THE

HAWK

FOR

Sunday Schools

BY

P. P. BLISS.

CHICAGO:
PUBLISHED BY ROOT & CADY.

BAKER CHI

Lennie F. Swain

Bowen.

A. M.

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THE CHARM:

A COLLECTION OF

SUNDAY SCHOOL MUSIC.

BY

P. P. BLISS.



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PUBLISHED BY ROOT & CADY,

67 WASHINGTON STREET.

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PREFACE.

T o "Him from whom all blessings flow,"
H igh praise from all above, below
E ternally be given!

C hildren, accept the offering,
H elp me Our Savior's praise to sing;
A nd may these songs prepare His way—
R ichly repaid am I if they
M ay win one soul to heaven.

THE CHARM.

MY SAVIOR'S CHARMS.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.

1. Charms in cho - ral num- bers, Charms in mar - tial strain, Charms in so - cial cho - rus,
2. Charms in Sanc - tus ho - ly, Charms in Fes - tal lays, Charms in Free-dom's an - them,
3. Charms in harp and or - gan, Charms in reed and string, Charms in trum- pet peal - ing,

CHORUS.

Charms in glad re - frain. But no oth - er charms can be Like my Sav - ior's
Charms in chil - dren's praise. But, &c.
Charms in ev' - ry - thing. But, &c.

charms to me. Love - ly charms, Last - ing charms Are my Sav - ior's charms to me.

CROWN HIM.

Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

1. { Bring a gar - land for His brow, Pour your in - cense at His feet;
   { Ye who in his pres - ence bow, Ye who stand a - round His seat.

CHORUS.

Crown Him, crown Him, wondrous sto - ry, Son of man yet King of glo - ry!

Pour your in - cense at his feet, Ye who stand a - round His seat.

2. Weave for Him a diadem,
Ye who know His mighty love;
Gather every priceless gem
From the world below—above. *Chorus.*

3. All the Church in heaven and earth
Cast your crowns before his throne,
Magnify His matchless worth,
He redeemed you—He alone. *Chorus.*

TREASURE.

Earnestly. From The Palm. C. M. Wyman.

1. In heavenly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such con-
2. Wherev - er he may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shep - herd is be-
3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be

fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here; The storm may roar with - out me My
side me, And noth - ing can I lack; His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His
o'er me, Where darkest clouds have been; My hope I can not meas - ure; My

heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?
sight is nev - er dim: He knows the way he tak - eth, And I will walk with him.
path to life is free; My Sa - vior has my treas-ure, And he will walk with me.

EARLY LET OUR SONGS ASCENDING.

Words by PAULINA. (*Opening Chorus.*) Music by F. W. ROOT.

Allegretto.

1. Ear-ly, ear-ly let our songs ascending, Sweetly, sweetly with the blest notes blending, Sing we to him Who our chains can
2. Gladly, gladly on the hallowed morning, Haste we, haste we with the note of warning, Haste we to him, Author of Cre-
3. Striving, striving to be like un - to him— Knowing, knowing we shall one day view him, Sing we to him, With the holy

CHORUS.

sev - er, Who is blest for-ev-er, Sing to him. Ringing, ringing, All ye bells, his sto - ry, Warbling, Warbling,
a - tion, Prince of our Salvation, Haste to him. Ringing, etc.
an - gels, Of his dear evangels, Sing to him. Ringing, ring - ing all ye bells his story, Warb-ling,

Earth's di - vin - est lays, To the King of Glo - ry, Till our locks are hoary, Sing we praise, Sing we praise.
Earth's di - vin - est lays.

Moderato. J. R. MURRAY.

1. When our earth-ly life is end - ed, And our earth-ly mis-sion done, We shall go a -
2. Yes, we'll meet them in the cit - y That is just a - cross the strand, And our hearts shall
3. Do not tell us that our loved ones Lose their earthly mem'-ries quite, When they sing a -

cross the riv - er At the set - ting of the sun; And in God's ce - les - tial mansions Cloth'd in
leap with rapture, When we take them by the hand. Oh, how sweet shall be the meet-ing, Earth-ly
mong the an-gels In the heavenly mansions bright. Oh, I'm sure that we shall know them, Tho' the

gar-ments strangely fair, We shall meet those gone before us, We shall know each other there.
words can ne'er de-clare, We shall know the bliss of heaven, When we meet each other there.
an - gel robes they wear, When they bid us welcome o - ver, We shall know our lov'd ones there!

HALLOW THE SABBATH DAY.

Joyfully.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. Hail hap - py morning, hail ho - ly day! Calling from earthly la-bors away; Sweet words of wis-dom,
2. Em-blem of heaven, sweet day of rest, In thy "remembrance" may we be blest. So may our songs and
3. Rest from our labors, rest from our cares; Rest in our praises, rest in our prayers; So the commandment

CHORUS

glad songs of joy, Now be our best em - ploy. Sing once more the hap-py, hap-py song, While the
lives ev - er say, "Hal-low the Sab - bath day." Sing once more, etc.
would we o - bey, "Hal-low the Sab - bath day." Sing once more, etc.

golden moments roll a - long, "Come to the tem-ple, come, come away, Hallow the Sab-bath day."

BY AND BY.

Words by E. E. Rexford. Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. By and by we shall know Jesus, By and by, oh, by and by; E - ven now he looks and
2. By and by we shall be standing, By and by, oh, by and by, At fair heaven's shin - ing
3. By and by! we say it gently, Looking on our peaceful dead, And we do not think of

D. C.

Chorus—*By and by, oh sing it soft - - ly, Thinking not of earth - ly care, But the by and by of*

FINE.

sees us, Journeying toward his home on high, And he smiles up - on us, say - ing, "By and
landing, While the ri - ver mur - murs by, And our friends will round us gath - er, By and
earth-life, But of heaven's sweet life instead. By and by we all shall gath - er, By and

heav - en Wait - ing for us o - ver there.

D. C.

by, oh, by and by, Cares and tri - als you'll be lay-ing With your earthly garments by." *Oh*
by, oh, by and by, Say - ing "Welcome, for the Father Loves to have his children nigh."
by, oh, by and by, In the life of God our Father That shall know no by and by.

THIS IS THE VICTORY.

"And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1st JOHN, v: 4."

Vigorously.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.

1. March to the bat - tle - field, March on with sword and shield; March on; the
2. Stand firm a - gainst thy foes; Stand, tho' a host op - pose; Stand! well our
3. Fight, tho' thy foes in - crease; Fight, till the dawn of peace; Fight, till the

foe shall yield To Christ our King. On - ward, ye faith - ful band, On - ward at
Lead - er knows Our con - flicts all. "Fear not," he says to thee, "Fear not, but
war shall cease, Then shout and sing. Shout, then, tri - um - phant - ly, Shout, shout the

his com - mand; On - ward, nor halt - ing stand, But loud - ly sing.
val - iant be, Fear not, but trust in me; The foe *must* fall."
vic - to - ry; Shout, "Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord, our King!"

CHORUS.

This is the vic - to - ry, This is the vic - to - ry, This is the

vic - to - ry, We sing by the way; This is the vic - to - ry, This is the
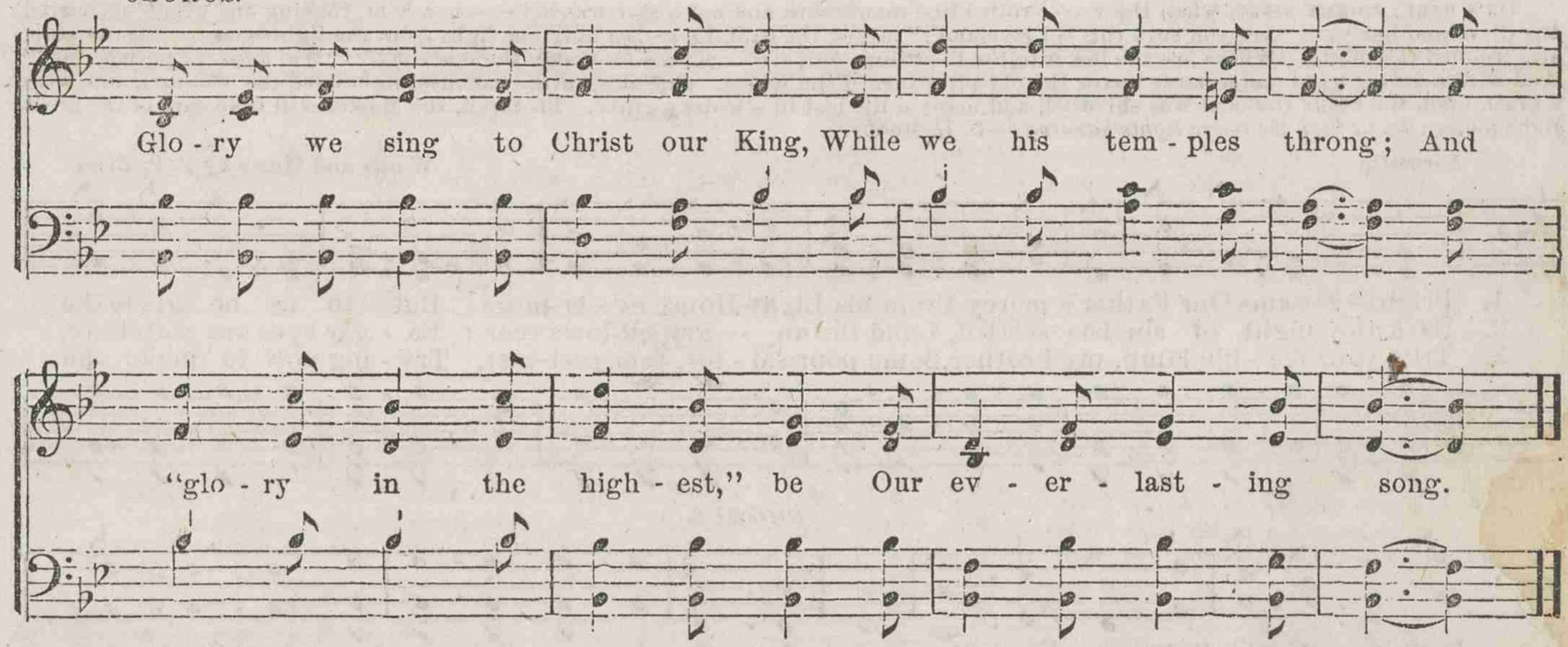
vic - to - ry, This is the vic - to - ry, And faith gains the day.

SONG OF CHRIST'S SOLDIERS.
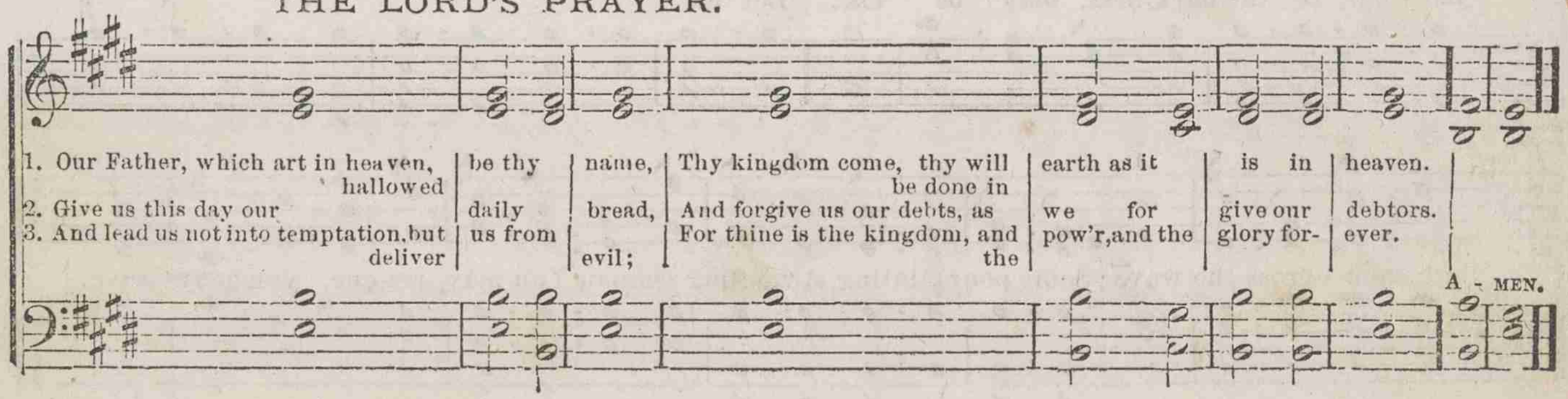
Words by LETIE THORNE. Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. We're sol - diers, and were marchiug on Thro' our Immanuel's land; With mu - sic we will pass a - long, Strike, strike then ev - 'ry band. We've foes to fight and we've souls to win, We've
2. We'll take the hel-met, sword and shield, Be-girt with truth and love, We'll fight, nor ev - er quit the field Till called to rest a - bove. Sal - va - tion then shall our hel - met be, Our crowns of life to gain; Then strike and con - quer ev - ery sin, The vic - to - ry at - tain.
broast-plate love and faith; Clad in this glorious pan - o - ply, We'll all fight on till death

CHORUS.



THE LORD'S PRAYER.

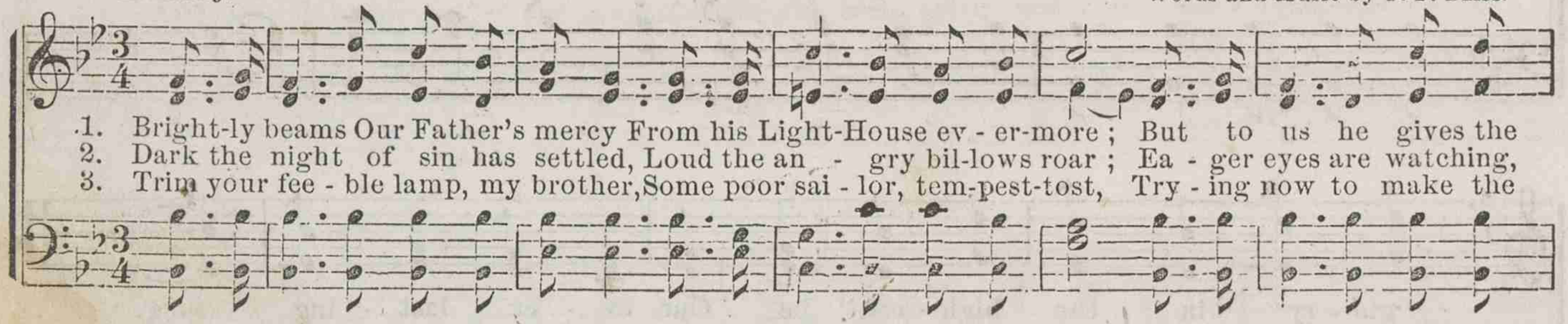


LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING.

ON A DARK, STORMY NIGHT, when the waves rolled like mountains, and not a star was to be seen, a boat, rocking and plunging, neared the Cleveland harbor. "Are you sure this is Cleveland?" asked the captain, seeing only one light from the light-house. "Quite sure, sir," replied the pilot. "Where are the lower lights?" "Gone out, sir." "Can you make the harbor?" "We *must*, or perish, sir!" And with a strong hand and a brave heart, the old pilot turned the wheel. But alas, in the darkness he missed the channel, and with a crash upon the rocks the boat was shivered, and many a life lost in a watery grave. Brethren, the Master will take care of the great light-house: *let us keep the lower lights burning!*—D. L. MOODY.

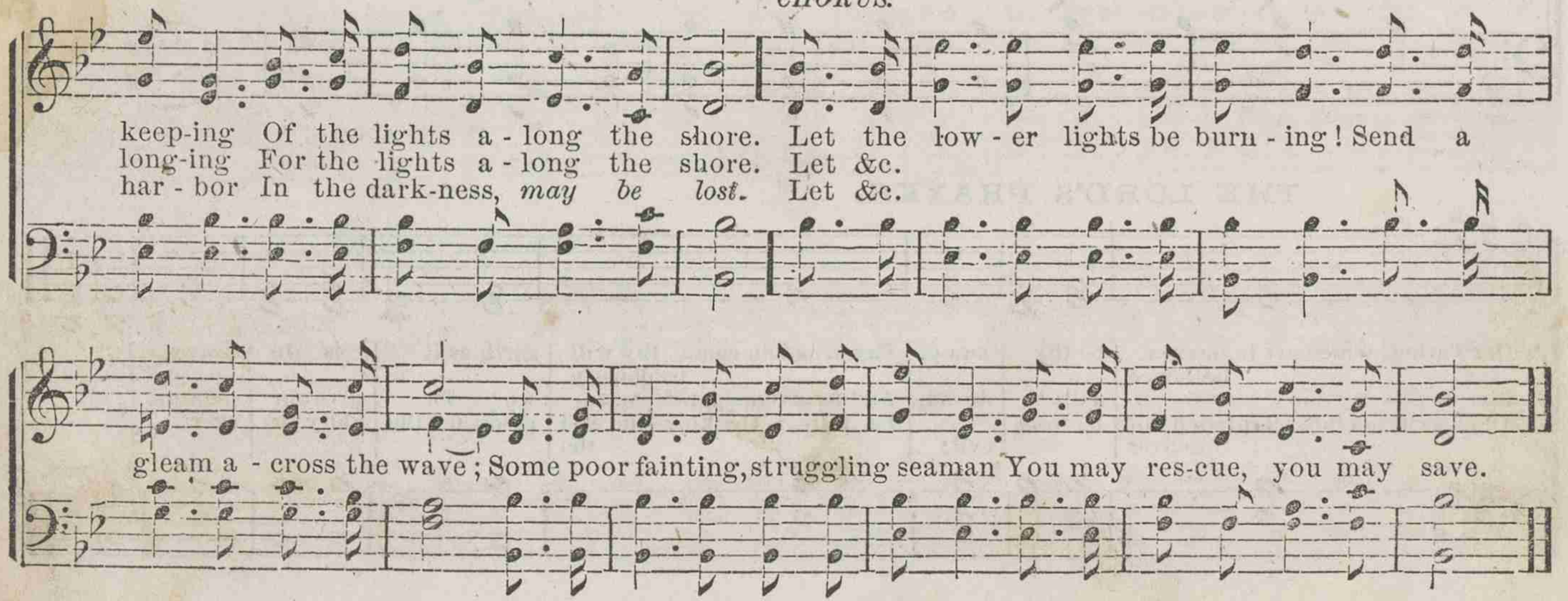
Earnestly.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.



1. Bright-ly beams Our Father's mercy From his Light-House ev - er-more; But to us he gives the
2. Dark the night of sin has settled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar; Ea - ger eyes are watching,
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my brother, Some poor sai - lor, tem-pest-tost, Try - ing now to make the

CHORUS.



keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore. Let the low - er lights be burn - ing! Send a
long-ing For the lights a - long the shore. Let &c.
har - bor In the dark-ness, *may be lost.* Let &c.

gleam a - cross the wave; Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may res-cue, you may save.
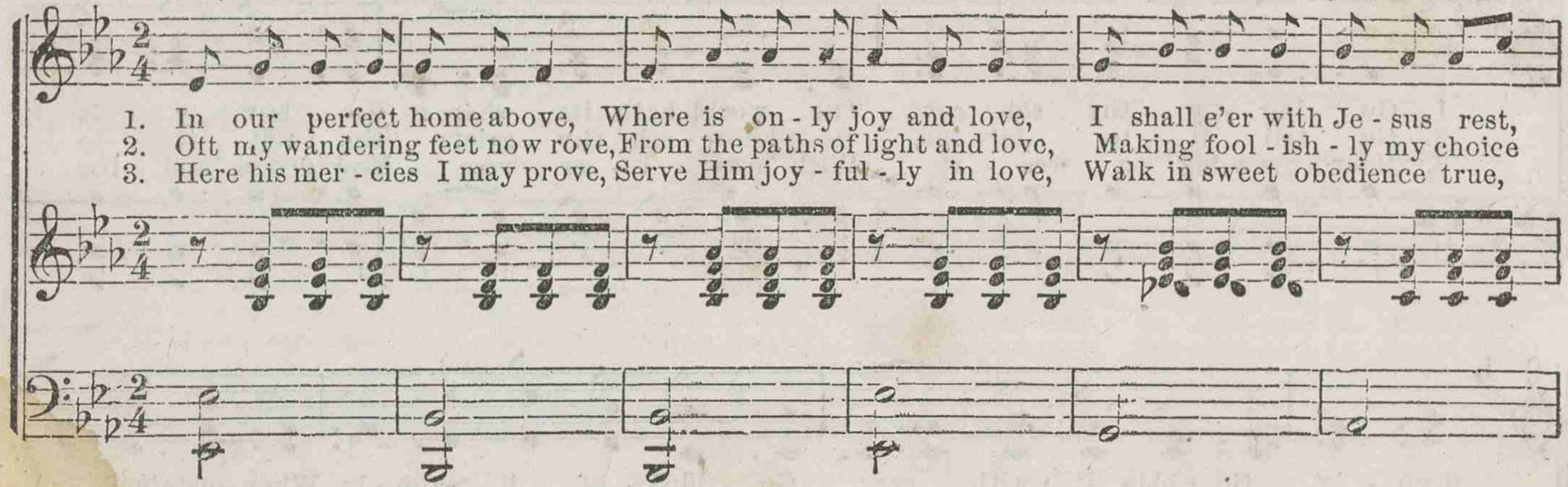
P. P. Bliss.

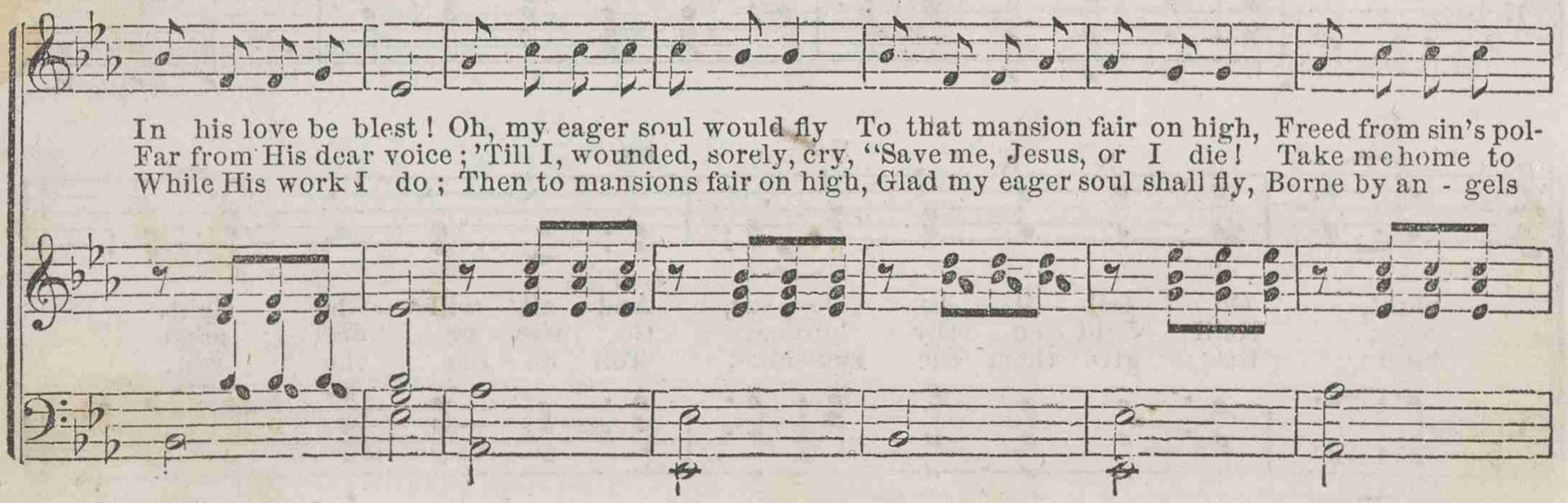
1. Go bur - y thy sor - row, The world hath its share; Go bur - y it deep - ly, Go hide it with care. Go think of it calm - ly, When curtained by night, Go tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right.
2. Go tell it to Je - sus, He know - eth thy grief; Go tell it to Je - sus, He'll send thee re - lief. Go gath - er the sun-shine He sheds on the way; He'll light - en thy burden, Go, wea - ry one, pray.
3. Hearts grow-ing a - wea - ry, With heav - i - er woe, Now droop 'mid the dark - ness— Go com - fort them, go! Go bur - y thy sor - row, Let oth - ers be blest; Go give them the sun-shine, Tell Je - sus the rest.

Rit.

MY HOME ABOVE.

Words by Dr. C. R. Blackall. Music by H. R. Palmer.





Voice. *REFRAIN.*

Inst.

lut- ing stains, Dwell where Je-sus reigns. 'Tis a home so pure and bright, Where there never cometh
be with thee, Safe from sor-row free!" 'Tis a home, &c.
bright a- way, To e - ter- nal day! 'Tis a home, &c.

'Tis a home..... pure and bright.....

night, And its glo - ry shin-eth clear as the Sav - ior's love. If his voice I glad o -

voice.....

- - bey, And I close be-side him stay, He will guide me safe- ly then to that home a - bove.

I o - bey.....

SABBATH MORNING.

Words by PAULINA. Music by C. C. CASE.

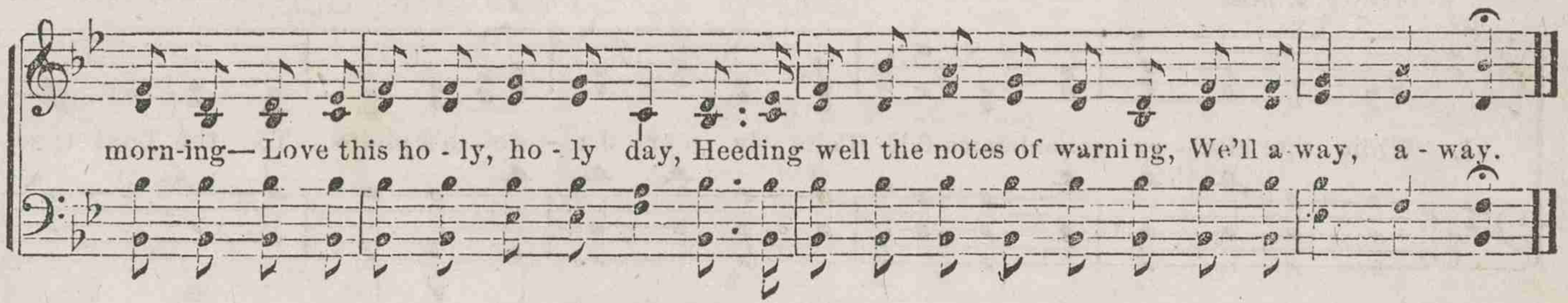
1. Hail, the bless-ed Sabbath morning! Hail, this ho-ly, ho - ly day; We have heard the note of
2. Lit - tle heed-ing wind and weather, Lit - tle heeding frost and snow, To the house of God our
3. Here we learn the precious sto - ry, Of the pure and sin - less One— He who left His Fath-er's

warning— And we hastened to o - bey. Clasping hands with friend and brother, Hither joy-ful-ly we
Fath - er Glad-ly, glad - ly will we go. Pleasant are the fre - quent meetings In our onward, upward
glo - ry, God's be-loved on - ly Son. Praise him in the dear e - van - gels, That for us to earth he

come, We, who dearly love each oth - er, And this happy Sabbath home.
way— Sun - ny brows and kindly greetings, Bless this happy Sabbath day.
came— Praise him as the ho - ly an-gels, Praise his ev - er blessed name.
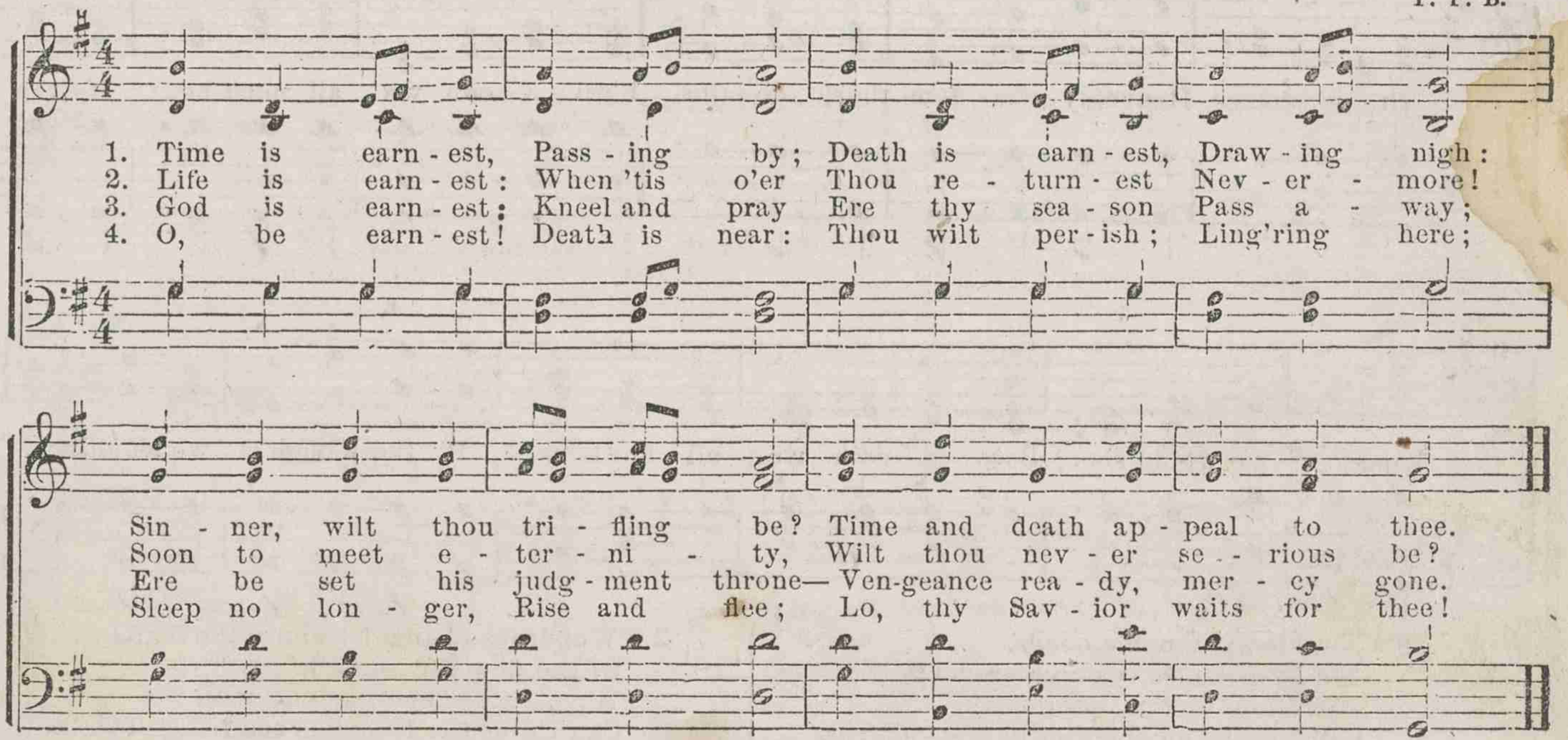
CHORUS.

O! we love the Sabbath
O! etc.
O! etc.



BE IN EARNEST.

P. P. B.



THE NEW BIRTH.

Words by P. P. Bliss. Music by T. J. Cook.

1. While the silv'-ry moonbeams fall Calm-ly o'er Ju-de-a's plains, To the Lord the

CHORUS.

ru-ler comes, Heavenly wis-dom there ob-tains. Born a-gain we all must be, If the

Kingdom we would see. Born a-gain we all must be, If the Kingdom we would see.

2. Not alone by noble deeds,
Not by penance, pain or prayer;
Not alone by human creeds
Can we find an entrance there. *Chorus.*

3 Wondrous change! and are the fruits
Of the new life found in me?
Have I e'er been born again—
Can I e'er the Kingdom see? *Chorus.*

HOLD THE FORT.

Suggested by Maj. D. W. WHITTLE. Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.

1. Ho! my com - rades, see the sig - nal Wav-ing in the sky! Re - in - force-ments
2. See the might - y host ad - vanc-ing, Sa - tan leading on; Might - y men a -
3. See the glo - rious ban - ner wav-ing, Hear the bugle blow: In our Lead - er's
4. Fierce and long the bat - tle rag - es, But our Help is near; On-ward comes our

CHORUS.

now ap - pear - ing, Vic - to - ry is nigh! "Hold the fort, for I am com - ing,"
round us fall - ing, Cour-age al - most gone: "Hold, etc.
name we'll tri-umph O - ver every foe. "Hold, etc.
Great commander, Cheer, my comrades, cheer! "Hold, etc.

Je - sus sig - nals still, Wave the an - swer back to heav-en,—"By thy grace, we will."

NEVER GIVE UP THE RIGHT WAY.

Earnestly.

Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Nev - er give up the right way, 'Twill brighten by and by; In ev - ery time of tri - al The bless - ed Lord is nigh; Tho' e - vil coun - sels dark - en, And e - vil pas-sions try,
2. Nev - er give up the right way, Tho' nar - row, steep and straight, For at the end is shining The Gol - den Cit - y's gate, And so, if sor - rows dark - en, And self - ish pleasures fly,
3. Nev - er give up the right way, Tho' tempt - ed oft and long, Re-mem-ber who is near thee, With hand so kind and strong: What-ev - er then may dark - en, What - ev - er fade and die,

Nev - er give up the right way 'Twill brighten by and by. Nev - er give
Nev- er give up the right way, 'Twill brighten by and by. Nev - er give
Nev - er give up the right way, 'Twill brlghten by and by. Nev - er give

up, Nev - er give up, Nev - er give up the right way, 'Twill bright-en by and by.
up, Nev - er give up, Nev - er give up the right way, 'Twill bright-en by and by.
up, Nev - er give up, Nev - er give up the right way, 'Twill bright-en by and by.

BLESSED AND HOLY ONE.

Words by PAULINA. Music by P. P. BLISS

1. Bless - ed and ho - ly One, Gen - tle and low - ly One, List while we pray.
2. Aid us to live to Thee, Aid us to give to Thee Life's dew - y hours.
3. Lov - ing - ly home to Thee, So shall we come to Thee, When Life shall end;

Call - ing us nigh to Thee, Chil - dren who cry to Thee, Bless us al - way.
So shall we bring to Thee Hearts that will cling to Thee When the cloud lowers.
Joy - ous - ly gath - er - ing Un - to our Fa-ther, King, Sa - vior and Friend.

JERUSALEM SO FAIR.

Earnestly.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. O, Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en— cit - y bright and fair; All the sanc - ti -
2. O, Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en— cit - y of the blest; Where the glo - ry
3. O, Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en— cit - y fair and bright: How thy pearl - y

fied, the pu - ri - fied, the glo - ri - fied are there; There the Sav - ior we shall
beams e - ter - nal on thy towers in beau - ty drest; Where the wick - ed cease from
gates in splen - dor soon will burst up - on our sight; How thy gold - en streets will

see, And his glo - ry we shall share, In Je - ru - sa - lem so bright and fair.
troub-ling, the wea - ry are at rest, In Je - ru - sa - lem so bright and fair.
glow, for the Lamb is all the light, In Je - ru - sa - lem so bright and fair.

CHORUS.

O, Je - ru - sa - lem, so fair! O, Je - ru - sa - lem, so fair! All the sanc-ti - fied, the

pu - ri - fied, the glo - ri - fied are there; There the Sav - ior we shall see, And his

glo - ry we shall share, In Je - ru - sa - lem so bright and fair, So bright and fair.

