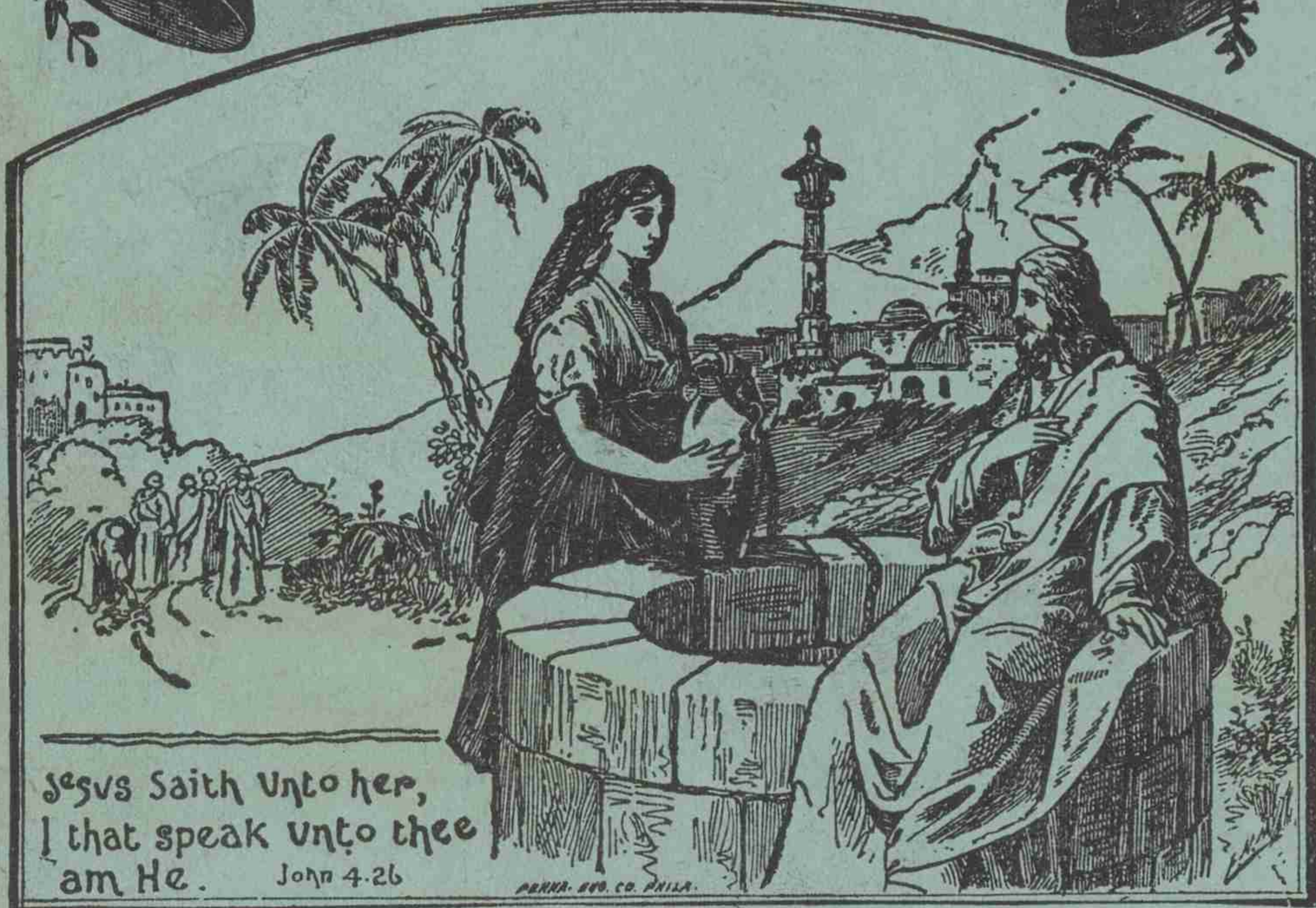
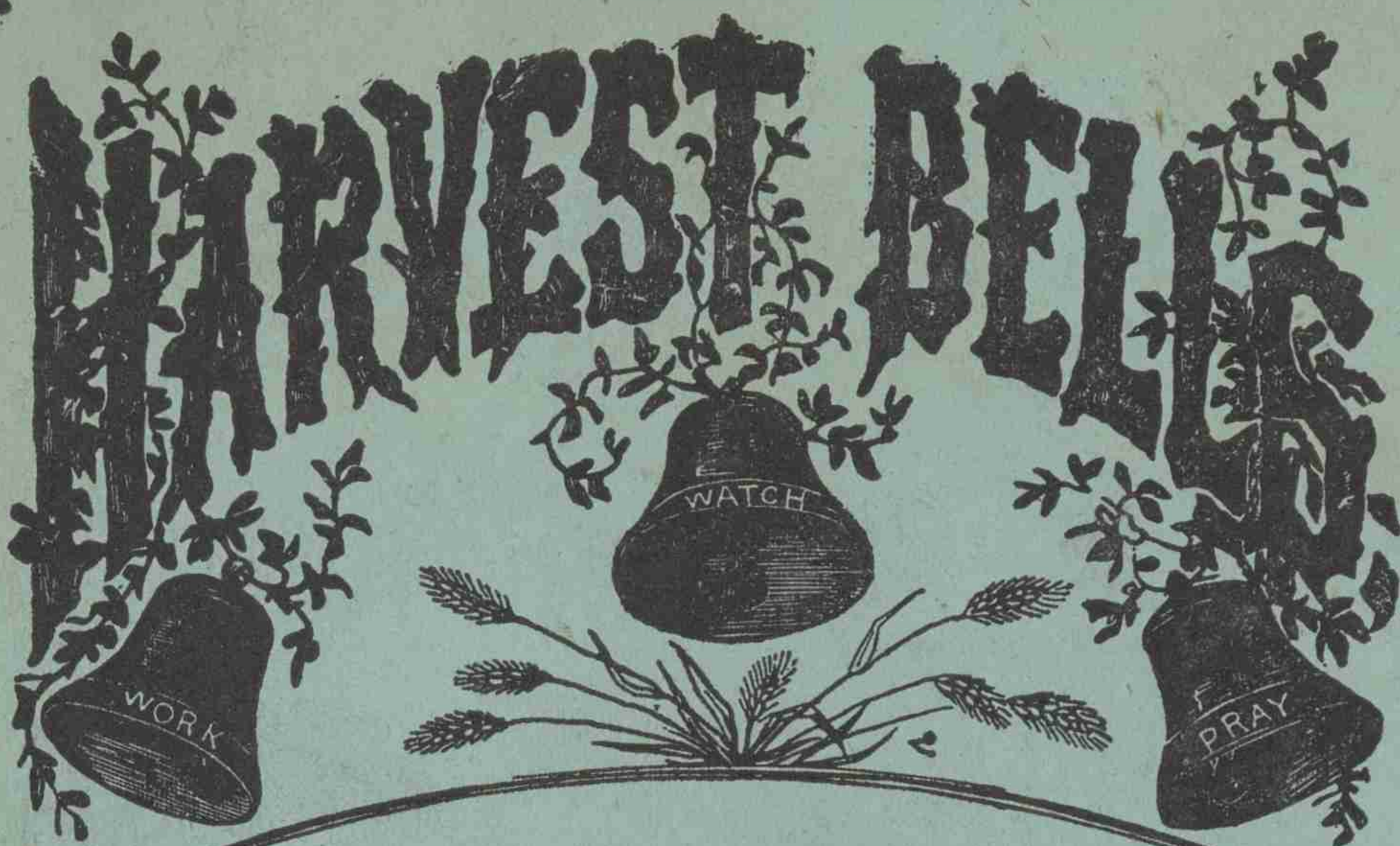


SHAPED NOTE EDITION.



Jesus saith unto her,
I that speak unto thee
am He. John 4:26

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No. 1.

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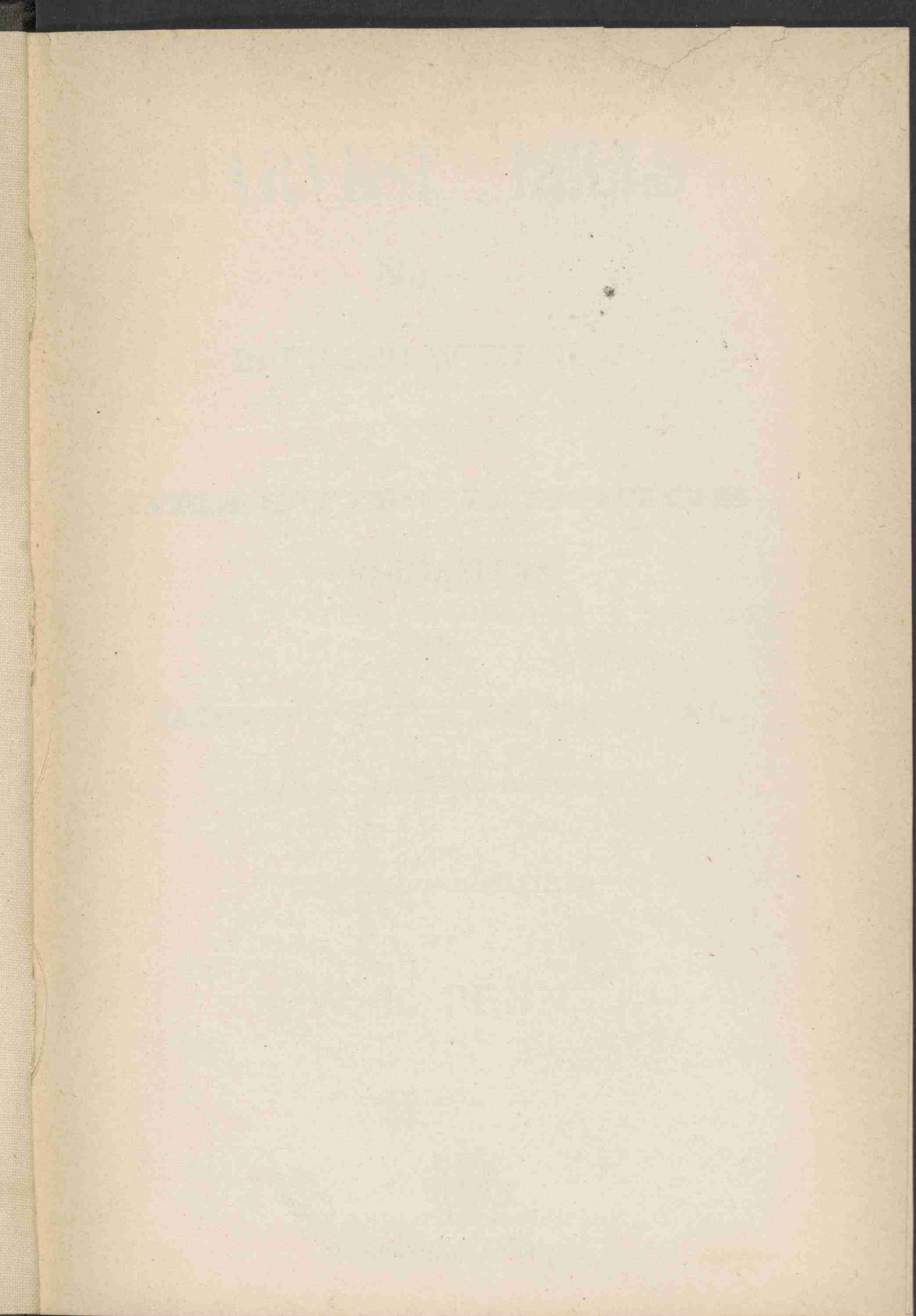
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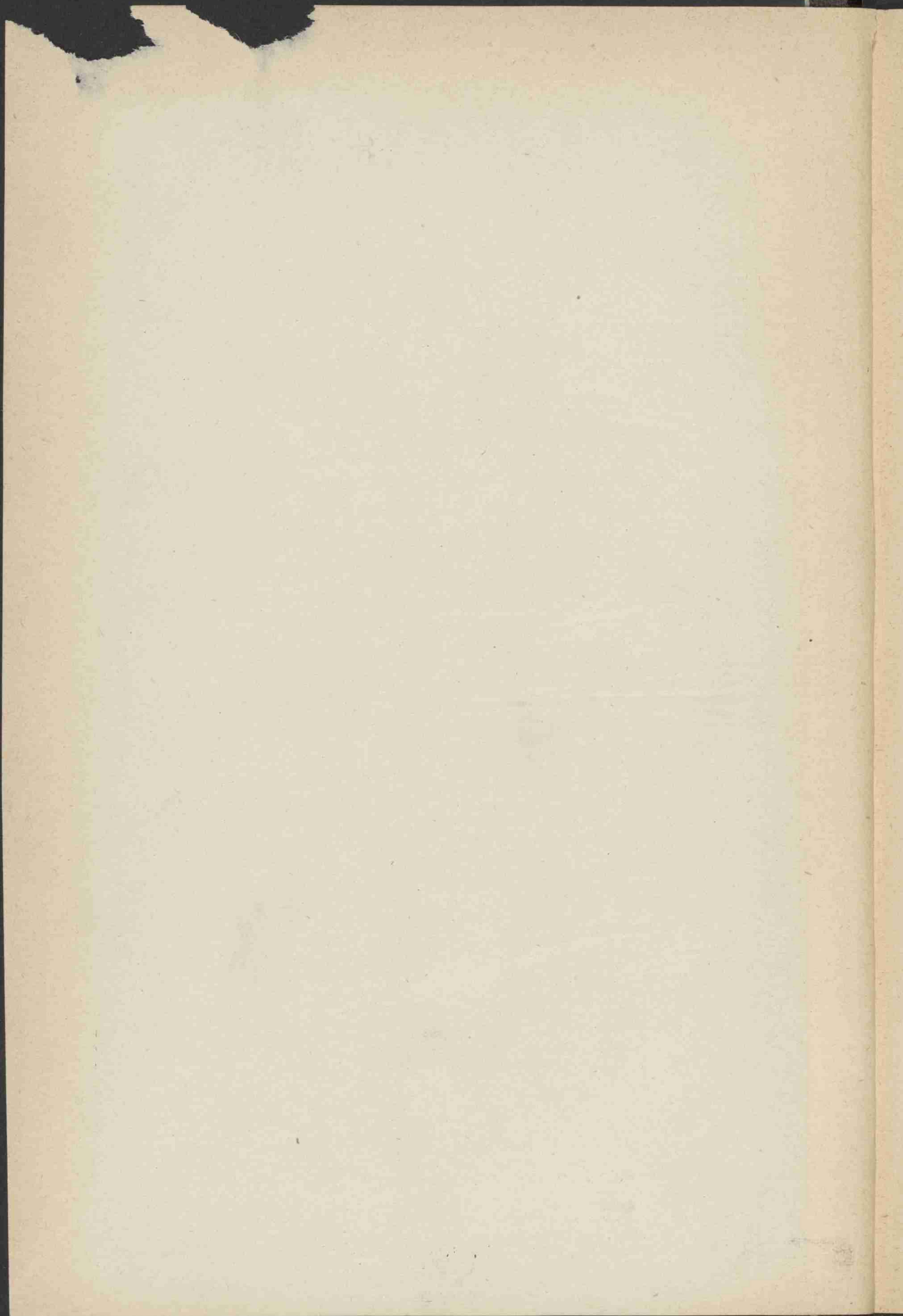
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P38.3
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SHAPED NOTE EDITION.

HARVEST BELLS

No. 1.

IS FILLED WITH NEW

AND

BEAUTIFUL SONGS

→* SUITABLE *←

FOR

SABBATH SCHOOLS, REVIVAL

AND ALL RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.

COMPOSED AND SELECTED

BY

W. E. PENN.

PUBLISHED BY
THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

45913

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Hymn

1887

Harv A

~~27~~
~~P 38, 3~~
~~1887~~

PREFACE.

HARVEST BELLS No. 2, having become very popular as a Sunday School and Revival Song Book, I concluded to bring out No. 3, and this seemed to make it necessary to revive and revise my first book, Harvest Bells, which I now present to the public as HARVEST BELLS No. 1, having retained only a few of the old pieces, thus making No. 1 a new book.

As I have no music in No. 2, and have several pieces in No. 3, and in this book, it is perhaps proper that I should state that I never attempted to compose music until last Fall, '86, being in my 55th year. Home, on page 119, in No. 3, being my first piece. As to my own pieces I have nothing to say, and hope that musicians

"Will not view them with a critic's eye,
 But pass their imperfections by;"

but, as to all the other pieces, they have been selected with the greatest care, and with a desire to present in No. 1 a first class book.

Prof. J. M. Hunt's name has been dropped from No. 2 and will not go on this book as one of the authors, or compilers, because he has, in connection with Rev. S. M. Brown, gotten out a song book and, having no pecuniary interest in the HARVEST BELLS, prefers to handle and push his own book.

I am under special obligations to Prof. H. N. Lincoln and Prof. Chas. Ed. Pollock for assistance rendered in getting this book out, and shall ever remember with deepest gratitude all who have so generously granted permission to use their pieces.

That God may bless the songs in this book in drawing His people nearer to Him, and in the conviction and conversion of sinners, and in drawing hundreds and thousands of children to the Sunday Schools, is my earnest prayer,

April 30th, 1887.

W. E. PENN.

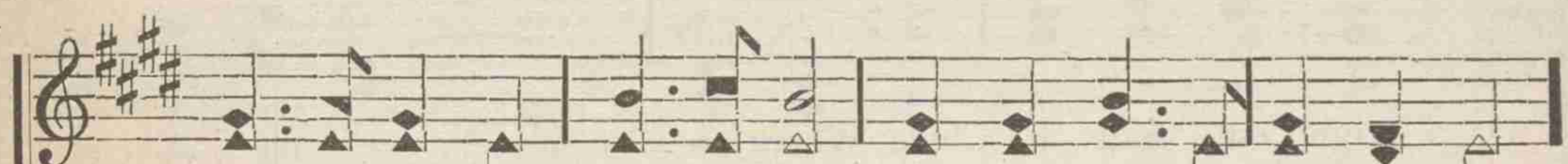
HARVEST BELLS. No. 1.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Christian reap-ers, lift your eyes, See the fields al-read-y white
 2. Souls are wait-ing—seek and find, Bring them to the Lord and say:
 3. Think as i-dly here we stand, Should the Lord of har-vest come
 4. Has-ten ere the Lord has come, When He calls, may we be found

For the har-vest of the skies, 'Tis a grand and glo-rious sight.
 Lo! my Mas-ter, thus we bind Heav'nly sheaves for Thee to-day.
 Find-ing us with emp-ty hand, Would we not for shame be dumb?
 Read-y for His har-vest home; Work all done, and sheaves all bound.



CHORUS.

Vigoroso.



List-en to the bells to-day, Hear, O hear them how they ring:




"Come, O come and reap "they say," In the har-vest of the King."



IN THE SHADOW OF THY WING.

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER.

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. He that dwell - - - eth in the pres - ence Of the
 2. When the clouds of sor - row gath - er, And the
 3. I will plead the pre - cious prom - ise Of His
 4. And the an - - - gry waves shall slum - ber At the

High - est shall a - bide Where no trou - - - ble ev - er
 bil - lows o'er me roll, Safe with - in His blest pa -
 ten - der, lov - ing care For the des - - - ti - tute and
 bid - ding of His will, He will calm the rag - ing

CHORUS.

com - eth, Where no e - vil can be - tide.
 il - ion He will hide my wea - ry soul.
 need - y, And He will re - gard my pray'r.
 tu - mult, With His gen - tle, "Peace, be still."

} Hide me in the

se - cret Of Thy pres - ence, oh, my
 Hide me in the se - cret Of Thy pres - ence, oh, my

In the Shadow of Thy Wing.—Concluded. 5

King, Where no storms may ev - er
 King, oh, my King, Where no storms may ev - er gath - er, where no
 gath - er, In the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 storms may ev - er gath - er,

ASSURANCE.

This is the last song I heard my Mother sing.—W. E. P.

1. How hap - py ev - 'ry child of grace, Who knows his sins for - giv'n!
2. O what a bless - ed hope is ours! While here on earth we stay,
3. O would He more of heav'n be - stow, And let the ves - sels break,

"This earth," he cries, "is not my place, I seek my place in heav'n:
 We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs, And an - te - date that day:
 And let our ran - som'd spir - its go To grasp the God we seek;

A coun - try far from mor - tal sight; Yet O, by faith I see
 We feel the res - ur - rec - tion near, Our life in Christ con - ceal'd,
 In rapturous awe on Him to gaze, Who bought the sight for me;

The land of rest, the saints' de - light, The heav'n pre - pared for me."
 And with His glo - rious pres - ence here Our earth - en ves - sels fill'd.
 And shout and won - der at His grace Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty!

* The small grace notes get no time value.

THE SONG FOR ME.

Anon.

W. E. PENN.

Sung by the Officers and Teachers only.



1. The pearl that worldlings cov - et, Is not the pearl for me; Its
 2. The crown that decks the mon - arch Is not the crown for me; It
 3. The road that ma - ny trav - el Is not the road for me; It
 4. The hope that sin - ners cher - ish Is not the hope for me; Most



beau - ty fades as quick - ly As sunshine on the sea. But there's a pearl sought
 daz - zles but a mo - ment, Its brightness soon will flee. But there's a crown pre -
 leads to death and sor - row, In it I would not be. But there's a path that
 sure - ly will they per - ish, Un - less from sin made free. But there's a hope which

Slower.



by the wise; 'Tis call'd the pearl of great - est price, Tho' few its val - ue see;
 - par'd a - bove For all who walk in hum - ble love; For - ev - er bright 'twill be;
 leads to God, 'Tis mark'd by Christ's most precious blood, The way for all is free,
 rests in God, And leads the soul to trust His word, And sin - ful pleasures flee;

CHORUS. Sung by all the School lively.



Oh, that's the pearl for me, Oh, that's the pearl for me,
 Oh, that's the crown for me, Oh, that's the crown for me,
 Oh, that's the path for me, Oh, that's the path for me,
 Oh, that's the hope for me, Oh, that's the hope for me,

THE SONG FOR ME. Concluded.

7



The pearl that is of great - est price, Oh, that's the pearl for me.
 The crown that is pre-par'd a- bove, Oh, that's the crown for me.
 The path that's mark'd by Je - sus' blood, Oh, that's the path for me.
 The hope that gives me rest in God, Oh, that's the hope for me.

NEARING HOME.

H. N. LINCOLN.

Miss ALICE LINCOLN.



1. { Toil - ing on- ward thro' a des - ert drear - y, On the parch-ing
 Al - most faint - ing with the march so wea - ry, But each day we're

sands we roam;
 near - ing (Omit.....) home. } One day near - er, one day
 One day near - er,

near - er, One day near - er home;..... | home.
 one day near - er, One day near - er

2 Plodding upward over rugged mountains,
 Far away from heaven's dome;
 Drinking oft from Marah's bitter fountains,
 But each day we're nearing home.

3 Sailing homeward on a stormy ocean,
 While the raging billows foam;
 Lashing, surging, in their wild commotion,
 But each day we're nearing home.

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GO FORWARD.

Rev. W. E. PENN.

H. N. LINCOLN.

Animated.

1. "Go forward" said the Cap - tain Of the Is - rael - ites of old,
 2. Though Sa - tan's might-y ar - mies Should stand on ev - 'ry side,
 3. We know that we must con - quer If on - ly we o - bey
 4. And now let us "go for - ward," Nor tar - ry in the plain,

"Go for - ward" to the sea - brink, Fearing nei - ther heat or cold.
 We know our Cap - tain - Gen - 'ral Can the deep - est sea di - vide.
 The or - der of our Cap - tain, "Go watch and fight and pray."
 With Je - sus for our Cap - tain, The last foe shall be slain.

CHORUS.

Go for - ward, go for - ward is the or - der of to - day;
 Go forward, go forward, go forward, go forward,

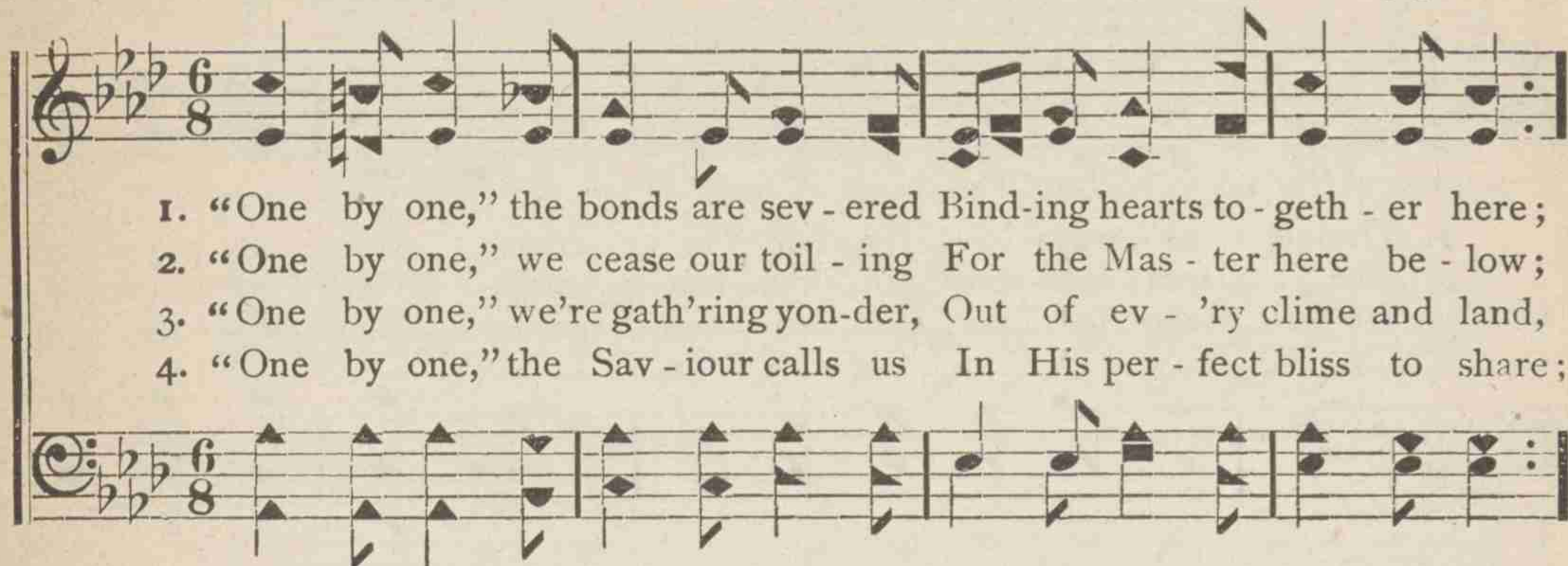
Go for - ward, go for - ward this or - der we'll o - bey.

GATHERING ONE BY ONE.

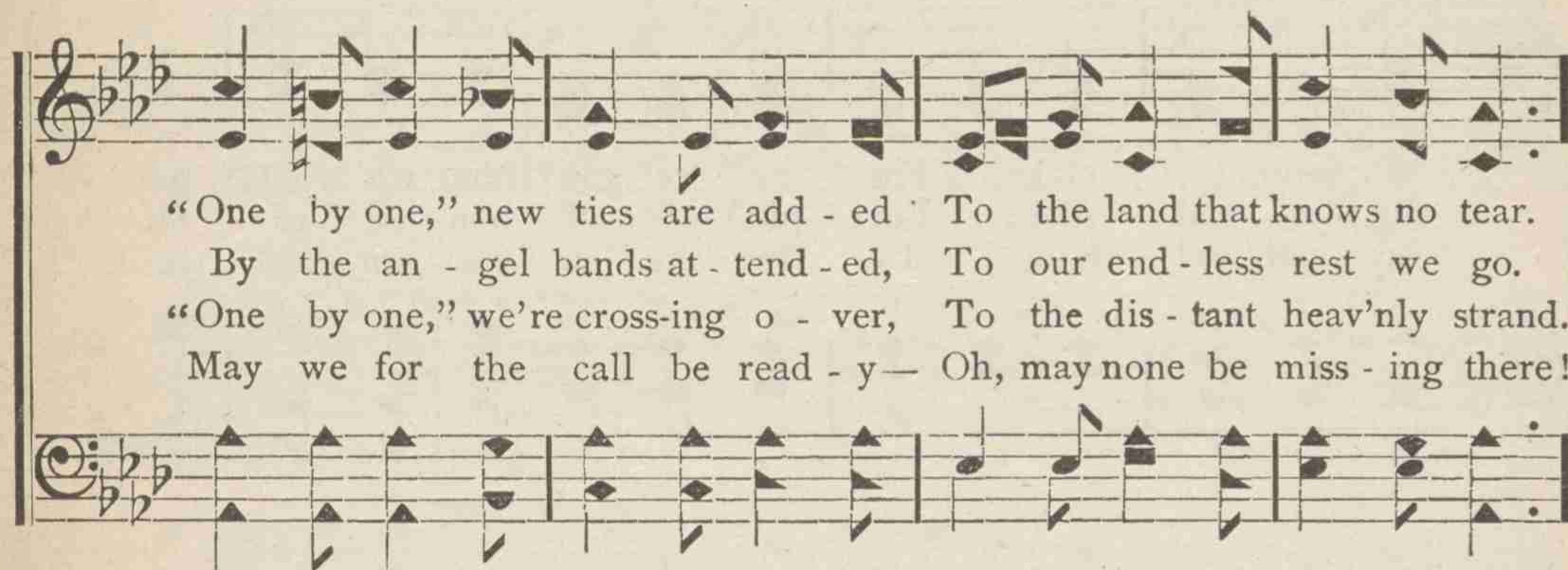
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T. C. O'K.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

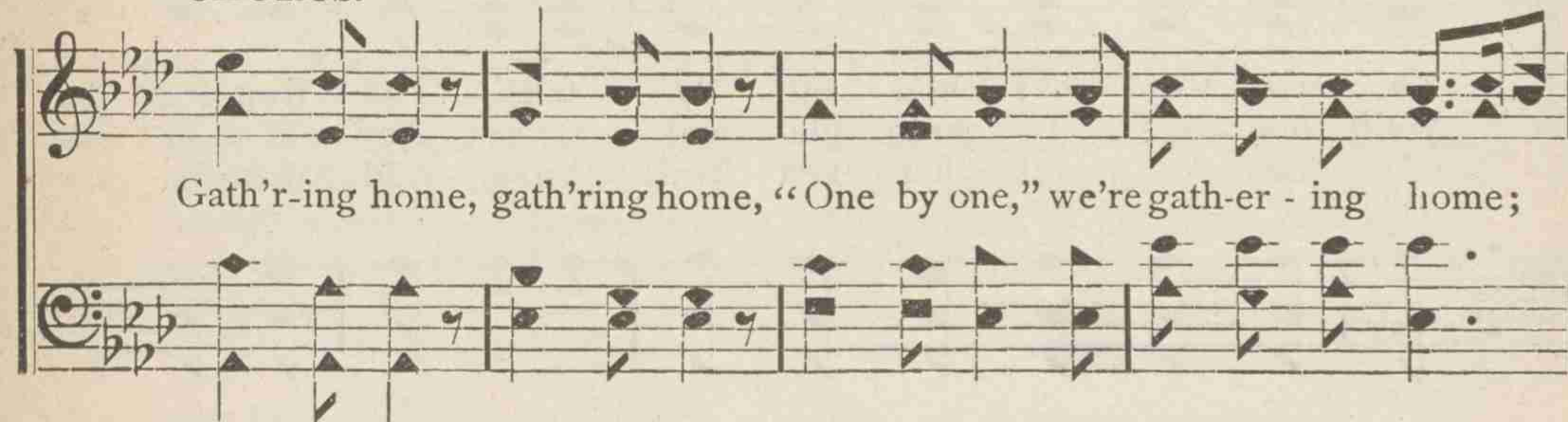


1. "One by one," the bonds are sev - ered Bind - ing hearts to - geth - er here;
 2. "One by one," we cease our toil - ing For the Mas - ter here be - low;
 3. "One by one," we're gath'ring yon - der, Out of ev - 'ry clime and land,
 4. "One by one," the Sav - iour calls us In His per - fect bliss to share;



"One by one," new ties are add - ed To the land that knows no tear.
 By the an - gel bands at - tend - ed, To our end - less rest we go.
 "One by one," we're cross - ing o - ver, To the dis - tant heav'nly strand.
 May we for the call be read - y— Oh, may none be miss - ing there!

CHORUS.



Gath'r-ing home, gath'ring home, "One by one," we're gath - er - ing home;



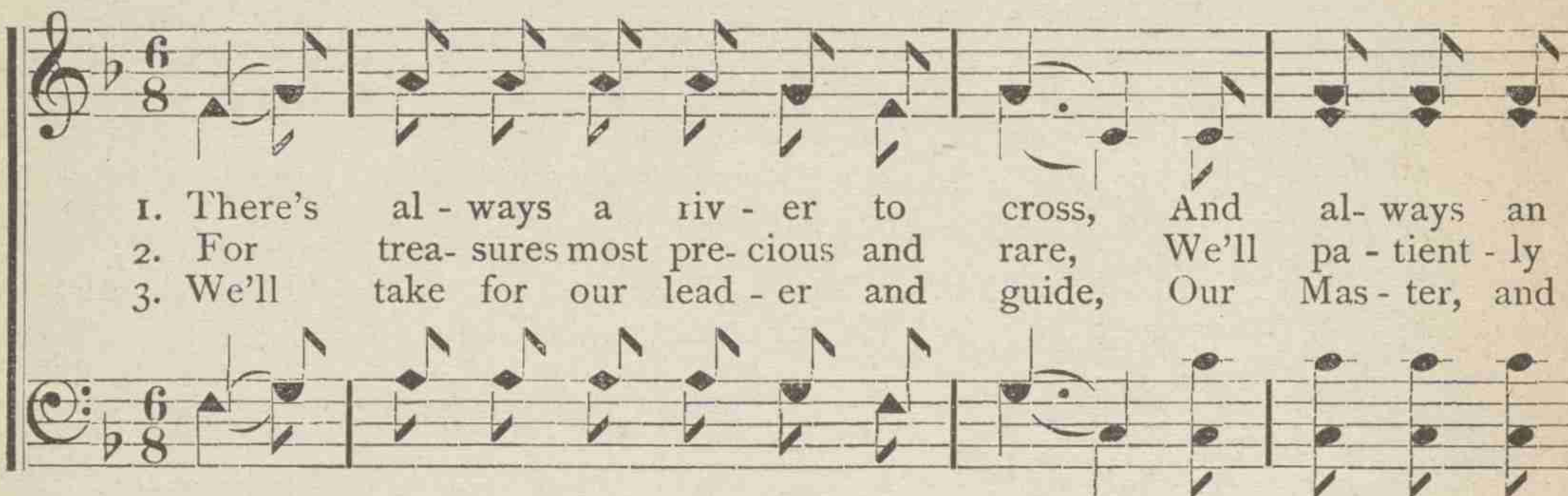
Soon we'll all be gathered home, Gathered "one by one."

From "Songs for Worship."

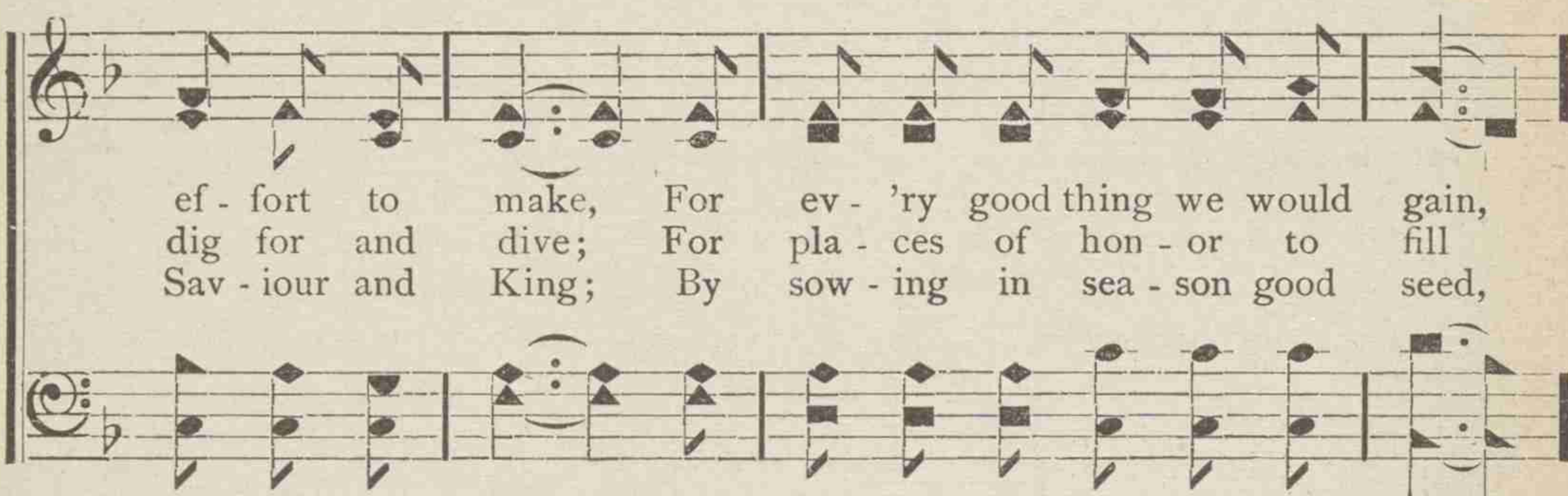
THERE'S A RIVER TO CROSS.

H. S. PERKINS.

H. S. PERKINS, by per.



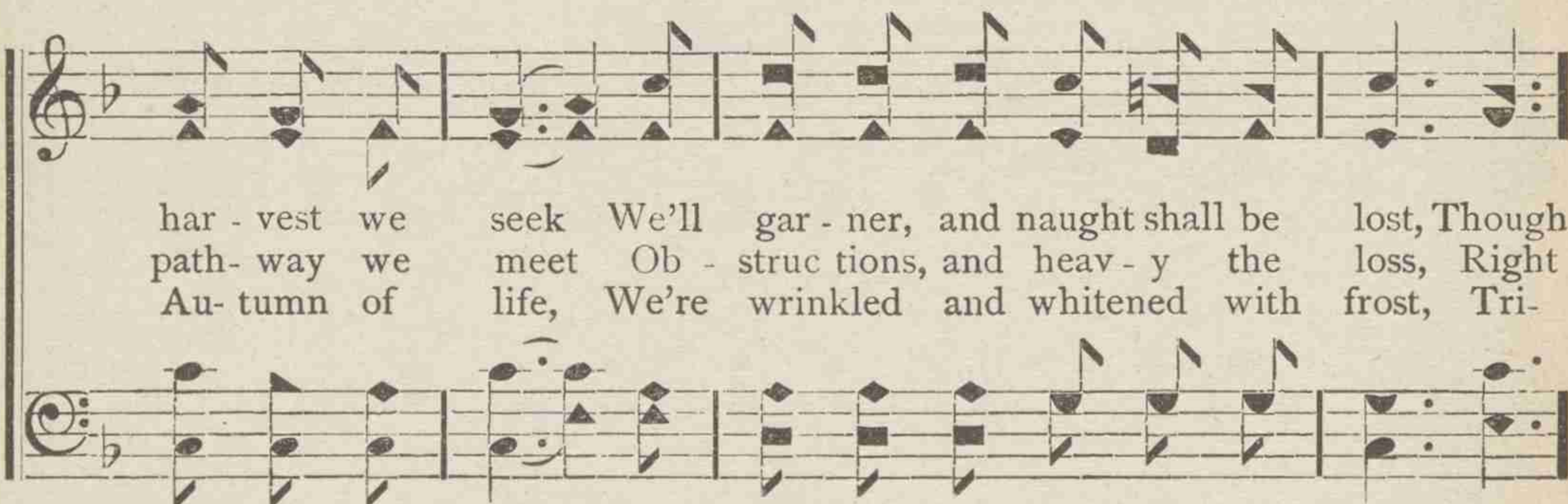
1. There's al - ways a riv - er to cross, And al - ways an
 2. For trea - sures most pre - cious and rare, We'll pa - tient - ly
 3. We'll take for our lead - er and guide, Our Mas - ter, and



ef - fort to make, For ev - 'ry good thing we would gain,
 dig for and dive; For pla - ces of hon - or to fill
 Sav - iour and King; By sow - ing in sea - son good seed,



Or prize we may hon - est - ly take. The fruit from the
 We'll hon - est - ly strug - gle and strive; And if in our
 A boun - ti - ful har - vest 'twill bring. And when in the



har - vest we seek We'll gar - ner, and naught shall be lost, Though
 path - way we meet Ob - struc - tions, and heav - y the loss, Right
 Au - tumn of life, We're wrinkled and whitened with frost, Tri -

There's a River to Cross. Concluded.

11



tem - pests and storms cross our path, And broad is the riv - er we cross.
on - ward our course we'll pur - sue, Although there's a riv - er to cross.
- umph - ant ho - san - nas we'll sing, Be - cause the broad riv - er we've crossed.



The riv - er we'll cross,..... the riv - er we'll cross,.....



The riv - er we'll cross, the riv - er we'll cross,



Though bil - lows and tempests may toss, The broad, rolling riv - er we'll cross.

Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

1 What means this eager, anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along,
These wondrous gath' rings day by day?
What means this strange commotion, pray?

||: In accents hushed the throng reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

2 Who is this Jesus? Why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?

||: Again the stirring tones reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame,

||: The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

4 Again He comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace.
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.

||: Shall we not gladly raise the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?" :||

5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.

||: Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.

"Too late! too late!" will be the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*" :||

FOR ME UNDERTAKE.

"O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me."—Isa. 38: 14.

W. E. PENN.

J. M. HUNT.



1. O Lord, I am burdened, my soul is oppressed, My sins are so many, I
2. Oh, help me to come and fall down at Thy feet; Un-bur-den my soul, make con-
3. Give courage and strength that my light may so shine, My works may lead others their
4. Then oh, blessed Saviour, how sweet it will be, To know in the darkness, I'm



am sore distressed, I wan-der in dark-ness, my sins are so great,
 fes-sion complete, And, then, give me strength all my sins to re-sign,
 sins to re-sign; Watch o'er me, pro-tect me, and guide me each day,
 guid-ed by Thee; To know I can not make a fa-tal mistake,



Lord Je-sus, have mer-cy, for me un-der-take. For me un-der-take,
 Then let me, my Saviour, for-ev-er be Thine. For-ev-er be Thine,
 No more let me wander, no more go a-stray; No more go a-stray,
 Because Thou art ev-er my great Ad-vo-cate. My great Ad-vo-cate,



for me un-der-take; Lord Je-sus, have mer-cy, for me un-der-take.
 for-ev-er be Thine; Then let me, my Sav-iour, for-ev-er be Thine.
 no more go a-stray; No more let me wander, no more go a-stray.
 my great Ad-vo-cate; Be-cause Thou art ev-er my great Ad-vo-cate.



13

English.

W. E. PENN.

1. I once was a stranger to grace and to God, And knew not the dangerous path that I trod;
2. I oft read with pleasure, to soothe or engage, The wonderful truths of the inspired page;
3. When free grace awoke me by light from on high, Then legal fears shook me, I tho't I must die:
4. My terrors all vanish'd before the sweet name; My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
5. E'en treading the valley, the shadow of death, This watchword shall rally my faltering breath;

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#), indicating the key of D major. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. There are several accidentals, including sharps and naturals, throughout the system. The system concludes with a double bar line.

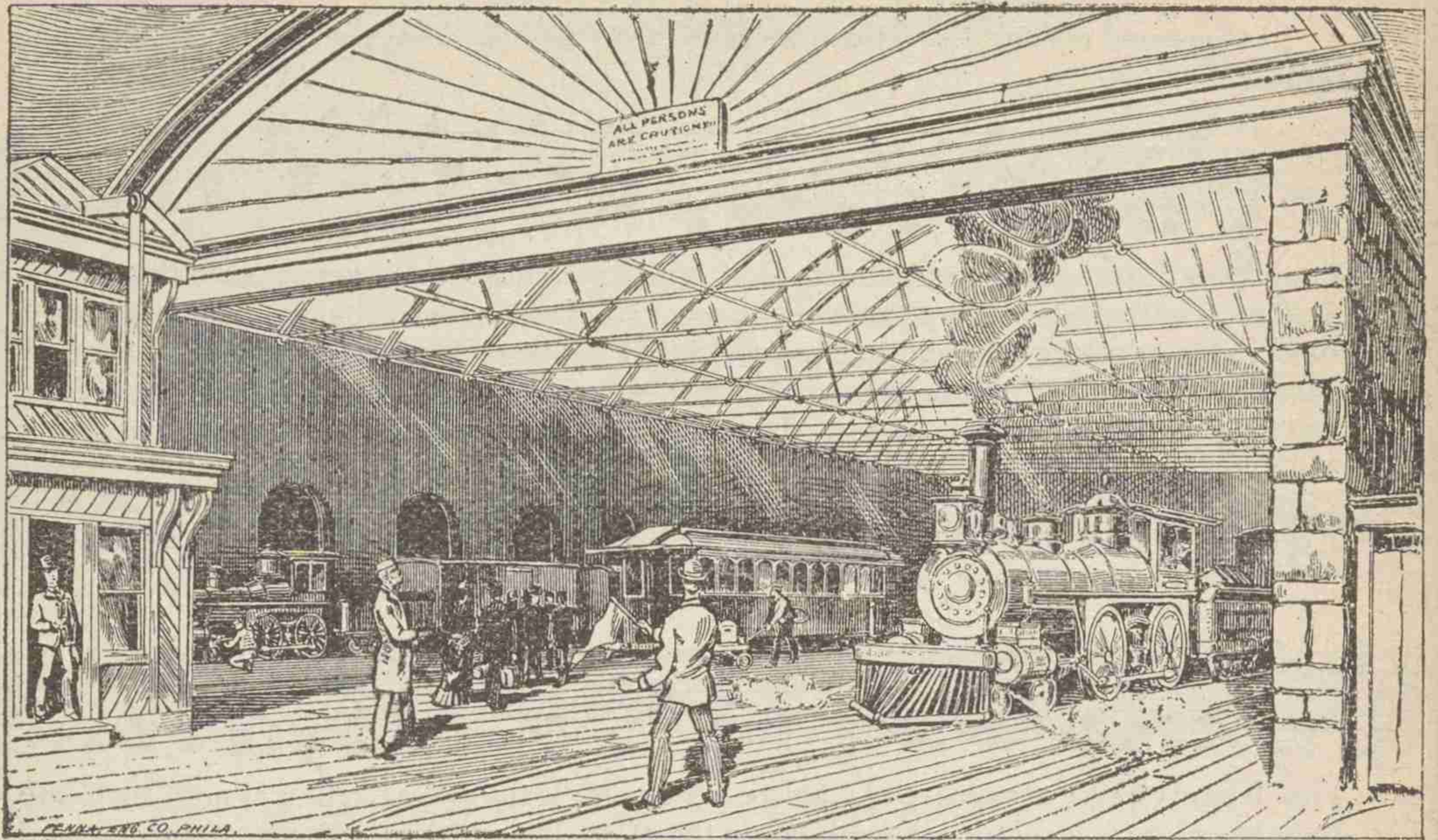
Tho' friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree, Jesus of Naz'reth was nothing to me.
But e'en when was pictured the blood on the tree, Jesus of Naz'reth was nothing to me.
No refuge, no safety on earth could I see, Jesus of Naz'reth my Saviour must be.
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free; Jesus of Naz'reth is all things to me.
For while from life's burdens my God sets me free, Jesus of Naz'reth my death song shall be.

CHORUS.

