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THE

# SINGER'S IDEAL:

A NEW AND CHOICE COLLECTION

OF

GLEES, QUARTETS, PART-SONGS, HYMN-TUNES, GOSPEL SONGS, ANTHEMS, AND ORATORIO CHORUSES,

(Largely secured by the most liberal Prize Offers ever made.)

TOGETHER WITH

## NEW RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC,

FOR USE IN

SINGING-SCHOOLS, CONVENTIONS, HIGH SCHOOLS, NORMAL INSTITUTES AND MUSICAL SOCIETIES.


BY

A. J. SHOWALTER AND EDWARD ROBERTS,

ASSISTED BY

J. H. TENNEY AND EDWIN MOORE.



PUBLISHED BY

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# NEW

# RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

---

Sound is anything audible.

If the vibrations producing the sound are irregular, mere noise is the result. If the vibrations are regular, and of sufficient rapidity, then a musical sound or Tone is produced.

A tone has four properties, *viz*: Pitch, the name for the lowness or highness of a tone; Length, the name for the duration of a tone; Power, the name for the loudness or softness, or audibility of a tone, and Quality, the name for the kind or character of a tone.

The rudiments or elementary principles of music are divided into three departments, *viz*: Melodics, treating of the pitch of tones; Rhythmics, treating of the length of tones, and Dynamics, treating of the power and quality of tones.

Besides the four properties which are necessary to the existance of a tone, when different pitches are combined as in modern music, tones have another very important characteristic, and that is their individuality or mental effect.

The tone having the strongest and most marked individuality is the master-tone, the one around which all the others center. It has various names, sometimes being called "Tonic," sometimes "One," sometimes "Key-Tone," etc., but for the present we shall call it "Do." It is a strong, firm, restful tone.

Any pitch, either low or high, may be taken for this master-tone.

The tone next in importance, considered as to its individuality or mental effect, is a bright, joyous tone. It is sometimes called "Five," sometimes "Dominant," and sometimes "Sol." We shall use the latter name for the present.

As to its pitch, Sol is always the same distance from Do, so when the pitch of Do is changed, the pitch of Sol is changed also. This is true of all the other individual tones that we will learn.

Between the two tones already learned there is another tone which we shall call "Mi." It is also called "Three," and "Mediant." Like Do and Sol it is a restful tone, but it is neither so firm and strong as Do, nor so bright and joyous as Sol. It is a quiet, calm, beautiful tone.

We might liken the Do to a strong, firm man; the Sol to a joyous, happy child, and the Mi to a sweet, gentle woman.

These three tones, considered as to their mental effect, have the most marked individuality, and together form the Tonic Chord — the principal chord in modern music. Do is the Fundamental or Root of the chord; Mi is the Third, and Sol is the Fifth. These names apply to the different members of all three-toned chords.

*Note to Teachers.* Thorough drill should now be given upon these three tones. We give a few exercises as examples. The teacher should write many more. For this purpose a good roll blackboard is necessary. The publishers of this book can supply them. Use the syllable-names first, then la, loo, lo, tah, or other convenient syllables, and lastly, the words.

Some teachers think this a slow process, and prefer to give the whole scale, absolute and relative pitch-names, the staff with clefs, etc., all in the same lesson, but such "haste makes waste."

### No. 1.

sol
mi mi mi
Do do do do,
Sing - ing, sing - ing, sweet - ly sing - ing,

sol sol
Mi mi mi mi
do do,
Hap - py voic - es all u - ni - ted

sol sol
mi
Do do do do.
In this mi do sol sol do.

### No. 2.

sol sol,
mi mi mi mi
Do do
Step - ping up - ward, step - ping up - ward,

Sol sol sol sol sol,
Sing - ing all so high;

Sol sol
mi mi mi mi
do do,
Step - ping down - ward, Step - ping down - ward,

Do do do do do.
Sing - ing all so low.

We have learned the three tones of the tonic chord, but in each case have been singing the fundamental tone — Do — lower than Mi and Sol. It may be sung higher than these two tones without losing or changing its individuality. Having learned the Do at this higher pitch, in which case it is called Eight instead of One, we may sing the following, and similar exercises:

### No. 3.

sol
mi mi mi
Do do do do,
Sav - iour, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing,

Mi sol do sol sol do mi;
Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;

sol
Mi mi mi mi
do do do,
Sin and want we come con - fess - ing,

Mi sol do mi sol sol do.
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

The next individual tone we wish to learn is just a little lower than Do, and is a piercing, sensitive tone — the most restless of all tones. It is sometimes called Seven, sometimes Sub-Tonic, and sometimes the Leading Tone. For the present we will call it Ti.

### No. 4.

Do ti do mi sol sol mi,
Cast thy bur - den on the Lord,

do ti ti do
Sol mi sol;
On - ly lean up - on His word;

do do
Sol ti ti sol,
Thou shalt soon have cause to bless,

Mi sol mi do do ti do.
His e - ter - nal faith - ful - ness.

The next tone we wish to learn is the one next above Do. It is a bright, hopeful tone, somewhat akin to Sol, but having none of its restfulness. One name for this tone is Two, another, Super-Tonic. For the present we shall call it Re.

### No. 5.

mi sol mi
Do do do re,
As the sun doth dai - ly rise,

sol sol mi
Re re do;
Bright - 'ning all the morn - ing skies;

do ti ti do,
Mi mi sol
So to Thee with one ac - cord,

do ti re do.
Sol mi sol
Lift we up our hearts, O Lord.

The tone between Sol and Ti is a sad, wailing one. For the present we shall call it La, although it is also called Six, Sub-Mediant, and Minor Tonic.

### No. 6.

sol la la
Do mi mi mi,
Vain - ly through night's wea - ry hours,

la la,
Do re mi re mi
Keep we watch lest foes a - larm;

Do ti do
la la sol,
Vain our bul - warks and our tow'rs,

sol re mi
Do re re do.
But for God's pro - tect - ing arm.

The tone next above Mi, like the one next below Do is a restless tone, but instead of the sharp, piercing effect of Ti, it has a desolate, awe-inspiring effect. This tone is sometimes called Four, and sometimes Sub-Dominant. For the present we shall call it Fa.

**No. 7.**

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | do | ti | la | | | |
| Sol | | | | | sol | | fa, |
| | mi | | | | | | |
| When | on | Si - | nai's | top | I | | see |
| | sol | | fa | | | | sol, |
| Mi | | | | mi | | | |
| | | | | | re | do | |
| God | de - | scend | | in | maj - | es - | ty, |
| | | do | | ti | | | |
| | | | | | la | | la, |
| Sol | | | | | | sol | |
| | mi | | | | | | |
| To | pro - | claim | | His | ho - | ly | law, |
| Ti | do | | | | | | |
| | | sol | | | | | |
| | | | | mi | | fa | |
| | | | | | | | ti do |
| All | my | spir - | | it | sinks | with | awe. |

These seven individual tones, taken in regular order from the lowest to the highest, with the repetition of the Do an octave higher, form the Scale. They may also be reckoned from the Do downward, repeating the Do an octave lower, in which case they form the ascending scale.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | | ti | | do. |
| | | | | | la | | | |
| | | | | sol | | | | |
| | | | fa | | | | | |
| | | mi | | | | | | |
| | re | | | | | | | |
| Do | | | | | | | | |
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | |

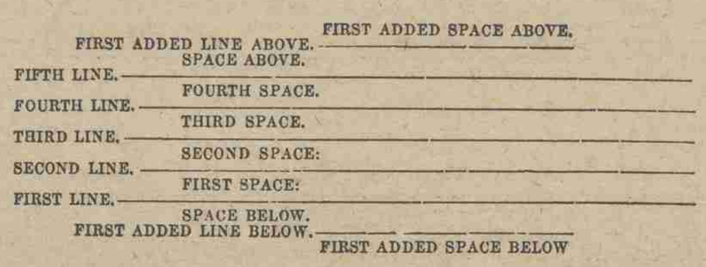
Ascending scale.

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Do | ti | la | sol | fa | mi | re | do |
| 8 | 7 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 1 |

Descending scale.

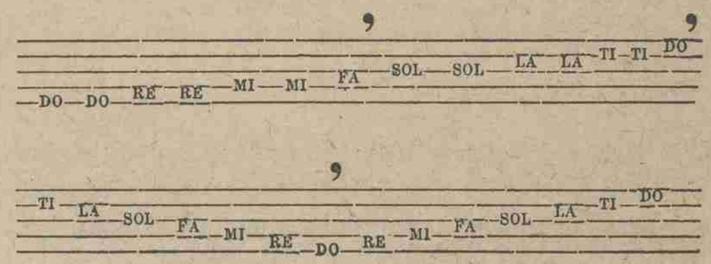
To represent these individual tones we use lines and spaces. Each line and each space is named a Degree. Eleven of these degrees, five lines and six spaces, form what is called the Staff. The lowest line is named First Line, the next line, Second Line, etc. The lowest space is named Space Below, meaning below the First Line; the next space is named First Space, the next Second Space, etc. A better naming for the spaces would be First Space for what is here called Space Below; Second Space for the next higher, and so on to the highest space, which would be called Sixth Space instead of space above. We prefer the new naming, but it may not be worth while to change from long-established usage in so unimportant a matter.

Sometimes more than the eleven degrees are needed, and when this is so short lines are added, called First Added Line Above, Second Added Line Above, First Added Line Below, Second Added Line Below, etc., etc.

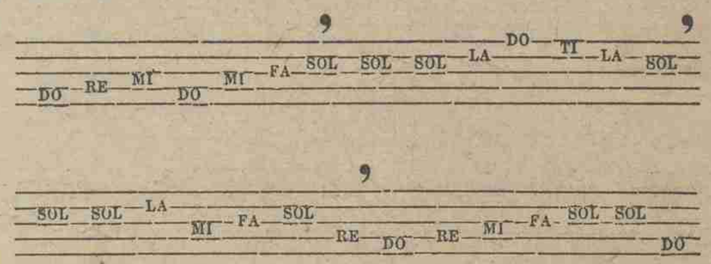



Do may be represented by any line or space. When Do is represented by a line, Mi, Sol and Ti will also be represented by lines, while Re, Fa, La, and the upper Do will be represented by spaces. When Do is represented by a space, then Mi, Sol, and Ti will also be represented by spaces, while Re, Fa, La, and the upper Do will be represented by lines.

**No. 8.***




**No. 9.**




A tone about as long as a pulse-beat, or nearly a second of time, is called a Quarter, or Quarter Length.

A tone twice as long as a quarter is called a Half, or Half Length.

The characters which represent tone-lengths are called Notes. This note ( ♩ ) represents a quarter length, and is called a Quarter Note.

This note ( 𝅗𝅥 ) represents a half length, and is called a Half Note.

The notes indicate the relative lengths to be

* The comma indicates where breath should be taken. Correct phrasing should be taught in the first lessons.

given to the tones, and the degrees upon which the notes are placed indicate the syllables to be sung, so it is only necessary at this stage of our work to say which degree we wish taken for Do.

Sometimes notes of different shapes are used for the different tones of the scale, thus simplifying the reading for beginners. It must be understood, however, that this simply helps in *naming* the tones; *thinking* the tones, the more difficult and more important part of reading, is the same, no matter what notation may be used. The superficial teacher teaches his pupils to *read notes*; the thorough teacher teaches his pupils to *think music*.

## READING EXERCISES.

*Note.*—Practice these exercises thoroughly, singing slowly at first, then gradually faster until they can be sung quite rapidly. Use syllables first, then la. Change the pitch of the key-tone to suit the different numbers. It will help the singers to keep the time to tap the book lightly with the ends of the fingers, once for each quarter note and twice for each half note. This should not be continued too long, however.

No. 10.




No. 11.




No. 12.




No. 13.



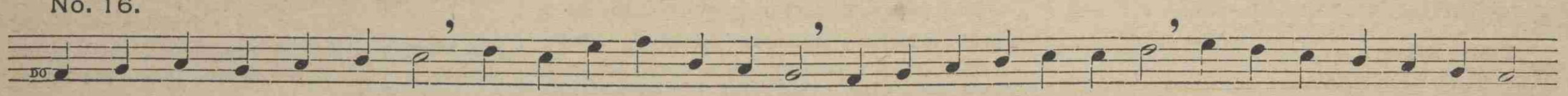

No. 14.



No. 15.



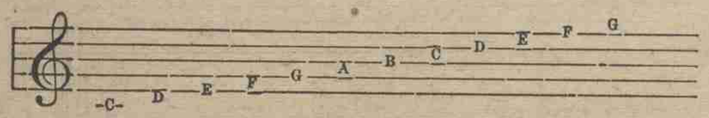

No. 16.




So far we have been studying and thinking of tones as to their individuality or mental effect, and as to their relative position in the scale. The names we have been using are called the Italian Syllable names. These are used in singing and when we wish to speak of the individuality or mental effect of the tones. Numeral names, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, are used when we wish to speak of the relative position, or Relative Pitch, of the tones of the scale.

In addition to these names, each tone used in music has a name to designate its particular pitch, regardless of its mental effect, or of its position in the scale. C is the name of a certain pitch, D of another, E of another, F of another, G of another, A of another, and B of another. These names are called Absolute Pitch names.

The degrees of the staff are made to represent the absolute pitches in a certain fixed way by the Clefs, of which there are three in common use. The Treble, or G clef, when placed upon the staff, makes the degrees represent the absolute pitches, as follows:

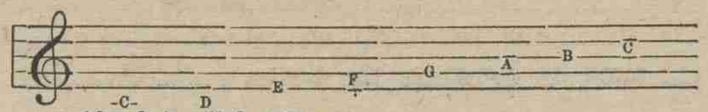



The absolute pitches, C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, bear the same relation to each other as the individual tones of the scale. In other words, these absolute pitches form the scale when the pitch C is taken for Do.

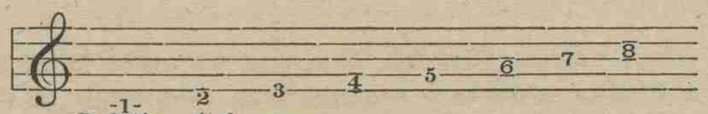
The pitches that are used to make the scale form what is called a Key. They only make the scale when used in scale form, but they make a key when used in any form.

Key-Tone is another name for the first tone of the scale, so whatever pitch is taken for Do is key-tone, and the scale, exercise, or composition, is said to be in the key of whatever pitch is taken as key-tone.

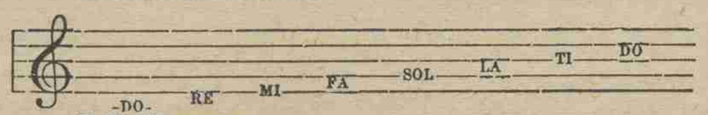
STAFF REPRESENTING THE KEY OF C.




Absolute pitch names.




Relative pitch names.




Syllable names.

No. 17.



G clef this, with C on add-ed line



be - low and al - so in the third space.



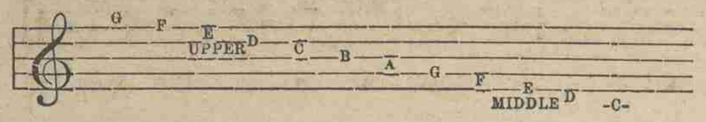

The C represented by the added line below is called Middle C. The C represented by the third space is an octave higher, and is called Upper C.

The G clef represents the pitches which ladies sing. Their voices being an octave higher than gentlemen's voices, the gentlemen sing tones an octave lower than those represented by the G clef or Treble clef staff— sometimes called the Treble staff. Thus, instead of beginning with middle C they begin with the C an octave lower than middle C, which is called Lower C.

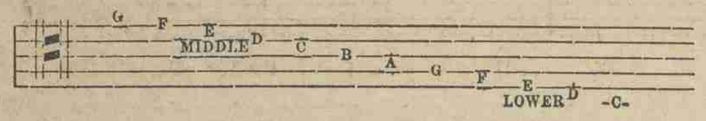
The C clef, or Tenor clef, makes the staff represent the pitches which gentlemen sing. With this clef middle C is represented by the third space and lower C by the added line below. This is called the Tenor staff.

As some gentlemen sing tones much lower than lower C, it becomes necessary to have a staff arranged for their voices. This is done with the use of the F or Bass clef, forming the Bass staff, with middle C represented by the added line above.

TREBLE STAFF.




TENOR STAFF.




BASS STAFF.




Before singing exercises in these different clefs, we wish to add another important feature to our work.

The regularity with which tones follow each other in music produces throbbings or pulsations in the mind of the performer or listener, which are often manifested by a motion of the head, hand, or foot. These pulsations are called Beats. Some beats are stronger than others, and are called Accented beats; the weaker beats are called Unaccented beats.

The music which corresponds to a group of two or more beats, the first of which is always accented; or the music which fills up the time of this group of beats, is called a Measure. The group of beats is usually called a measure, but it is only the mental measuring stick, so to speak, the real measure being the music itself. Written or printed music is divided into measures by Bars. A Broad bar is used at the end of a line, section, or period. A Double bar is used at the close or end of a composition.




If the music is so arranged as to cause the beats to flow in groups of twos, first accented and the second unaccented, it is in Double measure.

Giving the right length to each tone is called Keeping Time. Ultimately beats should be kept in the mind alone, but at first we are assisted in keeping time by counting the beats, called Counting Time, and by making a motion of the hand for each beat, called Beating Time. In double measure, we count one, two, accenting the one; and beat down, up, making a stronger stroke for the down beat.

Figures in the form of a fraction are placed just after the clef as a measure sign or measure signature. The upper figure, in all the simple measures, indicates the number of beats in a measure; the lower figure, the kind of note that is taken as the beat-note.

*Note.*—In some books the lower figure is entirely omitted. In others a note is substituted for the lower figure. But these changes are of no consequence. When the musical world changes its present measure-signs it will not be to one of these, but will abandon the signs entirely. We have all laughed at the boy who drew a picture of a horse and added: "this is a horse." At present we write a piece of music in double measure and by a sign say "this is double measure." But before we can omit the measure-sign we must adopt some one note as the beat-note. This should be the quarter note for the simple measures, and the dotted quarter for the compound measures. This rational plan is adopted in this book.

Let the pupils count and beat the time while the teacher sings, then let them sing while the teacher counts and beats the time. Let one-half count and beat while the other half sings, and *vice versa*; then let all sing while they beat the time, and finally let all sing and keep the beats in their minds only.

Syllables first, then la, and then the words, in the following exercises.

No. 18.

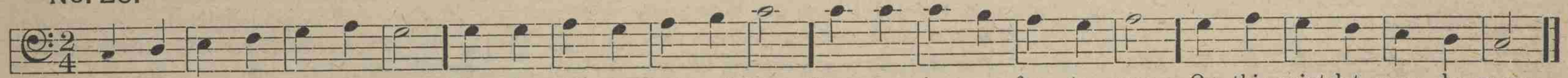



* In these exercises the broad bar indicates the breathing places.

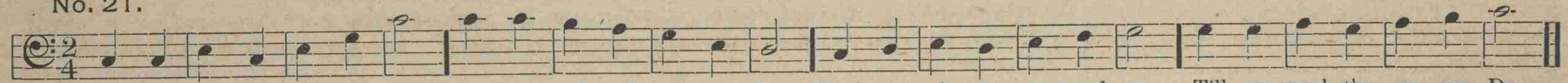
No. 19.




No. 20.




No. 21.




So far, we have used exercises in one part only, but the best music is in four parts. The lowest part is called Bass, and should be sung by gentlemen with low voices. The next higher part is called Tenor, and should be sung by gentlemen with high voices. The next higher part is called Alto, and should be sung by ladies with low voices. The highest part is called Soprano, or Treble, and should be sung by ladies with high voices. Boys whose voices have not changed should sing Alto or Soprano. A Brace connects all the parts that should be sung at the same time, and all the staves thus connected form a Score.

No. 22.



All Sunday-school singing-books, hymn and tune books and many other collections of music are printed with the music on two staves only, and, therefore, much of the music in this book is printed in this way, for the singing school is the place to learn how to sing in Sunday-school and church. If it is not correctly learned here it will probably not be learned at all.

No. 23.

## HYMN-TUNE.




Silence as long as a Quarter Note is called a Quarter Rest, and is represented thus, 𝄽 or 𝄾 or 𝄿. These signs are also called Quarter Rests.

Silence as long as a Half Note is called a Half Rest, and is represented by this sign 𝄼 called also a Half Rest.

No. 24.



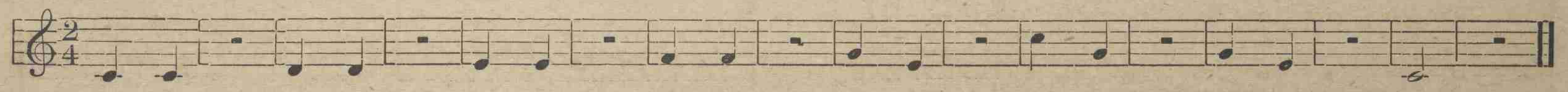
No. 25.



No. 26.



No. 27. This exercise may be sung as a round, of two sections; one commencing one measure after the other.



No. 28.




No. 29.




When the music is so arranged as to cause the beats to flow in groups of threes, one accented, and two unaccented, it is in Triple measure. The Triple measure signature with the quarter for beat-note is $\frac{3}{4}$; the counts are ONE, *two*, *three*, and the beats of the hand are DOWN, *left*, *up*, or DOWN, *right*, *up*.

A tone-length equal to three-quarters is called a Dotted Half-Length, and is represented by a Dotted Half-Note (𝅗𝅥.). Its corresponding rest, Dotted Half-Rest, is represented thus: 𝄼.

No. 30.




No. 31.

ISAAC T. PAGE, by per.



When music is so arranged as to cause the beats to flow in groups of four, the first and third of which are accented, the first being the primary accented one, it is in Quadruple measure. The measure sign for Quadruple measure with the quarter for beat-note is $\frac{4}{4}$. The counts are ONE, two, *three*, four, while the beats of the hand are DOWN, left, *right*, up.

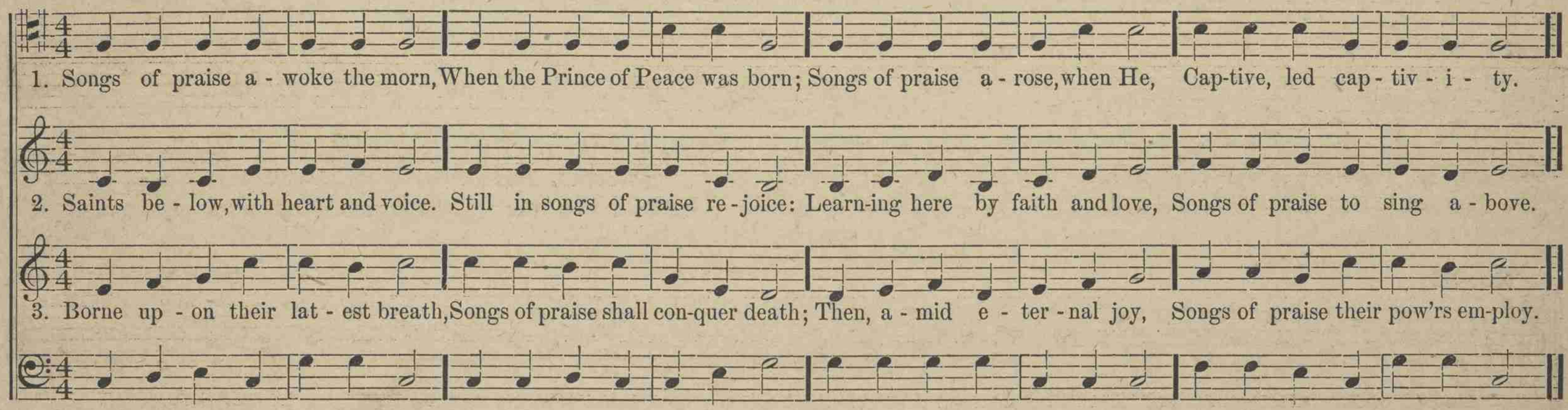
A note equal to four-quarters is called a Whole Note, and is made thus: 𝅝. Its corresponding rest is made thus: 𝄻.

No. 32.




No. 33.

G. R. STURGIS, by per.




There is a pitch midway between F and G. It is called F-sharp. When all the pitches in the Key of C except F are used, and F-sharp takes the place of F, a wonderful change takes place in the character of these pitches. G becomes the strong, firm tone, or Do; A becomes the rousing, hopeful Re; B becomes the quiet Mi; C becomes the awe-inspiring Fa; D becomes the bright, joyous Sol; E becomes the sad, wailing La, and F Sharp becomes the piercing, sensitive Ti, which leads to the key-tone G. This group of pitches, then, constitutes the key of G. The staff, as we have used it, represents the pitches which make the key of C, and also all that constitute the key of G, except F-sharp. To make the staff represent the Key of G completely, the degree which represents F in the key of C must be made to represent F-sharp. This is done by placing a Sharp (♯) on the degree which represents F. The sharp is placed immediately after the clef, and causes all the degrees of the staff which represent F, to represent F-sharp.

The condition of the staff at the right of the clef, is called the Key Signature, or sign of the key. The condition of the degrees of the staff when they represent the key of C is called Natural, therefore the signature of the key of C is Natural, while that of the key of G is One Sharp. By the expression "one sharp" it is implied that all the other degrees are natural.

## THE STAFF, REPRESENTING THE KEY OF G.



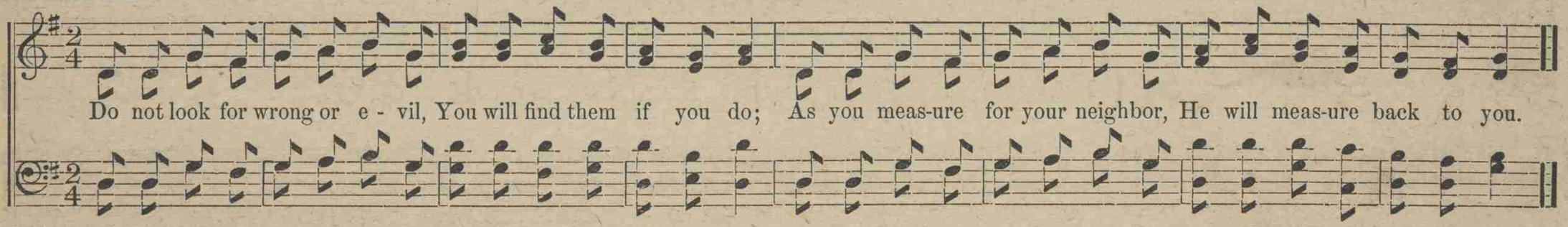

No. 34.




Tunes for practice in all of the keys will be found in the various departments of the book. Do not continue long enough in any one key for the pupil to associate any particular syllable-name with any particular degree of the staff. They should learn to read by relative position rather than fixed.

A tone half as long as a quarter is called an Eighth Length, and is represented by an Eighth Note, thus: ♪. The corresponding rest is made thus: 𝄾.

No. 35.




A tune does not always remain in one key. Changing from one key to another in the same piece is called Modulation. A tune may modulate through many keys. G is the same pitch in all keys, although it is Sol in the key of C, and Do in the key of G.

When a degree that has been sharped is to be changed back to natural, a Natutal (♮) is placed upon it.

No. 36.



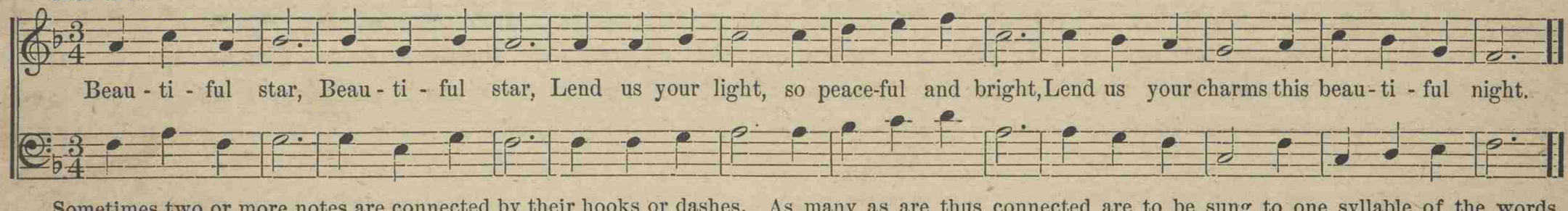

Some-times we tire of home, Then we let our foot-steps roam; But too soon we all find out There 's no place like home.

Midway between B and A, counting downwards, there is a pitch known as B-Flat. When B-flat is used instead of B, the other pitches being the same as those in the key of C, another new key is formed, in which F becomes Do, G becomes Re, A becomes Mi, B-flat becomes Fa, C becomes Sol, D becomes La and E becomes Ti. This is the key of F, and the signature is One Flat.

## THE STAFF, REPRESENTING THE KEY OF F.




No. 37.



Beau - ti - ful star, Beau - ti - ful star, Lend us your light, so peace-ful and bright, Lend us your charms this beau - ti - ful night.

Sometimes two or more notes are connected by their hooks or dashes. As many as are thus connected are to be sung to one syllable of the words. Sometimes the notes are connected by a Tie ( ) or Slur ( ), in which case the same rule for singing the words is applied.

No. 38.



Come, ye thankful peo - ple, come! Raise the song of har-vest-home; All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin.

## MODULATION FROM C TO F AND BACK TO C.

No. 39.




Now together we be-gin in C, Then we mod - u - late to this new key; But we 'll hurry back to our old home, For too far away we must not roam.

The pitch between C and D is called C-sharp. When C-sharp is used instead of C, along with the other pitches belonging to the key of G, a new key is formed, having Two Sharps for a signature, called the key of D.

## THE STAFF REPRESENTING THE KEY OF D.




As a dot adds one half to the length of a note or rest, a dotted quarter note is as long as three eighth notes, and a dotted quarter rest is as long as three eighth rests. Thus 𝅗𝅥. equals 𝅘𝅥𝅮 𝅘𝅥𝅮 𝅘𝅥𝅮 and 𝄽 . equals 𝄾 𝄾 𝄾.

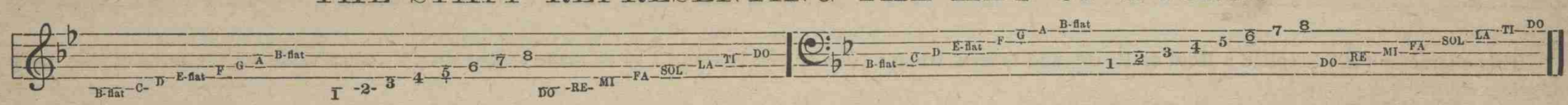
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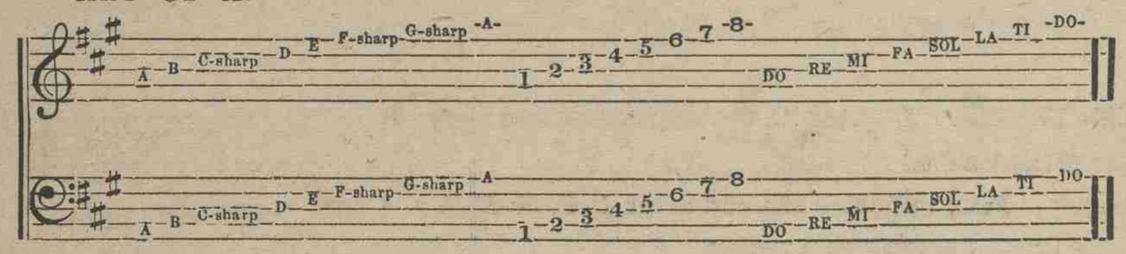
Now these dot - ted quar - ter notes We all must learn to sing, Look out for rests that fol - low, Then make the wel - kin ring.

The pitch between E and D, counting downward, is called E-flat. When this pitch is used instead of E, together with the others that go to make up the key of F, the key of B-flat is the result. The signature of the key of B-flat is Two Flats.

## THE STAFF REPRESENTING THE KEY OF B-FLAT.




KEY OF A.




KEY OF E-FLAT.




KEY OF E.



do re mi fa sol la ti do

KEY OF A-FLAT.



do re mi fa sol la ti do

KEY OF B.




KEY OF D-FLAT.




KEY OF F-SHARP.




KEY OF G-FLAT.




This character ( 𝄐 ) is called a Hold or Pause, and is used when a tone or rest is wanted to be made longer than the time value of the note or rest over or under which it is placed.

Dots to the left of the broad bar ( 𝄇 ) indicate that the preceding passage is to be repeated. When only a part of the passage is to be repeated two rows of dots are used, thus: ( 𝄆 )

A note half as long as an eighth note is called a Sixteenth note, and is made thus: 𝅘𝅥𝅯. A sixteenth rest is represented thus: 𝄿

A sixteenth note frequently follows a dotted eighth note, the two making up the time of one beat.

