

FILLMORES'
Sunday-School Songs
No. 2.



By _____

*Palmer Hartsough
and J. H. Fillmore.*

FILLMORE BROTHERS, 119 W. Sixth St., Cincinnati, O.
PUBLISHERS, 40 Bible House, New York.



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FILLMORES'
SUNDAY-SCHOOL SONGS

No. 2.



By PALMER HARTSOUGH and J. H. FILLMORE.



Fillmore Bros., 119 W. Sixth Street, CINCINNATI, O.
40 Bible House, NEW YORK.

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Preface...

THE compilation of this little book developed into a very pleasant task. If 100,000 singers catch the enthusiasm that took hold of the authors as they put it together, it will be a great success.

To those who may consider the book for use in their schools, we call attention to some of its features:

FIRST. Notice the general plan of subjects. They cover the ground pretty well for what is needed in the Sunday-school. Especially will they enforce the lessons on the life and teachings of Jesus that we are to have for the coming eighteen months.

SECOND. Read the hymns, and note that they are worthy to be memorized by the youth. They will be found to be characterized by vigor of thought, beauty of diction—exalting the character and teachings of Christ, thus adding dignity to the worship of the Sunday-school.

THIRD. The music is bright and pleasing, giving appropriate expression to the words. The favored songs of children, we have noticed, are the more pretentious ones, those that partake of the nature of anthems. We have supplied an unusual number of these in this collection.

We confess an admiration for the first song in the book, "Praise Ye the Lord." We advise that leaders persevere (if necessary) in teaching this song until it becomes familiar. It is a song that will be the pleasure of a life-time.

If this little book shall brighten the services of the Sunday-school, awaken in young minds new conceptions of the love and goodness of God, and stimulate a growing purpose to manfully serve Him, the chief desire of the authors will have been accomplished.

PALMER HARTSOUGH,
J. H. FILLMORE.

Cincinnati, January, 1900.

Nos. 1 and 2 combined may be had at the following prices: Single Copy, 20 cents, post-paid; 100 copies \$15.00, not prepaid.

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FILLMORES'

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SONGS

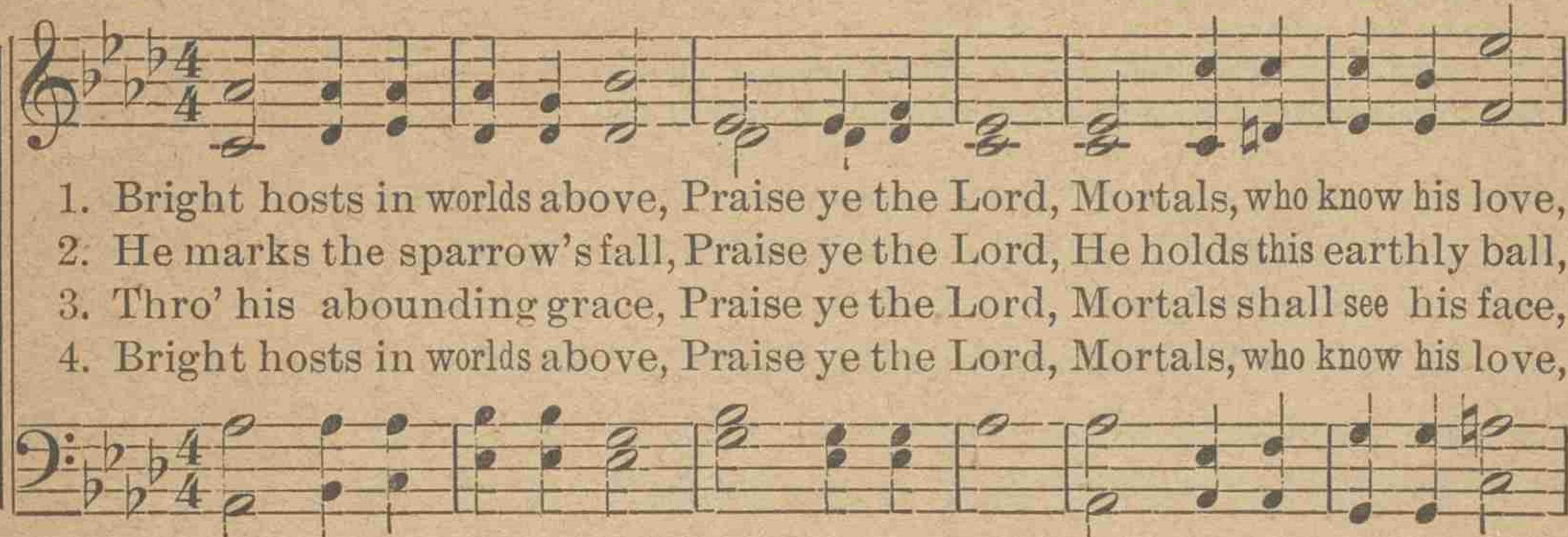
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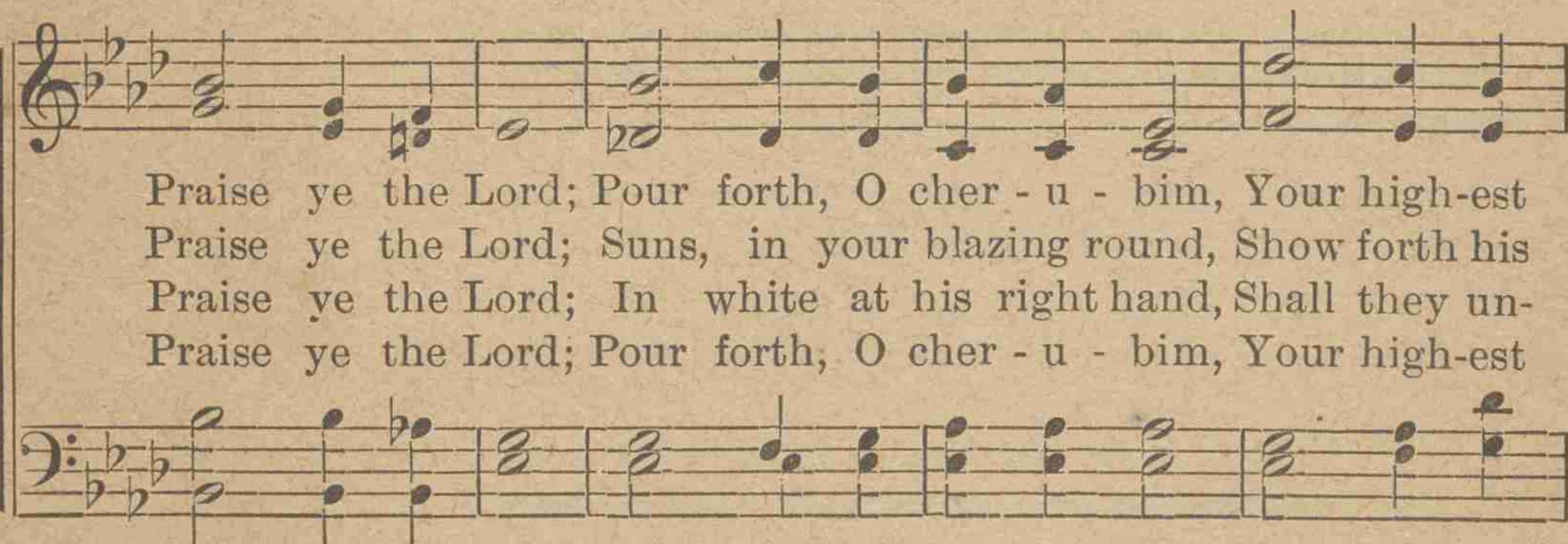
Praise Ye the Lord.

P. H.

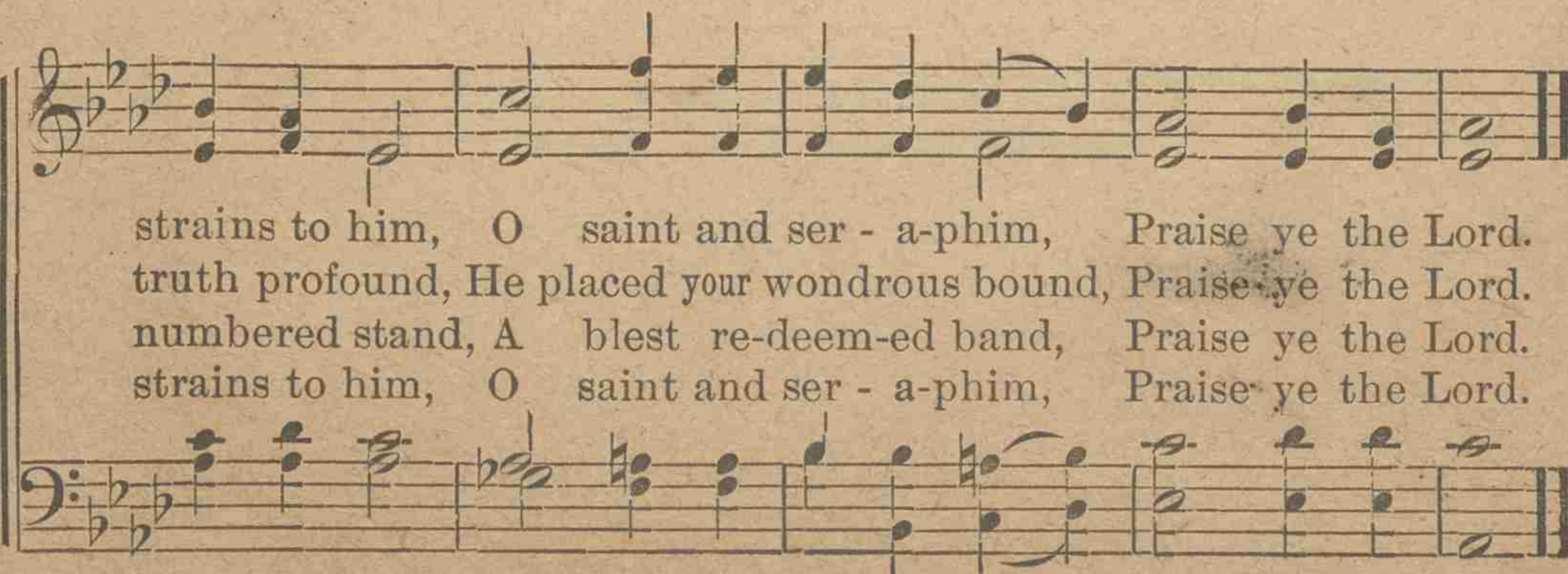
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



1. Bright hosts in worlds above, Praise ye the Lord, Mortals, who know his love,
2. He marks the sparrow's fall, Praise ye the Lord, He holds this earthly ball,
3. Thro' his abounding grace, Praise ye the Lord, Mortals shall see his face,
4. Bright hosts in worlds above, Praise ye the Lord, Mortals, who know his love,



Praise ye the Lord; Pour forth, O cher - u - bim, Your high-est
Praise ye the Lord; Suns, in your blazing round, Show forth his
Praise ye the Lord; In white at his right hand, Shall they un-
Praise ye the Lord; Pour forth, O cher - u - bim, Your high-est



strains to him, O saint and ser - a-phim, Praise ye the Lord.
truth profound, He placed your wondrous bound, Praise ye the Lord.
numbered stand, A blest re-deem-ed band, Praise ye the Lord.
strains to him, O saint and ser - a-phim, Praise ye the Lord.

P. H.

J. H. F.



1. When the day is breaking And the night is gone, Then from sleep awaking,
2. He who brings the morning, He who holds the sun, All the world adorning
3. He who made the mountains And the meadows green, He who lights the fountains



Rise we at the dawn ; While the world re-joic - es In its joy - ous song,
Till its course is run, He will gen - tly guide us Safe - ly all the way,
With their crystal sheen, He to us has giv - en All that's lovely here,



Fine. CHORUS.

We, with hap - py voic - es, Would the strain pro - long.
He will walk be - side us Till the close of day. Praise him, praise him,
And at last a heav - en For us will pre - pare.



D. S.

Praise the great Crea - tor, Praise him, praise him, God, the just and good;



P. H.

J. H. F.



1. As we joy-ful gath-er In this hap-py band, Un-to God the
2. Precepts here are brought us, For our good employ, Lessons here are
3. In these moments precious, In these days of youth, Learn we words so



Fa - ther Bring we heart and hand; *For the joys be - fore us,*
 taught us Of e - ter - nal joy; Prom-is - es so bless - ed
 gra-cious, Find we gems of truth; Hear the voice of wis - dom,



For the sun-ny days, Swell the grateful song of praise.
 Gives the Ho-ly One, Life thro' his be-lov - ed Son. Gladness, as we
 Heed the warnings giv'n, Choose the upward path to heav'n.



gather, bring, Praise to God, the Father, sing,
 gath-er, Gladness as we gather, Praise to God, the Father, Praise to God, the Father,



P. H.

J. H. F.

D. C. 'Tis the sa-cred day, 'Tis the sa - cred day, Joy-fully sing,
 D. C. List the Saviour's voice, List the Saviour's voice, Now as it calls,
 D. C. Come, O come to me, Come, O come to me, Pass it not by,

Joy-ful-ly sing, While the deep-toned bells, While the deep-toned bells
 Now as it calls, Let each heart re-joice, Let each heart re-joice,
 Pass it not by, Lest he turn from thee, Lest he turn from thee,

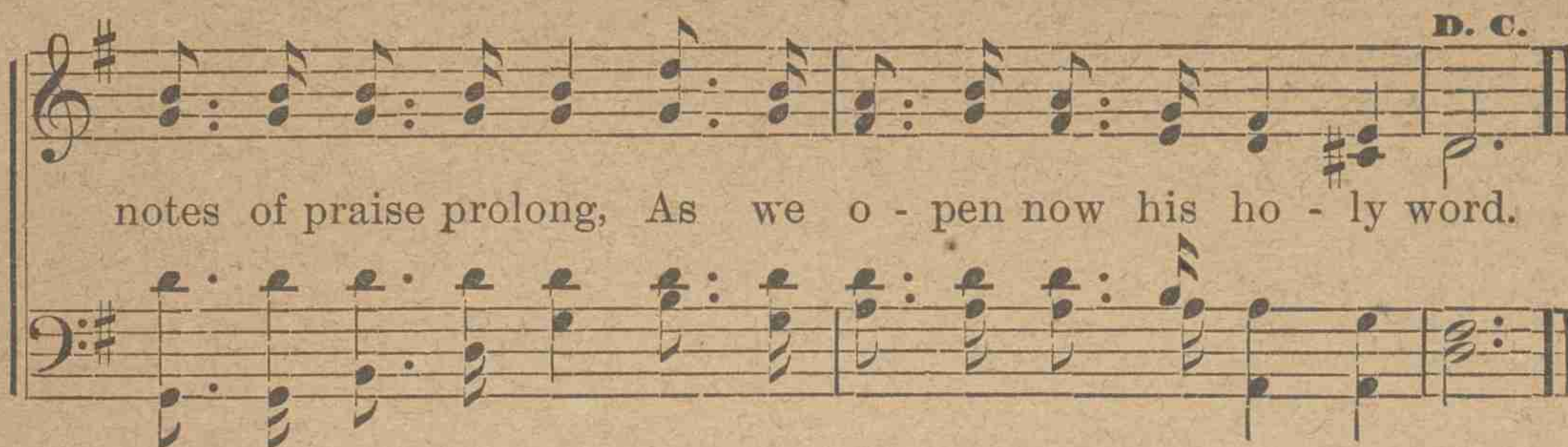
Fine. CHORUS.
 Cheer-i - ly ring, To the glad world ring.
 Now as it falls, As the sweet word falls. Hither we come with willing feet,
 Now to him fly, To him quick-ly fly.

Where his hap - py chil - dren meet, Joy - ful come we to the

temple of the Lord, Here with the bright and gladsome throng, We the

'Tis the Sacred Day.

D. C.



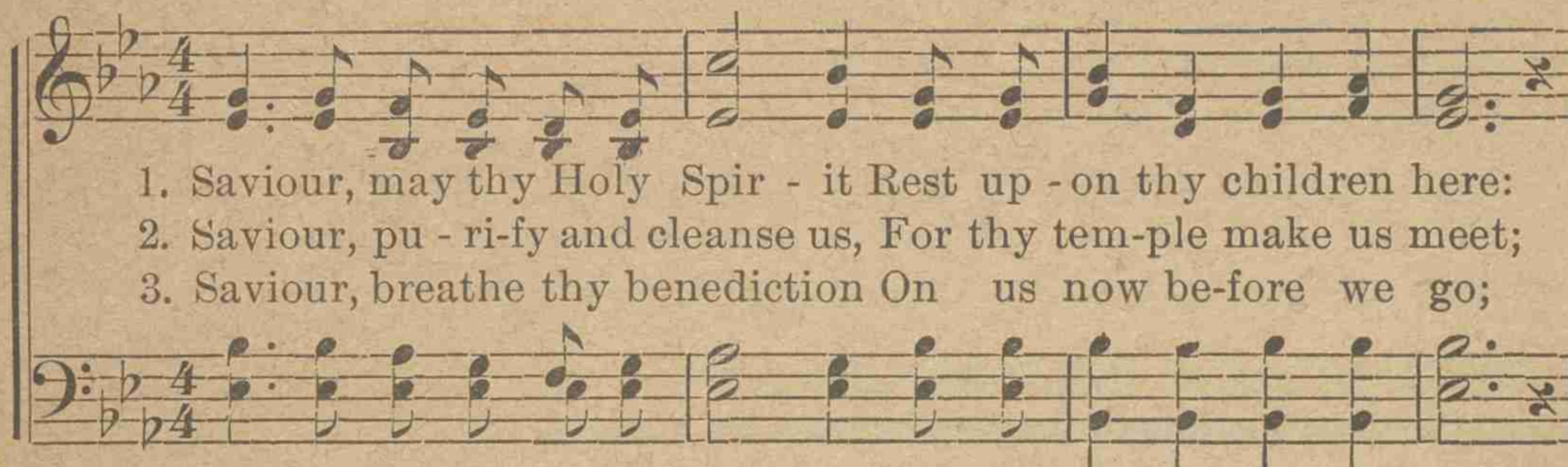
notes of praise prolong, As we o - pen now his ho - ly word.

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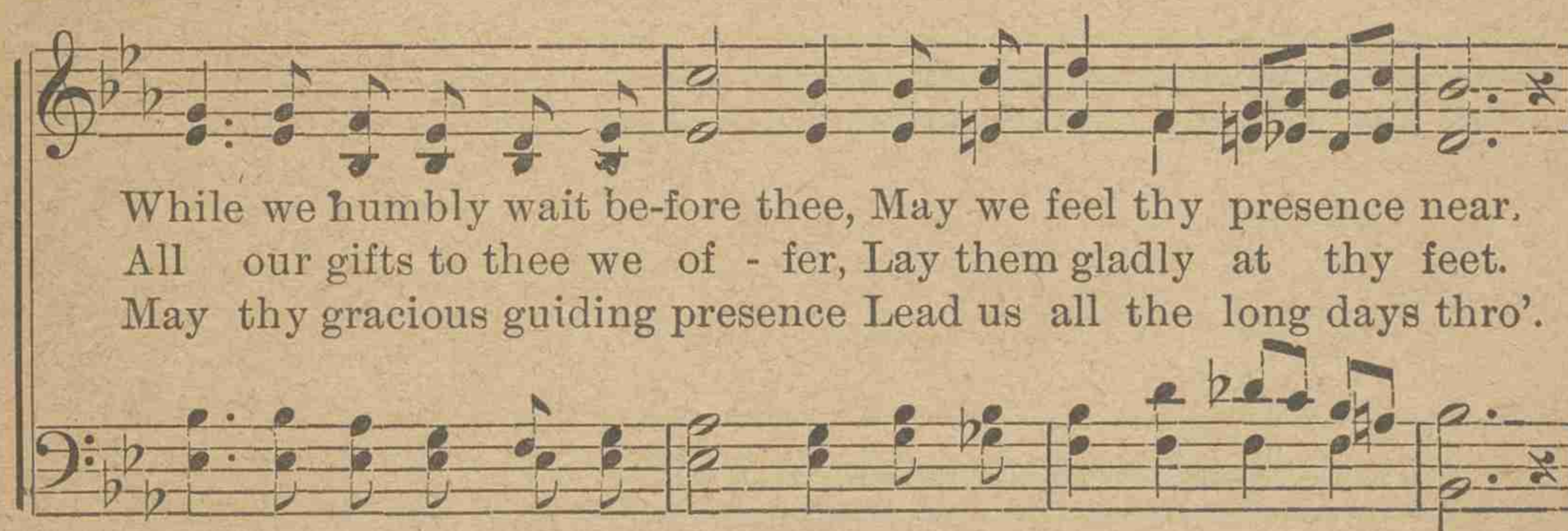
Fill Us With Thy Spirit.

LORENA PEPPARD.

J. H. F.



1. Saviour, may thy Holy Spir - it Rest up - on thy children here:
2. Saviour, pu - ri - fy and cleanse us, For thy tem - ple make us meet;
3. Saviour, breathe thy benediction On us now be - fore we go;



While we humbly wait be - fore thee, May we feel thy presence near.
All our gifts to thee we of - fer, Lay them gladly at thy feet.
May thy gracious guiding presence Lead us all the long days thro'.