THE CHILDREN'S WELCOME.
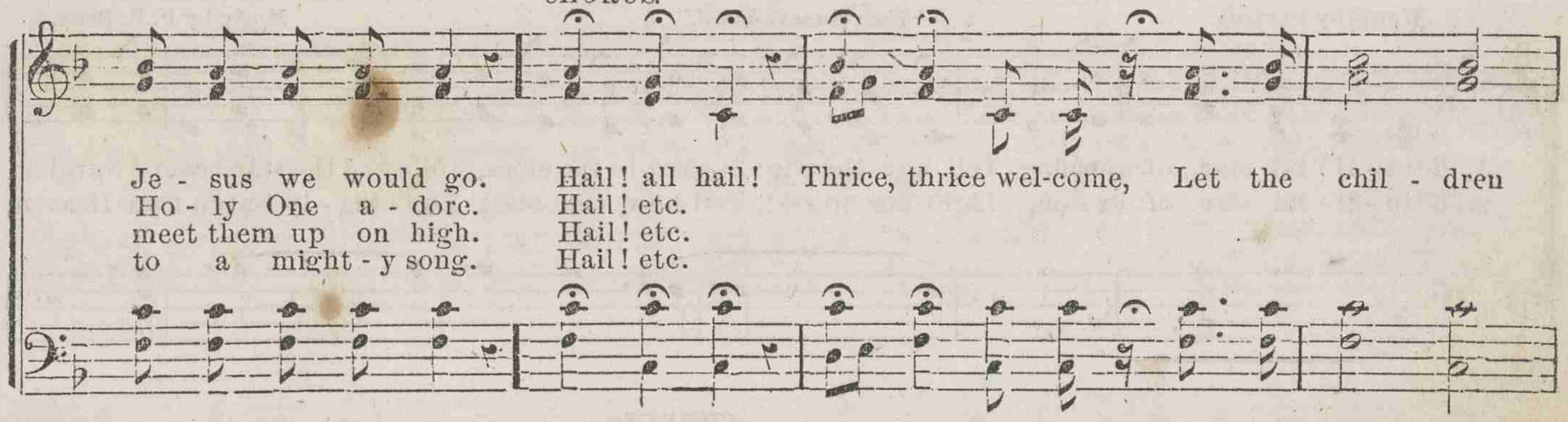
Moderato. (*From* "CHAPEL GEMS," *by permission.*)
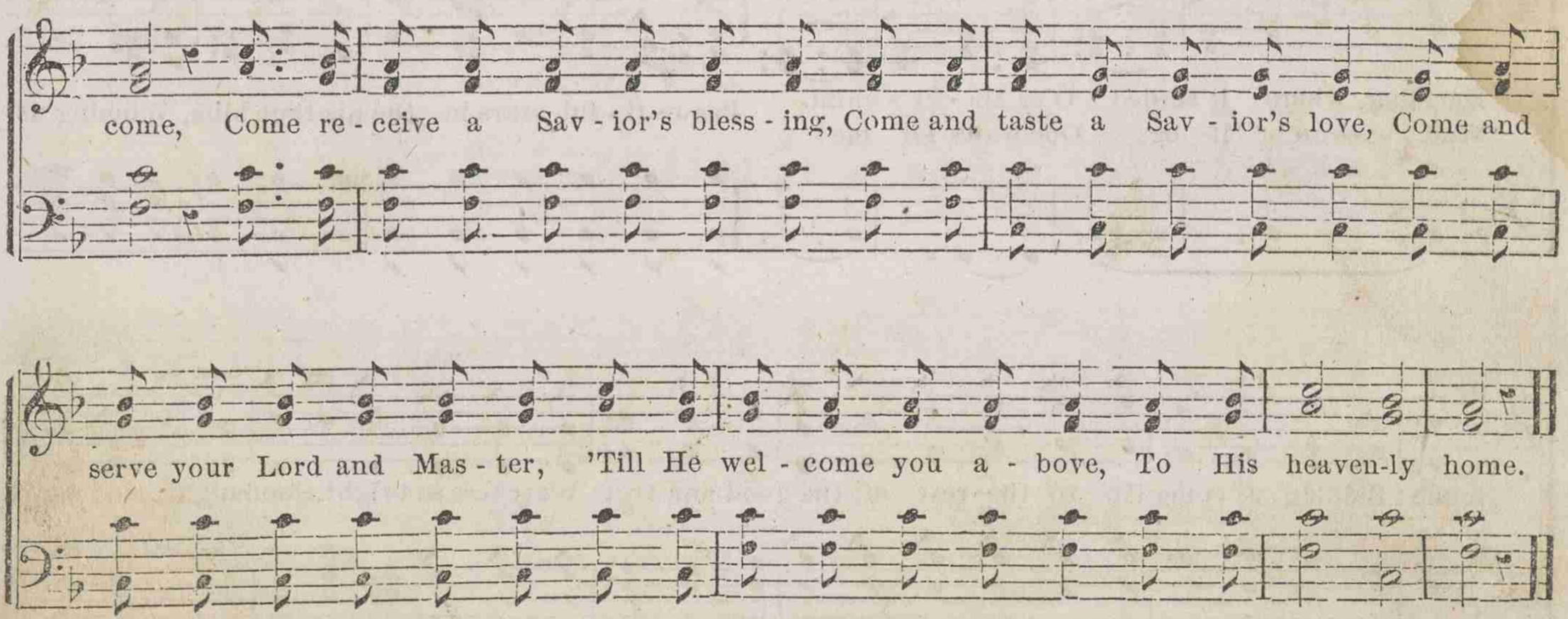
1. "We are com - ing, we are com - ing," 'Twas a soft and sil - v'ry tone, Float - ing
2. "We are com - ing," 'twas an ech - o Floating thro' At - lan - tic's foam, From the
3. "We are com - ing, we are com - ing, From the mountain and the glen!" 'Twas the
4. "We are com - ing, we are com - ing, too, To join the glo-rious band!" 'Twas a

thro' the hem-lock for - ests From far Greenland's i - cy zone; 'Twas the voice of swarthy
chil - dren of the jun - gle, Far off In - dia was their home; "We have heard of the An-
chil - dren of New Eng - land, 'Twas a glad and heart - y strain; Shin - ing ranks of hap - py
myr - iad voi - ces blend - ing From Pa - cif - ic's gold - en strand; As the breez - es of the

lit - tle ones From many a hut of snow, We have heard the wondrous sto - ry, And to
oint - ed On fair Men-am's vel - vet shore, We would turn a - way from i - dols, And the
lit - tle ones Went gai - ly march - ing by, We have heard the Sav - ior's summons, And will
prai - ries Bore the joy-ous notes a - long, Lit - tle chil - dren rushing forward Swell'd it

CHORUS.


Je - sus we would go. Hail! all hail! Thrice, thrice wel-come, Let the chil - dren
Ho - ly One a - dore. Hail! etc.
meet them up on high. Hail! etc.
to a might - y song. Hail! etc.


come, Come re - ceive a Sav - ior's bless - ing, Come and taste a Sav - ior's love, Come and
serve your Lord and Mas - ter, 'Till He wel - come you a - bove, To His heaven-ly home.

STAR VOICES.

Words by PAULINA. *"Their voice is heard."* Music by P. P. BLISS.

1. Beau - ti - ful star of morning, Tell how the wise Looked to the skies, Followed the star-beams' warning,
2. Beau - ti - ful star of ev - en, Light-ing to rest, Tell how the blest Lov - ing - ly watch from Heaven;

CHORUS.

Kneeling, where it smiled O'er Ma - ry's child.
Wait-ing—can it be One waits for me?

Beau - ti - ful stars in the dis-tant blue, Winning us

Slow.

home; Bidding us come Up to the rest of the good and true; Watchers so bright, Good night, good night.

Music and Chorus by HENRY HARDING.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bids't me
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not, To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee whose blood can
3. Just as I am, thy love unknown, Has broken eve - ry barrier down, Now to be thine — yea,

CHORUS.

come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come. I come, dear Savior, I come to thee, Thy merits a-
cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come. I come, etc.
thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come. I come, etc.

lone shall be my plea, O guide and keep me within the way, That leads to ev.- er - last - ing day.

HOW GOES THE BATTLE?

Lively.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. "Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry!" hear the an - gels say, When a gen - tle word turns
2. "Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry!" shout the e - vil throng, When a lit - tle heart gives
3. "Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry!" soon we all may sing, "Glo - ry be to Thee, O

an - gry thoughts a - way; Tho' the storm - y bat - tle - field a lit - tle heart may be,
room to pur - pose wrong; Then the ho - ly an - gel bands do sad - ly turn a - way;
Lord, our heavenly King! Thou hast o - ver - thrown the last—the dread - ed en - e - my;

CHORUS.

'Tis a might-y con - flict, 'tis a glo - ri - ous victory. How goes the bat - tle, then,
"Vic - to - ry, *our* vic - to - ry!" the e - vil spir - its say. How goes, etc.
Thine a - lone, the bat - tle, Lord, be thine the vic - to - ry." How goes, etc.

what news to - day? One side is gaining ground—one giv - ing way! Ral - ly for the right, oh,

bat - tle man - ful - ly, Let the bless-ed an - gel band shout the vic - to - ry. Vic - to - ry,

vic - to - ry, Zi - on shall be free, Let the blessed an - gel band Shout the vic - to - ry.

BE NOT WEARY IN WELL DOING.

Earnestly.

Words by PAULINA. Music by CARL BUND.

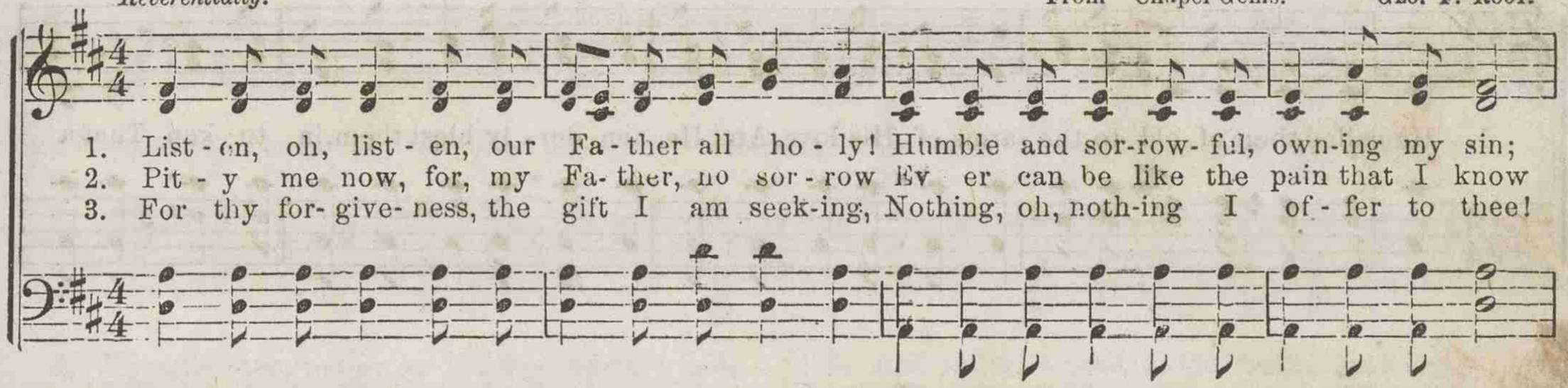
1. Be not wea - ry in well do - ing, It is heaven's high command, Let our life-work stand re-
2. Be not wea - ry in well do - ing, In the morn of ear - ly youth; Let the Word our hearts sub-
3. Be not wea - ry in well do - ing, For in due time ye shall reap, If ye faint not, good pur-

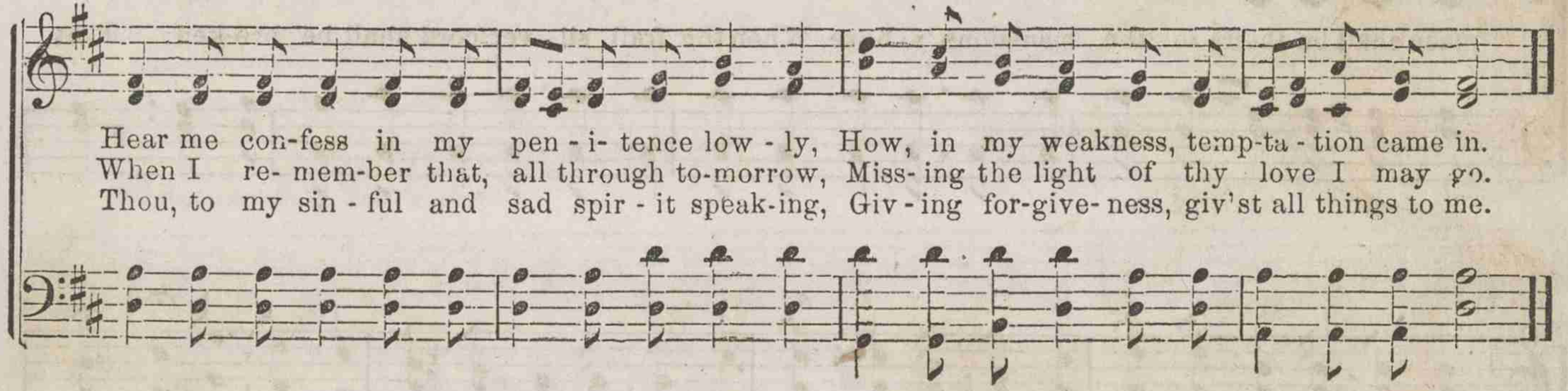
Faster.

view-ing In the book at God's right hand. For the golden harps are swell-ing, And the
du - ing, Sow the precious seed of truth. There's a last day of the sev - en, There's a
su - ing, If ye slumber not nor sleep. There's a star - ry crown be - fore us, There's the

sweet-est chimes are tell-ing Of the hap - py spir - it dwelling In the bless-ed morning land.
sol - emn hour e - lev - en— Let it ope the gate of heaven, Of the bless-ed morning land.
Fa - ther's great love o'er us; Let us join the an - gel cho - rus, In the bless-ed morning land.

Reverentially. From "Chapel Gems." GEO. F. ROOT.





4.

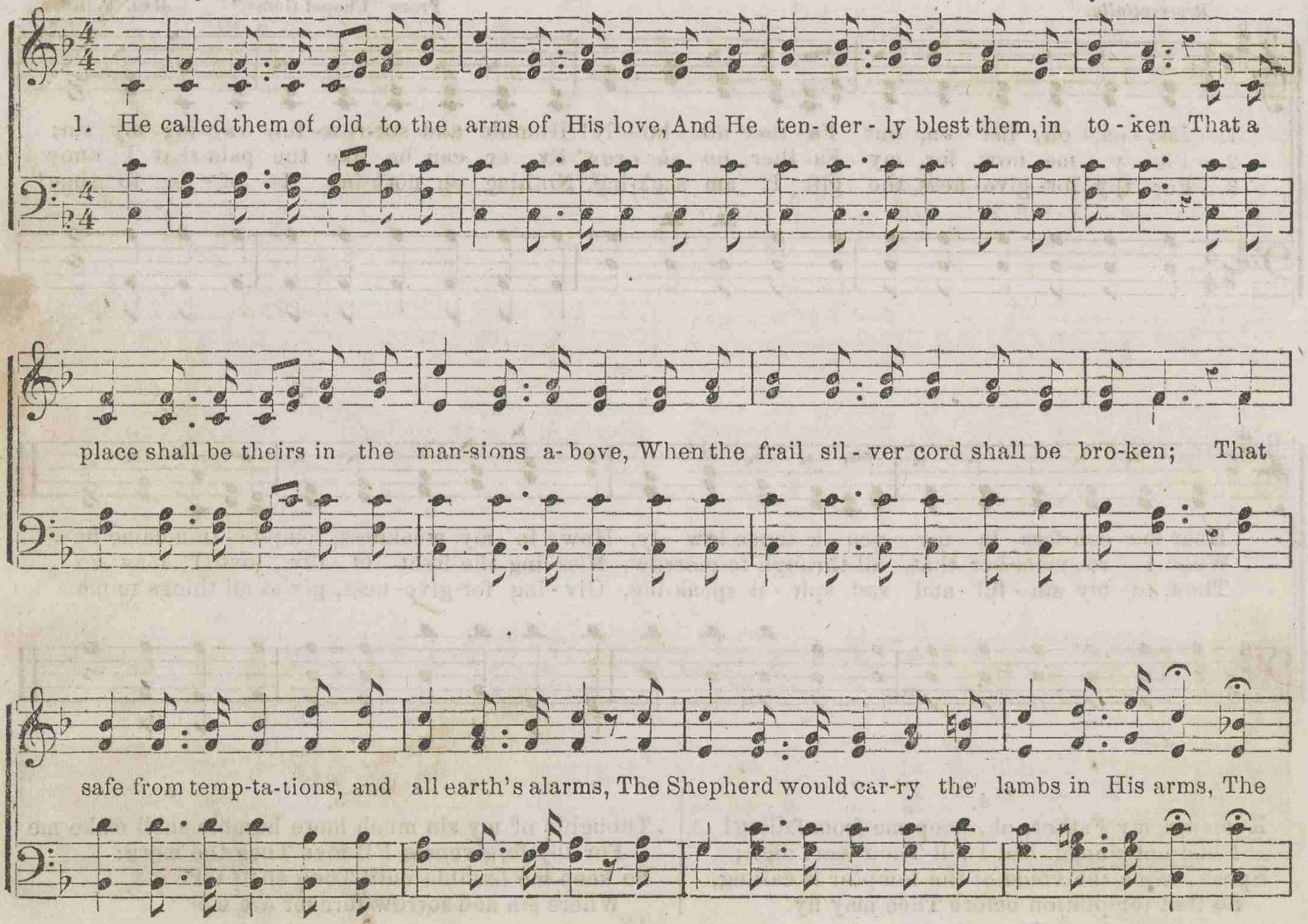
Keep me, my Father, oh, keep me from falling!
I had not sinned, had I felt Thou wert nigh;
Speak, when the voice of the tempter is calling,
So that temptation before Thee may fly.
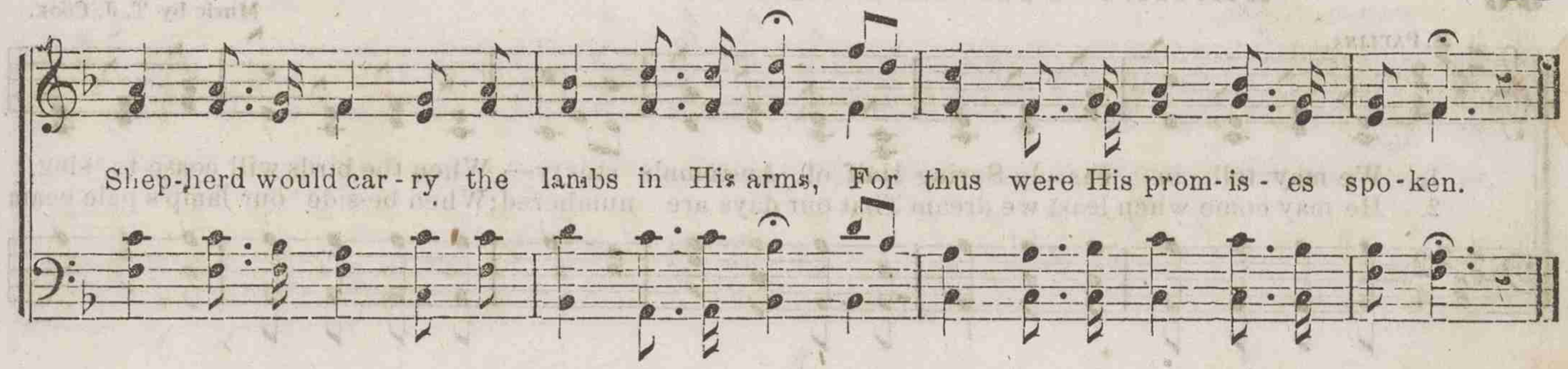
5.

Thoughts of my sin much more humble shall make me
For thy forgiveness I'll love Thee the more:
So keep me humble until Thou shalt take me
Where sin and sorrow forever are o'er.

CHILDREN IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

Words by PAULINA. Music by T. MARTIN TOWNE.
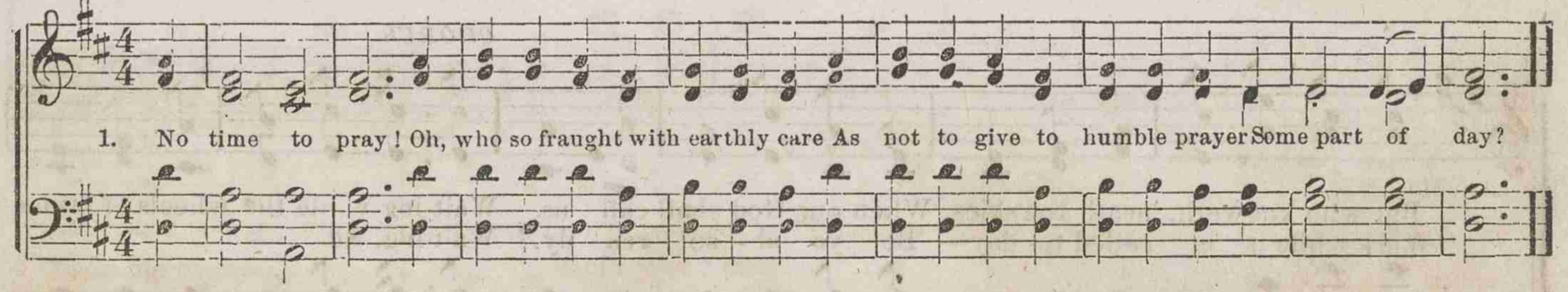




2. He calls them to-day, to His dear earthly fold,
And they hear him and joyfully gather—
As they did to His arms for the blessing of old,
To the house of the gracious All-Father:
They toil in His service, for many or few,
‖: There's always a work for the children to do,:‖
Whose hearts choose the better part rather.

3. And so let us come to the Savior each day,
For His blessing at morn and at even—
For He never has turned little children away,
And whatever we need will be given.
Oh! trust in the love that can never grow cold,
‖: And follow His voice to the bright upper fold.:‖
To feed 'mid the lilies of heaven.

NO TIME TO PRAY.

Words furnished by O. L. WOLCOTT. Music by P. P. BLISS.



2. No time to pray!
What heart so clean, so pure within,
That needeth not some check from sin—
Needs not to pray?

3. No time to pray!
Must care or business' urgent call
So press us as to take it all
Each passing day?

4. What thought more drear
Than that our God his face should hide,
And say, through all life's swelling tide,
No time to hear!

WAITING FOR THE LORD.

Music by T. J. Cook.

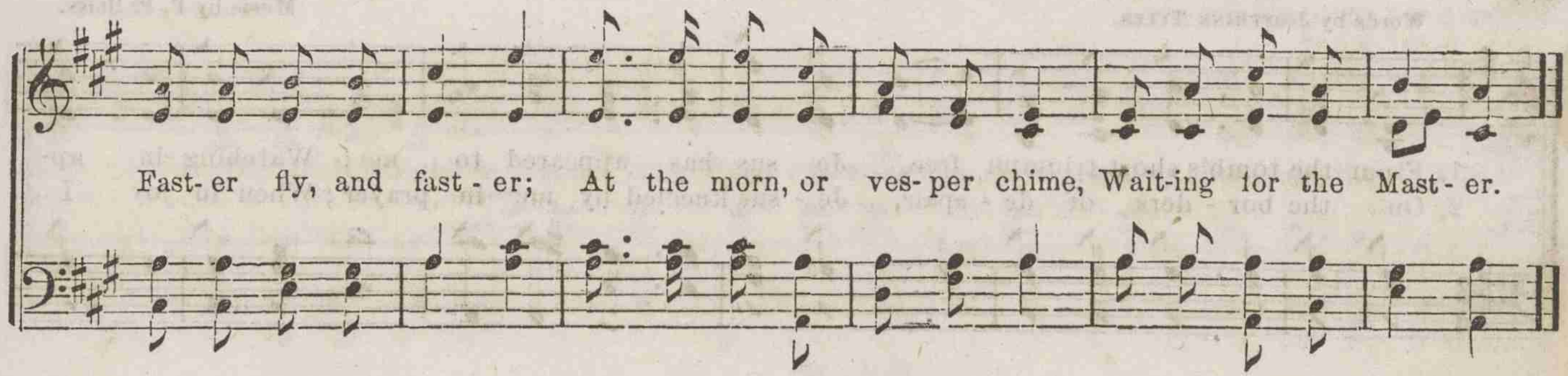
PAULINA.

1. We may tell in ear - ly Spring Half of Au-tumn's sto- ry— When the birds will cease to sing,
2. He may come when least we dream That our days are numbered; When be-side our lamp's pale beam

af - ter days of glo - ry; When the trees shall lose their dyes—When shall storms be - fall us—
We have i - dly slumbered, Trust-ing fond- ly in de - lay; There-fore kind - ly said He,
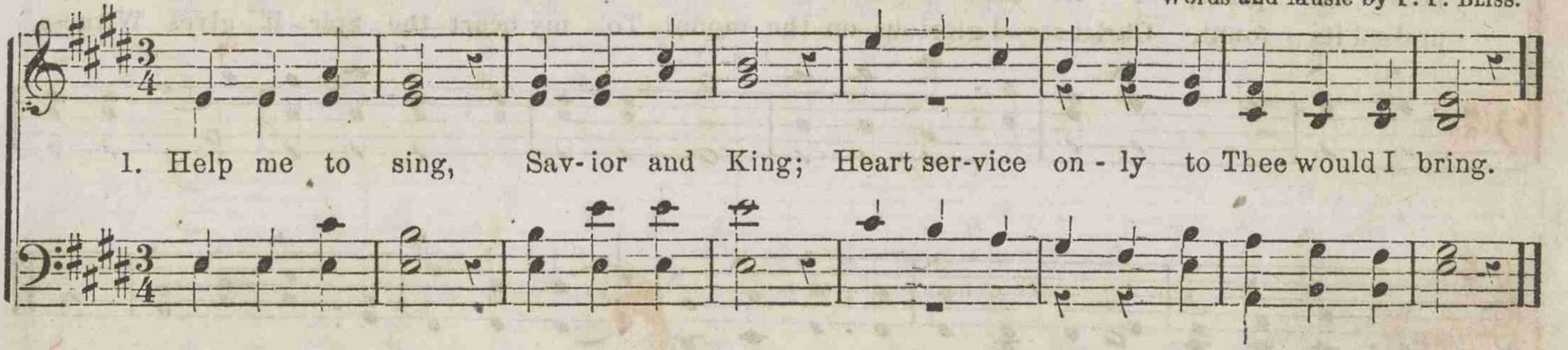
CHORUS.

But who knoweth, 'neath the skies, When our God shall call us. Wait-ing while the wheels of time
"Work while it is called to- day— Be ye al - so rea - dy." Wait-ing, &c.



HELP.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.



2.

Help me to read,
Thy grace I need,
Lest I offend Thee in thought, word or deed.

3.

Help me to pray;
Guard lest I stray;
Keep Thou my feet in the heaven-ward way.

4.

Help I implore,
Thee to adore;
Praise would I render to Thee ever-more.

JESUS LIVES.

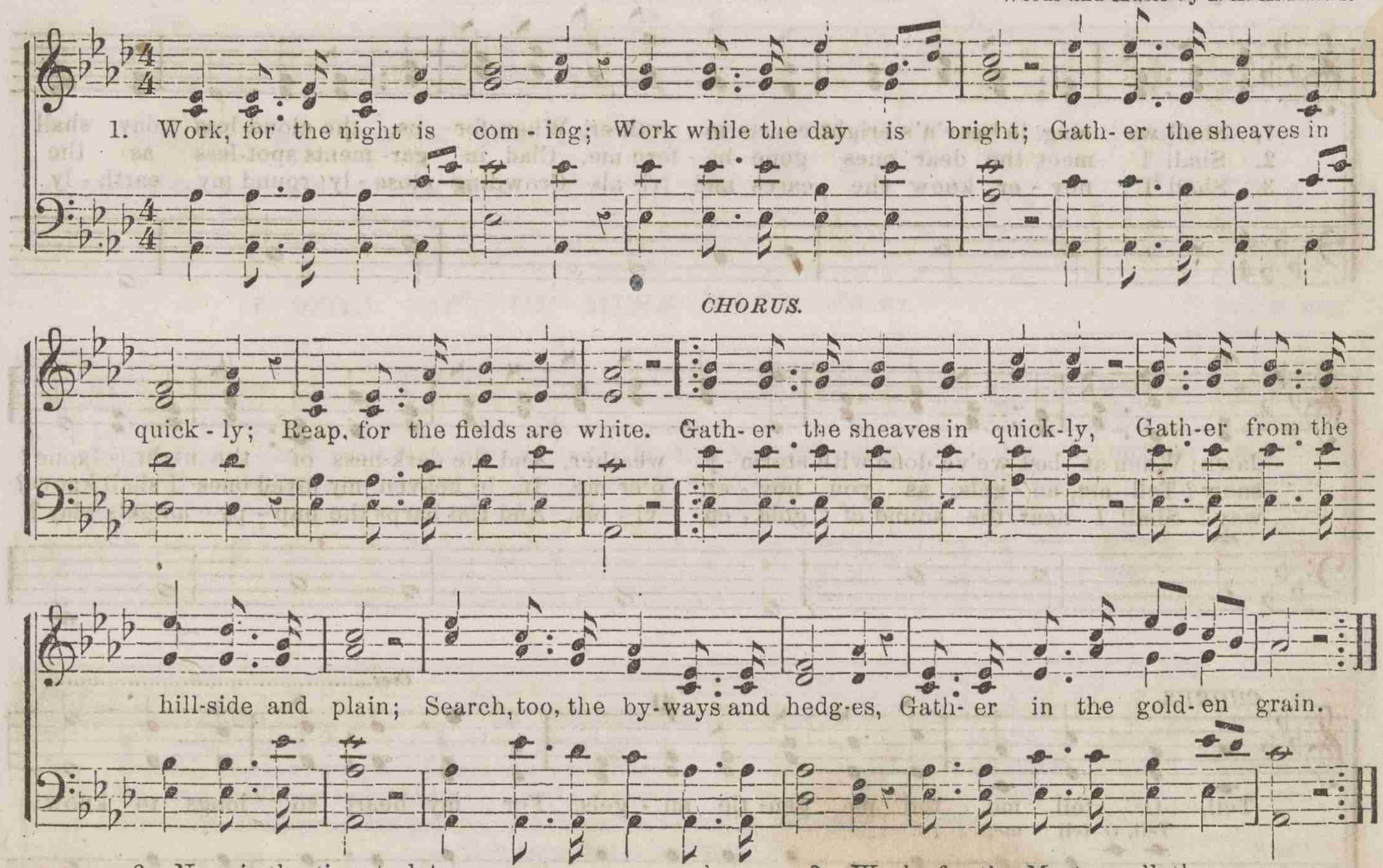
Words by JOSEPHINE TYLER. Music by P. P. BLISS.

1. From the tomb's short triumph free, Je - sus has appeared to me; Watching in ap-
2. On the bor - ders of de - spair, Je - sus kneeled by me in prayer; When in joy I

point - ed place, I be - held his hallowed face; While my tears rolled o'er his feet, In my
praised its fount, Christ stood glorious on the mount. To my heart the Spir - it gives Witness

ears his voice was sweet. When distrust my purpose tried, He revealed his hands and side.
true that Je - sus lives— Doubt, with your temptations, flee— Christ has proved his life to me.

Words and Music by I. L. ANDREWS.



2. Now is the time to labor,
Now's the accepted hour;
Work for the soul's salvation,
Pray for the Spirit's power.

3. Work, for the Master calleth;
Work till the day is done;
Then, with the victor's laurels,
Ye shall be welcomed home.

TELL ME, GENTLE ANGELS.—Duet and Chorus.

Words by E. E. Rexford. Music by Carl Bund.
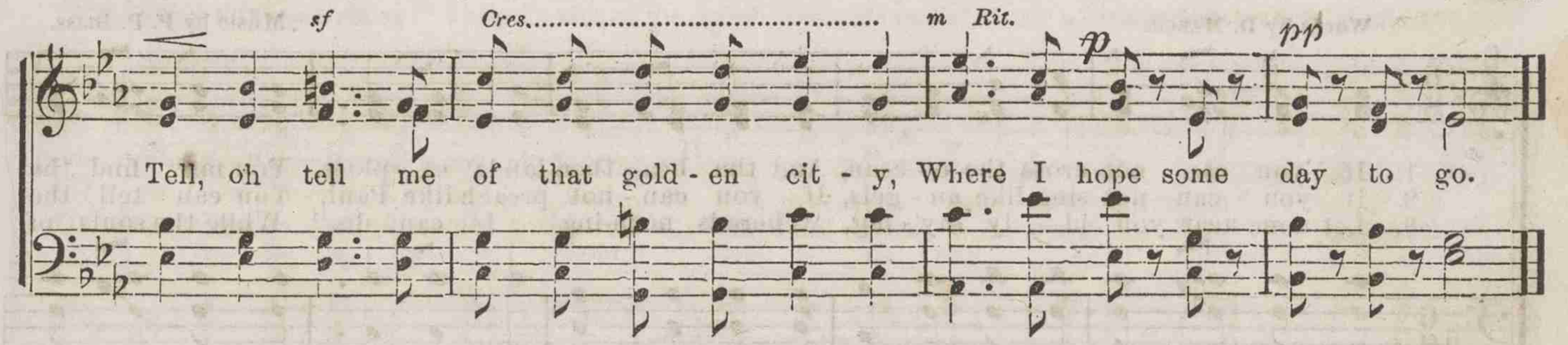
1. Shall we sing in heav'n's bright courts to - geth-er, When, for us, the cloud-less day shall
2. Shall I meet the dear ones gone be - fore me. Clad in gar- ments spot-less as the
3. Shall I nev - er know the cares and tri- als Crowding close - ly round my earth - ly

dawn; When at last we've done with storm - y weather, And the dark-ness of the night is gone?
snow? Tell me, an - gels, as you hov - er o'er me, If, in heaven, my loved ones I shall know?
way? Shall I hear the sound of gold - en vi - ols, And the harps the hap - py an-gels play?

CHORUS. *Cres.....*

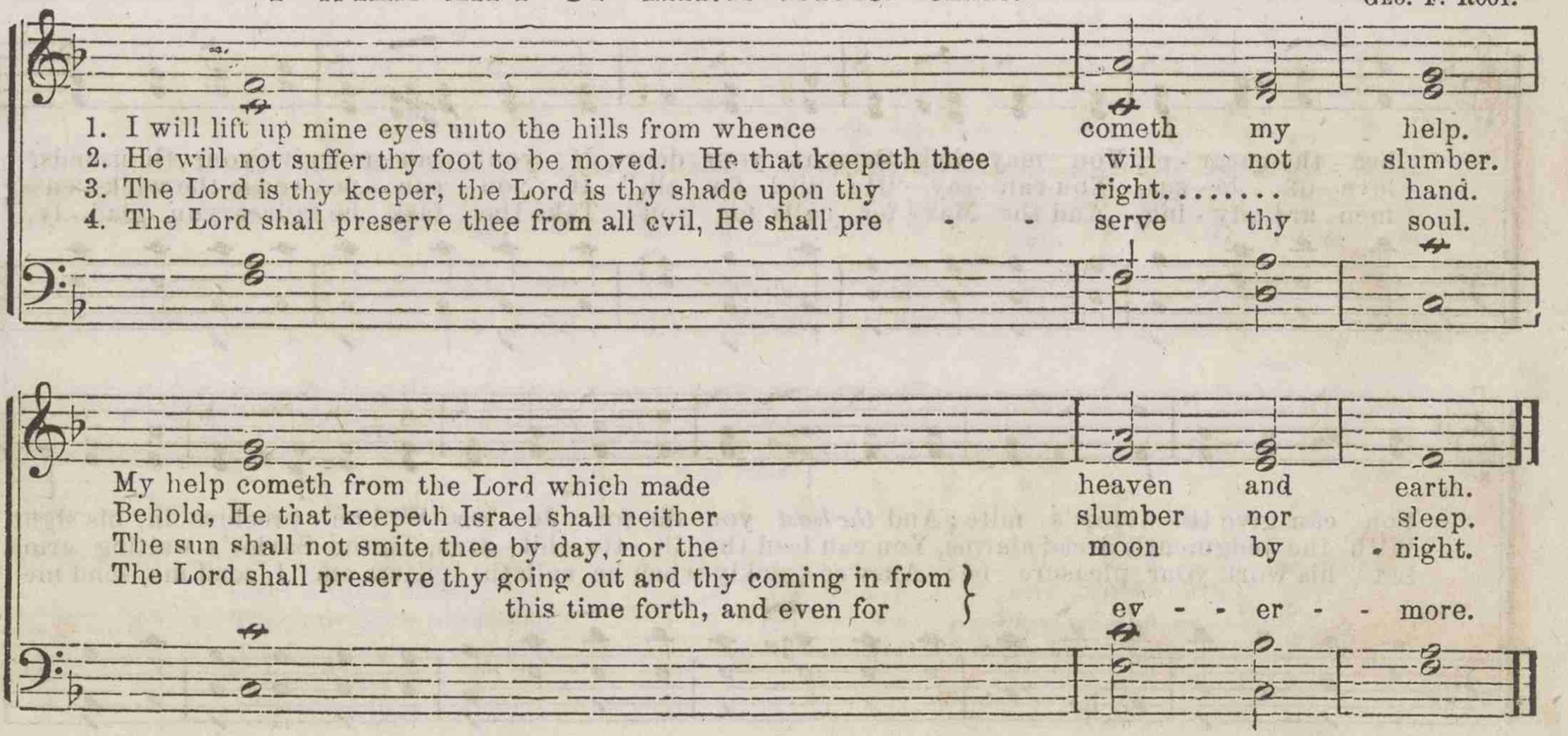
Tell, O tell me, tell me, gen- tle an - gels, For my heart so longs to know;

Tell, O tell me,



I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES.—CHANT.

GEO. F. ROOT.



WHAT CAN I DO?

Words by D. MARCH. Music by P. P. BLISS.