D.C. means return to the beginning. D.S. means return to the sign ( 𝄋 ). FINE indicates the end after *D.C.* or *D.S.*

The figures 1 and 2, or 1ST time and 2ND time, have reference to the first and second ending in a repeat.

No. 41.

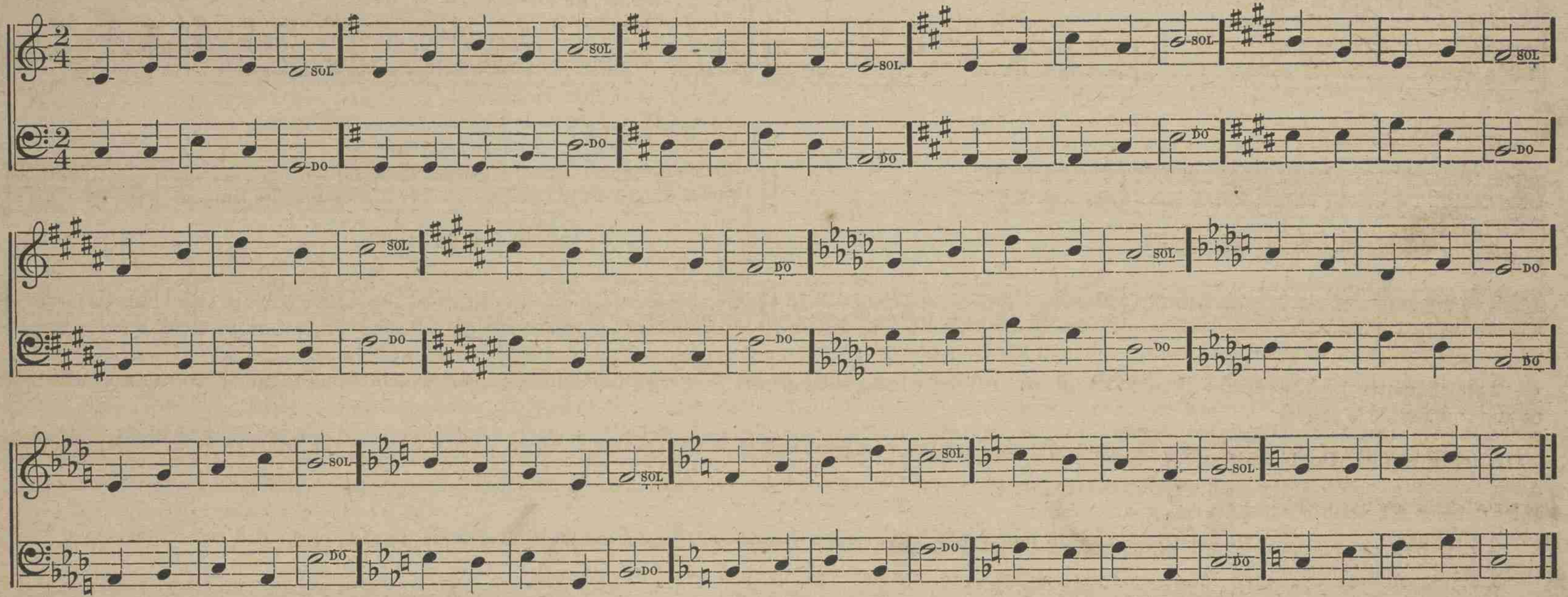



{ Come, Thou fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; } Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net,
{ Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. } Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove.

D.C. *Praise the mount, I 'm fixed up - on it, Mount of Thy re - deem-ing love.*

The following exercise is a modulation through all the keys, and should be sung from beginning to end, slowly at first and then faster. Use syllables and la. It should be noticed that the keys of F-sharp and G-flat have the same pitches, but different names and different representations. Changing the representation without changing the pitch is called an Enharmonic Change.

No. 42.




A measure producing six beats, the first of which is a primary accented one, the second and third unaccented, the fourth a secondary accented one, the fifth and sixth unaccented, is called Sextuple Measure. The counts are ONE, two, three, *four*, five, six; the beats of the hand are DOWN, left, left, *right*, up, up. The measure signature with the quarter for beat-note is $\frac{6}{4}$. To fill the measure with one note will require a Dotted Whole Note.

No. 43.



# POWERS, STYLES OF SINGING AND PLAYING, MOVEMENT, ETC.

Mezzo, pronounced *māt″-sō*, abbreviated *m*,—a medium power.
Piano, " *pi-ä″-no*, " *p*,—a soft "
Pianissimo " *pi-än-ē″-sē-mō*, " *pp*,—a very soft "
Forte, " *fōr″-tā*, " *f*,—a loud "
Fortissimo, " *fōr-tēs″-sē-mō*, " *ff*,—a very loud "
Crescendo, " *crĕs-shān″-do*, " *cres*,—an increasing "
Diminuendo," *dĭm-ĭn-ōō-ān″dō*, " *dim*,—a diminishing"
Swell, ( < > ) increasing and diminishing "
Lĕ-gä″-tō, ( ⌒ ) very smooth and closely connected.
Stäc-cä″-to, ( ' ' ' ' ) short; detatched; disconnected.
Sem-i-staccato, ( . . . . ) not quite so disconnected as staccato.
Mär-cä″-to, strongly marked; accented.

Tempo, pronounced *tām″-po*,—Time; movement of a piece.
Mod-ĕ-rä″-to,—medium or moderate movement.
Allegro, pronounced *äl-lā″-grō*,—fast movement.
Allegretto, " *äl-lĕ-grā″-to*, not quite so fast as allegro.
Presto, " *prās″-to*, very fast movement.
An-dän″-tĕ, a slow movement.
An-dän-ti″-nō, (tē″), not quite so slow as andante.
A-dä″-gio, (jo), a very slow movement.
Ac-cĕl-e-rän″-do, (tchĕl-ā), accelerating the time.
Ri-tär-dän″-do, (rē) abbreviated *rit.*, slacking the time.
Räl-len-tän″-do, gradually slower and softer.

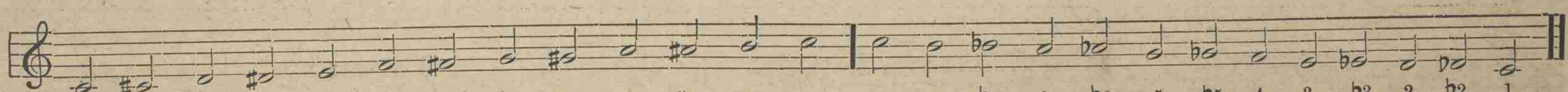
The difference of pitch between any two tones, is called an Interval. In the regular succession of the tones of the scale there are two kinds of intervals, the larger, called Steps, and the smaller, called Half-Steps. The intervals of the scale we have learned are as follows: From One to Two, a step; Two to Three, a step; Three to Four, a half-step; Four to Five, a step; Five to six, a step; Six to Seven, a step; Seven to Eight, a half-step.

This is the Diatonic Major Scale, and the tones are called Diatonic Tones. Between those diatonic tones which form the interval of a step there is an intermediate tone. These intermediate tones (five in number,) are called Chromatic Tones, and the scale composed of the diatonic and chromatic tones, is called the Chromatic Scale. The chromatic tones are represented by the same degrees which represent the diatonic tones, but modified by Sharps (♯), Flats (♭), Naturals (♮), Double Sharps (𝄪), and Double Flats (𝄫). These characters when used anywhere except in the signature, are called Accidentals. An accidental effects but one staff, and the rule should be one part of the music only, and continues its significance throughout the measure in which it occurs, unless changed by another accidental.

A chromatic tone is either a half-step lower or a half-step higher than the diatonic tone from which it derives its name, hence all accidentals mean a half-step higher or a half-step lower.

Which accidental is to be used depends upon the previous condition of the degree to be changed. A natural degree is changed to mean a half-step higher by a ♯; a sharped degree to a half-step higher by a 𝄪; a flatted degree to a half-step higher by a ♮; a double flatted degree to a half-step higher by a 𝄫♭. A natural degree is changed to mean a half-step lower by a ♭; a flatted degree by a 𝄫; a sharped degree by a ♮, and a double sharped degree by a 𝄪♯.

CHROMATIC SCALE, ASCENDING.




CHROMATIC SCALE, DESCENDING.

**No. 44.**

Sing slowly syllables, la, and words.




**No. 45.**




A group of three equal notes performed in the time of two of the same denomination ( in the time of ) is a Triplet. The figure 3 is generally placed over or under the notes to indicate the triplet. This is true of the measures (Simple measures) so far learned. If the triplets are continued throughout the tune, the beat note is the time value of a triplet ( or or ). In such cases the measure is called a Compound Measure, and the figure 3 is not used to indicate the triplet movement.

The Compound measures are the same as the Simple measures as to the number of beats produced, the counting and beating time, accent, etc. The only difference is the triplet movement or rhythm.

The usual sign for Compound Double measure is $\frac{6}{8}$, meaning that each measure must contain the time-value of six eighths.

The usual signs for Compound Triple and Compound Quadruple measures are $\frac{9}{8}$ and $\frac{12}{8}$. Like the signs for the simple measures, these signs could easily be omitted. We only need to look at a measure of printed music, or hear a measure of real music to know the kind of measure. The sign can be of no use except to the most elementary student.

When a tone commences on an unaccented beat of a measure, and is continued on an accented beat, the accent is transposed; such a tone is called a Syncopated Tone, and the note representing it is a Syncopated Note.

**No. 46.**

S. WEBBE.



For simpler exercises, see those pieces in the various departments of the book containing syncopated notes.

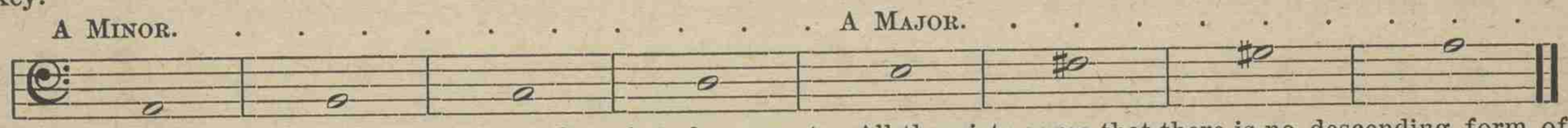
**No. 47.**

Sing this and notice that the pitch A, syllable la, makes a perfect ending; also that the music is of a sad character.




Whatever pitch makes a perfect ending, becomes tonic, or key-tone. In the above exercise the pitch A, makes a perfect ending; hence the exercise is in the key of A, but it is without the F-sharp and C-sharp that are necessary to make the key of A, already learned. That was the key of A MAJOR; this is the key of A MINOR. Major keys are bright and cheerful; minor keys are sad and serious. The key of A Minor has the same pitches as the key of C Major, except that it has G-sharp instead of G. These two keys have so many tones in common, and follow each other so pleasantly, that they are called Related Keys. A Minor is the *Relative Minor* of C Major, and C Major is the *Relative Major* of A Minor.

The signatures of all minor keys are the same as their relative major keys. In major keys Do is always key-tone or tonic; in minor keys La is always key-tone or tonic. Sometimes the sixth tone of the minor scale is sharped, forming what is usually called the MELODIC MINOR SCALE; but there is only one real minor key, and one minor scale—the HARMONIC MINOR SCALE, as used in exercise No. 47. The so-called Melodic Minor begins in a minor key and modulates to a major key.




This theory of the Melodic Minor scale is new, but we believe it to be correct. All theorists agree that there is no descending form of this scale, while the descending form of the harmonic minor scale is the same as the ascending. The harmony of the Melodic Minor usually ends in Minor, but we hardly think it should be thought of as a seperate and distinct scale.

**No. 48.**

Modulation through all the Major and their *Relative Minor* keys. Practice very slowly at first.






*Note to Teachers.*—The next department contains easy and pretty pieces, progressively arranged, for class and home practice. Many of the selections will also prove useful for concerts, and the educational value of good concerts can not be over estimated. Let some of the pieces be sung by the full school, others by a quartet or double quartet. Other pieces will be better with three voices for each of the outside parts and two voices for each of the inside parts; others should be sung as quartets in the first part, with a semi-chorus for the Refrain or Chorus, and some will be good with a double quartet or semi-chorus in the first part, and the full chorus for the Refrain or Chorus. In a concert program, variety of volume and quality of voices, as well as variety of compositions, should be kept in view; and remember also that a simple piece well sung is always more pleasing to an audience than a mere attempt at a more difficult one. It has also more real artistic value. Intelligent people do not need to be amused at a concert;—their enjoyment of good music is much higher than that; but the singers must be thoroughly familiar with the music, and sing it both fluently and with good and varied expression, before they can really please an audience, Let all the singing be done for the love of good music and with a desire to please, rather than for show. Finally, think of music as a precious gift; use it rightly, and do not fail to thank the Giver.

## Rest Beyond.

1. This is not my place of rest- ing, Mine's a cit - y yet to come; On-ward to it I am hast-ing, On to my e - ter- nal home.
2. There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us, By the streams of life a - long; On the fresh- est pas-ture feeds us, Turns our sigh-ing in - to song.
3. Soon we'll pass this des - ert drear- y, Soon we'll bid fare- well to pain; Nev- er more be sad and wea- ry, Nev - er, nev - er sin a- gain.

## Travis.

Miss LILLIE BEAN.

1. Gra- cious Spir - it, Love Di- vine! Let Thy light with- in me shine; All my guilt- y fears re- move, Fill me with Thy heavenly love.
2. Speak Thy pard'ning grace to me, Set the burden'd sin - ner free; Lead me to the Lamb of God, Wash me in His pre-cious blood.
3. Life and peace to me im - part, Seal sal - va - tion on my heart; Breathe Thyself in - to my breast, Ear- nest of im- mor - tal rest.
4. Let me nev - er from Thee stray, Keep me in the nar- row way; Fill my soul with joy di - vine; Keep me, Lord, for - ev - er Thine.

## Rollin.

J E. MORSE, by per.

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo- ple, come, Raise the song of har- vest home; All is safe - ly gathered in, Ere the win- ter storms be- gin.
2. God our Mak- er doth pro- vide For our wants to be sup- plied; Come to His own tem- ple, come, Raise the song of har- vest home.
3. We our-selves are God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield, Wheat and tares to- geth- er sown, Un - to joy or sor- row grown.

## Praise to Thee.

ISAAC T. PAGE, by per.

1. Praise to Thee, our great Cre - a - tor, Praise to Thee from ev - 'ry tongue; Join, my soul, with ev - 'ry crea- ture, Join the u - ni - ver - sal song.
2. Fa- ther, source of all com-pass- ion, Pure un-bound-ed grace is thine; Hail the God of our sal - va- tion! Praise Him for His love di-vine.
3. For ten thous-and bless-ings giv - en, For the hope of fut- ure joy, Sound His praise thro' earth and heaven, Sound Je - ho- vah's praise on high!
4. Joy - ful - ly on earth a-dore Him, Till in heav'n our song we raise; There en- rap-tured, fall be- fore Him, Lost in won - der, love and praise.

## Lynchburg.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless- ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of mercy, nev - er ceas- ing, Call for songs of loud- est praise.
2. Here I'll raise my Eb - en - ez - er, Hith - er by Thy help, I'm come, And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
3. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be! Let Thy goodness like a fet - ter, Bind my wandering heart to Thee!

Teach me some me - lo- dious son- net, Sung by flam- ing tongues a-bove; Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—Mount of Thy re - deem-ing love.
Je - sus sought me when a stran- ger, Wandering from the fold of God, He to res- cue me from dan-ger, In - terposed His pre-cious blood.
Prone to wan- der, Lord, I feel it—Prone to leave the God I love, Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.

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## The Shadow of Thy Wing.

C. B. GATTIS.

1. Sav - iour, let Thy love for me Keep me ev - er near to Thee; Here I fear no e - vil thing, In the shad-ow of Thy wing.
2. When the storms of care and doubt Toss my wea - ry soul a - bout, Then I flee for shel-ter - ing To the shad-ow of Thy wing.

## Twilight.

CHAS. L. SHAW.

*Andantino.*

1. Evening star in beau - ty shin- ing, O'er the earth when all is still: Hap-py thoughts of friends depart- ed, Now my wea - ry spir - it fill.
2. I have fan- cied in thy lus - ter, I could see their beaming eyes, Looking on me from the por- tals Of a world be- yond the skies.

## Music Every Where.

J. F. KING.

*m Cheerfully.* *cres.* *f* *m*

1. Mu - sic in the spring time, Wak - ing up the flowers, Mu - sic in the green leaves, Mu - sic in the
2. Mu - sic in the rain - drops, Fall - ing with the night, Mu - sic in the young birds, When the day is

*m* *cres.* *f* *m*

bowers, (yes) Mu - sic in the cot - tage, Mu - sic on the lea, Mu - sic in the south wind, Mu - sic o'er the sea.
bright, (yes) Mu - sic in the crick - et, Chirp - ing loud and clear, Mu - sic in the spring time, Mu - sic all the year.

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## Waco.

1. There is a cit - y fair and bright, That eye hath nev - er seen, Where ev - er dwell - eth pure de - light, And heav'nly peace se - rene.
2. High walls of pre-cious gems and gold, Se - cure from ev - 'ry ill; Un-heard of bliss and joys un - told, With - in its bor- ders dwell.
3. A - mong the man - y man-sions there, Oh! is there one for me? Dear Lord, an hum - ble place pre- pare, That I may dwell with Thee.

## Away O'er the Sea.

R. H. TAYLOR.

1. A - way o'er the sea, So fresh and so free! With spir- its in mo-tion, As brisk as the o-cean, So fresh and so free, A-way o'er the sea.
2. A - far on the sea, How hap - py are we! A - way from life's hur - ry, Its bus - tle and worry! How happy are we, A-far on the sea!

## Mother, Childhood, Friends and Home.

A. J. S.

1. Twin'd with ev - 'ry earth- ly tie, Mem'ries sweet that can - not die, Breathing still wher - e'er we roam, Mother, childhood, friends and home.
2. Oth - er climes may charm a - while, Oth - er eyes in beau - ty smile, Yet we mur-mur as we roam, Mother, childhood, friends and home.

Green the gar- den where we play'd; Dear the old fa - mil - iar shade; In our dreams how oft they come. Moth-er, childhood, friends and home.
All of joy we fond - ly prize; Twin'd with all our fond- est ties; Sa- cred still wher - e'er we roam, Moth-er, childhood, friends and home.

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## Evening at Home.

A. J. S.

1. Evening at home, evening at home, What seems so sweet when afar we must roam, What seems so joyful when hither we come? Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
2. Cheerful and bright, cheerful and bright, From the warm hearth glows the ruddy firelight, Shining far out in the dark gloomy night, Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
3. Dear ones are there, dear ones are there, Joy and contentment beam out ev'rywhere, Banish'd is each tho't of sadness and care, Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

## If I were a Sunbeam.

A. J. S.

1. If I were a sun-beam, I know what I would do, I'd go in - to the hov- els, All dark with want and woe, All dark with want and woe.
2. Steal-ing in among them, The brightest light I'd shed, Un-til each wea-ry suff'rer, With new hopes raised his head, With new hopes raised his head.
3. And while all looked upward, I there would shine and shine, Until all tho't of heaven, Their own sweet home and mine, Their own sweet home and mine.

## The Birds and Flowers.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. We love the ti - ny birds that sing, Sweet songs of praise to God; Their ma - tins thro' the wild-wood ring, And e - cho all around.
2. We love the flow'rs in dell and field, In gar - den and in mead; In sum- mer they sweet fragrance yield, Tho' quick a - way they speed
3. We think that Je - sus loves them too, And bids them tell His love; Their mes - sa - ges are bright and new, And guide our tho'ts a-bove.

CHORUS.

We love (we love) the birds and flow'rs, With ge - nial air they come; Give back the hap - py, gold - en hours, And sweet-ly speak of home.

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## Gentle Smiles.

1. The sweet young flow'rs of ear - ly spring, Are beau - ti - ful to me; And bright the ma - ny stars that shine, Up - on the calm blue sea;
2. But gen - tle smiles and lov-ing hearts, And hands to clasp my own, Are bet - ter than the brightest flow'rs, Or stars that ev - er shone.
3. The sun may warm the grass to life, The dews the drooping flow'r, And eyes grow bright and watch the light, Of autumn's opening hour;
4. But gen - tle smiles of ten - der-ness, And smiles we know are true, Are warm-er than the sum-mer time, And brighter than the dew.

## Gathering Seed.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

CHORUS.

1. { Out on the highways, wher-ev - er you go, Seed we must gath - er, and seed we must sow;
   E - ven the ti - ni - est seed has a pow'r, Be it a this - tle or be it a flow'r. }
2. { Out of each moment some good we ob - tain, Something to win - now and scat - ter a - gain;
   All that we lis - ten to, all that we read, All that we think of is gath - er - ing seed. }

That which we gath-er is that which we sow,

3. { Gath-er - ing seed we must scat-ter as well; God will watch o - ver the place where it fell;
   On - ly the gain of the har-vest is ours; Shall we plant net- tles, or shall we plant flow'rs? }

That which we gath-er is that which we sow,

Seed-time and har-vest al - ter-nate - ly flow; When we have fin-ish'd with time 'twill be known How we have gathered and how we have sown.

Seed-time and har-vest al - ter-nate - ly flow; When we have fin-ish'd with time 'twill be known How we have gathered and how we have sown.

## Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.

A. J. S.

1. Flow gent-ly sweet, Af- ton among the green braes, Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise, Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise.
2. Thy crys-tal stream, Afton, how love- ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my Ma- ry re-sides, And winds by the cot where my Mary resides.
3. My Ma-ry's a- sleep by thy murmuring stream; Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dreams, Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dreams.

## Sweet Sabbath Eve.

A. J. S.

*pp* *p* *cres.* *dim.* *m* *ral - len - tan - do.*

1. Sweet Sabbath eve, bright is thy smile, Lin-ger to cheer us a - while; Sweet Sabbath eve, beau-ti - ful ray, Fade not so quickly a - way.
2. Sweet Sabbath eve, hallowed and blest, Bringing the weary one rest; Lin- ger a-while, beau-ti - ful ray, Fade not so quickly a - way.
3. Sweet Sabbath eve, bear on thy wing, Upward the praises we sing; Faint-er thy voice, fad- ed thy hue, Gent- ly we bid thee a - dieu.

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## The Dying Boy.

E. ROBERTS, by per.

1. Take me in your arms, my moth-er, Lean my head up - on your breast, In this world there is no oth - er I can fly un - to for rest.
2. They are drawing near- er, moth-er, Sing- ing their sweet heavenly song, Cease your weeping—you'll soon join me; Only wait—it won't be long.

Sing some soothing song, dear mother, Lay your hand up- on my brow; Soon we'll part from one an-oth- er—Hark! I hear the an - gels now.
See them beckoning, yonder, mother, Clad in robes of spot-less white, They are call- ing to your darling: Kiss, me, moth-er—now good-night.

# The Dear Ones at Home.



1. I sit in the twi - light at eve - ning, A - wait - ing the shad - ows to come, And see in the fire - light a
2. In fan - cy I see all my loved ones A - round the old hearth-stone at home, And long for the place which a -
3. We'll all soon be done with life's toil - ing, Its sor - row and sin will be o'er; Then bring us, O Fa - ther, to

CHORUS.

gleam - ing Sweet fa - ces of loved ones at home.
- waits me, No more from their pre - ence to roam.

O the dear ones at home! O the dear ones at home! How
heav - en, Where part - ings will come nev - er - more. O the dear ones at home! O the dear ones at home! How

*After last verse repeat chorus pp.*

fresh in my mem - 'ry to - night! God grant that no e - vil to them e'er be-fall, And bring us all home to His own fire-light.
fresh in my mem - 'ry to - night! God grant that no e - vil to them e'er be-fall, And bring us all home to His own fire-light.

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LAURA E. NEWELL

# Spring Time.

J. L. HALE.

1. The birds in the branches are sing - ing, The bees gai - ly hum by the flow'rs, All na - ture with mu - sic is
2. O then while the dew on the blos - soms Is spark - ling, like crys - tal, so bright, We'll sing with the birds as they
3. Our Fa - ther in heav - en so gra - cious, Is send - ing these bless-ings in love; Each gift comes to us from His
4. Then un - to our Fa - ther in heav - en, Who cares for the birds of the air, We of - fer a joy - ous ho-

CHORUS.

ring - ing, All hearts seem as hap - py as ours.
war - ble,— Our hearts filled with pur - est de - light.
Then sing, chil - dren, sing in your glad - ness, Be

boun - ty, Each day doth His good - ness still prove.
san - na, And thanks for His in - fi - nite care.
Then sing in your glad - ness, Be
Then sing, chil - dren, sing in your glad - ness, Be

mer - ry and joy - ous and gay, For noth - ing that sav - ors of sad - ness Is dim - ming the sun - light to - day.

mer - ry and joy - ous and gay, For noth - ing of sad - ness Is dim - ming the sun - light to - day.
For noth - ing that sav - ors of sad - ness

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# A Song of Summer-Time.



1. The win-ter winds are gone and the summer sunshine come, O mer- ry are our hearts on this gladsome day! We'll join in happy song as we
2. The nights were long and cold and the days were dark and drear When winter with his snow and his ice held sway; But all his frosts are gone and we've
3. We love the summer-time with its sunshine and its flow'rs, When all the tuneful woods lift to God their voice: We'll join in cheerful songs, as we

jour-ney to our home, Re - joic- ing in the light streaming on our way.
naught from him to fear, As mer- ri- ly we sing on this sum-mer day.
pass the happy hours, To Him whose gracious love makes all things rejoice.

REFRAIN.

Then sing, O sing to- day, Sing
Then sing, O sing to- day, Then sing, O sing to-day, Sing

of the joy- ous summer - time; When all is bright and gay, And na- ture sings her sweetest rhyme.
of the joy- ous summer-time, sweet summer-time! When all is bright and gay, when all is bright and gay, And na- ture sings her sweetest rhyme.

WHISTLING INTERLUDE. (*May be omitted.*)

*Play an octave higher than written.*

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# The Angels' Welcome Home.

J. A. BUTTERFIELD, by per.

TENOR.

1. How beau - ti - ful the world with its sun - shine and its flow'rs, How cheer - ful and sweet with its song - la- den bow'rs!
2. Oh, beau-teous are the stars, gen - tly whisp- 'ring from a - bove, Of Him who hath taught them sweet les- sons of love!
3. But by and by all these will like shad - ows flee a - way— The bird - song, the bloom,and the wild-wood,for aye,

BASS.

SOPRANO.

Yet 'mid its bloom and bright- ness no long - er would I roam, When I lis - ten to the an - gels, and their "wel-come
But bright- er gleams the light from yon heaven's e - ter - nal dome, When I lis - ten to the an - gels, and their "wel-come
But I will look be - yond, where sad chan - ges ne'er can come, And will lis - ten to the an - gels, and their "wel-come

ALTO.

home," wel - come, An - gels' wel - come home; Yes, 'mid its bloom and bright - ness no
Yes, bright - er gleams the light from yon
Wel- come, wel - come, joy - ous wel- come, An - gels' wel - come, wel - come home; Yes, I will look be - yond, where sad -

long - er would I roam, When I lis - ten to the an - gels and their "wel - come home."
heaven's e - ter - nal dome, When I lis - ten to the an - gels and their "wel - come home."
chan - ges ne'er can come, And will lis - ten to the an - gels and their "wel - come home."

# The Academy Bell.



1. The rich air is sweet with the breath of Sep- tem- ber, The Su- mach is stain-ing the hedg- es with red; Soft rests on the hill-slopes the
2. It sounds not in vain o - ver mountain and val - ley, That toc - sin which gathers the far- scattered clans: From playtime and leis - ure fleet-
3. They fly at its call, from soft, moth-er ca - ress - es; The boy will not tar - ry, the girl can - not wait; So the round head close-clipped and the
4. The path by the riv - er, where wil-lows are drooping, Is ra- diant with children, the long cit - y street, All bus - y with traf - fic, makes
5. God bless them, our dar-lings! God give them full meas-ure Of joy at the fountains of wis- dom and truth; We ten- der - ly view the en-

light we re - mem-ber, The glo - ry of days which so long a - go fled— When brown-cheeked and ruddy, Blithe-hearted and free, The
foot- ed they ral - ly, Brave lads and bright lass- es, o'er flow-ing with plans; From cro- quet and crick- et To blackboard and map, Is but
loose flow-ing tress- es To - geth-er flash out from the vine-trel-lised gate: And the house that was hold- en By rev - el su- preme, Is
room for their trooping, And rings to the rush of their beau- ti - ful feet, For the po - et and preacher, The man of af - fairs, And the
chantment of pleas-ure Which roy - al - ly lies on the days of their youth: For brown-cheeked and rud-dy, When children at home, That

summons to stud- y We answered with glee, Then list - en, oh! list- en once more to the swell Of the mas- ter- ful, mer-ry A - cad - e - my bell!
shooting a wick-et; No fear of mis- hap, O hark! how it ech-oes through dingle and dell, The joc-und, the earnest A - cad - e - my bell!
wrapped in the gold-en Fair peace of a dream, To sis - ters and mothers how sil - vern the swell Of the rest-bringing, easeful A - cad - e - my bell!
gen - tle home-teacher, O'er-burdened with cares, A - like, share a moment to wish- ing them well, Who speed when they hear the A - cad - e - my bell!
summons to stud- y Once called us to come; And voic- es de- part-ed we hear in the swell Of the nev - er - for - got-ten A - cad - e - my bell!

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# O Merry, When the Stars are Bright.

EDWIN MOORE.

1. O mer - ry, when the stars are bright, To sing as you pass a - long, Of things that are dreampt by night, To the
2. The boy on the rag - ing deep Laughs loud that the skies are clear; And the murd - 'rer turns in sleep, And
3. At night all our wrongs are right, All per - ils of life grow smoothe, Then why com - eth the fierce day - light, When

mo - tion of some old song. O mer - ry are the Christ - mas times, And mer - ry are the bel - fry's chimes, That
dreams that a par - don's near. Mer - ry are the Christmas times, Mer - ry are the bel - fry's chimes, That
fan - cy is bright as truth.

man e'er sings in his midnight rhymes, O mer - ry are the Christ - mas times, O mer - ry, mer - ry are the Christmas times.
O mer - ry are the Christmas times.

man e'er sings in his midnight rhymes, O mer - ry are the Christ - mas times, O mer - ry, mer - ry are the Christmas times.
O mer - ry are the Christmas times.

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# My Dear Childhood Home.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

QUARTET.

1. Many years have gone by since we parted With those of our dear childhood home, But the lov'd ones of old still we cherish, Though far, far away we may roam.
2. There we gather'd around the old hearthstone When day-light had faded away, And with fondest emotions of pleas-ure We sang at our work or our play.
3. There I sat by the side of my mother, And heard her sweet voice as she read From the book which her heart held most sacred: Her hand gently laid on my head.
4. Oh, those bright happy days, gone forever! No more shall my heart beat with joy, At the sights and the sounds of my childhood, With naught of life's cares to annoy.

CHORUS.

Oh, my dear childhood home! Oh, my dear childhood home! How I love to recall the dear faces of all, As we played round our dear childhood home, happy home.

# Lullaby.

HENRY SCHOELLER, by per.

*Gentle and flowing.*

1. Bye, ba - by, day is o - ver, Bees are drows - ing in the clo - ver;
2. Bye, ba - by, birds are sleep - ing, One by one the stars are peep- ing;
3. Bye, ba - by, moth - er holds thee, Lov - ing, ten - der care en - folds thee;

} Bye, ba - by, bye, Bye, ba - by, bye;

*Very slow and soft.*

Now the sun to bed is glid - ing, All the pret - ty flow'rs are hid - ing;
In the far - off sky they twink - le, While the cows come tink - le, tink - le;
An - gels in thy dreams ca - ress thee, Thro' the dark - ness guard and bless thee;

} Bye, ba - by, bye, Bye ba - by, bye.