REFRAIN.



Sav-iour, while be - fore thee Low - ly we would bow, Con - se -



crate us to thy ser - vice, Fill us with thy Spir - it now.

Allegro con spirito.

1. O ho - ly day, O hap - py day, The best of all the week,
 2. How small the worth Of things of earth, To what we here be-hold,
 3. To search for truth, In days of youth, Be this our best em-ploy;

When glad we come, To Zi - on come, The ways of God to seek;
 Be - yond compare His precepts are, Sur-pass - ing gems and gold;
 To seek the light, To do the right, Be this our high - est joy;

While here we meet In union sweet, And hymn his praise di-vine,
 And here a - part The low-ly heart Its high-est rapt-ure feels,
 And so shall peace Her bounds increase As hap-py years roll on,

The King of love Looks from above, And makes his glo - ries shine.
 As in the Word Cre - ation's Lord His wondrous love re-veals.
 And joy shall be So full and free, As God's good will is done.

CHORUS.

O joy, joy, joy, 'Tis the murmur of the brooklet free,
 mur - mur of the brooklet free,

O Holy Day.



O joy, joy, joy, 'Tis the car-ol of the birds in glee;
car - ol of the birds in glee;



O joy, joy, joy, It is beaming in the glow-ing skies,
beam - ing in the glowing skies,

May repeat pp



O joy and love are ev-'ry-where, Let praise unto God a - rise.

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O Gentle Saviour.

T. R. BIRKS.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



1. O gen - tle Sav - iour, from thy throne on high
2. Go where we go, a - bide where we a - bide,
3. O lead us dai - ly with thine eye of love,



Look down in love, and hear our hum - ble cry.
In life, in death, our com - fort, strength and guide.
And bring us safe - ly to our home a - bove.

Awake, O earth, a-wake, O earth, a-wake, O earth, a - wake!

Allegro. With accent.

{ Thy Lord hath vis - it - ed thee, Thy King hath comforted thee; Thy
 { Ex - ult, ye an - cient hills, Re - joice, ye laughing rills, And
 D. S. { Then sing, ye fal - tering ones, Be glad, ye conquering ones, As
 { For foes shall harm you not, The grave a - larm you not, And

1
 2
 night is passed, thy joy has come; awake, awake! }
 in - to joyful anthems, (omit) } joyful anthems break.
 following your Almighty Lord ye march along; }
 heav'n at last resound with (omit) } your triumphant (omit

First time Solo or Soprano Unison, slower. Second time, Chorus.

{ The bars of death are bro - ken, The words of life are spo - ken,
 { The night a - way is driv - en, And strength is free - ly giv - en,

D. S.
 The Spir - it gives a to - ken Of end - less life a - bove. }
 The path is plain to heav - en, Sweet land of light and love. }

Awake, O Earth.

song. { Awake, O earth from sadness, } For Christ triumphant rises,
 { Awake, O earth to gladness, }

thine eternal King, For Christ triumphant, rises, thine eternal King.

70

Jesus, My Saviour King.

P. H.

J. H. F.

1. There is one among the meek most lowly, Je-sus, my Saviour King,
 2. Than the lil - y of the val - ley fair - er, Je-sus, my Saviour King,
 3. I was lost amidst the night around me, Wand'ring so faint and cold,
 4. I will tell to all the wondrous sto - ry Of his redeeming love,

Fine.

There is one among the blest most ho - ly, Je-sus, my Saviour King.
 Than the lovely Rose of Shar-on rar - er, Je-sus, my Saviour King.
 He the Shepherd in the desert found me, Bro't me in-to his fold.
 I will swell the endless song of glo - ry, In brighter worlds above.
 D. S. He the one a-mong the blest most ho - ly, Je - sus, my Sav-iour King.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Sweet the prais - es Of my Lord to sing,
 Sweet be the praise, sweet be the praise, Sweet be the praise my Lord to sing,

Do You Know the Song?

A. P. COBB.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Do you know the song that the an - gels sang On that night in the
2. Do you know the song that the shepherds heard As they watch'd o'er their
3. Do you know the story that the wise men heard As they journey'd from the



long a - go? When the heav'ns a - bove with their mu - sic rang, Till it
flocks by night? When the skies bent down, and their hearts were stirred By the
East a - far? O'er a path - way plain, for there nightly burned In their



CHORUS.



ech - oed in the earth be - low? All glo - ry in the highest, Peace on
voic - es of the an - gels bright?
sight a glo - rious guid - ing star?



earth, good will to men, Glory in the highest, Peace, good will to men; Glory in the highest,



Glory in the highest, Glory in the high - est, Peace on earth, good will to men.





1. Star di-vine, that led the wise men To the cra-dle of our Lord,
 2. Star di-vine, a - mid the darkness We had wandered far a - stray,
 3. Star di-vine, there's naught can lure us From the way that thou dost lead;



Thou art still as bright With a ho-ly light In the pag-es of his word.
 When a beam so lone O'er the desert shone, And we found the blessed way.
 Thou dost brighter grow As we onward go, And we'll ever joy - ful heed.

REFRAIN.



We fol-low on,..... we fol-low on,..... And all the
 We fol-low on, we fol-low on,



way that star our guide shall be; We follow on,..... we follow
 we fol-low on,



on,..... Un - til in heav'n our Saviour's face we see.
 we fol - low on,

The Angels' Song.

P. H.

J. H. F.

1. When the Christmas bells are peal-ing out so strong, And the
2. O, let all the world take up the strain sub-lime, Let the

sil-v'ry chimes are floating clear a - long, Then to me in fan - cy
joy - ful ech - oes fill the farth - est clime, O, the bliss - ful car - ol

comes the an - gels' song, And I hear a - gain the wondrous strain—
till the end of time, Let the na - tions in their joy pro - long.

O, I see the shepherds seat - ed on the ground, And the
Glo - ry in the high - est, on earth peace, good will, Let the

bright hosts circled all the heav - ens round, And I hear the cho - rus
swell - ing cho - rus, all the heav - ens fill; Glo - ry in the high - est,

in a burst of sound As of old, they sang the glad re - frain.
on earth peace, good - will, Mortals, join ye in the an - gels' song.

The Angels' Song.

O, the song,..... O, the song,.....

O, the song that thro' the heavens rang, O, the

O, the song,..... O, the

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The treble staff begins with a melodic line for 'O, the song,.....' and continues with a phrase 'O, the song that thro' the heavens rang, O, the'. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment, starting with a low note and moving in chords. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

..... O, the song,.....

song that stilled the world's rude clang, O, the song the blessed angels sang,

song,..... O the song the an-gels sang,

Detailed description: This system continues the melody. The treble staff has a phrase 'O, the song,.....' followed by 'song that stilled the world's rude clang, O, the song the blessed angels sang,'. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The musical notation includes various note values and rests, with some notes beamed together.

O, the song,.....

Is the song of the Christmas time. O, the song that nev-er-

O, the song,.....

Detailed description: This system features a change in the bass line. The treble staff has 'O, the song,.....' followed by 'Is the song of the Christmas time. O, the song that nev-er-'. The bass staff has a more active accompaniment with many eighth notes. The system ends with 'O, the song,.....'.

..... O, the song,..... O, the

more shall cease, O, the song that ev-er shall increase,

O, the song,.....

Detailed description: This system continues the melody. The treble staff has 'O, the song,..... O, the' followed by 'more shall cease, O, the song that ev-er shall increase,'. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The system ends with 'O, the song,.....'.

..... song,.....

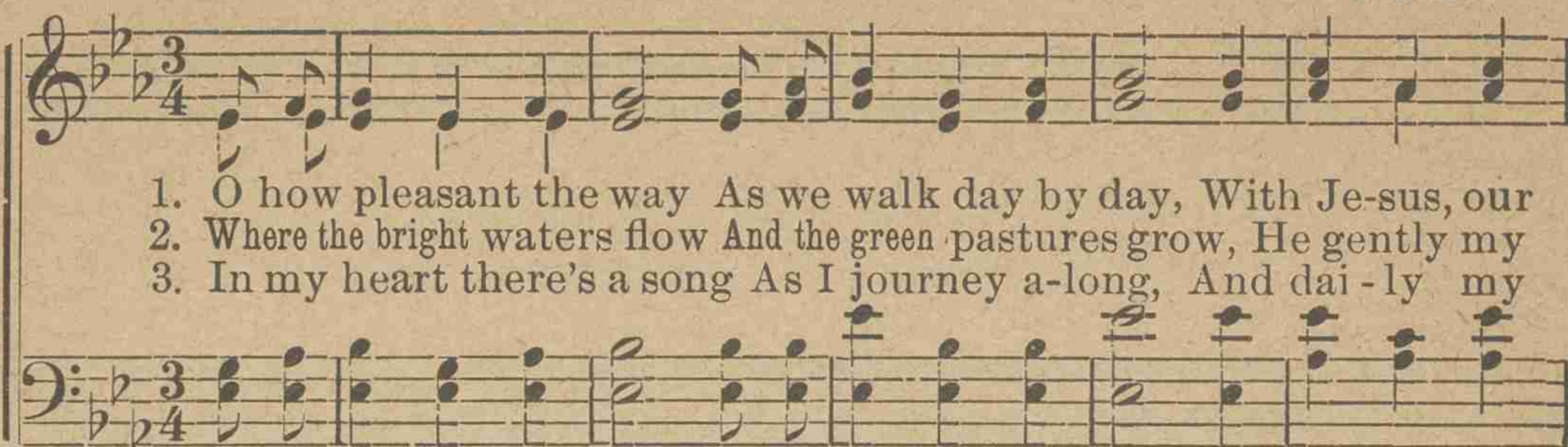
O, the song that fills the world with peace, Is the song of the Christmas time.

O, the song the world of peace,

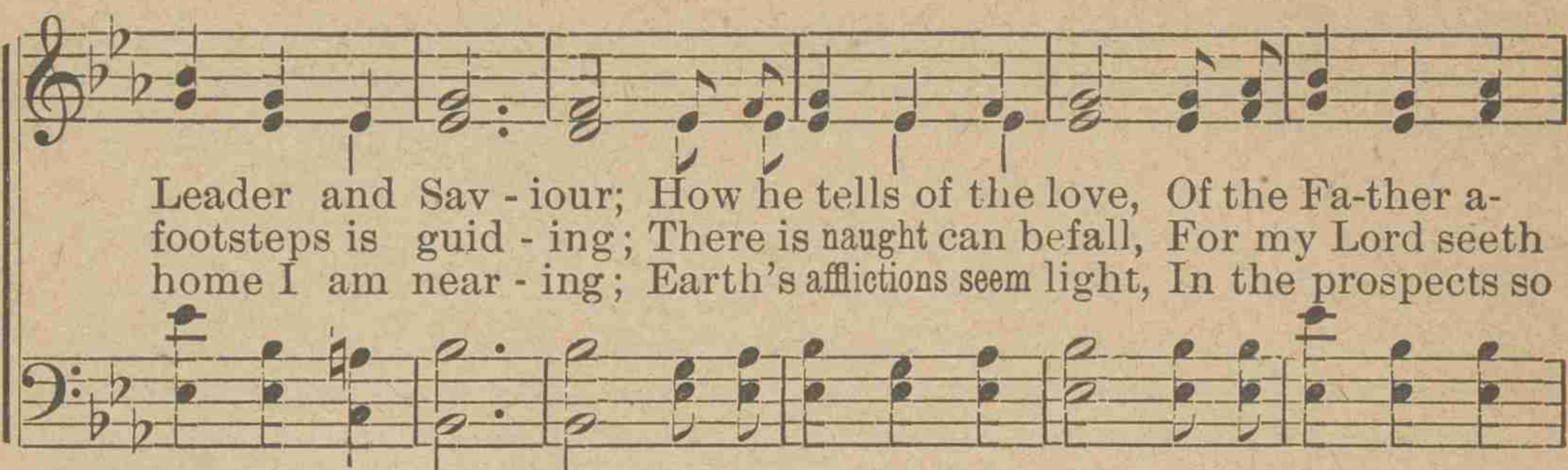
Detailed description: This is the final system on the page. The treble staff has 'O, the song,..... song,.....' followed by 'O, the song that fills the world with peace, Is the song of the Christmas time.' The bass staff continues the accompaniment and ends with a double bar line. The system concludes with 'O, the song the world of peace,'.

P. H.

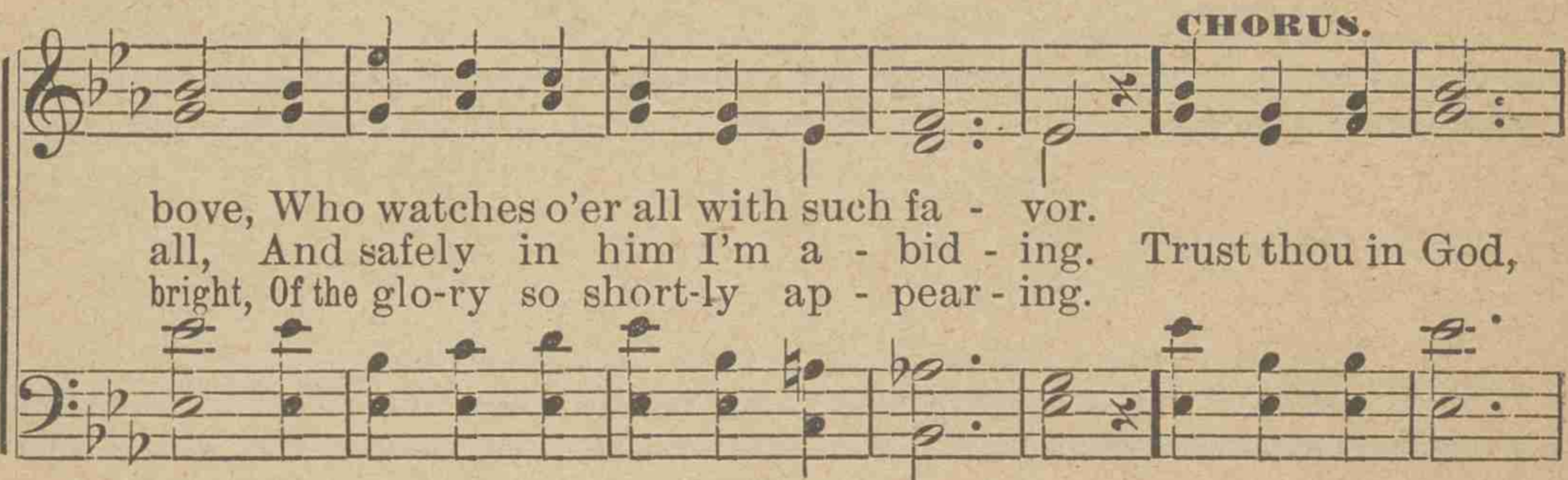
J. H. F.



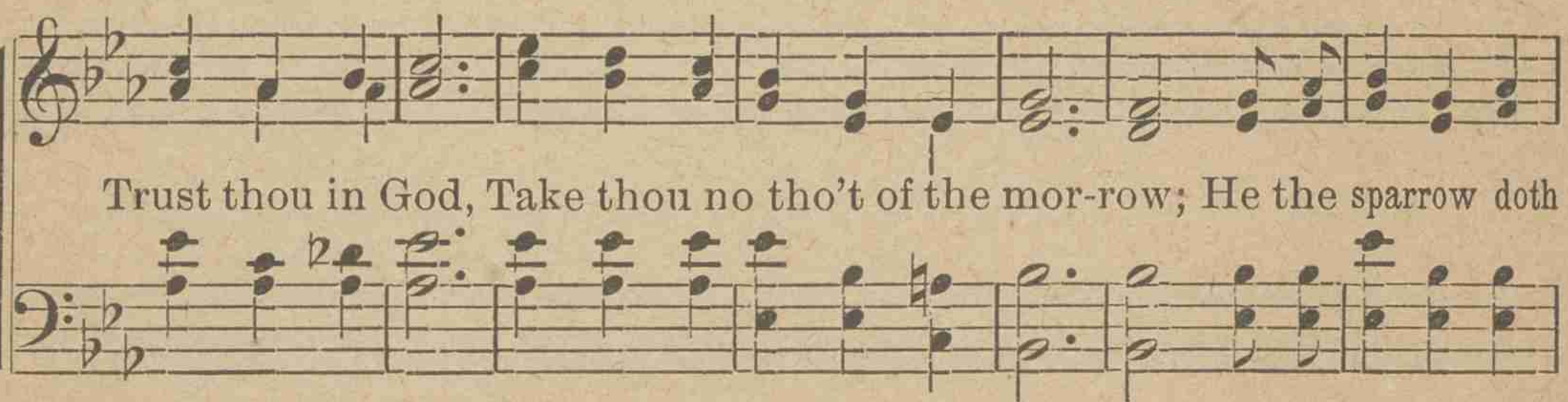
1. O how pleasant the way As we walk day by day, With Je-sus, our
2. Where the bright waters flow And the green pastures grow, He gently my
3. In my heart there's a song As I journey a-long, And dai-ly my



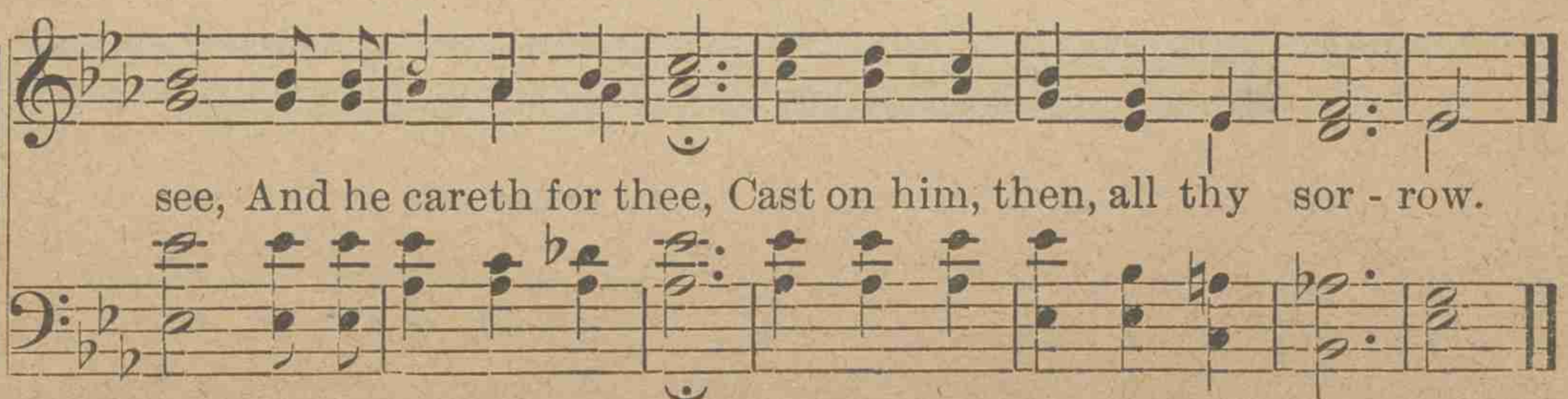
Leader and Sav-iour; How he tells of the love, Of the Fa-ther a-
footsteps is guid-ing; There is naught can befall, For my Lord seeth
home I am near-ing; Earth's afflictions seem light, In the prospects so



CHORUS.
bove, Who watches o'er all with such fa-vor.
all, And safely in him I'm a-bid-ing. Trust thou in God,
bright, Of the glo-ry so short-ly ap-pear-ing.



Trust thou in God, Take thou no tho't of the mor-row; He the sparrow doth



see, And he careth for thee, Cast on him, then, all thy sor-row.

