The Chapel Book

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The Chapel Book

A Collection of hymns and sacred songs, patriotic songs, popular ballads, and responsive readings for use in the chapel services of educational institutions.

Edited and compiled by
JOHN L. HILL.
assisted by Prof. E. Powell Lee,
then of Mercer University, + others

See next page.

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Hymn
1923
Hill A

EDITOR'S PREFACE

THE CHAPEL BOOK has been prepared to satisfy the needs of students in educational institutions. Long experience and observation have demonstrated the scarcity of such books, and have impelled the preparation of this volume from the viewpoint of the students themselves. Through the courtesies of owners and publishers, which we gratefully acknowledge, we are enabled to present the very best in the classes of music used. An examination of the contents will disclose an earnest effort to satisfy every demand which can legitimately be made upon a book of this kind.

We are indebted to many college executives, professors, and students for encouraging and helpful suggestions. In determining the contents we have had the counsel of President W. J. McGlothlin, Professors H. M. Poteat, R. E. Gaines, E. P. Lee, and Dr. I. J. Van Ness. We would not hold any of these gentlemen responsible for any deficiencies, but we gladly give them credit for the distinctive merits of the book.

It is our hope that this little volume will find a satisfying place in the young life of our schools and colleges.

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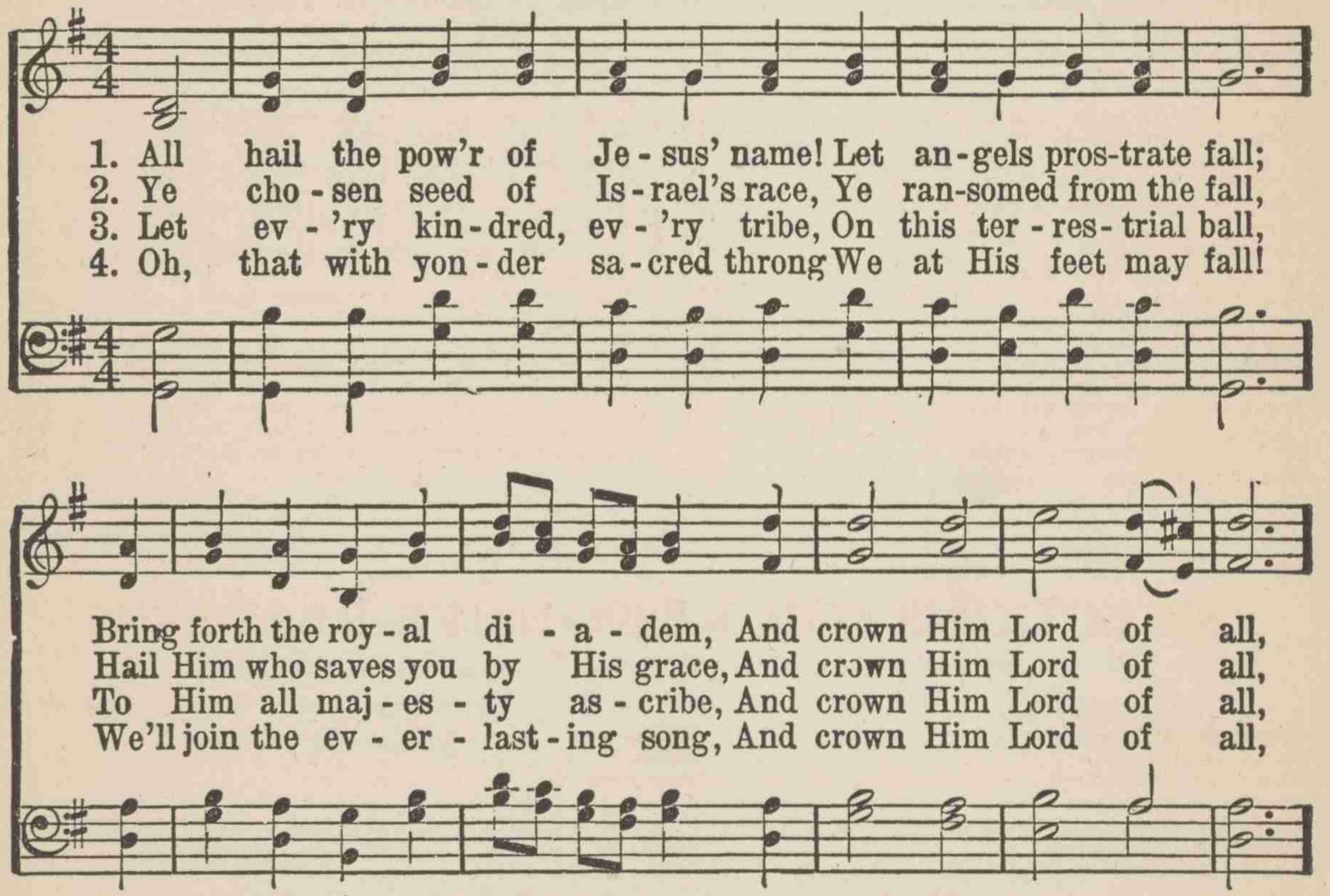
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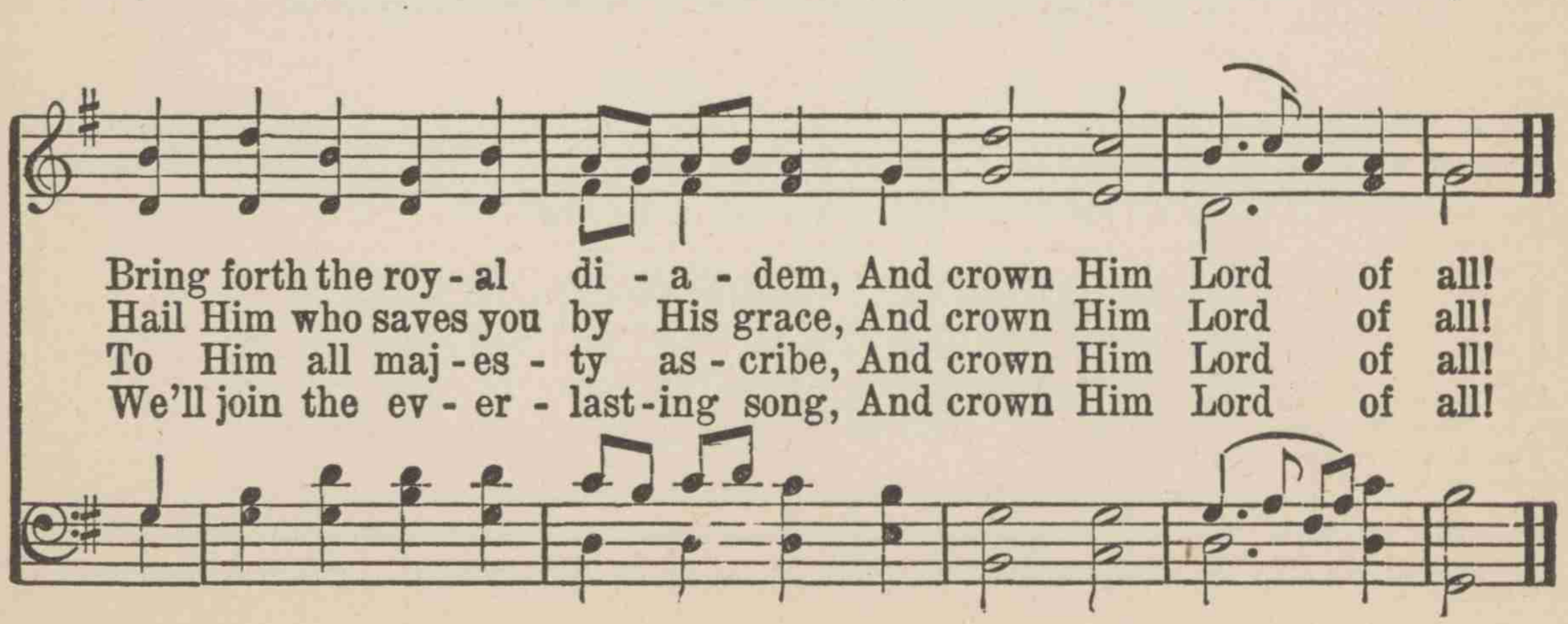
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The Chapel Book.

1 All Hail the Power.

Coronation. C. M. Oliver Holden.





2 Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus!

George Duffield, Jr. *Webb. 7s. 6s. D.* George J. Webb.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The trump - et call o - bey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;
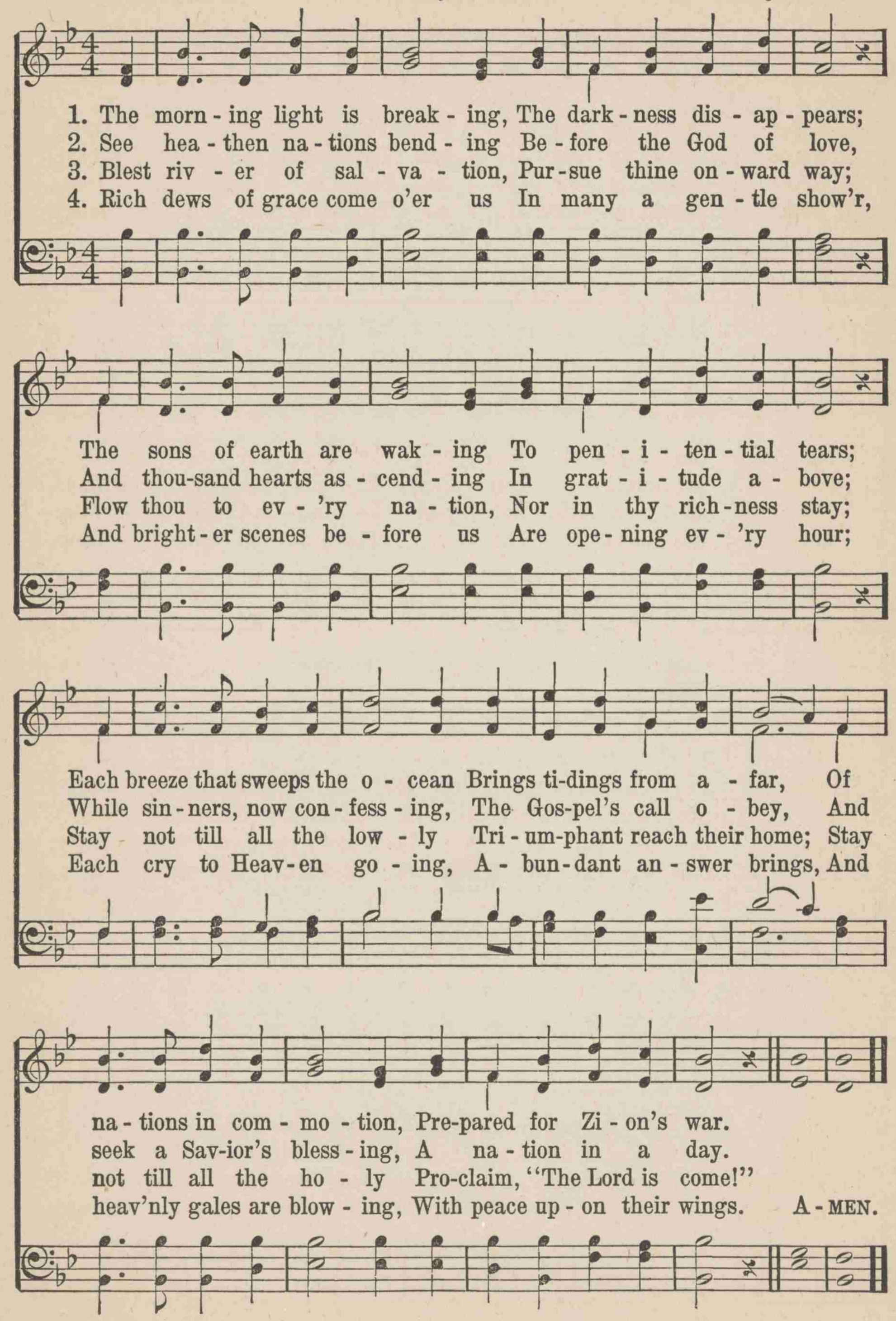
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day:
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own:
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
Ye that are men, now serve Him, A - gainst un - num - bered foes;
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with prayer;
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Your cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly. A - MEN.

3 The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. Smith. *Webb. 7s. 6s. D.* G. J. Webb.



4 Sweet By and By.

S. F. Bennett. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY JOAN H. WEBSTER. J. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

CHORUS.

pare us a dwell - ing-place there. In the sweet by and
sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
bless-ings that hal - low our days. In the sweet
by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the
by and by, by and by;
sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore. A-MEN.
In the sweet by and by,

5 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL. W H. Doane.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the pre-cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall-ing pros-trate at His feet,
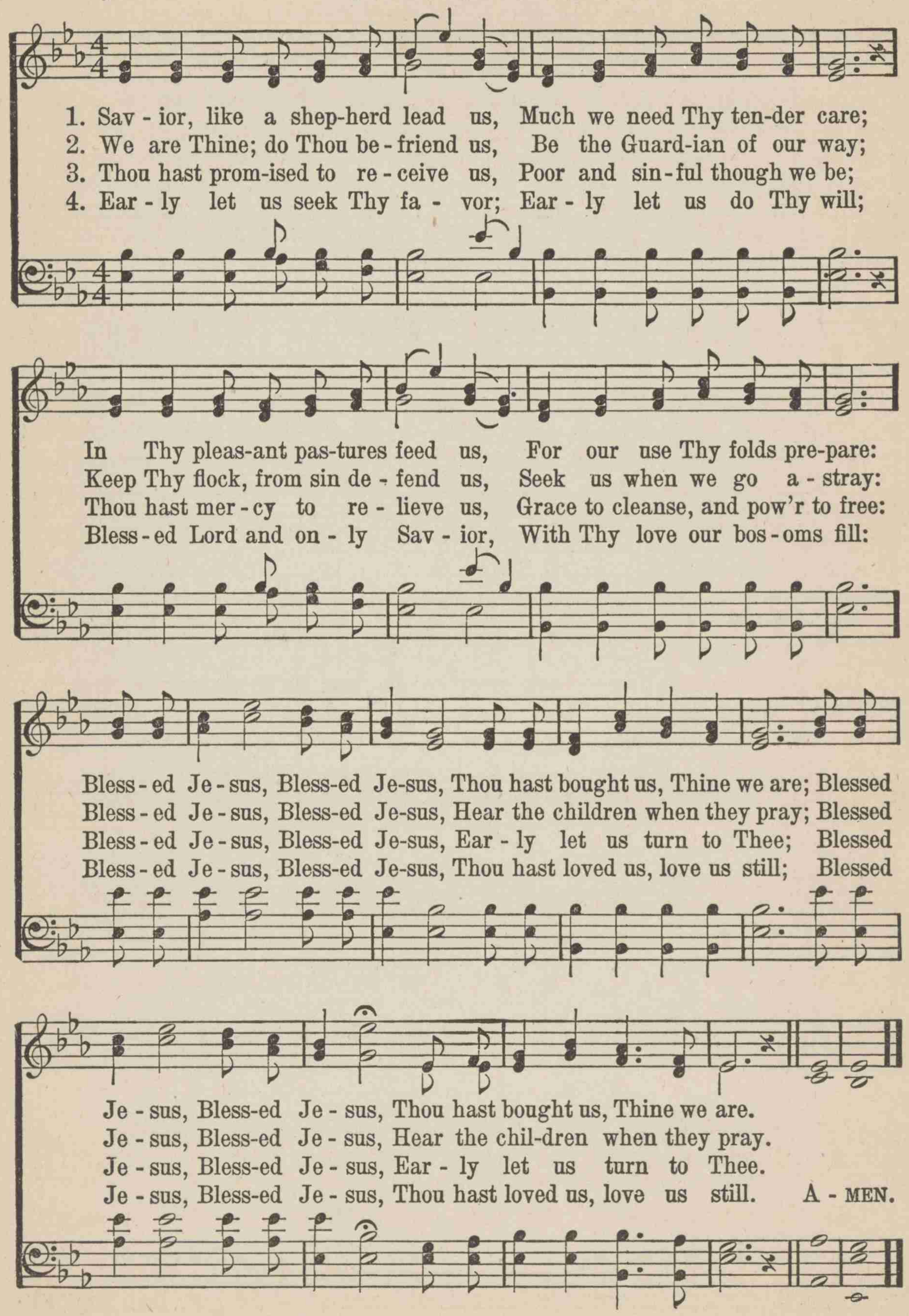
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp-ta-tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov-ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.

CHORUS.

Pre - cious name, O how sweet! Hope of
Pre-cious name, O how sweet!
earth and joy of Heav'n; Pre - cious name, O how
Pre-cious name, O how
sweet! . . . Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n. A - MEN.
sweet, how sweet!

6 Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

Anonymous. *Shepherd. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.* **William B. Bradbury.**



7 Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY H. R. PALMER. RENEWAL.

H. R. Palmer.

1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic - t'ry will help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man-ful - ly on - ward,
2. Shun e - vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear - nest,
3. To him that o'er-com - eth God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con - quer, Tho' oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - ior,
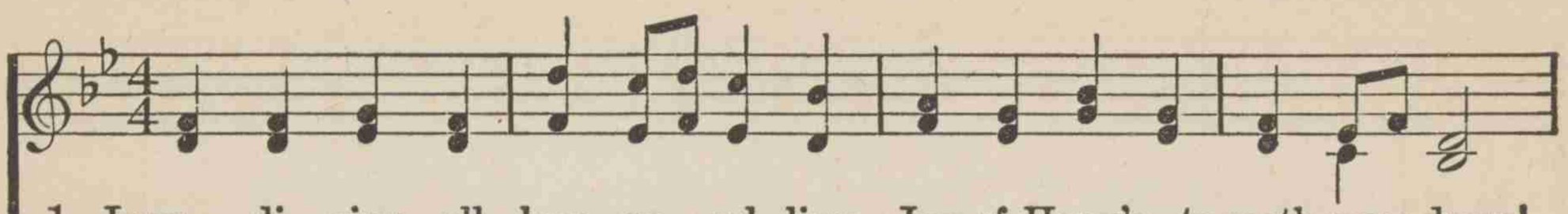
Dark pas-sions sub - due, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will re - new, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.

CHORUS.
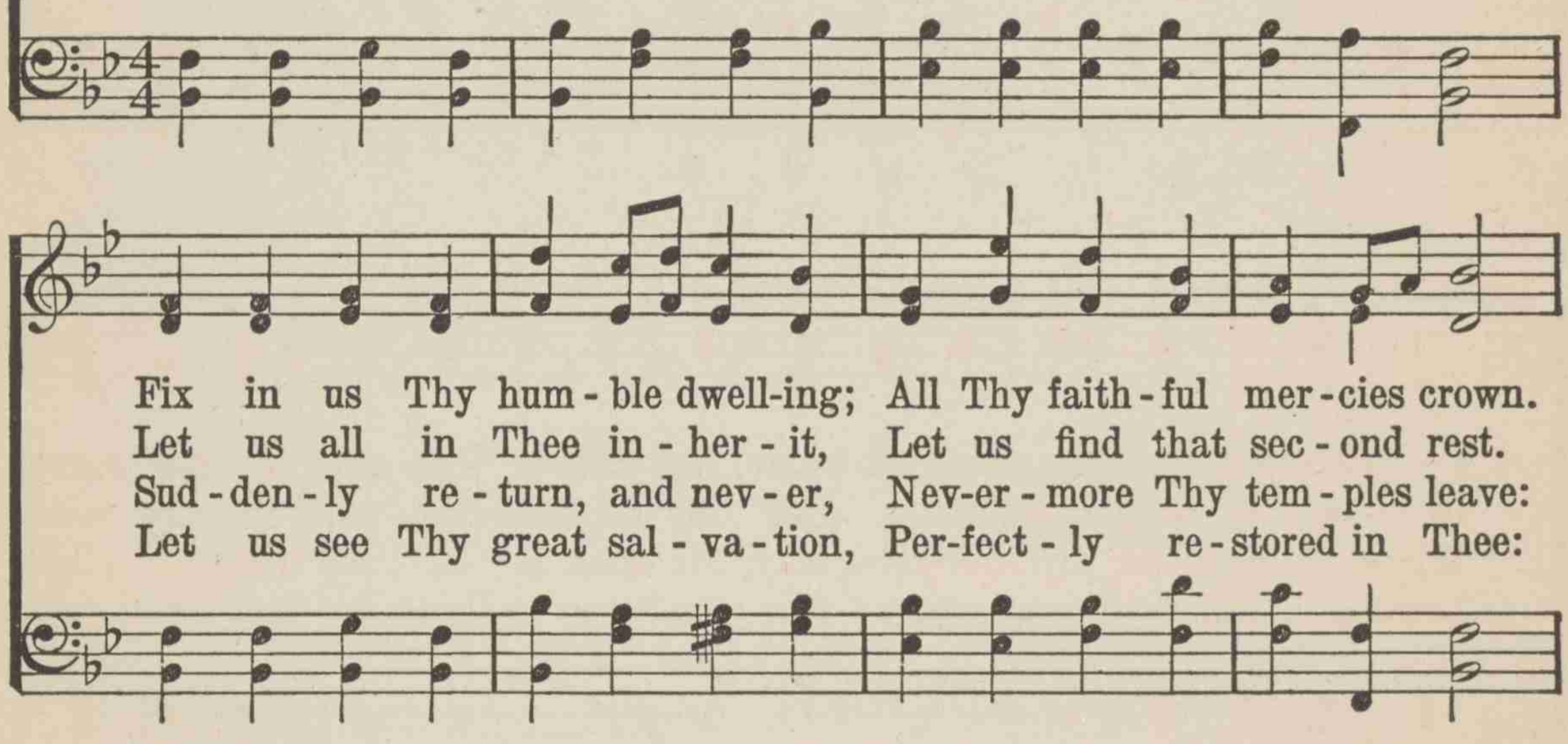
Ask the Sav - ior to help you, Com - fort, strengthen and keep you;
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through. A - MEN.

8 Love Divine.
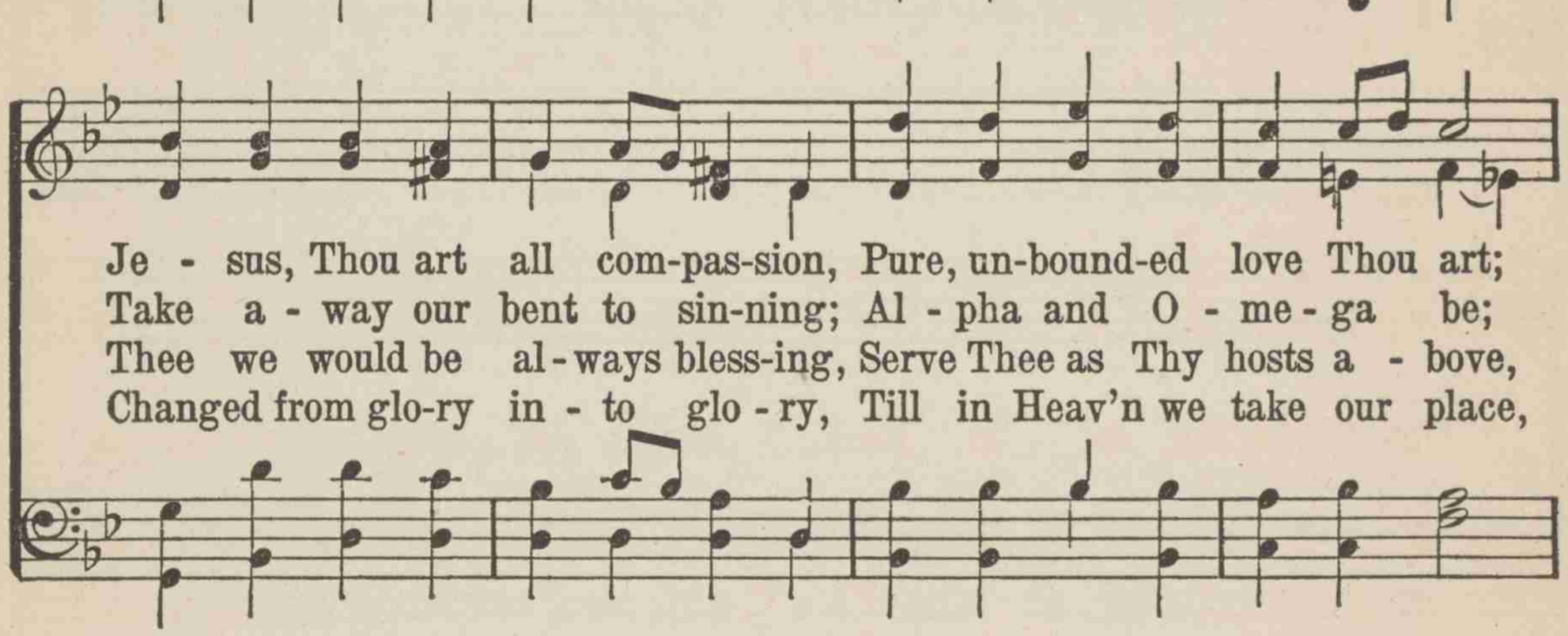
Charles Wesley. *Love Divine. 8s. 7s. D.* John Zundel.



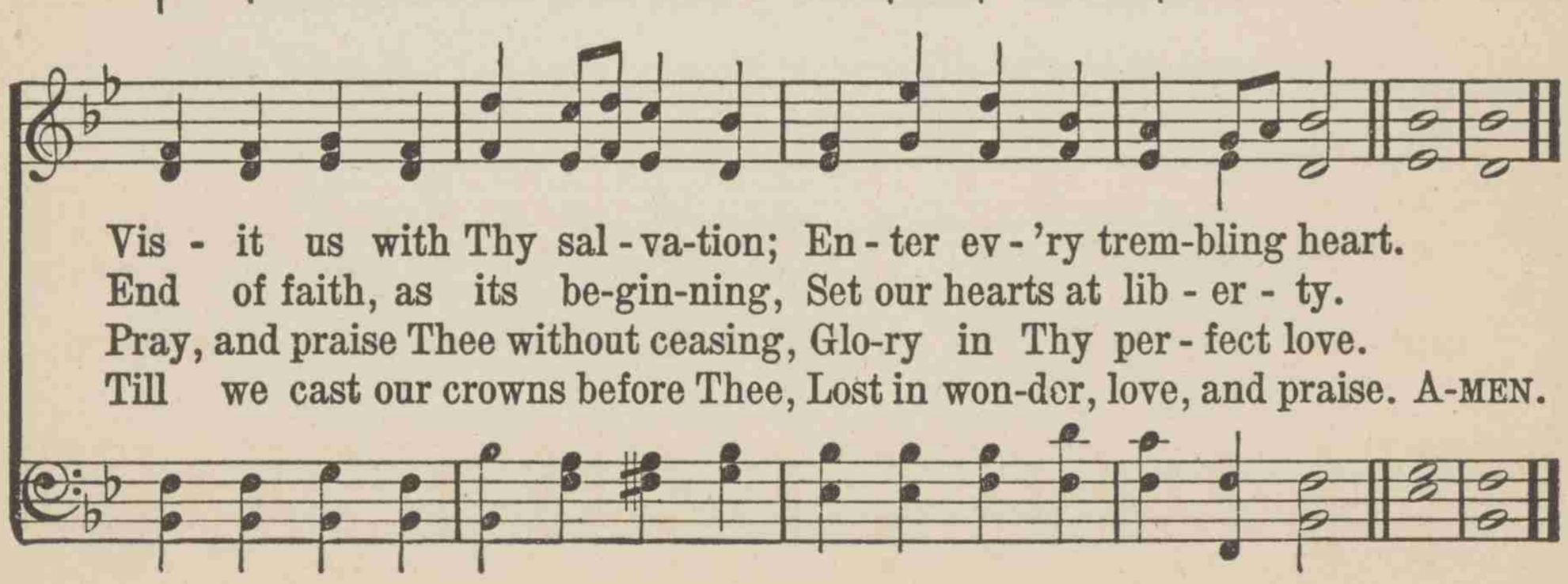
1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub-led breast!
3. Come, Al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot-less let us be;



Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest.
Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev-er - more Thy tem - ples leave:
Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per-fect - ly re - stored in Thee:



Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Take a - way our bent to sin-ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Thee we would be al - ways bless-ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
Changed from glo-ry in - to glo - ry, Till in Heav'n we take our place,



Vis - it us with Thy sal - va-tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem-bling heart.
End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glo-ry in Thy per - fect love.
Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise. A-MEN.

9 My Hope is Built.

Edward Mote. *The Solid Rock. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When dark-ness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelm-ing flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;
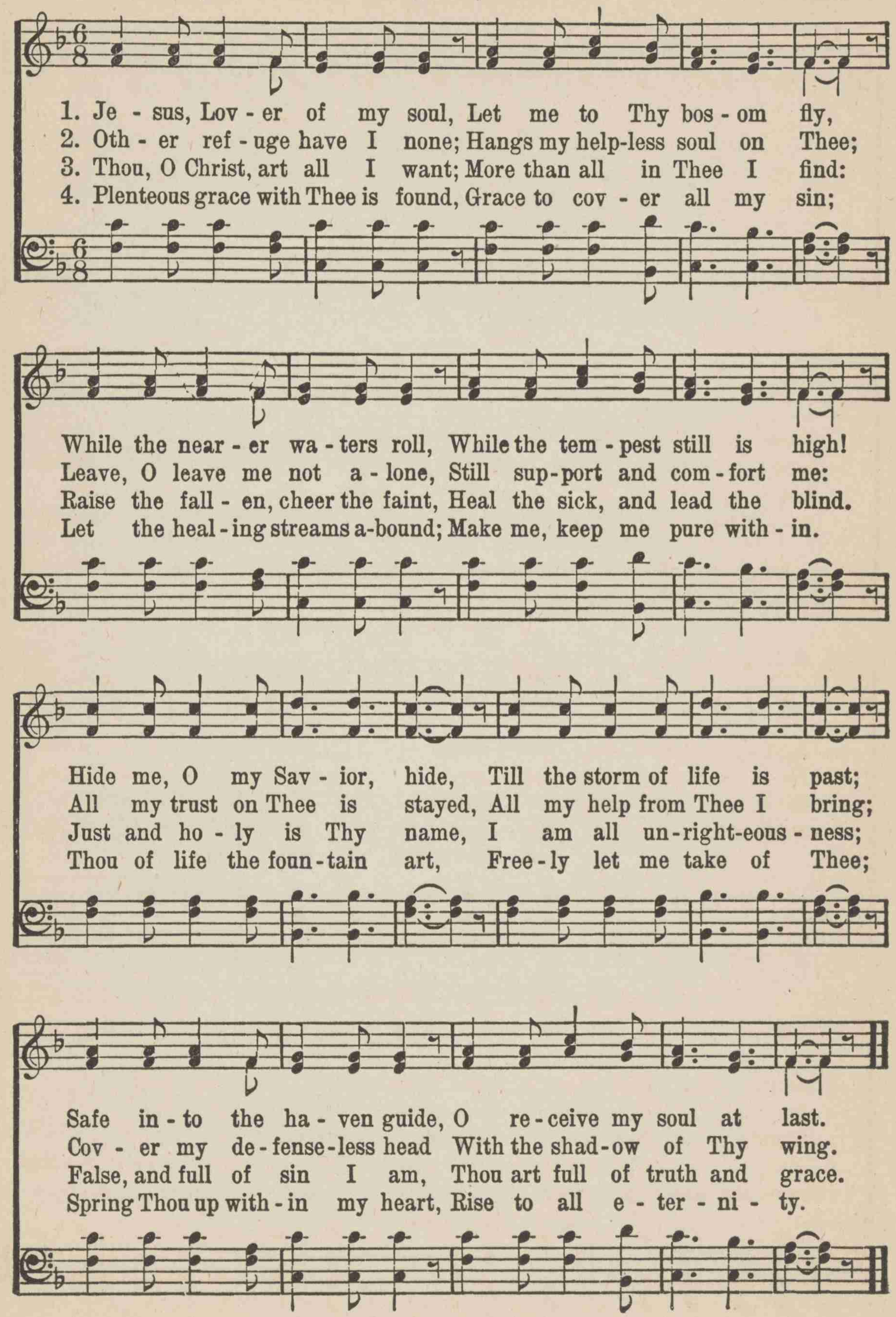
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil.
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Dressed in His right-eous-ness a-lone, Fault-less to stand be-fore the throne.

REFRAIN.

On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand. A-MEN.
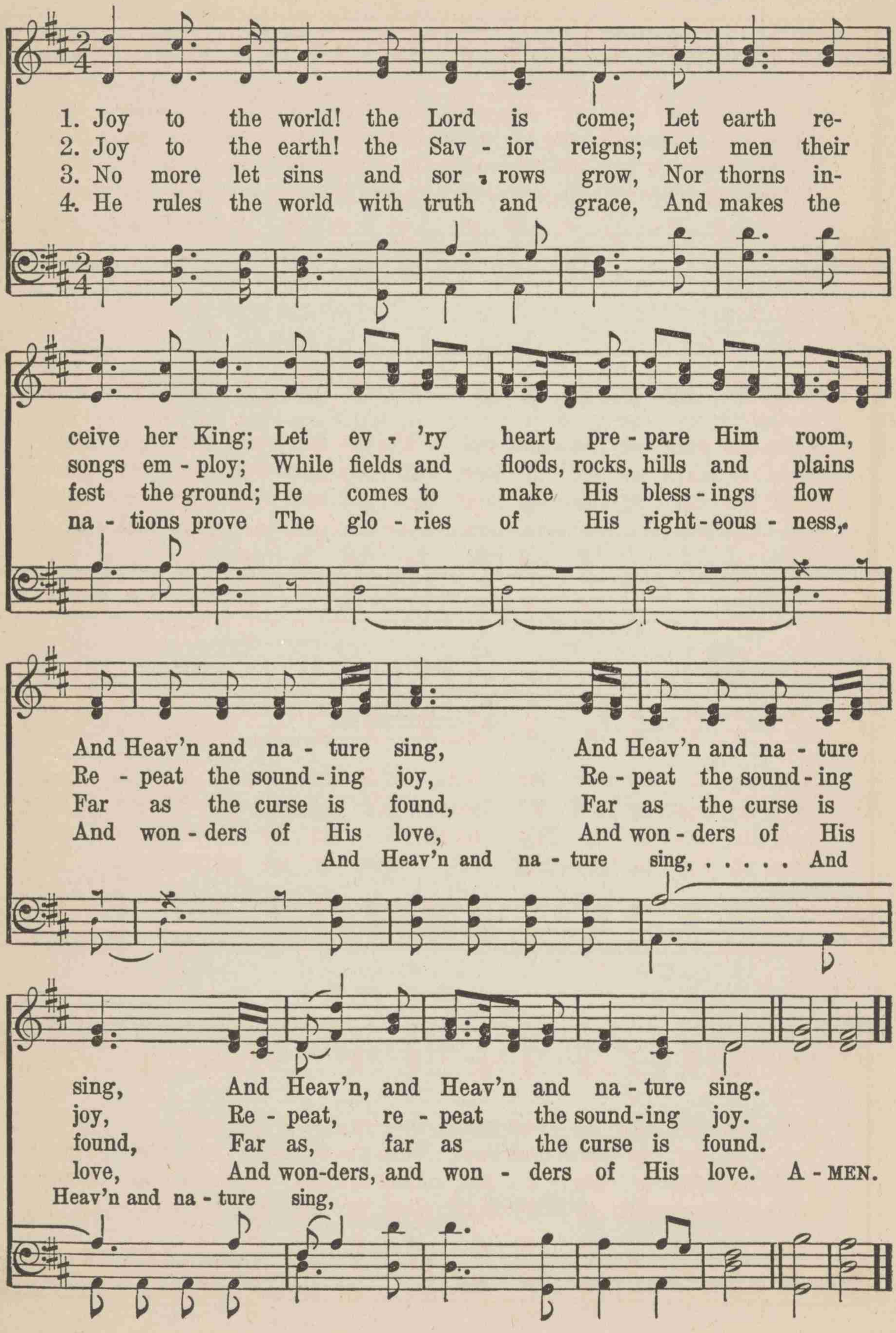
10 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *Martyn. 7s. D.* Simeon B. Marsh.



11 Joy to the World!

Isaac Watts. *Antioch. C. M.* George F. Handel.



12 I Will Sing the Wondrous Story.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY IRA D. SANKEY.
RENEWAL, 1914, BY P. P. BILHORN.

F. H. Rowley. Peter P. Bilhorn.

1. I will sing the won-drous sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray,
3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of dark-ness still come o'er me, Sor - row's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;

How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross on Cal - va - ry.
Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.
Sight was gone, and fears pos-sessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Sav - ior still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.

CHORUS.

Yes, I'll sing..... the won-drous sto - - - - ry Of the
Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - ry,
Christ..... who died for me,..... ..... Sing it with... the saints in
Of the Christ who died for me, Sing it with
glo - - - - ry, Gath-ered by..... the crys-tal sea.
the saints in glo - ry, Gath-ered by the crys - tal sea, the crys-tal sea.

13 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. *Ellesdie. 8s. 7s. D.* From Mozart.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - ior, too;
3. Man may troub-le and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
4. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;

Des - ti - tute, de-spised, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un-true;
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet-er rest.
Heav'n's e-ter - nal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
And, while Thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
Soon shall close thy earth-ly mis - sion, Swift shall pass thy pil - grim days,

Yet how rich is my con - di-tion, God and Heav'n are still my own!
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. A-MEN.

14 Higher Ground.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.
JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de - sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright;

Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."

CHORUS.

Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heaven's table-land, A high-er

plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high - er ground. A - MEN.

15 I Am Thine, O Lord.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.
FANNIE T. DOANE, OWNER.

W. H. Doane.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com-
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the nar-row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I

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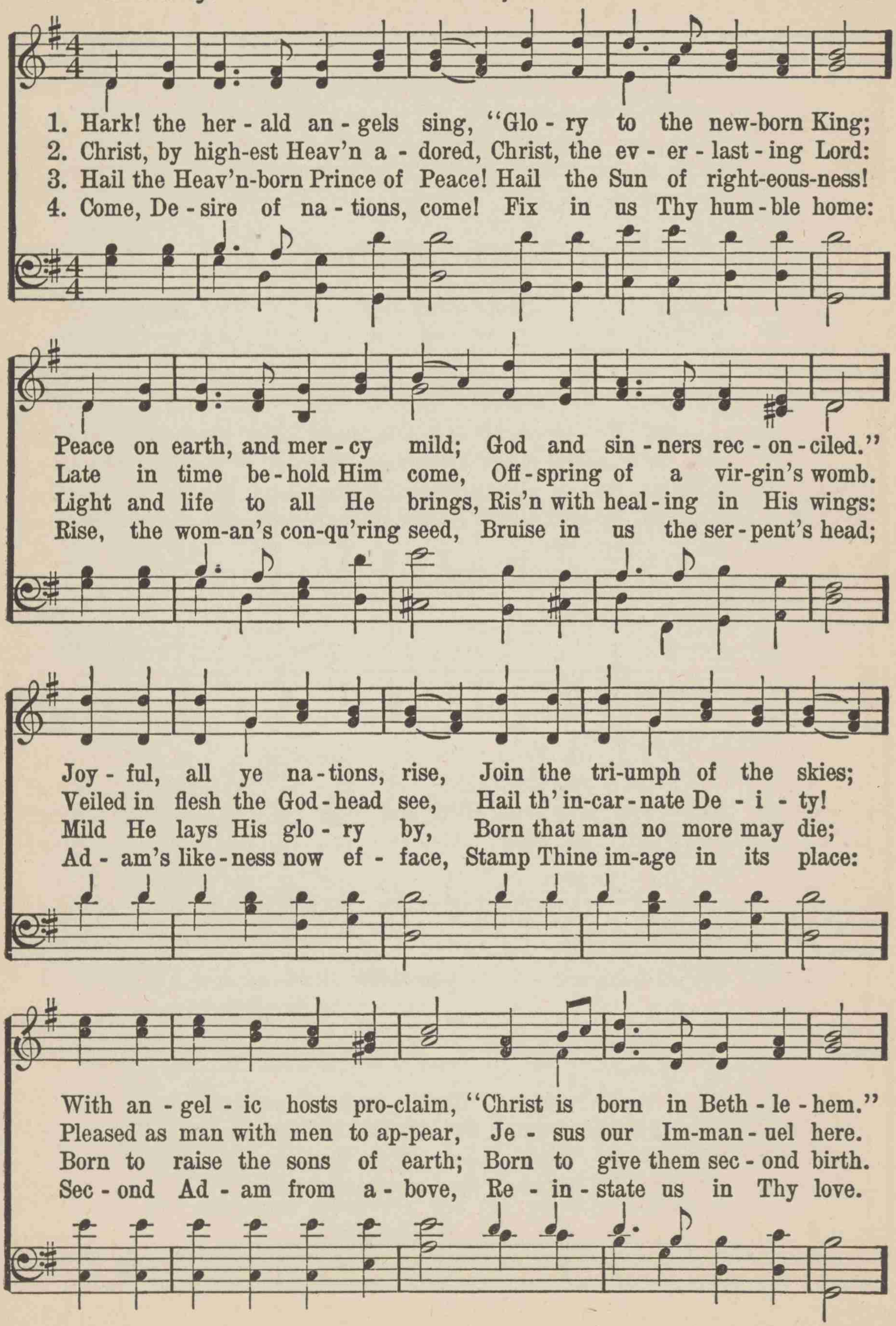
clo-ser drawn to Thee.
will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - - er, near-er, bless-ed
mune as friend with friend!
rest in peace with Thee. near-er, near-er,

Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near-er, near-er,
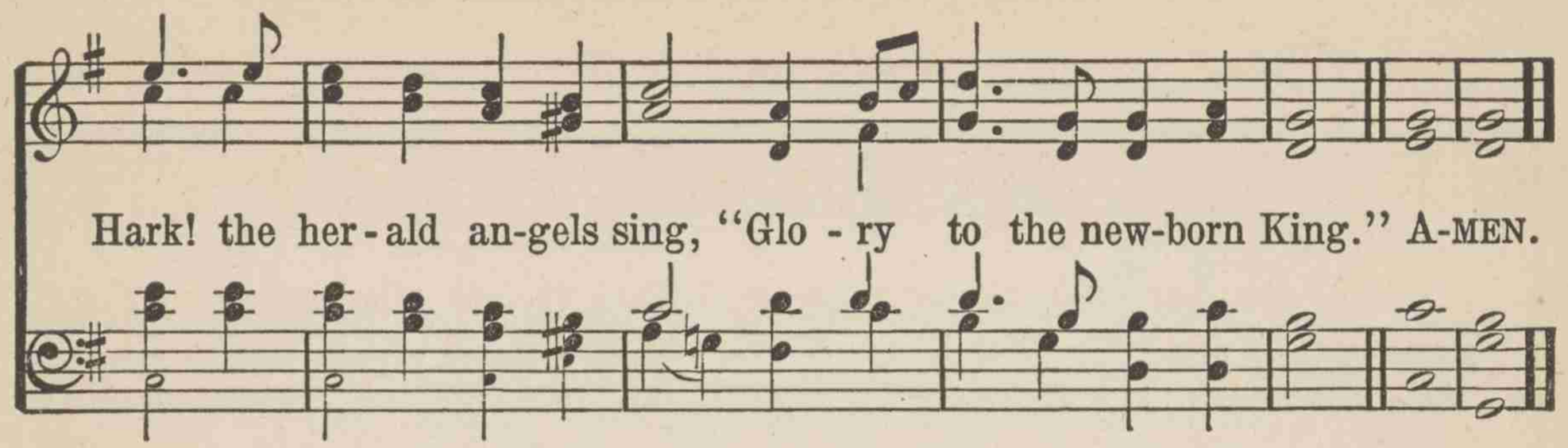
near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side. A-MEN.

16 Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

Charles Wesley. *Mendelssohn. 7s. D.* Mendelssohn.
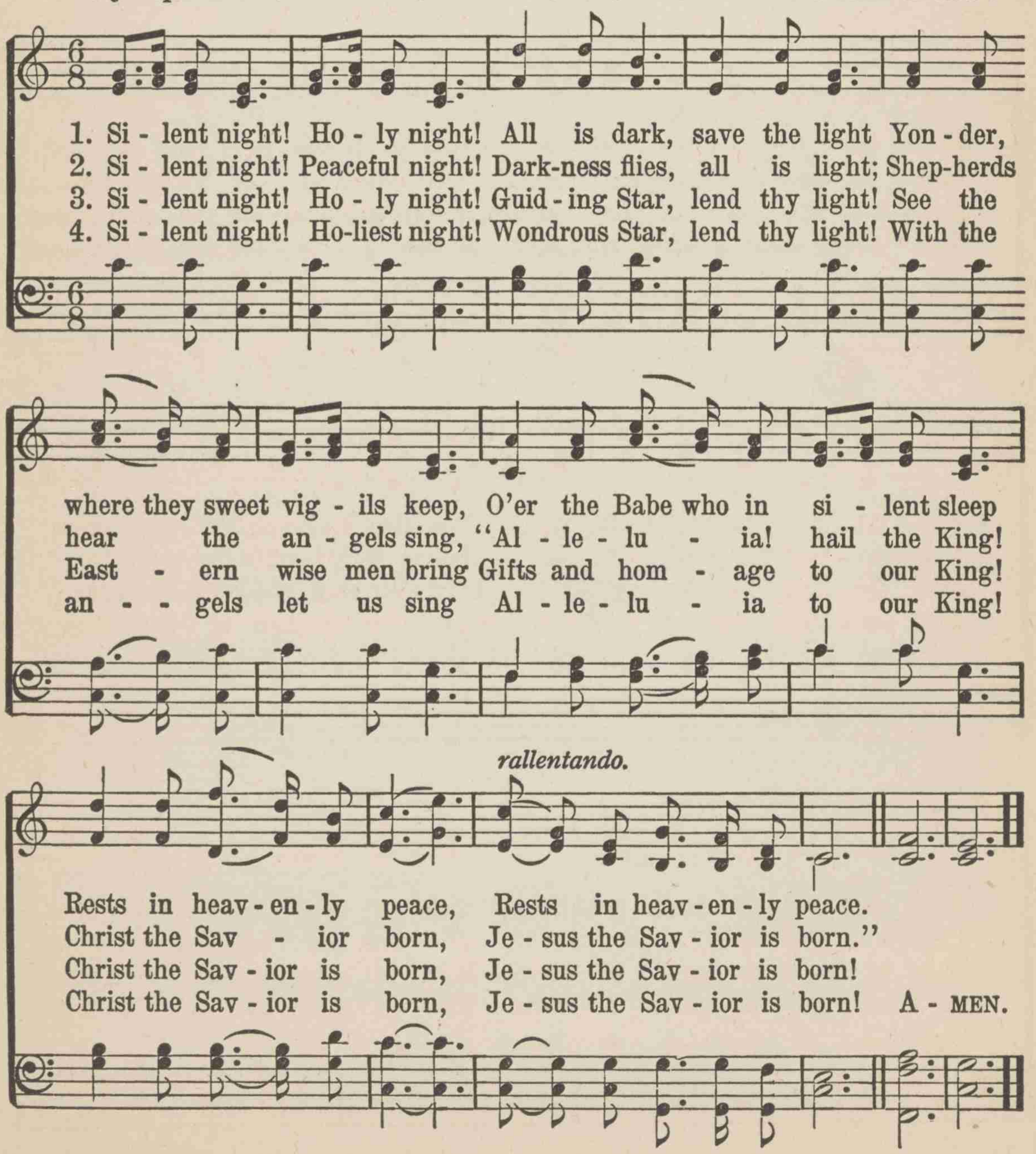


Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.



17 Silent Night! Holy Night!

Rev. Joseph Mohr. *Christmas Carol.* Franz Gruber.



18 He Leadeth Me.

Joseph H. Gilmore. *He Leadeth Me. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.

1. He lead - eth me! O bless-ed thought! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,

What - e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me: His faith - ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me. A-MEN.

19 Hark! Hark! My Soul!

F. W. Faber. Henry Smart.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell-ing
2. On - ward we go; for still we hear them singing, "Come, wear-y souls, for Je - sus bids you come!" And thro' the dark its ech-oes sweet-ly ring - ing,
3. An - gels, sing on! your faith-ful watches keep-ing; Sing us sweet frag-ments of the songs a - bove, Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of weep-ing,

REFRAIN.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
The mu - sic of the gos-pel leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus,
And life's long shadows break in cloud-less love.

An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night!

20 Day is Dying in the West.

Mary A. Lathbury. *Evening Praise. 7s. 4.* William F. Sherwin.

1. Day is dy - ing in the west, Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er us, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en-fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morning rise, And shad-ows end!

REFRAIN.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! A - MEN.

21 O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. *Happy Day. L. M.* E. F. Rimbault.

1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
2. O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love!
3. 'Tis done; the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's and He is mine;
4. High Heav'n, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall dai-ly hear,

Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.
He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di-vine.
Till in life's lat-est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

REFRAIN.

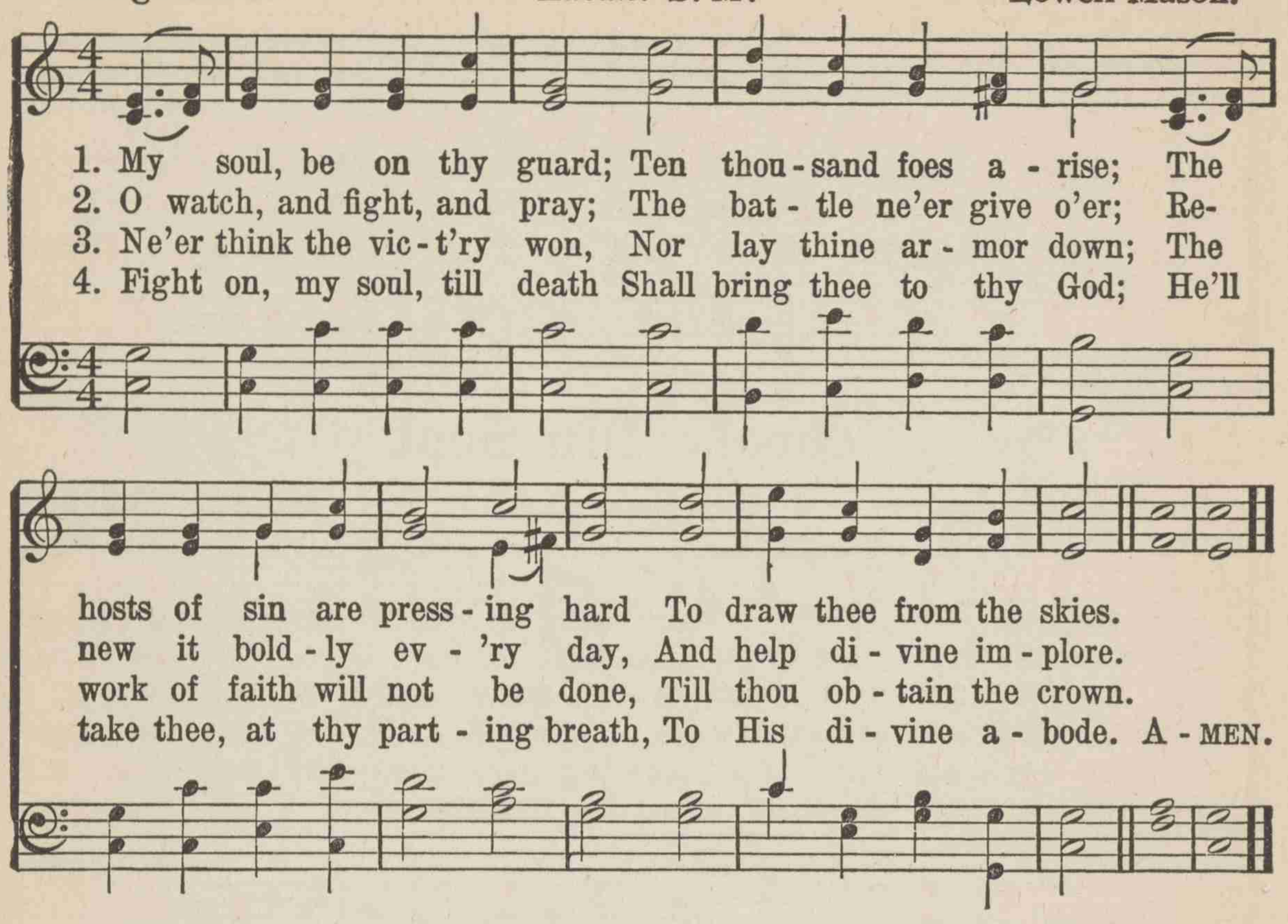
Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way;

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day:

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way. A-MEN.

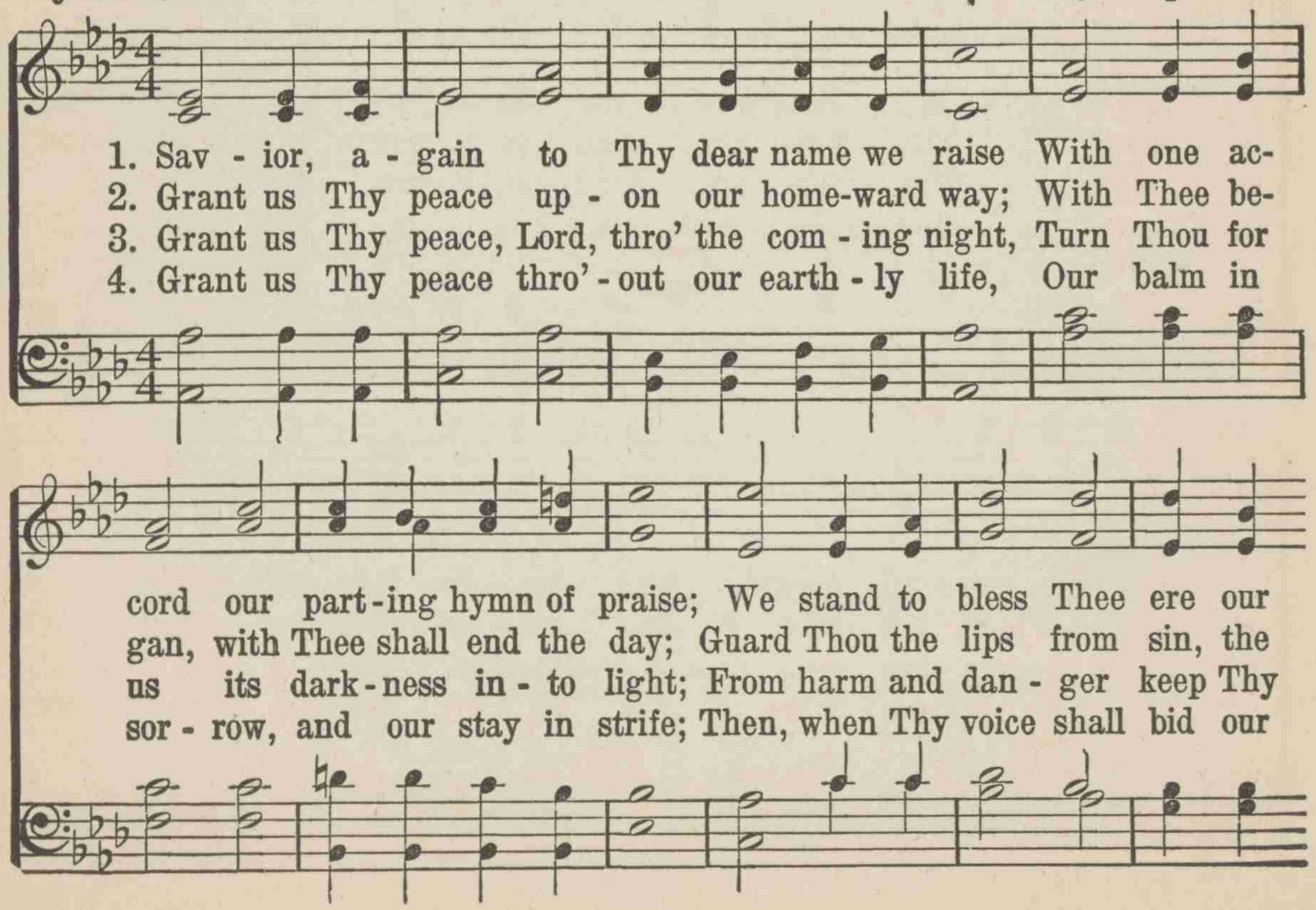
22 My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

George Heath. *Laban. S. M.* Lowell Mason.

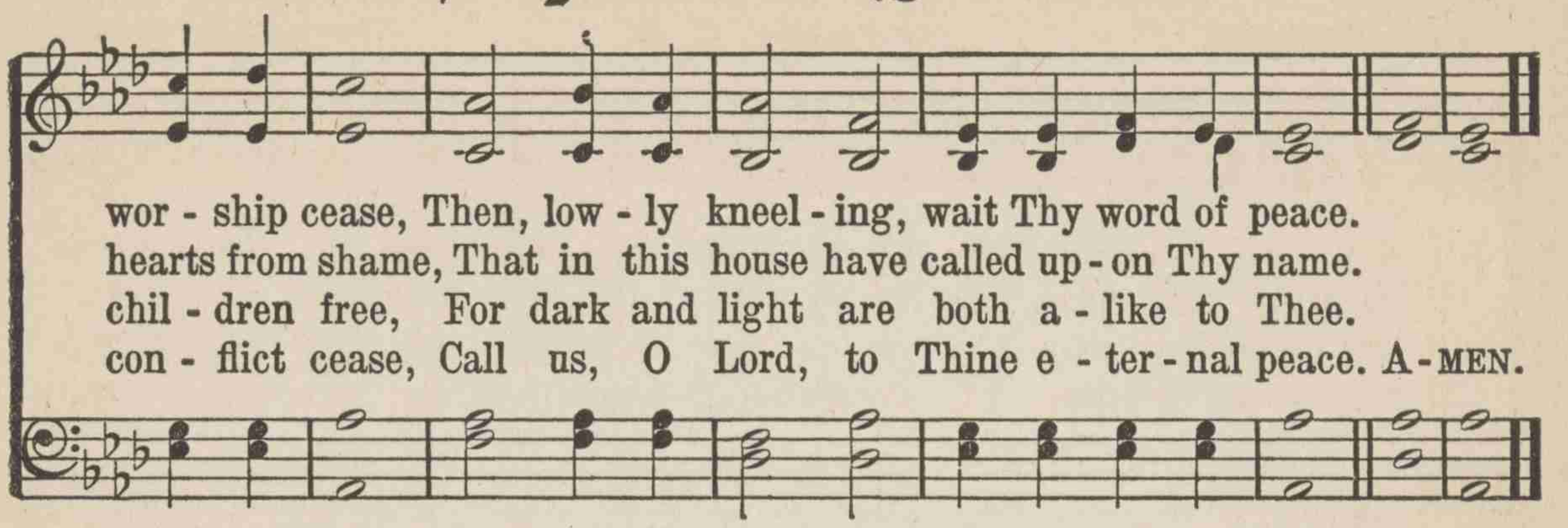


23 Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name.

