THE

GOSPEL MALE CHOIR

BY

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

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JAMES McGRANAHAN,

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Hymn
1878
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PREFACE.

The glorious Gospel of Christ!
He that believeth on the Son hath
Everlasting life.

God so loved the world that he gave his
Only begotten
Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not
Perish, but have
Everlasting
Life.

My servants shall sing for joy of heart;—
Awake, thou that sleepest, and Christ shall give thee light.
Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the
Enemy.

Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the
Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee.
Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works.
I will extol thee, my God, O king. Thou, O Lord, art our Father, our
Redeemer; thy name is from everlasting.

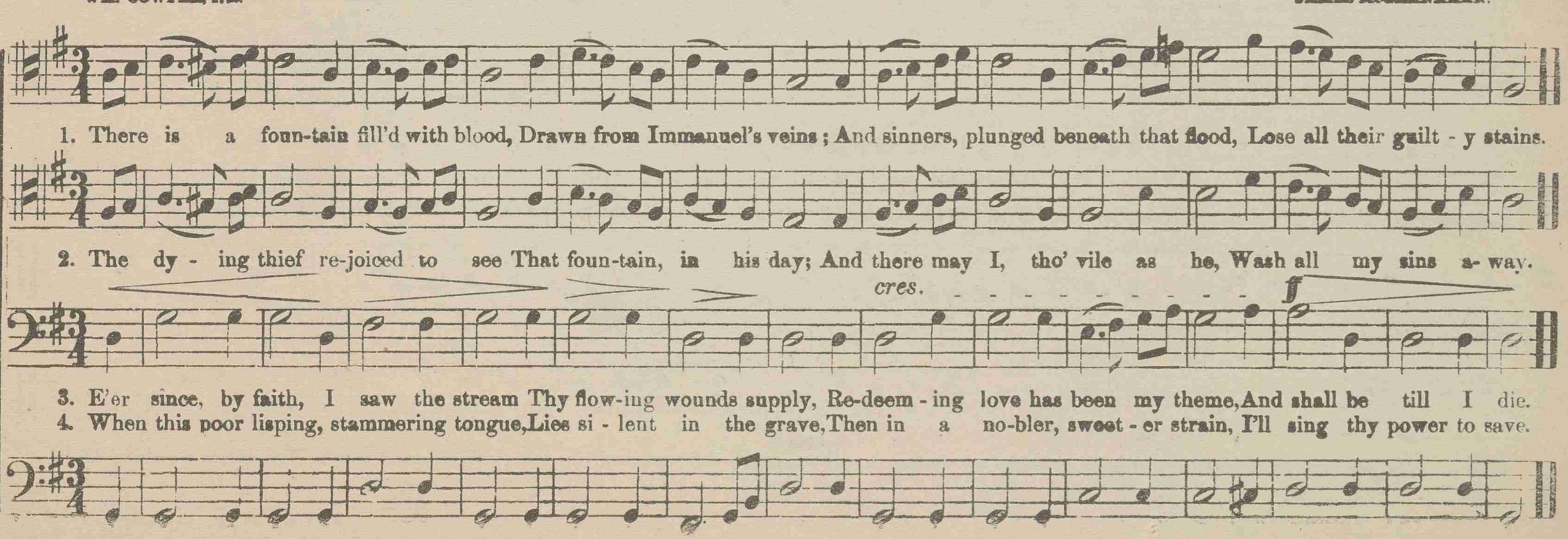
THE MALE CHOIR,

FOR

GOSPEL MEETINGS.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

WM. COWPER, 1779. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



WONDERFUL WORDS OF LIFE.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS. By permission. Arr. by JAS. McGRANAHAN.

1. Sing them o-ver a - gain to me, Wonderful words of life, Let me more of their beauty see, Wonderful words of life, Words of life and beauty,

2. Christ the blessed one gives to all, Wonderful words of life, Sinner, list to the loving call, Wonderful words of life, All so freely given,

3. Sweetly echo the gospel call, Wonderful words of life, Of - fer pardon and peace to all, Wonderful words of life, Je - sus on - ly Saviour,

f

Sp *cres.* *f* *p* *cres.* *f* Repeat last time. *pp* from *f.*

Teach me faith and du - ty, Beautiful words, Wonderful words, wonderful words of life, Beautiful words, Wonderful words, Wonderful words of life.

Wooing us to heaven.

p *cres.* *f* *p* *cres.* *f rit.*

Sanc - ti - fy, for - ev - er, Beautiful words, Wonderful words, wonderful words of life, Beautiful words, Wonderful words, Wonderful words of life.

ALL THE WAY LONG IT IS JESUS.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. I'm on my journey up Zion's hill, All the way long it is Jesus, The way grows brighter and brighter still, All the way long it is Jesus.

2. And oh, how happy the pilgrim's lot, All the way long it is Jesus, He has a comfort the world has not, All the way long it is Je-sus.

3. Let storm-clouds gather and troubles rise, All the way long it is Jesus, He seeks a cit-y with cloudless skies, All the way long it is Jesus.

4. At home together the saints will sing, All the way long it is Jesus, We'll make the heavenly mansions ring, All the way long it is Jesus.

CHORUS.

Rit. Repeat last time, pp.

Je - sus, Je - sus, why, all the way long it is Je - sus! Je - sus, Je - sus, why, all the way long it is Je - sus!

Je - sus, Je - sus, why, all the way long it is Je - sus! Je - sus, Je - sus, why, all the way long it is Je - sus!

THERE IS JOY AMONG THE ANGELS.

R. A. BARNUM. A. C. GAUL. By permission.

1. There is joy among the angels, Singing round the throne above, When re-pent - ant tears are flowing, While the ris - en Lord is showing,

2. There is joy among the angels, When a sin - ner heeds the call, When he turns to Christ be - liev-ing, And from Him is love re - ceiving,

3. There is joy among the angels, When His cause is speeding on, When the notes of praise are ringing, That the gospel work is bringing,

CHORUS.

All the riches of his love, All the riches of his love, All the riches of his love. There is joy,.... O there is joy,

Grace that saves us one and all, Grace that saves us one and all, Grace that saves us one and all.

Precious sheaves for harvest morn, Precious sheaves for harvest morn, Precious sheaves for harvest morn, There is joy, glad joy, there is joy, glad joy,

THERE IS JOY AMONG THE ANGELS. Concluded.

Joy that nev-er can be told, When a soul . . . . that long has wan - dered, Comes within the Saviour's fold.

Joy that nev-er can be, nev - er can be told, When a soul that long has wandered, long has wander'd Comes within the Saviour's fold.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

PLEYEL. 1800. Arranged.

1. Sweet the theme of Jesus' love! Sweet the theme all themes a-bove: Love un-mer - it - ed and free, Our tri-umph - ant song shall be.
2. Love which led Him to the cross, Bearing there un-ut-tered loss; Love, which bro't Him to the gloom Of the cold and darksome tomb.
3. Love which made Him hence arise, Far a - bove the star - ry skies, There, with ten-der, lov - ing care, All His people's griefs to share.
4. Love which will not let Him rest Till His chos - en all are blest; Till they all for whom He died, Live re - joic-ing by His side.

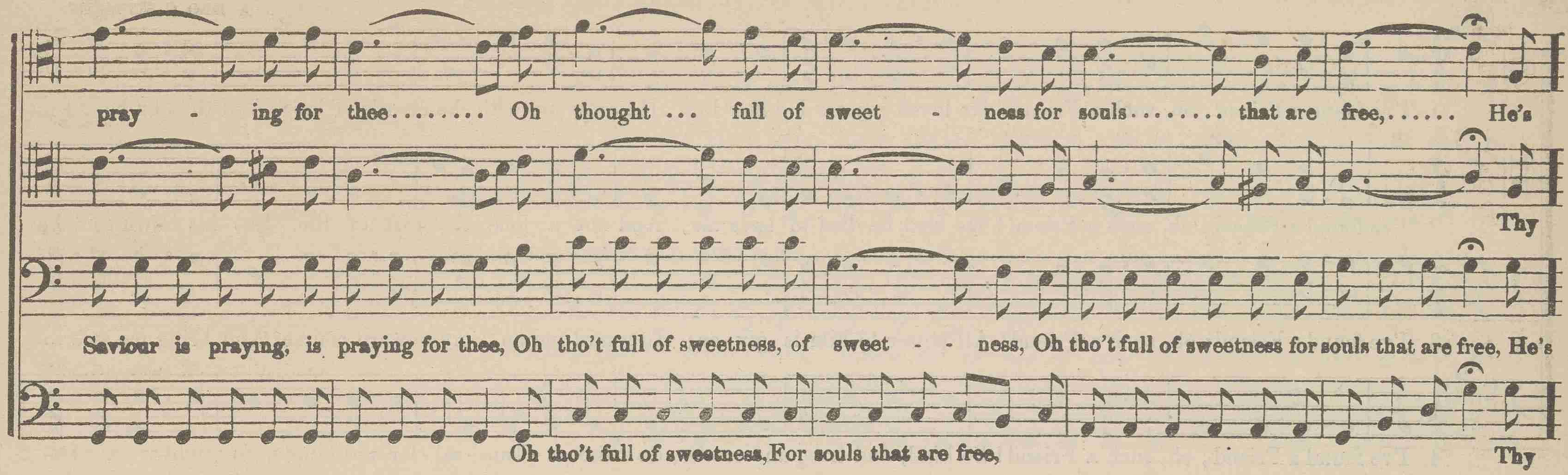
THE SAVIOR IS PRAYING FOR THEE.

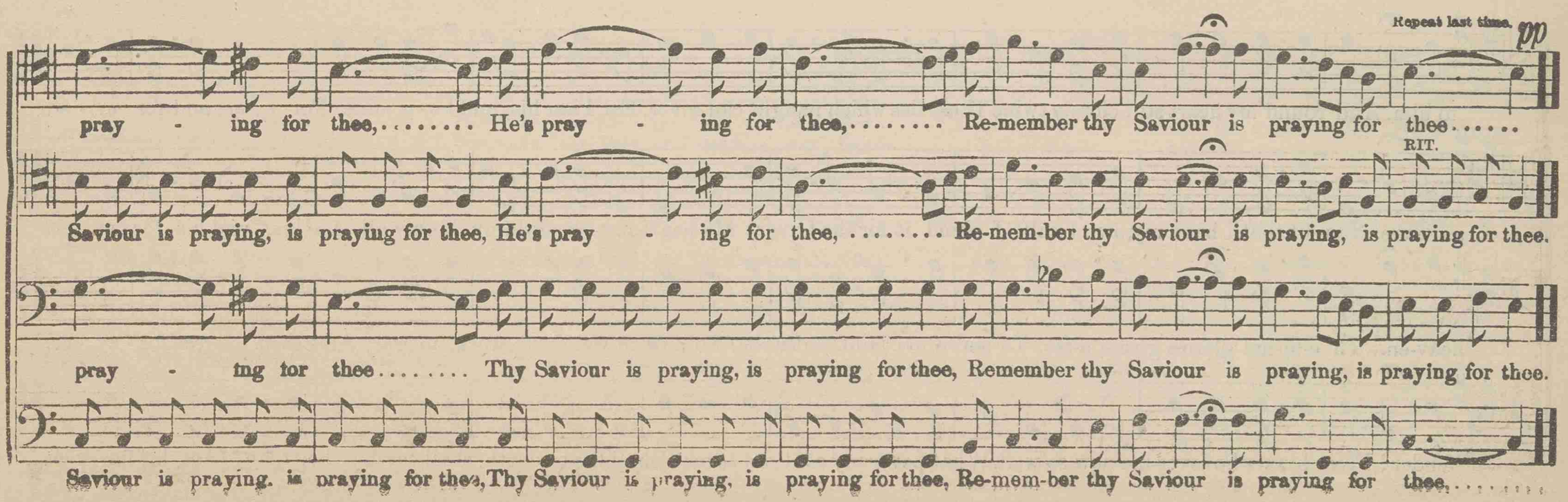
W. S. Heb. vii. 25. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Oh, tho't full of sweet-ness to those that be-lieve, Tho' the comfort of earth may de-part or de-ceive; A-mid des-o-la-tion there's
2. O'er graves of the loved ones he weeps with thee, too, Thy pathway grows darker, keep Je-sus in view; The bil-lows rise higher, he
3. O'er ev-'ry temp-ta-tion tho' tri-umph is sure, The grace he has promised shall make thee endure; Tho' strong are thy fetters, thou
4. In pain and in sick-ness he stands by thy bed, And speaks of the suff'rings he bore in thy stead, That night in the garden, that

BEFRAIN.

somewhere to flee, Re-mem-ber, thy Sav-ior is pray-ing for thee. He's pray - - ing for thee, ... He's
walk'd on the sea, Re-mem-ber, thy Sav-ior is pray-ing for thee. Thy Sav-ior is pray-ing, is pray-ing for thee, He's
yet shall be free, Thro' Je-sus, thy Sav-ior, who pray-eth for thee.
day on the tree, Re-mem-ber, thy Sav-ior is pray-ing for thee. He's pray - - ing for thee, ... Thy
Thy Sav-ior is pray-ing, is pray-ing for thee, Thy


pray - ing for thee..... Oh thought ... full of sweet - ness for souls..... that are free,..... He's
Thy
Saviour is praying, is praying for thee, Oh tho't full of sweetness, of sweet - - ness, Oh tho't full of sweetness for souls that are free, He's
Oh tho't full of sweetness, For souls that are free,
Thy


Repeat last time.
pp
pray - ing for thee,..... He's pray - ing for thee,..... Re-member thy Saviour is praying for thee.....
RIT.
Saviour is praying, is praying for thee, He's pray - ing for thee, ... Re-mem-ber thy Saviour is praying, is praying for thee.
pray - ing for thee..... Thy Saviour is praying, is praying for thee, Remember thy Saviour is praying, is praying for thee.
Saviour is praying. is praying for thee, Thy Saviour is praying, is praying for thee, Re-mem-ber thy Saviour is praying for thee,.....

I'VE FOUND A FRIEND.

From "Word and Work."

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew him; He drew me with the chords of love, And thus he bound me

2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled; he died to save me; And not a-lone the gift of life, But his own self he

3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All power to him is giv-en; To guard me on my onward course, And bring me safe to

4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and tender, So wise a Coun-sel-lor and Guide, So might-y a De-

to him. And 'round my heart still closely twine Those ties which naught can sever, For I am his, and he is mine, For-ev-er and for-ev-er.

gave me. Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giver: My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are his, and his for-ev-er.

heav-en. Th' e-ternal glories gleam a-far, To nerve my faint endeavor: So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for-ev-er.

fender! From him, who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sever? Shall life or death, shall earth or hell? No; I am his for-ev-er.

ENGLISH. T. H. TANNER.

1. Praise the Lord, who died to save us, Praise his ev - er - gracious name; Praise him that he lives to bless us, Now and ev - er more the same.

2. Grace it was, yea, grace a - bounding, Brought thee down to save the lost, Ye a - bove, his throne surrounding, Praise him, praise him, all his host.

3. We of all his hand-cre - a - ted Ob - jects are of grace a - lone, Born in sin, he died to save us, Died that we might share his throne.

Pre - - cious Sa - - vior! We would all thy love proclaim, Pre - - cious Sa - vior! We would all thy love proclaim.
Saints a - dore him, Ye are they who owe him most, Saints a - dore him, Ye are they who owe him most.

Sing with won - der, Sing of what our Lord hath done, Sing with won - der, Sing of what our Lord hath done.

Pre - cious Sa - vior! pre - cious Sa - vior! We would all thy love proclaim, Precious Sa - vior! precious Sa - vior! We would all thy love proclaim.
Saints a - dore him, saints a - dore him, Ye are they who owe him most, Saints a-dore him, saints a-dore him, Ye are they who owe him most.

Sing with won - der, Sing with won - der, Sing of what our Lord hath done, Sing with wonder, sing with won-der, Sing of what our Lord hath done.

ALL FROM JESUS

Rev. W. T. SLEEPER. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. All from Je - sus, All from Je - sus, All my hope of sins forgiven, All my peace while here I journey, All the prom-is - es of Heaven.

2. All from Je - sus, All from Je - sus, All my vict'- ries o - ver sin, All my strength to bear and labor, All my help the goal to win.

3. All from Je - sus, All from Je - sus, All the righteousness and grace, All the cleansing and the fit-ness To be-hold my Father's face.

4. All from Je - sus, All from Je - sus, All the com- fort of my mind, All I want in earth or glo-ry, More than all in Him I find.

CHORUS.

All from Je - sus All from Je - sus, All the gladness, all the song. { All the crowns, and all the glo - ry Of the happy, happy blood-bought throng. / All the crowns, and all the glo - ry Of the happy happy ..... blood-bought throng

1st. 2d. RIT.

All from Je - sus, All from Je - sus, All the gladness, all the song. { All the crowns, and all the glo - ry Of the happy, happy blood-bought throng. / All the crowns, and all the glo - ry Of the happy, happy ..... blood-bought throng.

ff pp

ROCK OF AGES.

When sung as a solo, let the accompanying parts be sung in a subdued manner.

Mrs. P. P. BLISS. Arr. by M.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the
2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan-guor know, This for sin could not a -
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death, When I rise to worlds un-

1. Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter

blood, From thy wound - ed side that flowed, Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save me,
-tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone: In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply
-known, And be - hold thee on thy throne— Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Let me

and the blood, From thy wound - ed side that flowed, Be of sin the dou - ble cure,

Lord, and make me pure; Be of sin the dou - ble cure— Save me, Lord, and make me pure.
to thy cross I cling; In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
hide my - self in thee; Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

Save me, Lord, and make me pure, Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

JESUS, ALL THE WAY

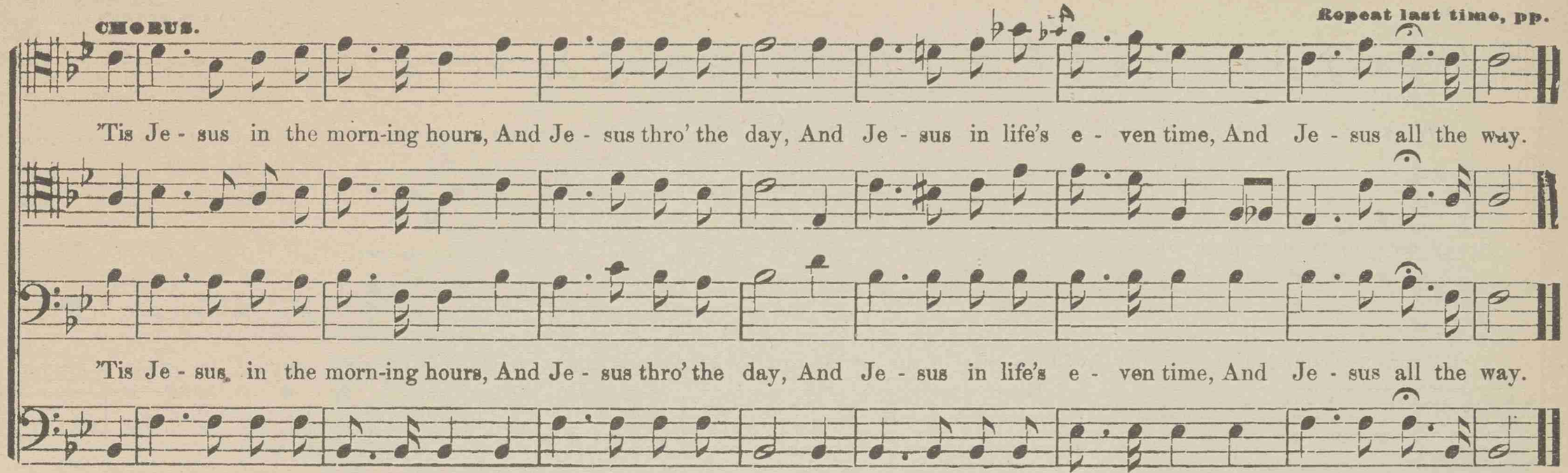
M. B. SEEVOSS.

SOLO, or TENORS IN UNISON.

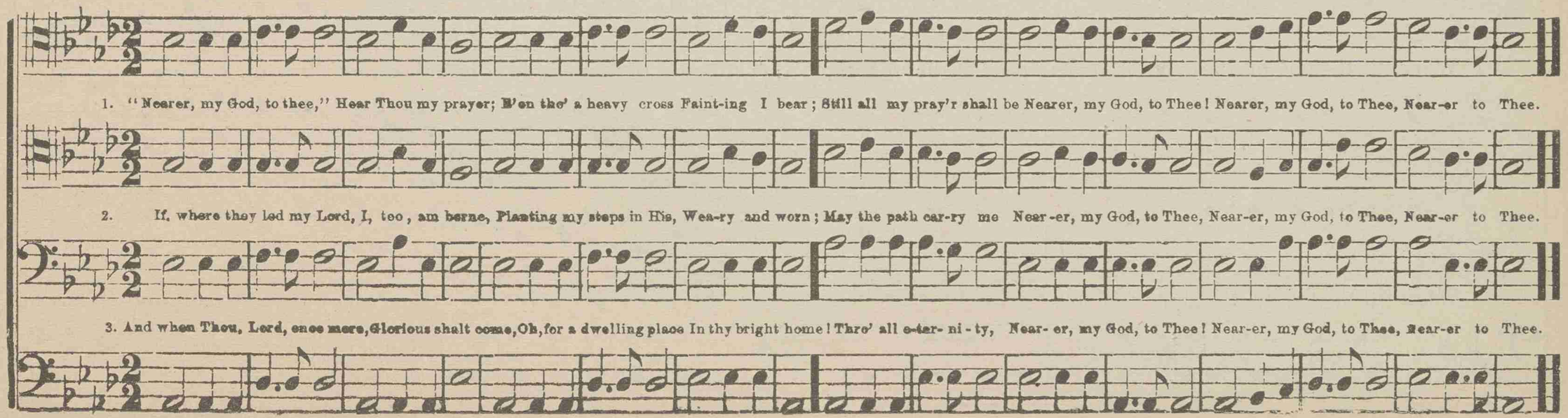
1. 'Tis Je - sus when the burden'd heart Is sink-ing 'neath its load; And Je - sus when the trembling steps Can hard - ly keep the road
2. 'Tis Je - sus when the in - fant tongue Can hard - ly lisp the name, And when the form is bent with age, 'Tis Je - sus just the same
3. 'Tis Je - sus for the friendless one, The wea - ry, sad and lone; And Je - sus for the sin - ner's hope To change the heart of stone

INSTRUMENT.

And Je - sus when the sun of joy Has set in sorrow's night, For he a-lone can soothe the pain, Or guide the steps a - right.
For on our way to pastures green, Lest we from him should stray, Our Shepherd walks be-fore his sheep, And leads him all the way.
And Je - sus when the hour has come To cross the si - lent stream; Then Je - sus, Je-sus ev - er-more, Shall be our new song's theme.



NEARER TO THEE.

J. H. TENNEY. By permission.

WORK FOR YOUR MASTER.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Work for your Master, work while you may, Broad is the field before you—Sweet is the dawn of life's early day, Beaming in beauty o'er you.

2. Speak for your Master, speak while you may, Now, while the world will hear you; It shall be given what you shall say, Feeling his presence near you.

3. Sing for your Master, sing of his love; Sing of the mercies giv - en; Song is the language of saints above, Song is the breath of heaven.

CHORUS.

Work till the toil of the day is done; Speak of the sin for-giv - en; Sing of the starry crown to be won; Pray till you praise in heaven.

Work till the toil of the day is done; Speak of the sin for-giv - en; Sing of the starry crown to be won; Pray till you praise in heaven.

O MAY I THEN, REDEEMED AND BLEST.

D. W. WHITTLE. ADAPTED.

1. When signs in heaven a - bounding, When sea and surge re - sound-ing, When earth in ter - ror rend - ing, Pro -

2. When up-turned fa - ces pal - ing, When aw - ful voi - ces wail - ing, When man in hor - ror fall - ing, Shall

3. When God in wrath shall wak-en, When Heav'n and Earth are shak - en, When stars in dark - ness end - ing, Are

CANTABILE.

claim the age is end - ing, O may I then, re-deemed and blessed, Stand clothed in Je - sus' right - eous - ness.

on his judge be call - ing. O may I then, re-deemed and blessed, Stand clothed in Je - sus' right - eous - ness.

through the air de - scend-ing. O may I then, re-deemed and blessed, Stand clothed in Je - sus' right - eous - ness.

A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

Arranged. C. C. WILLIAMS.

1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, It smoothes the rugged road, It always helps me on-ward, When I faint beneath my load.

2. When my heart is crushed with sorrow, And my eyes with tears are dim, There is naught can yield me comfort, Like a little talk with him.

3. The more I come to know him, And all his grace ex - plore, It sets me ev - er long - ing To know him more and more.

4. There, in my Fa-ther's dwelling, Where ma-ny man-sions be, I'll sweet-ly talk with Je - sus, And he will talk with me.

CHORUS.

He gave his life a ran - som, To make me all his own, And he'll ne'er for - get his prom - ise To me, his purchased one.

Repeat last time pp, ad lib.

He gave his life a ran - som, To make me all his own, And he'll ne'er for - get his prom - ise To me, his purchased one.

HE DIED FOR ME.

Dr. BETHUNE. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. When the time seems short, and death is near, And I am pressed by doubt and fear, And sins, an o - ver-flowing tide, As-sail my peace on ev'ry

2. His name is Je-sus, and He died, For guilty sinners cru - ci - fied, Content to die, that He might win Their ransom from the death of

And sins, an o - ver - flow-ing tide,

3. If grace were bought I could not buy; If grace were coined, no wealth have I; By grace alone I draw my breath, Held up from ev - er-last-ing

side. This tho't my refuge still shall be, I know my Saviour died for me, This tho't my refuge still shall be, I know my Saviour died for me.

sin, No sinner worse than I can be, Therefore I know He died for me, No sinner worse than I can be, Therefore I know He died for me.

death, Yet since I know His grace is free, I know the Saviour died for me, Yet since I know His grace is free, I know the Saviour died for me.

side, This tho't my ref - uge still shall be,

CHRIST IS ALL.

D. W. WHITTLE. Vol. III. II. JAS. McGRANAHAN.

1. Bowing down with grief and sor-row, Concious of our guilt and sin, Hear the Spirit gen-tly whis-per, "Christ is all," oh, trust in him.

2. Is it par-don and for-give-ness, Stains of guilt all wash'd a - way? To the cross the Spir - it leads us, "Christ is all," we hear him say.

3. Is it pow'r for inward cleans-ing Vic-t'ry o - ver sin to gain? Jesus' blood gives strength and healing, "Christ is all," breaks ev'ry chain.

4. Would we know how God, the Father, Looks upon us from the throne? See the Savior there be-side him, "Christ is all," in him we're known.

CHORUS. Cres.

Christ is all, oh, tell the sto-ry; Christ is all, re - peat the song: All the kingdom, pow'r and glo - ry, To our ris - en Lord be - long.

Christ is all, oh, tell the sto-ry; Christ is all, re - peat the song: All the kingdom, pow'r and glo - ry, To our ris - en Lord be-long.

CROWN HIM.

T. H. TANNER.

Maestoso.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glori-ous; See the man of sor-row, now, From the fight re-turn vic - to-rious; Every knee to him shall bow.

2. Crown the Sav-ior, angels, crown him; Rich the trophies Je-sus brings; In the seat of pow'r enthrone him, While the vault of heaven rings.

Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him: Crowns become the victor's brow. Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, Crowns become the victor's brow.

Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him: Crown the Savior King of kings. Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown the Savior King of kings.

THE LIGHTED WAY.

M. E. SERVOSS. He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. John viii: 12. Y. H. TANNER.

1. Do life's clouds hang dark - ly o'er thee, Canst thou catch no gleam of day? Broth-er, there is One who walks be-fore thee,
2. Je - sus knows thy ev - ery sor-row, Knows how frail thy mor - tal clay, Put thy trust in him, nor fear the mor - row,
3. Ask not for the whole re - veal - ing, "As thou wilt" thy heart should pray, He, in kind - ness, now a part con-ceal - ing,
4. Thou wert lost and he hath found thee, Set thy feet on heav'n's high - way; Do not heed how dark all seems a-round thee,

CHORUS. Rit.

He will light thee safe - ly on thy way. All a - round our path is darkness, Gleams from earth no guid-ing ray,
He will light and guide thee all the way.
Yet makes plain the jour - ney of to - day.
He will lead thee to e - ter - nal day. All a - round our path is darkness, Gleams from earth no guid-ing ray,

A Tempo.

But the chil - - - dren of our Fa - - - - - ther Jour-ney in . . . . . the light - ed way,

But the chil-dren of our Fa - ther Jour-ney in the light - ed way,

Rit.

But the chil - dren of our Fa - ther Jour-ney in . . . the light - ed way.

But the chil - dren of our Fa - ther Jour - ney in the light - ed way.

TELL IT TO JESUS.

M. E. SERVOSS. C. C CASE. Arranged for male voices by M.

1. Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to Je - sus, Tell thy tempta - tion, thy weakness, thy fall, Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to Je - sus, All of thy sor - row, thy sickness, and sin, Go to him meek - ly,
3. Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to Je - sus, Tell him thy sor - row, thy an-guish, thy care, Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to Je - sus, Tell it while will - ing to bear what is best, He will take from thee

Instrument.

CHORUS.

tell it to Je - sus, He in com-pas - sion will lis - ten to all.
go to him hum - bly, He will in mer - cy for-give you a - gain. Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to
tell it to Je - sus, He who has prom - ised thy trouble to share.
all that's not need - ed, Helping thee pa - tient - ly bear all the rest.

Tell it to Je - sus,

Je - sus, Tell it to Je - - sus, what-e'er it may be, Tell it to Je - sus,

tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus, what-e'er it, what-e'er it may be, Tell it to Je - sus,

Repeat last time, pp.

tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus, what-e'er it may be.

what-e'er it may be.

tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus, what-e'er it may be.

CALLING US AWAY.

REV. I. WATTS, 1709. WALTER KITTRIDGE, by per, arr. by J. M. C.

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise, With-in the vail, and see The saints a-bove, how great their joys, How bright their glories be.
2. Once they were mourners here below, And pour'd out cries and tears; They wrestled hard, as we do now, With sin, and doubts, and fears.
3. I ask them whence their vict'ry came, They, with unit-ed breath, As-cribe their con-quest to the Lamb, Their triumph to his death.

CHORUS.

Ma - ny are the friends who are waiting to-day, Hap-py on the gold-en strand, Ma - ny are the voic - es call-ing us a - way,

Ma - ny are the friends who are waiting to-day, Hap-py on the gold-en strand, Ma - ny are the voic - es call-ing us a - way,

2nd time pp.

1 2

To join their glo-rious band, Call-ing us a-way, call-ing us a-way, Call-ing to the bet - ter land.

bet - - - - ter land.

To join their glo-rious band, Call-ing us a-way, call-ing us a-way, Call-ing to the bet - ter land.

bet - - - - ter land.

OH, COME, AND COME TO-DAY.

EBEN E. REXFORD. T. H. TANNER.

1. Oh, sin-ner, pause! a whisper sweet, A loving whisper comes to-day, "Come, bring thy sins to Je-sus' feet, Come now, and make no more delay.

Cres.

2. Come now, and turn not him a-way Whose gentle voice persuadeth thee, Make ready, while it is to-day, For a-ges of e-ter-ni-ty.

3. Hast ever thought, O careless heart, What if thy life should close to-day? Choose now and choose the better part, Be wise and make no more delay.

Cres.

4. Come, halt and lame, come, deaf and blind, Come, rich and poor, the heart of Christ Has love enough for all mankind, Its blood for all the world sufficed.

CHORUS.

Ritard.

Oh, sinner, come! canst thou not see What aw-ful danger in delay? This night thy Lord may call for thee, Oh, come to Christ, and come to-day.

p

Cres.

Oh, sinner, come! canst thou not see What awful danger in delay? This night thy Lord may call for thee, Oh, come to Christ, and come to-day.

ARE YOU COMING HOME TO-NIGHT?

ARRANGED. (Melody in the Second Tenor.) JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Are you coming Home, ye wand'rers, Whom Je-sus died to win, All foot-sore, lame, and wea - ry, Your garments stained with sin.

2. Are you coming Home, ye lost ones, Be - hold your Lord doth wait, Come, then no long - er lin - ger, Come ere it be too late,

3. Are you coming Home, ye guil - ty, Who bare the load of sin, Out - side you've long been stand-ing, Come now, and venture in;

CRES.

Will you seek the blood of Je - sus, To wash your garments white, Will you trust his precious promise, Are you coming Home to-night?

Will you come and let Him save you, Oh trust His love and might, Will you come while he is call-ing, Are you coming Home to-night?

Will you heed the Saviour's prom - ise, And dare to trust Him quite, "Come un-to ME," says Jesus, Are you coming Home to-night?

CHORUS.

Are you coming Home to-night, Are you coming Home to-night, Are you coming Home to Je - sus Out of darkness in - to light?

Coming Home to-night, Coming Home to-night, Are you coming Home to Je - sus, Out of darkness in - to light?

CRES.

Repeat last time pp.

Are you coming Home to-night, Are you coming Home to - night, To your lov-ing heav'nly Father, Are you coming Home to-night?

CRES.

coming Home, to-night, coming Home, to - night, To your lov-ing, heavenly Father, Are you coming Home, to-night?

I AM WAITING.

M. B. SERVOSS. I wait for the Lord. Psa. 130 : 5. T. H. TANNER.

I am waiting, I am waiting for the voice I long to hear; I am wait - - ing,

p Cres. *mp*

I am wait - - - ing, I am waiting for the voice I long to hear; I am wait-ing,

I am waiting, I am wait - ing,

I am wait - - - ing for the step that draweth near; 1. For my King in glo - ry com - eth, With his

mf

I am wait - - - ing for the step that draweth near; 2. But my hands shall not be i - dle, While up-

I am waiting for the step that draweth near; 3. Could I claim the crown of glo - ry With life's

mf

Cres.

ho - ly an - gel band, And tho' long hath been the dawning, Life's bright morning is at hand. Hail, all hail! the day e-

on each fer - tile plain, Read - y wait - ing for the reap - er, Stand God's field's of ripened grain, For my King when e'er he

Cres.

du - ties all un - done; Or the bright re - ward of vic - t'ry With life's bat - tles all un - won? Then while waiting for his

Rit.

ter - nal, When the wea - ry and op - pressed, Who have trusted in the promise, Shall for - ev - er be at rest.

com - eth, Ear-ly morn, or even - ing late, With ripe sheaves would find me lad - en, For he bade me *work* and wait.

com - ing To his trust I will be true, And in strength that he has granted, Do what e'er I find to do.

WATCHING FOR THE BRIDEGROOM.

JAS. NICHOLSON.

JNO. R. SWEENY, by per. Arranged by M.

1. Our Je-sus says that he will come To gather home his own, And at the supper of the Lamb We shall with him sit down.
2. That this may be our happy lot, Let us be on our guard, Or else he'll say "I know you not," When once the door is barred.
3. The foolish ones with lamps gone out, Too late their oil would buy, For lo! at midnight comes the shout, Behold the bridegroom's nigh.
4. Oh! when that solemn cry is made, At morning or at night, May all our hopes on Christ be stayed, And all our lamps be bright.
5. And when we join the blood-wash'd throng, And sing the song divine, This strain shall burst from ev'ry tongue, The glory, Lord, be thine.

REFRAIN.

Repeat *pp* last time.

Then we'll watch . . for the bridegroom, watch, watch, watch, Then we'll watch . . for the bridegroom, And with him enter in.
Then we'll watch, Then we'll watch,

Then we'll watch . . for the bridegroom, watch while our lamps we trim, Then we'll watch . . for the bridegroom, And with him enter in.
Then we'll watch, Then we'll watch,

HEAR THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

1. Hear the Saviour's call, Christians one and all, Hear your Master's earnest cry, Look, redeemed band, See the beck'ning hand To the harvest waving nigh.

2. Now in Jesus' name, Who from heaven came To redeem a world from woe, Take the mighty word, The all conquering sword To the conflict boldly go.

3. Raise the banner high, Dare to do or die, As a witness for thy God, Tho' beset by foes, Tho' the world oppose, Keep the path thy Captain trod

f

Sound the word from shore to shore, Till the world shall Christ a-dore, Sound the word from shore to shore, Till the world shall Christ a-dore.

ff

Sound the word from shore to shore, Till the world shall Christ a - dore, Sound the word from shore to shore, Till the world shall Christ a-dore

Sound the word from shore to shore, Till the world shall Christ a - dore. shore to shore.

WHERE ARE THE LOVED?

M. E. SERVOSS. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. O where are the loved ones who journeyed awhile Be-side us on life's rugged way? We miss their dear presence, and long for the smile

2. The touch that we know, and the smile that we love, Await our approach to that shore, Where nev-er to part from our dear ones a-gain,

CHORUS.

That cheered us for ma-ny a day. With Christ and the ransomed in glo-ry they dwell, The beau-ti-ful cit-y they roam. . . .

We'll dwell on the "sweet ever-more." With Christ and the ransomed in glo-ry they dwell, The beau-ti-ful cit-y they roam. . . .

Its light like a star on e - ter - ni-ty's shore, Is shin-ing to welcome us home, Is shin - - - ing, is shin - - - ing,

Its light like a star on e - ter-ni - ty's shore, Is shining to welcome us home, Is shining to welcome, is shining to welcome,

Repeat pp

Is shining to welcome us home..... Is shin - - ing, is shin - - ing, Is shining to welcome us home.

Is shining to welcome us home,..... Is shining to welcome, is shining to welcome, Is shining to welcome us home.

to welcome us home

ALONE WITH THE SAVIOR.

E. R. LATTA. May be sung in D, or D flat. JULIUS MAIER.

1. There is a com-munion the spir - it may share A- lone with the Sav - ior, en - gag-ing in pray'r; And there is no oth - er com-

2. No words need be spok-en our wants to ex-press, He knoweth our long-ings and all our dis - tress, On earth he was smitten and

3. He know-eth our tri - als, how-ev - er se - vere, Each sigh he re-gard-eth and vieweth each tear; Tho' oth-ers may slight us and

- mun- ion so sweet, As that, when a-lone with our Sav-ior we meet, As that, when a-lone with our Sav - - ior we meet.

la - den with grief, He shar-eth our burdens and giv-eth re - lief, He shar-eth our burdens and giv - - eth re - lief.

treat with dis - dain, None ev - er need seek him and seek him in vain, None ev - er need seek him and seek . . . him in vain.

ENGLISH. T. H. TANNER.

1. Glo-ry, glo-ry ev - er - last - ing Be to him who bore the cross! Who redeemed our souls by tasting Death, the death deserved by us.

2. His is love! 'tis love un-bounded, Without measure, without end! Human thought is here confounded, 'Tis too vast to comprehend.

3. While we hear the wondrous sto-ry, Of the Savior's cross and shame, Sing we "ev-er-last - ing glo - ry Be to God and to the Lamb!"

Sound his glory, sound his glory, Who re-deemed his people thus, Sound his glory, sound his glory, Who re-deemed his people thus.

Praise the Savior! praise the Savior! Magni - fy the sinner's friend, Praise the Savior! praise the Savior! Magni - fy the sinner's friend.

Saints and angels, saints and angels, Give ye glo - ry to his name, Saints and angels, saints and angels, Give ye glo - ry to his name.

YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

Rev. W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per. Arranged by M.

1. A rul - er once came un - to Jes - us by night, To ask him the way to sal - va - tion and light, The
2. Ye chil-dren of men, now at - tend to the word So sol - emn - ly ut - tered by Jes - us, the Lord, And
3. O, ye who would en - ter that glo - ri - ous rest, And sing with the ran-som'd, the song of the blest, The
4. A dear one in heav - en thy heart yearns to see, And now at the gate, may be wait - ing for thee, Then

CHORUS.

Mas - ter made an - swer, in words true and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain." "Ye must be born a - gain,"
let not this mes - sage to you be in vain, "Ye must be born, be born a - gain."
life ev - er - last - ing if ye would ob - tain, "Ye must be born, be born a - gain."
list to the note of this sol - emn re - frain, "Ye must be born a - gain." "Ye must be born, be born again,"

"Ye must be born a - gain," "I ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly, say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain"

be born a - gain. Ye must be born, be born a - gain.

"Ye must be born a - gain," "I ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly, say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain."

CROWN THE SAVIOR!

W. W. D. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Crown the Sav - ior! crown the Sav - ior! In thine heart and thine em - ploy, Ev - er mak - ing, ev - er mak - ing, Tho't of

2. Crown the Sav - ior! crown the Sav - ior! Heed his law and praise his name, To him loy - al, to him loy - al, Till he

3. Crown the Sav - ior! crown the Sav - ior! Soon he'll reign the na - tions o'er, To his scep - tre, to his scep - tre, Kings shall

CROWN THE SAVIOR! Concluded.

him the chiefest joy. For his love, all sur - pass - ing, His grace so full and free, Our king let us

comes o'er earth to reign. For his love, o'er all sur - pass - ing, His rich grace so full and free, Our king let us

bow and saints a-dore. For his love, o'er all sur - pass - ing, His rich grace so full, so full and free, our king, our king we'll

crown him, For all e - ter - ni - ty, Our king, let us crown him, For all e - ter - ni - ty.

crown him, king, For all e - ter - ni - ty, Our king, our king, Our king, we'll crown him, For all e - ter - ni - ty.

I CAN NOT ALWAYS TRACE THE WAY.

HOWARD M. DOW, by per.

Moderate.

1. I can not always trace the way Where thou Almighty One dost move, But I can always, al-ways say, But I can al-ways, al-ways

2. When myst'ry clouds my darkened path, I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove; In this my soul sweet comfort hath, In this my soul sweet comfort

3. Yes, God is love: a word like this can ev'-ry gloom-y thought remove, And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss, And turn all tears, all woes, to

But I can al-ways, al-ways say,
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,

say That God is love. Can al-ways say, can al-ways say That God is love.

hath, That God is love. But I can al - ways, al-ways say, But I can al - ways, al-ways say That God is love.
In this my soul, In this my soul, sweet comfort hath, sweet comfort hath, That God is love.
And turn all tears, And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss, All woes, to bliss, For God is love.

bliss, For God is love. And turn all tears, All woes, to bliss, For God is love.

pp Rit.

MY REDEEMER.

P. P. BLISS.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

SOLO, or tenors in unison.

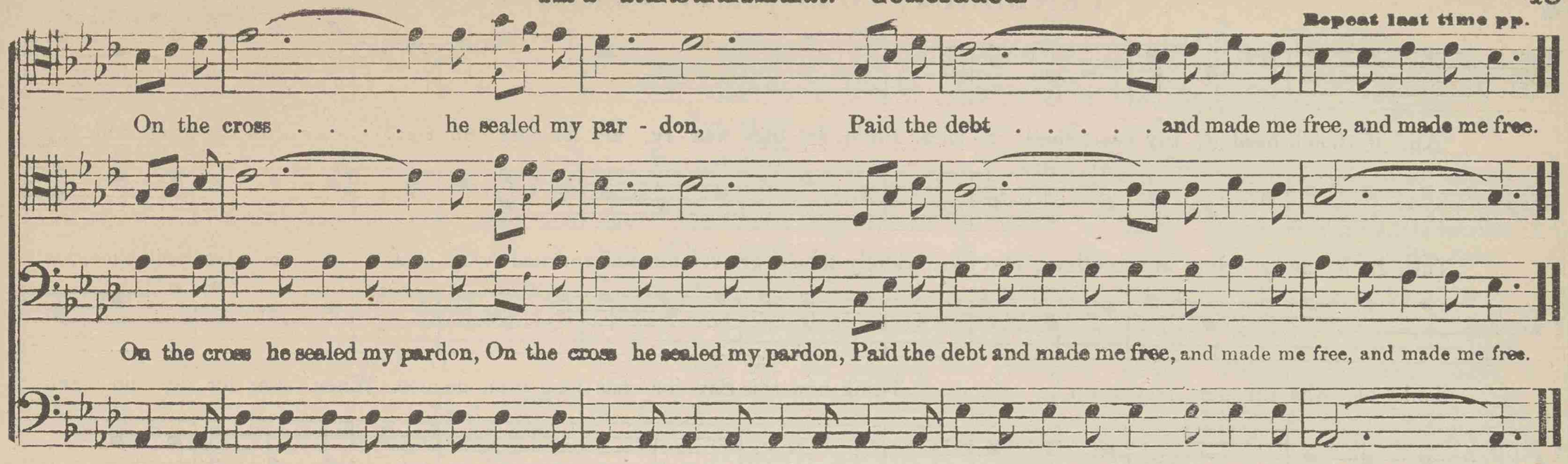
1. I will sing of my Re-deemer, And his won-drous love to me; On the cru - el cross he suffered, From the curse to set me free.
2. I will tell the wondrous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save, In his boundless love and mercy, He the ran - som free-ly gave.
3. I will sing of my Re-deemer, His triumph - ant pow'r I'll tell, How the vic - to - ry he giv-eth O -ver sin, and death, and hell.
4. I will sing of my Re-deemer And his heav'n-ly love to me, He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God, with him to be.

Inst.

CHORUS.

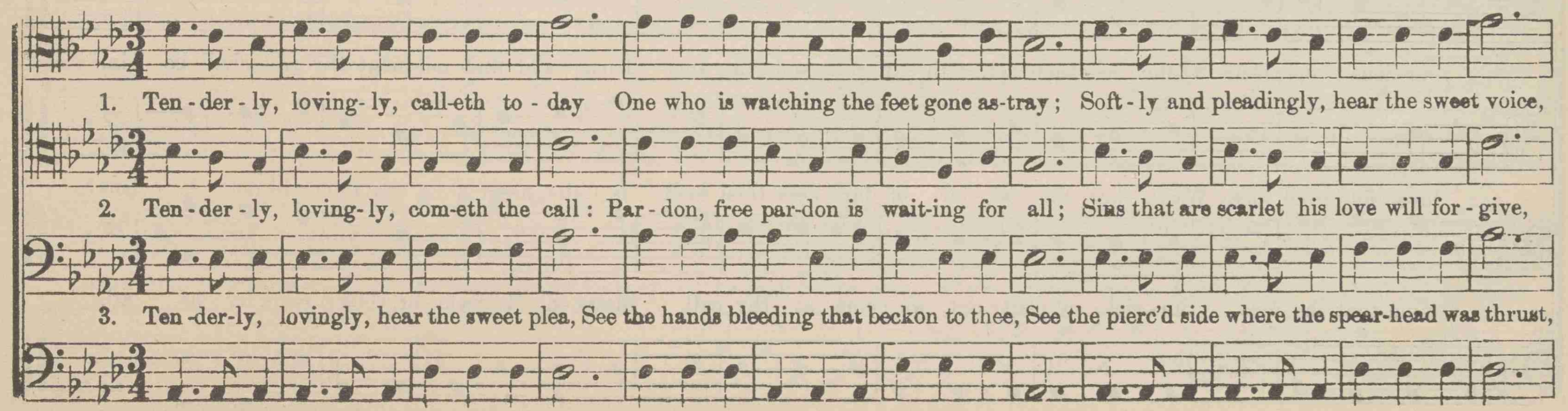
Sing, oh, sing of my Redeem - er, With his blood . . . . he purchased me . . .

Sing, oh, sing of my Redeemer, Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er, With his blood he purchased me, with his blood he purchased me,



TENDERLY, LOVINGLY.

EBEN E. REXFORD. May be sung in C or C-flat. T. E. PERKINS, by per.



TENDERLY, LOVINGLY. Concluded.

Ah, if thou'll heed it, thy heart shall re - joice. Child, art thou wea - ry, art long-ing for rest? Come with thy griefs and thy

Turn from the er - rors, my broth-er, and live. Sorely thou'st grieved him and spurned ev-'ry plea, Yet he has held thee, his

Soul of the sin - ner, bow down in the dust; Think how this Sav - ior has long been de-nied, When 'twas for thy sin and

bur-dens op-prest, Come as thou art, with thy guilt and thy sin, Turn, and that mo-ment thy rest shall be - gin.

love fol-lowed thee When thro' the val - ley of dark-ness thou went: Is thy heart stone, that thou will not re - lent?

mine that he died; Sin - sick, re-pent - ant, we come at thy call, Bless - ed Re-deem - er, thou'st room for us all.

WE'RE GOING HOMEWARD.

R. R. LATTA. GERMAN.

1. We're go - ing homeward Each pass - ing year, Nor would we tar-ry For - ev - er here; In a - ge's dark'ning winter, In manhood's strength and pride, And childhood's rosy morning, We're going side by side, Yes, ev - er side by side, We're going side by side.

2. We're go - ing homeward, By night and day, Like morn - ing shadows We pass a - way, We're leaving all our sorrows And all our cares behind. Thro' yonder shining portals They can no entrance find, We're leaving all our sorrows And all our cares behind.

3. We're go - ing homeward, Yes, ev' - ry hour, Where death can nev - er Re - gain his pow'r; The dear ones he has taken Shall be our own once more, The blessed Lord and Master, The loved ones will restore, They've only gone before us, They'll be our own once more.

4. We're go - ing homeward, At ev - 'ry breath, Our feet are nearing The stream of death; We're going home to Je-sus, No more from him to roam, We're pressing on our journey 'Till he shall bid us come, We're going home to Jesus, When he shall bid us come.

Rit. poco a poco.

COME, GIVE YOUR HEART TO JESUS.

H. A. BARNES. Rev. XXII : 17 O. C. CASE.

1. Come, give your heart to Je - sus, Who died your soul to win, That he may sanc - ti - fy it, And cleanse it from all sin.

2. Come, bring your sins to Je - sus, Who will for-give them all, If you, with true re - pentance, Will heed the gracious call;

3. Come, walk the way with Je - sus, Who ev - er waits to lead; He gives the faith and cour - age, All that you ev - er need.

His prom-ise he has giv - en That he will make it new, Then give your heart to Je - sus, And find the promise true.

And though your sins be scar - let, He makes them white as snow, Then bring them all to Je - sus, That you his love may know.

The path will oft be rug - ged, And tri - als, too, will come, But walk the way with Je - sus, To his e - ter-nal home.

COME, GIVE YOUR HEART TO JESUS. Concluded.

CHORUS.

pp

Come, come, Heed the Spirit's pleading voice; Come, come, Come, and in the Lord re - joice.

pp

Come, brothers; come, brothers; Heed the Spirit's pleading, pleading voice: Come, brothers; come, brothers; Come, and in the Lord rejoice.

SAFE TO LAND.

English. T. H. TANNER.

1. "Safe to land," no shadows darken On that radiant, happy shore; Past the pains, the pangs, and partings, Hushed the storms for evermore.

2. Home at last, hushed all the sighing, Past the path so dark and drear; Finished all the death and dying, Never more the falling tear.

3. "Safe to land," oh, what a meeting, As we join the blood-washed band! Oh, what joyous raptures greeting, When before the Lord we stand!

SAFE TO LAND. Concluded.

CHORUS.

"Safe to land," no more to sev - er, Lord, how vast thy wondrous grace!

"Safe to land," no more to sev-er, "Safe to land," no more to sev - er, Lord, how vast, how vast, thy wond'rous.wond'rous grace, thy wond'rous grace.

Look and love, and live for - ev - - er, In the sun - - light of thy face.

Rit. Repeat last time, pp.

of thy face.

Rit.

of thy face.

Look and love, and live for-ev - er, Look and love, and live for-ev- er, In the sun-light, in the sunlight of thy face.

F. X. CHWATAL.

Cantabile.

1. Brother, in the day of need, Brother, in thy night of sor-row, Waiting trembling for the morrow, What-so-e'er thy

2. Spreads the tempter cov-ert snares, Waiting that thy feet may fal-ter, With thee ev-er at the al-tar, What-so-e'er thy

burden be, Thy Sav-ior whispers "Come to me," What-so-e'er thy bur-den be, Thy Sav-ior whis-pers "Come to me."

burden be, Thy Savior whispers "Come to me," What-so-e'er thy bur-den be, Thy Sav-ior whis-pers "Come to me."

LOOK UP.

EBEN E. REXFORD. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Wert tempt-ed and vanquished, my broth - er? Not yet have you fall - en so low That the arm of the Lord can not reach you,

2. Look up for the help you are need - ing, To One who was tempt- ed by men; If once you're o'ercome by temptation,

3. Say, "Lord, I am weak, I am need - y, Tempt - a - tions are thick in my way, Oh, help me and keep me from falling,"

Just ask, and He'll help you, I know; Wert tempt-ed and vanquished, my broth - er, By the wine that was red in the cup?

Then strive for a vict - 'ry a - gain; Wert tempt-ed and vanquished, my broth - er, By the wine that was red in the cup?

Take cour-age, my broth- er, and pray; Wert tempt-ed and vanquished, my broth - er, By the wine that was red in the cup?

Ask help of the Lord in your weak-ness, And this be your mot - to, "Look up!" Look up, . . . look up, . . .

Look up, oh, look up, look up, oh, look up,

Ask help of the Lord in your weak-ness, And this be your mot - to, "Look up!" Look up, . . . look up, . . .

Look up, oh, look up, look up, oh, look up,

Repeat last time, pp from 𝄋

And this be your mot-to, look up, - . . Look up, . . . Look up, . . . And this be your mot-to, look up. . . .

Look up, oh, look up, Look up, oh, look up,

And this be your mot-to, look up, . . . Look up, . . . Look up, . . . And this be your mot-to, look up. . . .

Rit.

Oh, look up, look up, oh, look up, look up, oh, look up, oh, look up.

OUR MIGHTY FORTRESS.

W. W. D.

R. SCHUMANN.

mf VIGOROSO: *p*

1. Within our mighty Fortress, Redeem'd and sav'd we sing, The praise of Christ the Saviour, Im - man - u - el, our King, His

2. Tho' storms may rage a-round thee, The waves break on thy shore, But none who seek Thy shel - ter, Shall feel their fu - ry more, Thy

mf *p*

3. When marching o'er the des - ert, A fainting, toil-ing band, How grateful then thy shadow, Rock in a wea - ry land, Here

mf *p* *f*

love has stood for a - ges, Aye from e - ter - ni - ty, A Fortress, and a ref - uge, Where helpless ones might flee, O,

bat - tlements up - lift - ed, Have stood from age to age, With welcome for the sin - ner, With scorn for Sa - tan's rage, O,

mf *p* *f*

found we sweet re - freshment, From fountains flow - ing pure, Here found we peace and safe - ty, From ev' - ry foe se - cure, O,

strong and mighty For - tress, God's changeless love and grace, Firm as the hills e - ter - nal, Is this, our rest - ing place; O,

strong and mighty For - tress, God's chanegless love and grace, Firm as the hills e - ter - nal, Is this, our rest - ing place; O,

strong and mighty For - tress, God's changeless love and grace, Firm as the hills e - ter - nal, Is this, our rest-ing place.

strong and mighty For - tress, God's changeless love and grace, Firm as the hills e - ter - nal, Is this, our rest-ing place.

THE BEACON LIGHT.

E. E REXFORD.
SOLO, or 1st and 2d Tenors.

GEO. F. ROOT, Arranged.

1. We are sail - ing o'er an o - cean To a far and for-eign shore, And the waves are dashing 'round us, And we hear the breakers roar;
2. Tho' the skies are dark a-bove us, And the waves are dashing high, Let us look toward the bea-con, We shall reach it by and by;
3. He will keep it ev - er burn-ing, From the light-house of his love; And it al-ways shines the brightest When the skies are dark above;

But we look a-bove the bil - lows, In the dark-ness of the night; And we see the steady gleam-ing Of our changeless beacon light.
'Tis the light of God's great mercy, And he holds it up in view As a guide-star to his chil-dren, As a guide to me and you.
If we keep our eyes up-on it, And we steer our course a-right, We shall reach the har-bor safe - ly, By the bless - ed bea-con light.

f **CHORUS.** *p* *f* *p* **Repeat last time, pp.**

O, the light is flashing brightly From a calm and stormless shore, Where we hope to cast our an - chor, When our voy - ag-ing is o'er.

O, the light is flashing brightly From a calm and stormless shore, Where we hope to cast our an - chor, When our voy - ag - ing is o'er.

O YIELD WHILE THE SPIRIT IS STRIVING.

R. R. LATTA.

From the German.

Andante.

1. Oh, yield while the spir - it is striv - ing, Thy com - ing no long - er de - lay, While still he con-tin - ues to

2. So oft thou hast slight-ed his pres - ence, So oft thou hast bid him de - part, Per-chance he may tar - ry no

3. Oh, yield while the spir - it is striv - ing, No more in the wil - der - ness roam, Draw nigh, and the Fa - ther will

prompt thee, His gen - tle en- trea- ties o - bey, While still he con-tin - ues to prompt thee, His gen - tle en - treat-ies o - bey.

Rit.

long - er, To knock at the door of your heart, Per-chance he may tar - ry no long - er, To knock at the door of your heart.

meet you, And joy - ful - ly wel-come you home, Draw nigh and the Fa -ther will meet you, And joy - ful- ly wel-come you home.

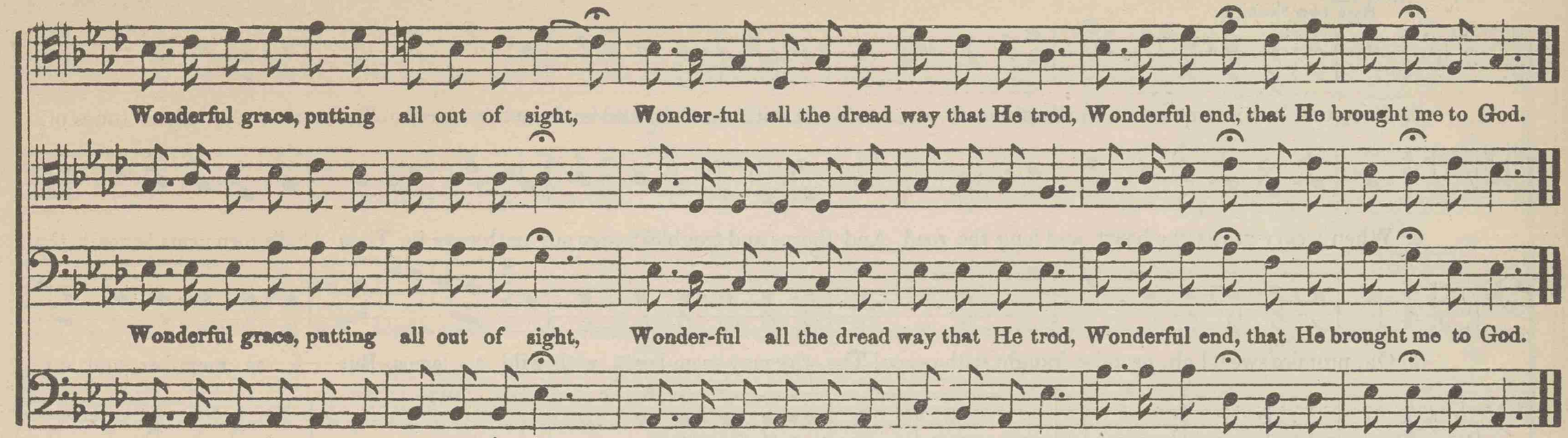
OUT OF, AND INTO.

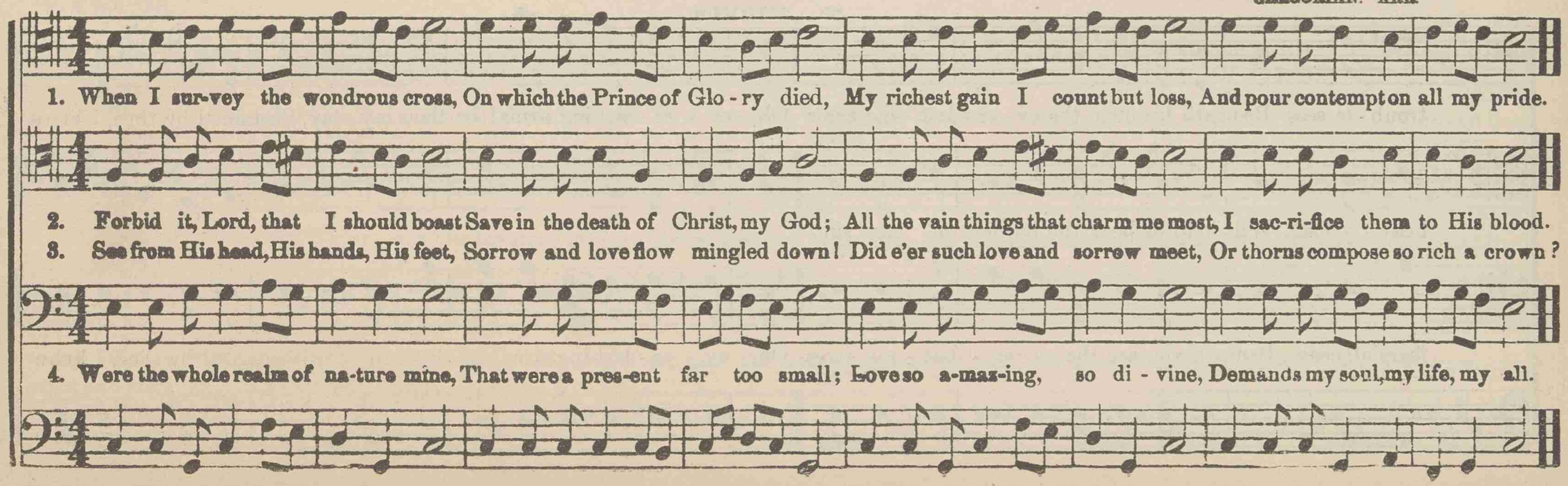
Arranged by D. W. WHITTLE.

Mrs. MCGRANAHAN.

1. Out of the dis - tance and darkness so deep, Out of the set - tled and per - il - ous sleep In - to the light and the
2. Out of the bit - ter - ness, madness and strife, Out of my - self and of all I called life, In - to com-mun - ion with
3. Out of dis - as - ter and ru - in com-plete, Out of the strug-gle and drea - ry de - feat, In - to the sense of for -
4. Out of my sor - row and bondage and shame, Out of the e - vils too fear - ful to name, In - to a righteous and

CHORUS.

glo - ry of God, In - to the ho - li - est cleansed by the blood. Won - der-ful ho - li - ness, bringing to light,
Fa - ther and Son, In - to the shar-ing of all that Christ won.
- give - ness and rest, In - to in - her - it - ance with all the blest.
per - manent peace, In - to the grand-est and full - est re - lease. Won - der-ful ho - li - ness, bringing to light,

HAMBURG L. M.

GREGORIAN. ARR.

GOD'S PROMISES.

EBEN E. REXFORD. Not too fast. A. C. CASE.

1. To ev - 'ry wea-ry heart, God's prom - is - es Are sweet with comfort, and 'mid earth's alarms, The christian's soul, in times of

2. When weary grows the heart, and long the road, And thorns and troubles hedge our pathways in, Then God's own arms beneath the

3. Oh, promise sweet! oh, promise fraught with peace! The way may seem beset with wild a - larms, But I re - mem-ber, and my

CHORUS.

troub - le sees, Be-neath his own, the ev - er - last - ing arms. Oh, ev - er - last-ing arms! be thou my stay, Sustained by thee, I know

heav - y load, Will help us bear the burden of our sin.

fears all cease, Beneath you are the ev - er - last - ing arms. Oh, ev - er - last-ing arms! be thou my stay, Sustained by thee, I know

I shall not fall, God's prom - is - es shall light earth's darken'd way, Thy faith - ful word shall be my all in all.

I shall not fall, God's prom-is - es shall light earth's darken'd way, Thy faith-ful word shall be my all in all.

SAD HEART, LOOK UP.

M. E. SERVOSS.

p Rit. e dim.

1. Wand'rer down life's broad way, God will thy sins forgive, Hark! hark! he calls to-day; Sad heart, look up and live, Sad heart, sad heart, look up and live.

2. Seek him with contrite heart, Ask him his grace to give; Choose now that better part, Sad heart, look up and live, Sad heart, sad heart, look up and live.

p

3. Waiting with out stretch'd hand Graciously to forgive, Heed! heed the blest command, Sad heart, look up and live, Sad heart, sad heart, look up and live.

ARM! ARM! FOR THE CONFLICT.

PAULINA. 1st Chron. xiv, 10. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

The second tenor may be sung as a solo as far as chorus, or by all the tenors in unison.

1. The foe has a - ris - en as nev - er be - fore, He raves at the hearth-stone, he reels at the door; He waits in the highway, il -

2. He startles the darkness with crime and affright, And shrieks of the help - less add hor - ror to night; He lurks in high places all

3. Say not it is weakness to strive a-gainst might, Say not he is guilt - less who quails in the fight; When heaven is with us, our

CHORUS, with spirit.

Rit.

- lumined and screen'd, In form as an an - gel, in heart as a fiend. Then arm! arm for the con - flict, in God's name let us go.

pow-er to draw, And pal-sies the arm of the strength of the law.

Rit.

strength and our stay, And calls to its ser-vice, who dare dis - o - bey? Then arm! arm for the con - flict, in God's name let us go.

Nor fal-ter, nor fal - ter, The gos - pel will con - quer the foe! Arm yes, arm! arm for the con - flict,

Nor fal - ter, nor fal - ter, The gos - pel will con - quer the foe! Arm, yes arm! arm for the con - flict,

In God's name let us go, Nor fal - ter, nor fal - ter, The gos - pel will con - quer the foe!

In God's name let us go, Nor fal - ter, nor fal - ter, The gos - pel will con - quer the foe!

YOU WILL NEED HIM ALL THE WAY

E. E. REXFORD. JAS. M. NORTH, by per.

1. Brother, art thou weak and tempted, In the fight with self and sin? Do you fal-ter, almost yielding, Almost let the tempter in? In the

2. Oh, my brother, weak and human, Every vic - to - ry you win, Makes you stronger in the conflict You must wage with self and sin! Life is

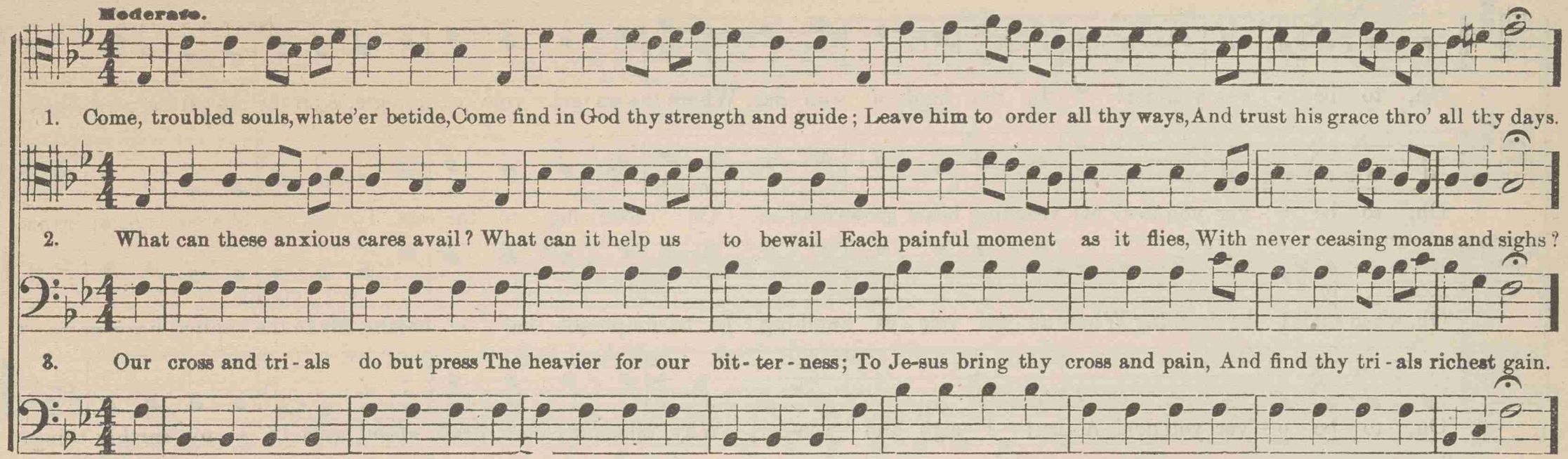
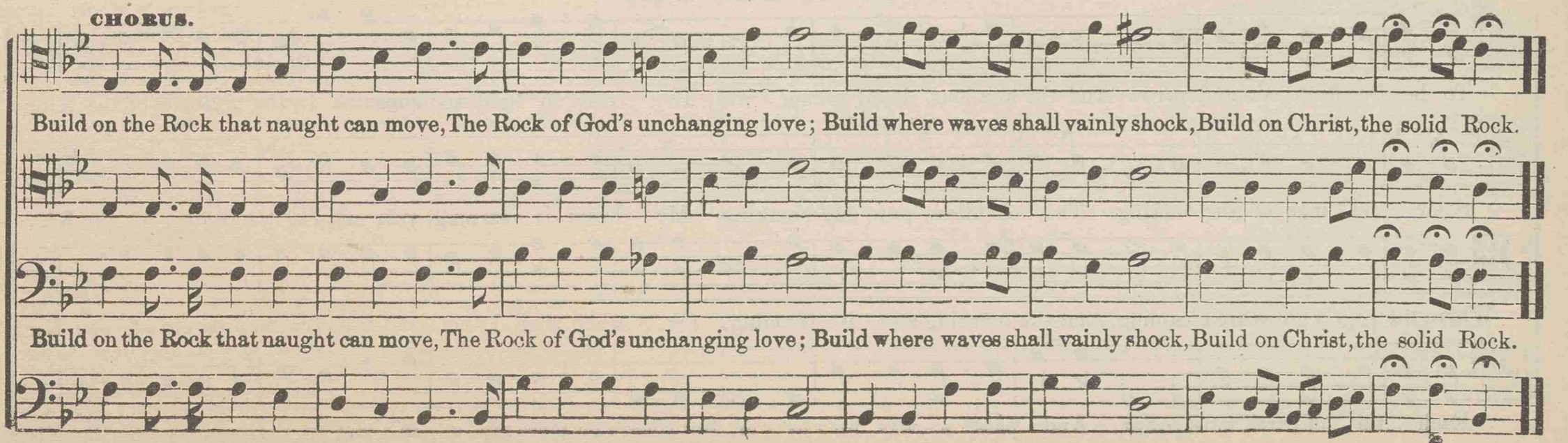
3. Oh, my brother, sore-ly tempted, Set your face towards the light, Snares are lurking by the pathway, Fierce the battles you must fight; Look to

ff

moment when thou wav'rest, Turn to God at once and pray; Strength of thine is on - ly weakness, You will need him all the way.

full of fierce tempta-tions, And the strongest oft - en fall, Do not meet them sin - gle hand - ed, God must help you thro' them all.