1. If you can - not cross the o - cean, And the hea - then lands ex - plore, You may find the
2. If you can - not sing like an - gels, If you can - not preach like Paul, You can tell the
3. Let none hear you id - ly say - ing, "There is noth-ing I can do." While the souls of

hea - then near - er, You may help them at your door; If you can - not give your thousands,
love of Je - sus, You can say "He died for all," If you can - not rouse the wick - ed
men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you: Take the task he gives you glad - ly,
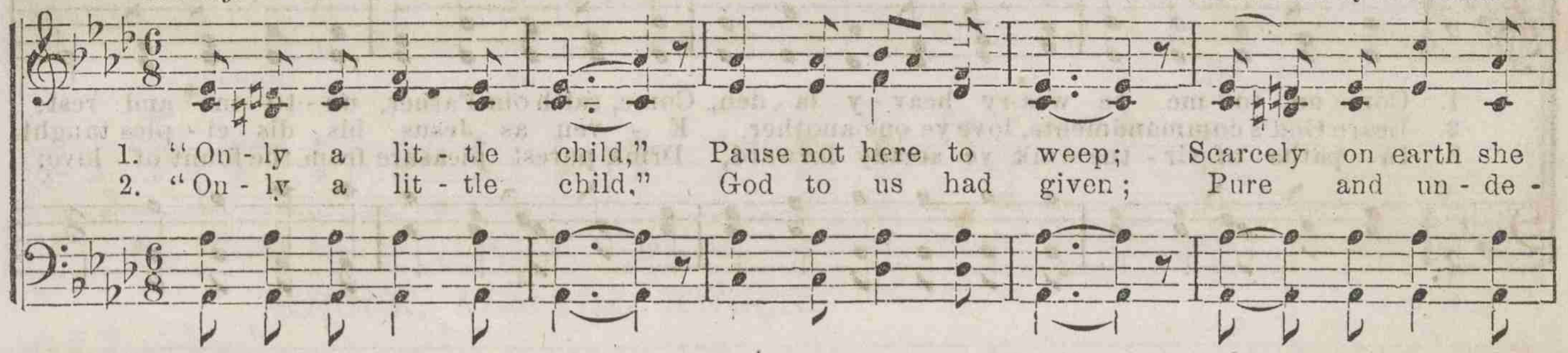
You can give the widow's mite; And *the least* you do for Je - sus Will be precious in his sight.
With the judgment's dread alarms, You can lead the lit - tle chil - dren, To the Savior's waiting arms.
Let his work your pleasure be; Answer quickly when he calleth, "Here am I, send me, send me."
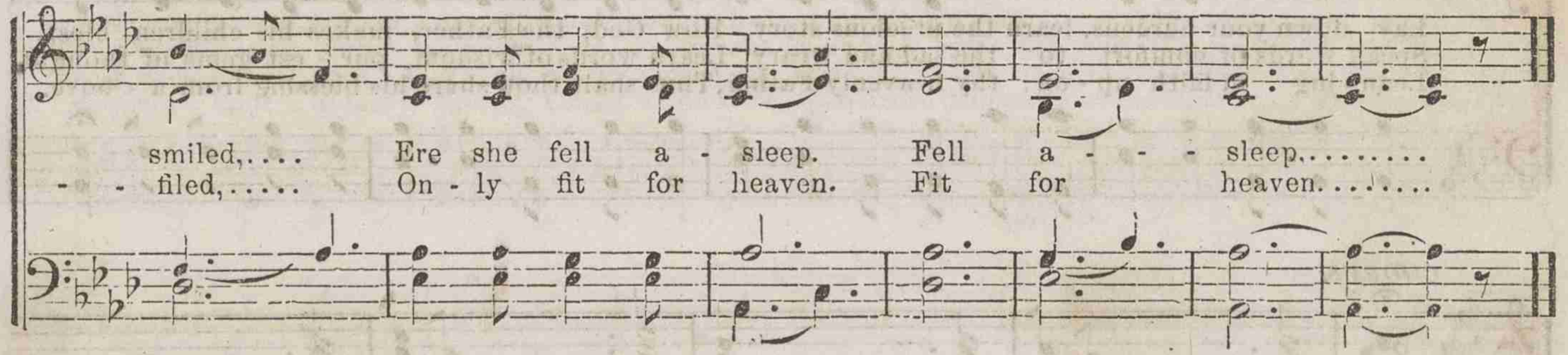
"ONLY A LITTLE CHILD."

"For whom is the bell tolling?" I asked a man at the church door. He replied, "only a little child."

Tenderly.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.





3.

"Only a little child,"
That our love possessed,
That our cares beguiled,
That is now at rest,
Now at rest.

4.

"Only a little child,"
Such as Jesus blessed,
We were unreconciled,
Only He thought best,
He thought best.

COME UNTO ME.

Words by MARY A. STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

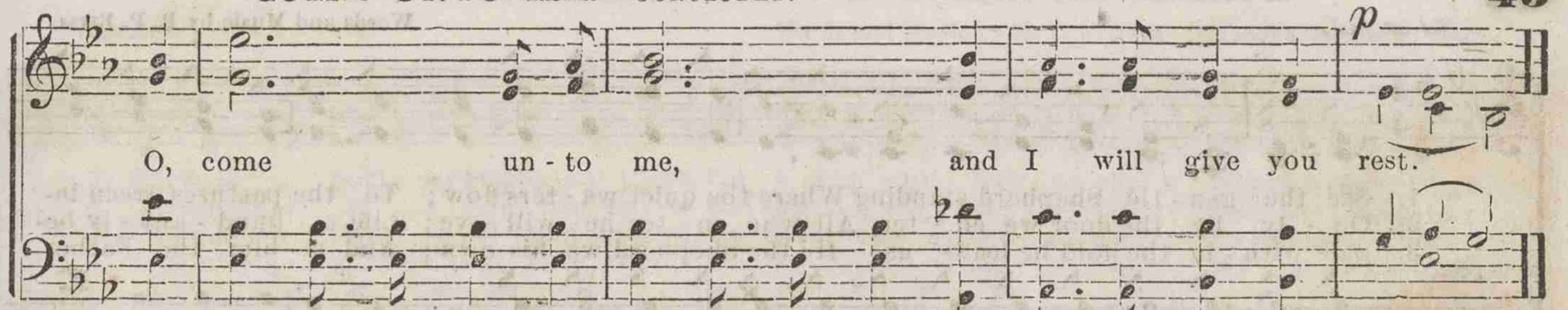
1. Come un - to me ye wea-ry heav - y la - den, Come, saith our Father, un - to me and rest;
2. Learn God's commandments, love ye one another, E - ven as Jesus his dis - ci - ples taught;
3. In paths of vir - tue walk ye steady forward, Drink purest pleasure from the fount of love;

Lay down your burdens, learn the precious story, How God, the Father, makes his children blest.
Speak words of comfort to the sad and weary, Learn words of wisdom, pur - est gems of thought.
Lean - ing in faith up - on, thy heavenly Father, Thus shalt thou share his blessing from a - bove.

CHORUS.

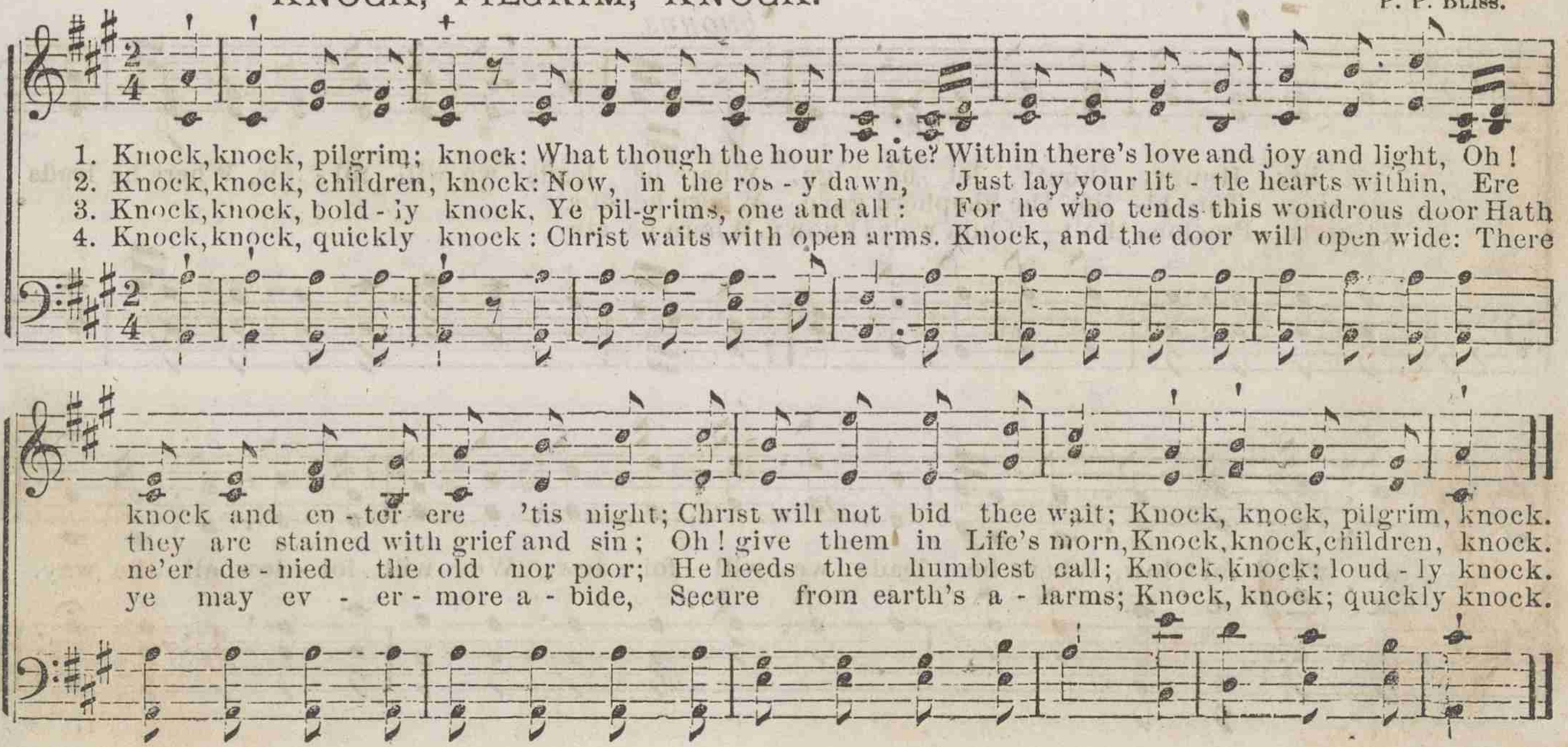
O, come unto me, O, come un - to me.

O, come un - to me, O, come un - to me, O, come un - to me, ye wea - ry, heavy la-



KNOCK, PILGRIM, KNOCK.

P. P. BLISS.



WHERE HE LEADS WE WILL FOLLOW.

Not too fast.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. See the gen - tle Shepherd standing Where the quiet wa - ters flow; To the pastures green in-
2. On - ly by the door we en - ter, All who en - ter he will save; Life a - bund - ant - ly be-
3. Safe with - in the fold he leads us, He the Shepherd, we his own; And as him the Father

CHORUS.

vit - ing, Hungry, thirsty, let us go. Where he leads we will fol - low, Where he leads
stowing, Tho' his life the Shepherd gave. Where he, etc.
knoweth, Precious tho't—of him we're known. Where he, etc.

we will fol - low, Where he leads we will fol - low, We will fol - low all the way.

Joyfully.

Words and Music by H. L. FRISBIE. Arranged by GEO. F. ROOT.

1. There is a port, so bright, so blest, On a hap - py, hap - py shore, Where weary pilgrims find a rest, On a hap - py, hap - py shore. The air is ho - ly, pure and calm, On the hap - py, hap - py shore, For mourning souls there is a balm On that hap - py, hap - py shore
2. 'Tween us and it a nar - row wave— Oh! this hap - py, hap - py shore! The pas - sage li - eth though the grave, To the hap py, hap - py shore. Death steers our bark across the tide, To the hap - py, hap - py shore; He'll land us safe on Ca-naan's side, On the hap - py, hap - py shore.
3. There is a cit - y fair and bright, On that hap - py, hap - py shore: No evening shade, God is the light Of that hap - py, hap - py shore. And an - gels on the golden strand Of the hap - py, hap - py shore, Will bid us welcome to that land, To the hap - py, hap - py shore.
4. When we in - to this port have come, On the hap - py, hap - py shore; We'll meet the dear ones safe at home, On the hap - py, hap - py shore. Our classmates, teachers, will be there On the hap - py, hap - py shore; With them we shall the glo-ries share Of the hap - py, hap - py shore

WAITING AT THE WELL.

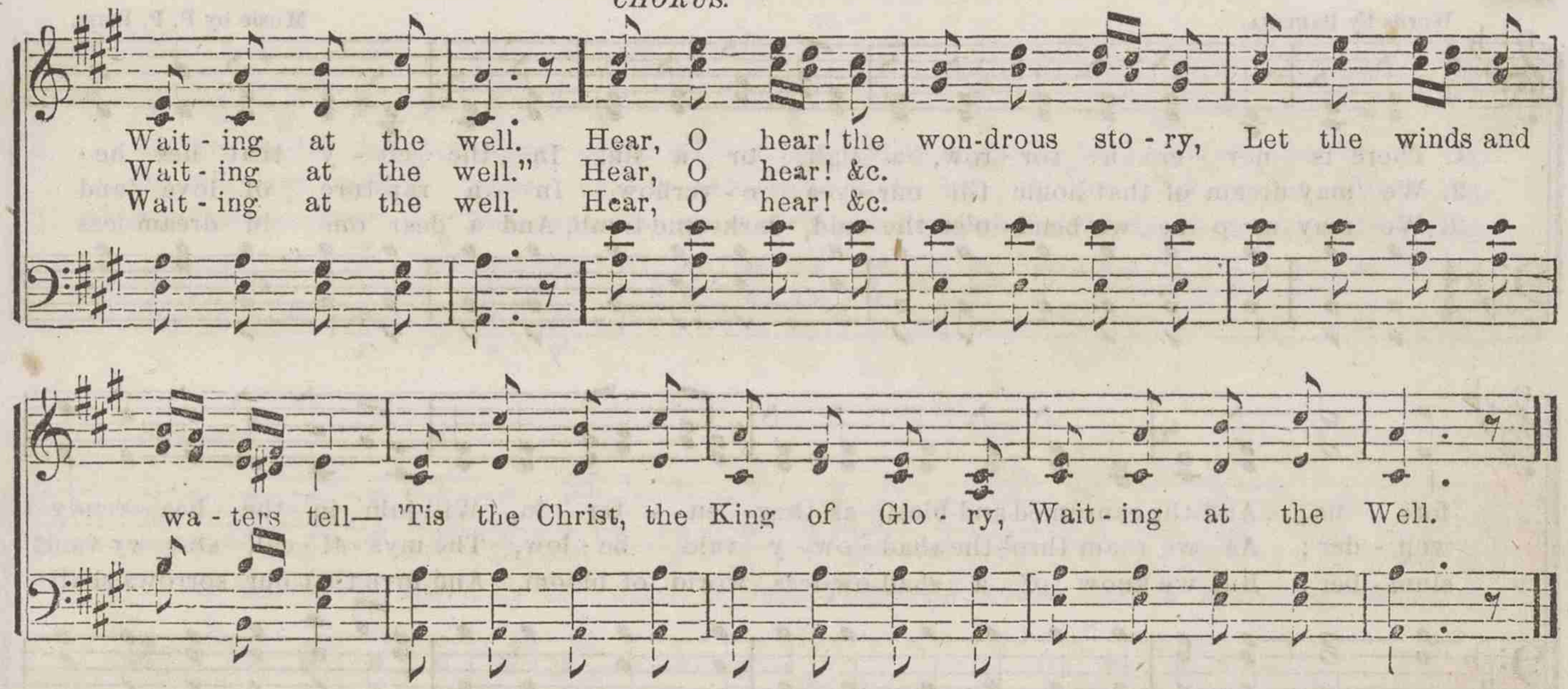
Words by PAULINA. Music by P. P. BLISS.

1. Lit - tle thought Sa - ma - ria's daugh - ter, On that ne'er for - got - ten day,
2. 'Neath the state - ly palm tree sway - ing, Lis - tened she to words of truth,
3. Yet sal - va - tion's well is flow - ing, And the Sa - vior lis - tens there—

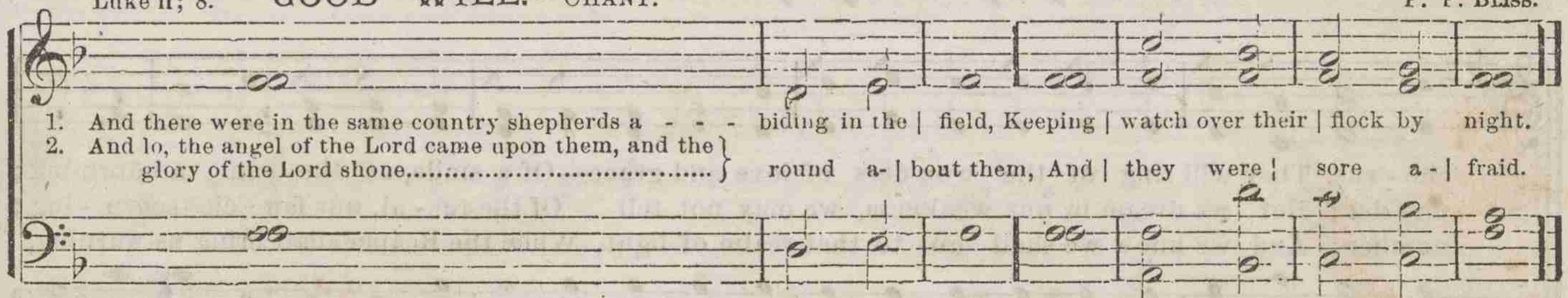
That the ten - der Shep-herd sought her, As a sheep a - stray; That from sin He
While each thought was back-ward stray- ing, O'er her wast - ed youth. Hast'- ning homeward
Ev' - ry want and care fore-know- ing, To our hum - ble prayer. By his gra - cious

longed to win her— Know-ing more than she could tell, Of the wretched - ness with-in her,
with de - sire.... All His won-drous speech to tell, Asked she, "Is not the Mes - si - ah
smile of fa - vor, While our hearts with rap - ture swell, Well we know it is the Sa- vior,

CHORUS.



Luke ii; 8. **GOOD WILL.**—CHANT. P. P. BLISS.



3. And the angel said unto | them, Fear | not:
For behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy,
Which shall | be to | all | people.

4. For unto you is born this day, in the | city of | David; |
A | Savior,-- which is | Christ the | Lord.

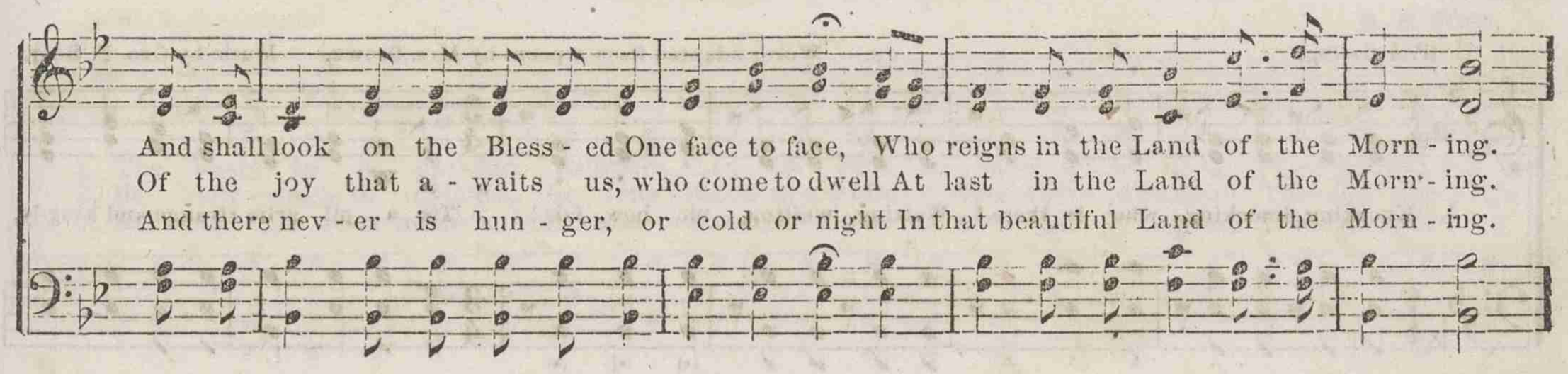
5. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising | God, and | saying,
Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth | peace, good | will toward | men.

Words by PAULINA. Music by P. P. BLISS.

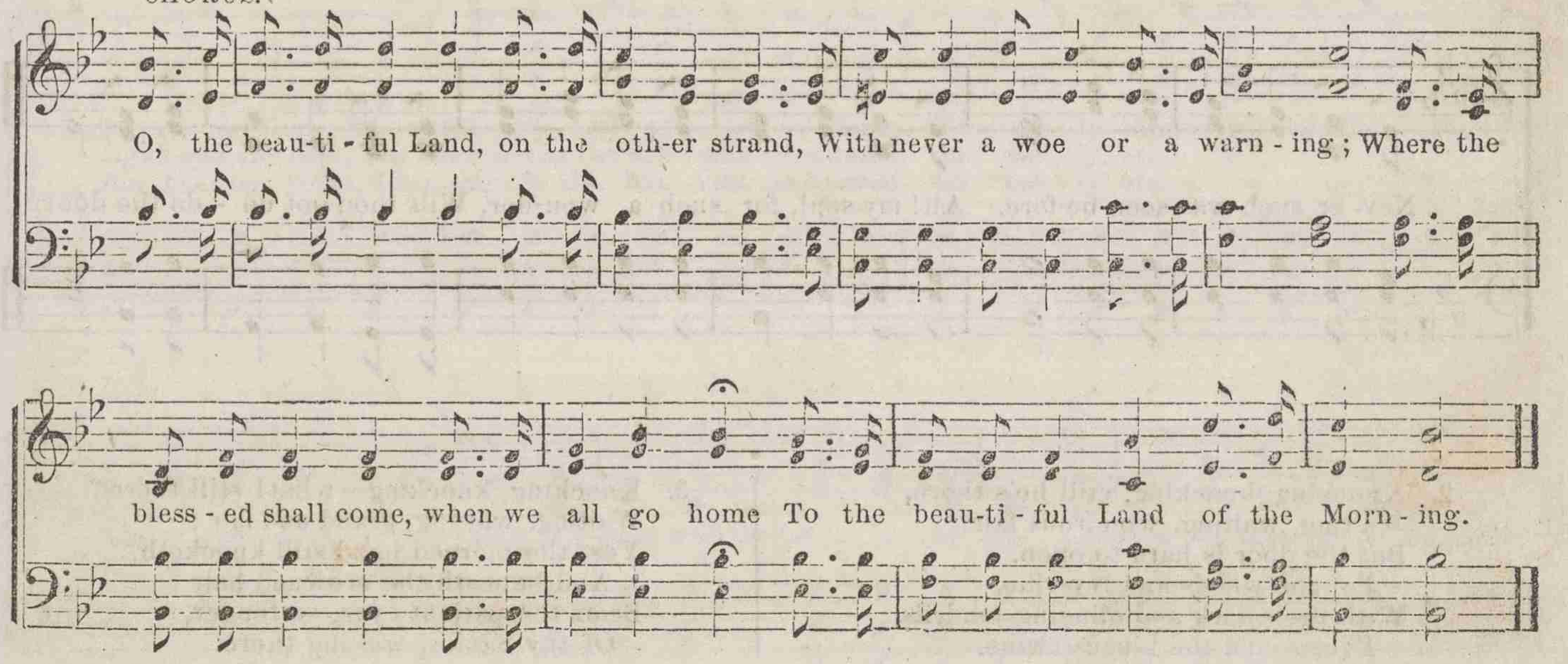
1. There is nev - er a sor - row, a sigh, or a sin, In the cit - y that lies be - fore us;
2. We may dream of that home till our eyes o - verflow In a rap-ture of love and won - der;
3. We may weep as we bend o'er the cold, darksome tomb, And a dear one in dream-less slum - ber;

And the ransomed and blest, as they en - ter in, Will join in the hea - ven-ly cho - rus.
As we roam thro' the shad - ow - y vale be - low, The mys - ti - cal, star - ry vault un - der;
But we know of a shad-ow-less world of bloom, And love that our sorrows shall number;

They will sing of the won-ders of love and grace— Of a smile, as the sun a - dorn-ing;
But we dream in our weakness, we may not tell Of the re - al, our fan - cies scorn - ing;
And we know we shall go to that realm of light, When the Reaper shall bring us warning,


And shall look on the Bless - ed One face to face, Who reigns in the Land of the Morn - ing.
Of the joy that a - waits us, who come to dwell At last in the Land of the Morn - ing.
And there nev - er is hun - ger, or cold or night In that beautiful Land of the Morn - ing.

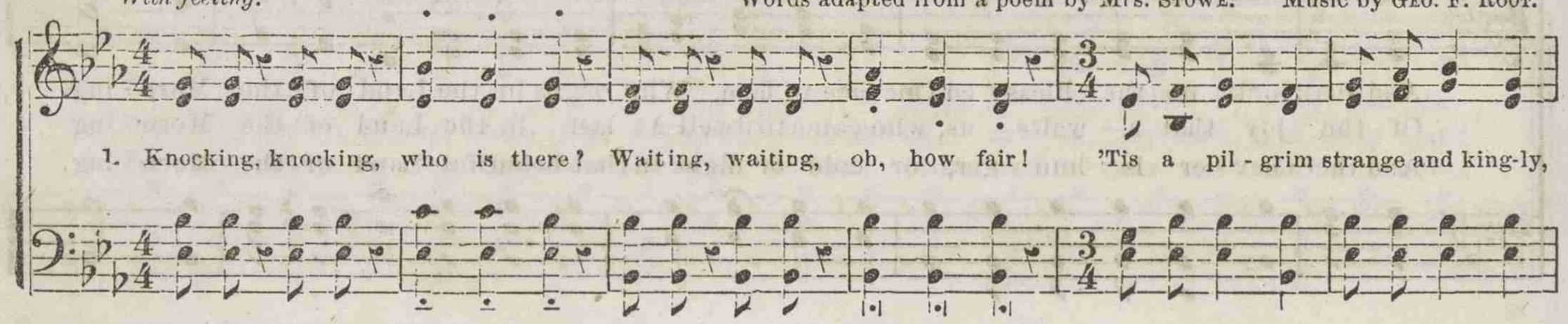
CHORUS.


O, the beau-ti - ful Land, on the oth-er strand, With never a woe or a warn - ing; Where the
bless - ed shall come, when we all go home To the beau-ti - ful Land of the Morn - ing.

KNOCKING, KNOCKING, WHO IS THERE?

With feeling.

Words adapted from a poem by Mrs. Stowe. Music by Geo. F. Root.



2. Knocking, knocking, still he's there,
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

3. Knocking, knocking—what! still there?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crowned hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Savior, waiting there.

D. B. Wood.

1. The heart to a gar-den compare, Let cul - ture be thorough in - deed; Plant naught but the
2. Be thor - ough in culture, be true; Slack not while a weed there re-mains; The soil needs the
3. Be con - stant—re-mem-ber "in tears," Then prom - ise of reap - ing is given; Toil on yet a

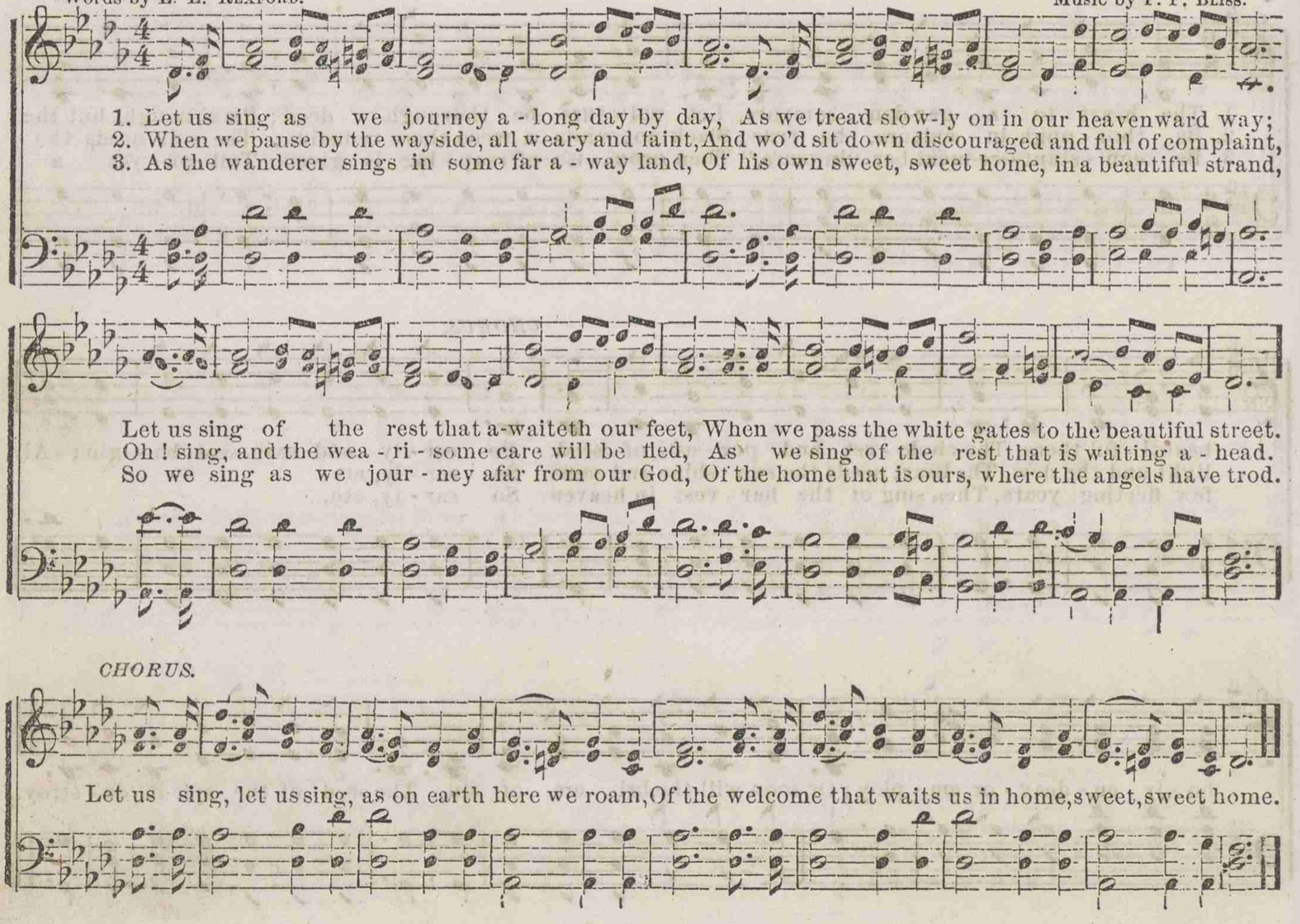
CHORUS.

beauti - ful there, The choic - est and pur - est of seed. So ear - ly and earn - est be - gin; All
light and the dew, The heart needs the sun - shine and rains. So ear - ly, etc.
few fleeting years, Then sing of the har - vest in heaven. So ear - ly, etc.

ho - ly en - deav - or em - ploy; Or soon will the bri - ers of sin, The seed of the spir-it de - stroy.

HOME.

Words by E. E. Rexford. Music by P. P. Bliss.



CHORUS.

Earnestly

Words and Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. The Master hath need of the reapers, He calleth for you and for - me, O haste while the winds of the
2. The Master hath need of the reapers, And, Idler, he calleth for thee, Come out from the mansions of
3. Soon shadows of night will be falling, The mists and the dews and the rain; O what is the world and its

CHORUS.

morning Are blowing so freshly and free. The Master hath need of the reapers to-day, Come forth from the
pleasure, From halls where the careless may be. The Master, etc.
follies, To the mould and the rust of the grain. The Master, etc.

hill-top and plain, The fields are all whitening, the harvest is near, And golden and full is the grain.

The hill-top and plain.

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Words by PAULINA. Music by P. P. BLISS.

1. Look on the bright side—Keep it in view, Hope is a shield tried, Rea - dy for you;
2. Look on the bright side—Al - ways you may, There is a sure guide; Point- ing the way;
3. Look on the bright side, Fret not nor sigh, Tho' in this world wide Things get a - wry.

Hope gives a brave heart—Hop- ing the clouds part—Hope where-so-e'er thou art, Watch and be true.
There is a blue sky— There is a morn nigh—We'll see them by - and - by—Wait for the day.
Brav - ing the firm blast, Work while the storms last; Work, they will soon be past; God rules on high.

CHORUS.

Look, look,

on the bright side, on the bright side, Look on the bright side, Keep it in view.

on the bright side, on the bright side,

Look, Look, Look on the bright side, Keep it in view.

BLISS. S. M.

Words by HORATIO BONAR. Music by ISRAEL BRUNDAGE.

1. Make haste, O man, to live, For thou so soon must die! Time
2. Make haste, O man, to do What - ev - er must be done; Thou
3. Up, then, with speed. and work; Fling ease and self a - way; This

hur - ries past thee like the breeze; How swift its mo - ments fly!
hast no time to live in sloth, Thy day will soon be gone.
is no time for thee to sleep; Up, watch, and work and pray.

JUST STARTING OUT.

Words and Music by ALBERT N. MATSON.

1. Since life's long journey's just be - gun, Our road so lit tle trod, We'll come be - fore we
2. And lest we should be ev - er led Thro' sinful paths to stray, We would at once be-
3. What sorrows may our steps attend, We never can fore - tel; But if the Lord will
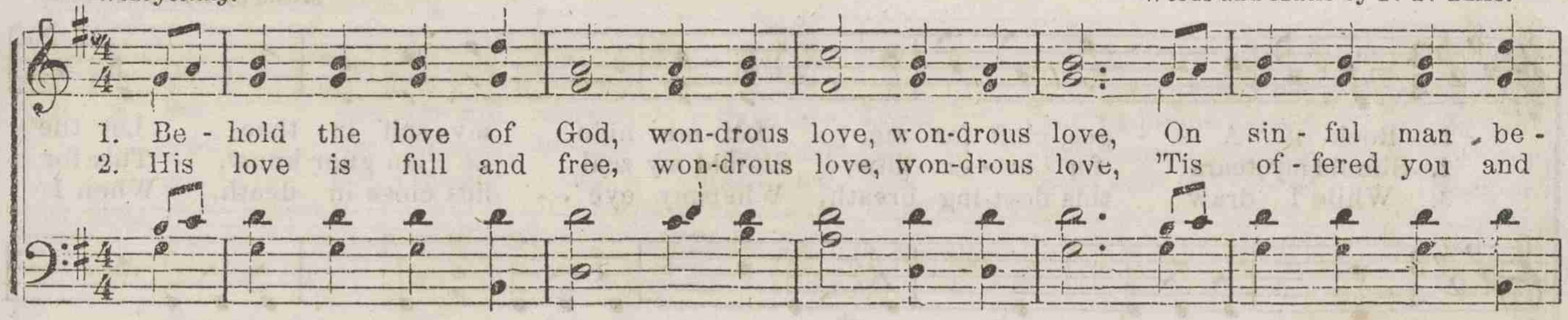
fur - ther run, And give ourselves to God. We'll come, we'll come, Just
gin to tread In wisdom's pleasant way. We'll come, etc.
be our friend, We know that all is well. We'll come, etc.

start - ing on the road, We'll come, We'll come, And give our hearts to God.
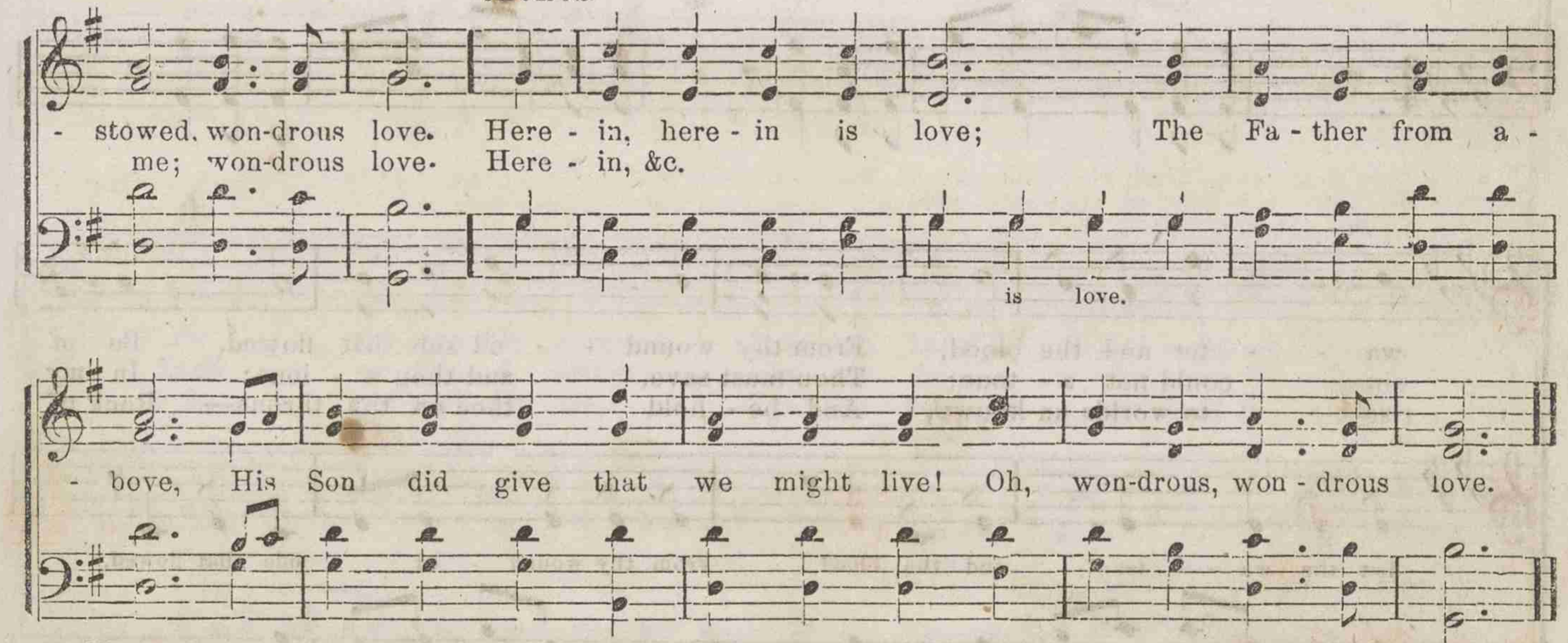
WONDROUS LOVE.

With feeling.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.



CHORUS.



3. No merit of our own; wondrous love, wondrous love.
He saves by grace alone; wondrous love.

Chorus.

4. He offers life to-day; wondrous love, wondrous love.
Accept it while ye may; wondrous love.

Chorus.

