won-der - ful, won-der - ful love!

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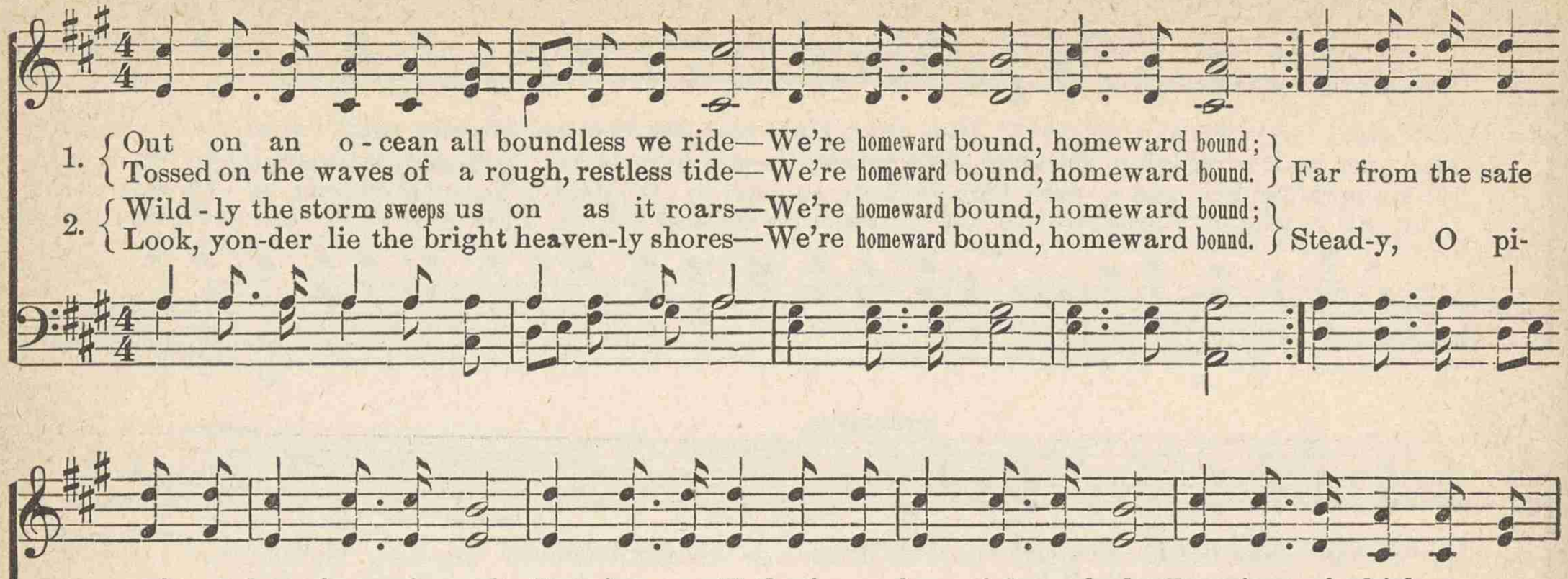
Homeward Bound.

W. F. WARREN. C. S. HARRINGTON, Arranged.



1. { Out on an o - cean all boundless we ride—We're homeward bound, homeward bound; / Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide—We're homeward bound, homeward bound. } Far from the safe
2. { Wild - ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars—We're homeward bound, homeward bound; / Look, yon-der lie the bright heaven-ly shores—We're homeward bound, homeward bound. } Stead-y, O pi-

qui - et har - bor we've rode, Seek-ing our Father's ce - les - tial a - bode, Promise of which on us
lot, stand firm at the wheel; Stead- y we soon shall outweath-er the gale: O how we fly 'neath the

each he bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
loud creaking sail, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

3 We'll tell the world as we journey along,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng—
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Come, trembling, sinner, forlorn and opprest,
Join in our number, O come and be blest;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest—
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

O Hear the Tidings.

Words and Music by LLOYD DARSIE.

1. O hear the tid - ings heav - en born, Sent from the Fa - ther's home; The
2. And while this glo - rious mes - sage comes, To prod - i - gals who roam; There's
3. See, streams of life, like crys - tal pure, Gush from the Fa - ther's throne; Here
4. But if thy tim - id soul shall cry, For me there is no room; Bid

CHORUS.

doors swing wide, the feast is spread, The spir-it and bride say come.
room with-in the Father's house, Let him that hears, say come. Come, come, thy Saviour is
all may free - ly drink and live, And he who thirsts may come.
ev - 'ry doubt and fear be gone, For he who will may come.

pleading with thee to come, Come, come, for heav-en - ly voic - es are call - ing come.

Copyright, 1888, by LLOYD DARSIE.

I Will Early Seek The Saviour.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. I will ear-ly seek the Sav-iour, I will learn of him each day; I will fol-low in his foot-steps, I will seek the nar-row way.
2. I will hasten where he bids me, I am not too young to go In the pathway where he lead-eth, Not to young his will to know.
3. He is standing at the door-way Of es-cape from ev-'ry sin; I will knock for he has prom-ised He will hear and let me in.

CHORUS.

For he loves me, yes, he loves me, Je-sus loves me, this I know; Je-sus loves me, died to save me, This is why I love him so.

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Calling Now for Thee.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. Wan - der - er from Je - sus, wea - ry, sad and lone, Hear him gently call-ing now for thee;
2. Have earth's pleasures lured you, have temptations led, Oft in paths of sin and shame to stray;
3. Day - light fad - eth quick-ly, night is com-ing on, Dark will be thy path without a star;

Hear his precious promise to the err - ing one, I will love you free - ly—come to me.
Hear the voice of Je - sus peace and blessing shed, "Come to me I am the Truth, the Way."
On - ly trust him whol - ly, he will guide thee home, O'er thy way he shin - eth from a - far.

D. S. *Hear his pre-cious prom-ise to the err - ing one, I will love you free - ly—come to me.*

CHORUS.

Call - ing, he is call - ing, Hear him call-ing now for thee.
Calling now for thee, calling now for thee, Hear him calling, call-ing now for thee, now for thee.

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Awake the Echo.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. MISSIONARY SONG, WITH ECHO. J. H. F.

1. There are sleep-ing crys-tal waters, There are si - lent sun-lit hills, There are wav-ing, grass - y
2. There are loft-y ris-ing mountains, Where the crashing thunders roll, Where the lightning flash re-
3. There are hon - ey - la - den flowers, Where the shining birdlings sup, Yet no hand from liv - ing

meadows, Which the morning zephyr thrills, Where the bless-ed name of Jesus Never on the silence spoke,
peated Speaks but ter-ror to the soul. And amid the storm and tempest Never voice has bidden cease,
fountain Lifts to dy - ing lips a cup. Soon, O soon a-mid the music Of the earth's unending spring,

CHORUS.

And the gos - pel tid-ings nev - er Yet the hea - then dark-ness broke.
Nev - er on the rag-ing bil-lows Has a Sav - iour spo - ken peace. Then wake the ech - o,
May the Sun of Right be ris - en, Bearing heal - ing on his wing.

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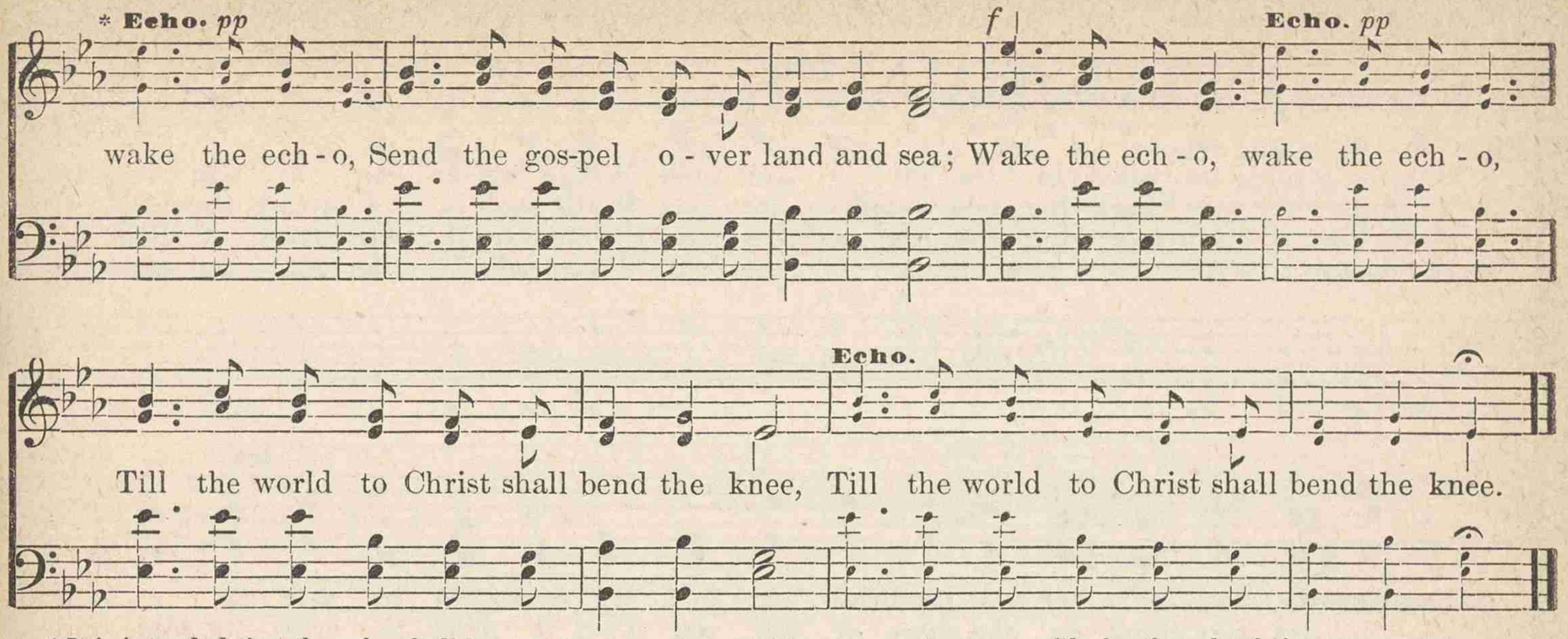
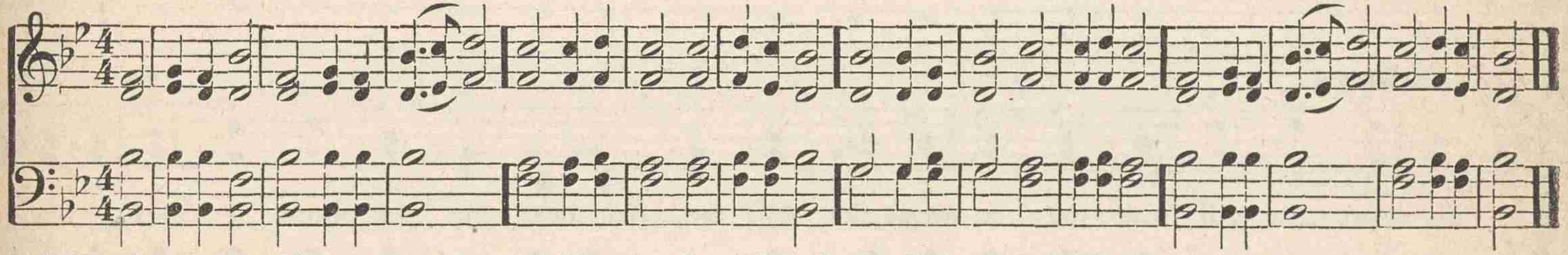

* It is intended that the echo shall be sung by a quartet outside. It may be sung softly by the school if a quartet is impracticable. The chorus may be repeated.

Sessions. L. M.

L. O. Emerson.

1 King Jesus, reign for evermore,
Unrivaled in thy courts above,
While we, with all thy saints, adore
The wonders of redeeming love.

2 No other Lord but thee we'll know,
No other power but thine confess;
We'll spread thine honors while below,
And heaven shall hear us shout thy grace.

3 We'll sing along the heavenly road
That leads us to thy blest abode;
Till, with the vast unnumbered throng,
We join in heaven's triumphant song.

Beyond the Sea.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. Dedicated to Wm. A. Broadhurst and family. A. C. HOPKINS.

DUET.

1. Just o - ver be - yond in the cit - y of gold, Where nev - er an ill can be - tide;
2. I know they are wait - ing and watching for me, While sad - ly I tread the lone way;
3. Some beau-ti - ful morn - ing the sea will be crossed, Sometime I will land on that plain;
4. O beau - ti - ful cit - y! O home of the soul! Where safe - ly the miss - ing ones dwell;

Where sweetly, and ev - er, new beau-ties un - fold, My dear ones in safe - ty a - bide.
Yes, yon - der they stand on the shore of the sea, That I must be cross - ing some day.
And there I will greet the dear friends I have lost, And ev - er - more with them re - main.
O bliss - ful as - sur-ance, while a - ges shall roll, Shall nev - er be heard a fare - well.

CHORUS.

The boat-man will row me a - cross the still sea, And bear me to those I love best;

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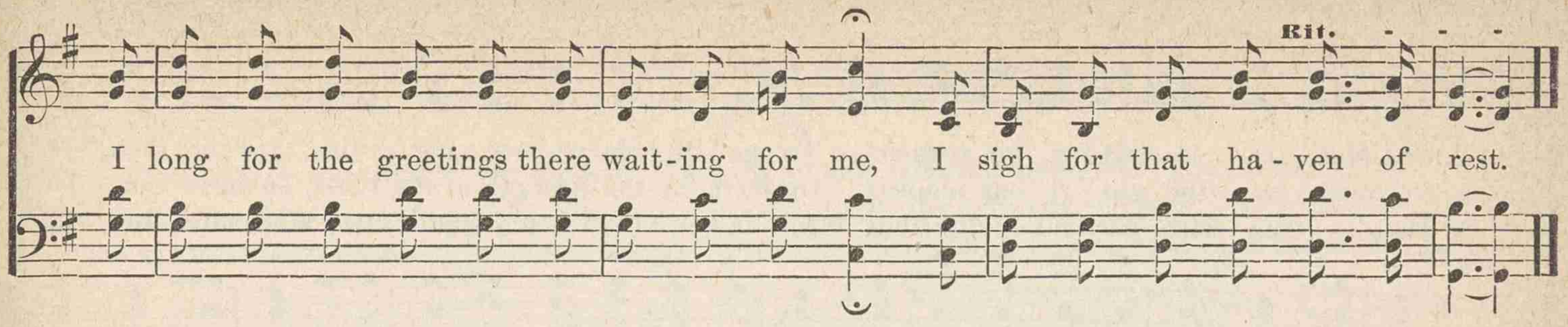
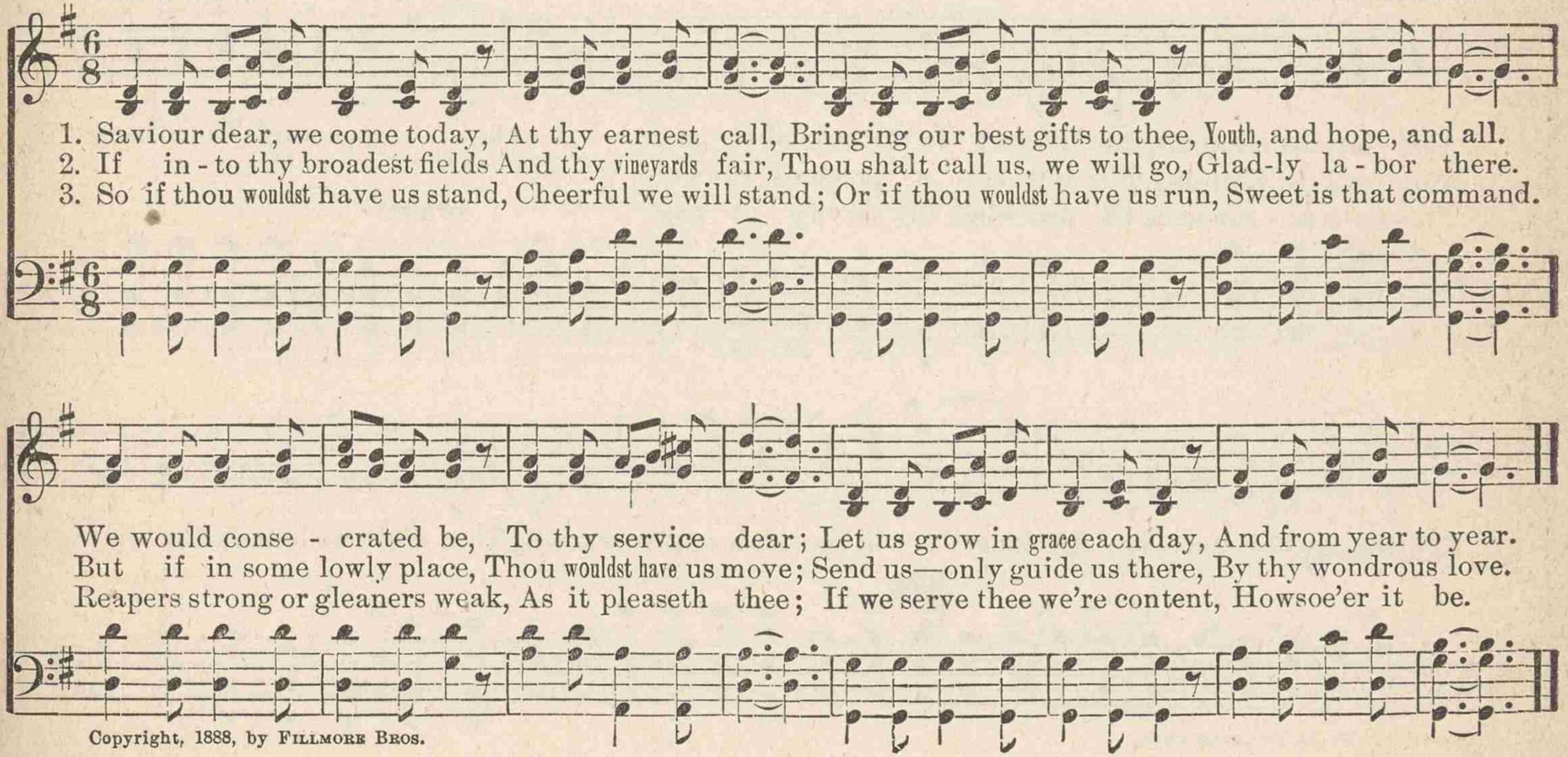

We Would Work for Thee.

FRONIA SMITH. FRED A. FILLMORE.



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Go Forth to the Reaping.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. The Mas - ter is call-ing for reap-ers To ga - ther the whit-en - ing grain; A-wake, then, ye
2. Go forth to the glo - ri - ous reaping, Go forth in the strength of the Lord; In heav - en he
3. Then la - bor with pa-tient en-dur-ance While la-bor's brief hours shall last; With faith in the

CHORUS.

ease - lov-ing sleep-ers, Nor long-er in dreamland re - main. A-wake! opportunity's morning Is
sure - ly is keep-ing For toil - ers a precious re - ward.
Mas-ter's as - sur-ance Of rest when thy service is past. awake!

lighting the O-ri-ent sky; Ere long will the shadows give warning That night with its darkness is nigh.
ere long

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Plead the Promise.