John Ellerton. *Ellers. 105.* Edward J. Hopkins.
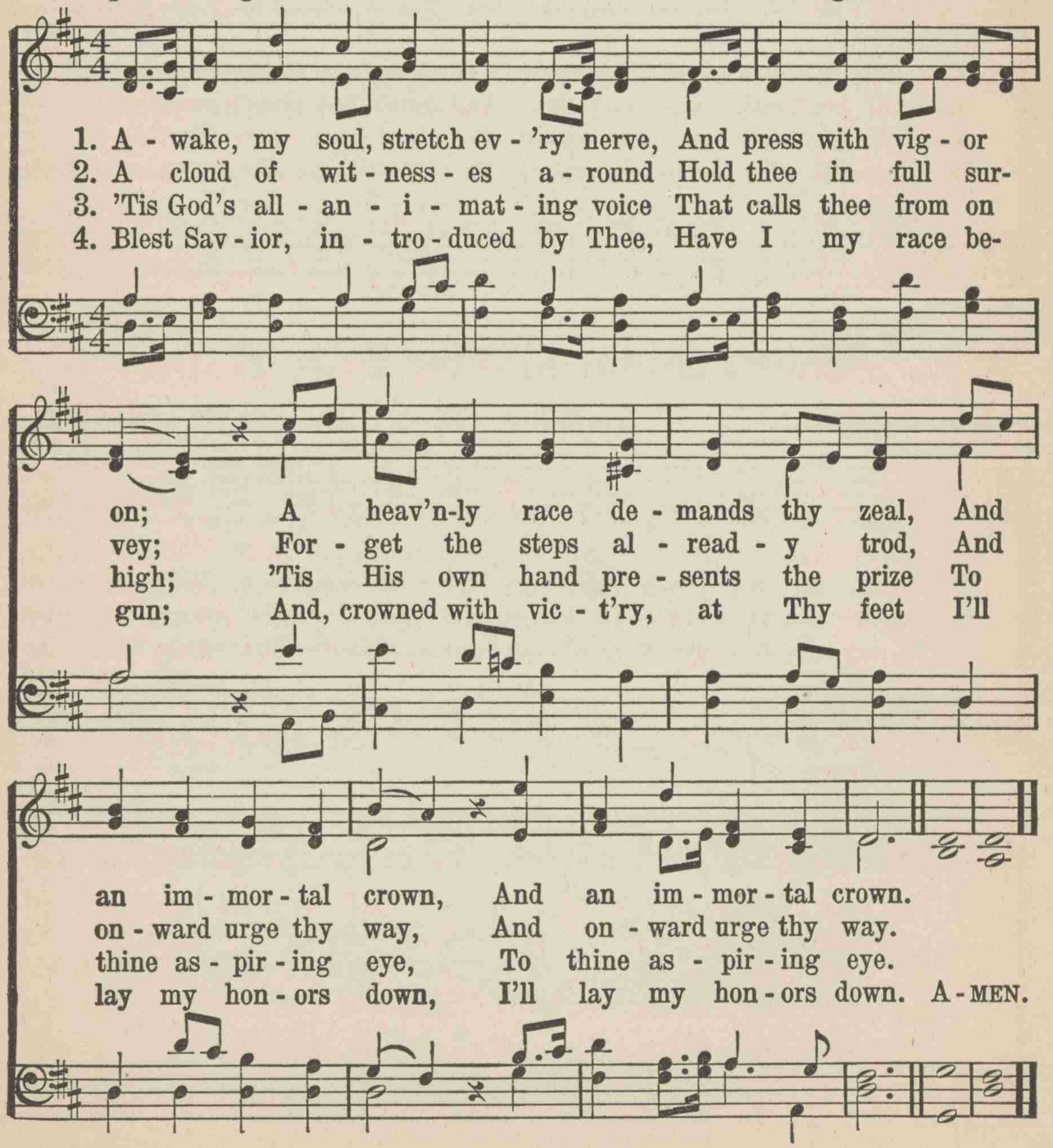


Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name.
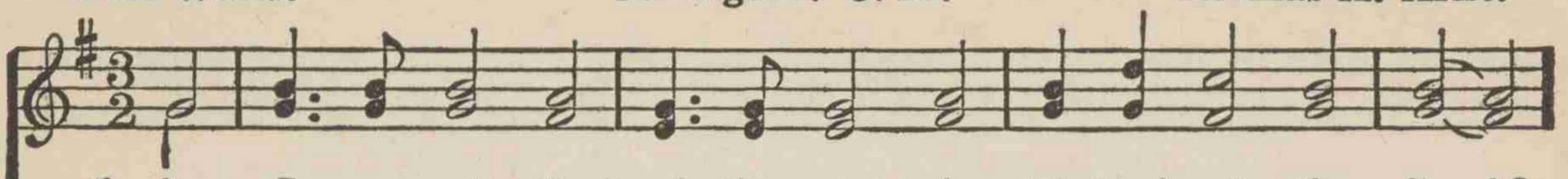


24 Awake, My Soul.

Philip Doddridge. *Christmas. C. M.* George F. Handel.

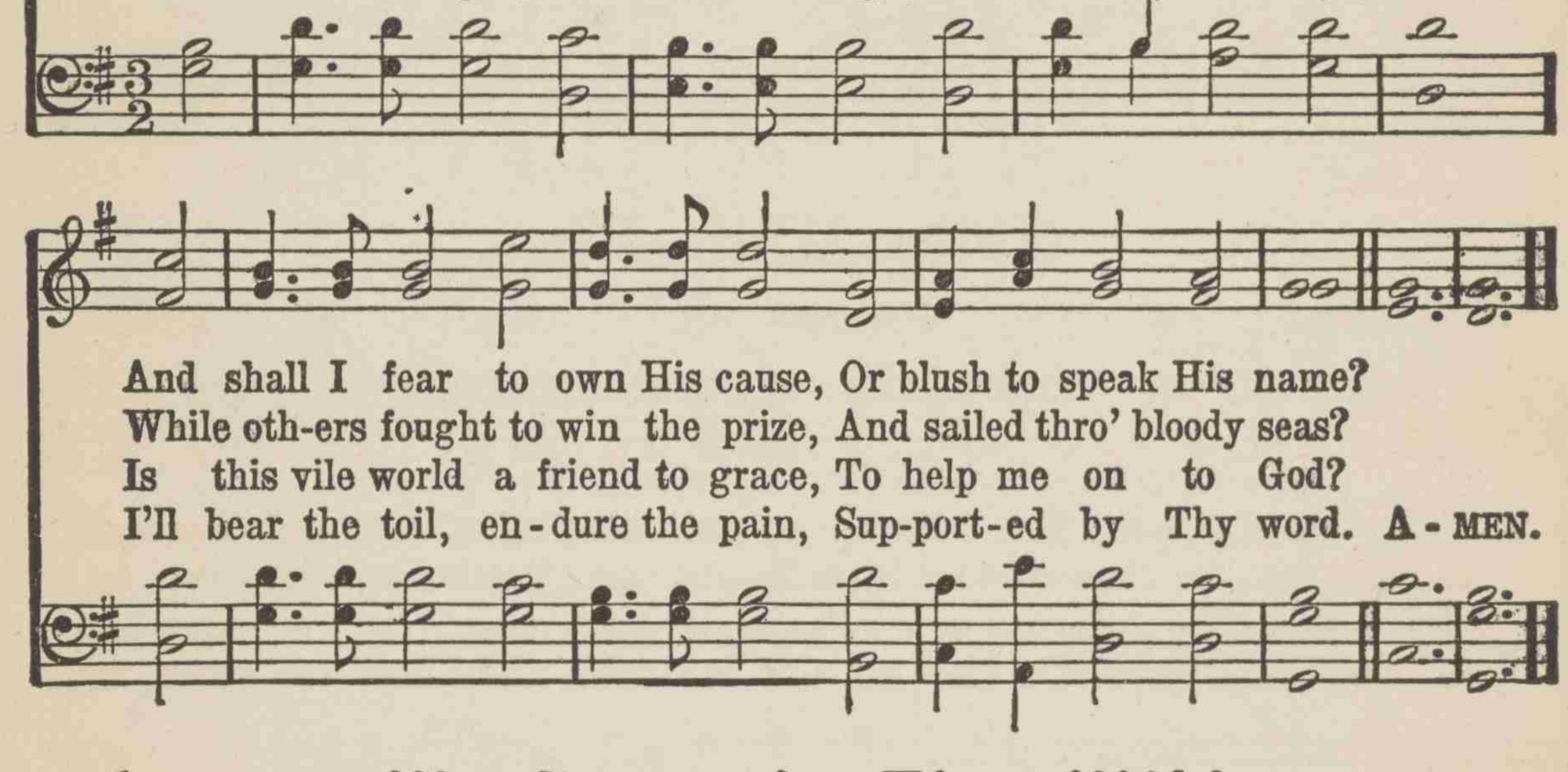


25 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Isaac Watts. *Arlington. C. M.* Thomas A. Arne.



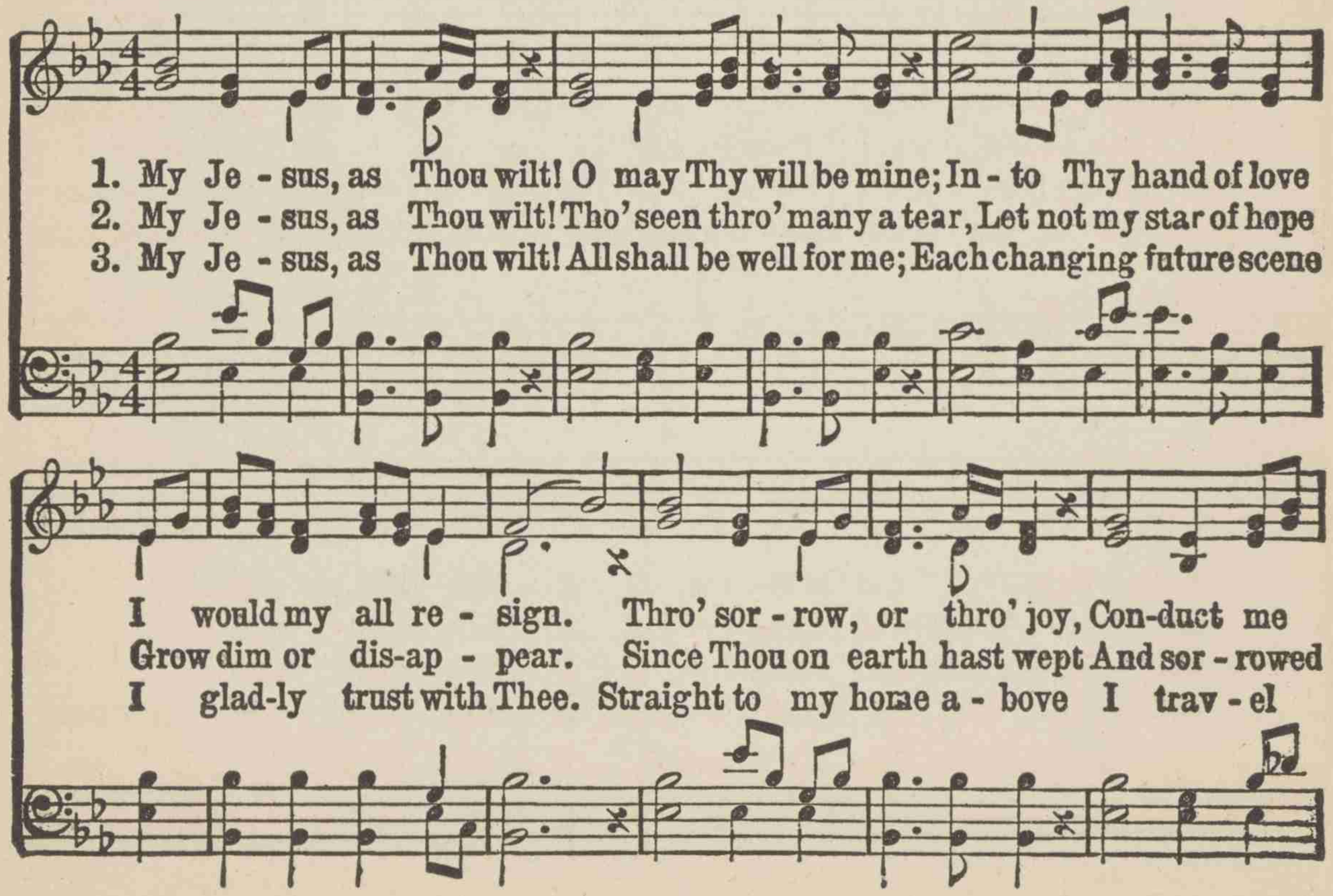
1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - low'r of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour - age, Lord;



And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by Thy word. A - MEN.

26 My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!
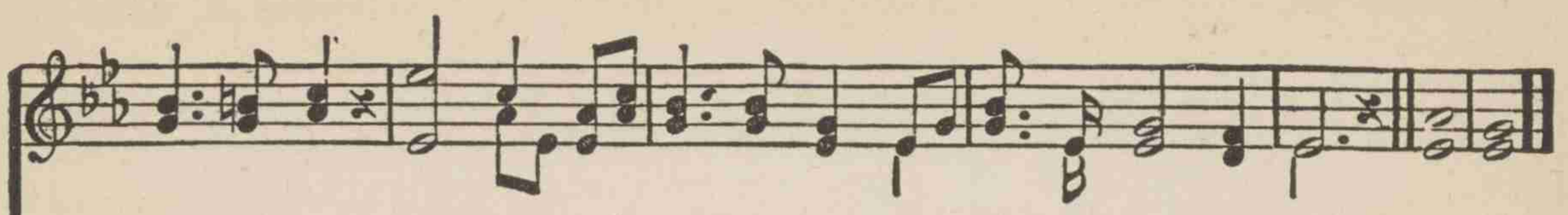
Benjamin Schmolck. *Jewett. 6. 6. 6. 6. D.* From C. M. von Weber.



1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my star of hope
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing future scene

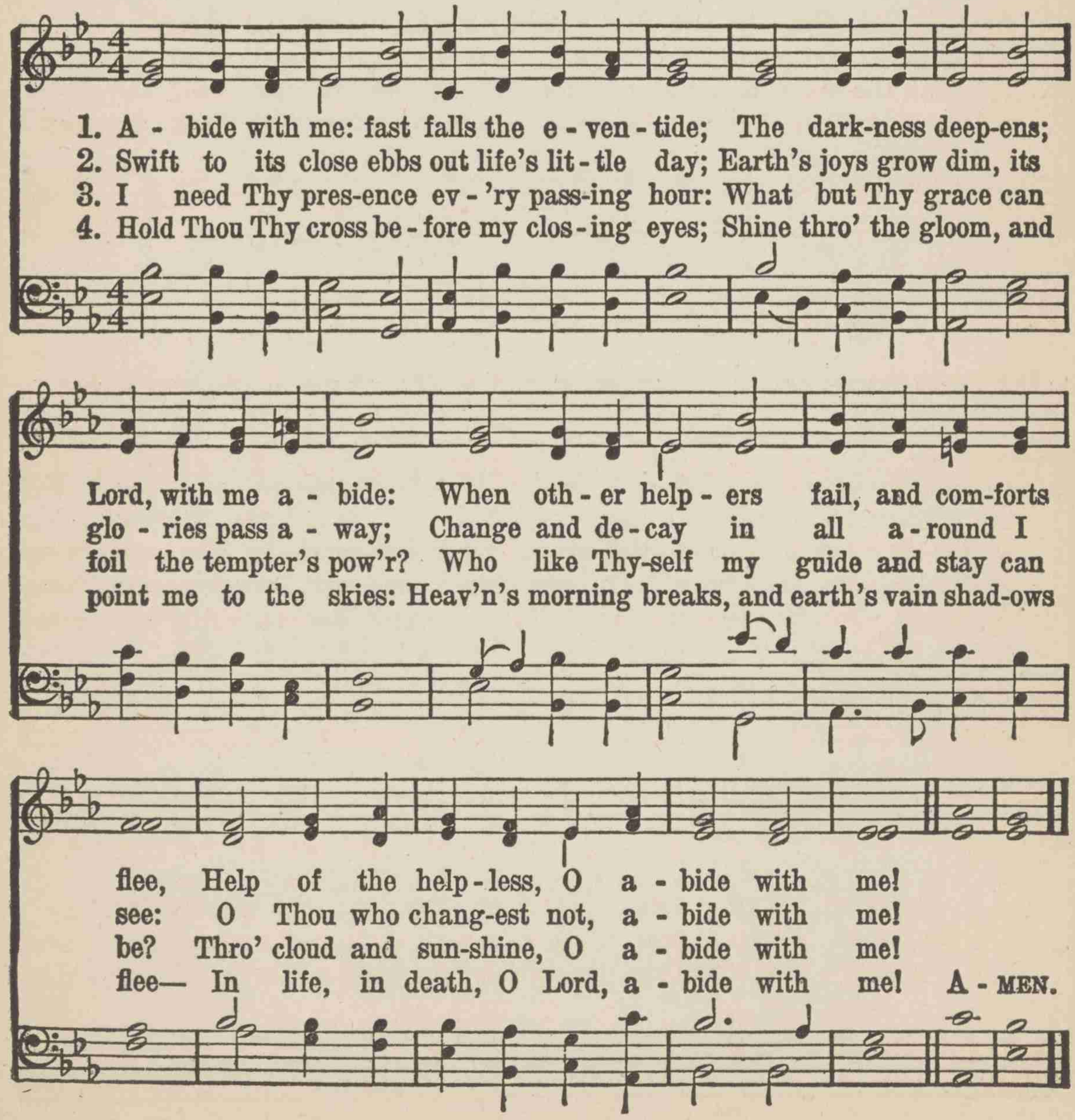
I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Con-duct me
Grow dim or dis-ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept And sor - rowed
I glad-ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el

My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!



27 Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. *Eventide. 10s.* W. H. Monk.



28 Jesus Saves.

Priscilla J. Owens.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, IN RENEWAL.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now re - joice,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;

On-ward!—'tis our Lord's com-mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! A - MEN.

29 True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

Frances R. Havergal. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS.
RENEWAL. HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER. Geo. C. Stebbins.

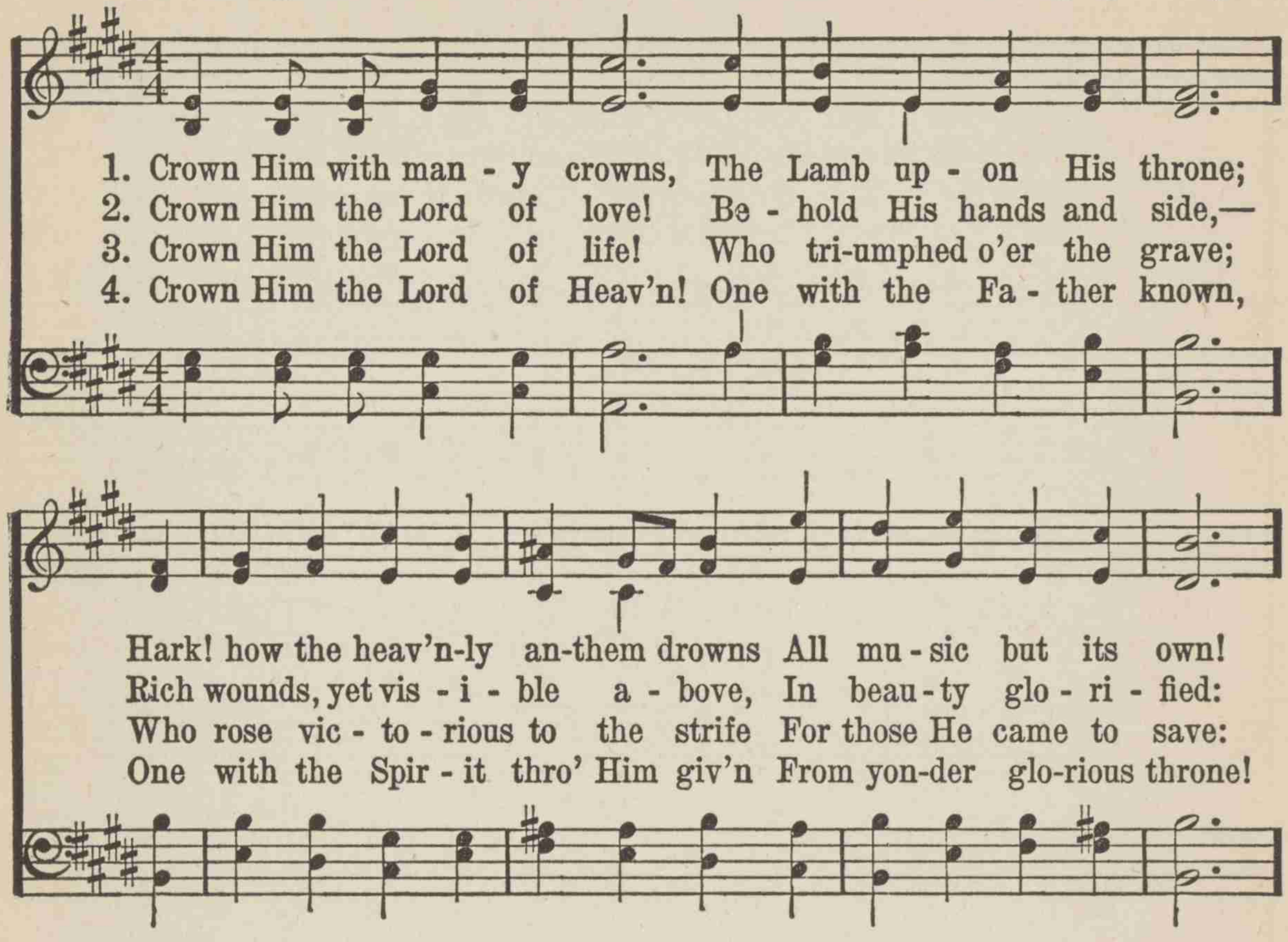
1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faith-ful and loy - al, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be; Un - der the standard ex-alt - ed and roy - al, Strong in Thy strength we will bat-tle for Thee. Peal out the watch-word! si - lence it nev-er!
2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, full - est al-le-giance, Yield-ing henceforth to our glo - ri - ous King; Val-iant en-deav-or and lov - ing o-be-dience, Free - ly and joy - ous - ly now would we bring.
3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Sav - ior all-glo-rious! Take Thy great pow-er and reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af-fec-tions vic-to-rious, Free - ly sur- ren-dered and whol-ly Thine own. Peal out the watch-word! si-lence it nev - er!

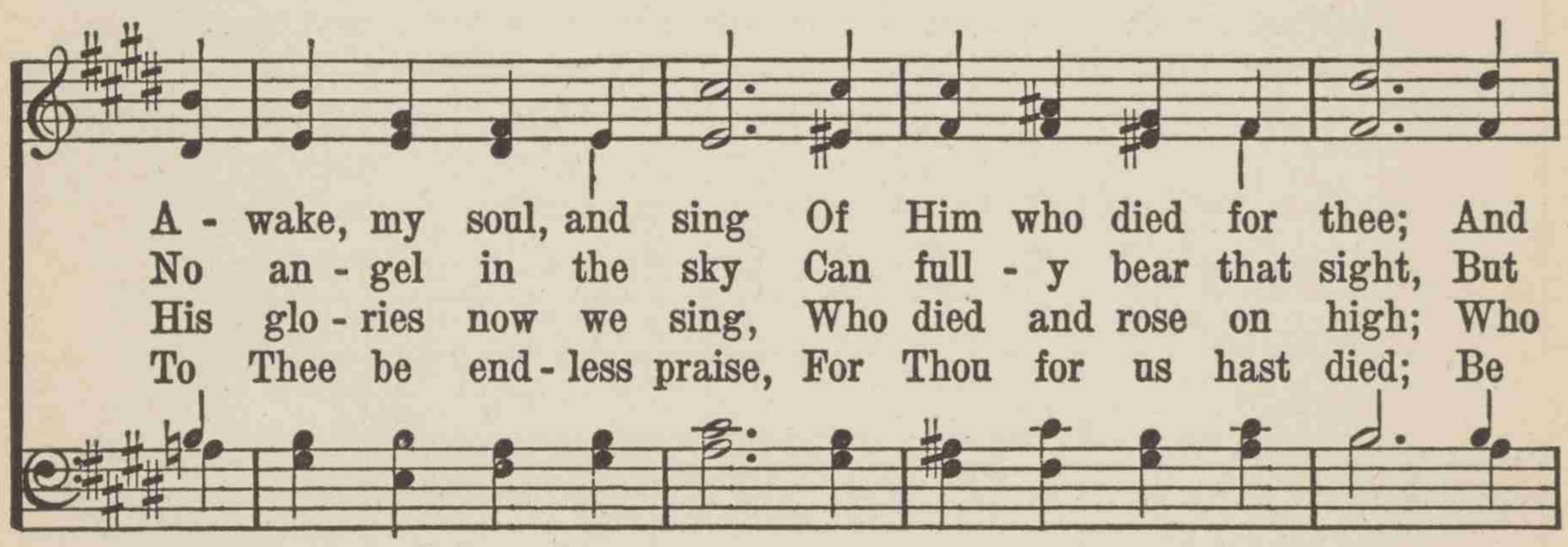
CHORUS.

Song of our spir - its, re - joic - ing and free; Peal out the watch-word!
Song of our spir - its, re-joic-ing and free; Peal out the watch - word!
loy - al for - ev - er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be. A - MEN.
loy-al for - ev - er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.

30 Crown Him With Many Crowns.

Matthew Bridges. *Diademata. S. M. D.* George J. Elvey.





31 We're Marching to Zion.

Isaac Watts.

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Robert Lowry.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets, Be-
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King,
fore we reach the heav'nl-y fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields,
marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
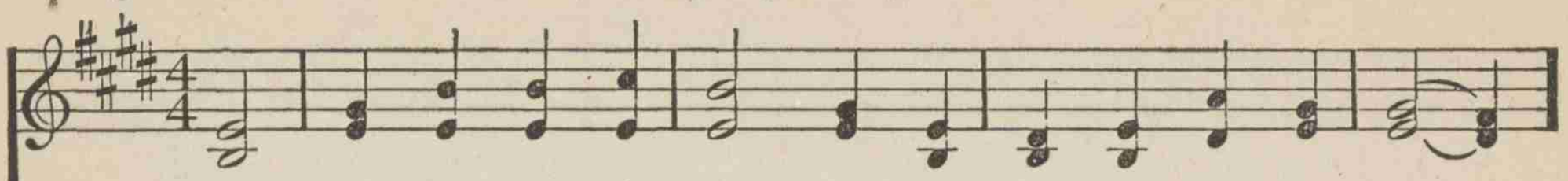
And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
(1) And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS.
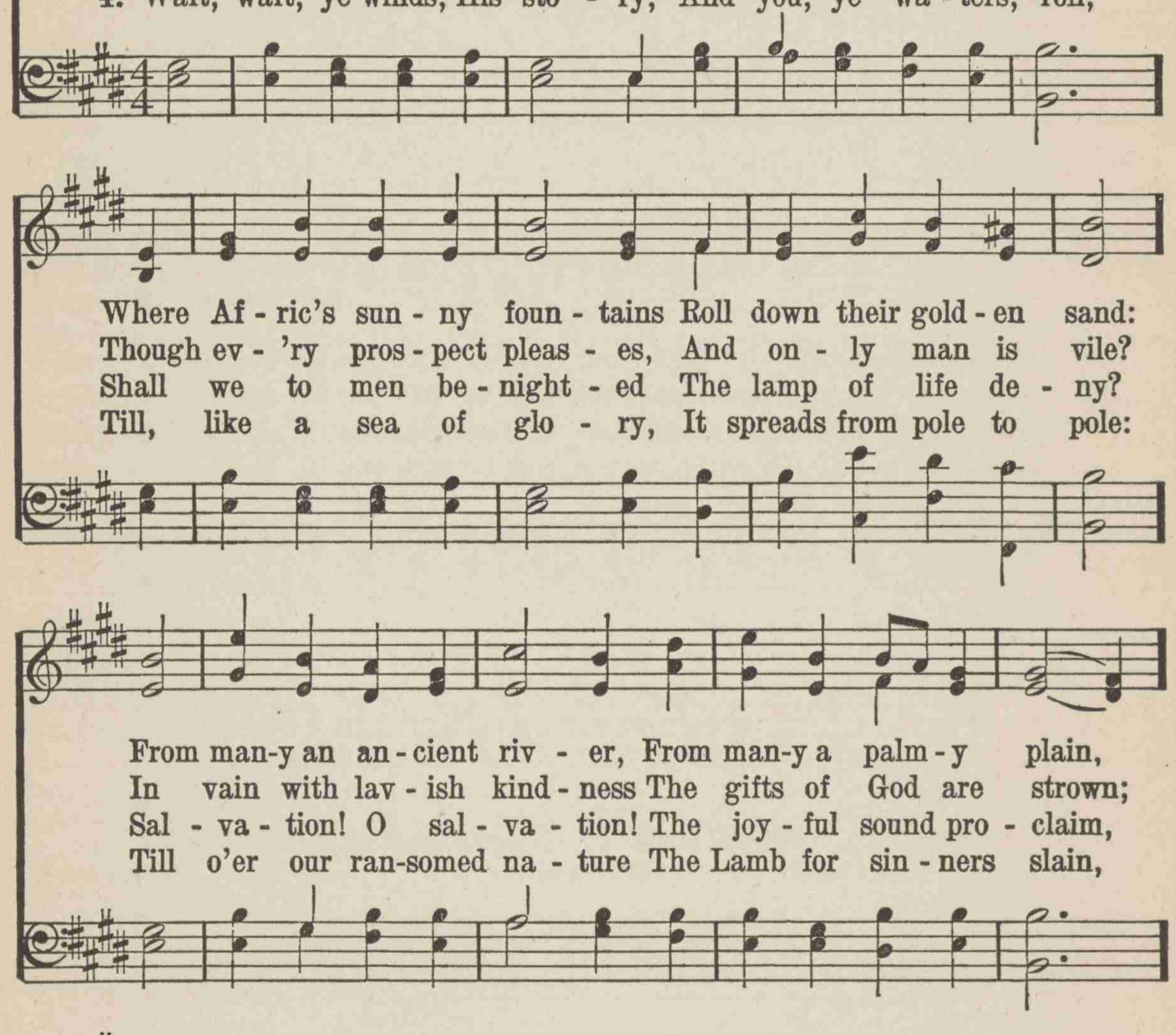
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march-ing on to Zi - on,
march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau-ti-ful cit - y of God. A - MEN.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

32 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

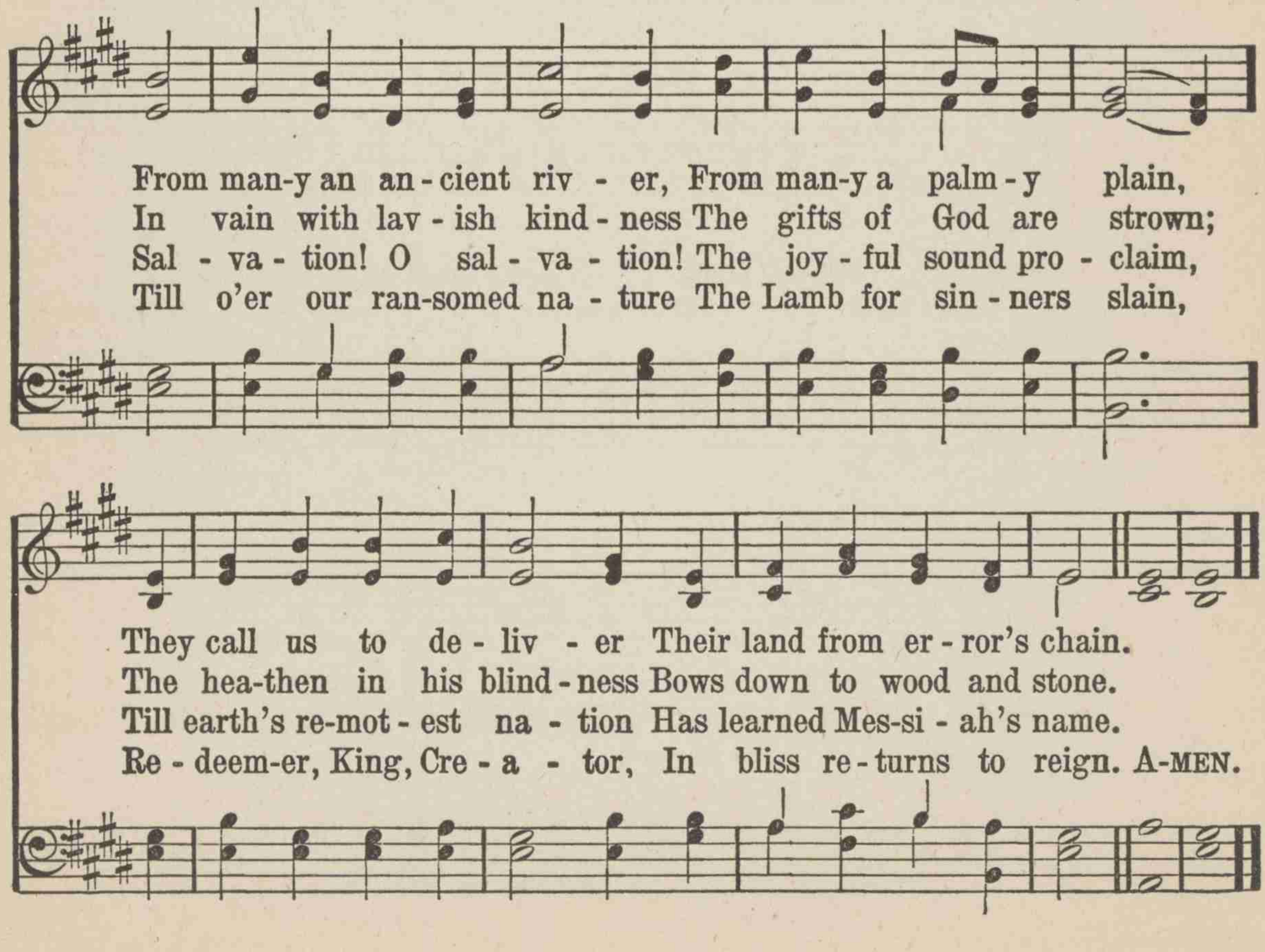
Reginald Heber. *Missionary Hymn. 7s. 6s. D.* Lowell Mason.



1. From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor - al strand;
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle;
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand:
Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?
Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole:



From man-y an an - cient riv - er, From man-y a palm - y plain,
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The hea-then in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re-mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes-si - ah's name.
Re - deem-er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign. A-MEN.

33 God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin. *Endeavor. P. M.* W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain; When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain; Keep love's banner floating o'er you;

With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai-ly man-na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un-fail-ing round you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet;

Till we meet, . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet again. A-MEN.
Till we meet, till we meet,

34 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Mary Brown.

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Carrie E. Rounsefell.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per-haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Jesus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark and rug-ged the way,
So, trust - ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

FINE.

D.S.—*I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.*

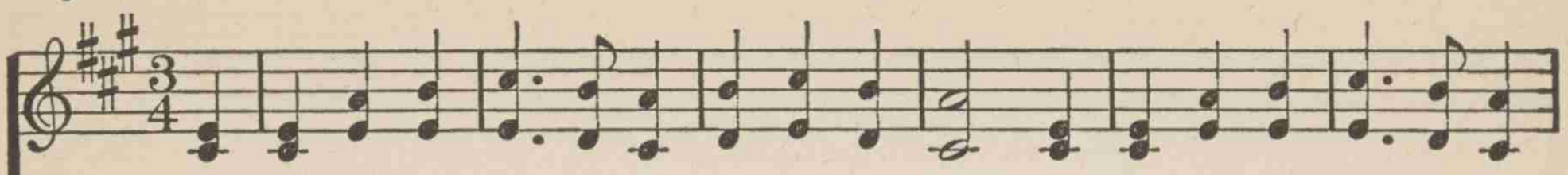
REFRAIN.

D. S.

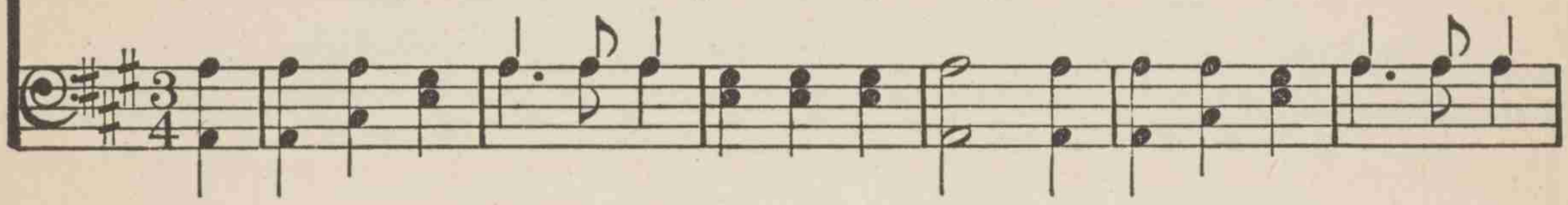
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;
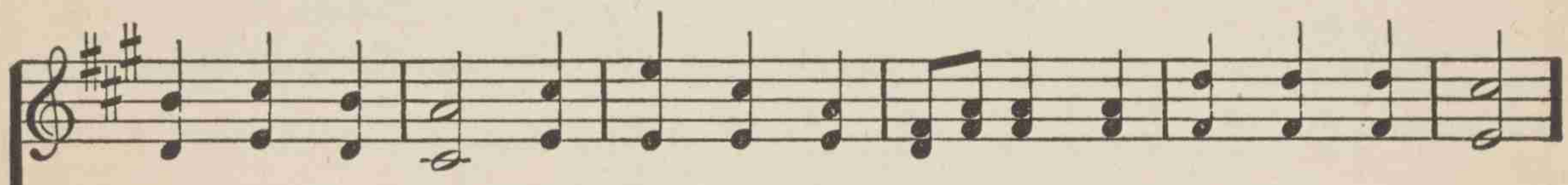
35 Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. G. Fischer.
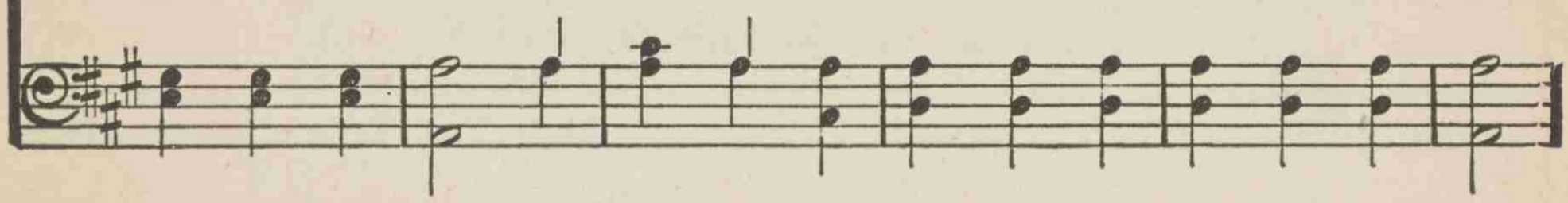


1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for-ev - er to
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-
3. Lord Je - sus, for this, I most hum-bly en-treat, I wait, bless-ed Lord, at Thy
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou seest I pa-tient-ly wait, Come now, and with-in me a
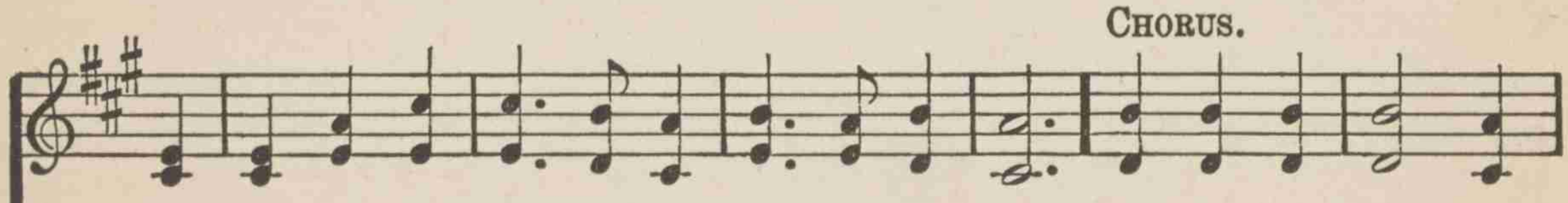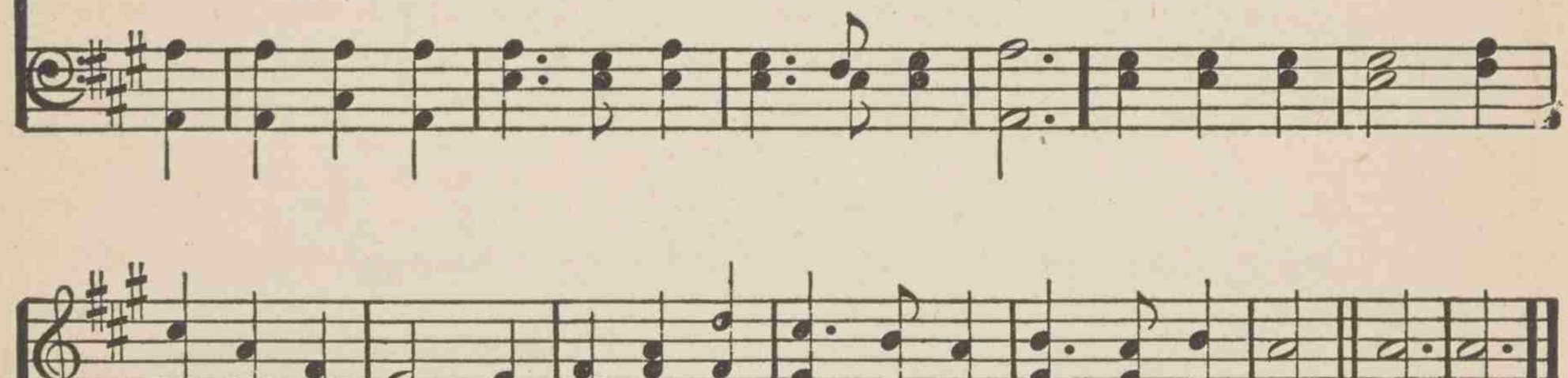




live in my soul, Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe;
plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know,
cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my cleans-ing, I see Thy blood flow,
new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou nev-er saidst "No,"
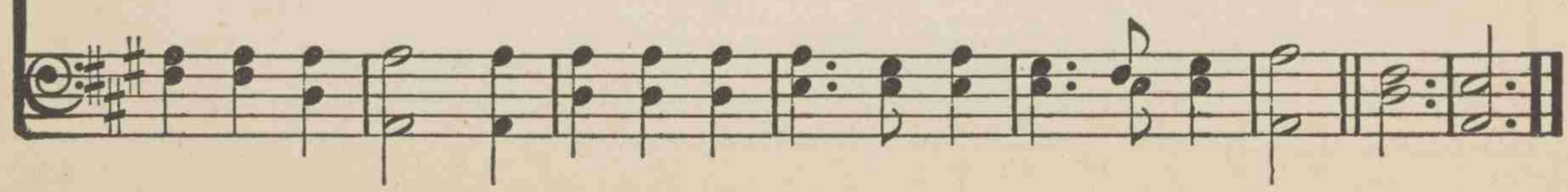


CHORUS.



Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit-er than snow, yes,
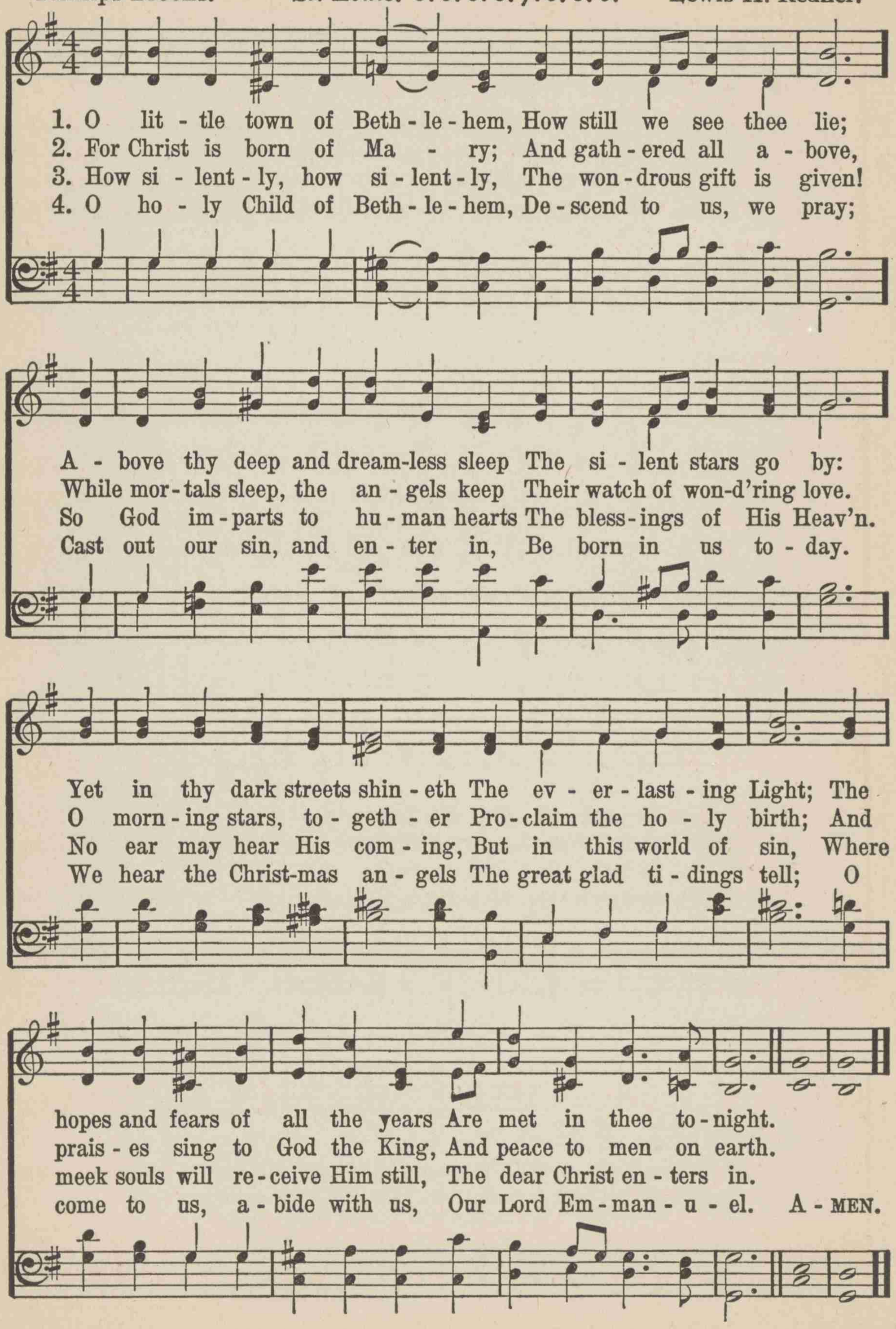


whit-er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow. A - MEN.
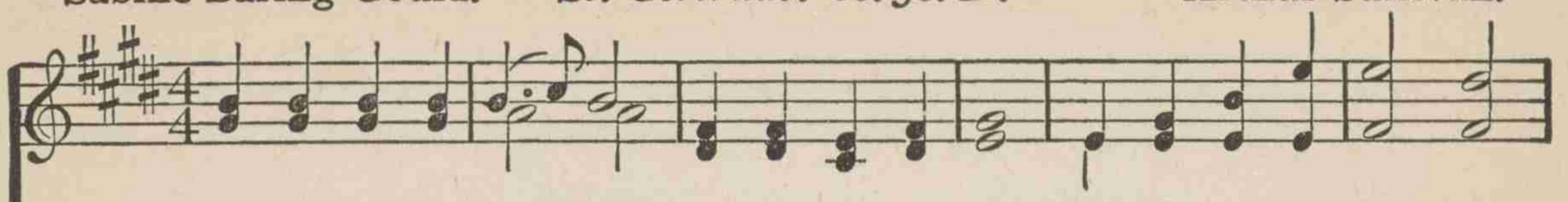


36 O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Phillips Brooks. *St. Louis. 8. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6.* Lewis H. Redner.

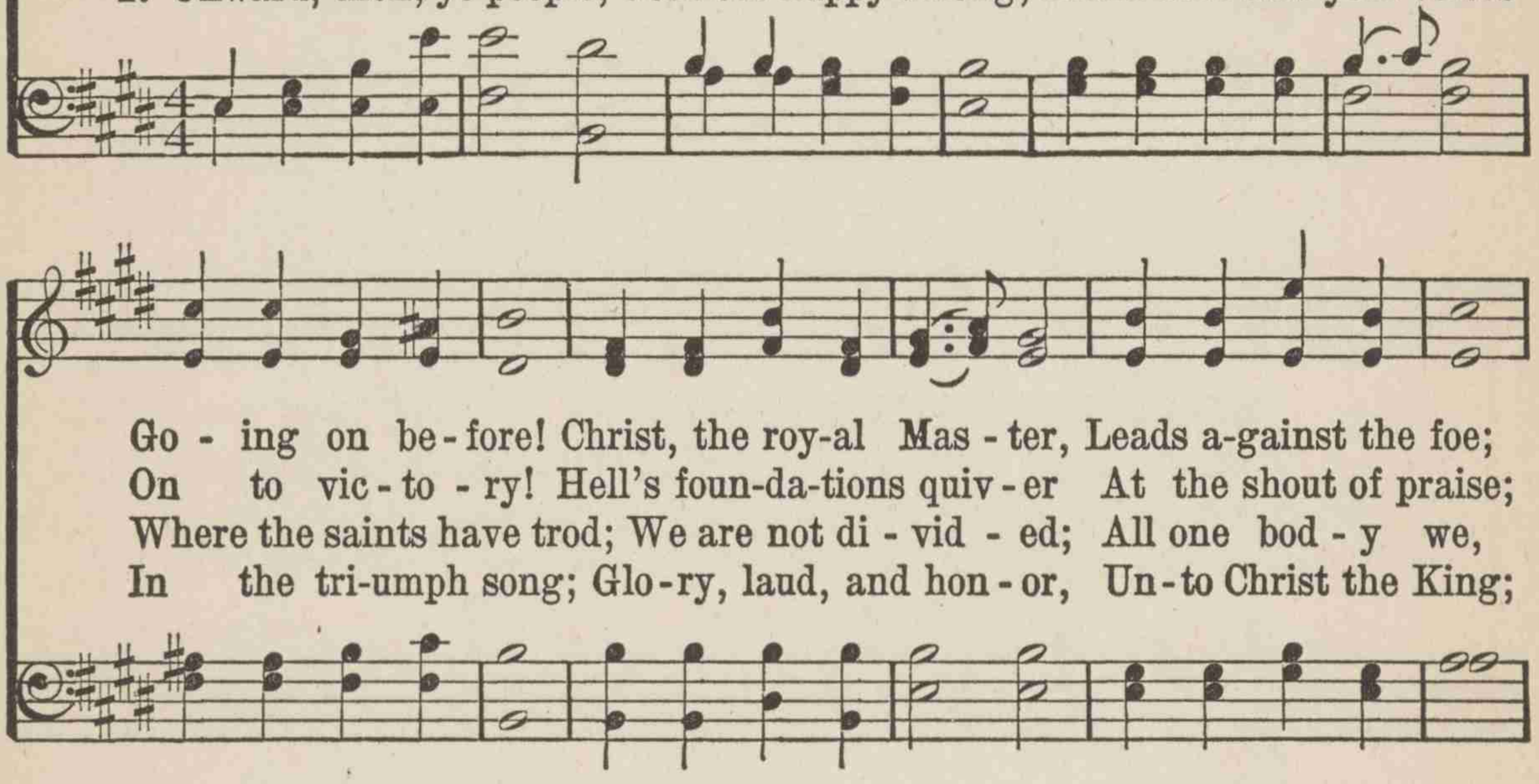


37 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

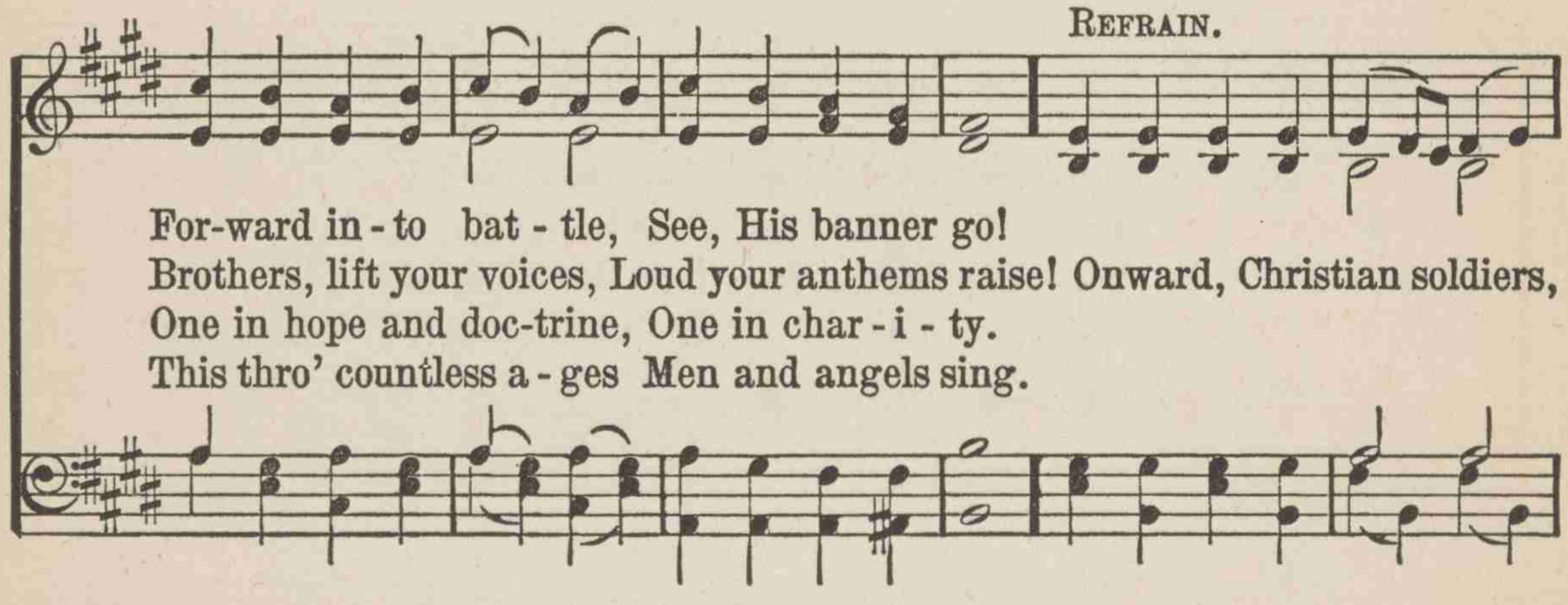
Sabine Baring-Gould. *St. Gertrude. 6s. 5s. D.* Arthur Sullivan.