Nothing to me, noth ing to me, Je-sus of Naz'reth was nothing to me ;
 Nothing to me, noth-ing to me, Je-sus of Naz'reth was nothing to me ;
 Saviour must be, Saviour must be, Jesus of Naz'reth my Saviour must be ;
 All things to me, all things to me, Je-sus of Naz'reth is all things to me ;
 Death song shall be, death song shall be, Jesus of Naz'reth my death song shall be ;

A single staff of music in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. There are several fermatas placed over the final notes of the phrase. The notation is in a traditional, slightly ornate style.

Nothing to me, nothing to me, Je sus of Naz'reth was nothing to me.
Nothing to me, nothing to me, Je sus of Naz'reth was nothing to me.
Saviour must be, Saviour must be, Je sus of Naz'reth my Saviour must be.
All things to me, all things to me, Je sus of Naz'reth is all things to me.
Death song shall be, death song shall be, Je sus of Naz'reth my death song shall be.



“ARE THE SIGNALS ALL RIGHT?”

“The wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps.”—MATT. 25: 4.

SAMUEL PEACH.

W. E. PENN.

1. Wel - come, band of true toil - ers, who by thou - sands are found
 2. By the red lights of dan - ger have you left the down line?
 3. With a love for Christ's serv - ice, and your soul well sup - plied,
 4. And at last when your jour - neys up and down shall be done,

On the hun - dreds of rail - ways and the sta - tions a - round;
 By the green lights of cau - tion have you knowl - edge di - vine?
 With in - spir - ed di - rec - tions full - y test - ed and tried;
 And life's train shall in tri - umph to the ter - mi - nus come;

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“Are the Signals all Right?”—Concluded. 15



There's a ques - tion con - cern - ing heav - en's call - ing so bright:
Can you say when on du - ty, ei - ther day - time or night,
With the Points set for heav - en, with the met - als all tight,
Will you sing as you're near - ing heav - en's stores of de - light,



Are you hap - py in Je - sus? “Are the sig - nals all right?”
I am hap - py in Je - sus? and the “sig - nals are right?”
Are you hap - py in Je - sus, with the “sig - nals all right?”
Praise the Lord! Hal - le - lu - jah! all the “sig - nals are right?”



CHORUS.



With a clear shin - ing light, is your lamp burn - ing bright?

Chorus for last verse.

With a clear shin - ing light, yes, my lamp's burn - ing bright,



Have you oil in your ves - sels? Are the sig - nals all right?
I am hap - py in Je - sus, with the sig - nals all right.

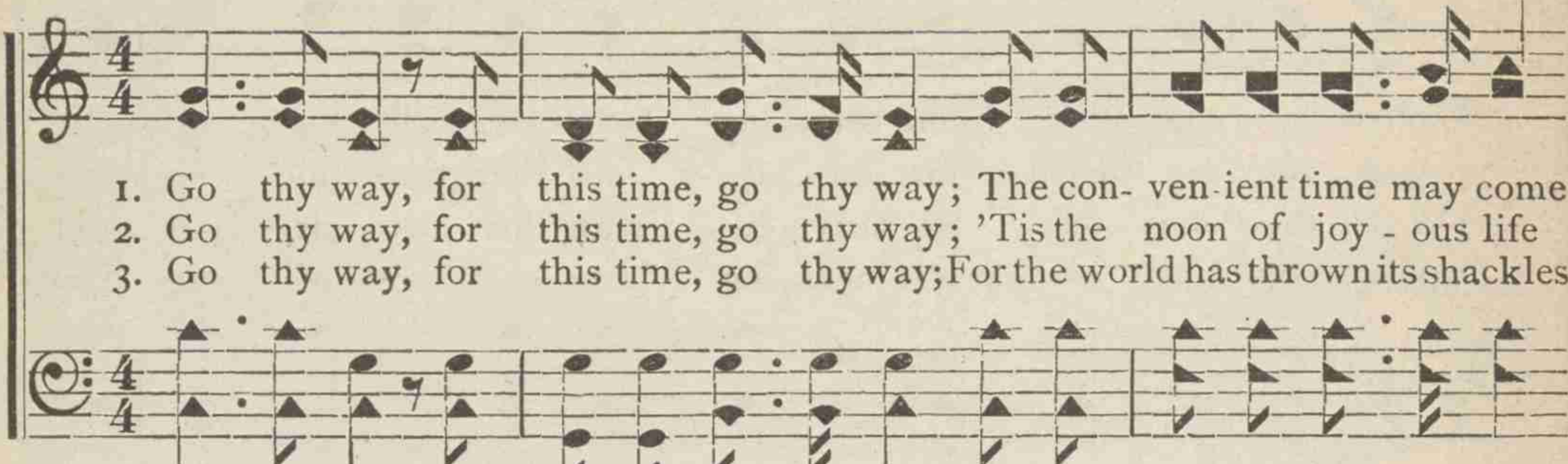


"GO THY WAY FOR THIS TIME."

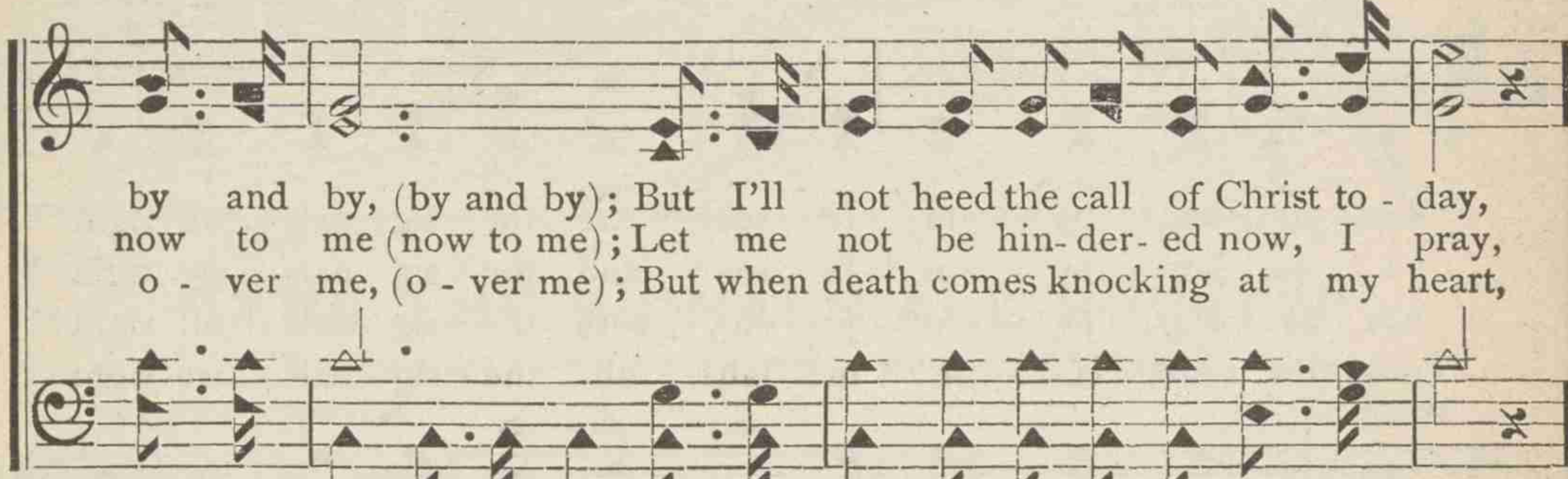
"When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."—Acts 24 : 25.

K. SHAW.

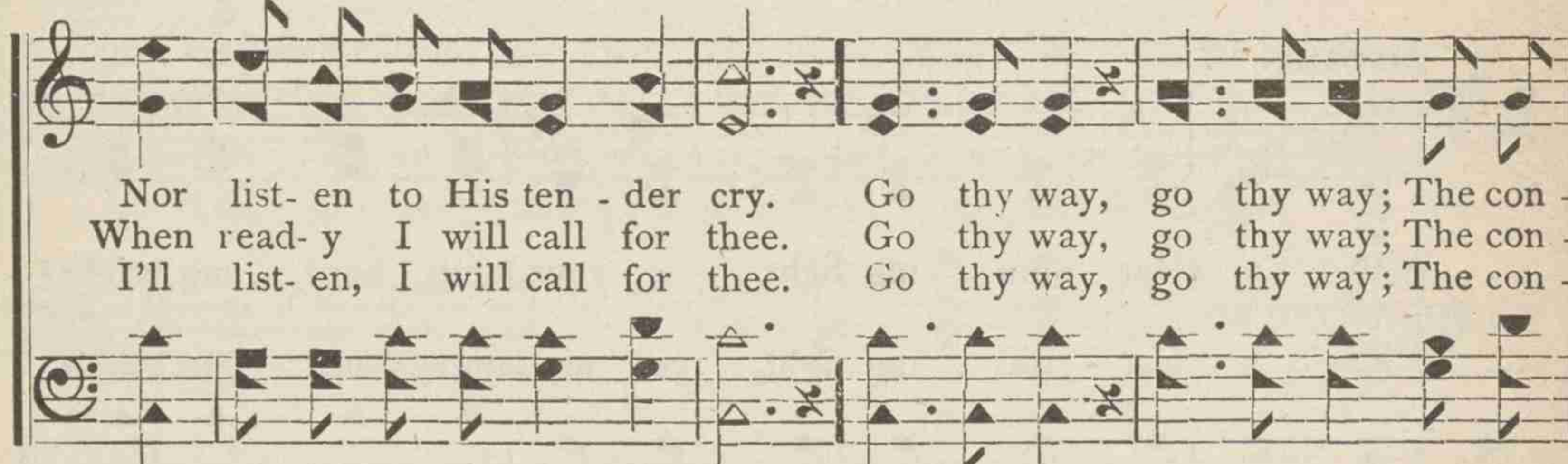
KNOWLES SHAW.



1. Go thy way, for this time, go thy way; The con- ven- ient time may come
 2. Go thy way, for this time, go thy way; 'Tis the noon of joy - ous life
 3. Go thy way, for this time, go thy way; For the world has thrown its shackles



by and by, (by and by); But I'll not heed the call of Christ to - day,
 now to me (now to me); Let me not be hin- der- ed now, I pray,
 o - ver me, (o - ver me); But when death comes knocking at my heart,



Nor list- en to His ten - der cry. Go thy way, go thy way; The con -
 When read- y I will call for thee. Go thy way, go thy way; The con -
 I'll list- en, I will call for thee. Go thy way, go thy way; The con -



- ven - ient time is fu - ture yet with me; When the morn- ing hours of
 - ven - ient time is fu - ture yet with me; When the noon day of my
 - ven - ient time is fu - ture yet with me; When the eve - ning of my

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Go thy Way for this Time. Concluded. 17

life have pass'd a - way, And the noon-day comes, I'll call for thee.
 life has pass'd a - way, In the eve-ning time I'll call for thee.
 life has pass'd a - way, In the night of death I'll call for thee.

WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD.

"O Lord, revive Thy word."—Heb. 3: 2.

English.

English.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For
 2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has
 4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has
 5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love, May each

Je - sus, who died, and is now gone a - bove.
 shown us our Sav - iour, and scat - ter'd our night.
 borne all our sins and has cleans'd ev - 'ry stain.
 bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways.
 soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

{ Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glory, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men. }
 { Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glory, (Omit.) } Re-vive us a-gain.

PEACE, BE STILL.

Respectfully dedicated to Major W. E. PENN, by H. N. L.

E. E. REXFORD.

H. N. LINCOLN.



1. When tempests rise a- bout thy way, And fill thy heart with anxious care,
2. "Be not a- fraid," thy Saviour's hand Is at the ves- sel's helm to- day,
3. Dear Saviour, I would trust Thee more ; Drive out these human fears, I pray,



Then trust- ful - ly look up and say, "I know the Lord is somewhere near."
 He'll steer it safe - ly to the land, So cast thy doubts and fears a - way.
 I know thou'lt take me safe to shore Be storms and tri- als what they may.



"Be not a- fraid," tho' dark the sky, Trust wholly in thy Saviour's will,
 He walks up - on the troubled wave, He comes with comfort un- to thee ;
 When skies are dark and waves are high I shall not call in vain on Thee ;



He hears thee, He is al- ways nigh, And whispers to thee, "Peace, be still."
 Trust Him and He His own will save As long a - go on Gal - i - lee.
 O speak to me, and say "'Tis I," And calm the tempest-troubled sea.



PEACE, BE STILL. Concluded.

19

REFRAIN.

Lo! Je - sus whispers ten - der - ly, Trust whol - ly to thy Pi - lot's will.

CHORUS.

ad lib.

Earth is thy storm-tossed Gal-i - lee, But "I am with thee, Peace, be still."

LORD OF ALL.

SAMUAL PEACH.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Je - sus, be - fore whose throne on high, A - dor - ing an - gels fall ;
2. We would, like them, our hom - age pay ; At Thy dear foot - stool fall ;
3. Sav - iour, we bless Thy sovereign grace, Which saves from Sa - tan's thrall,
4. Speak, Lord, let some poor sin - bound slave, Now answer to Thy call ;

They "Ho - ly ! Ho - ly ! Ho - ly !" cry, And crown Thee Lord of all.
 Ex - ult in Thy vic - to - rious sway, And crown Thee Lord of all.
 And gives us in Thy church a place, To crown Thee Lord of all.
 Con - fess Thy glorious pow'r to save, And crown Thee Lord of all.

COME UNTO ME.

"Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him."—Heb. 7: 25.

W. E. PENN.

J. M. HUNT.



1. I'm wea - ry, heav - y la - den, My bur - den is so great;
 2. I hear the voice of Je - sus Say - ing, "I died for thee;"
 3. Thy heart of sin needs cleansing, Thy bur - den I will take
 4. Is there yet room, dear Sav - iour, For one so wild as me?



Where shall I go? what shall I do? This load my heart will break.
 Oh, come and make my paths your choice, From sin and sor - row flee.
 I'll set thee free, for - ev - er free, And nev - er thee for - sake.
 Wilt Thou, O Sav - iour, hear my cry, If now I come to Thee?

CHORUS.



Come un - to me, I'll set thee free, And give thee rest, sweet rest;



Come un - to me, I'll set thee free, And give thee rest, sweet rest.

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH JESUS? 21

W. S. MARTIN.

Dr. FRANCIS A. EVANS.



1. What will you do with Je - sus, God's well - be - lov - ed Son?
2. What will you do with Je - sus? He's knock-ing at your heart;
3. What will you do with Je - sus, Who with your soul now pleads?



See what the pre - cious Sav - iour, To save your soul, has done:
O will you let Him en - ter, Or bid Him to de - part?
Be - fore the throne in heav - en He ev - er in - ter - cedes;



He gave Him - self a ran - som, He died to make you free,
He's wait - ing, long has wait - ed; O turn with - out de - lay,
He of - fers you a man - sion, A home for - ev - er more;



He spilt His pre - cious life - blood For you on Cal - va - ry.
And He, thro' lov - ing-kind - ness, Will wash your sins a - way.
But soon may cease this plead - ing, Then clos'd will be the door.



THE SHELTERING ROCK.

Isaiah 32: 2. 12: 3. 65: 10. Col. 1: 20.

W. E. P.

W. E. PENN.

Slow. May be sung with good effect as a Solo.

1. There is a Rock in a wea - y land, Its shad - ow falls on the
 2. There is a Well in a des - ert plain, Its wa - ters call with en -
 3. A great fold stands with its por - tals wide, The sheep a - stray on the
 4. There is a cross where the Sav - iour died, His blood flow'd out in a

burn - ing sand, In - vit - ing pil - grims as they pass To seek a shade in the
 - treating strain, "Ho, ev - 'ry thirst - ing sin - sick soul, Come free - ly drink, and thou
 mountain side, The Shepherd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's searching now for His
 crim - son tide A sac - ri - fice for sins of men, And free to all who will

REFRAIN.

wil - der - ness.
 shalt be whole." } Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die?
 wand'ring sheep.
 en - ter in.

When the shelt'ring Rock is so near by?
 When the liv - ing Well is so near by?
 When the Shepherd's fold is so near by?
 When the crim - son cross is so near by? } Oh! why will ye die?

"MY AIN COUNTRIE."

23

Mrs. MARY LEE DEMAREST.

Harmonized by T. C. O'K, by per.

1. { I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wea-ry aft-en-whiles,
I'll ne'er be fu' con-tent, un - - til my een do see

D.C.—But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me,

For the lang'd-for hame-bring-ing, an' my Fa-ther's welcome smiles.
The gow-den gates of heaven an' my (Omit)

When I hear the an - gels singing in my (Omit)

2 Fine. D.C.

ain countrie. { The earth is fleck'd with flow'rs, mony-tinted, fresh and gay;
The bird-ies war-ble blithely, for my Father made them sae; }

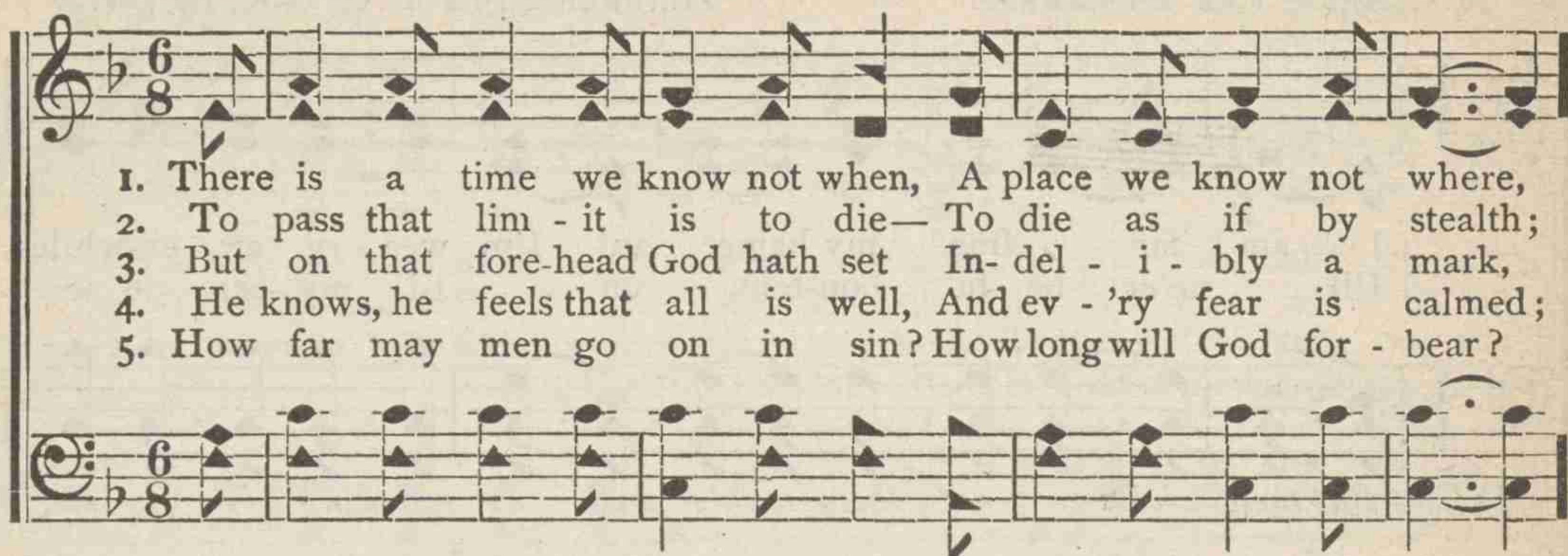
ain countrie.

2 I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day the King
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring.
Wi' een an' wi' heart running owre, we shall see
"The King in His beauty," an' our ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair;
But there they'll never vex me nor be remembered mair:
His bluid hath made me white, an' His hand shall dry my een,
When He brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.

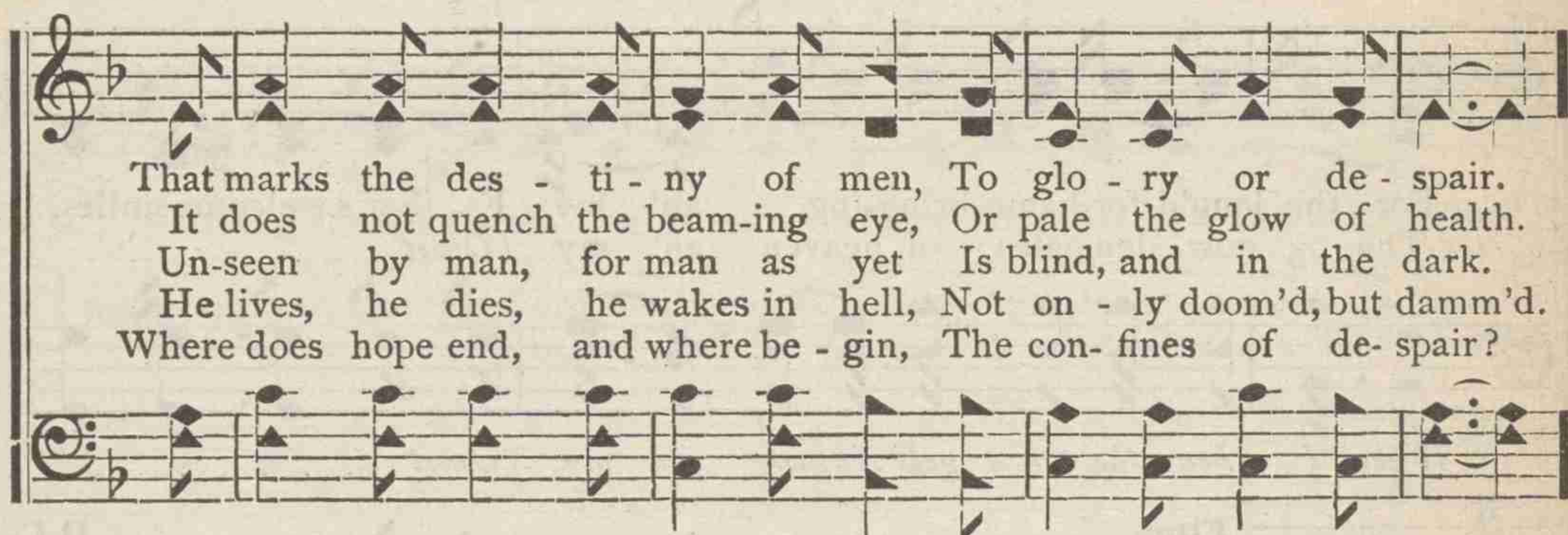
3 So I'm watching aye, and singing o' my hame as I wait,
For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the gowden gate,
God gie His grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countrie.
I'm far frae my hame an' I'm weary aftenwhiles.
For the lang'd-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's welcome smiles.
I'll ne'er be fu' content, until my een do see
The gowden gates of heaven, an' my ain countrie.

THE DOOMED MAN.

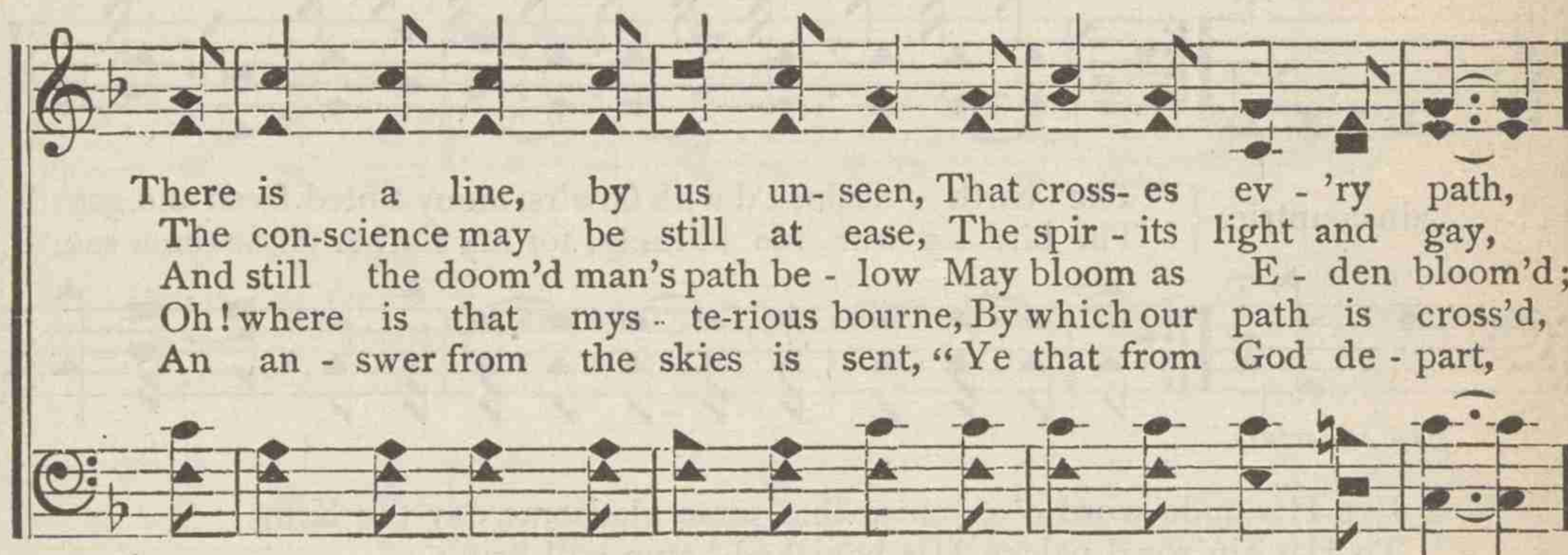
J. M. HUNT.



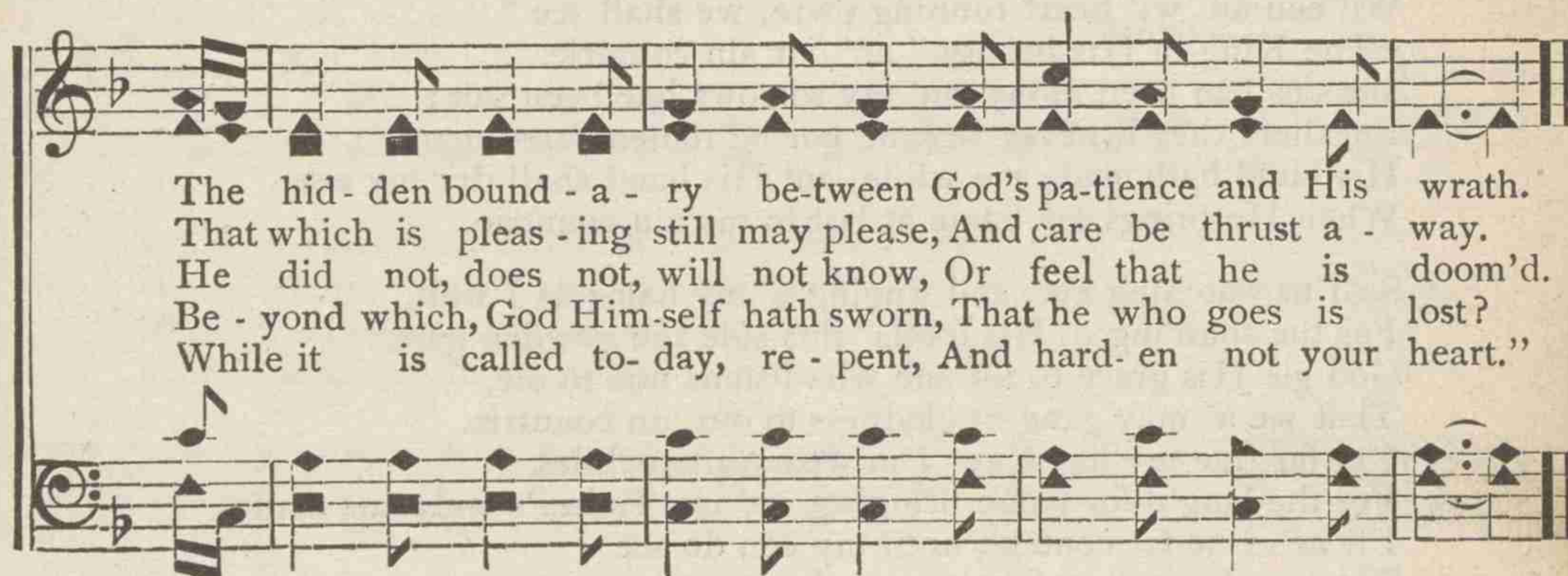
1. There is a time we know not when, A place we know not where,
 2. To pass that lim - it is to die— To die as if by stealth;
 3. But on that fore-head God hath set In - del - i - bly a mark,
 4. He knows, he feels that all is well, And ev - 'ry fear is calmed;
 5. How far may men go on in sin? How long will God for - bear?



That marks the des - ti - ny of men, To glo - ry or de - spair.
 It does not quench the beam-ing eye, Or pale the glow of health.
 Un-seen by man, for man as yet Is blind, and in the dark.
 He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell, Not on - ly doom'd, but damm'd.
 Where does hope end, and where be - gin, The con - fines of de - spair?



There is a line, by us un - seen, That cross - es ev - 'ry path,
 The con - science may be still at ease, The spir - its light and gay,
 And still the doom'd man's path be - low May bloom as E - den bloom'd;
 Oh! where is that mys - te - rious bourne, By which our path is cross'd,
 An an - swer from the skies is sent, "Ye that from God de - part,



The hid - den bound - a - ry be - tween God's pa - tience and His wrath.
 That which is pleas - ing still may please, And care be thrust a - way.
 He did not, does not, will not know, Or feel that he is doom'd.
 Be - yond which, God Him - self hath sworn, That he who goes is lost?
 While it is called to - day, re - pent, And hard - en not your heart."

THE PRECIOUS LOVE OF JESUS.

25

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



1. O sing the pow'r of love di-vine, The pre-cious love of Je - sus,
 2. 'Tis love that conquers ev-'ry fear, The pre-cious love of Je - sus,
 3. 'Tis love that fills the joy-ful heart, And draws it up to Je - sus,
 4. When faith and hope have ceased to shine, And we are safe with Je - sus,




That bids the light in dark-ness shine, And wins the lost to Je - sus.
 And now by faith has brought us near The bleed-ing side of Je - sus.
 Where nei-ther life nor death can part The sa - cred bonds of Je - sus.
 We'll praise the pow'r of love di - vine That brought us home to Je - sus.



CHORUS.



O precious, pure, un - changing love, The boundless love of Je - sus :




It binds our hearts in un-ion sweet, And makes us one in Je - sus.



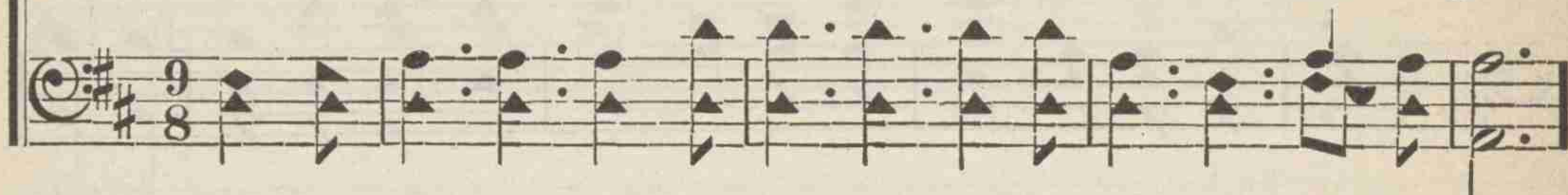
Leave Thy Burdens With the Saviour.

Mrs. T. M. GRIFFIN.

Rev. W. E. PENN.



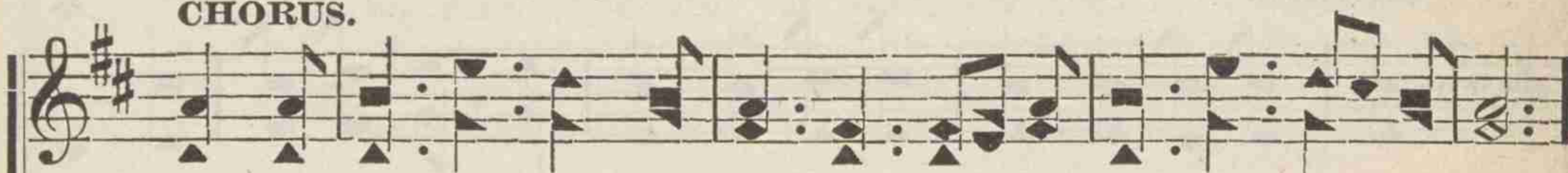
1. Is thy path-way dark and storm-y? Do thy tri - als press thee sore?
 2. Are thy la - bors long and fruit-less? And thy days of peace too rare?
 3. Pain and an-guish may en-chain thee, Doubts envail thee like a shroud,
 4. Rays of glad-ness which shall light-en Up the path-way to the goal,




He will drive a - way the shad-ows, He will bridge the wa - ters o'er,
 There's a wealth of rest and com-fort Found by all in faith-ful pray'r.
 Still but trust Him He will send thee Rifts of dark-ness thro' the cloud.
 'Till thy spir - it find en - rapt-ure, "Balm in Gil-ead for the soul."



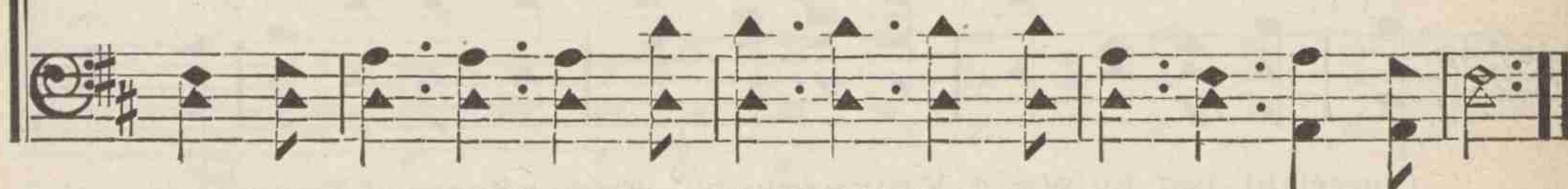
CHORUS.



Take thy troub - les to the Sav - iour, Take them there in earn - est pray'r,




Of thy bur - dens He'll re - lieve thee If thou'lt on - ly *leave them there.*

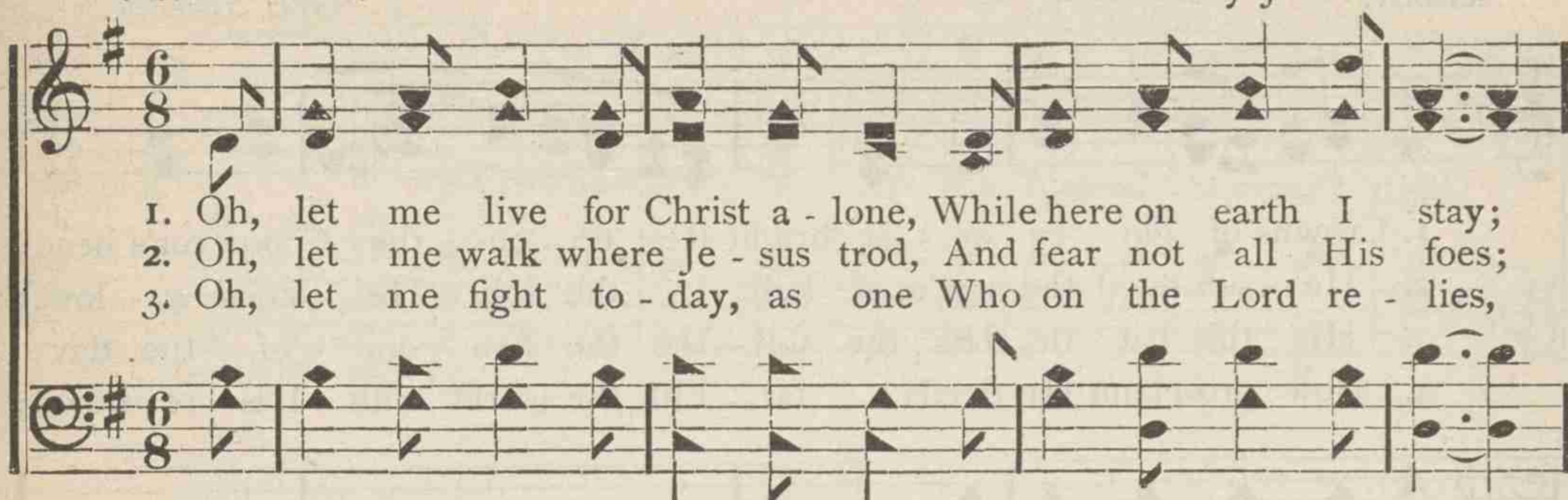


LIVE FOR CHRIST TO-DAY.

27

A. S. BUNTING.

Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.



1. Oh, let me live for Christ a - lone, While here on earth I stay;
 2. Oh, let me walk where Je - sus trod, And fear not all His foes;
 3. Oh, let me fight to - day, as one Who on the Lord re - lies,



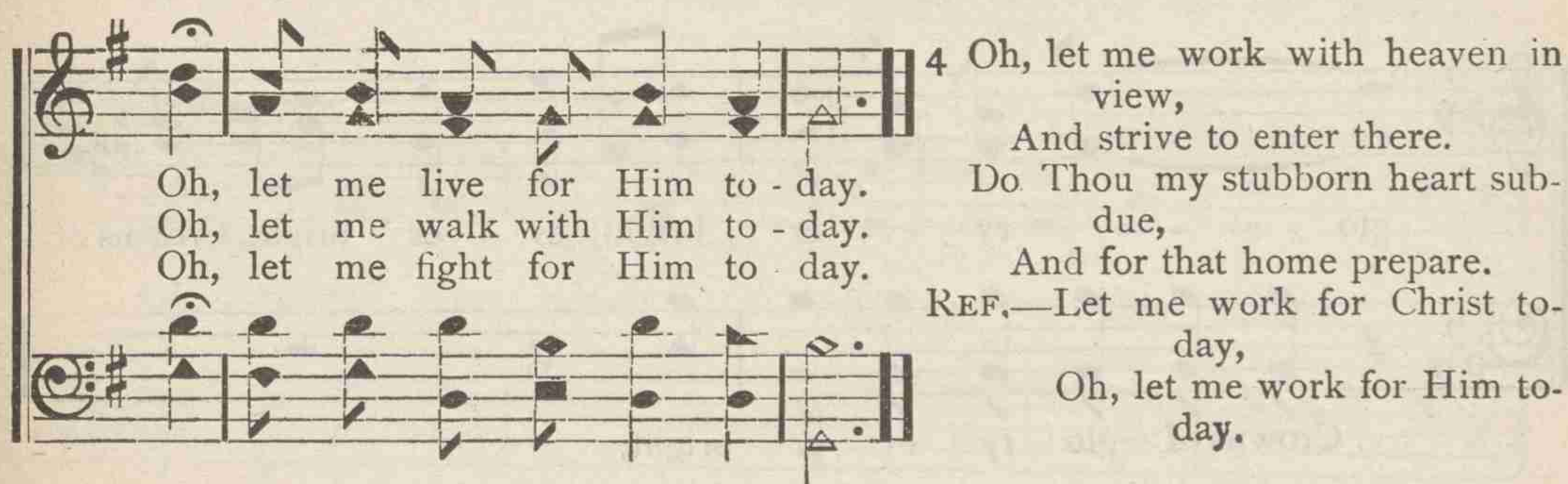
My or - ders on - ly from His throne, Oh, keep me in the way.
 He is my Shep - herd, He my God, His sheep He ev - er knows.
 For soon my bat - tles here are done, My crown is in the skies.

REFRAIN.



Let me live..... for Christ to - day,
 Let me walk..... with Christ to - day,
 Let me fight..... for Christ to - day,

Let me live for Christ to - day,
 Let me walk with Christ to - day,
 Let me fight for Christ to - day,



Oh, let me live for Him to - day.
 Oh, let me walk with Him to - day.
 Oh, let me fight for Him to day.

4 Oh, let me work with heaven in view,
 And strive to enter there.
 Do Thou my stubborn heart subdue,
 And for that home prepare.
 REF.—Let me work for Christ to-day,
 Oh, let me work for Him to-day.

CROWNS OF GLORY.

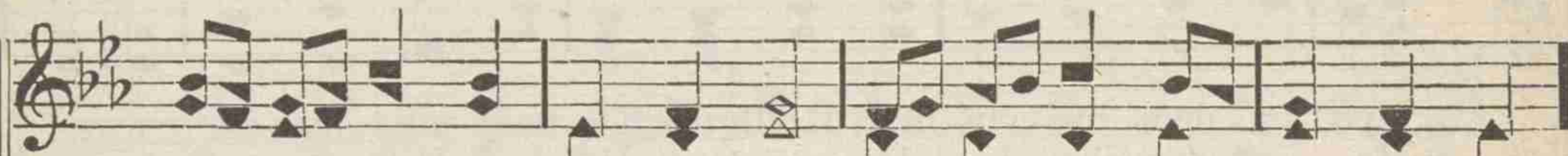
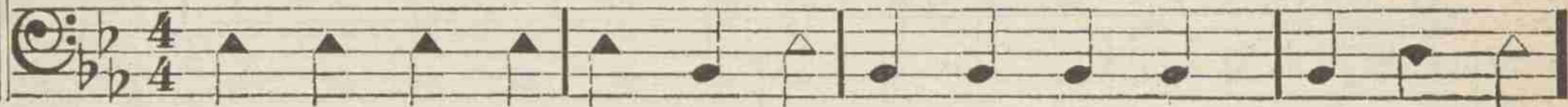
KELLY.

"Ye shall receive a crown of glory."—1 Peter 5: 4.

GEO. BAKER.



1. Crowns of glo - ry ev - er bright Rest up - on the Conqu'ror's head;
2. He sub-dued the pow'rs of hell, In the fight He stood a - lone;
3. His the bat - tle, His the toil, His the hon - ors of the day;
4. Now pro-claim His deeds a - far, Fill the world with His re - nown;



Crowns of glo - ry are His right—He "who liv - eth and was dead."
 All His foes be - fore Him fell, By His sin - gle arm o'erthrown.
 His the glo - ry and the spoil, Je - sus bears them all a - way.
 His a - lone the vic - tor's car, His the ev - er - last - ing crown.



CHORUS.



Crowns of glo - - - - ry, Crowns of glo - ry, Crowns of



Crowns of glo - ry, Crowns of glo - ry,



glo - - - - ry ev - er bright, ev - er bright, Crowns of



Crowns of glo - ry ev - er bright,

glo - - - ry, Crowns of glo - ry Are the blessed Saviour's right.

Crowns of glo- ry,

GLORY TO HIS NAME!

Ps. 63: 4.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

1. Down at the cross where the Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
I am so wondrously saved from sin; Je - sus so sweetly abides within,
3. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Humble your soul at the Saviour's feet;

There to my heart was the blood ap-plied,
Saves me each moment, and keeps me clean, } Glo - ry to His name.
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete,

D. S.—Now to my heart is the blood ap-plied, Glo - ry to His name!

CHORUS.

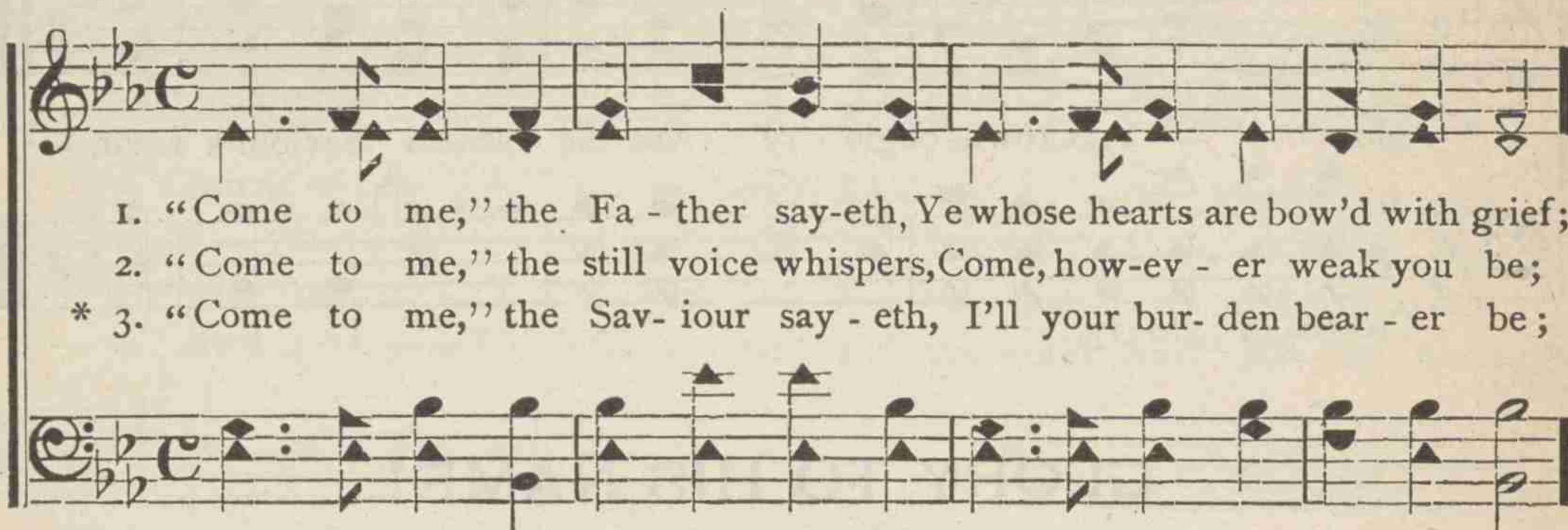
Glo - ry to His name! Glo - ry to His name!

D. S.

WE ARE COMING.

F. A. E.

Dr. FRANCIS A. EVANS.



1. "Come to me," the Fa - ther say-eth, Ye whose hearts are bow'd with grief;
 2. "Come to me," the still voice whispers, Come, how-ev - er weak you be;
 * 3. "Come to me," the Sav- iour say - eth, I'll your bur- den bear - er be;



Come and find a love a - bid - ing, Find in me a sweet re - lief.
 Come and find a strength in- creas - ing, Love as boundless and as free.
 Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Spir - it, Of - fer'd free - ly now to Thee.

CHORUS.



We are com - ing, we are com - ing To Thee, bless - ed Lord!



We are com - ing, we are com - ing, Trust - ing in Thy word.

Praise the Lord! Ye Heavens, Adore Him. 31

JOHN KEMPTHORNE.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns, a-dore Him; Praise Him, an-gels in the height;
2. Praise the Lord, for He hath spo - ken; Worlds His mighty voice o-bey'd;
3. Praise the Lord, for He is glo - rious; Nev-er shall His prom-ise fail;
4. Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high His pow'r pro-claim;



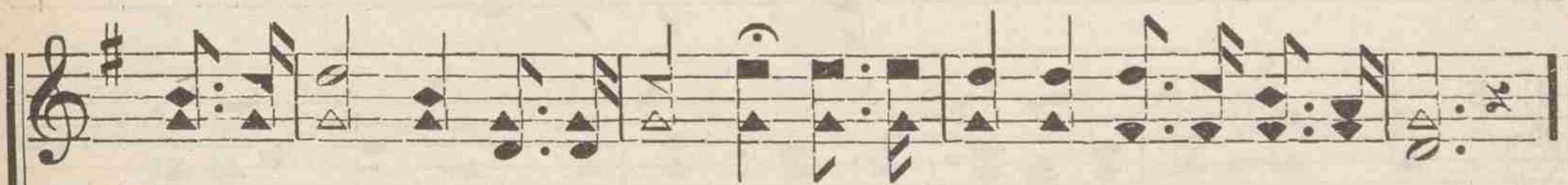
Sun and moon, re joice be-fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
 Laws which nev-er shall be bro - ken, For their guid ance He hath made.
 God shall make His saints vic - to - rious, Sin and death shall not pre-vail.
 Heav'n and earth and all cre - a - tion, Laud and mag - ni - fy His name.



CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord and mag-ni- fy His name!



Hal- le - lu - jah! hal- le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord! His mighty pow'r proclaim.



THOUGH HE SLAY ME.

