

HACKLEMAN'S MALE Quartettes

Sacred

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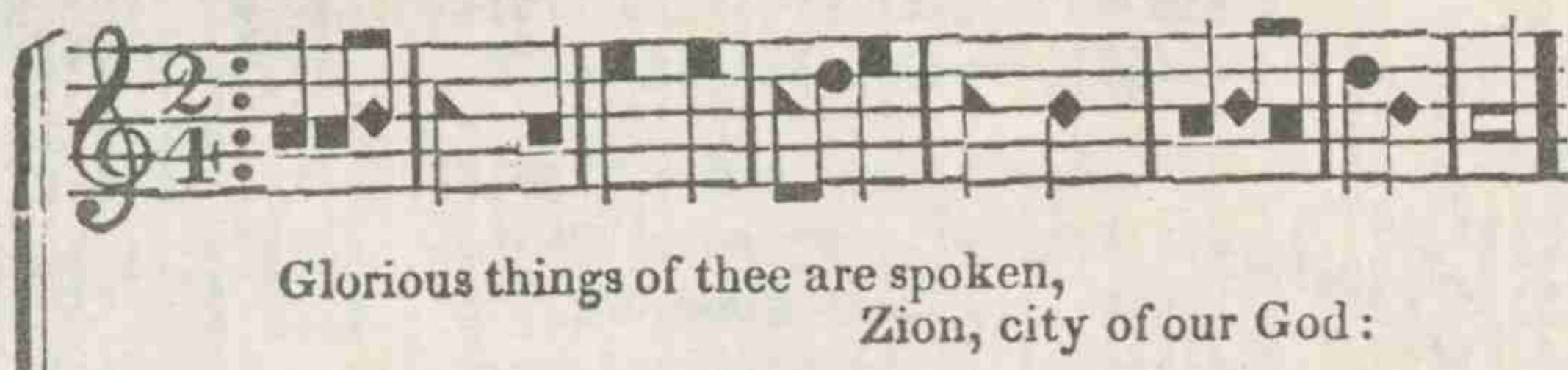
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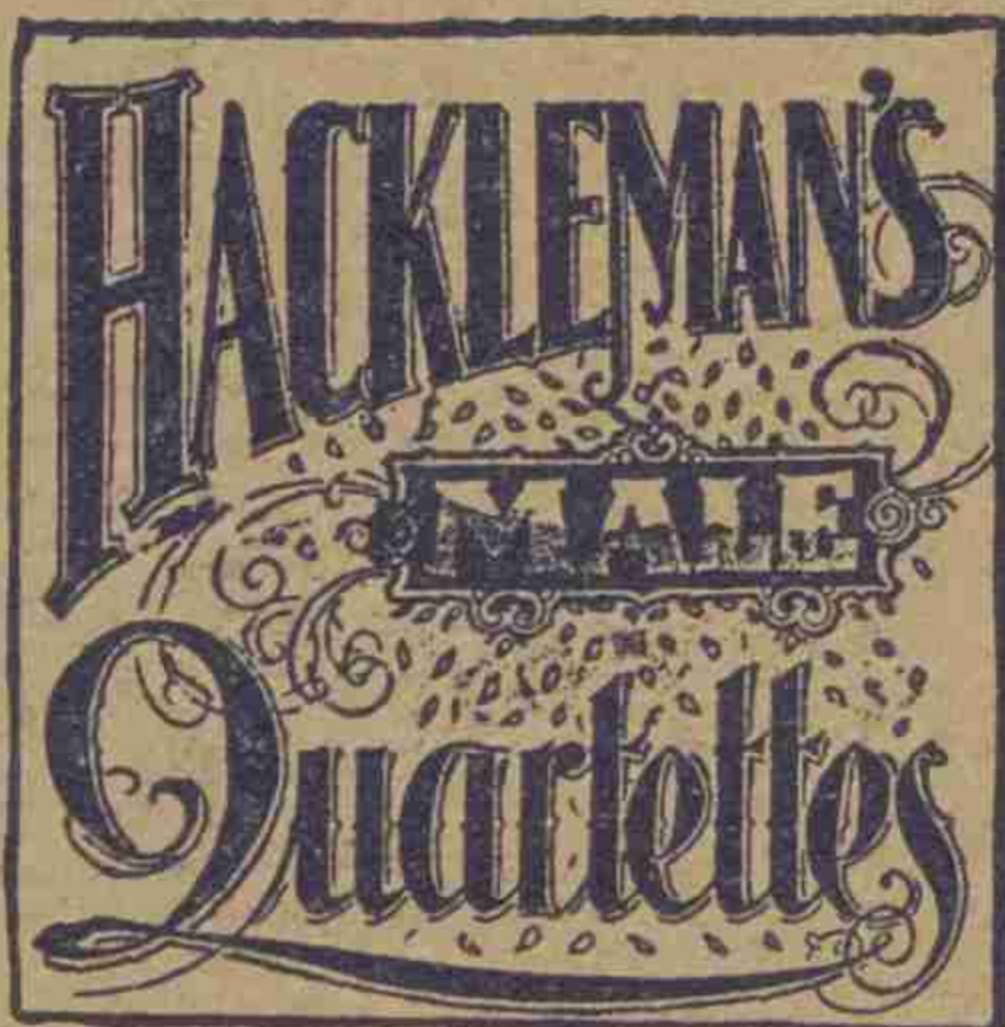
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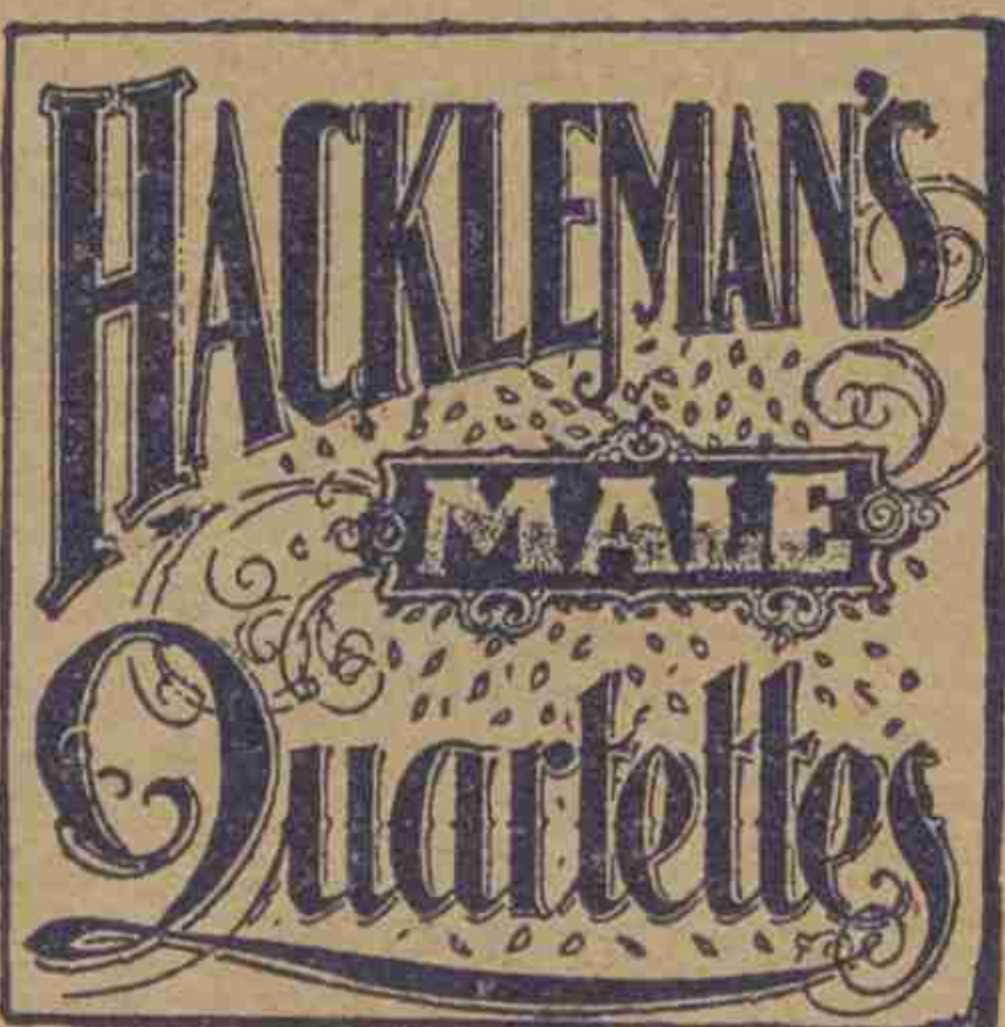
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SACRED

HACKLEMAN'S MALE QUARTETS.

COMPILED BY
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN,
AUTHOR OF
HACKLEMAN'S CONCERT MALE QUARTETTES.

Price, Single Copies, postpaid, \$0.25.
Five Copies, postpaid, 1.00.

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ST. LOUIS, MO.	INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1901
Hack

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Hackleman's Male Quartets.

SACRED.

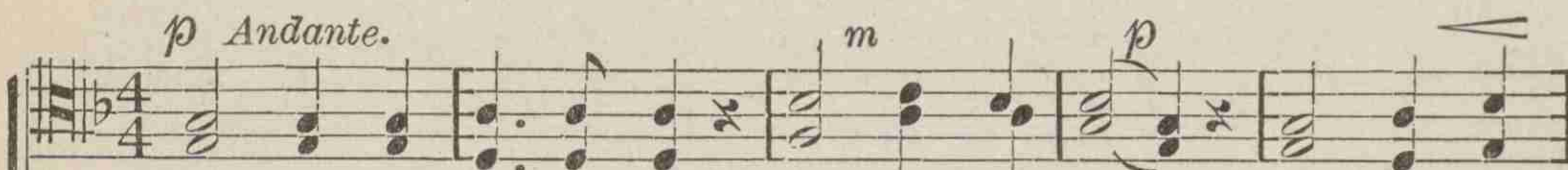
1. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Copyright, 1897, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

Mrs. S. F. ADAMS.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

p Andante. *m* *p*



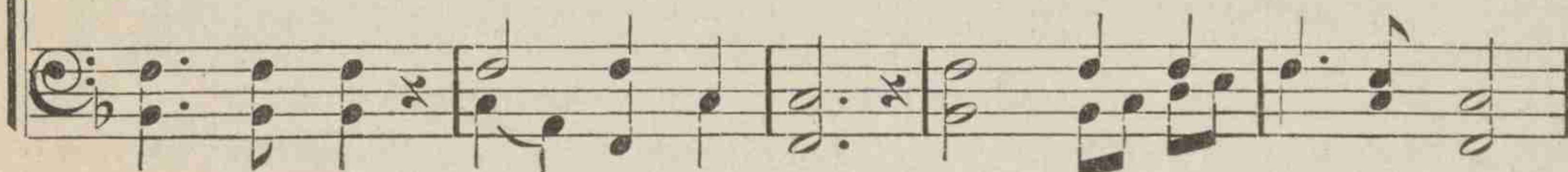
1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en tho' it
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou
4. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and



f *ff* *m*



be a cross That rais-eth me, Still all my songs shall be—
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be—
send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me
stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,



f *Rit.*



Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!



2. I Shall Be Resting.

Copyright, 1901, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

F. S. SHEPARD.



1. Far a-way in realms of glo-ry, Where the pearl-y por-tals shine,
2. Far a-way where is no dy-ing, And no con-flict and no sin;
3. Far a-way from earthly heart-ache And the ills that here are known,



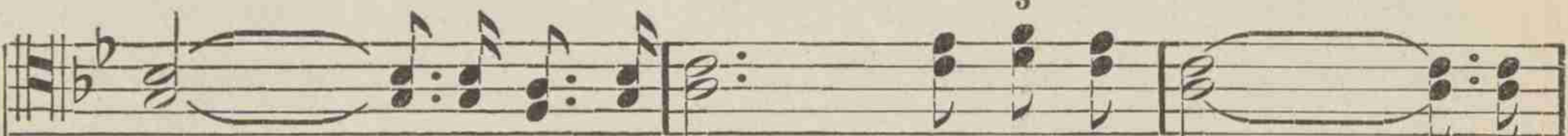

I shall nev-er know a sor-row, I shall rest in love di-vine.
Where there are no tears nor sigh-ing, I shall some-time en-ter in.
I shall help to swell the cho-rus Of the saved a-round the throne.



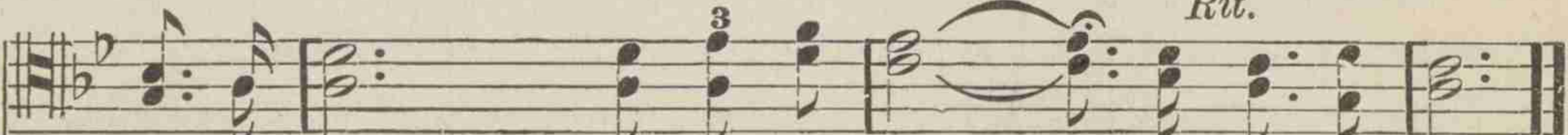
CHORUS. 3



I shall be rest - - - ing o-ver there, Free from all
I shall be rest-ing o-ver there,

sor - - - row and all care, Nev-er-more know - - - ing
Free from all sorrow and all care, Nevermore knowing

grief or pain, Meet-ing with joy..... my loved a-gain.
grief or pain, with joy,

Rit.



3. Our Savior.

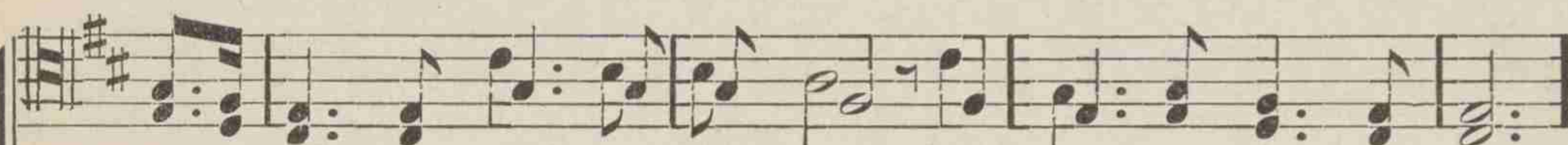
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Mrs. P. R. GIBSON.

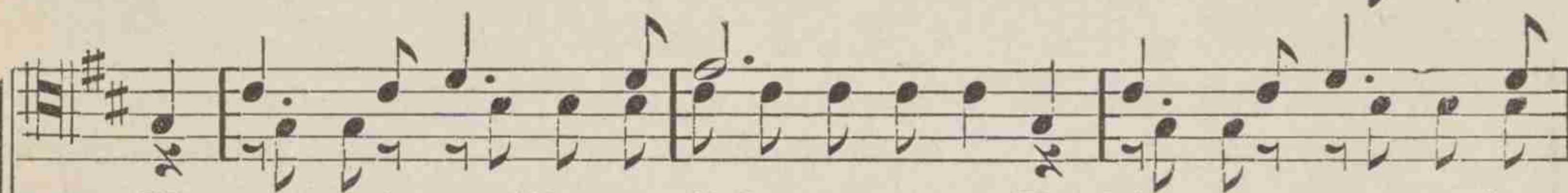
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



1. Long years a - go a Sav - ior, In Beth - le - hem was born,
2. Oh come and let us wor - ship, And bow be - fore His throne,
3. Oh let us sing the prais - es, That un - to Him be - long,
4. And when our jour - ney's end - ed, — Life's bat - tle fought and won,



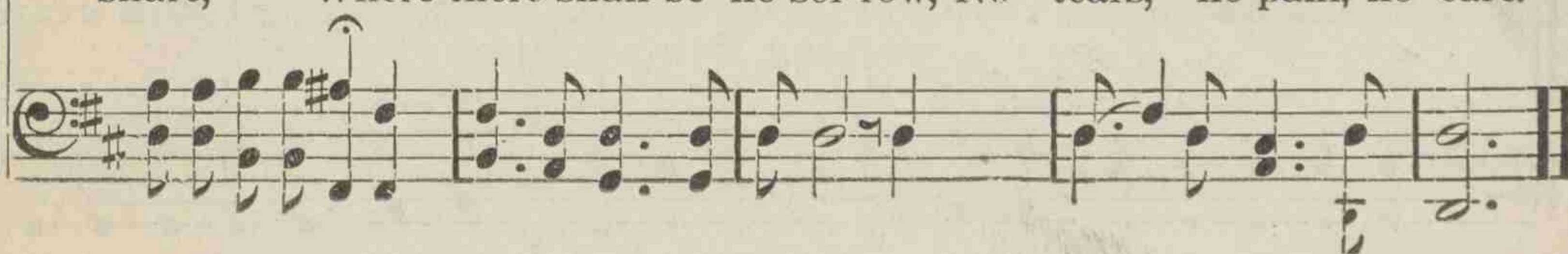
Then o'er a world in dark - ness, Broke forth a glo - rious morn;
He is the King of glo - ry, And He must reign a - lone;
Lift up our hearts in rev - 'rence, Our voic - es in sweet song;
'Tis then we'll hear Him say - ing, "Come home, my child, well done."



He came the world's pure light,	To drive a-way the
He came, He came, He came the world's pure light,	To drive, to drive, to
Home-less in Gal - i - lee,	Thorn-crowned on Cal - va
To tell this won - drous love,	That He who reigns a
We'll meet Our Sav - ior there,	And all His Glo - ry



night, Lift up the poor and fal - len, And give the blind their sight.
drive away the night,
ry, To-day His kingdom glorious, Is o - ver land and sea.
bove, Is still with us to com - fort, Wher - ev - er we may rove.
share, Where there shall be no sor - row, No tears, no pain, no care.