A. P. COBB. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. Shall the servant doubt his Saviour, Tho' the clouds between them roll? Prayer can bring his royal
2. Tho' the heav'ns a-bove are bra-zen, God can bring the copious showers; Arid des-erts he can
3. O, that faith each day might bring us To such mighty con-fi-dence, That each prayer of faith would

CHORUS.

fa-vor Down in bless-ings on thy soul.
bla-zen With the dew-en-cum-bered flowers. Plead the promise, God will hear thee, Tho' thy
wing us Past the veil of time and sense!

hope be long de-ferred; Plead the promise, God is near thee, He that ask-eth shall be heard.

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The Garden of the Lord.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Are you work-ing, are you work-ing In the gar-den of the Lord? When he cometh at the
2. Are you grow-ing, are you grow-ing In the gar-den of the Lord? Are you stepping ev - er
3. Are you watching, are you watching In the gar-den of the Lord? Like the lil - y, are your
4. When the trump of God is sounding, And the gates are o-pened wide, All the gladness of the

set-ting of the sun, Will he find a gold - en harvest, Will you reap a rich re-ward, For the
heav'nward on the way? In the knowledge of the Saviour, In the rich-ness of his word, Are you
garments pure and white, Like the lovely rose of Sha-ron, Is your heart in sweet ac-cord? Does it
bless-ed you shall know, If with-in the Master's vineyard, From the morn till e-ven-tide, You have

faith - ful toil and serv-ice you have done? Are you work - - - ing in the
gain - ing grace and wis-dom ev - ery day?
turn with joy and glad-ness to the light?
been a faith - ful work-er here be - low. Are you work - ing, are you work - ing in the

CHORUS.

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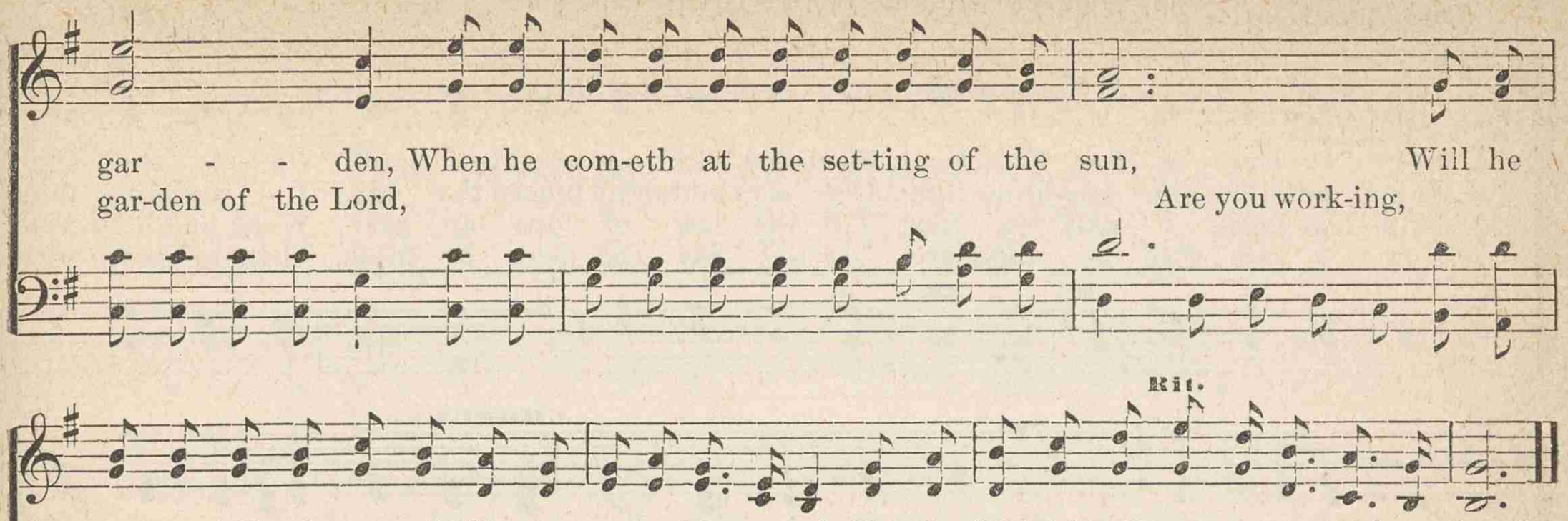
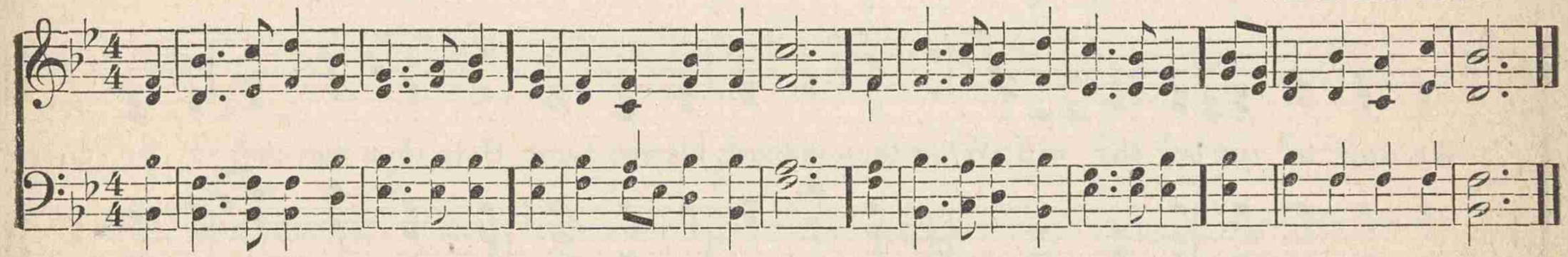


Brown. C. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill the word;

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;

3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

Whatsoe'er Thou Wilt.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. F.

1. Lo! I bow be - fore thee, Lord, Burdened with my weight of guilt; On - ly wait - ing
2. Round me shines thy won-drous light, O'er my midnight breaks thy day; I was blind, thou
3. Hum - bly, Lord, I wait on thee, Till thy law of love ap - pear; Weak and help - less
4. Now I see thee as thou art, Great-er joy can ne'er be mine, Than to serve with

on thy word, I will do what-e'er thou wilt.
gav - est sight, Let me all thy will o - bey. I am wait - ing for thy word,
tho' I be, Thou, my per - fect strength, art near.
all my heart, One so gra - cious, so di - vine.

CHORUS.*

Waiting to o - bey thy will; What thou biddest, blessed Lord, Help thou me and I ful - fill.

*A good effect will be produced by the soprano taking the tenor, the alto taking the soprano, and the tenor taking the alto notes for the first four measures of the chorus, using the small notes for ending, instead of the slurred ones. The tenor, of course, sings a high pitch to the alto notes.

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One Step at a Time.

T. J. SHELTON. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. One step at a time, dear Sav-iour, I can not take an - y more; The flesh is so weak and hope - less, I know not what is be - fore.
2. One step at a time, dear Sav-iour, I am not walking by sight; Keep step with my soul, dear Sav - iour, I walk by faith in thy might.
3. One step at a time, dear Sav-iour, O guard my fal - ter - ing feet! Keep hold of my hand, dear Sav - iour, Till I my jour - ney com-plete.
4. One step at a time, dear Sav-iour, Thou knowest all of my fear; One word from thy heart, dear Sav - iour, And heav-en's man-sions ap - pear.

CHORUS.

One step at a time dear Sav - iour, Till faith grows stronger in thee; One step at a time, dear Saviour, Till hope grows stronger in me. in thee,

By permission.

My Savior Leads the Way.

M. E. SERVOSS. *He leadeth me.*—Psa. 23 : 3. E. S. LORENZ.

1. A - cross life's rug - ged mountains, And thro' its pleas - ant vales, A - down its dark a-
2. Tho' rough may be my path-way, With thorns and bri - ars grown, Yet ten - der - ly he
3. So, trust - ing - ly I jour-ney Through all the changing years, And in the love of

byss - es, Where mort-al cour - age fails; At morning, noon, and evening, In cool and heat of
guides me, And leaves me not a - lone; And in the hour of tri - al, When sad and sore op-
Je - sus, I hide from all my fears; For what of ill can harm me? What cause my feet to

day, Thro' sunshine and thro' shadow, My Savior leads the way.
pressed, 'Tis then his near-er presence Gives sympa-thy and rest. My Sav-ior leads the way, My
stray, When ev-ery hour and moment My Savior leads my way?

REFRAIN.

From "Holy Voices," by permission.

Sav-ior leads the way; Tho' the tri-als come, He will lead me home; My Sav-ior leads the way.

Praise the Lord.

THOMAS HARRISON. Music arranged.

1. How beauteous is the earth! How bright the sky! How wise - ly planned by him who reigns on high!
2. By day he makes the sun to pour forth light; The moon and star - ry host to shine by night.
3. He wa-ters hill and dale with dews and show'rs, And crowns their va-ried soils with fruits and flow'rs.
4. He sent his on - ly Son to save the world, When from its E-den bow'rs fall'n man was hurled.
5. His face hath smiled on us, a - bove all lands; Our thou-sand splen - did gifts are from his hands.

CHORUS.

His love is rich and free— a boundless store; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord for ev - er-more!

Marching On.

Words and Music by FRED A. FILLMORE.

Marching on, marching on, While the trumpet notes of battle loudly ring;
marching on, marching on, marching on,

Marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on, We are pressing to the pal-ace of our King.

1. March - ing on, a glad and hap - py throng, In the Lord of hosts our faith is strong;
2. March - ing on, with firm and stead - y step, 'Gainst the holds by Sa - tan's ar - my kept;
3. March - ing on - ward, con-q'ring in the strife, March - ing on to gain e - ter - nal life;

1. March - ing on, a hap - py throng, In the Lord our faith is strong;
2. March - ing on with stead - y step, 'Gainst the holds by Sa - tan kept;
3. March - ing, con-qu'ring in the strife, On to gain e - ter - nal life;

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We will true and val-iant soldiers prove, Fight - ing 'neath the ban-ner of his love.
Fear - less, faith-ful, cour-age ev - er strong, Vic - to - ry shall be our glorious song. Marching,
March - ing on to meet our glorious King, Ev - er - more his prais-es we will sing.

We will val - iant sol - diers prove 'Neath the ban - ner of his love.
Fear - less, faith - ful, cour - age strong, Vic - to - ry shall be our song. Marching,
On to meet our glo - rious King, Ev - er - more his prais - es sing.

on, marching on, marching on, marching on, While the trumpet notes of battle loudly ring;
marching on,

Marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on, We are pressing to the palace of our King.

Happy Home.

RAY PALMER. J. H. F.

1. And is there, Lord, a rest For wea - ry souls designed, Where not a care shall stir the breast,
2. Are there bright, hap-py fields, Where naught that blooms shall die? Where each new scene fresh pleasure yields,
3. For - ev - er bless - ed they Whose joy-ful feet shall stand, While endless a - ges waste a - way,

Or sor - row en-trance find? Is there a bliss - ful home, Where kindred minds shall meet,
And health-ful breez - es sigh? Are there ce - les - tial streams Where liv - ing wa - ters glide,
A - mid that glor - ious land; My soul would thith-er tend While toil - some years are giv'n;

CHORUS.

And live, and love, nor ever roam From that serene re-treat? Happy home, happy home,
With murmurs sweet as angel dreams, And flow'ry banks beside? happy home, happy home,
Then let me, gracious God, ascend To sweet re-pose in heav'n.

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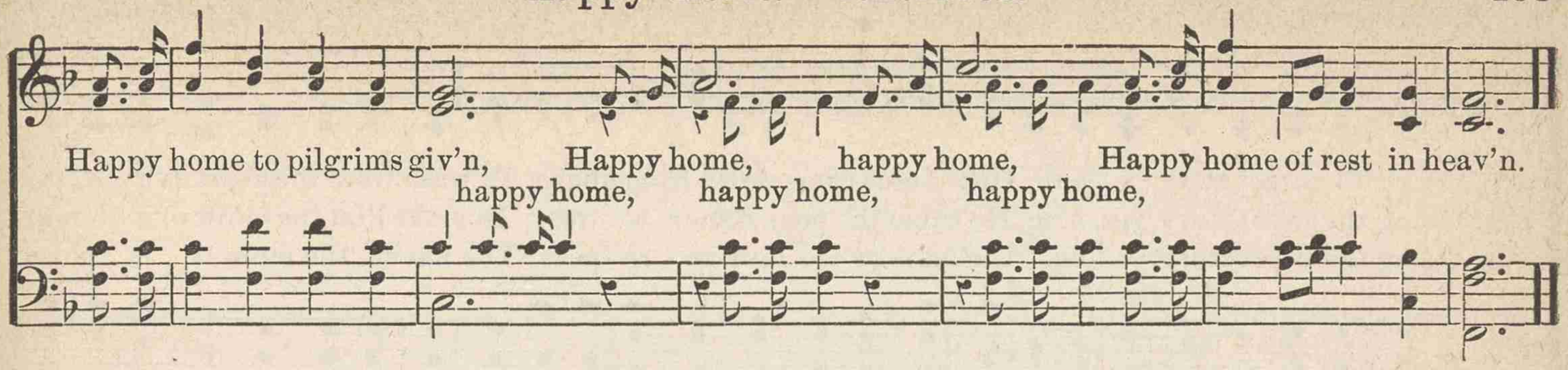
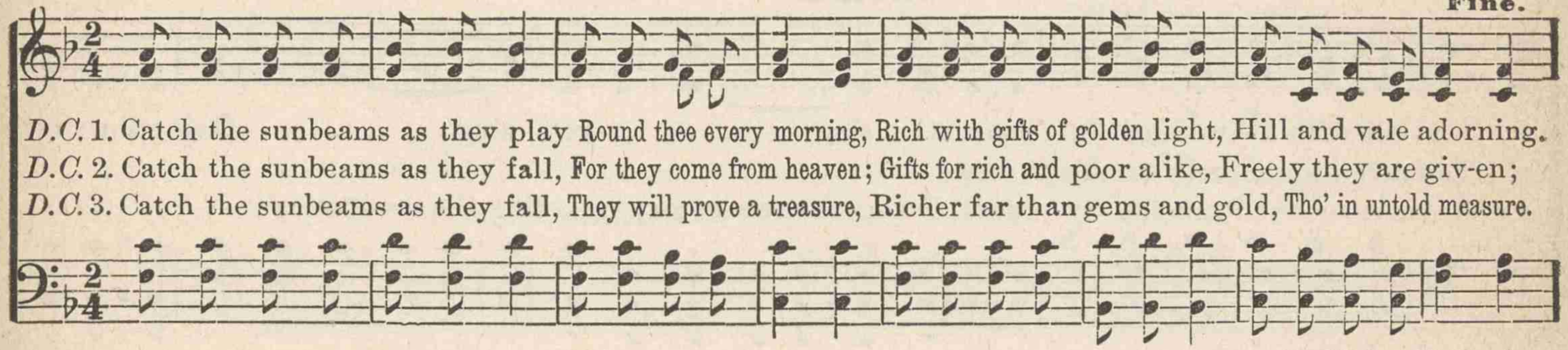
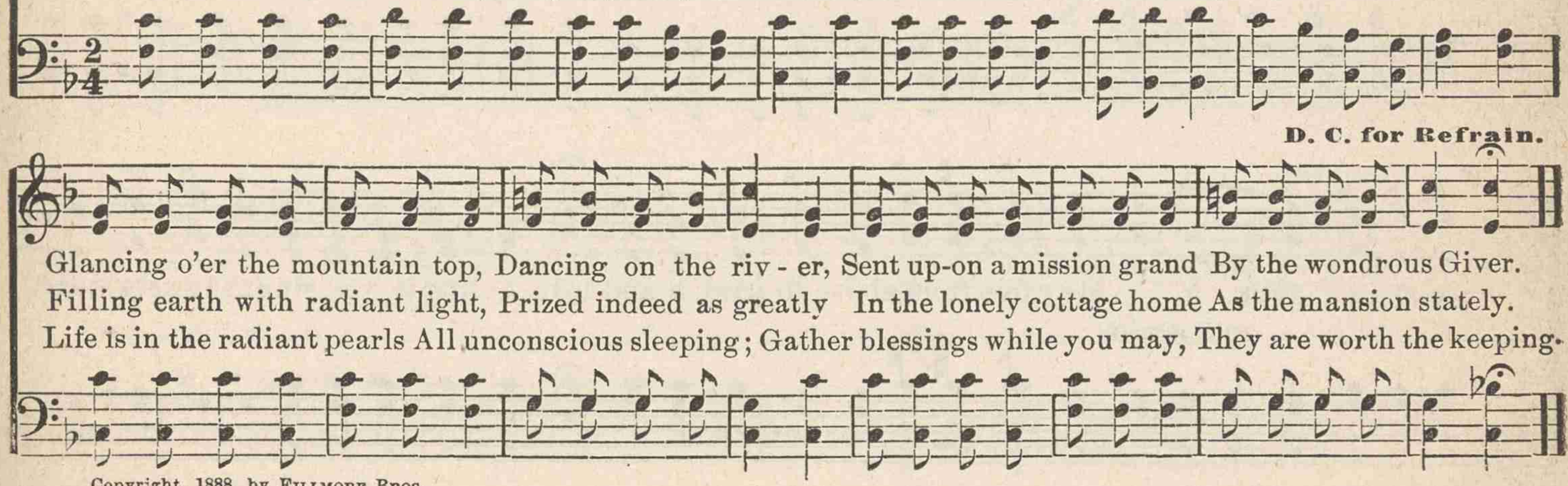


Catch the Sunbeams.

M. Lowrie Hofford, D. D. J. H. F.



D.C. 1. Catch the sunbeams as they play Round thee every morning, Rich with gifts of golden light, Hill and vale adorning.
D.C. 2. Catch the sunbeams as they fall, For they come from heaven; Gifts for rich and poor alike, Freely they are giv-en;
D.C. 3. Catch the sunbeams as they fall, They will prove a treasure, Richer far than gems and gold, Tho' in untold measure.



Glancing o'er the mountain top, Dancing on the riv - er, Sent up-on a mission grand By the wondrous Giver.
Filling earth with radiant light, Prized indeed as greatly In the lonely cottage home As the mansion stately.
Life is in the radiant pearls All unconscious sleeping; Gather blessings while you may, They are worth the keeping.

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Sing the Sweet Story.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. O sing the sweet story a - gain, How Jesus came down from above, To wash from the heart ev'ry stain,
2. O sing the sweet story, yes, sing, He came the poor sinner to own; To make him the child of a King,
3. O sing the sweet story so old, The sto - ry we love to re - peat; The sto-ry, the more it is told,

CHORUS.

And fill with his wonder - ful love. O sing, . . . yes, sing, . . . O sing the sweet
To make him an heir to his throne.
Becomes more entrancing - ly sweet. O sing the sweet story, yes, sing the sweet story;

sto-ry a - gain, . . He came from above to pardon and love, O sing it, yes, sing the sweet story.
and again,

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JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Dear is the hope that the gos-pel re-veals, Won-der-ful words of sal-va-tion! Dear to my
2. Out in the dark-ness there floated to me, Won-der-ful words of sal-va-tion! "Je-sus has
3. Now I re-peat them wherev-er I go, Won-der-ful words of sal-va-tion! Oth-ers will

heart are its ten-der appeals, Dear is its sweet in-vi-ta-tion.
died as a ransom for thee"—This was their strange revela-tion. Wonderful words, wonderful words,
hear them with gladness I know, Heeding their fond exhor-ta-tion.