To all the suffering people of God this song is affectionately dedicated.

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."—Job 13: 15.

Mrs. T. M. GRIFFIN.

Music and Chorus by Rev. W. E. PENN.

1. Tho' all my earth treasures be tak - en from me, E'en those that I
 2. And if in the bloom of my strong hope - ful life He send me long

prize most of all, By faith His dear love in my
 watch - es of pain, I meek - ly will fold my poor

sor - row I'll see, Tho' grief and temp - ta - tion be - fall.
 hands from the strife, Nor grieve that my plans were in vain.

CHORUS.

I'll trust Him, I'll trust Him O'er life's stormy sea, I'll trust Him, I'll

trust Him, Wher - ev - er I be; I'll trust Him, I'll trust Him By

night and by day, O yes, I will trust Him, Tho' me He should slay.

3 Though friends should forsake me and leave me alone,
And Marah's full cup I should quaff,
Though peace never come and my rest be a stone,
He'll still be my rod and my staff.

4 My rod and my staff, yes, on Him will I lean,
When through the deep waters I go,
In Him will I trust, and my soul be serene,
Though billows of woe overflow.

PARTING HYMN.

J. ELLERTON.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be -
3. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earth - ly life, Our balm in

- cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee,
- gan, with Thee shall end, the day; Guard Thou the lips from
sor - row and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall

ere our wor-ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have call'd up-on Thy name.
bid our con - flict cease Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

LET ME REST.

"The shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Dr. H. BONAR.

W. A. OGDEN.

$\text{♩} = 80.$

1. In the shad-ow of the rock Let me rest, let me rest,
 2. On the parch'd and des - ert way, Where I tread, where I tread,
 3. I in peace will rest me here, Till I see, till I see,

When I feel the tem-pest's shock Thrill my breast; All in
 With the scorch-ing noon-tide ray O'er my head, Let me
 That the skies a - gain are fair O - ver me; That the

vain the storm shall sweep, While I hide, while I hide, And my
 find a wel - come shade, Cool and still, cool and still, And my
 burn-ing heats are passed, And the day, and the day, Bids the

CHORUS.

tranquil vig - il keep, By Thy side.
 wea-ry steps be stayed By Thy will. } In the shadow of the rock,
 trav-el-er at last Go his way.

From the S. S. Singing Book, "Way of Life," by per. of W. W. WHITNEY.

LET ME REST. Concluded.

35

I will fear no tem-pest's shock, In the shadow of the

rock let me rest; In the shadow of the rock I will

fear no temp-est's shock, In the shadow of the rock let me rest.

Nothing but Leaves.

1 Nothing but leaves! the Spirit grieves
Over a wasted life;
O'er sins indulged while conscience
slept,
O'er vows and promises unkept,
And reap from years of strife
Nothing but leaves.

2 Nothing but leaves! no gathered
sheaves
Of life's fair ripening grain;
We sow our seeds; lo! tares and
weeds,
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds,
We reap with toil and pain
Nothing but leaves.

3 Nothing but leaves! sad memory
weaves
No veil to hide the past;
And as we trace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
Sadly we find at last
Nothing but leaves.

4 Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,
Bearing but withered leaves?
Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat,
Lay down, for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves?

THE BARREN FIG-TREE.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Read Luke 13: 6-9.

R. M. McINTOSH.



1. In the vineyard of the Mas - ter, There was grow - ing once a tree;
 2. But the dress - er then made an - swer, Leave it, Lord, an - oth - er year;
 3. In the vineyard of my Mas - ter, Oft my tree His patience tries;



Thith - er came He, oft - en hop - ing That some fruit there - on might be.
 I with care will tend and keep it Till the bud and bloom ap - pear;
 Seek - ing fruit He oft - en com - eth, Find - ing on - ly use - less leaves.



Fruit, not blos - som, went He seek - ing, On - ly leaves thereon He found;
 Then, if ripened fruit be show - ing, It is well, my Lord will own;
 Let Thy dews of grace fall on me, Till some fruits di - vine ap - pear;



To His dress - er, hear Him speak - ing, Lo! it cum - ber - eth the ground.
 If but leaves are on it grow - ing, Aft - er that, Lord, cut it down.
 Let Thy patience rest up - on me, Try me, Lord, an - oth - er year.

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THE BARREN FIG-TREE. Concluded. 37

CHORUS.



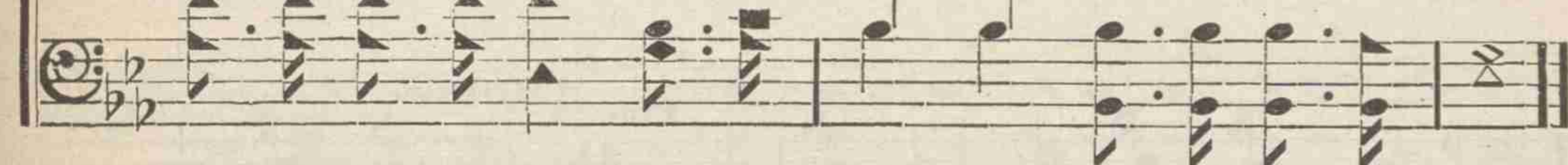
If the Mas - ter to our vine - yard Should this day come down, Seeking,




look - ing, ask - ing for His own; Read - y for His eye are we? Is there




fruit up - on our tree? Will He bid the dress - er cut it down?



THE FROZEN HEART.



I. { O, for a glance of heav'nly day, }
 { To take this stubborn heart a - way, } And thaw, with beams of love di-vine,
 D. C.—*This heart, this froz-en heart of mine.*

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
 The seas can roar; the mountains shake:
 Of feeling, all things show some sign,
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows Thou hast felt,
 O Lord, an adamant would melt:
 But I can read each moving line,
 And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, which devils fear—
 Amazing thought!—unmoved I hear;
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine
 To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But power divine can do the deed;
 And, Lord, that power I greatly need:
 Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
 And melt and change this heart of mine.

TELL IT TO JESUS ALONE.

"Tell it to Jesus."—MATT. 14: 12.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Rev. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav - y - heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un - bid - den? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you trou - bled at the tho't of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus. Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?
Tell it to Je - sus. Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?
Tell it to Je - sus. Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?
Tell it to Je - sus. For Christ's com - ing King - dom are you sigh - ing?

D.S.—You have no oth - er such a friend or broth - er;

Fine. CHORUS.
Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus,
Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

D.S.
Tell it to Je - sus, He is a friend that's well known:

From "Songs of Refreshing," by permission.

JESUS IS CALLING FOR THEE.

39

GRACE GLENN.

J. H. FILMORE, by per.



1. { When, as of old, in her sad-ness, Ma-ry sat weeping a-lone, }
 { Soft-ly the voice of her sis-ter Whisper'd, "The Master has come." }
2. { Oh, when thy pleasures are flow-ing, Fad-ing thy hope and thy trust, }
 { When of the dear-est earth-treasures Dust shall re-turn un-to dust. }
3. { Down by the shore of death's riv-er, Some time thy footsteps shall stray, }
 { Where waits an an-gel to bear thee O-ver to in-fi-nite day. }



So, in the depths of thy sor-row, Gall tho' its fountain may be,
 Then, tho' the world may in-vite thee, Vain will its of-fer-ing be,
 What then tho' dark be His shad-ow, If when His coming thou see,



List, for there com-eth a whis-per, Je-sus is call-ing for thee.
 List, for there com-eth a whis-per, Je-sus is call-ing for thee.
 Com eth there soft ly a whis-per, Je-sus is call-ing for thee.



f CHORUS.



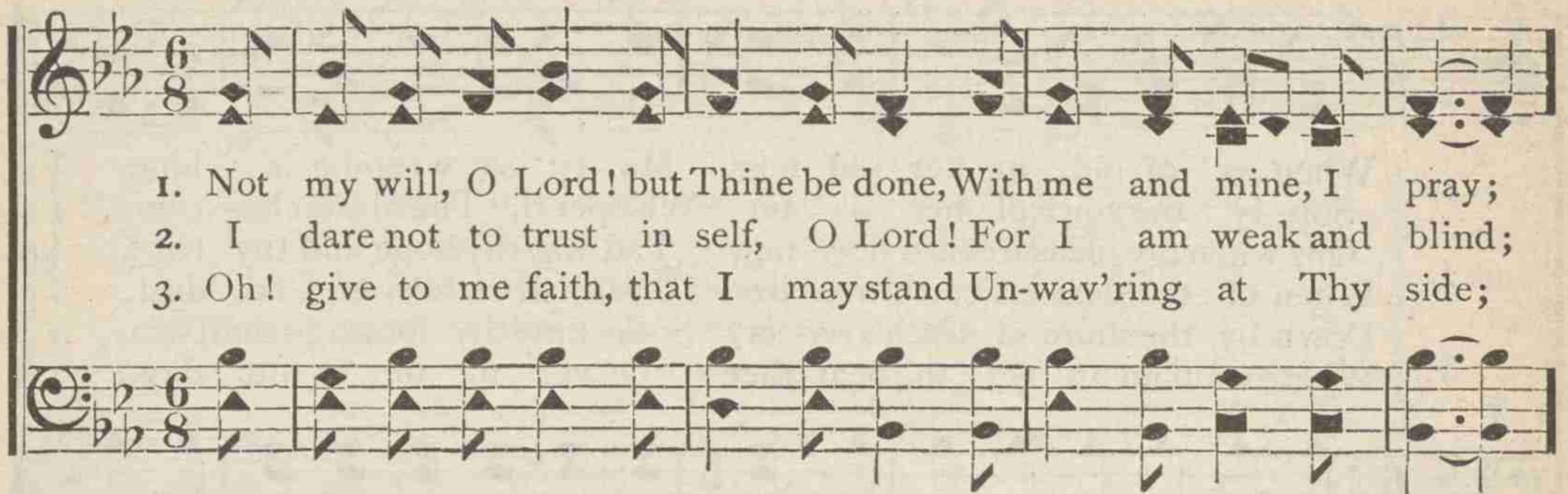
Call-ing, call-ing, Je-sus is call-ing for thee.
 Call-ing for thee, call-ing for thee,



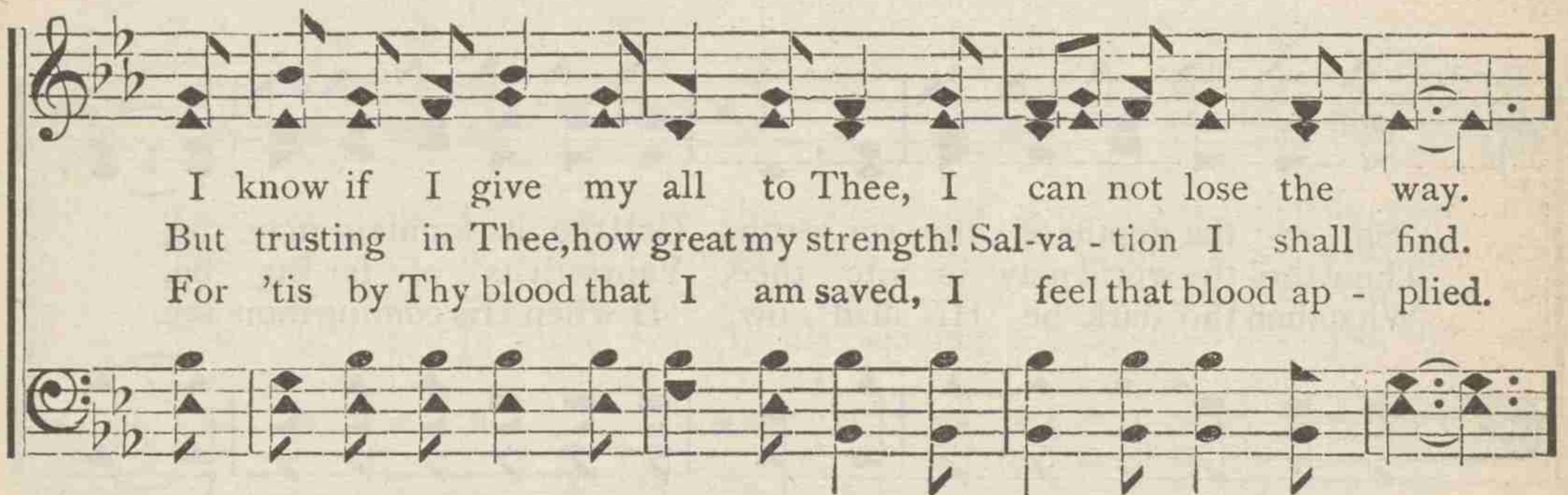
40 NOT MY WILL, BUT THINE, BE DONE.

J. M. HUNT.

J. M. HUNT.



1. Not my will, O Lord! but Thine be done, With me and mine, I pray;
 2. I dare not to trust in self, O Lord! For I am weak and blind;
 3. Oh! give to me faith, that I may stand Un-wav'ring at Thy side;

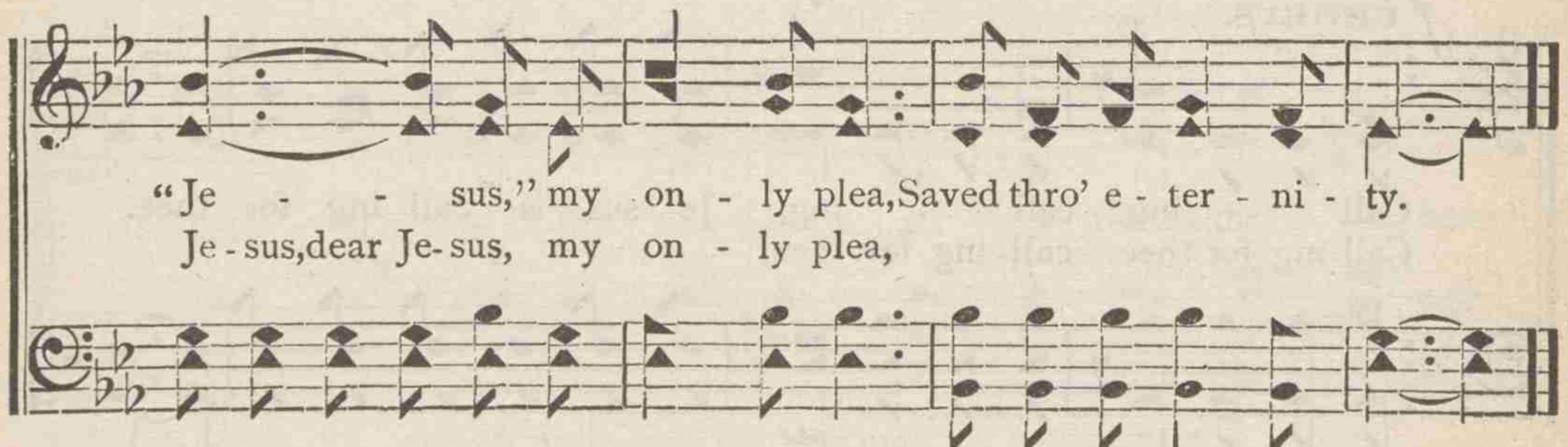


I know if I give my all to Thee, I can not lose the way.
 But trusting in Thee, how great my strength! Sal-va-tion I shall find.
 For 'tis by Thy blood that I am saved, I feel that blood ap-plied.

CHORUS.



Sav - iour, still walk with me, Help..... me to lean on Thee;
 Saviour, O Saviour! still walk with me, Help me, yes, help me, to lean on Thee;



"Je - - sus," my on - ly plea, Saved thro' e - ter - ni - ty.
 Je - sus, dear Je - sus, my on - ly plea,

LAND IMMORTAL.

41

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

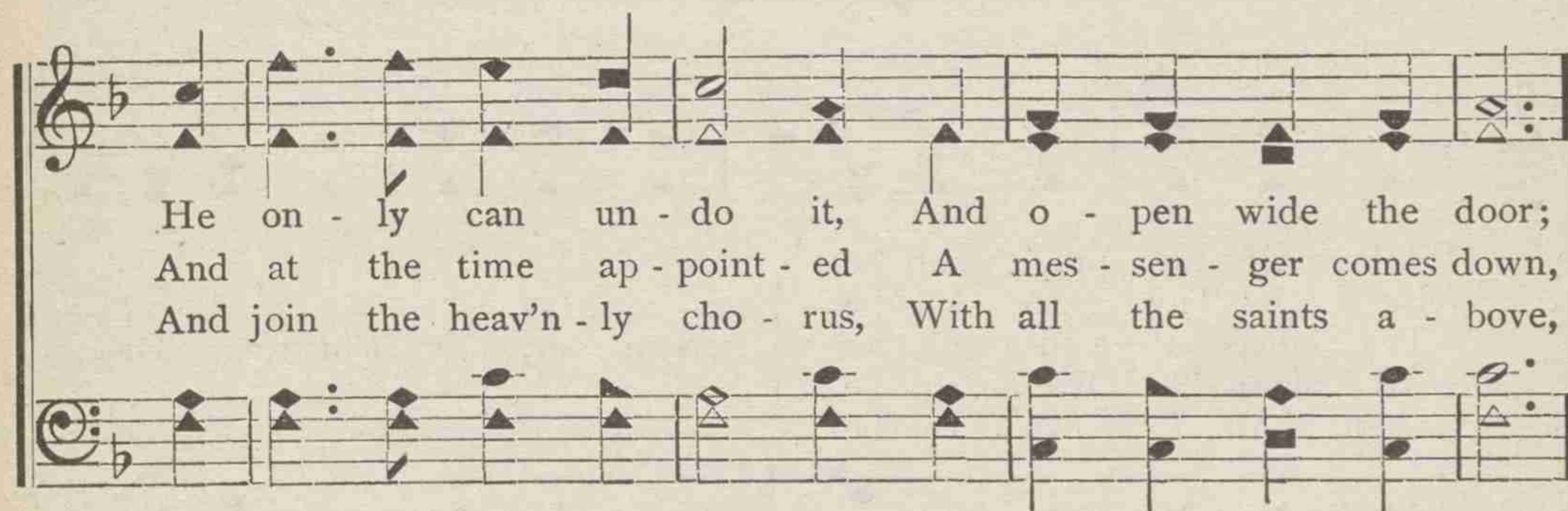
Dr. FRANCIS ANSON EVANS.



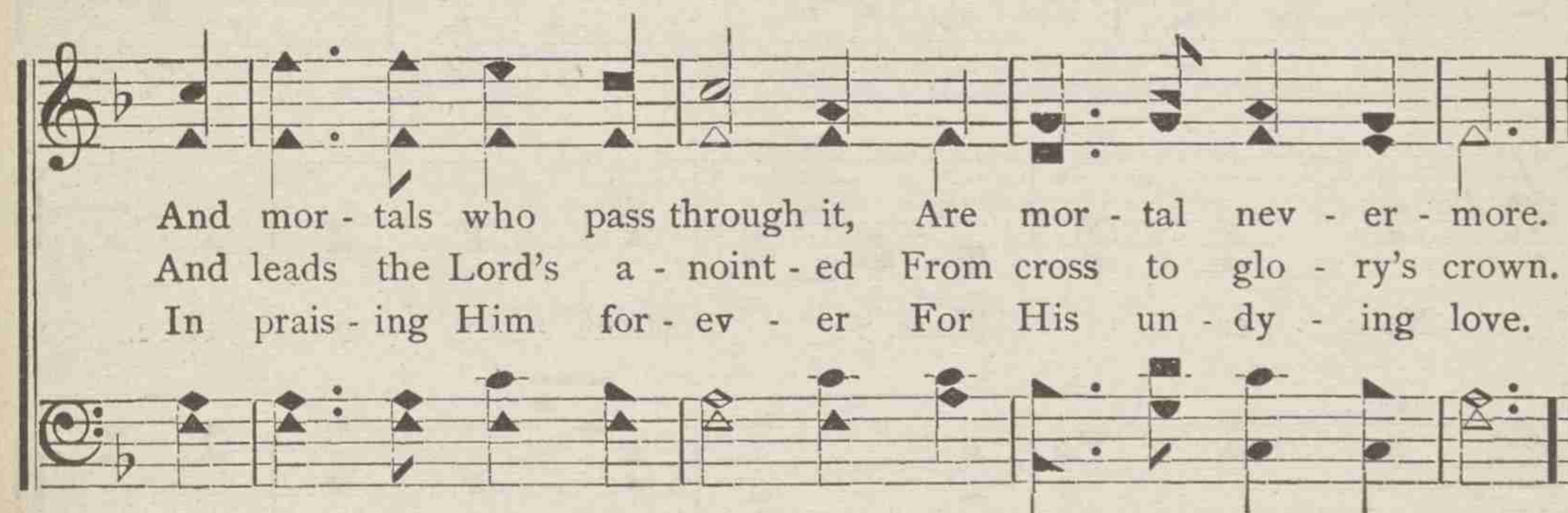
1. There is a land im - mor - tal, The beau - ti - ful of lands;
 2. Though dark and drear the pas - sage That lead - eth to the gate,
 * 3. And when they shall be - hold Him, Their bless ed Lord and King,



Be - side its an - cient por - tal A si - lent sen - try stands;
 Yet grace comes with the mes - sage, To souls that watch and wait;
 They'll tune their harps and voi - ces His glo - rious praise to sing,



He on - ly can un - do it, And o - pen wide the door;
 And at the time ap - point - ed A mes - sen - ger comes down,
 And join the heav'n - ly cho - rus, With all the saints a - bove,



And mor - tals who pass through it, Are mor - tal nev - er - more.
 And leads the Lord's a - noint - ed From cross to glo - ry's crown.
 In prais - ing Him for - ev - er For His un - dy - ing love.

* Last verse by W. E. P. Copyright, 1887, by W. E. PENN.

NEARER, O CHRIST, TO THEE.

Rev. C. H. ROWE.

Rev. W. E. PENN.



1. Near - er, O Christ, to Thee, Near - er to Thee;
 2. In the wide wil - der - ness Of sin I stray,
 3. By Thee the way ap - pears That leads to heav'n,
 4. Ran - som'd by pre - cious blood From sin and death;
 5. And when from earth - ly care Thou bid'st me come,




In love and by Thy cross Thou draw - est me,
 Wan - der - ing far from God, — Lost in the way —
 And in the gos - pel word Is mer - cy giv'n;
 The Spir - it's quick - 'ning pow'r — A liv - ing breath;
 And in Thy pres - ence find My heav'n - ly home,




While all my pray'r shall be,
 But by Thy grace I'll be
 Thy love it call - eth me
 By faith I live to be
 Then shall I ev - er be

Near - er, O Christ, to Thee,




Near - er to Thee, Near - er to Thee.



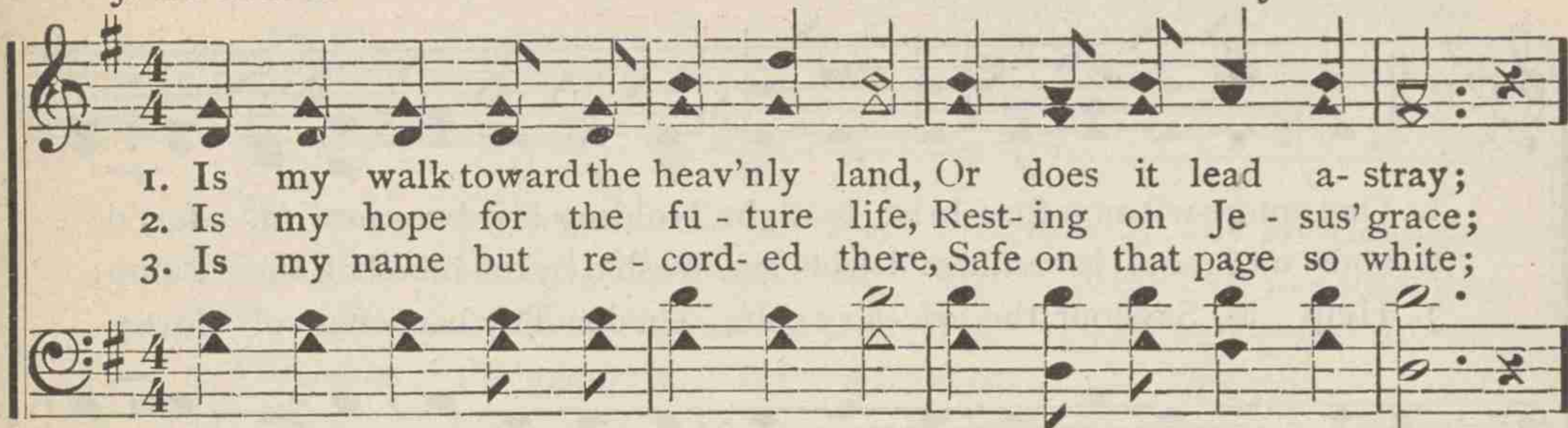
SAFELY THERE.

43

"There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day."—2 Tim. 4: 8.

J. M. HUNT.

J. M. HUNT.

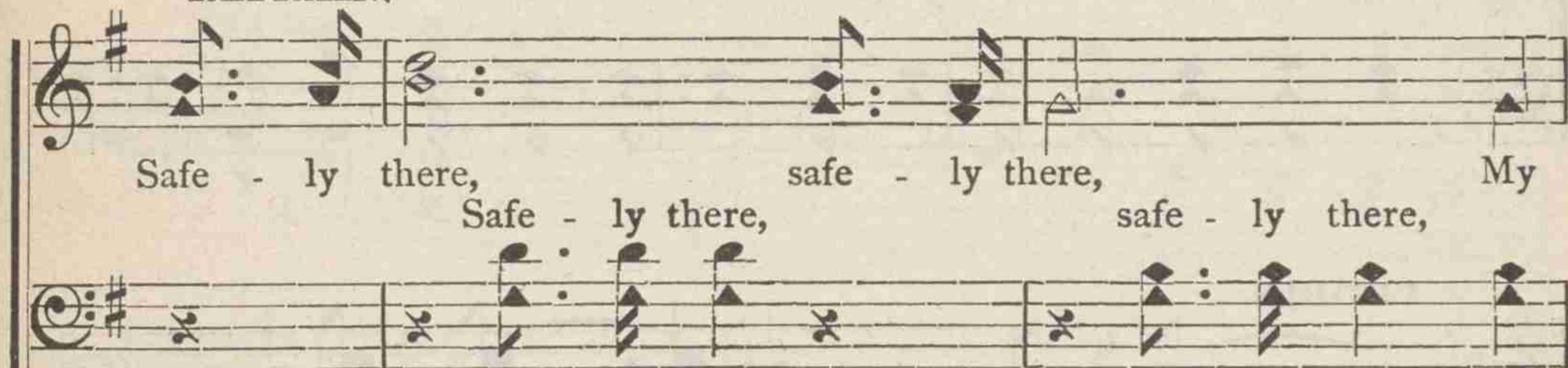


1. Is my walk toward the heav'nly land, Or does it lead a-stray;
 2. Is my hope for the fu-ture life, Rest-ing on Je-sus' grace;
 3. Is my name but re-cord-ed there, Safe on that page so white;

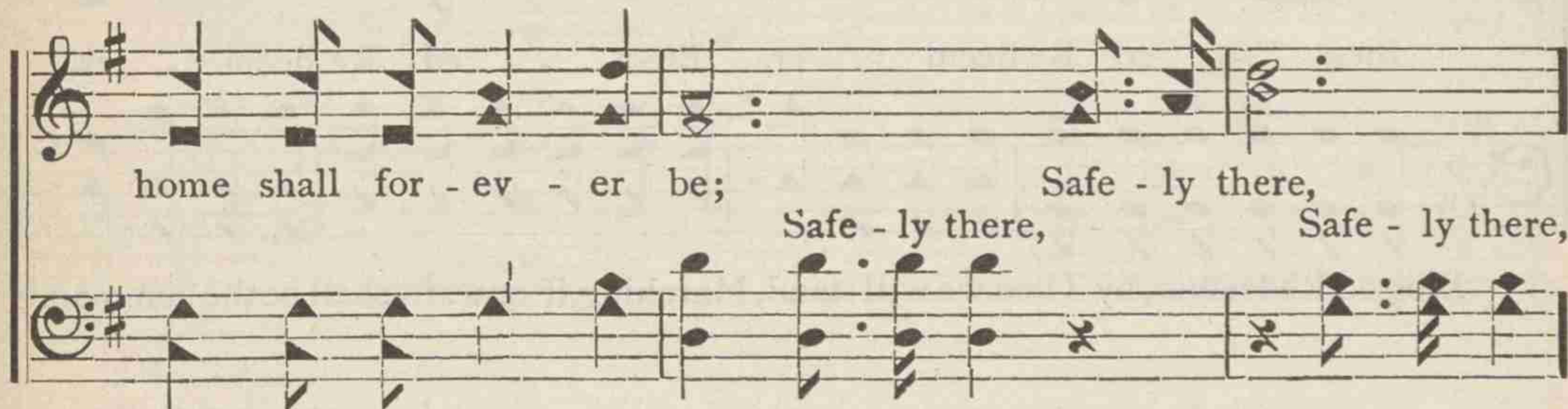


Am I clasp-ing my Sav-iour's hand, Nev-er to lose my way?
 Am I sure that this earth-ly strife Fits for that heav'n-ly place?
 Shall I, then, in that home so fair, Rest in that heav'n-ly light?

REFRAIN.



Safe - ly there, safe - ly there, My
 Safe - ly there, safe - ly there,



home shall for - ev - er be; Safe - ly there,
 Safe - ly there, Safe - ly there,



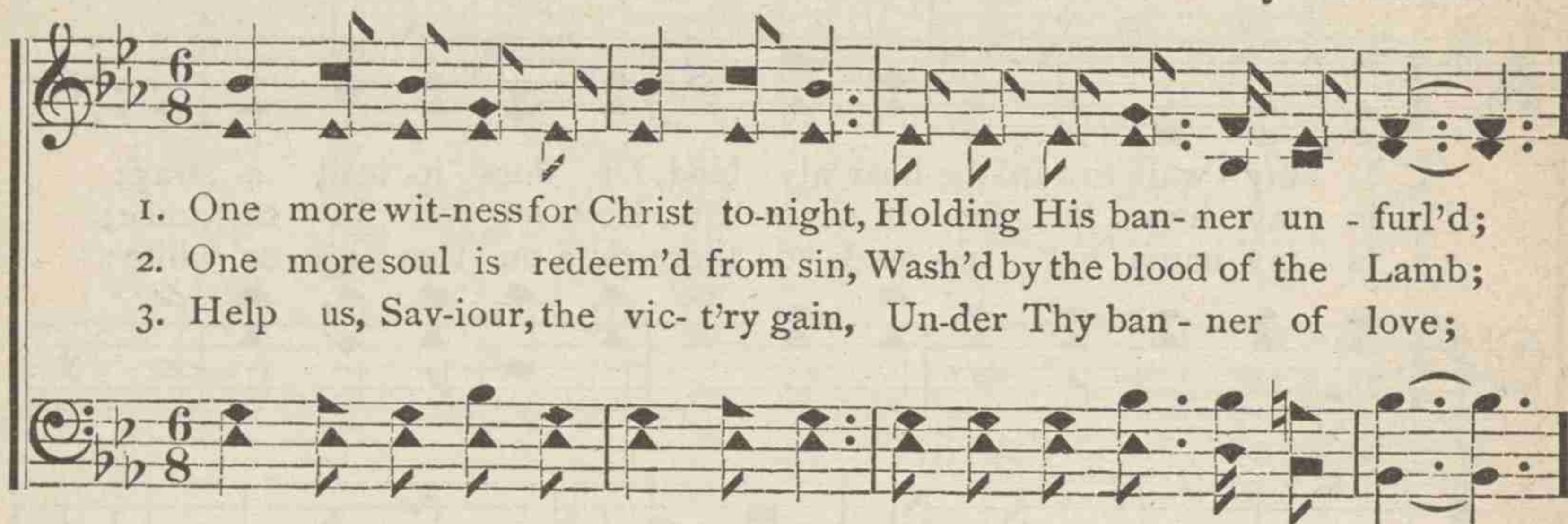
safe - ly there, A crown is pre-pared for me.
 safe - ly there,

ONE MORE WITNESS FOR CHRIST.

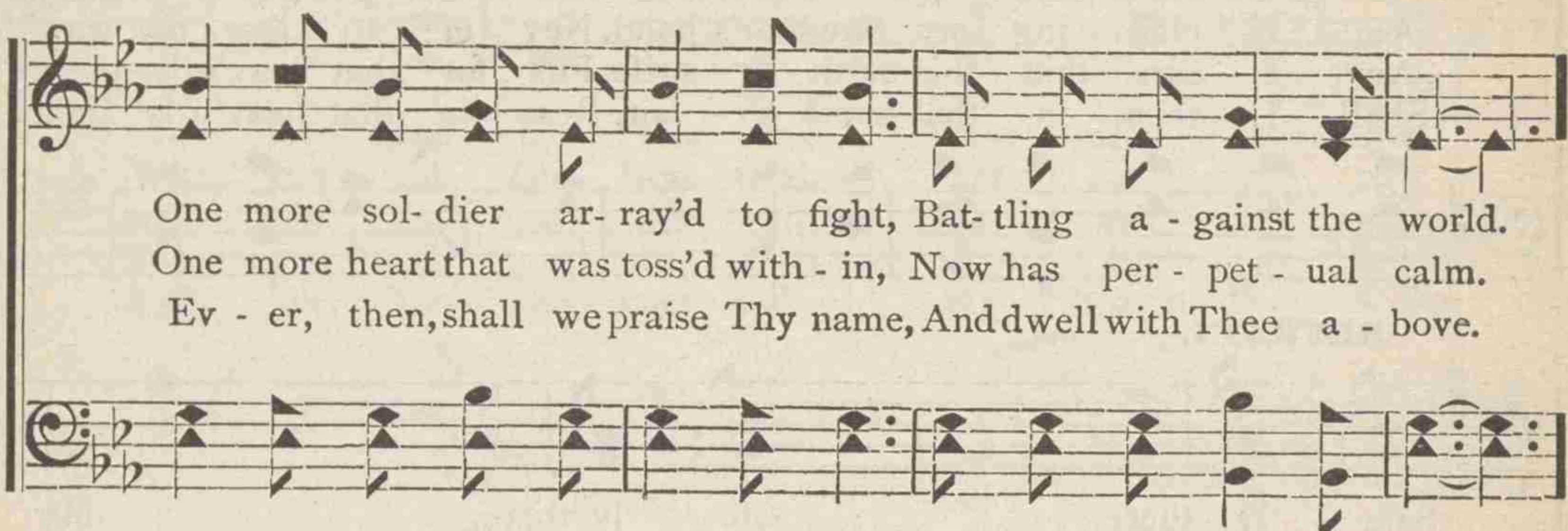
"For thou shalt be his witness unto all men."—Acts 22: 15.

J. M. HUNT.

J. M. HUNT.



1. One more wit-ness for Christ to-night, Holding His ban-ner un - furl'd;
 2. One more soul is redeem'd from sin, Wash'd by the blood of the Lamb;
 3. Help us, Sav-iour, the vic-t'ry gain, Un-der Thy ban - ner of love;

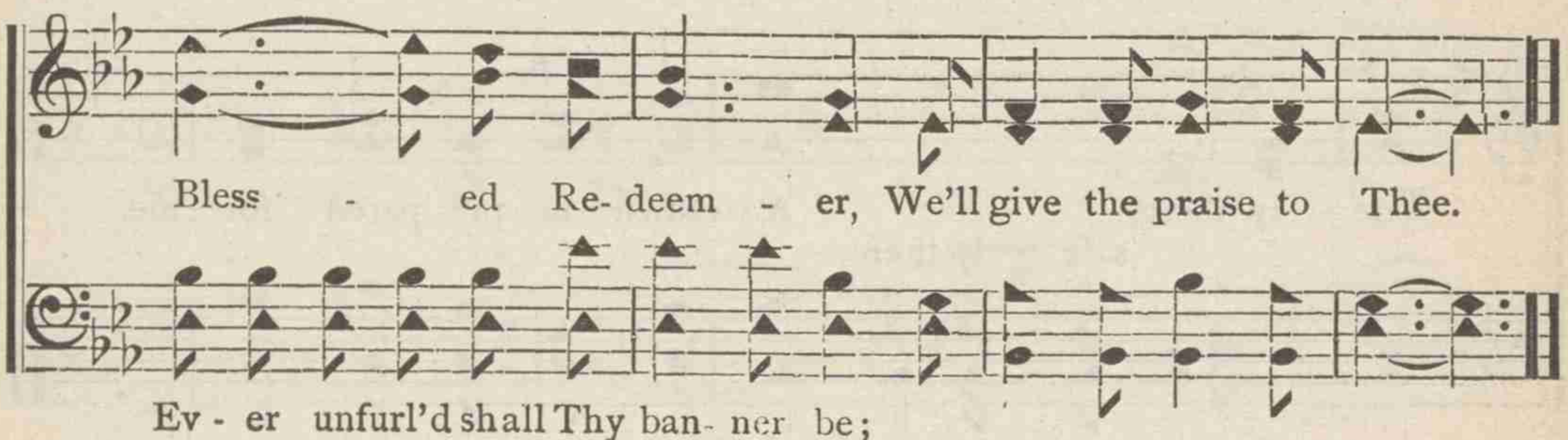


One more sol-dier ar-ray'd to fight, Bat-ting a - gainst the world.
 One more heart that was toss'd with - in, Now has per - pet - ual calm.
 Ev - er, then, shall we praise Thy name, And dwell with Thee a - bove.

CHORUS.



Bless - ed Re-deem - er, Bless - ed Re-deem - er,
 Blessed Redeemer, by Thee we will stand, Marching, if onward shall be the command.



Bless - ed Re-deem - er, We'll give the praise to Thee.
 Ev - er unfurl'd shall Thy ban-ner be;

I'M THINE, FOREVER THINE.

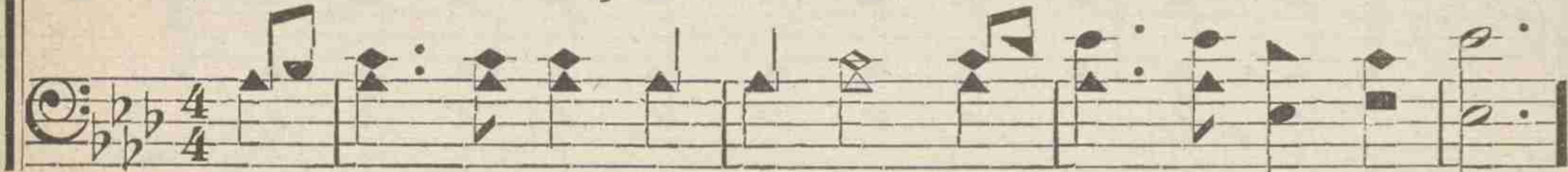
45

"My beloved is mine, and I am his."—Cant. 2: 16.

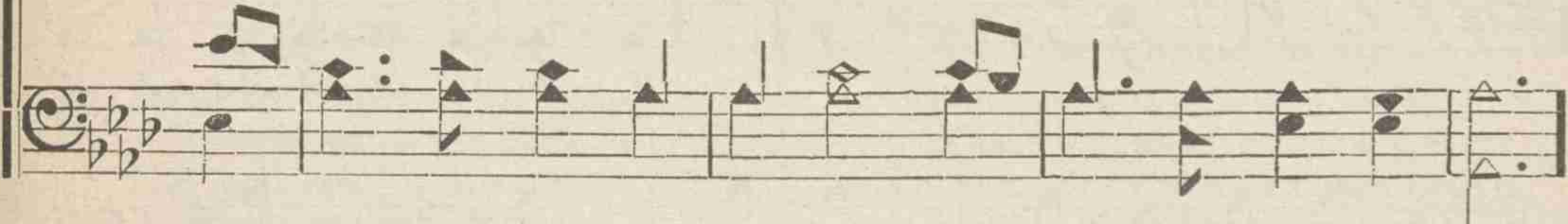
WARREN W. BENTLEY, by per.



1. No more my own, Lord Je - sus, Bought with Thy pre-cious blood;
2. I give the life Thou gav - est, My pres - ent, fu - ture, past,
3. I give the love, the sweet - est Thy good - ness grants to me;
4. Out-side the camp to suf - fer, With - in the vale to meet,



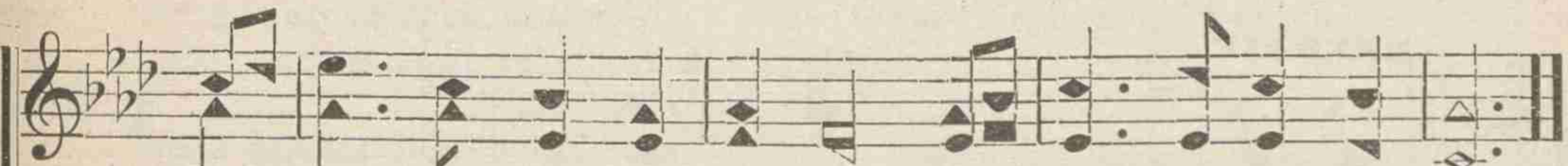
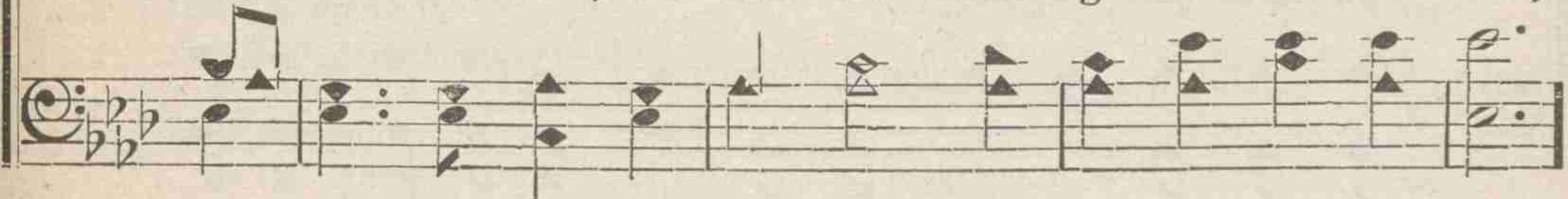
I give Thee but Thine own, Lord, That long Thy love with-stood.
My joys, my fears, my sor - rows, My first hope and my last.
Oh, take and make it meet, Lord, For of - fer - ing to Thee.
And hear the soft - est whis - per, From out the mer - cy - seat.



CHORUS.



Now fash - ion, form, and fill me With light and love di - vine;



So, one with Thee, Lord Je - sus, I'm Thine, for - ev - er Thine.



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DEW OF MERCY.

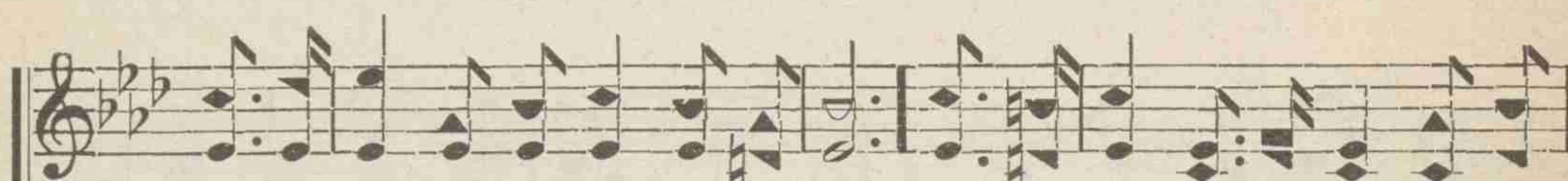
"God give thee of the dew of heaven."—Gen. 27: 28.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. Like the still qui - et fall of the si - lent dew of night
 2. How it cheers and re - vives ev - 'ry bud of Chris - tian hope!
 3. When we ask of the Lord, in our sim - ple fer - vent prayer,

On the leaves, that are fold - ed to rest, Is the mer - cy of God when it
 How it takes ev - 'ry sor - row a - way! O 'tis sweet - er by far than the
 For His bless - ing at morn and at even, Let us pray that our souls may be




drop - peth from His throne, Bring - ing balm from the fields of the blest.
 drops of na - ture's dew, And it fall - eth by night and by day.
 wa - tered and re - freshed, By the dew of His mer - cy from heaven.



REFRAIN.



Dew of mer - cy, Dew of mer - cy,
 Dew of mer - cy ev - er fall - ing, Dew of mer - cy ev - er fall - ing,



DEW OF MERCY. Concluded.

47



Ev - er dropping, gen - tly dropping from a - bove; Dew of mer -
Dew of mer - cy ev - er



- cy, how it cheers us, Ev - er dropping from a Saviour's love!
falling, How it sweetly cheereth us!



Stand up for Jesus.

- 1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.
- 3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

Watchman, tell us of the Night.

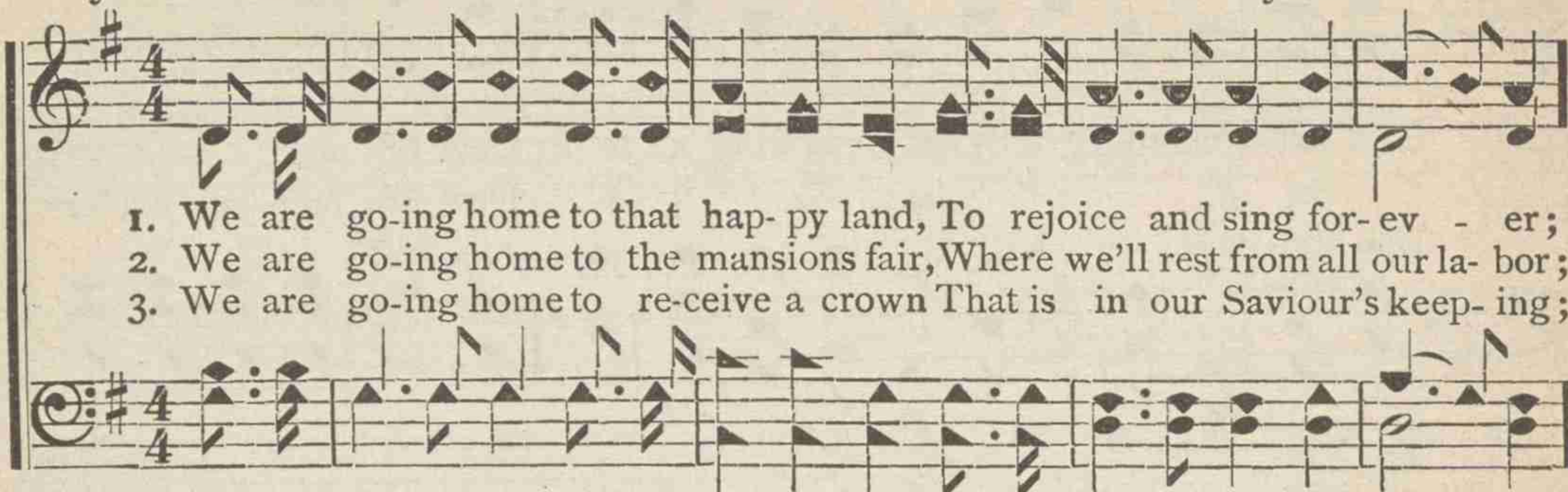
- 1 Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are;
Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day
Promised day of Israel.
- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone,
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
- 3 Watchman, tell us of the night;
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wand'ring cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

WE ARE GOING HOME.