4. Drifting Down.

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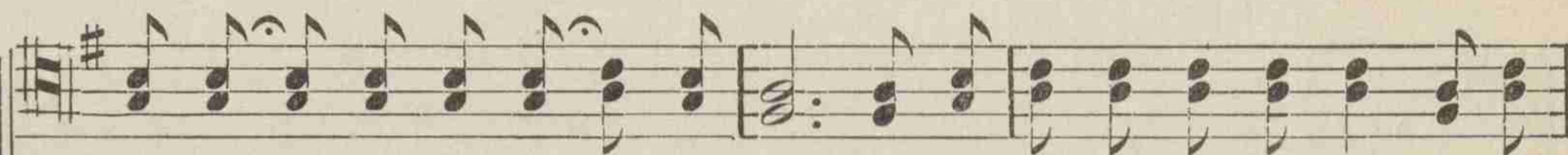
JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

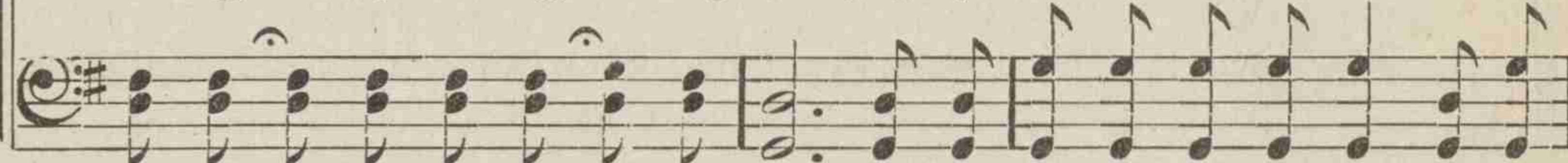
Slowly, with expression.



1. You are drift-ing far from shore, lean-ing on an i - dle oar, You are
2. Lights up - on the Home-land shore give you warning o'er and o'er, You are
3. Voic - es from the Home-land shore faint-er grow as they implore, You are



drift-ing, slow-ly drifting, drifting down, You are drifting with the tide to the
drift-ing, slow-ly drifting, drifting down, Soon beyond the harbor bar, will your
drift-ing, slow-ly drifting, drifting down, O, my brother, do not wait! heed them

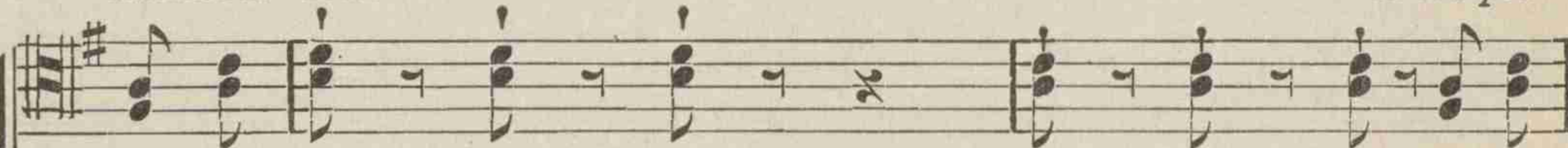


o - cean wild and wide, You are drift-ing, slow - ly drift-ing, drift-ing down.
boat be car - ried far, You are drift-ing, slow - ly drift-ing, drift-ing down.
ere it be too late, Ere for - ev - er you have drift-ed, drift-ed down.

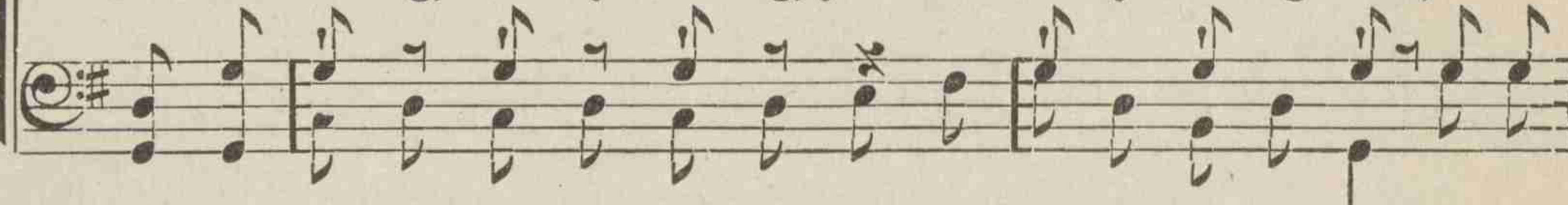


CHORUS. *Rit.*

A tempo.

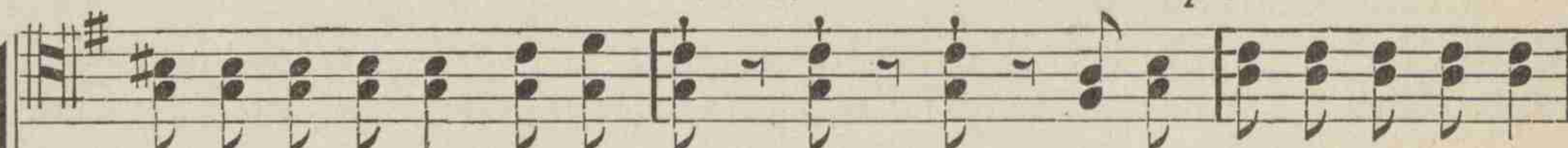


You are drift - ing down, drift - ing down, To the
You are drift-ing, slow - ly drift-ing, you are slow-ly drift-ing down,

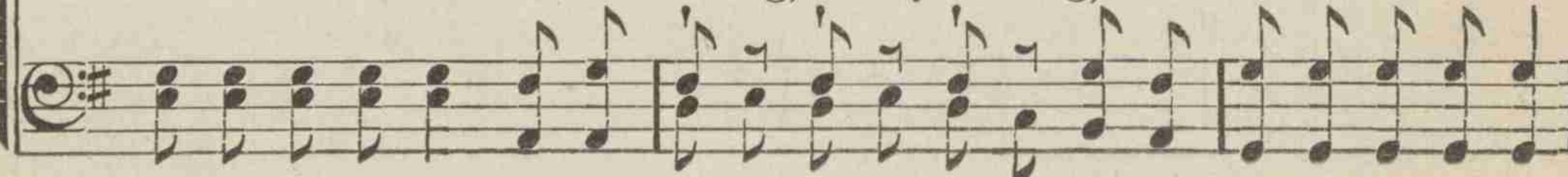


Ritard.

A tempo.



dark and aw-ful sea, You are drift - ing down, From a loving Father's care,
drift-ing, slowly drifting,



Drifting Down. Concluded.

To the blackness of despair, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down.
drifting down.

5. Remember Me, O Mighty One!

Anon.

JOANNA KINKEL, arr.

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

'Mid fires of e - vil fall-ing, 'Mid temp - ters' voic - es call - ing,
When from its dan-gers shrink-ing, When in its dread deeps sinking,
All thro' the life that's mor - tal, And when I pass death's por-tal,

CHORUS.

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

6. The Books Will All Be Opened.

Copyright, 1898, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

C. M. F.
TENOR SOLO.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE.



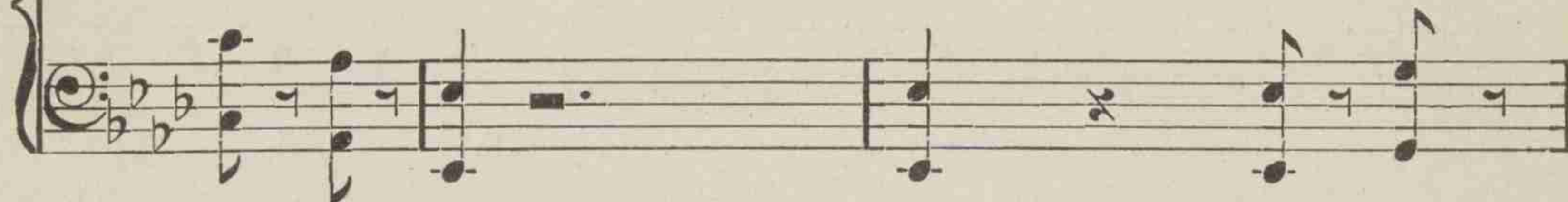
1. You are writ-ing your own book of life, Day by day a rec-ord
2. You are writ-ing down the tho'ts you think, You are writing down the
3. What is writ-ten once can-not be changed, But for-ev-er must re-
4. There is just one way to write it true, Just one way to make your



INSTRUMENT.



foul or fair; When at last your work is done, You must
deeds you do, You are writ-ing ev-'ry word, Wheth-er
main the same, Oh! how great should be your care, That you
rec-ord clear— Pen each sen-tence and each word In the



Ad libitum.



face the judgment throne, Then the books will all be opened o-ver there.
spoken or unheard, And in judgment they will all be bro't to view.
make that record fair, In that book which you are writing in your name.
name of Christ, the Lord, Then your open book you'll nev-er, nev-er fear.



Ad libitum.



The Books Will All Be Opened. Concluded.

CHORUS.

1st TENOR.



2d TENOR.

Oh, the books will be o-pened, my broth - er,..... You'll be
1st BASS. o-ver there,



2d BASS.



judged by your own, not an-oth - er..... Then, my brother, Oh, be-ware!
o-ver there,



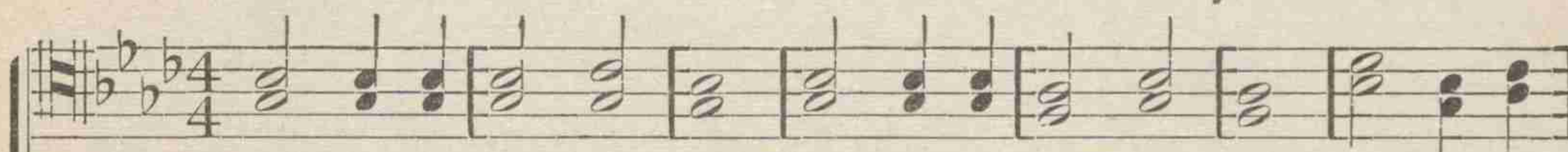
Write your *record with great care, For the books will all be opened over there.



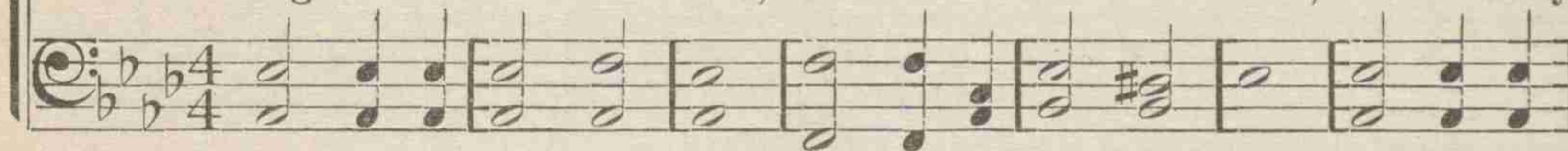
*When used as a Solo throughout, use 2nd Tenor from here, to the close.

7. Guide Us and Guard Us.

Arr. by W. E. M. H.



1. Sav - ior and Lord of all, We lift our hearts to Thee; Guide us and
2. When we are full of grief, Vic-tims of anx - ious care; Oh, then be
3. Bright-en our dark-est hour, 'Till our last mo-ments come; Then in Thy



guard us, Guide us and guard us Wher-e'er our path may be.
near us, Oh, then be near us, Je - sus be ev - er near.
pow - er, Then in Thy pow - er Take us, oh, take us home.

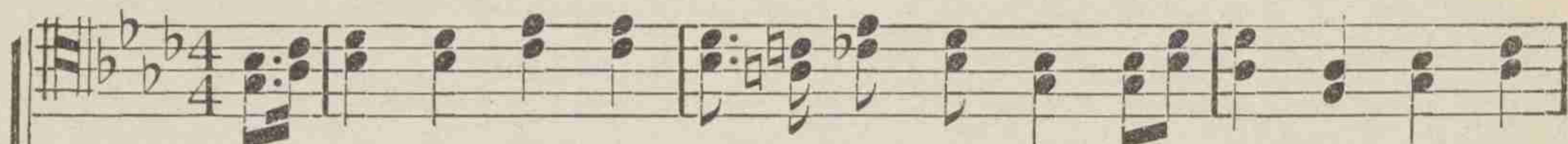


8. The Everlasting Arms.

Copyright, 1901, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

F. S. S

F. S. SHEPARD.



1. The ev - er - last - ing arms are un - der - neath, Then why should we be
2. The ev - er - last - ing arms are un - der - neath, And safe a - mid temp -
3. The ev - er - last - ing arms are un - der - neath, And 'though our way with



o - ver - come by fear? The Lord, our Ref - uge, ev - er will sus - tain, And
ta - tions we may stand; The Lord, the Mighty One, protects and keeps, And
clouds be o - ver - cast; The Lord, our Shepherd, will our comfort be, 'Till



CHORUS



dan - gers can - not harm while He is near.
none can pluck us from the Father's hand. } "The E - ter - nal God is our
safe - ly thro' the shadows we have passed.



ref - uge, The E - ter - nal God is our ref - uge, And



Rit.



un - der - neath, and un - der - neath, Are the ev - er - last - ing arms."



9. Speed Away.

Words and harmony Copyrighted, 1898, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

Theme from WOODBURY.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

ff *Echo. pp* *f*

1. Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Take the Gos - pel of LIGHT To the
 2. Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Take the Mes - sage of LOVE To the
 3. Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Take the Word that gives LIFE To the

lands that are wrapped in the dark-ness of night. "Go ye in - to the
 souls that know not of the Fa - ther a - bove, Who so lov'd this dark
 na - tions in which Sa-tan's king-dom is rife, For the Word if be-

world!" 'tis the Sav-ior's com-mand, That the light of the Gos - pel shine
 world that He gave His own Son, Thro' whose blood shed on Calv'ry re-
 lieved and o-beyed will give peace, To the cap-tives of Sa - tan it

o'er ev - 'ry land. Then, go forth in His name, and the
 demp - tion was won. Let us haste while 'tis day, not a
 will bring re - lease. — To the res - cue make haste, there is

Rit. ad lib.

Gos - pel pro-claim, Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way.
 mo-ment de - lay, Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way!
 no time to waste, Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way!

10. Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

Copyright, 1887, by W. H. Doane. Used by per.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

DUET OR TRIO.

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that en-treats you, Oh, re-turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red (tho' they be red) like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great (He is of great) com-pas-sion, And of won-drous love;
"Look un - to Me (look un - to Me), ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord, your God!

TRIO.

QUARTET.

"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you;
He'll for - give your trans-gres-sions, He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions,

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

11. O Thou Blessed Savior.

Copyright, 1901, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

F. S. S.

F. S. SHEPARD.



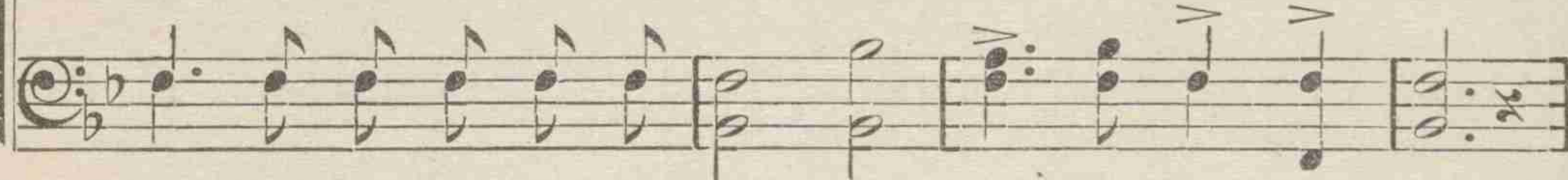
1. O Thou bless-ed Sav-ior, hear me, Hear me now, I pray,
2. O Thou bless-ed Sav-ior, hear me, Hear me now, I pray,
3. O Thou bless-ed Sav-ior, hear me, Hear me now, I pray,



Save me from my sin and vile - ness, Take my guilt a - way.
Give me strength and grace to serve Thee Faith - ful - ly each day.
Guide me safe - ly on life's jour - ney, Keep me lest I stray.



Of my - self I am un - worth - y, Cleanse my sin - ful heart;
I have fre - quent - ly neg - lect - ed Things I should have done;
Oft - en have my foot - steps wan - dered In - to paths of sin;



I would fain be pure and ho - ly, Make me as Thou art.
Save me from my faults and weak - ness, Thou Al - might - y One.
By Thy gra - cious love con - strain me, Reign my heart with - in.



12. That Beautiful Land.

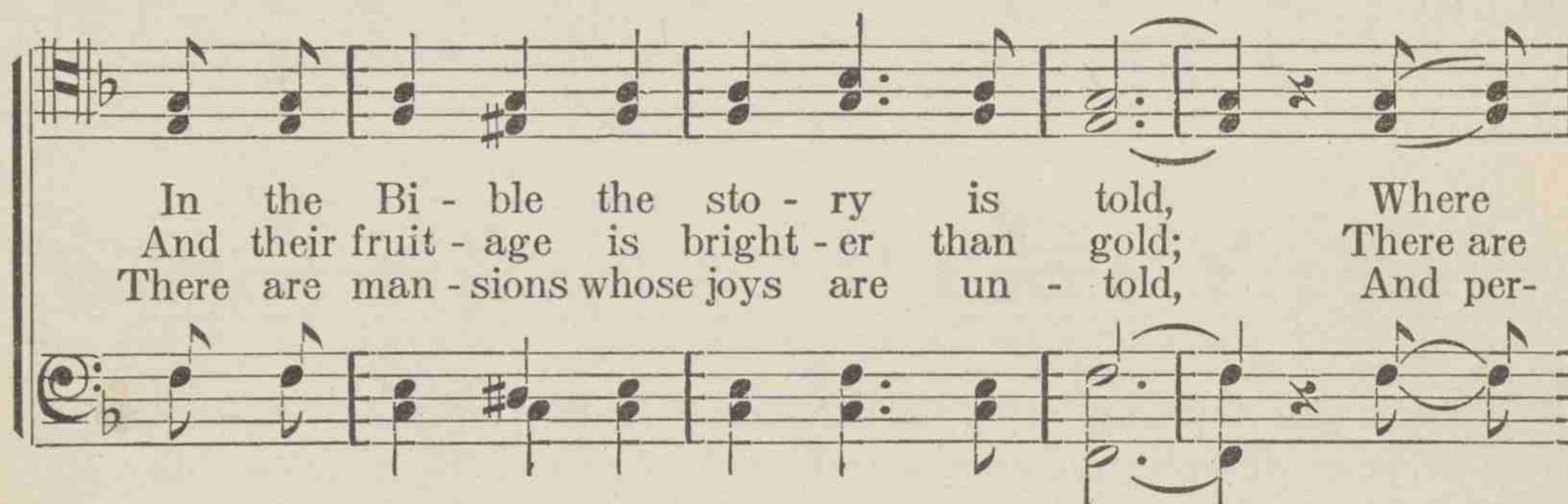
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F. A. F. WHITE.