# Sweet Summer's Gone Away.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. There's a pur - ple tint on the wood - land leaves, And the winds are up all day; There's a rust - ling heard in the
2. In the wrin - kled brook no ro - ses peep, And the bees no long - er stay; And the but - ter - flies have
3. On the brown- ing field the spi - der spins, Where the lambs no long - er play; And the crick - et now his
4. There are lov - ing arms for ba - by dear, Tho' the skies are chill and gray; And a co - sy home - nest

CHORUS.

yel - low sheaves, And it seems to sad - ly say:
gone to sleep, And the lo - cust trills all day.
"Sweet sum-mer's gone a - way," "Sweet sum-mer's gone a- way," "Sweet

chirp be - gins, And the quail is whist - ling gay.
all the year, And sweet kiss - es ev - 'ry day.
"Sweet sum- mer," "Sweet sum- mer," "Sweet sum-mer's gone a - way," "Sweet sum-mer's gone a- way,"

sum- mer's gone a - way;" "Sweet sum- mer's gone a - way," "Sweet sum-mer's gone a - way," "Sweet sum-mer's gone a - way."

sum- mer's gone a - way;" "Sweet sum- mer," "Sweet sum - mer," "Sweet sum- mer's gone a - way."
"Sweet sum- mer's gone a - way," "Sweet sum-mer's gone a - way,"

# Sailing and Singing.



*Joyfully.*

1. Our voic - es ring with song, As we're sail- ing o'er the sea; We light- ly bound a - long, As our good ship on-ward speeds. O our

2. The breez-es bear us on, And we all u - nite in song; We've left all care be- hind, On the sea new joys to find. O'er the

hearts are light and free, And we're happy as can be, As we're sail- ing o'er the deep blue sea.

CHORUS.

Tra la la la la la

bil-lows swift we glide, As we sail with wind and tide, And our voic- es ring with mer - ry song. O we sing, Tra la la la la la

la, Tra la la la la la la, O we sing our songs of mirth and glee, As we're sail- ing o'er the deep blue sea.

la, O we sing, Tra la la la la la la, O we sing our songs of mirth and glee, As we're sail- ing o'er the deep blue sea.

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R. A. GLENN, by per.

## Good-night.

N. M. MITCHELL.

QUARTET.

1. We now must sing our part-ing song, And bid each other good-night; We'll seek to reach our qui-et homes: Dear friends, we now bid you good-night.
2. Then let us sing our part-ing song, Perhaps we'll meet nev-ermore; Some one may go be-fore the morn To sing on that bright happy shore.

CHORUS.

Good-night, good-night, May we all meet again, good-night; Good-night, good-night, May we all meet again, good-night.
Come again, come again, good-night, Come again, come again, good-night.

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## Slumber, Dearest.

New arrangement by A. J. S.

1. { Slum-ber, dear - est, while a-bove thee, An-gel's eyes are bend - ing now, And their star - ry pin-ions wav - ing Light - ly fan thy pla - cid brow; } All is hush'd and still a-round thee, While my
2. { Deep - er now the midnight shad - ows Gath - er in the val - ley fair; Soft - ly thro' the lat - tice steal - ing Comes the cool re - fresh - ing air, } Till the ro - sy light of morn - ing Spangles

*Rallentando.*

lone - ly watch I keep; Thou art dream - ing, sweet - ly dream-ing, Sleep on, dar-ling, peaceful be thy sleep, Peaceful be thy sleep.
o'er the crys - tal deep; Till the birds their songs a - wak - en, Sleep on, dar-ling, peaceful be thy sleep, Peaceful be thy sleep.

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# CHOICE GLEES, CHORUSES AND FOUR-PART SONGS,

FOR

## CONCERTS, CONVENTIONS, NORMAL SCHOOLS AND MUSICAL SOCIETIES.

### Morning Sunbeams.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

SOLO. *Obligato.*

1. So you're pe- p-ing o'er the mountains, Bringing in au-oth-er day; Painting rainbows round the fountains; Making diamonds of the spray;
2. You have shone up-on the places Where my friends and kindred dwell; Looked in ma- ny happy fac- es I would love to see so well;
3. Speed you on and chase the darkness That the sky within enshrouds! Teach us how to catch the sunbeams, Tho' they struggle through the clouds;

* La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la la, la, la, la, la,

Kissing brows of smiling children That have just begun their play; Chasing shad-ows o'er the meadows; Spreading glad- ness all the way.
And I hope you've painted roses Where the lil - y did a - bide; Stayed the footsteps that were hast'ning To the dark and swelling tide.
How a- mid this world of sadness, Beams of love may gently shine; Till, un-brok - en by the shadows, We've a pu - rer light than thine.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la, la.

* Instead of la the chorus may sing the words. In either case it must be quite soft and semi-staccato.

# Daisy Dare.

EDWIN MOORE.

1. I've been dream - ing of a sum-mer long a - go, Dai - sy Dare, Dai - sy Dare, When the gold - en heart - ed dai - sies
2. I've been dream - ing of a sum-mer long a - go, Dai - sy Dare, Dai - sy Dare, I can see the blos- soms wav - ing
3. I've been dream - ing of a sum-mer long a - go, Dai - sy Dare, Dai - sy Dare, Ere the fleet - ing years had flaked your

were a- blow, Blithe and fair, blithe and fair. I twined a wreath for you, In the sun - light and the
to and fro In your hair, in your hair; I can see your laugh - ing eyes, I can hear your low re
locks with snow Un - a - ware, un - a - ware, But be - neath the au - tumn bough You are fair - er to me

dew And I crowned your eyes of blue, eyes of blue, Dai - sy Dare, Dai - sy Dare.
- plies; 'Tis a dream that nev - er dies, nev - er dies, Dai - sy Dare, Dai - sy Dare.
now, With the sil - ver on your brow, on your brow, Dai - sy Dare, Dai - sy Dare.

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# Hark! Merrily Sounds the Horn.



1. Hark! mer - ri - ly sounds the horn, Tra - ra! ra, ra! Bright, bright is the har - vest morn, Tra-
2. Wide, wide the glad ech - oes fly, Tra - ra! ra, ra! Clear, cool the fresh breeze sweeps by, Tra-
3. Swans sail - ing on crys - tal streams, Tra - ra! . . . . Tra - ra! Tra - ra! Snow white in bright morn - ing beams, Tra - ra! . . . .
4. Then on a cool au - tumn morn, Tra - ra! ra, ra! All list to the mer - ry horn, Tra-

ra! ra, ra! And for - es - ters, far in the woods, re - frain From la - bor to hear these glad
ra! ra, ra! And star - tled the deer in yon dark, green woods, Bound light - ly to deep and dark

. . . . Tra - ra! Tra - ra! Glide swift - er a - way, gaze on grove and sky, As ma - ny - voic'd ech - o comes
ra! ra, ra! And hush'd for a mo - ment all birds a - round, Re - spon - sive - ly sing to the

sounds a - gain, As loud re - sounds the mer - ry horn, Tra - ra! . . . Tra - ra! . . . Tra - ra! Tra - ra! Tra - ra!
sol - i - tudes, As loud re - sounds the mer - ry horn, Tra - ra! . . . Tra - ra! . . . Tra - ra! Tra - ra! Tra - ra!

danc - ing by, As loud re - sounds the mer - ry horn, Tra - ra! Tra - ra! Tra - ra! Tra - ra! Tra - ra!
fes - tive sound, As loud re - sounds the mer - ry horn, Tra - ra! Tra - ra! Tra - ra! Tra - ra! Tra - ra!

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Mrs. O. L. FLECK.

# Good-night, Kind Friends.

O. L. FLECK.

ALTO AND TENOR DUET.

Kind friends we come in glad - ness to-night, Cheer-ing your hearts with song a - gain; May sweet - est mu - sic

CHORUS.

charm and de-light, As now we sing our last re - frain. It's a pleas ant time we hope you've had, good -

- night, good - night, good - night, But we'll try once more to make you glad, Good - night, good - night, good - night. Good -

*Rit.* *Repeat p.*

- night, good-night, Good-night, good-night, good-night, Good-night, good-night, Now we bid you all good - night.
good-night, good-night, good-night, good-night,

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# The Forest.



1. Oh, the for - est, the beauti- ful pleasant for - est! In its shades I am filled with de- light, When the breez- es come rust- ling among the leaf - lets I re - call childhood's moments so bright, When I roamed through the beautiful pleasant for - est, Thro' the woodland so tall and so green, Tall and green, Till my glad heart was filled with the mer - ry sun - shine, Tru - ly sun- shine as bright as e'er seen, Ev - er seen.

2. And the trees in their beauti-ful garments sway - ing, Mur-mur mu- sic so dream-y and sweet, That I fain would lie down 'neath their pleasant shad - ows All the day I would dream at their feet, Watch the clouds sailing on in their flee- cy white- ness, And my brow by the soft breez-es fra - grance On the air all the bow- ers a- mong, When the rain-drops are patter-ing slow and soft - ly, On the lil - ies and blossoms so fanned, Breez-es fanned, While the wild birds are warb-ling their sweet-est mu - sic, In the for - est so state - ly and grand, Tall and grand.

3. In the for - est, the beauti- ful pleasant for - est! Where the stream ripples softly a - long, And the bright blooming flowers are shedding gay, Bright and gay, At the break of the beau- ti - ful gold - en morn - ing, Let me go to the for - est a - way, Far a-way.

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Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

# The Wooing.

R. A. KINZIE.

1. The air is full of song, love, 'Tis fra-grant with per - fume; The days are bright and long, love, The ros - es are in bloom;
2. The dear old homestead yon - der, Where I've to manhood grown, Is far too large and drea - ry To live in all a - lone;
3. Thro' all the years to come, love, my joy and pride shall be, To make the coun - try home, love, A par - a - dise for thee,

The brooks are full of mu - sic, They mur-mur as they go I've something sweet to tell you, I'll breathe it soft and low.
It lends the light and beau - ty That youth and love be - stow; It needs the gra-cious pres - ence, Of some-one that I know.

Thro' sun-shine, and thro' tem - pest, From morn till e - ven - tide, We'll share lifes joys and sor - rows, What - ev - er may be - tide.

CHORUS.

No spot is half so love - ly As this old farm to me; Then speak the word dear Ma - ry, That makes it home for thee.

No spot is half so love - ly As this old farm to me; Then speak the word dear Ma - ry, That makes it home for thee.

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# Softly the Daylight Faded.



1. Soft - ly the day- light fad - ed, Far in the dis- tant blue, Blend-ing its fad - ed glo - ry, Sweet with the twi- light's hue;
2. Far o'er the dis - tant hill - tops, Fad- ed the gold- en beams; Low- ly the breeze of even - ing, Chant- ed their mourn-ful strains;
3. Fair shone the light e - ter - nal, Sweet was the gold- en air, Pant- ed the wea - ry spir - it, Something of light to share;
4. Sad was the hour of part - ing, Bit - ter the tears we shed, Lay- ing her cold and si - lent, Down with the shrouded dead.

Far in the dis - tant por - tals, Opened a gold - en door, Sweet-ly the an - gels mu - sic, Came from that far - off shore.
Up thro' the shin- ing eth - er, Borne on the wings of light, Float-ed the spir - it on- ward, Home to the realms of light.

In - to the shin - ing por - tals, Clothed in her robes of white, Breathing the love e - ter - nal, Sings she her songs to - night.
Low, like a strain of mu - sic, O - ver the far - off sea, Christ, Thou hast call'd our lov'd one, Home to her rest in Thee.

*p* CHORUS.

Gently a voice came float - ing, O - ver the far - off sea, Borne on the wings of heav - en, Call-ing her home to Thee.
Gently a voice came float - ing, O - ver the far - off sea, Borne on the wings of heav - en, Call-ing her home to Thee.

From "The Conqueror," by per.

EBEN E. REXFORD, by per.

# Back to Mother.

L. M. EVILSIZER.

1. Back to your side, my moth- er we have come, Drawn by the love that yearned to see its own, And from the world we bring our trophies home, And
2. Oh, mother, crowned with sil-ver wide and far, Our paths have led us from the threshold-stone; But mem'ry tells us whereso - e'er we are, That
3. If an - y good our falt'ring hands have done To those who journeyed with us in the way—If an - y lasting honors we have won—Share
4. We would not grieve your faithful mother-heart, Nor make you blush to own us as your own; And so we pledge you in warm tears that start; May
5. And, moth - er, lov - ing moth-er let your kiss Rest like a bless- ing on each face to-night; Dearest and sweetest of re-wards it is— The

CHORUS.

of - fer them up - on the old hearth's stone.
tru - er moth - er, child has nev - er known.
them, my moth - er, with your sons to - day.

Back again dear moth-er to your side we come, Once a - gain we gath - er in the

you reap rich- ly where your hands have sown.
seal of love whose flame is al - ways bright!

Back to your side my moth - - - er we have
Back a-gain dear moth-er to your side we come, Once a - gain we gath- er in the

dear old home; Drawn by ties so lov - ing from the world we come, Nev - er - more to wan - der, nev - er - more to roam.

come, Drawn by love's ties, To our dear old home. . . . .
dear old home; Drawn by ties so lov - ing from the world we come, Nev - er - more to wan - der, nev - er - more to roam.

dear old home.

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# Come Away.

Mrs. W. B. WILLET. JENNIE CARPENTER FLECK.

Come a - way, a - way!

Come a - way, a - way, a - way!

1. Come where the flow-ers are bloom - ing, Come where the stream-lets are flow - ing,
2. Come to the green grassy mead - ows, Un - der the soft ma - ple shad - ows,

Come a - way, Come a- way!

Come where the breez - es are blow-ing, O - ver the flower-y lea: Come where the wild birds are sing - ing, Come where their music is
Come where the low drooping wil- lows Sway to the even-ing breeze: Come where the bright happy hours Pass swift-ly 'neath green shady

CHORUS. Come, come, come, come,

ring - ing, Come where in free-dom they're springing A- mong the green boughs of the trees. } Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
bow - ers, Fanned by zephyrs that float o-ver flow - ers, De-light- ful - ly fragrant and free. } Come, come, come, come,

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Come a - way, . . . . . a - way!

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Join us in our roam- ing, Come, come, come, come, Come a - way, a - way!

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Come, come, come, come,

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# The Absent.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

*Affetuoso.* QUARTET.

1. The ab - sent, un - for - got - ten, They come at e - ven - tide; The dear ones who have wander'd, The love - ly who have died;
2. We feel their mys - tic pres - ence, We hear, or seem to hear The mu - sic of their voi - ces In tones of love and cheer;
3. We deem not they are ab - sent, They seem to us so near, The friends whom we have cher-ish'd, Those, whom our hearts hold dear;

Each brow is bath'd in sun - light, And love-light in each eye, They come in all the beau - ty, They wore in days gone by.
The dis - tance that di - vides us, 'Tis then we half for - get, Nor heed how years have lin - ger'd, Since last we fond - ly met.

They come when fall the shad - ows, At qui - et e - ven - tide, The dear ones who have wan-der'd, The love - ly who have died.

CHORUS.

The ab - sent, un - for - got - ten, They come at e - ven - tide; The dear ones who have wan-der'd, The love - ly who have died.

The ab - sent, un - for - got - ten, They come at e - ven - tide; The dear ones who have wan-der'd, The love - ly who have died.

# On, Gallant Company.

*March time.*

German Melody. Arr. by HENRY SCHOELLER.

*ff*

1. On, gal - lant com - pa - ny, With measured step and glee, While cheer-ful songs resound, We 're hap - py, gay and free! Come with the wild-woods,

2. Left, right, and strict in time, Firm step, close up the line, For - ward, and naught shall stay Our hap - py, glorious way! Come with the wild-woods,

FINE. TENOR SOLO.

birds and flow'rs, Come! come! come! yes, come! Join with us now in songs of glee, And be from sorrow free, yes, free! Love, joy and

CHORUS. *pp*

birds and flow'rs, And laugh a - way the shin - ing hours; Join with us now in songs of glee, And be from sorrow free, yes, free! La, la, la, la,

come! Come! come! come! yes, come! Join with us now, yes come!

*D.C.*

mu - sic In - vite us on - ward, Our mer - ry com - pa-ny Wanders light and free, light and free, Tra, la, la, la, la!

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la!

From "EVERY DAY SONGS," by per.

# The Sleigh Ride. Waltz Song.

J. F. KING.

SOLO. *May be sung by all the Sopranos.*

1. A- way we go o'er the fleec - y snow, When moon- beams spar - kle round; Our hearts keep time to the
2. With laugh and song we will glide a - long, A - cross the glist - 'ning snow,— With friends be - side we will
3. Our hearts are light on this joy - ous night, Come join our hap - py throng; We soft - ly go o - ver

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

CHORUS.

mu - sic's chime, As mer - ri - ly on we bound.
gai - ly ride, The beau- ti - ful track be - low.
ice and snow, And mer - ri - ly join in song.

As mer - ri - ly on we bound, As mer - ri - ly

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

la, la, la, la, la,

As mer - ri - ly on we bound, we bound, As mer - ri - ly

on we bound; Our hearts keep time to the mu - sic's chime, As mer - ri - ly on we bound.

on we bound, we bound; Our hearts keep time to the mu - sic's chime, As mer - ri - ly on we bound, we bound.

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# Sleighing Glee.

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO.

1. O hear the mer - ry sleigh-bells chime,
2. We cut the air with bright-'ning eye,
3. The white-robed fields are fly - ing past,

Hurrah! hur-rah! hur - rah!

O ar'nt we hav- ing a jol - ly time?
'Mid furs and wrappings the cold de - fy,
The shad - ows on - ly a mo - ment last,

*Inst.*

Hur - rah! hur-rah! hur - rah!

CHORUS.

Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah!

The bus - y fa - ries worked all night, To spread a car - pet so
Jack Frost him - self, we will out - strip, He play - ful - ly touch - es our

Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! The morn - ing sun laughs out with glee, And round us dan - ces so

1 2

clean and white.
cheek and lip.

O we'll all be gay, as o - ver the snow we glide. o - ver the snow we glide.

mer - ri - ly. O we'll all be gay, as o - ver the snow we glide. o - ver the snow we glide.

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# The Ivy Wall.

EDWIN MOORE.

1. There is a door in the i - vy wall That o - pens to-ward the west, (the west,) And the burn - ing rays of the
2. 'Twas sweet to walk by the i - vy wall, When the long day's toil was o'er, (was o'er,) Till I heard the sound of a
3. A row of hous - es showy and tall, Stands up where the i - vy grew, (ivy grew,) On the crumbling bricks of the

sun - set fall On the face I loved the best; (the best;) This is the pic - ture and long a - go I
soft foot - fall, And her hand un - closed the door; (the door;) The shad - ows trem - bled—the lights were red, And the
dear old wall— So the old gives place to new; (to new;) And the face— ah, well, 'Twas long a - go, And the

know that it passed a - way, (passed away,) But the green leaves shine and the old bricks glow In mem - 'rys light to -
world seemed miles a - way, (miles a-way,) And the i - vy whis - p'rings o - ver her head Still sing in my ears to -
world will claim its own; (claim its own;) But I dream my dream, and the red lights gleam As I go my way a -

- day, But the green leaves shine and the old bricks glow In mem - 'rys light to - day.
- day, And the i - vy whis - p'rings o - ver her head Still sing in my ears to - day.
- lone, But I dream my dream, and the red lights gleam As I go my way a - lone.

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# Gentle Spring.

DUET.

1. She is with us! she is with us! For I list her gentle sigh, And her mu - sic tones of gladness, Floating through the branches dry; Now the
2. Soft- ly trills the lit - tle sparrow Pick-ing seeds from out the sod; And the rob - in o'er me fly- ing, Lifts his an-them up to God; To the
3. Now the brooklet is un- fet-tered, Swollen by the melted snow, Shin-ing like a thread of sil - ver, Sing-ing through the vale below; To-kens
4. On the cot-tage eaves a-light-ing, Swallows in the sunlight sing, Fill- ing all the air a-bout me With their joyous twit-ter - ing; O'er the

CHORUS.
*Spirited.*

*rall.*

south wind lifts the car - pet, Spread beneath the for- est old, Wak-eth up the scent-ed vio- let From her bed of rich - est mould.
hol - low oak re - turn- eth, Yet a- gain the blue-bird bright; And the quail beside the hedges Runs and whistles with de - light.
of the hap - py spring-time, On the hill - side, by the brook; Em'rald grasses, vel - vet moss- es Smile from many a sun - ny nook.
deep blue up - per o - cean Lit- tle white-winged barges fly, Melt-ing out like fai - ry phantoms With the day god's burning eye.

} Joy and

glad - ness, joy and gladness, Joy and glad - ness, gentle spring, Joy and glad - ness, gentle spring, Thou dost wake in ev-'ry thing.
joy and gladness, joy and gladness, joy and gladness, gentle spring, joy and gladness, gentle spring,

# Farewell to Home.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Fare-well, dear na - tive hills, I must not tar - ry A - mid your pleasant scenes, for we must part; Fare-well, old hills, fare -
2. Fare-well, dear friends, fare - well, with tho'ts of sad - ness We look on fu - ture days and drop a tear; Fare-well, fare - well, strange

well, yet I shall car - ry, Where'er I go, your im - age on my heart, fare - well! How oft those heights as - cend - ing, with
word, yet tinged with glad - ness, When fond - est, sweet - est mem - 'ries clus - ter near, fare - well! To - day our paths must sev - er, no

step light and fleet, I've gazed on scenes of beau - ty with rap - ture sweet. Scenes of my child-hood, how can I leave you?
more here to meet, Home, friends and life com - pan - ions no more to greet. Friends of my child-hood, how can I leave you?

Home be - side the laughing brook, a co - sy nook; Love - light there burning, greets each re - turn-ing, Pleas-ant home-life, safe re - treat, all
Friend-ship here has more than name, to love lays claim, Tho'ts so en - dear-ing, oft will be cheer-ing, Warm em-brac-es, lov-ing hand-clasps,

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Sweet home, fare-
Dear friends, fare-

all, fare - well! Fare-well, sweet home, fare - well, I must not tar - ry A- mid your pleasant scenes, for we must part;
all, fare - well! Fare-well, dear friends, fare - well, with tho'ts of sad - ness, We look on fu - ture days and drop a tear;

well, . . . . . Sweet home, fare-well, . . . . . .
well, . . . . . Dear friends, farewell, . . . . . .

Home, sweet home, farewell, Home, sweet home, fare-well, Fare - well, Fare - well, Home, sweet home, farewell, fare - well.
Friends, dear friends, farewell, Friends, dear friends, farewell, Fare - well, Fare - well, Friends, dear friends, farewell, fare - well.

## Lightly On We Float.

S. S. TURLEY.

1. By the moonlight, pale and ten - der, On the sleep - y lake we float; Ev - 'ry breath of whisp'ring zeph-yr Light-ly rocks our lit - tle boat.
2. Ev - 'ry troubled thought is ban-ished, Ev -'ry care is laid at rest; Who can take the bliss of na- ture And not fill with joy his breast.
3. Float-ing with enchant-ed pleas-ure, Close be- side the moonlight shore, While the wa - ter's pla - cid bos - om Dimp-les to the drip-ping oar.

CHORUS.

Light-ly on the sleeping lake we float, Light-ly on, light - ly on; Light-ly on the sleep-ing lake we float, Light-ly on we float.

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# Off to the Fields.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

FOR THE CLOSE OF CONVENTIONS, CLASSES, SCHOOLS, ETC.

T. E. NYE.

FINE.

D.C. 1. Come, let us sing of bright va - ca - tion, Tasks and toils we 'll lay a - side; Now we are off where sweetest pleasures Beckon us on ev - 'ry side.

2. Glad-ly we wel-come hours of rest -ing, Feet are wea- ry, nerves un-strung; Stay not the tide of rest-less yearning, Haste away where all is young.

3. Glad-ly we hail the days of brightness; Long their light shall cheer our way; Strength for the future we 'll be gaining, While we sing vaca- tion day.

Off, then, off to the fields, Where nature laughs and knows no care; Out, then, out of the way! Ye tho'ts of labor, come not there! Faithful, we have been in work - ing, Du - ty mean - time nev - er shirk - ing, Dai - ly our rest

Faith - ful we 've been in our work - ing, Du - - ty mean-time nev - er shirk - ing, Dai - - ly our rest we 've been

Off, then, off to the fields, Where nature laughs and knows no care; Out, then, out of the way! Ye tho'ts of labor, come not there! Faithful, we have been in work - ing, Du - ty mean - time nev - er shirk - ing, Dai - ly our rest

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## Off to the Fields.—Concluded.

D.C.

we've been earn - ing, our mirth and song, Then come and join our mirth and song, our mirth, Come join our mirth and song.
earn - - ing, Then come and join our mirth and song.

we've been earn - ing, our mirth and song, Then come and join our mirth and song, our mirth, Come join our mirth and song.
our mirth and song.

## What a World This Might Be.

POPULAR GERMAN SONG.

1. Oh, what a world this might be, If hearts were al - ways kind, . . . If hearts were al - ways kind; If,
2. With love's own voice to guide us, Un- chang -ing - ly and fond, . . . Un- chang - ing - ly and fond; With

3. Oh, what a world this might be, More blest than that of yore, . . . More blest than that of yore; What

friend - ship, none would slight thee; If, love, no hearts would blight thee; And for-tune prove less blind, And for - tune prove less blind.
none to cold - ly chide us; With all we wish be - side us; And not a care be-yond, And not a care be - yond.

though the world should slight thee; Come, learn, and 't will re - quite thee, To love each oth - er more, To love each oth - er more.

# Beautiful River.

R. H. RANDALL.

QUARTET.

1. Beauti - ful riv - er flowing so calm - ly, Winding a-long in murmuring flow, . . Gliding for- ev - er on to the
2. Meadows and wood - land dotted with flow - ers, Fringing the banks with verdure so green; . . Sunbeams are play - ing, ripples are
3. Lil - ies are rest - ing deep in the shad - ows; Fringing the banks the daisies are seen; . . Shedding their sweet - ness, ros-es are

Beau-ti - ful riv - er flow-ing so calm- ly, Winding a-long in murmuring flow, Gliding forev - er,
Meadows and woodland dot-ted with flowers, Fringing the banks with verdure so green; Sunbeams are playing,
Lil -ies are rest -ing deep in the shadows; Fringing the banks the daisies are seen; Shedding their sweetness,

*p* *rit.* *pp* CHORUS. *f*

o - cean, Un- der the wil - lows bend-ing so low. . . . O beau- ti - ful riv - er, Now flow- ing so calm - ly,
danc - ing, Hap-py and gay as ev - er was seen. . . .
bloom - ing; Fair- ies shall crown thee, beau- ti - ful queen. . .

on to the o - cean, Un-der the wil - lows . . bending so low. O beau- ti - ful riv - er, Now flow-ing so calm - ly,
rip-ples are danc- ing, Hap-py and gay as . . . ev - er was seen.
ros- es are bloom-ing; Fairies shall crown thee, . . beau-ti-ful queen.

*p* *cres.* *dim.* *p* *rit.* *pp*

Still winding along In soft murmuring flow, Thus gliding for-ev - er On, on to the o - cean, Deep under the wil-lows, Low, bending so low.

Still winding along In soft murmuring flow, Thus gliding for-ev - er On, on to the o - cean, Deep under the wil-lows, Low, bending so low.

From "THE KEY-LETTER," by permission.

# The River.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

DUET. SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. My boat is floating light as air, Up - on the riv - er's breast; The sun is sinking low,so low, Out in the gold -en west.
2. I wait for thee,my love,my life! Oh, why so long de - lay? The shad-ows fall so long and wide A - cross the riv - er way.
3. A late bird singeth sweet and low Up - on the wil - low tree; Dost thou not hear,my beautiful? He stays to call for thee.
4. She com-eth not,I heard them say, A win - ter wind has blown From summer skies and home away To death,my love, my own.

CHORUS.

Float -ing,float - ing dream - i - ly, Float -ing,float - ing dream - i - ly, But the shin - ing riv - er Flow - eth toward the sea.

*Last verse.*

Float- ing, float - ing drear - i - ly, Float - ing,float - ing drear - i - ly, When, O wea - ry riv - er Wilt thou find the sea?

By per. of FILLMORE BROS.

Words by DEWITT C. COWDREY.

# The Happy Hours.

E. ROBERTS.

*Con spirito.*

CHORUS.

SOP. SOLO

1. The happy hours have pass'd away, Bright-wing'd with joy and pleasure; Before we part, with lightsome heart We'll sing a merry measure. Come one and
2. Dull care no longer lingers near, With mirth we 've sent him flying; And in his place, with glowing face, See friendship smiles undying.
3. With greetings warm we welcome all Who join our swelling chorus; And heart and hand united stand, While hope shines bright before us. Come, come,
4. Let mirth and music win our smiles, And set our pulses beating; Ring out the song full loud and strong That ends our happy meeting.

all, with full ac - cord, Come one and all, with full ac - cord, Join in our part-ing song,

come, come, come, come, O come, come away, Come, come, come, come, come, come, Yes come, quickly come,

*rit.* *a tempo.*

Join in our part - ing song. Our hearts are light, and here 's good-night, We 'll meet again ere long, Our hearts are light, and here 's good-night, We 'll

Our hearts are light, and here 's good-night,

*rit.* *a tempo.* *rit.*

meet again, We'll meet again, We'll meet again ere long. Our hearts are light, and here's good-night, We'll meet again, We'll meet again, We'll meet again ere long.

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# Night.

*Moderately.*

*p* 1st SOPRANO.

1. Soft - ly roam, gen - tle night; O'er the fields with dew im-pearled; Smile in tran - quil, star - ry light,

2d SOPRANO.

2. Pure and clear, calm, be - nign, See yon gold - en eve - ning star; Lord, is this a glance of thine,

ALTO.

SOLO. *mf*

On the si - lent, sleep - ing world! Sick-ness and sor - row hush them to rest; Bless us, and rock us

Dark - ness scat - t'ring near and far? Heav - en - ly splen - dor light us to rest; Fa - ther, dear Fa - ther,

*mf* TUTTI. *p* *f* *p*

in dreams on thy breast; Sick - ness and sor - row hush them to rest; Bless us, and rock us in dreams on thy breast.

keep us still blest; Heav - en - ly splen - dor, light us to rest; Fa - ther, hand ten - der, keep us still blest.

# 'T was on a Bank.

*Allegretto.*

ENGLISH GLEE.

1. 'T was on a bank of dais - ies sweet, A love - ly maid - en sighed; The lit - tle lambs played at her feet, While she in sor- row cried,

2. " Oh, mock me not, bold bird," she said, " And why, pray, tar - ry here? Dost thou be-moan some young-ling fled? Or hast thou lost thy dear?

3. " Sing on," she cried, "thou charming bird, Those dul- cet notes re - peat; No mu - sic e'er like thine was heard, So tru - ly sweet, sweet, sweet!

" Where is my love? Where can he stay?" When thus a black - bird sang, " Sweet, sweet, sweet, he will not stay!"
Dost thou la - ment his ab-sence? say." . . .
When thus a black-bird sang, " Sweet, sweet, sweet, he will not stay!"
Oh, that my love was here to - day!" Once more the black-bird sang, " Sweet, sweet, sweet, he comes this way!"

The air with mu-sic rang, "Sweet, sweet, sweet, he will not stay!" The air with music rang, with music rang, The air, the air with mu-sic rang.

The air with music rang, with music rang, "Sweet, sweet, sweet, he will not stay!" The air with music rang, The air, the air with mu - sic rang.

The air with music rang, with music rang, "Sweet, sweet, sweet, he comes this way!" The air with music rang, with music rang, The air with mu - sic rang.

## The Soldier's Farewell.

KINKEL.

*Andante.* *cres.* *dim.*

1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part - ing kiss I give thee; And then, what-e'er be - falls thee, I
2. Ne'er more can I be - hold thee, Or to my heart en - fold thee; With spear and pen - non glanc - ing, I
3. I think of thee with long - ing; Think thou, when tears are throng - ing, That with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll

go where du - ty calls me.
see the foe ad - vanc - ing.
whis - per soft when dy - ing,

*Cantabile.* *p* *rit.* *pp*

Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love, Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love.

# The Sunbeams are Glancing.

ROSSINI.

1. The sunbeams are glanc-ing, o'er for - est and mountain, The hill- tops are ting'd with the last fee - ble ray, Let 's dip in the
2. Let 's go to the peak where the last sun- beam lin - gers, And gaze on the day- god as calm - ly he sinks, The lau - rel we 'll

stream of the bright flow-ing fount- ain, And steal its sweet vio - lets and lil - ies a - way; The wild rose and myr - tle their soft leaves are
wreathe with our own fai - ry fin - gers And rob the night-shade of the dew that it drinks; Let 's go to the val - ley where darkness is

clos - ing, The cow - slip is catch-ing the dew in its bell, The ring-dove and thrush in their nests are re - pos - ing, And young leaves are
wreathing, And mock the cool stream as it mur-murs a - long, Let 's count the wild flow - ers whose o - dors are breathing, And make hill and

sigh- ing to day-light fare-well, To day - light farewell, to day - light fare-well, To day - light farewell, to day - light farewell.
val - ley re - ech - o our song, Re - ech - o our song, re - ech - o our song, Re - ech - o our song, re - ech - o our song.

