

WHITE RIBBON HYMNAL

ANNA A. GORDON.

Norwalk W.C.T.U.

00109-SPO
If ye shall ask any thing in my na
I will do it.
75¢

...THE...

WHITE RIBBON HYMNAL

OR

ECHOES OF THE CRUSADE

COMPILED FOR

The National and World's Woman's Christian Temperance Unions.

BY

ANNA A. GORDON.

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CHICAGO.

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TO THE BLESSED MEMORY

OF

Mrs. Mary E. Hill Willard,

"SAINT COURAGEOUS."

"Help your fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by."

PREFACE.

To the steadfast, loyal women of the White Ribbon Army:

DEAR SISTERS:

In the abundance of your faith you have requested me by unanimous vote of the National Convention to prepare a temperance hymnal which should embody the "psalms, hymns and spiritual songs" that have inspired the white ribbon women since the Crusade, and which the pen of experience might mark "Tried and Proved." In addition to these blessed hymns which are as sacredly familiar as a mother's lullaby, the White Ribbon Hymnal contains some new selections of decided merit and a number of original songs set to well-known airs, by writers in our own ranks. The quiet prayer meeting and earnest gospel temperance gathering, the great mass meetings and temperance entertainments, the memorial service, pledge-signing meeting and rousing prohibition and home protection rallies, have all been held in loyal remembrance during the compilation of this book; but it still falls far short of my ideal Hymnal, because the engrossing duties of "private secretary" have rendered anything beyond fragmentary attention to its make-up, quite impossible.

I have no pecuniary interest in its sale, having prepared it gratuitously and arranged that the profits which would otherwise accrue to me, shall be paid to the treasurer of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, for use in the children's work.

To those who have in the following pages generously given their musical inspirations to our blessed cause, and notably to our white ribbon "prima-donna," Mrs. Alice J. Harris, of Boston, for invaluable help freely rendered, our sincere gratitude is here recorded.

And now, dear sisters of the local unions for whose use our Hymnal has been especially prepared, let me earnestly beseech you to welcome your speakers to their evening's work by its sweet songs.

How many times in Miss Willard's pilgrimage has the power of her meeting been enhanced by music that harmonized with the spirit of the hour; and it is no exaggeration to claim that the effectiveness of a meeting for religious or reformatory purposes is imperiled by the failure to provide intelligently for the service of song. Chorus or congregational singing with an occasional solo best meets the requirement. Let us make it a matter of conscience to bring to the people in all our gatherings the blessed *gospel of song*.

With earnest hopes, yours in a sacred cause,
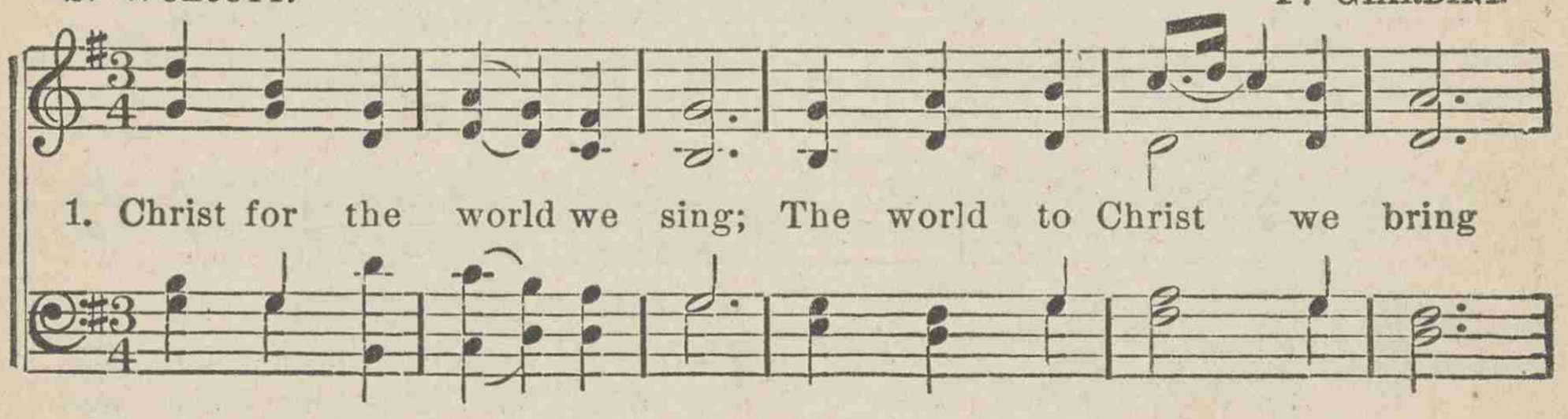
ANNA A. GORDON.

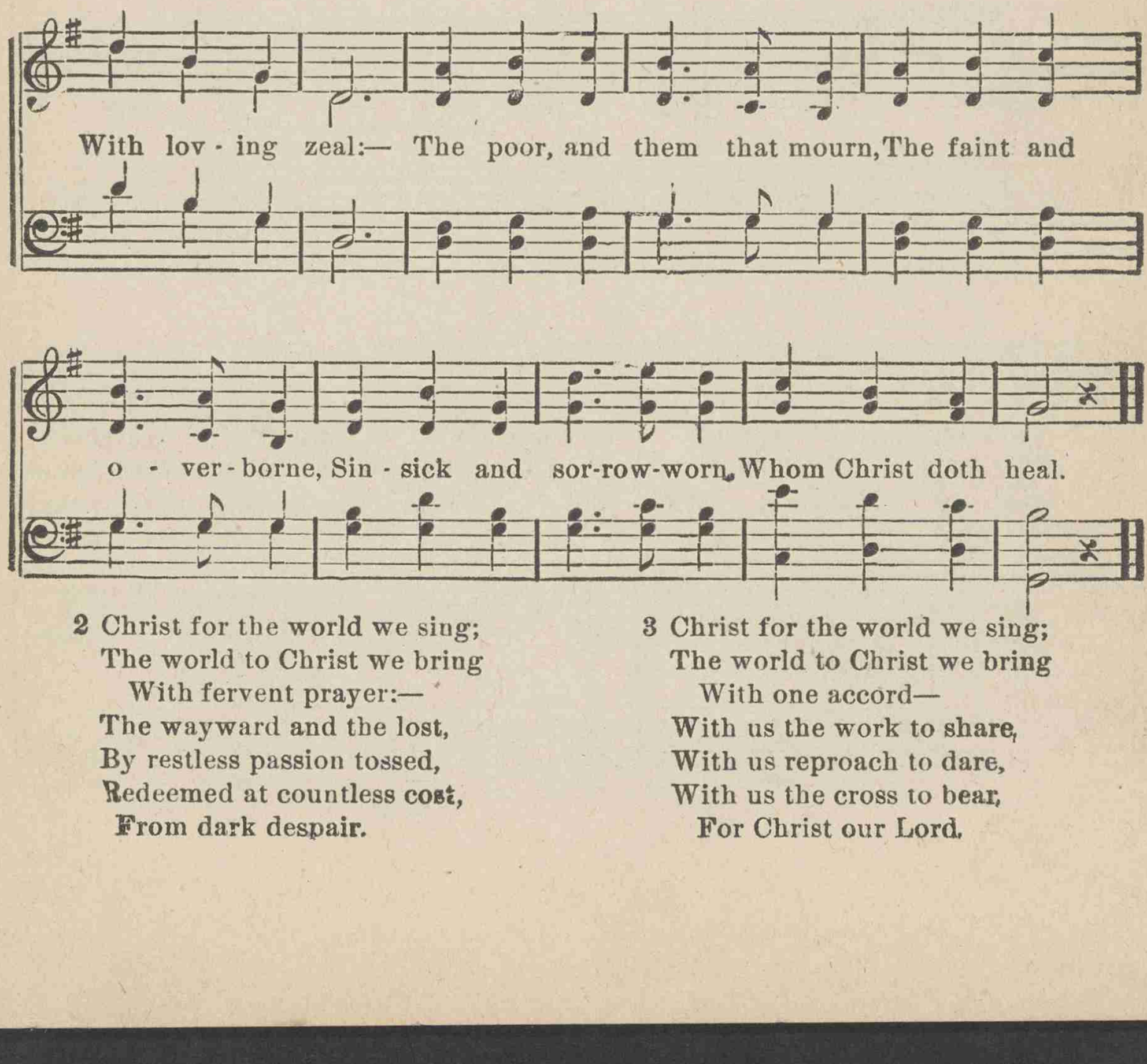
Rest Cottage, Evanston, Ill., Aug. 22, 1892.

White Ribbon Hymnal.

Christ for the World We Sing.

S. Wolcott. F. Giardini.





2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer:—
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passion tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord—
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

If We Had but a Day.

MARY LOWE DICKINSON. CHAS. T. KIMBALL.

1. We should fill the hours with the sweet - est things,
2. We should guide our way - ward or wea - ried wills
3. We should waste no mo - ments in weak re - gret,

If we had but a day; We should drink a - lone at the
By the clear - est light; We should keep our eyes on the
If the days were but one; If what we re - mem - ber and

pur - est..... springs In our up - ward way; We should
heav - en - ly hills, If they lay in sight; We should
what we for - get Went out with the sun; We should

love with a life - time's love in an hour,
tram - ple the pride and the dis - con - tent Be -
be from our clam - or our - selves set free To

If the hours were few; We should rest, not for dreams, But for
neath..... our feet; We should take what - ev - er a
work or to pray, And to be what the Fa - ther would

fresh - er..... pow'r To be and to do.
good God.... sent, With a trust all com - plete.
have us..... be, If we had but a day.

Long Live, Long Live America!

DR. J. E. RANKIN. DIE WACHT AM RHEIN.

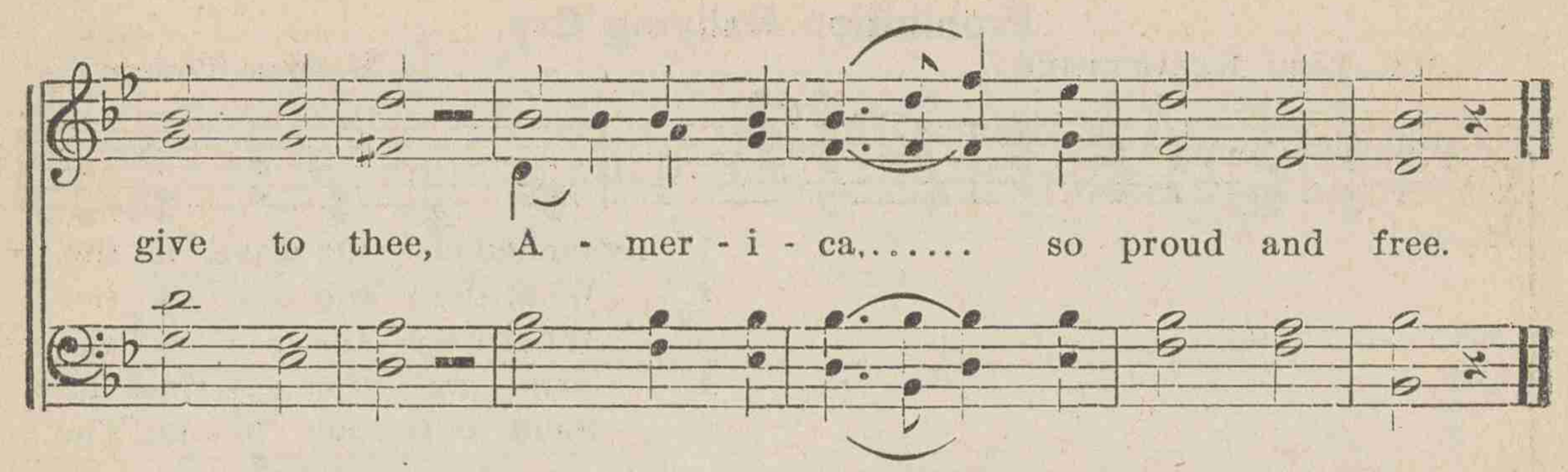
With Energy.

1. A - mer - i - ca so proud and free, My song, my heart I
2. From land on land, what - e'er their birth, Men flock to thee o'er

give to thee, Full high thy brave, strong wing has won, Thine
all the earth; With ev' - ry breeze, on ev' - ry wave Thy

ea - gle eye is on the sun; Still up - ward be thy heav'nward flight,
winds con-front, thy tem-pests brave; No per - ils do their hearts ap - pall,

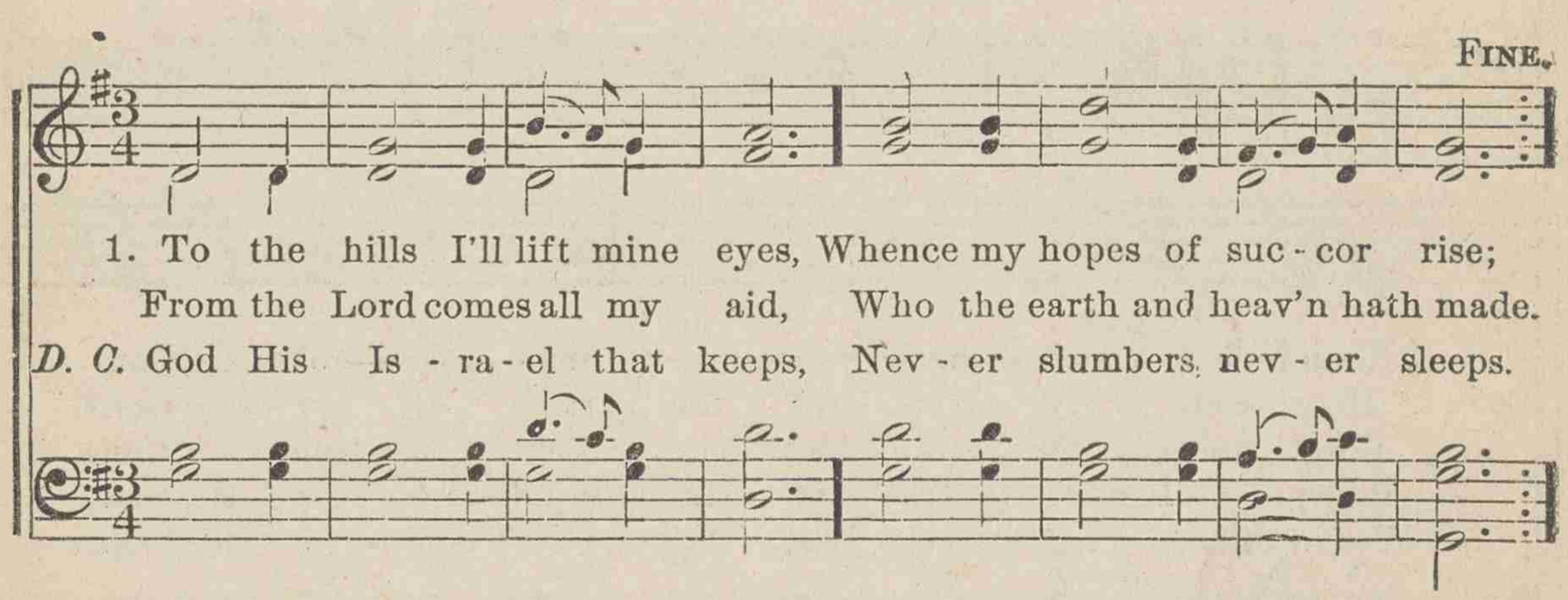
Still up-ward mount, till lost in light. My song, my heart I
For thou art moth - er to them all. My song, my heart I

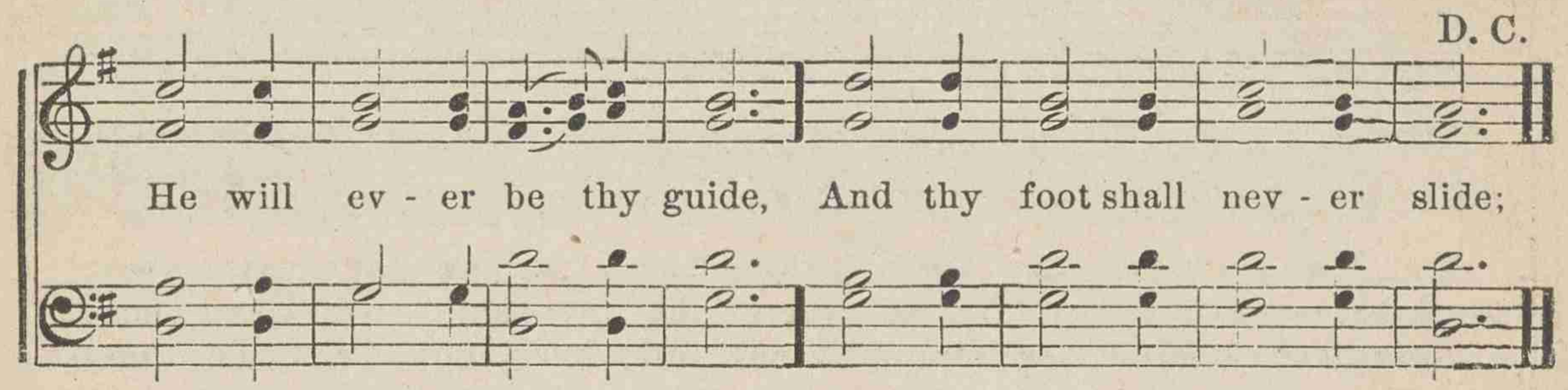


3 Dear Native Land, so fair and great,
Thee many conflicts still await;
To God and thine own self be true,
Rise up, fresh-girt, for labors new.
Till wrong's dark tide on earth is stemm'd,
And right by God's hand diademed
My song, my heart I give to thee,
America, so proud and free.

4 America, so proud and free,
I give my song, my heart to thee;
Still let thy heav'n-born symbol fly
In every clime,'neath every sky;
Still rise a yeoman race, to stand
For God and home, and native land!
My song, my heart I give to thee,
America, so proud and free.

Psalm. (121)





2 God thy keeper still shall stand,
As a shade on thy right hand;
Neither sun by day shall smite,
Nor the silent moon by night.

God shall guide from every ill,
Keep thy soul in safety still;
Both without and in thy door,
He will keep thee evermore.

She Sails by the Stars.

Prohibition Rallying Cry.

MRS. LIDE MERIWETHER. T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Launched on the wave, is the ship Pro - hi - bi- tion—Wave of Hu-man - i - ty, bound-less and free;
2. What does she sail by the ship Pro - hi - bi- tion? How meet the break- ers, the shocks and the jars?
3. What does she car - ry? the ship Pro - hi - bi- tion; Un- der her breast-plate of staunch i - ron bars?
4. Out on the sea rides the ship Pro - hi - bi- tion; Treacherous sea of po - lit - i - cal wars;
5. Send out your pi - lot! The hip Pro - hi - bi- tion Sig - nals the land, home-ward bound from the wars;

Round her staunch gun - wales, in fierce eb ul - li - tion,
How safe - ly steer off the reefs of se - di - tion?
What treas - ure rare does she hold in trans - i - tion,
Ba-by hands lift up in child - ish pe - ti - tion.
Proud floats her pen - nant, a - bove com - pe - ti - tion,

Mad wa - ters foam as she heads out to sea:
How shun the ice - berg that shat - ters and mars?
Guard - ed by strong arms of vet - er - an tars?
Wo-man's eyes fol - low her broad stream - ing bars;
Loud ring the cheers from her ju - bi - lant tars;

She Sails by the Stars. Concluded.

White floats her can - vas with brisk breez - es fan - ning her,
Jus - tice, her guid-ing star, shines through the dark - est night,
Hope for the hope-less now weep - ing so wea - ri - ly,
Soul's deep - est sym- pa - thies far sea - ward wend to her,
Arms are stretched sea - ward where ev - 'ry heart yearns for us,

Straight steers her rud - der, with strong sin - ews man - ing her—
Peace and Pros - per - i - ty lend her their lam- bent light,
Help for the help - less, whose hands hang so drear - i - ly,
Sad sup - pli - ca - tions in u - ni - son blend for her,
Souls lift - ed up - ward, whose high pur - pose burns for us—
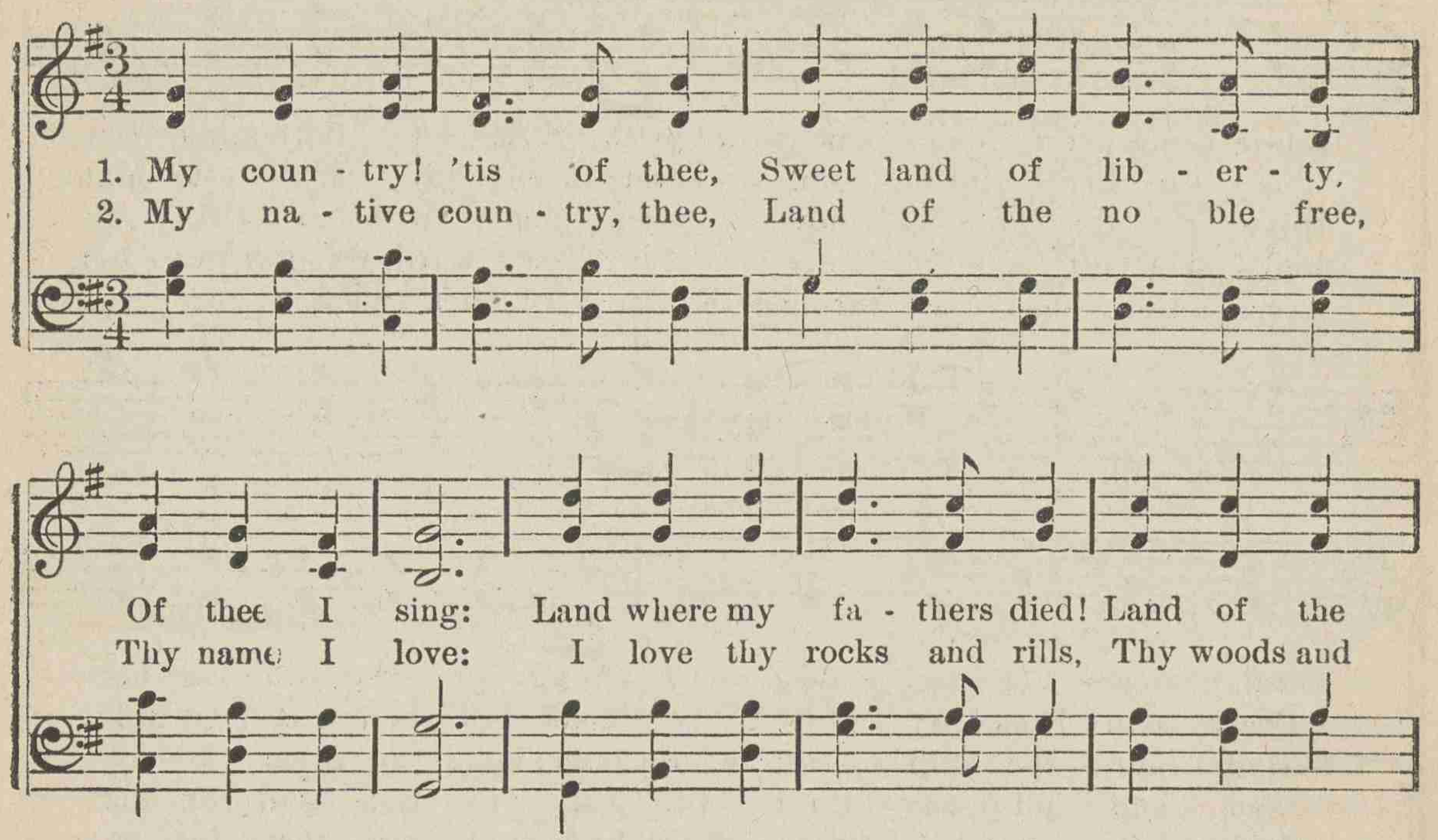
Safe shall her voy - age be, cool cour - age
Health, Hope and Hap - pi ness, shine on her,
Homes for the home - less— glad news ring - ing
Earn - est be - seech - ings to heav en as-
Vic - to - ry sails with her! safe she re-

Cres. *ff*

plan - ing her— "God and our coun - try!" her watch-word shall be."
ev - er bright, Truth is her com - pass, she sails by the stars.
cheer - i - ly! Bears she good ti - dings, who sails by the stars.
cend for her— "God speed the sail - ors who sail by the stars."
turns to us— God's bea- cons guide her— she sails by the stars.

America.

Dr. S. F. Smith.



3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

Our Native Land.

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might!

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

John S. Dwight.

Our Fathers' Land.

1 God bless our fathers' land!
Keep her in heart and hand
One with our own.
From all her foes defend,
Be her brave people's friend,
On all her realms descend,
Protect her throne!

2 Father, with loving care
Guard Thou her kingdom's heir,
Guide all his ways:
Thine arm his shelter be,
From him by land and sea
Bid storm and danger flee,
Prolong his days.

3 Lord, let war's tempest cease,
Fold the whole earth in peace
Under Thy wings!
Make all Thy nations one,
All hearts beneath the sun,
Till Thou shalt reign alone,
Great King of kings.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

God Save the Queen.

1 God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

2 O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter her enemies
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On Thee our hopes we fix.
O save us all.

3 Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign.
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.

The New Auld Lang Syne.

For tune see page 101.

1 It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it, each and all,
A song for those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silent loneliness,
We see them as before,
The brave, the kind, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take life's burden up,
When these have laid it down,
They sweetened every joy of life,
They softened every frown.

But oh! 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

3 More friendly seems the great Unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
However they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore,
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God forever more.

JOHN W. CHADWICK, D.D.

On Heights of Power.

Memorial Hymn of the White Ribboners.

(Written Aug. 25, 1892.)

FRANCES E. WILLARD. GEO. NOYES ROCKWELL.

SOLO. *With Expression.*

1. Love's light il - lu - mines the path - way ye trod,
2. Faith that makes faith - ful and Truth that makes true,

Com - rades of yes - ter - day, now Saints of God;
Hal - low our hearts from the heights gained by you.

Gra - cious and great were your souls in their stay,
Hap - py White Rib - bon - ers, home - like is heav'n.

Great - est of all in their go - ing a - way.
God girds and guides us through help you have given.

Bless ing the world that you loved and you left.
Moth · er - ly spir - its of sweet - ness and might,

Sooth - ing the hearts that your go - ing be - reft,
We wear your sym - bol in rib - bons of white.

Death did not daunt, and you feared not your fate,—
"Christ and his King - dom" our watchwords will stand;

On Heights of Power. Concluded.

rit.

Sweet sang your souls "We must love, trust and wait"
Ban - ners of peace shall en - fold ev - 'ry land.

rit.

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

Born in - to beau - ty And born in - to bloom,

Vic - tors im - mor - tal o'er ter - ror and tomb,

Fast fall our foot - steps— we fol - low from far,
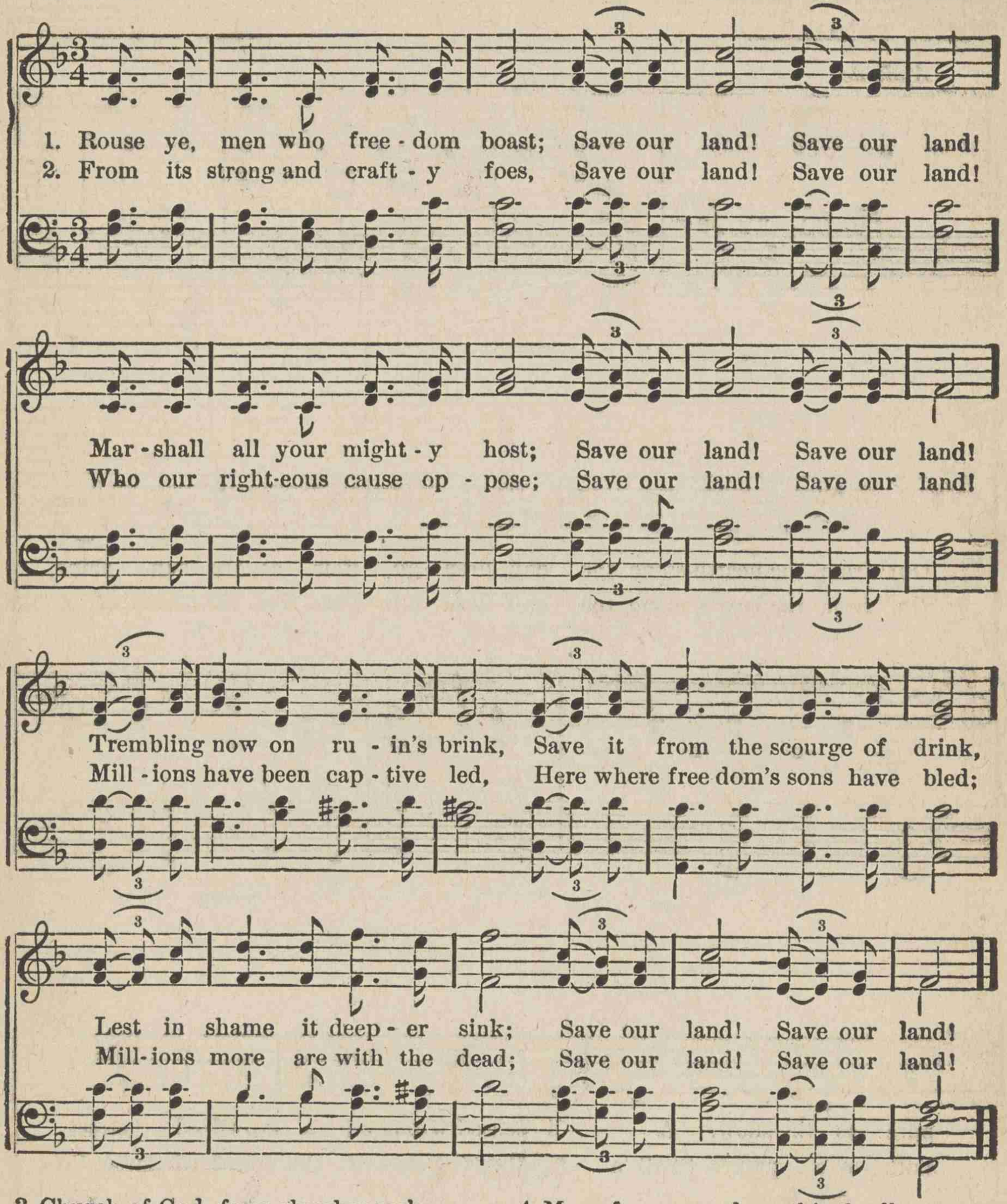
rtt.

Love's light leads heav'n-ward from gates left a - jar.

Save Our Land.

R. F. L.

ROBERT L. FLETCHER.



3 Church of God, from slumber wake;
Save our land! Save our land!
By thy might oppression break;
Save our land! Save our land!
Save our homes from sorrow's might;
Save our youth from error's blight;
Raise the standard of the right;
Save our land! Save our land!
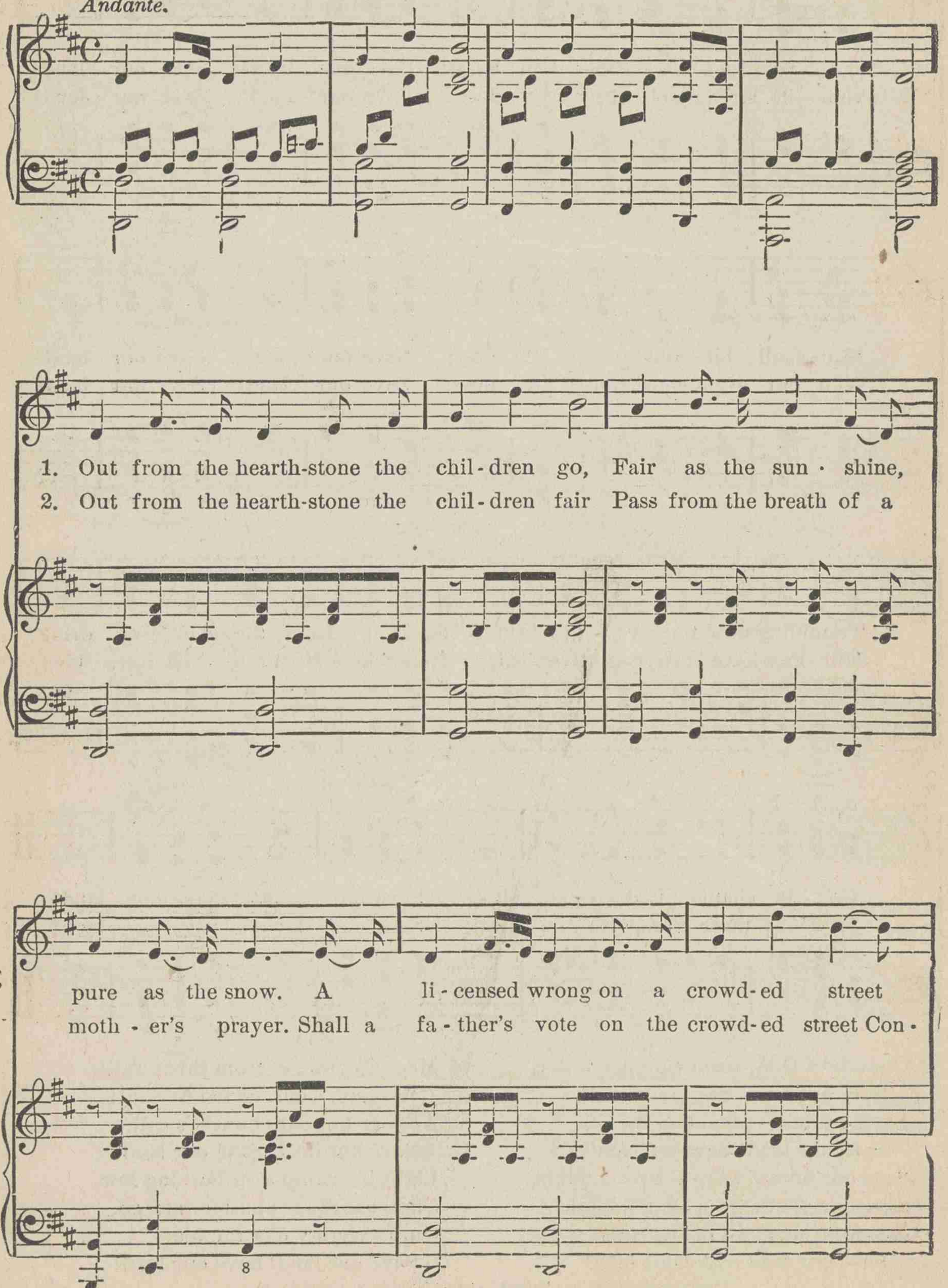
4 Men of courage, from this thrall:
Save our land! Save our land!
Answer to your country's call;
Save our land! Save our land!
Light the camp-fires burning low,
Close the ranks and forward go:
On, to victory o'er the foe;
Save our land! Save our land!
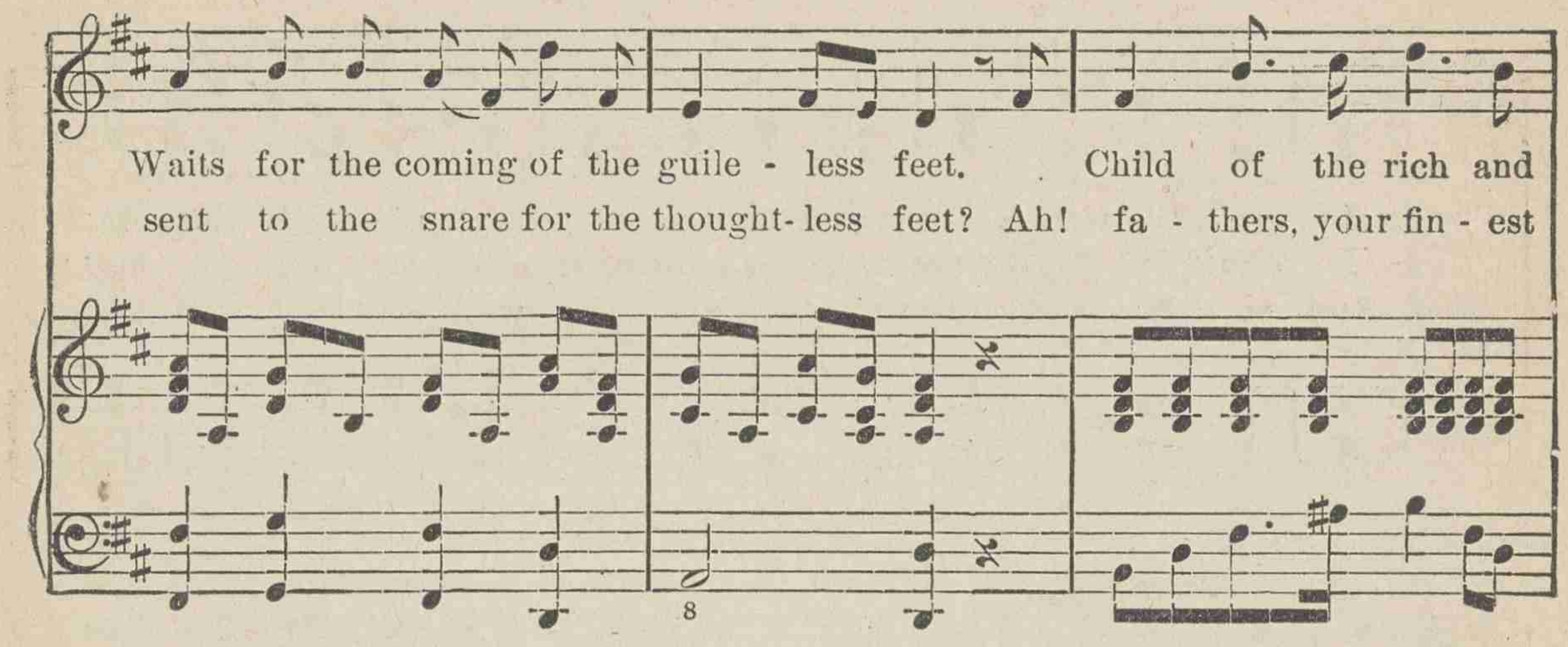
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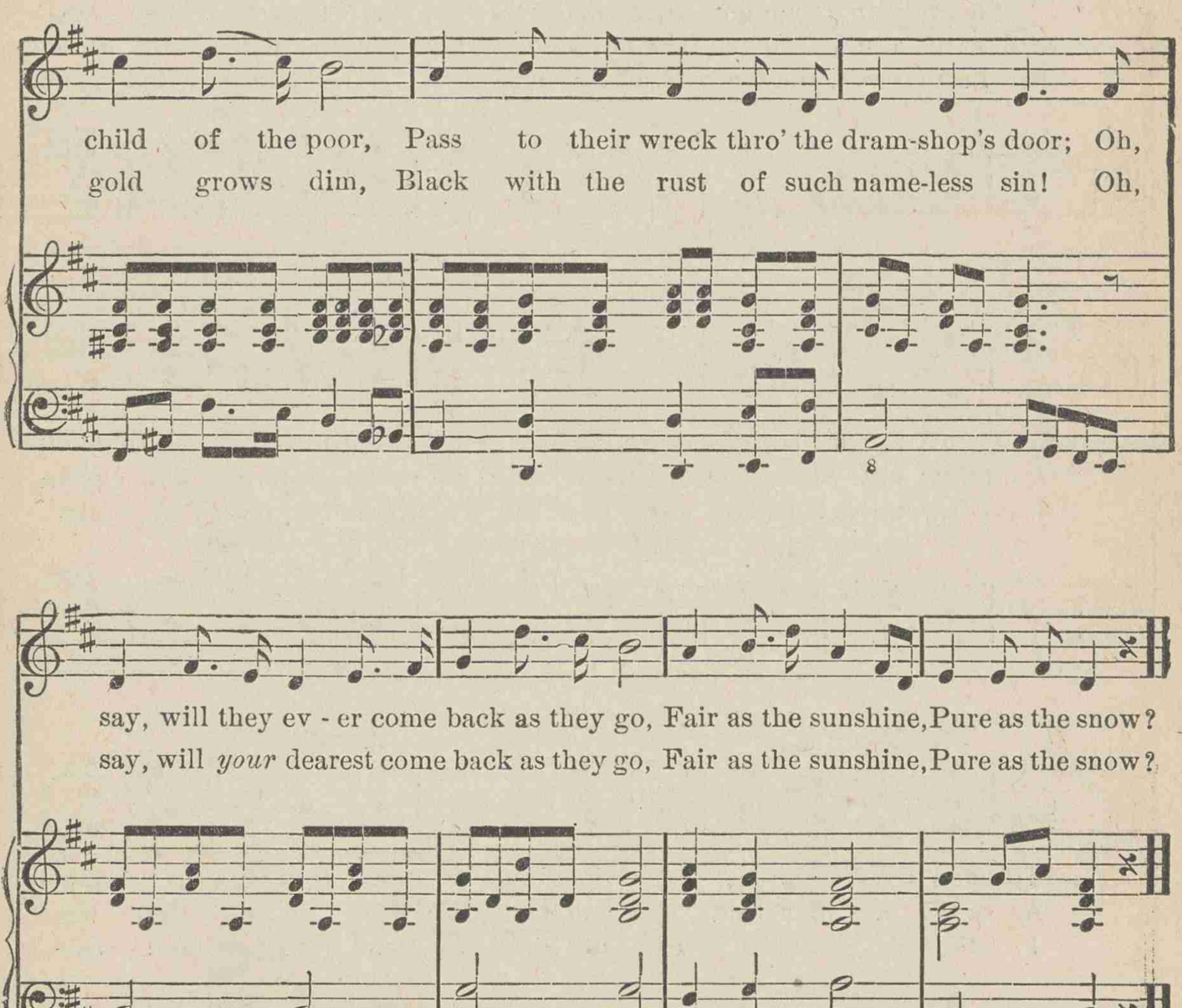
Will It Pay?

MARY T. LATHRAP. CHAS. T. KIMBALL.

Andante.




Waits for the coming of the guile - less feet. Child of the rich and
sent to the snare for the thought- less feet? Ah! fa - thers, your fin - est


child of the poor, Pass to their wreck thro' the dram-shop's door; Oh,
gold grows dim, Black with the rust of such name-less sin! Oh,

say, will they ev - er come back as they go, Fair as the sunshine, Pure as the snow?
say, will *your* dearest come back as they go, Fair as the sunshine, Pure as the snow?

The Eternal Goodness.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. RICHARD STORRS WILLIS. 1849.
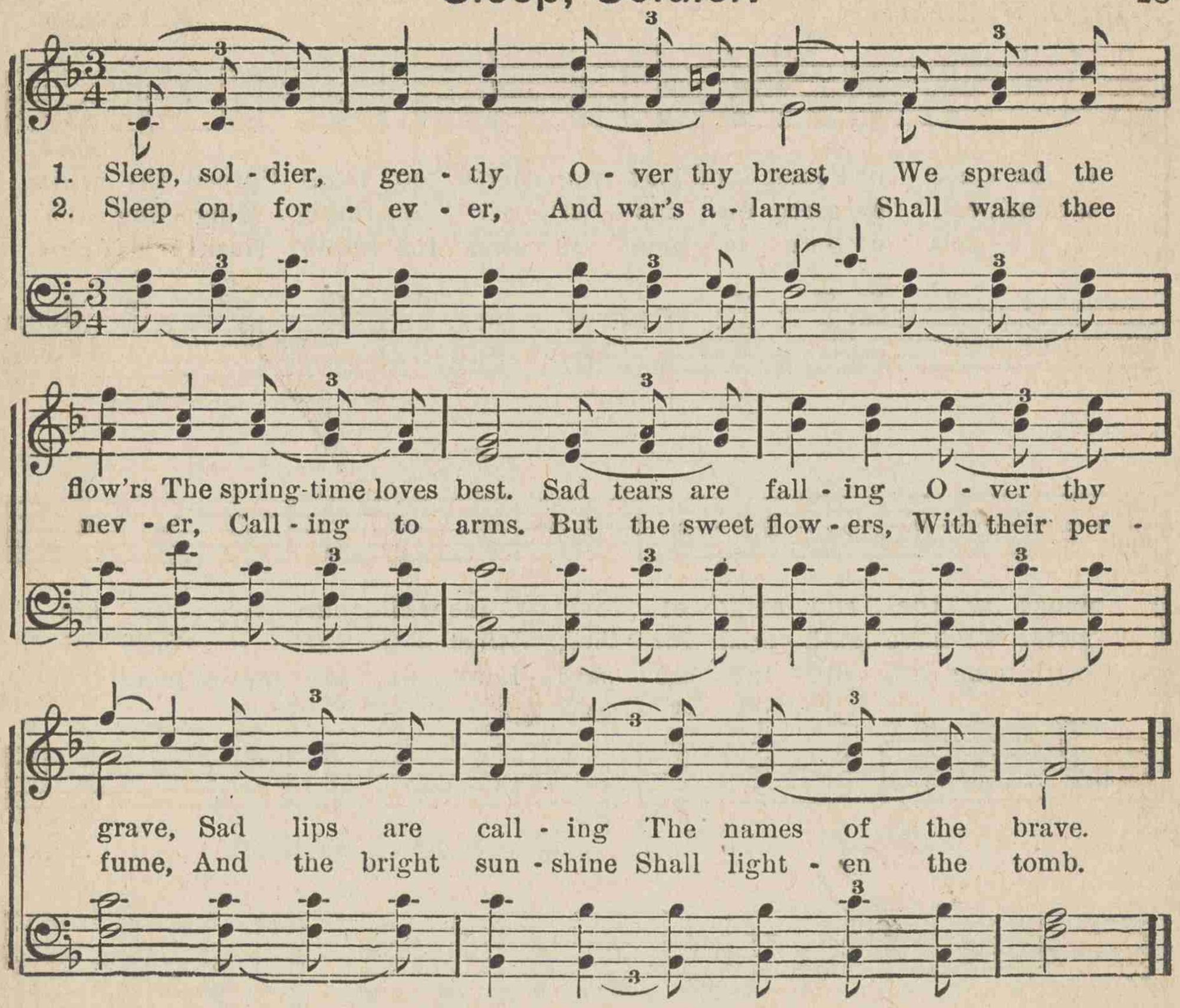
1. I see the wrong that round me lies, I feel the guilt with - in,
2. I dim - ly guess from blessings known, Of great - er out of sight,
3. And so be - side the si - lent sea, I wait with muf - fled oar;

I hear with groan and trav - ail cries The world con-fess its sin.
And with the chastened psalm-ist own His judgments, too, are right.
No harm can come from Him to me, On o - cean or on shore.

Yet in the maddening maze of things, And tossed by storm and flood,
I know not what the fu - ture hath Of mar - vel or sur - prise,
I know not where His isl - ands lift Their frond ed palms in air;

To one fixed stake my spir - it clings: I know that God is good.
As - sured a - lone that life and death His mer - cy un - der - lies.
I on - ly know I can - not drift Be - yond His love and care.

Sleep, Soldier.



The Valley of Peace.

For Decoration Day.

M. E. Servoss.

Tune:—On Heights of Power. Page 16.

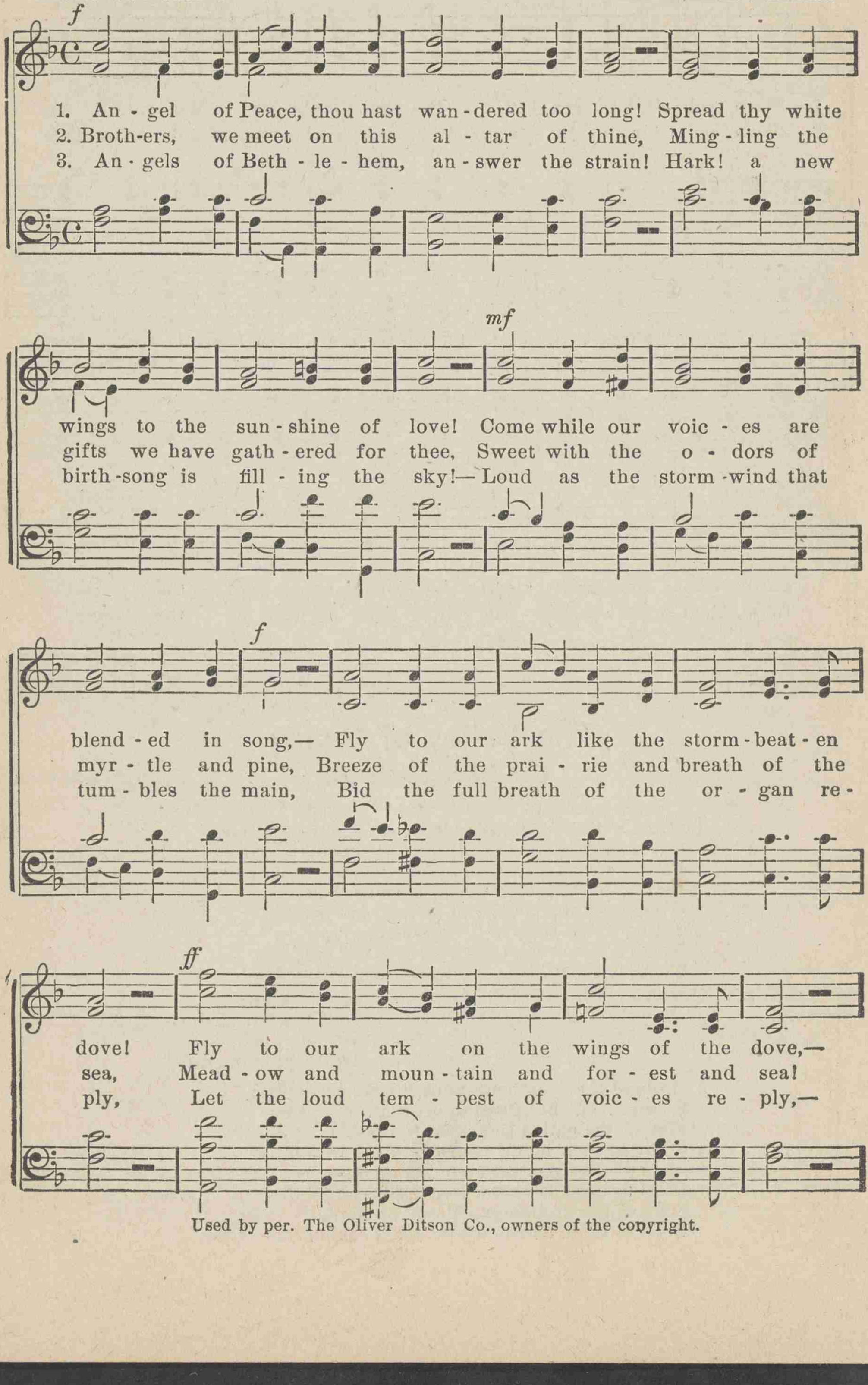
1 Come with bright garlands, sweet-scented and rare,
Cover these mounds while you whisper a prayer
For the dear friends who know not where they lie,
Resting today 'neath the clear vaulted sky:
Over these hearts once so fervent and true.
Scatter sweet roses and violets blue,
Never a flower for their graves is too fair,
Twining them lovingly, drape them with care.

Chorus. Down in the evergreen valley of peace,
Waiting the hour when earth's warfare shall cease,
Waiting in silence, nor weary nor worn,
Rest the brave heroes our loyal hearts mourn.

2 Birds of the woodland, your joyous notes raise,
Singing your beautiful songs to their praise.
Flag of the nation they died to uphold,
Wave in their honor your every bright fold:
Stars of the firmament shining on high,
Bend to those heroes whose deeds cannot die!
Stars of the firmament shining on high,
Bend to those heroes whose deeds cannot die! Cho.

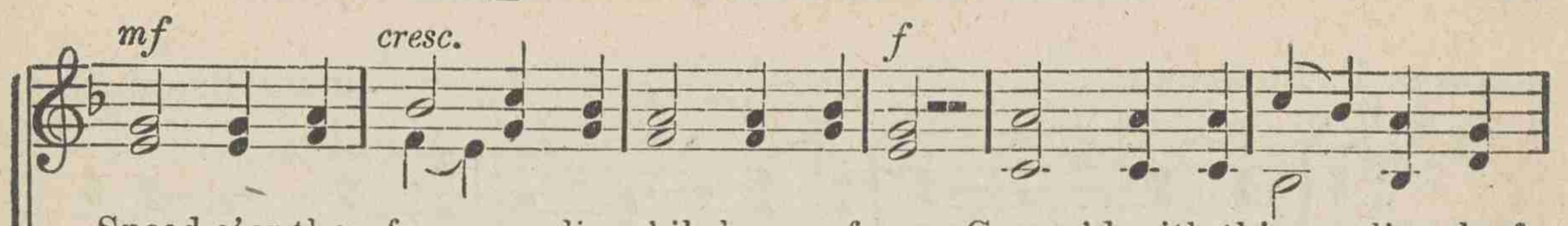
Angel of Peace.

Dr. O. W. Holmes. M. Keller.
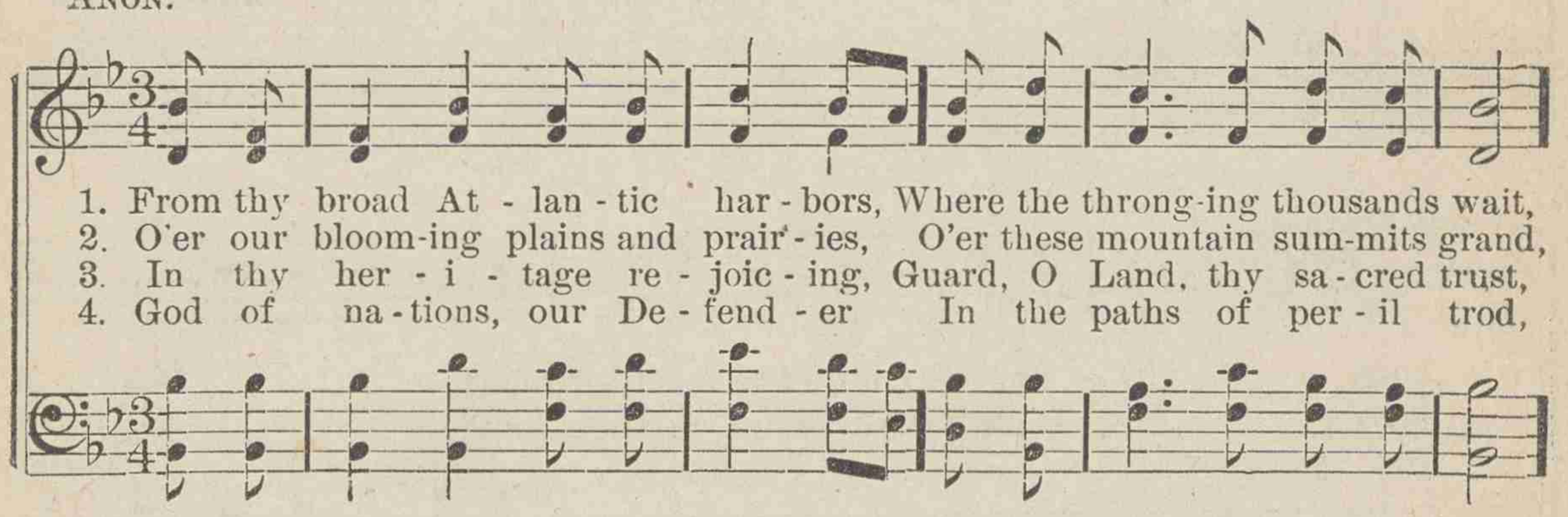


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Angel of Peace. Concluded.
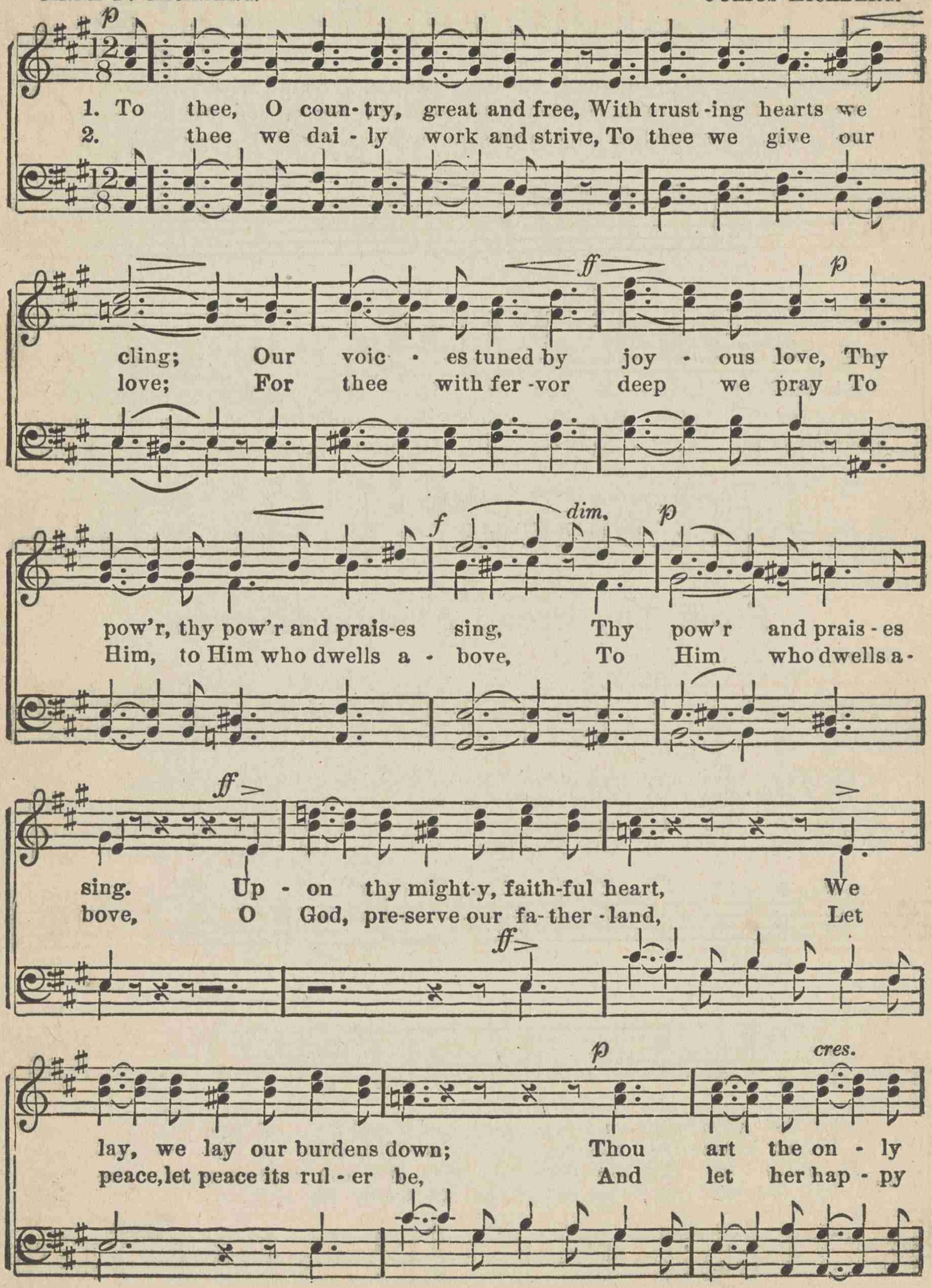


From Thy Broad Atlantic Harbors.

ANON.
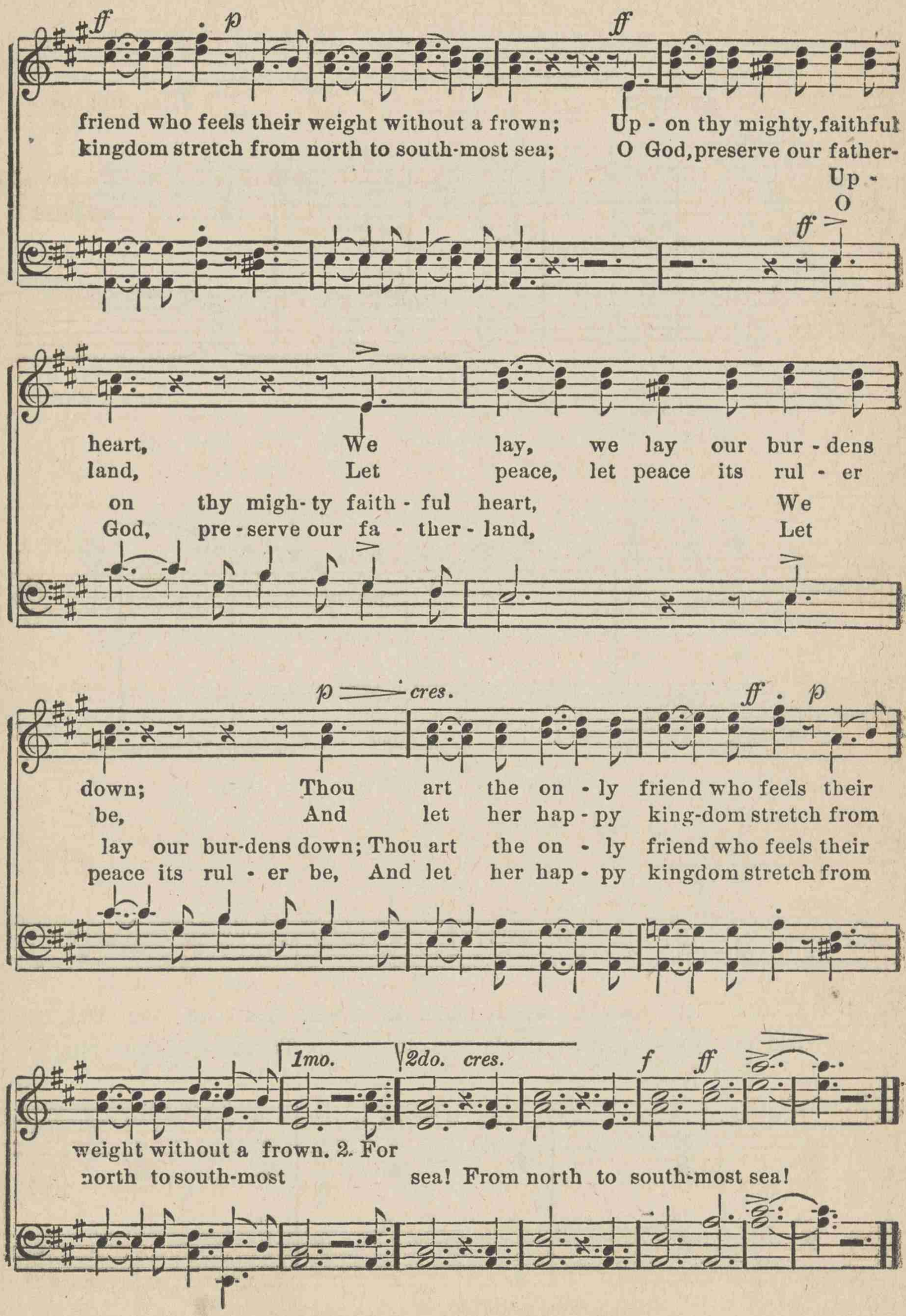


To Thee, O Country! National Hymn.