MARK M. JONES. Arr.



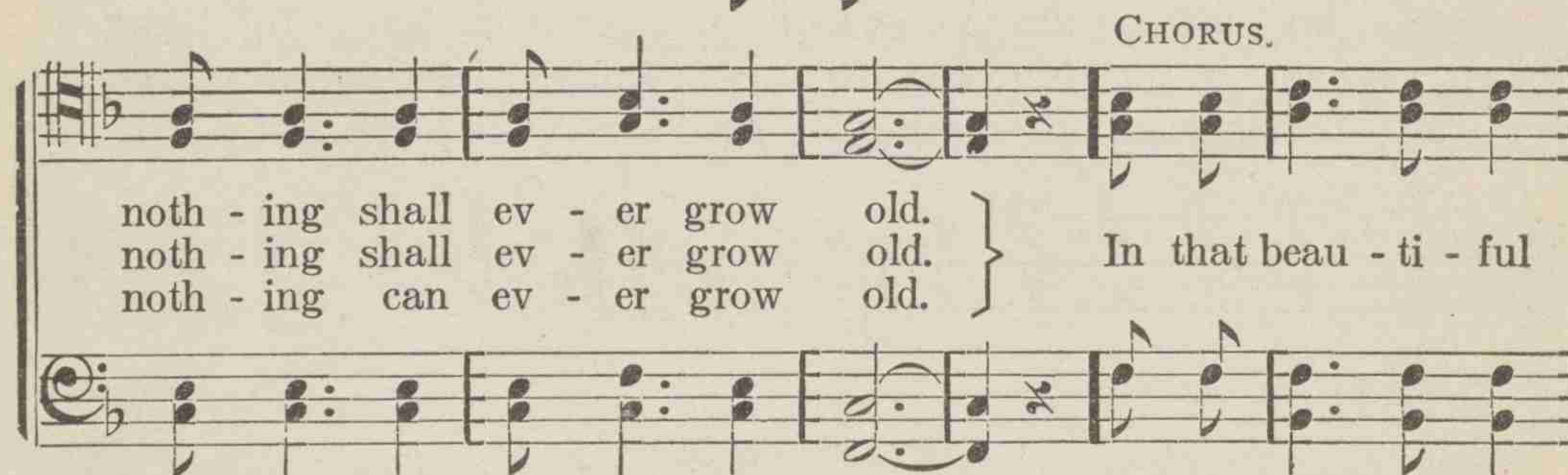
1. I have heard of a land On a far a - way strand,
2. There are ev - er - green trees That bend low in the breeze,
3. There's a home in that land, At the Fa - ther's right hand;



In the Bi - ble the sto - ry is told, Where
And their fruit - age is bright - er than gold; There are
There are man - sions whose joys are un - told, And per -



cares nev - er come, Nev - er dark - ness nor gloom, And
harps for our hands, In that fair - est of lands, And
en - ni - al spring, Where the birds ev - er sing, And



CHORUS.
noth - ing shall ev - er grow old. } In that beau - ti - ful
noth - ing shall ev - er grow old. }
noth - ing can ev - er grow old. }



land, On the far a - way strand, No storms with their

That Beautiful Land. Concluded.

blasts ev - er frown; The streets, I am told, Are paved with pure

gold, And the sun it shall nev - er go down.
shall nev-er go down.

13. Bear Him Home.

Copyright, 1897, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

Arr.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

1. Bear him home, his bed is made In the still-ness of the shade;
2. Home, where all his toils are o'er, Home, where journeying is no more.
3. Rest in peace, a light will come; Gilding e'en the si-lent tomb;

Bear the brother to his home; Bear, oh, bear him home.
Bear him home, no more to roam; Bear our broth - er home.
Life eternal brings release, Rest, oh, rest in peace.

14. Save the Boys!

Copyright, 1898, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

MALE QUARTET.

A. W. CONNER.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



1. From the snares that pleasures hide, Save the boys! Save the boys! Dangers
2. Men of valor, pledg'd for right, Save the boys! Save the boys! Help the
3. Church of Christ, your arms extend, Save the boys! Save the boys! And the
4. Christ and church, with home unite, Save the boys! Save the boys! Gloom dis-



rife, their ways be-tide, Save the boys! Save the boys! This the
boys to win their fight, Save the boys! Save the boys! As you
"com-ing men" de-fend; Save the boys! Save the boys! Set your
pel and spread the light; Save the boys! Save the boys! Reach-ing



cry heard ev-'ry-where, This the moth-er's ear-nest pray'r,
would not fight in vain, As you love your fam-'ly name,
por-tals o-pen wide, Gath-er all your boys in-side,
forth a friend-ly hand, Sol-id pha-lanx may these stand,

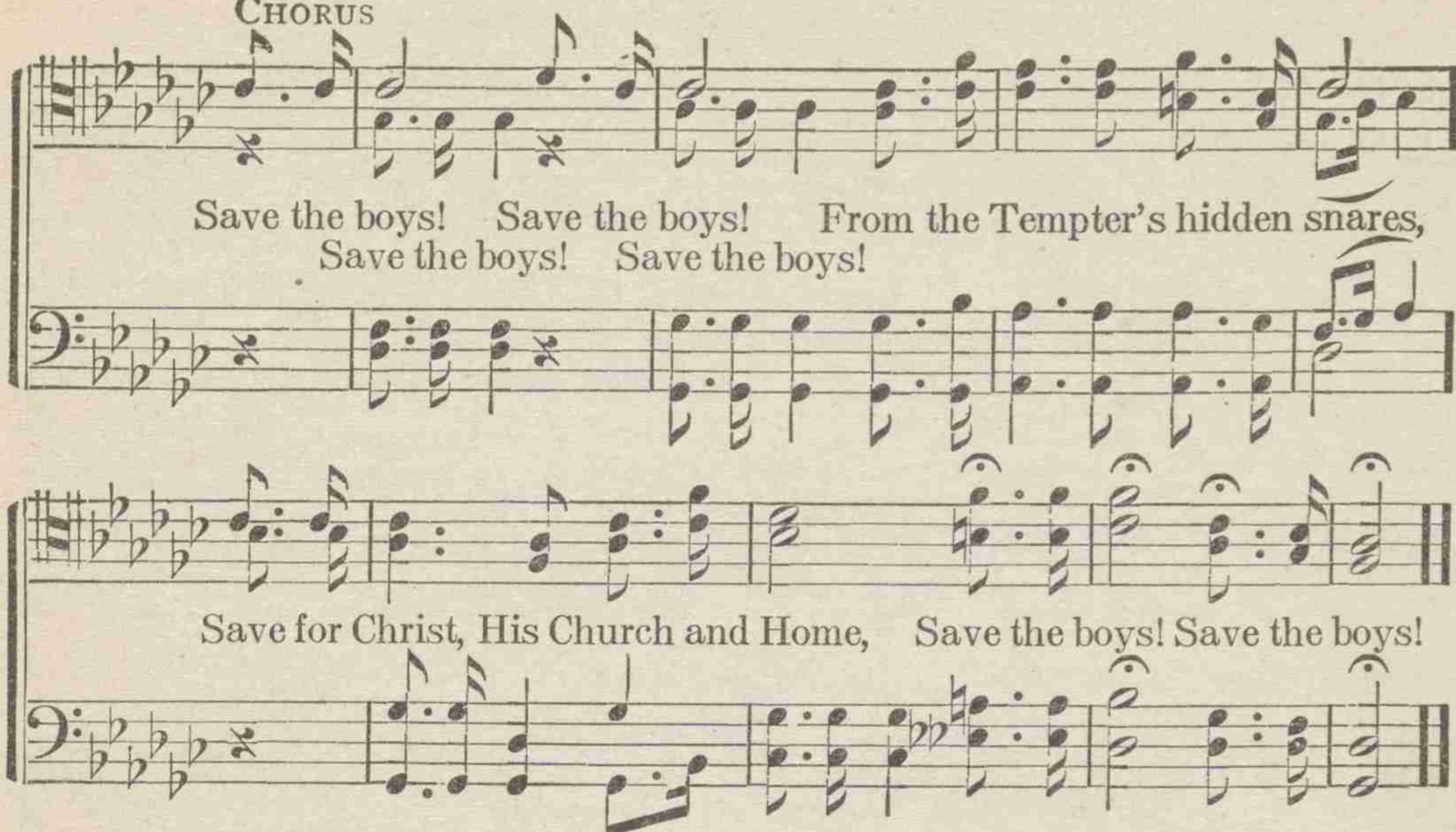


Help the boys while pure and fair,— Save the boys! Save the boys!
Keep your boys from sin and shame:— Save the boys! Save the boys!
With no good to them de-nied;— Save the boys! Save the boys!
Driv-ing e-vil from our land;— Save the boys! Save the boys!



Save the Boys. Concluded.

CHORUS



Save the boys! Save the boys! From the Tempter's hidden snares,
Save the boys! Save the boys!

Save for Christ, His Church and Home, Save the boys! Save the boys!

15. Now the Day is Over.

May be sung in F.

S. BARING-GOULD.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



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

Shad - ows of the ev - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove us, Watch - ing round each bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
And to Thee, blest Spir it, Whilst all a - ges run.

Shad - ows of the ev'ning Steal a - cross the sky.

16. "Jesus, and Shall it Ever Be!"

Copyright, 1898, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

JOSEPH GRIGGS.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Adagio con espressione.

1. Je - sus, and shall..... it ev - er be,..... A mor-tal
Jesus, and shall it ev - er be,

2. Ashamed of Thee..... O, just as soon..... Let mid-night

3. Ashamed of Thee!..... Yes, then I may,..... When I've no

man..... ashamed of Thee?..... Ashamed of Thee..... whom angels
A mortal man ashamed of Thee? Ashamed of Thee
be..... ashamed of noon;..... 'Tis midnight with..... my soul till
guilt..... to wash a - way;..... No tear to wipe,..... no good to

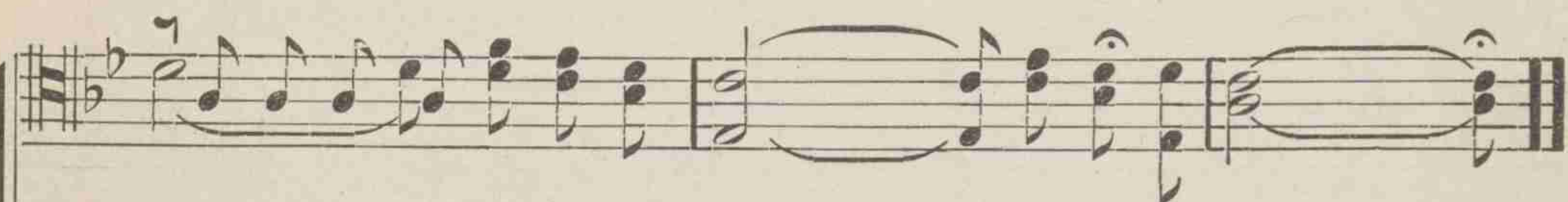
praise..... Whose glo-ry shines..... thro' end-less days?.....
whom an-gels praise, Whose glory shines thro' endless days?
He..... Bright Morning Star,..... bids darkness flee.....
crave..... No fears to quell,..... no soul to save.....

Ashamed of Thee,..... O soon-er far..... Let ev'-ning
Ashamed of Thee, O, soon-er far
Ashamed of Thee,..... that dear-est Friend..... On whom my
Ashamed of Thee!..... 'twill nev - er be..... My hopes of

"Jesus, and Shall it Ever Be!" Concluded.



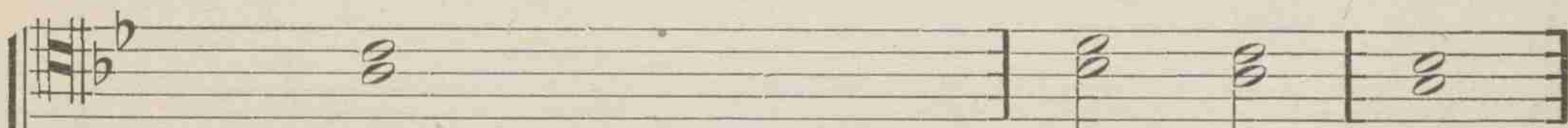
blush..... to own a star;..... He sheds the beams..... of light di-
 Let ev'ning blush to own a star; He sheds the beams
 hopes..... of heav'n depend!..... No; when I blush,..... be this my
 heav'n..... are all in Thee,..... And when I come..... Thy face to



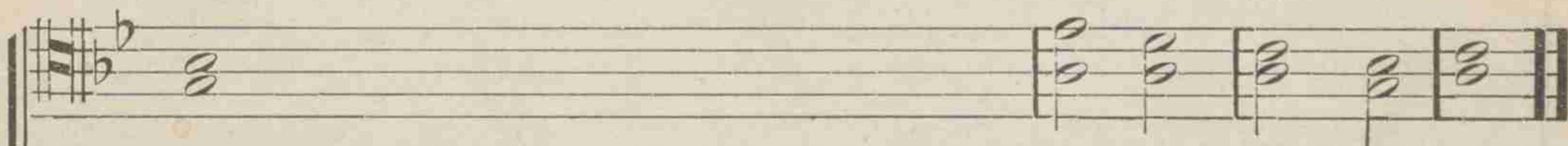
vine..... O'er this poor, bruised,..... sad soul of mine.....
 of light di-vine O'er this poor bruised, sad soul of mine.
 shame,..... That I no more..... re-vere His name.....
 see,..... O, then, be not..... ashamed of me.....



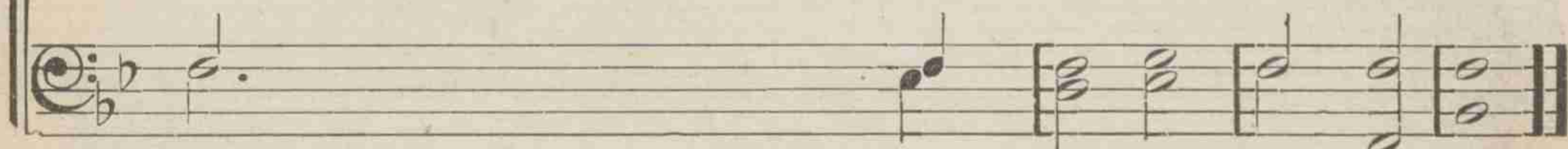
17. The Lord's Prayer.



Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name,
 Give us this day our dai - ly bread,
 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,



Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
 And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that tres-pass a - gainst us.
 For Thine is the kingdom, and the pow'r, and the glory, for ever and ever a - men.



18. Oh, Cling to the Savior, My Boy.*

Copyright, 1895, by The Thompson Music Co. By per.

Mrs. P. R. GIBSON.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Con espressione.

1. You're start-ing, my boy, on the jour-ney of life, You'll find it a
 2. When dark clouds of sor-row hang o-ver your way, When care and af-
 3. The Friend you most need is one who can keep, And whose watch-ful
 4. 'Tis this Friend a-lone who is a-ble to save And pi-lot you
 5. And when in the man-sions of glo-ry at last, The pain and the

path-way of per-il and strife, With pleasures that lure, and with
 flic-tion have burden'd the day, Re-mem-ber that He will be
 eyes nev-er wea-ry with sleep, Oh, He is that Friend who climb'd
 safe-ly a-cross the dark wave And light with His pres-ence the
 strife, and sor-row all past, 'Tis then you'll re-joice that you

pit-falls 'tis rife,—Oh, cling to the Sav-ior, my boy..
 with you al-way,—Oh, cling to the Sav-ior, my boy..
 Cal-va-ry's steep,—Oh, cling to the Sav-ior, my boy..
 gloom of the grave,—Oh, cling to the Sav-ior, my boy..
 clung to Him fast,—Oh, cling to the Sav-ior, my boy..

*May be used as a Solo throughout by using 2nd Tencer.

Oh, Cling to the Savior, My Boy. Concluded.

Oh, cling to the Sav-ior, my boy,..... Oh, cling to
Oh, cling to the Sav-ior, my boy,

the Sav-ior, my boy..... { Wher - ev - er you go, and what-
Oh, cling to the Savior, my boy, { When a-way from your home and wher-
Oh, re-mem-ber He came your lost
Oh ac-cept Him to-night! nev - er

ev - er you do, —
ev-er you roam, — } Oh, cling to the Sav-ior, my boy,.....
true friend indeed, — } the Savior, my boy.
soul to reclaim, —
give up the fight! —

19. The Last Song.

Arr.

G.

1. The winds are hushed; the peaceful moon Looks down on Zi-on's hill;
2. How soft, how ho-ly is the light! But hark! a sweet, low song,
3. 'Tis Je-sus and His faith-ful few That soul-deep hymn who pour;

The cit - y sleeps, 'tis night's calm noon And all the streets are still.
As gen-tle as the dews of night Floats on the air a - long.
O Christ! may we the song re-new, And learn to love Thee more.

20. Going Down to the Grave.

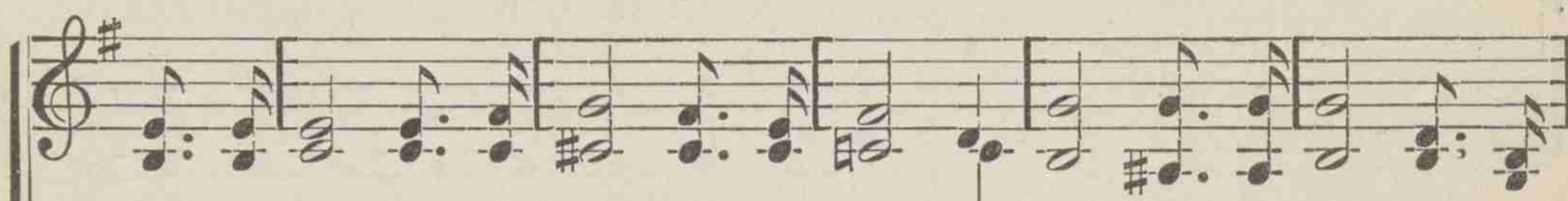
Copyright, 1900, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

BASS SOLO. Use upper notes treble clef.
Largo espressione.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



1. Go-ing down to thy grave with no hope in thy heart, That thy God
2. Go-ing down to the grave in the black-ness of night, No star-
3. No God and no hope, where, oh, where is thy stay? Thy Sav-
4. Thine hours of gay pleas-ure ere long will be o'er, A dark

will re-ceive thee all guilt as thou art; Life's sunshine extinguished with
beam of love from the Fa-ther of light; No Sav-ior's sweet pres-ence and
ior long plead-ing turns not yet a-way; His sad eye will pit-y, His
gulf a-waits thee, its mad wa-ters roar; Too late thou will call on the



Rit.



fal-ter-ing tread, In dark-ness and doubt go-ing down to the dead.
prom-ise to save; A stran-ger to God go-ing down to the grave.
strong arm will save, Why then in thine own strength go down to the grave.
Might-y to save, When thy pray'r shall be lost in e-ter-ni-ty's grave.