# Good-Bye, Sweet Day!

QUARTET.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Good-bye, sweet day, good-bye! I have so loved thee, but I can - not hold thee; departing like a dream, the shad-ows fold thee; Slowly thy perfect beauty
2. Good-bye, sweet day, good-bye! Dear were thy golden hours of tran - quil splendor; Sadly thou yieldest to the even - ing ten-der, Who wast so fair from thy
3. Good-bye, sweet day, good-bye! Thy glow and charm, thy smiles and tones and glances, Vanish at last, and solemn night ad-van-ces. Ah! could'st thou a little
4. Good-bye, sweet day, good-bye! All thy rich gifts my grateful heart remembers; The while I watch, thy sunset's smold'ring embers Die in the west beneath the

CHORUS.

fades a - way; Good-bye, sweet day!
morn-ing ray; Good-bye, sweet day!

Good-bye, sweet day, good-bye! Fair an - gel from on high, Thy train of gold and sil - ver hue Has

lon - ger stay! Good-bye, sweet day!
twi-light gray; Good-bye, sweet day!

Good-bye, sweet day, good-bye! Fair an - gel from on high, Thy train of gold and sil - ver hue Has

donned the twi-light gray. Good-bye, sweet day, good-bye! The fair-ies hov'ring nigh, Shall smooth thy brow with gentle hands, And lead thy star-lit way.

donned the twi-light gray. Good-bye, sweet day, good-bye! The fair-ies hov'ring nigh, Shall smooth thy brow with gentle hands, And lead thy star-lit way.

From "WIDE AWAKE GLEE BOOK," by permission of Fillmore Bros.

# I am Dreaming.

FANNY J. CROSBY. QUARTET. MRS. MARY C. SEWARD.

1. I am dream - ing of a cottage, Half concealed beneath the shade, Where the rob - ins sweetly caroled, And the i - dle zephyr played;
2. I am dream - ing, fond-ly dreaming Of a blue - eyed maiden fair, With her cheek of mer-ry dimples And a step as light as air;

1. I am dreaming of a cot-tage, Half conceal'd beneath the shade, Where the robins sweetly caroled, And the i-dle zephyr played;
2. I am dreaming, fondly dreaming Of a blue-eyed maiden fair, With her cheek of merry dimples, And a step as light as air;

*p*

*cres.* *dim.*

And I weep, as o'er me stealing Comes an ech - o soft and low, From a lute whose chords were broken By the touch of long ago, By the touch of long ago.
But we laid her with the roses, Where a brook-let murmurs low, And my life's young love is sleeping, In the grave of long ago, In the grave of long ago.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, By the touch of long ago, By the touch of long ago.
In the grave of long ago, In the grave of long ago.

*p*

Still in pen - sive tho't I lin-ger, By that rus - tic cottage door, But the zeph - yr moans in pit- y, And the rob- in sings no more.

Still in pensive tho't I lin-ger, By that rus-tic cottage door, But the zephyr moans in pit -y, And the rob-in sings no more.

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# The Sweet Voice.

1. I dreamed that a - far I had wan-dered, And stood on a des - ert a - lone; A voice o'er my spir - it came steal - ing; How soft its
2. The cares of my life in a mo-ment Were lost in a thrill of de - light; The des - ert transformed to a gar - den, Where all was
3. That voice in my heart I will cher - ish, And, when I am sad and op - pressed, Its ech - o, per-haps in my slum-ber, Will calm my

CHORUS.

mag-i - cal tone! Sweet voice, sweet voice, sweet voice, sweet voice, Dear, loving voice! Where, where is the bliss it gave? Why is the vis - ion o'er?
love-ly and bright. Sweet voice, sweet voice,
sor-row to rest. Sweet voice, sweet voice, sweet voice, sweet voice, Dear, loving voice! Where, where is the bliss it gave? Why is the vis - ion o'er?
Sweet voice, . sweet voice, .
Sil-ver voice, sil-ver voice, That made my inmost soul re-joice! Oh, say, was it all a dream, Gone to re-turn no more?
Sweet voice, . . sweet voice, . .
Sil-ver voice, sil-ver voice, That made my inmost soul re-joice! Oh, say, was it all a dream, Gone to re-turn no more?

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# Happy Welcome to All.

R. C. FRAIM. JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. Wel-come, wel - come! glad - ly wel-come! To the sing-er's Ju - bi - lee, (wel-come all,) Here we meet with joy to greet you,
2. Wel-come, wel - come! sweet - ly wel-come! Songs of joy and beams of light, (wel-come all,) Gild the gold - en ties of friendship,
3. Wel-come, wel - come! sing - ing wel-come! Thanks we raise, O Lord, to Thee! (wel-come all,) Thou hast kind - ly, gent - ly led us,

Hap - py meet - ing may it be; May our hearts be o - ver - flow - ing, Full of joy - ous mel - o - dy;
Blend - ing all our hearts to - night; Sweet - ly may the strains of mu - sic, Fill our minds with thoughts sub - lime;
Brought us to our Ju - bi - lee. When we come to Jor - dan's riv - er, Gaz - ing on the oth er shore,

CHORUS.

Each to each our love be show - ing, 'Tis the sing - er's Ju - bi - lee.
Lift us high - er, make us pur - er, All our hearts in love com - bine.
May we find a heart - y wel - come, Wel - come where we'll part no more.

} Wel-come, wel - come, wel - come, yes,

welcome, Hap - py wel-come to all! (yes, to all!) Welcome, welcome, wel - come! yes, wel-come! Happy wel-come to all! (yes, to all!)

# O'er Hill and Plain.

*Allegro.*

1. O'er hill and plain, as breaks the day, We're gal - lop- ing, gal -lop - ing on; Though rich the fields with flow - ers gay, We're
2. Through vales where light with shad - ows play, We're gal - lop- ing, gal -lop - ing on; Where noon-day heat ne'er finds the way, We're
3. From morn till eve, as free as air, We're gal - lop- ing, gal -lop - ing on; With-out one thought of world - ly care, We're

gal - lop - ing, gal - lop - ing on; The dew - y breath of morn is sweet, As forth we haste the dawn to greet, We're
gal - lop - ing, gal - lop - ing on; With wide-spread branches o - ver - head, Where cool - ing streams our feet have led, We're
gal - lop - ing, gal - lop - ing on; Till set - ting sun shall sink so low That night her man - tle round us throw, We're

on, . . . . . .

gal - lop - ing, gal - lop - ing on, We're gal - lop - ing, gal - lop - ing on, We're gal - lop - ing, gal - lop - ing on, We're

. . . . . .

gal - lop - ing, gal - lop - ing on, We're gal - lop - ing, gal - lop - ing, gal - lop - ing, gal - lop - ing, gal - lop - ing, gal - lop - ing on.

*D.S.*

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# Come Home.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Come home, . . come home, . . . from o'er . . . . the sea! . . . We wait, . . . we sigh, . . . . we
2. To - night, . . when pass'd . . . the sun - - set hour, . . . And dews . . . fell soft, . . . on

1. Come home, come home from o'er the sea, Come home, come home from o'er the sea! We wait, we sigh, we pray for thee, We
2. To - night, when pass'd the sun - set hour, To-night, when pass'd the sun - set hour, And dews fell soft on grass and flow'r, And

pray . . . for thee; . . . In for - - eign climes . . no lon - - ger roam, . . . Our
grass . . . and flow'r, . . A wild - - - bird came . . and furl'd - - - her wing - - - On

wait, we sigh, we pray for thee; In for - eign climes no long - er roam, In for - eign climes no lon - ger roam, Our
dews fell soft on grass and flow'r, A wild bird came and furl'd her wing, A wild bird came and furl'd her wing On

hearts, . . all cry, . . . "Come home, . . . come home!" . . For twice her sheaf hath Au - tumn bound, The
thy . . . lone bow'r, . . her hymn . . . to sing, . . .

hearts all cry, "Come home,come home," "Our hearts all cry, "Come home, come home!" The earth was calm, the heavn's were fair, While
thy lone bow'r, her hymn to sing, On thy lone bow'r, her hymn to sing.

win - ter snow twice wrapp'd the ground, The Spring hath bloom'd, the summers shone In glorious robes, since thou art gone. A - gain . . the
We ask'd . . his

balm - y in - cense fill'd the air; All na - ture seem'd on bend - ed knee, And to her God we kneel'd for thee. A - gain the summer's
We ask'd his an - gel

sum - mer's even - ing breeze . . Comes mur - m'ring through . . the rust - ling trees, . . . Her
an - gel guard . . to keep . . . Thy way . . . a - cross . . . the roll - . ing deep, . . Thro'

even - ing breeze, A - gain the sum-mer's even - ing breeze Comes murm'ring thro' the rust - ling trees, Comes murm'ring thro' the rust - ling trees, Her
guard to keep, We ask'd his an - gel guard to keep Thy way a - cross the roll - ing deep, Thy way a - cross the roll - ing deep, Thro'

moon . . beams bright . . on spire . . . . and dome, . . And our . . . own roof, . . Come home, . . . come home!
bil - l'wy wilds, . . 'Mid surge . . . . and foam, . . To hold . . thee safe, . . Come home, . . . come home!

moon beams bright on spire and dome, Her moon beams bright on spire and dome, And our own roof. Come home, come home, come home!
bil - l'wy wilds, 'mid surge and foam, Thro' bil - l'wy wilds, 'mid surge and foam, To hold thee safe, Come home, come home, come home!

# O Hush Thee, my Babie.

WALTER SCOTT.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

*Allegretto.*

*p* 1. O hush thee, my ba - bie, thy sire was a knight, Thy moth - er a la - dy both gen - tle amd bright, both gen - tle and bright; The woods and the glens from the tow'rs which we see, They are all belong-ing, dear ba - bie, to thee.

*cres.* *dim.* that guard

*f* 2. O fear not the bu - gle, though loud - ly it blows, It calls but the ward - ers that guard thy re - pose, that guard thy re - pose, Their bows would be bend - ed, their blades would be red, Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

both

*p* 3. O hush thee, my ba - bie, the time soon will come, When thy sleep shall be broken by trum - pet and drum, by trum-pet and drum. (*Omit from here to the sign 𝄋: on next page.*)

thy re - pose,

*cres.*

gen - tle

Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy

They are all be - long - ing to

Ere the step of a foe - man draws

*f* *dim.* *pp*

thee, They are all be - long - ing, dear ba - bie, to thee. O hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my bed,

O hush . . . .

*pp* *p*

thee, near, Ere the step of a foe - man draws near to thy bed. O hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my

*pp*

O hush thee,

D.C. :S: *For the last stanza only.* *cres.*

ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie.
. . thee, my ba - - bie. Then hush thee, my dar-ling, take rest while you may, For strife . . . comes with

D.C.

ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie, Then hush thee, my dar-ling, take rest while you may, For strife comes with man-hood, and

D.C.

*dim.* *pp*

man - hood, For strife comes with man-hood, and wak - ing with day. O hush thee, my ba - bie, O

wak - ing with day, For strife comes with man-hood, and wak - ing with day. O hush thee my ba - bie, O

wak - ing with day. O hush thee,

*dim.* *pp* *rall.*

hush thee, my ba - bie O hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush . . . . thee, O hush thee, O hush thee, my ba - bie.
hush . . . . . thee, O hush . . . . . thee,

hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my babe, O hush thee, O hush thee, my ba - bie.

# Let the Hills and Vales Resound.

GEO. COOPER. BRINLEY RICHARDS.

Let the hills and vales resound, Ev'ry heart with rapture bound, Our flag doth fly 'neath freedom's sky, Wake now our song! Oh, bless our native land, Ever

Let the hills and vales resound, Ev'ry heart with rapture bound, Our flag doth fly 'neath freedom's sky, Wake now our song! Oh, bless our native land, Ever

free Colum-bia stand! And this our motto be While we march along, Sires of old, your fame is writ in gold; Your heritage we treasure, and your

free Colum-bia stand! And this our motto be While we march along, Sires of old, your fame is writ in gold; Your heritage we treasure, and your

man - dates heed. While time shall last, No stain shall e'er be cast, To dim the light that shines a-bove each pa - triot deed; Let the

man - dates heed. While time shall last, No stain shall e'er be cast, To dim the light that shines a-bove each pa - triot deed; The

hills and vales resound, Ev'ry heart with rapture bound, Our flag doth fly 'neath freedom's sky, Wake now our song! Oh, bless our native land, Ever free Columbia

hills and vales resound, Ev'ry heart with rapture bound, Our flag doth fly 'neath freedom's sky, Wake now our song! Oh, bless our native land, Ever free Columbia

stand! And this our motto be While we march a-long,

*pp*

Native land, dear home beneath thy star we stand, Our hearts for - e'er thy

Dear na-tive land, 'neath thy stars we stand, Ev-'ry heart for-ev - er thy

stand! And this our motto be While we march a-long.

Native land, dear home beneath thy star we stand, Our heart for - e'er thy

shield shall be, As in days of old, When first un- rolled, Flag of our nation, we march 'neath thee,

No land so sweet to the wand'rer's feet,

shield shall be, As in days of old, When first un-rolled, Flag of our nation, we march 'neath thee, Land of home, no home so sweet, to wand'rer's feet, peace

# Let the Hills and Vales Resound.—Concluded.

peace forever dwell on thy rock-bound strand; And thy sons be true, Fair flag to you, God's blessing fall on our own dear land. The hills and vales resound, Ev'ry

dwell for - ev - er on thy strand; And thy sons be true, Fair flag to you, God's blessing fall on our own dear land. The hills and vales resound, Ev'ry

heart with rapture bound, Our flag doth fly 'neath freedom's sky, Wake now our song! Oh, bless our native land, Ever free Columbia stand! And this our motto

heart with rapture bound, Our flag doth fly 'neath freedom's sky, Wake now our song! Oh, bless our native land, Ever free Columbia stand! And this our motto

beWhile we march a- long, The hills, the hills and vales resound with song, The hills and vales resound with song, resound with song.

beWhile we march a- long, The hills, the hills and vales resound with song, re-sound with song, re - sound with song.

# Anvil Chorus.

From the Opera of "IL TROVATORE," by VERDI.

*Full chorus in unison.*

*pp* 1. Hail to the morn of our proud nation's sto-ry, When Freedom her ban- ner o'er us un-folds! Shout for Co-lum - bia, in an-thems of glory, And loudly extol Him whose pow'r upholds.
2. Fling out your ban- ner from o - cean to o - cean, Let lib - er - ty triumph o'er land and sea! 8*va*. . Proud swells our bos - om with pur-est de- votion, Columbia our own native land to thee.

*f*

Hark to the roar! Is it weal, or woe, or warn-ing? Wild - ly the chimes ring, 'T is Freedom's na-tal morn - ing.

*anvils.*

1 *D.C.* 2

Ring, ring, Spread Co- lum-bia's fame, And joy and gladness, And joy and gladness, O'er all the land proclaim, claim.

# Montmorenci.*

J. C. JOHNSON.

J. H. TENNEY.

*Allegro.*

1. From yon - der cliff, . . . see the wa - ters are leap - ing, White as a bride . . . . to the riv - er be - low!
2. Pure from thy fount . . . . on the Lau - ren-tide mount - ains, Old - est of rocks . . . . that e're rose from the sea,

1. From yon-der cliff, see the wa - ters are leap - ing, White as a bride to the riv - er - be - low!
2. Pure from thy fount on the Lau - ren - tide mount-ains, Old - est of rocks that e'er rose from the sea,

And soft - ly yon boughs . . . on the hill - side are wav - ing, "Welcome, fair stream, . . . who art whit - er than snow!"
Soon dash-ing in glee . . . . from thy cliff, Mont-mo - ren - ci, Nev - er a riv - - - er more beau - te - ous could be!

And soft - ly yon boughs on the hill - side are wav - ing, "Wel-come, fair stream, who art whit - er than snow!"
Soon dash-ing in glee from thy cliff, Mont-mo-ren - ci, Nev - er a riv - er more beauteous could be!

Rush-ing and surging down, Swinging and dancing down, Rap-id - ly ceaseless - ly, all the bright day! All the brown cliffs around ech - o the tireless sound,

Rush-ing and surging down, Swinging and dancing down, Rap-id - ly ceaseless - ly, all the bright day! While all the breezes near catch at the spray in cheer,

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* The falls of Montmorenci are in a deep glen that extends back some little distance from the St. Lawrence river, four miles from Quebec. The cliff is more than two hundred feet high and a little sloping, so that the falls, fifty feet wide, are beaten into the whitest of foam, which extends from top to bottom. The cataract with the dark brown walls of the glen,—the green trees and bushes, with the constant rainbows in front of the falls, furnish a picture which once seen is never forgotten. The Laurentide hills or mountains, from which the Montmorenci comes, are, according to geologists, the very oldest on the continent.

Rainbows are crowning, are crowning thy spray! Gem of the North land! Pride of the shore! . . .

Fill it with I - ris-bows all the bright day! Rushing and surging down, climbing and leaping down, Sliding and dancing down, o - ver and o'er!

Mer - ri - ly glancing, a-down the cliffs dancing, The wa-ters are leaping for - ev -er and aye. Sing on this shin-ing strand, sing in this rainbow land;

Gem of the North land! Pride of the shore! . . . Fair Mont - mo - ren - ci,

Down in the val - ley we gaze at the sky: Hail the bright wa - ter gleam, Hail the fair mountain stream, Love-ly and clear glid - ing by.

Hail ev - er - more! . . . . Fair mont - mo - ren - ci! Love - ly and clear glid - ing by.

# Blow! Thou Winter Wind.

EDWIN MOORE.

1. Blow, blow, blow, blow thou winter wind, Thou art not so un - kind, not so un-kind, As man's in - grat - i - tude; Thy tooth is not so

2. Freeze, freeze, freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky, Thou dost not bite so nigh, not bite so nigh, As ben - e - fits for - got; Tho' thou the wa - ters

keen, Be-cause thou art not seen, Although thy breath be rude. Heigh-o, heigho, heigho, heigho, Hark! hark! the merry chime! Hurrah! for winter's

warp, Thy sting is not so sharp As friend re - mem-bered not. Heigh-o, heigho, heigho, heigho, Hark! hark! the merry chime! Hurrah! for winter's

ice and snow, The mer-ry win-ter time.

Heigh-o!

ice and snow, The merry win-ter time. Old Bo- reas blows a pip-ing, pip- ing blast, But what care we while the winter's pleasures last. Heigho! Heigh-

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Heigh-o! Heigh-o! Heigh-o! Heigh-o! I love the snow, the snow, When howling win-ter winds do blow, The mer-ry, mer-ry,

o! Heigho! Heigh-o! Heigh-o! Heigh-o! Heigh-o! I love the snow, the snow, When howling winter winds do blow, The mer-ry, mer-ry,

mer-ry win-ter time, The jol-ly, jol-ly, jol-ly win-ter time, ha-ha! The jol-ly,
The jol-ly old, jol-ly old, jol-ly old, jol-ly old, jol-ly old The jol-ly old, jol-ly old,

mer-ry win-ter time, The jol-ly, jol-ly, jol-ly win-ter time, ha-ha! The jol-ly,

jol-ly, jol-ly win-ter time, The jol-ly old win-ter time, The jol-ly old win-ter time, The mer-ry, mer-ry win-ter time.
jol-ly old, jol-ly old, jol-ly old

jol-ly, jol-ly win-ter time, The jol-ly old win-ter time, The jol-ly old win-ter time, The mer-ry, mer-ry win-ter time.

# Hail to our Beautiful Queen.

*Allegretto.*

S. S. TURLEY.

Hail, all hail, to our beau- ti - ful, beau-ti - ful queen! Hail, all hail, to our beau- ti - ful, beau - ti - ful queen! Hail, all hail!

SOLO OBLIGATO.

*mf*

Trip-ping so light - ly o'er mead-ow and plain, Sing -ing so sweet - ly the glad re- frain, Trip-ping so light - ly o'er meadow and

*mp*

la la la la la la la la, la la la la la la la la, la la la la la la

Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la

plain, Sing-ing so sweet- ly the glad re - frain.

FINE.

CHORUS.

Gold - en hours, like moments swift - ly pass - ing, With our queen in

la la, la la la la la la la.

la, Tra la la la.

Gold - en hours, like moments swift - ly pass - ing, With our queen in

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roy- al robes arrayed, Ev - ery heart is filled with joy and pleasure; Long live our fair and happy queen, Long live our queen, our fair and hap-py queen.

roy- al robes arrayed, Ev - ery heart is filled with joy and pleasure; Long live our fair and happy queen, Long live our queen, our fair and hap-py queen.

SOLO OBLIGATO.

Beau-ti - ful queen, queen of the May, Fair-est of all, bright as the day; Queen of our

Beau-ti - ful queen, queen of the May, Fair-est of all, bright as the day;

*D.C.* *To be sung after the D.C.*

hearts; queen of the May, Beau-ti - ful queen of our hearts to - day! Hail, all hail!

Queen of our hearts, queen of the May, Beau-ti - ful queen of our hearts to - day! Hail, all hail!

# The Fairies' Dance.

E. M.

EDWIN MOORE.

The moon shines bright in crys - tal light, The stars are wink - ing clear and bright, The crick - et chirps 'neath
The hour so still— the air so calm, Scarce ruf - fling flow - ret, leaf, or palm, While qui - et reigns o'er

*Repeat pp and very staccato.*

rock and wall, While plain - tive cuck - oos call.
farm and manse, The hour when fair - ies dance.

Come, come ye fair - ies all, From for - est cool and wa - ter - fall. Dance,

Come, come ye fair - ies,

dance in soft moonlight, This balm-y Summer night. Now trip, now trip, now trip, now trip o'er mead-ows wet with dew. Now

dance in soft,

Now trip o'er mead - ows wet with dew.

hide in flow - rets all of va - ried hue; Chase mid-night hours with fly - ing feet, Drink - ing nec - tar spark-ling, sweet, Oh

hide, now hide, now hide in flow-rets

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cres. ff pp TRIO, FEMALE VOICES. 1

mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry fair - ies we! Be-neath the starlight shin - ing, We fair - ies now re - clin - ing, In sweet-est flow'rs and

Dance, dance to strains in-spir - ing, Till midnight shades re-tir - ing,

2cres. dim.

fair - est bowers All mor- tal quest de - fy - ing, The east-ern sky proclaims as nigh The ra-diant, new-born day. Fare-well all

Farewell, farewell

fair - ies bright, And come to - mor - row night, To dance on the lawn 'till the break of the dawn, in the light of the sil - ver - y

And come, and come To dance, dance, dance in the light of the

1

moon, the light of the sil - ver - y moon, the light of the sil - ver - y moon. A - way! A - way! we dare not stay un - till the morning light,

moon, the light of the moon, the light of the moon.

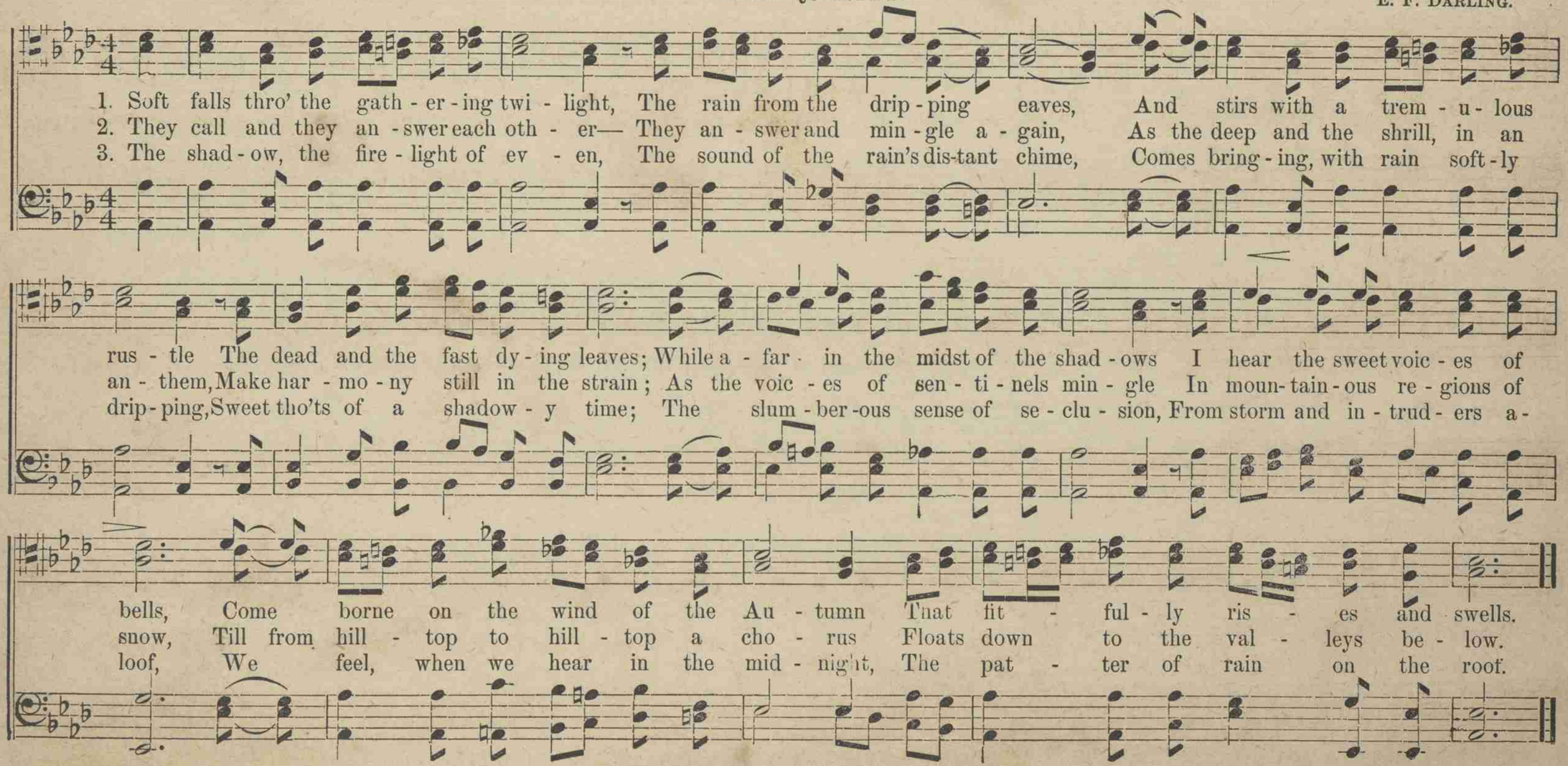
## The Fairies' Dance.—Concluded.




## Soft falls thro' the gathering Twilight.

MALE QUARTET.

E. F. DARLING.




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S. P. F.

J. A. BUTTERFIELD, by per.

*f Tempo di polka.*

Oh, come to the woods a - way, Let 's have a hol - i - day, This love - ly morn in May, Oh, come, come a-way! a - way, then,

Oh, come to the woods a - way, Let 's have a hol - i - day, This love - ly morn in May, Oh, come, come away! Sweet flow'rs gem the forest green,

Come,

a - way, then, a - way, then, Come, come away; so cheer - y, So mer - ry, come, oh,

Where fair - y hands are seen, Bright'ning all with morn's sil-ver ray; Yes, come then with fly-ing feet, Hearts happy, voices sweet, Tripping light- ly, Oh,

come, come, come, come a-way; Hearts, songs, come, oh.

*ff*

come, come a - way. Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Come, oh, come a - way, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Come, oh, come a - way,

*ff*

come,come a - way. Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Come, oh, come a - way, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Come, oh, come a - way,

*ff*

*ff*

Sing-ing joy-ous - ly our glad round-e - lay, Laughing mer-ri - ly ha, ha, ha! a - way, then, a - way, then,

*p*

*p*

Sing-ing joy-ous - ly our glad round-e - lay, Laughing mer- ri - ly ha, ha, ha! Blithe birds car - ol mer-ri - ly, The brooklets sing cheeri - ly,

*f*

*p*

Come, come,

a - way then, come, come a - way; so cheer - y, so mer - ry, a - way then, come, come a - way!

Ev - 'ry-thing is glad-some and gay; Yes, come then, with flying feet, Hearts hap-py, voie- es sweet, Mu-sic joy-ous there to greet, come a - way!

come, come, come a - way; Hearts, songs, come, oh, come, come a - way!

Trip-ping light- ly all the happy day, Singing gai - ly as we play; Thanking Him for joys so pure, "Whose mercies ev - er shall en-dure."

Trip-ping light- ly all the happy day, Sing-ing gai - ly as we play; Thanking Him for joys so pure, "Whose mercies ev - er shall en-dure.

# The Picnic.--Continued.

*p*

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Mer - ry hearts, light and gay,

*p*

Then, when eve - ning shad -ows soft - ly creep, And the an - gels, hush birds and flow'rs to sleep, Will we homeward haste on our way, So

*p*

Hap - py we, Full of glee, Mer - ry hearts, light and gay,

*m*

Joy - ous free, all the day. a - way, then, a - way, then, a - way, then,

*m*

hap - py, hap - py all this fes - tal day. *f* Yes, come then with eyes as bright As stars in Sum - mer night, Mak - ing mer - ry

*m*

Joy - ous free, all the day. Come, come, come,


f
sempre.ff
come,come a - way; so cheer - y, so mer - ry, a - way then, come,come a - way, Come a -
f
sempre.ff
all thro' the day; Yes, come then with fly - ing feet, Hearts hap - py, voic- es sweet, Mu-sic joy-ous then to greet, come, a - way, Come a -
f
sempre.ff
come, come a - way; Hearts, songs, come, oh, come,come a - way,


way, come a - way, come a - way!
way, come a - way, come a - way!

# Farewell to my Native Land.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

*Andante.* *allegretto.*

1. Fare - well! Fare - well! Fare-well to the strand of my na - tive land, Fare-well to the mountain blue; O'er the
2. Fare - well! Fare - well! A - way with your tears, and give me your cheers, One smile that shall light my way, I would

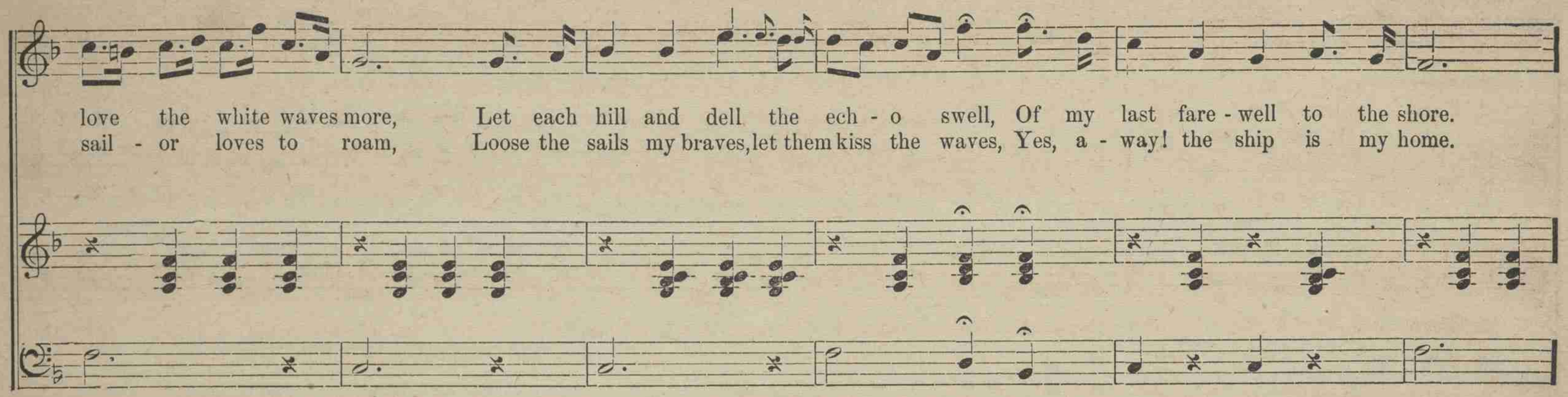
1. Fare - well! Fare - well! Fare-well to the strand of my na - tive land, Fare - well to the mountain blue; O'er the
2. Fare - well! Fare - well! A - way with your tears, and give me your cheers, One smile that shall light my way, I would

o - cean's foam for - ev - er I'd roam, With a hap - py, mer - ry, mer - ry crew.
ra - ther have a right-mer-ry laugh, And the eye with soft and love - lit ray.

SOLO.

Oh, I love you well, as my heart can tell, But I
Then give me a home on the dash-ing foam, Where the

o - cean's foam for - ev - er I'd roam, With a hap - py, mer - ry, mer - ry crew.
ra - ther have a right-mer-ry laugh, And the eye with soft and love - lit ray.


love the white waves more, Let each hill and dell the ech - o swell, Of my last fare - well to the shore.
sail - or loves to roam, Loose the sails my braves, let them kiss the waves, Yes, a - way! the ship is my home.