ANNA P. EICHBERG. JULIUS EICHBERG.
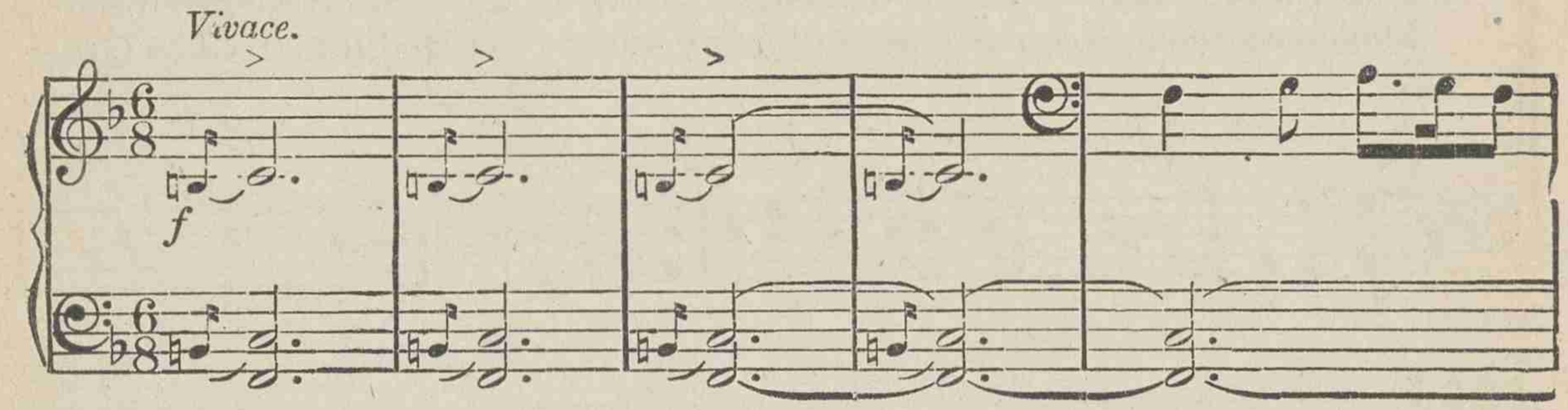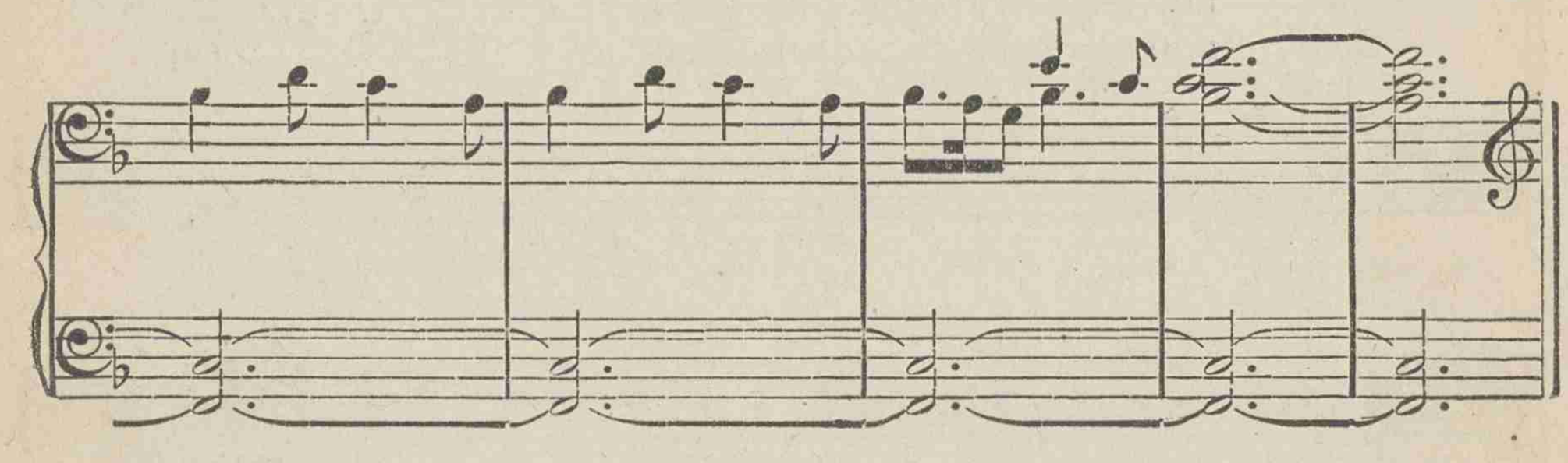


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friend who feels their weight without a frown;
kingdom stretch from north to south-most sea;
Up - on thy mighty, faithful
O God, preserve our father-
Up -
O
heart,
land,
We
Let
lay,
peace,
we lay our bur - dens
let peace its rul - er
on thy migh- ty faith - ful heart,
God, pre - serve our fa - ther - land,
We
Let
down;
be,
Thou
And
art
let
the on - ly
her hap - py
friend who feels their
king-dom stretch from
lay our bur-dens down; Thou art the on - ly friend who feels their
peace its rul - er be, And let her hap - py kingdom stretch from
weight without a frown. 2. For
north to south-most
sea! From north to south-most sea!
cres.
1mo.
2do. cres.
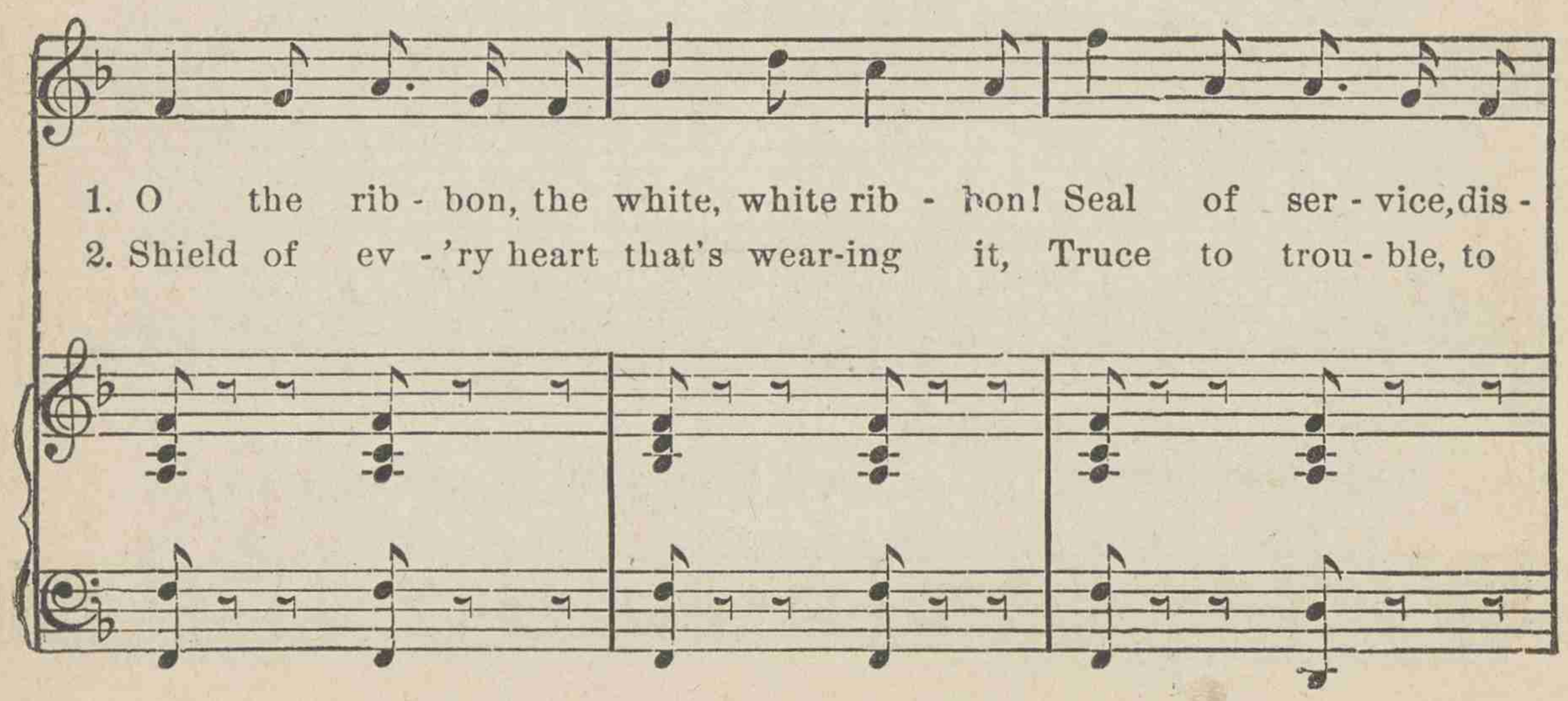
MARY A. LATHBURY. J. L. MOLLOY.

Vivace.





1. O the rib - bon, the white, white rib - bon! Seal of ser - vice, dis -
2. Shield of ev - 'ry heart that's wear-ing it, Truce to trou - ble, to



The Ribbon White. Concluded.

- sent from sin. Roy - al hearts that are beat - ing under it
want, to tears; Love de - vised it, and love is bearing it

CHORUS.

Wear the col - or and sign with - in. O the sight of it!
Round the world, with the flow - ing years.

rall.

O the light of it! White as morn-ing on shadows furled;

rall.

Wreathe the ribbon, the white, white ribbon, Wreathe the ribbon a-round the world!

Temperance Battle Hymn.

Dedicated by permission, to Miss Frances E. Willard.

R. L. F. W. E. Van Curt.

Allegro marziale,
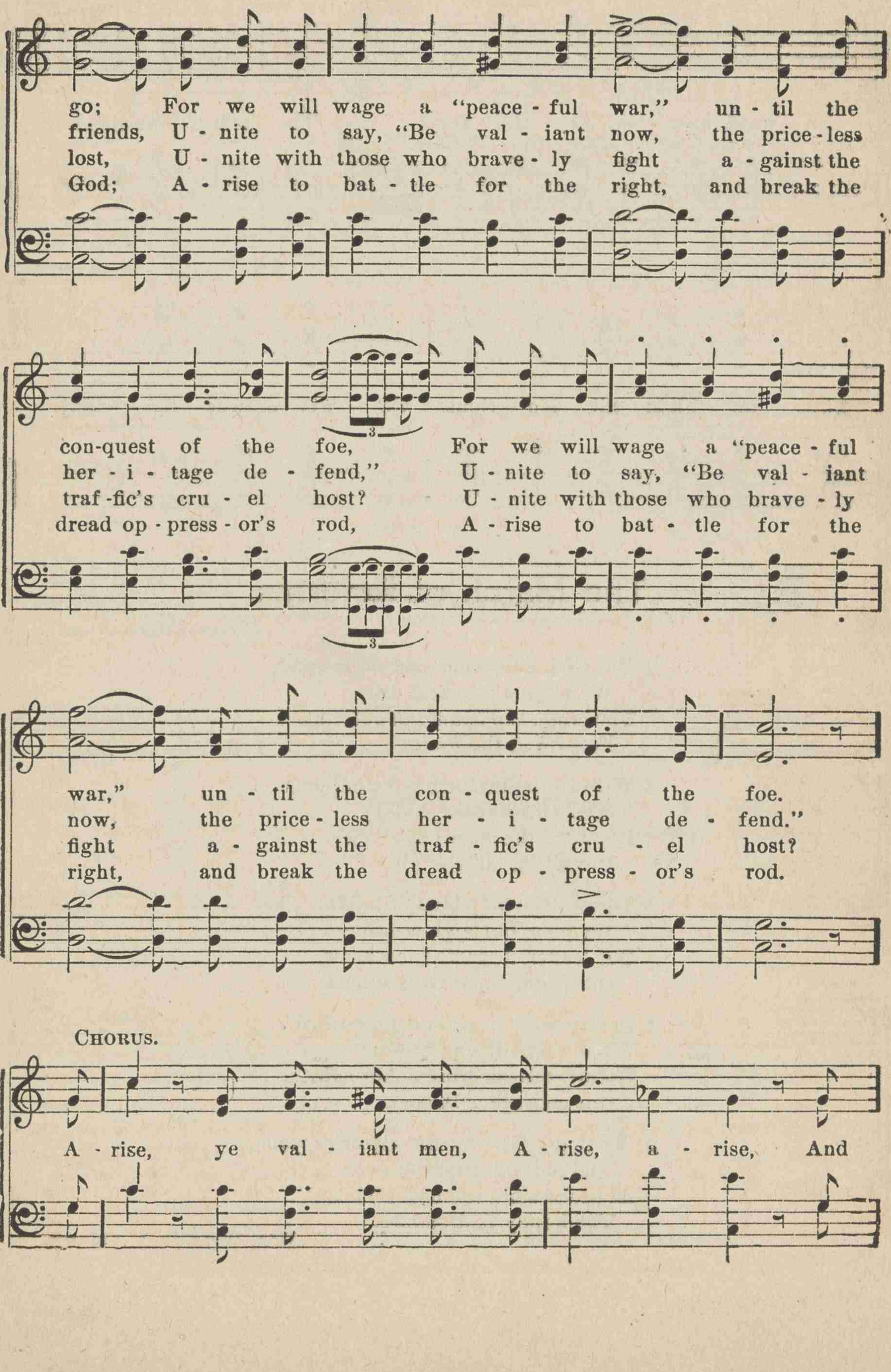
1. A - rise, ye val - iant men of God,..... and put the
2. A - rise, ye val - iant men, and strong..... to bat - tle
3. From o'er the land there comes a wail,..... of souls, to
4. The brave and fair are fall - ing fast,..... be - neath the

war - rior's ar - mor on; The tem-p'rance bat - tles must be
for a sa - cred cause; And meet the foe on ev - 'ry
bit - ter an- guish given; Thro' de - mon drink, with sub - tle
temp-ter's i - ron heel; And ev - 'ry - where, with tear - ful
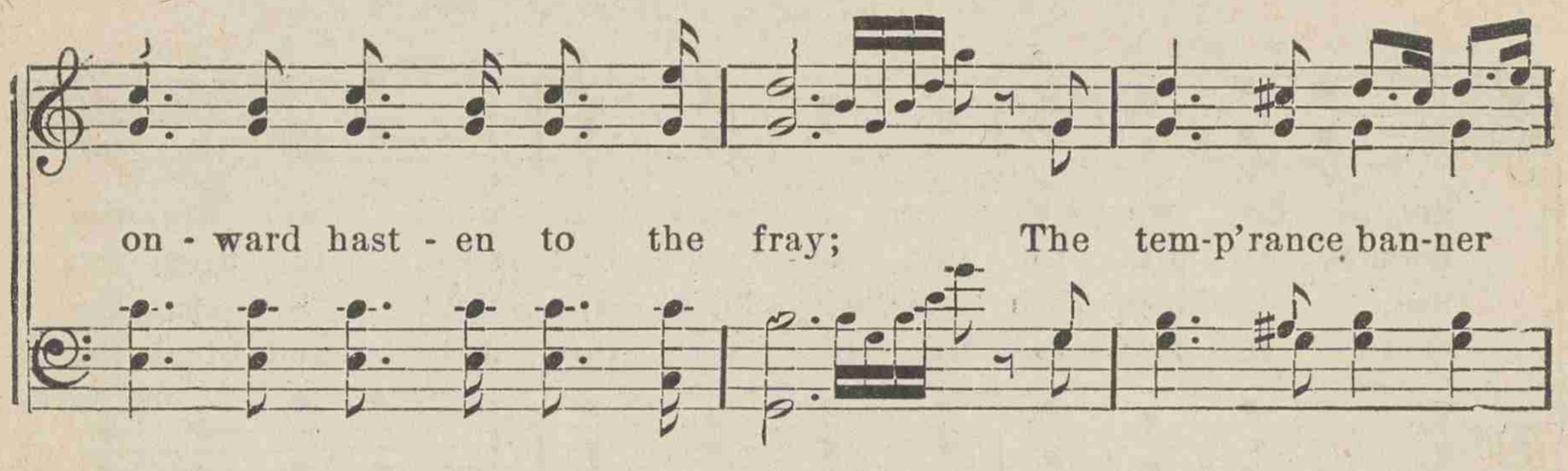
fought,..... the crown-ing vict - 'ry must be won: No
hand,..... who would de - fy the na - tion's laws: The
power..... hath ev - 'ry cher - ished hope been riven: And
eyes,..... we see the ru - ined vic - tims reel: A -
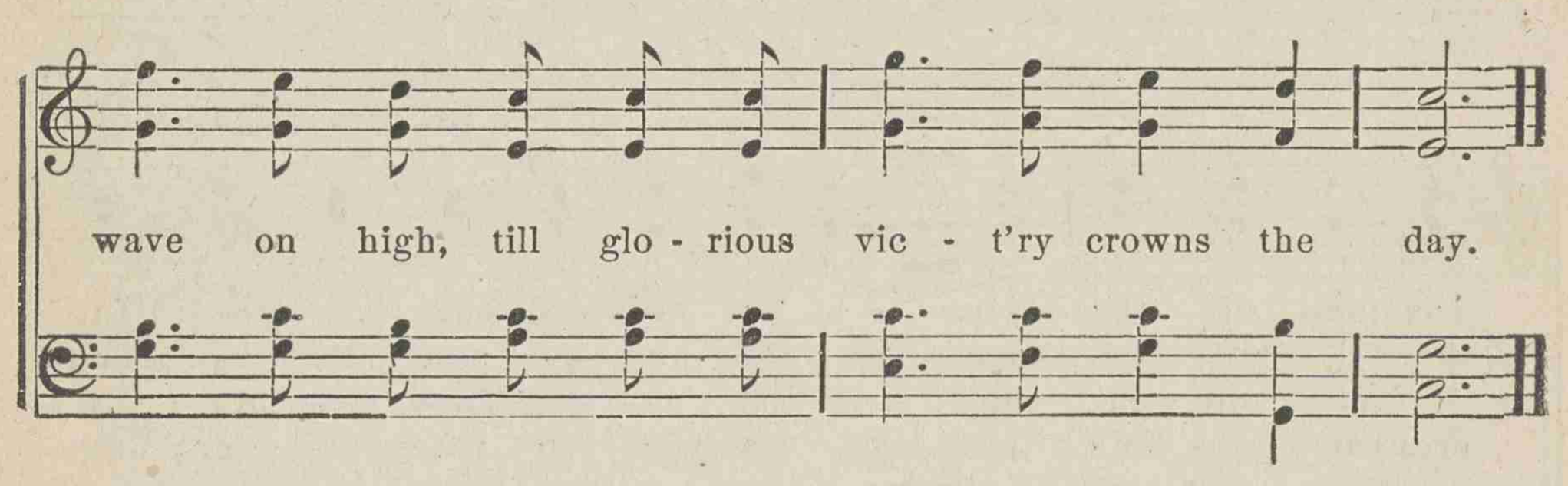
flame of fire will wreath our heads, as forth to bat - tle we shall
love of all that's dear to us, our youth, our kin-dred, homes and
shall not we, who name the name of Him who died to save the
rise, a - rise, ye val - iant men, and bold, to do the will of

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go; For we will wage a "peace - ful war," un - til the
friends, U - nite to say, "Be val - iant now, the price - less
lost, U - nite with those who brave - ly fight a - gainst the
God; A - rise to bat - tle for the right, and break the
con-quest of the foe, For we will wage a "peace - ful
her - i - tage de - fend," U - nite to say, "Be val - iant
traf - fic's cru - el host? U - nite with those who brave - ly
dread op - press - or's rod, A - rise to bat - tle for the
war," un - til the con - quest of the foe.
now, the price - less her - i - tage de - fend."
fight a - gainst the traf - fic's cru - el host?
right, and break the dread op - press - or's rod.
Chorus.
A - rise, ye val - iant men, A - rise, a - rise, And

Temperance Battle Hymn. Concluded.





The March of Reforms.

Tune—CORONATION.

1 For God, and home and every land,
We wage a peaceful war,
The cross, the banner of reforms,
Forever at the fore.

2 With Christ invincible we march,
Man's direst foes to slay;
His word the sword of victory,
Our allies, all who pray.

3 To save the holy land of home
We press our high crusade;
Our leader, Judah's Lion-heart,
On whom our trust is stayed:

4 In step with Him we conquer lust
And appetite and fraud;
Defeat, retreat bring no despair,
Our courage is in God,

5 We thank Him for the victories won,
And hail the triumph sure;
At peace amid the battle's brunt,
The happy that endure.

REV. WILBUR F. CRAFTS.

Hymn for Help.

JULIA ANNA WOLCOTT. LULU E. TYLER.

1. O God, in Thy strength, on our weak - ness look down! Each
2. Give pow'r to the arm that would shel - ter the weak, And
3. Of each pure as - pi - ra - tion, each loft - y de - sire, Oh,

ho - ly en - deav - or with vic - t'ry crown! Each
lan - guage to lips that fain com - fort would speak! Oh,
grant Thou ful - fill - ment, and draw us up higher! Our

strug - gle for free - dom from doubt and from sin, From the
strength - en the hand that would raise the op - pressed, And give
ef - forts un - aid - ed can noth - ing a - vail; Then

foes that are lurk - ing with - out and with - in!
speed to the feet that would do Thy be - hest!
give us Thy help, or we faint and we fail.

There's a Better Time a-Coming.

Words and Music by
J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Arr. by J. W. BISCHOFF

1–5. There's a bet - ter time a - com·ing, By and by, by and by;
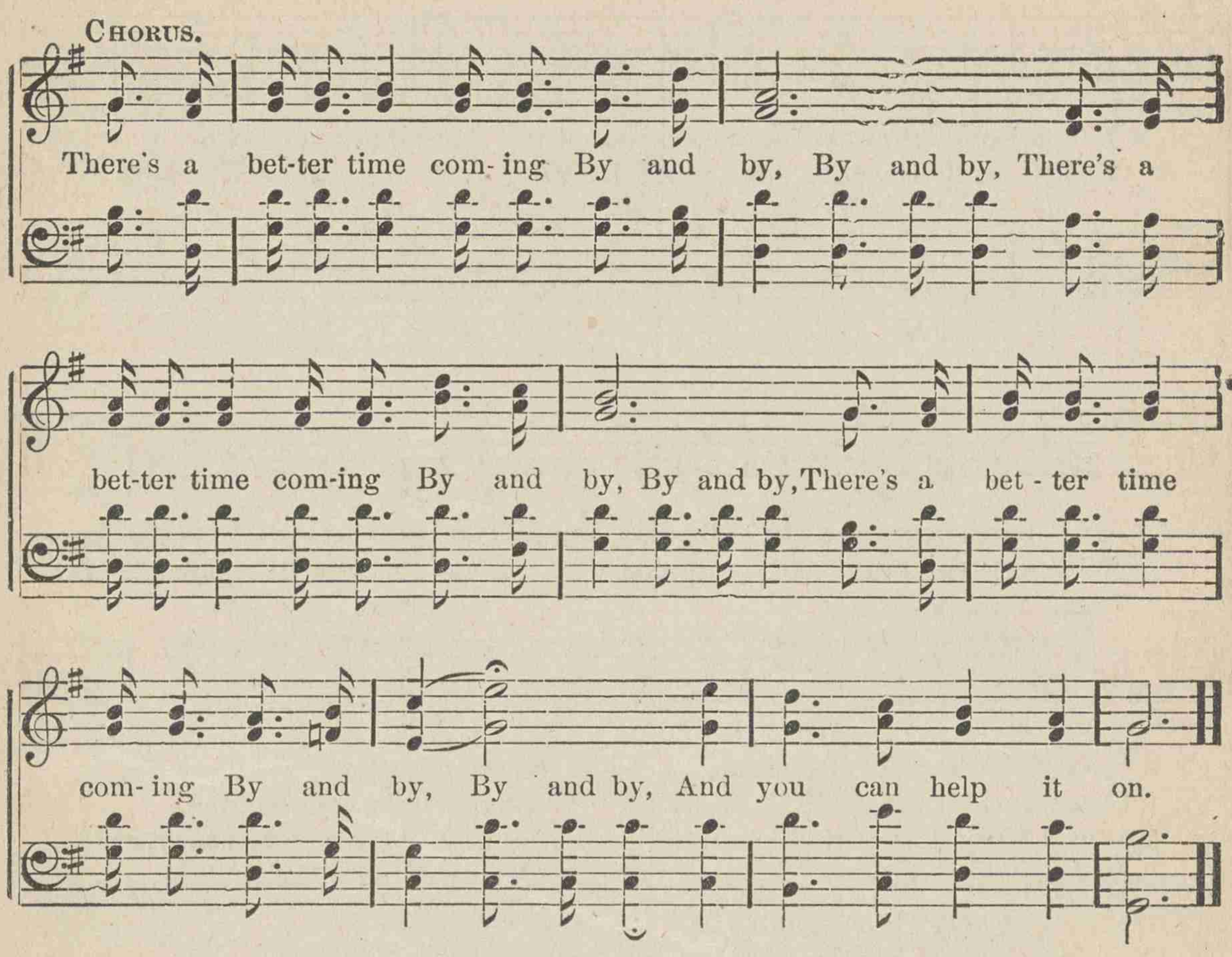
You can catch the glo - ry break - ing In the sky, in the sky.

Kind the words which shall be spok-en; Lov - ing hearts no more be brok-en;
Men no more will tempt each oth - er; Sin - ful pas - sions, they will smother;
All men's wrongs, then, love shall right them, All men's bat - tles, love shall fight them;
We'll be true! we here de clare it! We'll be loy - al! now we swear it!
With the Lord to go be - fore us, With his ban - ner float - ing o'er us,

And the Cross shall be the to - ken, Of the bet - ter time a - com ing.
Broth - er, then, be true to broth-er, In the bet - ter time a - com-ing.
All men's foes, we'll win de- spite them, In the bet - ter time a - com-ing.
What is need - ful, do or dare it, For the bet - ter time a - com-ing.
Loud we shout, we shout the cho - rus, Of the bet - ter time a - com-ing.

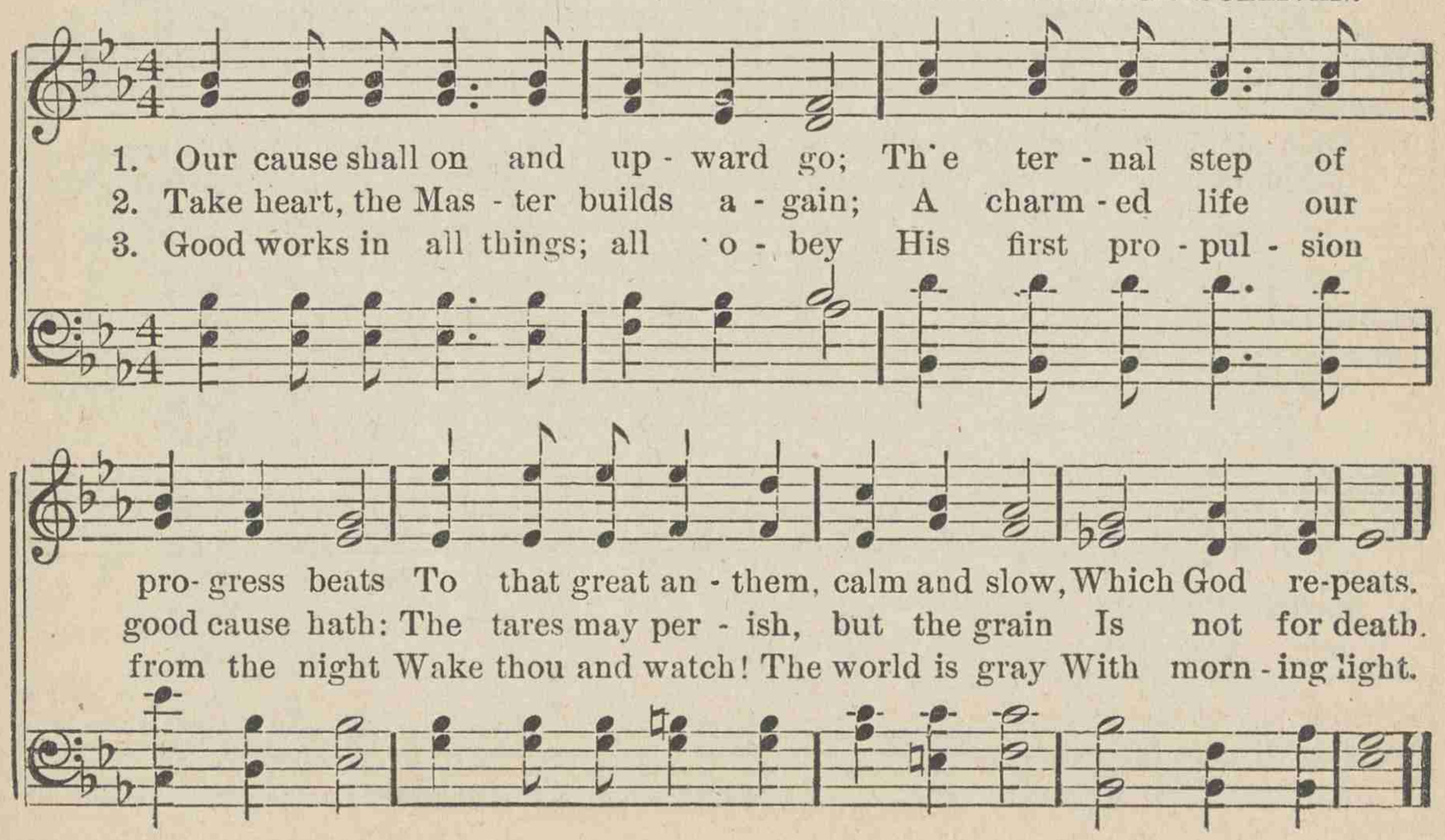
Used by permission J. E. Rankin, D. D.

There's a Better Time a-Coming, Concluded.

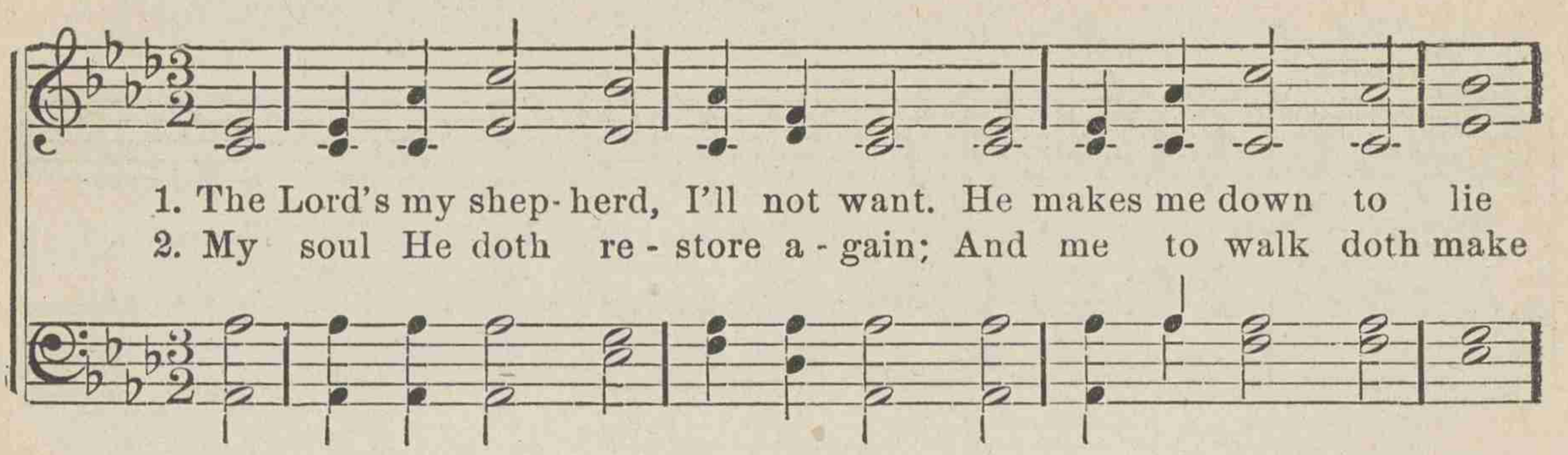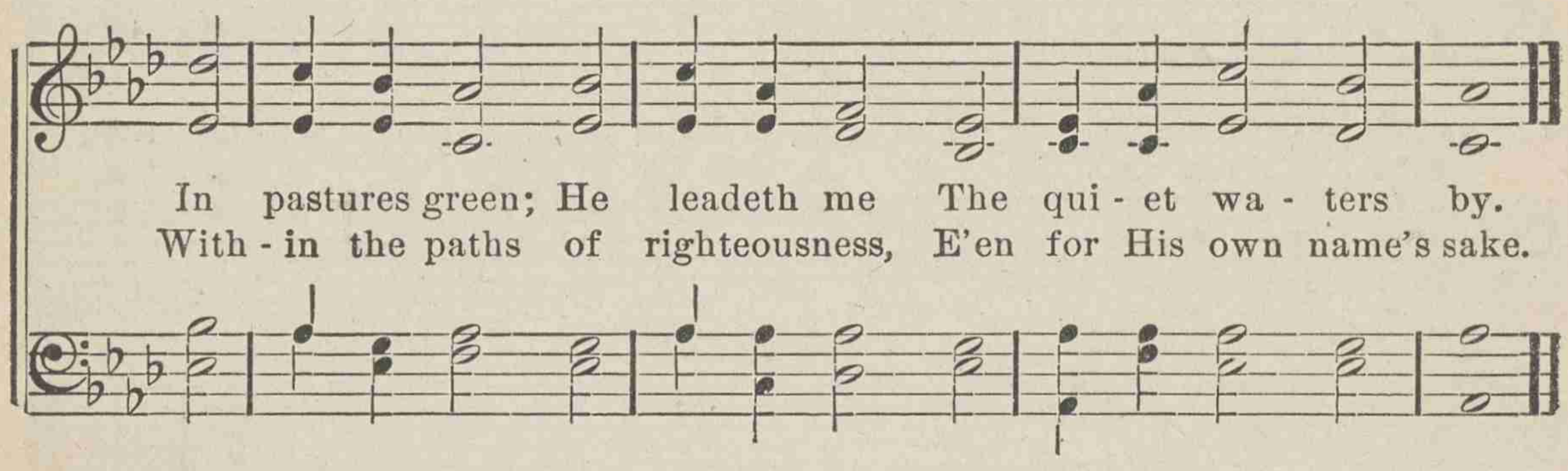


Nauford. 8, 8, 8, 4.

Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.



Psalm XXIII.
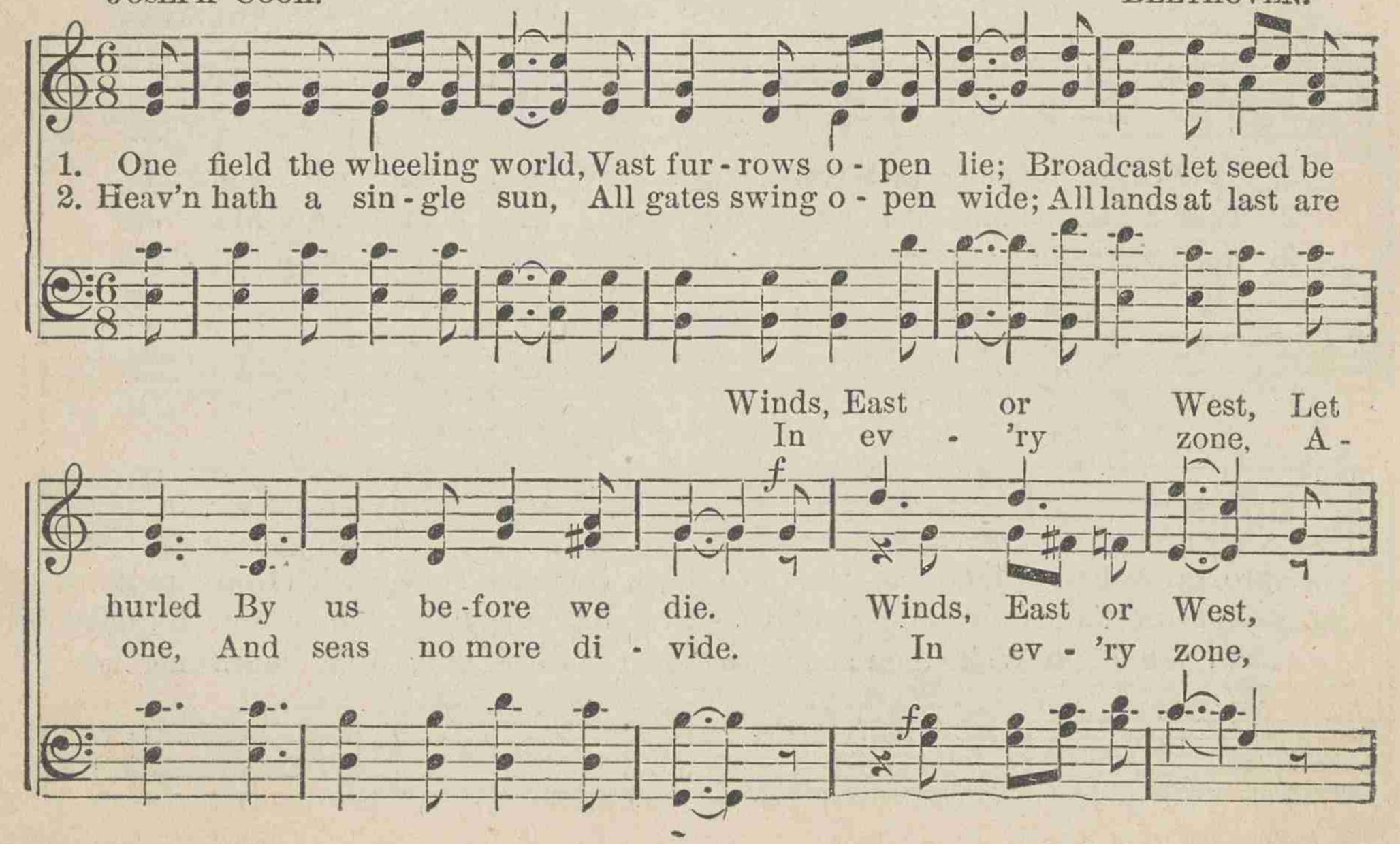




3 A table Thou hast furnished me,
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

4 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely comfort me;
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.
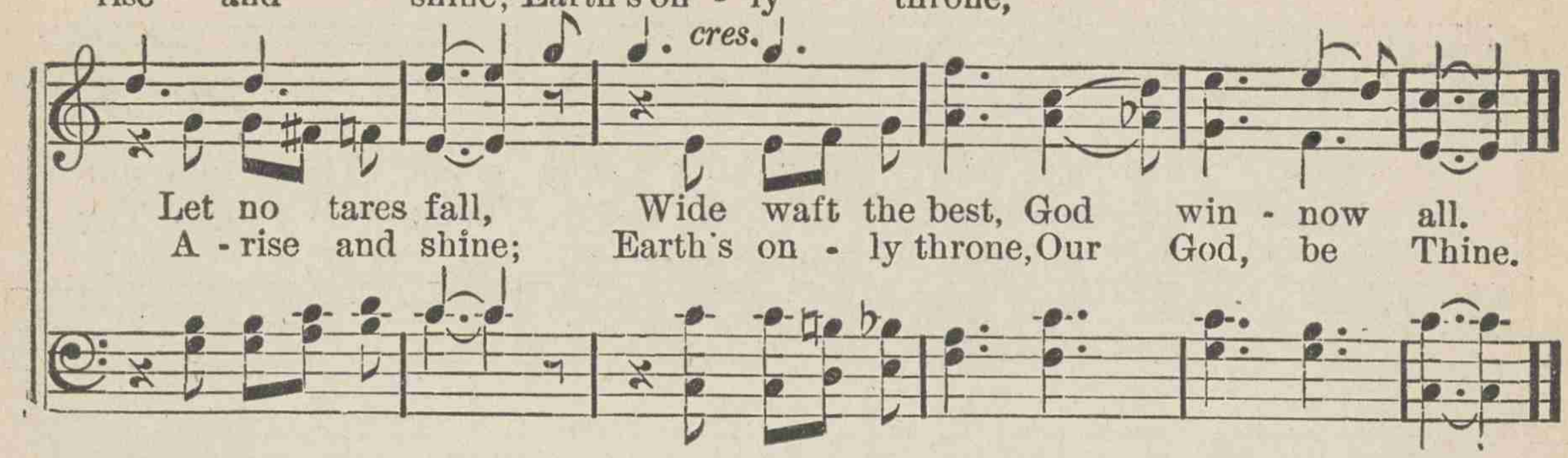
Open Furrows.

JOSEPH COOK. BEETHOVEN.



Open Furrows. Concluded.

no tares fall, Wide waft the best,
rise and shine; Earth's on - ly throne,

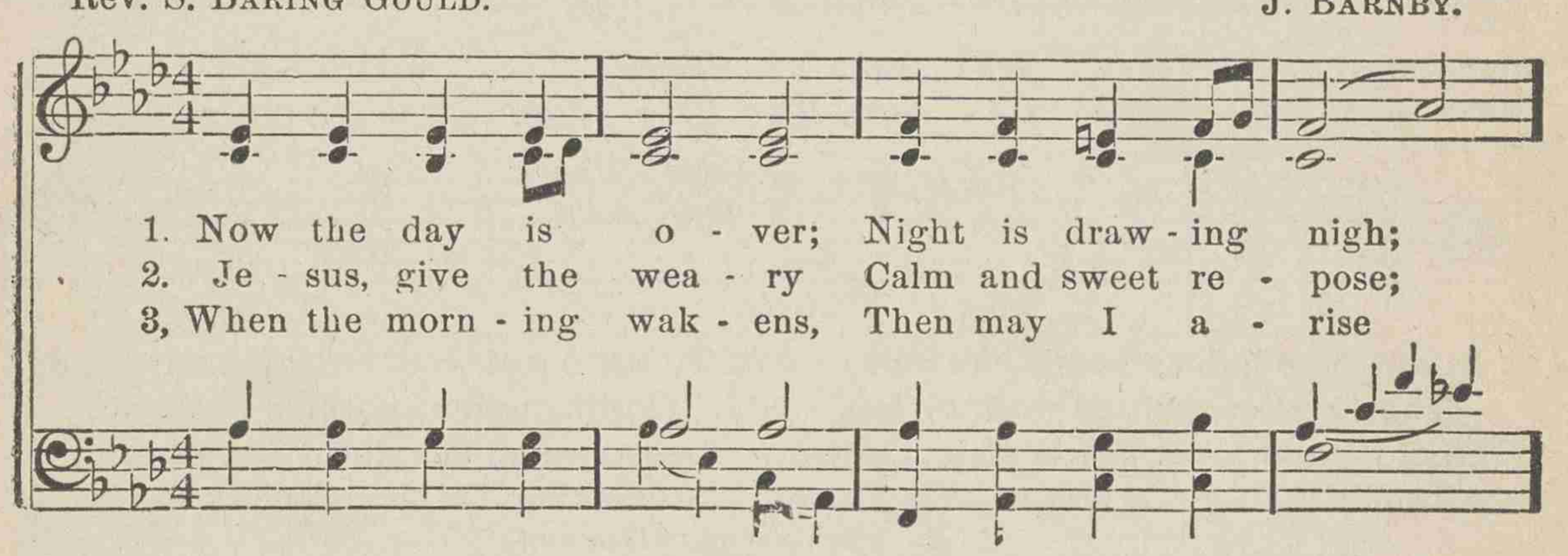


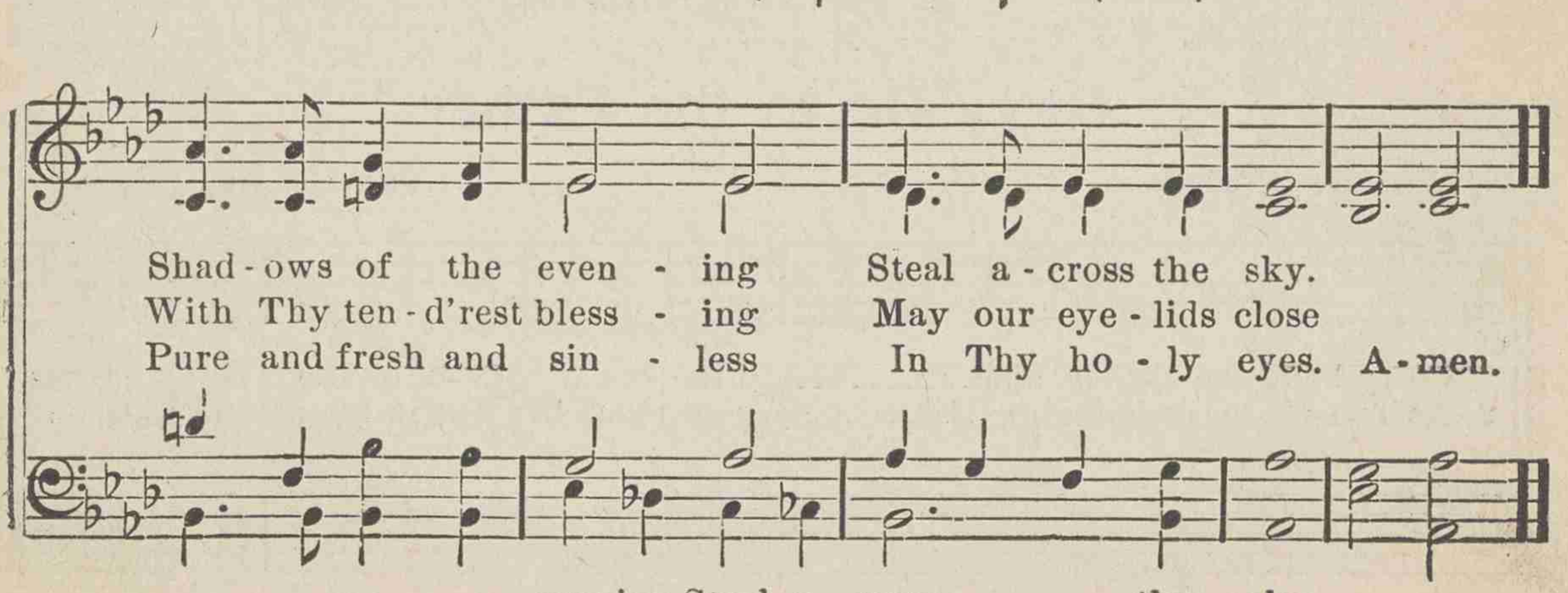
3 Let types ideal grow,
Shine Thou through all the race;
All features beauty show
If God flames through the face.
Let all aspire;
Our sins consume;
Send tongues of fire,
And all illume.

4 In loyal bliss let earth
In God's face find its Sun;
Sole sovereignty in worth,
Delight in duty done;
God's pulses beat
Vast, loud, and long,
Constrain our feet,
As marching song.

Now the Day Is Over.

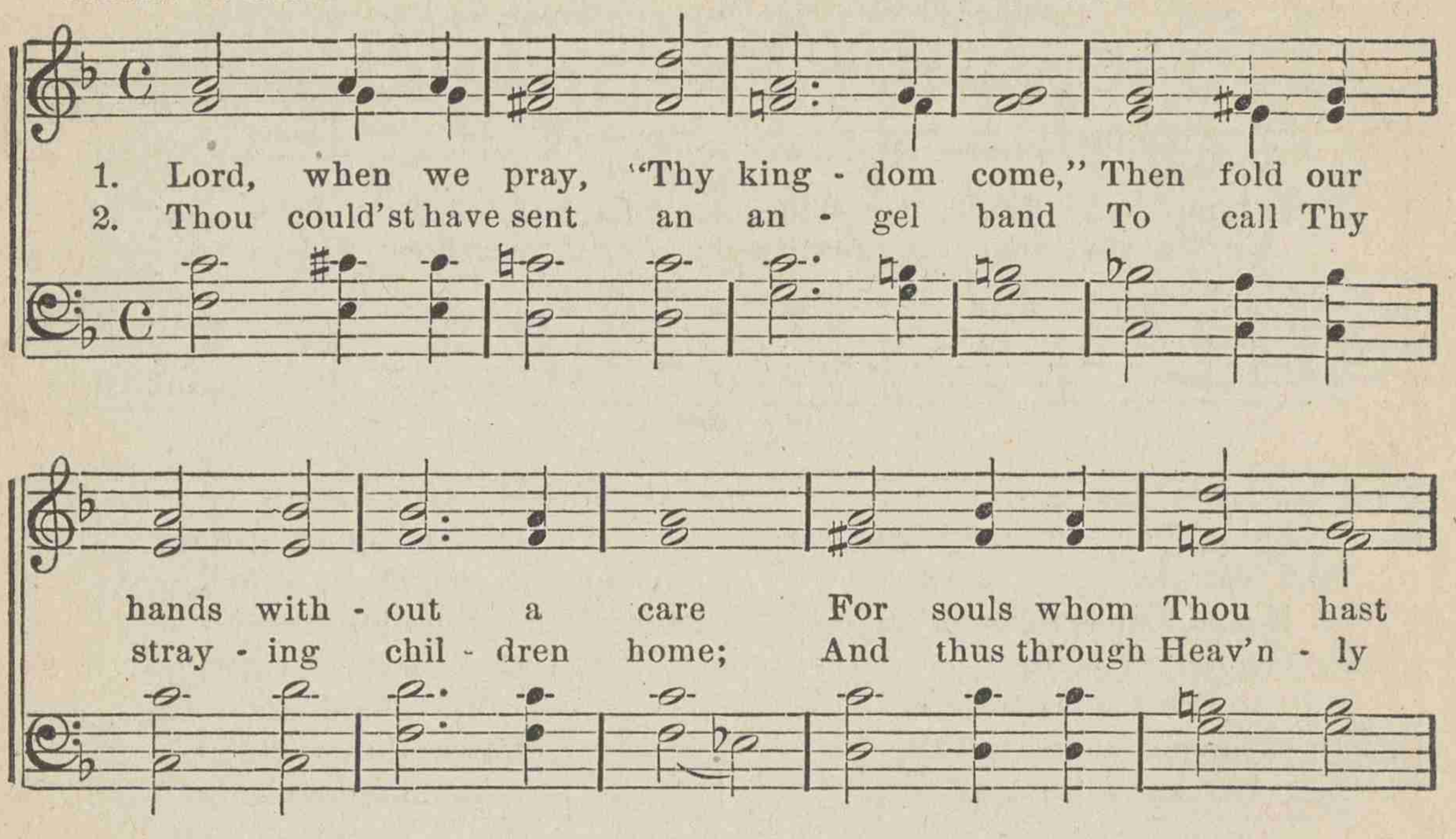
Rev. S. Baring Gould. J. Barnby.





Thy Kingdom Come.*

HELEN G. RICE. GEO. NOYES ROCKWELL.



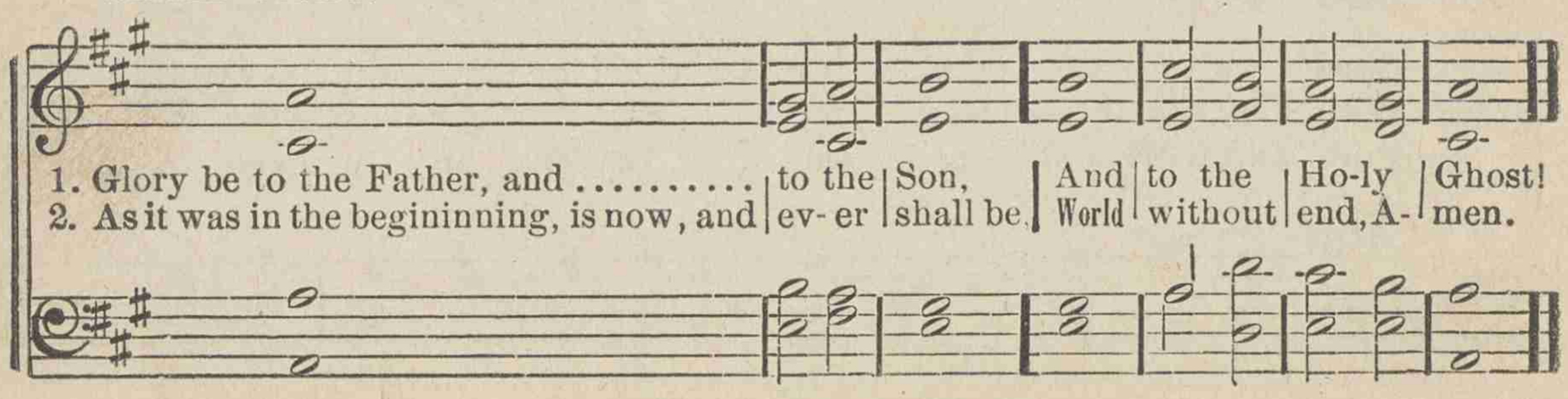
3 But since to human hands like ours,
Thou hast committed work divine,
Shall not our eager hearts make haste
To join their feeble powers with Thine?

4 To word and work shall not our hands
Obedient move, nor lips be dumb,
Lest through our sinful love of ease,
Thy kingdom should delay to come?

*L. M. May be sung to Hebron.

Glory Be to the Father.

SINGLE CHANT. THE GLORIA PATRI.



Lead, Kindly Light.

NEWMAN. J. B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on

The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on.
I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now, Lead Thou me on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone,

cres.

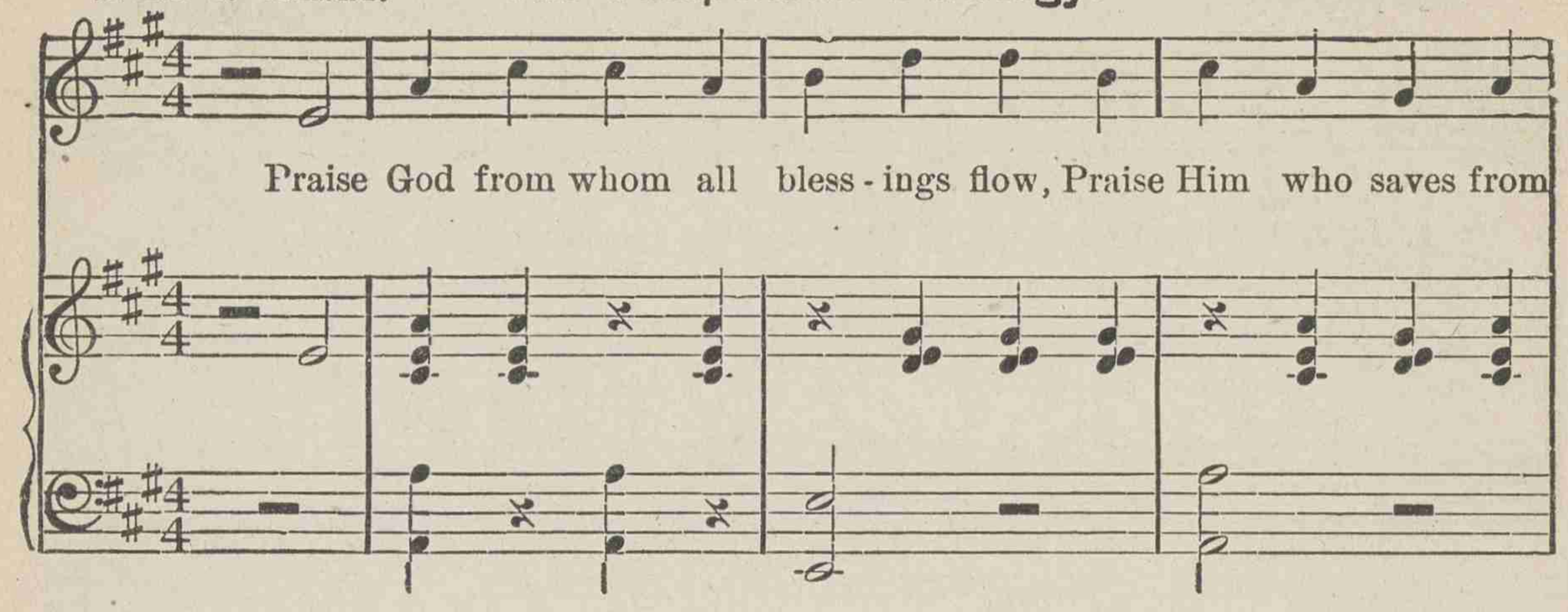
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see.....
I lov'd the gar - ish day; and, spite of fears,.....
And with the morn those an - gel fac - es smile.....
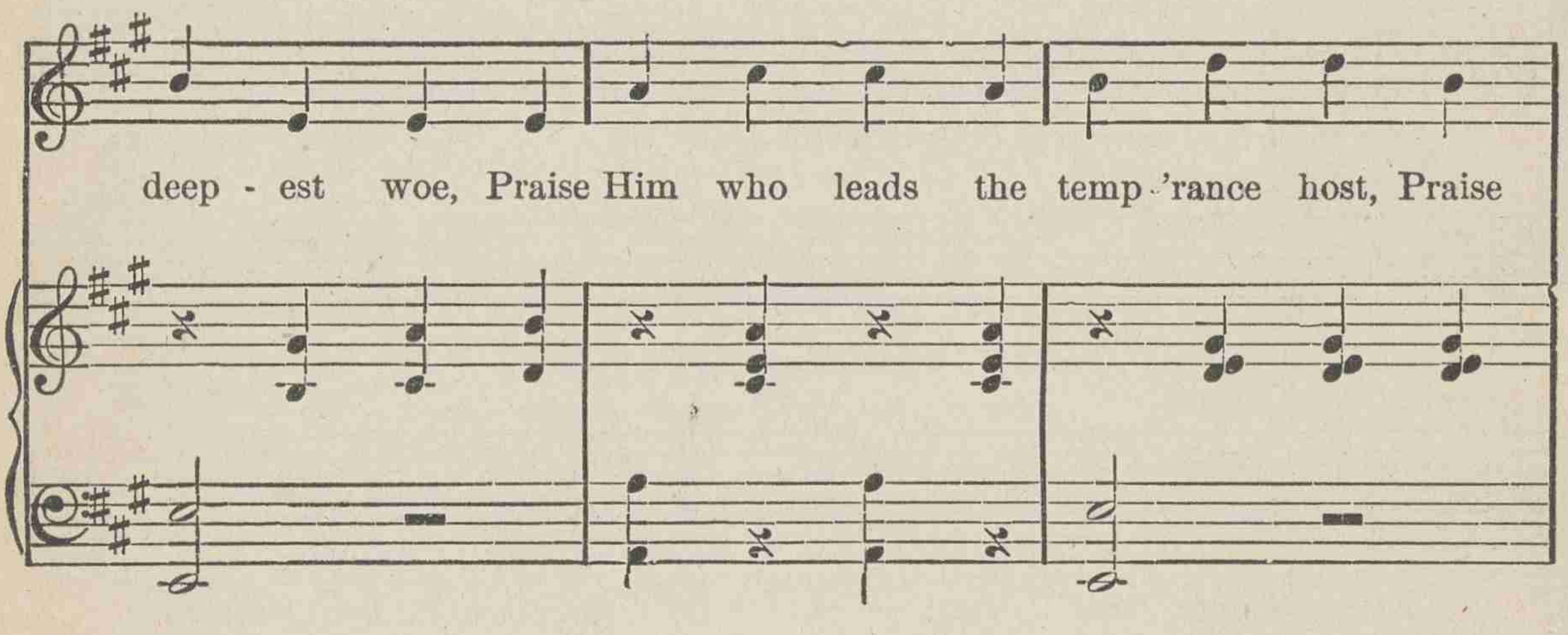
The dis - tant scene: one step e - nough for me.
Pride rul'd my will: re - mem - ber not past years.
Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while.
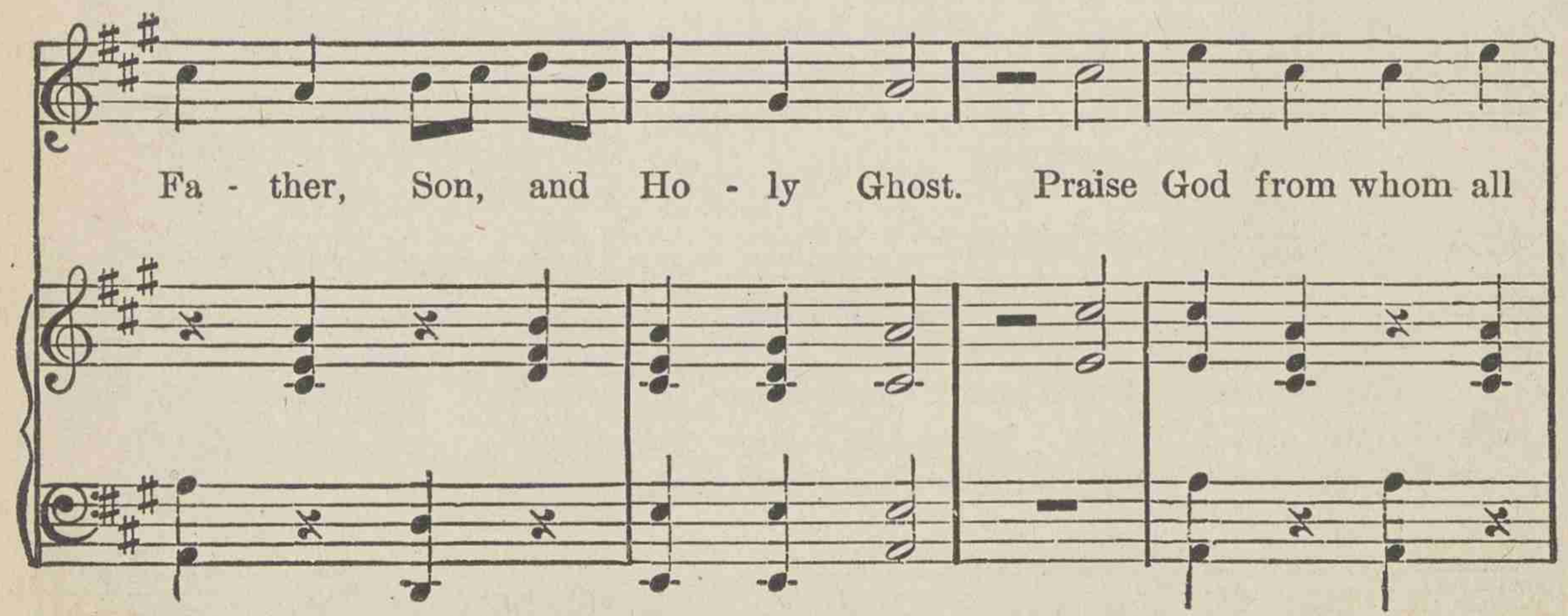
Praise God.

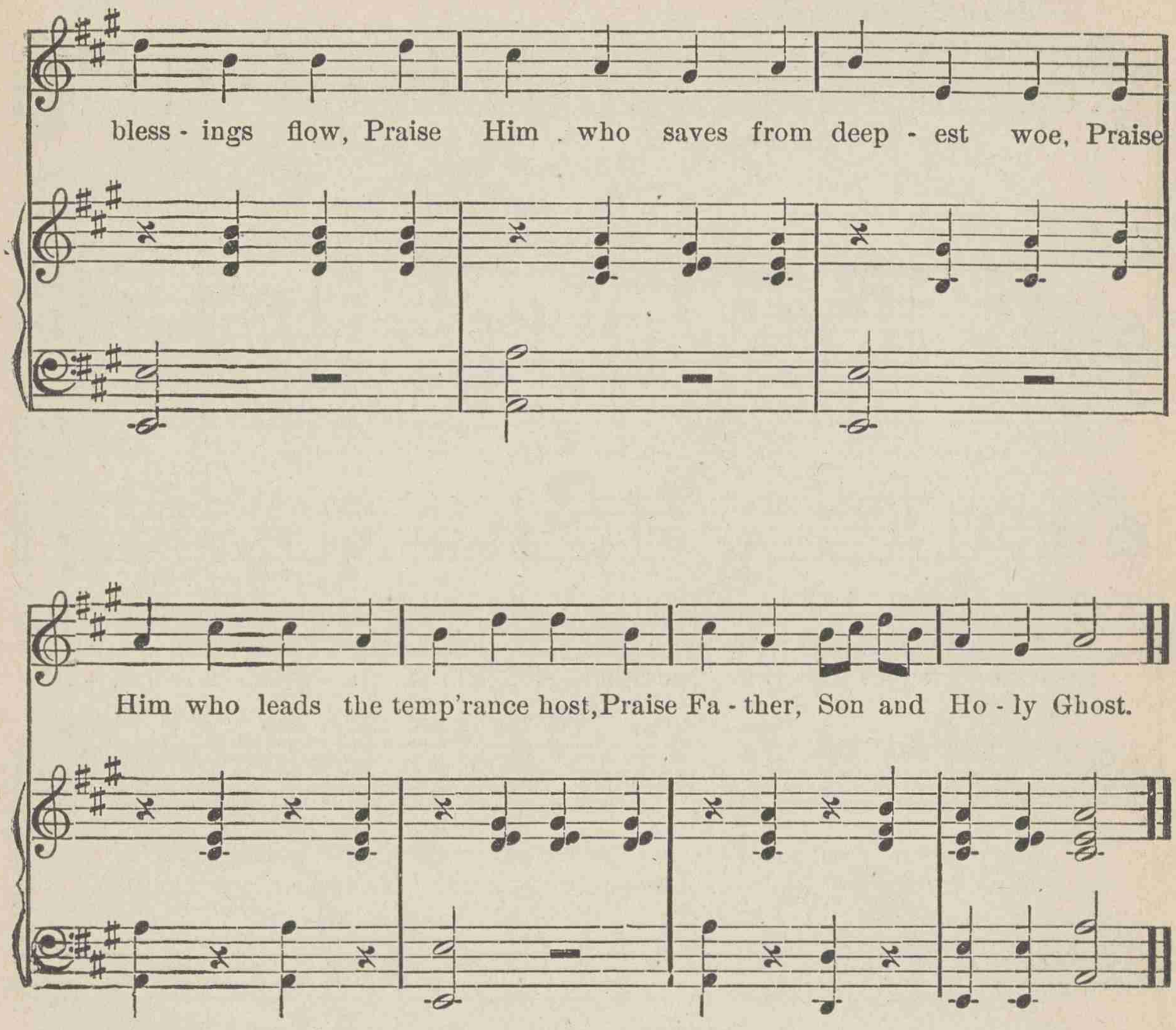
The Temperance Doxology.

S. M. I. HENRY.









Our Tower of Strength.

Tune:—Bethany.

1 Strength to the fainting ones,
Power to the weak;
What could we ask beside?
What promise seek?
Thus in our armor bright,
Soldiers who know not flight;
We walk by faith, not sight,
For "right is right?"

2 We would now cling to Thee,
Jesus our Lord;
For we are promised help,
In Thine own word.
Faith's cable from above,
Hope anchored in God's love;
Our doubts and fears remove
For "God is love!"

3 Then let us ever press,
With vigor on;
Ne'er let us say despair,
Till we have won.
This let our watchword be,
Thro' Him who strengtheneth me,
We will yet live to see
Our state set free.

Mrs. Rev. W. W. Brown.

Mary Stood the Cross Beside.

Moderato Con Expressione.