CHORUS.

Wonderful words of life! Dearest of histories, strangest of mysteries, Wonderful, wonderful words.

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The Heavenly Land.

Words by the Author of "There is a Happy Land." FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. I know of a land, where the bright an-gel band Are clad in their garments of glo - ry so grand;
2. I know of a home where the saint-ed ones roam, Where parting, and sighing, and tears are unknown;
3. I know of a place where our dear Father's face Will beam on his chil-dren in beau - ty and grace;
4. I know we shall be, when our Sav-iour we see, From sin and from sor - row for - ev - er set free;

They sing hal - le - lu - jah, they sing as they shine, They sing hal-le - lu - jah, in anthems di-vine.
They sing hal - le - lu - jah, they sing as they shine, They sing hal-le - lu - jah, in glo - ry di-vine.
They sing hal - le - lu - jah, they sing as they shine, They sing hal-le - lu - jah, in glo - ry di-vine.
We'll sing hal - le - lu - jah, we'll sing as we shine, We'll sing hal-le - lu - jah, in glo - ry di-vine.

CHORUS.

Halle - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, they sing as they shine,
Halle - lujah, they sing, halle - lu-jah, they sing, hal-le - lujah,

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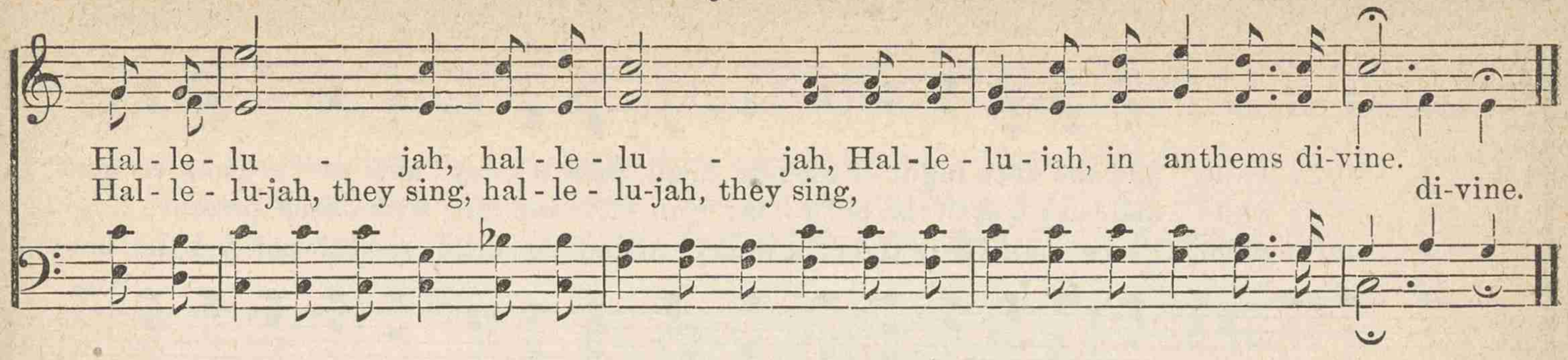
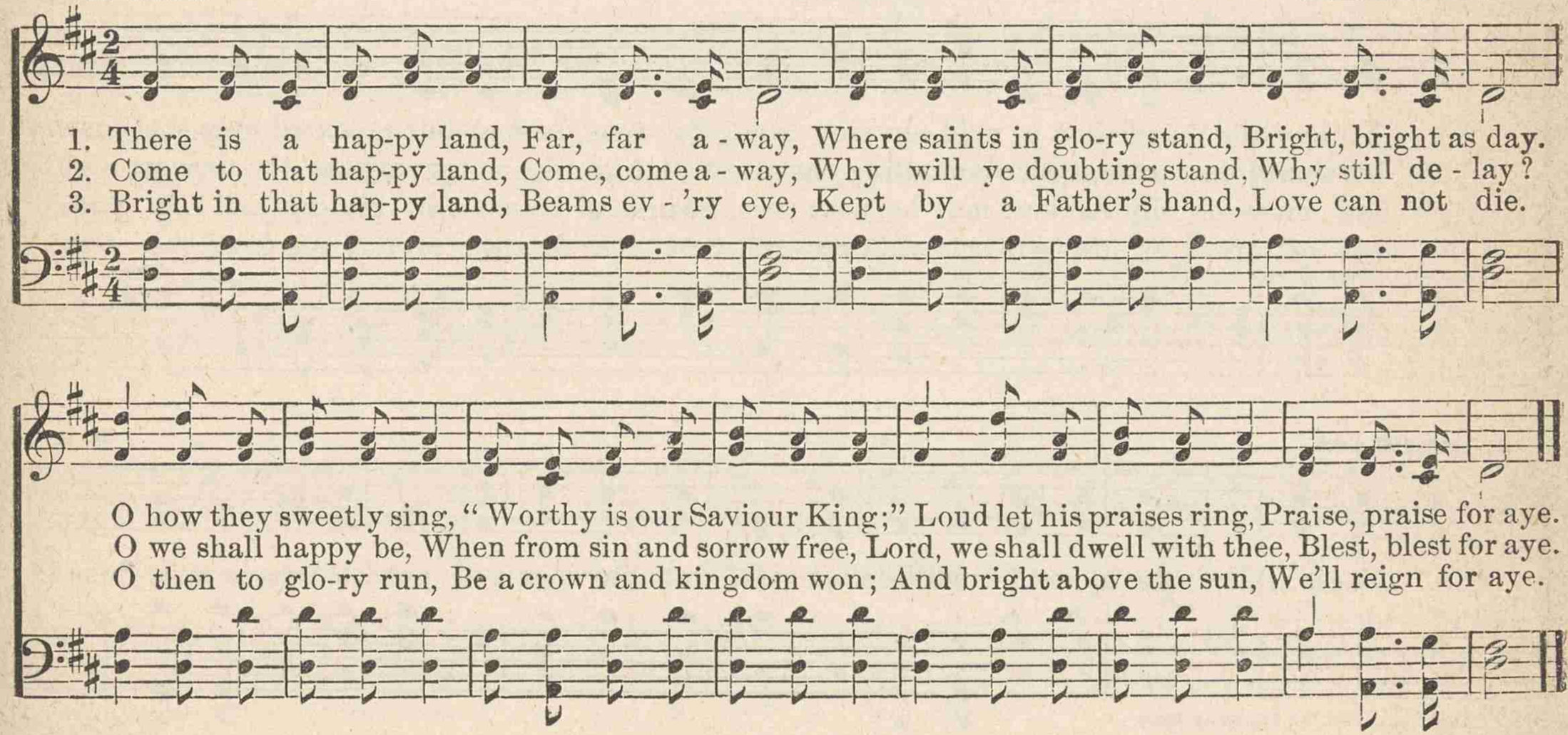

There is a Happy Land.

A. Young. Hindostan Air.

A Little While.

A. P. COBB. J. H. F.

1. "A lit-tle while," and the dark night of sor-row Shall pass a - way and ev - er-more be gone;
2. "A lit-tle while," and heav'n shall rise before us, Sun - lit and fair, with Jesus' presence bright;
3. "A lit-tle while," Peace, soul! Grow thou not weary! Al-tho' thy Lord re-veal not yet the hour;

f. Fine.

"A lit-tle while," and then a gold - en mor - row, Se - rene, be-fore our raptured eyes shall dawn.
And we shall join redemption's swelling chorus With him who sought us thro' the darkest night.
E'en now, un-seen, thy Saviour may be near thee, Soon shall he come in glo - ry and in power.
D. S. *No lamb of his in des - erts wild shall per - ish, Soon will he come to call his loved ones home.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

"A lit-tle while," the bless-ed prom-ise cher - ish! Our Sav-iour will not leave us here a - lone;

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JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. F.

1. Are you building on the Rock, High a-bove the sandy beach, Where no sudden wave can shock,
2. Years, like tides, will come and go; Tell me, are you ver-y sure That they will not o - verthrow
3. Lay with patience, faith and prayer, Your foundations deep and wide; Build thereon, with watchful care,

CHORUS.

Where no beat - ing tide can reach?
Much that seemed at first se - cure? Are you hear - ing and o - bey - ing? Are you
Far a - bove the an - gry tide.

work-ing, watching, pray-ing? Tell me, does your dwelling stand On the rock, or on the sand?

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We shall Rest.

E. R. LATTA. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. This is not our time of resting, When the seed-time speeds away; Seeds of love and truth to scatter,
2. This is not our place of resting, Where there is so much to do, Ere the night of death shall settle,
3. If we wish to share the harvest, When the golden sheaves are bro't, We must not be standing i - dle,

TRIO.

We should labor all the day. When the bright eternal morning On our raptured sight shall rise,
Settle down up-on our view. When we pass the shining por-tals, Nev-er, nev-er-more to roam,
Spending all our time for nought. In the serv-ice of the Mas-ter, If we la-bor faith-ful-ly,

QUARTET. **CHORUS.**

We shall rest from toil and weeping, In the mansions of the skies. We shall rest, yes,
We shall cease from toil and weeping, In our ev-er-last-ing home.
Heaven shall be our place of resting, And the time—E-ter-ni-ty! shall rest,

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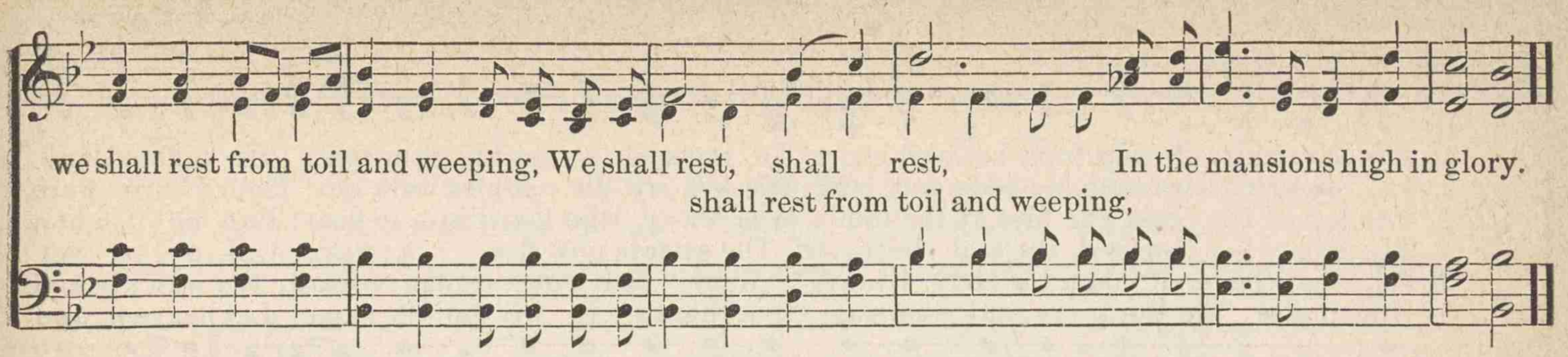
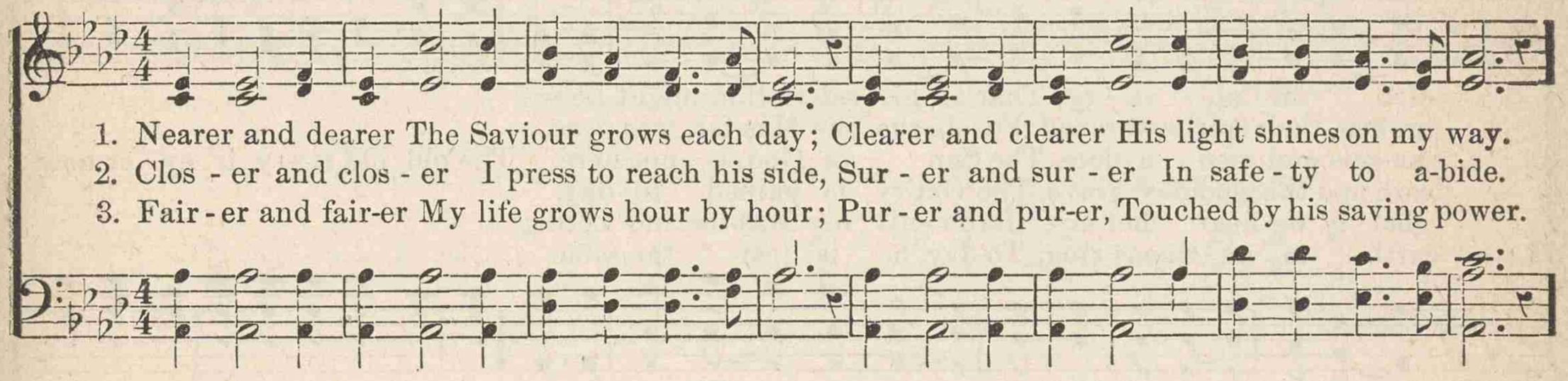
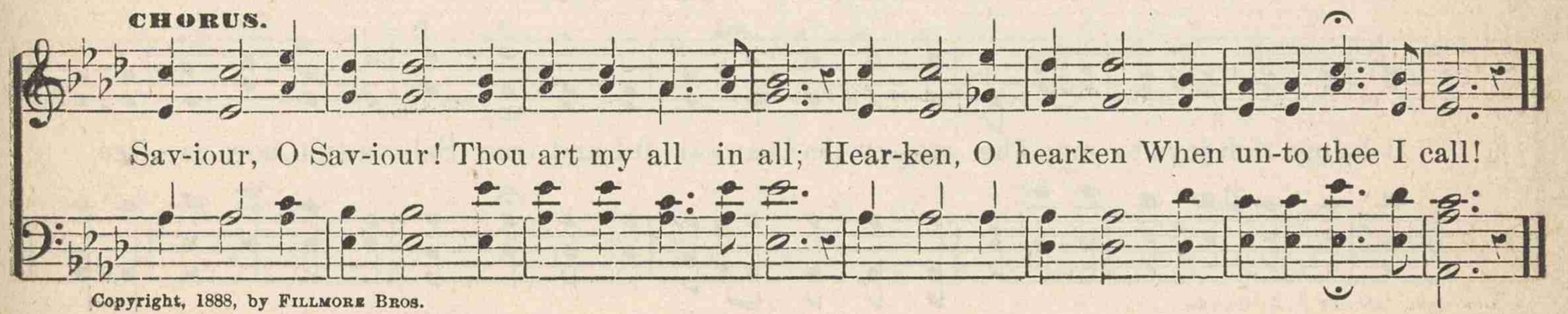

The Saviour All in All.

FRONIA SMITH. FRED A. FILLMORE.



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The Story of the Resurrection.

Words and Music by J. E. HAWES.

1. The Sav-iour of men from heav-en came To ran-som a world from woe; He suffered and
2. In Joseph's new tomb his body was laid, His wea-ry dis-ci-ples were sad; Their hearts were
3. The last at the cross, the first at the tomb, Was Ma-ry, who loved him so dear; But he whom
4. The stone is removed, the seal destroyed, The guards now flee a-way; And o-ver
5. "O, where have ye taken his body, I pray?" "Mary!" that voice brings re-ward; For quickly and
6. Now praise the Lord, my soul, and sing, Give thanks to his ho-ly name; Let heav-en and

CHORUS.

died on Cal-va-ry, That all his sal-va-tion might know.
broken, their spirits were sad, For Je-sus, the Mas-ter, was dead.
an-gels and men a-dore, The Son of God, is not here. The old, old sto-ry is ev-er new,
death and the gloom-y grave, The vict'ry is gained to-day.
glad-ly we hear her say, "Rabbo-ni!" my Mas-ter and Lord.
earth in an-thems ring, To-day he is just the same.

It brings rich joys to me; The sto-ry so beau-ti-ful and true, Sal-va-tion now is free.

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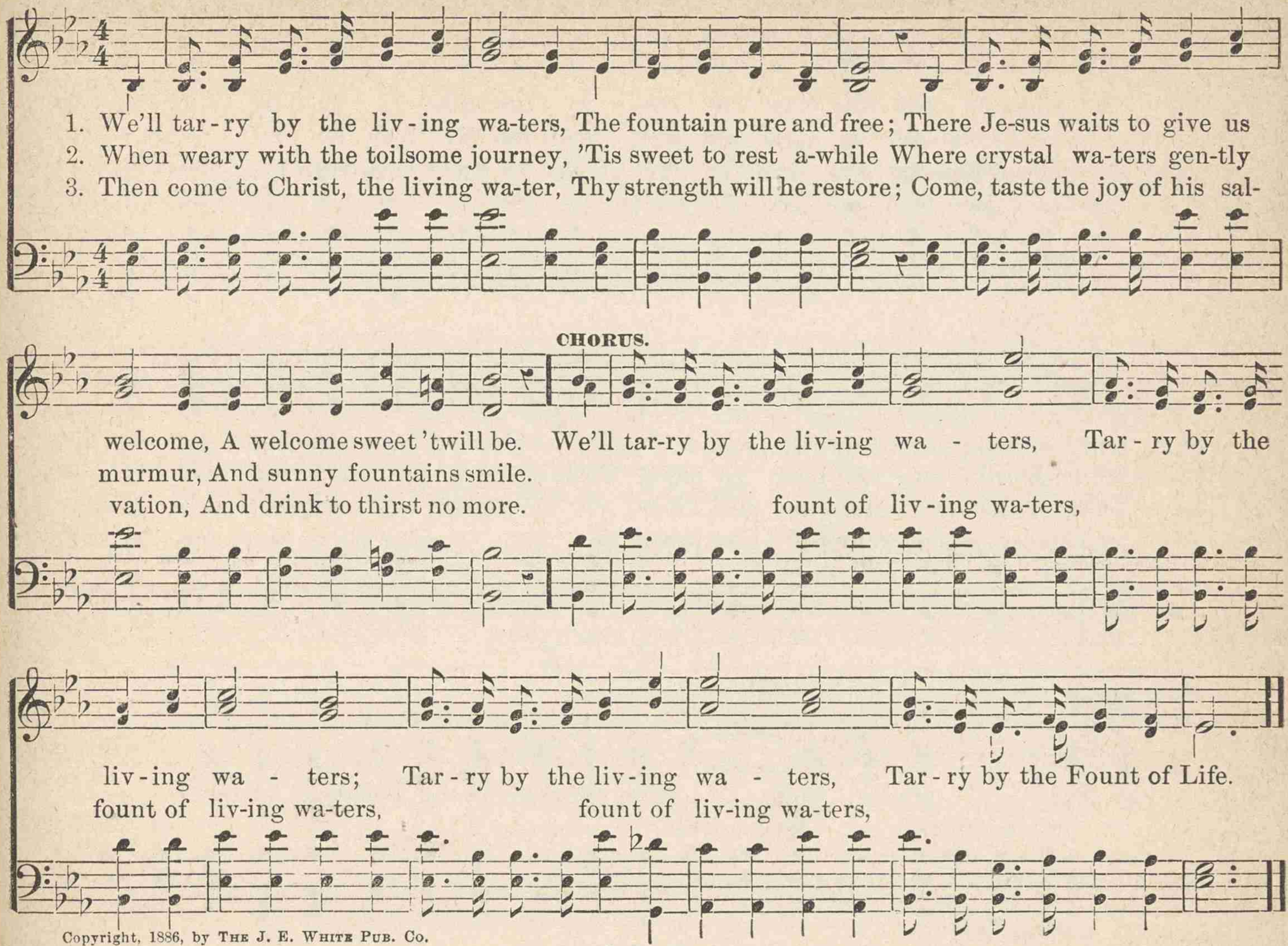
Words and Music by F. E. BELDEN.