Je - sus, he will help you, From temptation turn a-way, Christ a - lone can give thee vic - t'ry, You will need him all the way.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

OVER YONDER.

MISS FLORENCE C. ARMSTRONG. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Oh, to be o - ver yon-der! In that land of won - der, Where the an -gel voic - es min-gle, And the an- gel harpers ring;

2. Oh, to be o - ver yon-der! My yearning heart grows fond-er Of look - ing to the east, To see the blessed day-star bring

3. Oh, when shall I be dwelling Where an - gel voic - es swell-ing, In tri-umph-ant hal - le - lu-jahs, Make the vaulted heavens ring?

4. Oh, to be o - ver yon-der! A - las! I sigh and won-der, Why clings my poor, weak, sin-ful heart To a - ny earthly thing;

To be free from pain and sorrow, And the anx-ious, dread to-mor - row, To rest in light and sunshine, In the presence of the King.

Some tid - ings of the waking, The cloudless, pure day breaking, My heart is yearning, yearning For the coming of the King.

Where the pearly gates are gleaming, And the morning star is beaming, Oh, when shall I be yon-der, In the presence of the King.

Each tie of earth must sev-er, And pass a - way for - ev - er, But there's no more sep - a - ra - tion In the presence of the King.

OVER YONDER. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Repeat pp. if desired. RIT.

Oh . . . to be over yon - der! In . . . . that land of won - der, There . . . to be for - ev - er, In the presence of the King.

Oh to be o - ver yon-der, yonder, In that land, that land of wonder, There to be for - ev - er, In the presence of the King.

THE SEA OF LOVE.

REV. W. T. SLEEPER. Allegretto. B. D. ALLEN.

p Cres. Dim.

1. The love of Je- sus, O how free! A boundless sea! a boundless sea! Embracing all, be-low, a-bove, The sea of love! the sea of love!

p Cres. Dim.

2. Now, stormy wind and rolling deep, Since love doth keep, since love doth keep, Will only bring me nearer home, Where I would come, where I would come

THE SEA OF LOVE. Concluded.

It cov - ers earth's dark mis - e - ry, It reach - es me, it reach - es me, It reach - es me.

Oh, shore - less o - cean, deep and broad! The love of God, the love of God, The love of God.

Rall.

p

And I am saved, without, with - in, From guilt and sin, from guilt and sin.
The wide, wide world, may trust in Thee, So large and free, so large and free.

p

And I am saved, with - out, with - in, From guilt and sin, from guilt and sin.
The wide, wide world, may trust in Thee, So large and free, so large and free.

p *mf*

And I am saved, with - out, with - in, From guilt and sin, from guilt and sin.
The wide, wide world, may trust in Thee, So large and free, so large and free.

p

From guilt and sin, from guilt and sin.
So large and free, so large and free.

WONDROUS LOVE.

Rev. J. B. RANKIN. "We love him because he first loved us."—Jno. iv., 19. JAS. McGRANAHAN.

1. O Lord, how strange thy love to me; A hight I can not climb, Nor can I compass such a sea, Or sound its depths sublime.

2. What thou in me to love didst find, So full of sin and shame, So fallen, of such changeful mind, Dear Lord, I can not name.

3. That thou, O Lord, should love thy foes, For them should bleed and die; No power of thought our nature knows, Can reach the wonder high.

4. Such love as this my heart hath won, My Lord, I yield to thee; I love thee now, thou blessed One, Because thou first loved me.

CHORUS.

'Twas love, yes, love, so strange, unknown, 'Twas all, O Lord, of thee. The need of love was mine a-lone, And that my on - ly plea.

Repeat last time, pp.

'Twas love, yes, love, so strange, unknown, 'Twas all, O Lord, of thee. The need of love was mine a-lone, And that my on - ly plea.

OH, COME, AND COME TO-NIGHT.

EBEN E. REXFORD. T. H. TANNER.

1. Oh, sinner, wand'ring far from home, Thy loving father says to thee, In tender pleading accents, "Come, Why spurn my love so wilfully?"

2. Oh, sinner, think! this love is free! Give up thy wilful wayward fight, Let Christ come in and talk with thee, And lead thy footsteps to the light:

3. Think of the love, which, spurned by thee, Has followed constantly thy way, And that hard heart of thine must be All broken by its shame to-day.

Rit. A tempo.

He stands beside heav'n's open door With outstretched hands to welcome thee, Oh, wayward soul, neglect no more This offered pardon full and free.

Think where the path you tread must end, In sorrow, shame and banishment; Why wilt thou spurn thy kindest friend? O heart, at last, at last relent.

Say, "Lord, I yield;" and trustingly Ac-cept the pard'ning love di - vine; All that the Savior asks of thee, Is that poor broken heart of thine.

CHORUS. Rit.

O sin-ner, come! how canst re - fuse This love to lead thy feet aright? This moment pause, this moment choose, O sin-ner, come, and come to-night.

O sin-ner, come! how canst re - fuse This love to lead thy feet aright? This moment pause, this moment choose, O sin-ner, come, and come to-night.

BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD.

REV. W. T. SLEEPER.
TENOR SOLO. Andante.
Alla Recitativo.

B. D. ALLEN.

f

1. Thro' all Ju - dea's land A might-y voice is heard, From near and far like gath'ring clouds, The eager people come in crowds To hear the prophet's word.
2. The valleys, hills, and woods, And water-brooks, rejoice, The mountains hear thy joyful strain, And echo back a glad refrain, Caught from the preacher's voice.
3. It spreads from shore to shore, The news of wondrous grace, The mystery of love made known, Earth is redeemed by him alone, And saved by him the race.
4. As wit - ness-es for God, We cry aloud, A - men; To weary souls with guilt oppressed, To burdened hearts that long for rest, We shout it forth again.

Accomp. *f*

BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD. Concluded.

CHORUS.

1st Tenors only.

Be - hold the Lamb of God! Be - hold the Lamb of God! He comes to take thy grief and sin,

1st Bases only.

Tutti.

He comes thy heart of hearts to win; Be - hold the Lamb of God! Be - hold the Lamb of God!

ROBT MORRIS, L. L. D. H. R. PALMER, by per. Arranged by M.

1. Each coo-ing dove . . . . and sigh-ing bough . . . That makes the eve . . . . so blest to me, . . . Has something
2. Each flow'ry glen . . . . and moss-y dell, ... Where happy birds . . . . in song a - gree, . . . Thro' sun-ny
3. And when I read . . . . the thrilling lore, ... Of him who walked . . . up - on the sea, . . . I long, oh,

Each coo-ing dove, and sighing bough, That makes the eve so blest to me,
Each flow'ry glen, and mossy dell, Where happy birds in song a-gree,
And when I read the thrilling lore, Of him who walked up-on the sea,

far . . . . . di - vin - er now, ... It bears me back . . . . . to Gal - li - lee. . . . . .
morn . . . . . the prais - es tell, ... Of sights and sounds . . . . . in Gal - li - lee. . . . . .
how . . . . . I long once more . . . . . To fol - low him . . . . . in Gal - li - lee. . . . . .

Has something far di - vin - er now, It bears me back to Gal - li - lee.
Thro' sun-ny morn, the prais - es tell, Of sights and sounds in Gal - li - lee.
I long, oh, how I long once more To fol - low him in Gal - li - lee.

MEMORIES OF GALLILEE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Repeat last time, pp.

O Gal - li- lee, sweet Gal-li- lee, Where Jesus loved so much to be, O Gal - li-lee, blue Gal- li-lee, Come, sing thy song a- gain to me.

O Gal - li- lee, sweet Gal-li- lee, Where Jesus loved so much to be, O Gal - li-lee, blue Gal- li-lee, Come, sing thy song a - gain to me.

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

E. E. REXFORD.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Strangers and pilgrims, thro' the world we wander, Like ex-iles long-ing for their native land; And all our yearnings for the rest up yon-der,

2. Strangers and pilgrims when, like one benighted, We grope all blindly for our Fa-ther's hand, Lo! by his love we see the pathway lighted

3. Watching and praying, we will now en-deav-or To do the work of life as best we may, And then to know for-ev - er and for - ev - er

The home-sick hearts of earth will un-der-stand. Pil-grims and strangers, weari - ly we roam, But at the evening time we'll all gather home,

To guide our foot-steps to the bet- ter land. Pil-grims and strangers, weari - ly we roam, But at the evening time we'll all gather home,

The rest and home for which we yearn to-day. Pil-grims and strangers, weari - ly we roam, But at the evening time we'll all gather home,

REFRAIN.

Repeat last time, pp.

Home, sweet home, home, sweet home, But at the evening-time we'll all gather home, Home, sweet home, home, sweet home, Yes at the evening-time we'll all gather home.

Home, sweet home, home, sweet home, But at the evening-time we'll all gather home, Home, sweet home, home, sweet home, Yes at the evening-time we'll all gather home.

TRUSTING IN THE LORD.

M. E. SERVOSS. C. C. CASE.

1. My heart has found a peace within, I'm trusting in the Lord: For he has washed me from my sin, I'm trusting in the Lord;

2. My heart has found a rest in-deed, I'm trusting in the Lord: He sat - is - fies my ev - 'ry need, I'm trusting in the Lord;
3. My soul has found a hope in heav'n, I'm trusting in the Lord: And he that hope to me hath given, I'm trusting in the Lord;

4. While I still tread the nar - row way, I'm trusting in the Lord: To lead me to the per - fect day, I'm trusting in the Lord;

He doth a-bund - ant - ly for-give, And says that I with him may live In that bright world to come, In that bright world to come.

And whether good, or ill, my lot, I'll trust in him and doubt him not, For he doth all things well, For he doth all things well.
And in that home where all is bright, Where God is love, and God is light, The weary soon shall rest, The wea-ry soon shall rest.

O, wea - ry, troub-led one, oppressed! Come, and find joy, and peace and rest, By trusting in the Lord, By trust - ing in the Lord.

CHORUS.

My heart has found a peace with-in, I'm trust - ing, trust - ing, trusting in the Lord,

My heart has found a peace within, My heart has found a peace within, I'm trusting, trusting, trusting, trusting, trusting, trusting in the Lord.

For he has washed me from my sin, I'm trust - ing, trust - ing, trusting in the Lord.

For he has washed me, he has washed me, he has washed me from my sin, I'm trusting, trusting, trusting, trusting, trusting in the Lord.

THE CALL OF THE ROLL ON HIGH.

D. W. WHITTLE. Written and composed for the Gospel service held in Mechanics Hall, Worcester, Mass., May 30, 1878. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Sad-ly from the field of con-flict, Where the wounded and the slain Lay with pale and upturned faces, Some in peace and some in pain,

2. On the ground we softly laid him, Thinking he no more will wake, When, with eye-lids widely o-pen, Pointing upward, thus he spake:

3. O from many a field of battle Earnest pray'r has gone to God, From the lips of dy-ing soldiers, As their life-blood drench'd the sod;

Lay with pale and up-turned fac - es,
When, with eyelids wide - ly o - pen,
From the lips of dy - ing sol - diers,

Slow we bore a dy - ing sold-ier, Who had fal-len in the fight, And to us he faint-ly whisper'd, "Comrades, let me sleep to-night."

"Comrades, lis - ten! don't you hear it, Hear the roll-call there on high? Hark! my name the Savior's calling, Jesus—Captain, here am I!

And to ma - ny came the message: Son, thy sins are all for - giv'n, And their lips with joy responded, When the roll was called in Heav'n.

CHORUS.

1. & 2. Let him sleep, calm-ly sleep, While the days and the years go by, Let him sleep, sweet-ly sleep, Till the
3. Now they sleep, calm-ly sleep, While the days and the years go by, Now they sleep, sweet-ly sleep, Till the

1 & 2. Let him sleep, calmly sleep, While the days and the years go by, go by, Let him sleep, sweetly sleep, Till the
3. Now they sleep, calmly sleep, While the days and the years go by, Now they sleep, sweetly sleep, Till the

call of the roll on high, Let him sleep, Calm - ly sleep, While the years go by.
call of the roll on high, Now they sleep, Calm - ly sleep, While the years go by.

call of the roll on high, Let him sleep, Calm - ly sleep, While the years go by.
call of the roll on high, Now they sleep, Calm - ly sleep, While the years go by.

* These last four measures may be omited until after last verse, if thought best.

O, COME, THOU SPIRIT HOLY.

E. R. LATTA. F. ABT.

pp

1. Oh, come, thou spirit ho - ly, Pervade our ev- 'ry breast, Rebuke our fears and doubtings And give our spirits rest; We meet to claim thy

2. Oh, come, thou spirit ho - ly, And make thy presence known, We can not claim without thee One promise as our own; We come no worth pos-

3. Oh, come, thou spirit ho - ly, Be with us at this hour, In us be thou a - bid - ing, And let us feel thy pow'r; We come, our faults con-

rest; We meet to claim thy
own; We come no worth pos-
pow'r; We come our faults con-

f *mf* *ff* *pp*

bless-ing, Each wish in pray'r ex - press - ing, Oh, hear us while we plead, Oh, hear us while we plead, So great our need, so great our need.

- sess - ing, Each wish in pray'r ex -press - ing, In earn-est pray'r we bow, In earnest pray'r we bow, Oh, hear us now! Oh, hear us now.

- fess - ing, Each wish in pray'r ex -press - ing, Oh, hear us while we plead, Oh, hear us while we plead, So great our need, so great our need.

M. R. SERVOSS. F. WERNER.

mf Andante.

1. Christ, the Prince of love, draws near, Sad one, cease thy weep - ing; His a joy with - out al - loy, Prec - ious boon, thy

2. Arms of love, that bear me up, When my heart is wea - ry, Sad and lone, with care o'er-grown, Drink-ing of life's

3. Since my feet can nev - er fall, While my Sav - ior guides me, All the way to end - less day, Noth - ing can my

mf *p*

soul to cheer, Off - er'd for thy keep - ing; His, the ev - er - last- ing arms, Shielding from all rude a-larms.

bit - ter cup, Till the world seems drear - y; His, the ev - er - last- ing arms, Shielding from all rude a-larms.

soul ap - pall, For his mer - cy hides me; His, the ev - er - last- ing arms, Shielding from all rude a-larms.

THE GOLDEN TOMORROW.

M. E. SERVOSS. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Oh, eyes that are watch-ing and long-ing For dear ones who nev- er ap - pear! Oh, ears that are wea - ry with list'ning
2. Oh, hearts that are faint - ing and wea - ry For words fraught with comfort and cheer! Oh, hands that in do - ing their du - ty
3. Oh, souls who are pa - tient - ly bear - ing The cross 'tis thy du - ty to bear! Just fol - low on, close to the Mas - ter,

For foot-steps that nev - er draw near! Just off in the gold - en to - mor - row, Where beau - ti - ful an - gels a - bide,
Must do it in an - guish or fear! The gold - en to - mor - row is dawn - ing, For those who have pa - tient - ly trod
And He will thy wea - ri - ness share. Each step brings thee near - er the cit - y Where all is so gold - en and bright,

There com-eth no shad-ow of sor - - row, And tear-drops for - ev - er are dried. Then wait, wait and hope,

The path-way be - gun in life's morn - ing, Ap - pointed to each by our God. Then wait, wait and hope,

And Je - sus, in ten - der - est pit - - y, Will guide thy frail foot-steps a - right. Then wait, wait and hope,

Repeat last time, pp from 𝄋

Tho' thy foot-prints sink deep in life's sor - row; In peace, peace and joy We shall walk, in the gold - en to - mor - row.

Tho' thy foot-prints sink deep in life's sor - row; In peace, peace and joy We shall walk, in the gold - en to - mor - row.

ISRAEL'S BATTLE-CRY.

M. E. SERVOSS. Joshua said unto the people, Shout; for the Lord hath given you the city. JOSHUA vi: 16. T. H. TANNER.

1. Shout; for the vic-to-ry is ours! Was Is - rael's bat - tle - cry, While from the mighty, mighty throng, The glad shout rent the sky;

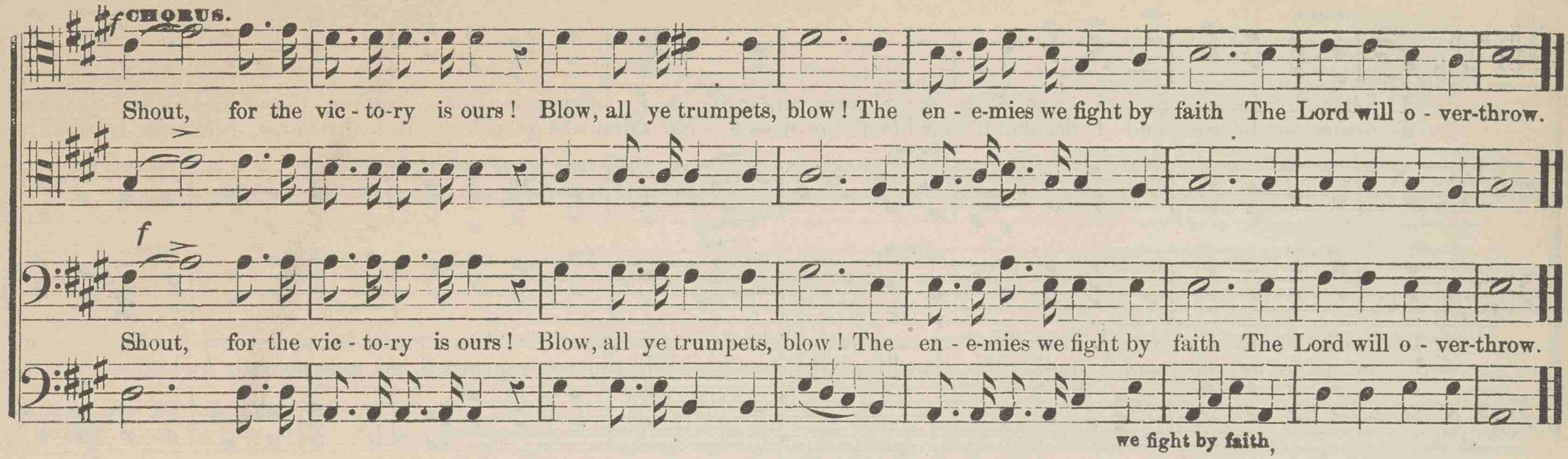
2. Shout; for the vic-to-ry is ours! Down came the mas - sive wall; And down, be - fore the cheering ranks, The well-arm'd warriors fall;

3. Shout; for the vic-to-ry is ours; All pow'r is with the Lord, And they who trust thro' good and ill, Re - ceive a great re - ward.

Be - fore a sin-gle brick or stone Had fall - en to the ground, They gave God thanks for victo - ry, Oh, 'twas a glorious sound!

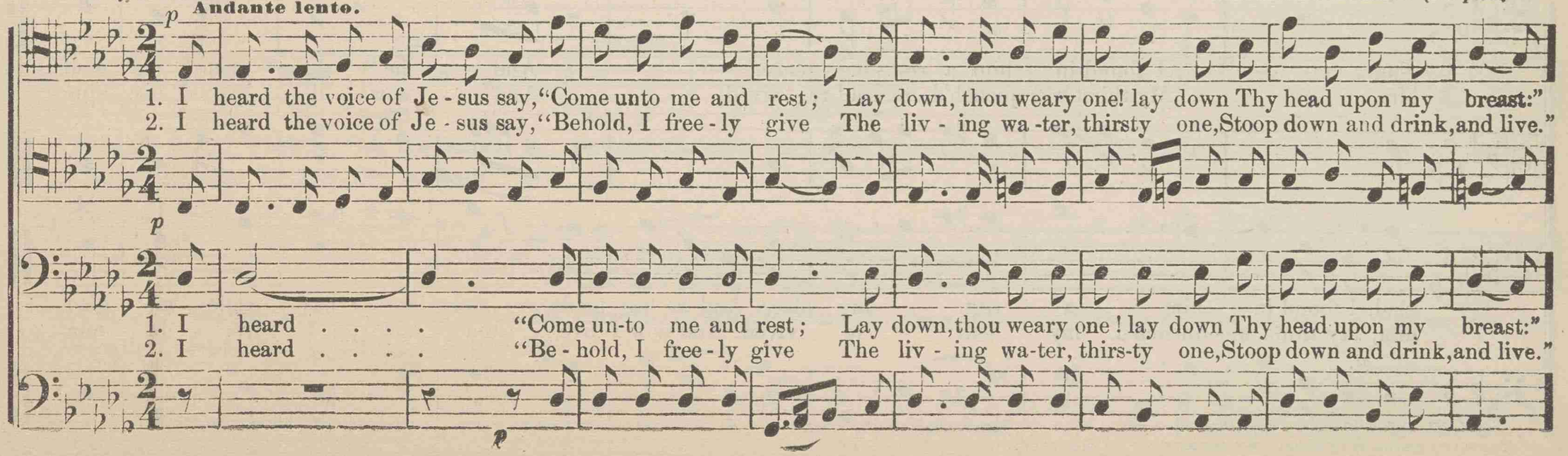
For who can stand a-gainst the Lord, Who dares the host to fight? He leads them on with wondrous pow'r, And always helps the right.

Then trust in him, thro' life and death, And if our cause be right, We'll give God thanks for vic-to - ry Ere we be-gin the fight.



I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

Words by H. BONAR. WALTER MACFARREN. (Adapted.)



I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY. Concluded.

Cres. *f* Dim.

I came to Je-sus as I was, Wea-ry and worn, and sad; I found in him a rest-ing-place, And he has made me
I came to Je-sus and I drank, Of that life-giving stream, My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in

p Cres. Cres. Cres. *f* Dim.

I came to Je-sus as I was, Wea-ry and worn, and sad; I found in him a rest-ing-place, And he has made me
I came to Je-sus and I drank, Of that life-giving stream, My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived, And now I live in

* *p* *f*

glad. I found in him a rest-ing-place, And he has made me glad.
him. My thirst was quench'd, my soul re-vived, And now I live in him.

p *f*

glad, I found in him a rest-ing place, And he has made, and he has made me glad.
him, My thirst was quench'd, my soul re-vived, And now I live, and now I live in him.

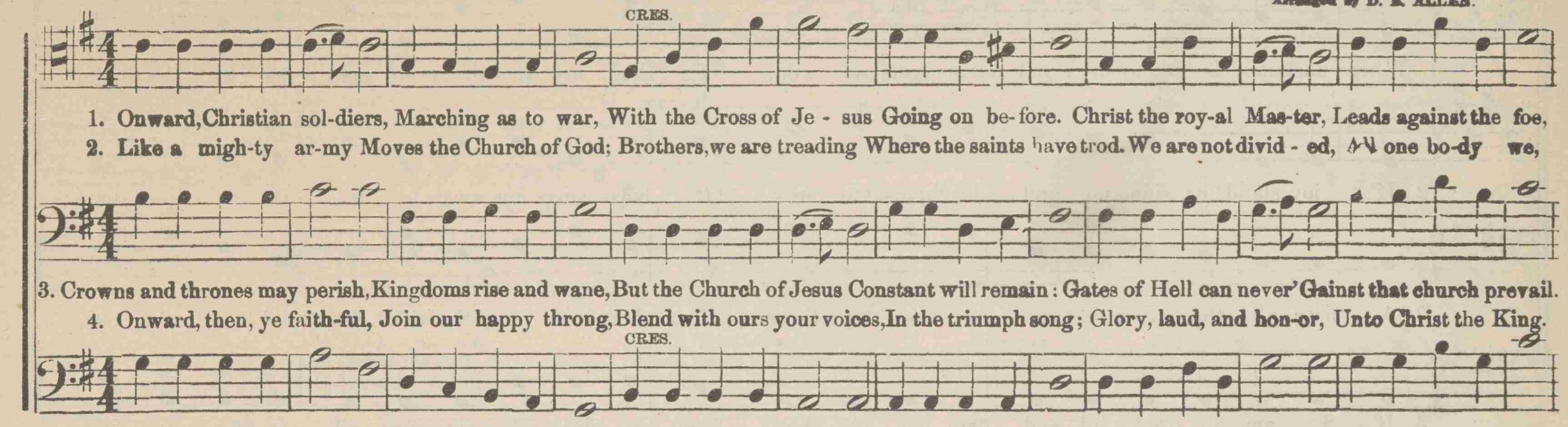
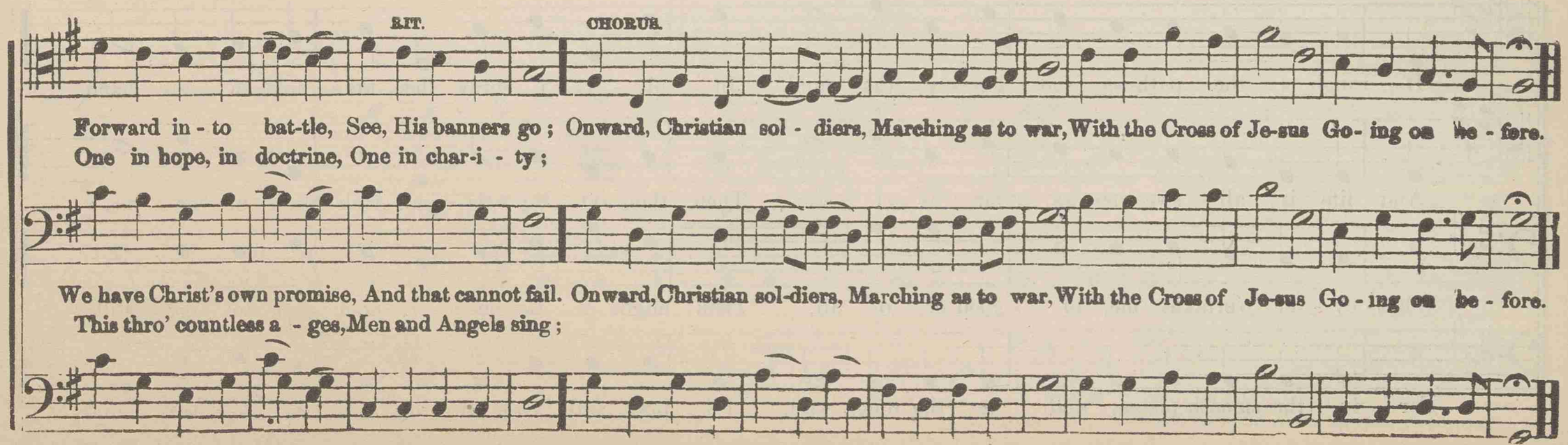
p

The seven measures between the asterisks (* — *) can be omitted.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Rev. S. B. GOULD.

A. S. SULLIVAN.
Arranged by D. B. ALLEN.



HOLD FAST TO THY CHILD.

ELLEN M. H. GATES. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. When darkness is 'round me and tem - pests are wild, O thou, my Re - deem - er, hold fast to thy child!

2. If joy stands be - side me and brightens the way, If hope sings her songs to me, day af - ter day,

3. A - mong all the pray'rs that go up to thy throne, Hear thou this pe - ti - tion, O make me thine own;

4. If I am for - get - ful and care - less of thee, Thou Sa - vior of sin - ners will not for - get me,

If rough is the path-way and lone - ly the land, In pit - y I pray thee, take hold of my hand.

And life is all sweetness as far as I see; Then thou, O my Sa - vior! look down up - on me.

What - ev - er o'ertakes me, of good or of ill, Thou might - y Re - deem - er, hold fast to me still.

For in the smooth places, and in the rough wild, I'll pray, and keep pray - ing, hold fast to thy child

REFRAIN.

Repeat last time, Ad lib.

Take hold . . of my hand, . . Take hold . . of my hand, . . . In pit - y I pray . . thee Take hold . . of my hand.
Look down up - on me, . . . Look down . . up - on me, ... Then, O . . . thou my Sa - vior, Look down . . . up - on me.
Hold fast . . . to me still, . . . Hold fast . . . to me still, ... Thou might - y Re - deem - er, Hold fast . . . to me still.
Hold fast . . . to thy child, . . . Hold fast . . . to thy child, . . . I'll pray, . . . and keep pray - ing, Hold fast . . . to thy child.

Take hold of my hand,
Look down up-on me,
Hold fast to me still,
Hold fast to thy child,

Take hold of my hand, In pit - y I pray . . thee Take hold . . . of my hand.
Look down up-on me, Then, O . . thou my Sa - vior, Look down . . up - on me.
Hold fast to me still, Thou might - y Re - deem - er, Hold fast . . to me still.
Hold fast to thy child, I 'll pray, . . and keep pray - ing, Hold fast . . . to thy child.

I WILL TRUST.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleed - ing side; This all my hope and all my plea,—For

2. My dy - ing Sa - vior and my God, Fount - ain for guilt and sin, Sprin - kle me ev - er with thy blood, And

3. Wash me and make me thus thine own; Wash me, and mine thou art; Wash me, but not my feet a - lone,—My

I WILL TRUST. Concluded.

CHORUS.

me my Sa - vior died. I will trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the

cleanse and keep me clean. I will trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the

hands, my head, my heart. I will trust, I will trust, I will trust in the

I will trust, I will trust, I will trust in the

Lamb, I will trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb.

I will trust,

blood of the Lamb, I will trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb.

THE OTHER SIDE

Rev. HENRY BURTON. M. A. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. What tho' the night be dark, And stars have vanish'd all, And round our quiv'ring bark The angry tempests call A - bove the waves we ride.

2. What tho' the night be long, It endeth with the morn, We'll cheer it with a song, While watching for the dawn, The fourth watch comes at last.

3. What tho' our eyes be dim, With gazing at the night, We'll watch and wait for Him, Our absent Lord and light, He makes the storm a calm.

4. Our friends have gone before, They've reach'd the golden strand, They wait upon the shore, To welcome us to land, A few more storms to meet.

They can - not o - verwhelm, We seek the oth-er side, With Je - sus at the helm, We seek the oth-er side, With Je - sus at the helm.

And brings our Saviour, Guide, The anchor soon we'll cast Safe on the oth - er side, The an-chor soon we'll cast Safe on the oth - er side.

cres.

The an - gry waves subside, The rest, the joy, the palm, Are on the oth - er side, The rest, the joy, the palm, Are on the oth-er side.

A few more waves to ride, And then our friends we'll meet, Upon the other side, And then our friends we'll meet Upon the oth-er side

WE ARE FOLLOWING OUR LEADER.

E. R. LATTA

Moderato.

T. W. WEBER.

mf

1. We are fol - low-ing our lead-er Up- on the bat - tle-field! Shall we in faith be want-ing, And in our weakness yield? Tho' Satan boldly

2. We are fol -low-ing our lead-er, In con - fi - dence we go, Our on - ly will is ev - er His bless-ed will to know! In ev-'ry hour of

3. We are fol -low-ing our lead-er, Who triumphed o'er the grave! His outstretch'd arms are mighty His servants all to save! Then forward to our

mf *Dim.* *f* **Dim. e rit.**

threaten, We nev-er need des-pair, If we will trust in Je - sus, And go to him in pray'r, If we will trust in Je-sus, And go to him in pray'r.

darkness We'll look to him for light, He nev-er will re - fuse us, If we will ask a-right, He nev-er will re -fuse us, If we will ask aright.

du - ty, What-ev-er ills we meet, Oh, let us trust in Je - sus, And worship at his feet, Oh, let us trust in Je-sus, And worship at his feet.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Solo, or tenors in unison. Cres.

1. "Look un - to me and be ye saved," I heard the just One say; And as by faith on him I gazed My bur- den rolled a - way.
2. By his a-tonement re - con-ciled, My Fa-ther's face I see; The emp - ty tomb now in - tervenes Between the world and me.
3. Oh, glorious height of vantage ground: Oh, blest victorious hour! In him to trust, and ful - ly know His res - sur- rec-tion power.

Use small notes second time only.

CHORUS.

I've passed the cross at Cal-va - ry, I'm on the heaven - side, The world is cru - ci - fied to me, Since Christ my ransom died.

I've passed the cross at Cal-va - ry, I'm on the heaven - side, The world is cru - ci - fied to me, Since Christ my ransom died.

The world is cru - ci - fied to me, The world

THERE'S A HOME THAT IS WAITING.

W. W. B. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. There's a home that is wait- ing for you, friend, That the Sav - ior has gone to pre- pare, It's a home where no sorrow or
2. Long a - go, when the Sav- ior was here, friend, Then he spoke of the joy of that home, By his death he has opened the
3. Then to - day, when the Sav- ior in - vites, friend, In his love and his boun - ti - ful grace, Won't you now peace and pardon ac -

sin, friend, Those who en - ter will ev - er - more share.
way, friend, For all who are will-ing to come.
- cept, friend, And se- cure in yon mansion a place?

Refrain.

There's a home, ... a joy-ful home, . . . And its beauty all who will may see; There's a home, . . . A hap-py home, And it's wait-ing for you and for me.

There's a home, a joy - ful home, a home, a joyful home, And its beauty all who will, who will may see; There's a home a happy home, a home, a happy home, And it's waiting for you and for me.

LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING.

P. P. BLISS.
Arranged by GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Earnestly.

1. Brightly beams Our Father's mercy From his Light-house ev-er - more; But to us he gives the keeping of the lights a-long the shore.

2. Dark the night of sin has settled, Loud the an - gry billows roar; Eager eyes are watching, longing For the lights a-long the shore.

3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my brother, Some poor sail - or, tempest-tost, Trying now to make the harbor In the darkness, may be lost.

CHORUS.

Let the low-er lights be burning! Send a gleam a-cross the wave; Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may rescue, you may save.

Let the low-er lights be burning! Send a gleam a-cross the wave; Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may rescue, you may save.

I'LL STAND BY UNTIL THE MORNING.

D. W. WHITTLE. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Fierce and wild the storm is rag - ing Round a help-less bark, On to doom 'tis swift - ly driv-ing, O'er the wa - ter's dark!

2. Wea - ry, helpless, hopeless sea-men, Faint-ing on the deck, With what joy they hail their sav-ior, As he hails the wreck!

3. On a wild and stormy o - cean, Sink-ing neath the wave, Souls that per- ish, heed the mes-sage, Christ has come to save!

1. O'er the wa - ters, waters dark, Oh,
2. As he hails, he hails the wreck, Oh,
3. Christ has come, has come to save, Oh,

CHORUS.

Joy! behold the Sav - ior, Joy! the message hear, I'll stand by until the morn - ing, I've come to save you, do not

Joy, oh, joy, be - hold the Sav-ior, Joy, oh, joy, the message hear, I'll stand by un - til the morn, I've come to save you,

Joy, oh, joy, be - hold the Sav-ior, Joy, oh, joy, the message hear, I'll stand by un - til the morn, I've come to save you,

Save you, do not

fear. Waves may surge around you, Night be dark and drear, I'll stand by un - til the morn - ing,

do not fear. Waves may surge, may surge a-round you, Night be dark, be dark and drear,

do not fear. Waves may surge, may surge a-round you, Night be dark, be dark and drear, I'll stand by un - til the morn - ing,

fear.

ff

I've come to save you, do not fear, Yes, I'll stand by un-til the morning, I've come to save you, do not fear.

Dim.

do not fear.

Dim.

I've come to save you, do not fear, I'll stand by un-til the morning, I've come to save you, do not fear.

do not fear,

O GLORIOUS MORNING.

W. W. D. P. P. BLISS.*

1. O glorious morn when the Sav - ior a - woke, When death's dark dominion for-ev - er he broke, When vict'ry he gained

2. O glad, joy - ful morn, when the sunbeams burst forth From Christ's empty tomb to give light to the earth, A dawn of a day

3. With wings of the light, o'er the land, o'er the wave, Go tell the glad tid - ings, he liv - eth to save, Till, sweeter and loud -

- ver Sa - tan and hell, And an - gels re - joic - ing His triumph did tell, And an-gels re - joic - ing his triumph did tell.

that shall ne'er know a night, For Christ has a - ris - en, the life and the light, For Christ has a - ris - en, the life and the light.

- er, the earth takes the strain, And mil-lions of voic - es sing forth the re-frain, And mil-lions of voic - es sing forth the re - frain.

* Music by permission of S. Brainard's Sons.

O GLORIOUS MORNING. Concluded.

CHORUS.

O glo - ri - ous morn-ing, when Je - sus a - rose, And sent the glad mes -sage that conquers our foes! O tid-ings so bless - ed, the

O glo - ri - ous morn-ing, when Je - sus a - rose, And sent the glad mes -sage that conquers our foes! O tid-ings so bless - ed, the

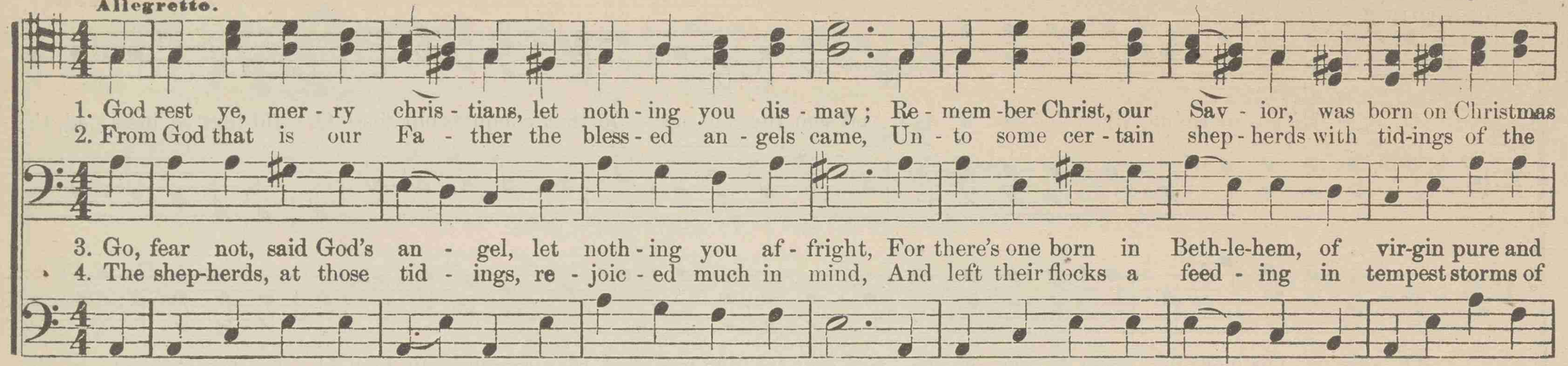
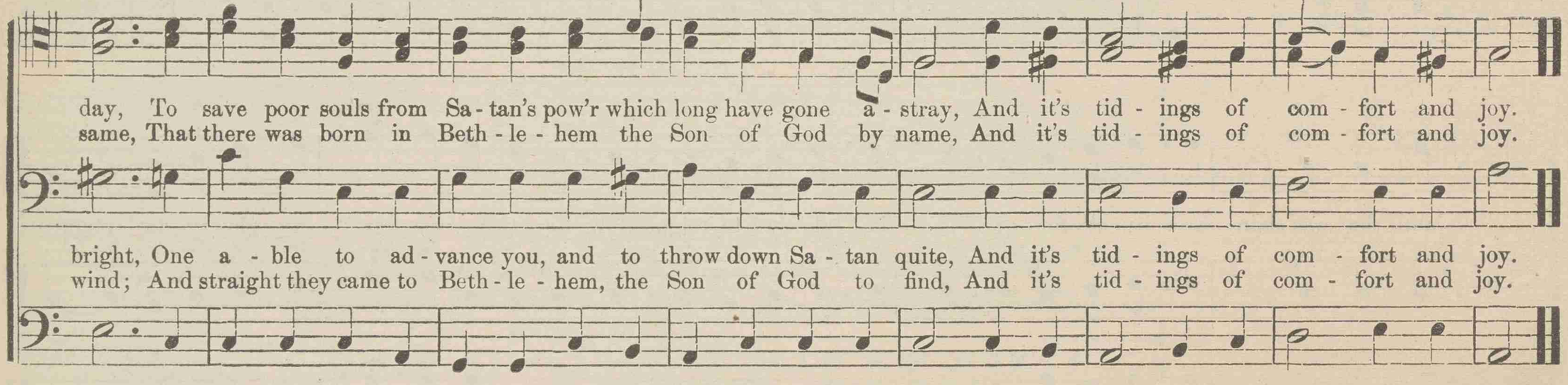
lamb that was slain Now liv- eth for - ev - er in glo -ry to reign, Now liv- eth for - ev - er in glo - ry to reign.

lamb that was slain Now liv- eth for - ev - er in glo -ry to reign, Now liv- eth for - ev - er in glo - ry to reign.

GOD REST YE, MERRY CHRISTIANS.

A Christmas Carol. English.

Allegretto.



5.

Now when they came to Bethlehem, where our sweet Savior lay,
They found him in a manger, where oxen fed on hay;
They blessed the Virgin, kneeling down, and to the Lord did pray,
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

6.

With sudden joy and gladness the shepherds were beguiled,
To see the babe of Israel before his mother mild;
O, then with joy and cheerfulness, rejoice each mother's child,
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

7.

God bless the ruler of this house, and send him long to reign,
And many a merry Christmas may live to see again,
Among your friends and kindred, that may live both far and near,
And God send you a happy New Year.

CROWNS FOR THE CHRISTIAN.

F. W. D.

NATHAN BARKER.*

1. Crowns, crowns for the christian, Crowns laid up on high, Kept there till the Sav-ior Comes down from the sky; O tri - umph and rapture

2. Scarred, wounded if need be, While bear-ing the cross, Still fol - low the mas-ter, Not counting the loss, 'Twas he left the glo - ry,

3. Sore press'd in the bat-tle, And oft - en cast down, Yet on - ward we struggle With eyes on the crown, On, fol - low-ing Je - sus,

4. Crowns, crowns for the christian, From Je-sus the Lord, Life giv - en in mer-cy, Crowns as a re-ward, All flow-ing from Je-sus,

Cres. Rall.

Each saved one may share, If wait - ing for Je-sus When he shall ap-pear, If wait - ing for Je - sus When he shall ap-pear.

His life to lay down, That we, his redeemed ones, Might share in his crown, That we, his redeemed ones, Might share in his crown.

On, bear - ing the pain, With him glad - ly suf-fer, If with him we reign, With him glad - ly suf - fer, If with him we reign.

Cres. Rall.

All call - ing for praise, Life, crowns and the glo-ry, All giv - en by grace, Life, crowns and the glo - ry, All giv - en by grace.

* By permission of S. Brainard's Sons.

I AM WANDERING DOWN LIFE'S SHADY PATH.

Dr. H. BONAR. Arranged. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. I am wand'ring down life's sha - dy path, I am slow - ly, slow - ly wand'ring down; I am wand'ring down life's rug-ged path,
2. I shall rest in yon sweet val - ley, soon, There to sleep, to sleep my toil a - way; I shall rest in yon low val-ley, soon,
3. Laid, side by side, with those I love, How calm, how calm that rest shall be; Laid, side by side, with those I love,
4. I shall wake and see the glo-ry dawn, When the Lord from heav'n, from heav'n shall come; I shall wake and see the glo - ry dawn,

REFRAIN.

Rit. — — — —

I am slow - ly wand'ring down. Rest un - til the dawn-ing day. How sweet that rest to me. On the re - sur - rec - tion morn.

mf

I am wand'ring down, I am wand'ring down, I am wand'ring down, I am wan - - - - d'ring, wan - d'ring down, I am slow - ly,

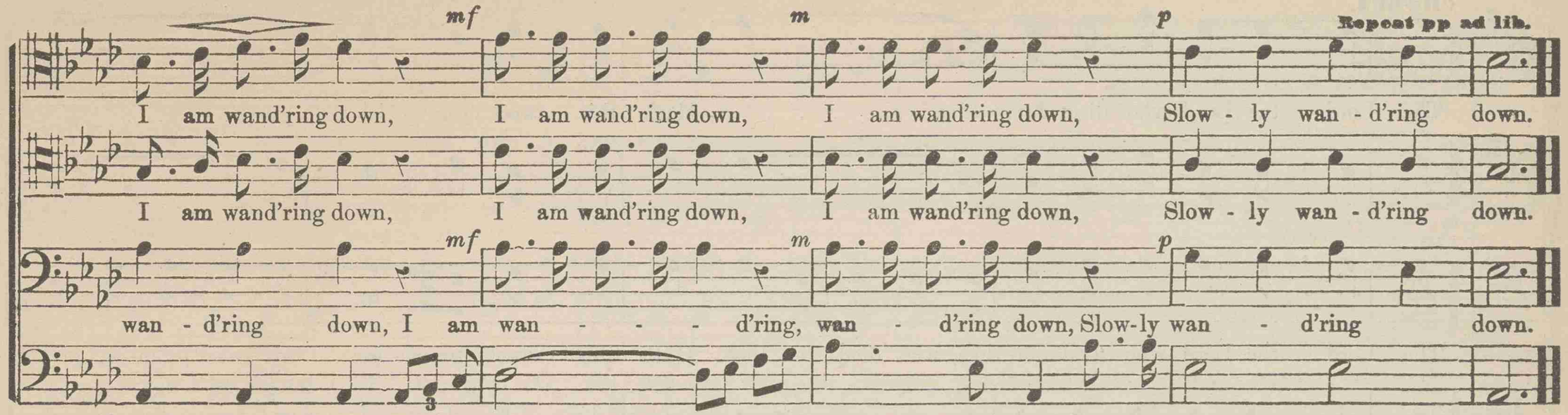
m

I am wand'ring down, I am wand'ring down, I am wand'ring down,

p

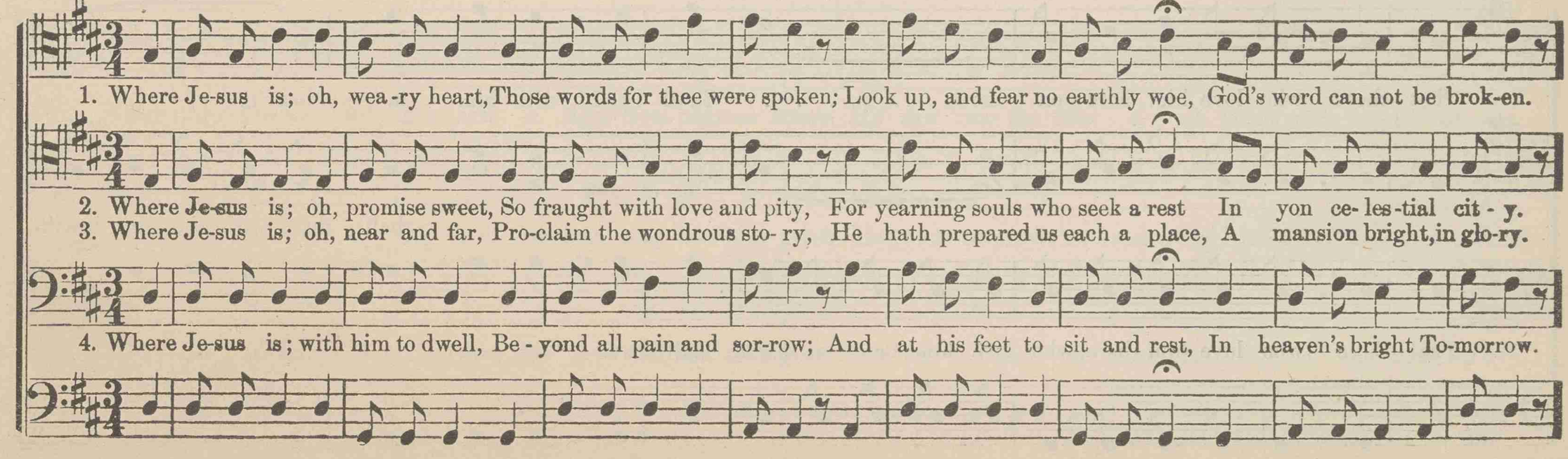
Slow - ly, slow - ly Slow - ly, slow - ly

f



WHERE JESUS IS.

M. E. SERVOSS. That where I am, there ye may be also. JOHN xiv: 3. T. H. TANNER.



WHERE JESUS IS. Concluded.

CHORUS.

The Lord, the Lord who died for thee, ... Hath this sweet prom - ise given: . . . . . .

The Lord, the Lord who died for thee, who died for thee, Hath this sweet prom - ise, this sweet prom-ise given:

That those who love him here on earth . . . . . Shall dwell with him in heav'n.

Repeat chorus last time, pp.
Rall.

shall dwell with him in heav'n.

That those who love him here, who love him here on earth, Shall dwell with him in heav'n.

GEO. C. NEEDHAM. THOS. CATO, by per. Arranged by M.

1. A vile and guilt - y crea - ture, A hard- en'd sin - ner, he, Who railed on man's Re -deem - er, In tones of mock-er - y;

2. The nails had pierced the Sa - vior, A weight his spir - it bore, The heav'ns were black around him, While foes oppressed him sore;

3. The king -dom still is o - pen, O sin - ner, en - ter in, To - day the blood will cleanse thee From ev - 'ry stain of sin,

But thro' the aw - ful dark - ness A light from heav-en shone, He saw 'twas the Mes - si - ah, God's well be - lov- ed son.

But oh, the roy - al suff - 'rer, O'er- com - ing his own grief, Responds to prayer ad-dressed him And saved the dy- ing thief.

To - day the King of Glo - ry E - ter - nal life doth give, Now par - a - dise a - waits thee, The Sa - vior bids thee live.

THE DYING THIEF. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Might - y to re-deem from sin, Might-y vic - tor o'er the grave, Je - sus, Lord, to thee we cling, Thou, who dost the vilest save.

Might - y to re-deem from sin, Might-y vic - tor o'er the grave, Je - sus, Lord, to thee we cling, Thou, who dost the vilest save.

CHRIST IS COMING AGAIN.

W. W. D. P. P. BLISS. Arranged by M.

1. Lord, Je - sus, how long shall the groans and the sighs, From this sin - bur-den'd earth con - tin - ue to rise? How long shall the curse
2. Lord, Je - sus, how long shall the wrong be enthroned, Shall the truth be de - nied and the er - ror be owned? The tyrant hold sway
3. Lord, Je - sus, how long ere the night shall have end, And the beams of thy glo - ry o'er earth shall descend? The wilder-ness bloom
4. Lord, Je - sus, *not* long, soon the morn-ing will come, Then thy voice from the skies shall call thy saints home; The throne of thy glo-

CHORUS.

thy cre - a - tion op-press, How long ere in mer - cy thou comest to bless? He is com-ing! he is com-ing! he is com-ing a-gain!

and the poor be ground down, And the god-less u - nit - ing the wick-ed to crown?
and the des- ert re -joice, And cre-a - tion with sing-ing lift up its glad voice?

- ry ex - alt - ed shall be, And the beauty of Zi - on all na-tions shall see. He is com-ing! he is com-ing! he is com-ing a-gain!

He who conquer'd the grave shall triumphantly reign; Hal-le - lu-jah! with joy let the glad tid-ings ring, Christ is coming, coming again.

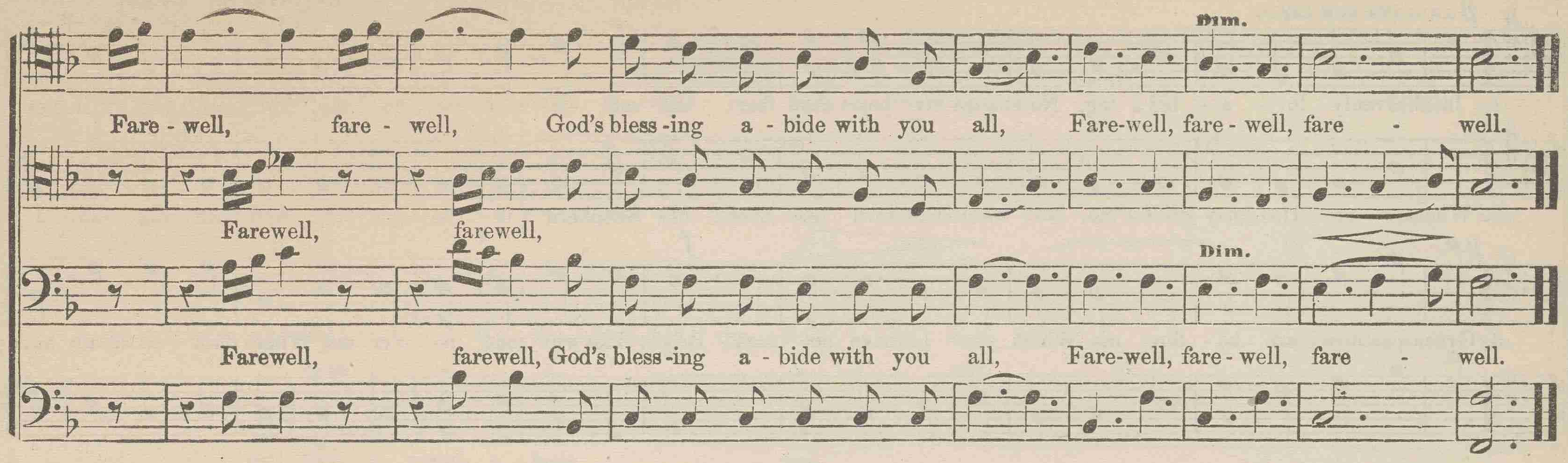
He who conquer'd the grave shall triumphantly reign; Hal-le - lu-jah! with joy let the glad tid-ings ring, Christ is coming, coming again.

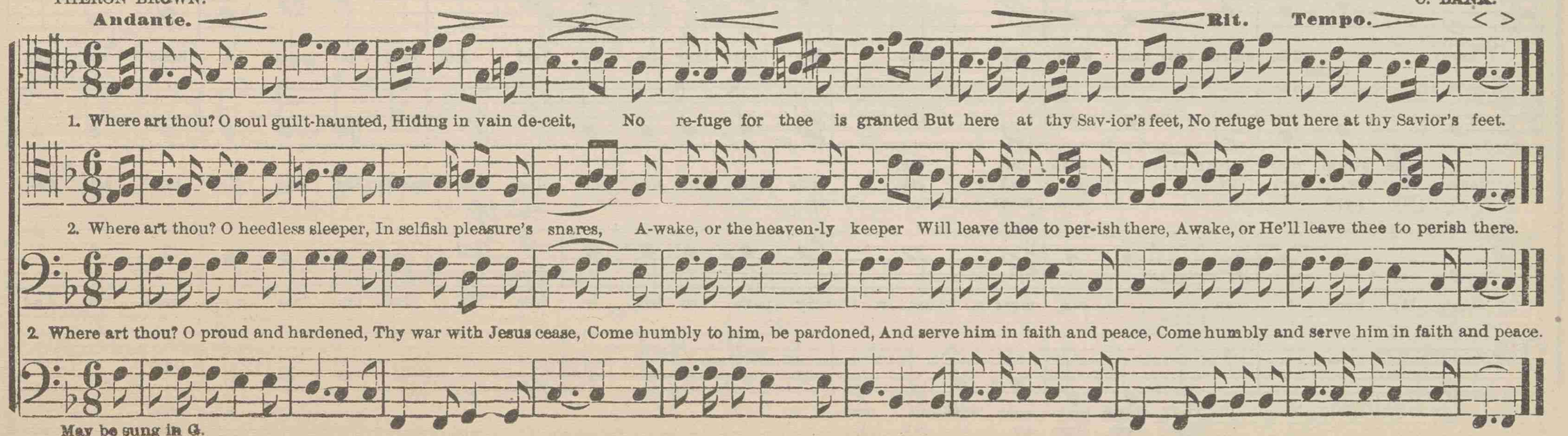
FAREWELL.

English.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Farewell, for the pres - ent, fare - well! At most, for a few fleet - ing years, For soon with our God we shall dwell,
2. In- creas -ing in knowledge and grace, Abound-ing in la - bors of love, May you run in the heav - en - ly race,
3. No part -ings shall ev - er be known On that hap -py and heav'n-ly shore, Those seat - ed with Christ on his throne
4. Farewell, for the pres - ent, fare - well! The long-looked-for glo - ry is near, The joys of that morn, who can tell?

And know neith-er sor - row nor tears. Fare - well, fare - well, The bless - ing of God be on all,
Till we meet in the glo - ry a - bove. Farewell, farewell,
Go out from his pres- ence no more.
When Je - sus, our Lord, will ap - pear. Farewell, farewell, The bless - ing of God be on all,

WHERE ART THOU? *

THERON BROWN. C. BANK.

May be sung in G.

IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING.

ANDANTE NON LENTO. MENDELSSOHN Arranged.

1. In heavenly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear; And safe in such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang-es

2. Wher-ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is be - side me, And noth - ing can I

3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where dark - est clouds have

CRES.

here; The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me, And

CRES.

The storm may roar..... with - out me,
lack, His wis - dom ev - - - er wak - - eth, His sight is nev - er dim; He knows the way He tak - eth, And
My hope I can - - - not meas - -ure,

been, My hope I can - - - not meas - ure, My path to life is free, My Sav - iour has my treas - ure, And

CRES.

The storm may roar with-out me,
His wis - dom ev - er wak eth,
My hope I can - not meas - ure,

a - bout
tak - - -
treas - -

can I be dis-mayed? But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?

I will walk with Him; He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.

He will walk with me; My Sav - iour has my treas - ure, And He ..... will walk with me.

me, But God is round a - bout me.
- eth, He knows the way He tak - - - eth.
- ure, My Sav-iour has my treas - - - ure.

SING OF SALVATION.

E. R. LATTA. Vigoroso. KREUTZER.

Sing of sal - va-tion, Blest reve- la-tion, Born of the spirit, Glady I hear it, Happy now I well may be,..... For my Savior par-dons

Sing of sal - va-tion, Blest reve- la-tion, Born of the spirit, Gladly I hear it, Happy now I well may be,..... For my Savior par-dons

Happy now I well may be.

SING OF SALVATION. Continued.

me,..... Happy now I well may be,..... For my Savior pardons me, Happy now I well may be, ... For my Savior pardons me.

me,..... Happy now I well may be, I well may be, For my Savior pardons me, Happy now I well may be, I well may be, For my Savior pardons me.

me,..... Happy now I well may be, I well may be, For my Savior pardons me, Happy now I well may be, I well may be, For my Savior pardons me.

For my Savior pardons me, I well may be, I well may be.

f

Sing, O ye saved ones, Sing, O ye saved ones, Sing of sal - va - tion, Blest rev - e - la - tion, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,

f

Sing, O ye saved ones, Sing, O ye saved ones, Sing of sal - va - tion, Blest rev - e - la - tion, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,

ff

Praise the Lord, Praise the

f *ff*

Praise him for his glorious word, For his word praise the Lord,..... Praise him for his glo-rious word, For his word, praise the

Praise him for his glorious word, For his word praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Praise him for his glo-rious word, For his word, praise the

f *ff*

Praise him for his glorious word, For his word praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Praise him for his glo-rious word, For his word, praise the

Lord, Praise him for his glorious word, his word, Praise the Lord for his word,

ff

Lord,..... Praise him for his glo-rious word, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise..... the Lord.

Lord for his word, Praise him for his glo- rious word, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise..... the Lord.

ff

Lord for his word, Praise him for his glo- rious word, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise..... the Lord.

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When the Harvest is Past	34
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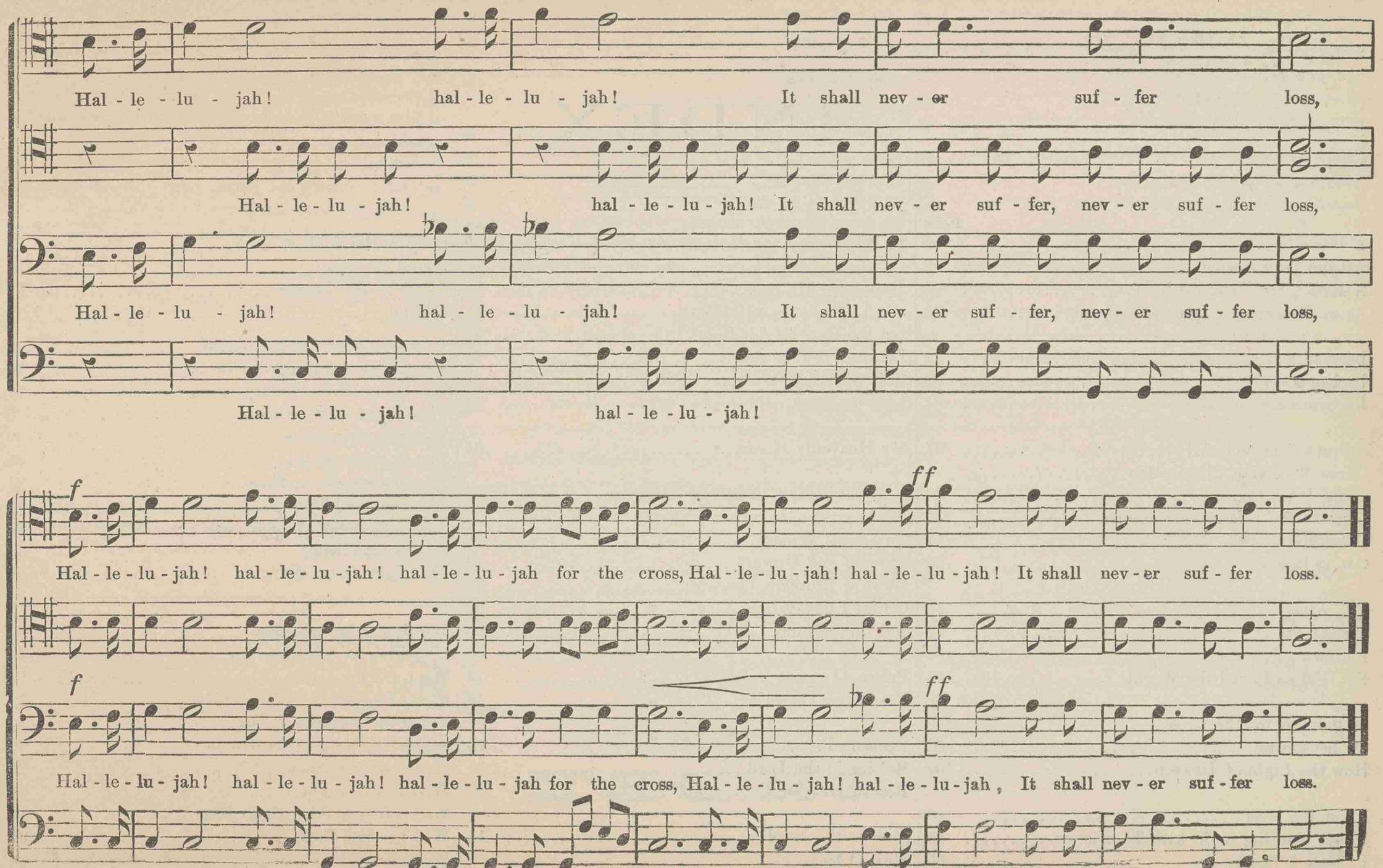
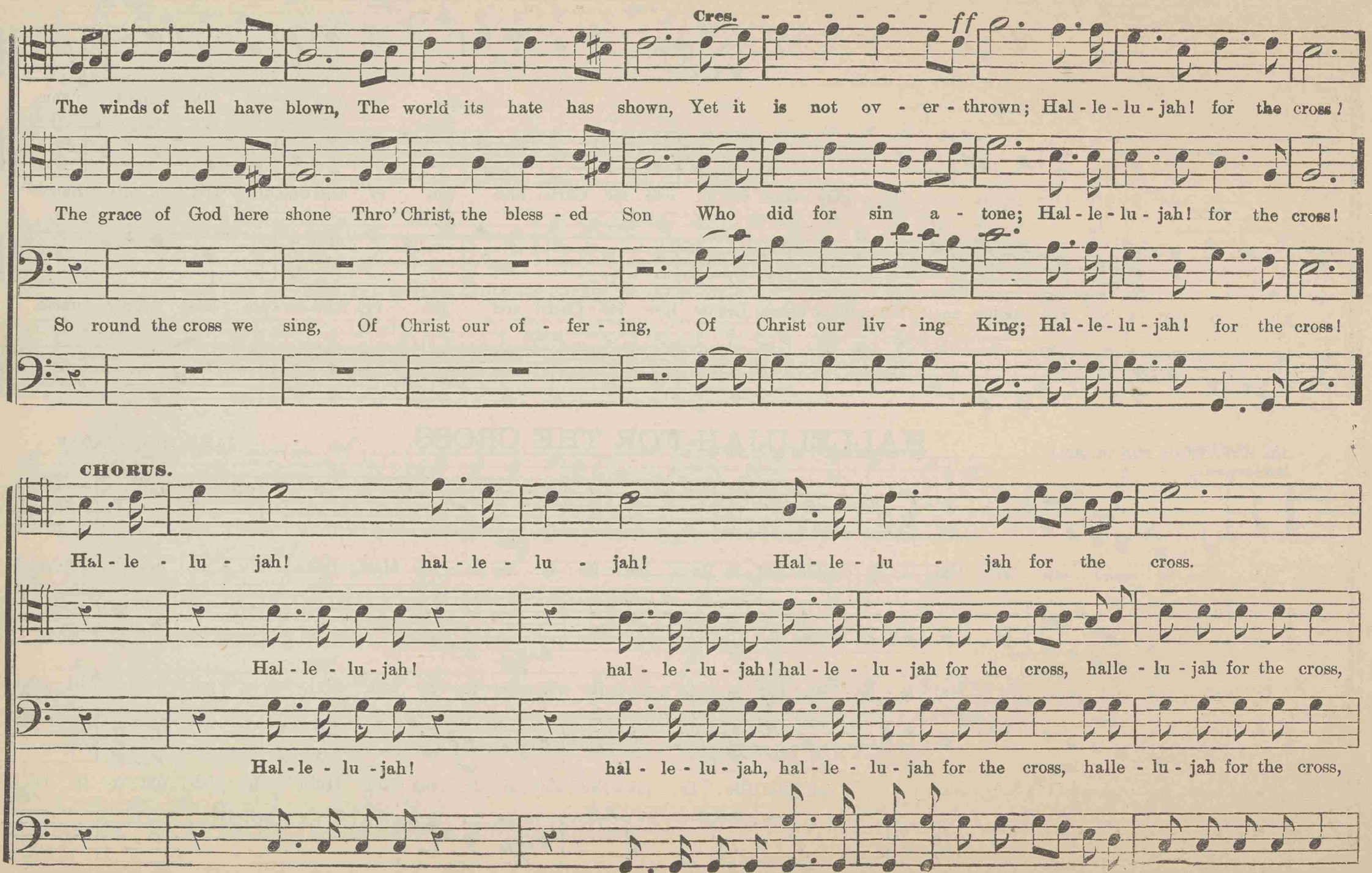
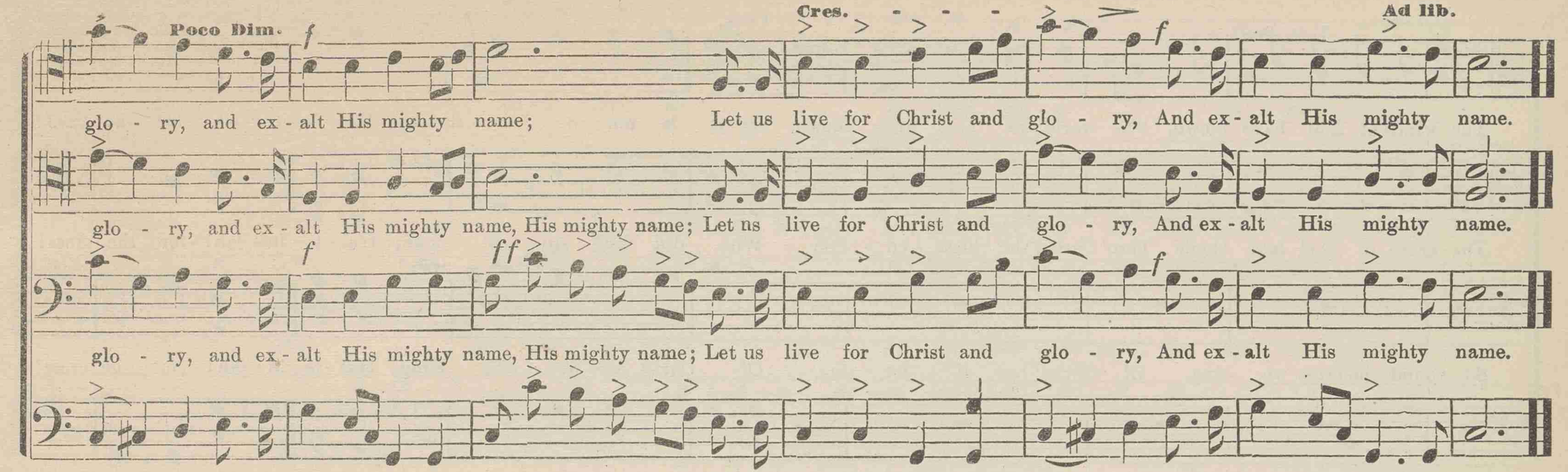
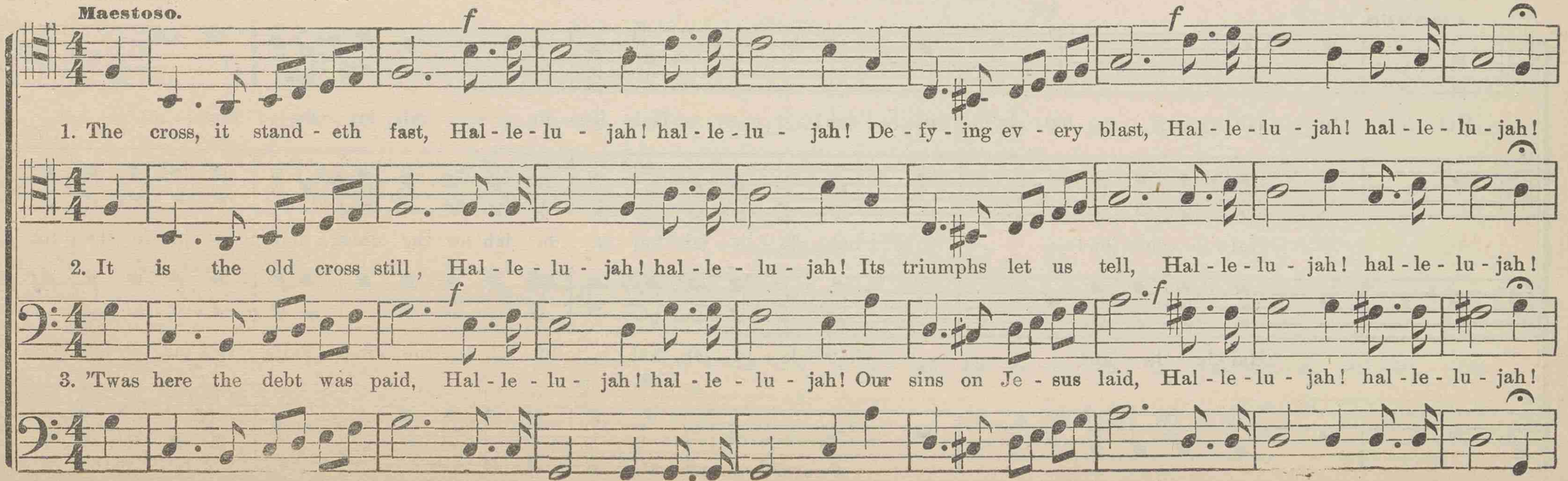
Why not To-night	60
Why will you do without Him	46
Will you not Come	101
Worthy the Lamb	


Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! It shall nev - er suf - fer loss,
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! It shall nev - er suf - fer, nev - er suf - fer loss,
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! It shall nev - er suf - fer, nev - er suf - fer loss,
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!
f
ff
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! It shall nev - er suf - fer loss.
f
ff
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah, It shall nev - er suf - fer loss.