1. Jews were wrought to cru - el mad - ness,
2. Po - ets oft have sung her sto - ry,
3. And when un - der fierce op - pres - sion,

Christ - ians fled in fear and sad - ness: Ma - ry stood the cross be -
Paint - ers wreathed her brow with glo - ry, Priests her name have de - i -
Good - ness suf - fers like trans - gres - sion, Christ a - gain is cru - ci -

side. At its foot her foot she plant - ed, By the dread - ful scene un -
fied: But no wor - ship, song or glo - ry Touch-es like the sim - ple
fied. But if love be there, true - heart - ed, By no grief or ter - ror

rit.
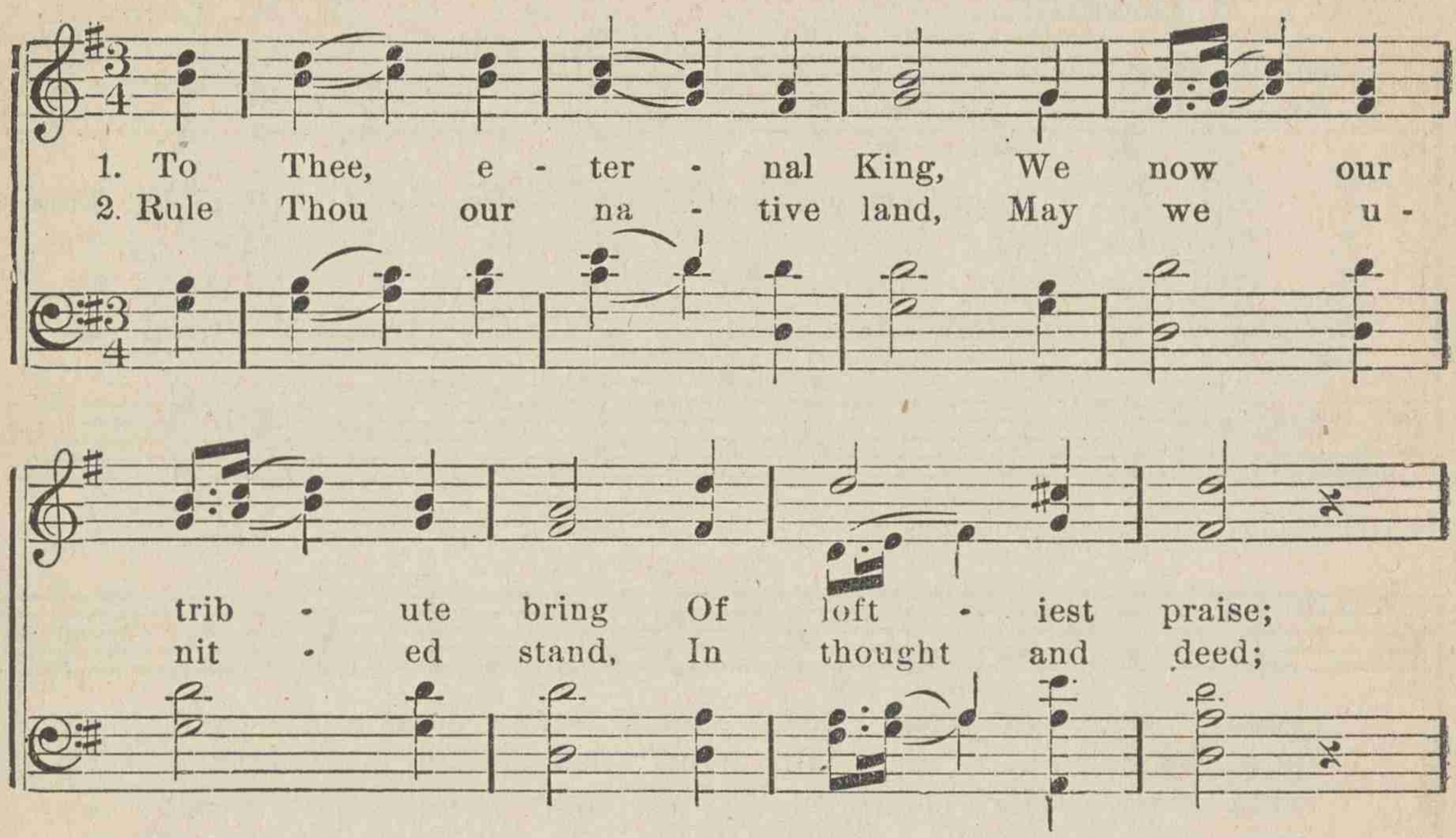
daunt - ed, Till the gen - tle suf - f'rer died, Till the gen - tle suf-f'rer died.
sto - ry, Ma - ry stood the cross be - side, Ma - ry stood the cross be - side.
part - ed, Ma - ry stands the cross be - side, Ma - ry stands the cross be - side.

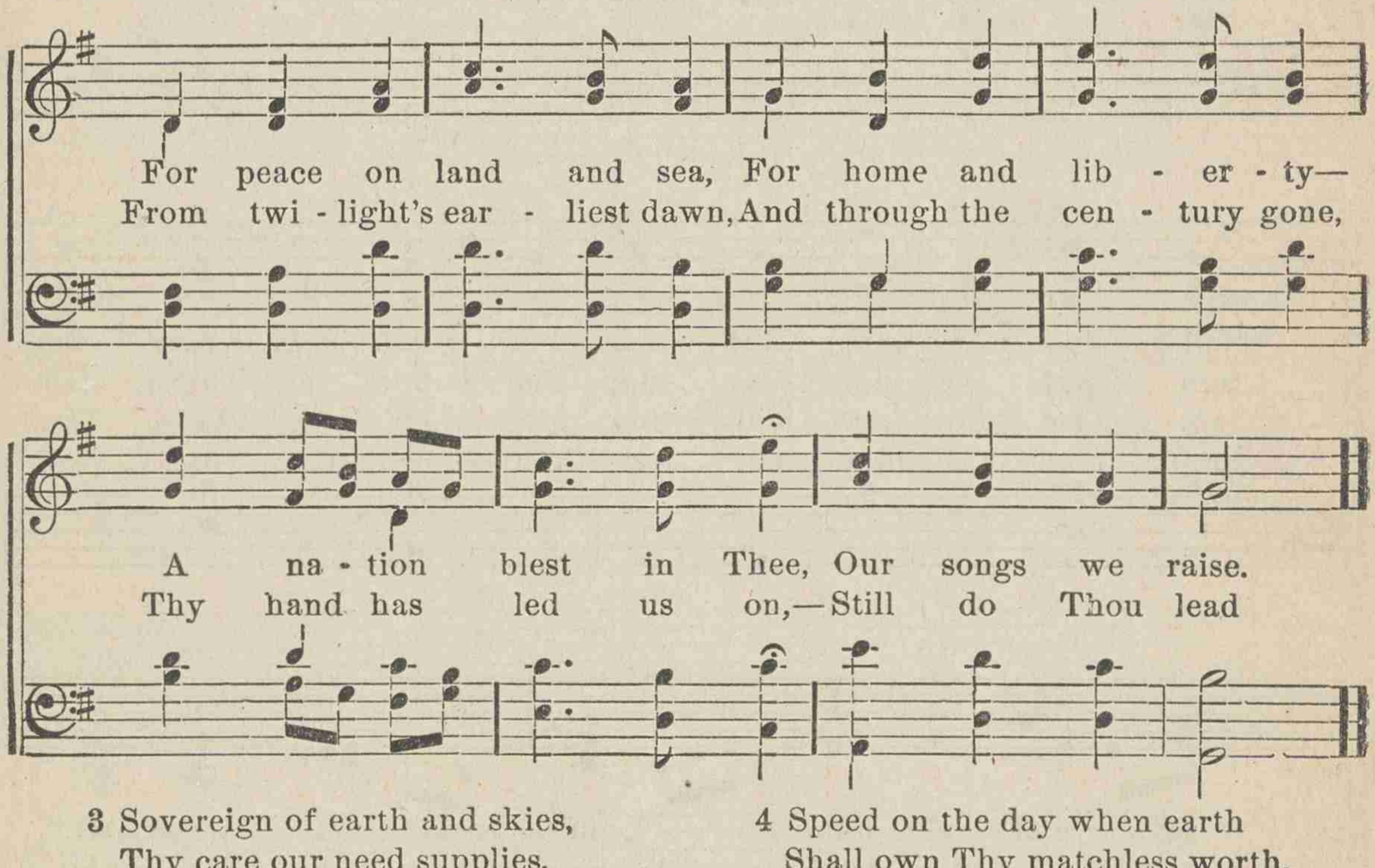
a tempo. *rit.*

National Evangelical Hymn.

R. L. F.

ROBERT L. FLETCHER.





3 Sovereign of earth and skies,
Thy care our need supplies,
In bounteous store;
Thy right in us maintain,
O'er all our country reign,
And save from error's chain,
Thee we implore,
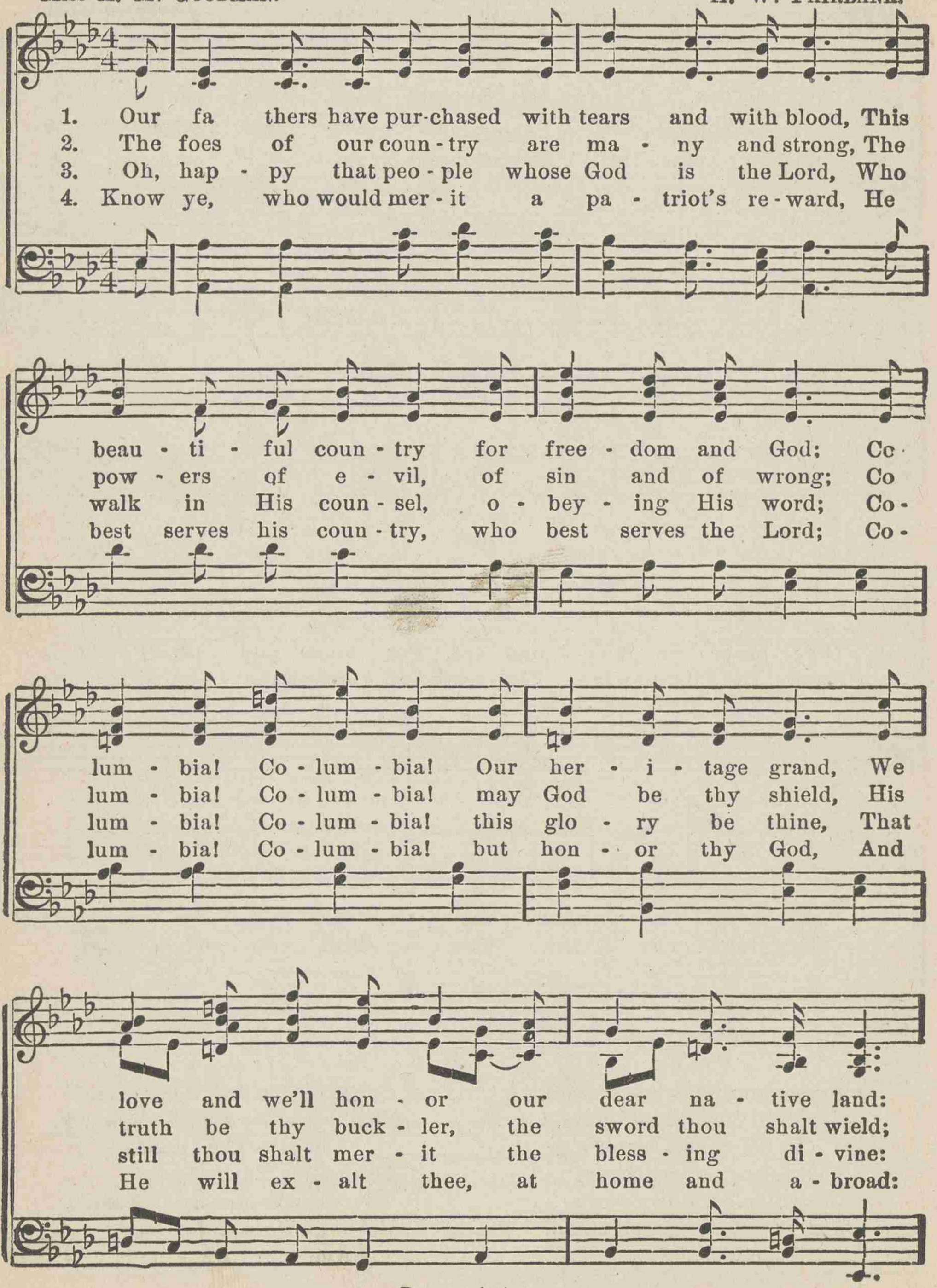
4 Speed on the day when earth
Shall own Thy matchless worth,
And give Thee praise;
Exalted be Thy throne,
Thy wise designs make known,
Reign in the world alone,
Ancient of Days.

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Loyal and True.
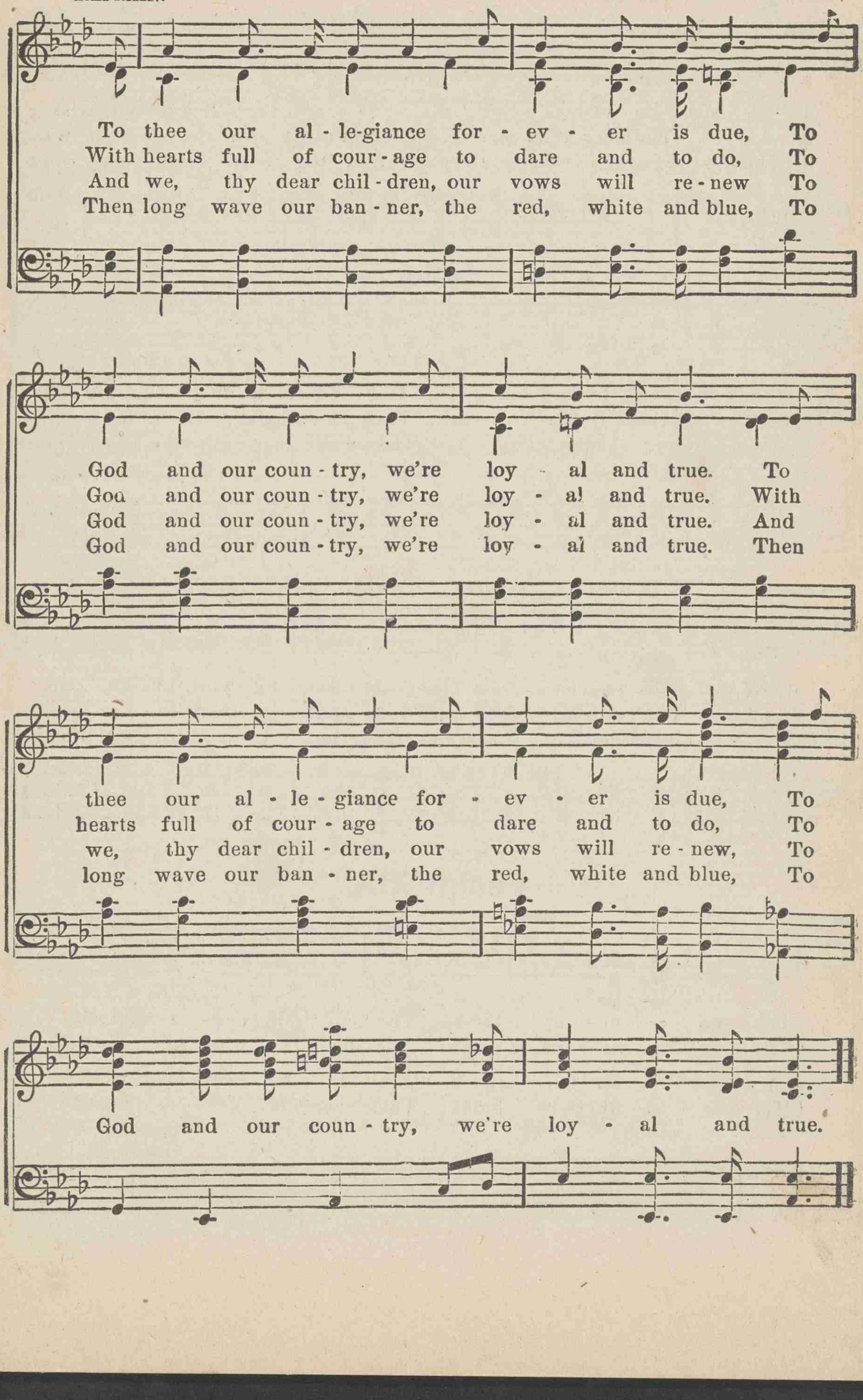
American Sunday-School Patriotic Hymn.

Miss A. M. Goodman. H. W. Fairbank.



By permission.

REFRAIN.


To thee our al - le-giance for - ev - er is due, To
With hearts full of cour - age to dare and to do, To
And we, thy dear chil - dren, our vows will re - new To
Then long wave our ban - ner, the red, white and blue, To
God and our coun - try, we're loy - al and true. To
God and our coun - try, we're loy - al and true. With
God and our coun - try, we're loy - al and true. And
God and our coun - try, we're loy - al and true. Then
thee our al - le - giance for - ev - er is due, To
hearts full of cour - age to dare and to do, To
we, thy dear chil - dren, our vows will re - new, To
long wave our ban - ner, the red, white and blue, To
God and our coun - try, we're loy - al and true.

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Rev. Edward Hopper. J. E. Gould.

1. Je - sus, Sa - vior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pestuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar

Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,
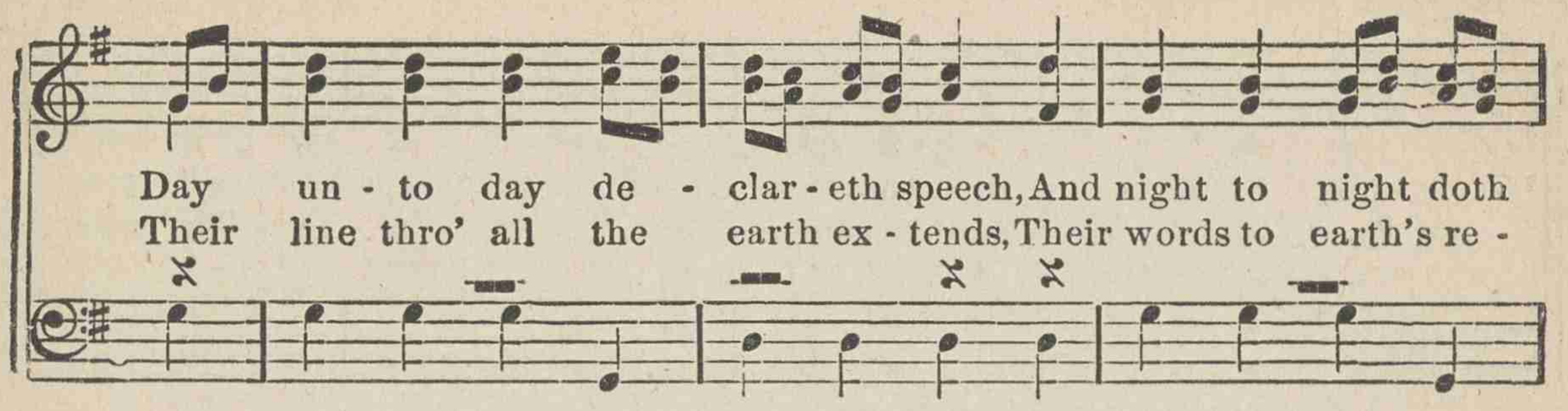
Chart and com - pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sa - vior, pi - lot me.
Wond'rous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sa - vior, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"
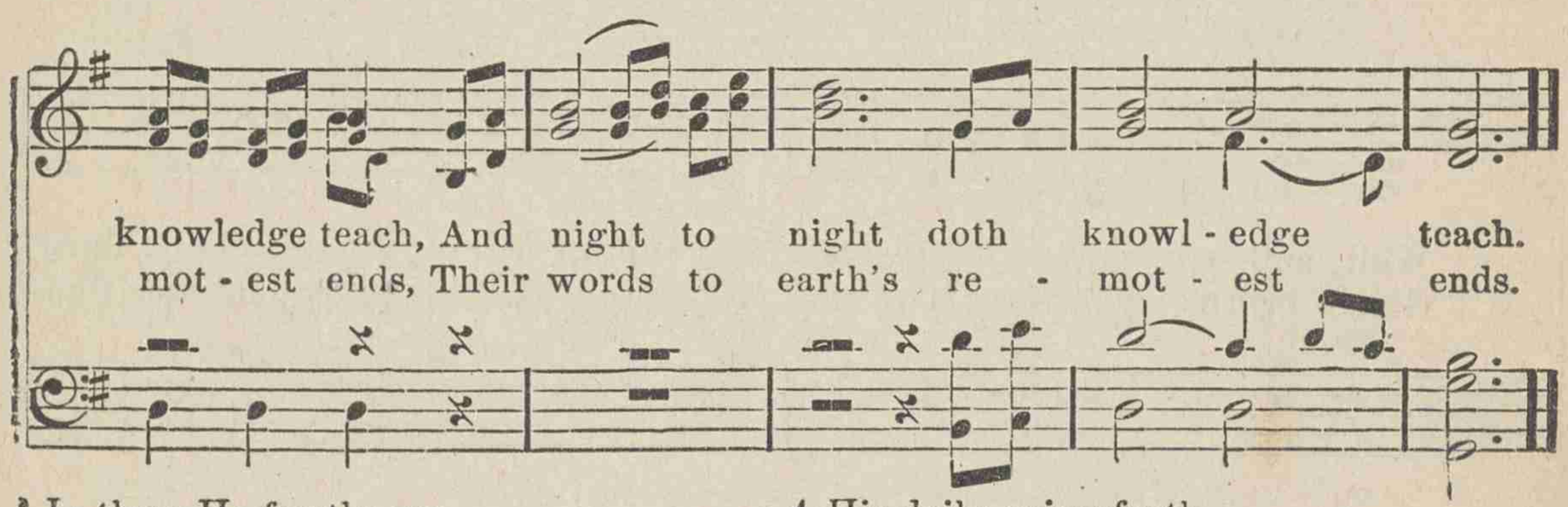
Psalm XIX.

1. { The glo - ry of the Lord The heav'ns de - clare a - broad;
   { The fir - ma - ment dis - plays The hand i - work of God;

2. { A - loud they do not speak, They ut - ter forth no word,
   { Nor in - to language break; Their voice is nev - er heard.

Psalm XIX. Concluded.





3 In them He for the sun
Hath set a dwelling-place;
Rejoicing as a man
Of strength, to run a race;
He, bridegroom-like in his array,
Comes from his chamber, bringing day.

4 His daily going forth
Is from the end of heaven;
The firmament to him
Is for his circuit given—
His circuit reaches to its ends,
And ever'where his heat extends.

The Lord's Prayer.

Tune —"Almost Persuaded."

1 Father in heaven, hear us to-day;
Hallowed Thy name be; hear us, we pray!
Oh, let Thy kingdom come!
Oh, let Thy will be done
By all below the sun
As in the skies.

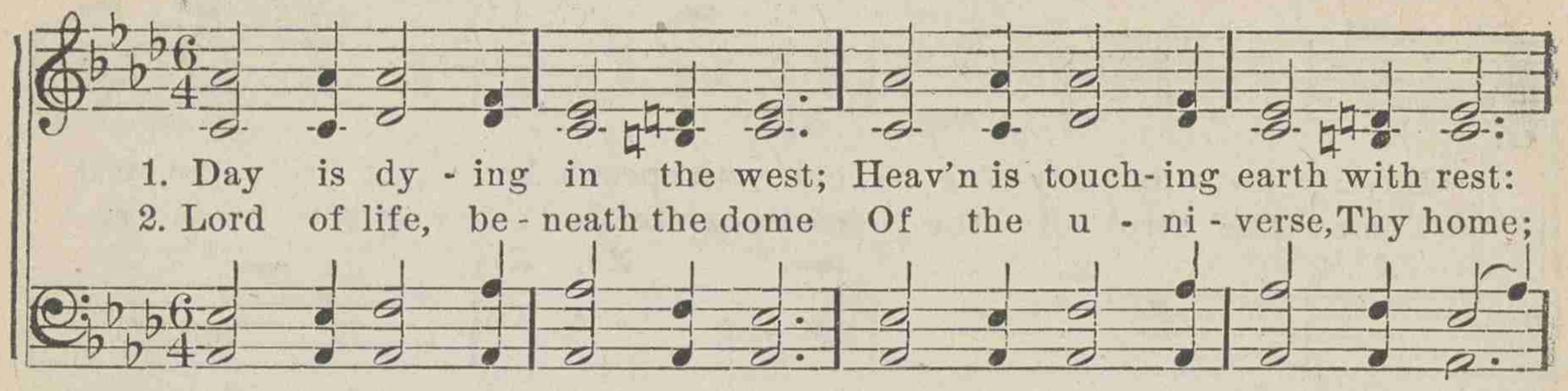
2 Father in heaven, hear us to-day;
Hallowed Thy name be; hear us, we pray!
Giver of daily food,
Fountain of truth and good,
Be all our hearts imbued
With love like Thine.

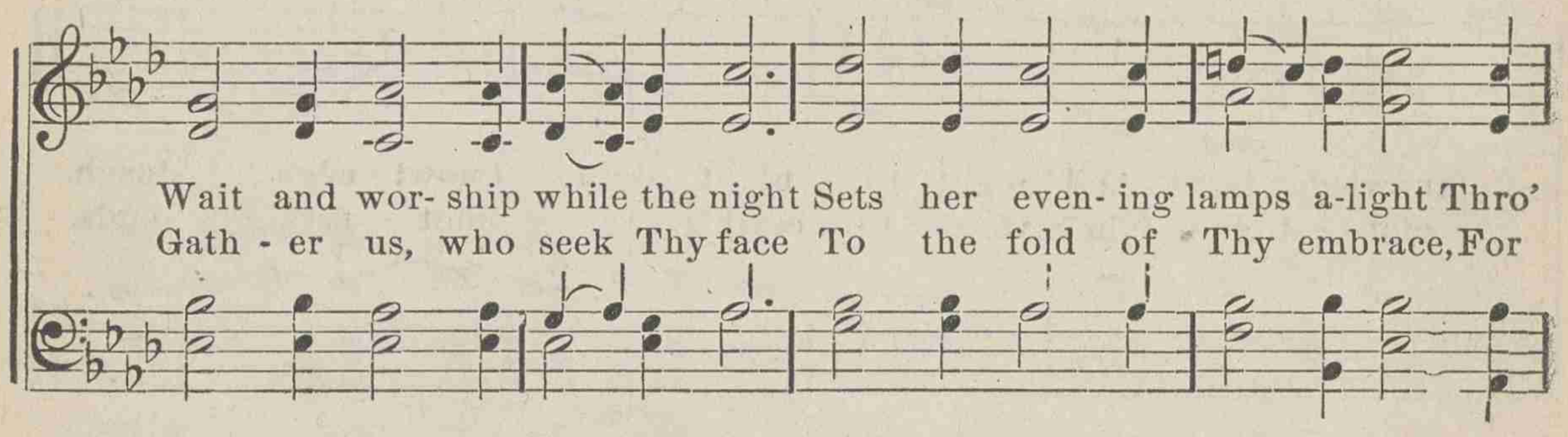
3 Father in heaven, hear us to day;
Hallowed Thy name be; hear us, we pray!
Lead us in paths of right,
Save us from sin and blight,
King of all love and might,
Glorious for aye.

CHAS. G. AMES.
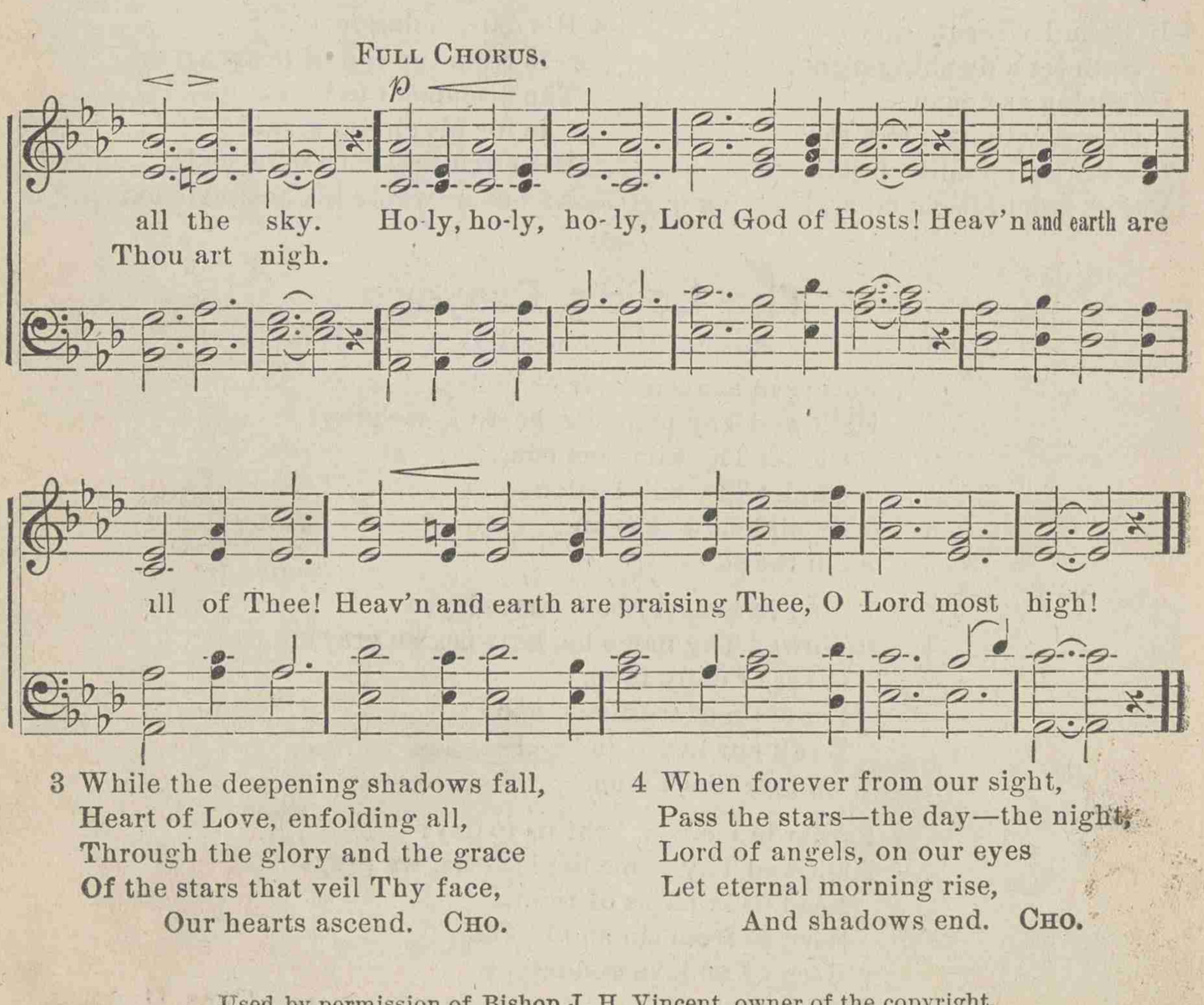
Twilight.

MARY A. LATHBURY. WM. F. SHERWIN.





FULL CHORUS.



3 While the deepening shadows fall,
Heart of Love, enfolding all,
Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil Thy face,
Our hearts ascend. CHO.

4 When forever from our sight,
Pass the stars—the day—the night,
Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise,
And shadows end. CHO.

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Oft in the Stilly Night.

K. L. STEVENSON, SCOTCH,

1. Oft in the still - y night Ere slum - ber's chain has bound me,
2. When, in my dreams I see The years of God's great mor - row,
3. Swift - ly it dawns a - pace; O rise and haste its shin - ing,

D. C. *Thus in the still - y night Ere slum - ber's chain has bound me,*

FINE.

Fond fan - cy brings the light Of com - ing days a - round me:—
All doubts and fears must flee, All thoughts of self - ish sor - row.
Heav'n's light is on earth's face, God's love and pow'r com - bin - ing.

Fond fan - cy brings the light Of com - ing days a - round me.

The morn's bright beam, The gladsome gleam, The glorious, per - fect dawning,
Each lov - ing all, or great or small, Each toil - ing for the oth - er,
No toil is lost, what-e'er the cost, We sow for sur - est gleaning,
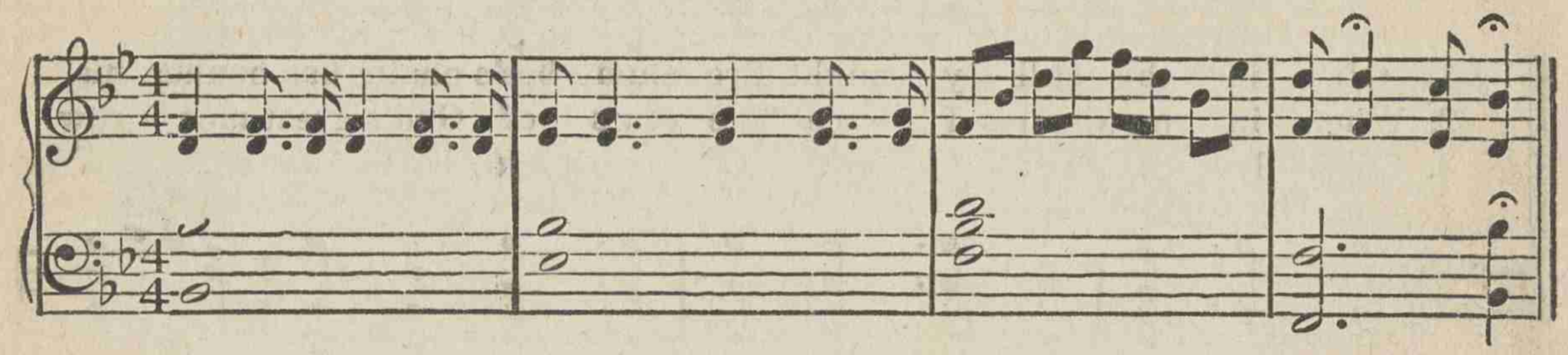
The light di - vine, the ra - diant shine Of swift - ly com - ing morn - ing.
No sin nor strife in all earth's life, Each man to all a broth - er.
"Thy King - dom come, Thy will be done" Shall find its full - est mean - ing.

D.C.

If I Were a Voice.

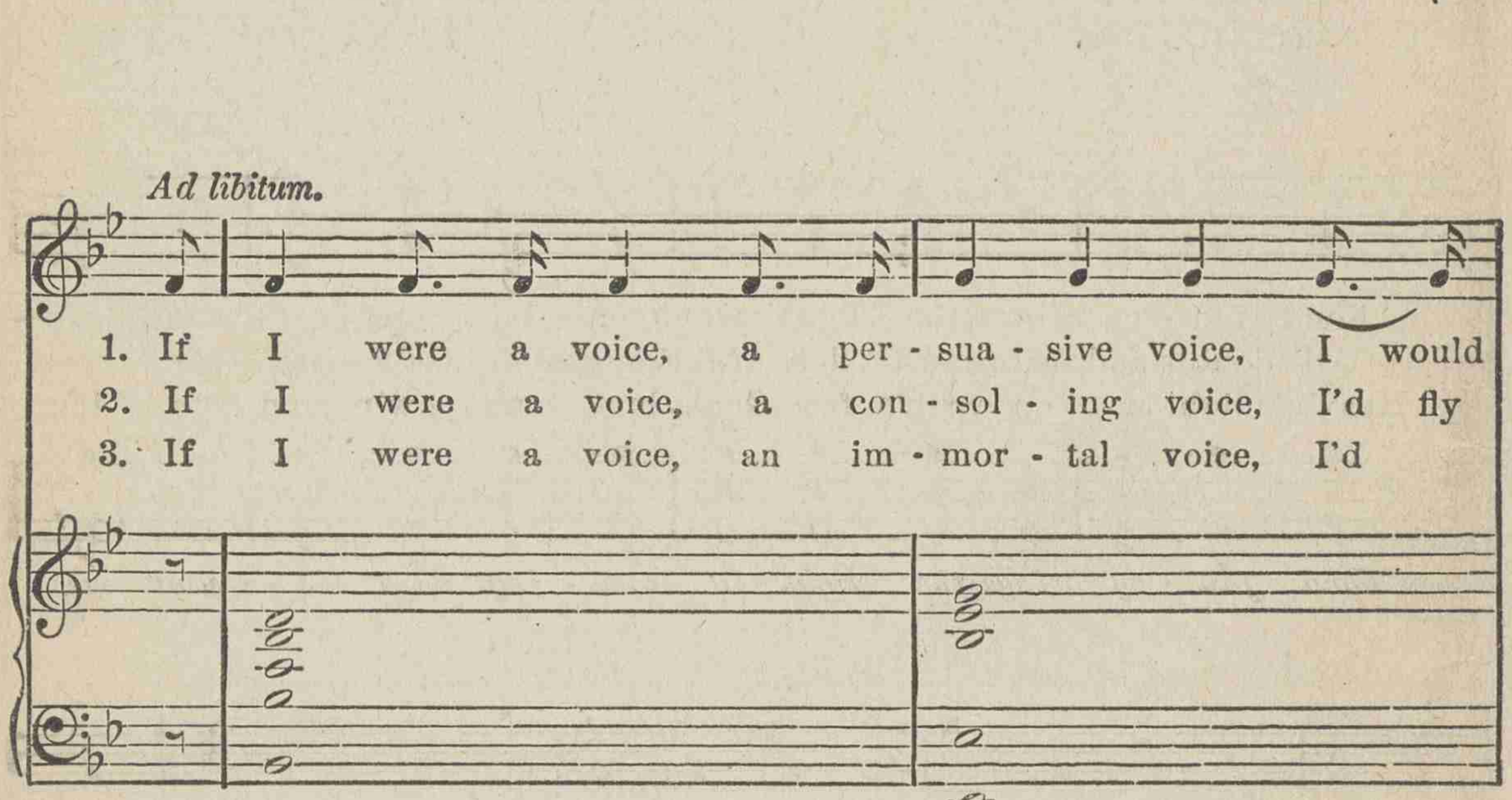
As arranged and sung by Mrs Alice J. Harris.

I. B. WOODBURY.

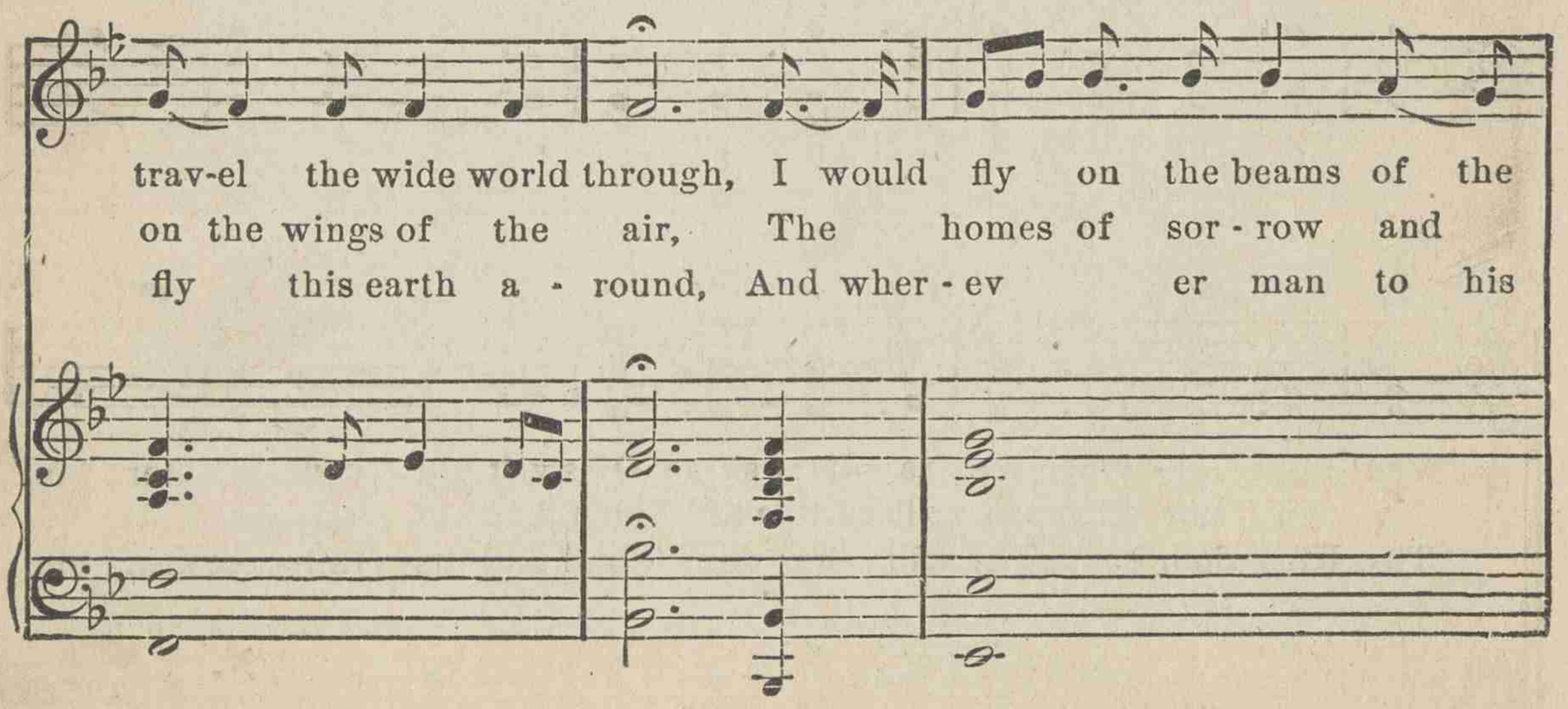


Ad libitum.
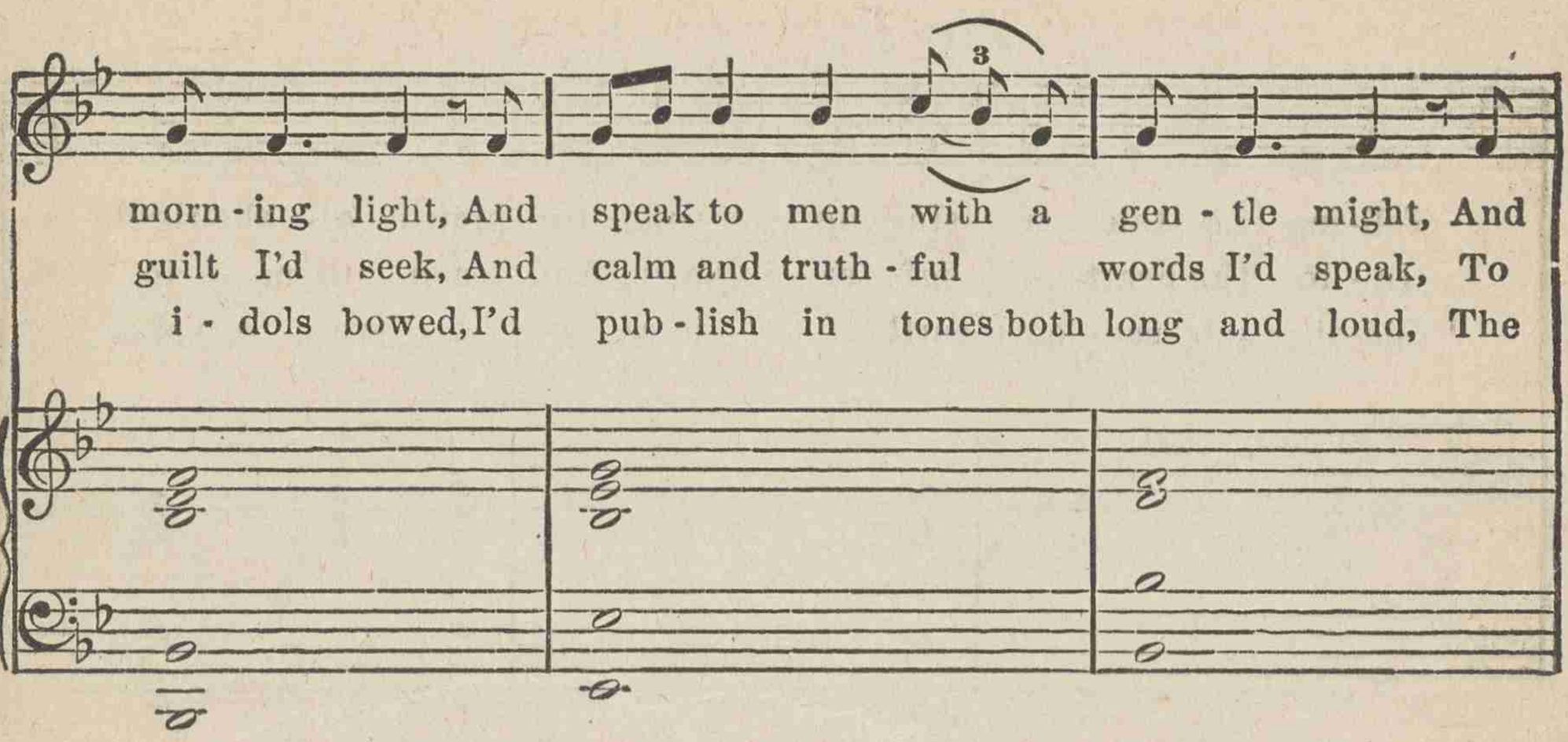
1. If I were a voice, a per - sua - sive voice, I would
2. If I were a voice, a con - sol - ing voice, I'd fly
3. If I were a voice, an im - mor - tal voice, I'd
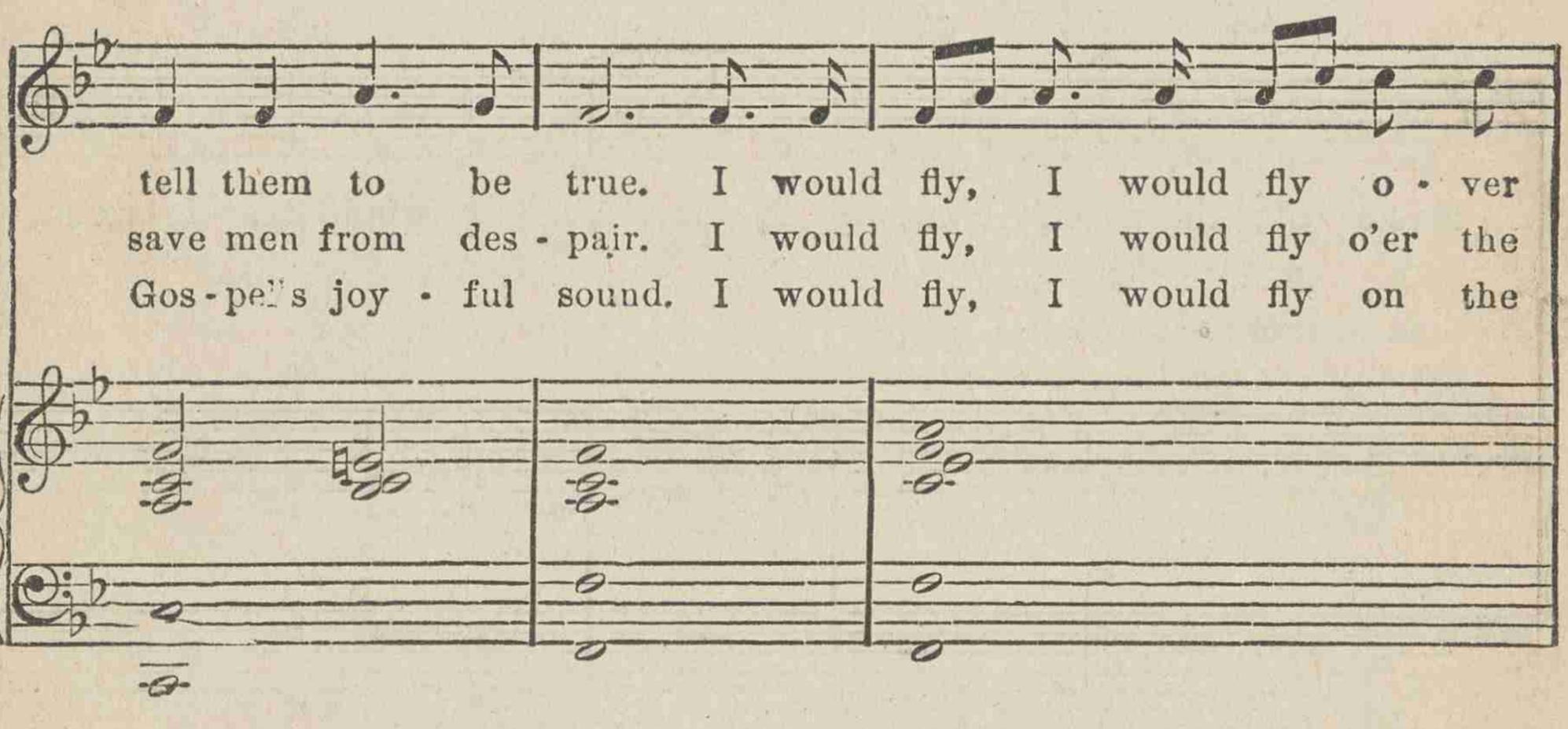


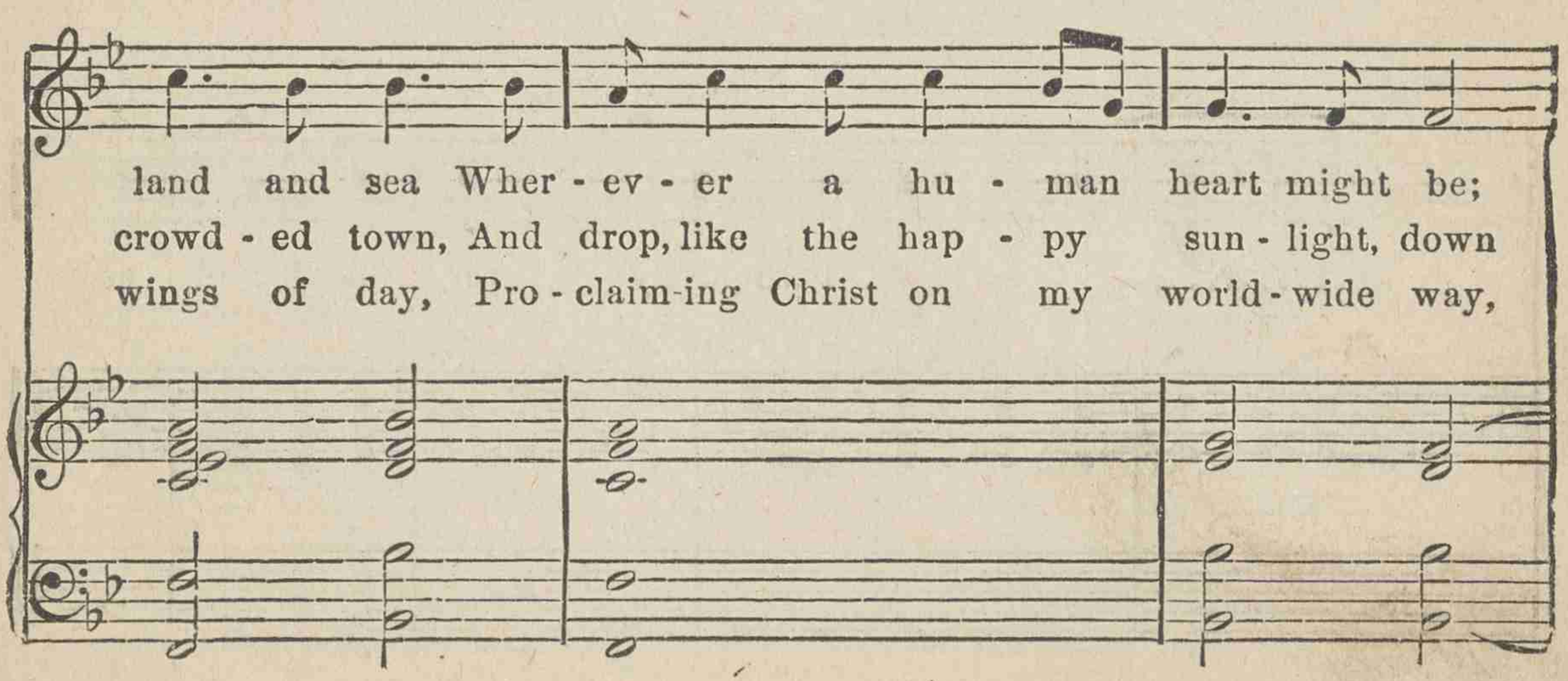
trav-el the wide world through, I would fly on the beams of the
on the wings of the air, The homes of sor - row and
fly this earth a - round, And wher - ev er man to his



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morn - ing light, And speak to men with a gen - tle might, And
guilt I'd seek, And calm and truth - ful words I'd speak, To
i - dols bowed, I'd pub - lish in tones both long and loud, The


tell them to be true. I would fly, I would fly o - ver
save men from des - pair. I would fly, I would fly o'er the
Gos - pel's joy - ful sound. I would fly, I would fly on the


land and sea Wher - ev - er a hu - man heart might be;
crowd - ed town, And drop, like the hap - py sun - light, down
wings of day, Pro - claim - ing Christ on my world - wide way,

If I Were a Voice. Concluded.
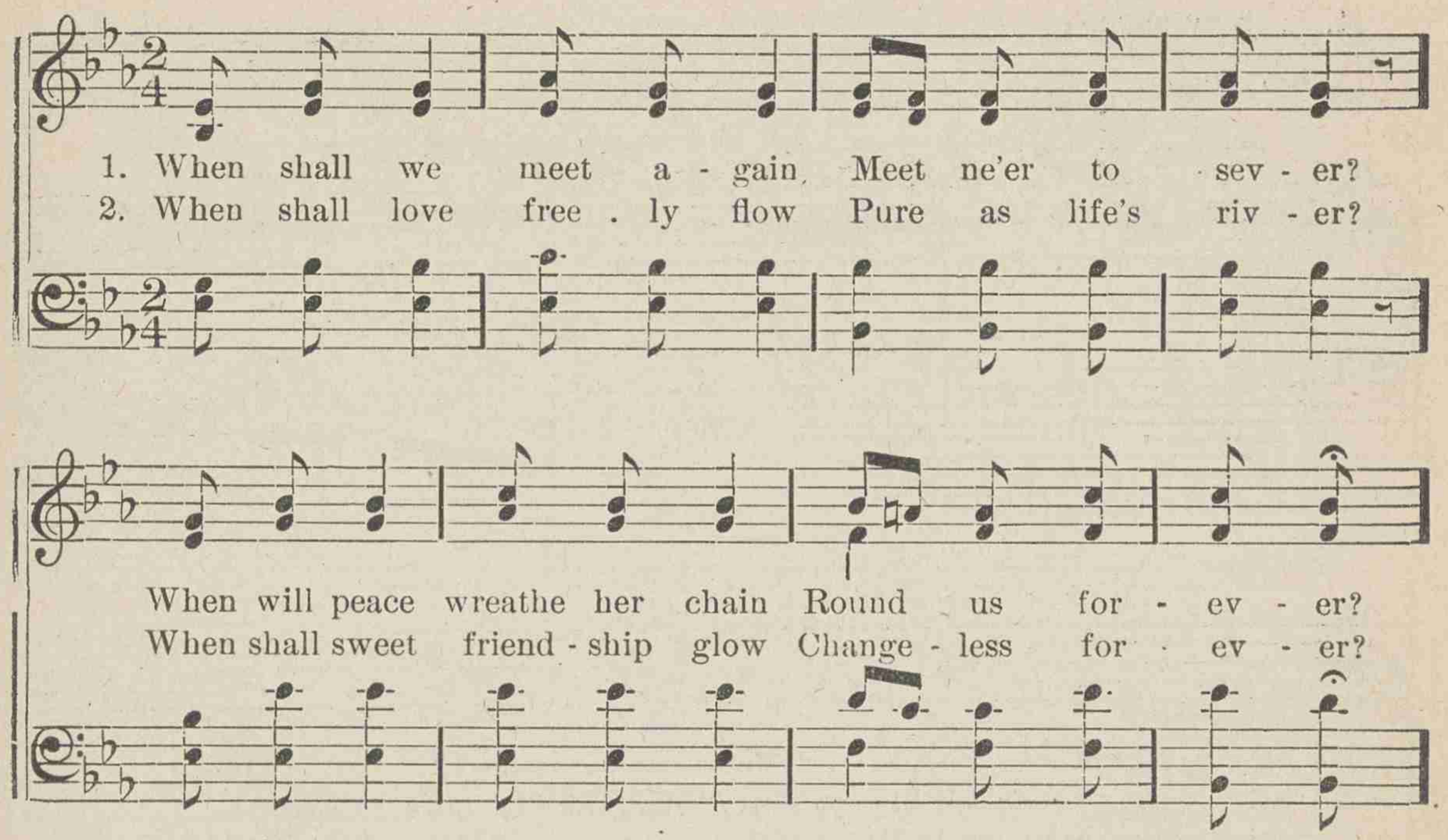
Tell-ing a tale or sing-ing a song, In praise of the right, in
In - to the hearts of suf - fer - ing men, And teach them to look
Bid-ding this sad-dened earth re - joice, If I were a voice—an

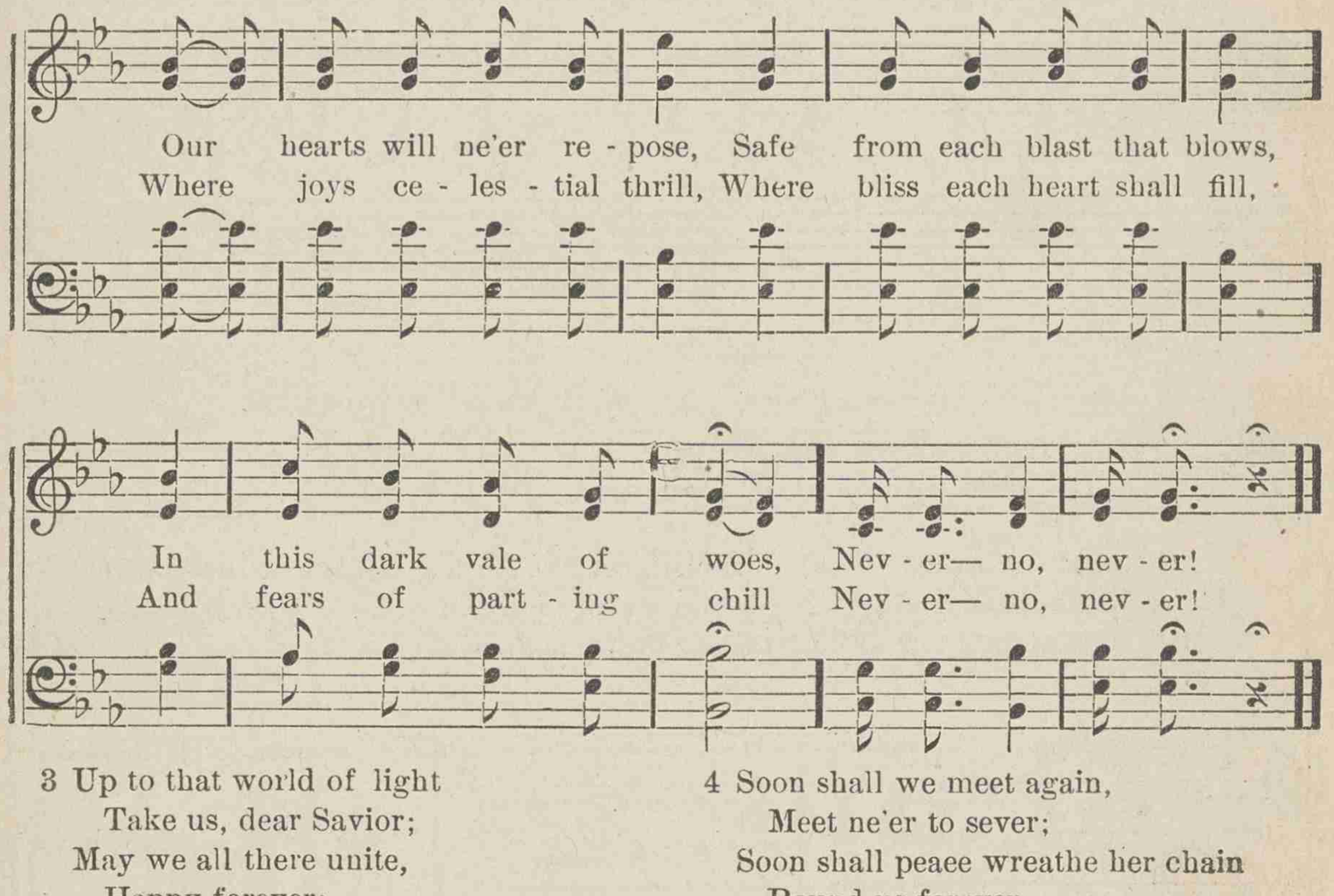
blame of the wrong. I would fly..... I would fly, I would
up a gain.
im - mor - tal voice.

fly..... I would fly o-ver land and sea.

When Shall We Meet Again?

A. A. WATTS. LOWELL MASON.





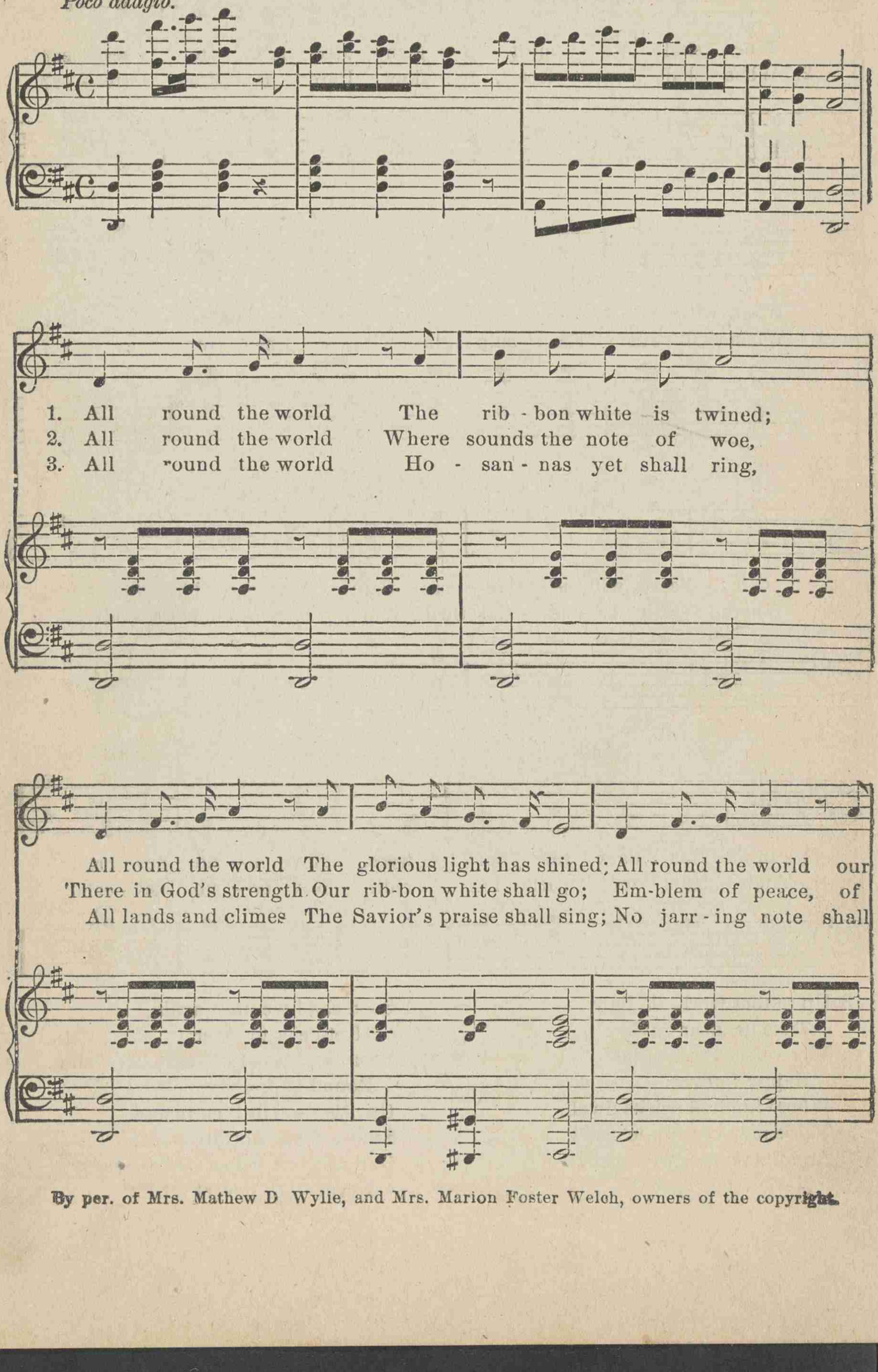
3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Savior;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever:
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never—no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon shall peaee wreathe her chain
Round us forever;
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Onr songs of praise shall close
Never—no, never!

Some Glad Day.

K. L. STEVENSON. STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Poco adagio.



By per. of Mrs. Mathew D Wylie, and Mrs. Marion Foster Welch, owners of the copyright.

Some Glad Day. Concluded.

cause has right of way, We'll raise the anthem swell of vic- tr'y Some glad day.
pur - i - ty's bright ray, 'Twill bind our sin-stain'd earth to Heaven, Some glad day.
mar that rapturous lay.' Twill rise from all the sin-sav'd nations, Some glad day.

CHORUS.

Soprano.

It's com - ing! It's com - ing, The morn for which we pray; We'll

Alto.

It's com - ing! It's com - ing, The morn for which we pray; We'll

Bass.

take the world for Christ's own king - dom Some glad day.

take the world for Christ's own king - dom Some glad day.

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.

p

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com-ing for to car - ry me home,

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com-ing for to car - ry me home.