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To Be There.

L. H. JAMESON. J. H. F.

1. On the banks of the riv - er of life, In the midst of the cit - y of God;
2. There their sor - rows and tri - als are o'er, With the Sav - iour for - ev - er they're blest;
3. There shall friendships, be - gun here be - low, That by death have been ruth - less - ly riv'n;
4. With the an - gels and glo - ri - fied saints, In that cit - y of glo - ry to be;

Far removed from con - ten - tion and strife, The redeemed have their hap - py a - bode.
There the wick - ed an - noy them no more, There the wea - ry e - ter - nal - ly rest.
Be renewed, for we sure - ly shall know All our friends when we meet them in heav'n.
As for fount-ains the wound-ed hart pants, So Je - ru - s'lem we're pant - ing for thee.

CHORUS.

To be there, to be there, . . With our Saviour and friends to be there,
to be there, to be there, to be there,

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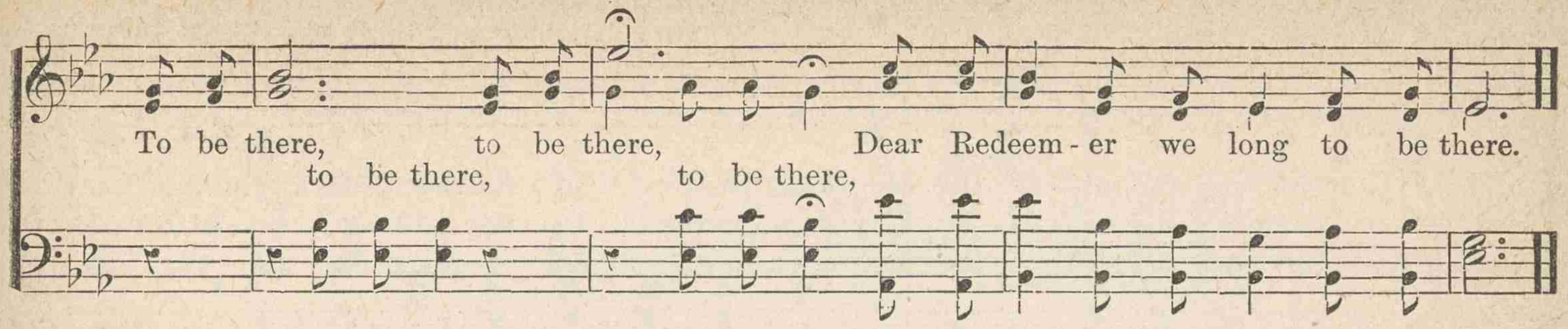
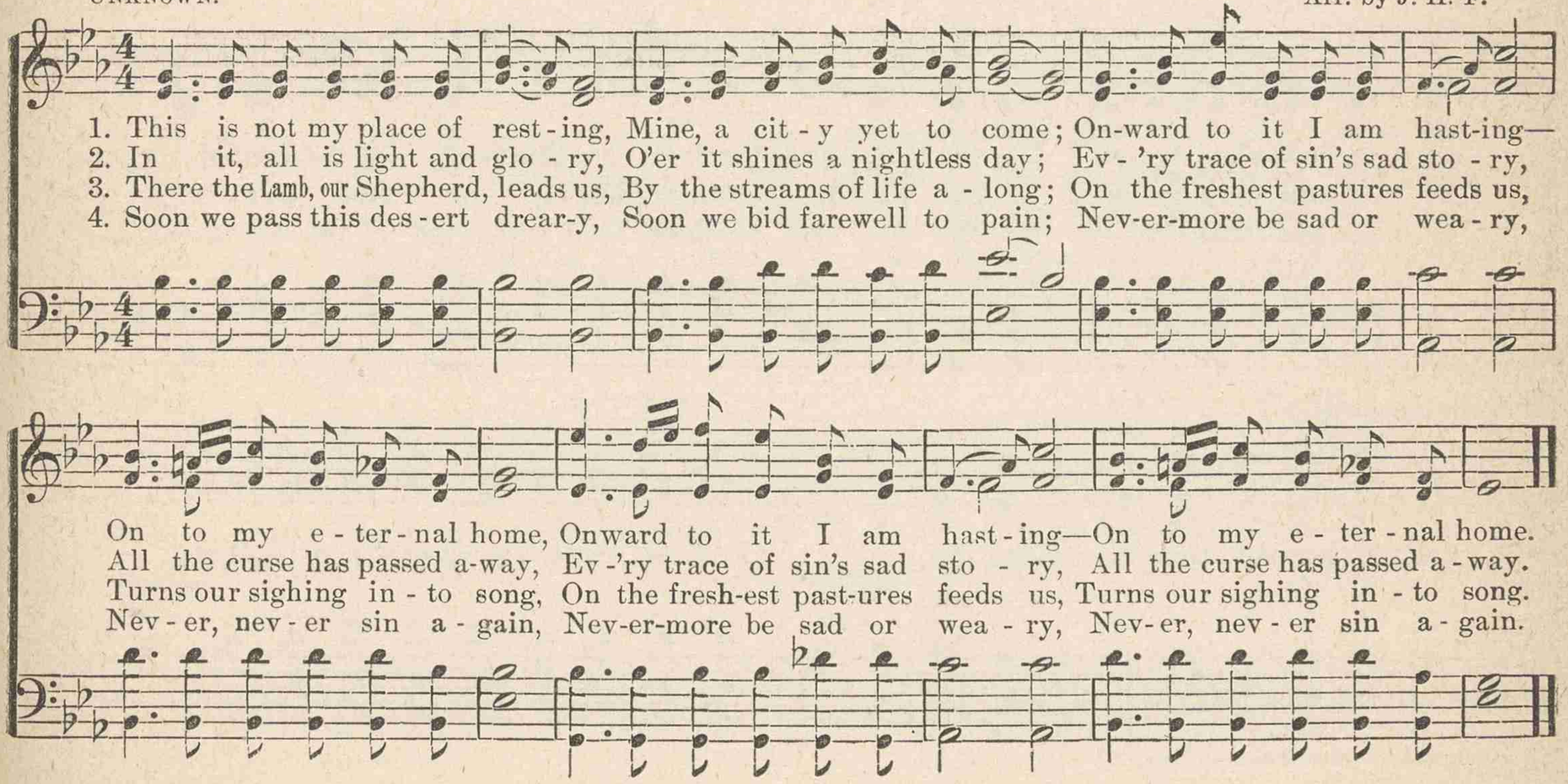

My Place of Resting.

UNKNOWN. Arr. by J. H. F.



Sowing the Seed of the Kingdom.

Words and Music by AUGUSTUS HAYDEN.

1. Are you sow - ing the seed of the king-dom, broth-er, In the morn - ing bright and fair?
2. Are you sow - ing the seed of the king-dom, broth-er, In the still and sol - emn night?
3. Are you sow - ing the seed of the king-dom, broth-er, All a - long the fer - tile way?

Are you sow - ing the seed of the king-dom, broth-er, In the heat of the noon-day's glare?
Are you sow - ing the seed of the king-dom, broth-er, For a har - vest pure and white?
Are you get - ting read - y for the har - vest, broth-er, That will come at the last great day?

CHORUS.

For the har-vest time is com-ing on, And the reaper's work will soon be done;
coming on, soon be done,

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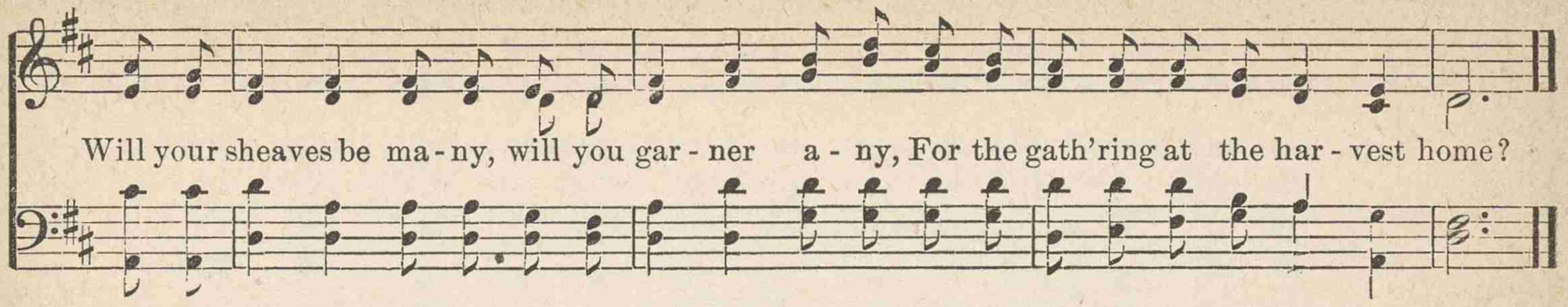
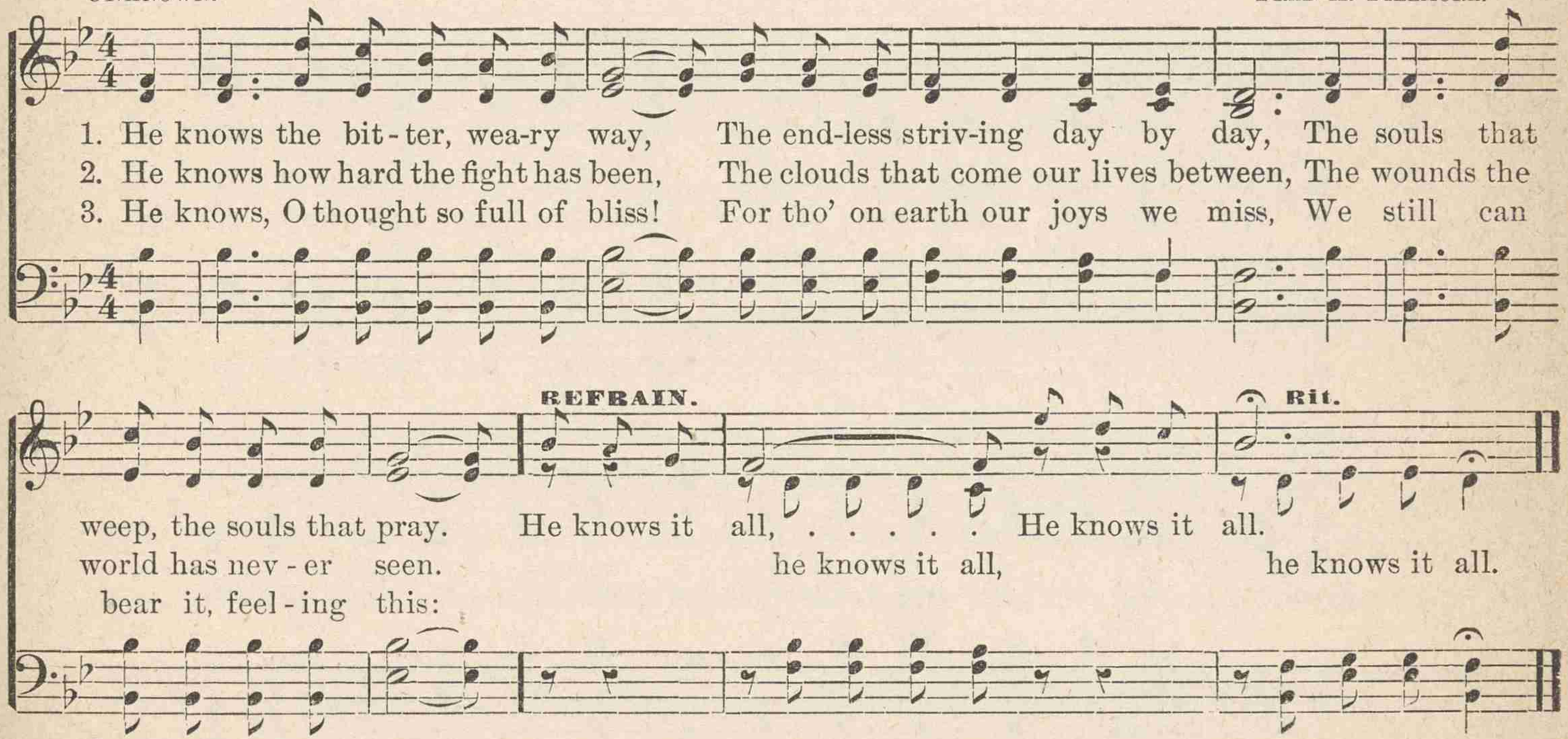

He Knows it All.

UNKNOWN. FRED A. FILLMORE.

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Lift! Brother, Lift!

Words and Music by F. E. Belden.

1. When the cross seems hard to car - ry, Lift! broth - er, lift! O'er the bur - den
2. Du - ty's call is self - de - ny - ing, Lift! broth - er, lift! Half the bat - tle
3. When the e - vil seems the strong - est, Lift! broth - er, lift! Lift the hard - est

CHORUS.

nev - er tar - ry, Lift! broth - er, lift!
lies in try - ing, Lift! broth - er, lift! Lift the cross and clasp it tight - er,
lift the long - est, Lift! broth - er, lift!

Lift! brother, lift! Lift - ing makes the bur - den light - er, Lift! brother, lift!

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When His Salvation Bringing.

JOSHUA KING. MOZART.

1. When, his sal - va - tion bring-ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came; The chil-dren all stood
2. And since the Lord re-tain - eth His love to chil - dren still, Tho' now as King he
3. For should we fail pro-claim-ing Our great Re-deem - er's praise, The stones, our si - lence

sing - ing, Ho - san - na to his name. Nor did their zeal of - fend him, But
reign - eth On Zi - on's heaven-ly hill; We'll flock a - round his ban - ner, We'll
sham - ing, Would their ho - san - nas raise. But shall we on - ly ren - der The

as he rode a - long, He let them still at-tend him, And smiled to hear their song.
bow be-fore his throne, And cry a - loud Ho - san - na To Da - vid's roy - al Son.
trib - ute of our words? No; while our hearts are ten - der, They too shall be the Lord's.

Is There no Room for Jesus.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. F.

1. Is there no room for Je - sus In my poor need - y heart? Must he con - tin - ue
2. Is there no room for Je - sus, The bless - ed heav'n - ly guest? Not for him - self en-
3. Is there no room for Je - sus? Shall I so thank - less be, As not to now ad-

knock-ing, Must he at last de - part? Shall I re - fuse him long - er? The Conqueror of the
treat - ing, But me to be the blest. So quick - ly at his com - ing To ban - ish grief and
mit him, When he has died for me? Shall I not bid him en - ter, And make my heart his

CHORUS.

tomb! No, wel-come, wel-come Sav - iour, Now in my heart there's room.
gloom; Yes, wel-come here, dear Sav - iour, Now in my heart there's room. Now in my heart there's
home? Yes, wel-come here, dear Sav - iour, Now in my heart there's room.

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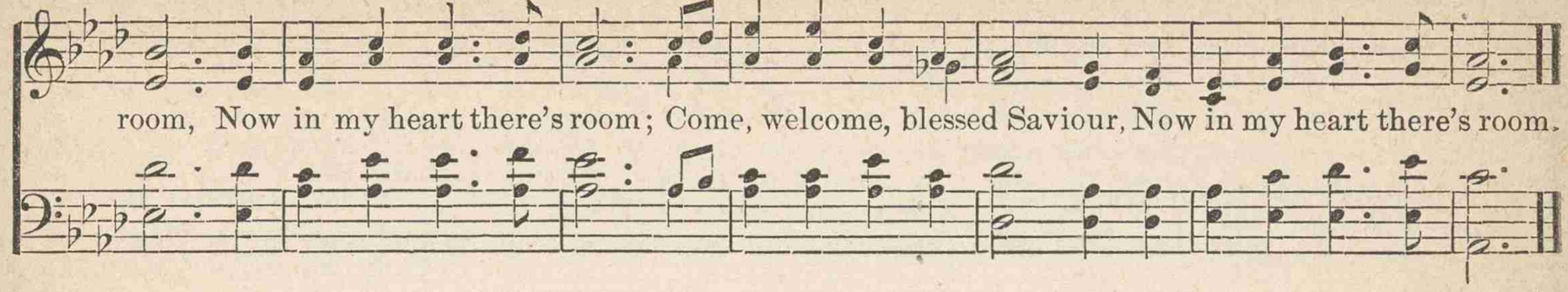
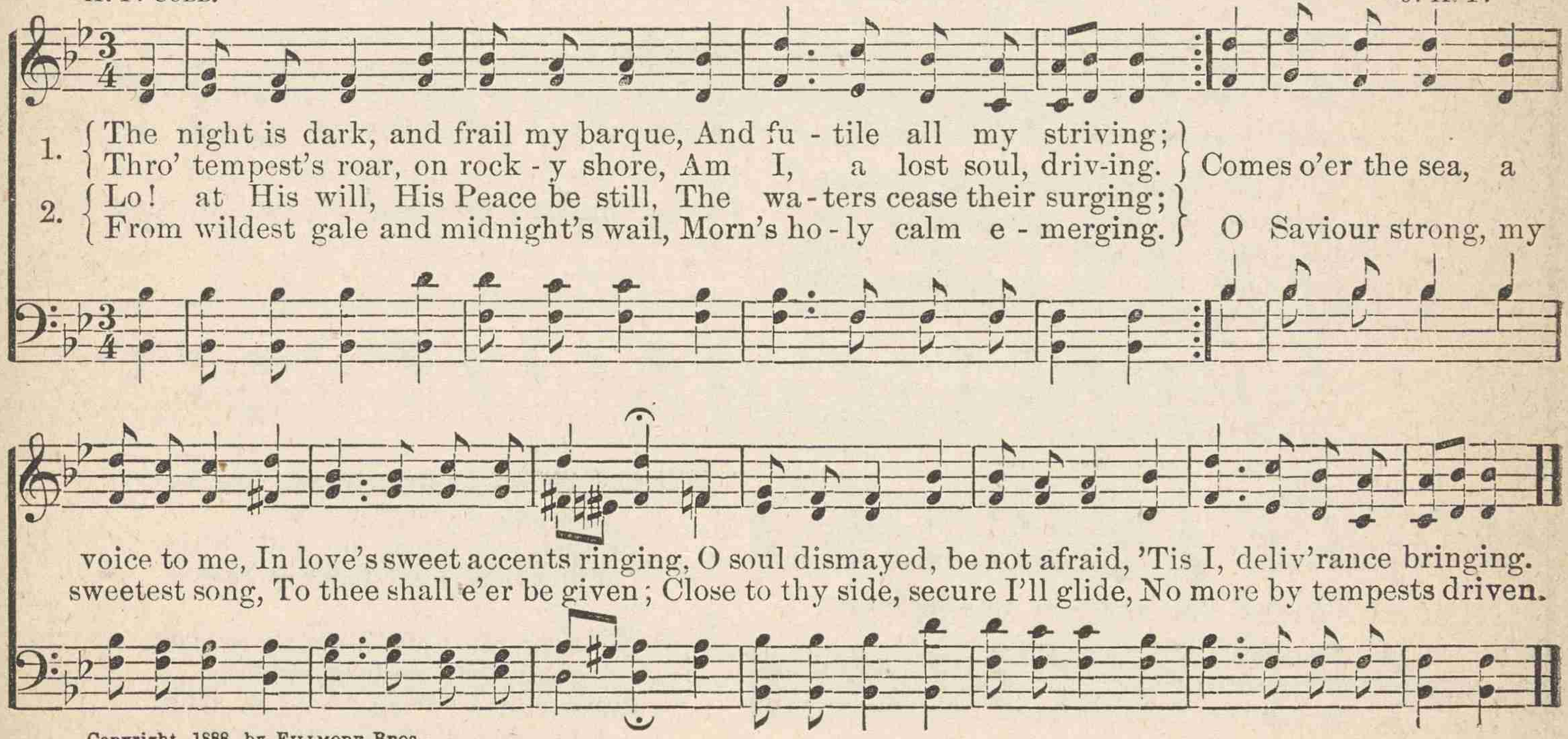

Refuge.