HALLELUJAH FOR THE CROSS. Continued.

HALLELUJAH FOR THE CROSS.

DR. HORATIOUS BONAR. (arr.)

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

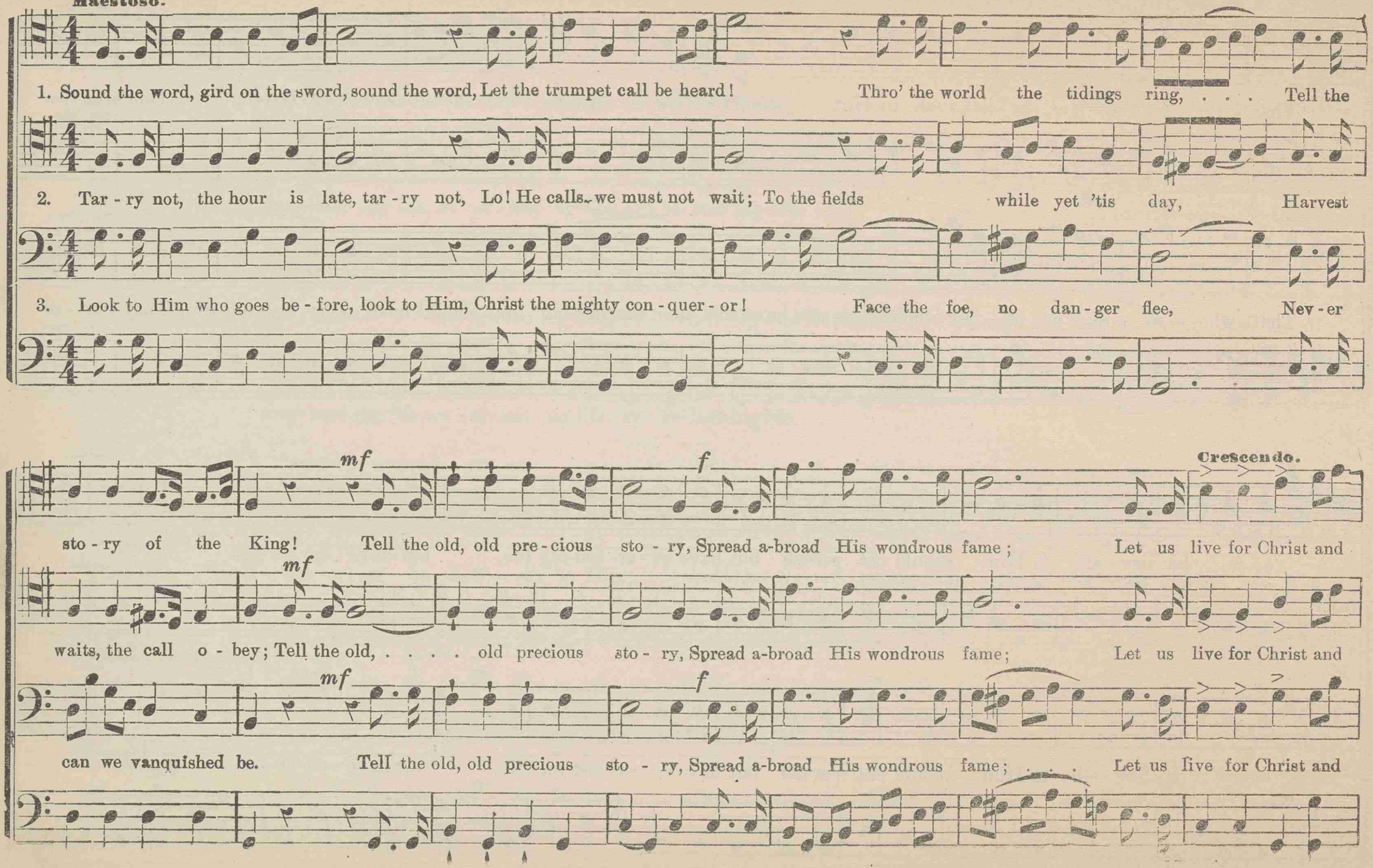


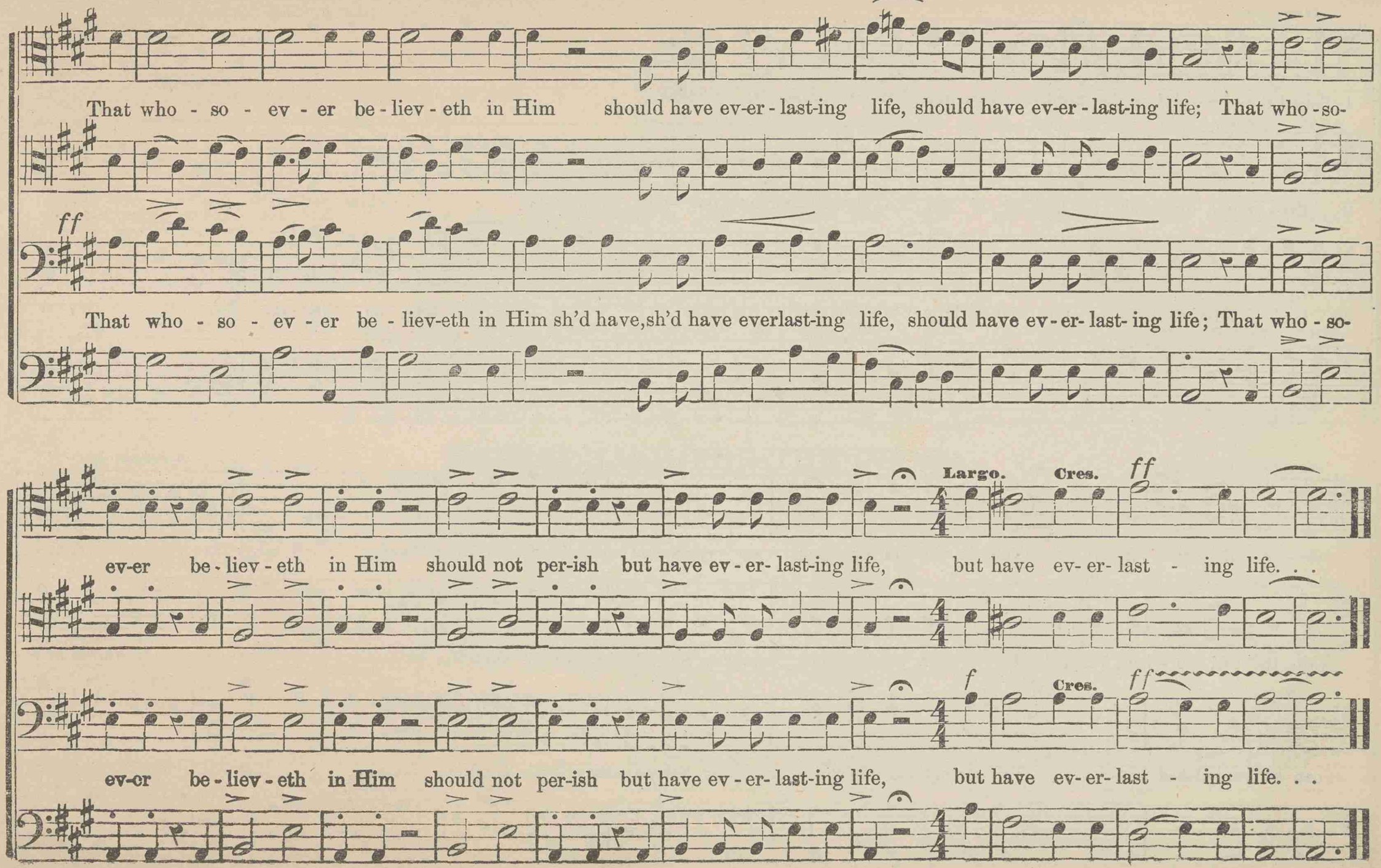
EL NATHAN

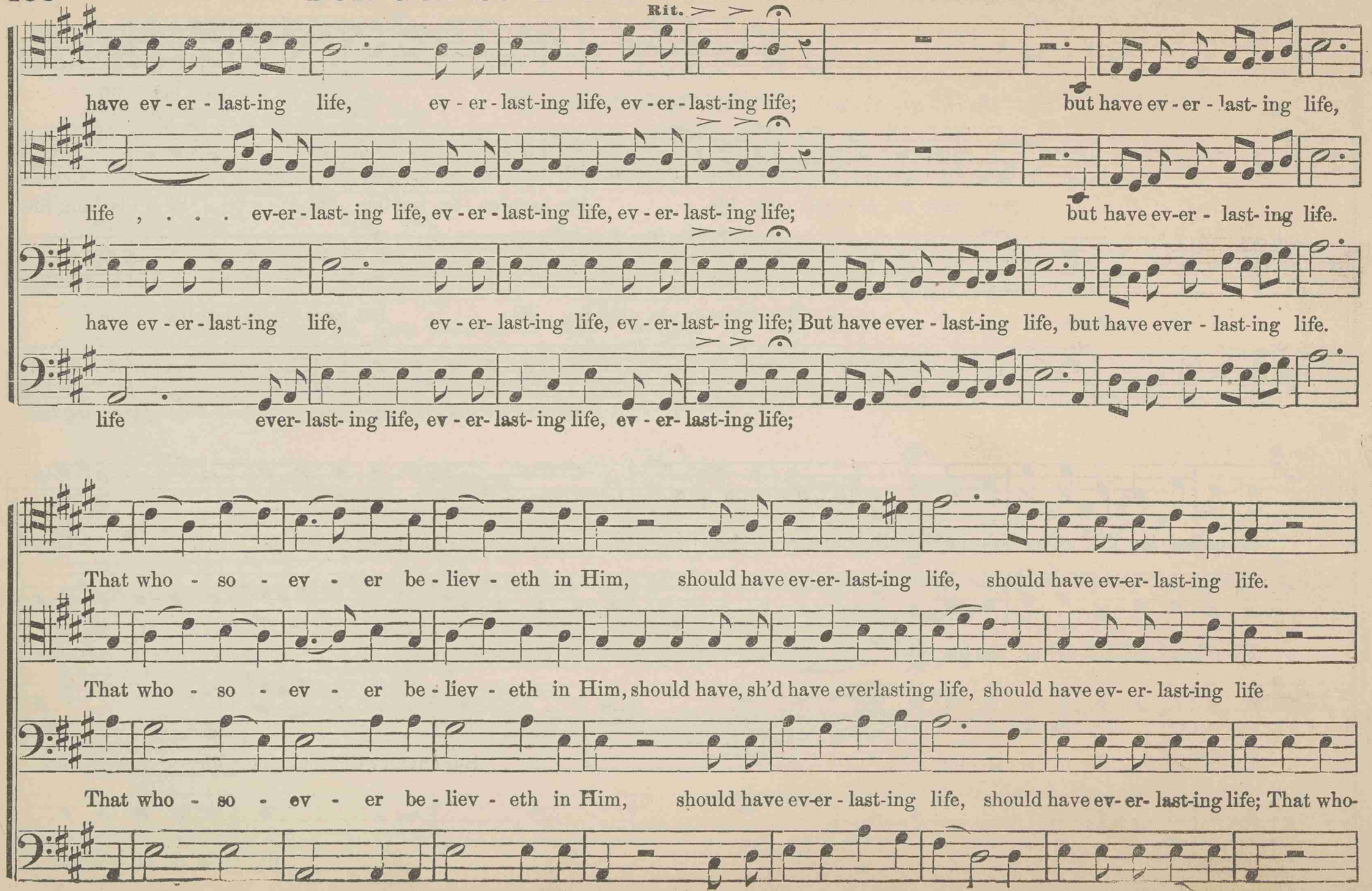
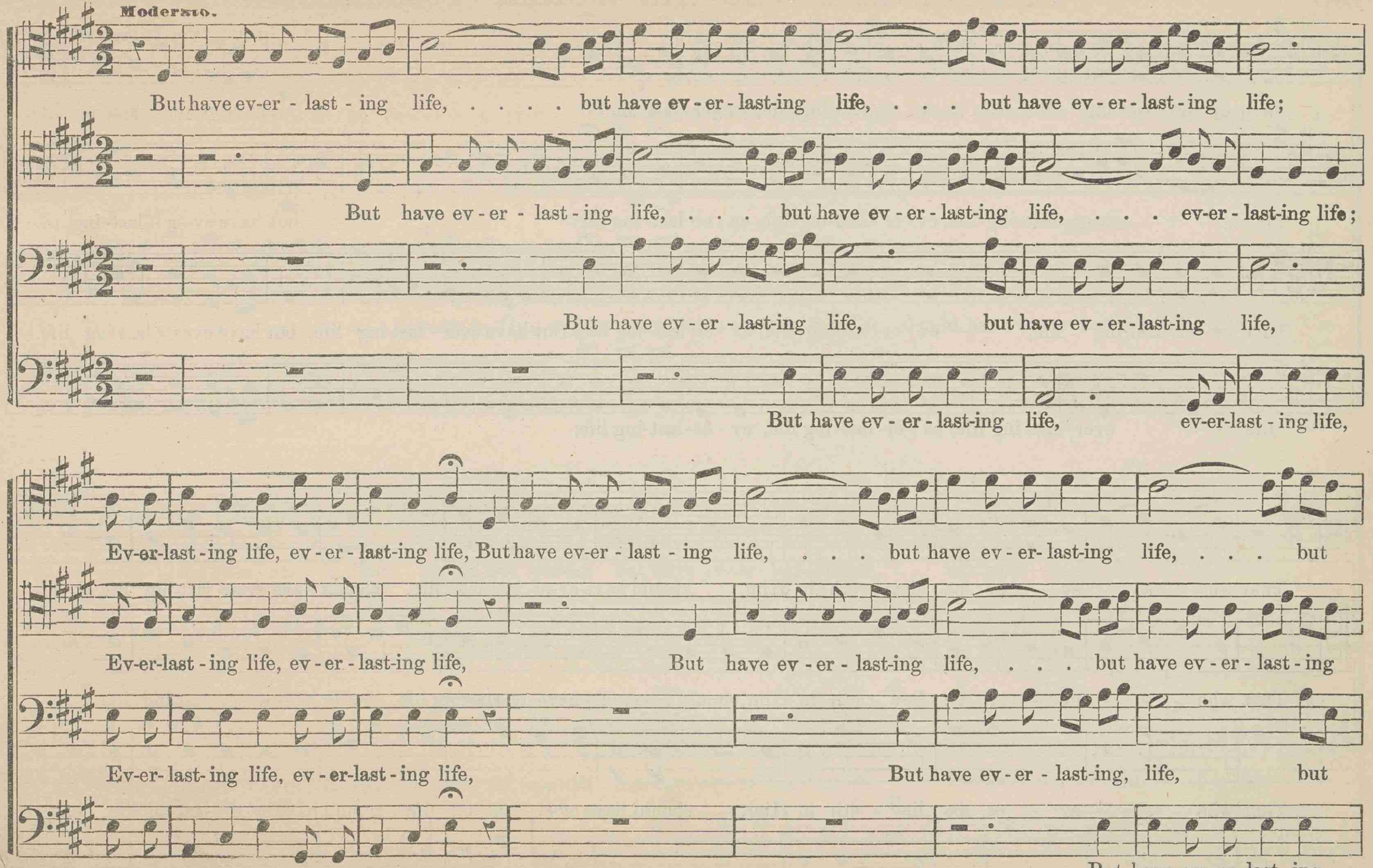
SOUND THE WORD.

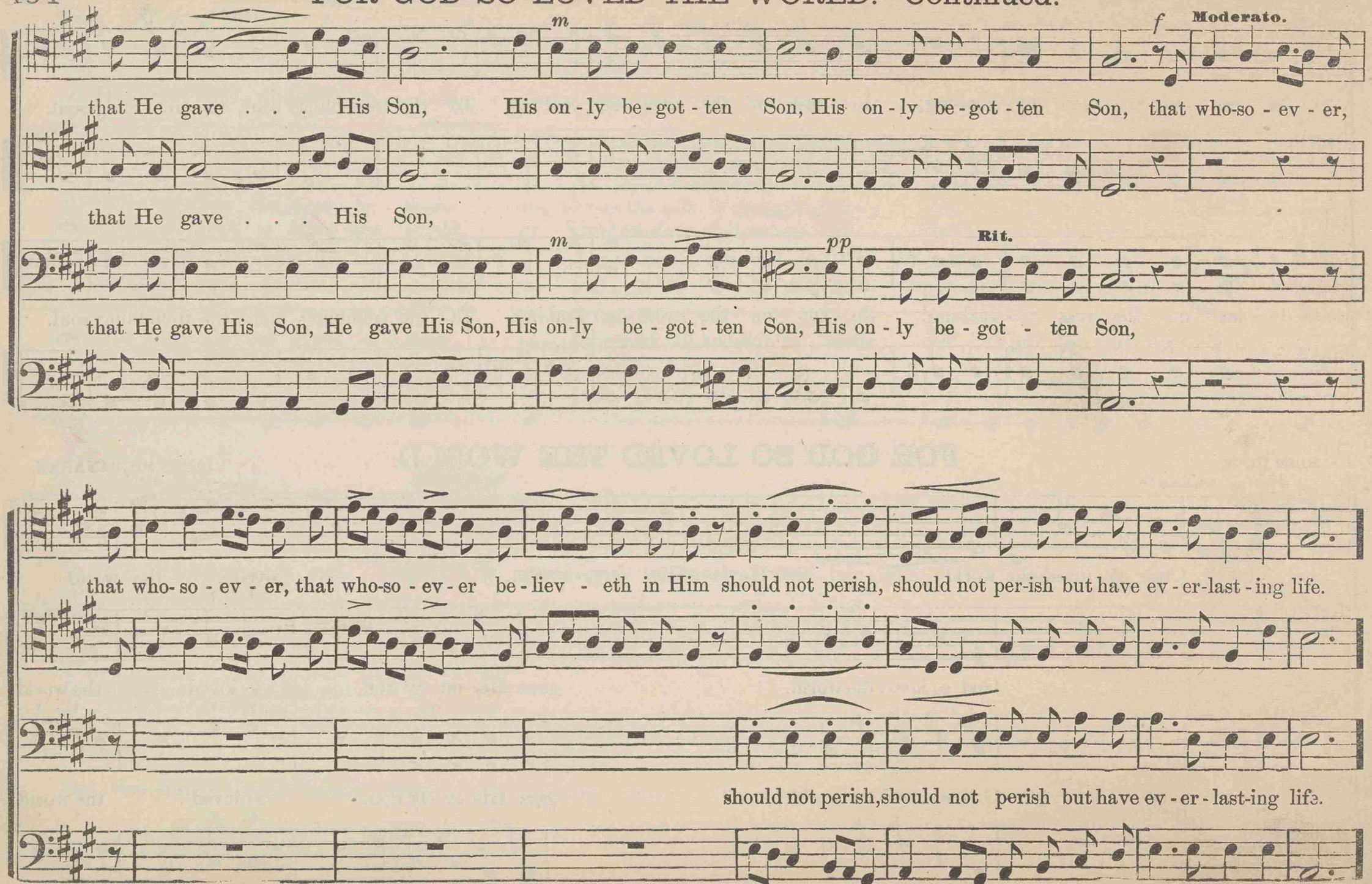
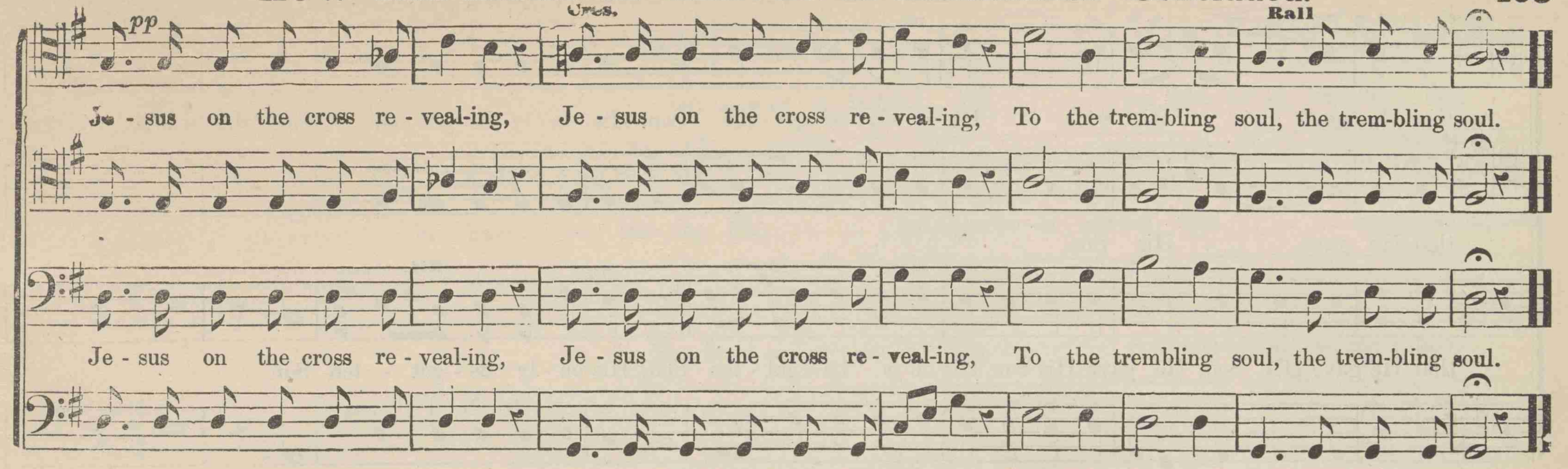
F. KUCKEN.

Maestoso.

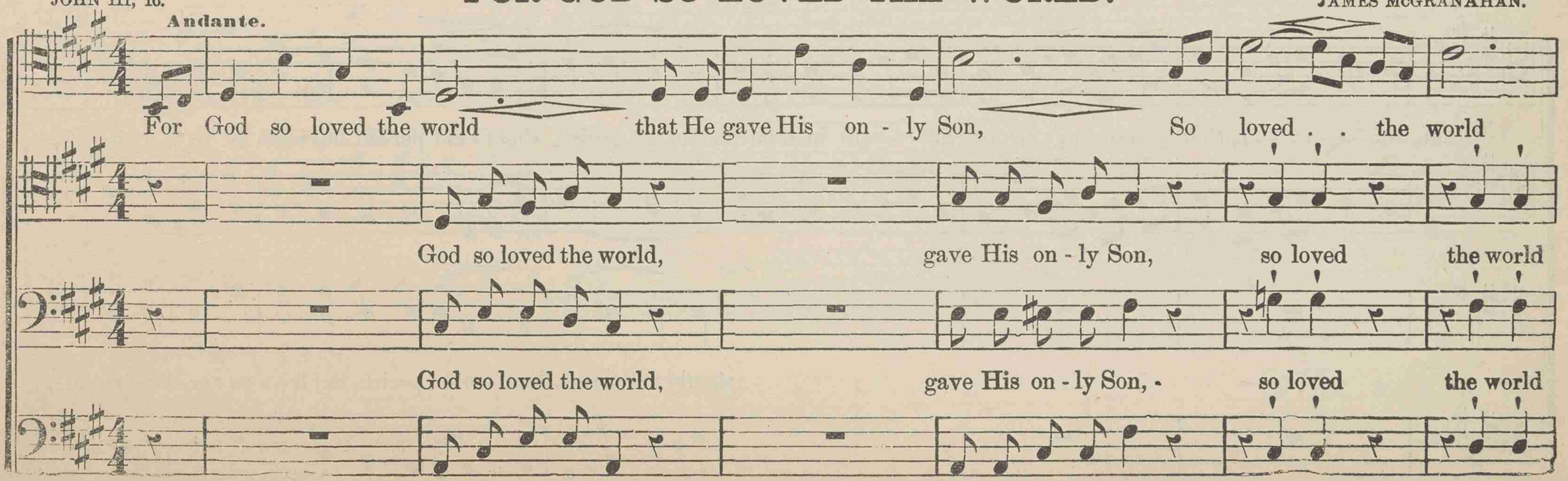



That who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him should have ev-er - last-ing life, should have ev-er - last-ing life; That who - so-
ff
That who - so - ev - er be - liev-eth in Him sh'd have,sh'd have everlast-ing life, should have ev - er- last- ing life; That who - so-
Largo.
Cres.
ff
ev-er be - liev - eth in Him should not per-ish but have ev - er- last-ing life, but have ev- er- last - ing life. . .
f
Cres.
ff
ev-er be - liev - eth in Him should not per-ish but have ev - er- last-ing life, but have ev- er- last - ing life. . .

FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD. Continued.

Moderato.
But have ev-er - last - ing life, ... but have ev - er - last-ing life, . . . but have ev - er - last - ing life;
But have ev - er - last - ing life, . . . but have ev - er - last-ing life, . . . ev-er - last-ing life;
But have ev - er - last-ing life, but have ev - er - last-ing life,
But have ev - er - last-ing life, ev-er-last - ing life,
Ev-er-last - ing life, ev - er - last-ing life, But have ev-er - last - ing life, . . . but have ev - er- last-ing life, . . . but
Ev-er-last - ing life, ev - er - last-ing life, But have ev - er - last-ing life, . . . but have ev - er - last - ing
Ev-er- last- ing life, ev - er-last - ing life, But have ev - er - last-ing, life, but
But have ev - er- last - ing

FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD. Continued.

FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD.

JOHN III, 16.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

FABER.

HOW THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN IS STEALING.

J. M. NORTH.

pp

1. How the light of heav'n is steal - ing, Gent - ly o'er the trembling soul, And the shades of bit-ter feel - ing,

2. Fair - er than the pear - ly morn - ing, Comes the soft - ly struggling ray; Ah, it is the ver - y dawn - ing

3. Now the light is grow - ing bright - er, Thro' God's word it enters in; Precious word, the heart is light - er!

4. O the joy - ous grace of heav - en! Free and full and fair re - lease; Ev' - ry sin by Christ for - giv - en,

Cres.

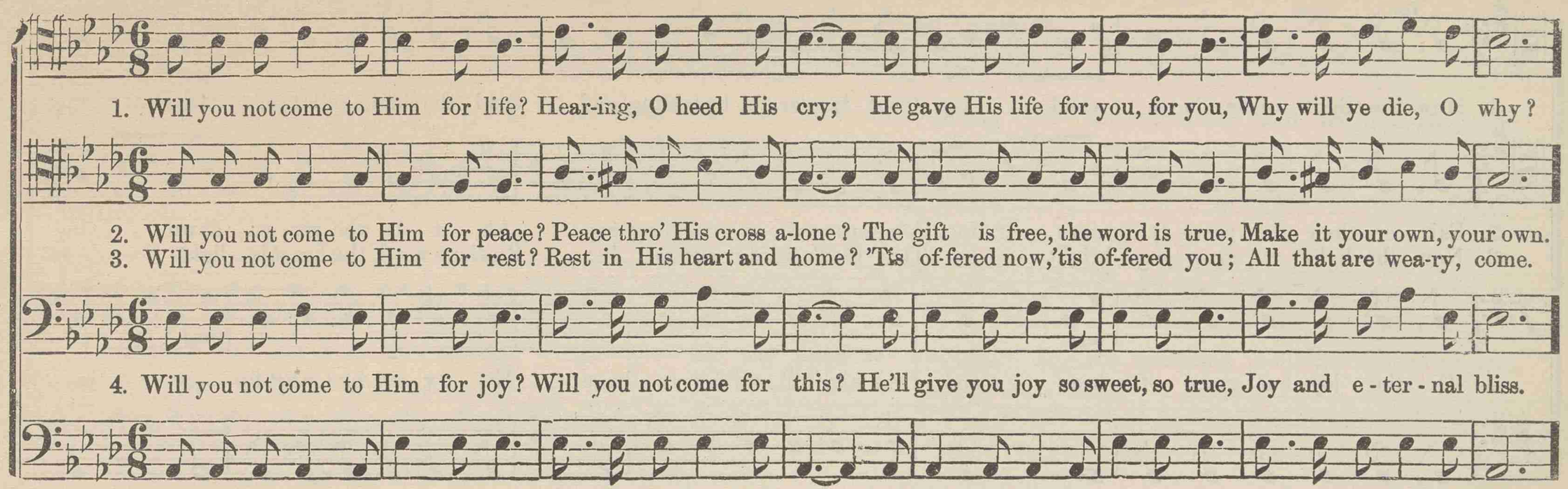
REFRAIN.

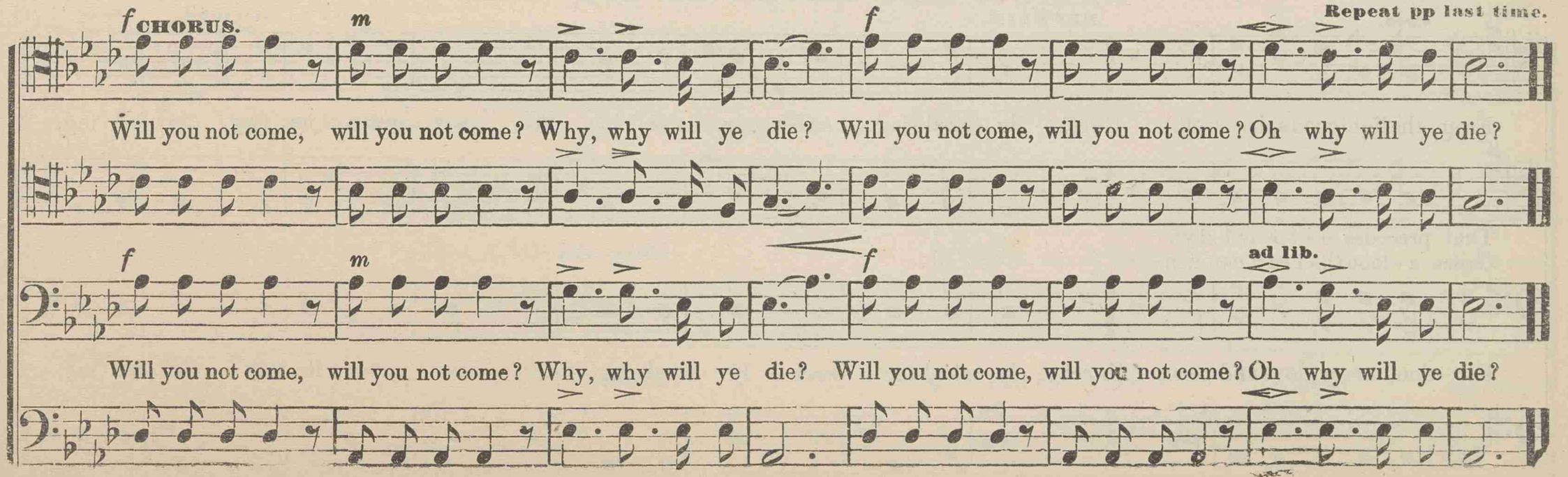
From the lightened spirit roll. Sweet - ly steal - ing, sweet - ly steal - ing, See how grace its way is feel - ing,

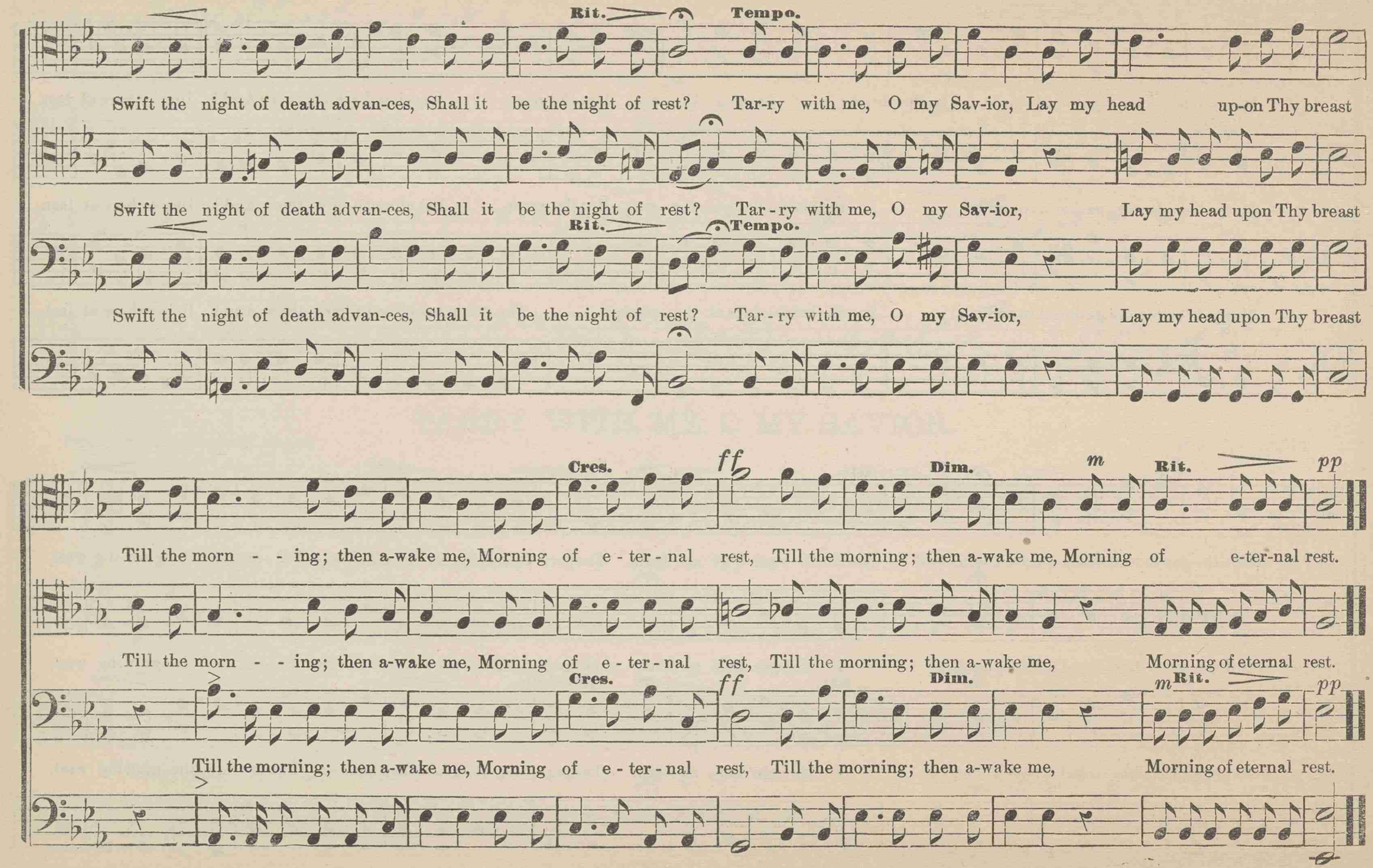
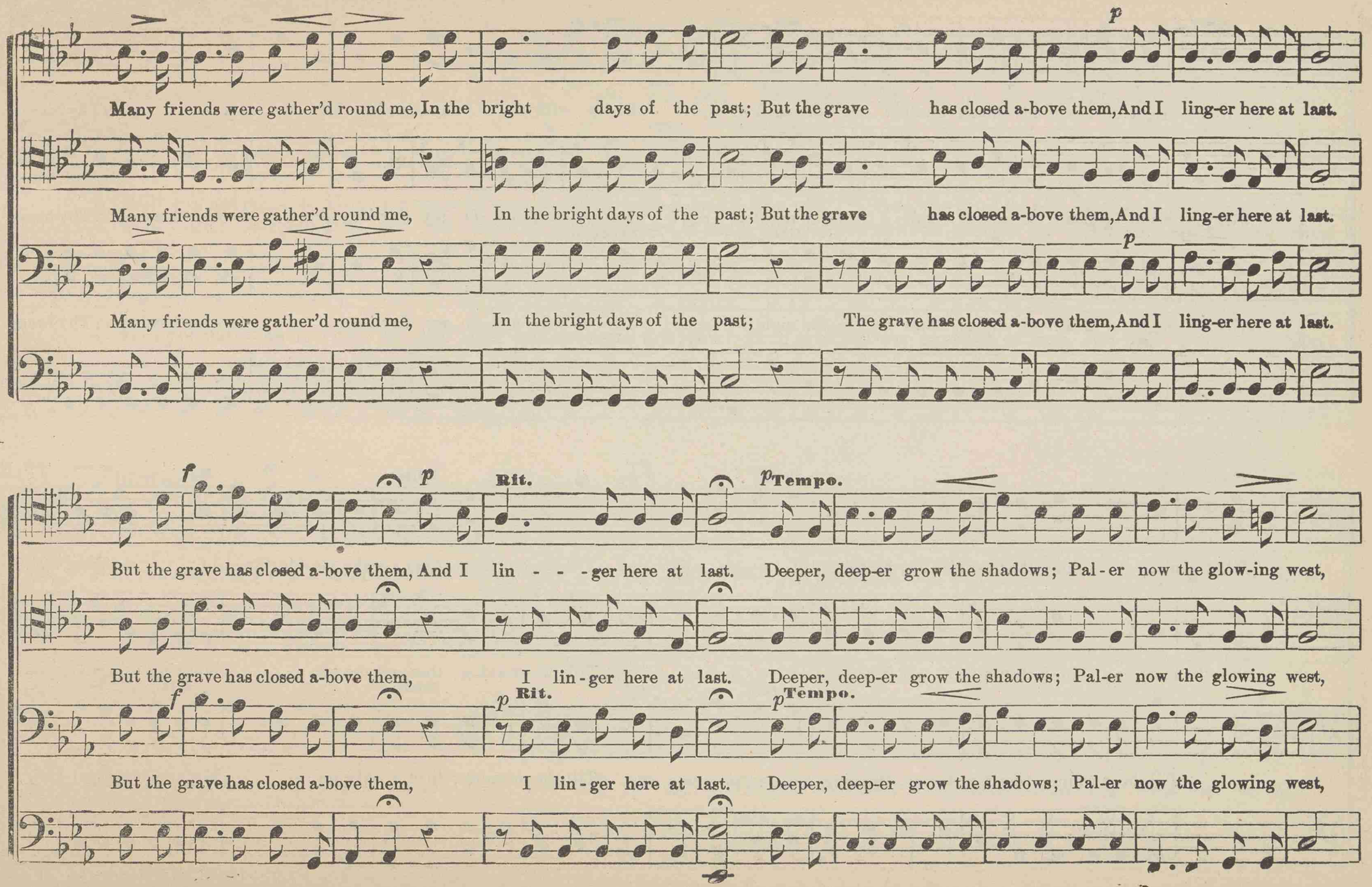
That precedes e - ter - nal day.
Grace a - lone the heart can win.

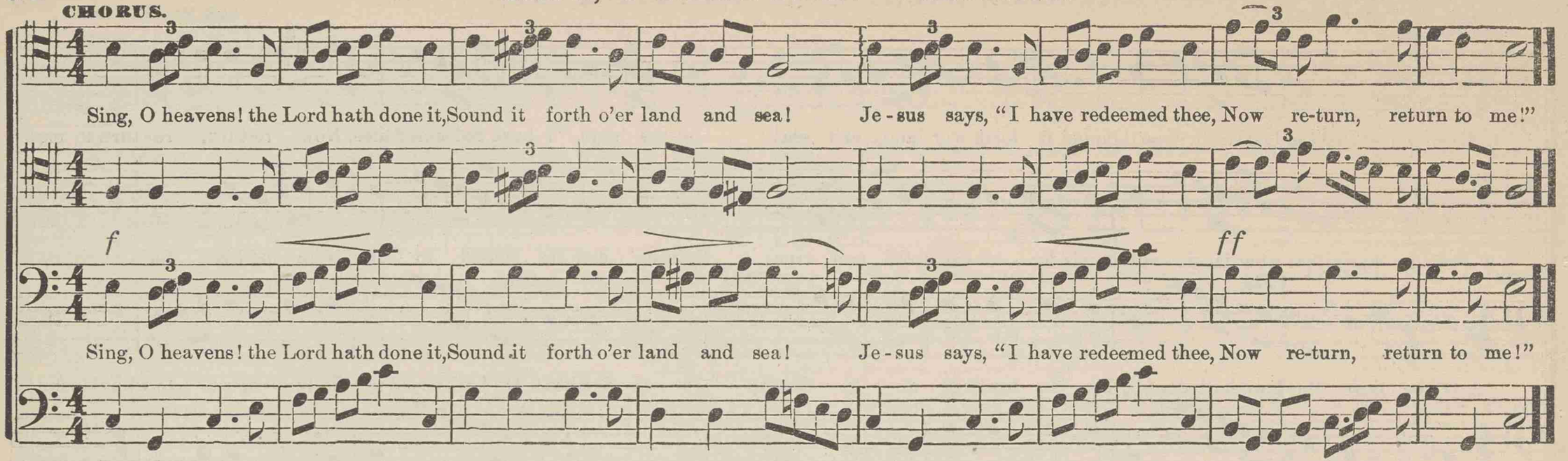
Par - don, mercy, love and peace. Sweet - ly steal-ing, sweet - ly steal - ing, See how grace its way is feel - ing,

WILL YOU NOT COME?



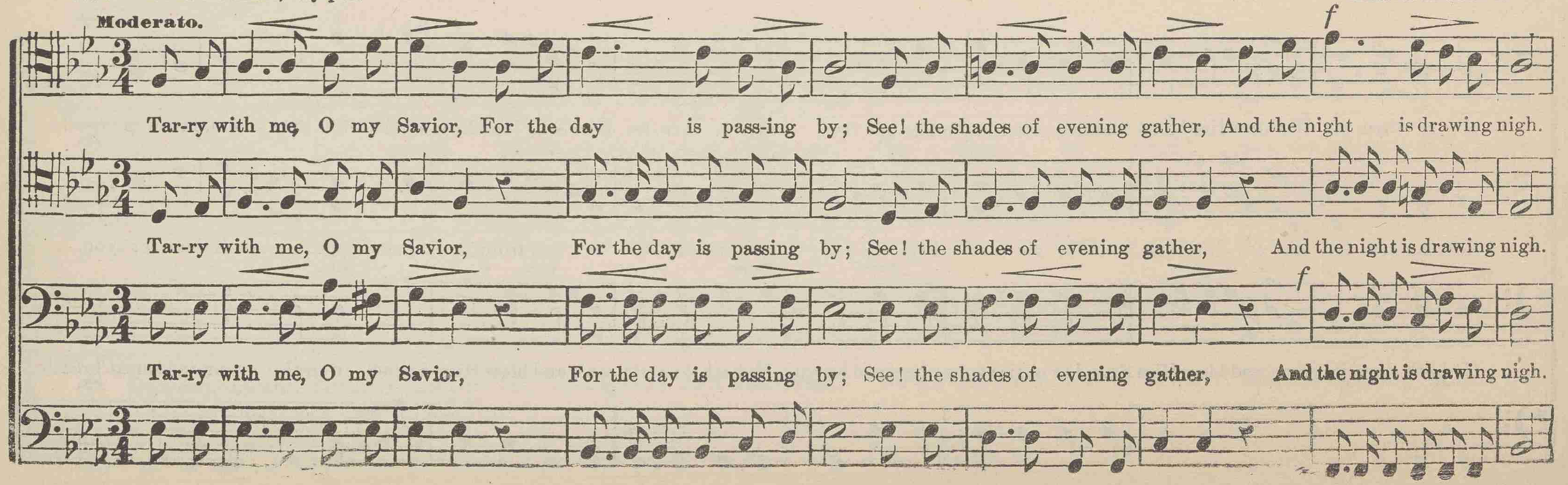


TARRY WITH ME, O MY SAVIOR. Concluded.

Many friends were gather'd round me, In the bright days of the past; But the grave has closed a-bove them, And I ling-er here at last.
Many friends were gather'd round me, In the bright days of the past; But the grave has closed a-bove them, And I ling-er here at last.
Many friends were gather'd round me, In the bright days of the past; The grave has closed a-bove them, And I ling-er here at last.
But the grave has closed a-bove them, And I lin - - - ger here at last. Deeper, deep-er grow the shadows; Pal - er now the glow-ing west,
But the grave has closed a-bove them, I lin - ger here at last. Deeper, deep-er grow the shadows; Pal-er now the glowing west,
But the grave has closed a-bove them, I lin - ger here at last. Deeper, deep-er grow the shadows; Pal-er now the glowing west,
Rit.
Tempo.

SING, O HEAVENS! Concluded.

TARRY WITH ME, O MY SAVIOR.

From "ROYAL ANTHEMS," by per.

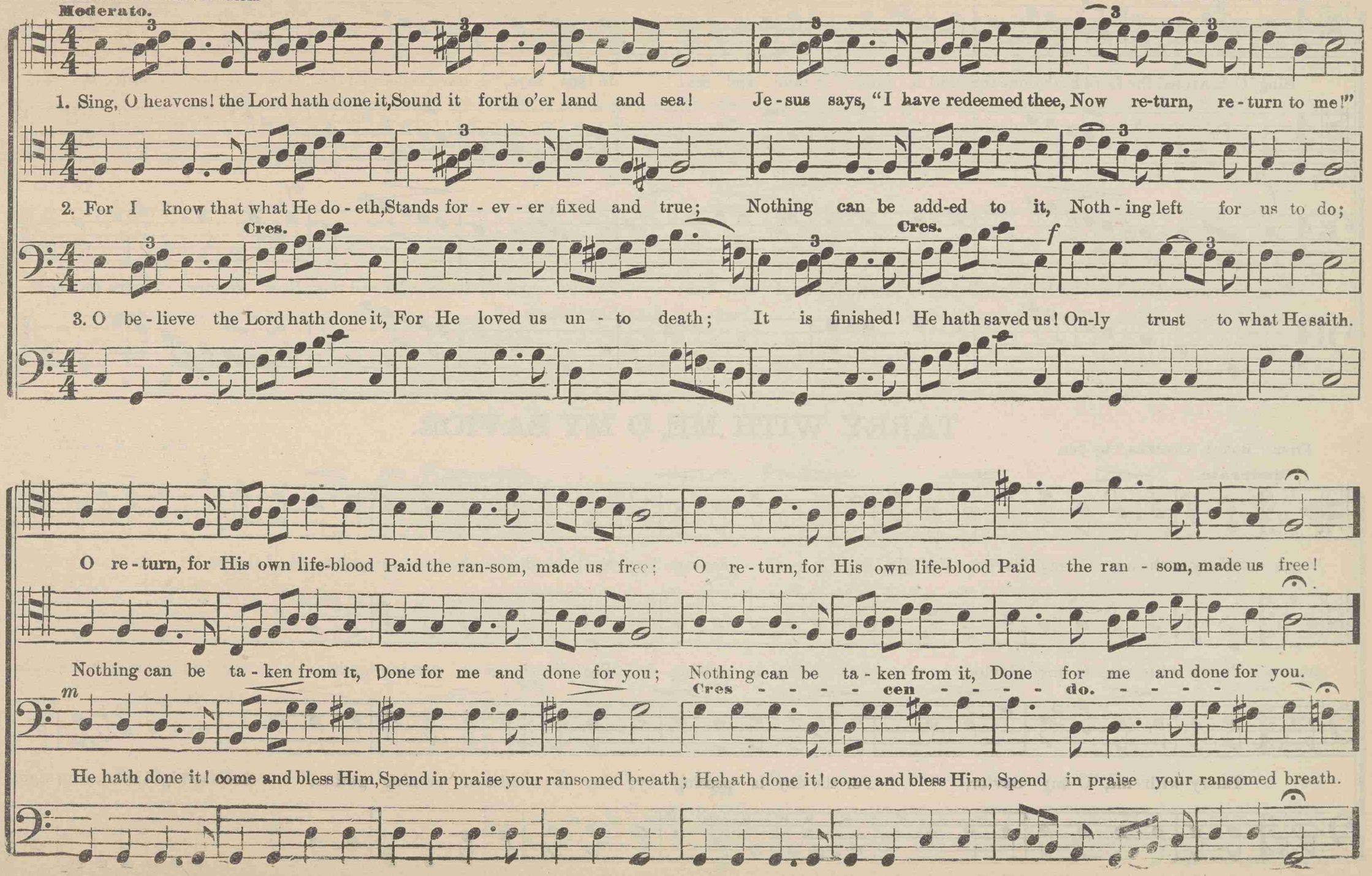
MRS. C. H. SCOTT.



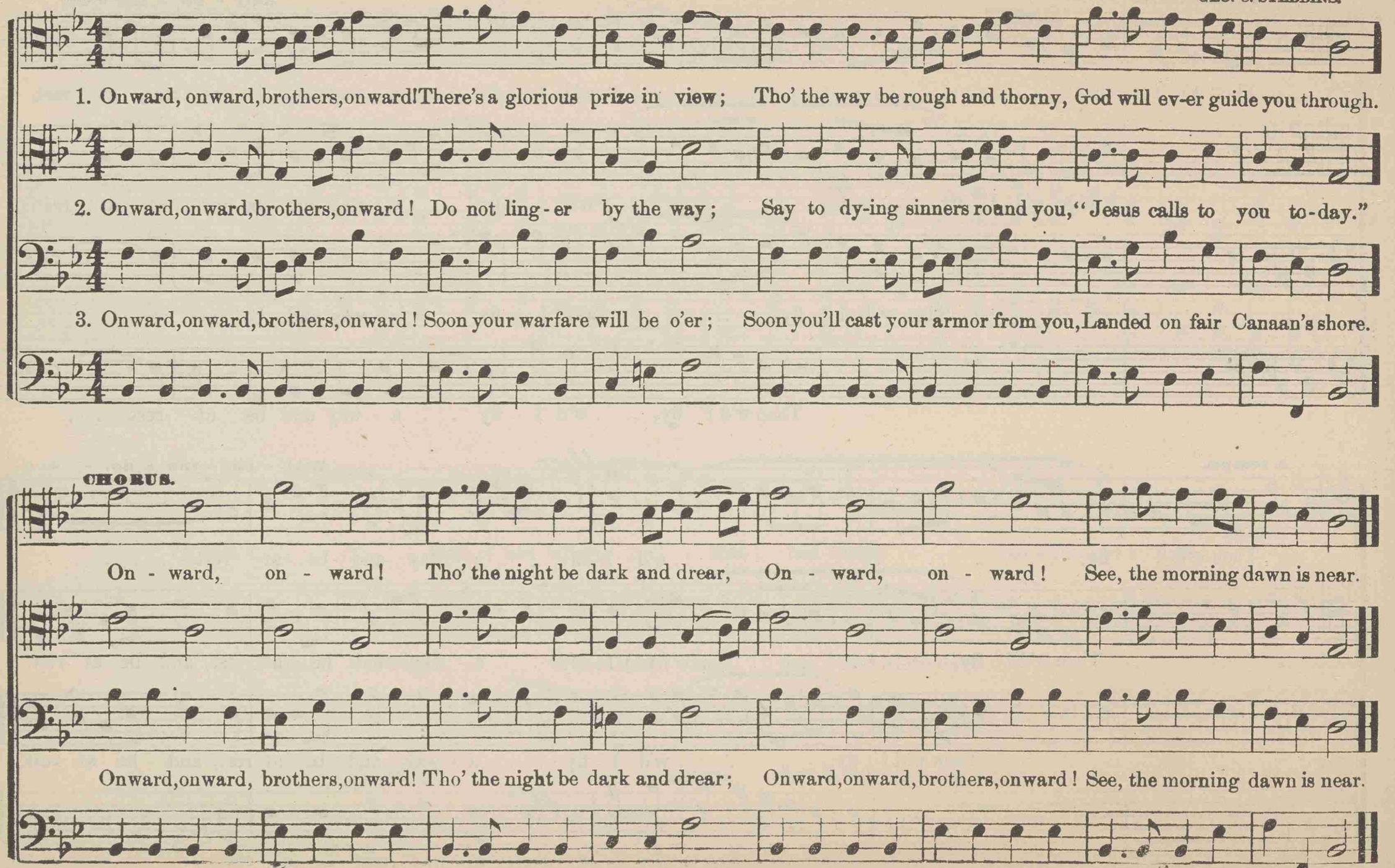
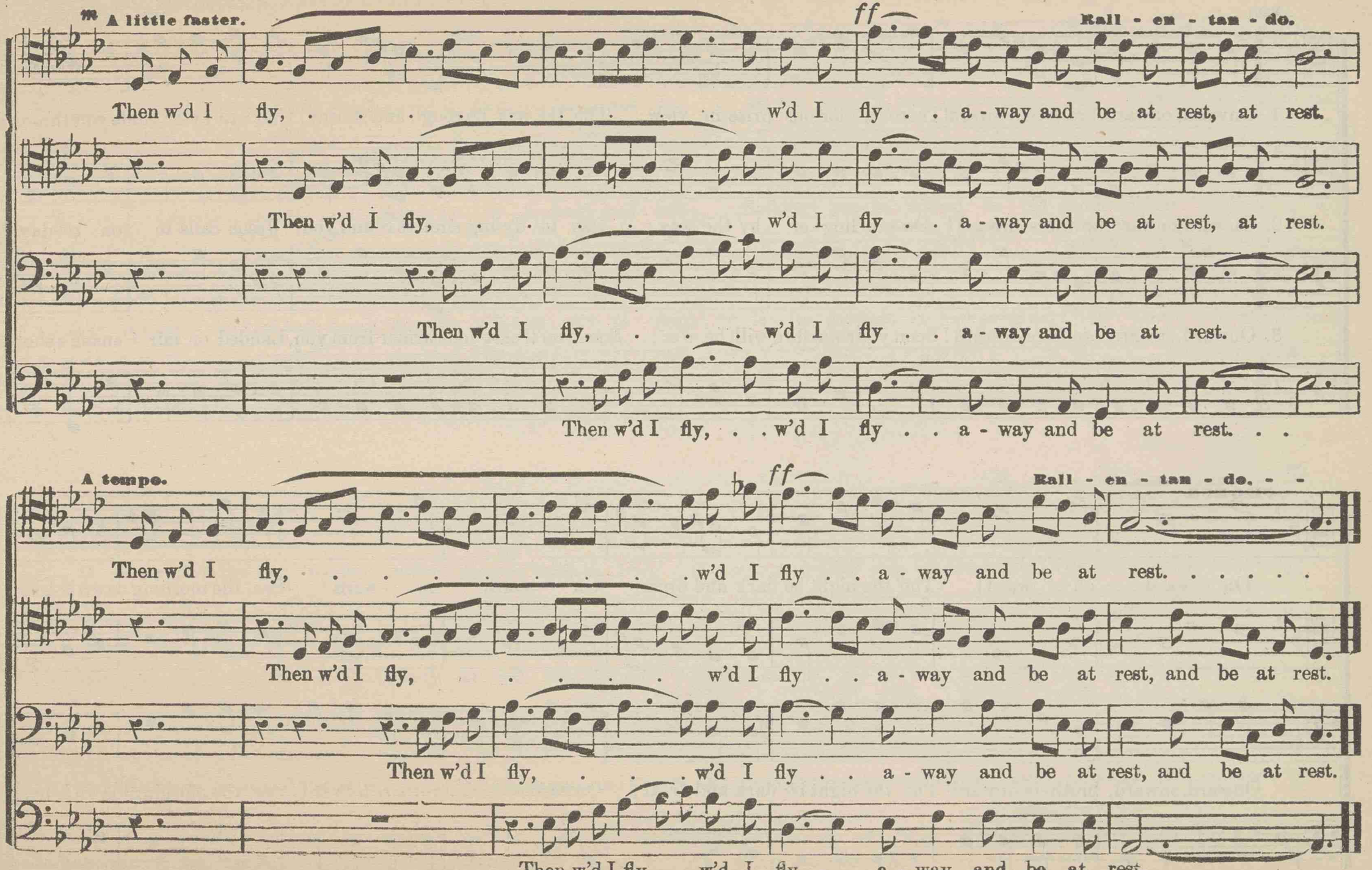
SING, O HEAVENS!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. JAS. McGRANAHAN.

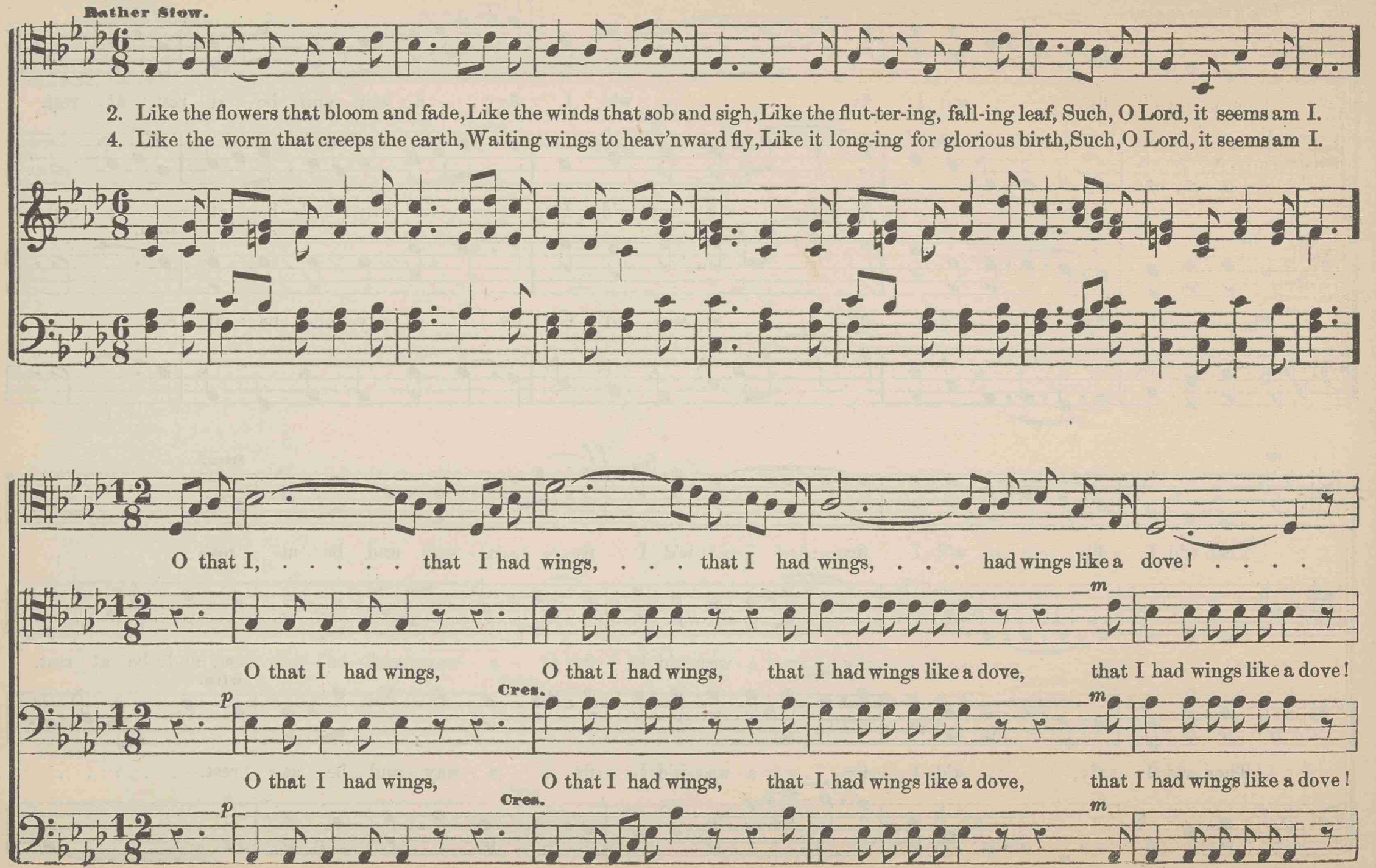
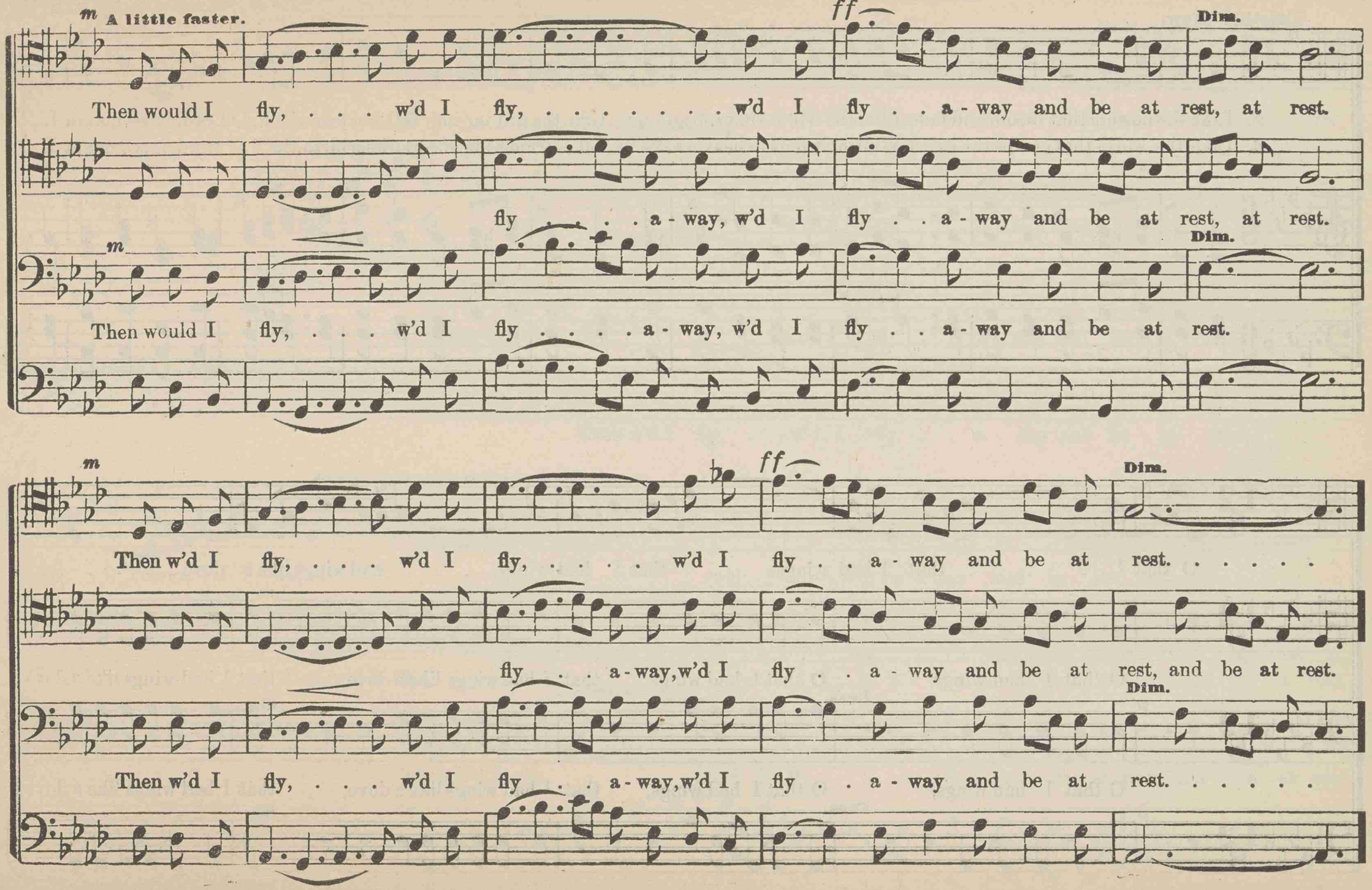
Moderato.



ONWARD! BROTHERS, ONWARD.

ANON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

A little faster.
ff
Rall - en - tan - do.
Then w'd I fly, ... w'd I fly . . a - way and be at rest, at rest.
Then w'd I fly, ... w'd I fly . . a - way and be at rest, at rest.
Then w'd I fly, . . . w'd I fly . . a - way and be at rest.
Then w'd I fly, . . w'd I fly . . a - way and be at rest. . .
A tempo.
ff
Rall - en - tan - do. - -
Then w'd I fly, ... w'd I fly . . a - way and be at rest. . . . . .
Then w'd I fly, ... w'd I fly . . a - way and be at rest, and be at rest.
Then w'd I fly, . . . w'd I fly . . a - way and be at rest, and be at rest.
Then w'd I fly, . w'd I fly . . a - way and be at rest.

O THAT I HAD WINGS. Continued.



m
A little faster.
ff
Dim.
Then would I fly, . . . w'd I fly, ... w'd I fly . . a - way and be at rest, at rest.
fly . . . . a - way, w'd I fly . . a - way and be at rest, at rest.
m
Dim.
Then would I fly, . . . w'd I fly . . . . a - way, w'd I fly . . a - way and be at rest.
m
ff
Dim.
Then w'd I fly, . . . w'd I fly, ... w'd I fly . . a - way and be at rest. . . . . .
fly . . a - way, w'd I fly . . a - way and be at rest, and be at rest.
Dim.
Then w'd I fly, . . . w'd I fly . . a - way, w'd I fly . . a - way and be at rest. . . . . .

