JOY AND GLADNESS

FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL

BY

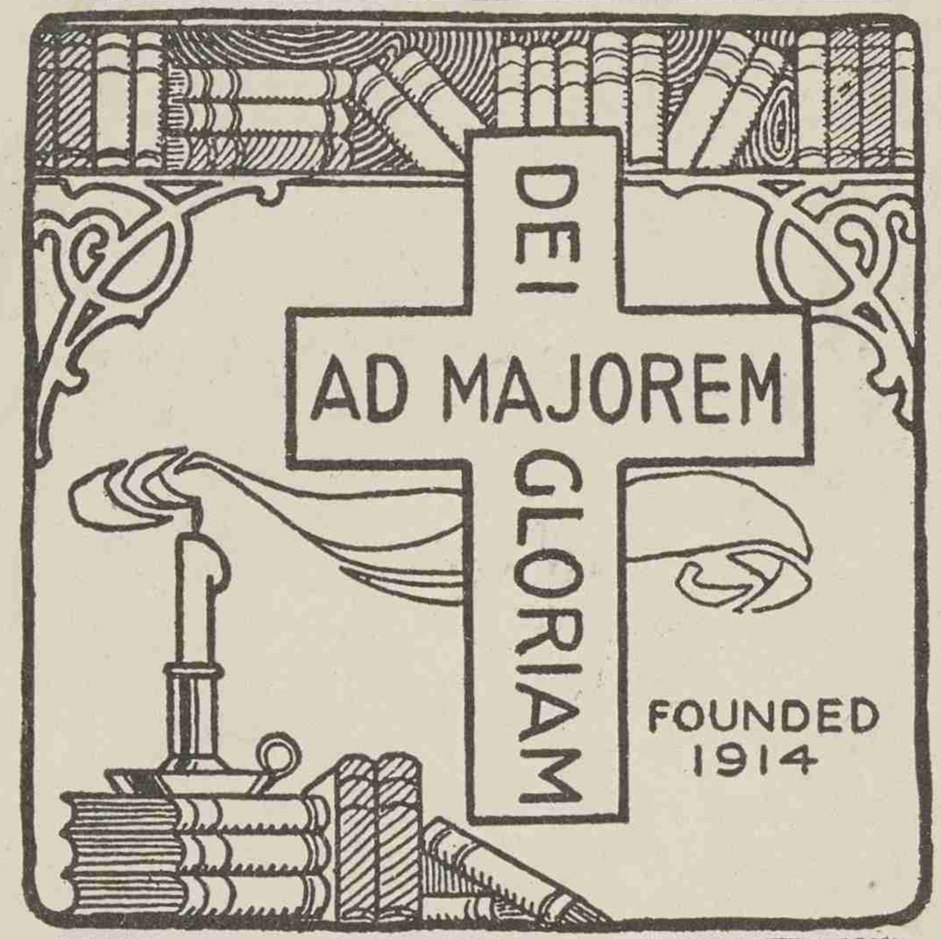
JAS. H. FILLMORE.

FILLMORE BROS., PUBLISHERS,
CINCINNATI, O.

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JOY AND GLADNESS

FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND HOME.

BY JAS. H. FILLMORE.

CINCINNATI:
FILLMORE BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.
1880.

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INTRODUCTION.

DURING the progress of my work on the following pages, many thoughts occurred to me appropriate for an introduction; but now, as I look over the proof-sheets completed, none of them seem strictly essential.

Hoping that those interested in Sunday-School singing, will give the book a thorough examination, and that, in many instances, it will be selected, as I have chosen to name it, as "JOY AND GLADNESS FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL," it is respectfully submitted.

Allow me here to thank the contributors whose names accompany their compositions; especially Messrs. Rosecrans, Porter and Bristow. To the latter-named friend, I am indebted for the idea of the connected CHRISTMAS EXERCISE, as well as other songs. Yours, etc.,

JAS. H. FILLMORE.

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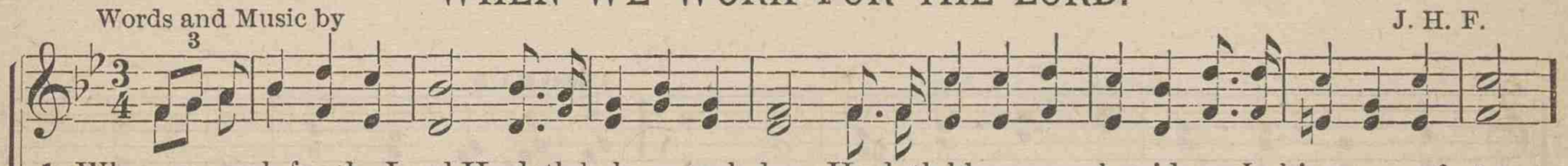
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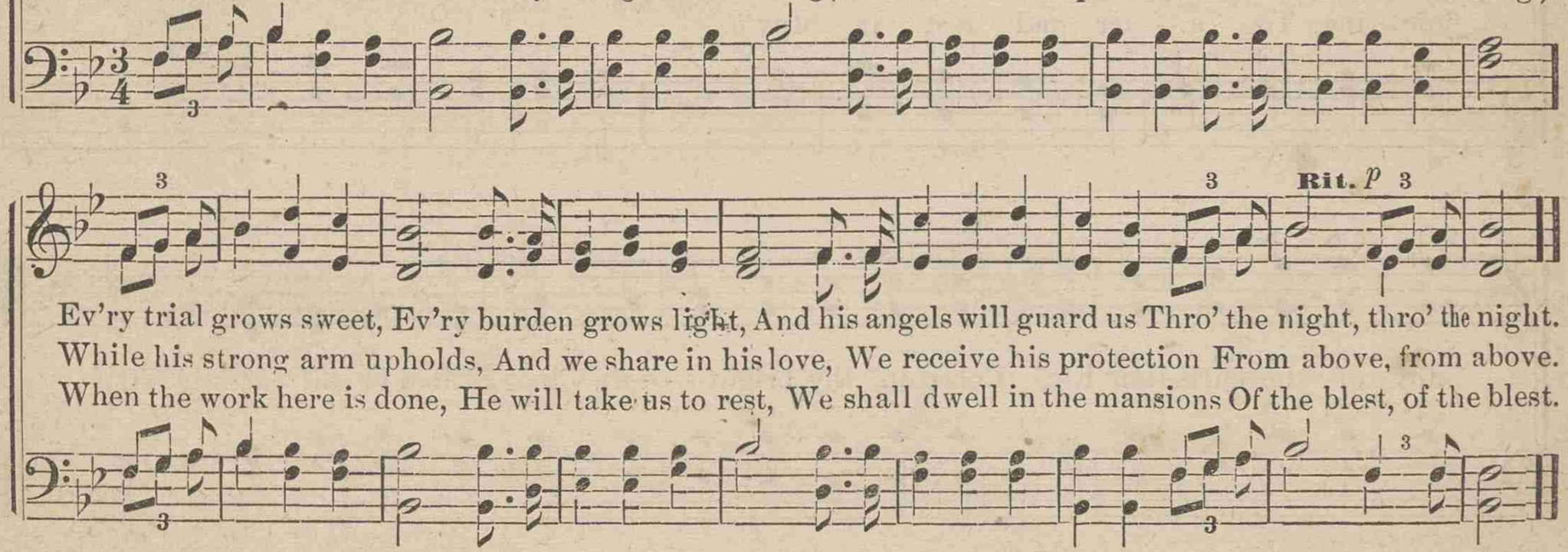
Joy and Gladness.

WHEN WE WORK FOR THE LORD.

Words and Music by J. H. F.



1. When we work for the Lord He doth help us each day; He doth bless us and guide us In his own perfect way;
2. When we work for the Lord We have nothing to fear; For the joy of his presence Bringeth heaven so near;
3. When we work for the Lord Ev'ry arm groweth strong; And a sweet inspiration Floweth forth in a song;



Ev'ry trial grows sweet, Ev'ry burden grows light, And his angels will guard us Thro' the night, thro' the night.
While his strong arm upholds, And we share in his love, We receive his protection From above, from above.
When the work here is done, He will take us to rest, We shall dwell in the mansions Of the blest, of the blest.

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LORD'S DAY MORNING.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. F.

1. Fair and bright the morn - ing Of the Christian's ho - ly day; Clear and sweet bells
2. Past is all the toil - ing Of the long and wea - ry week; In thy sa - cred
3. In his house most ho - ly, Sweet the sa - cred teach-ings giv'n; Lead-ing us, re-

toll - ing, Call us on our pleas - ant way.
still - ness, Bless-ings of our Lord we seek.
joic - ing, To e - ter - nal rest in heav'n.

CHORUS.

Beauti - ful Lord's day morn - ing,
Joy of the chris-tian life, Robed in thy bright a - dorn - ing, Stilled is all earth-ly strife.

SING, EVER SING.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. J. H. F.

1. Sing, tho' thy way be drear - y, Sing thro' the dark-some night, Sing, tho' thy feet be wea - ry, Sing, tho' thou see no light.
2. Sing, tho' thy bur - den press thee, Sing, tho' thou bear it long, Sing, tho' the foe dis- tress thee, Sing, tho' thou suf - fer wrong.
3. Sing, tho' thy sin as - sail thee, Soon shall the tempt-er flee, Ne'er shall thy Je - sus fail thee, Sing, and a conqueror be.
4. Sing, tho' the floods o'er-take thee, Surg - ing a - round the soul, Ne'er let thy joy for- sake thee, Dark tho' the wa - ters roll.

CHORUS.

Yes, let thy soul be sing - ing, Praise should thy lips em-ploy, And to thy Lord be bringing To - kens of trust and joy.

NEVER BE DISCOURAGED.

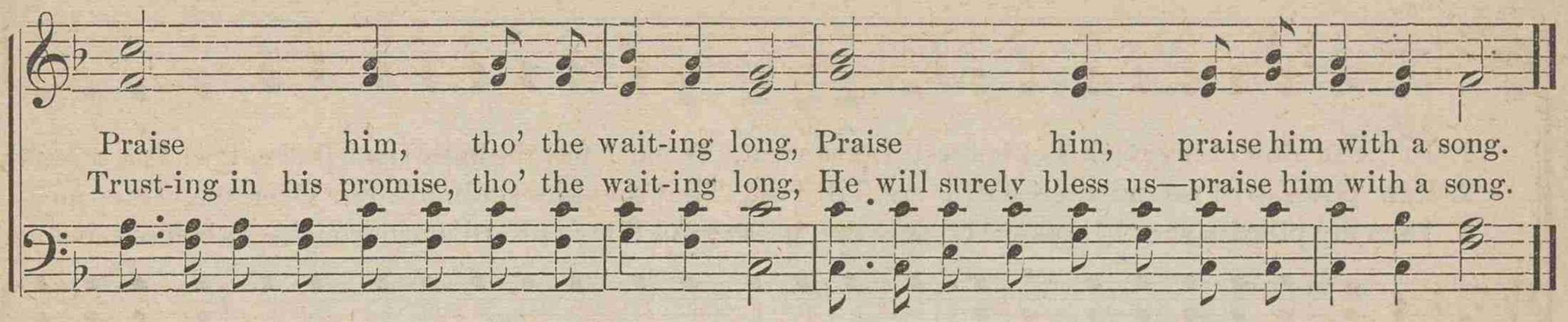
J. H. FILLMORE. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Nev-er be discouraged, trust the Father's word, In the time of tri - al let his voice be heard;
2. Nev-er be discouraged, if a - long our way Disappointments meet us, tempting us to stray;
3. Nev-er be discouraged, pa-tient - ly en - dure, God doth often test us— tri - als make us pure;

Trusting in his promise, tho' the wait-ing long, He will sure -ly bless us—praise him with a song.
Closely cling to Je - sus, ask him for his grace, In his words of com-fort find a rest - ing-place.
Soon will come the reaping, then with joy we'll sing, Praise the Lord of harvest—praise the heavenly king.

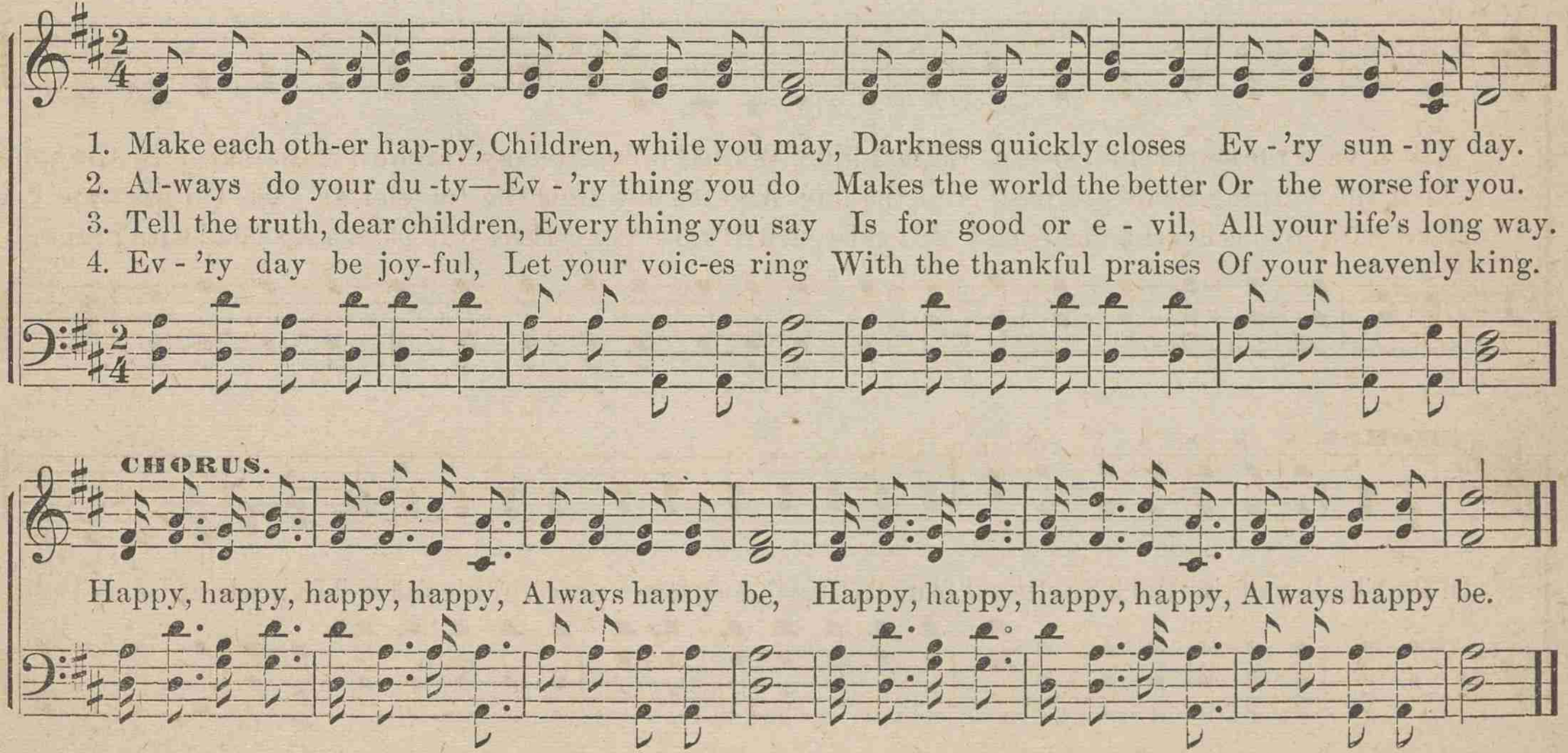
CHORUS.

Praise him, trust the Father's word, Praise him, let his voice be heard,
Nev-er be dis-couraged, trust the Father's word, In the time of tri - al let his voice be heard,
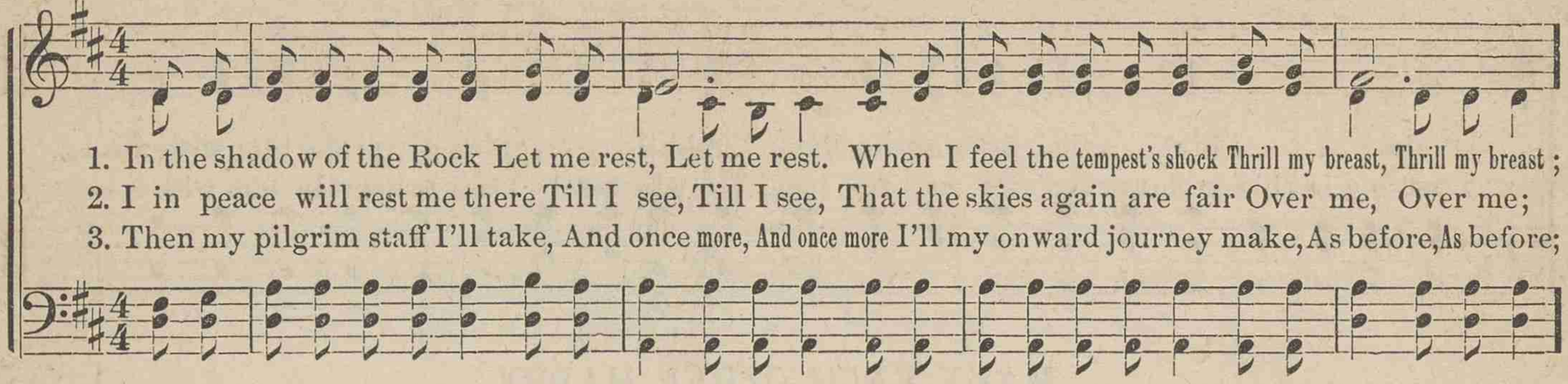


MAKE EACH OTHER HAPPY.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. ROSECRANS.
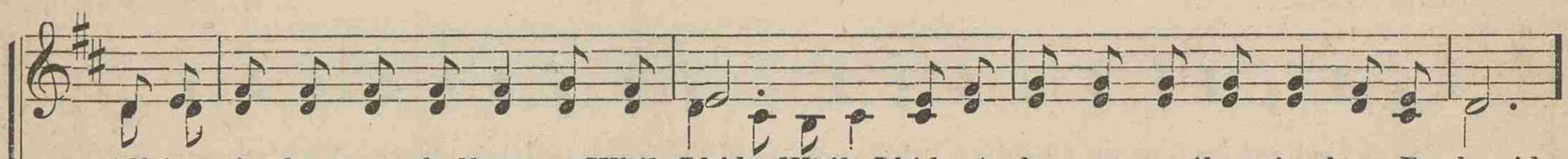


THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.
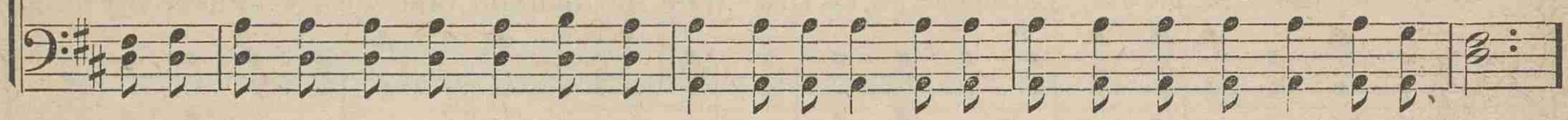
RAY PALMER. J. H. F.
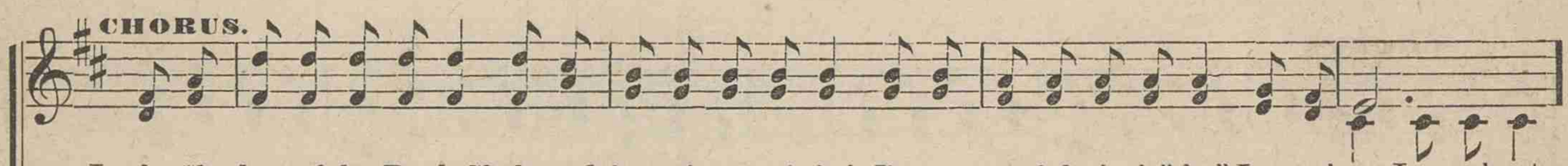


1. In the shadow of the Rock Let me rest, Let me rest. When I feel the tempest's shock Thrill my breast, Thrill my breast ;
2. I in peace will rest me there Till I see, Till I see, That the skies again are fair Over me, Over me;
3. Then my pilgrim staff I'll take, And once more, And once more I'll my onward journey make, As before, As before;
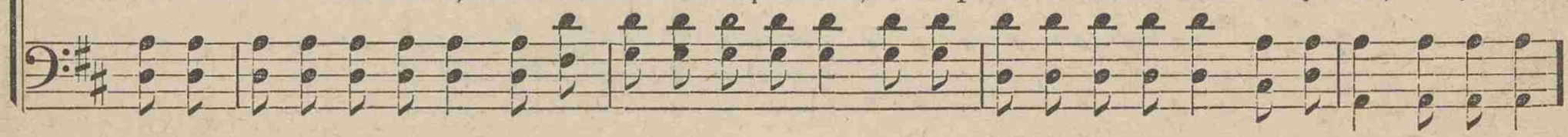


All in vain the storm shall sweep, While I hide, While I hide, And my tranquil station keep By thy side.
That the burning heats are past, And the day, And the day Bids the traveler at last Go his way.
And with joyous heart and strong I will raise, I will raise Unto thee, O Rock, a song Glad with praise.
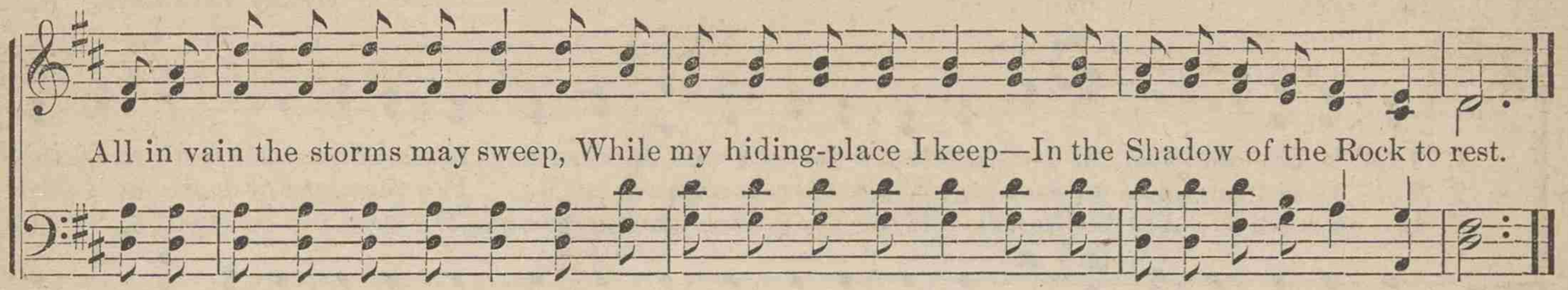


CHORUS.



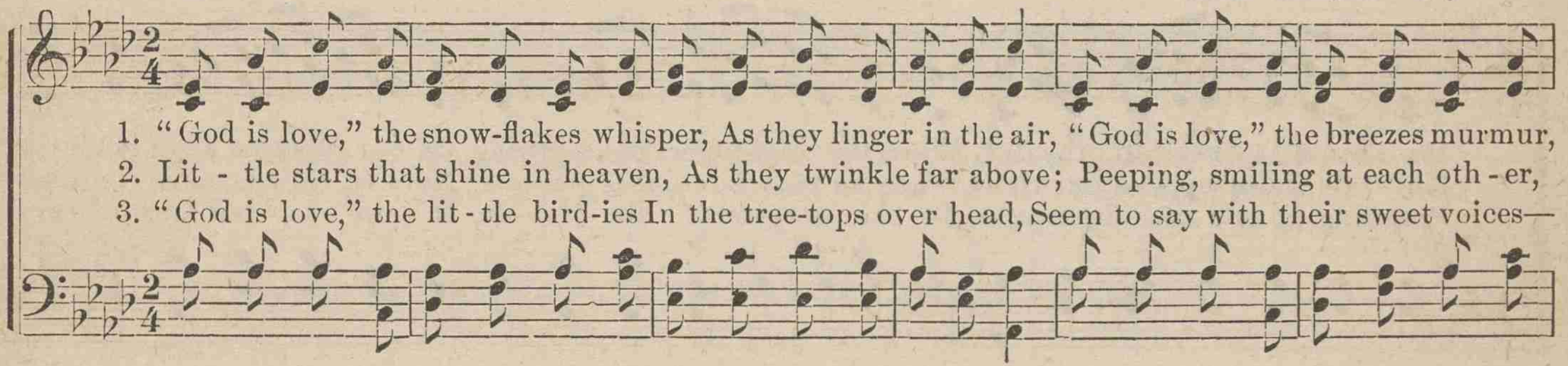
In the Shadow of the Rock, Sheltered from the tempest's shock, There a peaceful calm shall dwell In my breast, In my breast;





GOD IS LOVE.

HARRY LEE. From "Songs of Glory."



WE SHALL REST.

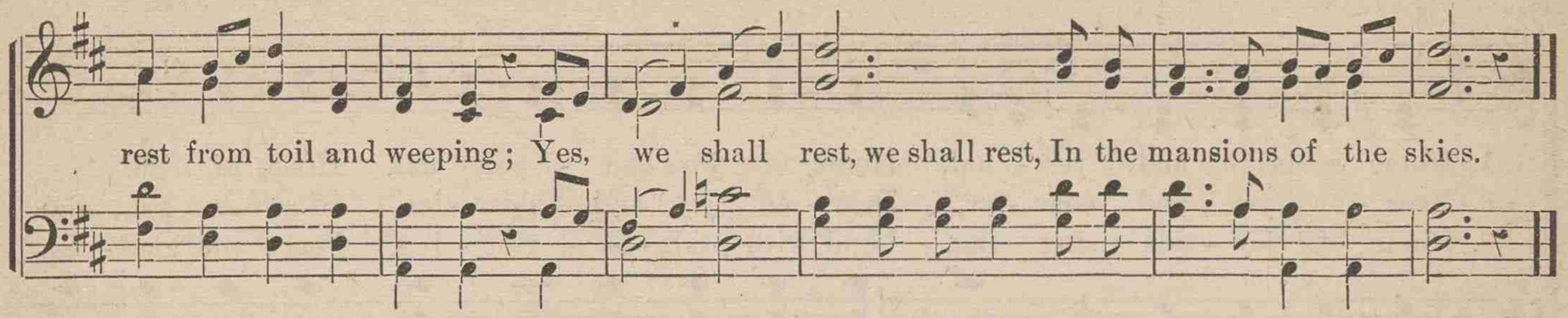
E. R. LATTA. HENRY LOCKWOOD.

1. This is not our *time* of rest-ing. When the seed-time speeds away; Seeds of love and truth to scatter,
2. This is not our *place* of rest-ing, Where there is so much to do, Ere the night of death shall settle,
3. If we wish to share the har-vest, When the golden sheaves are brought, We must not be standing i - dle,

We should la - bor all the day. When the bright eter - nal morning On our raptured sight shall rise,
Set - tle down up - on our view. When we pass the shining por-tals, Nev - er, nev-er-more to roam,
Spending all our time for nought. In the service of the Mas-ter, If we la - bor faithful - ly,
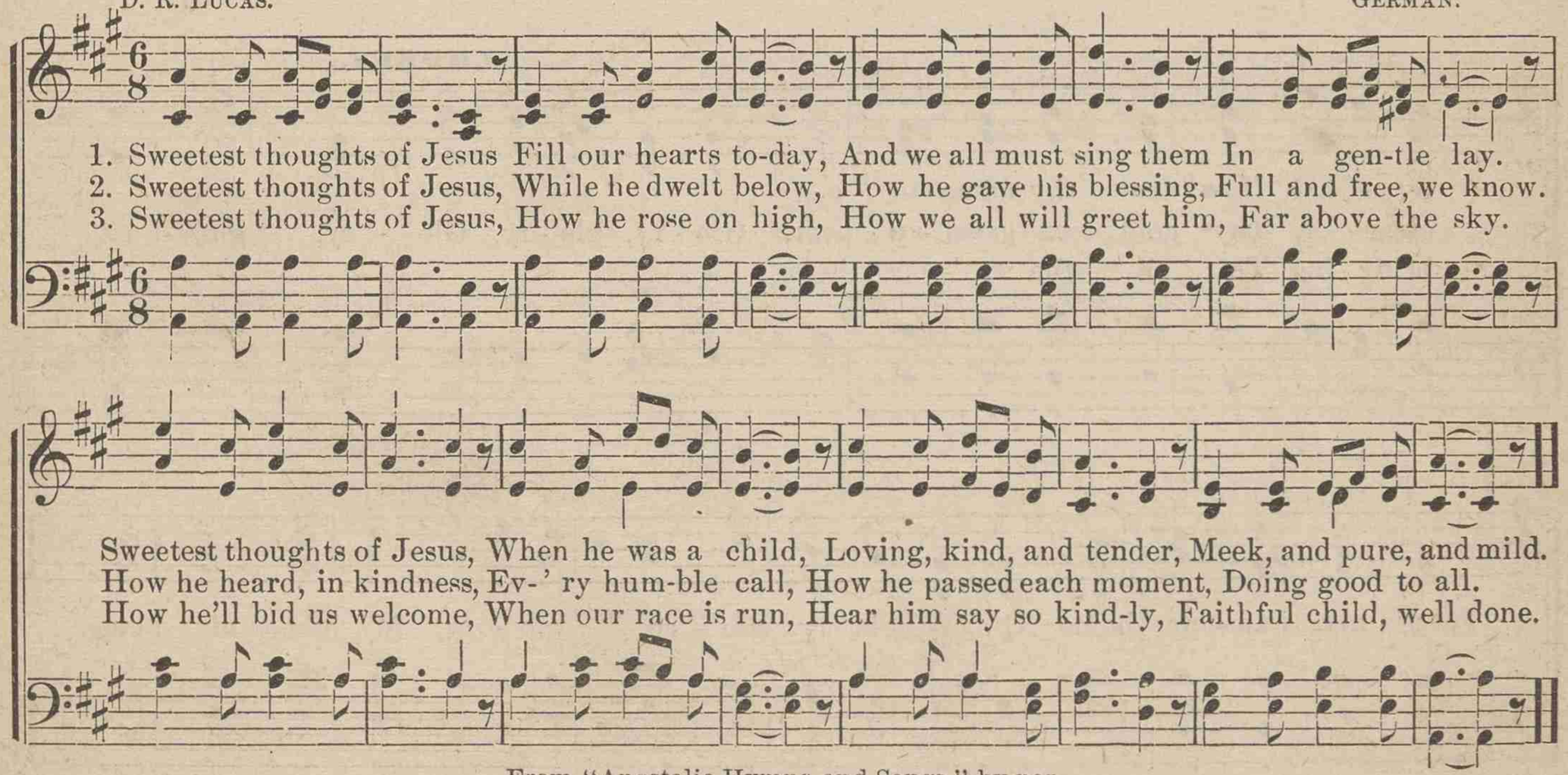
REFRAIN.

We shall rest from toil and weeping, In the mansions of the skies.
We shall cease from toil and weeping, In our ev - er - last- ing home. We shall rest, shall
Heav'n shall be our *place* of rest-ing, And the *time—E - ter - ni - ty!* shall rest,



SWEETEST THOUGHTS OF JESUS.

D. R. LUCAS. GERMAN.



From "Apostolic Hymns and Songs," by per.

GLORY, GLORY, GLORY.

J. H. R.

1. Home so bright and ver - nal, Home of joys su - per - nal, Home of life e-
2. Near - er yet and near - er, Dear - er yet and dear - er, Bright-er yet and
3. Home of joy - ous sing - ing, Loud with prais - es ring - ing, Peace and glad - ness
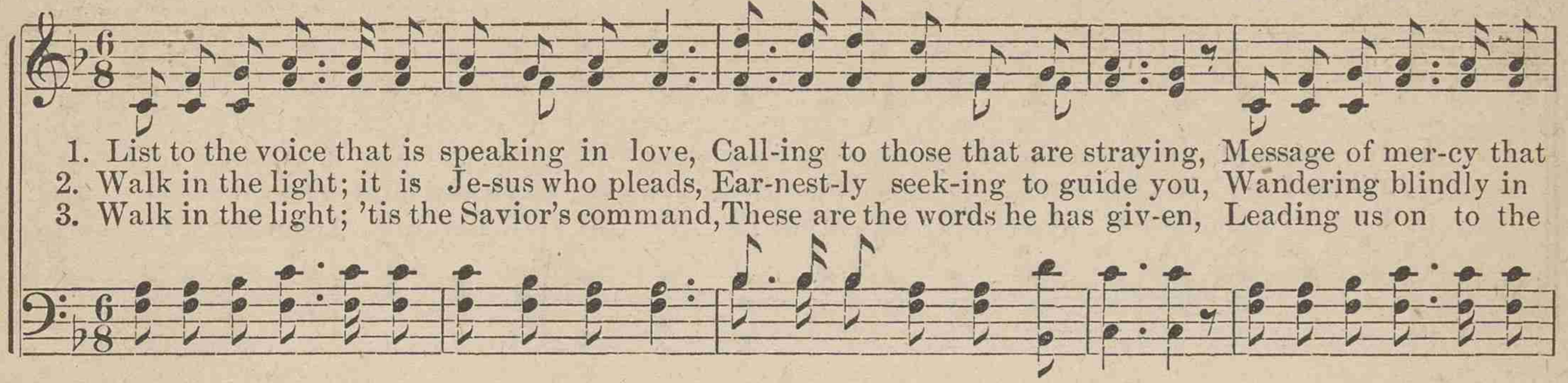
CHORUS.

ter - nal, How dear thy name to me,
clear - er, Thy gold - en gates ap - pear, Glo - ry, glo - ry. Glo - ry, glo - ry,
bring - ing To all who en - ter there,

There's my hap - py home; Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, My home, my home.

WALK IN THE LIGHT.

W. A. C. WILBUR A. CHRISTY.



From "S. S. S. Quarterly," pub. by DAVID COOK, Chicago.

JESUS LOVES THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

J. H. F. J. H. F.

1. Je - sus said of lit - tle children, Suf - fer them to come to me, For to such my
2. When I try to be like Je - sus—Pa - tient, gen - tle, meek and mild, Then it is he
3. Ev -'ry day, as I grow old - er, More I'll try to do his will, Grow-ing wis - er,

heavenly kingdom Shall a home of wel-come be. I love him, he loves me, And his child I
smiles and loves me, Then he owns me as his child. I love him, he loves me, And his child I
stronger, bet - ter, Ev-'ry du - ty to ful - fill. I'll love him, he'll love me, His dis - ci - ple

want to be, For he said the lit - tle chil-dren, And I know that he means me.
try to be, For he said the lit - tle chil-dren, And I know that he means me.
I will be, For he said the lit - tle chil-dren, And I know that he means me.

WE ARE WAITING.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. F.

1. We are wait-ing by the riv - er, Strong and weak, and young and old, Till the boatman comes to
2. We are wait-ing by the riv - er, And we may not know how near Are our footsteps, glad or
3. We are wait-ing by the riv - er, And at most 't will not be long Till we cross the si - lent

CHORUS.

bear us To the far - off streets of gold. We are waiting by the riv-er, we are wait-ing,
wea - ry, To its wa-ters still and clear.
wa - ters, Till we hear the an-gels' song. We are waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting, wait-

We are wait-ing by the riv - er, We are wait-ing,

you and I;
ing, you and I; One by one our friends are crossing, We shall join them by and by.

Rit.

you and I;

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

E. R. LATTA. J. A. SMITH.

1. From the East the Ma - gi came, The Re-deem - er to be - hold, And they worshiped him, and
2. Yes, by faith, I see the star, Mov-ing westward to the skies, And I fol - low, till I
3. Bet - ter gift than gold or myrrh, I to him may now im - part; Dear Re-deem - er, take, I

CHORUS.

gave Gifts of in - cense and of gold. As the Ma - - gi there did bow, I would
see Where the bless-ed In - fant lies.
pray, Take the in - cense of my heart. As the Ma - gi there did bow,

fain have been with them; But I will a-dore thee *now,*
I would fain have been with them; But I will adore thee *now,* Blessed Babe of Bethle - hem.

MY ANCHOR IS HOLDING.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Sweet Hope, the an- chor of my soul, En -ters with-in the vail; Rests in the Sav-ior's
2. My life's frail bark is oft - en tossed, High on the mountain waves; Steadfast and sure my
3. Fair heaven's dome is just in view, Beauti - ful gold - en land! Soon I shall reach its

dy - ing love, Fears not the wild - est gale.
an - chor holds, Firm on the Rock that saves. My an - chor is hold - ing, is
gates of pearl, Walk on its shin - ing strand.

CHORUS.

hold - ing Within the vail; My anchor is holding, is hold - ing, It will not fail.

From "Festival Glee Book."

BEAUTIFUL HOME SO BRIGHT AND FAIR.

J. H. F. JAS. H. FILLMORE.

1. Beautiful home so bright and fair, Beautiful home of peace; Happy the souls who en - ter there,
2. Beautiful home so bright and fair, Beautiful home of love; Happy the souls who en - ter there,
3. Beautiful home so bright and fair, Beautiful land of light; Happy the souls who en - ter there,

Beautiful home of peace. Ransomed from earth with its cares and strife, Sharing the joys of e - ter - nal life,
Beautiful home of love. Never a heartache can reach thy shore, Dear ones united shall part no more,
Beautiful land of light. Glory and splendor to us unknown, Shine on the loved ones around thy throne,

Slower.

Happy the souls who enter there, Beautiful home of peace; Happy the souls who enter there, Beautiful home of peace.
Happy the souls who enter there, Beautiful home of love; Happy the souls who enter there, Beautiful home of love.
Happy the souls who enter there, Beautiful land of light; Happy the souls who enter there, Beautiful land of light.

JESUS, BLESSED JESUS.

