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OUR * NEW * BOOK

—FOR—

Sunday-Schools, Prayer, Praise and Gospel Meetings

—BY—

J. B. VAUGHAN.

Published by J. B. VAUGHAN, Elberton, Georgia.

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Hymn
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PREFACE.

Our New Book will speak for itself, it has been prepared with great care, at great expense.

In complying with the requests of many personal friends, we also gratify our own desire, in laying Our New Book at the feet of the lovers of sacred song. And would express the hope that, although our offering may be small, we have contributed something to the advancement of our Master's cause, if so, our labors have not been in vain.

Now as Our New Book goes forth on its mission, and will fall into the hands of many whom we shall never see in the flesh, it is our earnest prayer that we may meet some sweet day, where our songs shall be inevitable.

Truly Yours

J. B. VAUGHAN.

THE J. M. ARMSTRONG COMPANY,
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710 Sansom Street Phila, Pa.

CATECHISM.

Note to Teachers.

This Catechism is intended for use after the lesson has been thoroughly explained and illustrated by oral and black-board exercises. The student can understand the questions better after a diagram has been drawn and explained.

LESSON I.

1. *What is music?*

2. Music is a succession of pleasant sounds, also one of the seven liberal arts.

3. *What is a sound?*

4. Any thing that is audible to the ear.

5. *What is the difference in a sound and a noise?*

6. A sound is musical, a noise is unmusical.

7. *How many primary sounds have we?*

8. Seven primary sounds.

9. *How do you know there are seven sounds?*

10. Because we can hear them.

11. *What is a tone?*

12. A modified sound.

13. *What is singing?*

14. Reading musically,

15. *What must we possess to be good singers?*

16. A perfect and easy modulation of the voice, and a distinct articulation.

17. *What must be avoided in singing?*

18. Hissing, sluring tones not so written, nasal tones, a careless rising and falling of the voice;

19. *How should we sing a song?*

20. For what is in it, with our hearts deeply impressed with the great truths we utter while singing, try and enter fully into the authors sentiments.

LESSON II.

21. *Into how many departments are the Rudiments of music divided, and what are they?*

22. Three. Melodics, Rhythmics and Dynamics.

23. *Of what does Melodics treat?*

24. The Pitch of tones, high or low.

25. *Of what does Rhythmics treat?*

26. The Length of tones, long or short.

27. *Of what does Dymamics treat?*

28. The Power of tones, loud or soft.

29. *How many properties have every tone?*

30. Three. Pitch, Length and Power.

31. *Can we hear a sound with one of these properties left out?*

32. We cannot.

33. *What have we to represent the seven primary sounds?*

34. The first seven letters of the alphabet.

35. *What are they?*

36. A, B, C, D, E, F and G.

37. *What represents the relative pitch?*

38. Characters called notes.

39. *What are they?*

40. Doe, Ray, Mee, Fah, Sol, Lah and See.

41. *What else have we to represent relative pitch?*

42. Numbers. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7.

43. *Where are these characters written?*

44. On the staff.

45. *What is a Staff?*

46. Five lines, and four spaces with a clef fixed upon it.

47. *What represents a degree in music?*

48. Every line and space.

49. *How many degrees in the staff?*

50. Nine. Five lines and four spaces making nine degrees.

NOTE. There are Eleven degrees on the staff when you count from middle C.

LESSON III.

51. *How many notes in singing?*

52. Six.

53. *What are they?*

54. Whole, Half, Quarter, Eighth, Sixteenth and Thirty-second.

55. *How many marks of rest have we?*

56. One corresponding to every note.

57. *What does rest mean in music?*

58. Silence.

59. *How much time will a dot add to a note?*

60. One-half of its original length.

61. *How much will the second dot add?*

62. One-half as much as the first one.

63. *What is a scale in music?*

64. A series of Eight tones.

65. *How many half steps in the scale?*
66. Two.
67. *Between what letters will they occur?*
68. Between E and F, B and C.
69. *What numbers?*
70. Three and Four, Seven and Eight.
71. *What notes?*
72. Mee and Faw, See and Doe.
73. *Between all except the half-steps, how far is it?*
74. One step.
75. *What kind of scale is this we are talking about?*
76. The Diatonic Scale.
77. *What will the Diatonic Scale consist of?*
78. Five steps and two half-steps.
79. *Where is the Scale written?*
80. On the staff.

LESSON IV.

81. *How many parts have we in Vocal music?*
82. Four.
83. *What are they?*
84. Bass, Tenor, Alto and Soprano.
85. *How are the parts naturally adopted to the human voice?*
86. Bass, low male voice, Tenor high male voice, Alto, low female voice, Soprano, high female voice.
87. *What is the G Clef used for?*
88. For the female voices.
89. *What is the F Clef used for?*
90. For the male voices.
91. *What is a Clef?*
92. A melodic Character.
93. *Where is the G Clef placed at?*
94. On the second line.
95. *Where is the F Clef placed at?*
95. On the fourth line.
97. *What does the G Clef resemble?*
98. A Roman S.
99. *What does the F Clef resemble?*
100. A Roman F.
101. *Which hand plays the music written on the G Clef staff?*
102. The right hand.
103. *Which hand plays the music on the F Clef staff?*
104. The left hand.
105. *Playing thus, is what kind of harmony?*
106. Disperse harmony.

LESSON V.

107. *What is a measure in music?*
108. That which is written between two little Bars.
109. *What is accent in music?*
110. A greater loudness given to a certain part of the measures in music, as singing some words louder than others.

111. *What is time!*

112. It is something that passes away.

113. *How is it observed in singing?*

114. By motions of the hand usually.

115. *How is that done?*

116. It is making a stroke with the hand, then singing a tone just so long.

117. *How are measures indicated to the eye?*

118. By motions of the hand, called beating time.

119. *How indicated to the ear?*

120. By counting.

121. *A measure having two parts is called what?*

122. Double measure.

123. *How is double measure indicated?*

124. By counting one two, or two motions of the hand, Down and Up.

125. *Where is the accent?*

126. On the first part, or down motion of the hand.

127. *A measure having three parts is called what?*

128. Triple measure.

129. *How is triple measure indicated?*

130. By counting one two three, or three motions of the hand, Down, Left and Up.

131. *Where is the accent?*

132. On the first part.

133. *What is a measure having four parts called?*

134. Quadruple measure.

135. *How indicated?*

136. By counting one two three four, or four motions of the hand, Down, Left, Right, Up.

137. *How accented?*

138. Strong upon the first and light upon the third.

LESSON VI.

139. *What is a measure having six parts?*

140. Sextuple measure, but known as Compound Double Measure.

141. *How indicated?*

142. By counting one two, or two motions of the hand, Down and Up.

143. *How accented?*

144. On the Down and Up beat.

145. *A measure having nine parts is called what?*

146. Compound Triple Measure.

147. *How accented?*

148. On the first, fourth and seventh.

149. *How are the different moods of time known?*

150. By figures in the form of fractions.

151. *Which one is the numerator?*

152. The upper one.

153. *Which one is the denominator?*

154. The lower one.

155. *Which figures do we look to, to know the kind of time?*

156. The numerator.

157. *What is a very important thing in singing?*

158. Time and accent.

159. *What are the chief marks of expression?*

160. The Slur and Tie.

161. *What is a Slur used for?*

162. To connect two or more notes together, or different degrees to be sung to one syllable.

163. *What is a Tie used for?*

164. To connect two or more notes together, or the same degrees to be sung to one syllable.

LESSON VII.

165. *How many sensations have we?*

166. Five.

167. *What are they?*

168. Seeing, Feeling, Hearing, Tasting and Smelling.

169. *How many are brought into use in study of music?*

170. Three.

171. *What are they?*

172. Hearing, Seeing and Feeling.

173. *Which of these are the most important?*

174. *Why?*

175. Because by the sense of hearing, we are enabled to appreciate a sound.

176. *Is there any sound where there is no ear to hear it?*

177. No.

178. *Do we hear a sound, then appreciate it, or do we appreciate it, then produce it, and hear it?*

179. We appreciate it, then produce it.

180. *Why is it some people do not sing, is it the mouth, or the ear that is wrong?*

181. It is the ear.

182. *Is there not people who love music, yet cannot sing?*

183. Yes; all things on the earth love music, but their ears are not all cultivated.

184. *Why should all children be taught music?*

185. Because in music every emotion of the human heart finds its expression.

186. *Is that all the reason?*

187. No; because music has a congeniality to all things that is of a purer nature.

LESSON VIII.

188. *What is a letter?*

189. A Character which represents sounds.

190. *How many sounds in the alphabet?*

191. Forty one.

192. *What will letters make?*
193. Words.
194. *What is a word?*
195. A vocal articulation.
196. *What will words make?*
197. Verses.
198. *What will verses make?*
199. Stanzas.
200. *What will stanzas make?*
201. A song.
202. *What is a song?*
203. Something we sing.
204. *What is Metre?*
205. Measure.
206. *How many syllables in a C. M.?*
207. 8 in the first verse, 6 in the second, 8 in the third, 6 in the fourth.
208. *How many syllables in a L. M.?*
209. 8 in the first, second, third and fourth.
210. *How many syllables in a S. M.?*
211. 6 in the first and second, 8 in the third 6 in the fourth.

C. M.

Oh happy is the man who hears
  Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
  His early, only choice.

L. M.

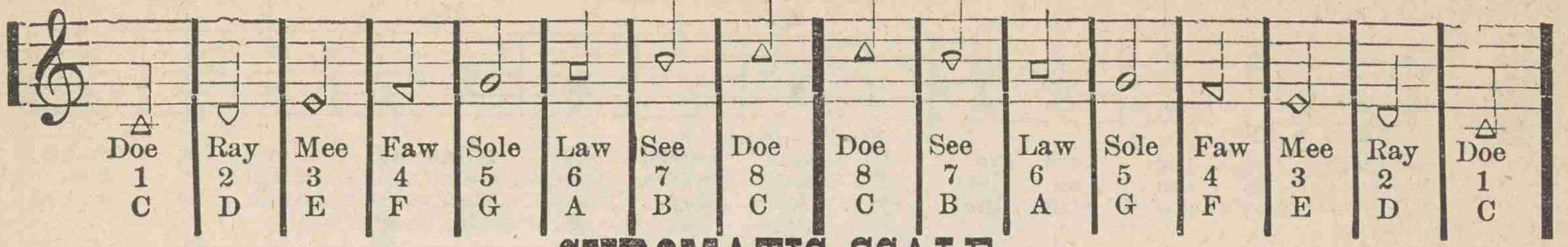
This life is a dream—an empty show;
But that bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there.

S. M.

The world can never give
  The bliss for which I sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
  Nor all of death to die.

The following table shows the names of the powers, the abbreviations by which they are known, and their definitions.

Pianissimo.....*pp*...Very soft.
Piano (*Pe-ah-no*).....*p*...Soft.
Mezzo (*Met-zo*).....*M*...of medium power.
Forte (*For-ta*).....*f*...Loud.
Fortissimo.....*ff*...Very loud.
Crescendo (*Cre-shen-do*)..*Cres*, or ≺ Increase the power.
Diminuendo (*Dimin-oo-en-do*).....*Dim*, or ≻ Diminish the power.
Swell..... ≺≻ increase and diminish
Sforzando (*Sfort-zan-do*).....*sf* or *fz* or > Explosive.
Legato (*Le-gah-to*)..... ⁀ Smooth and connected.
Staccato (*Stah-kah-to*)..... ' ' ' ' ' Very short and distinct.

DIATONIC SCALE.

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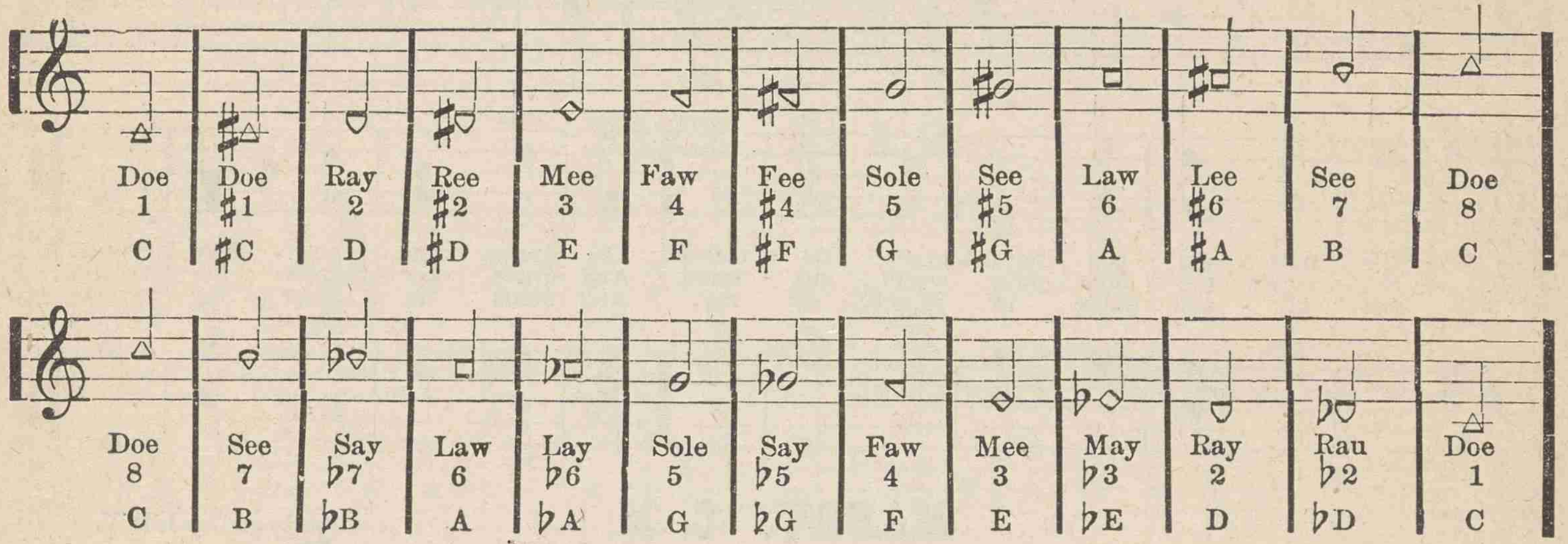
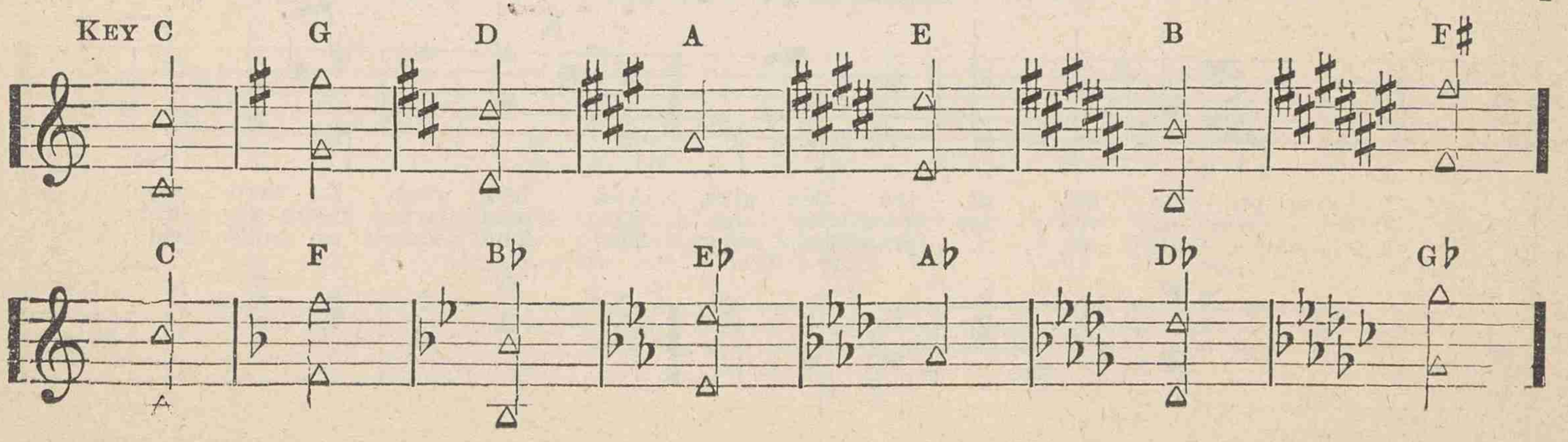




MEAR. C. M.

AARON WILLIAMS.

Grave.