Chorus.
Fare-well to the strand of my dear na-tive land, Fare-well, fare-well, fare-well to the
Then farewell to the strand of my dear na - tive land, Fare - well, fare - well to the mount - ain
Farewell to the strand of my dear na-tive land, Fare-well, fare-well, fare-well to the

# Farewell to my Native Land.—Concluded.

mountain blue, for - ev - er I'd roam With a mer - ry, mer - ry crew, O'er the o - cean's foam, for - ev-er I'd roam With a

blue, O'er the o - cean's foam, With a mer - ry, mer - ry crew, O'er the o - cean's foam, for - ev-er I'd roam With a

mountain blue, for - ev - er I'd roam, With a mer - ry, mer - ry crew, . . . . . With a

*ff* *accelerando.*

mer - ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry crew, With a mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry crew, With a mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry crew.

mer - ry, mer-ry crew, With a mer - ry, mer - ry crew, With a mer - ry, mer - ry crew.

*ff*

mer-ry, mer-ry, mer - ry, mer-ry, mer-ry crew, With a mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry crew, With a mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry crew.

# We are up and away.

SONG OF THE MOWERS.

E. F. DARLING.

*Allegro.*

1. We are up and a-way, ere the sun-rise hath kiss'd, In the val-ley below us, that o-cean of mist; Ere the tops of the hills have grown
2. Be-fore us the clo-ver stands thick-ly and tall, At our feet it is piled in a ver-dur-ous wall; And never breath'd monarch more

1. We are up and a-way, ere the sun-rise hath kiss'd, In the val-ley be-low us, that o-cean of mist; Ere the tops of the hills have grown
2. Be-fore us the clover stands thick-ly and tall, At our feet it is piled in a ver-dur-ous wall; And never breath'd monarch more

bright in its ray, With our scythes on our shoul-ders, we 're up and a-way. Hur-rah! here we are! on to-geth-er as one, Give your
fra-grant perfume, Than the sun-shine dis-tills from its leaves and its bloom.

Hur-rah! here we are on to-

bright in its ray, With our scythes on our shoul-ders, we 're up and a-way.
fra-grant per-fume, Than the sun-shine dis-tills from its leaves and its bloom. Hur-rah! here we are! on to-geth-er as one. Give your

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## We are up and away.—Continued.

scythes to the sward, and press stead - i - ly on; Hur - rah! here we are! on to - geth - er as one. Give your

geth - - - er as one. Give your scythes to the sward, and press

scythes to the sward, and press stead - i - ly on; Hur - rah! here we are! on to - geth - er as one. Give your

scythes to the sward, and press stead - i - ly on; All to - geth - er, as one, o'er the stub - ble we pass, With a

stead - - - i - ly on, All to - geth - - - er, as one. o'er the

scythes to the sward, and press stead - i - ly on; All to - geth - er, as one, o'er the stub - ble we pass, With a

swing and a ring of the steel thro' the grass, All to - geth - er, as one, o'er the stub - ble we pass, With a

stub - - ble we pass, With a swing and a ring of the

swing and a ring of the steel thro' the grass, All to - geth - er, as one, o'er the stub - ble we pass, With a

swing and a ring of the steel thro' the grass. All to - geth - er, as one, thro' the stub - ble we

All to - geth - er, as one, thro' the

steel thro' the grass. All to - geth - er, as one, thro' the stub - ble we pass, With a

swing and a ring of the steel thro' the grass. All to - geth - er, as

## We are up and away.—Continued.

pass, With a swing and a ring of the steel thro' the grass, With a swing and a ring, With a swing and a ring of the steel thro' the

stub - ble we pass, With a swing and a ring of the steel thro' the grass, With a swing and a ring, and a ring of the steel thro' the

swing and a ring of the steel thro' the grass, With a swing and a ring of the steel thro' the

one, o'er the stub - ble we pass, With a swing and a ring, and a ring of the steel thro' the

grass. With a swing and a ring of the steel thro' the grass, With a swing with a

With a swing and a ring of the steel thro' the grass, and a

grass. With a swing and a ring of the steel thro' the grass, With a swing and a ring, and a

grass. With a swing and a ring of the steel, with a

swing,and a ring of the steel thro' the grass, of the steel thro' the grass. We are up and a-

ring . . . . . of the steel thro' the grass. We are up and a - way, We are

swing,and a ring of the steel thro' the grass, of the steel thro' the grass. We are up and a - way, We are

way, and a - way, With a swing and a ring of the steel thro' the grass, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way.

up and a - way,

up and a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way. . . . . .

We are up and a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way. . . . . .

*Moderato con moto.*

## Chorus of Japhitites.



SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

*mp*

Where in rock-y in-lets the o-cean shines,

*mp*

Where in rock-y in-lets the o-cean shines,

*p*

*p Moderato con moto.*

*f*

Where by murmuring waters the shore is kissed, the mar - gin that with grass is crowned, There, there shall we find our home, there shall we

*f*

Where by murmuring waters the shore is kissed, the mar - gin that with grass is crowned, There, there shall we find our home, there shall we

find . . . our home.

find . our home.

find . . our home.

*mf*

Where in shadowy forests 'mid

*mf*

Where in shadowy forests 'mid

*p*

rock - y pines, high the ea - gle hov - ers, Where far and near all is lone - li - ness, there, there shall we

*f*

rock - y pines, high the ea - gle hov - ers, Where far and near all is lone - li - ness, there, there shall we

*f*

*mf*

*p*

## Chorus of Japhitites.—Continued.

find our home, there shall we find . . . . our home. . . . . .

find our home, . . . . . .

find our home, there shall we find . . . our home. . . . . .

*p*

*mp*

Where the mountain ris - es to the sky, . . . . where the horizon's mildness invites the eye, . . and the soul finds . . peace

*mp*

Where the mountain ris - es to the sky, . . . . where the horizon's mildness invites the eye, . . and the soul finds . . peace

*mp*

*p*

. . . and rest, . . there, there shall we find our home, there shall we find . . . . our home, . . . . . .

find . . our home, . . . . . .

. . . and rest, . . there, there shall we find our home, there shall we find . . . our home. . . . . .

there shall we find . . our home, there shall we find . . . our home. . . . . .

there shall we find . . our home, there shall we find . . . our home. . . . . .

# MATONA, LOVELY MAIDEN.

Words imitated and adapted from the original Italian by W. A. BARRETT.

Composed by ORLANDO LASSUS (1520—1594.)

*f Moderately lively.*

Ma - to - na, love - ly maid - en, O list - en to.... the song, Ma - to - na, love - ly maid - en, O list - en to.... the song I sing be-neath thy win - dow While night- clouds roll a - long. Dong, dong, dong, der- ry der-ry, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, der- ry, der- ry, dong, dong, dong, dong.

Ma - to - na, love - ly maid - en, O list - en to the song, Ma - to - na, love - ly maid - en, O list - en to the song I sing be-neath thy win - dow While night-clouds roll a - long. dong, dong, dong der-ry, der- ry, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, der- ry, derry, dong, dong, dong, dong.

*f Moderately lively.*

Ma - to - na, love - ly maid - en, O list - en to the song, Ma - to - na, love - ly maid - en, O list - en to the song I sing be-neath thy win - dow While night-clouds rolls a - long. Dong, dong, dong, der- ry, der- ry, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, der- ry, derry, dong, dong, dong, dong.

*cres.* *f* *pp* CHORUS. *ppp* FINE.

*cres.* *f* *pp* *ppp* FINE.

1st time f, 2d time p. cres. f D. S. Chorus.

I pray you hear my dit - ty, 'Tis sweet and not too long, 'Tis point- ed, if not wit - ty, And sharp - en'd like a prong.

I pray you hear my dit - ty, 'Tis sweet and not too long, 'Tis point- ed, if not wit - ty, sharp - en'd like a prong.

I pray you hear my dit - ty, 'Tis sweet and not too long, 'Tis point- ed, if not wit - ty, . . And sharp - en'd like a prong.

I pray you hear my dit - ty. 'Tis sweet and not too long, 'Tis point- ed, if not wit - ty, And sharp-en'd like a prong.

1st time f, 2d time p. D. S. Chorus. cres.

1st time f, 2d time p. cres. f mf cres. D. S. Chorus.

The words of choic- est tis - sue, To shoot, to shoot love's aim, be - long, Then from your window is - sue, Or else you do me wrong.

The words of choic- est tis - sue, To shoot, to shoot love's..... aim, be- long, Then from your window is - sue, Or else you do me wrong.

The words of choic- est tis - sue, To shoot, to shoot love's aim, be - long, Then from your window is - sue, Or else you do me wrong.

1st time f, 2d time p. D. S. Chorus. cres. f mf cres.

# MATONA, LOVELY MAIDEN. Continued.

1st time *f*, 2d time *p*. *f* *dim.* *pp*

You'll say, if you once catch them, And note their fine ding-dong, Pe - trar - cha could not match them, They are so sweet and strong. Dong, dong,

You'll say, if you once catch them, And note their fine ding-dong, Pe - trar - cha could not match them, They . . are so sweet and strong. Dong, dong,

You'll say, if you once catch them, And note their fine ding - dong, Pe - trar - cha could not match them, They are so sweet and strong. Dong, dong,

You'll say, if you once catch them, And note their fine ding - dong, Pe - trar - cha could not match them, They are so sweet and strong. Dong, dong,

1st time *f*, 2d time *p*. *f* *dim.* *pp*

*ppp* 1st time *f*, 2d time *p*.

dong, der-ry, der-ry, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, der-ry, der-ry, dong, dong, dong, dong. But if you think the meas- ure

dong, der-ry, der-ry, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, der-ry, der-ry, dong, dong, dong. But if you think the meas- ure Should

dong, der-ry, der-ry, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, der-ry, der-ry, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong. But if you think the meas - ure Should

dong, der-ry, der-ry, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, der-ry, der-ry, dong, dong, dong. But if you think the meas-ure Should

*ppp* 1st time *f*, 2d time

Should to all scorn be - long, A more com- ply - ing treas - ure I'll choose, I'll choose from out the throng. Dong, dong,

to all scorn be - long, A more com- ply - ing treas - ure I'll choose, I'll choose, I'll choose, from out the throng. Dong, dong,

to all . . . scorn be - long, A more com- ply - ing treas - ure I'll choose, I'll choose, I'll choose, from out the throng. Dong, dong,

to all scorn be - long, A more com- ply - ing treas - ure I'll choose, I'll choose from out the throng. Dong, dong,

dong, der-ry, der-ry, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, der-ry, der-ry, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong.

dong, der-ry, der-ry, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, der-ry, der-ry, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong.

dong, der-ry, der-ry, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, der-ry, der-ry, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong.

dong, der-ry, der-ry, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, der-ry, der-ry, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong.

# Now the Roll of the Lively Drum.

From the Opera of "LA FILLE DU REGIMENT," by DONIZETTI.

*Allegro con brio.*

Now the roll of the live - ly drum, And the trumpet's ringing sound, As they tell of the bat- tle won, Make the soldier's heart with joy re-bound,

Make the soldier's heart, With joy re-bound, re-bound, the sol-dier's heart re - bound, Now the

Make the sol-dier's heart, With joy re - bound,

roll of the live - ly drum, And the trum-pet's ring - ing sound, As they tell of the bat - tle won, Make the soldier's heart with joy re-

Will make the sol-dier's heart re

bound, Make the sol-dier's heart with joy re-bound, Yes! Loud - ly we shout and sing to - geth- er, Shout, we 're vic - to - rious o'er each

*f* *cres.*

hos - tile, hos - tile band. Ty-rants are van - quished and for - ev - er, Free-dom and plen- ty will bless, bless our hap-py land, hap - py

land, Free-dom and plen - ty will bless our land.

hap -py land, hap- py land, hap - py land, hap-py land, hap-py land, hap-py land, hap-py land, hear the roll of the drum, and the trumpet's sound, the trumpet's

*f* *p*

ringing sound, Now the roll of the live - ly drum, And the trum-pet's ring - ing sound, As they tell of the bat - tle won, Make the sol - dier's

*f* *p*

heart with joy re - bound, Now the roll, now the roll of the drum, of the drum, now the roll, now the roll of the drum, of the drum, of the live - ly

## Now the Roll of the Lively Drum.—Concluded.

drum, And the trumpet's sound, Make the sol - dier's heart with joy re-bound, dier's heart with joy re-bound, We 're victo-rious o'er each hos- tile

band, Long will Freedom bless our hap - py land, Our hap- py land, Our hap-py land, Our hap- py land, Our hap-py land, Hap-py land, Happy land!

## Away, the Morning Freshly Breaking.

From the Opera of "MASSANIELLO," by AUBER.

*Allegro.*

A - way, a - way, the morn- ing fresh - ly break -ing, Shines o'er the lea our ling'- ring steps to chide; And light with sport and

song our la- bor mak - ing, With joy we haste to roam the mountain side. A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, the morning fresh-ly

*Omit 2nd time.*

breaking, a - way, a - way, a - way, the morn-ing fresh - ly break-ing. A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a -

*D.C.* *Faster.* *cres.* *p*

way, a - way, a - way, A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, Shines o'er the lea, Our ling'r - ing steps to chide, Shines o'er the

*f* *p* *f*

lea, Shines o'er the lea, Our ling'r - ing steps to chide, Shines o'er the lea, Shines o'er the lea, Our ling'r - ing steps to chide, Our ling'r-

*presto.* *ff*

. . ing steps to chide, Our ling'r - ing steps to chide, Our ling'r - ing steps to chide, A - way, . . a - way, . . a - way!

*ff*

# SELECT SONGS

FOR

# HOME AND CONCERT,

WITH

## PIANO OR ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENT.

### Long, Long Ago.

M. W. HACKLETON. T. E. NYE.

1. Tho' the bloom from thy cheek be gone, love, And thy locks grow white with the years, Tho' the sound of thy voice in
2. Thy face in the days long past, love, Beamed bright on my youth-ful dreams, And thy voice on my ear fell
3. Tho' the light on our path grows dim, love, And our fal - ter-ing steps are slow, Tho' we know we are draw - ing

song, love, Hath a tone that speaks of tears; We too have seen life's sum - mer time Grow bright in days gone
soft, love, Like the mu - sic of mur - m'ring streams; Then side by side we gath - ered sweets, O'er hope's fair gold - en
near, love, The gates where the mourners go; Still, love, that makes life beau - ti - ful, Our wan - ing days will



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by, . . . And the heart keeps still some flower, love, Whose fra - grance will not die.
plain, . . And the tears we some - times wept, love, Left no en - dur - ing stain.
cheer, . . Till we join our hands in Heaven, love, My love of many a year.

CHORUS.

Long, long a - go,

Long, long a - go,

Long, long a - go, Pass'd those sun - ny, sun - ny hours a - way, pass'd a - way; But still af - fec - tion lin - gers in the heart,'T is

Long, long a - go, Pass'd those sun - ny, sun - ny hours a - way, pass'd a - way; But still af - fec - tion lin - gers in the heart,'T is

sum- mer yet, 't is sum-mer yet, And we 'll dream them o'er a - gain to - day, . . . . . And we 'll dream them o'er a - gain to - day.
we 'll dream them o'er a-gain to - day,

sum- mer yet, 't is sum-mer yet, And we 'll dream them o'er a- gain to - day, . . . . . And we 'll dream them o'er a - gain to - day.
we 'll dream them o'er a-gain to - day,

# Waiting At The Door.

E. M.

EDWIN MOORE.

1. In a warm and sun-ny dell, Just be-side a wind-ing stream, Where the dais-ies and the gold-en-rod a-bound, Is a spot re-membered well, And of which I of-ten dream, 'T is the spot where youthful hap-pi-ness I found.

2. I have journeyed far and near, Seen the gay and bu-sy throng, Seeking pleasures at the door of fash-ion's shrine; Yet I fain would drop a tear, As I hear the mer-ry song, For it calls to mind my child-hood-day's lang-syne.

Home of child-hood, place I love so well,

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Cherished be thy mem'ry ev-er-more! As I wander far a - lone, There comes o-ver me a spell, As I think of loved ones waiting at the door.

CHORUS.

Wait-ing, they're wait-ing they're waiting at the door for me, They're wait-ing, they're waiting, they're waiting at the door for me.

Waiting at the door, they're waiting at the door, they're waiting at the door, for me, waiting at the door, waiting at the door, they're waiting at the door for me.

Waiting at the door, waiting at the door, waiting at the door for me, They're waiting at the door, they're waiting at the door, they're waiting at the door for me.

# Robin Grey and I.

MARY McGREGOR.

J. A. BUTTERFIELD, by per.

Fa, . . la, . . fa, . . la, . . fa, . . la, . . fa, . . la, ah, fa, la, fa, la, fa,

fa, la, . . . fa, . . . . . .

1. 'T was close be - side the vil - lage school, With mas - ter grave and stern,
2. Tho' joy and sor - row we have known Since that sweet ev - en - tide,
3. I know his foot - fall in the lane, 'T is slow and fee - ble now;

We pull'd the flow'rs up - on the brae, Or
When I with - in that rus - tic cot Be -
And time has scat - ter'd sil - v'ry hairs A -

Fa, la, fa, la, fa, la, fa, fa, . . . . . .

fa, la, fa, . . la, fa, . . . la, . . . fa, . . la, . . . fa, . . . la, fa, la, fa, la, . .

la, . . . fa,

pad - dled in the burn. At kirk or mar - ket we would meet When years had pass'd a - way. And
came young Rob - in's bride. And yet I love him just the same As when I used to wait, To
round his no - ble brow. But Rob - in's still the same to me, And we have sheep and kye, And

fa, la, fa, fa, la, fa, la, fa, la, fa,

Published in sheet form, with lithographic title, arranged as Song and Chorus, with piano accompaniment. Price, 40 cents.

fa, la, fa, la, fa, la, fa, . . la. 1. The auld folk gave their bless-ing then. And we have sheep and

2. We 've twenty pounds with - in the bank, And we have sheep and

side by side we hoed the corn, Or raked the mead - ow hay.
hear with joy his ring - ing step, Then meet him at the gate.
who is hap-pier in the world Than Rob - in Grey and I?

3. And tho' the years are marked with change, True love re - mains for

fa, la, fa, la, fa, la, fa.
fa, la, fa, la, fa, la, fa.

kye, And who is hap - pier in the world Than Rob-in Grey and I? Rob-in, Rob-in, Rob-in, Rob-in, Rob-in Grey and I.

kye, And who is hap-pier in the world Than Rob-in Grey and I? Rob-in, Rob-in, Rob-in, Rob-in, Rob-in Grey and I.

aye, Then who is hap - pier in the world Than Rob-in Grey and I? Rob-in, Rob-in, Rob-in, Rob-in, Rob-in Grey and I.

# When He Kissed Me by the Sea.

WALTZ SONG AND CHORUS.

ALLIE TOLAND CRISS.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

*Waltz tempo.*

1. I am wait-ing, now, for some one to come, From over the
2. They say he 's false, but I heed it not, I nev- er can

INTRODUCTION.

wa - ters blue, . . And he 's coming again when the ro - ses bloom, For I know he is faithful and true.
doubt his love, . . 'T is as pure as the flakes of the driv-en snow, And as true as the bright stars a-bove; . .

So I 'll watch and wait in the twilight's
For 't is just one year since he sailed a -

glow, For the ship that will bring him to me; . . For he told me he 'd come, when he said "Good-bye," And kissed me by the sea. . . .
way, And I know he 'll come back soon to me, . . With sweet words of love he will whisper a-gain, And kiss me by the sea. . . .

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CHORUS.
DUET, SOP. AND ALTO.

I re- mem - ber still, and ev - er will, The words he whisp - er'd then to me, And my

2ND SOP. AND ALTO.

Tra la - la la la - la la la - la la la - la, Tra la - la la la - la la la - la, Tra la - la

TENOR AND BASS.

INST.

heart was light, that sum - mer night, When he kissed me by the sea. . . . . .

la la - la la la - la la la - la la la - la, Tra la - la la la - la, Tra - la - la - la.

L. B. M.

# The Sweetest Song of All.

*Allegretto.* L. B. MITCHELL.

1. How sweet it is to you and me, That
2. That dear old song to you and me, Was
3. And so it is, to you and me, No

old, fa - mil - iar song; The dear, old - fash-ioned rock - a - by That cheers the world a - long. It comes un - bid - den,
first to greet our ears; That dear, old - time sweet rock - a - by Soothed all our woes and tears. Some-how we love to
song is quite so sweet As love's de - vot - ed rock - a - by Which made our joys com - plete; And light, and joy and

all untaught When life de - mands its call, And that, per - haps is why 'tis thought The sweet - est song of all. . .
hear it yet As when we were so small, And so we nev - er can for - get This sweet - est song of all. . .
love, and cheer 'T will ev - er more re - call. When ere it is our lot to hear This sweet - est song of all. . .

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REFRAIN.

Rock - a - by - o - ba - by - by, Rock - a - by - o - by, . . . . .

ba - by - by,

*2nd time pp.*

Rock - a - by - o - ba - by - by, Rock - a - by - o - rock - a - by.

by. . . . . .

K. TEMPLE MOORE, by per.

# A Dream of Thee.

DUET.

L. M. EVILSIZER

1. Twi - light shadows grayly creeping, Veil the distant purple mountains; Soft - ly steals a shroud of silence
2. Once a-gain I see you standing, Oh, my stately roy-al lil - y! While the rose and gold of sunset
3. Oh, we painted wondrous pictures Of a home where love was mon-arch, Till the stars in heaven shimmered
4. Ev 'rywhere my soul is haunted Through the crash of master music; In the pride of fame and glory;

O'er the hoarse out-stretching sea. Na - ture wears a garment dreary, Nature's songs are sad and ee-rie; And my heart, my heart is
Light the west and flush the sea. Just a girl so fair and slender, Through whose eyes of dusky splendor, Shines the pure soul true and
On the bosom of the sea. We were blind, dear heart, with gladness, Sweet - er death, love, in that madness Than life, bitter with the
In the silence by the sea. Arms out-stetched in vain endeavor, The wild waves are sobbing "never!" Death will bridge the mystic

wea-ry, With that old sweet dream of thee. And my heart, my heart is wea-ry, With that old sweet dream of thee.
ten- der, At the love I tell to thee, Shines the pure soul true and ten-der, At the love I tell to thee.
sad- ness That has come to you and me, Than life, bitter with the sad-ness That has come to you and me.
riv - er, And restore my love to me! Death will bridge the mystic riv-er, And restore my love to me.

# We'll Up for the Fight.

TEMPERANCE.

Words by —— ?

E. ROBERTS.

1. See! the Demon of Rum is at hand, With his engines of slaughter and woe, Spreading ruin and death o'er the land, Like a mighty invincible foe.
2. He is leagu'd with ten thousands of men, And shielded with millions of gold, And his victims are myriads of slain, And his path mark'd by sorrows untold.
3. He has struck down the son and the sire, By the blast of his fi - er - y breath; And the widows and orphans expire At the touch of this angel of death.
4. Who shall drive this dark fiend from the land? Or bind up so craft-y a foe? The Christian, if he will command, Can strike him a death-dealing blow.

CHORUS.

But we'll up for the fight, And we'll girt for the fray, And we'll strike for the right,

we'll up, we'll up for the fight, we'll girt, we'll girt for the fray, we'll strike, we'll strike for the right, Till we

So we'll car - ry the day.

car - ry the day. What! car-ry the day? Yes, car-ry the day. We're battling for right, And God is our might, So we'll carry, yes, car-ry the day.

*(Small notes for organ.)*

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# Old Rummie's Going Away.

J. A. McMILLAN, *Alt.*

TEMPERANCE.

E. ROBERTS.

*Very quick.*

1. Say, neighbors, have you seen Old Rummie, With a scowl upon his face? I met him on the street this morning, And he's going to leave the place; He
2. I tell you friends 't will just be glo-rious For to see Old Rummie go! We'll feel as though we'd been translated To a lit - tle heav'n be-low; Our
3. When Rummie's gone we 'll all shout glo-ry, And we'll have a jol - ly time! The rich and poor will both have plenty, And we 'll bid good-by to crime. Po -

*slower.* *tempo.*

sees the dark cloud o'er him gath-er, And he fears the com-ing storm; So he thinks he'd better pack his bag-gage, For it's getting mighty warm.
fam - i-lies shall then be hap - py And free from the drunkard's snare, When a school on ev-ery hill-top 's plant-ed And sa-loons are found no where.
licemen will be scarce-ly need - ed And the tramp shall be no more; Of the jail we'll make a cotton fac-tory And the poor-house, a grocery store.

CHORUS. *1st time Semi Chorus, 2nd time Full Chorus.*

*Spirited.*

Old Rummie's go-ing a - way, And the coun-try shall be free, So, neighbors, come and join in the cho - rus And we'll shout the ju - bi - lee.

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# HYMN TUNES, GOSPEL SONGS, ANTHEMS AND SACRED CHORUSES.

## Praise. L. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

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1. Praise, ev- er - last-ing praise, be paid To Him who earth's foundations laid! Praise to the God whose strong decrees Sway the cre - a - tion as He please, Sway the cre - a- tion as He please.
2. Praise to the goodness of the Lord, Who rules His peo-ple by His word; And there, as strong as His de - crees, Reveals His kind-est prom-is - es, Reveal His kind-est prom-is - es.
3. Whence then should doubts and fears arise? Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes? Slowly, a - las! our mind re - ceives The comforts that our Mak-er gives, The comforts that our Mak-er gives.
4. O! for a strong and last-ing faith To cred- it what th' Almighty saith! T'embrace the mes-sage of His Son, And call the joys of heav'n our own, And call the joys of heav'n our own.

## Watson. L. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

*Earnestly.*

1. A- wake, my soul! and with the sun Thy dai- ly stage of du - ty run; Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise To pay thy morning sac - ri - fice.
2. Thanks be to Thee, who safe has kept, And hast re-fresh'd me while I slept; Oh, grant that when from death I wake, I may of endless life par - take.
3. Di - rect, con - trol, suggest, this day, All I de - sign, or do, or say; That all my pow'rs, with all their might, In Thy sole glory may u - nite.

## Old Hundred. L. M.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## Bloomdale. L. M.

B. M. McDOWELL

1. How pleasant, how di-vine -ly fair, O Lord of hosts, Thy dwellings are! With long desire my spir - it faint To meet th'as-sem-blies of Thy saints.
2. Blest are the souls that find a place With-in the tem- ple of Thy grace; There they behold Thy gen - tle rays, And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.
3. Blest are the men whose hearts are set To find the way to Zi-on's gate; God is their strength, and thro' the road They lean up-on their help - er God.

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## Baker. L. M.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Arm of the Lord, a-wake, a- wake, Put on Thy strength the nations shake, And let the world, admir- ing see, Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.
2. Say to the heath-en from Thy throne, I am Je - ho - vah, God a- lone! Thy voice their i-dols shall con-found, And cast their altars to the ground.
3. Al-might - y God, Thy grace proclaim, In ev - ery clime of ev- ery name, Till adverse pow'rs before Thee fall, And crown the Saviour, Lord of all.

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## Ingalls. L. M.

E. F. DARLING.

1. See! God is here, both day and night, U- ni - ted choirs of angels sing; To Him en-thron'd a- bove all height, Heaven's hosts their noblest praises bring.

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## Hursley. L. M.

Arr. G. W. H. MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no earth-born cloud arise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

## Austin. L. M.

Mrs. KATE ROBBINS.

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1. With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue, I'll praise my Maker in my song; An-gels shall hear the notes I raise, Approve the song and join the praise.
2. To God I cried when trouble rose; He heard me, and subdued my foes; He did my ris - ing fears control, And strength diffuse thro' all my soul.
3. Grace will complete what grace begins, To save from sor-rows or from sins; The work that wisdom un-dertakes E - ter-nal mer - cy ne'er forsakes.

## Elm Park. L. M.

*With Energy.*

E. ROBERTS, by per.

1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos - pel ar-mor on; March to the gates of end-less joy, Where Je- sus, thy great Captain's gone.
2. Hell and thy sin re - sist thy course; But hell and sin are vanquished foes; Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross, And sung the triumph when He rose.
3. Then let my soul march boldly on,—Press forward to the heavenly gate; There peace and joy eter-nal reign, And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

## Walter. L. M.

H. K. ZELLONGER.

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1. How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound From lips of gentleness and grace, When listening thousands gathered round, And joy and gladness fill the place.
2. From heav'n He came, of heav'n He spoke, To heav'n He led His fol'wers' way; Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke, Unveiling an im - mor-tal day.

## Federal Street. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. So fades the love - ly blooming flower, Frail smiling sol- ace of an hour; So soon our transient com- forts fly, And pleasure on- ly blooms to die.

## Wellington. L. M.

J. ABBOTT.

1. Arm of the Lord, a- wake, a-wake; Put on Thy strength, the nation's shake; Now let the world ador - ing, see Triumphs of mer-cy wrought by Thee.
2. Say to the heath-en, from Thy throne, "I am Je- ho- vah, God a - lone;" Thy voice their i-dols shall con - found, And cast their al - tars to the ground.
3. Almight- y God, Thy grace proclaim Thro' ev-ery clime, of ev - ery name; Let adverse pow'rs before Thee fall, And crown the Saviour Lord of all!

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## Work. L. M.

E. ROBERTS, by per.

1. Go, la- bor on, while it is day; The world's dark night is hastening on; Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth a-way! It is not thus that souls are won.'
2. Men die in darkness at your side, With-out a hope to cheer the tomb: Take up the torch, and wave it wide—The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.
3. Toil on,—faint not; keep watch, and pray! Be wise the erring soul to win; Go forth in- to the world's highway; Compel the wanderer to come in.

## Wolcott. L. M.

E. R., by per.

1. The God of love will sure indulge The flow-ing tear, the heav-ing sigh; When righteous persons fall around,—When tender friends and kindred die.

## Duke Street. L. M.

J. L. HATTON.

1. Now to the Lord a no - ble song! A-wake, my soul a - wake, my tongue! Hosanna to th'e - ter- nal name! And all His boundless love proclaim.

## Imbria. L. M.

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1. Great God in- dulge my humble claim, Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest; The glo-ries that compose Thy name Stand all engaged to make me blest.
2. Thou great and good, Thou just and wise Thou art my Father and my God; And I am Thine by sacred ties, Thy son, Thy servant bought with blood.
3. With heart and eyes, and lift - ed hands, For Thee I long, to Thee I look; As trav-'lers in a thirst-y land Pant for the cool-ing wa-ter brook.

## Roberts. L. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

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1. Come, dearest Lord descend and dwell, By faith and love, in ev'ry breast; Then shall we know and taste, and feel, The joys that can-not be expressed.
2. Come, fill our hearts with inward strength; Make our enlarged souls possess, And learn the height and breadth and length Of Thine immeasurable grace.
3. Now to the God, whose pow'r can do More than our thot's or wishes know, Be ev- er -last- ing hon-ors done, By all the church, thro' Christ His Son.

## Gratitude. L. M.

Rev. AMI BOST.

1. Bless, O my soul, the living God; Call home thy tho'ts that rove abroad: Let all the pow'rs within me join In work and wor - ship so di-vine.

## Euphrates. L. M.

E. ROBERTS, by per.

1. When we our wear - ied limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Euphrates stream, We wept with doleful tho'ts oppress'd And Zion was our mournful theme.

## Thornton. C. M.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Didst Thou, dear Je - sus, suf - fer shame And bear the cross for me? And shall I fear to own Thy name, Or Thy dis - ci - ple be?
2. For - bid it, Lord that I should dread To suf - fer shame or loss; Oh let me in Thy foot-steps tread, And glo - ry in the cross.
3. Say to my soul, "Why dost thou fear The face of fee - ble man? Be - hold thy Sav-iour ev - er near Will guard thee in the way.

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## Crawford. C. M.

F. L. ROBERTSHAW.

1. Oh, for a home be-yond the pain, Be-yond the doubt and gloom, Where Christ the Lord shall ever reign, In love, be - yond the tomb.
2. The years go by like wa - ters swift On flow- ing to the sea; But here and there, the clouds are rift, With light and hope for thee.
3. The night will cease, the morn shall come, And pain shall be no more; Be-hold the Lord up - on His throne As King for ev - er - more.

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## Pamona. C. M.

T. E. NYE.

1. My Shepherd will supply my need: Jehovah is His name; In pastures fresh He makes me feed, Beside the living stream, Be- side the liv - ing stream.
2. He brings my wand'ring spirit back, When I forsake His ways, And leads me, for His mercy's sake, In paths of truth and grace, In paths of truth and grace.

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## Arlington. C. M.

Dr. ARNE.

1. Thou, God, all glo - ry, hon- or, power, Art wor-thy to re - ceive; Since all things by Thy power were made, And by Thy boun-ty live.

## Sitka. C. M.

E ROBERTS, by per.