A. L. D. J. H. F.

* Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus,

p

1. Hear the hap-py chil-dren sing, How their youthful voic - es ring,
2. Guarded round on ev - 'ry side, Lord, we would with thee a - bide,
3. Rul - er of the worlds a - bove, Sing, oh, sing his wondrons love,

f

Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus. He has loved us from our birth, He for us came down to earth,
Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus. In the shel - ter of thine arm Sin is pow - er- less to charm,
Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus. Heart of mine, swing wide the gate, Shall the Lord of glo - ry wait?

f

Sing, oh, sing his matchless worth, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
Thou wilt keep us from all harm, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
Oh, was ev - er love so great! Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

* *Let only the little children sing the Soprano till the unisons, then all sing. In the third measure from the last the little children may sing only the b's, not the d and f.*
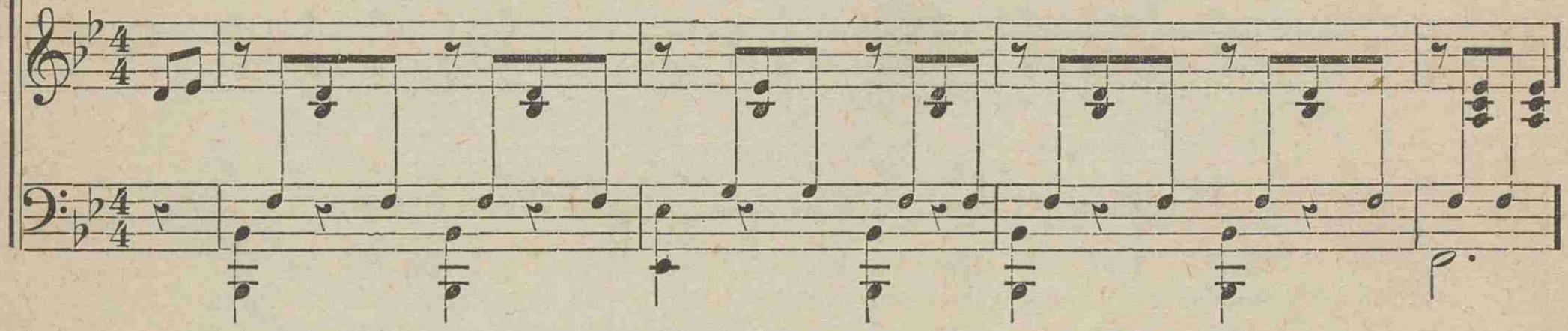
SWEET HOME OF REST.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON.
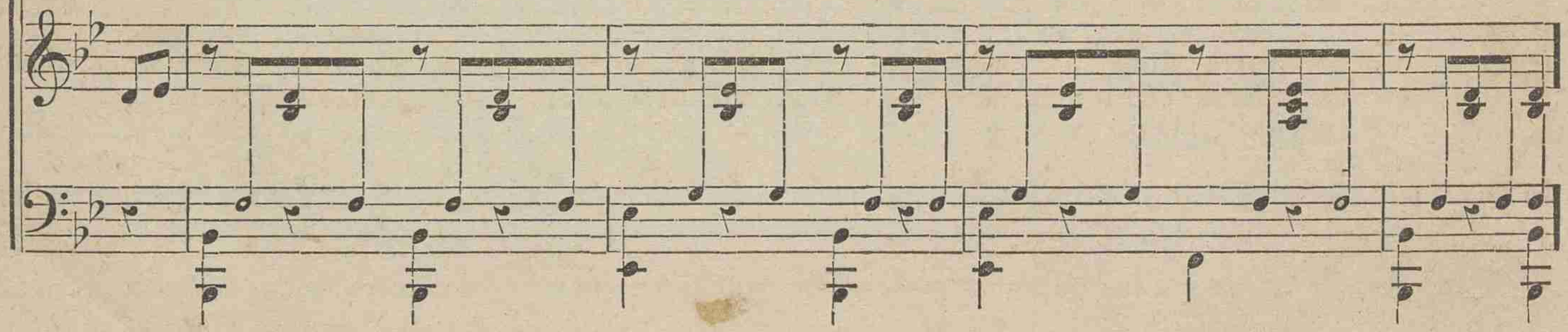
Solo or Unison.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. How fair are the walls of that cit - y of light, Whose streets by the ransomed are trod,
2. And sometimes the gates of that cit - y I see, And sometimes in mel - o - dy clear
3. I list to their mu - sic, the cit - y draws near, The cit - y of in - fin - ite rest,



And o - ver whose beau-ty there com-eth no cloud, Whose builder and maker is God.
The voic - es, whose silence has saddened my heart, Comes sweetly my spir - it to cheer.
They call me in ac - cents of ten - der - est love, They sing of the home of the blest.



CHORUS.

O home! Sweet home of rest! Home of the sin - less, home of the blest,

O home!

O home! Sweet home of rest! Home of the sin - less, home of the blest!

O home! Sweet home of rest! Home, sweet home!

O home!

O home! Sweet home of rest! Home, sweet home!

TAKE CHRIST AT HIS WORD.

GRACE GLENN. JAMES HOLMES.

1. Take Christ at his word and o - bey him, Whatev - er the doubt - er may say; The
2. In past, or in pres-ent, or fu - ture His prom-ise is stead - fast and true; So
3. With questions we nev-er need tar - ry, This world he has trav - eled be - fore; The
4. The mansions he promised are wait - ing, And he is the life and the way That

CHORUS.

saf - est of guides is our Sav - ior, Wherev - er he lead-eth the way. We'll fol - low the
is not what-ev - er he bids us Suf - fi - cient for me or for you?
strait narrow way he has taught us, We nev - er need fear a - ny more.
en-ters the port-als im - mor-tal,—Oh, trust him, and fol-low to - day. We'll follow, we'll follow the

Sav - ior By day and by night, We'll fol - low the Sav - ior, He lead - eth a - right.
We'll follow, we'll follow

WORK FOR JESUS.

EMMA PITT. J. H. LESLIE, by per.

Allegro.

1. Oh, ye who love the Mas - ter's cause, And in his truth re - joice, He calls you forth to
2. A - rise, and put the gar - ments on Of love and righteous - ness; The world that lies in
3. Your wealth and talents free - ly give, The dy - ing soul to win; Re-mem-ber what your

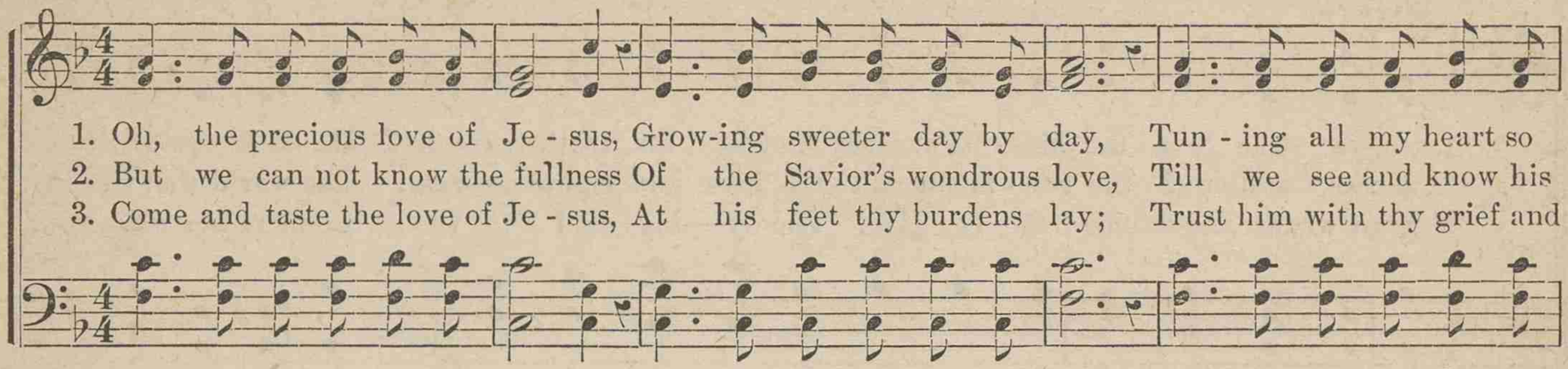
REFRAIN.

la - bor now With will - ing heart and voice.
death and sin Be swift to heal and bless. Yes, work, work for Je - sus, And
Lord hath done To res - cue you from sin.

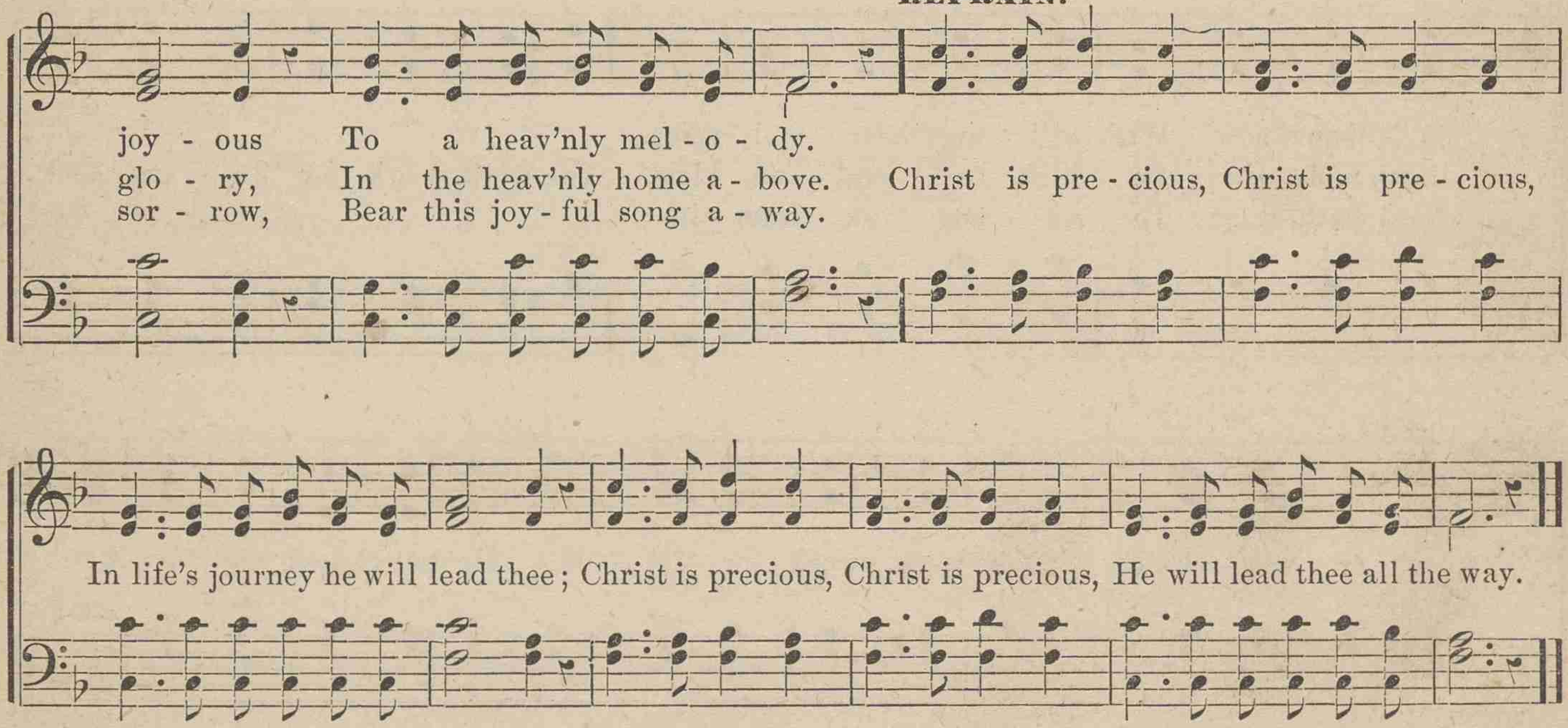
nev - er wea - ry be, Yes, work, work for Je - sus, He pur-chased life for thee.

CHRIST IS PRECIOUS.

ELIZA SHERMAN. J. H. F.

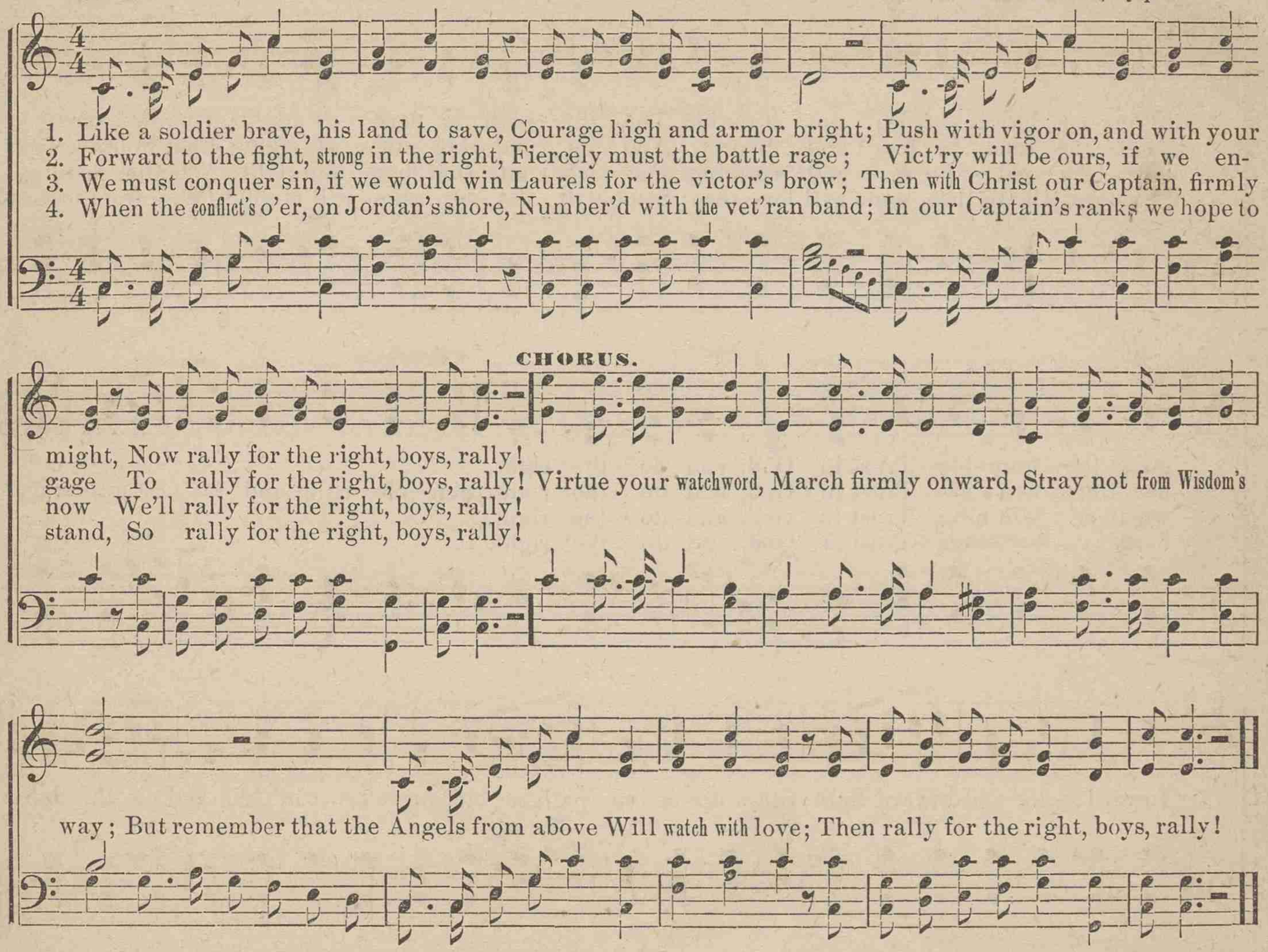


REFRAIN.



RALLY FOR THE RIGHT, BOYS!

J. A. B. J. A. BUTTERFIELD, by per.



1. Like a soldier brave, his land to save, Courage high and armor bright; Push with vigor on, and with your
2. Forward to the fight, strong in the right, Fiercely must the battle rage; Vict'ry will be ours, if we en-
3. We must conquer sin, if we would win Laurels for the victor's brow; Then with Christ our Captain, firmly
4. When the conflict's o'er, on Jordan's shore, Number'd with the vet'ran band; In our Captain's ranks we hope to

CHORUS.

might, Now rally for the right, boys, rally!
gage To rally for the right, boys, rally! Virtue your watchword, March firmly onward, Stray not from Wisdom's
now We'll rally for the right, boys, rally!
stand, So rally for the right, boys, rally!

way; But remember that the Angels from above Will watch with love; Then rally for the right, boys, rally!

TRUST IN GOD, AND DO THE RIGHT.

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D. "DAVID."

1. Cour-age, broth-er! Do not stum-ble, Tho' thy path is dark as night; There's a star to
2. Let the road be long and drear-y, And its end-ing out of sight; Foot it brave-ly
3. Per-ish pol-i-cy and cunning; Per-ish all that fears the light; Whether los-ing,
4. Some will hate thee, some will love thee; Some will flat-ter, some will slight; Cease from man and

guide the hum-ble—Trust in God, and do the right.
nev-er wea-ry— Trust in God, and do the right.
wheth-er win-ning, Trust in God, and do the right.
look a-bove thee—Trust in God, and do the right.

CHORUS.

Sim-ple rule and saf-est guid-ing,
Inward peace and inward light; Stars up-on our path a-bid-ing—Trust in God, and do the right.

SINGING, SINGING, SINGING.

GRACE GLENN. DAVID COLVIN.

1. There's one thing up in heav - en The an - gels bright and fair Can do, to make them
2. I do n't know what be - side it They find to do, I'm sure, But what - so - e'er it
3. I'm glad our heavenly Fa - ther Has taught the world to sing, And so, just like the

CHORUS.

hap - py, In stay - ing al - ways there.
may be, 'Tis some-thing good and pure. 'Tis sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing, As
an - gels, We'll make his prais - es ring.

lit - tle chil - dren may, 'Tis sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, A - bout our work or play.

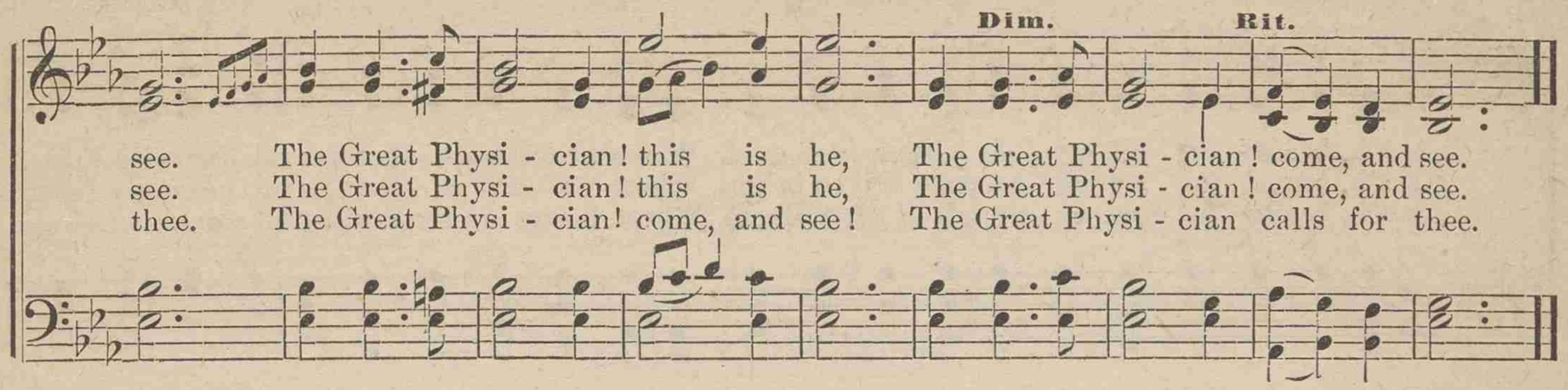
THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

MRS. A. L. D. W. T. PORTER.

1. Why stand the people si - lent here? What means their mingled hope and fear? Whose voice is
2. The Mighty Heal - er, from whose face The light of heav'ns di-vin - est grace Up- on the
3. And still he waits, oh, thou whose life Is dark with grief, and pain, and strife,—Whose soul is

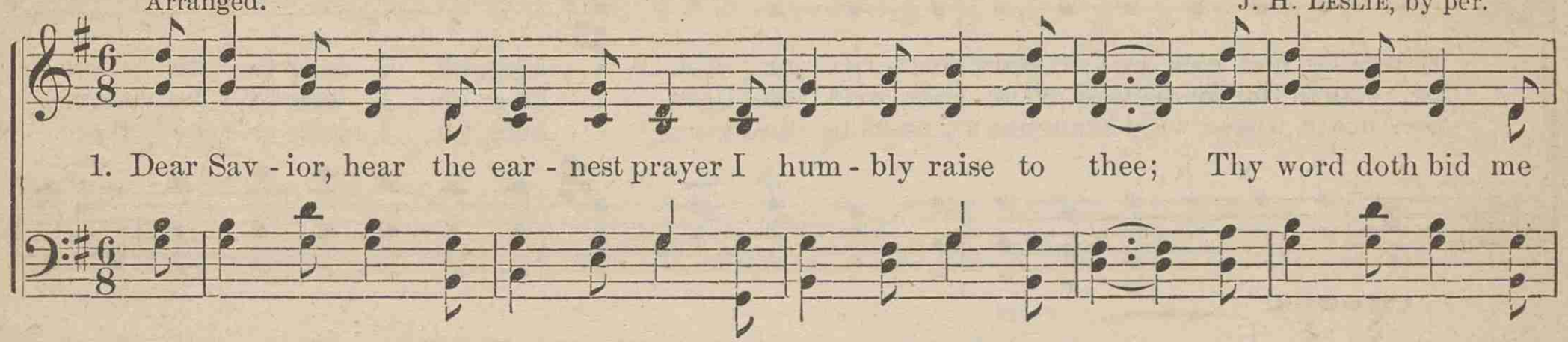
this, so sweet and strong, That sounds across the breathless throng? That sounds across the
wait-ing throng doth shine, And heal them by its pow'r di - vine, And heal them by its
sick with doubt and fear, Be-hold the Heal - er now is here, Be - hold the Heal - er

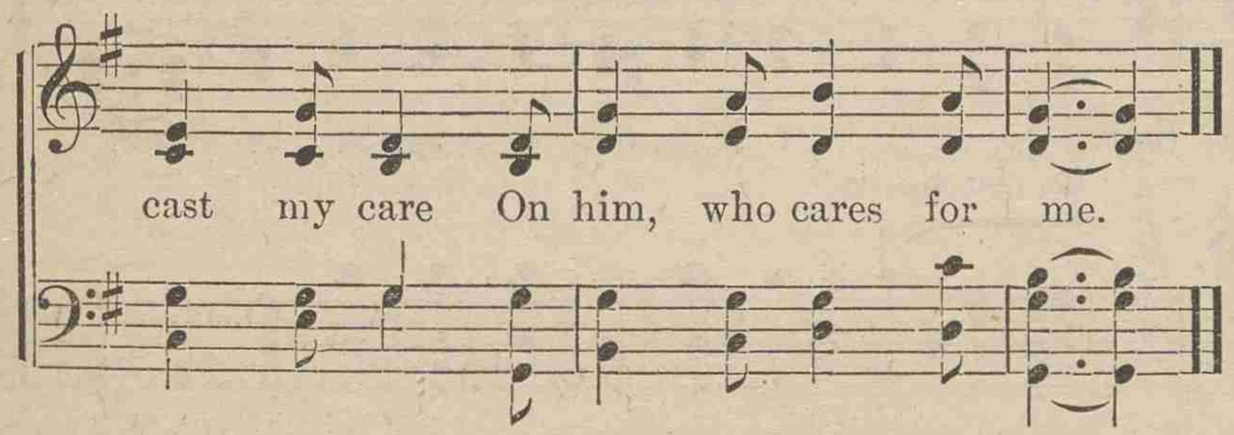
breathless throng? The Great Physi - cian! this is he, The Great Physi - cian! come, and
pow'r di - vine. The Great Physi - cian! this is he, The Great Physi - cian! come, and
now is here. The Great Physi - cian! come, and see! The Great Physi - cian calls for



EARNEST PRAYER.

Arranged. J. H. LESLIE, by per.





2 Though sinful as I know I am,
Thy blood can make me whole;
Thy word directs me to the Lamb,
Who died to save my soul.

3 Oh, help me, Savior, to repose
More fully on thy word.
For all shall work for good to those
Who love and serve the Lord.

I LONG TO BE THERE.
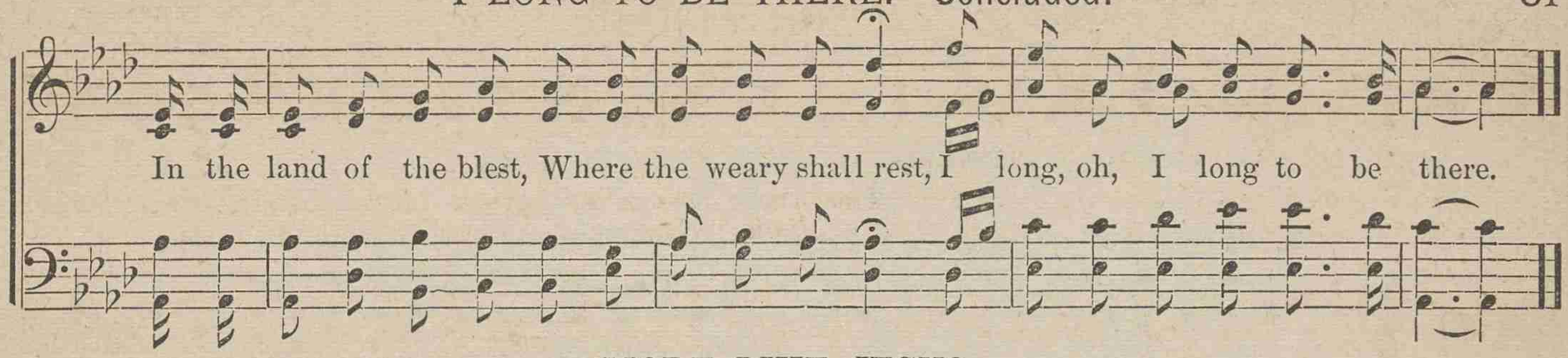
J. A. SNODGRASS. W. R. SCOTT.

1. Oh, beauti - ful cit - y of jas-per and gold, Whose pleasures e - ter-nal can never be told,
2. Oh, beauti - ful riv - er so pure and so bright, Whose wa - ters re - flect in the heavenly light,
3. Oh, beauti - ful tree, ev - er full of life's bloom, Whose leaves are for healing all sorrow and gloom,

Where no one can ev - er grow wea - ry or old, I long, oh, I long to be there.
In which the re-deemed ev-er gaze with de - light, I long, oh, I long to be there.
Be - neath whose wide branches all na-tions find room, I long, oh, I long to be there.
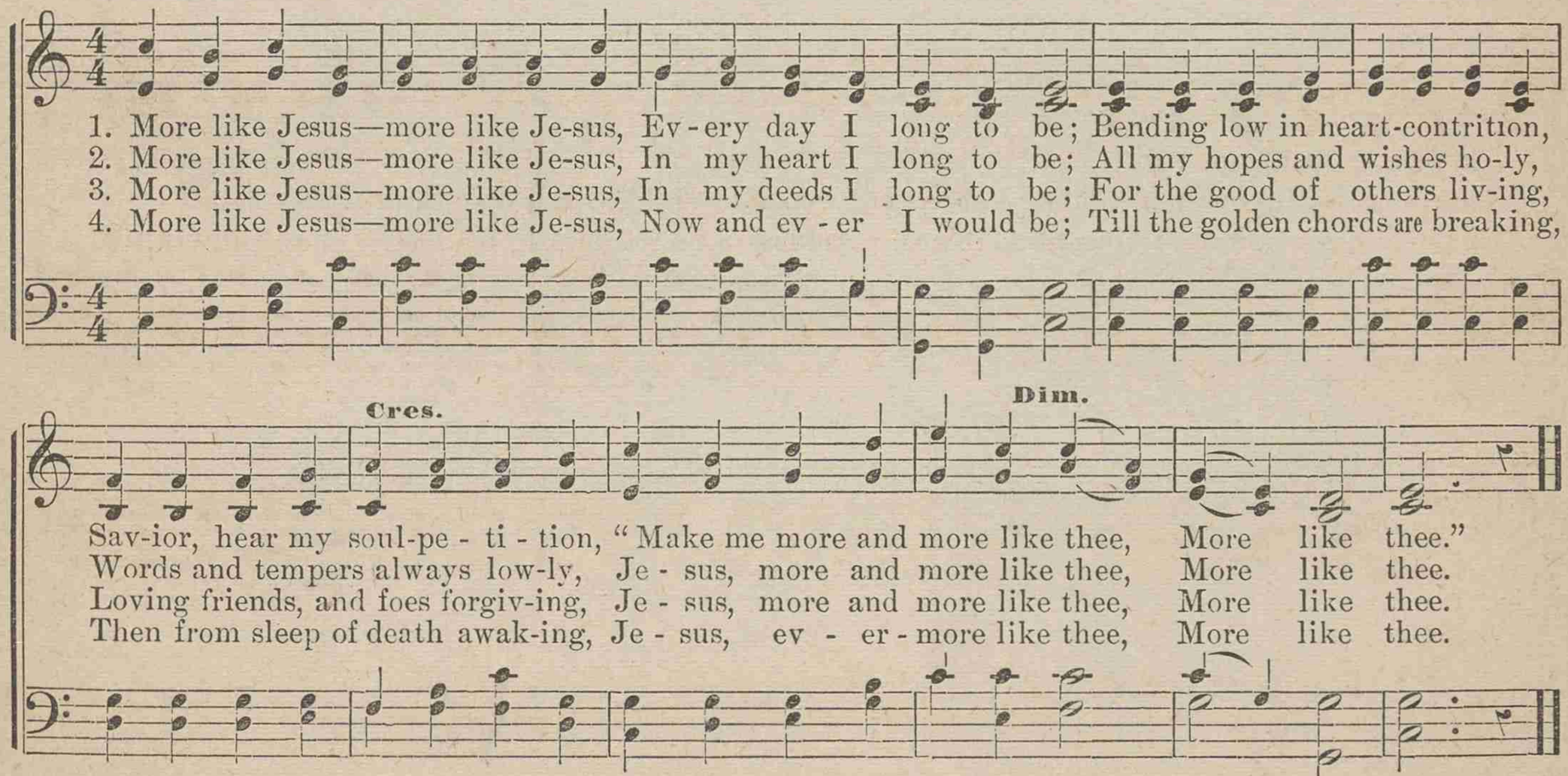
CHORUS.

To be there, . . . to be there, . . . I long, oh, I long to be there,
To be there, to be there,



MORE LIKE JESUS.

A. A. HOSKIN. J. H. R.



IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID.

MRS. A. L. D. J. H. F.

1. In the dark-ness of the mid-night, In the glow-ing of the day Comes a
2. Voice of mer-cy, oh, what sweet-ness In those ac-cents ten-der, mild; Oh, what
3. Why, oh, why, my heart, this wait-ing? Wilt thou not un-bar the door Ere thy

knocking at the door-way, And my waiting heart doth say: "Who is here?" the answer cometh, It is
nev-er failing patience Toward an erring, thankless child. Open, op-en, hear him call-ing It is
Sav-ior, grieved, departing, Seeketh entrance here no more? Listen, tender-ly he call-eth, It is

I, be not a-fraid; It is I, it is I, be not a-fraid, be not a-fraid.

Rit.

A HOPE THAT CHEERS ME ON.

PAUL M. RUSSELL. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. There is a hope that cheers me on When life is dark and drear, When all my work ap-
2. My hope is there to rest at last In His e - ter - nal light; When life with all its
3. I look not to the small re - ward Of mor - tals here be - low, But wait in patience

CHORUS.

pears in vain, And I am filled with fear.
woe has passed, Its day has changed to night. There is, there is a hap-py, hap-py land, Be-
till he shall His rec - om-pense be - stow.

yond this earth-life's stormy sea; Where all is peace and endless bliss, And sorrow ne'er shall be.

I AM PERSUADED.

E. E. S.

FRANK FILLMORE.

DUET.
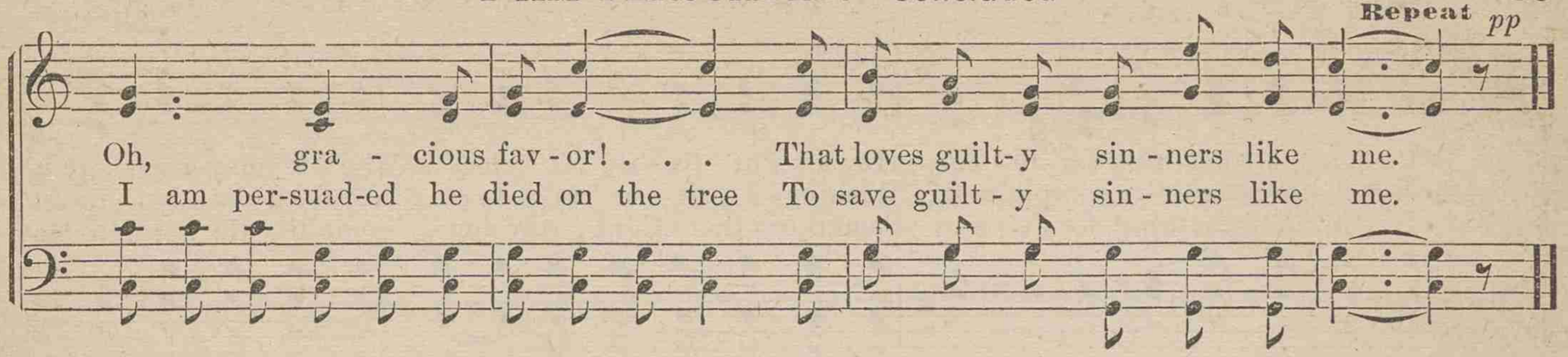
1. I am per-suad-ed that Je - sus loves me; I am per - suad - ed sal - va - tion is free;
2. I am per-suad-ed that now is the time; I am per - suad - ed sal - va - tion is mine;
3. I am per-suad-ed that Je - sus a - lone, I am per - suad - ed that no oth - er one,

Organ.

Christ is the ref - uge and heaven is the home, Where all per - suad - ed to Je - sus may come.
Je - sus is read-y and tells me to come, Doubting is end - ed, and heav-en is won.
Can to the sin - ner af - ford a re - lease, Grant-ing him par - don with blessings and peace.
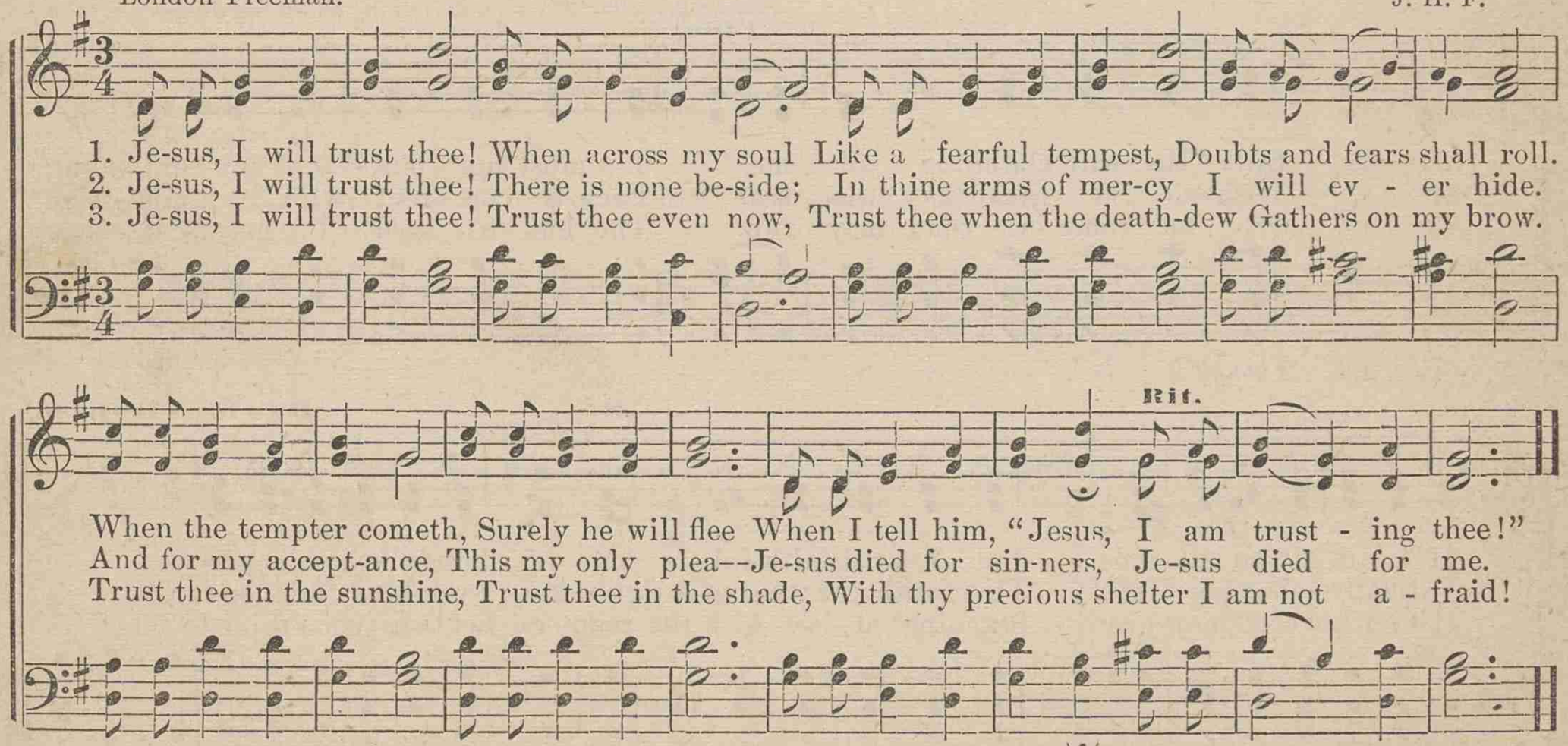
CHORUS.

Oh, pre - cious Sav - ior, . . Help me to love thee,
I am per -suad-ed that Je - sus loves me; I am per - suad - ed sal - va - tion is free;



JESUS, I WILL TRUST THEE.

London Freeman. J. H. F.