1. Sing to the Lord, ye dis - tant Lands, Ye tribes of ev - 'ry tongue;
2. Say to the na - tions, Je - sus reigns, God's own al - might - y Son,
3. Let heav'n pro - claim the joy - ful day, Joy thro' the earth be seen;

His new dis - cov - er'd grace de - mands, A new and no - bler song.
His pow'r the sink - ing world sus - tains, And grace sur - rounds his throne.
Let cit - ies shine in bright - er ray, And fields in cheer - ful green.

MABRY. C. M.

Newly arr. by J. B. V.

1. Young peo - ple all, at - ten - tion give, And hear what I shall say;
2. Re - mem - ber, you are hast'-ning on, To death dark gloom - y shade;
3. Young peo - ple all, I pray them view, The fount - ain o - pen'd wide;

I wish your souls with Christ to live, en ev - er - last - ing day.
Your joys on earth will soon be gone, Your flesh in dust be laid.
The spring of life o - pen for sin, Which flow'd from Je - sus side.

PRICE. 11s & 8s.

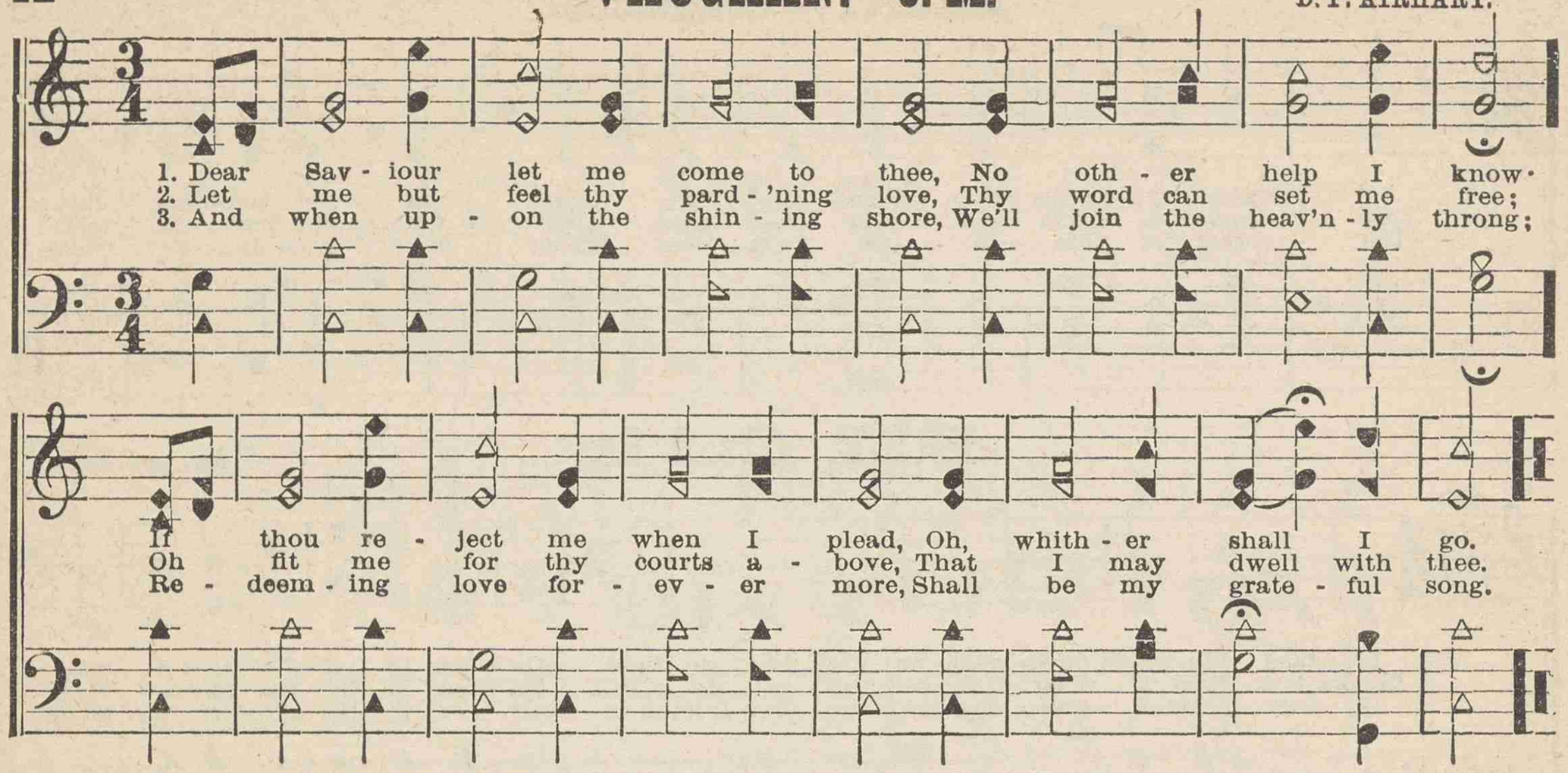
Arr. by J. B. V.

1. O thou in whose pres - ence my soul takes de - light, On whom in af - flic - tions I call,
2. Whers dost thou at noon - tide re - sort with thy sheep, To feed in the pas - tures of love,
3. O why should I wan - der, an a - lien from thee, Or cry in the des - ert for bread.

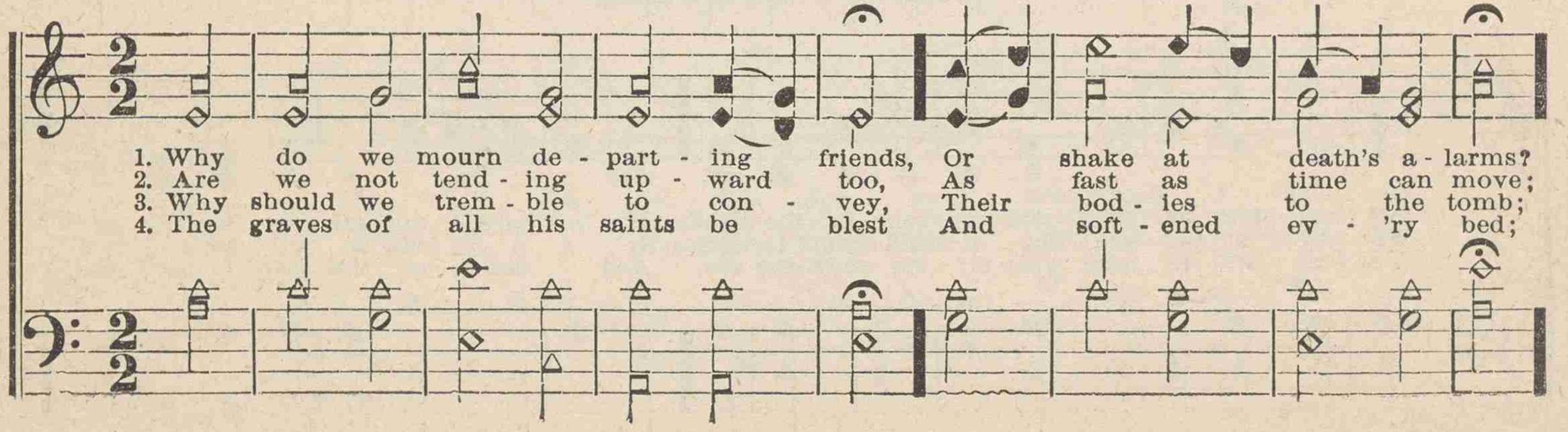
My com - fort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all.
For why in the val - ley of death should I weep, Or a - lone in wil - der- ness rove.
Thy foes will re - joice, when my sor - rows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.

VAUGHAN. C. M.

D. P. AIRHART.



CONSOLATION. C. M.



CONSOLATION. Concluded.

'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms.
Nor should we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our home.
There once the flesh of Je - sus lay, And left a long per - fume.
Where should the dy - ing mem - bers rest But with their dy - ing dead?

MORNING WORSHIP. S. M.

Arr. by J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. How sweet the melt - ing lay Which breathes up - on the ear;
2. The breez - es waft their cries, Up - on Je - ho - vah's throne;
3. So Je - sus rose to pray, Be - fore the morn - ing light;

When at the hour of ris - ing, day, Chris - tians u - nite to prayer.
She list - ens to their heav'n - ly sighs, And sends his bless - ings down.
As on the chill - ing mount did stay, And wres - tled all the night.

THIS IS NOT HOME.

JOHN B. VAUGHAN.

1. When my jour - ney here is o - ver, I'm go - ing home;
2. There will be no dis - ap - point - ments, But per - fect love;
3. I have noth - ing here to bind me, Lone - ly I stray;

O - ver on the hills of glo. - ry, There with the bless - ed ones to roam.
Bless - ed Je - sus guide me o - ver, Where I shall rest in peace a - bove.
I am bow - ing now be - fore thee, Lead me my Sav - iour day by day.

OLIVE LEAF. S. M.

G. O. ROBINSON.
Harmonized by J. B. V.

1. Oh cease my wand - 'ring soul, On rest - less swings to roam;.....
2. Be - hold, the ark of God, Be - hold, the o - pen door;.....
3. There safe shalt thou a - bide, There sweet shall be thy rest;.....

OLIVE LEAF. Concluded.

All this wide world from ei - ther pole, Has not for thee a home.
Oh haste to gain that dear a - bode, And roam, my soul, no more.
And ev - 'ry long - ing sat - is - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.

HENDON. 7s.

Rev. C. MALAN.

1. To thy pas - tures fair and large, Heav'n-ly Shep - herd lead thy charge; And my couch with
2. When I faint with sum-mer's heat, Thou shalt guide my wea - ry feet, To the streams that
3. Con-stant to my lat - est end, Thou my foot - steps shall at - tend; And shall bid thy

tenderest care, Midst the spring-ing grass pre - pare, Midst the spring- ing grass pre - pare.
still and slow, Thro' the ver-dant mead - ows flow, Thro' the ver - dant mead-ows flow.
hallowed dome, Yield me an e - ter - nal home, Yield me an e - ter - nal home.

THAT NEW SONG.

"And they sung as it were a new song before the throne."—Rev. 14: 3.

J. B. VAUGHAN. Miss ADDIE POWER.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful song that they sing o - ver there, Some sweet car - ols me thinks I can hear;
2. There's a crown for my head and a harp for my hand, And there's room with the pure ones to stand;
3. When I get o - ver there in that beau - ti - ful land, I shall join in that sweet an - gel band;

FINE.

For my soul looks beyond where they sing a new song, How I long, how I long to be there.
There my Sav - iour I'll see and with loved ones I'll be, How I long, how I long to be there.
There so free from all care and those glo - ries to share, How I long, how I long to be there.

D.S.—There my soul shall be blest in that sweet home of rest, How I long, how I long to be there.

CHORUS. D.S.

Then I'll sing that new song, In that bright ce - les - tial heav'nly throng;
Then I'll sing, that new song,

ENTER WITHIN.

1. The Sav-iour is call-ing to - day, O hear him ye wander-ers come; O leave the dark mountains of sin,
2. For he will in no-wise cast off, The sinner that seeks his dear face; But ev - er will save him from sin,
3. The Sav-iour is call-ing to - day, The glo-ries of heav-en to see; A cit - y with streets of pure gold,
4. Then come to the Saviour to - day, And mer- cy to you he will give, Don't harder your heart while he calls,

CHORUS.

He's read-y to welcome you home. O won- der- ful, wonder - ful grace, That cleanseth the soul from all
By won-der-ful, wonderful grace.
O that will be comfort for Thee.
Be - lieve and o-bey you shall live. O won - - der-ful, wonderful grace, That cleans - - eth the

sin, The Sav - iour is call - ing to - day, And bids you to en - ter with - in.
soul from all sin,

TELL IT OUT.

R. M. McINTOSH.

Tell it out!

1. Tell it out a-mong the na-tions that the Lord is King!
2. Tell it out a-mong the na-tions that the Sav-iour reigns!
3. Tell it out a-mong the na-tions Je-sus reigns a-bove!

} Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out!

Tell it out! Tell it out!

{ Tell it out a-mong the hea-then, bid them shout and sing;
Tell it out a-mong the hea-then, bid them break their chains!
Tell it out a-mong the hea-then, that his reign is love! }

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!

{ Tell it out with a-dor-a-tion that he
Tell it out a-mong the weep-ing ones that
Tell it out a-mong the high-ways and the

shall in - crease, That the might - y King of glo - ry is the King of peace;
Je - sus lives! Tell it out a - mong the wea - ry ones what rest he gives;
lawns at home; Let it ring a - cross the mountains and the o - cean's foam;

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! { Tell it out with ju - bi -
Tell it out a-mong the
Like the voice of ma - ny

Tell it out! Tell it out!

- la - tion, let the songs ne'er cease;
sin - ners that he come to save;
wa - ters let our glad shout be; } Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!

MY OWN DEAR HOME.

JOHN B. VAUGHAN.

1. Home, dear home, we nev - er can for - get, Friends, dear friend, we oft - en there have met; Press'd by care or
2. Lured by gain we seek a for - eign shore, Worn and wea - ry heap the gold - en ore: Still our yearn-ing
3. On the gild - ed page of earth - ly fame, Some may pant to reg - is - ter their name; Round our names no

CHORUS.

pierced by grief, Home has af-ford - ed us a sweet re - lief.)
hearts de-mand, Rest in the homestead of our na - tive land. } Ten - der mem - o ries round thee twine, Like the
wreath may be, But you may read them on the old home tree.)

i - vy green round the pine, O - ver land and sea we may roam, Still we will cher-ish thee, our own dear home.

* WE'LL LAND ON SHORE.

JOHN G. McCURRY, 1850.

CHORUS.

1. Come, thou fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
   Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
2. Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove;
   Praise the mount,—I'm fixed up - on it! Mount of thy re - deem - ing love.
3. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or! Dai - ly I'm con-strained to be!
   Let thy good - ness like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.

Yes we'll land on shore, yes we'll land on shore, Yes we'll land on shore And be safe for - ev-more more.

* Music scholars will observe the imperfect harmony of this song, (consecutive fifths and octaves ;) we give it here just as it appeared from the authors pen, best as we can remember. The rules of harmony were not observed in those days, the ear directed the writer, yet this song is grand within itself, notwithstanding its imperfect arrangement. At an early future we anticipate republishing a lot of those immortalized melodies, in which we hope to see the old and young revived musically.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

THE UNCLOUDED DAY.

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth."—Rev. 21: 1. "There shall be no night there."—Rev. 21: 25.

Words and Melody by Rev. J. K. ALWOOD. Dedicated to J. T. MABRY. (May be used as a Solo.) * * * * *

1. O they tell me of a home far be- yond the skies, O they tell me of a home far a-
2. O they tell me of a home Where my friends have gone, O they tell me of that land far a-
3. O they tell me of the King in His beau- ty there, And they tell me that mine eyes shall be-
4. O they tell me that He smiles on His children there, And His smile drives their sorrows all a-

- way; O they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise, O they tell me of an un- cloud-ed
- way; Where the tree of life in e - ter - nal bloom, Sheds its fragrance thro' the un- cloud-ed
- hold; Where He sits on the throne that is whit-er than snow, In the cit - y that is made of
- way; And they tell me that no tears ev - er come a - gain, In that love- ly land of un- cloud-ed

day; O the land of cloudless day, O the land of an un - cloud - ed sky; O they
day; O the land of cloudless day, O the land of an un - cloud - ed sky; O they
gold; O that land mine eyes shall see, O that land of an un - cloud - ed sky; O they
day; O that land of love - ly smiles, O the smiles of his love- beam - ing eye; O the

tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud- ed sky.
tell me of my friends by the tree of life, In the land of the un-cloud- ed sky.
tell me of the King on His snow-white throne, In the land of the un-cloud- ed sky.
King in His beau - ty in - vites me there, To the land of the un-cloud- ed sky.

J. B. V.

ZAIDEE. 7s.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

Very gentle.

1. Lov - ing Sav - iour, meek and mild, Hear my pray'r a help - less child;
2. When my tears be - dim my eyes, Un - to Thee shall be my cries;
3. On - ly Thy un - dy - ing love, Saves my soul in Heav'n a - bove;

Help me to Thy will sub - mit, And to Thee my soul com - mit.
Humb - ly at Thy feet I fall, Thou shalt be my all in all.
There my tears shall cease to flow, There's no trou - ble pain or woe.

THE HALF WAS NEVER TOLD.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Re - peat the sto - ry o'er and o'er, Of grace so full and free; I love to bear it more and more,
2. Of peace I on - ly knew the name, Nor found my soul its rest; Un - til the sweet voiced angel come
3. My high - est place is ly - ing low, At my Re-deem-er's feet: No re - al joy in life I know,
4. And oh, what rapture will it be With all the hosts a - bove, To sing thro' all e - ter - ni - ty,

CHORUS.