ROCK OF AGES.
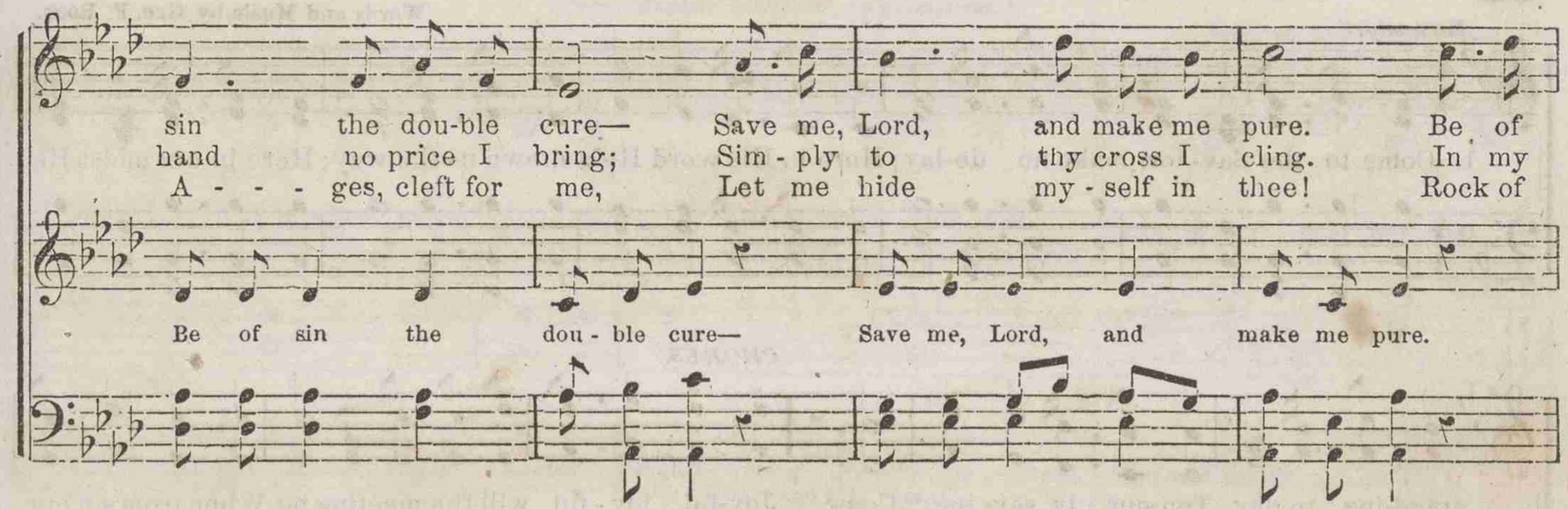
Music by Mrs. P. P. Bliss.
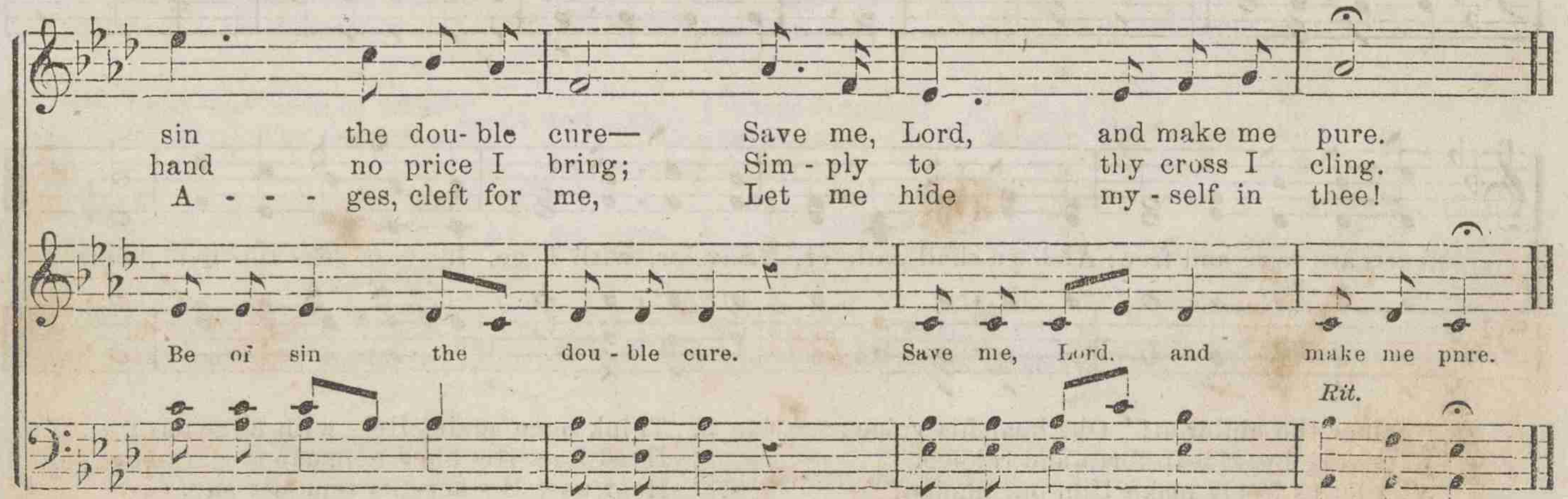
1. Rock of A - - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee; Let the
2. Should my tears for-ev-er flow, Should my zeal no lan guor know, This for
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death, When I

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

wa - - ter and the blood, From thy wound - - ed side that flowed, Be of
sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone: In my
rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold thee on thy throne— Rock of

Let the wa - - ter and the blood, From thy wound - ed side that flowed,

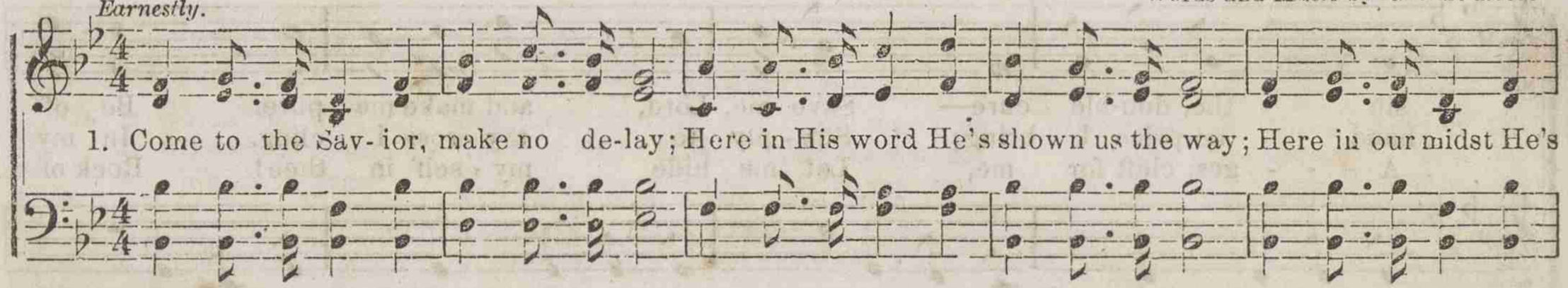

sin the dou-ble cure— Save me, Lord, and make me pure. Be of
hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to thy cross I cling. In my
A - - - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee! Rock of
Be of sin the dou - ble cure— Save me, Lord, and make me pure.


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

COME TO THE SAVIOR.

Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

Earnestly.
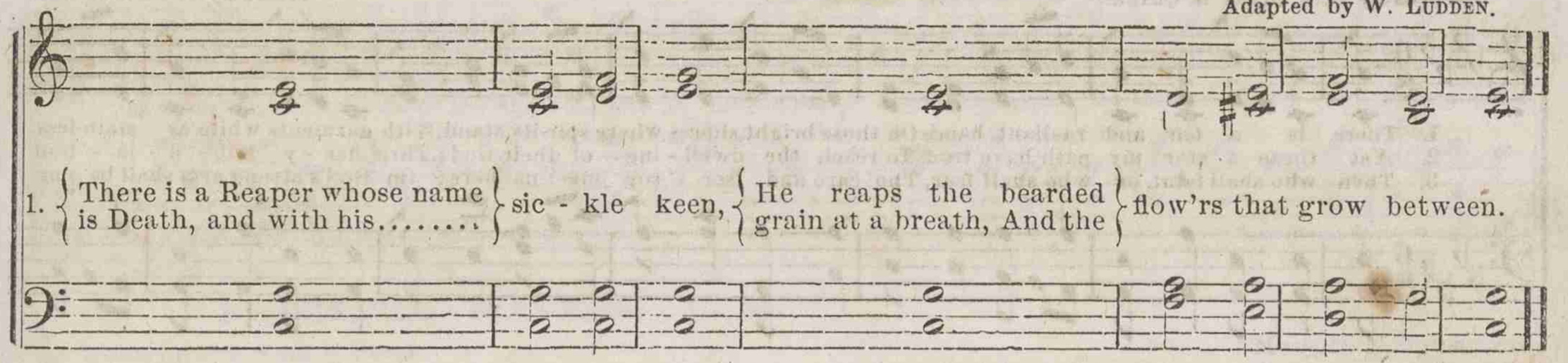


2. "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear his voice;
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make Him our choice;
Do not delay, but come. *Chorus.*

3. Think once again, He' with us to day;
Heed now His blest commands and obey;
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
"Will you, my children, Come?" *Chorus.*

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

(*From* MANUAL OF MUSIC, *by permission.*)

Adapted by W. LUDDEN.



1. There is a Reaper whose name is Death, and with his..... sic - kle keen, He reaps the bearded grain at a breath, And the flow'rs that grow between.

2. "Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he; "Have naught but the..... bearded grain? Tho' the breath of these flow'rs is sweet to me, I'll give..... them all back again."

3. He gazed at the flow'rs with tearful eyes, He kissed their... drooping leaves; It was for the Lord in Paradise, He..... bound them in his sheaves.

4. "My Lord has need of these flow'rets gay," The Reaper... said and smil'd, "Dear tokens of the earth are they, Where He was once a child."

5. "They shall all bloom in fields of light, Transplanted..... by my care, And saints upon their garments white, These sacred blossoms wear.

6. And the mother gave in tears and pain, The flowers she.... most did love; She knew she should find them all again In the fields of light above.

7. O not in cruelty, not in wrath, The Reaper..... came that day; 'Twas an angel visited the green earth, And.... took the flow'rs away.

THE REDEEMED.

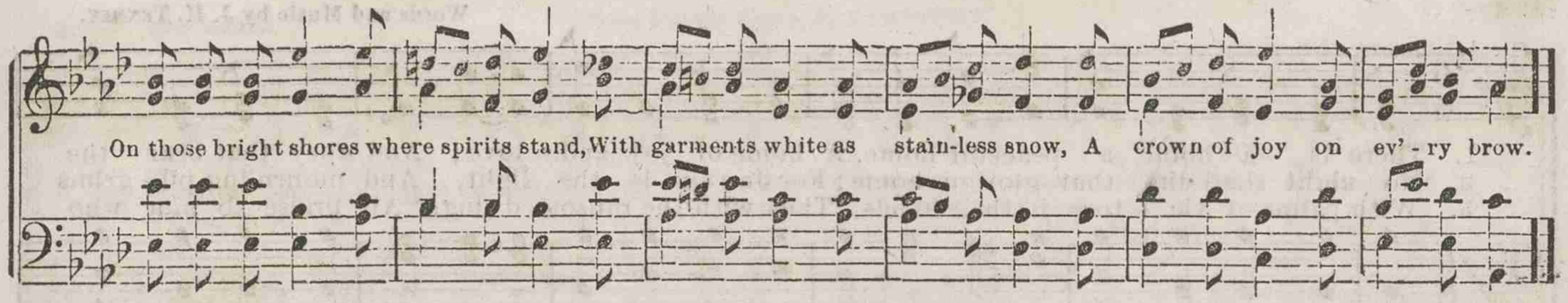
Words by Mrs. Mary B. Clark. Music by J. M. Stillman.

1. There is a fair and ra-diant band, On those bright shores where spir-its stand, With garments white as stain-less
2. Yet these a stor-my path have trod, To reach the dwell-ing of their God; Thro' fier-y trib-u-la-tion
3. Then who shall faint, or who shall fear, Tho' care and sor-row meet us here; On God's strong arm shall be our

snow, A crown of joy on ev'-ry brow, No sha-dow tells they e'er have been Sad dwel-lers in this
won The gold-en crowns their brows up-on; Thro' sor-row's long-est, dark-est night Hath dawned this day of
stay, His hand shall wipe all tears a-way; And in life's fier-y fur-nace tried The death-less soul be

CHORUS.

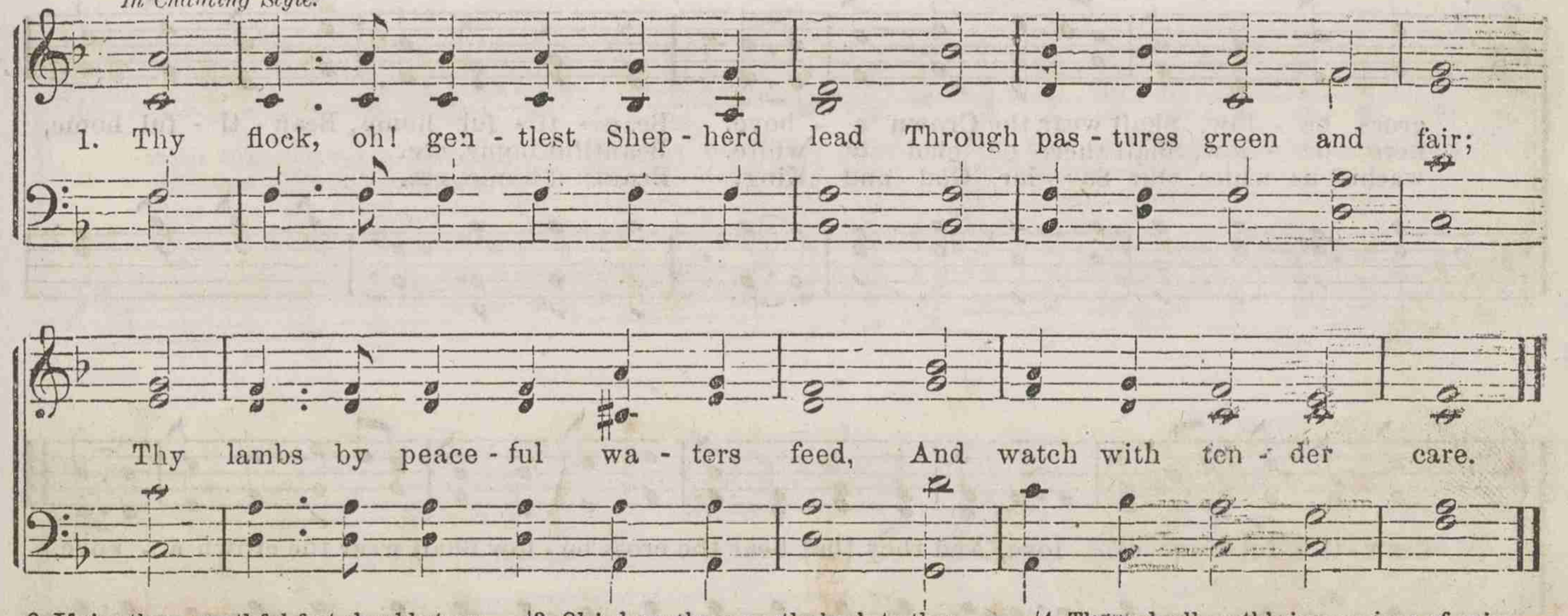
land of sin. Sad dwel-lers in this land of sin. There is a fair and ra-di-ant band,
glo-rious light, Hath dawned this day of glo-rious light. There is a fair, &c.
pur-i-fied, The death-less soul be pur-i-fied. There is a fair, &c.



PEACEFUL WATERS. C. M.

Words by Mrs. MARY B. CLARK.
In Chanting Style.

Music by J. M. STILLMAN.



2. If e'er these youthful feet should stray
Beyond the narrow fold
And bleeding from life's thorny way,
Stand shivering in the cold—

3. Oh! draw them gently back to thee,
And bind them with thy love;
From fangs of serpents set them free,
And stains of sin remove.

4. Through all earth's journeyings of pain,
Its tangled paths untried,
Be Thou, oh! Crucified! and Crowned!
Our Leader and our Guide.

BEAUTIFUL HOME OF LOVE.

Words and Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. There is a home, a peaceful home, A home of joy and love; And they that bear the cross be - low, Shall wear the Crown a - bove. Beau - ti - ful home, Beau - ti - ful home,
2. No night shall dim that glorious home; For Je - sus is the light, And mourn-ing pil - grims here be - low, Shall there be clad in white. Beautiful home, etc.
3. With palms of vic - tory in their hands, They with the ransomed sing, "All praise to him who washed us white. Our Sav - ior, God and King. Beautiful home, etc.

Beau - ti - ful home of love, And they that bear the cross be - low Shall wear the crown a - bove.

FATHER, HOLD MY HAND.

Andantino. (*From* CHAPEL GEMS, *by permission.*) GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Of old th'a-pos - tle walked the wave, As sea - men walk the land; A power was
2. Why should I fear when dan - ger's near; I'm safe, on sea or land; For I've in
3. Though on a diz - zy height, per-chance With fal-t'ring feet I stand, No fear shall
4. But oh! if doubt should cloud my day, And sin be - side me stand, Then firm - est,

CHORUS.

with him strong to save, For Je - sus held his hand. My fee - ble faith, oh Lord, may fail, Thy
Heaven a Fath - er dear, And he will hold my hand. My feeble, etc.
dim my up ward glance, For God will hold my hand. My feeble, etc.
lest I lose my way, My Fath-er hold my hand! My feeble, etc.

power can make me stand, My careless clasp can-not a - vail, Dear Father hold my hand.

VOICE OF WISDOM.

Proverbs viii: 17.

P. P. Bliss.

I love them that love me; I love them that love me: And those that seek me ear - ly,

those that seek me ear - ly, those that seek me ear - ly shall find me. Those that seek me

ear - ly, those that seek me ear - ly, those that seek me ear - ly shall find me.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per - suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed"
2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," come, come, to - day; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per - suad - ed,"

Christ to re - ceive. Seems now some soul to say, "Go, spi - rit,
turn not a - way. Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most is

go thy way, Some more con - ve - nient day On thee I'll call."
ling' - ring near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear; O, wan - d'rer come!
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail— "Al - - most *but lost!*"

ON TO THE GOAL!

With energy. P. P. Bliss.

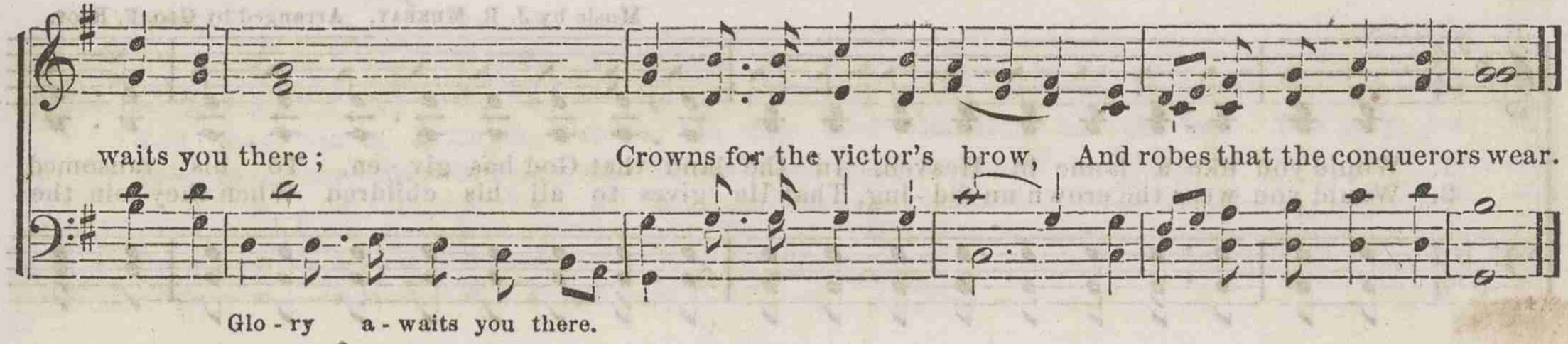
1. On to the goal, friends, on! Glo-ry awaits you there; Crowns for the victor's brow And robes that the
2. On! for the hour has come, When ye the race must run, Or see life's day decline, With life's great
3. Lay off each cumbrous weight, Leave every dar - ling sin, He must be free as air, Who yon - der

conquerors wear. Thrones for the sons of might, Harps for the sons of song, Welcome from heav-en's own
work un-done. Hark! for the Master calls, Bright o'er your path has shone, Sun - light of his own
wreath would win. Je - sus a-waits you there, Waits but to bind the crown Round ev'ry vic - tor's

CHORUS.

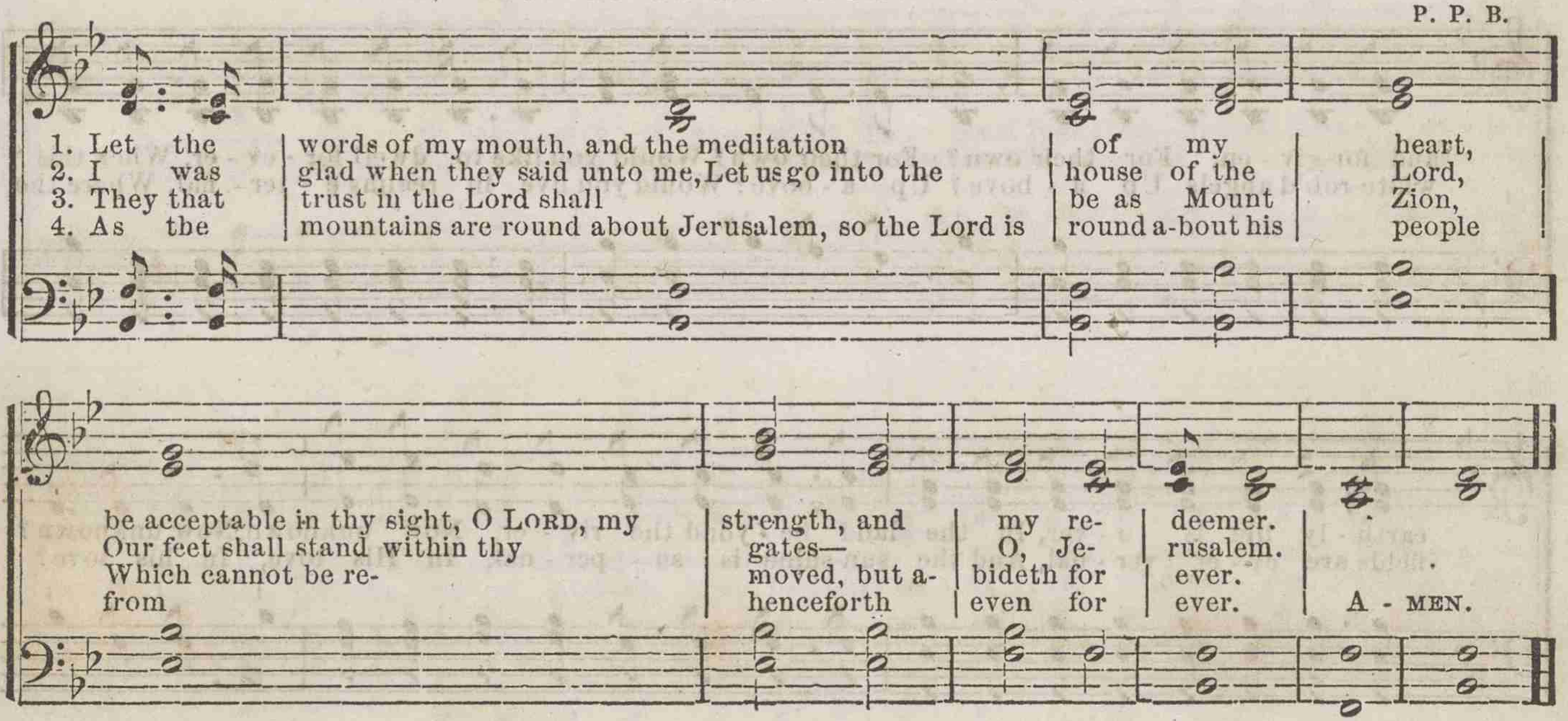
King And greetings from heaven's bright throng. On to the goal, friends, on to the goal! Glo - ry a -
smile: Then, on, to the goal, friends, on! On, etc.
brow: Then, on to the goal, friends, on! On, etc.

on to the goal.



LET THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH—CHANT.

P. P. B.



A HOME IN HEAVEN.

Music by J. R. Murray. Arranged by Geo. F. Root.

1. Would you like a home in Heaven, In the land that God has giv - en, To his ransomed
2. Would you wear the crown un-fad - ing, That He gives to all his children When they join the

and for-giv - en, For their own? For their own? Would you like to dwell for - ev - er, When this
white-rob'd angels Up a - bove? Up a - bove? Would you live in realms e - ter - nal, Where the

earth - ly life is o - ver, In the land be - yond the riv - er, Now unknown, Now unknown?
fields are ev - er ver - nal, And the sun-shine is su - per - nal, In His love, In his love?

CHORUS.

You may win a home in Heaven, In the land that God has giv - en, You may be by
You must love his Word and read it, And be wise e-nough to heed it, For in life you'll

Him for-giv - en, If you will? If you will? You must love Him—blessed Jesus! who looks
sure - ly need it For a guide, For a guide, And when life at last is o - ver, He will

down from Heav'n and sees us, And who loves us—yes, our Je - sus Loves us still, Loves us still!
bear you o'er the riv - er, And his home be yours for - ev - er, Glo - ri - fied, Glo - ri - fied!

ON WHAT FOUNDATION?

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. On what foun - da - tion do you build, neigh-bor, Your hopes for the fu - ture fair?
2. On sure foun - da - tion would you build, neighbor? Take heed to the Lord's commands;

Do your walls reach down to the rock be - low, And rest se - cure - ly there?
Ev - er fast and firm, while the storms go by, This Rock of A - ges stands.

Sad wrecks lie 'round you on the sand, neigh - bor, The floods and the storms are near;
A - las, what fol - ly 'tis to build, neigh - bor, A man - sion so fair, so grand.

Will the strong blast hurl to the earth thy walls, Or blanch thy cheek with fear?
With its cost - ly walls and its loft - y towers On Sin's de - lu - sive sand.

CHORUS.

On what foun - da - tion do you build, neigh-bor, Your hopes for the fu - ture fair?

Do your walls reach down to the rock be - low, And rest se - cure - ly there?

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.—Duet and Chorus.

Words by Mary Howitt. Music by P. P. Bliss.

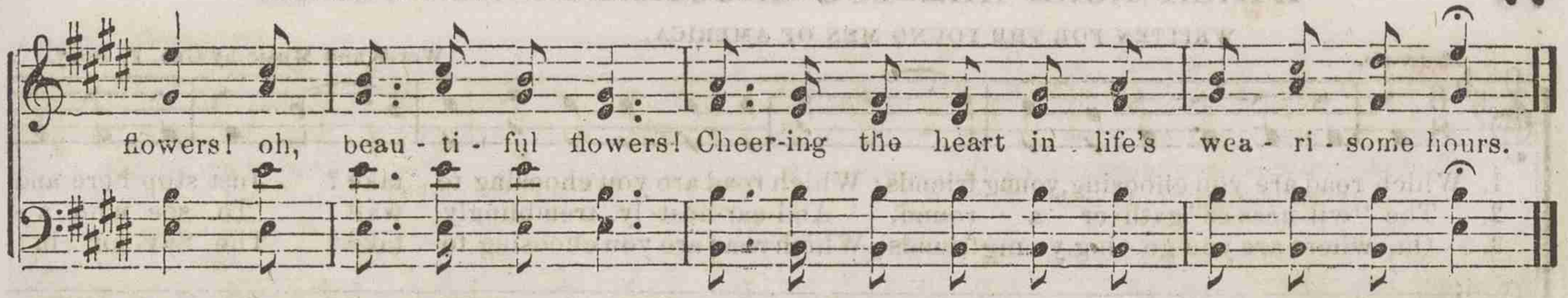
Gently. *CHORUS. Lively.*

1. God might have made the earth bring forth E- nough for great and small;
The stur - dy oak and ce - dar tree With-out a flower at all.

Beau-ti-ful flowers, oh, beau - ti - ful flowers! Smi - ling so sweet-ly in sunshine and showers! Beau- ti - ful flowers! oh, beau - ti - ful flowers! Cheer-ing the heart in life's wea - ri - some hours. Beau - ti - ful

2. Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?—
To give delight to you and me,
To beautify the earth;
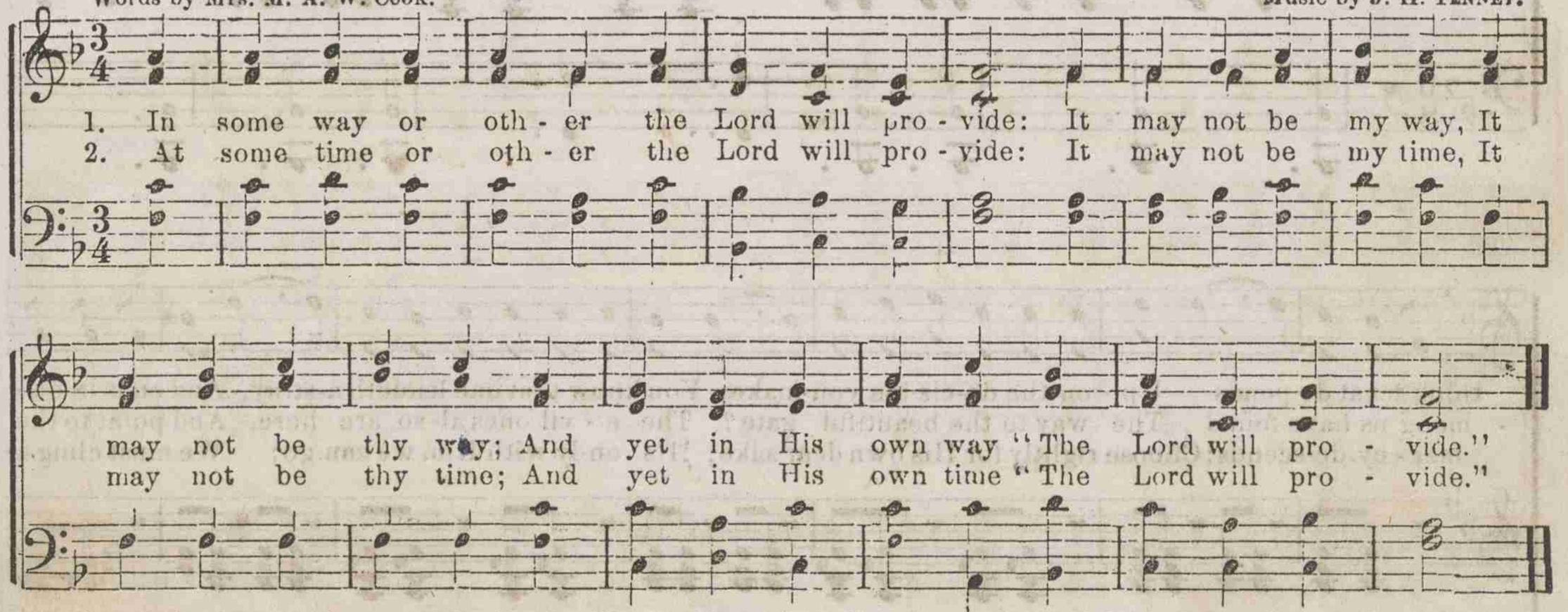
3. To comfort man, to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim:
For whoso careth for the flowers,
Will care much more for Him.



JEHOVAH JIREH.

(THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.)

Words by Mrs. M. A. W. Cook. Music by J. H. Tenney.



3. Despond, then, no longer; the Lord will provide:
And this be the token—
No word He hath spoken
Hath ever been broken—
"The Lord will provide."

4. March on, then, right boldly; the sea shall divide;
With Canaan before us,
With Heaven's mercy o'er us,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

WHICH ROAD ARE YOU CHOOSING?

WRITTEN FOR THE YOUNG MEN OF AMERICA.

Moderato.

Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Which road are you choosing, young friends; Which road are you choosing to take? Just stop here and
2. The "wit-ness-es" gath-er -a - round, And ear-nest-ly, tremblingly wait To see who a -
3. Oh, where are you go - ing, young friends; Which road are you choosing to take? The Sav-ior in

think what de-pends Up - on the de-cis-ion you make; You know that one leadeth a-stray, And ends in de -
- mong us have found The way to the beautiful gate? The e - vil ones al-so are here, And point to the
mer - cy de-scends; Choose rightly for His own dear sake; 'Tis on-ly with Him we can go; We must cling a-

- struction at last, And that in the straight narrow way You're safe when the tri-als are past.
way which is broad; Be - lov-ed, what-e'er may ap - pear, That way leads to death's dark a- bode.
- lone to his hand; But He will lead past ev'- ry foe, Safe, safe to His heav-en- ly land.

CHORUS.

Then why are you doubt - ful, young friends, Which road of these two you should take?

Oh, think of the life that de - pends Up - on the de - cis - ion you make.

SAVIOR, GUIDE US.

Music by Geo. F. Root.

1. Lord and Sav - ior, Thou dost know All the depths of hu - man woe; Thou hast shed the bit - ter tear; Thou hast felt the with'-ring fear.
2. Not a throb but Thou canst feel; Not a pain but Thou canst heal; Not a pang of mor - tal grief, But Thou know'st to bring re - lief.

CHORUS.

Sav- ior, guide us! Do Thou guide us!
Sav- ior, guide us, &c.

Oh may we no longer roam; Guide us o'er the surg-ing billows, Till we reach our heavenly home.

3. Do Thou shed a ray of love,
From Thy shining throne above,
In our hearts, where human might
Fails to kindle warmth or light. *Chorus.*

4. When the raging floods are nigh,
To Thine open arms we'll fly;
Sure the waters will not dare
To o'erwhelm our spirits there. *Chorus.*

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of thee With glad-ness fills my breast; But dear-er far thy
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem'- ry find A sweet-er sound than
3. Oh, hope of ev' - ry con-trite heart, Oh, joy of all the meek! To those who fall, how

face to see, And in thy pres-ence rest.
thy blest name, Oh, Sav-ior of man - kind.
kind thou art, How good to those who seek.

MOODY. 8s & 6s.

Earnestly. C. M. WYMAN.

1. Oh thou, the contrite sinner's friend! Who
2. When wea-ry in the Christian race, Far
3 When the full light of heavenly day Re -

lov-ing, lov'st them to the end; On this a-lone my hopes de-pend, That thou wilt plead for me.
off ap-pears my rest-ing place; And, faint-ing, I mis-trust thy grace; Then, Sav-ior, plead for me.
veals my sins in dread ar- ray, Say thou hast washed them all a-way; Oh, say thou plead'st for me.

SAILING INTO PORT.

"Some Ships cross the ocean with clear skies, smooth seas and fair winds, and come into port with streamers flying and bands of music making jubilee. Others come in storms, with the sky black as night, the wind like a hurricane, and the sea like mountains—and they come in all battered, yards gone, masts splintered, hardly enough left to hang together. But the difference amounts to nothing. The only important thing from first to last is, not what the log says about storm or calm, but that they all steer close to the compass, and do their best to make the harbor. So they only get there safely, what happened to them by the way is of no account. So as to God's children. There may, there will be vast variety of experience: to some, prosperity, success, joy—to others, adversity, defeat, grief. But what may be your lot or mine, is of no consequence. The one only thing of moment is, that we stick close to our chart and push for port with all our might. So we gain that, the pleasures or perils of the way do not matter."—*Extract from a sermon preached by Dr. E. P. Goodwin. First Congregational Church, Chicago.*

Very spirited.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. Sai - lor, though the darkness gathers, Though the cold waves surge and moan, Trust thy bark to
2. Sai - lor, though with streamers flying Yon - der proud ship mounts the foam, And with bands of
3. Sai - lor, though the lightning flashes, Though thy sails be rent and torn, Peace shall come on

CHORUS.