1. I've joy with-in where'er I go, Peace comes and fills my breast,
 2. At home, at school, at work, at play, My heart is glad and free,
 3. The joy with-in I would not give For all the wealth of earth,

The love of God is there, I know, And he has made me blest;
 There's joy within, tho' dark the day, For he a-bides with me;
 And more, and more each day I live I prize its heav'nly worth;

No harm can come, for he is near, And with his power di-vine
 And when the curtains of the night A-round my couch do fall,
 O may I nev-er turn a-side From paths of truth and right,

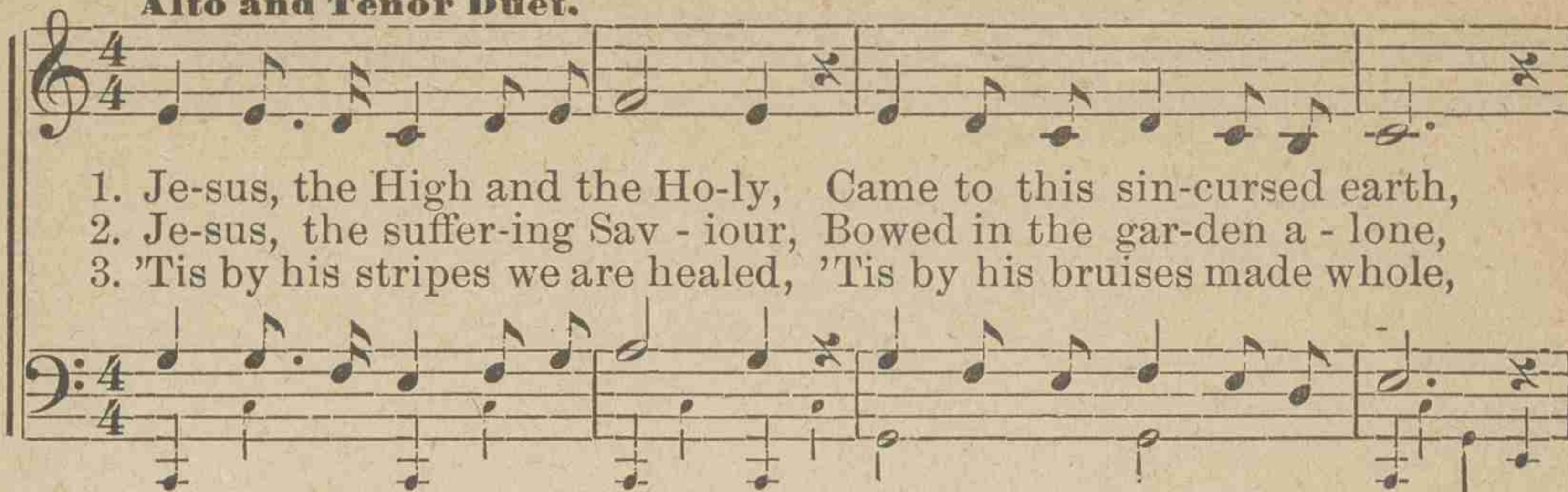
He gives me aid, nor will I fear While such a help is mine.
 I sweet-ly sleep till morning light, For he is Lord of all.
 So may this peace for aye a-bide, And all my way be bright.
 D.S. The love of God is there, I know, And he has made me blest.

REFRAIN.
 Where'er I go, Peace fills my breast,
 I've joy with-in where'er I go, Peace comes and fills my breast,

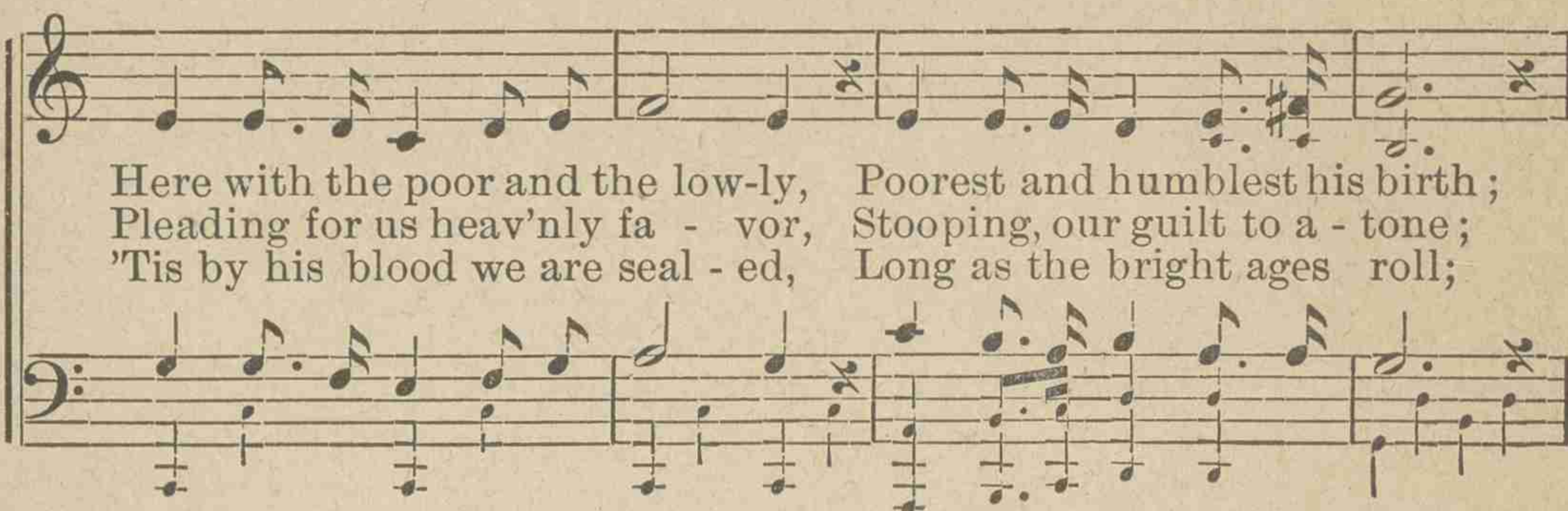
P. H.

J. H. F.

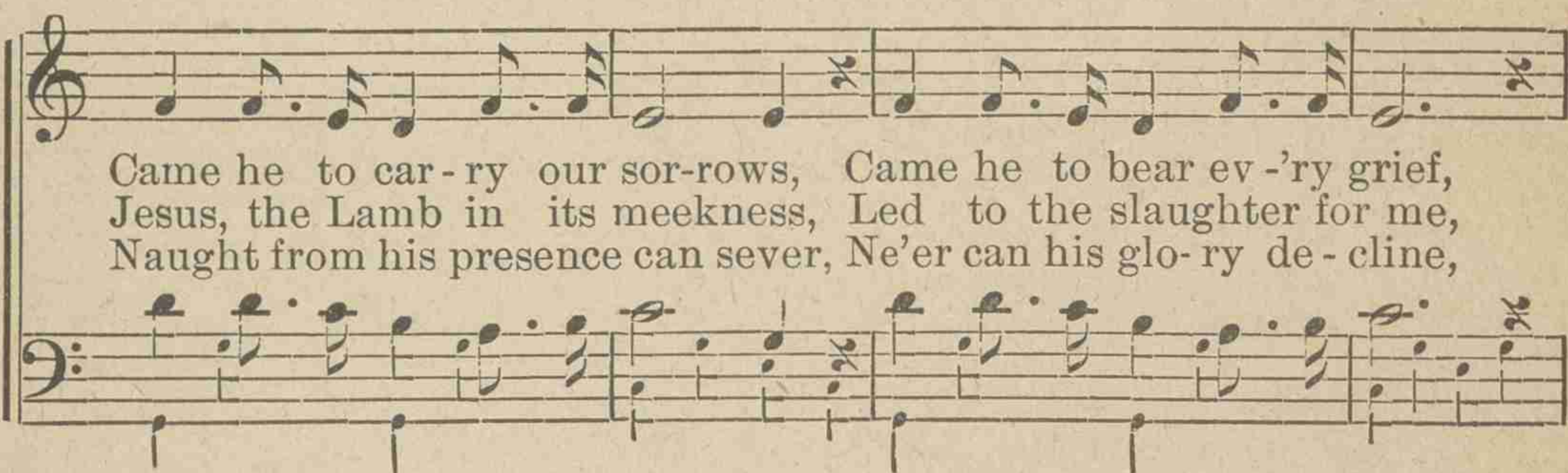
Alto and Tenor Duet.



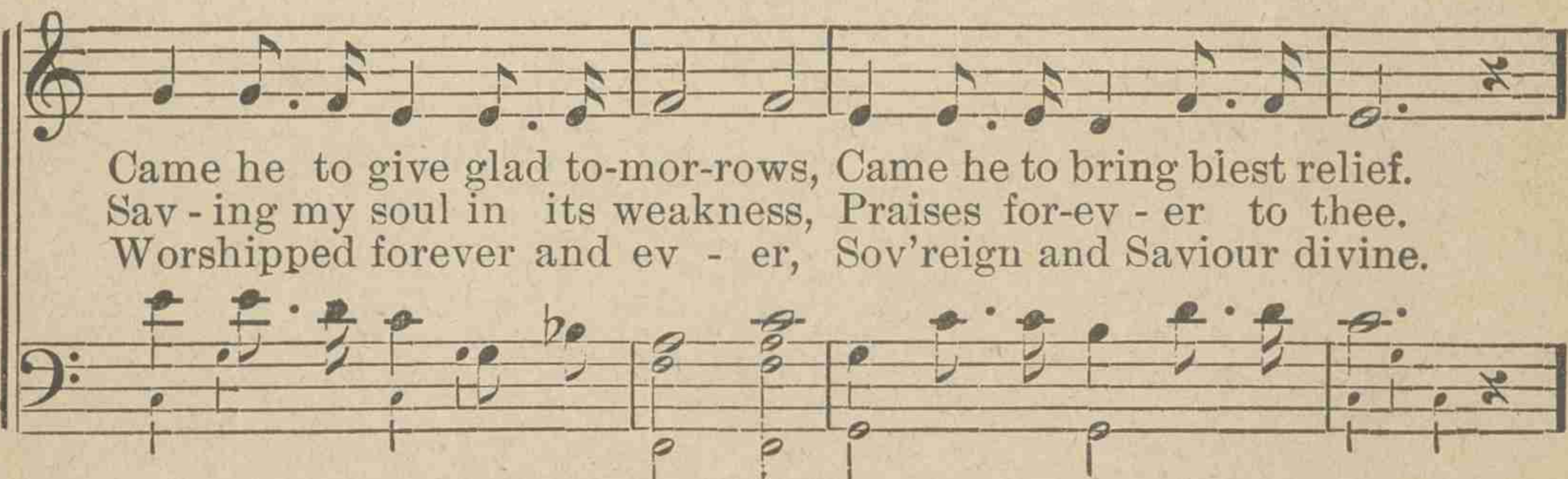
1. Je-sus, the High and the Ho-ly, Came to this sin-cursed earth,
 2. Je-sus, the suffer-ing Sav - iour, Bowed in the gar-den a - lone,
 3. 'Tis by his stripes we are healed, 'Tis by his bruises made whole,



Here with the poor and the low-ly, Poorest and humblest his birth;
 Pleading for us heav'nly fa - vor, Stooping, our guilt to a - tone;
 'Tis by his blood we are seal - ed, Long as the bright ages roll;

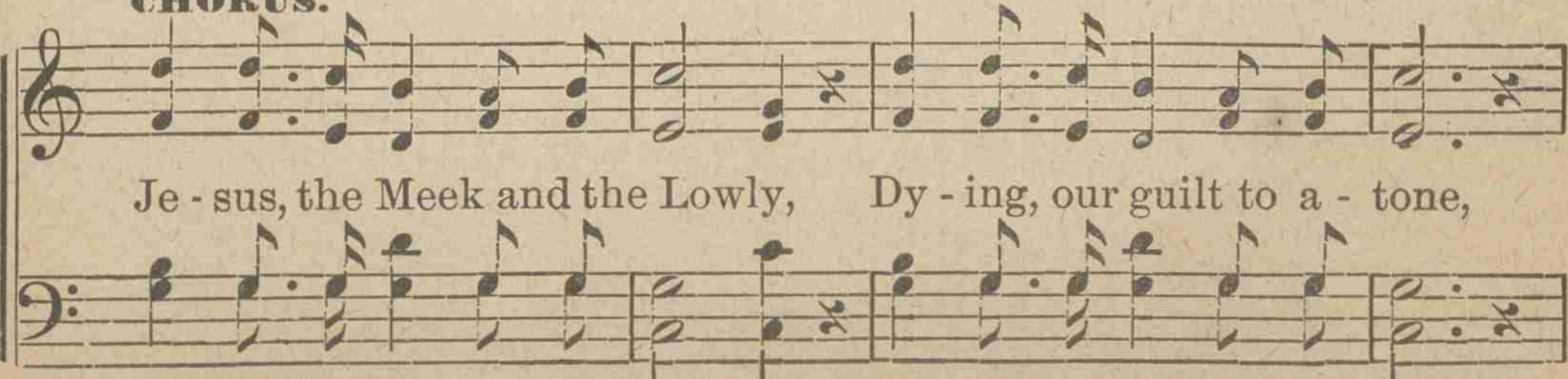


Came he to car-ry our sor-rows, Came he to bear ev-'ry grief,
 Jesus, the Lamb in its meekness, Led to the slaughter for me,
 Naught from his presence can sever, Ne'er can his glo-ry de-cline,



Came he to give glad to-mor-rows, Came he to bring blest relief.
 Sav-ing my soul in its weakness, Praises for-ev - er to thee.
 Worshipped forever and ev - er, Sov'reign and Saviour divine.

CHORUS.



Je - sus, the Meek and the Lowly, Dy - ing, our guilt to a - tone,

Jesus, the High and the Holy.

Je - sus, the High and the Holy, En-raptured we fall at his throne.

77

Hail the Ever Blessed Saviour.

P. H.

J. H. F.

Not too fast.

1. Who can tell the love of Je - sus, Who can his compassion speak,
2. Heav'n amazed, beholds him bleeding For a vile re - bellious race,
3. O this might-y Friend of sinners, How he comes to them below,

He who left his throne of glo-ry, He who came the lost to seek?
An-gels gaze in growing rapture On the won-ders of his grace.
Brings to them his robe of pardon, Makes them whiter than the snow.

CHORUS

Hail him, the ever blessed Saviour, Hail him, the ever living Word,

Lamb of God for sin-ners dy - ing, Prince of Peace, the ris-en Lord.

Arr. by P. H.

Arr. by J. H. F.

1. The lightnings round me are flash-ing, Loud the thun-ders roll,
 2. The world a-gainst me is throw - ing Fierce its darts and keen,
 3. Tho' in the val-ley of sor - row, Still he's with me there,
 4. He died for me on the mount-ain, There they pierced his side,

The breakers o'er me are dash-ing, Whelming my helpless soul;
 I feel a peace in knowing Je-sus is just be - tween;
 And strength from him I bor - row Cross-es so great to bear;
 For me he opened that fountain Flowing in cleansing tide;

I hear the voice of my Sav - iour Bidding me still to hold on,
 He stands to shield me from dan-ger, Bidding me still to fight on,
 He leads when pathways are thorny, Bidding me still to go on,
 A crown of glo - ry he of - fers, Bidding me still to press on,

Fine.
 He's prom-ised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

CHORUS. *D. S.*
 No, nev - er a - lone, . . . No, nev - er a - lone,
 a-lone,

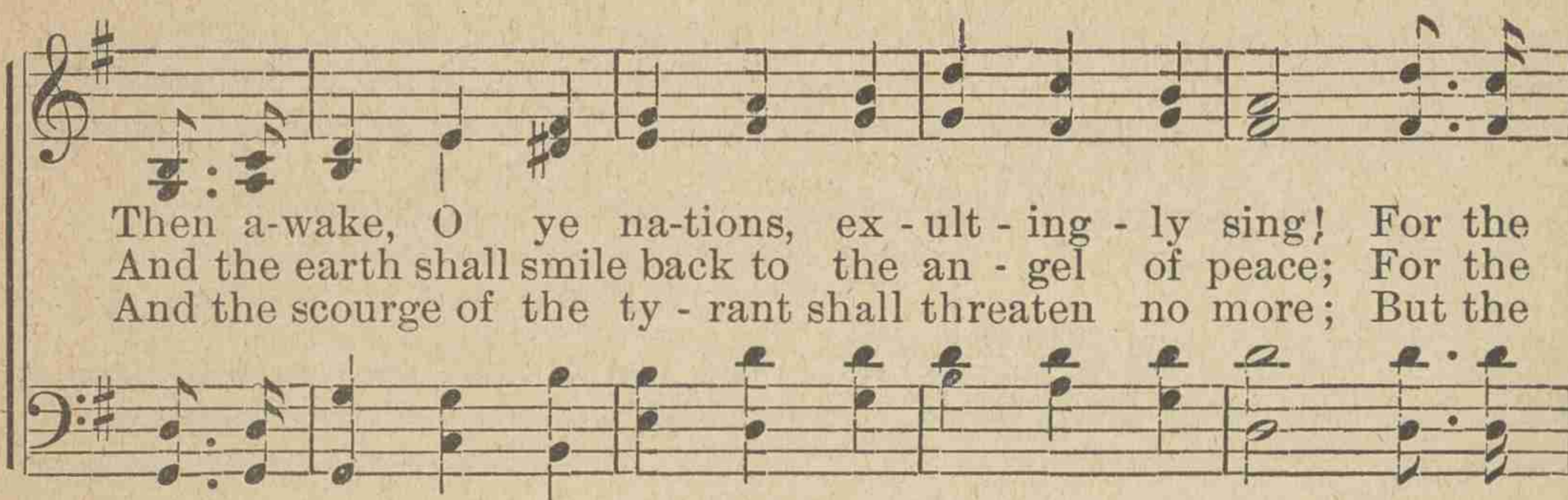
The Lowly is King.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

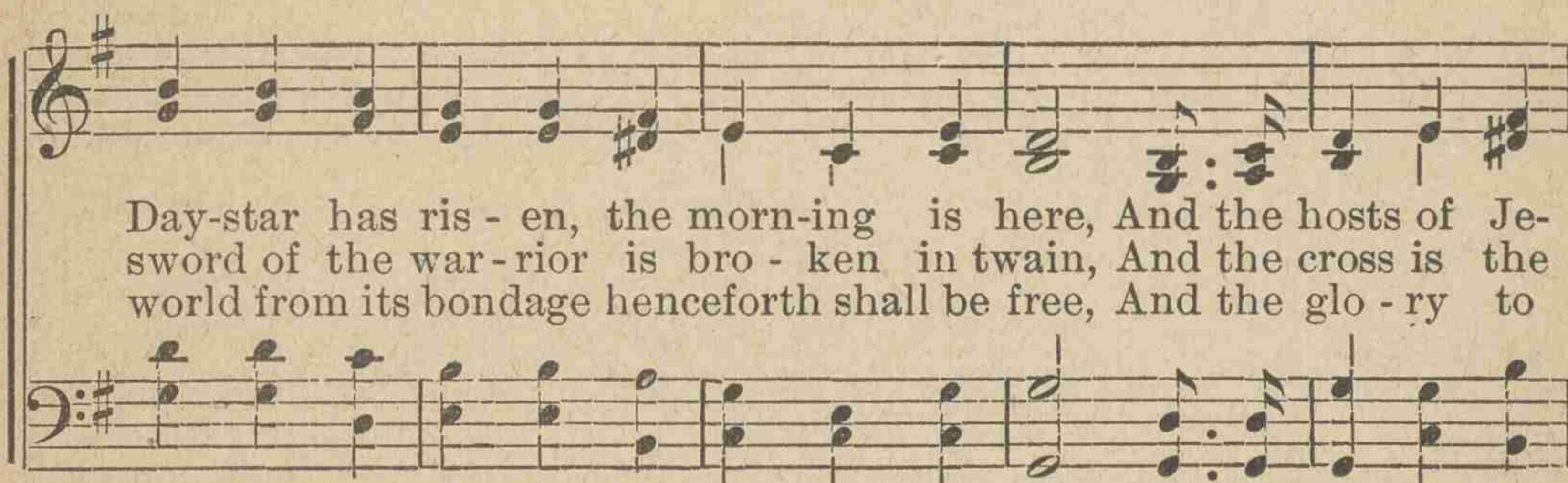
J. H. F.

Con spirito.


1. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! the low - ly is King!
 2. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! the war - call shall cease,
 3. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! op - pres - sion is o'er,



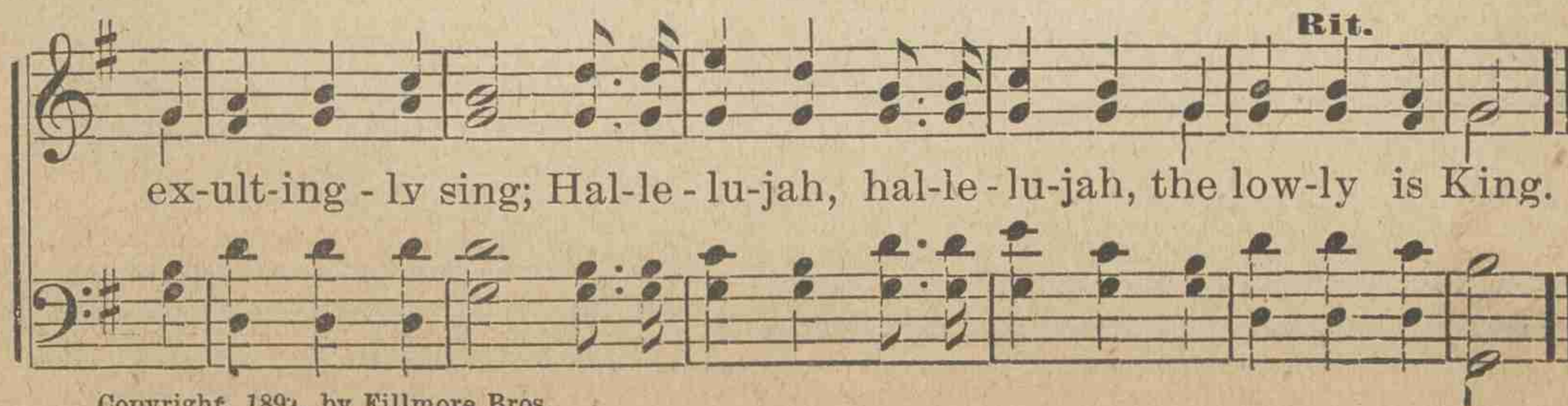
Then a-wake, O ye na-tions, ex - ult - ing - ly sing! For the
 And the earth shall smile back to the an - gel of peace; For the
 And the scourge of the ty - rant shall threaten no more; But the



Day-star has ris - en, the morn-ing is here, And the hosts of Je-
 sword of the war-rrior is bro - ken in twain, And the cross is the
 world from its bondage henceforth shall be free, And the glo - ry to

CHORUS.


ho - vah in tri-umph ap-pear.
 sign of the Low - ly One's reign. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,
 Je - sus for - ev - er shall be.



ex-ult-ing - ly sing; Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, the low-ly is King.