Since grace has res - cued me. The half..... was never told, The half.....was nev-er
To soothe my wea - ry breast.
But in his ser - vice sweet.
The won - ders of his love. The half was nev - er, nev - er told, The half was nev er

told; Of grace divine so won-der-ful The half..... was nev-er told.
Of peace divine so won-der-ful
Of joy divine so won-der-ful
nev - er told, Of love divine so won-der-ful The half was nev - er, nev - er told.

MY SON, COME HOME.

1. In the land of strang - ers, Whith - er thou art gone, Hear a far voice
2. "From the land of hun - ger, Faint - ing, fam - ished, lone; Come to love and
3. "Quit the haunts of ri - ot, Wast - ed woe be - gone; Sick at heart and
4. "See the door still o - pen! Thou art still my own; Eyes of love are

p CHORUS. *m*

call - ing: "My son! my son!"
glad - ness, My son! my son!"
wea - ry, My son! my son!"
on thee, My son! my son!"

Welcome! wanderer, wel - come! Welcome back to

home! Thou hast wandered far a-way: Come home! come home!"

5 "Far off thou hast wandered:
Wilt thou further roam?
Come: and all is pardoned
My son! my son!"

6 "See the well-spread table,
Unforgotten one!
Here is rest and plenty,
My son! my son!"

7 "Thou art friendless, homeless,
Hopeless, and undone;
Mine is love unchanging,
My son! my son!"

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

E. SHAW. DAN. 5: 5. Newly arr. by J. B. VAUGHAN.

DUET.

1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar, and a thou-sand of his lords, While they drank from gold-en ves-sels, as the book of truth re-cords, In the night as they rev-el in the
2. See the brave cap-tive Dan-iel— as he stood be-fore the throng, And re-buked the haughty mon-arch for his might-y deeds of wrong; As he read out the writ-ing—'twas the
3. See the faith, zeal, and cour-age that would dare to do the right, Which the spir-it gave to Dan-iel— this the se-cret of his might; In his home in Ju-de-a, as a
4. So our deeds are re-cord-ed—there's a Hand that's writ-ing now, Sin-ner, give your heart to Je-sus, to his roy-al man-date bow; For the day is approach-ing— it must

roy-al pal-ace hall, They were seized with con-ster-na-tion, 'twas the hand up-on the wall.
doom of one and all, For the king-dom now was fin-ish'd— said the hand up-on the wall.
cap-tive in the hall, He un-der-stood the writ-ing of his God up-on the wall.
come to one and all, When the sin-ner's con-dem-na-tion will be writ-ten on the wall.

CHORUS.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall, 'Tis the hand of God on the wall; Shall the
'Tis the hand of God that is writing on the wall, 'Tis the hand of God that is writing on the wall;

record be, "Found wanting," or shall it be, "Found trusting," While that hand is writing on the wall?
writing on the wall?

BOWMAN.

* * * * *

FINE.

1. Hark! ten thou - sand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove;
   Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic - es; Je - sus reigns, the God of love:
2. Je - sus, hail! whose glo - ry bright - ens All a - bove and gives it worth;
   Lord of life thy smile en - light - ens, Cheers and charms thy saints on earth;

D.C.—Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - - MEN.

D.C.

See, he sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
When we think of love like thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

Mercy is Boundless and Free.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Thanks be to Je - sus, his mer - cy is free; Mer - cy is free,
2. Why on the mount-ains of sin wilt thou roam? Mer - cy is free,
3. Think of his good - ness, his pa - tience and love; Mer - cy is free,
4. Yes, there is par - don for all who be - lieve; Mer - cy is free,

REFRAIN.—Je - sus, the Sav - iour, is look - ing for thee, look - ing for thee,

mer - cy is free: Sin - ner, tha mer - cy is flow - ing for thee,
mer - cy is free: Gent - ly the Spir - it is call - ing, "Come home,"
mer - cy is free: Plead - ing thy cause with his Fa - ther a - bove,
mer - cy is free: Come and this mo - ment a bless - ing re - ceive,

look - ing for thee; Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly call - ing for thee,

FINE.

Mer - cy is bound - less and free. If thou art will - ing on
Mer - cy is bound - less and free. Thou art in dark - ness, O,
Mer - cy is bound - less and free. Come and re - pent - ing, O,
Mer - cy is bound - less and free. Je - sus is wait - ing, O,

Call - ing and look - ing for thee.

him to be - lieve, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free.
come to the light, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free.
give him thy heart, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free.
hear him pro - claim, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free.

D. C. REFRAIN.

Life ev - er - last - ing thy soul may re - ceive, Mer - cy is boundless and free.
Je - sus is wait - ing, he'll save you to - night; Mer - cy is boundless and free.
Grieve him no long - er, but come as thou art, Mer - cy is boundless and free.
Cling to his mer - cy, be - lieve on his name, Mer - cy is boundless and free.

What a Friend we have in Jesus.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear.—
All because we not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer:
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

MY HOME BEYOND THE SEA.

S. F. COFFIN.

1. Though the bil - lows round me roll, Soon my soul will reach the goal, Where my Sav- iour has for me,
2. While I ride the rugged waves, Noth-ing fear for Je - sus saves, Some sweet day my boat will be,
3. Let the white capped breakers foam, He can calm the fierce-ly storm, He will lead the way for me,
4. When my voy - age here is o'er, And I reach the oth - er shore, Then while rolls e - ter- ni-

D. C.—Ma - ny loved ones wait for me,

FINE. D.C.

A sweet home beyond the sea.
Anchored safe beyond the sea.
To my home beyond the sea.
I will sing beyond the sea.

When at home be- yond the sea, Oh how sweet then it will be,

At my home beyond the sea.

THE PILGRIM COMPANY.

1 What poor despised company
Of travelers are these,
Who walk in yonder narrow way,
Along that rugged maze?

CHORUS.—I had rather be the last of them
Who are the Lord's alone,
Than wear a royal diadem,
And sit upon a throne.

2 Ah! these are of a royal line,
All children of a King,
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo, for joy they sing.—CHO.

3 Why do they shun the pleasing path
That worldings love so well?
Because it is the way to death,
The open road to hell.

4 But why keep they the narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze,
Why thats the way their leader trod,
They love and keep his ways.

GOD BE WITH YOU.

J. E. RANKIN. W. G. TOMES.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By his coun- sels guide up- hold you;
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath his wings se - cure - ly hide you:
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick con-found you;
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Kept love's ban - ner float - ing o'er you;

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

CHORUS.

Till we meet..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,

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THE J. M. ARMSTRONG COMPANY, Music Typographers, Phila., Pa.

OUR SONG WREATH.

Melody by G. R. STREET.
Harmonized by J. B. V.

LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.

1. There's peace and love and sweet har-mo-ny, Interwov'n in this *Wreath* of ours; There's faith and hope and there's
2. For those who weep there is sym - pa- thy With each ten-der and lov-ing heart, And youthful joy in its
3. It tells the cap-tive there's lib-er - ty, To the wan-dering one says come; To the faithful soldier there's

CHORUS.

char - i - ty, The soul's sweet im- mor - tal flow'rs.
pur - i - ty, May find in our *Wreath* a part.
vic - to - ry, And a beau - ti - ful wreath at home.

} Oh, our *Wreath* is bright and fresh and green, Rich

jew - els and fade-less flow'rs; And ma - ny gems be - fore un-seen, In this beau - ti-ful *Wreath* of ours.

BRING THEM TO THE FOLD.

LIZZIE UNDERWOOD

J. B. VAUGHN.

1. Je - sus loves the chil-dren, Bring them to the Mas- ter; To the ten- der Shepherd, Lead them to his fold;
2. Je - sus loves the chil-dren, And he died to save them; Heed his lov - ing mes-sage, Suf - fer them to come;

Let him bless the chil-dren, Bring them, parents, teachers, For the Saviour's blessing As in days of old.
Teach them love their Saviour While their youth is passing, Gath- er in the children To their sabbath home.

FINE.

D.S.—Gath - er in the chil-dren, Hap - py lit - tle children: Gath- er in the children, Bring them to the fold.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Gath - er in the chil-dren, The hap - py lit - tle chil-dren, Gath- er in the children, Bring them to the fold;

CLING TO JESUS.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. Cast thy burden on the Lord.—Ps. 55: 22. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Cling when the storm-cloud gath - ers, Cling in the sweet sun-shine, Cling in the howl - ing
2. Cling when the buds are spring- ing, Cling when the li - lies bloom Cling when the Rose of
3. Cling in the ear - ly morn - ing, Cling at the bright noon- tide,, Cling at the day's de-

tem - pest, Cling to the Help - er di - vine.)
Sha - ron Fills the whole earth with per-fume.
clin - ing, Cling to the dear Sav-iour's side. }

CHORUS.

Cling, cling to Je - sus, Cling, cling to Je - sus,

As you cross the riv - er To the glad for - ev - er, Cling, oh, cling to Je - sus.

4 Rev. G. A. LOFTON, D. D.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1st. 2d.

1. { The new Je - rus'-lem! rap-tured seat! With Jas - per wall and throne,
With gate of pearl and gold - en street— Its.....tem - ple, God a - lone!

CHORUS.

O, gold - en cit - y, fair and bright, O, home of joy and love,
O, gold - en cit - y, fair and bright, so fair and bright, O, home of joy, sweet home of joy and love,

When shall I see thy ra- diant light, And dwell with Christ a - bove.
When shall I see thy ra- diant light, thy ra-diant light,

'Tis broad as long, with equal height,
And filled with mansions fair;
With God and Christ its life and light,
And spirit breath its air.

3 Its river pure with sparkling burst,
From throne of God its source,
Forever flows to slake the thirst,
With never-failing course.

4 On either side its crystal sheen
And 'mid the streets of gold,
The Tree of Life, with fadeless green,
Forever feeds the soul.

FOLLOW THOU ME.

Mrs. M B. C. SLADE.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

1. If I, like Gal - i - lee fish- ers, Were mending my nets by the main, And Je- sus, coming, should call me,
2. If I were dwelling in pleas - ure, Or sitting in pla-ces of gain, And Je- sus, passing, should call me,
3. If I were sink-ing in sad - ness, Or dreading the cross and the pain, And Je - sus ten-der-ly call'd me,

CHORUS.

He nev-er should call in vain.
He nev-er should call in vain.
He nev-er should call in vain.

} We'll fol- low the summons of Je - sus, Wher - ev - er, how-ev - er it falls; When high up the path-way he sees us, And, "Fol- low thou me!" he calls.

LET ME GO.

Arr. by J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Let me go where saints are go-ing, To the man-sions of the blest, Let me go where my re-
2. Let me go where none are wea-ry, Where is raised no note of woe; Let me go and bathe my
3. Let me go why should I tar-ry What has earth to bind me here, What but cares and toils and

D.C. CHORUS.—Let me go 'tis Je-sus calls me, Let me gain the realms of day, Bear me o-ver an-gels

FINE.

-deem-er Has pre-pared his peo-ple's rest. I would gain the realms of brightness, Where they
spir-it In the rapt-urous an-gels love. Let me go for bliss e-ter-nal, Lures my
sor-row, What but death, and pain, and fear. Let me go for hope's most cher-ished, Blast-ed

pin-ions, Longs my soul to be a-way,

D.C.

dwell for-ev-er more, I would join the friends that waits me O-ver on the oth-er shore.
soul a-way, a-way, And the vic-t'ries song tri-umphant Thrills my heart I can-not stay.
'round me oft-en lie, Ah, I've gath-ered brightest flow-ers But to see them fade and die.

THE BEAUTIFUL STORY.

LIZZIE UNDERWOOD. "Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."—MARK 5: 19. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. There are an - gels in glo - ry re - peat - ing the sto - ry, Should we not re-peat it be - low?
2. While the an - gels are sing - ing our songs we are bringing To join in their con - cert of praise;
3. We will sing of the Sav - iour who loves us for - ev - er, And tell of his won - der-ful love;

Fine.

'Tis a beau - ti - ful sto - ry of Christ and his glo - ry, Whose wa - ters of life ev - er flow.
Oh, the beau - ti - ful sing - ing, our hap - py hearts bringing, How sweet is the an - them we raise,
We will sing of the riv - er, the beau - ti - ful riv - er, Which flows by the pal - ace a - bove.

D.S. Then we'll join in the cho - rus the an - gels sing o'er us, The beau - ti - ful an - gels a - bove.

CHORUS. *D.S*

Oh, the beau - ti - ful sto - ry of Christ and his glo - ry, 'Tis the old, old sto - ry of love;

THE WELCOME HOME.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1. How sweet will be the welcome home, wel-come home, When this short life is o'er;
2. When we that bright and heav'nly and, heav'n-ly land, With spir - it eyes shall see,
3. Lord, grant my frail and wayward bark, way-ward bark, May an - chor safe and fast,

CHORUS.

When pain and sor- row, grief and care, grief and care, Shall dwell with us no more.
And join the ho - ly an - gel band, an - gel band, In praise, dear Lord, of Thee.
Be - side the shin- ing gates of pearl, gates of pearl, Where I may rest at last.

} Wel-come

home, Sweet welcome home, Hap - py home, my heav'nly home;
Welcome home, yes, welcome home, sweet home, Happy home, my heav'nly home, sweet home;

How sweet will be the wel- come home, wel-come home, The Chris - tian's wel - come home.

ONE THERE IS.

J. T. HALL.

1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, Well deserves the name of Friend: His is love be-yond a brother's,
2. Which of all our friends to save us, Could or would have shed his blood? But this Saviour died to save us,
3. Oh, for grace our hearts to soft- en! Teach us, Lord, at length to love; We, a - las! for - get too oft - en

D.S.—Once he died for your redemption,

FINE. CHORUS. *D.S.*

Cost - ly, free, and knows no end.
Rec- on- ciled in him to God.
What a friend we have a-bove.

Sin-ner, can you shun the Saviour? Can you thrust him from your arms?

Now he calls you by his charms.

THE GOSPEL SHIP.

R. M. POORE.

1. Long the gos - pel ship's been sail - ing, Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore; All who will set out for glo - ry,
2. Thou - sands she has safe - ly land - ed Far be-yond this earth-ly shore; Thousands now are sailing thith - er,
3. Come, poor sin - ner, seek the Sav - iour; Sail with us o'er life's rough sea; Then with us you will be hap - py,

CHORUS.

Come and wel - come, rich and poor!
Yet there's room for thou - sands more.
Hap - py through e - ter - ni - ty.

"Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!" Hear the sail - ors

loud - ly cry; See the bliss - ful port of glo - ry O - pen to each faith - ful eye!

THE SAINTS' SWEET HOME.

G. R. STREET.

1. There is a land of pur- est love,
2. I'm glad that I am born to die,
3. Fare-well, vain world, I'm go - ing home,

I have a home in glo - ry;

Where we shall dwell with Christ a - bove,
From grief and woe my soul shall fly,
My Sav-iour smiles and bids me come,

I have a home in glo - ry.

CHORUS.

For the chariots now are wait-ing for to car - ry me home, For to car - ry me home, For to car - ry me home, For to car - ry me home; To the saints' sweet home in glory.

1st time. *2d time.*

GOING HOME.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. A - mid the hours that rap - id fly, A - mid the flow'rs that soon must die, A - mid our tears while
2. We'll cling to Je - sus in the hour When sin and Sa - tan use their pow'r, And mur- mur not when
3. No dy - ing groans shall there be heard, And we shall speak no part- ing word; O sin - ner, to the

CHORUS.

here we roam, How sweet the tho't, we're go- ing home. Go- ing home, go- ing home, How
sor-rows come, For by - and- by we're go- ing home.
Sav-iour come, And join the band that's go- ing home.

Go- ing home, go-ing home,

sweet the tho't, we're going home; Go-ing home, go-ing home, How sweet the tho't, we're going home.

Going home, going home,

Miss MATTIE BRONSON.

THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE.

Arr. by J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. There's a home for the blest on that beau - ti - ful shore, Where our tri - als and cares all shall cease;
2. The bright streets of the cit - y are pav'd with pure gold, And its flow - ers are fra - grant and fair;
3. There will be no more part - ing from those that we love, No more sigh - ing or shed - ding of tears;
4. Oh! we soon shall be called to that beau - ti - ful land, There to dwell with the pure ev - er - more;

Sor - row nev - er shall en - ter that bliss - ful a - bode, Ev - er - more shall a - bide per - fect peace.
Its in - hab - i - tante nev - er grow wea - ry nor old, For the Lord reigns e - ter - nal - ly there.
For no dis - cords shall ruf - fle that peace-ful re - pose, Which flows thro' e - ter - ni - ty's years.
There to join in sweet songs with the friends that we love, Safe at home on that beau - ti - ful shore.