A. P. COBB. J. H. F.



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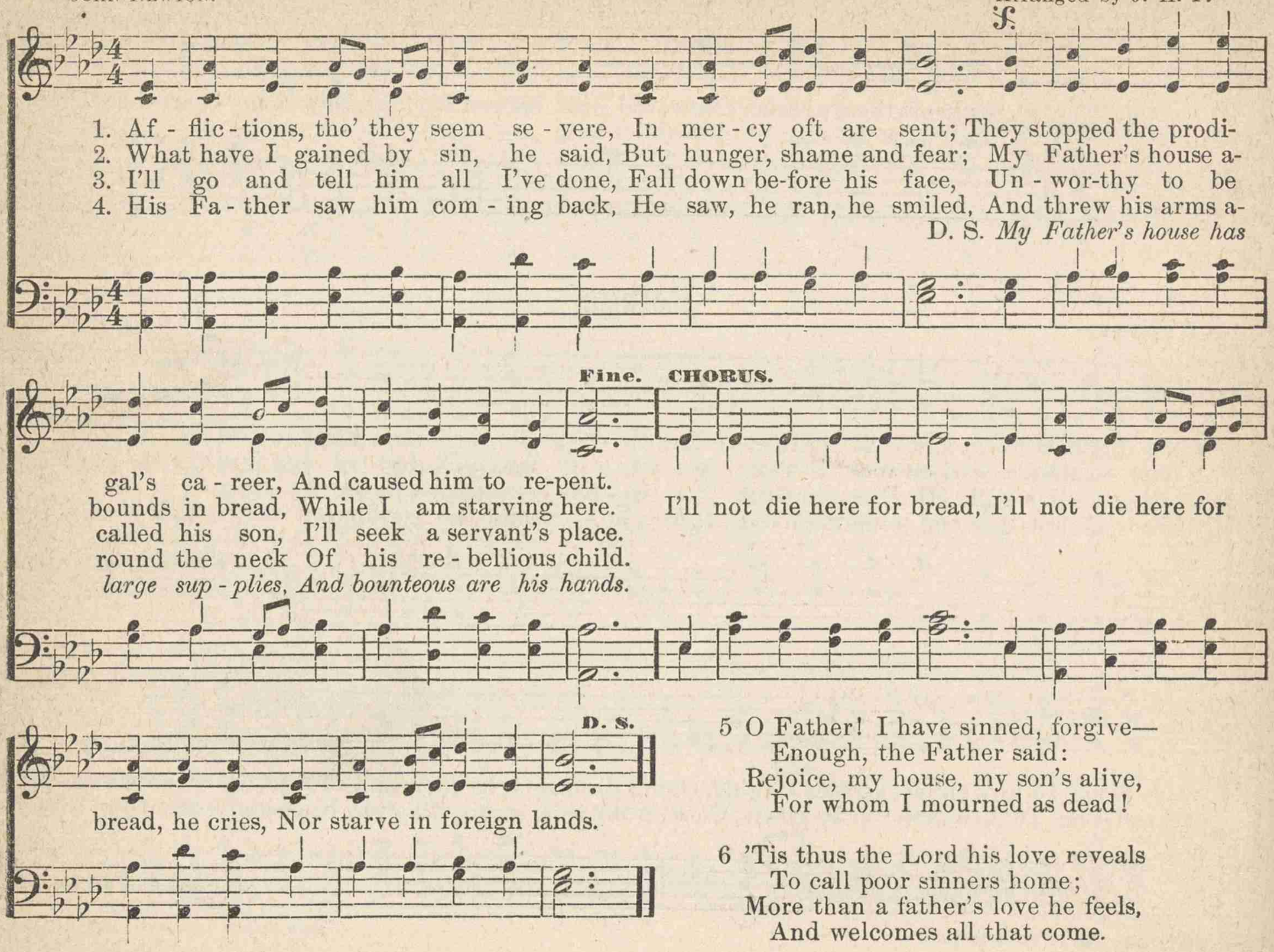
The Prodigal Son.

JOHN NEWTON. Arranged by J. H. F.

5 O Father! I have sinned, forgive—
Enough, the Father said:
Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourned as dead!

6 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

Times for Prayer.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. O brother! when you wea-ry grow, There is but one sure place to go; When strength is need - ed
2. When sin puts on a pleasing face, And lures you by her smiles and grace; When she would lead your
3. When those you love are called to tread The shadowed valley of the dead; When heart and hope to

REFRAIN.

for the day, Then, brother, is a time to pray. Then, brother, is a time to pray, Then, brother, is a
soul a-stray, Then, brother, is a time to pray. Then, brother, is a time to pray, Then, brother, is a
grief give way, Then, brother, is a time to pray. Then, brother, is a time to pray, Then, brother, is a

time to pray; When strength is need-ed for the day, Then, broth-er, is a time to pray.
time to pray, When sin would lead your soul a - stray, Then, broth-er, is a time to pray.
time to pray; When heart and hope to grief give way, Then, broth-er, is a time to pray.

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Tell it Today.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. F.

1. If the name of the Sav-iour is pre-cious to you, If his care has been con-stant and tender and true, If the light of his presence has brightened your way, O, will you not tell of your
2. If your faith in the Sav-iour has brought its reward, If a strength you have found in the strength of your Lord, If the hope of a rest in his pal-ace is sweet, O, will you not, brother, the
3. If the souls all around you are liv-ing in sin, If the Mas-ter has told you to bid them come in, If the sweet in-vi-ta-tion they never have heard, O, will you not tell them the

REFRAIN.

glad-ness to-day? O, will you not tell it to-day? . . . Will you not tell it to-
sto-ry re-peat?
cheer-bringing word? O, will you not, will you not tell it to-day? Will you not, will you not

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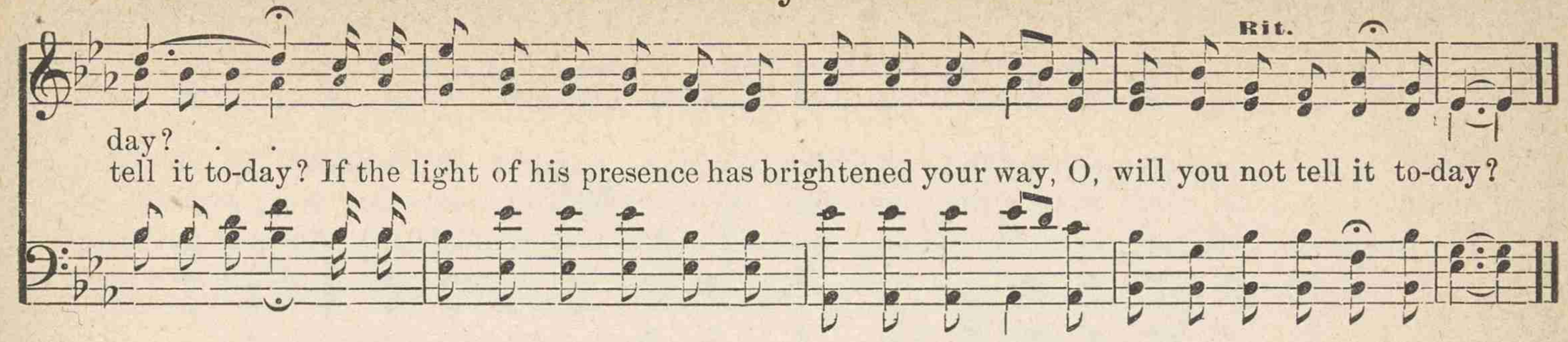
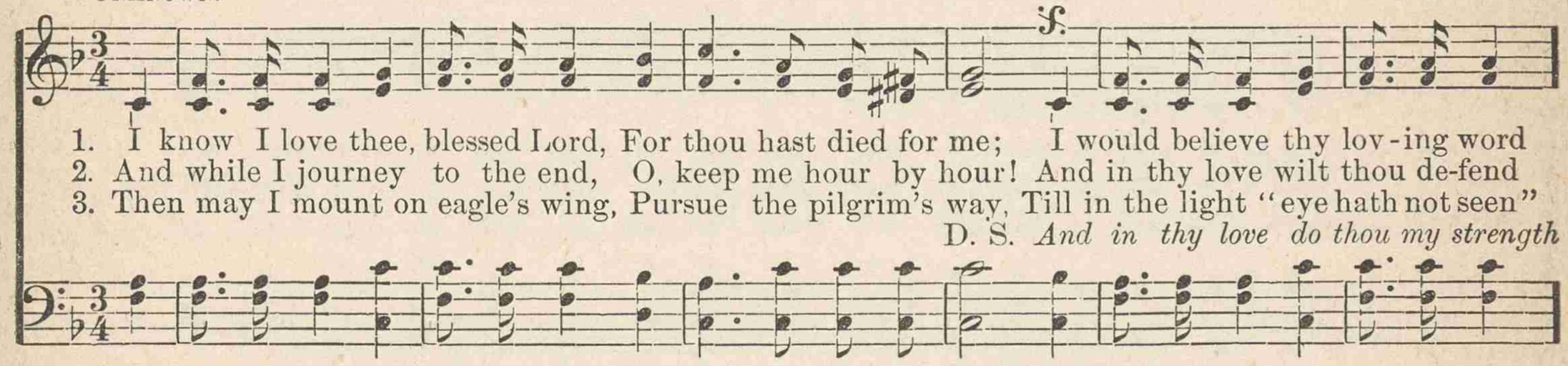
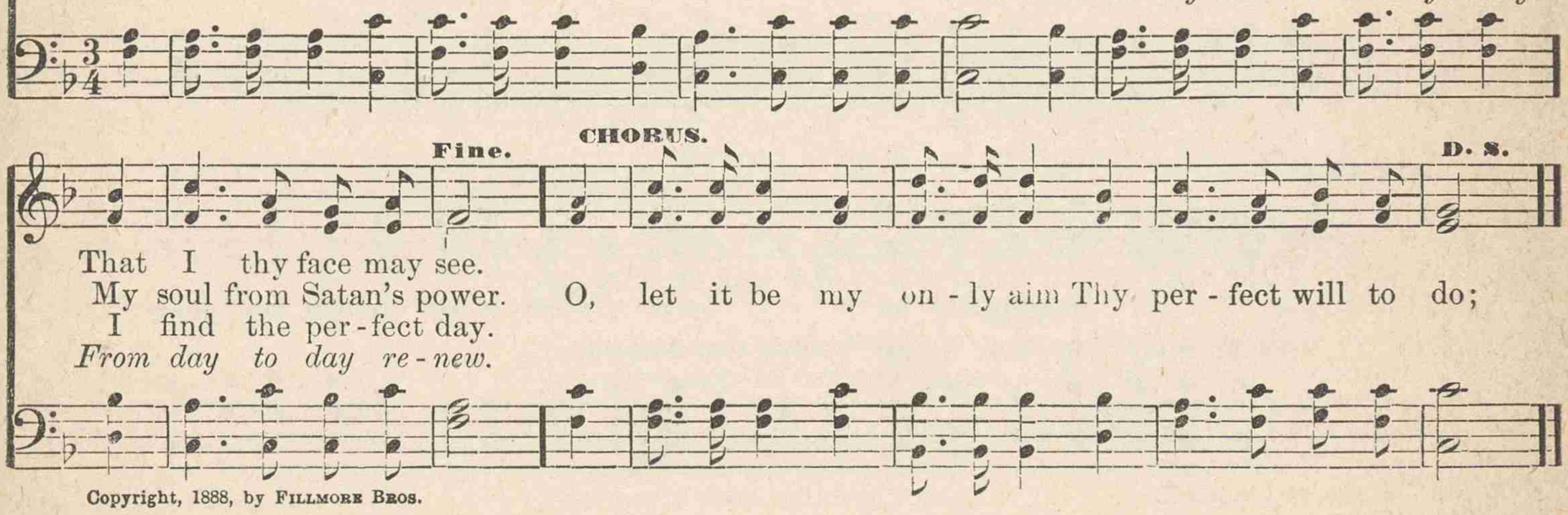

day?
tell it to-day? If the light of his presence has brightened your way, O, will you not tell it to-day?

I Know I Love Thee.

UNKNOWN. J. H. F.



1. I know I love thee, blessed Lord, For thou hast died for me; I would believe thy lov-ing word
2. And while I journey to the end, O, keep me hour by hour! And in thy love wilt thou de-fend
3. Then may I mount on eagle's wing, Pursue the pilgrim's way, Till in the light "eye hath not seen"

D. S. *And in thy love do thou my strength*

That I thy face may see.
My soul from Satan's power. O, let it be my on-ly aim Thy per-fect will to do;
I find the per-fect day.
From day to day re-new.

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Joy among the Angels.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. There is joy in heav'n a-mong the an - gels When a wan-der - er re-turns to the fold,—
2. There is joy on earth a-mong the right-eous, There are faithful hearts that thrill with delight,
3. You can give that joy to saints and an - gels, For the lov-ing Shepherd calls you to - day;

When he comes to seek a place of safe - ty, Aft - er stray-ing in the dark and cold.
When a soul is giv - en to the Sav - iour—Led to trust the gen - tle Shepherd's might.
Heav'n and earth will join to bid you wel - come, Do not lin - ger, do not lon - ger stray.

CHORUS.

There is joy . . . a-mong the an - - gels, There is joy among the angels when a
There is joy, yes, there is joy among the an-gels,

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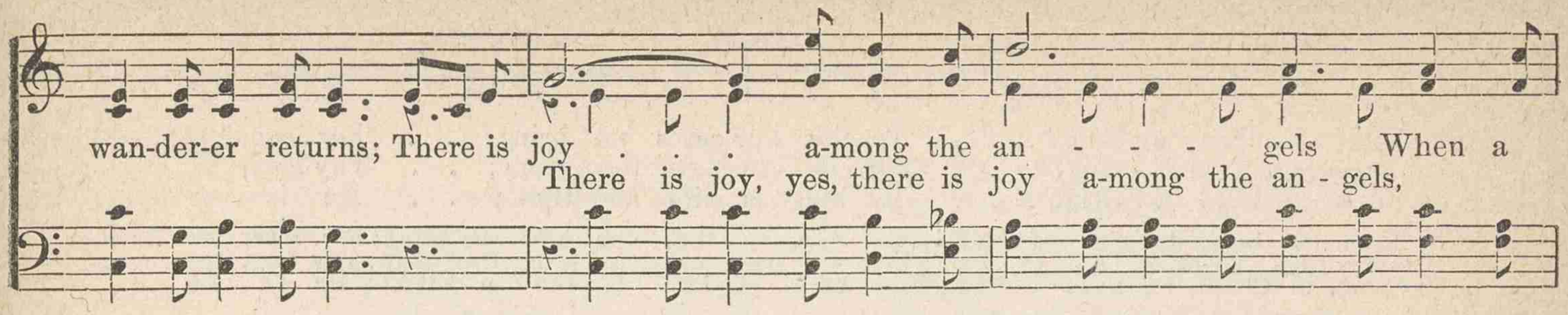
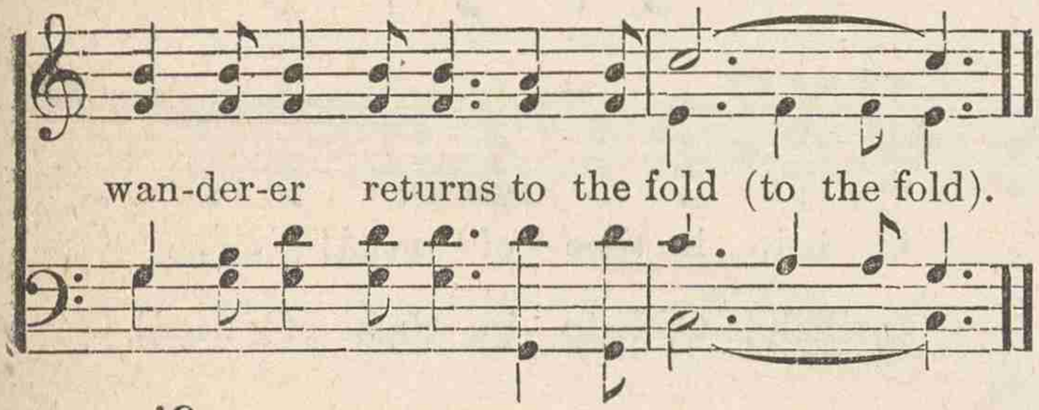
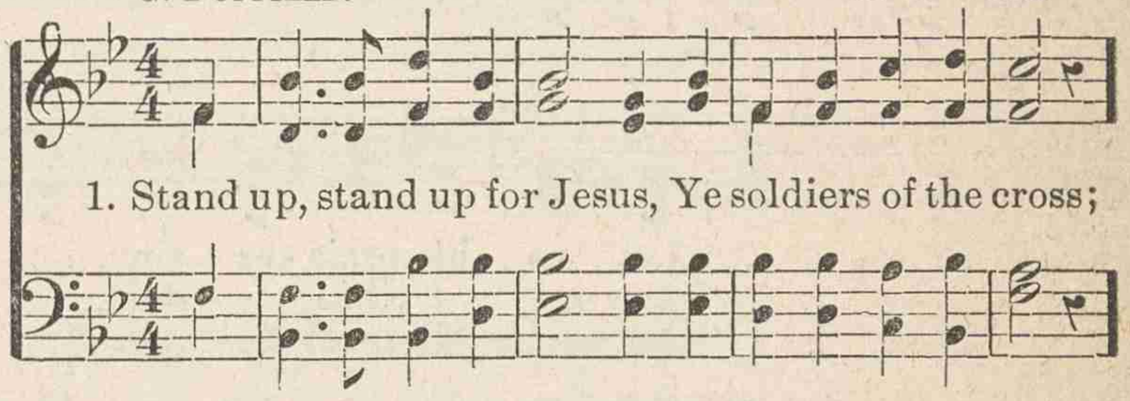
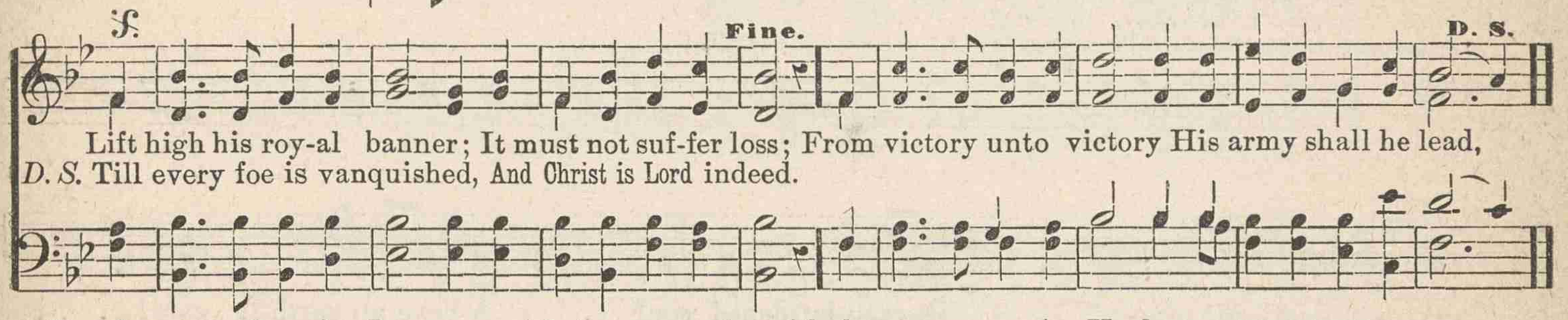

Webb. 7s & 6s. D.