God's great mer-cy, Fal - ter not, sail on, sail on. Sail-ing in - to port, what matter, Droop-ing
mu - sic play-ing, Gains the port and welcome home. Sailing, etc.
Hope's bright pinions, And deliverance with the morn. Sailing, etc.

sail or shattered mast? Glo-ry, glory fills the har-bor, There we'll anchor safe at last.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. We come with songs of glad - ness, To greet our fes - tal day, We ban - ish care
2. But while from hearts re - joic - ing, As - cends the will - ing song, A shad-ow soft-
3. But hope's fair star shall cheer us, With pure, un - dy - ing ray, No shade of grief

and sad - ness, From this our hap - py lay.
ly fall - eth, A - mid our joy - ous throng.
or sad - ness, Shall dim our fes - tal day;
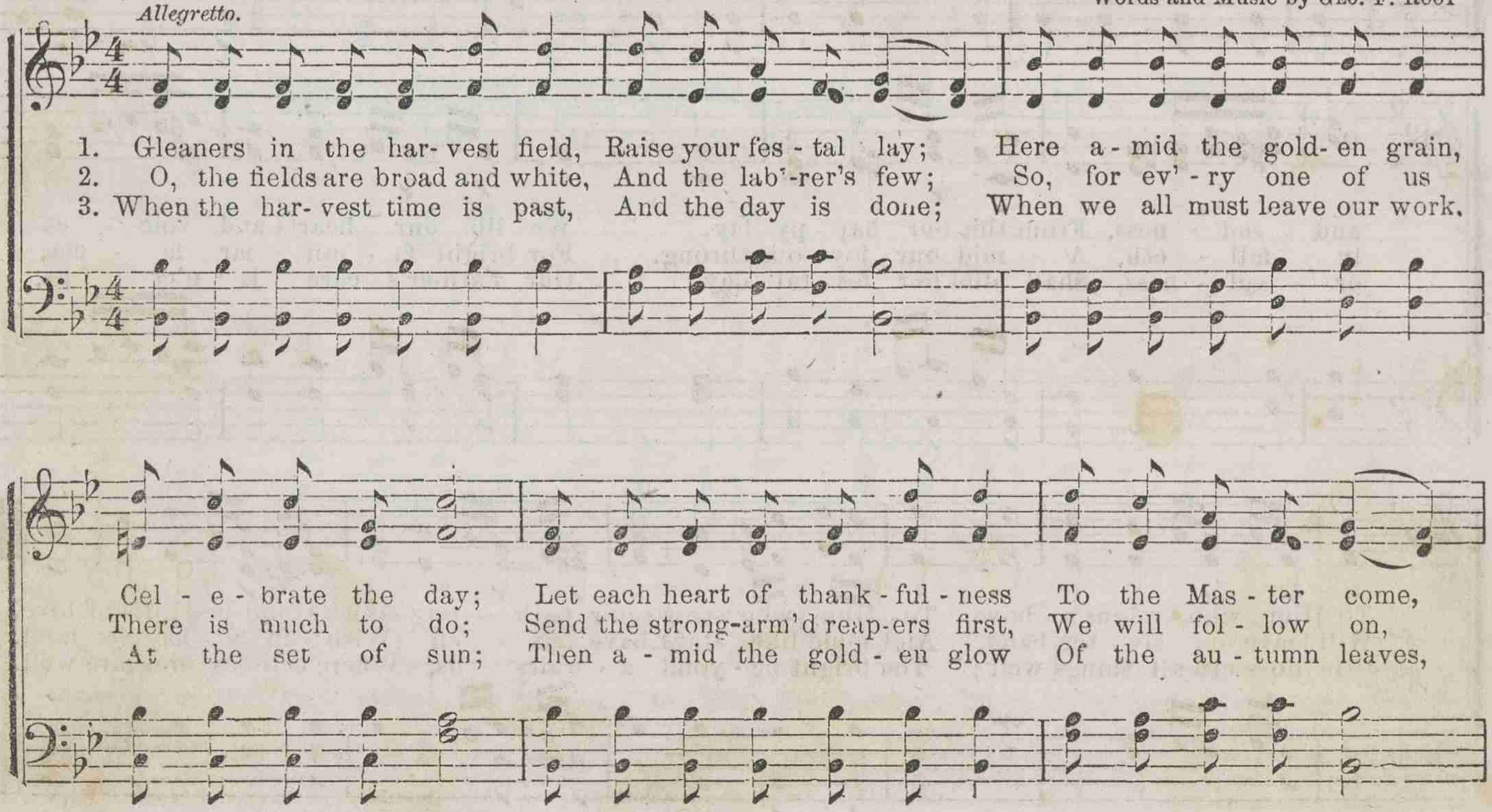
We lift our hearts and voic - es
For bright fa - mil - iar fa - ces,
Our Fath-er's care is o'er us,

To Him who reigns a - bove, To Him who strews our path - way With count-less gifts of love.
Will leave our sis - ter band, And some like stars have ris - en With - in a happier land.
"He do - eth all things well;" The bright be - yond a - waits us, Where ech-oes not fare-well.
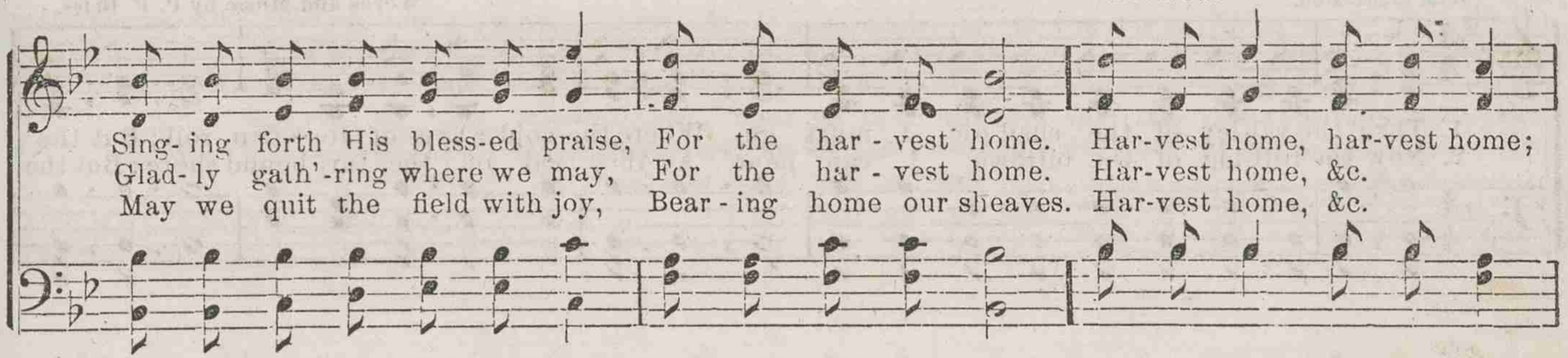
BUSY GLEANERS.

In Hyde Park, one of the suburban towns of Chicago, is a company of ten girls who support a Bible reader (one who goes from house to house), and also support and educate a young girl, both in Harpoot, Turkey. This they do by their contributions, and by an annual festival, at which articles that they have made and collected are sold. They call this festival the "Harvest Home." They are called the "Busy Gleaners." Mrs. S. P. Farrington, their teacher and director, asked our Mr. Root to write a festival song for their coming "Harvest Home." The following, which is the result, will, we think, be regarded as one of this author's happiest efforts.—[EDITOR CHARM.]

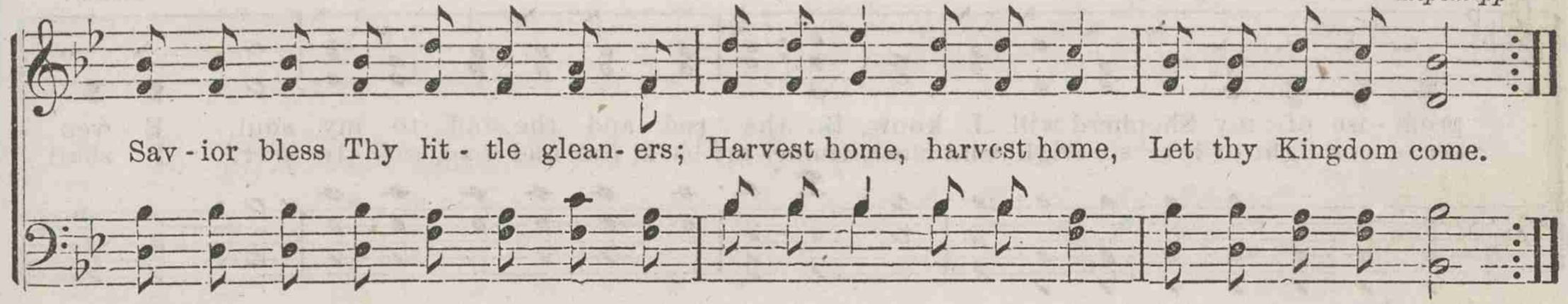
Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT



CHORUS.
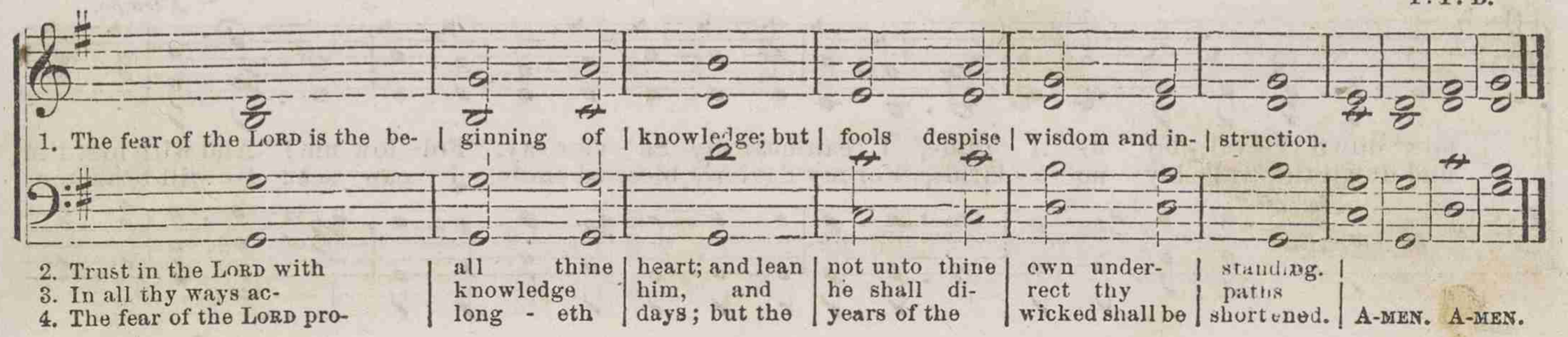


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PROVERBS OF SOLOMON—CHANT.

P. P. B.



With expression.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

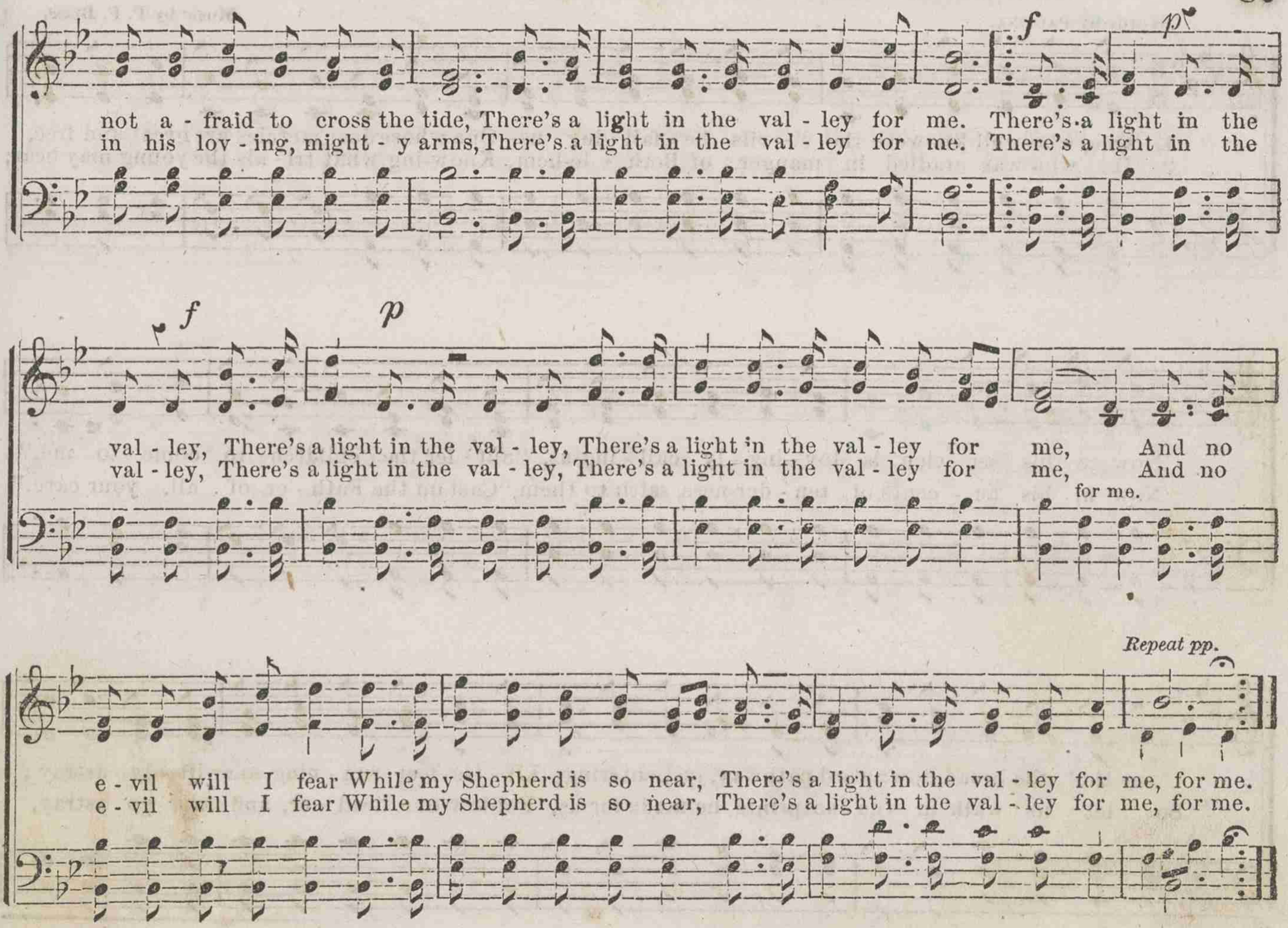
1. Thro' the val-ley of the shad-ow I must go, Where the cold waves of Jor - dan roll; But the
2. Now the roll-ing of the billows I can hear, As they beat on the turf-bound shore; But the

Slower.

prom - ise of my Shepherd will I know, Be the rod and the staff to my soul. E - ven
bea - con light of love so bright and clear, Guides my bark, frail and lone, safe - ly o'er. I shall

A tempo.

now down the val - ley as I glide, I can hear my Sa - vior say, "Fol - low me!" And with him I'm
find down the val - ley no a - larms, For my Savior's bless-ed smile I can see; He will bear me


f
p
not a - fraid to cross the tide, There's a light in the val - ley for me. There's a light in the
in his lov - ing, might - y arms, There's a light in the val - ley for me. There's a light in the
f
p
val - ley, There's a light in the val - ley, There's a light in the val - ley for me, And no
val - ley, There's a light in the val - ley, There's a light in the val - ley for me, And no
for me.
Repeat pp.
e - vil will I fear While my Shepherd is so near, There's a light in the val - ley for me, for me.
e - vil will I fear While my Shepherd is so near, There's a light in the val - ley for me, for me.

COME, HE IS CALLING US.

Words by PAULINA. Music by P. P. BLISS.

1. One, who well knoweth the e - vils be - fall - ing us—One whose dear mercies are great and free,
2. He who was cradled in manger of Beth - le-hem, Know-ing what tri - als the young may bear;

Now to his ser - vice is lov - ing - ly call - ing us, "Suf - fer the children to come to me."
Now in his ac - cents of ten - der-ness, saith to them, "Cast on the Fath - er of all, your care."

Come tho' the broad, downward pathway, just entering, Lit - tle feet run - ning so swift - ly astray;
So let us walk in the footprints he made for us, Fol-low our Lead - er, and ne'er go astray,

Rit.

Come, where love, pow-er and wis-dom are cen-ter-ing, Come to the Life, and the Truth, and the Way.
Trust - ing his love will be ev - er sure aid for us, Who is the Life, and the Truth, and the Way.

CHORUS.

Come, he is call-ing us, lov - ing - ly call - ing us, Come, for his mer-cies are great and free.

Come, for the Sav-ior is call - ing us—call-ing us, "Suf-fer the children to come to me."

LAND OF BEAUTY.

Words from S. S. Visitor. Music by W. W. Wallace.

1. There is a land of beau - ty.... Be - yond the Mo - ab hills, And
2. There is a land of beau - ty.... Be - yond the sun - set hills; Its
3. There is a land of beau - ty.... And Je - sus is the way; Through

Is - - rael shall pos - sess it,.... For God his word ful - fills... Thus
fields are al - ways ver - dant, And pure its mur-mr'ing rills;.. No
all the des - ert drea - ry He leads to end - less day... Oh

spake the He - brew pro - phet,.. And point - ed toward the West; Then
storms shall dark - en yon - der,... The skies are aye se - rene, O'er
lead thou me, dear Sa - vior;.. In thine ᵀ place my hand; Bring

Is - rael crossed the Jor - dan,.... And reached the prom - ised rest.....
all the wide do - min - ions.... Are em - blems peace - ful seen...
thou my soul to heav - en,.... Thine own dear Fa - ther - land....

CHORUS.

Oh the beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful land!..... Its gates are o - pen to -
beau - ti - ful land! are
day;..... The an - gels stand on the gold - en strand, And beckon my soul a - way.
o - pen to - day;

OVER YONDER.

Joyfully.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. O - ver yon - der, o - ver yon - der, Where the saints and angels dwell, O - ver yon - der,
2. O - ver yon - der, o - ver yon - der, Stands my man-sion bright and fair; All the glo - ry,
3. O - ver yon - der, o - ver yon - der, Sin and sor - row are unknown: Hal - le - lu - jahs,

FINE.

o - ver yon - der Is the home I love so well. There my loved ones wait to greet me, Wait to
all the glo - ry Of the kingdom I shall share. By the tree of life e - ter - nal, Crys - tal
Hal-le - lu - jahs, Ev - er-more surround the throne. Nev - er will I fear the journey Thro' the

clasp me by the hand, There my Sav - ior, too, will meet me, Meet me in Im-man-uel's land.
streams for-ev - er flow; While the leaves of heal - ing mer - cy On its wav-ing branches grow.
dark and shadowy vale; For my Sav - ior will be near me, Nev - er can his promise fail.

Sing first verse in each D. C.

D. C.

S. B. MARSH.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the waters near me roll,
While the tempest still is high: Hide me, O my Savior, hide, Till the storm of life is past,
Safe in - to the ha-ven guide; O, re-ceive my soul at last!

2. Oth - er refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee: Leave, ah! leave me not a-lone;
Still sup-port and comfort me: All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
Cov - er my defenseless head With the shad-ow of thy wing.

MARCHING ON.

Words by ELLEN M. HASTINGS. Music by W. O. PERKINS.
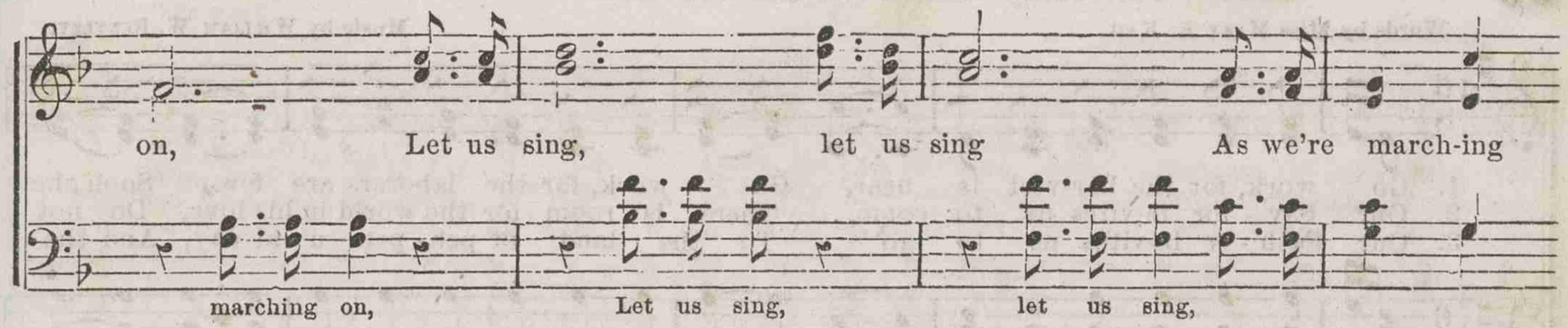
1. We are marching on to reach the shining shore, By its wat - ers bright we'll rest when life is
2. We will march and sing a bout our glorious home, Of its loft - y towers, its ev - er brilliant
3. Our Sav - ior guides us thro' the darksome way, He will ne'er for - sake us, when for help we

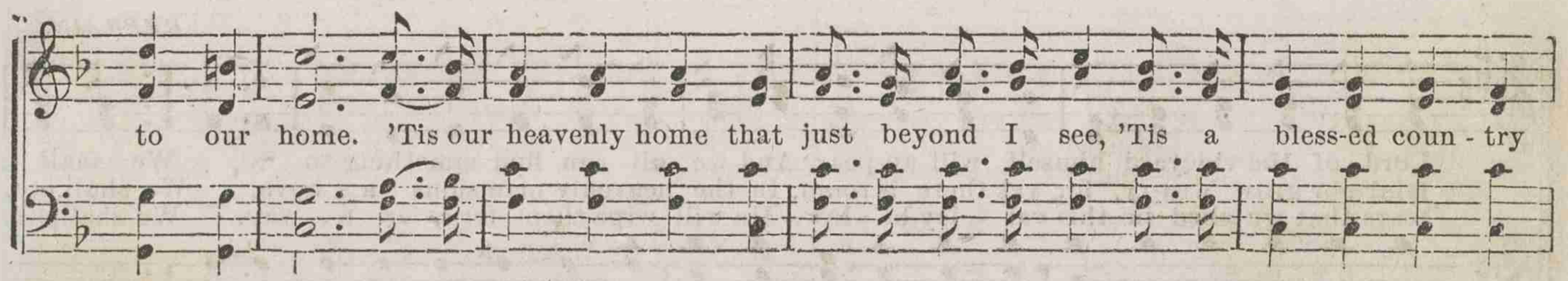
CHORUS.
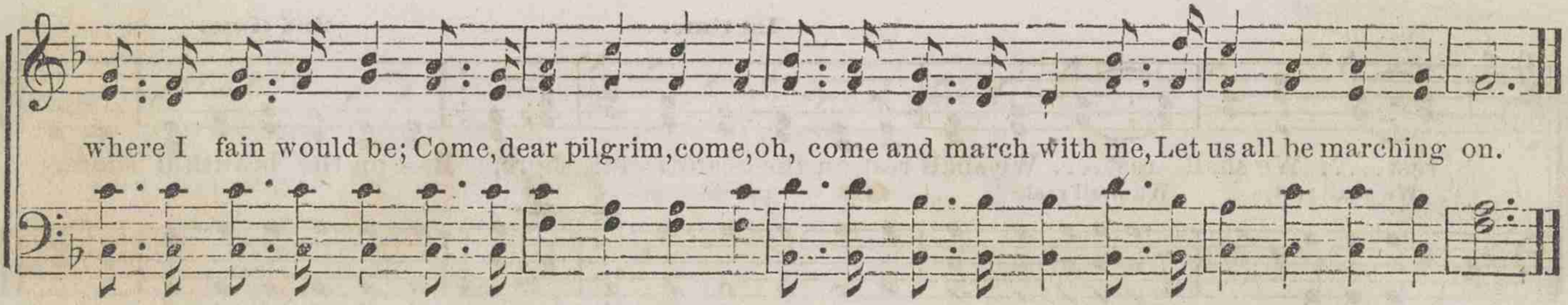
o'er, And we'll ne'er be wea-ry, faint or thirs-ty more— To that shore we're marching on. March-ing
dome; Thro' its pearly gates shall all the ransomed come, So we'll sing while marching on. Marching, etc.
pray; But will bring us safe - ly to the shin-ing day, So we'll all keep marching on. Marching, etc.

on, marching on, marching on, marching

March - ing on, march - ing on, march - ing on,


on, Let us sing, let us sing As we're march-ing
marching on, Let us sing, let us sing,


to our home. 'Tis our heavenly home that just beyond I see, 'Tis a bless-ed coun - try


where I fain would be; Come, dear pilgrim, come, oh, come and march with me, Let us all be marching on.

REST ON THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE.

Words by Miss MARY E. KAIL. Music by WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

1. Go work, for the har-vest is near, Go work, for the laborers are few, Soon the
2. Our Sav - ior in-vites us to come, There is room for the world in his love, Do not
3. Our Fath - er in-vites us to go To the land of per - pet - u - al day, And the

REFRAIN.

Lord of the vineyard himself will ap-pear, And we all can find something to do, We shall
faint nor grow wea-ry, for yet there is room, In the heavenly man-sions a - bove. We shall, etc.
tears that we shed in this val - ley be - low, He will wipe them for-ev-er a - way. We shall, etc.

1st time. **2nd time.**

rest..... We shall rest.... We shall rest on the beau-ti - ful shore, Rest on the beautiful shore.
We shall rest, We shall rest.

With spirit. JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. WORK, for the night is com - ing, PRAY, for the day's at hand; WATCH, for the Mas - ter
2. WORK for the souls a - round you, WEEP for your sins, your own; FIGHT for the cross up-
3. WORK, for the night is com - ing, Prove every precious hour; PRAY, for the day is

CHORUS—*Work, for the night is com - ing, Pray, for the day's at hand; Watch, for the Mas - ter*

FINE.

call - eth, STRIVE, 'tis your God's com - mand. Now is the time to la - bor, THEN is the
on you, WAIT for the vic - tor's crown. WATCH, while you work for others, PRAY while you
dawning, Day of the Savior's pow - er. REST when your la - bor's ended, Soon shall the

call - eth, Strive, 'tis your God's command.

D. C. for Chorus.

judgment hour; WORK for the soul's sal - va - tion ev - er, PRAY for the spir - it's power.
wait for power; Watching and waiting, al - ways praying, Fill ev - ery gol - den hour.
glad day come, Day of the blessed Savior's promise, When he shall call us home.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO.

Not too slow.
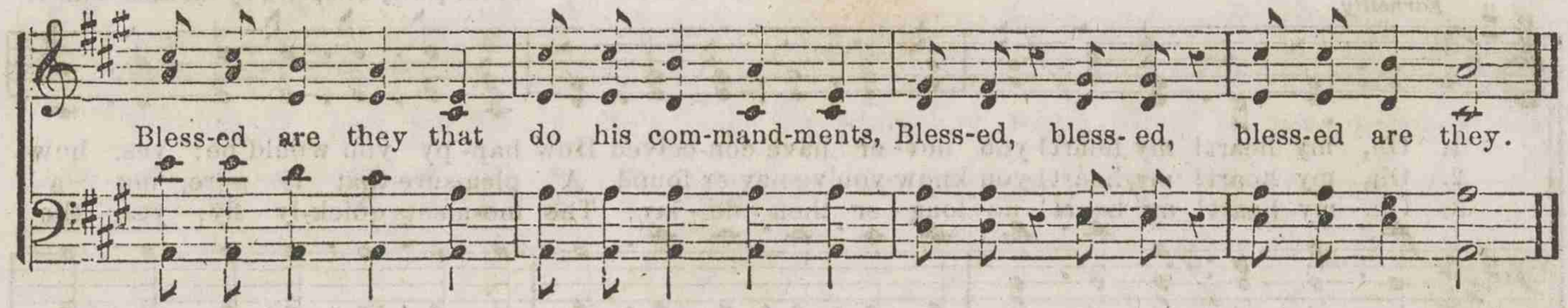
Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. Hear the words our Sav-ior hath spok - en, Words of life un - fail - ing and true;
2. All in vain we hear his com-mand-ments, All in vain his prom- is - es too;
3. They with joy may en - ter the cit - y, Free from sin, from sor- row and strife;

Careless one, prayerless one, hear and re - mem - ber, Je - sus says, "Blessed are they that do."
Hearing them, fear- ing them, nev- er can save us, Bless-ed, oh blessed are they that do.
Sanc- ti - fied, glor - i - fied, now and for - ev - er, They may have right to the tree of life."
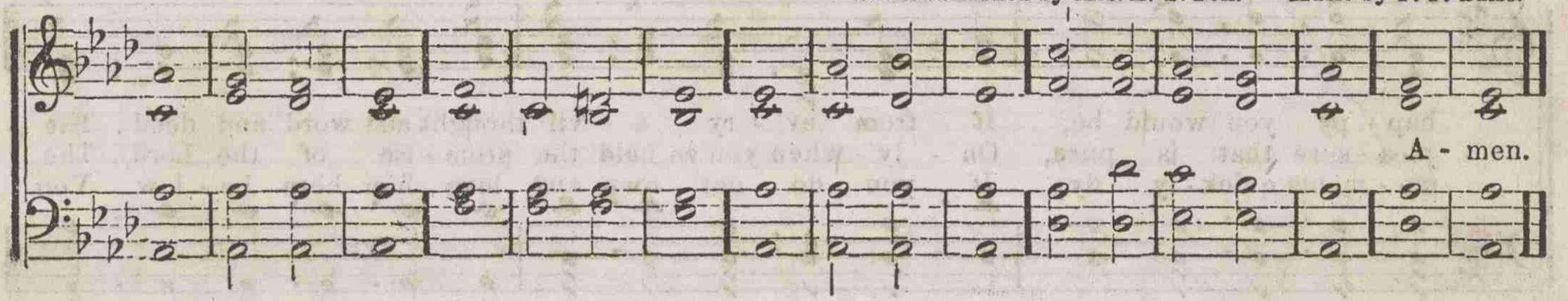
CHORUS.

Bless- ed are they that do his com-mand-ments, Bless-ed are they, bless-ed are they,



PERFECT REST.—CHANT.

Words furnished by Mrs. E. T. Fox. Music by P. P. BLISS.



1. Savior. I | come to | thee,‖
A weary child, with pain and | care op- | prest;‖
O, let me lean this aching, | burden'd | heart
Up-‖ on thy | loving | breast!

2. The way is | very | dark; ‖
I cannot see it, Lord, through | these my | tears!‖
Take thou my hand and draw me | up to | thee
Through ‖ all the | lonely | years.

3. I have no | strength, dear | Lord; ‖
O, let me lie where I can | kiss thy | feet,‖
And look up from the dust in- | to thine | eyes
That ‖ are so | true and | sweet!

4. Speak to me | soft and | low,‖
My spirit yearneth for one | little | word ‖
To cheer the still, sad silence | of my | life;
One ‖ word from | thee, O | Lord!

5. O, Savior, | speak to | me;‖
And, as the river falls in- | to the | sea,‖
And sinks to sleep, so this my | wearied | heart
Shall ‖ find its | rest in | thee.

OH, MY HEART! MY HEART!

Words by Geo. F. Root. Music partly composed by the same author.

Earnestly.

1. Oh, my heart! my heart! you nev-er have con-ceived How hap-py you would be; yes, how
2. Oh, my heart! my heart! you know you've nev-er found A plea-sure that is pure, not a
3. Oh, my heart! my heart! no long-er then de-lay; The mo-ments quick-ly fly; yes, the

hap-py you would be, If from ev'-ry e-vil thought and word and deed, The
plea-sure that is pure, On-ly when you've held the prom-ise of the Lord, The
mo-ments quick-ly fly; If you do not own and love him here be-low You

bless-ed Sav-ior's love had set you free.
prom-ise of His word so strong and sure.
know He can-not own you by-and-by.

Turn you, turn you to His ho-ly word a-gain;
Try, then, try to love Him, Prophet, Priest and King;
Still, the heavenly voice is sound-ing once a-gain;

Ten- der - ly, how ten- der - ly He's call - ing while you roam; Give, oh give your-self and

all you have, to Him; "Wea - ry ones, and heav - y la - den, come." .... For

CHORUS.

Oh, my heart! my heart! you never have conceived How happy you would be; yes, how happy you would be,

If you on - ly now could give yourself a-way, And let the bles - sed Sav-ior make you free, make you free.

THE TARDY TROOP.

Words by PAULINA. Music by P. P. BLISS.

1. I will rejoice when I hear the bell— Haste to the school that I love so well, Think - ing how
2. I was ashamed as I well might be— When was the prayer and the hymn for me? Turn - ing the
3. Sat - ur - day eve, if we all would see All things in or - der as they should be; Seek - ing the

sad - ly my teacher's eye Rest-ed up - on me in days gone by, When I had loitered, and
tho'ts from the world a-way— Teaching the heart with the lips, to pray. When was the boast that I
glove or the book a-stray, Who would be late on the dear Lord's day? Where would we look for the

CHORUS.

joined a group Known in our school as the Tardy Troop. Nev - er a - gain shall my head so droop —
would not stoop Ev - er to en - ter the Tardy Troop. Nev - er, etc.
sor - ry group Known in our school as the Tardy Troop? Nev - er, etc.

Pit - y, Pit - y.

Nev - er will I en - ter the Tar - dy Troop. Oh, pit - y for the Tar - dy Troop, Pit - y for the

Pit - y for the Tar - dy Troop, Pit - y for the

Pit - y.

sor - ry group, Pit - y. for the Tardy Troop, Loitering by the way. Pit - y for the Tardy Troop,

sor - ry group. Pit - y for the Tar - dy Troop.

Pit - y for the sor - ry group, Pit - y for the Tar - dy Troop, Late a - gain to - day.

Pit - y for the sor - ry group.

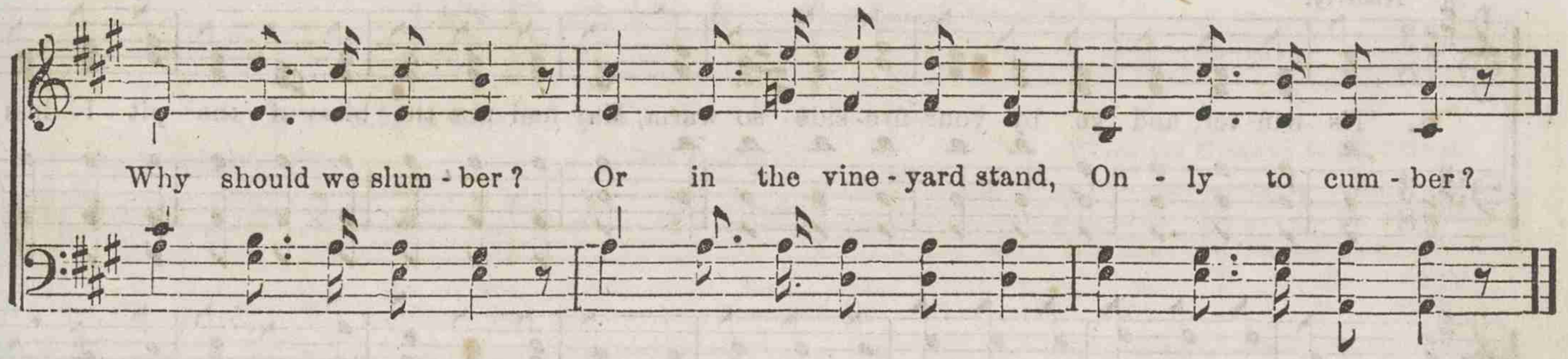
FAINT, YET PURSUING.

Words by S. H. Browne. Music by James R. Murray.

1. Bound for the Bet - ter Land, Why should we slum- ber, Or in the vine - yard stand,
On - ly to cum - ber? Sands of life are run - ning fast, Let us be do - ing;

CHORUS.

Be like he - roes of the past—"Faint, yet pur - su - ing." Bound for the Bet - ter Land,
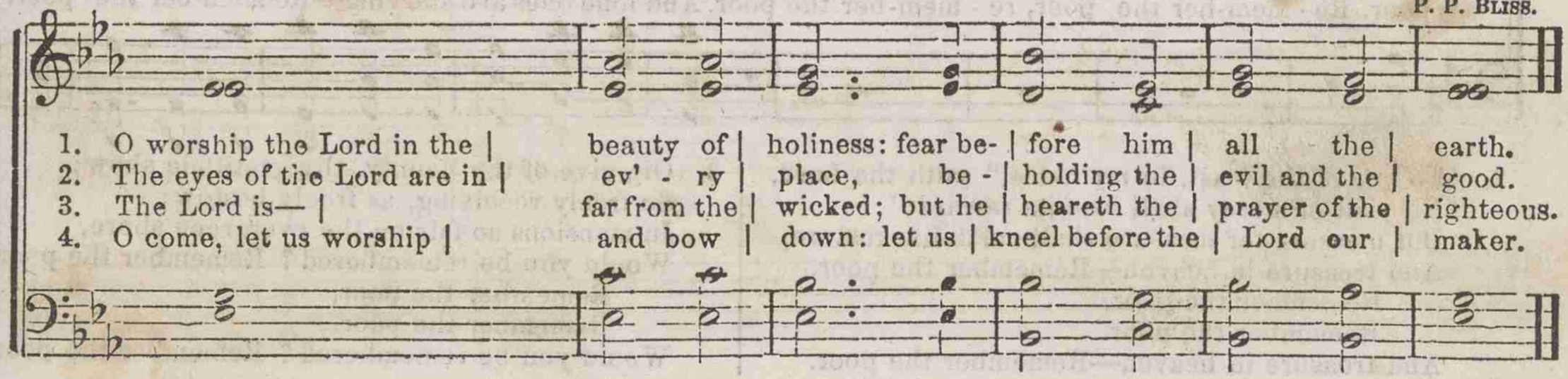


2. What though we wander here
Midst doubt and dangers?
Soon shall the shore appear,
Where these are strangers;
Where the pilgrim's broken staff
Needs no renewing:
Wine for wormwood shall we quaff—
"Faint, yet pursuing."; *Chorus.*

3. Then for the Better Land
Let us be straining;
Stout heart and ready hand
Ground still are gaining.
We must wage a warfare brave,
Strong foes subduing;
Battling to the open grave—
"Faint, yet pursuing." *Chorus.*

BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.—CHANT.