FINE.

D.S.—Oh, we long to go home to that beau - ti - ful land, There to rest, sweet-ly rest ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

D.S.

On that beau - ti - ful shore where the bright an - gels stay, All our sor - row and pain will be o'er

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

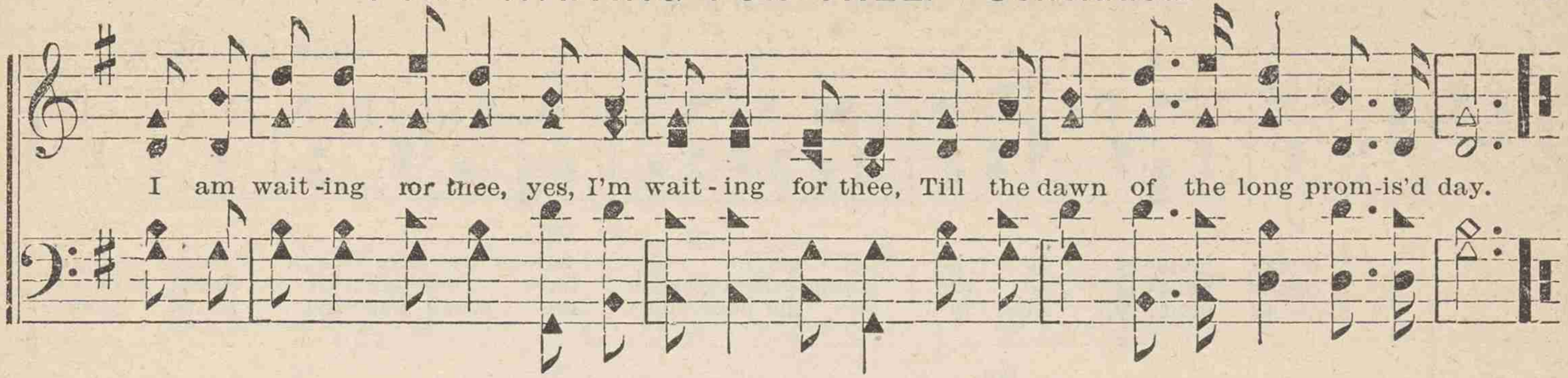
I AM WAITING FOR THEE.

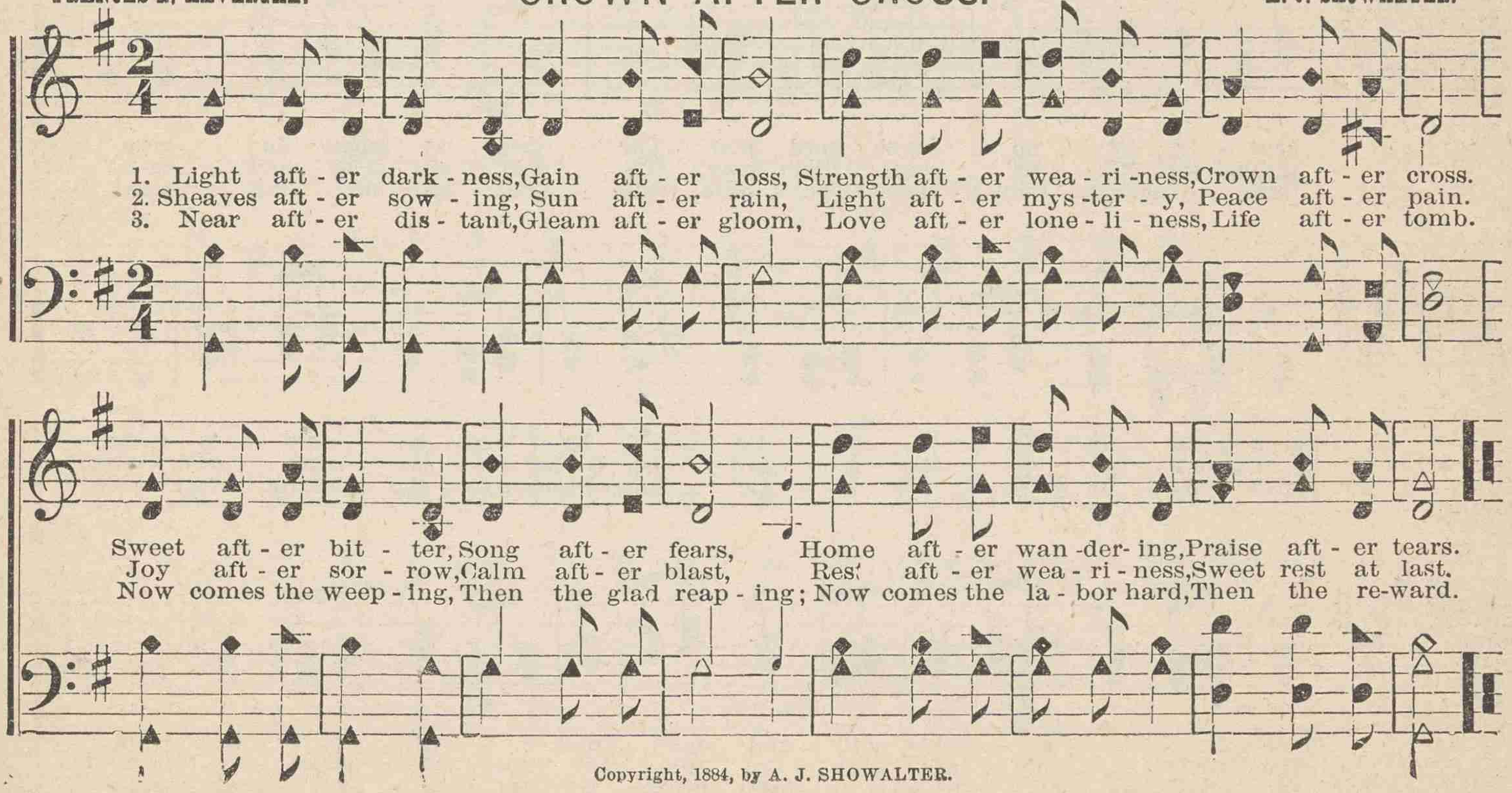
J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. I am wait - ing for thee, my Re -deem - er and King; With the crown in full view I thy prais- es would sing,
2. I am wait - ing for thee as the days dis - appear: I am long - ing, my Sav -iour, thy glad voice to hear;
3. I am wait - ing for thee, for the dawn draweth nigh That shall ush - er the morn of the sweet by-and-by;

Firm- ly hold - ing the faith which to me thou hast giv'n; I am wait -ing, O Lord, for a message from heav'n.
I am hop - ing to en - ter that bright home a-bove, And en - joy the rich treasures of in - fi - nite love.
As I jour - ney a-long to the home of the blest, I am sing -ing the songs of the pil-grims at rest.

CHORUS.

I am wait - ing for thee, yes, I'm wait - ing for thee, At thy call I would has - ten a - way!

CROWN AFTER CROSS.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. A. J. SHOWALTER.

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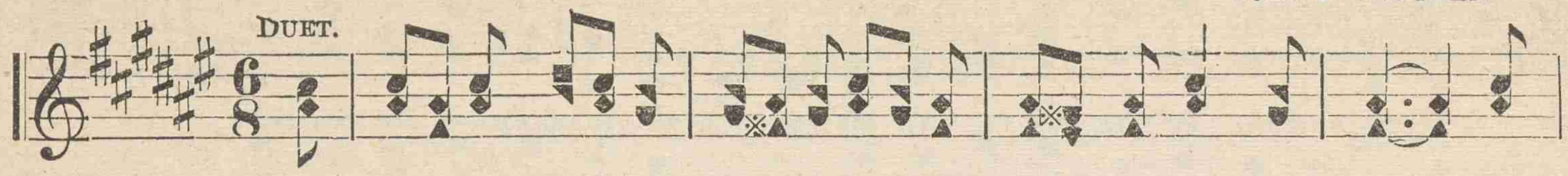
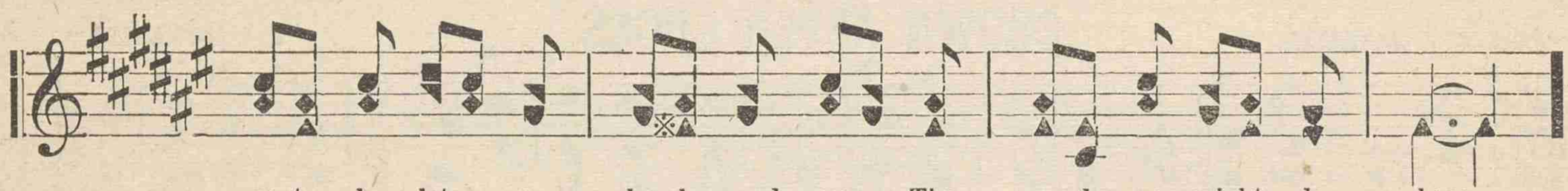
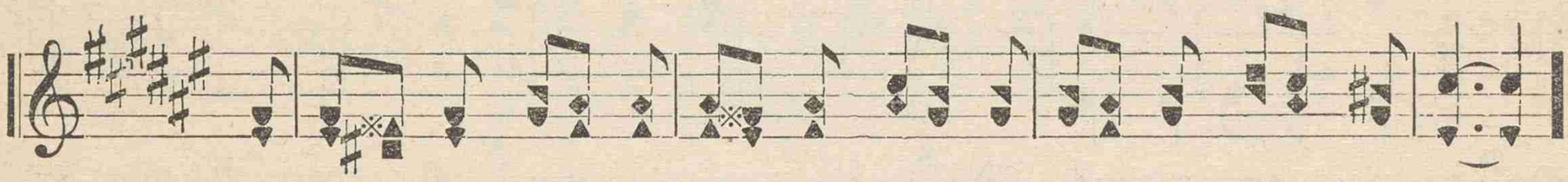
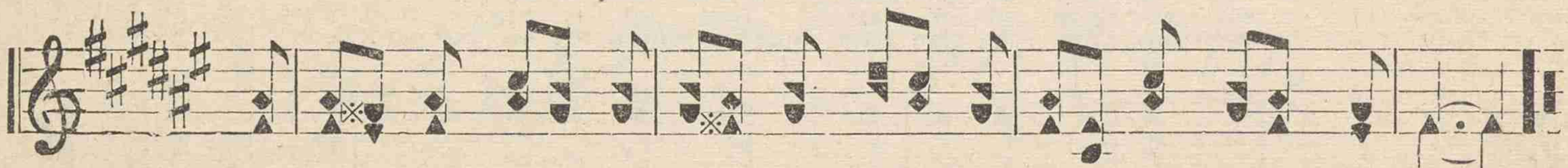
SPEAK GENTLY.

JOHN B. VAUGHAN.

DUET.

1. Speak gent - ly it is bet - ter for to rule by love than fear, Speak
2. Speak gent - ly to the young for they will have e - nough to bear, Pass
3. Speak gent - ly, kind - ly to the poor, let no harsh tone be heard, They

gent - ly, let no harsh word mar The good we might do here,
through this life as best they may, 'Tis full of anx - ious care,
have e - nough, they must en - dure, With - out an un - kind word,



Speak gent - ly to the lit - tle child, Its love be sure to gain,
Speak gent - ly to the a - ged one, Grieve not the care - worn heart,
Speak gent - ly 'tis a lit - tle thing, Dropped in the hearts deep well,



Teach it in ac - cents soft and mild, From e - vil to re - frain.
The sands of life are near - ly run, Let such in peace de - part.
The good, the joy, which it may bring, E - ter - ni - ty shall tell.

J. L. SNIPES.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the bil-lows round me rol',
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone,

While the tem-pest still is high! Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the
Still sup - port and com - fort me. All my trust on thee is stayed; All my

storm of life be passed! Safe in - to the ha-ven guide! Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
help from thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad-ow of thy wing.

BEAUTIFUL HOME ABOVE.

J. O. BUSHEY.

1. There is a home, a peace-ful home, A home of joy and love, And they that bear the cross be- low,
2. No night shall dim that glo-rious home, For Je- sus is the light, And mourning pilgrims here be- low,
3. With palms of vic - t'ry in their hands They with the ransom'd sing; All praise to him who wash'd us white,

CHORUS.

Shall wear the crown a - bove. My home, sweet home, My beau- ti - ful home a -
Shall there be clad in white.
Our Sav- iour, God, and King. My home, beautiful home, sweet home of love, My beau- ti - ful, beautiful

- bove; My home,..... sweet home,..... My beau - ti - ful home a - bove.
home a - bove; My home, beau- ti - ful home of joy and love,

Arranged by * * *

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me; I
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved; How
3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - rea - dy come; 'Twas

CHORUS.

once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
pre - cious did that grace ap- pear The hour I first be - lieved.
grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

Home, home, sweet home,

Heav-en, it is my home; Home, home, sweet home, Heav- en, it is my home.

J. B. M.

WHAT A SINGING THAT WILL BE.

JOSEPH B. MOON.

1 We'll meet on the banks of life's riv - er, Where our care and our sorrows are o'er; We'll meet there to sing then for-
2. We'll meet on the banks of life's riv - er, Where the an-gels are sing- ing so sweet; We'll meet and will sing there for-
3. We'll meet on the banks of life's riv - er, With the Sav-iour we'll sing o- ver there; We'll sing with the an- gels for-

CHORUS.

-ev - er, Through the bright for - ev - er more. What a sing - ing, sing - ing,
-ev - er, All the loved ones there we'll meet.
-ev - er, In that land so bright and fair. What a sing- ing that will be, that will be, what a

singing that will be, What a sing - ing, sing - ing, What a sing-ing that will be.
be, that will be, with the angel band and saints we shall sing,

WAITING FOR ME.

1. I think I should mourn o'er my sor - row - ful fate, If sor - row in heav - en can be, If
2. How sad - ly I'll feel in the heav - en - ly state, If sad - ness in heav - en can be, If
3. O Lord I be - seech thee for wis - dom and grace, In win - ning lost souls un - to thee, That

FINE.

no one should be at the beau - ti - ful gate, There wait - ing and watching for me.
no one should be at the beau - ti - ful gate, Con - duct - ed to glo - ry by me.
ma - ny may be at that beau - ti - ful place, A crown of re - joic - ing to me.

D.S.—Ma - ny of those at the beau - ti - ful gate, Be wait - ing and watching for me.

CHORUS. D.S.

Yes, wait - - ing and watch-ing for me, Yes, wait - - ing and watching for me, May
Yes, waiting and watching for me, for me, Yes, waiting and watching for me, for me; May

BEAUTIFUL LAND ABOVE.

J. B. VAUGHAN. G. R. STREET.

1. Far be-yond these sigh - ing and chill - y winds, We know there's a land of love,
2. In that land a - bove, where we all shall meet, And sing of a Sav - iour's love,
3. What a peace - ful rest with the loved and blest, In un - ion of joy and love;

And we know ere long we shall meet our friends In that beau - ti - ful land a - bove.
We will sing his praise in me - lo - dious lays, In that beau - ti - ful land a - bove.
Oh, I long to meet, and my friends to greet, In that beau - ti - ful land a - bove.

CHORUS.

In that land a - bove, in that home of love, Where the ramsomed part, no nev - er;.....

In that beau - ti - ful land, with the an - gel band, We shall dwell with Christ for - ev - er.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

FROM GLORY UNTO GLORY.

JOHN A. SHOWALTER.

1. From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! Be this our joy - ful song, As on the King's own
2. From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! What great things he hath done! What won - ders he hath

D.S.—While grace for grace a
D.S.—We can but wait and

FINE. *D.S.*

high - way, We brave-ly march a - long! For onward, ev - er onward, From strength to strength we go;
shown us, What triumphs he hath won! But greater things, far great-er, Our longing eyes shall see;

bundantly Shall from his full- ness flow.
won - der What greater things can be.

BLESSED HOME.