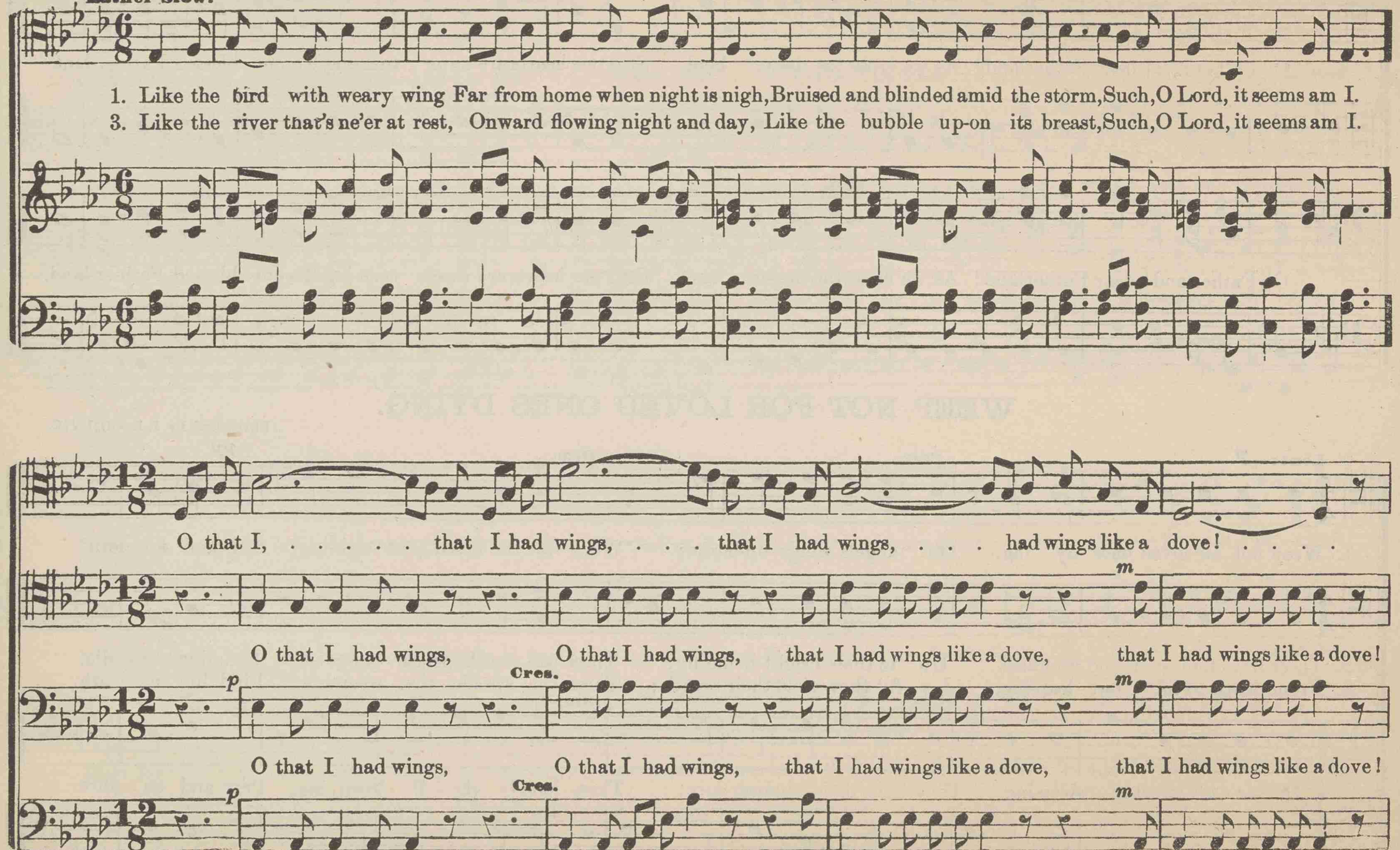
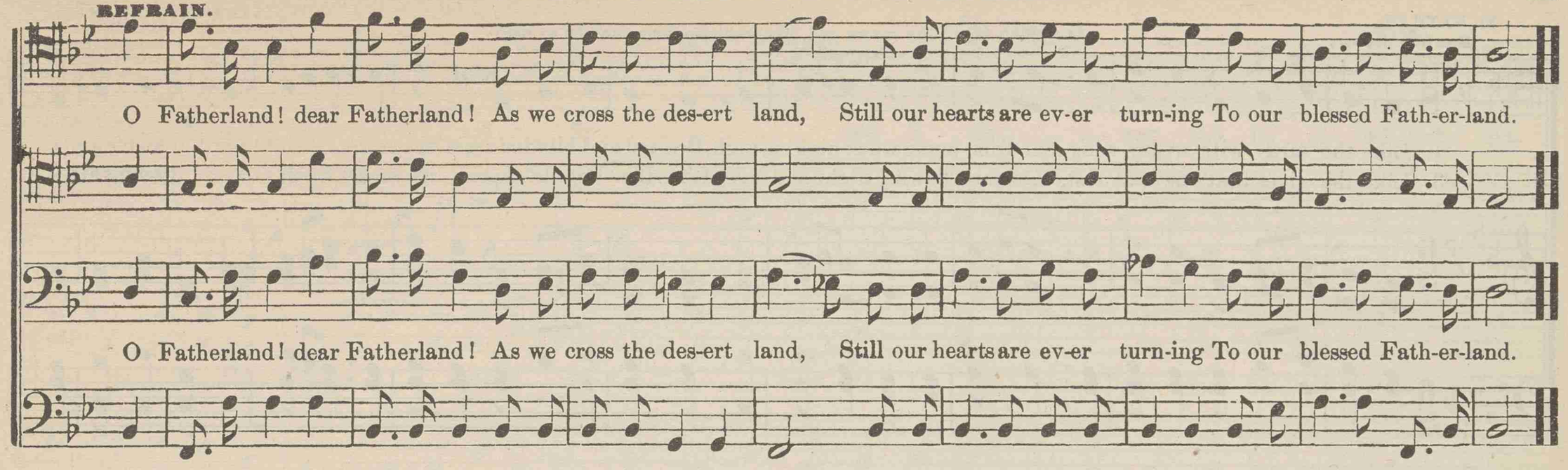
O THAT I HAD WINGS.

EL NATHAN.

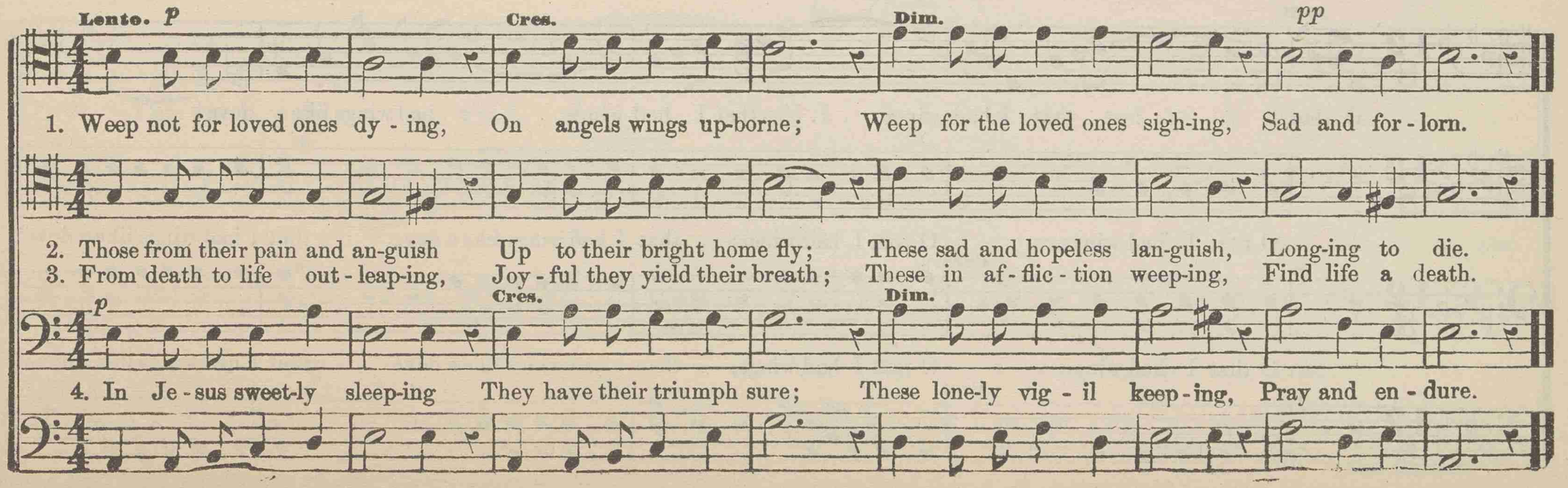
Rather Slow.

As written for Ladies voices, and. like various others, may be so used.

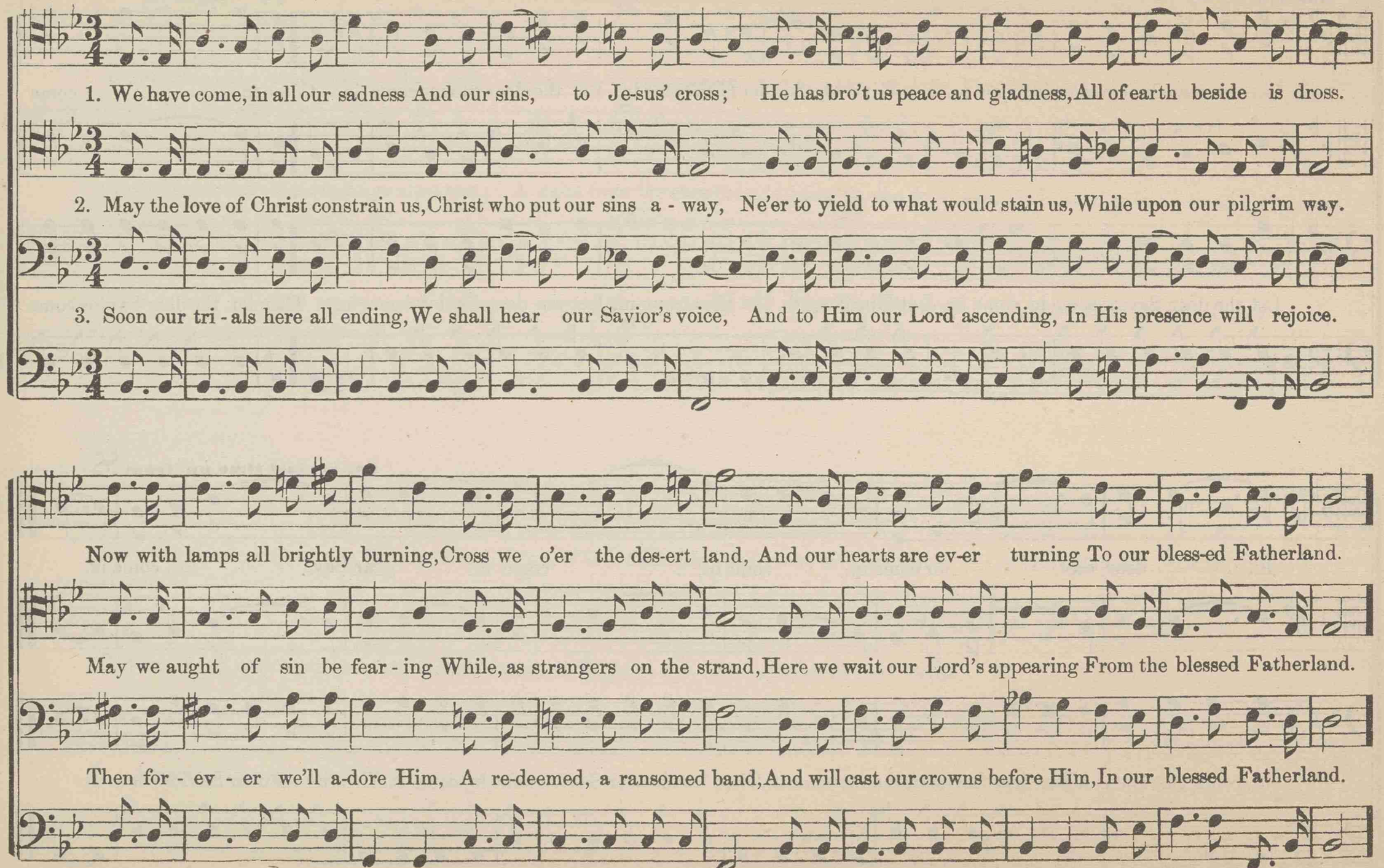
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



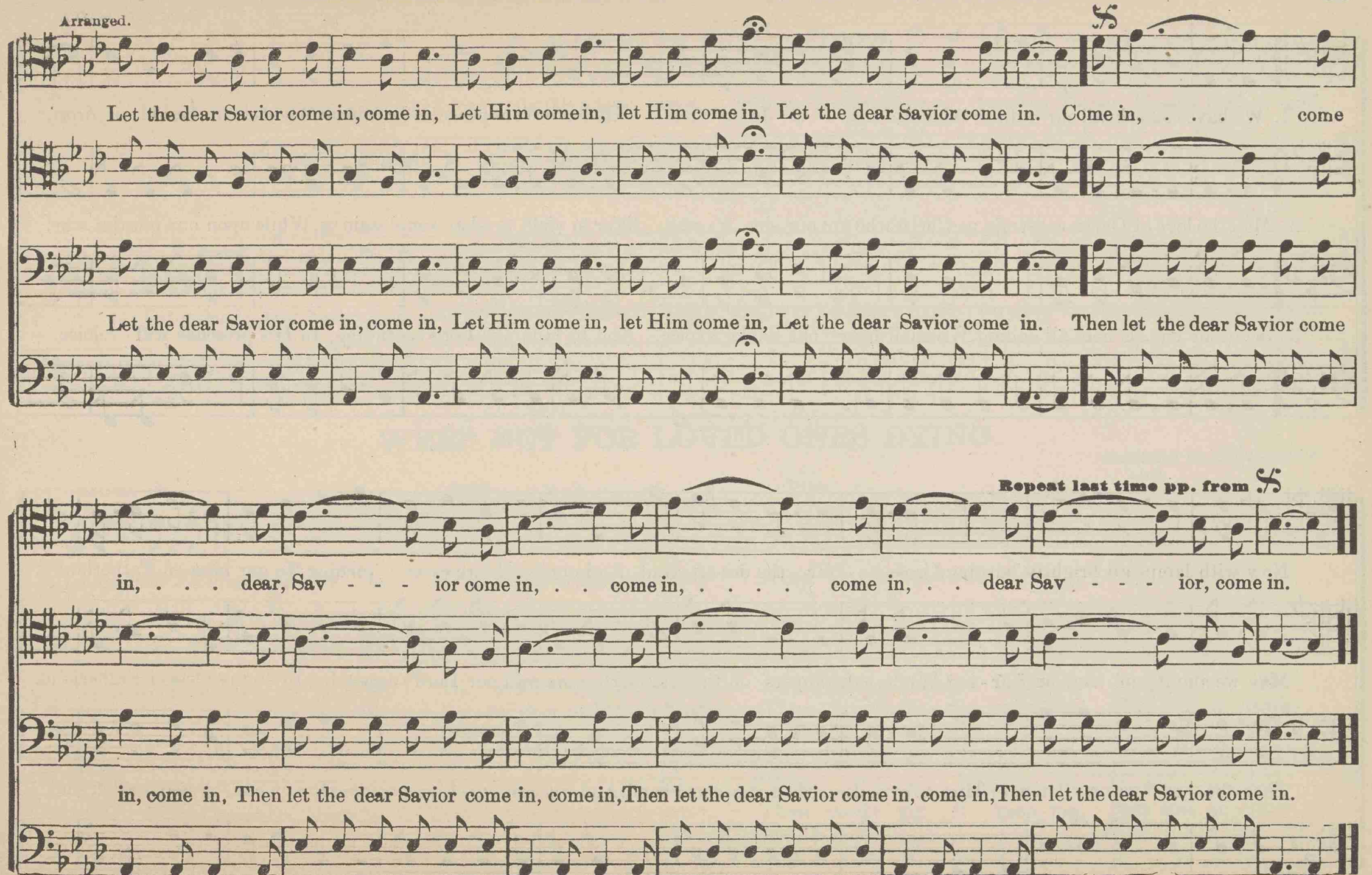
WEEP NOT FOR LOVED ONES DYING.

Furnished by J. R. OGILVIE.

OUR FATHERLAND.

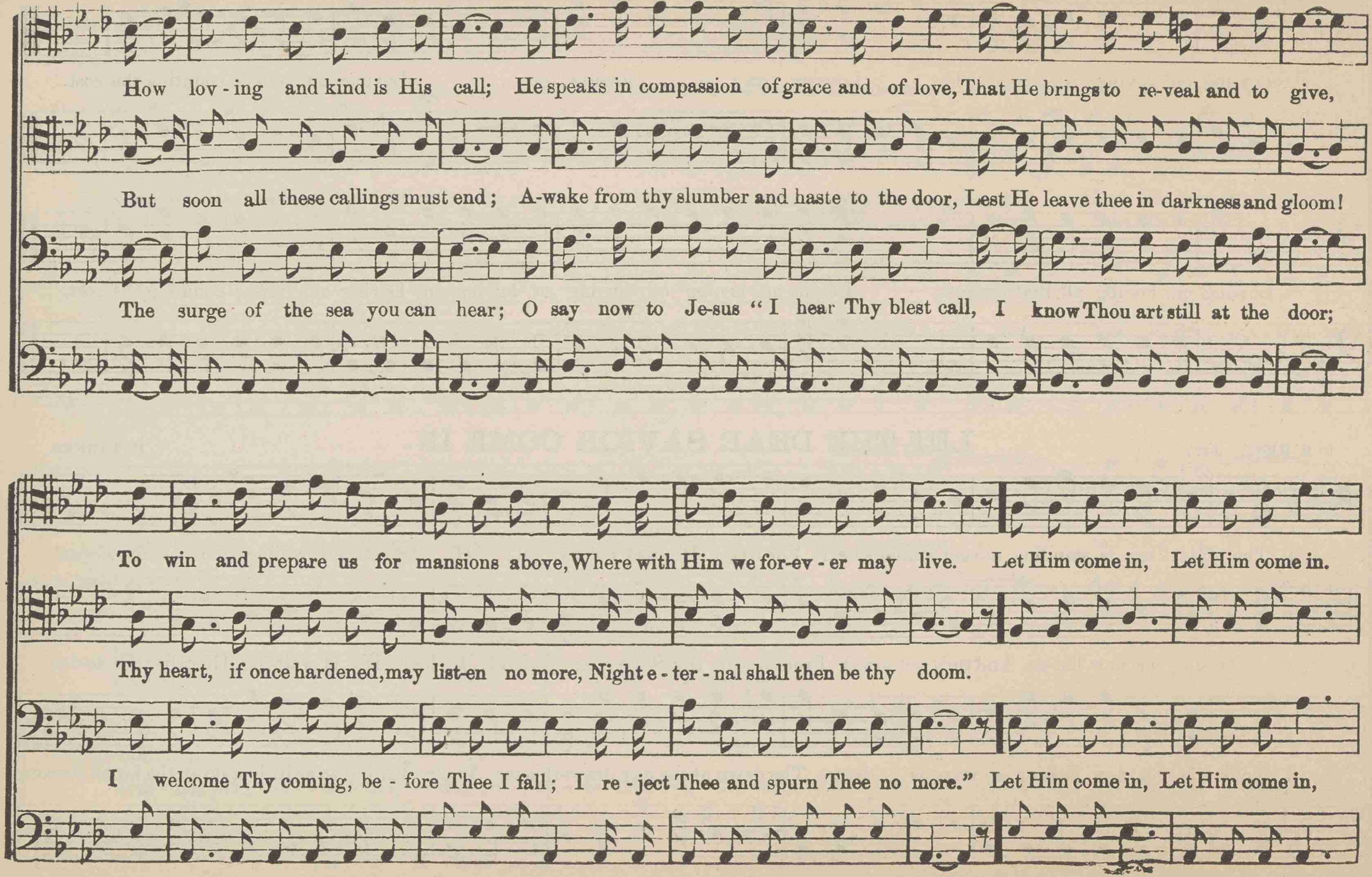
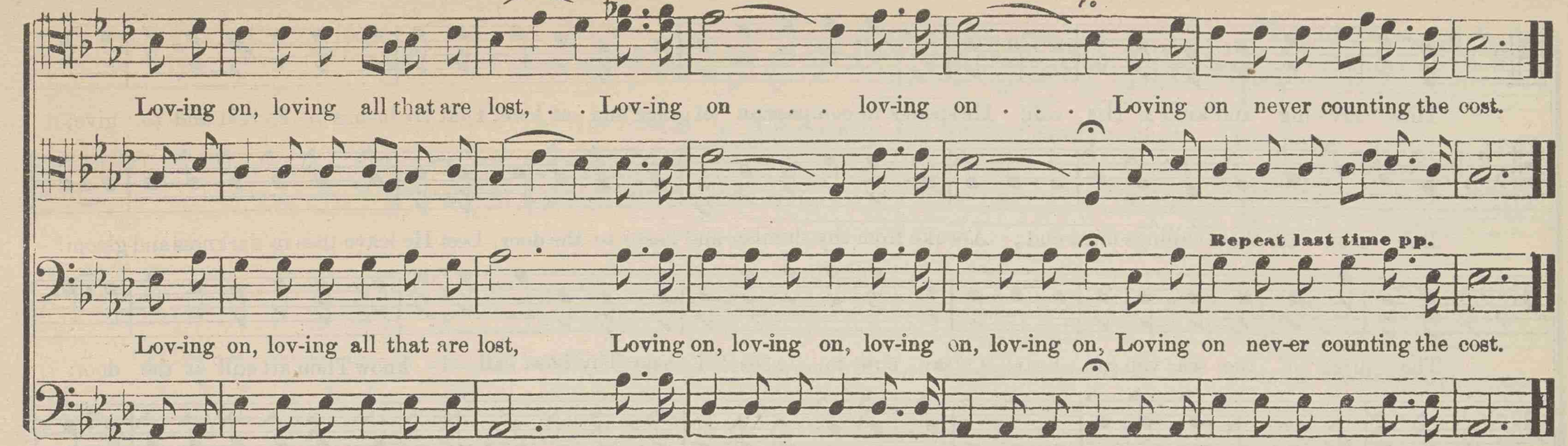
MRS. C. H. SCOTT.



Arranged.

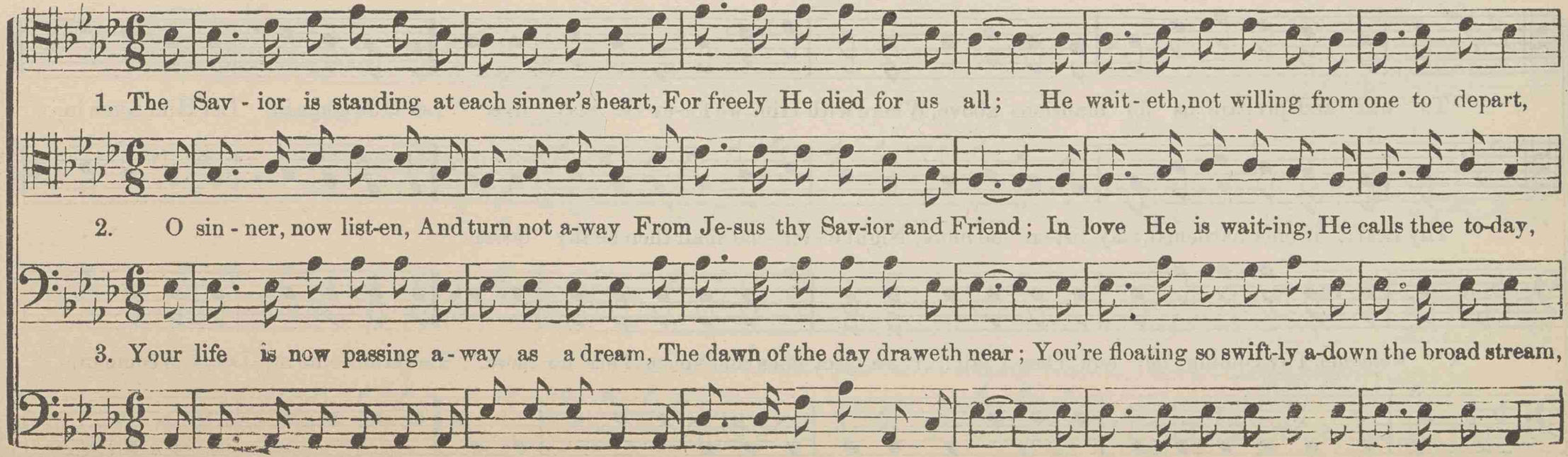

Let the dear Savior come in, come in, Let Him come in, let Him come in, Let the dear Savior come in. Come in, ... come
Let the dear Savior come in, come in, Let Him come in, let Him come in, Let the dear Savior come in. Then let the dear Savior come
Repeat last time pp. from
in, . . . dear, Sav - - - ior come in, . . come in, ... come in, . . dear Sav - - - ior, come in.
in, come in, Then let the dear Savior come in, come in, Then let the dear Savior come in, come in, Then let the dear Savior come in.

LET THE DEAR SAVIOR COME IN. Continued.



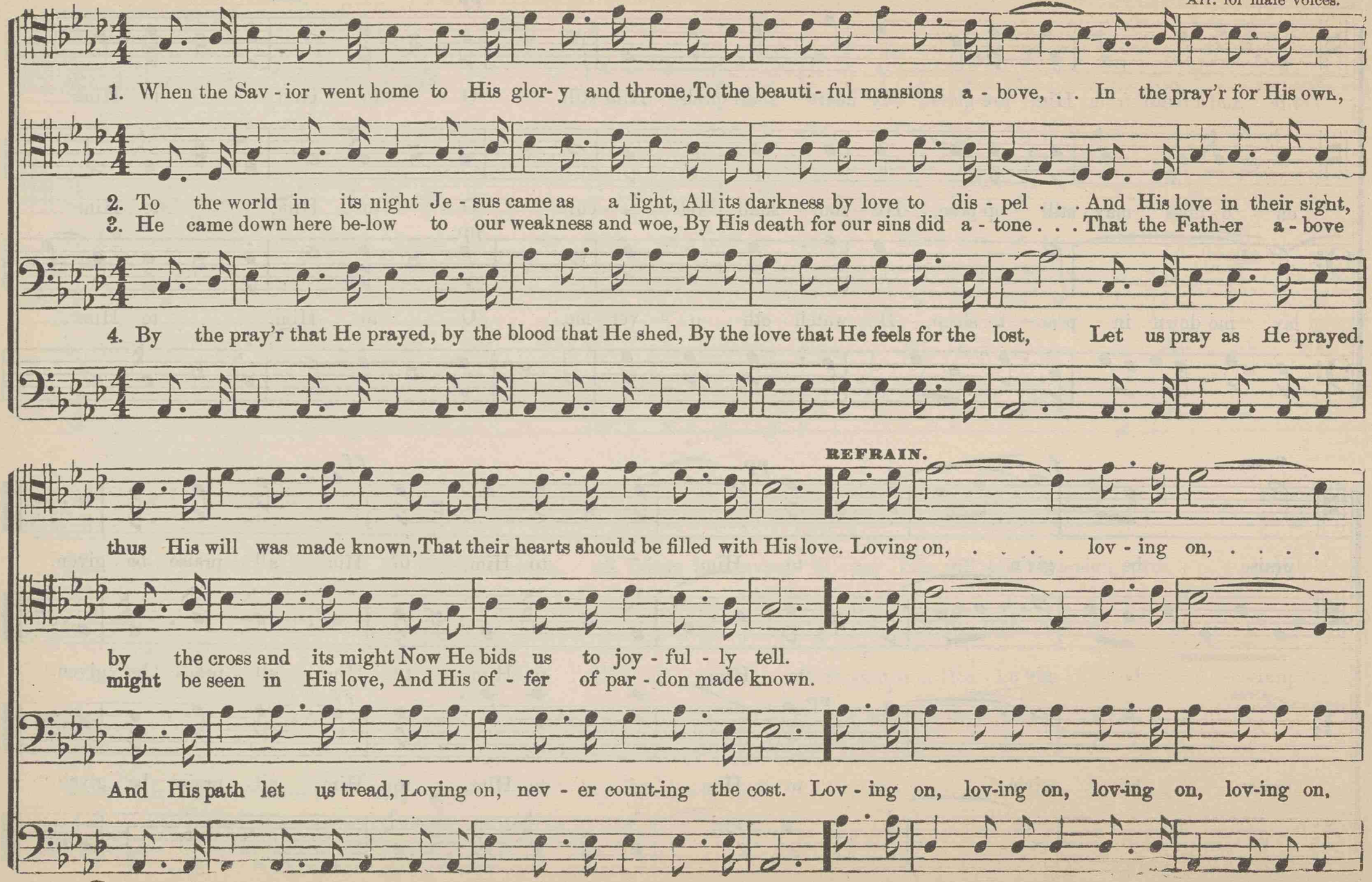
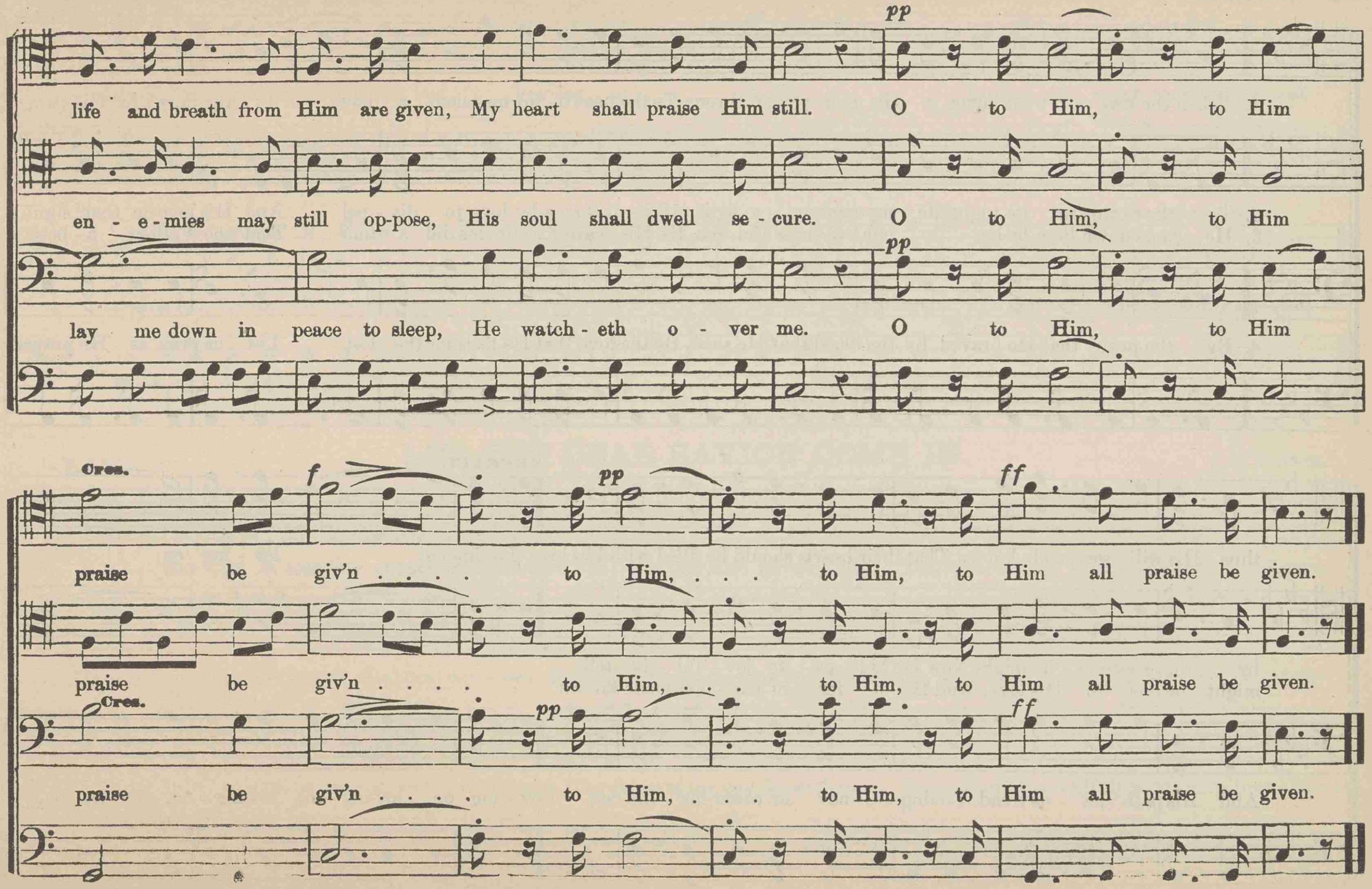
LET THE DEAR SAVIOR COME IN.

L. B. KENT. Arr.) T. H. TANNER.



WHEN THE SAVIOR WENT HOME.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.
Arr. for male voices.



pp
life and breath from Him are given, My heart shall praise Him still. O to Him, to Him
en - e - mies may still op-pose, His soul shall dwell se - cure. O to Him, to Him
pp
lay me down in peace to sleep, He watch - eth o - ver me. O to Him, to Him
Cres.
f
pp
ff
praise be giv'n . . . . to Him, . . . to Him, to Him all praise be given.
praise be giv'n . . . . to Him, . . . to Him, to Him all praise be given.
Cres.
pp
ff
praise be giv'n . . . . to Him, . . . to Him, to Him all praise be given.

COME, O MY SOUL WITH SINGING.

GERHARDT. Arranged. KUCKEN. (Arr.)

mf Andante con moto. > Dim.

1. Come, O my soul with sing - ing, With joy - ful sounds a - rise, Thanksgiv - ing glad - ly bring - ing To

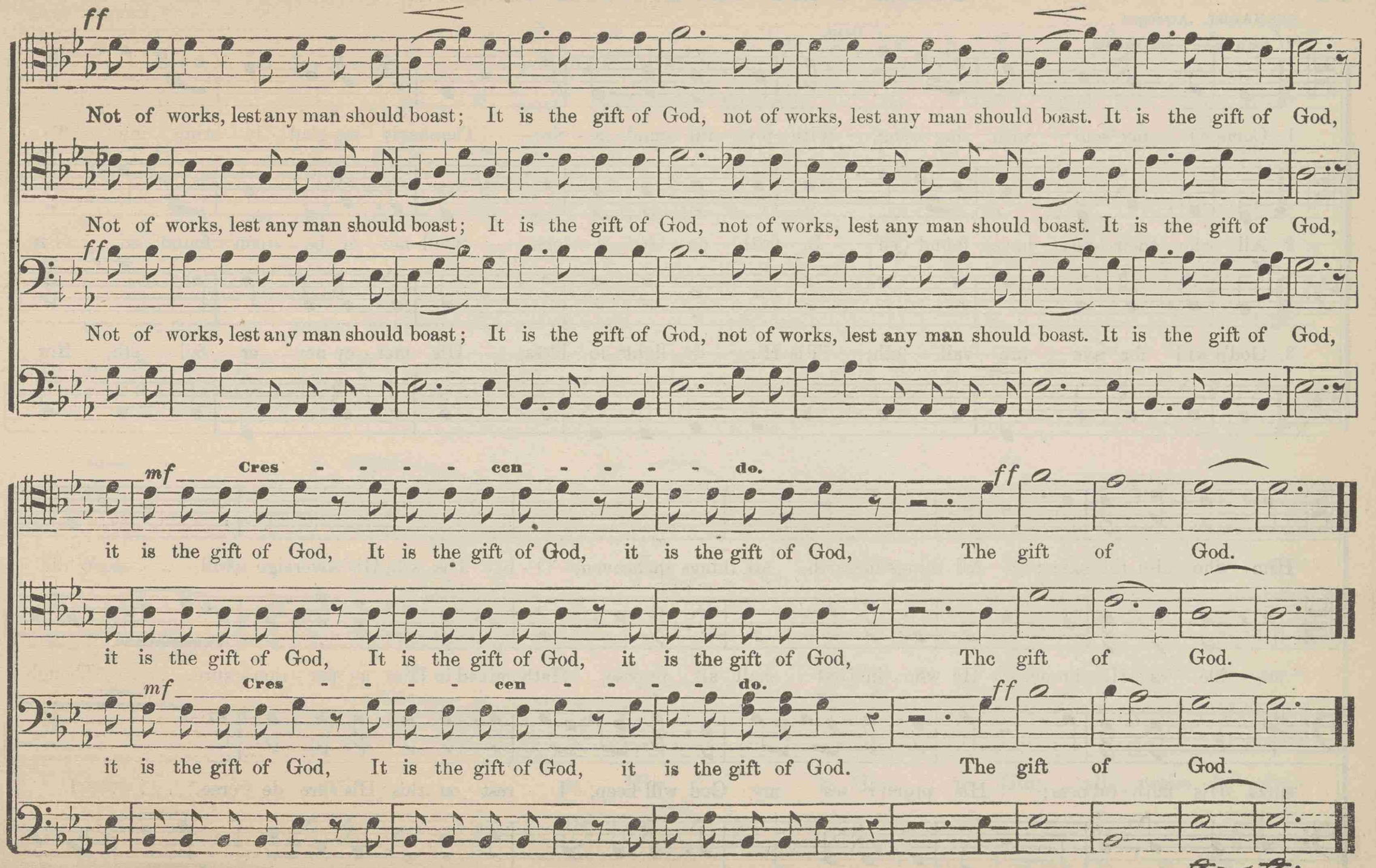
2. All who their hope have found - ed In faith on God a - lone, Shall nev - er be con - found - ed, 'T is

mf

3. God's will for aye pre - vail - eth, 'T is His de - light to bless, His mer - cy nev - er fail - eth, Nor

Him who rules the skies; All things in earth, all things in heaven, O - bey His will, His sovereign will, . . . While

sta - ble as His throne, He who in God shall all re-pose, Hath gained in Him a por - tion sure, . . . Though

sinks His faith - ful - ness; His prom - i - ses my God will keep, I rest on this His sure de - cree, . . . I

ff
Not of works, lest any man should boast; It is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast. It is the gift of God,
Not of works, lest any man should boast; It is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast. It is the gift of God,
ff
Not of works, lest any man should boast; It is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast. It is the gift of God,
mf Cres - - - - cen - - - - do.
ff
it is the gift of God, It is the gift of God, it is the gift of God, The gift of God.
it is the gift of God, It is the gift of God, it is the gift of God, The gift of God.
mf Cres - - - - cen - - - - do.
ff
it is the gift of God, It is the gift of God, it is the gift of God. The gift of God.

BY GRACE ARE YE SAVED. Continued.

CHORUS.

Allegretto moderato.

By grace are ye saved thro' faith, through faith, through faith, thro' faith, and that not of yourselves;

By grace are ye saved thro' faith, through faith, through faith, thro' faith, and that not of yourselves;

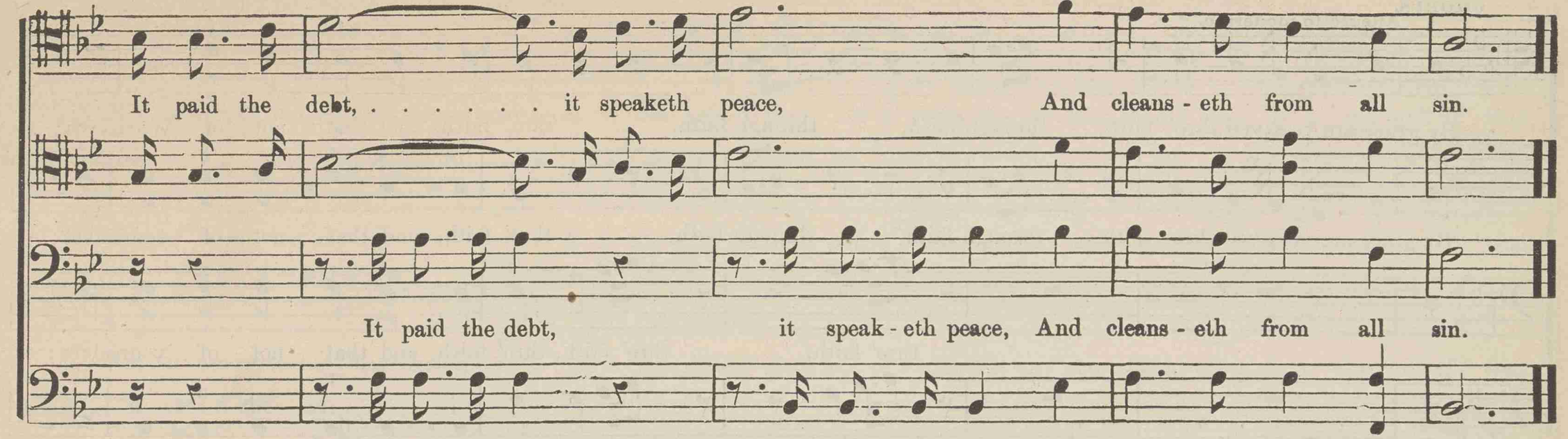
thro' faith, thro' faith, thro' faith, and that not of yourselves;

Cres. Cres.

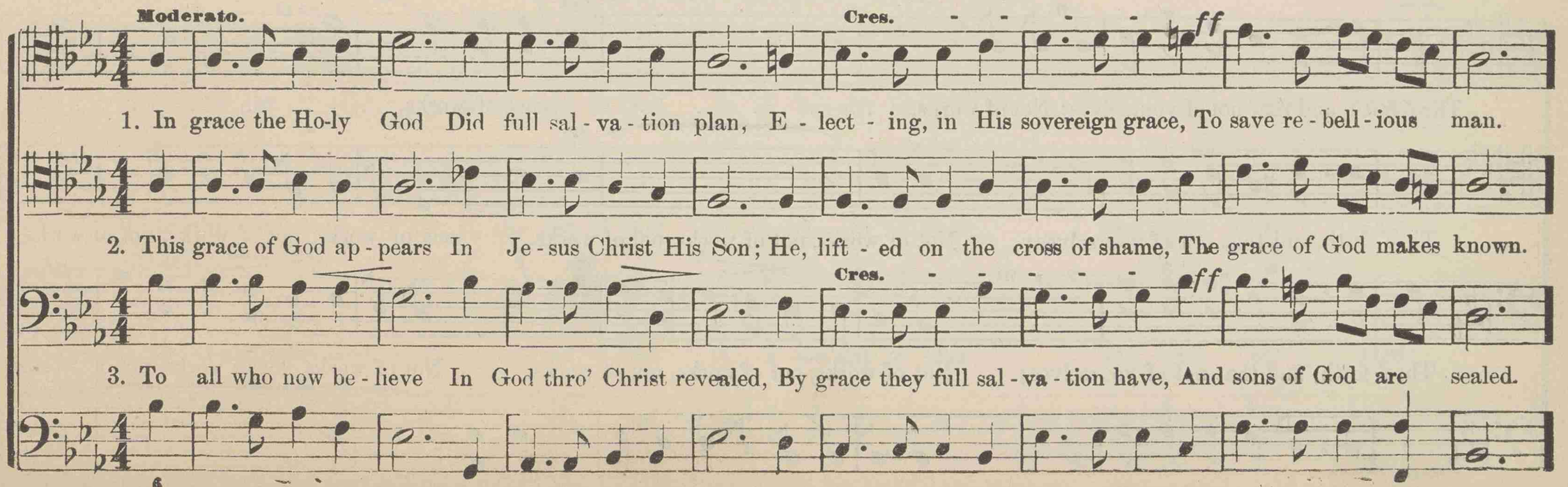
Thro' faith, and that not of yourselves; Not of works, not of works,

Thro' faith, and that not of yourselves; Not of works, not of works, not of works, not of works, not of works, not of works,

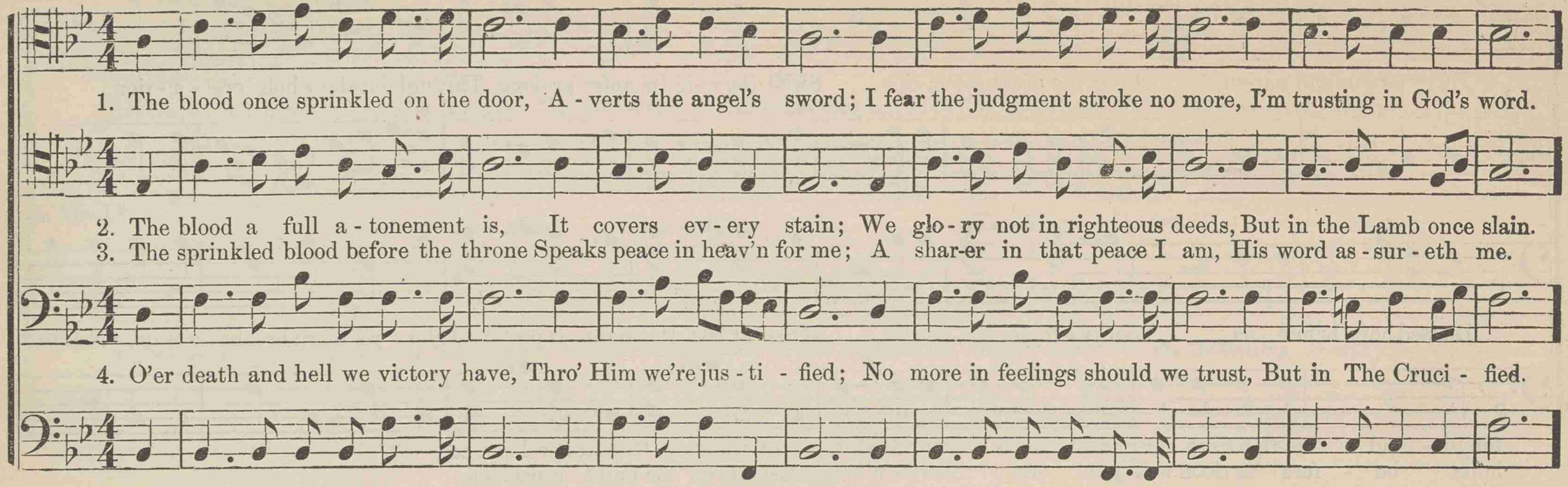
Thro' faith, and that not of yourselves; Not of works, not of works, not of works, Not of works, not of works, not of works.

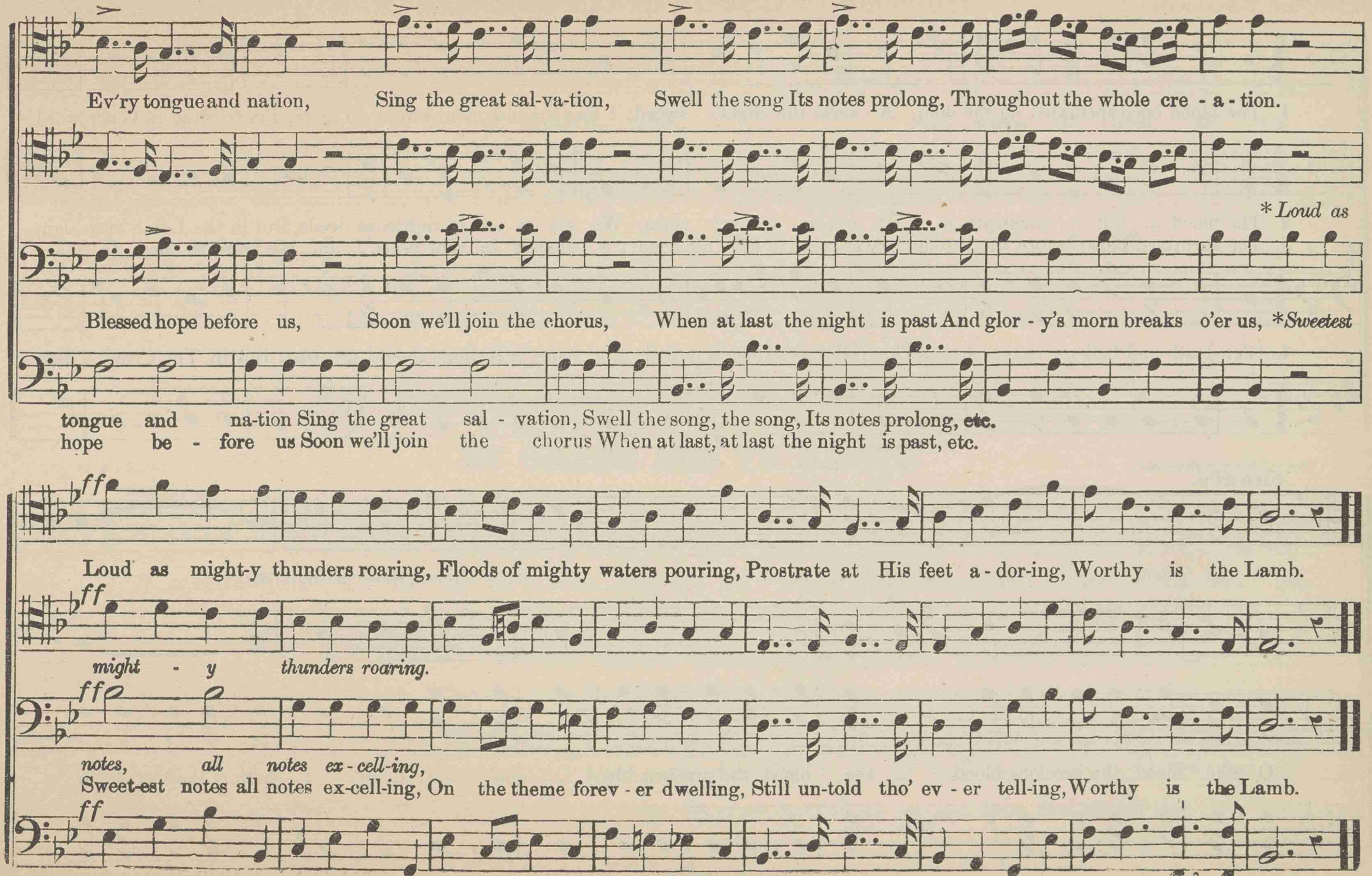
not of works,

BY GRACE ARE YE SAVED.

EL NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

GEO. C. NEEDHAM. C. C. CASE.

Copyrighted for mixed voices by C. C. CASE.



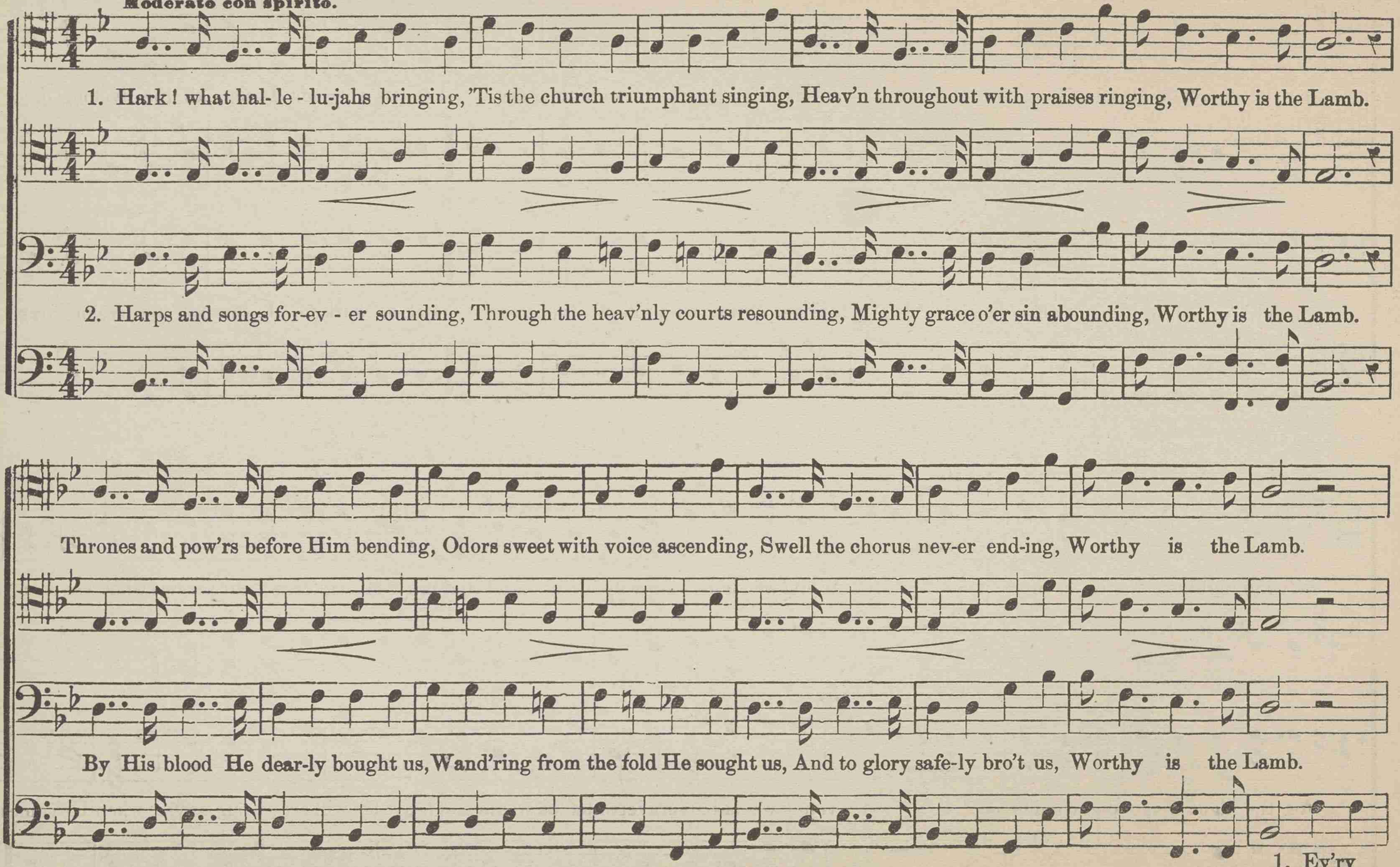
Italics for first bass.

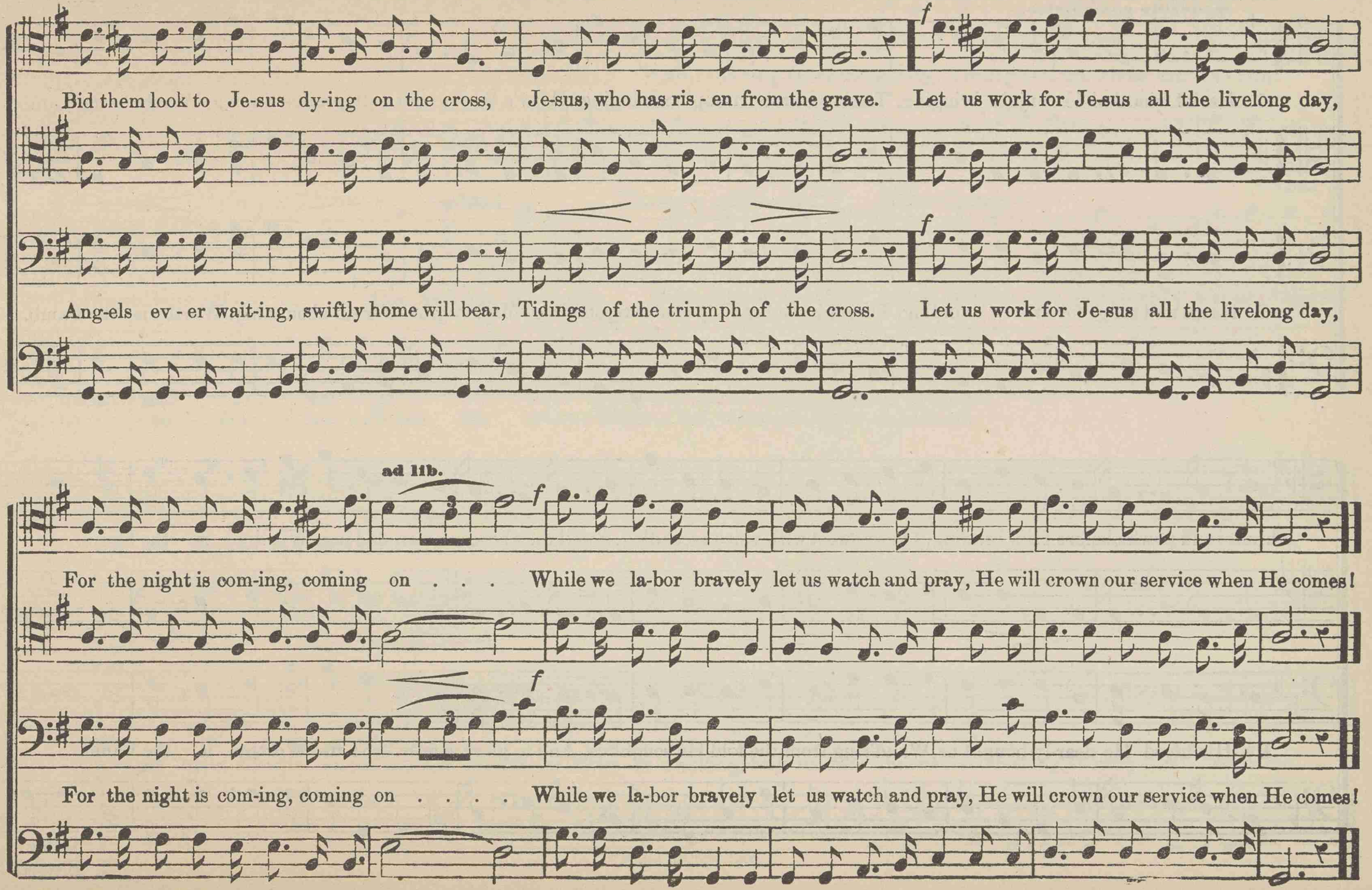
Arr. from KENT, 1803, by M.

"WORTHY IS THE LAMB."

Arr. by M.

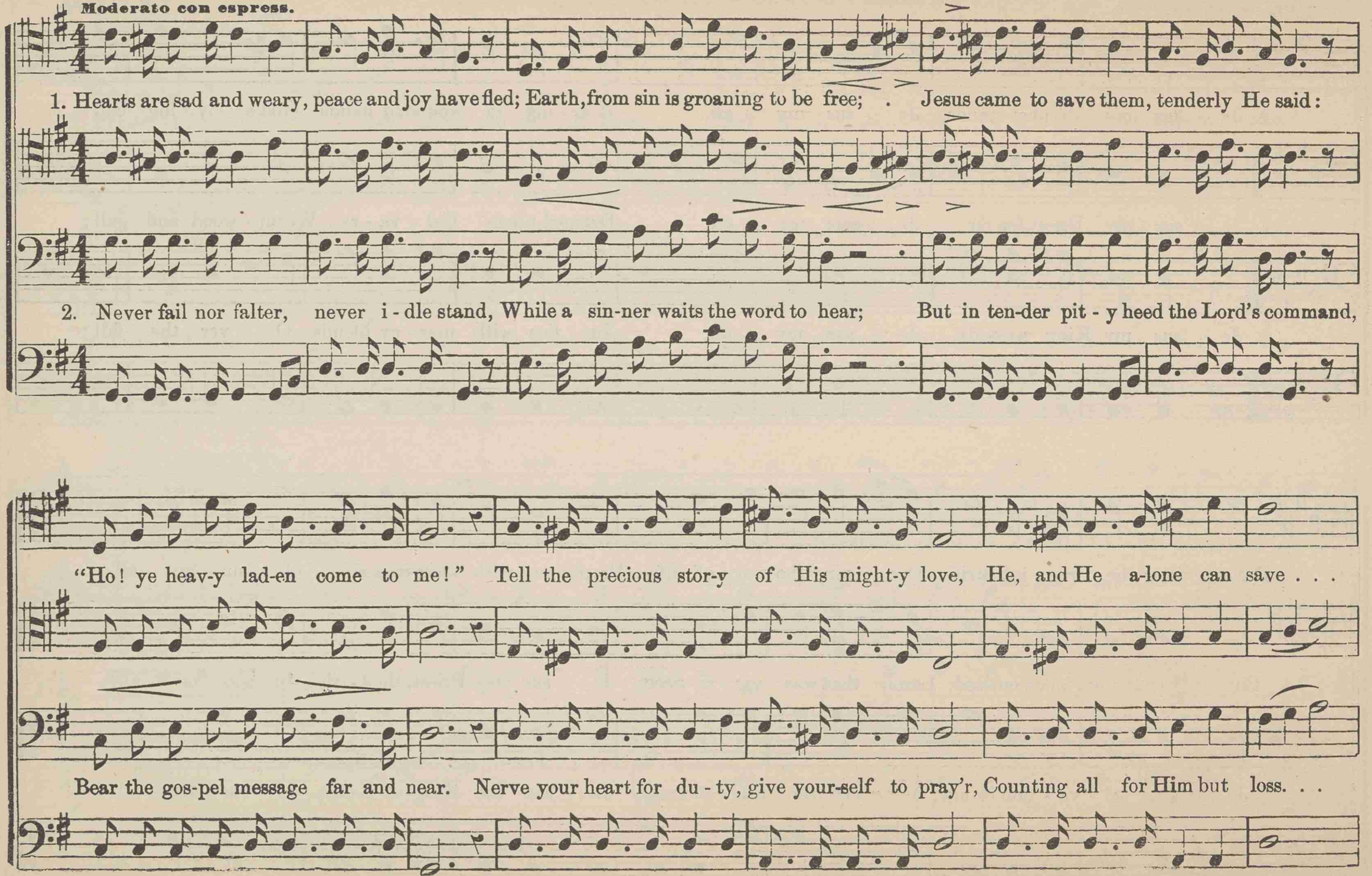
Moderate con spirito.



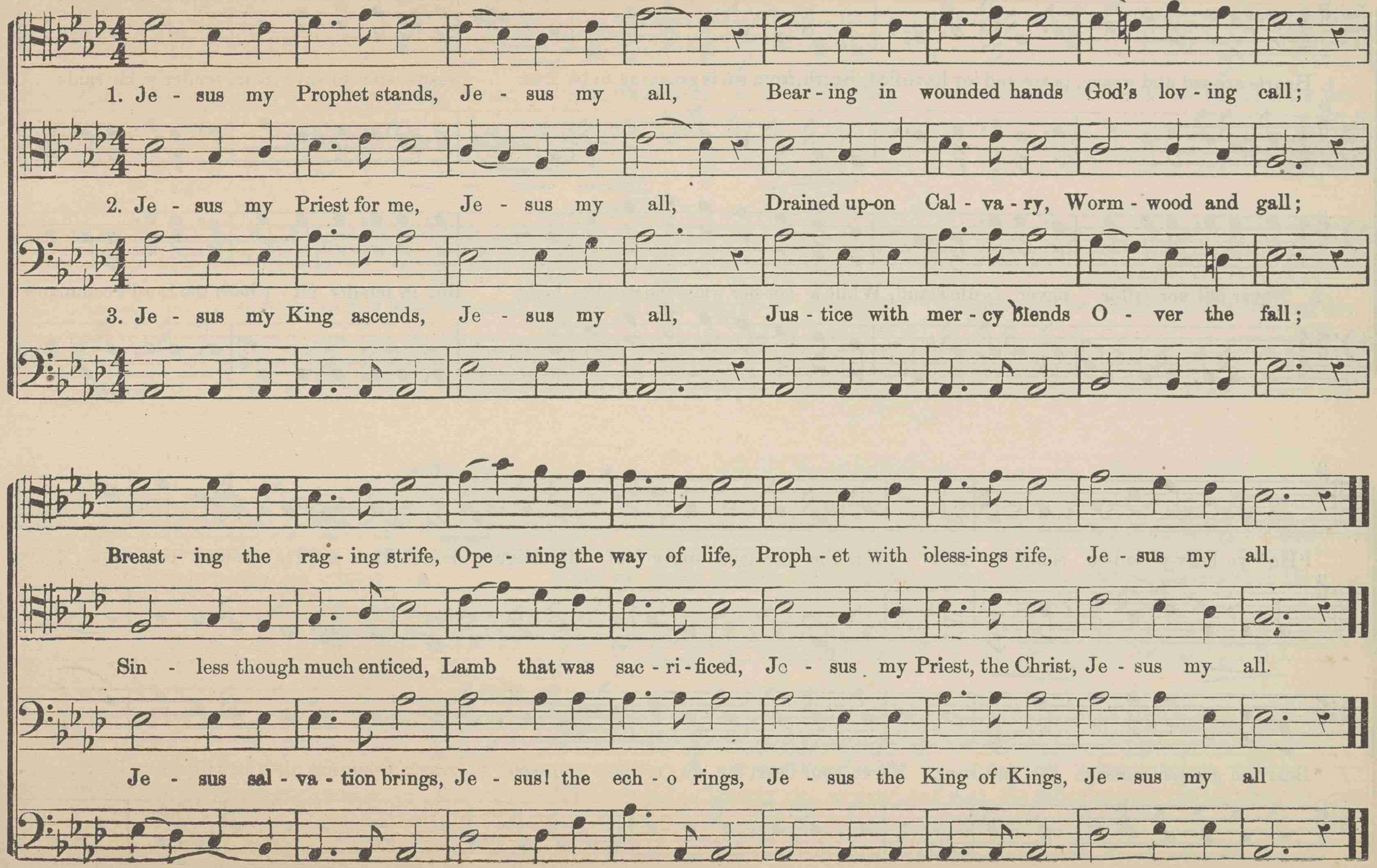

Bid them look to Je-sus dy-ing on the cross, Je-sus, who has ris - en from the grave. Let us work for Je-sus all the livelong day,
Ang-els ev - er wait-ing, swiftly home will bear, Tidings of the triumph of the cross. Let us work for Je-sus all the livelong day,
ad lib.
For the night is com-ing, coming on . . . While we la-bor bravely let us watch and pray, He will crown our service when He comes!
For the night is com-ing, coming on . . . . While we la-bor bravely let us watch and pray, He will crown our service when He comes!

Arr. from V. J. CHARLESWORTH.

LET US WORK FOR JESUS.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

JESUS MY ALL.

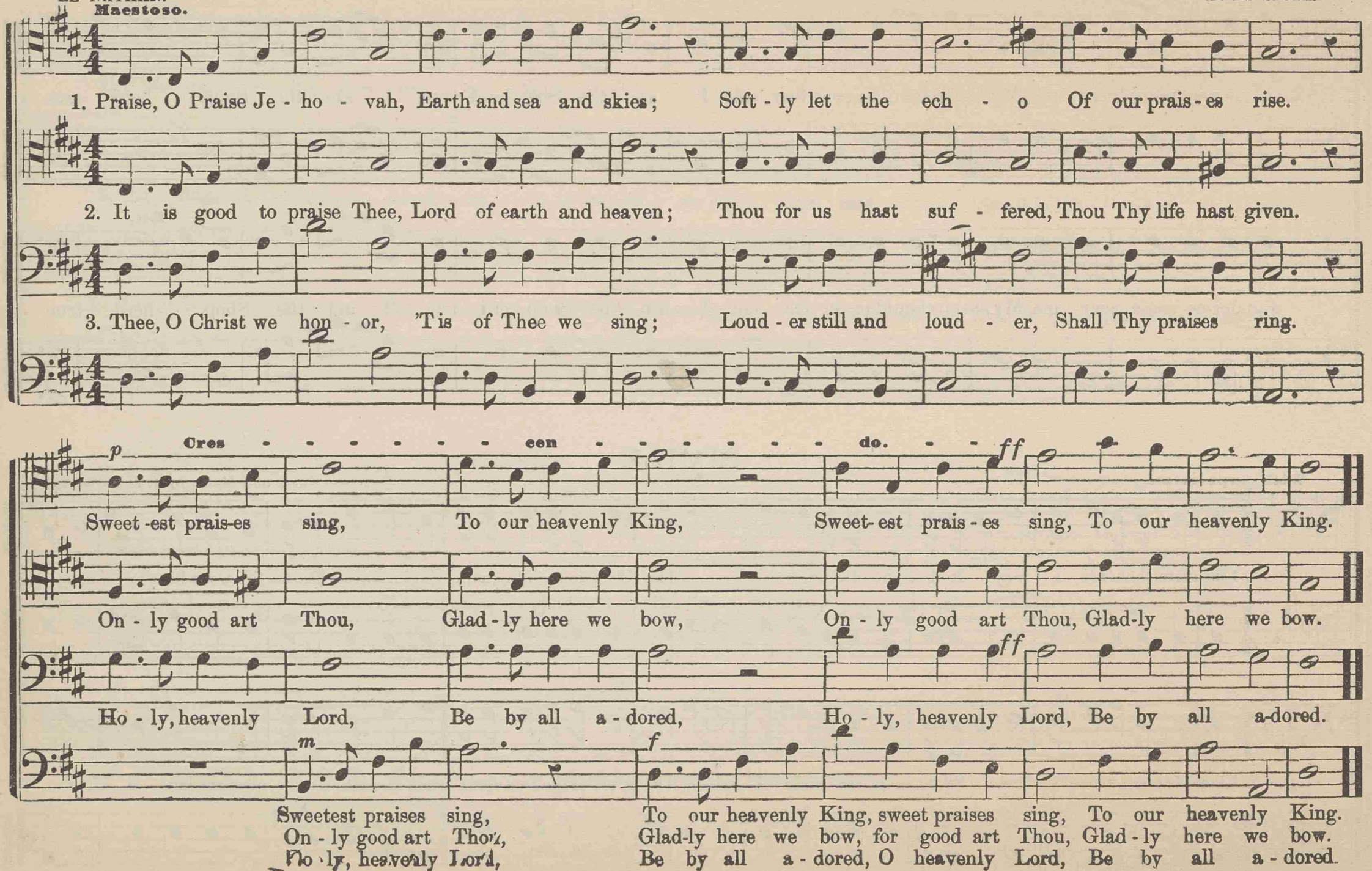
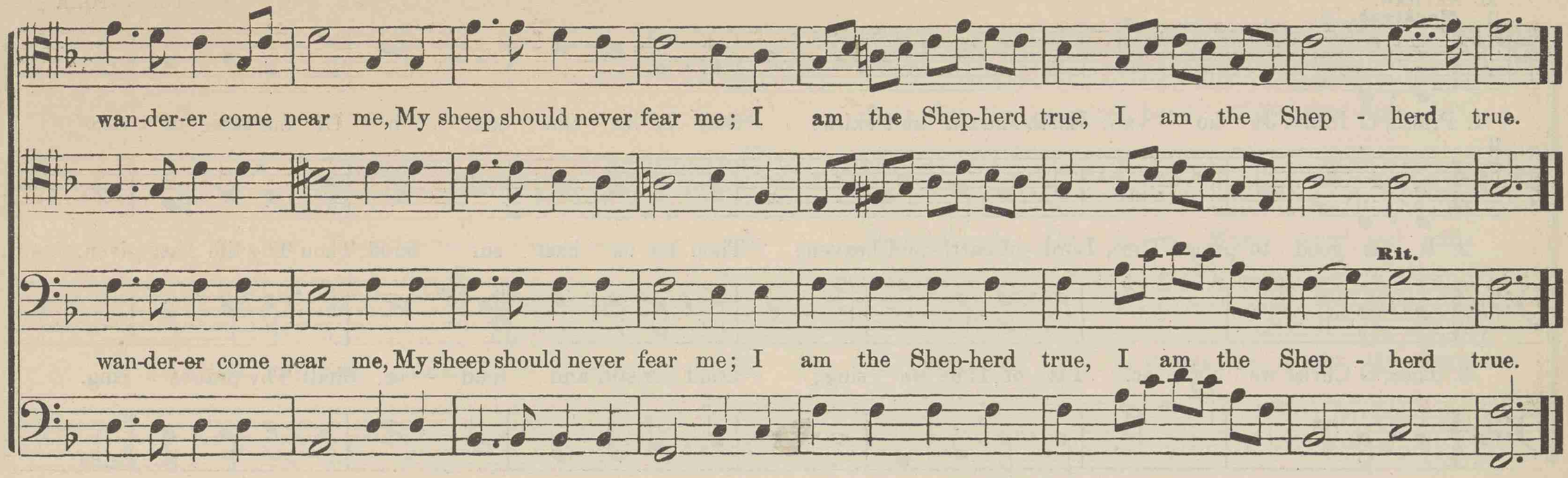
R. KELSO CARTER. T. H. TANNER.



PRAISE, O PRAISE JEHOVAH.