I CAN DO SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

E. R. L. J. H. F.

1. I can do something for Je - sus, How-ev - er lit - tle it be; Tho' it may seem but a
2. Never the streamlet complaineth, Wishing a riv - er to be; Nor doth the riv - er, in
3. I can do something for Je - sus, Something that might not be done, Some lit - tle bur-den may

I can do some-thing for Je - sus, Who for poor sin-ners gave all; Let me do some-thing for

This may be sung as a solo, all joining on the word "yes" at the hold.

Fine.

tri - fle, Still He will claim it of me. I must not bur - y my tal - ent,
en - vy, Wish to be great as the sea. Each is con - tent with its mis - sion,
car - ry, Or on some er - rand may run. Tho' but a seed I may scat - ter,

Je - sus, Though it be ev - er so small.

D.C. for CHORUS.

If I am giv-en but one, But I must faith-ful - ly use it, Thus may another be won.
Patiently labor-ing still; Thus, with the tal - ent assigned me, I would my mission fulfill. *Yes,*
It to a harvest may grow, Standing at last with the reap-ers, Let me have something to show.

MRS. D. "DAVID."

1. Sound upon the morning stillness Tones of mingled joy and fear, "Said he not that he would conquer?
2. And the angels sit-ting watchful Where the linen vest-ure lay, Answered to the anxious voic-es,
3. Ye who waited, sad, de-spair-ing, Now let all your doubting cease! From the tomb, behold, he rises,

CHORUS.

Lo! the Mas-ter is not here."
"Yes, we rolled the stone a-way." Sing, oh, sing, ye ran-somed mor-tals, Christ is ris-en!
Crowned forev-er, Prince of Peace.

Joy di-vine! Thro' the gates of death his glo-ry Ev-er-more on you shall shine.

NEAREST TO THE THRONE.

J. A. BUTTERFIELD.

1. Je - sus said of lit - tle chil-dren, Such are in my heavenly kingdom, And he took them up and blessed them, Say-ing: "Let them come to me."
2. Je - sus loves them much as ev - er, He will ever show them fa - vor; Yes, for - ev - er and for- ev - er They his smil - ing face shall see.
3. As a shep-herd he will lead them, Tho' the paths be dark and dreary; From the snares of sin and sor - row He will ev - er set them free.

CHORUS.

Where the shin-ing an - gels gath - er, Where the saints are sweetly singing, There the blessed angel chil-dren Nearest to the throne shall be.

GEO. BAKER.

1. Sovereign grace, o'er sin abounding, Ransomed souls the tidings swell,'Tis a deep that knows no sounding,
2. What from Christ the soul can sever, Bound by everlasting bands? One in him, in him for-ev-er,
3. Heirs of God, to reign with Je-sus, When our earthly race is run; To his name e-ter-nal praises—

CHORUS.

Who its length and breadth can tell? On its glo - - ries, on its glo-ries Let my
Thus th'eter - nal cov'-nant stands.
Oh, what won-ders Grace hath done! On its glo-ries,

soul, my soul forev-er dwell, On its glo - ries, on its glo-ries Let my soul forev-er dwell.
soul for - ev-er dwell, On its glories,

THE HEAVENLY CITY.

M. E. C. WYETH. JAS. H. F.

1. Oh, sweet, oh, heavenly cit - y, Oh, par - a - dise of palms, I see thy gold - en
2. Thou dear and lovely Zi - on, Thou mother of - us all, How charming thy do-
3. Throw wide thy gates of glo - ry, Thy fair founda - tions shine With all their pearl-y

bright - ness, I hear thy chor - al psalms; And lu - mi - nous in beau - ty Thy
min - ion! How sweet thy gen - tle thrall! Oh, fair and glo - rious Zi - on, Oh,
splen - dor On this rapt soul of mine. O Christ, my King, in beau - ty To

walls and gates ap - pear, . . And rav-ish - ing thy mu - sic To my en - raptured ear.
cit - y of our God, . . What tongue can speak thy praises, What lips thy beauty laud?
me thy joy has come, . . I fly on wings ce - les - tial To my e - ter - nal home.

WHAT CAN I DO?

MRS. A. L. D. J. H. F.

1. How much my Lord has done for me, His good-ness how di - vine! His wondrous love, his
2. For me he left his home on high, His Fa - ther's shin - ing throne; For me he toiled and
3. And more than all, for me he died, Oh, love be - yond com-pare! For me the Lord was

ten - der care For ev - er - more are mine. What can I do, My Lord, for thee? Thou
suf - fered here, For me he watched a - lone. The long, long night, While oth-ers slept, For
cru - ci - fied, For me the cross did bear. Low at his feet I kneel in prayer; My

didst so much, So much for me. What can I do, My Lord, for thee? Thou didst so much, So much for me.
me he prayed, For me he wept. What can I do, My Lord, for thee? Thou didst so much, So much for me.
life, my all, I of - fer there. Low at his feet I kneel in prayer, My life, my all, I of - fer there.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

H R TRICKETT. J. H. R.
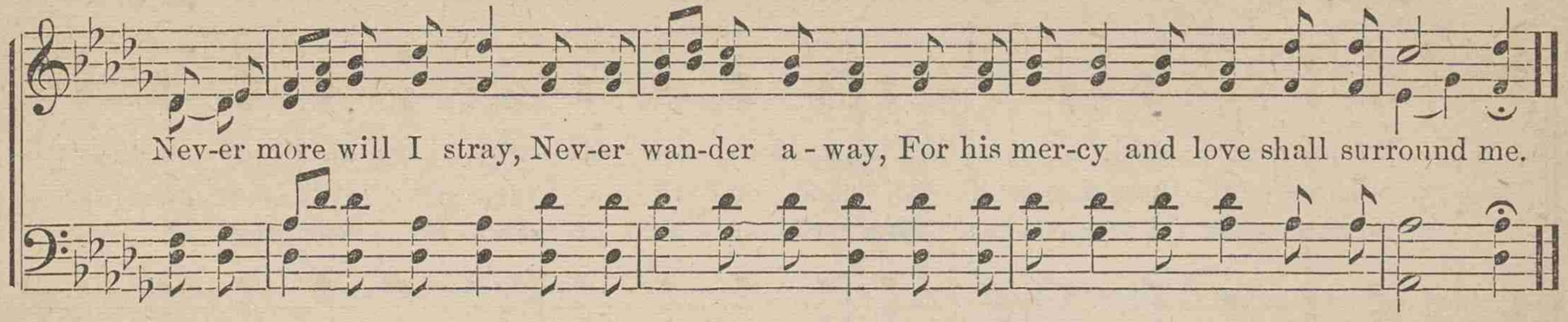
1. Once I wandered a - way from the good Shepherd's fold, And was lost in the dark-ness of
2. He healed all my wounds and he strengthened my soul, And he free - ly my wand'rings for-
3 Oh, why will you die on the mountains of sin? Why per - ish when Je - sus is

sin, When I heard a sweet voice on the lone mountains cold, Calling, "Come, weary wand'rer, come in."
gave, He washed me from sin, and his grace made me whole, And I found he was mighty to save.
near? No long-er re - sist him, but now en - ter in. He calls; you have nothing to fear.

CHORUS.

Oh, the good Shepherd's voice Makes my heart still rejoice! He loved me, he sought me, he found me!

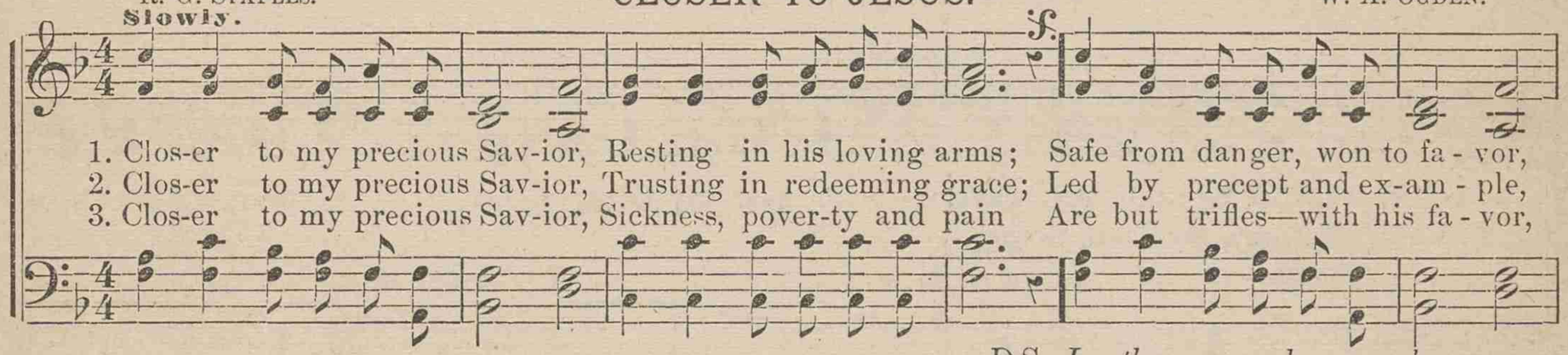
From "Helping Hand," by per.



Nev-er more will I stray, Nev-er wan-der a - way, For his mer-cy and love shall surround me.
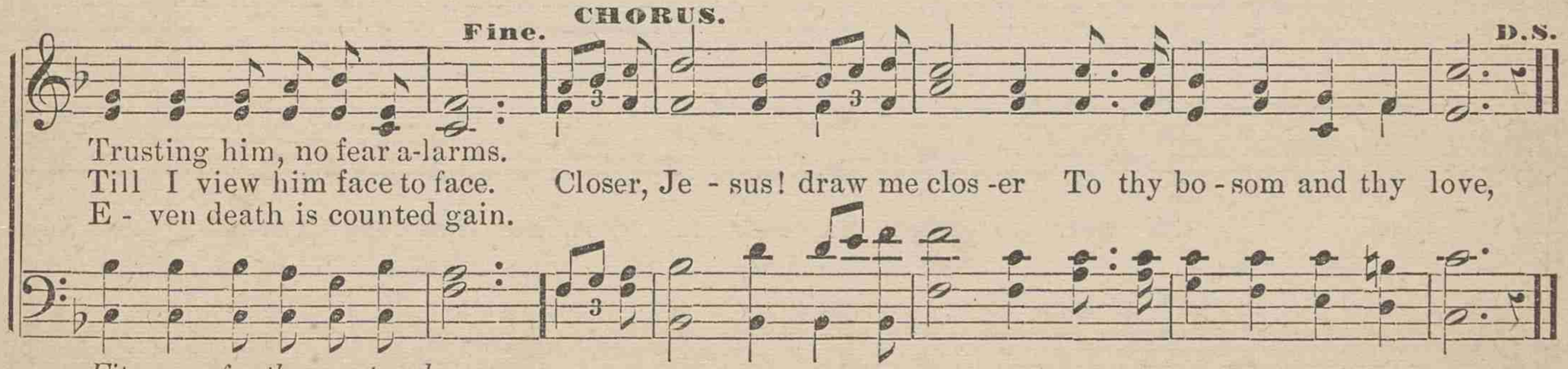
CLOSER TO JESUS.

R. G. STAPLES. W. A. OGDEN.



1. Clos-er to my precious Sav-ior, Resting in his loving arms; Safe from danger, won to fa - vor,
2. Clos-er to my precious Sav-ior, Trusting in redeeming grace; Led by precept and ex-am - ple,
3. Clos-er to my precious Sav-ior, Sickness, pover-ty and pain Are but trifles—with his fa - vor,

D.S. *In thy mer-cy draw me clos - er,*



Trusting him, no fear a-larms.
Till I view him face to face.
E - ven death is counted gain.

Closer, Je - sus! draw me clos -er To thy bo - som and thy love,

Fit me for thy courts a-bove.

From " Gospel Echoes," by per.

SO NEAR TO THEE.

MRS. A. L. D. J. H. F.

1. So near, my Lord, to thee, Enshrined in ten - der care; Through all my earth-ly
2. Whatev - er thou dost send Of good or ill to me, Oh, still may I be
3. So near that I may hear New mes - sag - es of grace, So near that I may

life, Oh, still be this my prayer: So near, my Lord, to thee, So near, my Lord, to
drawn So near, my Lord, to thee.
see The glo - ry of thy face. So near, ... So near, ...

thee, So near to thee, So near to thee, So near, my Lord, to thee.
. . So near, So near, So near to thee.

UNITY MUST VICT'RY BRING.

W. POOLE BALFERN. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Al - to-geth - er, brave and steady, You are fight-ing for the King; Hands and hearts, and arms all
2. Al - to-geth - er, onward, fear-less, See the Cap - tain leads the way, For a crown whose beauty,
3. Al - to-geth - er—for the glo - ry Of a friend who nev-er dies, For the spread of that sweet
4. Al - to-geth - er, self - for-get - ful, All for God and all as one; Leave the past, all sad, re-

CHORUS.

read - y, U - ni - ty must vic - t'ry bring.
peer - less, Ne'er shall fade or pass a - way. Al - to - geth - er for the King, U - ni-
sto - ry Whose bright love all darkness flies.
gret - ful, And the Master's work is done.

ty must vic - t'ry bring, Al - to - geth-er for the King, U - ni - ty must vic - t'ry bring.

THY FACE WILL I SEEK.

E. P. HAKES. D. S. HAKES.

1. Thy face, dear Sav - ior, will I seek, For thou my plea wilt hear; At morning prayer thy
2. If I thy face can keep in view, No fears shall dwell with me; All earthly friends may
3. Thy voice, dear Lord, will give me peace, My heart from e - vil free; Oh, keep my lips from

pres - ence lend, At eve - ning be thou near; Oh, hear me while I call to thee, For
pass me by, But thou my help wilt be; 'Mid pleas - ant paths my way shall lie, If
speak-ing guile, My foot - steps guide to thee; No oth - er re - fuge would I crave, But

I thy face would see—Thy prom-ise is to all who come, Oh, rest thy smile on me.
by thy side I keep; No harm can come while thee I trust, For thou dost nev-er sleep.
ear - ly seek thy face, And in thy pres - ence safe - ly rest, While trusting in thy grace.

CHORUS.

I will seek, I will seek, Thy face, dear Sav - ior, will I seek.
I will seek, I will seek,

I will seek, I will seek, Thy face, dear Sav - ior, will I seek.
I will seek, I will seek,

GRANT ME A NEARER VIEW.

GRACE GLENN. JAS. H. F.

1. Grant me a nearer view Of all thy glories, Lord, A clearer sight to gaze Thro' thy revealing word.
2. The ways of earth are low, Thro' vales and shadows dim; Christ's loving looks I crave, And labor nearer him.
3. I pant, athirst to drink Life's never-failing stream, But ill content to bide Earth's fitful, fevered dream.
3. Grant me a nearer view, And still, tho' faint and weak, I shall be stronger when In sight the home I seek.

THE RISING STAR.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. F.

1. O'er Ju - da's hills a star a - rose, A star whose gleam-ing ray Should herald to a
2. Where'er its ho - ly light should fall, The na-tions should be healed; And in its beams sal-
3. The watching shepherds saw with joy That gleaming star a - rise; They knew its meaning,
4. And as they watched, the angels' song Came sweetly to their ears—The song that still grows

CHORUS.

dark-ened world A new and fair - er day.
va - tion's plan To man should stand revealed. Oh, star of hope! Oh, star of light! What
and the sight Was bless-ed in their eyes.
on and on To earth's re - mot - est years.

joy thy ris - ing bore! Oh, star of hope! Oh, star of light! Shine on for ev - er - more.

JESUS, CARE FOR ME.

MRS. A. L. D.

J. H. F.

1. Thou who sittest on the throne, Je - sus, God's beloved Son,
2. Guard me, oh, my Savior dear, Keep me to thee ev-er near,
3. Smile from thy fair world above On the dear ones of my love,

1. Thou who sittest on the throne, Je - sus, God's beloved
2. Guard me, oh, my Savior dear, Keep me to thee ev-er
3. Smile from thy fair world above On the dear ones of my

Thou whose glory, all di - vine, Doth the noon-day sun out - shine.
When my childish feet would fail, Wrong and fear my soul as - sail.
Parents, friends and school-mates dear, Un - to them be ev - er near.

Son,
near,
love,

Thou whose glory, all di - vine, The sun outshine, the sun outshine.
When my childish feet would fail, My soul as - sail, my soul assail.
Parents, friends and schoolmates dear, Be ev - er near, be ev-er near.

PRESS ON!

F. L. B.

F. L. BRISTOW.

CHORUS. March time.

Press on! press on! Sol - diers of the Cross. The foe is strong, with Sa - tan near at hand. Press

on! press on to vic - to - ry! O'er Jor - dan is the Prom-ised Land!

Fine.

press on to vic - to - ry!

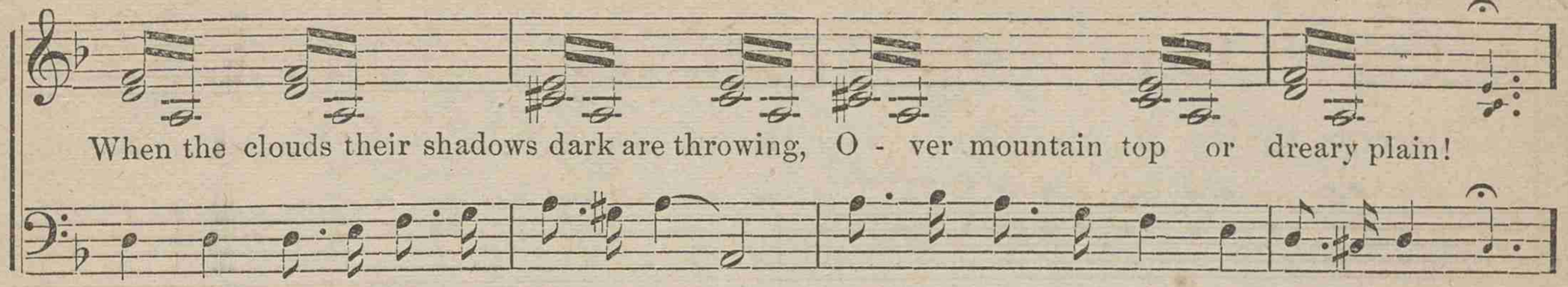
Inst. Tremolo.

When the chilling wint'ry winds are blowing, When the snow is down, or falls the mournful rain,—
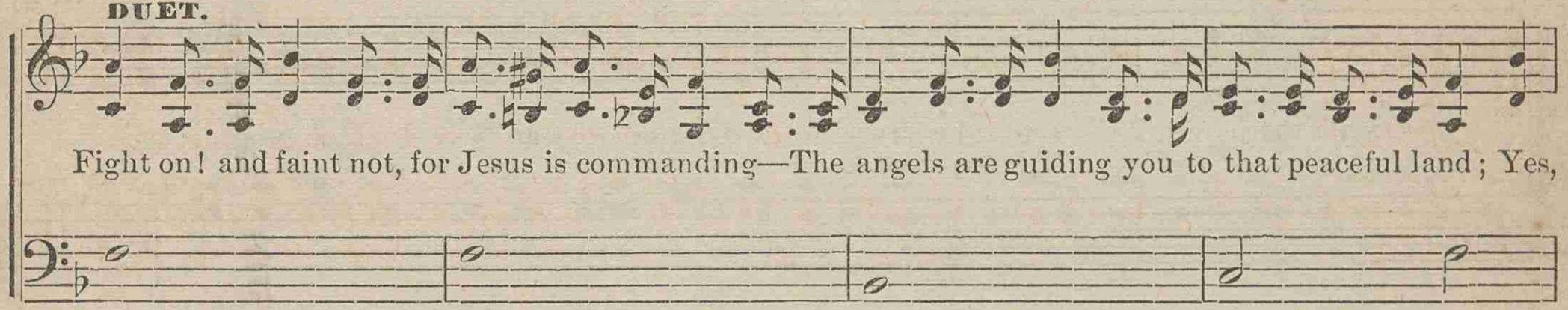
Base unison.

NOTE.—*Sing the first Chorus after the Base Solo, then after the Duet, then again after the last Chorus.*
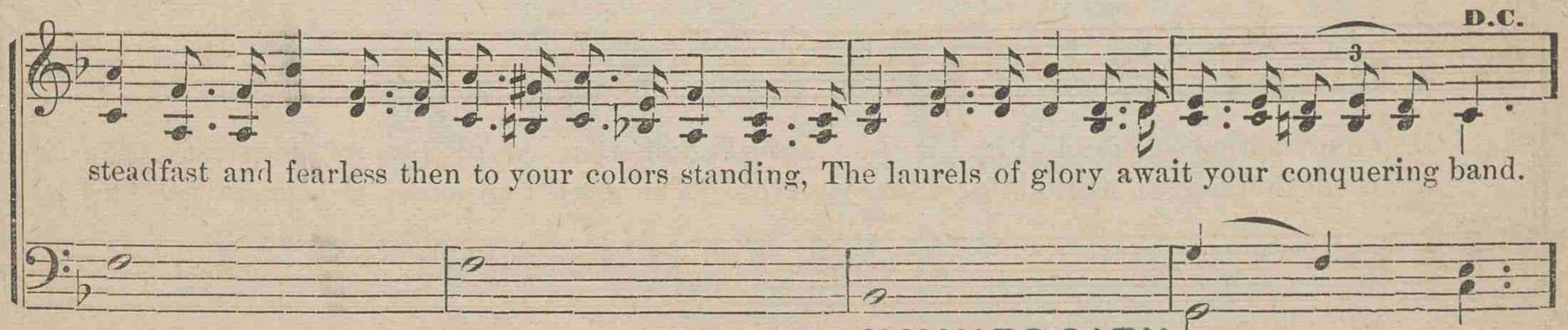
D.C.



DUET.



D.C.



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PRESS ON. Concluded.

CHORUS.

O - ver the riv - er Joy fail - eth nev - er, Hap-py there for - ev - er— We'll sin no more.

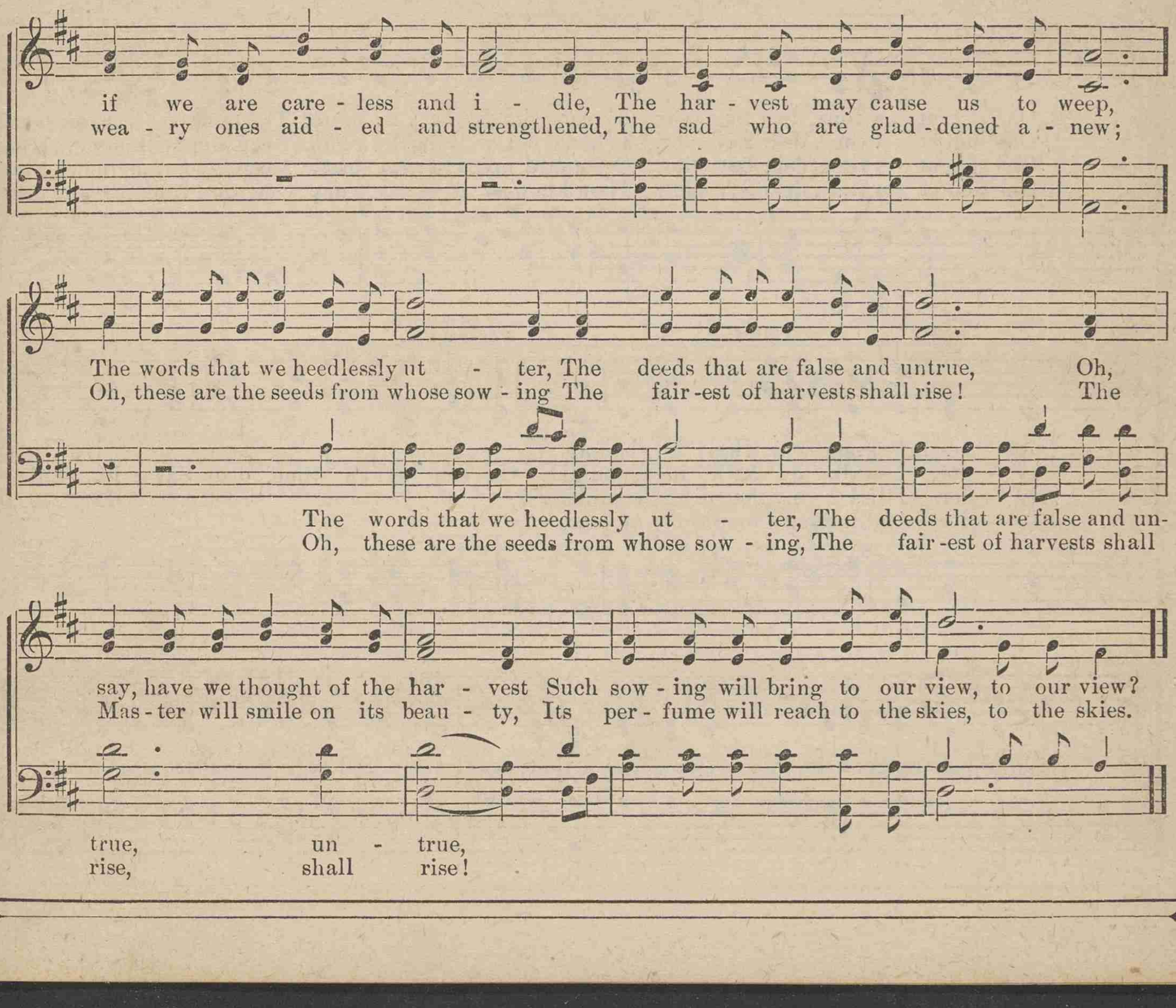
O - ver the riv - er No one can sev - er Loved ones, who ev - er Long to greet us o'er.

D.C.

WHAT ARE WE SOWING.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. F.

1. Oh, what kind of seed are we sow - ing? For what we shall sow we must reap, And
2. The deeds that are thoughtful and lov - ing, The words that are ten - der and true, The


if we are care - less and i - dle, The har - vest may cause us to weep,
wea - ry ones aid - ed and strengthened, The sad who are glad - dened a - new;
The words that we heedlessly ut - ter, The deeds that are false and untrue, Oh,
Oh, these are the seeds from whose sow - ing The fair - est of harvests shall rise! The
The words that we heedlessly ut - ter, The deeds that are false and un-
Oh, these are the seeds from whose sow - ing, The fair - est of harvests shall
say, have we thought of the har - vest Such sow - ing will bring to our view, to our view?
Mas - ter will smile on its beau - ty, Its per - fume will reach to the skies, to the skies.
true, un - true,
rise, shall rise!

ONE STEP AT A TIME.

T. J. SHELTON. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. One step at a time, dear Sav - ior, I can not take a - ny more; The flesh is so weak and
2. One step at a time, dear Sav - ior, I am not walking by sight; Keep step with my soul, dear
3. One step at a time, dear Sav - ior, Oh, guard my falter-ing feet! Keep hold of my hand, dear
4. One step at a time, dear Sav - ior, Thou knowest all of my fear; One word from thy heart, dear

CHORUS.

hope - less, I know not what is be-fore.
Sav - ior, I walk by faith in thy might. One step at a time, dear Sav - ior, Till
Sav - ior, Till I my jour - ney complete.
Sav - ior, And heaven's man-sions ap-pear.

faith grows stronger in thee, (in thee); One step at a time, dear Savior, Till hope grows stronger in me.

THE KING OF GLORY.

MRS. A. L. D. J. H. F.

1. Ah! who is this so glo - ry crowned, So filled with love immor - tal, So ho - ly and so
2. From all the earth there comes a cry That soars to highest heav - en: "The Prince of Peace, the
3. Up - on his brow what grace di-vine, What love supremely ten - der! At his dear feet an-

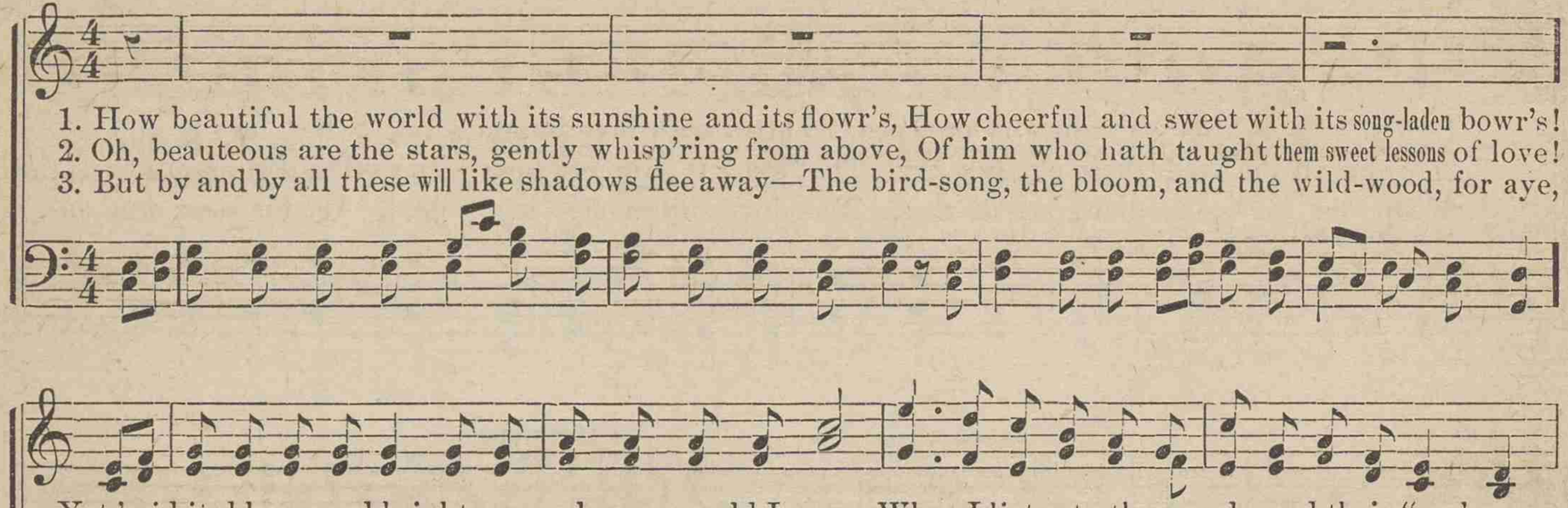
CHORUS.

wondrous fair, Who waits at Zi - on's por - tal?
Ho - ly One, The Lamb for sin - ners giv - en." Lift up your heads, ye gates of light, He
gel - ic hosts An - gel - ic hom - age ren - der.

comes, the King of Glo - ry! Lift up your heads, he comes in might, Behold the King of Glory!
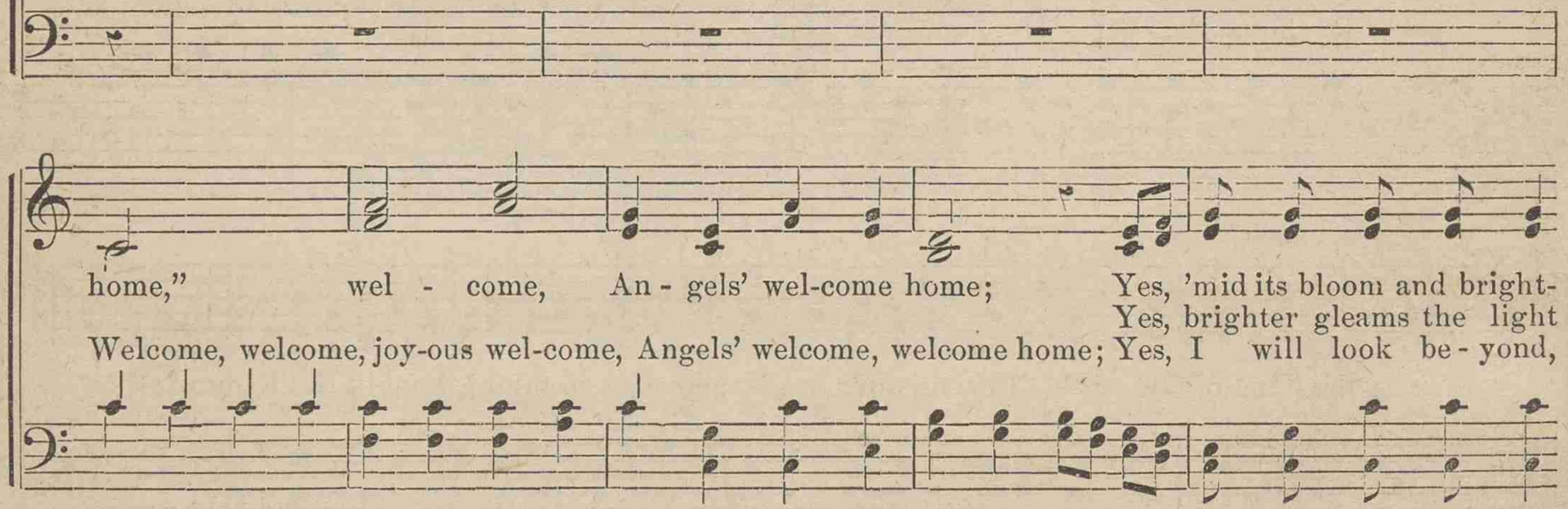
THE ANGELS' WELCOME HOME.

F. S. POND. J. A. BUTTERFIELD.



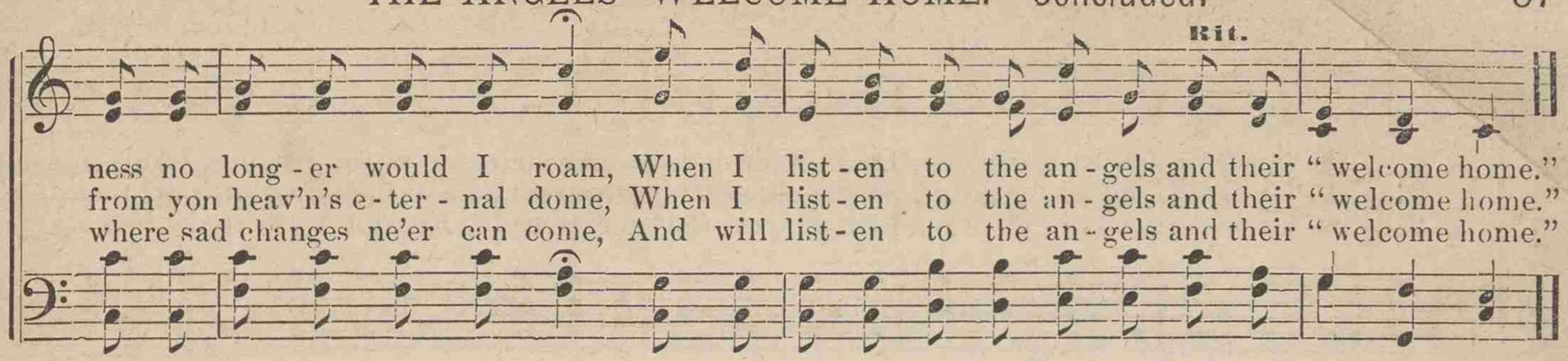
1. How beautiful the world with its sunshine and its flowr's, How cheerful and sweet with its song-laden bowr's!
2. Oh, beauteous are the stars, gently whisp'ring from above, Of him who hath taught them sweet lessons of love!
3. But by and by all these will like shadows flee away—The bird-song, the bloom, and the wild-wood, for aye,

Yet 'mid its bloom and brightness no longer would I roam, When I listen to the angels, and their "welcome
But brighter gleams the light from yon heaven's eternal dome, When I listen to the angels, and their "welcome
But I will look beyond, where sad changes ne'er can come, And will listen to the angels, and their "welcome



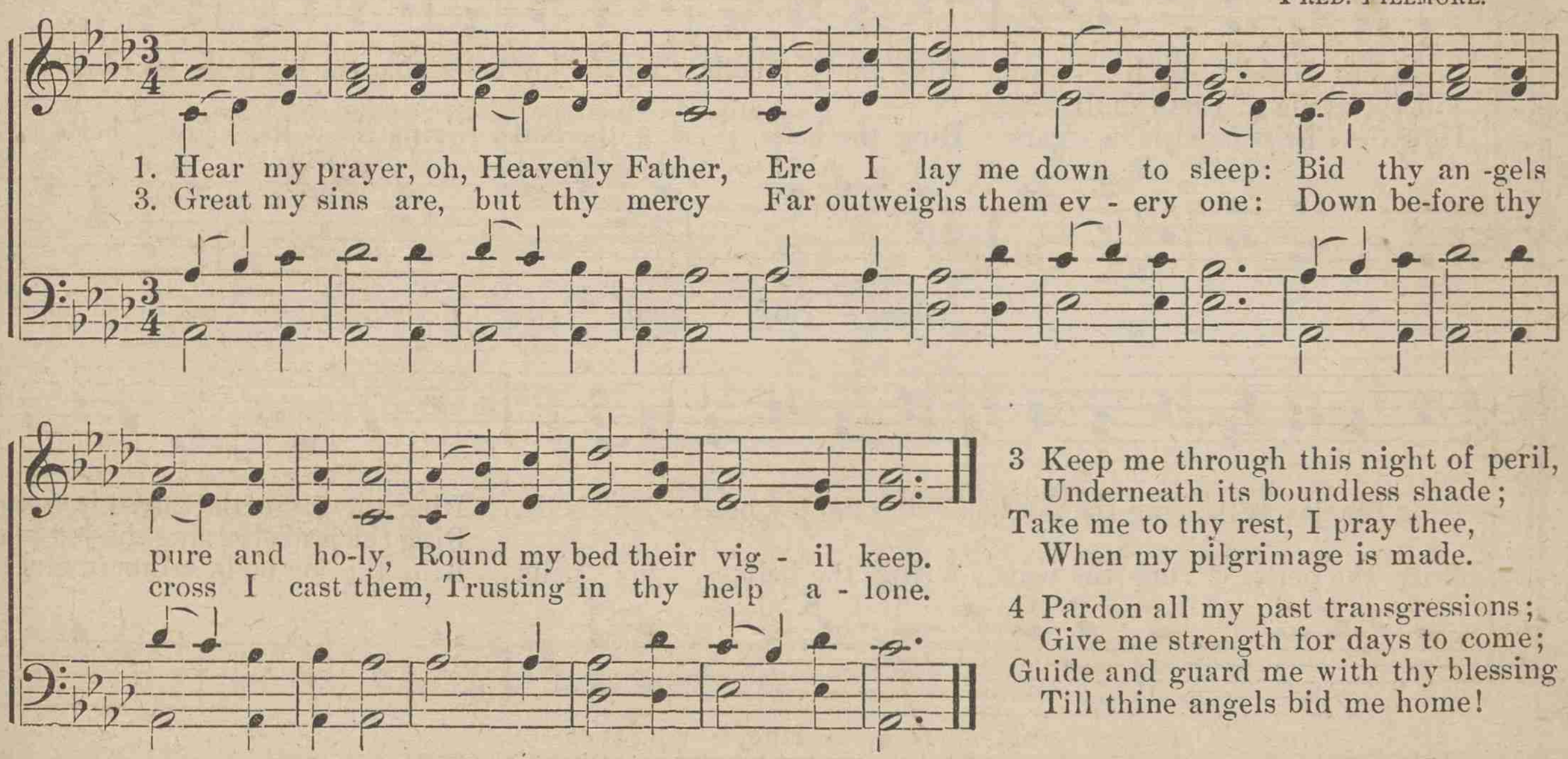
home," wel - come, An - gels' wel-come home; Yes, 'mid its bloom and bright-
Yes, brighter gleams the light
Welcome, welcome, joy-ous wel-come, Angels' welcome, welcome home; Yes, I will look be - yond,

From the "Requisite," by per.