G. DUFFIELD. G. J. WEBB.



2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day.
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus—
Stand in his strength alone:
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

To Thee we Come.

R. C. COURTNEY. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. O Lord, to thee we come! . . . To thee our cares we bring; . . For love that Christ hath
1. O Fa - ther, Lord di - vine! . . . Help us to love thee more; . . Thy love, O Lord, be
3. In Christ we have a Friend, . . . In him is life and light; . . He is our hope, our

1. O Lord, O Lord, to thee we come! To thee, to thee our cares we bring; For love, for love that
2. O Fa - ther, Fa - ther, Lord di - vine! Help us, help us, to love thee more; Thy love, thy love, O
3. In Christ, in Christ we have a Friend, In him, in him is life and light; He is, he is our

CHORUS.

shown, . . Let us his prais - es sing. . . . O, help in time of need! . . O,
mine! . . Then may I thee a - dore. . . .
trust, . . "Our soul's sin-cere de - light." . . O, help, O, help in time of need! O,

Christ hath shown, Let us, let us his prais - es sing.
Lord, be mine! Then may, then may I thee a - dore.
hope, our trust, "Our soul's, our soul's sin - cere de - light."

hear each heart-felt prayer! O, lift each burdened soul . . A-bove all earth-ly care! . .
hear, O, hear each heart-felt prayer! O lift, O, lift each burdened soul A-bove, a-bove all earthly care!

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The Ten Virgins.

A. P. COBB. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. Ten vir-gins at e-ven go forth with de-light The Bridegroom expecting to meet;
   With lamps newly trimmed and with rai-ment of white, The Bridegroom expecting to meet.

2. At mid-night no long-er their vig-ils they keep, The Bridegroom his coming de-lays;
   No long-er ex-pect-ant, they slum-ber and sleep, The Bridegroom his coming de-lays.

3. Se-cure, they all sleep, tho' the fool-ish have failed The oil for their lamps to pro-vide;
   No lov-ing en-treat-y, no warn-ing pre-vailed, The oil for their lamps to pro-vide.

4. But hark to the voice, wak-ing fool-ish and wise: "The Bridegroom! To meet him, go forth!"
   What woe to the fool-ish! what ut-ter surprise! "The Bridegroom! To meet him, go forth!"

CHORUS.

O, hear-ken, my soul, to the warn-ing di-vine! Give heed to thy well-grounded fears,

If thou in his ra-diance of glo-ry would shine When Je-sus, the Bridegroom, appears.

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He That Overcometh.

Words and Music by R. T. WILEY.

Moderato

1. He that o - vercometh is promised in the word, When he lays this life with its burdens down;
2. He that o - vercometh shall eat the fruit that grows On the tree of life, which to John was shown;
3. He that o - vercometh shall wear a robe of white, He the hid-den manna with joy shall share;
4. He that o - vercometh, O spread the word a-broad, "Will I grant to sit with me in my throne;

He shall live in glo - ry for-ev - er with the Lord, And shall wear a crown.
Where the crys - tal riv - er in lim - pid beau- ty flows, From the great white throne.
And the Lord will give him a pearl - y stone, and write A new name there.
He is heir to all things, and I will be his God, He shall be my son."

CHORUS.

To . . him that o - ver - com - eth, To . . him that o - ver - com - eth,

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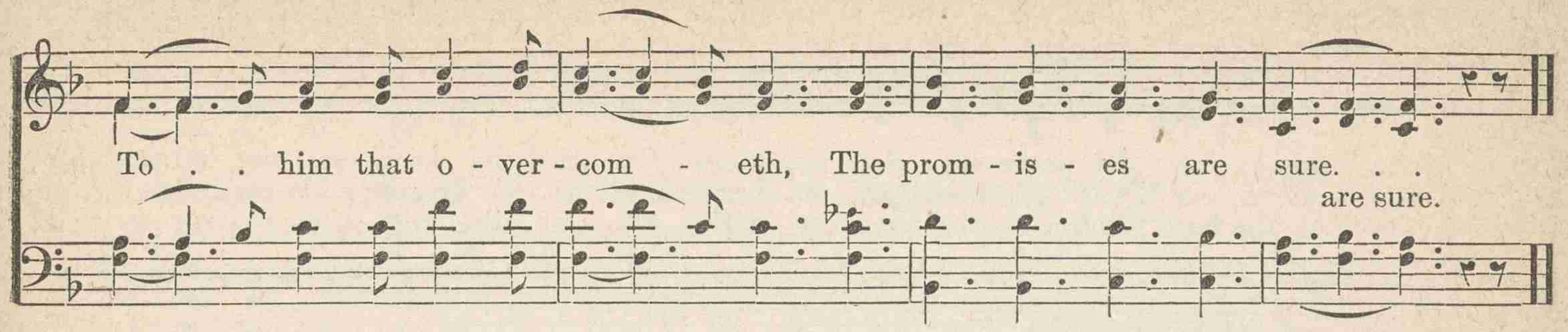
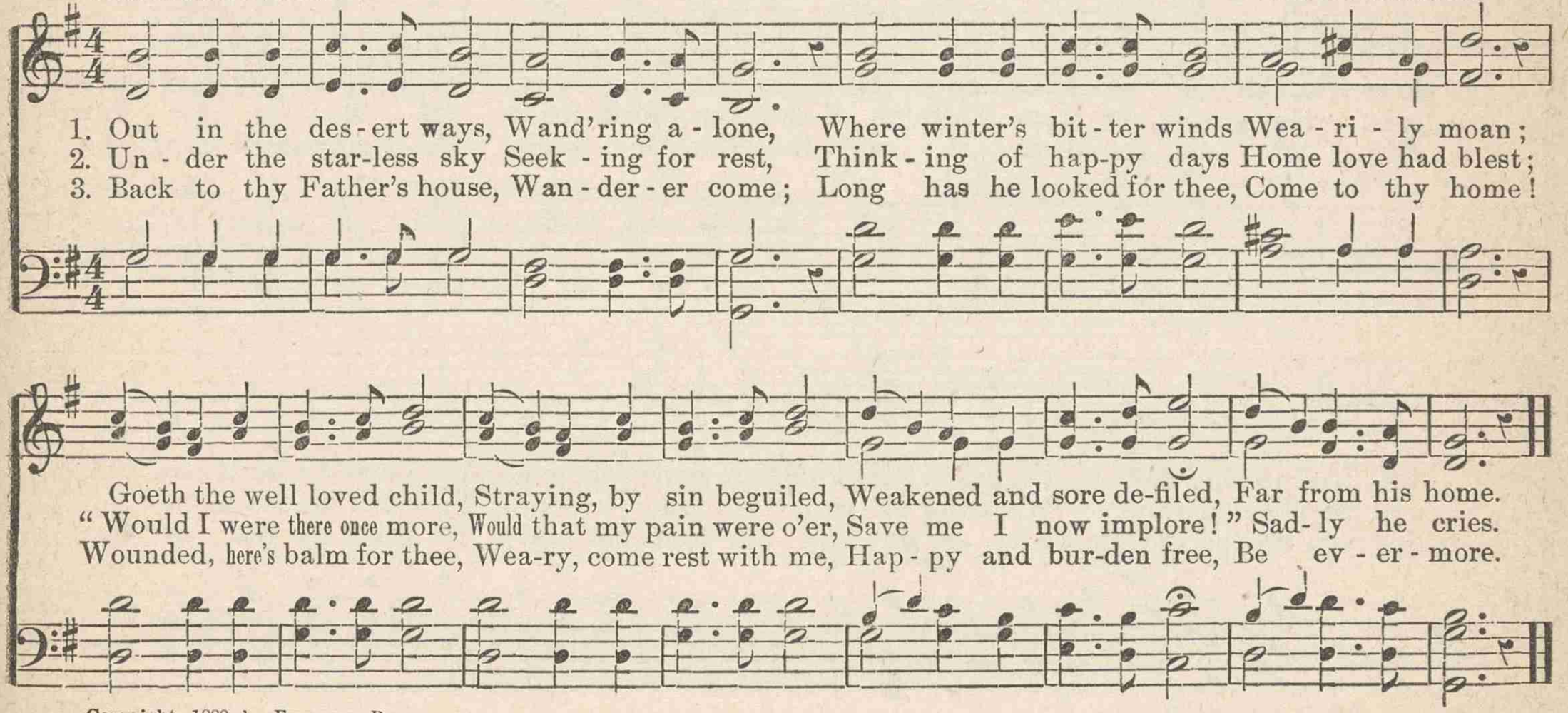


Wand'ring Alone.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. FRED A. FILLMORE.



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He Leads Us On.

Words arranged. J. H. F.

1. He leads us on By paths we do not know. Up-ward he leads us, tho' our steps be
2. He leads us on Thro' all th'un-qui-et years; Past all our dreamland hopes and doubts and
3. He at the last, When o'er the wea-ry strife, Aft-er the rest-less fe-ver we call

slow, Though oft we faint and fal-ter on the way, Though storms and dark-ness
fears, He guides our steps. Through all the tan-gled maze Of sin, of sor-row,
life, Aft-er the drear-i-ness, the ach-ing pain, The way-ward strug-gles

oft obscure the day; Yet when the clouds are gone (are gone) We know he leads us on.
and o'erclouded days, We know his will is done (is done); And still he leads us on.
which have proved in vain, Aft-er our toils are past (are past), He gives us rest at last.

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Unto Thee I Fly. 133

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. J. H. F.

1. Un - to thee I fly, O Sav - iour! On the Rock would plant my feet, That I dwell in per-fect
2. Sorrow's waves may rise a - bove me Hour by hour and day by day; With the Rock for my foun-
3. When the weight of years are pressing, When of health and strength bereft, Then, my Saviour, hide me

safe - ty While the storms a - round me beat.
da - tion, I shall nev - er know dis - may.
hide me, Sweet - ly hide me in the cleft.

CHORUS.

Let me find in thee a ref - uge, O, thou
bless - ed, bless-ed Son! In the cleft, O, hide me, hide me! Till the peace-ful port is won.

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Welcome Home.

M. Lowrie Hofford, D. D. — Fred A. Fillmore.

1. We're pressing toward the shin-ing shore, Sweet voic - es whis - per, come, And loved ones wait be-
2. The cit - y of the saints a - bode, So glo-rious and so bright; That cit - y with its
3. We're pressing toward the shin-ing shore, Come, join the hap - py band, Be - yond the des - ert
4. We're pressing on from day to day, We soon shall bid a - dieu To des - ert wastes for

side the gate, To bid us welcome home.
gleaming towers, Is burst-ing on our sight. There is wel-come, there is wel-come, Sweet
waste, we see The glorious promised land. welcome home, welcome home,
bright-er skies With Canaan's land in view.

CHORUS.

voic - es whis-per, come, And loved ones wait be - side the gate, To bid us wel-come home.

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Out of the Darkness.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. Out in the des - ert I heard the sweet call, "Come un-to me, I have wel-come for all;"
2. Long have I wandered in sor-row and sin; Now I am wea - ry, and long to come in;
3. Long have I sought for a ref-uge and rest, Long o'er a wil - der-ness path have I pressed.

f. Fine.

Out of the dark-ness and in - to the light, Lord, I am com - ing for thou dost in - vite.
Earth has no balm for a sor-row-worn soul, Take me and cleanse me and I shall be whole.
False lights have lured me to wan-der a - way, Now in the light of thy face I would stay.

D. S. *Stretch thou to me thine om - nip - o - tent hand, Fainting and weak on thy threshold I stand.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Out of the dark-ness and in - to the light, Lord, I am com - ing, for thou dost in-vite;

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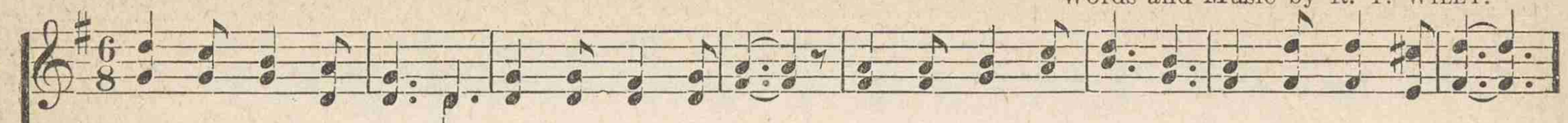
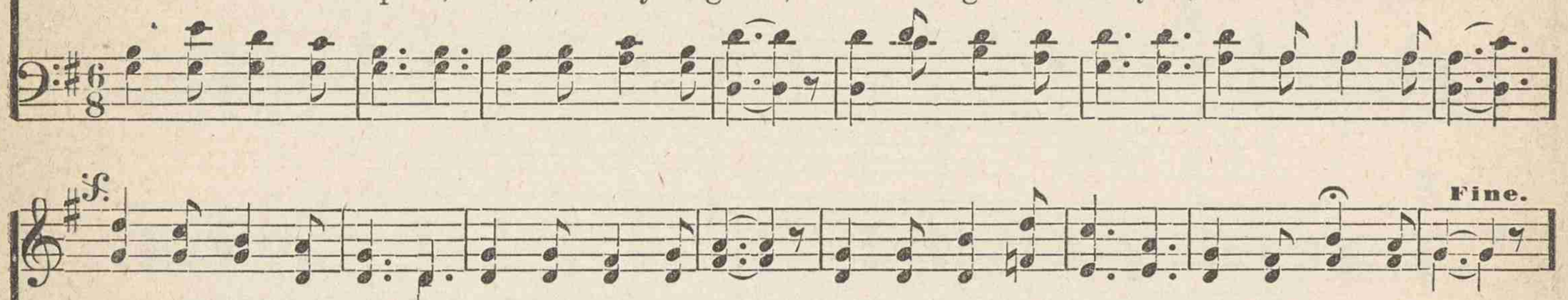
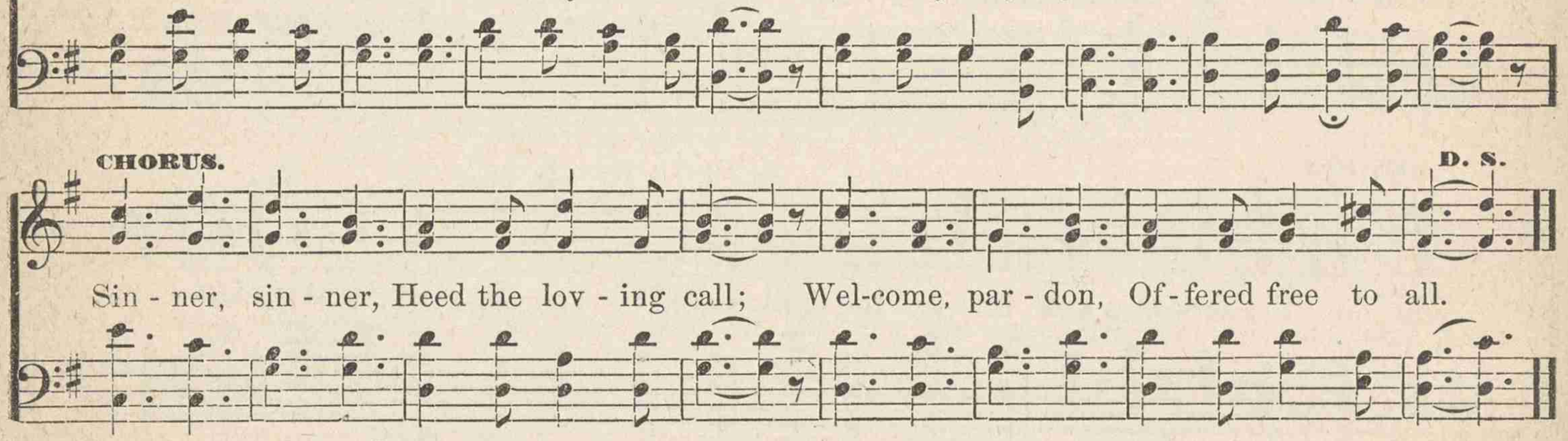
Come Now.

Words and Music by R. T. WILEY.

1. Sin-ner, haste to Je - sus, To his scep-ter bow; Heed the gen - tle spir - it Striving with you now.
2. Ask, and he will give you, Hear the message kind; Knock, it shall be opened, Seek, and ye shall find.
3. Now's the time accepted, Now, the day of grace; Lest the night o'ertake you, Come and seek his face.

Come with all your sorrows, Sins, and doubts, and fears; He will give you gladness, He will dry your tears.
Precious in - vi-ta-tion! Words of promise sweet! Claim their blest fulfillment, Kneeling at his feet.
All are giv - en welcome, All may pardon find; For his "Whoso - ev - er" is for all mankind.
D.S. *Come at once to Je - sus. Low be-fore him bow; He will give you gladness, Come to him, come now.*

Sin - ner, sin - ner, Heed the lov - ing call; Wel-come, par - don, Of - fered free to all.