1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri-umph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices

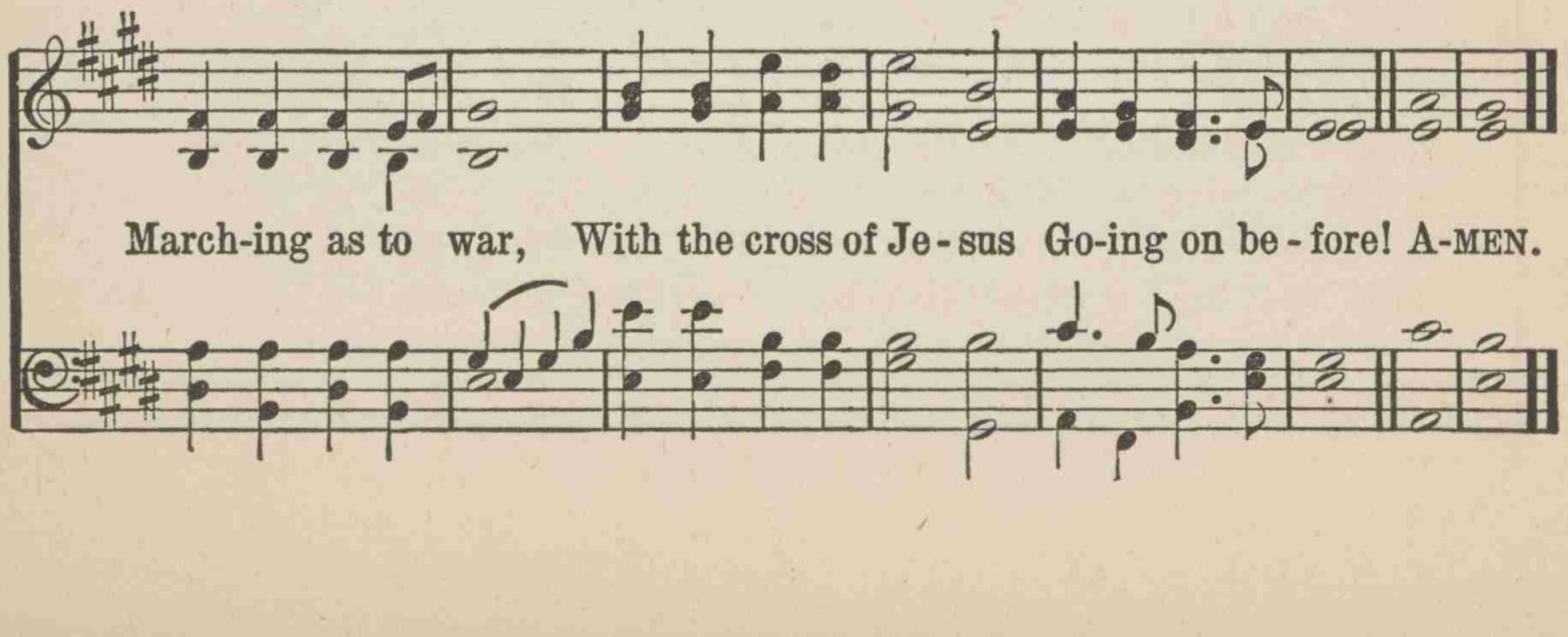


Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King;



REFRAIN.

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His banner go!
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise! Onward, Christian soldiers,
One in hope and doc-trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.



March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore! A-MEN.

38 The Church's One Foundation.

Samuel J. Stone. *Aurelia. 7s. 6s. D.* Samuel S. Wesley.

1. The Church-'s one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
4. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,

She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth;
She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more;
And mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won:

From Heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride; With
One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par-takes one ho - ly food, And
Till, with the vi - sion glo - rious, Her long - ing eyes are blest, And
O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we, Like

His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
the great church vic - to - rious Shall be the church at rest.
them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee. A-MEN.

39 The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it nev - er - more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God.
Where He waits at the o - pen door.

CHORUS.

The way of the cross leads home, The way of the cross leads home; It is sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home. A - MEN.

40 The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love-li-er
2. Oh, come to the church in the wild-wood, To the trees where the
3. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn-ing, To list to the
4. From the church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, When day fades a-

spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child-hood As the
wild flow-ers bloom; Where the part-ing hymn will be chant-ed, We will
clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, Oh,
way in-to night, I would fain from this spot of my child-hood Wing my

D. S.—*No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the*

FINE. CHORUS.

lit-tle brown church in the vale.
weep by the side of the tomb. Come to the
come to the church in the vale. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,
way to the man-sions of light.

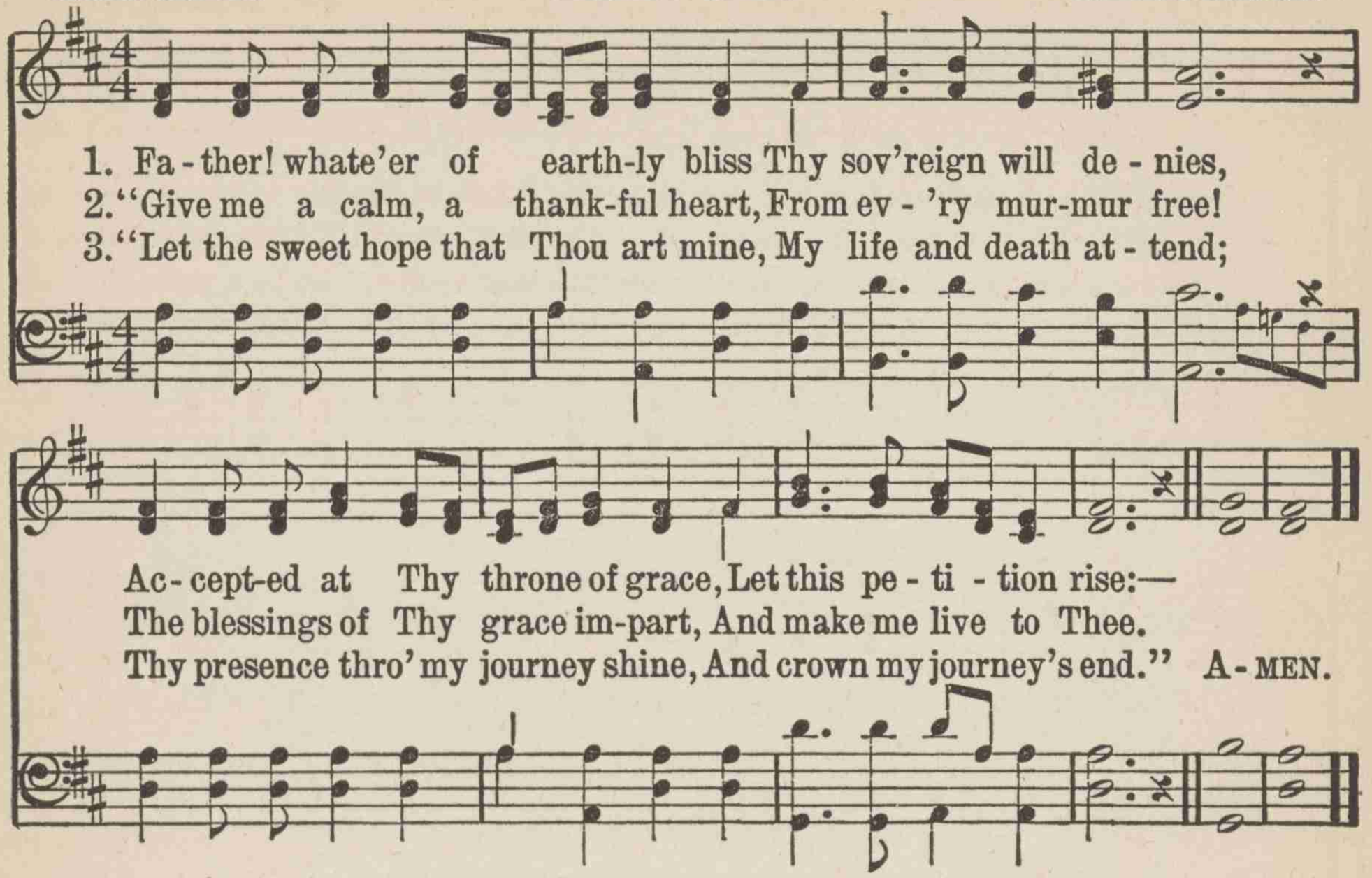
lit-tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.

church in the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale; A-MEN.
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

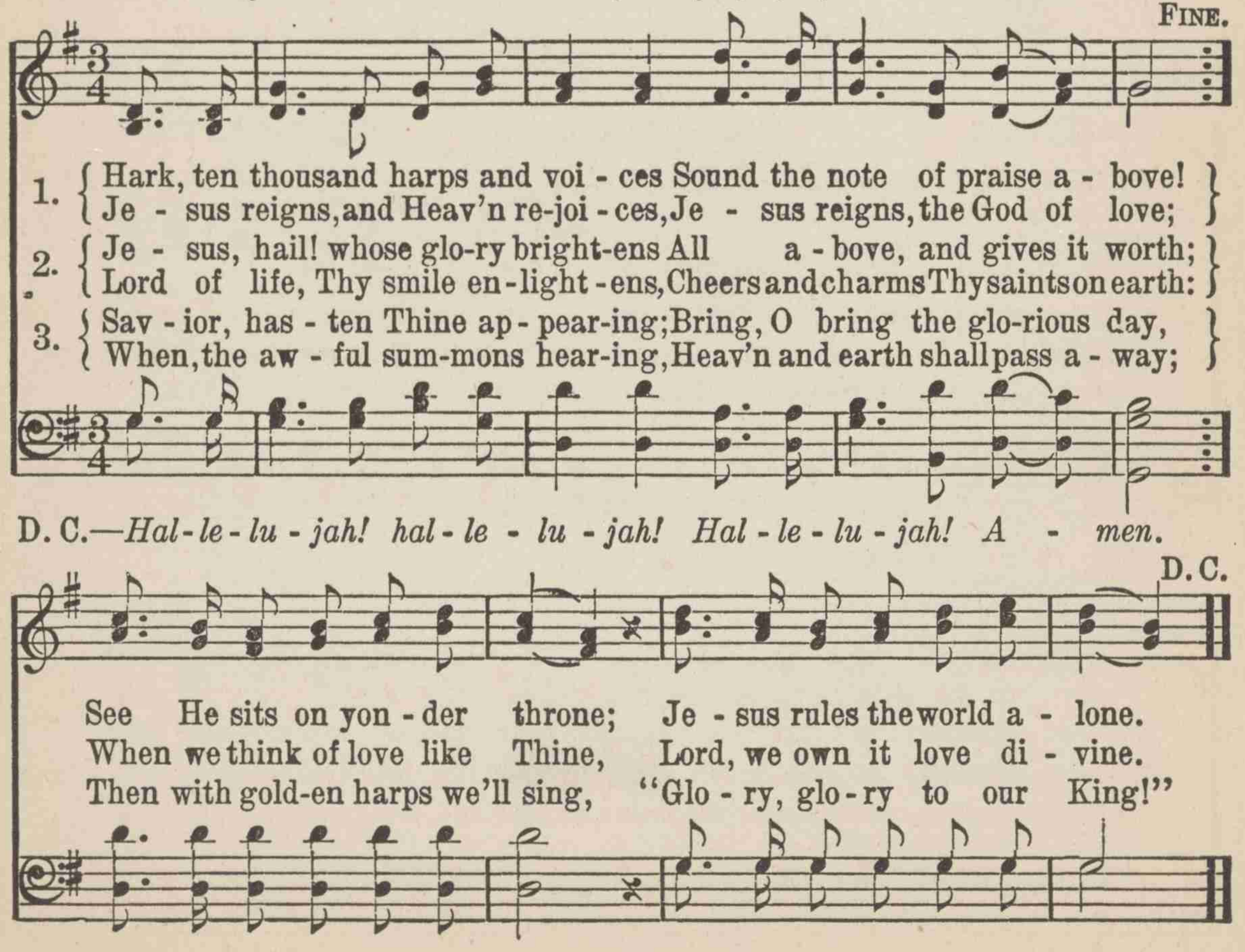
41 Father! Whate'er of Earthly Bliss.

Anne Steele. *Naomi. C. M.* Lowell Mason.



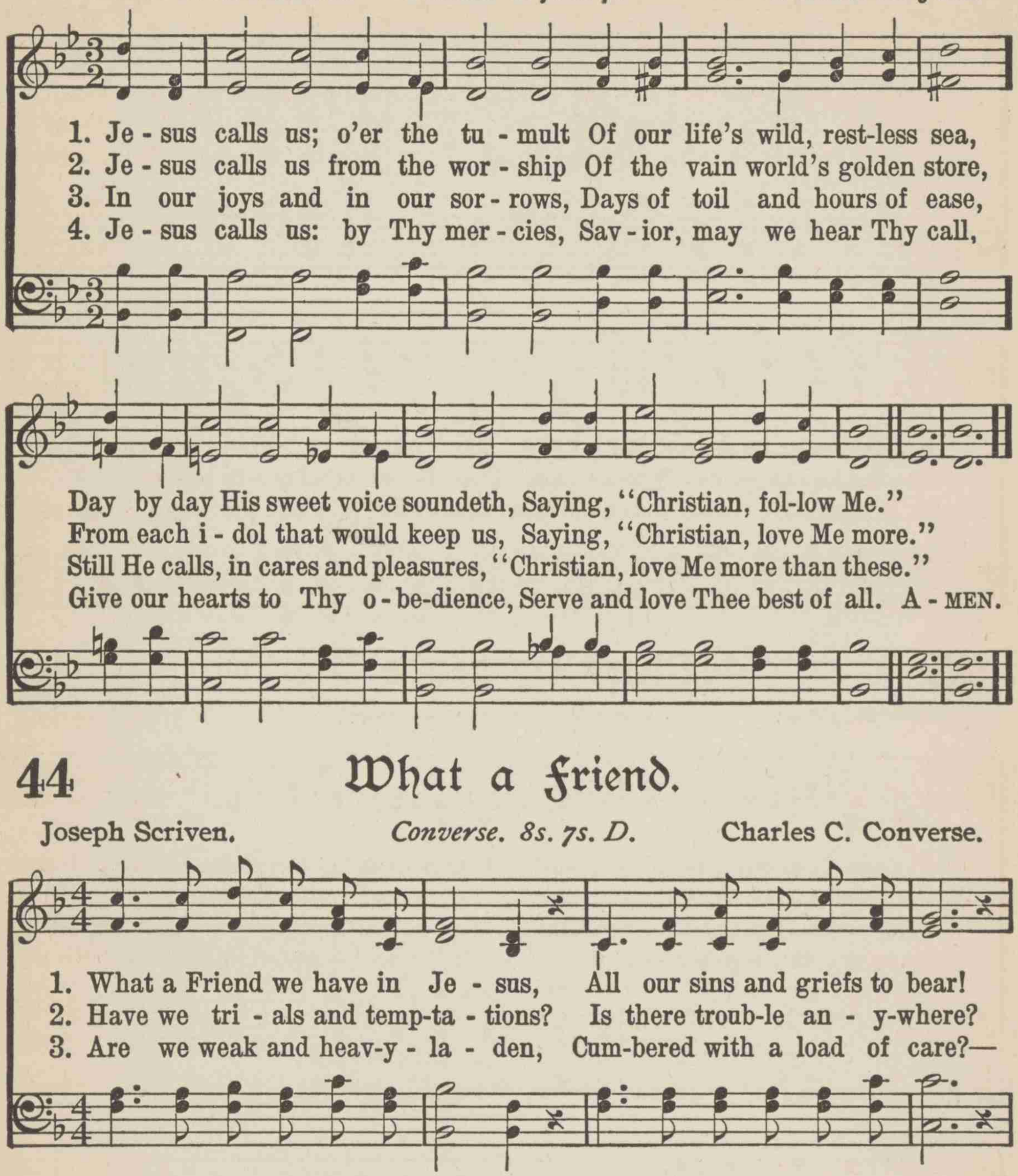
42 Hark! Ten Thousand Harps.

Thomas Kelly. *Harwell. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 7.* Lowell Mason.
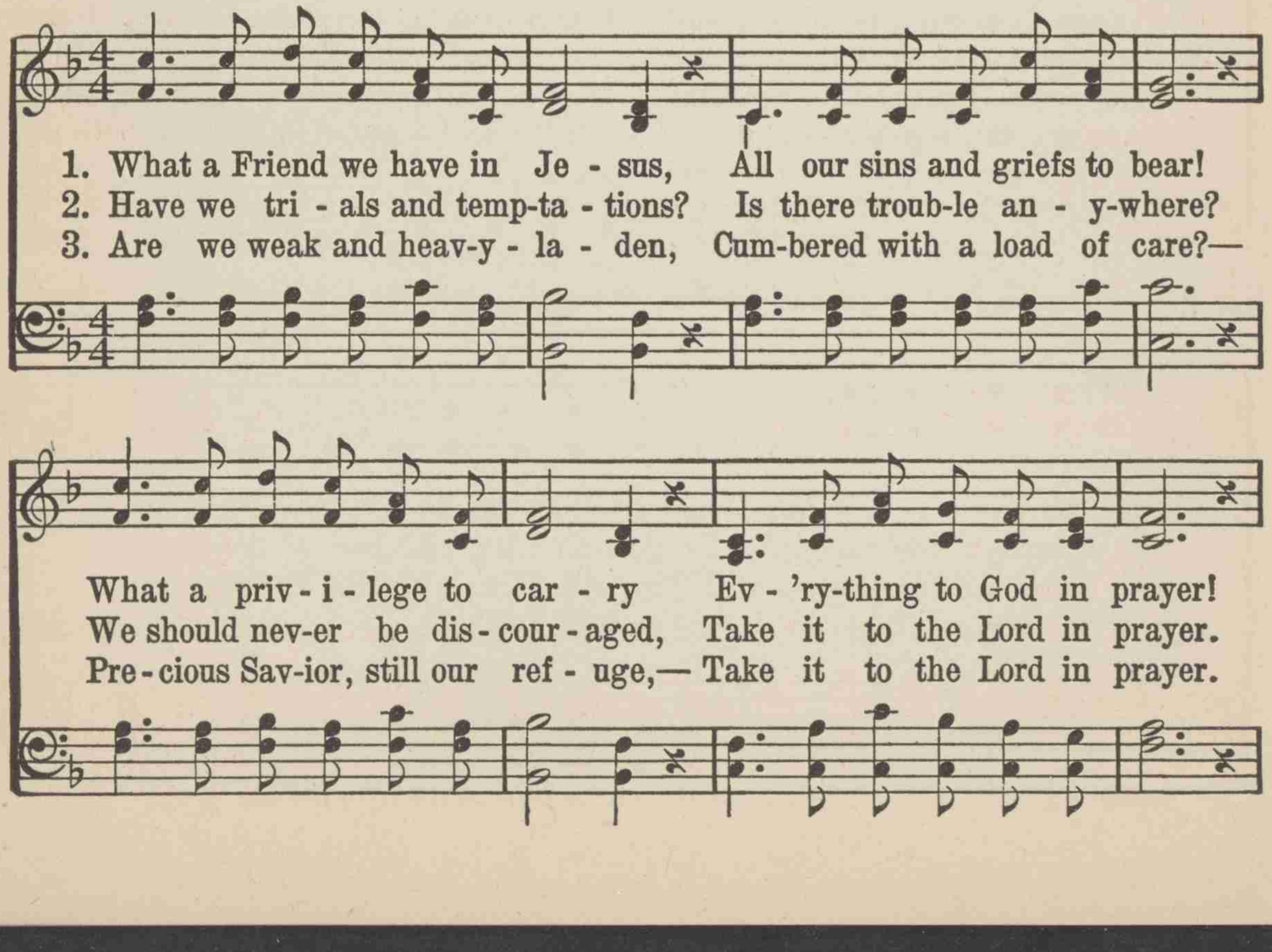


43 Jesus Calls Us.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. *Galilee. 8. 7. 8. 7.* William H. Jude.
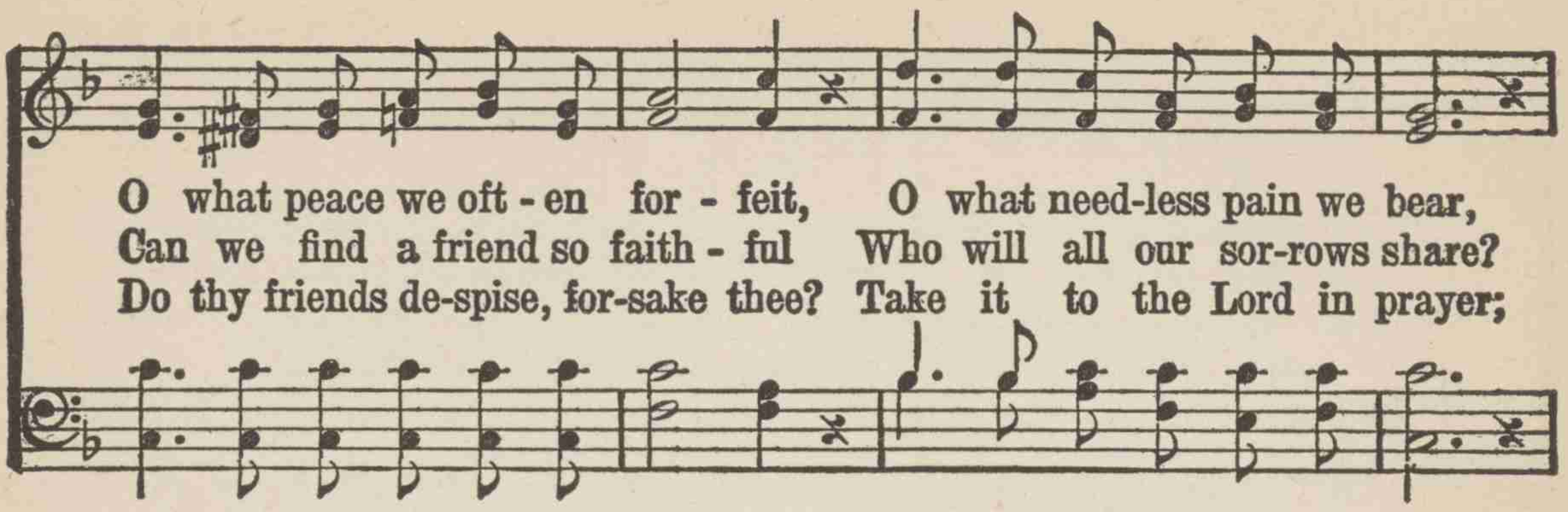


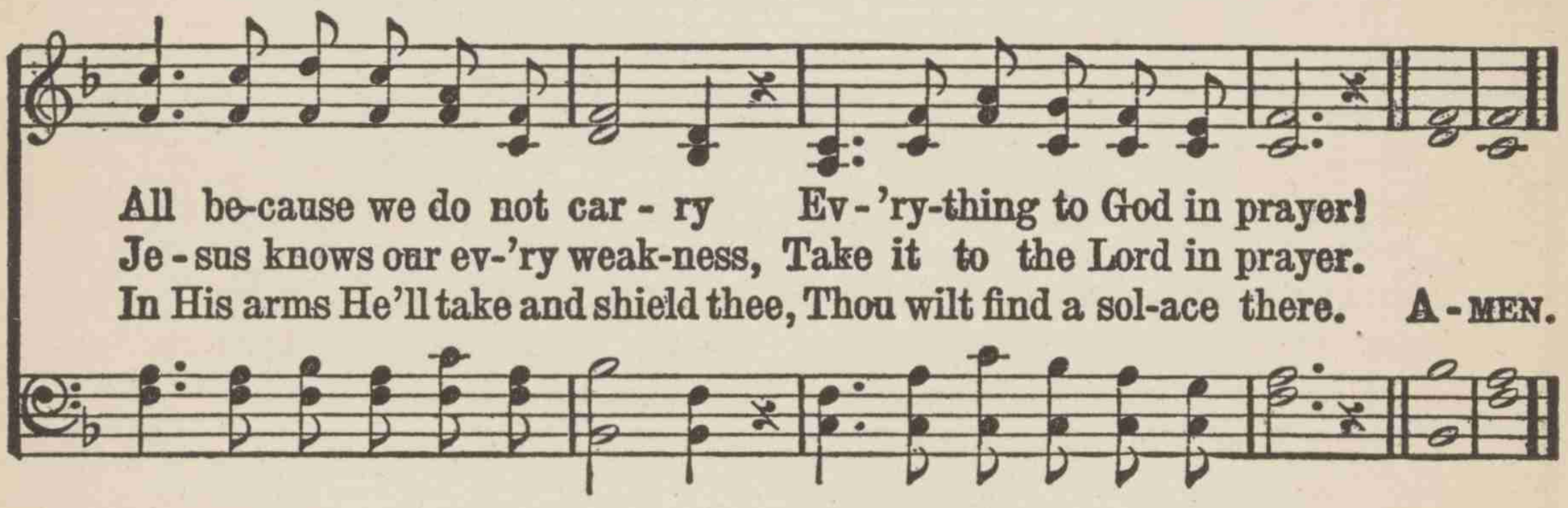
44 What a Friend.

Joseph Scriven. *Converse. 8s. 7s. D.* Charles C. Converse.



What a Friend.



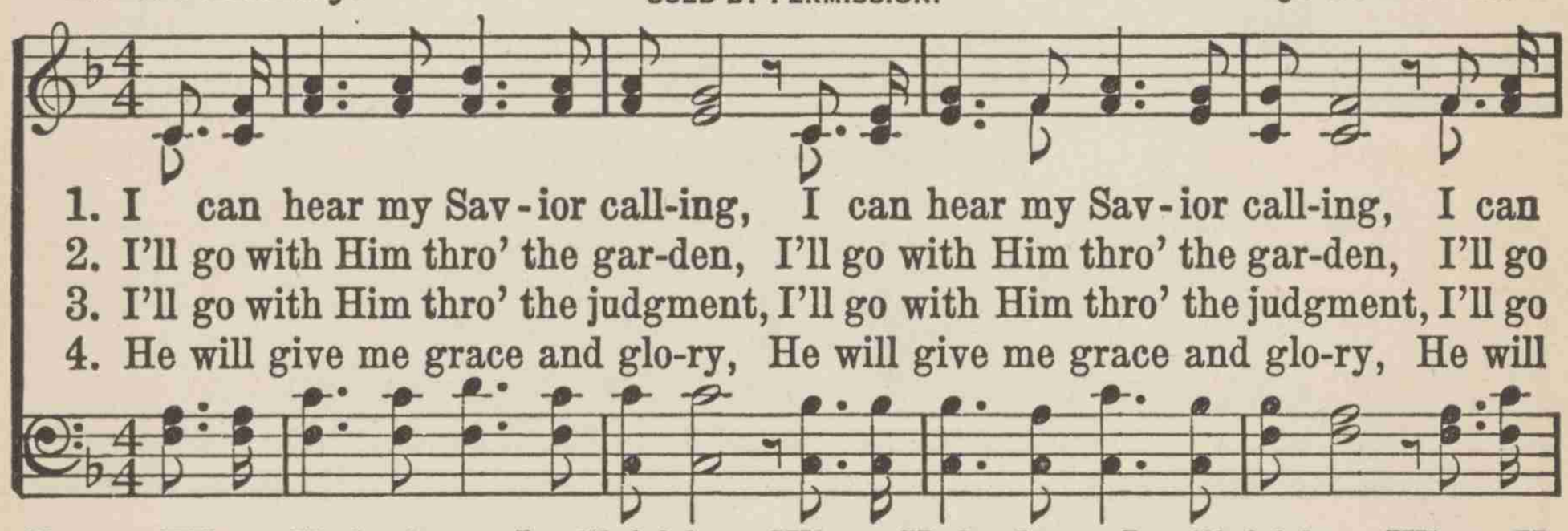


45 Where He Leads Me.

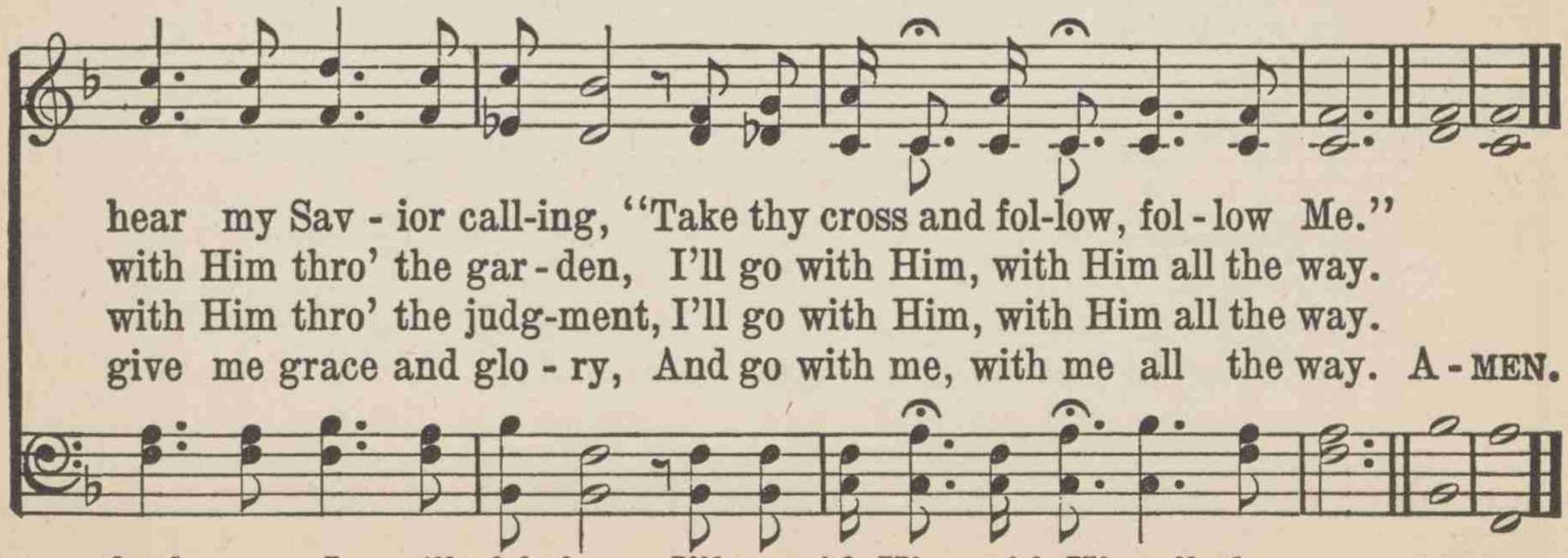
E. W. Blandly.

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J. S. Norris.
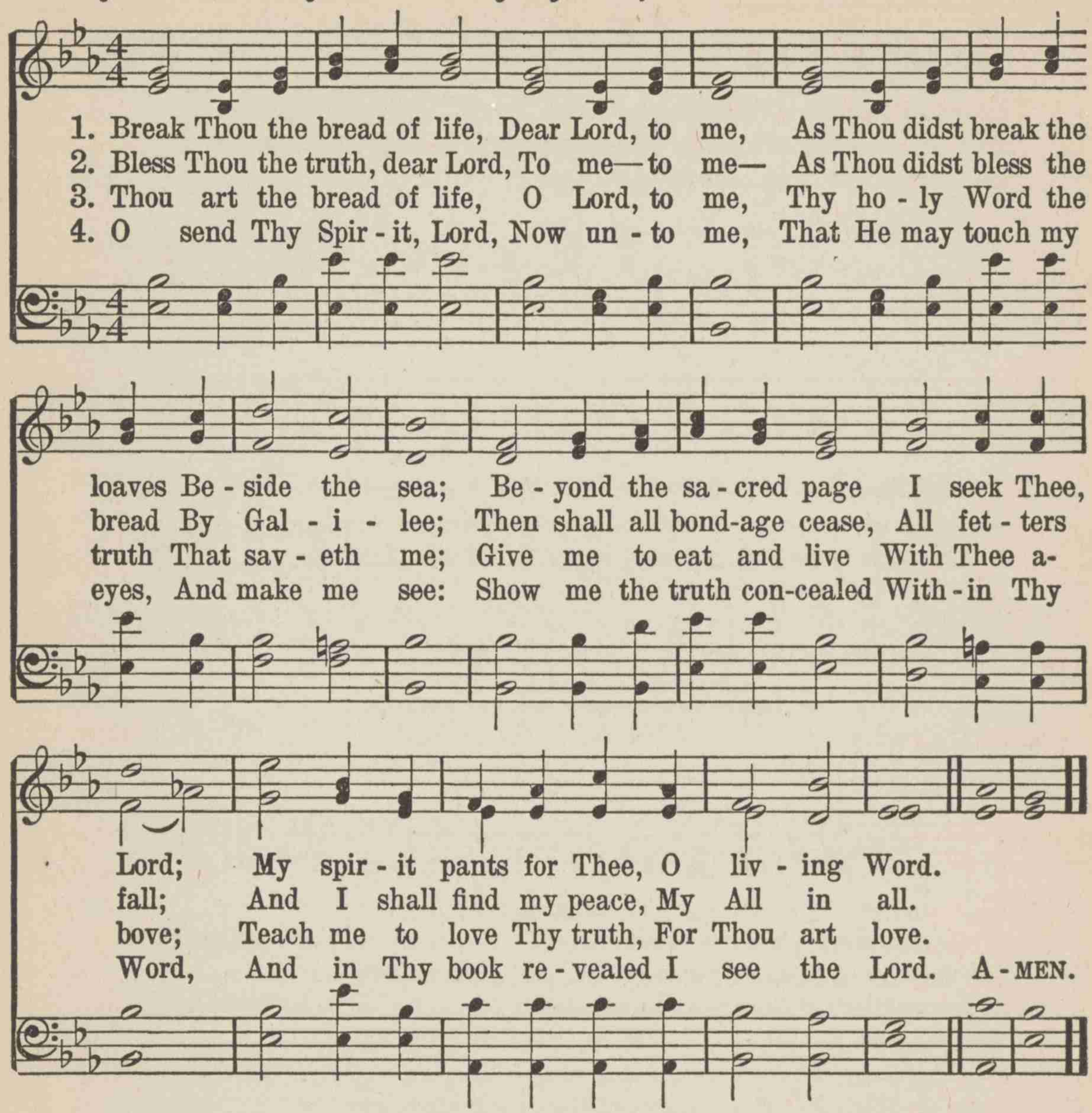


REF.—*Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He*



leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

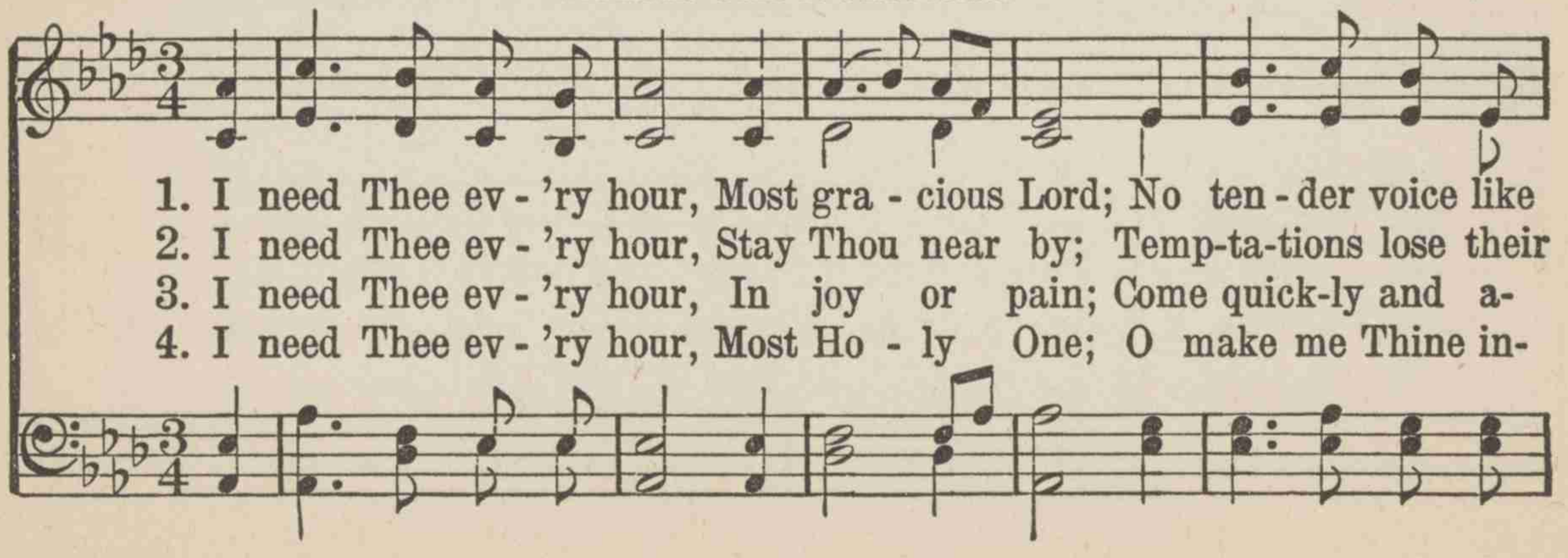
46 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. *Bread of Life. 6. 4. D.* William F. Sherwin.
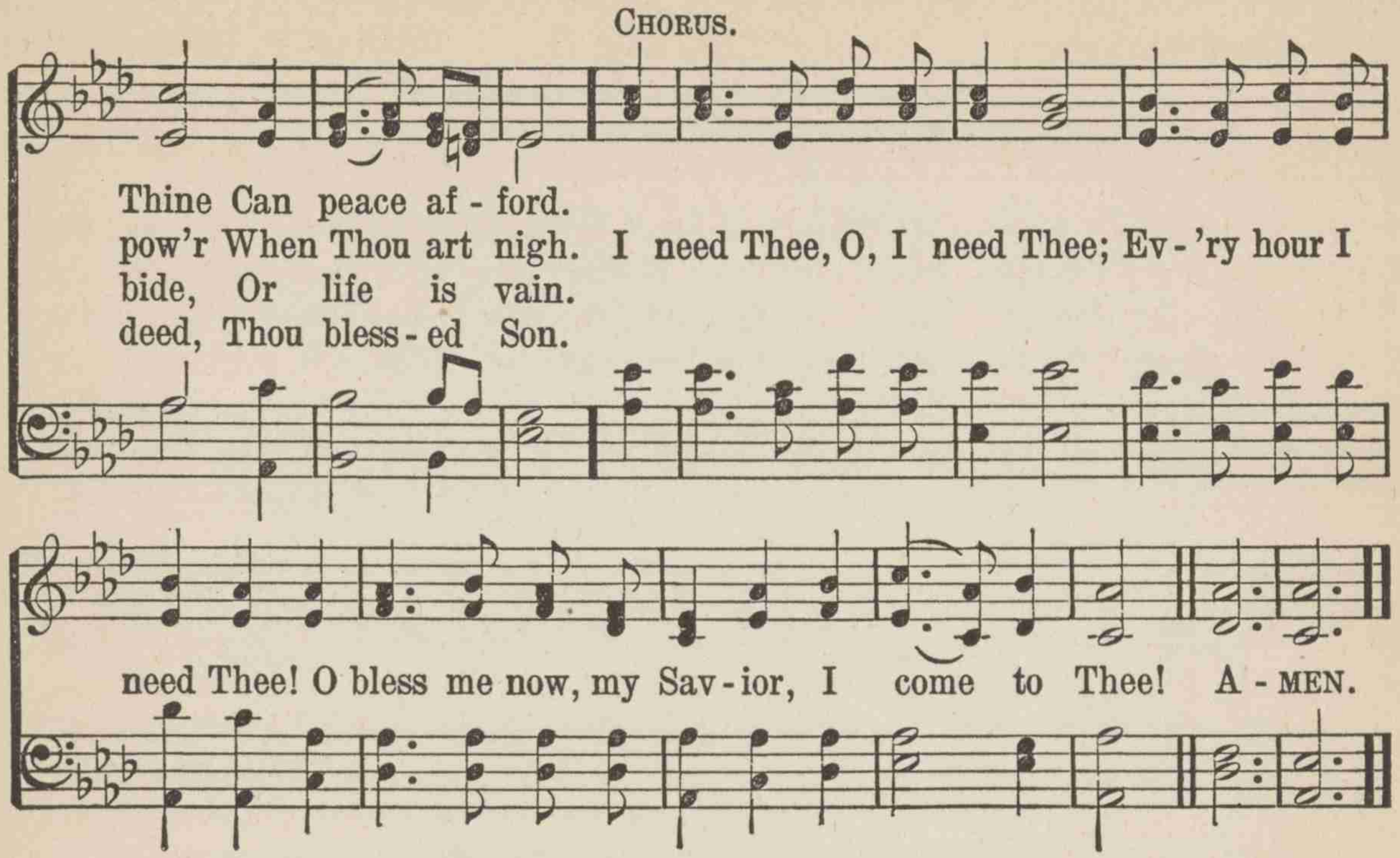


47 I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. Robert Lowry.



I Need Thee Every Hour.

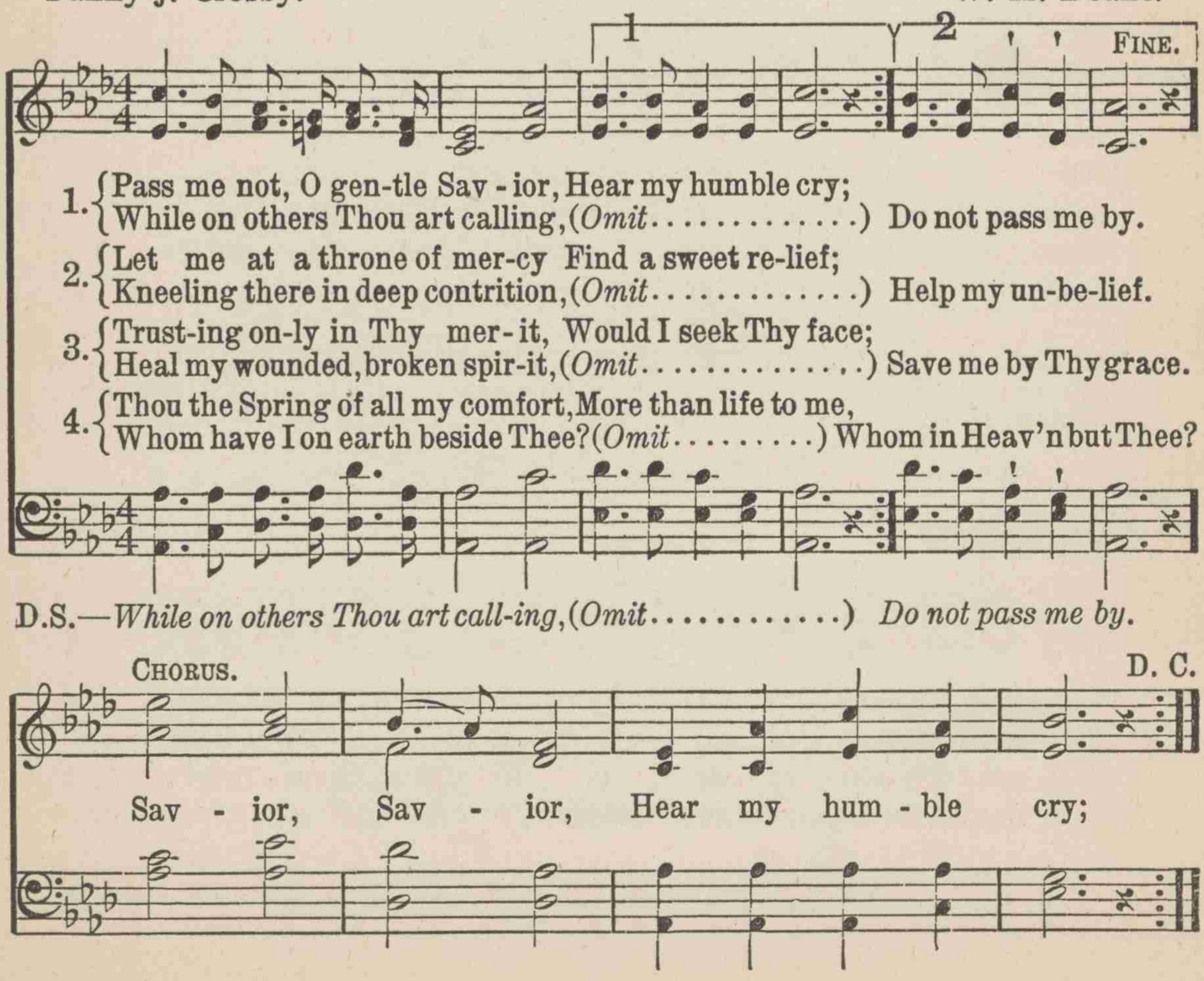
CHORUS.



48 Pass Me Not.

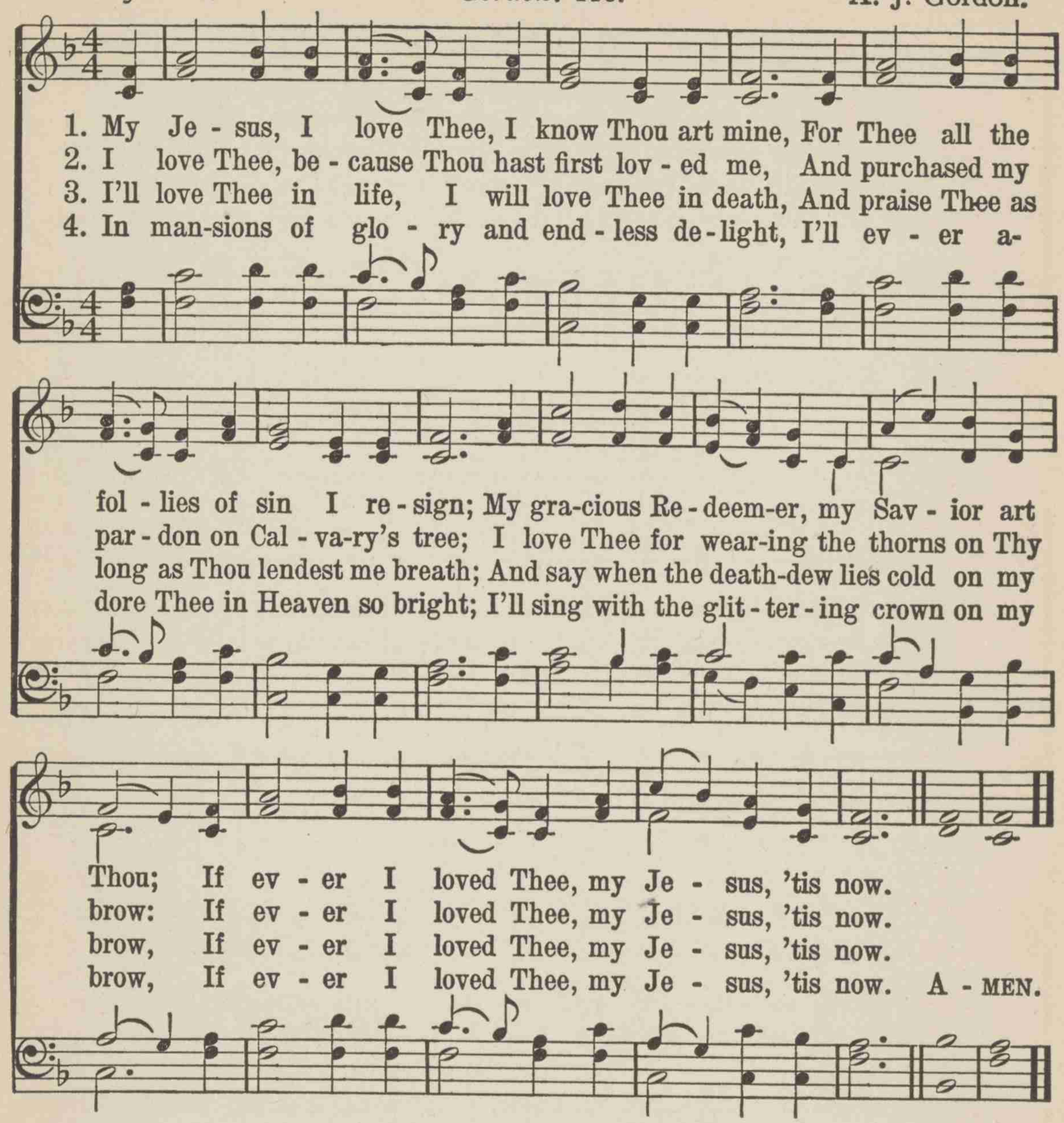
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Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



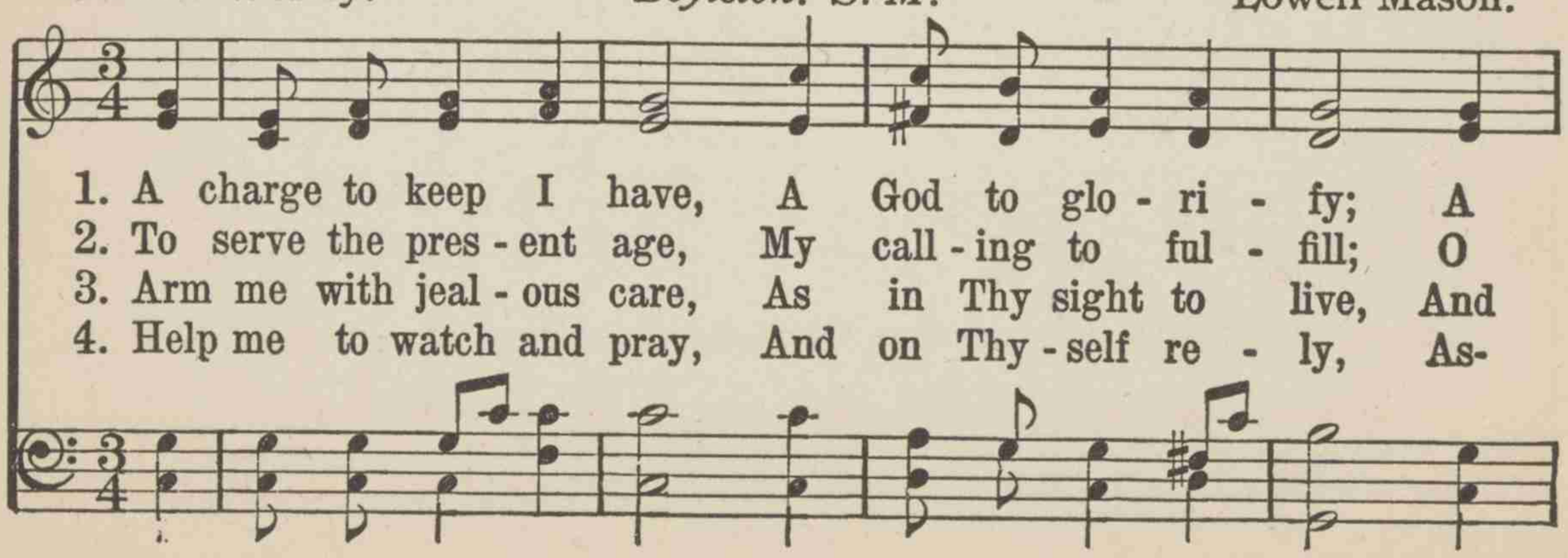
49 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

Anonymous. *Gordon. IIS.* A. J. Gordon.

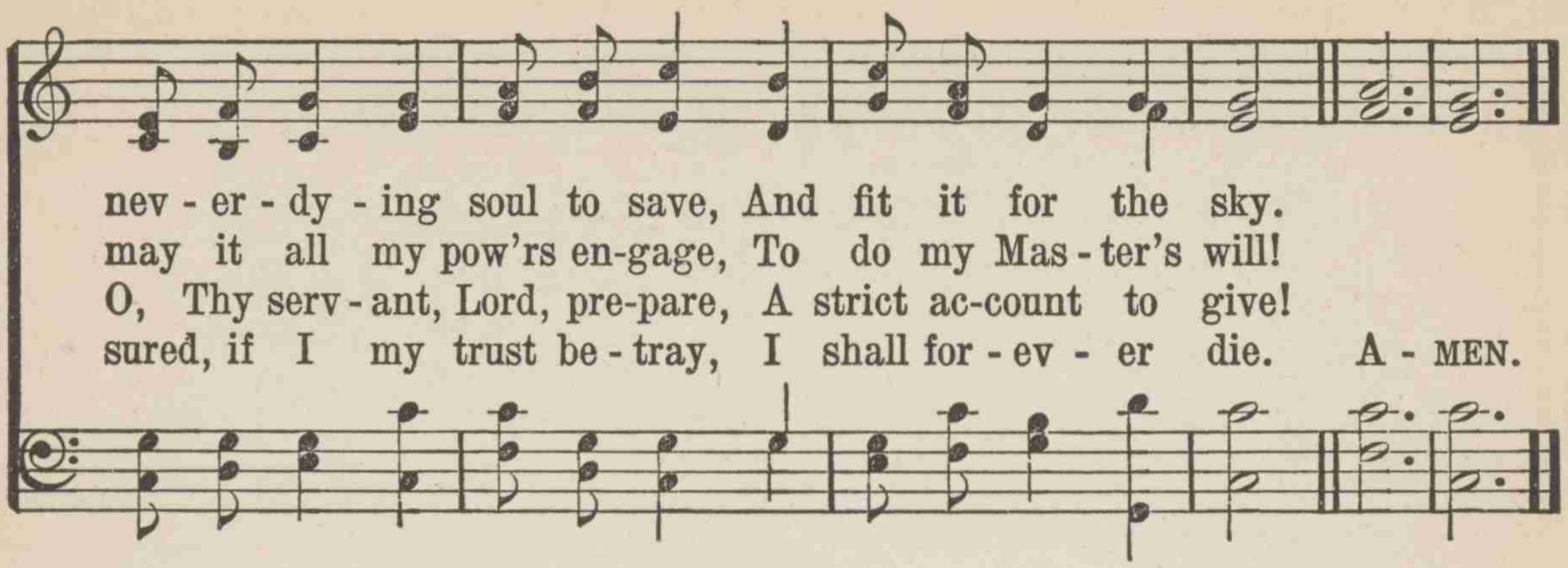


50 A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. *Boylston. S. M.* Lowell Mason.



A Charge to Keep.

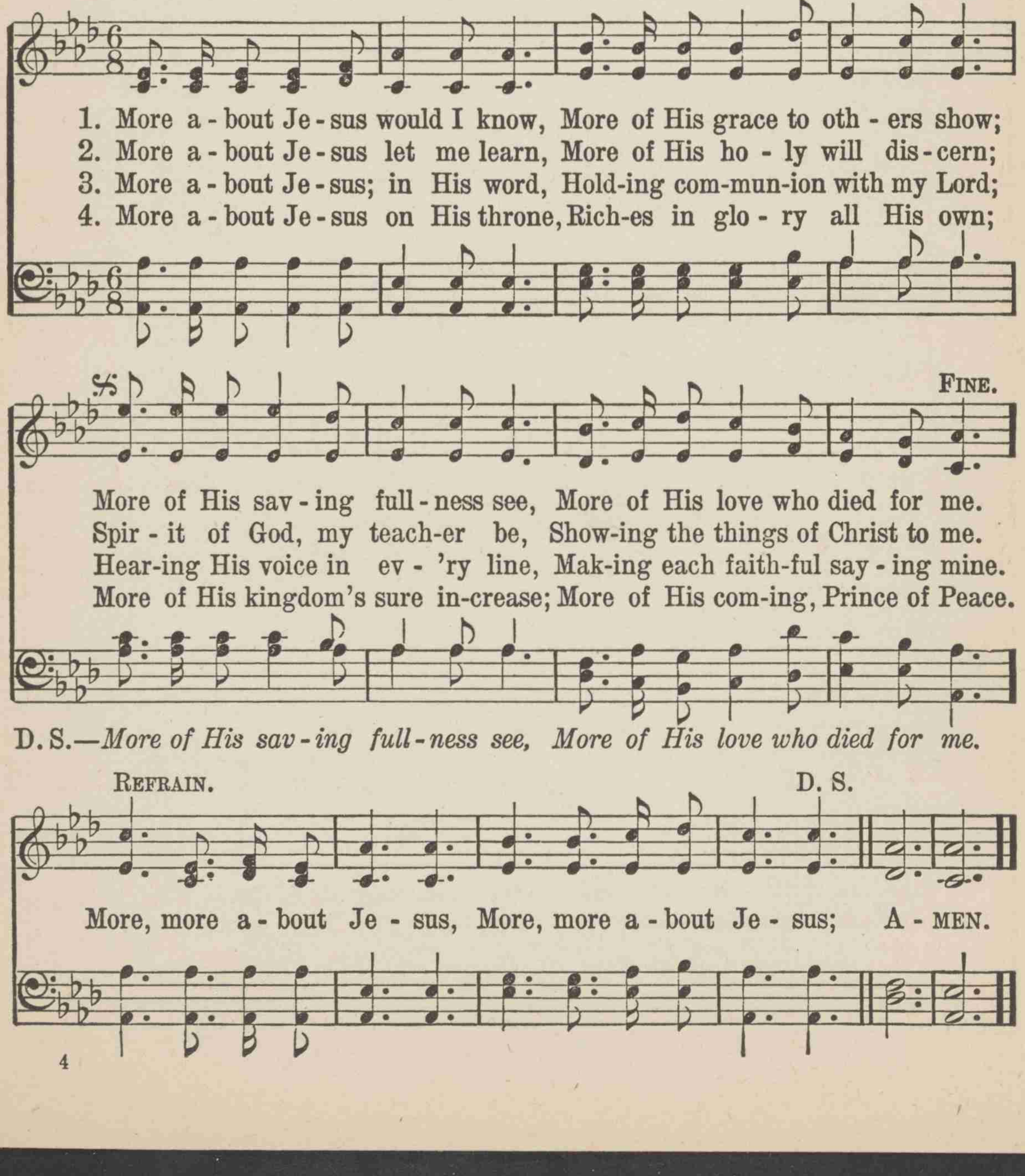


51 More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt.

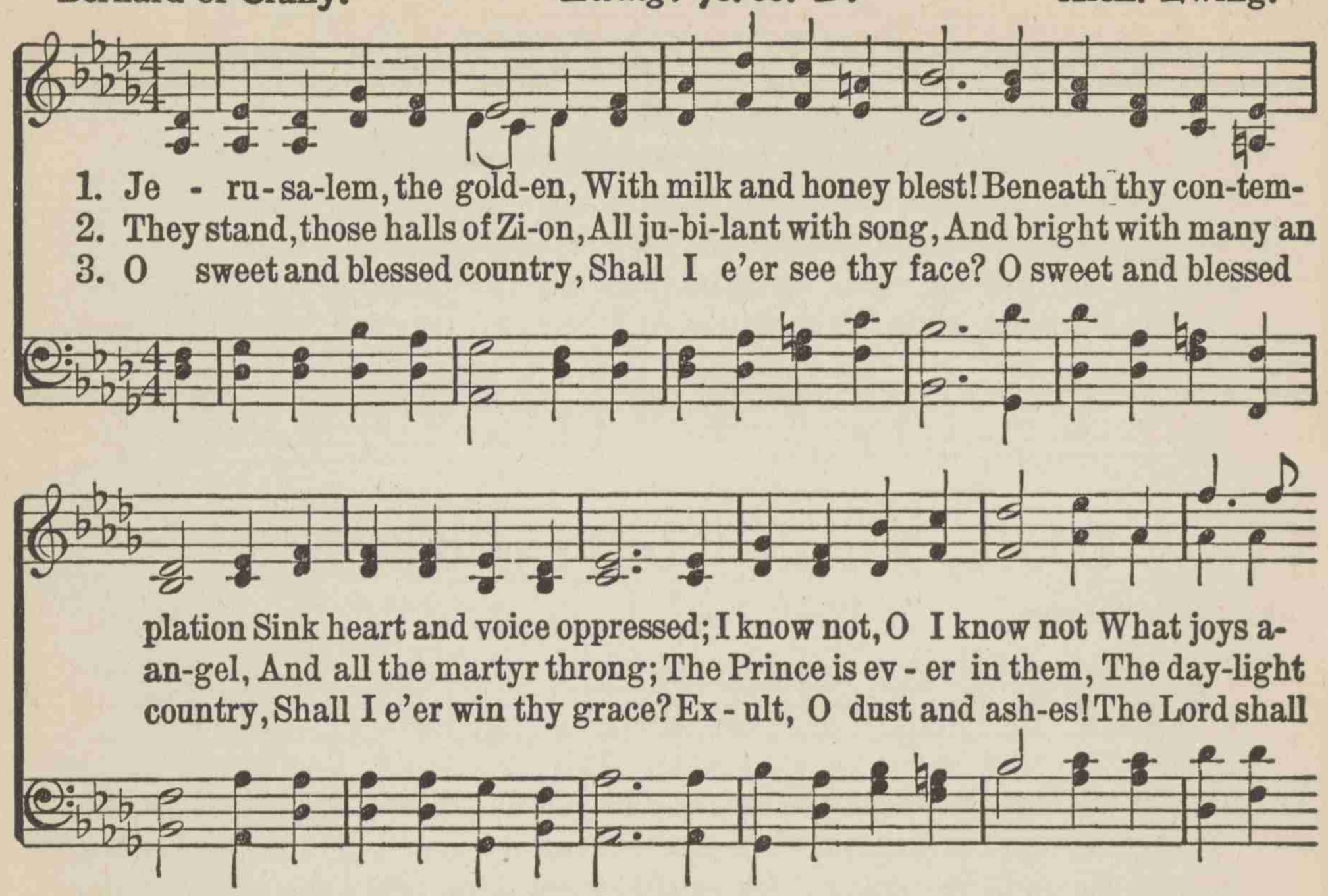
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Jno. R. Sweney.