HEAR MY PRAYER.

FRED. FILLMORE.



3 Keep me through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade;
Take me to thy rest, I pray thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.

4 Pardon all my past transgressions;
Give me strength for days to come;
Guide and guard me with thy blessing
Till thine angels bid me home!

RING THE JOY BELLS.

E. N. GUNNISON in S. S. Times. "DAVID."
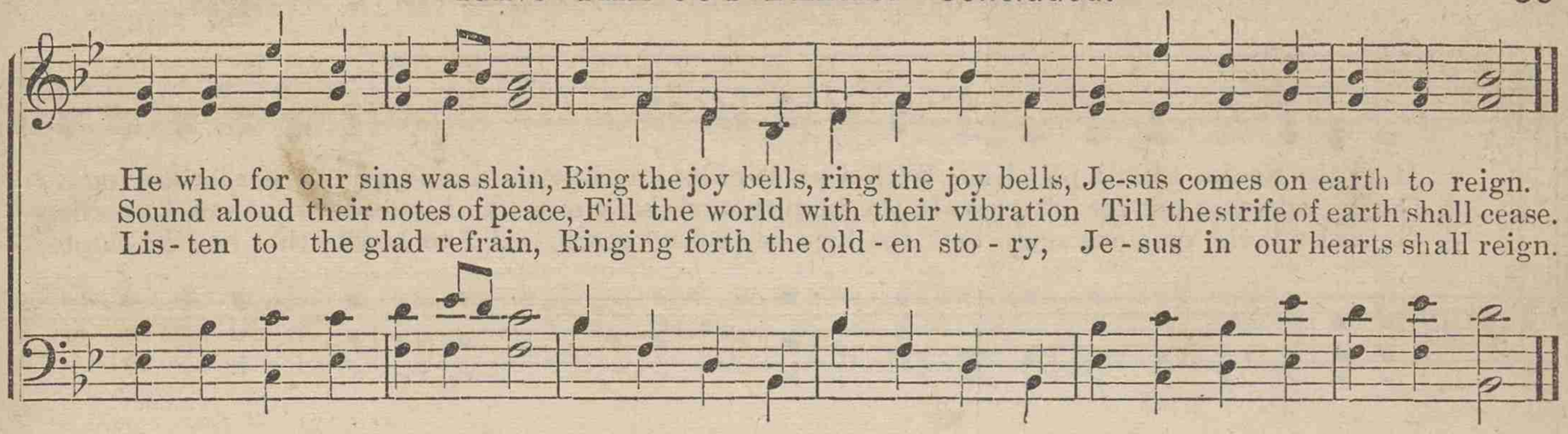
1. Ring the joy bells, Christ is ris - en, He who for our sins was slain, From the bondage of his prison
2. Ring the joy bells loud and glee-ful, Sound aloud their notes of peace, Fill the world with their vibration
3. Ring the joy bells, saints in glo - ry, List-en to the glad re-frain, Ringing forth the old-en story,

Breaks to gladden earth a - gain. Ring the joy bells, ring the joy bells, ring the joy bells, joy bells,
Till the strife of earth shall cease.
How the Christ is born a - gain. Ring the bells, ring the bells, ring the bells, joy bells,

Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring the bells,
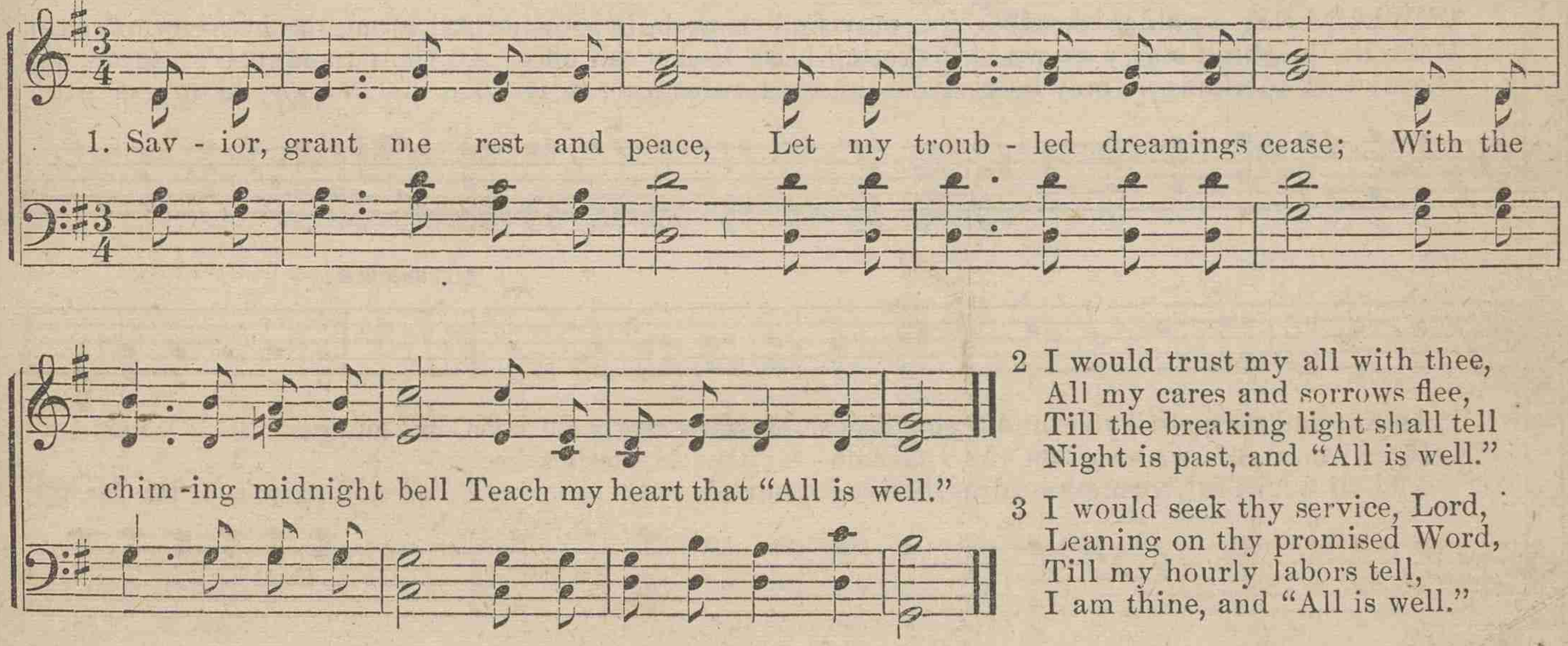
Ring the joy bells, ring the joy bells, ring the joy bells, joy bells. Ring the joy bells, Christ is risen,
Ring the joy bells, ring the joy bells,
Ring the bells, ring the bells, ring the bells, joy bells. Ring the joy bells, saints in glory,

Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring the bells.



ALL IS WELL.

GRACE GLENN. From "Gratitude."



2 I would trust my all with thee,
All my cares and sorrows flee,
Till the breaking light shall tell
Night is past, and "All is well."

3 I would seek thy service, Lord,
Leaning on thy promised Word,
Till my hourly labors tell,
I am thine, and "All is well."

COME, AND GARNER FOR THE MASTER.

J. H. F.

1. Hear the Savior kindly pleading, With a voice of love and grief, "Come, and garner for my harvest,
2. Oh, he asks you not for greatness In the mighty world's renown; Little deeds of love and kindness
3. Go and tell the precious story Of "the love beyond compare," And to hearts that bow in sadness

Who will bring a golden sheaf?" You may find them daily growing All along the heavenward path,
Make the brightest starry crown. All that childish hearts can offer, All their hands can bring, he'll take,
Some sweet comfort you may bear. Take the glad, redeeming story To the ma-ny haunts of sin,

CHORUS.

"As you find them, will you bind them,'Tis the Master sweetly saith." Come and gar - ner
If a cup of wa-ter on-ly, Giv-en for the Master's sake.
And with faithful, earnest pleading, Strive immortal souls to win. Come and garner for the Master,

for the Mas - - ter,
Come and gar-ner for the Master, With the reapers sing the glorious "Harvest-home," "Harvest-home:"

Come and gar - - - ner for the Mas - - - ter,
Come and gar-ner for the Mas-ter, Come and gar-ner for the Mas-ter, Bring-ing

each some gold-en treas-ure to his throne, to his throne.

4 Every heart that's pure and stainless,
Is the Savior's very own,
Such he gathers for his kingdom,
And rewards them at his throne.
Oh, then listen to his pleading,
Ere life's winter chills the May,
Come, and labor in his vineyard,
For the glorious harvest-day.

REST IN THE PROMISE OF JESUS.
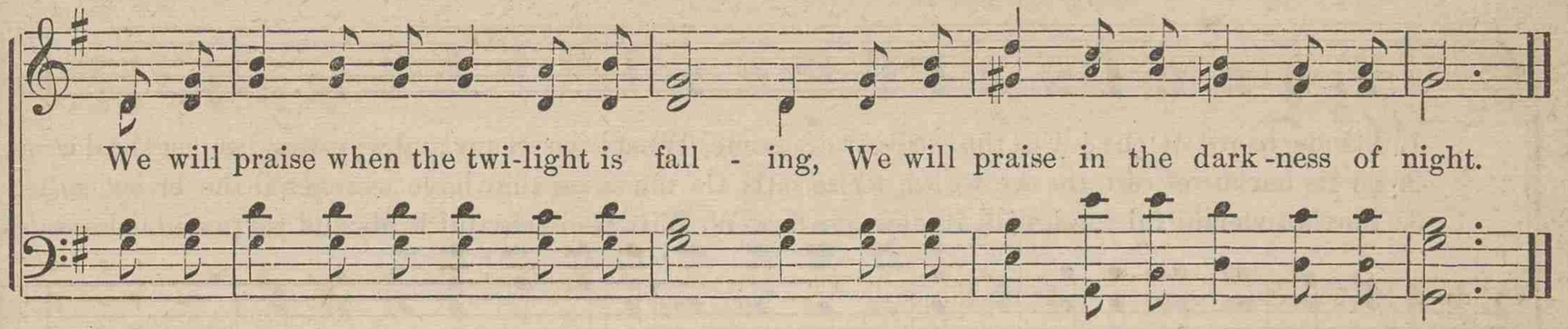
LESLIA. T. W. DENNINGTON.

1. There is rest in the prom - ise of Je - sus, Rest for all who will trust in his grace;
2. There is rest in the prom - ise of Je - sus, Rest when life is all darkened with gloom;
3. There is rest in the prom - ise of Je - sus, Pre-cious rest that the world can not give;

Let us give him our hearts' true de-vo - tion, For in him shall the right-eous find peace.
We will praise our Redeem - er for - ev - er, For the tri - umph he's gained o'er the tomb.
We will ev - er be trust - ful and serve him, We will praise him for - ev - er and live.

CHORUS.

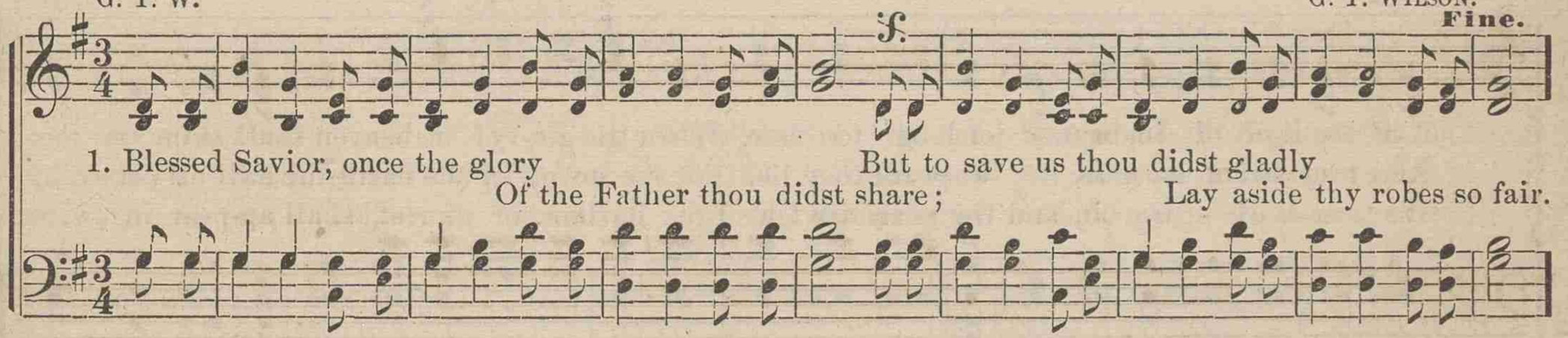
We will praise our dear Sav - ior for - ev - er, We will praise in the dawn's ear - ly light,
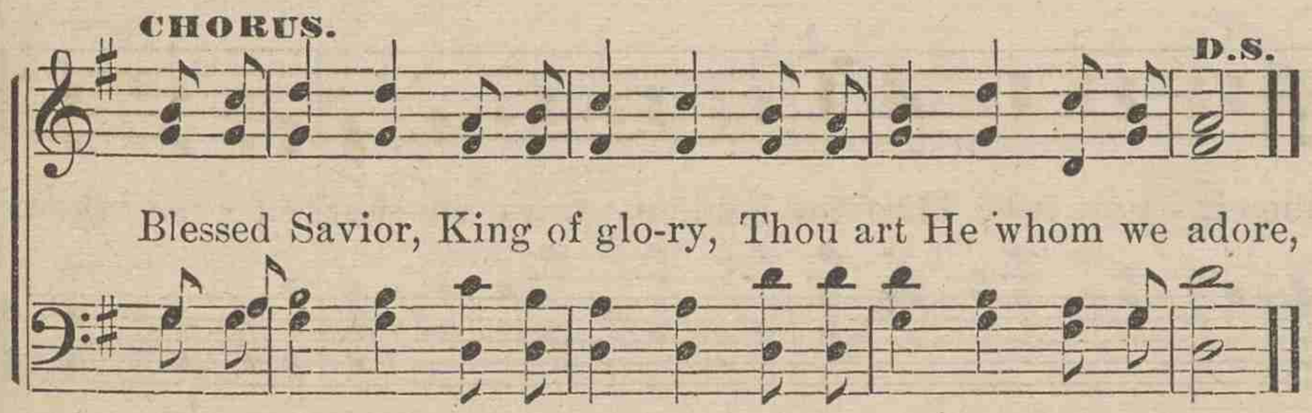


WE WILL TRUST THEE.

G. T. W.

G. T. WILSON.



D.S. *We will trust thee, trust thee only, Yes, we'll trust thee evermore.*



2 Thou didst stoop to earth so lowly,
Grief and sorrow were thy lot;
Thou wast oft reviled and threatened,
And yet thou didst murmur not.

3 Thou didst pass within the portal
Of the cold and cheerless grave;
Thou didst gain a mighty vict'ry,
Showing thus thy power to save.

THE SOUL'S SWEET HOME.
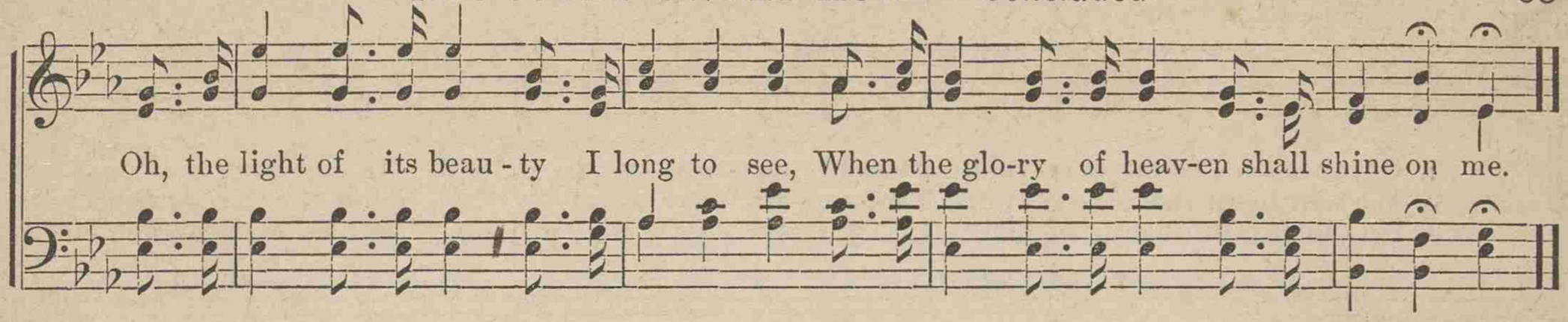
MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. F.

1. I have heard of the joy of the soul's sweet home, Where the weary and way-worn at last shall come,
2. In its harbor of rest are the white, white sails Of the ships that have weathered the bitter gales,
3. To that wonderful land, with its fadeless flowers, With its beautiful birds and its perfumed bowers,

And the light of its beauty I long to see, When the glo-ry of heaven shall shine on me.
And they strive no more as at peace they lie, For the storms of the earth-life have all passed by.
We are sail - ing on, and the years are few Ere its har-bor of rest shall ap-pear in view.

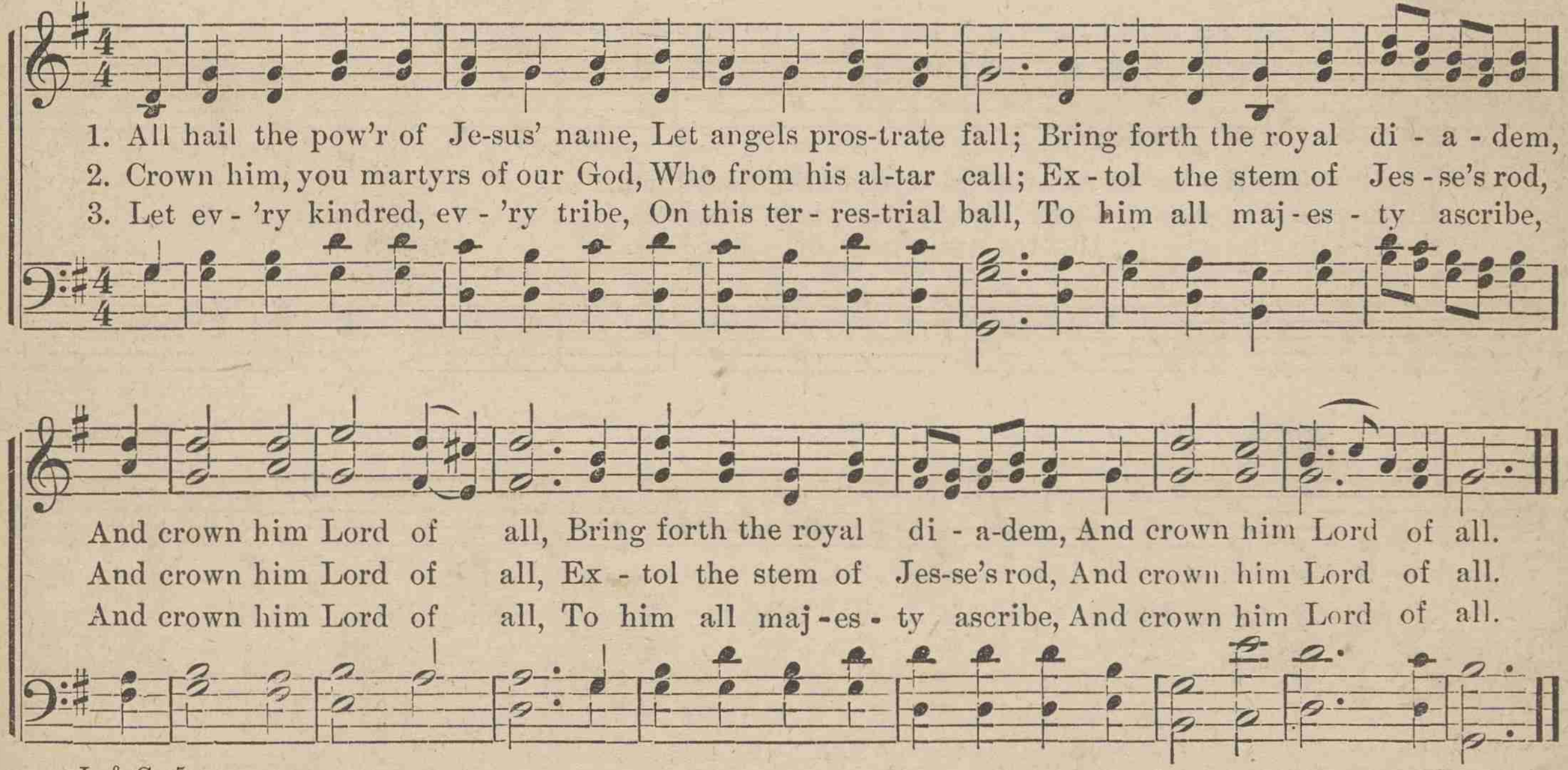
CHORUS.

Oh, the soul's sweet home, Oh, the cit - ty fair, Thro' the gold-en gates we shall en - ter there;



CORONATION.

O. HOLDEN.



PRECIOUS STORY.

FRANK FILLMORE. HENRY LOCKWOOD.

1. Oh, that sto - ry sweet of old, First by an - gel voic - es told, As they sang good-will and
2. We will learn that sto-ry well, That we all may sweet - ly tell, How the Sav-ior from his
3. Un - to him our hearts we'll give, In his serv - ice we will live, Till he calls us home to

Precious sto - ry, precious

CHORUS.

peace up-on the earth, At the glo - rious Sav-ior's birth.
Fa-ther's home a-bove Came to save us by his love.
dwell with him a-bove, In the full - ness of his love.

Sto - ry sweet,

sto - ry,

Pre - cious

sto - ry sweet, Un - to us is born a Savior, Prince, and King, Prince and King,

sto - - ry, precious sto - - ry,

Sto - ry sweet, sto - ry sweet, Age to age his won-drous name shall sing.

HIS LOVING KINDNESS.

1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deemer's praise, He just - ly claims a
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not - with-standing all; He saved me from my
3. When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud, He near my soul has

song from me, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how free! His lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His
lost es - tate, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how great! His lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His
al - ways stood, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how good! His lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His

f. Fine. D.S.

GLORY TO THE SAVIOR.

J. C. M. J. C. MACY.

1. Standing by the cross of Jesus, Thro' faith his throne we see, ... Where amid the hosts of
2. Let me bear the cross for Je - sus, And wait not by the way, ... Glad - ly I'll o - bey his
3. Hap-py, happy Christian sol-dier! Be watchful and be true, ... Nev - er leave the post of

we see,
the way,
be true,

f **CHORUS.**

heav - en, The Christian's home shall be, shall be.
pre - cepts, And al - ways trust and pray, and pray. Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Sav - ior!
du - ty That Christ has giv'n to you, to you.

He's my Shepherd, and my strength and shield! And to him, the King of glory, Sinful hosts shall yield, shall yield.

From "S. S. S. Quarterly," published by David Cook, Chicago.

FAIR THE FIELDS.

ESTELLA DAVIDSON. W. T. PORTER.

1. Fair the fields and white for reaping, Lo! the la - bor - ers are few; All the morn-ing
2. Not for thee the fold-ed fin-gers, Nev - er thus the crown is won; And for him who
3. High and ho - ly is thy calling, Bless-ed thou if on thy brow Light of heav - en,

CHORUS.

hours they're sleeping, While the Lord has work to do.
id - ly lin - gers, Comes at last no glad "well done." For thy Sav - ior, for thy Sav - ior
soft - ly fall - ing, Shows thee faith-ful to thy vow.

La - bor done is ev - er sweet, Blessed he who from the harvest Bringeth sheaves to Jesus' feet.

HOME, BEAUTIFUL HOME.

J. H. F.

1. Be - yond the dark riv - er, the riv - er of death, Be - yond where the waters are swell - ing,
2. No sick-ness, no death in that beau-ti - ful home, No sor - row can en - ter its por - tals,

The home of my spir - it is wait-ing for me, The land where the ransomed are dwelling;
But glad are the voic - es that join in its song, The song of the shin-ing im - mor - tals.

home, home, is seen: shore;

No night in that beauti - ful, beauti-ful home, No shade in its glo - ry, its glo-ry is seen;
No tears in that beau-ti - ful, beauti-ful home, No sin on that heav - en - ly, heavenly shore;

The won-der-ful riv-er of wa-ter of life Flows soft thro' its meadows so green.
The King in his beau-ty our eyes shall be-hold, His prais-es we'll sing ev-er-more.

* *Thy mansions of glo-ry, oh, when shall I see, My beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home.*

CHORUS.

Home, beau-ti-ful home, ... Home, beau-ti-ful home, ...
Beau-ti-ful home, beau-ti-ful home,

Rit.

Thy man-sions of glo-ry, oh, when shall I see, Beauti-ful, beau-ti-ful home.

* *These words may be sung to the brace above instead of the last brace if it is thought too difficult.*

THANKS BE TO GOD.

H. S. PERKINS. ASA HULL.

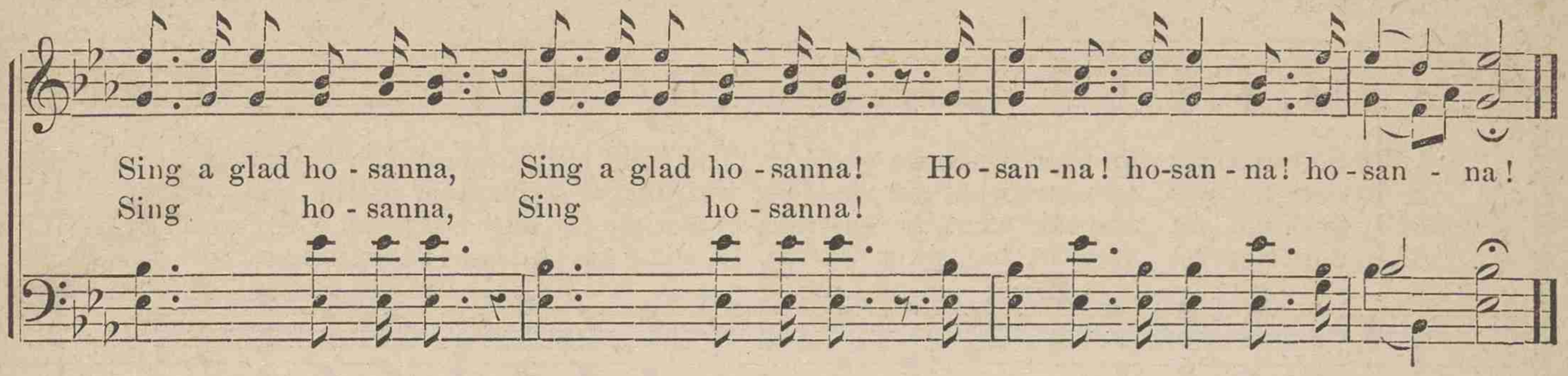
1. Thanks be to God for the vic - t'ry o - ver sin; Thanks for his Word and the teachings therein;
2. Thanks for the gift of his loved, his on-ly Son; Thanks for the work which on earth he be - gun;
3. Thanks for redemption and purchase by his blood; Thanks for the love he has taught in his Word;

Thanks for his Son who was giv - en to proclaim Tid - ings of good, and the earth to reclaim.
Thanks for the peace which it brings unto the soul, Working for Je - sus, his love to un-fold.
Thanks for his Spirit, for ev - ermore to reign, Peace on the earth, and good-will un - to men.

CHORUS.
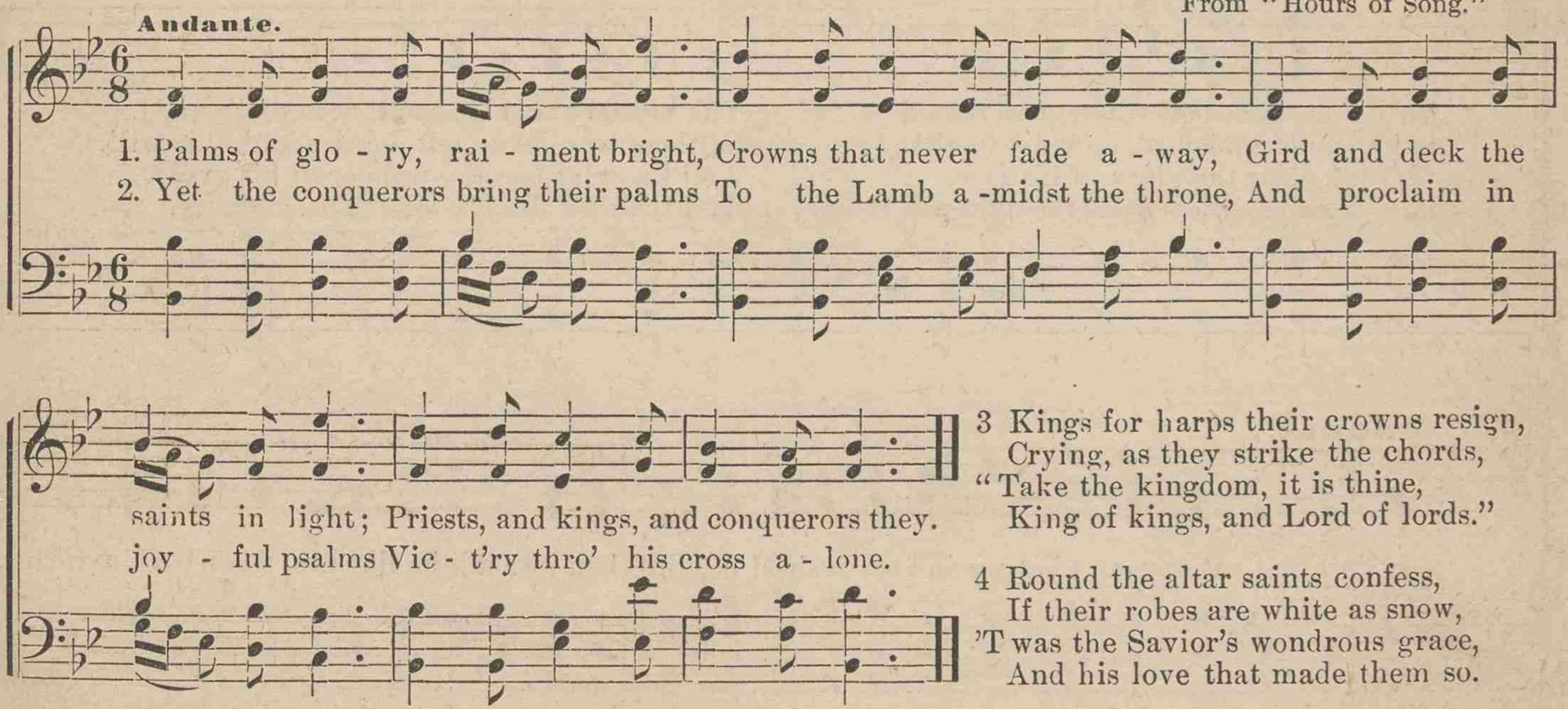
Sing, Sing, Sing, for the vic-t'ry o-ver sin;
Sing a glad hosanna, Sing a glad hosanna, Sing a glad hosanna,

From "Wreath of Praise," by per.



PALMS OF GLORY.

From "Hours of Song."



3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom, it is thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords."

4 Round the altar saints confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'T was the Savior's wondrous grace,
And his love that made them so.

IT DOTH NOT YET APPEAR.

MRS. A. L. D. J. H. F.

1. It doth not yet ap-pear what we shall be, The light is faint, and we can on - ly see As
2. It doth not yet ap-pear what we shall be, But this we know, that in the mel - o - dy Of
3. It doth not yet ap-pear what we shall be, Sometime the day will come when we shall see With
4. It doth not yet ap-pear, but when we see, In some sweet day of days that are to be, His

thro' a darkened glass, nor understand
happy souls redeemed, no voice is still
vis - ion clear the glory of his face,
face, from cloudless skies the light will pour,

The mystery that God in love hath planned.
Of those who love their Lord and do his will.
And know at last the wonder of his grace.
And then we shall be like him evermore.

CHORUS.

It doth not yet appear what we in heav'n shall be, But then we shall be like him when his face we see.

NOTHING SURE BUT HEAVEN.

EBEN E. REXFORD. J. H. F.

1. Here many a friend-ship fails us When winds of sor-row blow, As fair, sweet blossoms
2. The heart we lean on faint-eth, The hand we grasp grows cold, And dross is in the
3. But on be-yond earth's shadows, What sun-shine crowns the hills! There ours are ours for-

per-ish Be-neath an ear-ly snow. The ties which seem the strongest May first of all be
treas-ure We counted pur-est gold. When, in his strange, deep wisdom God takes what he has
ev-er, Untouched by human ills. Love nev-er-more will fail us, Nor hearts with loss be

riven, To bid our hearts re-mem-ber There's nothing sure but heaven, There's nothing sure but heaven.
given, The si-lent lips but whis-per, There's nothing sure but heaven, There's nothing sure but heaven.
riven, When in the glad time com-ing We find the way to heaven, We find the way to heaven.

IN THE VINEYARD OF THE LORD.
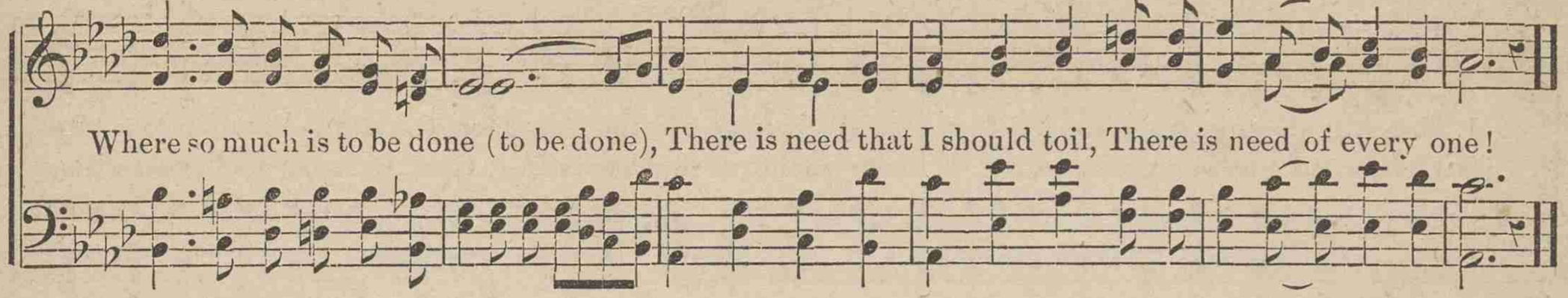
E. R. LATTA. "DAVID."

1. In the vineyard of the Lord, Whatsoe'er the task may be, In the hours of ear - ly day
2. In the vineyard of the Lord, When the idlers most abound, In the midday's burning heat
3. In the vineyard of the Lord, In the evening's softened ray, I would still, unwearied, toil,
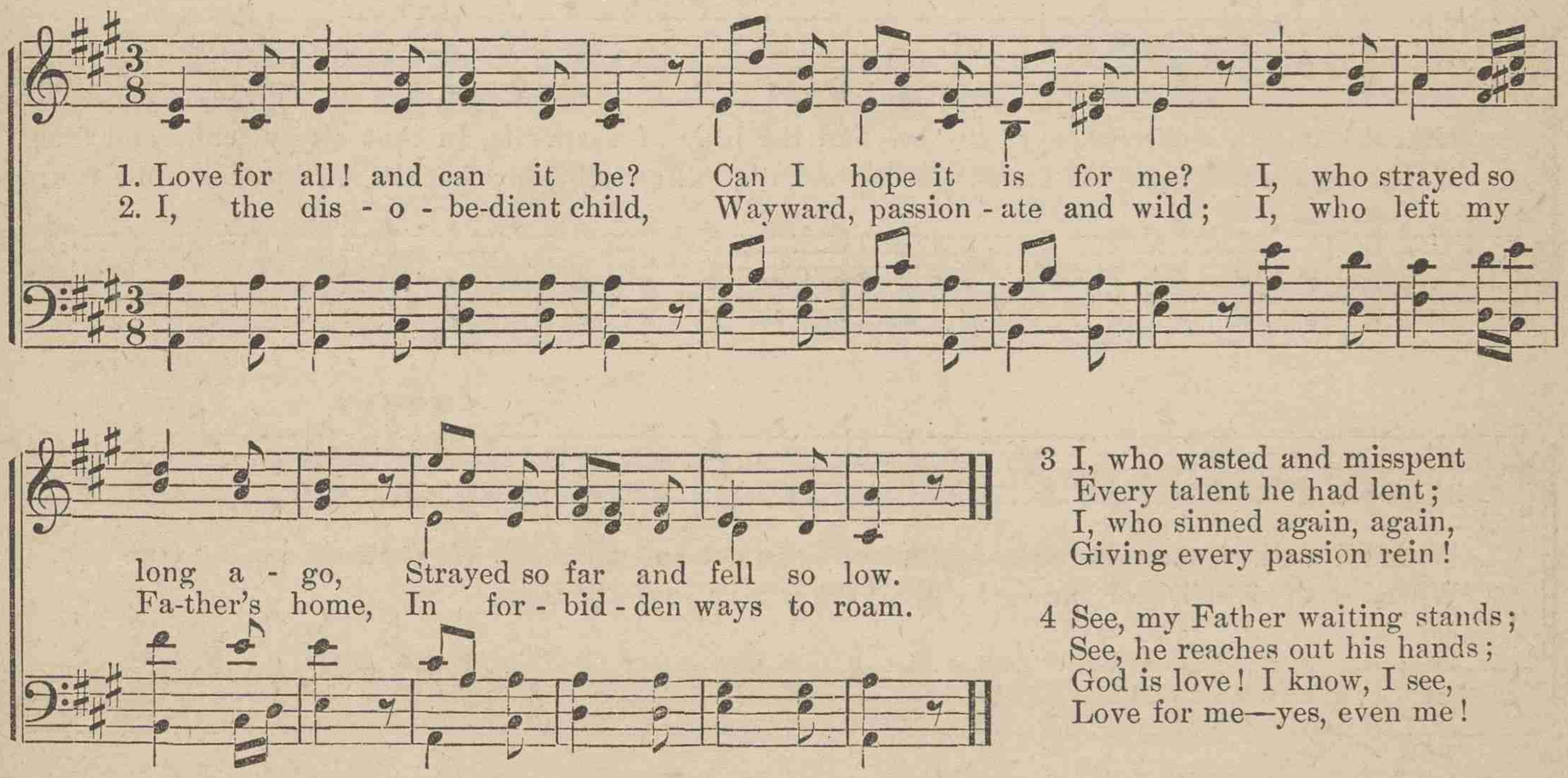
Let there be a place for me! There are duties great and small, And the la-bor -ers are few;
Let me still at work be found! There will be a time of rest, When the work of life is done;
As throughout the busy day! On - ly thus can I, at last, In the gladsome harvest share!