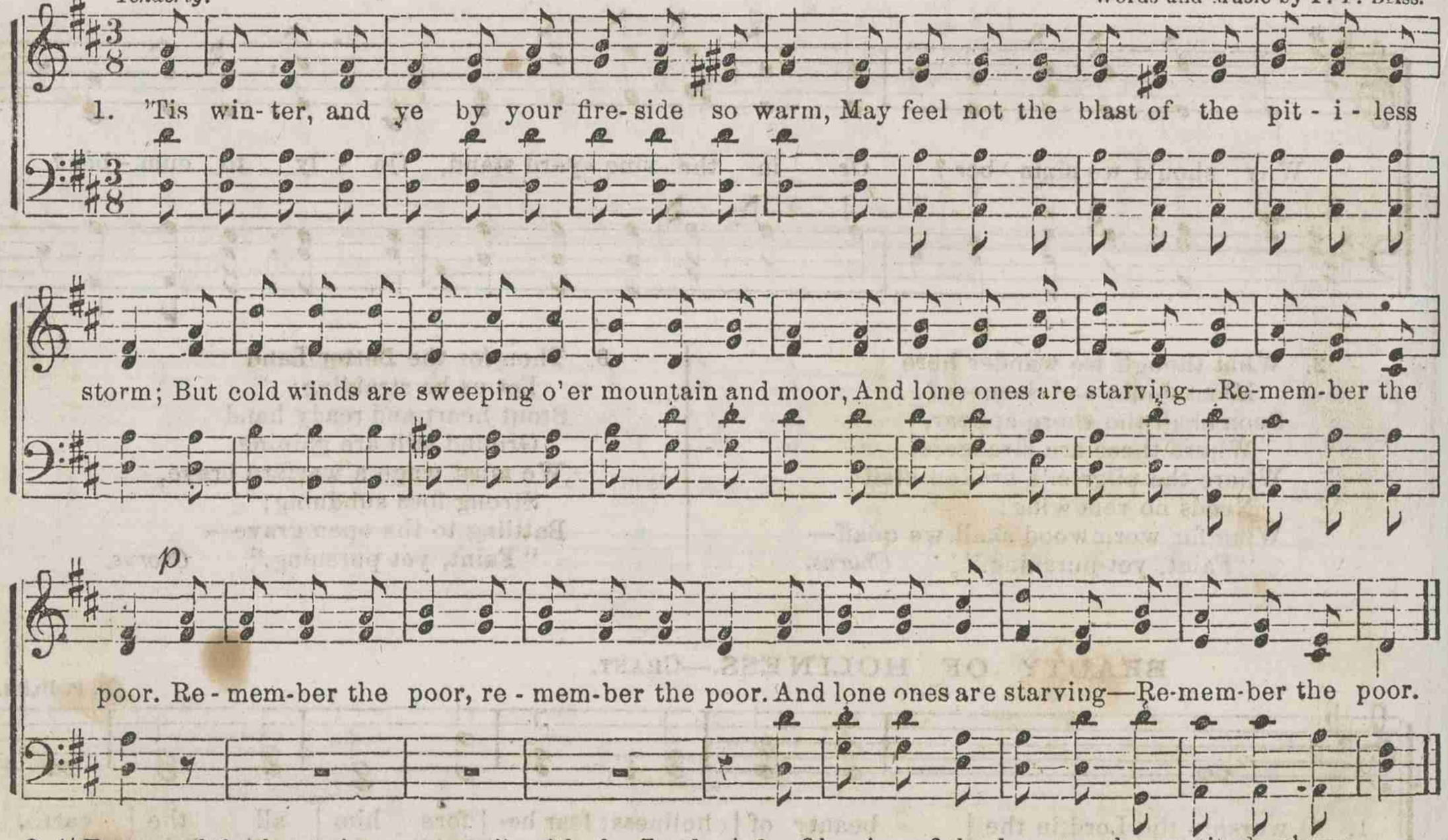
P. P. BLISS.



REMEMBER THE POOR.

Tenderly.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.



2. "To one of the least, in my name," saith the Lord,
"No visit of mercy shall lose its reward;"
But measure for measure shall earth-life restore,
And treasure in heaven—Remember the poor.
Remember the poor,
Remember the poor.
And treasure in heaven—Remember the poor.

3. Oh, give of thy bounty, thy gratitude show;
So freely receiving, as freely bestow;
In mansions so fair on the evergreen shore,
Would you be remembered? Remember the poor.
Remember the poor,
Remember the poor.
Would you be remembered? Remember the poor.

INFANT CLASS.

GENTLE JESUS, MEEK AND MILD.

Slowly and prayerfully. (*Child's Prayer.*) Words and Music by H. R. PALMER.

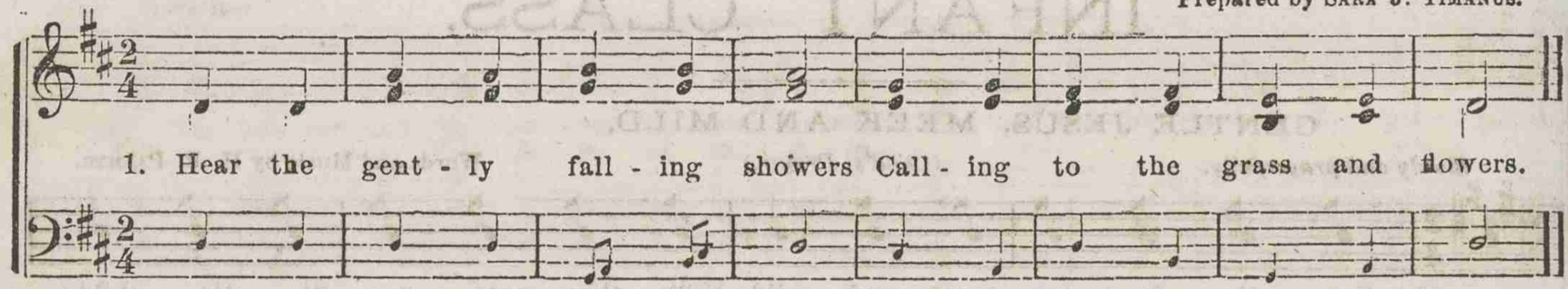
1. Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Hear thou now a lit - tle child;
2. Lord, I would to thee be brought; Pu - ri - fy my ev - 'ry thought;
3. All my dai - ly wants sup - ply; On thy boun - ty I re - ly;
4. Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Hear thou now a lit - tle child;

Bless - ed Sa - vior, pit - y me, Help me come to thee.
Cleanse and make me free from sin, Keep me pure with - in.

Bless and keep my loved ones dear. Bless - ed Sa - vior, hear.
Thou, O Lord, art all in all, Hold me lest I fall.

THE STORM—An Exercise Song.

Prepared by Sara J. Timanus.



(Children tap lightly with their finger-nails on seats or desks during the singing of these two lines, to imitate the pattering of the rain.)

Teacher recites--"He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth."—*Psalms*, 72: 6.

2. Hear the softly whisp'ring breeze
Singing sadly through the trees.

(Children rub their hands lightly together while singing these two lines.)

Teacher recites—"For lo, he that formeth the mountains, and createth the wind, and declareth unto man what is his thought, that maketh the morning darkness, and treadeth upon the high places of the earth. The Lord, the God of hosts, is his name."—*Amos*, 4: 13.

3. Hear the noisy whistling gale,
Sounding over hill and vale.

(During the singing of these two lines, all rub their hands briskly together, and a part of the class force their breath through their teeth, to imitate the whistling of the gale.)

Teacher recites—"How long wilt thou speak these things? and how long shall the words of thy mouth be like a strong wind?" *Job*, 8: 2.

4. Hear the mighty thunder crash,
See the vivid lightning flash.

(During the singing of the first line the pupils draw their feet back and forth on the floor, imitating thunder. At the same time let the hands make a zigzag motion through the air in addition to the noise with the feet.)

Teacher recites--"Thou art the God that doest wonders; thou hast declared thy strength among the people. The voice of thy thunder was in the heaven; the lightnings lightened the world: the earth trembled and shook."—*Ps.* 11, 14, 18.

"For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be." *Matt.* 24: 27.

5. Thunder, lightning, wind and rain
Make the fearful hurricane.

(After singing this the children make all the motions at once, and with increasing force until a signal from the teacher to cease.)

Teacher recites—"When he uttereth his voice, there is a multitude of waters in the heavens; and he causeth the vapors to ascend from the ends of the earth; He maketh lightnings with rain, and bringeth forth the wind out of his treasures."—*Jeremiah*, 10: 13.

HERE AM I!

OR, THE SONG OF LITTLE SAMUEL.

Words by PAULINA. Music by T. J. COOK.

1. God hath spo - ken thus to - day: "Seek the straight and nar - row way."
I will heed Him and re - ply, As did Sam - uel, "Here am I."

REFRAIN. *Repeat pp.*

"Here am I!" "Here am I!" an - swered Sam - uel, "Here am I."

2. Here to do the Savior's will,
Here to suffer and be still;
Daring not to ask Him why,
Only waiting—"Here am I!"

3. Should He call my soul away,
I will trust Him as I may;
Through the valley, when I cry,
He will answer, "Here am I!"
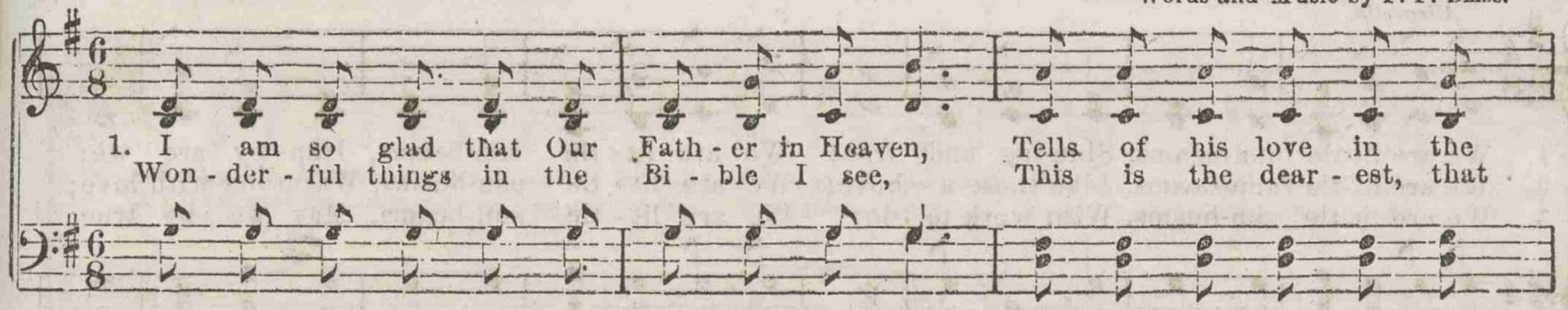
JESUS CALLS US.

Gently.

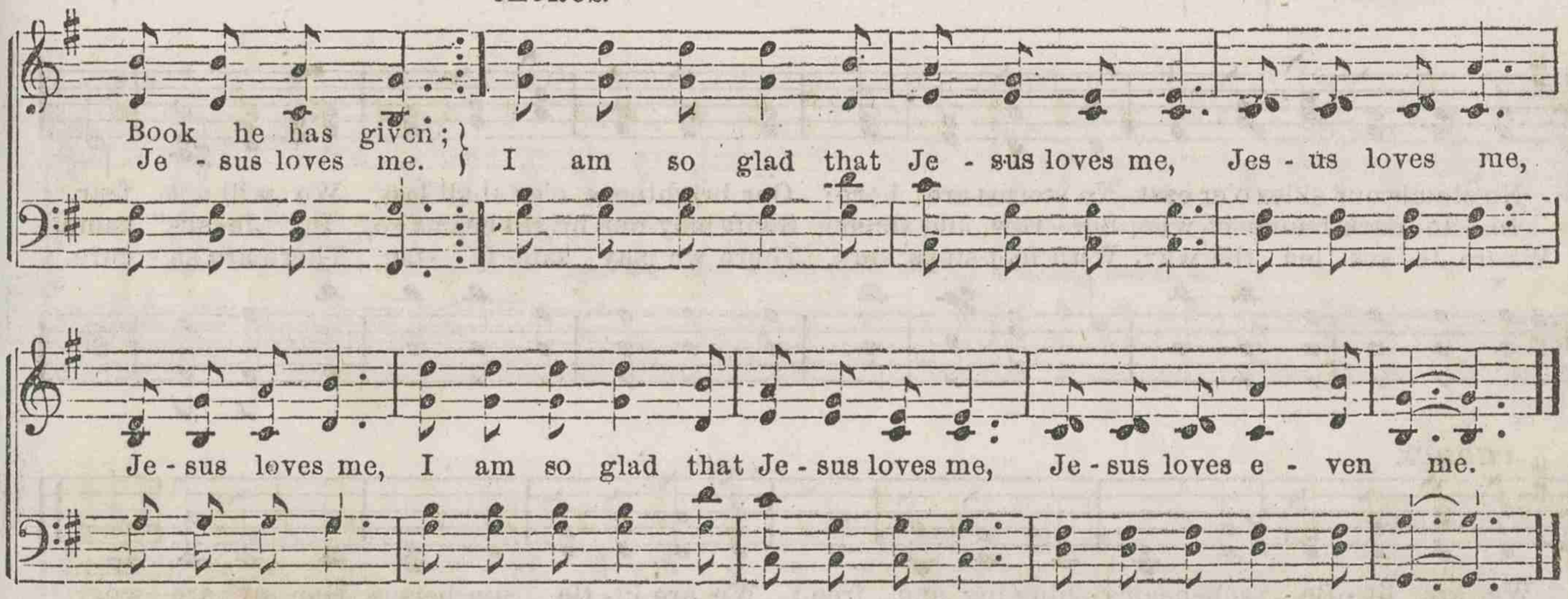
C. C. Case and P. P. Bliss.

1. Long a - go while flowers were blooming In Ju - de - a's sun - ny land, Did the gen - tle, lov- ing Je - sus Mid the Jew-ish children stand; Lit-tle children whom their mothers Brought to him that he might bless, And we know he loved them dear-ly, But he loves us none the less.
2. They could see his look of pit - y, They could hear his gen - tle tone, But the words of Je - sus' blessing Were not meant for them a-lone; Un-to ev'- ry heart that seeks him, Ev'- ry child that tries to pray He will give a lov - ing wel-come. Like the words he spake that day.
3. Je - sus called the lit - tle chil - dren, "Suf - fer them to come" he said; And they came and gathered round him, Children by their mothers led; Still he calls the same from heav-en, "Suf-fer them to come to me;" He his life for us hath giv- en, Shall we not his chil-dren be?

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.



CHORUS.



2. Though I forget him and wander away,
Kindly he follows wherever I stray,
Back to his dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

Chorus.

3. Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in his beauty I see the great King;
This shall my song in eternity be,
O, what a wonder that Jesus loves me.

Chorus.

WE ARE LITTLE SUNBEAMS.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Allegretto.

1. We are lit-tle sun-beams, Shin-ing and free; We are lit - tle sun-beams, Hap- py are we;
2. We are lit-tle sun-beams, Like those a - bove; We are lit - tle sun-beams, Warm-ing with love;
3. We are lit-tle sun-beams, With work to do; We are lit - tle sun-beams, May we be true;

No clouds our skies o'er cast, No storms are here; Our brightness e'er shall last, We will not fear.
In - to dark haunts of woe, Sor - row, and shame, Swift may our bright beams go, In Je- sus' name.
Where Je- sus led the way, With foot-steps sure, There we may safe- ly stay, There are se - cure.

CHORUS.

We are lit - tle sun-beams shin - ing and free; We are lit- tle sun-beams, Hap- py are we.

Teacher. *Scholars.* *Teacher.*

1. What do the beau-ti - ful ros - es say? Sweet is our per-fume, but short is our stay; What says the humming-bird,
2. What says the clock, with its tick -a-tick, tick? Time pass-es swift-ly, be quick, oh be quick! What are the words of the
3. What does the sun in the morn - ing say? O - ver I go for an - oth-er bright day. What does your heart by its

Scholars. *All.*

do you know? Win-ter is com-ing and soon I must go. Pass-ing a-way, Pass-ing a-way; Sec-ond and
riv- u - let's song? I can not tar - ry, I must run a - long. Pass-ing a- way, &c.
beat - ing tell? Earth life is pass-ing, then where will I dwell? Pass-ing a- way, &c.

minute and hour and day! Bir-die and blos-som, how brief is your stay; Passing away, passing away.

I'LL NOT FORGET TO PRAY.

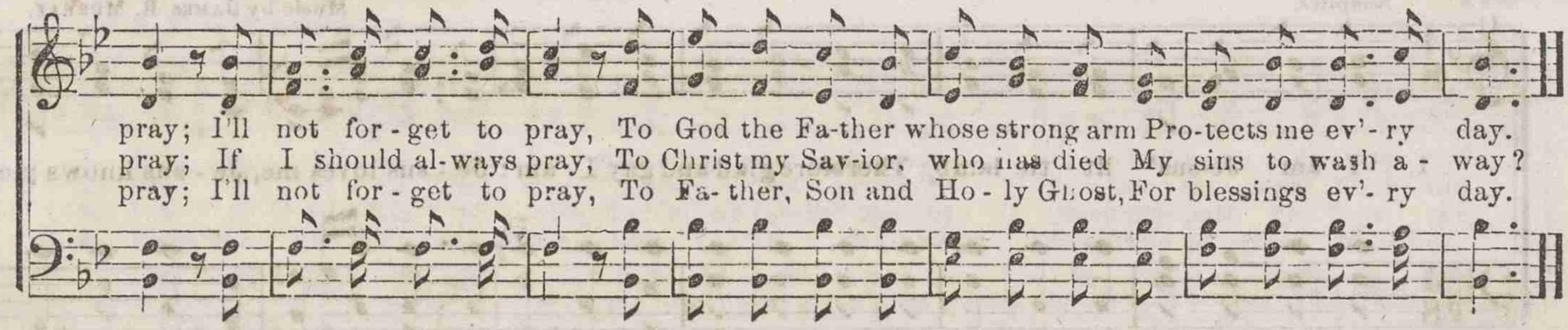
Words and Music by J. A. BUTTERFIELD.

1. I know I'm but a lit - tle child, And of - ten dis - o - bey My teach-ers kind, my
2. A lit - tle spar-row fall- eth not, But Je - sus tak- eth heed, And as he is my
3. No un- kind word, no un - true tale, Will an - gels hear to - day; For I'm re-solved with

parents dear, And from their precepts stray. But ev'- ry night be - fore my head I on my pil-low
Sav-ior too, Will he not in - ter - cede? Will not the Fa- ther save from harm, And bless me ev'-ry
Je- sus' help, To walk the nar-row way; Then he will come and care for me, By night as well as
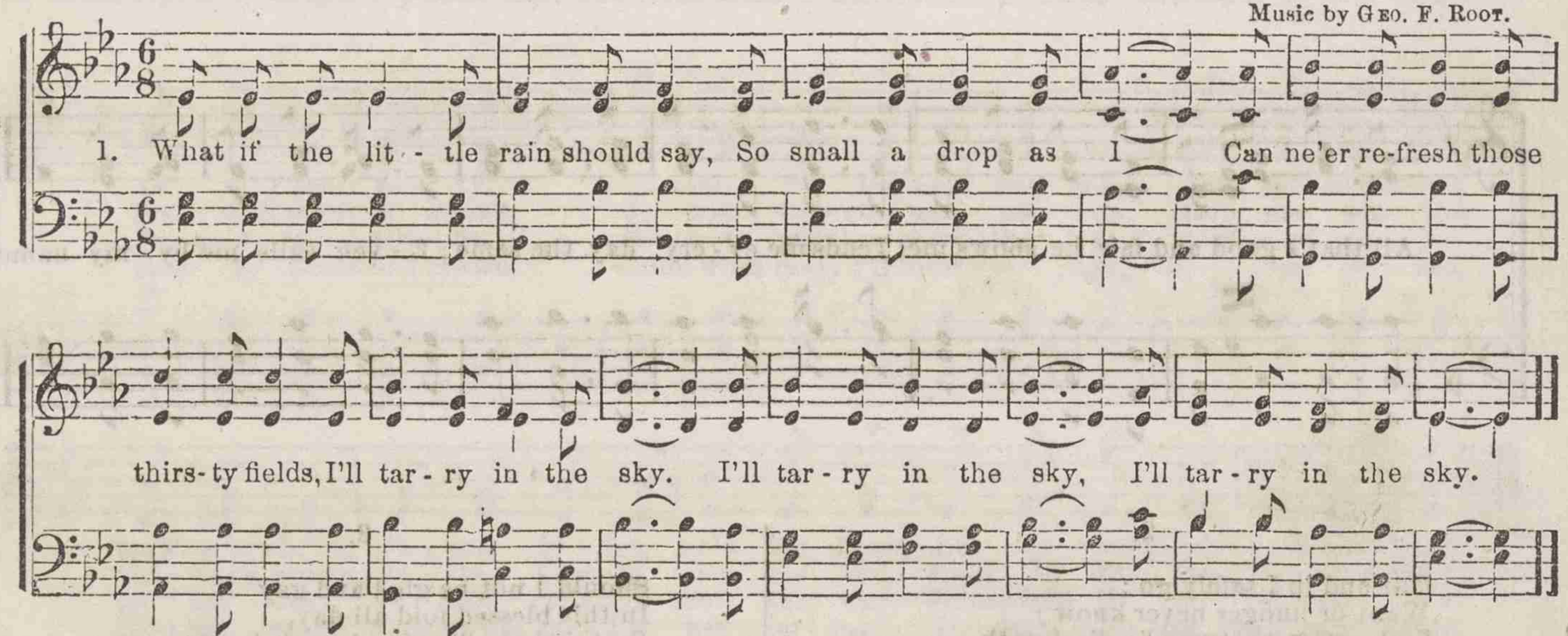
CHORUS.

lay, I'll kneel be-side my lit - tle bed, And not for- get to pray, I'll not for - get to
day, And shield me from temp- ta- tion too, If I should al- ways pray? If I should al - ways
day; And so his lit - tle lamb I'll be, And not for- get to pray. I'll not for- get to



INFLUENCE.

Music by GEO. F. ROOT.



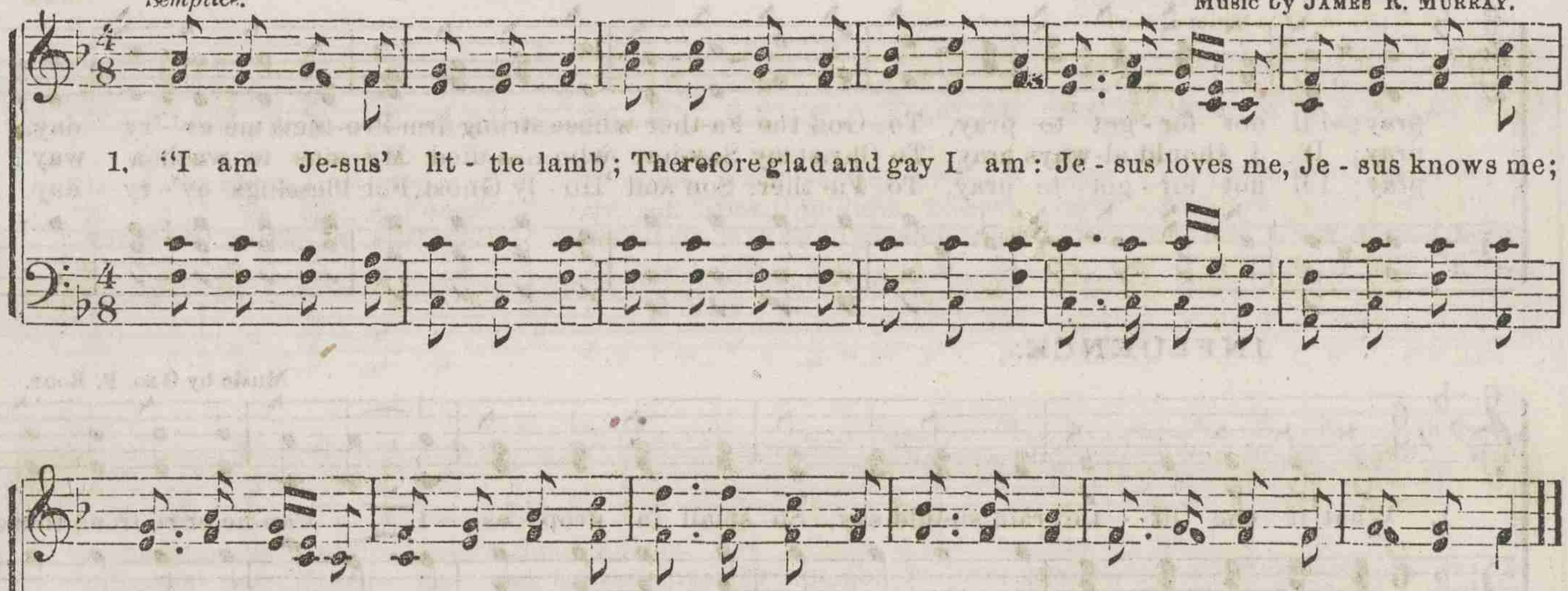
2. What if a shining beam of noon,
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
‖: Cannot create a day. :‖

3. Doth not each rain drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower,
And every ray of light to warm
‖: And beautify the flower. :‖

I AM JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

Semplice.

Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.



2.

Out and in I safely go;
Want or hunger never know:
Soft, green pastures he discloseth,
Where his happy flock reposeth;
When I faint or thirsty be,
To the brook he leadeth me.

3.

Should I not be glad and gay
In this blessed fold all day,
By this holy Shepherd tended,
Whose kind arms, when life is ended,
Bear me to the world of light?
Yes, oh! yes, my lot is bright."

W. P. B., in "The Child's World." P. P. B.

1. I'm a lit - tle sai - lor, Sail - ing o'er the sea, O - ver Time's big bil - lows,
2. I'm a lit - tle sol - dier, Troops of foes around, Sa - tan, sin and pleas - ure
3. I'm a lit - tle pil - grim, Travelling toward the sky, Steep the path be - fore me,
4. Help the sai - lor sol - dier, Lest I fall or drown; Help the pil - grim ro - ver,

To e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus, Pi - lot, hold the helm, Let no storm my
Smite with many a wound. Je - sus, Captain, lead me on, Help me win the
Snares a - round me lie. Je - sus, pilgrim show the way, Homeward to e -
Help to home and crown. Come what may, I'll nev - er fear, If, dear Je - sus,

bark o'erwhelm, Je - sus, Pi - lot, hold the helm, Let no storm my bark o'erwhelm.
vic - tor's crown, Je - sus, Captain, lead me on, Help me win the vic - tor's crown.
ter - nal day, Je - sus, pilgrim show the way, Homeward to e - ter - nal day.
thou art near, Come what may I'll nev - er fear, If, dear Je - sus, thou art near.

FORBID THEM NOT.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.

1. When Je - sus dwelt on the shores of time, He spurned the lit - tle ones not, But said let the
2. He took them up in his ten - der arms, Pressed softly each lit - tle brow, And said so
3. Then lit - tle children come un - to him, From high or low - ly built cot, Ah, bring the

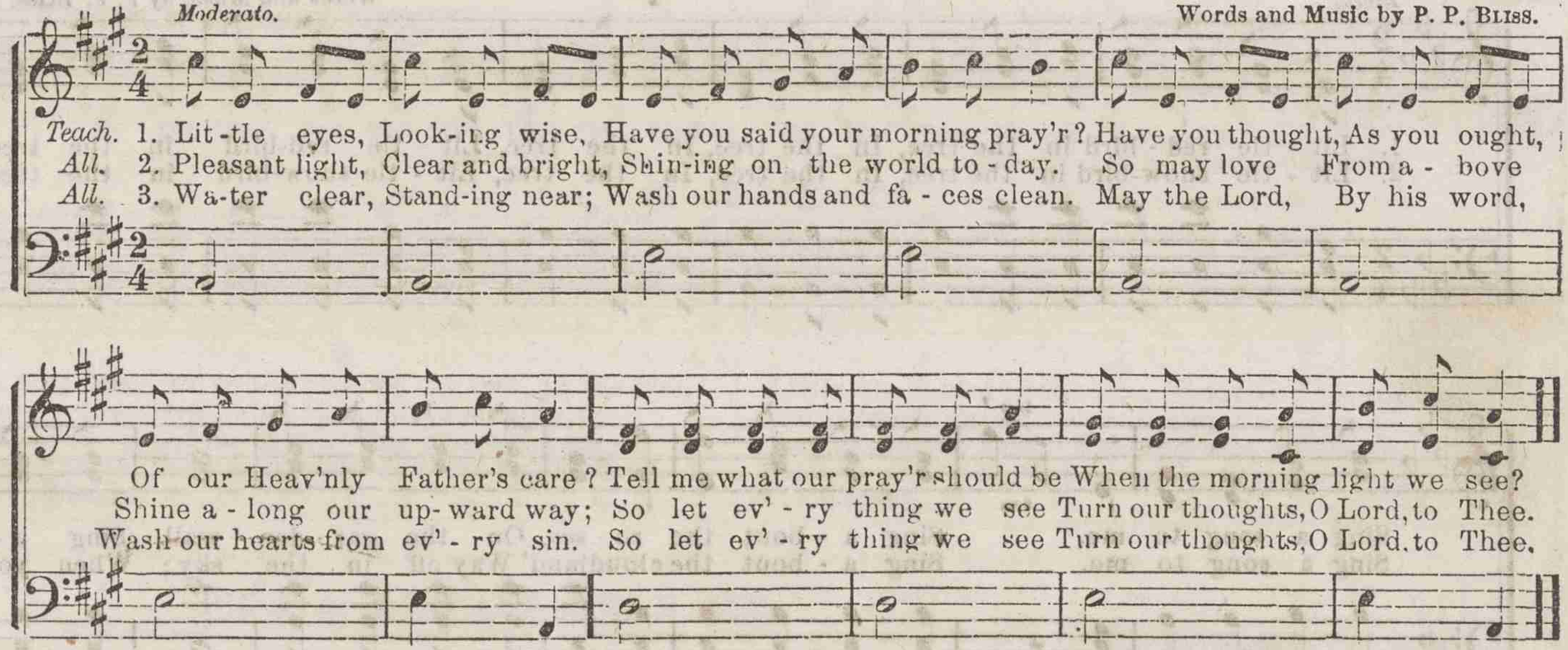
CHORUS.

chil-dren come un-to me; Let them come and forbid them not. Forbid them not, forbid them not, Of
gent- ly, For - bid them not, To re-ceive my blessing now. Forbid, etc.
lit - tle ones un - to him, Who still says for - bid them not. Forbid, etc.

such is the kingdom of heaven; Forbid them not, forbid them not, Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Moderato.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.



4.

Girls. Cloak and hood,
New and good,
Made to keep our bodies warm.
Words of truth,
Learned in youth,
Keep our souls from every harm.
So let every thing we see
Turn our thoughts, O Lord, to Thee.

5.

Boys. Boot or shoe,
Old or new,
Let us keep them clean and neat;
Let us pray,
That we may
Some day walk the golden street;
So let every thing we see
Turn our thoughts, O Lord, to Thee.

6.

Girls. Collar white,
Ribbons bright;
Apron, bonnet, shawl or dress;
So may we
Ever be
Clad in Jesus' righteousness;
So let every thing we see
Turn our thoughts, O Lord, to Thee.

7.

Boys. Top or ball,
Treasures all;
Books and toys I dearly prize;
Yet may I,
When I die,
To my heavenly treasures rise;
So let every thing we see
Turn our thoughts, O Lord, to Thee.

8.

All. Night or day,
Work or play;
In our hearts may be a prayer;
God can see,
If there be—
Well, he knows what thoughts are there;
So let every thing we see
Turn our thoughts, O Lord, to Thee.

LITTLE BIRDIE IN THE TREE.

Lively.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. Lit - tle red - bird in the tree, In the tree, In the tree, Lit - tle red-bird in the tree,
2. Lit - tle snow-bird in the tree, In the tree, In the tree, Lit - tle snow-bird in the tree,

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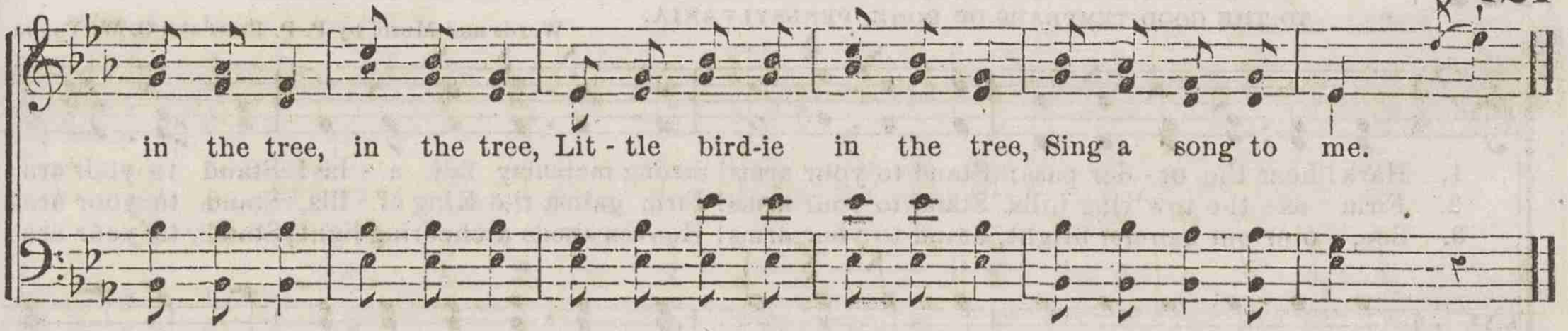
8 va

Sing a song to me. Sing a - bout the ro - ses, On the gar - den wall, Sing a -
Sing a song to me. Sing a - bout the cloudland' Way off in the sky; When you

CHORUS.

8 va

bout the bird - swing, On the tree top tall. Lit - tle bird - ie in the tree,
go there call - ing, Do your chil - dren cry? Lit - tle bird - ie, etc.



3.

Little blue-bird in the tree, In the tree, In the tree,
Little blue-bird in the tree, Sing a song to me;
Sing about the mountain, Sing about the sea,
Sing about the steamboats—Is there one for me?
Chorus.

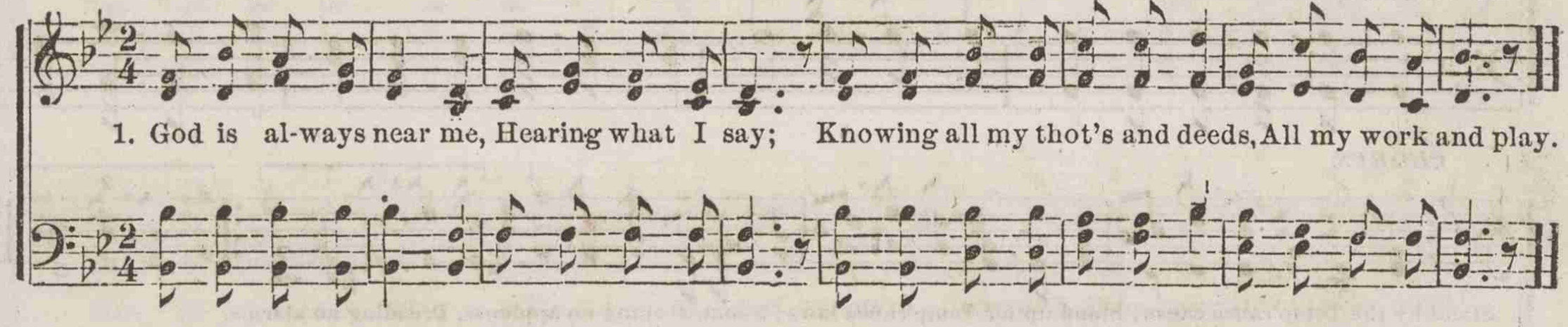
4.

Little black-bird in the tree, In the tree, In the tree,
Little black-bird in the tree, Sing a song to me;
Sing about the farmer Planting corn and beans,
Sing about the harvest—I know what that means.
Chorus.

GOD IS ALWAYS NEAR ME.

Slow and soft.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.



2. God is always near me,
In the darkest night
He can see me just the same
As by mid day light.

3. God is always near me,
Though so young and small;
Not a look or word or thought,
But God knows it all.

STAND TO YOUR ARMS.

TO THE GOOD Ttemplars OF ROME, PENNSYLVANIA.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss and O. W. Young.

1. Hark! hear the or - der pass: Stand to your arms! Strong men may fall, a - las! Stand to your arms!
2. Firm as the tow'ring hills, Stand to your arms! Firm 'gainst the King of ills, Stand to your arms!
3. See, o'er our ban-ner bright, Stand to your arms! Heaven sheds a cheering light; Stand to your arms!

Migh - ty the foe and strong; Stand to your arms! Right must sub-due the wrong; Stand to your arms!
Mad - ly his min-ions hie; Stand to your arms! Proud - ly our powers de-fy; Stand to your arms!
On-ward our cause, tho' slow; Stand to your arms! Back- ward it can-not go; Stand to your arms!

CHORUS.

Stand by the Temp'rance cause; Stand up for Temp'rance laws; Stand, seeking no applause, Dreading no alarms.
Stand firm, united, free; Stand by your lib - er - ty; Stand! let your watchword be— "Stand to your arms."

Lively

Words by P. P. Bliss. Music arr. by D B. Wood.

1. Hark! I hear the cap - tain call - ing, Ear - nest- ly and long: "Rocks a - head! the
2. Firm a - mid the storm and dan - ger, Faith - ful, tried and true :— Though a might - y
3. Loud the bil - lows dash a- round us, O'er the an - gry sea ; Night comes on and

CHORUS.

break- ers threat-en! Bear a hand—Be strong!" Man the life - boat, blaze the sig - nal!
host op- pos - es— Stand the Tem-p'rance crew. Man the life - boat, &c.
souls are dy - ing, Will ye i - dle be? Man the life - boat, &c.

Nev - er can we fail; No, the na - tion must be rescued, Temp'rance shall pre- vail!

WE'RE MARCHING ON.

In March time.

Words by COUSIN MOLLY. Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. We are marching on! we are march - ing on! A lit - tle loy - al band, And want and wo, where'er we go, Must van - ish from our land.
2. We are marching on! we are march - ing on! We would not go a - lone; We call on those who hate our foes To make our cause their own.
3. We are marching on! we are march - ing on! With cour - age calm and high, And still a - bove, with peace and love, Our conquering ban - ners fly!

For wine and ale and rum shall fall, And al - co - hol must flee! We'll call on those who love the truth,—The chil - dren of the Light,— With At last the hosts of wrong shall yield, The Right shall reign at last,— For

break the chain of vice in twain, And we'll set the cap - tive free!
heart and hand to join our band, And bat - tle for the Right.
young and old we're bound to hold The Temperance stan - dard fast!

CHORUS.