FINE.

mf
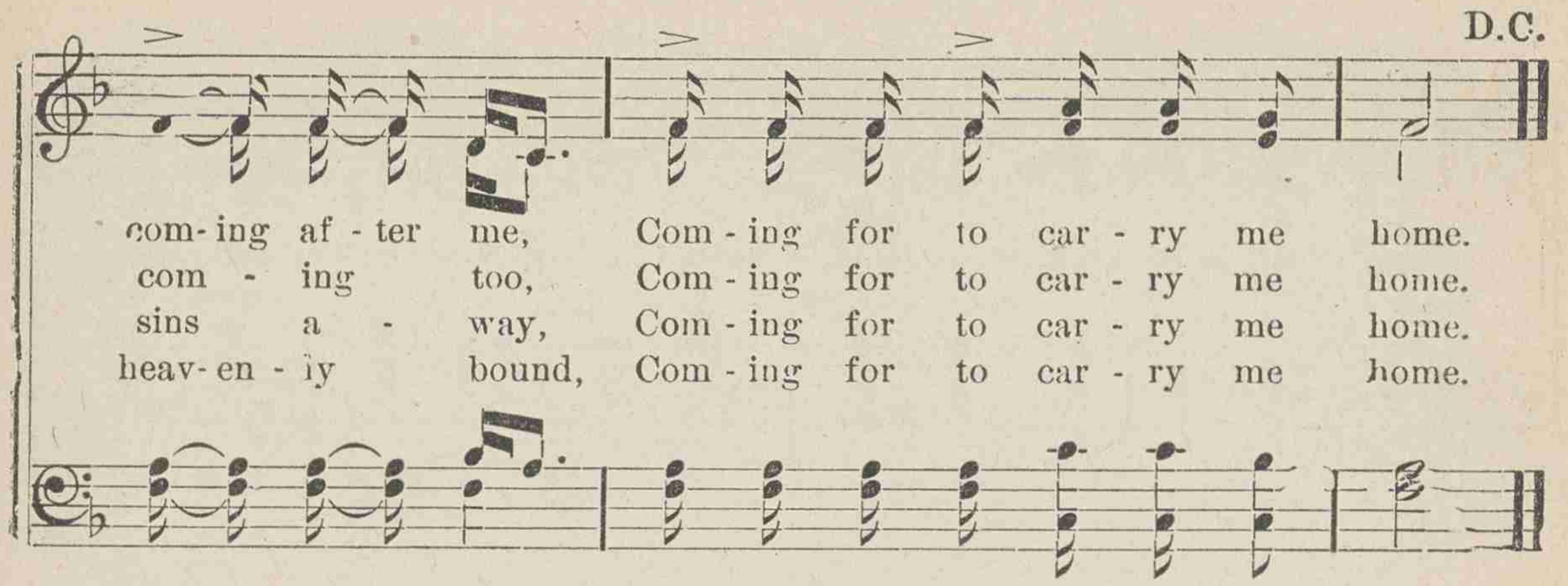
1. I looked o - ver Jor - dan, and what did I see,
2. If you get there be - fore I do,
3. The bright - est day that ev - er I saw,
4. I'm some - times up and some - times down,

Com-ing for to car - ry me home? A band of an - gels
Com-ing for to car - ry me home, Tell all my friends I'm
Com-ing for to car - ry me home, When Je - sus wash'd my
Com-ing for to car - ry me home, But still my soul feels

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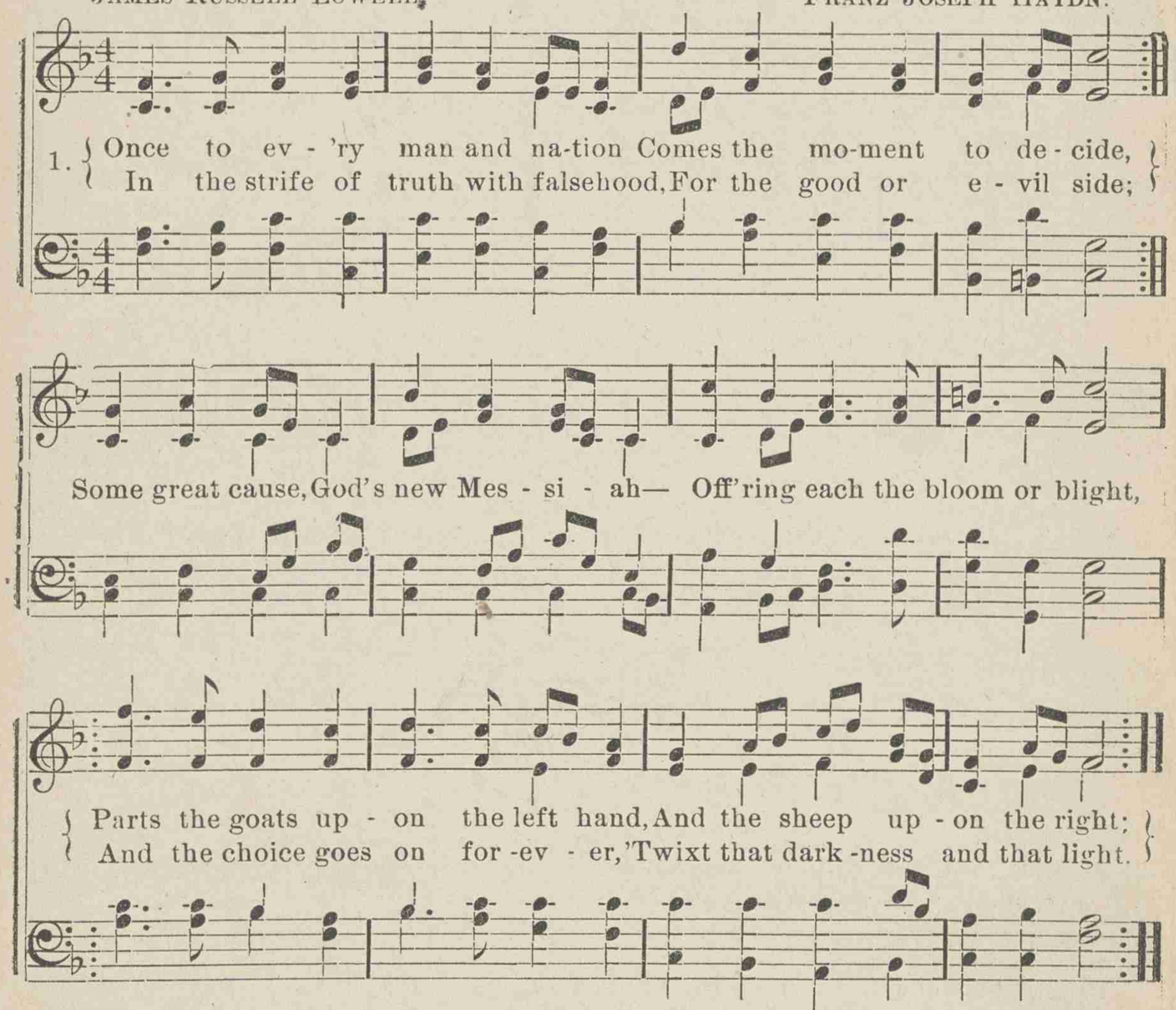
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot. Concluded.

D.C.



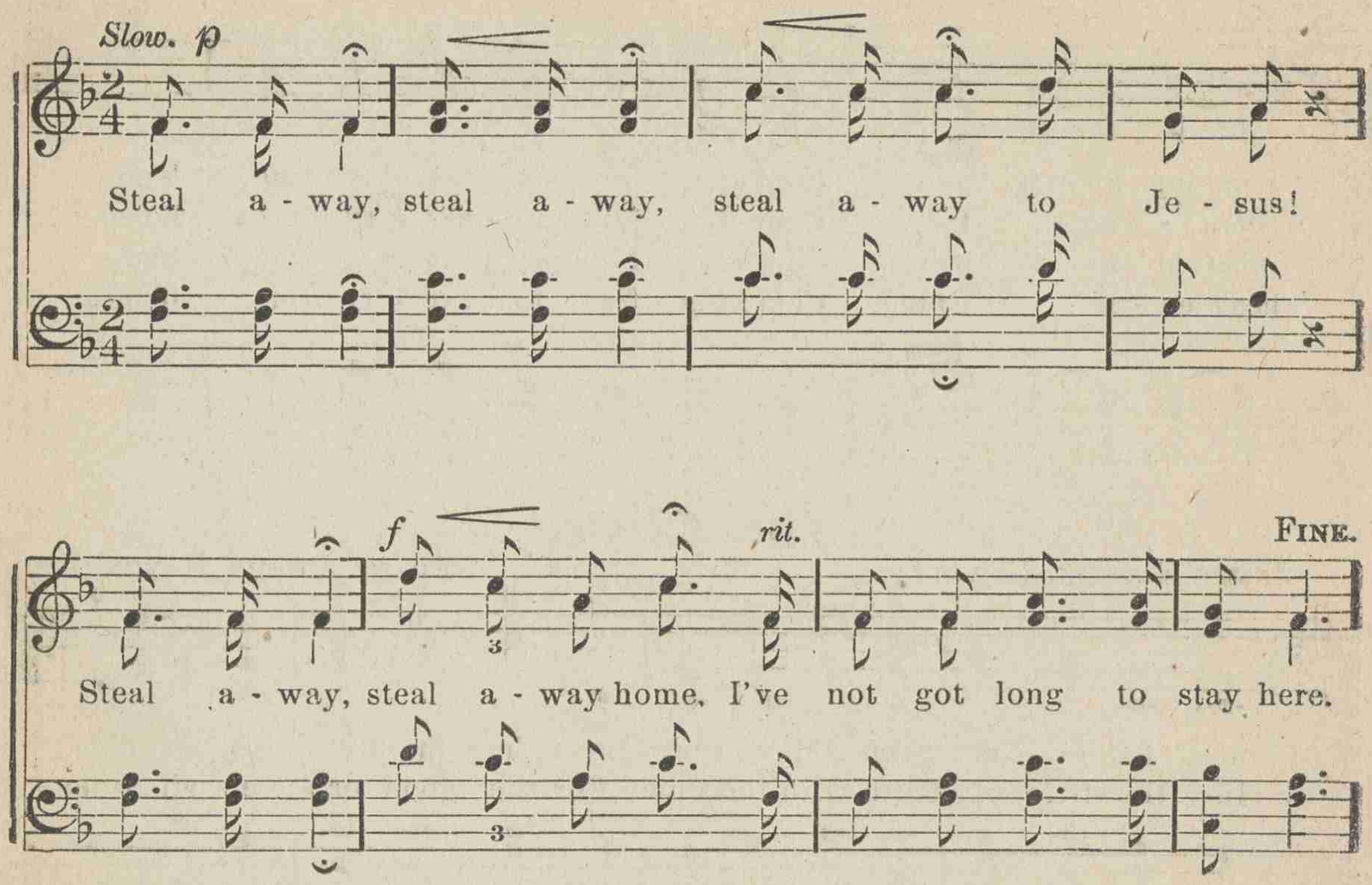
The Crisis.
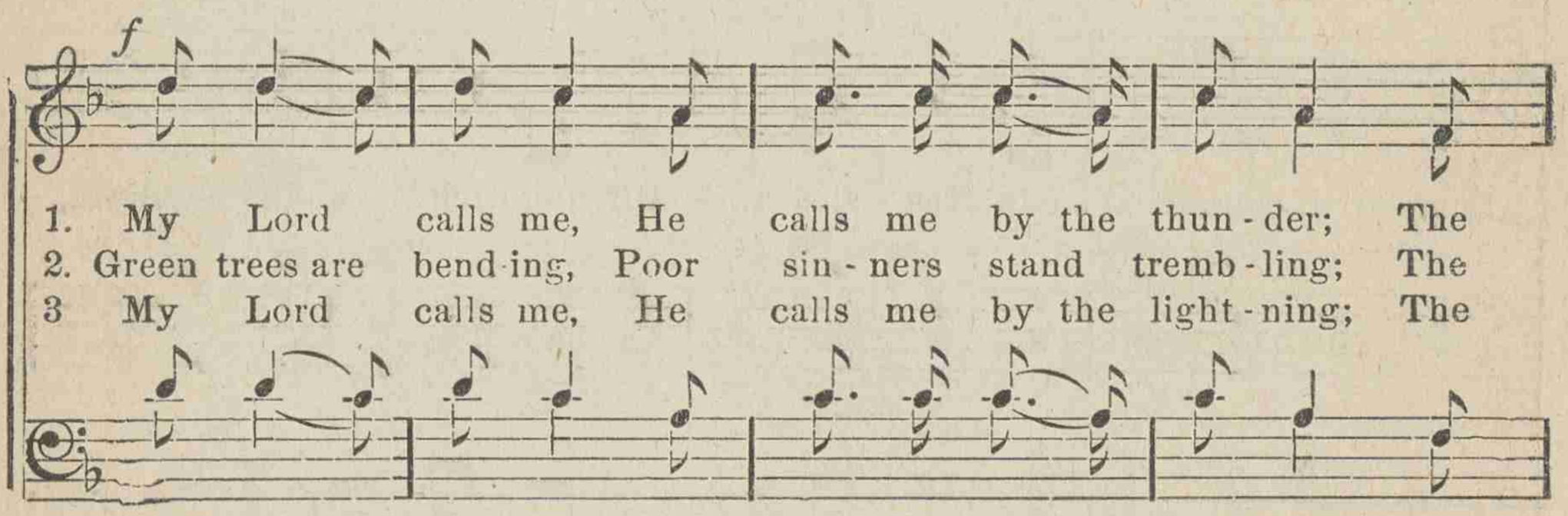
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN.
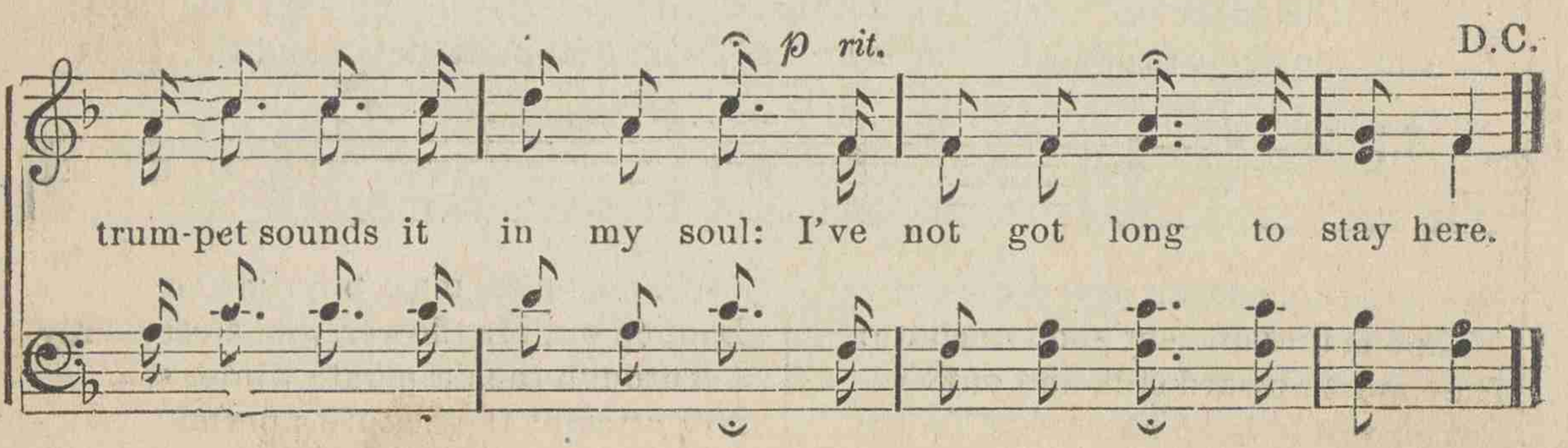


2 New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward
Who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires!
We ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly
Through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal
With the Past's blood-rusted key.

Steal Away.







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Hide Thou Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. In thy cleft, O Rock of A - ges, Hide Thou me;
2. From the snares of sin - ful pleas - ure, Hide Thou me;
3. In the lone - ly night of sor - row, Hide Thou me;

When the fit - ful tem - pest ra - ges, Hide Thou me; Where no
Thou, my soul's e - ter - nal treas - ure, Hide Thou me; When the
Till in glo - ry dawns the mor - row, Hide Thou me; In the

mor - tal arm can sev - er From my heart Thy love for -
world its pow'r is wield - ing, And my heart is al - most
sight of Jor - dan's bil - low, Let Thy bo - som be my

ev - er, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.
yield - ing, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.
pil - low; Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.

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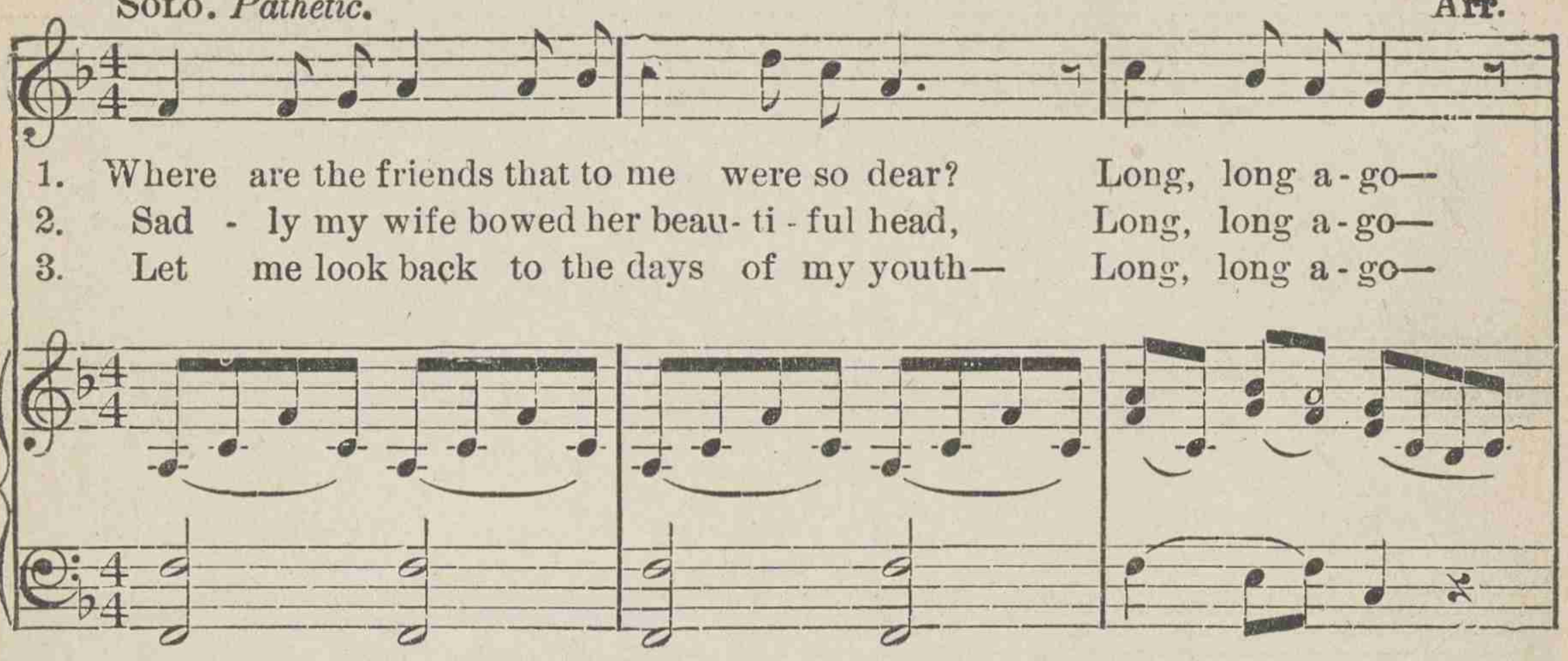
The Inebriate's Lament.

Words written and sung by John B. Gough.
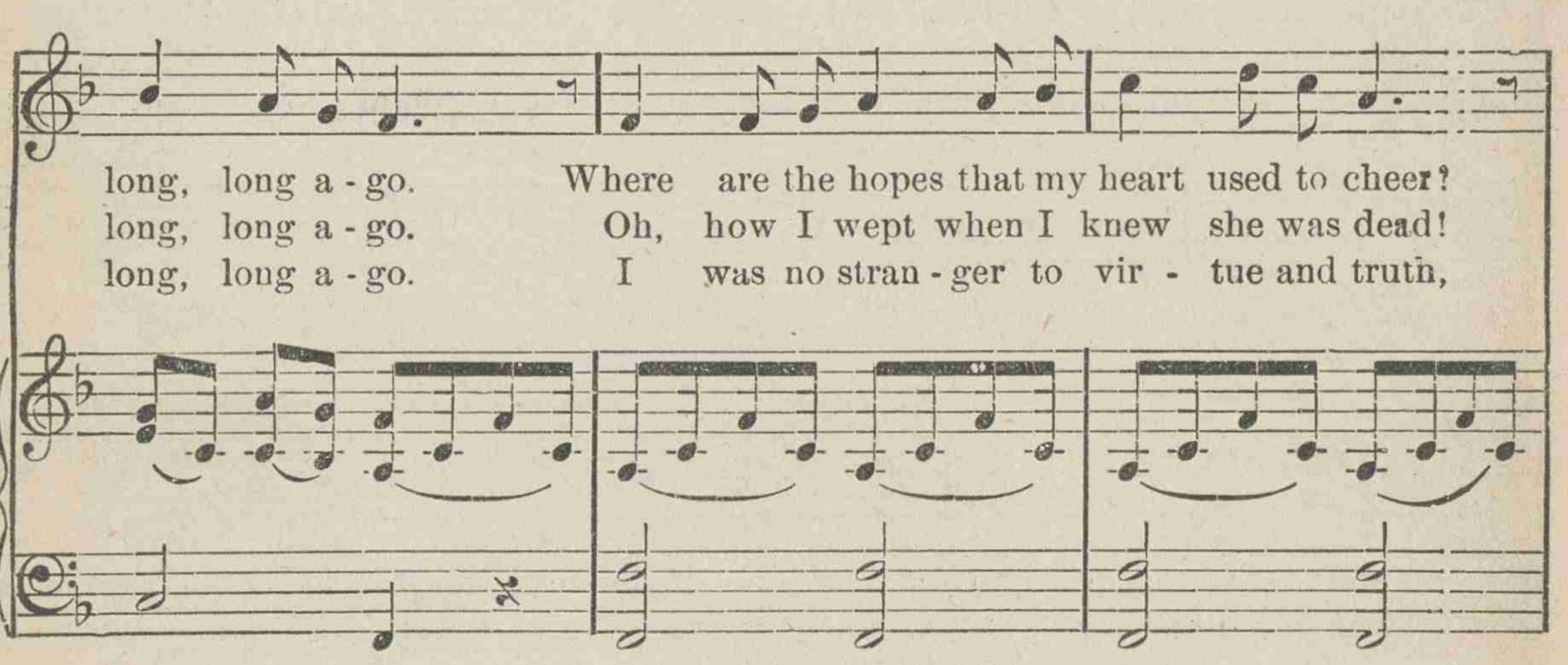
SOLO. *Pathetic.*

ART.
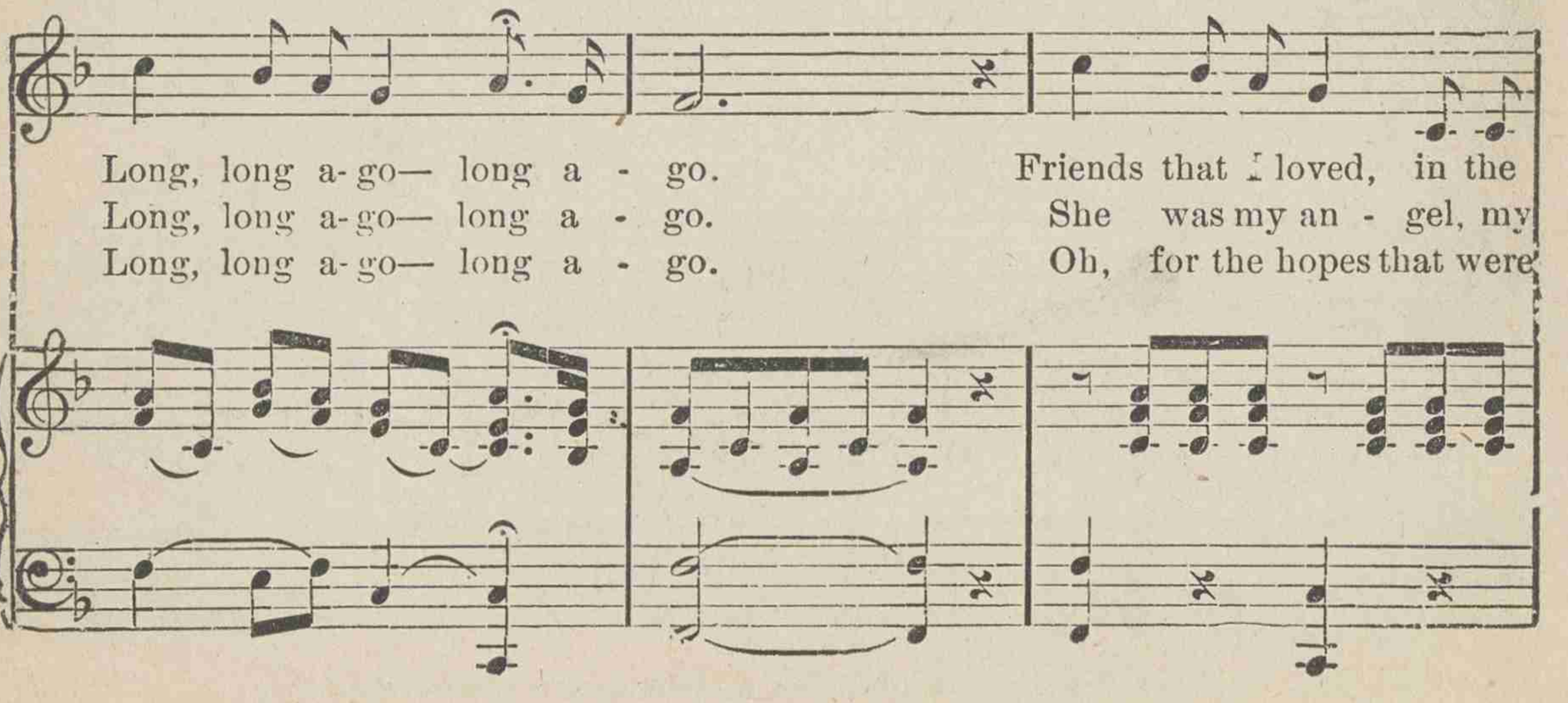
1. Where are the friends that to me were so dear? Long, long a-go—
2. Sad - ly my wife bowed her beau- ti - ful head, Long, long a-go—
3. Let me look back to the days of my youth— Long, long a-go—



long, long a-go. Where are the hopes that my heart used to cheer?
long, long a-go. Oh, how I wept when I knew she was dead!
long, long a-go. I was no stran-ger to vir - tue and truth,



Long, long a-go— long a - go. Friends that I loved, in the
Long, long a-go— long a - go. She was my an - gel, my
Long, long a-go— long a - go. Oh, for the hopes that were



The Inebriate's Lament. Concluded.

grave are laid low; Hopes that I cher - ished are
love and my guide; Vain - ly to save me from
pure as the day! Oh, for the loves that were

fled from me now: I am de - grad - ed, for
ru - in she tried; Poor, brok - en heart! it was
pur - er than they! Oh, for the man - hood I

Rum was my foe; Long, long a - go— long a - go.
well that she died, Long, long a - go— long a - go.
squan dered a - way! Long, long a - go— long a - go.

Knighthood,

MARY F. FIELD.

f

1. Of old rode forth a knight, In his glit - t'ring ar - mor dressed, Who pledged for aye his good sword's might, To help the sore dis - tressed. Is the knight - ly race all dust? Have help - less cries all ceased, That we let our ar - mor gath - er rust While we i - dly sing and feast?

2. Nay, the world still throbs with pain, And the sky is dark with wrong, Heav - en send a stain - less knight a - gain, In his truth and cour - age strong! Oh send a man of might, Who is not bought with gold, Who shall bold - ly strike for God and right As in knight - ly days of old!

p

f

Press On!

L. M. GARDNER. JAS. R. RANDALL, 1861.

1. Oh, look a - round, for work is here; For - ward all, press
2. Put trust in God and ne'er de - spair; Lend a hand, press
3. Then let this watch - word be our pride: Fal - ter not, press

on, press on; Come join the ranks from far and near,
on, press on, Oh, ral - ly 'neath our ban - ners fair,
on, press on To vic - to - ry what - e'er be - tide.

Wav - er not, oh wav - er not. What if new foes each
Hear the call, oh, hear the call. It finds an ech - o
For - ward, all, to vic - to - ry! Life's bat - tle - field is

day ap - pear, New cour - age comes with bright - 'ning cheer, Fresh
ev - 'ry - where, And bids each soul its bur - den bear Of
grand and wide, Here du - ty calls on ev - 'ry side, Suc -

hope to make the path - way clear; For - ward all, press on, press on.
hu - man suf - fer - ing and care; Lend a hand, press on, press on.
cess must come at e - ven - tide; For - ward, all, to vic - to - ry.

Jesus, the Light of the World.

G. D. E. arr. GEO. D. ELDERKIN, arr.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
2. Joy - ful, all ye na - tions rise, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
3. Christ by high - est heav'n a - dored, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
4. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of peace; Je - sus, the Light of the world;

Glo - ry to the new-born King, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
Join the tri umphs of the skies, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
Hail the sun of right - eous - ness, Je - sus, the Light of the world;

CHORUS.

We'll walk in the light, beau - ti - ful light, Come where the

dew - drops of mer - cy are bright, Shine all a - round us by

day and by night, Je - sus, the Light of the world.

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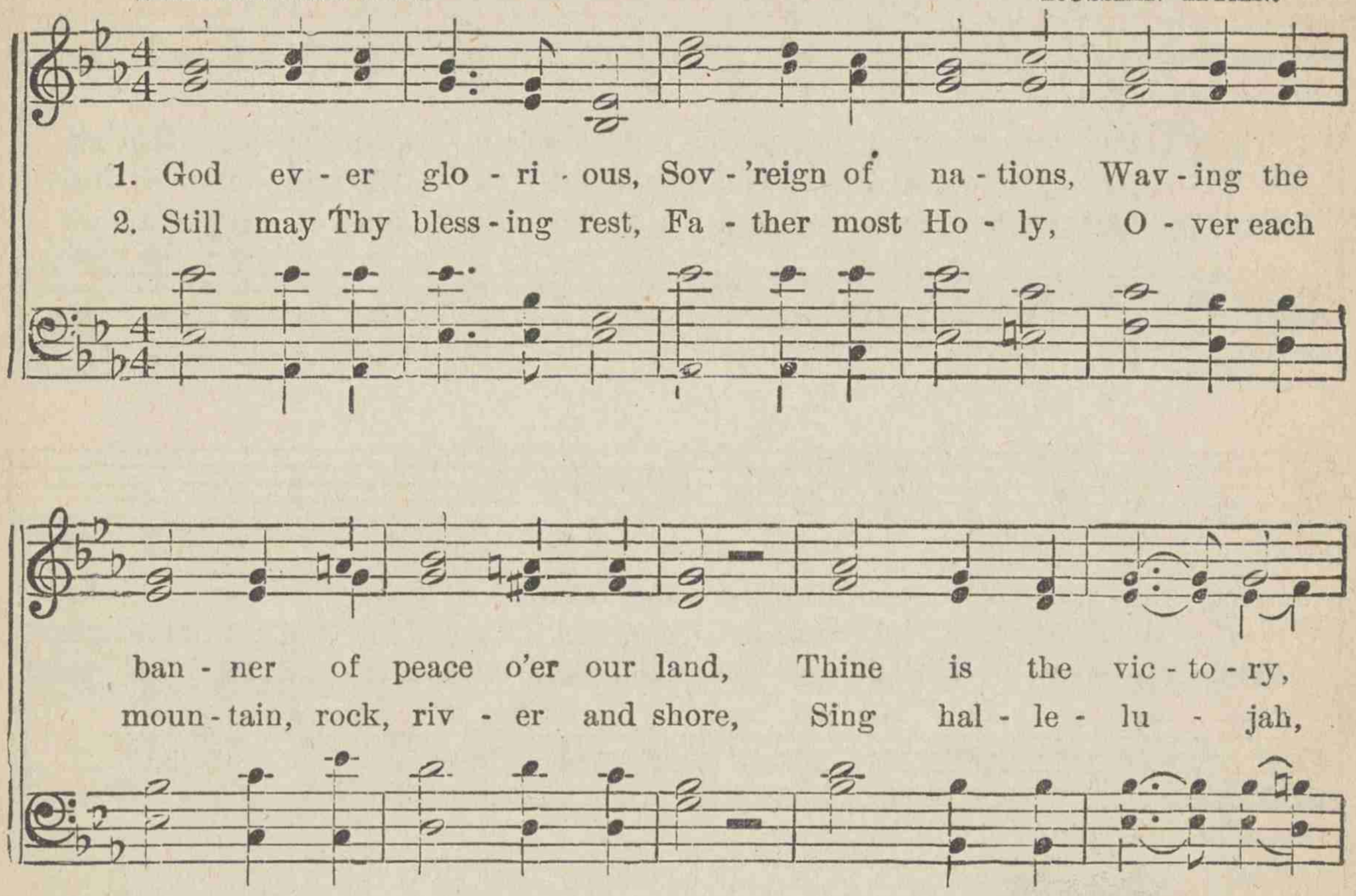
N. B.—The words of the familiar hymns, "Rock of Ages," and "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," may be sung to this tune with beautiful effect, using the refrain, "Jesus, the Light of the World."

God Ever Glorious.

REV. S. F. SMITH.

With sustained tone.

RUSSIAN HYMN.



Parting Hymn.

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

Tune:—Auld Lang Syne, page 101.

1 Oh, not as strangers do we part.
To sunder far and wide:
We make one household of our Lord,
Whatever may betide.
Has not His love descended here,
In pentecostal might,
And flashed along the electric wires
That link our souls tonight?

2 What if we meet no more as now?
Life is a journey fleet,
And this is but a wayside inn,
Where we refreshment meet.
But in the City of our God,—
When death is over-past,—
The banquet shall be spread anew,
And long as heaven shall last.

The Sunset of the Year.

MARY A. LATHBURY, 1888. MRS. IONE T. HANNA, 1863

May be used as Solo and Chorus. Adapted by W. F. S.

1. There's an un-der-tone of sigh-ing, There's a hush in all the air,
2. O the glo-ry and the glad-ness Of a life with-out a fear!
3. O for such a bless-ed fall-ing In-to qui-et sleep at last,

And the face of na-ture dy-ing Wears a glow di-vine-ly fair;
Of a death like na-ture dy-ing, In the fall-ing of the year!
When the ri-pened grain is gar-nered, And the toil and tri-al past!

:S:

If you list-en, list-en, list-en In the qui-et wood-land ways,
For "she is not dead, but sleep-eth," Till the ear-ly rob-ins sing,
When the red and gold of sun-set Slow-ly chan-ges in-to gray,

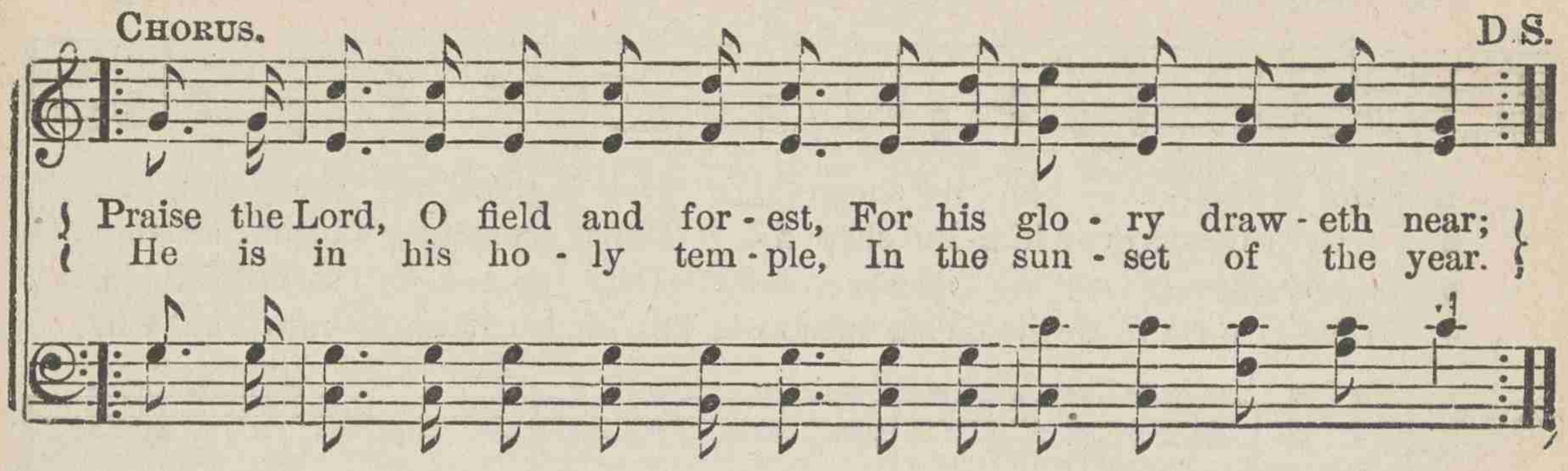
D.S. Praise the Lord, O field and for-est! For his glo-ry draw-eth near;

FINE.

You will hear the for-est sing-ing; You will catch the breath of praise.
And the bells of Eas-ter wake her, For the com-ing of the spring.
O for such a qui-et pass-ing, Thro' the night in-to the day!

He is in his ho-ly tem-ple, In the sun-set of the year.

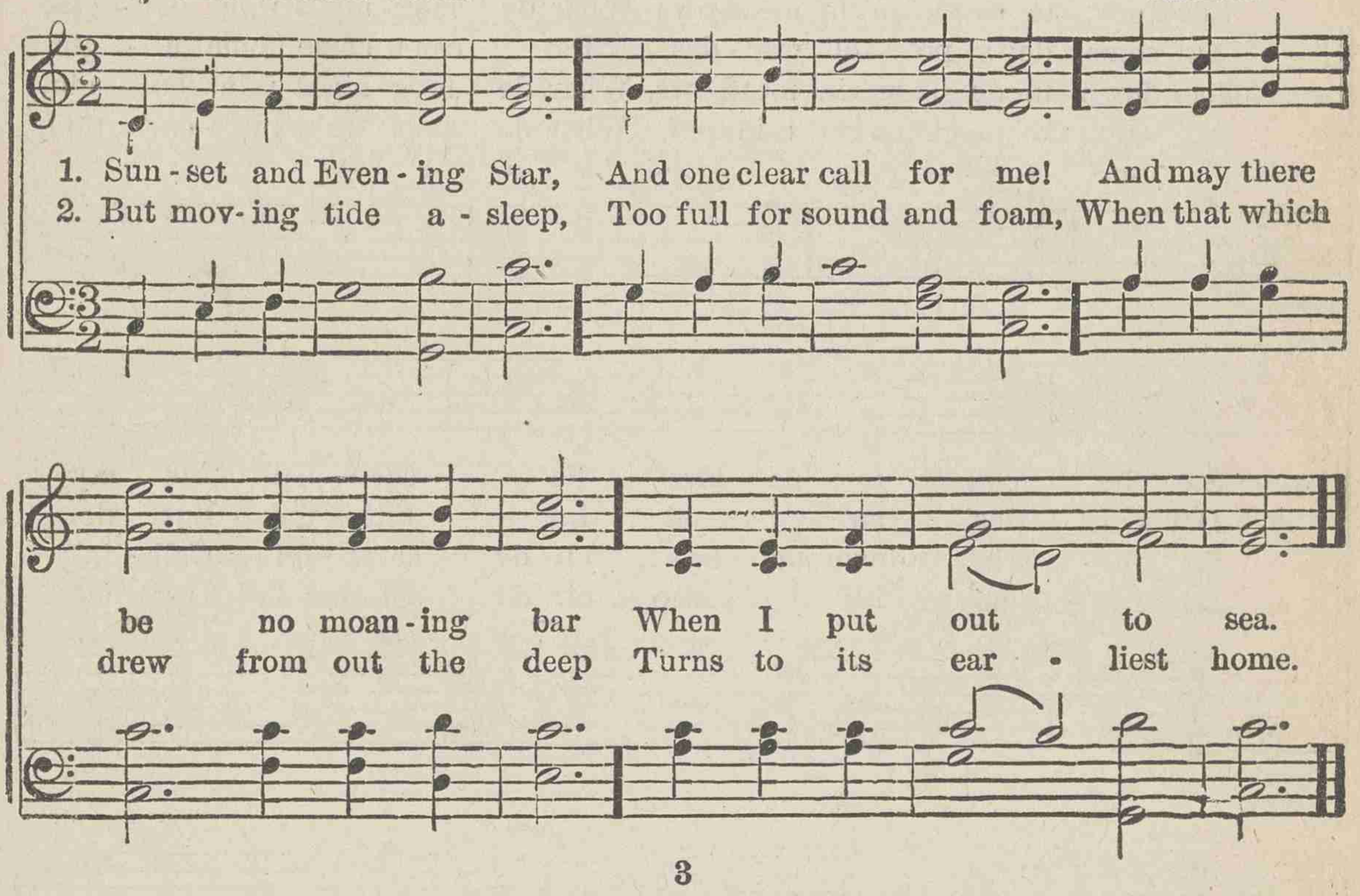
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Crossing the Bar.

Words adapted from TENNYSON,
by Mrs. JOSEPH COOK.

"RIALTO."



3

Twilight and Evening Bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sad farewell,
When I at last embark;

4

For tho' from Time and Place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot's face,
When I have crossed the bar.

De Massa ob de Sheepfol'.

Miss McLean. J. M. Whyte.
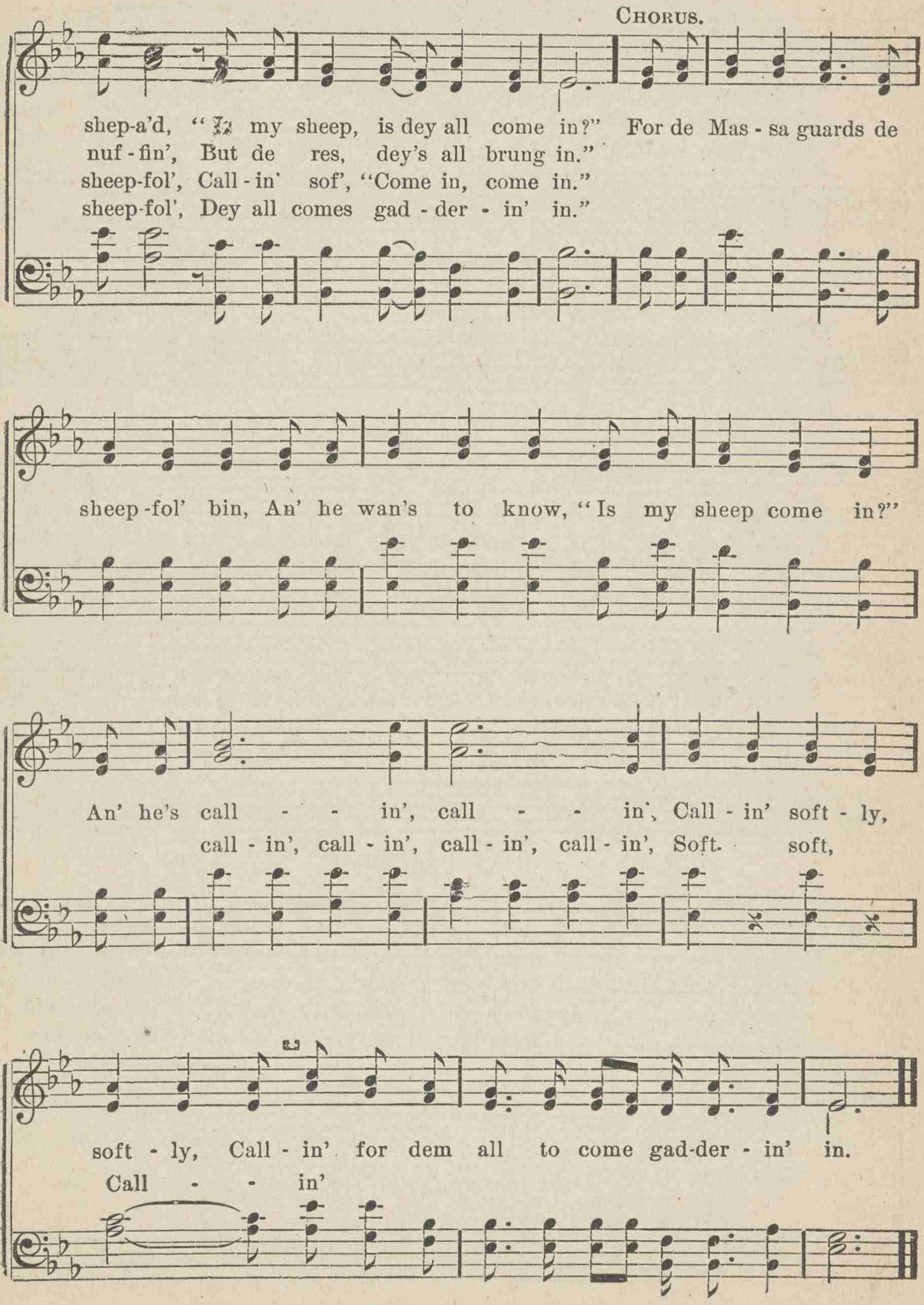
1. De Mas - sa ob de sheep-fol', Dat guard de sheep - fol' bin,
2. "O," den says de hire- lin' shep- a'd, "Dar's some,dey's black an' thin,
3. Den de Mas - sa ob de sheep-fol', Dat guard de sheep - fol' bin,
4. Den up t'ro' de gloom'rin' meadows, T'ro' de col' night rain an' win',

Look out in de gloom'rin' mead-ows Whar de long night rain be - gin,
An' some, dey's po' ol' wed - das, Dat can't come home a - gin,
Goes down in de gloom'rin' mead-ows, Whar de long night rain be - gin,
An' up t'ro' de gloom'rin' rain paf, Whar de sleet fa' pie' - cin' thin,

So he call to de hire - lin' shep - a'd "Is my
Dey's los' an' good for nuf - fin', But de
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheep - fol', Call - in'
De po' los' sheep of de sheep - fol', Dey all

sheep, is dey all come in?" So he call to de hire - lin'
res', dey's all brung in, Dey is los' an' good for
sof', "Come in, come in," So he le' down de ba's ob de
comes gad - der - in' in, De po' los' sheep ob de

By permission. From "Finest of the Wheat."


CHORUS.
shep-a'd, "Is my sheep, is dey all come in?" For de Mas - sa guards de
nuf - fin', But de res, dey's all brung in."
sheep-fol', Call - in' sof', "Come in, come in."
sheep-fol', Dey all comes gad - der - in' in."
sheep - fol' bin, An' he wan's to know, "Is my sheep come in?"
An' he's call - - in', call - - in', Call - in' soft - ly,
call - in', call - in', call - in', call - in', Soft. soft,
soft - ly, Call - in' for dem all to come gad-der - in' in.
Call - - in'

MEMORIES OF GALILEE.

Words by ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D. Music by H. R. PALMER.

1. Each coo - ing dove, ... and sigh-ing bough,..... That
2. Each flow' - ry glen..... ..... and moss-y dell,..... Where
3. And when I read ..... the thrilling lore..... Of

ALTO.

Each coo-ing dove. and sigh - ing bough
Each flow'ry glen, and moss - y dell,
And when I read the thrill-ing lore

TENOR,

BASS.

makes the eve..... so blest to me,..... ... Has something
hap- py birds..... in song a - gree,..... Thro' sun - ny
Him who walked..... up- on the sea,..... I long, O,

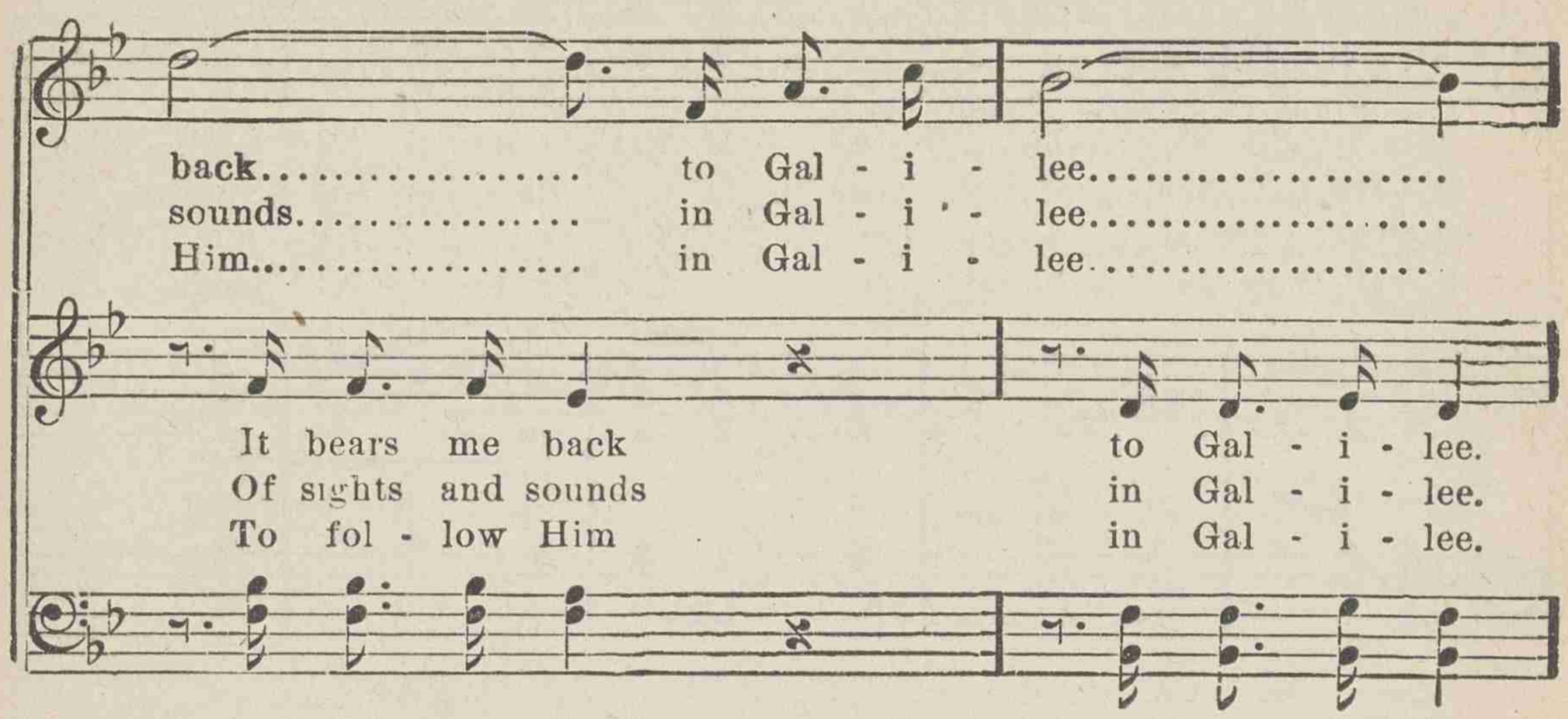
That makes the eve so blest to me,
Where hap - py birds in song a- gree,
Of Him who walked up - on the sea,

far..... di - vin - er now..... It bears me
morn..... the prais - es tell..... Of sights and
how..... I long once more..... To fol - low
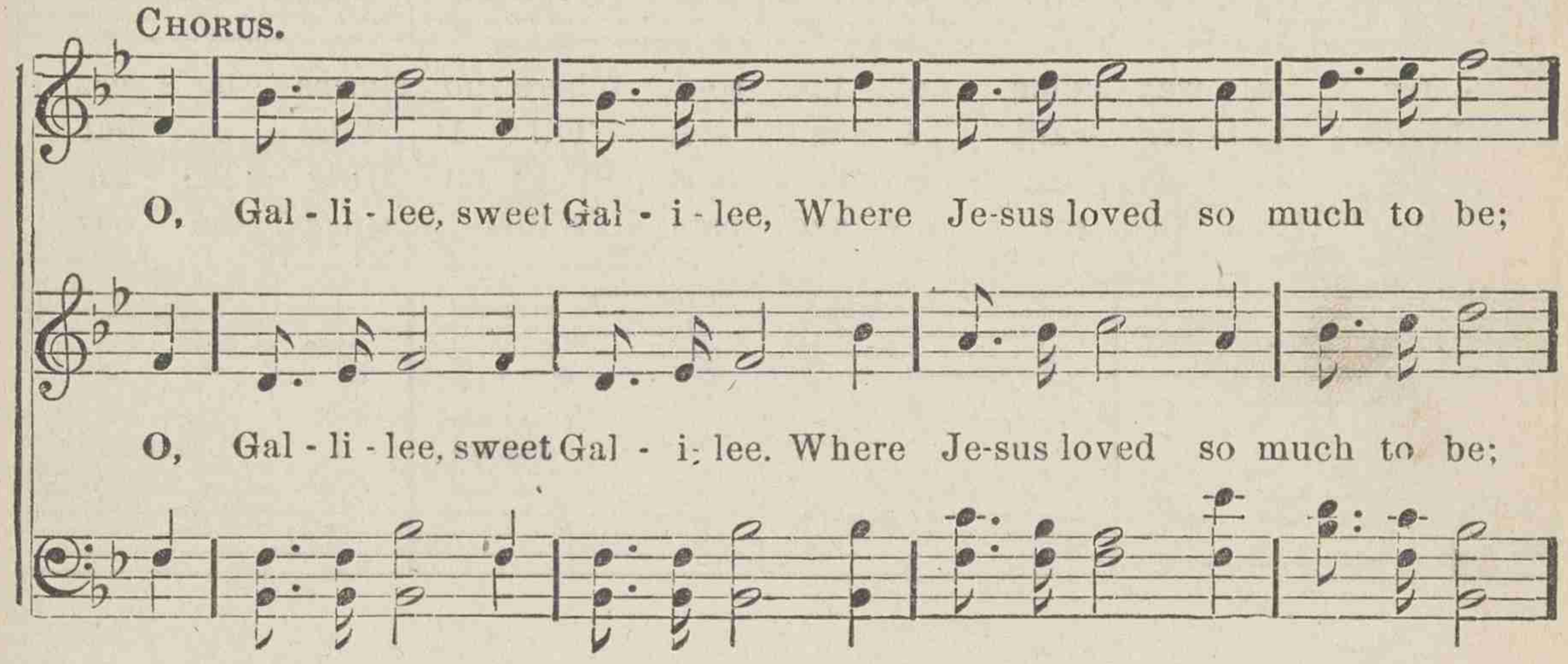
Has something far di - vin - er now,
Thro' sun - ny morn the prais - es tell
I long, O, how I long once more

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MEMORIES OF GALILEE. Concluded.
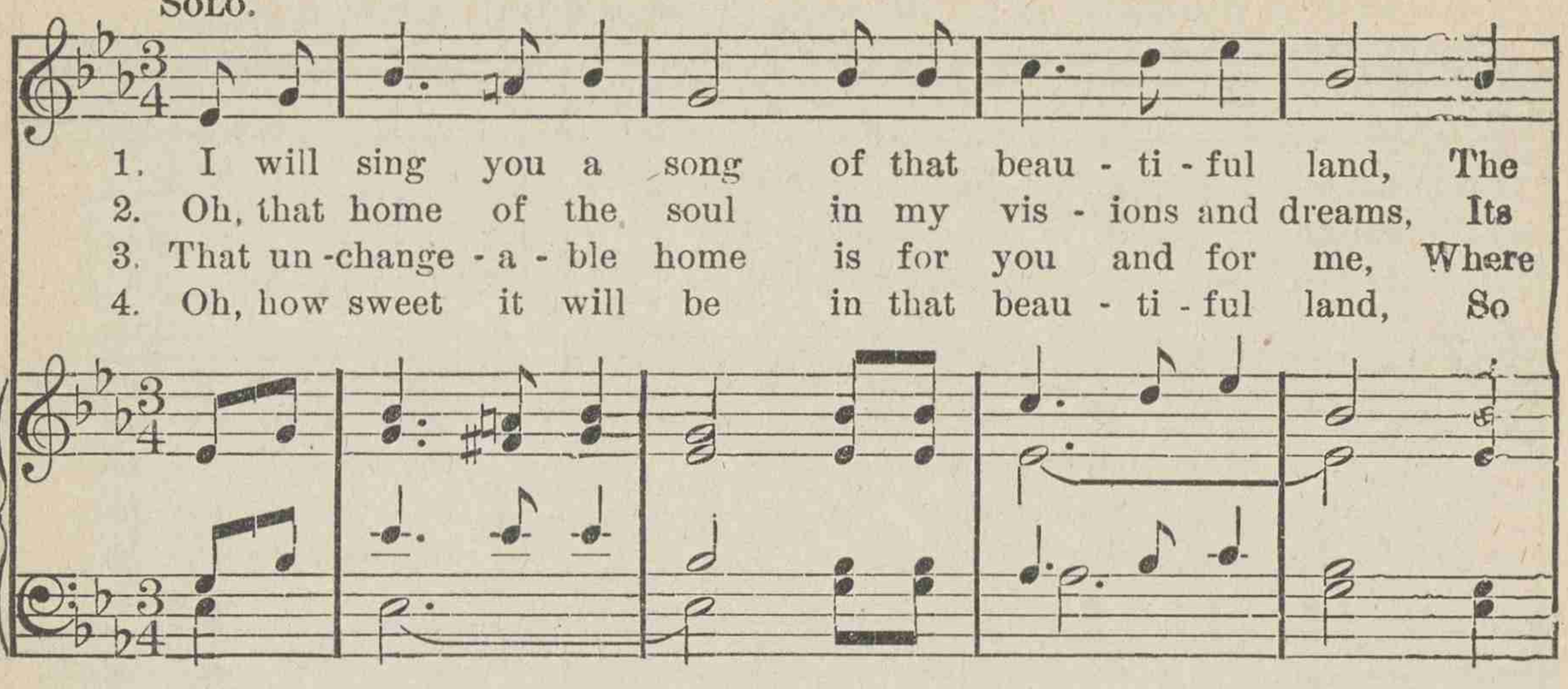


CHORUS.
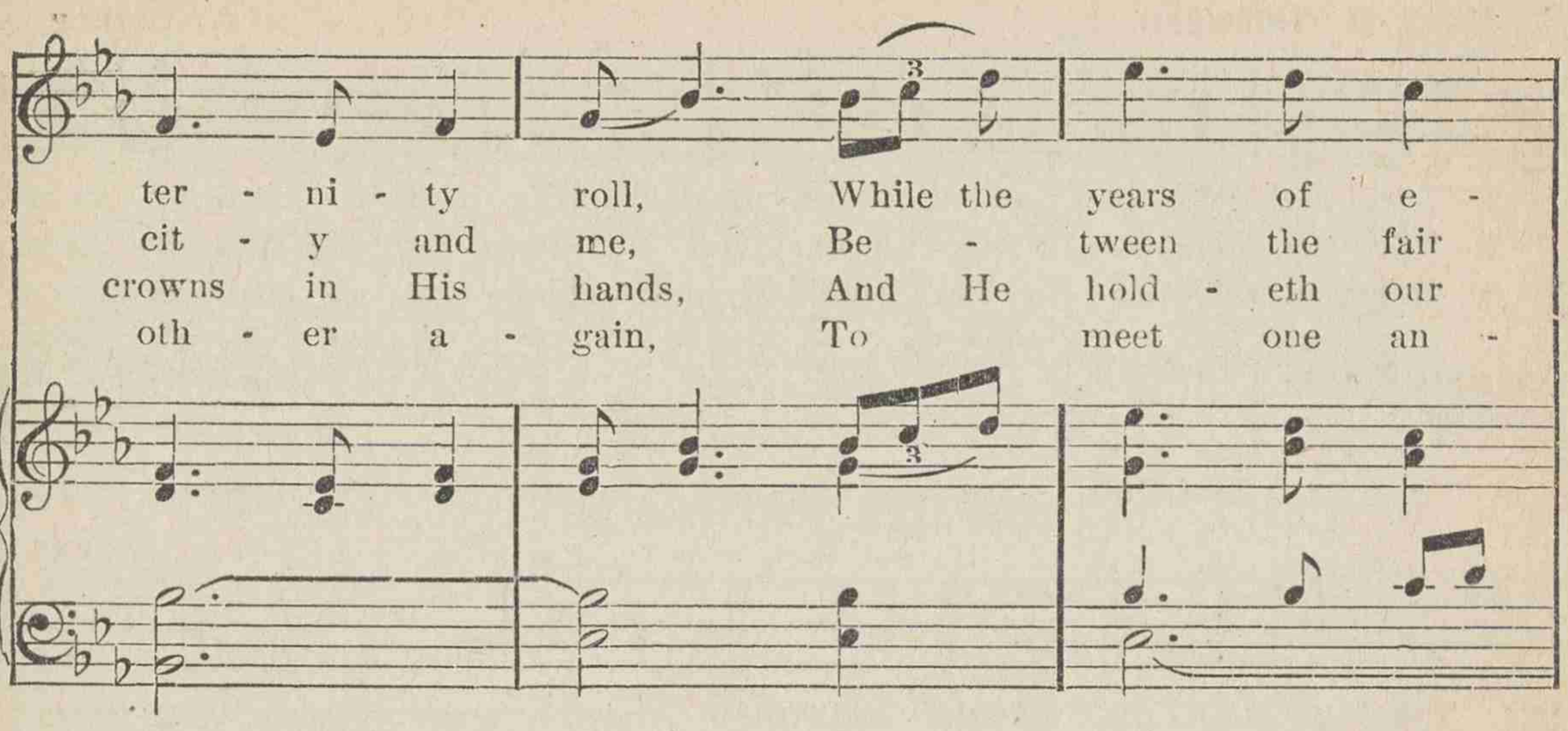


Home of the Soul.

PHILIP PHILLIPS. ARR.
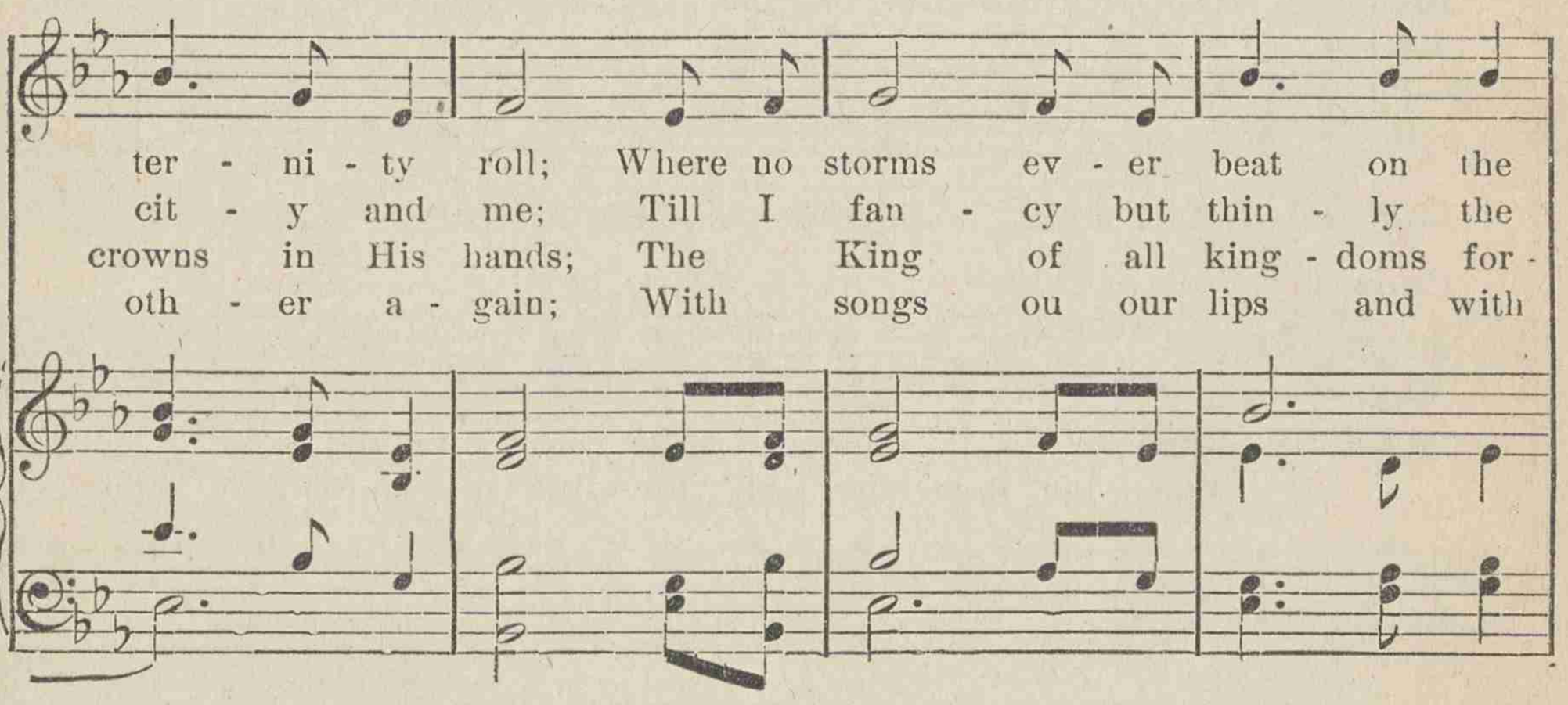
SOLO.