P. H.

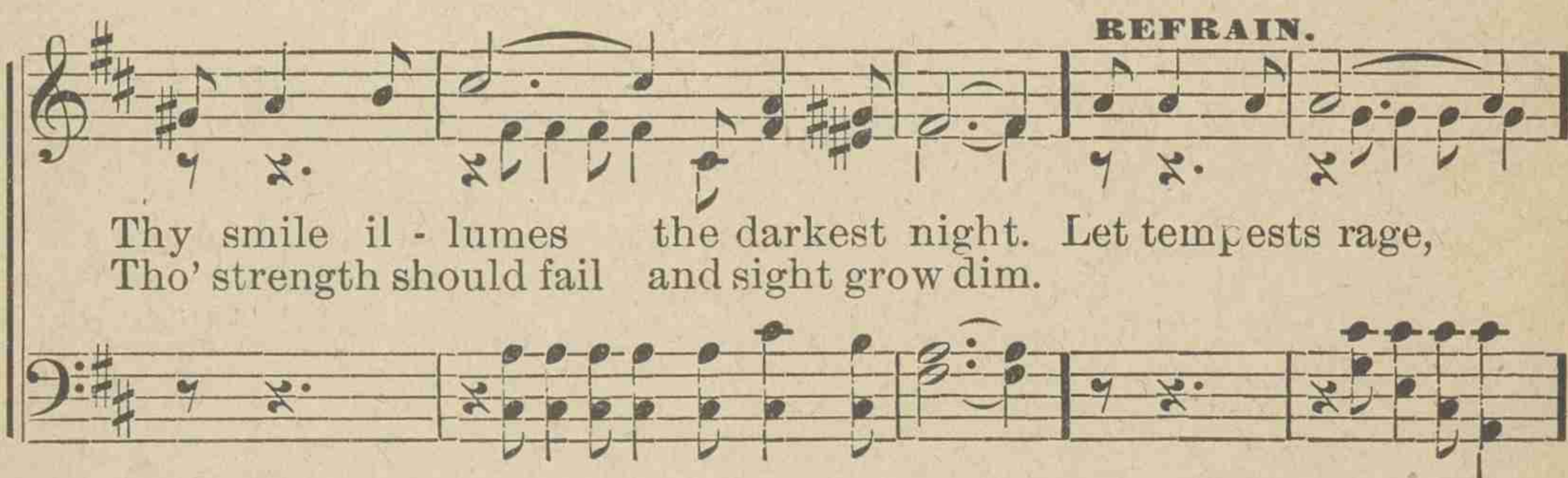
J. H. F.



1. On thee, my Lord, my soul is stayed, With thee my heart
2. His gracious hand my need supplies, His cheering voice



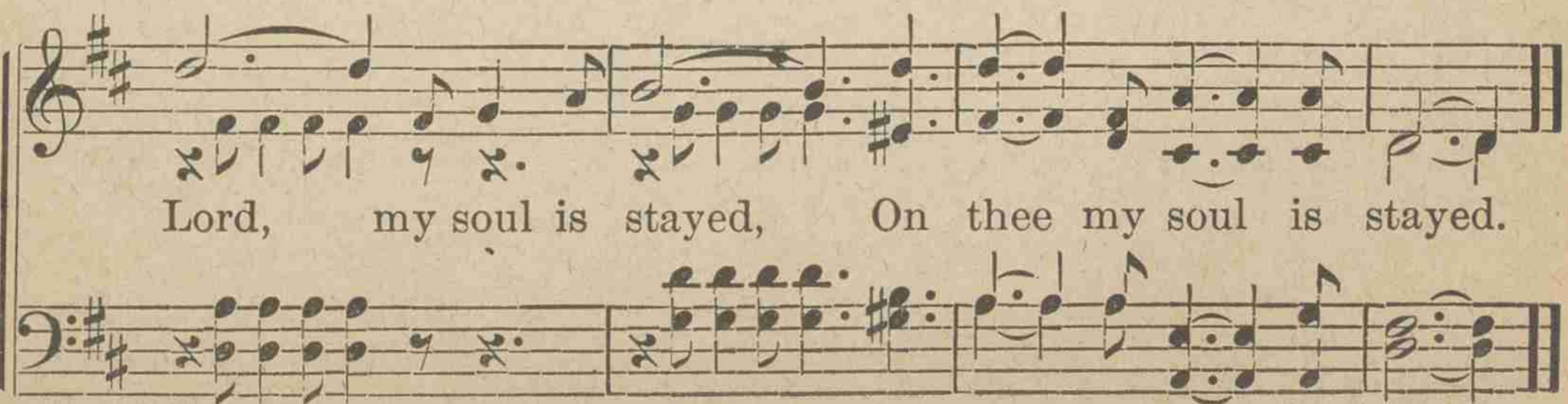
is un-dis-mayed; Thy presence makes my pathway bright,
makes joys to rise, And all the way I'll trust in him,



REFRAIN.
Thy smile il-lumes the darkest night. Let tempests rage,
Tho' strength should fail and sight grow dim.



Let ills be-fall, Let hell en-gage, Let death ap-pall, On thee, my



Lord, my soul is stayed, On thee my soul is stayed.



1. Tho faint, yet pur-su-ing, we go on our way; The Lord is our
2. He rais-eth the fall-en, he cheereth the faint; The weak and op-
3. And to his green pastures our footsteps he leads; His flock in the
4. Tho clouds may surround us, our God is our light; Tho storms rage a-



Lead-er, his word is our stay; Tho suffering and sorrow and
pressed, he'll hear their complaint; The way may be wea-ry, and
des-ert how kind-ly he feeds! The lambs in his bos-om he
round us, our God is our might; So faint, yet pur-su-ing, still



tri-al be near, The Lord is our Ref-uge, and whom can we
thorny the road, But how can we fal-ter?—our help is in
ten-der-ly bears, And brings back the wanderers all safe from the
on-ward we come; The Lord is our Lead-er, and heaven is our

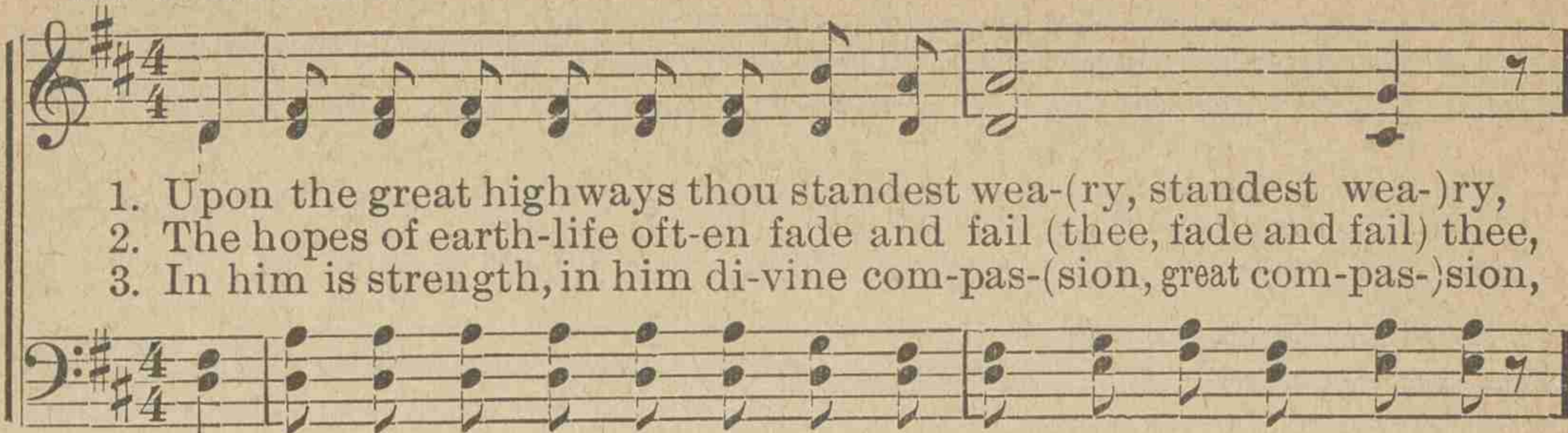


fear? The Lord is our Ref-uge, and whom can we fear?
God! But how can we fal-ter?—our help is in God!
snares, And brings back the wanderers all safe from the snares.
home! The Lord is our Lead-er, and heaven is our home!

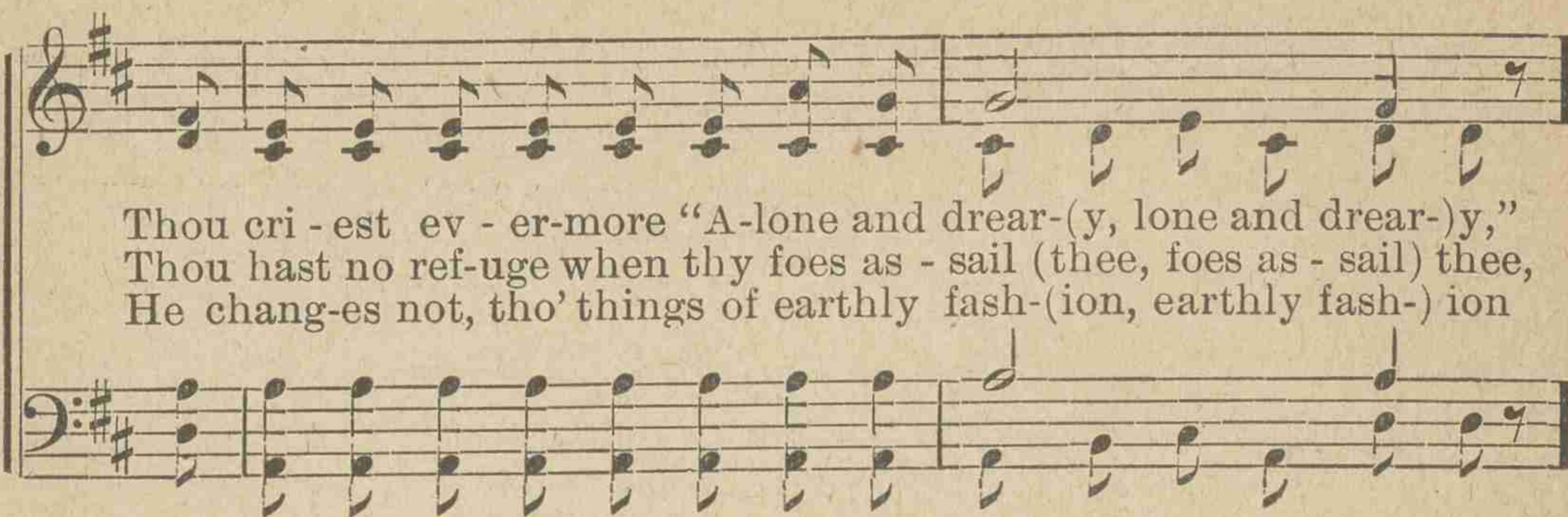


Mrs. A. L. DAVISON.

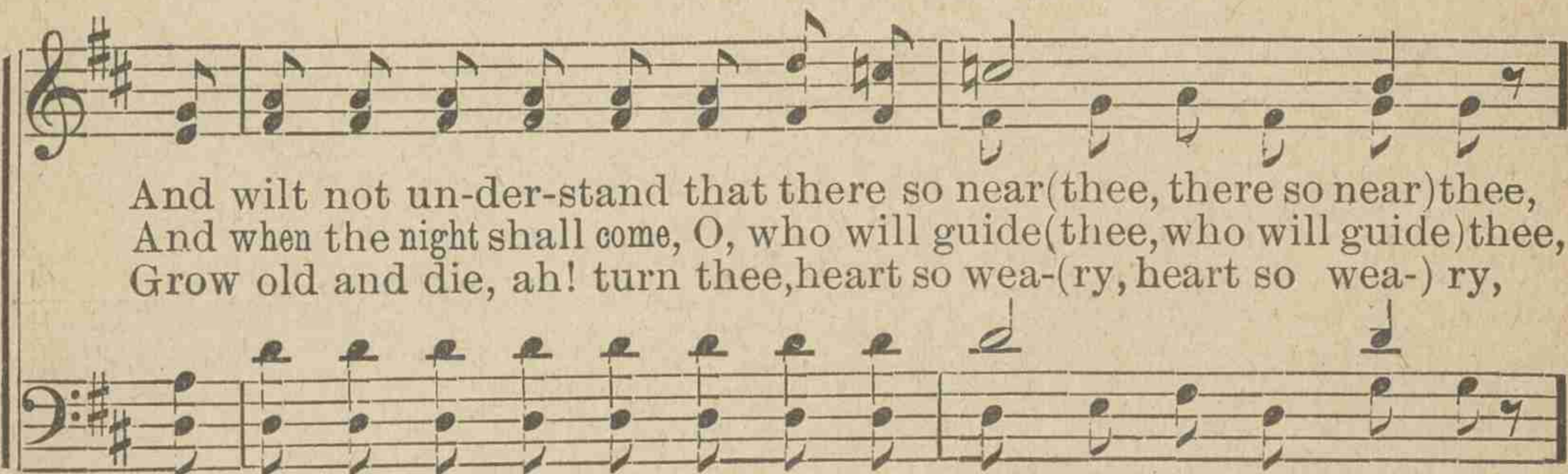
J. H. F.



1. Upon the great highways thou standest wea-(ry, standest wea-)ry,
 2. The hopes of earth-life oft-en fade and fail (thee, fade and fail) thee,
 3. In him is strength, in him di-vine com-pas-(sion, great com-pas-)sion,



Thou cri - est ev - er-more "A-lone and drear-(y, lone and drear-)y,"
 Thou hast no ref-uge when thy foes as - sail (thee, foes as - sail) thee,
 He chang-es not, tho' things of earthly fash-(ion, earthly fash-) ion



And wilt not un-der-stand that there so near(thee, there so near)thee,
 And when the night shall come, O, who will guide(thee, who will guide)thee,
 Grow old and die, ah! turn thee, heart so wea-(ry, heart so wea-) ry,



The Saviour waits to love and bless, and cheer(thee, bless and cheer)thee.
 If thou dost still re-fuse thy Friend be-side(thee, Friend beside)thee?
 And thou shalt nevermore be lone and drear- (y, lone and drear-)y.

CHORUS.



He stands so near, and yet thy blinded vis-ion Is turned a-way from

He Waits for Thee.

hope and light e - lys-ian, Thou wilt not see that 'tis for thee he careth,

For thee, for thee the heav-y cross he bear - - eth.
the heav - y cross he beareth.

83

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. GORDON.

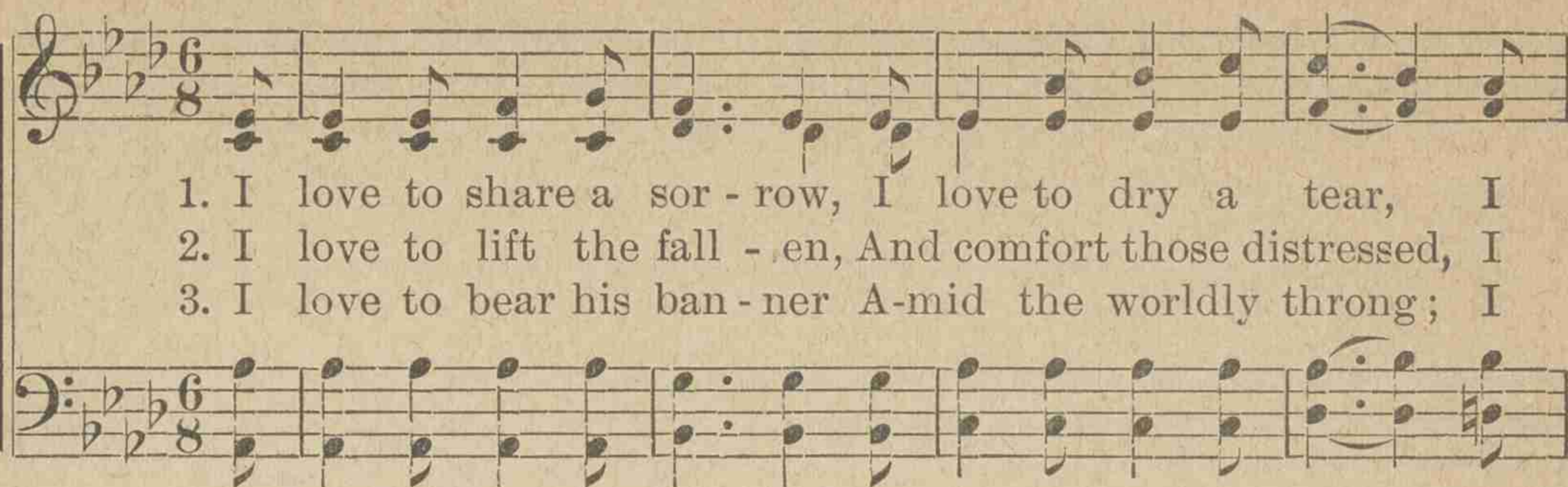
1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine; For thee all the
2. I love thee be-cause thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my
3. I'll love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light I'll ev - er a-

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra-cious Re-deem-er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear-ing the
long as thou lend-est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
dore thee in heav-en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

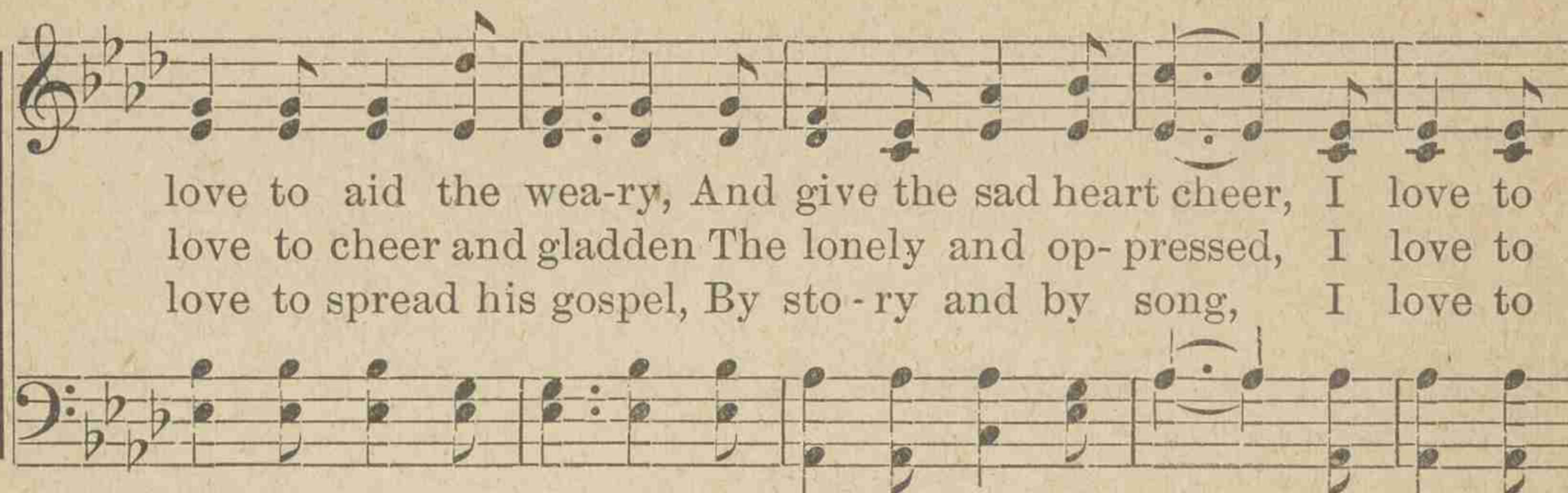
Sav-iour art thou, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on thy brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

JAMES ROWE.