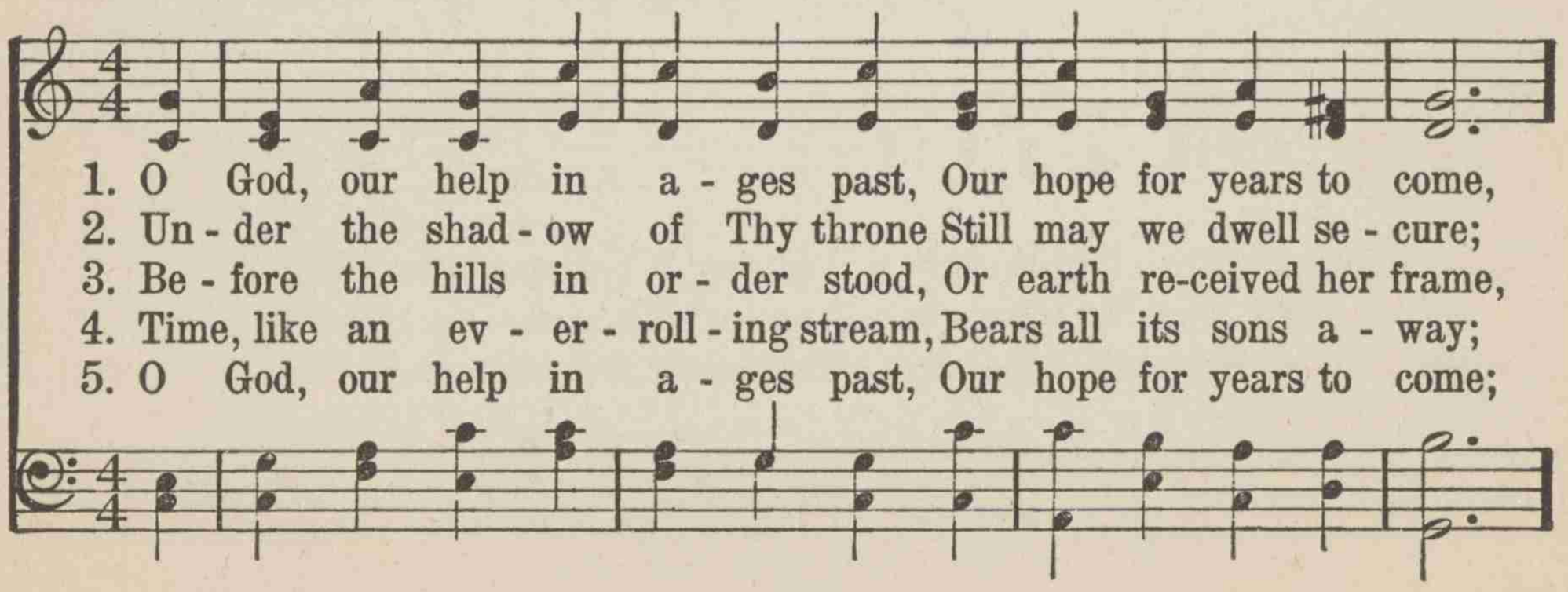
52 Jerusalem, the Golden.

Bernard of Cluny. *Ewing. 7s. 6s. D.* Alex. Ewing.

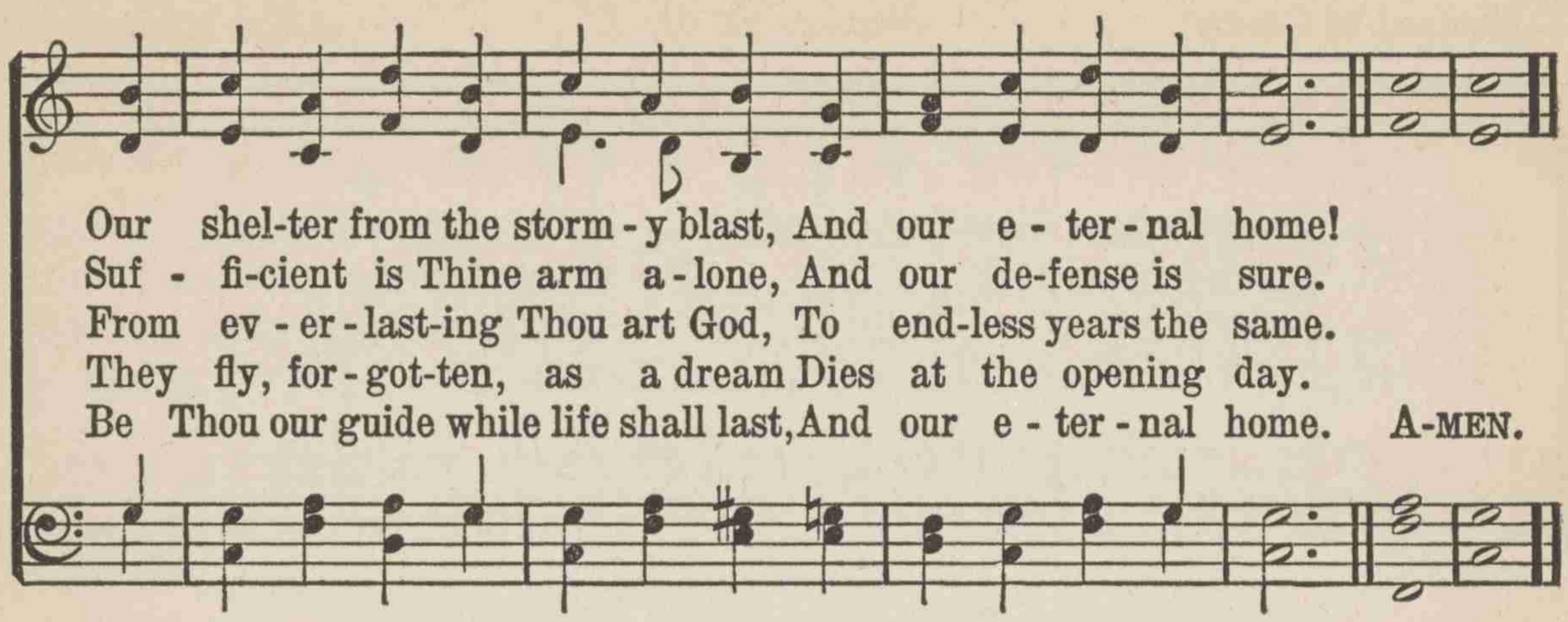


53 O God, Our Help.

Isaac Watts. *St. Anne. C. M.* William Croft.

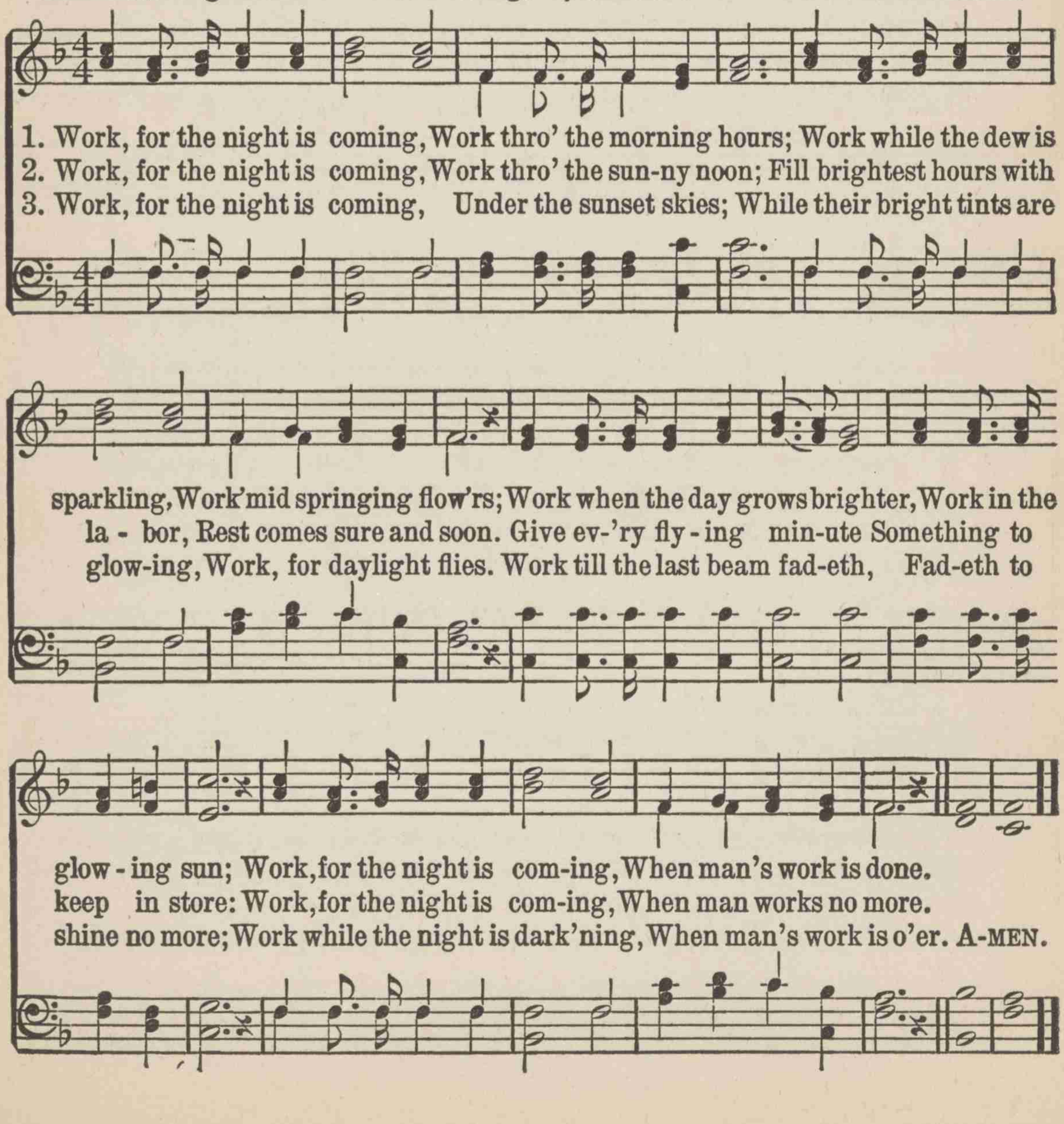


O God, Our Help.



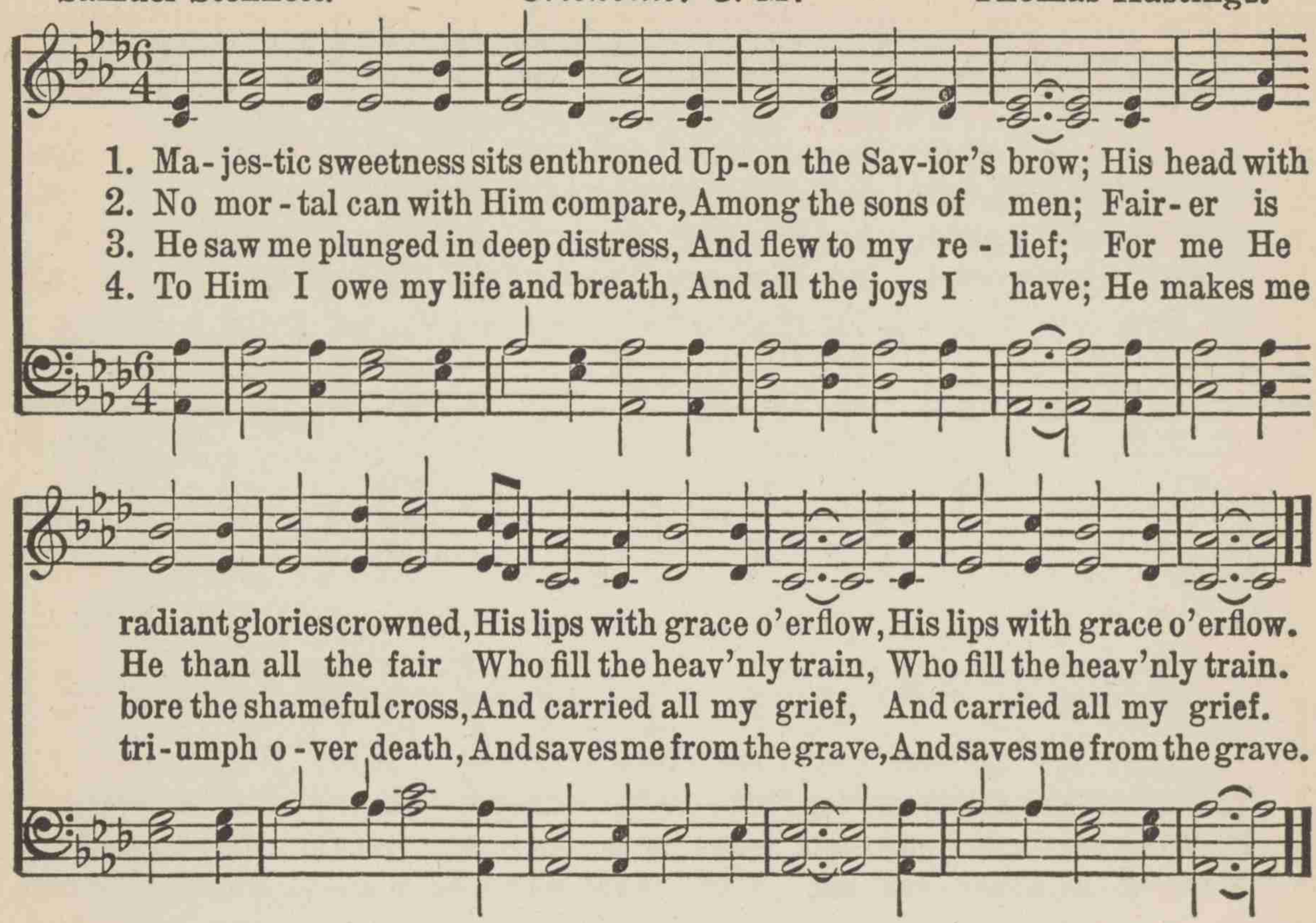
54 Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Coghill. *Work Song. 7s. 6s. D.* Lowell Mason.



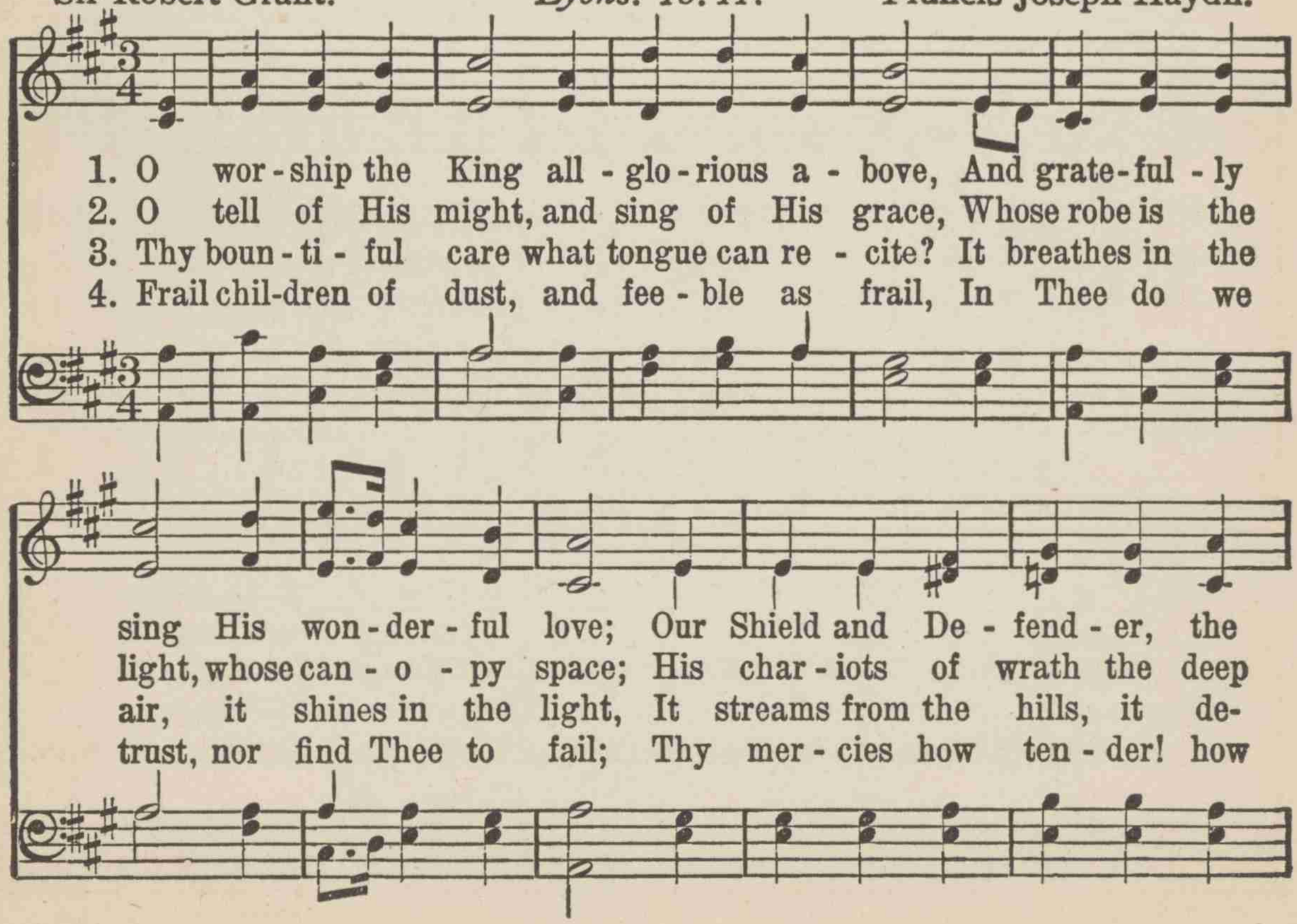
55 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett. *Ortonville. C. M.* Thomas Hastings.

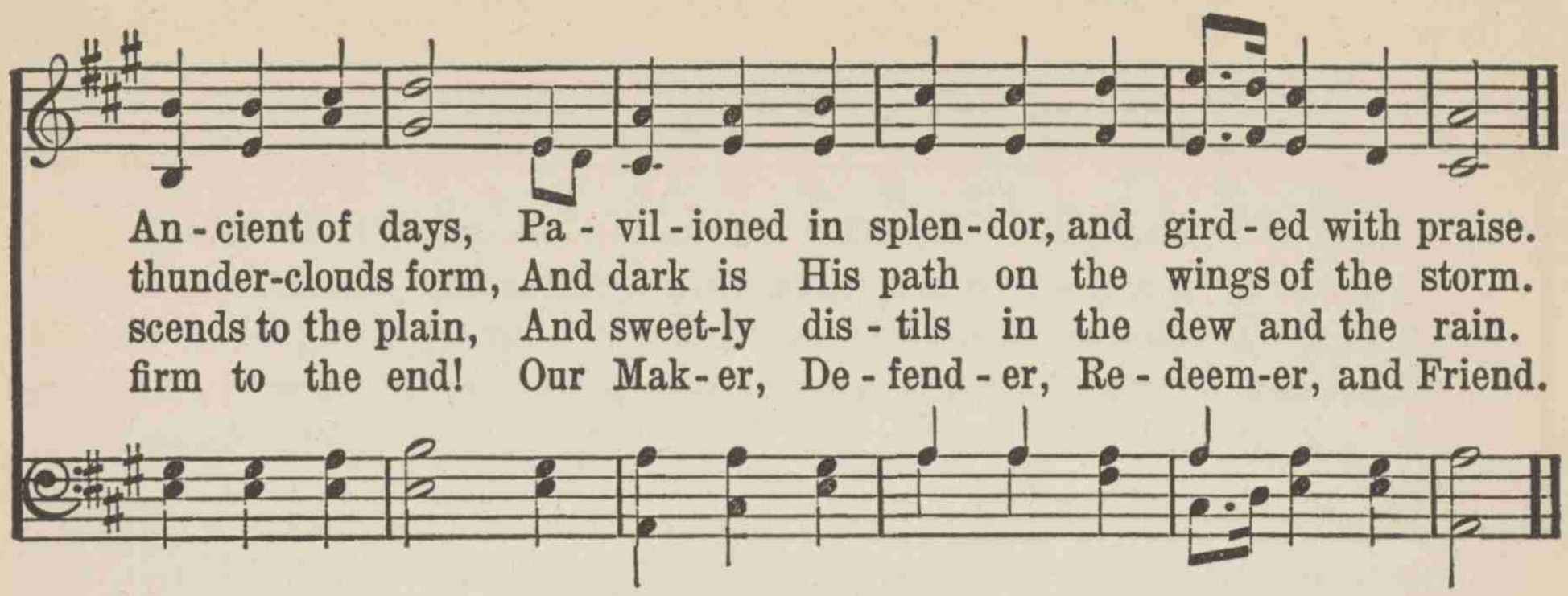


56 O Worship the King.

Sir Robert Grant. *Lyons. 10. 11.* Francis Joseph Haydn.
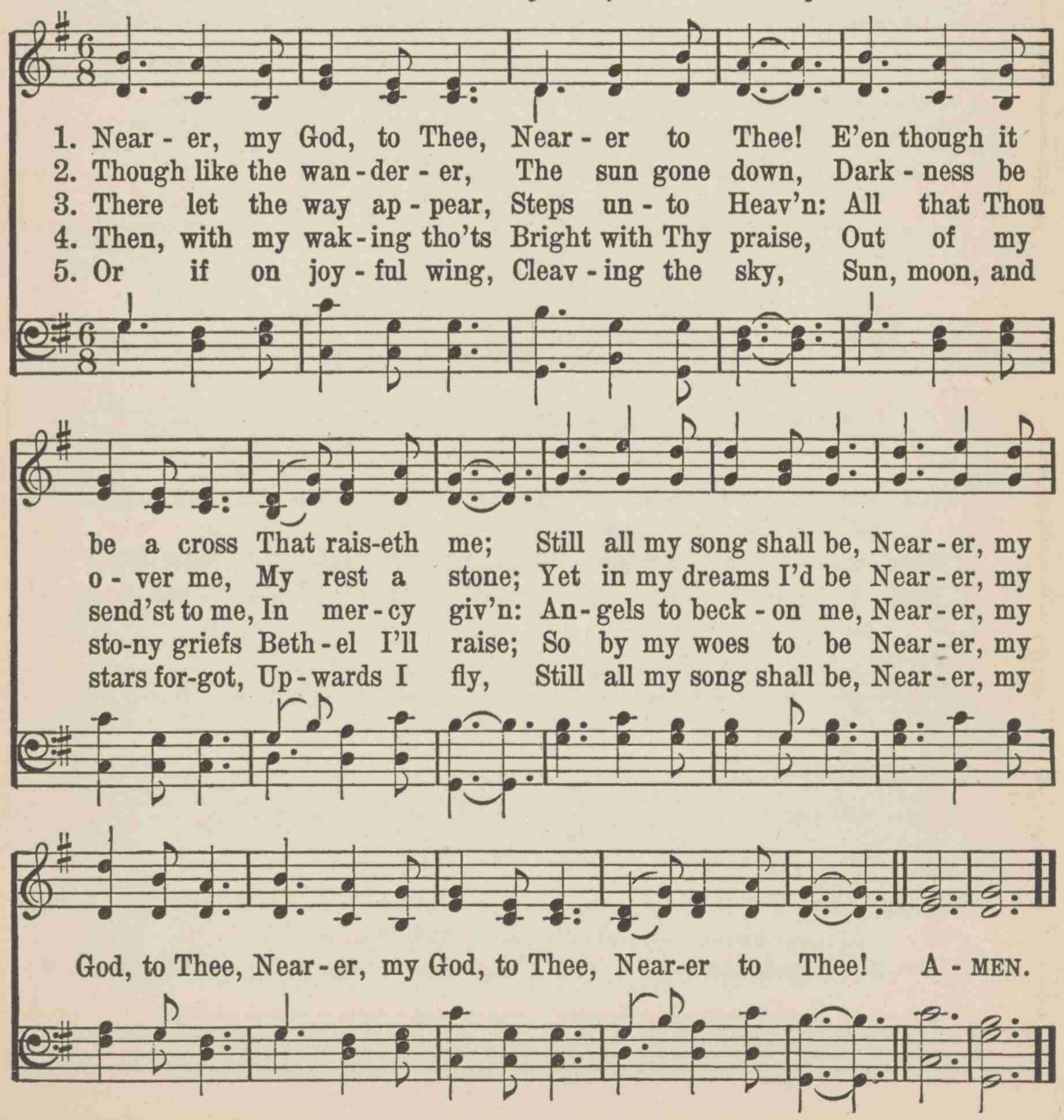


O Worship the King.



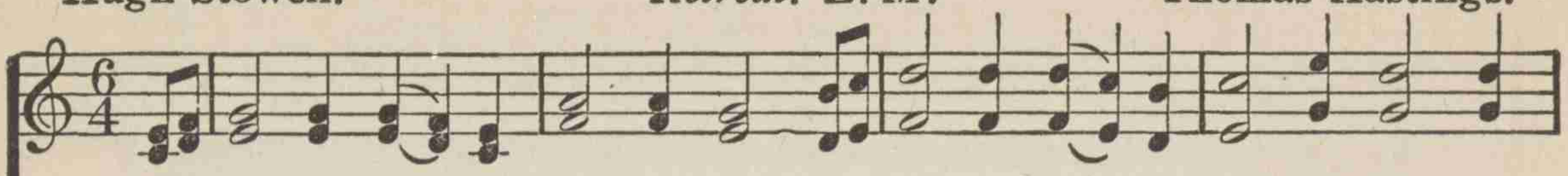
57 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. *Bethany. 6. 4.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.

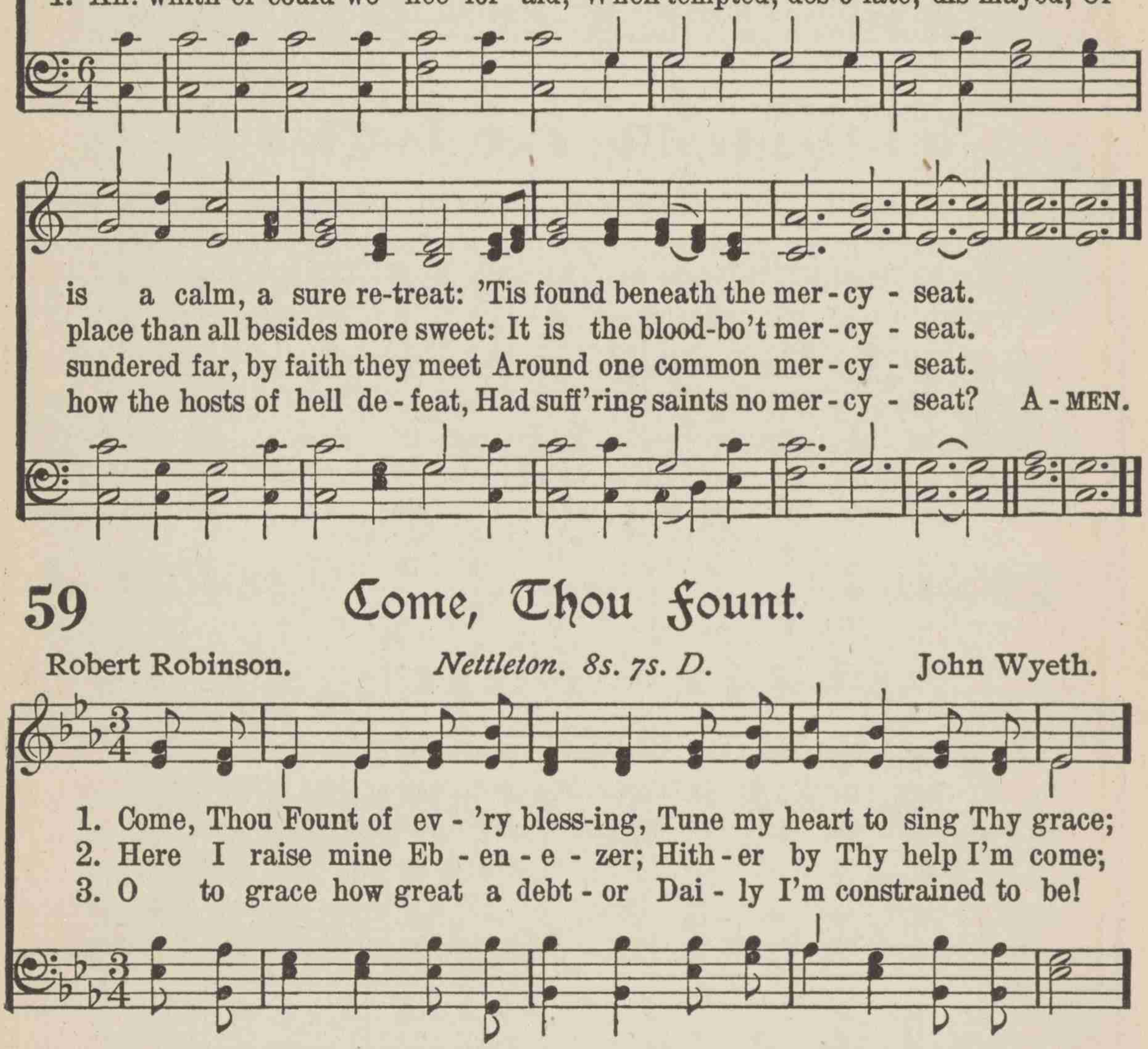


58 From Every Stormy Wind.

Hugh Stowell. *Retreat. L. M.* Thomas Hastings.



1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes, There
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads; A
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho'
4. Ah! whith-er could we flee for aid, When tempted, des-o-late, dis-mayed; Or
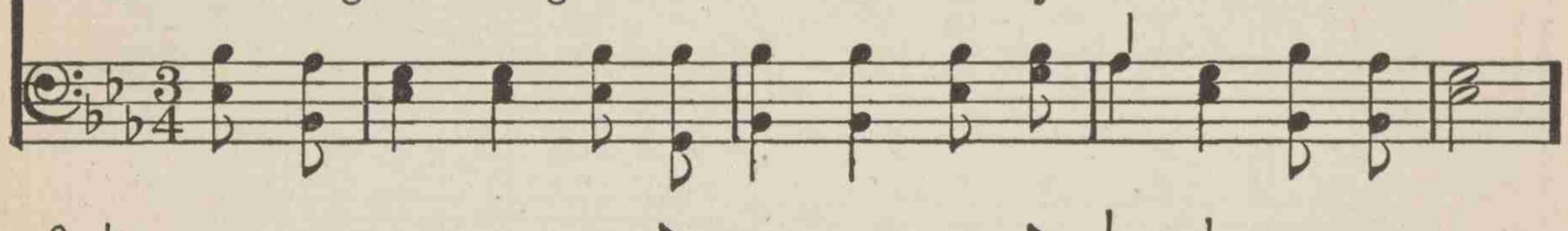


is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis found beneath the mer-cy - seat.
place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bo't mer-cy - seat.
sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mer-cy - seat.
how the hosts of hell de-feat, Had suff'ring saints no mer-cy - seat? A-MEN.
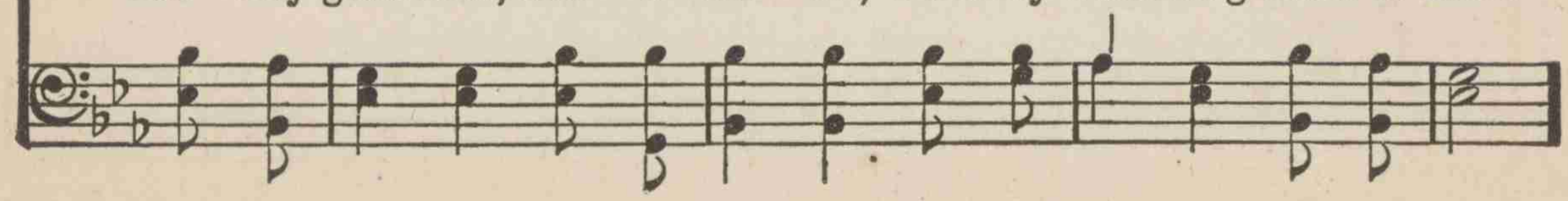
59 Come, Thou Fount.

Robert Robinson. *Nettleton. 8s. 7s. D.* John Wyeth.

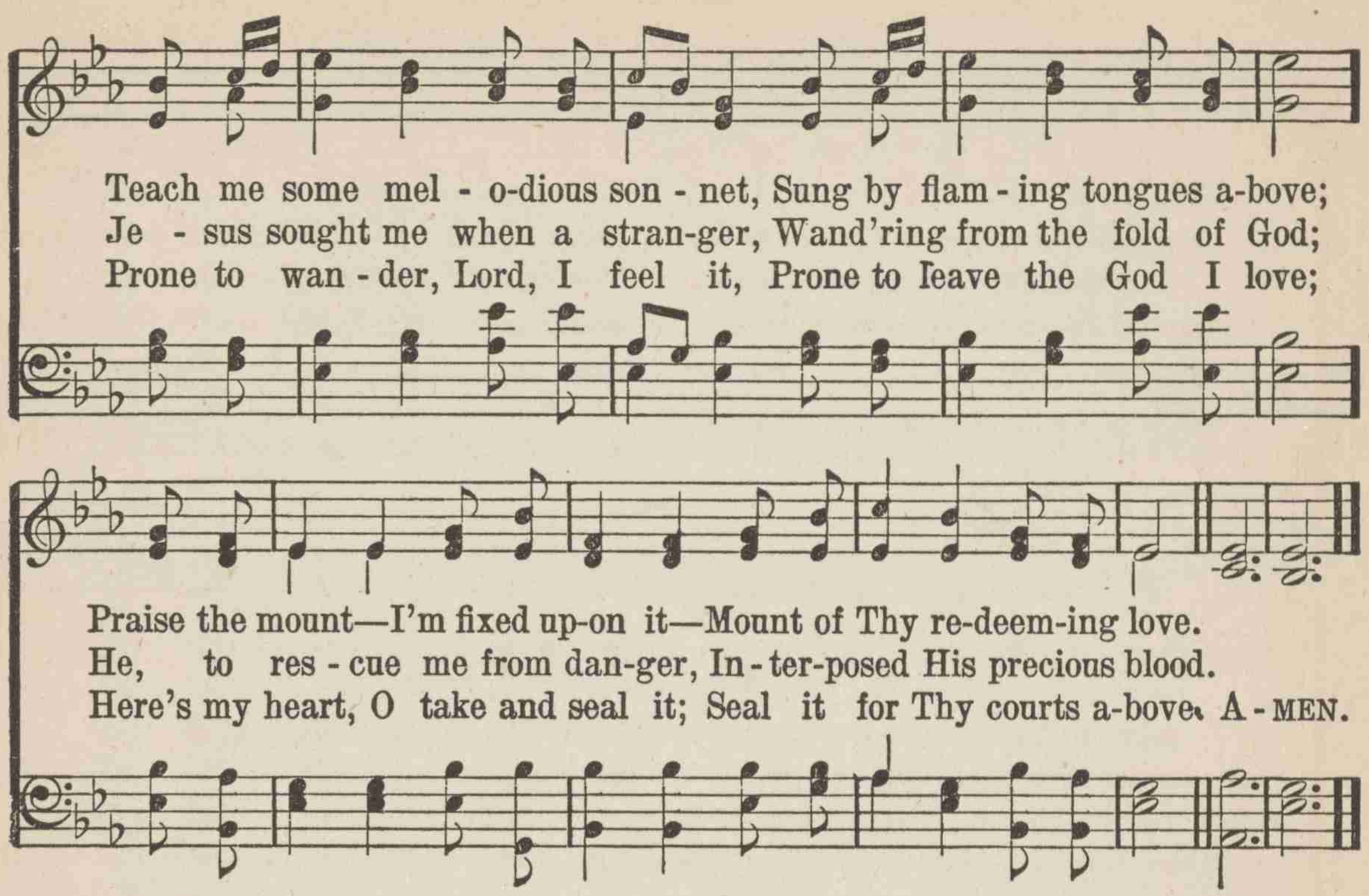
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine Eb-en-e-zer; Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm constrained to be!



Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:

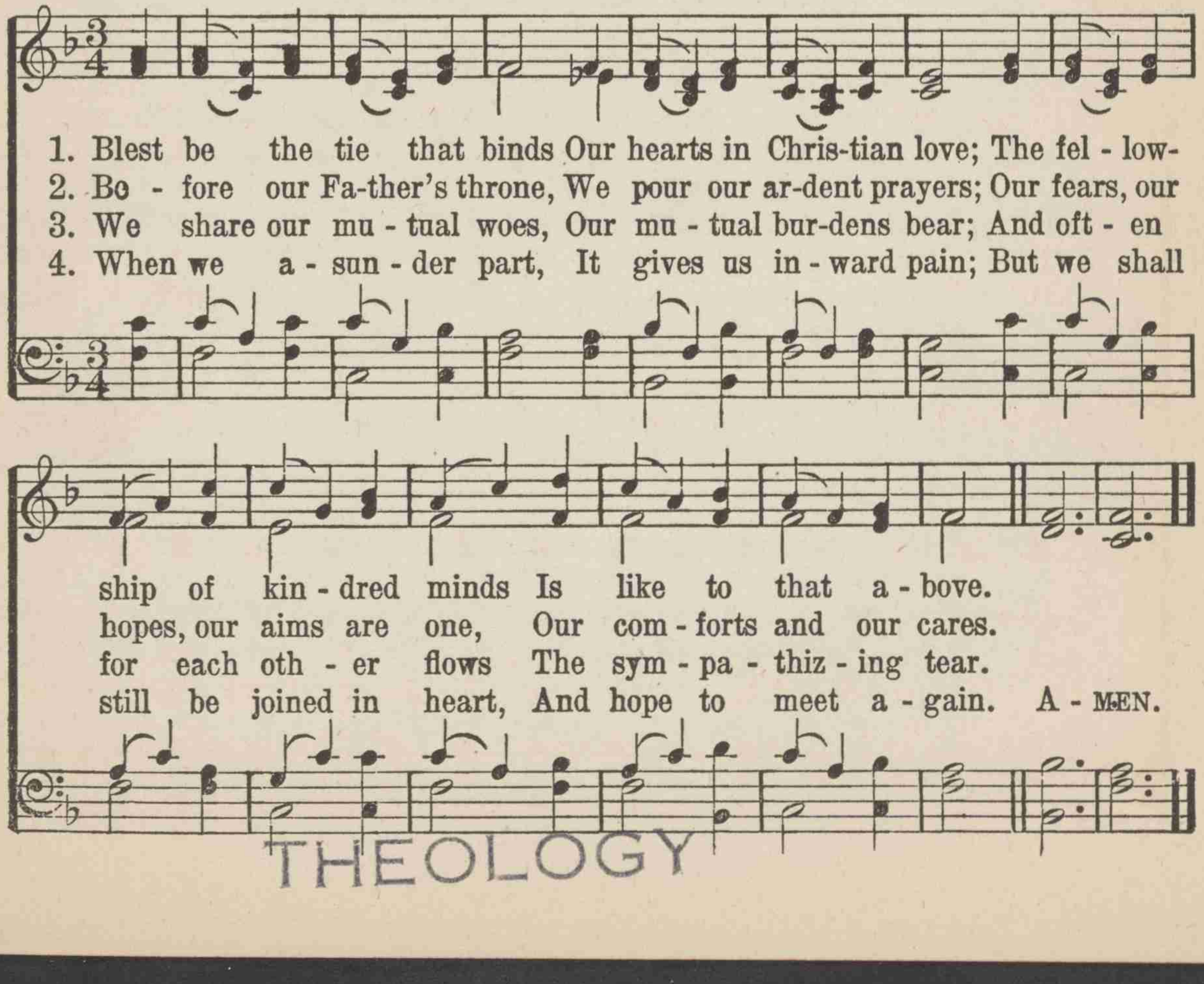


Come, Thou Fount.



60 Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. *Dennis. S. M.* Hans G. Naegeli.
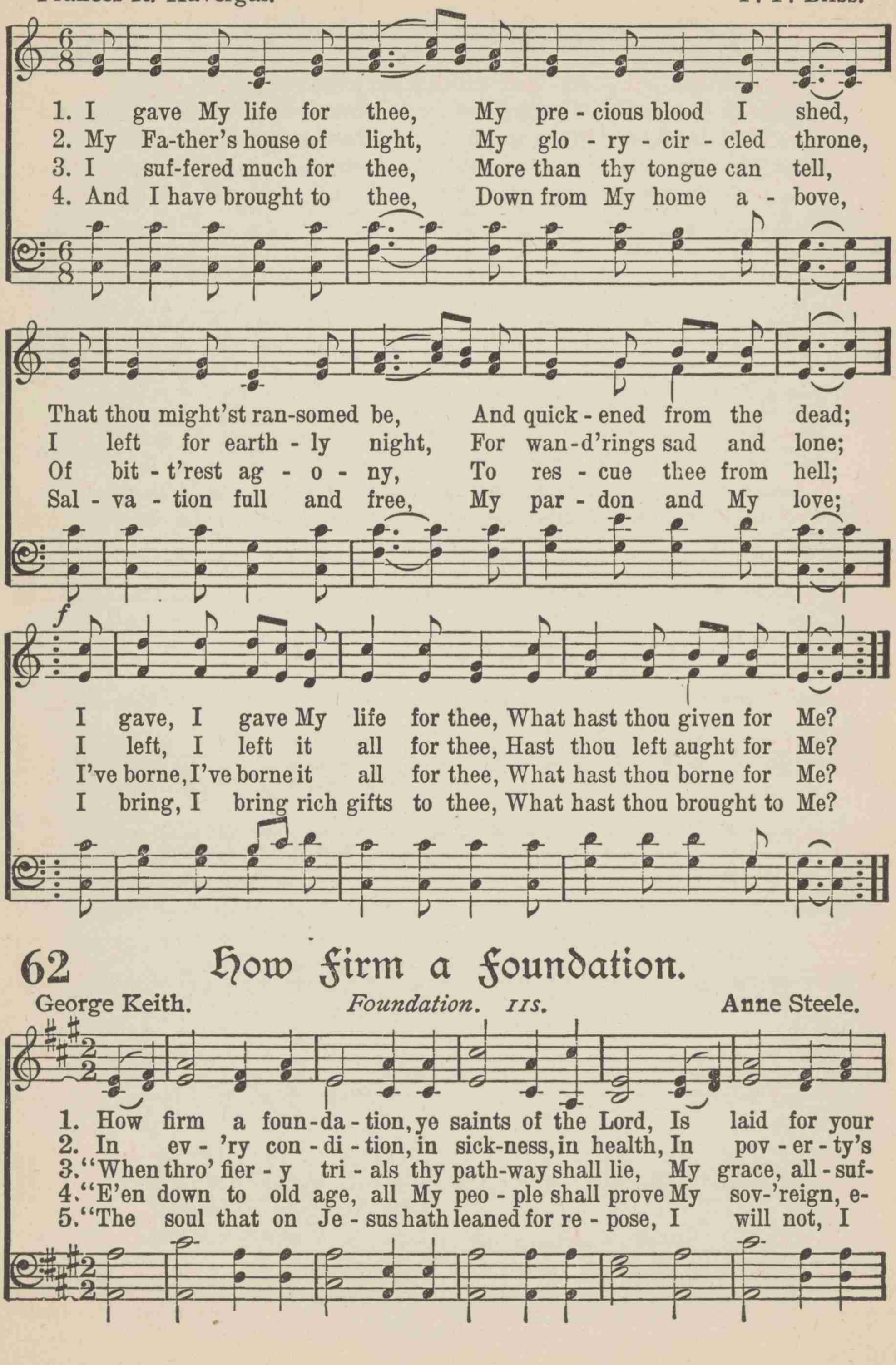


THEOLOGY

61 I Gave My Life for Thee.

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Frances R. Havergal. P. P. Bliss.



62 How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *Foundation.* IIS. Anne Steele.

How Firm a Foundation.

faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
vale, or a - bound-ing in wealth; At home and a - broad, on the
fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply; The flame shall not hurt thee;—I
ter - nal, un - change-a - ble love; And when hoar - y hairs shall their
will not de - sert to its foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-

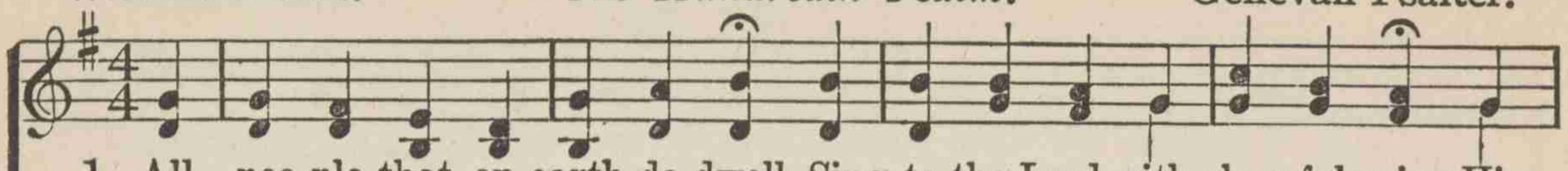
you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
land, on the sea, As your days may demand, shall your strength ever be.
on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re - fine.
tem-ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in My bos - om be borne.
deav-or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for-sake!" A-MEN.

63 How Firm a Foundation.

[Second Tune.] *Portuguese Hymn. 11s.* Unknown.
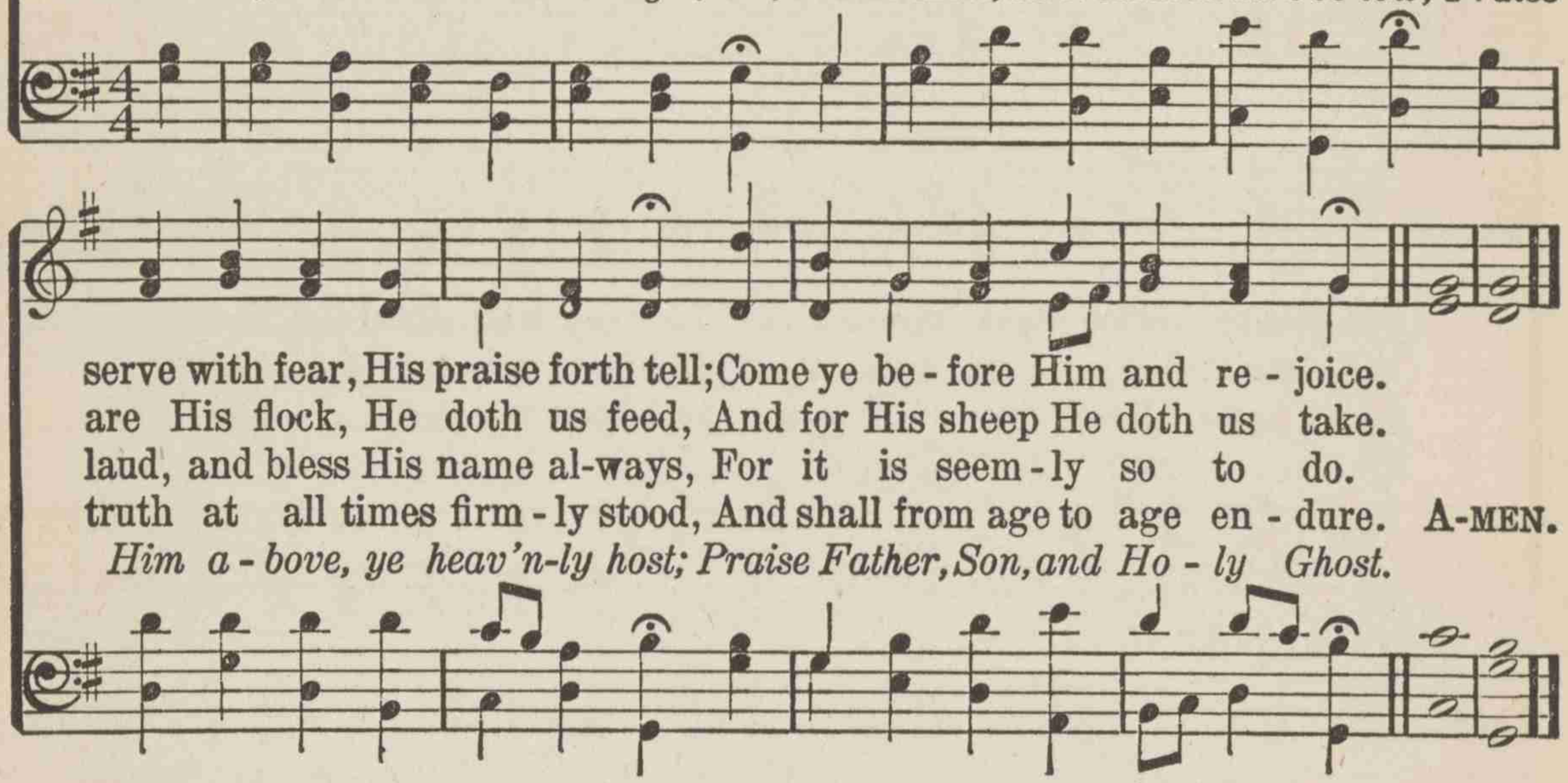
64 All People That On Earth Do Dwell.

William Kethe. *The Hundredth Psalm.* Genevan Psalter.



1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice; Him
2. The Lord, ye know, is God in-deed, With-out our aid He did us make; We
3. O en-ter then His gates with ; raise, Approach with joy His courts un-to: Praise,
4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer-cy is for-ev-er sure; His

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low; Praise
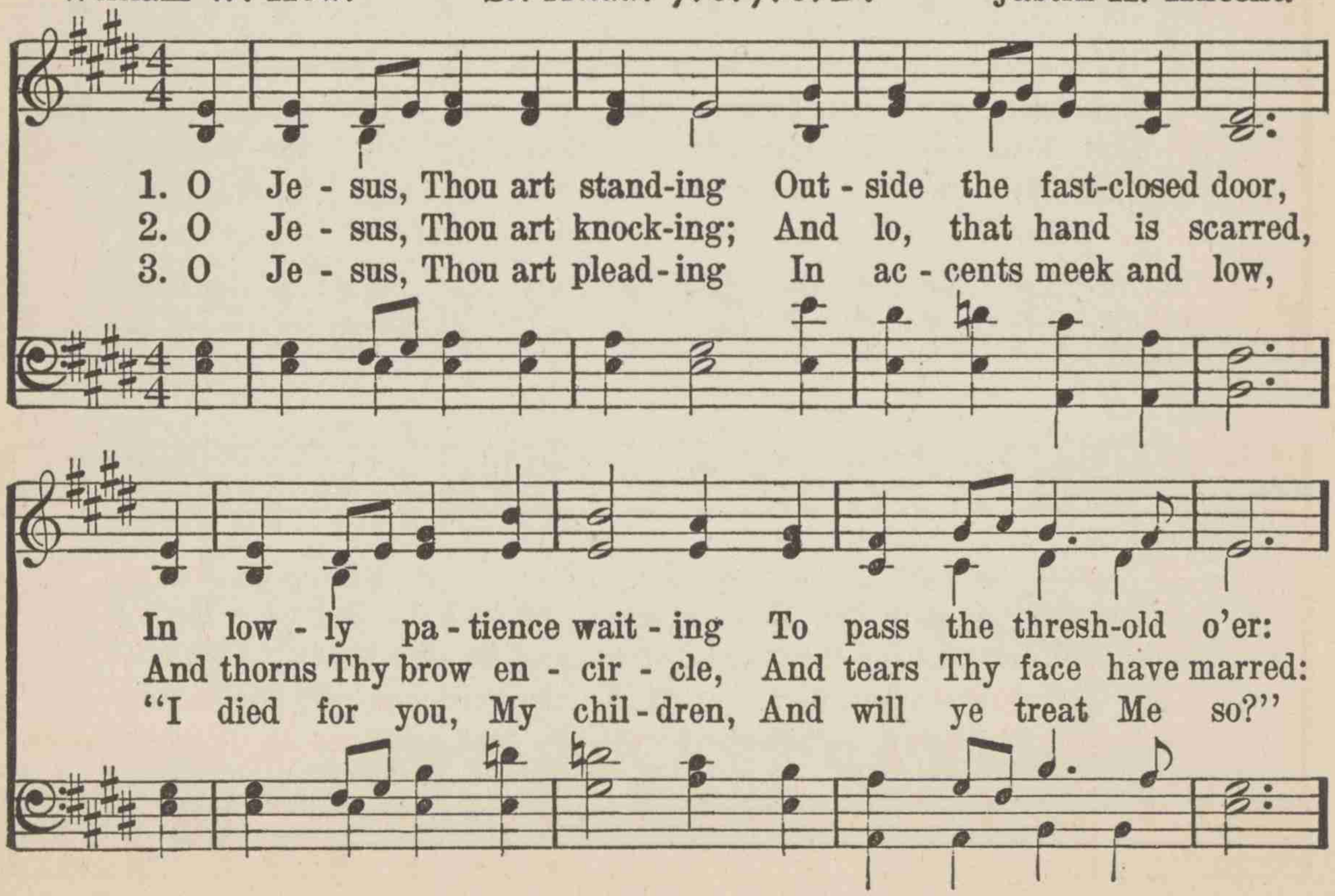


serve with fear, His praise forth tell; Come ye be-fore Him and re-joice.
are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
laud, and bless His name al-ways, For it is seem-ly so to do.
truth at all times firm-ly stood, And shall from age to age en-dure. A-MEN.

Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

65 O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

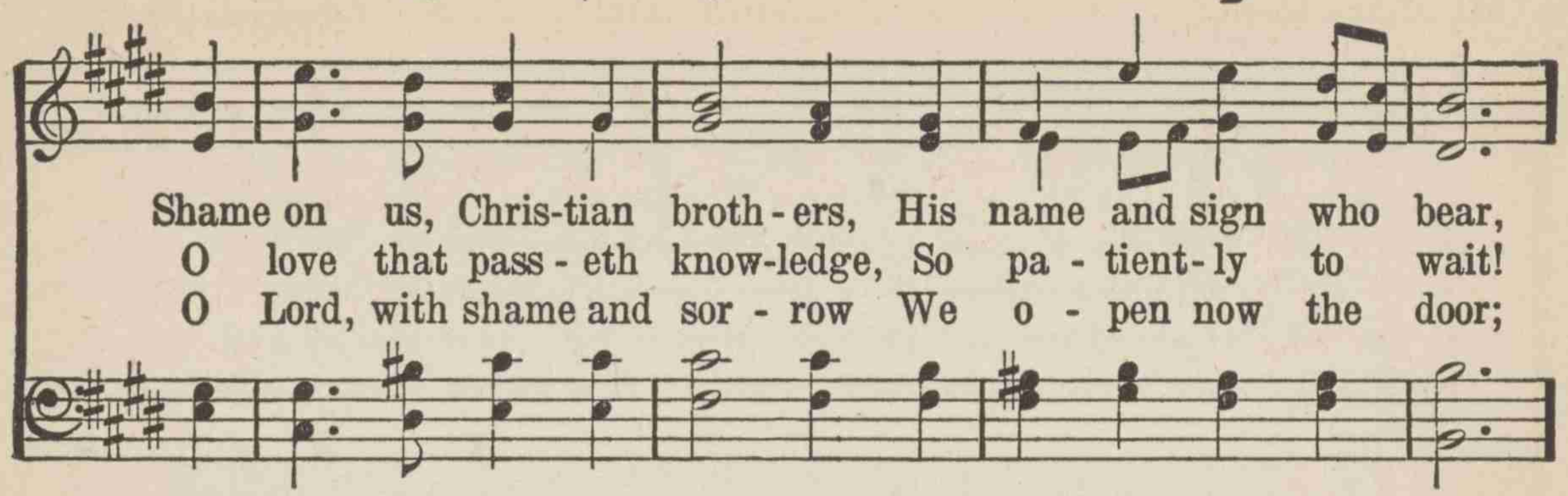
William W. How. *St. Hilda. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.* Justin H. Knecht.