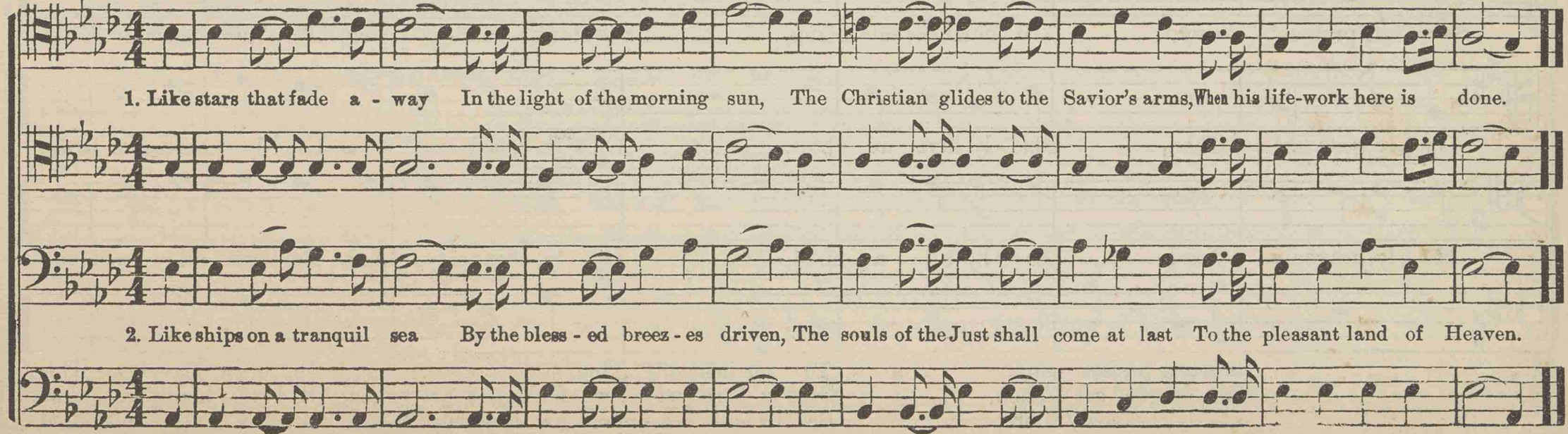
EL NATHAN.

LOUIS SPOHR.



SIMILE.

With Expression.

Words and Music by J. R. MURRAY.

THE SHEPHERD TRUE.

Expression. A. BEIRLY.

1. I was wan - der - ing and wea - ry, When the Sav - ior came un - to me, For the ways of sin grew drear-y,

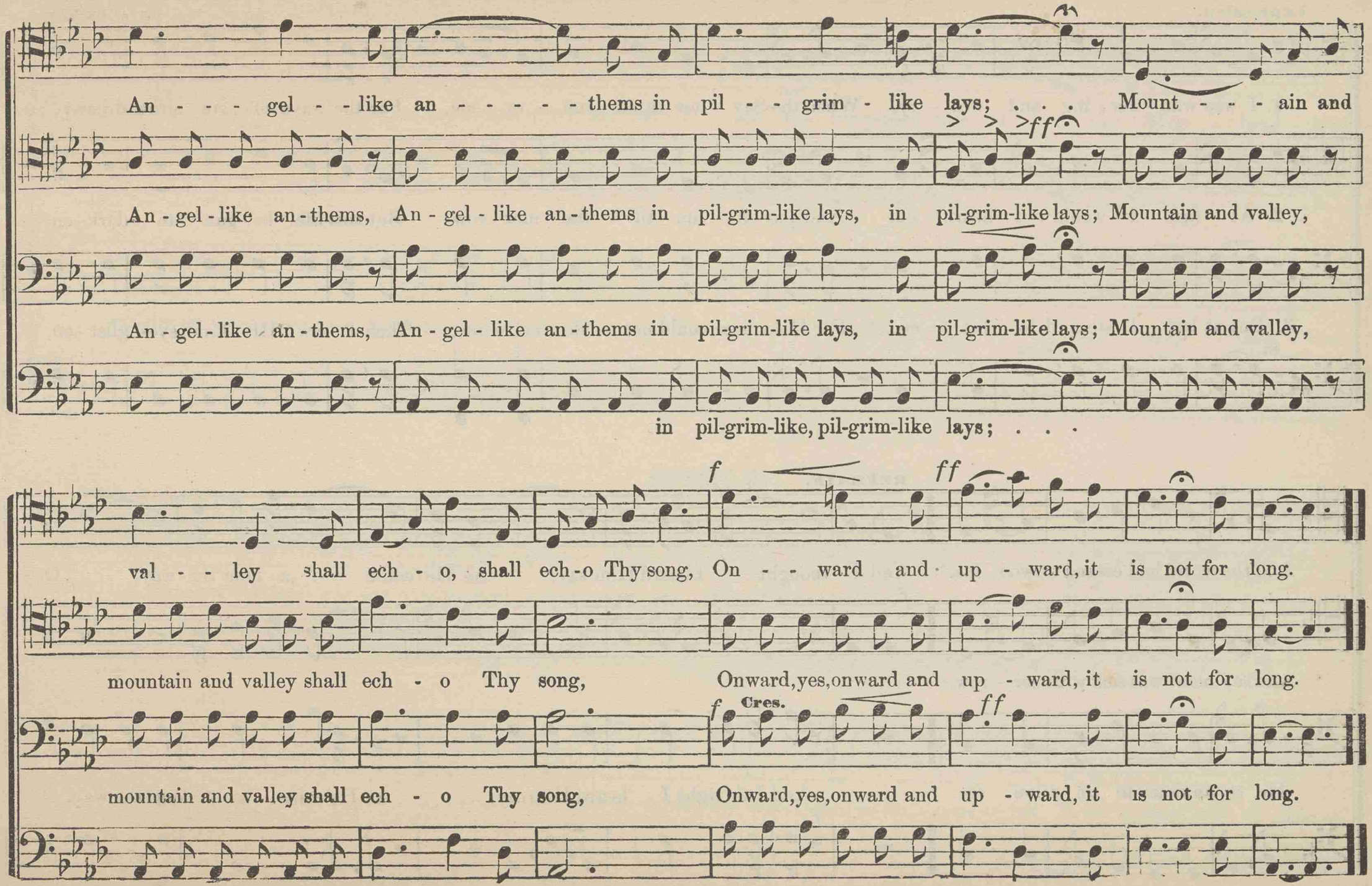
2. At first I would not heark - en, And put off un - til the mor - row; But this life be - gan to dark - en,

3. But at last I stopped to list - en, For His voice could not de - ceive me, Then I saw His kind eyes glist - en,

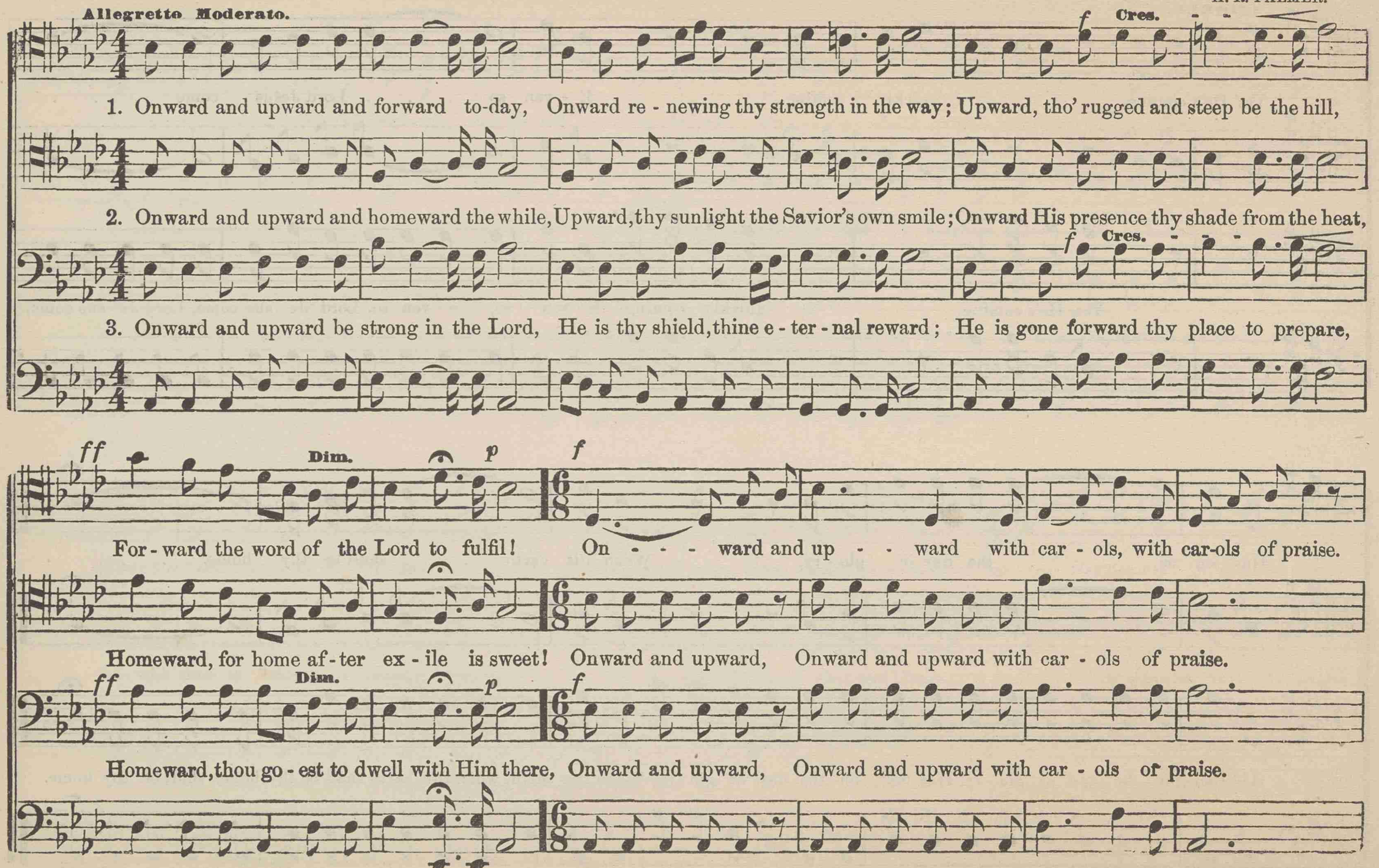
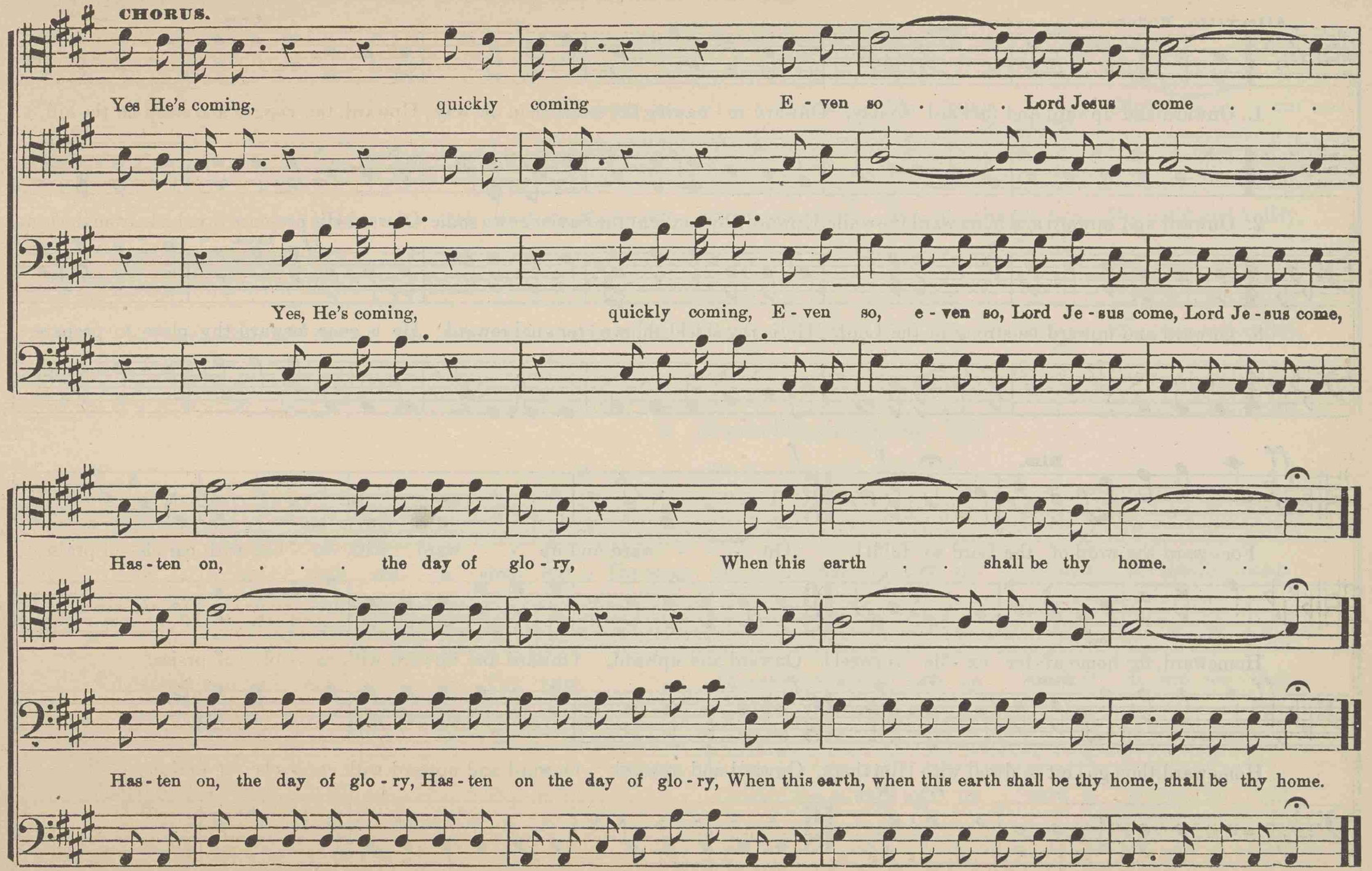
REFRAIN.

And the world had ceased to woo me. And I thought I heard Him say, As He came . . a - long the way, O

And my heart was sick with sor - row.

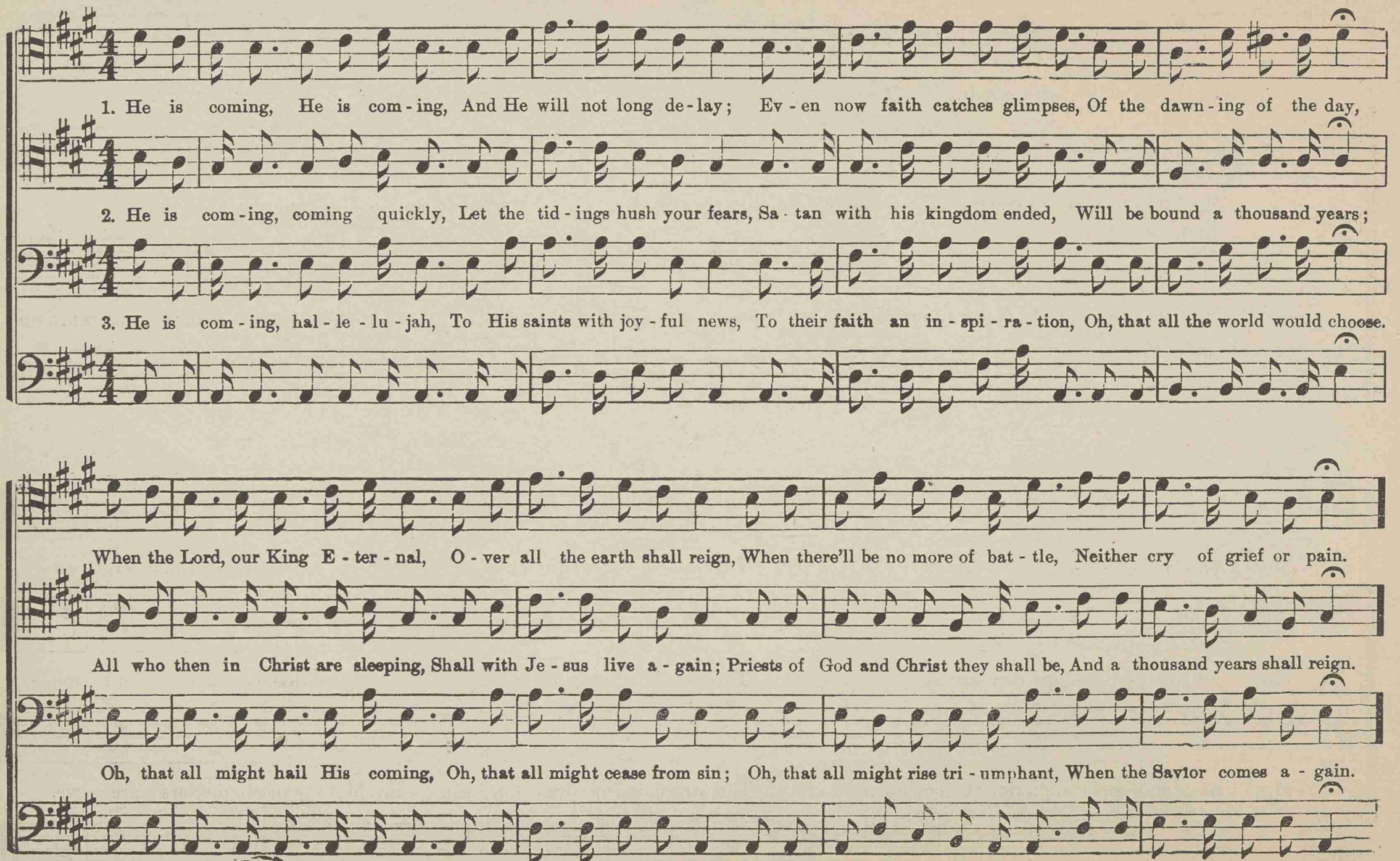
He so anxious to re - ceive me. And I thought I heard Him say, As He came a - long the way, O

An - - - gel - - like an - - - - - thems in pil - - grim - like lays; . . . Mount - - - ain and
ff
An - gel - like an - thems, An - gel - like an - thems in pil-grim-like lays, in pil-grim-like lays; Mountain and valley,
An - gel - like an - thems, An - gel - like an - thems in pil-grim-like lays, in pil-grim-like lays; Mountain and valley,
in pil-grim-like, pil-grim-like lays; . . .
f
ff
val - - ley shall ech - o, shall ech - o Thy song, On - - ward and up - ward, it is not for long.
mountain and valley shall ech - o Thy song, Onward, yes, onward and up - ward, it is not for long.
f
Cres.
ff
mountain and valley shall ech - o Thy song, Onward, yes, onward and up - ward, it is not for long.

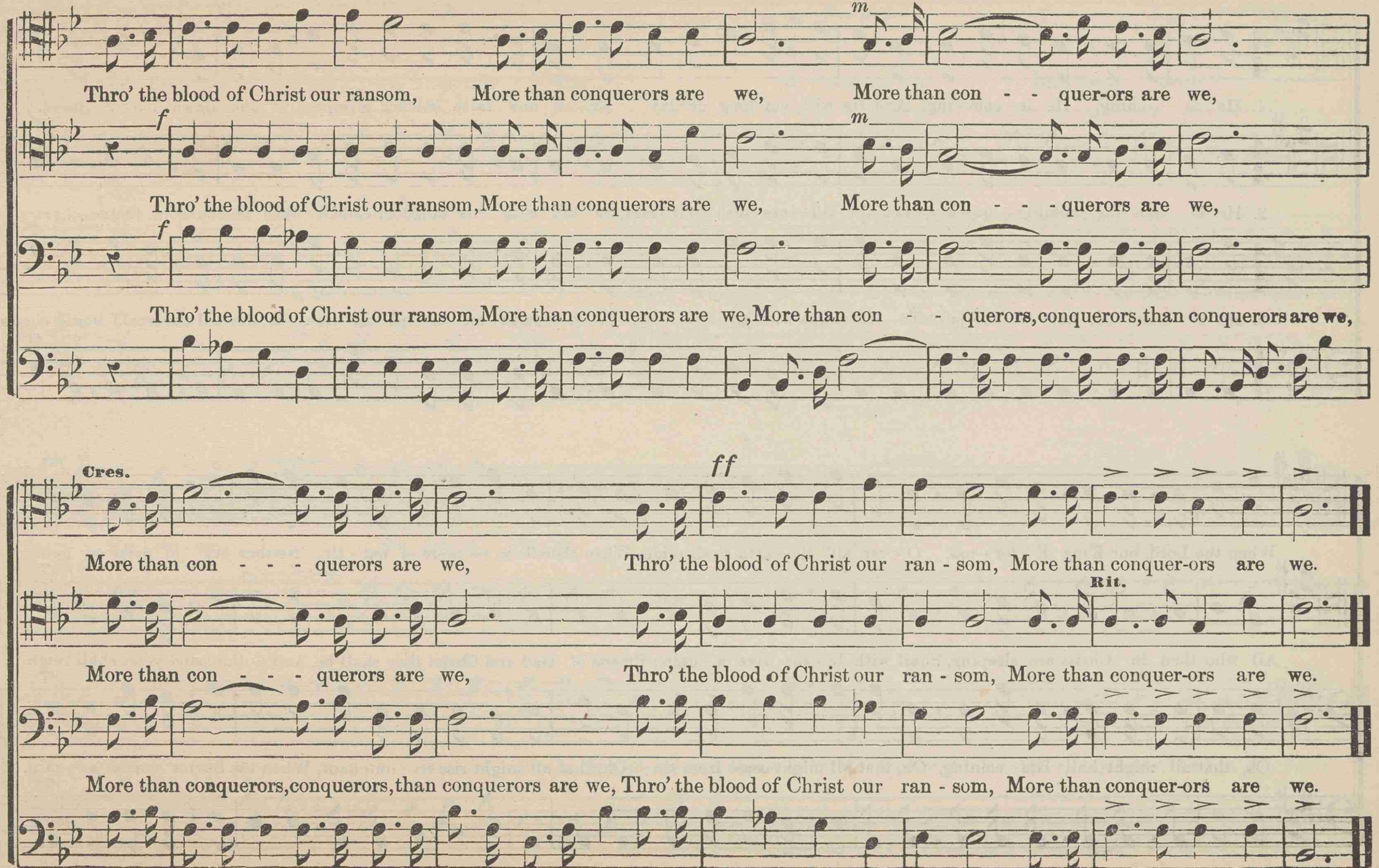
ONWARD AND UPWARD.

H. R. PALMER.

CHORUS.
Yes He's coming, quickly coming E - ven so . . . Lord Jesus come . . .
Yes, He's coming, quickly coming, E - ven so, e - ven so, Lord Je - sus come, Lord Je - sus come,
Has - ten on, . . . the day of glo - ry, When this earth . . shall be thy home. . . .
Has - ten on, the day of glo - ry, Has - ten on the day of glo - ry, When this earth, when this earth shall be thy home, shall be thy home.

HE IS COMING.

J B. ATCHINSON. T. H. TANNER.



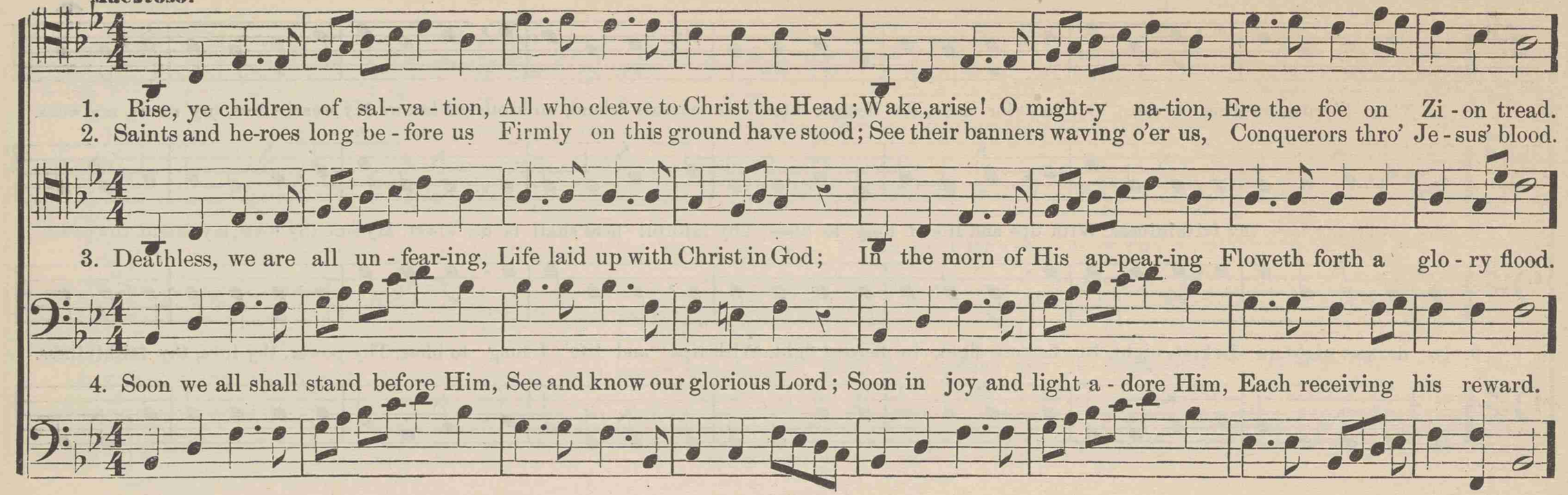

m
Thro' the blood of Christ our ransom, More than conquerors are we, More than con - - quer-ors are we,
f
m
Thro' the blood of Christ our ransom, More than conquerors are we, More than con - - - querors are we,
f
Thro' the blood of Christ our ransom, More than conquerors are we, More than con - - querors, conquerors, than conquerors are we,
Cres.
ff
More than con - - - querors are we, Thro' the blood of Christ our ran - som, More than conquer-ors are we.
Rit.
More than con - - - querors are we, Thro' the blood of Christ our ran - som, More than conquer-ors are we.
More than conquerors, conquerors, than conquerors are we, Thro' the blood of Christ our ran - som, More than conquer-ors are we.

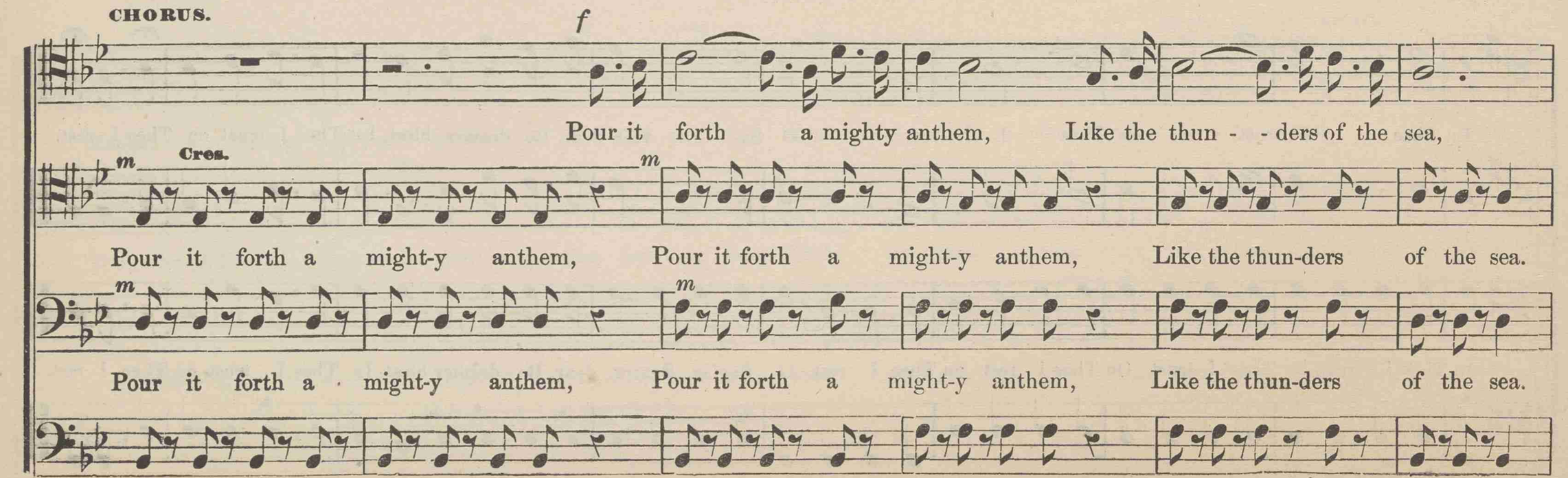
SONG OF THE SOLDIER.

Arr. from Falkner, 1723, by E. N.

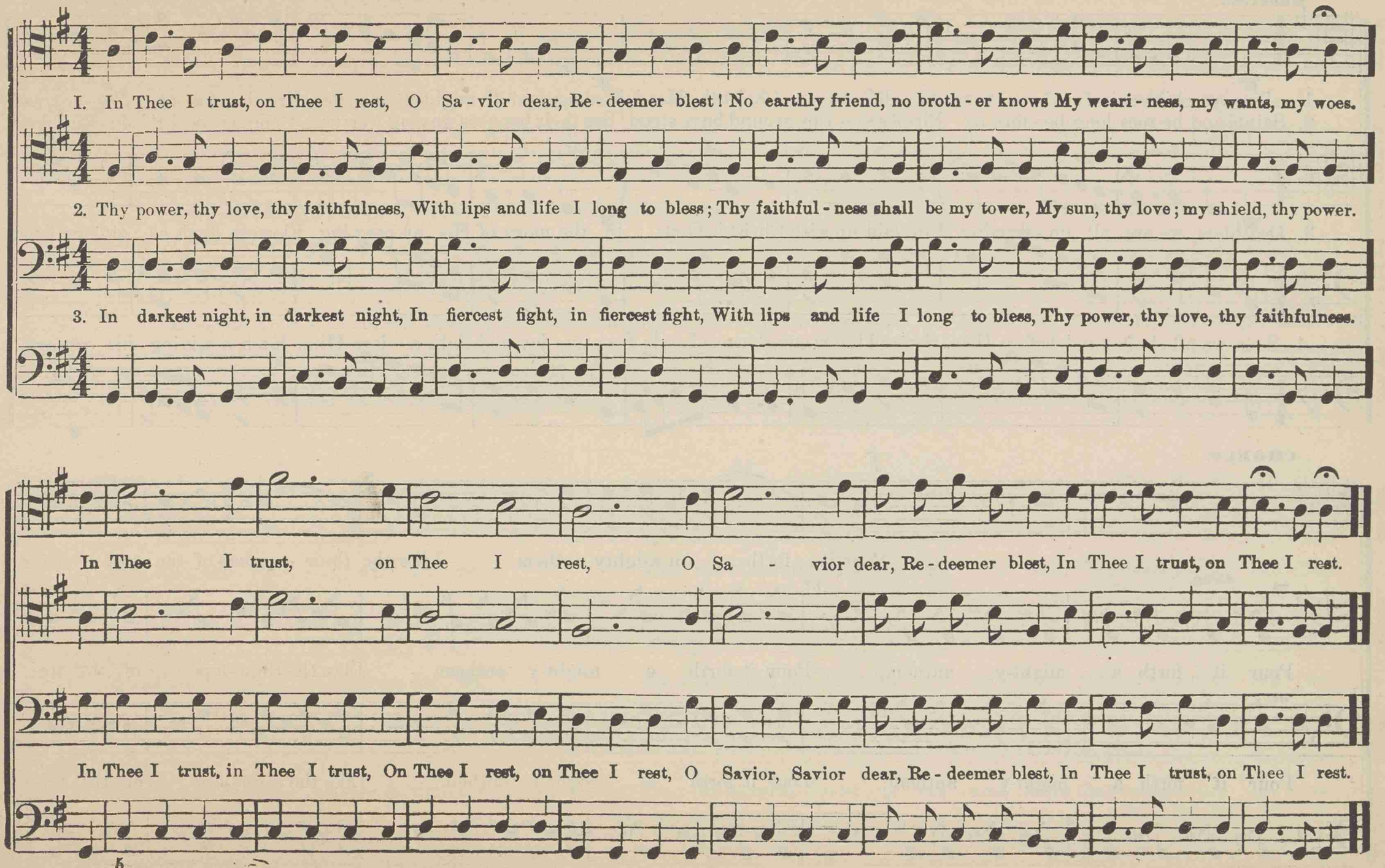
JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Maestoso.

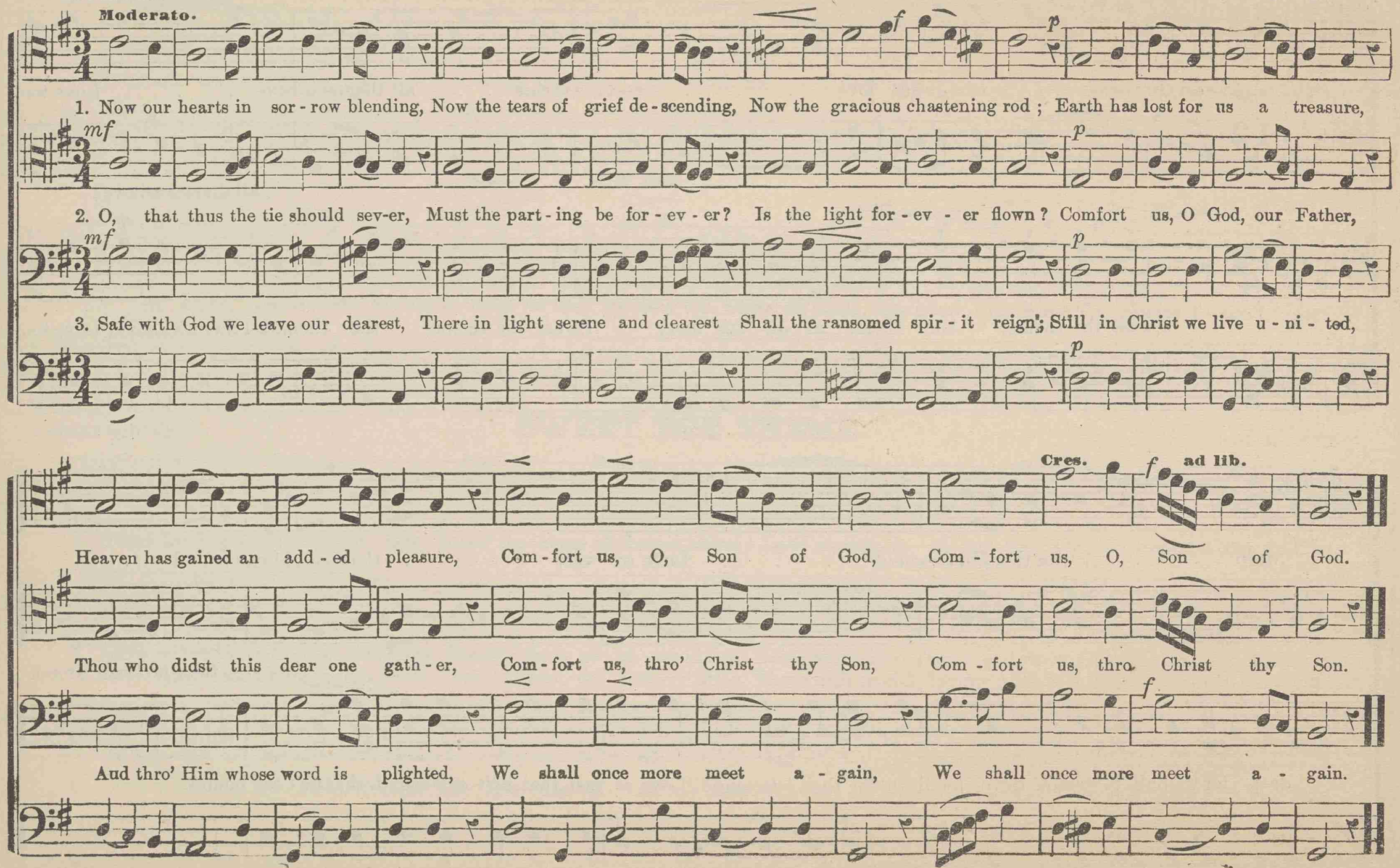
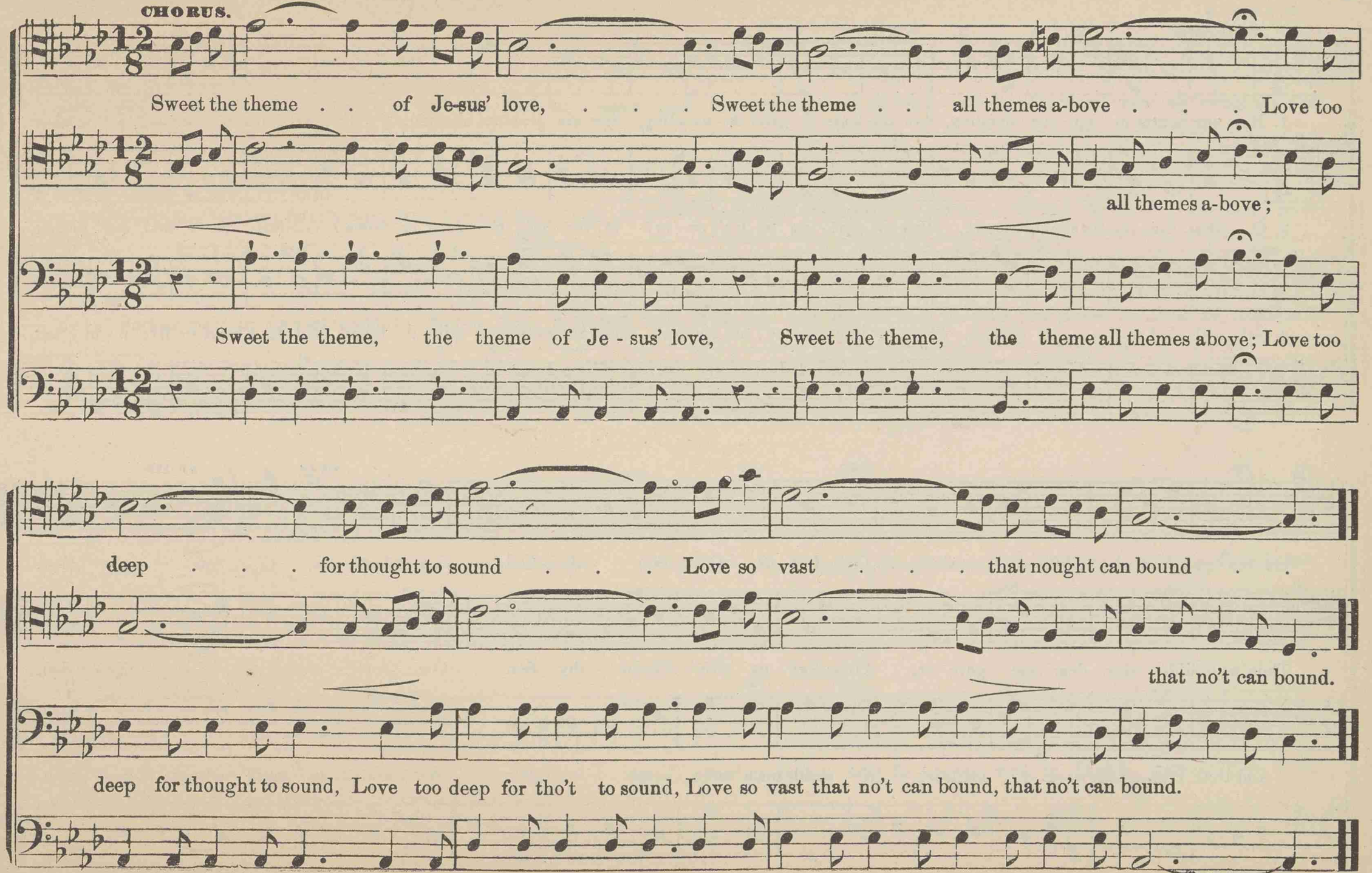


CHORUS.

IN THEE I TRUST.

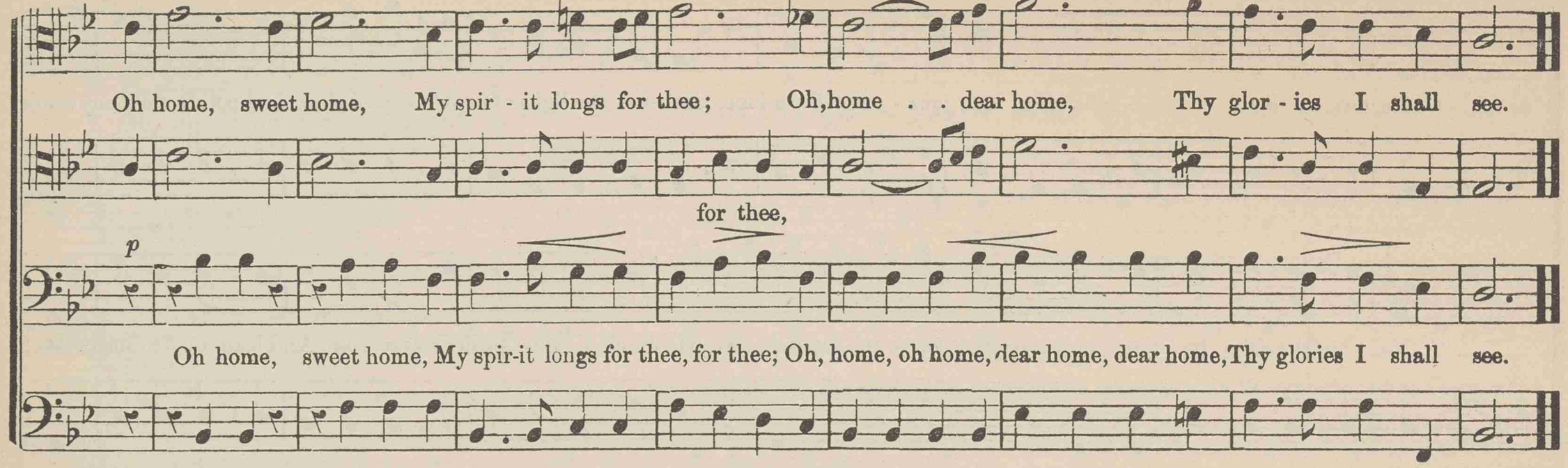
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. C. C. CASE.



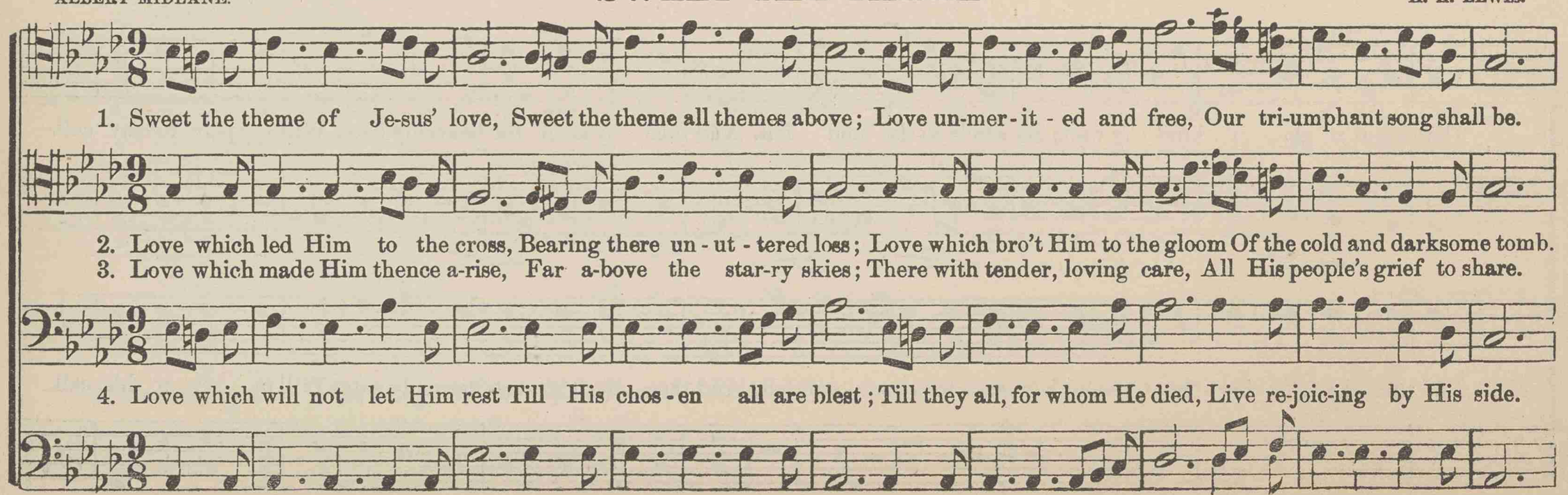
NOW OUR HEARTS IN SORROW BLENDING.

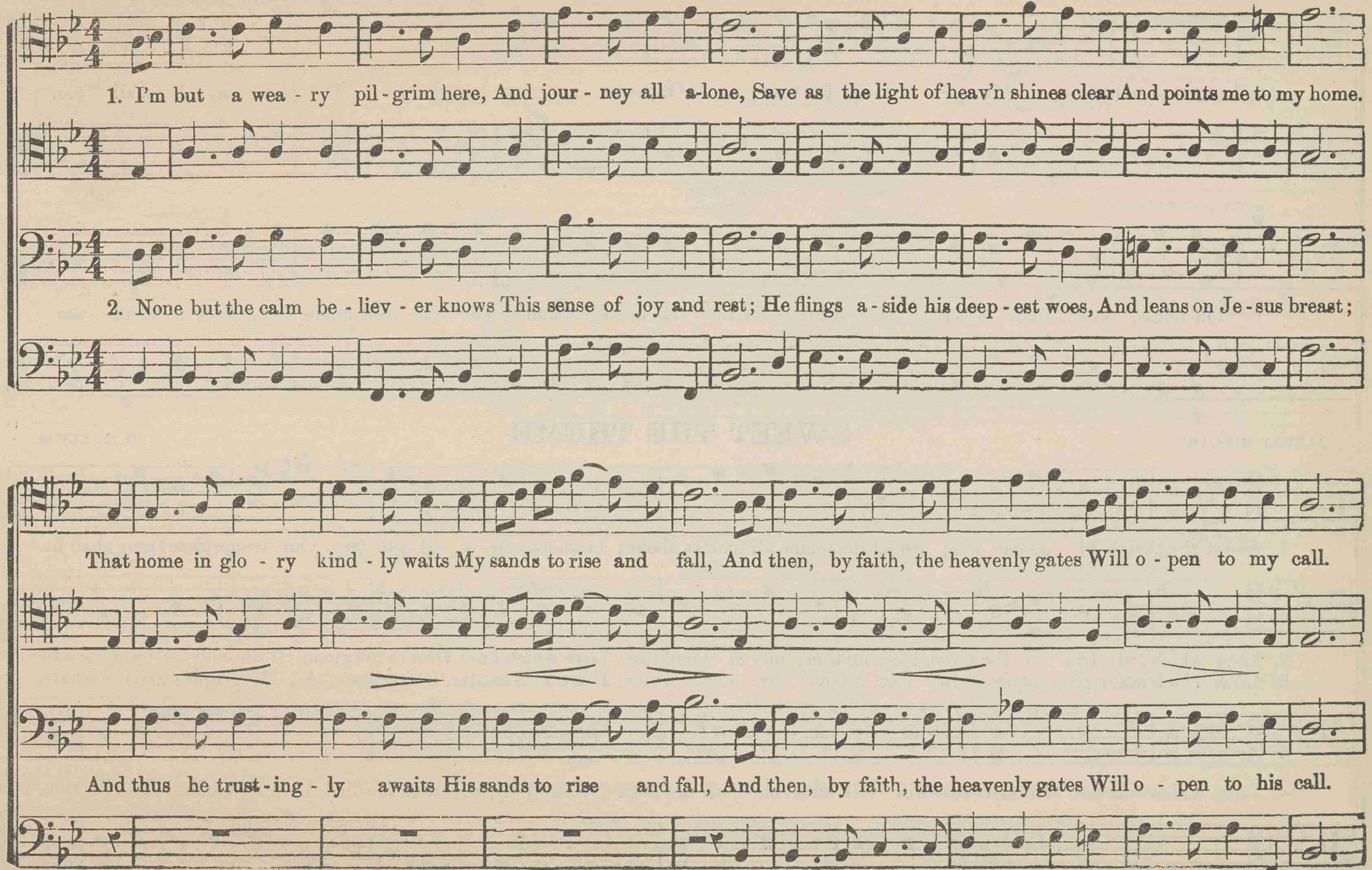
EL NATHAN. MOZART.

CHORUS.
Sweet the theme . . of Je-sus' love, ... Sweet the theme . . all themes a-bove . . . Love too
all themes a-bove;
Sweet the theme, the theme of Je - sus' love, Sweet the theme, the theme all themes above; Love too
deep . . . for thought to sound . . . Love so vast . . . that nought can bound . .
that no't can bound.
deep for thought to sound, Love too deep for tho't to sound, Love so vast that no't can bound, that no't can bound.

MY HEAVENLY HOME. Concluded.



SWEET THE THEME.

ALBERT MIDLANE. H. A. LEWIS.

MY HEAVENLY HOME.

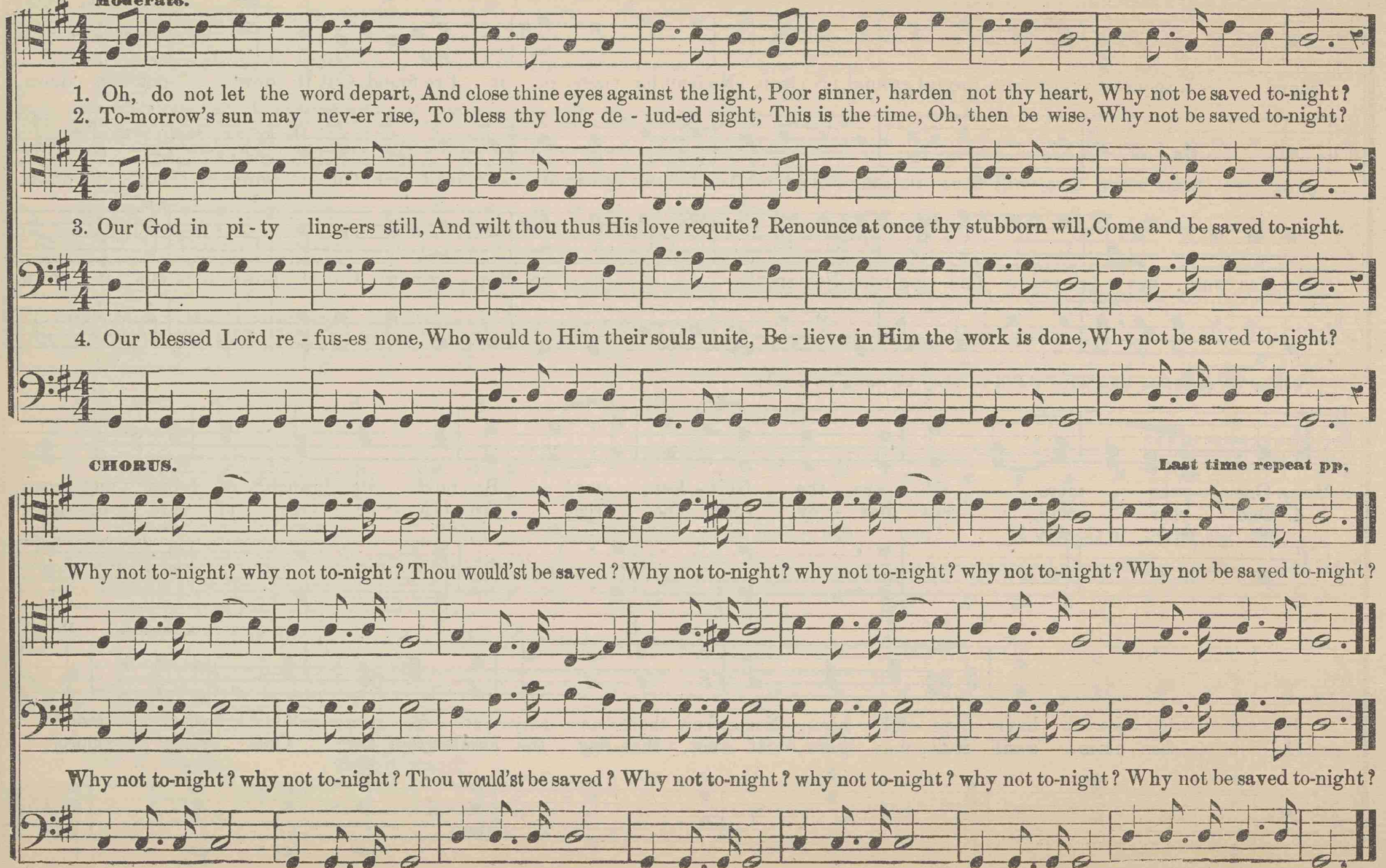
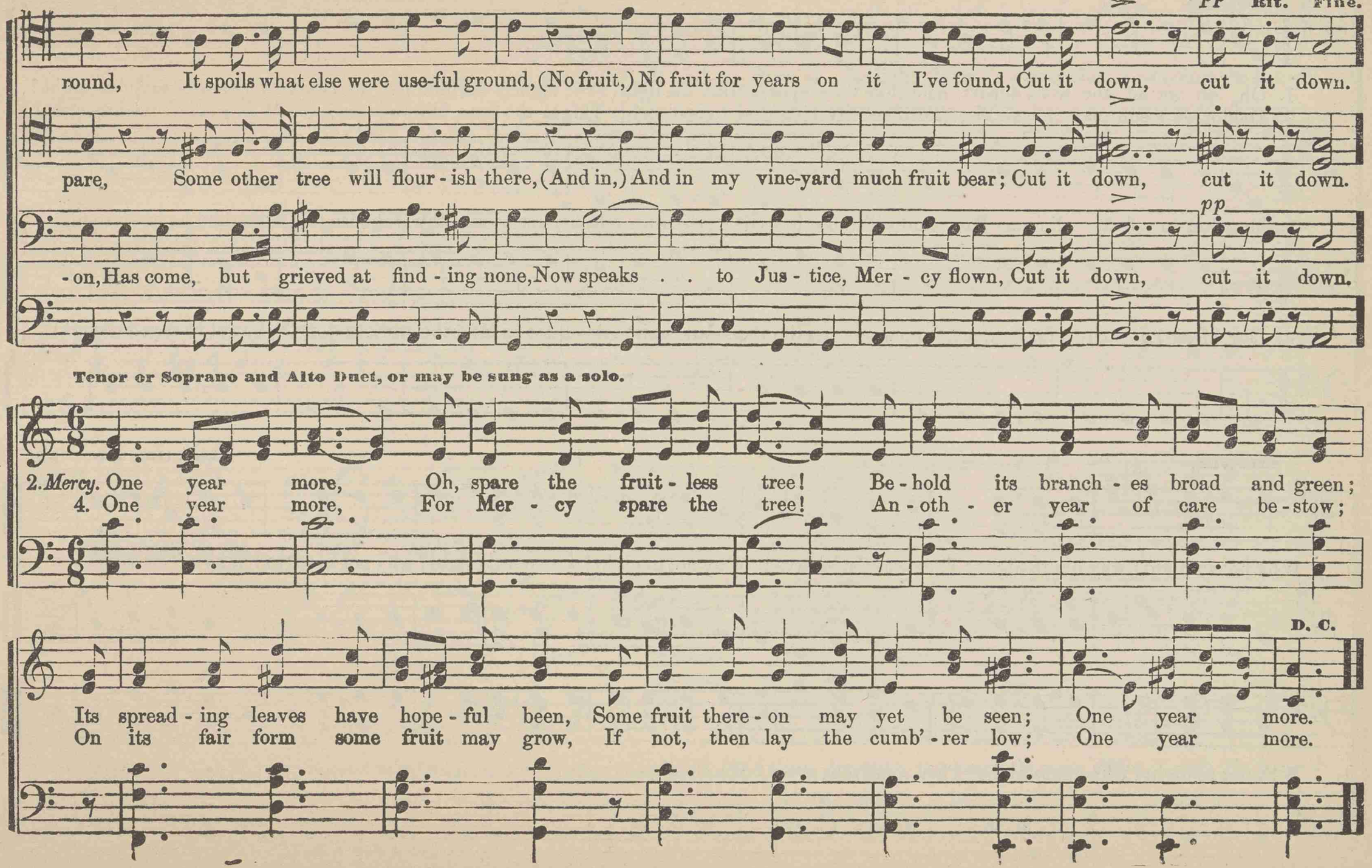


WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

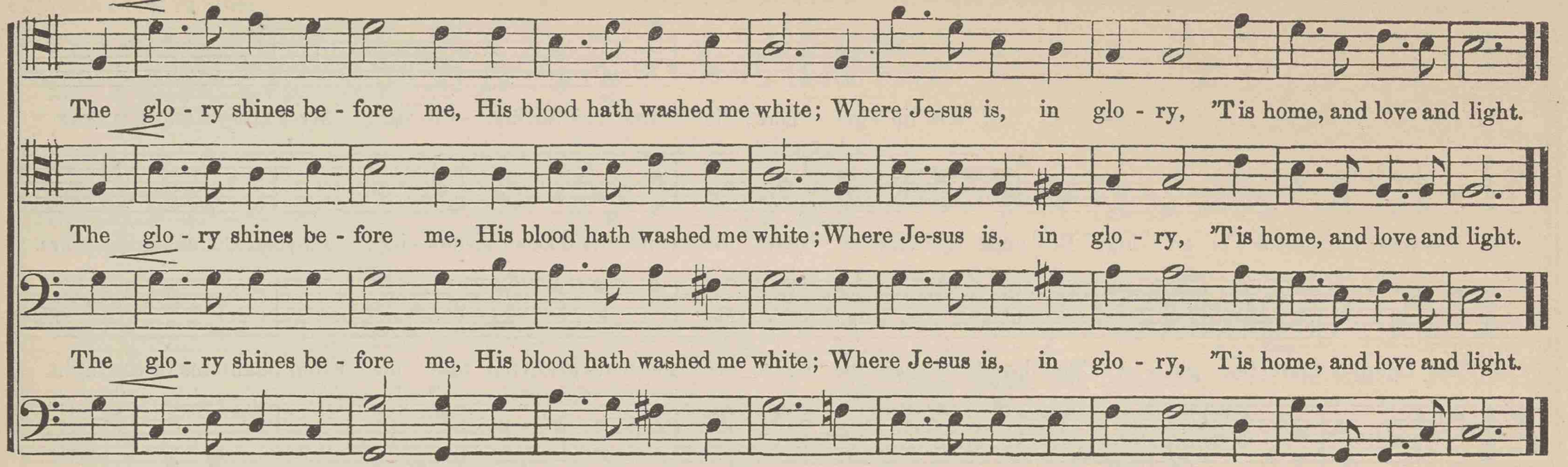
H. BONAR, D. D.

H. H. McGRANAHAN. By per.

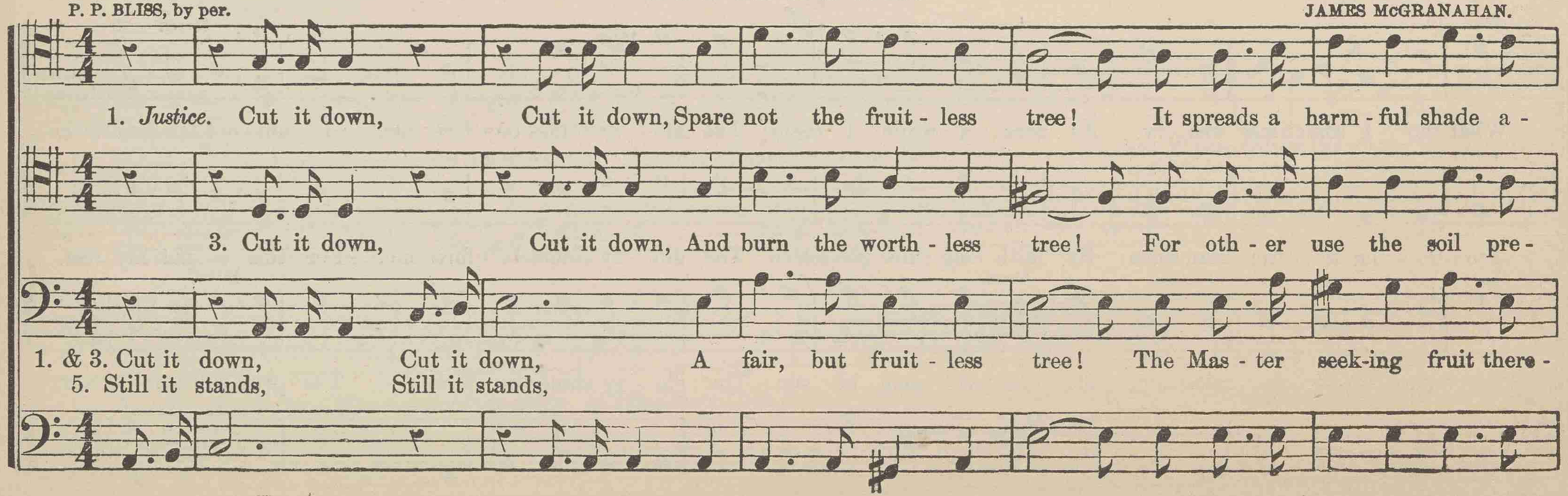
Moderate.



pp Rit. Fine.
round, It spoils what else were use-ful ground, (No fruit,) No fruit for years on it I've found, Cut it down, cut it down.
pare, Some other tree will flour - ish there, (And in,) And in my vine-yard much fruit bear; Cut it down, cut it down.
- on, Has come, but grieved at find - ing none, Now speaks . . to Jus - tice, Mer - cy flown, Cut it down, cut it down.
pp
Tenor or Soprano and Alto Duet, or may be sung as a solo.
2. Mercy. One year more, Oh, spare the fruit - less tree! Be - hold its branch - es broad and green;
4. One year more, For Mer - cy spare the tree! An - oth - er year of care be - stow;
D. C.
Its spread - ing leaves have hope - ful been, Some fruit there - on may yet be seen; One year more.
On its fair form some fruit may grow, If not, then lay the cumb' - rer low; One year more.

THE GLORY SHINES BEFORE ME. Concluded.

CUT IT DOWN.

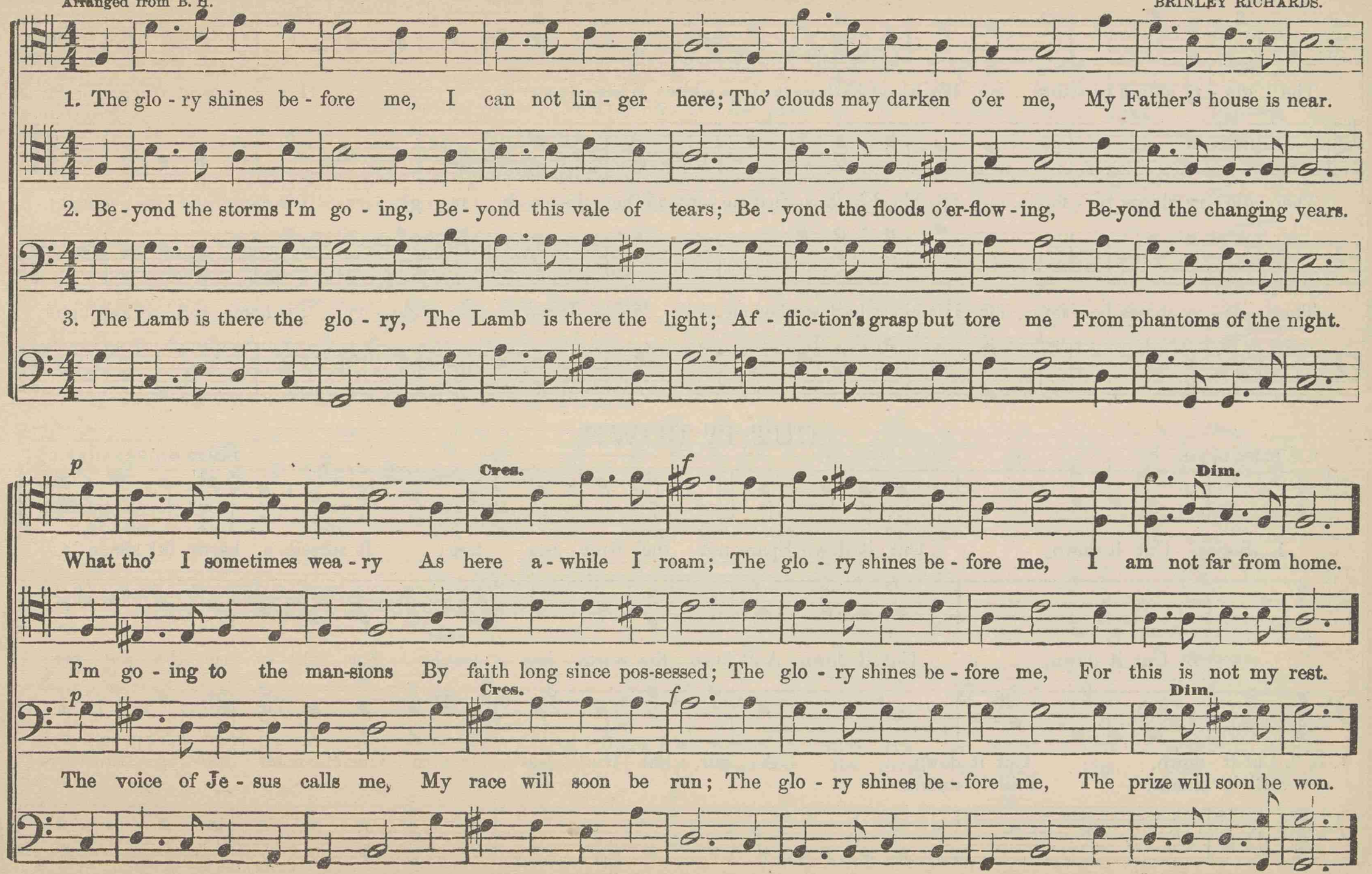
P. P. BLISS, by per. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

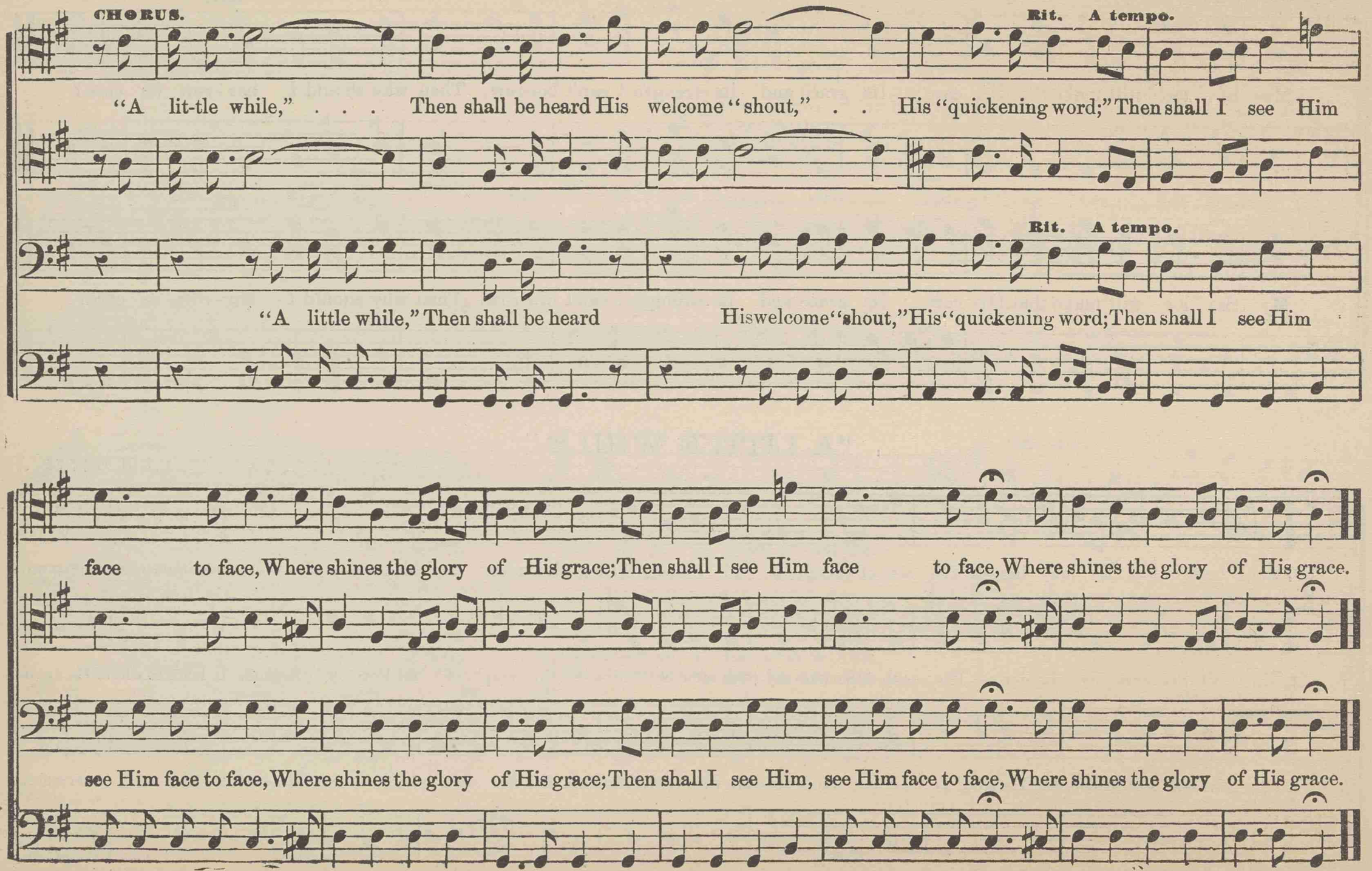
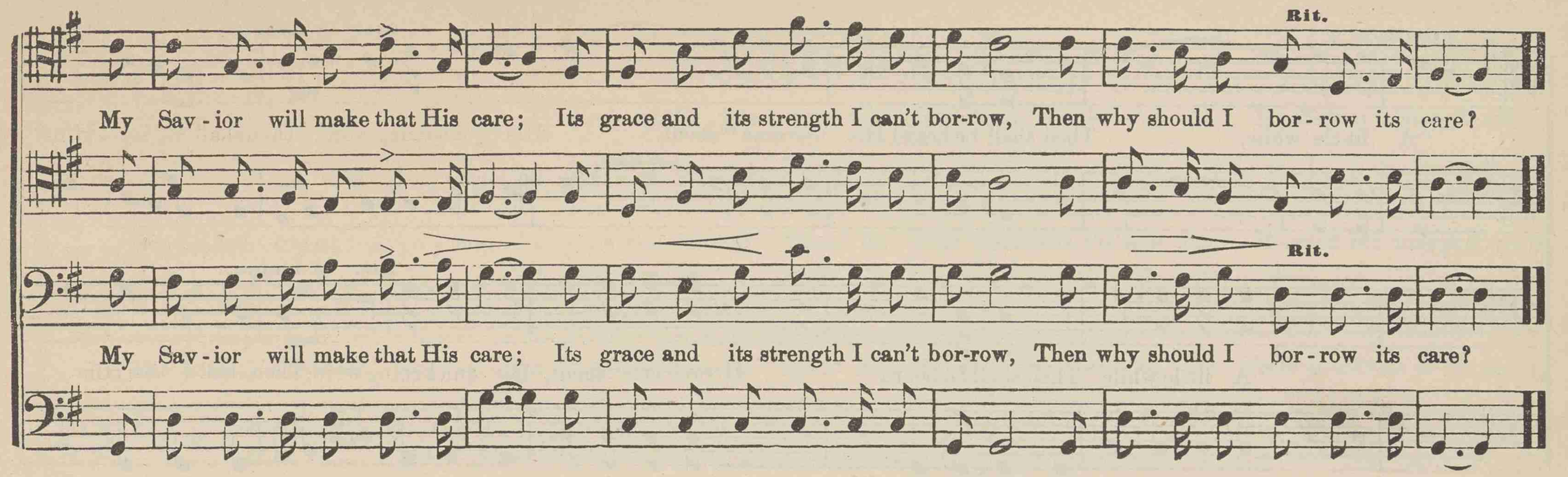


THE GLORY SHINES BEFORE ME.