1. O Je - sus! Light of all be - low! Thou fount of life and fire! Sur-pass- ing all the joys we know, All that we can de - sire;
2. O Je - sus! Thou the beau- ty art Of an - gel worlds a - bove; Thy name is mu - sic to the heart, En- chant- ing it with love.

## Olney. C. M.

B. M. McDOWELL.

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1. Sing to the Lord, ye dis- tant lands, Ye tribes of ev - 'ry tongue: His new discovered grace de - mands A new and no - bler song.
2. Say to the na - tions, Je - sus reigns, God's own almight- y Son; His pow'r the sinking world sus - tains, And grace sur - rounds His throne.
3. Be - hold He comes, He comes to bless The nations as their God; To show the world His righteousness, And send His truth a - broad.

## Hillhouse. C. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

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1. Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing My great Re - deem- er's praise, The glo - ry of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace.
2. My grac - ious Master and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim, And spread thro' all the earth a- broad, The hon - ors of Thy name.

## Factoryville. C. M.

W. N. MANCHESTER.

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cease,

1. God's goodness is a- bove the heav'ns, His mercies nev-er, nev - er cease, His ways are ways of pleas- ant-ness, And all His paths are peace.

## St. Nicholas. C. M.

Dr. HAVERGAL.

1. E - ter - nal Source of joys di - vine, To thee my soul as-pires; Oh, could I say, "the Lord is mine!" 'Tis all my soul de-sires.
2. My Hope, my Trust, my Life, my Lord, As - sure me of Thy love; Oh, speak the kind, transport-ing word, And bid my fears re-move.
3. Then shall my thankful pow'rs re - joice, And tri-umph in my God, Till heav'n- ly rapt- ure tune my voice, To spread Thy praise a-broad.

## Norton. C. M.

J. H. TENNY, by per.

1. Je - ho- vah God! Thy gracious pow'r On ev - 'ry hand we see; Oh, may the bless-ings of each hour Lead all our thoughts to Thee.
2. If on the wings of morn we speed To earth's re - mot - est bound, Thy hand will there our foot-steps lead, Thy love our paths sur-round.
3. Thy pow'r is in the o- cean deeps, And reach- es to the skies; Thine eye of mer - cy nev - er sleeps, Thy goodness nev - er dies.

## Summerville. C. M.

E. P. AMBROSE.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man - sions in the skies, I bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
2. Should earth a-gainst my soul en - gage, And hell - ish darts be hurl'd, Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frown- ing world.

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## Mercer. C. M.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT, by per.

1. Alas! how changed that lovely flow'r, Which bloomed and cheered my heart: Fair, fleeting com-fort of an hour, How soon we're called to part!

P. STRYKER.

## The Sweetest Voice. C. M. Double.

1. I heard a voice, the sweet-est voice That mor - tal ev - er heard; Oh, how it made my heart re - joice, And ev - 'ry feel - ing stirred!
2. I saw His face, the fair - est face That mor - tal ev - er saw; I longed the Sav - iour to em- brace, From Him new life to draw.
3. I felt His love the strongest love That mor - tal ev - er felt; Oh! how it drew my soul a - bove, And made my hard heart melt!

'Twas Je - sus spoke to me so mild; He called me to His side, And said although with heart de-filed, I might in Him con- fide.
"Come un - to Me," He kind - ly said, And I will give thee rest; "The ran - som-price I ful - ly paid—Re - pent, be- lieve! be blest."
My bur-den at His feet I laid, And knew the joys of heaven, As in my will - ing ear He said The bless - ed word, "*for-giv'n.*"

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## Finland. C. M.

E. R., by per.

1. O God of Beth-el! by whose hand Thy peo- ple still are fed, Who, thro' this wea- ry pil- grim- age, Hast all our fa - thers led:—
2. Our vows, our prayers, we now pre - sent, Be - fore Thy throne of grace; God of our fa-thers! be the God Of their succeed- ing race.

## Avon. C. M.

Scottish.

A - las! what hour- ly dan - gers rise, What snares be - set my way! To heav'n, oh, let me lift mine eyes, And hour - ly watch and pray.

## Trosburg. S. M.

E. P. AMBROSE.

1. How ten- der is Thy hand, O Thou be - lov - ed Lord: Af - flic-tions come at Thy com-mand, And leave us at Thy word.
2. How gen- tle was the rod That chastened us for sin; How soon we found a smil- ing God, Where deep dis- tress had been.
3. A Father's hand we felt, A Fa-ther's heart we knew; With tears of pen - i - tence we knelt, And found His word was true.

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## Chapin. S. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Oh, where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to eith - er pole.
2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh: 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
3. Be - yond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove, Un - meas- ured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.

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## Rigon. S. M.

1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope and be un - dis- may'd; God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears, God shall lift up thy head.
2. Thro' waves, thro' clouds and storms, He gent - ly clears thy way; Wait thou His time; so shall this night Soon end in joy - ous day.

## Vesper. S. M.

Western Melody.

1. My Sav - iour and my Lord, To Thee I lift mine eyes; In - struct me by Thy ho - ly word, And make me tru - ly wise.

## Ellington. S. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

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1. Blest be Thy love, dear Lord, That taught us this sweet way On - ly to love Thee for Thy- self, And for that love o - bey.
2. O Thou, our soul's chief hope! We to Thy mer - cy fly; Wher - e'er we are Thou canst pro-tect, What-e'er we need, sup - ply.
3. Whether we sleep or wake, To Thee we both re - sign; By night we see, as well as day, If Thy light on us shine.

## Leah. S. M.

E. ROBERTS, by per.

1. If, through un - ruf - fled seas, T'ward, heav'n we calm - ly sail, With grate-ful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fost-'ring gale.
2. But should the surg - es rise, And rest de - lay to come, Blest be the sor - row—kind the storm, Which drives us near - er home
3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield to Thy con - trol; Thy ten - der mer - cies shall il - lume The mid - night of the soul.

## Burgos. S. M.

1. Be - hold! what wondrous grace The Fa-ther has be - stowed, On sin - ners of a mor- tal race, To call them sons of God.
2. 'Tis no sur- pris- ing thing, That we should be un - known; The Jew- ish world knew not their King,—God's ev - er - last-ing Son.

## Triumph. S. M.

WM. SIPSON.

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1. Raise your tri - umphant songs, To an im - mor - tal tune, Let the wide earth re-sound the deeds, Ce - les - tial grace hath done.

## Bonar. S. M. Double.

E. ROBERTS.

1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-troll'd;
2. The Shep - herd sought His sheep, The Fa- ther sought His child, They fol - lowed me o'er vale and hill, O'er des-erts waste and wild;
3. Je - sus my Shepherd is, 'Twas He that loved my soul, 'Twas He that washed me in His blood, 'Twas He that made me whole;

I was a wayward child, I did not love my home, I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a - far to roam.
They found me nigh to death, Famished and faint and lone, They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wan - d'ring one.
'Twas He that sought the lost, That found the wand'ring sheep, 'Twas He that brought me to the fold, 'Tis He that still doth keep.

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## Talladega. S. M.

By per.

1. Stand up, and bless the Lord, Ye peo - ple of His choice; Stand up, and bless the Lord your God, With heart, and soul, and voice.
2. Though high a - bove all praise, A - bove all bless-ing high, Who would not fear His ho - ly name, And laud, and mag - ni - fy?
3. O for the liv - ing flame From His own al - tar brought, To touch our lips, our souls in - spire, And wing to heaven our thought.

## Downing. S. M.

J. A. LLOYD.

1. Now is th'ac-cept- ed time, Now is the day of grace; Now, sin-ners, come, with - out de - lay, And seek the Sav-iour's face.
2. Now is th'ac-cept- ed time, The Sav - iour calls to - day; To - mor-row it may be too late, Then why should you de - lay?

## Grove. 7s.

E. P. AMBROSE.

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1. Sweet the time, ex-ceed- ing sweet, When the saints to - geth-er meet; When the Sav-iour is the theme, When they join to sing of Him.
2. Sing we then e - ter - nal love, Such as did the Fa - ther move: He be - held the world un-done, Loved the world and gave His Son.
3. Sing the Son's a- maz- ing love, How He left the realms a - bove, Took our na- ture and our place, Lived and died to save our race.

## Christ the Lord is Risen. 7s. Double.

F. L. ROBERTSHAW.

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, Sons of men, and an - gels, say; . . . . Raise your joys and tri- umphs high!

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Sing, ye heav'ns! and earth, re-ply! Love's . . . re - deem - ing work is done, Fought the fight, . . . . the vic - t'ry won; . . . . Je - sus' ag - o - ny . . . is o'er; . . . Dark - ness veils . . . the earth no more. A - MEN.

## Lincoln. 7s. Double.

E. ROBERTS, by per.

FINE. D.C.

{ Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
{ While the rag - ing bil - lows roll, While the tem - pest still is high; } Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
*D.C.*—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O, re - ceive my soul at last.

## Glenville. 7s. 6 lines.

Rev. CHARLES BEECHER. E. ROBERTS, by per.

1. We are on the journey home, Where Christ our Lord is gone; We shall meet around His throne, When He makes His people one, In the new Je-ru - sa-
2. We can see that distant home, Tho' clouds roll dark between; Faith views the radiant dome, And a lus- tre flash-es keen, From the new Je-ru - sa-
3. O glo - ry shin-ing far, From the nev - er - set- ting sun! O trembling morning star! Our journey's almost done, To the new Je-ru - sa-

lem, In the new Je-ru - sa- lem, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
lem, From the new Jeru-sa-lem, From the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
lem, To the new Je-ru - sa-lem, To the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

## Ives. 7s. Double.

E. IVES, Jr.

1. Who are these in bright ar-ray? This in - nu - mer - a- ble throng,

*f.* FINE. D.S.

Round the al - tar night and day Hymning their tri - umphant song? Wor- thy is the Lamb once slain, Blessing, hon - or, glo - ry, power,
*D.S.*—Wis-dom, rich- es to ob- tain, New do - min - ion ev - 'ry hour.

## Dora. 8s. 7s. & 4.

H. K. ZELLONGER.

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1. See from Zi - on's sa - cred mountain Streams of liv - ing wat - ers flow; God has o- pened there a fount - ain
2. Through ten thous - and chan - nels flow - ing, Streams of mer - cy find their way; Life, and health, and joy be-stow - ing,

That sup - plies the world be - low: They are bless - ed, They are bless - ed, Who its sov - ereign vir - tues know:
Mak - ing all a - round look gay: O ye na - tions, O ye na - tions, Hail the long ex - pect - ed day.

## No Night is There. 8s. & 7s.

FANNY CROSBY.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Chris-tian, is thy soul pro - gress-ing? Are thy hopes of glo- ry bright? Canst thou see the hill of Zi - on, Beam- ing with ce -les- tial light?
2. Life's pure riv - er, clear as crys- tal, Glides a- long that radiant shore, From thy Fa-ther's throne proceed-ing, Thou shalt drink and thirst no more;
3. Hark! the Bride and Spir- it call thee Up-ward to the realms of day! No more sor- row, no more cry - ing, God shall wipe all tears a - way!

Comes the min- gled songs of an - gles, Waft- ed on the fragrant air? What a pros - pect lies be - fore thee! God has said, "No night is there."
Trees that nev - er lose their ver - dure, Flowers that still their beauty wear, On its qui - et banks are blooming; God has said, "No night is there."
Dost thou sometimes walk in dark- ness? Is thy bur - den hard to bear? Strug-gle on a lit- tle long - er; God has said, "No night is there."

## Gordon. 8s. & 7s.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Praise the Lord; ye heav'ns, adore Him! Praise Him, angels in the height! Sun and moon! re - joice be- fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light!
2. Praise the Lord for He hath spoken; Worlds His mighty voice o-bey; Laws, which never can be bro - ken, For their guid-ance He hath made.
3. Praise the God of our sal - vation; Hosts on high! His pow'r proclaim; Heav'n and earth, and all crea - tion! Laud and mag-ni - fy His name.

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## Evening Prayer. 8s. & 7s.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Hear my pray'r, O heav'nly Fa-ther, Ere I lay me down to sleep: Bid Thine an-gels, pure and ho - ly, Round my head their vig - il keep.
2. Great my sins are, but Thy mer - cy Far outweighs them ev - 'ry one: Down be- fore Thy cross I cast them Trust-ing in Thy help a- lone.
3. None shall meas-ure out Thy patience, By the span of hu- man tho't: None shall bound the ten - der mer- cies, Which Thy ho - ly Son has brought.

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## Tenney. 8s. & 7s.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Take my heart, O Fa - ther, take it; Make and keep it all Thine own; Let Thy spir - it melt and break it, This proud heart of sin and stone;
2. Ev - er let Thy grace surround it; Strengthen it with pow'r di-vine, Till Thy cords of love have bound it, Make it to be whol-ly Thine;

Fa- ther, make it pure and low - ly, Fond of peace, and far from strife; Turn- ing from the paths un - ho - ly Of this vain and sin- ful life.
May the blood of Je - sus heal it And its sins be all forgiv'n; Ho - ly Spir - it take and seal it, Guide it in the path to heav'n.

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## Showalter. 8s. & 7s. Double.

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1. Hail, Thou once de - spis- ed Je- sus, Hail, Thou Ga - li - le - an king! Thou didst suf - fer to re-lease us, Thou didst free sal - va- tion bring;
2. Je - sus, hail, enthroned in glo- ry, There for - ev - er to a - bide; All the heav'nly hosts a-dore Thee, Seat-ed at Thy Father's side;

Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav- iour, Bear- er of our sin and shame; By Thy mer- its we find fav - or; Life is giv-en through Thy name.
There for sin - ners Thou art plead-ing; There Thou dost our place pre-pare; Ev - er for us in - ter - ced - ing Till in glo - ry we ap - pear.

JOHN BOWRING.

## God Is Love. 8s. & 7s. Double.

GEO. BAKER.

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1. God is love, His mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove, Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens, God is wis-dom, God is love.
2. E'en the hour that dark- est seemeth Will His changeless goodness prove, From the gloom His brightness streameth, God is wisdom, God is love.

Time and change are bus - y ev - er; Man de - cays and a - ges move; But His mer- cy wan- eth nev- er, God is wis-dom, God is love.
He with earth- ly cares en- twin - eth, Hope and com- fort from a - bove; Ev- 'ry-where His glo - ry shin- eth, God is wis-dom, God is love.

## Ollie. 8s. & 7s. Double.

J. F. KING.

*Moderato.* *cres.* *m* *cres.*

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta- ken, All to leave and fol - low Thee; Na-ked, poor, de-spised, for-sak- en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!
2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sav-iour too; Human hearts and looks deceive me—Thou art not, like them, un - true;
3. Haste thee on from grace to glo-ry, Arm'd by faith, and winged by pray'r! Heav'n's eternal days before thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there;

*m* *f* *ff* *cres.* *m*

Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi- tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known, Yet how rich is my con- di- tion, God and heav'n are still my own!
Oh, while thou dost smile up - on me, God of wis-dom, love and might, Foes may hate, and friends dis-own me, Show Thy face and all is bright.
Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis- sion, Soon shall pass thy pil-grim days, Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

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## Only Waiting. 8s. & 7s. Double.

E. ROBERTS, by per.

*Andante con espressione.*

1. On - ly wait - ing till the shad-ows Are a lit - tle long - er grown, On - ly wait - ing till the glim-mer Of the day's last beam is flown,
2. On - ly wait - ing till the reap-ers Have the last sheaf gather'd home, For the sum - mer time is fa - ded, And the autumn winds have come;

*dim.*

Till the night of earth is fa - ded From the heart once full of day, Till the stars of heav'n are breaking Thro' the twi- light, soft and gray.
Quick-ly, reap - ers, quickly gath - er The last ripe hours of my heart; For the bloom of life is wither'd, And I hast - en to de - part.

## Thornton. 8s. & 7s.

*Allegro.* *Rit.* *a tempo.*

1. Brightest of the Fa-ther's glo - ry, Shall Thy praise un-utter-ed lie? Fly my tongue such guilt-y si-lence, Sing the Lord who came to die.
2. From the high - est throne of glo - ry, To the cross of deep - est woe— All to ran-som guilt-y captives; Flow my praise for - ev - er flow.
3. Go, re - turn, im - mortal Saviour, Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne; Thence return and reign for - ev - er; Be the King-dom all Thine own.

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## Cardiff. 8s. & 7s. Double.

Welsh Melody, arr.

1. { Day di - vine when sudden streaming To the Lord's first lov-ers came, / Glo - ry new and treasures streaming, Might - y gifts and tongues of flame! } Day to hap - py souls commended, When the Ho-ly Ghost was giv'n;
2. { Hath the Ho - ly Ghost been holden By the an - cient saints a-lone? / On - ly may the a - ges old - en Call the Com-fort - er their own? } Won-ders we may not in - herit, Signs and tongues we may not crave;

When the Comforter descended And bro't down the joy of heav'n.
Yet we still receive the spir-it, Still the Comforter we have.

## Sherwin. 8s. & 7s. 6 lines.

E. P. AMBROSE.

1. Sow the seed and wait with patience, Leave it in the Father's care;

*Slow.*

Dew He giv - eth, rain He send-eth, Cooling breeze and sun-lit air, O'er the ti - ny seed He watcheth, From the germ to fruit-age fair.

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Miss F. R. HAVERGAL.

## Oberlin. 7s. & 6s.

E. ROBERTS.

1. O Sav-iour, pre-cious Sav - iour, Whom yet un - seen we love, O name of might and fav - or, All oth - er names a - bove!
2. O Bring-er of sal - va - tion, Who won-drous-ly hast wrought; Thy - self the rev - e - la - tion Of love be- yond our thought.
3. In Thee all ful - ness dwell - eth, All grace and power di - vine; The glo - ry that ex - cell - eth, O Son of God is Thine.
4. O grant the con - su - ma - tion Of this our song a - bove In end - less a - dor - a - tion, And ev - er - last - ing love;

CHORUS.

1.–3. We wor- ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing; We praise Thee and con - fess Thee Our ho - ly Lord and King.
4. Then shall we praise and bless Thee Where per-fect prais- es ring, And ev - er - more con - fess Thee Our Sav-iour and our King.

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## Palmer. 7s. & 6s.

E. ROBERTS.

1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light; O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau- ti - ful, most bright;
2. To - day on wea - ry na - tions The heav'n-ly man - na falls; To ho - ly con - vo - ca - tions, The sil - ver trum - pet calls.

*Slower.*

On thee the high and low - ly, Be - fore th'e - ter- nal throne, Sing Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great Three in One.
Where gos - pel light is glow - ing With pure and ra-diant beams, And liv - ing wa - ters flow - ing With soul - re - fresh-ing streams.

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IDA L. REED.

## Thy Will be Done. 6s.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

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1. Thy will, dear Lord, be done, I bend my will to Thine. Now at Thy ho - ly word, My hopes I here re - sign.
2. Dear Lord, Thou know-est best, 'Tis for my good a - lone, This prom - ise brings me rest; Thy ho - ly will be done.
3. All chang - es are from Thee Of sor - row, care and joy, And love, so full and free, That noth - ing can de - stroy.
4. I bow to Thy strong will, In si - lent grief a - lone; Yet, love Thee dear - er still, Thy will, dear Lord, be done.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY.
Ref. added.

## Culpeper. 8s. 7s. & 3s.

E. ROBERTS.

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1. Come Thou long expect-ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo- ple free; From our fears and sins re - lease us, Let us find our rest in Thee.
2. Born Thy peo-ple to de - liv - er, Born a child,and yet a King, Born to reign in us for - ev - er, Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
3. By Thine own e - ter - nal Spir - it, Rule in all our hearts a - lone; By Thine all suf - fi - cient mer - it, Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

REFRAIN.

By Thy might,Prince of Light,Pow'rs of darkness put to flight.

## Rome. H. M.

E. ROBERTS.

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1. Re - joice, the Lord is King! Your God and King a - dore,
2. His king-dom can- not fail; He rules o'er earth and heav'n;

Mor - tals give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more; Lift up the heart, lift up the voice, Re - joice a - loud ye saints re - joice.
The key of death and hell, Are to our Je - sus giv'n; Lift up the heart, lift up the voice, Re - joice a - loud ye saints re - joice.

144 CAROLINE M NOEL.

## Corinth. 6s. & 5s.

EDWARD ROBERTS.

1. At the name of Je - sus Ev - ery knee shall bow, Ev - ery tongue con - fess Him King of Glo - ry now;
2. At His voice cre - a - tion Springs at once to sight All the an - gel fac - es, All the hosts of light,
3. Hum - bled for a sea - son To re - ceive a name, From the lips of sin - ners Un - to whom He came;
4. Name Him, broth - ers, name Him, Con - quer - or of death, But with awe and won - der And with 'bat - ed breath;

'Tis the Fa - ther's pleas - ure We should call Him Lord, Who from the be - gin - ing Was the might - y word.
Thrones and Do - min - a - tions, Stars up - on their way, All the heav - 'nly or - ders, In their great ar - ray.
Faith - ful - ly He bore it Spot - less to the last, Brought it back vic - to - rious, When from death He passed.
He is God the Sav - iour, He is Christ the Lord Ev - er to be wor - shipped, Trust - ed and a - dored.

*rit.*

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## Battle Cry. 6s. & 5s.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Christ - ian dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground, How the troops of Mi - dian Prowl and prowl a - round?
2. Christ - ian dost thou feel them, How they work with - in, Striv - ing, tempt - ing, lur - ing, Goad - ing un - to sin?

Chris - tian up and smite them, Counting gain but loss; Smite them by the mer - it Of the ho - ly cross.
Chris - tian nev - er trem - ble; Nev - er be dis - mayed; Smite them by the vir - tue Of the ran - som paid.

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## Cook. 6s. 5s. & 7s.

F. L. ROBERTSHAW.

1. Night with eb - on pin - ions Brood - ed o'er the vale, All a - round was si - lent, Save the night-wind's wail;
2. Smit - ten for of - fen - ces, Which were not His own, He for our trans - gres - sions, Had to weep a - lone;
3. Ab - ba, Fa - ther, Fa - ther, If in - deed it may Let this cup of an - guish Pass from me I pray;

When Christ the man of sor - rows, In tears and sweat and blood, Pros-trate in the gar - den Raised His voice to God.
No friend with words to com - fort Nor hand to help was there; When the meek and low - ly, Hum - bly bowed in pray'r.
Yet if it must be suf - fered, By me the on - ly Son, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, Fa - ther, Let Thy will be done.

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## Chorale. 8s. 7s. & 6s.

F. L. ROBERTSHAW.

1. What God has done, is wise-ly done, Full deep His un - der - stand - ing; Where-e'er He leads me I will run, And halt at His com -
2. What God hath done,is kind-ly done, My Fa-ther cant for - get me; His heart beats for His earth-ly son, He knows the cares that

- mand - ing; He is my God, And e'en his rod, He wise - ly wields to guide me, To Him then I'll con - fide me.
fret me; In weal or woe, Full well I know; E'en while His face He veil - eth, His good-ness nev - er fail - eth.

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## Virginia. 7s. 8s. 7s. & 7s.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Light of Light, en - light - en me! Now a - new the day is dawn-ing; Sun of grace, the shad-ows flee, Bright-en Thou my
2. Fount of all our joy and peace, To Thy liv - ing wa - ters lead me; Thou from earth my soul re - lease, And with grace and
3. Kin - dle Thou the sac - ri - fice That up - on my lips is ly - ing; Clear the shad-ows from mine eyes, That, from ev - 'ry

Sab- bath morn-ing: With Thy joy - ous sun - shine blest, Hap - py is my day of rest, Hap - py is my day of rest.
mer - cy feed me; Bless Thy word that it may prove Rich in fruits that Thou dost love, Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.
er - ror fly - ing, No strange fire may in me glow, That Thine al - tar doth not know, That Thine al - tar doth not know.

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## Carl. 5s. & 6s.

E. ROBERTS.

1. O praise ye the Lord! Praise Him in the height; Re - joice in His word Ye an - gels of light;
2. O praise ye the Lord! Praise Him up - on earth; In tune - ful ac - cord Ye sons of new birth;
3. O praise ye the Lord! All things that give sound; Each ju - bi - lant chord Re - ech - o a - round;

Ye heav - ens a - dore Him By whom ye were made, And wor - ship be - fore Him, In bright- ness ar - rayed.
Praise Him who hath brought you His grace from a - bove, Praise Him who hath taught you To sing of His love.
Loud or - gans, His glo - ry Forth tell in deep tones, And sweet harp, the sto - ry Of what He hath done.

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Miss C. ELLIOTT.
Ref. added.

## The Hour of Prayer.

E. ROBERTS. 147

REFRAIN.

1. My God, is any hour so sweet, From blush of morn till evening star, As that which calls me to Thy feet—The hour of pray'r?
2. Blest is the tranquil hour of morn, And blest that solemn hour of eve, When on the wings of pray'r upborne, The world I leave.
3. No words can tell what sweet relief, Here for my ev'ry want I find: What strength for warfare, balm for grief, What peace of mind!

'Tis then my soul finds [sweetest

*Rall.*

rest, While lean-ing, while lean-ing, While lean-ing on my Saviour's breast; 'Tis then my soul finds sweetest rest, While lean-ing on my Saviour's breast.

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## Morning Prayer.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care; And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known;
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe-ti- tion bear, To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness Engage the wait-ing soul to bless:

In sea - sons of distress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief, And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By Thy return, sweet hour of pray'r!
And since He bids me seek His face, Believe His word, and trust His grace, I'll cast on Him my ev'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r!

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143 Rev. ISAAC WATTS.
Ref by E. R.

## Christian Soldier.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own His cause Or blush to speak His name?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies, On flow-'ry beds of ease, While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas?
3. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord; I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

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REFRAIN.

Thy true and val- iant sol - dier, My Sav- iour I would be, Fight - ing the pow'rs of sin; O grant that by Thy might, My foes be put to flight, Foes with-out and foes with - in.

## The Cleft Rock.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Rock of a - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Noth - ing in my hand I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed, Be of sin the doub - le cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress; Help-less, look to Thee for grace; Foul, I to the fount-ain fly; Wash me, Sav-iour, or I die.

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# Who are these?

Tr. by Miss F. E. COX.
Ref. add.

E. ROBERTS.

1 Who are these like stars ap - pear - ing, These be - fore God's throne who stood? Each a gold - en crown is wear - ing,
2. These like priests have watched and wait - ed, Off - 'ring up to Christ their will, Soul and bod - y con - se - crat - ed,

Who are all this glo- rious band? Al - le - lu - - - ia, hark, they sing, Prais - ing loud their heav-enly King.
Day and night they serve Him still: Now in God's most ho - ly place, Blest they stand be-fore His face.
Al - le - lu - ia Prais - ing loud
Now in God's most Blest they stand

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REFRAIN.

All their tears are wiped a - way Bright they shine in end - less day, Bright they
All their tears wiped a - way, Bright they shine end - less day,

shine in end-less day, All their tears are wiped a-way, Bright they shine in end-less day,
Bright they shine, in end-less day, All their tears wiped a- way,

150 Unknown. Ref. by E. R.

## Jerusalem my Happy Home.

E. ROBERTS, by per.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem my hap-py home, Name ev - er dear to me, When shall my la - bors have an end In joy and peace in Thee?
2. O when, thou Cit - y of my God, Shall I Thy courts as - cend, Where con - gre - ga-tions ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no end?
3. There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sor-row know: Blest seats, thro' rude and storm-y scenes, I on-ward press to you.

REFRAIN.

O glo - ri-ous dawn! . . . . O! rap-tur-ous hour! . . . . . What joy shall then be mine, What joy shall then be mine,
glo- ri-ous dawn! rap-tur-ous hour!

When in my Saviour's righteousness I shall for- ev - er shine, When in my Saviour's righteousness I shall for- ev - er shine.

## Jerusalem the Golden.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be- neath thy con-tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppressed:
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an an - gel And all the mar- tyr throng.
3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there from care re - leased, The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast;
4. O sweet and bless- ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect! O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea- ger hearts ex - pect!

## Jerusalem the Golden. Concluded.

I know not, O I know not What so - cial joys are there; What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare.
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day-light is se - rene; The pas-tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
And they who with their Lead - er, Have conquered in the fight; For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest, Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

## O to be Home with Jesus.

A. J. SHOWALTER

1. Home, home, it's O to be home! O to be home with Je - sus! Be - yond death's an - gry swol - len riv - er, On Jor - dan's banks of green for - ev - er, Where ten - der hearts are no more brok - en, Where part - ing words are no more spok - en.
2. Home, home, it's O to be home! O to be home with Je - sus! Where toil - worn ones their sheaves are bring - ing, Heav'ns har - vest home in tri-umph sing - ing, And blood-bought souls from out of E - dom, Come chant - ing the glad songs of free - dom.
3. Home, home, it's O to be home! O to be home with Je - sus! Where gath - er all the dear de - part - ed, Earth's long - lost ones, her no - ble - heart - ed, Saints of all a - ges, he - roes old - en, With - in Je - ru - sa - lem the gol - den.
4. Home, home, it's O to be home! O to be home with Je - sus! To walk in white those far - off moun - tains, With long de - light to drink life's fount - ains From His own hand to take for - ev - er, The gift of the all - per - fect Giv - er.

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REFRAIN.

Home, home, it's O to be home, O to be home with Je - sus! No more to sin, no more to roam, O to be home with Je - sus!

152

# I am so Happy in His Love.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. My life seems like a wave of song; My heart is full of glad- ness; The Lord has there - in made His home,
2. It was not al - ways thus with me; No! un - til Je - sus found me My life was filled with sad re - gret,
3. It seems so strange, this new, sweet peace, That thrills me so with pleas - ure! It seems so won-drous to pos - sess,

SOLO.

And ban - ished all its sad - ness; Through all the cham- bers of my soul, The strains of joy are
And all was gloom a - round me; But now His touch has made me whole, And a new joy up -
So rich and pure a treas - ure! To Christ who gives this in - ward calm All praise I will be

ring - ing; The an - gels of God's peace and love In tri - umph there are sing - ing.
- spring - ing, Has so pos- sessed my rap - tured soul, I can - not keep from sing - ing.
bring - ing, While mu - sic-strains of heav - enly tune Through all my soul are ring - ing.

CHORUS.

I'm hap - - - - - py in His love, It thrills me so with its pleas - ure,
I am so hap - py in His love, I am so hap - py in His love, It thrills me so with its pleas - ure,

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That I will ne'er re-nounce So rich and pure a treas - ure.
That I will nev - er - more re- nounce, That I will nev - er - more re- nounce So rich and pure a treas - ure.

## Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

Dr. H. BONAR. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. Be - yond the smil- ing and the weep - ing, Be - yond the wak- ing and the sleep - ing, Be - yond the sow - ing and the
2. Be - yond the blooming and the fad - ing, Be - yond the shin- ing and the shad - ing, Be - yond the hop - ing and the
3. Be - yond the part- ing and the meet - ing, Be - yond the fare- well and the greet - ing, Be - yond the pul - se's fe - ver -

CHORUS.

reap - ing, I shall be soon.
dread - ing, I shall be soon.
- beat - ing, I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home! Sweet, sweet home! Bless - ed Je - sus, tar - ry not, but come And take me to my home; Bless - ed Je- sus, tar - ry not, but come And take me to my home.

154 Arr. from JUDSON L. MOORE, by J. B. M.

# We Will Follow.

JOSEPH B. MOON.

1. We will fol - low, we will fol- low in Thy footsteps gracious Lord, We will fol - low aft - er Je - sus ev - 'ry- where, (ev-'ry-where,)
2. We will fol - low, we will fol- low though the world may press us down, We will fol - low aft - er Je - sus ev - 'ry- where, (ev-'ry-where,)
3. We will fol - low, we will fol- low till we reach the gold- en shore, We will fol - low aft - er Je - sus ev - 'ry- where, (ev-'ry-where,)

Though the night be dark and drea - ry, and the path be rough and hard, We will fol - low aft - er Je - sus ev - 'ry - where.
For with - out the cross of Je - sus we can ne'er ob-tain the crown We will fol - low aft - er Je - sus ev - 'ry - where.
There we'll meet the dear Re - deem - er and our loved ones gone be- fore, We will fol - low aft - er Je - sus ev - 'ry - where.

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CHORUS.

We will fol - - - low, We will fol - - - low, We will fol - low aft - er Je - sus ev - 'ry- where; (ev- 'rywhere;
We will fol - low aft - er Je - sus, We will fol - low aft - er Je - sus,

We will fol - - - low, We will fol - - - low, We will fol- low aft - er Je - sus ev - 'ry- where. (ev-'ry-where.
We will fol - low aft - er Je - sus, We will fol - low aft - er Je - sus,

## God is Love.



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1. God is love; His mercy brightens All the path in which we rove; Bliss He wakes and woe He light - ens; God is wis-dom, God is love.
2. Chance and change are busy ever; Man decays and a- ges move; But His mer - cy wan-eth nev - er; God is wis-dom, God is love.
3. He with earthly cares entwin- eth Hope and comfort from above; Ev - ry-where His glo- ry shin - eth; God is wis-dom, God is love.