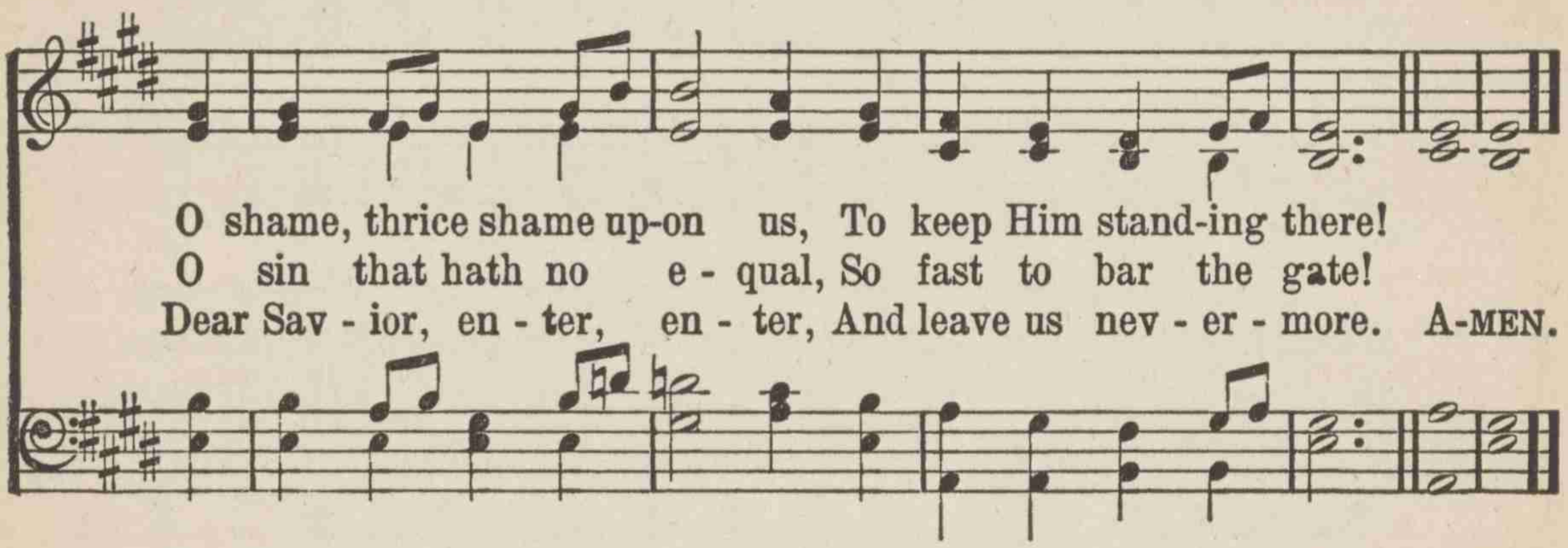


1. O Je-sus, Thou art stand-ing Out-side the fast-closed door,
2. O Je-sus, Thou art knock-ing; And lo, that hand is scarred,
3. O Je-sus, Thou art plead-ing In ac-cents meek and low,

In low-ly pa-tience wait-ing To pass the thresh-old o'er:
And thorns Thy brow en-cir-cle, And tears Thy face have marred:
"I died for you, My chil-dren, And will ye treat Me so?"

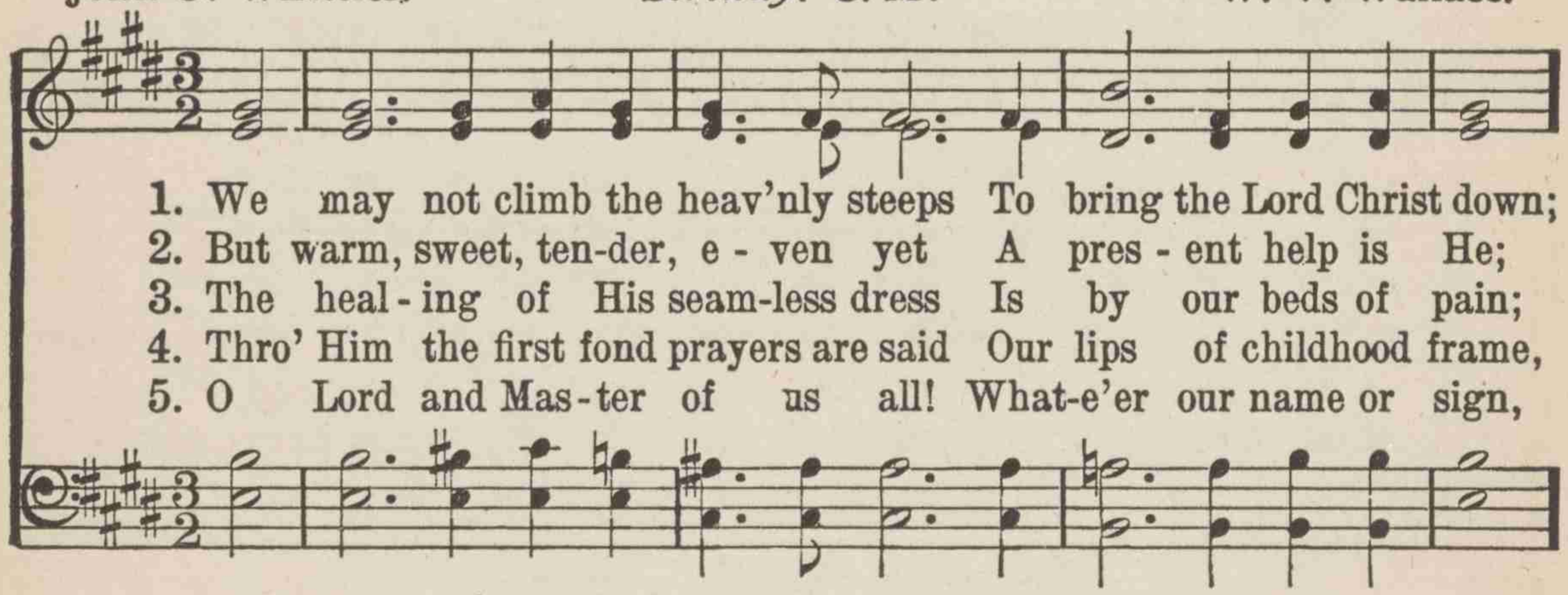
O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

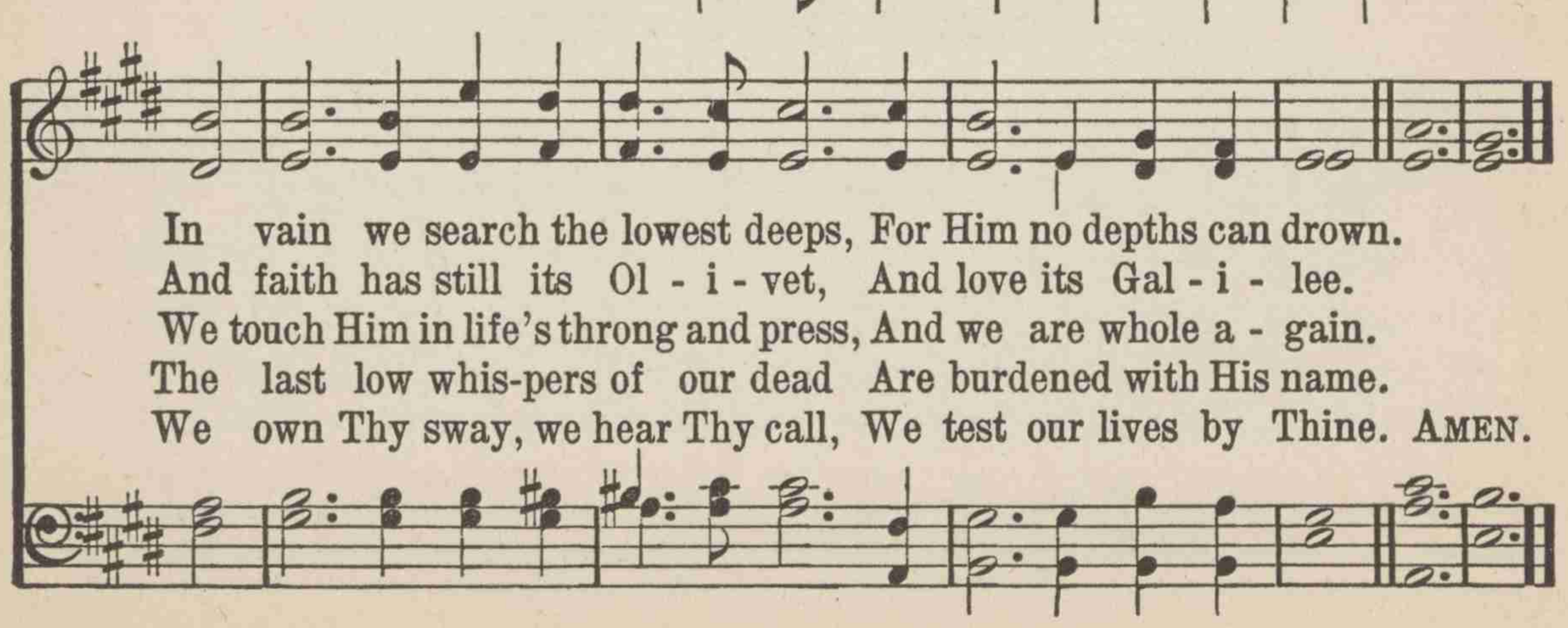




66 We May Not Climb.

John G. Whittier. *Serenity. C. M.* W. V. Wallace.





67 In the Hour of Trial.

James Montgomery. Spencer Lane.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest by base de - ni - al,
2. With for-bid-den pleasures Would this vain word charm; Or its sordid treas-ures
3. Should Thy mercy send me Sor-row, toil and woe; Or should pain at-tend me
4. When my last hour cometh, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust returneth

I de-part from Thee. When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a look re-
Spread to work me harm; Bring to my re - mem-brance Sad Geth-sem - a-
On my path be - low; Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to
To the dust a - gain; On Thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro' that mor-tal

rall.
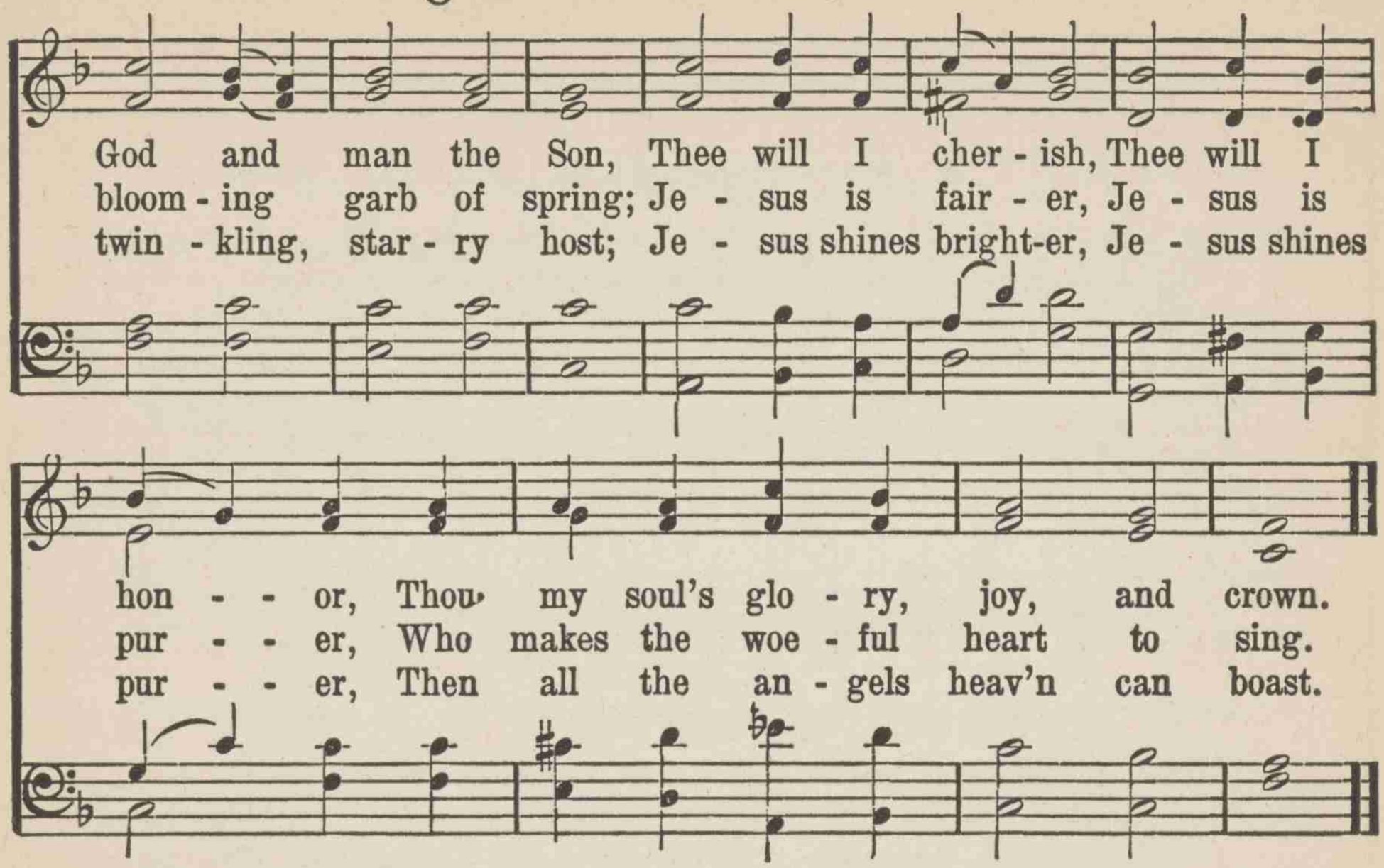
call,.... Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
ne,..... Or, in dark-er sem-blance, Cross-crowned Calvary.
see,.... Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
strife,... Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life. A - MEN.

68 Fairest Lord Jesus.

Anon. Arr. by R. S. Willis.
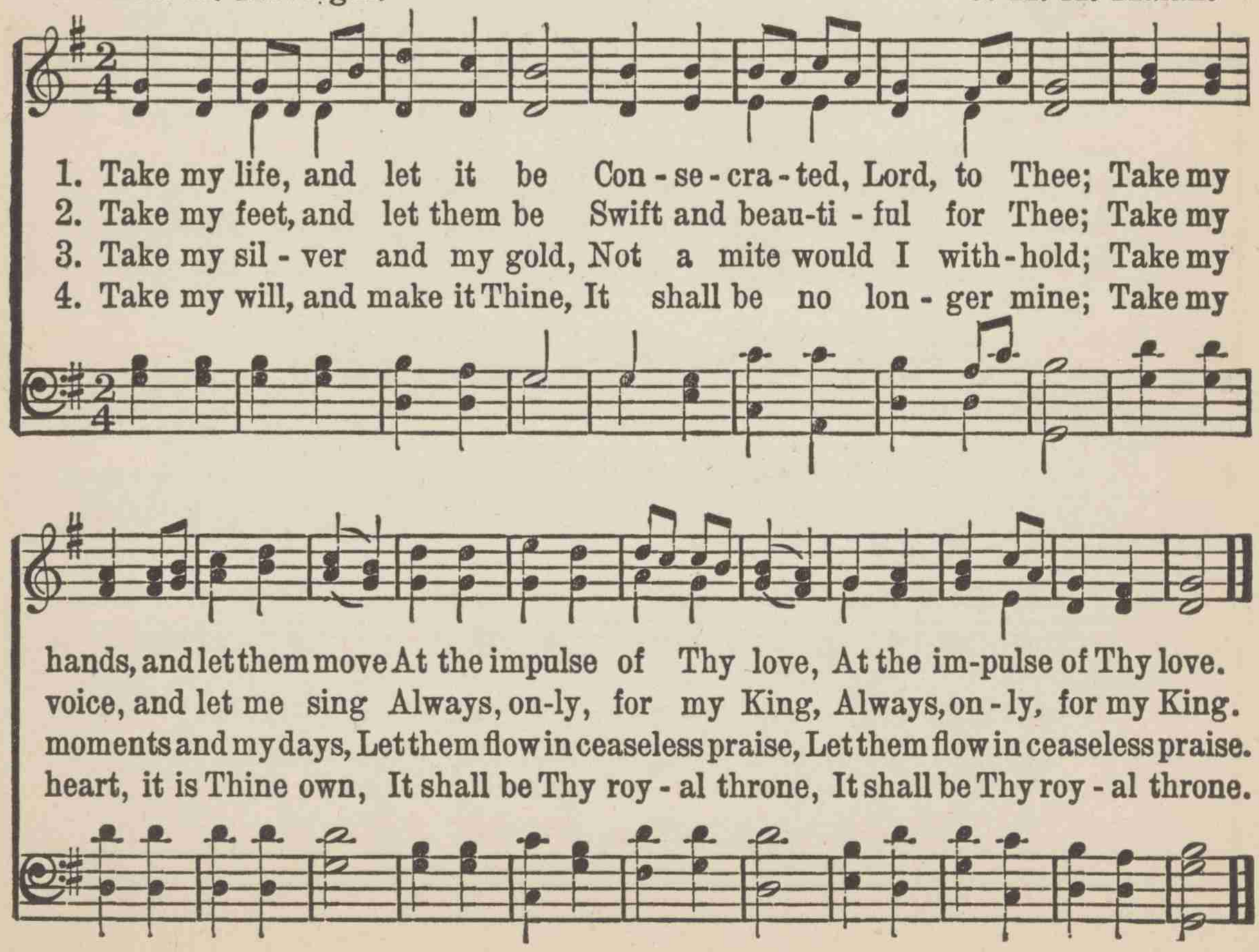
1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na - ture, O Thou of
2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er still the wood - lands, Robed in the
3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the moon - light, And all the

Fairest Lord Jesus.
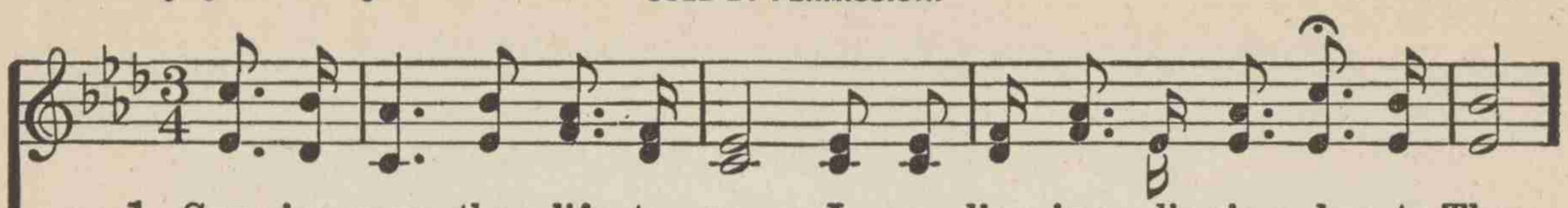


69 Take My Life and Let It Be.

Frances R. Havergal. C. H. A. Malan.
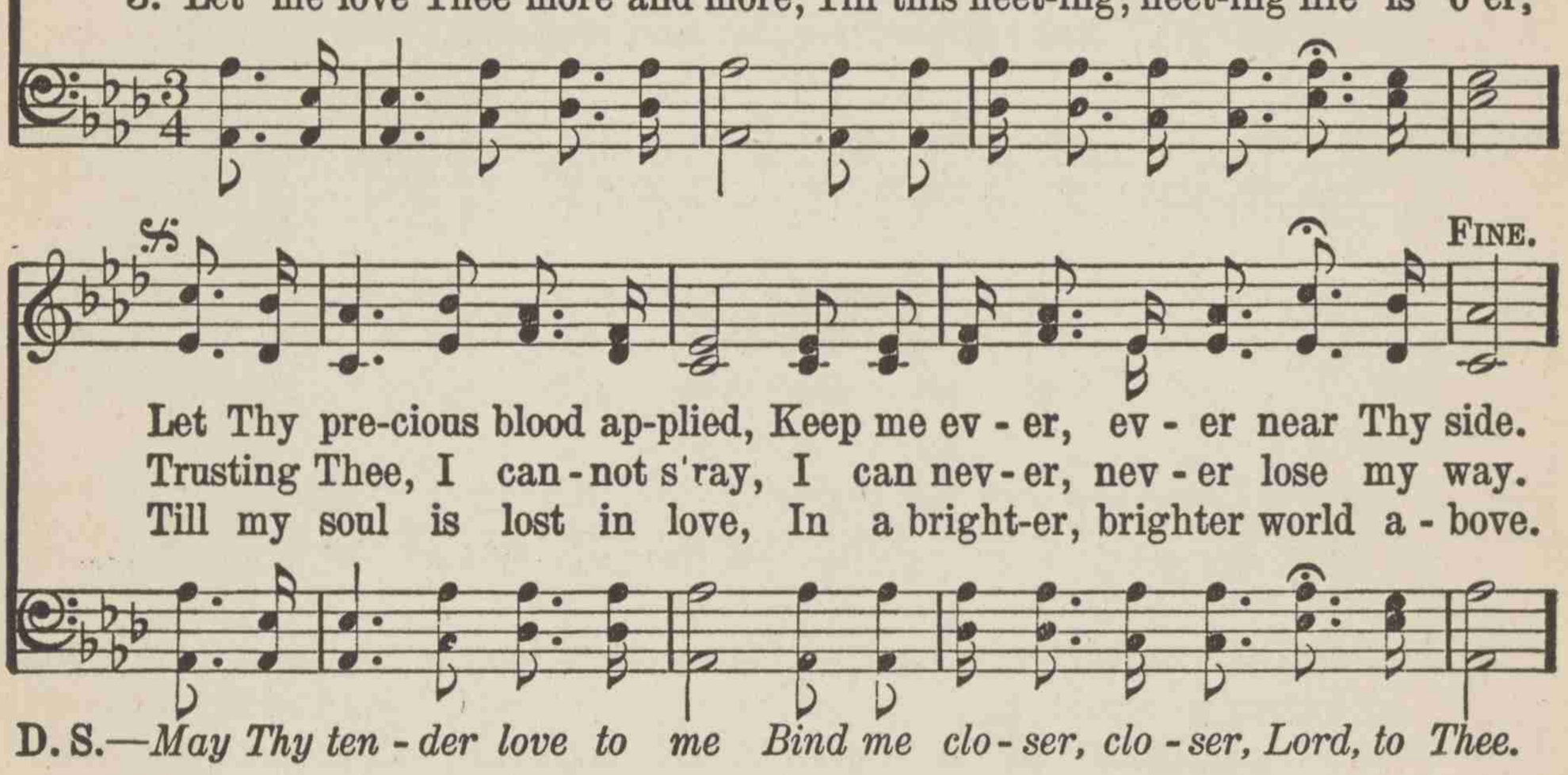


70 Savior, More Than Life.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. USED BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane.



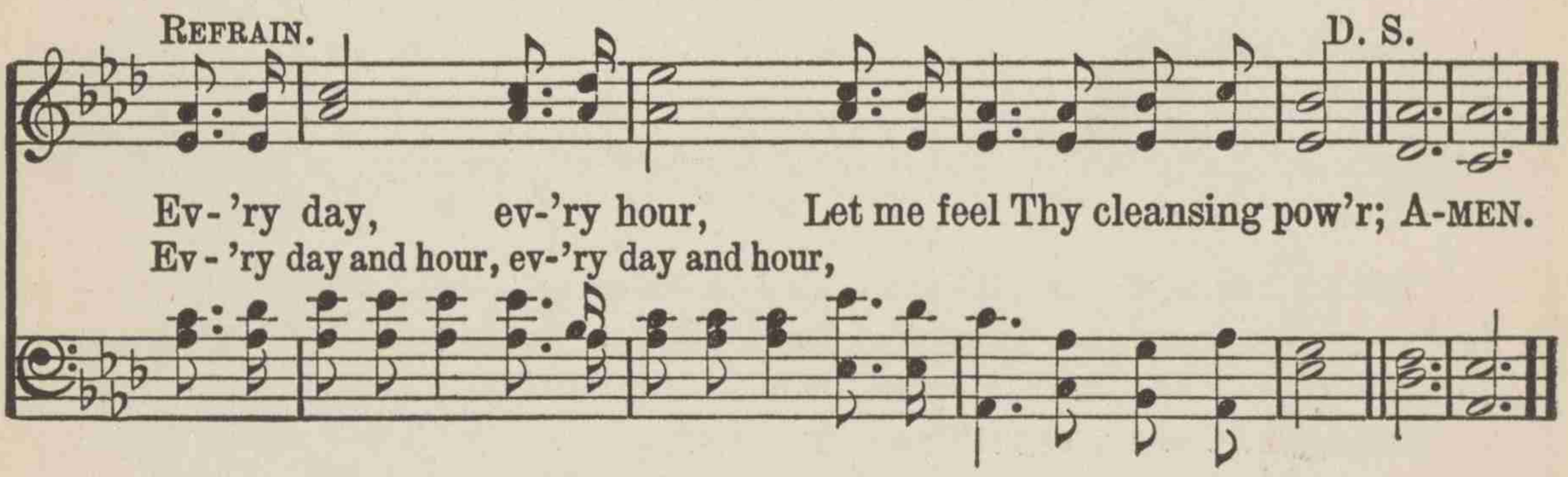
1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;



FINE.

Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can - not s'ray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, brighter world a - bove.

D. S.—*May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clo - ser, clo - ser, Lord, to Thee.*
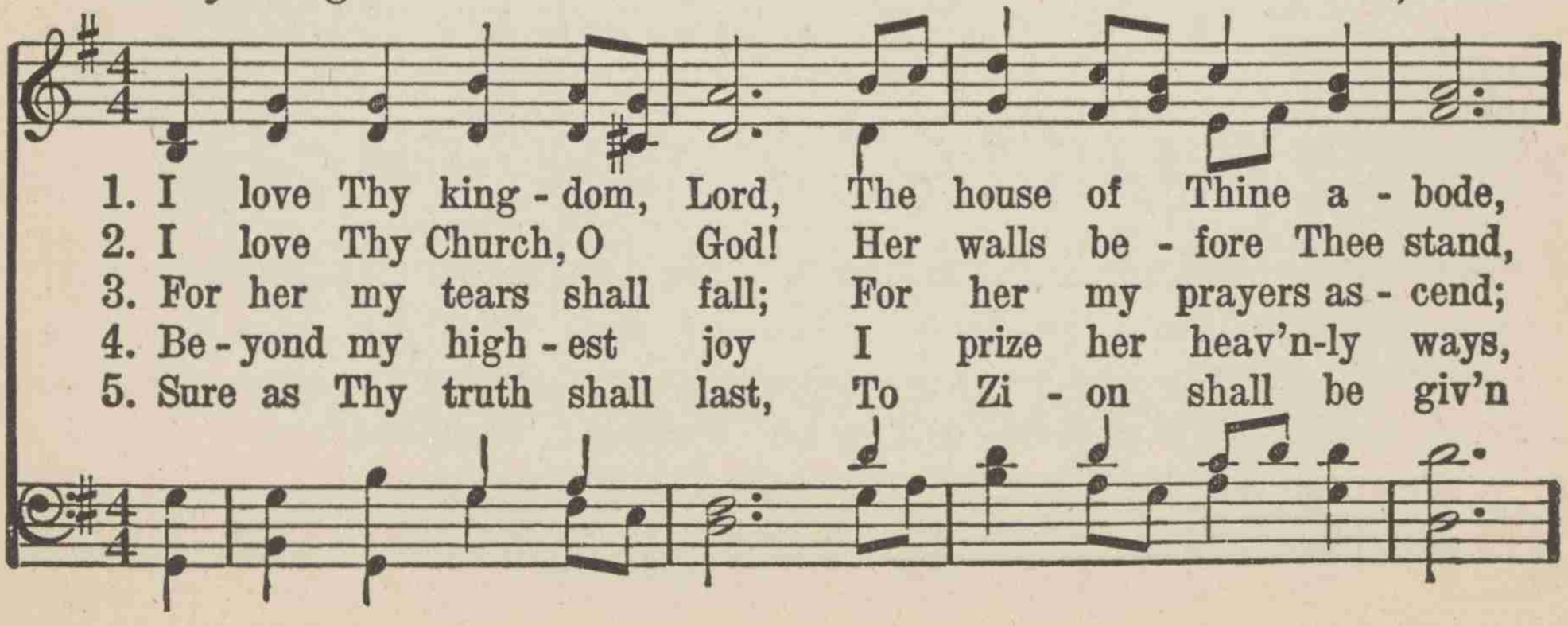


REFRAIN. D. S.

Ev - 'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r; A-MEN.
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,
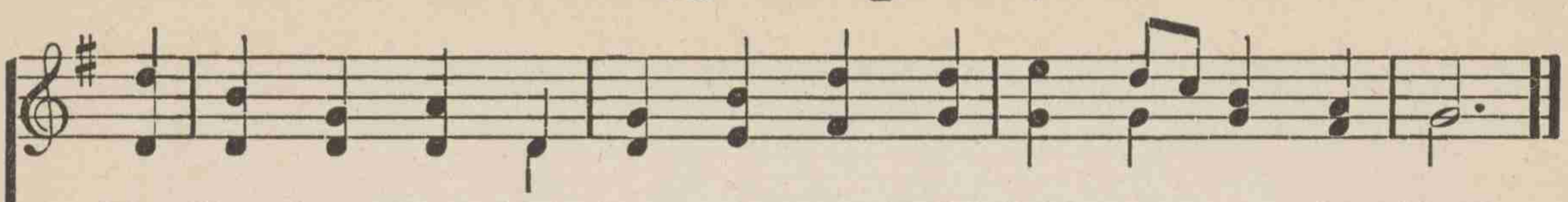
71 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. *St. Thomas. S. M.* Aaron Williams, Coll.



1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as - cend;
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways,
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n

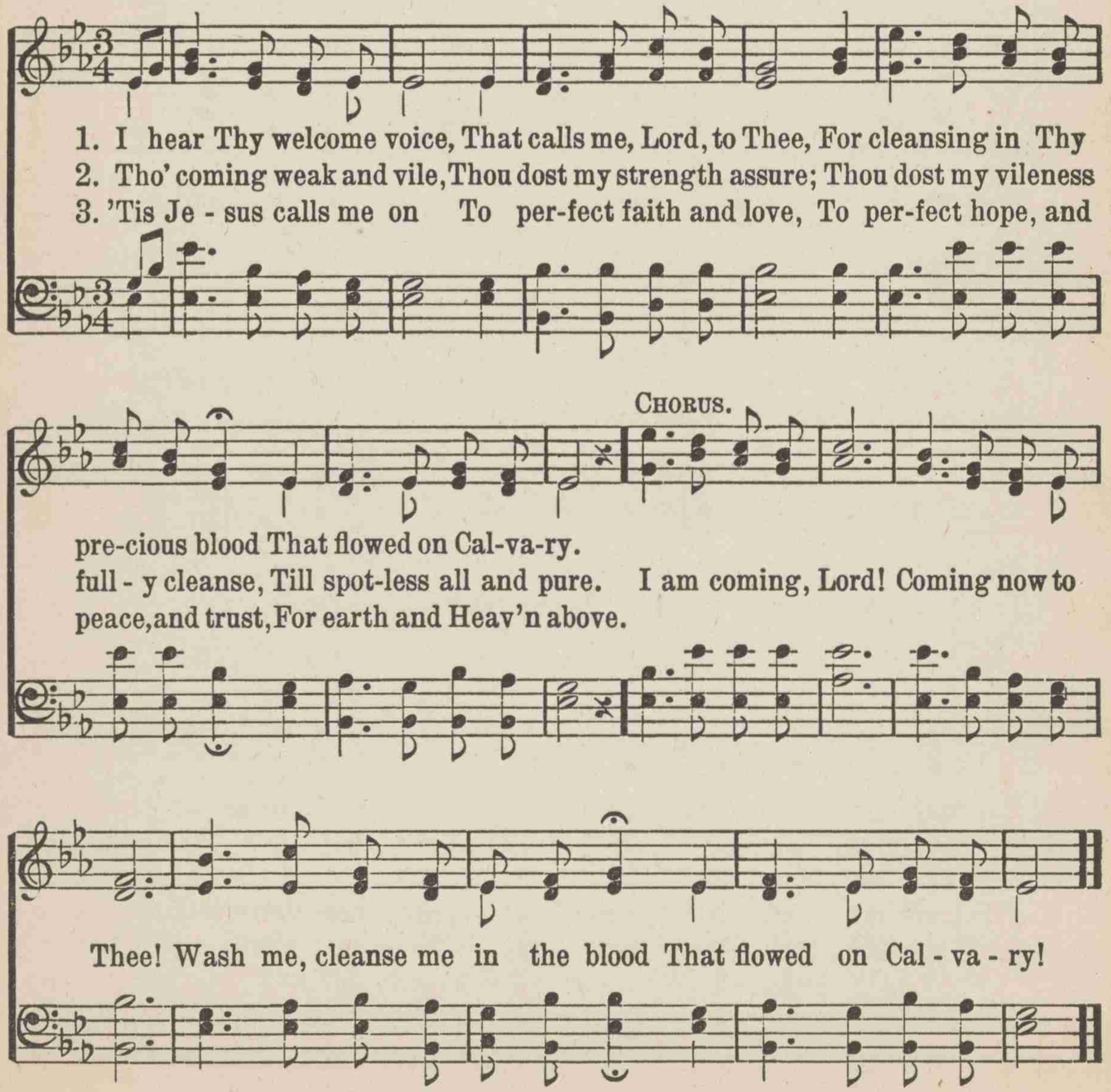
I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.



72 I Am Coming, Lord.

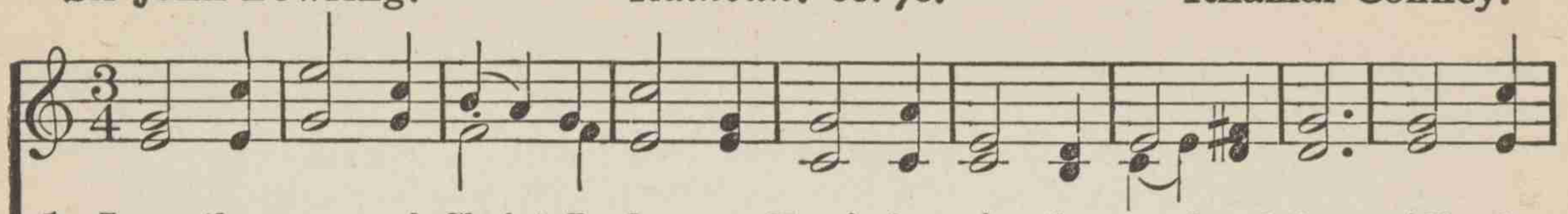
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L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.

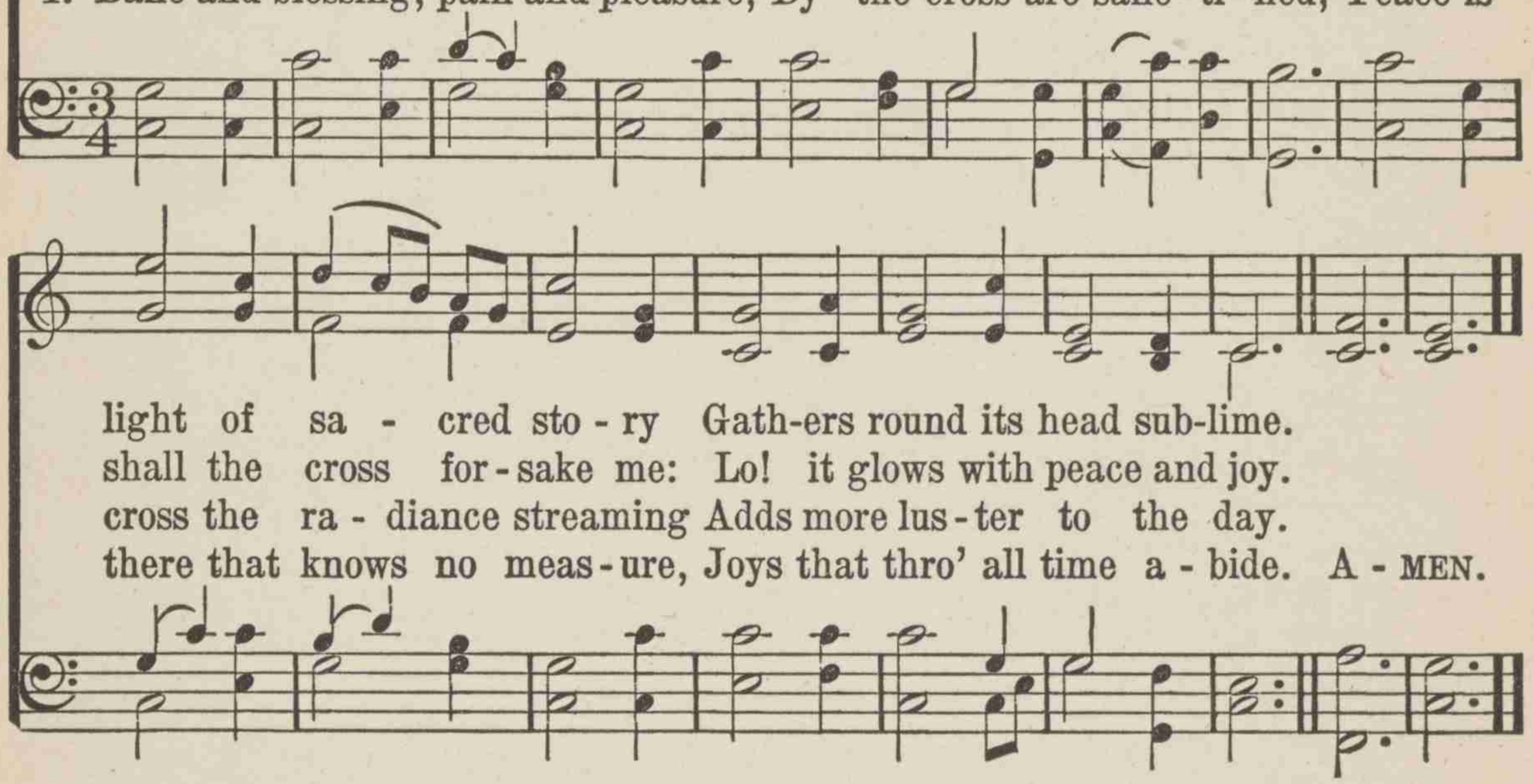


73 In The Cross of Christ.

Sir John Bowring. *Rathbun. 8s. 7s.* Ithamar Conkey.



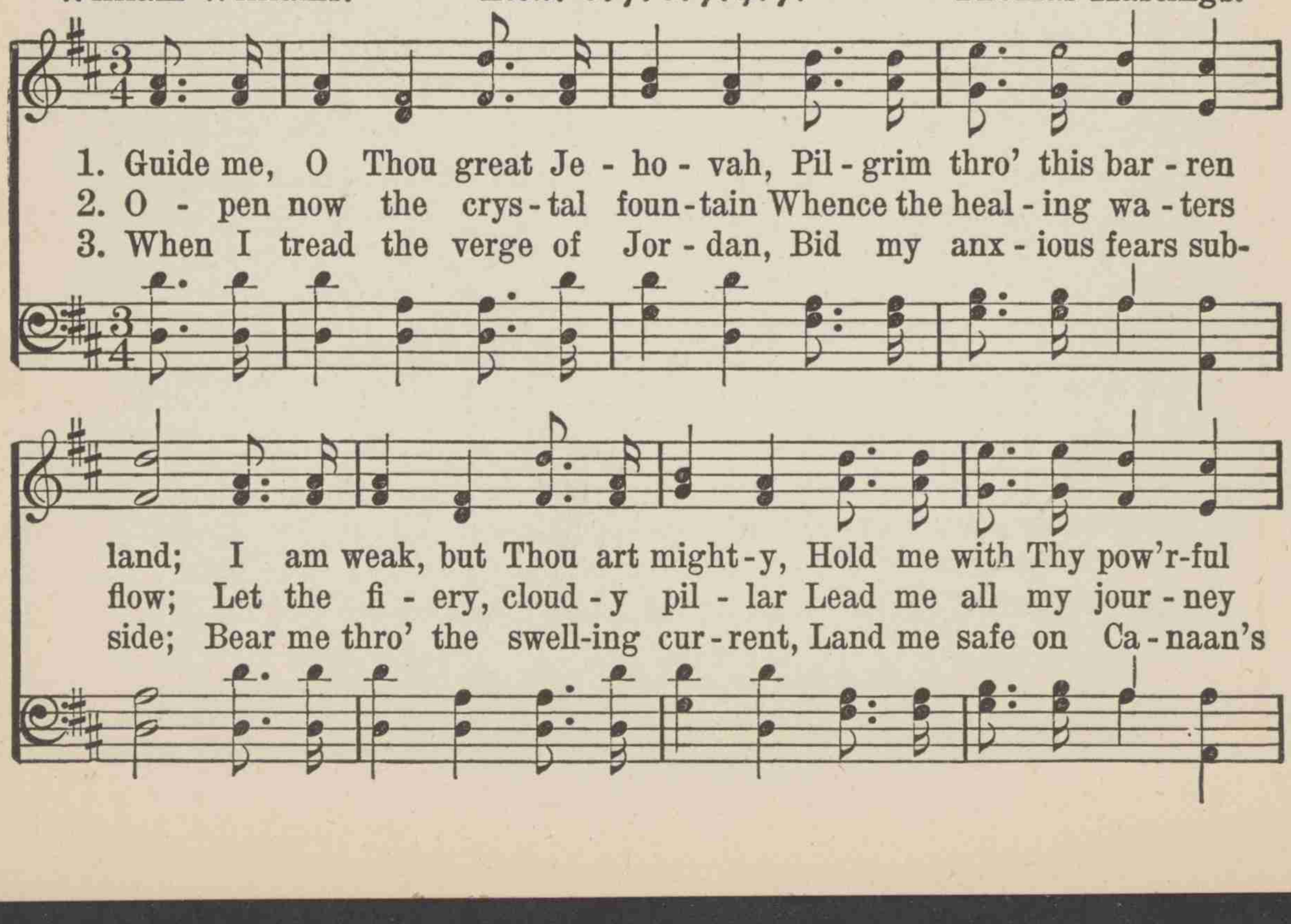
1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time; All the
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears an-noy, Nev - er
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on my way, From the
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied; Peace is



light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
shall the cross for - sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus - ter to the day.
there that knows no meas - ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide. A - MEN.

74 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.
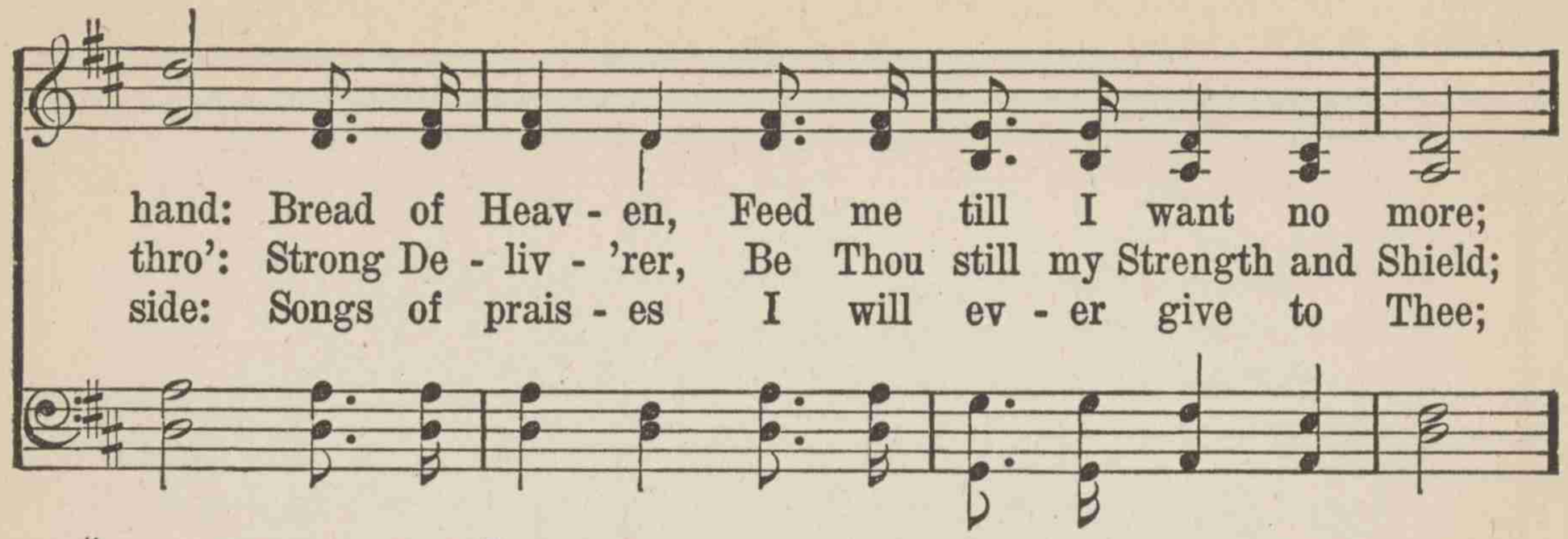
William Williams. *Zion. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.* Thomas Hastings.
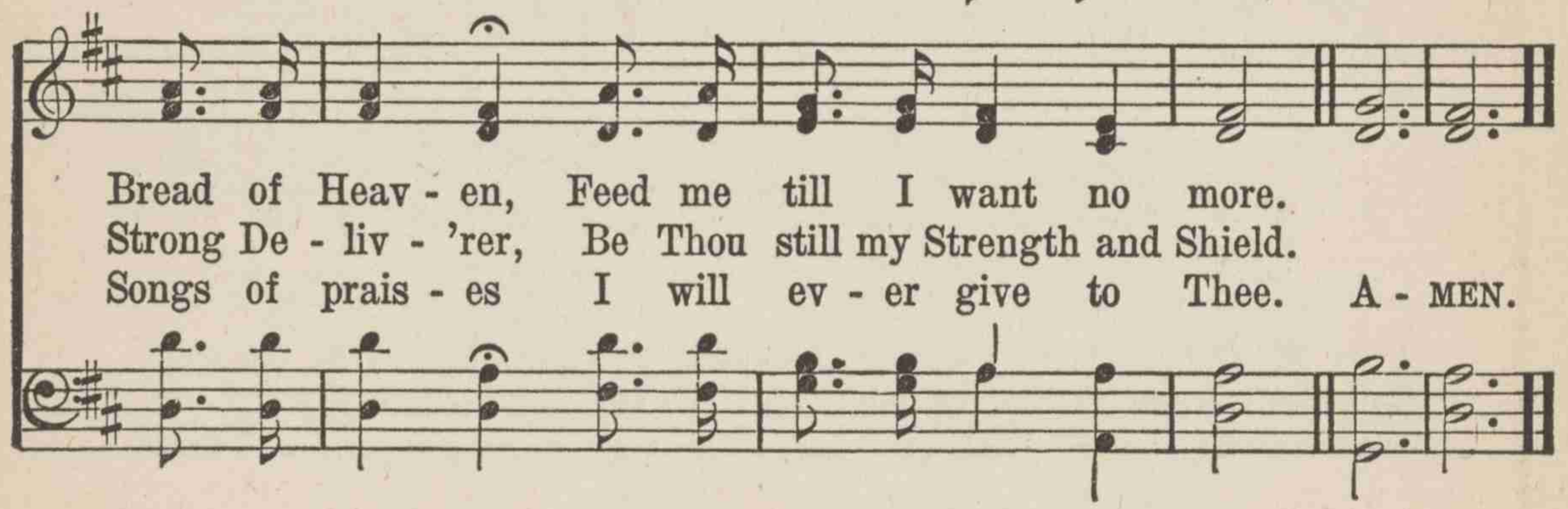


1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain Whence the heal - ing wa - ters
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub-

land; I am weak, but Thou art might - y, Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful
flow; Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney
side; Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur - rent, Land me safe on Ca - naan's

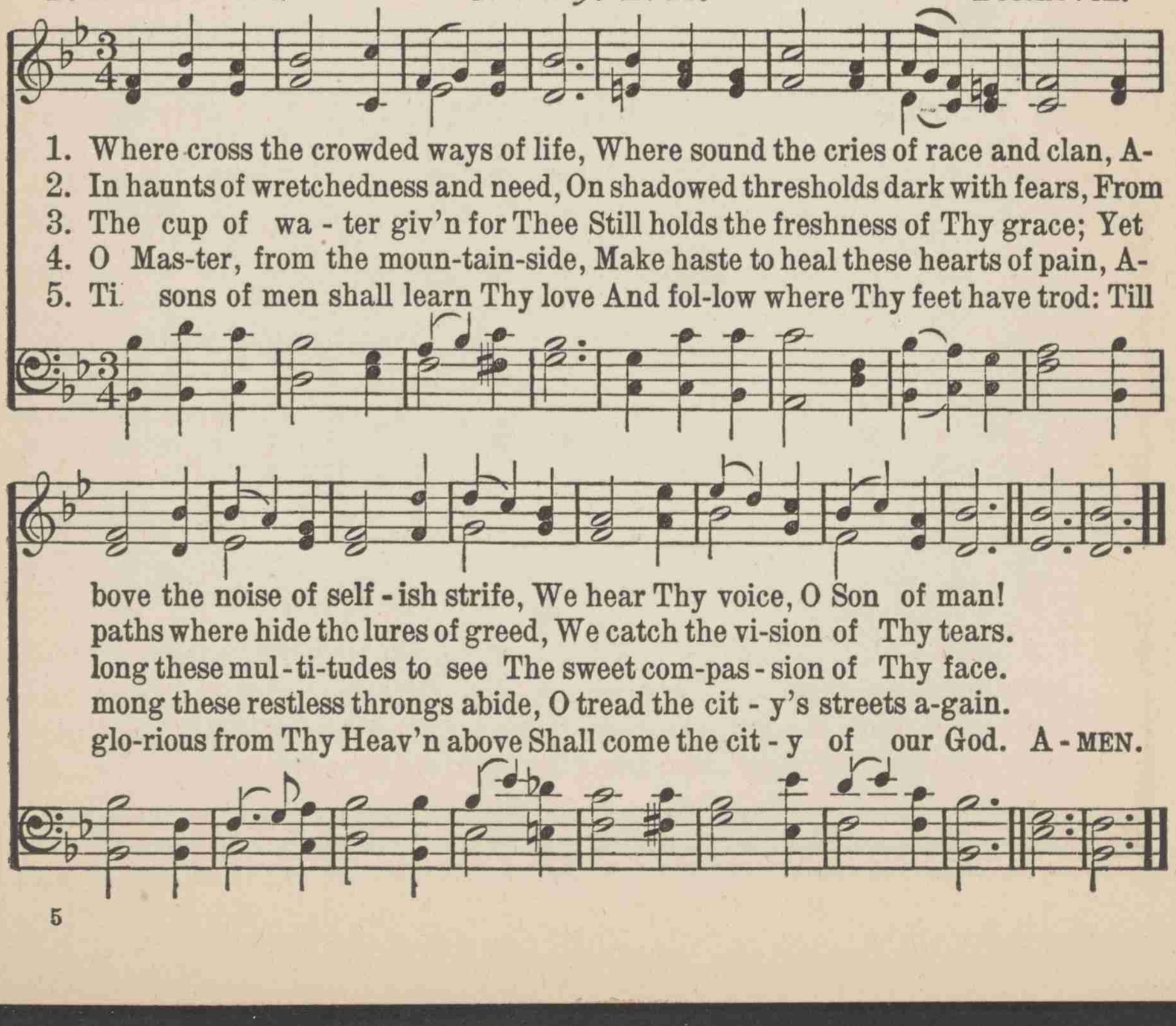
Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.





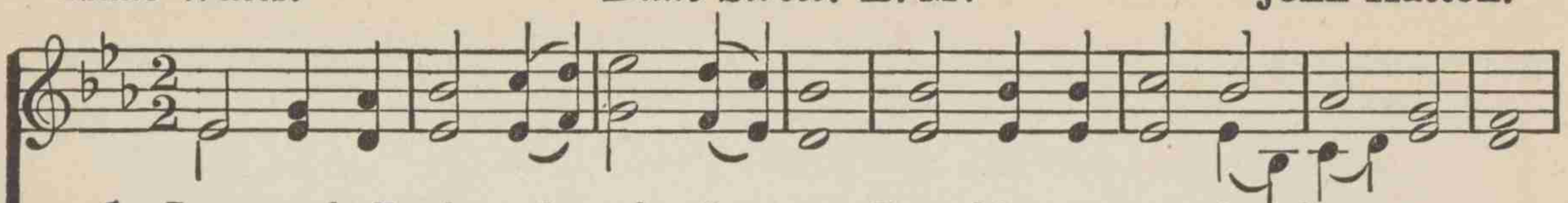
75 Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life.

F. Mason North. *Germany. L. M.* Beethoven.

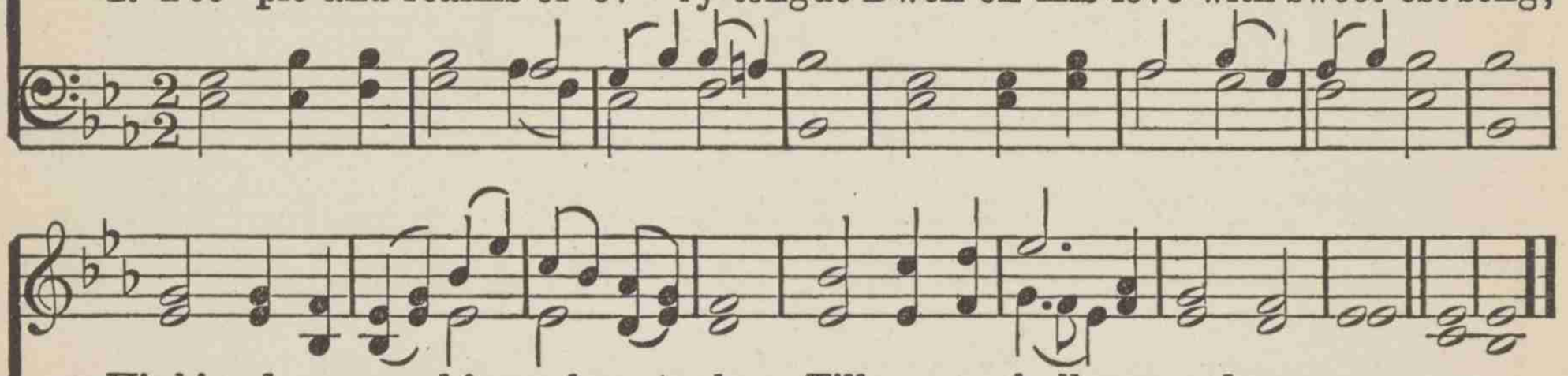


76 Jesus Shall Reign.

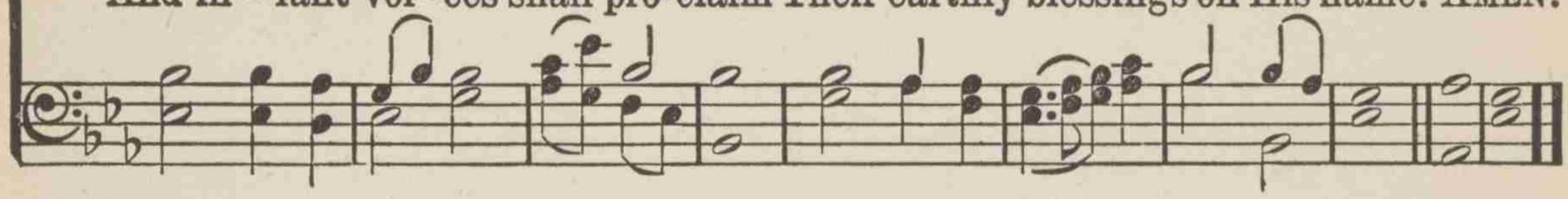
Isaac Watts. *Duke Street. L. M.* John Hatton.