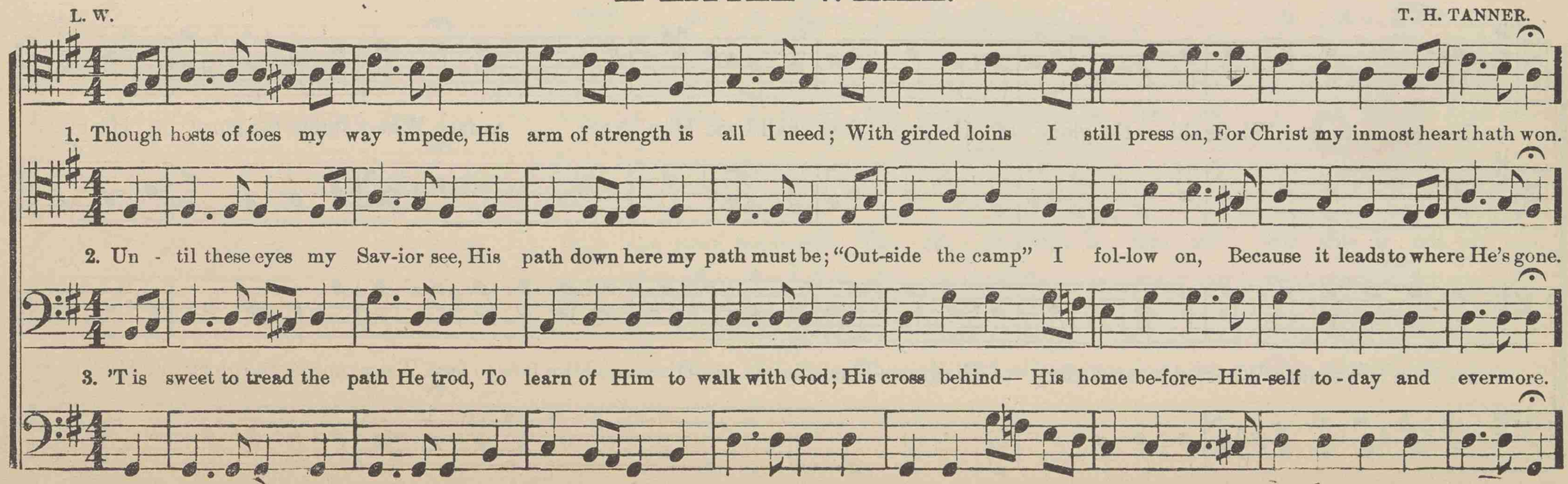
Arranged from B. H.

BRINLEY RICHARDS.



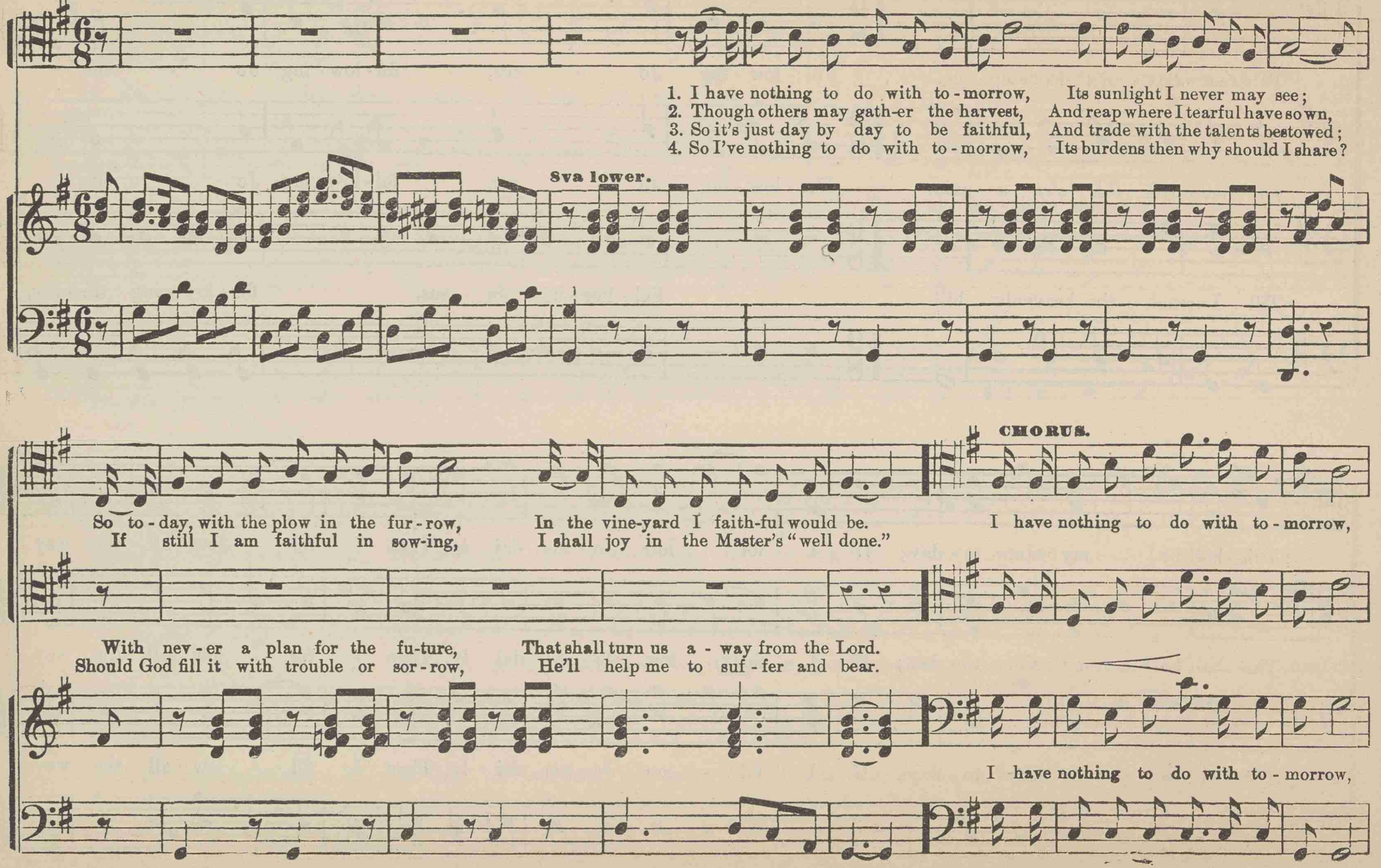
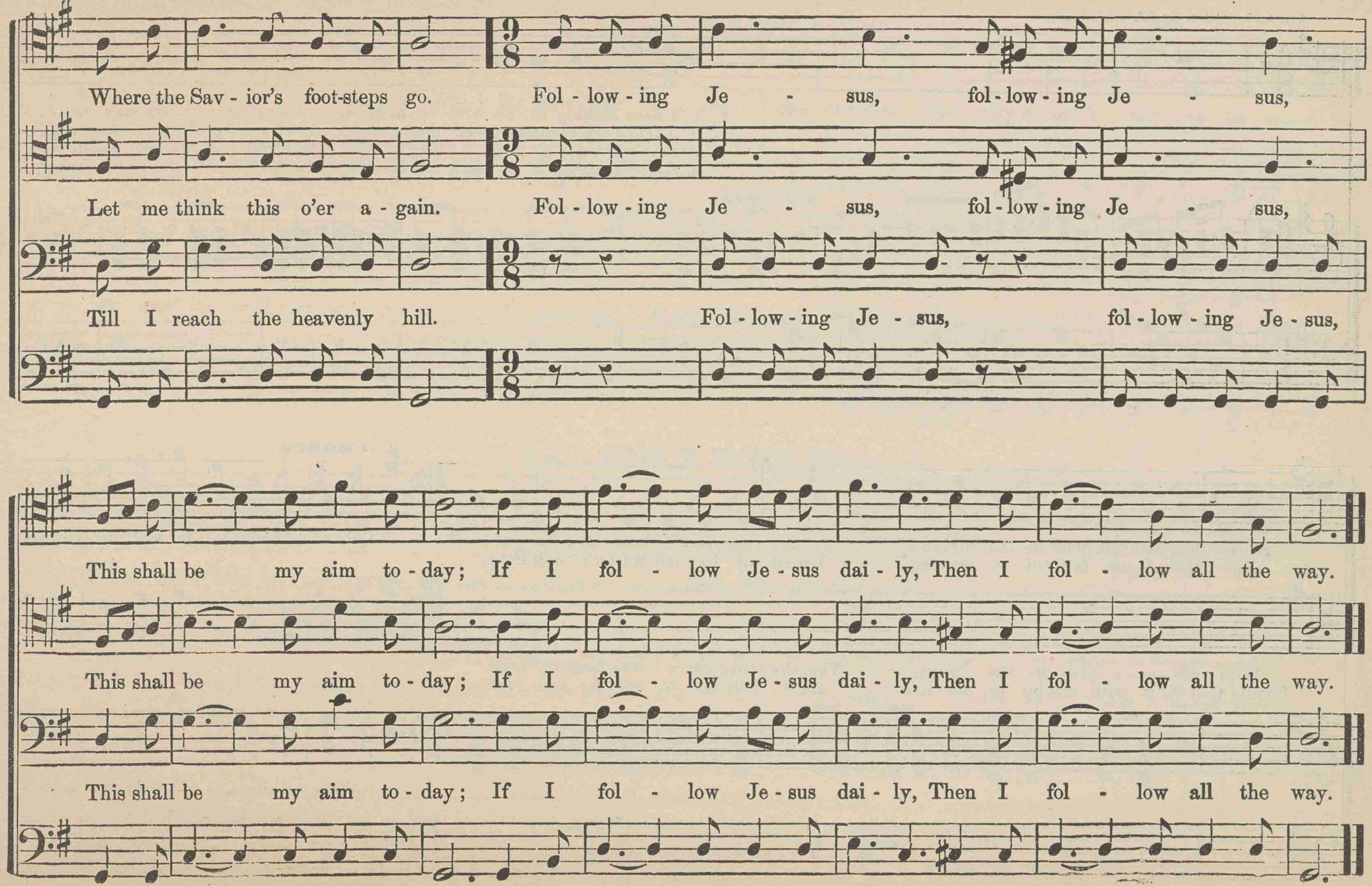
"A LITTLE WHILE." Concluded.

"A LITTLE WHILE."

L. W. T. H. TANNER.



I HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH TO-MORROW.

Arr. and written by EL NATHAN.

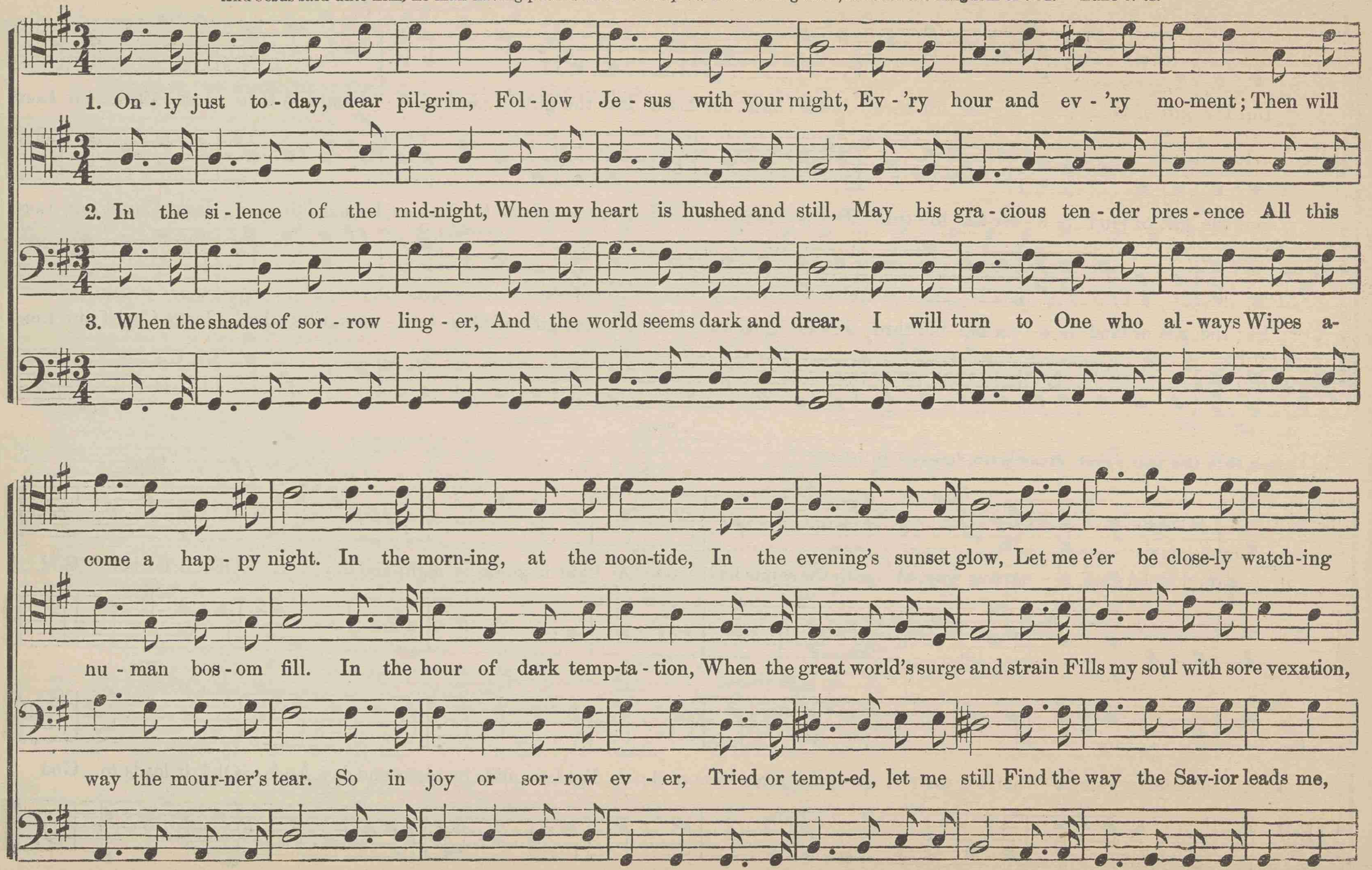
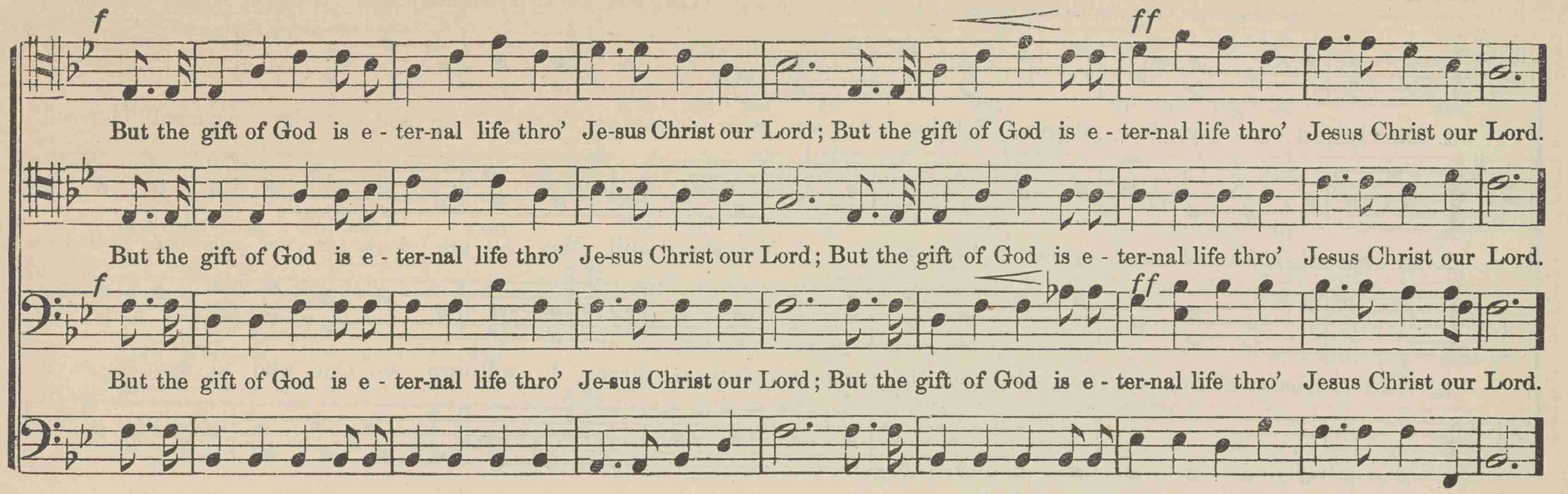
JAS. McGRANAHAN.


Where the Sav - ior's foot-steps go. Fol - low - ing Je - sus, fol - low - ing Je - sus,
Let me think this o'er a - gain. Fol - low - ing Je - sus, fol - low - ing Je - sus,
Till I reach the heavenly hill. Fol - low - ing Je - sus, fol - low - ing Je - sus,
This shall be my aim to - day; If I fol - low Je - sus dai - ly, Then I fol - low all the way.
This shall be my aim to - day; If I fol - low Je - sus dai - ly, Then I fol - low all the way.
This shall be my aim to - day; If I fol - low Je - sus dai - ly, Then I fol - low all the way.

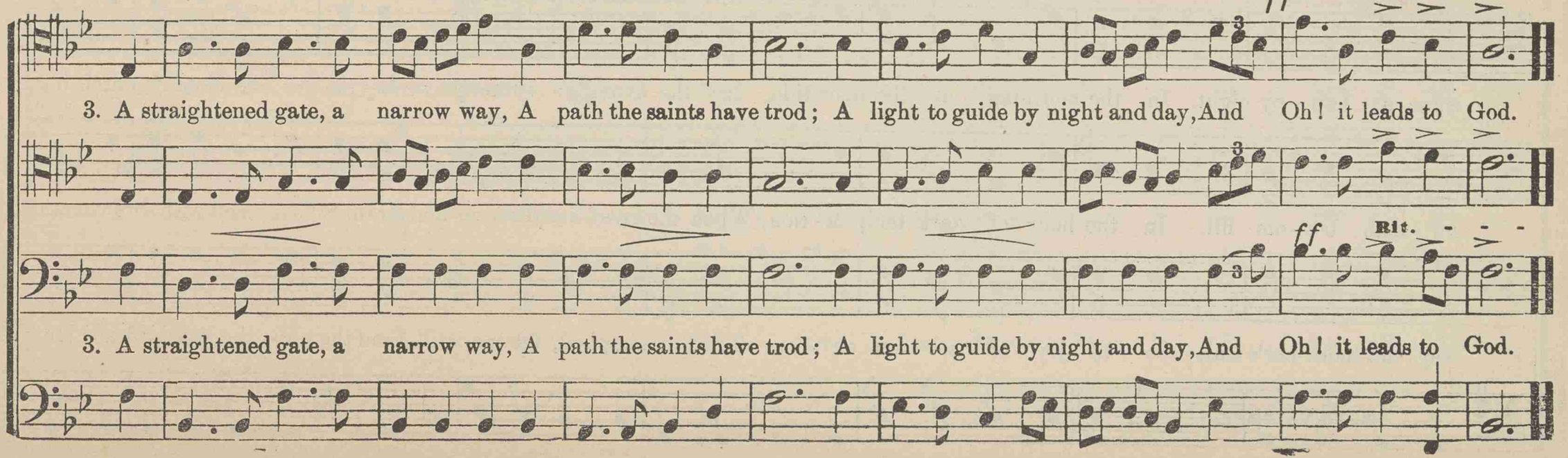
MRS. M. O. PAGE.

FOLLOWING JESUS.

MRS. C. H. SCOTT.

"And Jesus said unto him, no man having put his hand to the plow and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." Luke 9. 62.

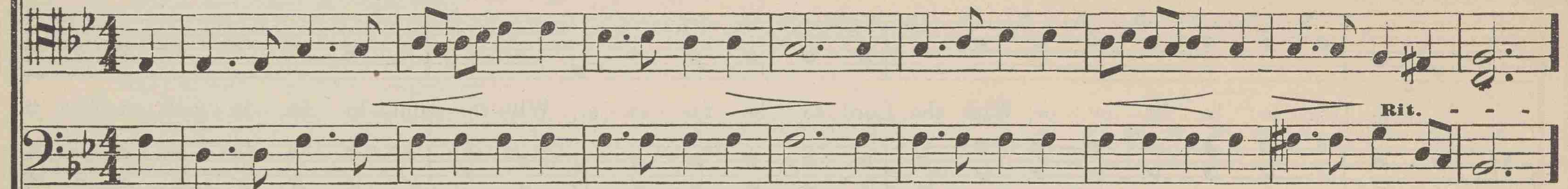


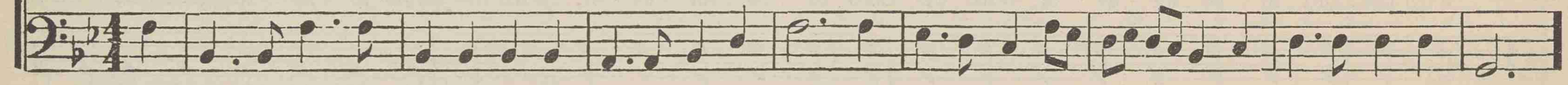
After this the last verse, close with Chorus as usual.

TWO GATES, TWO WAYS.

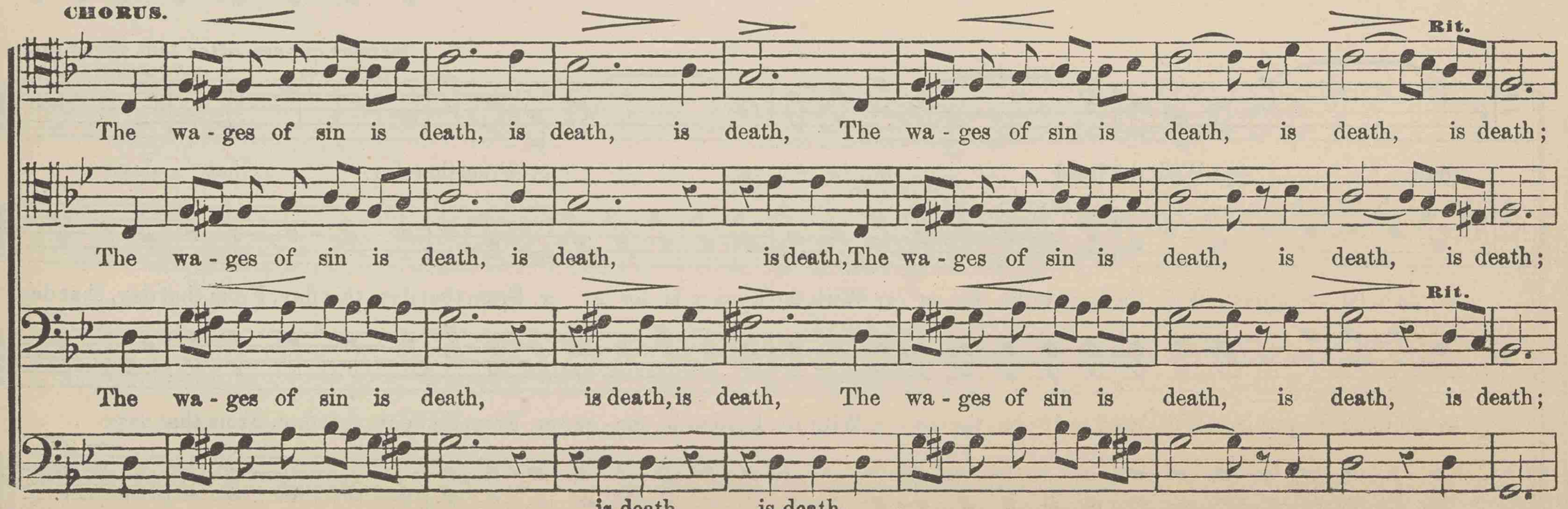
EL NATHAN.
Moderate.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.
Rit. - - -

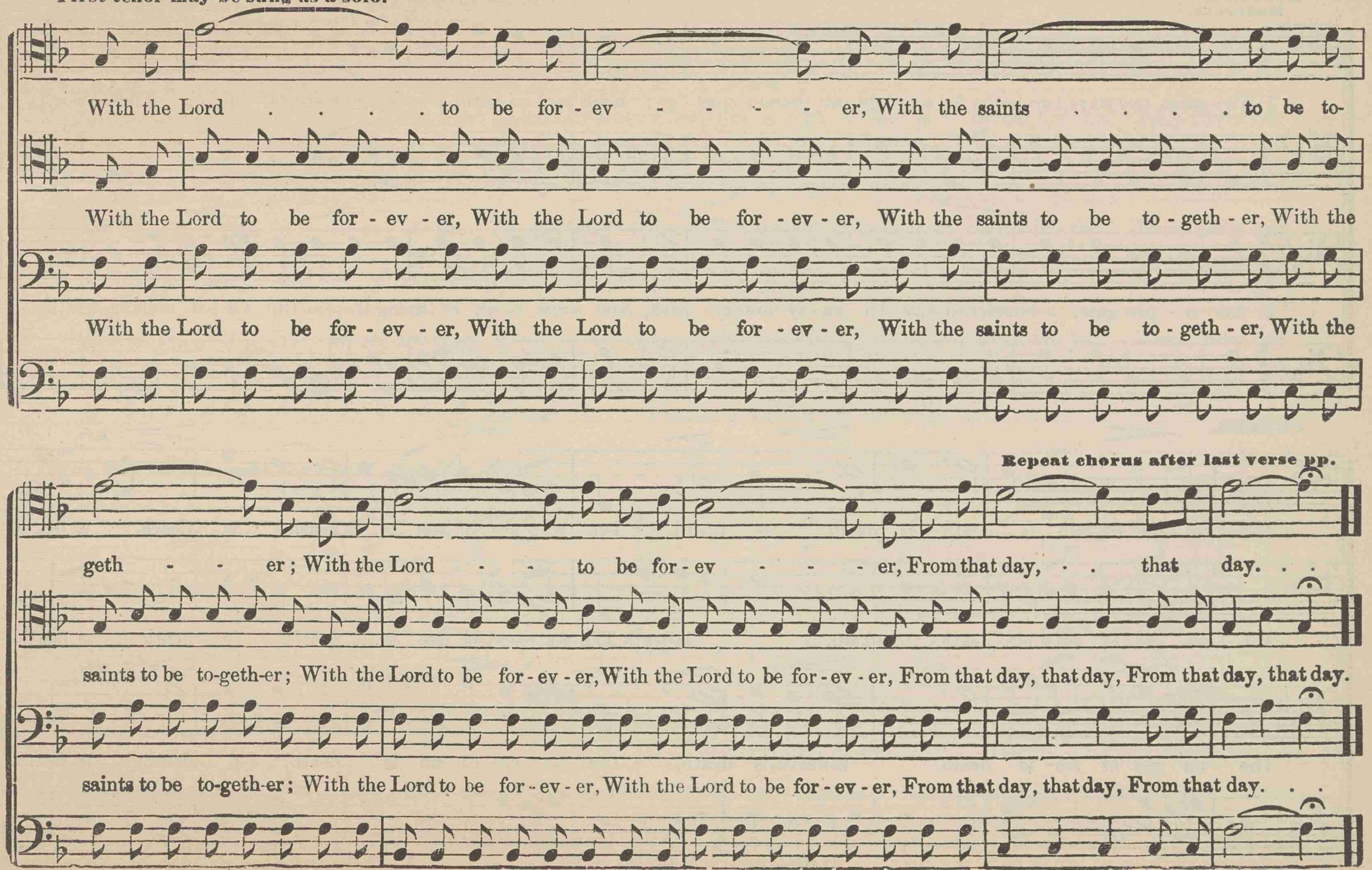
1. Two gates, two ways, two paths for all, And all therein must go; Each soul on earth is making choice Of life, or endless woe.



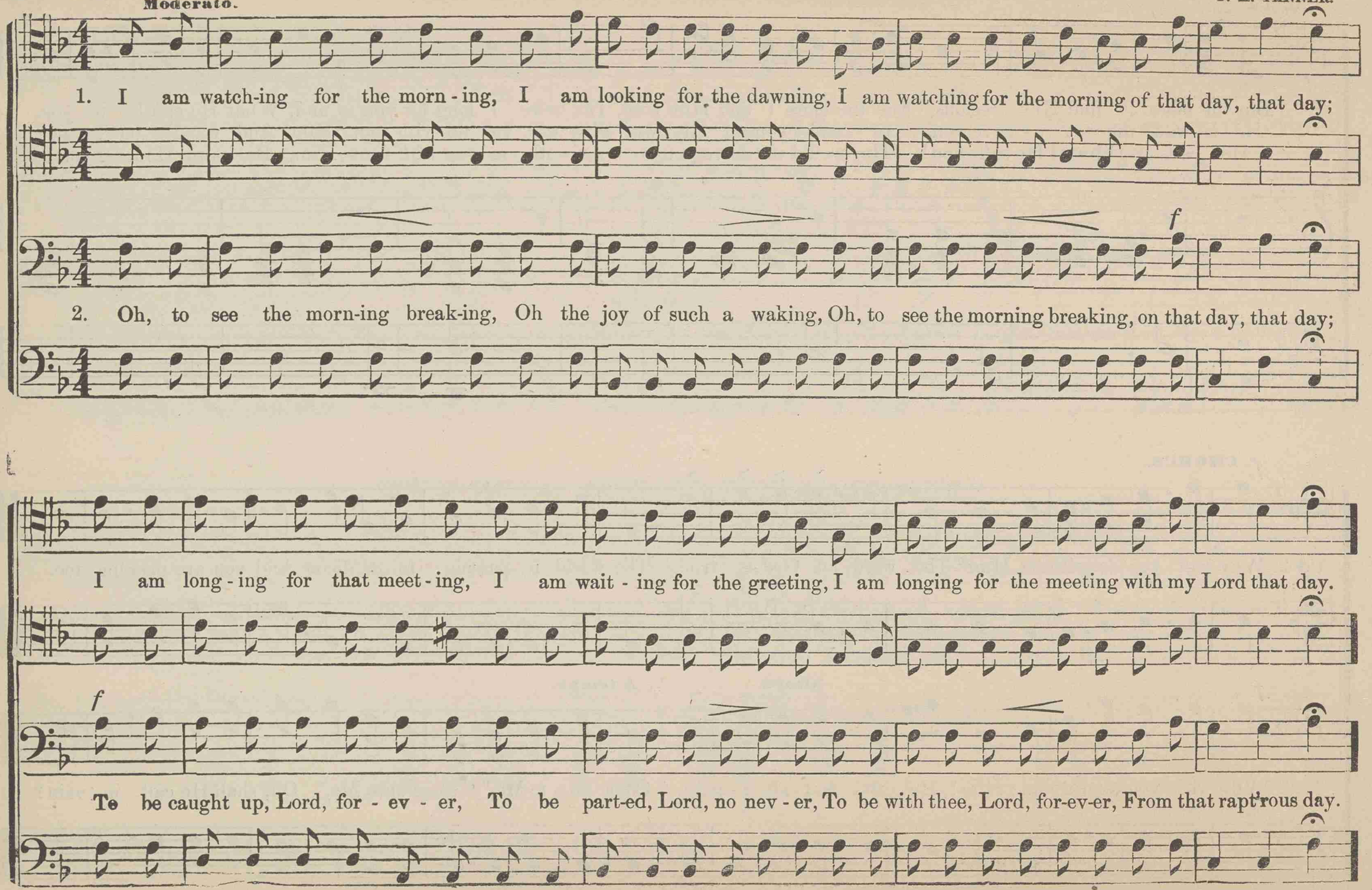
2. An o - pen gate, a broadened way, An ea - sy flowery path, And souls un-wa - ry throng therein, But Oh! it ends in wrath.

CHORUS.

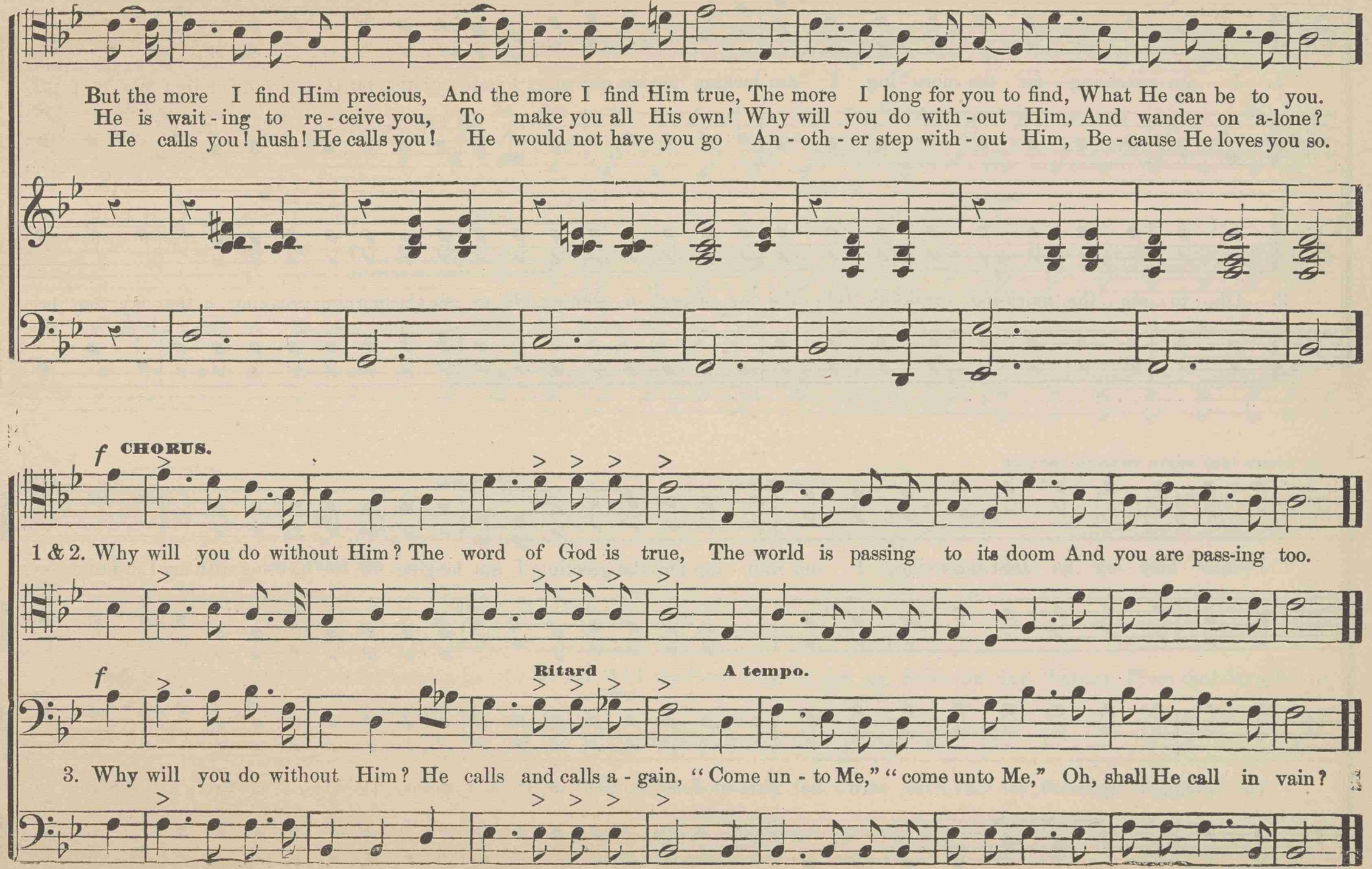


WATCHING FOR THE MORNING. Concluded.

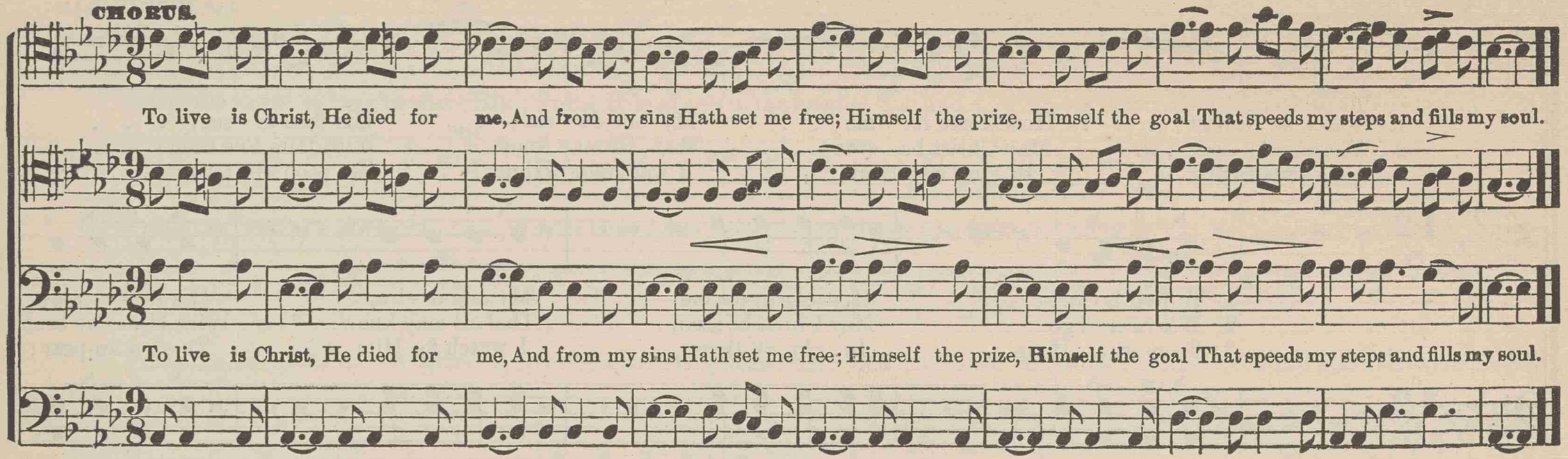
CHORUS.
First tenor may be sung as a solo.

WATCHING FOR THE MORNING.

T. H. TANNER.

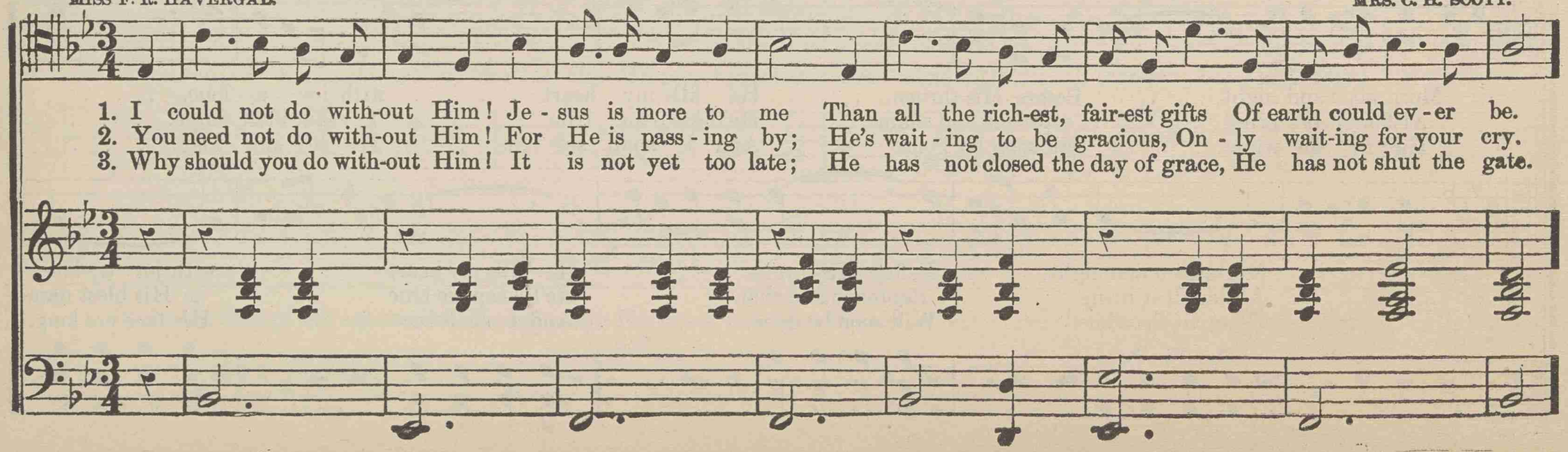


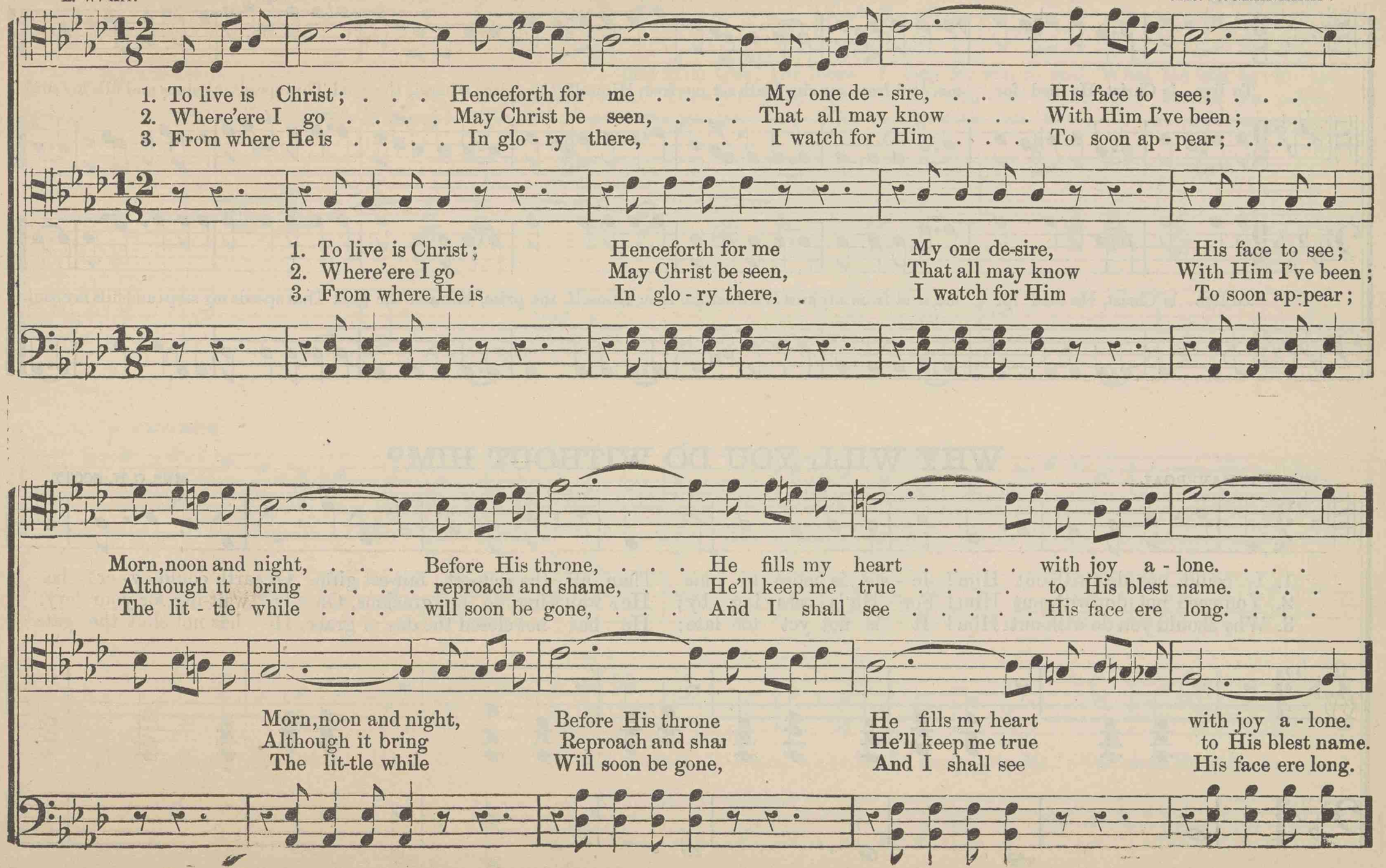

But the more I find Him precious, And the more I find Him true, The more I long for you to find, What He can be to you.
He is wait - ing to re - ceive you, To make you all His own! Why will you do with - out Him, And wander on a-lone?
He calls you! hush! He calls you! He would not have you go An - oth - er step with - out Him, Be - cause He loves you so.
f CHORUS.
1 & 2. Why will you do without Him? The word of God is true, The world is passing to its doom And you are pass-ing too.
f
Ritard
A tempo.
3. Why will you do without Him? He calls and calls a - gain, "Come un - to Me," "come unto Me," Oh, shall He call in vain?

TO LIVE IS CHRIST. Concluded.

CHORUS.

WHY WILL YOU DO WITHOUT HIM?

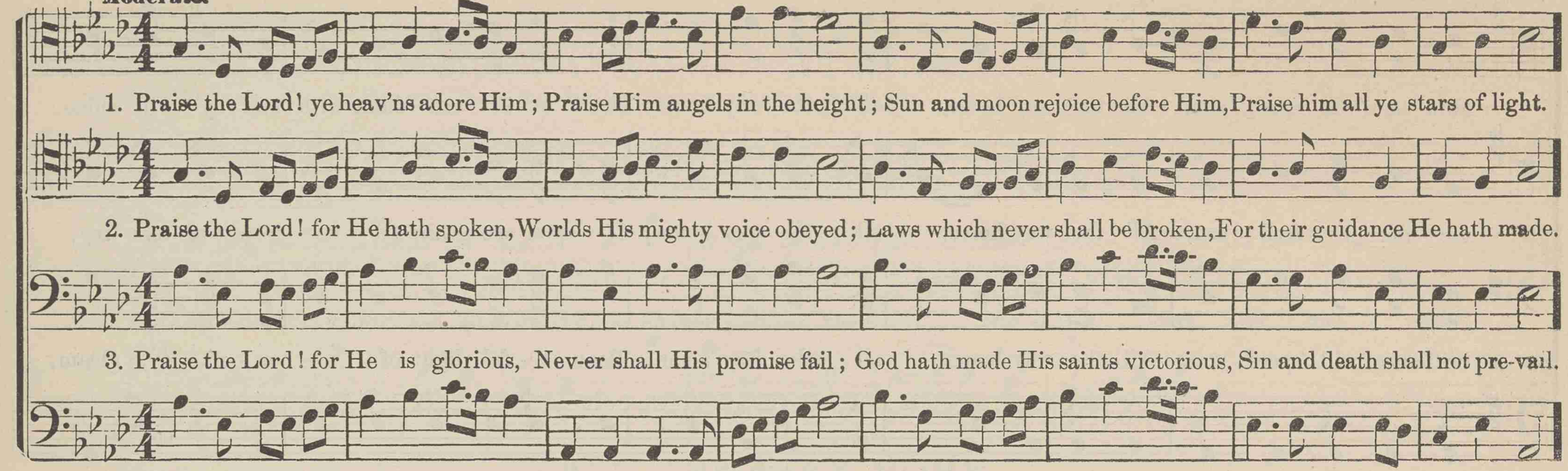
MISS F. R. HAVERGAL. MRS. C. H. SCOTT.

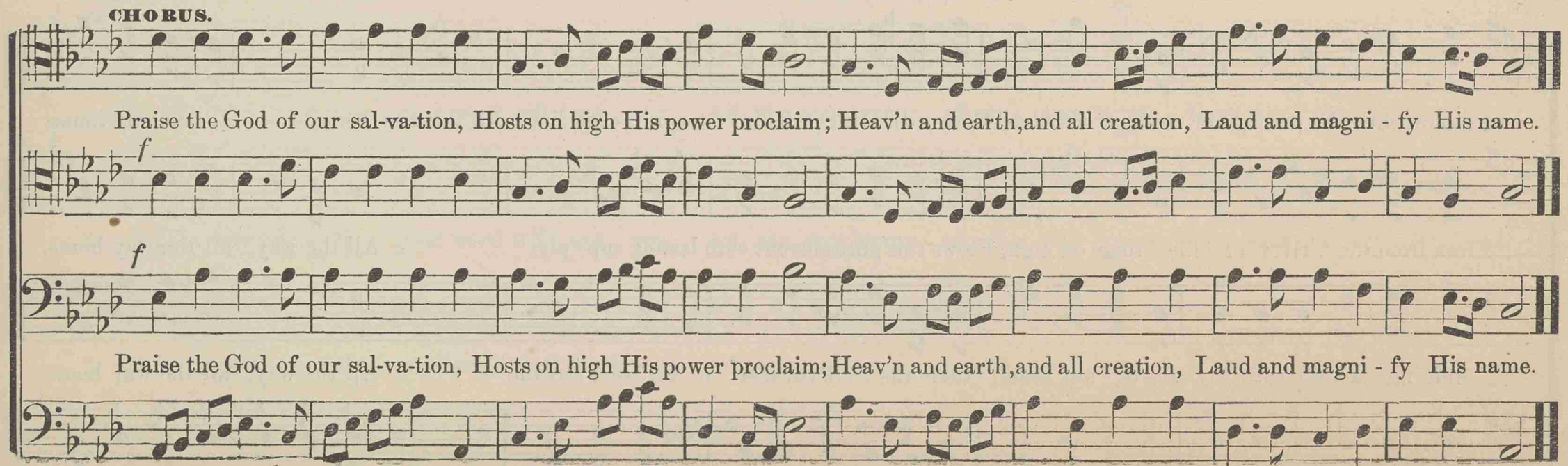
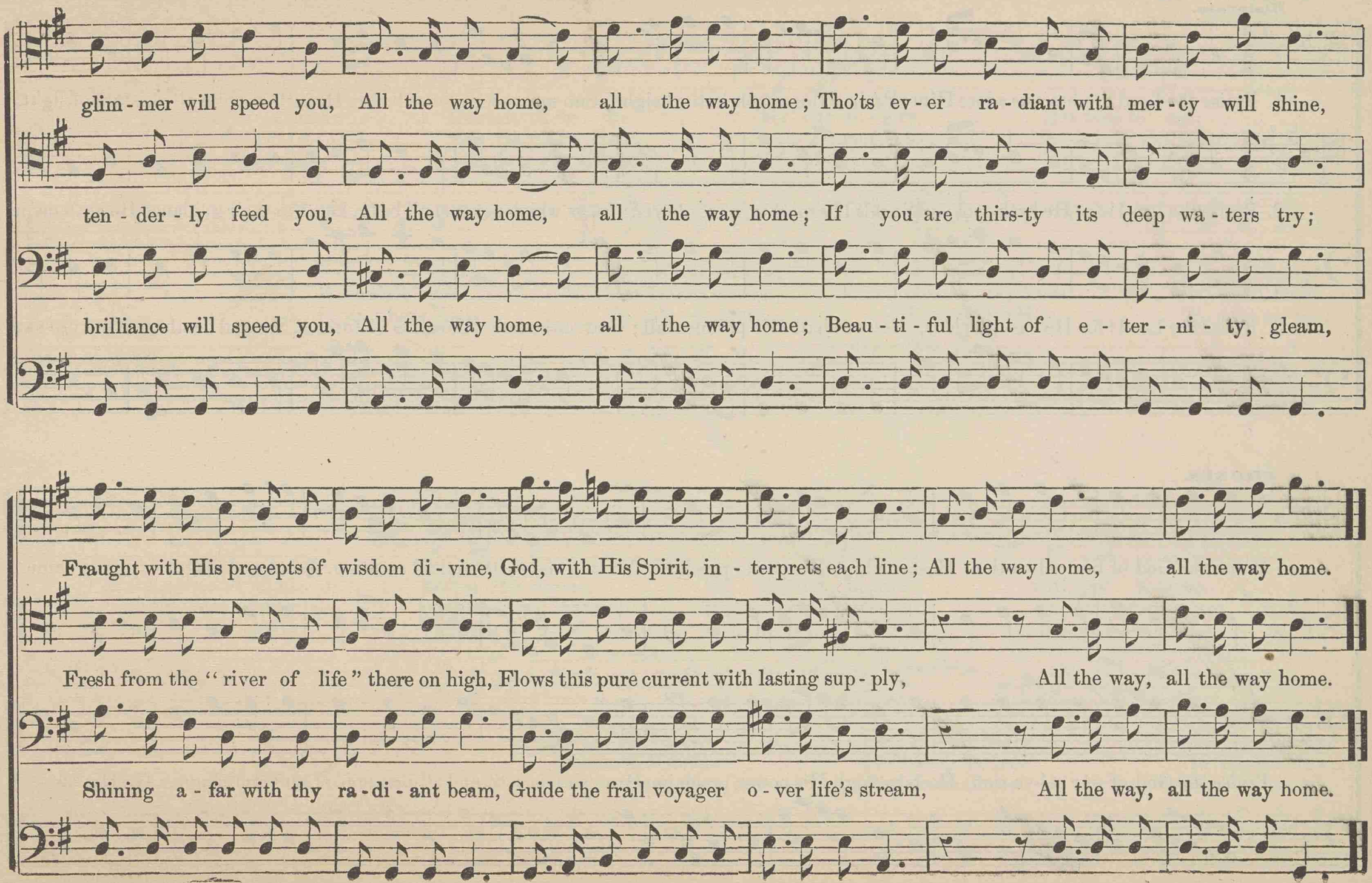


L. W. Arr. JAS. McGRANAHAN.

PRAISE THE LORD.

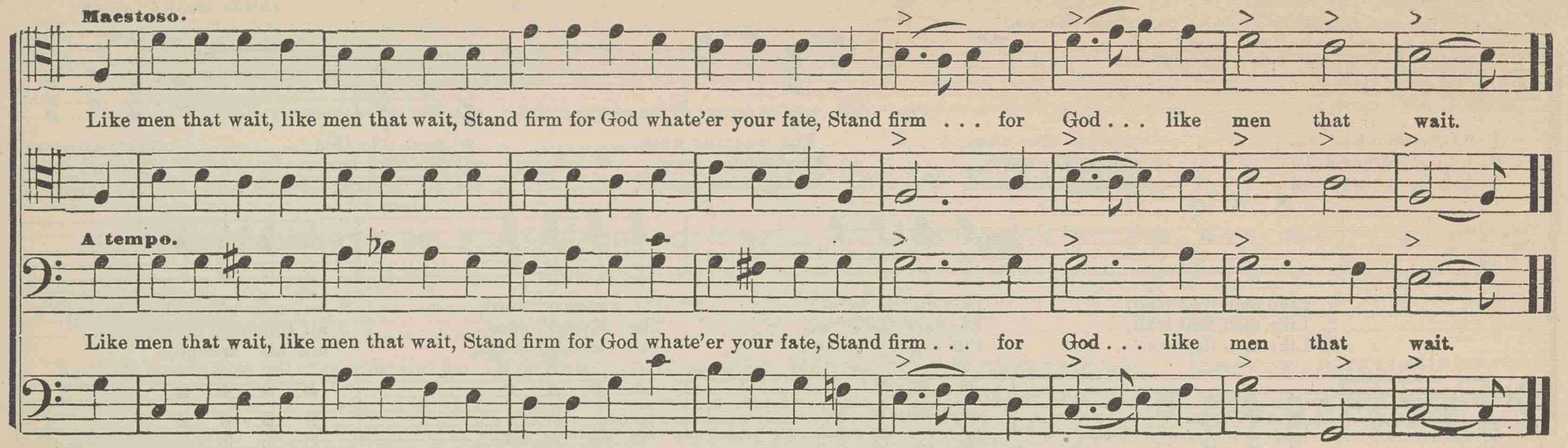
Strong accent. Firm.

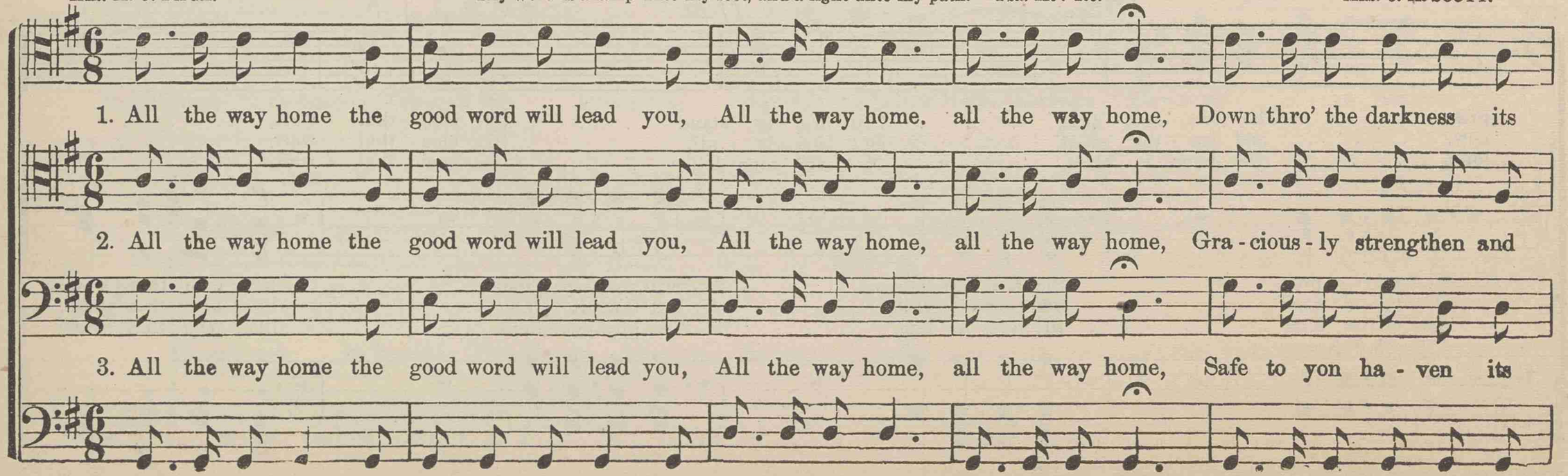
Moderato.

ALFRED BEIRLY.

CHORUS.

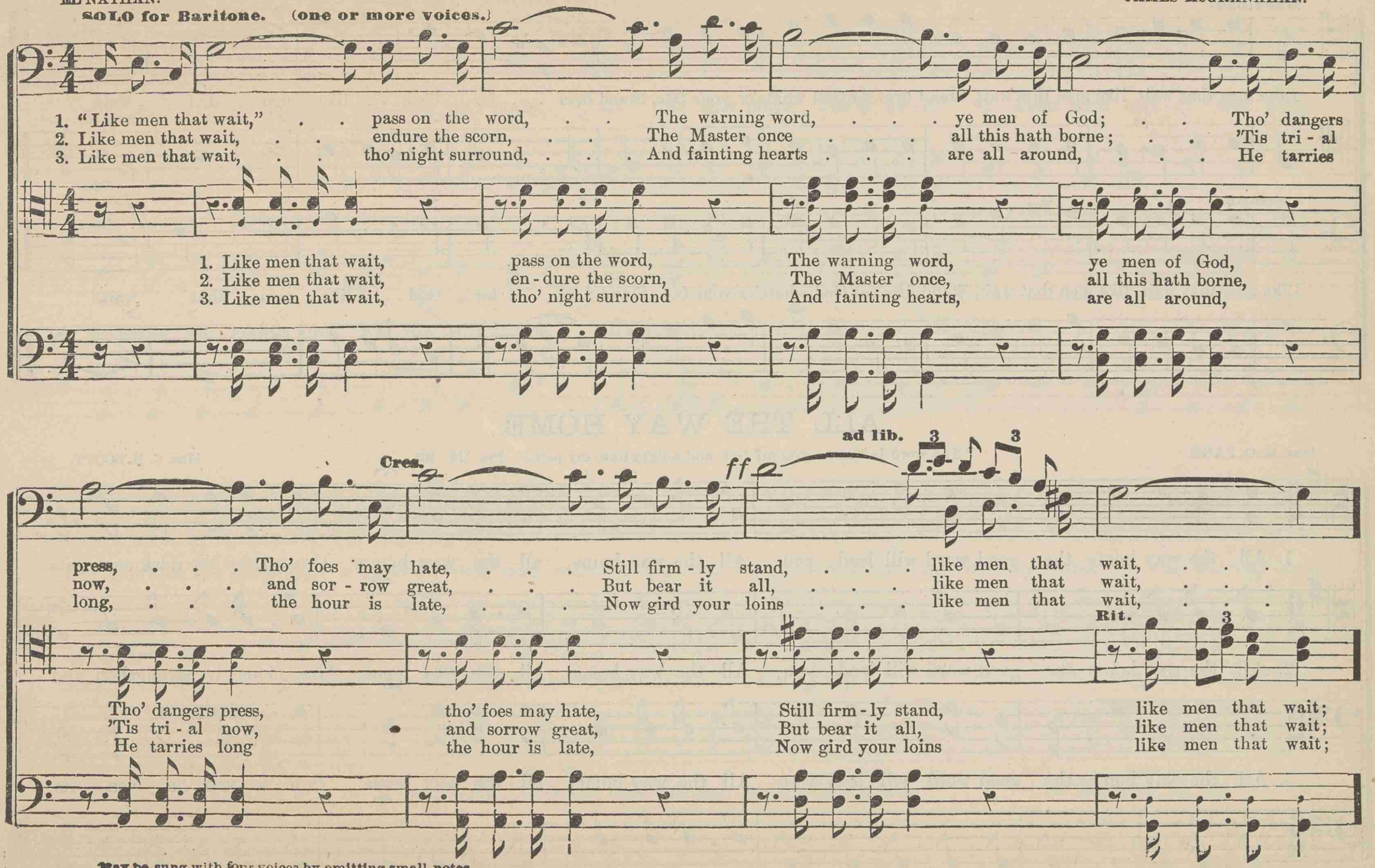


glim - mer will speed you, All the way home, all the way home; Tho'ts ev - er ra - diant with mer - cy will shine,
ten - der - ly feed you, All the way home, all the way home; If you are thirs-ty its deep wa - ters try;
brilliance will speed you, All the way home, all the way home; Beau - ti - ful light of e - ter - ni - ty, gleam,
Fraught with His precepts of wisdom di - vine, God, with His Spirit, in - terprets each line; All the way home, all the way home.
Fresh from the "river of life" there on high, Flows this pure current with lasting sup - ply, All the way, all the way home.
Shining a - far with thy ra - di - ant beam, Guide the frail voyager o - ver life's stream, All the way, all the way home.

LIKE MEN THAT WAIT. Concluded.

ALL THE WAY HOME.

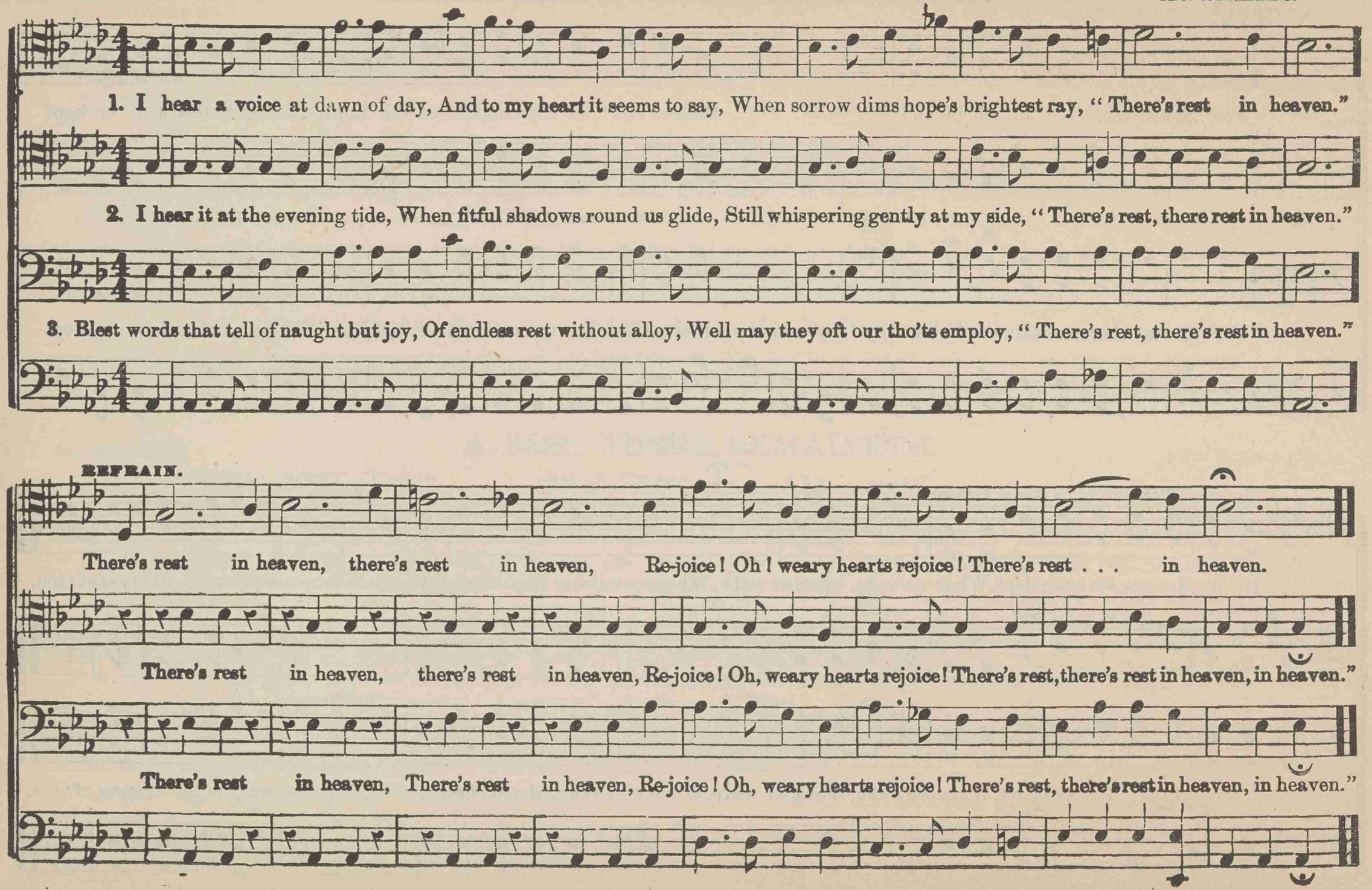
MRS. M. O. PAGE. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." Psa. 119: 105. MRS. C. H. SCOTT.