QUARTET.



Oh, turn to thy God, Who dwell-eth on high, Come trust-ing His



Going Down to the Grave. Concluded.

word, And thou shalt not die; Oh, turn to thy God who dwell-eth on

high, Come trust-ing His word And thou shalt not die.

Rit. pp

shalt not die.

The musical score consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The second system is in G major and 4/4 time, with a 'Rit. pp' marking above the first staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

21. Hear Our Prayer.

Arr. from GOUNOD, by W. E. M. H.

Fa-ther, look down up-on us; Hear our pray'r, Hear.... our pray'r;

We, Thy children, come.... before Thy throne; Let Thy mercy be up-

on us... ev - er-more. A - - men and A - men.

The musical score consists of four systems of two staves each. The first system is in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The second system is in B-flat major and 4/4 time. The third system is in B-flat major and 4/4 time. The fourth system is in B-flat major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the staves.

22. He Has Led Us.

Copyright, 1900, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

HELEN DUNGAN.

J. M. DUNGAN.

p DUET.



1. Thro' the dark ness of the night, and thro' morning's cheery light, Has our
2. For Thy ten - der lov - ing care, for de - liv - rance from each snare, For the
3. May we love Thee more and more, till we reach the oth - er shore, Where we'll



Fa - ther walked be - side us, and has led us by the hand;
strength that Thou hast giv'n when shad - ows dark o'er - whelmed our way;
join in hap - py songs of praise with dear ones gone be - fore;



For His prom - is - es are sure and for - ev - er must en - dure, And His
We would sing our lov - ing praise all the rem - nant of our days, Close to
When thro' end - less days and years we will shed no part - ing tears, But will



bless - ed truth for - ev - er - more will stand. }
Thee our bless - ed Sav - ior we would stay. } He has led us, so gen - tly
serve with joy and glad - ness ev - er - more. } He has led us,



led us, All along the path our feet have trod; And we trust Him day by
gently led us, All the path our feet have trod;



He Has Led Us. Concluded.

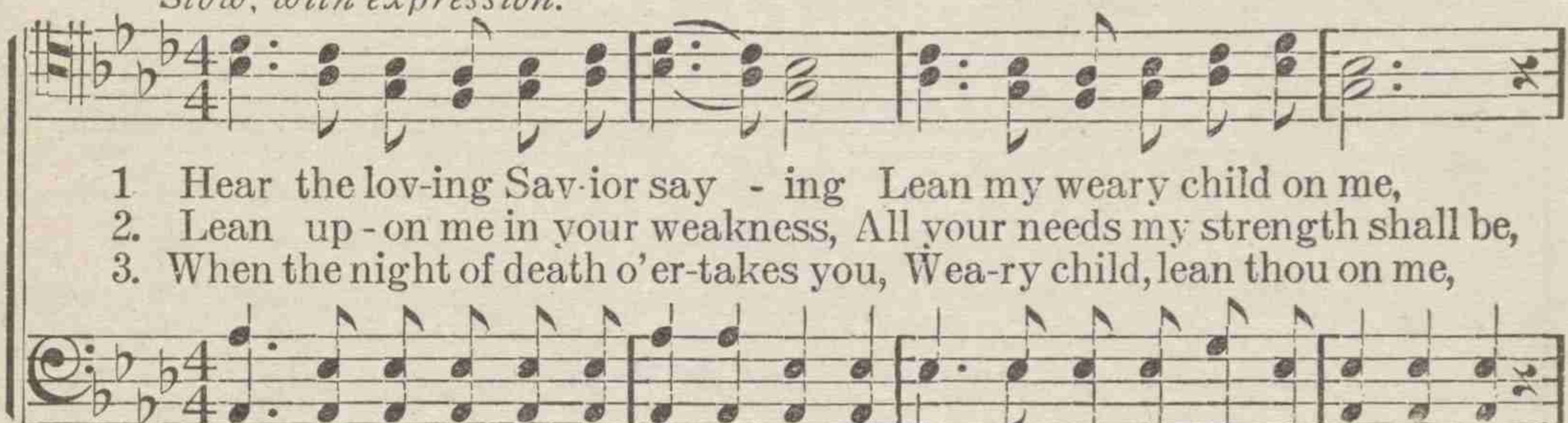


23. Lean Upon the Savior.

A. F. M.

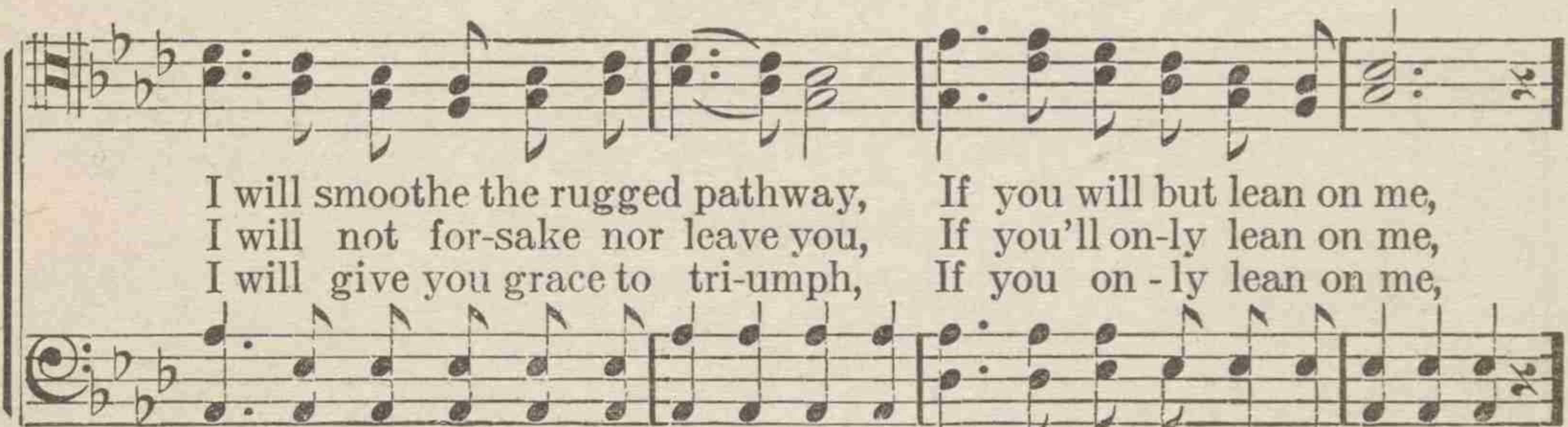
A. F. MYERS.

Slow, with expression.



- 1 Hear the lov-ing Sav-ior say - ing Lean my weary child on me,
- 2 Lean up-on me in your weakness, All your needs my strength shall be,
3. When the night of death o'er-takes you, Wea-ry child, lean thou on me,

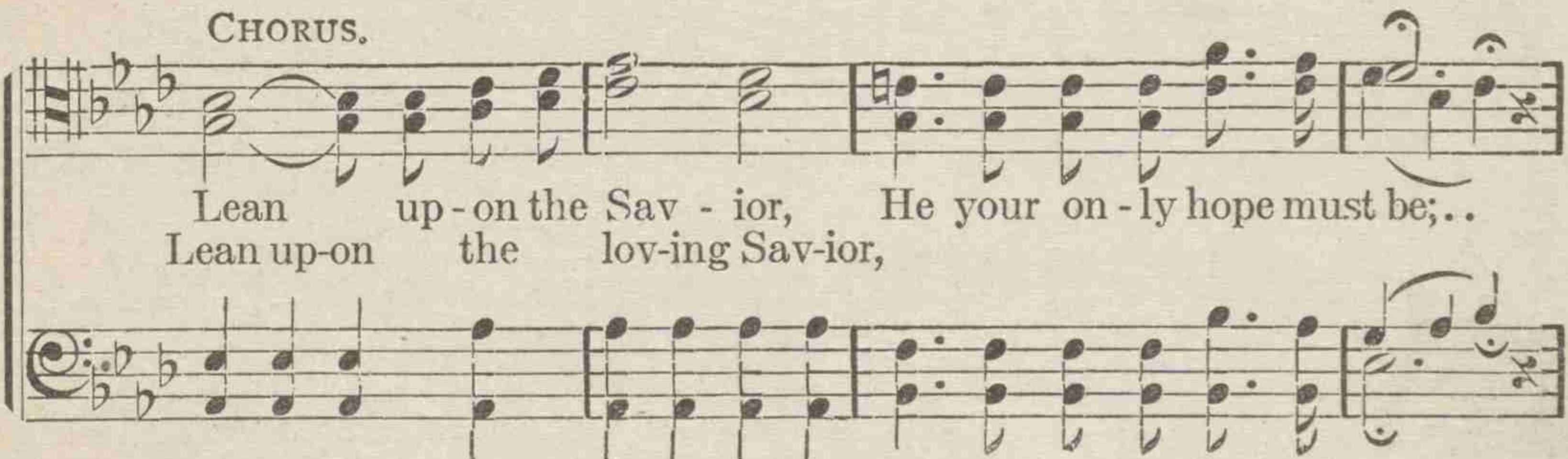
say-ing, on me,
weakness, shall be,
o'er-takes you, on me,



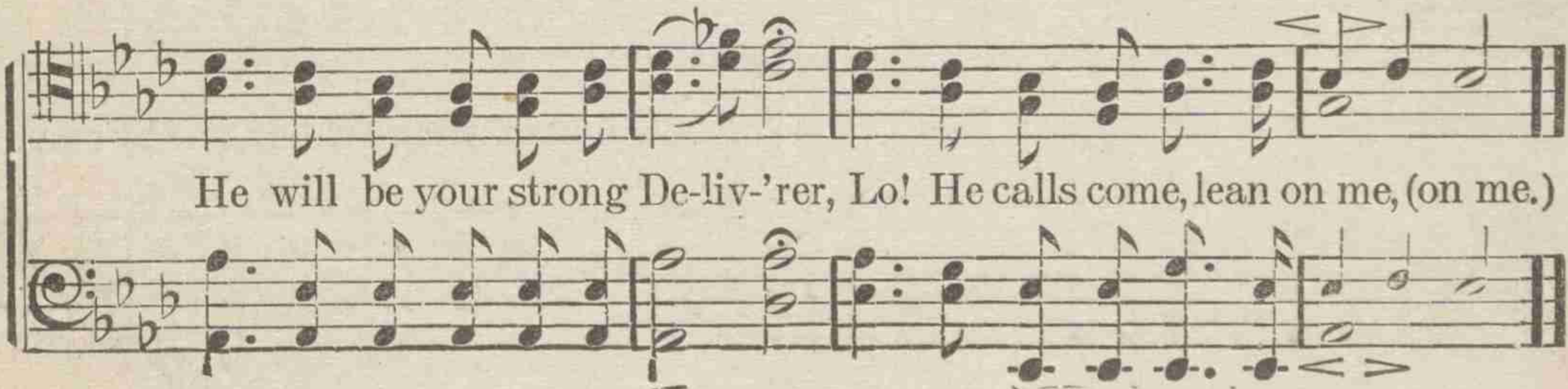
I will smoothe the rugged pathway, If you will but lean on me,
I will not for-sake nor leave you, If you'll on-ly lean on me,
I will give you grace to tri-umph, If you on - ly lean on me,

path-way, on me.
leave you, on me.
tri-umph, on me.

CHORUS.



Lean up-on the Sav - ior, He your on - ly hope must be;..
Lean up-on the lov-ing Sav-ior,



He will be your strong De-liv-'rer, Lo! He calls come, lean on me, (on me.)

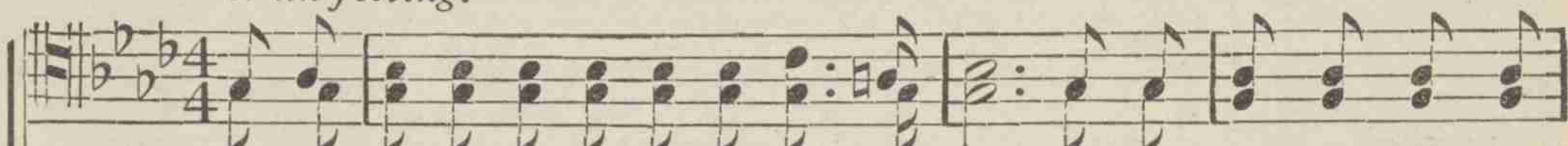
24. Going Down the Valley.

Copyright, 1890, by Fillmore Bros. Used by per.

JESSIE B. POUNDS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

With feeling.



1. We are go-ing down the valley one by one, With our fa - ces toward the
 2. We are go-ing down the valley one by one, When the la - bors of the
 3. We are go-ing down the valley one by one, Hu-man comrade you or




set-ting of the sun;—Down the valley where the mournful cypress grows,
 wea-ry days are done; One by one the cares of earth for - ev - er past,
 I will there have none, But a ten-der Hand will guide us lest we fall,



mf CHORUS.



Where the stream of Death in silence onward flows.
 We shall stand up-on the riv-er bank at last.
 Christ is go-ing down the val-ley with us all. } We are go-ing down the valley,




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



Rit e dim.



going down the valley, going down the valley, Going down the valley, one by one.



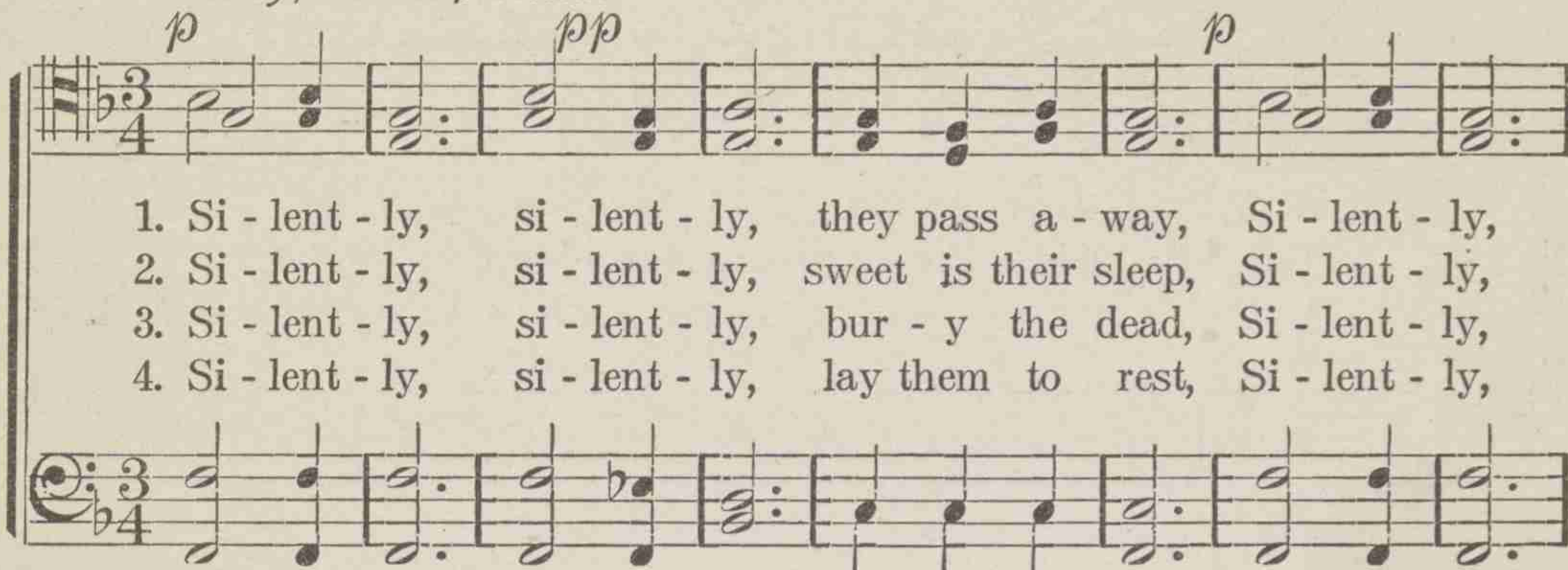
25. Silently Bury the Dead.

By permission of Mrs. C. E. Leslie. From "Memorial Offerings."