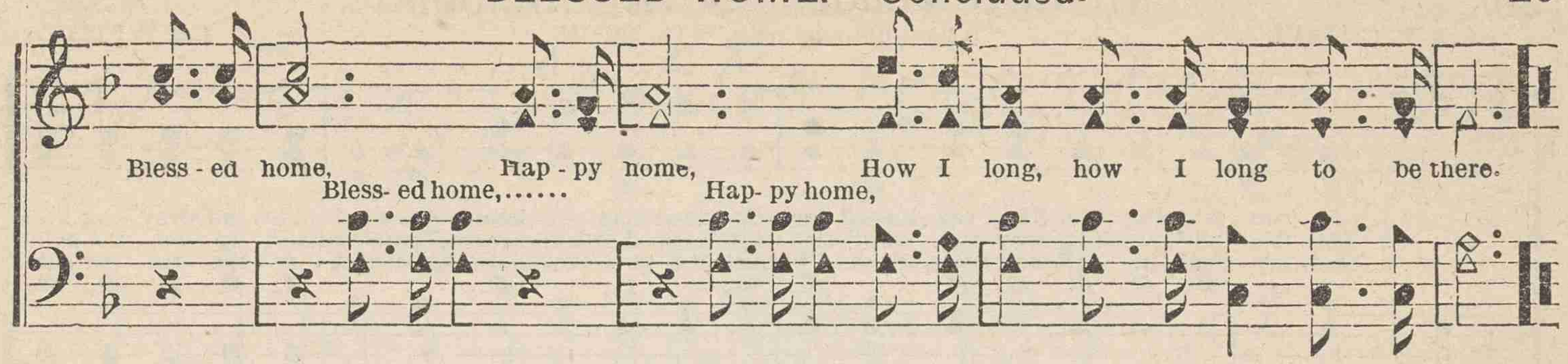
J. E. BIGBIE

1. Oh, think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light,
2. Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour - ney have trod,
3. My Sav - iour is now o - ver there, There my kin - dred and friends are at rest,
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I see,

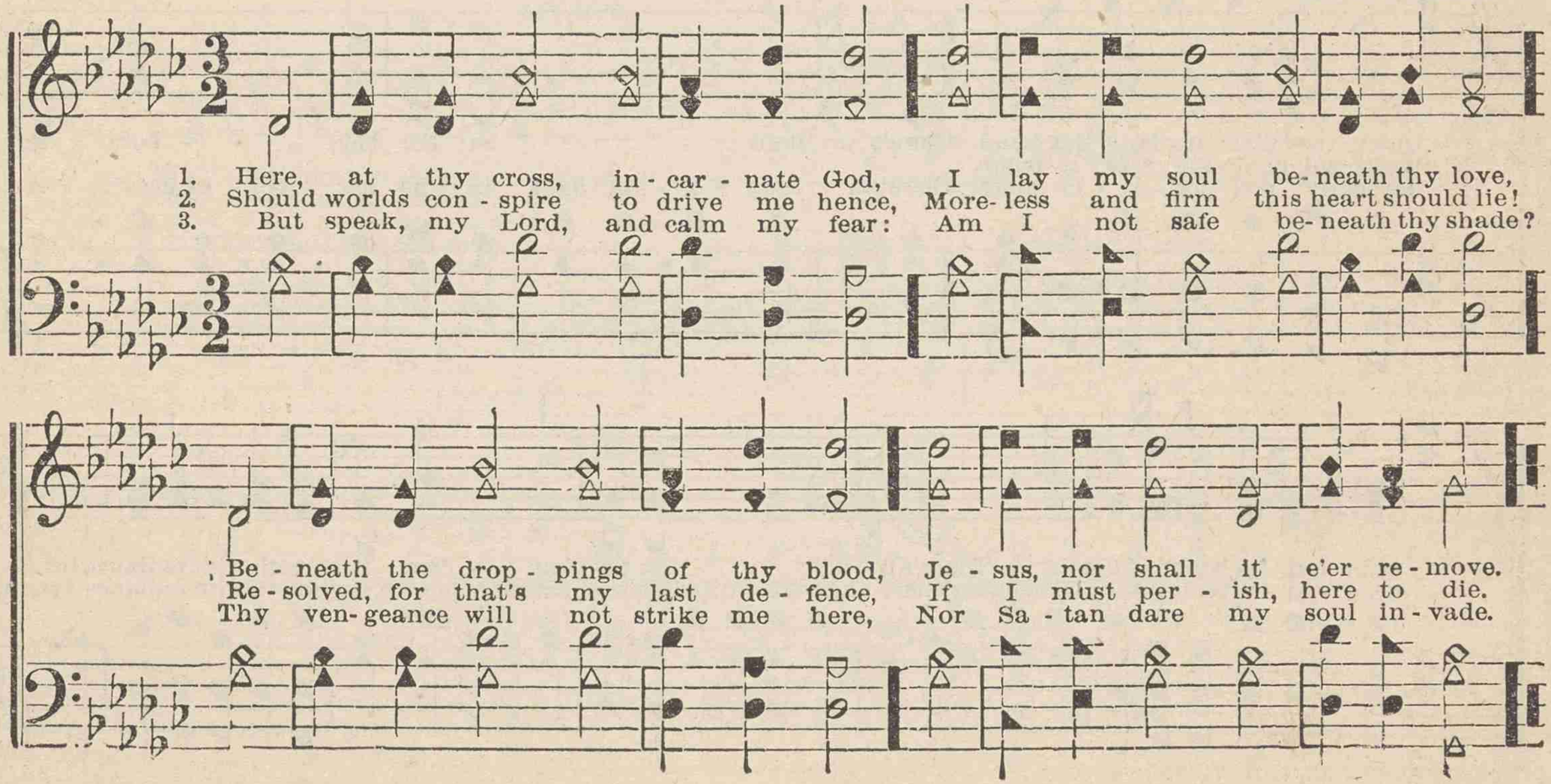
Where the saints all im - mor - tal and fair, Are robed in their gar - ments of white.
Of the songs that they breath on the air, In their home in their pal - ace of God.
Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Ma - ny dear to my heart o - ver there, Are watch - ing and wait - ing for me.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed home, hap - py home, How I long, how I long to be there;
Bless - ed home, hap - py home,



SUBMISSION. L. M.

Rev. B. F. BRIGHT.

THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE HARBOR.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. "A light unto my path."—Ps. 119: 105. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. I am sail - ing o'er life's sea, Bound for Ca-naan's hap - py land, On-ward glides the sway - ing keel,
2. Tho the bil - lows high may toss, And the white-capped breakers foam, There's a hand up - on the helm
3. Thus my soul in patience waits, Soon I'll reach the gold - en shore, And with - in the Jas - per gates

CHORUS.

Quick the helm o - beys the hand. There's a light in the har - - - bor, A
Which will guide me safe - ly home.
Sweet - ly rest for - ev - er more. There's a beau - ti - ful light in the har - bor of heav'n, A

beau - ti - ful, beau-ti-ful light; There's a light in the har - - bor, It shineth with radiance bright.
beau - ti - ful, beau-ti-ful golden light; There's a beauti-ful light in the harbor of heav'n, It shineth with radiance bright.

BEYOND THE GOLDEN SUNSET SKY.

1. Be - yond the golden sunset sky, Be - yond the roll-ing wave, Be - yond each earthly tear and sigh,
2. Beyond these pangs that partings bring, Be - yond this earth-ly vale, We'll meet where joys eternal spring,
3. Our ref - uge is the Lord our God; His life for us he gave, He gave that life that we might live,
4. Then as we journey let us sing— Sing of his pow'r to save; Sing how he burst the bars of death,

CHORUS.

We'll meet beyond the grave.
And love shall never fail.
And he a- lone can save.
And triumphed o'er the grave.

We shall meet, we shall meet, We shall meet to part no more;

Yes, we'll meet, yes, we'll meet,

We shall meet, we shall meet, We'll meet to part no more.

part no more; yes, we'll meet, yes, we'll meet,

GOLDEN LIGHT.

G. A. M. "And the light shineth in darkness."—JOHN 1: 5. GEO. A. MINOR. By per.

1. There's a bright gold - en light, That is shin - ing on our way, And it com - eth from a - bove;
2. 'Tis the light that led me up, From the dark-ness of my sin, To the glo - rious light of day;
3. 'Tis the light that guides me on, O'er the rug-ged paths of life, Up the wea - ry hills of time;

S.

'Tis the pre-cious light of truth That will lead to end-less day; 'Tis the light of a Sav - iour's love.
'Tis the light that fills my soul, And makes peace and joy within; From this light I shall nev - er stray.
Thro' the trou-bles and the care, Thro' the con- flict and the strife, And this light shall be ev - er mine.

D.S. And bright- en up the way That will lead to end-less day; With the light of a Sav - iour's love.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Gold - en light, shine on, shine on, Shine on us from a - bove,
Gold - en light, shine on, shine on, shine on, Shine on us from a - bove,

WAITING BY THE RIVER.

HENRY B. THORNTON.

1. We are wait - ing by the riv - er, We are wait - ing on the shore, On - ly wait - ing for the
2. He has called for many a loved one, We have seen them leave our side; With our Sav - iour we shall

boat - man: Soon he'll come to bear us o'er. Tho' the mist hangs o'er the riv - er, And its
meet them, When we too have crossed the tide; When we've passed the vale of shad - ows, With its

bil - lows loud - ly roar, Yet we hear the song of an - gels Waft - ed from the oth - er shore.
dark and chill-ing tide, In that bright and glorious cit - y We shall ev - er more a - bide.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

Rev. RAY PALMER. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. In the shad - ow of the rock let me rest, let me rest, When I feel the tem- pest shock thrill my breast, thrill my breast, All in vain the storm shall sweep while I hide, while I hide, And my tran- quil sta- tion keep by thy side.
2. I in peace will rest me there till I see, till I see, That the skies a - gain are fair o - ver me, o - ver me, That the burn-ing heats are past, and the day, and the day, Bids the trav - el - er at last go his way.
3. Then my pil - grim staff I'll take and once more, and once more, I'll my on-ward jour- ney make as be - fore, as be - fore, And with joy-ous heart and strong I will raise, I will raise, Un - to thee, O Rock, a song, glad with praise.

CHORUS.

Then let me rest, oh,

Then let me rest, In the shad - ow of the Rock let me rest, let me rest;

Then let me rest, oh, then let me rest, In the shad- ow of the Rock let me rest.

THE SHADOW OF THY WING.

W. V. VICKERY.

1. Saviour, let thy love for me Keep me ev-er near to thee; Here I fear no e-vil thing, In the shadow of thy wing.
2. When the storms of care and doubt, Toss my weary soul about, Then I flee for sheltering To the shadow of thy wing.

3 Soon the evening time will come,
Soon the darkness bring me home;
Still my happy soul will sing,
'Tis the shadow of thy wing.

4 Safe forever to abide,
Where the quiet waters glide,
Never more I need to cling
To the shadow of thy wing.

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A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

JOHN B. VAUGHAN.

1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, It fills my heart with peace, With him I leave my
2. A - long the rug - ged path-way, With pain and grief I sigh, But while I talk with
3. I can- not lose his pres-ence, My all in all is he, The chief a- mong ten

bur - den And care and tu- mult cease, And care and tu- mult cease, With him I leave my
Je - sus, The moments swift-er fly, The moments swift- er fly, But while I talk with
thou-sands, I long his face to see, I long his face to see, The chief a - mong ten

bur - den And care and tu - mult cease.
Je - sus, The mo - ments swift - er fly.
thou - sands, I long his face to see.

4 I tell him I am waiting
For his sweet home of rest,
And yet with patience tarry,
I know his time is best,
I know his time is best,
And yet with patience tarry,
I know his time is best.

5 And when in realms of glory,
Beside the Jasper sea,
I'll sit and talk with Jesus,
And he will talk with me,
And he will talk with me,
I'll sit and talk with Jesus,
And he will talk with me.

THE BRIGHT FOREVER.

Mrs. EMMA PITT. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. There's a sweet, a bright for - ev - er, Just be - yond the Jasper sea; When we cross that golden riv - er
2. There's a sweet, a bright for - ev - er, Where no sor - row e'er can come; 'Tis a - cross yon golden riv - er,
3. We shall see our precious Sav-iour, When he comes his own to claim; Oh, we'll bask in Je- sus' fa - vor,

CHORUS.

With the dear ones we shall be.
Je - sus has a glo - rious home.
Sing - ing glo - ry to the Lamb.

Oh, the sweet, ... the bright for - ev - - - - - er, Just be - yond . . . . . the Jas - per sea;
Oh, the sweet, the bright for - ev - er, Oh, the sweet, the bright for- ev - er, Just be - yond the Jas - per sea, Just be - yond the Jas - per sea;

THE BRIGHT FOREVER.—Concluded.

When we cross . . . . . that gold - en riv - - er, With the dear ones we shall be.
When we cross that golden riv - er, When we cross that golden riv - er,

ALL BEAUTIFUL.

J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Beau - ti - ful coun - try, land so bright, Beau - ti - ful home al - most in sight,
2. Beau - ti - ful day is coming ere long, Beau - ti - ful all the ransomed throng,
3. Beau - ti - ful loved ones gone be - fore, Beau - ti - ful an - gels o - pen the door;

Beau - ti - ful songs with gold - en rhyme, Beau - ti - ful home, oh, will it be mine?
Beau - ti - ful sto - ry nev-er grows old, Beau - ti - ful pleas - ures yet un - told.
Beau - ti - ful fruits am - brosial to share, Beau - ti - ful palms of vic - t'ry wear.

OVER THE RIVER.

JOHN B. VAUGHAN.

1. O - ver the riv - er, the riv - er of time, Lies the bright land of a verdure sublime, Valleys of beauty in
2. O - ver the riv - er time nev- er grows old, There are enjoyments and pleasures untold, There is a cit - y with
3. O - ver the riv - er our sorrows will cease, Hush'd by the songs of a heavenly peace; When we get there what a

CHORUS.

splen-dor do shine, Beau- ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home!
streets of pure gold, Beau- ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home!
hap - py re- lease, Beau- ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home!

O - - - ver the riv - er,
O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er,

O - - - ver the riv - er, O - - - ver the riv - er, The beautiful fields are all green.
O-ver the beau- ti- ful riv - er, O-ver the beauti- ful riv - er

WHISPERING PEACE.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY, by per.

Very slow and soft.

1. When doubts and temptation and fear, Dark as night a-round may roll, Look to Christ, he will come
2. Thy path may have long led astray; Turn from the dang'rous shoal; Trust your Saviour, he will
3. Struggle on, weary soul, to the end; Our Lord the tem-pests con- trol; Look to him, he will e'er

CHORUS.

ver-y near, Whisp'ring peace un- to your soul. Whisp'ring peace, yes, whisp'ring peace, While the
not de - lay, Whisp'ring peace un- to your soul.
be your friend, Whisp'ring peace un- to your soul. Whisp'ring peace, whisp'ring peace,

pp

dark'ning shad- ows roll; Whisp'ring peace, yes, whisp'ring peace, Whisp'ring peace un- to your soul.
Whisp'ring peace, whisp'ring peace,

LINGER NO LONGER AWAY.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Je-sus is wait-ing so near, Come while He's calling to - day. Come without doubting or fear,
2. Hear the sweet message of love, Glad- ly the summons o - bey. Seek for the Kingdom above,
3. He will your sins and griefs bear; He is the Life, Truth and way: Cast on Him then all your care,

CHORUS.

Lin - ger no lon - ger a - way. Come,..... come,..... Je - sus is call-ing to -
Lin - ger no lon - ger a - way.
Lin - ger no lon - ger a - way. Come while He's calling, come while He's calling, Yes,

- day;..... Come,..... come,..... Lin- ger no lon-ger a - way.
call- ing to -day; Come while He's calling, come while He's calling,

BEYOND THE STARRY PLAINS.

J. B. V.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Thank God for that a - bid- ing place, A house not made with hand, We'll meet our loved ones face to face
2 In that su - per-nal home a - bove, With streets of pur - est gold, There we shall sing re-deeming love
3. Far, far beyond these checkered suns Shines one e - ter - nal day, There dazzling beauties ev - er gleam,

CHORUS.

In that sweet Beu- lah land. } Oh, 'tis there beyond the starry plains, We shall meet, we shall
While end - less a - ges roll.
Bright hope doth lead the way. }

star - ry plains,

all meet a - gain; Oh, 'tis there be-yond the star- ry plains, There we all shall meet a - gain.

star-ry plains,

OPEN THE DOOR FOR THE CHILDREN.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. O pen the door for the chil dren; Ten-der-ly gather them in; In from the highways and hedg - es;
2. O-pen the door for the chil-dren, See! they are coming in throngs: Bid them sit down to the ban - quet;
3. O-pen the door for the chil-dren; Take the dear lambs by the hand: Point them to truth and to good - ness;

In from the pla - ces of sin; Some are so young and so help - less; Some are so hungry and cold:
Teach them your beautiful songs. Pray you the Father to bless them; Pray you that grace may be given;
Lead them to Canaan's bright land. Some are so young and so help - less; Some are so hungry and cold:

FINE.