1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-cess - ive jour-neys run;
2. From north to south the prin - ces meet To pay their hom-age at His feet;
3. To Him shall end-less prayer be made, And end-less prais-es crown His head;
4. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet-est song,

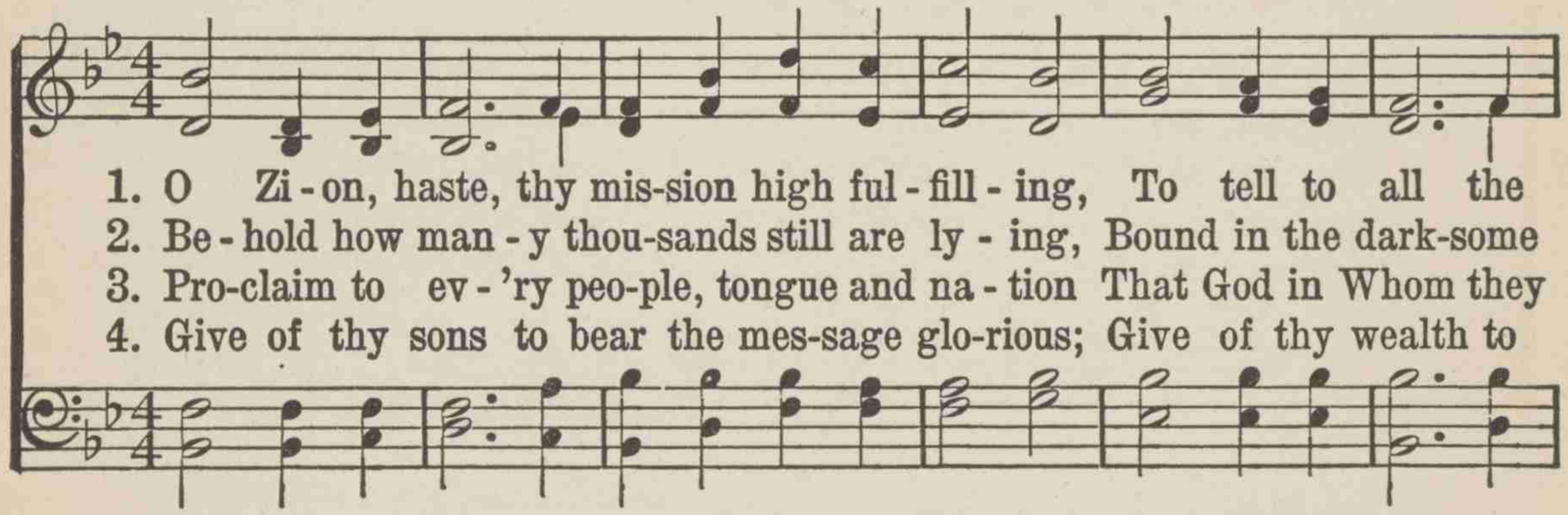


His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend His word.
His name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sac-ri - fice.
And in - fant voi - ces shall pro-claim Their earthly blessings on His name. AMEN.

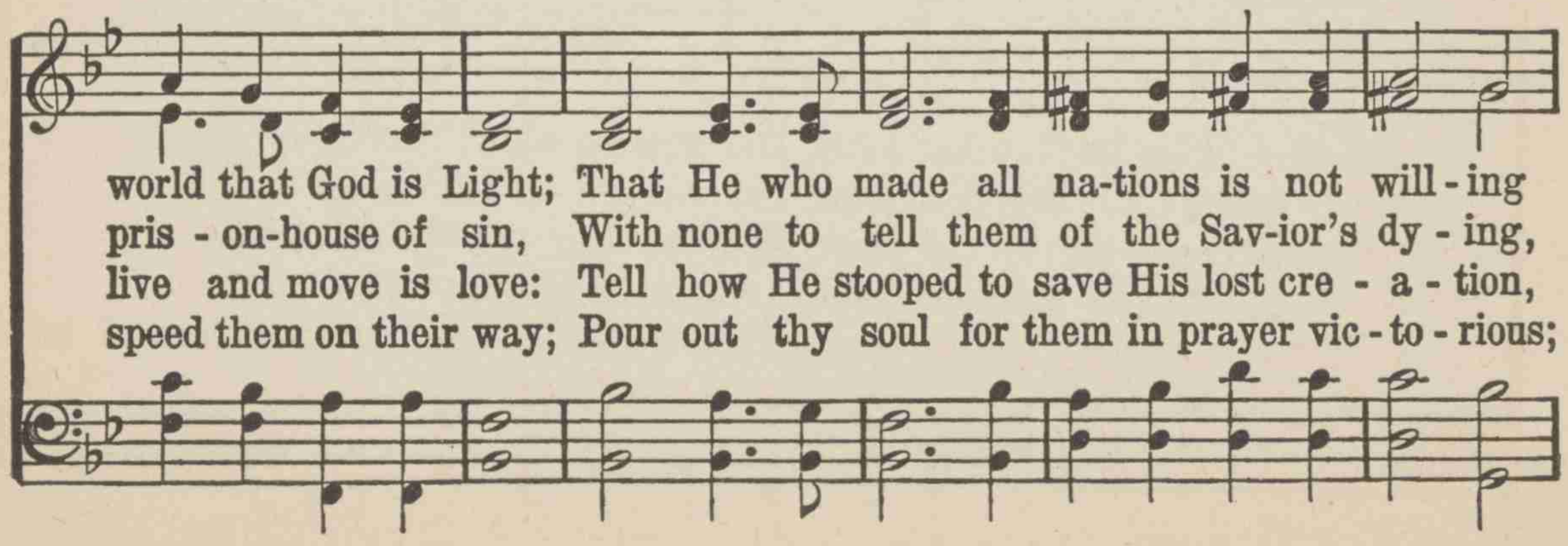


77 O Zion, Haste.

Mary A. Thomson. *Tidings. P. M.* James Walch.

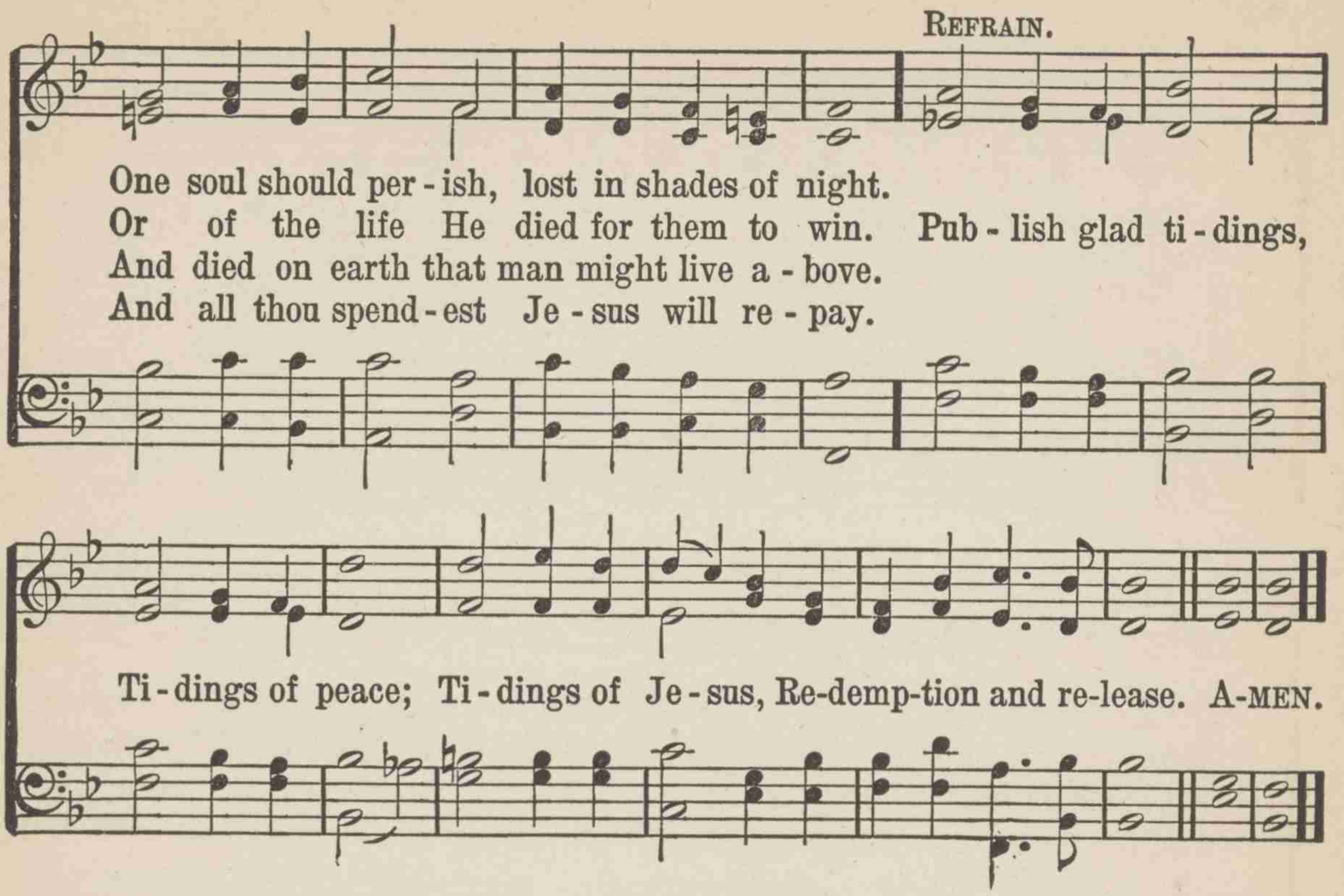


1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how man - y thou-sands still are ly - ing, Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev - 'ry peo-ple, tongue and na - tion That God in Whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo-rious; Give of thy wealth to



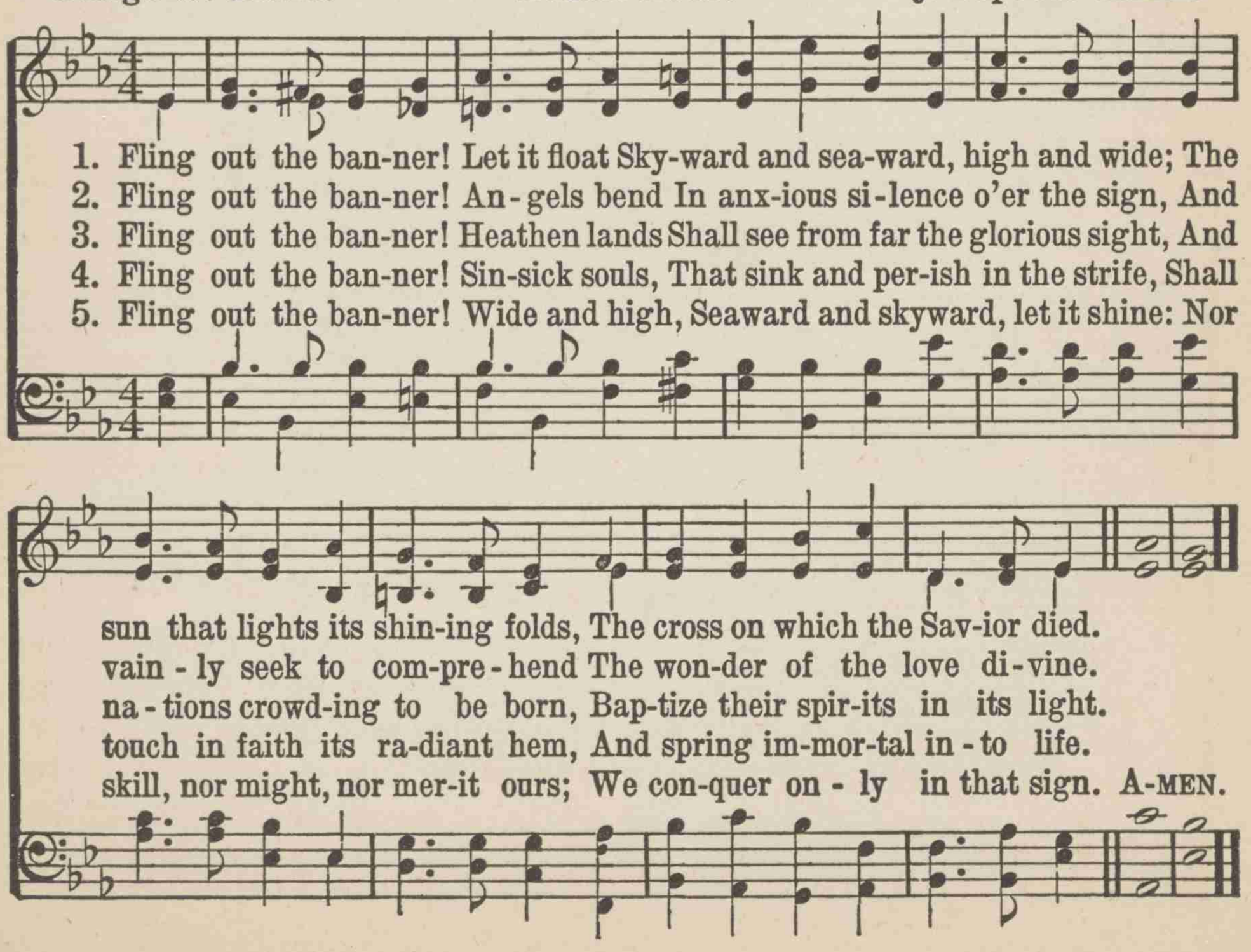
world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will - ing
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy - ing,
live and move is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic - to - rious;

O Zion, Haste.



78 Fling Out the Banner! Let It Float.

George W. Doane. *Doane. L. M.* J. Baptiste Calkin.



79 Hail to the Brightness.

Thomas Hastings. *Wesley. 11. 10. 11. 10.* Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Joy to the
2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Long by the
3. Lo! in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring-ing, Streams ev - er
4. See, from all lands—from the isles of the o - cean,—Praise to Je-

lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hushed be the ac-cents of sor - row and
proph-ets of Is - rael fore - told! Hail to the mil-lions from bondage re-
co - pious are glid-ing a - long; Loud from the mountain-tops ech-oes are
ho - vah as-cend-ing on high; Fall'n are the en-gines of war and com-
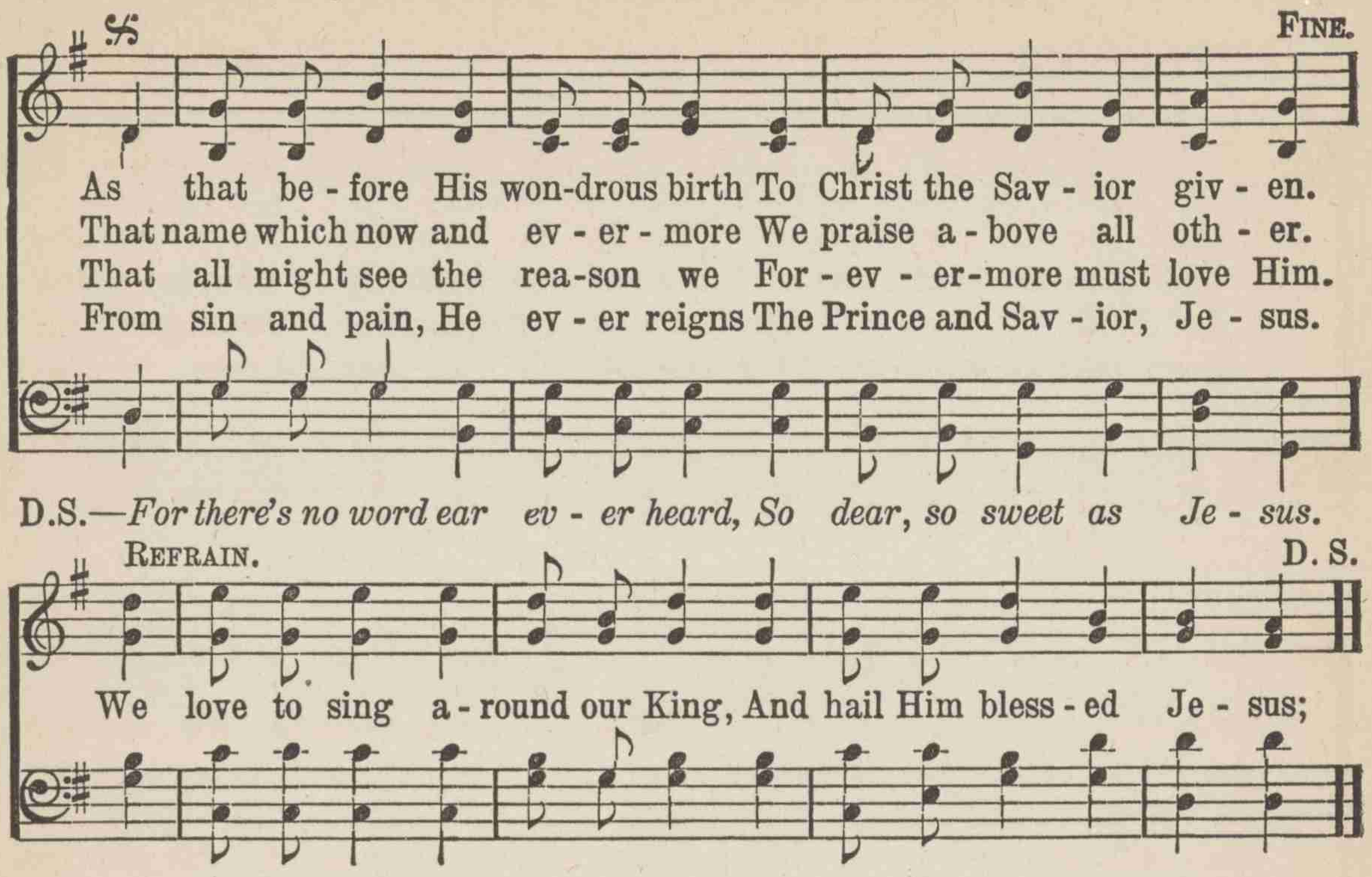
mourning; Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her glad reign.
turn - ing, Gen - tiles and Jews the blest vi - sion be - hold!
ring - ing, Wastes rise in ver - dure and min - gle in song.
mo - tion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend - ing the sky. A - MEN.

80 There Is No Name So Sweet.

George W. Bethune. *Sweetest Name. 8. 7. 8. 7.* William B. Bradbury.
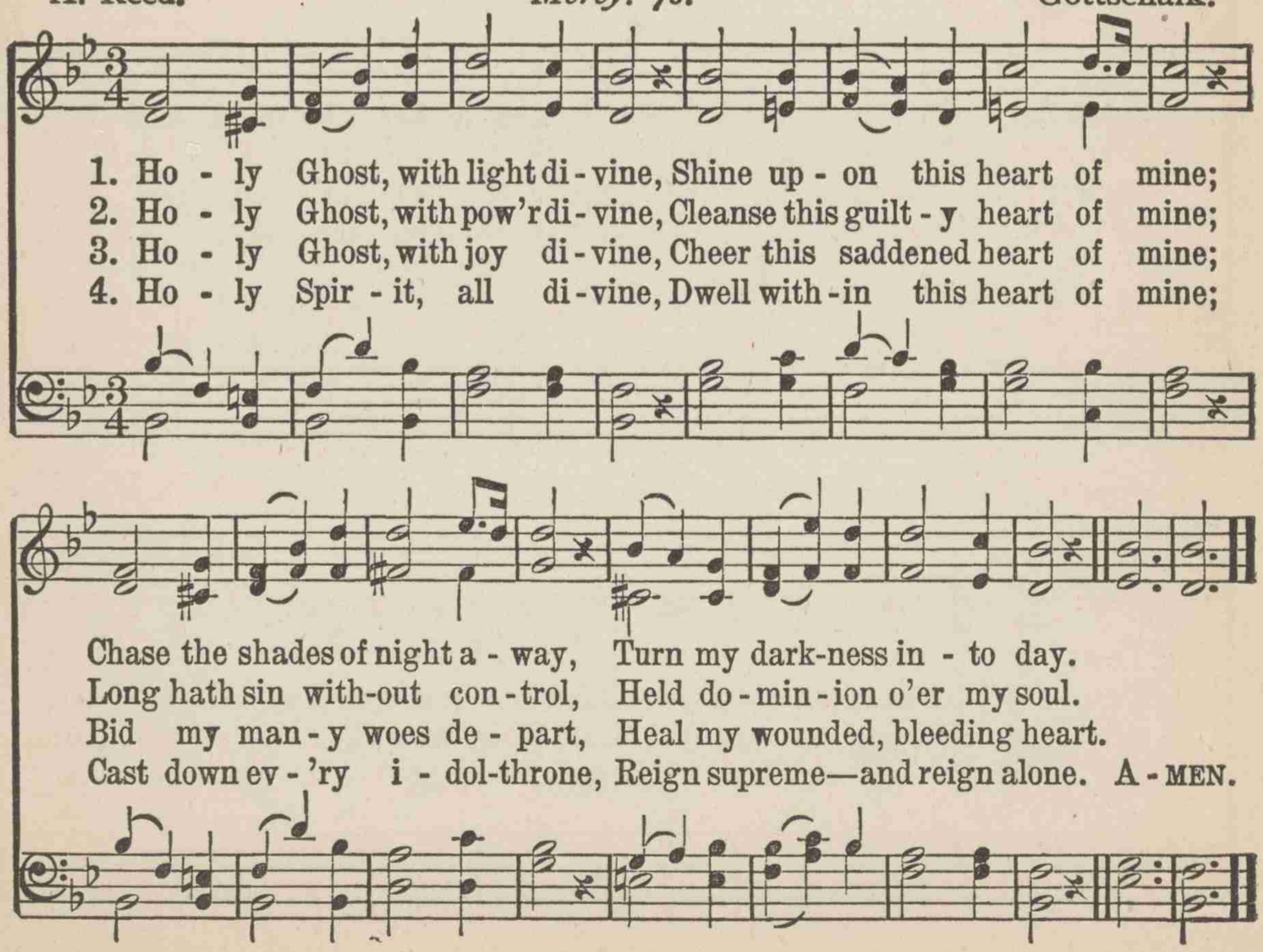
1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so dear in Heav - en,
2. 'Twas Ga-briel first that did pro-claim, To His most bless - ed moth - er,
3. And when He hung up - on the tree, They wrote His name a - bove Him,
4. So now up - on His Father's throne, Al-might - y to re - lieve us

There Is No Name So Sweet.



81 Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

A. Reed. *Mercy. 7s.* Gottschalk.



82 The Homeland.

Rev. Hugh R. Haweis. Sir Arthur Sullivan.

1. The Home-land! O the Home-land! The land of souls free-born!
2. My Lord is in the Home-land, With an-gels bright and fair;
3. For loved ones in the Home-land Are wait-ing me to come

No gloom-y night is known there, But aye the fade-less morn;
No sin-ful thing nor e-vil, Can ev-er en-ter there;
Where nei-ther death nor sor-row In-vade their ho-ly home:

I'm sigh-ing for that coun-try, My heart is ach-ing here;
The mu-sic of the ran-somed Is ring-ing in my ears,
O dear, dear na-tive coun-try, O rest and peace a-bove!

There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm draw-ing near.
And when I think of the Home-land, My eyes are wet with tears.
Christ bring us all to the Home-land Of His e-ter-nal love.

83 Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

Elizabeth C. Clephane. Frederick C. Maker.

1. Be-neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing - place:

The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wea - ry land;
The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf-fered there for me:
I ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun-shine of His face;

A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
And from my smit - ten heart with tears Two won - ders I con - fess,—
Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,

From the burn-ing of the noon-tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.
The won - ders of His glo - rious love And my own worthlessness.
My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross.

84 O Mother Dear, Jerusalem!

Samuel A. Ward.

1. O Moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem! When shall I come to thee?
2. Thy tur - rets and thy pin - na - cles With jew - els rare do shine,
3. Thy gar - dens and thy good - ly walks Con - tin - ual - ly are green,
4. Those trees for - ev - er - more bear fruit, And ev - er - more do spring:

When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
Thy ver - y streets are paved with gold Sur - pass - ing pure and fine.
Where grow such sweet and pleas-ant flow'rs As no-where else are seen.
There ev - er - more the an - gels are, And ev - er - more do sing.

O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleas-ant soil!
No murk - y cloud o'er-shad - ows thee, Nor gloom, nor dark-some night;
Right thro' thy streets, with sil - ver sound, The liv - ing wa - ters flow,
Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Would God I were in thee!

In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.
But ev - 'ry soul shines as the sun, For God Him-self gives light.
And on the banks, on ev - 'ry side, The trees of life do grow.
Would God my woes were at an end, Thy joys that I might see!

85 Hiding In Thee.

Wm. O. Cushing.

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Ira D. Sankey.

1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I, My soul in its con - flicts and sor - rows would fly; So
2. In the calm of the noon - tide, in sor - row's lone hour, In times when temp - ta - tion casts o'er me its pow'r; In the
3. How oft in the con - flict, when pressed by the foe, I have fled to my Ref - uge and breathed out my woe; How

sin - ful, so wea - ry, Thine, Thine would I be; Thou
tem - pests of life, on its wide, heav - ing sea, Thou
oft - en, when tri - als like sea - bil - lows roll, Have I

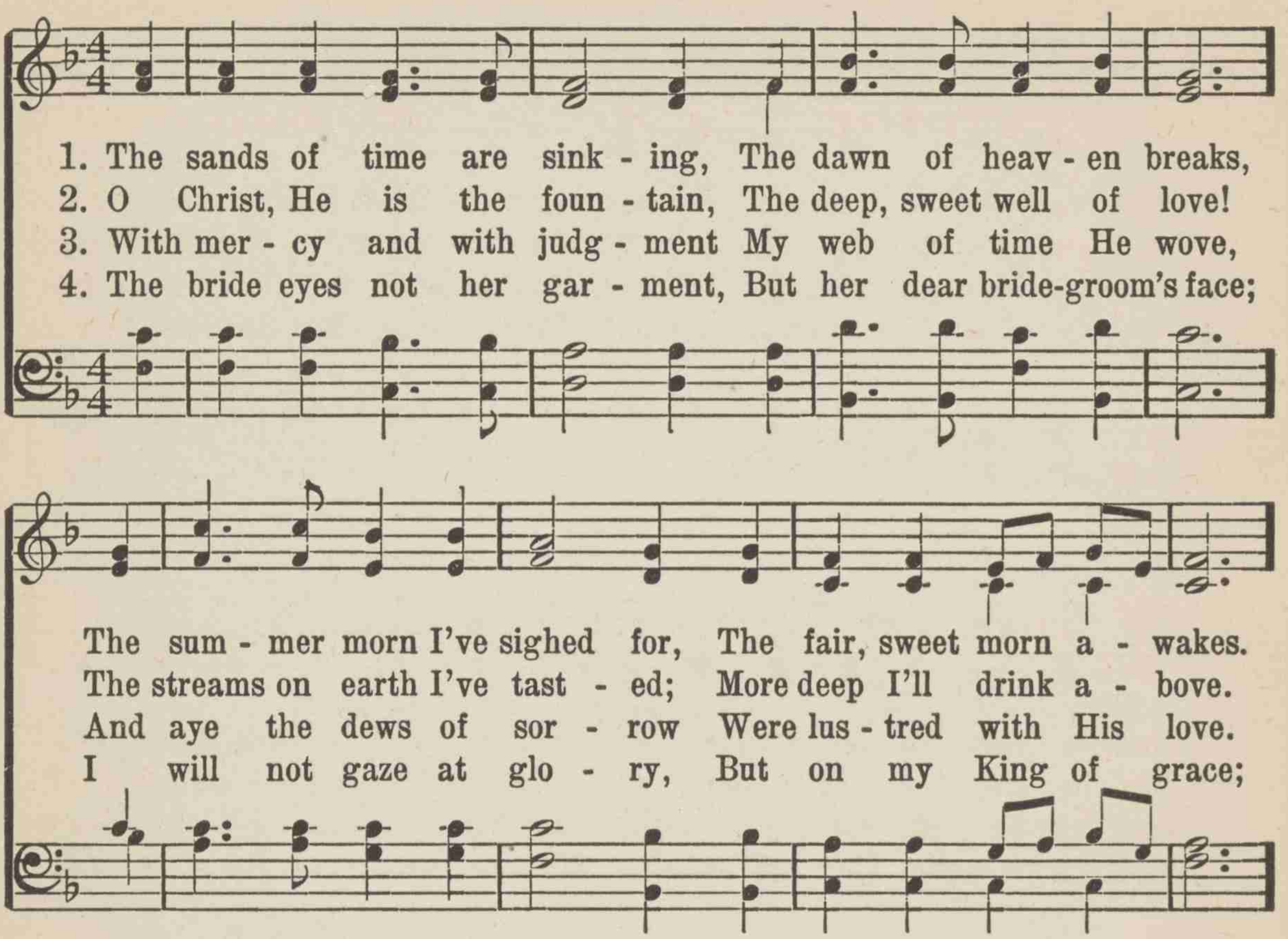
CHORUS.

blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee. Hid - ing in Thee,
hid - den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

Hid - ing in Thee, Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.

86 The Sands of Time Are Sinking.

Anne R. Cousin. Ghretien D'Urhan.



87 'Tis So Sweet to Trust In Jesus.

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Louisa M. R. Stead. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre - cious Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend;

Just to rest up - on His prom - ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleans-ing flood!
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.
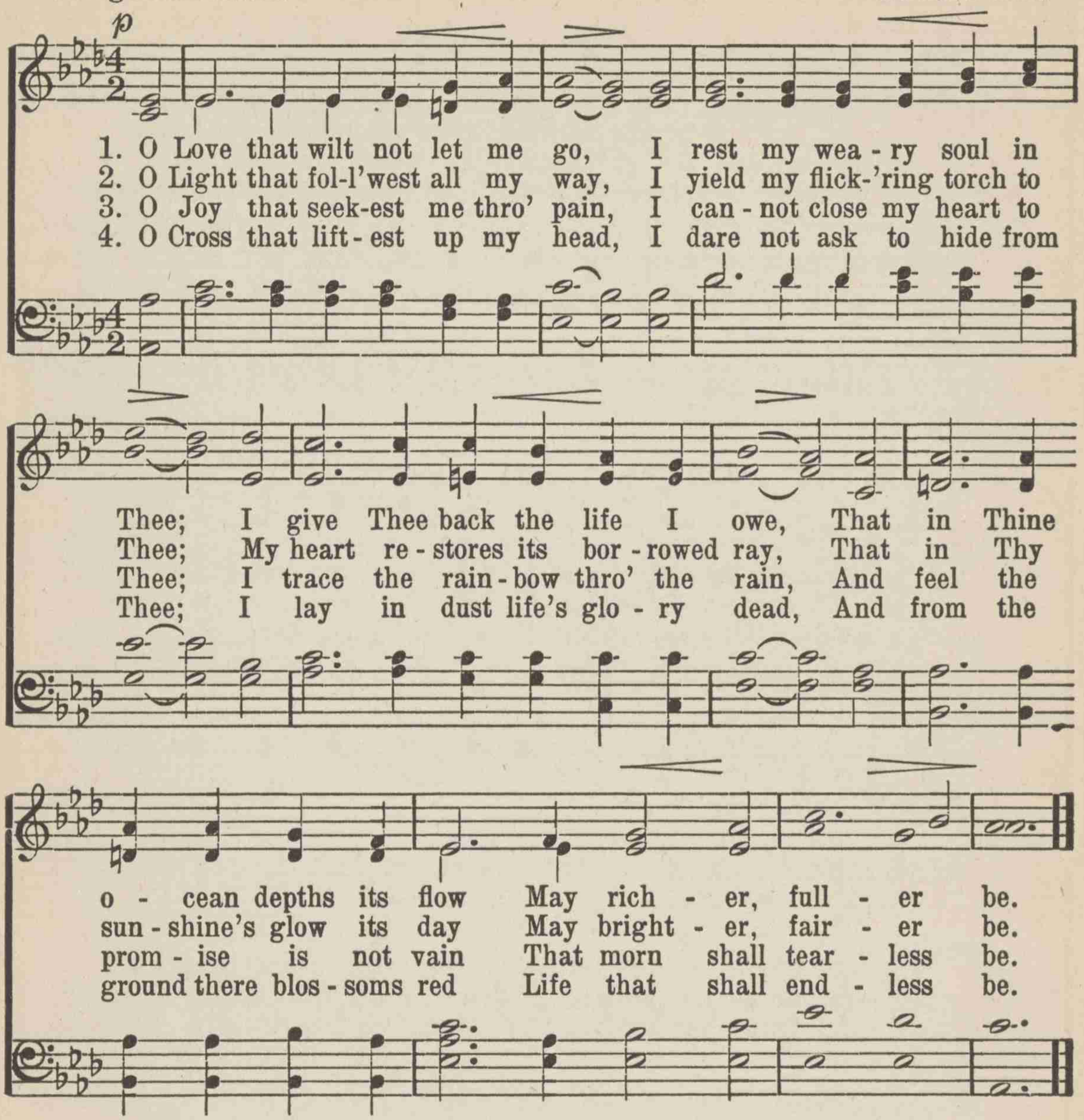
CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!

Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more!

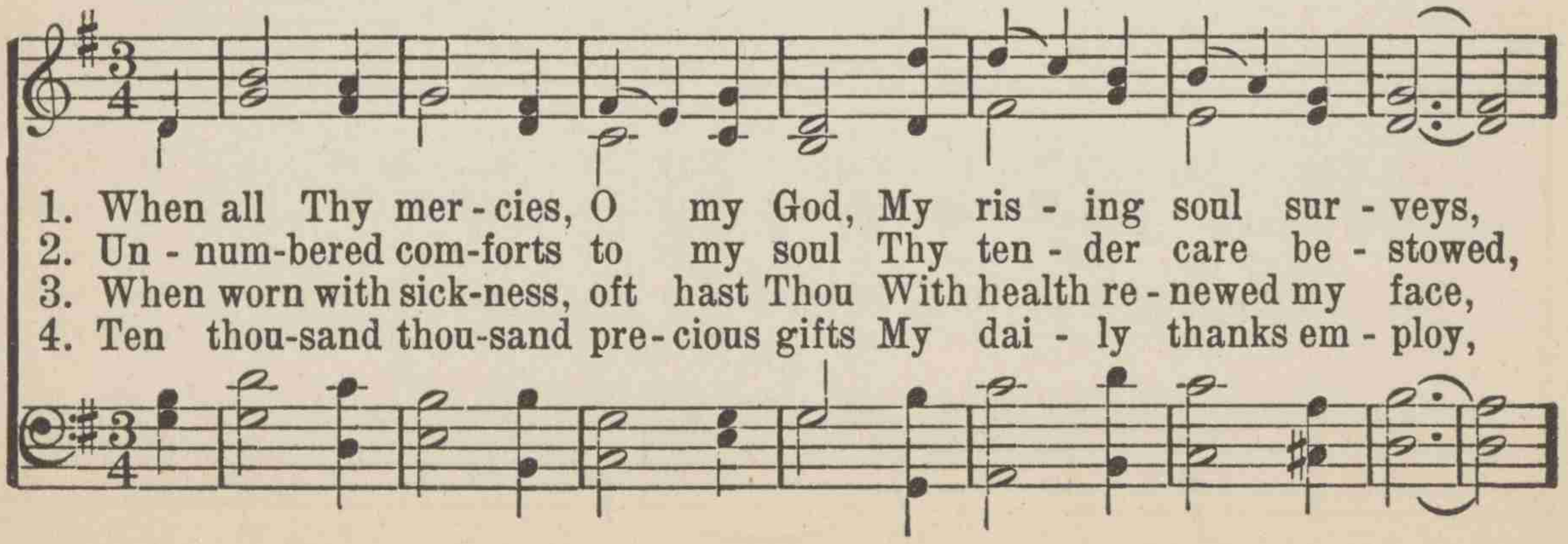
88 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. A. L. Peace.



89 When All Thy Mercies.

Joseph Addison. William Gardiner.



When All Thy Mercies.

Trans-port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.
Be - fore my in - fant heart con-ceived From whom those com-forts flowed.
And, when in sins and sor - rows sunk, Re - vived my soul with grace.
Nor is the least a cheer - ful heart That tastes those gifts with joy.

90 May Jesus Christ Be Praised.

From the German. Joseph Barnby.

1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries:
2. When sleep her balm de - nies, My si - lent spir - it sighs:
3. Does sad - ness fill my mind, A sol - ace here I find:
4. In Heav'n's e - ter - nal bliss The love - liest strain is this:
5. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine:

May Je - sus Christ be praised; A - like at work and prayer
May Je - sus Christ be praised; When e - vil thoughts mo - lest,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; Or fades my earth - ly bliss,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; The pow'rs of dark - ness fear,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; Be this th' e - ter - nal song,

To Je - sus I re - pair: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
With this I shield my breast: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
My com - fort still is this: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
When this sweet chant they hear: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
Thro' all the a - ges on: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
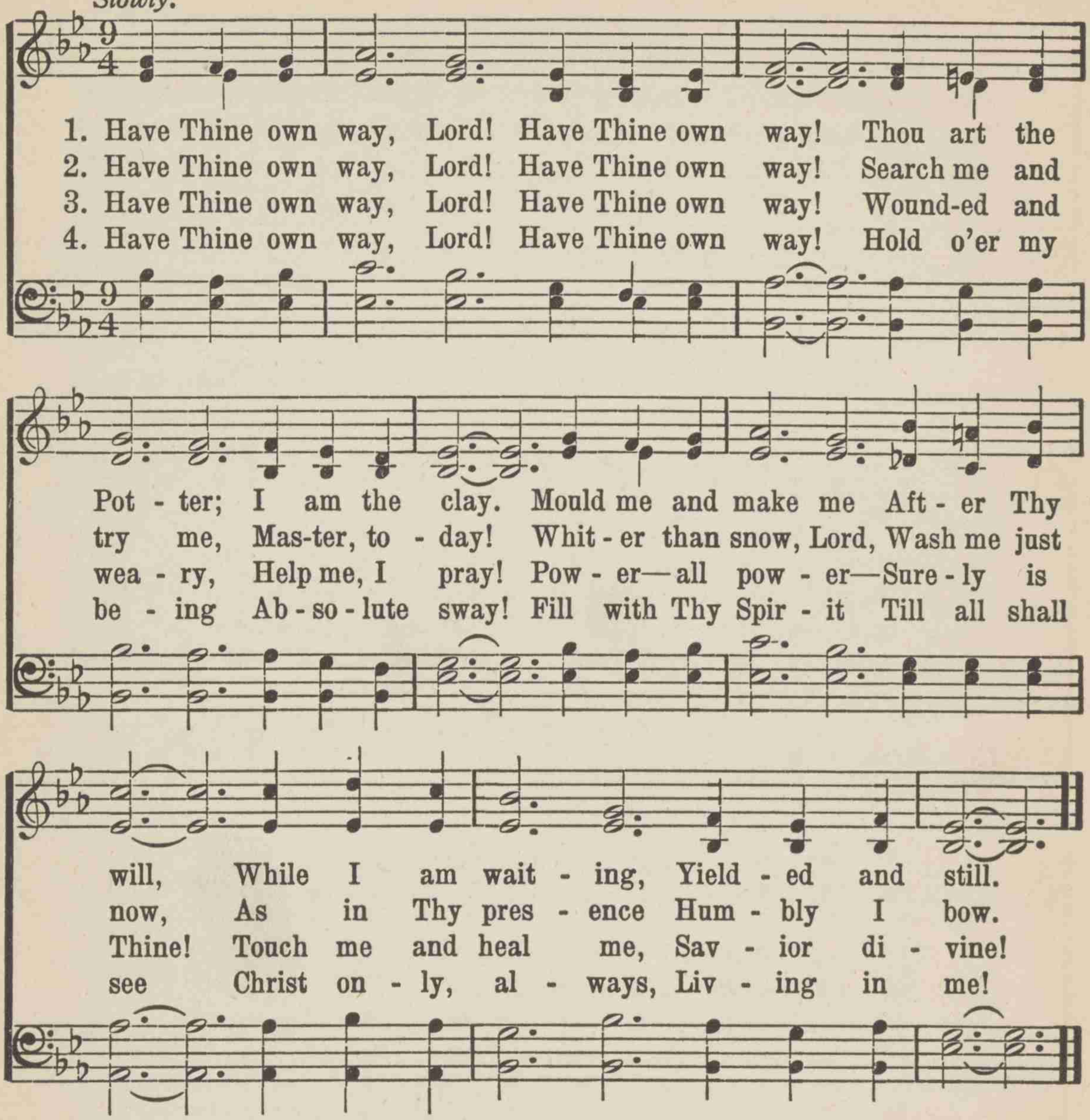
91 Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. P.

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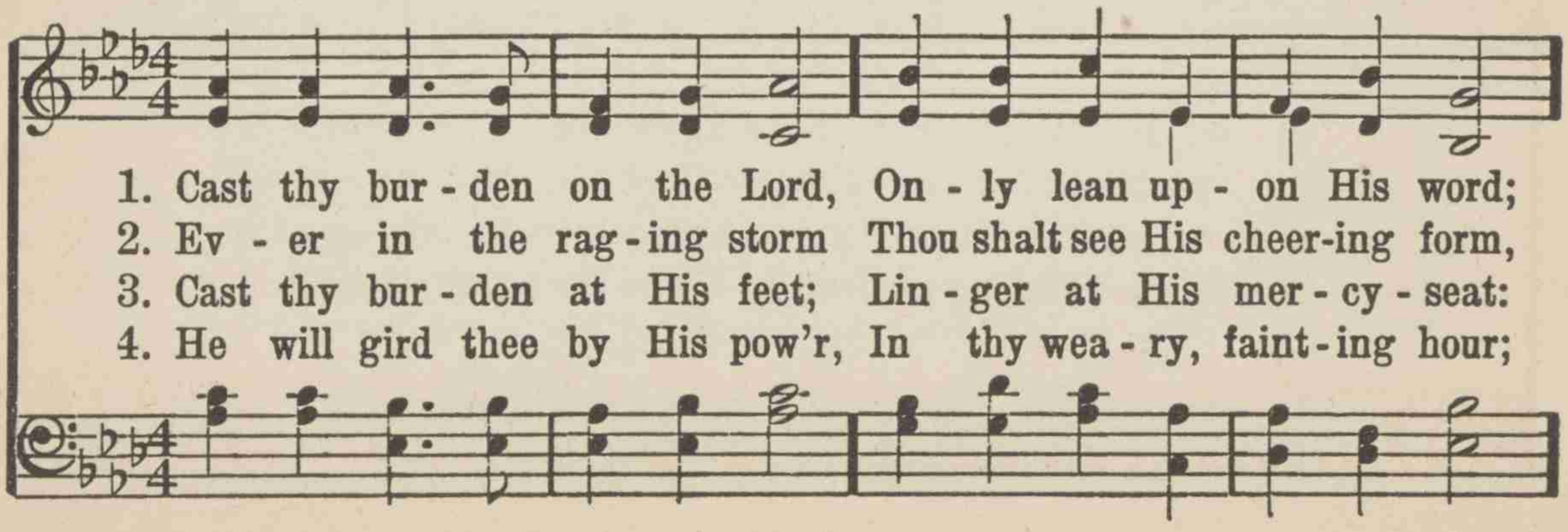
Slowly.



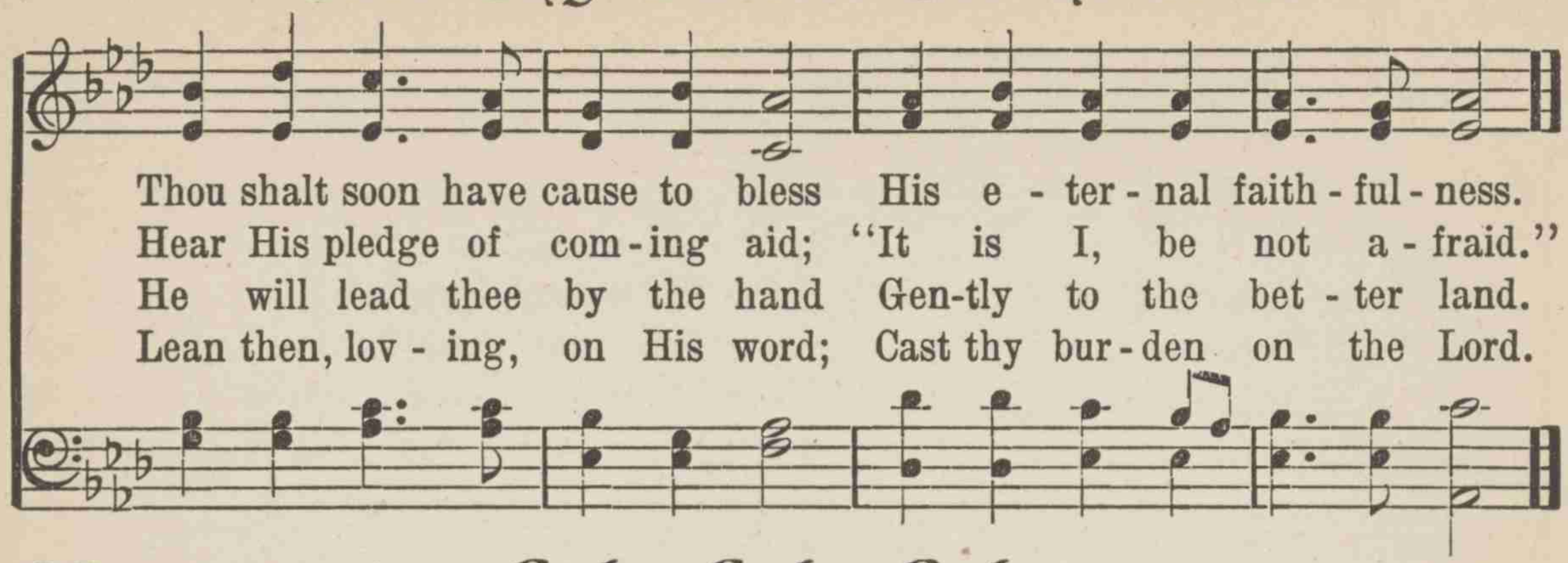
92 Cast Thy Burden On the Lord.

Rev. John Cennick.

Rev. John B. Dykes.

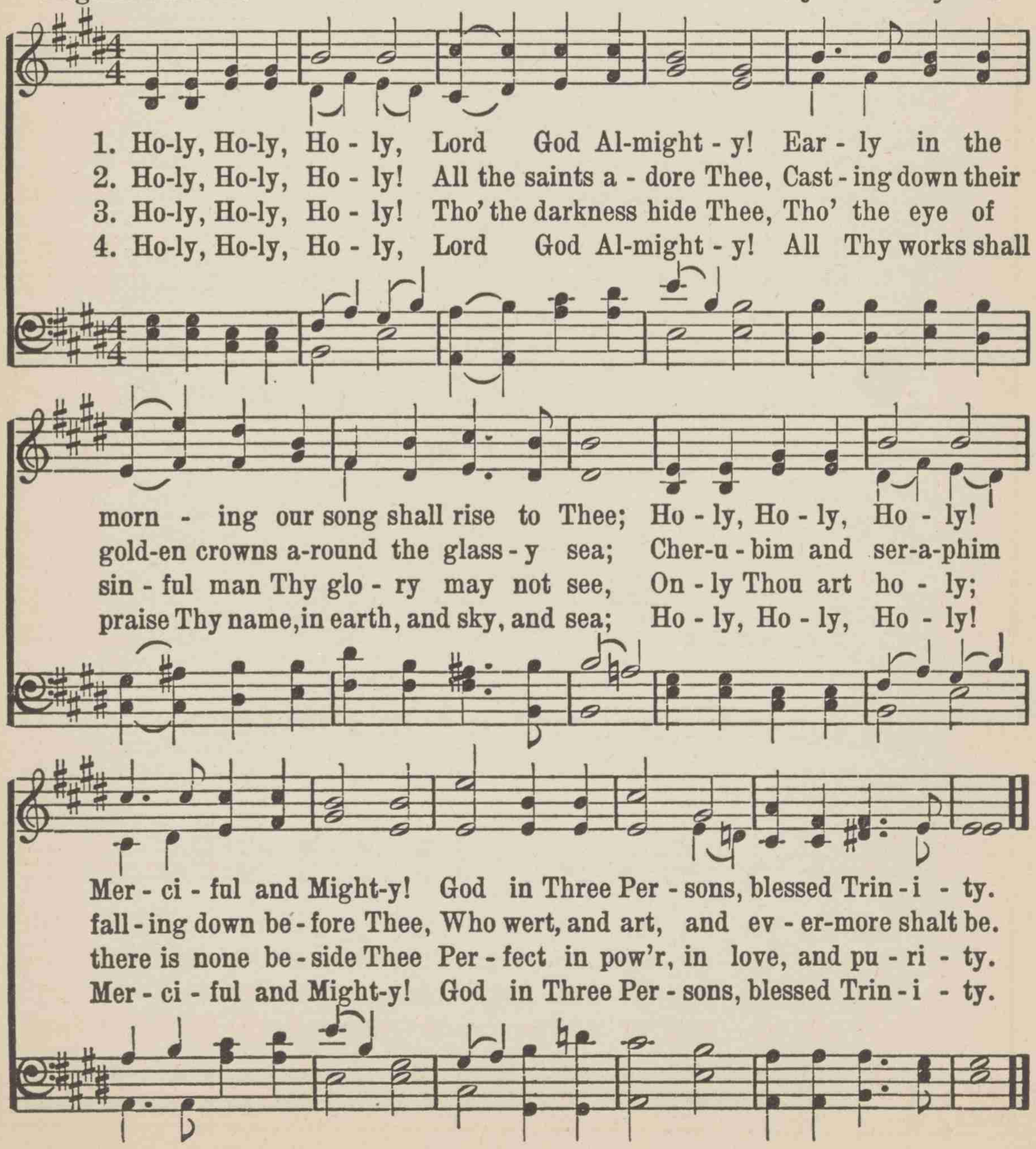


Cast Thy Burden On the Lord.



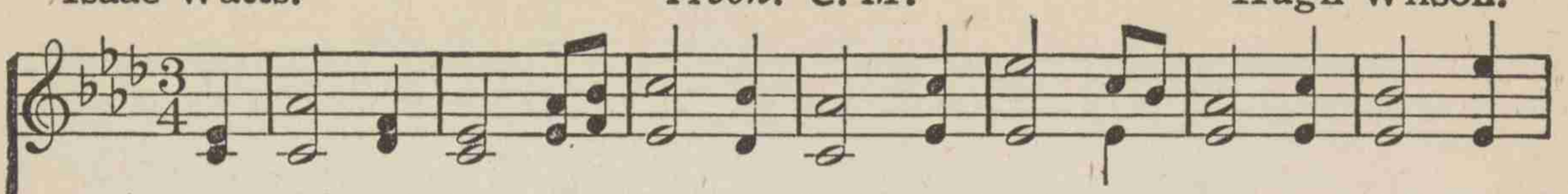
93 Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. Rev. John B. Dykes.

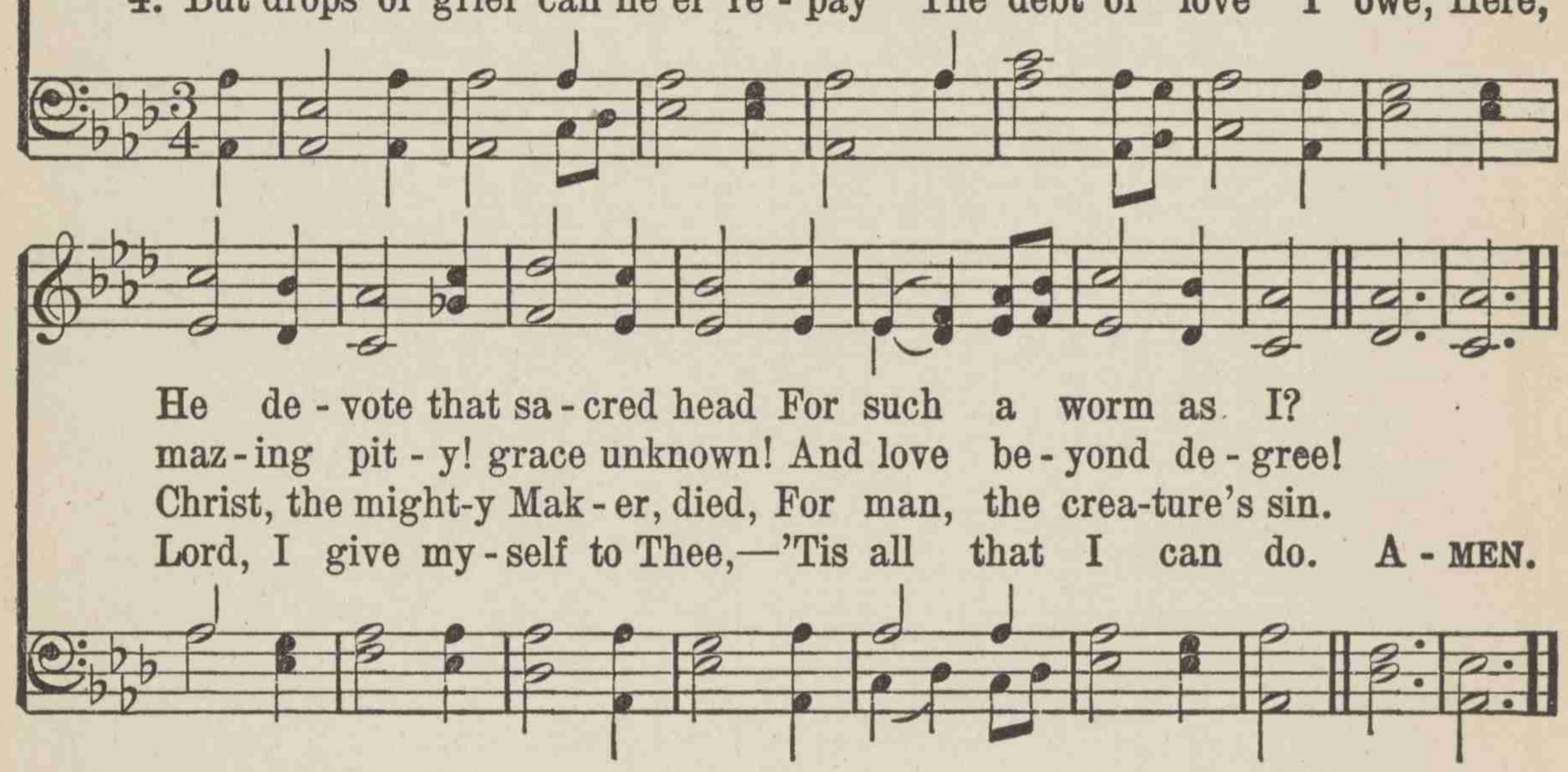


94 Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts. *Avon. C. M.* Hugh Wilson.
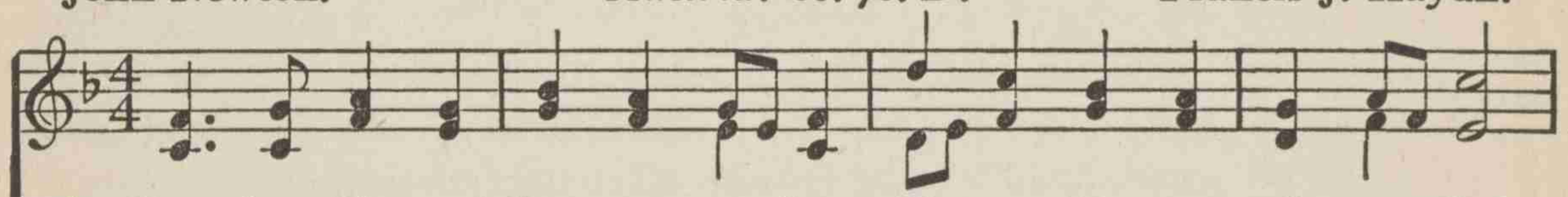


1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die? Would
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree? A-
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, When
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; Here,



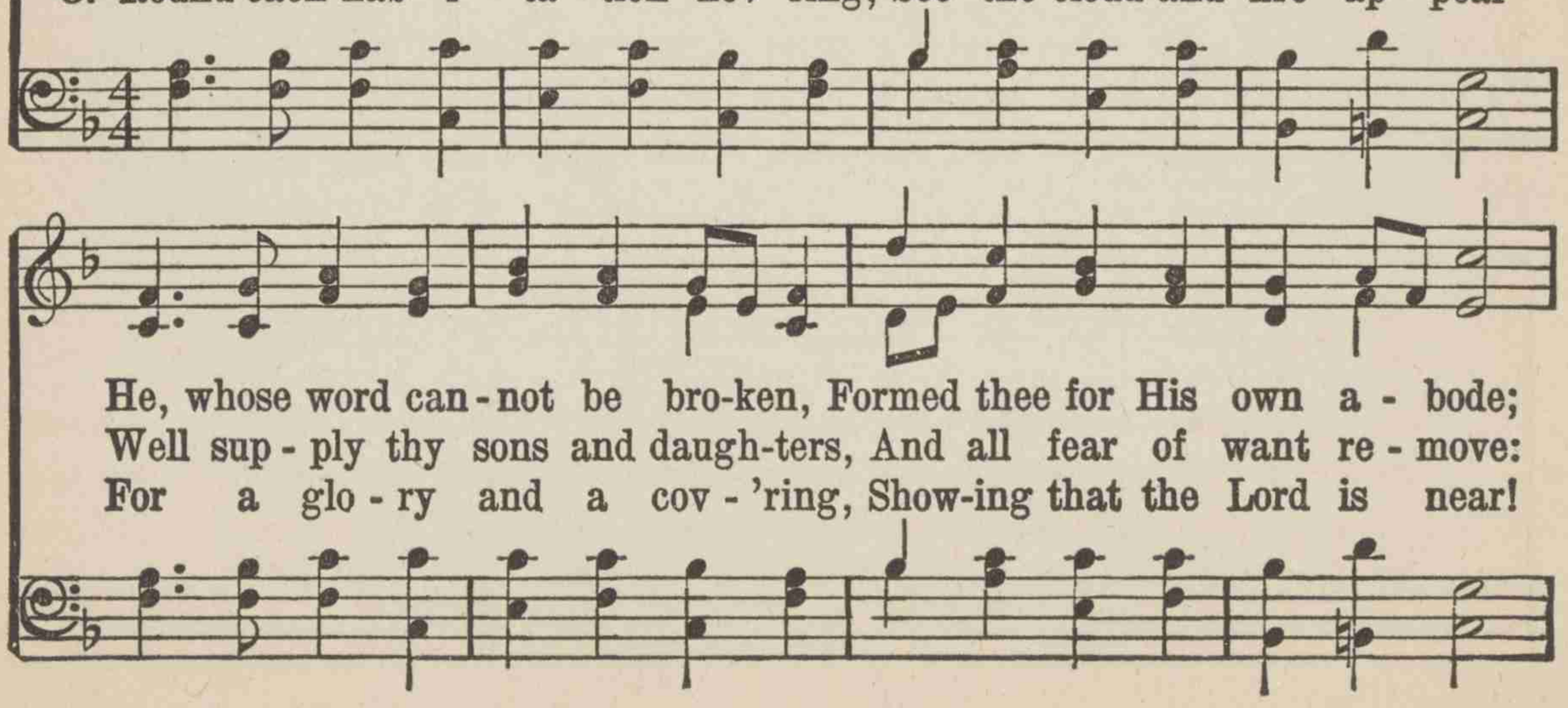
He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died, For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Lord, I give my - self to Thee,—'Tis all that I can do. A - MEN.