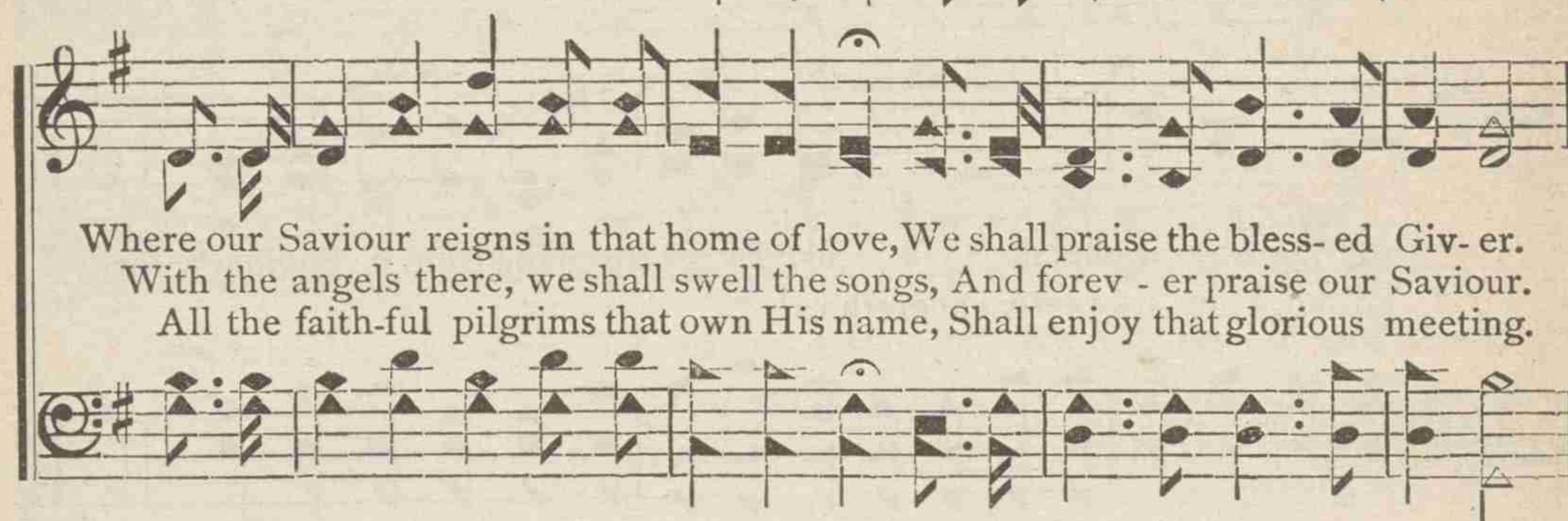
"For the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever."—Rev. 22: 5.

J. M. H.

J. M. HUNT.

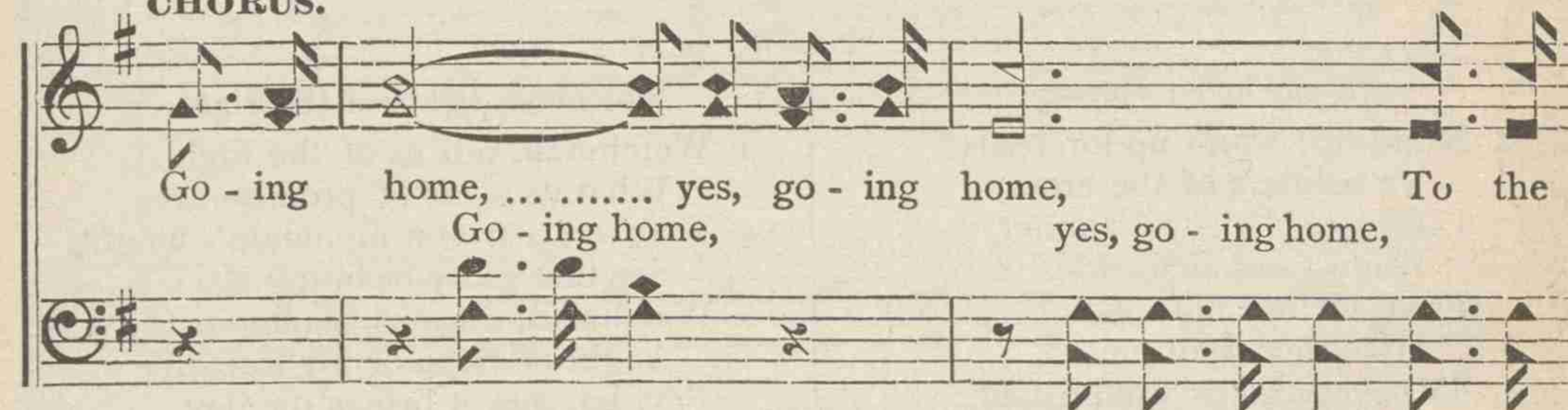


1. We are go-ing home to that hap-py land, To re-joice and sing for-ev - er;
 2. We are go-ing home to the man-sions fair, Where we'll rest from all our la-bor;
 3. We are go-ing home to re-ceive a crown That is in our Saviour's keep-ing;

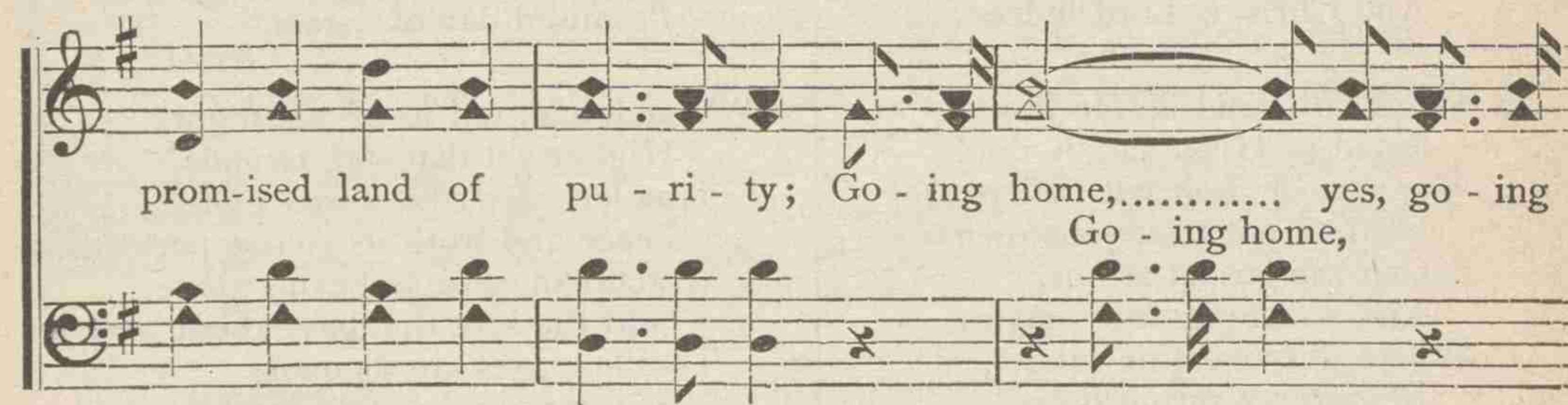


Where our Saviour reigns in that home of love, We shall praise the bless-ed Giv-er.
 With the angels there, we shall swell the songs, And forev - er praise our Saviour.
 All the faith-ful pilgrims that own His name, Shall enjoy that glorious meeting.

CHORUS.



Go - ing home, ... yes, go - ing home, To the
 Go - ing home, yes, go - ing home,



prom-ised land of pu - ri - ty; Go - ing home, ... yes, go - ing
 Go - ing home,



home, There to part a - gain, no, nev - er.
 yes, go - ing home,

IF THOU'LT BE SAVED.

49

Dr. H. BONAR.

2 Cor. 6: 2.

Rev. W. E. PENN.



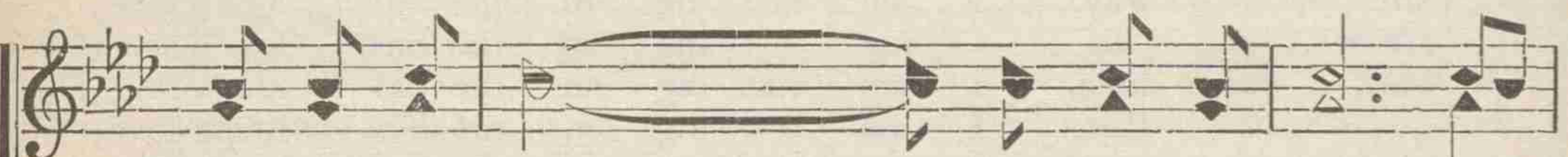
1. O do not let the word de-part, Nor close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-morrow's sun may nev-er rise To bless Thy long-delud-ed sight;
3. The world has nothing left to give, It has no new, no pure de-light;
4. Our blessed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls u-nite;



Poor sin-ner, hard-en not thy heart; If thou'lt be sav'd, why not to - night?
This is the time! oh, then be wise; If thou'lt be sav'd, why not to - night?
Oh, try the life which Christians live; If thou'lt be sav'd, why not to - night?
Then be the work of grace be-gun; If thou'lt be sav'd, why not to - night?



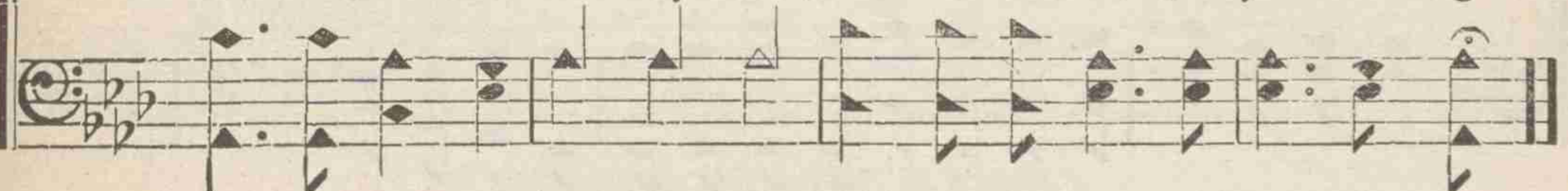
Why not to - night? why not to - night?
Why not to - night? why not to - night?



If thou'lt be saved why not to - night? Poor
If thou'lt be saved,



sin - ner, hard-en not thy heart, If thou'lt be saved, why not to - night?

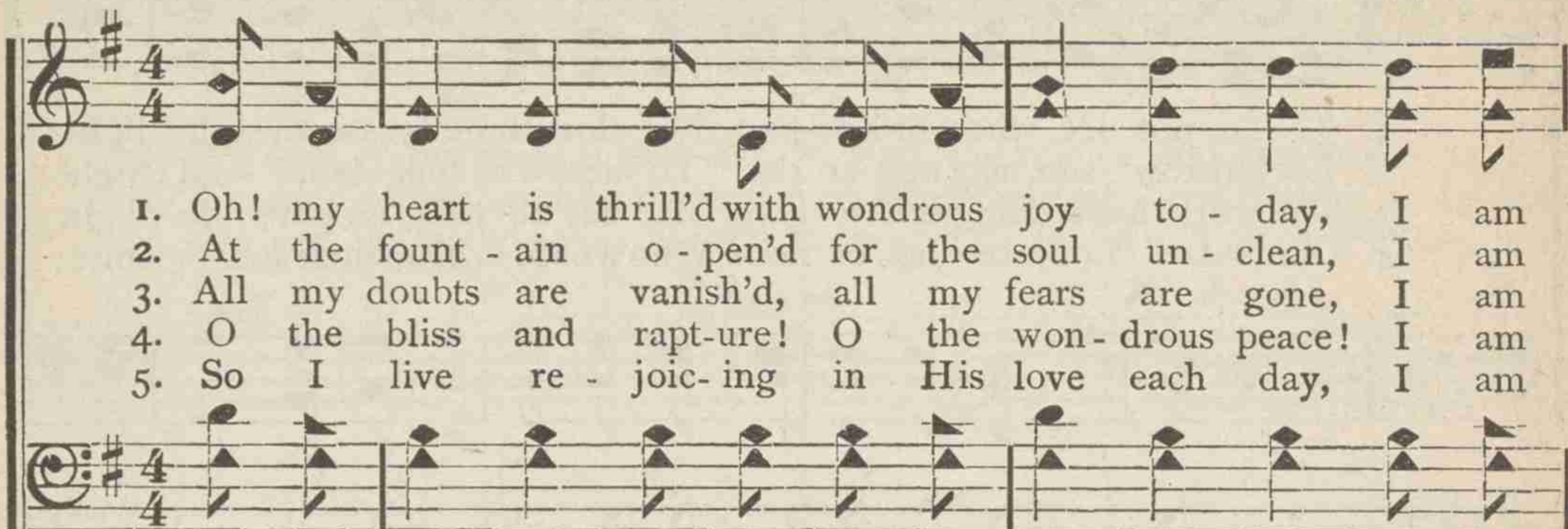


50 I AM RESTING IN THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

"We which have believed do enter into rest."—Heb. 4: 3.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

D. R. DORTCH, by per.



1. Oh! my heart is thrill'd with wondrous joy to - day, I am
 2. At the fount - ain o - pen'd for the soul un - clean, I am
 3. All my doubts are vanish'd, all my fears are gone, I am
 4. O the bliss and rapt-ure! O the won - drous peace! I am
 5. So I live re - joic - ing in His love each day, I am

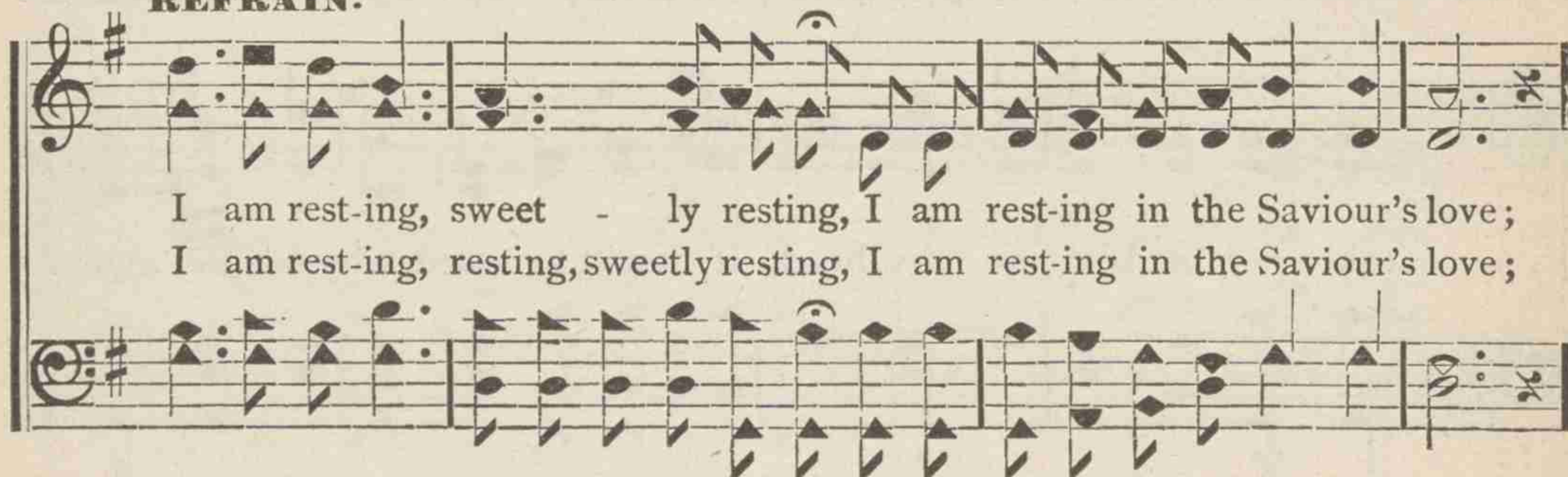


rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love; Christ, the Lord, has tak - en all my
 rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love; Trust - ing in His grace I ventur'd
 rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love; When I trust - ed Je - sus, lo! the
 rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love; I have nev - er known so pure a
 rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love; I am walk - ing with Him in the



sins a - way, I am rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love;
 free - ly in, I am rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love;
 work was done, I am rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love;
 joy as this, I am rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love;
 nar - row way, I am rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love;

REFRAIN.



I am rest - ing, sweet - ly resting, I am rest - ing in the Saviour's love;
 I am rest - ing, resting, sweetly resting, I am rest - ing in the Saviour's love;

I am Resting in the Saviour's Love. Concluded. 51

I am rest-ing, sweet - ly resting, I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love.
I am rest-ing, resting, sweetly resting, I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love.

SWEET SABBATH EVE.

F. A. E.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. { Sweet sab-bath eve, Bright is thy smile, Lin-ger, O lin-ger to
Sweet sab-bath eve, Beau-ti-ful ray, (*Omit*)
2. { Sweet sab-bath eve, Hallow'd and blest, Send-ing the soul to its
Lin-ger a-while, Beau-ti-ful ray, (*Omit*)
3. { Sweet sab-bath eve, Bear on thy wing Up-ward to heav-en the
Faint-er thy voice, Fa-ded thy hue, (*Omit*)

cheer us a-while; Fade not so quick-ly a-way....
heav-en of rest; Fade not so quick-ly a-way....
prais-es we sing; Gent-ly we bid thee a-dieu....

CHORUS.

Lovely and pure thy star-lit brow, Ho-ly the tho'ts thou art breathing now;
Tell us, calm eve, if those we love Look on us still from that world a-bove?
Lovely and pure thy star-lit brow, Ho-ly the tho'ts thou art breathing now;

Sweet sabbath eve, Beau-ti-ful ray, Fade not so quick-ly a-way....

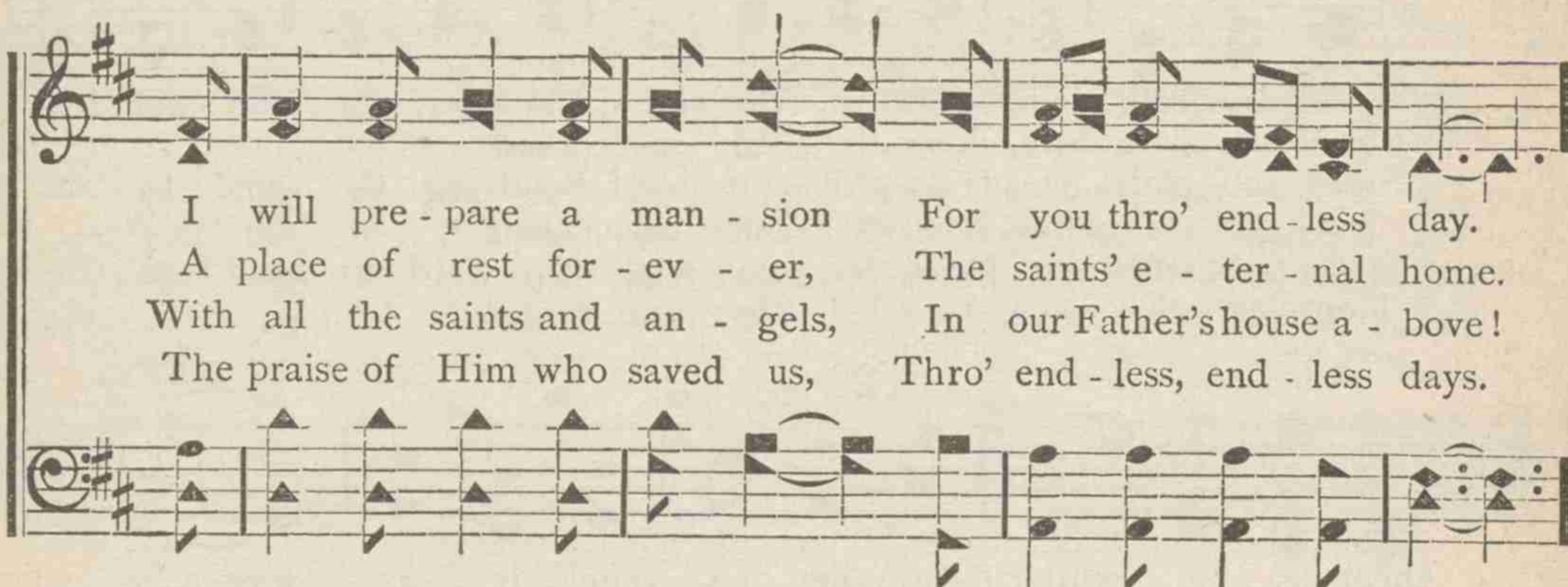
SAINTS' HOME.

W. E. PENN.

L. B. SHOOK.



1. Let not your heart be trou - bled, I hear the Sav - iour say;
 2. A man - sion fair in heav - en, Where trou - bles nev - er come;
 3. How sweet to rest with Je - sus, Re - joic - ing in His love,
 4. To join the heav'n - ly cho - rus, For - ev - er sing His praise,



I will pre - pare a man - sion For you thro' end - less day.
 A place of rest for - ev - er, The saints' e - ter - nal home.
 With all the saints and an - gels, In our Father's house a - bove!
 The praise of Him who saved us, Thro' end - less, end - less days.

CHORUS.


Beau - - ti - ful home!..... O beau - - ti - ful home!
 Beau - ti - ful home, beau - ti - ful home, Beau - ti - ful home of rest!



We sing of thy glo - ry, Thou beau - - ti - ful home!
 Sing of thy glo - ries ev - er - more, Beau - ti - ful, beau ti - ful home!

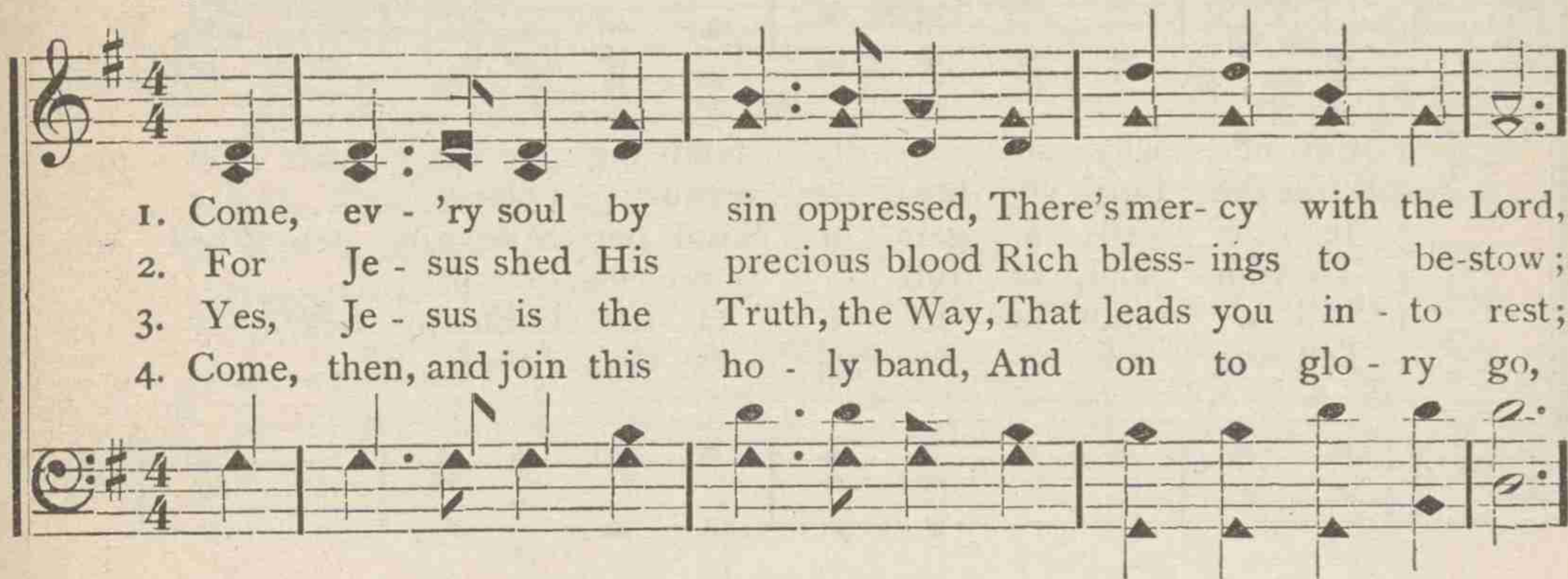
ONLY TRUST HIM.

53

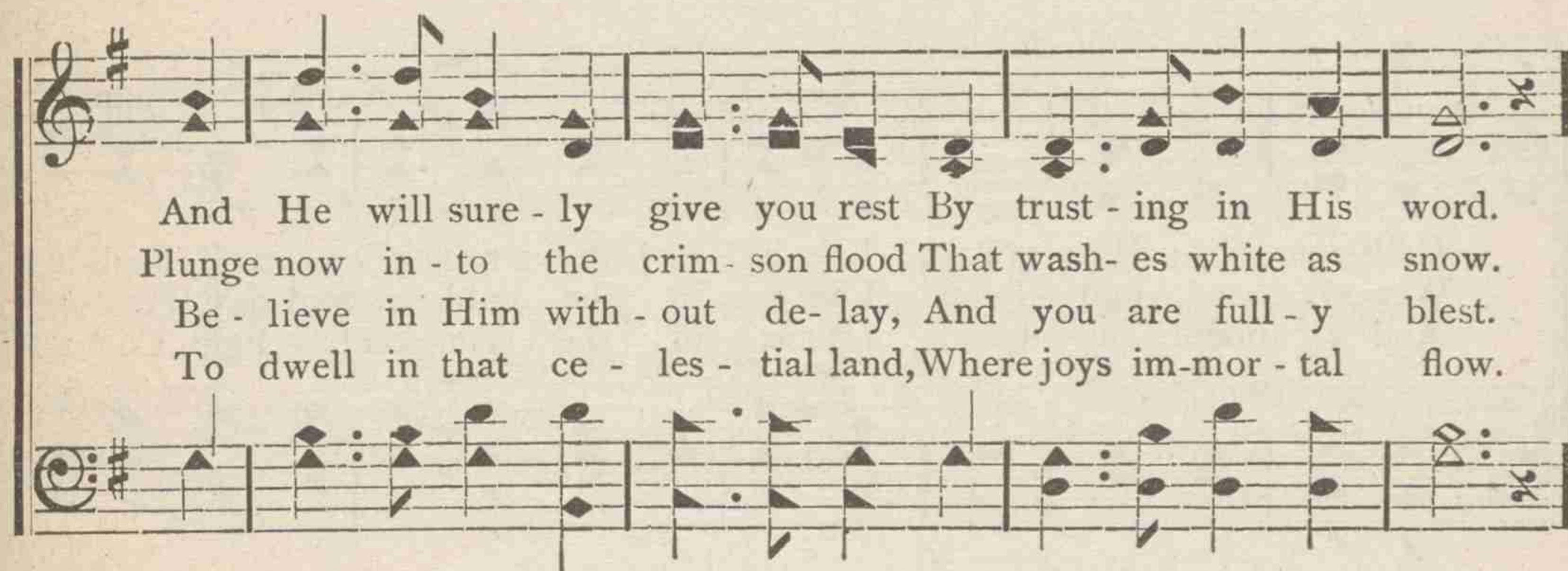
"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—Matt. 11: 29.

Rev. J. H. S.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.



1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
 2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood Rich bless - ings to be - stow;
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
 4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

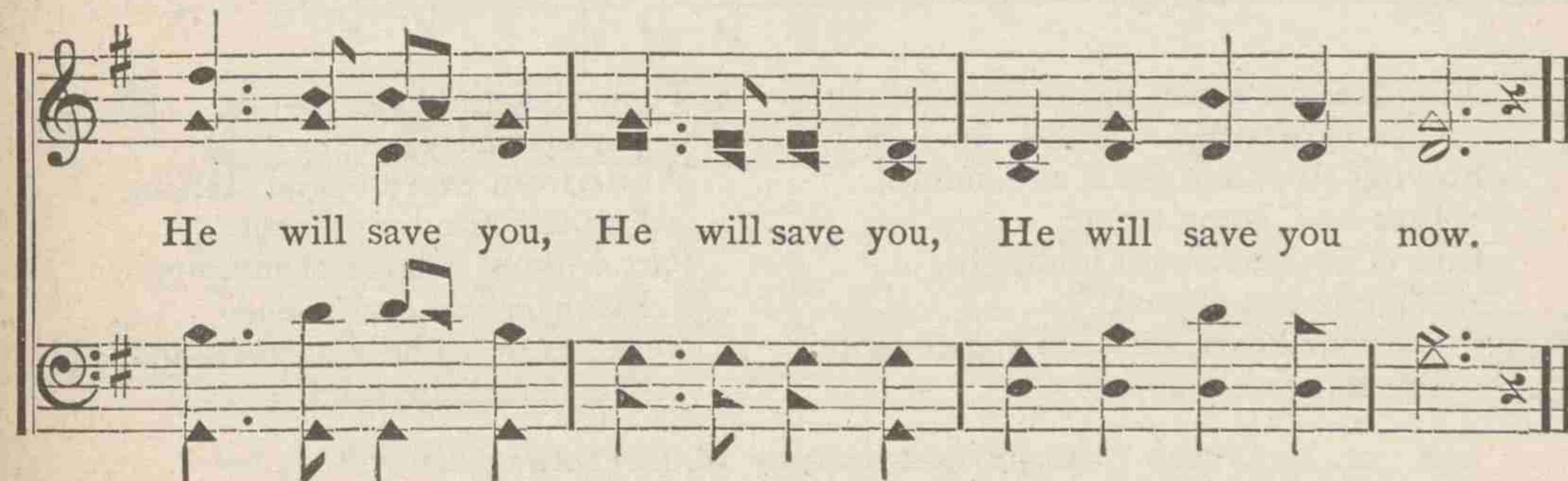


And He will sure - ly give you rest By trust - ing in His word.
 Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
 Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are full - y blest.
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.



On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;



He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

THE FIRST AND LAST CALL.

Rev. J. B. MULFORD.

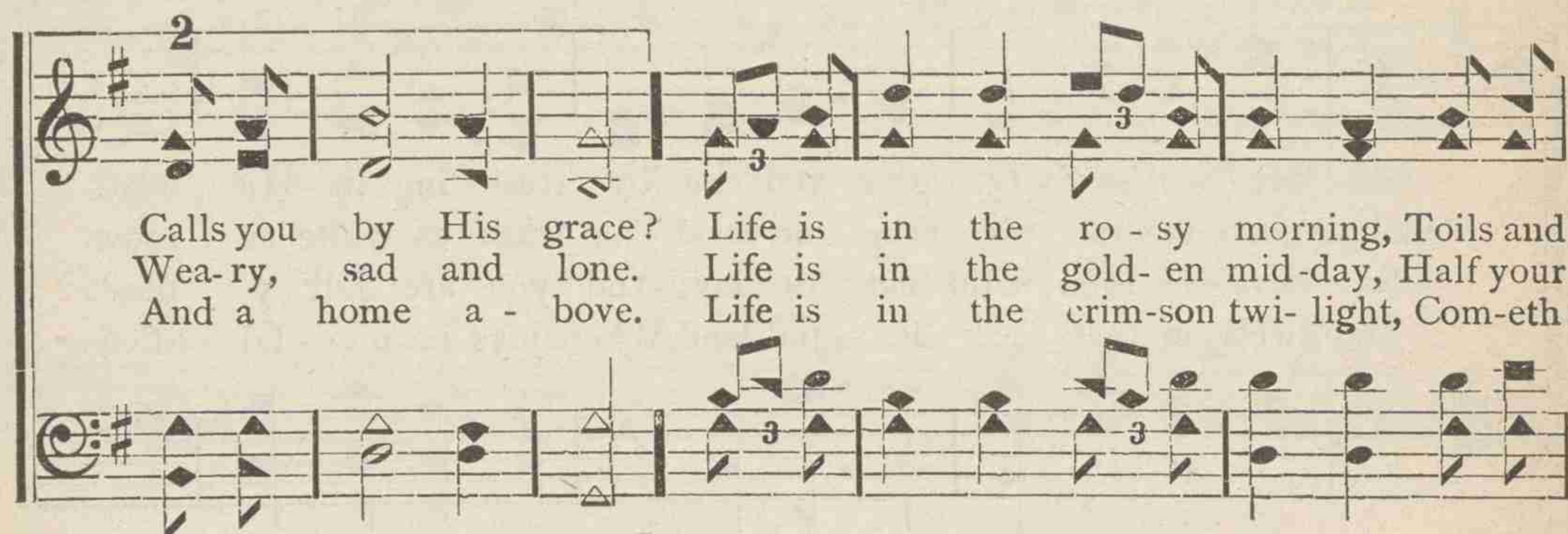
Rev. W. E. PENN.



1. { Sin-ner, why so i - dly stand-ing By the mar - ket - place
While the Lord, your heart de - mand-ing, (*Omit*.....)

2. { Je - sus calls a - gain in kind-ness, Speaks in ten-d'rest tone
To your soul, so full of blind-ness, (*Omit*.....)

3. { Still a - gain the in - vi - ta - tion Comes in heav'n - ly love,
Tell-ing of a free sal - va - tion, (*Omit*.....)



Calls you by His grace? Life is in the ro - sy morning, Toils and
Wea-ry, sad and lone. Life is in the gold - en mid-day, Half your
And a home a - bove. Life is in the crim - son twi - light, Com-eth



cares are light, Do not wait the message's coming, Turn to Christ this night.
years are sped, Mer - cy can - not warn you al - way, O to peace be led.
fast the gloom, Soon the bells will toll the midnight, Then the changeless doom.

4 Now the last sweet message soundeth,
O so earnestly,
Proving still that grace aboundeth,
Lost one, come to me.
Life is in the solemn midnight,
'Tis the last appeal,
Yield your heart, subdued and contrite,
Ere remorse you feel.

5 Then alas, the final parting
For eternal years,
While from every eyelid starting
Fall the blinding tears,
Part without a hope of meeting
Parent, child and friend,
Never more to hear a greeting,
Nor a message send.

IN THE MIRE OF SIN.

55

Psalm 40: 2. Matt. 14: 30.

Rev. FRANK POLLOCK.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. By per.

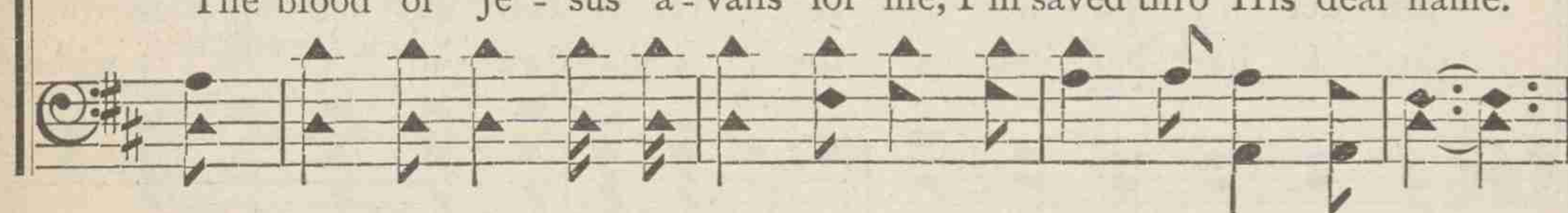
With expression.



1. I'm sink-ing down in the mire of sin, My soul is filled with pain;
 2. My soul is look-ing to Thee, dear Lord, Thy love looks down on me;
 3. Praise God, His grace now hath set me free From depths of sin and shame;




No help with-out for the grief with-in, For hu-man help is vain.
 Thy blood hath vir-tue and life for me, Thy grace can set me free.
 The blood of Je-sus a-vails for me, I'm saved thro' His dear name.



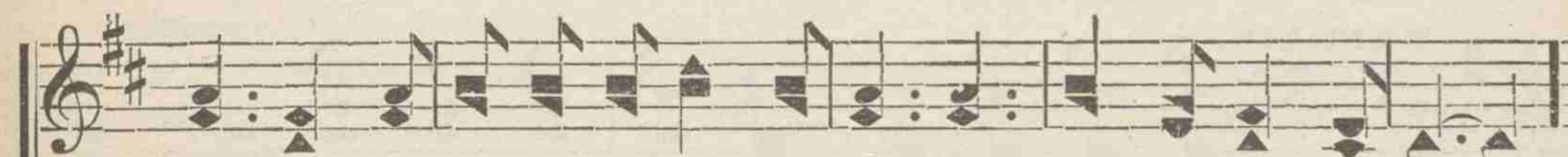
CHORUS.



Down, down I sink in the mire of sin, Lord Je-sus, hear my cry;



Chorus for 3d verse.
 Saved, saved from the depths of sin and shame, For all e-ter-ni-ty;



Sad, sad to per-ish, no hope with-in, Lord, save me, ere I die.



Glad, glad, while trusting in Je-sus' name, His own dear child to be.

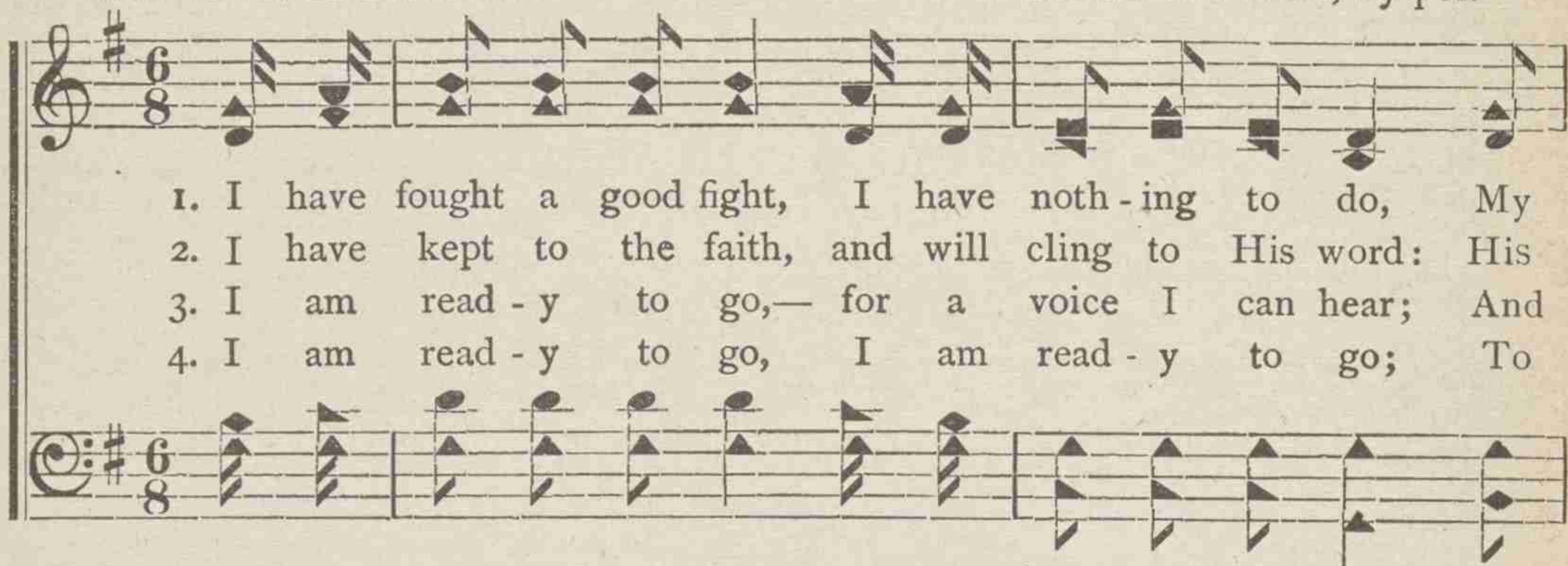
"I HAVE NOTHING TO DO."

"I have fought a good fight."—2 Tim. 4: 7.

Last words of the lamented Rev. Dr. THOS. GUARD, of Baltimore.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

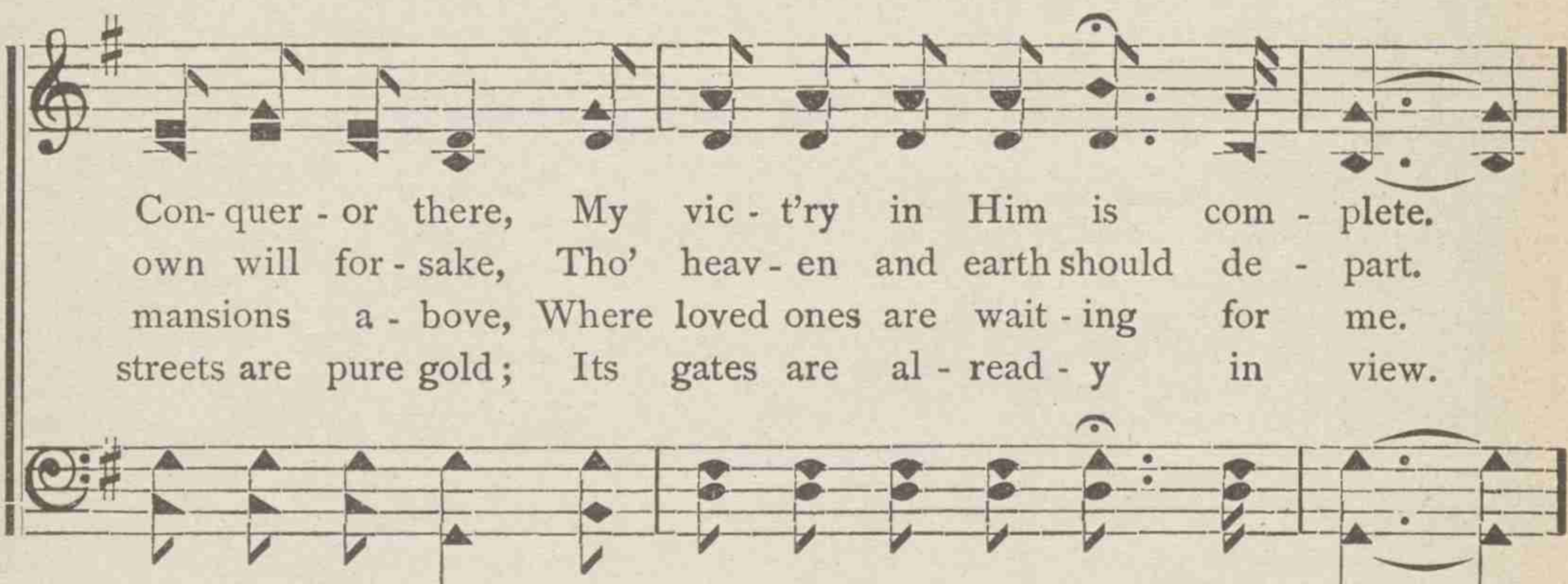
W. WARREN BENTLEY, by per.



1. I have fought a good fight, I have noth - ing to do, My
 2. I have kept to the faith, and will cling to His word: His
 3. I am read - y to go,— for a voice I can hear; And
 4. I am read - y to go, I am read - y to go; To



foes He has laid at my feet; I will fear not the grave, He is
 prom - ise is dear to my heart; For He nev - er, no nev - er His
 yon - der my Fa - ther I see; He is call - ing me home to the
 earth I have bid - den a - dieu; I shall dwell in a cit - y whose



Con - quer - or there, My vic - t'ry in Him is com - plete.
 own will for - sake, Tho' heav - en and earth should de - part.
 mansions a - bove, Where loved ones are wait - ing for me.
 streets are pure gold; Its gates are al - read - y in view.

REFRAIN.



I have noth - ing to do; I am read - y to go; Sal -

"I HAVE NOTHING TO DO." Concluded. 57

- va - tion com - plet - ed I see! I'm ac - cept - ed in

Christ, and my la - bors are o'er; In Him there is rest - ing for me.

Missionary Hymn.

- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation—O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 3 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Invitation.

- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power;
He is able,
He is willing—doubt no more.

- 2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you,
'Tis the Saviour's rising beam.
- 3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

Trusting Every Day.

- 1 Simply trusting every day,
Trusting through a stormy way,
Even when my faith is small—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

CHO.—Trusting Him while life shall last,
Trusting Him till earth is past,
Till within the jasper wall—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

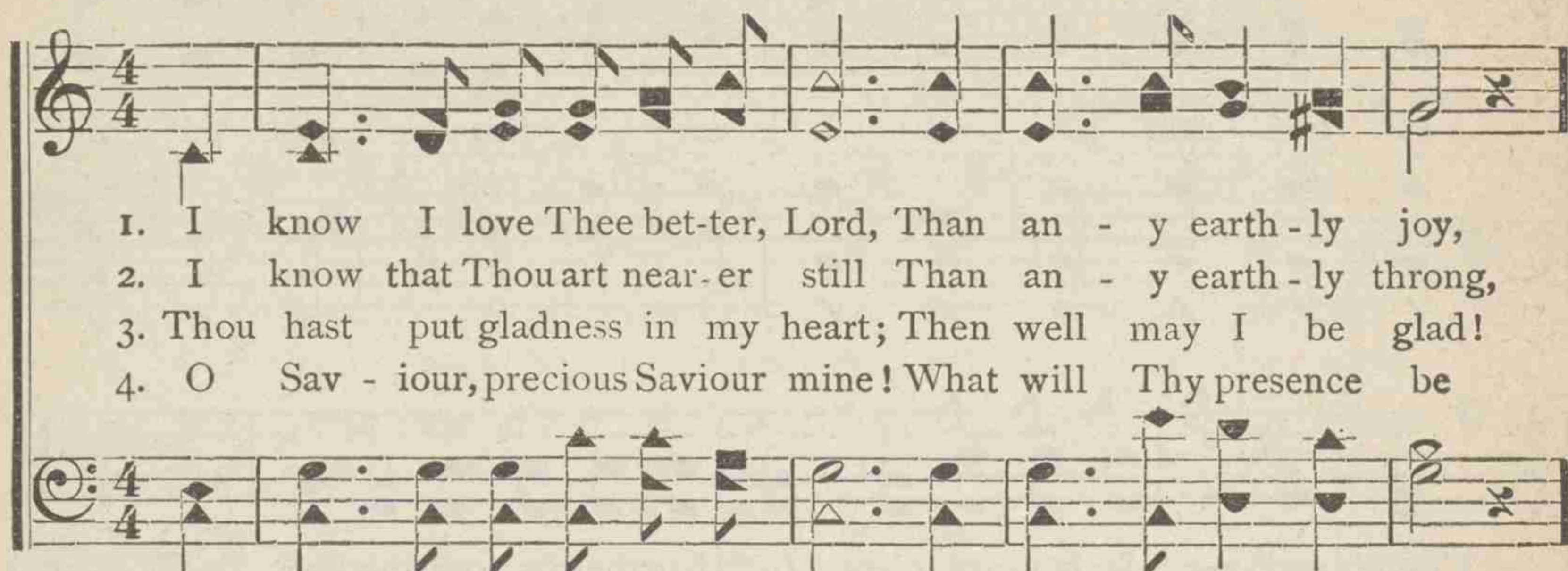
- 2 Brightly doth His Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While He leads I can not fall—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
- 3 Singing if my way is clear;
Praying if the path is drear;
If in danger, for Him call—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

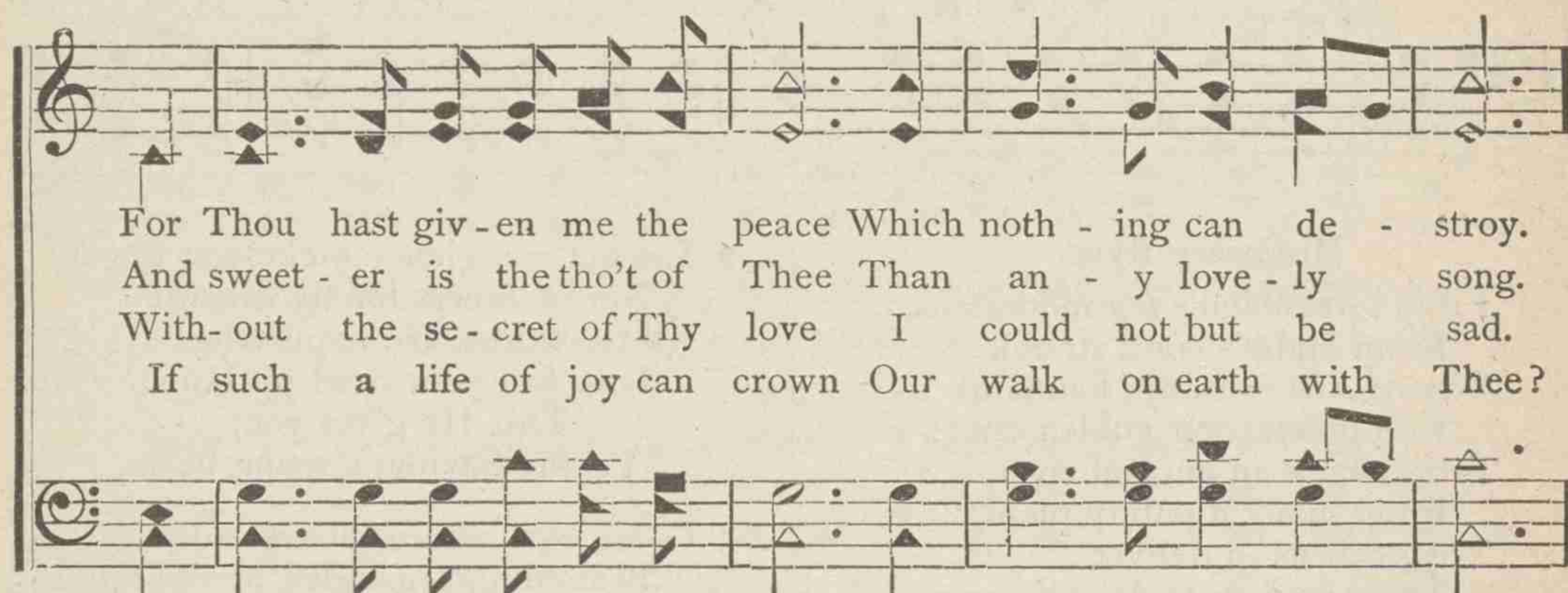
F. R. HAVERGAL.