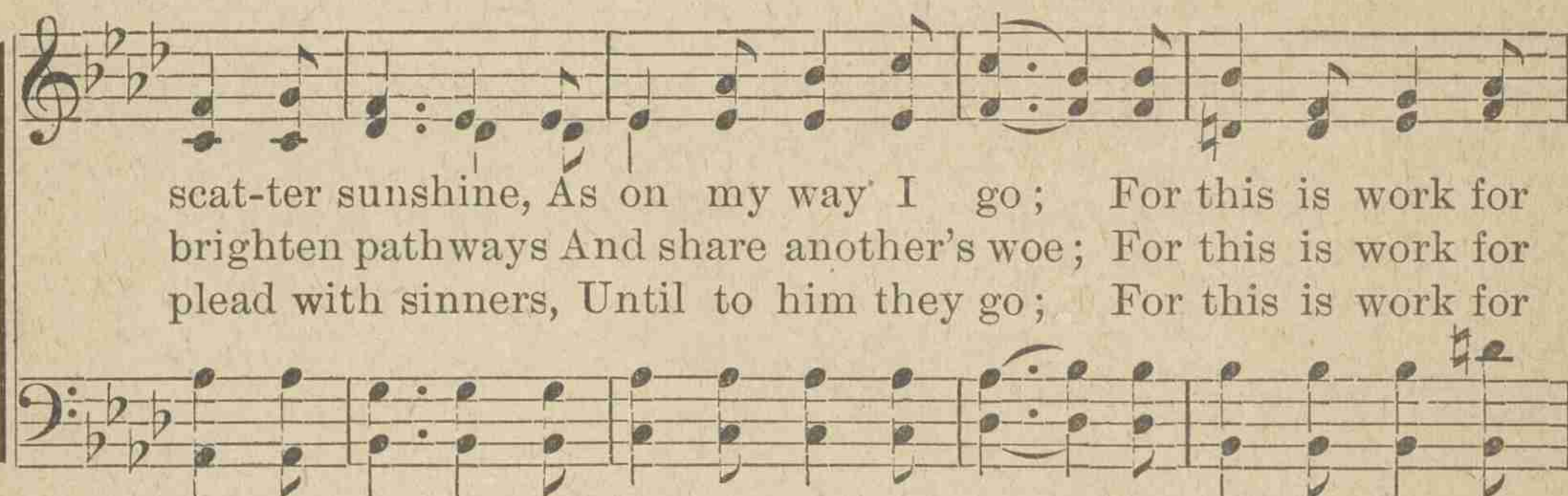
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I love to share a sor-row, I love to dry a tear, I
 2. I love to lift the fall-en, And comfort those distressed, I
 3. I love to bear his ban-ner A-mid the worldly throng; I



love to aid the wea-ry, And give the sad heart cheer, I love to
 love to cheer and gladden The lonely and op-pressed, I love to
 love to spread his gospel, By sto-ry and by song, I love to

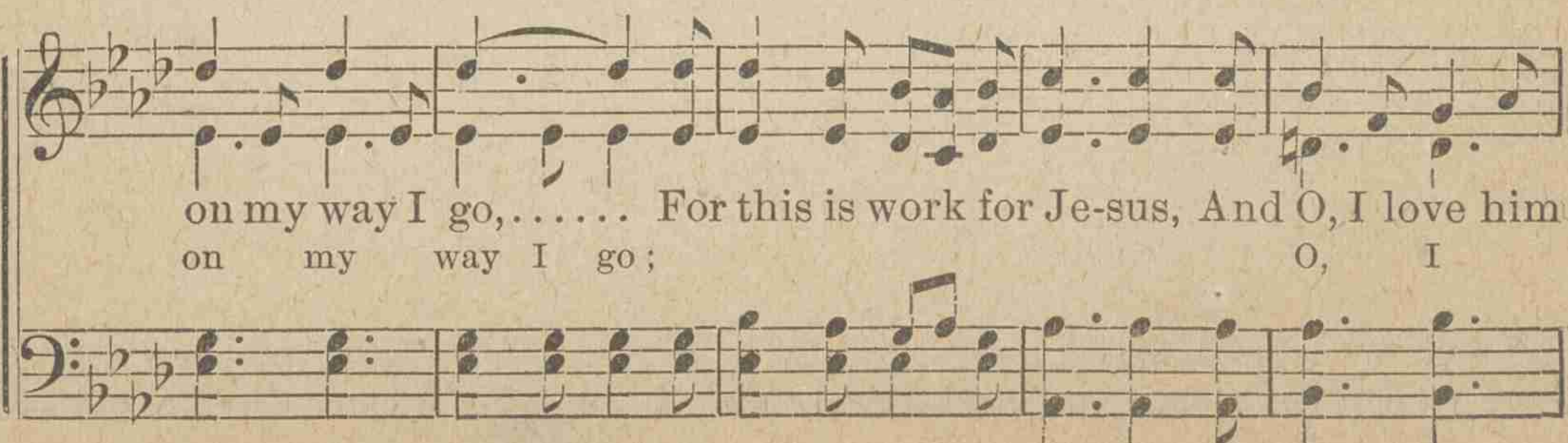


scat-ter sunshine, As on my way I go; For this is work for
 brighten pathways And share another's woe; For this is work for
 plead with sinners, Until to him they go; For this is work for

CHORUS.



Je-sus, And O, I love him so.... I love to scatter sunshine, As



on my way I go,..... For this is work for Je-sus, And O, I love him
 on my way I go; O, I

I Love to Scatter Sunshine.

so,..... I love to scat-ter sun-shine, As on my way I
love him so, on my

go,..... For this is work for Je-sus, And O, I love him so.
way I go,

85

Golden Harps.

P. H.

May be used as a Soprano and Tenor Duet.

J. H. F.

1. O'er the dark and silent stream, Comes to us a cheering gleam, Of the
D.C. And our loved ones wait, we know, While we shrink and fear to go, To that
2. We must hear the solemn knell, We must say the sad farewell, While with-
And our hearts would sink with grief, Had we not the sweet relief Of a
3. Soon the evening shades will fall, Soon will sound the boatman's call, And our
But the Hand that led us here, Will not fail us in our fear, It will

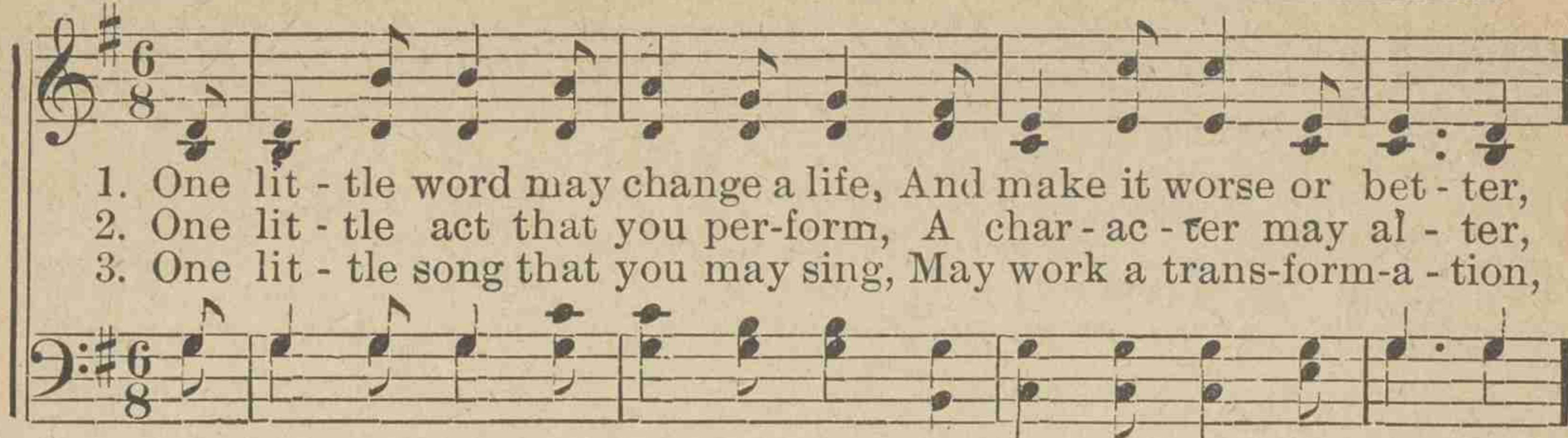
Fine. CHORUS.

light and beauty of the farther shore, }
sun-ny land to dwell for ev-er-more. } Golden harps.... are loudly
in this land of partings we a-bide. }
Friend that standeth ever at our side. }
fragile bark must launch into the night, }
bear us safe-ly to the shores of light. } Golden harps are loudly

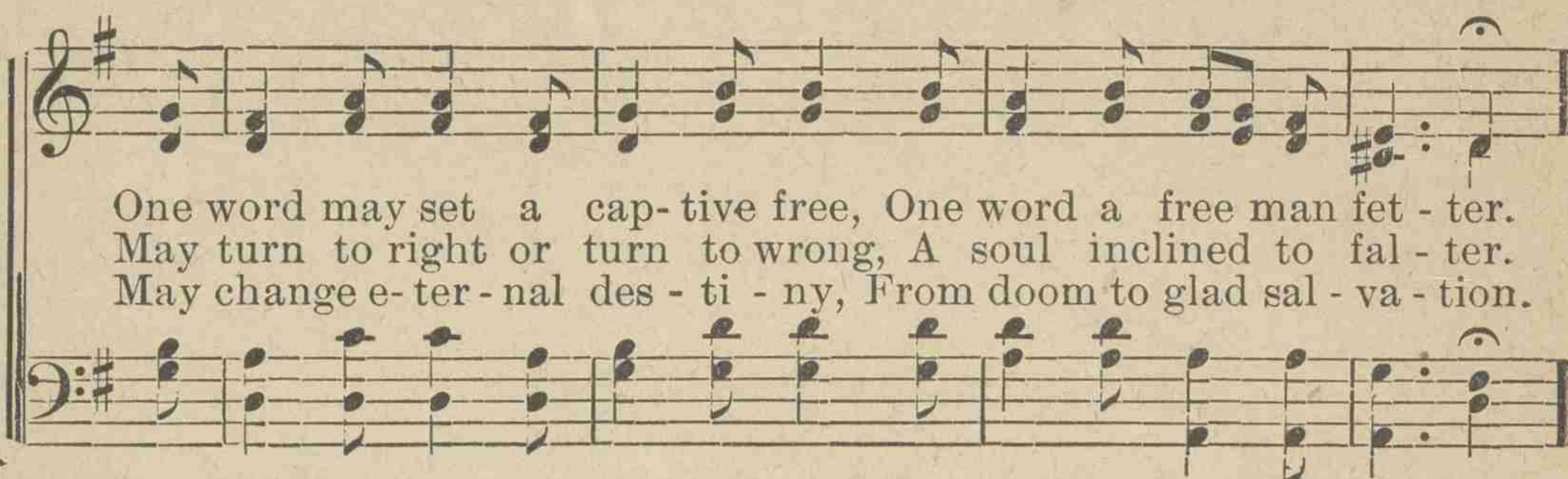
ringing over there, Angel choirs... are sweetly singing, o-ver there.
An-gel choirs

C. M. F.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE.



1. One lit - tle word may change a life, And make it worse or bet - ter,
 2. One lit - tle act that you per-form, A char-ac-ter may al - ter,
 3. One lit - tle song that you may sing, May work a trans-form-a - tion,



One word may set a cap-tive free, One word a free man fet - ter.
 May turn to right or turn to wrong, A soul inclined to fal - ter.
 May change e-ter-nal des - ti - ny, From doom to glad sal - va - tion.

CHORUS.



Then speak kind words as you jour - ney a - long, For grief give
 Then do kind deeds as you jour - ney a - long, For grief give
 Then sweet-ly sing as you jour - ney a - long, For grief give



glad - ness, for sigh - ing give song; A kind word cost-ing you
 glad - ness, for sigh - ing give song; A kind deed cost-ing you
 glad - ness, for sigh - ing give song; A mel - o - dy cost-ing



noth - ing to speak, May strengthen a heart that is weak.
 noth - ing to do, May help tempt-ed hearts to prove true.
 noth - ing to sing, Sweet com - fort to some one may bring.

1. I am re-solved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the
 2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav-iour, Leav - ing my
 3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav-iour, Faith-ful and
 4. I am re-solved to en - ter the king-dom, Leav - ing the
 5. I am re-solved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with-

world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,
 sin and strife; He is the true one, He is the just one,
 true each day, Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,
 paths of sin; Friends may oppose me, foes may be - set me,
 out de - lay, Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it,

CHORUS.

These have al-lured my sight. I will hast-en to Him
 He hath the words of life.
 He is the liv - ing way.
 Still will I en - ter in.
 We'll walk the heav'nly way. I will hast-en, hast-en to Him,

Hast - en so glad and free, (Hast - en glad and free),

Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to Thee.
 Je - sus, Je - sus,

1. I shall awake when the trump shall sound, I shall a - rise from the
 2. I shall awake when the Bridegroom comes, Rise at the cry that shall
 3. I shall awake when the world's on fire, I shall as-cend to the
 4. I shall awake when the gates un-fold, I shall look in on the

dark, cold ground, I shall a-wake, I shall a-wake, I shall a-
 break the tomb, I shall a-wake, I shall a-wake, I shall a-
 heav'n-ly choir, I shall a-wake, I shall a-wake, I shall a-
 streets of gold, I shall a-wake, I shall a-wake, I shall a-

CHORUS.

wake when the trump shall sound.
 wake when the Bridegroom comes. O then . . . at the Father's right
 wake when the world's on fire.
 wake when the gates un-fold. O then, O then at

hand, There with the good, there with the good, With
 his right hand, There with the good, there with the good, With

May repeat pp.

Je - sus, my Saviour, I'll stand, Washed in the blood, in the precious blood.
 Christ, my Sav-iour, I shall stand, All washed in the precious blood.

1. I know that my Redeem-er liv - eth, And on the earth
 2. I know his promise nev-er fail - eth, The word he speaks,
 3. I know my mansion he pre-par - eth, That where he is.

again shall stand;
 it can not die;
 there I may be;

I know e - ternal life he giveth, That grace and
 Tho' cruel death my flesh assaileth, Yet I shall
 O wondrous tho't, for me he careth, And he at

CHORUS.

power . . . are in his hand. } I know, I know . . .
 see . . . him by and by. } And on the earth . . .
 last . . . will come for me.

that Je-sus liv-eth, }
 a-gain shall(omit) } stand; I know, I know . . . that life he

giv-eth, That grace and power . . . are in his hand.
 are in his hand.

P. H.

J. H. F.

1. When the Lord in glo - ry com-eth with his hosts in bright ar - ray,
 2. We shall see our bless-ed Sav-iour and shall know him in the skies
 3. We shall see the countless righteous gath'ring for their great reward,

And we wak-en at his summons in that new and gladsome light,
 As he comes to take his children thro' the gates of shin-ing gold,
 We shall see the palms of vic-t'ry that the saints in gladness bring,

O, the won-der, O, the rap-ture as we greet the heav'nly day,
 We shall hear the shouts of joy that from unnumbered thousands rise,
 We shall hear the might-y cho-rus to the Ho - ly One Adored,

CHORUS.
 When the dawn e - ter-nal breaks upon our sight. We'll be there,
 As his beau-ty and his glo - ry they be-hold.
 As in robes of white they stand before their King. We'll be there,

we'll be there, On the res-ur-rec-tion morning we'll be
 we'll be there,

We'll Be There.

there, We'll be there, We'll be there, we'll be there, we'll be there,

On the res - ur - rec - tion morning, we'll be there, we'll be there.

91

Jesus is Calling To-day.

P. H.

J. H. F.

1. Je-sus is call-ing, call-ing, call-ing, Je-sus is call-ing to-day;
 2. Je-sus is pleading, pleading, pleading, Why should I wander in sin,
 3. Je-sus is wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, O-pen now standeth the door,

Fine.

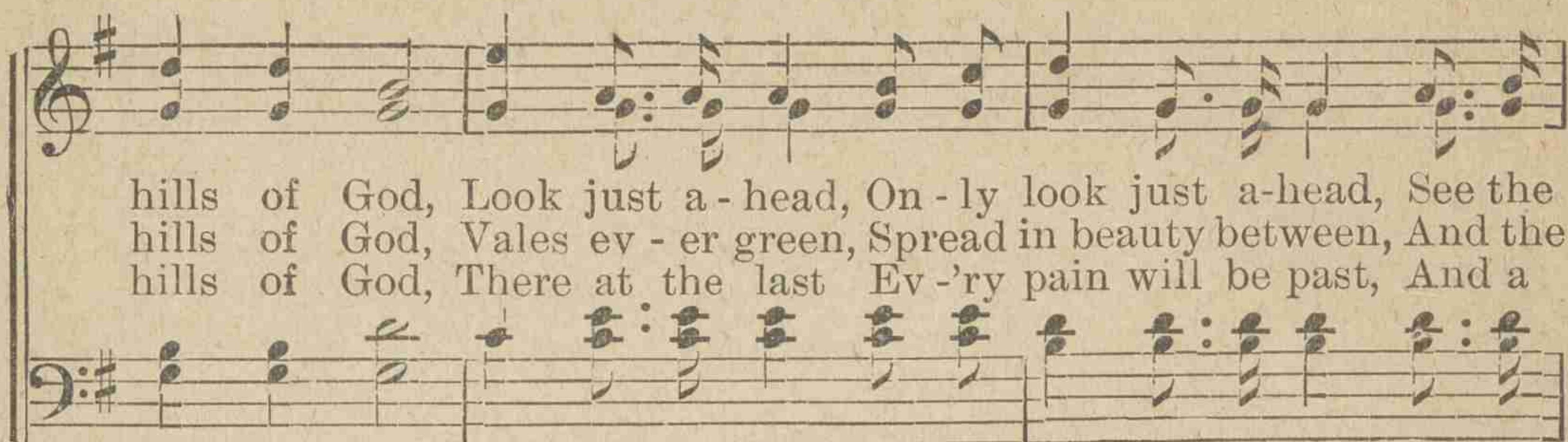
D.S. Why should I lin-ger, lin-ger, lin-ger, I will a-rise and a-way.
 While to his glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, Glad would he welcome me in?
 Soon the night falleth, falleth, falleth, Closed are the gates ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

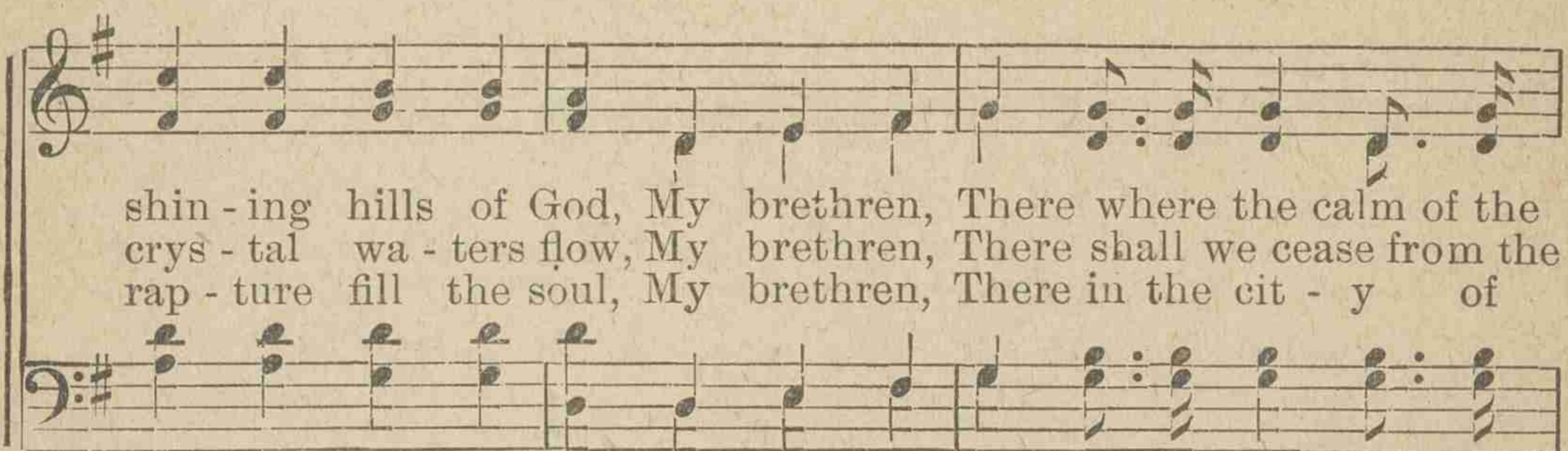
D. S. They are so hap-py, hap-py, hap-py, Who do their Saviour o-bey.
 o-bey.