95 Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

John Newton. *Austria. 8s. 7s. D.* Francis J. Haydn.

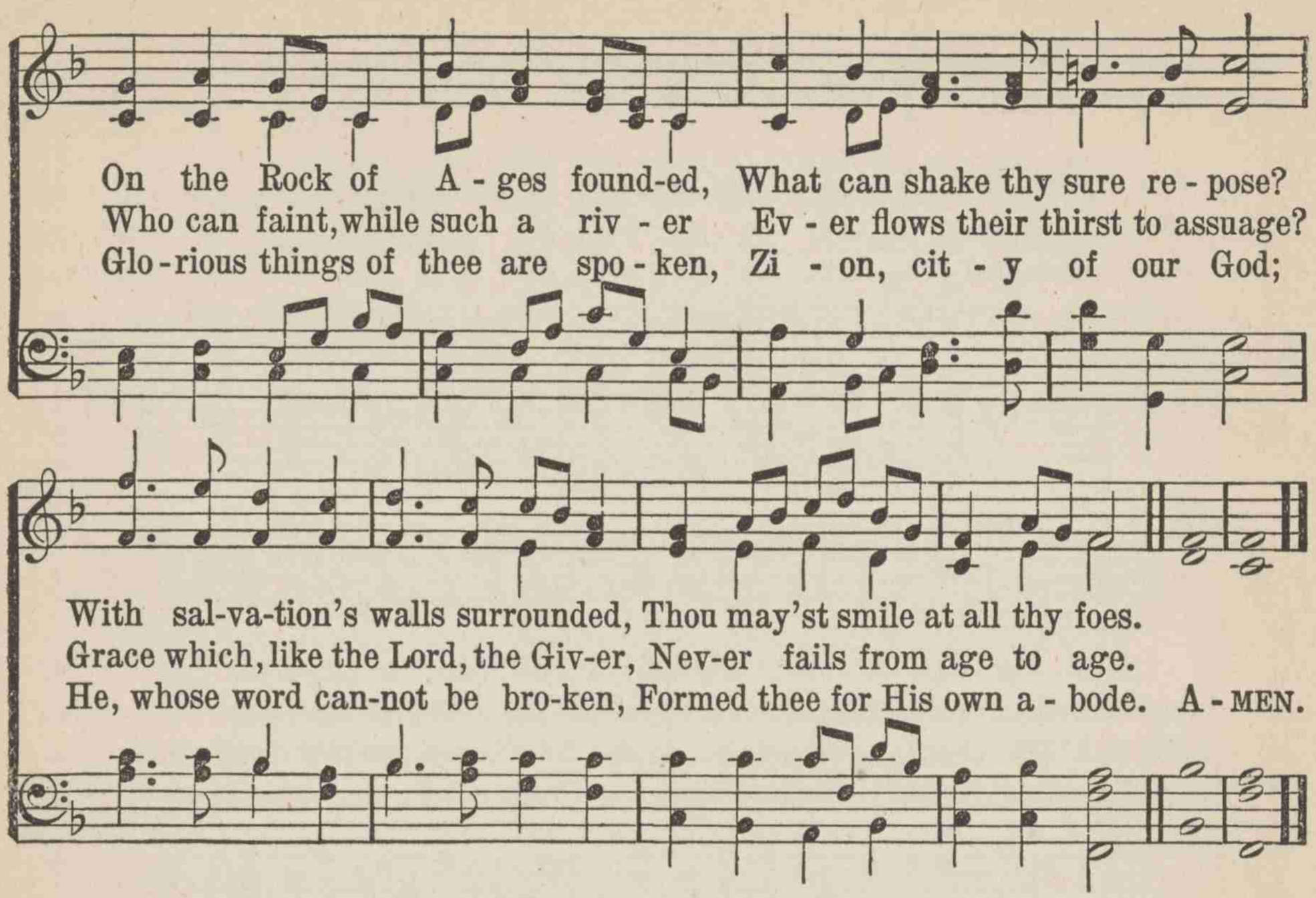


1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Spring-ing from e - ter - nal love,
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov-'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear



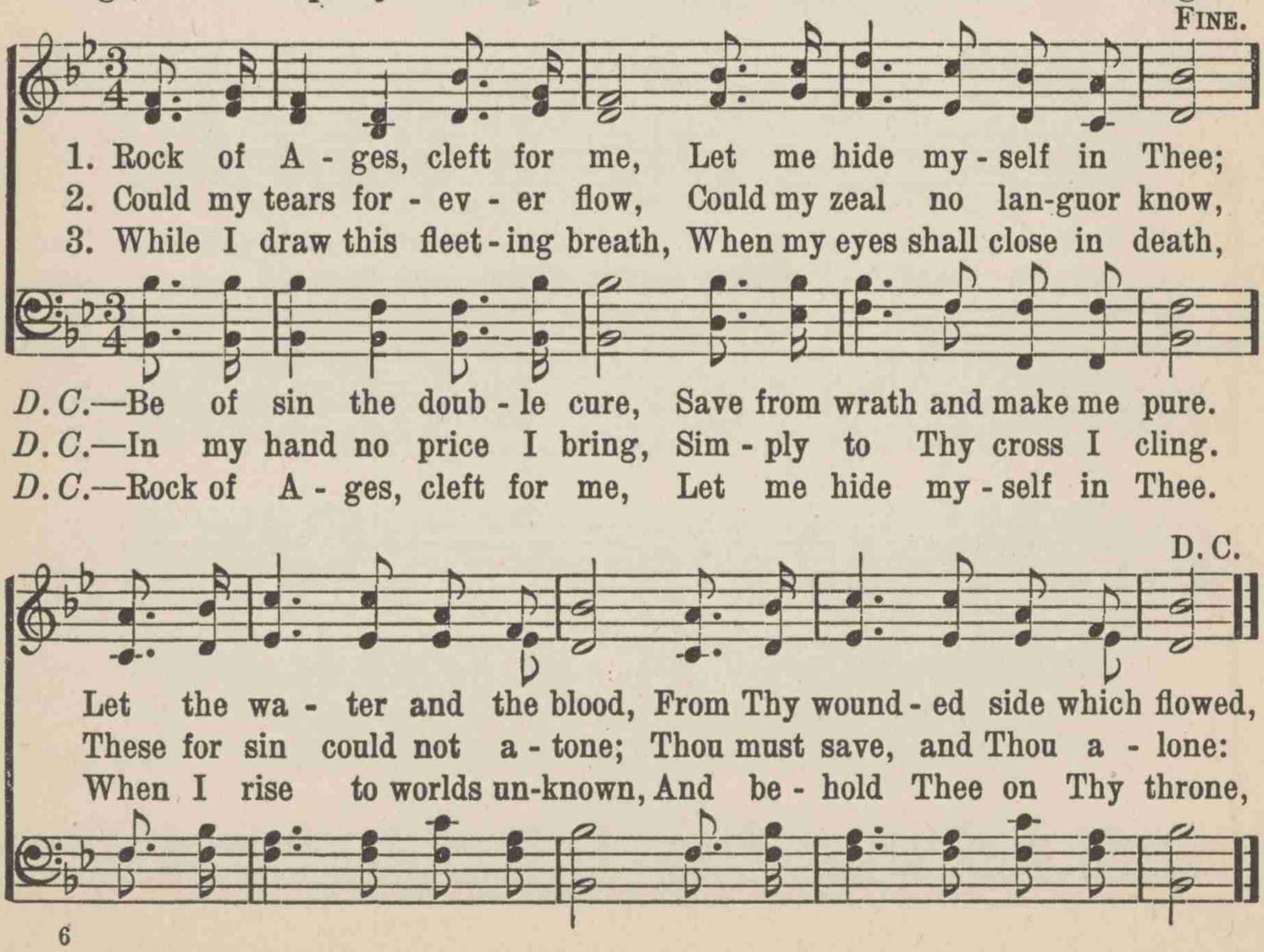
He, whose word can - not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode;
Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh-ters, And all fear of want re - move:
For a glo - ry and a cov - 'ring, Show-ing that the Lord is near!

Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.



96 Rock of Ages.

Augustus M. Toplady. Thomas Hastings.



97 The King of Love My Shepherd Is.

Rev. Henry W. Baker. Rev. John B. Dykes.

1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose goodness fail-eth nev - er;
2. Where streams of liv-ing wa - ter flow, My ran-somed soul He lead - eth,
3. Per - verse and fool - ish oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me,
4. And so thro' all the length of days, Thy good-ness fail-eth nev - er;

I noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.
And, where the ver-dant pas - tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
And on His shoul-der gen - tly laid, And home, re - joic - ing, brought me.
Good Shep-herd, may I sing Thy praise With-in Thy house for - ev - er.

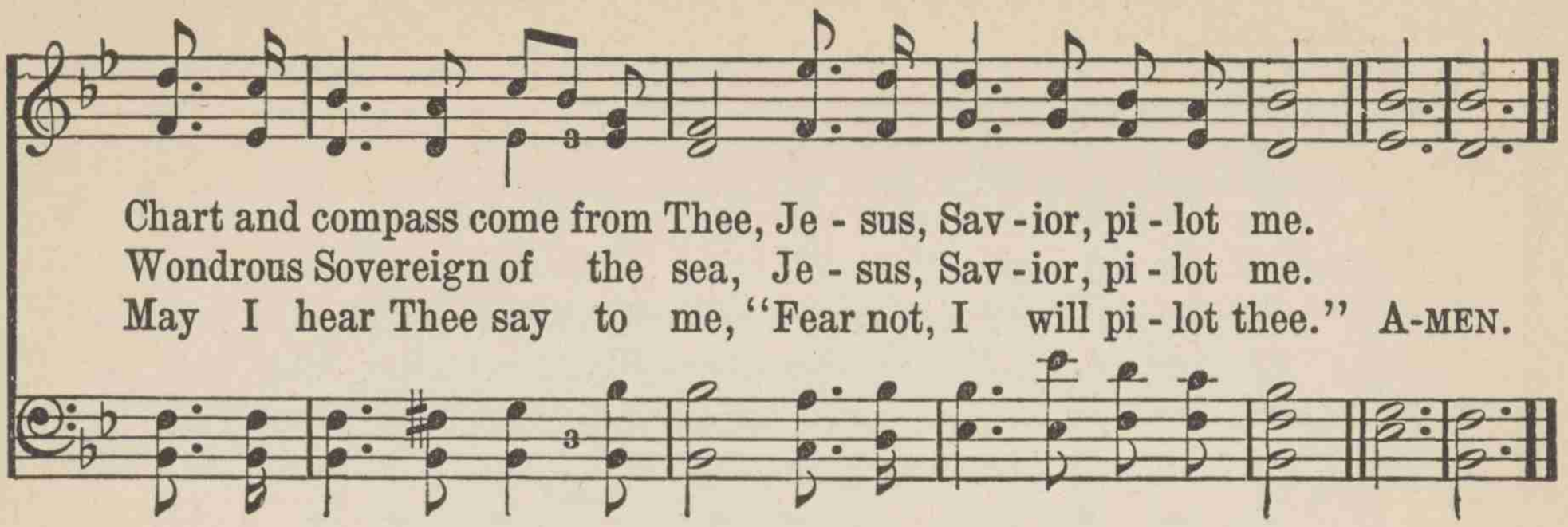
98 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *Pilot. 6. 7.* J. E. Gould.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea:
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.
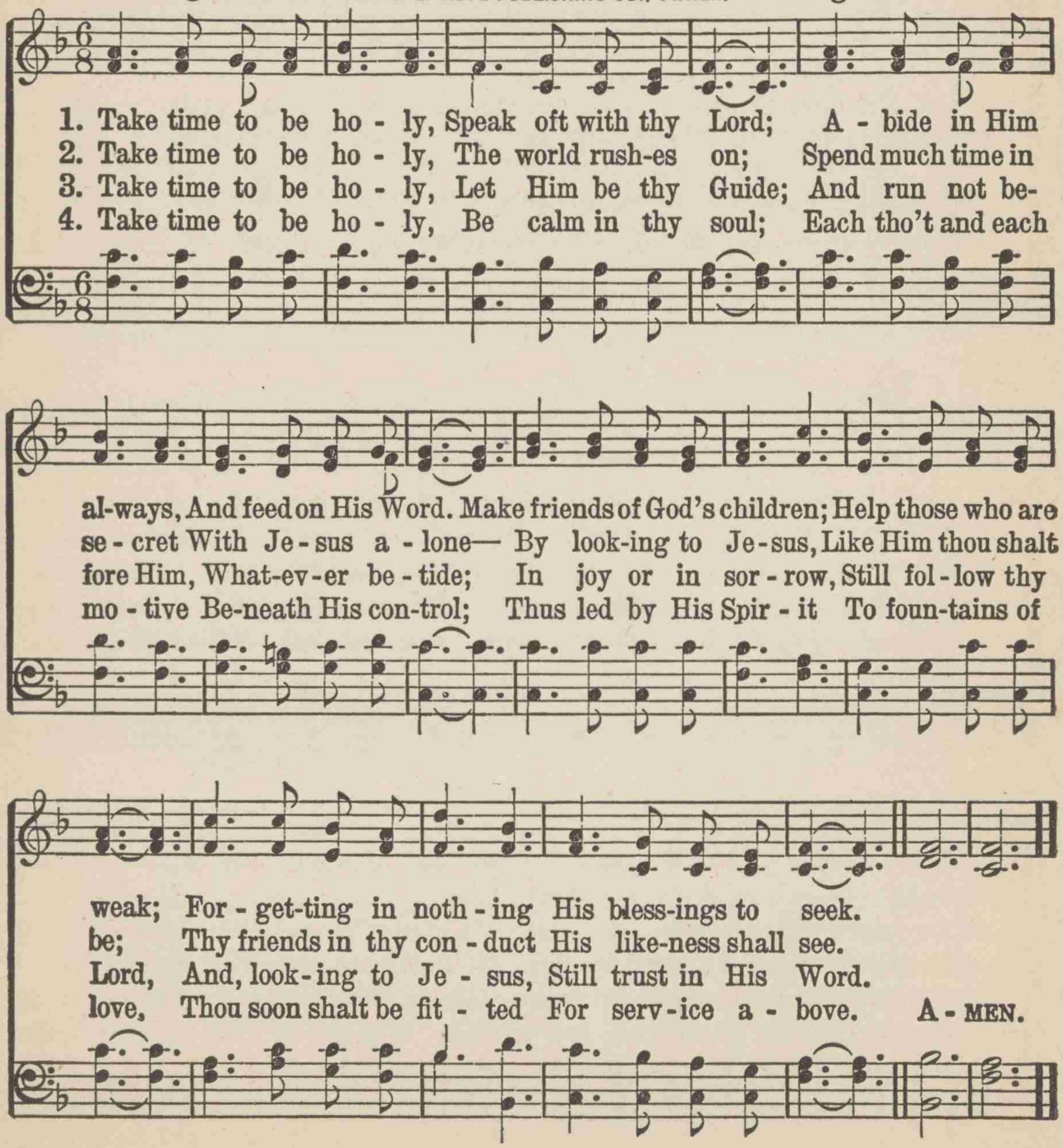


99 Take Time to be Holy.

W. D. Longstaff.

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100 There is a Fountain.

William Cowper. *Cleansing Fountain. C. M.* Lowell Mason.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
5. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,
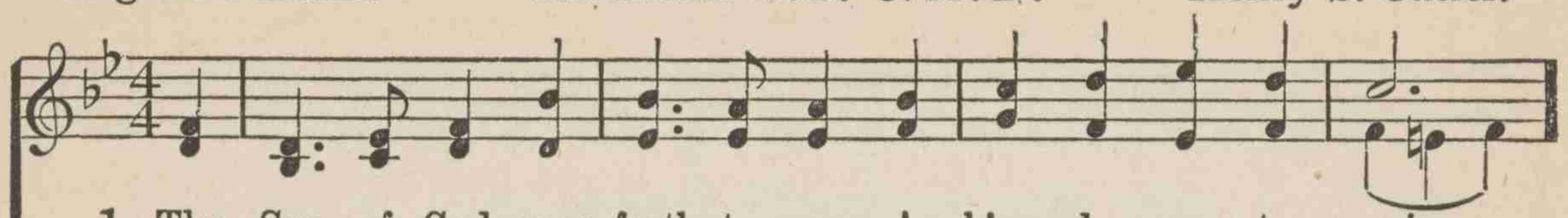
And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains:
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way:
Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more:
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die:
When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave:

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains; And
Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way; And
Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more; Till
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die; Re-
Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave; When
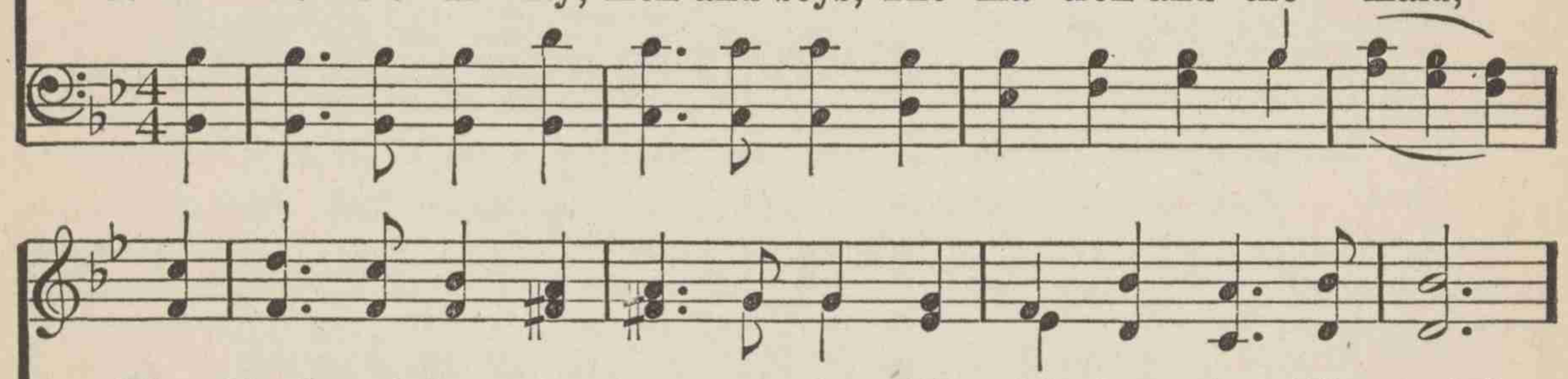
sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave. A-MEN.

101 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.
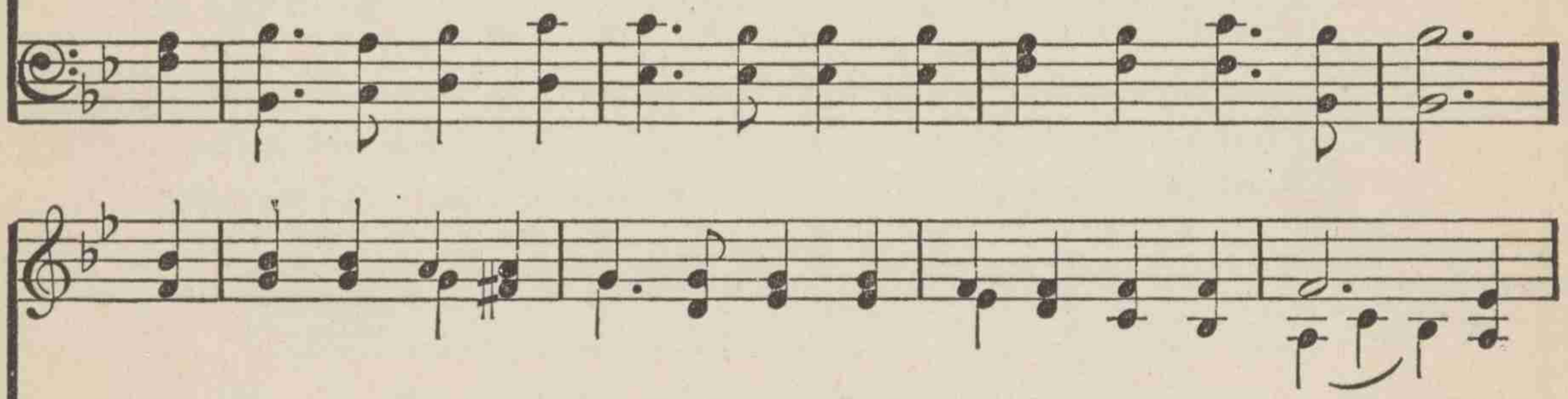
Reginald Heber. *All Saints New. C. M. D.* Henry S. Cutler.
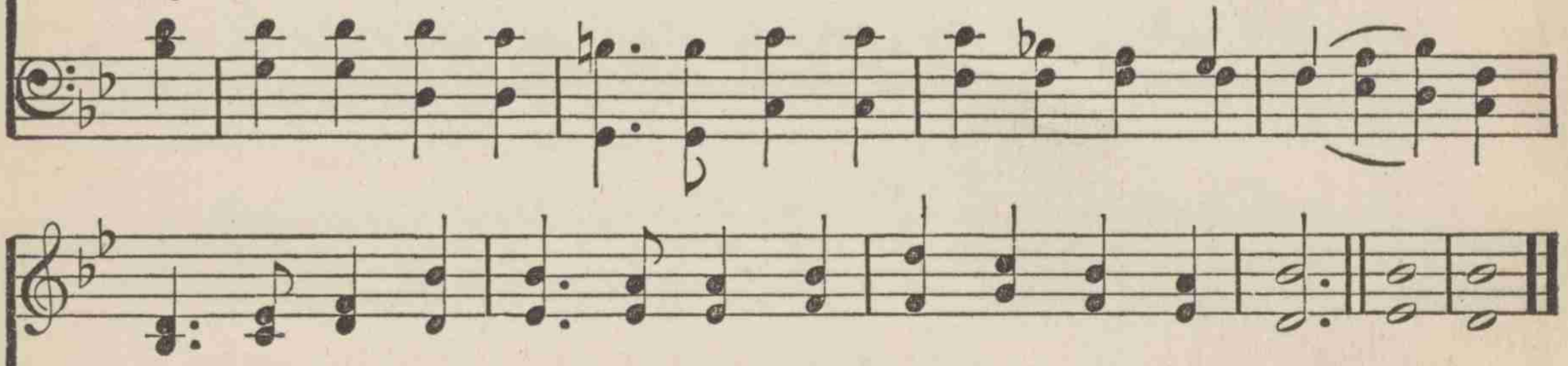


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
3. A glo-rious band, the cho - sen few On whom the Spir - it came,
4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,
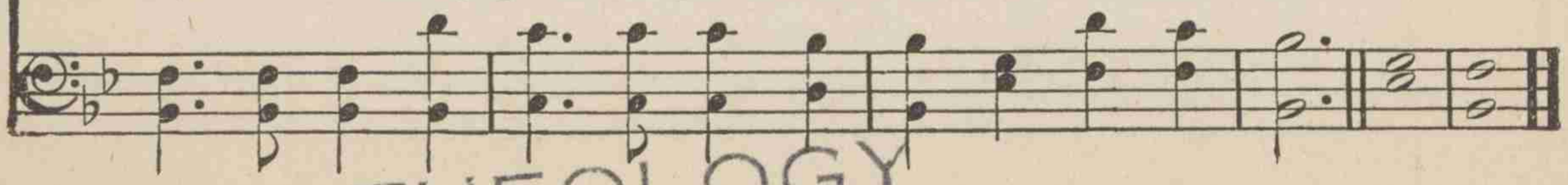


His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:
A - round the Sav-ior's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed:



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um-phant o - ver pain, Who
Like Him, with par - don on His tongue In midst of mor - tal pain, He
They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane; They
They climbed the steep as-cent of Heav'n Thro' per - il, toil, and pain: O



pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?
bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?
God, to us may grace be given To fol - low in their train. A - MEN.



THEOLOGY
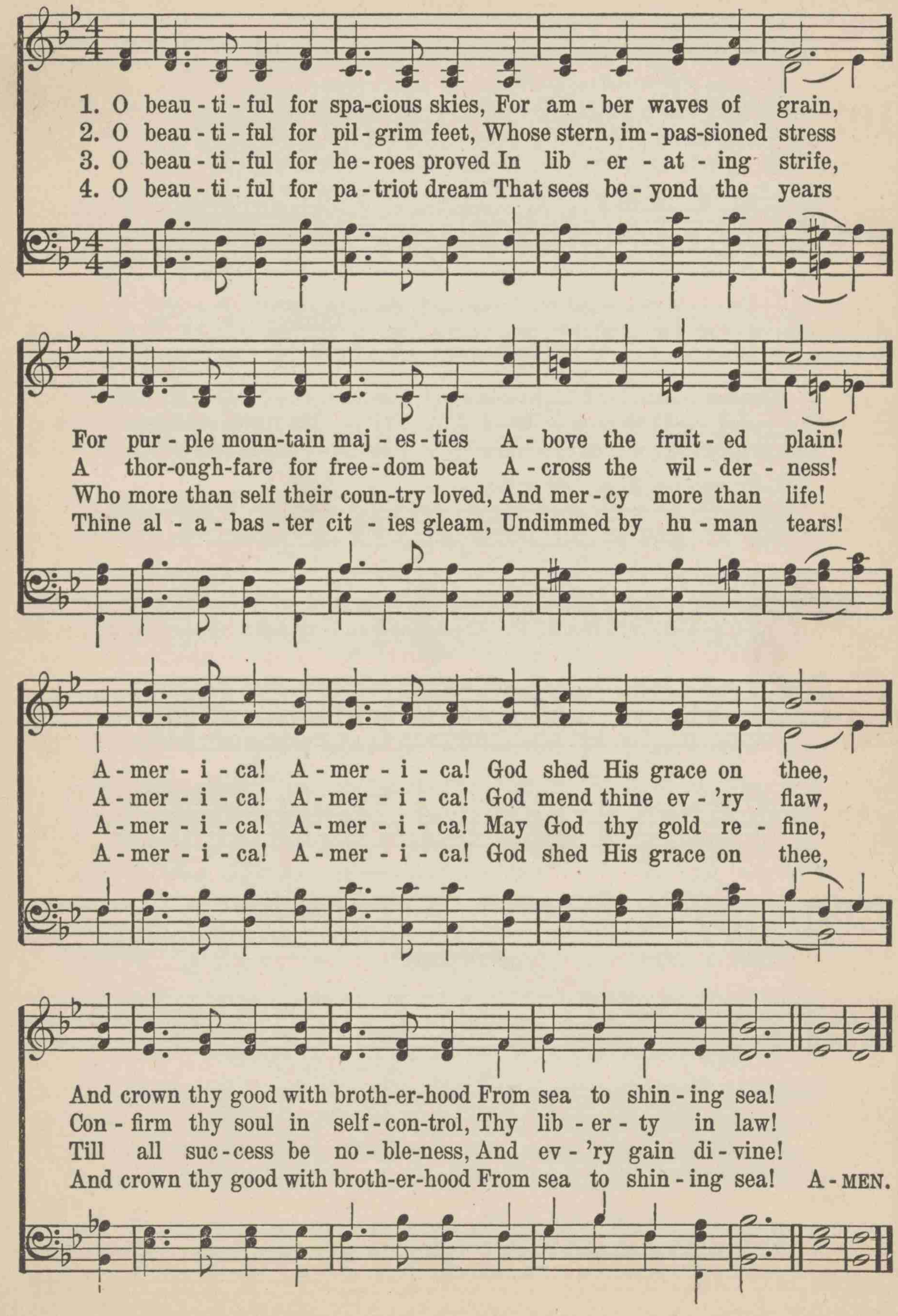
Patriotic Selections.

102 Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne. H. R. Bishop.
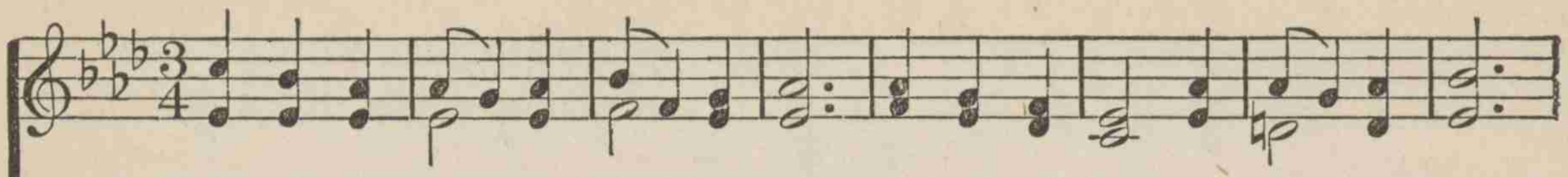
103 America the Beautiful.

Katherine Lee Bates. *Ward. C. M. D.* S. A. Ward.

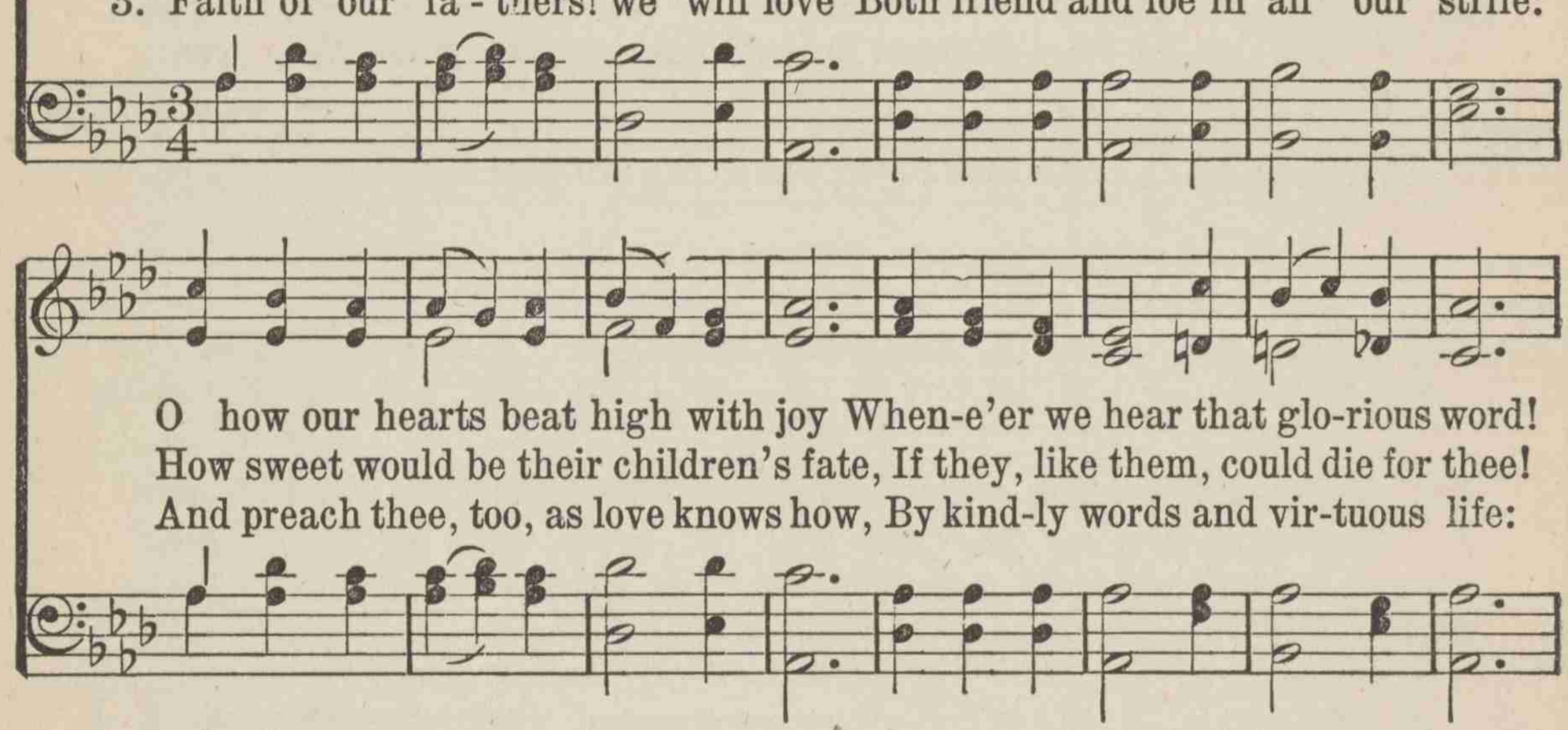


104 Faith of Our Fathers.
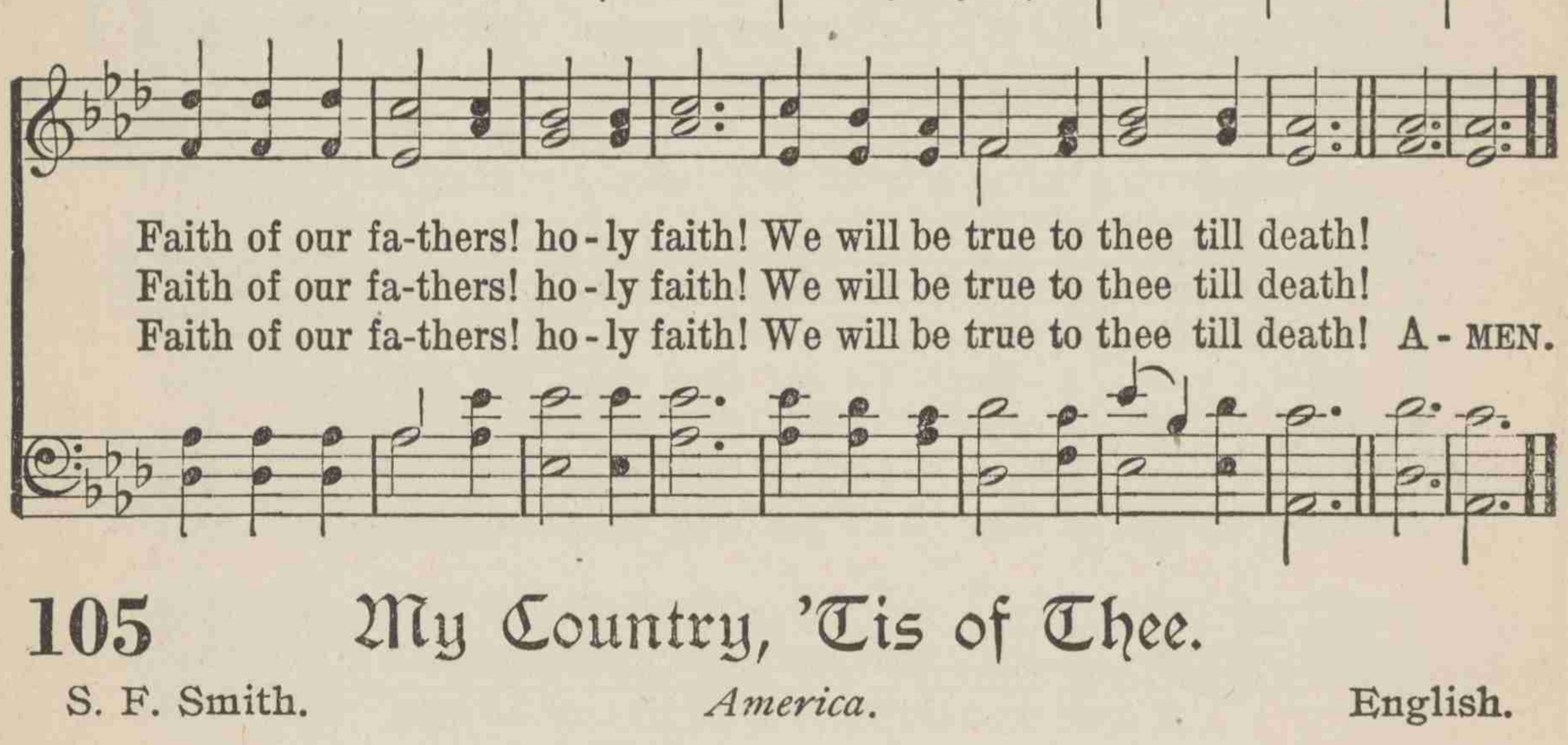
Frederick W. Faber. *St. Catherine. L. M. 6l.* H. F. Hemy.



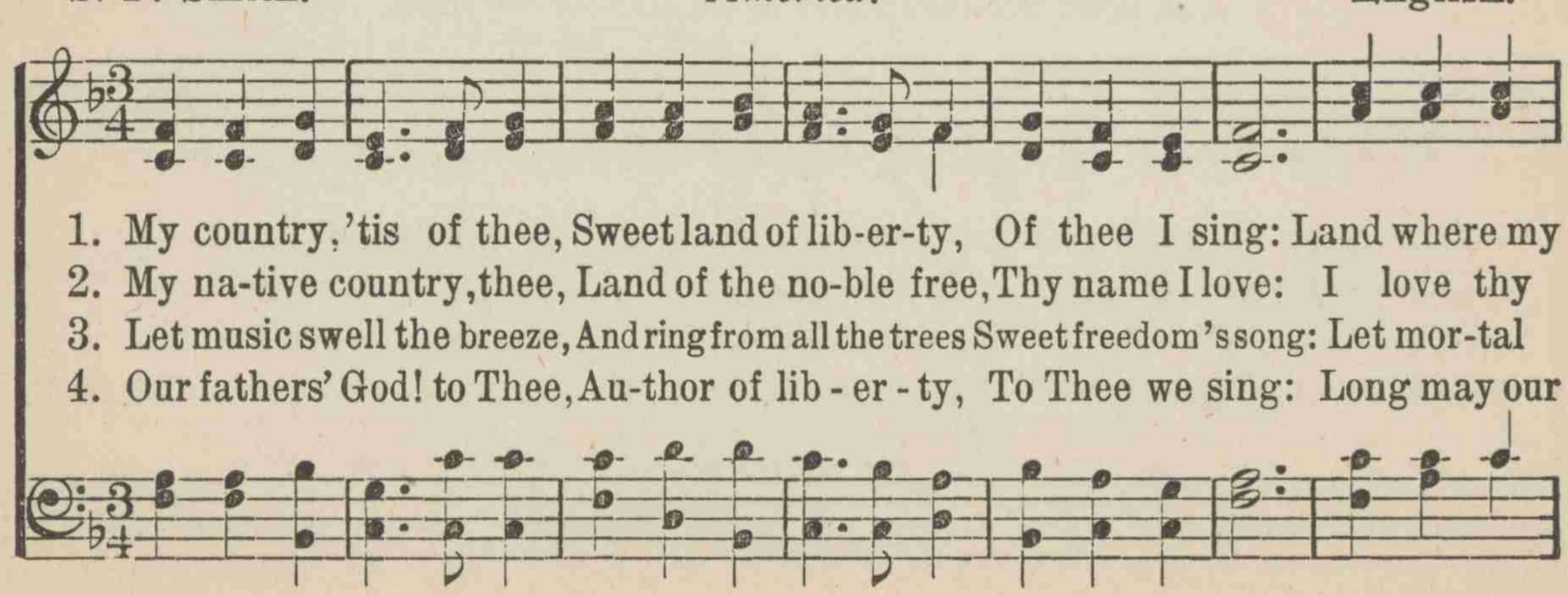
1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire, and sword:
2. Our fa-thers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:



O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo-rious word!
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life:
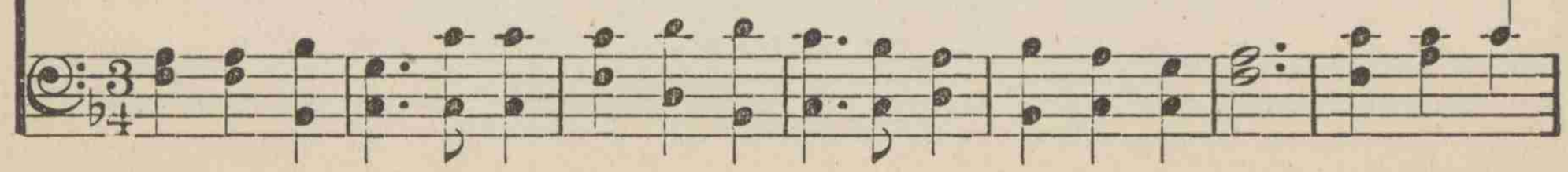


Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death! A - MEN.
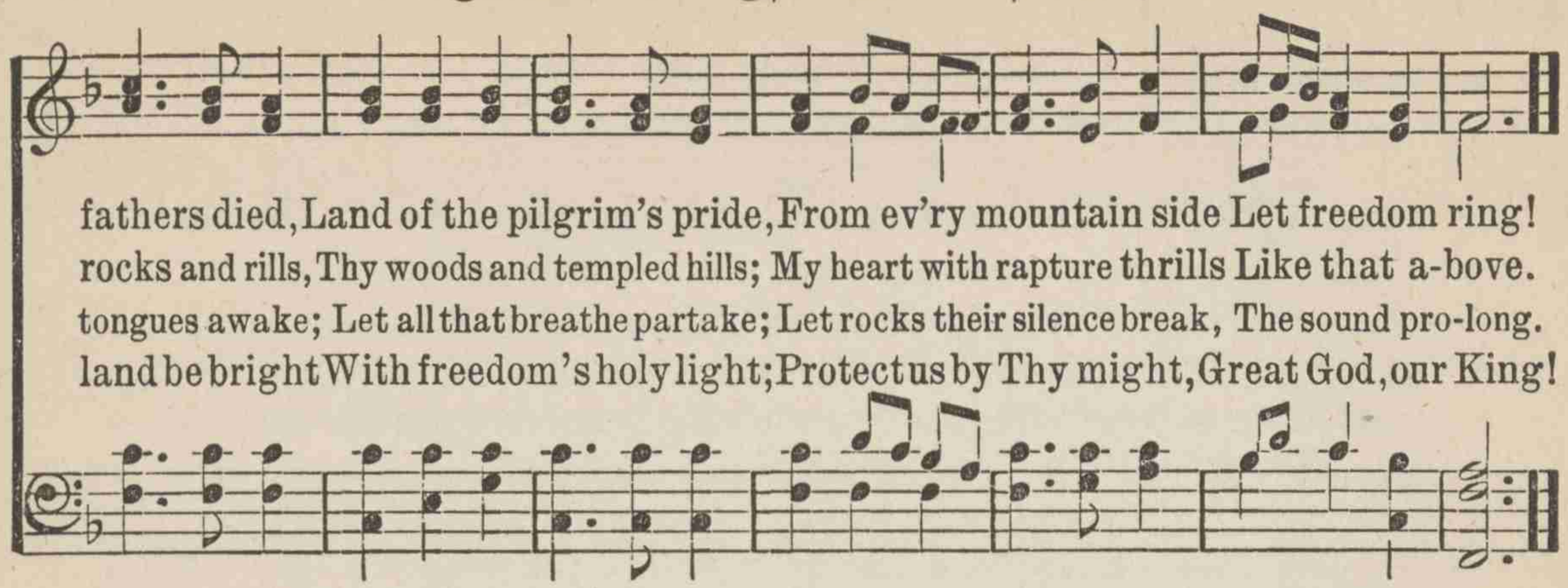


105 My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith. *America.* English.

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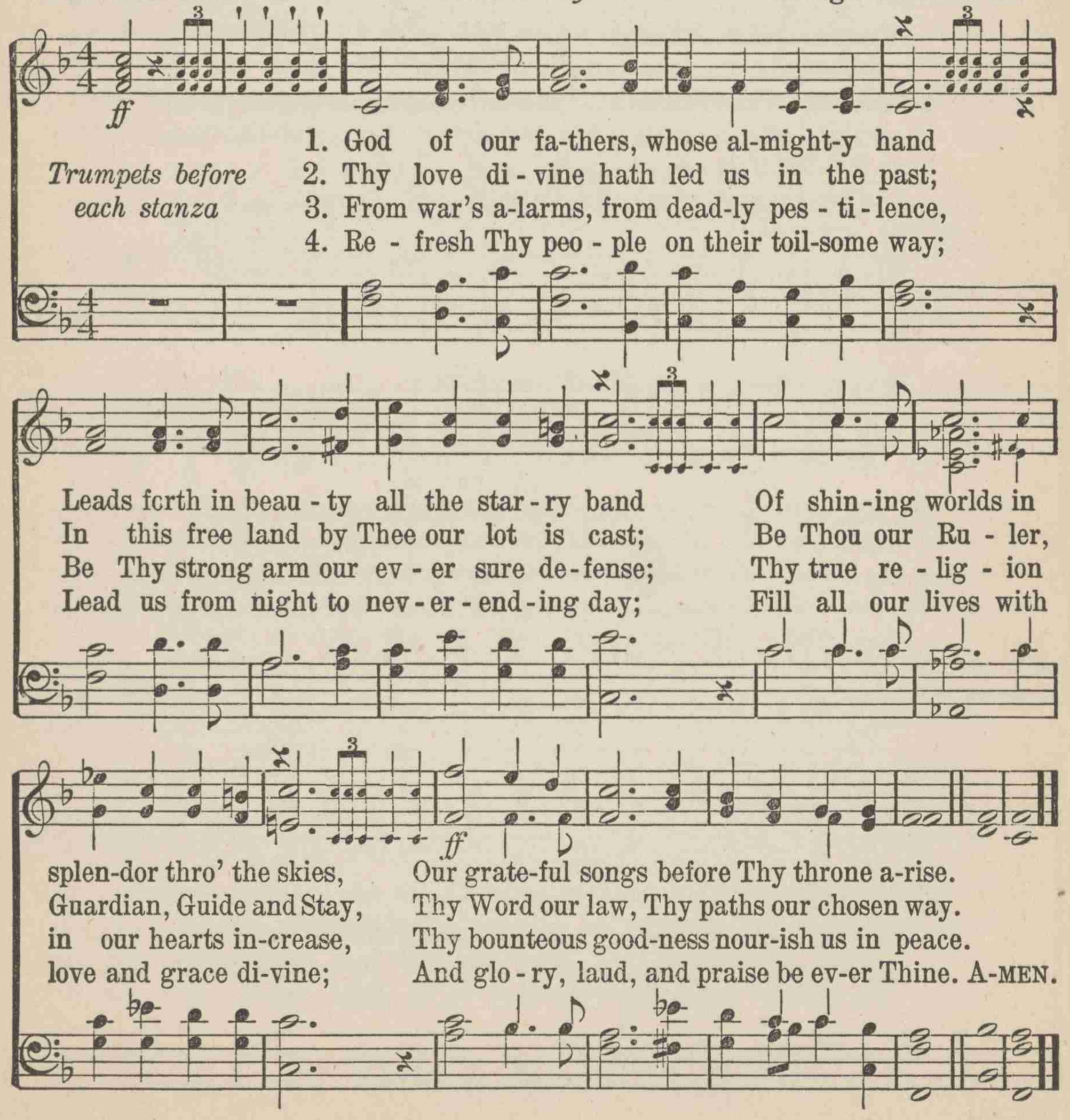


My Country, 'Tis of Thee.



106 God of Our Fathers.

Daniel C. Roberts. *National Hymn.* George W. Warren.



107 The Star-Spangled Banner.

Francis Scott Key.
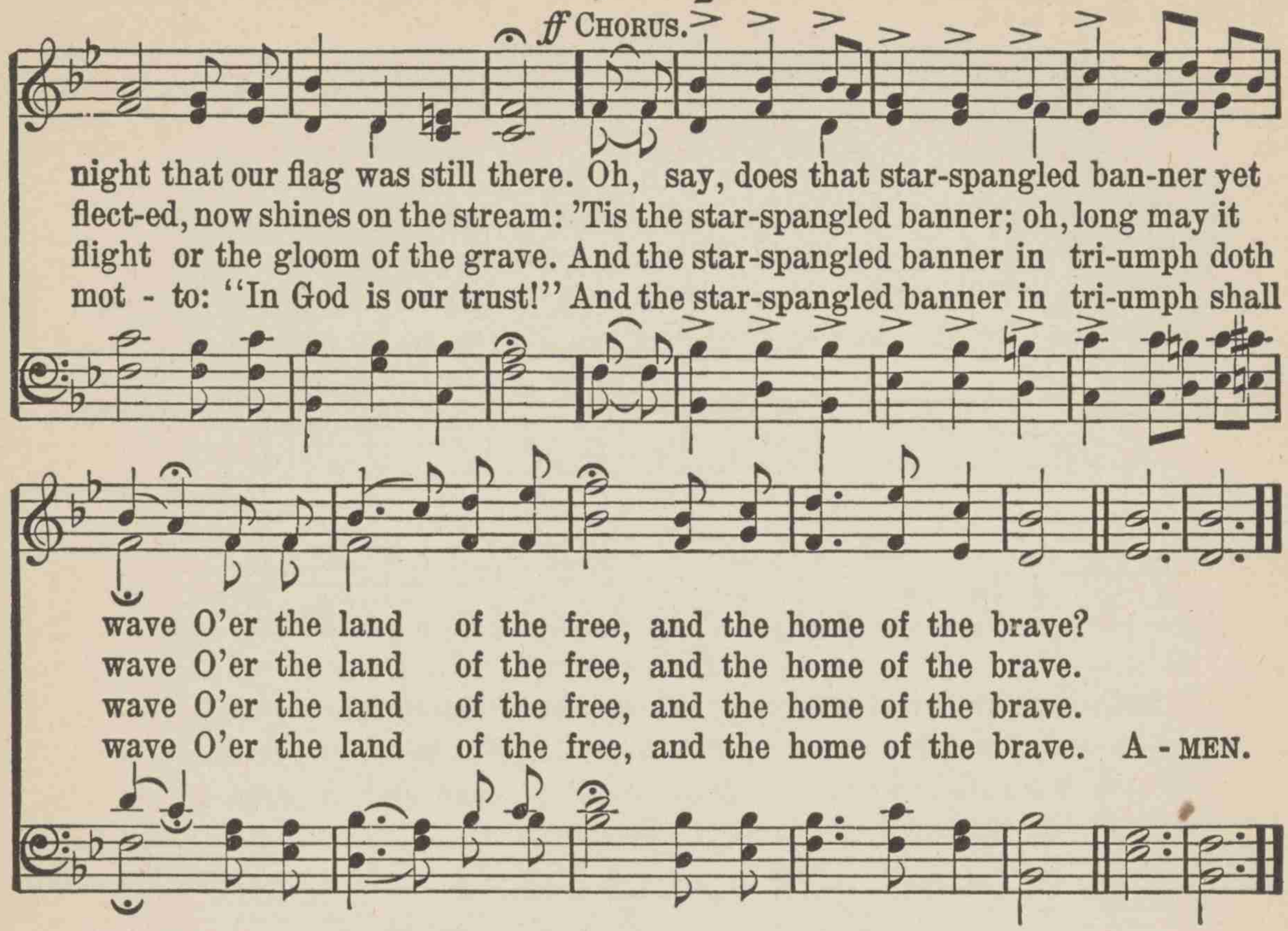
1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. And where is that band, who so vaunt-ing-ly swore That the hav - oc of
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when freemen shall stand Be - tween their loved

hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
host in dread si-lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
war and the bat-tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun-try should
homes and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the

per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es?
leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pol-lu-tion;
Heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na-tion!

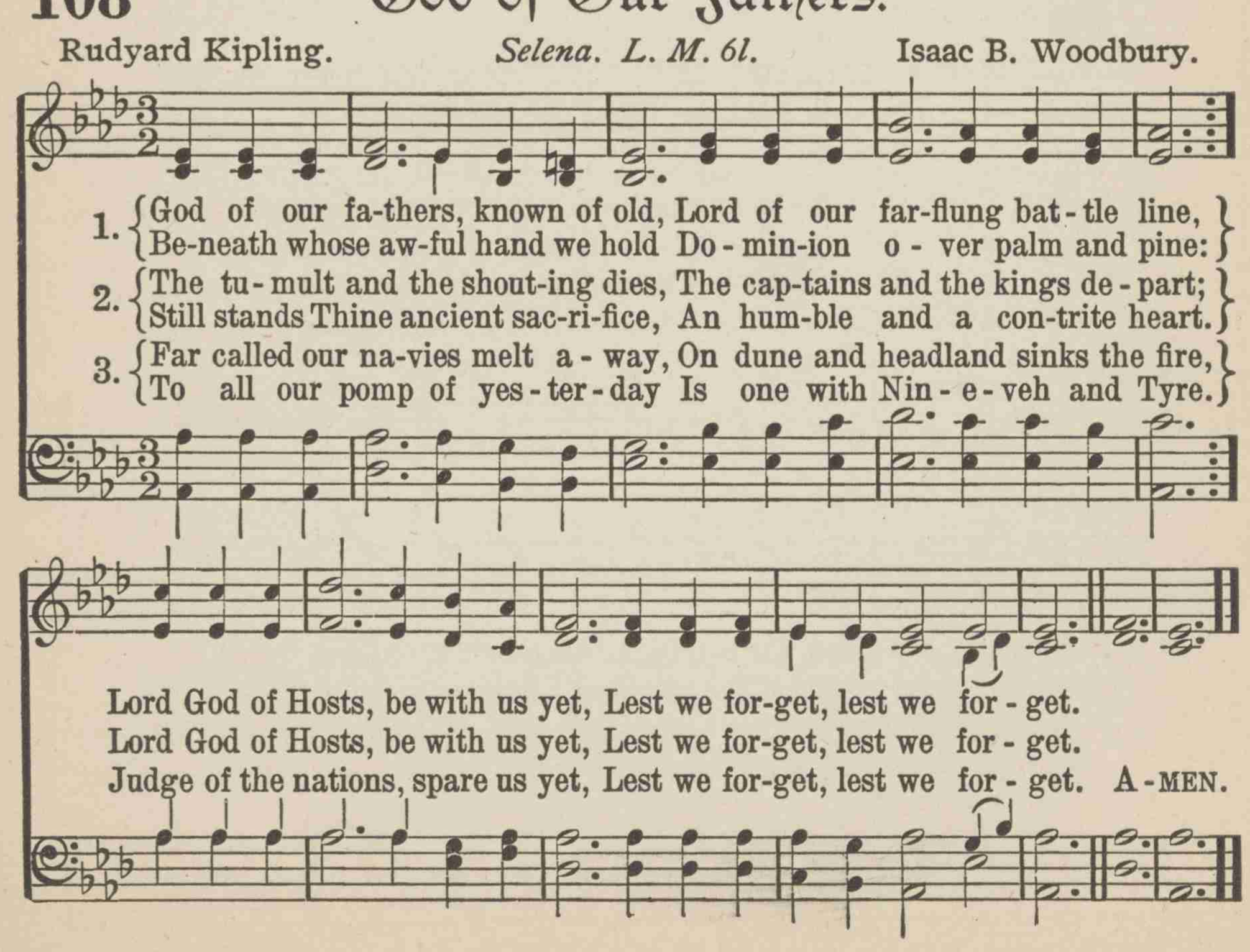
And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the
Now it catch-es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re-
No ref-uge could save the hire-ling and slave From the ter - ror of
Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just; And this be our

The Star-Spangled Banner.



108 God of Our Fathers.

Rudyard Kipling. *Selena. L. M. 6l.* Isaac B. Woodbury.



109 Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. *Glory, Hallelujah.* Plantation Melody.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred circling camps; They have
3. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall nev-er sound re-treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a

tram-pling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat. O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to

fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri-ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
righteous sentence by the dim and flar-ing lamps; His day is march-ing on.
soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho-ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march-ing on.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Our God is march-ing on. A - MEN.

Popular Songs.

110 When the Swallows Homeward Fly.

Franz Abt.

Andante.

1. When the swal - lows home-ward fly, When the ro - ses scat-tered
2. When the white swan southward roves, To seek at noon the or - ange

lie, When from nei - ther hill nor dale, Chants the sil - v'ry night - in-
groves, When the red tints of the west Prove the sun has gone to

gale; In these words my bleed-ing heart Would to thee its grief im-
rest; In these words my bleed-ing heart Would to thee its grief im-

part, When I thus thy im - age lose, Can I, ah, can I
part, When I thus thy im - age lose, Can I, ah, can I

e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?
e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?

111 Love's Old Sweet Song.

J. L. Molloy.

mf Andante.

1. Once, in the dear, dead days be-yond re - call, When on the world the
2. E - ven to - day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it

cres.

mists be - gan to fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap - py throng,
dwells for - ev - er - more, Foot-steps may fal - ter, wea - ry grow the way,

dim. *p*

Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song; And in the dusk, where
Still we can hear it at the close of day; So in the end, when

cres.

fell the fire-light gleam, Soft - ly it wove it - self in - to our dream.
life's dim shad-ows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

p a tempo. *cres.*

Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low, And the flick'ring shad-ows

Love's Old Sweet Song.

dim. *f*

soft - ly come and go; Tho' the heart be wea - ry, sad the day and long,

Still to us, at twi-light, comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet song.

112 Coming Through the Rye.

Robert Burns.

mf Lively.

1. If a bod - y meet a bod - y, Com-in' thro' the rye, If a bod - y
2. If a bod - y meet a bod - y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod - y

CHORUS.

kiss a bod - y, Need a bod - y cry?
greet a bod - y, Need a bod - y frown?

Ev - 'ry las - sie has her lad-die,

Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When comin' thro' the rye.

113 My Old Kentucky Home.

Stephen Foster.

mf Moderato. *cres.*

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On mead-ow, the

dim.

dark-ies are gay; The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom, While the
hill and the shore; They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the

mf

birds make mu-sic all the day. The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in
bench by the old cab - in door. The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the

cres. *dim.*

floor, All mer - ry, all hap-py and bright; By'n by hard times comes a-
heart, With sor-row, where all was de - light; The time has come when the

knock-ing at the door, Then, my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night.
dark - ies have to part, Then, my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night.