1 Cor. 2: 9.

R. E. HUDSON.



1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an - y earth - ly joy,
 2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than an - y earth - ly throng,
 3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
 4. O Sav - iour, precious Saviour mine! What will Thy presence be



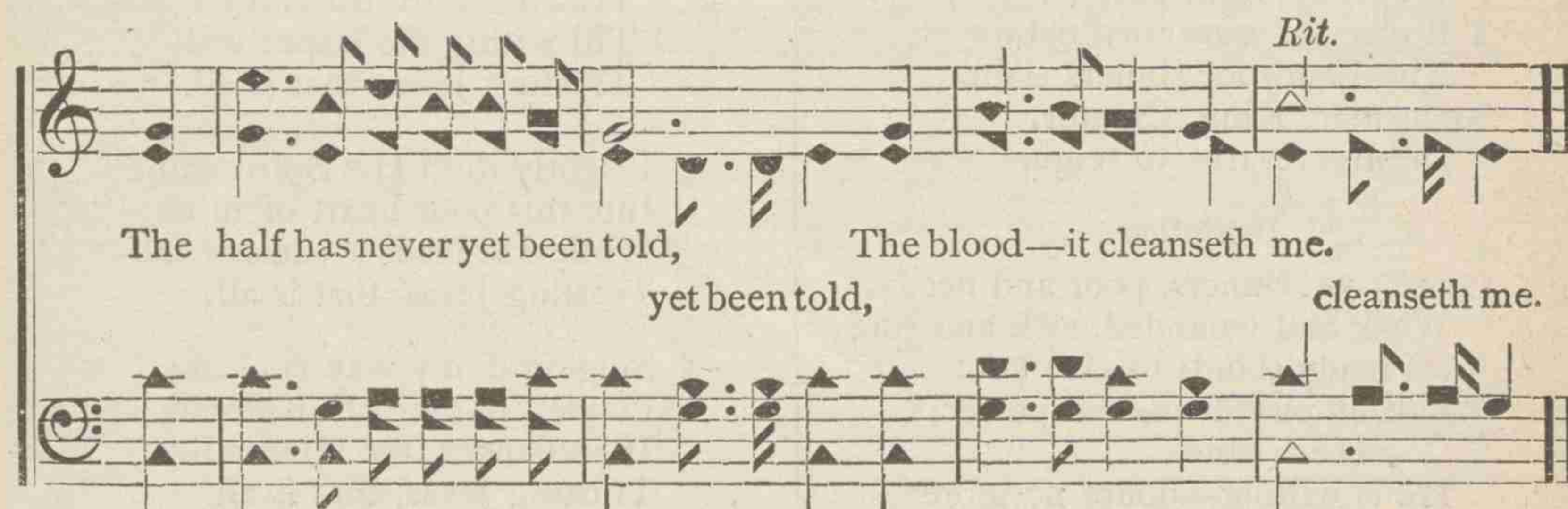
For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
 And sweet - er is the tho't of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.
 With - out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
 If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

CHORUS.



The half has nev - er yet been told, Of love so full and free;
 yet been told,

Rit.



The half has never yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.
 yet been told, cleanseth me.

From "Songs of Praise, Love and Joy," by permission.

SAY, ARE YOU READY?

59

A. S. KIEFFER.

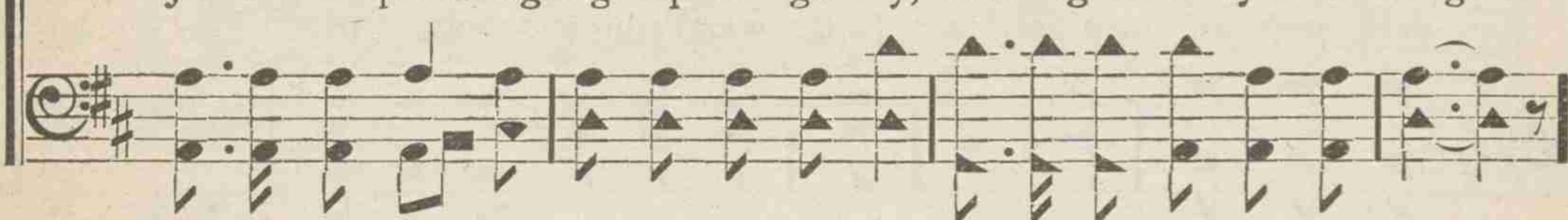
T. C. O'KANE.



1. Should the Death angel knock at the thy chamber, In the still watch of to - night,
 2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the world of de - spair;
 3. Ma - ny redeemed ones now are as - cend - ing In - to the mansions of light;




Say, will your spir - it pass in - to torment, Or to the land of de - light?
 Ev - 'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer; Sinner, O sin - ner, be - ware!
 Je - sus is plead - ing high up in glo - ry, Seek - ing to save you to - night.



CHORUS.



should call?

Say, are you read - y, oh! are you read - y, If the Death an - gel should call?




Say, are you read - y? oh! are you read - y? Mer - cy stands waiting for all.



From "Jasper and Gold," by permission.

60 NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM OF LIGHT.

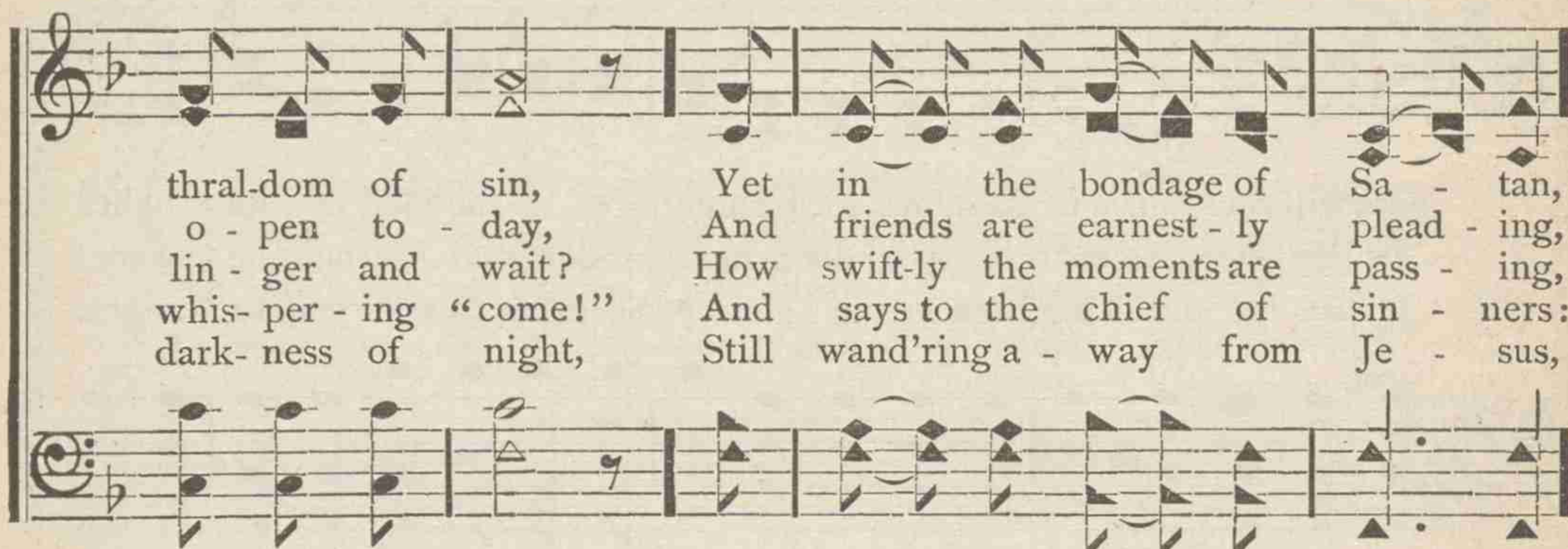
"My kingdom is not of this world."—John 18: 36.

W. E. P.

W. E. PENN.



1. Not far, not far from the King - dom, Yet in the
 2. Not far, not far from the King - dom The gate stands
 3. Not far, not far from the King - dom, Why do you
 4. Not far, not far from the King - dom The Spir - it is
 5. Not far, not far from the King - dom, Yet in the



thral-dom of sin, Yet in the bondage of Sa - tan,
 o - pen to - day, And friends are earnest - ly plead - ing,
 lin - ger and wait? How swift-ly the moments are pass - ing,
 whis - per - ing "come!" And says to the chief of sin - ners:
 dark-ness of night, Still wand'ring a - way from Je - sus,

CHORUS.



While thousands are en - ter - ing in.
 How can you longer de - lay?
 To - morrow may be too late. } Not far, not far, Not
 "For you there is bound - less room."
 A - way from the Kingdom of light.



far, not far from the King - dom, Yet lin - ger - ing in the broad way;
 Kingdom of light,

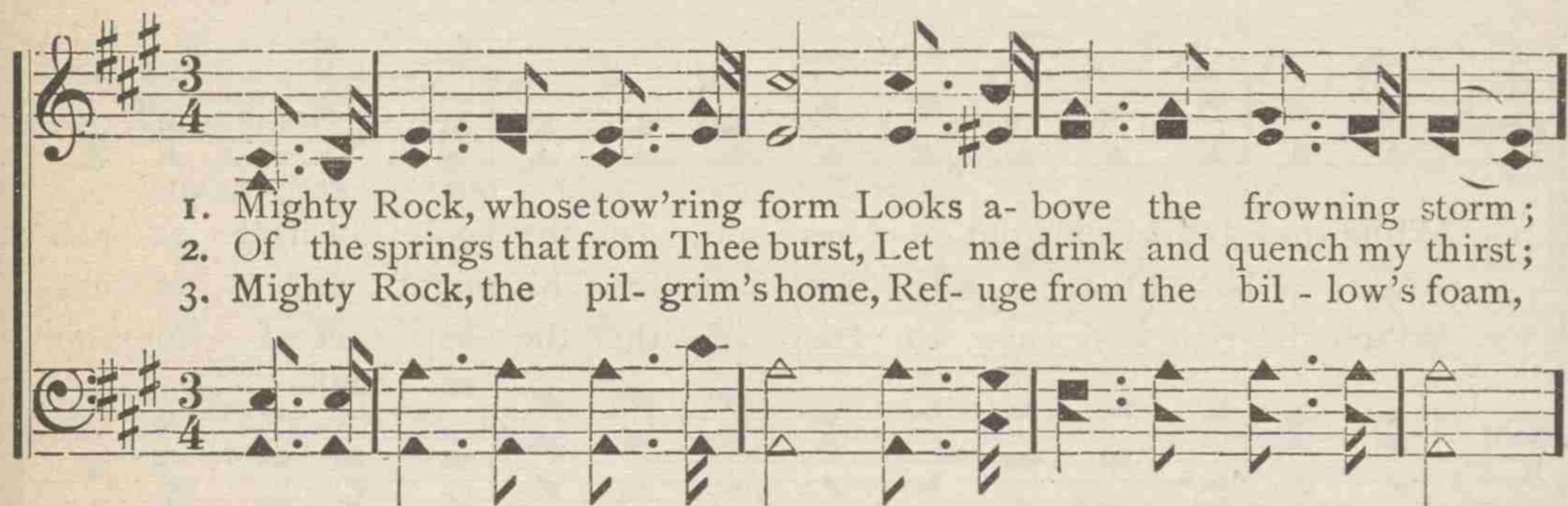


O, lin-ger no lon-ger, poor sin - ner, But en - ter while you may.

CLEFT FOR ME.

FANNY CROSBY.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.



1. Mighty Rock, whose tow'ring form Looks a-bove the frowning storm;
2. Of the springs that from Thee burst, Let me drink and quench my thirst;
3. Mighty Rock, the pil-grim's home, Ref-uge from the bil-low's foam,

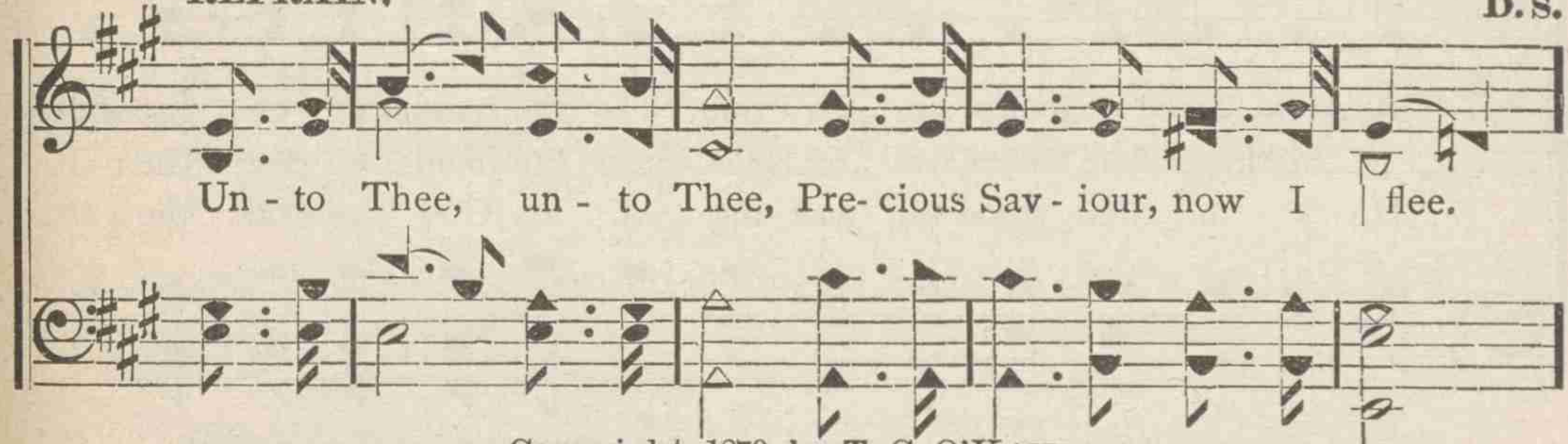


Rock a - mid the des - ert waste, To Thy shad - ow now I haste.
 Wea - ry, faint-ing, toil - op - pressed, In Thy shad - ow let me rest.
 Rock by count-less mill-ions blest, In Thy shad - ow let me rest.

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

REFRAIN.

D. S.



Un - to Thee, un - to Thee, Pre-cious Sav - iour, now I flee.

"And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."—Dan. 5: 5.

KNOWLES SHAW.

KNOWLES SHAW.



1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar, and a thou-sand of his lords,
 2. See the brave cap-tive Dan-iel— as he stood be-fore the throng,
 3. See the faith, zeal, and cour-age that would dare to do the right,




While they drank from gold-en ves-sels, as the book of truth re-cords,
 And re-buked the haugh-ty mon-arch for his might-y deeds of wrong;
 Which the Spir-it gave to Dan-iel—this the se-cret of his might;




In the night as they rev-el in the roy-al pal-ace hall,
 As he read out the writ-ing—'twas the doom of one and all,
 In his home in Ju-de-a, or a cap-tive in the hall,



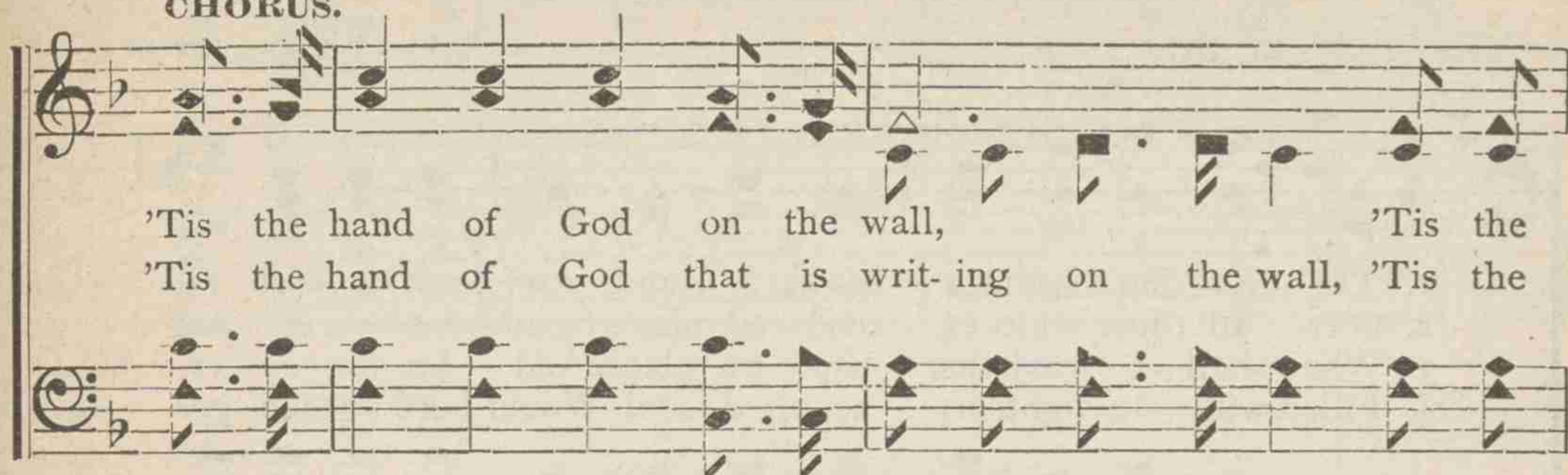

They were seized with con-ster-na-tion,'twas the hand up-on the wall.
 For the king-dom now was fin-ish'd—said the hand up-on the wall.
 He un-der-stood the writ-ing of his God up-on the wall.



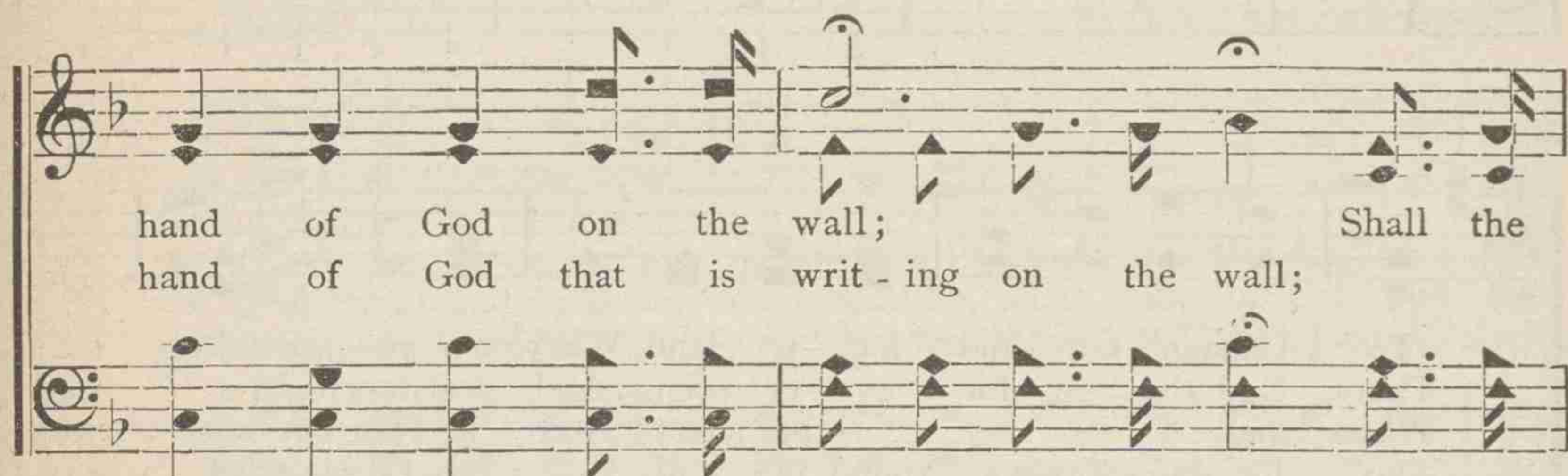
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The Handwriting on the Wall.—Concluded. 63

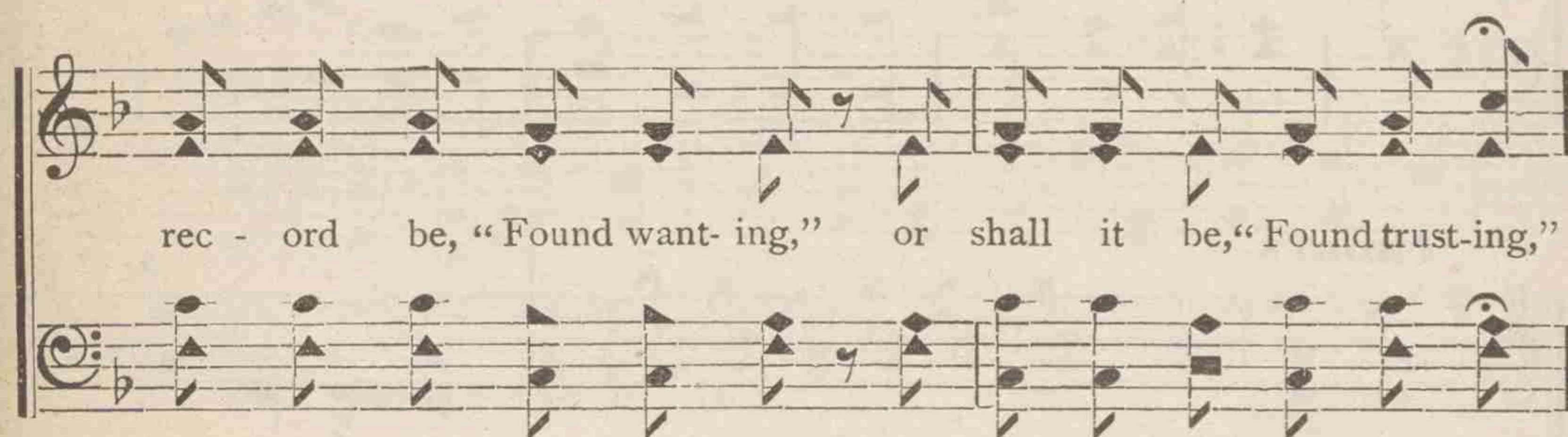
CHORUS.



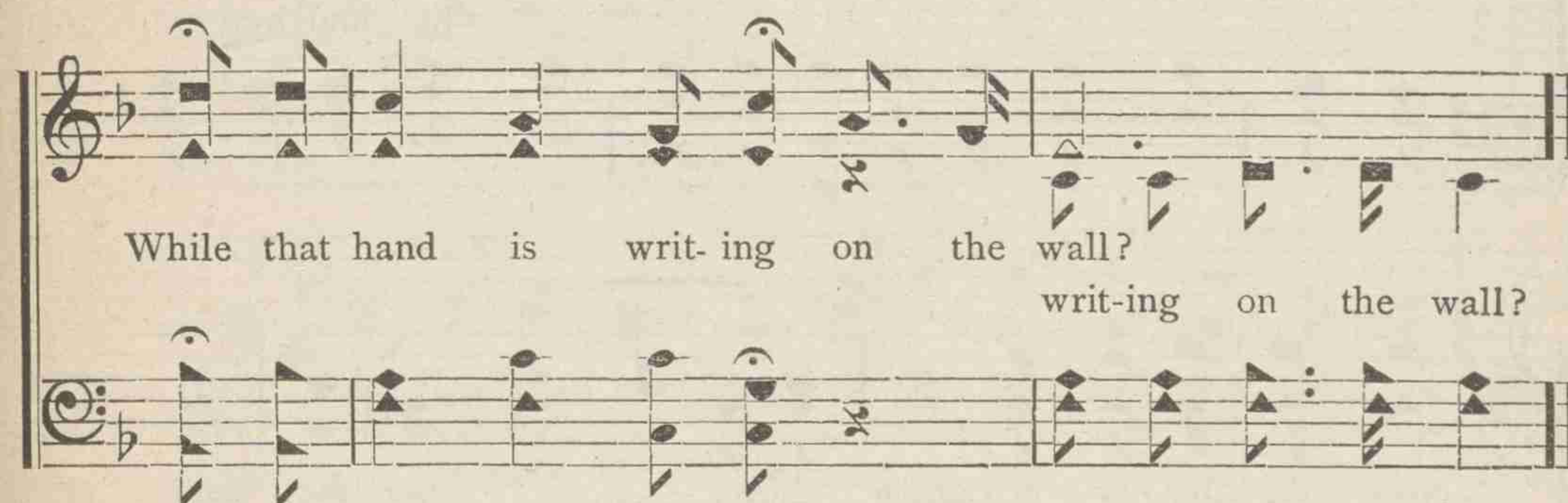
'Tis the hand of God on the wall, 'Tis the
'Tis the hand of God that is writ-ing on the wall, 'Tis the



hand of God on the wall; Shall the
hand of God that is writ-ing on the wall;



rec - ord be, "Found want-ing," or shall it be, "Found trust-ing,"



While that hand is writ-ing on the wall?
writ-ing on the wall?

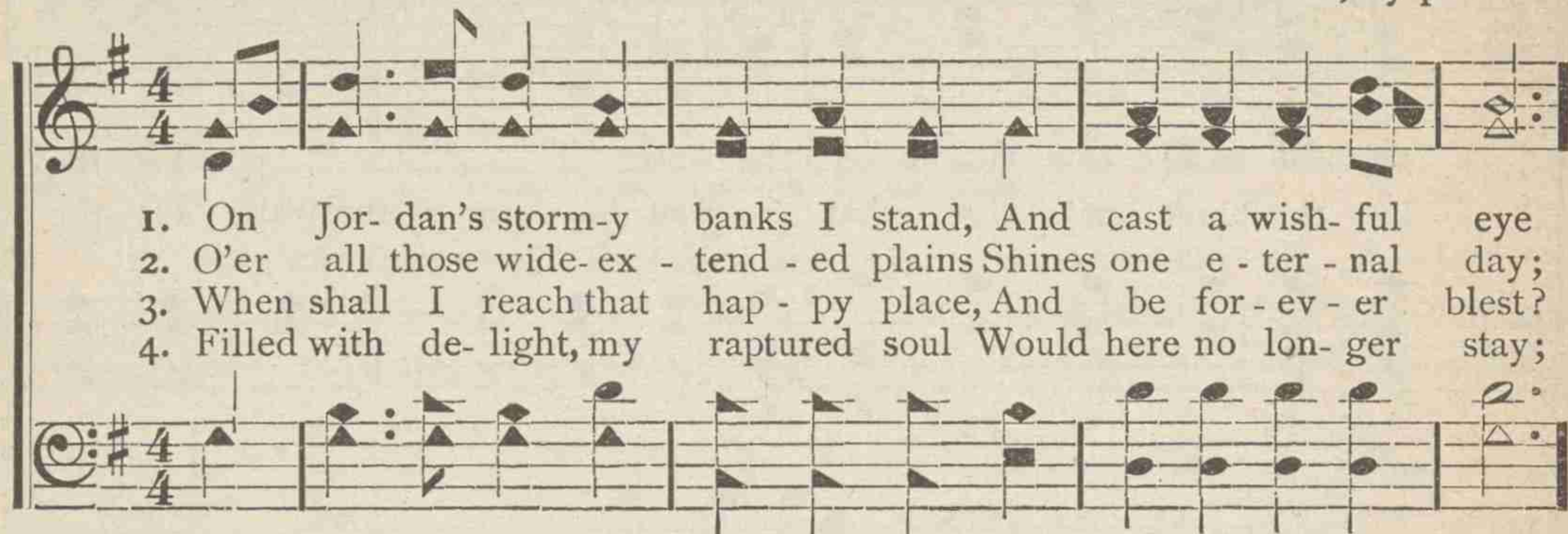
- 4 So our deeds are recorded—there's a Hand that's writing now,
Sinner, give your heart to Jesus, to His royal mandate bow;
For the day is approaching—it must come to one and all,
When the sinner's condemnation will be written on the wall.

ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land."—Isa. 33 : 17.

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.



1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
 2. O'er all those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
 3. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?
 4. Filled with de-light, my raptured soul Would here no lon-ger stay;



To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
 There God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
 When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo-som rest?
 Tho' Jor-dan's waves a-round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way.

CHORUS.


We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-
 by and by,



- cross on the ev-er-green shore,..... Sing the song of
 ev-er-green shore,

Mo - ses and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more.

FOLLOW ME.

C. S. BOYD.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

1. Once, far a - way, a - mong the hills, And by the deep blue sea,
2. Tho' strait and dark our way must be, His path to Cal - v'ry led;
3. So on thro' life, un - til our feet Have cross'd dark Jordan's stream,

Je - sus, the Sav - iour, pass - ing by, Said: "Come, and fol - low Me!"
We may have thorns in - stead of flow'rs, For thorns once crown'd His head;
And we shall walk the gold - en streets, Far lov - lier than a dream.

We fol - low Thee, O Bless - ed One, We still will fol - low Thee.
Yet, we will fol - low Thee, O Christ, We still will fol - low Thee.
In glo - ry then, O Bless - ed One, We still may fol - low Thee.

WHO SHALL BE ABLE TO STAND?

KNOWLES SHAW.

KNOWLES SHAW.



1. When the trump of God shall sound, And the na - tions gath - er round,
 2. When the del - uge swept the world, And to death its mill - ions hurl'd,
 3. When the cit - ies of the plain Were en - vel - op'd in the flame,
 4. When the day of wrath is come, And the day of mer - cy gone,



And the Judge shall sit up - on the roy - al throne,
 And the wa - ters cov - er'd o - ver all the land,
 And de - struc - tion swept the mul - ti - tudes a - way,
 And to judg - ment they are call'd from ev - 'ry land,



Who will hear the wel - come word From the lips of Christ, the Lord,
 Those who trust - ed in the Lord, And o - bey'd His ho - ly word,
 There was just a lit - tle band Who were a - ble then to stand
 Sin - ner, how is it with thee? Chris - tian, how then shall it be?

CHORUS.



"En - ter in, good and faith - ful, well done!"
 These were all that were a - ble then to stand.
 In that great and that aw - ful judg - ment day.
 Shall we all there be a - ble then to stand? } Who shall be

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Who Shall be Able to Stand? Concluded. 67

a - ble then to stand? Who shall be a - ble
shall be a - ble then to stand?

then to stand? All who trust in Christ, the Lord,
shall be a - ble then to stand?

And o - bey His ho - ly word: These shall be a - ble then to stand.

One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

- 1 One sweetly solemn thought,
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer home to-day, to-day,
Than I have been before.

CHORUS.

Nearer my home,
Nearer my home,
Nearer my home to-day, to-day,
Than I have been before.

- 2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;

Nearer the great white throne to-day,
Nearer the crystal sea.

- 3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the cross to-day,
And nearer to the crown.

- 4 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home to-day,
Perhaps, than now I think.

BLESSED PROMISE.

"Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation."
 Heb. 9: 28.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER, by per.

1. Oh, the prom - ise, bless ed prom - ise, How it cheers the
 2. Signs fore-told by Christ we've wit-ness'd, On the earth and
 3. He will bring our long-lost lov'd ones, Cru - el death has
 4. Glo - ri - ous, in - deed, the pros - pect, For the King will

pil - grim here; That our Lord, to bring de - liv'rance, Will a -
 in the sky; And we lift our heads re - joic - ing, For re -
 torn a - way; We shall greet them at the dawn - ing Of the
 sure - ly come; We shall see Him in His beau - ty; He will

CHORUS.

- gain to men ap - pear. Tell a - broad
 - demp - tion draw-eth nigh. }
 bright e - ter - nal day. }
 take His peo - ple home. Tell a - broad the joy - ful sto -

the joy - ful sto - ry, Till the
 - ry, Tell a - broad the joy - ful sto - ry, Till the

BLESSED PROMISE. Concluded.

69

dis - - - tant na - tions hear . . . That the
dis - tant na - tions hear, Till the dis - tant na - tions hear That the

Lord of life and glo - - - ry
Lord of life and glo - ry, That the Lord of life and glo - ry

Will a - gain to men ap - pear.
Will a - gain to men ap - pear,

BENEDICTUS.

LOUIS MEYER.

1. Blessed be the Lord God of | Is-ra- | el ; || for He hath visited | and re- | deemed His | people. ||
2. And hath raised up a mighty sal- | va-tion | for us || in the house of His | servant | Da- — | vid ; ||
3. As He spake by the mouth of His | ho-ly | prophets, || which have been | since the | world
be- | gan, ||
4. That we should be saved from our | en-e | mies, || and from the hand of | all that | hate — | us. ||

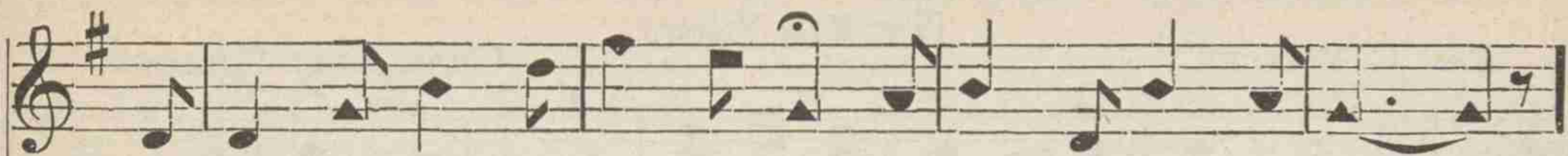
A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

F. A. B.

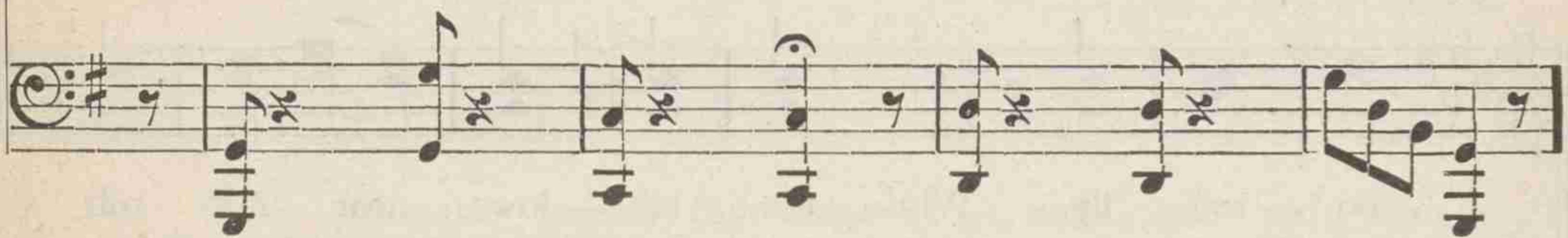
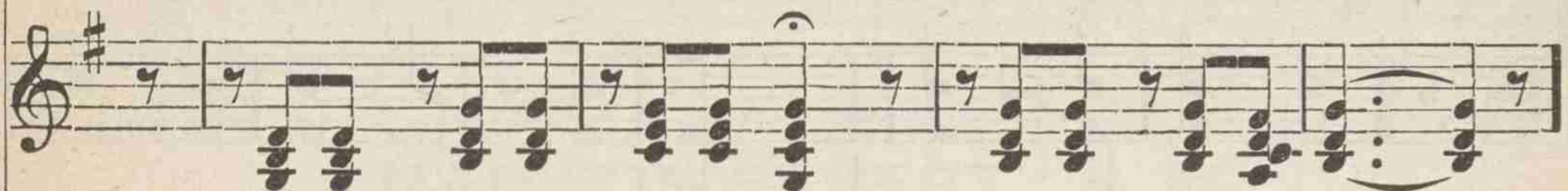
To my wife.

F. A. BLACKMER.

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS. Concluded. 71



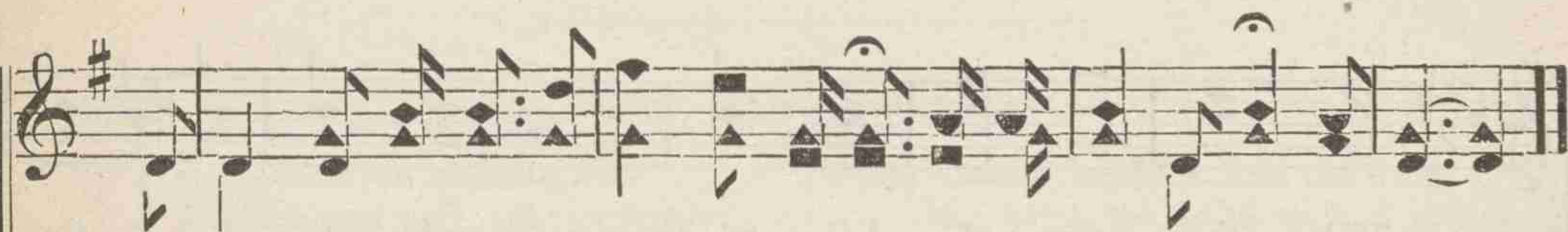
And cru - el - ly for-sakes her, yet She fol - lows with her prayers.
 What dread suspense! yet faith - ful still, She up - ward sends her prayers.
 Will God not sure - ly hon - or yet That faith - ful moth - er's prayers?
 And find the heav'n - ly ref - uge thro' A faith - ful moth - er's prayers.



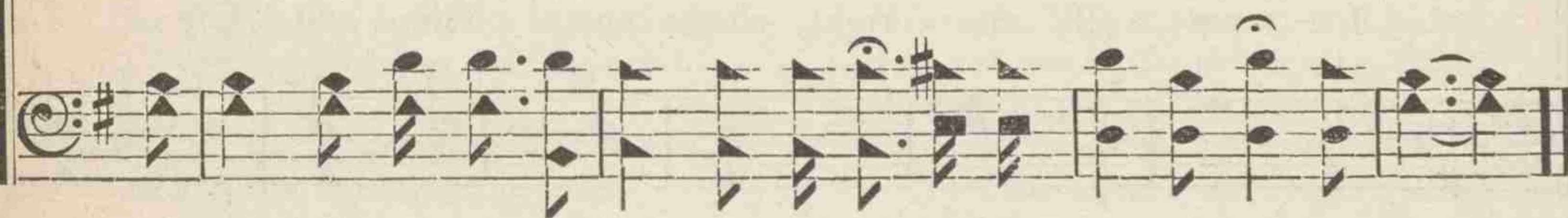
CHORUS.



Gone, gone, she knows not where, And yet her love he shares;



For - got - ten nev - er, He's fol - lowed ev - er By a faith - ful mother's prayers.



JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

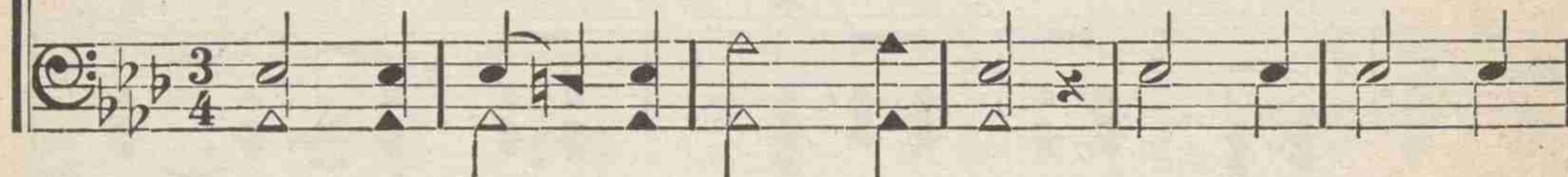
Rev. C. WESLEY.

(For Male Voices.)

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in




bo - som fly, While the bil - lows near me roll,
 soul on Thee; Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone,
 Thee I find: Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint,




While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide,
 Still sup - port and com - fort me: All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind: Just and ho - ly is Thy name,




Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the
 All my help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de -
 I am all un - right - eous - ness; Vile, and full of



JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL. Concluded. 73

ha - ven guide, O re ceive my soul at last.
 - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

MADISON STREET. S. M.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Give to the winds thy fears, Hope, and be un - dis - may'd;
 2. Through waves, and clouds, and storms, He gent - ly clears thy way;
 3. Still heav - y is thy heart? Still sinks thy spir - its down?
 4. What though thou rul - est not; Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell,

God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears: God shall lift up thy head.
 Wait thou His time, so shall this night Soon end in joy - ous day.
 Cast off the weight, let fear de - part, And ev - 'ry care be gone.
 Pro claim, God sit - teth on the throne, And rul - eth all things well.

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The Solid Rock.

- 1 My hope is built on nothing less
 Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
 I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
 But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
 All other ground is sinking sand.
- 2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
 I rest on His unchanging grace;
 In every high and stormy gale,

- My anchor holds within the veil.
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
 All other ground is sinking sand.
- 3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
 Support me in the whelming flood;
 When all around my soul gives way,
 He then is all my hope and stay.
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
 All other ground is sinking sand.

HERE AM I, SEND ME!

1 Sam. 3, 4. 10. Isaiah 6: 8.

W. E. PENN.

F. A. BLACKMER.



1. Ear - ly in the morn-ing, bless-ed Sav- iour, Samuel like I'd be,
 2. Ear - ly in the morn-ing, bless-ed Sav- iour, I would come to Thee,
 3. Ear - ly in the morn-ing, bless ed Sav- iour, I would live for Thee,
 4. Has-ten, ev - 'ry wand' rer, now to - Je - sus, For He call - eth thee;



Leav-ing ev - 'ry sin - ful pleas-ure, say - ing: Here am I, send me!
 Bringing all my earth- ly treas- ure, say - ing: Here am I, send me!
 So that I may ev - er be found say - ing: Here am I, send me!
 Come and join the heav'nly ar - my, say - ing: Here am I, send me!

CHORUS.



Here am I, here am I, Here am I, send me!
 Here am I, here am I, Here am I, send me!



Read-y for Thy service Ev - er would I be, Here am I, send me, send me!

JESUS ALONE CAN SAVE ME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

T. C. O'KANE.

The first system of the musical score is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The system ends with a double bar line.

1. Not an - y works that I may do, How-ev - er good, and pure, and true,
2. My sins may pierce my an-guish'd heart, Un-til the burn-ing tears shall start;
3. 'Tis Christ a-lone who saves from sin, His blood a-lone can make me clean;

Can my un-wor- thy heart re - new. No! Je- sus a- lone can save me.
But tears can nev - er peace im- part. No! Je- sus a- lone can save me.
He on - ly can bring peace with- in. Yes! Je- sus a- lone can save me.

A musical score for a string quartet, featuring four staves with various musical notations including notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The notation is in a historical style, possibly from the 18th or 19th century. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The music consists of several measures, with notes often beamed together in groups. There are also rests and some dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The notation is somewhat idiosyncratic, with some notes having stems that are not standard. The overall appearance is that of a manuscript or a printed score from an older edition.

CHORUS.

Je - sus a - lone can save me; Je - sus, who shed His blood for me;

Je - sus a - lone can save me From my sin.
Save me from my sin.

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. The staff begins with a treble clef, followed by a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The notation consists of a series of notes and rests, with some notes marked with a dot above them. The paper is aged and slightly yellowed.

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MY FAR AWAY HOME.

F. A. E.

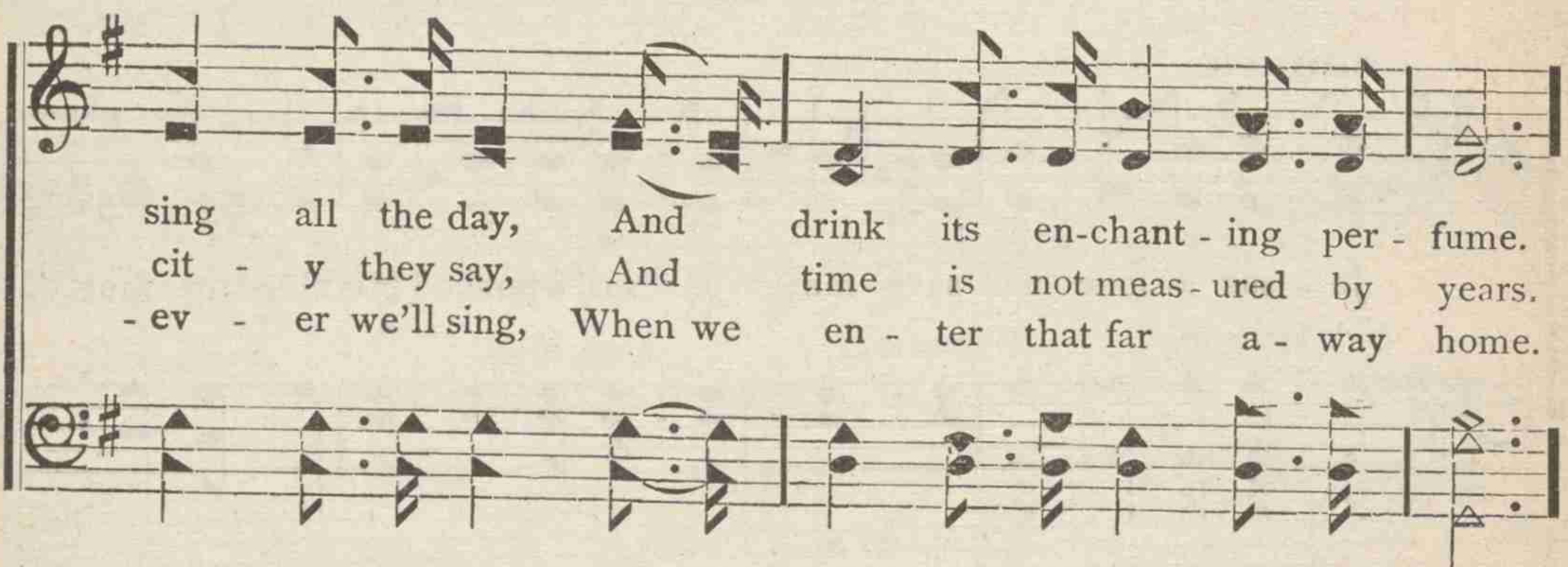
Dr. F. A. EVANS.



1. I'm told there's a land 'mid the far a - way stars, A bright
 2. I'm told in this land, in this land far a - way, There's no
 *3. I'm told in this land is the home of our King, Where the



land where sweet flow'rs ev - er bloom, A land where the saints sweet - ly
 weep - ing, nor sigh - ing, nor tears; The Lord is the light of the
 saints of all a - ges shall come; With loud hal - le - lu - jahs for -



sing all the day, And drink its en - chant - ing per - fume.
 cit - y they say, And time is not meas - ured by years.
 - ev - er we'll sing, When we en - ter that far a - way home.