C. E. LESLIE.

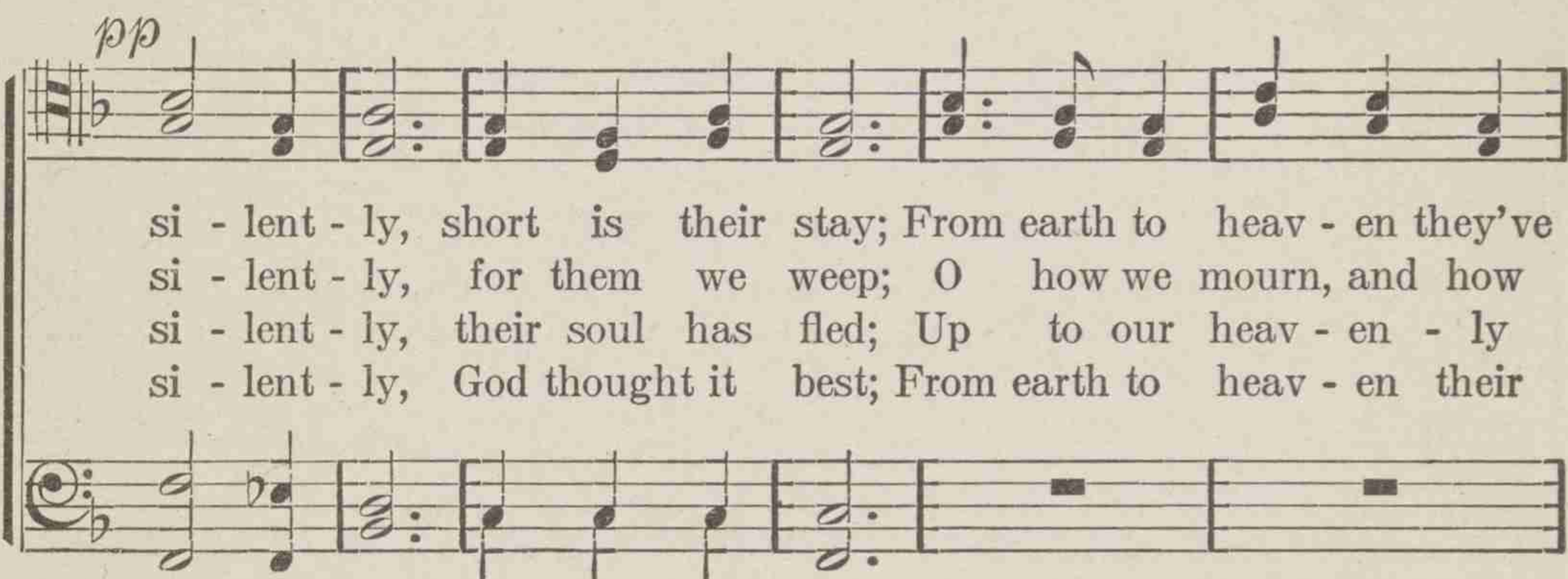
Slowly, with expression.

p *pp* *p*



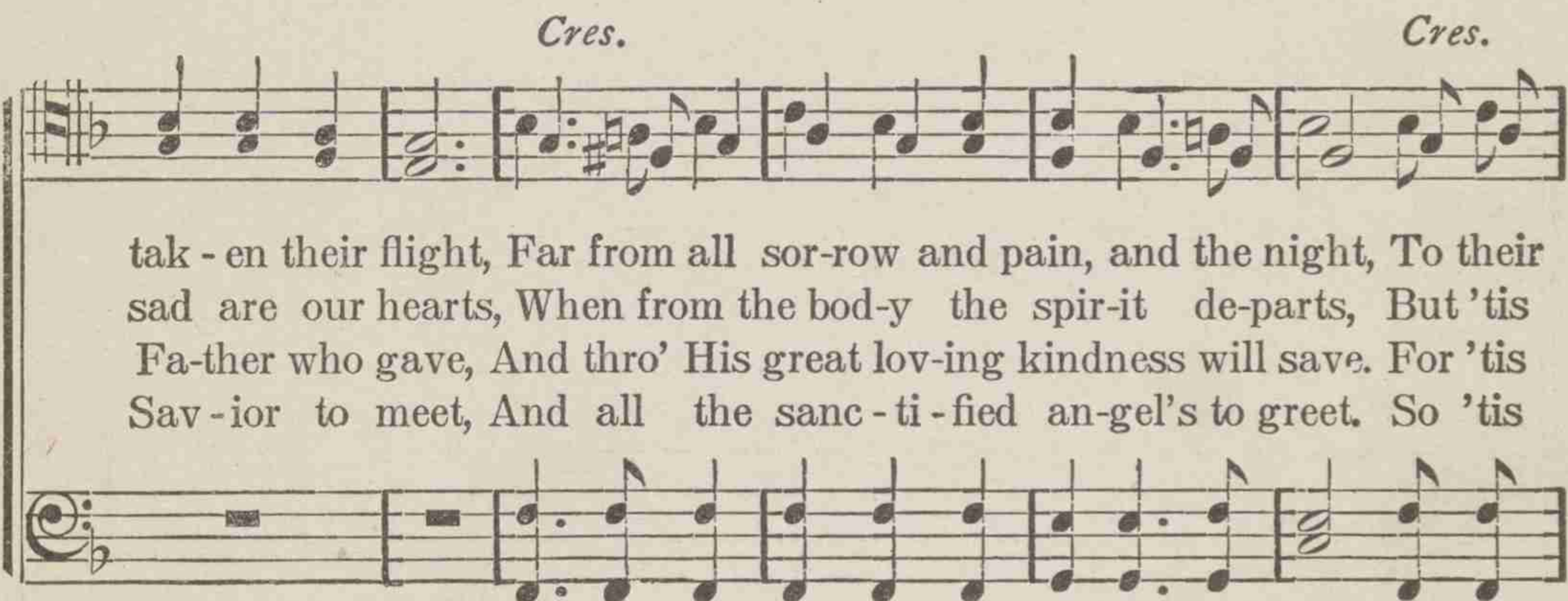
1. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, they pass a - way, Si - lent - ly,
 2. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, sweet is their sleep, Si - lent - ly,
 3. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, bur - y the dead, Si - lent - ly,
 4. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, lay them to rest, Si - lent - ly,

pp



si - lent - ly, short is their stay; From earth to heav - en they've
 si - lent - ly, for them we weep; O how we mourn, and how
 si - lent - ly, their soul has fled; Up to our heav - en - ly
 si - lent - ly, God thought it best; From earth to heav - en their

Cres. *Cres.*



tak - en their flight, Far from all sor-row and pain, and the night, To their
 sad are our hearts, When from the bod-y the spir-it de-parts, But 'tis
 Fa-ther who gave, And thro' His great lov-ing kindness will save. For 'tis
 Sav-ior to meet, And all the sanc-ti-fied an-gel's to greet. So 'tis

p Dim. *pp Rit.*



Sav - ior who is call - ing, Call - ing, come home, Call-ing, come home.
 Je - sus who is call - ing, Call - ing, come home, Call-ing, come home.
 Je - sus who is call - ing, Call - ing, come home, Call-ing, come home.
 Je - sus who is call - ing, Call - ing, come home, Call-ing, come home.

26. A Mother's Appeal to Her Boy.*

Arrangement Copyrighted, 1901, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

HOLMES.

TENOR SOLO.

Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



1. A moth - er was bid - ding good - bye to her boy, He was
2. The years glided by and he wan - dered a - far, Oft - en
3. My boy, when you've left your dear par - ents at home And



go - ing to leave her that morn; 'Twas hard to de - part from the
like a lone ex - ile he'd roam. In mo - ments of sor - row, his
in - to the world you have gone, You'll find that temp - ta - tions are



one that he loved, and the hum - ble cot where he was born.
heart would be cheered, when he tho't of his moth - er at home.
on ev - 'ry hand, and you can - not re - sist them a - lone.



He treas - ured the part - ing ad - vice that she gave, With a
She al - ways said, "Boy, nev - er yield to de - spair, There's no
There's noth - ing will help you temp - ta - tions to meet, And

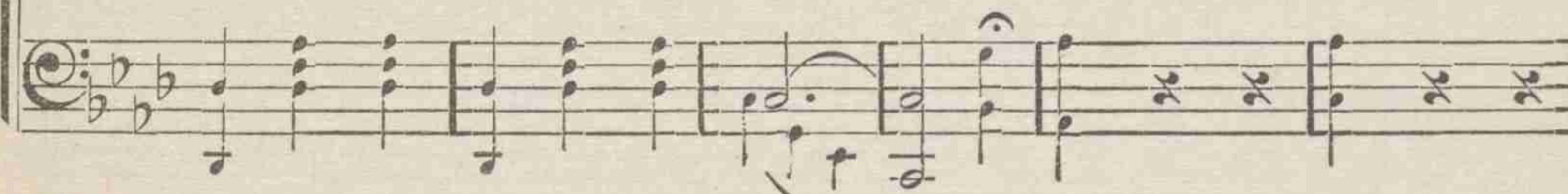


*Last stanza by W. E. M. Hackleman.

A Mother's Appeal to Her Boy. Concluded.



love that a moth - er can feel;.... In vain he en - deav - ored his
pleas - ure with - out its al - loy,".... They nev - er more met, but he
give you more pleas - ure and joy;.... (If you'll but re - mem - ber and



tears to re - strain, As he heard his fond moth - er's ap - peal.
nev - er for - got the ap - peal that she made to her boy.
al - ways give heed), Than a moth - er's ap - peal to her boy.



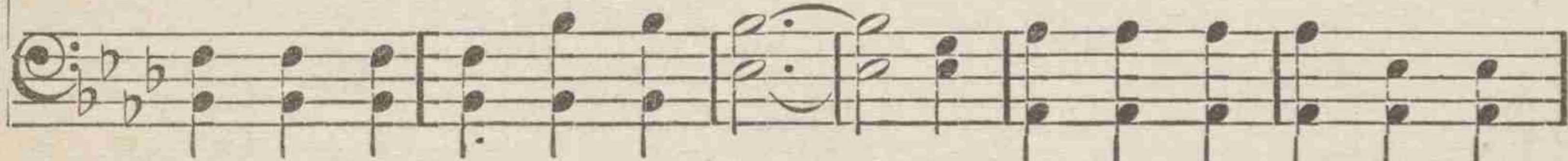
CHORUS.



"Be Christ - like and pure, be de - vot - ed and true, Be



man - ly in sor - row or joy; In tri - als re - mem - ber 'tis



dark - est ere dawn;" Was a moth - er's ap - peal to her boy.

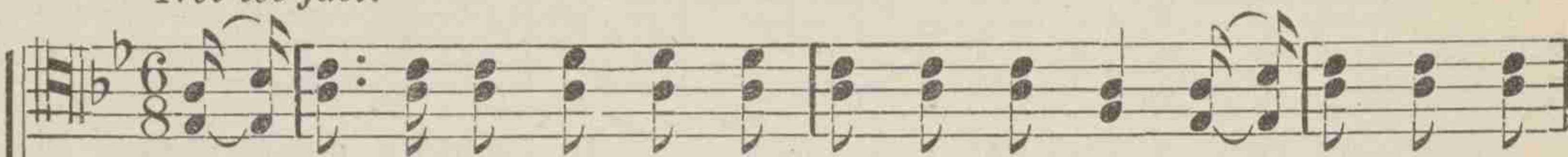


27. How Happy the Child of a King.

H. P. PIPER.

A. F. MYERS.

Not too fast.



1. 'Tis a beau - ti - ful morn - ing o'er hill - top and plain, While au - tumn in
2. These bright au - tumn flowers, o'er land - scapes so broad, 'Tis mute flor - al
3. Ripe fruits from the or - chard, rich grapes from the vine, The fields and the
4. When I think of the love of the Father which brings, To my path - way of



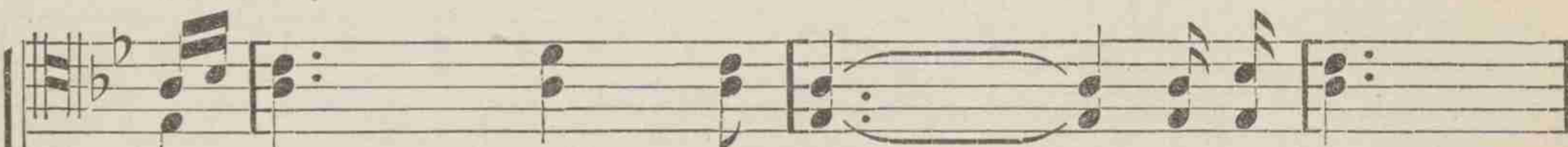
rich - ness as - sumes her mild reign, And I think, as the beau - ties of
wor - ship sing prais - es to God, While the brown - tint - ed for - ests speak
flow - ers in beau - ty com - bine, With the song birds' sweet car - ol so
life with such beau - ti - ful things, My soul fills with rap - ture, my



na - ture I see, "How hap - py a child of a King ought to be!"
vol - umes to me— How rest - ful a child of a King ought to be!
full and so free— How trust - ful a child of a King ought to be!
trib - ute I bring, Of love from the heart of a child of a King.



CHORUS.



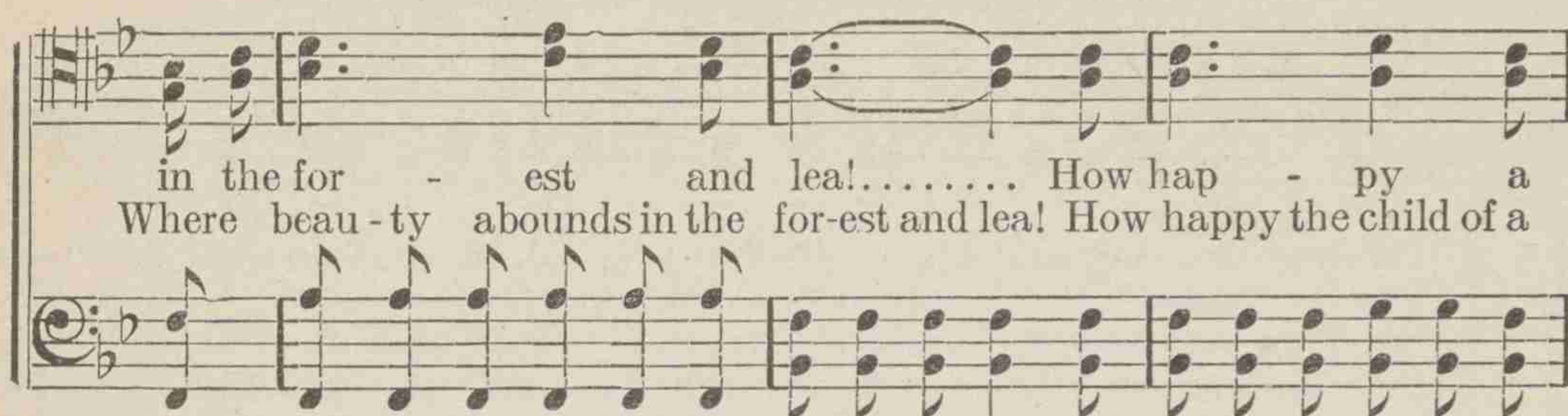
How hap - py a child..... of a King
How hap - py the child of a King ought to be! How hap - py the



ought to be,..... Where beau - ty a - bounds.....
child of a King ought to be, Where beau - ty a - bounds in the for - est and lea,



How Happy the Child of a King. Concluded.

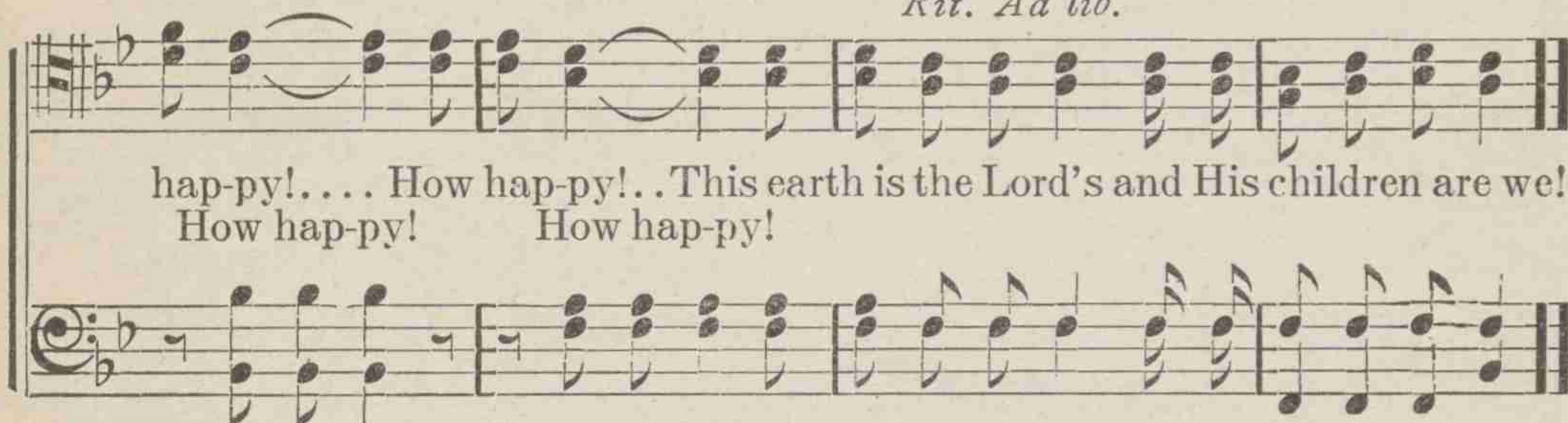


in the for - est and lea!..... How hap - py a
Where beau - ty abounds in the for-est and lea! How happy the child of a



child..... of a King ought to be!..... How
King ought to be! How hap - py the child of a King ought to be!

Rit. Ad lib.



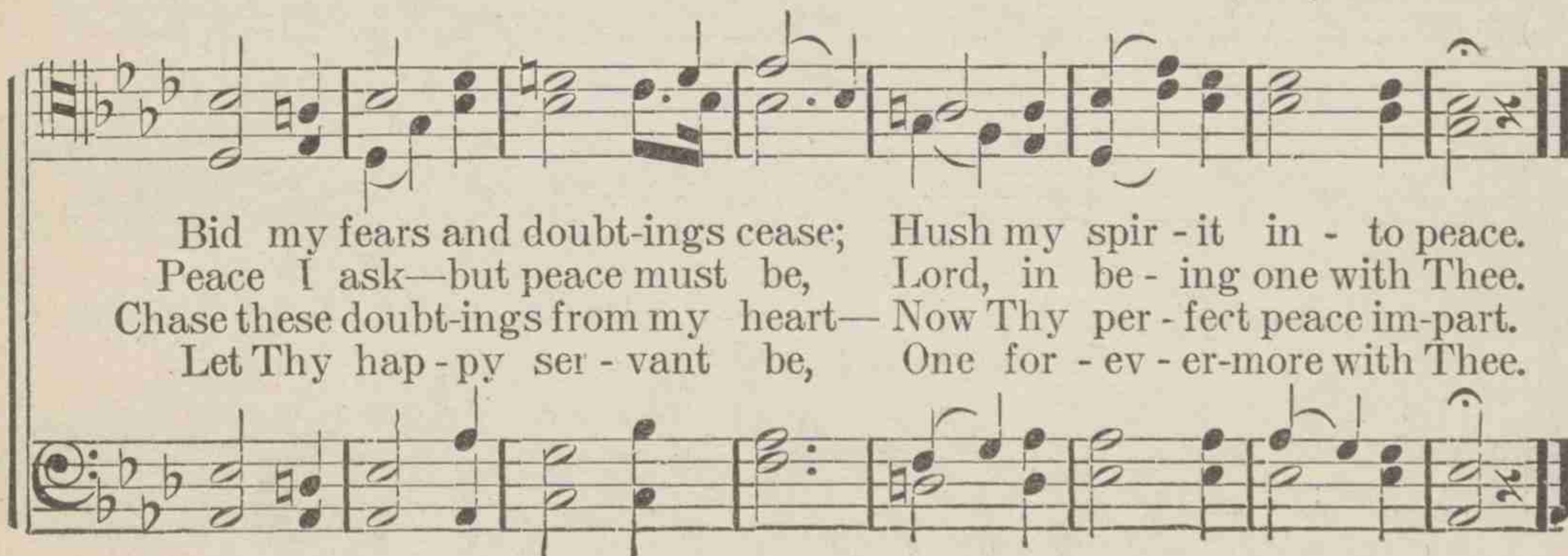
hap-py!.... How hap-py!... This earth is the Lord's and His children are we!
How hap-py! How hap-py!