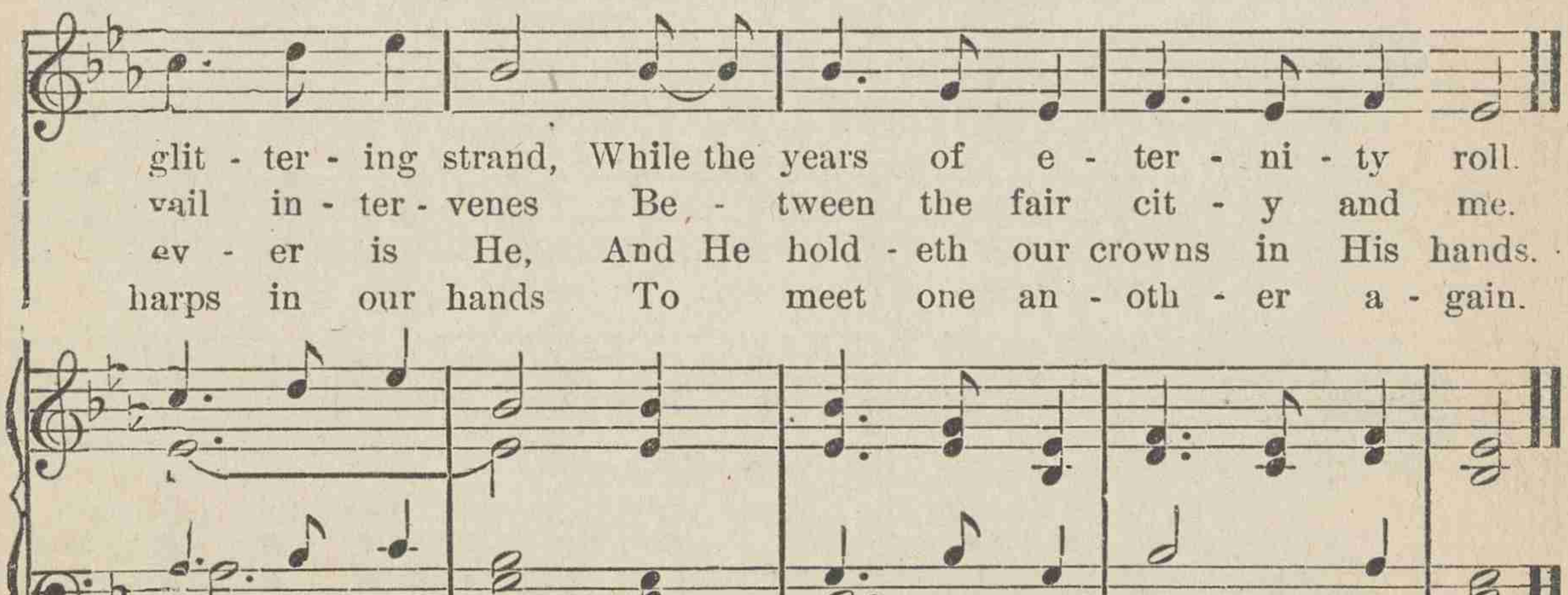
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ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e -
cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair
crowns in His hands, And He hold - eth our
oth - er a - gain, To meet one an -



ter - ni - ty roll; Where no storms ev - er beat on the
cit - y and me; Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the
crowns in His hands; The King of all king - doms for -
oth - er a - gain; With songs ou our lips and with



glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
vail in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.
ev - er is He, And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands.
harps in our hands To meet one an - oth - er a - gain.

Prohibition.

MARY E. GRISWOLD. A. BEIRLY.

1. Thro' the rip - ple of the mo - ments, And the loud - er surge of years;
2. Lo, the fields are white with har - vest Wait-ing for the sick - le keen,
3. Help-less wives and sad-eyed chil - dren Reaching out de - spair - ing hands,

D.C. *Let us heed the ac-cents ten - der, An-swer, "Fa - ther, here am I,"*

FINE.

Thro' the prat - tle of the chil - dren, And the grief of wom - an's tears.
Days of ear - nest, faith-ful reap - ing, With a song of trust be - tween.
Plead-ing ev - er, "Pro - hi - bi - tion, God and Home and Na - tive Land.

Bear a - loft the temp'rance ban - ner While the ea - ger throng pass by.
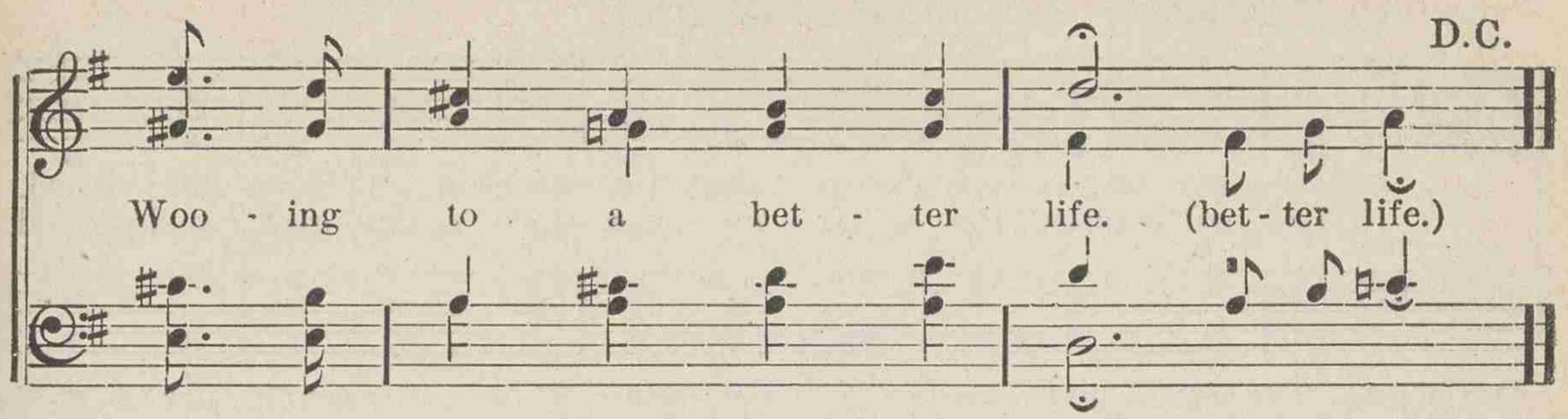
CHORUS.

Midst the thun - der of the bat - tle,
Midst the thun - der of the bat - tle, of the bat - tle,

Or when stilled..... the bit - ter strife,
Or when stilled the bit - ter strife, bit - ter strife,
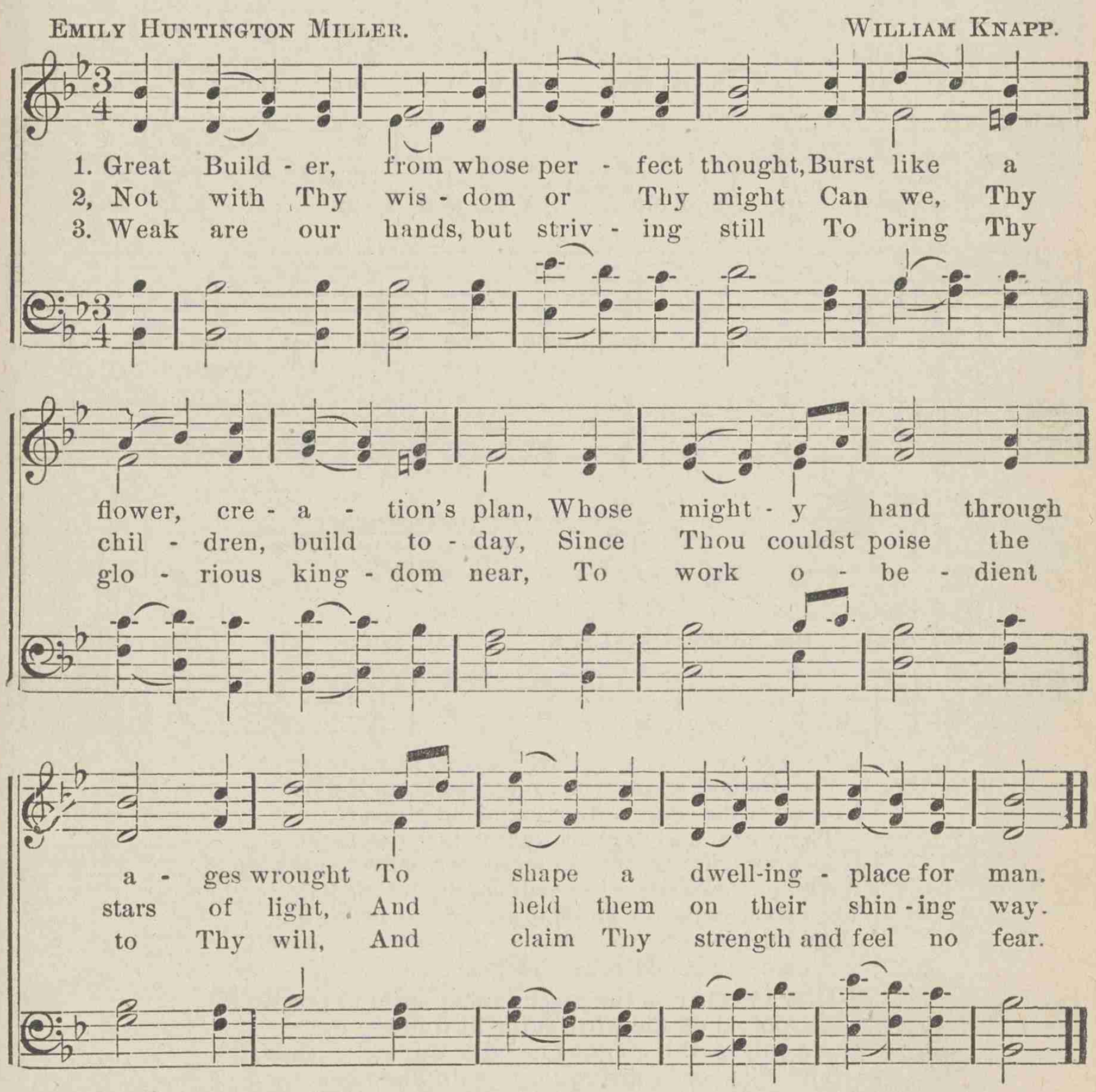
Ev -'ry - where..... the Mas - ter call - eth,
Ev - 'ry - where the Mas - ter call - eth, Mas - ter call - eth,

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The Corner Stone.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. WILLIAM KNAPP.

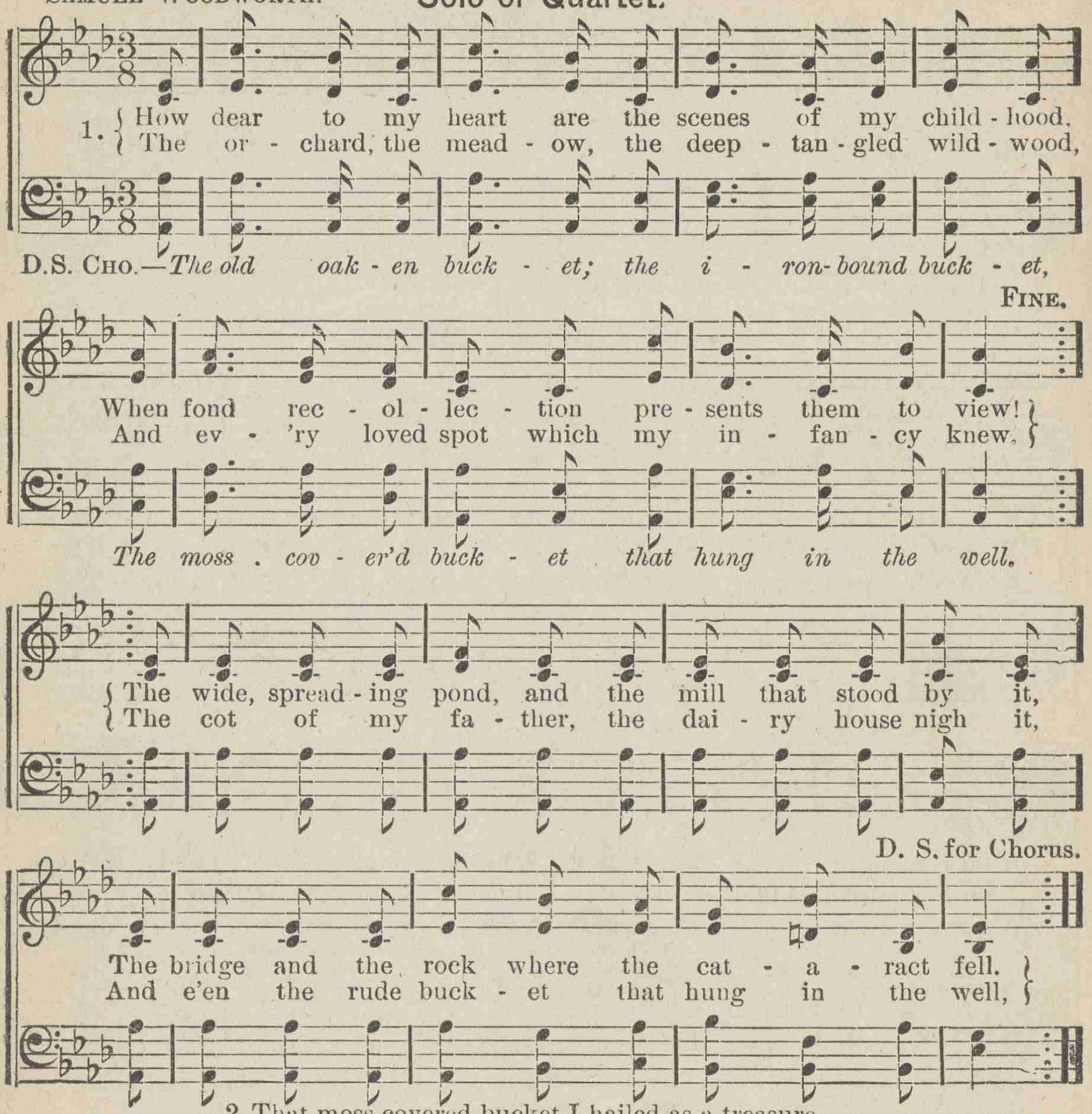


4 Builder divine, beside each rope
Let thy bright angels stand to-day,
Angels of Patience, Faith, and Hope,
Unseen our cornerstone to lay.

5 Speed thou the work until we raise
With shouts of joy the topmost dome,
And grateful say, amid our praise,
We do but give Thee back Thine own

The Old Oaken Bucket.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH. **Solo or Quartet.**
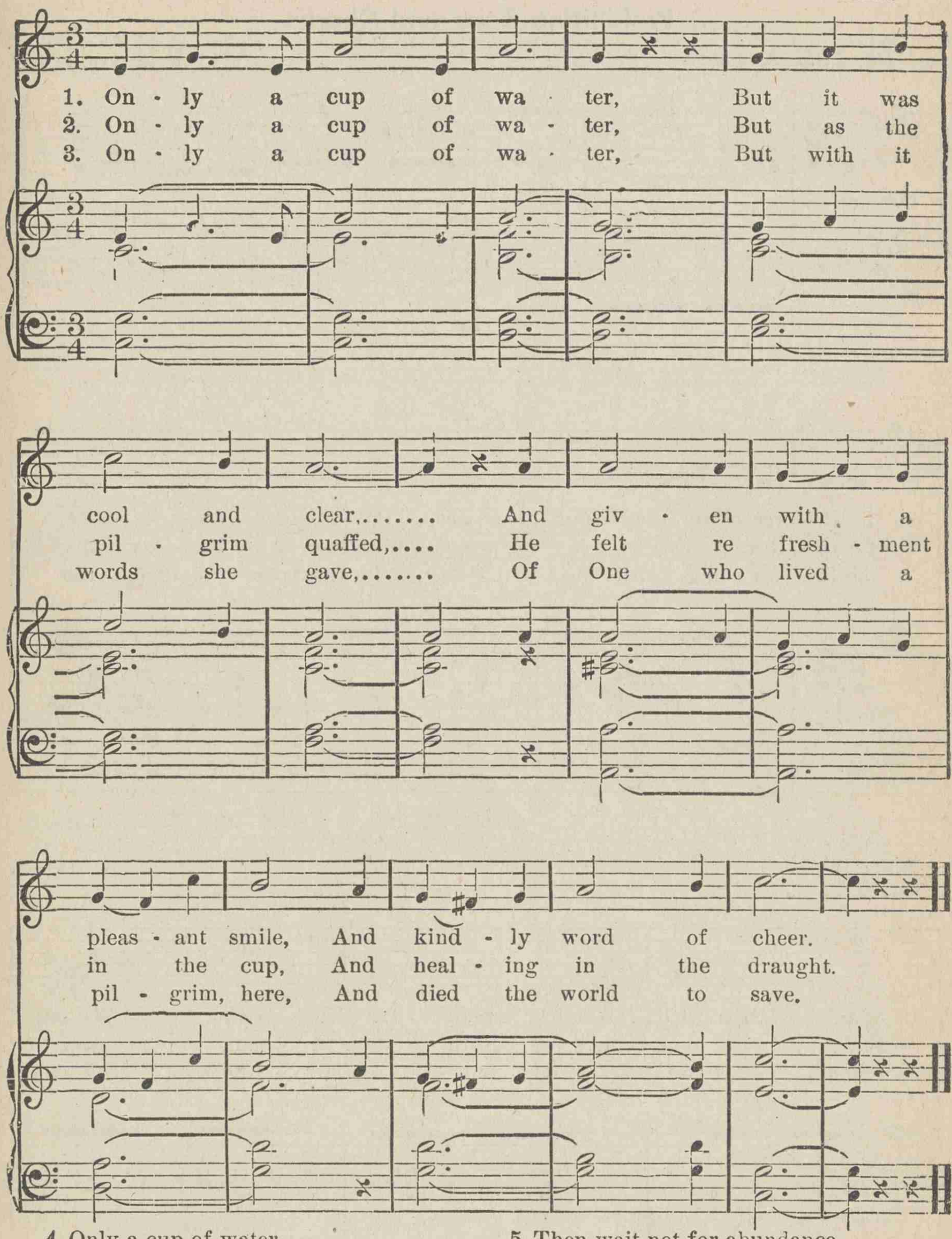


2 That moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
CHO —The old oaken bucket, etc.

3 How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
CHO.—The old oaken bucket, etc.

A Cup of Cold Water.

JULIA M. BENNETT. CHAS. T. KIMBALL.
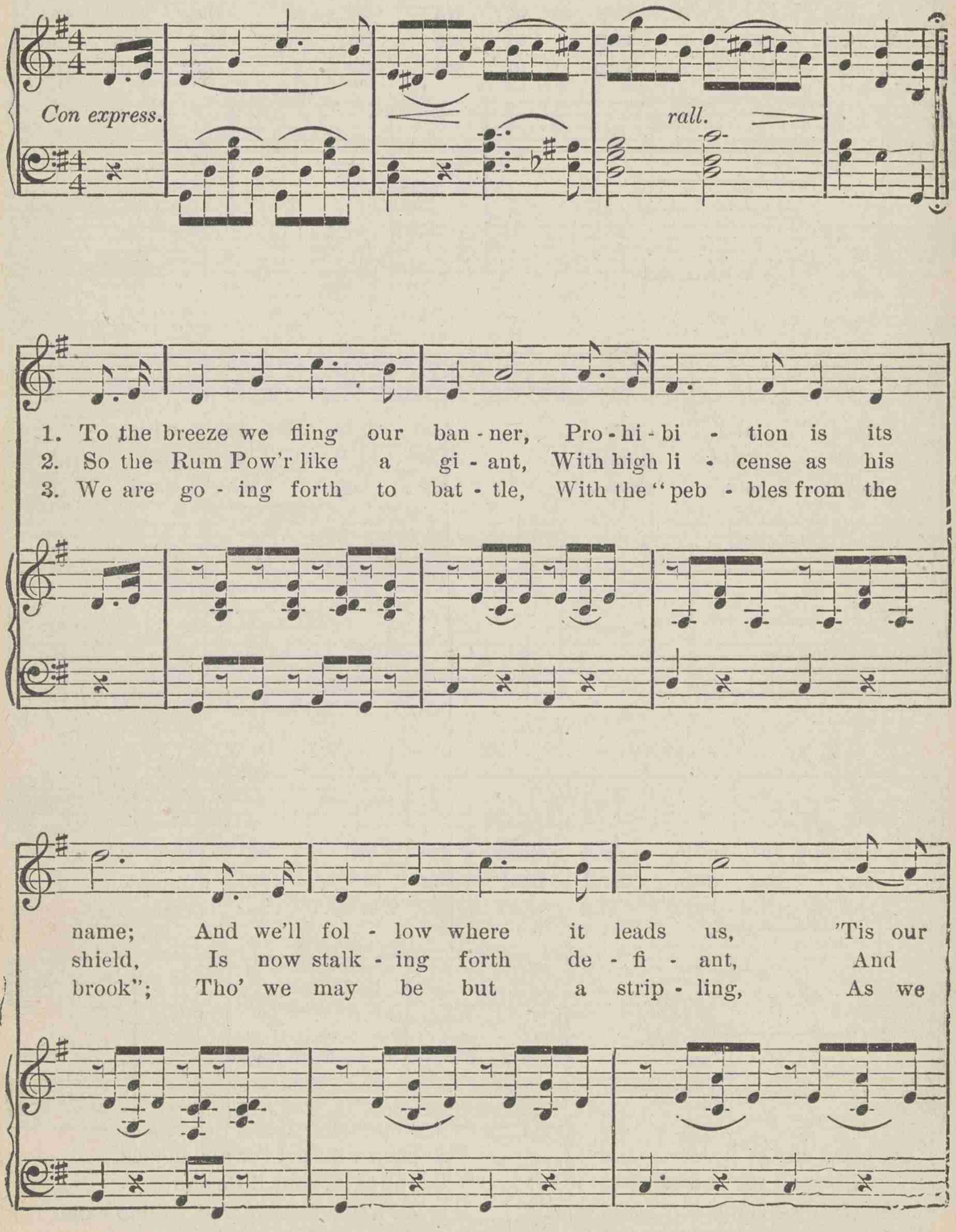


4 Only a cup of water,
'Twas all she had to give,
But while his life and sense remain,
That memory will live.

5 Then wait not for abundance,
Give of your little store;
With gentle word and willing hand,
He asketh nothing more.

To the Breeze We Fling Our Banner.

Prohibition Song and Chorus.

Dr. I L. ANDREWS. Dr. M. J. MUNGER.



1. To the breeze we fling our ban - ner, Pro - hi - bi - tion is its
2. So the Rum Pow'r like a gi - ant, With high li - cense as his
3. We are go - ing forth to bat - tle, With the "peb - bles from the

name; And we'll fol - low where it leads us, 'Tis our
shield, Is now stalk - ing forth de - fi - ant, And
brook"; Tho' we may be but a strip - ling, As we

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glo - rious or - i - flamme; Though the con-flict ra - ges
claim - ing all the field; But the camp of pro - hi -
read of in the Book, We shall meet the great "Go-

a tempo.

cres - cen - do.

fierce - ly, And the foe is bold and strong, Let our
bi - tion In his front ap - pears in view, And he
li - ath," And we'll smite him, hip and thigh, In the
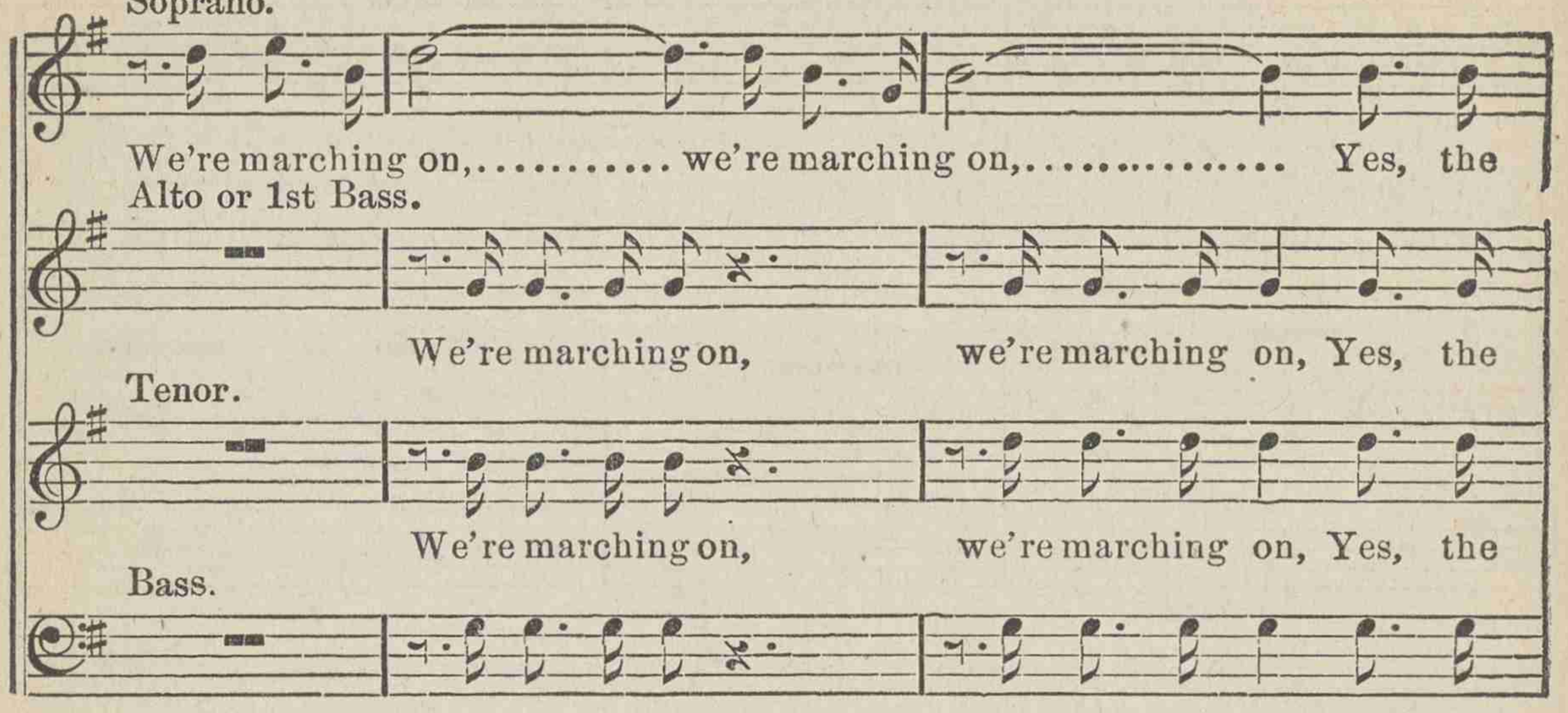
mot - to be for - ev - er, "No com - pro - mise with wrong."
cries, in wild de - ri - sion, "What do you ex - pect to do?"
strength of Him that leads us, We will smite him till he die.

colla voce.

To the Breeze We Fling Our Banner. Concluded.

CHORUS.

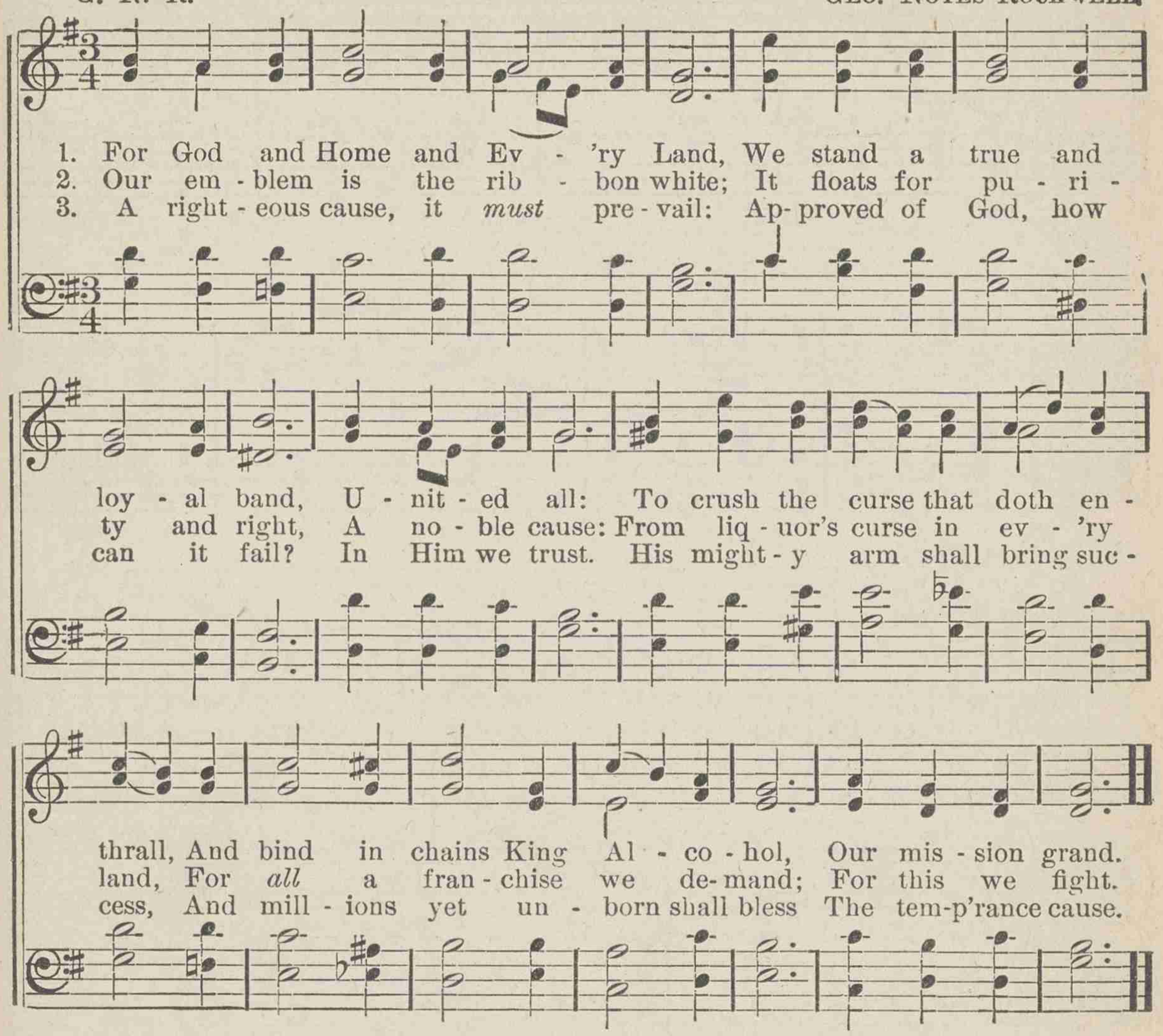
Soprano.



The Union Battle Hymn.

Dedicated to the W. C. T. U.

G. N. R. GEO. NOYES ROCKWELL.



Home Protection Hymn.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

Tune: "Arise and Shine."*

1 O trust ye in the Lord forever!
Strong is His arm, and wide His love;
He keepeth truth, He faileth never,
Though earth, and sea, and heaven remove.

CHORUS.

Sing to the Lord! He goes before us;
His strength is ours, His truth shall stand
Till East and West shall join the chorus,
"For God, and Home and Native Land."

2 Be strong, O men, who bear in battle
For us the banner and the shield;
For strong to conquer, as to suffer,
Is He who leads you in the field.

3 Lift up your eyes, O women, weeping
Beside your dead! The dawning day
Has rent the seal of death forever,
And angels roll the stone away.

4 Room for the right! Make room before us
For truth and righteousness to stand;
And plant the holy banner o'er us;
"For God, and Home and Native Land."

* Gospel Hymns, No. 74, in No. 2.

Flag of the Free.

H. M.

HARRISON MILLARD.

Con Vigore marziale.

f Marcato.

cres. *brillante.* *deciso.*

Con Energia.

1. No - bly our Flag flut - ters o'er us to-day, Em - blem of peace, pledge of
2. With it in beau - ty no Flag can compare, All na-tions hon - or our
3. Ev - er u - ni - ted this fair land shall be, Our Flag shall con-quer on

mf *cres.*

Lib - er - ty's sway, Its foes shall tremble and shrink in dis-may,
ban-ner so fair, If to in - sult it a trai - tor should dare,
land or on sea, Ev - 'ry op - pos - er shall soon bend the knee,

colla voce.

Used by per.

ad lib.

If e'er in - sul - ted it be. Our stars and stripes lov'd and
Crush'd to the earth let him be. Free-dom and Prog · ress our
God speed the dar-ling old Flag. No North, no South, no New

hon - or'd by all, Shall float for-ev - er where free - dom may call,
watch-words to-day, When du - ty calls us, who dare dis - o-bey?
Eng - land, no West, One coun-try always, the great - est, the best;

rall. *cres.* *ff*

ad lib.

It still shall be the Flag of the free, Em - blem of sweet lib - er-
Hon - or to thee, thou Flag of the free, Em - blem of sweet lib - er-
Long may it wave; the poor and oppresed Bless thee, thou Flag of the

ff *rall.* *colla voce.* *deciso.*

Flag of the Free. Concluded.

CHORUS.

ty.
ty.
free.

Here we will gath - er its cause to de-fend,

mf

Let patriots ral - ly and wise counsels lend, It still shall be the

Flag of the free, Em - blem of sweet lib - er - ty.
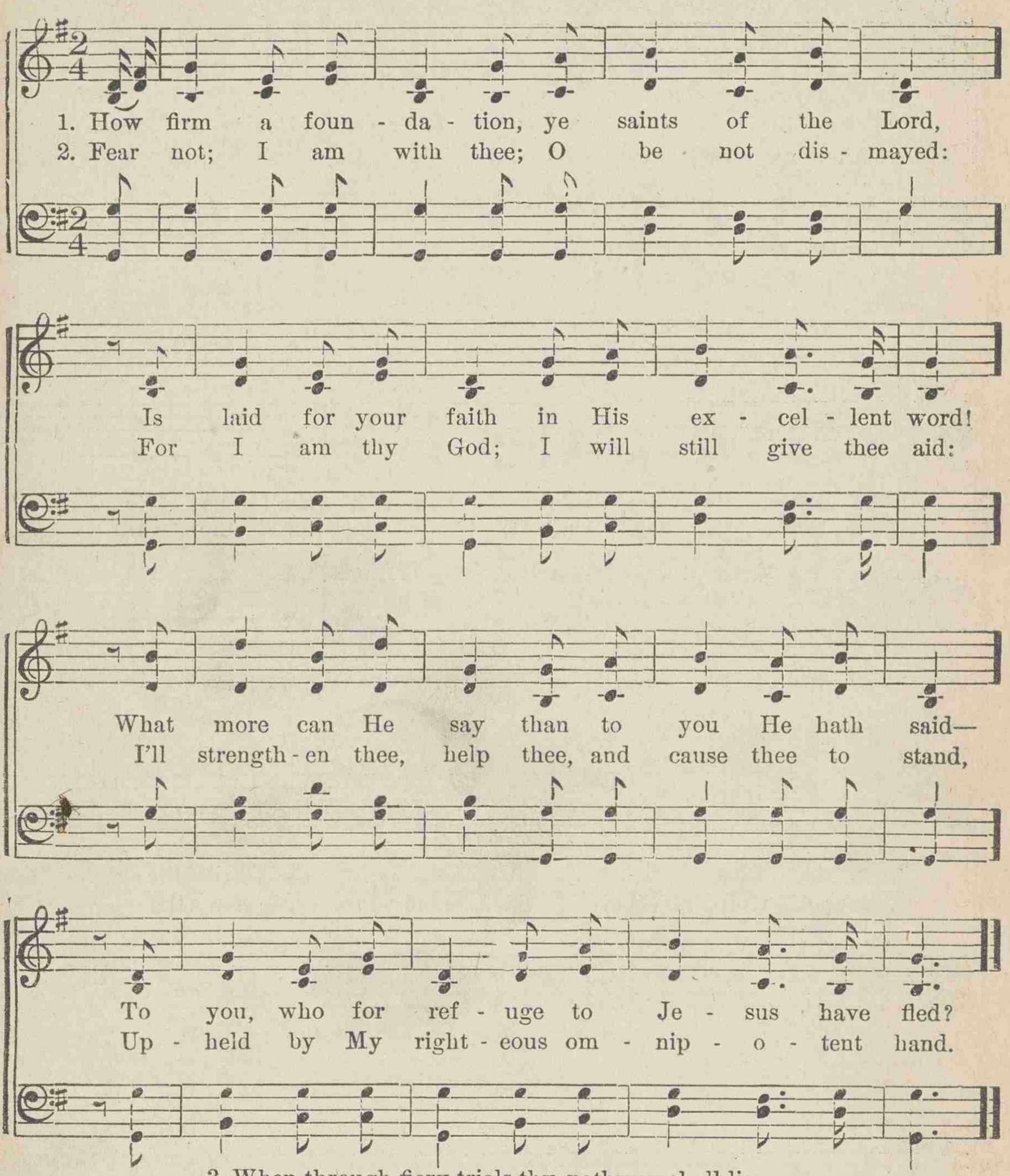
Repeat fff

colla voce.

Repeat fff

How Firm a Foundation.

KENNEDY. CALLAO. Southern Air.



3 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

4 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

Gospel Temperance Commission.

FRANCES J. BARNES. Harmonized by JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. From the court of God in Heav - en, Roy - al man - date
2. An - gel trump - et - ers are call - ing, Spir - its of the

has been giv - en, Chains of hab - it shall be riv - en,
just are long - ing, And the Church must speed the warn - ing,

From the sons of men. By the pow'r of Christ the Sav - ior,
Gos - pel temp 'rance, cry! Men and wom - en, don the ar - mor,

To de - liv - er from the tempt - er All who have been
Take the shield, the sword, the hel - met, With the Spir - it's

bound and burden'd Shall a - rise a - gain! Who at ease in
might - y pow - er *Ty - rant Rum shall die!* Christ - ians, rise to

Zi - on Dare re - tard the mis-sion, Lest they shall fight a -
hon - or, Rend the "rings" a - sun - der, And by your vote and

gainst the Lord and bring swift re - tri - bu - tion? Her - ald then the
by your voice Re - deem the land from plun - der. Life and lib - er -

joy - ful man - date To the peo - ple and the prel - ate!
ty are plead - ing, Home and child - hood in - ter - ced - ing;

Christ Him - self hath said, "Go tell it," Ev - 'ry band shall break!
Love of law and coun - try heed - ing, Vote for God and Right!

I'm a Pilgrim.

ITALIAN AIR.
Arr. by A. BEIRLY.

SOLO.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar - ry, I can
2. There the sun-beams are ev - er shin - ing, I am long-ing, I am
3. Of that coun - try to which I'm go - ing, My Re - deem - er, my Re-

m *rit.*

p

tar - ry but a night; Do not de - tain me, for I am
long-ing for the sight; With - in a coun - try un-known and
deem-er is the light; There is no sor - row nor an - y

go - ing To where the stream-lets are ev - er flow - ing,
drear-y, I have been wan-d'ring for - lorn and wea - ry;
sigh-ing, Nor an - y sin there nor an - y dy - ing;

I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can

tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night.

Remember Them that Are in Bonds.

JOHN G. WOOLEY. MENDELSSOHN.

1. Oh, think..... of the tears that
2. Oh, think..... of the hearts that

si - lent - ly fall,..... In a sin - gle
si - lent - ly break,..... In a sin - gle

night! Where sor - row en-dur - eth ev - er, Nor
night! Sweet death ev - er vain - ly woo - ing To

cres. *cres.*

joy with the morn ing dawns; Where
lives all too sore to die, Yet

cres *sf* *cres.*

f

love's light seems lost for - ev - er, And
dead but to deep - est an - guish, On - ly

f

Faith seems no Heav'n to see, No Heav'n to see,
con - scious of bit - ter pain, Such bit - ter pain,

p *p*

And Faith seems no Heaven to see.
On - ly con - scious of bit - ter pain.

sf

Gently, Lord! Oh, Gently Lead Us.

GREENVILLE.

1. { Gen-tly, Lord! oh, gen - tly lead us Thro' this lone - ly vale of tears; }
   { Thro' the changes Thou'st de - creed us, Till our last great change appears: }

2. { In the hour of pain and an - guish, In the hour when death draws near, }
   { Suf - fer not our hearts to lan-guish, Suf - fer not our souls to fear: }

When temp - ta - tion's darts as - sail us, When in de-vious paths we stray,
And when mor - tal life is end - ed, Bid us on Thy bo - som rest;

Let Thy good -ness nev - er fail us; Lead us in Thy per-fect way.
Till, by an - gel bands at - tend - ed, We a - wake a - mong the blest.

In Heavenly Love Abiding.

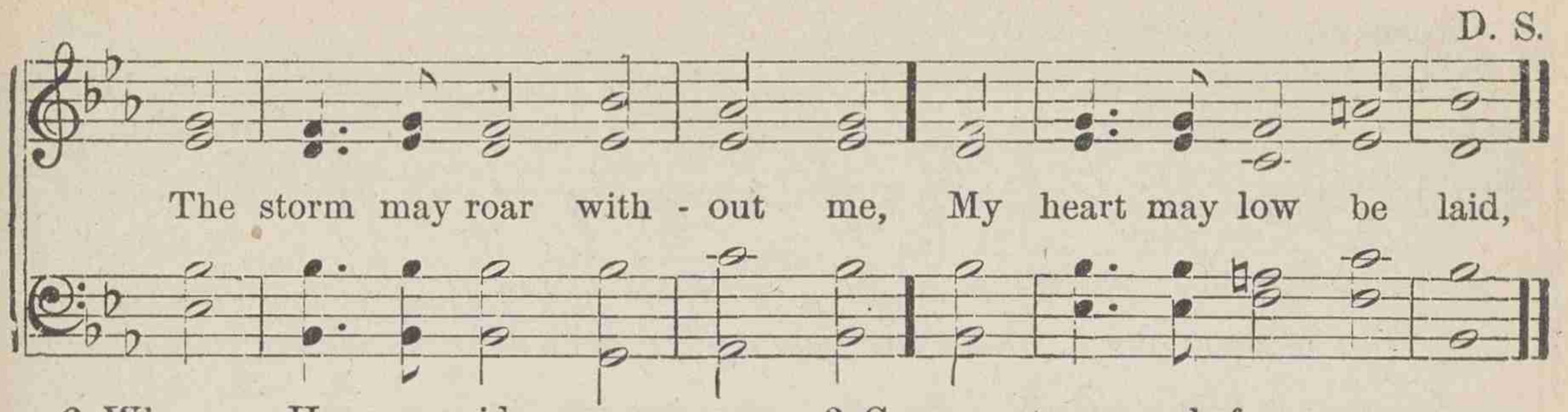
1. In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear,

And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here:
D. S. But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?

FINE.

In Heavenly Love Abiding. Concluded.

D. S.

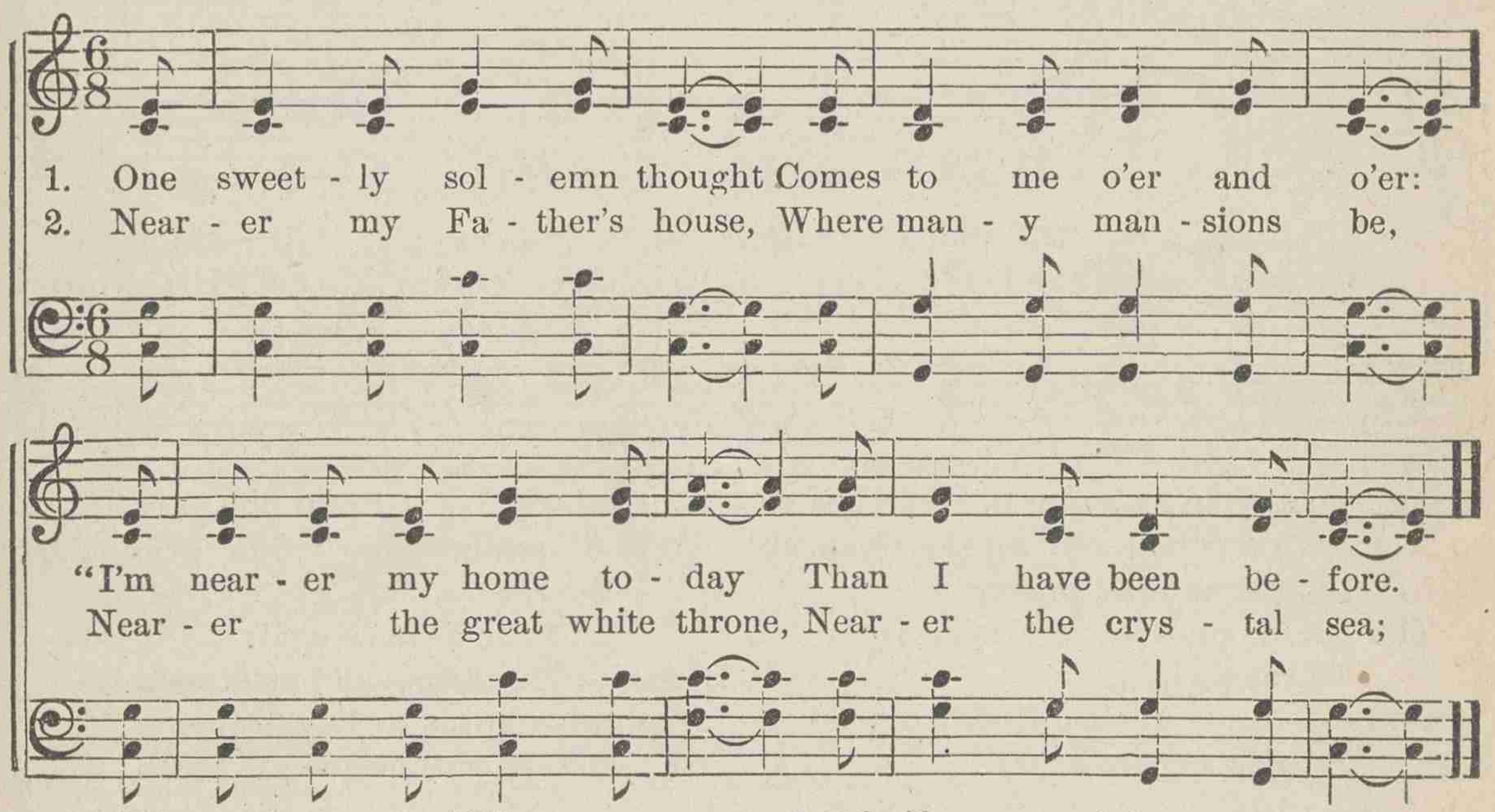


2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim:
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been:
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Savior has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

*Phoebe Cary. Wm. B. Bradbury.



3 "Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown:

4 "But the waves of that silent sea
Roll dark before my sight,
That brightly, the other side,
Break on a shore of light.

5 "O if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink—
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think—

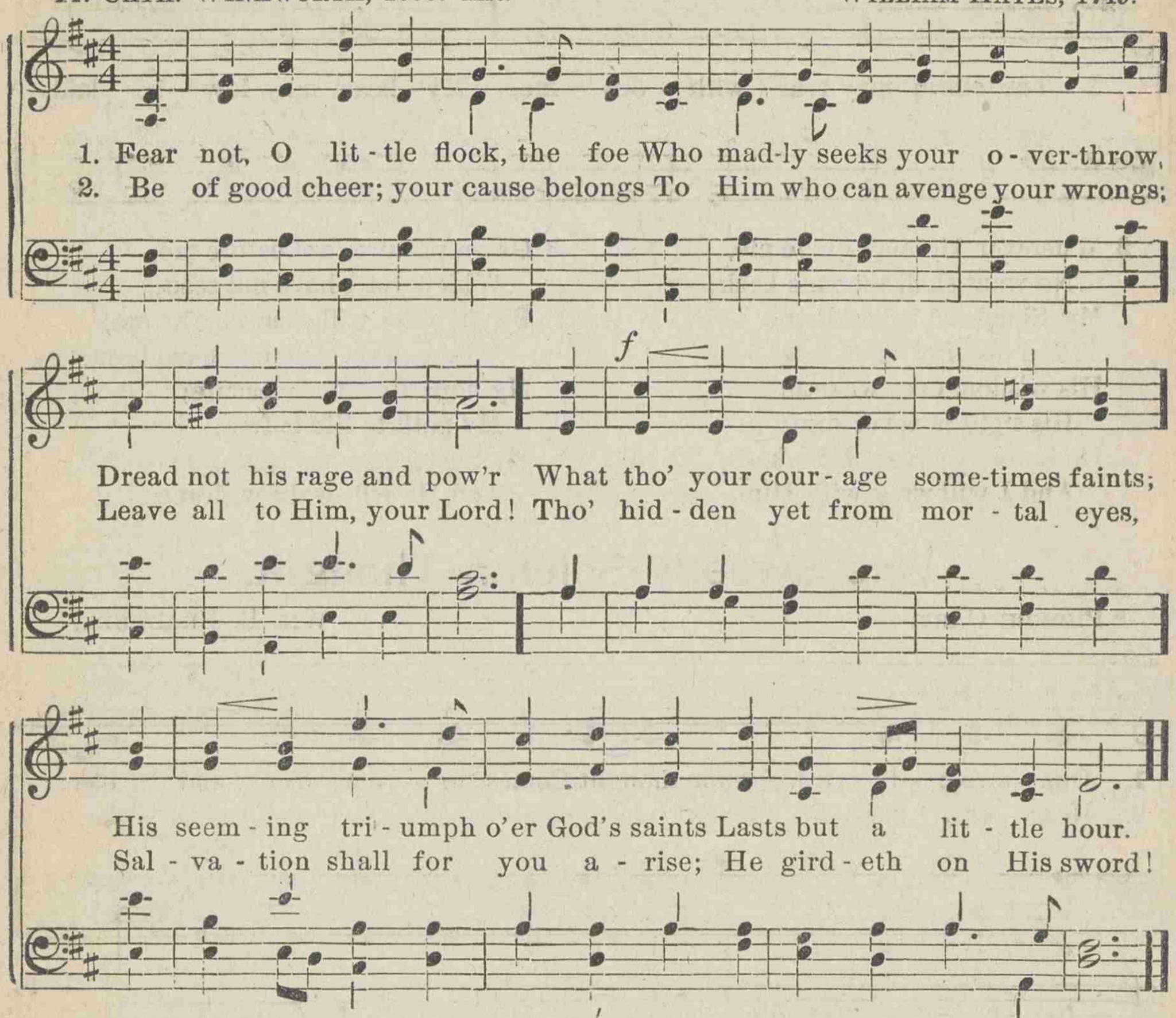
6 "Father, perfect my trust:
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet were firmly set
On the rock of a living faith."

* We give the version of this beautiful hymn of which the author said, "I'll rewrite it just as I want it to stand forever, and I'll never touch it again."

Fear Not, O Little Flock, the Foe.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, 1631.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1855. Alt.

WILLIAM HAYES, 1749.



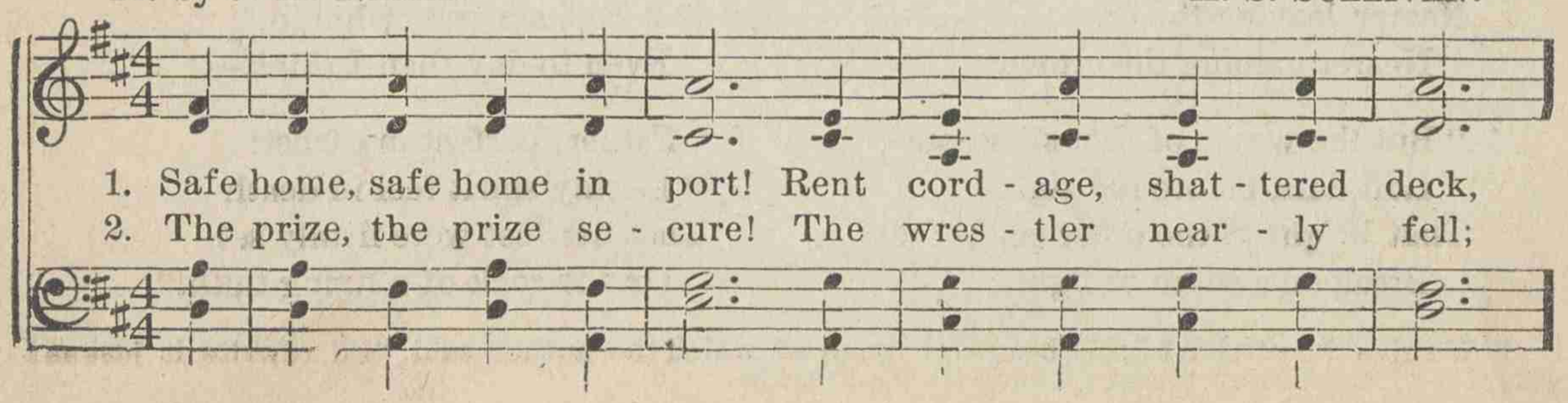
3 As true as God's own promise stands,
Not earth nor hell with all their bands
Against us shall prevail.
The Lord shall mock them from His throne,
God is with us, we are His own,
Our vict'ry cannot fail!

4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare,
Fight for us once again!
So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end. Amen.

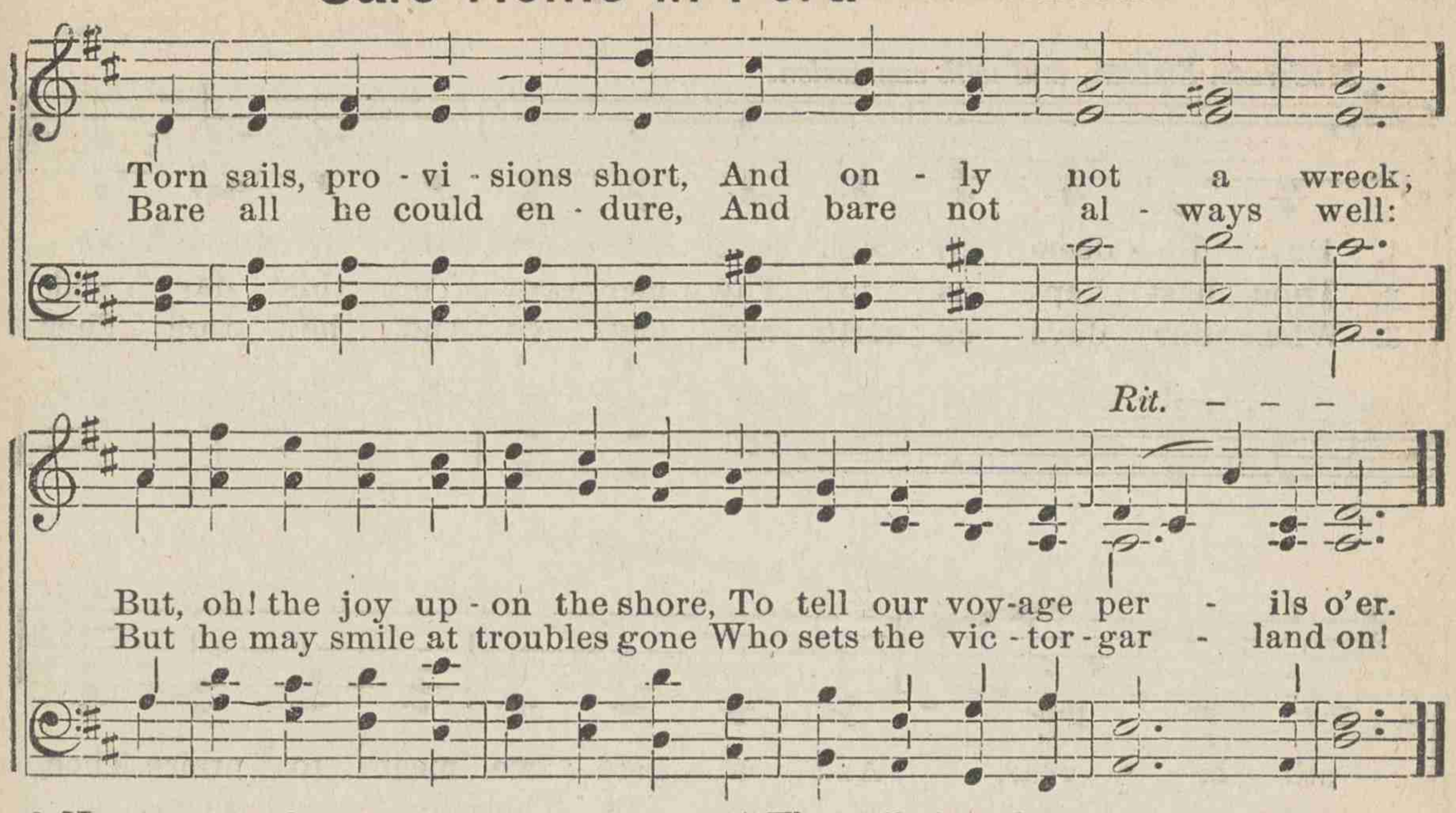
Safe Home in Port.

Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

A. S. SULLIVAN.



Safe Home in Port. Concluded.

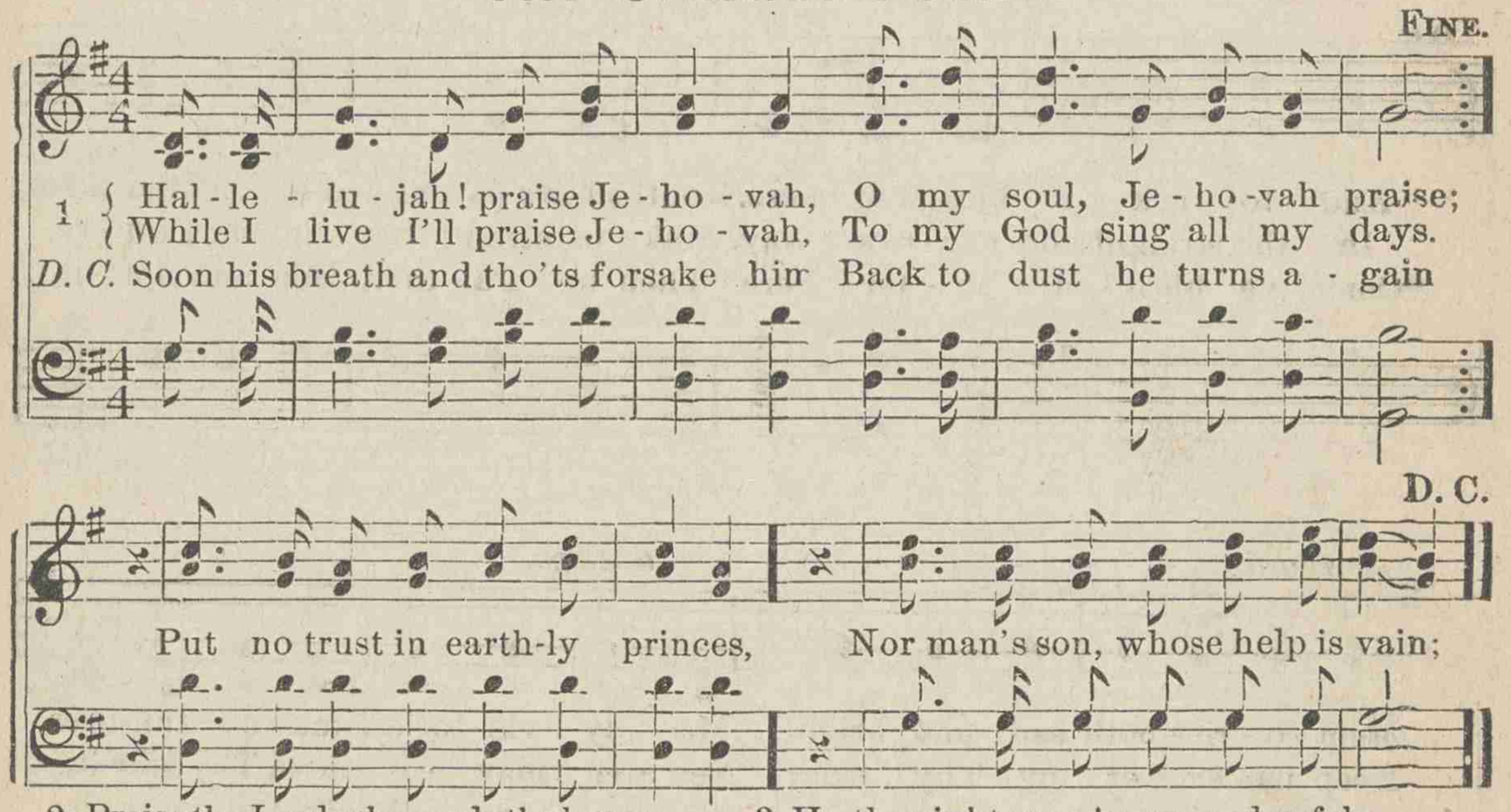


3 No more the foe can harm!
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp:—
And yet how nearly had he failed—
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

4 The exile is at home!
Oh, nights and days of tears!
Oh, longings not to roam!
Oh, sins and doubts and fears!
What matters now grief's darkest day,
When God has wiped all tears away!

The Crusade Psalm.

L. Mason.



2 Praise the Lord who made the heaven,
Earth and sea, and all therein;
Who will keep His truth forever,
Rights of all oppressed maintain.
He gives food to those that hunger,
To the blind restoreth sight;
He gives freedom to the pris'ner,
Makes the bowed to stand upright.

3 He the righteous loves, and safely
Keeps the stranger; He's a stay
To the fatherless and widow,
But subverts the sinner's way.
Evermore Jehovah reigneth,
Through all ages He is King.
Even He, thy God, O Zion,
To Jehovah praises sing.

Anniversary Hymn.

G. N. R. GEO. N. ROCKWELL.

Moderato. Smooth, and with expression.