CHORUS.

Tho' I lit - tle may per-form, I can sure-ly something do. In the vineyard of the Lord,
But till then each passing hour Holds a task for ev - 'ry one.
On - ly thus the golden sheaves In my arms re - joic - ing bear. of the Lord,



HORTON.



3 I, who wasted and misspent
Every talent he had lent;
I, who sinned again, again,
Giving every passion rein!

4 See, my Father waiting stands;
See, he reaches out his hands;
God is love! I know, I see,
Love for me—yes, even me!

HERE AND YONDER.
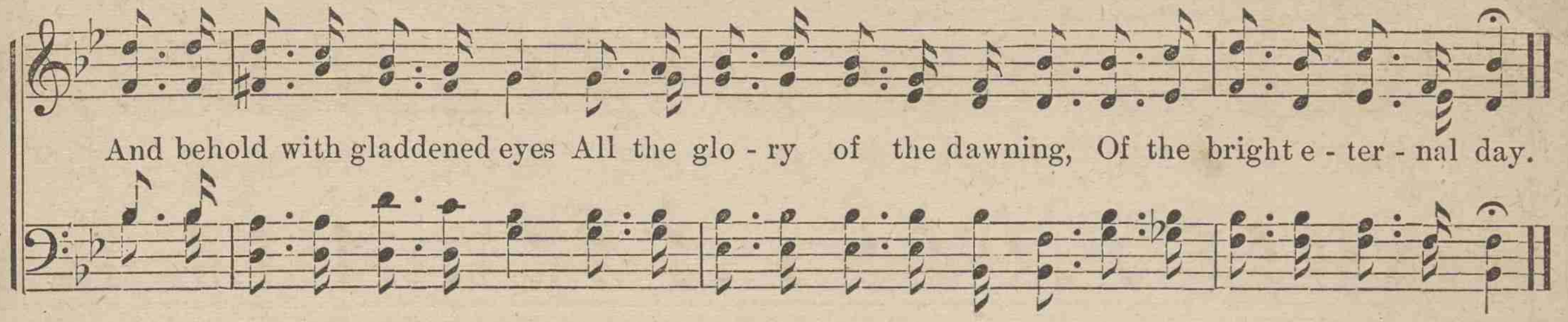
ESTELLA DAVIDSON. W. T. PORTER.

1. Here the shadows sometimes gather O'er the beauty of the day; Here the storm-cloud and the tempest
2. Here so oft the way grows weary, Filled with thorns that wound our feet; Here the harsh and cruel discords
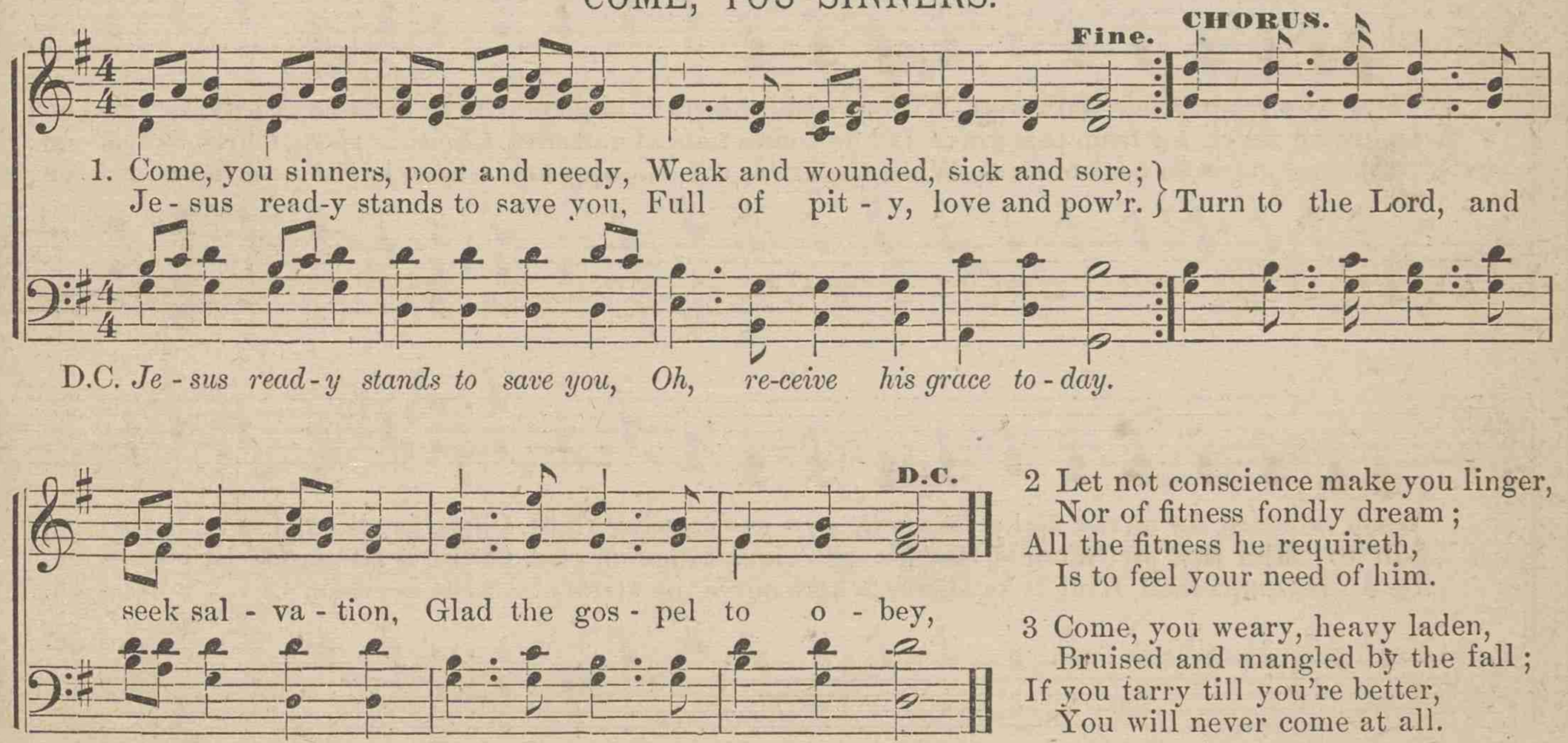
Hide the sunlight's cheering ray! But be-yond the hills of earth-life, In that cit - y calm and fair,
Mar the songs that would be sweet, But beyond, oh, toiling pil-grim, Is the cit - y of our rest,

CHORUS.

We shall walk no more in darkness, Shadows can not en - ter there. We shall see its light a - rise,
Where, with melodies of an - gels, Shall the wea-ry soul be blest.



COME, YOU SINNERS.



2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him.

3 Come, you weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

CHRIST IS RISEN.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. F.

INTRODUCTION. Accel. Cres. **Rit.**

Christ is ris - en, Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is ris - en, Hal - le - lu - jah!

f.

1. Thou who comfortless hath wept, While within the grave he slept. Christ is ris-en, Christ is ris - en;
2. Doubt no more, for from this grave Lo! he comes to heal and save. Christ is risen, Christ is ris - en;
3. Thou hast no more need of tears, When the Lord, thy life, appears. Christ is risen, Christ is ris - en;

Weep no more, for on thy sight Dawneth ev - er - last-ing light. Christ is ris-en, Christ is ris - en.
Lift to Him thy joy-ful eyes, See his glo-rious kingdom rise. Christ is ris-en, Christ is ris - en.
Death is vanquished, King is he, Grave, where now's thy victory? Christ is ris-en, Christ is ris - en.

CHORUS.

Christ is ris - en, Hal - le-lu - jah! Christ is ris-en, Hal -le -lu - jah! Vic-tor o - ver death is he;

Slower. D.S.

Crowned to reign thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. Christ is ris - en! Hal - le - lu - - - jah!

NINDE. C. M.

W. T. PORTER.

1 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Oh, wondrous love, to bleed and die;
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy precious name!

82

LIGHT BEYOND THEE.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. J. H. LOCKWOOD.

1. Tho' the threatening clouds may gath-er, Skies be o - ver-cast, Yea, in view of quick dis-
2. Tho' thy sun may set at noon - day, Light no more to shed; Tho', a - mid thy sore dis-
3. Tho' the midnight watch - es near - ing, Bring thee deep - er gloom, And a-round thy pathway
4. Tho' thou walk the lone - ly val - ley, Vale of sin and death, Tho' the shadows round thee

CHORUS.

as - ter Stands thy soul a - ghast?
tress - es, Hopes have quickly fled. Be not anx - ious, Je - sus liv - eth; Grasp the promise
hov - er Signs of com- ing doom.
creeping Seize thy fleet-ing breath.

near, (promise near), There is light, yes, light be - yond thee, Nev-er, nev - er fear.

BEHOLD, HE PRAYS!

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. J. H. F.

1. A sin-ful heart at Je-sus' feet, It bows be-fore the mer-cy seat; It craves a blessing, and would
2. A sin-ful life is turned to God, And seeks to find the nar-row road, It fain would find the heavenly
3. A sin-ful soul would now be clean, Would wash itself from every sin, Would plunge beneath the crimson
4. A sin-ner seeks to en-ter in, E-ternal glories he would win, By faith would pass the narrow

CHORUS.

stay, Oh, shall this soul be spurned a-way?
way, Oh, shall this soul be turned a-way?
tide, Oh, shall this soul be turned a-side?
gate, Oh, shall this soul be made to wait?

Be-hold, he prays! God hears the voice, And all the

heavenly hosts re-joice; Yea, Jesus hears, and will forgive, He bids the trembling sin-ner live.

TAKE THY CROSS AND FOLLOW ME.
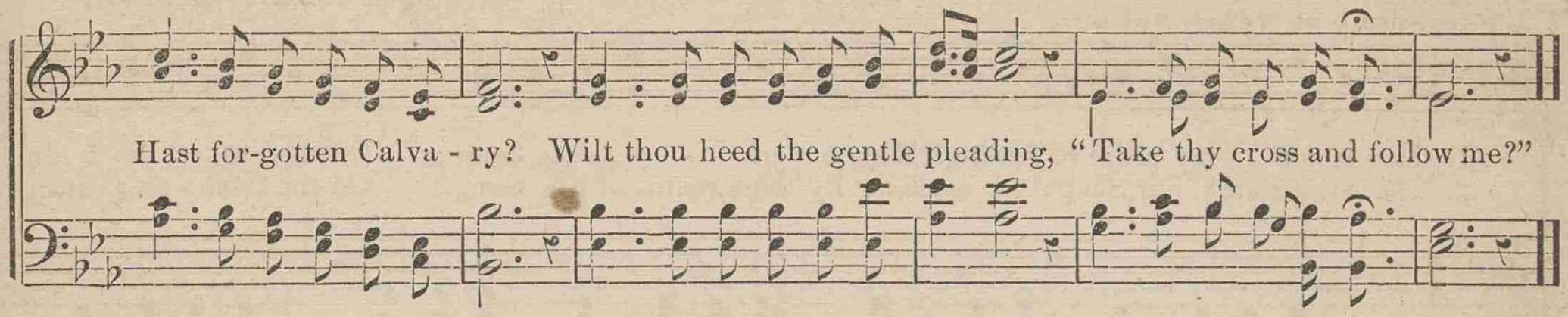
EBEN E. REXFORD. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Hark! I hear the Savior say-ing, As of old, in Gal-i-lee, When the fishers gathered round him,
2. Hast thou pondered well, my brother, What a debt we owe to Christ? Were our many sins like scarlet,
3. Oh, my Savior, let me fol-low Where your bleeding feet must go; In the world's wide field of labor

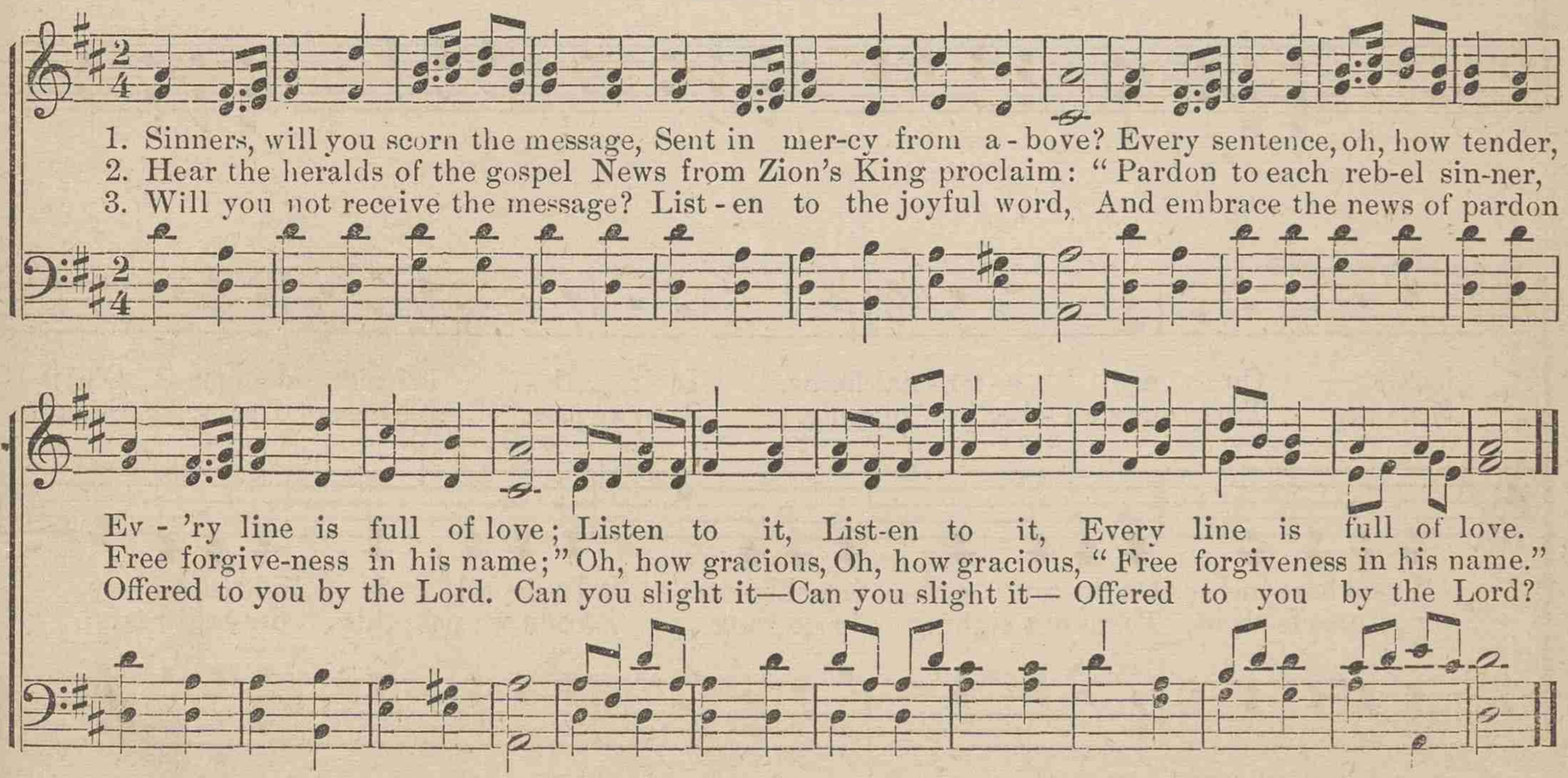
On the rocks beside the sea. In the world's broad field of labor There's a place that waits for thee;
Calvary's blood has all sufficed. See the hands all torn and bleeding, See the loving eyes grow dim,
Let me reap and let me sow. Let me win some souls in harvest, Leading them in love to thee,

CHORUS.

Wouldst thou work with me, my brother? Take thy cross and follow me.
And, remembering what you owe him, Take your cross and follow him. Hear thy Savior saying softly,
And thou'lt say "Well done, good servant, Faithfully thou'st followed me!"


Hast for-gotten Calva - ry? Wilt thou heed the gentle pleading, "Take thy cross and follow me?"
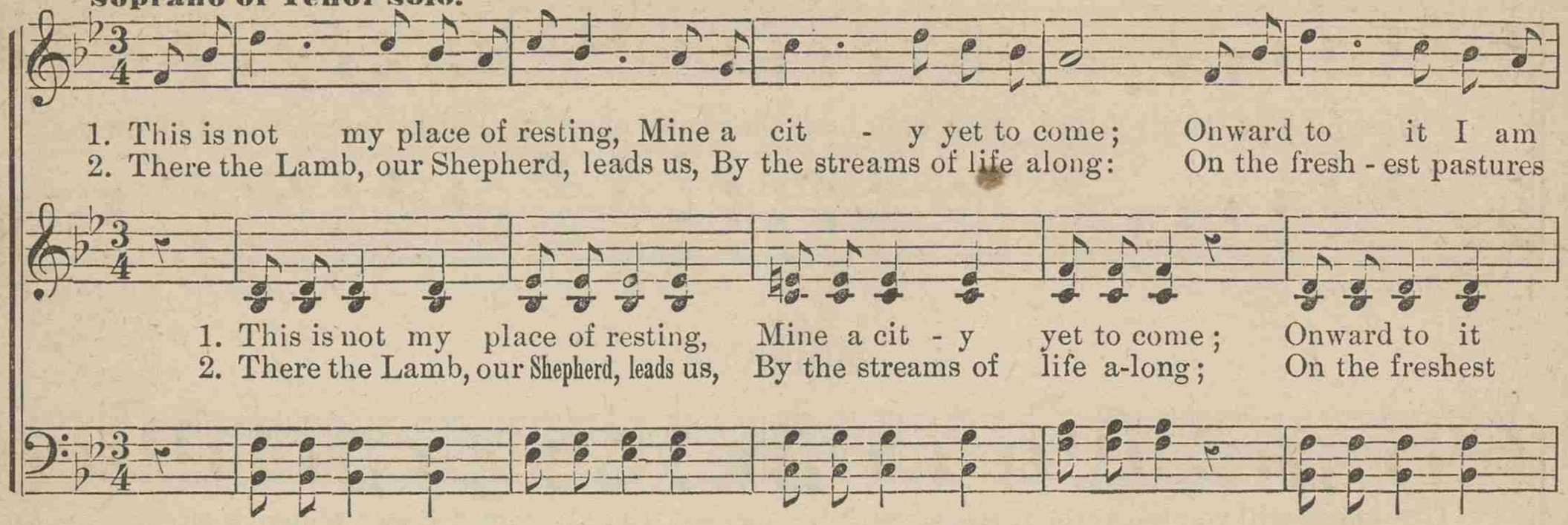
MOLUCCA.
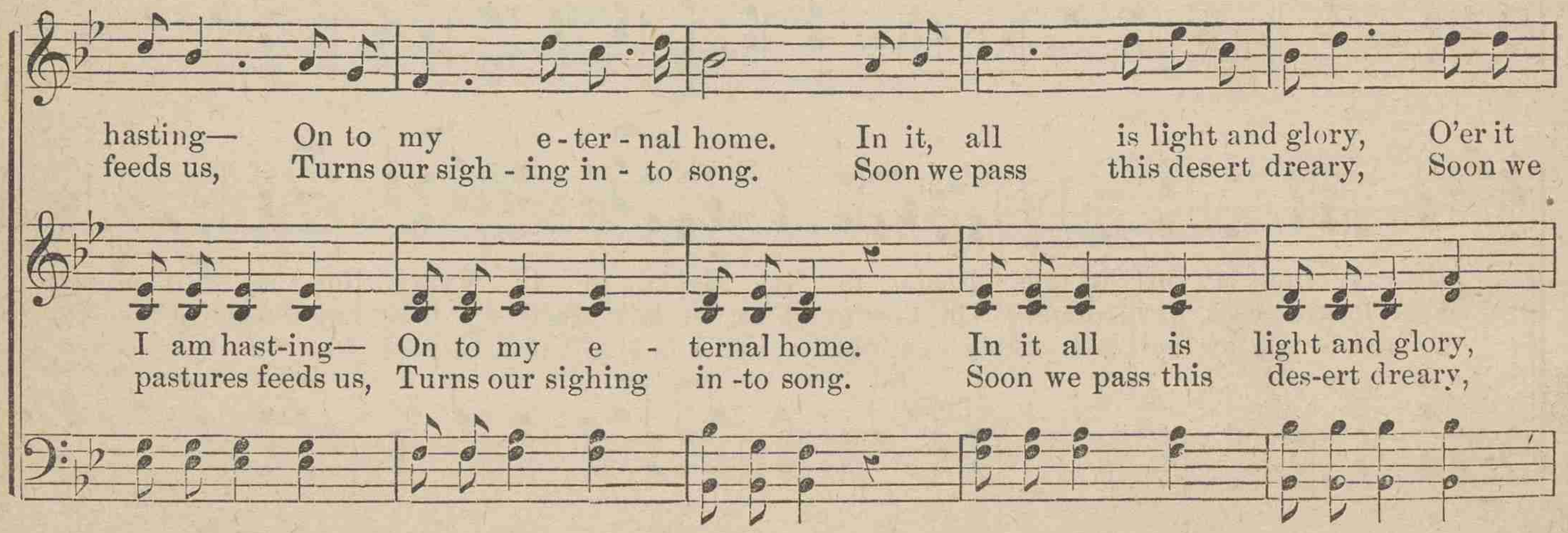

1. Sinners, will you scorn the message, Sent in mer-cy from a - bove? Every sentence, oh, how tender,
2. Hear the heralds of the gospel News from Zion's King proclaim: "Pardon to each reb-el sin-ner,
3. Will you not receive the message? List - en to the joyful word, And embrace the news of pardon
Ev - 'ry line is full of love; Listen to it, List-en to it, Every line is full of love.
Free forgive-ness in his name;" Oh, how gracious, Oh, how gracious, "Free forgiveness in his name."
Offered to you by the Lord. Can you slight it—Can you slight it— Offered to you by the Lord?
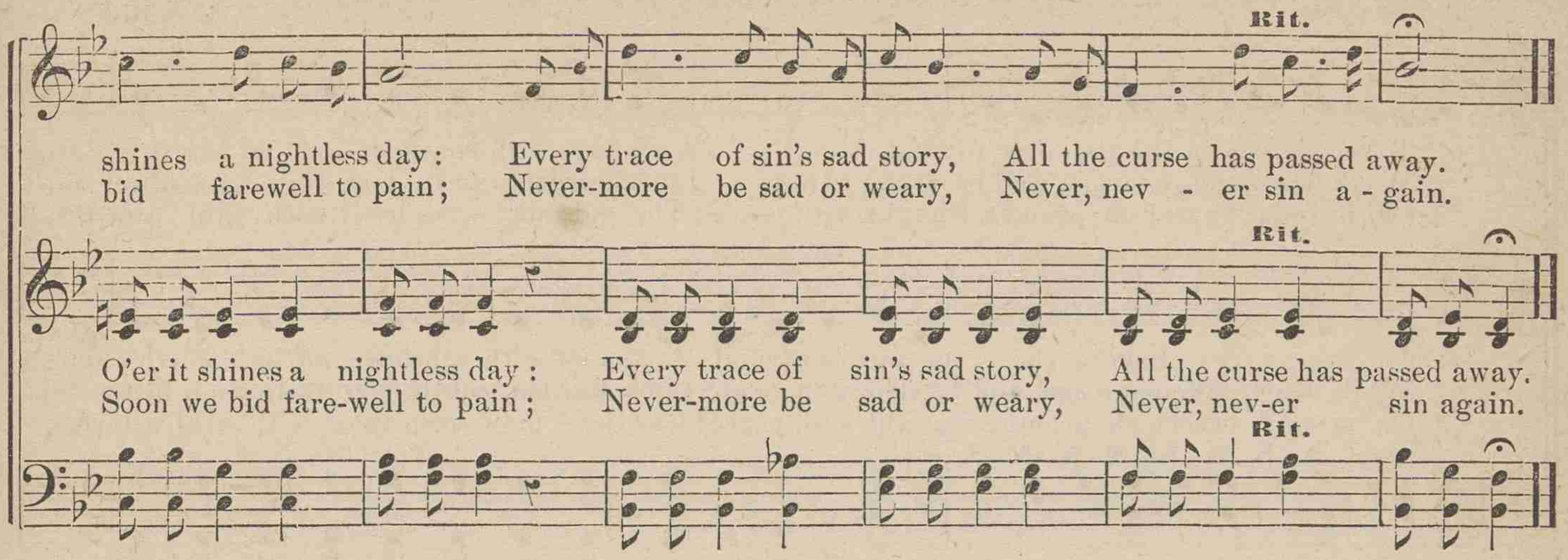
THIS IS NOT MY PLACE OF RESTING.

From "Festival Glee Book."

Soprano or Tenor Solo.
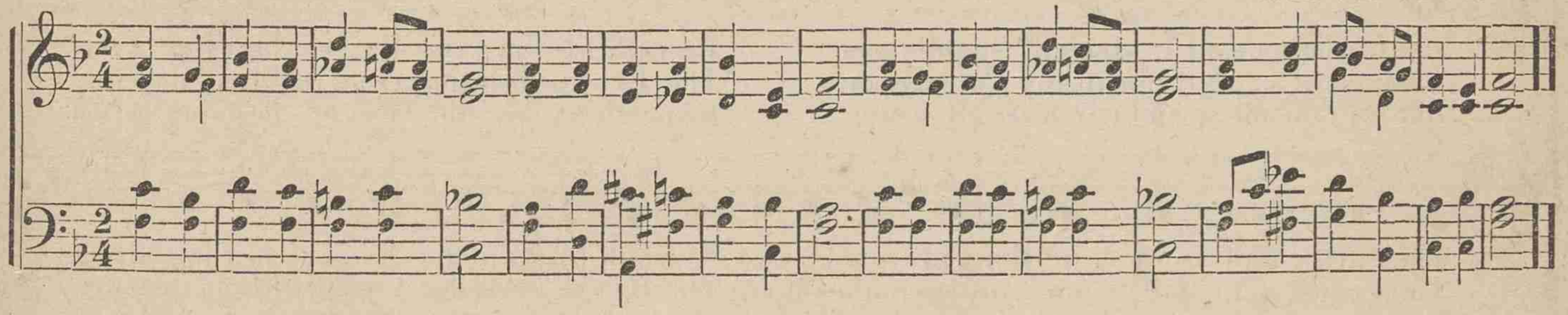






SEYMOUR.

C. M. Von Weber.



1 Savior! teach me day by day,
Love's sweet lessons to obey;
Sweeter lessons can not be:
Loving him who first loved me.

2 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing till his face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

E. E. REXFORD. J. H. F.
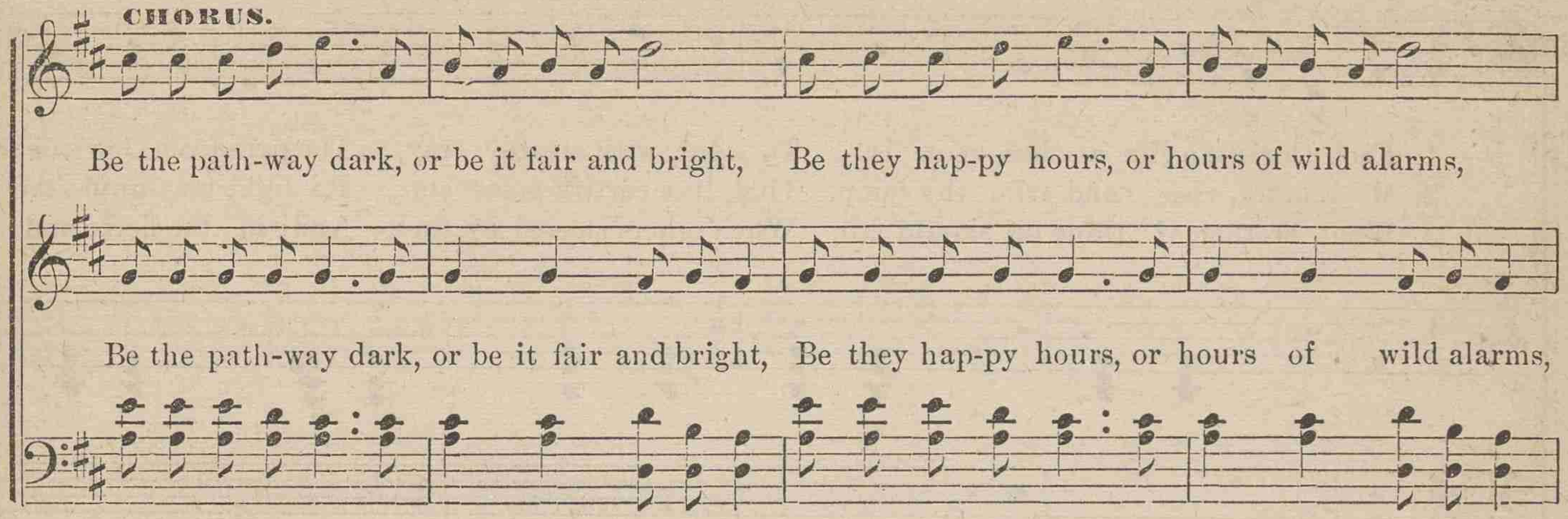
1. To weary hearts the promises of God Are sweet with comfort, and, 'mid earth's alarms
2. Weak heart, take courage, and be strong to bear Life's burdens, while you drain each bitter cup;
3. Oh, promise sweet! oh, promise fraught with peace! The way may seem beset with wild a-larms,

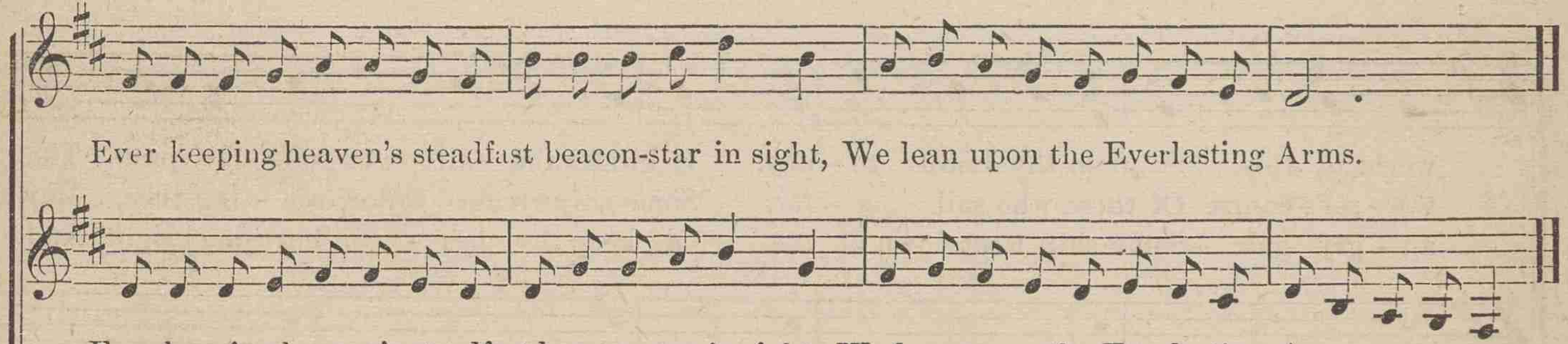
1. To wea - ry hearts the promis-es of God Are sweet with comfort, and, 'mid earth's alarms
2. Weak heart, take cour-age, and be strong to bear Life's burdens, while you drain each bitter cup;
3. Oh, promise sweet! oh, promise fraught with peace! The way may seem beset with wild a-larms,

The Christian soul in times of trouble, sees Beneath his own the Ev - er - last- ing Arms.
Thou canst not fall, for in thy Father's care The Ev - er - last-ing Arms will bear thee up.
But we remember, and our fears all cease, Be-neath us are the Ev - er - last - ing Arms.
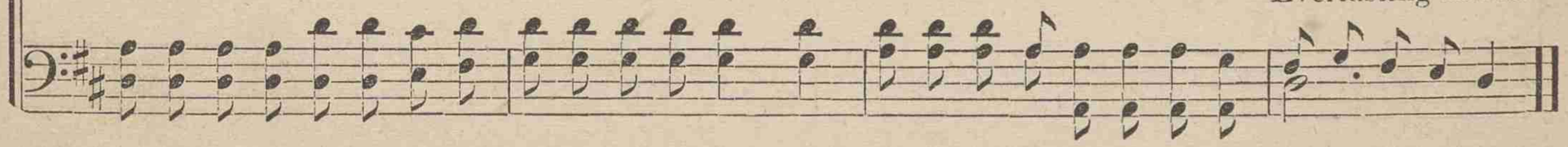
The Chris - tian soul in times of trouble, sees Be-neath his own the Ev - er - last-ing Arms.
Thou canst not fall, for in thy Father's care The Ev - er - last-ing Arms will bear thee up.
But we re - mem-ber, and our fears all cease, Be-neath us are the Ev - er - last-ing Arms.

CHORUS.





Everlasting Arms.



MY BROTHER, IS THY LAMP ALIGHT?

EBEN E. REXFORD. J. H. F

1. Each Christian life a bea - con is To light, with stead-y ray, The path from God's dear
2. My brother, rise and trim thy lamp, That, like earth's polar star, Its light may guide the
3. What, brother, if thine oil should fail, When others steered by thee, And, in the fierce and

world to this, So trim thy lamp to - day. It guides the sail - or safe - ly past The
ves - sel's course Of those who sail a - far. Some shipwrecked sailor, see - ing thee, May
an - gry gale Some ship went down at sea. Oh, keep thy bea - con burn-ing bright, And

wreck - ing rocks of sin, Un - til to heav'n's fair shore at last The storm-tossed ship glides in.
pull for heaven's shore, So keep thy bea - con burning bright, My brother, ev - er - more.
steer for yon - der star, The lamp of God's dear love, whose light Streams radiantly a - far.

CHORUS.

My brother, does thy light shine out, To cheer some sailor, homeward bound,
Across the night of sin, And guide some wanderer in?

My brother, does thy light shine out, To cheer some sailor, homeward bound,
Across the night of sin, And guide some wanderer in?

ALL WILL BE WELL.

H. R. TRICKETT. J. H. ROSECRANS.

DUET.* Soprano and Tenor.
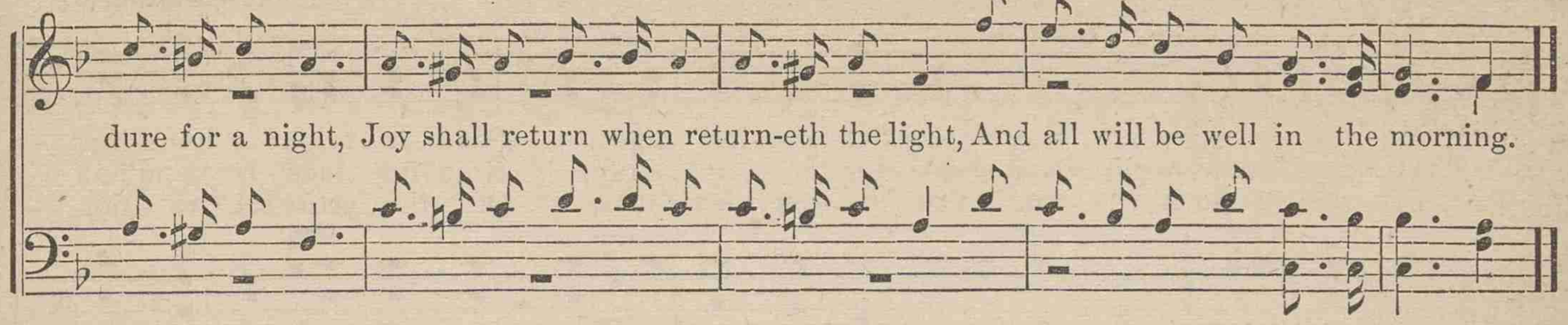
1. Cheer up, brother pilgrim, though weary the way, The day of de - liv'rance is dawn-ing;
2. Re - joice, wea-ry toil - er, though sad is thy heart, The promise has giv - en thee warn -ing:
3. Why weeping, oh, mourner, in gar-ments of black, The promise of Je - sus still scorn-ing?
4. Cheer up, brother pilgrim, the riv - er of death We cross in e - ter - ni - ty's dawning;

'Tis mer - cy that chastens, not an - ger nor wrath, And all will be well in the morn-ing.
The road to thy rest is through darkness and night, But all will be well in the morn-ing.
Thy loved ones he keepeth, and soon shalt thou see That all will be well in the morn-ing.
'Tis Je - sus who beckons and calls us to rest, And all will be well in the morn-ing.

CHORUS.