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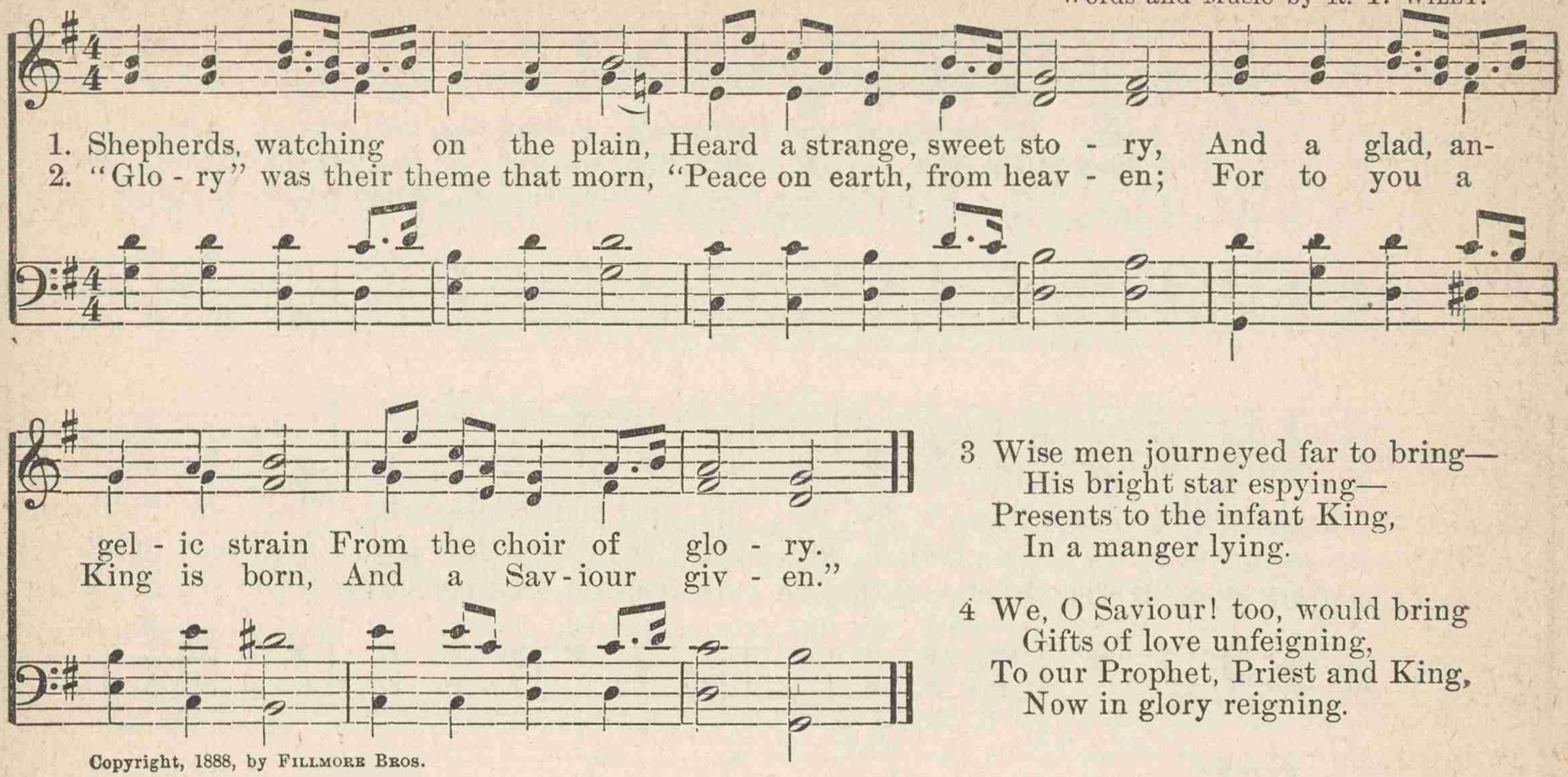
Shepherds Watching on the Plain.

Words and Music by R. T. WILEY.



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3 Wise men journeyed far to bring—
His bright star espying—
Presents to the infant King,
In a manger lying.

4 We, O Saviour! too, would bring
Gifts of love unfeigning,
To our Prophet, Priest and King,
Now in glory reigning.

SECOND PART.*

5 Lord, accept our humble praise
From thy throne low bending;
Hear with gracious ear the lays
From our lips ascending.

6 Tune our hearts with sweet accord
As we raise our voices,
Thus to praise the risen Lord,
In whom earth rejoices.

7 In his name and through his love,
Come we, gladly singing
Songs of praise, to float above,—
Sweetly upward winging.

8 May we sing these songs of joy
Till earth ties shall sever!
Then thy praise our tongues employ
In the blest forever.

* The first part, or all the hymn, may be used as a Christmas Carol; the second part will be found suitable to any occasion.

Nearer to Thee.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. F.

SOLO.

1. Back from the Long A - go, Dis-tant and dim, Breathing a warn-ing low, Comes a sweet hymn;
2. Oft in an hour of bliss Comes the re-frain, Bid-ding me find in this, Heav - en - ly gain;
3. Thus let me dai - ly rise Near - er thy throne, Near-er the last-ing prize Kept for thine own;

Slower.

Fraught with my childhood dreams, Is it for me; Sa - cred and tender seems, "Near - er to thee;"
E'en in my griefs I say: Fa - ther, I flee Out of this clouded way, Near - er to thee;
E'en when Death's heralds come, Lord, may they be An - gels to lead me home, Near - er to thee;

CHORUS. Tempo.

"Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee."
"So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee."
"An - gels to bec-kon me, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee."

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JESSIE H. BROWN. ROCK OF AGES. Arranged and Composed by J. H. F.

DUET. Alto and Tenor.

1. As the day draws near its close, Down the street a pilgrim goes, Full of grief his life has been, And his
2. In the church an earnest throng Sing with joy the dear old song, While the pilgrim stands and waits, As he
3. "In the Rock for sinners cleft, Is there still a ref-uge left?" So the pilgrim, full of doubt, Stands and
4. "Rock of A-ges, un-to thee From the wilds of earth I flee!" So the pilgrim, worn with sin, At the

heart is full of sin. List, what mu-sic sweet and low! 'Tis a song he used to know—"Rock of
might at heaven's gates; And his heart-throbs firmer grow At the song he used to know—"Rock of
ques-tions just without, While the sing-ers ear-nest grow In the song he used to know—"Rock of
church-door en-ters in, And with quiv'ring voice, and low, Sings the song he used to know—"Rock of

CHORUS. *p*

a-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee." Rock of a-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee."

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Waiting by the River.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. F.

1. We are wait-ing by the riv - er, Strong and weak, and young and old, Till the boat-man comes to
2. We are wait-ing by the riv - er, And we may not know how near Are our foot-steps, glad or
3. We are wait-ing by the riv - er, And at most 'twill not be long Till we cross the si - lent

CHORUS.

bear us To the far - off streets of gold.
wea - ry, To its wa - ters still and clear. We are wait - ing by the riv - er, We are
wa - ters, Till we hear the an - gels' song.

wait-ing, you and I (you and I), One by one our friends are crossing, We shall join them by and by.

From "Joy and Gladness," by permission.

Sometime.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. "F. A. F.

1. We shall gain the shin-ing land, Some-time, yes, some-time; We shall join the ran-somed band, Sometime, yes, sometime. With that bright and hap - py throng, We shall sing re - demp-tion's song—Chant it sweet - ly, loud and long, Sometime, yes, sometime.
2. Death's cold riv - er will be crossed, Some-time, yes, some-time; We shall find our loved and lost, Sometime, yes, sometime. Hand in hand to - geth - er roam In the saints' e - ter - nal home, Tears and part - ings all un-known, Sometime, yes, sometime.
3. Yes, we'll reach that home so fair, Some-time, yes, some-time; Meet the King of Glo - ry there, Sometime, yes, sometime. Bat - tles fought and vic - t'ry won, Cross laid down and work all done, We will reign with God's dear Son, Sometime, yes, sometime.

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No More Good-Byes.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. F.

1. Where life's crystal stream doth flow, And the tree of life doth bloom, Where no chill-ing frost can fall
2. There the good again shall meet, Who have clasped the parting hand; Fathers, mothers, children dear
3. Where no signs of age are seen, And they nev-er sor-row more, Where no sick-ness e'er can come

On flow'rs that sweetly bloom; Where the glo - ry of the Lord Shines thro' all the cloud-less skies,
A-round the throne shall stand; There no tem-pest e'er shall blow, There no dis - mal cloud a - rise,
Where death has lost his power, Where they feel no weight of care, And no tears be - dim the eyes;

CHORUS.

There, as end - less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good-byes. No more good-byes, . . . No more good-
And in that e - ter-nal home Shall be no more good-byes.
All the good shall meet again, And speak no more good-byes. No more good-byes,

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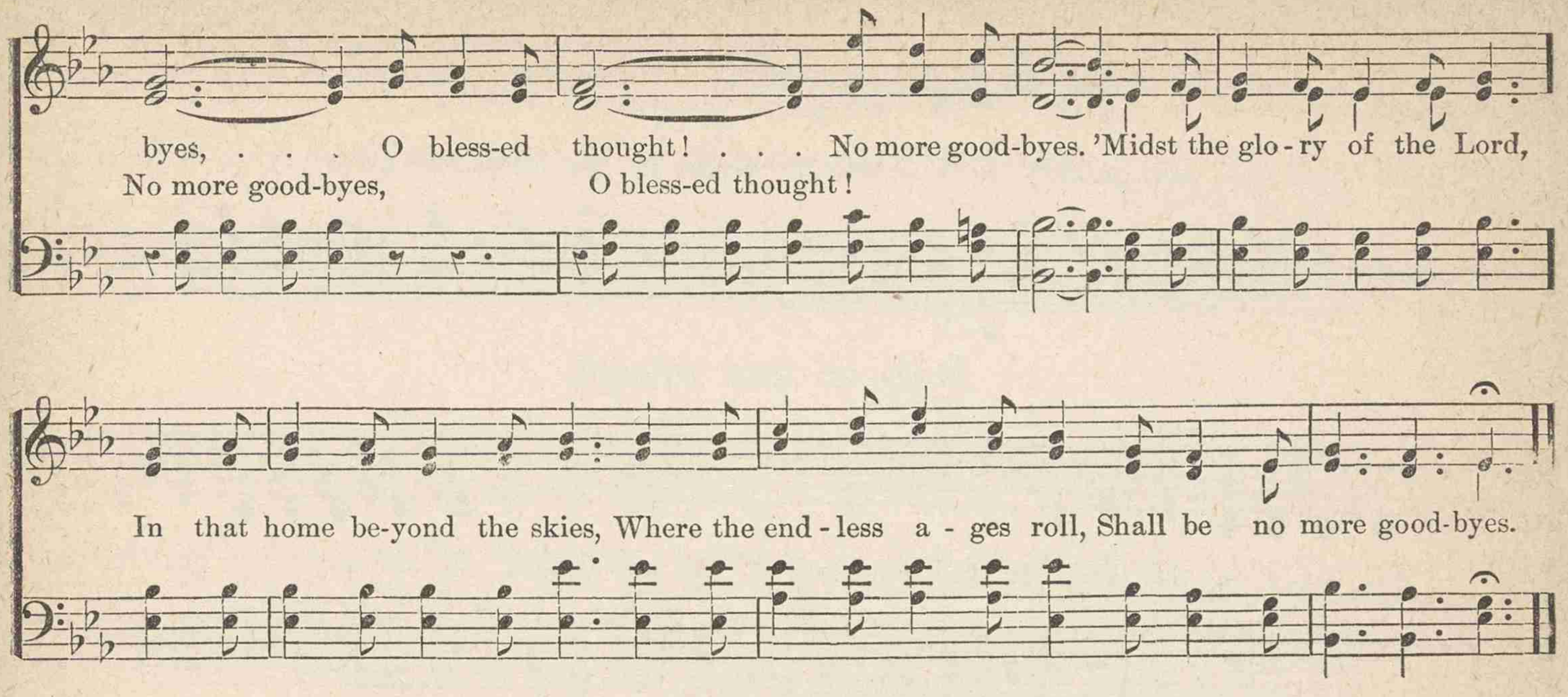
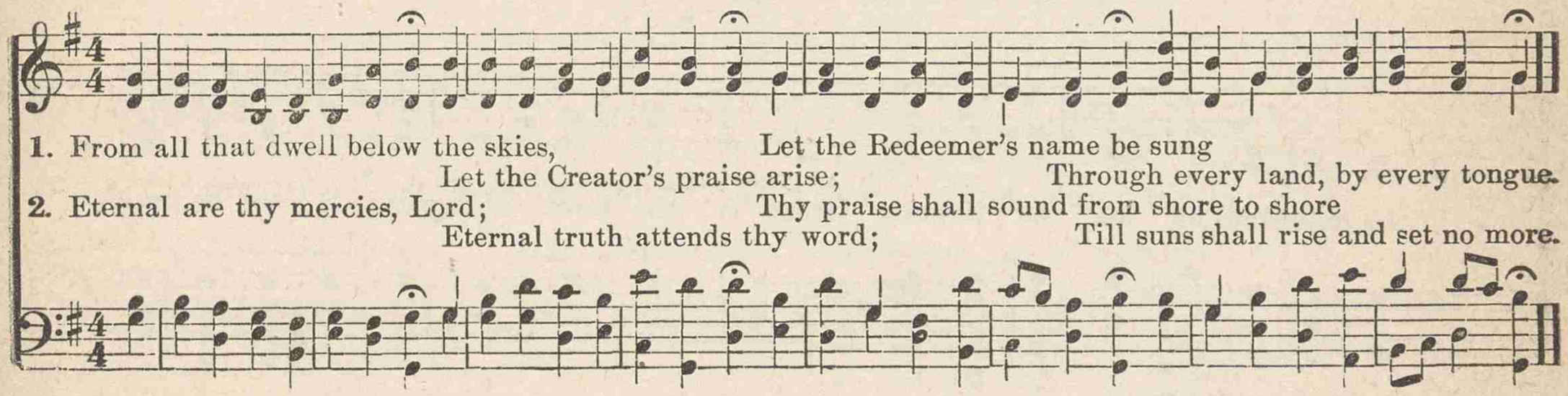


From all that Dwell Below the Skies.

Great is the Lord.

FRED A. FILLMORE.

Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, Great is the Lord, and great - ly to be prais-ed,

In the cit-y of our God, In the mountain of his ho - li-ness, In the cit-y of our God,

In the mountain of his ho - li-ness; Great is the Lord, and great - ly to be prais-ed,

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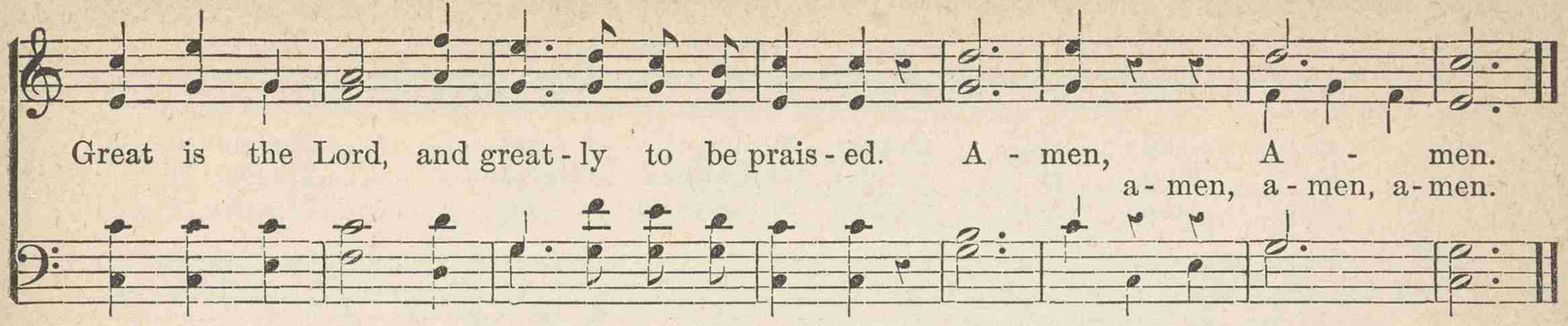
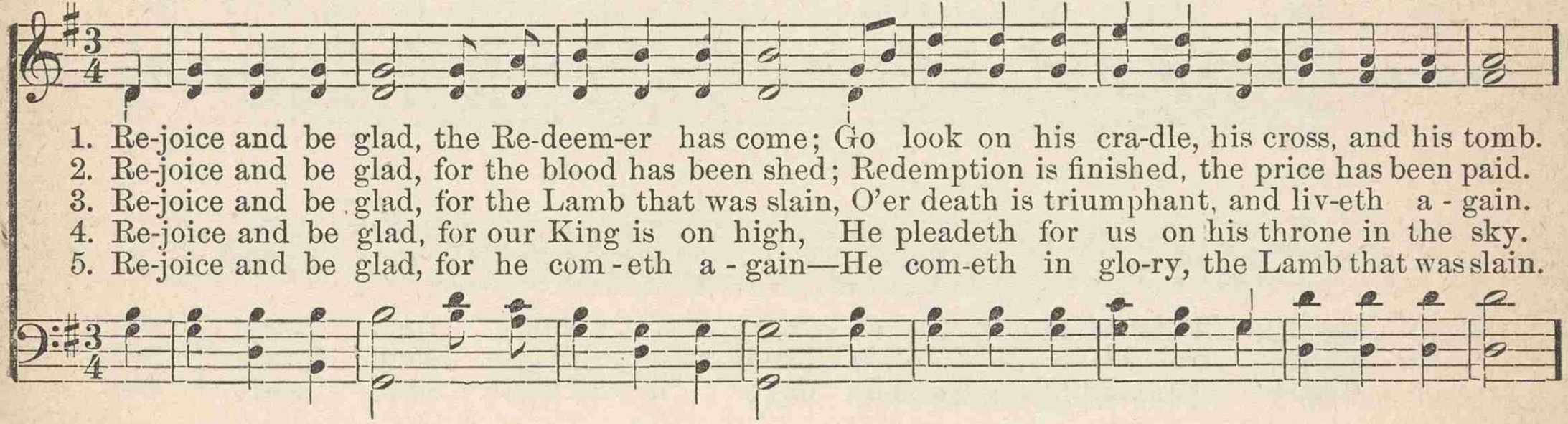
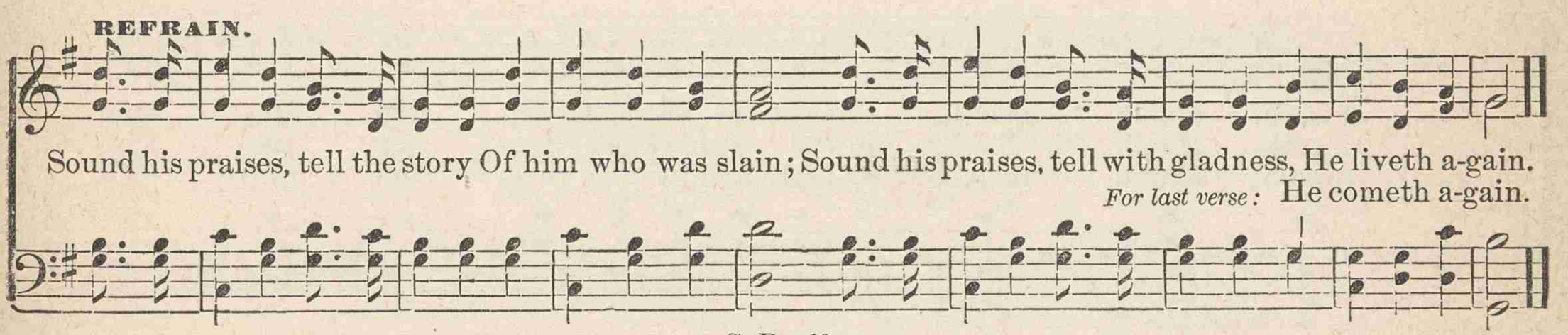

Rejoice and be Glad.

H. BONAR. J. J. HUSBAND.





Marching Song.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

Written for this Work.

Soprano. Not too fast.

1. Step, step, step, step, Gather in bat-tle ar-ray, . . . March, march,
2. Step, step, step, step, Un-der our Captain's com-mand . . March, march,
3. Step, step, step, step, Gather in bat-tle ar-ray, . . . March, march,

Alto.