28. Prince of Peace.

Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



1. Prince of peace, con-trol my will; Bid this struggling heart be still;
2. Thou hast bought me with Thy blood, Opened wide the gate of God:
3. May Thy will, not mine, be done; May Thy will and mine be one;
4. Sav - ior, at Thy feet I fall; Thou, my Life, my God, my All.



Bid my fears and doubt-ings cease; Hush my spir - it in - to peace.
Peace I ask—but peace must be, Lord, in be - ing one with Thee.
Chase these doubt-ings from my heart—Now Thy per - fect peace im-part.
Let Thy hap - py ser - vant be, One for - ev - er-more with Thee.

29. Lead and Keep Me.

Copyright, 1900, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

HARRIET E. JONES.

H. A. HENRY.

1. Lov-ing Sav-ior, lead Thou me,..... Lest I wan-der far from
Lov-ing Savior, lead Thou me; Lest I

2. Oh, Thou ref-uge of my soul,..... Hold me in di-vine con-

3. Sav-ior, keep me day by day,..... All a-long my pil-grim

Thee..... I am safe when in Thy care,.....
wan-der far from Thee, I am safe when in Thy care,
trol;..... What-so-ev-er may be-tide,.....
way;..... When my earth-ly work is done,.....

Thou wilt keep from ev-'ry snare. } Lead me,
Lead and keep me by Thy side. } Lead me, O my Sav-ior, lead me,
Lead me home, O bless-ed One. } Lead me, O my Sav-ior, lead me,

lead me, Sav-ior, lead me all the way,..... This my
nev-er let me stray. lead me, This

con-stant pray'r shall be,..... Sav-ior, lead me home to Thee.
my con-stant pray'r shall be,

30. Two Lives.

Copyright, 1901, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



1. Two babes were born in the self-same town, On the ver - y self-same day;
2. Two children played in the self-same town, And the children both were fair;
3. Two maidens wrought in the self-same town, And one was wedded and loved;
4. Two women lay dead in the self-same town, And one had ten - der care;
5. But, Je - sus who died for rich and poor, In won-d'rous ho - ly love,



They laughed and cried in their mothers' arms, In the ver-y self-same way.
 But one had curls brushed smooth around, And one had tan - gled hair.
 The oth - er saw thro' the curtains' part The world where her sister moved.
 The oth - er was left to die a - lone On her pallet so thin and bare.
 Took both the wo - men in His arms, And car-ried them a - bove.



They both seemed pure and in - no-cent As fall - ing flakes of snow, But
 The chil-dren both grew up a - pace, As oth - er chil-dren grow, But
 And one was a smil-ing, hap-py bride; The oth-er knew care and woe; For
 The one had many to mourn her loss, For the other few tears would flow; For
 Then all the diff'rence vanished quite, For in heaven none would know Which



one of them lived in the terraced house, And one in the street be - low.
 one of them lived in the terraced house, And one in the street be - low.
 one of them lived in the terraced house, And one in the street be - low.
 one had lived in the terraced house, And one in the street be - low.
 one had lived in the terraced house, Which one in the street below.
 (below.)



31. God Will Help You Win.

Copyright, 1901, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

GERTRUDE ELIZABETH FORD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



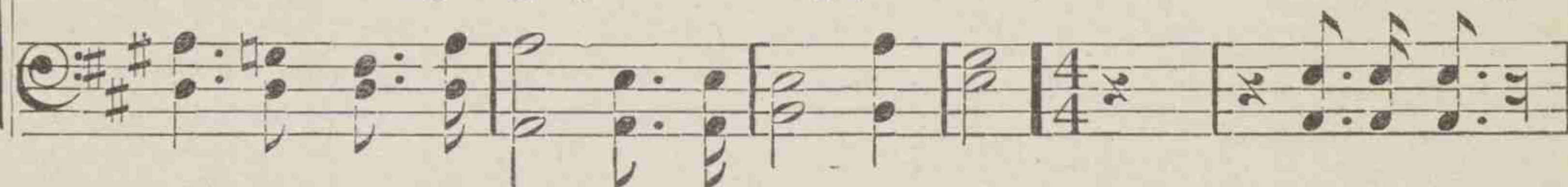
1. Do you to the Lord belong? Does the strife seem hard and long? God will
2. Fight-ing sel-fish-ness and pride, If with Je-sus you a-bide, You are
3. Are you fight-ing for the right With no triumph yet in sight? Keep your



CHORUS.



make you brave and strong, He will help you win. } God will help, in
on the vic-tor-side, He will help you win. }
ar-mor shining bright, God will help you win. } God will help,



Him con-fide..... Trust in Him..... in Him a-
in Him con-fide, Trust in Him,



bide..... Take Him as your on-ly
in Him a-bide, Take Him, take Him



Guide,..... and He will help, will help you win.
as your on-ly Guide, And He will help you win, will help you win.



32. Waiting For the Summons.

Copyright, 1901, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I am wait - ing the sum - mons from on high, That shall
2. With the lov'd and the lost I'll meet a - gain, Nev - er
3. Not a pain or a sor - row o - ver there, Not a



bid me to my rest en - ter in; I shall fin - ish with sor - row, by and
more to hear the sad word "good-bye," There to wor - ship the Lamb for sinners
cloud to hide the bright - ness of day. Not a tho't of to - mor - row, not a



by, An e - ter - ni - ty of praise to be - gin. With the saints immortal
slain, Where the winds of dis - con - tent nev - er sigh. Ev' - ry day the joy is
care. For the things of earth have all passed away. Nearer to the shore I'm
over there.



dwell - ing, In a joy be - yond all tell - ing, I will shout, the cho - rus swelling,
near - er, Ev' - ry day the hope is dear - er, Ev' - ry day the song is clear - er,
drift - ing, For the clouds a - bove me, rift - ing, Show the arms divine up - lift - ing,



Safe at home, safe at home, for - ev - er, for - ev - er.
at home, at home,



33. For Me.

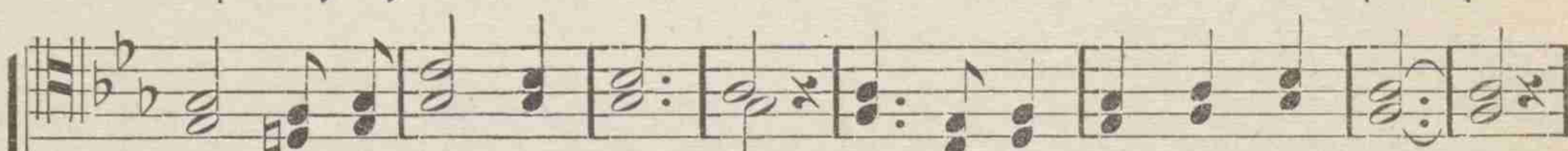
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CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

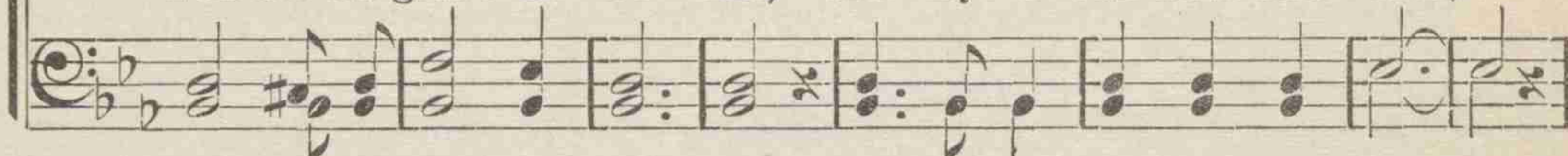
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Oh, is it true, my Sav - ior, Didst Thou my sac - ri - fice be?
2. Was it for me, un-worth - y, Ev - en to look up - on Thee,
3. Won - der - ful love of Je - sus, Bound - less and broad as the sea;



- Buf - fet - ed, scorned, re - ject - ed, Nailed up - on Cal - va - ry's tree,
Ev - en Thy name to whis - per, Ev - en Thy ha - lo to see,
Won - der - ful grace of Je - sus, Mer - cy a - bun - dant and free;



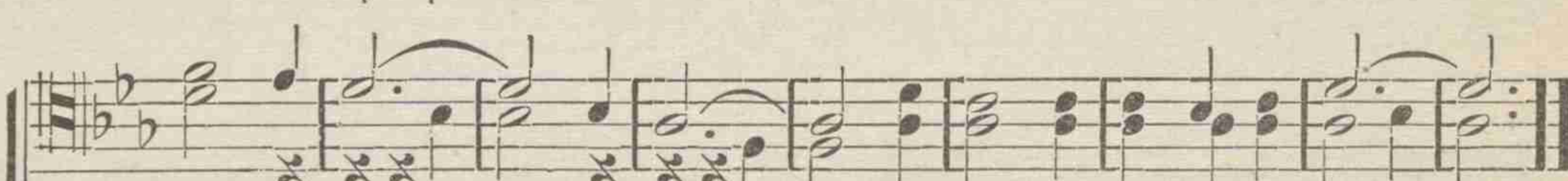
- Didst Thou in shame and sor - row, Die for a sin - ner like me?
Thou didst a - rise tri - umph - ant, Rise for a sin - ner like me.
Won - der - ful hope in Je - sus, Hope for a sin - ner like me.



CHORUS.



- For me..... For me..... 1. { It was for me He was cru - ci -
2. { It was for me that He 'rose a -
For me, for me, 3. { It was for me! Oh, the joy di -



- fied. } For me..... for me..... 1. { For me He suffered and died....
gain. } 2. { For me, this Savior of men...
vine. } For me, for me. 3. { For me, this Savior of mine...
for me.



84. He's Everything to Me.

Copyright, 1901, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

JENNIE REE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



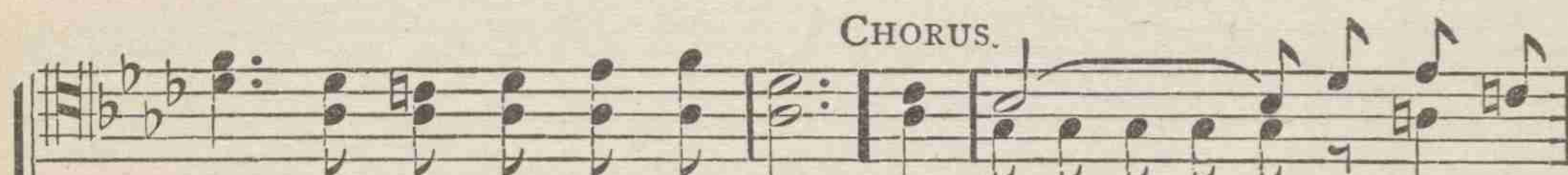
1. I am filled with high and ho - ly ad - mi - ra - tion For the Lord who
 2. To a world of sin and dark-ness He de-scend-ed, Un - to me a
 3. Bless-ed hope! O, joy of res - sur - rec - tion glo - ry! I shall yet my




died for me; And my song is one of end-less ex - ul - ta - tion,
 Sav - ior came, He from ev - er - last-ing death my soul de - fend - ed,
 Sav - ior see; While He gives me breath, to earth I'll tell the sto - ry,



CHORUS.



Sweet - er theme there could not be. } He's ev - - 'ry-thing to
 Praise His great and ho - ly name! }
 For He's ev - 'ry thing to me. } ev-'ry-thing to me, He's




me;..... My sac - ri-fice was He;..... I'll
 ev'rything to me, My sac-ri-fice was He, my sac-ri-fice was He.



ff



praise His name for - ev - er, For my Lord..... is ev-'ry-thing to me.
 My Lord is ev - 'ry - thing to me.



35. Face to Face.

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JENNIE REE.

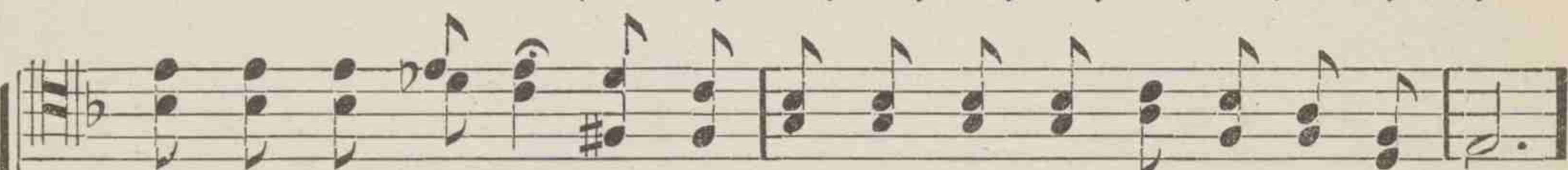
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. When the race is run, and the day is done, We shall gath - er in some
2. What a song we'll sing un - to Christ our king, And its theme shall be of
3. On the crys - tal sea, thro' e - ter - ni - ty, With the count-less millions



bright im - mor - tal place, and up on it's peace-ful shore, With the
His re - deem - ing grace; and our ev - er - pres-ent joy Years of
we shall sing His praise, But, the bless-ing, first of all, As be-



lov'd ones gone be-fore, We shall see Him in His beau-ty, face to face.
time shall not destroy, We shall see Him in His beau-ty, face to face.
fore His feet we fall, We shall see Him in His beau-ty, face to face.



CHORUS.



We shall see Him in His beau - ty, When we
see Him in His beau-ty, we shall see Him by and by,



gath - er in that day; We shall see Him, in all His
as we gath-er in that day; see Him in His beauty, we shall



Face to Face. Concluded.



beau - ty, When the mists have rolled a - way.....
see Him, by and by, have rolled a-way.

36. Where Shall I Be?

NATHANIEL NORTON.

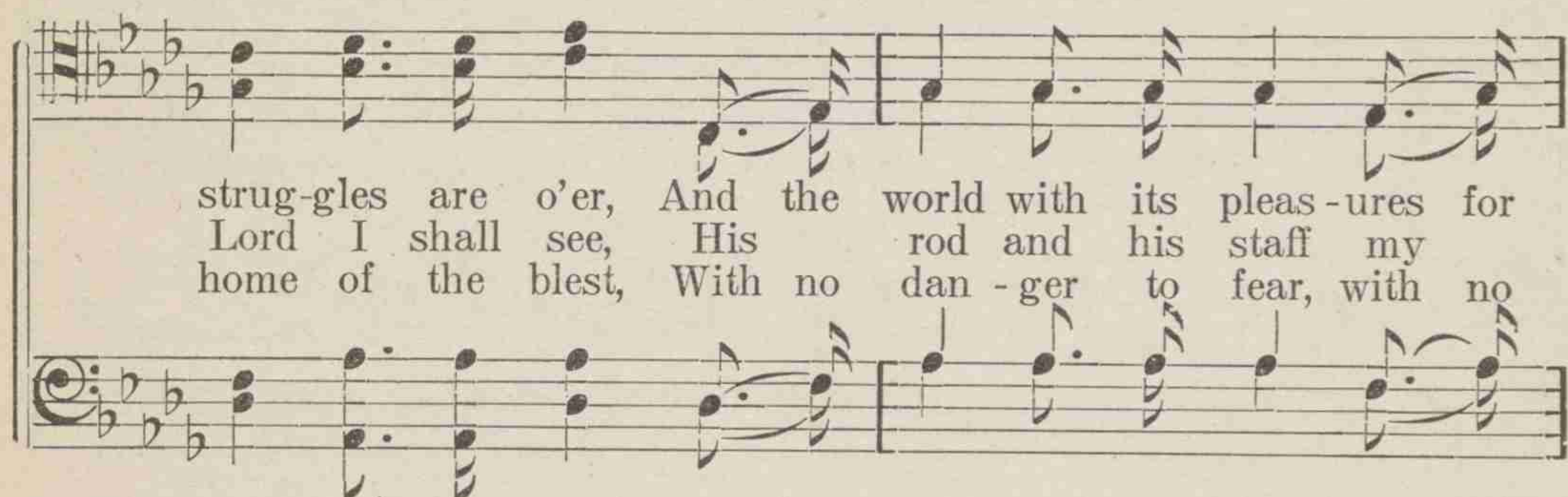
C. ZOLLNER. Arr.

Largo.

Vivace.



1. Where shall I be? When the con - flict and doubt and the
2. Where shall I be? When I cross the dark val - ley my
3. Where shall I be? My Sav - ior with Thee in the



strug-gles are o'er, And the world with its pleas-ures for
Lord I shall see, His rod and his staff my
home of the blest, With no dan-ger to fear, with no



me are no more, And my soul stands a - lone on e-
com - fort shall be, Till I come to that home He has
troub - le op - pressed, In the man - sions of light, in the



ter - ni - ty's shore: Where shall I be?
chos-en for me: There shall I be.
ha - ven of rest: There shall I be, Yes! there shall I be.

Coda to last verse.

> p

Largo.