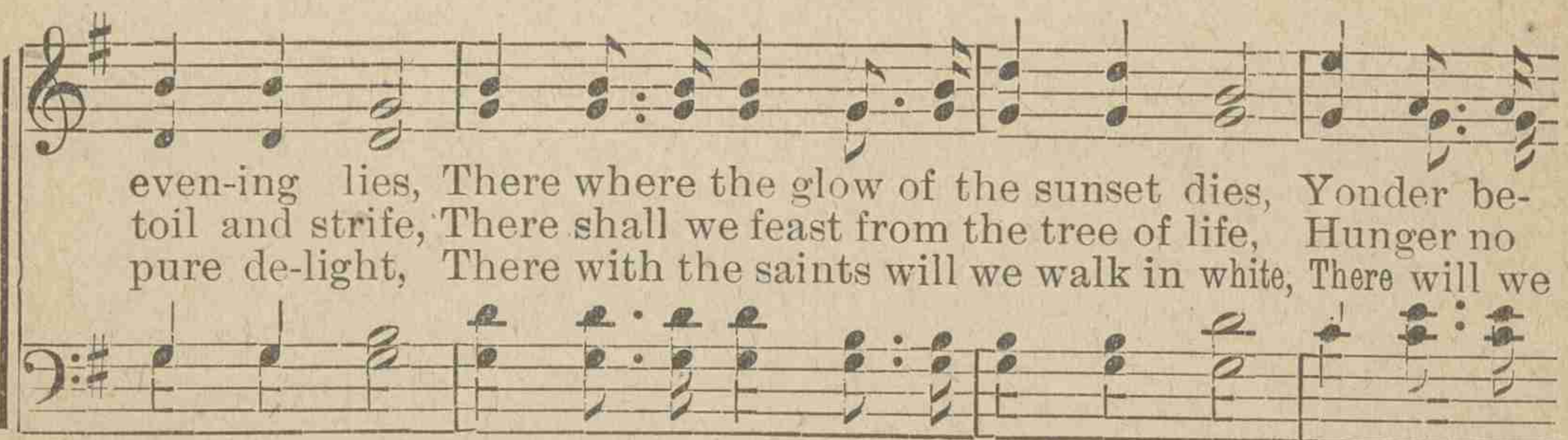
1. Just on before are the hills of God, Just on before are the
 2. Fruit-ful and fair are the hills of God, Fruit-ful and fair are the
 3. There shall we dwell on the hills of God, There shall we dwell on the



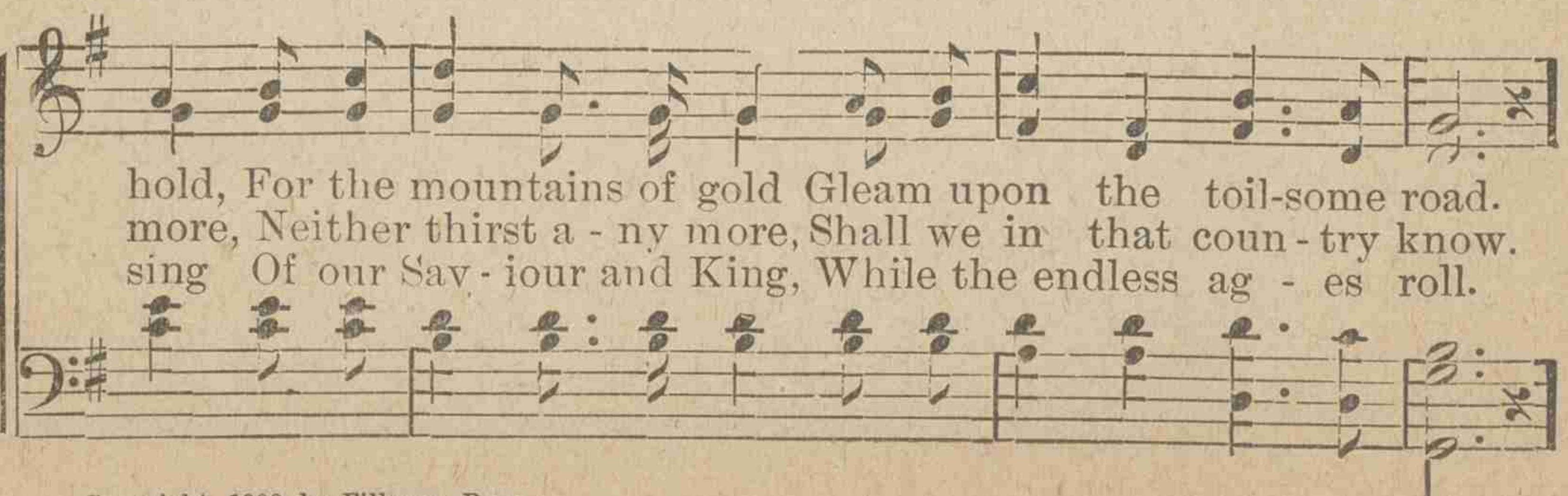
hills of God, Look just a-head, On-ly look just a-head, See the
 hills of God, Vales ev-er green, Spread in beauty between, And the
 hills of God, There at the last Ev-ry pain will be past, And a



shin-ing hills of God, My brethren, There where the calm of the
 crys-tal wa-ters flow, My brethren, There shall we cease from the
 rap-ture fill the soul, My brethren, There in the cit-y of



even-ing lies, There where the glow of the sunset dies, Yonder be-
 toil and strife, There shall we feast from the tree of life, Hunger no
 pure de-light, There with the saints will we walk in white, There will we



hold, For the mountains of gold Gleam upon the toil-some road.
 more, Neither thirst a-ny more, Shall we in that coun-try know.
 sing Of our Sav-iour and King, While the endless ag-es roll.

The Shining Hills of God.

CHORUS.



Pilgrim, fainting in the heat of the way, Trav'ler wea-ry at the
Soon the dreary jour-ney end-ed will be, Soon the Canaan of the



close of the day, Joy - ful be-hold, For the mountains of gold Gleam up-
blest we shall see, Look just ahead, On - ly look just ahead, Rise the



on the toilsome road, Hal-le - lu - jah!
(omit) shining hills of God.

93 Loving Him who First Loved Me.

Unknown.

C. M. VON WEBER.



1. Sav-iour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet lesson to o - bey;
2. With a child-like heart of love, At thy bid-ding may I move;
3. Teach me all thy steps to trace, Strong to fol-low in thy grace;
4. Love in lov-ing finds employ—In o - be-dience all her joy;



Sweeter les-son can not be—Lov-ing him who first loved me.
Prompt to serve and follow thee—Lov-ing him who first loved me.
Learning how to love from thee—Lov-ing him who first loved me.
Ev - er new that joy will be—Lov-ing him who first loved me.

Duet and Chorus.

1. Lovely, love-ly riv - er, On thy way so free, Murm'ring softly
 2. O that love-ly riv - er, With its crystal flood, Flow-ing free-ly
 3. To this love-ly riv - er We may gladly come, To its bow'rs of

ev - er Toward the boundless sea, Thou art sweetly telling In thy
 ev - er From the throne of God; On its pleasant borders Springs the
 blessing We may free-ly come; Of its leaves of healing We may

gen - tle song, Of the liv - ing wa-ters Flowing bright a - long.
 liv - ing green, There the tree immortal, With its fruits is seen.
 strength receive, Of its precious wa-ters We may drink and live.

CHORUS.

Love - ly riv - er, With its crystal flood, Bless - ings
 Beauti-ful river, lovely river, With its crystal flood, its flood, Blessings, abundant

ev - er, Bearing all a - broad, Love - ly riv - er,
 ev - er, ev - er, Bear-ing all abroad, abroad, Beauti - ful riv - er, beauti-ful riv - er,

Lovely River.

Love - ly riv - er, Beautiful river flowing From the throne of God.
Beautiful river, beautiful river,

95

Blessed are They.

H. R. TRICKETT.

J. H. F.

1. Blessed are they who do his commandments, They shall claim the tree of life;
2. Blessed are they who do his commandments, They shall wear the robes of white;
3. Blessed are they who do his commandments, They shall stand before the throne;

In - to the cit - y they shall en - ter, They are victors in the strife.
Under the portals God shall lead them, They shall serve him day and night.
In - to the life of joy e - ter - nal, God shall claim them for his own.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed, bless - ed, bless - ed are they,
Blessed are they who do his commandments, Blessed are they, Blessed are they,

In - to the cit - y they shall enter, Blessed, blessed, blessed are they.

Rev. WM. APPLE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Arise, my soul, ascend on high, To the mountains of praise and pray'r;
 2. Arise, my soul, on wings of faith, To the mountains of hope and love;
 3. Arise, my soul, and haste away To the mountains of trust and rest;




And there by faith the cit-y view, Your inheritance, bright and fair.
 And let your eyes the glo-ry see, That awaiteth the saints a-bove.
 And gaze upon the promised land, Where no sorrow or sin mo-lest.



CHORUS.



Be-hold, my soul, behold Je - ru - salem with streets of gold,
 Be-hold, behold,




With gates to the north and gates to the south, With gates to the east and




gates to the west, Where pilgrim stran-gers for - ev - er find rest.
 pilgrim strangers shall find rest,



Joy, Joy, Joy.

P. H.

J. H. F.

Allegretto.

Joy, joy, joy, what gold-en glo - ries rise be - fore us;

Joy, joy, joy, what glories o'er us rise; Joy, joy, joy, how swells aloud the

heav'nly cho - rus, Joy, joy, joy, the cho - rus of the skies.

♩ SOLO. Slower.

1. Heav'n, sweet heav'n, I hear a - far the song of thy lightness, Thy
2. There in bow'rs of bliss the flow'rs are growing eter-nal, The

glad - some song rising o - ver the shadow - y tomb;
flow'rs that fell in their beauty, so young and so fair;

Joy, Joy, Joy.

Heav'n, sweet heav'n, I see a-far the gleam of thy brightness, So
Fanned by airs so soft and fragrant, blowing super-nal, O'er

Rit.
dear, so bright on our way, lighting the gloom.
fade-less fields ev-er-more blos-som-ing there.

CHORUS.

Heav'n, sweet heav'n,.... I hear a-far the song of thy lightness, Thy
There in bow'rs.... of bliss the flow'rs are growing eternal, The
Heaven, sweet heav'n, heaven, sweet heav'n, I hear thy light-ness,
There in the bow'rs, there in the bow'rs, the flow'rs are grow-ing,

glad-some song..... ris-ing o-ver the shadow-y
flow'rs that fell..... in their beauty so young and so
Gladsome thy song, gladsome thy song, ris-ing
Flow-ers that fell, flow-ers that fell, flow'rs so

Joy, Joy, Joy.

tomb;.... Heav'n, sweet heav'n,..... I see a - far the
fair ;..... Fanned by airs..... so soft and fragrant
o-ver the tomb, Heaven, sweet heav'n, heaven, sweet heav'n, I see thy
young and so fair; Fanned by the airs, fanned by the airs so soft and

Rit.
gleam of thy brightness, So dear, so bright on our way lighting the gloom.
blowing supernal, O'er fade - less fields evermore blossoming bright.
bright - ness, Dear and so bright, dear and so bright, so bright, lighting the gloom.
blow - ing, Fadeless the fields, fadeless the fields, the fields blossoming there.

Joy, joy, joy, what golden glo-ries rise be-fore us, Joy, joy, joy,

D.S. for 2d verse.
what glo-ries o'er us rise; Joy, joy, joy, joy, joy, joy, joy, joy, joy.

98

Give your Heart to Jesus.

GRACE GLENN.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Give your heart to Jesus, He has sought it, He has bought it, Give your heart to Jesus.
2. Do all things for Jesus, Singing, playing, Working, praying, Do all things for Jesus.
3. Trust your life to Jesus, He will lead you, He will feed you, Trust your life to Jesus.

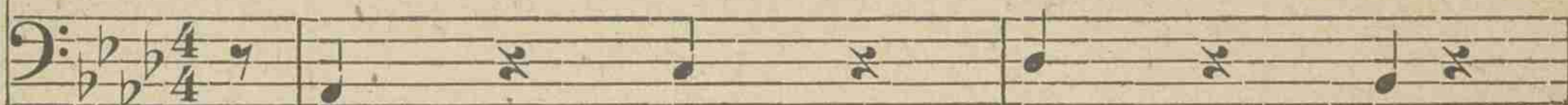
Tell Mother I'll be There.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

Not too fast.



1. When I was but a lit-tle child, how well I rec-ol-lect, How
2. Tho I was oft-en wayward, she was always kind and good, So
3. When I became a prod-i-gal and left the old roof-tree, She
4. One day a message came to me, it bade me quickly come, If



I would grieve my mother with my fol-ly and neg-lect, And
 pa-tient, gen-tle, lov-ing, when I act-ed rough and rude, My
 al-most broke her lov-ing heart in mourning aft-er me, And
 I would see my moth-er, ere the Sav-iour took her home; I

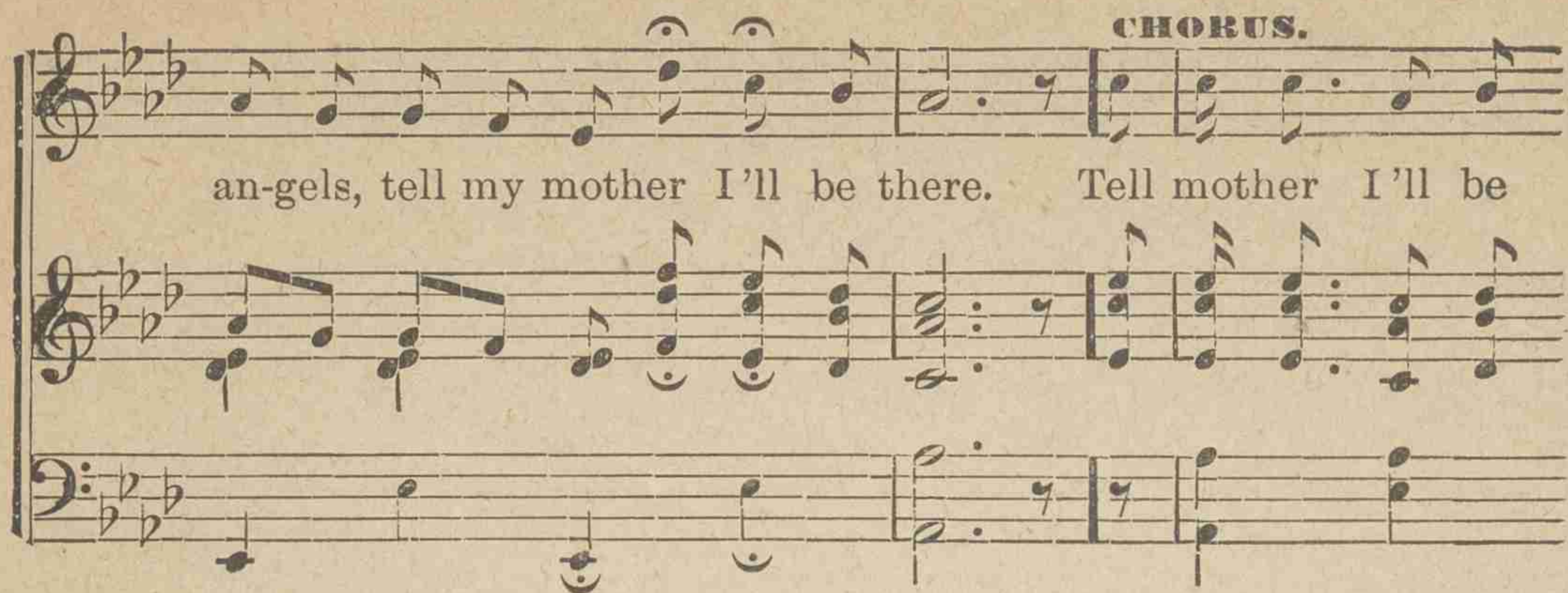


now that she has gone to heav'n, I miss her ten-der care, O
 childhood griefs and tri-als, she would glad-ly with me share, O
 day and night she prayed to God to keep me in his care, O
 prom-ised her, be-fore she died, for heav-en to pre-pare, O

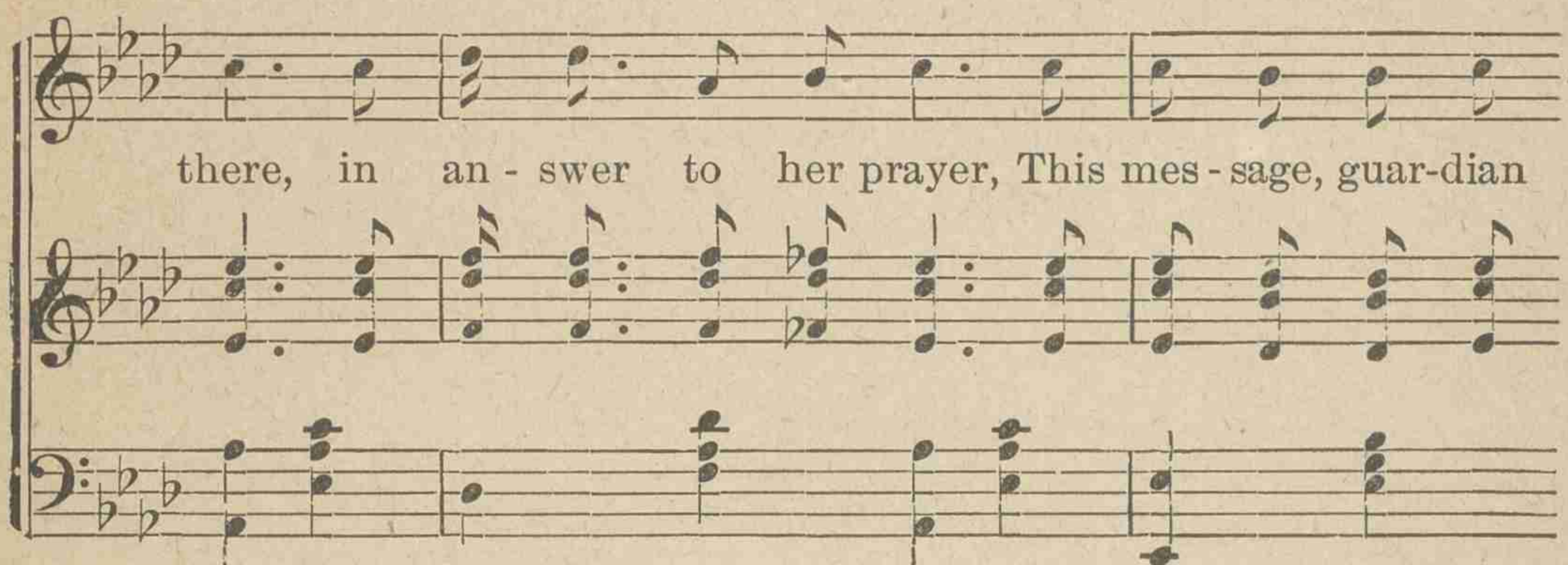


Tell Mother I'll be There.

CHORUS.



an-gels, tell my mother I'll be there. Tell mother I'll be



there, in an - swer to her prayer, This mes - sage, guar-dian



an - gels, to her bear; Tell mother I'll be there, heav'n's



joys with her to share, Yes, tell my darling mother I'll be there.



1. In the name of God we're marching 'gainst the pow'rs of sin and wrong,
 2. In the name of God we're marching 'gainst the e - vil of the land,



Marching on, marching on, And the greatness of his
 Marching on, marching on, Tho' the cohorts of the



triumphs is our glory and our song, Marching on,..... marching on.
 wicked to oppose undaunted stand Marching on,



He hath chased the hosts of darkness, he hath cheered the haunts of woe, As he
 High aloft we'll bear the standard of our Captain and our King, And with



leads his loyal legions from on high. He hath slain the proud op-
 might we'll wield the weapons of his word, And the foe shall fall be-



In the Name of God.

pressor, he hath laid the tyrant low, And the kingdom of his mercy draweth
fore us, and the vict'ry we shall sing, Thro' the pow'r alone of our Almighty

Harmony.

nigh,
Lord. Marching on, marching on, Marching

on in the name of God, Marching on,

marching on, Marching on in the name of God.

101

Jesus, my Saviour.

FRONIA SMITH.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Jesus, my Saviour, I would be thy child, Ever obedient, Gentle, sweet and mild.
2. Like little Samuel, Watching in the night, "Speak, Lord, I hear thee, Thou art my delight."
3. Something for Jesus, Doing day by day—Thus am I climbing Up the heav'nly way.

P. H.

J. H. F.

1. For-ward, for-ward! Forward go, for the
2. For-ward, for-ward! Forward go, for the

Lord is with thee, He is thy life, thy light, thy joy ; Forward,
morn is breaking, Swiftly the shadows fly away ; Forward,

forward ! Forward go, for the Lord is with thee, Mighty thy foes to destroy.
forward ! Forward go, for the King in splendor Rises and conquers the day.

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

mer - cy, Chil - dren of the king-dom, High the
Messengers of mer-cy, Children of the king-dom, Children of the king - dom,

Forward!

col-ors of Zi-on show; Fol - lowers of Je - sus,
Followers of Je - sus, Followers of Je - sus,

Ar - mies of Je-ho - vah, Church - of God tri-
Armies of Je-ho - vah, Armies of Je-ho - vah, Church of God triumphant,

umph-ant, Rise and forth to the vict'ry go. Forward,
Church of God triumphant forth to the vict'ry go.

forward! Forward, ye brave hearts, Forward, ye true hearts at His

word; Forward, ye heroes, Forward, ye conq'rors for the Lord.

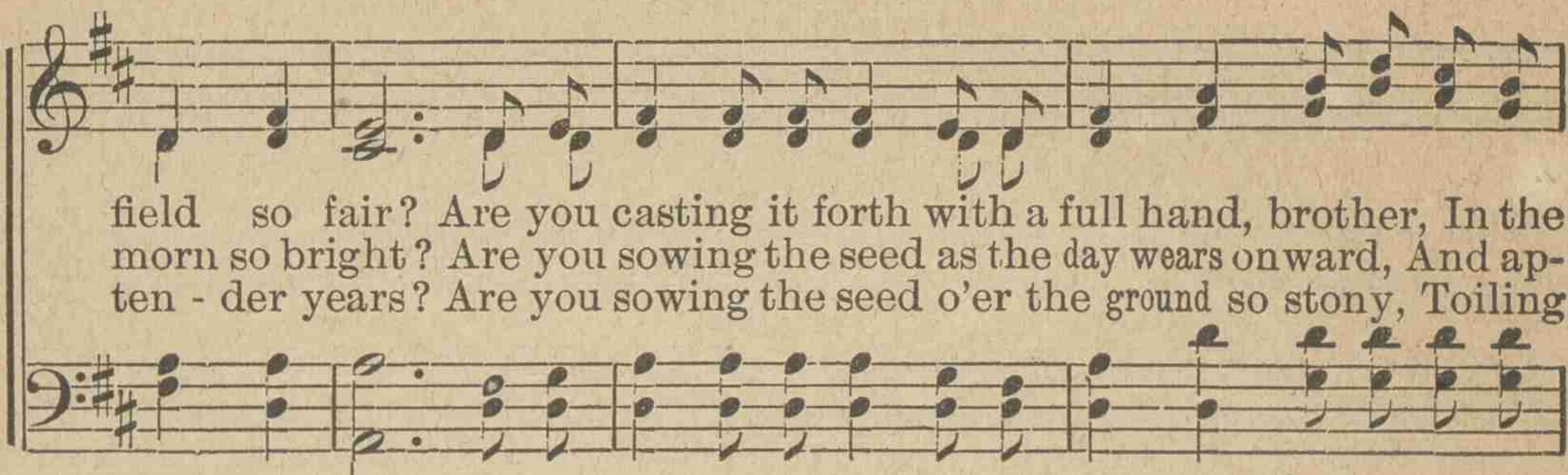
103 Sowing the Seed of the Kingdom.