My Old Kentucky Home.

CHORUS. *mf* *cres.*

Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh! weep no more to - day! We will sing one

dim.

song for the old Kentucky home, For my old Ken-tuck-y home far a - way.

114 Auld Lang Syne.

Robert Burns.

mf Moderato. *cres.*

1. Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for - got, And nev - er brought to mind? Should
2. We twa ha'e ran a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow - ans fine, We've

REFRAIN.

auld acquaintance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
wandered mony a wea-ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my

dear, For auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet For auld lang syne.

115 Dixie Land.

Dan Emmet.

mf Lively

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar am
   In Dix - ie Land whar I was born in, Ear - ly on one
2. Old Mis-sus mar - ry "Will, de wea - ber," Wil-lium was a
   But when he put his arms a-round her, He smiled as fierce as a

f *dim.*

not for - got-ten, } Look a-way, look a-way, look a-way, Dix-ie land.
frost - y morning, }
gay de - cea- ber, } Look a-way, look a-way, look a-way, Dix-ie land.
for - ty pounder, }

f

Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie Land I'll

take my stand, to lib and die in Dix - ie, A - way, A - way, A-

way down south in Dix-ie, A - way, A - way, A-way down south in Dix-ie.

116 In the Gloaming

Annie F. Harrison.

p Andante.

1. In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar-ling! when the lights are dim and low,
2. In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar-ling! think not bit - ter - ly of me!

rall.

And the qui - et shad - ows, fall - ing, soft - ly come and soft - ly go;
Though I passed a - way in si - lence, left you lone - ly, set you free;

agitato

When the winds are sob - bing faint - ly with a gen - tle, un-known woe,
For my heart was crushed with long-ing,—what had been could nev-er be.

Con anima

Will you think of me and love me, As you did once long a - go?
It was best to leave you thus, dear, Best for you, and best for (*Omit.*)

rall. *cres.*

me, It was best to leave you thus,—Best for you and best for me.

117 Sweet and Low.

J. Barnby.

p Larghetto

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee

cres.

sea; Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern
soon; Rest, rest on moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee

dim. *mf* *pp*

sea; O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the
soon; Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver

p *dim.*

dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me,
sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon;

dim. e rit. *pp*

While my lit - tle one, while my pret-ty one sleeps. . . . . .
Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret-ty one, sleep. . . . . .

118 The Old Oaken Bucket.

Samuel Woodworth.

mf Andante

1. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec-ol-
   The or-chard, the mead-ow, the deep tan-gled wild-wood, And ev - 'ry loved

2. The moss-cov-ered buck - et I hailed as a trea-sure, For oft - en at
   I found it the source of an ex - quis-ite plea-sure, The pu - rest and

lec - tion pre-sents them to view!
spot which my in - fan - cy knew;
noon, when returned from the field,
sweet - est that na-ture can yield.

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood
The cot of my fa-ther, the dai - ry-house
How ar - dent I seized it, with hands that were
Then soon, with the em-blem of truth o - ver-

by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat-a - ract fell;
nigh it, And e'en the rude buck-et that hung in the well.
The old oak - en

glowing, And quick to the white-pebbled bot - tom it fell;
flow-ing, And dripping with cool-ness, it rose from the well.
The old oak - en

buck-et, the i-ron-bound bucket, The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.
buck-et, the i-ron-bound bucket, The moss-covered bucket that rose from the well.

119 Bonnie Doon.

mf Andante

1. Ye banks and braes of bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae
2. Oft have I strayed by bon - nie Doon, To see the rose and

fresh and fair, How can ye sing, ye lit - tle birds, And
wood - bine twine; Where il - ka bird sang of his love, And

I sae wea - ry, full of care? You'll break my heart, ye
fond - ly sae did I o' mine. With light-some heart I

lit - tle birds, That wan - ton thro' the flow - 'ring thorn; Ye
pulled a rose, Full sweet up - on its thorn - y tree; But

mind me of de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed, nev - er to re - turn.
my false lov - er stole the rose, And left the thorn be - hind to me.

120 We're Tenting To-night.

Walter Kittredge.

mf *Andante*

1. We're. . . tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer
2. We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone by;

Our . . . . wea - ry hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good-bye!"

CHORUS.

Man - y are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night, Wish-ing for the war to

cease; Man - y are the hearts look-ing for the right, To see the dawn of

peace. Tent-ing to-night, tent-ing to-night, tent-ing on the old camp ground.

121 When You and I Were Young, Maggie.

J. A. Butterfield.

mf *Moderato.*

1. I wan-dered to-day to the hill, Mag-gie, To watch the scene be-
2. A cit - y so si-lent and lone, Mag-gie, Where the young and the gay and the

low, The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie, As we used to, long a-
best, In polished white mansion of stone, Maggie, Have each found a place of

mf

go. The green grove is gone from the hill, Mag-gie, Where first the
rest, Is built where the birds used to play, Mag-gie, And join in the

dai - sies sprung; The creak-ing old mill is still, Mag-gie, Since
songs that were sung: For we sang as gay as they, Mag-gie, When

p CHORUS.

you and I were young. And now we are a - ged and

When You and I Were Young, Maggie.

gray, Mag-gie, And the tri - als of life near-ly done; Let us

sing of the days that are gone, Maggie, When you and I were young.

122 Robin Adair.

Scotch Song.

mf Andante.

1. What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near. What was't I
2. What made th' as-sem-bly shine? Rob - in A - dair. What made the

wished to see, What wished to hear? Where's all the joy and mirth,
ball so fine? Rob - in was there; What, when the play was o'er,

That made this town a heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Rob-in A - dair.
What made my heart so sore? Oh! it was part-ing with Rob-in A - dair.

123 Old Folks At Home.

Stephen C. Foster.

mf Andante.

1. 'Way down up - on de Swa - nee riv - er, Far, far a - way,
2. All 'roun de lit - tle farm I wan-dered, When I was young,

Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing ev - er, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
Den man - y hap - py days I squandered, Man - y de songs I sung.

All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
When I was play - ing with my broth - er, Hap - py was I,

Still long-ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
Oh! take me to my kind old moth - er, There let me live and die.

CHORUS.

All de world is sad and drear - y, Ev - 'ry - where I roam,

Old Folks At Home.

Oh! dark-ies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home.

124 Maryland! My Maryland!

mf Andante.

1. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry - land!
2. Thou wilt not yield the Van - dal toll, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry - land!

Thy beam-ing sword shall nev - er rust, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land!
Thou wilt not crook to his con - trol, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land'

Re - mem-ber Car - roll's sa - cred trust, Re-mem-ber How-ard's war - like thrust,
Bet - ter the fire up - on thee roll, Bet - ter the shot, the blade, the bowl,

And all thy slumb'rers with the just, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
Than cru - ci - fix - ion of the soul, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

125 Darling Nelly Gray.

B. R. Hanby.

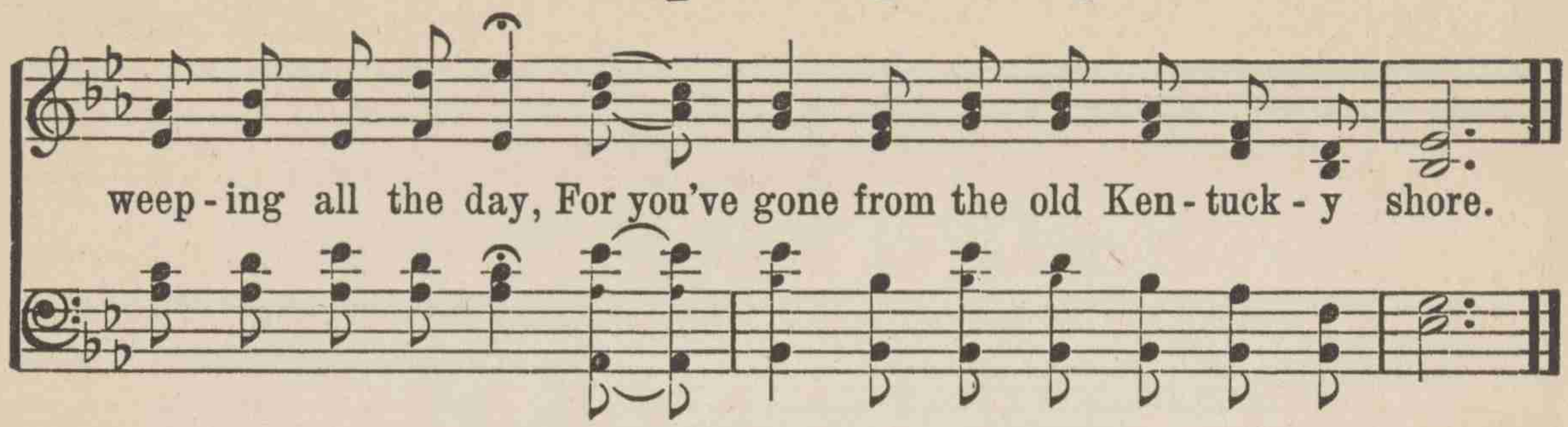
mf Moderato.

1. There's a low green val - ley on the old Ken-tuck - y shore, Where I've whiled man-y hap - py hours a - way, A - sit-ting and a-sing-ing by the lit - tle cot - tage door, Where lived my dar - ling Nel - ly Gray.
2. When the moon had climbed the mountain, and the stars were shining too, Then I'd take my dar-ling Nel - ly Gray, And we'd float down the riv-er in my lit - tle red ca - noe, While my ban - jo sweet - ly I would play.

CHORUS.

O my poor Nel - ly Gray, they have tak - en you a - way, And I'll nev - er see my dar-ling an - y more; I'm sit - ting by the riv - er and I'm

Darling Nelly Gray.



126 The Girl I Left Behind Me.

Allegretto.

mf

1. I'm lone-some since I crossed the hill, And o'er the moor and val - ley;
2. Oh, ne'er shall I for - get the night, The stars were bright a - bove me,

Such heav - y tho'ts my heart do fill, Since part - ing with my Sal - ly.
And gen - tly lent their sil - v'ry light, When first she vowed she loved me.

I seek no more the fine and gay, For each does but re-mind me
But now I'm bound to Bright-on camp, Kind Heav'n, may fa-vor find me,

How swift the hours did pass a - way With the girl I've left be - hind me.
And send me safe - ly back a - gain To the girl I've left be - hind me.

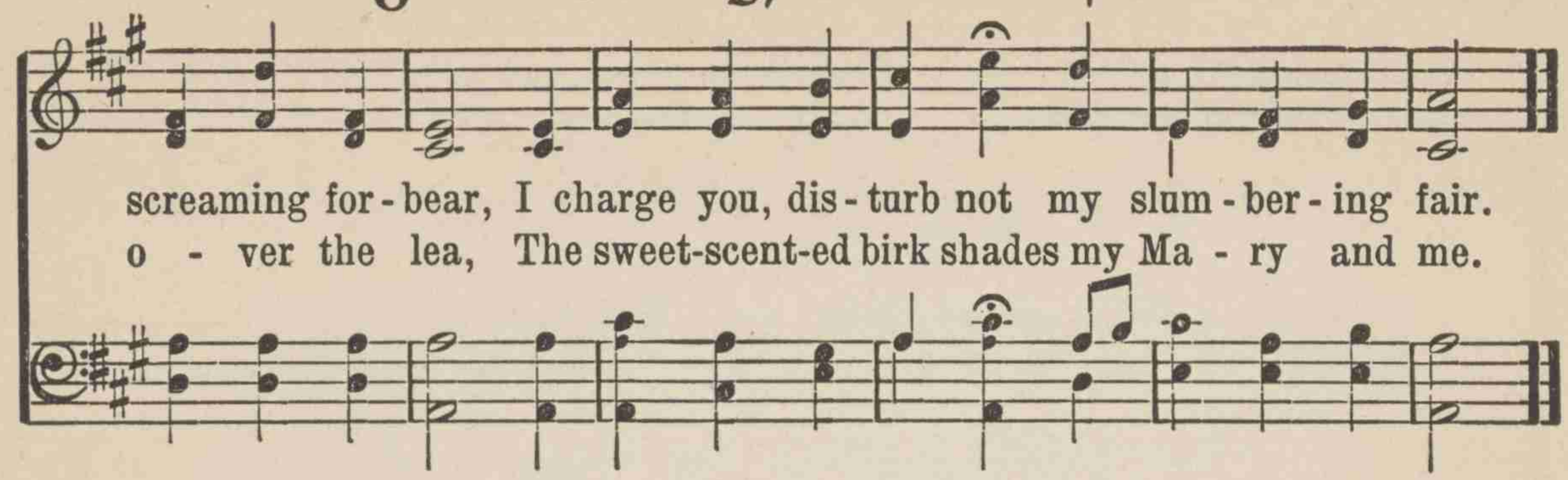
127 Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.

Robert Burns. J. E. Spilman.

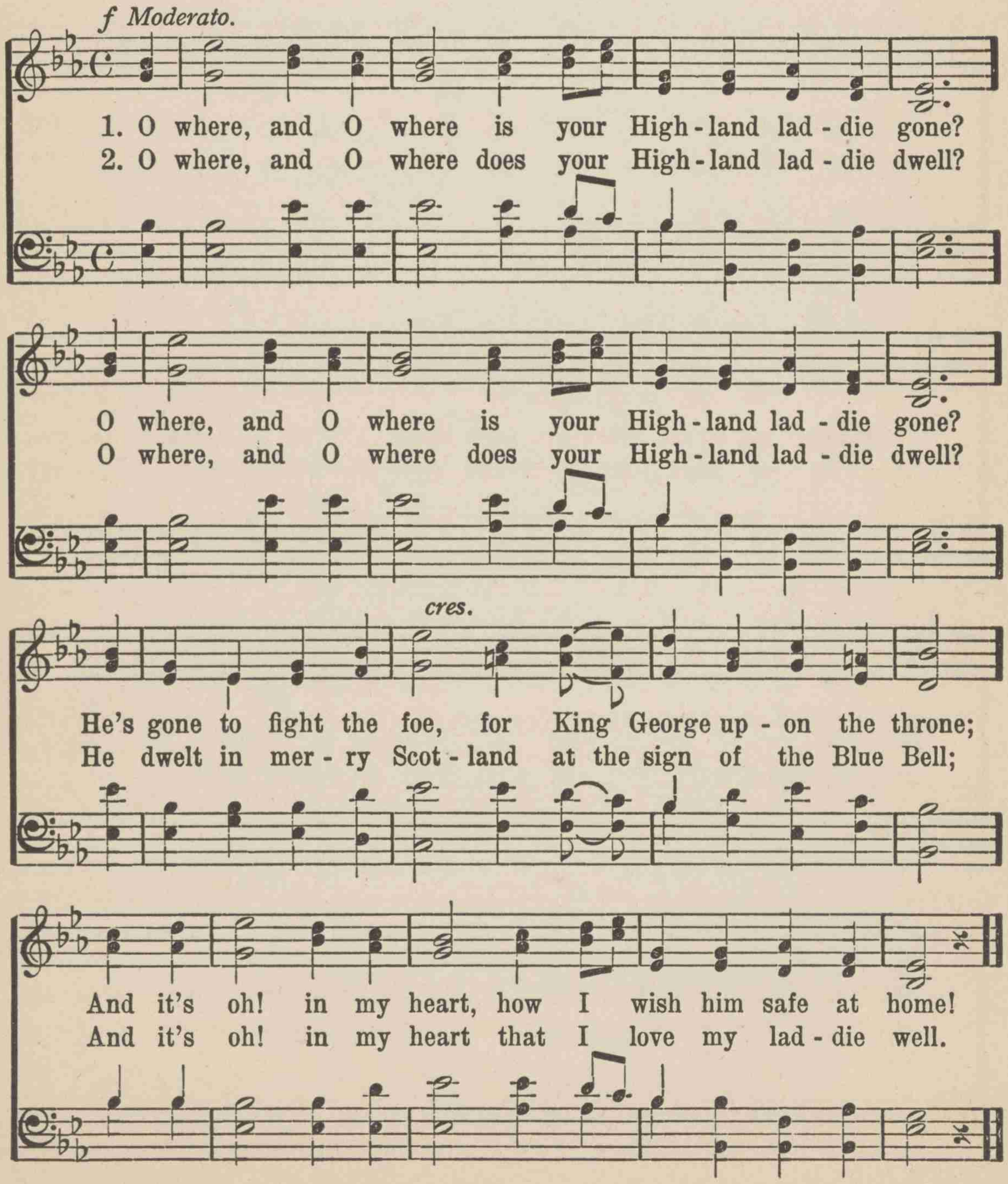
p Allegretto.

1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a-mang thy green braes; Flow gen - tly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove, whose echo re-sounds from the hill, Ye wild whistling black-birds in yon thorn-y dell, Thou green-crest - ed lap - wing, thy
2. How loft - y, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh-bor-ing hills, Far marked with the cours - es of clear-wind - ing rills! There dai - ly I wan - der as morn ris - es high, My flocks and my Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas-ant thy banks and green valleys be - low, Where wild in the wood-lands the prim-ros - es blow! There oft, as mild eve - ning creeps

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.



128 The Blue Bells of Scotland.



129 Massa's in De Cold Ground.

Stephen C. Foster.

p Moderato.

1. Round de mead-ows am a - ring - ing De dark-ey's mourn-ful song,
2. When de au-tumn leaves were fall-ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas

While de mock-ing bird am sing - ing, Hap - py as de day am long.
hard to hear old mas - sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and old.

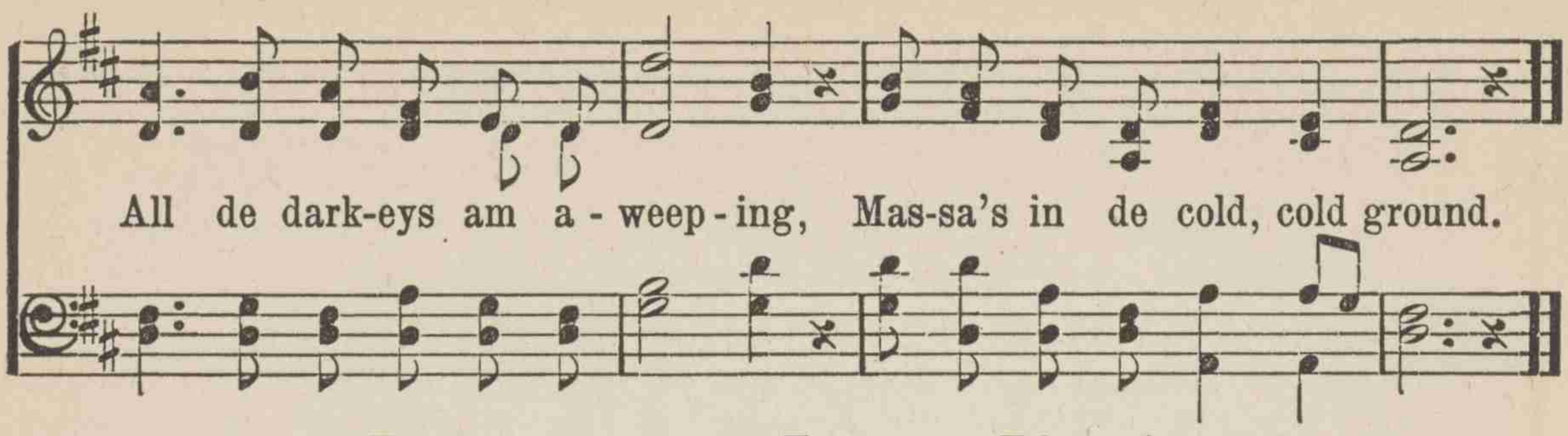
Where de i - vy am a - creep - ing, O'er de grass - y mound,
Now de or - ange trees am bloom - ing, On de sand - y shore,

Dere old mas - sa am a - sleep - ing, Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground.
Now de sum-mer days am com - ing, Mas - sa neb-ber calls no more.

CHORUS.

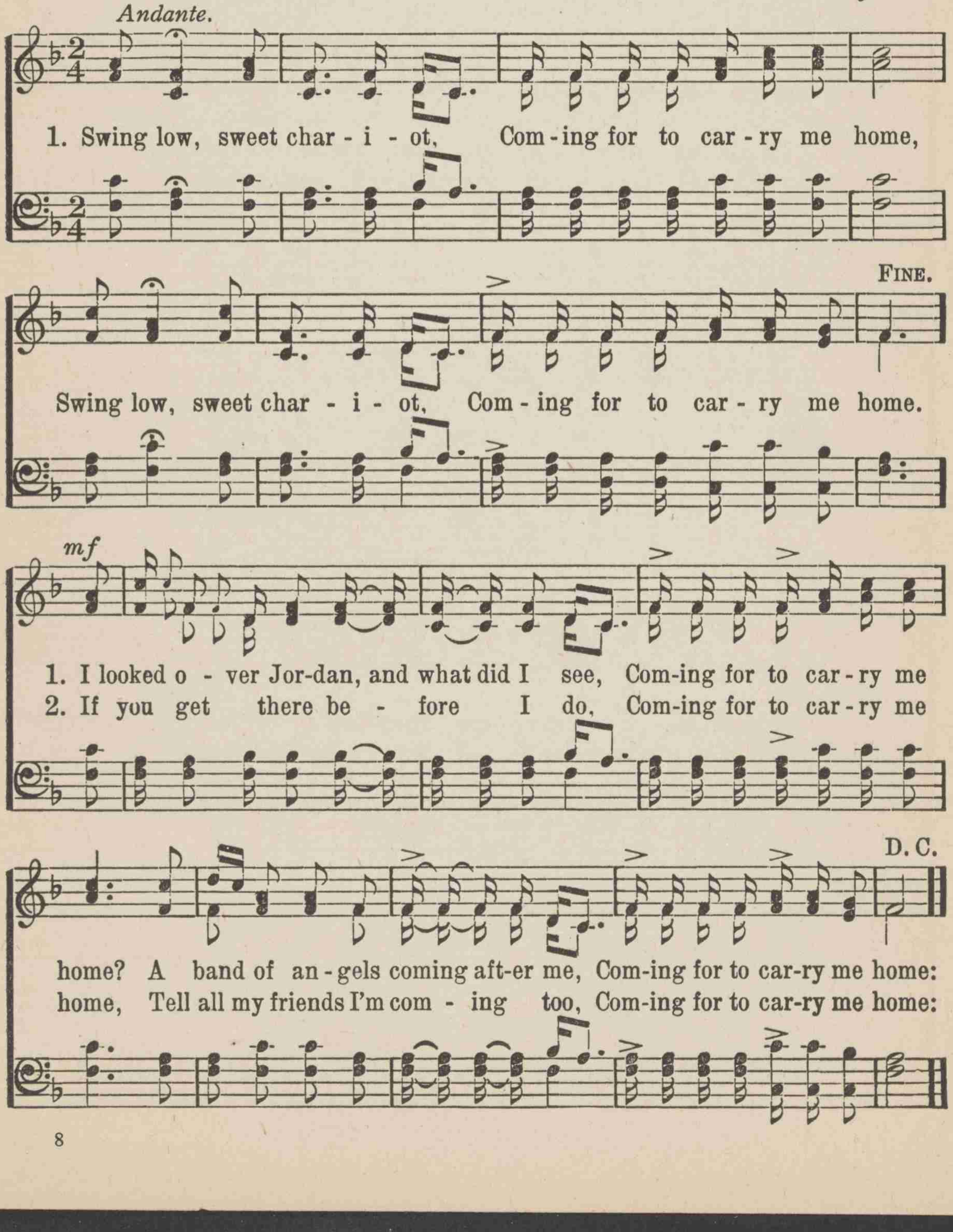
Down in de corn - field, Hear dat mourn - ful sound;

Massa's in De Cold Ground.



130 Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.

Slave Hymn.



131 Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

George F. Root.

f Marcato.

1. In the pris - on cell I sit, Think-ing, moth-er dear, of you, And our
2. In the bat - tle front we stood When their fiercest charge they made, And they

bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes
swept us off a hun-dred men or more; But be - fore we reached their lines
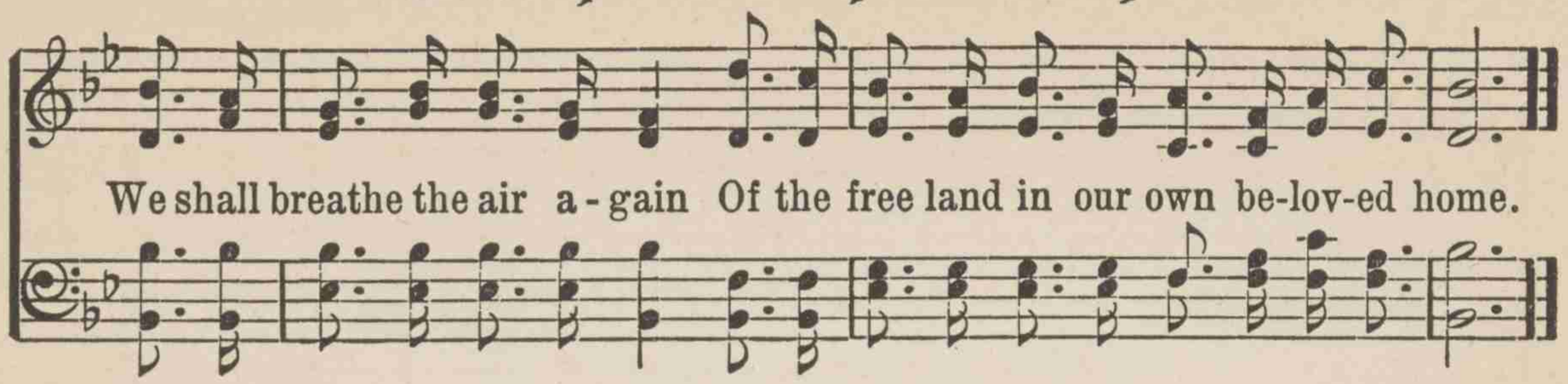
Spite of all that I can do, Tho' I try to cheer my
They were beat - en back, dis - mayed, And we heard the cry of

CHORUS.

com - rades and be gay. Tramp, tramp, tramp! the boys are march - ing,
vic - t'ry o'er and o'er. marching, marching,

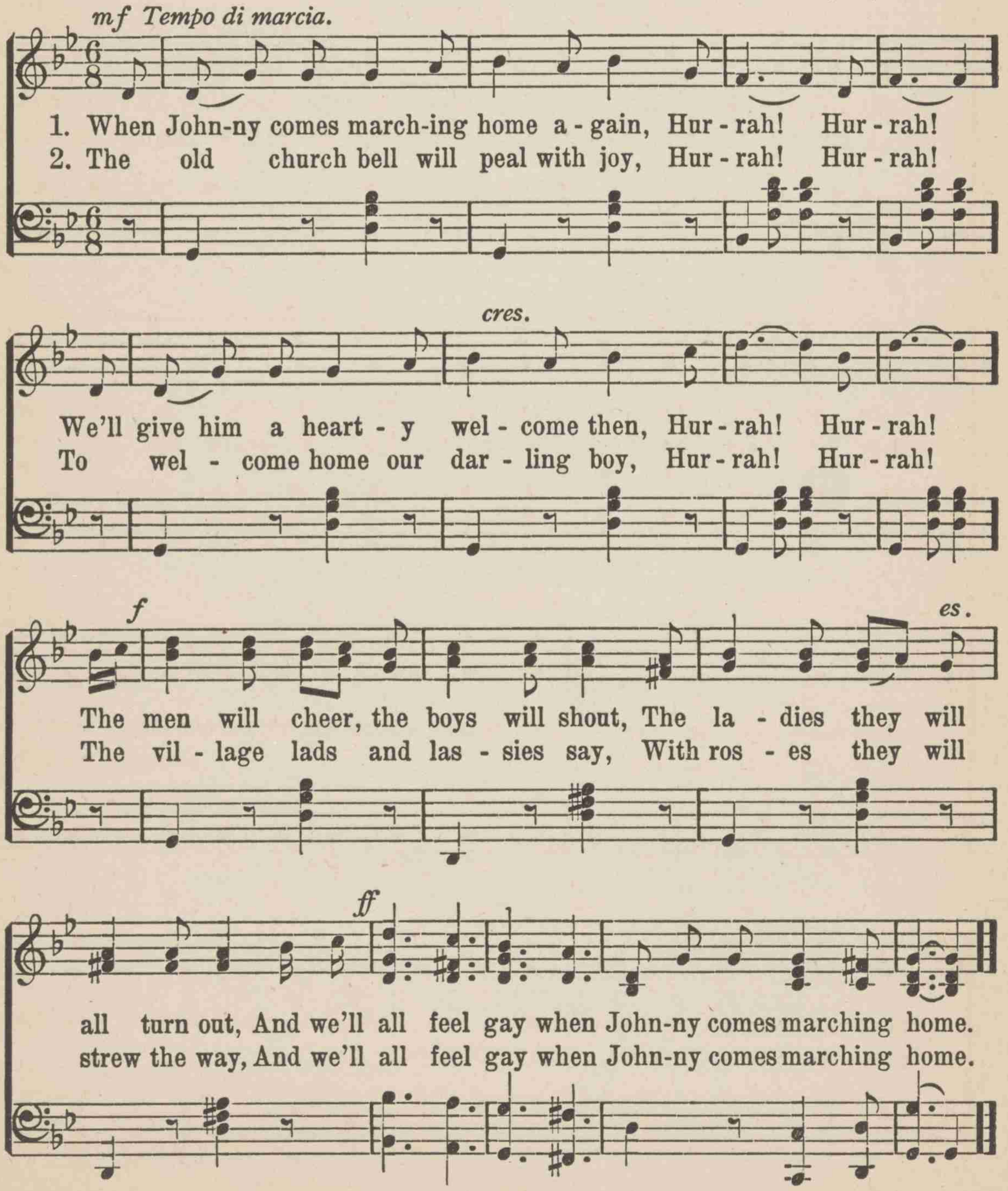
Cheer up, com-rades, they will come, And be-neath the star - ry flag
Cheer up, com - rades, they will come,

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!



132 When Johnny Comes Marching Home.

L. Lambert.



133 Carry Me Back to Old Virginny.

E. P. Christy.

mf Moderato.

1. On the floating scow of old Vir-gin-ny, I worked in from day to day,
2. If I was on - ly young a - gain, I'd lead a dif-f'rent life;

A - rak - in' a - mongst de oys - ter beds, To me it was but play;
I'd save my mon-ey, and buy a farm, And take Di - nah for my wife;

But now I'm grow-ing ver - y old, I can - not work an - y more;
But now old age, he holds me tight, My limbs are grow - ing sore;

So car - ry me back to old Vir - gin - ny, To old Vir - gin-ny's shore.
So take me back to old Vir - gin - ny, To old Vir - gin-ny's shore.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

f

Den car - ry me back to old Vir - gin - ny, To old Vir - gin - ny's shore;

Carry Me Back to Old Virginny.

Oh, car - ry me back to old Vir-gin - ny, To old Vir - gin-ny's shore.

134 Annie Laurie.

Lady John Scott.

p Moderato. *dolce.*

1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew,
2. Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her throat is like the swan;

And 'twas there that An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true;
Her face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on;

cres.

Gave me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be,
That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e,

p

And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

135 The Marseillaise.

Rouget de Lisle.

mf Allegro marziale.

Ye sons of Free-dom, wake to glo - ry! Hark! hark! what myriads bid you
Al - lons en-fants de la pa - tri - e! Le jour de gloire est ar - ri-

rise! Your children, wives and grand - sires hoar - y, Be - hold their tears and
vé! Con - tre nous de la ty-ran-ni - e L'é - ten - dard san - glant

ff *mp*
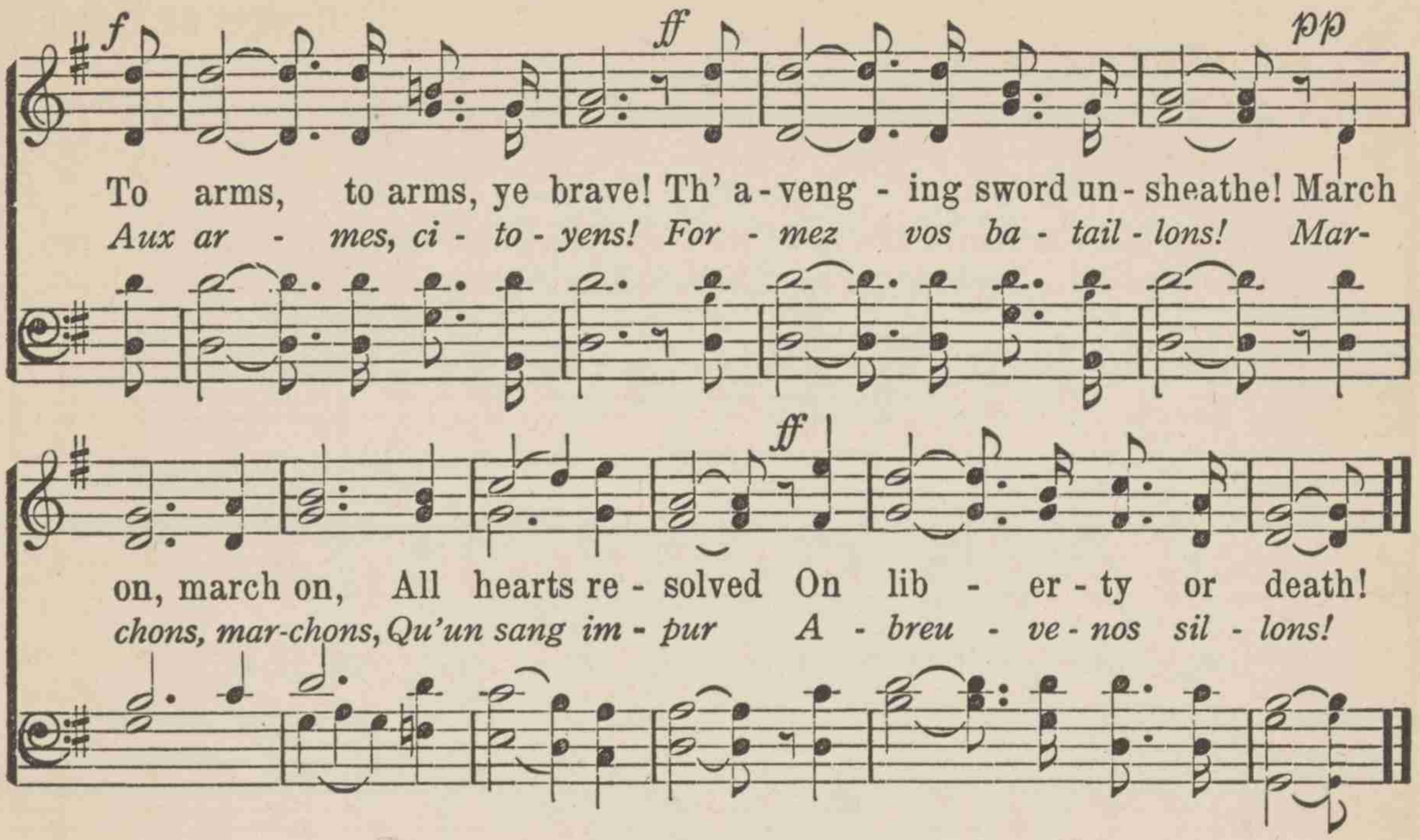
hear their cries! Be - hold their tears, and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful
est le - vé! L'é - ten - dard san - glant est le - vé! En - ten - dez

cres. *p*

ty - rants, mis - chief breed-ing, With hireling hosts a ruf - fian band, Af-
vous, dans les cam - pa - gnes, Mu - gir - ces fé - ro - ces sol - dats! Ils

fright and des - o - late the land, When peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed-ing?
vien - nent jus que dans nos bras E - gor - ger nos fils, nos cam - pa - gnes!

The Marseillaise.



136 How Can I Leave Thee!

Andante.

137 Old Black Joe.

Stephen C. Foster.

mf Andante.

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I

friends from the cot - ton fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a
sigh that my friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de-

bet - ter land I know, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing,
part - ed long a - go, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing,

CHORUS.

"Old Black Joe." I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing

low; I hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe."

138 Juanita.

mf Andante.

1. Soft o'er the foun - tain, Lin-g'ring falls the south - ern moon;
2. When in thy dream - ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain,

Far o'er the moun - tain, Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes'
And day-light beam - ing Prove thy dreams are vain; Wilt thou not, re-

splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell, Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der,
lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh, In thy heart con-sent - ing

p slower. *mf*

Speak their fond fare - well! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Ask thy soul if
To a prayer gone by? Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Let me lin - ger

p tenderly, rit.

we should part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride!

139 Kathleen Mavourneen.

F. W. N. Crouch.

mf Andante. *mf* *mf*

1. Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen, the gray dawn is break - ing, The horn of the hun - ter is heard on the hill; The
2. Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen, a - wake from thy slum - bers; The blue moun-tains glow in the sun's gold - en light; Ah!

Small notes to be sung to the 2nd verse.

mf

lark from her light wing the bright dew is shak - - ing;
where is the spell that once hung on my num - bers? A-

Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen, what! slum - b'ring still?
rise in thy beau - ty, thou star of my night; A-

Con amore affette.

Kath - leen Ma-vour-neen, what! slum - b'ring still? Oh! hast thou for-
rise in thy beau-ty, thou star of my night! Ma - vour - neen, Ma-

Kathleen Mavourneen.

mf

got - ten how soon we must sev - er? Oh! hast thou for-
vour-neen, my sad tears are fall - ing, To think that from

fz *mf*

got - ten this day we must part? It may be for years, and it
E - rin and thee I must part! It may be for years, and it

may be for - ev - er; Then why art thou si - lent, thou

mf *semplice.* *mf* *mf* *mf*

voice of my heart? It may be for years, and it may be for-

mf

ev - er; Then why art thou si - lent, Kath-leen Ma - vour-neen?

Selections from the Scriptures

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Selections from the Scriptures

SELECTION 1

THE WORKS AND WORD OF GOD

PSALM XIX

THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language; Their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course.

His going forth is from the end of the heavens, and His circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of Jehovah is perfect, restoring the soul:

The testimony of Jehovah is sure, making wise the simple.

The precepts of Jehovah are right, rejoicing the heart:

The commandment of Jehovah is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of Jehovah is clean, enduring for ever:

The ordinances of Jehovah are true, and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the droppings of the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned: in keeping them there is great reward.

Who can discern his errors? Clear thou me from hidden faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me:

Then shall I be upright, and I shall be clear from great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Jehovah, my rock, and my redeemer.

SELECTION 2

THE ETERNAL GOD

PSALM XC

LORD, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

For we are consumed in thine anger, and in thy wrath are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we bring our years to an end as a sigh.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten, or even by reason of strength fourscore years;

Yet is their pride but labor and sorrow; for it is soon gone, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger, and thy wrath according to the fear that is due unto thee?

So teach us to number our days, that we may get us a heart of wisdom.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory upon their children.

And let the favor of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

SELECTION 3

PRAISE

PSALM XCV, XCVI AND XCVII

OH COME, let us sing unto Jehovah; let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving; let us make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For Jehovah is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth; the heights of the mountains are his also.

The sea is his, and he made it; and his hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before Jehovah our Maker:

For he is our God, and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

Oh sing unto Jehovah a new song: Sing unto Jehovah, all the earth.

Sing unto Jehovah, bless his name; show forth his salvation from day to day.

Declare his glory among the nations, his marvellous works among all the peoples.

For great is Jehovah, and greatly to be praised:

The mountains melted like wax at the presence of Jehovah, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

The heavens declare his righteousness, and all the peoples have seen his glory.

Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;

Let the field exult, and all that is therein; then shall all the trees of the wood sing for joy

Before Jehovah; for he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth: he will judge the world with righteousness, and the peoples with his truth.

SELECTION 4

PRAISE

PSALM CXLV

I WILL extol thee, my God, O King; and I will bless thy name for ever and ever.

Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.

Great is Jehovah, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable.

One generation shall laud thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.

Of the glorious majesty of thine honor and of thy wondrous works, will I meditate.

And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts; and I will declare thy greatness.

They shall utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness.

Jehovah is gracious, and merciful; slow to anger, and of great loving kindness.

Jehovah is good to all; and his tender mercies are over all his works.

All thy works shall give thanks unto thee, O Jehovah; and thy saints shall bless thee.

They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power;

To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glory of the majesty of his kingdom.

Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

Jehovah upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up all those that are bowed down.

The eyes of all wait for thee; and thou givest them their food in due season.

Thou openest thy hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing.

Jehovah is righteous in all his ways, and gracious in all his works.

Jehovah is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him; he also will hear their cry and will save them.

Jehovah preserveth all them that love him; but all the wicked will he destroy.

My mouth shall speak the praise of Jehovah; and let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

SELECTION 5

THIRSTING FOR GOD

PSALM XLII

AS THE hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God:

When shall I come and appear before God?

My tears have been my food day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

These things I remember, and pour out my soul within me,

How I went with the throng, and led them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, a multitude keeping holyday.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore do I remember thee from the land of the Jordan, and the Hermons, from the hill Mizar.

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterfalls: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

Yet Jehovah will command his lovingkindness in the daytime;

And in the night his song shall be with me, even a prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto God my rock, why hast thou forgotten me? Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

As with a sword in my bones, mine adversaries reproach me, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the help of my countenance, and my God.

SELECTION 6

DIVINE GUIDANCE

PROVERBS III AND JAMES I

MY SON, forget not my law; but let thy heart keep my commandments:

For length of days, and years of life, and peace, will they add to thee.

Let not kindness and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the tablet of thy heart:

So shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and man.

Trust in Jehovah with all thy heart, and lean not upon thine own understanding:

In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he will direct thy paths.

Be not wise in thine own eyes; fear Jehovah, and depart from evil:

Count it all joy, my brethren, when ye fall into manifold temptations; knowing that the proving of your faith worketh patience.

And let patience have its perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, lacking in nothing.

But if any of you lacketh wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.

But let him ask in faith, nothing doubting.

SELECTION 7

THE GODLY WALK

PSALMS I AND XV

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of scoffers:

But his delight is in the law of Jehovah; and on his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water, that bringeth forth its fruit in its season, whose leaf also doth not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The wicked are not so, but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the wicked shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For Jehovah knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the wicked shall perish.

Jehovah, who shall sojourn in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh truth in his heart;

He that slandereth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his friend, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor;

In whose eyes a reprobate is despised, but who honoreth them that fear Jehovah;

He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not;

He that putteth not out his money to interest, nor taketh reward against the innocent.

He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

SELECTION 8

GOD'S CARE

PSALM XXIII

JEHOVAH is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;

He leadeth me beside still waters.

He restoreth my soul:

He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil;

For thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:

Thou hast annointed my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and lovingkindness shall follow me all the days of my life;

And I shall dwell in the house of Jehovah for ever.

SELECTION 9

CONFIDENCE IN GOD

PSALM XXXVII

FRET not thyself because of evildoers, neither be thou envious against them that work unrighteousness.

For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

Trust in Jehovah, and do good; dwell in the land, and feed on his faithfulness.

Delight thyself also in Jehovah; and he will give thee the desires of thy heart.

Commit thy way unto Jehovah; trust also in him, and he will bring it to pass.

A man's goings are established of Jehovah; and he delighteth in his way.

Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down; for Jehovah upholdeth him with his hand.

I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

All the day long he dealeth graciously, and lendeth; and his seed is blessed.

Depart from evil and do good; and dwell for evermore.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for there is a happy end to the man of peace.

As for transgressors, they shall be destroyed together: the end of the wicked shall be cut off.

But the salvation of the righteous is of Jehovah: he is their stronghold in the time of trouble.

And Jehovah helpeth them, and rescueth them: he rescueth them from the wicked; and saveth them,

Because they have taken refuge in him.

SELECTION 10

FEARLESS TRUST IN GOD

PSALM XXVII

JEHOVAH is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?

Jehovah is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear:

For in the day of trouble he will keep me secretly in his pavilion:

In the covert of his tabernacle will he hide me; he will lift me up upon a rock.

And now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me;

And I will offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto Jehovah.

Hear, O Jehovah, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me and answer me.

When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Jehovah, will I seek.

Hide not thy face from me; put not thy servant away in anger:

Thou hast been my help; cast me not off, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

When my father and my mother forsake me, then Jehovah will take me up.

Teach me thy way, O Jehovah; and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of Jehovah in the land of the living.

Wait for Jehovah: be strong, and let thy heart take courage; yea, wait thou for Jehovah.

SELECTION 11

SECURITY IN GOD

PSALM XCI

HE THAT dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of Jehovah, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God, in whom I trust.

For he will deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the deadly pestilence.

He will cover thee with his pinions, and under his wings shalt thou take refuge:

His truth is a shield and a buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

For the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

For thou, O Jehovah, art my refuge! Thou hast made the Most High thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy tent.

For he will give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the serpent shalt thou trample under foot.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble:

I will deliver him, and honor him. With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

SELECTION 12

THANKSGIVING

PSALM CXVIII

OH GIVE thanks unto Jehovah; for he is good:

For his lovingkindness endureth for ever.

Let Israel now say, That his lovingkindness endureth for ever.

Let the house of Aaron now say, That his loving kindness endureth for ever.

Let them now that fear Jehovah say, That his lovingkindness endureth for ever.

Out of my distress I called upon Jehovah: Jehovah answered me and set me in a large place.

Jehovah is on my side; I will not fear: what can man do unto me?

Jehovah is on my side among them that help me:

Therefore shall I see my desire upon them that hate me.

It is better to take refuge in Jehovah than to put confidence in man.

It is better to take refuge in Jehovah than to put confidence in princes.

SELECTION 13

GRATITUDE

PSALM CIII

BLESS Jehovah, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless Jehovah, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy desire with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle.

Jehovah executeth righteous acts, and judgments for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses, his doings unto the children of Israel.

Jehovah is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and abundant in lovingkindness.

He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us after our iniquities.

For as the heavens are high above the earth, so great is his lovingkindness toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so Jehovah pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the lovingkindness of Jehovah is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his precepts to do them.

Jehovah hath established his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless Jehovah, ye his angels, that are mighty in strength, that fulfil his word, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

Bless Jehovah, all ye his hosts, ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

Bless Jehovah, all ye his works, in all places of his dominion: Bless Jehovah, O my soul.

SELECTION 14

PRAYER FOR PARDON

PSALM LI

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness: according to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I know my transgressions; and my sin is ever before me.

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done that which is evil in thy sight;

That thou mayest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

Behold, I was brought forth in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts; and in the hidden part thou wilt make me to know wisdom.

Purify me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with a willing spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation; and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

O Lord open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

For thou delightest not in sacrifice; else would I give it: thou hast no pleasure in burntoffering.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

SELECTION 15

FELLOWSHIP

JOHN XV

I AM the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh it away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he cleanseth it, that it may bear more fruit.

Already ye are clean because of the word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in me, and I in you.

As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; so neither can ye, except ye abide in me.

I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same beareth much fruit: for apart from me ye can do nothing.

If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered.

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; and so shall ye be my disciples.

Even as the Father hath loved me, I also have loved you: abide ye in my love.

If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments and abide in his love.

This is my commandment, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Ye are my friends, if ye do the things which I command you.

No longer do I call you servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth:

But I have called you friends; for all things that I heard from my Father I have made known unto you.

Ye did not choose me, but I chose you, and appointed you, that ye should go and bear fruit, and that your fruit should abide:

That whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you.

These things I command you, that ye may love one another.

SELECTION 16

VISION AND SURRENDER

Is. VI: 1-8

IN THE year that King Uzziah died I saw the Lord

Sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up; and his train filled the temple.

Above him stood the seraphim: each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly.

And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is Jehovah of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory.

And the foundations of the thresholds shook at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke.

Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips,

And I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, Jehovah of hosts.

Then flew one of the seraphim unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar:

And he touched my mouth with it, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin forgiven.

And I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then I said, Here am I; send me.

SELECTION 17

CHRIST IN PROPHECY

Is. LIII

WHO hath believed our message? and to whom hath the arm of Jehovah been revealed?

For he grew up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He was despised, and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and as one from whom men hide their face he was despised; and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and Jehovah hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, yet when he was afflicted he opened not his mouth; as a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before its shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.

By oppression and judgment he was taken away; and as for his generation, who among them considered that he was cut off out of the land of the living for the transgression of my people to whom the stroke was due?

And they made his grave with the wicked, and with a rich man in his death; although he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

Yet it pleased Jehovah to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of Jehovah shall prosper in his hand.

He shall see the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by the knowledge of himself shall my righteous servant justify many; and he shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong;

Because he poured out his soul unto death, and was numbered with the transgressors: yet he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

SELECTION 18

BIRTH OF JESUS

LUKE II

NOW it came to pass in those days, there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be enrolled. This was the first enrollment made when Quirinius was governor of Syria.

And all went to enrol themselves, everyone to his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judæa, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and family of David; to enrol himself with Mary, who was betrothed to him, being great with child.

And it came to pass, while they were there, the days were fulfilled that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born son;

And she wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock.

And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them:

And they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid;

For behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people:

For there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord.

And this is the sign unto you: Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased.

SELECTION 19

BAPTISM OF JESUS

MATT. III: 1-6, 13-17

AND in those days cometh John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judæa, saying,

Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

For this is he that was spoken of through Isaiah the prophet, saying,

The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make ye ready the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.

Now John himself had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins; and his food was locusts and wild honey.

Then went out unto him Jerusalem, and all Judæa, and all the region round about the Jordan; and they were baptized of him in the river Jordan, confessing their sins.

Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to the Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him.

But John would have hindered him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?

But Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness.

And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway from the water: and lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending as a dove, and coming upon him;

And lo, a voice out of the heavens, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

SELECTION 20

THE RESURRECTION

MARK XVI

AND when the sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, bought spices, that they might come and anoint him.

And very early on the first day of the week, they come to the tomb when the sun was risen.

And they were saying among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the tomb? and looking up, they see that the stone is rolled back: for it was exceeding great.

And entering into the tomb, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, arrayed in a white robe; and they were amazed.

And he saith unto them, Be not amazed: ye seek Jesus, the Nazarene, who hath been crucified: he is risen; he is not here: behold, the place where they laid him!

But go, tell his disciples and Peter, he goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him, as he said unto you.

And they went out, and fled from the tomb; for trembling and astonishment had come upon them: and they said nothing to any one; for they were afraid.

Now when he was risen early on the first day of the week, he appeared first to Mary Magdalene, from whom he had cast out seven demons.

She went and told them that had been with him, as they mourned and wept.

And they, when they heard that he was alive, and had been seen of her, disbelieved.

And after these things he was manifested in another form unto two of them, as they walked, on their way into the country.

And they went away and told it unto the rest: neither believed they them.

And afterward he was manifested unto the eleven themselves as they sat at meat;

And he upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them that had seen him after he was risen.

And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation.

He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that disbelieveth shall be condemned.

So then the Lord Jesus, after he had spoken unto them, was received up into heaven, and sat down at the right hand of God.

And they went forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word by the signs that followed.

SELECTION 21

THE GREAT COMMISSION

MATTHEW XXVIII

NOW late on the sabbath day, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

And behold, there was a great earthquake; for an angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled away the stone, and sat upon it.

His appearance was as lightning, and his raiment white as snow: and for fear of him the watchers did quake, and became as dead men.

And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye; for I know that ye seek Jesus, who hath been crucified.

He is not here; for he is risen, even as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

And go quickly, and tell his disciples, He is risen from the dead;

and lo, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.

And they departed quickly from the tomb with fear and great joy, and ran to bring his disciples word.

And behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail.

And they came and took hold of his feet, and worshipped him.

Then saith Jesus unto them, Fear not: go tell my brethren that they depart into Galilee, and there shall they see me.

But the eleven disciples went into Galilee, unto the mountain where Jesus had appointed them.

And when they saw him, they worshipped him; but some doubted.

And Jesus came to them and spake unto them, saying, All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth.

Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit:

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you: and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.

SELECTION 22

COMFORT

JOHN XIV

LET not your heart be troubled: believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I come again, and will receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

And whither I go, ye know the way.

Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; how know we the way?

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no one cometh unto the Father, but by me.

If ye had known me, ye would have known my Father also: from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

Philip saith unto him, Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us.

Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and dost thou not know me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; how sayest thou, Show us the Father?

Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me?

The words that I say unto you I speak not from myself: but the Father abiding in me doeth his works.

Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto the Father.

And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

If ye shall ask anything in my name, that will I do.

If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments.

And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may be with you for ever.

SELECTION 23

CHRISTIAN HELPFULNESS

GALATIANS VI

BRETHREN, even if a man be overtaken in any trespass, ye who are spiritual, restore such a one in a spirit of gentleness;

Looking to thyself, lest thou also be tempted.

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

For if a man thinketh himself to be something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself.

But let each man prove his own work, and then shall he have his glorying in regard of himself alone, and not of his neighbor.

For each man shall bear his own burden.

But let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things.

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

For he that soweth unto his own flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption;

But he that soweth unto the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap eternal life.

And let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

So then, as we have opportunity, let us work that which is good toward all men, and especially toward them that are of the household of the faith.

SELECTION 24

HAPPINESS

MATTHEW V

AND seeing the multitudes, he went up into the mountain: and when he had sat down, his disciples came unto him:

And he opened his mouth and taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called sons of God.

Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets that were before you.

SELECTION 25

THE RULE OF LIFE

MATTHEW VII

JUDGE not, that ye be not judged.

For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you.

And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me cast out the mote out of thine eye; and lo, the beam is in thine own eye?

Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye;

And then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast your pearls before the swine,

Lest haply they trample them under their feet, and turn and rend you.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you:

For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. Or what man is there of you, who, if his son shall ask him for a loaf, will give him a stone;

Or if he shall ask for a fish, will give him a serpent?

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children,

How much more shall your Father who is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?

All things therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them: for this is the law and the prophets.

SELECTION 26

DISCIPLESHIP

MATTHEW V AND VI

YE ARE the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?

It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men.

Ye are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hid.

Neither do men light a lamp, and put it under the bushel, but on the stand; and it shineth unto all that are in the house.

Even so let your light shine before men; that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven.

Take heed that ye do not your righteousness before men, to be seen of them:

Else ye have no reward with your Father who is in heaven.

When therefore thou doest alms, sound not a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men.

Verily I say unto you, They have received their reward.

But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth:

That thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father who seeth in secret shall recompense thee.

And when ye pray, ye shall not be as the hypocrites:

For they love to stand and pray in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men.

Verily I say unto you, They have received their reward.

But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father who is in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret shall recompense thee.

SELECTION 27

DAILY RELIGION

LUKE X

AND behold, a certain lawyer stood up and made trial of him, saying, Teacher, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?

And he said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou?

And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself.

And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.

But he desiring to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor?

Jesus made answer and said, A certain man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho; and he fell among robbers, who both stripped him and beat him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

And by chance a certain priest was going down that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

And in like manner a Levite also, when he came to the place, and saw him, passed by on the other side.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he was moved with compassion, and came to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring on them oil and wine; and he set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

And on the morrow he took out two shillings, and gave them to the host, and said, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, I, when I come back again, will repay thee.

Which of these three, thinkest thou, proved neighbor unto him that fell among the robbers?

And he said, He that showed mercy on him. And Jesus said unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

SELECTION 28

LOVE

I Cor. xiii

IF I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal.

And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing.

And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil;

Rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away;

Whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part;

But when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child:

Now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things.

For now we see in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face:

Now I know in part; but then shall I know fully even as also I was fully known.

But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

SELECTION 29

WISDOM

Proverbs iv

HEAR, my sons, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding: for I give you good doctrine; forsake ye not my law.

For I was a son unto my father, tender and only beloved in the sight of my mother. And he taught me, and said unto me:

Let thy heart retain my words; keep my commandments, and live; get wisdom, get understanding;

Forget not, neither decline from the words of my mouth; forsake her not, and she will preserve thee; love her, and she will keep thee.

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; yea, with all thy getting get understanding.

Exalt her, and she will promote thee; she will bring thee to honor, when thou dost embrace her.

She will give to thy head a chaplet of grace; a crown of beauty will she deliver to thee. My son, attend to my words; incline thine ear unto my sayings.

Let them not depart from thine eyes; keep them in the midst of thy heart.

For they are life unto those that find them, and health to all their flesh.

Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.

SELECTION 30

THE NEW JERUSALEM

REVELATION XXI

AND I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth are passed away; and the sea is no more.

And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, made ready as a bride adorned for her husband.

And I heard a great voice out of the throne saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men,

And he shall dwell with them, and they shall be his peoples, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God:

And he shall wipe away every tear from their eyes; and death shall be no more;

Neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain, any more: the first things are passed away.

And he that sitteth on the throne said, Behold, I make all things new.

And he saith, Write: for these words are faithful and true. And he said unto me, They are come to pass.

I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.

He that overcometh shall inherit these things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.

But for the fearful, and unbelieving, and abominable, and murderers, and fornicators, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, their part shall be in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone; which is the second death.

And there came one of the seven angels who had the seven bowls, who were laden with the seven last plagues; and he spake with me, saying, Come hither, I will show thee the bride, the wife of the Lamb.

And he carried me away in the Spirit to a mountain great and high, and showed me the holy city Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, having the glory of God.

And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God the Almighty, and the Lamb, are the temple thereof.

And the city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine upon it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the lamp thereof is the Lamb.

And the nations shall walk amidst the light thereof: and the kings of the earth bring their glory into it.

And the gates thereof shall in no wise be shut by day (for there shall be no night there):

And they shall bring the glory and the honor of the nations into it:

And there shall in no wise enter into it anything unclean, or he that maketh an abomination and a lie: but only they that are written in the Lamb's book of life.

W. B. C.