37. The Wondrous Cross.

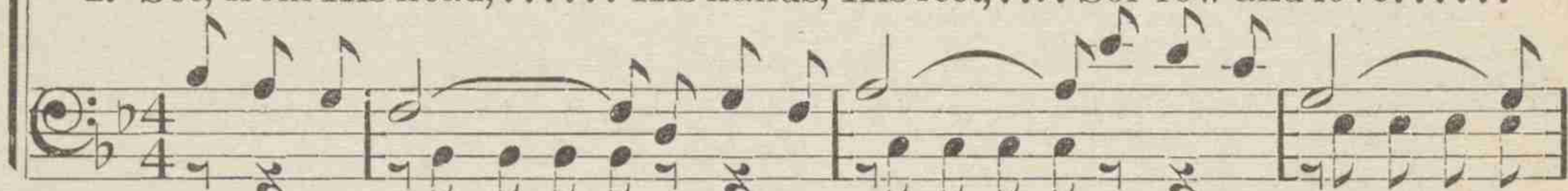
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ISAAC WATTS

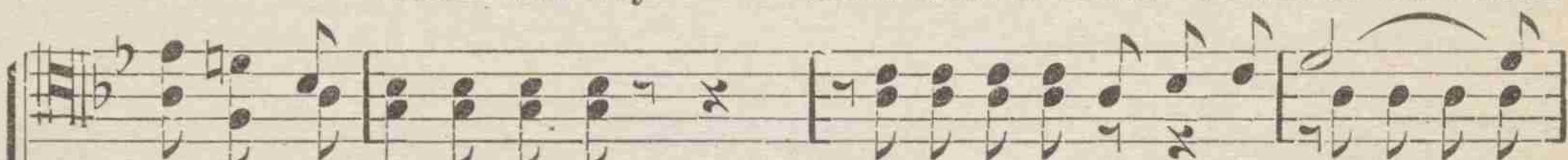
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



1. When I sur-vey..... the wondrous cross.... On which the Prince...
2. See, from His head,..... His hands, His feet,.... Sor-row and love.....



When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince



of Glo-ry died,..... My rich-est gain..... I count but loss,.....
flow mingled down;..... Did e'er such love..... and sor-row meet.....



died, Glo-ry died, My richest gain I count but loss,



And pour con-tempt..... on all my pride. For-bid it, Lord,
Or thorns compose..... so rich a crown?



And pour contempt on all my pride. Forbid it, Lord,.....
Were the whole realm.....



that I should boast, Save in the death



that I should boast,..... Save in the death.....
of na-ture mine,..... That were a gift



of Christ my Lord; All the vain things..... that charm me
Love so a-maz-ing, so di-



of Christ my Lord;..... All the vain things
by far too small,.....

The Wondrous Cross. Concluded.

most,..... I sac - ri - fice..... them to his blood. (to His blood.)
vine,..... Demands my soul,..... my life, my all. (my life, my all.)

that charm me most I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.....

38. Sleep Thy Last Sleep.

EDWARD A. DAYMAN.

JOSEPH BARNBY. Arr.

pp *Cres.*

1. Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sor - row; Rest, where none weep,
2. Life's dream is past, All its sin, its sad-ness, Bright - ly at last
3. Tho' we may mourn Those in life the dear - est, They shall re - turn,

mf

Till th' e - ter - nal mor - row; Tho' dark waves roll O'er the si - lent
Dawns a day of glad - ness; Un - der thy sod, Earth, re - ceive our
Christ, when Thou ap - pear - est! Soon shall Thy voice Com - fort those now

f Rall. *pp*

riv - er, Thy faint - ing soul Je - sus can de - liv er.
treas - ure, To rest in God, Wait - ing all His pleas - ure.
weep - ing, Bid - ding re - joice, All in Je - sus sleep - ing.

39. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

PHOEBE CARY.

R. S. AMBROSE.
Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

One sweet-ly sol-emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;
solemn thought

The first system of the musical score for 'One Sweetly Solemn Thought'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics 'One sweet-ly sol-emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;' are written below the top staff, and 'solemn thought' is written below the bottom staff.

I am near-er home to-day Than I've ev - er been be-fore.

The second system of the musical score. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics 'I am near-er home to-day Than I've ev - er been be-fore.' are written below the top staff.

Near-er my Fa-ther's house, Where the man-y man-sions be;

The third system of the musical score. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics 'Near-er my Fa-ther's house, Where the man-y man-sions be;' are written below the top staff.

Near - er the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea.
crystal sea.

The fourth system of the musical score. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics 'Near - er the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea.' are written below the top staff, and 'crystal sea.' is written below the bottom staff. The system includes dynamic markings: 'Cres.' (Crescendo) and 'f' (forte) above the first measure, and 'Dim.' (Diminuendo) above the fifth measure.

Near - er the bounds of life, Where we lay our bur-dens down;
the bounds of life,

The fifth system of the musical score. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics 'Near - er the bounds of life, Where we lay our bur-dens down;' are written below the top staff, and 'the bounds of life,' is written below the bottom staff.

One Sweetly Solemn Thought. Concluded.

Near - er leav - ing the cross, Near - er gain - ing the crown.

But ly - ing dark - ly be - tween, Wind - ing a - down thro' the night,

p Is the si - lent unknown stream, That leads at last to the light. *Cres. f ff*

Fa - ther, be near when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the brink:
when my feet,

Rit. p For it may be, I am near - er home, Near - er now than I think.

40. How Beautiful!

T. C. O'KANE.

How beau-ti-ful up-on the moun-tains, Are the feet of him that bringeth

How beau-ti-ful, how

ti-dings, That bring-eth ti-dings, good ti-dings of good, beautiful,

How beau-ti-ful up-on the mountains, How beautiful,

How beau-ti-ful, How beau-ti-ful up-on the moun-tains, Are the feet of Him that bringeth

How beau-ti-ful up-on the moun-tains, Are the feet of Him that bringeth

beautiful, Is He that bringeth good tidings of good; That publisheth sal-ti-dings, That bringeth ti-dings, good ti-dings of good,

beautiful, Is He that bringeth good tidings of good; That publisheth sal-ti-dings, That bringeth ti-dings, good ti-dings of good,

va-tion; that saith un-to Zi-on, thy God reign-eth, thy God reigneth.

va-tion; that saith un-to Zi-on, thy God reign-eth, thy God reigneth.

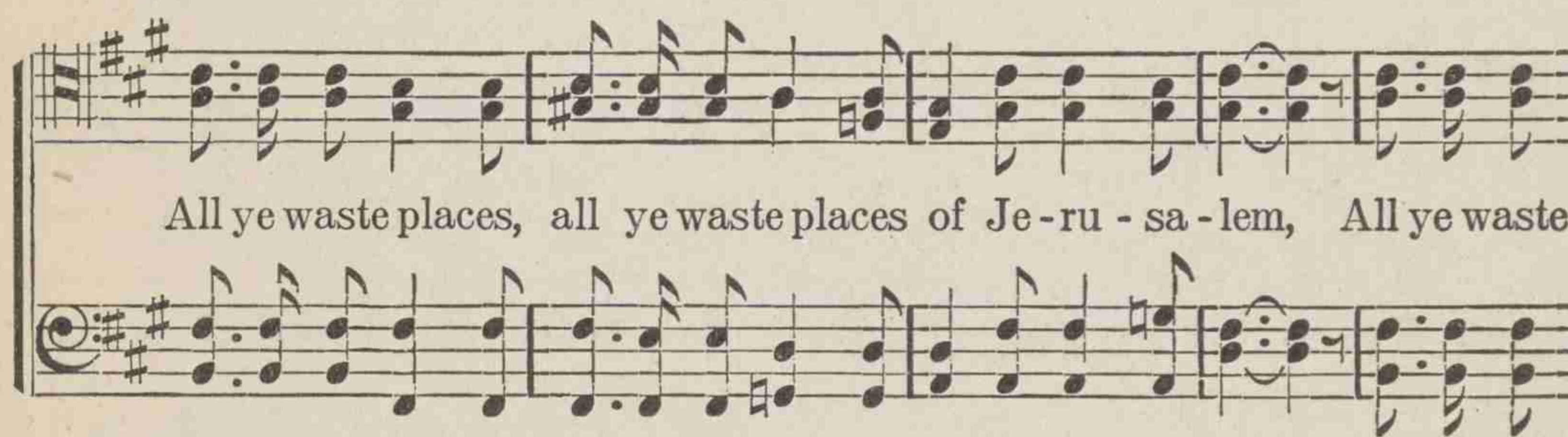
How Beautiful. Concluded.



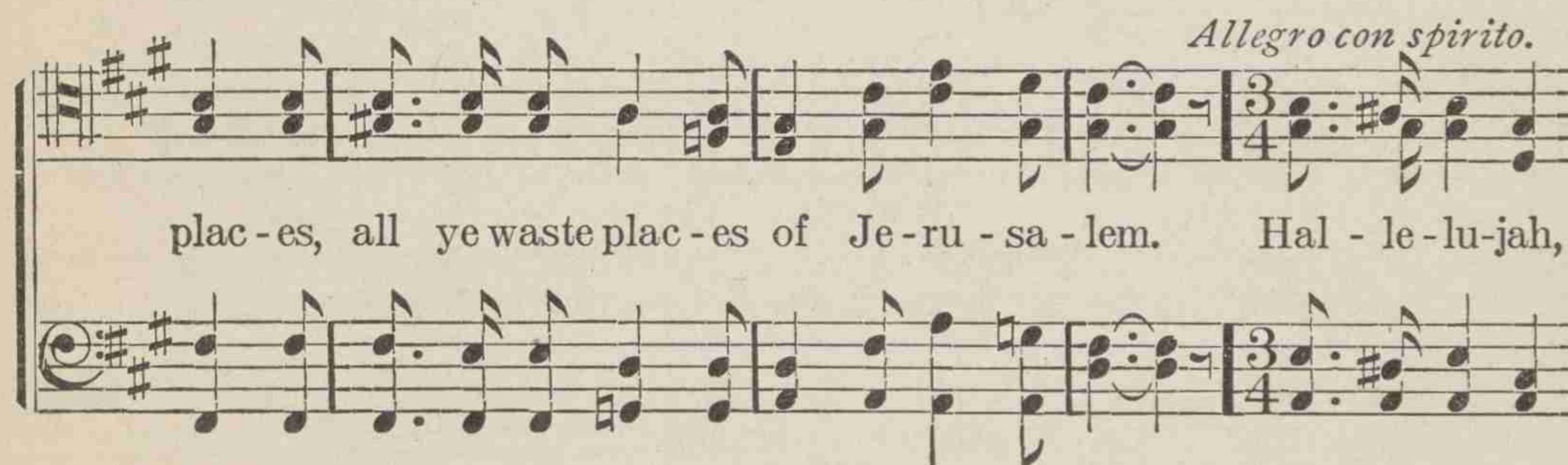
Break forth in - to joy,..... Break forth in - to joy,....
Break forth in-to joy, Break



..... Sing.... to-geth-er, sing..... to-geth-er,
forth in - to joy.



All ye waste places, all ye waste places of Je - ru - sa - lem, All ye waste



Allegro con spirito.
plac - es, all ye waste plac - es of Je - ru - sa - lem. Hal - le - lu - jah,



Rit.
hal le lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, A - - men.

41. Rock of Ages.

Arrangement Copyrighted, 1901, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

A. M. TOPLADY.

Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Very slowly.



1. Rock of A - ges, Rock of A - - ges cleft for
2. Could my tears, Could my tears for - ev - er
3. While I draw, While I draw this fleet - ing



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Rock of A - ges,
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my tears for -
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, While I draw this



me, flow, breath, Let Could When me my hide,..... Let me
my zeal,..... Could my
my eyes,..... When my



cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee,
ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,



hide my - self in Thee; Let the wa - - ter and the
zeal no lan - guor know; These for sin could not a -
eyes shall close in death; When I rise to worlds un -



Let me hide my - self in Thee.
Could my zeal no languor know.
When my eyes shall close in death.

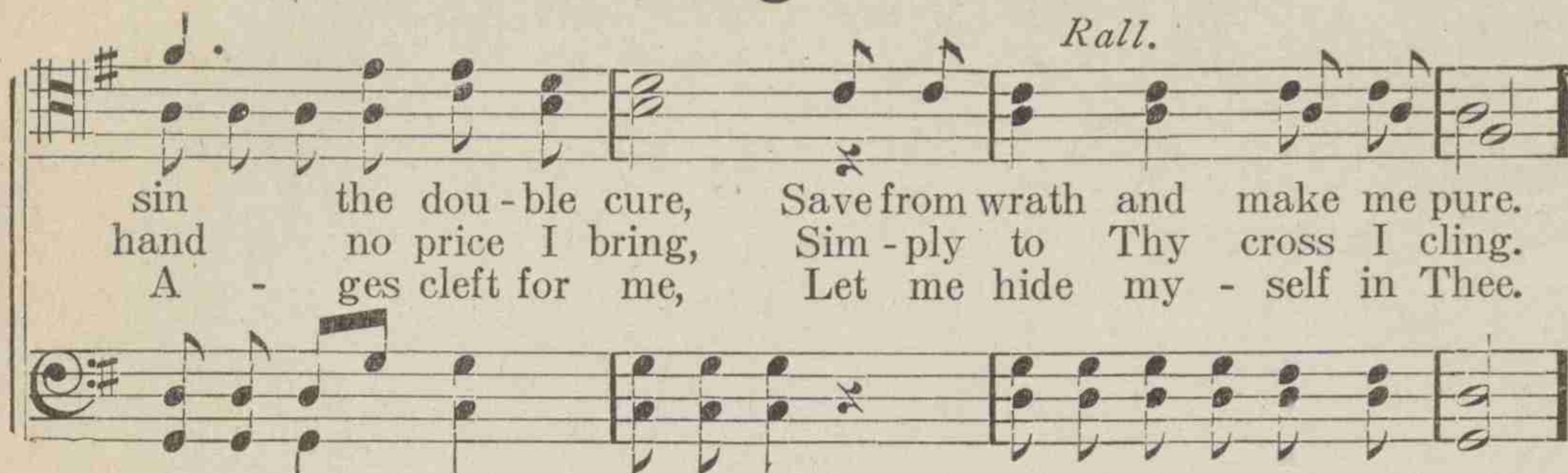


blood, From Thy wound - - ed side which flowed, Be of
tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone, In my
known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne, Rock of



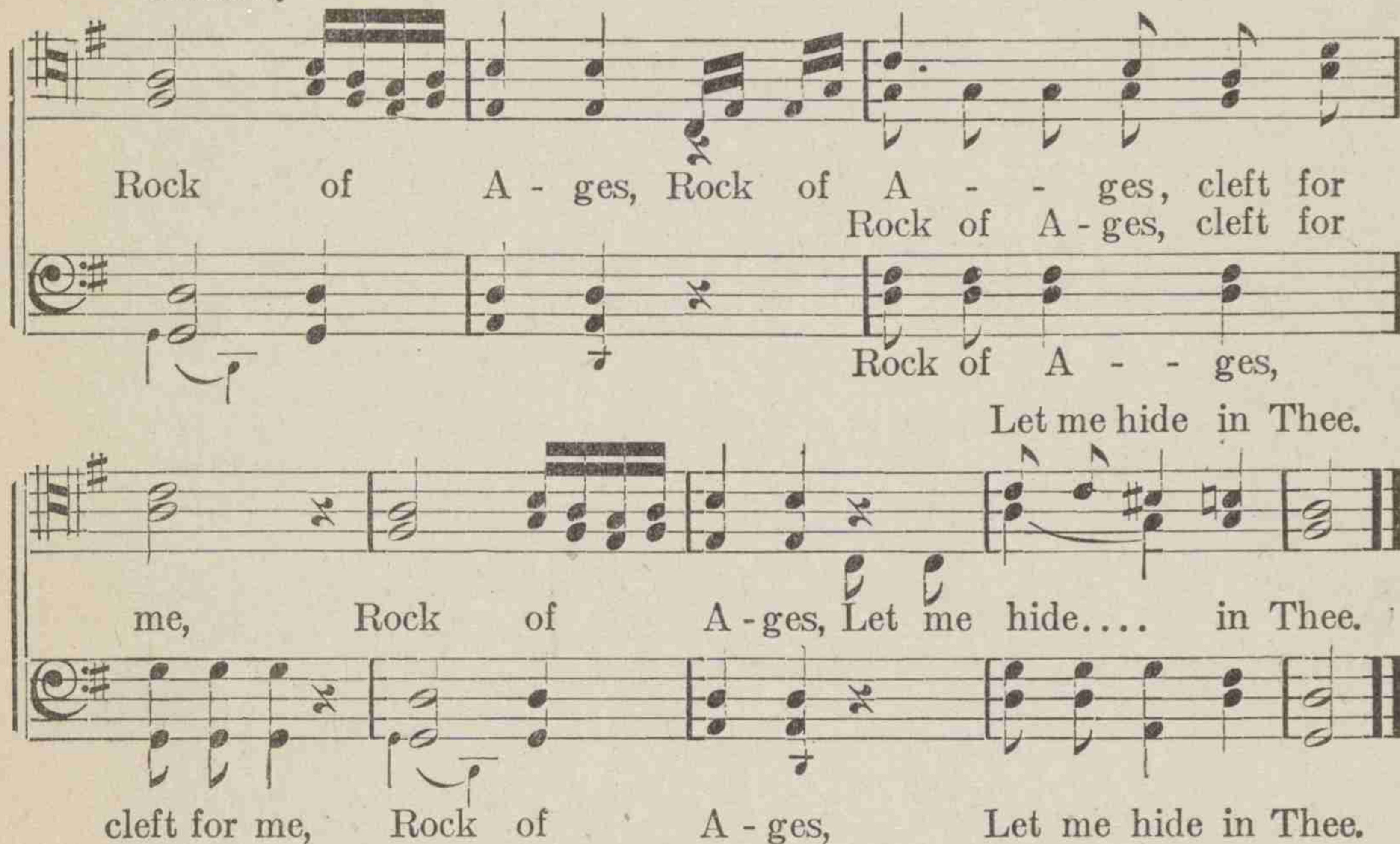
Rock of Ages. Concluded.

Rall.



sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
A - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

CHORUS.