REFRAIN.

O the love wherewith He lov'd us, That His on - ly Son He gave, To make known His love un- to us And to ran-som from the grave.

## The New-Made Song.

E. P. AMBROSE.

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1. Awake and sing the song of Moses and the Lamb; Wake every heart and every tongue, To praise the Saviour's name.
2. Sing of His dy-ing love; Sing of His rising power; Sing how He intercedes above For those whose sins He bore.
3. Sing till we feel our hearts Ascending with our tongues; Sing till the love of sin departs, And grace inspires our song.
4. Sing on your heav'nly way, Ye ransomed sinners sing; Sing on rejoicing every day In Christ the eternal King.

REFRAIN.

Sing the song, the new-made song, Good tid- ings for you and for me; Sing the song, the new-made song, The song of sal-va - tion so free.

Sing the song, the new-made song, Sing the song, Sing the song, The new-made song,

Dr. H. BONAR.

## I Shall be Satisfied.

JOSEPH B. MOON.

1. When I a-wake in that sweet morn of morns, Af-ter whose dawning night ne'er returns, And with whose glory day ev - er burns, I shall be sat - is-fied.
2. When I shall meet all of those I have loved, Clasp in my arms the long, long removed, And find how faithful thou then hast proved, I shall be sat-is-fied.
3. When I shall gaze on the dear face of Him Who for me died, with eyes no more dim, And praise Him with heav'ns deep swelling hymn, I shall be satisfied.

CHORUS.

I . . . . . shall be sat - is - fied, I . . . . . shall be sat - is - fied When I a-wake in Thy like-ness,
I shall be sat - is- fied, I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied

I . . . . . shall be sat - is - fied, I . . . . . shall be sat - is - fied When I a-wake in Thy like - ness.
I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied

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## Song of Rejoicing.

H. K. ZELLONGER.

1. Chil - dren of the heav'nly King, As ye jour- ney sweetly sing, Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways.
2. Ye are traveling home to God, In the way the fa - thers trod, They are hap - py now and ye Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
3. Shout ye lit - tle flock and blest, You on Je - sus' throne shall rest; There your seat is now pre - pared, There your kingdom and re- ward.

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## Song of Rejoicing. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal-le - lu - jah, Let us sing with loud ac - claim, Ha - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Praise to our Re-deem-er's name.

## Joy to the World.

Dr. ISAAC WATTS. JOSEPH B. MOON.

*D.C.* 1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come, Joy to the world! the Lord is come, Joy to the world! the Lord is come, Let
2. Joy to the earth! the Sav - iour reigns! Joy to the earth! the Sav - iour reigns! Joy to the earth! the Sav - iour reigns! Let
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, He rules the world with truth and grace, He rules the world with truth and grace, And

FINE.

earth re-ceive her King: Let ev- 'ry heart prepare Him room And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing.
men their songs employ: While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re- peat the sound-ing joy Re-peat the sound-ing joy.
makes the nations prove, The glo - ries of His righteousness And wonders of His love, And won-ders of His love, And wonders of His love.

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D.C.

Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room, Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room, Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room And heav'n and nature sing:
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains Repeat the sounding joy:
The glo - ries of His right-eous-ness, The glo - ries of His right-eous-ness, The glo - ries of His right-eous-ness And won-ders of His Love:

Mrs. C. D. SHACKLOCK.

## Rest in Heaven.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Af - ter the toil and tur - moil, Af - ter the strife is past, Com- eth the peace God giv - eth, Com- eth the rest at last.
2. They who have fought and con - quered, Wag- ing a war with sin, In - to the heaven-ly cit - y, Glad- ly will en - ter in.
3. Rest for the worn and wea - ry, Shel-ter for all the lost; And in the bless - ed ha - ven, An- chor the tem- pest - toss'd.

Rest, sweet rest for the wea - ry, Af- ter the toil and pain; Sleep for the well be- lov - ed, Crowns will the vic - tors gain.
Rest, . . . . sweet rest for the weary, Af- ter the toil, the toil and pain; Sleep for the well be - lov - ed, Crowns will the vic - tors, vic-tors gain.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

## My Anchor is Holding.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Sweet hope, the an - chor of my soul, En- ters with- in the vail; Rests in the Sav-iour's dy- ing love; Fears not the wildest gale.
2. My life's frail bark is oft - en tossed, High on the moun-tain waves; Stead-fast and sure my an-chor holds, Firm on the Rock that saves.
3. Fair heav- en's dome is just in view, Beau- ti - ful gold - en land! Soon I shall reach its gates of pearl, Walk on its shining strand.

My an - chor is hold- ing, is hold - ing, With - in the vail; My an- chor is hold-ing, is hold - ing; It will not fail.

J. A. B.

## Rally for the Right, Boys!

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 might Now rally for the right, boys, rally!
2. Forward to the fight, strong in the right; Fiercely must the battle rage; Vict'ry will be ours, if we engage To ral - ly for the right, boys, ral-ly!
3. We must conquer sin, if we would win Laurels for the victor's brow; Then with Christ our Captain, firmly now We'll rally for the right, boys, rally!
4. When the conflict's o'er, on Jordan's shore, Numbered with the vet'ran band, In our Captain's ranks we hope to stand, So rally for the right, boys, rally!

CHORUS.

Virtue your watchword, March firmly onward; Stray not from wisdom's way; Angels from above Will watch with love; Then rally for the right, boys, rally!

But remember that the

## Safe Within the Vale.

J. M. EVANS.

1. Land a - head! Its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless green; And the liv - ing wa - ters lav-ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
2. On-ward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See the blessed wave their hands: Hear the harps of God re-sounding From the bright im-mor- tal bands.
3. There, let go the an-chor, rid- ing On this calm and sil - v'ry bay; Sea-ward fast the tide is glid- ing, Shores in sun-light stretch a- way.
4. Now we're safe from all temp-ta- tion; All the storms of life are past; Praise the Rock of our sal - va- tion, We are safe at home at last.

CHORUS.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e - ter - nal shore; Drop the an - chor! Furl the sail! I am safe with-in the vail!

A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

# Our Army Song.

E. ROBERTS, by per.

1. With ban - ners all un-furled, and a - long the King's highway Marching, with songs our voices ring- ing; The ar - my of the Lord, let us
2. His love for us we know, how for us He free - ly died, Oft - en we've heard the wondrous story; Though King eter-nal, He on the
3. In beau - ty and in grace He is near us ev - ery day, Of love and goodness ev - er tell - ing; He'll hear us when we sing, He will
4. The ar - my of the Lord, His commands may we o- bey, Voic- es with prais-es ev - er ring - ing; Our hearts be full of joy, as we

CHORUS.

lift our hearts to-day, Joy- ful lift up with prayer and singing.
earth was cru - ci- fied, Open-ing for us the gates of glo - ry.
} King of sal- va-tion, On Him ev - er call, To Him be glo- ry, the

keep us while we pray, Seek-ing to make our hearts His dwelling.
march a- long our way, Join-ing the an- gels in our sing- ing.
} King of sal- va-tion, On Him ev - er call, To Him be glo - ry, the

Lord of us all; For the love so free - ly given, Praise we now the Lord of heaven, Lift - ing our hearts in joy - ful cho - rus.

Lord of us all; For the love so free - ly given, Praise we now the Lord of heaven, Lift - ing our hearts in joy - ful cho - rus.

L. B. M.

# We are Marching to Glory.



1. We are march - ing to glo - ry, and we're sing - ing the sto - ry That the pil-grims thro' the a - ges have sung, have sung;
2. O the path grow- eth bright- er, and the load seem - eth light - er, And our toil is but the la - bor of love, of love;
3. O then join in our sing - ing, and to Je - sus be bring - ing, All your Ser-vice and your heart full of love, of love;

And through - out ev - 'ry na - tion is the sweet - est ob - la - tion, Ev - er of - fered by a mor - tal tongue.
And when souls seek the fa - vor of the dear, bless - ed Sav - iour There is joy a - kin to that a - bove.
And we'll march on to - geth - er to the bright, bright for - ev - er Till we sing His praise at home a - bove.

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CHORUS.

We are march - ing to glo - ry, yes we're march - ing to glo - ry, And the songs of sal - va - tion we will sing, we will sing,

So in - spir - ing and cheer- ing, as the por - tals we're near - ing, And we jour - ney on to crown the King.

## Rock of Ages. 7s. 6 lines.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill the law's de - mand; myself Could my zeal no re - spite know,
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling; the law's Na - ked, come to thee for dress,
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death; thy cross When I soar to worlds un - known, shall close

From thy wound - ed side which flow'd, Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
Could my tears for - ev - er flow, wounded side All for sin could not a - tone: double Thou must save and Save thou and make a - lone.
Help - less, look to thee ev-er for grace: Vile, I to the fount - ain fly, could not Wash me Sav-iour, Thou or yes thou I die.
See thee on thy judg - ment throne; to thee Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! fountain Let me hide my - self Wash in thee. yes cleft Let wash me, or myself

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## Wesley. L. M.

Mrs. A. KURZDORFER.

1. The morning flow'rs display their sweets, And gay their silken leaves unfold, As careless of the noon - day heats, As fearless of the evening cold.
2. Nipped by the wind's unkindly blast, Parched by the sun's di-rect - er ray, The momen- ta - ry glo - ries waste, The short lived beau-ties die a - way.
3. Yet these, new rising from the tomb, With luster brighter far shall shine; Revive with ev-er - dur - ing bloom, Safe from dis-eas - es and de-cline.
4. Let sickness blast, let death de - vour, If heav'n must recompense our pains; Perish the grass, and fade the flow'r, If firm the word of God re-mains.

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# Lights Along the Shore.



1. There are lights by the shore of that coun - try, Where my bark a - mid per - ils I steer; And they ev - er grow bright-er, and
2. There are lights by the shore as we jour - ney, As we float down the riv - er of time; All the days of our pil - grim-age
3. Oh! they tell of a hope that will cheer us In the midst of our sor- rows and cares; When the lamp on our ves - sel burns
4. Then for - get not to keep your light shin - ing, O Chris-tian! be earn- est and true, For a soul on life's o - cean may

CHORUS.

bright - er, As that glo - rious ha - ven I near.
bright - en, With a ra - diance tru - ly sub-lime.
} Oh! the lights a - long the shore, That nev - er grow dim, nev - er, nev - er grow

dim - ly, We watch for the glim- mer of theirs.
per - ish, May sink in the waves,—but for You.
} Oh! the lights a - long the shore, That nev - er grow dim, nev - er, nev - er grow

dim, Are the souls that are a flame With the love of Je - sus' name, And they guide us, yes they guide us un - to Him.

dim, Are the souls that are a flame With the love of Je - sus' name, And they guide us, yes they guide us un - to Him.

# We Shall Know Each Other There.

C. E. B., arranged.

C. H. CRAWFORD.

1. When the ev-'ning shadows gath- er, And the long days work is done; When we reach the unknown country Out be - yond the set- ting sun:
2. Cher-ished forms who walked beside us, Down the aisles of by-gone years, How we watched them fade and vanish, Thro' a mist of fall- ing tears;
3. All the way they've walked beside us, Ev - er near us, though un-seen, Hid-den from our blind-ed vis - ion By the veil that fell be-tween,
4. Hush, then, each re- bel-lious mur-mur, For we, too, are go - ing home, There to find our household treasures, Nev-er - more a-gain to roam:

Af- ter all the wea - ry wait- ing, In their peace - ful rest to share, No more need of an-guished parting—We shall know each other there.
Lov- ing voic - es hushed in si- lence, Join- ing now the an - gel band, Sing- ing glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, O- ver in the Beu- lah land.
But when Je - sus bids us en- ter Through the pearl- y por- tals wide, They will be the first to meet us O- ver on the oth - er side.
Safe with - in our Fa-ther's mansion, Clad in robes so bright and fair, Hymning loud our hal - le - lu - jahs, We shall know each oth- er there.

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REFRAIN.

We shall know, we shall know, We shall know each oth - er bet - ter, We shall know each oth - er there;
sure - ly know, sure - ly know,

On the res - ur- rec- tion morn- ing, Free from toil and free from care, With our tear-dimmed eyes made perfect, We shall know each oth-er there.

E. R. LATTA.

# Wonderful Words.

E. ROBERTS. 165

1. Won- der - ful words of Je - sus, Such as man nev - er spake; Sor - row- ing hearts to com - fort! Fet-ters of sin to break!
2. Won- der - ful words of Je - sus, Caus-ing the deaf to hear! Eas - ing the bur-den'd spir - it! Dry-ing the mourner's tears!
3. Won- der - ful words of Je - sus, Con-quer-ing all dis - ease! Or on the torn Ti - ber - ias, Causing the storm to cease!

Won- der - ful words of Je - sus, Caus-ing the dumb to talk, Won-der - ful words of Je - sus, Caus-ing the lame to walk!
Won- der - ful words of Je - sus, Opening the sight - less eyes, Won-der - ful words of Je - sus, Caus-ing the dead to rise!
Won- der - ful words of Je - sus, Mak-ing the lep - ers whole, Won-der - ful words of Je - sus, Sav-ing the sin - ful soul!

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REFRAIN.

Won - der - ful words, . . . . . Won - der - ful words, . . . . . That could the lost re - store! Won - der - ful
Won-der - ful words, Won-der - ful words,

words, . . . . . Won - der - ful words, . . . . . Won - der - ful words of Je - sus! Nev - er such words be - fore.
Won- der - ful words! Won-der - ful words,

IDA L. REED.

*Moderato.*

# Waiting the Dawn.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. I am wait - ing, O my Sav - iour, For the com - ing of the day, That shall free my soul for - ev - er, From its
2. I am wait - ing, O my Sav - iour, And thy voice so sweet and low, Say- eth still, "my child be pa - tient," But 'twill
3. I am wait - ing, O my Sav - iour, In thine own good time I know, To Thy throne a - bove Thou'lt call me, In the

ten - e - ment of clay. Wait-ing for the gold - en dawn - ing, Welcome, wel- come will it be, When its first bright beams come
soon be light I know. Soon be light, all dark- ness end - ed, Then my hands shall fold - ed lie, And my spir - it shall be
morn- ing's ear - ly glow. When my heart's last throb is o - ver, Then the day will dawn for me, And to Thy fair home in

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REFRAIN. *Tempo.*

*rit. - - - - e - - - dim.*

I am wait - ing, O my Sav - iour,

steal - ing, O'er life's dark- ened tide to me.
rest - ing, With my loved ones "by and by."
heav - en, Sav - iour I will come to Thee.

I am wait - ing, wait-ing, O my Sav - iour, wait ing, For that

I am wait - ing, O my Sav - iour,

*dim.*

gold - en dawn,

hap - py, hap- py gold- en dawn, That shall break in beau - ty o'er me, When my life's last hour is gone.

gold - en dawn,

gold - en dawn,

# Up the Shining River.



F. L. ROBERTSHAW.

*Solo, or voices in unison.*

1. Up the Shin-ing Riv - er, Sail - ing with the tide, Je - sus is my Pi - lot,
2. See how hard 'tis blow - ing, There'll be wind to-night; Trem-ble not, my broth-er,
3. Who's a - fraid when Je - sus Like an an - gel stands, Hold- ing sheet and till - er,

REFRAIN.

Je - sus is my guide.
He will steer us right.
In His ho - ly hands.
} Steer the ves - sel, Je - sus, Steer it night and day, To the gold-en cit - y, Far, far a - way.

CHORUS.

Steer the ves - sel, Je - sus, Steer it night and day, To the gold- en cit - y, Far, far a - way.

INTERLUDE. (*May be omited.*)

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# By And By.

Arr. by A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. When this toilsome life is o'er, When we reach that shining shore, There we'll find a sol-ace true,
2. When our bat-tles here are won, Then we'll shine forth as the sun, And we'll praise our God on high
3. There our ev - 'ry hope we'll find, In a Sav-iour, true and kind, One on whom we can re - ly,

1. When this life, this toilsome life is o'er, When we reach, we reach that golden shore, There we'll find, we'll find a sol-ace true,
2. When our bat - tles, battles here are won, Then we'll shine, we'll shine forth as the sun, And we'll praise, we'll praise our God on high,
3. There our hope, our ev-'ry hope we'll find, In a Sav - iour, Saviour true and kind, One on whom, on whom we can re - ly,

REFRAIN.

In that by and by we view, that we shall view.
For the bless-ed by and by, sweet by and by.
When we reach that by and by, sweet by and by.

By and by, . . . . . by and by, There will be a by and

Sweet by and by, Sweet by and by, There will be a by and

by, By and by, . . . . . by and by, . . . . . Yes, there'll be a by and by, sweet by and by.
by, by an by, There will be a by and by, There will be a by and by,

*After last verse repeat pp.*

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Mrs. H. E. JONES.

# Shine on, Beautiful Star.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. How the bright an - gels sing since the Christ came to earth! How the bells glad - ly ring o'er the won-der - ful birth! See the
2. Let us join in the song of the an - gels so bright, Our sweet an - them pro-long for the gift of the night; The Re -
3. Shine, O star of the night while the glad an - gels sing; For the earth there is light, For the na - tions a King! For the

wise from a - far find the low cra - dle - bed By the light of the star shin - ing bright o - ver- head! Shine on, shine
- deem - er is nigh, sound His praise near and far, "There's a star in the sky," yes, a won - der - ful star!
sin - ner a Friend, sound the news near and far; As our prais-es as - cend, shine, oh, shine, wondrous star! Shine on,

CHORUS.

on, beau - ti - ful star, beau - ti - ful star of the night! Shine on, shine on, fill the
shine on, beau - ti - ful star, shine on, shine on, shine on,

earth with Thy light, Shine on, beau - ti - ful star! Shine on, shine on, beau-ti - ful star, shine on, beau-ti - ful star, shine on!
shine on.
beau-ti - ful star, shine on,
shine on.

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# Captive Jews.

R. H. RANDALL.

DUET. *May be sung as a Trio.*

1. By wa - ters of Bab - y - lon sit - ting for - lorn, We wept bit- ter tears in that day of our scorn,
2. They asked for a song of our dear na- tive land, May skill and Thy cun - ning for - sake thee my hand,
3. On wil - lows of Ba - bel our harps we have hung, They rock to the breez - es neg - lect - ed, un - strung;
4. We sit in the shad - ow heart-wound - ed and sore, And gaze on the wa - ters that foam on the shore,
5. We en - vy the clouds float- ing calm - ly a - bove, And long to take flight on the wings of a dove,

We thought of our Zi - on so far, far a - way, The heath- en and the scoff of the spoil - er and the prey.
If ev - er to please them blas - phe - mers ab - hor'd, Thou dare to wake to mu - sic the harp of the Lord.
And if they re - ech - o 'tis on - ly in sighs, When touched by rag - ing tem - pests while howl - ing thro' the skies.
And en - vy each bil - low that flows to the sea, Be - cause it yet may wan - der, O Zi - on dear, to Thee.
Once more to be-hold ere we rest in the sod, The land of home and kin - dred, the sa - cred city of God.

CHORUS.

O beau- ti - ful Zi - on, dear while a - ges shall roll, Far from Thee, as cap - tives bound, We sit in an- guish of soul;

O beau- ti - ful Zi - on, shall we nev - er more stand On thy walls at e - ven- tide? Thou beau-ti - ful prom- ised land?

From "The Key-Letter," by permission.

L. B. M.

## There is Joy among the Angels.

L. B. MITCHELL. 171

1. There is joy a- mong the an- gels, When the sin - ner doth re - turn; And with-in the school of Je - sus, He doth tru - ly seek to learn.
2. There is joy a- mong the work- ers, Who have toiled from year to year; And in faith and hope have wait- ed, For the har - vest to ap- pear.
3. O then, wand'rer, come to Je - sus, Join the song of earth and heav'n; Gladness here and 'mong the an - gels, For a sin - ner is for-giv'n.

CHORUS.

There is joy on earth, There is joy in heav'n, When the sin - ner comes to God, And his sins are all for-giv'n.
sweet joy on earth, sweet joy in heav'n,

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L. B. M.

## It is Enough.

L. B. MITCHELL.

1. I do not know where heaven is, Un - less 'tis ev - 'ry - where; With - in the realms where God has placed, The crea- tures of His care.
2. To know a bless - ed home somewhere, A- wait - eth me at last; And feel His pres - ence in my soul, Is all that I can ask.
3. Then on-ward, trust - ing - ly I'll go, Though heav'n is not re - vealed; I know, un - to re-demption's day, I'm by His spir - it sealed.

CHORUS.

It mat - ters lit - tle to my soul, Where-ev - er heav'n may be; When Je - sus reigns with-in my heart, It is e-nough for me.

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# Whiter than the Snow.

GEORGE D. BUCHANAN.

1. Come, my Re- deem - er, come, And deign to dwell with me; Come and Thy right as - sume, And bid Thy ri - vals flee—
2. Ex - ert Thy might - y pow'r And ban - ish all my sin; In this au - spi - cious hour, Bring all Thy grac - es in—
3. Rule Thou in ev - 'ry thought And pas - sion of my soul, 'Till all my pow'rs are brought Be - neath Thy full con - trol—

CHORUS.

Come, my Re-deemer, quick-ly come, And make my heart Thy last-ing home,

Come, my Re-deem - er, quick-ly come, And make my heart Thy last- ing home, Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And
Come, my Re-deem - er, come, And make my heart Thy home, Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And

I shall be whit-er than snow, I shall be whit-er than the snow, I shall be whit-er than the snow,
I shall be whit- er than the snow, I shall be whit-er, whit-er than the snow, I shall be whit-er, than the snow, yes

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
Wash me in the blood, in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er, whit - er than the snow.

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Mrs. LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.

# The Open Gate.

S. C. HANSON. 173

1. I've heard them sing a - gain and a - gain, Of a gate that stands a - jar, Of a sun - ny clime, and
2. A wel - come home at the o - pen gate, From a band of an - gels bright, Do these for the ran - som'd
3. The sin - ner's friend, as He reach - es down, With a Sav - iour's won- drous love; Who pre - pares a man - sion,

gold - en plain, And a sin - less land a - far. But when I have past the chil - ly tide, And en - ter my home a -
spir - it wait, As it gains the land of light? We may not know of the joy un - told, The bliss of the oth - er
robe, and crown, In His shin - ing courts a - bove. Will gath - er His flock in - to the fold, To the fold be- yond the

CHORUS.

- bove, I be - lieve the gate will o - pen wide, On its gold - en hinge of love.
side, But when I come to the gate of gold, I be - lieve 'twill o - pen wide.
tide, As they near the gate, the gate of gold, I be - lieve 'twill o - pen wide.
} It will o - pen wide, yes

o - pen wide, I'll pass thro' its por - tals free, And rest in peace on the oth - er side, It will o - pen wide for me.

From "Living Gems," by permission of S. C. Hanson.

# Teach Me O Lord.

G. W. MORRIS.

Teach me, O Lord, the way of the sta - tute, Teach me, O Lord, the way of the sta - tute, Teach me, O Lord, teach me;

And I shall keep it un - to the end, And I shall keep it un - to the end, And I shall keep it un - to the end, And

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I shall keep it un - to the end. Give me un - der-stand-ing and I shall keep Thy law, Give me un - der-stand-ing and I shall keep Thy law,

Yea, I shall ob-serve it with my whole heart, Yea, I shall ob - serve it with my whole heart. A - MEN, A - MEN.

# Fatherland.

Arr. by A. J. S. 175

1. There is a place where my hopes are stayed, My heart and my treasure are there; Where verdure and blossoms never fade, And fields are eternally fair.
2. There is a place where the angels dwell, A pure and a peaceful abode; The joys of that place no tongue can tell, For there is the palace of God.
3. There is a place where my friends are gone, Who suffered and worshiped with me; Exalted with Christ high on His throne, The King in His beauty they see
4. There is a place where I hope to live, When life and its la- bors are o'er; A place which the Lord to me will give, And then I shall sorrow no more.

REFRAIN.

That bliss- ful place is my fa- therland; By faith its delights I explore; Come, fa- vor my flight, an- gel - ic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.

J. R. RANKIN, D. D.

## God be with You!

W. G. TOMER.

By per. of J. E. Rankin.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain!—By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you; God be with you till we meet a- gain!
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain!—'Neath His wings securely hide you, Dai- ly man-na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we meet a- gain!
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain!—When life's perils thick confound you, Put His loving arms around you; God be with you till we meet a- gain!
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain!—Keep love's banner floating o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet again!

CHORUS.

Till we meet! . . Till we meet! Till we meet at Je- sus' feet; meet! God be with you till we meet a-gain!

Till we meet! meet a- gain! Till we meet! meet a- gain!

## After the Strife.

W. H. MORRIS.

1. Af- ter our la - bor is done in this life, Af- ter has end- ed our day; Blessed reward if we've won in the strife, Joy that will pass not a-way;
2. Af- ter we've suffered and wept here be-low O- ver our er- rors and sin, Up to our beauti - ful home we will go; Je- sus will welcome us in;

Af- ter the sorrows and tri - als are o'er, That we en- counter be - low; After the darkness and clouds are no more, To that dear home we will go.
Af- ter bereavement and mourning are past, Then will e - ter - ni - ty dawn; Then we'll shout glory, we're safe home at last, Safe in our beautiful home.

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REFRAIN.

Home, home, There we are long- ing to be, Home, home, Where the dear Lord we'll see.
Sweet home, sweet home, Sweet home, sweet home,

EDNA L. PARK.

## Some Sweet Day, By and By.

WM. BEERY.

1. We shall reach the sum - mer- land, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall press the gold - en strand, Some sweet day, by and by;
2. At the crys - tal riv - er's brink, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall find each brok - en link, Some sweet day, by and by;
3. Oh! these part - ing scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall gath - er friend with friend, Some sweet day, by and by;

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## Some Sweet Day, By and By. Concluded.

Oh, the loved ones wait - ing there, By the tree of life so fair, Till we come their joy to share, by and by.
Then the star that fad - ed here, Left our hearts and homes so drear, We shall see more bright and clear, by and by.
There be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall know as we are known, by and by.

Some sweet day, by and by, Some sweet day, by and by, We shall join the host a - bove, Some sweet day, by and by.
Some sweet day, Some sweet day,

## Adoration.

A. H. B.

ADALINE HOHF BEERY.

1. Lord God, Al - might - y One, Hear Thou our prayer; Let ev - 'ry hum - ble soul Thy pres - ence share;
2. For all Thy gifts su - preme, Day af - ter day, We bring in grat - i - tude Our warm - est lay;
3. Thy word, O bless - ed Lord, Is best of all; Thy name up - on its page Fa - ther we call;

All grace Thou art a - lone, All guilt we sad - ly own; All praise to Thee be shown, Thou wor - thy King.
For dai - ly man - na free, For strength to work for Thee, For mer - cy's bound - less sea, Thee we a - dore.
Thou art our lov - ing Friend, Thy care doth nev - er end; Now to these courts de - scend; Great Fa - ther, come!

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178 ARTHUR W. FRENCH, arr.

## Some Sweet Day.

J. C. PERRY.

1. We shall reach the gold - en strand, Some sweet day, by and by, Of that fair and sun - ny land, Some sweet
2. We will meet up - on the shore, Some sweet day, by and by, Those who jour - neyed on be - fore, Some sweet
3. We shall pass in - side the gates, Some sweet day, by and by, To the joy that us a - waits, Some sweet

day, by and by. Where the sil - ver wa - ters flow, Where the soft - est breez - es blow, Where the fair - est flow - ers
day, by and by. Where the sun - light nev - er dies, Where our Fa - ther's man-sions rise, We will rest our wist - ful
day, by and by. To the rap - tures of the blest, To our dear e - ter - nal rest, To its bliss a wel- come

REFRAIN.

grow, Some sweet day, by and by.
eyes, Some sweet day, by and by.
guest, Some sweet day, by and by.
} Some sweet day, by and by, Oh, that hap - py time will be Some sweet day, by and by.

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Rev. CHAS. WESLEY.
Ref. by E. R.

## March to the Fray.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Sol-diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on, Strong in the strength which God supplies Thro' His e - ter - nal Son.
2. Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His might-y pow'r, Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts, Is more that con-quer - or.
3. Stand then in His great might, With all Thy strength endued, And take to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God.

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REFRAIN.

Gird on your armor bright, March to the fray; God shall renew your strength day by day, God shall renew your strength day by day.

## Able and Willing to Save.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Sing the praise of Christ the Lord, He is a-ble to save! 'Tis the glorious writ-ten word, He is a-ble to save! Do not doubt His
2. Sin-ners now His word be-lieve, He is a-ble to save! In your hearts the Lord re-ceive, He is a-ble to save! Poor and need-y
3. In tempta-tion, fierce and strong, He is a-ble to save! Tell it to the world in song, He is a-ble to save! Shout the tid-ings

CHORUS.

love and grace; See, O see His smil-ing face; Come and find a rest-ing place, He is a-ble to save.
weak and blind, You may per-fect heal-ing find, He is pit-i-ful and kind, He is a-ble to save.
far and wide, Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci-fied, On the cross for us hath died, He is a-ble to save.

A-ble and will-ing to save, a-ble and willing to save, { To the earth's remotest bound, / Let the cho-rus loud resound, } He is a-ble to save, A-ble and willing to save.

yes, able to save, yes, willing to save, and willing to save,

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180 E. R. LATTA.

## Earth Our Tenting Ground.

E. ROBERTS.

1. We're on - ly pil-grims here be- low, To fair - er re-gion bound; The Sav- iour is our Josh - u - a, And earth our tent- ing ground;
2. We're on - ly pil-grims here be- low, Where countless ills a- bound; The Fa-ther's love our Man - na is, And earth our tent- ing ground;
3. We're on - ly pil-grims here be- low, With dan-gers all a- round; The stream of death our Jor - dan is, And earth our tent- ing ground;

Our home is far be- yond the reach Of troub- le and of care; We here have no a - bid - ing place, Our home is o - ver there.
Our home is where no part - ing comes, And skies are ev - er fair; We here have no a - bid - ing place, Our home is o - ver there.
Our home is more than Can- aan was, 'Tis bright be-yond com- pare; We here have no a - bid - ing place, Our home is o - ver there.

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REFRAIN.

O - ver there, O - ver there, Where per-fect bliss is found! O-ver there, O - ver there, Beyond earth's tenting ground.
O - ver there, O-ver there, O-ver there, O - ver there,

## On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Music and Refrain by A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. On Jordan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish- ful eye, To Can-aan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses-sions lie.
2. Oh, the transport- ing rapturous scene That ris - es to my sight! Sweet fields ar-rayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.
3. O'er all those wide, ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e- ter - nal day: There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat- ters night a - way.
4. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for ev - er blest? When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos- om rest?

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REFRAIN.

Oh, I long to reach fair Ca- naan, And with all the blood-washed throng, Swell the an- thems that the ran- som'd sing, the ran-som'd sing;

Yes, I long to see my Sav - iour in the new Je - ru - sa - lem, In the cit - y of my God and King.

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## Go to Thy Rest in Peace.

(In Memory of JOHN HURSH, Orrville, O.)

J. F. KING.

*Andante.*

1. Go to thy rest in peace, (rest in peace,) And soft be thy re - pose; Thy toils are o'er, thy trou - bles cease,
2. Go to thy peace- ful rest, (peace-ful rest, ) For thee we need not weep, Since thou art now a - mong the blest,

From earth-ly care in sweet re - lease. Thine eye- lids gent - ly close. . . . . Gent- ly close. . . . .
No more by sin and sor - row press'd, But hushed in qui - et sleep. . . . . Qui - et sleep. . . . . .

Thine eye- lids gent - ly close, They gent-ly close.
But hushed in qui - et sleep, In qui- et sleep.

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# Oh that Men would Praise the Lord.

*Con Anima.*

E. ROBERTS.

*Rit.*

Oh that men would praise the Lord, Oh that men would praise the Lord For His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men;

DUET.

*Cantabile.*

*Rit.*

For He sat - is - fi - eth the longing heart, He sat - is - fi - eth the longing heart, And fill- eth, He fill - eth the hun-gry soul with good - ness.

*Allegretto.*

*Rit.*

Oh that men would praise the Lord, Oh that men would praise the Lord, for His goodness, for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men.

*Moderato.*

Let them sac - ri-fice, let them sac-ri-fice the sac - ri- fi - ces of thanksgiving, And declare His works with rejoic - ing, Declare His works, declare His

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## Oh that Men would Praise the Lord. Concluded.