It will be well, it will be well, It will be well in the morn-ing; Sorrow and pain may en-
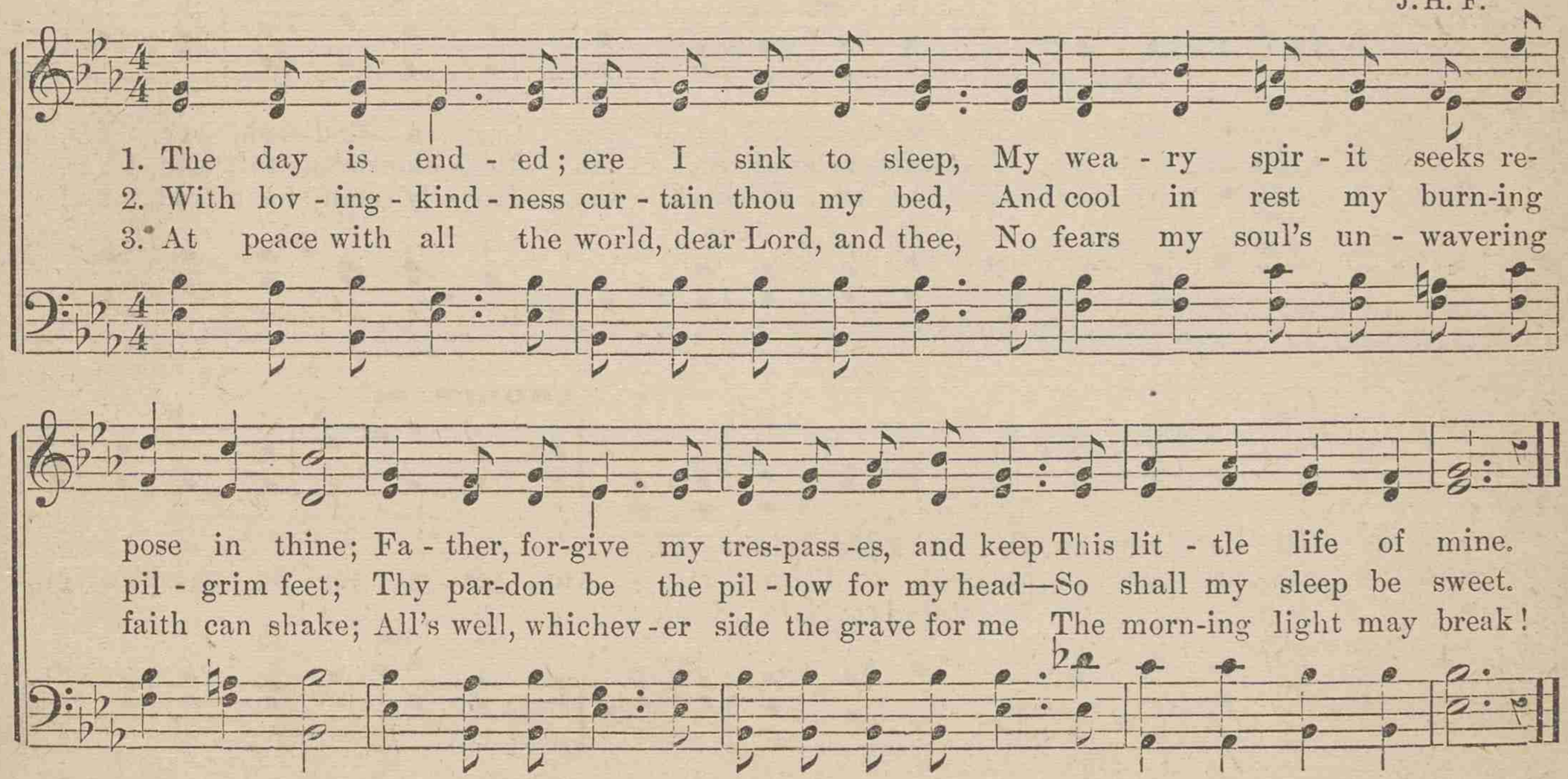
* *May be sung as a Duet throughout.*



dure for a night, Joy shall return when return-eth the light, And all will be well in the morning.

THE DAY IS ENDED.

J. H. F.



1. The day is end - ed; ere I sink to sleep, My wea - ry spir - it seeks re-
2. With lov - ing - kind - ness cur - tain thou my bed, And cool in rest my burn-ing
3. At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and thee, No fears my soul's un - wavering

pose in thine; Fa - ther, for-give my tres-pass-es, and keep This lit - tle life of mine.
pil - grim feet; Thy par-don be the pil - low for my head—So shall my sleep be sweet.
faith can shake; All's well, whichev - er side the grave for me The morn-ing light may break!

GO, FOR JESUS BIDS YOU.

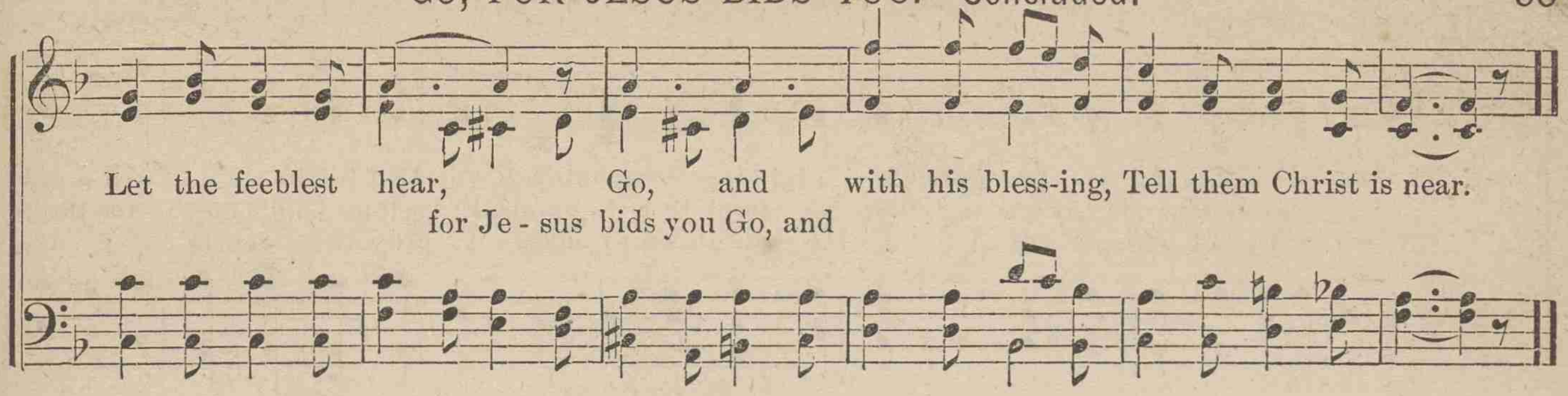
MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. HENRY LOCKWOOD.

1. At the Sav-ior's bid - ding Spread the gos - pel light, Send it bright-ly beam-ing,
2. At the Sav-ior's bid - ding, Seek - ing those a - stray, Guid-ing lone - ly wand'rers
3. At the Sav-ior's bid - ding, Tell his wondrous love, Of the great sal - va - tion

Scat'ring shades of night; In - to dark-ened cor - ners Cast a glad-some ray, Yes,
Toward the narrow way; From the wiles of Sa - tan Pre - cious souls to win, Yes,
Sent us from a - bove; Pointing to the high - way, Ho - ly men have trod, And
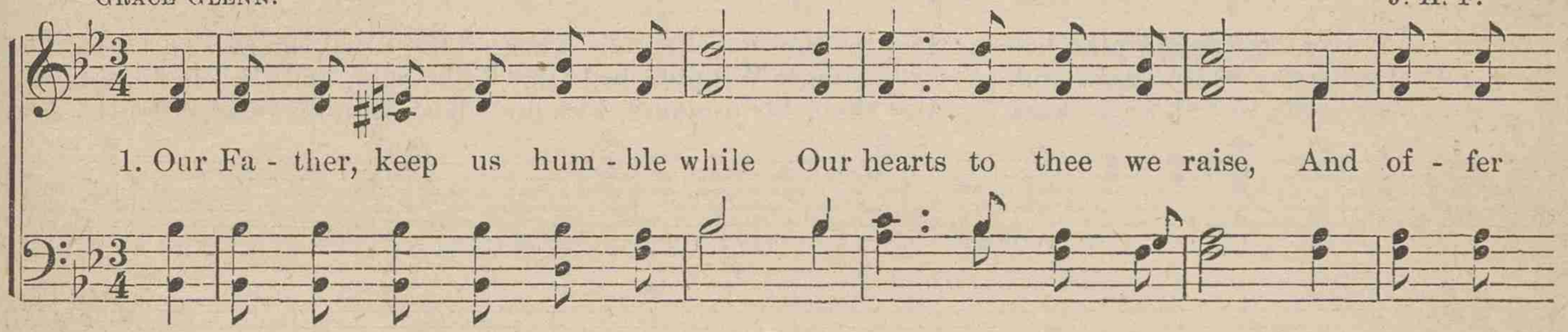
with the help he gives you, Speed the glo - rious day.
with the grace he gives you, Save a soul from sin. Go, yes go, for Je - sus bids you,
with the help he gives you, Bring the world to God.

CHORUS.



BATEMAN. C. M.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. F.



2 Our Father, all the world we bear
Upon our lips to thee,
And bring in this, our Christ-taught prayer,
Whoe'er thy creatures be.

3 Then may thy list'ning ear attend,
Whene'er thy children cry,
Till ev'ry heart, from ev'ry foe,
To thee for refuge fly.

WHEN LITTLE WINNIE DIED.

EBEN E. REXFORD. J. A. BUTTERFIELD.
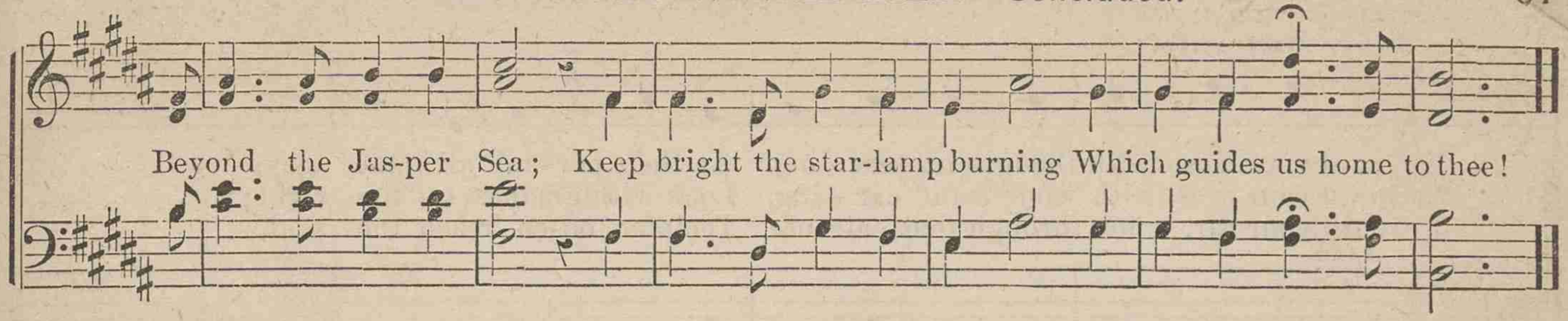
1. The twi-light's fai-ry fin-gers Drew night's gray curtains down, And lit the stars of eve-ning
2. She held her hands toward us, The pa-tient lit-tle hands, For whom God's flow'rs were blooming
3. We heard her whisper soft-ly, "I lay me down to sleep; I pray thee, gentle Sav-ior,

A-bove the mountains brown; And in the ho-ly si-lence That filled the ev-en-tide, The
In his dear "summer lands;" "It's almost Winnie's bed-time," She said, and in her eyes We
My soul to al-ways keep." And then, "O mamma, kiss me—Kiss Winnie sweet good-night." And

ah!

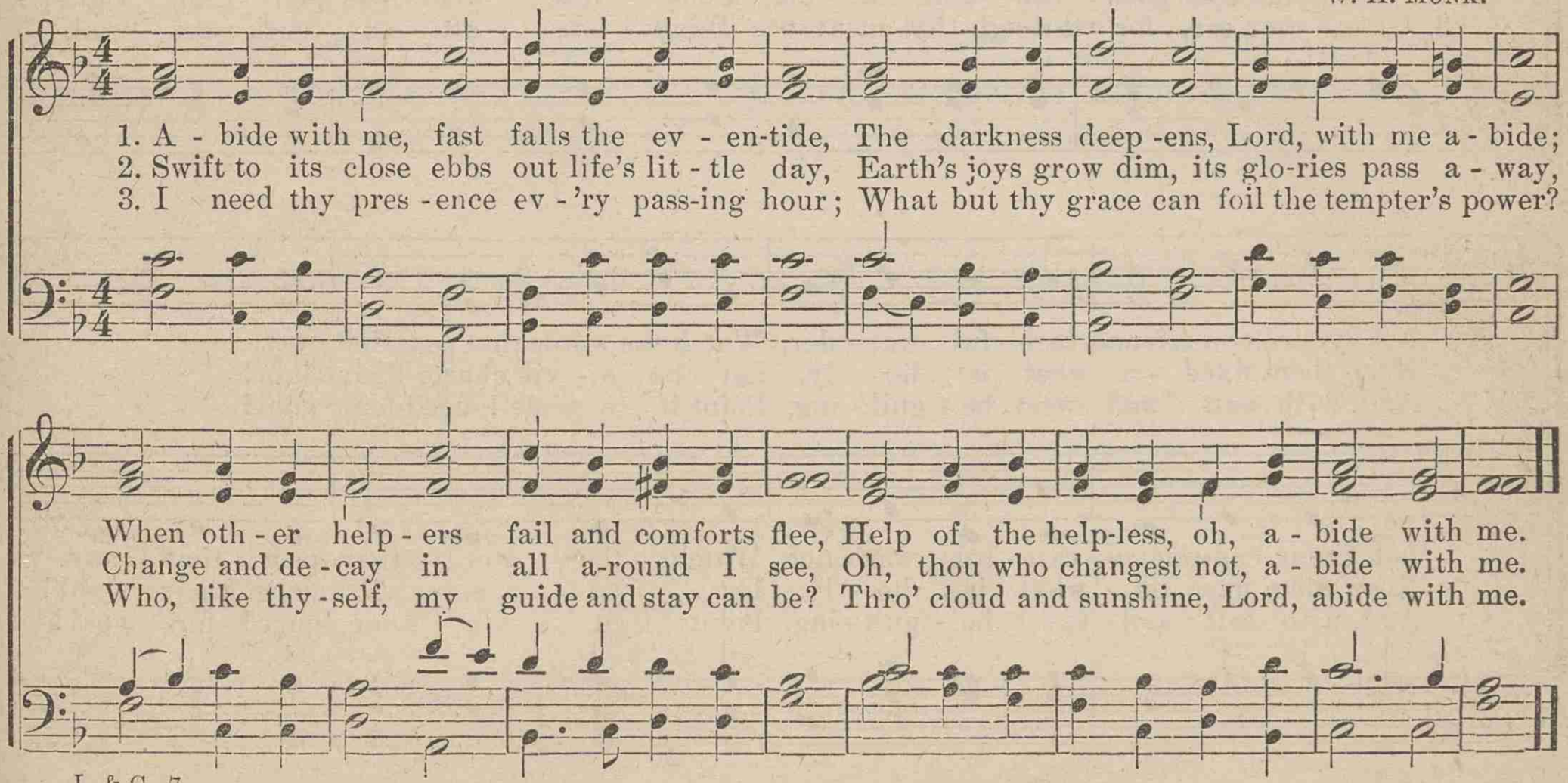
angels crossed the threshold, And lit-tle Win-nie died. O Win-nie! an-gel Win-nie!
saw the morning-break-ing, The dawn of Par-a-dise. O Win-nie! an-gel Win-nie!
to the Hills of Heav-en Her pure, white soul took flight. O Win-nie! an-gel Win-nie!

From the "Requisite," by per.



ABIDE WITH ME.

W. H. Monk.



GUARD THE GATEWAYS.

ESTELLA DAVIDSON. J. H. F.

Sopr. Moderato.

1. Guard your lips with thought un-ceas - ing, At their por - tal all the day,
2. Guard your eyes with con - stant car - ing, Look with gladness on the right;
3. Guard your ear, for through that entrance Tempters oft-en reach the soul,

Alto.

1. Guard your lips with thought un - ceas - ing, At their por - tal all the day,
2. Guard your eyes with con - stant car - ing, Look with glad - ness on the right;
3. Guard your ear, for through that en- trance Temp - ters oft - en reach the soul,

Let your con-science, care - ful war - der, Watch the words that pass that way.
Keep them fixed on what is ho - ly, Let no e - vil charm their sight!
And, with soft and sweet be - guil - ing, Point it to some longed-for goal!

Let your con-science, care - ful war - der, Watch the words that pass that way.
Keep them fixed on what is ho - ly, Let no e - vil charm their sight!
And, with soft and sweet be - guil - ing, Point it to some longed - for goal!

Thus you'll grieve no friend that loves you, Thus will pain no sad - dened heart;
So no wick - ed thought shall en - ter Through the gate - way of your eyes;
"Ah," they say, "so small the sin - ning, And the world will nev - er know."

Thus you'll grieve no friend that loves you, Thus will pain no sad - dened heart;
So no wick - ed thought can en - ter Through the gate - way of your eyes;
"Ah," they say, "so small the sin - ning, And the world will nev - er know."

Of an - oth - er's wea - ry bur - den You can help to bear a part.
Naught but pure and ho - ly feel - ing Shall within your soul a - rise.
Guard your ear, for through this gateway Oft - en comes your vil - est foe.

Of an - oth - er's wea - ry bur - den You can, you can help to bear a part.
Naught but pure and ho - ly feel - ing, Shall with - in, with - in your soul a - rise.
Guard your ear, for through this gate-way Oft - en, oft - en comes your vil-est foe.

HEAR THE TRUMPET LOUDLY CALLING.

J. H. F.

JAS. H. F.

Hear the trumpet loud-ly call-ing, Hear the trumpet loud-ly call-ing, On to the war,

on to the war, Sol - diers of the Lord! Hear the trumpet loud-ly call - ing,

Hear the trumpet loud-ly call - ing, On to the war, on to the war, Sol - diers of the Lord!

1. Might-y the con-flict to be waged with sin, Rouse, trust-y warriors, to the ranks "fall in!"
2. What tho' the bat-tle rag-es fierce and long, If in the Lord of hosts our faith is strong,

Fierce-ly the foes of truth and right as-sail, On, for the en-e-my must not pre-vail.
His is the con-test 'gainst the e-vil pow'rs, He leads us on, and vic-to-ry is ours.

Hear the trumpet loudly calling, On to the war, on to the war, Soldiers of the Lord!
Hear the trumpet loudly calling,

HEAR THE TRUMPET LOUDLY CALLING. Continued.

Alto and Tenor obligato Duo.

1. Sol - - diers of the cross, With heav'nly armor bright, Brave, fighting for the right,
2. Crowns for ev - 'ry brow, Our Captain's name we'll bear, His glory we shall share.

1. Soldiers, sol - diers of the cross, With arm - or bright, Brave for the right, Stand
2. Crowns, bright crowns for ev - 'ry brow, His name we'll bear, His glo - ry share, And

Stand . . with stead-y feet, To conquer ev - 'ry foe you meet, (and bear-ing)
When . . the warfare's o'er; We'll reign with him for ev-er - more, (for - ev - er.)

firm, stand firm with stead - y feet To con - quer foes you meet.
when the war - fare's o'er, is o'er, We'll reign for ev - er - more.

Soprano and Alto Duo.

Strong your shield of faith, No fier - y darts can harm, No tumults loud a - larm.
Glad will be the day When all shall know the Lord, And hearken to his word.

Strong your shield, your shield of faith, No darts can harm, No fears a - larm, And
Glad, yes glad will be the day, To know the Lord, And hear his word, And

Stead - - y in the strife, Sup-port-ed by the Word of Life, (and ev - er)
Wars and strife shall cease, And love shall reign in perfect peace, (and sing-ing)

stead-y, stead - y in the strife, Your strength the Word of Life.
wars and strife shall cease, shall cease, And love shall reign in peace.

On-ward, on-ward ev - er go, Re-leas-ing ev - 'ry cap - tive From the chains of woe, And
Glo - ry, glo - ry ev - er-more Our hap-py song shall be To him who made us free, Our

On-ward, on - ward ev - er go, Re - leas - ing cap-tives from their woe, And
Glo - ry, glo - ry ev - er-more, Our song shall be, for we are free, Our

ev - 'ry slave of sin set free, And raise loud shouts of vic - to - ry! vic -to-
glad tri - umphant song we'll sing, In loud ho - san - nas to the King, to the

ev - ery slave of sin set free.
glad tri - umph - ant song we'll sing.

HEAR THE TRUMPET LOUDLY CALLING. Continued.

ry! vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!
King! to the King! to the King! to the King! to the King! to the King! to the King!

Hear the trum-pet loud - ly call - ing, Hear the trum - pet loud - ly

Hear the trum-pet loud-ly call - ing,

call - ing, On to the war, On to the war, Sol - diers of the Lord!
Hear the trumpet loud-ly call - ing to war! On to the war, Sol - diers of the Lord!

Hear the trumpet loud-ly call-ing, Hear the trumpet loud-ly call-ing,
Hear the trumpet loudly calling, Hear the trumpet loudly

D.S. for 2d verse. *

On to the war, on to the war, on to vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! vic - to-
call - ing to war!

Adagio.
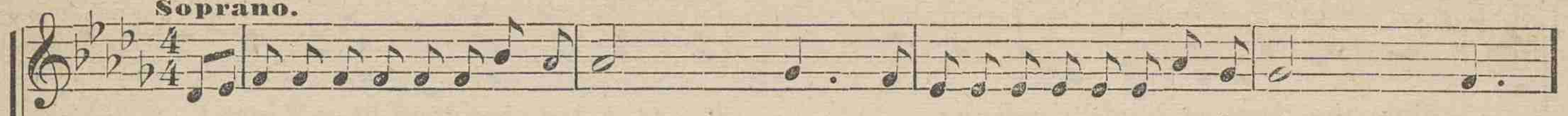
ry! vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! On, on to vic - to - ry!

* *The song is complete without the 2d verse if you choose so to sing it.*

HE WAITS FOR THEE.
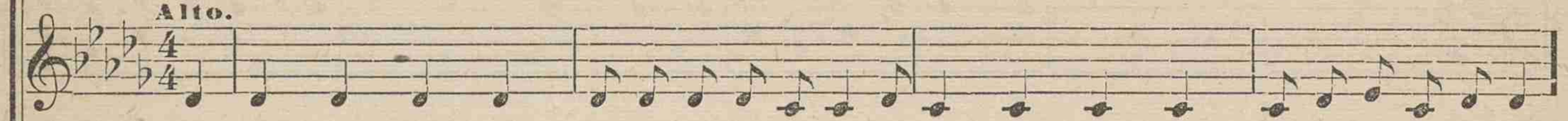
A. L. D. J. H. F.

Soprano.



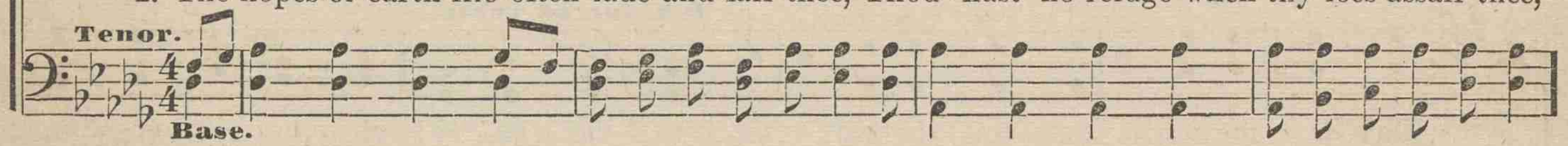
1. Upon the great highways thou standest weary, Thou criest evermore, "Alone and drear-y!"
2. The hopes of earth-life often fade and fail thee, Thou hast no refuge when thy foes assail thee;

Alto.
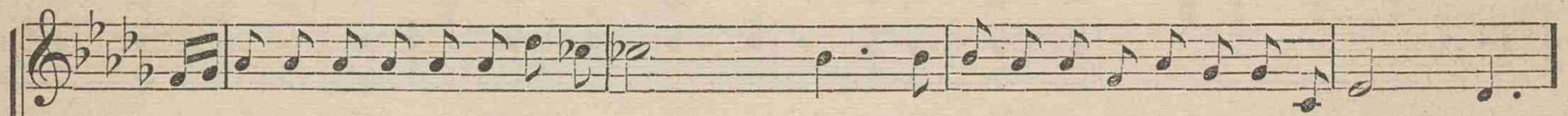


1. Up-on the great highways thou standest wea-ry, Thou cri-est ev-ermore, "Alone and dreary!"
2. The hopes of earth-life often fade and fail thee, Thou hast no refuge when thy foes assail thee,
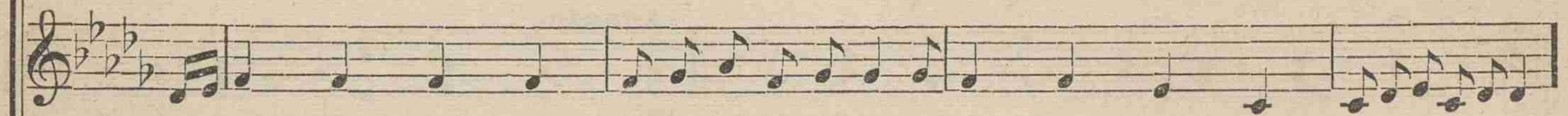
Tenor.
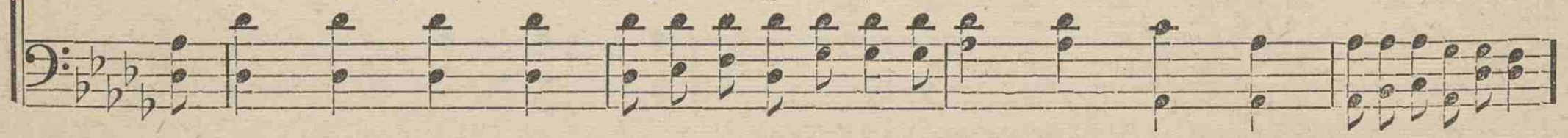


Base.
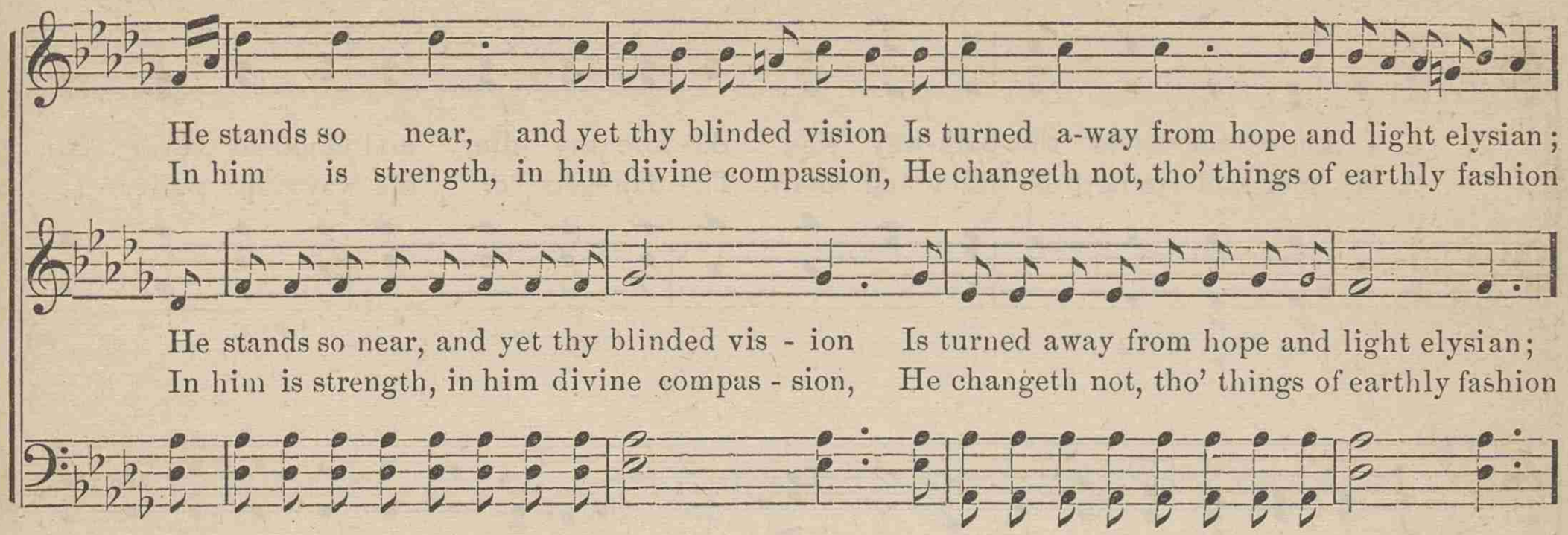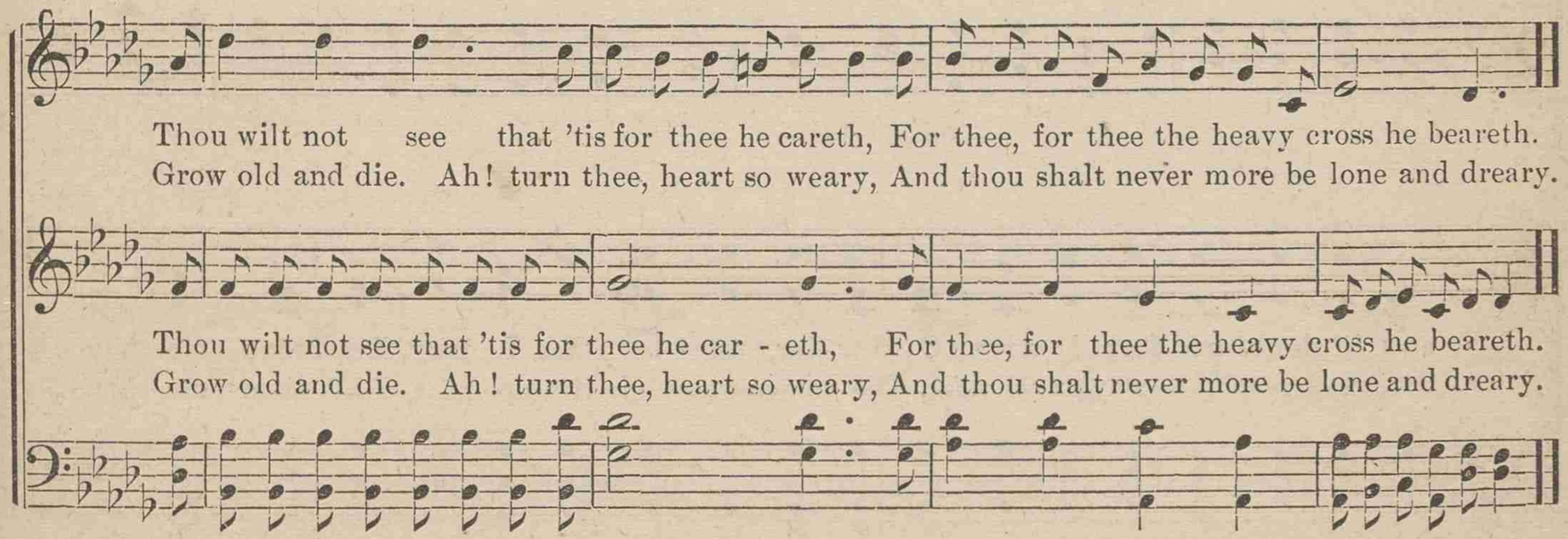


And wilt not understand that there so near thee Thy Savior waits to love, and bless, and cheer thee.
And when the night shall come, ah, who will guide thee, If thou dost still refuse the friend beside thee?



And wilt not understand that there so near thee Thy Savior waits to love, and bless, and cheer thee.
And when the night shall come, ah, who will guide thee, If thou dost still refuse the friend beside thee?




He stands so near, and yet thy blinded vision Is turned a-way from hope and light elysian;
In him is strength, in him divine compassion, He changeth not, tho' things of earthly fashion
He stands so near, and yet thy blinded vis - ion Is turned away from hope and light elysian;
In him is strength, in him divine compas - sion, He changeth not, tho' things of earthly fashion


Thou wilt not see that 'tis for thee he careth, For thee, for thee the heavy cross he beareth.
Grow old and die. Ah! turn thee, heart so weary, And thou shalt never more be lone and dreary.
Thou wilt not see that 'tis for thee he car - eth, For thee, for thee the heavy cross he beareth.
Grow old and die. Ah! turn thee, heart so weary, And thou shalt never more be lone and dreary.

LEAD ME HOME.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. W. T. PORTER.

1. I know not where the path-way lies, Be-fore my dim and cloud-ed eyes No
2. My mor-tal strength is faint and small, The dan-gers of the way ap-pall; I

Zi-on hills in light a-rise, Lead thou me home. Thou knowest well the thorny way, Where
trust in thee, my all in all, Lead thou me home. I can not fail if thou art near, When

now in doubt and fear I stray; O Sav-ior, un-to thee I pray, Lead thou me home.
thou dost guide, the way grows clear, The golden gates of life ap-pear, Lead thou me home.

ON THE FAR-OFF SHORE.

C. Ernst Fahnestock. W. T. Porter.

1. On the far-off shore they'll greet us, Forms that we have loved before;
2. There, perchance a saint-ed mother Sings the songs we loved of old,
3. Where the waters brightly sparkle, In the gold-en cit - y's light,
4. There, be-side that balmy riv - er, Sor - row, toil and pain shall cease,

In their spot-less robes they'll meet us, Sing - ing wel-come ev - er-more!
As she leads an an - gel brother, Sweet - est lamb of all the fold;
Will no shadow ev - er darkle, And no changing seasons blight.
And our hearts shall rest for-ev - er 'Neath the can - o - py of peace.
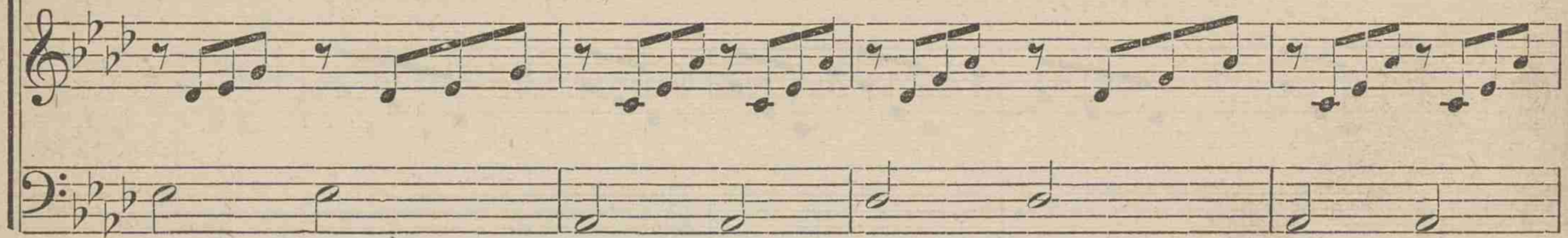
Rit.

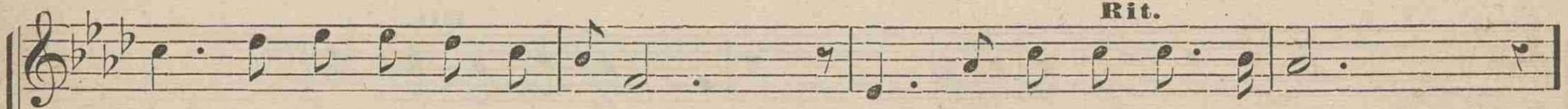
Rit.

ON THE FAR-OFF SHORE. Continued.