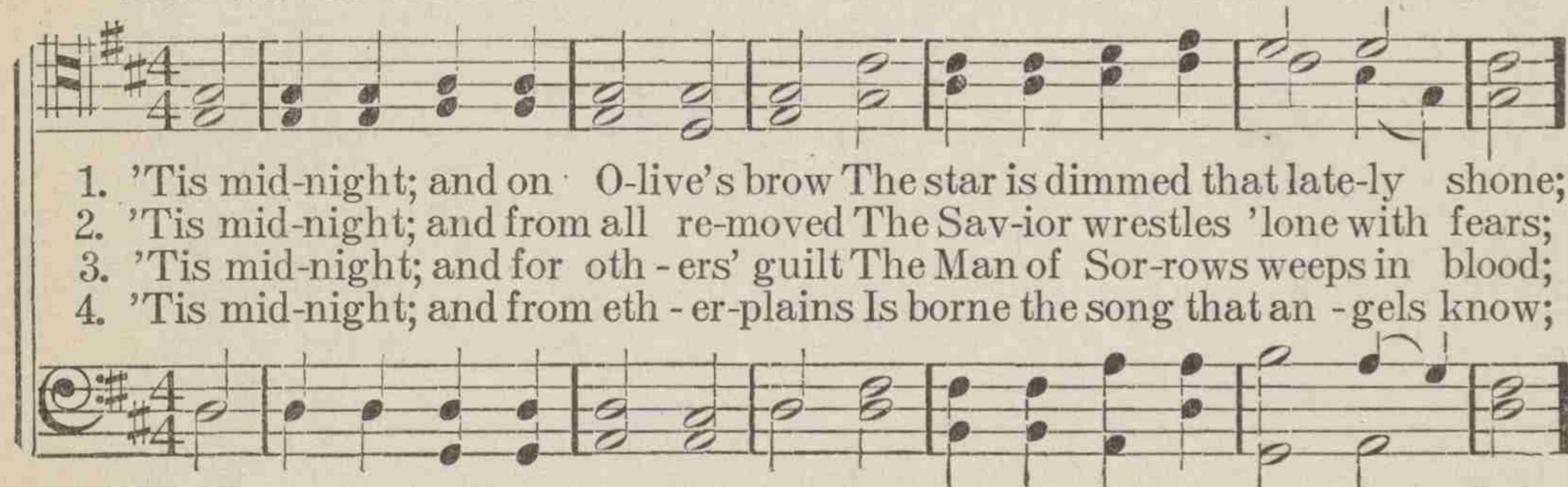


Rock of A - ges, Rock of A - - ges, cleft for
Rock of A - ges, cleft for
Rock of A - - ges,
Let me hide in Thee.
me, Rock of A - ges, Let me hide.... in Thee.
cleft for me, Rock of A - ges, Let me hide in Thee.

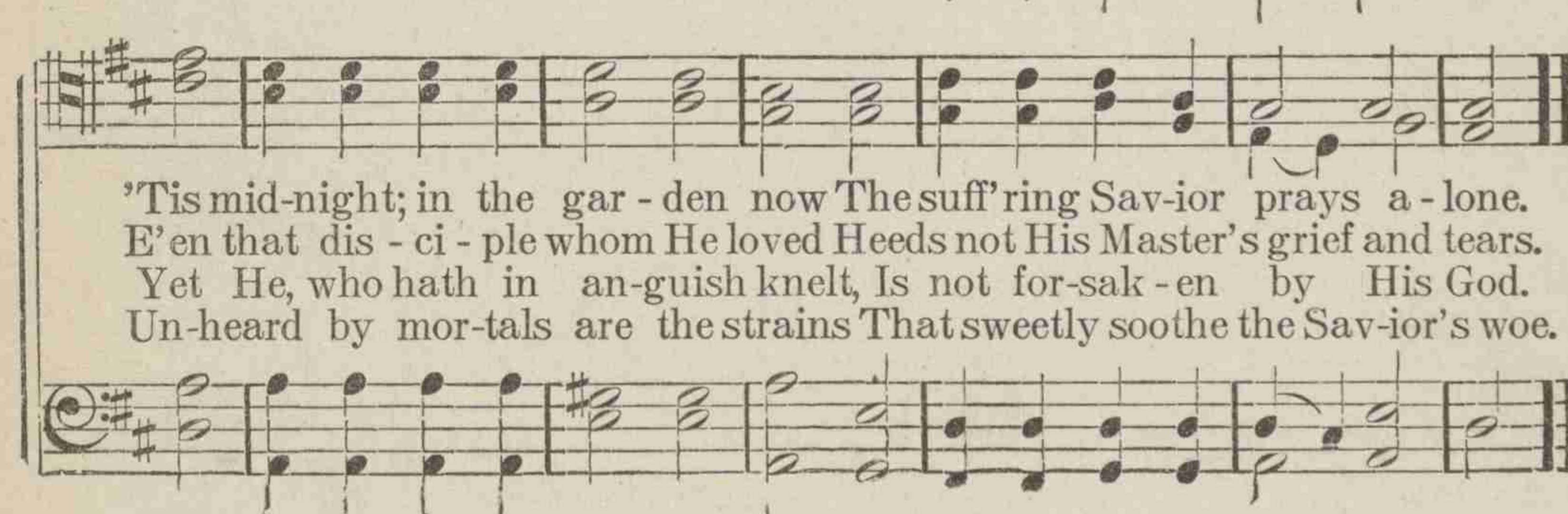
42. Olive's Brow.

Rev. WM. B. TAPPAN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



- 'Tis mid-night; and on O-live's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone;
- 'Tis mid-night; and from all re-moved The Sav-ior wrestles 'lone with fears;
- 'Tis mid-night; and for oth - ers' guilt The Man of Sor-rows weeps in blood;
- 'Tis mid-night; and from eth - er-plains Is borne the song that an - gels know;

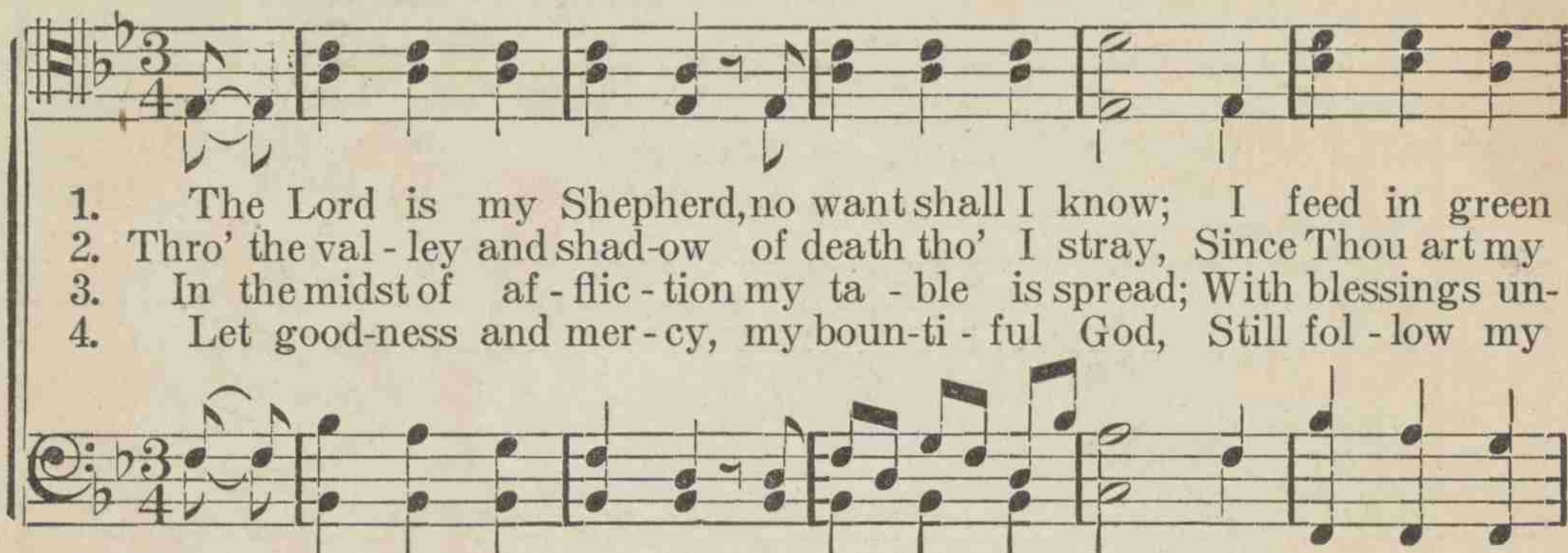


'Tis mid-night; in the gar - den now The suff'ring Sav-ior prays a - lone.
E'en that dis - ci - ple whom He loved Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.
Yet He, who hath in an-guish knelt, Is not for-sak - en by His God.
Un-heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Sav-ior's woe.

43. The Lord is My Shepherd.

J. MONTGOMERY.

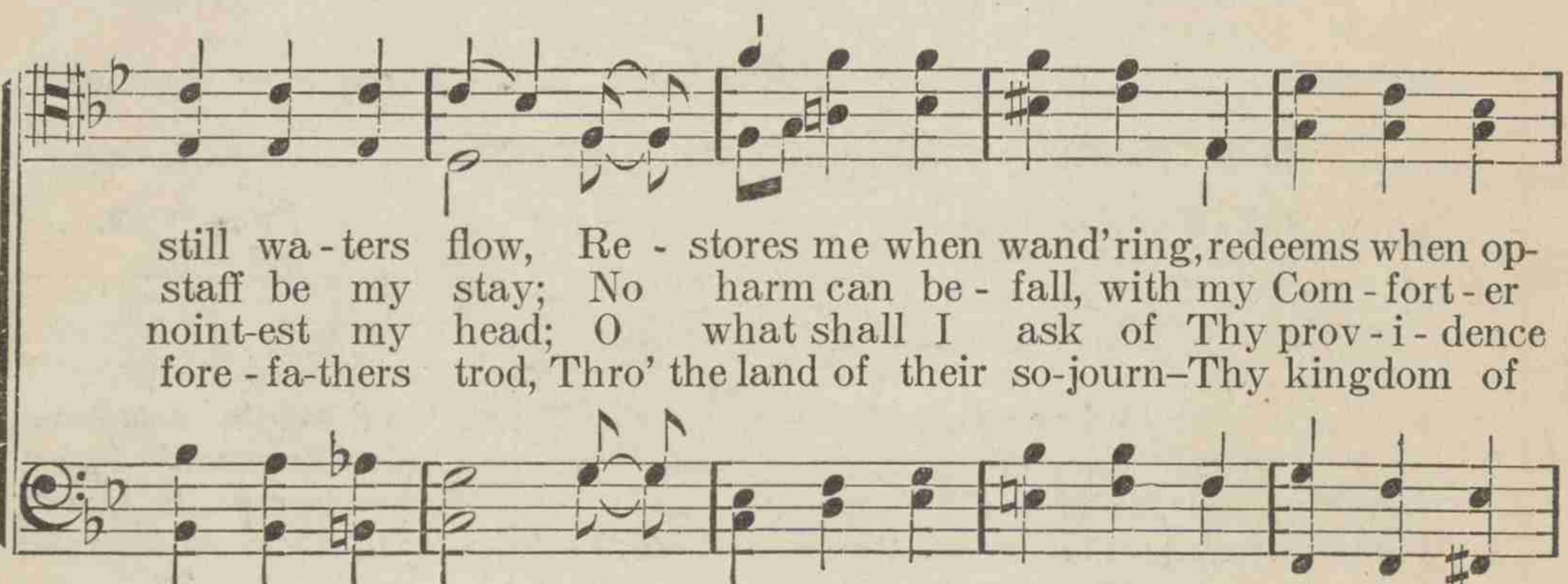
Fr. THOS. KOSCHAT.



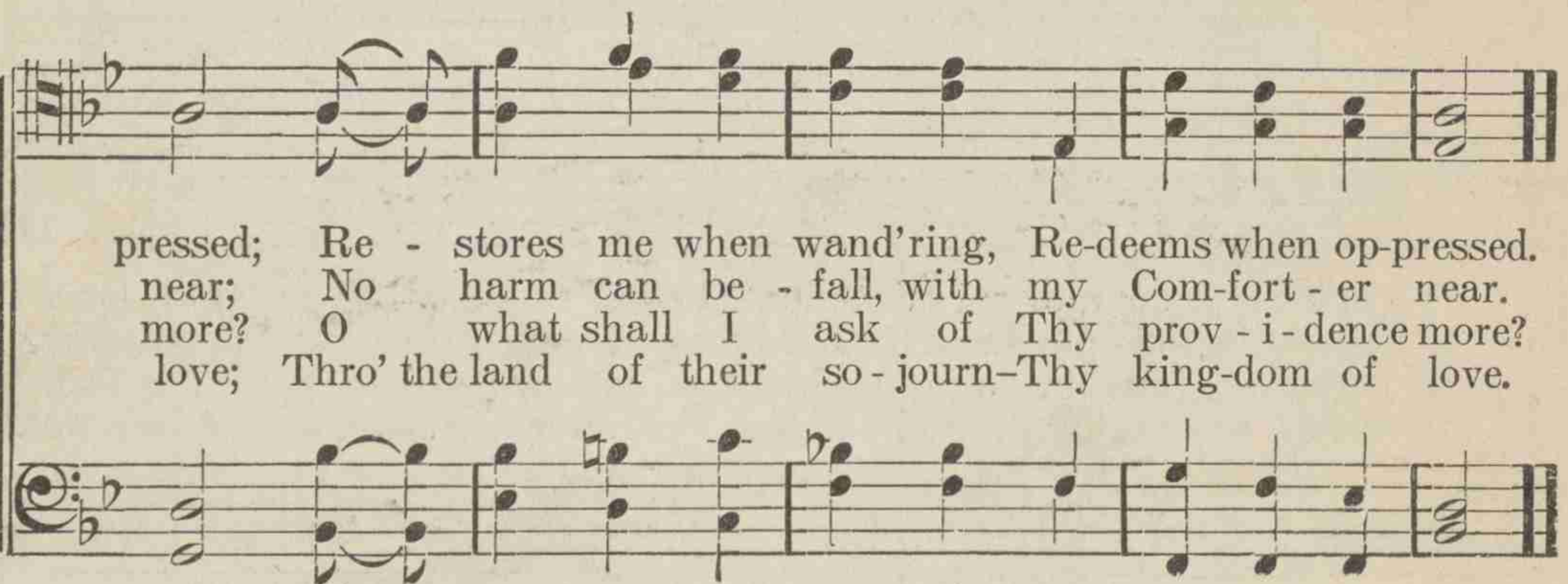
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
 2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my
 3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With blessings un -
 4. Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still fol - low my



pastures, safe - fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the
 guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, Thy
 measured my cup run - neth o'er; With per - fume and oil Thou a -
 steps till I meet Thee a - bove; I seek - by the path which my



still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, redeems when op -
 staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er
 noint - est my head; O what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence
 fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their so - journ - Thy kingdom of



pressed; Re - stores me when wand'ring, Re - deems when op - pressed.
 near; No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er near.
 more? O what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence more?
 love; Thro' the land of their so - journ - Thy king - dom of love.

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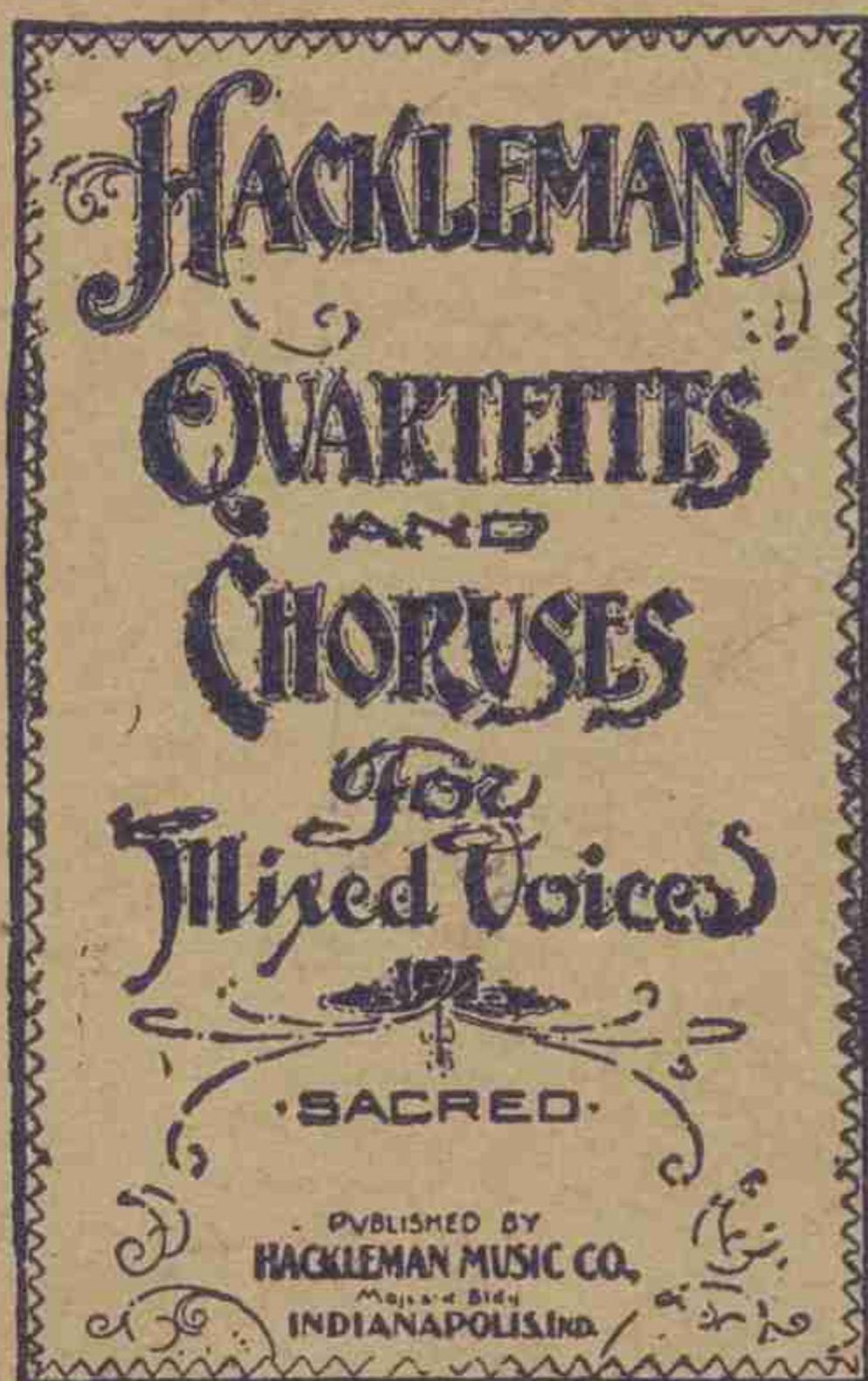
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