REFRAIN.



In my dreams I can see its bright, bon - ny streams, I

* Last verse by W. E. P. Copyright, 1887, by W. E. PENN.

MY FAR AWAY HOME. Concluded.

77

fan - cy I hear the sweet song— I oft - en am wea - ry and
long to be there, To go home and u - nite with the throng.

COME, HUMBLE SINNER.

1. Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thou-sand tho'ts re-volve;
Come, with your fear and guilt op-pressed, And make this last re-solve;
I'll go to Je - sus, tho' my sin Hath like a mountain rose;
I know His courts; I'll en - ter in, What-ev - er may op - pose.

2 "I'll prostrate lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone,
Without His sovereign grace.
I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives:
Perhaps He may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives."

3 "Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

HERE AND BEYOND.

H. N. LINCOLN.

Rev. W. E. PENN.

1. Here I must la- bor and strive each day, Be- yond are mansions of rest;
 2. Here in my path ma- ny thorns there be, Be- yond are flowers in bloom;
 3. Here I must journey o'er des-ert sands, Beyond is the gold - en street;
 4. Here on the mountains of sin I rove, Be - yond the ev - ergreen shore;

Here ma-ny sor-rows at- tend my way, Beyond are joys of the blest.
 Here ma-ny shadows are cast o'er me, Beyond there cometh no gloom.
 Here I'm a wan der-er in strange lands, Beyond my loved ones I'll greet.
 Here I must part with the ones I love, Beyond we'll part nev-er - more.

CHORUS.

Here all is dark-ness, be-yond how bright, Re-joice, O my soul, to - day;

For soon we'll rest in realms of light, In the song-land far a - way.

'TIS WITH THE RIGHTEOUS WELL.

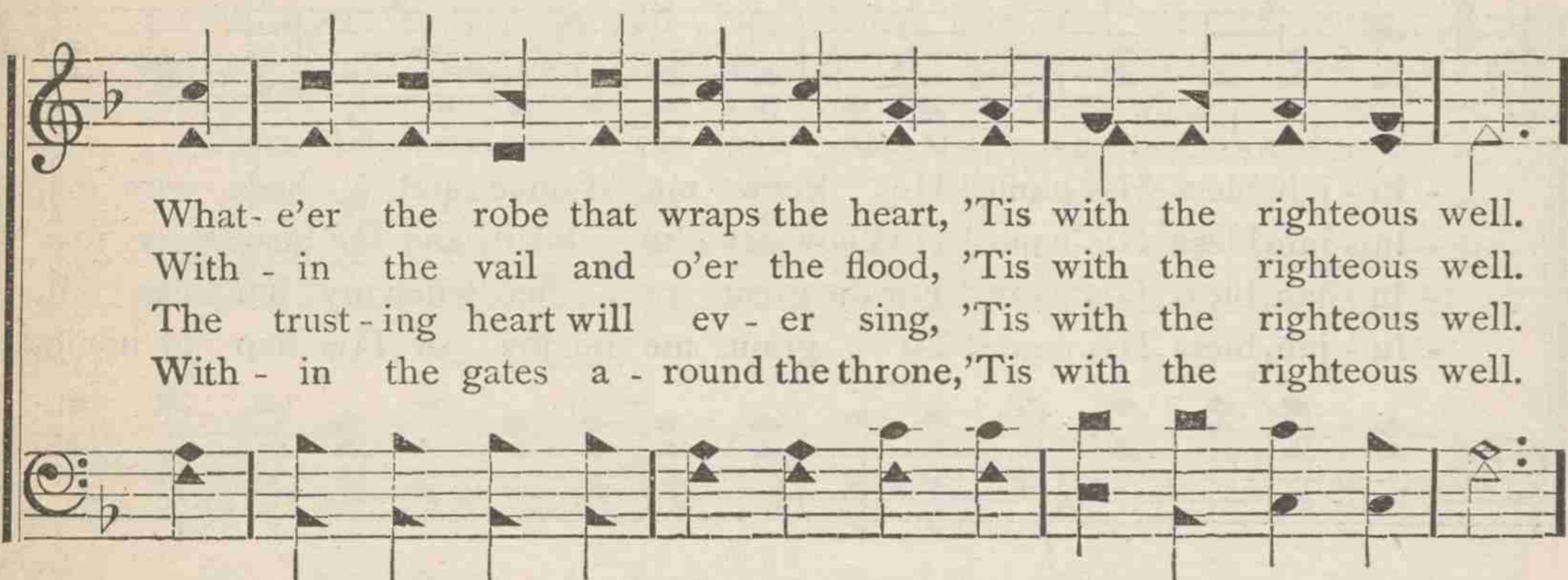
79

"Verily there is a reward for the righteous."—Ps. 58: 11.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



1. On ev - 'ry sun - ny mount - ain, In ev - 'ry gloom - y dell,
 2. What words of ho - ly com - fort, Their sweet - ness who can tell,
 3. Tho' drip - ping clouds may gath - er, And grief the bo - som swell,
 4. And when the strife is o - ver, And hush'd the sol - emn knell,

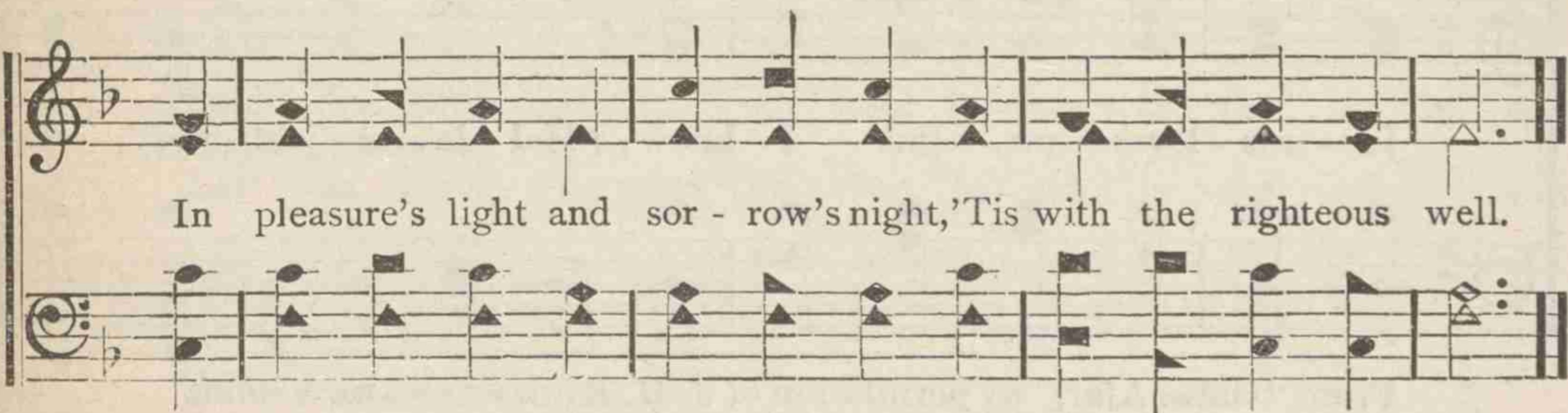


What - e'er the robe that wraps the heart, 'Tis with the righteous well.
 With - in the vail and o'er the flood, 'Tis with the righteous well.
 The trust - ing heart will ev - er sing, 'Tis with the righteous well.
 With - in the gates a - round the throne, 'Tis with the righteous well.

CHORUS.



'Tis well, 'tis well, 'tis well, 'tis well, 'Tis with the righteous well;



In pleasure's light and sor - row's night, 'Tis with the righteous well.

HALLELUJAH! BLESS HIS NAME!

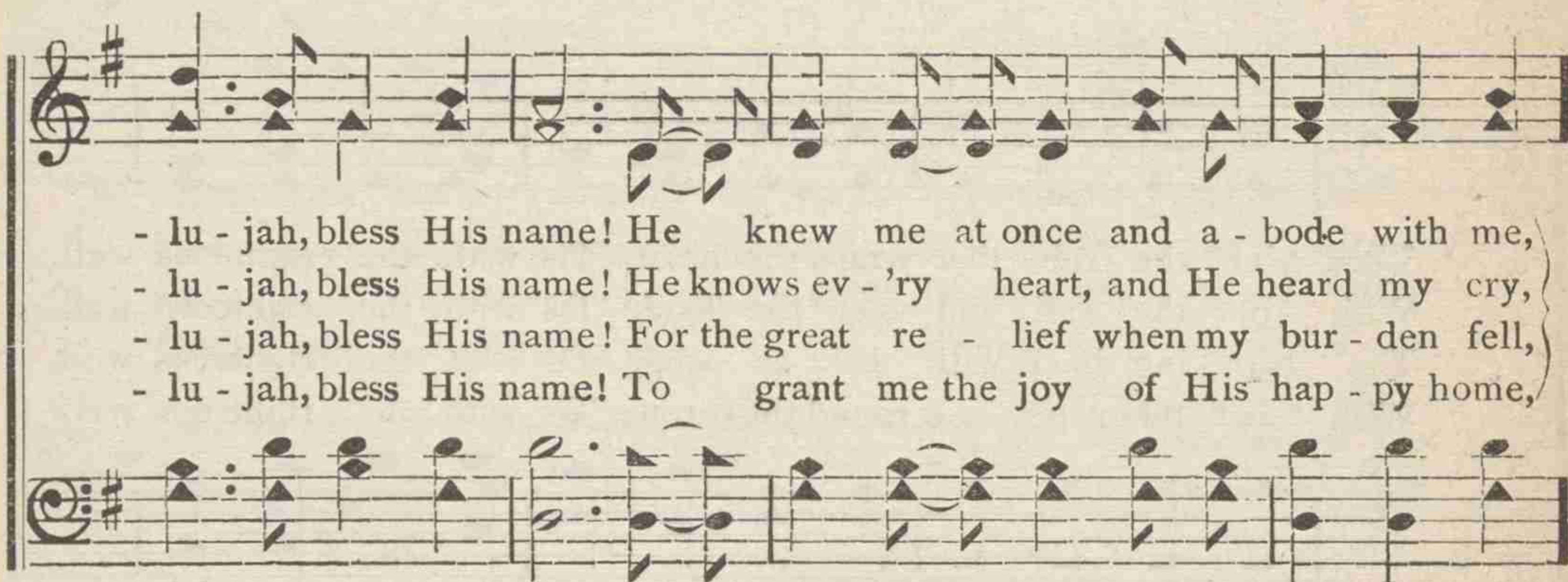
"This day is salvation come to this house."—Luke 19: 9.

J. H. K.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. A sin - ner, I came, for my Lord to see, Hal - le -
 2. I knew that the Lord would not pass me by, Hal - le -
 3. Oh, the rap - ture I felt I can nev - er tell, Hal - le -
 4. I'll watch, for to - day yet the Lord may come, Hal - le -

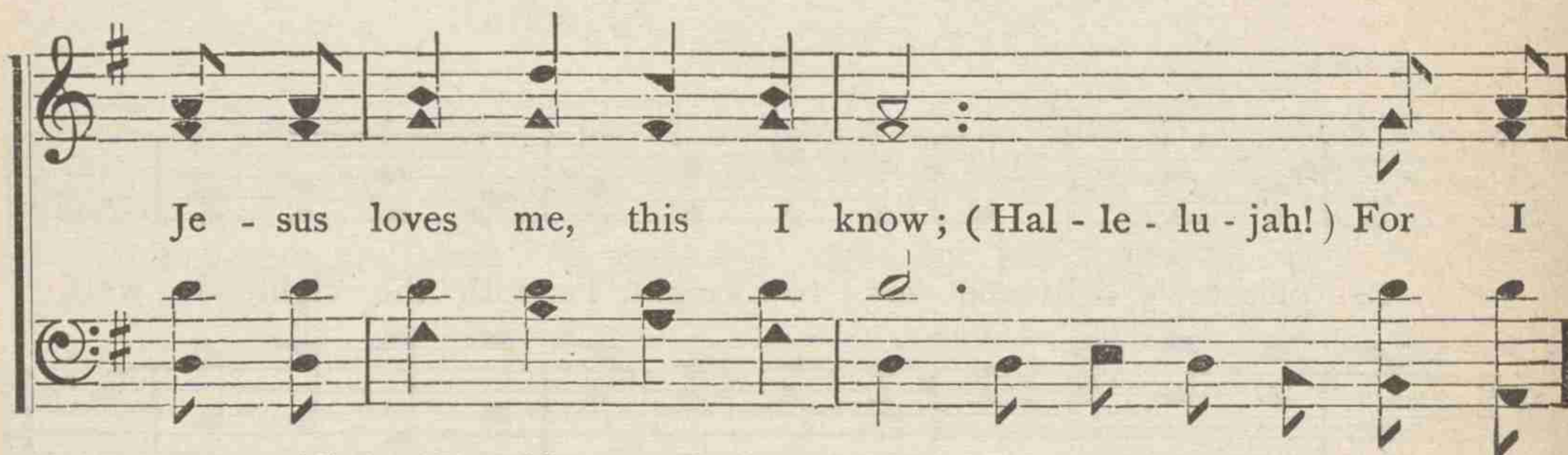


- lu - jah, bless His name! He knew me at once and a - bode with me,
 - lu - jah, bless His name! He knows ev - 'ry heart, and He heard my cry,
 - lu - jah, bless His name! For the great re - lief when my bur - den fell,
 - lu - jah, bless His name! To grant me the joy of His hap - py home,

CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah, bless His name! Hal - le - lu - jah, oh, the glo - ry!



Je - sus loves me, this I know; (Hal - le - lu - jah!) For I

From "Gates Ajar," by permission of J. H. KURZENKNABE & SONS.

feel the bless - ed par - don That our Sav - iour did be - stow.

JESUS IS THE ONLY WAY.

SAMUEL PEACH.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. While on earth we still are found, Ere the year has gone its round,
2. At the feet of Je - sus now All the blood-washed ar-my bow.
3. Clouds of an - gels ho - ver round; Oft they sing the lost is found,
4. Lord, be - fore these meet-ings close, Bless Thy friends and save Thy foes.

Fine.
Sin - ner, there is hope for thee: God proclaims sal - va - tion free.
Would you know your sins for-giv'n? Have a cer - tain hope in heav'n.
Shall they o - ver you re-joice? Do you hear the Sav-iour's voice?
Ho - ly Ghost Thy work make known; Claim this peo - ple for Thine own.

D.S.—Hark! the Bride and Spir - it say, Je - sus is the on - ly way.

D.S. for last verse.

D.S.—Let us prove, as years de - cay, Je - sus is the on - ly way.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Hark! the Bride and Spir - it say, Je - sus is the on - ly way.
Chorus for last verse.
Let us prove, as years de - cay, Je - sus is the on - ly way.

GLORIOUS ARMY.

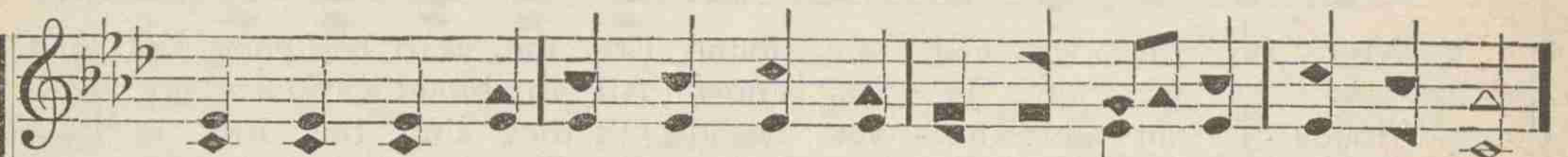
"As a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2: 3.

D. E. MATHEWS.

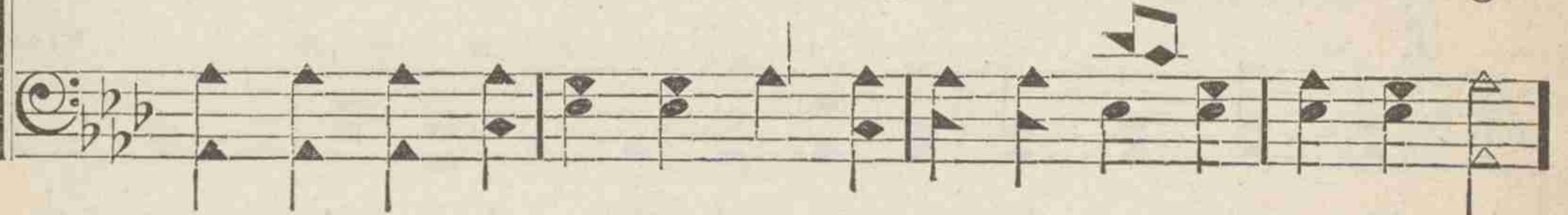
THOS. J. LAWRENCE, by per.



1. Chil- dren, in one glo-rious ar - my, Marching to our heav'nly home;
2. Chil- dren, join us, oh, de - lay not, For the Sav-iour bids you come;
3. In the Sab-bath-school each sun - day There we meet to learn of Him,
4. Ma - ny times the way seems darkened, By the snares cast in the way,
5. Then, dear chil - dren, do you hear not? Will you not with us u - nite?



We will love our bless - ed Sav-iour, And from Him no more will roam.
 We are marching home to vic - t'ry, And the prize will soon be won.
 Meet to learn how once He suf - fered To re - deem our souls from sin.
 But the Cap-tain will de - feat them, And will hold the foe at bay.
 Come, and go, for now's the bid - ding To the work-ers for the right.



CHORUS.



March on, March on, Do not lin - ger here;
 March on, march on, march on, march on,



For the Cap-tain's near us, And we need not fear.



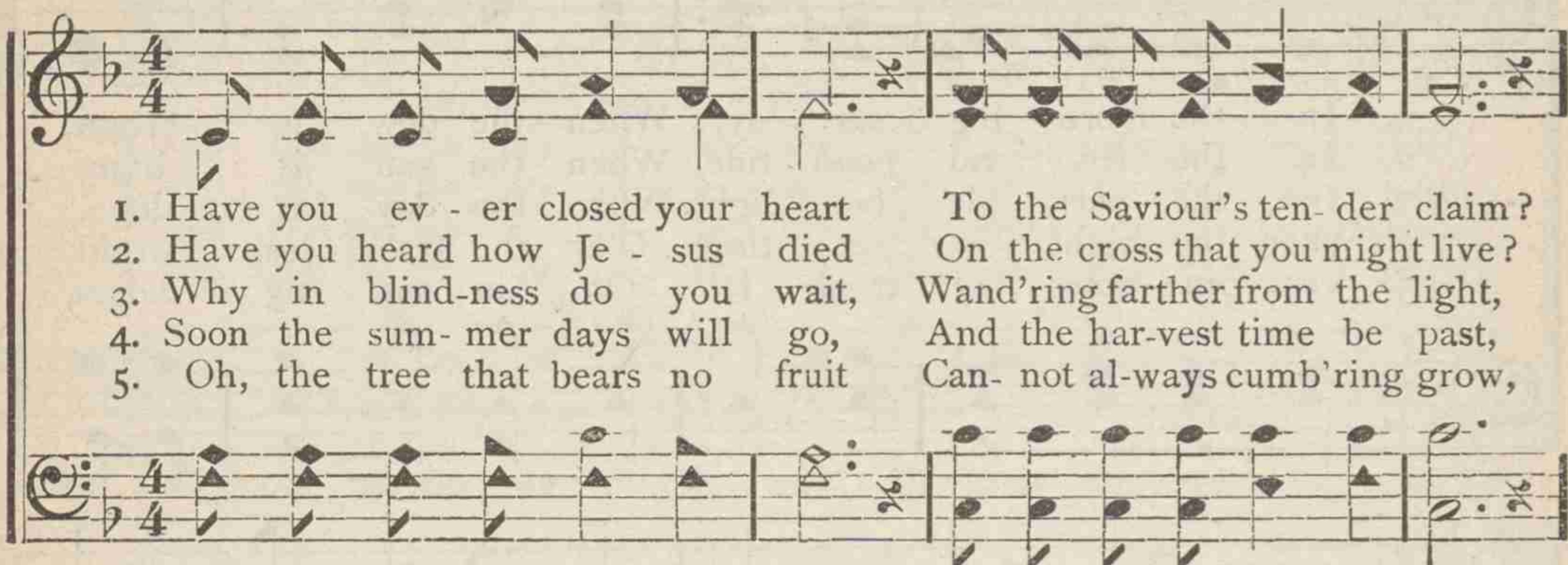
EXCEPT YE REPENT.

83

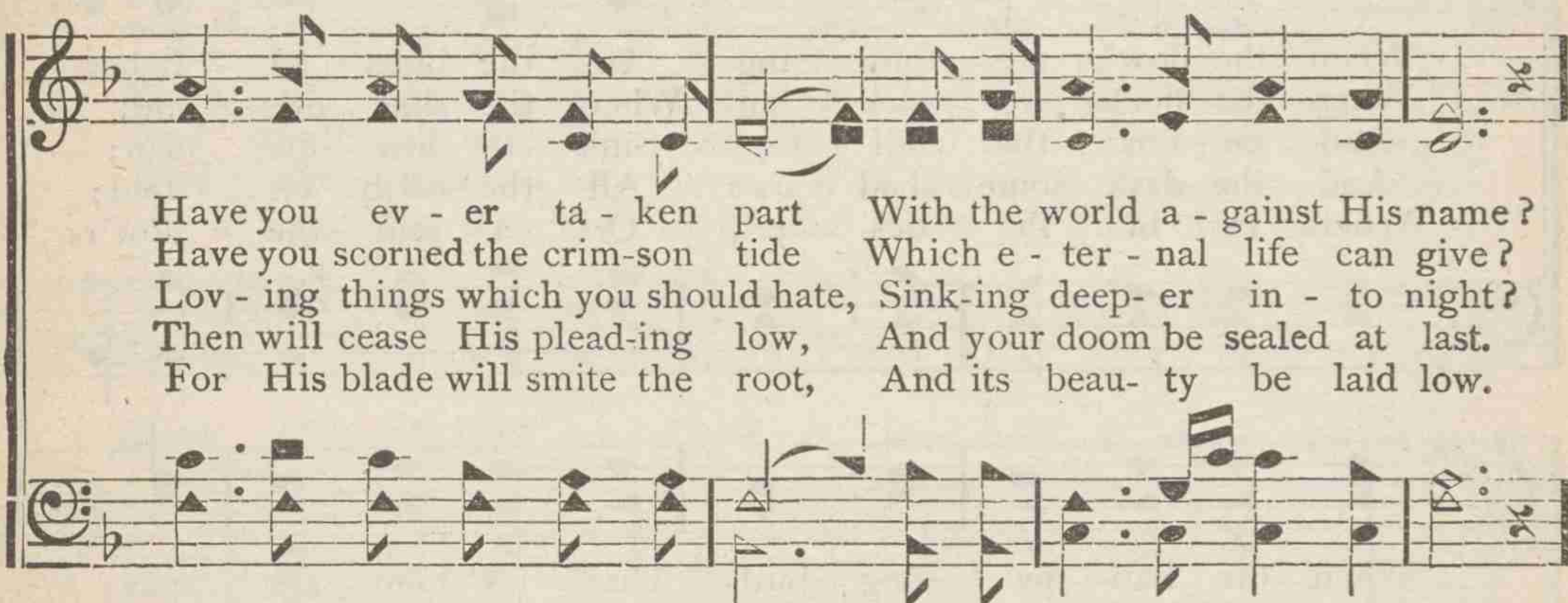
Luke 13: 3.

Mrs. T. M. GRIFFIN.

Rev. W. E. PENN.

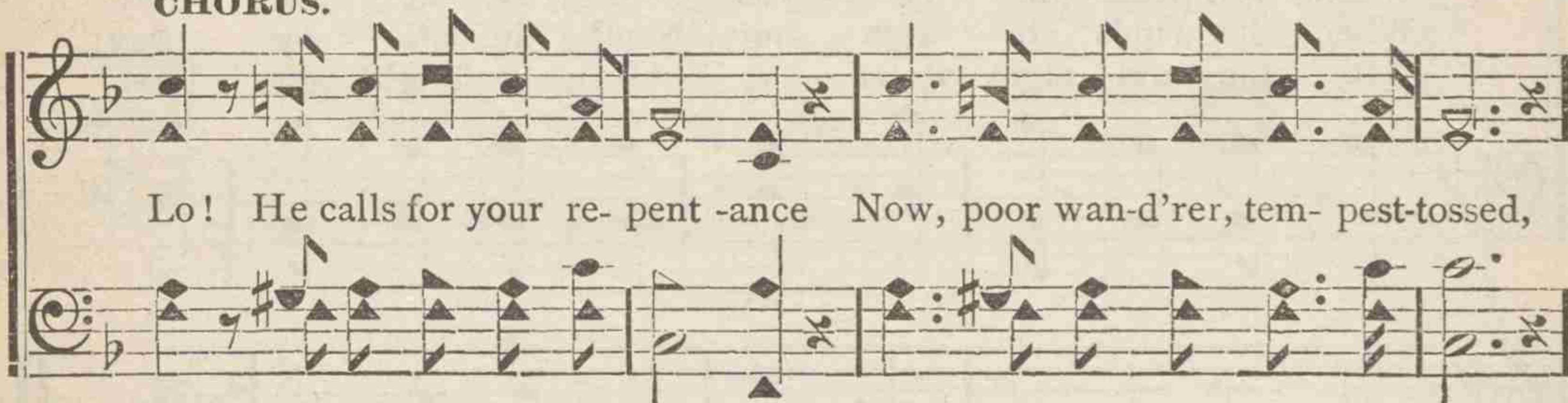


1. Have you ev - er closed your heart To the Saviour's ten - der claim?
 2. Have you heard how Je - sus died On the cross that you might live?
 3. Why in blind-ness do you wait, Wand'ring farther from the light,
 4. Soon the sum-mer days will go, And the har-vest time be past,
 5. Oh, the tree that bears no fruit Can- not al-ways cumb'ring grow,



Have you ev - er ta - ken part With the world a - gainst His name?
 Have you scorned the crim-son tide Which e - ter - nal life can give?
 Lov - ing things which you should hate, Sink-ing deep-er in - to night?
 Then will cease His plead-ing low, And your doom be sealed at last.
 For His blade will smite the root, And its beau-ty be laid low.

CHORUS.



Lo! He calls for your re - pent -ance Now, poor wan-d'rer, tem- pest-tossed,

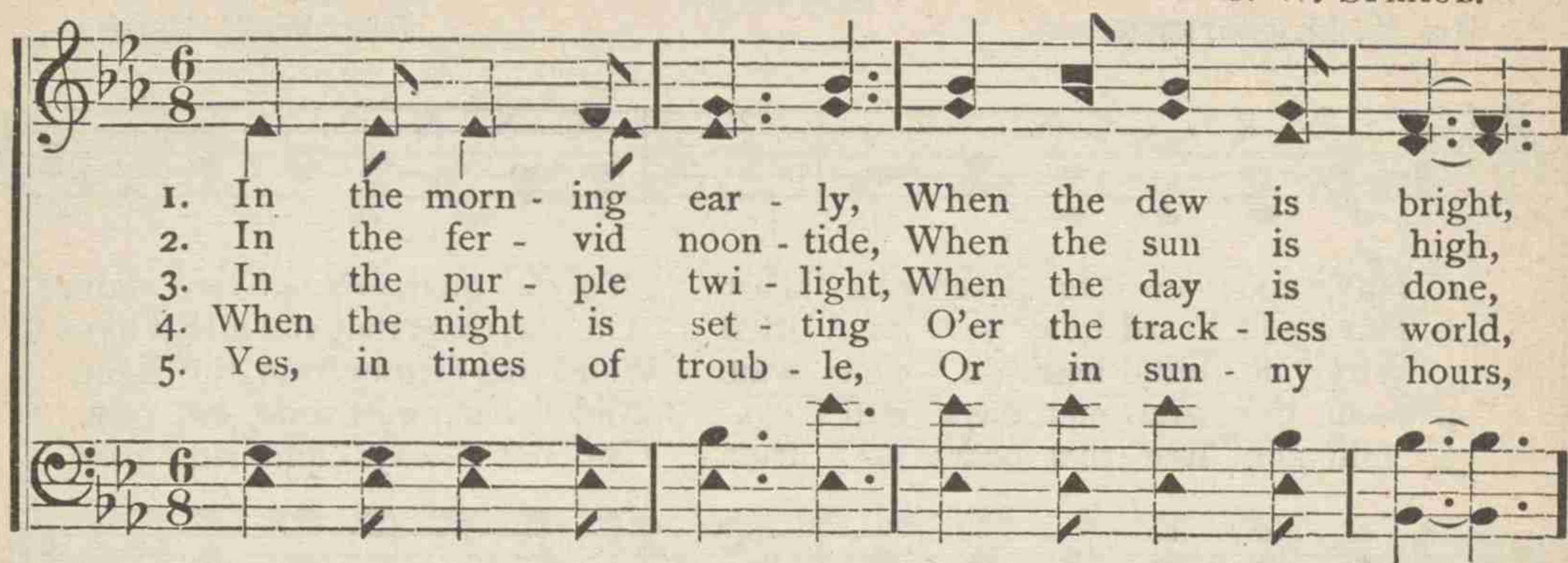


Hear the Mas-ter's solemn mes-sage: "Come re - pent or you are lost."

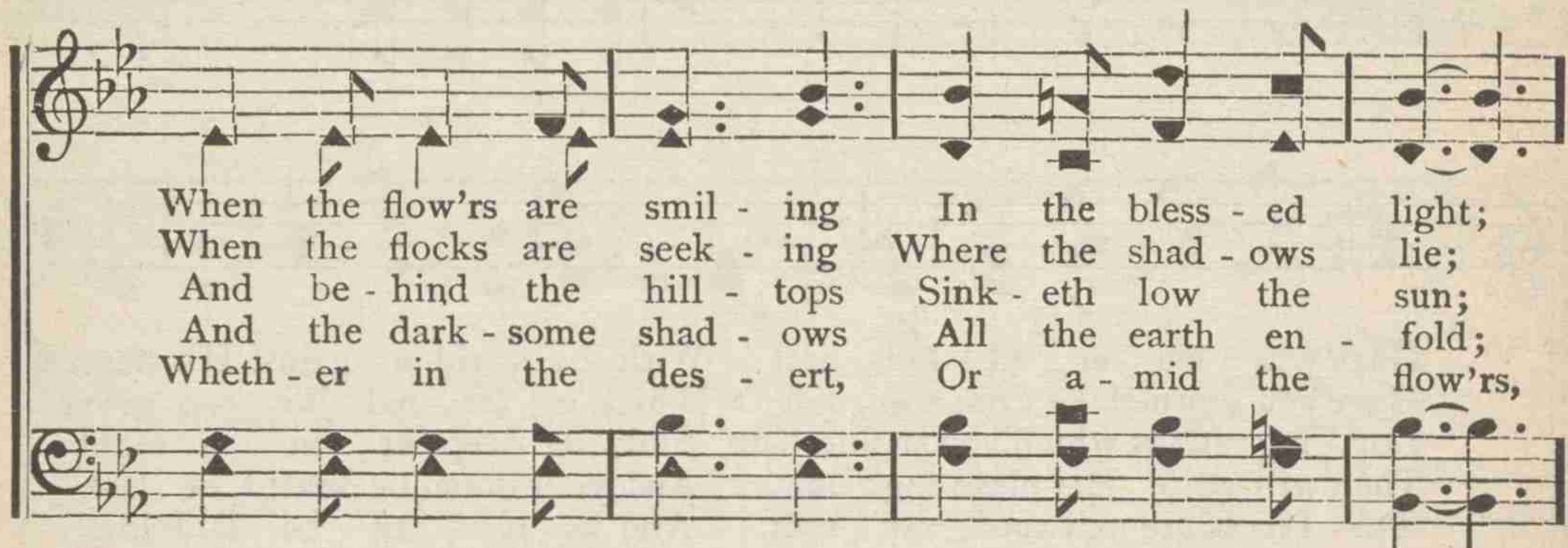
LITTLE CHILDREN, PRAY.

MATTIE PEARSON SMITH.

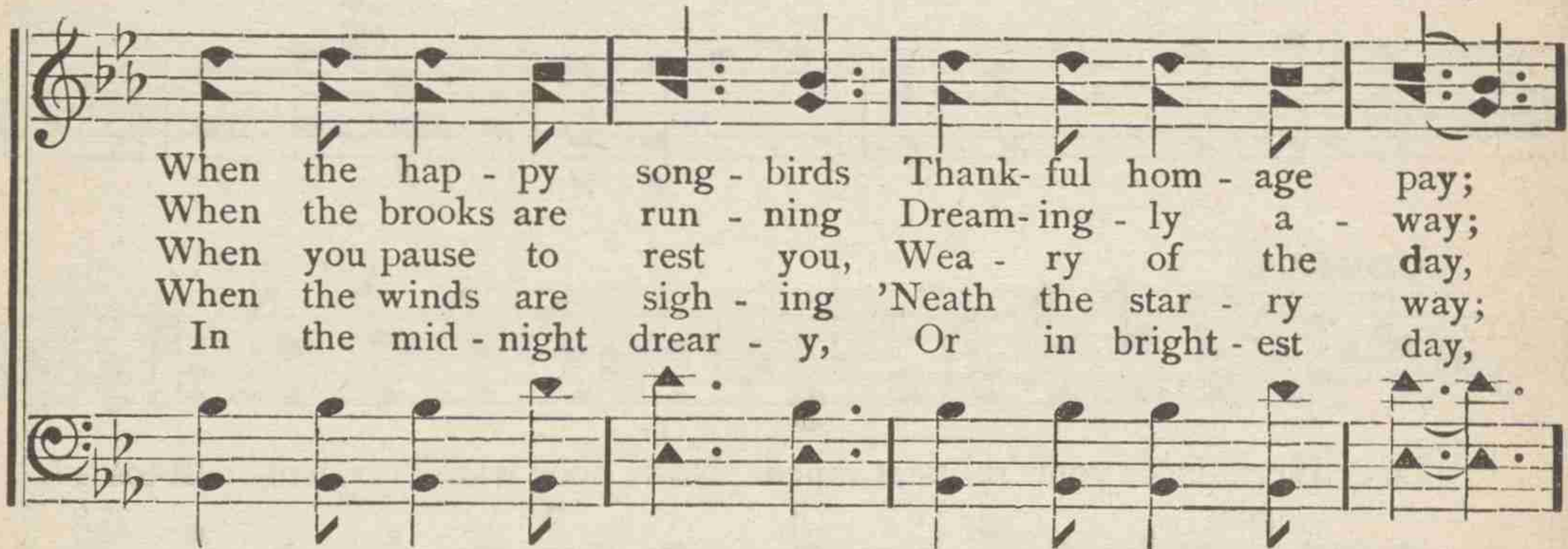
S. W. STRAUB.



1. In the morn - ing ear - ly, When the dew is bright,
 2. In the fer - vid noon - tide, When the sun is high,
 3. In the pur - ple twi - light, When the day is done,
 4. When the night is set - ting O'er the track - less world,
 5. Yes, in times of troub - le, Or in sun - ny hours,



When the flow'rs are smil - ing In the bless - ed light;
 When the flocks are seek - ing Where the shad - ows lie;
 And be - hind the hill - tops Sink - eth low the sun;
 And the dark - some shad - ows All the earth en - fold;
 Wheth - er in the des - ert, Or a - mid the flow'rs,



When the hap - py song - birds Thank - ful hom - age pay;
 When the brooks are run - ning Dream - ing - ly a - way;
 When you pause to rest you, Wea - ry of the day,
 When the winds are sigh - ing 'Neath the star - ry way;
 In the mid - night drear - y, Or in bright - est day,



To the God who keeps you, Lit - tle chil - dren, pray.
 Then to God, who sees you, Lit - tle chil - dren, pray.
 At that pleas - ant sea - son, Lit - tle chil - dren, pray.
 Un - to God, who keeps you, Lit - tle chil - dren, pray.
 Un - to God, who keeps you, Lit - tle chil - dren, pray.

From "Good Will," by per. of TOWNE & STILLMAN.

TELL THE STORY OF JESUS.

85

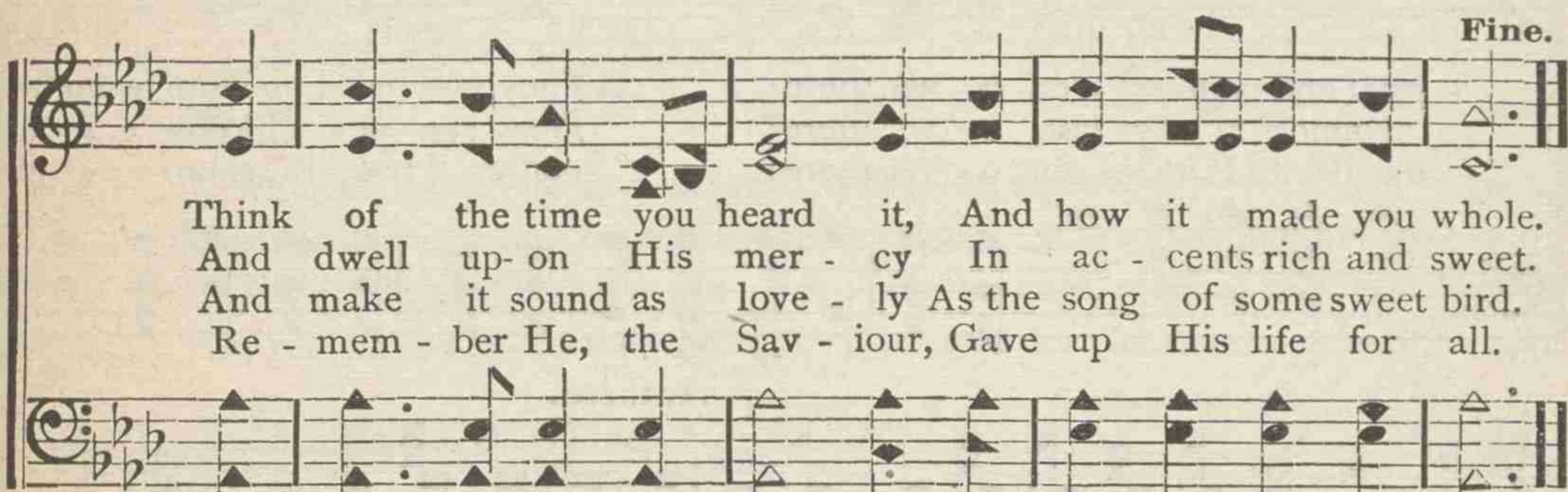
MARY B. COLBY.

JOHN R. SWENEY, by per.



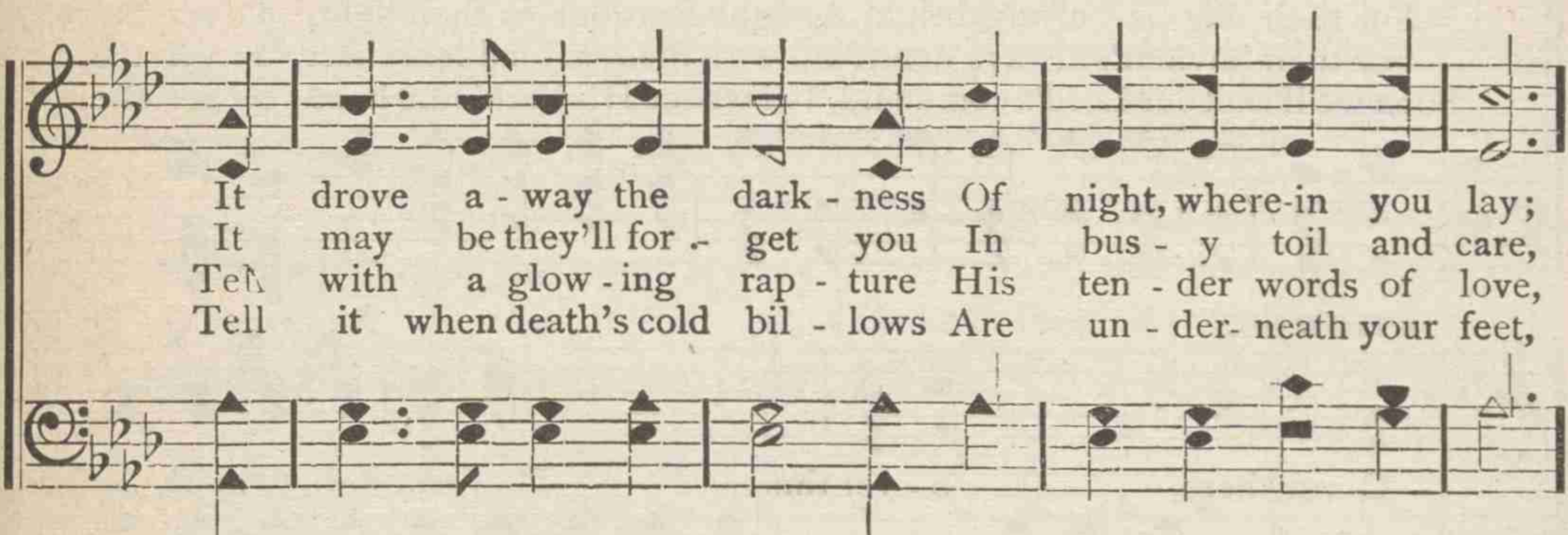
1. Go tell the sto - ry of Je - sus To some poor, sin - sick soul;
 2. Go tell the sto - ry of Je - sus To stran-gers you may meet,
 3. Go tell the sto - ry of Je - sus To those who have not heard,
 4. Go tell the sto - ry of Je - sus To peo - ple great and small;

D.C.—Go tell the sto - ry of Je - sus To some poor, sin - sick soul;



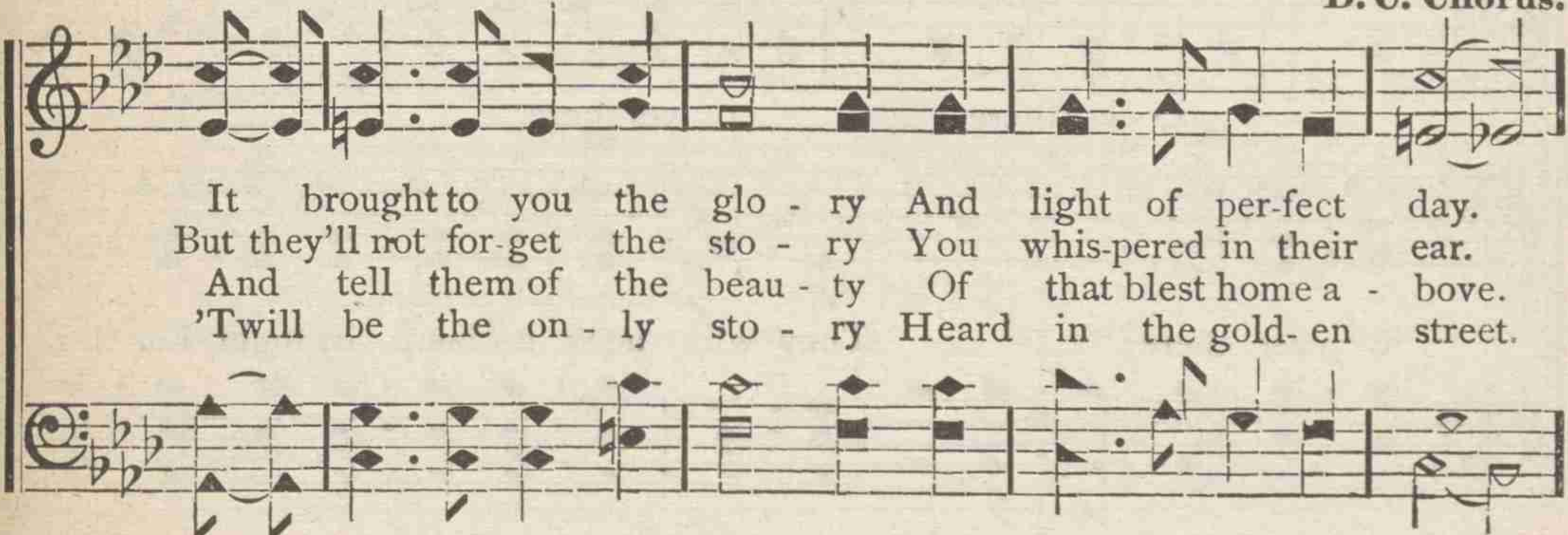
Think of the time you heard it, And how it made you whole.
 And dwell up-on His mer - cy In ac - cents rich and sweet.
 And make it sound as love - ly As the song of some sweet bird.
 Re - mem - ber He, the Sav - iour, Gave up His life for all.

Think of the time you heard it, And how it made you whole.



It drove a - way the dark - ness Of night, where-in you lay;
 It may be they'll for - get you In bus - y toil and care,
 Tell with a glow - ing rap - ture His ten - der words of love,
 Tell it when death's cold bil - lows Are un - der - neath your feet,

D. C. Chorus.

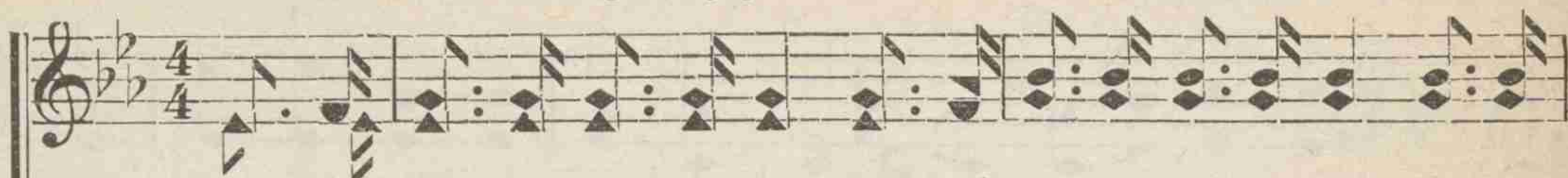


It brought to you the glo - ry And light of per - fect day.
 But they'll not for - get the sto - ry You whis - pered in their ear.
 And tell them of the beau - ty Of that blest home a - bove.
 'Twill be the on - ly sto - ry Heard in the gold - en street.

OVER THERE.

From BRAINARD'S S. S. Singer, by per.

CHAS. E. POLLOCK.



1. They have reached the sun - ny shore, And will nev - er hunger more, And their
2. Now they feel no chill - ing blast, For their win - ter time is past, And their
3. They have fought the wea - ry fight, Je - sus saved them by His might, Now they



grief and pains are o'er, o - ver there;
 summers al - ways last, o - ver there;
 dwell with Him in light, o - ver there;

They will need no lamp by night,
 They can nev - er know a fear,
 Soon we'll reach the shining strand,



o - ver there;



For their day is always bright, And the Sav - iour is their light, o - ver there.
 For their Saviour's always near, And with them is end - less cheer, o - ver there.
 Soon we'll wait our Lord's command, Till we see His beck'ning hand, o - ver there.

**CHORUS.**

O - ver there,

o - ver there,

They can nev - er know a fear,



O - ver there,

o - ver there,



o - ver there;

They will need no lamp by night, For their



o - ver there;

OVER THERE. Concluded.

87

day is al-ways bright, And the Sav-iour is their light, o - ver there.

As are thy Needs thy Strength Shall be.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

Rev. W. E. PENN.

1. In time of trou - ble and of grief, Where can the heav-y la - den go,
2. We read the words and hope grows strong, For He who spoke them seems so near;
3. He knoweth; and has He not said That we are al-ways in His care?
4. Tho' rough the way be-fore the feet He will not let thee faint and fall;

To find for all their woes re - lief, Save to the Lord who loveth them so?
He knoweth, all the way a - long, The tri - als that be - set us here.
O heart, look up, — be comfort - ed, — He helps thee all thy bur - dens bear.
Lean on His love, His words re - peat, And find that Christ is all in all.