1. Dear Re - deem - er, Thou hast kept us Safe - ly through an -
2. Thou hast kept us in Thy mer - cy To this day, and
3. When our days on earth are end - ed And be - fore Thee

oth - er year, And a - gain we meet to praise Thee,
now we pray, Fa - ther, wilt Thou ev - er keep us
we ap - pear, May all hear the joy - ful sum - mons,
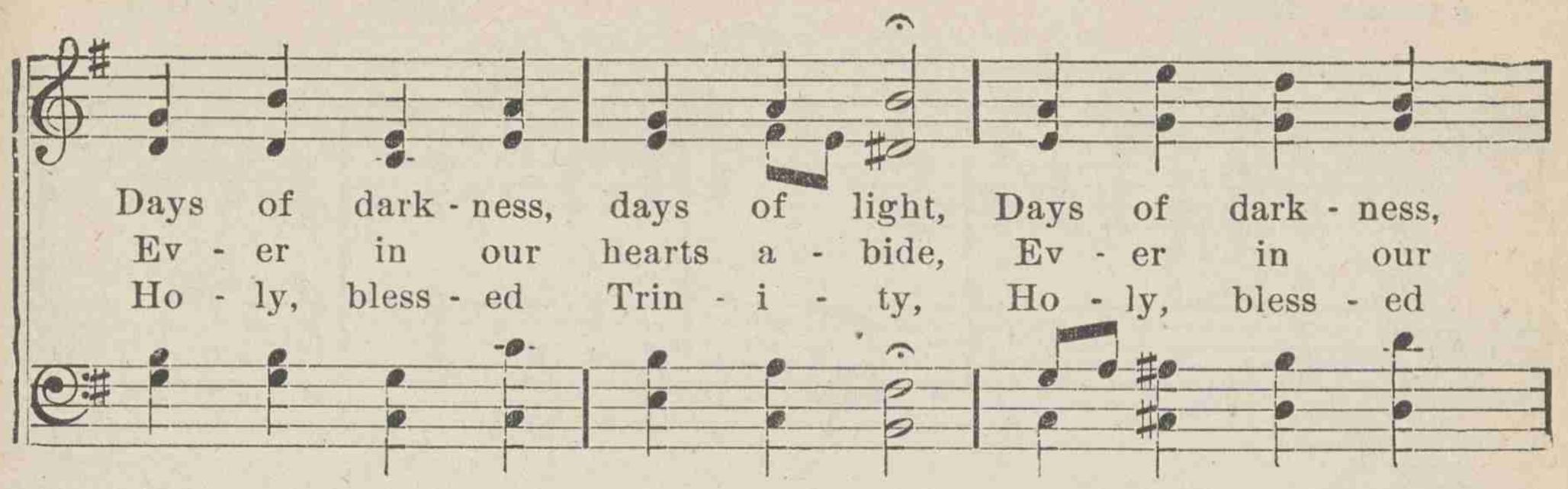
And to ask a bless - ing here. Months have passed and left behind them,
In the straight and nar - row way. Make us strong to do each du - ty,
"Come, ye bless - ed, en - ter here." Then to Fa - ther, Son and Spir - it,
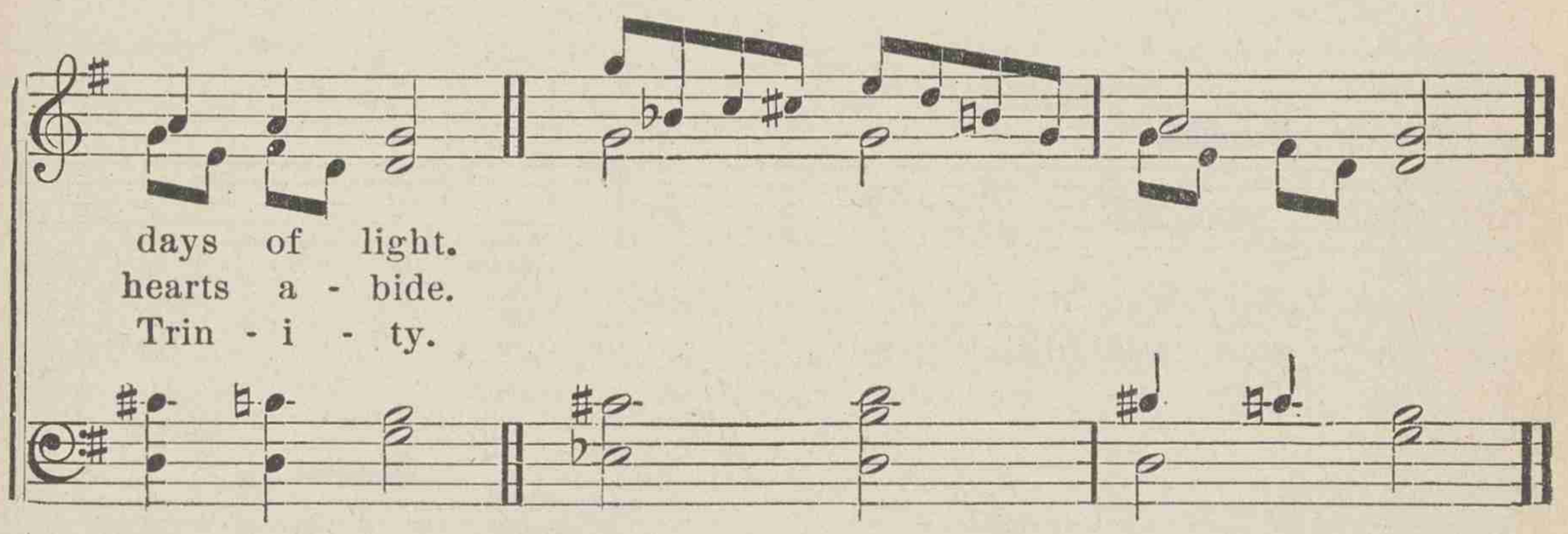
ritard. *a tempo.*

Mem - o - ries both sad and bright, Ma - ny vic - tories, ma - ny fail - ures,
Keep us ev - er by Thy side; Nev - er may we grieve Thy spir - it,
Three in one, and one in three, We will give all might and mer - it,

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Anniversary Hymn. Concluded.
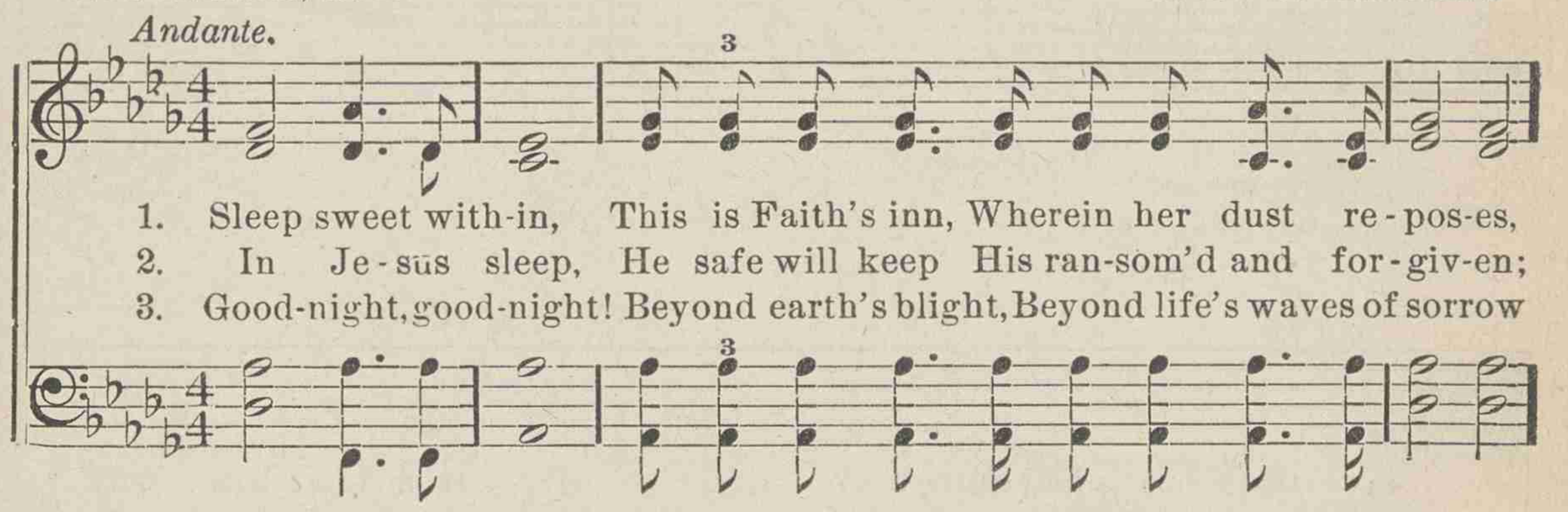




Sleep Sweet Within.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. R. D. W. Mallory.

Andante.



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Freedom's Birthday Song.

ANDREA HOFER. CHAS. T. KIMBALL.

T'empo di marcia.

f

f SOLO. *Resoluto.*

1. Sweet day, when broke the smoul-d'ring light Our
2. We sons and daugh - ters of to - day Sa -
3. And may the com - ing race in - spire Its

f

fa - thers' hearts had nursed so long, We raise our ban - ners,
lute thy dawn with swell ing breasts, And pray to live, bound
new - er mean - ing in thy name; And may our na - tion's

From "Goodform," by permission.
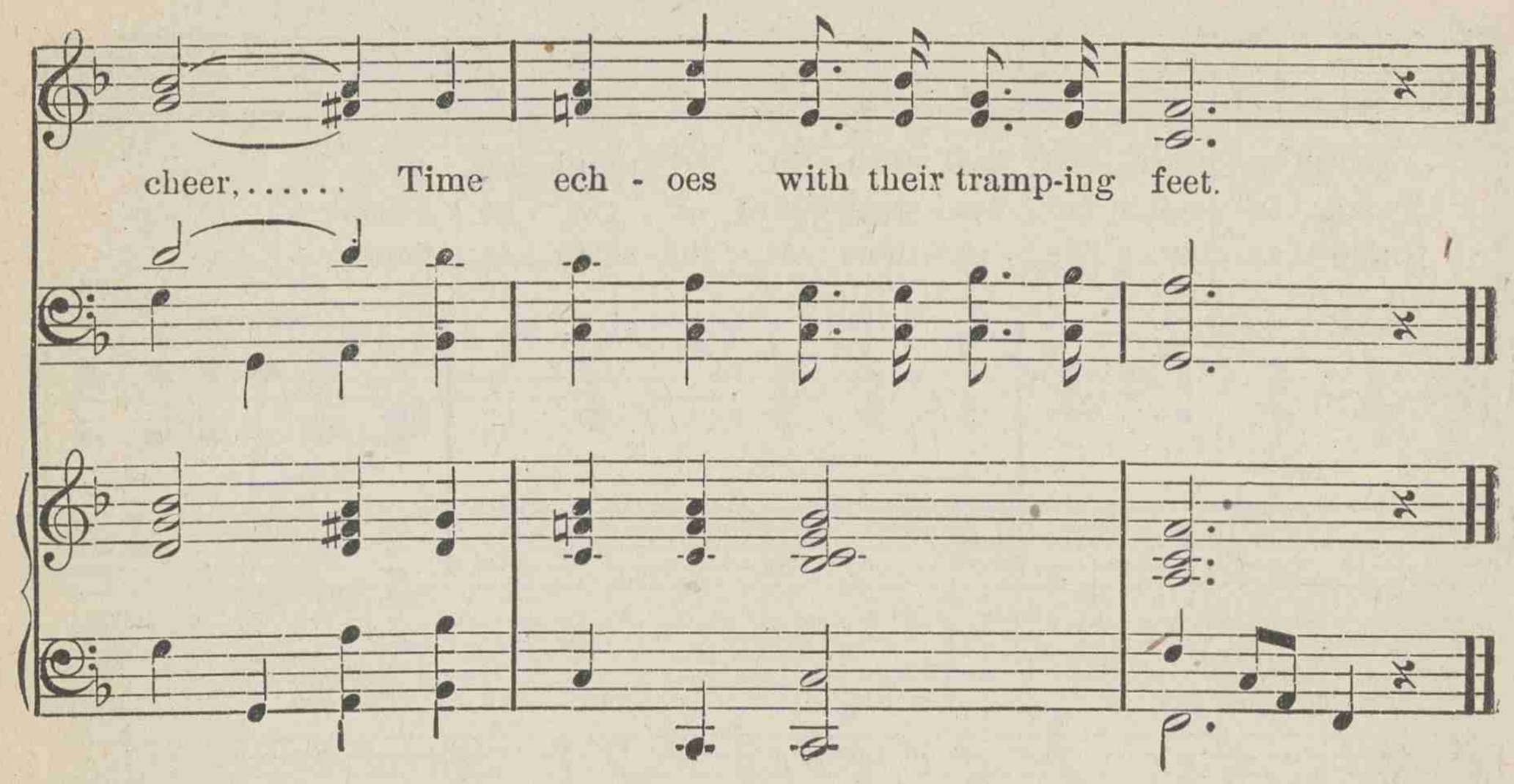
sound our praise, And hail thee in tri - umph- ant song.
each to each, In con - stant guard of thy be - hests.
al - tar fire The na - tions of the earth in - flame.

f A tempo.

Oh, day! the star in all our year, When

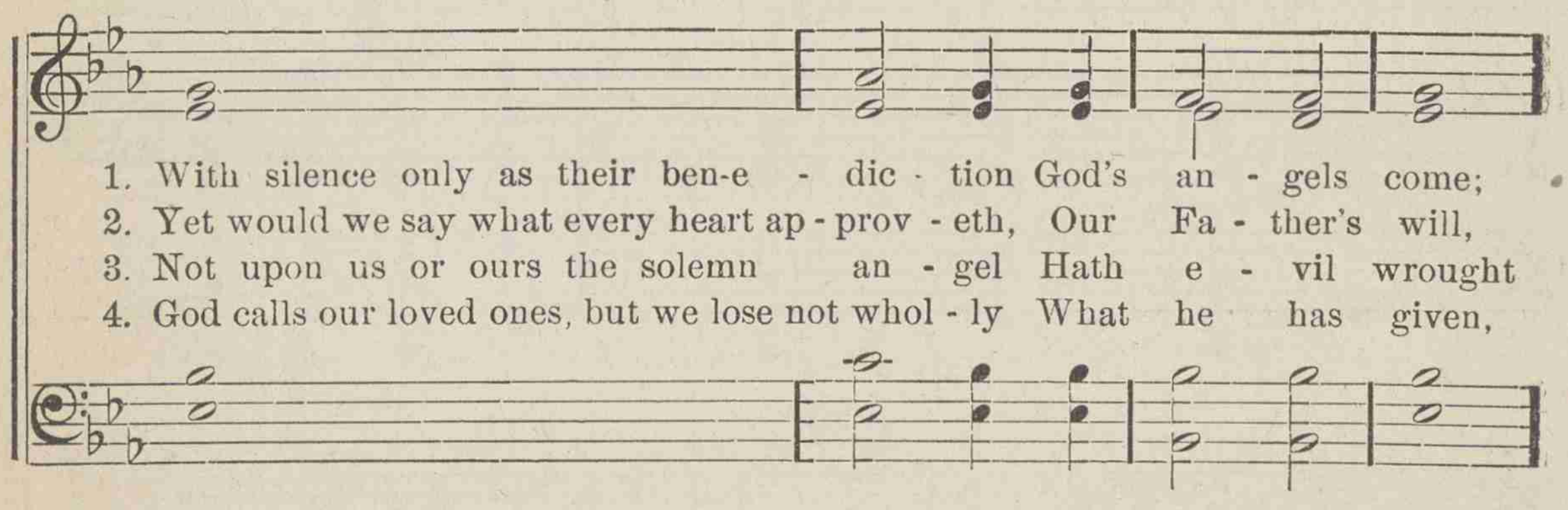
our great nation's pulse first beat, Our children's children rise and

Freedom's Birthday Song Concluded.
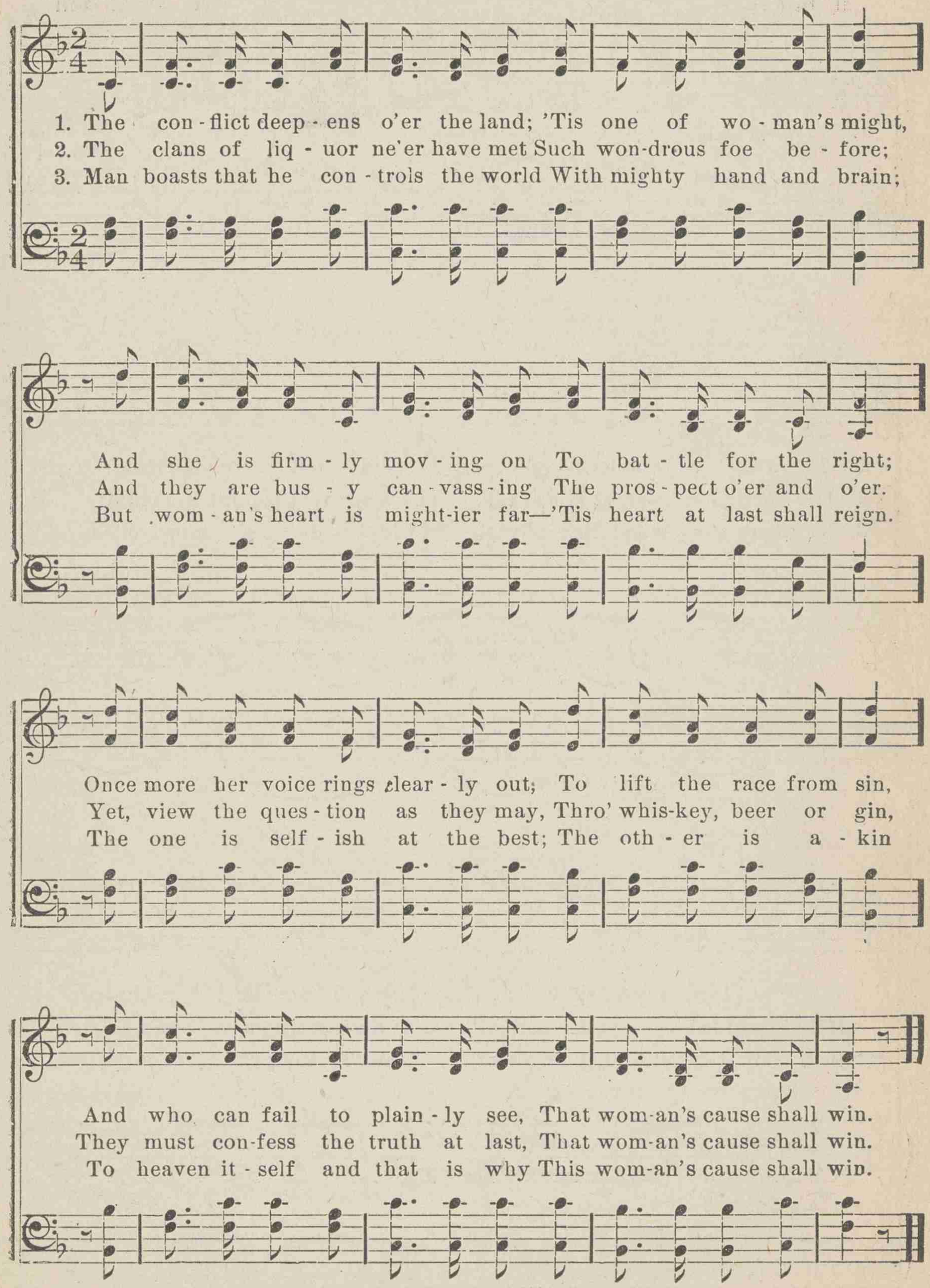


Angels' Visits.

J. G. WHITTIER.



Woman's Cause Shall Win.

Dr. Horace B. Durant. Auld Lang Syne.



From Prohibition Party Campaign Songs, by per. of Mrs. H. Abraham Durant, Publisher, Philadelphia.

The Peaceful Fold.

H. Bonar.

Zundel.
Arr. by A. Beil.

Rit. - - - - - -

m

Solo.
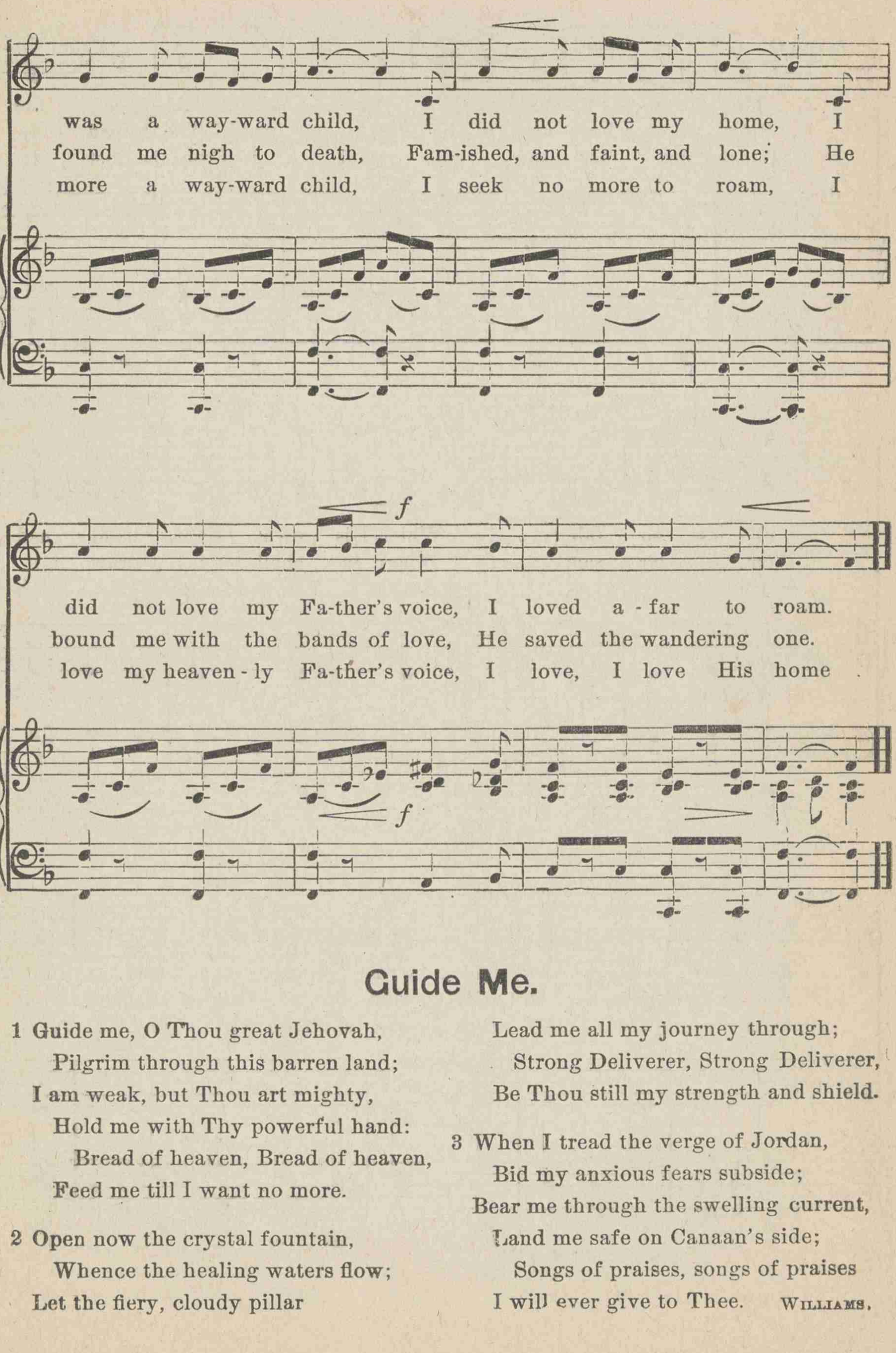
1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold; I
2. The Shep - herd sought His sheep, The Fa - ther sought His child; He
3. No more a wandering sheep, I love to be con- trolled, I

p

f

did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con- trolled; I
fol - lowed me o'er vale and hill, O'er des - erts waste and wild: He
love my ten - der Shepherd's voice, I love the peace - ful fold; No

f



Guide Me.
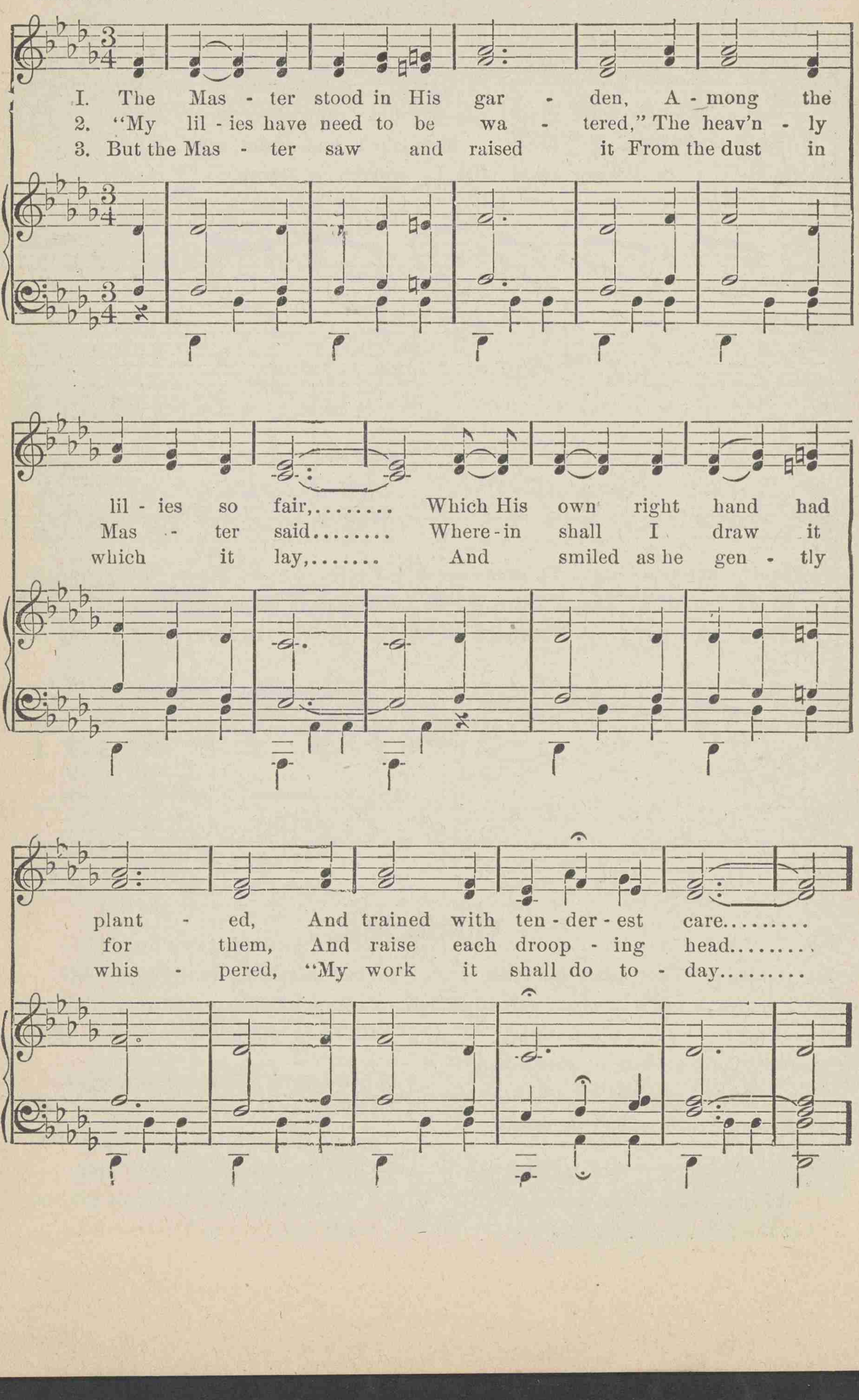
1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer, Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
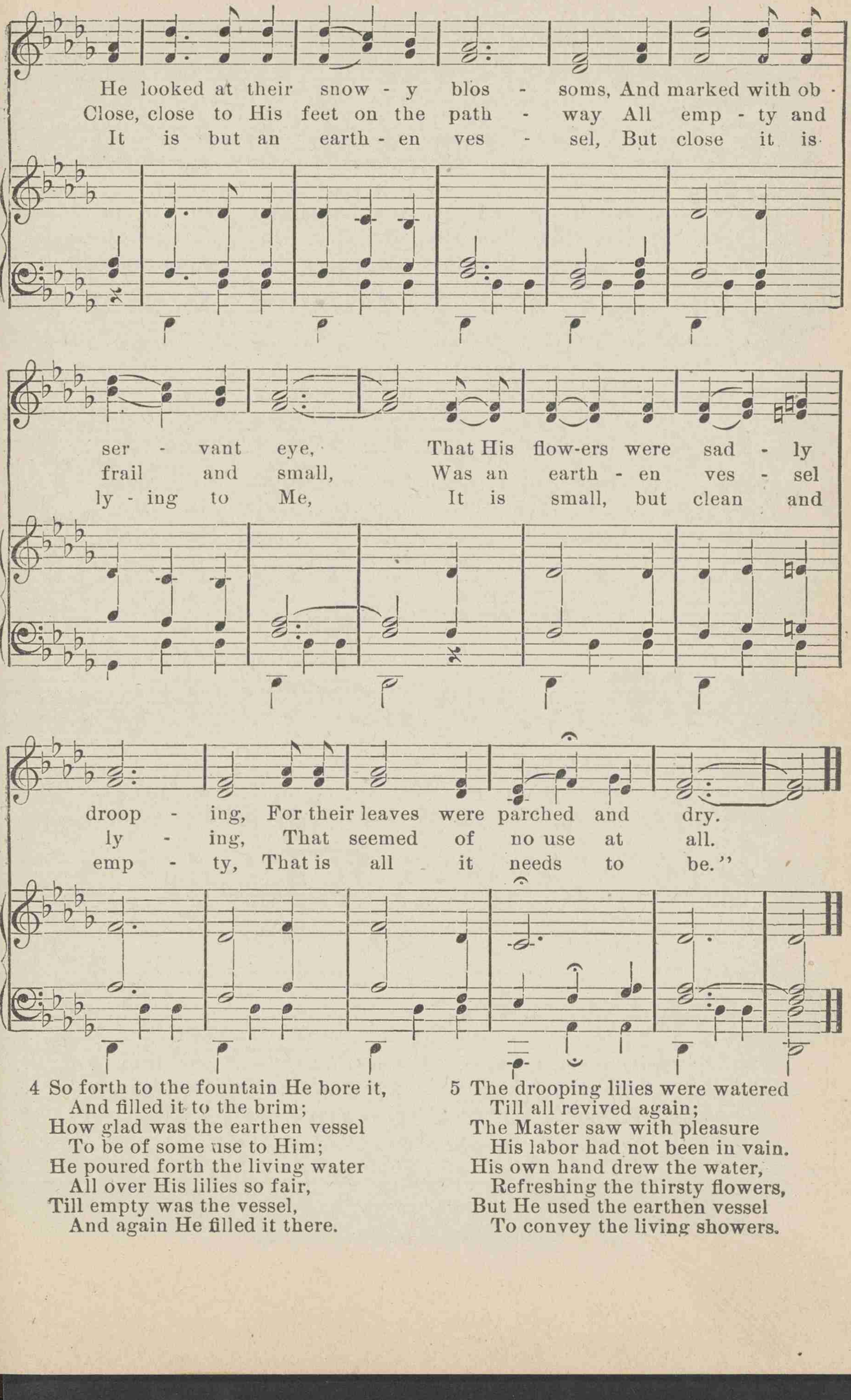
3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises, songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee. WILLIAMS.

The Earthen Vessel.

Words selected. I. S. HOPKINS.



The Earthen Vessel. Concluded.



4 So forth to the fountain He bore it,
And filled it to the brim;
How glad was the earthen vessel
To be of some use to Him;
He poured forth the living water
All over His lilies so fair,
Till empty was the vessel,
And again He filled it there.
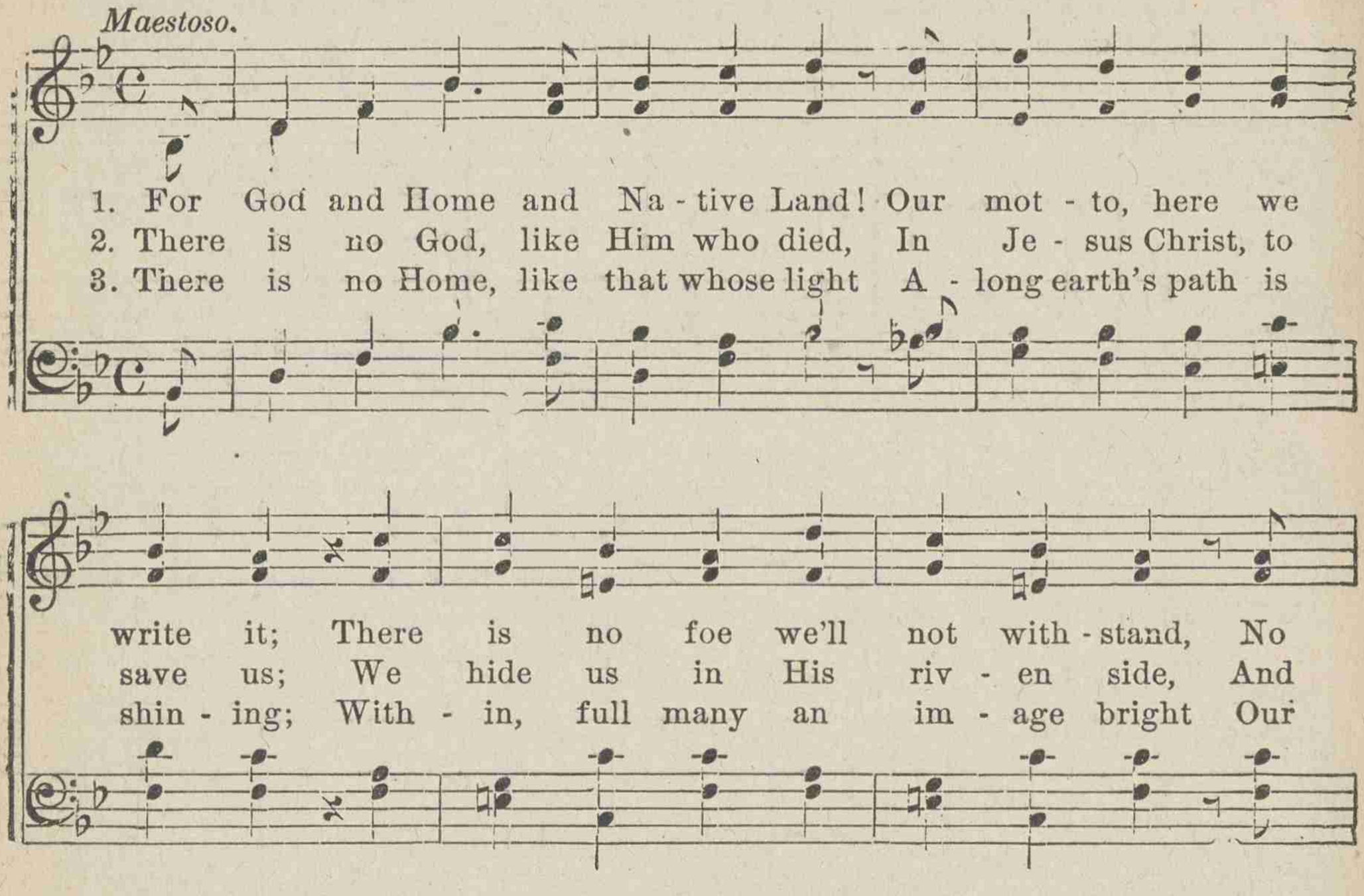
5 The drooping lilies were watered
Till all revived again;
The Master saw with pleasure
His labor had not been in vain.
His own hand drew the water,
Refreshing the thirsty flowers,
But He used the earthen vessel
To convey the living showers.

For God and Home and Native Land.

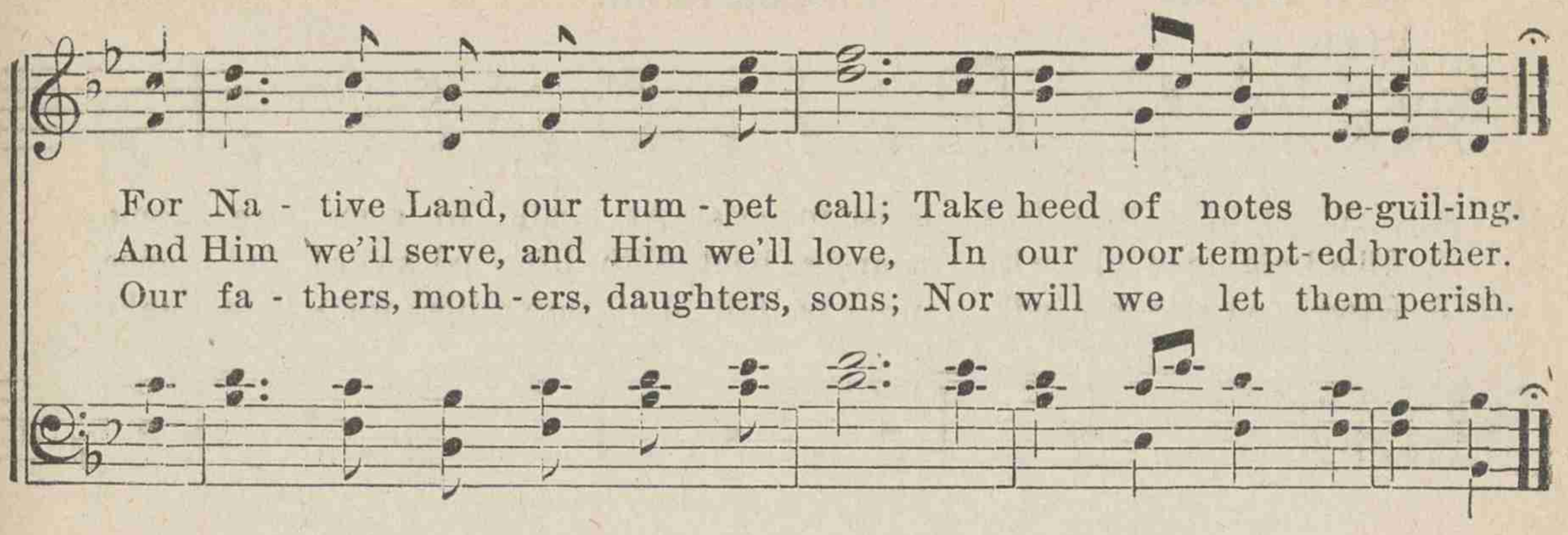
"Let us have a stirring tune to your choice words, and we will send them rolling across the continent."—Miss Willard to Dr. Rankin.

Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D. J. W. Bischoff

Maestoso.



Copyright, Washington W. C. T. Union.

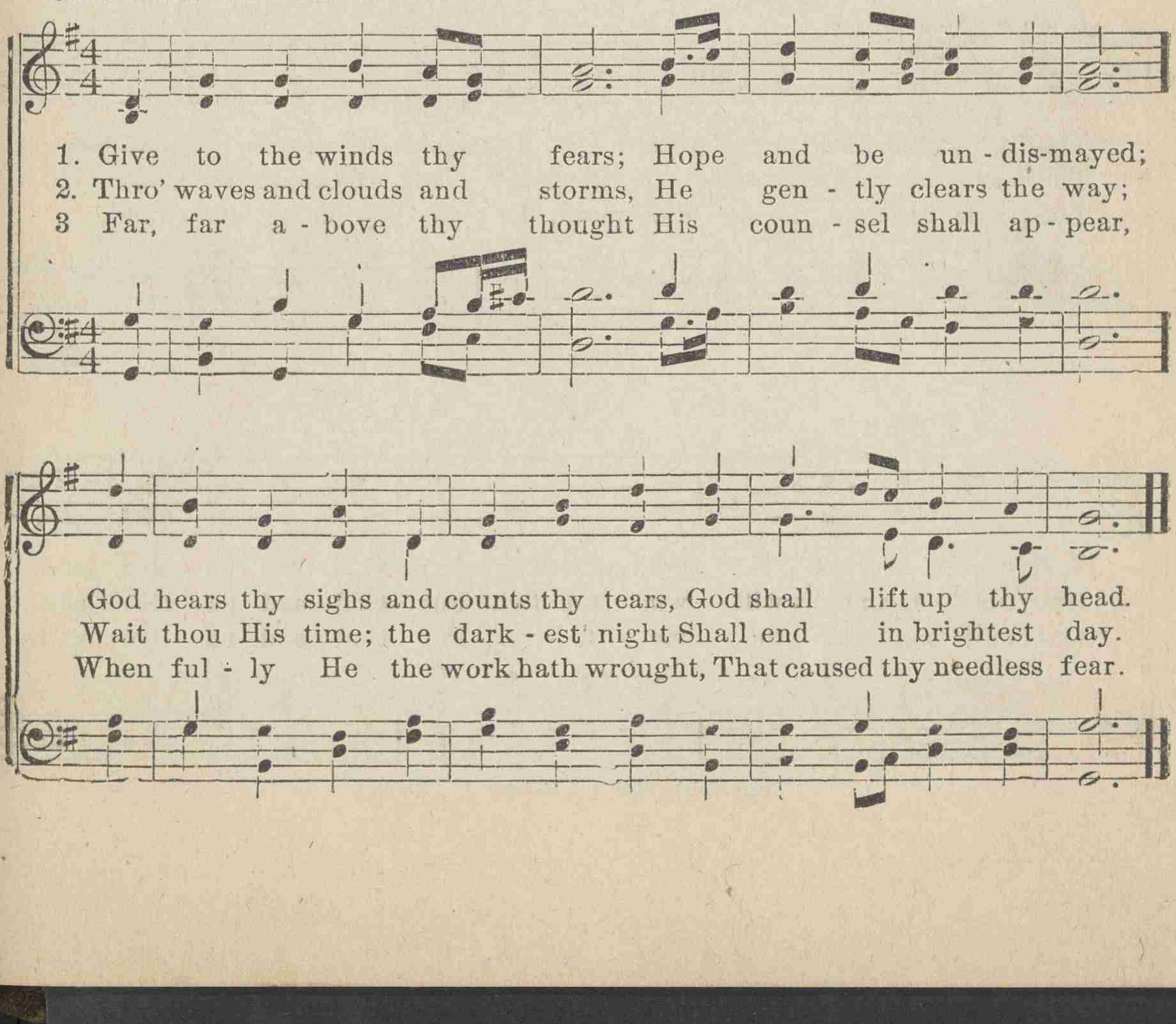


4 There is no Land like our fair Land,
With freedom's sons and daughters;
Her shores by healthful breezes fanned,
And bathed by ocean's waters.
Baptized with blood on many a field,
Still brighter grow her story!
God be her strength, her tow'r, her shield,
God be her strength, her tow'r, her shield,
And be His truth her glory.

5 For God and Home and Native Land,
Our motto, here we write it;
Here seal our vow, here make our stand,
No battle but we'll fight it.
We clasp our hands, and kneel in prayer
To Him who rules above us;
That He will make our cause His care,
That He will make our cause His care,
And prosper those who love us.

St. Thomas. Crusade Hymn.

GERHARDT. J. WESLEY. TR. TANSUR.



For God and Native Land.

JESSE H. BROWN. **Processional.** W. A. OGDEN.

DUET.

1. A might-y host, from coast to coast, At call to arms we come,
2. Like knights of old with cour-age bold, With lift-ed sword and lance,
3. King Al-co-hol will sure-ly fall, Lo! now his for-tress quakes;

To pledge our youth to right and truth, And fight for church and home,
With mar-tial tread and ban-ners spread, We make our sure ad-vance;
And on the field our foes shall yield, The day of tri-umph breaks.

f CHORUS.

The bu-gles call to one and all To join our loy-al band,—
The war is long, the foe is strong, A-lone we could not stand;
Let praise re-sound the world a-round, To ev-'ry clime and strand,

Their shouts to raise in child-hoods days For God and na-tive land.
But heav-en's might will win the fight For God and na-tive land.
And ours shall be the vic-to-ry, For God and na tive land.

Copyright, 1892, by Robert L. Fletcher

FULL CHORUS.

The blaz - ing cross up - raised, our sign, We march to tri - umph grand

Then pass the watchword down the line, "For God and na - tive land."

We march! we march! we march to tri - umph grand.
We march! we march!

Then pass the watchword down the line "For God and na - tive land."

God and Home and Native Land.

Mrs. C. Blackall. E. S. Lorenz.

1. For God, our great Com mand - er, We sound our bat - tle cry,
2. For Home we hear the man - date, "Go work while shines the day";
3. For Na - tive Land we'll bat - tle Till Sa - tan's rule shall cease;

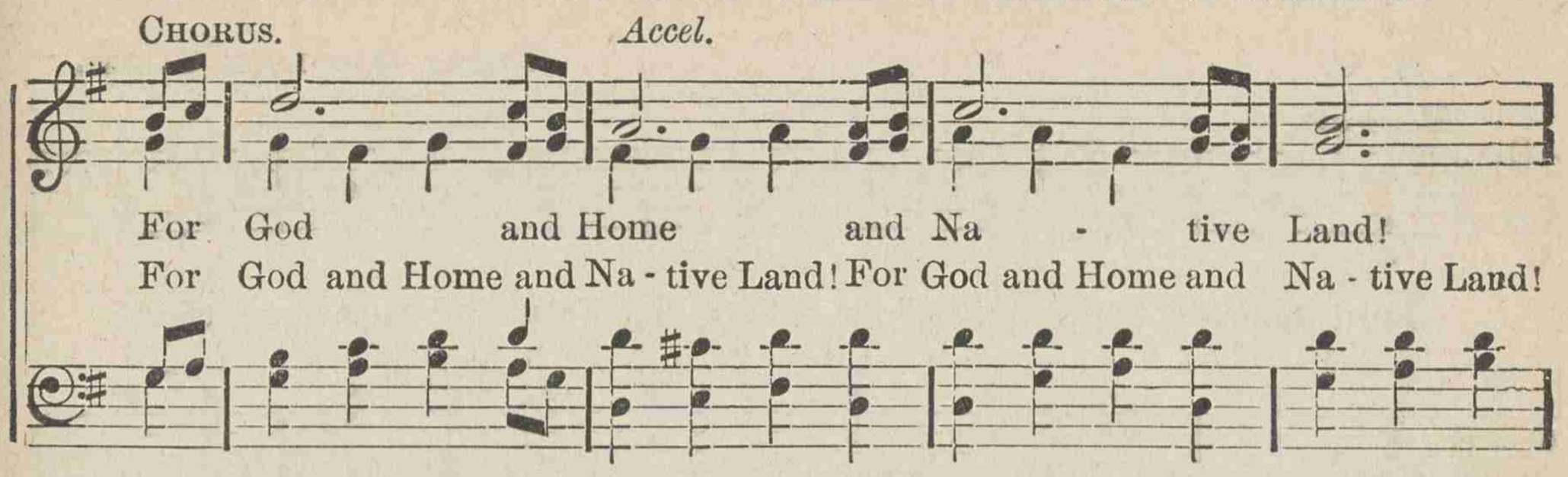
And, strong in faith and cour - age, March on to vic - to - ry.
For Home, the na - tion's treas - ure, We la - bor, watch, and pray.
Hu - man - i - ty in bond - age De - mands our war of peace.
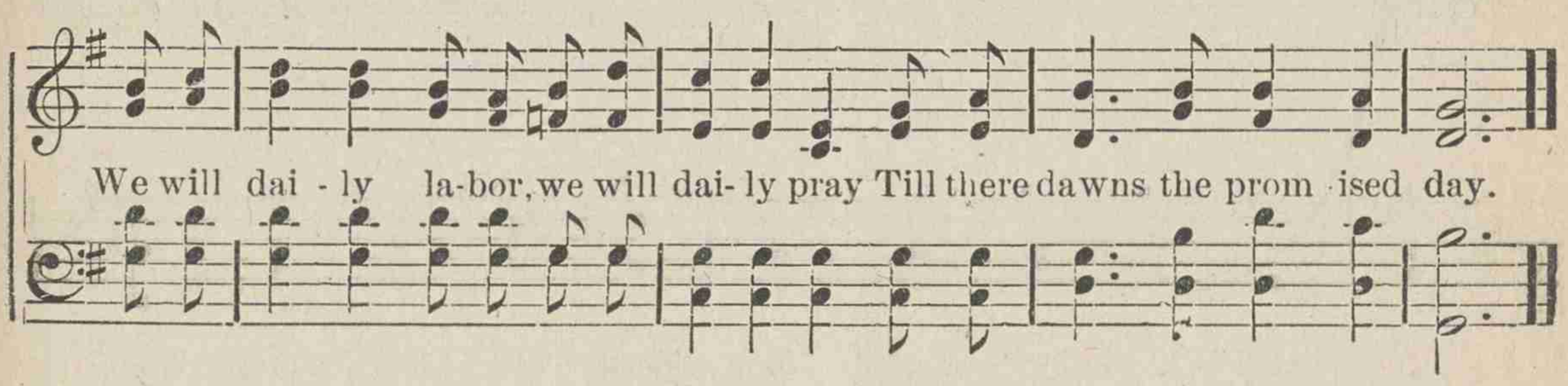
Duet.

With Him our sure de - fend - er, Our shield and guid - ing star,
For Home our forc - es ral - ly, Till joy and love shall reign;
Lo! dawns a day of tri - umph, And wakes the vic - tor - song;

We strive to lift the low - ly, And wage our peace - ful war.
This cam - paign of the a - ges Shall right - eous con - quests gain.
For God is God for - ev - er, And right shall van - quish wrong.

God and Home and Native Land. Concluded.





A National Hymn.

Tune: America

1

God bless our native land;
All glorious and grand
To all oppressed;
No false lights may they meet
To lure their gladsome feet,
When first they come to greet
This harbor blest.

2

God bless the United States,
May their wide-open gates
Lead on to peace;
To cities free from vice,
Pure from unholy strife;
Where plenty crowns the life
When wars shall cease.

3

God bless the people pure;
The voters who secure
Our righteous laws;
Men who will take no bribe
Nor ever turn aside,
Tempted by pelf or pride,
From noble cause.

4

God bless our statesmen brave;
Who would our country save
By love of right;
Whose hate of sin and wrong,
Exalts above the throng
Who voice the earth-born song
That "might is right."

5

God bless the nation grand;
Whose fathers wisely planned
Themselves to free.
Now let Columbia pray
For freedom's noblest sway,
O'er self the mastery,
Nor slaves to be.
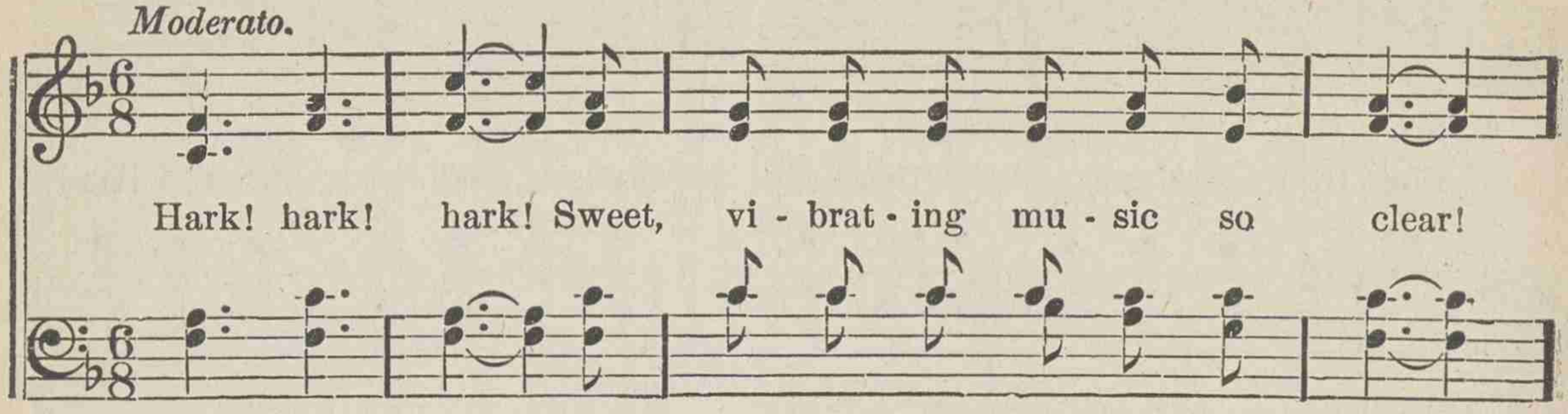
Sarah A. McLees.
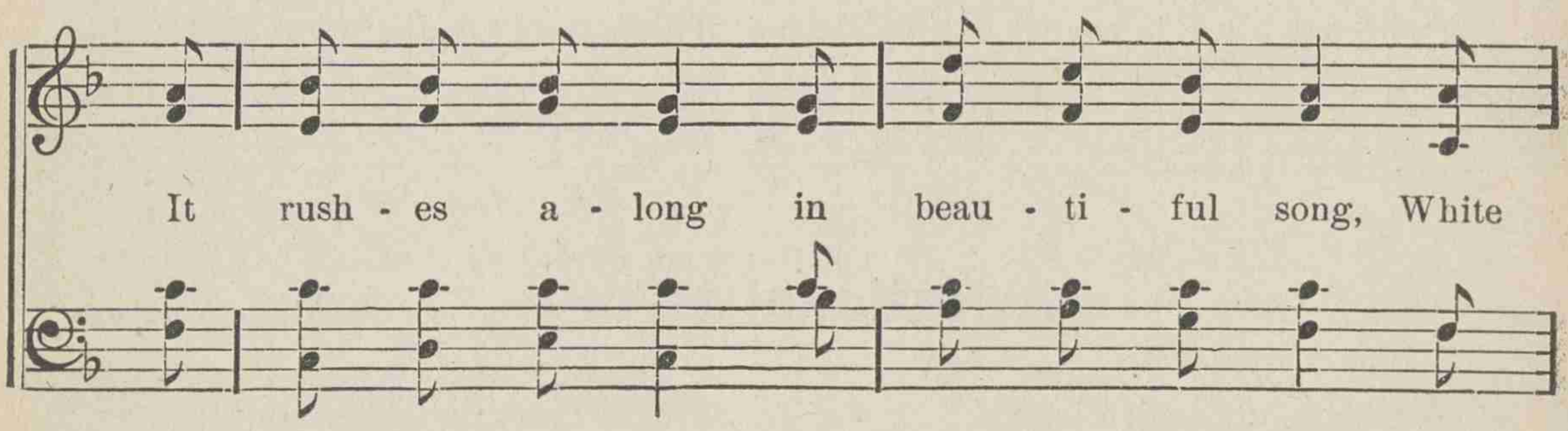
White Ribbon Vibrations.
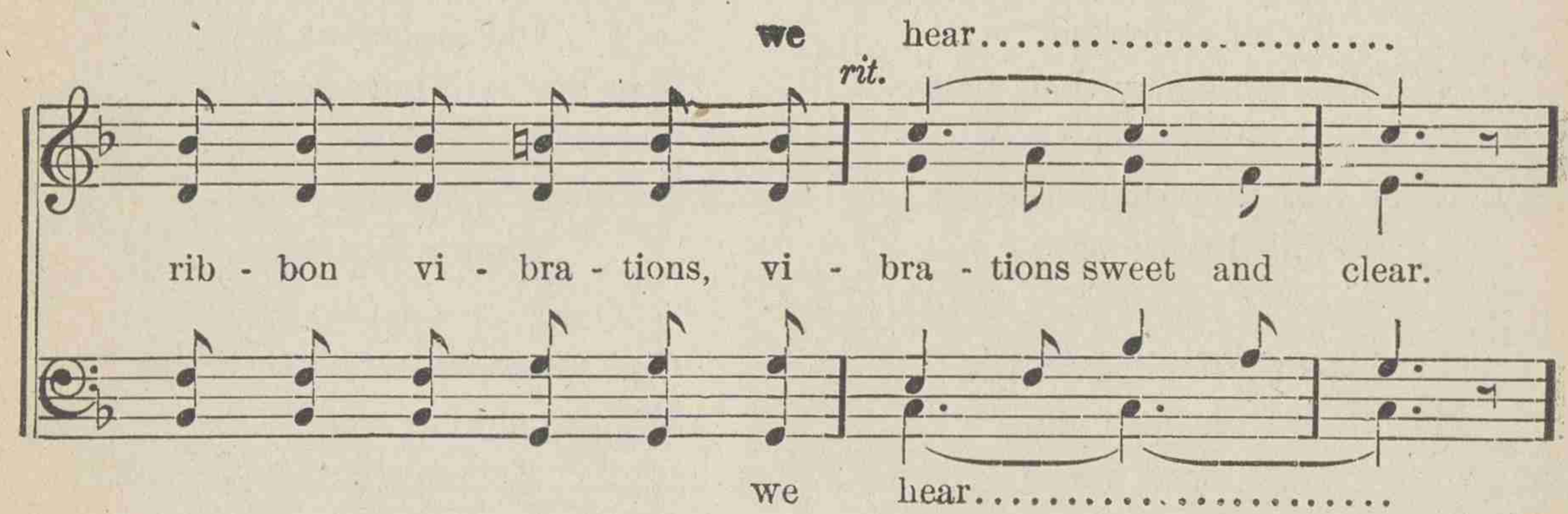
F. H. C.

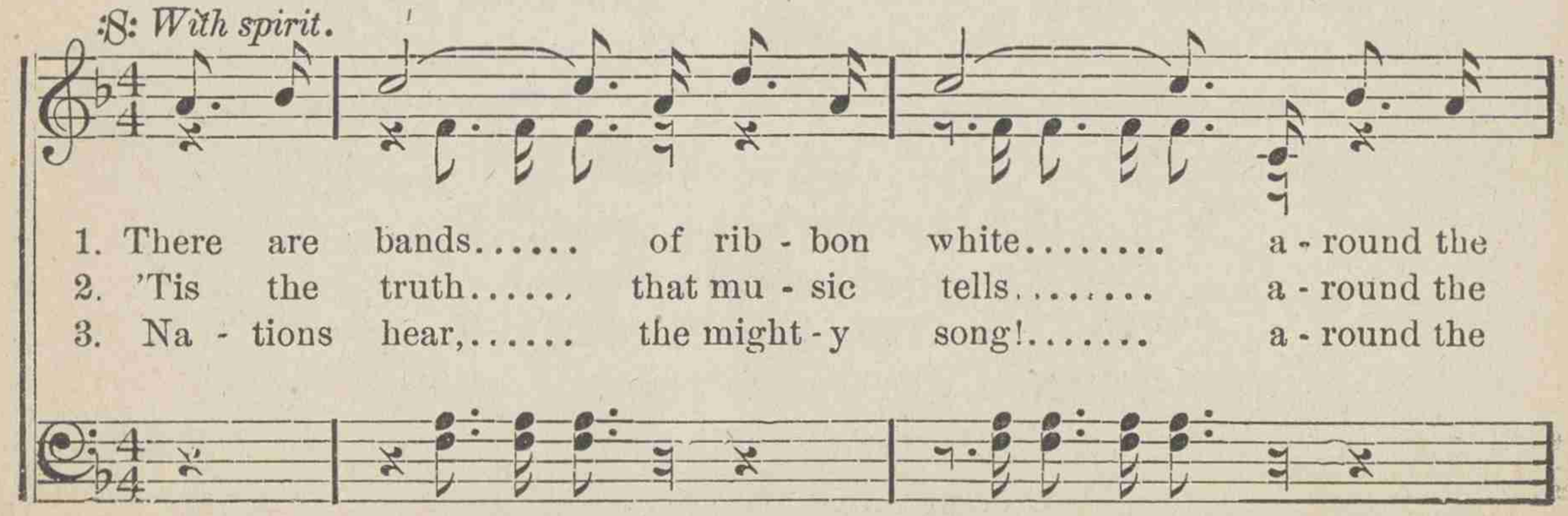
FLORA HAMILTON CASSEL.

Moderato.
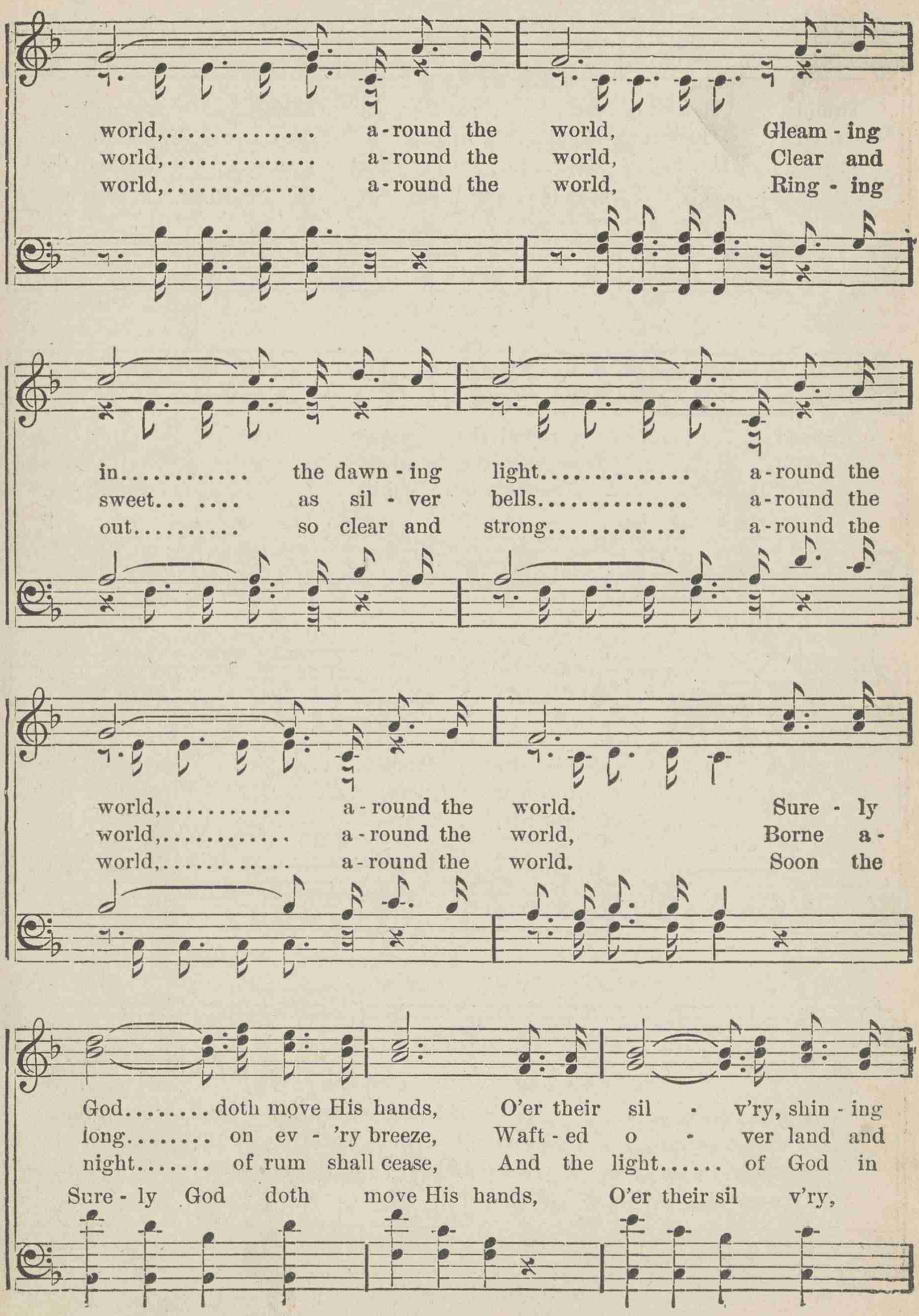








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world,..... a-round the world, Gleam-ing
world,..... a-round the world, Clear and
world,..... a-round the world, Ring-ing
in..... the dawn-ing light..... a-round the
sweet... .... as sil-ver bells..... a-round the
out..... so clear and strong..... a-round the
world,..... a-round the world. Sure-ly
world,..... a-round the world, Borne a-
world,..... a-round the world. Soon the
God..... doth move His hands, O'er their sil-v'ry, shin-ing
long..... on ev-'ry breeze, Waft-ed o-ver land and
night..... of rum shall cease, And the light..... of God in
Sure-ly God doth move His hands, O'er their sil v'ry,

White Ribbon Vibrations. Concluded.

strands, Mak - ing mu - sic in all lands.... A-round the
seas, Er - ror's cloud.... be-fore it flees,..... From all the
crease, Dawn - ing day..... of per - fect peace.... A-round the
shin - ing strands, Mak-ing mu - sic in all lands,

world,..... a - round the world, Mak - ing
world,..... .. from all the world, Er - ror's
world,..... a - round the world, Dawn - ing
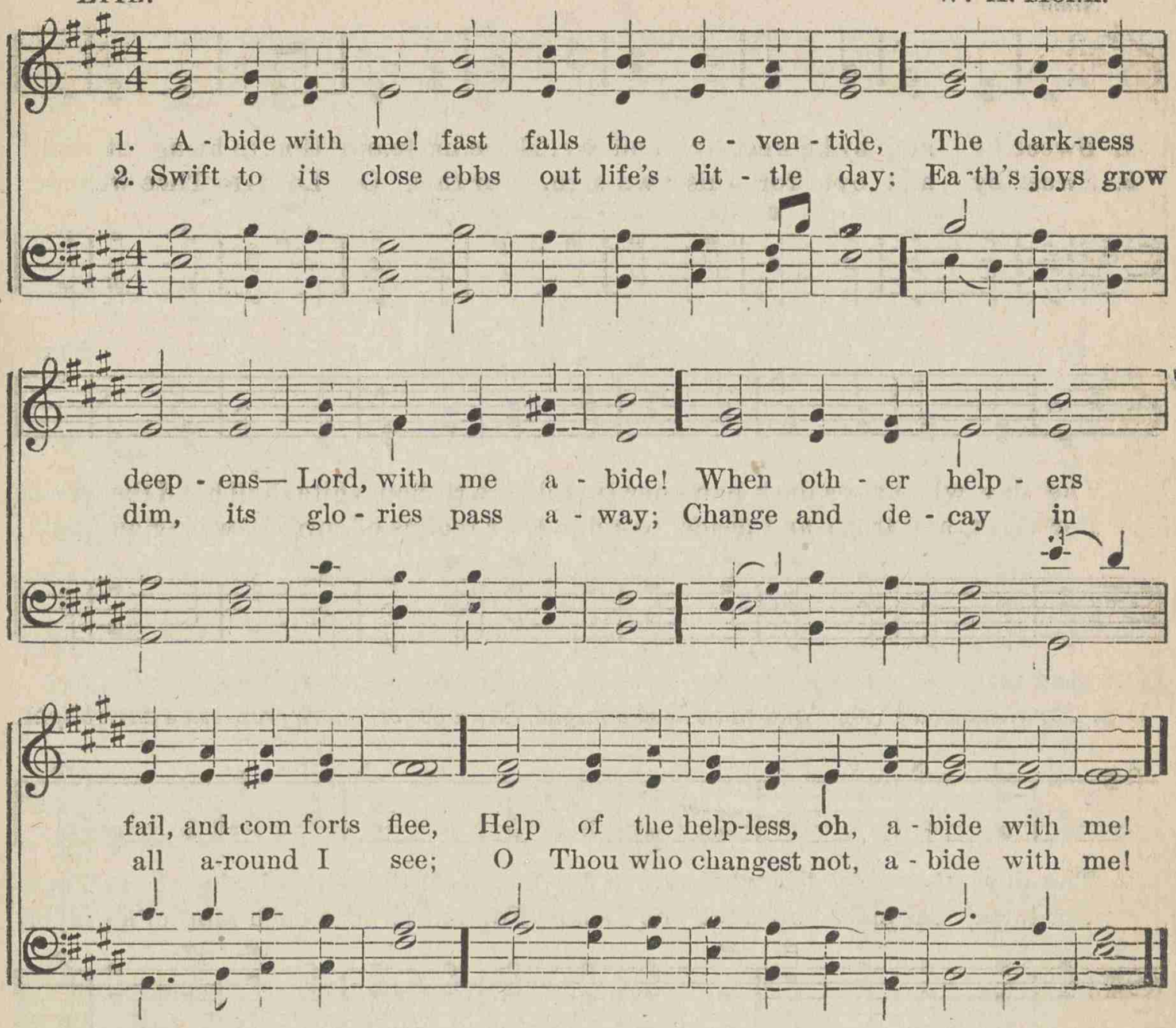
songs..... in all the lands,..... A - round the
cloud..... be - fore it flees,..... From all the
day..... of per - fect peace..... A - round the

D.C FINE.

world..... A - round the world. (a - round the world.)
world..... From all the world. (from all the world.)
world..... A - round the world. (a - round the world.)