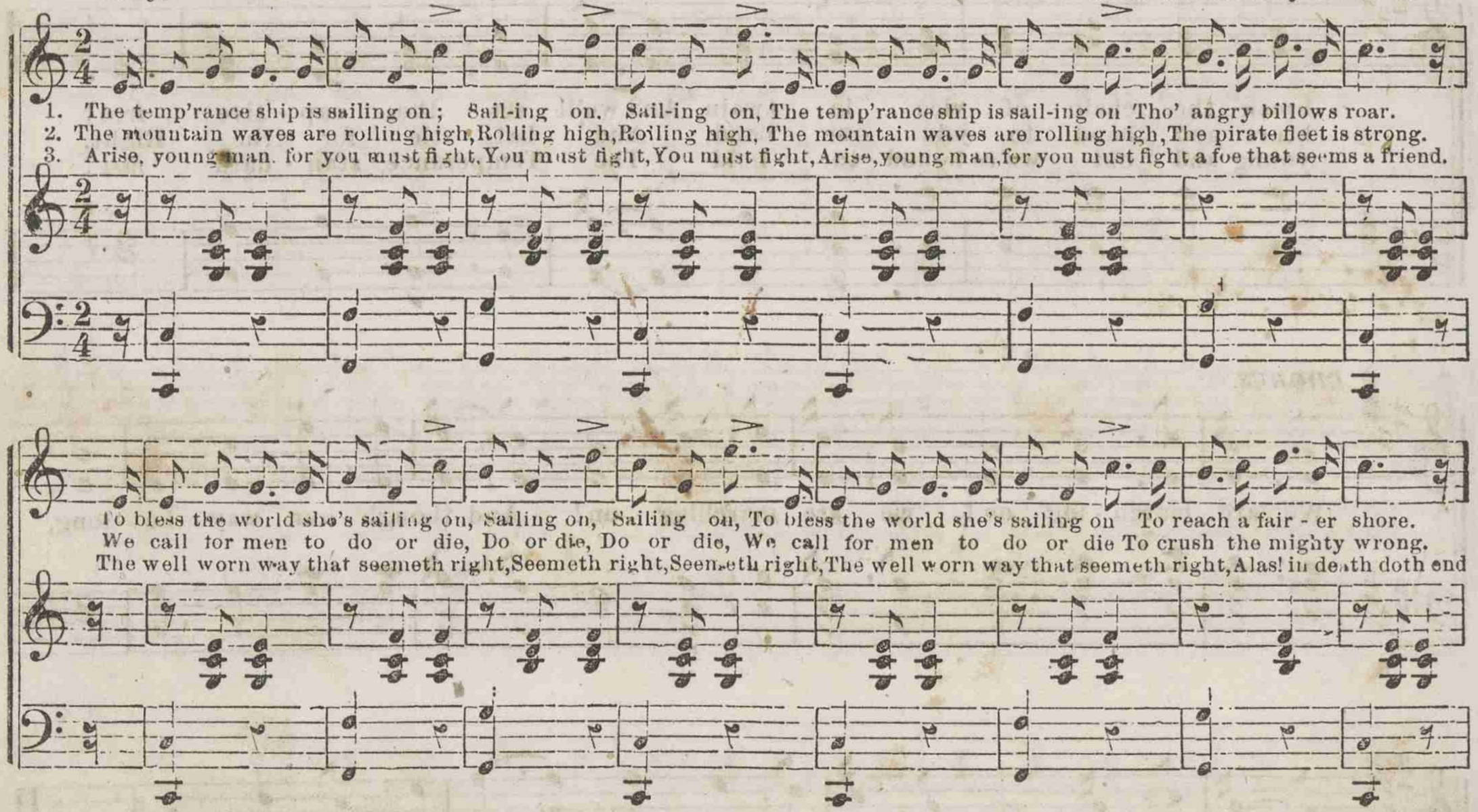
We are march - ing on! we are marching on! And though our way be long,

We'll keep it bright with faith by night, And glad by day with song.

THE TEMP'RANCE SHIP.

Lively.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.



4. Ho, friends of temp'rance, firmly stand,
Firmly stand,
Firmly stand,
Ho, friends of temp'rance, firmly stand,
To meet the daring foe.
For God, for Truth, for Native land,
Native land,
Native land,
For God, for Truth, for Native land
We dare to strike the blow.

5. We see the blinded rush along,
Rush along,
Rush along,
We see the blinded rush along
The broad and downward way.
Then raise at least a prayer or song,
Prayer or song,
Prayer or song,
Then raise at least a prayer or song
To save them while we may.

Oh, ral - ly, free - men, ral - ly! Do you hear the fearful cry? 'Tis the solemn wail of

warning from the drunkard doomed to die; Tis the prayer of wife and mother, 'tis the shriek of an-guish

Very slow.

pp

wild "Will you help a falling broth-er.—will you save my darling child? Will you save my darling child?"

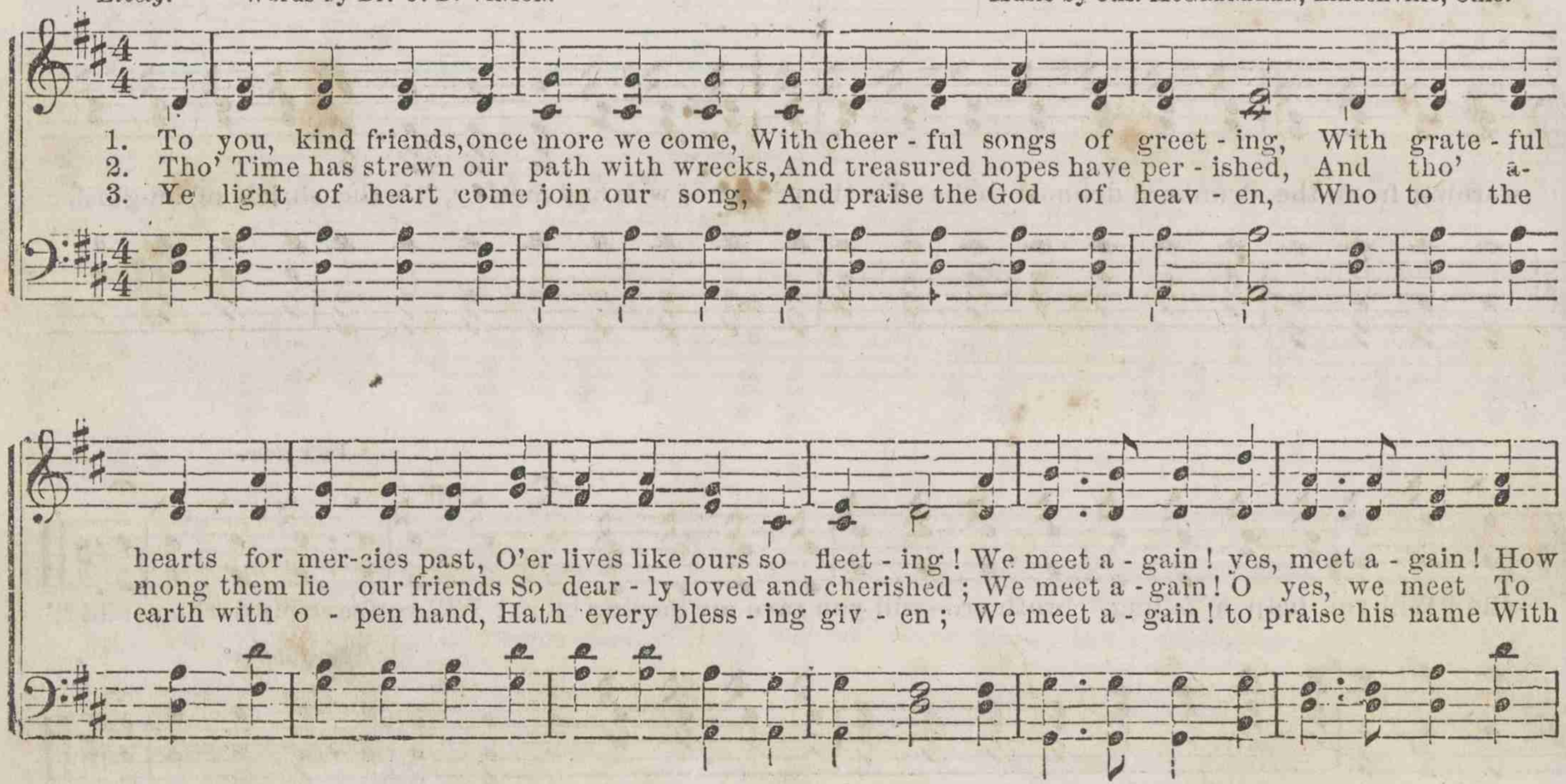
Very slow.

pp

CONCERT AND OCCASIONAL.

GREETING SONG.

Lively. Words by Dr. J. D. VINTON. Music by JAS. MCGRANAHAN, Lindenville, Ohio.



sweet the tho't comes o'er us! How bright the vis - ions of the past, As now they flit be-
cheer the sad and tear-ful: For - get - ting care in hap - py song, A-mong the gay and
voi - ces loud and ring - ing; And may he guide while we u - nite This song of wel - come

f *CHORUS.* *m*

wel - come,

fore us! O wel - come, wel - come, wel - come friends, Our hearts are light - ly beat - ing,
cheer-ful. O wel - come, etc.
sing - ing. O wel - come, etc.

f *m*

wel - come

Cres - cen - do. (*Repeat chorus to last verse pp.*)

voi - ces.

And our cheer-ful voi - ces loud - ly swell In a song of kind - ly greet - ing!

voi - ces
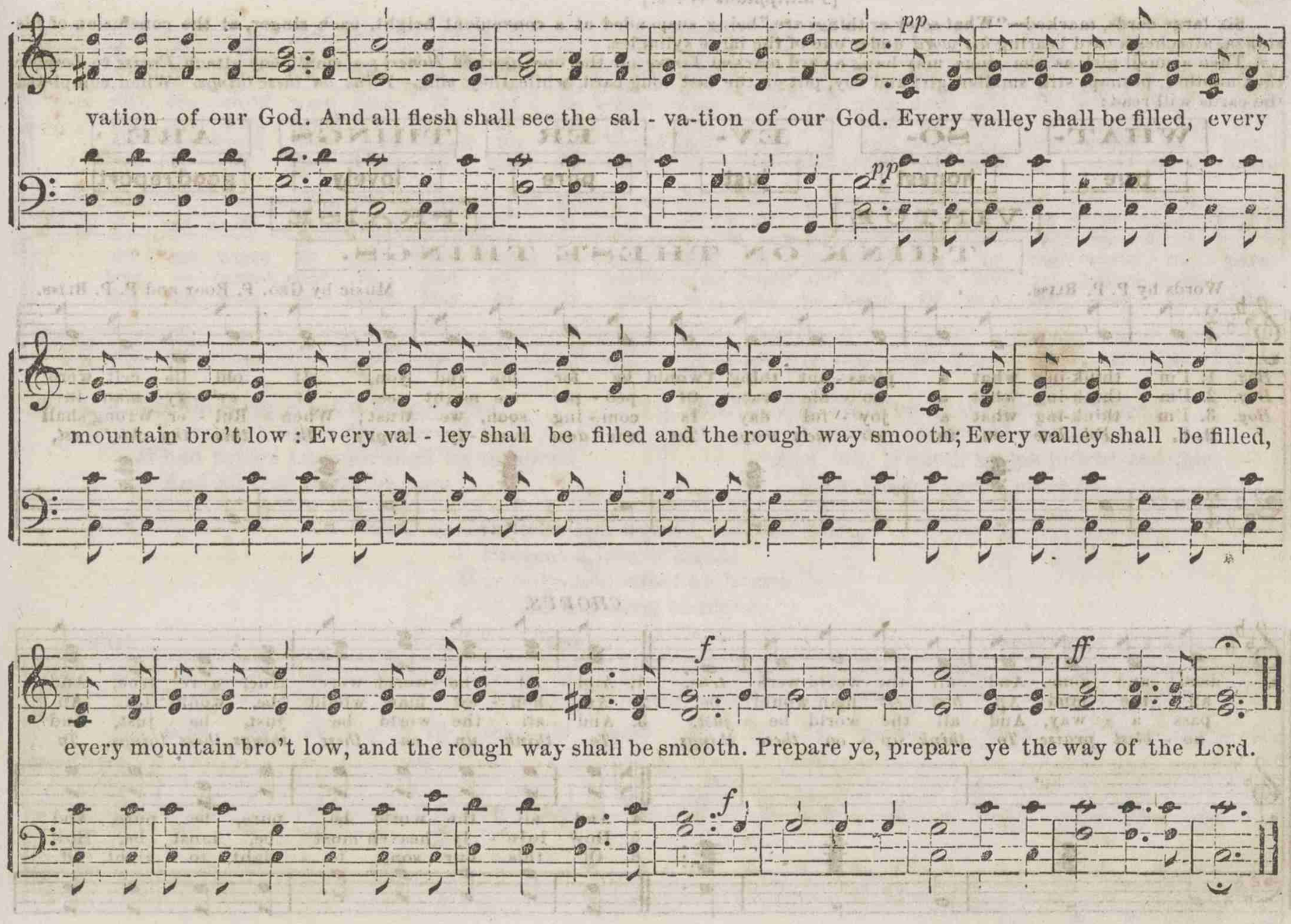
P. P. B.

Moderato.

The voice of one cry-ing in the wil - der-ness, Prepare ye, prepare ye the way of the Lord. Every

val - ley shall be filled, every mountain bro't low, And the crooked shall be stra't, and the rough way smooth; Ev'ry

valley shall be filled, every mountain bro't low, and the rough way shall be smooth; And all flesh shall see the sal-

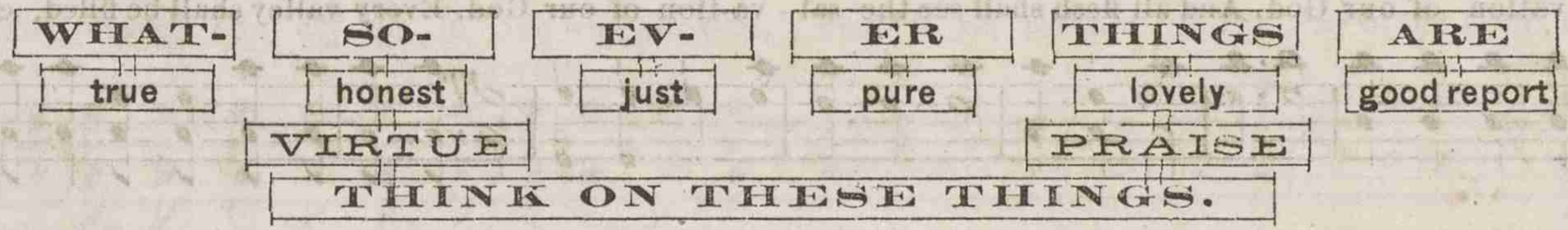

pp
vation of our God. And all flesh shall see the sal - va-tion of our God. Every valley shall be filled, every
pp
mountain bro't low : Every val - ley shall be filled and the rough way smooth; Every valley shall be filled,
f
ff
every mountain bro't low, and the rough way shall be smooth. Prepare ye, prepare ye the way of the Lord.
f

THINK ON THESE THINGS.—Concert Exercise.

[*Philippians* iv: 8.]

Six large cards, marked—"What-so-ev-er things are," being suspended at a convenient height, each singer, at the conclusion of his stanza, attaches a card bearing *his word* under one of the large syllables.

Then a small girl, as she sings, may hang a card marked *Virtue* on the one marked *Honest;* a small boy attach *Praise* to *Lovely;* then another, perhaps still smaller, girl and boy, put on the last long card, while they sing—*Think on these things.* When completed the cards will read:



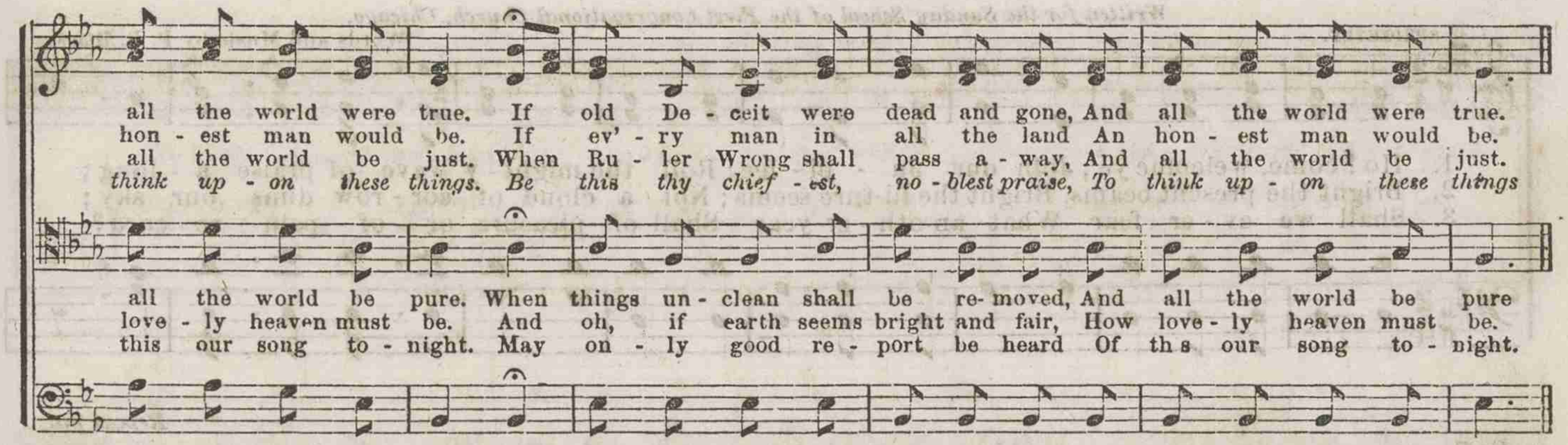
Words by P. P. Bliss. Music by Geo. F. Root and P. P. Bliss.

Boy. 1. I'm think-ing what a pleas - ant thing 'Twould be for me and you, If old De - ceit were
Boy. 2. I'm think-ing what a no - ble race Of peo - ple we might see, If ev' - ry man in
Boy. 3. I'm think-ing what a joy - ful day Is com - ing soon, we trust; When Rul - er Wrong shall
D. C. *Fol - low on in vir - tue's ways— 'Tis wis - dom sweet - ly sings; Be this thy chief - est,*

CHORUS.

dead and gone, And all the world were *true.* 1. And all the world were true, were true, And
all the land An *hon - est* man would be. 2. An hon - est man would be, would be. An
pass a - way, And all the world be *just.* 3. And all the world be just, be just, And
no - blest praise To think up - on these things. *To think up - on these things, these things, To*

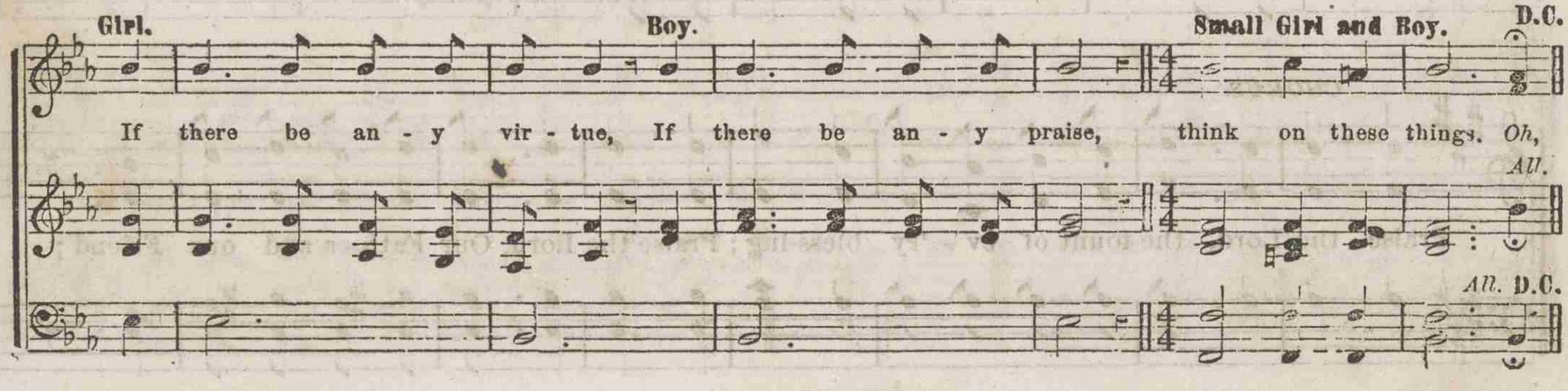
4. And all the world be pure, be pure, And
5. How love - ly heaven must be, must be, How
6. Of this our song to - night, to - night, Of



Girl. 4. I'm thinking what a happy time
Is coming some day, sure;
When things unclean shall be removed,
And all the world be *pure.*

Girl. **5.** I'm thinking of the lovely things
In this wide world we see;
And, oh, if earth seems bright and fair
How *lovely* heaven must be.

Girl. 6. Yes, true and honest, just and pure,
Present a lovely sight;
May only *good report* be heard
Of this our song to-night.

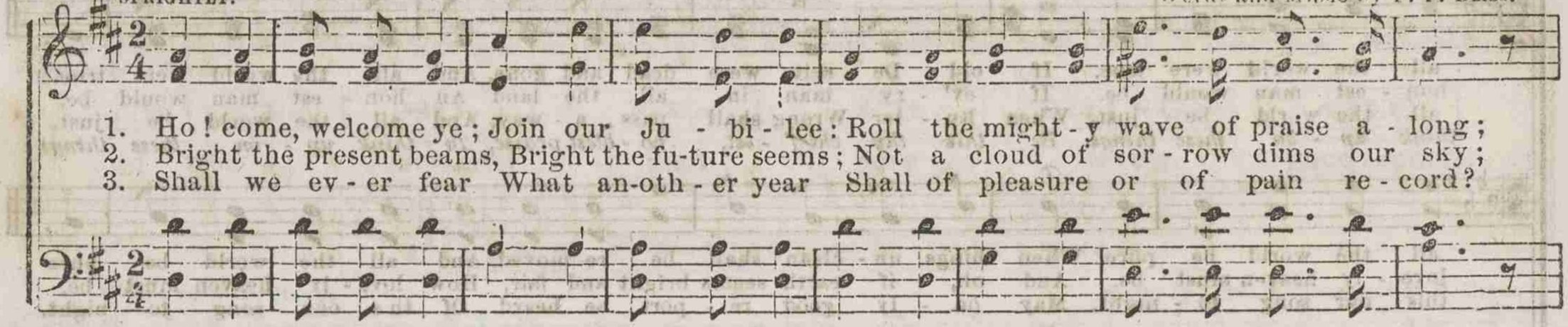


ANNIVERSARY JUBILEE.

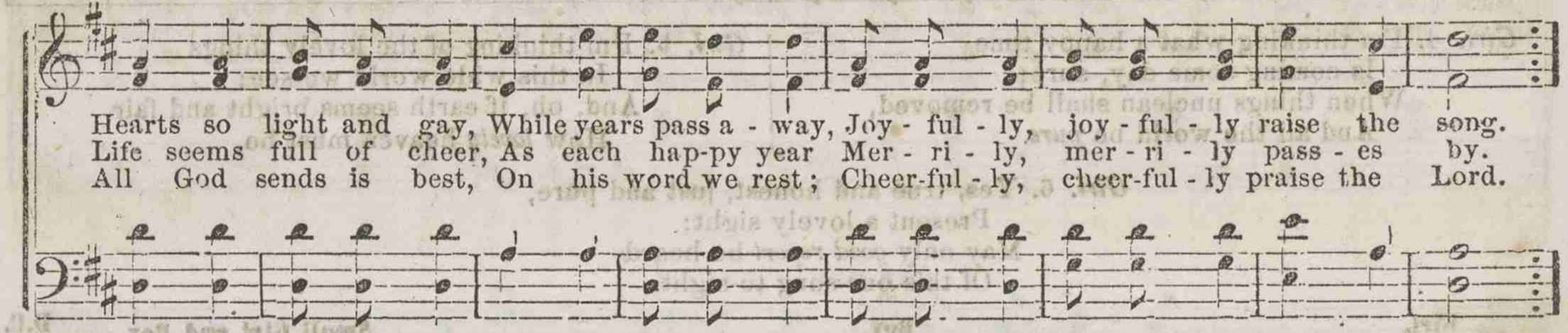
Written for the Sunday School of the First Congregational Church, Chicago.

SPRIGHTLY.
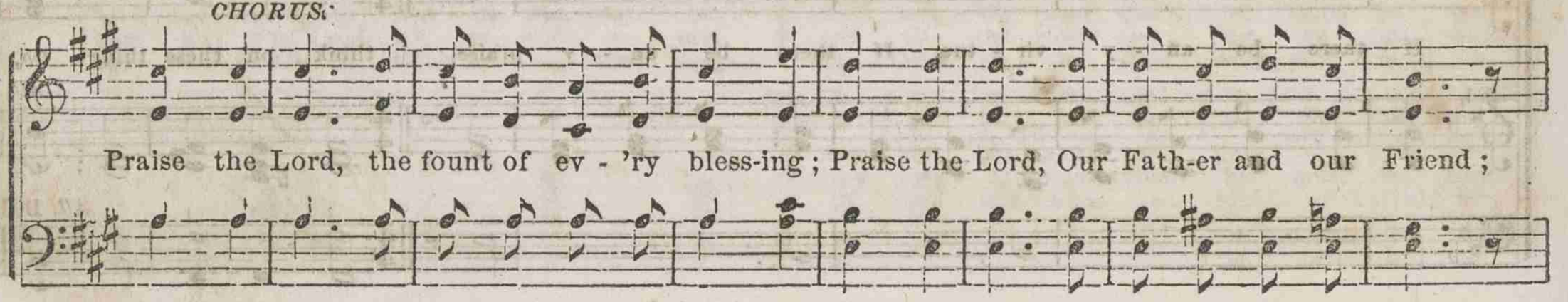
Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.
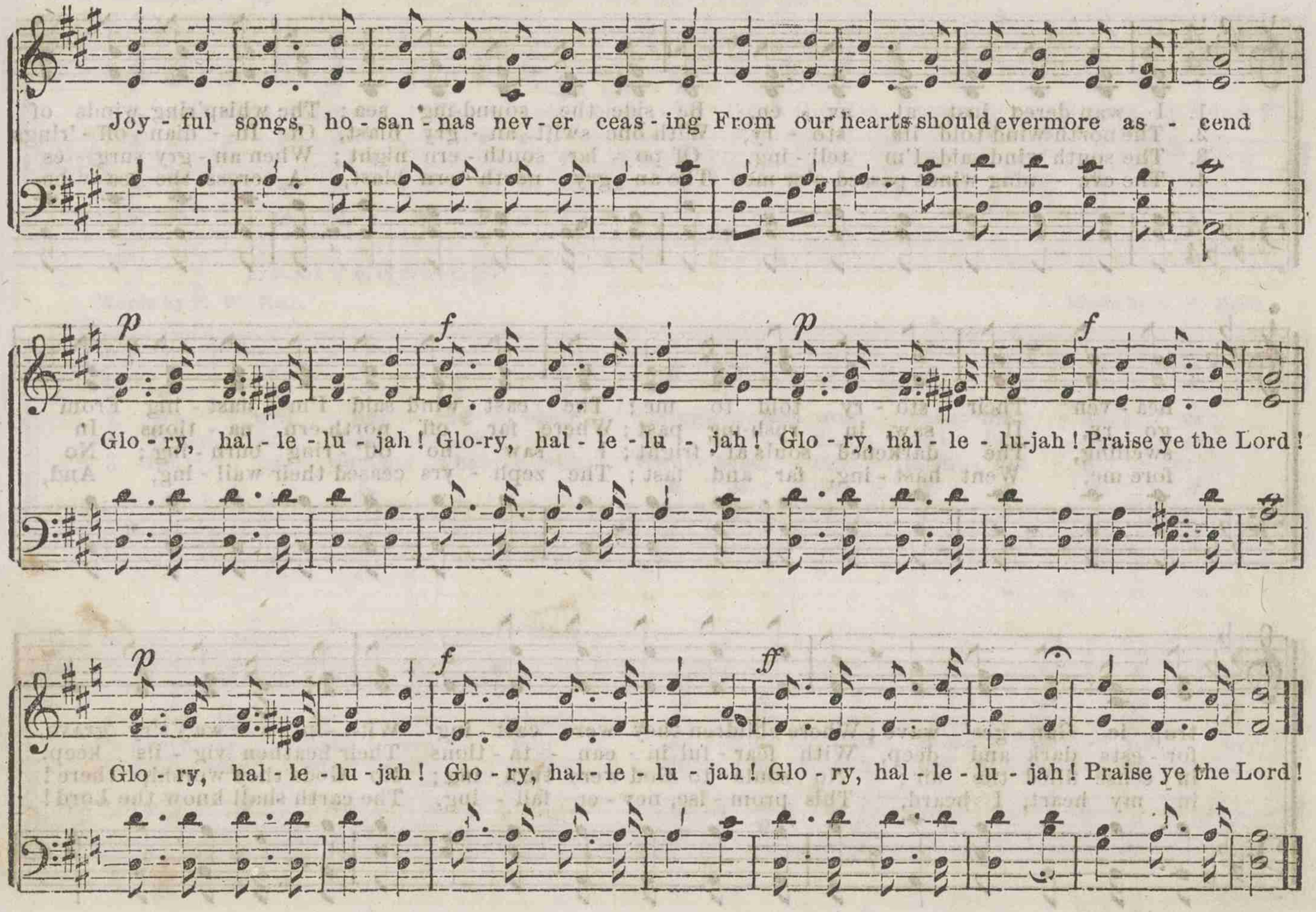


Repeat pp.



CHORUS.




Joy - ful songs, ho - san - nas nev - er ceas - ing From our hearts should evermore as - cend
p
f
p
f
Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, hal - le - lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord!
p
f
ff
Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord!

WHO WILL SEND OR GO?

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. I wan-dered just at ev - en, Be-side the sound-ing sea; The whisp'ring winds of hea - ven Their sto - ry told to me; The east wind said I'm hast - ing From trop - ic Gan - ges' wave; Where children they were cast - ing With - in a wa - t'ry grave.
2. The north wind told its sto - ry, With one swift an - gry blast, Of In - dian off - 'rings go - ry, It saw, in rush-ing past; Where far off north-ern na - tions In for - ests dark and deep, With fear - ful in - can - ta - tions Their heathen vig - ils keep.
3. The south wind said I'm tell - ing, Of po - lar south - ern night; When an - gry surg - es swelling, The darkened souls af - fright; I saw no off' - ring burn - ing; No in - cense filled the air; No souls to God were turn - ing; No Gods they worship there!
4. The eve - ning winds passed o'er me, The an - gry north - ern blast, A - cross the sea be- fore me, Went hast - ing, far and fast; The zeph - yrs ceased their wail - ing, And, in my heart, I heard, This prom - ise, nev - er fail - ing, The earth shall know the Lord!

CHORUS. pp.

A soft wind whispered, "Who will send or go, To teach the Hea - then Je - sus' love to know?"

DELIVERANCE.

Words by P. W. HILL. Music by P. P. BLISS.

1. We will not de - spair, Though storms our bark may shiv - er;
2. When in death's dark vale, By Jor - dan's roll - ing riv - er,
3. Oh! let come what will, We'll trust our faith - ful Giv - er;

Know - ing ev - ery - where, Je - ho - vah *can* de - liv - er.
Earth - ly help - ers fail, Je - ho - vah *must* de - liv - er.
And our song is still— Je - ho - vah *will* de - liv - er.

THE SHEPHERDS OF BETHLEHEM.
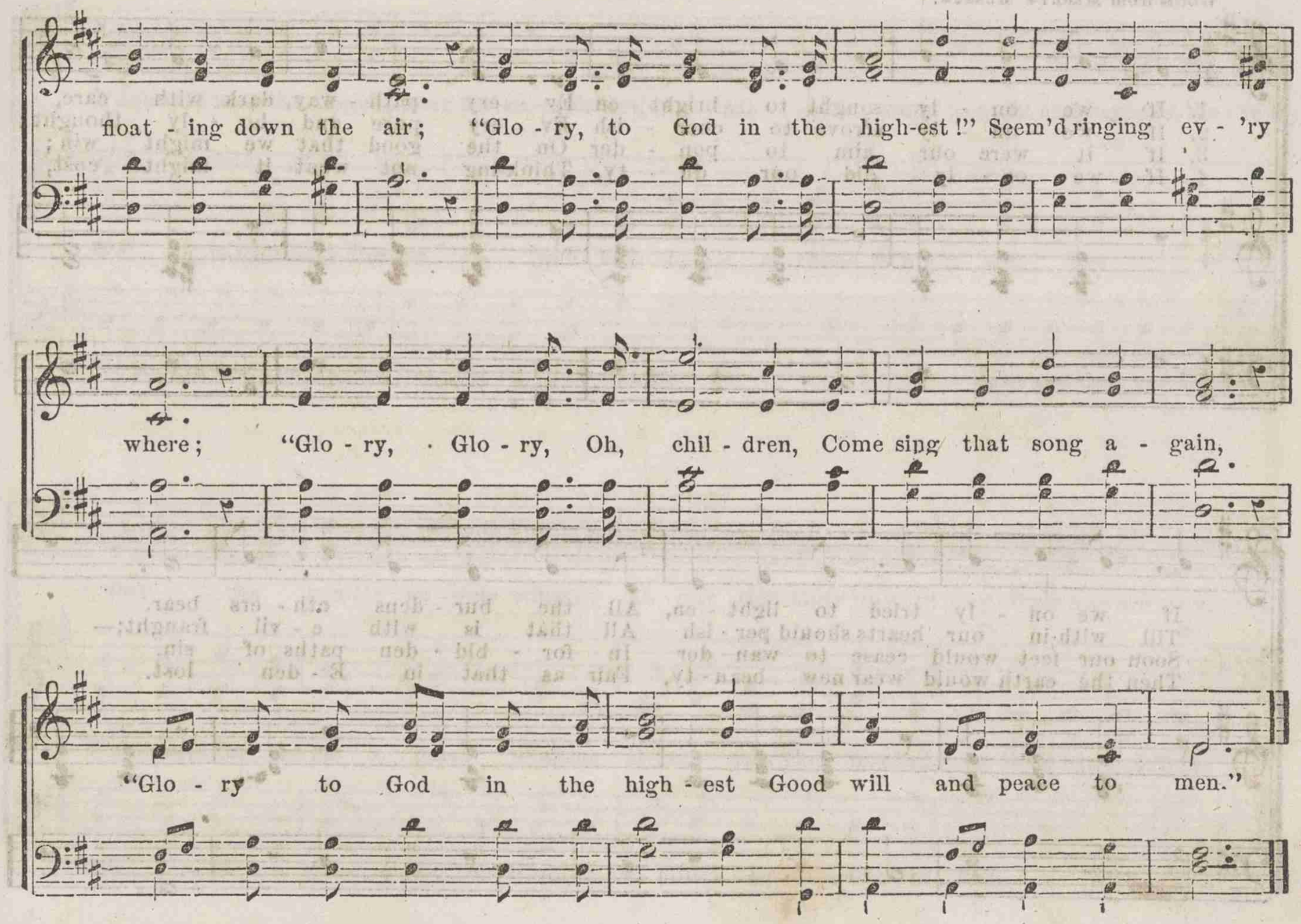
Andante. (*From* CHAPEL GEMS, *by permission.*) B. R. H.

1. They were watch - ing on the hill - sides, for the com - ing day, With the star - ry
2. Loud - er swell the joy - ful an - thems from the an - gel throng; O - ver hill and
3. Oh, the joy - ful, joy - ful ti - dings! for to you is born, Christ the wondrous

folds of night a - bove them spread: When a glo - ry flashed a - round them, like a ray,
vale the strains en - chant - ed float; See the won - d'ring shep-herds list - 'ning to the song,
Sa - vior and the might - y King; Hail, ye wait - ing na - tions, hail this joy - ous morn!

CHORUS.
Faster and with energy.