CHORUS. *D.C. 2d ending.*

{ O promise fraught with comfort sweet, What help we al-ways find in thee, }
{ As heart and lips Thy words re-peat, — As are thy needs thy strength shall be. }

SEND THE NEWS.

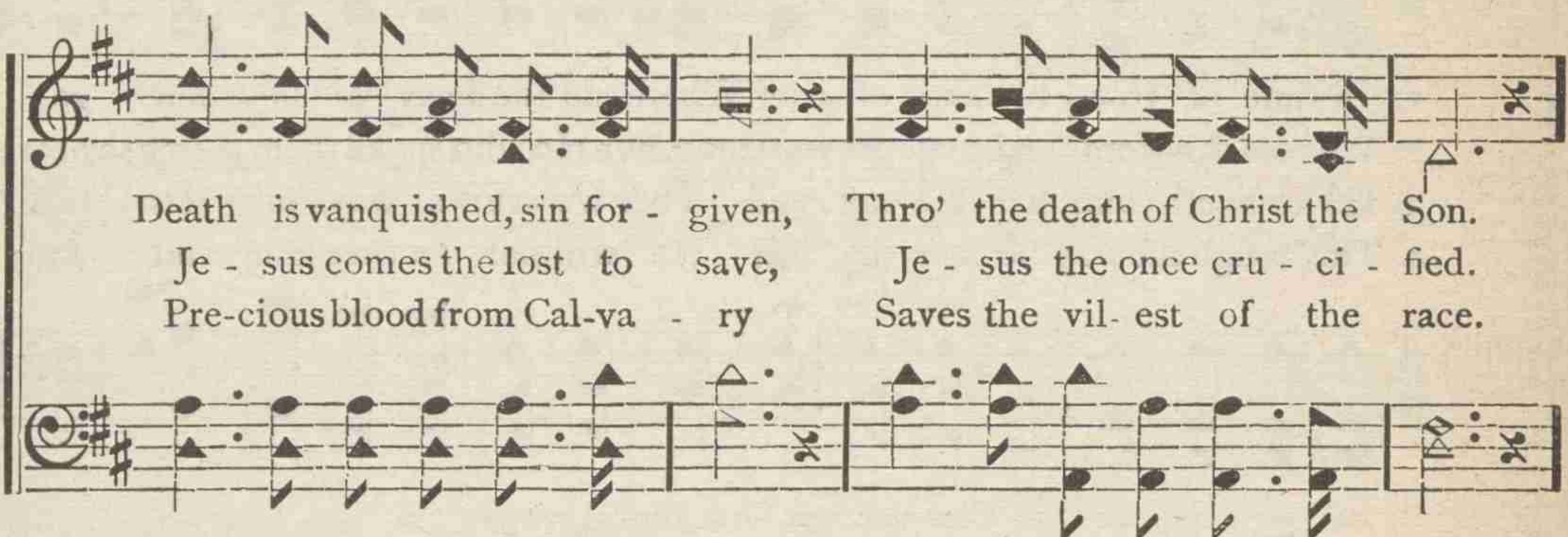
"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."—John 1: 17.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. Send the news a-long the line, Love's re-deeming work is done,
 2. Send the news a-long the line, Spread the tidings far and wide,
 3. Send the news a-long the line, Glad-some news of heav'n-ly grace,

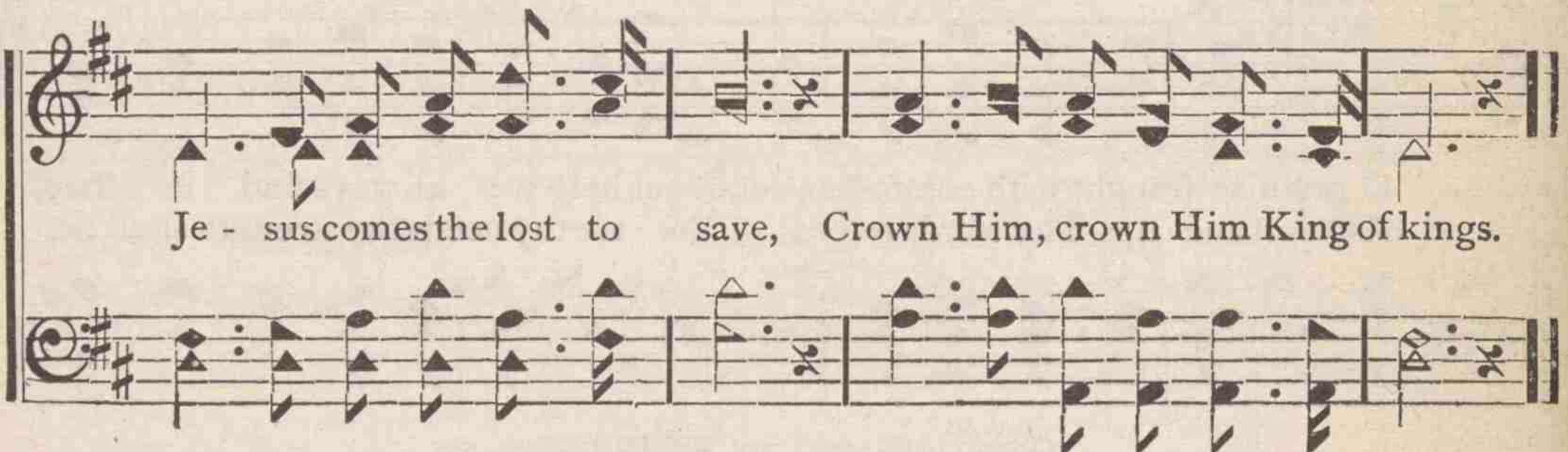


Death is vanquished, sin for-given, Thro' the death of Christ the Son.
 Je-sus comes the lost to save, Je-sus the once cru-ci-fied.
 Pre-cious blood from Cal-va-ry Saves the vil-est of the race.

CHORUS.



Send the news, send the news, Send the news that Cal-v'ry brings,



Je-sus comes the lost to save, Crown Him, crown Him King of kings.

By permission.

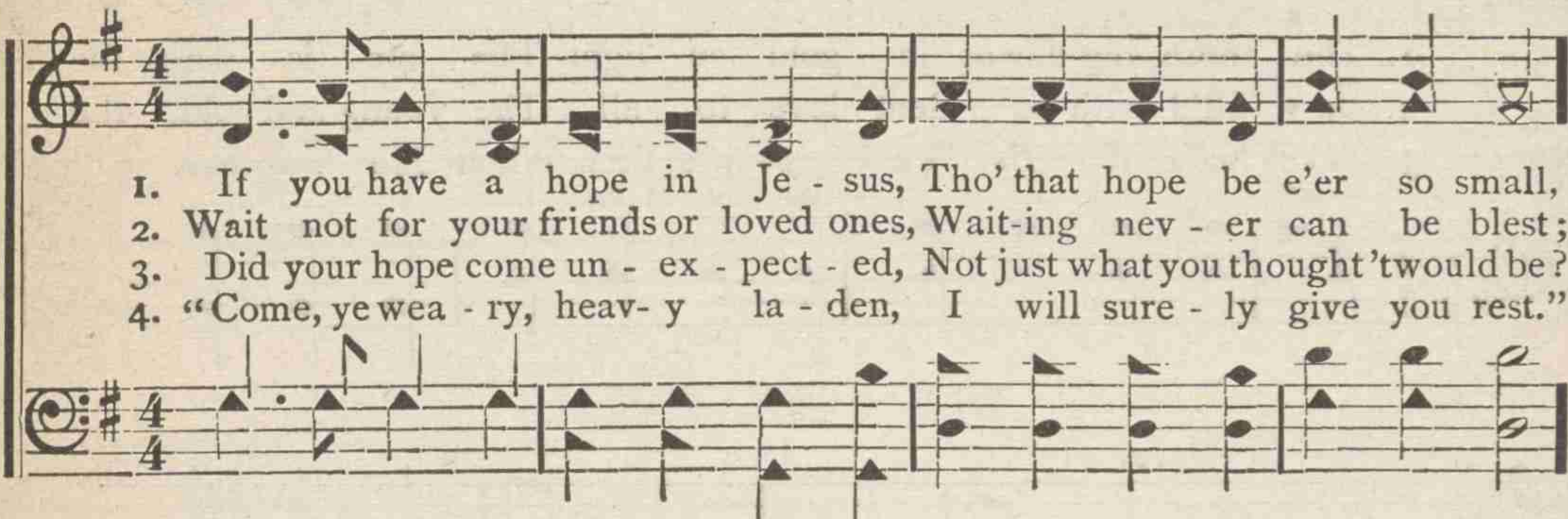
A HOPE IN JESUS.

89

In the meeting at Leavenworth, Kansas, Mrs. Bethel, who is a wife, and the mother of several children, made a public confession of a hope in Christ she had concealed since she was fourteen years old, because it was not as she thought it would be. After her marriage she waited for her husband to lead the way, but he became very sceptical. Her husband was converted the next day.—W. E. P.

Mrs. L. R. BETHEL.

Rev. W. E. PENN.



1. If you have a hope in Je - sus, Tho' that hope be e'er so small,
 2. Wait not for your friends or loved ones, Wait-ing nev - er can be blest;
 3. Did your hope come un - ex - pect - ed, Not just what you thought 'twould be?
 4. "Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, I will sure - ly give you rest."



Years, perhaps, you have con - cealed it, Heed - ing not the Saviour's call.
 Cast on Je - sus all your bur - dens, Trust Him free - ly for the rest.
 Be not by your doubts af - fright - ed; Je - sus says "Come un - to me."
 Think not then your load will light - en While you will not Him con - fess.

CHORUS.



Oh, to have a hope in Je - sus! 'Tis more pre-cious far than gold;



Come, proclaim it for His glo - ry, To the world this pearl un - fold.

THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

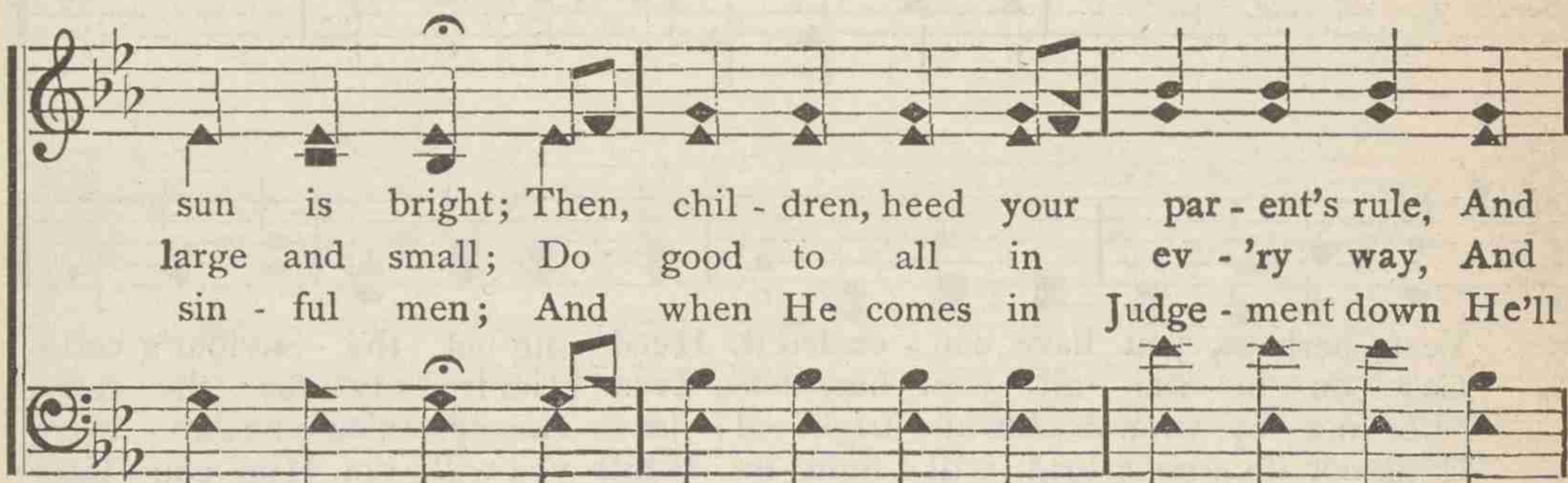
WM. HAUSER, M.D.

[INFANT CLASS.]

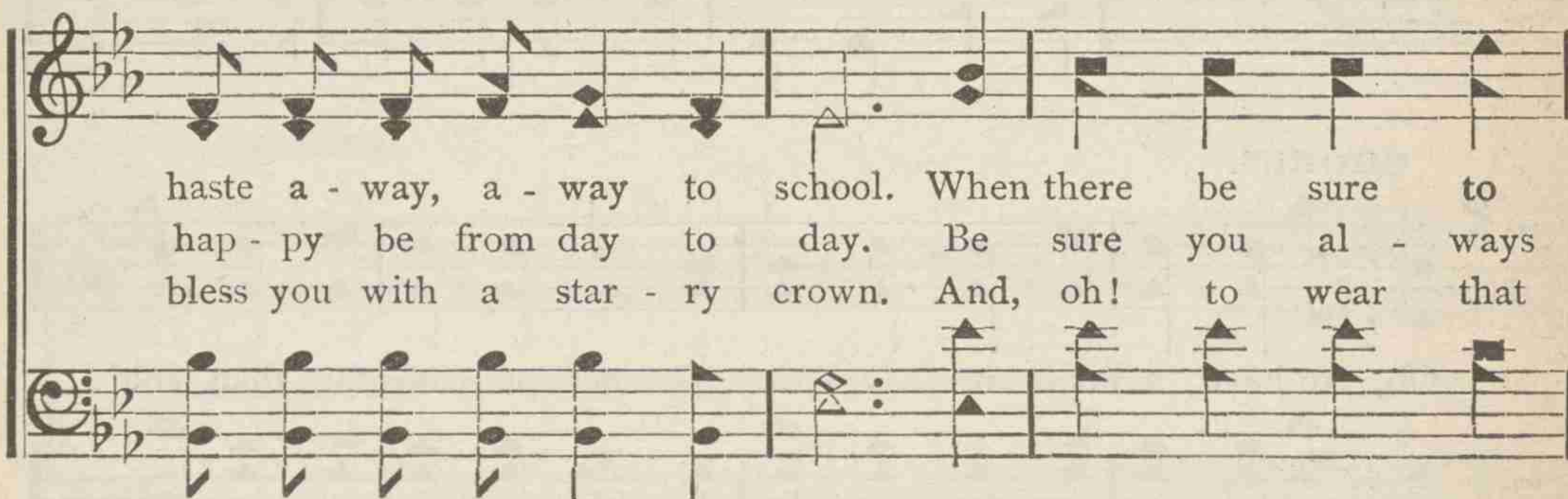
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. The morn-ing dawns in gold - en light, The air is pure, the
 2. Be fill'd with ar - dent love to all, The young and old, the
 3. Take heed to His ex - am - ple then, When He was here with



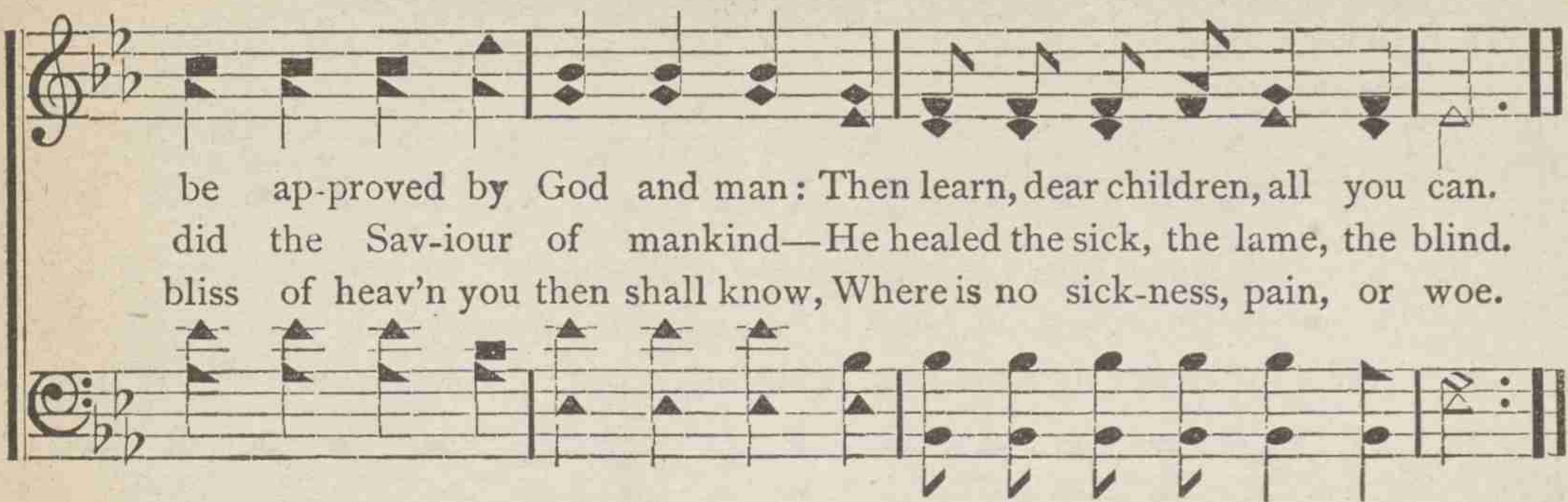
sun is bright; Then, chil - dren, heed your par - ent's rule, And
 large and small; Do good to all in ev - 'ry way, And
 sin - ful men; And when He comes in Judge - ment down He'll



haste a - way, a - way to school. When there be sure to
 hap - py be from day to day. Be sure you al - ways
 bless you with a star - ry crown. And, oh! to wear that



stud - y well, 'Twill make your heart with pleas - ure swell, To
 speak the truth; Be kind to those whose hearts are ruth, So
 star - ry crown, And with the ho - ly ones sit down! The



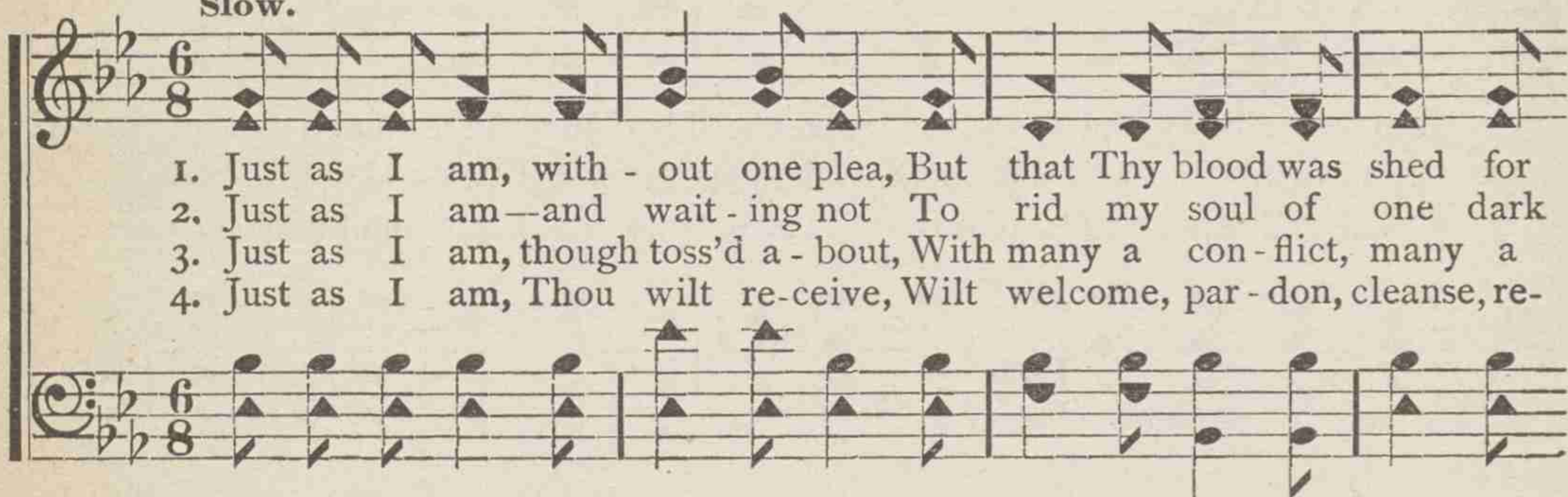
be ap-proved by God and man: Then learn, dear children, all you can.
 did the Sav-iour of mankind—He healed the sick, the lame, the blind.
 bliss of heav'n you then shall know, Where is no sick-ness, pain, or woe.

JUST AS I AM.

Miss CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

H. N. LINCOLN.

Slow.



1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for
 2. Just as I am—and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark
 3. Just as I am, though toss'd a - bout, With many a con - flict, many a
 4. Just as I am, Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt welcome, par - don, cleanse, re-



Fine.
 me, And that Thou bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come!
 blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!
 doubt, Fightings and fears with - in, with - out, O Lamb of God, I come!
 - lieve! Be-cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come!

D. S.—Save me at Thy mer - cy - seat, Oh, take me as I am.

REFRAIN.

D. S.



Take me as I am, Take me as I am,
 Take me, take me just as I am, Take me, take me just as I am,

JOY IN HEAVEN.

Luke 15: 7.

E. E. REXFORD.

W. E. PENN.

Moderato.


1. There is glad-ness up in heav-en When a sin-ner comes to Christ,
 2. There is glad-ness in the bo-som Of the Sav-iour as He hears
 3. Set the songs of heav-en ring-ing Wand'ers far from love and home;




And the bless-ed news is giv-en, That the spilt blood has suf-ficed;
 Sin-sick, heart-sick sin-ners call-ing; It is mu-sic in His ears.
 Come, the door of heav'n is o-pen, Why in sin and dan-ger roam?




Glad and sweet the tri-umph anthem Of the an-gels by the throne:
 Child, He whis-pers, art thou wea-ry Of trans-gres-sion and of sin?
 Hear the Fa-ther, call-ing, pleading, Child, I love thee, roam no more,




"Lo, an-oth-er soul for-giv-en, Lord, the praise is Thine a-lone!"
 Come, the love so long re-ject-ed, Spreads its arms to take thee in!
 All thy sins shall be for-got-ten, Par-don waits thee at the door!

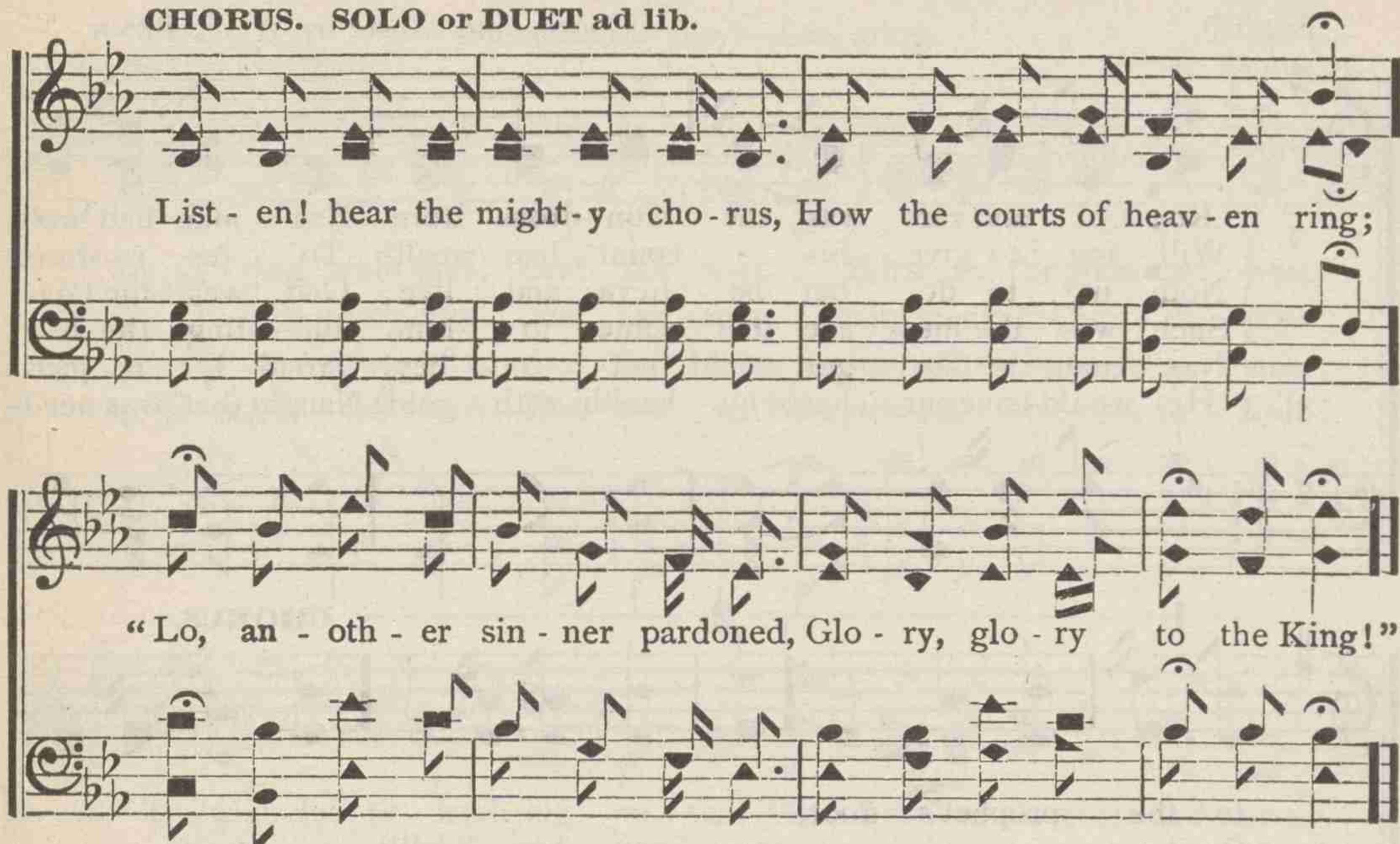


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JOY IN HEAVEN. Concluded.

93

CHORUS. SOLO or DUET ad lib.

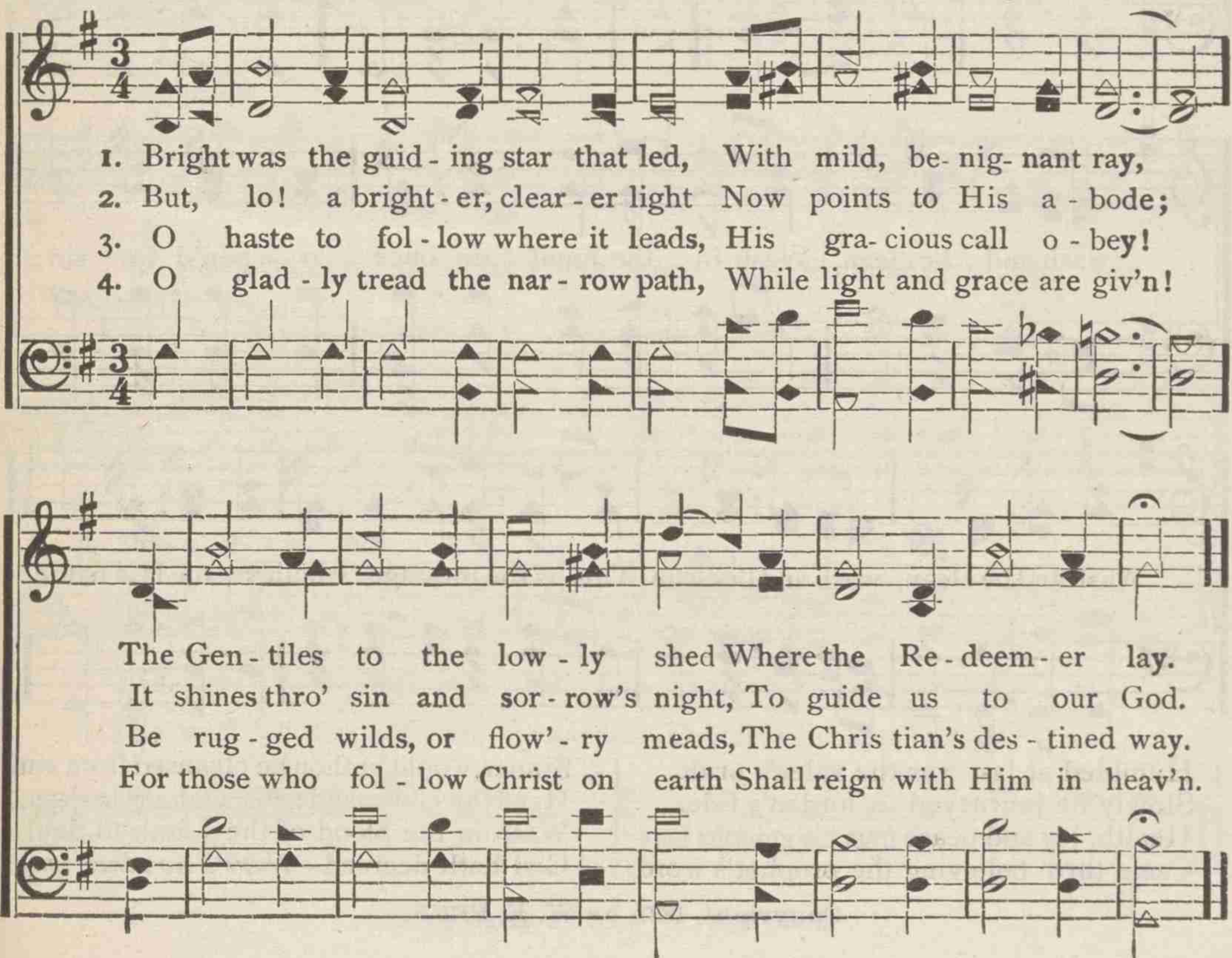


List - en! hear the might-y cho-rus, How the courts of heav-en ring;

"Lo, an - oth - er sin - ner pardoned, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the King!"

Bright was the Guiding Star that Led.

F. J. HAYDN.



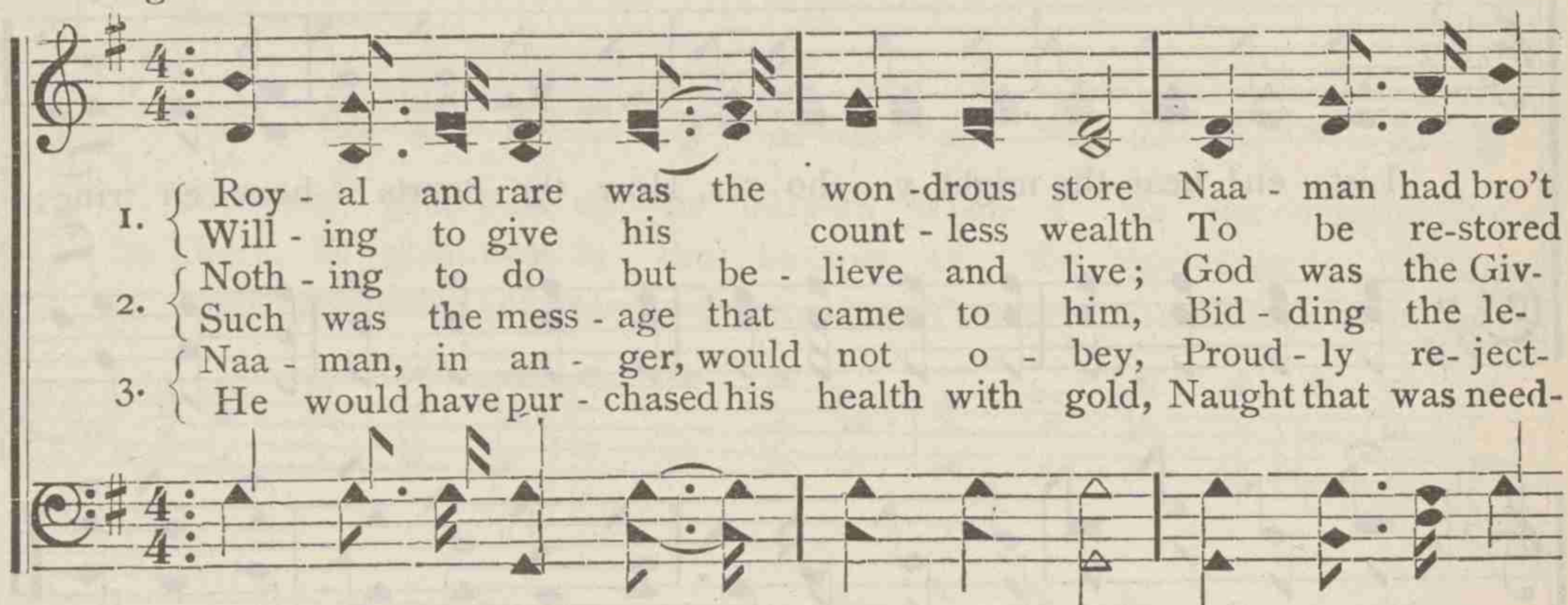
1. Bright was the guid - ing star that led, With mild, be-nig-nant ray,
 2. But, lo! a bright-er, clear-er light Now points to His a-bode;
 3. O haste to fol-low where it leads, His gra-cious call o-bey!
 4. O glad-ly tread the nar-row path, While light and grace are giv'n!

The Gen-tiles to the low-ly shed Where the Re-deem-er lay.
 It shines thro' sin and sor-row's night, To guide us to our God.
 Be rug-ged wilds, or flow'-ry meads, The Chris-tian's des-tined way.
 For those who fol-low Christ on earth Shall reign with Him in heav'n.

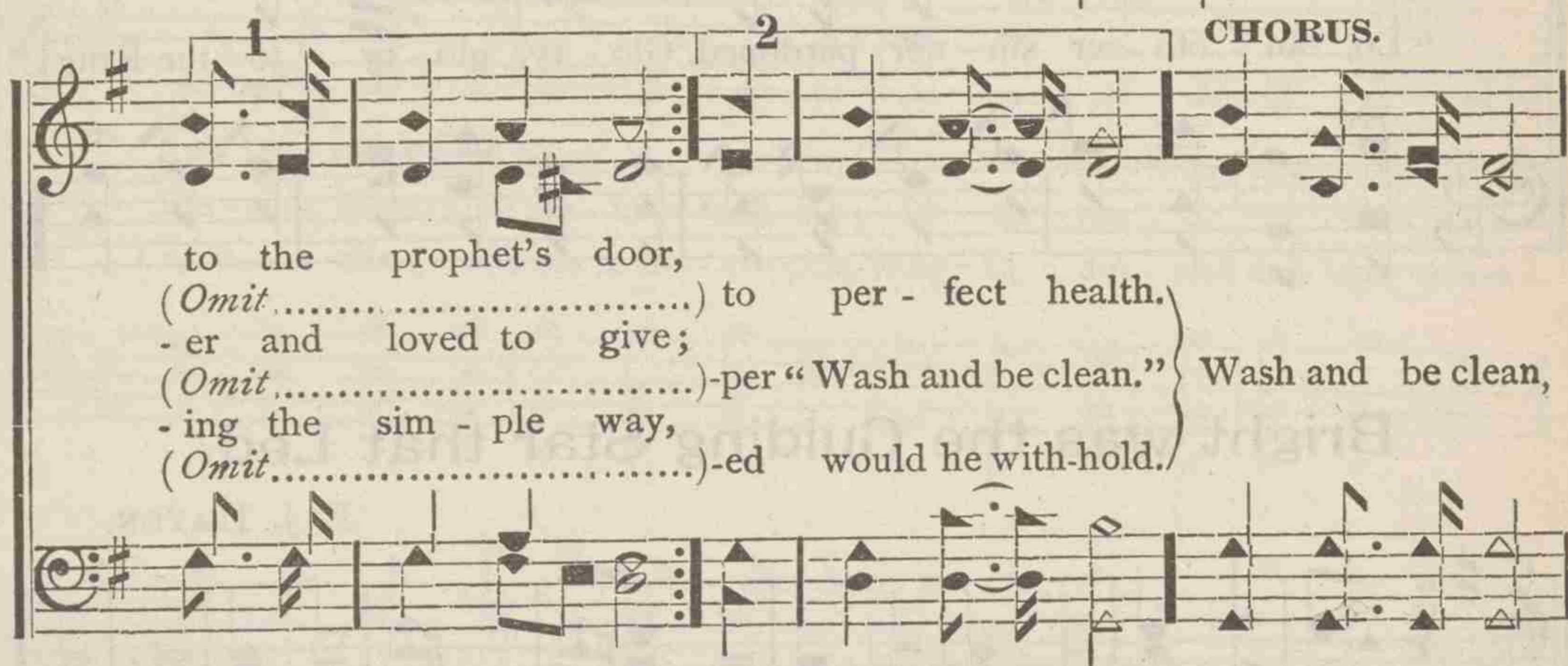
WASH AND BE CLEAN.

English.

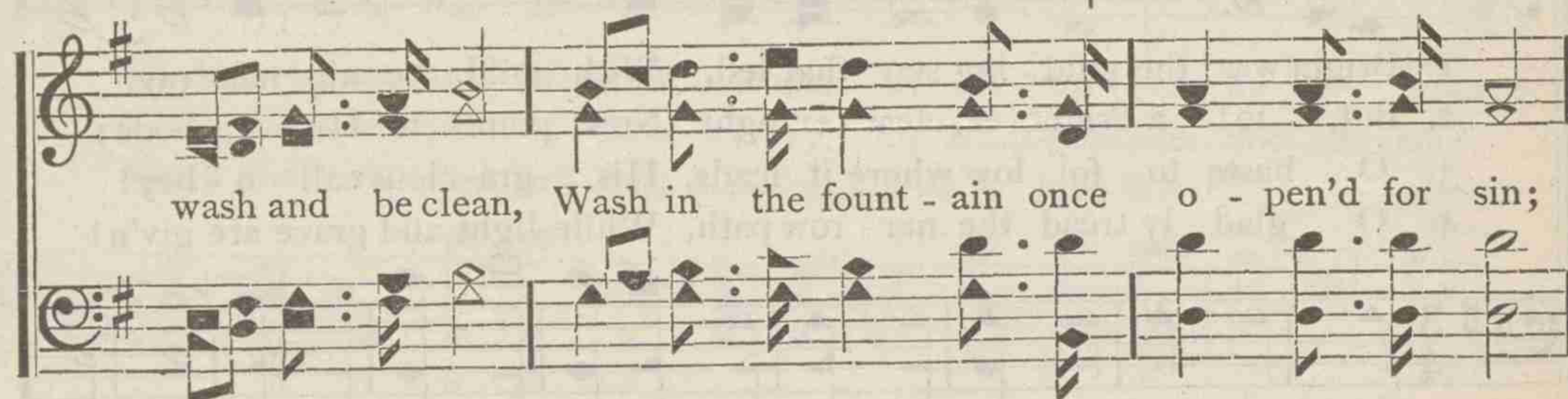
Chorus and Music by W. E. PENN.



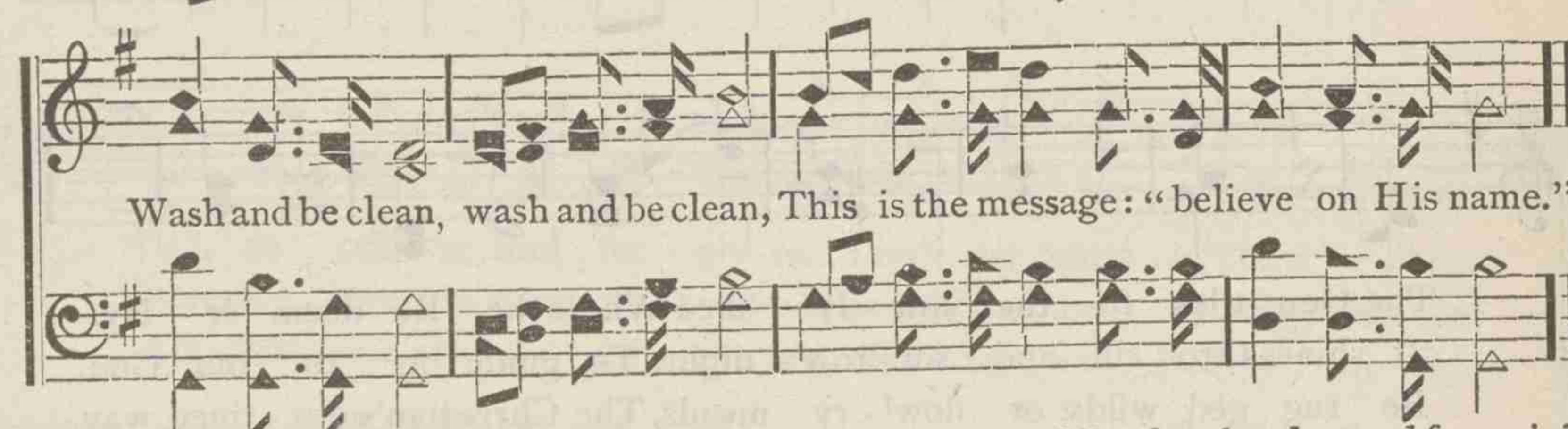
1. { Roy - al and rare was the won - drous store Naa - man had bro't
 Will - ing to give his count - less wealth To be re - stored
 2. { Noth - ing to do but be - lieve and live; God was the Giv -
 Such was the mess - age that came to him, Bid - ding the le -
 3. { Naa - man, in an - ger, would not o - bey, Proud - ly re - ject -
 He would have pur - chased his health with gold, Naught that was need -



1 2 CHORUS.
 to the prophet's door,
 (Omit) to per - fect health.
 - er and loved to give;
 (Omit) - per "Wash and be clean." Wash and be clean,
 - ing the sim - ple way,
 (Omit) - ed would he with - hold.



wash and be clean, Wash in the fount - ain once o - pen'd for sin;



Wash and be clean, wash and be clean, This is the message: "believe on His name."

4 Humbled at last was the ruler's pride,
 Slowly he journeyed to Jordan's tide,
 Health, joy and peace from his gracious Lord
 Came thro' believing the prophet's word.

5 Sinner, would'st thou be cleansed from sin?
 Heed the command: "Go, wash and be clean."
 Wash in the blood of the Lamb to - day,
 God hath decreed—*there's no other way.*

OPEN MINE EYES.

95

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"God opened her eyes."—Gen. 21: 19.

W. E. PENN.



1. O - pen mine eyes, dear Sav - iour, I thirst in the noon-tide heat,
 2. O - pen mine eyes, dear Sav - iour, I faint 'neath the burn-ing sky,
 3. O - pen mine eyes, dear Sav - iour, I know that the well is near;
 4. Whence is the voice that call - eth? And what do mine eyes be - hold?



I pine for re - fresh-ing wa - ters That mur-mur so cool and sweet.
 And here, in a lone - ly des - ert, For wa - ter in vain I cry.
 But O that my strength were stronger, Its mission more bright and clear.
 O Sav-iour, my pray'r is answered, 'Tis answered a hun-dred fold.

CHORUS.



O - pen mine eyes, dear Sav - iour, now, O - pen mine eyes to see
Chorus for last verse.
 Praise to Thy name, dear Sav - iour mine, Joy - ful - ly now I see



The well of Thy full sal - va - tion That sparkles and flows for me.
 The well of Thy full sal - va - tion That sparkles and flows for me.

MARCHING ONWARD TO ZION.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

Written for Harvest Bells, No. 1.

JOHN B. VAUGHAN.



1. We are march-ing home to Zi-on, A strong u-nit-ed band,
 2. With our ban-ners proud-ly float-ing, Bright ban-ner of the cross;
 3. We are march-ing home to Zi-on, Come join our ranks to-day;




Je-sus is our cho-rus lead-er For Him we take our stand.
 We shall gain at last the vic-t'ry, And nev-er suf-fer loss.
 Ev-'ry eve-ning brings me near-er, While Je-sus is the way.



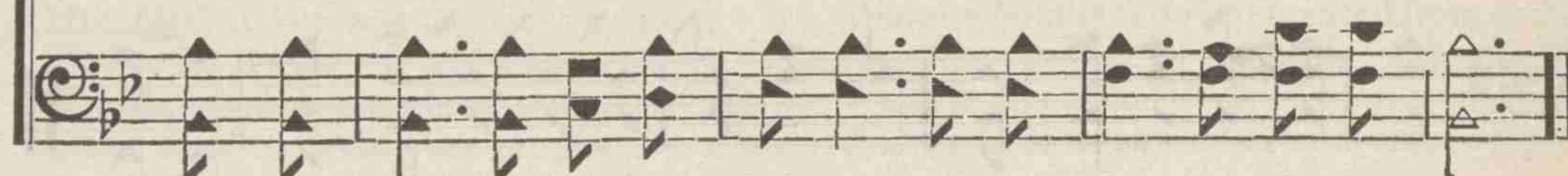
RUS.



March-ing on-ward then to Zi-on, Je-sus is our Bea-con Light;




For His truth and for His glo-ry, Is our song and chief de-light.



GOD IS LOVE.

97

J. BOWRING.

GEO. C. HUGG.



1. God is love; His mer - cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;
 2. Chance and change are bus - y ev - er; Man de-cays, and a - ges move;
 3. E'en the hour that dark - est seem-eth Will His changeless goodness prove;
 4. He with earth-ly cares en - twin-eth Hope and com-fort from a - bove;




Bliss He wakes, and woe He light-ens: God is wis-dom, God is love.
 But His mer - cy wan - eth nev er: God is wis-dom, God is love.
 From the gloom His brightness stream-eth: God is wis-dom, God is love.
 Ev - 'ry-where His glo - ry shin-eth: God is wis-dom, God is love.



CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah, God is love! Hal - le - lu - jah, God is love!




Bliss He wakes, and woe He light-ens: God is wis-dom, God is love.

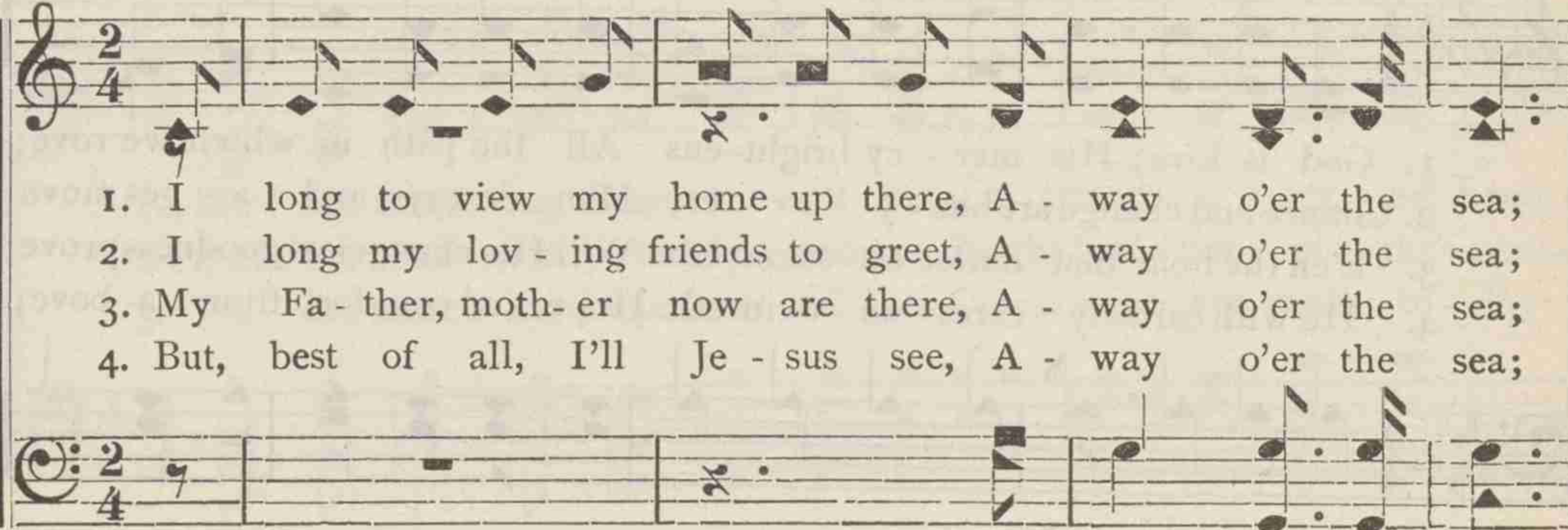


AWAY O'ER THE SEA.