O - pen the door for the chil - dren; Gath - er them in - to the fold.
O - pen the door for the chil - dren; "Theirs is the king-dom of heaven."
O - pen the door for the chil - dren: Gath - er them in - to the fold.

D.S.—O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.

OPEN THE DOOR FOR THE CHILDREN.—Concluded.

CHORUS. D.S.

O - - - - pen the door,..... Gath - - - - er them in.
O - pen the door, O - pen the door, Gath - er them in, gath - er them in.

LEAVING ALL TO FOLLOW JESUS.

H. LYTE. Chorus and Music by J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low thee:
2. Per - ish ev' - ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known:
3. Let the world de - spise and leave me; They have left my Sav - iour too:

CHO. D.C.—Leav - ing all to fol - low Je - sus, For he leads me by his love;

Rit. *D.C.*

Nak - ed, poor, de-spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!
Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me— Thou art not, like them, un - true.

Leav - ing all to fol - low Je - sus, For he leads me home a - bove.

WHAT SHALL OUR ANSWERS BE?

E. R. LATTA. D. E. DORTB

1. When we in the judg - ment stand, In that might - y com - pa - ny, And the
2. When the Lord has gath - er'd there, From the land and from the sea, All the
3. Lord, it is a sol - emn tho't, That we must ac- count to thee! In that

Judge shall ques- tion us, Oh, what shall our an - swers be? What for ev - 'ry tri - fling tho't,
fam - i - lies of men, Oh, what shall our an - swers be? What for all our wants of faith,
great and aw - ful day, What shall our poor an - swers be? Oh, pre- pare us, Lord, we pray,

And each i - dle word we say? What for ev - 'ry sin - ful act We may do from day to day?
What for all our lack of love? Can we hope a crown to gain, And a man- sion bright a - bove?
In thy pres-ence there to stand! Purge us from each sin - ful blot? Place us, Lord, on thy right hand!

By per. of D. E. DORTCH.

CHORUS.

When that aw - - - - ful day we see, Oh, what
When that aw - ful day we see, day we see,

shall . . . . our an - swers be? When that aw - - - - ful
Oh, what shall our an - swers be, our an - swers be? When that aw - ful

day we see, Oh, what shall . . . . our an - swers be?
day we see, day we see, Oh, what shall our an - swers be?

HARK! THE VOICE OF JESUS.

J. B. MARTIN.

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, Who will go and work to - day? Fields are white, the harvest
2. If you can - not cross the o - cean, And the hea - then lands ex-plore, You can find the heathen
3. While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you, Let none hear you i - dly

wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way? Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re -
near- er, You can help them at your door. If you can - not speak like an - gels, If you
say- ing, There is noth - ing I can do! Glad - ly take the task he gives you, Let his

- ward he of - fers free; Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, send me, send me!"
can - not preach like Paul, You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say he died for all.
work your pleasure be; An - swer quick - ly, when he call - eth, "Here am I, send me, send me."

THE GOSPEL SHIP IS SAILING.

1. The Gos-pel ship is sail - ing, sail- ing, sail - ing, The Gos-pel ship is sail-ing, Bound for Canaan's happy
2. She's land-ed ma-ny thousands, thousands, thousands, She's landed many thousands On fair Canaan's happy
3. Take passage now for glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Take passage now for glo - ry, Sailing o'er life's troubled

shore; All who would ship for glo-ry, glo - ry, glory, All who would ship for glory, Come, and welcome, rich and
shore, And thousands now are sailing, sailing, sailing, And thousands now are sailing, Yet there's room for thousands
sea; With us you shall be hap - py, hap- py, hap- py, With us you shall be hap- py, Happy thro' eter- ni -

CHORUS.

1st *time.*

2nd *time.*

poor!
more!
-ty.

"Glo- ry, hal- le - lu-jah!" All on board are sweetly singing, - lujah! Halle - lu-jah to the Lamb!"

GETHSEMANE.

Rev. FRANK POLLOCK.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With pathos.

1. Geth - se - ma- ne! Geth - se - ma - ne! The Lord once bore my grief in thee, In blood - y sweat he
2. I hear my Sav-iour's plead-ing tone, As - cend-ing to his Father's throne: "Re move the suff'ring
3. Thus thrice in tears and groans he cries, While ho - ly an - gels sym- path- ize; O! Je - sus, in thy
4. Geth - se - ma- ne! Geth - se - ma - ne! How sa - cred in my mem - o - ry, The grief of Je - sus

CHORUS.

groaned in prayer, Till an - gels come to soothe him there.
now be - gun, Yet, not my will, but thine be done."
lone re - treat I'd come and bathe with tears thy feet.
lin - gers yet, His love my soul can ne'er for - get.

} Geth - se - ma - ne! Geth - se - ma - ne! The

Lord once bore my grief in thee; Geth - se - ma- ne! Geth - se - ma - ne! By faith I go and weep in thee.

TEACH ME HOW TO PRAY.

J. B. M. J. B. MOON.

1. Some - times I cast my eyes to heav'n, And smite my breast and say, To me, O Lord, let
2. And when I pray to thee, O Lord, Let my poor heart be filled, May all I ask of
3. May Sat - an trem- ble when he sees My eyes be dimed with tears, And when be - fore thee

CHORUS.

light be given, And teach me how to pray.
thee ac - cord With thy all right - eous will.
on my knees, My soul shall have no fears.

Teach me how to pray,

Teach me how to pray; May all I ask of thee ac - cord, Oh, teach me how to pray.

WAIT HIS COMING.

Words and Music by Rev. E. P. MICKEL.
Harmonized by J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Have you heard the message, From our Lord a-bove? Sent to all his chil-dren With his gracious love?
2. When our hearts are aching, Sore with sorrow's pain, When life seems but dreary, On earth's burning plain;
3. Wait then for his com-ing, Chil-dren of the King, Heav'n and life eter-nal He to you will bring;

'Tis that we should ev-er Watch and wait and pray, For his own re-turn-ing, Glad tri-umph-al day,
Let us think what pleasures All his words foretell, If these words shall bless us, "Thou hast labored well,"
Wait then for his com-ing, It will not be long, And while you are wait-ing, Praise his name in song,

Glad tri-umph-al day, Glad tri-umph-al day; For his own re-turn-ing, Glad tri-umph-al day.
"Thou hast labored well," "Thou hast labored well;" If these words shall bless us, "Thou hast labored well."
Praise his name in song, Praise his name in song; And while you are wait-ing, Praise his name in song.

THE NUMBERLESS HOST.

F. A. BLACKMER. JOHN B. VAUGHAN.

1. When we en - ter the por-tals of glo - ry, And the great host of ransomed we see,
   As the num-berless sands of the sea shore, What a won- der- ful sight . . . . . that will be!
2. When we stand by the beau-ti - ful riv - er, 'Neath the shade of the life - giv-ing tree,
   Gaz-ing out o'er the fair land of prom-ise, What a won- der- ful sight . . . . . that will be!
3. When we look on the form that redeemed us, And His glo - ry and maj - es - ty see,
   While as King of the saints He is reign-ing, What a won- der- ful sight . . . . . that will be!

CHORUS.

Numberless as the sands of the sea shore, Numberless as the sands, as the sands; Oh,

what a sight 'twill be when the ransomed host we see As number-less as the sands of the sea shore.

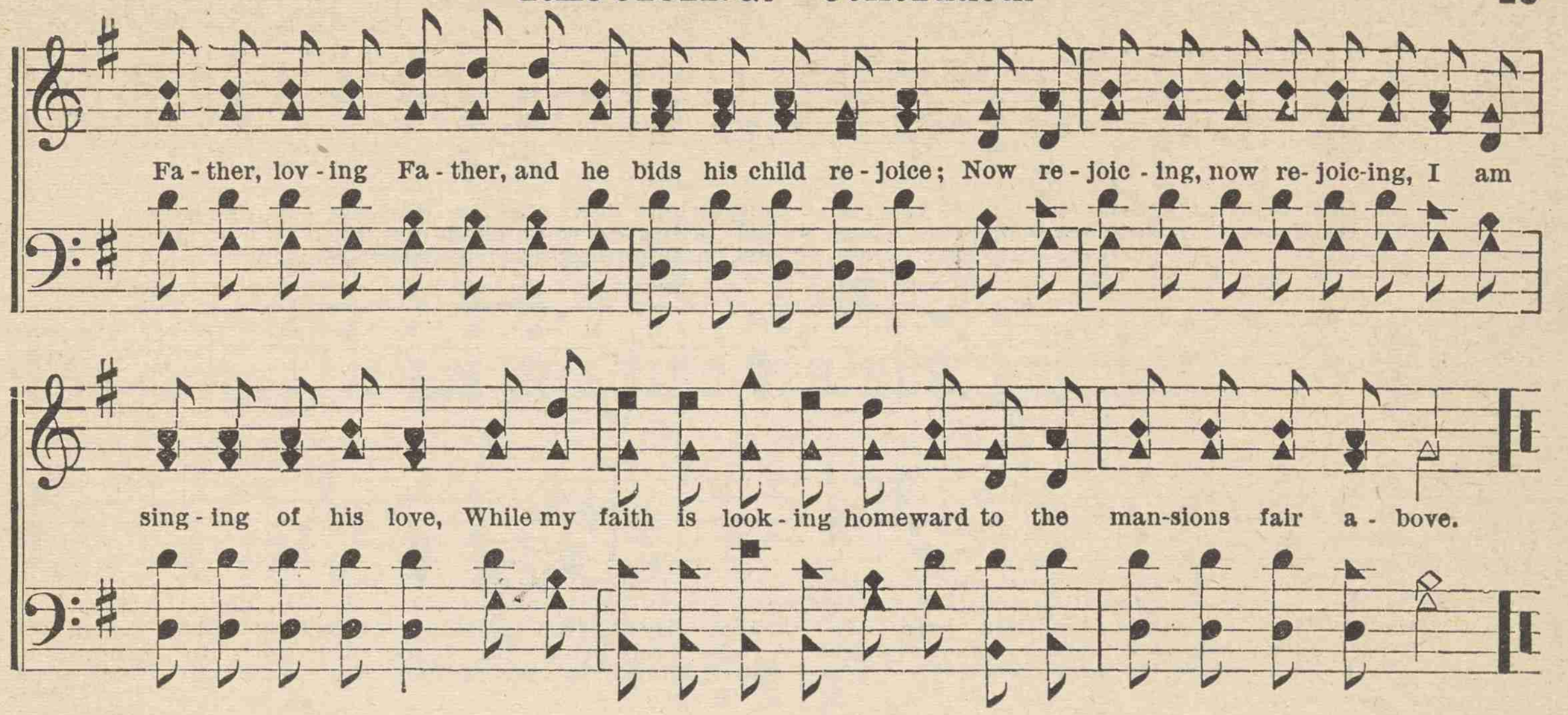
REJOICING.

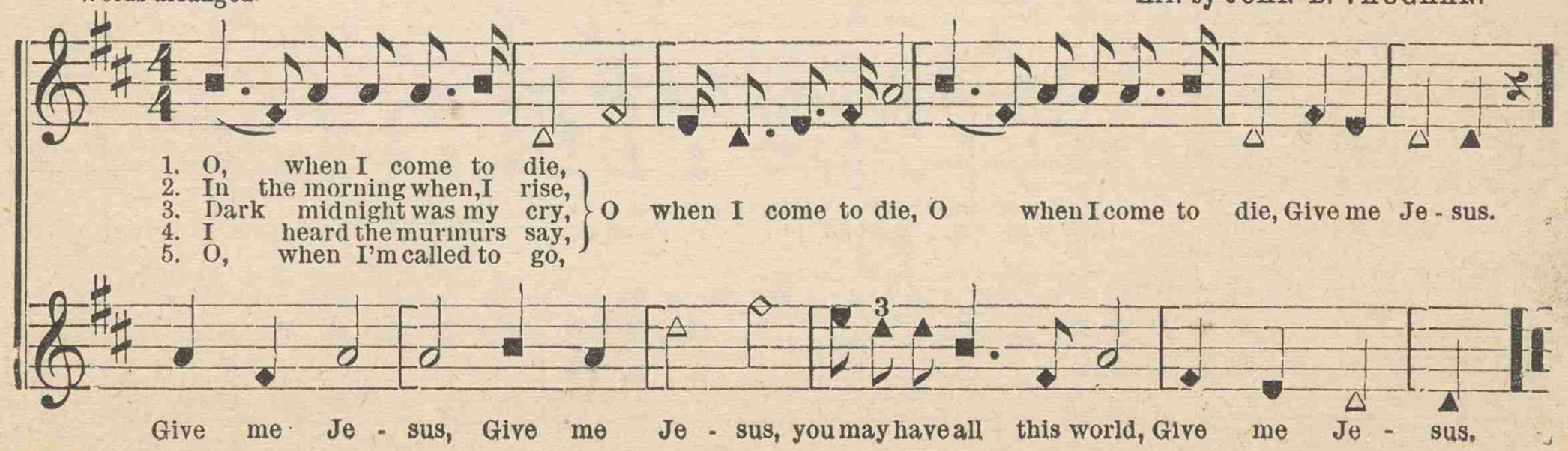
LIZZIE UNDERWOOD. JOHN B. VAUGHAN.

1. The Lord is my Shep - herd, I fol - low his voice, He's lead - ing me Home-ward, he
2. The Lord is my Shep - herd, He know - eth my way, Tho' oft - en 'tis dark, yet it
3. The Lord is my Shep - herd, He know - eth his sheep, He knows my re - joic - ing, he

bids me re-joice, No harm can be - fall me with him by my side, My Shepherd, my Sav-iour, my
lead - eth to - day, I know that he loves me, my steps he'll at - tend, My Shepherd, my Fa ther, my
knows when I weep, He hears when I'm pray- ing, he an-swers my call, My Shepherd, my Prophet, my

CHORUS.

King, and my Guide.
Broth - er and Friend.
Priest, and my All.
} He's my Shep-herd, ten - der Shep-herd, and I know his gen - tle voice; He's my

GIVE ME JESUS.

Words arranged. Arr. by JOHN B. VAUGHAN.

GATHERING UP THE JEWELS.