Thro' the pearl - y por - tals on them shed. "Glo - ry to God in the high - est," Came
Trembling, yet re - joic - ing at the sight! "Glo - ry, etc.
Hap - py ti - dings now to earth we bring. "Glo - ry, etc.
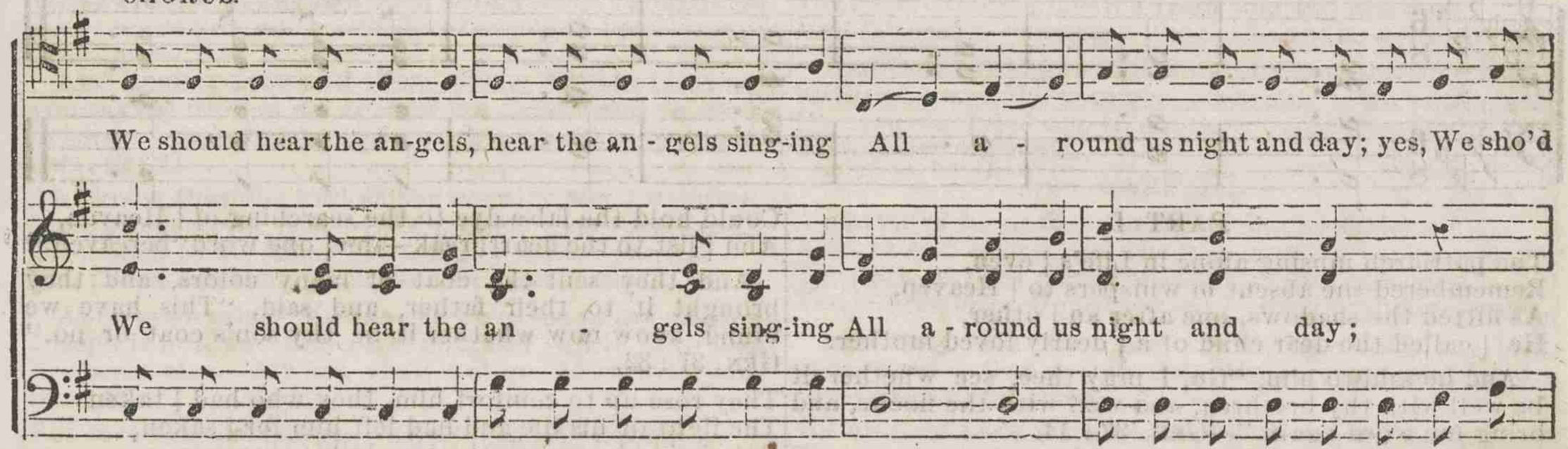

float - ing down the air; "Glo - ry, to God in the high-est!" Seem'd ringing ev - 'ry
where; "Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Oh, chil - dren, Come sing that song a - gain,
"Glo - ry to God in the high - est Good will and peace to men."
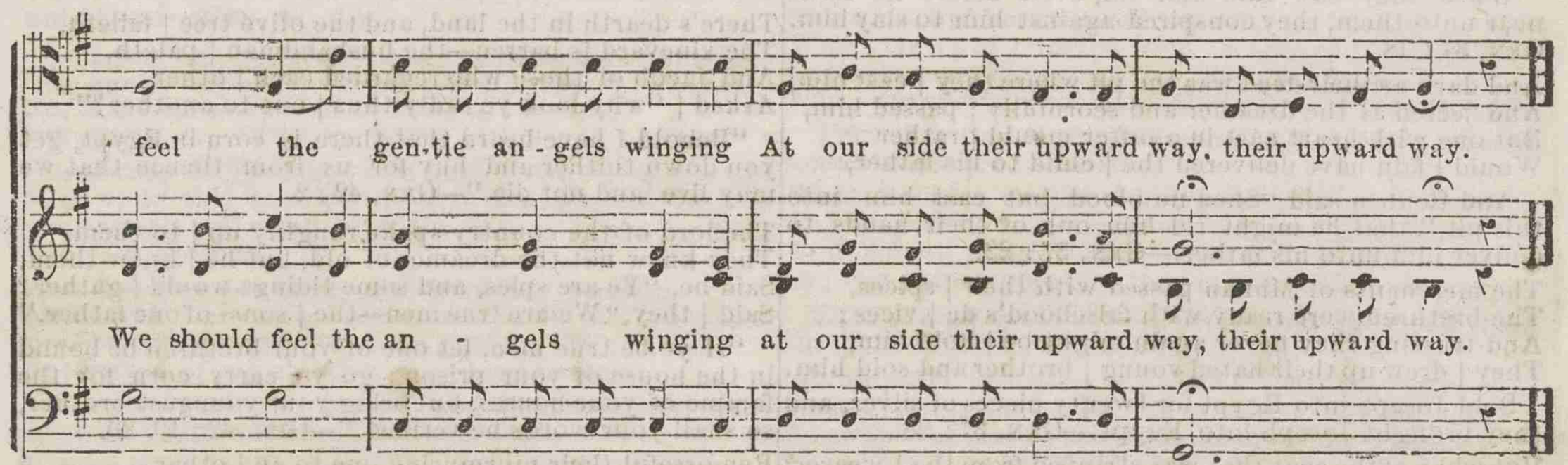
Words from MERRY'S MUSEUM. Music by Z. M. PARVIN.

1. If we on - ly sought to bright - en Ev - ery path - way, dark with care,
2. If we on - ly strove to cher - ish Ev - ery pure and ho - ly thought;
3. If it were our aim to pon - der On the good that we might win;
4. If we on - ly did our du - ty, Think-ing not what it might cost,
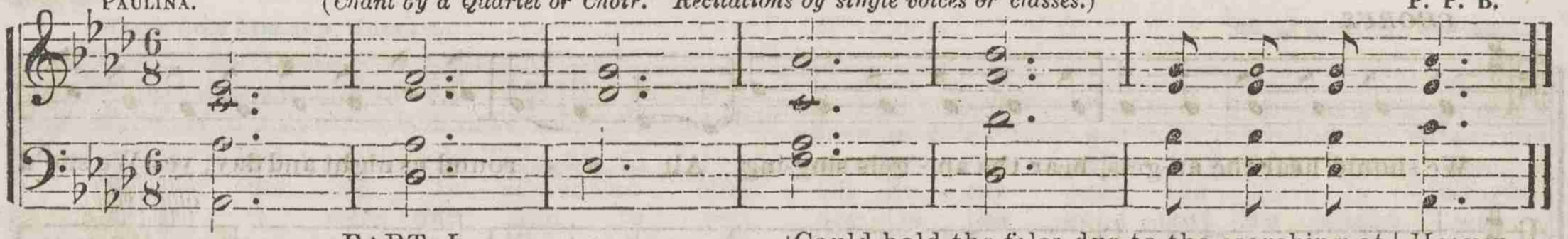
If we on - ly tried to light - en, All the bur - dens oth - ers bear.
Till with-in our hearts should per - ish All that is with e - vil fraught;—
Soon our feet would cease to wan - der In for - bid - den paths of sin.
Then the earth would wear new beau - ty, Fair as that in E - den lost.

CHORUS.


We should hear the an-gels, hear the an - gels sing-ing All a - round us night and day; yes, We sho'd
We should hear the an - gels sing-ing All a - round us night and day;
We should hear the an-gels, hear the an - gels sing-ing All a - round us night and day; yes, We sho'd


feel the gen-tle an - gels winging At our side their upward way, their upward way.
We should feel the an - gels winging at our side their upward way, their upward way.
feel the gen - tle an-gels winging At our side their upward way.

PAULINA. *(Chant by a Quartet or Choir. Recitations by single voices or classes.)* P. P. B.



PART I.

The patriarch musing alone in Life's | even,
Remembered the absent in whispers to | Heaven,
As flitted the shadows, one after an | other,
He | called the dear child of a | dearly loved mother.

And he said to him, "Go, I pray thee, see whether it be well with thy brethren, and well with the flocks, and bring me word again."—GEN. 37 : 14.

The land of Judea lay bright in the | morning,
A smile ev'ry valley and hilltop a | dorning,
When Joseph, (unconscious of evil en | deavor,)
Passed | on, and left Hebron, aud | childhood forever.

When they saw him afar off, even before he came near unto them, they conspired against him to slay him. GEN. 37 : 18.

And dark as their deed was the pit where they | cast him,
And jeered at the dreamer and scornfully | passed him,
But one with heart cast in a softer mould | rather
Would | fain have delivered the | child to his father,

And Reuben said "Shed no blood but cast him into this pit," that he might rid him out of their hands to deliver him unto his father.—GEN. 37 : 22.

The merchants of Midian passed with their | spices,
The brethren were ready with falsehood's de | vices ;
And trusting they never again might be- | hold him,
They | drew up their hated young | brother and sold him.

Sold Joseph into Egypt for twenty pieces of silver, and they brought Joseph into Egypt.—GEN. 37 : 28.

But what of the coat that was stripped from the | wearer?
What hand to the father could dare to be | bearer?
Could hold the false dye to the searching of | Heaven,
And | list to the heartbreak—the | one word "bereaven."

And they sent the coat of many colors, and they brought it to their father, and said, "This have we found, know now whether it be thy son's coat or no." GEN. 37 : 32.

They rose up to comfort him, they who had | taken
The light of his life and had left him for- | saken,
But sitting in sackcloth alone in his | sorrow,
He | felt that the night of his | grief had no morrow.

And he said "For I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning? Thus his father wept for him.

PART II.

There's dearth in the land, and the olive tree | faileth,
The vineyard is barren—the husbandman | paleth,
And Jacob of those who regarded each | other
Asked | "why look ye sadly thus | one to another?"

"Behold I have heard that there is corn in Egypt, get you down thither and buy for us from thence that we may live and not die."—GEN. 42 : 2.

The lord of the country spake roughly un | to them,
They knew not the dreamer of old, but he | knew them;
Said he, "Ye are spies, and some tidings would | gather?
Said | they, "We are true men—the | sons of one father."

"If ye be true men, let one of your brethren be bound in the house of your prison ; go ye, carry corn for the famine of your houses, but bring your youngest brother, so shall your words be verified."—GEN. 42 : 19, 20.

Remorseful their murmuring one to an | other,
"We're verily guilty concerning our | brother ;

We saw the soul anguish with which he be | sought us,
And | heard not, and so the dis | tress hath been wrought us."

And Reuben answered them saying, "Spake I not unto you saying 'Do not sin against the child,' and ye would not hear? therefore behold also his blood is required." GEN. 42 : 22.

Ah! knew they the lord of the country was | weeping,
That griefs of the past to the present were | leaping?
Then each to his father, with heavy heart | carried
The | corn and the money, for | Simeon tarried.

And Jacob said, "Me have ye bereaved of my children. Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take away Benjamin also. My son shall not go down with you." GEN. 42.

Yet sore was the famine. The valley of | Jordan
No more at the vintage time glowed like a | garden,
No grain for the reaper—no grapes for the | pressing,
No | seed for the spring time—no | bread for the blessing.

And it came to pass when they had eaten up the corn which they had brought out of Egypt, their father said unto them—(GEN. 43 : 2.)

"Go again, buy us food." And the little ones | pleaded,
"Go again, buy us food," but the cry was un | heeded,
For sadly the answer passed one to | another,
"We | cannot, except we take | with us our brother."

And their father Israel said unto them, "If it must be so now, do this, take of the best fruits of the land in your vessels and carry down the man a present. Take also your brother.

And God give you mercy and favor be | fore him,
And shield your young brother, and safely re | store him,
Yea, bring both again to make glad my life's | even—
Be | reaved of my children, O : | I *am bereaven.*

And they took the present and Benjamin, and went down to Egypt and stood before Joseph.

Strange mists in the eyes of the ruler would | gather,
As softly he asked of the "old man," their | father,
Then searchingly glancing from one to | another,
He | faltered a blessing a | bove the young brother.

And they sat before him the first born according to his birthright, and the youngest according to his youth, and the men marveled one to another. And they drank and were merry with him.

PART III.

A clatter of hoofs that the valley hath | shaken,
A shout and a rush, and the men are o'er | taken,
The dark-browed pursuers severe in dis | pleasure,
The | Canaanites moved and sur | prised beyond measure.

And they said unto him "Wherefore saith my lord these words: God forbid that thy servants should do according to this thing.

We brought back the silver and gold as | we wot of—
The treasure of which my lord's steward knew | not of;
Then how should thy servants do this thing be | fore thee,
How | take from my lord of his | riches or glory?

"With whomsoever it be found, both let him die, and we also will be my lord's bondmen."—GEN. 44 : 9.

The sacks had been opened one after an | other,
With glances of triumph from brother to | brother,
One only remaining; in haste they sur | round it
And | ope and fall backward, O | God, have they found it?

Then they rent their clothes, and laded every man his ass and returned to the city.

What thoughts are the ruler's as prostrate be | fore him
They cover the face, and in anguish im | plore him,
As Judah all pleas of affection would | gather,
In | one grand appeal for the | stricken old father.

Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him, and he cried,

"Cause ev'ry man here to go out." And they left | him.
Some deeming that grief had of reason be | reft him,
As swept the strong tide he no longer might | smother,
They | heard as he cried "I am | Joseph, your brother,
Doth my father yet live?"—GEN. 45 : 35.

STOP AND THINK.

Words by "Dewdrop," in "The Child at Home." Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. "Stop and think!" is Wil- lie's mot- to; And a pre- cious one it is: If you would be good and hap - py, Heed this gold - en rule of his:

CHORUS.

It will save from Sin's dark brink, Wil - lie's mot - to, "Stop and think." Stop and think, Stop and think, Stop, stop, stop and think.

2. When a hasty word he'd utter,
While dark thoughts his bosom fill,
Soon you'll see the sunshine glowing
On the face of darling Will:
It will save from Sin's dark brink,
Willie's motto, "Stop and think!"

3. When his hand is raised in anger
And you'd think the blow must fall,
Look! the shadows quickly vanish;
Peace is brooding over all.
It will save from Sin's dark brink,
Willie's motto, "stop and think!"

4. When temptations hedge your pathway,
And you scarce can see the way,
"Stop and think" before you venture,
Lest you blindly go astray.
It will save from Sin's dark brink,
Willie's motto, "Stop and think!"

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Words by Dr. J. G. HOLLAND. Music by W. S. B. MATHEWS.

1. There's a song in the air! There's a star in the sky! There's a mother's deep prayer And a baby's low
2. There's a tu-mult of joy O'er the won-derful birth, For the Virgin's sweet boy Is the Lord of the

cry! And the star rains its fire while the Beau-ti - ful sing, For the man-ger of Beth-le-hem cra-dles a
earth. Ay! the star rains its fire, and the Beau-ti - ful sing, For the man-ger of Beth-le-hem cra-dles a

CHORUS.

King. Je - sus is King, Je - sus is King. For the manger of Beth- le- hem cra-dles a King.
King. Je - sus is King, &c.

3. In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every hearth is a-flame, and the Beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

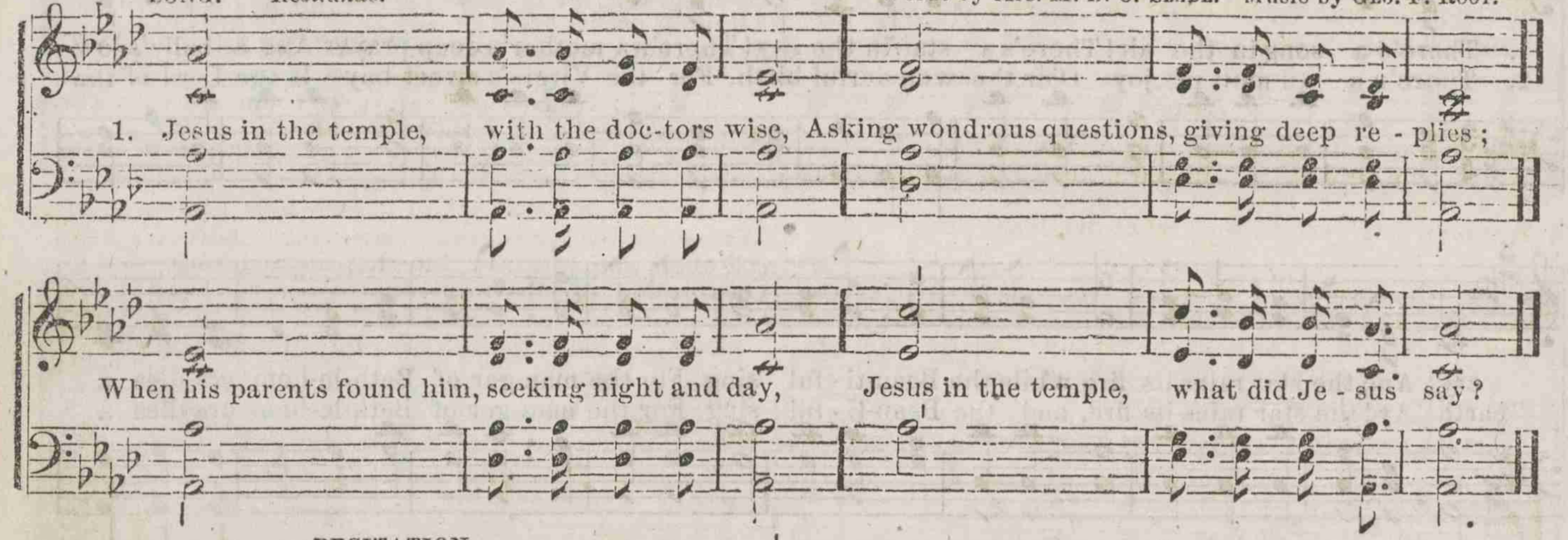
4. We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in His cradle our Savior and King!

WHAT DID JESUS SAY?

(*From* THE PRIZE, *by permission.*)

[The Recitations may be read, or may be recited by scholars, either singly or in classes. It will be very useful to commit these portions of Scripture to memory, and the school might ask and answer these questions, in sections or classes, or individuals might be appointed to do so. It is too long to be performed without some variety of this kind.]

SONG. *Recitando.* Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. Music by GEO. F. ROOT.



RECITATION.

And He said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business? *Luke* ii : 49.

2.

SONG.

At the well of Jacob, | resting by its | brink,
Bidding the Samaritan | give to Him to | drink.
When she asked of Jesus | where men ought to | pray,
At the well of Jacob, | what did Jesus | say?

RECITATION.

Jesus saith unto her, The hour cometh and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. *John* iv : 21, 23.

3.

SONG.

On the sea of Galilee, | when the storm was | high,
Save us, Lord! we perish! | his disciples | cry:
While they marvel greatly, | as the winds o- | bey,
On the sea of Galilee, | what did Jesus | say?

RECITATION.

He saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then he arose and rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm. *Matt.* viii : 26.

4.

SONG.

Coming unto Bethany, | meeting, full of | gloom,
Martha, mourning Lazarus, | lying in the | tomb,
Of the Resurrection, | and the last Great | Day,
Coming unto Bethany, | what did Jesus | say?

RECITATION.

Jesus saith unto Martha, thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life. *John* xi : 23–25.

5.

SONG.

Weeping o'er Jerusalem, | city of the | King,
Whom he would have gathered | 'neath his loving | wing
Mourning for her children, | going all a- | stray,
Weeping o'er Jerusalem, | what did Jesus | say?

RECITATION.

Oh! Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! *Matt.* xxiii : 37.

6.

SONG.

From that cross of sorrow, | ere his soul went | up,
As he drank the fullness | of the bitter | cup,
Looking on his enemies, | in their dark ar- | ray,
From that cross of sorrow, | what did Jesus | say?

RECITATION.

Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do. *Luke* xxiii : 34.

7.

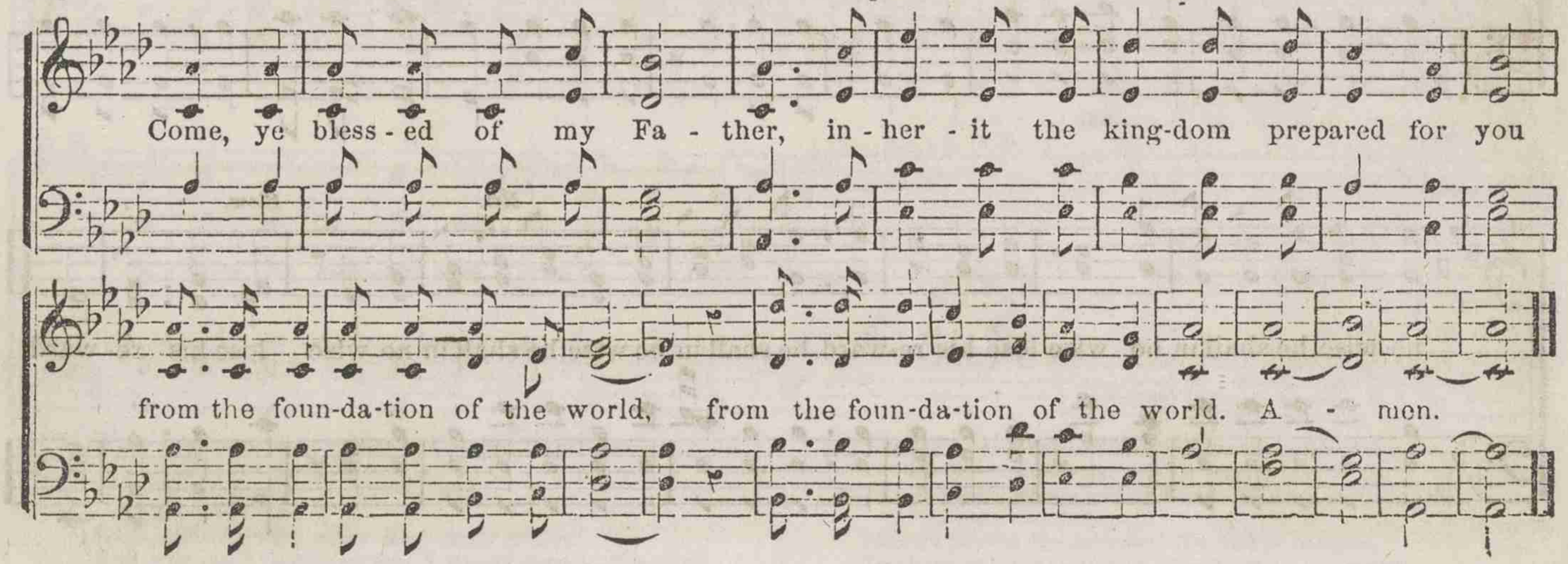
SONG.

On the hills of Heaven, | in the world a- | bove,
Where the little children | learn His wondrous | love;
All their sins forgiven, | in that blessed | day,
On the hills of Heaven, | what will Jesus | say?

RECITATION.

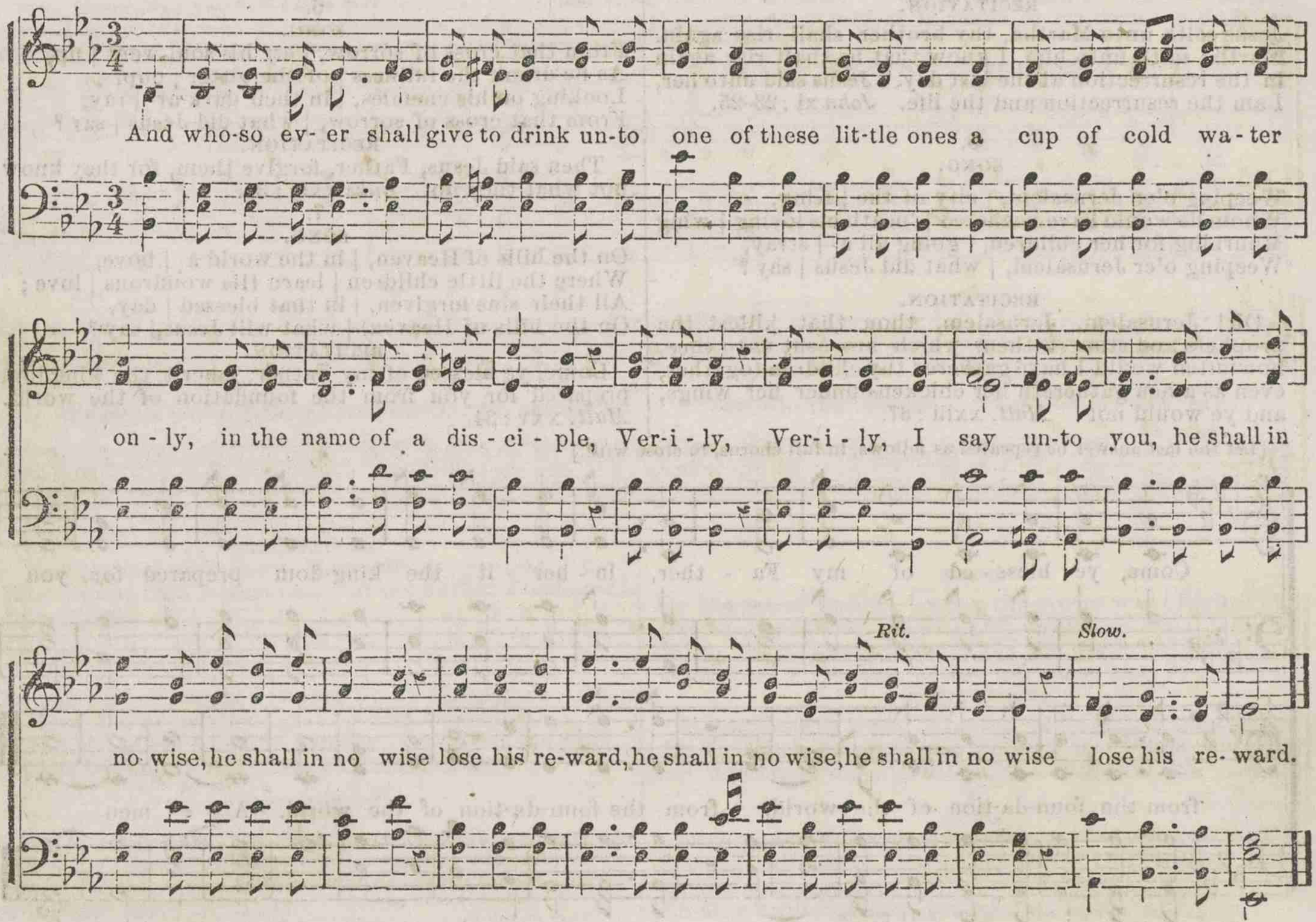
Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. *Matt.* xxv : 34.

[Let the last answer be repeated as follows, in full chorus, to close with.]



A CUP OF COLD WATER.

P. P. Bliss.



Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

Inst.

1. 'Tis a rule in the land that when trav-el-ers meet, trav-el-ers meet, In high-way or by-way, In al-ley or street, Al-ley or street, On foot or in wag-on, by day or by night, Each fa-vors the oth-er and turns to the right. Turns to the right, Turns to the right.

Inst. *Inst.*

2. What a wonderful measure of trouble we'd shun,
Trouble we'd shun,
If all the humanity under the sun,
Under the sun,
While passing each other were truly polite,
And wishing "Good morrow," would turn to the right.

3. What a pity when selfishness stands in the way,
Stands in the way,
And hinders one's hearing what Wisdom would say,
Wisdom would say;
There's joy on the journey, the end is delight,
To those in life's highway who turn to the right.

ONLY A STEP TO HEAVEN.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. Day by day we saw her fail - ing, As the sum - mer time went by; And the
2. In the Sav - ior's mer - cy trust- ing, Walk - ing close - ly by his side; Scarce- ly
3. "Do not sing to me of heav - en As a home far, far a - way; 'Tis a

world grew dark and lone- ly When we knew that she must die. Still her heart seemed fondly cling-ing
did she hear the rippling Of the dark - ly flow-ing tide—"Do not grieve"—sweet words of comfort
nar-row stream di-vides us, We may cross it in a day. On - ly let me cling to Je - sus,

To the bless - ed promise given: "I am not afraid," she whispered, "For 'tis but a step to heaven."
To her weep- ing mother given: "I am not afraid," she whispered, "For 'tis but a step to heaven."
To the bless- ed word he's given; Then my soul is filled with glo - ry, Then 'tis but a step to heaven."

CHORUS.

Near - er, near - er come the an - gels, Till the earth - worn bands are riven;

Near - er, near - er, seems the glo - ry, Till 'tis but a step to heaven.

Repeat pp.

BABY'S SWEET SLEEP.

Words by Miss MAGGIE WARREN. Music by P. P. BLISS.

1. She rocked the cra - dle to and fro, She mur-mured lov - ing - ly and low, "Oh
2. The Sav - ior lent a list' - ning ear, And heard the moth- er sing - ing here, "Oh
3. The moth - er kissed the smi - ling face, And said, "Dear Je - sus, in thy grace Thou

sleep, my ba - by, sleep!" The lit - tle face was drawn with pain, The ba - by could not
sleep, my ba - by, sleep!" He sent an an - gel pure and bright To take the babe to
gav'st my ba - by, sleep;" Now, all I ask is when I die My babe may be an

Rit.

hear the strain The moth - er sang, and sang a - gain, "Oh, sleep, my ba - by sleep."
worlds of light; He whispered "Thou shalt sleep to- night, Yes, sleep, my ba - by sleep."
an - gel nigh To lead me to the world on high; Then bless-ed now such sleep."

Rit.

CHORUS.

sleep

Then sleep, ba - by, sleep, ba - by sleep, ba - by. sleep. The moth - er sang and
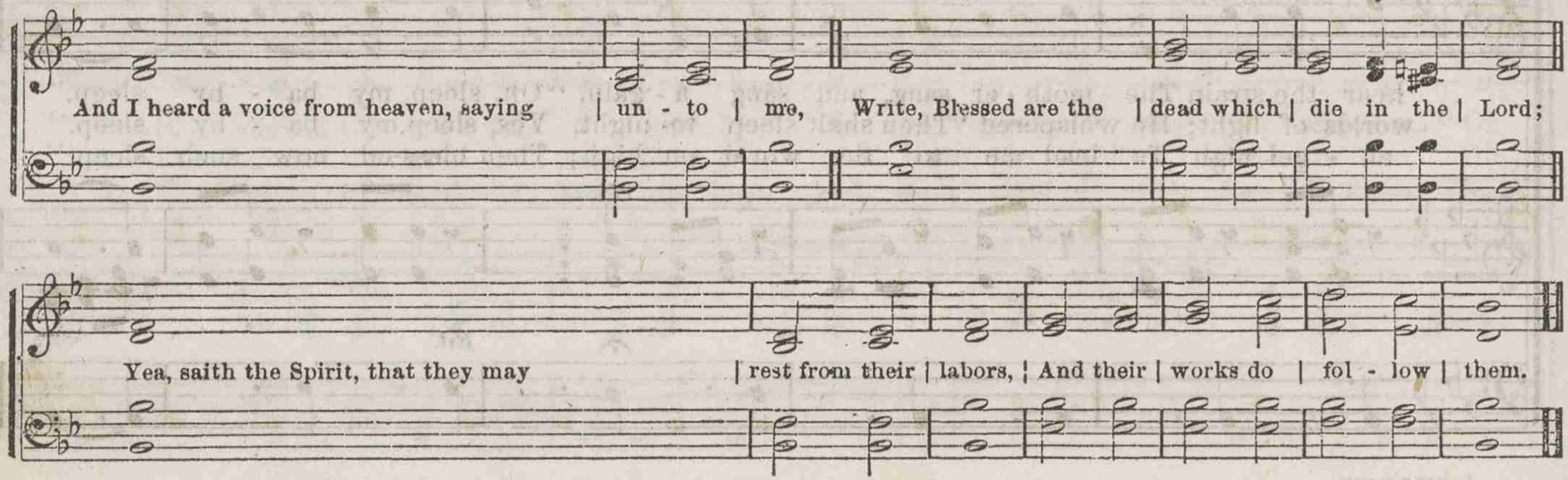
sleep, *Slow and soft.* ba - by, sleep.

sang a - gain, "Oh, sleep, my ba - by, ba - by, sleep, Sleep, ba - by, sleep."……
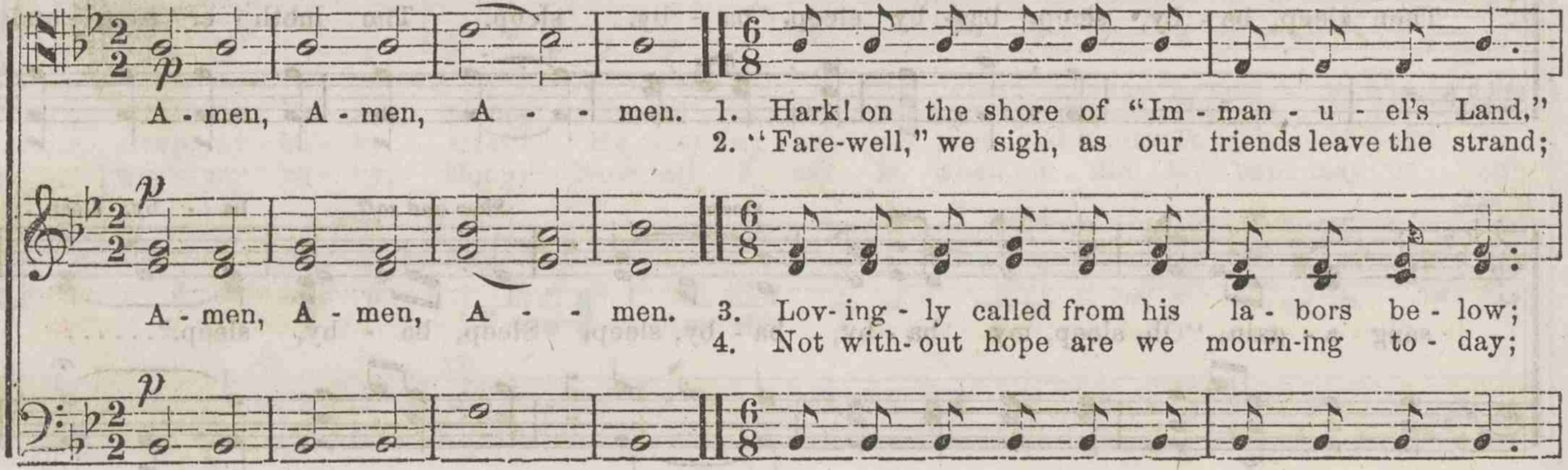
"TO DEPART....WHICH IS BETTER."

TO THE MEMORY OF C. M. WYMAN.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.



From "Song of the Redeemed, by C. M. Wyman.



Shout the "Tri - umph-ant" and glo - ri - fied band; Sing - ing as on - ly the
"Wel-come," they sing in "Im - man - u - el's Land." Mourn - ing be - low is re -

Sud - den - ly sum-moned, but rea - dy to go: Lay - ing the cross and the
"Thy will be done," we are try - ing to say: Here 'neath the "Shad - ow - y

ransomed can sing—Sweet hal-le - lu - jah's to Je - sus their King. A - men, A - men, A - men.
- joic - ing a - bove; We tell of sor-row while they sing of love. A - men, A - men, A - men.

life bur-den down, Glad - ly re - ceiv - ing the robe and the crown. A - men, A - men, A - men.
Rock" we will rest—God is "Our Fa - ther, and His ways are best. A - men, A - men, A - men.

ONLY A LITTLE WHILE.

Words by L. M. D. J. R. MURRAY.
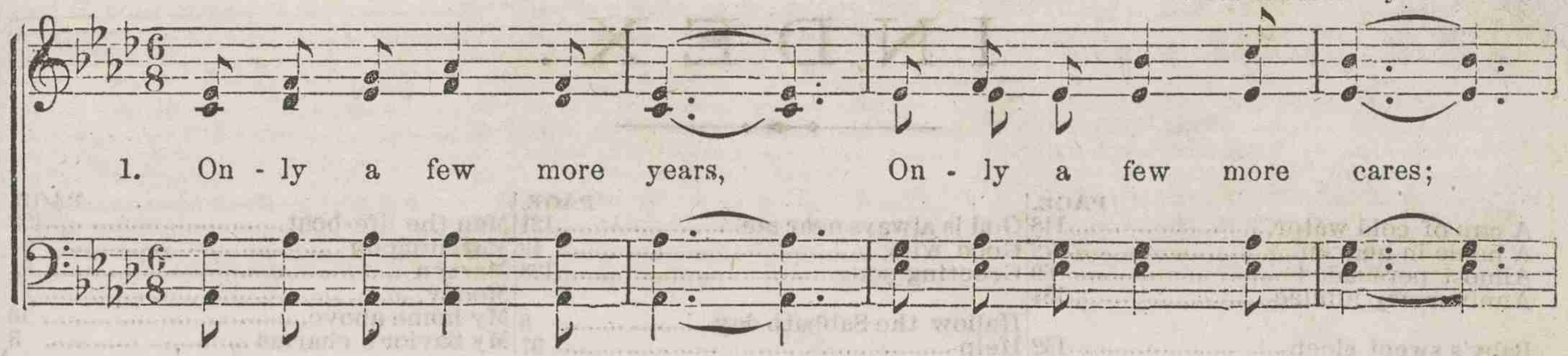
1. On - ly a lit-tle while bending Under the load— On - ly a lit-tle while wending The weary road.
2. On - ly a lit-tle while bearing Sorrow and loss— On - ly a lit-tle while sharing Christ's heavy cross.
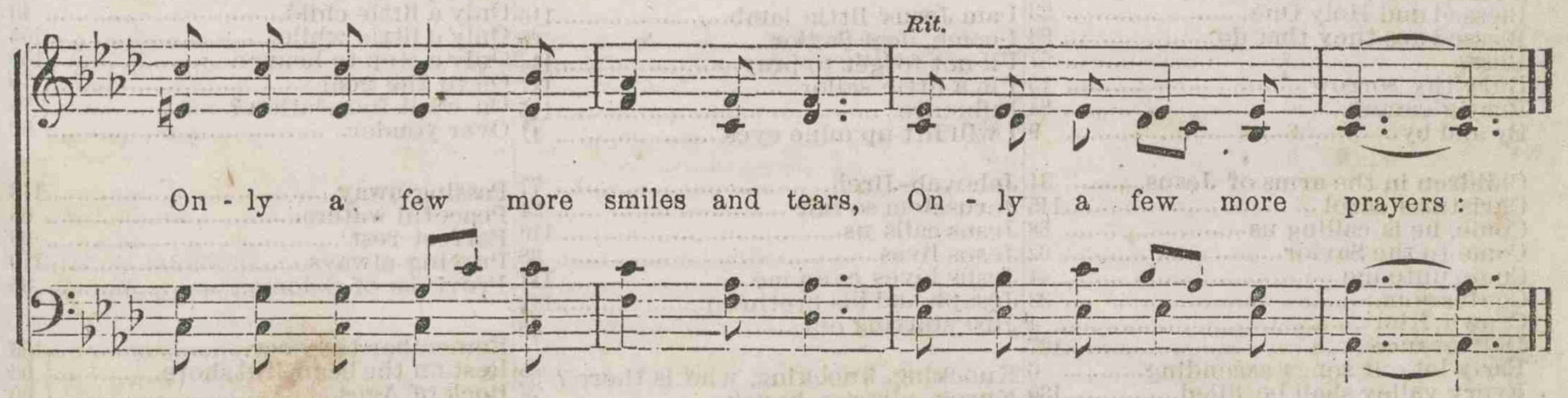
On - ly a lit-tle while staying, Wishing release— On-ly a lit - tle delaying, Then cometh peace.
Then from all weeping and paining Passing away— Then with our glorified Savior Reigning for aye.

CHORUS.

Only a little while, Only a little while; Brightly the morning shall break for thee, Wait only a little while.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.





2.

Only a few more wrongs,
Only a few more sighs :
Only a few more earthly songs,
Only a few good-byes:

3.

Then an eternal stay,
Then an eternal throng ;
Then an eternal glorious day,
Then an eternal song.

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Miss J. K. Swan.

Dover,

N. H.

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