LIKE MEN THAT WAIT. Quintet and Chorus.*

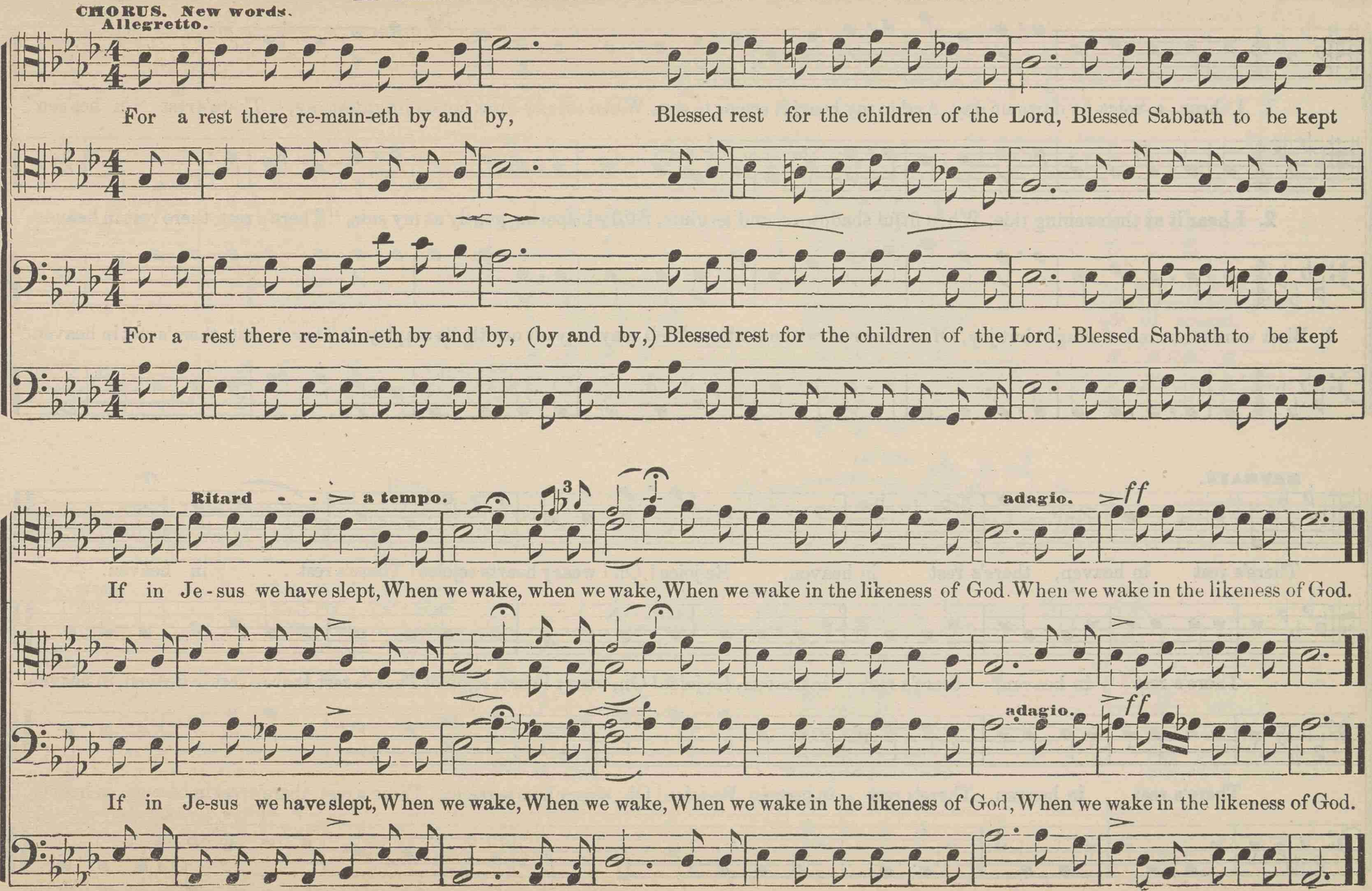
EL NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

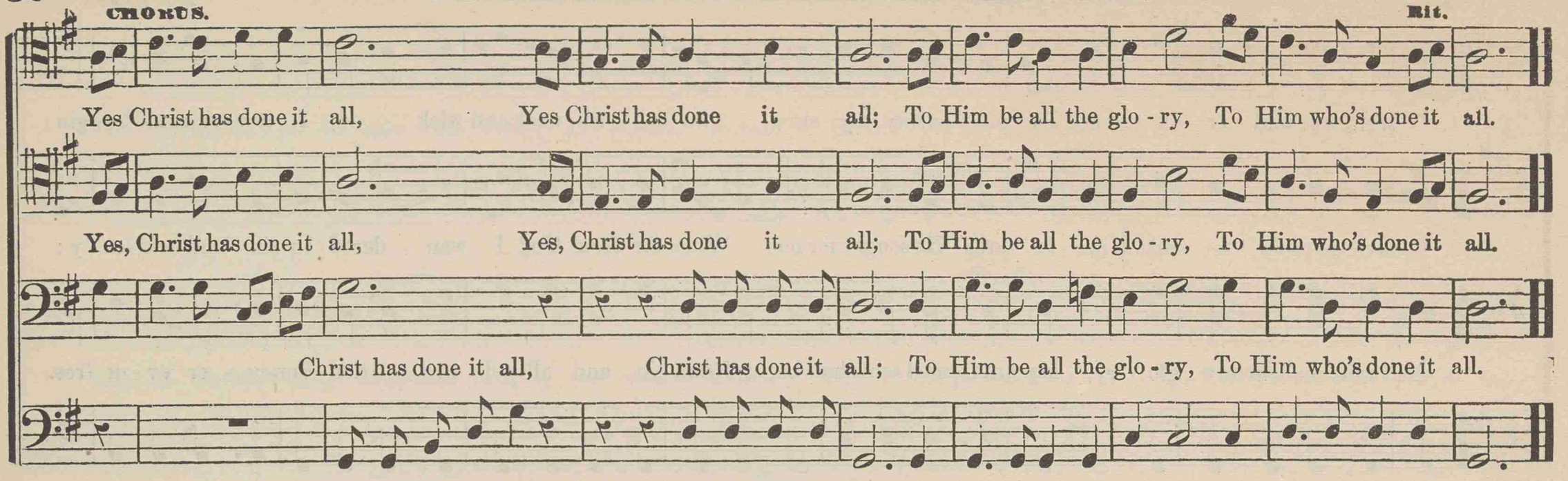
SOLO for Baritone. (one or more voices.)

*May be sung with four voices by omitting small notes.

REST IN HEAVEN.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

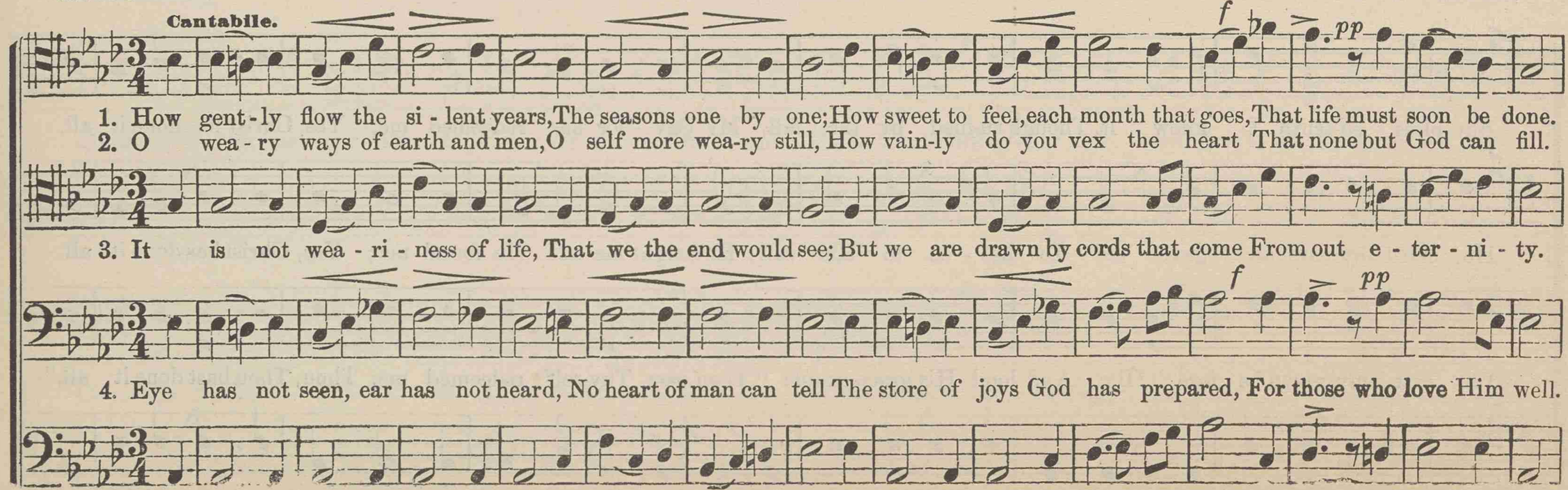



CHORUS. New words.
Allegretto.
For a rest there re-main-eth by and by, Blessed rest for the children of the Lord, Blessed Sabbath to be kept
For a rest there re-main-eth by and by, (by and by,) Blessed rest for the children of the Lord, Blessed Sabbath to be kept
Ritard - - a tempo.
adagio.
ff
If in Je - sus we have slept, When we wake, when we wake, When we wake in the likeness of God. When we wake in the likeness of God.
adagio.
ff
If in Je-sus we have slept, When we wake, When we wake, When we wake in the likeness of God, When we wake in the likeness of God.

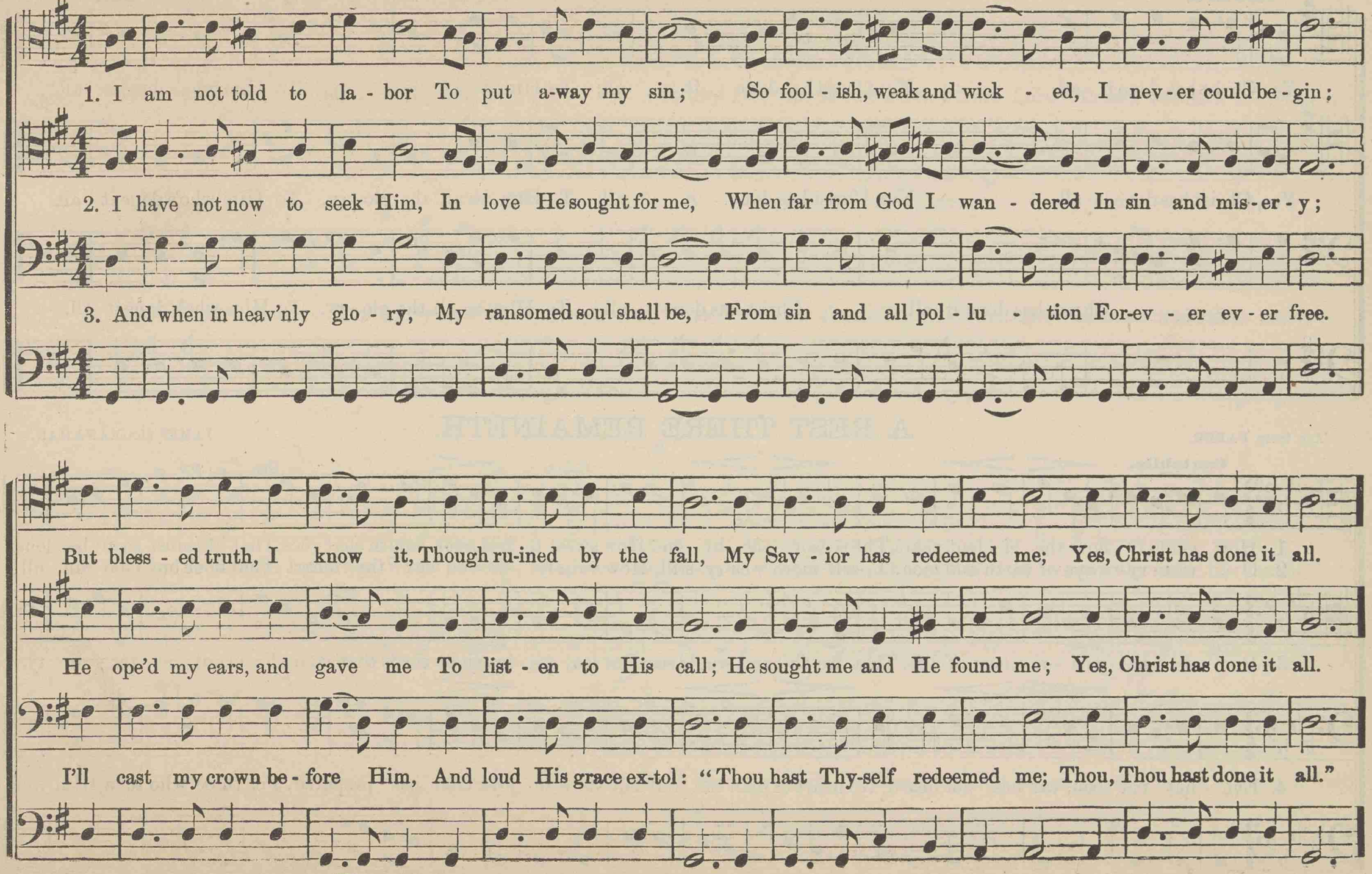
CHRIST HAS DONE IT ALL. Concluded.

A REST THERE REMAINETH.

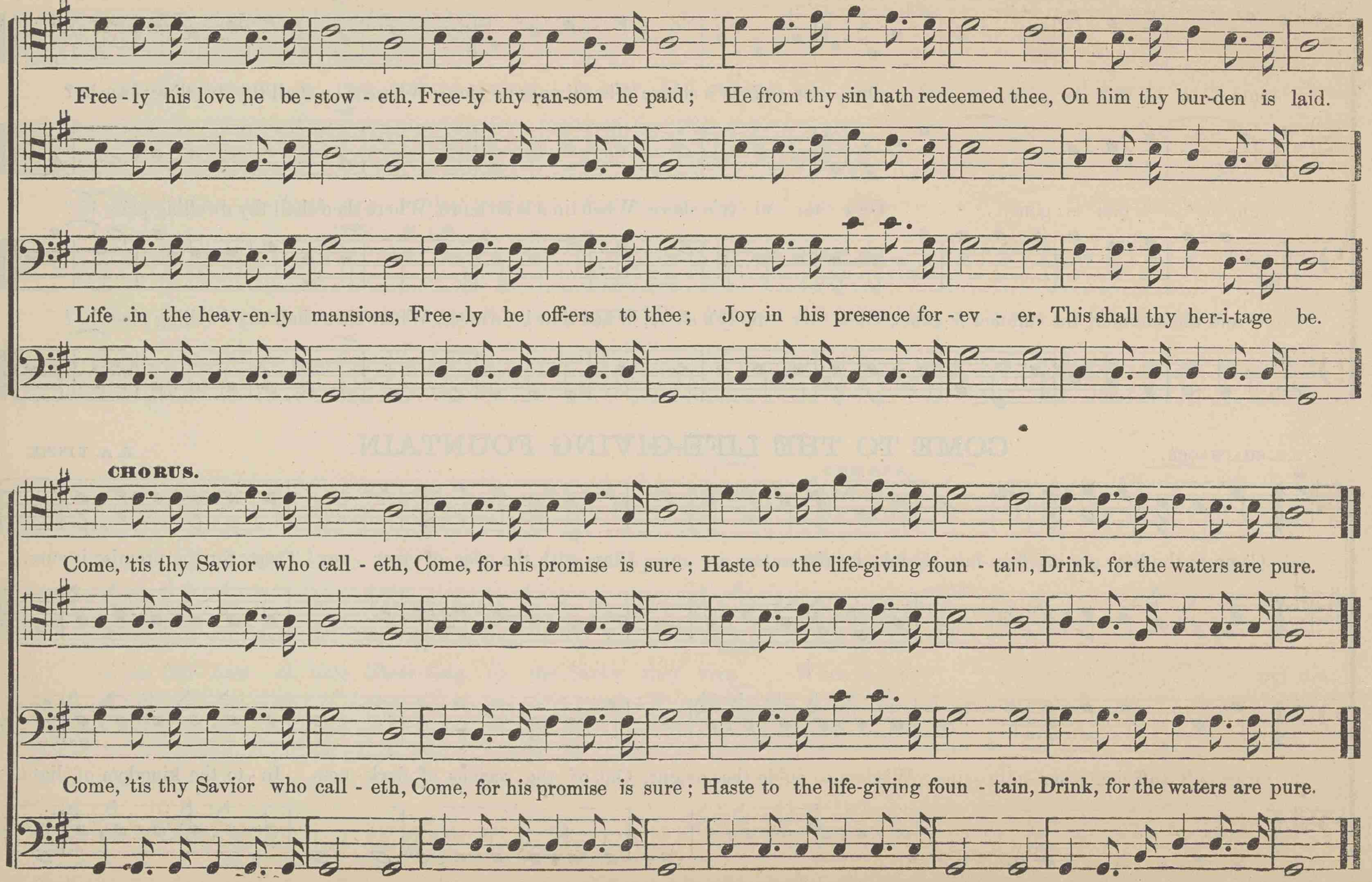
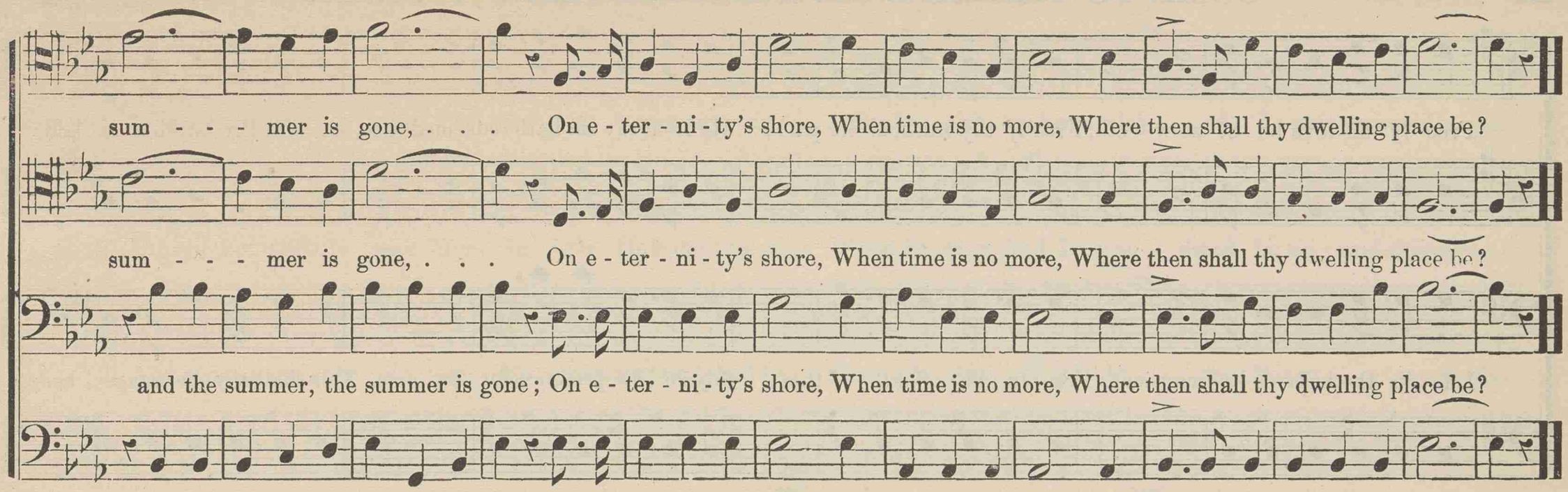
Arr. from FABER.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



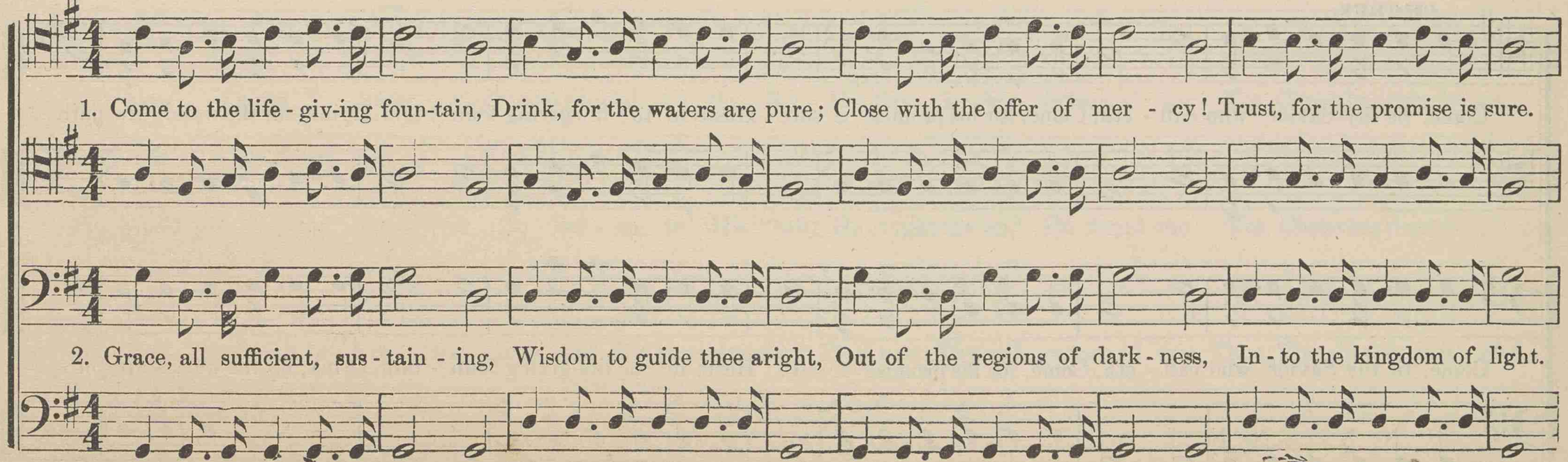
CHRIST HAS DONE IT ALL.



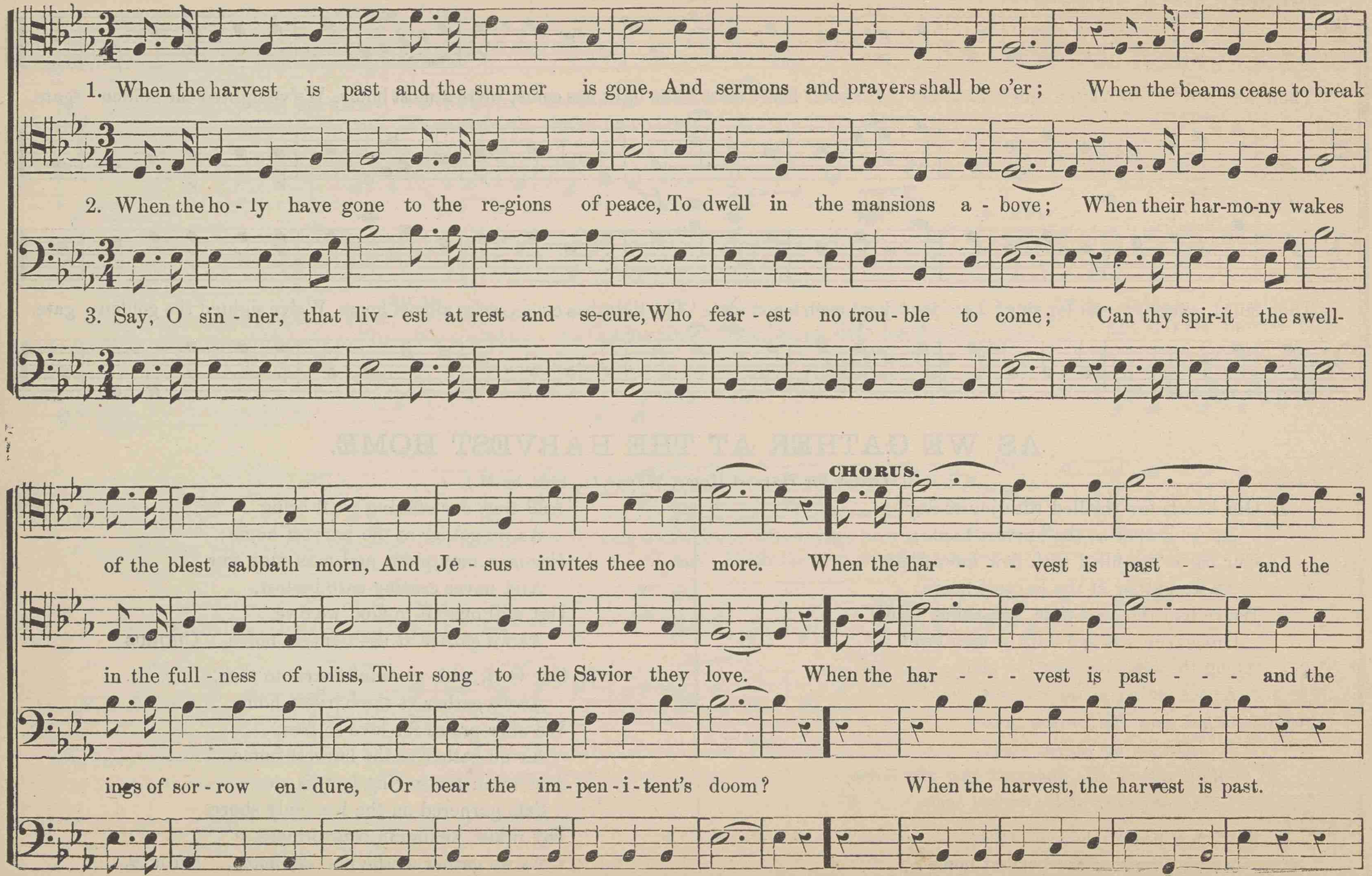
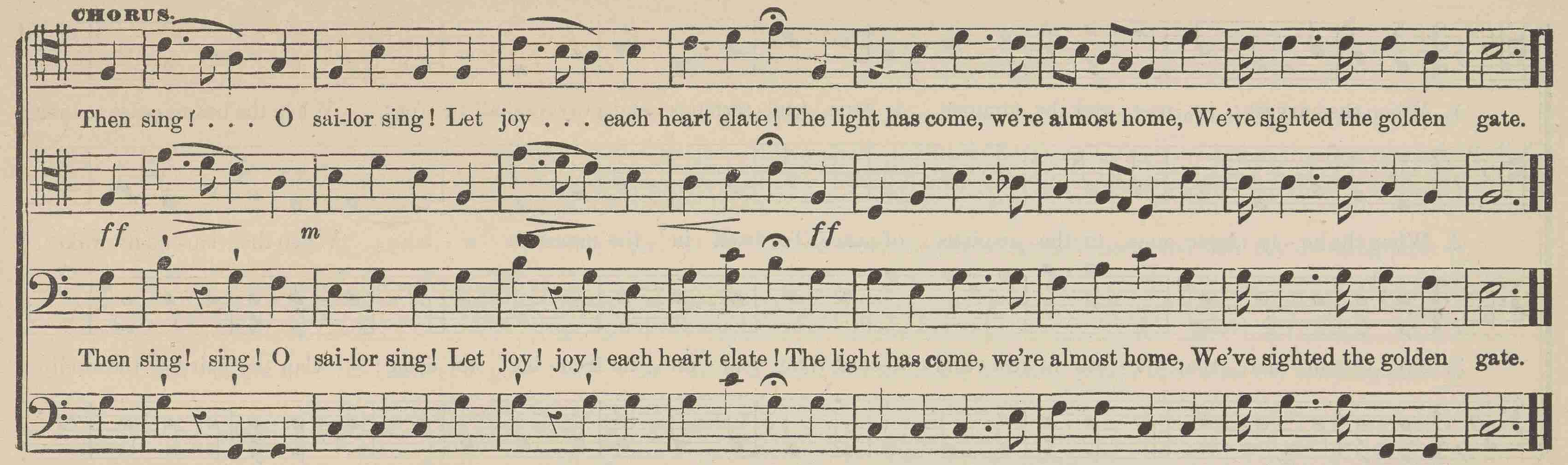
COME TO THE LIFE-GIVING FOUNTAIN. Concluded.



COME TO THE LIFE-GIVING FOUNTAIN.

C. L. SHACKLOCK. R. A. KINZIE.



WHEN THE HARVEST IS PAST.

H. H. McGRANAHAN, by per.

AS WE GATHER AT THE HARVEST HOME.

(Written for Harvest Home, Wayne, O., 1882. by M.)

1. Our hearts are thrilled with joy to-day,
As we gather at the harvest home;
Our barns are filled with new mown hay,
As we gather at the harvest home;
We've had the seed-time, sun-shine, rain,
Our garners stored with golden grain,
Along the hills and o'er the plain,
As we gather at the harvest home.

CHORUS—*Then sing His praises, sing!*
With joy the chorus ring,
We'll spread His fame and own His name,
As we gather at the harvest home.

2. Let every heart rejoice and sing,
As we gather at the harvest home;
And thus our offering we'll bring
As we gather at the harvest home;
For man may plow, and man may sow
And never ceasing care bestow,
But still our all to God we owe,
As we gather at the harvest home. CHORUS

3. Our God, with grateful hearts to thee,
As we gather at the harvest home,
We offer praise for love so free,
As we gather at the harvest home.
And when the sowing here is o'er,
Safe garnered on the heavenly shore,
Thy praise we'll sing forevermore,
As we gather at the harvest home. CHORUS.

EL NATHAN.

WE'VE SIGHTED THE GOLDEN GATE.

JAS. McGRANAHAN.

SOLO. 1st Tenor. (full Chorus ad lib.) Tutti. **SOLO.** **Tutti.**

1. Our hearts are filled with joy to-day, We've sighted the Golden Gate; Its light is beaming o'er our way, We've sighted the Golden Gate.
2. They've signaled us from off the land, We've sighted the Golden Gate; Our friends are gath'ring on the strand, We've sighted the Golden Gate.

* As we gath - er at the har - vest home,

Tutti. *f*

Tutti.

3. How light the trials that have come, We've sighted the Golden Gate; For - gotten now in sight of home, We've sighted the Golden Gate.
4. Our God, with grateful hearts to Thee, We've sighted the Golden Gate; Once lost on life's tempestuous sea, We've sighted the Golden Gate.

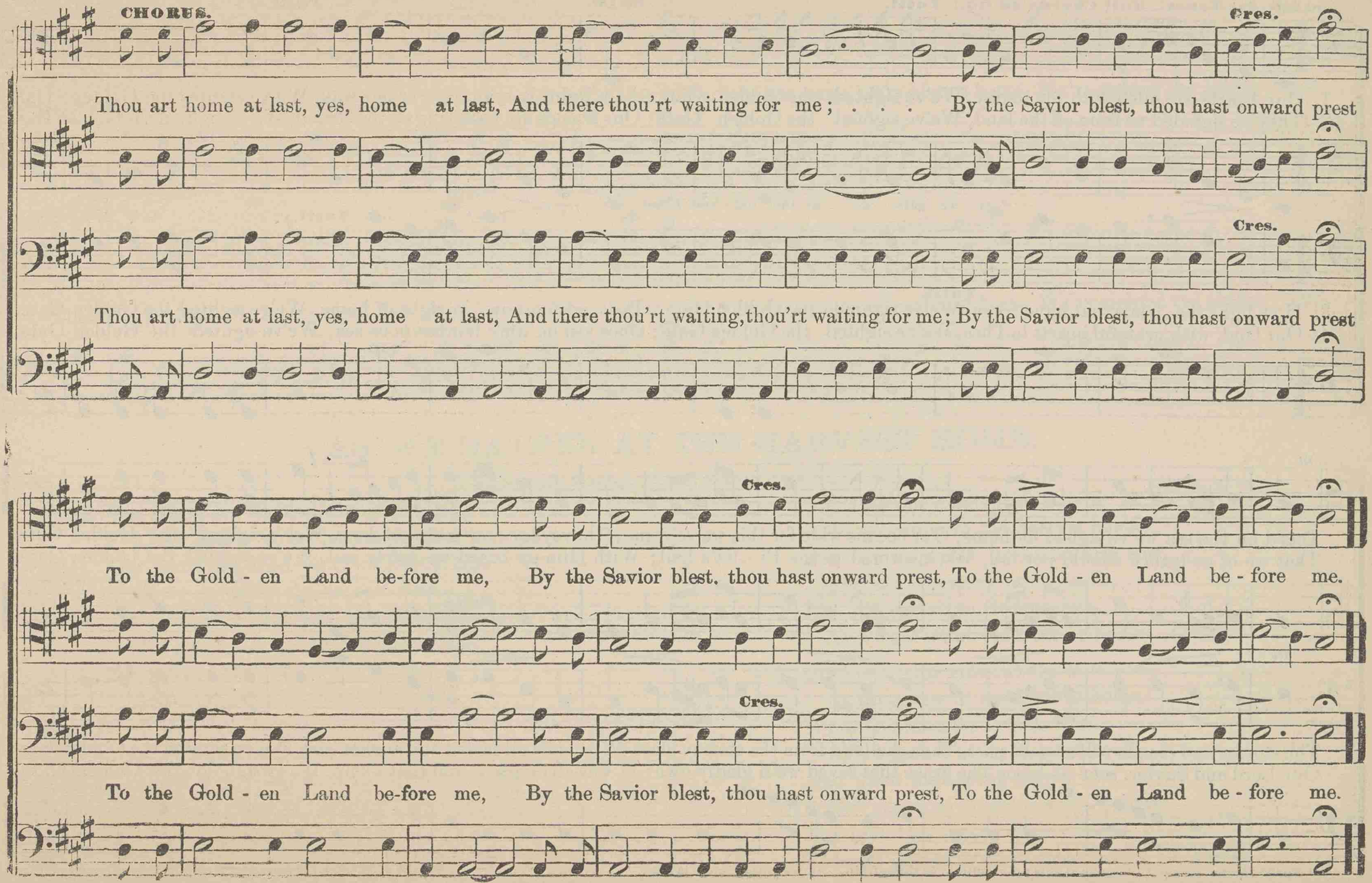
m *f*

Toss'd on the sea we've sighed for home, O'er oceans wide for this we've come; The voyage now is almost done, We've sighted the Golden Gate.
That we of en-trance should not fail, We answered to the Pi - lot's hail; With Him on board we safely sail, We've sighted the Golden Gate.

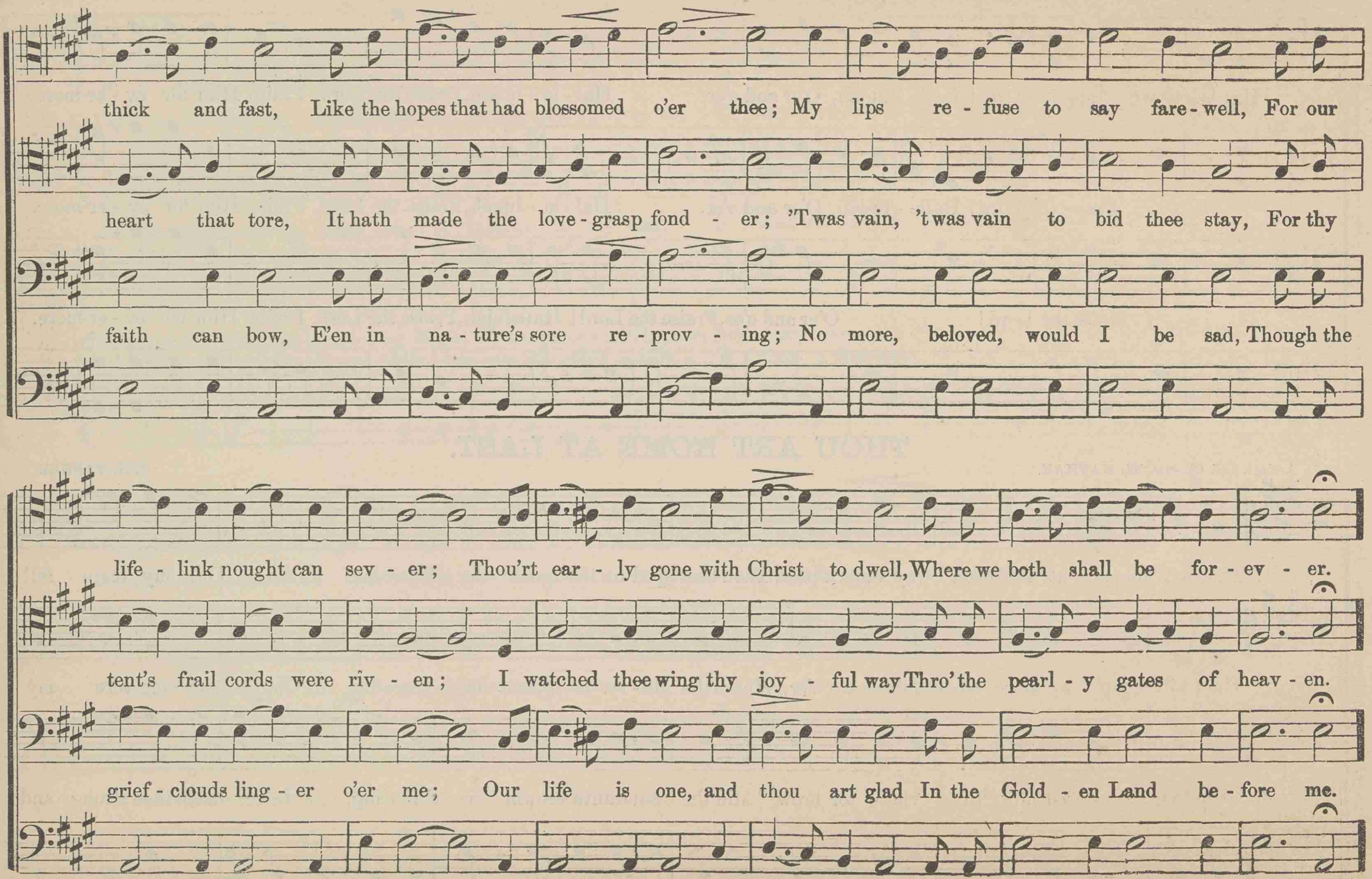
m *f*

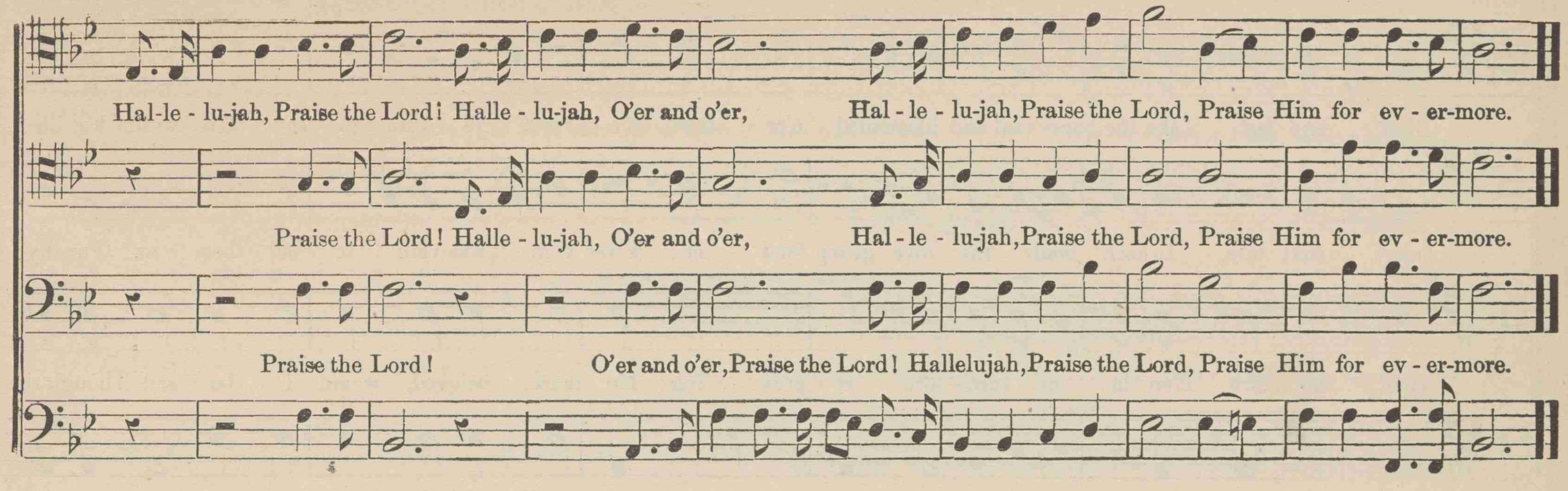
The storms and clouds will soon be past, Then shelter'd from the stormy blast, With sails all furled and anchor cast, We've sighted the Golden Gate.
Our Lord and Savior, soon at home The grace that saved we'll gladly own; 'T was all of grace, and that alone, We've sighted the Golden Gate.

* For 2d Hymn use small notes as at this point wherever the refrain "As we gather, etc." is used.


CHORUS.
Cres.
Thou art home at last, yes, home at last, And there thou'rt waiting for me; . . . By the Savior blest, thou hast onward prest
Cres.
Thou art home at last, yes, home at last, And there thou'rt waiting, thou'rt waiting for me; By the Savior blest, thou hast onward prest
Cres.
To the Gold - en Land be-fore me, By the Savior blest, thou hast onward prest, To the Gold - en Land be - fore me.
Cres.
To the Gold - en Land be-fore me, By the Savior blest, thou hast onward prest, To the Gold - en Land be - fore me.

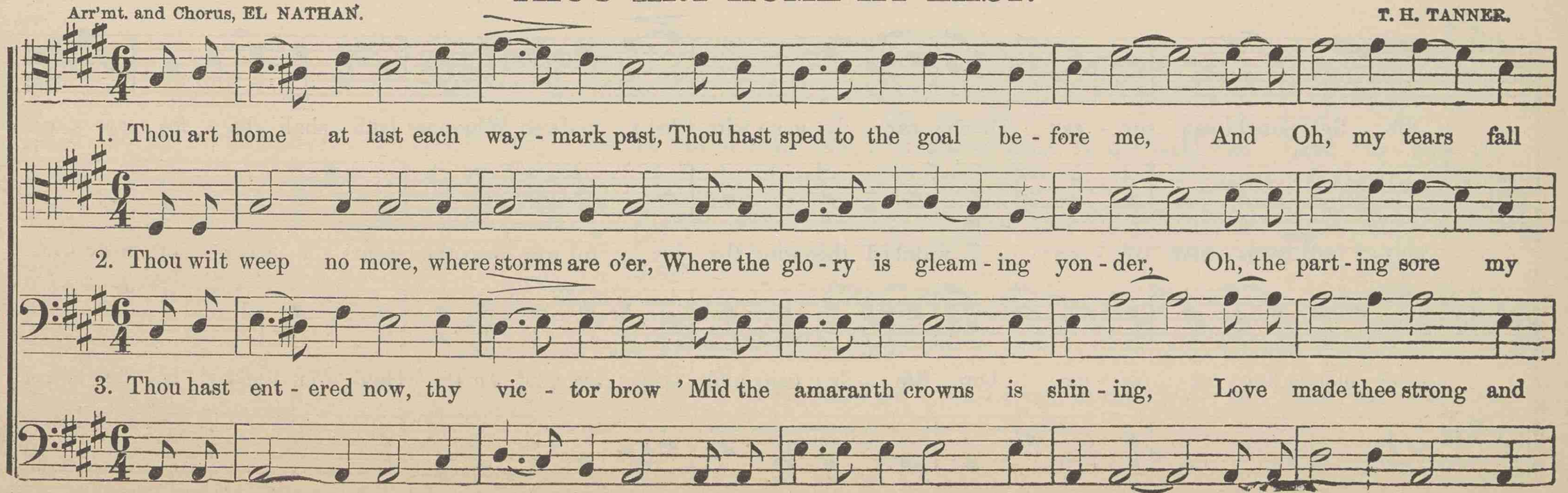
THOU ART HOME AT LAST. Continued.





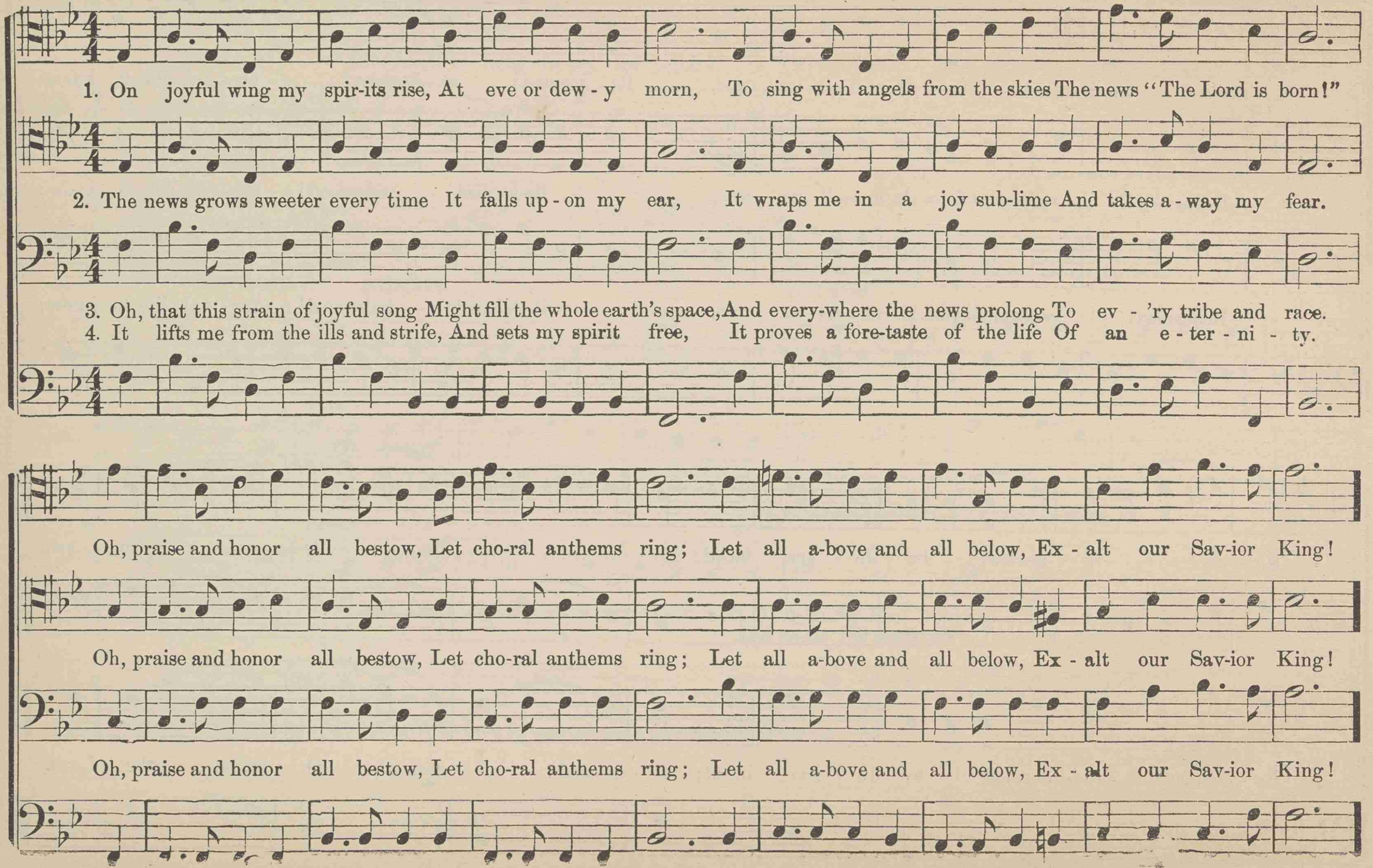
THOU ART HOME AT LAST.

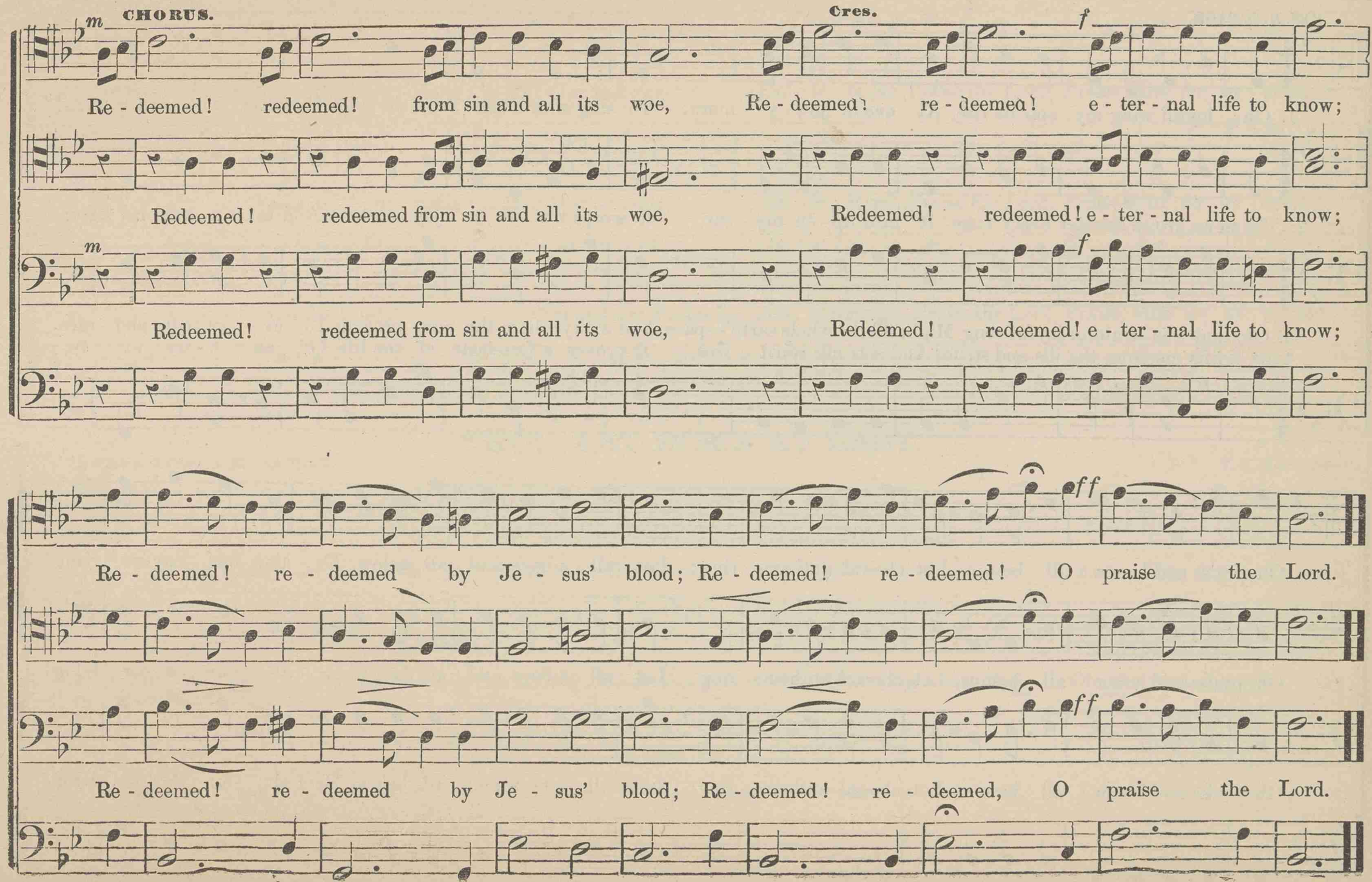
Arr'mt. and Chorus, EL NATHAN. T. H. TANNER.



ON JOYFUL WING MY SPIRITS RISE.

MRS. M. O. PAGE. MRS. C. H. SCOTT.




CHORUS.
Cres.
Re - deemed! redeemed! from sin and all its woe, Re - deemed! re - deemed! e - ter - nal life to know;
Redeemed! redeemed from sin and all its woe, Redeemed! redeemed! e - ter - nal life to know;
Redeemed! redeemed from sin and all its woe, Redeemed! redeemed! e - ter - nal life to know;
Re - deemed! re - deemed by Je - sus' blood; Re - deemed! re - deemed! O praise the Lord.
Re - deemed! re - deemed by Je - sus' blood; Re - deemed! re - deemed, O praise the Lord.

EL. NATHAN.

REDEEMED.

JAS. McGRANAHAN.

Allegretto Moderato.

1. Redeemed! redeemed! O sing the joy - ful strain! Give praise, give praise and glo-ry to His name

2. Redeemed! redeemed! the word has bro't re - pose And joy, and joy that each redeemed one knows

3. Redeemed! redeemed! O joy, that I should be In Christ, in Christ from sin for - ev - er free;
Redeemed! redeemed! In Christ,

Cres. *f*

Who gave His blood our souls to save, And purchased freedom for the slave, And purchased free - dom for the slave.
And purchased freedom, purchased freedom for the slave.

Cres. *f*

Who sees his sins on Jesus laid, And knows His blood the ransom paid, And knows His blood the ran - som paid.
And knows His blood the ransom paid, the ran - som paid.

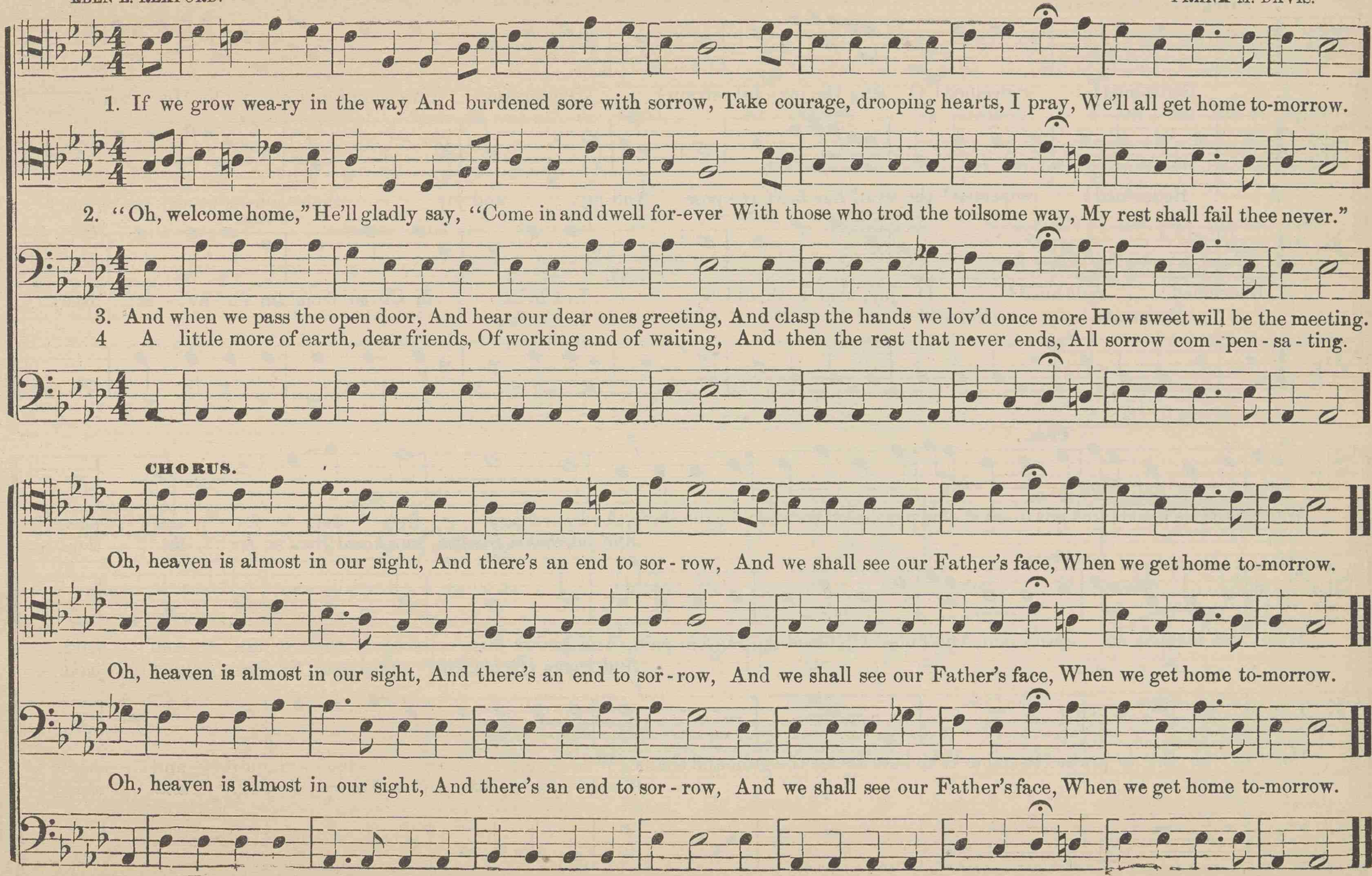
f

For - ev - er free to praise His name Who bore for me the guilt and shame, Who bore for me the guilt and shame.
Who bore for me the guilt and shame, the guilt and shame.

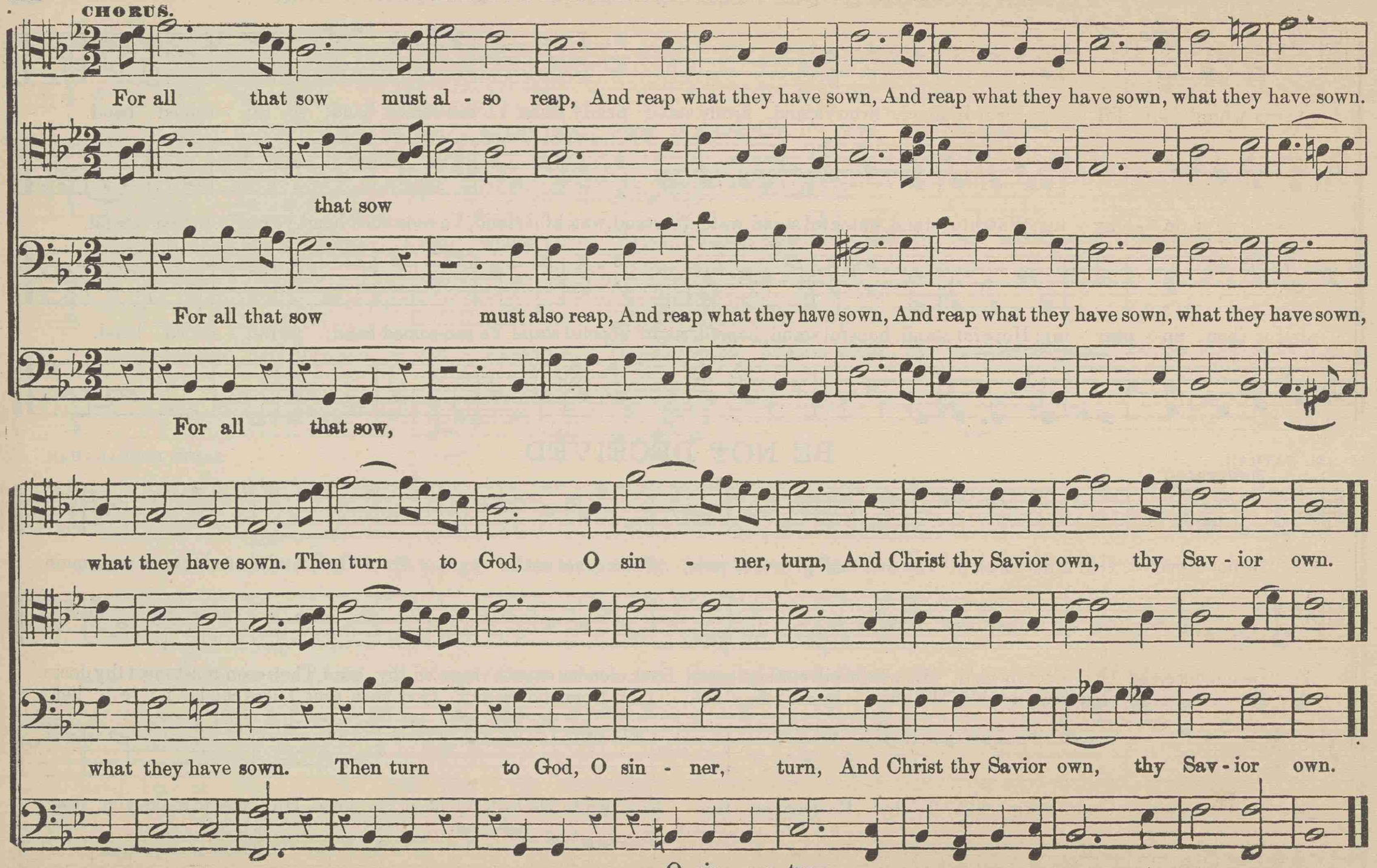
f

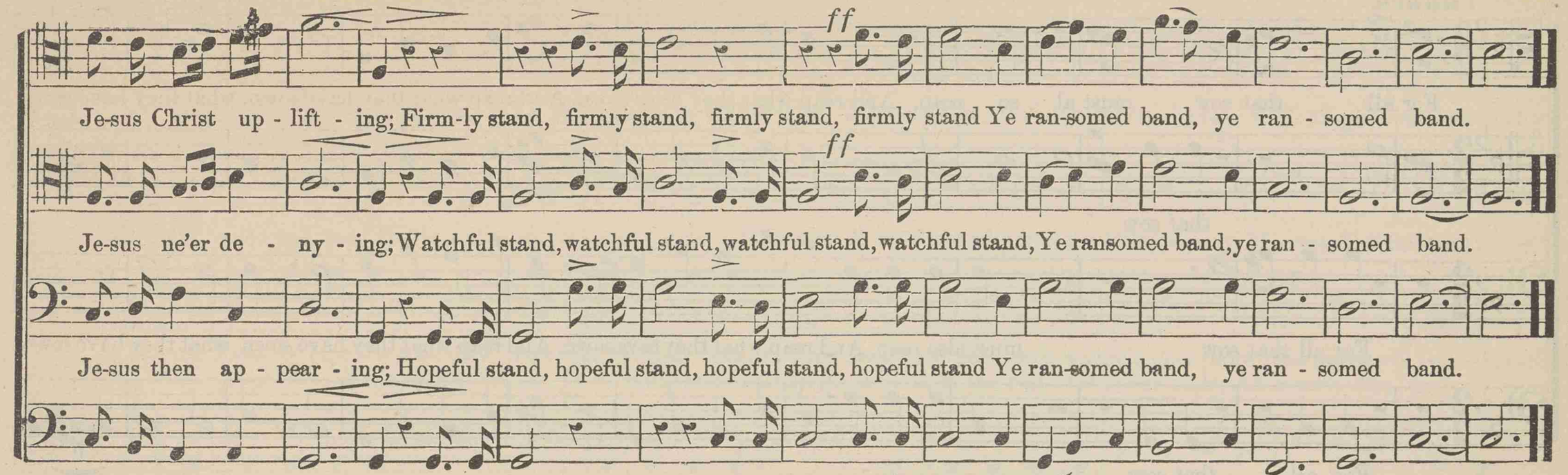
WHEN WE GET HOME.

EBEN E. REXFORD. FRANK M. DAVIS.



BE NOT DECEIVED. Concluded.

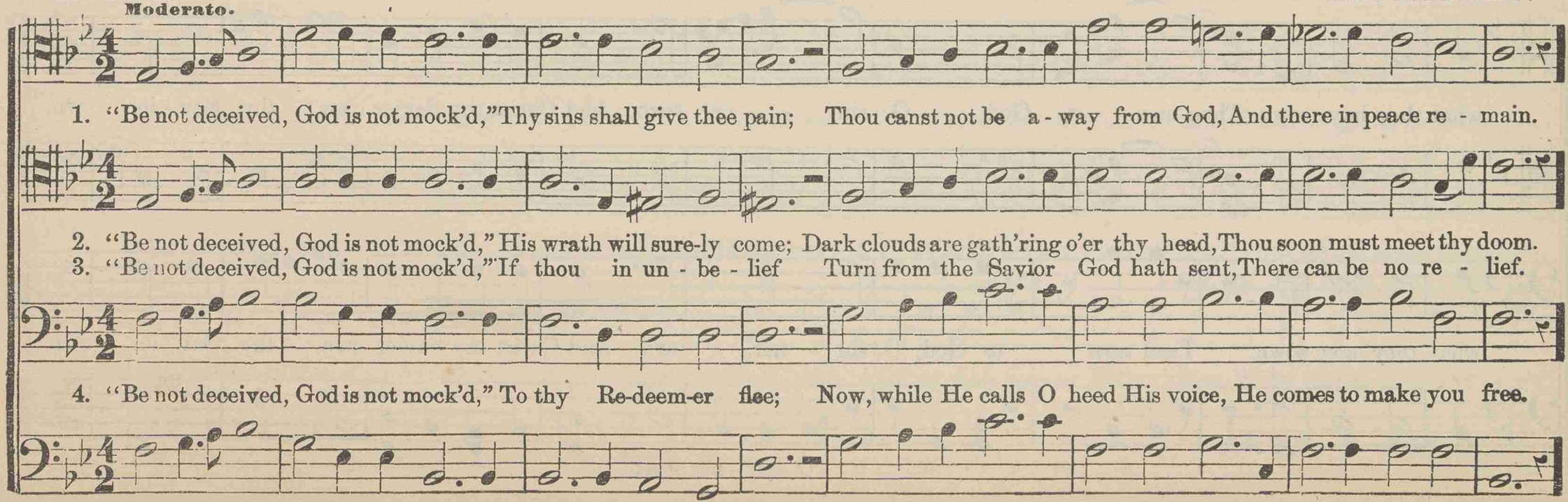




BE NOT DECEIVED.

EL NATHAN.
Moderato.

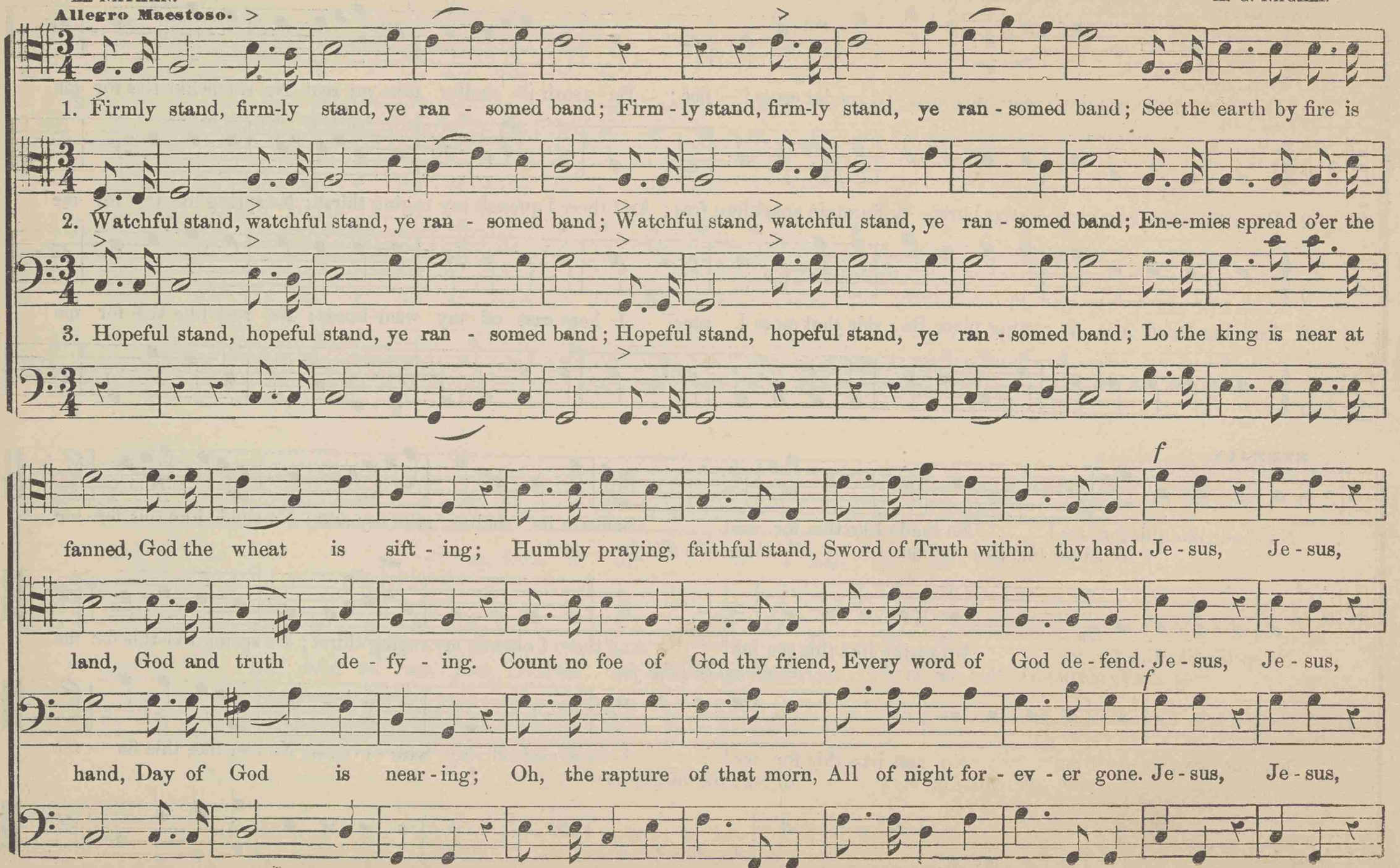
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



FIRMLY STAND YE RANSOMED BAND.

EL NATHAN.

H. G. NAGELI.



THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

Allegretto.

1. Oppress'd with noon-day's scorching heat, To yonder cross I flee; Be - neath its shelter take my seat, No shade like this for me!

2. Beneath that cross clear waters burst—A fountain sparkling free; And there I quench my raging thirst; No spring like this for me!

3. For burdened ones, a resting place Be - side that cross I see; I here cast off my wear-i-ness; No rest like this for me!

REFRAIN.

No shade like this for me! No shade like this for me! Beneath its shelter take my seat; No shade like this for me.