*Allegretto.*

works, Declare His works with re - joic - ing. Let them exalt Him, Let them exalt Him in the congre-ga-tion of the people; Let them exalt Him,

*Moderato.*

let them ex- alt Him In the con-gre- ga - tion of the peo- ple. Oh that men would praise the Lord, Oh that men would praise the Lord, A-MEN.

## Happy Place.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem on high, My song and cit - y is; My home whene'er I die, The cen - tre of my bliss.
2. There dwells my Lord and King, Judged here un - fit to live; There an - gels to Him sing And low - ly hom- age give.
3. Ah me! ah me! that I In Ke - dar's tents here stay; No place like that on high; Lord thith - er guide my way.

To see Thy face.

CHORUS.

*Rall.*

O hap - py place, When shall I be, My God with Thee,
O hap-py place, When shall I be, My God with Thee, To see Thy face, Thy smil - ing face.

To see Thy face.

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Rev. H. F. LYTE.

# Pleasant are Thy Courts.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL, by per.

1. Pleas ant are Thy courts a- bove, In the land of light and love; Pleas - ant are Thy
2. Hap - py souls, their prais- es flow E - ven in this vale of woe; Wa - ters in the
3. Lord, be mine this prize to win; Guide me through a world of sin; Keep me by Thy

1. Pleas-ant are Thy courts a - bove, In the land of light and love; Pleasant are Thy courts be-
2. Hap- py souls, their prais- es flow E- ven in this vale of woe; Wa- ters in the des- ert
3. Lord, be mine this prize to win; Guide me through a world of sin; Keep me by Thy sav- ing

courts be - low, In this land of sin and woe. O my spir - it longs and faints For the
des - ert rise, Man - na feeds them from the skies; On they go from strength to strength, Till they
sav - ing grace; Give me at Thy side a place: Sun and Shield a- like Thou art; Guide and

- low, In this land of sin and woe, O my spir - it longs and faints
rise, Man- na feeds them from the skies, On they go from strenght to strength,
grace; Give me at Thy side a place: Sun and Shield a - like Thou art;

con - verse of Thy saints, For the bright - ness of Thy face, King of glo - ry, God of grace.
reach Thy throne at length; At Thy feet, a- dor- ing fall, Who hast led them safe thro' all.
guard my err - ing heart; Grace and glo - ry flow from Thee, Shower, oh, shower, them, Lord, on me.

For the con - verse of Thy saints, For the bright - ness of Thy face, King of glo- ry, God of grace.
Till they reach Thy throne at length; At Thy feet a - dor- ing fall, Who hast led them safe thro' all.
Guide and guard my err- ing heart; Grace and glo - ry flow from Thee, Shower, oh, shower, them, Lord on me.

*rit.*

# Star of Victory.

A. J. CRIDER.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1 Beau- ti - ful star . . . . of the eastern world, Thou hast a glo - - - - ri- ous flag un - furled,
2. Heav-en's a beau - - - - ti - ful world of light, There is no shad - - - - ow nor shade of night,
3. Star of my voy - - - - - a - ger thou shalt be, Guid- ing his path - - - way on to the sea,

1. Beau - ti - ful star of the eastern world, east ern world, Thou hast a glo - ri ous flag unfurled, flag unfurled,
2. Heav- en's a beau - ti - ful world of light, world of light, There is no shadow nor shade of night, shade of night,
3. Star of the voy - a - ger thou shalt be, thou shalt be, Guid-ing his pathway on to the sea, to the sea,

*D.S.*—Sending Thy light . . . to us so far, . . . Shine on to vic - - - - to - ry, beau-ti- ful star, beau-ti- ful star.
Noth-ing our hap - - - - pi - ness will mar . . . Un - der the light . . . of our beau-ti- ful star, beau-ti- ful star.
Shines as a bea - - - con on seas a - far, - . . Shine on to vic - - - - to - ry, beau-ti- ful star, beau-ti- ful star.

*D. S.*—Send-ing thy light to us so far, us so far, Shine on to vic - to - ry, beauti- ful star.
Nothing our hap-pi-ness, our hap- pi - ness will mar Un-der the light of our beauti- ful star.
Shine as a bea- con on seas a - far, seas a - far, Shine on to vic - to - ry, beauti- ful star.

CHORUS.

Shine on, . . . beau- ti- ful star, . - . Shine on, . . . . beau - ti - ful star. . . . . .
Shine on, shine on, shine on, beau- ti- ful, beau-ti- ful star, shine on, Shine on, shine on, shine on, beau - ti - ful beau - ti - ful star, shine on.

FINE.

D. S.

# Gathering Home.

Dr. G. F. ROOT.

1. The sun - set fades a - long the hills; Floods of gold - en light Dy - ing in - to night; Soft twi-light now the val - ley fills; Dim the
2. The huntsmen ride a - long the hills In the gold - en light. While the com - ing night, From spir - it wings, the dew dis-tills; Bidding
3. Oh, soon for us no more shall be Morn or even - ing light, Earthly noon or night; But death's unfathomed mys - ter - y, Settling

shad-ows fall O - ver all, (o - ver all;) Hark! hark! the song the reap - ers sing, As they gath-er home, Blithe-ly gath-er home; Hark!
qui et fall O - ver all, (o - ver all;) Hark! hark! the huntsmen's wind - ing horn, As they gath - er home, Blithely gath - er home; Their
like a pall O - ver all, (o - ver all;) Then if the gold - en harps we hear, As we gath - er home, Safe - ly gath - er home, We'll

how the vales and woodlands ring, As the ech - oes sweet, loud - ly call.
tones on twi-light zeph - yrs borne, As the ech - oes sweet, soft-ly call.
know our Fa-ther's throne is near, And for us the sweet heav'nly call.

REFRAIN. *After each verse.*

Oh, hear the strain, The joy - ful strain!
Oh, hear . . . . the joy - ful strain! Gath'ring

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*Repeat p, and diminish to the end.*

The joy-ful strain: Gath'ring home, gath'ring home; The glad refrain: We're gath'ring home, The glad refrain: Gath'ring home.

home, gath'ring home; Hark! hark! . . . the glad re-frain: Gath'ring home, Gath'ring home.

## Flitting Away.

W. C. BRYANT. C. C. CLINE, by per.

1. As shadows, cast by cloud and sun, Flit o'er the summer grass, So in thy sight, Al-might-y One, Earth's gen-er - a - tions pass.
2. And while the years, an end - less host, Come pressing swift-ly on, The brightest names that earth can boast, Just glisten and are gone.
3. Yet doth the star of Bethl'm shed A lus - ter pure and sweet; And still it leads, as once it led, To the Mes - si - ah's feet.
4. O Fa-ther! may that ho - ly star Grow ev' - ry year more bright, And send its glo-rious beams a-far, To fill the world with light.

CHORUS.

*rit.*

1–2. Flit-ting, . . flit - ting, . . Flit-ting like shad-ows a - way; Flit-ting, . . flit-ting a - way, Flit-ting like shadows a - way.
3–4. Brighter, brighter, Brighter the ho - ly star shines; Brighter, brighter it shines, Brighter the ho - ly star shines.

1–2. Flitting a-way, flit-ting a - way, Flit-ting like shad-ows a - way; Flitting a - way, flit - ting a - way, Flit-ting like shadows a - way.
3–4. Brighter it shines, brighter it shines, Brighter the ho - y star shines; Brighter it shines, brighter it shines, Brighter the ho - ly star shines.

# Although the Fig-tree.

E. ROBERTS.

*Moderato.*

ALTO SOLO.

Al - though the fig - tree shall not blos - som, shall not blos - som, Nei - ther shall fruit, Nei - ther shall fruit,

ORGAN.

Nei - ther shall fruit be in the vines; The la - bor, the la - bor of the ol - ives shall fail And the fields, the fields shall

yield no fruit; The flock shall be cut off, cut off from the fold, And there shall be no herd in the stall.

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## Although the Fig-tree.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Yet I will re-joice in the Lord, Yet I will re-joice in the Lord, Yet I will re-joice, will re-joice in the Lord,

*rit.* *tempo.*

I'll re-joice, re-joice in the Lord. Yet I will re-joice in the Lord, Yet I will re-joice in the Lord. I will

*repeat pp.*

joy, I will joy in the God of my sal-va-tion, God of my sal-va-tion. A - MEN.

I will joy, I will joy

## Safety. 8s, 6s, & 3s.

Rev. S. C. MORGAN. E. P. AMBROSE.

1. Come, thou wea-ry, Je-sus calls thee To His wound-ed side; "Come to me," saith He, "and ev-er Safe a-bide."
2. Seek-ing Je-sus? Je-sus seeks thee, Wants thee as thou art; He is knock-ing, ev-er knocking At thy heart.
3. If thou let Him, He will save thee, Make thee all His own; Guide thee, keep thee, take thee dy-ing To His throne.
4. Wilt thou still re-fuse His of-fer? Wilt thou say Him nay? Wilt thou let Him, grieved, re-ject-ed, Go a-way?
5. Dost thou feel thy life is wea-ry? Is thy soul dis-tressed? Take His of-fer, wait no long-er; Be at rest.

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# Behold what Manner of Love.

EDWIN MOORE.

Be - hold what man-ner of love the Fa - ther hath be - stowed up - on us that we should, we should be call - ed, that

we should be call-ed the sons of God, that we should be called the sons of God; Behold what manner, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed up-

Be - hold what manner of love

on us, that we should be called the sons of God, that we should be called the sons of God. Therefore the world knoweth us

we should be call-ed the sons of God, that we should be call-ed the sons of God.

not, be-cause it knew, it knew Him not. Be - lov - ed, now are we the sons of God; but it doth not yet ap-

we, are we, the sons, the sons

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

## He shall Feed His Flock.

EDWIN MOORE.

He shall feed His flock like a shep-herd, He shall feed His flock like a shep - herd. He shall gather the lambs with His arm, He shall
shall feed His flock
He shall gath-er the lambs,
gather the lambs with His arm, the lambs with His arm, He shall gather the lambs, the lambs with His arm, He shall gather the lambs, the lambs with His arm.

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# Give Unto the Lord.

*Allegretto.*

E. ROBERTS.

Give un - to the Lord, O ye kin - dreds of the peo - ple, Give un - to the Lord glo - ry and strength;

Give un - to the Lord, Give un - to the Lord, Give un - to the Lord glo - ry and strength;
Give un - to the Lord, Give un - to the Lord,

Give un - to the Lord the glo - ry due His name, the glo - ry due, the glo - ry due, the glo - ry due His name,

Give un - to the Lord, Give un - to the Lord the glo - ry due, the glo - ry due un - to His name.

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ALTO SOLO.
*Moderato.*

Bring an offering, bring an offering, and come in - to His courts; Bring an offering, bring an off-ering, and come in - to His courts.

CHORUS.
*Allegretto.*

Give un - to the Lord the glo - ry due His name, Give un - to the Lord, Give un - to the Lord,

*Repeat louder.*

Give un - to the Lord the glo - ry due His name, the glo - ry due His name. A - men, A - men.

# Who is like our God?

*Con spirito.*

J. H. TENNEY.

Who is like our God, the glo-rious God of Is - ra - el? Who is like our God, the glo-rious God of Is - ra - el? Praise Him!

Praise Him! Who is like the glo-rious God of Is - ra - el? Praise His name! Praise His name! Praise His name! O

FINE.

QUARTET. *Andante.*

bless and mag - ni - fy His name for - ev - er - more. For this God is our God for - ev - er - more.

D.C.

He will be our guide, He will be our guide, He will be our guide, will be our guide unto the end, He will be our guide, even un - to the end.

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# Let the People Praise Thee.

J. F. KING.

*Allegro.*

Let the people praise Thee, Let the people praise Thee, Let the people praise Thee, O Lord Most High. Let the people praise Thee, Let the people praise Thee, Let the people praise Thee, O

*ff*

Lord Most High, Let all the people praise Thee, Let all the people praise Thee, Let the people praise Thee, Let the people praise Thee, Let the people praise Thee, O

*cres.* *f* *Slow.*

Lord Most High. Then shall the earth, shall the earth yield her increase, and God, ev - en our own God, shall bless . . us.

Then shall the earth, Then shall the earth, Then shall the earth

All the ends of the earth shall fear Him.

*allegro.*

God shall bless us, Godshall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear Him, earth shall fear Him. All the ends of the earth shall fear Him.

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# Sing Praises to God.

J. H. Le Blonde.

*With energy.*

Sing prais - es to God, sing prais - es, Sing prais - es un - to our King. Sing His praise, O my soul.

While I live will I praise the Lord, While I live will I praise the Lord. I will sing, I will sing prais - es un - to our

*f*

King. Trust ye in the might - y God, Trust ye in the might - y God, Trust ye in the might - y God, Trust ye in the

*p*

might - y God. He is our Ref - uge, our Ref - uge and Strength. He is our Ref - uge, our Ref-uge and Strength, He is our Ref - uge, our

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Ref - uge and Strength. A ve - ry pres - ent help in time of trou - ble, in time of trou - ble. Sing ye a - loud,

Sing ye a - loud, Sing ye a - loud to God our King. For God is the King, God is the King the

For God is the King, For God is the King, . . God is the

God is the King,

King of all the earth. Sing prais - es to God, sing prais - es, Sing prais - es un - to our King. Sing His

praise, O my soul. While I live will I praise the Lord, Sing His praise for ev - er - more. A - men, A - men, A - men.

# Come Unto Me.

J. F. KING.

*Andante.*

*cres.* *dim.*

Come un - to Me, and I will give you rest. Come un - to Me, All ye that la - bor · And are hea - vy la - den, and I will give you

rest. Take My yoke up - on you and learn of Me, Take My yoke up - on you and learn of Me. For I am

*pp* *f* *dim. and rit.* *m*

meek and low - ly at heart, And ye shall find rest Un - to your souls. . . For My yoke is

*p* *pp*

ea - sy and My bur - den is light, My yoke is ea - sy and My bur - den is light. A - men, A - men.

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TENOR AND ALTO DUET. EDWIN MOORE.

The Lord shall comfort Zi - on, He shall comfort all her waste places, and He will make her wil-der-ness like E - den, and her des - ert like the

The Lord shall comfort Zi - on, He shall comfort all her waste places, and He will make her wil-der-ness like E - den, and her des - ert like the

CHORUS.

gar-den of the Lord. The Lord shall comfort Zi - on, He shall comfort all her waste places, and He will make her wilderness like E - den, and her

gar-den of the Lord. The Lord shall comfort Zi - on, He shall comfort all her waste places, and He will make her wilderness like E - den, and her

des-ert like the gar-den of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiv-ing and the voice of mel - o - dy, Joy and gladness shall be

des-ert like the gar-den of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanks-giv-ing and the voice of mel - o - dy, Joy and gladness shall be

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# The Lord Shall Comfort Zion.—Continued.

found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of mel - o - dy. My righteous - ness is near, my sal - va - tion is gone forth, and mine arm shall judge the

found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of mel - o - dy. My sal - va - tion is gone forth, and mine arm shall judge the

peo-ple, mine arm shall judge the people, the isles shall wait upon me and on mine arm shall they trust, The isles, the isles shall wait, the isles shall wait up-

peo-ple, mine arm shall judge the people, the isles shall wait upon me and on mine arm shall they trust, The isles, the isles shall wait, the isles shall wait up-

*allegro.*

on me and on mine arm, mine arm shall they trust. Lift up your eyes un - to the heav-ens, and look up - on the earth be -

on me and on mine arm, mine arm shall they trust. Lift up your eyes un - to the heav-ens, and look up - on the earth be -

neath; for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, for the heavens shall vanish away, for the heavens shall vanish a-

neath; for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, for the heavens shall vanish away, for the heavens shall vanish a-

way, shall van-ish a - way, a - way like smoke; But my sal - va-tion shall be for ev - er, shall be for ev - er-more, shall be for ev - er - more,

way, shall van-ish a - way, a - way like smoke; But my sal - va-tion shall be for ev - er, shall be for ev - er-more, shall be for ev - er-more, Shall

for ev - er and ev - er, shall be for ev - er - more, shall be for ev - er-more, shall be for ev - er-more.

be for ev - er-more, shall be for ev - er-more, for ev - er, and ev - er, shall be for ev - er - more, shall be for ev - er-more, shall be for ev - er-more.

# Praise the God of Israel.

J. H. TENNEY.

Praise the God of Is-rael, and glo - ri - fy His name; Be telling of His sal - va-tion, Be tell-ing of His sal - va-tion, Be tell-ing of His sal - va-tion from

Praise the God of Is-rael, and glo - ri - fy His name; Be telling of His sal - va-tion, Be tell-ing of His sal - va - tion, Be tell-ing of His sal - va-tion from

Praise the God of Is-rael, and glo - ri - fy His name; Be telling of His sal - va-tion, Be tell-ing of His sal - va-tion, Be tell-ing of His sal - va-tion from

SOLO. CHORUS.

day to day. He hath redeemed Je - ru - sa-lem, He hath redeem-ed Je - ru - sa-lem, Be tell-ing of His sal - va-tion, Be tell-ing of His sal - va-tion, Be

day to day. He hath redeem-ed Je - ru - sa-lem, Sal - va-tion, sal - va-tion, Be

day to day. He hath redeem-ed Je - ru - sa-lem, Sal - va-tion, sal - va-tion, Be

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tell-ing of His sal - va - tion from day to day. Ex - alt His name, Ex - alt His name forev - er, His name forev-er-more.

tell-ing of His sal - va - tion from day to day. Ex - alt His name, Ex - alt His name forev - er, His name forev-ermore. Be

tell-ing of His sal - va - tion from day to day. Ex - alt His name, . . . . . Ex - alt His name forev - er, His name forev - er-more.

Ex - alt His name,

Sal - va - tion, sal - va - tion, Be tell-ing of His sal - va - tion from day to day. Praise the God of Is - rael, and

tell-ing of His sal - va-tion, Be tell-ing of His sal - va-tion, Be tell-ing of His sal - va - tion from day to day. Praise the God of Is - rael, and

sal - va - tion, sal - va - tion, Be tell-ing of His sal - va - tion from day to day. Praise the God of Is - rael, and

## Praise the God of Israel.—Concluded.

glo - ri - fy His name. Be tell-ing of His sal - va-tion, Be tell-ing of His sal - va - tion, Be tell-ing of His sal - va - tion from day to day. Be

glo - ri - fy His name. Be tell-ing of His sal - va-tion, Be tell-ing of His sal - va - tion, Be tell-ing of His sal - va - tion from day to day. Be

glo - ri - fy His name. Be tell-ing of His sal - va - tion, Be tell-ing of His sal - va - tion, Be tell-ing of His sal - va - tion from day to day. Be

tell - ing, be telling of His sal-va - tion, Be telling of His, be tell-ing of His sal - va - tion from day to day. From day to day, from day to day.

*rit.*

tell - ing, be telling of His sal - va - tion, Be telling of His, be tell-ing of His sal - va - tion from day to day. From day to day, from day to day.

telling of His sal - va - tion, Be tell-ing of His sal-va - tion, Be tell-ing of His sal - va - tion from day to day. From day to day, from day to day.

# Awake! Put on Thy Strength.



T. E. NYE.

A-wake! put on thy strength, A-wake! put on thy strength, A-wake! put on thy strength, put on thy strength, O Zi - on, Put on thy beau-ti-ful garments, Put on thy beau-ti-ful garments, Put on thy beau-ti-ful gar-ments, O Je-ru-sa-lem, O Je-ru-sa-lem, Je-ru-sa-lem.

A-wake! put on thy strength, A-wake! put on thy strength, A-wake! put on thy strength, put on thy strength, O Zi - on, Put on thy beau-ti-ful garments, Put on thy beau-ti-ful garments, Put on thy beau-ti-ful gar-ments, O Je-ru-sa-lem, O Je-ru-sa-lem, Je-ru-sa-lem.

A-wake, put on thy strength, Put on thy strength, O Zi - on, Put on thy strength, A-wake, put on thy strength, Put on thy strength, O Zi - on, Put

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## Awake! Put on Thy Strength.—Continued.

on thy beau-ti - ful gar-ments, O Je - ru - sa - lem. A - rise, a - rise and shine!

on thy beau-ti - ful gar-ments, O Je - ru - sa - lem. A - rise, a - rise and shine!

for thy light is come, And the glo - ry of the Lord, And the glory of the Lord, And the glo-ry of the Lord is ris'n up - on thee, And the glo - ry of the Lord,

for thy light is come, And the glo - ry of the Lord, And the glory of the Lord, And the glory of the Lord is ris'n up - on thee, And the glo - ry of the Lord,

DUET. SOPRANO AND ALTO.

glo - ry of the Lord is ris'n up - on thee. And Gen - tiles shall come to the light of thy greatness, And kings to the

glo - ry of the Lord is ris'n up - on thee.

*Con spirito.*

brightness, to the brightness of thy ris - ing. Lift up thine eyes round a -

Lift up thine eyes round a -

Lift up Thine eyes round a - bout and see. . . . . .

Soli. *p* *f* 1 2

bout and see. All they gath - er them - selves to - geth - er, They come, they come to thee, thee, They

*p* *f* 1 2

bout and see. All they gath - er them - selves to - geth - er, They come, they come to thee, thee, They

*f* 1 2

*rit.*

come to thee, they come to thee, They come to thee, They come to thee, They come to thee, They come to thee, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord!

come to thee, they come to thee, They come to thee, They come to thee, They come to thee, They come to thee, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord!

# Sing, O Heavens.

E. F. DARLING.

*Allegretto.*

Sing, O heav'ns, and be joy - ful, O earth, and break forth in - to sing- ing, O mountains, Break forth in - to sing-ing, O mountains, Break

Sing, O heavn's, and be joy - ful, O earth, and break forth in - to sing- ing, O mountains, Break forth in - to sing - ing, O

forth in - to sing- ing, O mountains, Break forth in - to sing- ing, in - to sing- ing, O mountains, Break forth

Break forth in - to sing- ing, O mountains, Break forth in - to

mount - - - - ains, Break forth in - to sing- ing, in - to sing- ing, O mountains, Break forth in- to

Break forth

ORGAN.

in -to singing, break forth in - to sing-ing, O mountains; For the Lord hath comforted His peo - ple; He will have

sing - ing, in - to sing - ing,

singing, break forth in - to sing - ing, O mountains; For the Lord hath comforted, hath com-fort-ed His peo-ple; He will have

in - to singing, break forth in - to sing-ing,

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*Andante.*

mer- cy on His af - flict -ed. The Lord will comfort Zi - on, He will comfort her waste pla- ces, and make her like E - den, like the

mer- cy on His af - flict -ed. The Lord will comfort Zi - on, He will comfort her waste pla- ces, and make her like E - den, like the

*Allegro.*

gar- den of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, Joy and gladness shall be found therein, Thanksgiv- ing and the voice of

gar- den of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, Joy and gladness shall be found therein, Thanksgiv- ing and the voice of

Thanks- giv - - - - -

mel - o - dy, Thanksgiving and the voice of mel - o - dy, Thanksgiving and the voice of mel - o - dy, Thanksgiving and the voice of mel - o - dy.

of mel - - - - - - o - dy.

- - ing and mel - - - - o - dy,

mel - o - dy, Thanksgiving and the voice of mel - o - dy, Thanksgiving and the voice of mel - o - dy, Thanksgiving and the voice of mel - o - dy.

# God is our Refuge and Strength.

W. N. MANCHESTER.

*Maestoso.* *f*

God is our ref - uge and strength, . .

God is our

God is our ref - uge and strength, our ref-uge, our refuge and strength.

God is our ref - uge and strength,

*cres.* *ff*

God is our ref - uge and strength,

*p* *m* *f*

Therefore we will not fear, Therefore we will not fear tho' the earth be re - mov - ed and the mountains be car - ried in-to the depths of the sea.

3

3

Bass Solo.

*ritard.*

Alto Solo.

Tho' the waters thereof roar and be troubled; Tho' the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

*ritard.*

*Cantabile.*

*p*

There is a

riv - er, the streams whereof . . make glad the cit - y, the cit - y of God, the ho - ly place, the ho - ly

*cres.* *dim.* *m* *p*

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*pp* *Boldly.*

place of the ta - ber - na - cle of God most high. God is in the midst of her, she shall not be movéd.

*legato et sempre.pp*

God is in the midst of her, she shall not be movéd.

ALL VOICES IN UNISON. *rit.* *f*

God shall help her and that right early. The heathen raged, the kingdoms were movéd. He ut - tered His voice, the earth melted. The

God shall help her and that right early.

*rit.* *f*

*slower.*

Lord of hosts is with us, The God of Jacob is our refuge, The Lord of hosts is with us, The God of Jacob is our ref - uge. A- men, A- men.

The Lord of hosts The God of

# O Praise Ye the Lord.

From the Creation.—HAYDN.

*Allegro.*

1. O praise ye the Lord! pre - pare your glad voice, His praise in the great as - sem - bly to sing; In their great Cre - a - tor let
2. With glo - ry a-dorned His peo - ple shall sing, To God who de-fends and plen - ty sup - plies, Their loud ac - cla - ma-tions to

all men re - joice, And heirs of sal - va- tion be glad in their King! Let them His great name devoutly a- dore: In loud swelling strains His
Him their great King, Thro' earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies. Ye an - gels a-bove, His glories who 've sung, In loft - i - er notes now

prais - es ex- press, Who gra-cious- ly o - pens His boun - ti - ful store, Their wants to re - lieve, and His chil - dren to bless, Who
pub - lish His praise. We mor - tals, de - light-ed, would bor - row your tongue, Would join in your num- bers and chant to your lays, We

gra - cious - ly o - pens His boun - ti - ful store, Their wants to re - lieve, their wants to re - lieve, and His child-ren to bless.
mor - tals, de - light - ed, would bor - row your tongue, Would join in your numbers, would join in your num-bers, and chant to your lays.

We mor - tals would bor - row your tongue, Would join in your num - bers, We mor - tals, de - light - ed, would

We mor - tals, de - light - ed, would bor - row your tongue, Would join in your num - bers and chant to your lays! We

We mor - tals, de - light - ed, would bor - row your tongue, Would join in your num - bers and chant to your lays! We mor - tals, de-

bor - - row your tongue, Would join in your num-bers and chant to your lays, And chant to your lays, and chant to your lays.

mor-tals, de - light - ed, de - light- ed, Would join in your num-bers and chant to your lays, And chant to your lays, and chant to your lays.

light - ed, would bor - row your tongue, Would join in your numbers and chant to your lays, And chant to your lays, and chant to your lays.

# The Heavens Declare.

R. A. GLENN.

SOPRANO SOLO.

The heav-ens de-clare, The heav-ens de - clare,The heav-ens de - clare . . . the glo - ry of God, And the fir - ma -

The heav-ens de-clare, The heav-ens de - clare,The heav-ens de - clare . . . the glo - ry of God,

CHORUS. DUET. *Andante.* TENOR.

ment, the fir - ma -ment, the fir - ma - ment showeth forth His mighty works. Give praise to the Lord! Day un -to day utt'reth

ALTO.

Give praise to the Lord! Day un-to day utt'reth

CHORUS. BASS SOLO.

speech,and night unto night showeth knowledge. Praise ye the Lord! The rolling earth and seas,The rolling earth and seas speak forth His wondrous power,speak

speech,and night unto night showeth knowledge. Praise ye the Lord!

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*rall.*

forth His wondrous power. Praise, oh, praise the might-y God! In ev - ery star His wis - dom shines, In ev - ery star His wis-dom shines;

*colla voce.*

Sun,

Praise, oh, praise the might-y God! In ev - ery star His wis - dom shines, In ev - ery star His wis-dom shines;

Sun, moon and stars speak forth His praise, Speak forth, Speak forth His praise, Speak forth His praise, Sun, moon and stars speak forth His praise, Speak forth His praise.

moon and stars speak forth His praise, Speak forth His praise. . . .

Sun, moon and stars speak forth His praise, Speak forth, Speak forth His praise, Speak forth His praise. Sun, moon and stars speak forth His praise, Speak forth His praise.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! A - men.

Hal-le - lu - jah! Halle - lu - jah! Halle - lu - jah! Praise the Lord! Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! A - men.

# O Be Joyful in the Lord.

(JUBILATE.)

F. L. ROBERTSHAW

O be joy - ful in the Lord, O be joy - ful in the

Lord all ye lands, all ye lands; Serve the Lord with glad-ness And come be - fore His pres-ence, Come be - fore His pres - ence, His

pres - ence with a song.

*rall.*

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VOICES IN UNISON.

Be ye sure that the Lord He is God; It is He that hath made us and not we our-selves.

We are His peo - ple, We are His peo - ple, And the . . sheep of His

pas - ture. . .

O go your way in - to His gates with thanksgiving, And in-to His courts, His

# O Be Joyful in the Lord.—Continued.

and speak good

courts with praise, Be thankful un - to Him, Be thankful un-to Him and speak good of His name, and speak good of His name, and speak good, and speak good of

Soprano Solo.

For the Lord is gra - cious, His mer - cy, His mer - cy is ev - er -

of His name.

His name.

last - ing and His truth en - dur - eth, His truth en - dur - eth From gen - er - a - tion to gen - er - a - tion, His

truth en - dur-eth, His truth en - dur - eth From gen - er - a - tion to gen - er - a - tion.

GLORIA.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost. As it was in the be -

gin - ning, Is now, and ev - er shall be, world with-out end, A - men, A - men, World without end, World without end, A - men.

# Unto Thee, O Lord.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

*Moderato.*

Un-to Thee, O God, un - to Thee, O God, un - to Thee, O God, do we give thanks, do we give thanks, do we give thanks, un - to Thee, O God, do we give thanks, do we give thanks.

*slow.*

FINE.

*Allegretto.*

For . . . . . that Thy name is near, . . . . . for . . . . . that Thy name is near, for that Thy name is near, . . . for that Thy name is near, is near, for that Thy name is near, . . . . near, . . . . . for that Thy name is near, for . . . . . that Thy name is near, . . . . . Thy won - drous works de - for that Thy name is near, . . . for that Thy name is near, is near, Thy wondrous works, Thy wondrous works, thy near, is near,

do we give thanks, give thanks.

do we give thanks, give thanks.

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clare,

clare, Thy works declare. For that Thy name is near, is near, for that, Thy name is near, is near, for that Thy name . . is
wondrous works declare. For . . . . . that Thy name is near, . . . . . for . . . . . that Thy name is

For that Thy name is near, is near, for that Thy name is near, is near, for that Thy name is near,

near, . . . . . for that Thy name is near, is near, for that Thy name is near, Thy
near, . . . . . for . . . . . that Thy name is near, . . . . . Thy

for that Thy name is near, for that Thy name is near, is near, for that Thy name is near, is near, Thy
for that Thy name is near, for that Thy name is near, is near, for that Thy name is near, is near, Thy

*D.C.* *CODA, to be sung after the D.C.* *rit.*

won - drous works de - clare, Thy works de-clare. A - men, a - men, a - men, A - men, a - men, a - men.
wondrous works, Thy wondrous works de-clare.

## God be Merciful.

E. ROBERTS.

*Moderato.*

God be mer-ci-ful un-to us nd bless us, God be mer-ci-ful un-to us and bless us, God be mer-ci-ful un-to

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# God Be Merciful.—Concluded.

*legato.*
TRIO. SOP.& ALTO.

*cres.* *dim.*

us and bless us. God be mer-ci-ful, God be mer-ci-ful, God be mer-ci-ful un-to us and bless us. And cause Thy

TENOR.

face to shine up-on us, Cause Thy face to shine up-on us, Cause Thy face to shine up-on us.

*Moderato.*

CHO. That Thy way may be known, may be known upon the earth, Thy sav-ing health, Thy sav-ing health a-mong all na-tions.

*p*

God be mer-ci-ful, God be mer-ci-ful, God be mer-ci-ful, and bless all na-tions.

*p*

1ST TIME QUARTET, 2ND TIME CHORUS.

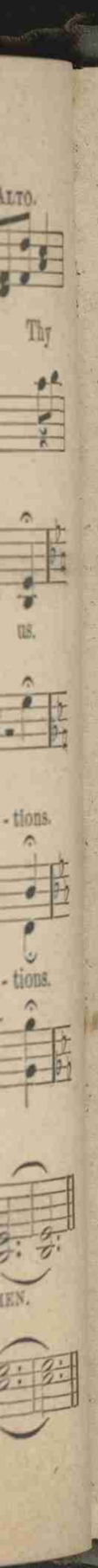
*mf*

God be mer-ci-ful, God be mer-ci-ful, God be mer-ci-ful un-to us and bless us. A - - MEN.

*pp*

*mf*

*pp*


ALTO.
Thy
us.
- tions.
- tions.
MEN.

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