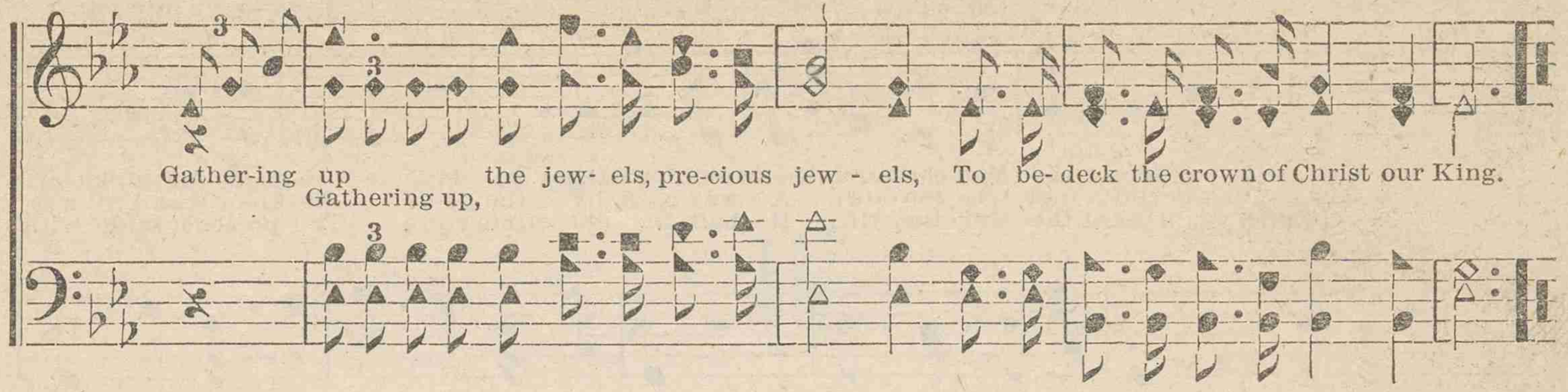
F. M D. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Gath - er, O gath - er up the jew - els, Bright jew - els for the Sav - iour's crown;
2. Gath - er, O gath - er up the jew - els, From heath-en shad- ows, dark and dim;
3. Gath - er, O gath - er up the jew - els, Though rough and stained the gems may be;

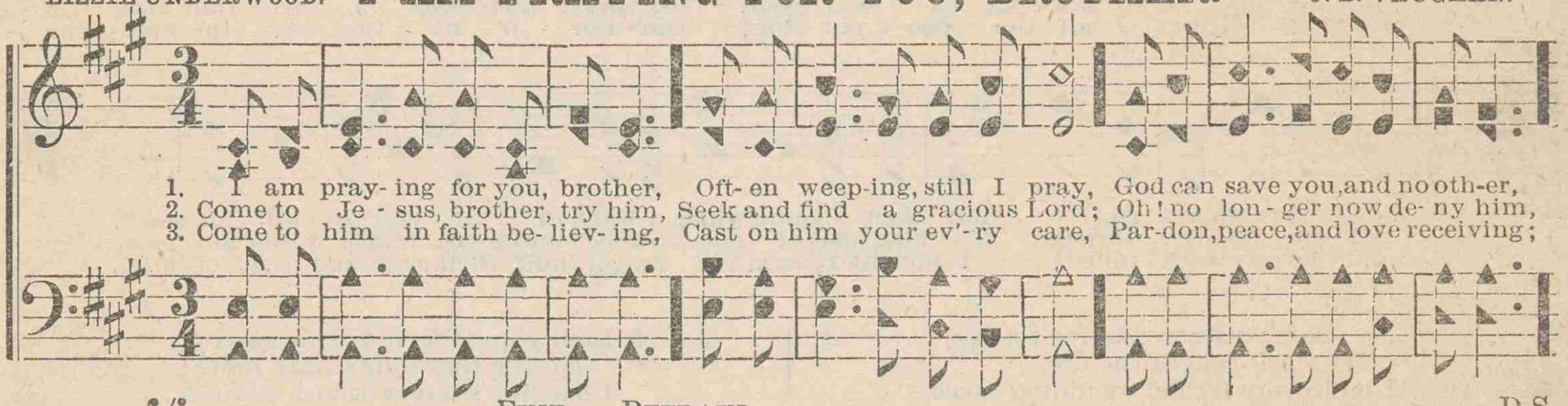
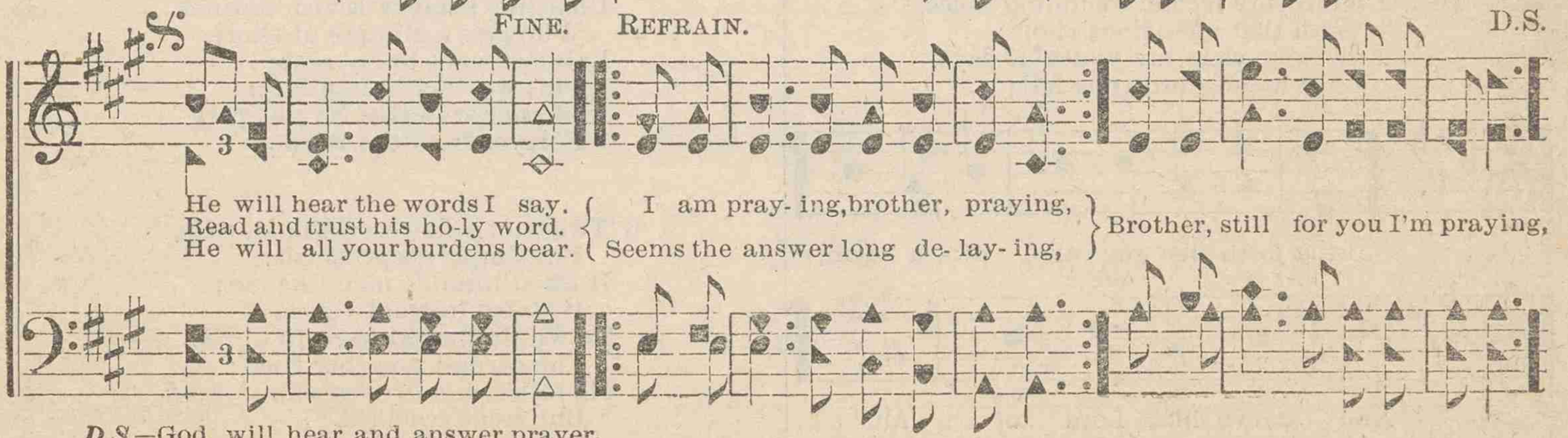
Thick - ly a- round you they are ly - ing, By sin and dark - ness tram - pled down.
Christ bids you seek the souls be - night - ed, And bring the treas - ure un - to him.
Cleansed in the Sav- iour's blood so pre - cious, Shall shine through all e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Gath-er- ing up the jew- els, pre-cious jew - els, From the haunts of sin the treas-ure bring;
Gathering up



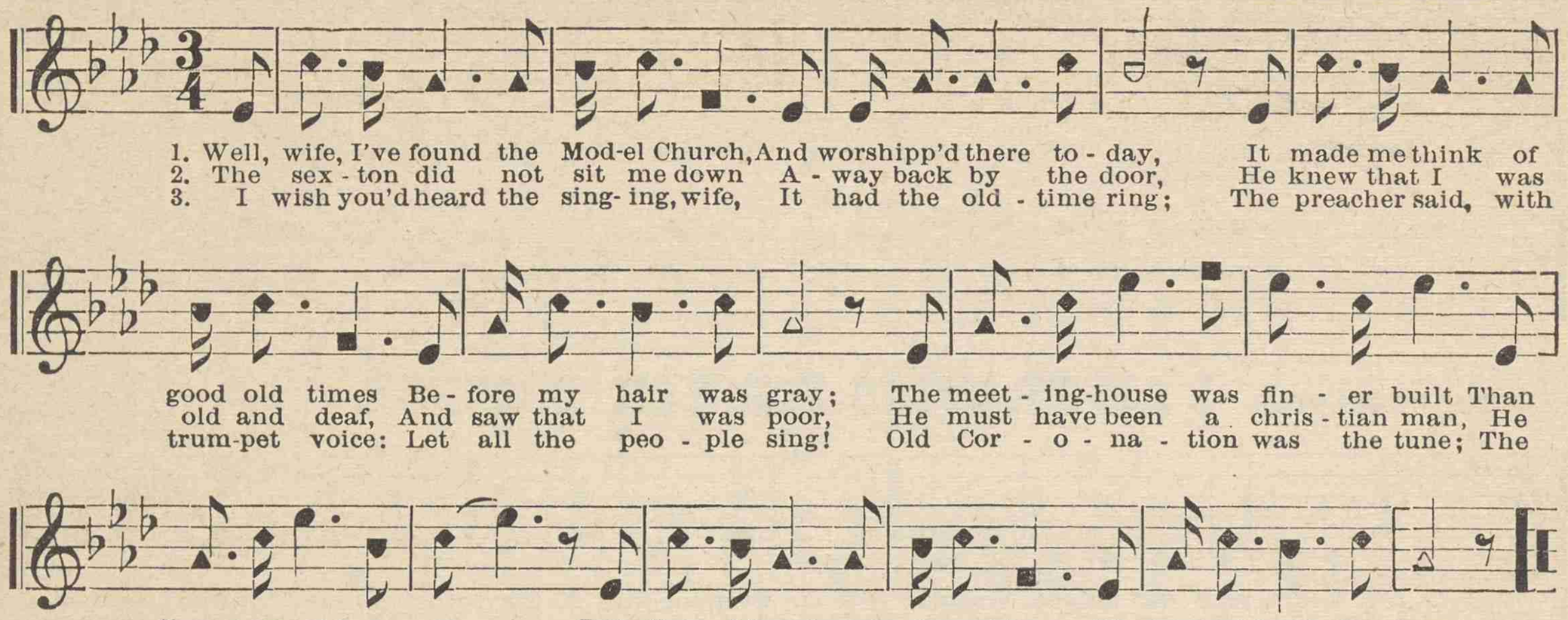
LIZZIE UNDERWOOD. **I AM PRAYING FOR YOU, BROTHER.** J. B. VAUGHAN.

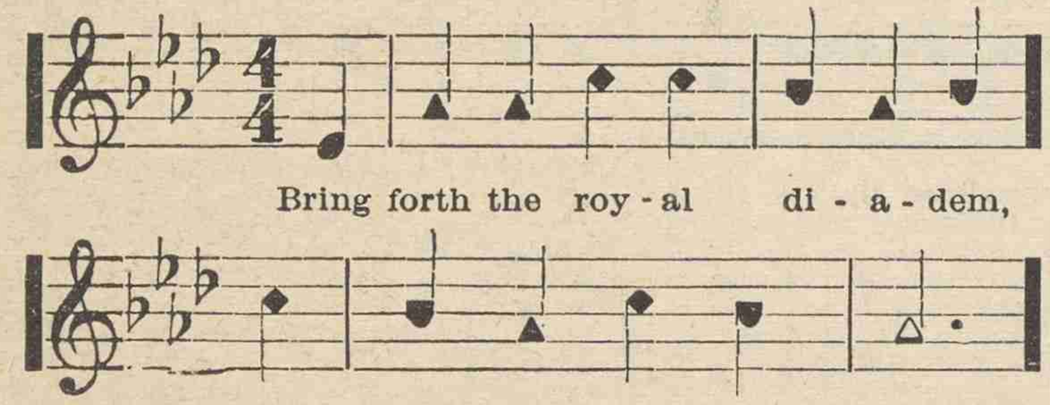


D.S.—God will hear and answer prayer.

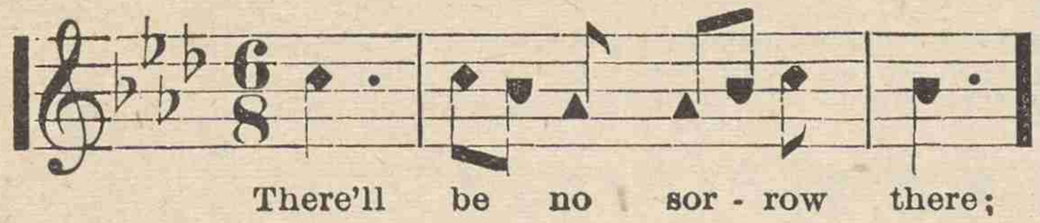
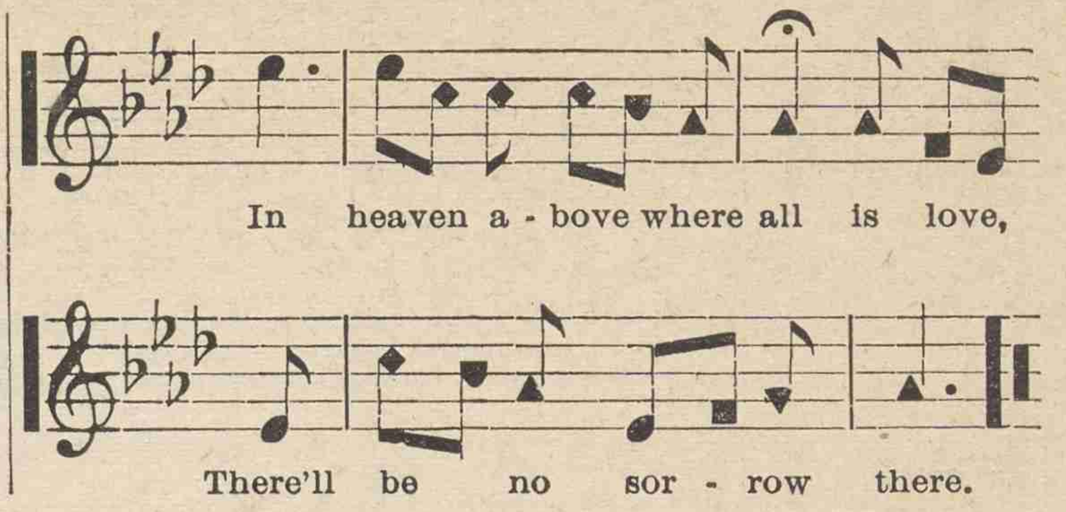
THE MODEL CHURCH.

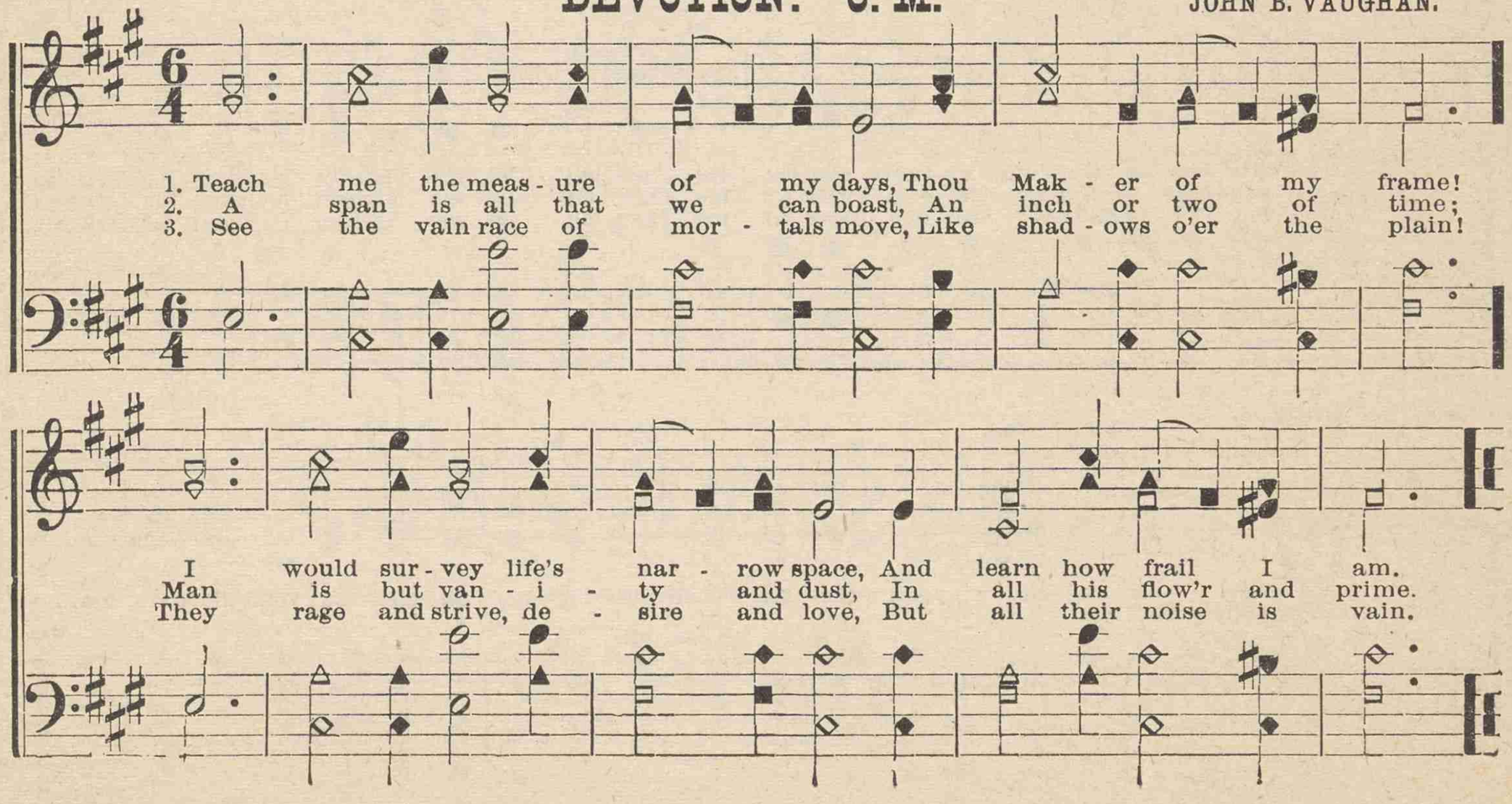
JOHN B. VAUGHAN.



4 My deafness seemed to melt away,
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice,
With that melodious choir;
And sang, as in my youthful days,
"Let angel's prostrate fall;

5 I tell you, wife, it did me good
To sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner
Who gets a glimpse of shore.
I almost want to lay aside
This weather-beaten form,
And anchor in that blessed port,
Forever from the storm.

6 'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
But simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me;
It suited hopeful youth,
To win immortal souls to Christ,
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself, or creed,
But Jesus crucified.

7 Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,
The victory soon be won;
The shining land is just ahead,
Our race is nearly run;
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,
Our home so bright and fair:
Thank God, we'll never sin again;

DEVOTION. C. M.

JOHN B. VAUGHAN.

BEYOND THE DARK SEA.

Arr. by JOHN B. VAUGHAN.

With expression.