* *No shade like this for me! No shade like this for me!*

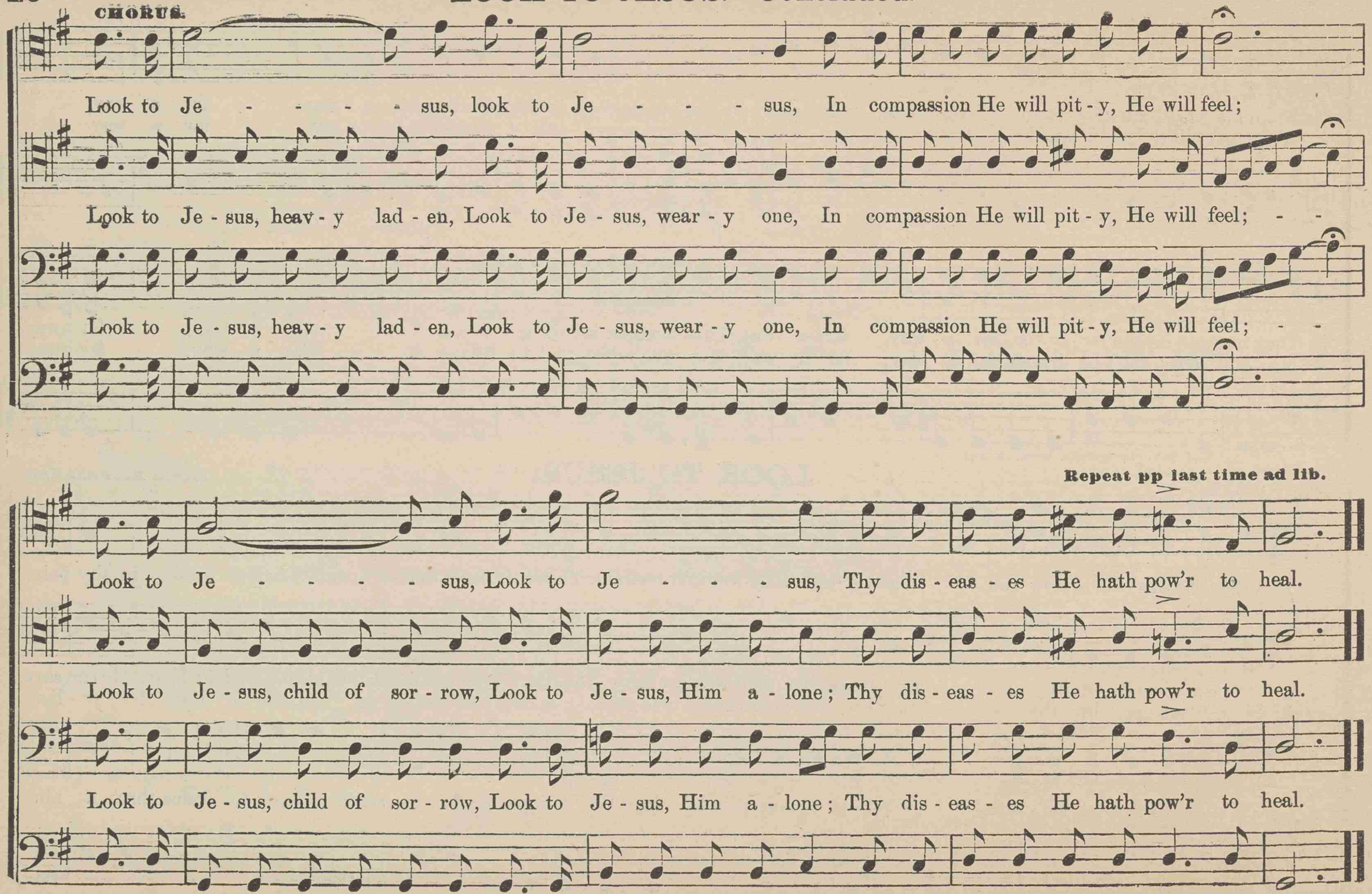
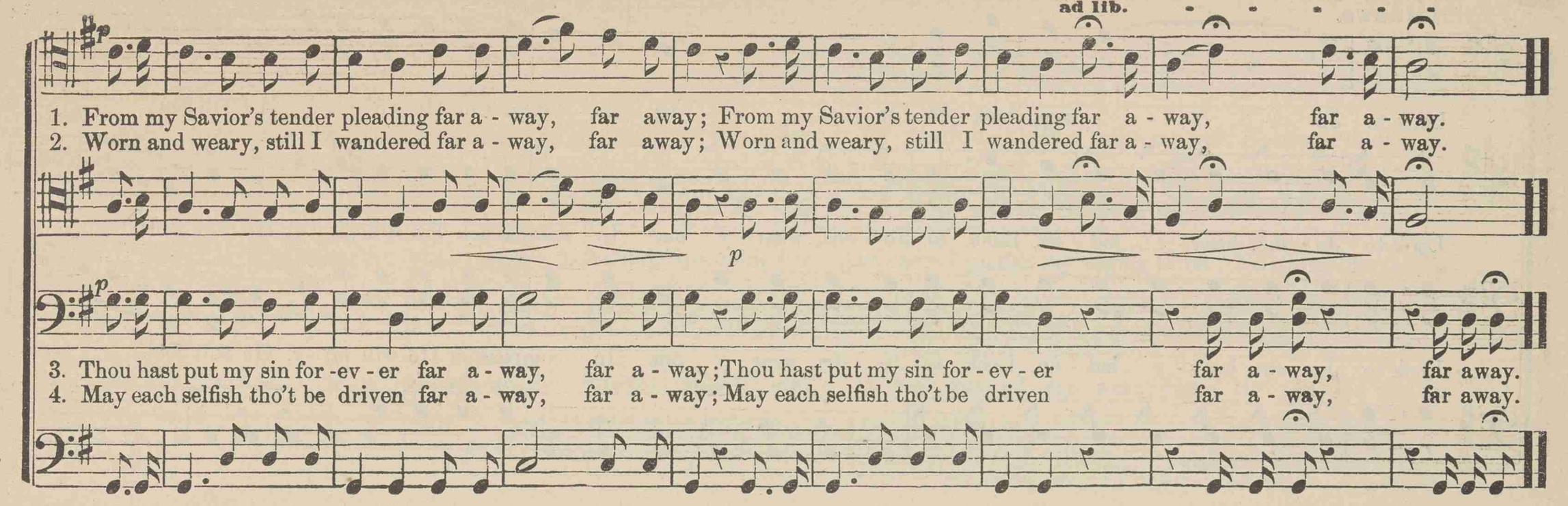
No spring like this for me! No spring like this for me! And there I quench my raging thirst; No spring like this for me.

No spring like this for me! No spring like this for me!

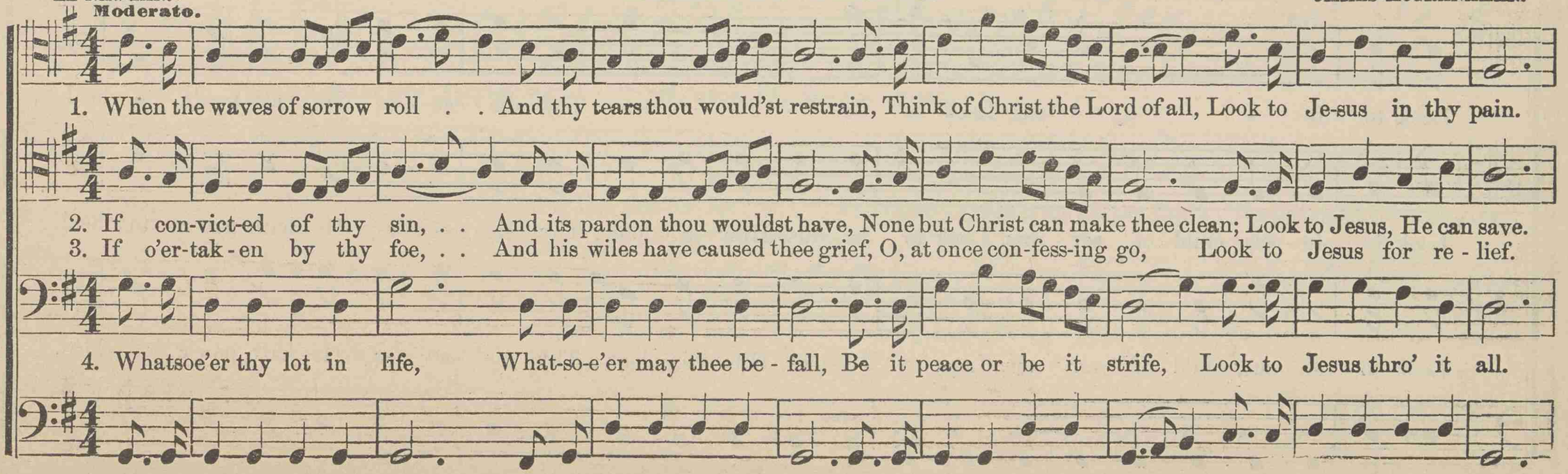
No rest like this for me! No rest like this for me! I here cast off my wear - i - ness; No rest like this for me.

No rest like this for me! No rest like this for me!

* Basses sing words in italics.

LOOK TO JESUS. Concluded.

LOOK TO JESUS.

EL NATHAN. Moderate. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



B. Y. GEORGE. Furnished by T. C. HAMILTON.

FAR AWAY.

MISS M. LINSAY. Arranged by M.

1. Turning backward thro' the shadows Of my ear - ly wast - ed years,
2. Years passed on, but still I wandered, Drank at pleasure's sparkling stream;
3. In the dark and si - lent watches Of my long and wea - ry night,
4. Take my life, O lov - ing Sav - ior, Make it more and more Thine own;

Moderate.

mf *p*

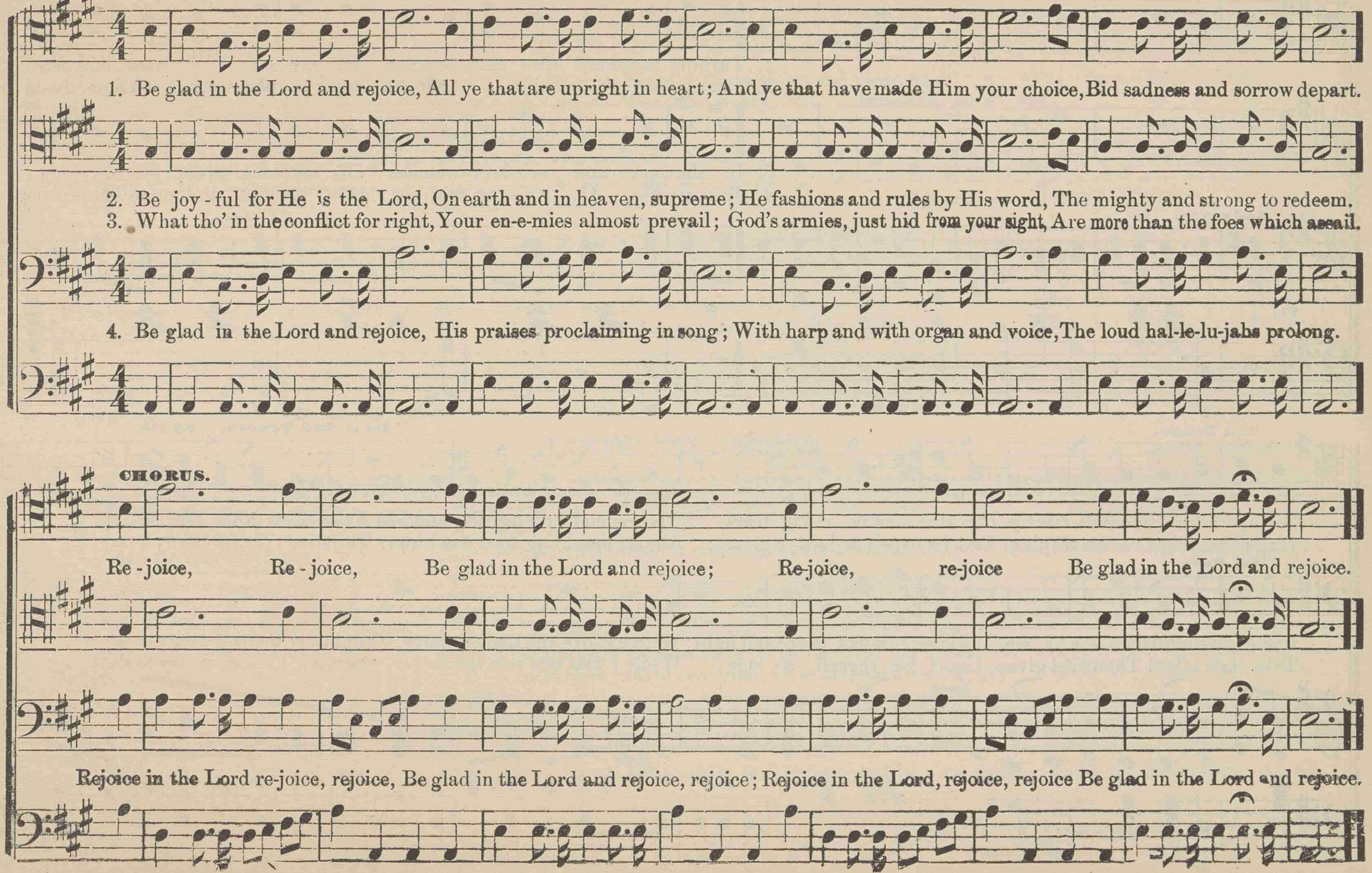
2nd Tenor. 1st & 2nd Tenors. ad lib.

Seeing all my sins but faintly Thro' the mist of rising tears, I remember when I wandered From my Father far astray. . .
Hap-pi-ness for - ev - er seeking, Led by hope's de-lu-sive gleam; Ah, the sparkling flood was bitter, Thirsting yet for many a day. . .

1st Bass.

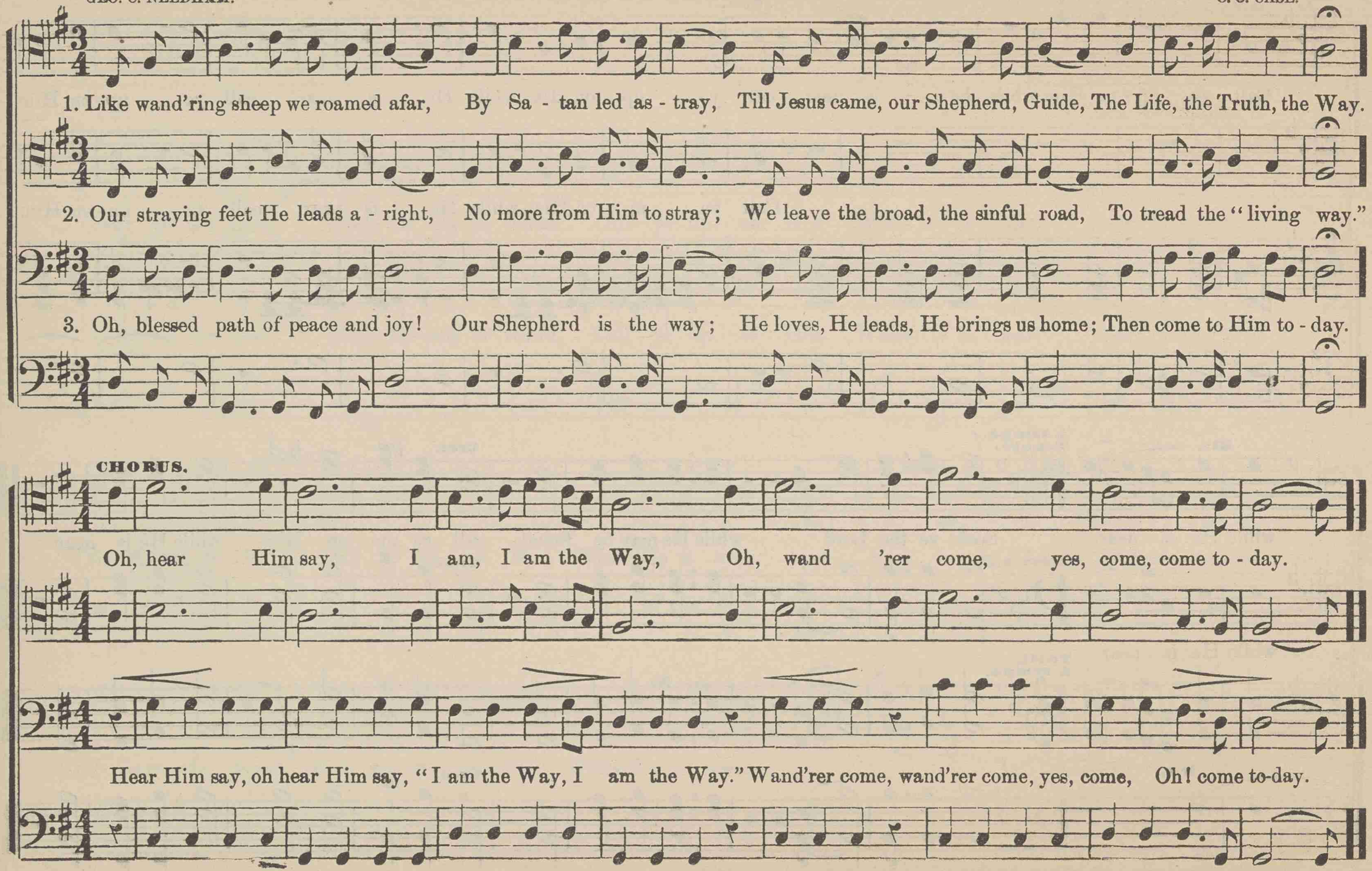
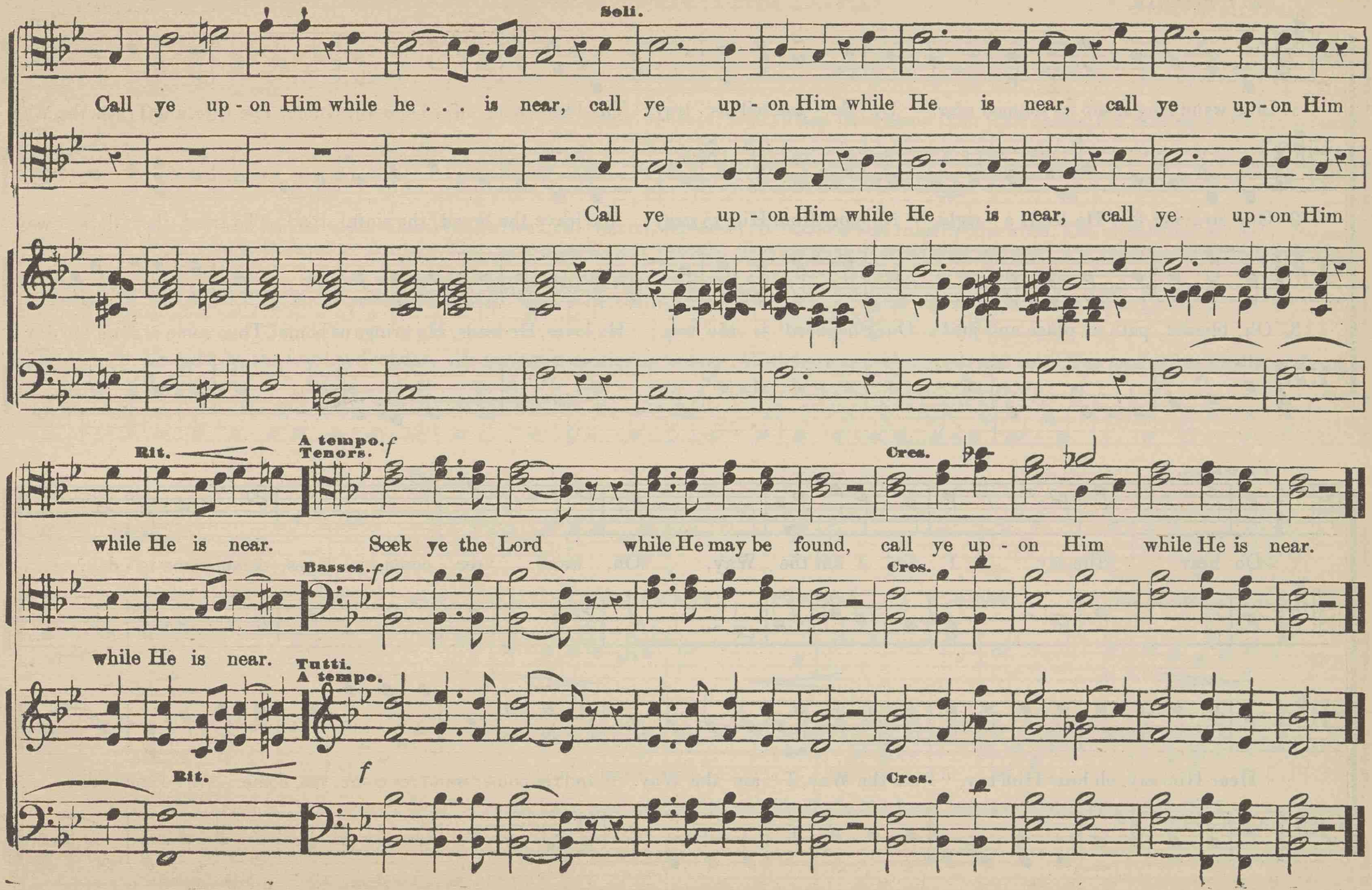
Came my slighted Savior to me, Bringing comfort, peace and light; With his love and tender mercy, Taught my melting heart to say; . .
Take each talent Thou hast given, Use it for thyself a - lone; While I wait this side the riv - er, Serving Thee from day to day. . .

REJOICE IN THE LORD.



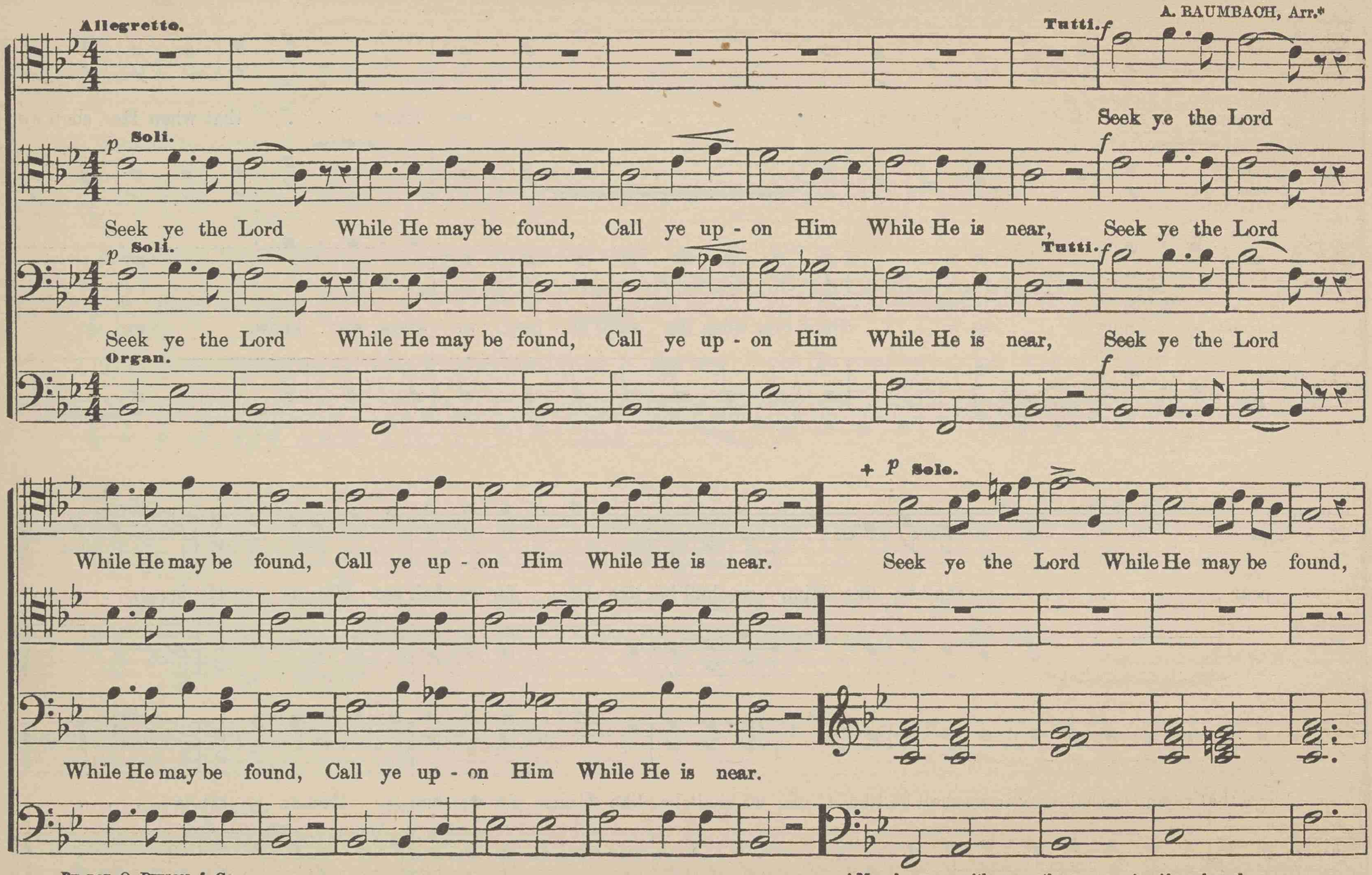
I AM THE WAY.

GEO. C. NEEDHAM. C. C. CASE.

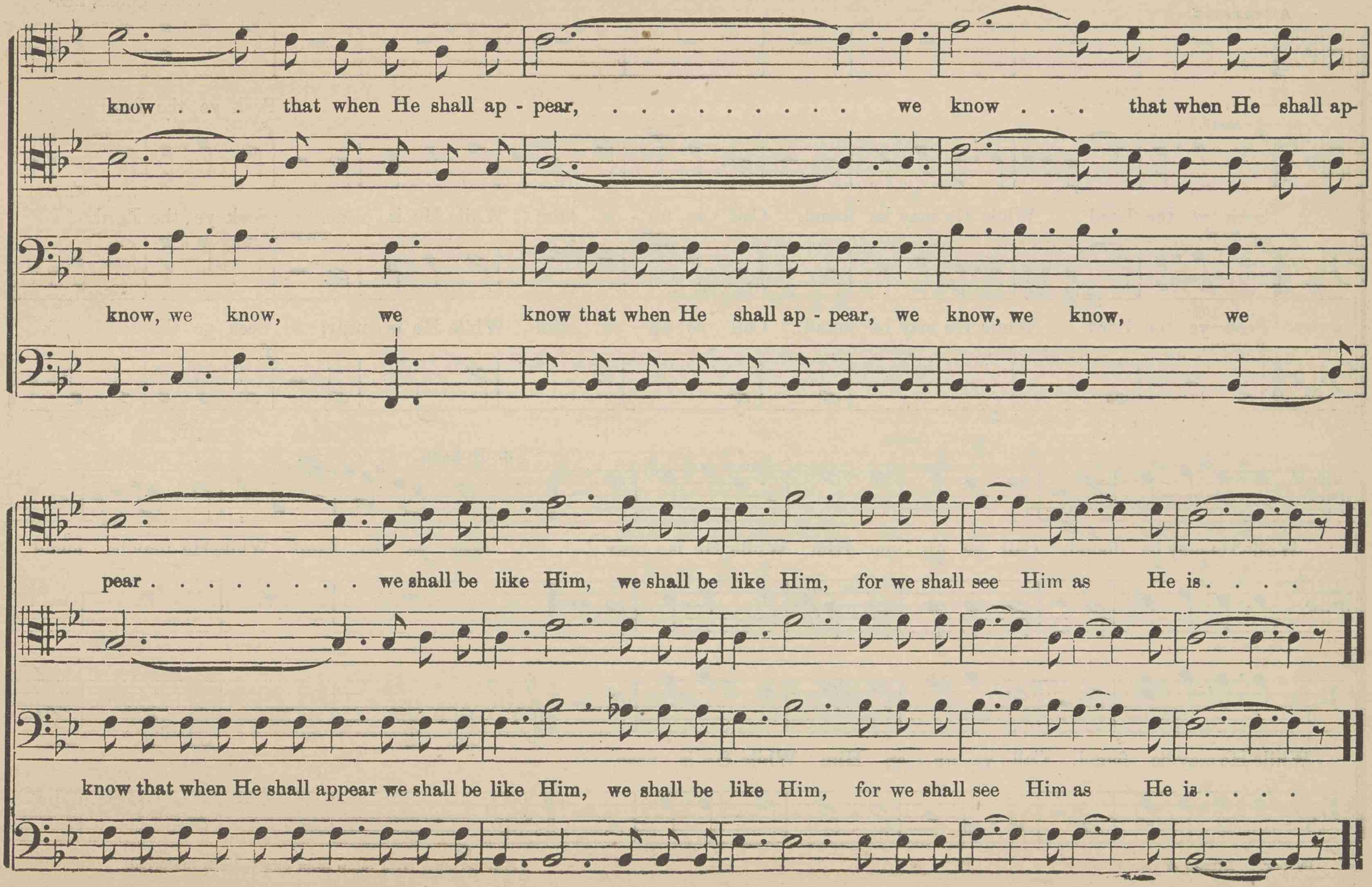


Soli.
Call ye up - on Him while he . . . is near, call ye up - on Him while He is near, call ye up - on Him
Call ye up - on Him while He is near, call ye up - on Him
Rit.
A tempo.
Tenors.
f
Cres.
while He is near. Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye up - on Him while He is near.
Basses.
f
Cres.
while He is near.
Tutti.
A tempo.
Rit.
f
Cres.

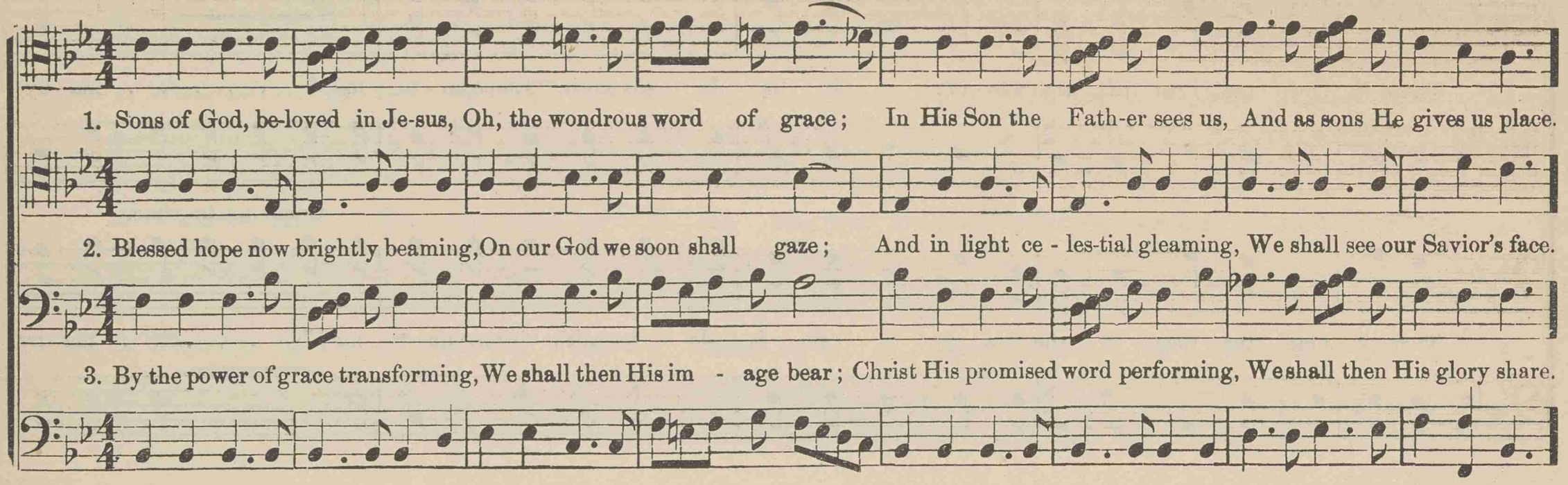
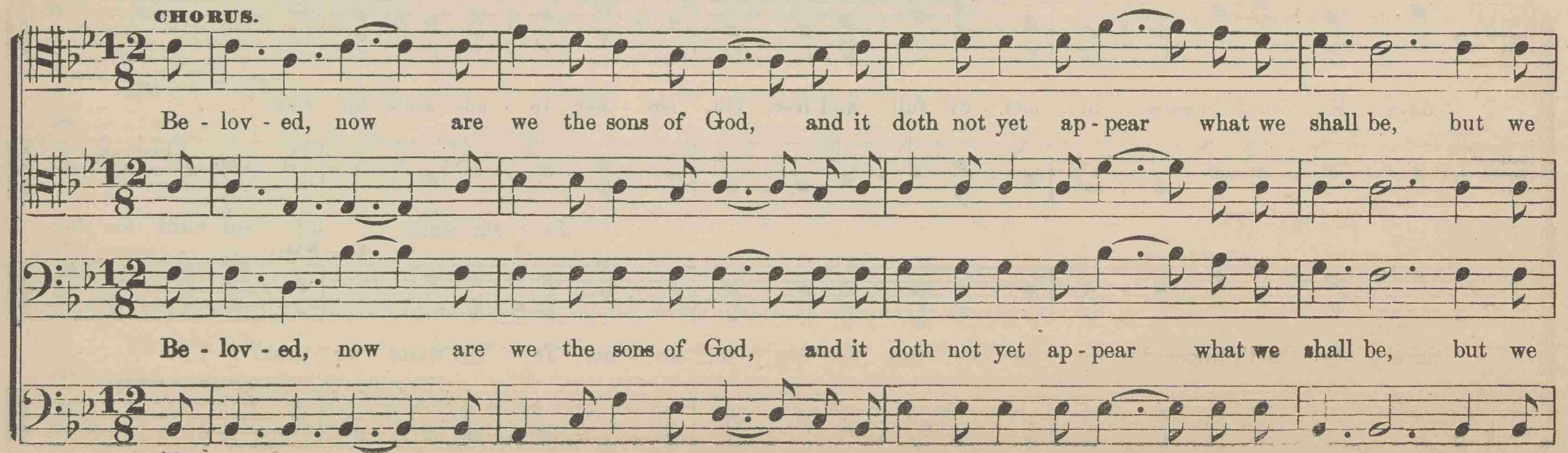
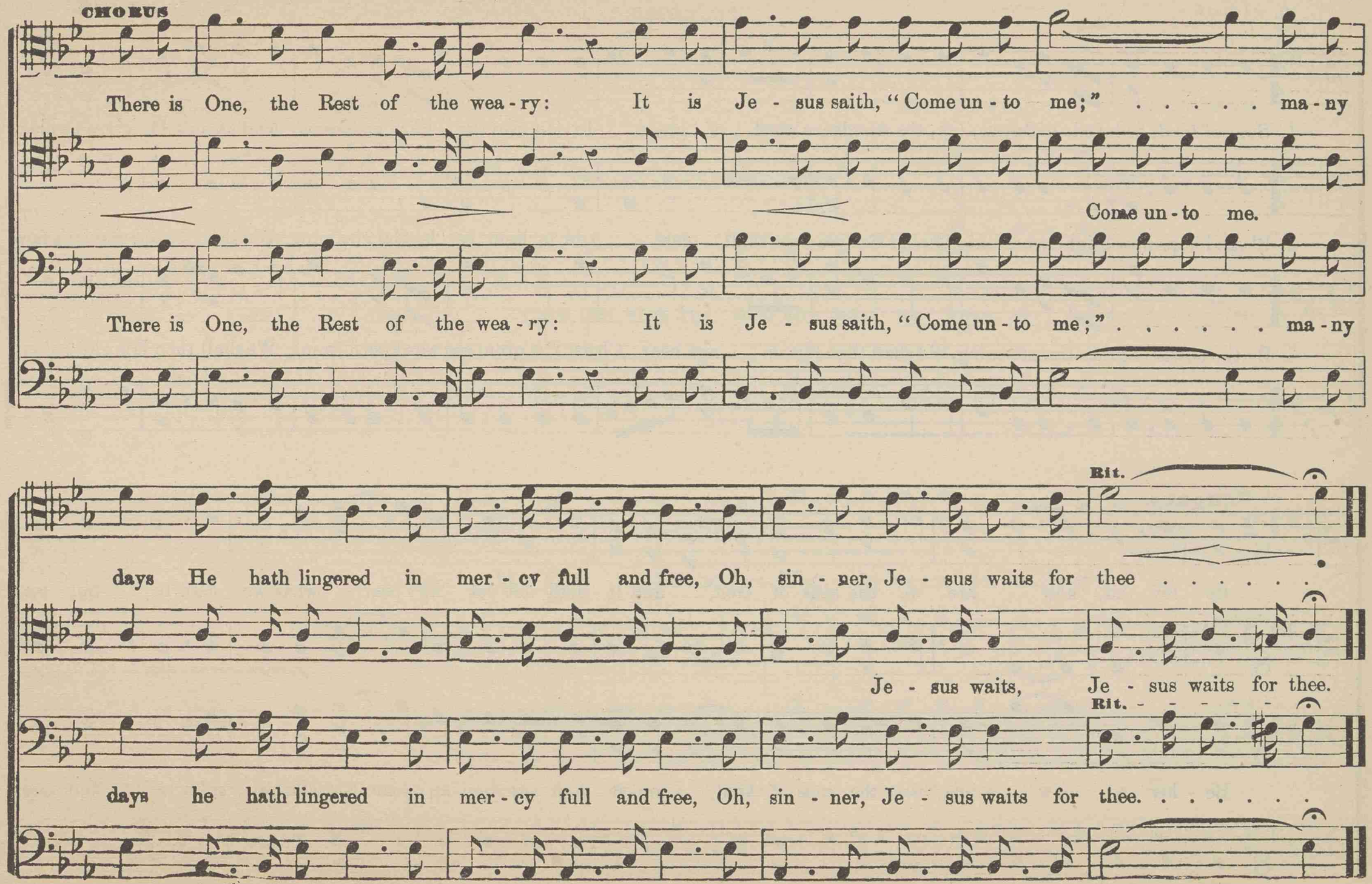
SEEK YE THE LORD.

A. BAUMBACH, Arr.*

By per. O. DITSON & Co.

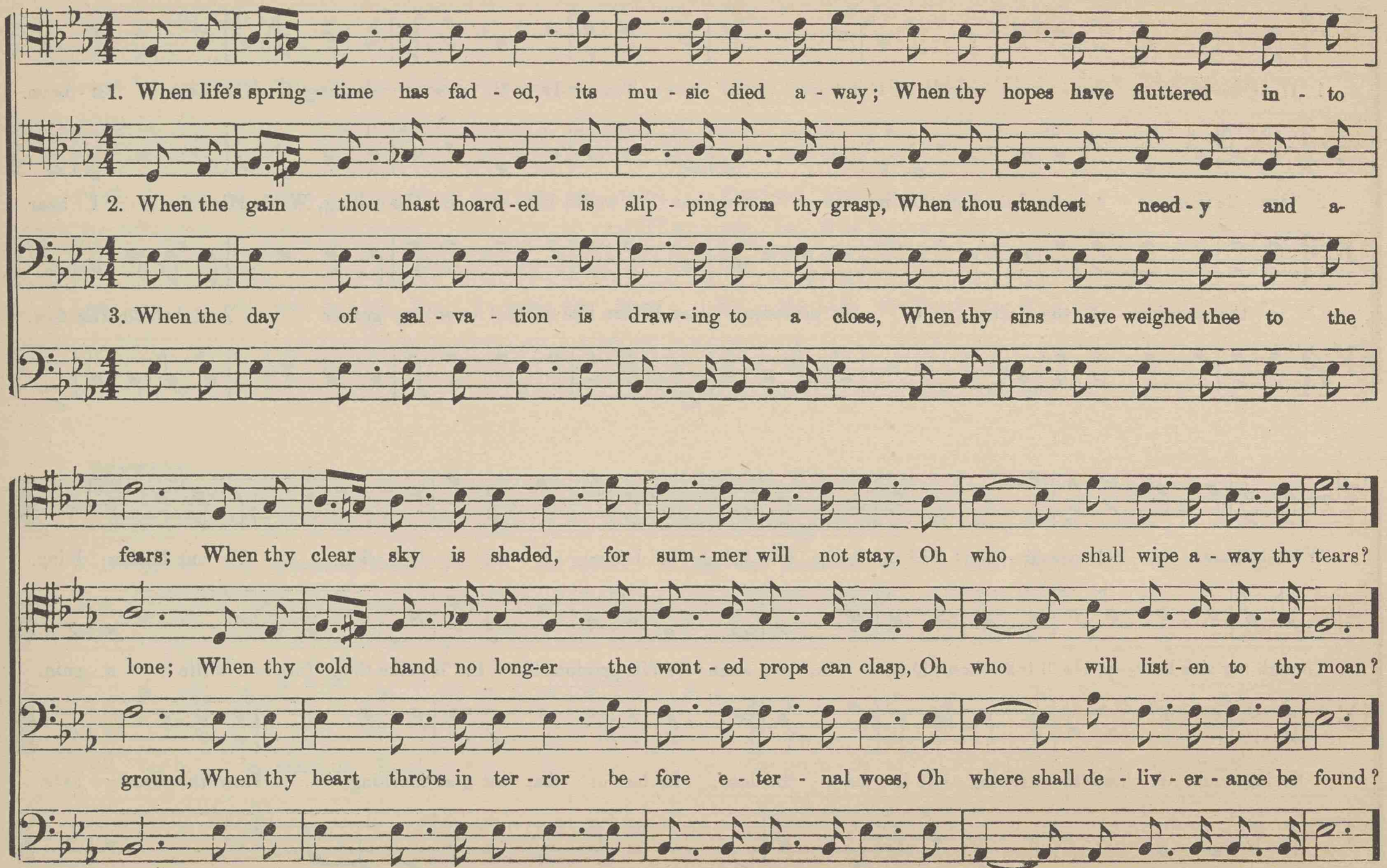
† May be sung with more than one voice if preferred.


know . . . that when He shall ap - pear, ... we know . . . that when He shall ap-
know, we know, we know that when He shall ap - pear, we know, we know, we
pear . . . . . we shall be like Him, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is . . . .
know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is . . . .

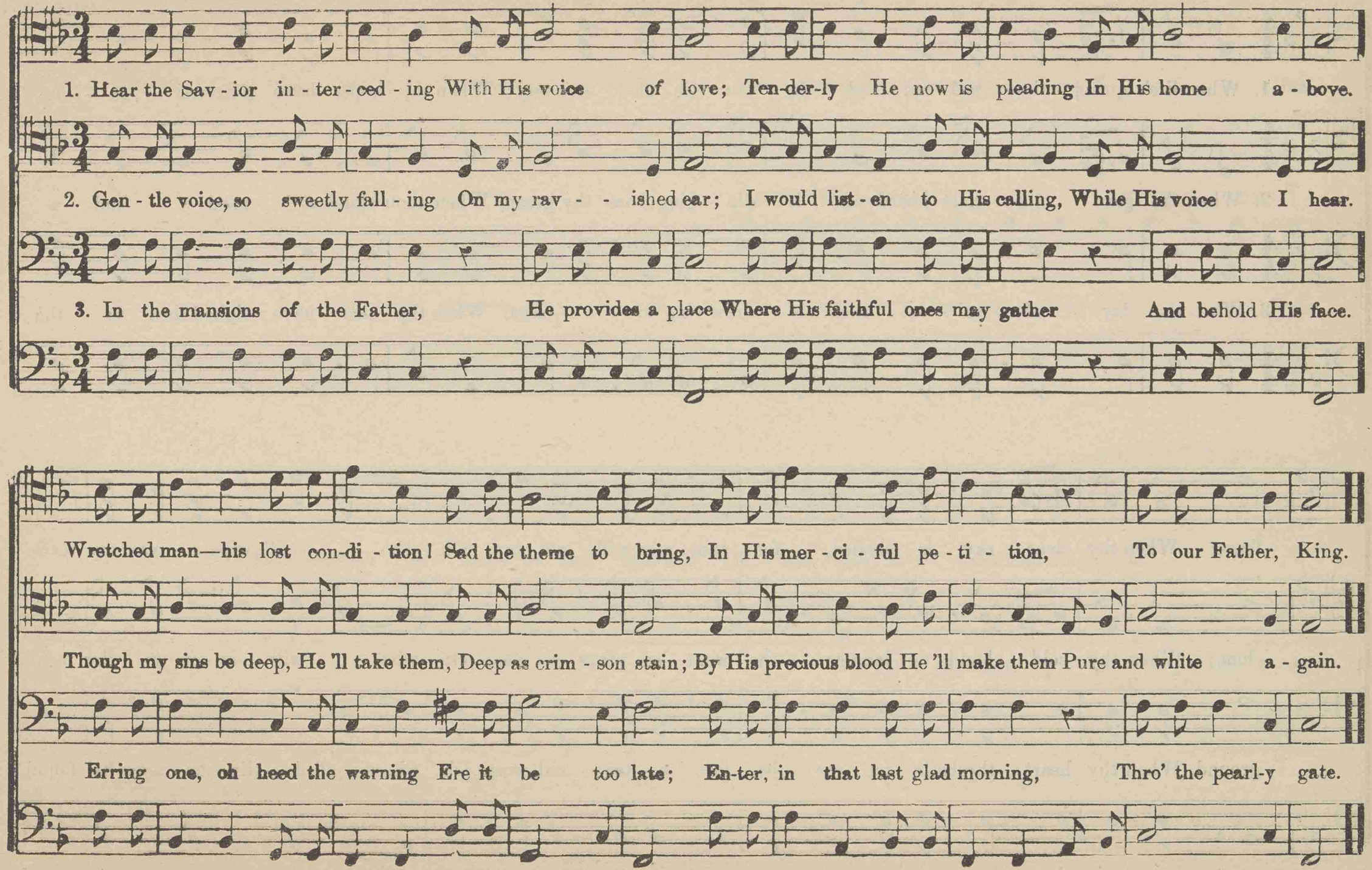
"BELOVED, NOW ARE WE THE SONS OF GOD."

EL NATHAN. (May be sung in A.) JAMES McGRANAHAN.


CHORUS
There is One, the Rest of the wea - ry: It is Je - sus saith, "Come un - to me;" . . . . . ma - ny
Come un - to me.
There is One, the Rest of the wea - ry: It is Je - sus saith, "Come un - to me;" . . . . . ma - ny
Rit.
days He hath lingered in mer - cy full and free, Oh, sin - ner, Je - sus waits for thee . . . . . .
Je - sus waits, Je - sus waits for thee.
Rit.
days he hath lingered in mer - cy full and free, Oh, sin - ner, Je - sus waits for thee. . . . . .

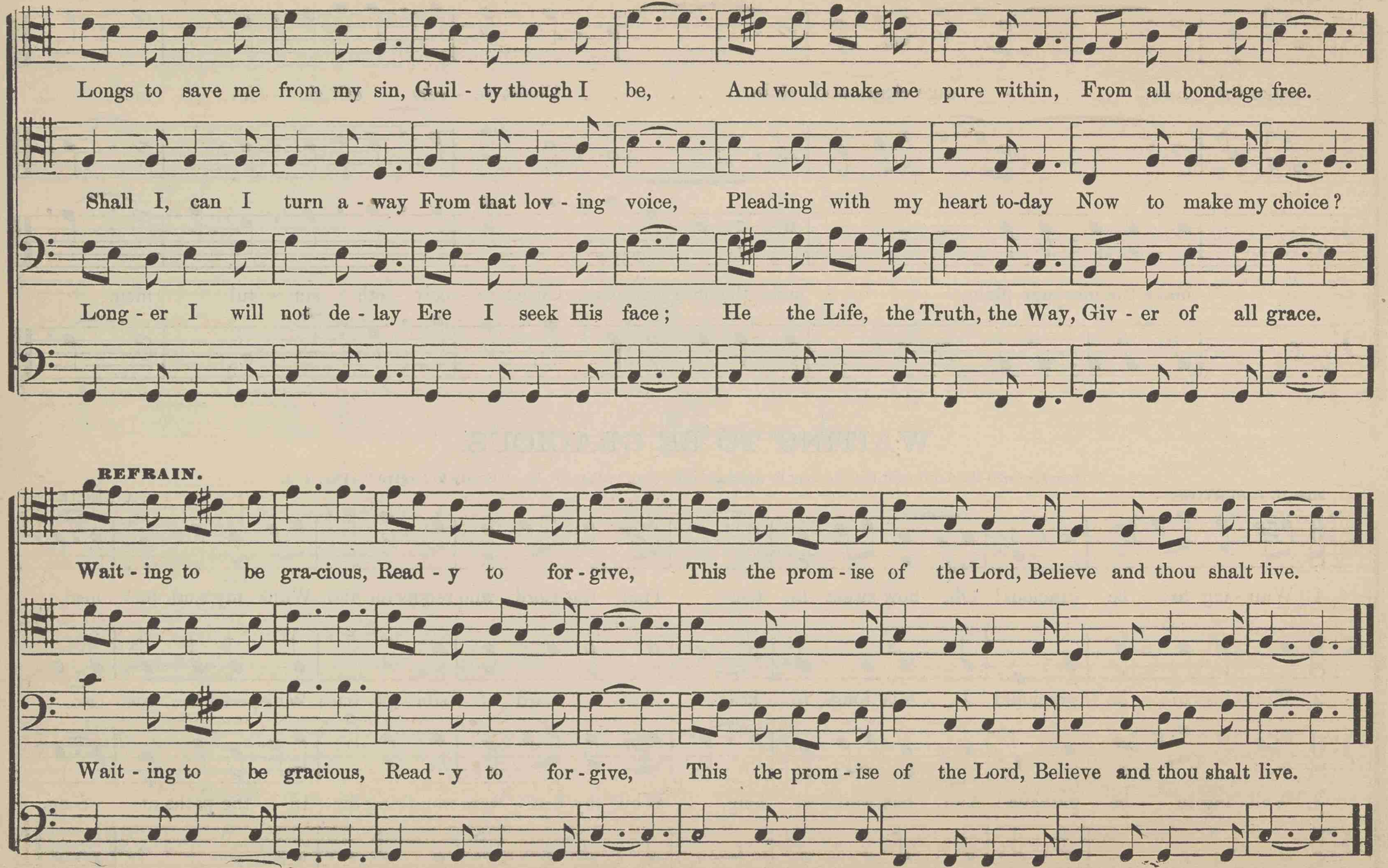
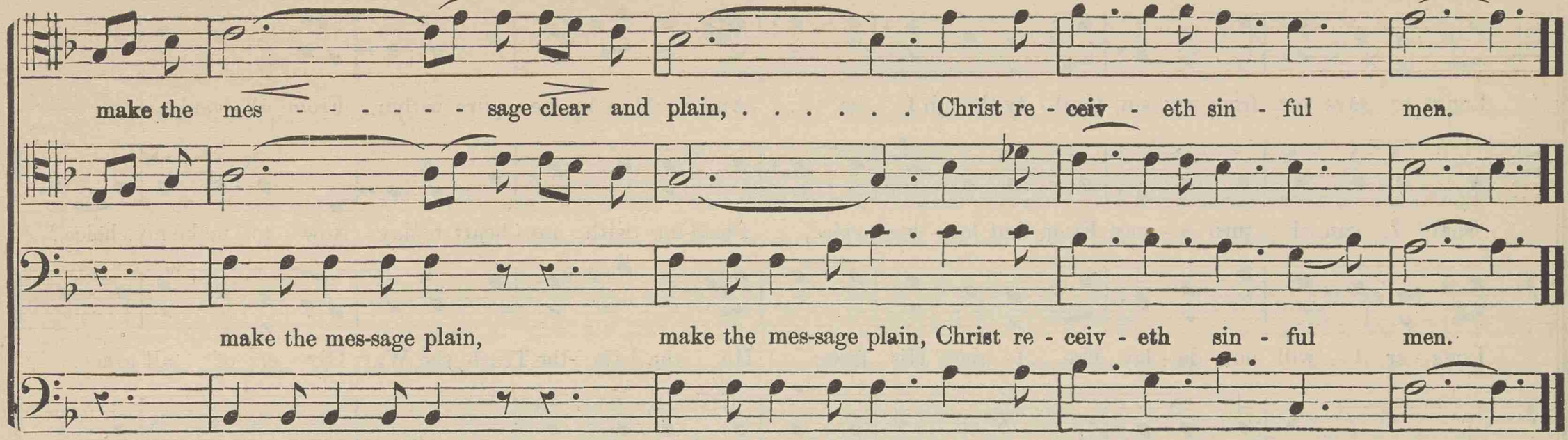
COME UNTO ME.

T. H. TANNER.

THE PLEADING VOICE.

Mrs. M. O. PAGE. Mrs. C. H. SCOTT.

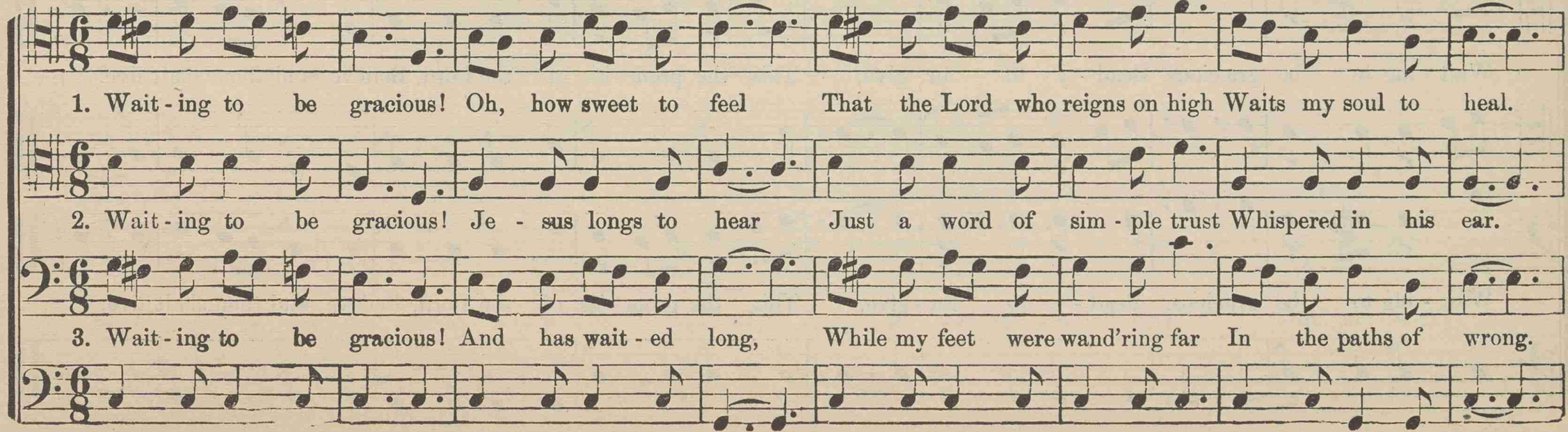


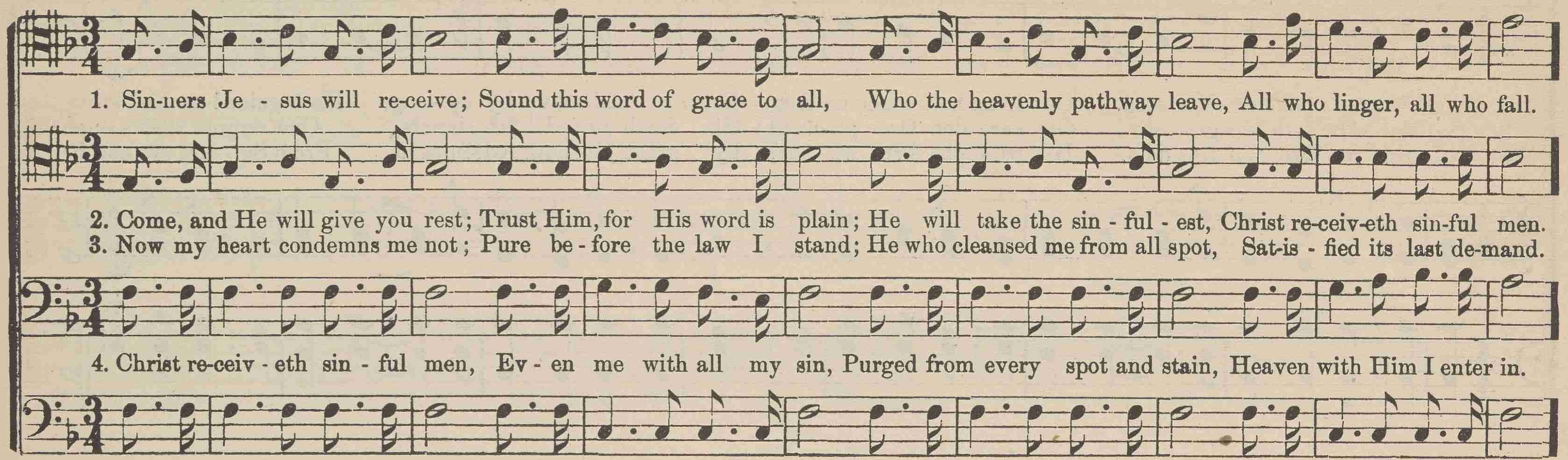
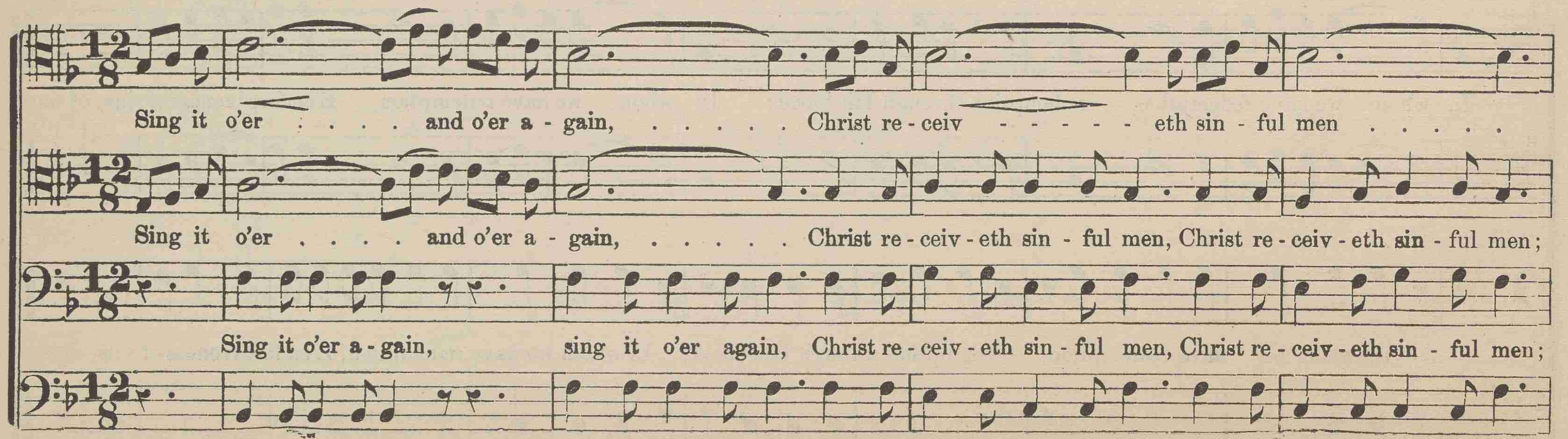
WAITING TO BE GRACIOUS. Concluded.



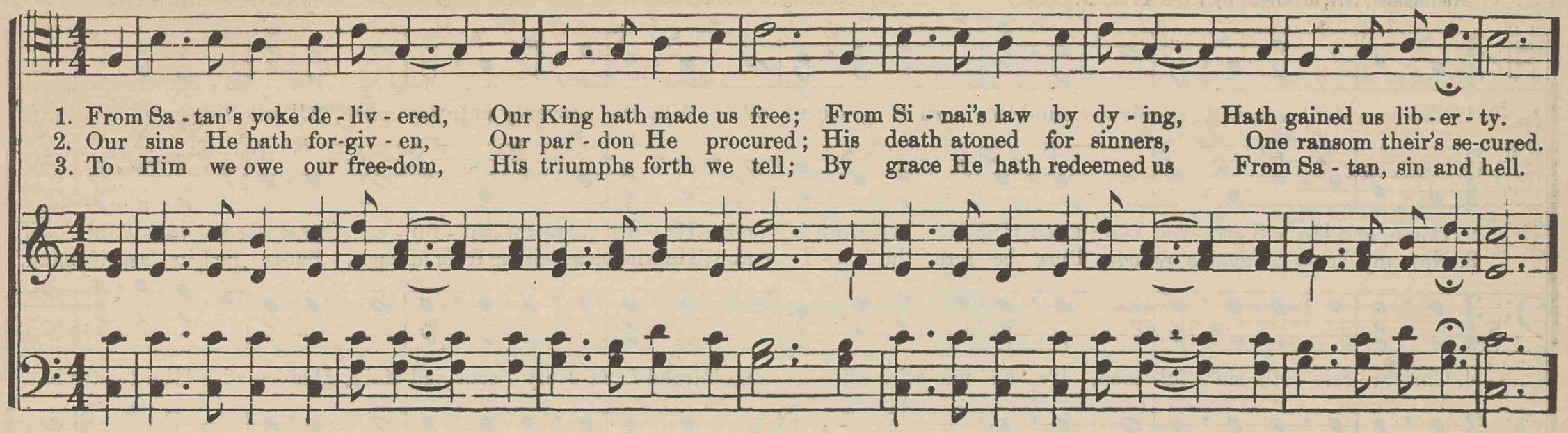
WAITING TO BE GRACIOUS.

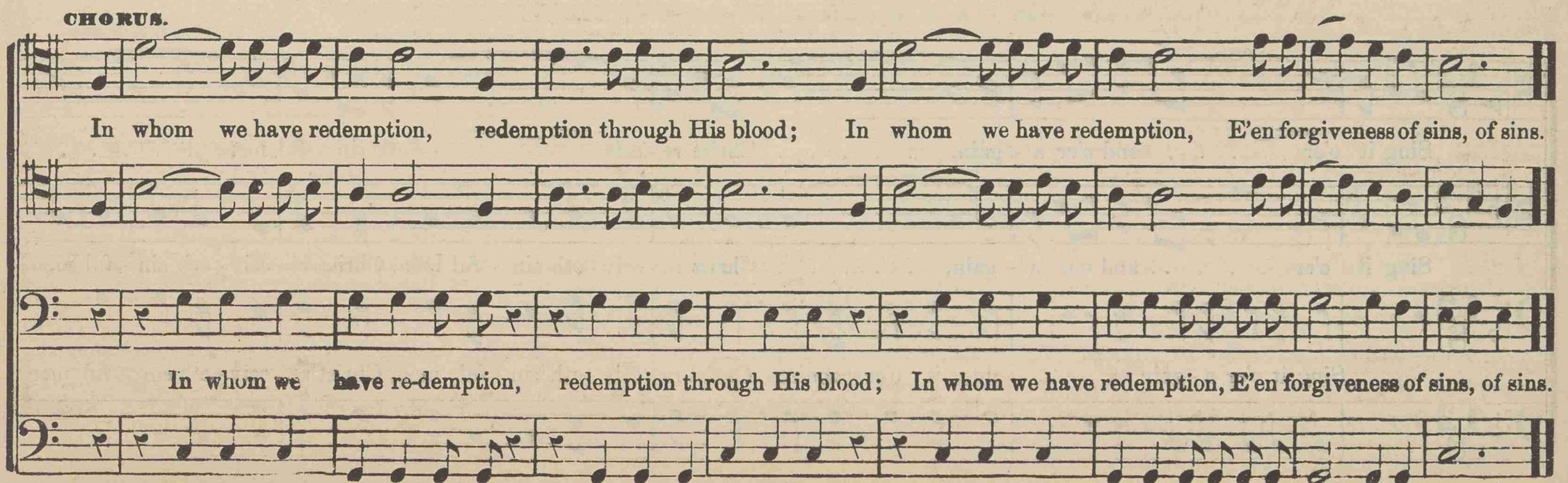
"Therefore will the Lord wait that he may be gracious unto you."—Isa. 30: 18. "Ready to forgive."—Psa. 8 : 5.

Miss M. E. SERVOSS. R. A. KINZIE.

CHRIST RECEIVETH SINFUL MEN.

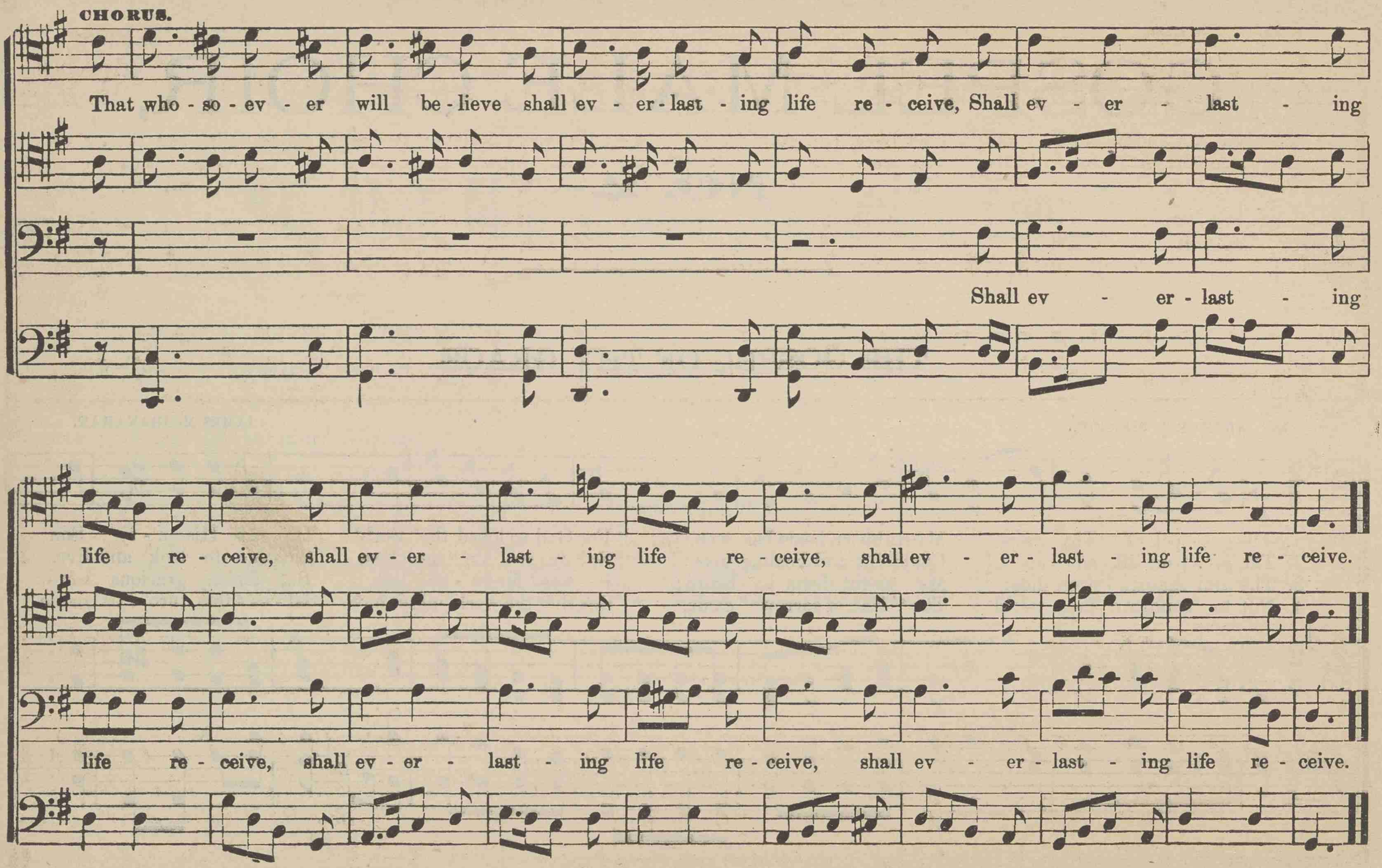
Neumaster, 1671, arranged by EL NATHAN. (May be sung in E or E Flat.) JAMES McGRANAHAN.

IN WHOM WE HAVE REDEMPTION.

GEO. C. NEEDHAM. C. C. CASE.





THE GOSPEL OF THY GRACE. Concluded.

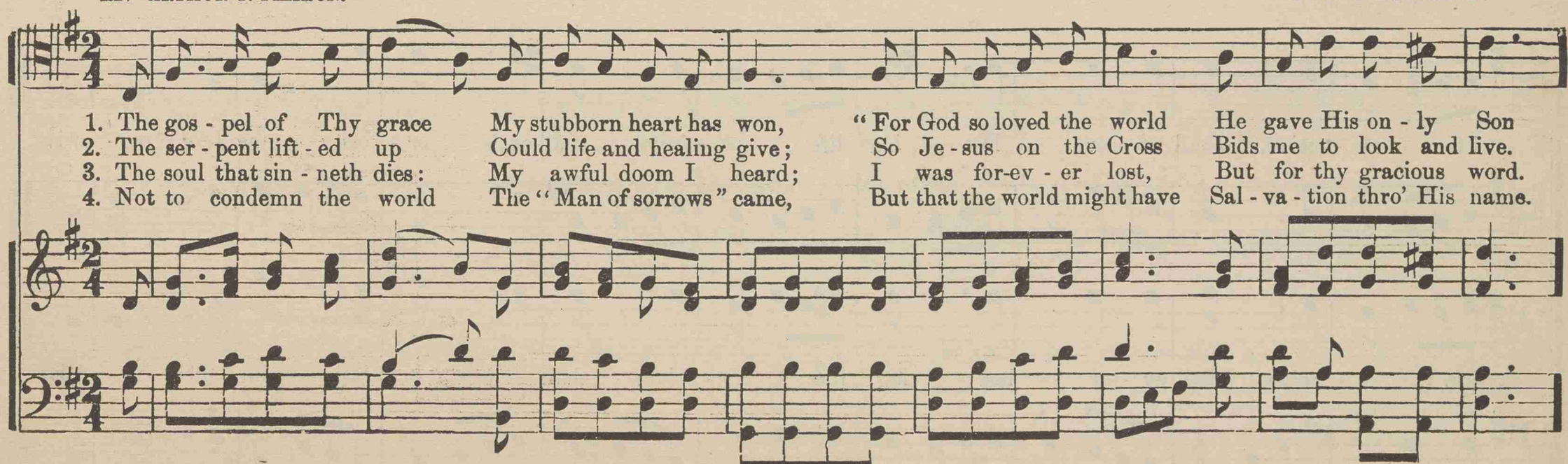


—THE—

GOSPEL MALE CHOIR,

NO. 2.

THE GOSPEL OF THY GRACE.

REV ARTHUR T. PIERSON. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

"O, that Men would Praise the Lord."

Organize a Quartet, a double Quartet, or, better still, a Chorus of male voices, and prove, by the singing of one or more appropriate selections at the opening or closing of the services, the power for good in the harmony of male voices when consecrated to the glory and service of our divine Lord and Master.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

"I will Praise Thee, O Lord, among the People."

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THE

GOSPEL MALE CHOIR

No. 2.

—BY—

James McGranahan.

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