There, a seraph band, they wander,
Or a sis - ter, long de - part-ed,
Trees of fade-less beau-ty quiver
Glad, in - deed, will be the meeting,
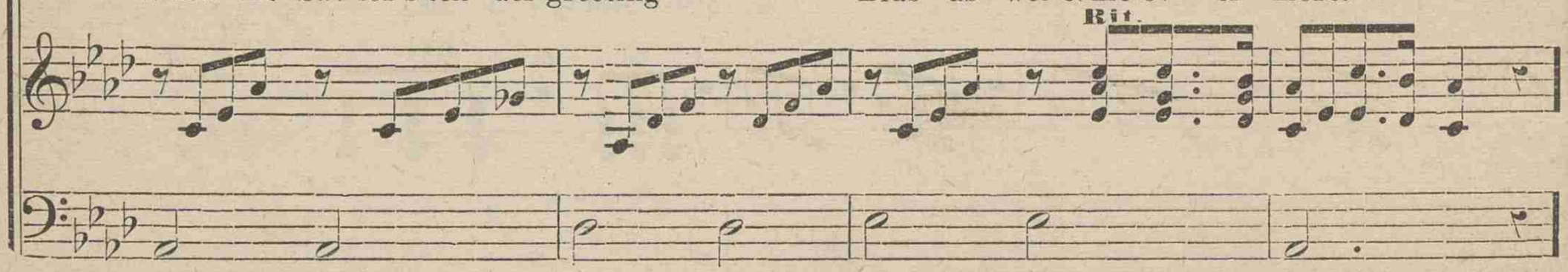
Where the pastures green un-fold;
With a glo - ry on her face,
Where the blossoms kiss the tide,
On that far - off bliss - ful shore,
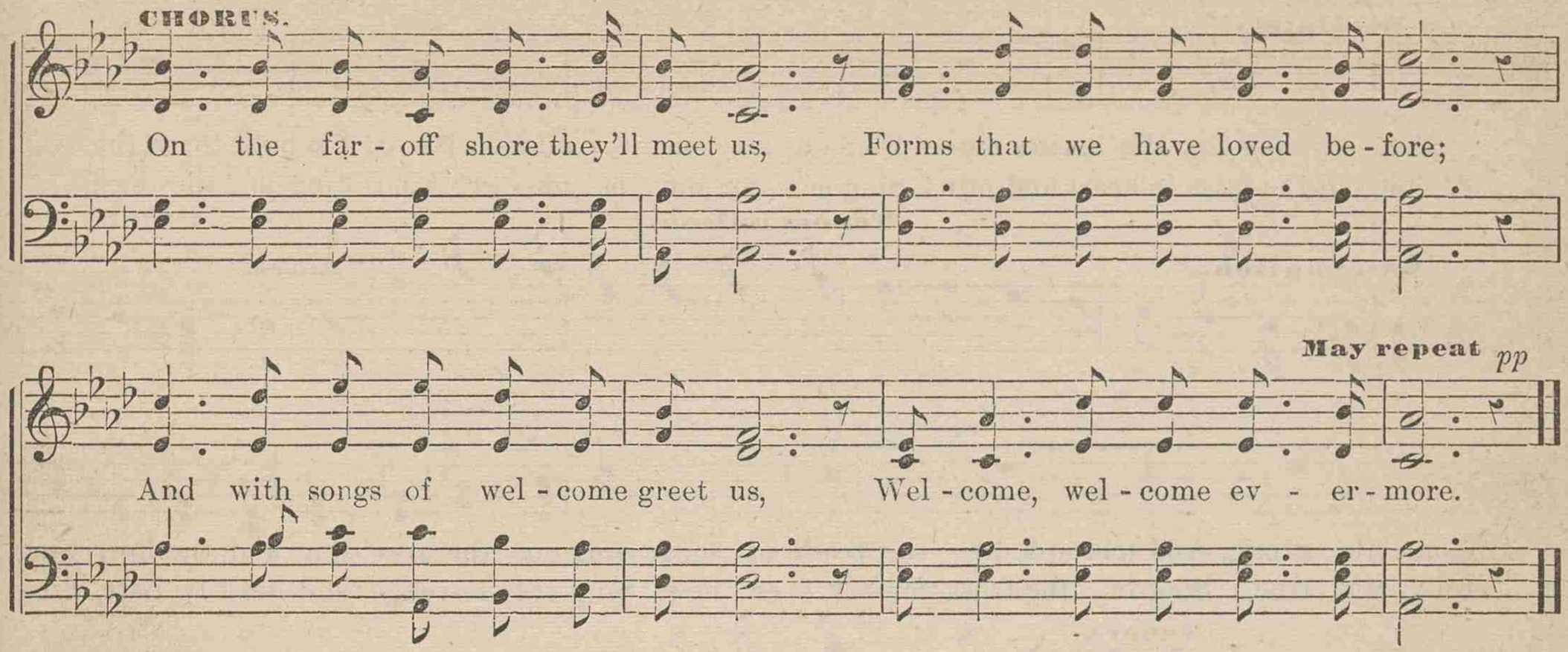




And the crystal streams mean- der
Sends to us, the wea - ry - hearted,
As a - long the shin-ing riv - er
When the Sav-ior's ten - der greeting
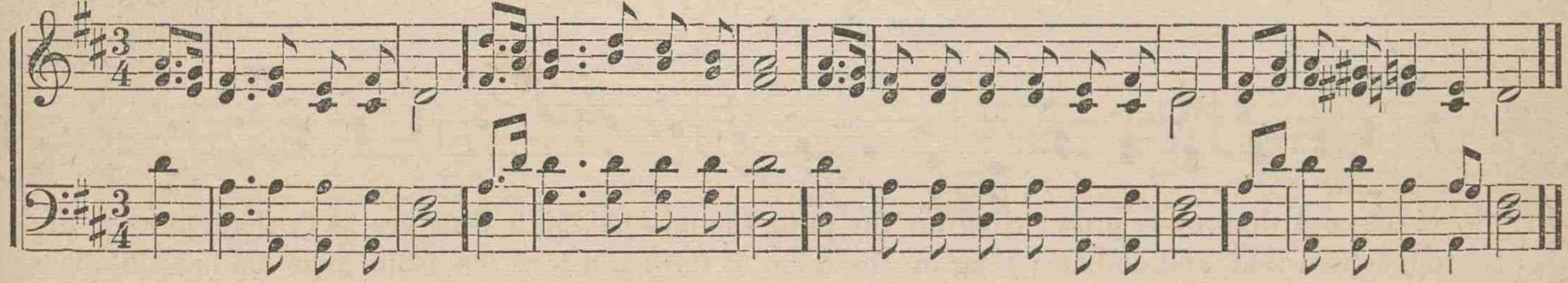
O - ver sands of shin - ing gold.
Mes - sa - ges of love and grace.
Songs of welcome sweet-ly glide.
Bids us wel-come ev - er - more.





FLORA. S. M.

W. T. P.



1 My God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I can not live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

3 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul.

SING ON, SING ON.

J. MILTON AKERS, D.D.

J. H. F.

Resolutely.

1. Sing on, sing on, the masses move! Sing on, sing on, thy mission prove! Up-hold the right, con-
2. Sing out the false in heart and mind, Sing er - ror out of ev - ery kind; Sing in the beau-ti-

Tenors unison.

Bases unison. *

Bases.

demn the wrong, And triumph by the pow'r of song. Sing out the grov'-ling and the low, Sing
ful and true, Sing in the trust for - ev - er new. Sing out re-venge and dead-ly hate, Sing

Tenors.

Rit.

vi - ces out that ev-er grow; Sing in the pure, the no - ble, high, Sing graces in that nev -er die.
out conten-tion and de-bate; Sing in the reign of faith and love, That lifts us to the heaven above.

* *It may be desirable, in some instances, to make these first eight measures a unison of all the male voices.*

CHORUS.

Sing on, ... sing on, ... Sing on, nor be thy mission vain, Till

Sing on, sing on, Sing

A tempo.

Sing on, sing on, sing on, Sing on, sing on, sing on, Sing on, nor be thy mission vain, Till

Sing on, sing on, Sing

Accel. Adagio.

Christ o'er all has come to reign, Sing on, nor be thy mission vain, Till Christ o'er all shall reign.

on, sing on,
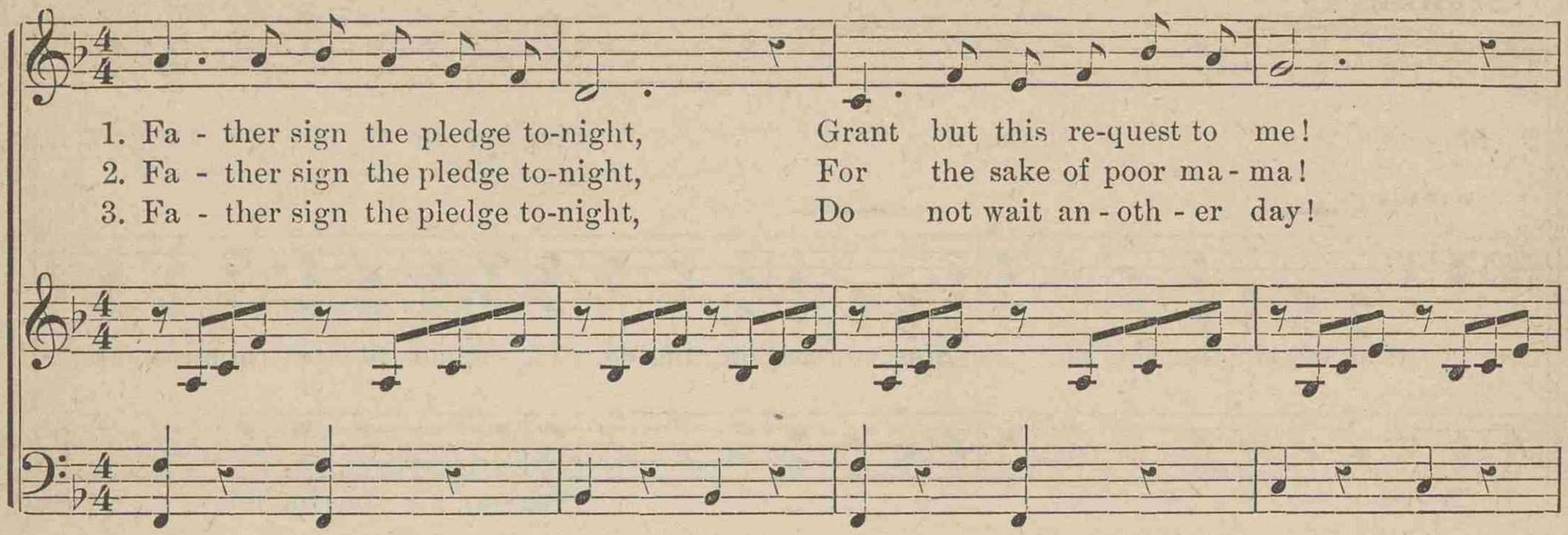
Accel. Adagio.

Christ o'er all has come to reign, Sing on, nor be thy mission vain, Till Christ o'er all shall reign.
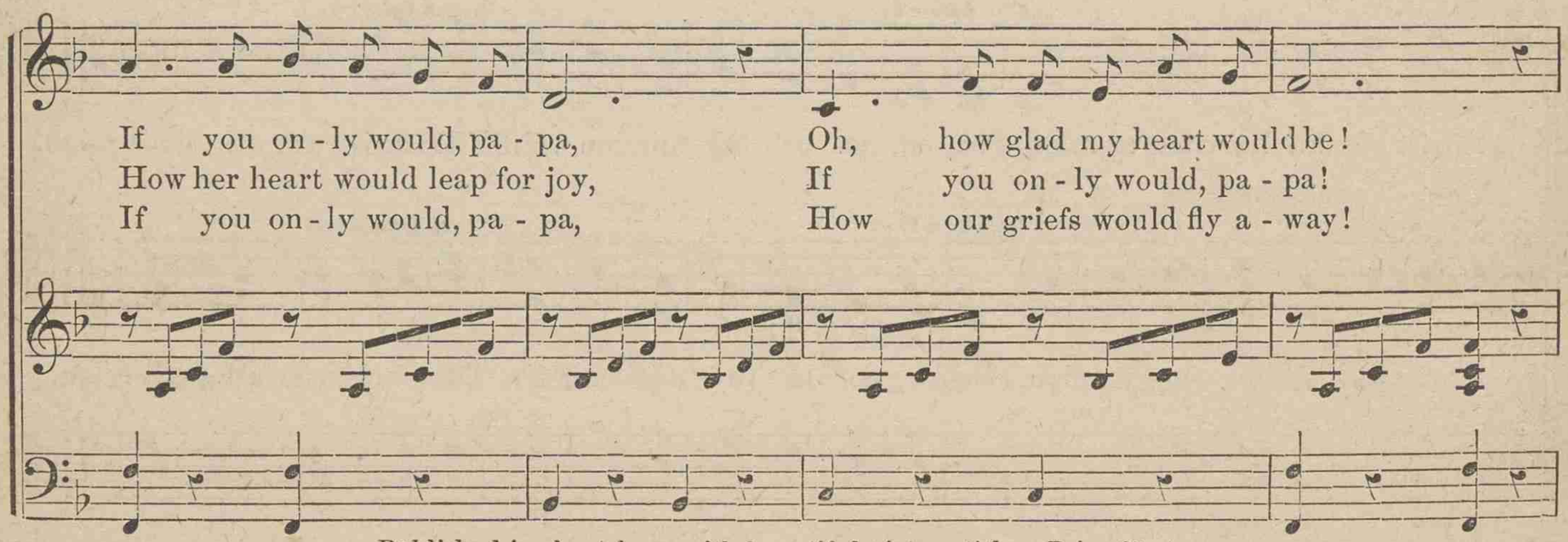
on, sing on.

FATHER SIGN THE PLEDGE TO-NIGHT.

E. R. L. J. H. F.



1. Fa - ther sign the pledge to-night, Grant but this re-quest to me!
2. Fa - ther sign the pledge to-night, For the sake of poor ma - ma!
3. Fa - ther sign the pledge to-night, Do not wait an - oth - er day!



If you on - ly would, pa - pa, Oh, how glad my heart would be!
How her heart would leap for joy, If you on - ly would, pa - pa!
If you on - ly would, pa - pa, How our griefs would fly a - way!

Published in sheet form with beautiful picture title. Price 35 cts.

With me to the meeting go,
Oth-ers have their names put down,
With me to the meeting go,
Oh, how nice it will be there!
More to - night will take the vow,
Oh, how nice it will be there!

Go and sign the pledge, papa,
Say that you will take it too;
Go and sign the pledge, papa,
And the bon - ny rib-bon wear.
Prom - ise me, dear Fa-ther, now.
And the bon - ny rib-bon wear.

FATHER SIGN THE PLEDGE TO-NIGHT. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Fa - ther sign the pledge to - night, Grant but this re - quest to me!

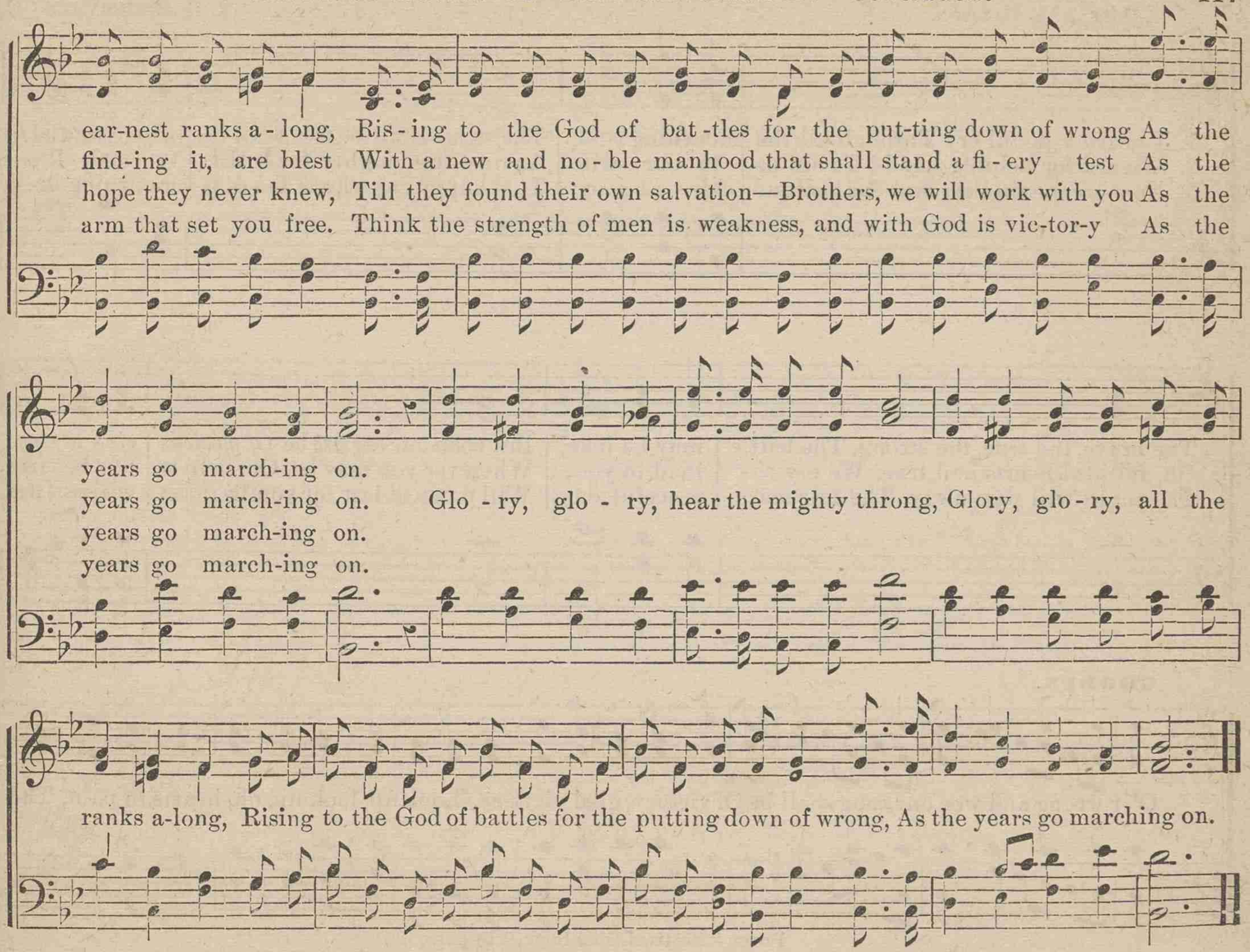
If you on - ly would, pa - pa, Oh, how glad my heart would be!

Rit.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REFORMED.

EBEN E. REXFORD. J. H. F.

1. Hark! the tramping of an army, marching on with purpose strong, With the prayers of men and women all the
2. Hark! the sound of falling fetters, north and south, and east and west, And our brothers find their freedom, and, in
3. See the men whose chains are broken, working steadfastly and true, For their weak and fallen brothers, with a
4. God is leading on this army with its work for you and me, Trust in him, my tempted brother, 't was his


ear-nest ranks a-long, Ris-ing to the God of bat-tles for the put-ting down of wrong As the
find-ing it, are blest With a new and no-ble manhood that shall stand a fi-ery test As the
hope they never knew, Till they found their own salvation—Brothers, we will work with you As the
arm that set you free. Think the strength of men is weakness, and with God is vic-tor-y As the
years go march-ing on.
years go march-ing on.
years go march-ing on.
years go march-ing on.
Glo-ry, glo-ry, hear the mighty throng, Glory, glo-ry, all the
ranks a-long, Rising to the God of battles for the putting down of wrong, As the years go marching on.

THE VICTORY.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. ROSECRANS.

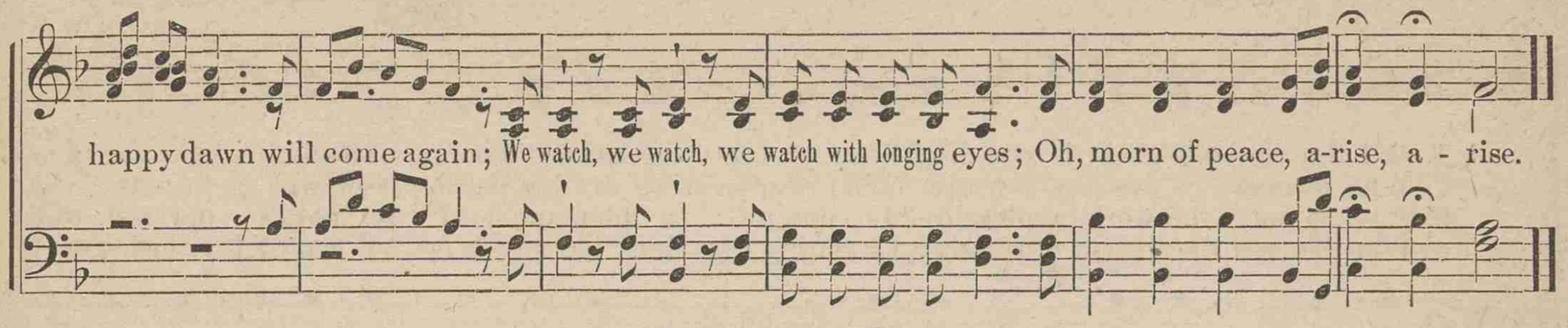
1. I heard a joyful cry Through all the | mourning land, | The country shall be free, Behold us | where we stand;—
2. We ask for helping hands, To aid us | in our strife | Against this mighty foe To liber- | ty and life.
3. No more the wine-king's breath Shall blight our | fair - est sons; | That happy day will come, Look up, ye | mourning ones.

The brave, the true, the strong, The battle | may be long, | But soon our song shall be *Of glorious* | *vic - to - ry.*
Oh, faithful hearts and true, We cry a - | loud to you; | Wherever you may be, Oh, help us | to be free.
The night will pass away, The fair and | peaceful day | Will dawn at last for you. The promise | will prove true.

CHORUS.

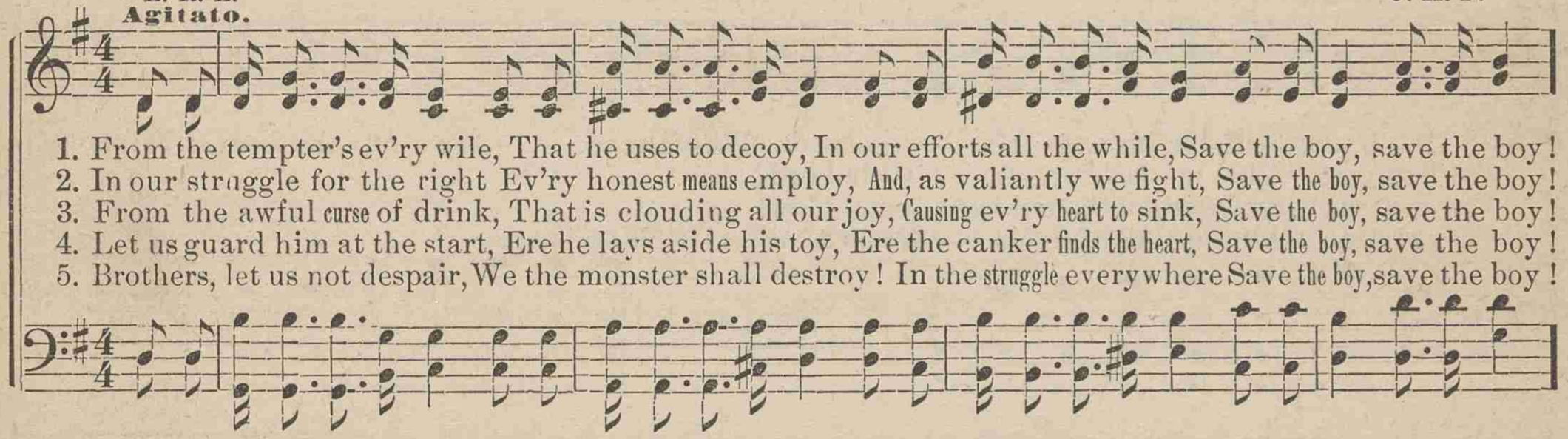
O'er wrong and woe our song shall be Of victory, glad victo-ry, Look up, look up, oh, hearts in pain, The

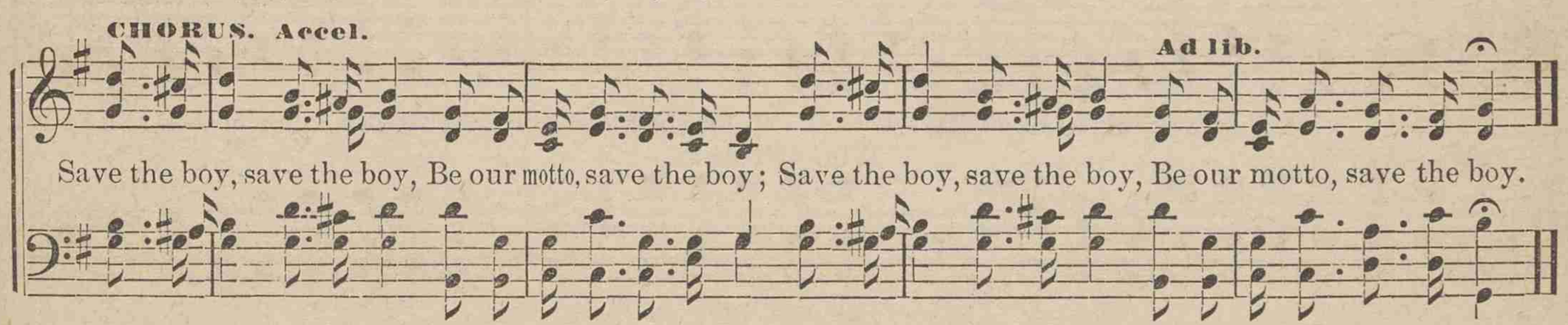
From "Festival Glee Book," by per.



SAVE THE BOY.

E. R. L. J. H. F.





WHERE ARE THE HARVESTERS?

MARY D. JAMES. ASA HULL, by per.

1. Lo! the rip-ened grain is wav-ing, Read-y for the harvest hands; Call-ing loud-ly for more
2. Who is read - y to o - bey him? Who re-spon - sive to his word, Now will go in - to the
3. Say, is not the work a pleasure? Is not toil a pleasant joy? Is not la - bor rest, when
4. Who can tell the wealth of blessing, Crowning that rich "harvest-home," When within the heavenly

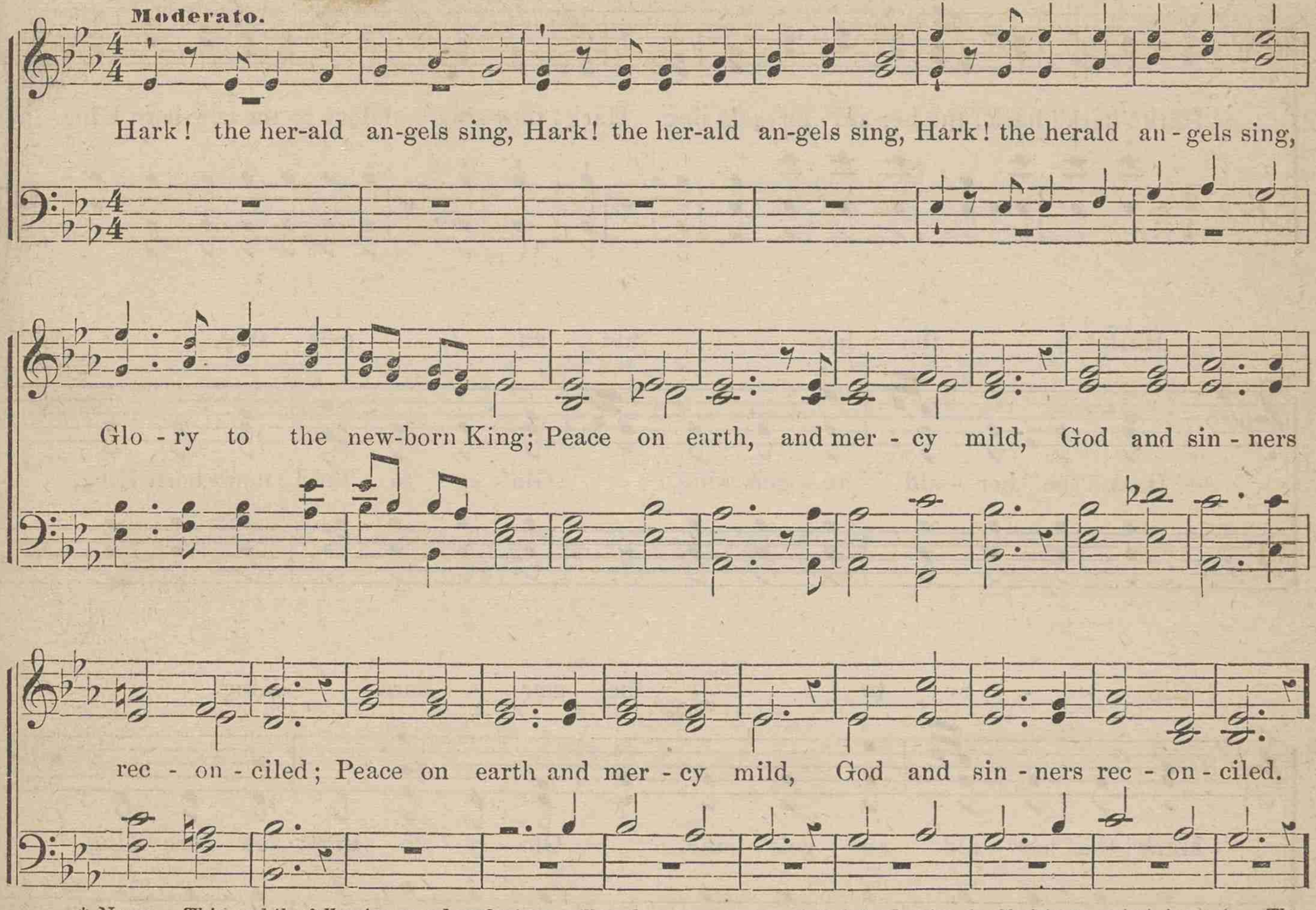
CHORUS.

la - b'rers, See! the blessed Mas - ter stands. Who is read - - y for the harvest? Who will
har- vest, Glad to la - bor for their Lord?
Je - sus Smiles upon your blest em - ploy?
por - tals, All the faithful la - b'rers come? Who is read - y

work for dying souls to-day? Who will speak for the blessed Master? Who will labor, watch and pray?
Who will work, Who will speak,

No. 1. HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.*

J. H. RHEEM.



* NOTE.—*This and the following numbered pieces will make a very appropriate introduction to Christmas entertainments. They may be used separately for other occasions.*

From "The Beauty," by per.

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING. Continued.

Allegro.

Hark! hark! hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, Hark! they sing, Glory to the new-born King.

Hark! the her - - ald an - - gels sing,

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new - born King,

Glo - - ry to the new - born King.

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new - born King.

Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Glo - ry to God in the high - est, And on earth
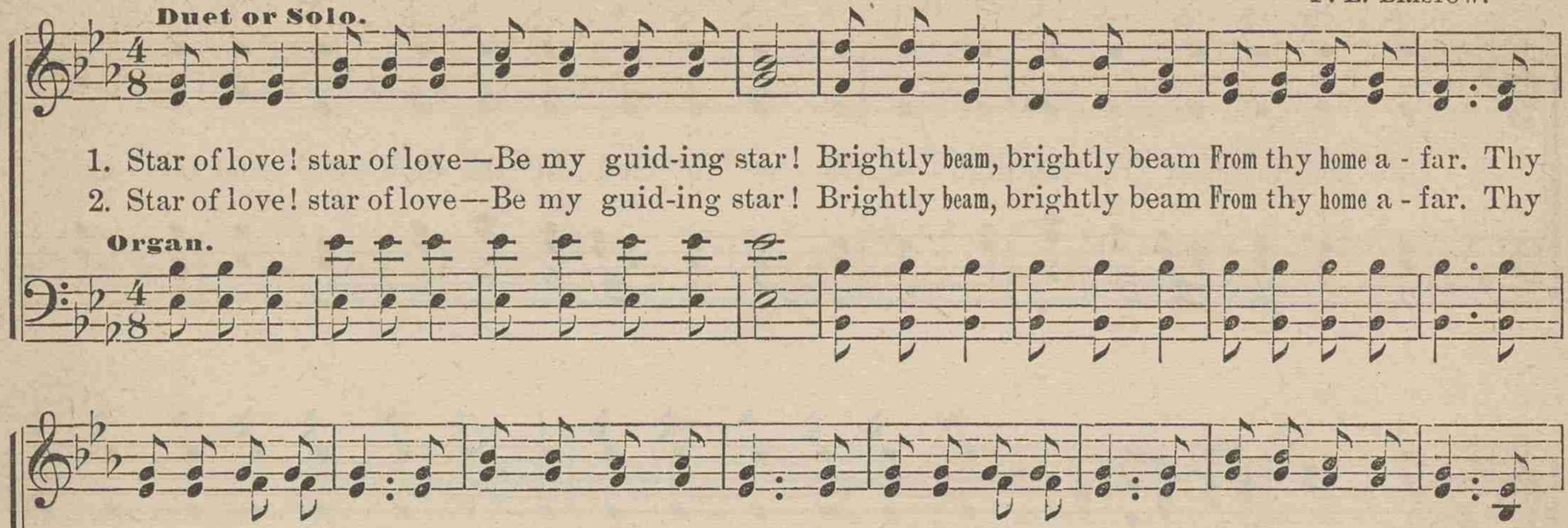
peace, good will to men; Glo - ry to God in the high -est, Glo - ry to God in the
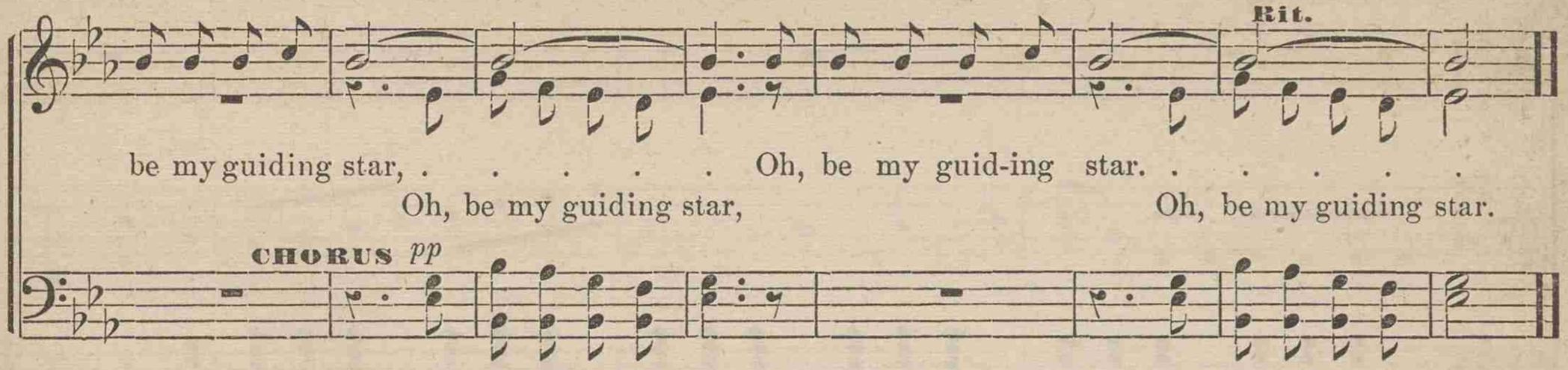
Andante.

high - est, And on earth peace, good will to men. Peace on earth, good will to men.

No. 2. "STAR OF LOVE."

F. L. BRISTOW.





No. 3. "THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM." Recitation.

I.

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer,
And a babe's low cry!
And the star rains its fire, while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

II.

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth!
Ay! the star rains its fire, while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

III.
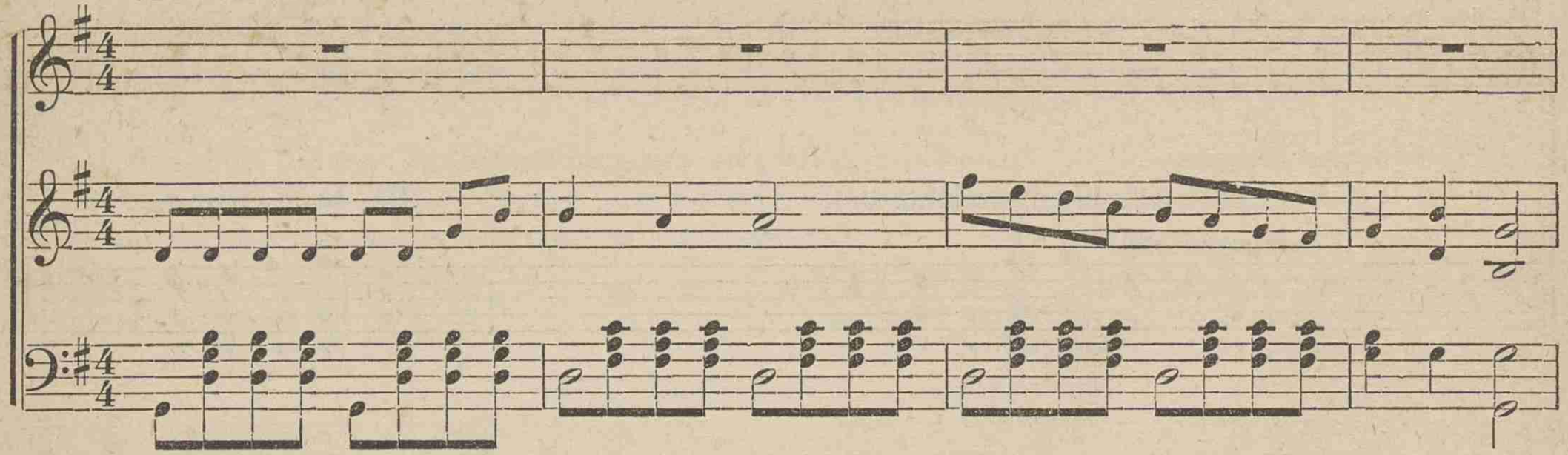
In the light of that star
See the ages impearled,
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.—
Every hearth is aflame, and the beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that *Jesus* is King!
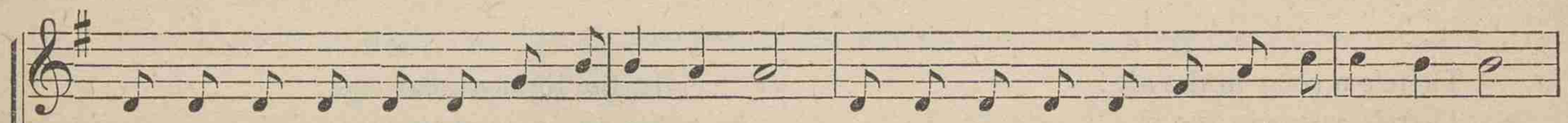
IV.

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night,
From the heavenly throng!
Ay! we shout to the holy evangel they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our Savior and King!
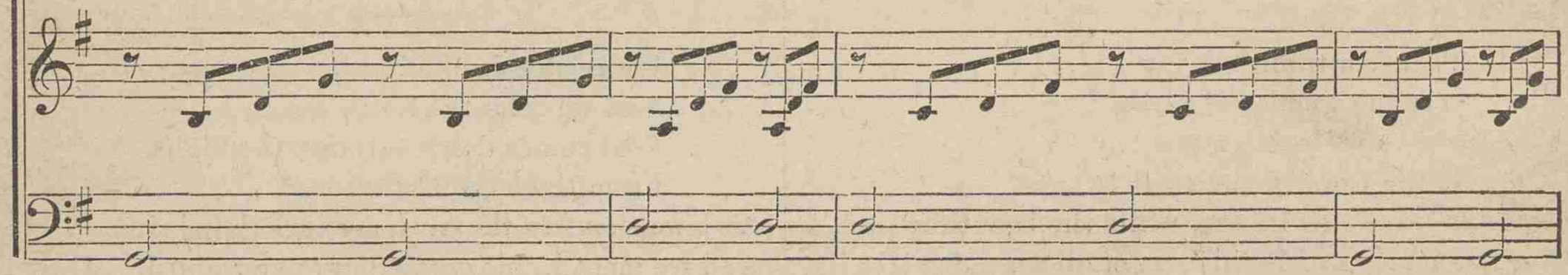
No. 4. LITTLE STARS.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. F.