Written for Harvest Bells, No. 1.

J. M.

JOHN MCPHERSON.



1. I long to view my home up there, A - way o'er the sea;
 2. I long my lov - ing friends to greet, A - way o'er the sea;
 3. My Fa - ther, moth - er now are there, A - way o'er the sea;
 4. But, best of all, I'll Je - sus see, A - way o'er the sea;

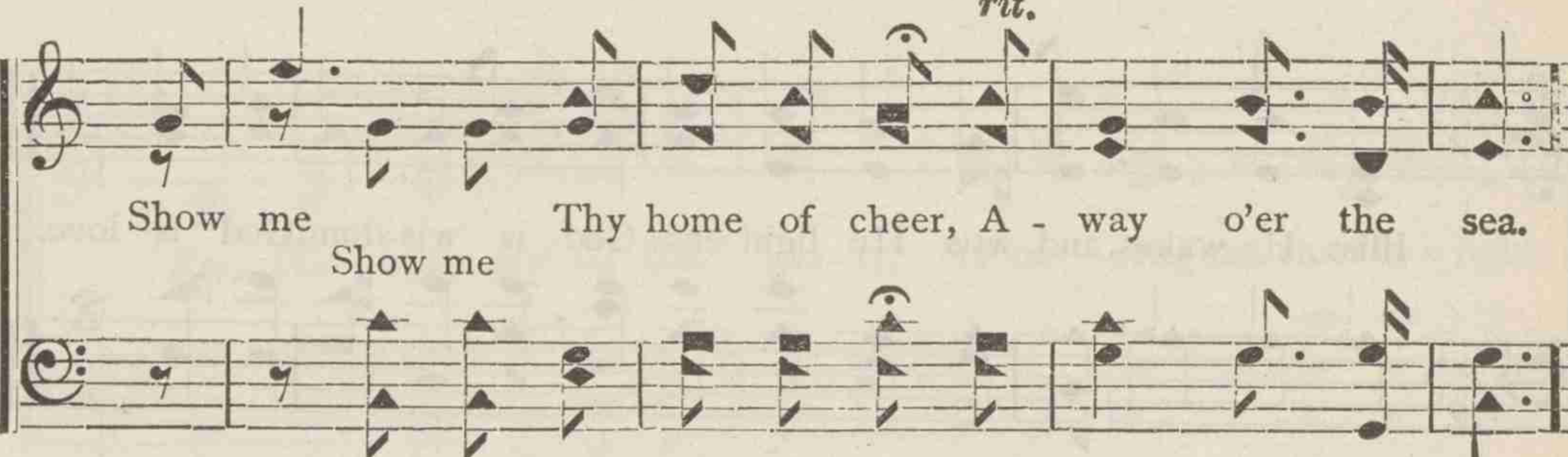


A man - sion built for me so fair, A - way o'er the sea.
 Their wel - com - ings will be so sweet, A - way o'er the sea.
 And sis - ters, broth - ers wait so fair, A - way o'er the sea.
 And ev - er - more will hap - py be, A - way o'er the sea.

CHORUS.



Oh come, my Saviour dear, I long Thy voice to hear,
 Oh come, oh come, I long, I long



Show me Thy home of cheer, A - way o'er the sea.
 Show me

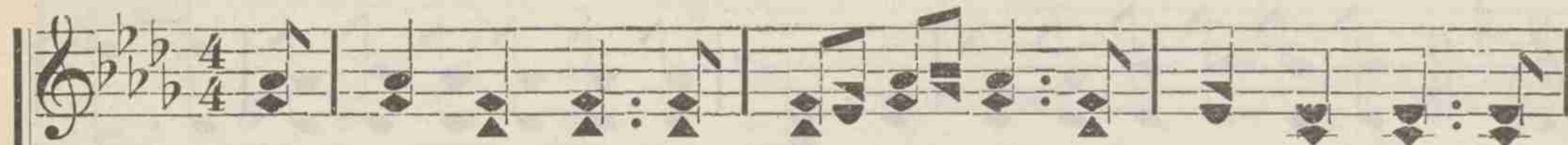
THEN I NEED THEE, LORD.

99

"Without me ye can do nothing."—John 15: 5.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR, by per.



1. When cherished joys have tak - en wing, And sor - row wounds me
2. When sin has robbed me of my peace, And bro't me in - to
3. When at the cross, in an - guish bent, An hum - ble, weep - ing
4. When strong temp - ta - tions come to me, To tear my trem - bling



with its sting, Then to Thy cross I fond - ly cling, For
sore dis - tress, And left me reft of hap - pi - ness, Oh!
pen - i - tent, My tears and all my ef - forts spent, Yes,
soul from Thee, Then to Thy cross for help I flee, For



CHORUS.



then I need Thee, Lord.
then I need Thee, Lord.
then I need Thee, Lord.
then I need Thee, Lord!

In all my hours of joy, In all my



hours of pain, In all my hours of need, Dear Lord, with me re - main.



5 When longs my soul for deeper rest,
To be with all Thy fulness blest,
I lean me, then, upon Thy breast,
For then I need Thee, Lord.

6 I need Thee, precious Lord, just now,
As at the mercy-seat I bow,
And offer up my solemn vow;
Just now I need Thee, Lord.

FRANCIS A. SIMKINS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Dark are the wa-ters be - fore me, Loud is the voice of the gale;
 2. On-ward I move o'er the wa - ters, Lurid the lightning's fierce glare;
 3. Per - il is in the dark wa - ters, — Safe-ty be-yond the deep wave;
 4. Ah, when the voyage is o - ver, There, on that beau-ti - ful shore,

Storm-cloud and tempest are o'er me, — Boatman! O list to my hail:
 An-gry the sur ges be - neath me, — Boatman! lo, dan-ger is there.
 Fa ther! O let me not per - ish, Thou who art mighty to save.
 Safe-ly be-yond the dark wa - ters, Joy shall be mine ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Car - ry me o - ver the tide, Dark are the wa-ters and deep and wide;
 Carry me, car-ry me

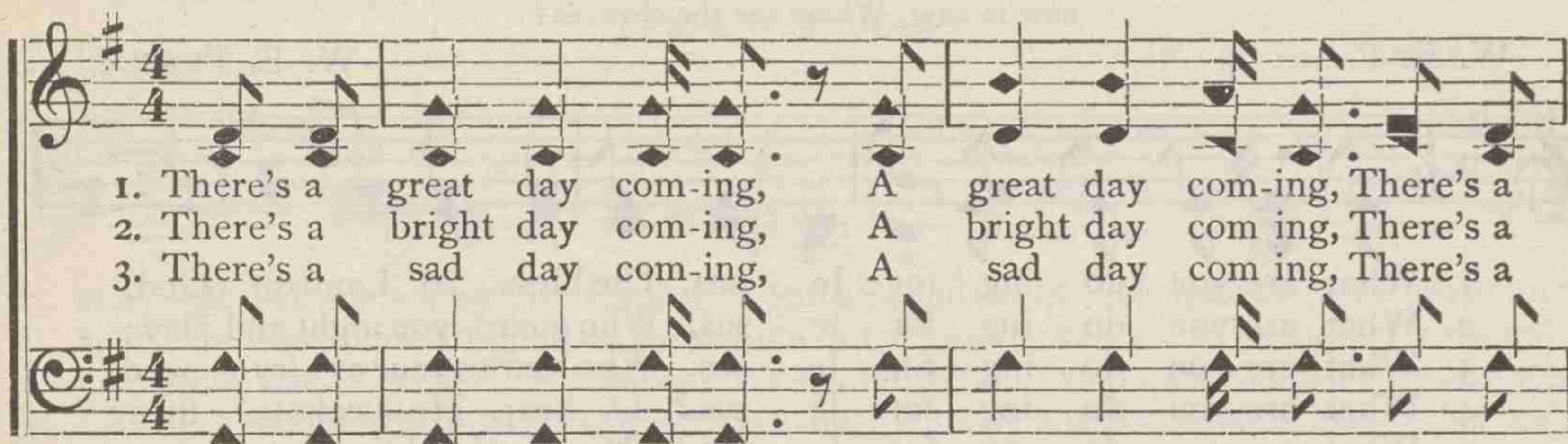
Yon - der, just o - ver the sea, My mansion is waiting for me.....
 Yonder, yes, yonder is waiting for me.

THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

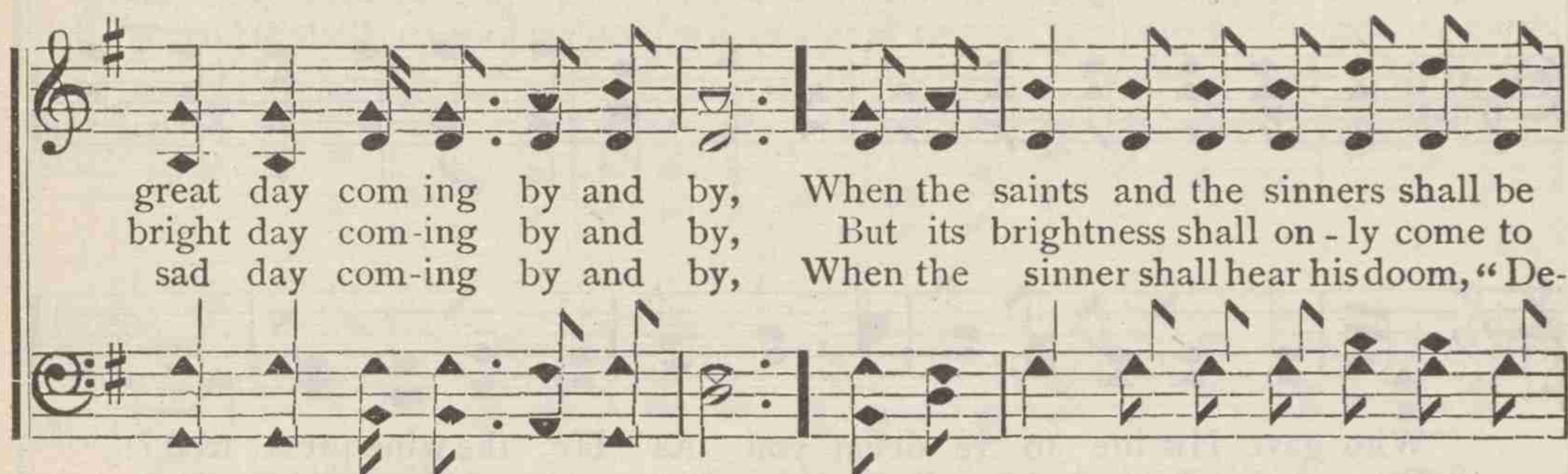
101

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.



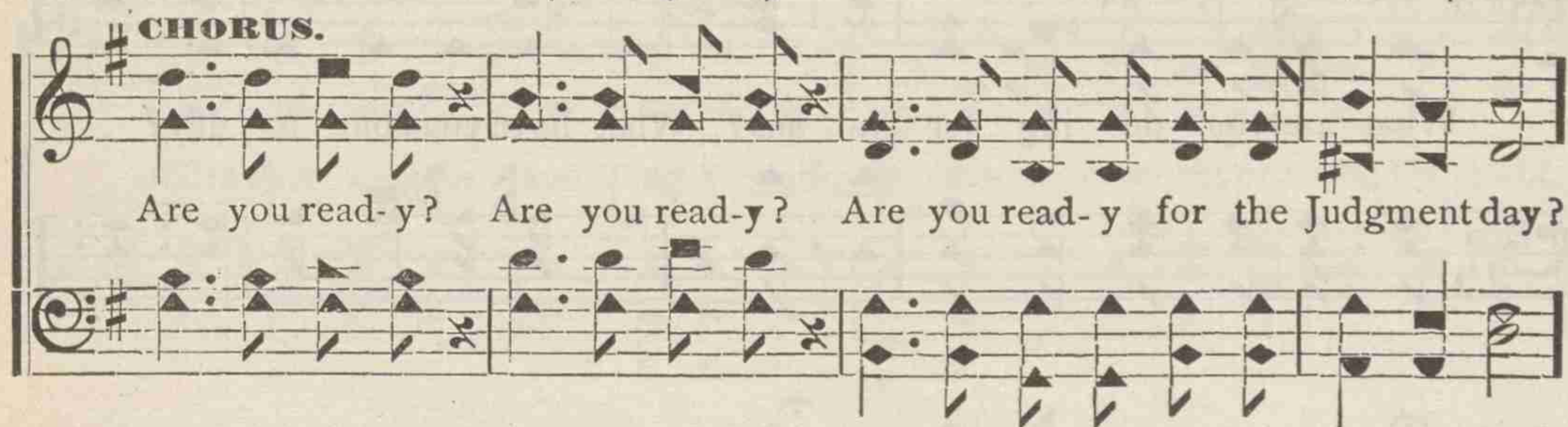
1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com ing, There's a
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com ing, There's a



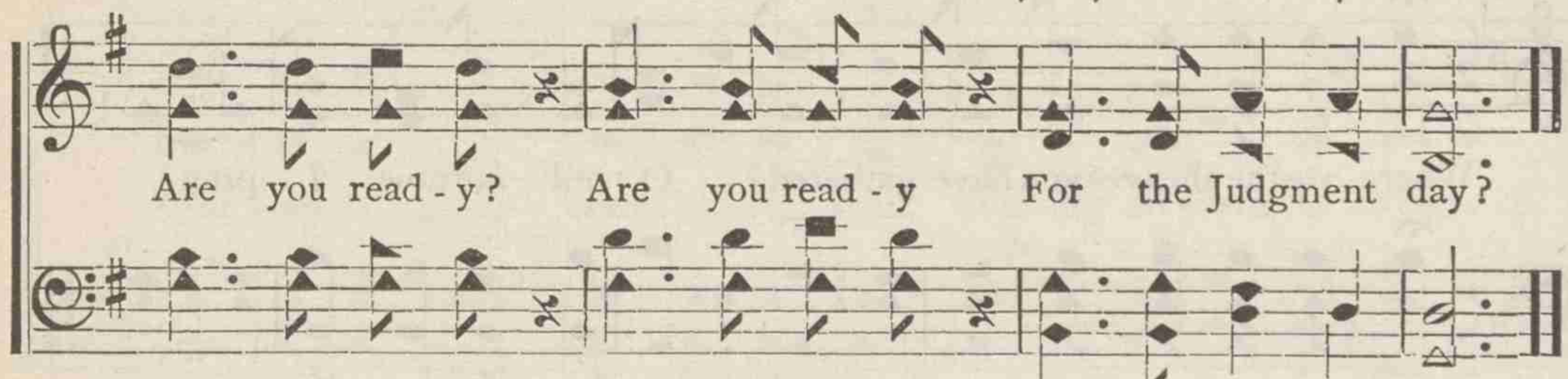
great day com ing by and by, When the saints and the sinners shall be
 bright day com-ing by and by, But its brightness shall on - ly come to
 sad day com-ing by and by, When the sinner shall hear his doom, "De-



part - ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 those who love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 - part, I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?



CHORUS.
 Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the Judgment day?



Are you read - y? Are you read - y For the Judgment day?

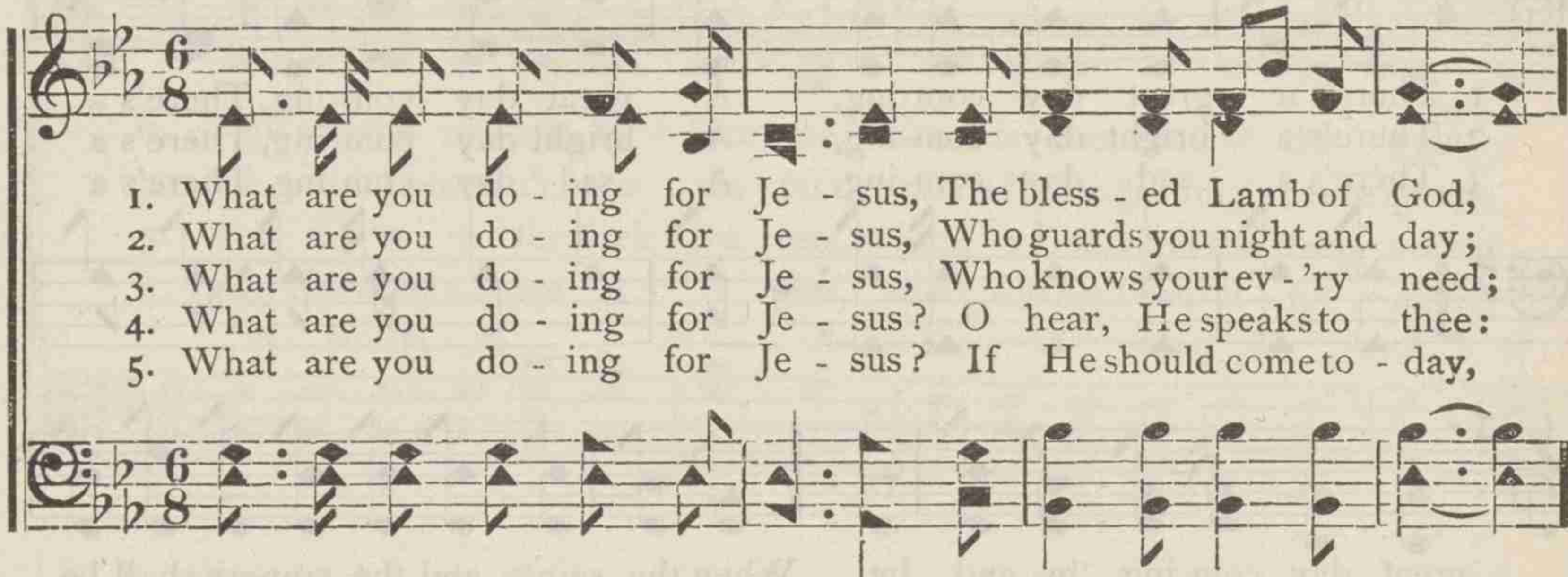
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WHERE ARE THE SHEAVES?

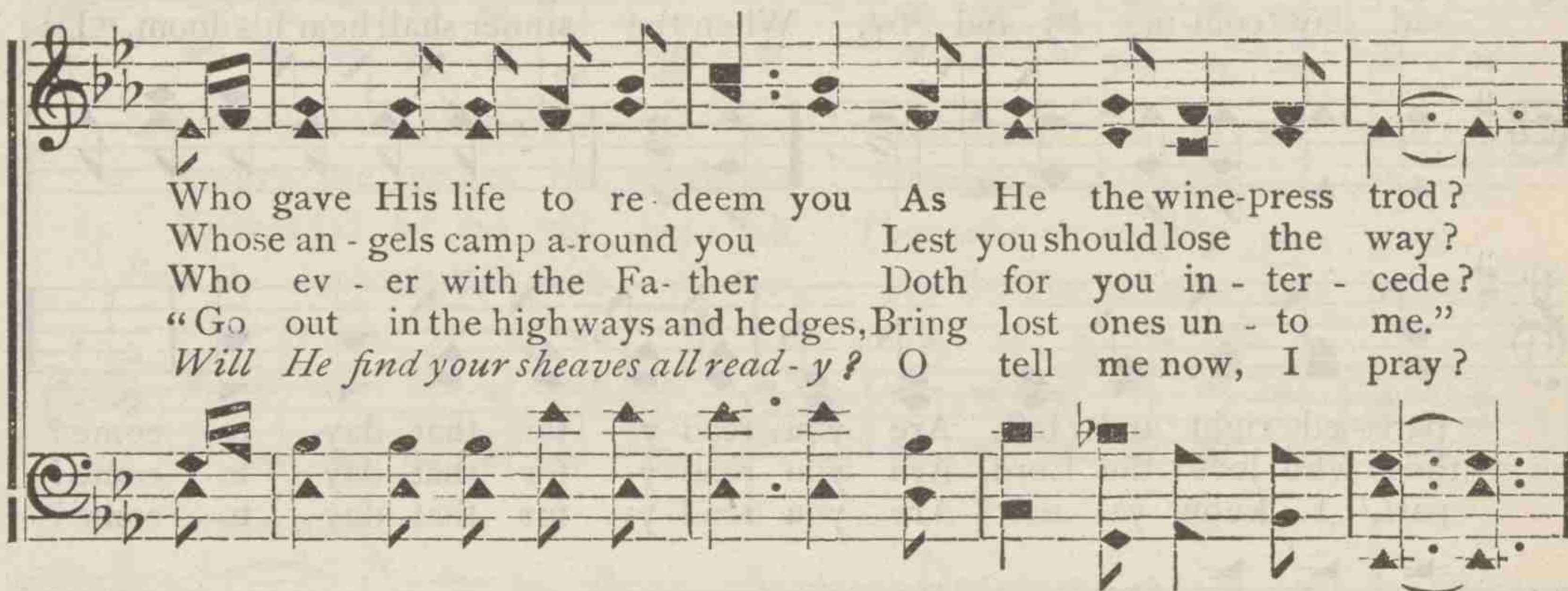
For several years the Christian world has been singing, Where are the reapers? Would it not be well now to sing, Where are the sheaves?

W. E. P.

W. E. PENN.

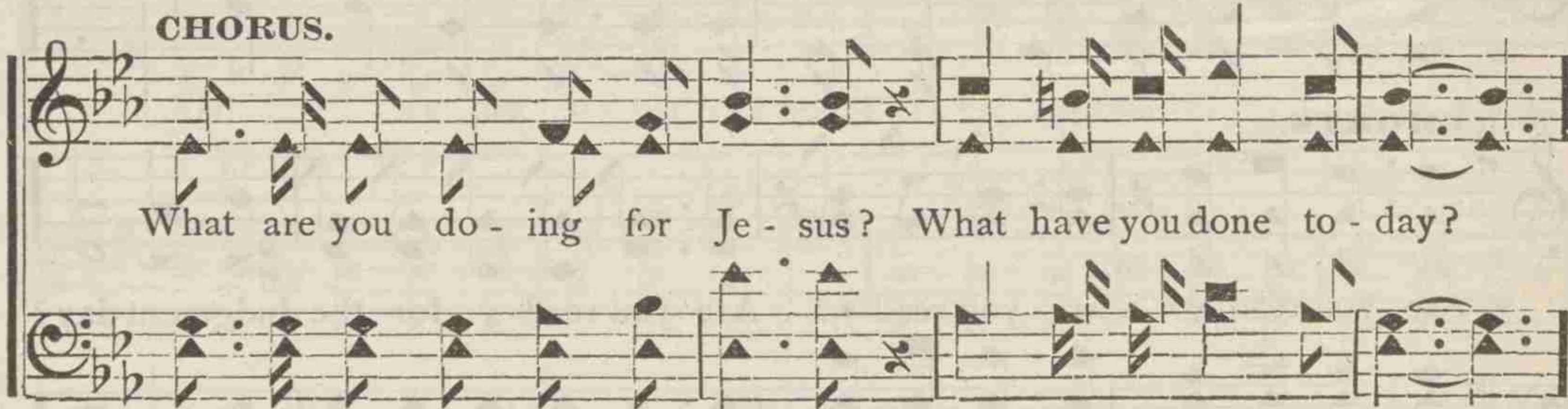


1. What are you do - ing for Je - sus, The bless - ed Lamb of God,
 2. What are you do - ing for Je - sus, Who guards you night and day;
 3. What are you do - ing for Je - sus, Who knows your ev - 'ry need;
 4. What are you do - ing for Je - sus? O hear, He speaks to thee:
 5. What are you do - ing for Je - sus? If He should come to - day,

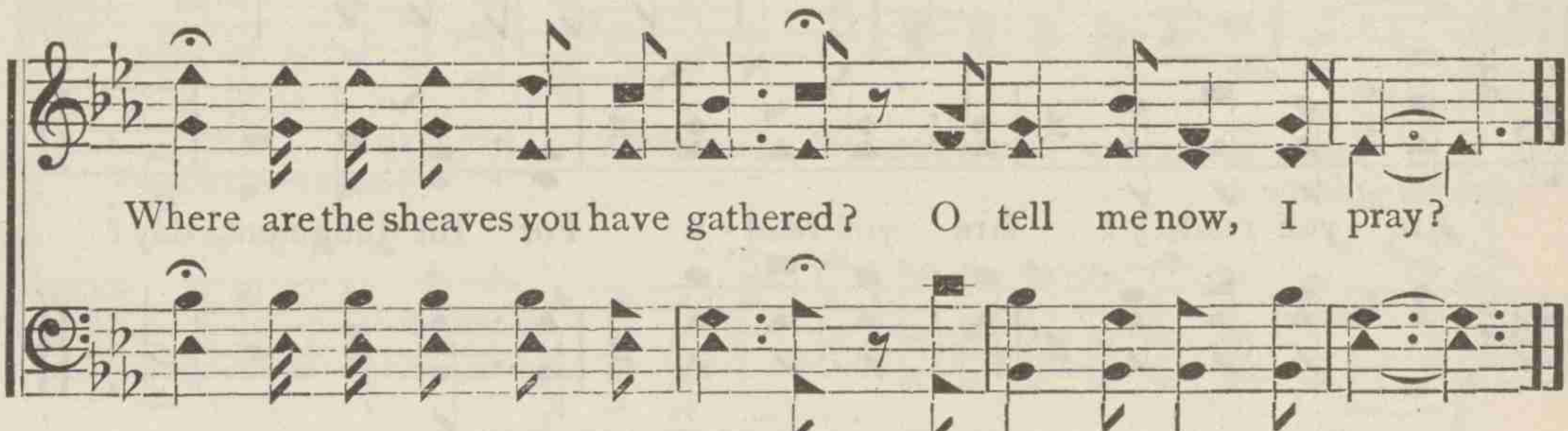


Who gave His life to re - deem you As He the wine-press trod?
 Whose an - gels camp a-round you Lest you should lose the way?
 Who ev - er with the Fa - ther Doth for you in - ter - cede?
 "Go out in the highways and hedges, Bring lost ones un - to me."
Will He find your sheaves all read - y? O tell me now, I pray?

CHORUS.



What are you do - ing for Je - sus? What have you done to - day?



Where are the sheaves you have gathered? O tell me now, I pray?

COMING AGAIN.

103

"I will come again, and receive you unto myself."—John 19: 3.

To Mrs. W. E. PENN.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.



1. Je-sus, my Saviour, is coming a-gain, Sound out the tidings o'er earth and main;
2. Je-sus is com-ing, oh, wonder-ful word, Sweeter than a - ny on earth I've heard,
3. Oh, can it be He is coming ere long, He whom I'm trusting with faith so strong,
4. Why should the tidings bring gladness to me? Sure-ly mine eyes shall His beauty see;
5. Thought of His coming my soul doth e-late, As in the gloaming I watch and wait,
6. When He shall come all my grief will be o'er; Friends I shall meet to for-get no more,



Com-ing to gath-er His peo-ple and reign, Coming to earth a - gain.
 He whom my soul o - ver all hath preferr'd, Coming to earth a - gain.
 He who a-lone is the theme of my song, Coming to earth a - gain?
 And in His presence I ev - er shall be, When He shall come a - gain.
 Long-ing each day for the glo - ri - fied state; When He shall come a - gain.
 Whom death removed in the dark days of yore, Till He shall come a - gain.



CHORUS.



Com-ing a - gain, com-ing a - gain, Je-sus is com-ing, pro-long the strain;



Com-ing a - gain, com-ing a - gain, Com-ing on earth to reign.



THE HEAVENLY MEETING.

JOHN MCPHERSON.

Chorus Music and last two verses by W. E. PENN.

Not too fast.


1. How sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land To
 2. If our tri - als be great, the sweet-er we'll rest In the
 3. I long to be there all those glo - ries to share With



meet one an - oth - er a - gain, And sing and re - joice on that
 arms of our Sav - iour's love, As His glo - ries and tri - umphs
 Je - sus, my Sav - iour and King, In that land of de - light, so

D. S.—Where, freed from all troubles, the



Fine. **CHORUS.**

glo - ry - lit strand, When free from all sor - row and pain.
 shall be confessed In that won - der - ful home a - bove. } O that beautiful
 love - ly and fair, The glad hal - le - lu - jahs to sing.

wea - ry shall rest, Where saints of all a - ges we'll greet.



D.S.

land, the home of the blest, Where Je - sus, our Sav - iour, we'll meet;

BLISS IN TRUSTING.

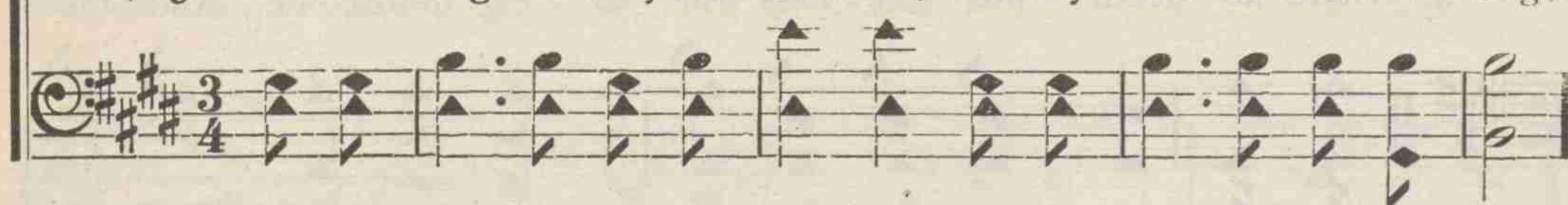
105

J. McP.

JOHN MCPHERSON.



1. There is bliss in sim-ply trust - ing In a Sav-iour's dy-ing love;
 2. Tho' the waves leaped high a-round me, And my soul seem'd lost in sin,
 3. All a - long the way He leads me, And my life is like a song;




He a - lone can ran-som, save me For my shining home a - bove.
 Then it was that Je - sus found me, And so kind-ly took me in.
 On the sweet - est past-ure feeds me, Chides me when I would do wrong.



CHORUS.



Pre-cious Sav-iour, mine for - ev - er! Ev - er be Thou near my side,




And when I shall cross death's riv - er, Guide me safe-ly o'er its tide.



106 Will the Gates of Heaven be Open to Me?

E. R. LATTA.

C. E. LESLIE.



1. When my work is fin - ish'd I'm try - ing to do For my
 2. When my toil - some jour - ney is end - ed be - low, And my
 3. When the tears of sor - row, so com - mon to all, And each
 4. Where no death nor sick - ness can ev - er - more come, And the




dear Re-deem-er, tho' hum-ble I be, Will the gold - en cit - y a -
 feet, so wea - ry, for - ev - er are free, Will the walls of jas - per ef -
 scene of troub - le com - plet - ed shall be, Will the voice of Je - sus in
 loved, if ho - ly, each oth - er shall see, Will I there be welcomed, no




- rise to my view? Will the gates of heav-en be o - pen to me?
 - ful - gent - ly glow? Will the gates of heav-en be o - pen to me?
 ten - der - ness call? Will the gates of heav-en be o - pen to me?
 lon - ger to roam? Will the gates of heav-en be o - pen to me?



CHORUS.



O - pen to me, o - pen to me, Will the gates of heav-en be



Will the Gates of Heaven, etc. Concluded. 107

o - pen to me, Will the gold - en cit - y a -

- rise to my view, Will the gates of heav-en be o - pen to me?

NIGHT.

THOMAS PARKS, 1797.

F. L. ARMSTRONG.

- 1 Hear my prayer, O | Heavenly | Father, || Ere I lay me | down to | sleep: ||
Bid Thine angels, | pure and | holy, || Round my bed their | vigil | keep. ||
- 2 Great my sins are, | but Thy | mercy || Far outweighs them | every | one; ||
Down before Thy cross | I cast | them, || Trusting in Thy | help a- | lone. ||
- 3 Keep me, through this | night of | peril. || Underneath its | boundless | shade; ||
Take me to Thy rest, I | pray — | Thee, || When my pilgrim- | age is | made! ||
- 4 Pardon all my past | transgres- | sions; || Give me strength for | days to | come; ||
Guide and guard me | with Thy | blessing, || Till Thine angels | bid me | home. ||

STAND BY THE RIGHT.

A. S. DOUGHTY.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.



1. Stand by the right, in bat - tle ar - rayed, 'Gainst the
 2. Stand by the right, for Christ leads the way, Ev - er
 3. Stand by the right, and if we shall fall, Then our

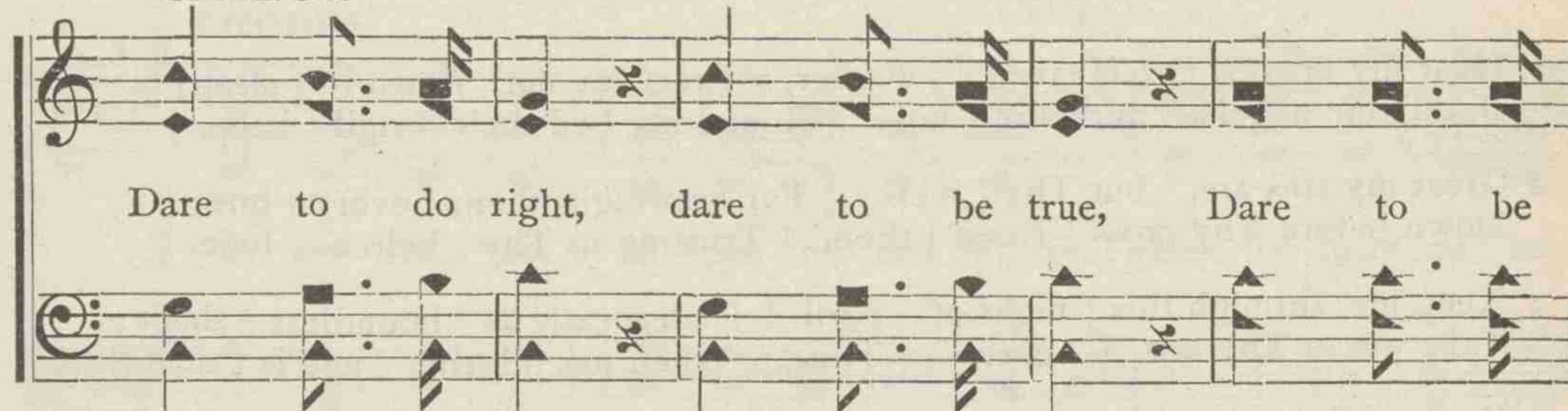


a - lien ar - my of sin; Gird - ed with truth, let
 keep His ban - ner un - furled; Faith be your shield, and
 glo - ry will be re - nown; Each shall ap - pear, at



none be dis-mayed, For right shall the con - test win.
 fear not the day, For right shall sub - due the world.
 trum - pet's first call, A - dorned with a mar - tyr's crown.

CHORUS.



Dare to do right, dare to be true, Dare to be

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 From "Exalted Praise," by per.

STAND BY THE RIGHT. Concluded. 109

val - iant the con - flict through, Then when we

lay our ar - mor down, Each will re - ceive the

vic - tor's crown, Then when we lay our ar - mor

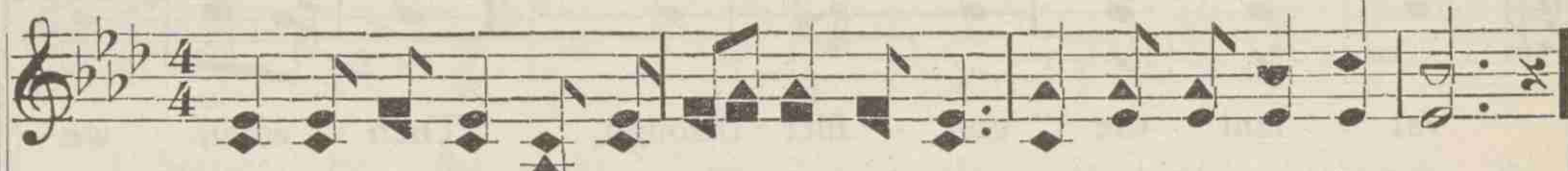
down, Each will re - ceive the vic - tor's crown.

110 ARE YOU WAITING AND WATCHING?

To F. A. BLACKMER, author of Numberless Host, Grand Review, etc.

W. E. PENN.

W. E. PENN.



1. Should Je- sus come in the ear - ly morning, Or should He come at night?
2. Should Je- sus come with His ho - ly an- gels, With shoutings in the air?
3. When Je- sus comes will He find us faith-ful, With garments pure and white,
4. Yes, I am wait- ing and ev - er watching, Hoping to see Him come,



Say, will He find us wait- ing and watching With lamps all burning bright?
O who will then be waiting and watching, Who will His glo-ries share?
 With precious sheaves all garner'd and read- y, To hail Him with delight?
 That I may see Him in all His glo- ry, Gath'ring His jew-els home.



CHORUS.



O can you say you are read- y, broth-er, Read - y ei-ther day or night?



O will He find us waiting and watching, Ready for the glo-rious sight?



LAMENTATION.

111

(SENTENCE.)

W. E. PENN.

QUARTETTE or SOLO.

Oh, Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! How oft would I have

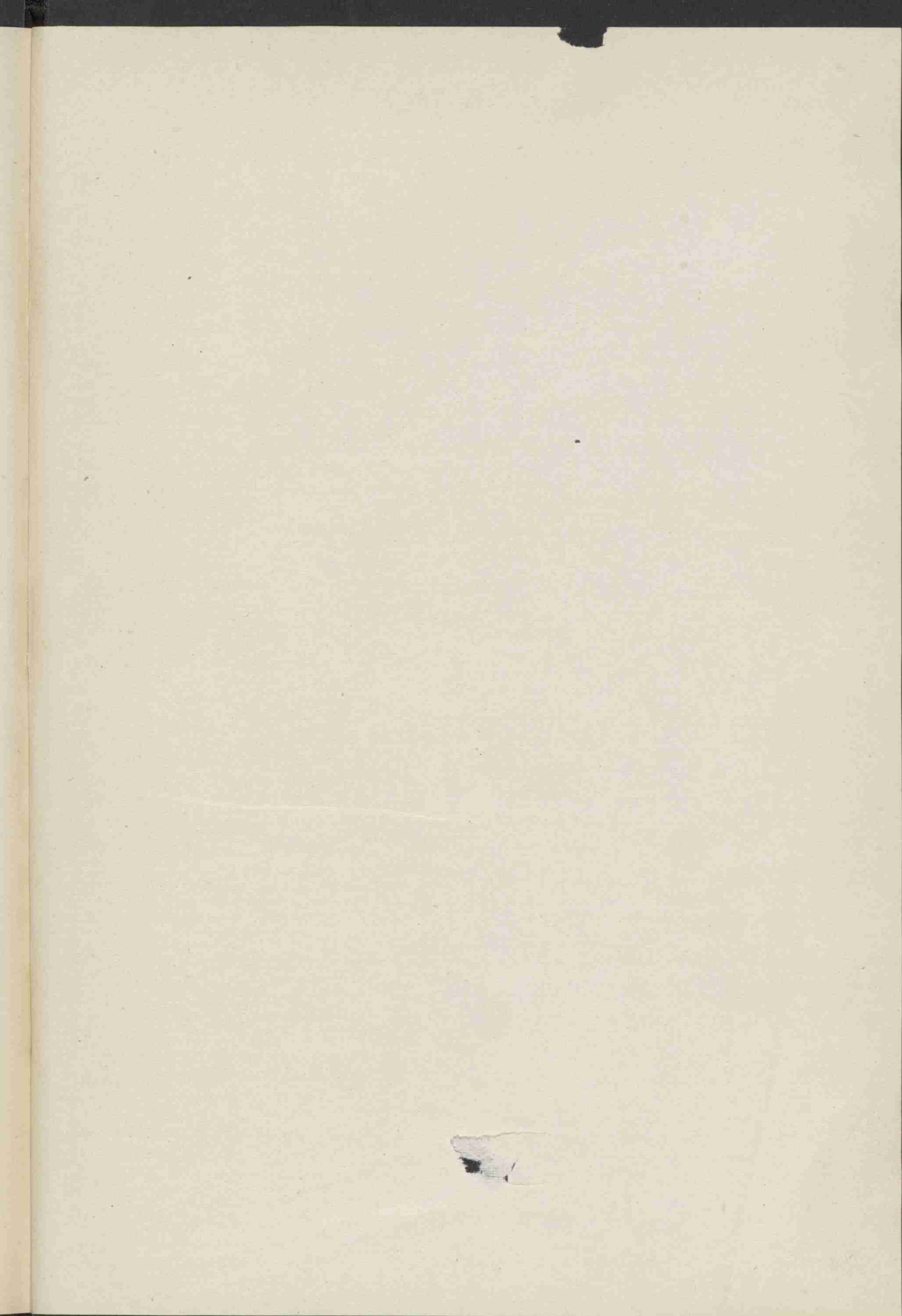
gathered thy children to - geth - er, As a hen gathereth her brood

un - der her wings, and ye would not, ye would..... not.

Be - hold, your house is left un - to you des - o - late. For the har - vest

is past, The summer is en - ded, And ye are not saved, YE ARE NOT SAVED.

	PAGE		PAGE
A hope in Jesus	89	Marching onward to Zion	96
A mother's prayers	70	My ain countrie	23
Are the signals all right	14	My far away home	76
Are you waiting and watching	110	Nearer, O Christ, to Thee	42
As are thy needs	87	Nearing home	7
Assurance	5	Night	107
Away over the sea	98	Not far from the kingdom	60
Benedictus	69	Nothing but leaves	35
Blessed promise	68	Not my will, but Thine, be done	40
Bliss in trusting	105	One more witness	44
Bright was the guiding star	93	One sweetly solemn thought	67
Come, humble sinner	77	On Jordan's stormy banks	64
Come unto me	20	Only trust Him	53
Coming again	103	Open mine eyes	95
Cleft for me	61	Over there	86
Crowns of glory	28	Over the tide	100
Dew of mercy	46	Parting hymn	33
Except ye repent	83	Peace, be still	18
Follow me	65	Praise the Lord	31
For me undertake	12	Safely there	43
From Greenland's icy mountains	57	Saints' home	52
Gathering one by one	9	Say, are you ready	59
Go forward	8	Send the news	88
Glorious army	82	Simply trusting	57
Glory to His name	29	Stand by the right	108
God is love	97	Stand up for Jesus	47
Go thy way for this time	16	Sweet Sabbath eve	51
Hallelujah! bless His name	80	Tell it to Jesus alone	38
Harvest Bells No. 1	3	Tell the story of Jesus	85
Here am I, send me	74	The barren fig-tree	36
Here and beyond	78	The children's song	90
I am resting in the Saviour's love	50	The doomed man	24
If thou'lt be saved	49	The first and last call	54
I have nothing to do	56	The frozen heart	37
I'm Thine, forever Thine	45	The half has never been told	58
In the mire of sin	55	The handwriting on the wall	62
In the shadow of Thy wing	4	The heavenly meeting	104
Invitation	57	Then I need Thee, Lord	99
Jesus alone can save me	75	The precious love of Jesus	25
Jesus is calling for Thee	39	There's a great day coming	101
Jesus is the only way	81	There's a river to cross	10
Jesus, Lover of my soul	72	The sheltering rock	22
Jesus of Nazareth	13	The solid rock	73
Jesus of Nazareth passeth by	11	The song for me	6
Joy in heaven	92	Though He slay me	32
Just as I am	91	'Tis with the righteous well	79
Lamentation	111	Wash and be clean	94
Land immortal	41	Watchman, tell us of the night	47
Leave thy burdens with the	26	We are coming	30
Let me rest	34	We are going home	48
Little children, pray	84	We praise Thee, O God	17
Live for Christ to-day	27	What will you do with Jesus	21
Lord of all	19	Where are the sheaves	102
Madison street	73	Who shall be able to stand	66
		Will the gates of heaven	106



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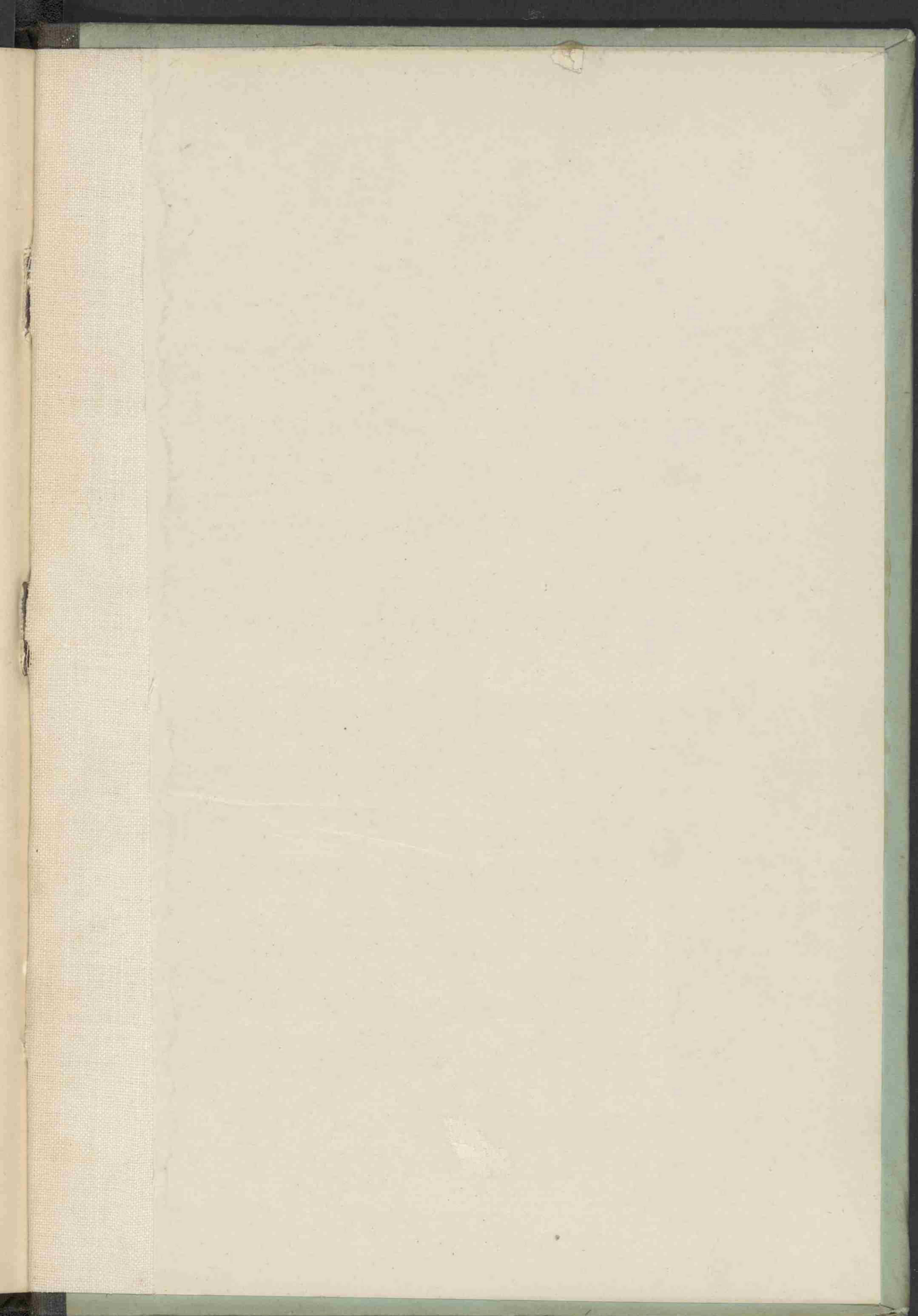
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