Abide with Me.

LYTE. W. H. MONK.



3 I need Thy presence every passing hour,
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

4 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Blest Be the Tie.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—
Our comforts and our cares.
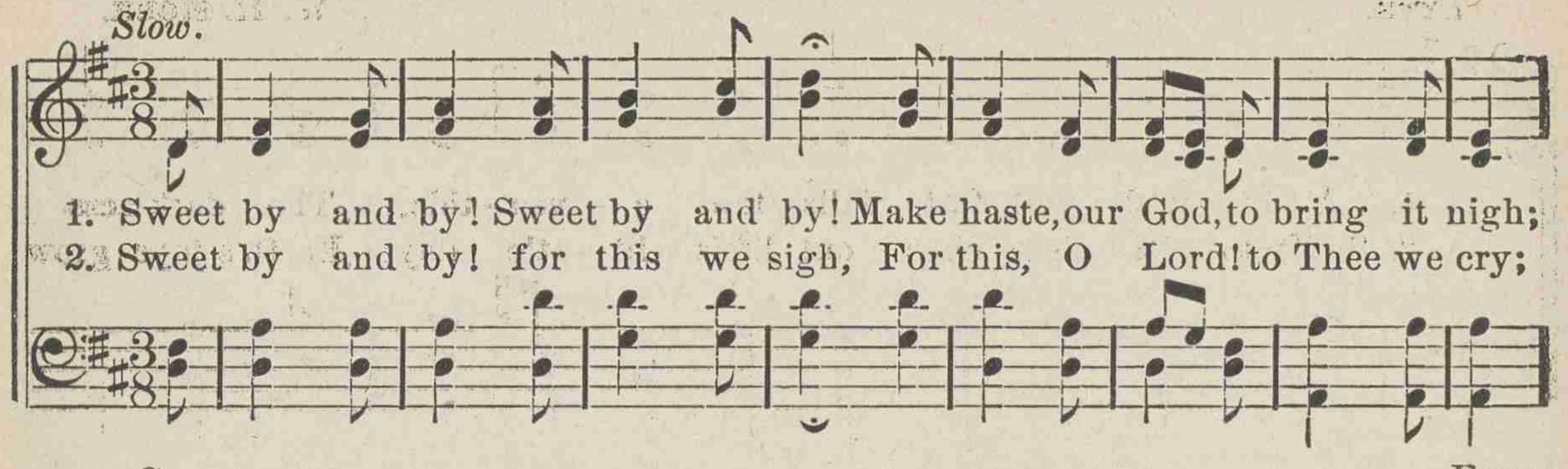
3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

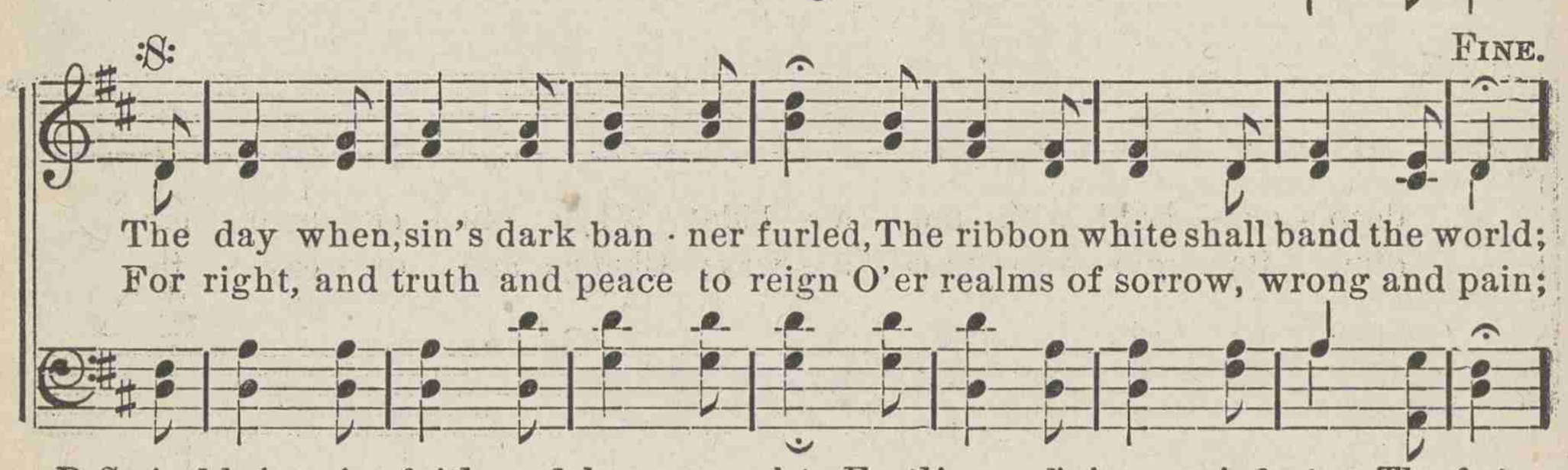
4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
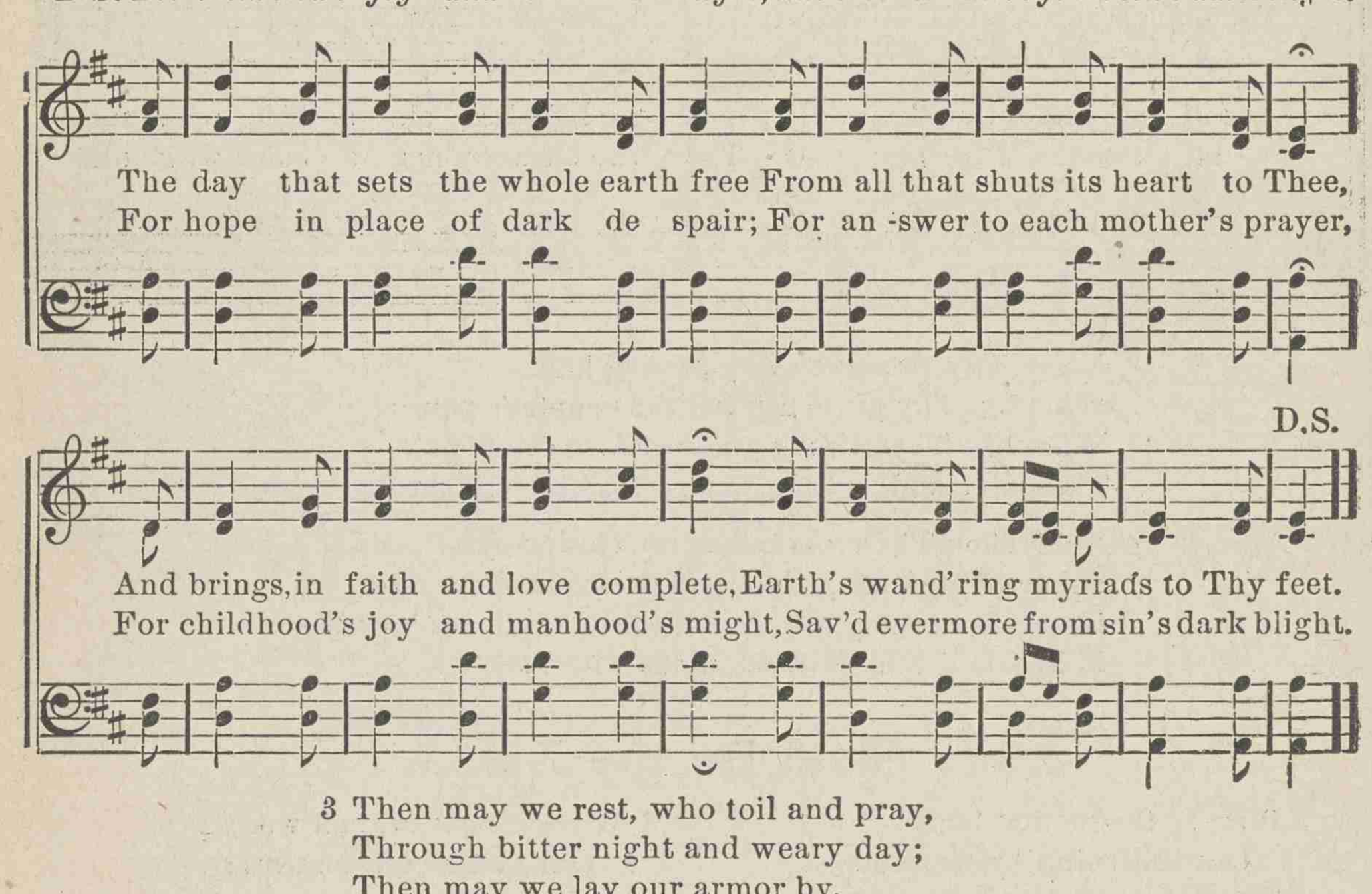
By and By.

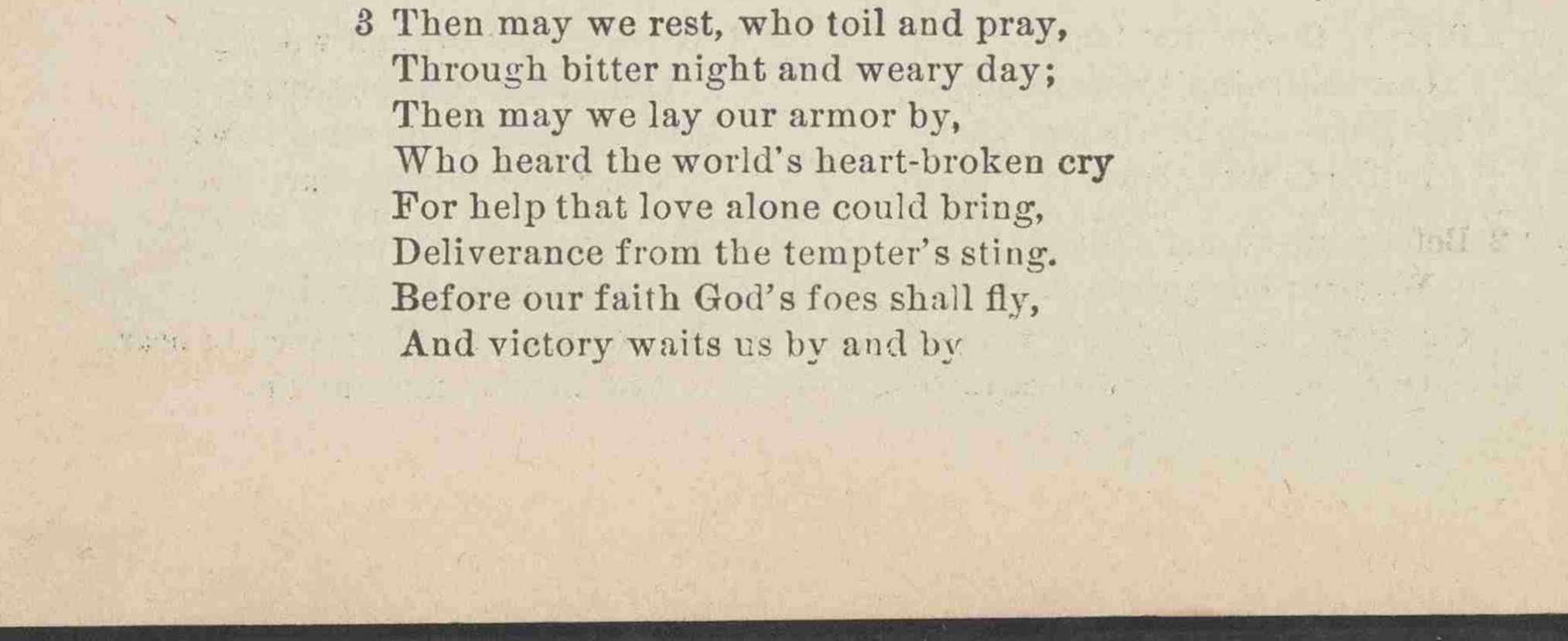
MARY LOWE DICKINSON. WM. B. BRADBURY.

Slow.









3 Then may we rest, who toil and pray,
Through bitter night and weary day;
Then may we lay our armor by,
Who heard the world's heart-broken cry
For help that love alone could bring,
Deliverance from the tempter's sting.
Before our faith God's foes shall fly,
And victory waits us by and by

4 Take Thou our many earnest years,
Our countless prayers, our toils, our tears.
All we have been, all we can be,
And build a barrier 'gainst the sea
That whelms our well-beloved land;
Our host awaits Thy high command;
Upon Thy Cross is fixed each eye,
It leads to triumph, by and by.

Lord. Speak to Me.

Tune By and By.

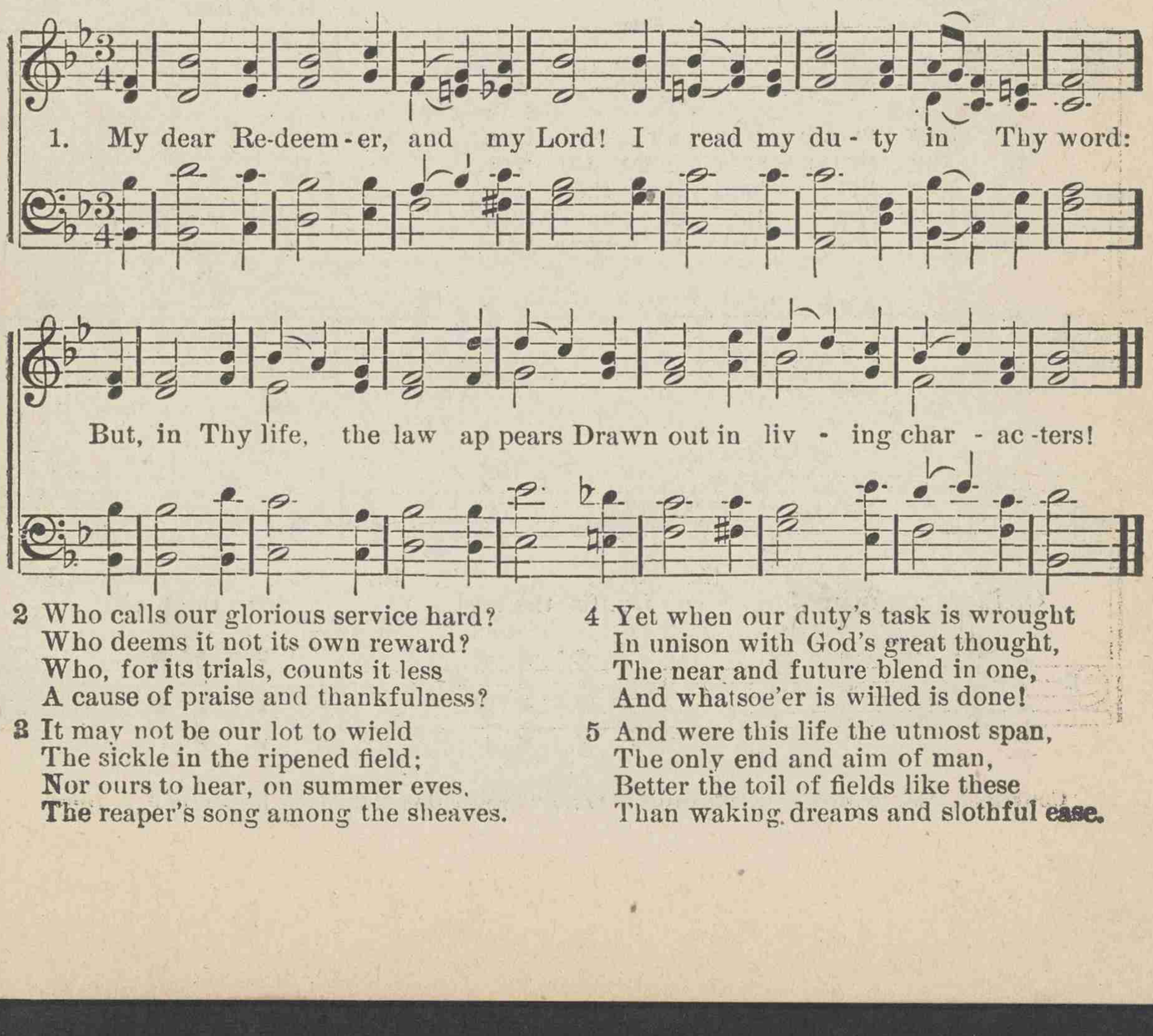
1 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought so let me seek
Thine erring children, lost and lone.
O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet,
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

2 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.
O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

3 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show
O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Service.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. BEETHOVEN. ARR.



2 Who calls our glorious service hard?
Who deems it not its own reward?
Who, for its trials, counts it less
A cause of praise and thankfulness?

3 It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

4 Yet when our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed is done!

5 And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dreams and slothful ease.

The White Ribbon Host.

"The Lord giveth the word; the women that publish the tidings are a great host."—Ps. 68: 11 (Revised version).

ELIZA D. HAND. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. Who are these with em - blems white, Sow - ing seeds of truth and light,
2. Joy - ful tid - ings, yes, they bring, Bro - ken hearts are made to sing;
3. On per di - tion's fear - ful brink Lie the vic - tims of the drink;
4. Wives and moth-ers, chil - dren, too, Of - fer heart-felt pray'rs and true.
5. On - ward march, then, in your might; Ye are mes sen - gers of light;

Greet - ing us on ev - 'ry hand,
How..... sad eyes with rap - ture glow
How..... their hearts with hope will beat,
While..... they bring good news to all
God..... hath giv - en you the word,—

March time.
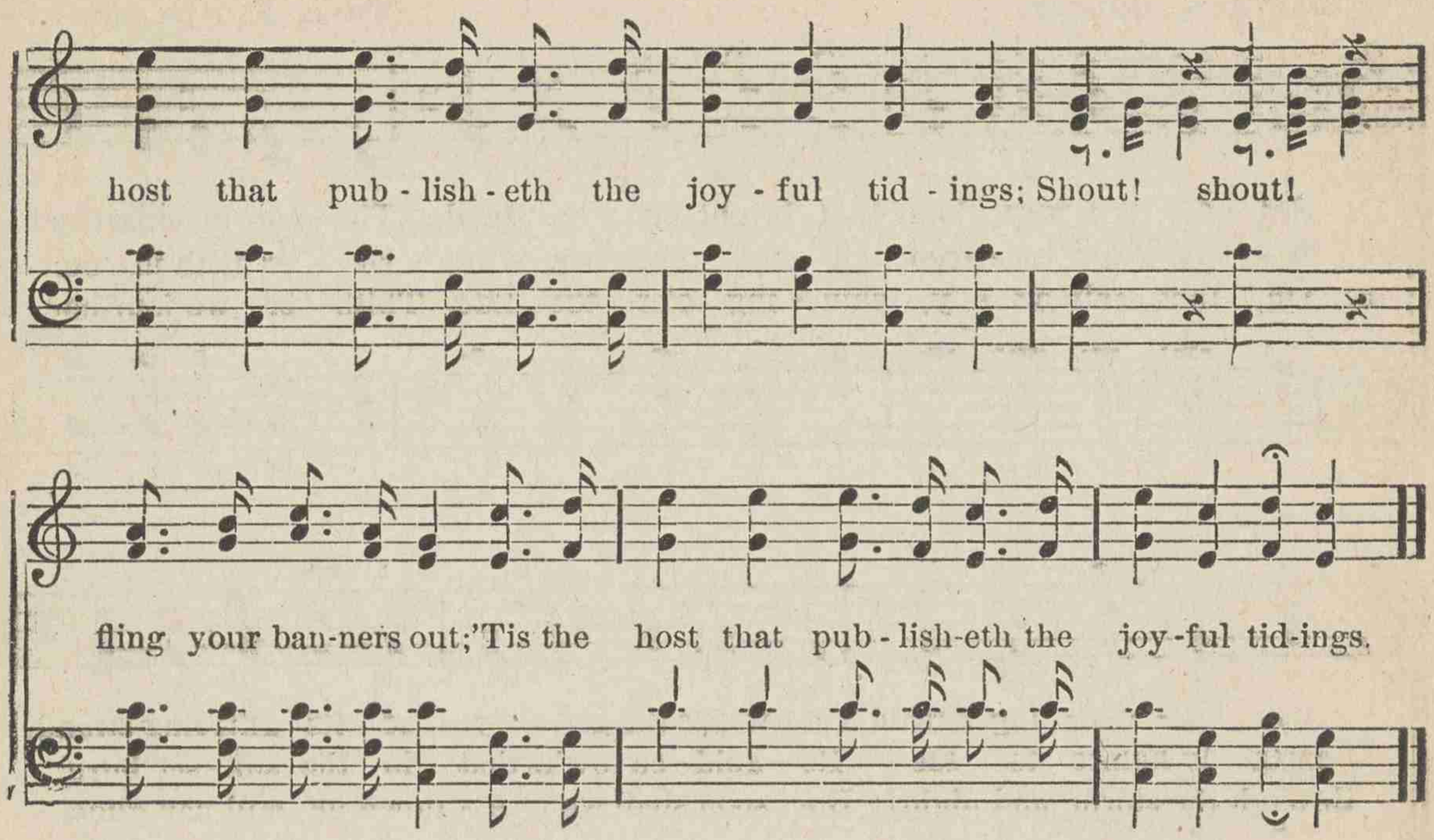
As they march o'er all the land?
In the drunk - ard's home of woe.
As they list - en for their feet.
Who have felt the de - mon's thrall.
Be you faith - ful to your Lord.

[*Organ or Male Voices.*]
On they are marching.]

CHORUS.

'Tis the host, 'tis the host, 'Tis the
On they are march ing, On, 'tis the host, 'tis the host,

Copyright, 1888, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. From "Prohibition Melodies." by per. of J. J. Hood.



For God and Home and Native Land.

(Dedicated to Frances E. Willard by Kate Brownlee Sherwood.)

Air: "The Watch on the Rhine."

1 Hark! Through the land I hear the cry
That echoes round the circling sky;
And heaven repeats the anthem grand,
"For God and Home and Native Land."

CHORUS:— For Native Land, for Native Land,
For God and Home and Native Land!
Come, swell the anthem grand and true,
For God and Home we'll dare and do.

2 Hark, hark! The shibboleth goes forth,
From East and West and South and North,
Lo, millions to the standard flee,
To shout for home and liberty. CHO.

3 O Zion's daughters, calm and sweet,
How beauteous are your blessed feet!
Arise, awake, and haste to bring
The jubilee of Christ your king. CHO.

4 Come, wave your glorious banner high,
The beams of morning kiss the sky;—
The hosts of wrong shall cower and flee
Before your golden jubilee. CHO.
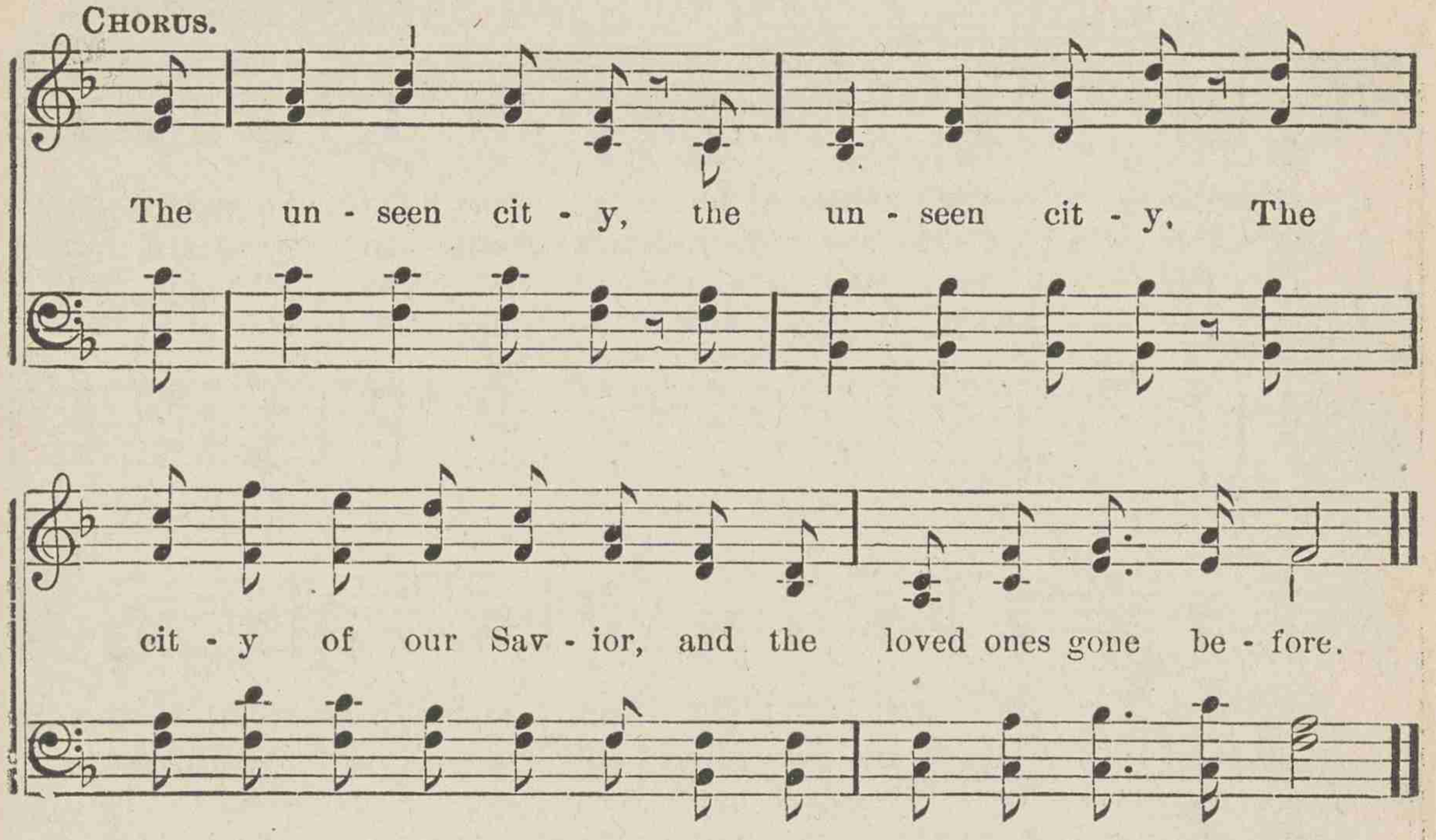
The Unseen City.

MARIETTA HOLLEY. THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. Not far a-way does that bright cit - y stand; 'Tis but the mist o'er its di - vid - ing stream That wraps the glo - ry of its glitt'ring strand,
2. We love that un - seen cit - y, and we yearn Ev - er with-in our earth - ly homes to see Its gold - en tow'rs that in the sun - set burn,
3. Oh, that fair cit - y, shin - ing o'er the tide, Thith - er we jour-ney through the storm and night! But soon shall we a - down its still bay glide,

Its ra diant skies, and mountains sil - v'ry gleam; Oh, oft - en in the
Its white walls ris - ing from the qui - et sea; Its man - sions gleam - ing
Soon will the cit - y's gate gleam on our sight. There with our own for -

blindness of our fate We wan - der ver - y near the cit - y's gate.
with im - mor - tal glow, Filled with the treas-ure lost to us be - low.
ev - er shall we be, In that fair cit - y ris - ing from the sea.



Our Beacon Hymn.

"I am come a light into the world."—John 12: 46.

Tune: Sweet By and By.

1 There's a light that is beaming above,
And a promise to us has been given,
From the Father of truth and of love,
That it heralds the kingdom of heaven.

CHO. It will shine more and more,
Till its glory like noontide shall be.

2 It will scatter the darkness away,
From the homes of the poor and oppressed:
It will gather in brightest array
All the works that our faith have expressed.

CHO. It will shine more and more,
Till its glory like noontide shall be.

3 To our merciful Father of light,
Let us offer our humblest and best;
For the hope of the triumph of right,
For the promise of peace and of rest.

CHO. It will shine more and more,
Till its glory like noontide shall be.

ELZABETH A. LAWSON.

PARADISE.

LAURA ORMISTON CHANT.

L. O. C.

Tune: "ANNA GORDON."

1. O Par - a - dise, whose ho - ly mu - sic ring - ing, Sounds
2. O Par - a - dise, our home - sick hearts are wea - ry, For
3. O Par - a - dise, the ech - o of thy greet - ing, Doth
4. O Par - a - dise, though now a rain of sor - row, With
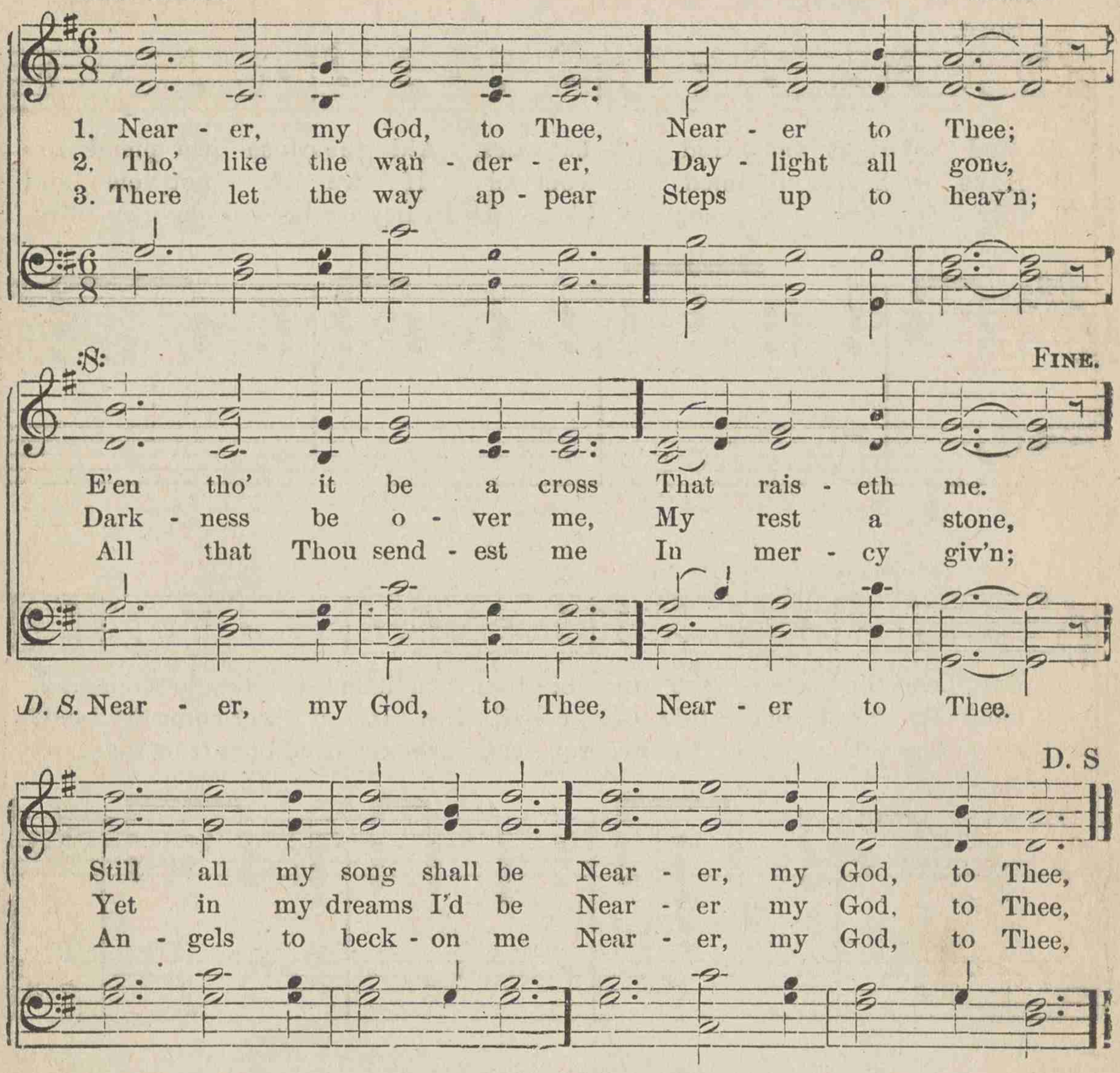
thro' the wail Of life's wild gale And tem - pest roar, O
that good time When want and crime Shall cease to spoil; And
nerve our arm To brave all harm, And urge us on To
gloom - y clouds, Thy glo - ry shrouds From our dim sight, Oh,

Par - a - dise, those hap - py voi - ces sing - ing, From
sin no more with stain pro - found and drea - ry, Man's
reach at last the ha - ven of our meet - ing, With
thy dear songs are sing - ing of the mor - row That

off thy shore, Lead home for ev - er - more.
work shall soil, And fail - ure add to toil.
those who won The crown of God, "Well done."
ends all night, In God, the Per - fect Light.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

MRS. ADAMS. L. MASON.



Purer in Heart.

MRS. A. L. DAVIDSON.

(Sing to tune above. Appropriate for a Solo.)

1 Purer in heart, O God,
Help me to be;
May I devote my life
Wholly to Thee;
Watch Thou my wayward feet
Guide me with counsel sweet;
Purer in heart, O God,
Help me to be.
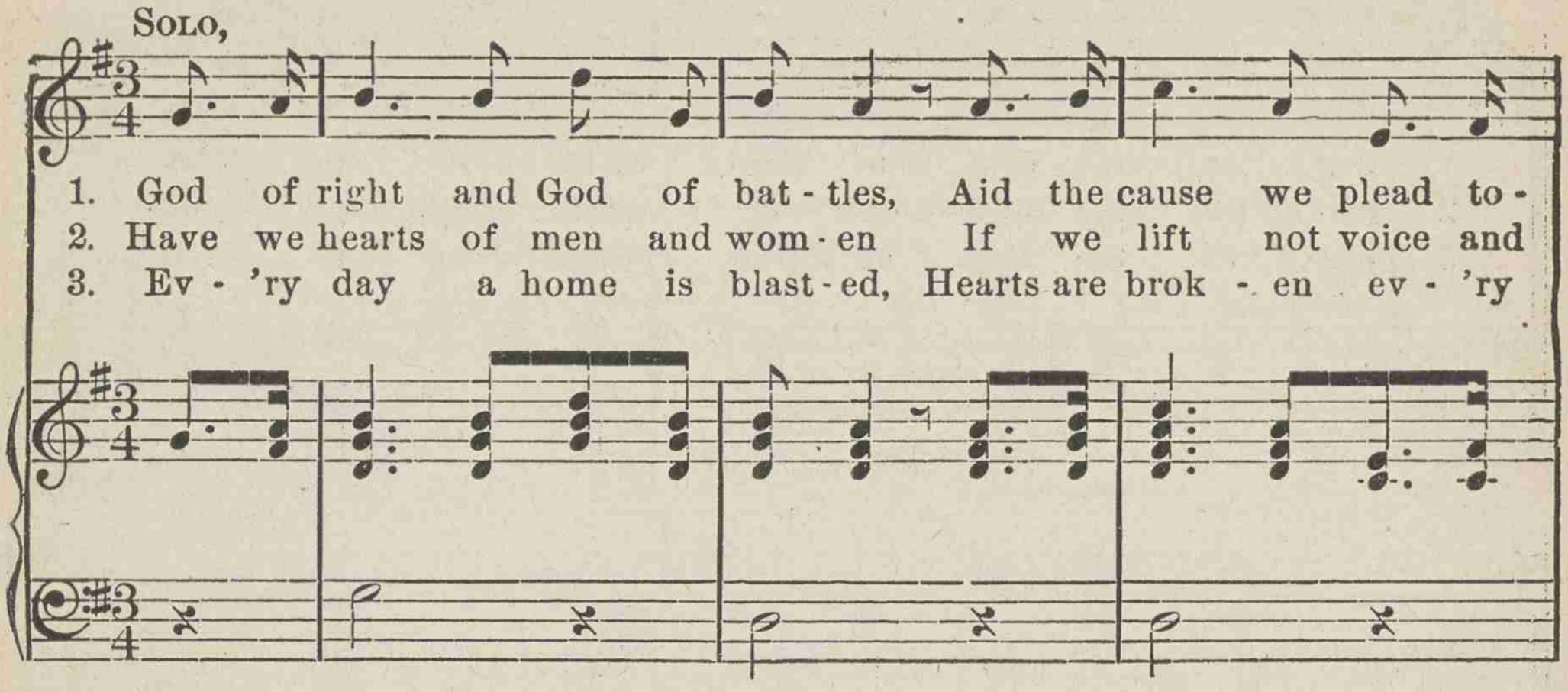
2 Purer in heart, O God,
Help me to be;
Teach me to do Thy will,
Most lovingly;
Be Thou my friend and guide,
Let me with Thee abide,
Purer in heart, O God,
Help me to be.
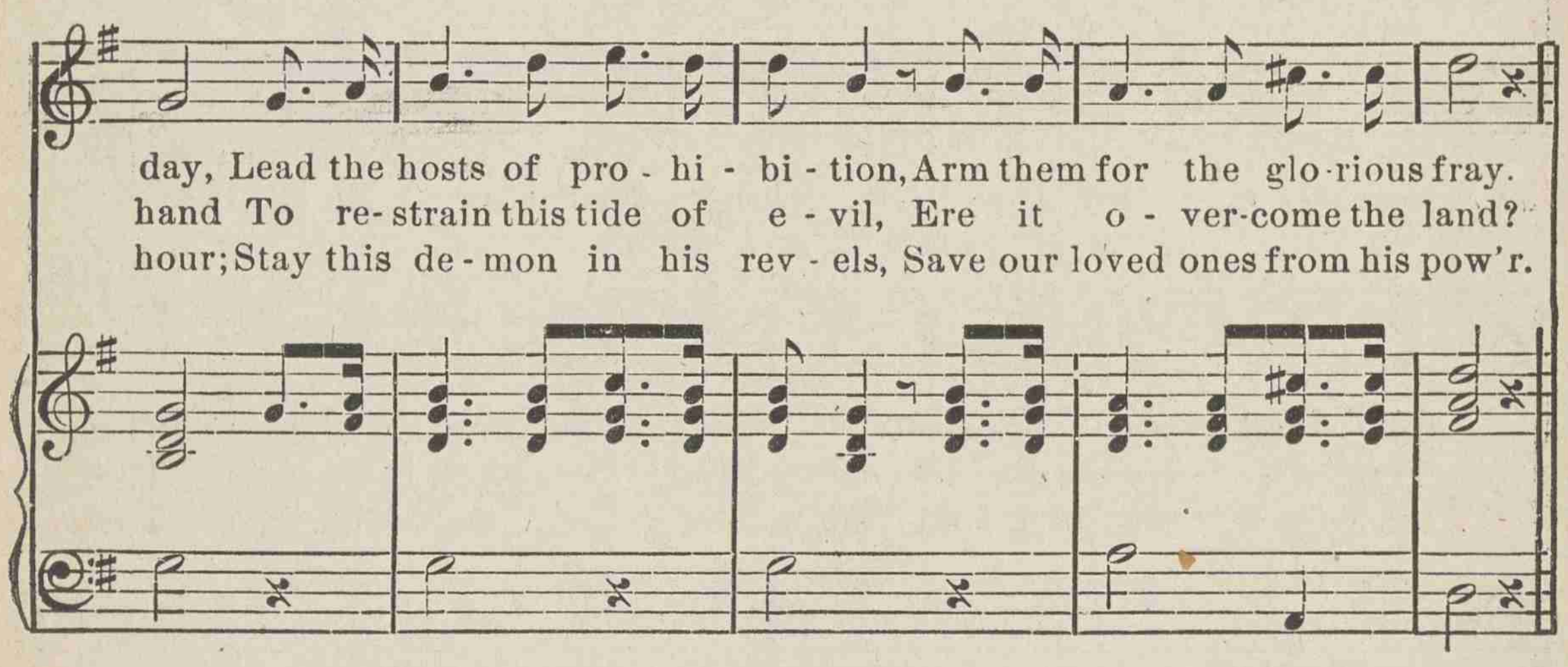
3 Purer in heart, O God,
Help me to be;
That I Thy holy face
One day may see;
Keep me from secret sin,
Reign Thou my soul within,
Purer in heart, O God,
Help me to be.

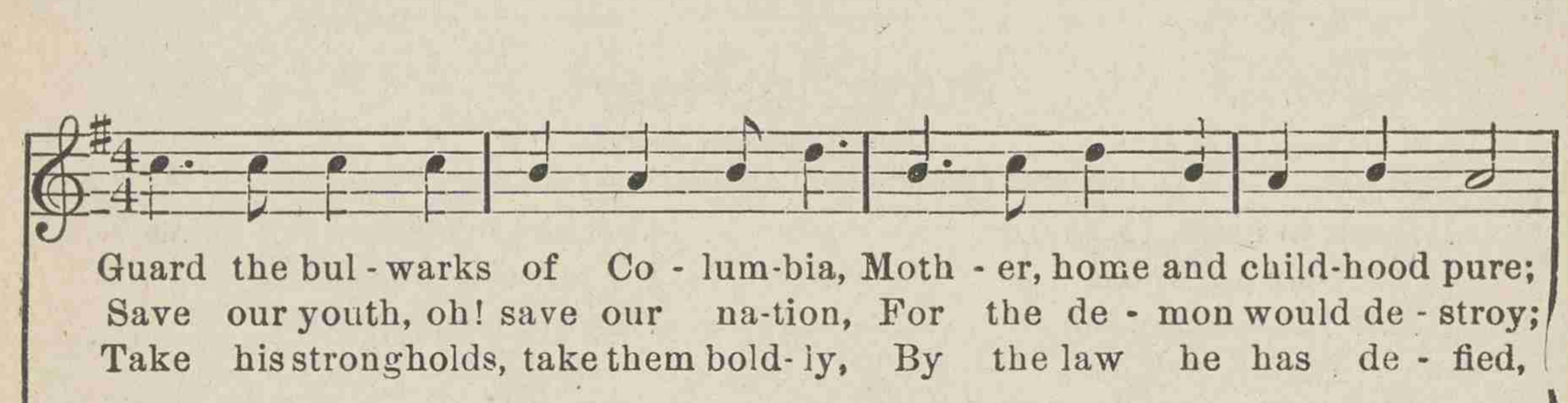
Battle Song of Prohibition.
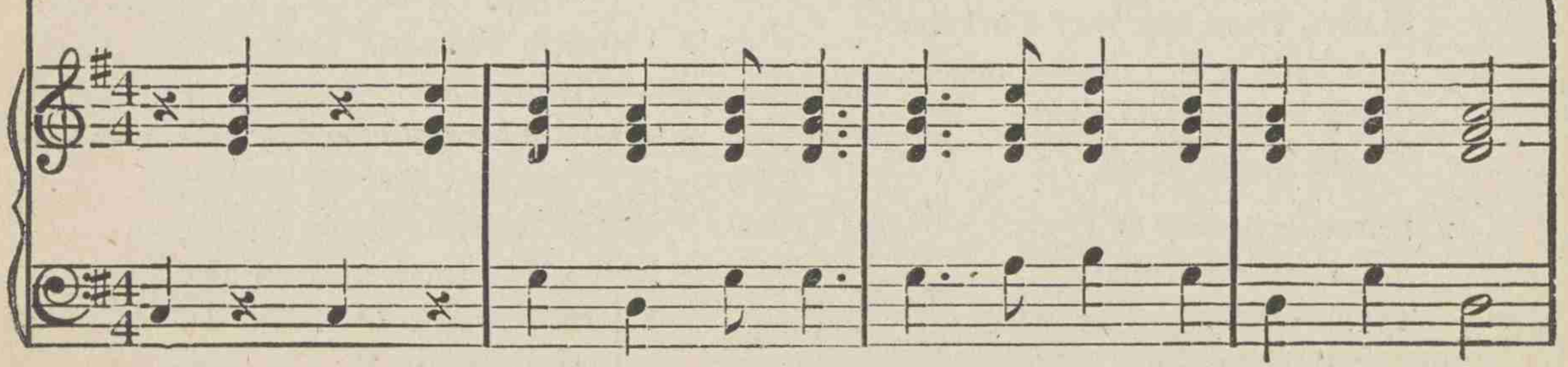
W. J. M. MASSINGHAM. I. L. ANDREWS.

SOLO,









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Battle Song of Prohibition. Concluded.

Drive sa-loons from state and na-tion, Let our hap-py homes en-dure.
Ev-'ry dram-shop is his pal-ace, And the wine-cup his de-coy.
Wheth-er rum or man shall con-quer, Let those broken hearts de-cide.

It is com-ing, it is com-ing, Hail, all hail the glorious day, When from

ev-'ry state and na-tion De-mon rum shall flee a-way. For the

trump of war is call-ing us to meet the common foe, And our

pro-hi-bi-tion arm-y no "com-pro-mise" will know.

rit,

What Are You Going to Do?

FANNY J. CROSBY. PHILIP PHILLIPS.
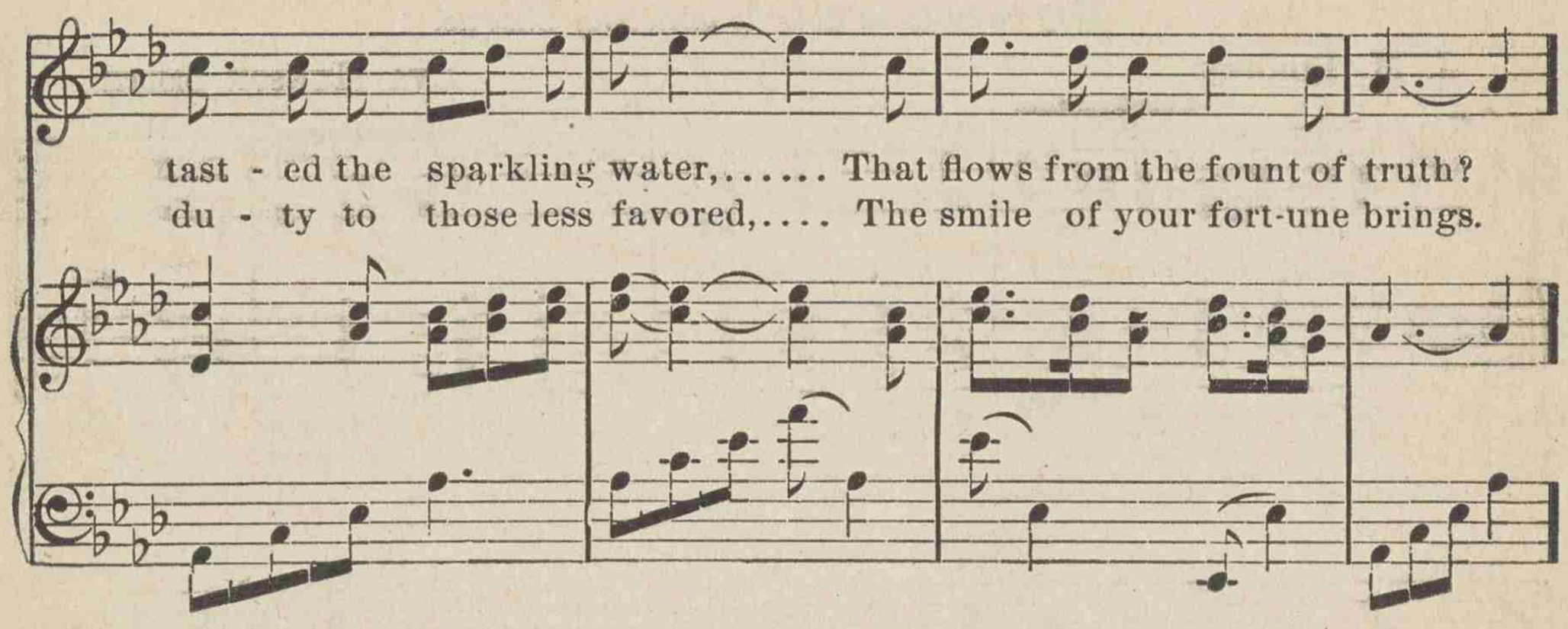
1. Oh, what are you go - ing to do, brother, Say,
2. Oh, what are you go - ing to do, brother, The

what are you go - ing to do?..... You have tho't of some use - ful
morn-ing of youth is past;..... The vig - or and strength of
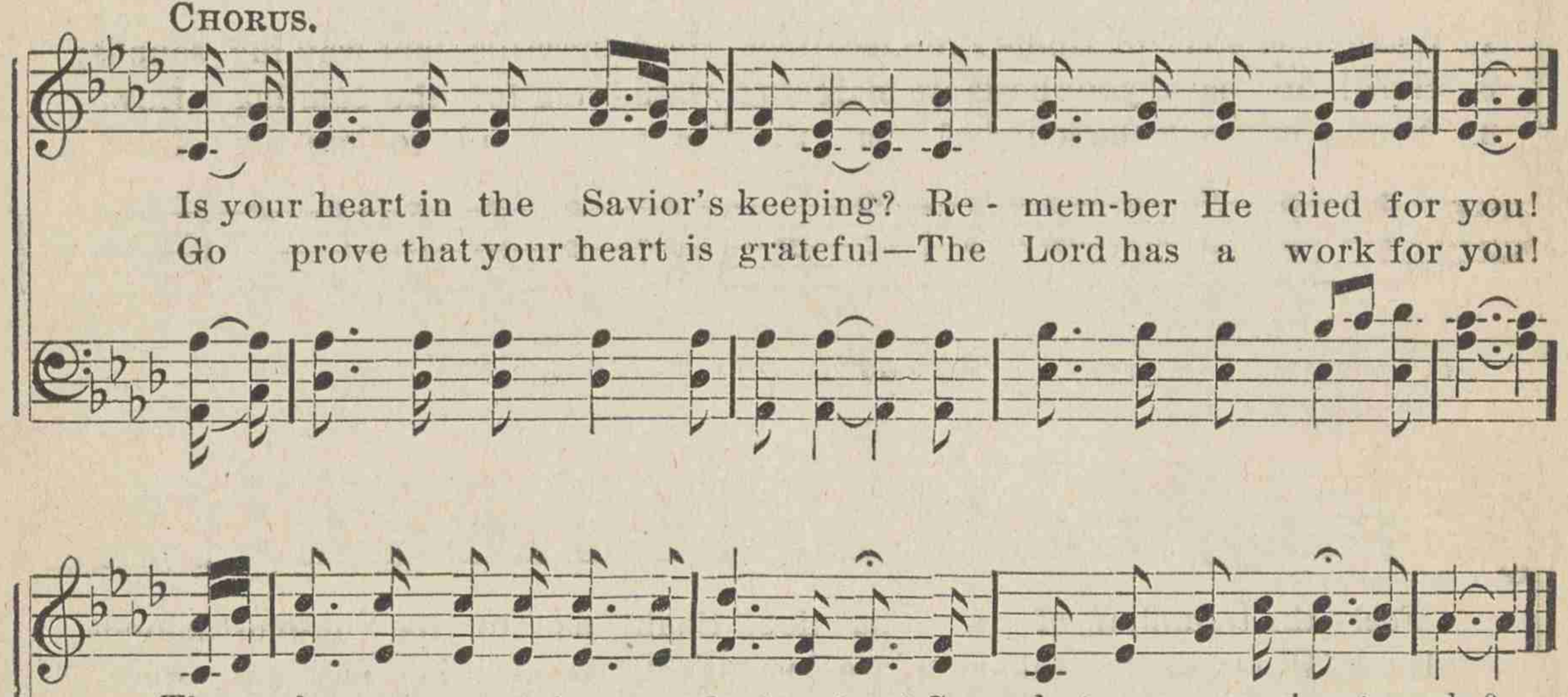
la - bor, But what is the end in view? You are fresh from the
man-hood, My broth-er, are yours at last: You are ris - ing in

home of your boy-hood, And just in the bloom of youth! Have you
world - ly prospects, And prosper'd in world ly things;— A

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CHORUS.



3 Oh, what are you going to do, brother?
Your sun at its noon is high;
It shines in meridian splendor,
And rides through a cloudless sky:
You are holding a high position,
Of honor, and trust, and fame;—
Are you willing to give the glory
And praise to your Savior's name?

CHORUS.

Is your heart in the Savior's keeping?
Remember, He died for you!
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

4 Oh, what are you going to do, brother?
The twilight approaches now;—
Already your locks are silvered,
And winter is on your brow:
Your talents, your time, your riches,
To Jesus, your Master, give;
Then ask if the world around you
Is better because you live.

CHORUS.

You are nearing the brink of Jordan,
But still there is work for you!
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

Home Protection Song.

Quartet and Chorus.

May be sung as Solo by omitting Chorus.

J. M. FORDEN. EVA MUNSON SMITH.

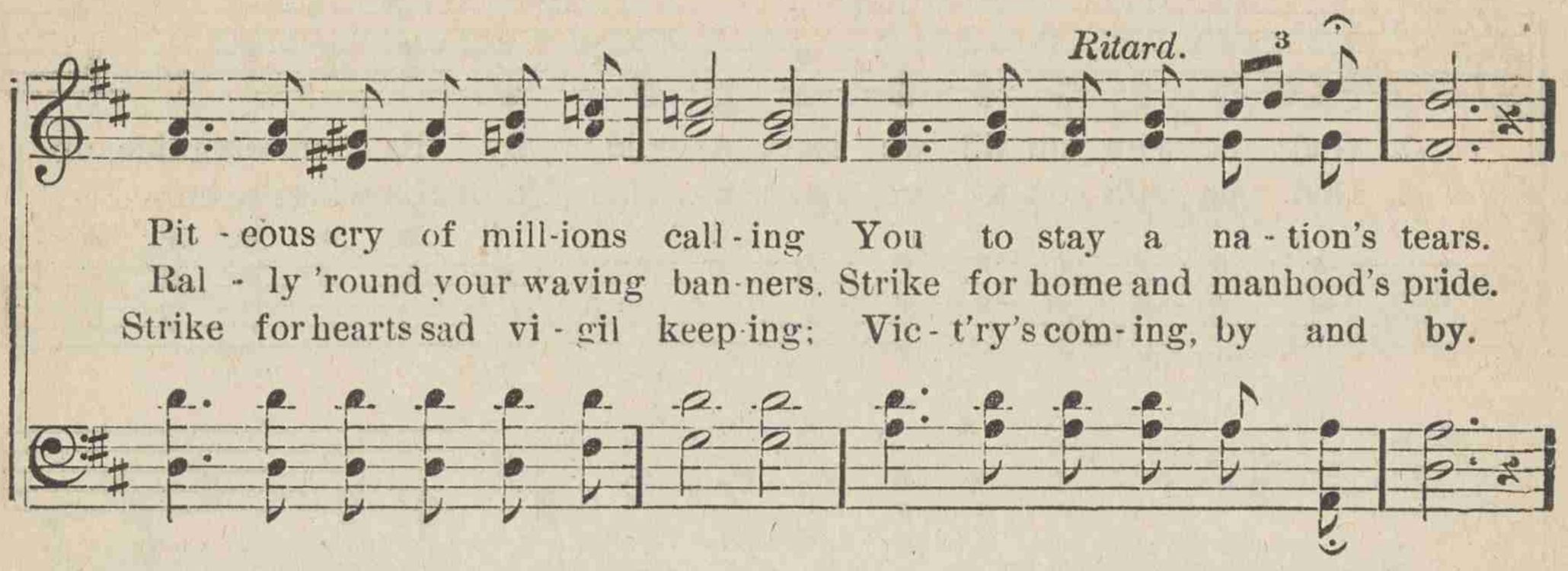
1. Wake the song of Home Pro - tec -tion! Hear those dis - tant wail-ing sounds;
2. Hark! oh, hark! your hosts are marching, Gath -'ring for the com-ing fray;
3. Near - er swells the sound of bat - tle, Nerve your souls to join the fray:

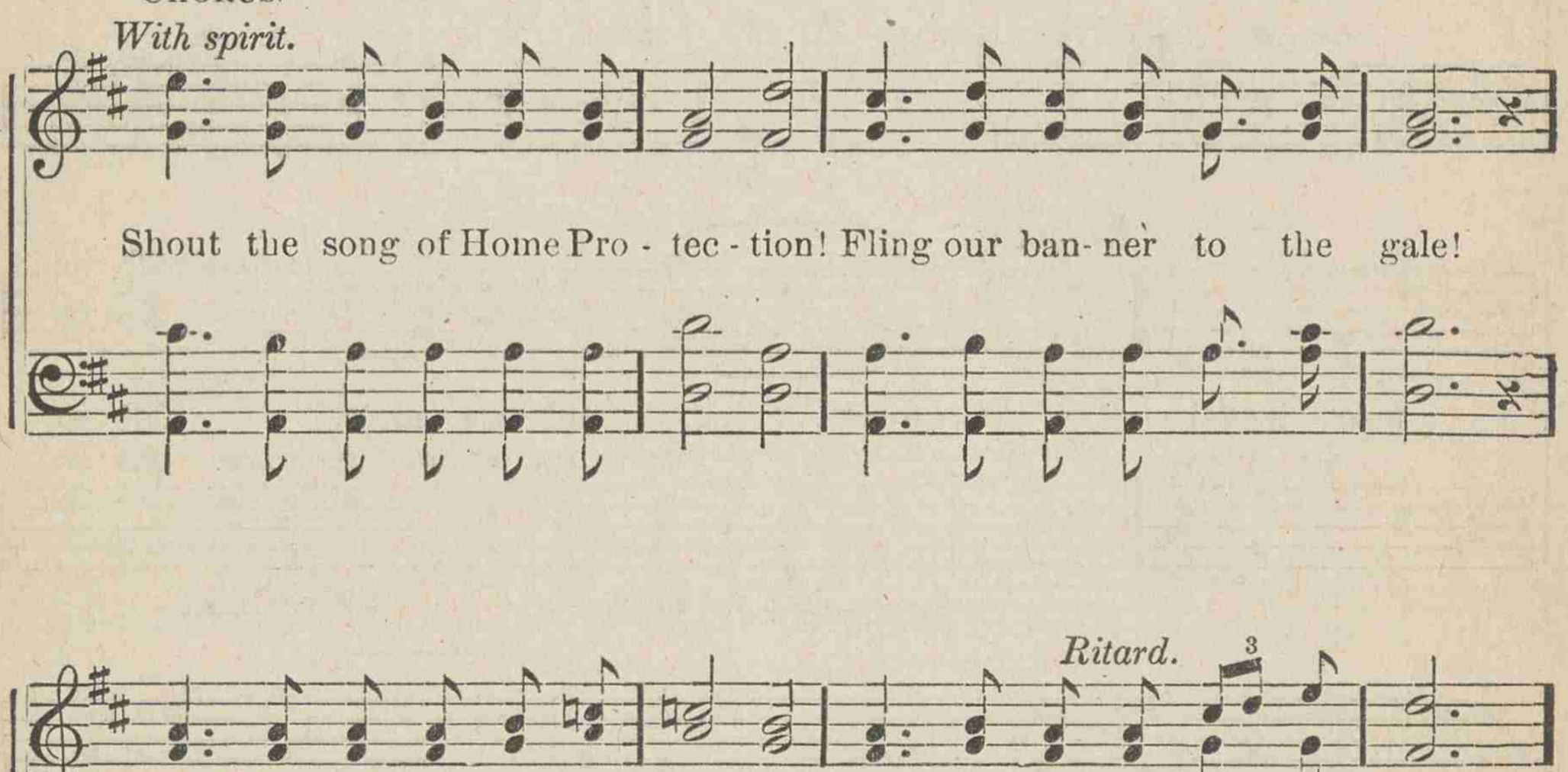
Feel the trembling of a na - tion, Shak - en to its ut -most bounds.
Home Pro - tec -tion ranks en - larg -ing, Fast re- cruit-ing day by day;
On your out posts muskets rat - tle, Choose your Cap-tain, haste a - way!
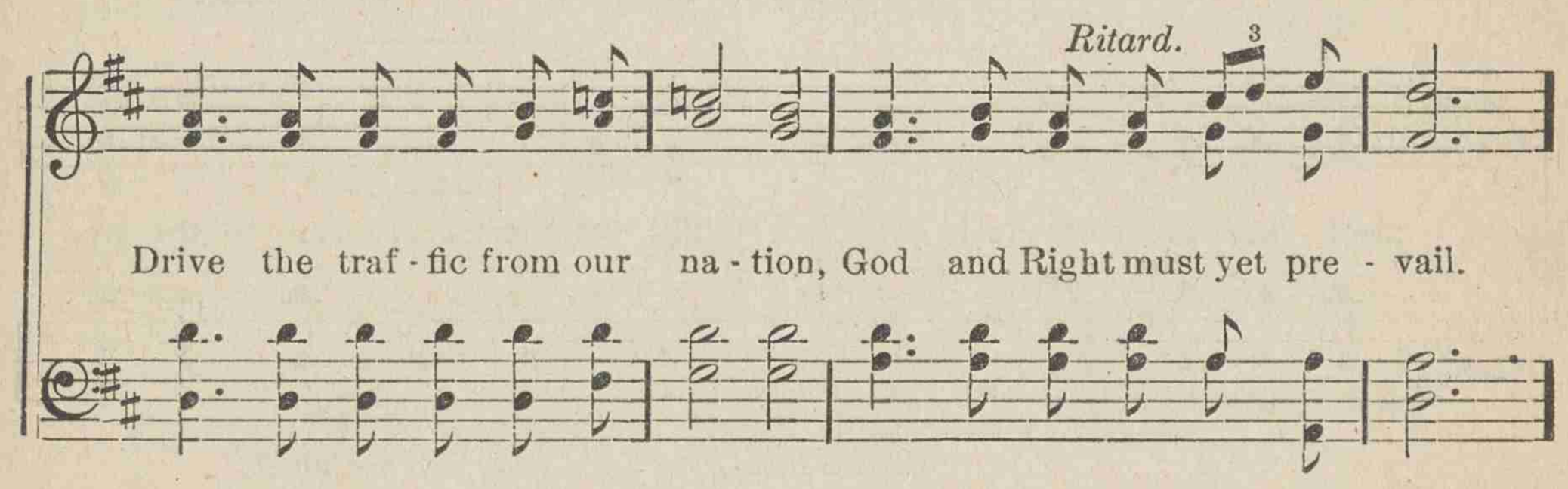
Loud - er still, their ech oes fall - ing, Start - ling now your list-'ning ears;
Has - ten then, gird on your ar - mor, Use - less scabbards cast a - side,
Strike for wives in sor -row weep-ing, Strike for or-phans' pleading cry;
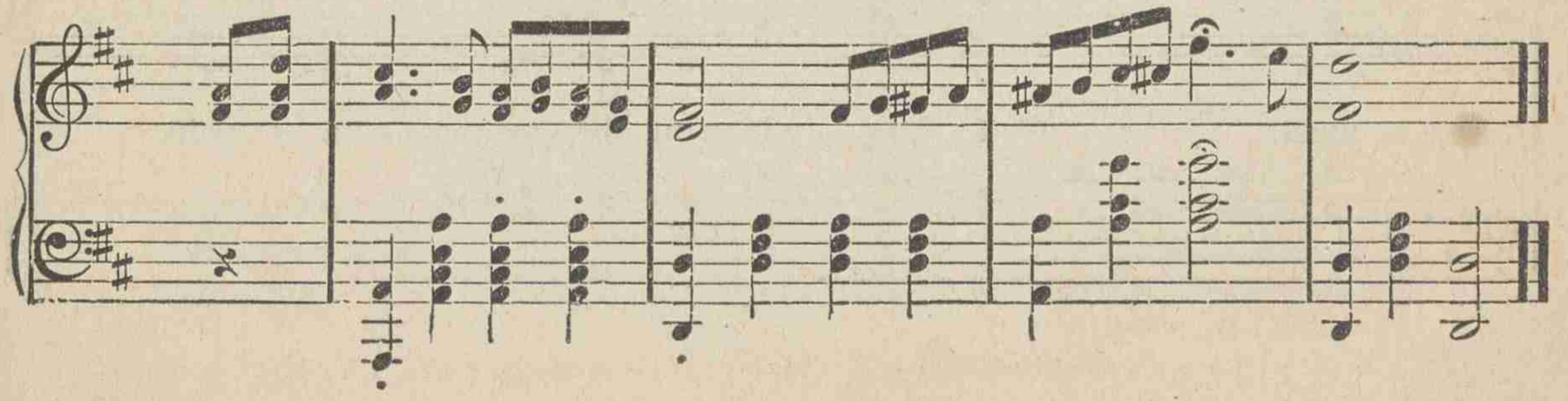
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Home Protection Song. Concluded.









God Be with You.