1. Lit - tle stars that twinkle in the heavens blue, I have oft - en wondered if you ev - er knew,
2. Did you see the costly presents they had brought? Did you see the sta - ble they in wonder sought?
3. Did you hear the mother's pleading thro' their tears For the babes that Herod slew the coming years?
4. Did you watch the Savior all those years of strife? Did you know, for sinners, how he gave his life?
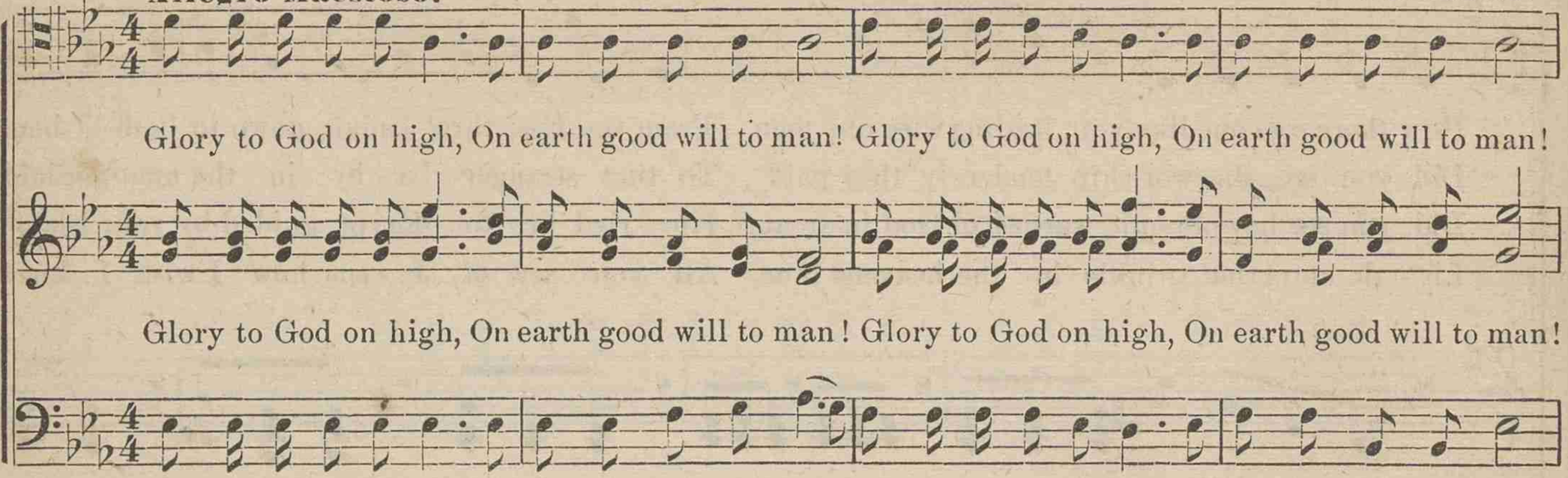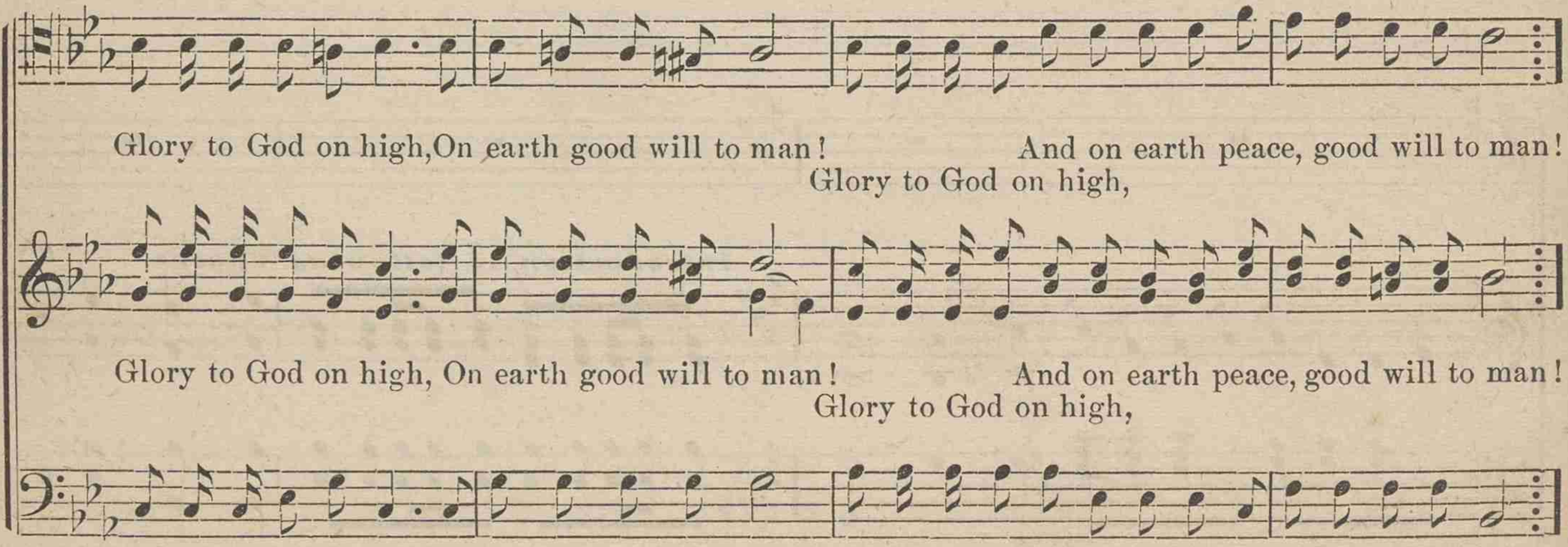


How there rose one like you, leading wise old men From the East thro' Judah, down to Beth-le-hem?
Did you see the wor-ship tender-ly they paid To that stranger ba-by in the man-ger laid?
Did you see how Joseph, warned of God in dreams, Hur-ried in-to Egypt, guided by your beams?
Lit-tle stars that twinkle in the heavens blue, All you saw of Je-sus how I wish I knew.

Introduction to following Chorus.

No. 5. GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH.

Allegro Maestoso. F. L. BRISTOW.





Peace on earth, good will to man! Peace on earth, good will to man!
Peace on earth, good will to man! Peace on earth, good will to man!
Peace on earth, good will to man! Peace on earth, good will to man!

p

Peace on earth, good will to man! Peace on earth, good will to man!
Peace on earth, good will to man! Peace on earth, good will to man!

p

Peace on earth, good will to man! Peace on earth, good will to man!

Fine.

Peace on earth, good will to man! Good will . . . . . to man!
Peace on earth, good will to man!
Peace on earth. good will to man!

Cres.

Peace on earth, good will to man! Peace on earth, good will to man!
Peace on earth, good will to man! On earth good will to man!

Cres.

No. 6. STAR OF THE ORIENT. (Tenor Solo.)

F. L. BRISTOW.
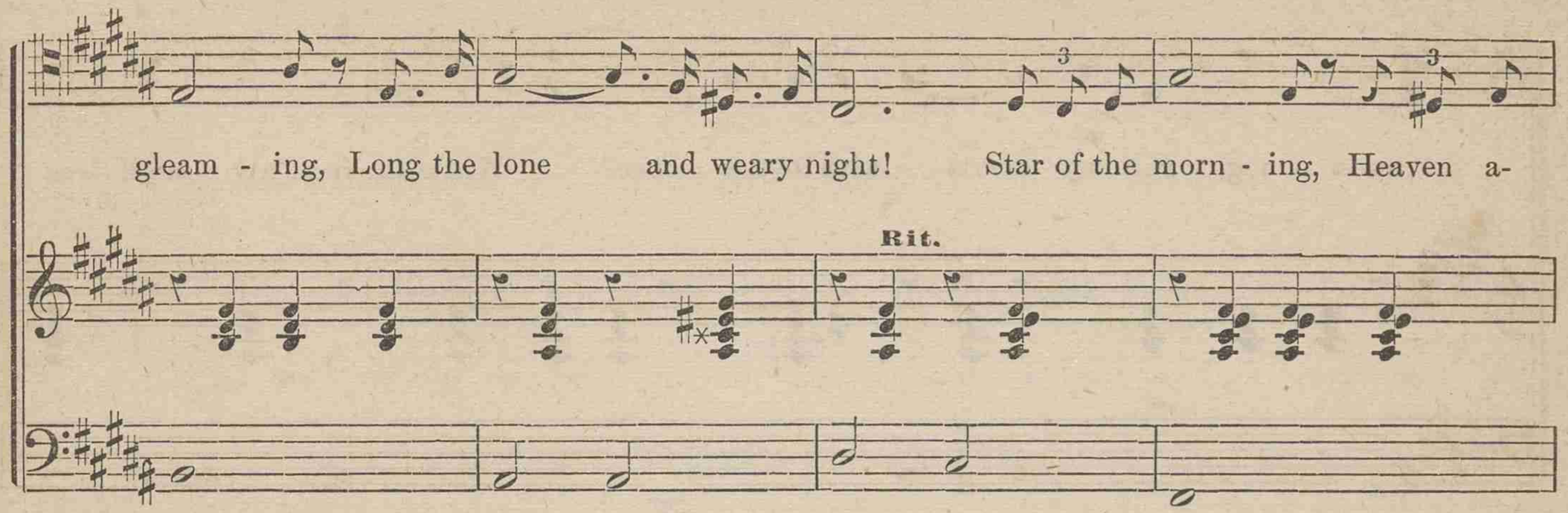
ff

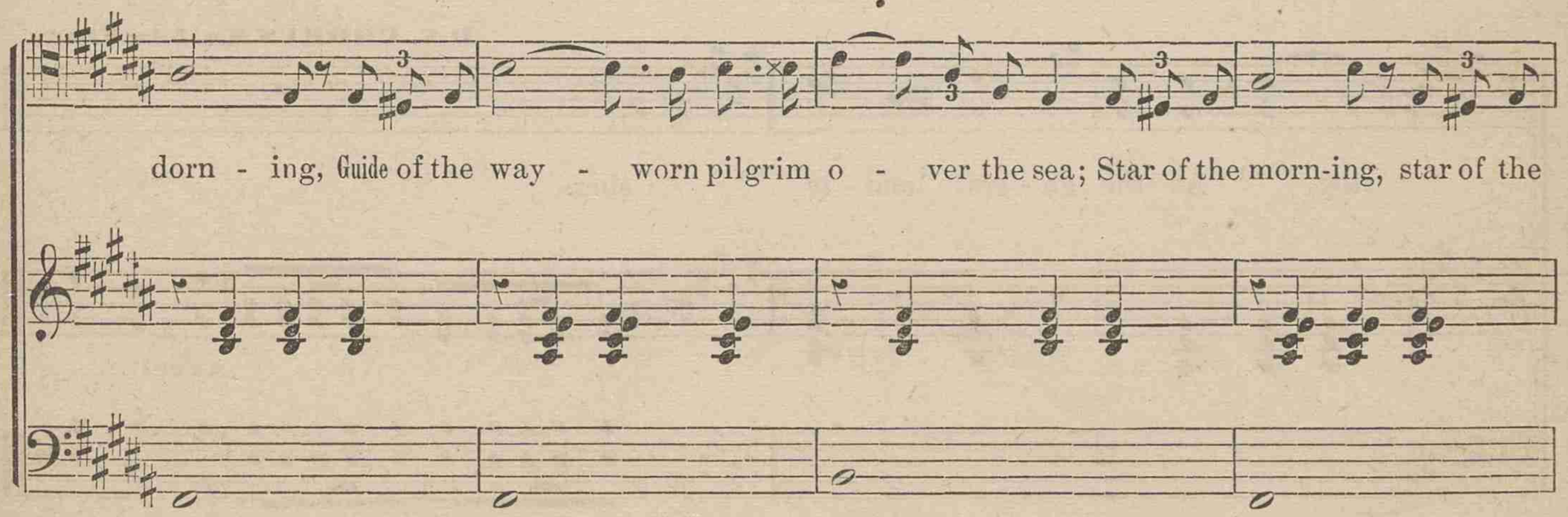
Glo - ry to God on high! On earth good will to man! Star of the O - ri - ent

Glo - ry to God on high! On earth good will to man!

Rit.

beam - ing—brightly beam-ing With thy sil - ver-y light! Long was the Hope of thy


gleam - ing, Long the lone and weary night! Star of the morn - ing, Heaven a-
Rit.


dorn - ing, Guide of the way - worn pilgrim o - ver the sea; Star of the morn-ing, star of the

STAR OF THE ORIENT. Concluded.

morn - ing, Fill our hearts with love to thee! While the heav'nly arch - es

ring, As the an - gels loud - ly sing.

D.C. CHORUS No. 5 to Fine.

Accel.

REICHARD. Arr. by F. L. BRISTOW.

Soprano Solo.

When marshalled on the nightly plain The glitt'ring host bestud the sky, One star a-

lone of all that train Can fix the sin - ner's wand'ring eye.

QUARTET. Soprano.

Hark! hark to God the chorus breaks, From every heart, from every gem; But one a-

Alto.

Hark! hark to God the chorus breaks From every heart and gem, and every gem;

Tenor.

Base.

lone— the Savior speaks, It is the Star of Bethlehem! It is the

But one a-lone— the Savior speaks, It is the Star of Bethlehem!

Rit.

Star, It is the Star, It is the Star of Beth - le-hem.

Rit.

It is the Star, It is the Star, It is the Star of Bethle-hem.

DUET. Sop. and Alto.

It was my guide, my light, my all, It bade my dark fore-bod-ings cease, And thro' the

STAR OF BETHLEHEM. Continued.

Rit.

storm and dan - gers thrall, It led me to the port, the port of peace.

QUARTET.

Now safely moored, my per-ils o'er, I'll sing first in night's di - a-dem, For-ever

Now safely moored, my perils o'er, I'll sing first in night's diadem,

and for ev-er-more. The Star, the Star of Bethlehem, The Star, the

For ev-er-more, for ev-er-more, The Star, the Star, of Bethlehem,

D.C. CHORUS No. 5 to Fine.

Star, the Star, the Star, It is the Star of Beth - le-hem.

Rit.

The Star, the Star, the Star, the Star, It is the Star of Beth - - le-hem. Accel.

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PURER IN HEART.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; May I de - vote my life Whol-ly to thee.
2. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; Teach me to do thy will Most lov -ing - ly.
3. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; That I thy ho - ly face One day may see.

Watch thou my wayward feet, Guide me with counsel sweet, Pur - er in heart Help me to be.
Be thou my friend and guide, Let me with thee a - bide, Pur - er in heart Help me to be.
Keep me from se - cret sin, Reign thou my soul within, Pur - er in heart Help me to be.
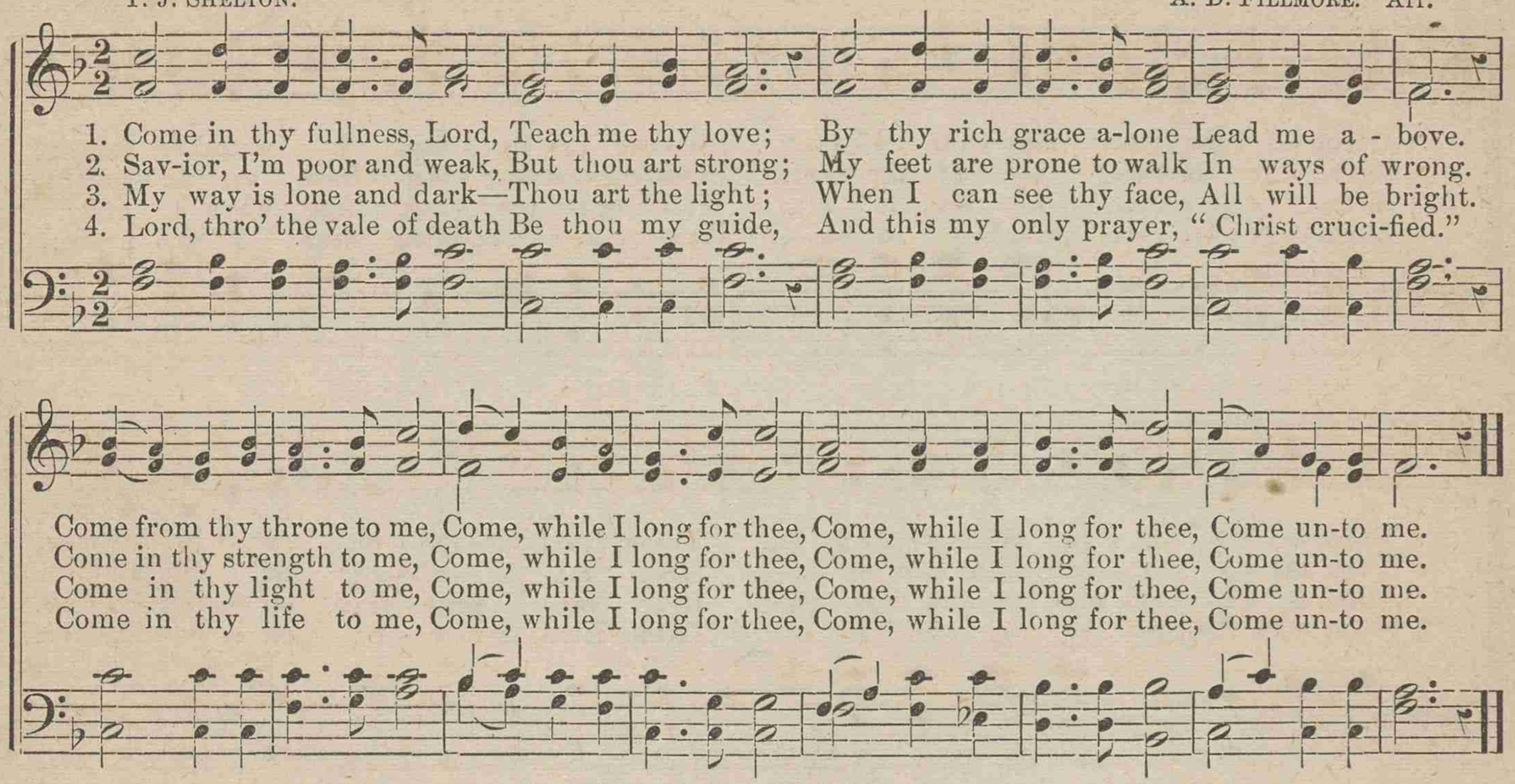
GOD OF OUR SALVATION.

From "Hours of Song."

1. God of our salva - tion Unto thee we pray, Hear our suppli-ca - tion, Be our strength and stay.
2. Wretched and unworthy, Poor, and sick, and blind, Prostrate we adore thee, Call thy grace to mind.
3. He that dwelleth near thee, Safely shall abide; Ever love and fear thee, In thy strength confide.
4. Sure is thy protec-tion, Safe is thy de-fense, While in deep affliction, Woe or pes-ti-lence.

COME UNTO ME.

T. J. SHELTON. A. D. FILLMORE. Arr.



1. Come in thy fullness, Lord, Teach me thy love; By thy rich grace a-lone Lead me a - bove.
2. Sav-ior, I'm poor and weak, But thou art strong; My feet are prone to walk In ways of wrong.
3. My way is lone and dark—Thou art the light; When I can see thy face, All will be bright.
4. Lord, thro' the vale of death Be thou my guide, And this my only prayer, "Christ cruci-fied."

Come from thy throne to me, Come, while I long for thee, Come, while I long for thee, Come un-to me.
Come in thy strength to me, Come, while I long for thee, Come, while I long for thee, Come un-to me.
Come in thy light to me, Come, while I long for thee, Come, while I long for thee, Come un-to me.
Come in thy life to me, Come, while I long for thee, Come, while I long for thee, Come un-to me.

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SAVIOR, THY GENTLE VOICE.

1 Savior! thy gentle voice
Gladly we hear;
Author of all our joys
Be ever near;
Our souls would cling to thee,
:‖: Let us thy fullness see, :‖:
Our life to cheer.

2 Fountain of life divine!
Thee we adore;
We would be wholly thine
For evermore;
Freely forgive our sin,
:‖: Grant heavenly peace within,:‖:
Thy light restore.

3 Though to our faith unseen,
While darkness reigns,
On thee alone we lean
While life remains;
By thy free grace restored,
:‖: Our souls shall bless the Lord :‖:
In joyful strains!

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ONLY FOR THEE.

H. R. TRICKETT. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. On - ly for thee, Sav - ior di - vine, Liv - ing or dy - ing, I would be thine;
2. On - ly for thee, joy of my heart, Doubting and fear - ing from me de - part;
3. On - ly for thee, my all in all, Watching or pray - ing, hear when I call;
4. On - ly for thee, might-y to save, Halt-ing and trem -bling near I the grave,

Thine is the glo - ry, thine would I be, Thine, Lord, for - ev - er, on - ly for thee.
Thou art my day - star, shine now on me, Keep me for - ev - er, on - ly for thee.
Mine is the weak - ness, strength is in thee, Keep me, I pray thee, on - ly for thee.
Shine with thy glo - ry, so shall I be Thine, Lord, for - ev - er, on - ly for thee.

REFRAIN.

On - ly for thee, Ev - er for thee, Thine is my heart, Lord, on - ly for thee.

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NO BOOK LIKE THE BIBLE.

FANNY CROSBY. ASA HULL. By per.

DUET. Alto and Tenor. **QUARTET.**

1. { No book is like the Bible For childhood, youth and age; Our du - ty, plain and simple, We find on ev - 'ry page. } It came by in - spi-ra - tion, A
2. { It tells of man's cre-a -tion, His sad prim-e - val fall; It tells of man's redemption, Thro' Christ who died for all. } In sa - cred words of wisdom, It
3. { Oh, let us love the Bi- ble, And read it more and more; Our life is like a shadow, Our days will soon be o'er. } But if we close-ly fol - low The

CHORUS.

light to guide our way, A voice from him who gave it, Reproving when we stray.
bids us watch and pray, And early come to Je - sus, The Life, the Truth, the Way. No book is like the
counsel God has given, We then may hope with angels To sing his praise in heaven.

Bible, The blessed book we love; The pilgrim's chart of glory, It leads, it leads, it leads to God above.

WE SHALL KNOW.

J. H. ANDERSON, by per.

1. When the mists have rolled in splen-dor, From the beau - ty of the hills, And the sunshine, warm and tender, Falls in kiss-es on the rills; We may read love's shining letter In the rain-bow of the spray, We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the mists have cleared away.
2. If we are in hu - man blindness, And for - get that we are dust, If we miss the law of kindness, When we struggle to be just; Snow-y wings of peace shall cover All the plain that hides a-way, When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have cleared away.
3. When the mists have risen a - bove us, As our Fa - ther knows his own, Face to face with those that love us, *We shall know as we are known;* Love, beyond the orient meadows, Floats the gold-en fringe of day; Heart to heart, we bide the shadows, Till the mists have cleared away.

REFRAIN.

We shall know . . as we are known, . . . Never-more . . to walk a-lone, In the

We shall know as we are known, Nev-ermore to walk alone,

dawn - - ing of the morning, When the mists . . have cleared away; In the

In the dawning When the mists have cleared away;

dawn - - ing of the morn-ing, When the mists . . . have cleared away,
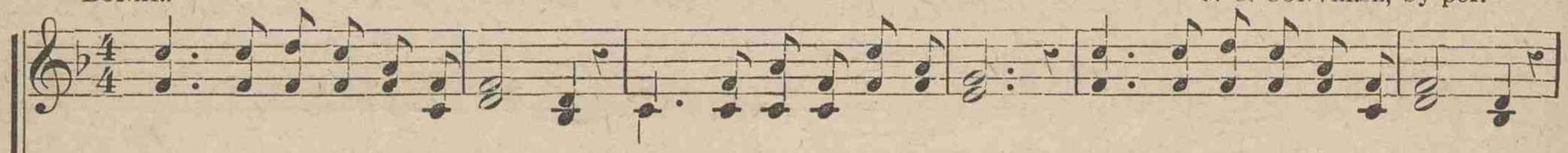
Rit.

In the dawning When the mists have cleared away.
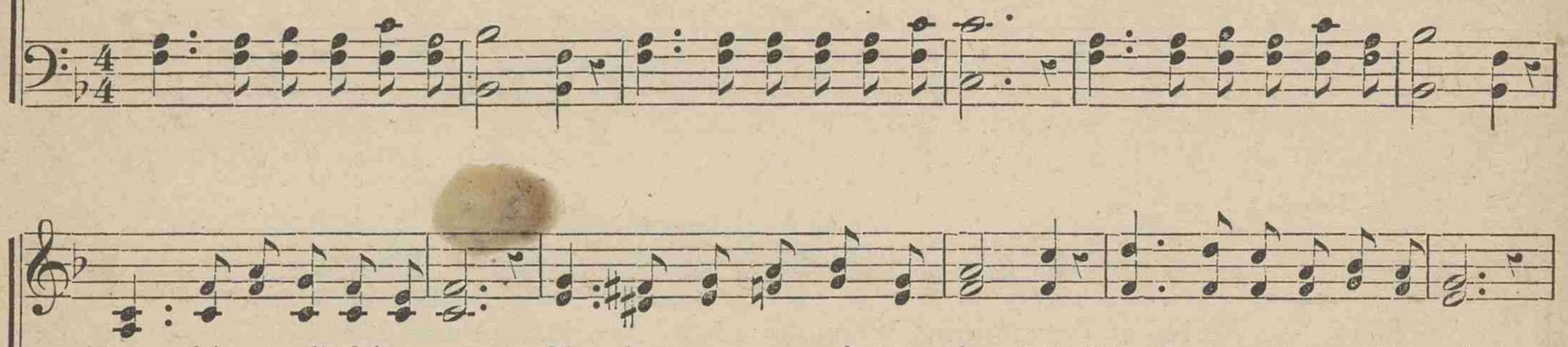
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WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.
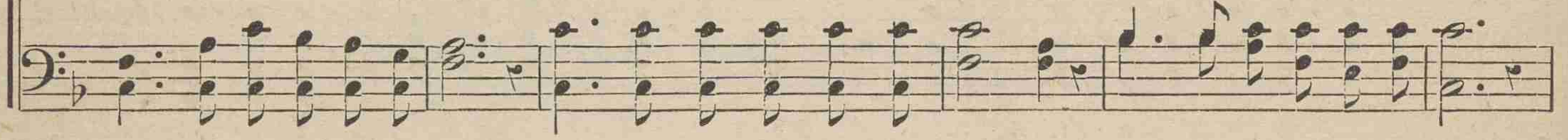
BONAR. C. C. CONVERSE, by per.

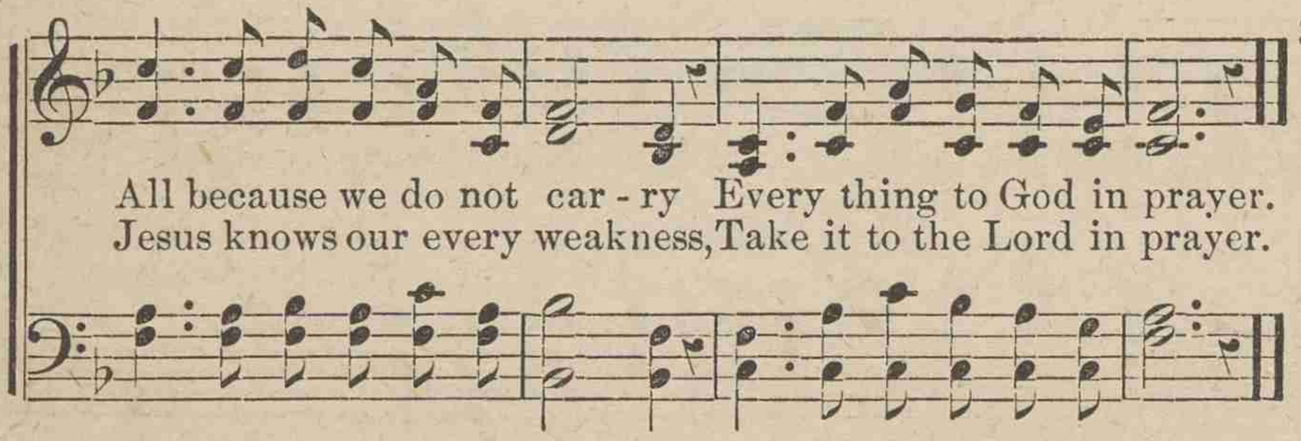


1. What a friend we have in Je-sus, All our sins and griefs to bear; What a priv-i-lege to car - ry
2. Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble any-where? We should never be discouraged,



Every thing to God in prayer. Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—
Take it to the Lord in prayer. Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sorrows share?





All because we do not car - ry Every thing to God in prayer.
Jesus knows our every weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.

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

SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

J. M. EVANS.

1. "Land ahead!" Its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless green; And the liv - ing wa- ters
2. Onward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See the blessed wave their hands; Hear the harps of God re-
3. There, let go the anchor, rid - ing On this calm and silv'ry bay; Sea-ward fast the tide is
4. Now we're safe from all temptation, All the storms of life are past; Praise the Rock of our Sal-

CHORUS.

lay - ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
sound-ing From the bright im -mor - tal bands. Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on
glid - ing, Shores in sun - light stretch a - way.
va - tion, We are safe at home at last.

that e - ter - nal shore; Drop the an-chor! Furl the sail! I am safe within the vail.

THY WILL BE DONE.

VON WEBER. Arr.

1. My Je - sus, as thou wilt! Oh, may thy will be mine! In - to thy
2. My Je - sus, as thou wilt! Though seen through many a tear, Let not my
3. My Je - sus, as thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each chang-ing

hand of love I would my all re - sign. Through sor - row or through joy,
star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear. Since thou on earth hast wept,
fu - ture scene, I glad - ly trust with thee. Straight to my home a - bove

Con - duct me as thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done!
And sor - rowed oft a - lone, If I must weep with thee, My Lord, thy will be done!
I trav - el calm - ly on, And sing in life or death My Lord, thy will be done!

Rit.

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

From "Songs of Glory." KNOWLES SHAW.

1. Sow-ing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness; Sowing in the noontide and the dew-y eves;
2. Go and tell the na-tions now in heathen blindness; Tell them Jesus died—now no excuse he leaves;
3. Sow-ing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows; Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;

FINE.

D. S. *Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reaping, We shall come re-joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.*
Bid them come to Jesus; thus prepare the harvest, You shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
By and by the har-vest, and our la - bors end-ed, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Bring-ing in the gold - en sheaves, Bring-ing in the gold - en sheaves,
the gold-en sheaves, the gold-en sheaves.

TARRY WITH ME.

K. SHAW. By per.

1. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav-ior, For the day is passing by! See the shades of evening
2. Many friends were gathered round me In the bright days of the past; But the grave has closed a-
3. Deeper, deeper grow the shadows, Pal - er now the glowing west; Swift the night of death ad-
4. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav-ior, Lay my head up - on thy breast Till the morning; then a-

CHORUS.

gath - er, And the night is draw-ing nigh.
bove them, And I lin - ger here at last. Tar - ry with me, bless-ed Je - sus, Leave me
vanc - es; Shall it be the night of rest?
wake me— Morning of e - ter - nal rest!

not till morning light; For I'm lone-ly here without thee, Tar-ry with me thro' the night.

CLOSER THAN A BROTHER.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. F.

1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, thou art near - er Than an earth-ly friend can be, For with heavenly vis-ion
2. Of our gladness and our sor - row Thou the fullest depths canst know, Feeble words we need not
3. Clos-er, clos - er than a broth - er, What-so - e'er to us be-tide, May we wish to seek no

REFRAIN.

clear - er, Thou our in - most hearts can see.
bor - row, Tell-ing thee our joy or woe. Save, oh, save us from all ill,
oth - er, Well con-tent with thee to 'bide.

With thy love our spir-its fill; Closer than earth's closest friend, Be thou with us to the end.

1 BETHANY. *Key of G.*

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee,
E'en tho' it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

2 Tho' like the wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

2 SHINING SHORE. *Key of G.*

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.

For, oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly homes discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For, oh! we stand, etc.

3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever,
Our King says come, and there's our home,
Forever, oh, forever!
For, oh! we stand, etc.

3 OLIVET. *Key of E♭.*

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

4 'TIS RELIGION. *Key of G.*

1 'T is religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
'T is religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

5 ZION. *Key of D.*

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Tho' the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion—
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

6 PRECIOUS PROMISE. *Key of G.*

1 Precious promise God hath given
To the weary passer by,
On the way from earth to heaven,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

REFRAIN.

I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
I will guide thee with Mine eye;
On the way from earth to heaven,
I will guide thee with Mine eye.

2 When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly,
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

3 When thy secret hopes have perished
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

7 WEBB. *Key of B♭.*

1 Oh, when shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
To drink the flowing fountain
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before,
He 's given me my orders,
And bids me not give o'er;
And since he has proved faithful,
A righteous crown he 'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace, I am determined
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love, I 'll fly:
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu;
Then, O my friends, prove faithful
And on your way pursue.

8 NETTLETON. *Key of E♭.*

1 O thou fount of every blessing;
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me ever to adore thee,
May I still thy goodness prove,
While the hope of endless glory
Fills my heart with joy and love.

2 Here I 'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I 've come,
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from thy fold, O God!
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind me closer still to thee.
Never let me wander from thee,
Never leave thee, whom I love;
By thy Word and Spirit guide me,
Till I reach thy courts above.

9 SABBATH. *Key of G.*

1 Safely through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name:
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come, thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste,
Of our everlasting rest.

10 MT. PISGAH. *Key of A♭.*

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

11 REST. *Key of D.*

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

12 WILSON. *Key of A♭.*
MARTYN. *Key of F.*

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, oh, my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,—
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee!
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
Boundless love in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
Prince of Peace and Righteousness;
Most unworthy, Lord, I am,
Thou art full of love and grace.

13 BEALOTH. *Key of A♭.*

1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

2 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

3 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Savior and our King!
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

14 OLD HUNDRED. *Key of G.*

Praise God, ye heavenly hosts above!
Praise him, all creatures of his love!
Praise him each morning, noon and night,
Praise him with holy, sweet delight.

15 ANTIOCH. *Key of E♭.*

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

16 LABAN. *Key of C.*

1 My soul be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

17 HAPPY DAY. *Key of G.*

1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS.

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away:
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 'T is done, the great transaction's done—
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

18 WOODWORTH. *Key of E♭.*

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, tho' tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee I find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

19 NAOMI. *Key of D.*

1 Father! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:—

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

20 FOUNTAIN. *Key of C.*

1 There is a fountain, filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 O Lamb of God, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

4 When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save.

21 HE LEADETH ME. *Key of D.*

1 He leadeth me! Oh, blessed thought!
Oh, words, with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!

REFRAIN.

He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me!

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

22 WE PRAISE THEE. *Key of G.*

1 We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! Thine the glory; Hallelujah! Amen;
Hallelujah! Thine the glory; revive us again.

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with grace from above.

23 HARWELL. *Key of G.*

1 Hark! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love.
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, etc.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth.
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

3 Savior, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heav'n and earth shall pass away;
Then, with golden harps we'll sing—
"Glory, glory to our King!"

24 OLD HUNDRED. *Key of G.*

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's praise be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy name shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

25 HERE AND YONDER.

Key of G.

1 Here we are but straying pilgrims,
Here our path is often dim;
But to cheer us on our journey,
Still we sing this wayside hymn.

CHORUS.

Yonder, over the rolling river,
Where the shining mansions rise,
Soon will be our home forever,
And the smile of the blessed Giver
Gladdens all our longing eyes.

2 Here our feet are often weary
On the hills that throng our way;
Here the tempest darkly gathers,
But our hearts within us say:

3 Here our souls are often fearful
Of the pilgrim's lurking foe;
But the Lord is our defender,
And he tells us we may know.

4 Here our shadowed homes are transient,
And we meet the stranger's frown;
So we'll sing with joy while going,
E'en to death's dark billow down.

26 ROCK OF AGES. *Key of B♭.*

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

27 THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

Key of E.

1 The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus:
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHORUS.

Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on in peace your way to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus.
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

5 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love,
His name, the name of Jesus.

28 SHOUT THE TIDINGS.

Key of G.

1 Shout the tidings of salvation,
To the aged and the young,
Till the precious invitation
Waken every heart and tongue.

CHORUS.

Send the sound
The earth around,
From the rising to the setting of the sun,
Till each gathering crowd
Shall proclaim aloud
The glorious work is done.

2 Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the prairies of the West,
Till each gathering congregation
With the gospel sound is blest.

3 Shout the tidings of salvation,
Mingling with the ocean's roar,
Till the ships of every nation
Bear the news from shore to shore.

4 Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the islands of the sea
Till, in humble adoration,
All to Christ shall bow the knee.

29 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.
Key of D.

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
The joy I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return.
With such I hasten to the place
Where God my Savior shows his face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

30 WORK, FOR THE NIGHT.
Key of F.

1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter;
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

31 STORM THE FORT. *Key of D.*

1 Ho! my comrades, see the signal
Jesus waves on high!
Satan's battlements are reeling,
Hear our Captain's cry.

CHORUS.

"Storm the fort! for I am leading,
I have shown you how;"
Shout the answer back to heaven,
We are ready *now!*

2 See! the lofty walls are frowning,
Held by Satan's power;
Sin enshrouds the world in darkness,
Now 's the storming hour.

3 See! the prophets now are showing
How the fort must fall;
There is no such thing as failing,
Shout, my comrades, all!

4 Fierce and long the siege has lasted,
But the end is near;
Onward leads our great Commander,
Cheer! my comrades, cheer!

32 SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER? *Key of E♭.*

1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

Yes, we 'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

33 GREENVILLE. *Key of F.*

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us!
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

34 IOWA. *Key of C.*

1 We speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there?

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold,
But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there?

4 O Lord, in this valley of woe,
Our spirits for heaven prepare;
Then shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

35 WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE? *Key of C.*

1 Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

CHORUS.

Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.

2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come
Gladly to gather the harvest home;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

36 BOYLSTON. *Key of C.*

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care
As in thy sight to live;
And Oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

37 THE HOME OVER THERE. *Key of A.*

1 Oh, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.
Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.
Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.

3 My Savior is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Savior is now over there.

4 I 'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there,
I 'll soon be at home over there.

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