P. H.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.



1. Are you sow-ing the seed of the kingdom, brother, In the Master's
 2. Are you sow-ing the seed of the kingdom, brother, In the ear - ly
 3. Are you sow-ing the seed of the kingdom, brother, In the heart of

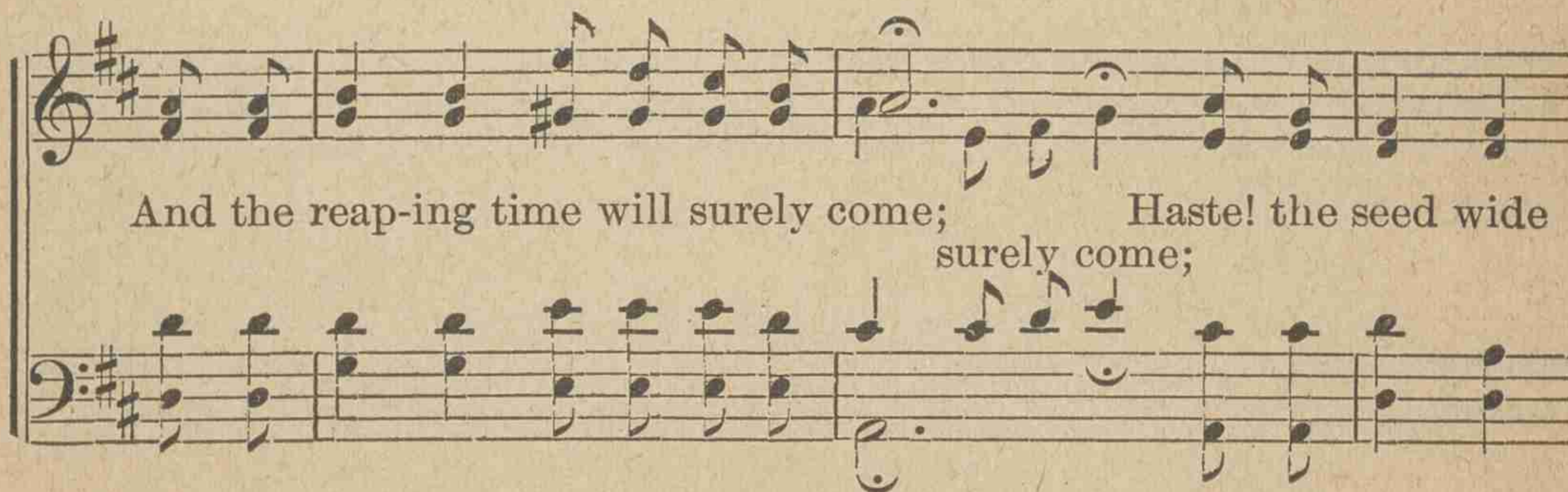


field so fair? Are you casting it forth with a full hand, brother, In the
 morn so bright? Are you sowing the seed as the day wears onward, And ap-
 ten - der years? Are you sowing the seed o'er the ground so stony, Toiling

CHORUS.



strength of faith and prayer? Oh, the spring so bright is passing by,
 proach the shades of night?
 on with prayers and tears? passing by,



And the reap-ing time will surely come; Haste! the seed wide
 surely come;



flinging, Then at last come, bringing Golden sheaves for the harvest-home.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Oh, scatter seeds of loving deeds, Along the fer-tile field, For
 2. Tho' sown in tears thro' weary years, The seed will surely live; Tho'
 3. The harvest-home of God will come, And after toil and care, With

CHORUS.

grain will grow from what you sow, And fruitful harvest yield.
 great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruitage give. Then day by
 joy untold your sheaves of gold Will all be garnered there.

day . . . along your way, . . . The seeds of prom - - -
 Then day by day along your way, The seeds of promise

ise cast, . . . That ripened grain . . . from hill and
 cast, the seeds of promise cast, That ripened grain

plain, . . . Be gathered home . . . at last. . .
 from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.

Be gathered home at last . . .

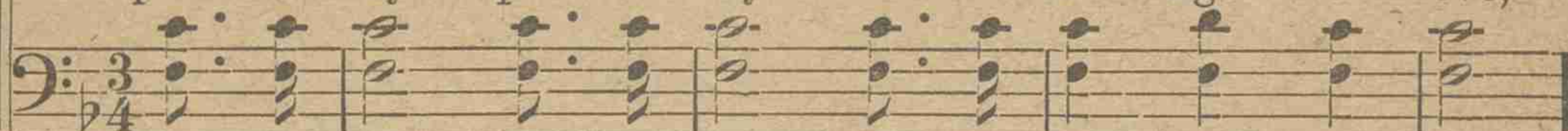
Speed Away.

Words adapted by
PALMER HARTSOUGH.

Music arranged from
I. B. Woodbury by J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Speed a - way! speed a - way! bless - ed gos - pel of light,
2. Speed a - way! speed a - way! love - ly her - alds of peace,
3. Speed a - way! speed a - way! with the mes - sage of love,




There's a re - gion that li - eth in dark - ness of night,
To the cap - tives in sor - row go take thou re - lease,
And the lost will look up to the Fath - er a - bove,




There's a shad - ow of death on that des - o - late shore, And a
To the fall - en that moan on the dark fields of strife, To the
They will turn from the dark - ness of sin and of wrong, They will




sad call that comes to our ears ev - er - more; O spread thy bright
dy - ing O speak thou the sweet words of life, O haste with thy
walk in the sun - light of glad - ness and song, Thy God will be




Ad lib. *Rit.*
pinions, O make no delay; Speed away! speed away! speed a-way!
healing, bright beams of the day; Speed away! speed away! speed a-way!
with thee, then why dost thou stay; Speed away! speed away! speed a-way!





1. From a distant shore comes the moaning cry Of a sad be-night-ed band,
2. From the pal-lid lip comes the mute appeal Of the hungry, starving poor,
3. There's a blessing sweet, there's a blessing great, To the soul that freely gives,



Oh, the Light of Life, let its healing fly, Let it bless that darkened land;
May the Father good give us hearts to feel For the suff'ers at our door;
For his pray'r goes up thro' the pearly gate, And in heav'n's own light he lives;



Let the souls long bound by the chains within, In the air of God go free,
May our hearts be moved and our steps be led By the love that comes from heav'n;
Let us quick-ly, then, give the cooling cup, Let us pour the heav'nly balm,



Let the eyes long sealed in the sleep of sin, Now their blest sal-va-tion see.
Till the earth-ly food and the living bread May to all who want be giv'n.
And the darkened lands, let us lift them up, Till we join that last sweet psalm.

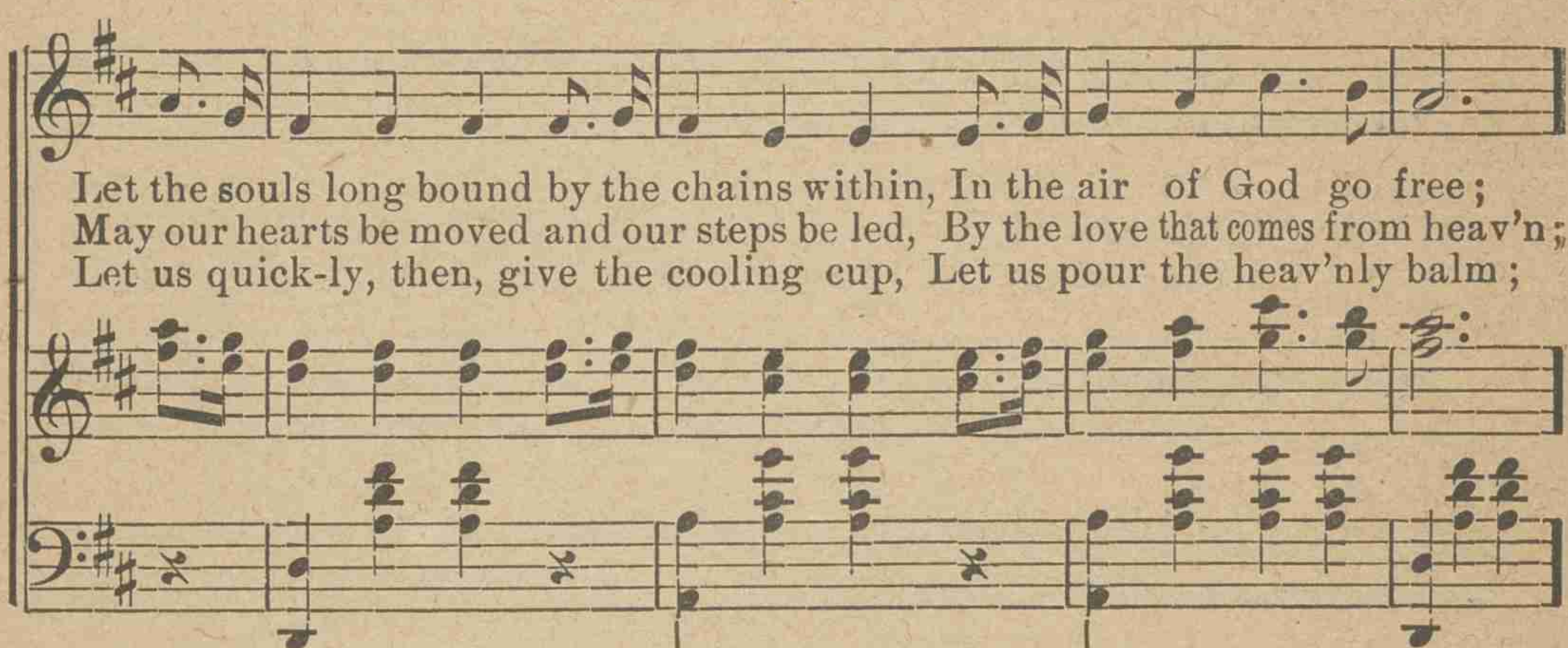


Fly Away Blest Gospel Light.

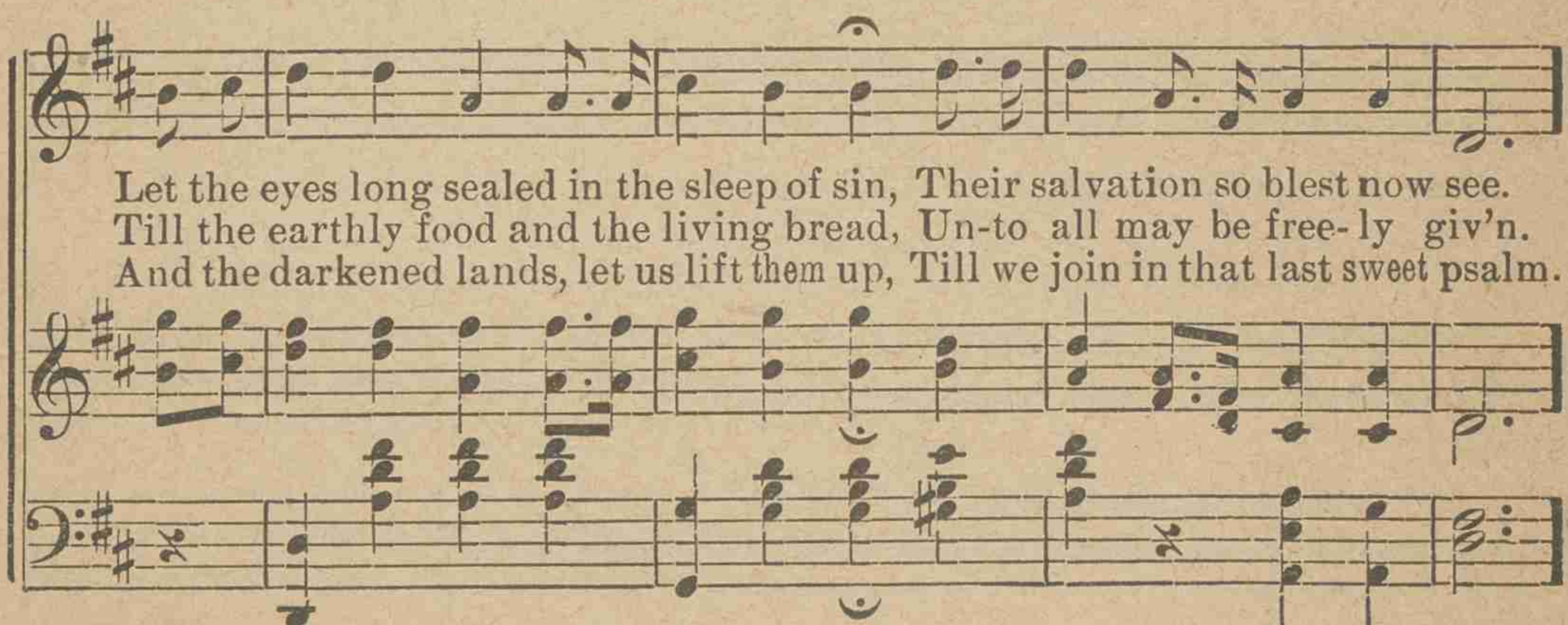
A tempo.



Fly a - way, fly a - way, fly a-way, a - way, a - way,
 Fly a - way, fly a - way, fly a-way, a - way, a - way,
 Fly a - way, fly a - way, fly a-way, a - way, a - way,



Let the souls long bound by the chains within, In the air of God go free;
 May our hearts be moved and our steps be led, By the love that comes from heav'n;
 Let us quick-ly, then, give the cooling cup, Let us pour the heav'nly balm;



Let the eyes long sealed in the sleep of sin, Their salvation so blest now see.
 Till the earthly food and the living bread, Un-to all may be free-ly giv'n.
 And the darkened lands, let us lift them up, Till we join in that last sweet psalm.

CHORUS.



Fly a-way, fly a-way, Fly a-way, blest Gos-pel light,
 fly a-way, fly a-way,

Fly Away Blest Gospel Light.

Till the morn shall break and the world shall wake In the dawn of the day so bright.

107

Sow the Seed.

P. H.

J. H. F.

1. O'er our land the day is break-ing, Sow the seed, sow the seed,
 2. Hills and vales in wealth unending,
 3. While we tar-ry in our go-ing,
 4. Stay not then our good endeavor, Sow the seed, sow the seed,

Church of God the gos-pel tak-ing, Sow the seed, the precious seed.
 States like empires vast ex-tend-ing,
 Tares o'er all the ground are growing,
 God the har-vest giv-eth ev-er, the precious seed.

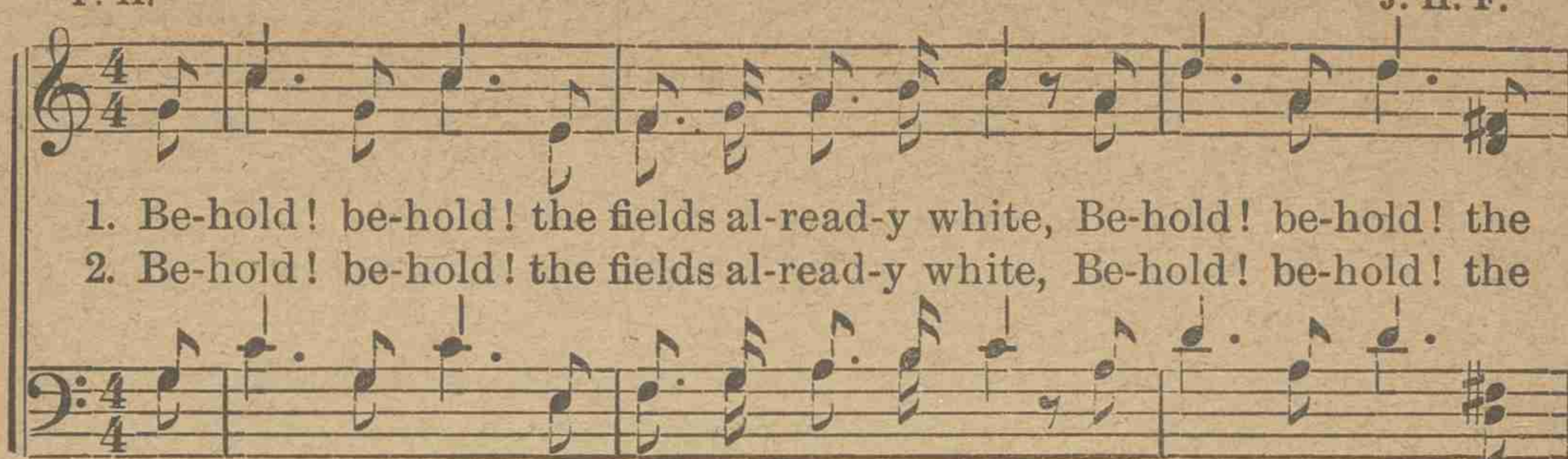
CHORUS.

Where the waiting fields lie nearest, Where the sunny skies shine clearest,

In the home-land best and dearest, Sow the seed, sow the seed.
 Sow the seed, sow the seed.

P. H.

J. H. F.



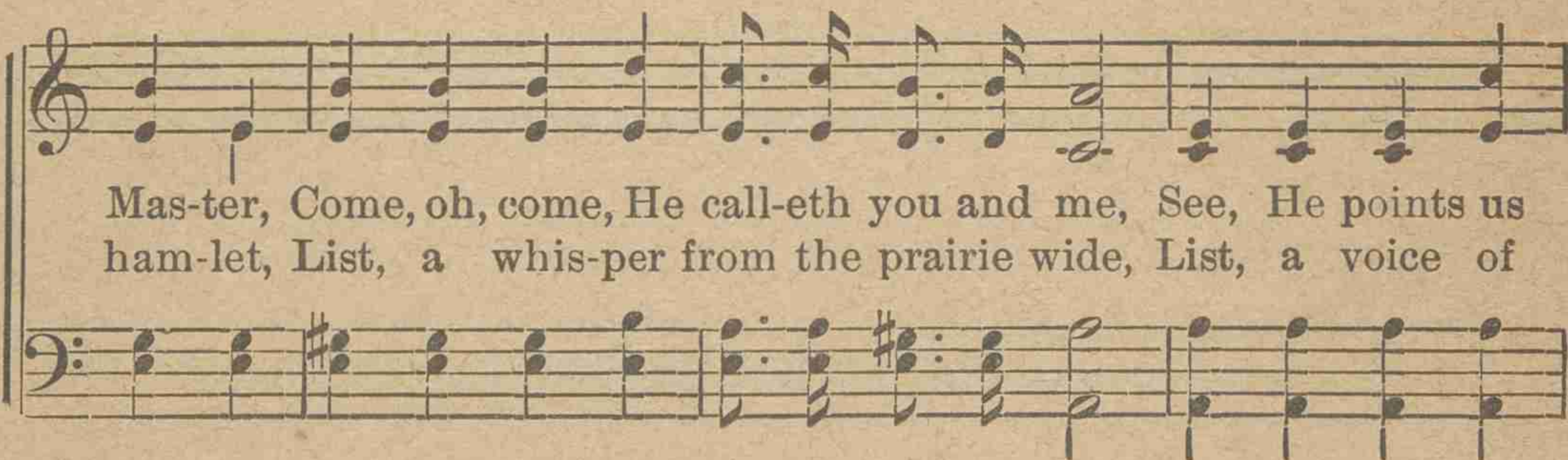
1. Be-hold! be-hold! the fields al-read-y white, Be-hold! be-hold! the
2. Be-hold! be-hold! the fields al-read-y white, Be-hold! be-hold! the



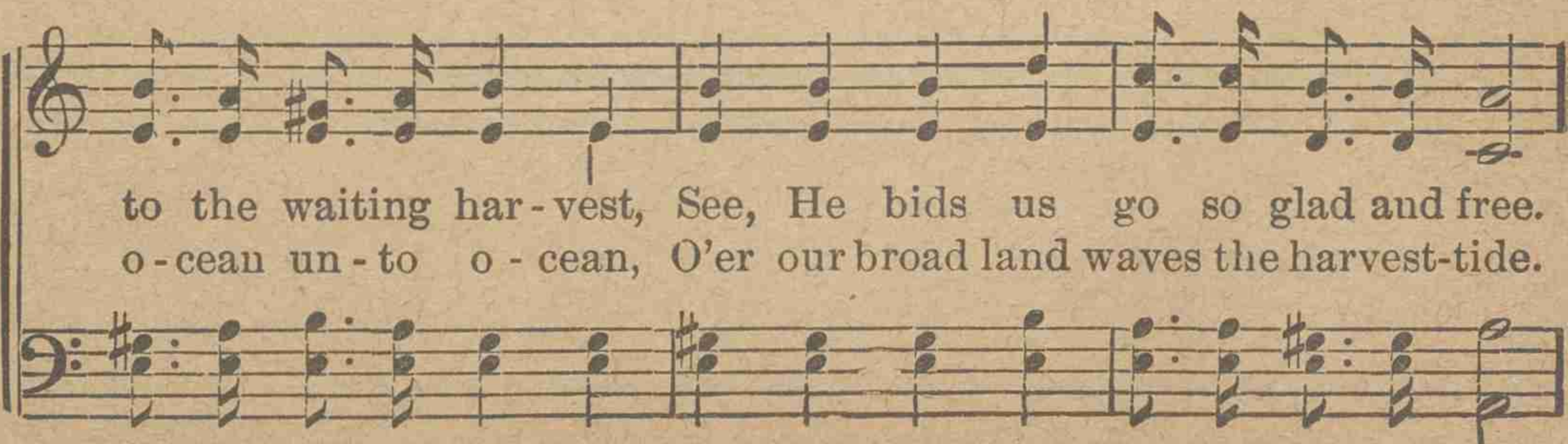
fields al-read-y white, The har-vest great! the har-vest great! On
fields al-read-y white, The land we love, the land we love, The



ev-'ry side the fields are white. Come, oh, come, now speaks the blessed
glorious harvest field of God. List, a call comes from the dis-tant



Mas-ter, Come, oh, come, He call-eth you and me, See, He points us
ham-let, List, a whis-per from the prairie wide, List, a voice of



to the waiting har-vest, See, He bids us go so glad and free.
o-cean un-to o-cean, O'er our broad land waves the harvest-tide.