1. Step, step, step, step, Step, step, in bat-tle ar-ray, March, march,
2. Step, step, step, step, Step, step, our Captain's command, March, march,
3. Step, step, step, step, Step, step, in bat-tle ar-ray, March, march,

march, march, Forward to meet the af-fray; . . . Step, step, step, step,
march, march, Sol-id, re-li-a-ble band; . . . Step, step, step, step,
march, march, Forward by night and by day; . . . Step, step, step, step,

march, march, March, march, to meet the af-fray; Step, step. step, step,
march, march, March, march, re-li-a-ble band; Step, step, step, step,
march, march, March, march, by night and by day; Step, step, step, step,

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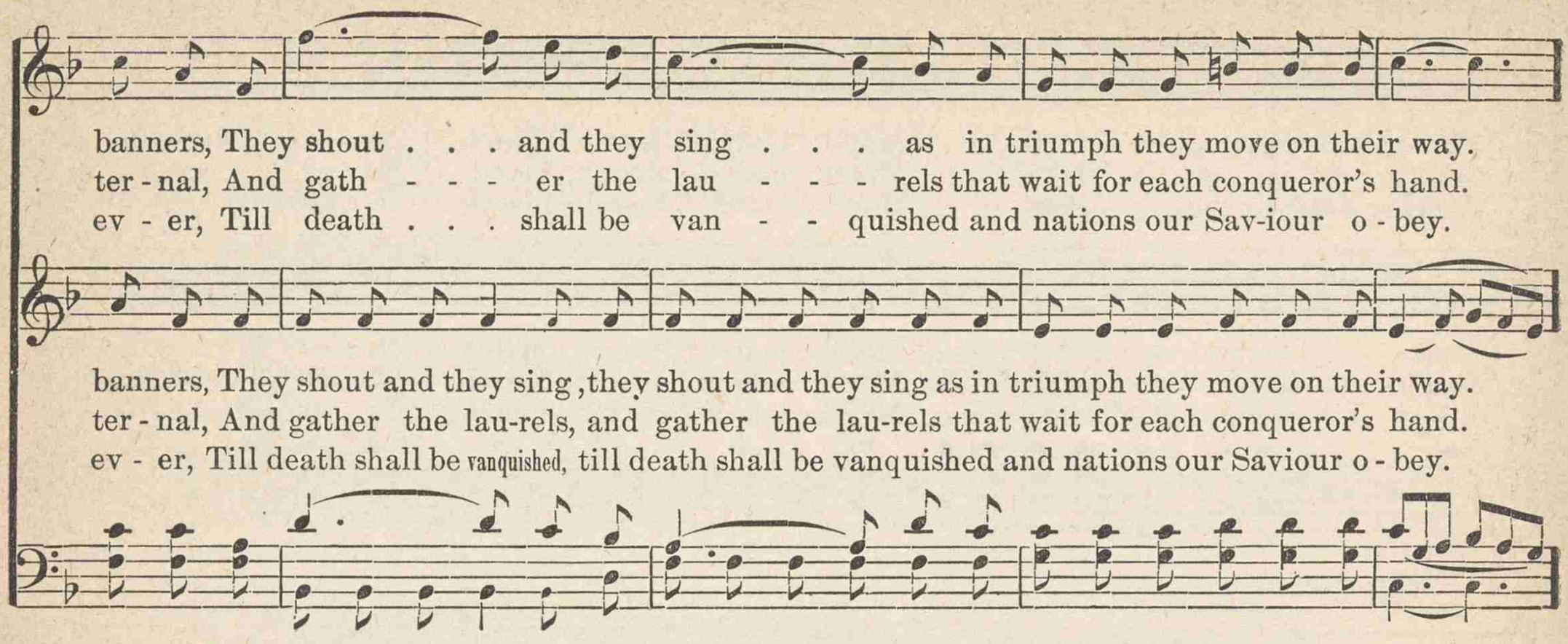
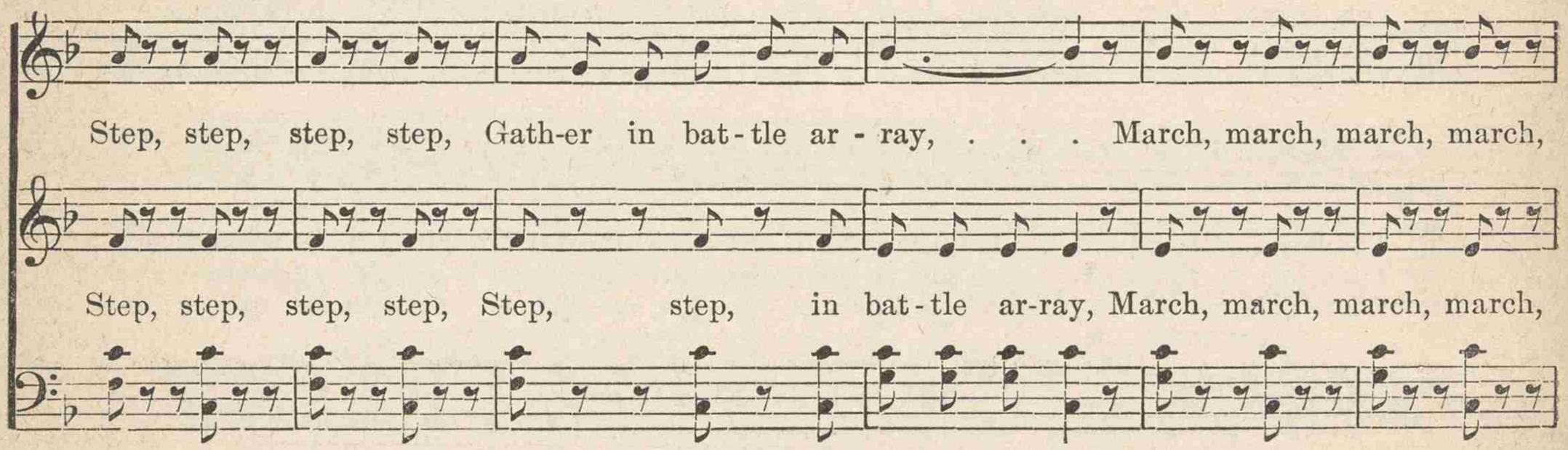
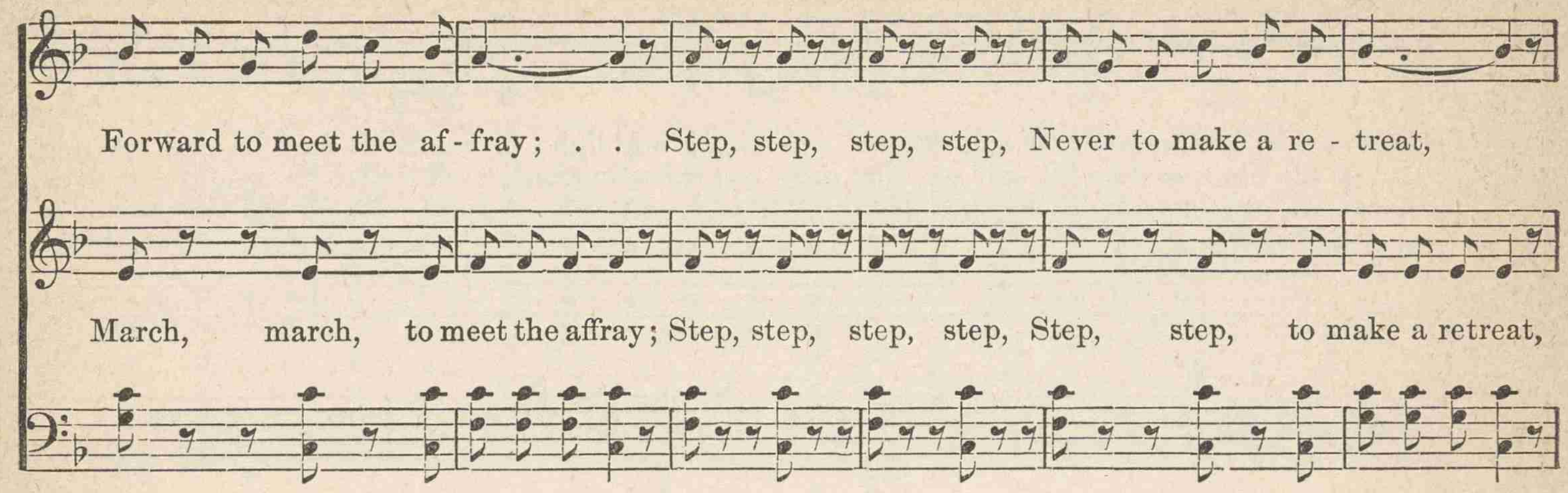
Nev-er to make a re - treat, . . March, march, march, march, Nev-er to know a de-
Not a de-sert-er is here, . . March, march, march, march, Nev-er a cow-ard comes
Fearing not who may op - pose, . . March, march, march, march, Je - sus will conquer our

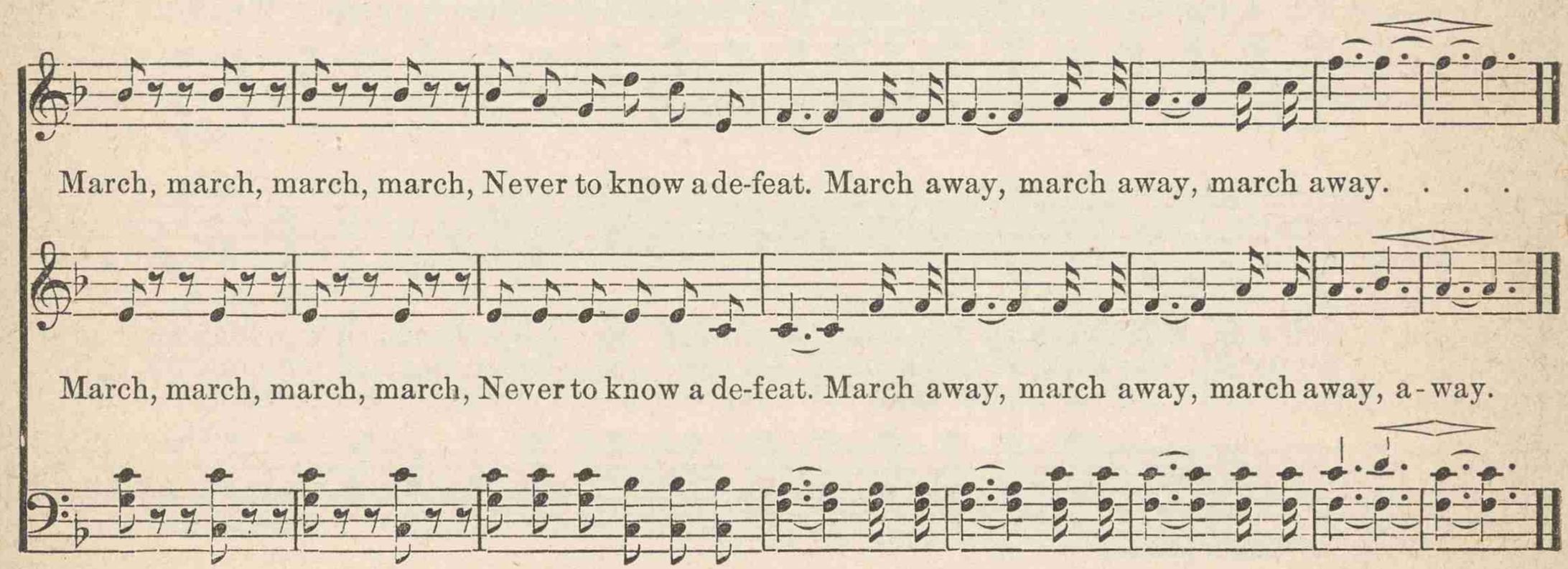
Step, step, to make a retreat, March, march, march, march, Nev-er to know a de-
Step, step, de - serter is here, March, march, march, march, Nev-er a cow-ard comes
Step, step, not who may oppose, March, march, march, march, Je - sus will conquer our

feat. The hosts . . . of the Lord, . . . marching onward with vic - to - ry perched on their
near. Then join . . . in the ranks, . . . marching onward to glo - ry complete and e-
foes. We're sol - - diers of Je - - sus, en - list - ed to fight in his serv - ice for-

feat. The hosts of the Lord, the hosts of the Lord, marching onward with vic- to - ry perched on their
near. Then join in the ranks, then join in the ranks, marching onward to glo - ry complete and e-
foes. We're soldiers of Je - sus, we're soldiers of Je - sus, en - list - ed to fight in his serv - ice for-

Marching Song. Continued.



Forward to meet the af - fray; . . Step, step, step, step, Never to make a re - treat,
March, march, to meet the affray; Step, step, step, step, Step, step, to make a retreat,

March, march, march, march, Never to know a de-feat. March away, march away, march away. . . .
March, march, march, march, Never to know a de-feat. March away, march away, march away, a - way.

Waiting and Watching.

S. M. H.

WILL. H. PONTIUS.

DUET.

1. We know not the time when he cometh, At ev - en, or midnight, or morn; It may be at deepening twilight, It may be at ear - li - est dawn. He bids us to watch and be rea-dy, Nor suf - fer our
2. I think of his won-der - ful pit - y, The price our salvation hath cost; He left the bright mansions of glo - ry To suf - fer and die for the lost. And sometimes I think it will please him, When those whom he
3. O Je - sus, my lov - ing Redeemer! Thou knowest I cher-ish as dear The hope that mine eyes shall be- hold thee, That I shall thine own welcome hear. If to some as a Judge thou appearest, Who forth from thy

lights to grow dim; That when he may come he will find us All waiting and watching for him.
died to re - deem, Re - joice in the hope of his com - ing, By waiting and watching for him.
presence would flee, A *Friend* most be-lov - ed I'll greet thee, I'm waiting and watching for thee.

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CHORUS.

Wait - ing and watch - ing, Wait - - ing and watch - ing,
Waiting and watching, yes, wait-ing for him, (thee,*) Waiting and watching, yes, waiting for him, (thee,*)

Repeat pp.

Wait - - ing and watch - - ing, Still waiting and watching for him, (thee.*)
Wait-ing and watch-ing, yes, wait - ing and watching,

* For last verse.

Dennis. S. M.

JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAGELI.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 Here we must often part,
In sorrow and in pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

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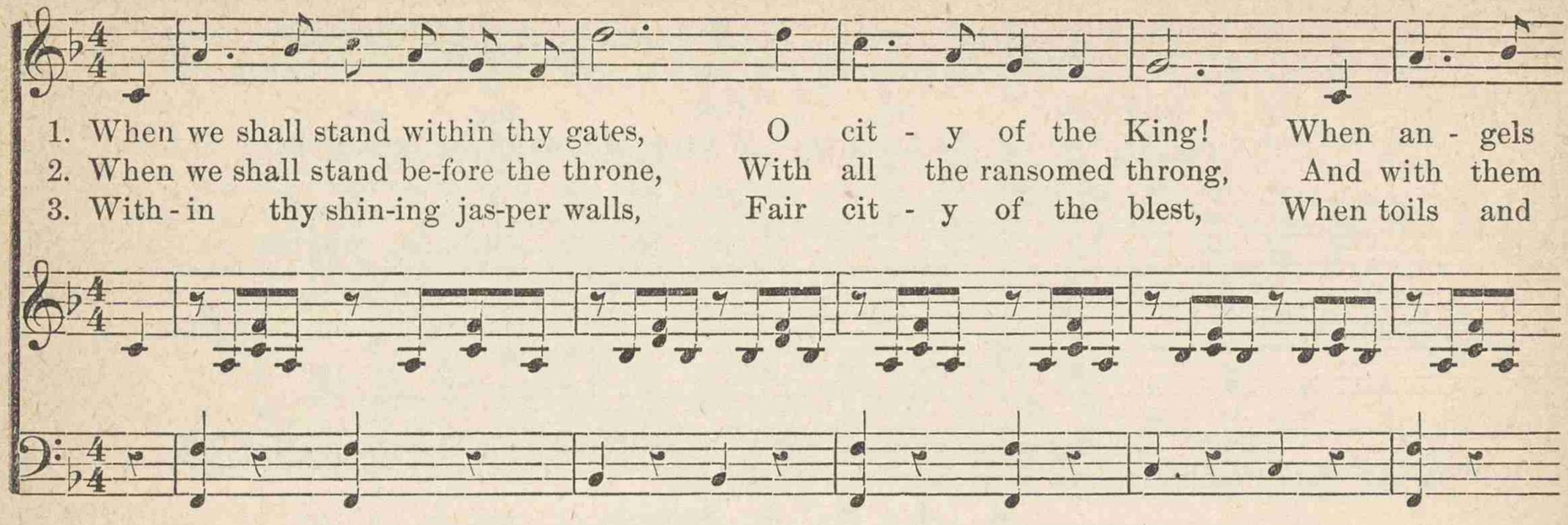
Sweet Home of Rest.

FRONIA SMITH. FRED A. FILLMORE.



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By or - der of the King, The harps attuned to songs of praise, How joy-ful we will sing!
Whose love and ten-der care, Se-cured for us in Beu-lah land, Those many mansions fair!
With those we loved on earth, And join them in the glorious song Of Christ the Saviour's worth.

CHORUS.

O, home at last, sweet home of rest! (sweet home of rest,) All pain and sor - row o'er;

How sweet to know that we shall go (that we shall go,) For - ev - er out no more!

Fear Not, Little Flock.

MRS. L. M. B. BATEMAN. J. H. F.

1. O why stand ye doubting? Ye pilgrims on life's wea-ry way, 'Tis God's own good pleasure To
2. Ye heirs of sal - va - tion, Why sit ye la-menting so long? A - rise ye in glad-ness, In
3. Your trembling and fear - ing, But mock at the God ye a - dore; His prom-ise is stead-fast, Re-

CHORUS.

Your

give you the king-dom to - day (the kingdom).
tri - umph of vic - to - ry strong (of vic-t'ry). **Fear not, fear not, fear not, lit - tle flock, Fear**
joice ye, and sor - row no more (no sor-row).

Fa - ther is guard-ing you still, . . . And giv - ing the king - dom To

not, fear not, fear not, lit - tle flock, Fear not, lit - tle flock, fear not, lit - tle flock, Fear

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you doth his pleas - ure ful - fill, Fear not, lit - tle flock, The

not, fear not, . . . Fear not, fear not, fear not, lit - tle flock, Fear

Fa - ther is guard-ing you still, . . . And giv - ing the king - dom To

not, fear not, fear not, lit - tle flock, Fear not, lit - tle flock, fear not, lit - tle flock, To

Rit. - - -

you doth his pleasure ful - fill, Fear not, fear not, lit - tle flock, Fear not, fear not, lit - tle flock.

The King in His Beauty.

EMMA LINN. FRED A. FILLMORE.

SOLO.

1. When to all earth's pain and sor-row I shall close my wea - ry eyes, Shall a fair and glo-rious
2. Friends beloved have passed before me, Calm-ly yield - ed they their breath; In the hope of end - less
3. Oft I muse up - on the splendor Of the New Je - ru - sa - lem; Of her man - i - fold foun-
4. Fair - er than a summer's dawning Shall be that resplendent day, When the night of our temp-

mor row On my spirit - vision rise? Shall I see the wondrous dawning Of an ev - er-lasting
glo - ry, Triumphed o'er the grave and death. They whose heads were crowned with silver, Infants in life's early
dations, Starred with every precious gem; Of the bliss of the redeemed ones, And the anthems which they
tations, Sin and grief has passed away. If my Father bid me welcome, Ah, what praise to him I'll

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CHORUS.
Soprano.

spring? Radiant in his bright adorning, Shall mine eyes behold the King?
spring, Passed the silent, shadowy riv - er, And their eyes have seen the King. When the Fa - ther bids me welcome,
sing; But to me the sweetest prom-ise Is "thine eyes shall see the King."
sing, When, in all his glorious beauty, My glad eyes shall see the King.

Alto.

When the Fa - ther bids me welcome,

O, what praise to him I'll sing! Then, in all his glorious beauty, My glad eyes shall see the King.

O, what praise to him I'll sing! Then, in all his glorious beauty, My glad eyes shall see the King.

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