1. I am wea- ry, I'm fainting, my day's work is done, I am watching, I'm waiting for life's sinking sun;
2. The cold surging bellows, that dash at my feet, Have all lost their ter-ror, their mu - sic is sweet;
3. I'll lay my life's burdens, dear Lord, at thy feet, For lov'd ones are watching my spir - it to greet;

The shad- ows are stretching a - far o'er the lea, Then oh let me an-chor be- yond the dark sea.
My Sav - iour is still- ing the tem - pest for me, Then oh let me an-chor be- yond the dark sea.
The por - tals of glo - ry are ope - ning to me, Then oh let me an-chor be- yond the dark sea.

CHORUS.

Be - yond the sea, Be - yond the sea, Then oh let me an - chor be - yond the dark sea.
Be- yond the dark sea,

DRIFTING ONWARD.

JOHN B. VAUGHAN.

JOHN B. VAUGHAN.

1. Day is now de- clin- ing, sun is sink- ing fast, Soon our voy-age's o - ver, Life will then be past;
2. Let us then be pray- ful, keep - ing on the way, Watching for the dawning of that hap - py day;
3. When our boat shall an- chor, when that day shall come, May we all be gathered in yon heav'nly home;

FINE.

Watch the gold - en mo-ments how they swift- ly ply, We are like the lil - lies, bloom and then must die.
Watch-ing, wait- ing, pray- ing, it will lead us on, From the val - ley up - ward to the ho - ly throne.
Won't that be a heav- en, words can nev - er tell, Of the joys im- mor - tal where our Sav- iour dwells.

D.S.—We are drift-ing on- ward, float - ing with the tide, Soon our boat will an - chor on the oth - er side.

CHORUS.

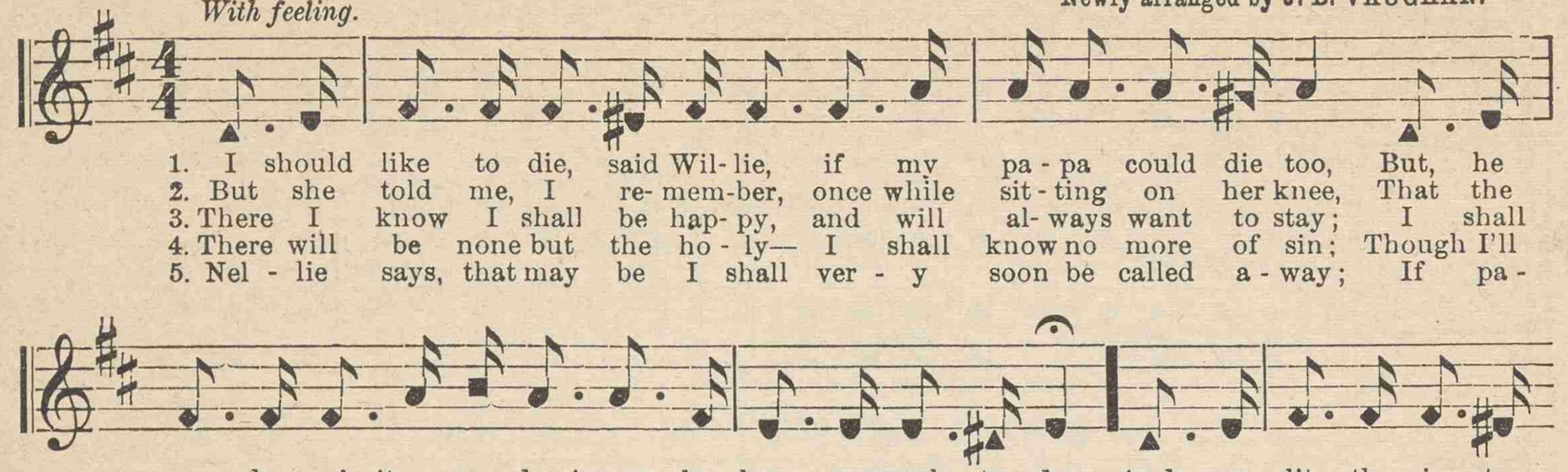
D.S.

We are drift - ing on- ward, float- ing with the tide, Soon our boat will an-chor on the oth - er side;

IF PAPA WERE ONLY READY.

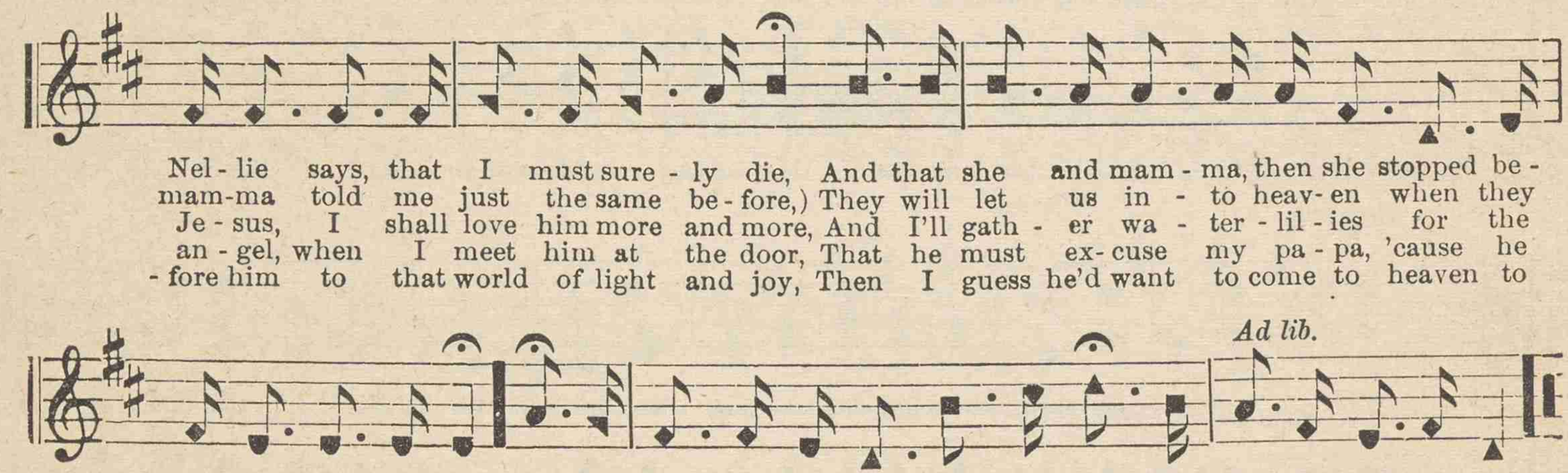
From P. P. BLISS.
Newly arranged by J. B. VAUGHAN.

With feeling.



1. I should like to die, said Wil-lie, if my pa-pa could die too, But, he
2. But she told me, I re-mem-ber, once while sit-ting on her knee, That the
3. There I know I shall be hap-py, and will al-ways want to stay; I shall
4. There will be none but the ho-ly— I shall know no more of sin; Though I'll
5. Nel-lie says, that may be I shall ver-y soon be called a-way; If pa-

says, he isn't rea-dy 'cause he has so much to do; And my lit-tle sis-ter,
an-gel nev-er wea-ry watch-ing o-ver her and me, And that if we're good (and
love to hear the sing-ing, I shall love the end-less day; I shall love to look at
see mamma and Nel-lie, for I know he'll let them in, But I'll have to tell the
-pa were on-ly rea-dy, I should like to go to-day; But if I should go be-



Nel-lie says, that I must sure-ly die, And that she and mam-ma, then she stopped be-
mam-ma told me just the same be-fore,) They will let us in-to heav-en when they
Je-sus, I shall love him more and more, And I'll gath-er wa-ter-lil-ies for the
an-gel, when I meet him at the door, That he must ex-cuse my pa-pa, 'cause he
-fore him to that world of light and joy, Then I guess he'd want to come to heaven to

Ad lib.

-cause it made me cry; And that she and mamma, then she stopped be-cause it made me cry.
see us at the door, They will let us in-to heav-en when they see us at the door.
an-gel at the door, And I'll gath-er wa-ter lil-ies for the an-gel at the door.
couldn't leave the store; That he must ex-cuse my pa-pa, 'cause he couldn't leave the store.
see his lit-tle boy; Then I guess he'd want to come to heaven to see his lit-tle boy.

CALLING TO-DAY.

J. B. V.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Will you come to the Lord, He up - on the cross was slain, Come and be cleansed from all stain,
2. You have prom - ised your friends You would meet them far a - bove Where there will be per - fect love,
3. You can come to him now, You can join his ho - ly band, Go - ing to sweet Beu - lah land;

He is call- ing to- day, Oh, why will you yet de - lay? Bless- ed be the Lord, He is call - ing to - day.
They are wait- ing to- day, Will you lon- ger yet de - lay? Bless- ed be the Lord, He is call - ing to - day.
Will you come then to- day, And no lon- ger make de - lay? Bless- ed be the Lord, He is call - ing to - day.

CHORUS.

Call - ing to - day, Call - ing to - day, Bless - ed be the Lord, He is call - ing to - day.

BLESSED ASSURANCE.

FANNIE CROSBY.

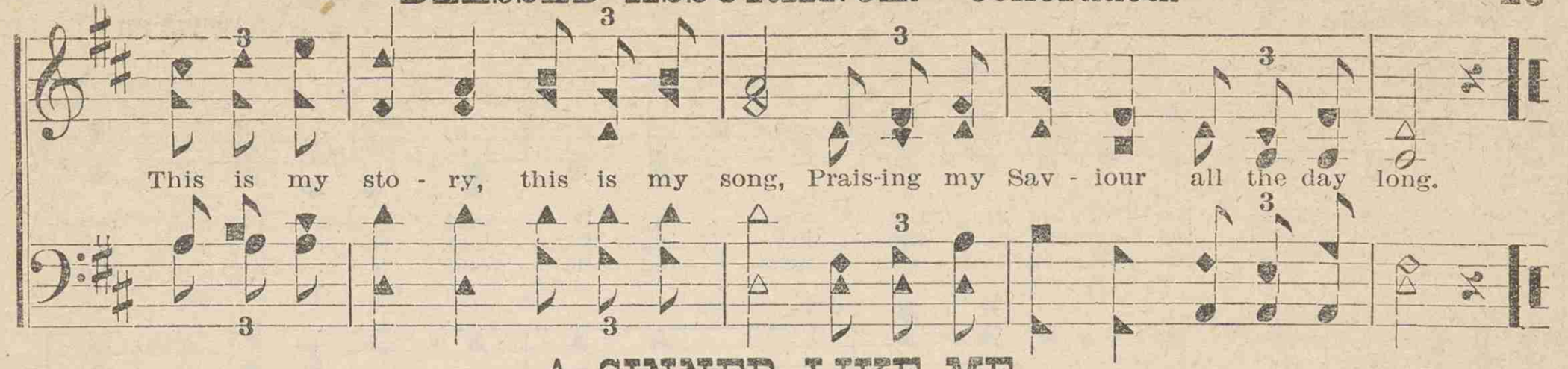
Arr. by J. B. V. from
Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine, Oh, what a fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine;
2. Per-fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - i - ons of rapt-ure burst on my sight;
3. Per-fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am hap - py and blest.

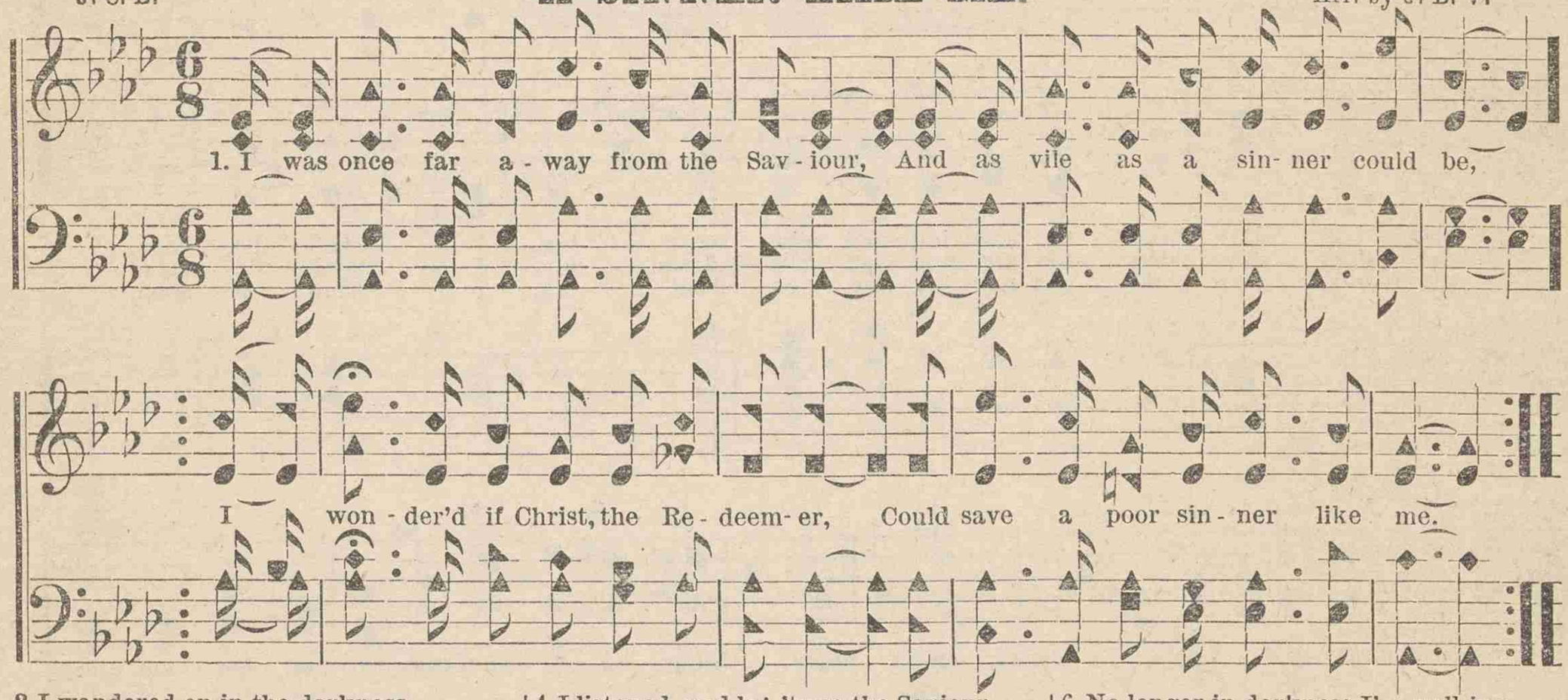
Heir of sal - va - tion purchased of God, Born of his spir - it, washed in his blood.
An - gels de - scend - ing bring from a - bove Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
Watching and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with his good - ness, lost in his love.

CHORUS.

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - iour all the day long;

BLESSED ASSURANCE.—Concluded.

A SINNER LIKE ME.

J. C. B. Arr. by J. B. V.



2 I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see, [ness,
And the tho't filled my heart with sad-
There's no hope for a sinner like me.

3 And then, in that dark lonely hour,
A voice sweetly whispered to me,
Saying, Christ, the Redeemer, has power
To save a poor sinner like me.

4 I listened, and lo! 'twas the Saviour
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me.

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And oh, what a joy came to me;
My heart was filled with his praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling,
How he saved a poor sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

Dr. H. BONAR. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Be - yond the smil - ing and the weep - ing, Be - yond the wak - ing and the
2. Be - yond the bloom - ing and the fad - ing, Be - yond the shin - ing and the
3. Be - yond the part - ing and the meet - ing, Be - yond the fare - well and the

sleep - ing, Be - yond the sow - ing and the reap - ing, I shall be soon.
shad - ing, Be - yond the hop - ing and the dread - ing, I shall be soon.
greet - ing, Be - yond the pul - se's fev - er - beat - ing, I shall be soon.

CHORUS.

Love, rest and home, Sweet, sweet home: Bless - ed Je - sus, tar - ry not, but come, and

From NATIONAL SINGER, by per.

take me to my home, Bless - ed Je - sus, tar - ry not, but come and take me to my home.

WHOSOEVER CALLETH.

Rev. W. E. PENN. JOHN B. VAUGHAN.

1. On land, on sea, wher - e'er we go, These words to us are ring - ing,
2. Oh bless - ed prom - ise, oh how sweet, To ev - 'ry na - tion giv - en,
3. We'll call up - on his bless - ed name, We'll seek his face and fa - vor,

D.C.—Who - ev - er calls up - on his name, Will sure - ly find a Sa - viour,

D.C.

In sick - ness, sor - row, pain or woe, We can - not keep from sing - ing.
By this we know we all can meet Some day far up in heav - en.
For he's to us al - ways the same, He'll al - ways be our Sa - viour.

Who - ev - er calls up - on his name, Will sure - ly find a Sa - viour.

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