Behold the Fields.

CHORUS.

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

Go..... ye forth to-day, And gather in the golden grain, And
Go ye forth, go ye forth,

gather in the golden grain. Go..... ye forth to-day, Ye
Go ye forth, go ye forth, Ye

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

gath-er in the gold-en grain, And gath-er in the golden grain.

Ball. **D. C.**

P. H.

Maestoso.

J. H. F.

Un-to him be glo - ry and hon - or and pow'r, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-

lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu - jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-
Un-to him be glo - ry and

lu - jah, hal-le-lu-jah, To him be glo - ry and hon-or and pow'r,
hon-or, hal-le-lu-jah,

2d time go to Coda.

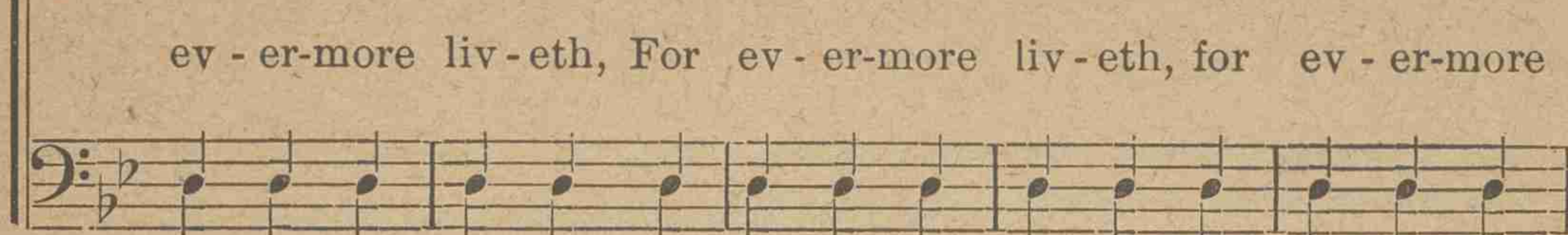
Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu - jah, A-men. To him who was

dead, But for ev - er-more liv-eth, To him who was dead, but for

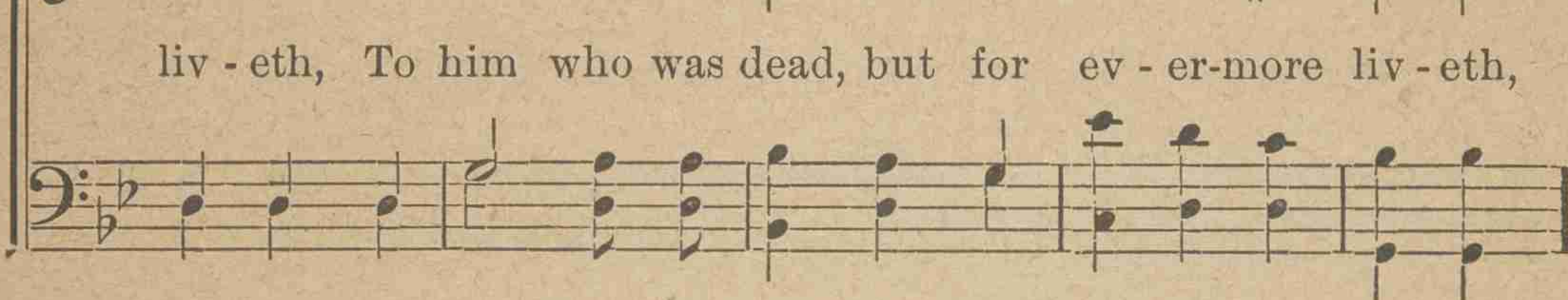
Unto Him Be Glory.



ev - er-more liv - eth, For ev - er-more liv - eth, for ev - er-more




liv - eth, To him who was dead, but for ev - er-more liv - eth,



Un - to him.....

CODA.



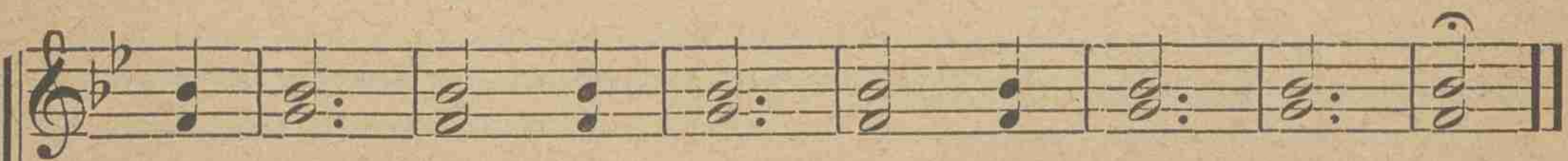
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,



Un - to him.....



To him be glo - ry and hon - or and pow'r,

For - ev - er and ev - er, A - men, A - men.



P. H.

J. H. F.

1. In the name of Christ fling your banners out, Let them fly, let them
2. That the tidings blest may be borne abroad, Give your hand, give your

fly, All ye valiant ones, let your rallying shout Rend the sky,
hand, That your place be filled in the ranks of God, Take your stand,

Rend the sky; Now we see the brightness of his word, And we
Take your stand, And no ill thy soul unmoved shall see, In the

hail the ris-ing dawn, Now Jehovah takes his conq'ring sword, And his
battle's din and shock, For the Lord himself thy strength shall be, And thine

CHORUS.

cause goes marching on. In the name of Christ fling your banners out, Let them
ev - er-last - ing rock.

Fly Your Banners.

fly, let them fly, Lift, ye valiant ones, your rallying
let them fly, let them fly,

shout To do or die; In the name of Christ let them fly, In the name of

Christ let them fly, O let your banners fly, Let your banners fly.

111 Home Protection Battle Song.

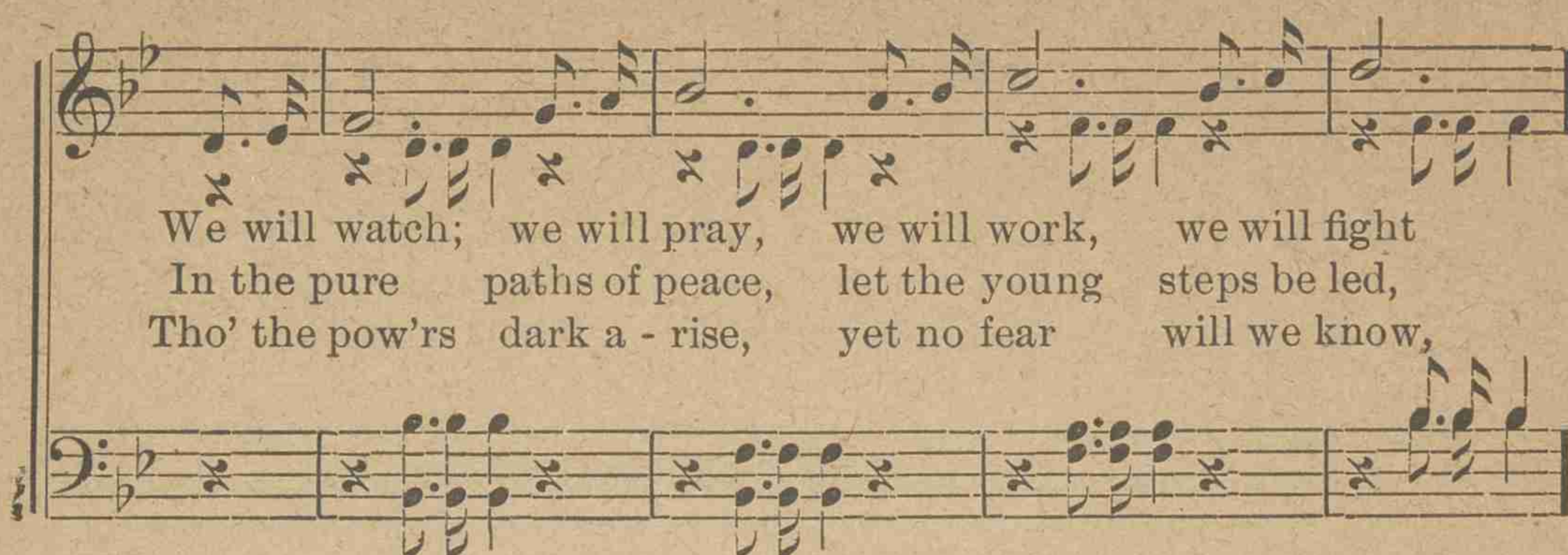
P. H.

J. H. F.

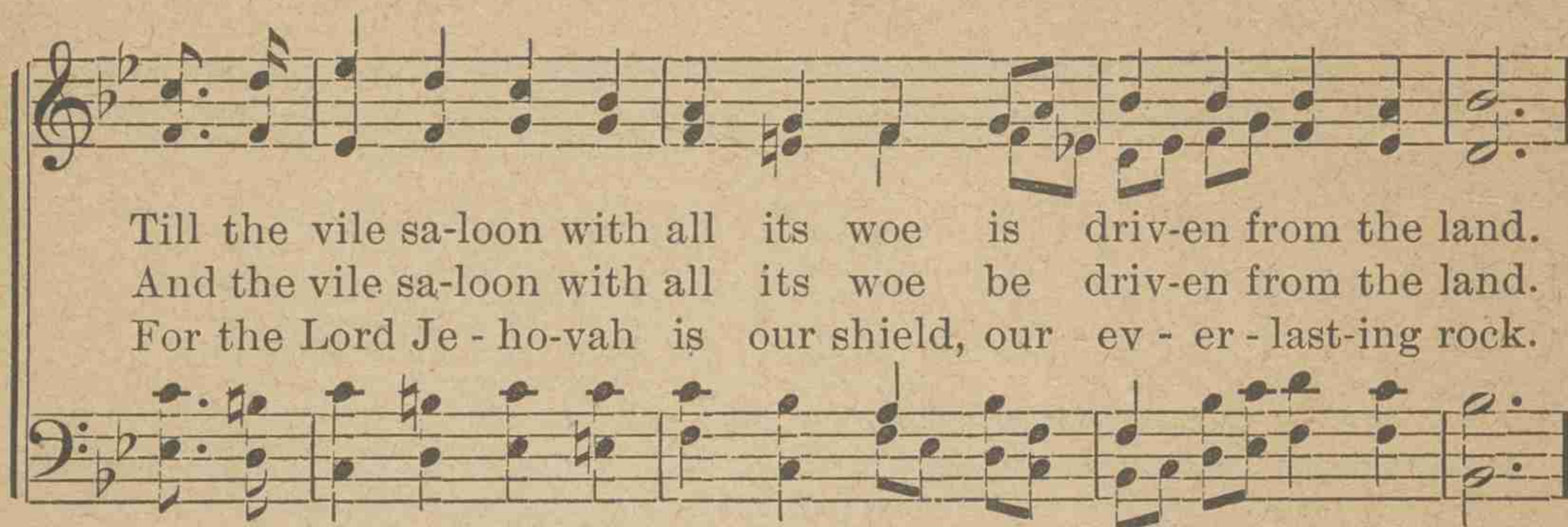
1. For the ones that are dear, for the homes that are bright,
2. Where the fires brightly burn, where the soft prayer is said,
3. Sa-cred spot, bless-ed home, from each harm, from each foe

In the bat - tle line of truth we'll form and firm - ly stand;
Let the withering curse of drink ne'er come with blighting hand;
We will thee pro - tect, tho' hosts as - sail in might - y shock;

Home Protection Battle Song.

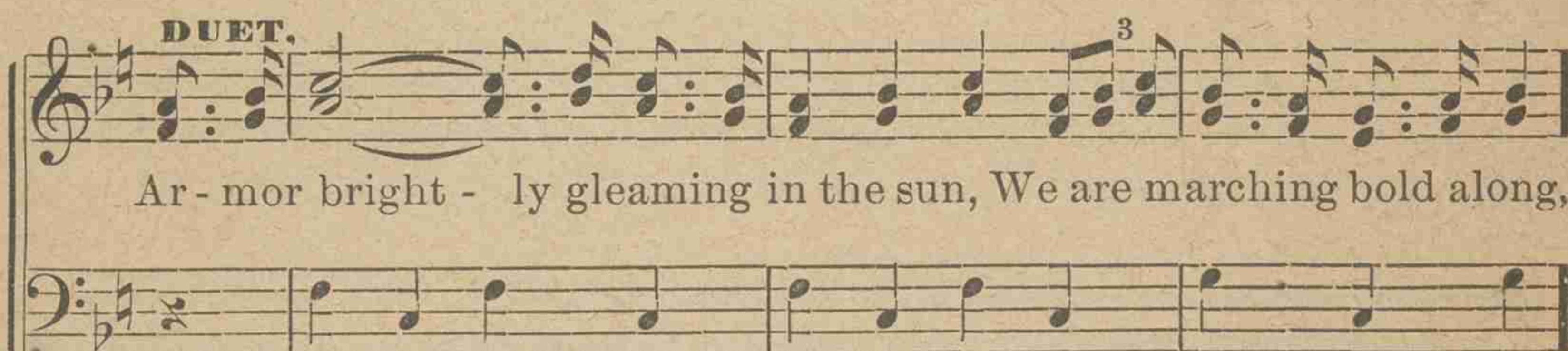


We will watch; we will pray, we will work, we will fight
In the pure paths of peace, let the young steps be led,
Tho' the pow'rs dark a - rise, yet no fear will we know,

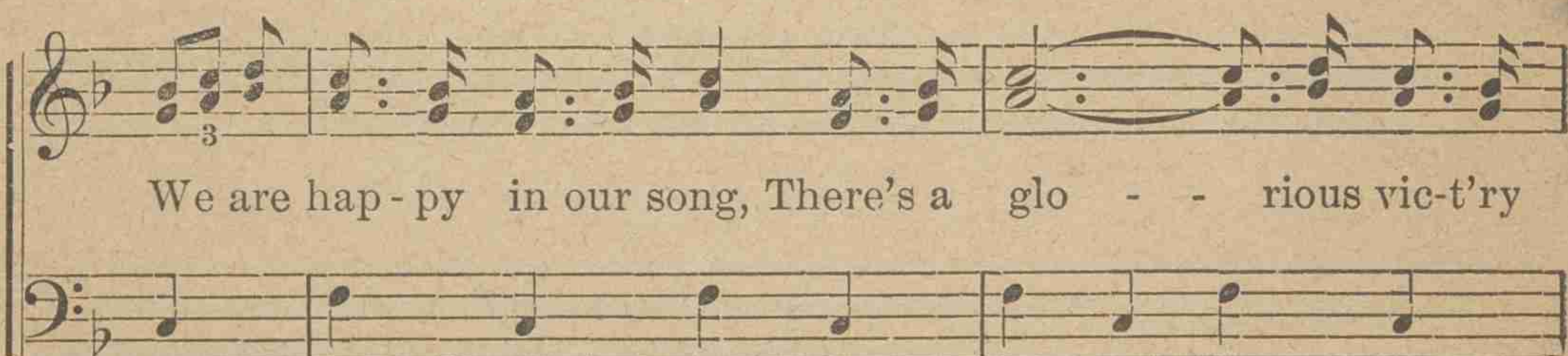


Till the vile sa-loon with all its woe is driv-en from the land.
And the vile sa-loon with all its woe be driv-en from the land.
For the Lord Je - ho-vah is our shield, our ev - er - last-ing rock.

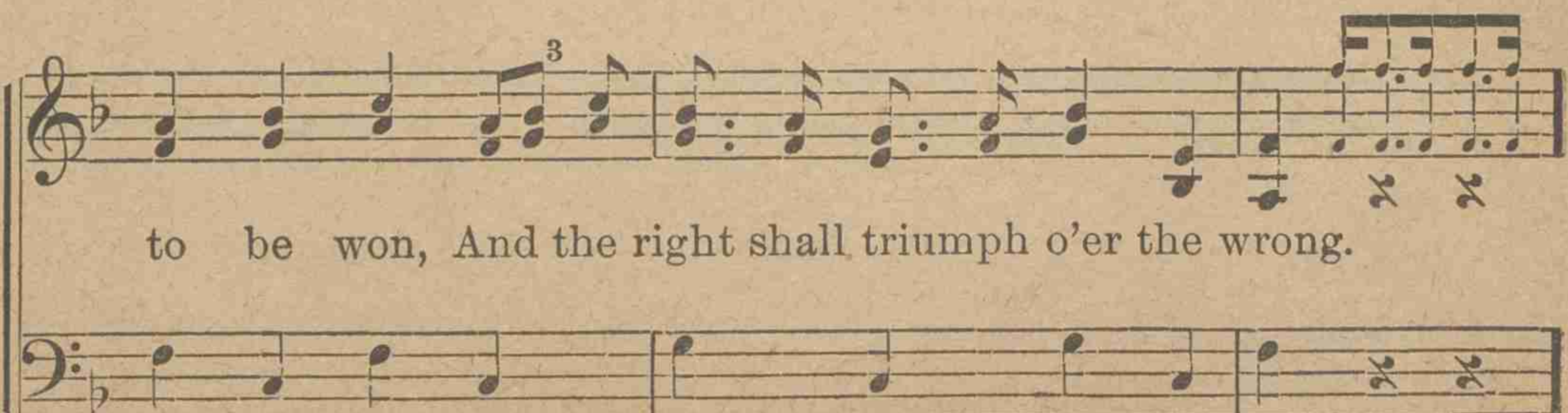
DUET.



Ar - mor bright - ly gleaming in the sun, We are marching bold along,



We are hap - py in our song, There's a glo - - rious vic-t'ry



to be won, And the right shall triumph o'er the wrong.

Home Protection Battle Song.

UNISON CHORUS. *Maestoso.*

For the ones that are dear, for the homes that are bright,

In the battle line of truth we'll form and firm - ly stand,

We will watch, we will pray, we will work, we will fight

Till the vile sa-loon with all its woe is driv-en from the land.

112

Joy to the World!

ISAAC WATTS.

ANTIOCH.

HANDEL.



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; { Let ev - ery heart }
 { prepare him room, }



And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven, and heaven and nature sing.
 sing . . .



And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing,

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:
 Let men their songs employ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.</p> <p>3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;</p> | <p>He comes to make his blessings flow,
 Far as the curse is found.</p> <p>4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.</p> |
|--|---|

113

Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER.

WORK SONG.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro the morning hours; Work while the
 2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest
 3. Work, for the night is coming, Un - der the sunset skies; While their bright



dew is sparkling; Work mid springing flowers; Work when the day grows brighter,
 hours with labor--Rest comes sure and soon. Give every fly-ing mo-ment
 tints are glowing, Work, for daylight flies. Work till the last beam fadeth,



Work for the Night is Coming.

Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
 Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
 Fadeth to shine no more; Work while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er.

114

We Praise Thee, O God.

WM. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Je-sus who
 2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our
 3. All glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
 4. All glo-ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
 5. Re - vive us a-gain; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be

CHORUS.

died, and is now gone a - bove.
 Saviour, and scattered our night. Hal - le-lu-jah! thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-
 sins, and has cleansed every stain.
 sought us, and guided our ways.
 re - kin-dled with fire from above.

lu-jah! A-men. Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glory, Re-vive us a-gain.



1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide,
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, even weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our



and the dewy eves; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
spirit often grieves; When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome,



CHORUS.



We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,



Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves.



Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing,
bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves.



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