J. E. RANKIN D. D. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se-cure - ly

hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we
hide you, Dai - ly man-na still pro - vide you, God be with you till we

REEFRAIN.

meet a - gain. Till we meet,..... till we meet, Till we

Till we meet, till we meet,

meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet,..... till we

till we meet, Till we meet,

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

till we meet,

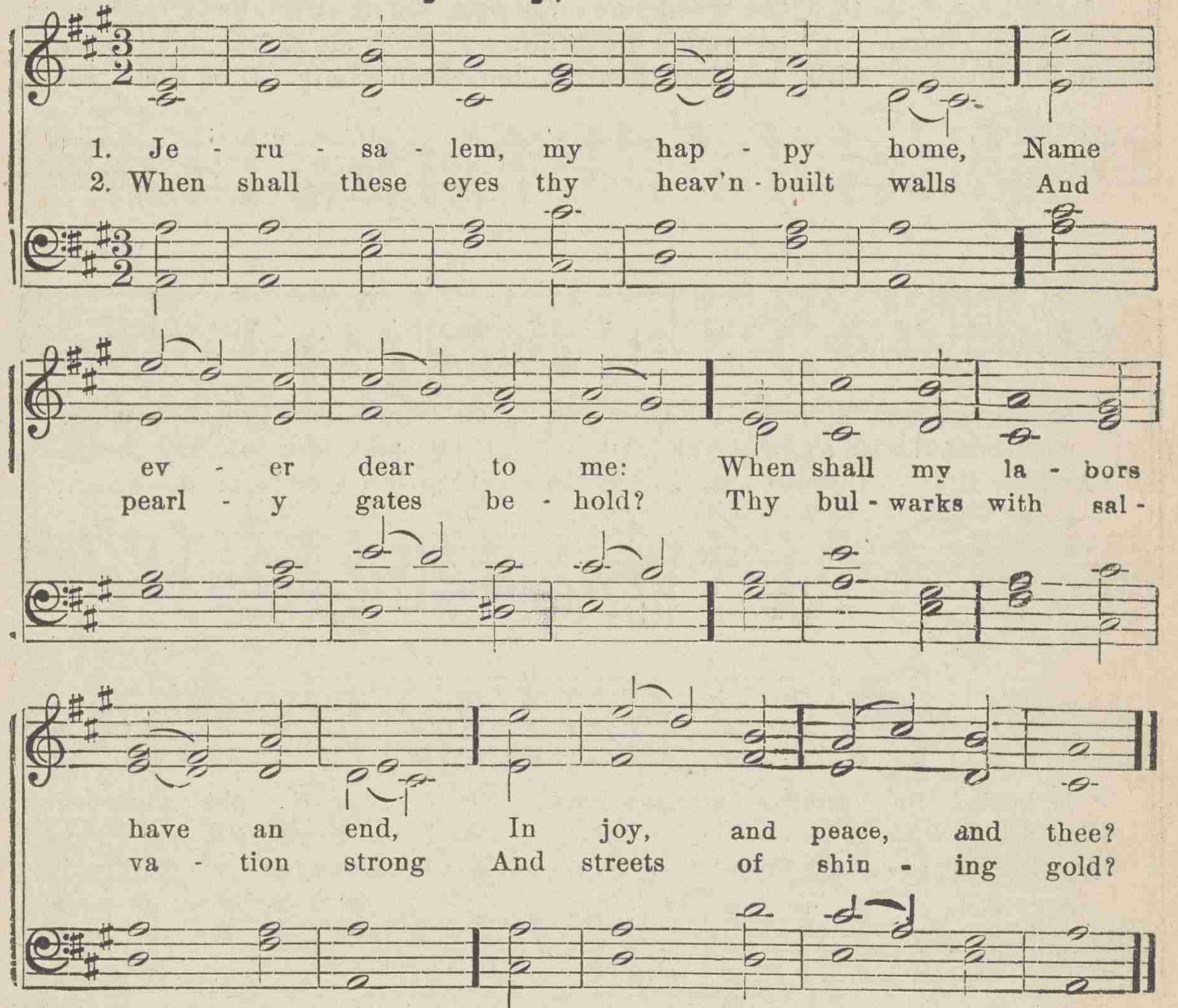
By kind permission of J. E. Rankin, D. D., Orange Valley, N. J.

God be With you. Concluded.

3 God be with you till we meet again;
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again

4 God be with you till we meet again;
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

The Holy City, New Jerusalem. MOZART.



3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
Onward I press to you.

4 Why should I shrink from pain or woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Savior stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

The Bird with a Broken Wing.

Dedicated to Thomas Elgar.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. F. M. LAMB.

1. I walked thro' the wood-land mead-ows, Where sweet the thrushes sing;
2. I found a young life brok-en By sin's se - ductive art;
3. But the bird with a bro - ken pin - ion Kept an-other from the snare;

And fonnd on a bed of moss - es, A bird with a bro - ken wing.
And touch'd with a Christ-like pit - y I took him to my heart.
And the life that sin had strick - en Rais'd an-oth - er from de - spair.
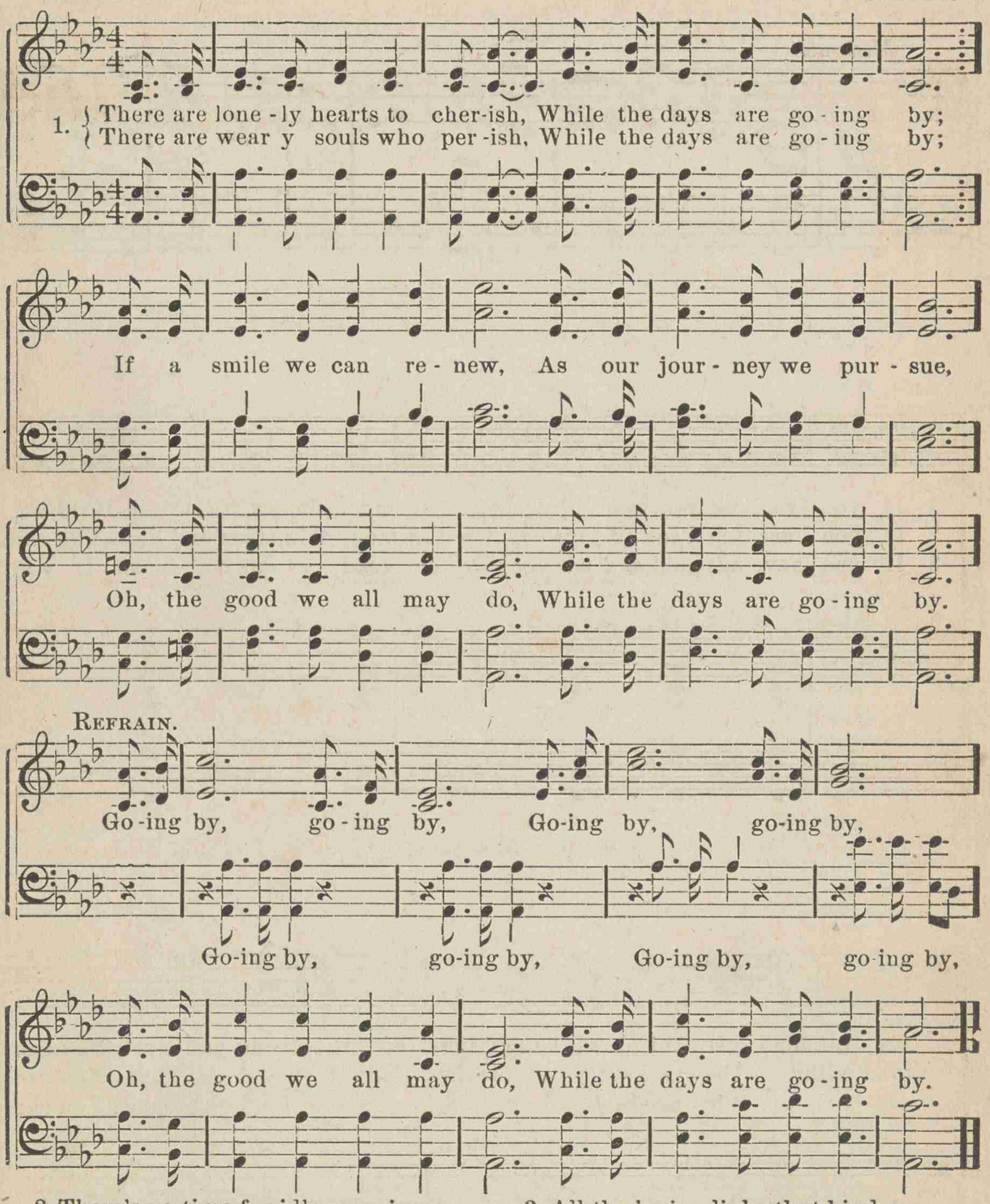
I healed its wound, and each morning It sang its old sweet strain;
He lived with a no - ble pur-pose, And strug - gled not in vain;
For Christ, the might - y Heal - er, Has a balm for ev - 'ry pain;

But the bird with a bro - ken pin - ion, Nev-er soared so high a - gain.
But the life that sin had strick en, Nev-er soared so high a - gain.
And the soul that He has heal - ed, High-er still may rise a - gain.

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While the Days Are Going By.

GEORGE COOPER. IRA D. SANKEY.
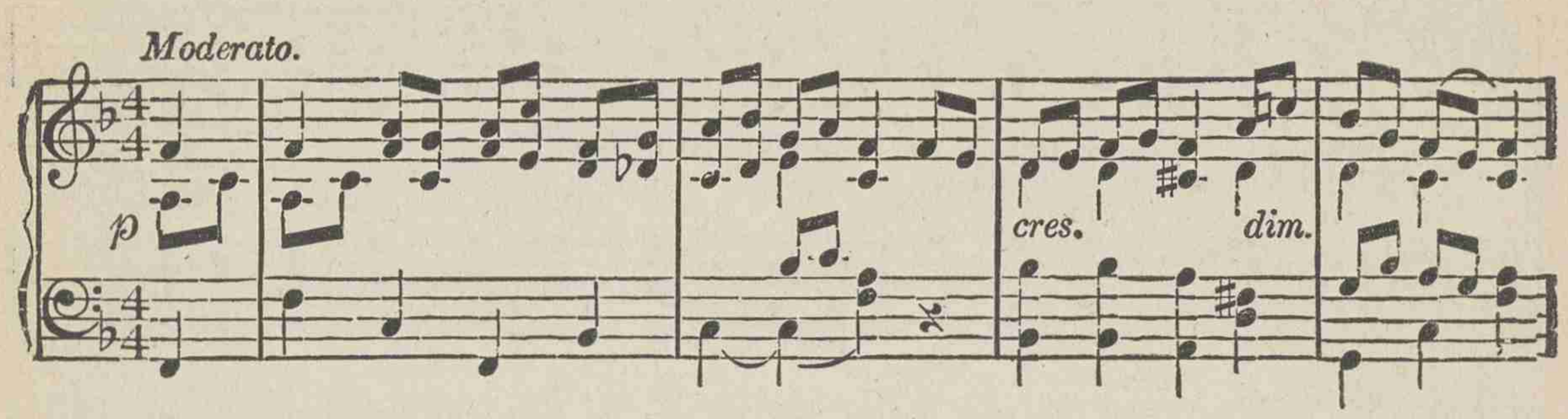


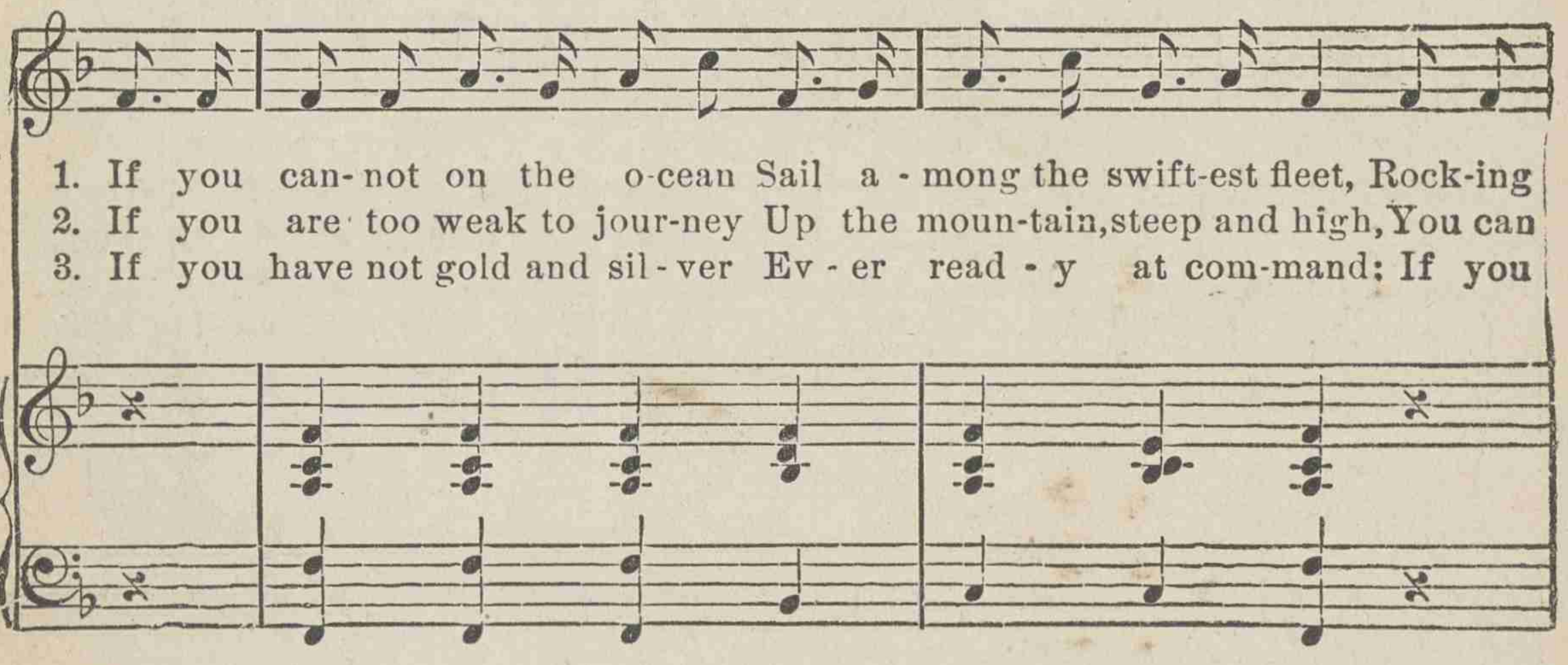
2 There's no time for idle scorning,
While the days are going by;
Let your face be like the morning,
While the days are going by;
Oh, the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes;
Help your fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by.

3 All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by,
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by;
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by.
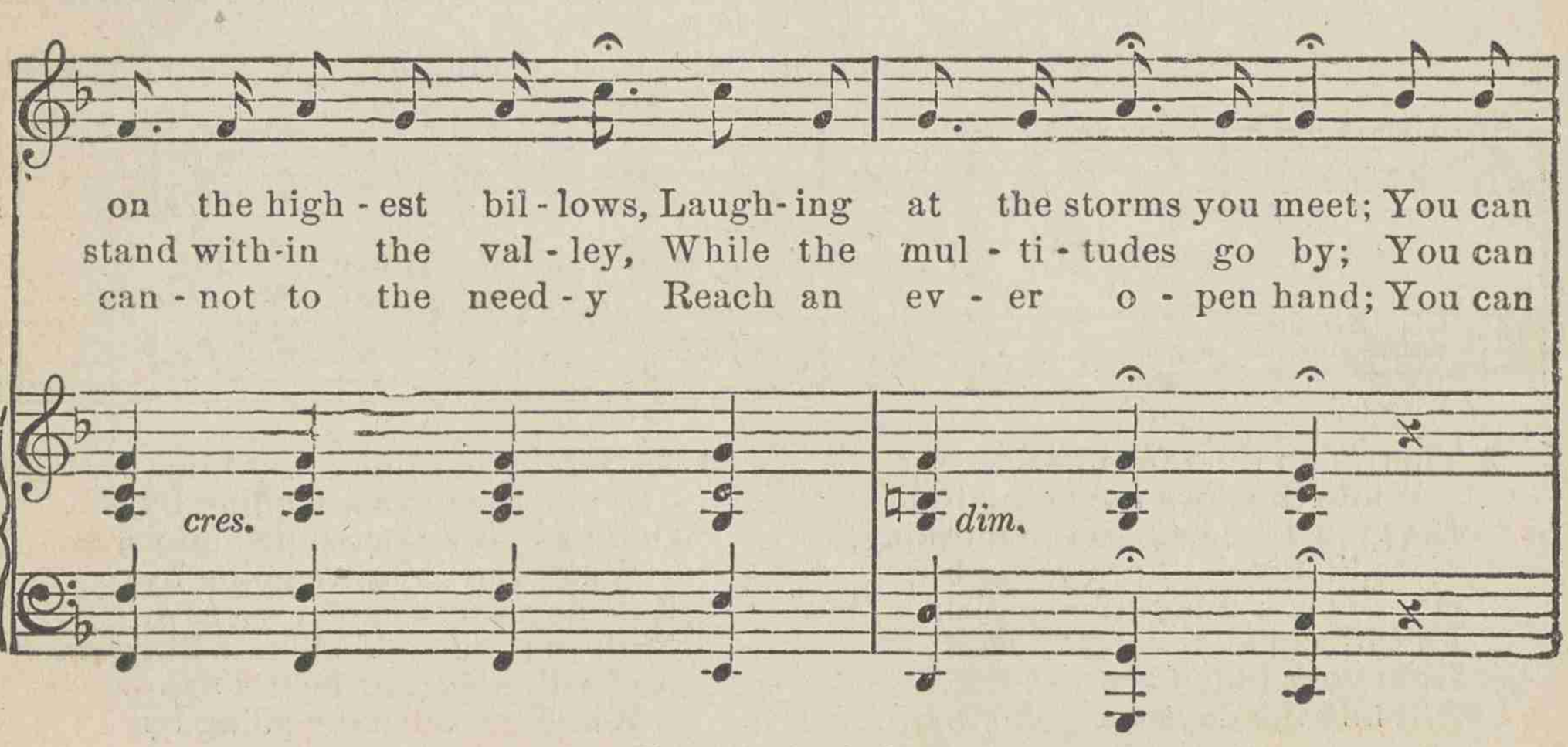
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Your Mission.





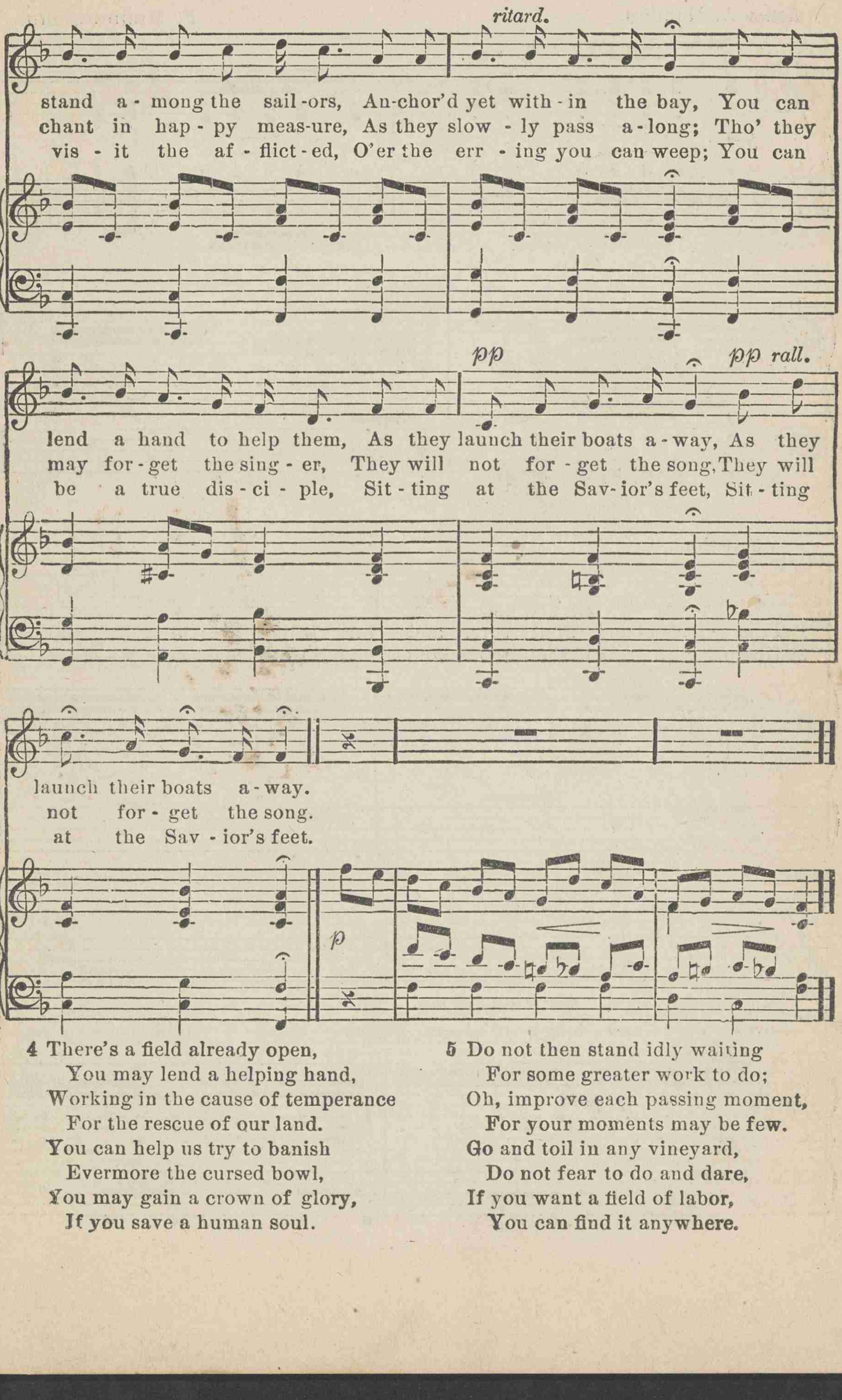
1. If you can-not on the o-cean Sail a-mong the swift-est fleet, Rock-ing
2. If you are too weak to jour-ney Up the moun-tain, steep and high, You can
3. If you have not gold and sil-ver Ev-er read-y at com-mand; If you



on the high-est bil-lows, Laugh-ing at the storms you meet; You can
stand with-in the val-ley, While the mul-ti-tudes go by; You can
can-not to the need-y Reach an ev-er o-pen hand; You can

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Your Mission. Concluded.
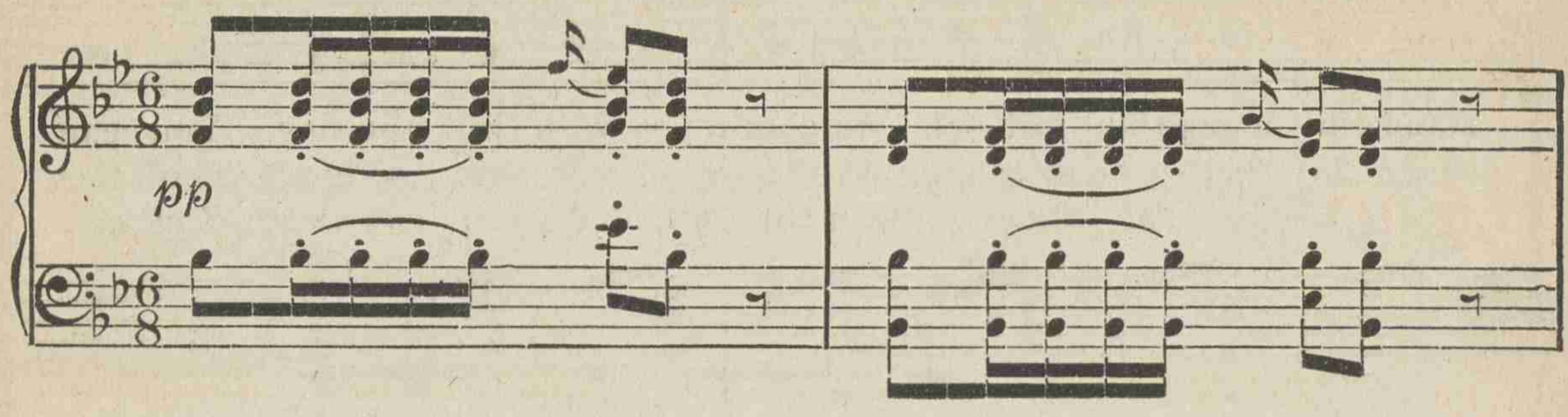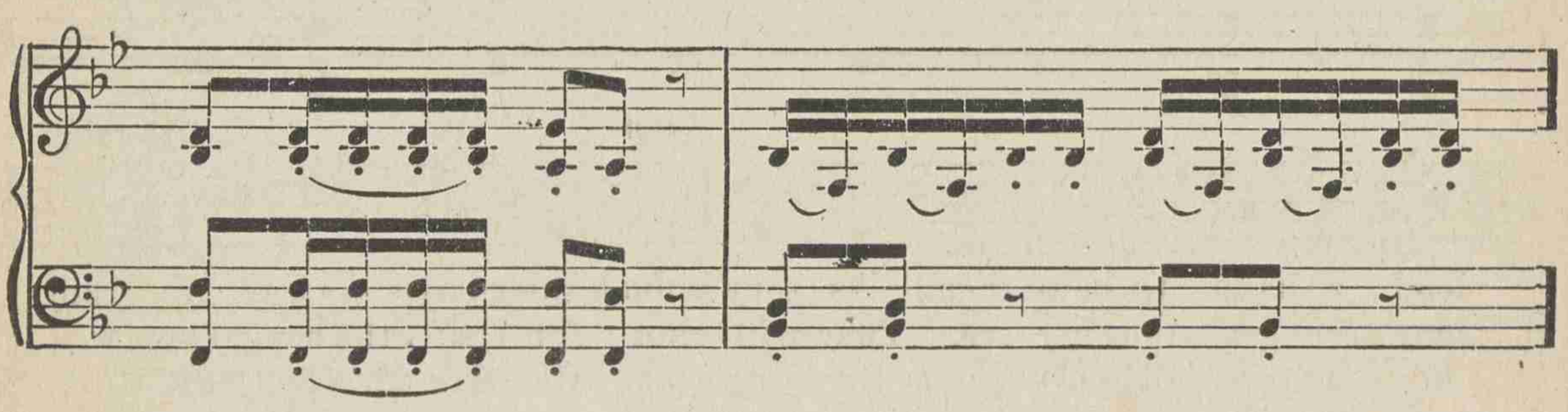


4 There's a field already open,
You may lend a helping hand,
Working in the cause of temperance
For the rescue of our land.
You can help us try to banish
Evermore the cursed bowl,
You may gain a crown of glory,
If you save a human soul.

5 Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Oh, improve each passing moment,
For your moments may be few.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do and dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

Bring the Wanderer Home.
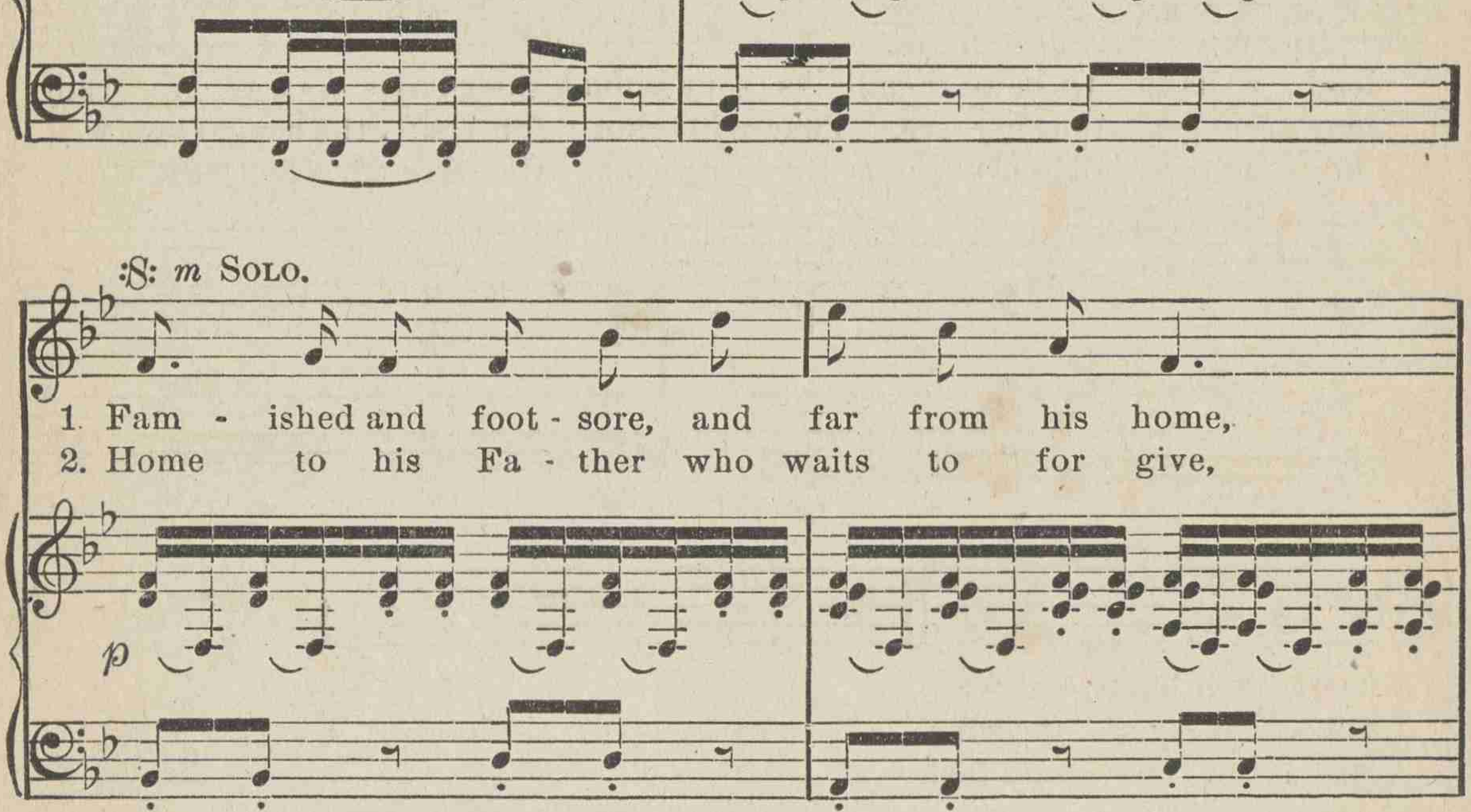
ANNA A. GORDON. F, MENDELSSOHN.
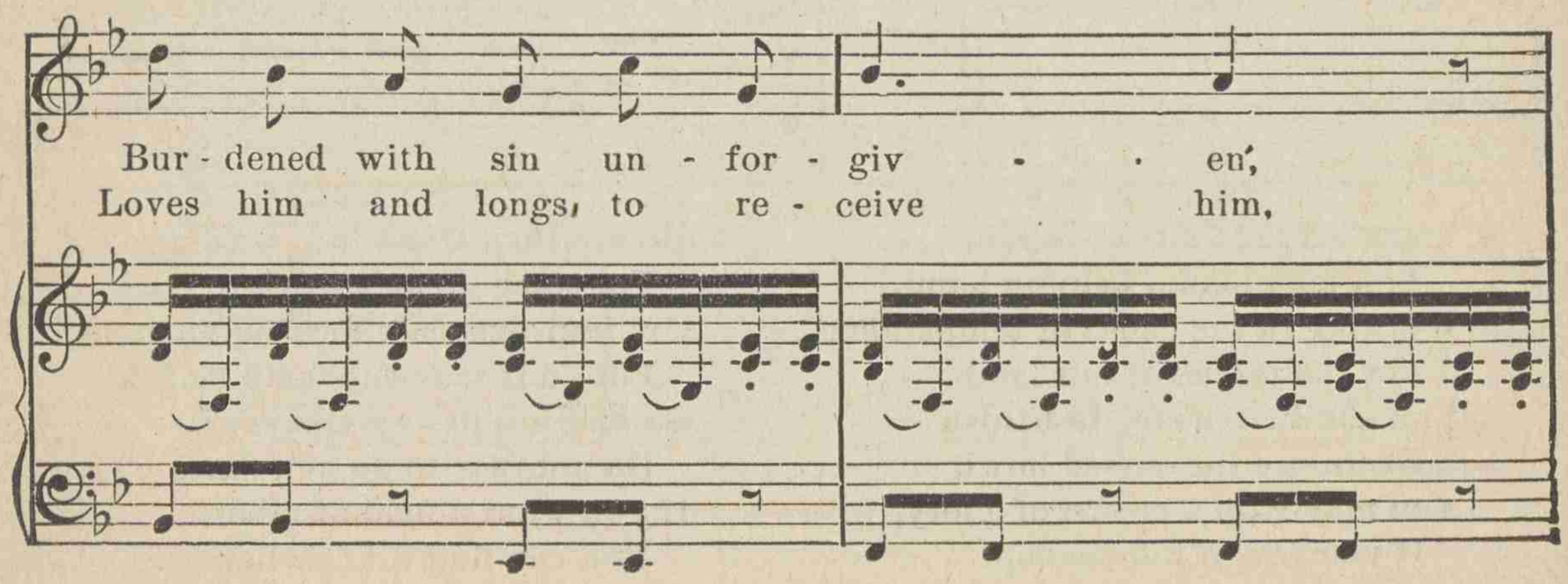




:S: *m* SOLO.

1. Fam - ished and foot - sore, and far from his home,
2. Home to his Fa - ther who waits to for give,



Bur - dened with sin un - for - giv - - en,
Loves him and longs, to re - ceive him,



Lone - ly he wan - ders, long - ing for home;.....
Shel - ter him close with in - fi - nite care:.....

..... Pit - y him, an - gels of heav - - -
..... Safe from all snares that de - ceive

en! Pit - y him, an - gels of heav -
him! Safe from the snares that de - ceive

Bring the Wanderer Home. Continued.

en! Is there no heart that can touch his with
him! Hark to the mu - sic of an - gels re -

kind - ness? Is there no light to dawn on his blindness?
joic - ing, All heav - en rings with the rap - ture they're voicing!

cres.

No lon - ger let him roam,
He that was lost is found!

Oh, haste to bring him home.
Ring out the joy - ful sound!

f *rit.*

Oh, haste,..... oh, haste to bring him
Ring out,..... ring out the joy - ful

rit.

First verse.

home.....
sound ....

D. S. to 𝄋

Second verse.

The

f

joy - - - - - ful sound.

rit.

a tempo.

Home Protection.

ANNA A. GORDON. ELIZABETH STERLING.

mf

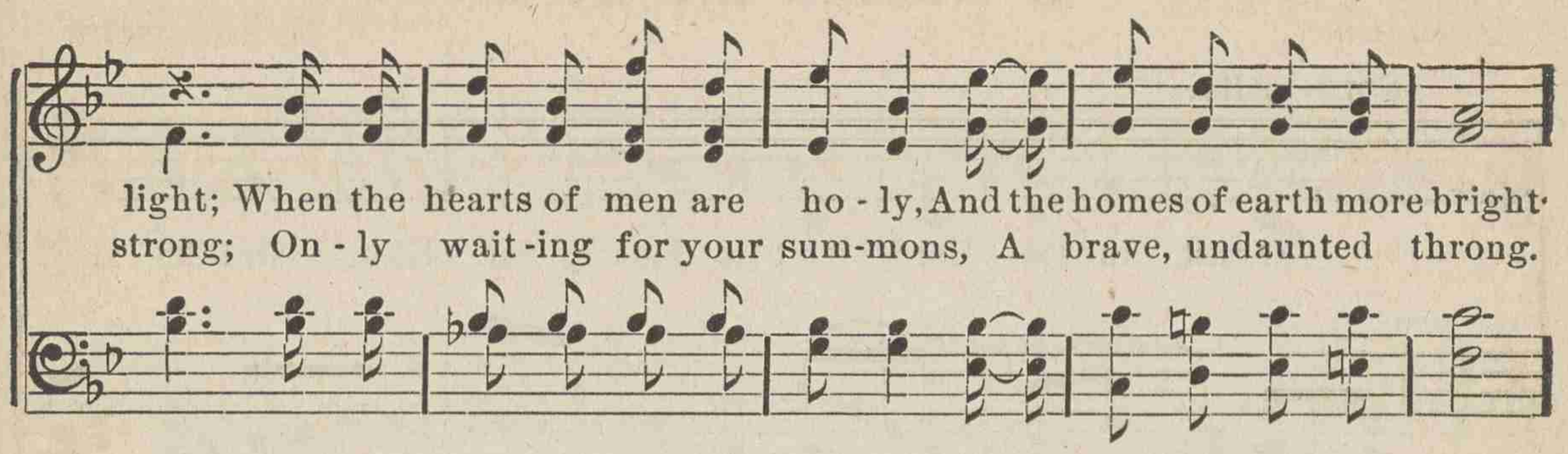
1. The cause of Home Pro - tec - tion Will con - quer by and by, And
2. But ere this vic - t'ry com - eth, The homes of earth to shield, You'll
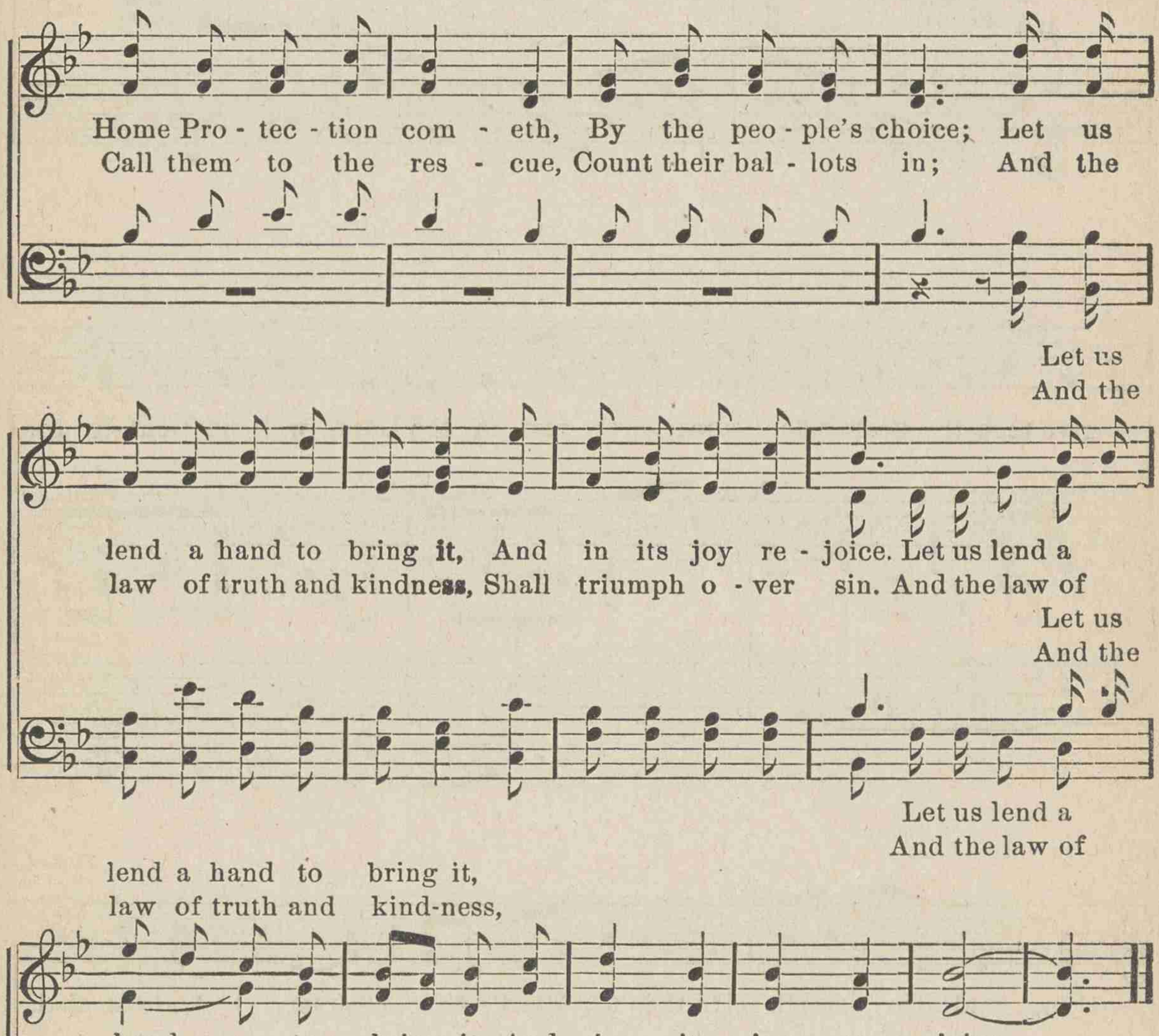
see its glad fru - i - tion In a glo - rious vic - to - ry;
need to call the wom - en To help you hold the field;

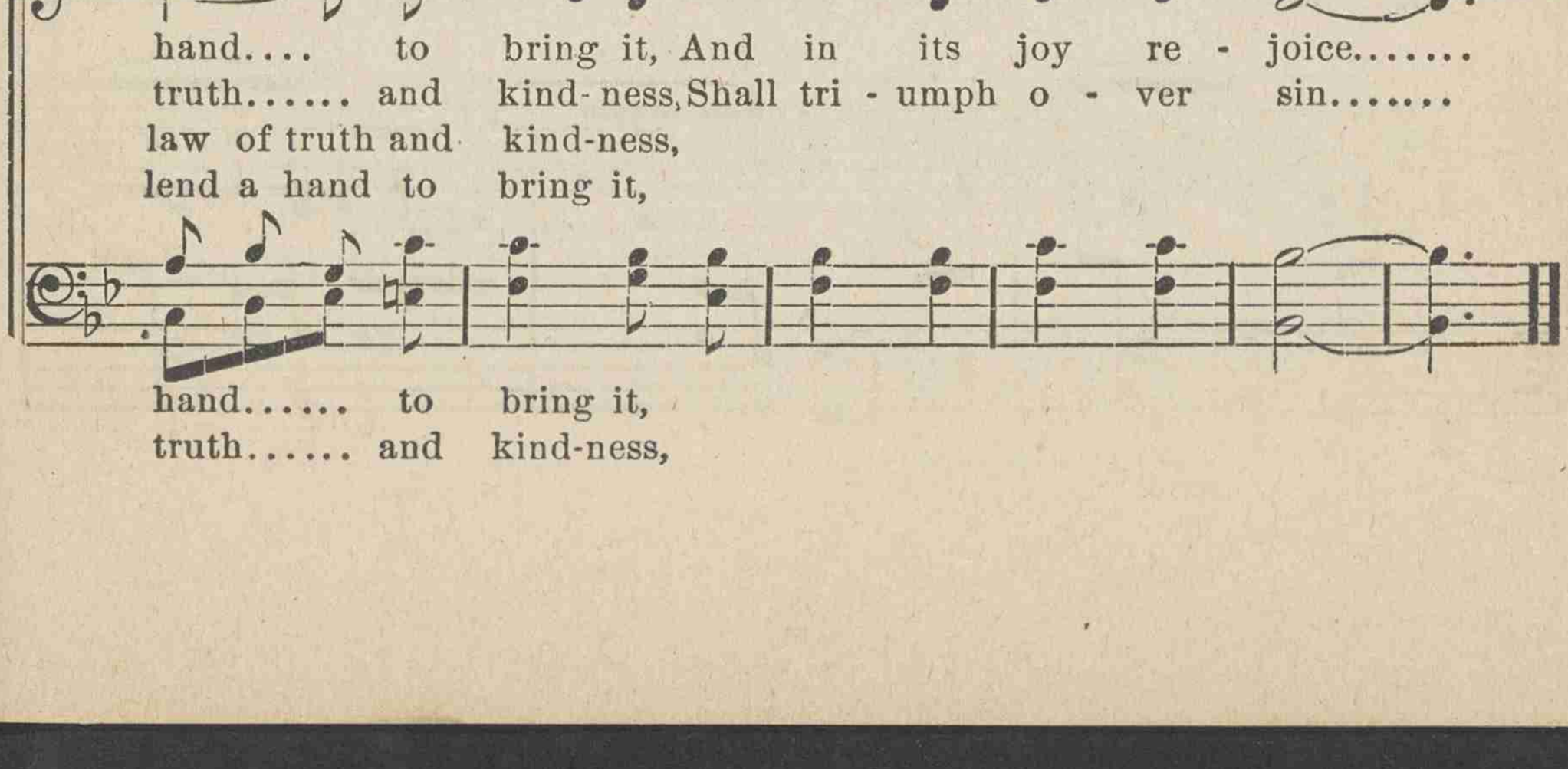
The cause of Home Pro - tec - tion Will con - quer by and by, And
But ere this vic - t'ry com - eth, The homes of earth to shield, You'll

see its glad fru - i - tion In a glo - rious vic - to
need to call the wom - en To help you hold the

ry; A vic - t'ry full of bless - ing, Of joy, and peace, and
field; With bal - lots white they're wait - ing— By moth - er - love made


light; When the hearts of men are ho - ly, And the homes of earth more bright·
strong; On - ly wait -ing for your sum-mons, A brave, undaunted throng.


Home Pro - tec - tion com - eth, By the peo - ple's choice; Let us
Call them to the res - cue, Count their bal - lots in; And the
Let us
And the
lend a hand to bring it, And in its joy re - joice. Let us lend a
law of truth and kindness, Shall triumph o - ver sin. And the law of
Let us
And the
Let us lend a
And the law of
lend a hand to bring it,
law of truth and kind-ness,


hand.... to bring it, And in its joy re - joice.....
truth..... and kind- ness, Shall tri - umph o - ver sin.....
law of truth and kind-ness,
lend a hand to bring it,
hand..... to bring it,
truth..... and kind-ness,

O Rest in the Lord.

Andantino. MENDELSSOHN.
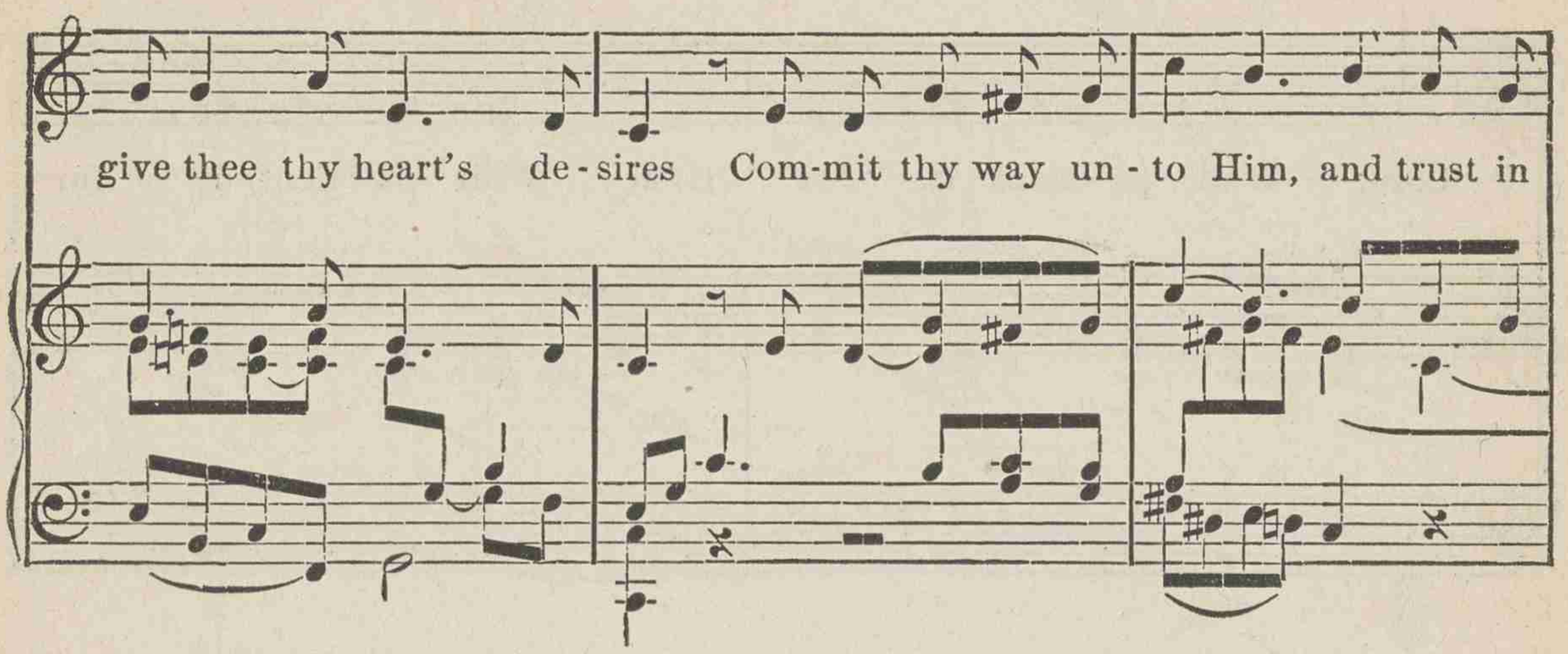
SOLO. Alto.
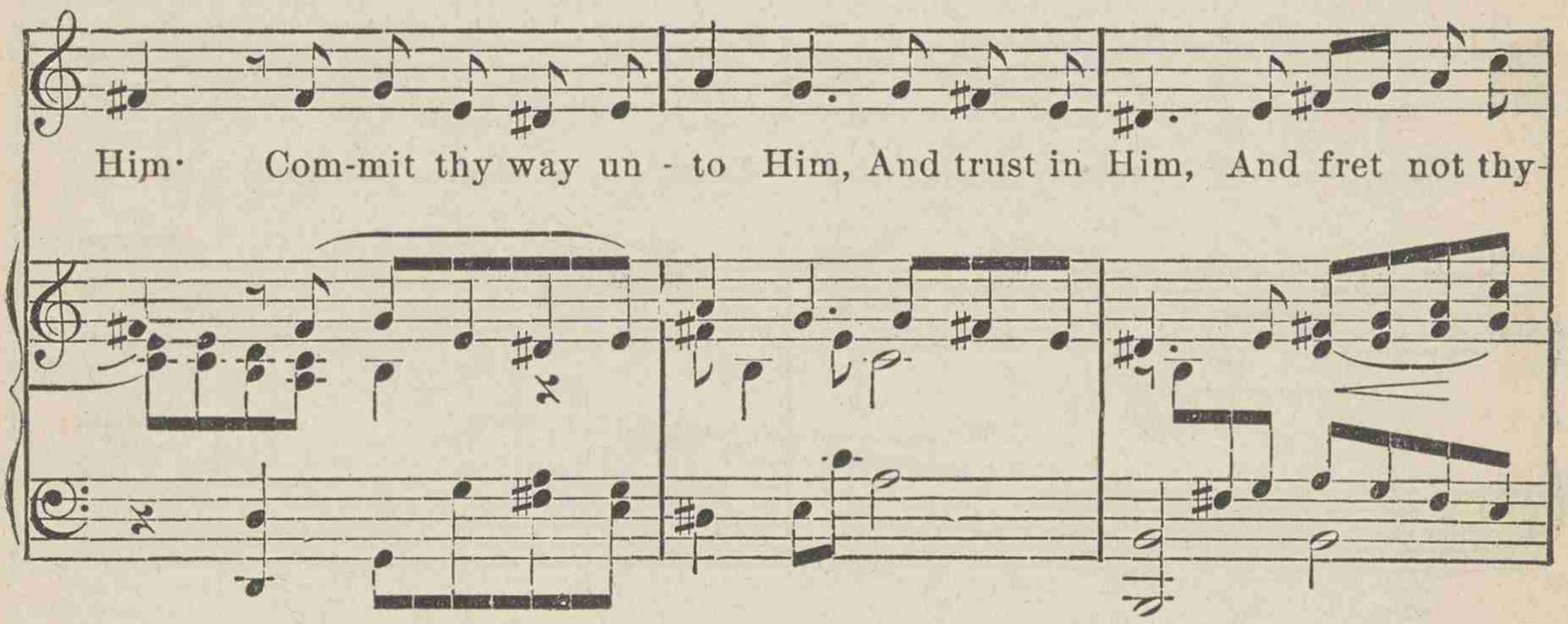
O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for Him, and he shall
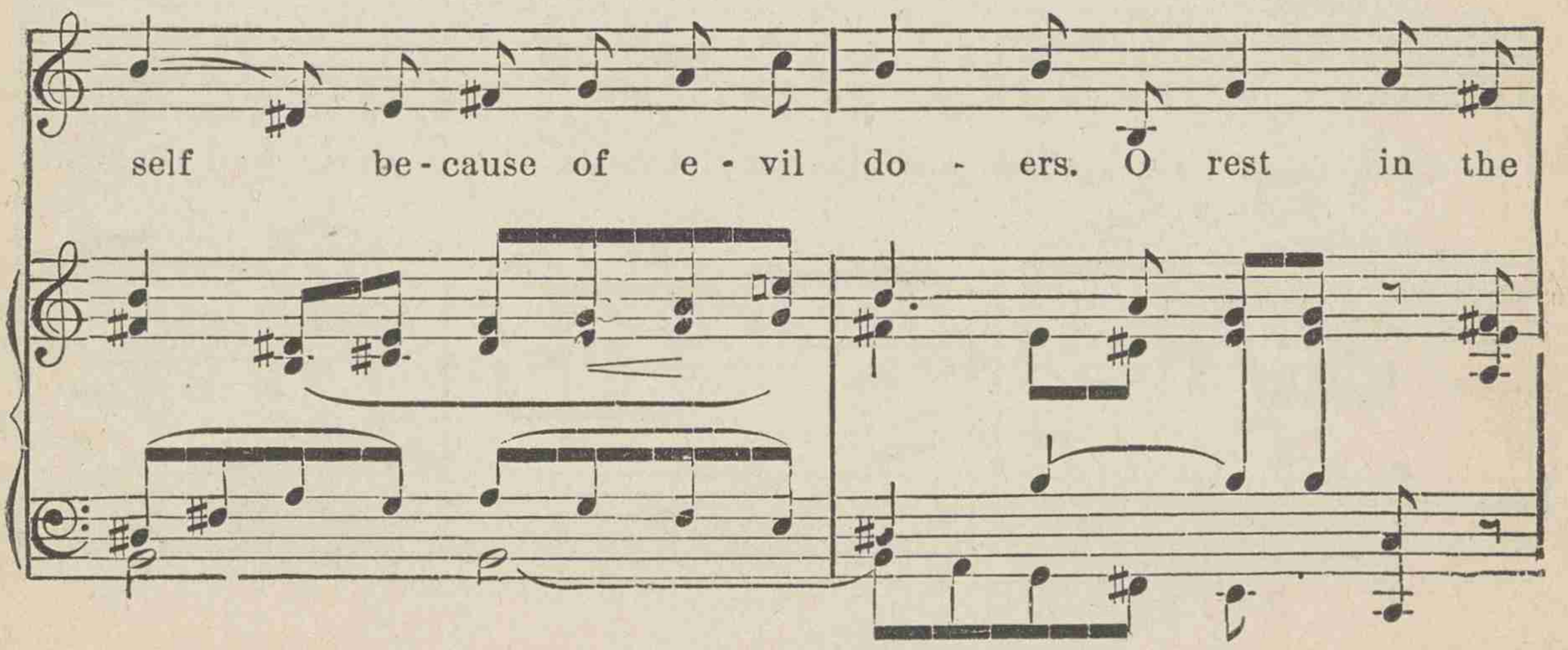
pp

give thee thy heart's de - sires: O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for

Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's de - sires: And He shall


give thee thy heart's de - sires Com-mit thy way un - to Him, and trust in


Him. Com-mit thy way un - to Him, And trust in Him, And fret not thy-


self be - cause of e - vil do - ers. O rest in the

O Rest in the Lord. Continued.

Lord, Wait pa - tient - ly for Him, Wait pa - tient - ly for

Him; O rest in the Lord, Wait pa - tient - ly for

Him, And He shall give thee thy heart's de - sires, And He shall

give thee thy heart's de - sires, And He shall give thee thy heart's de -

p *sf* *p*

sires; O rest in the Lord, O rest in the Lord, and wait,.....

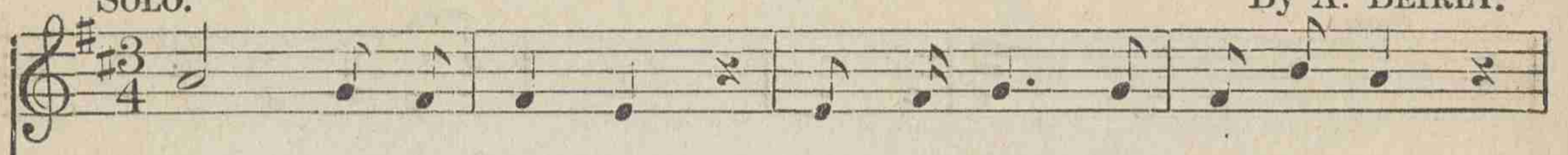
.....wait pa - tient - ly for Him.

tr *pp* *Ped.*
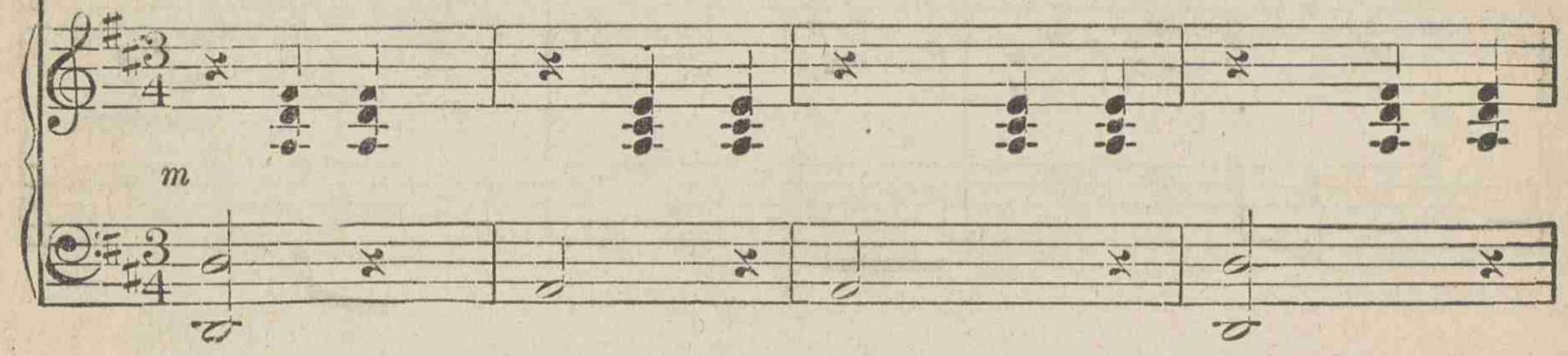
Nearer, Lord, to Thee.

ARRANGED
By A. BEIRLY.
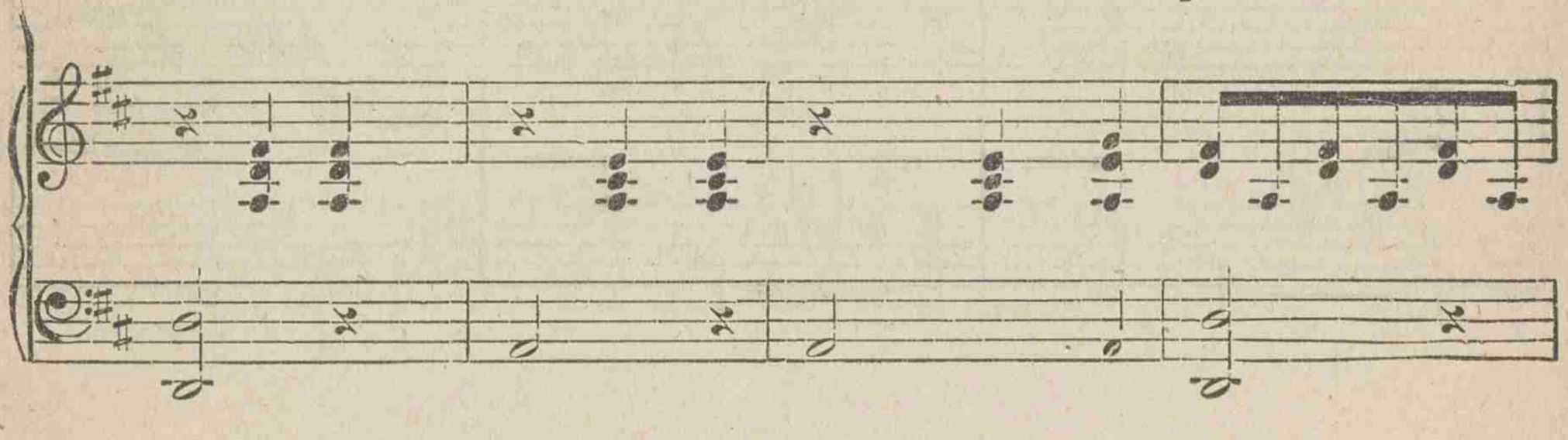
SOLO.
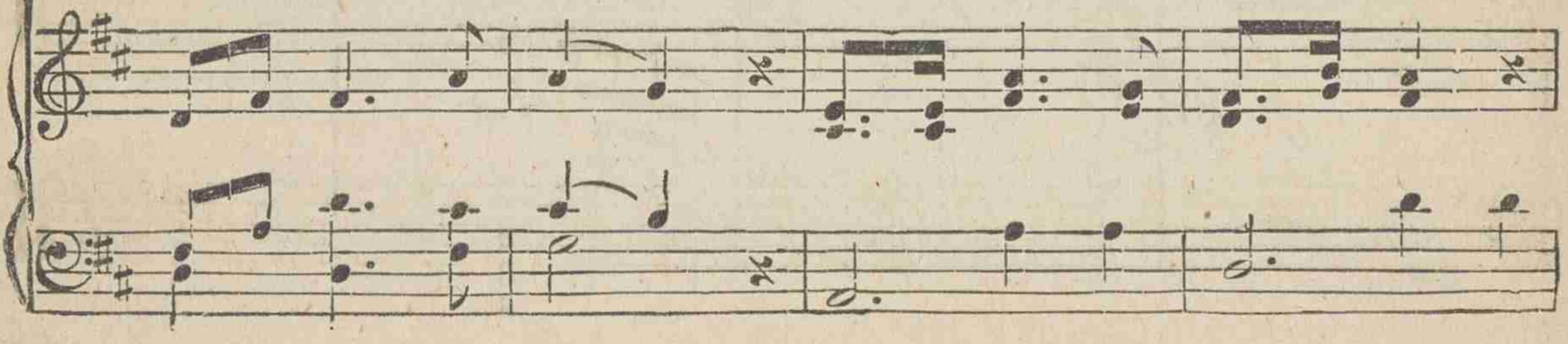


I. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Let me hear Thy gen - tle voice,
2. Sweet - ly the Sav - ior Whis - pers to the Christian heart
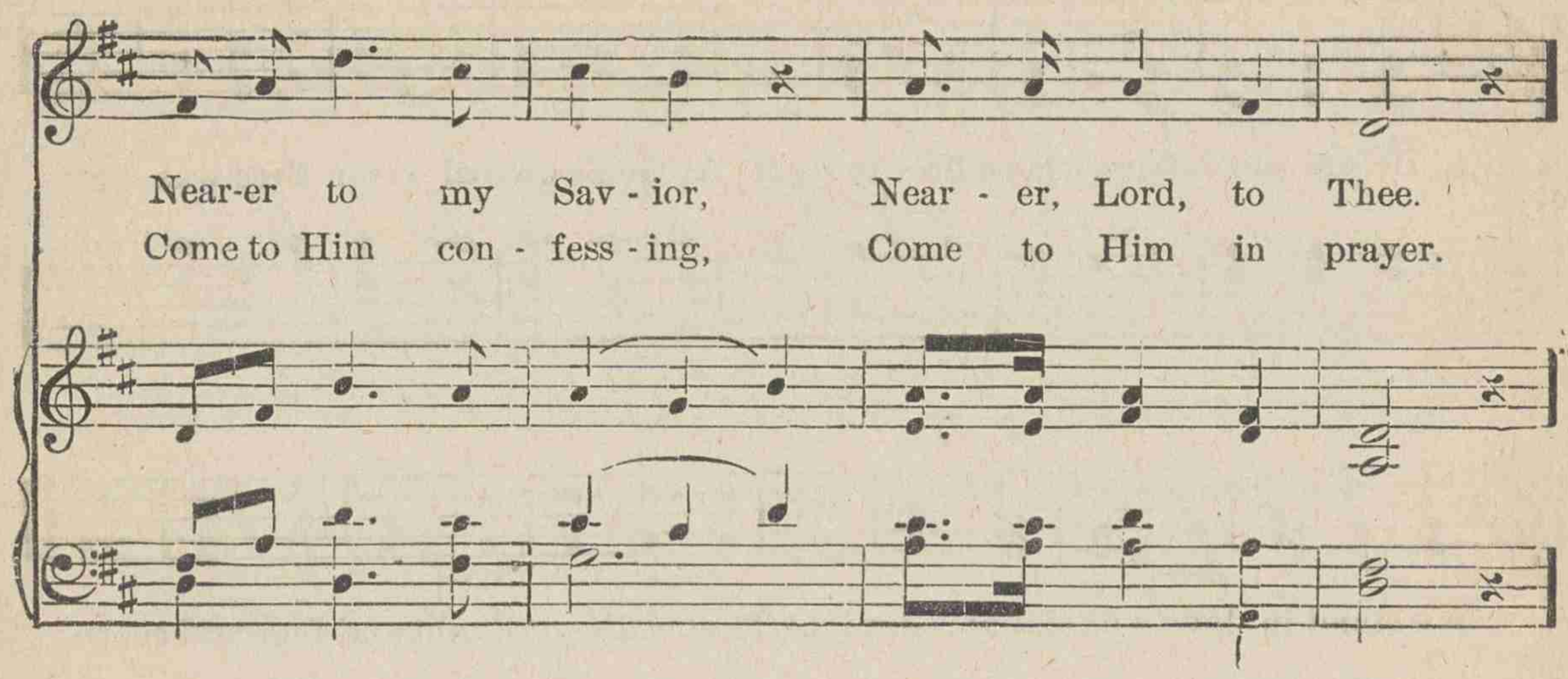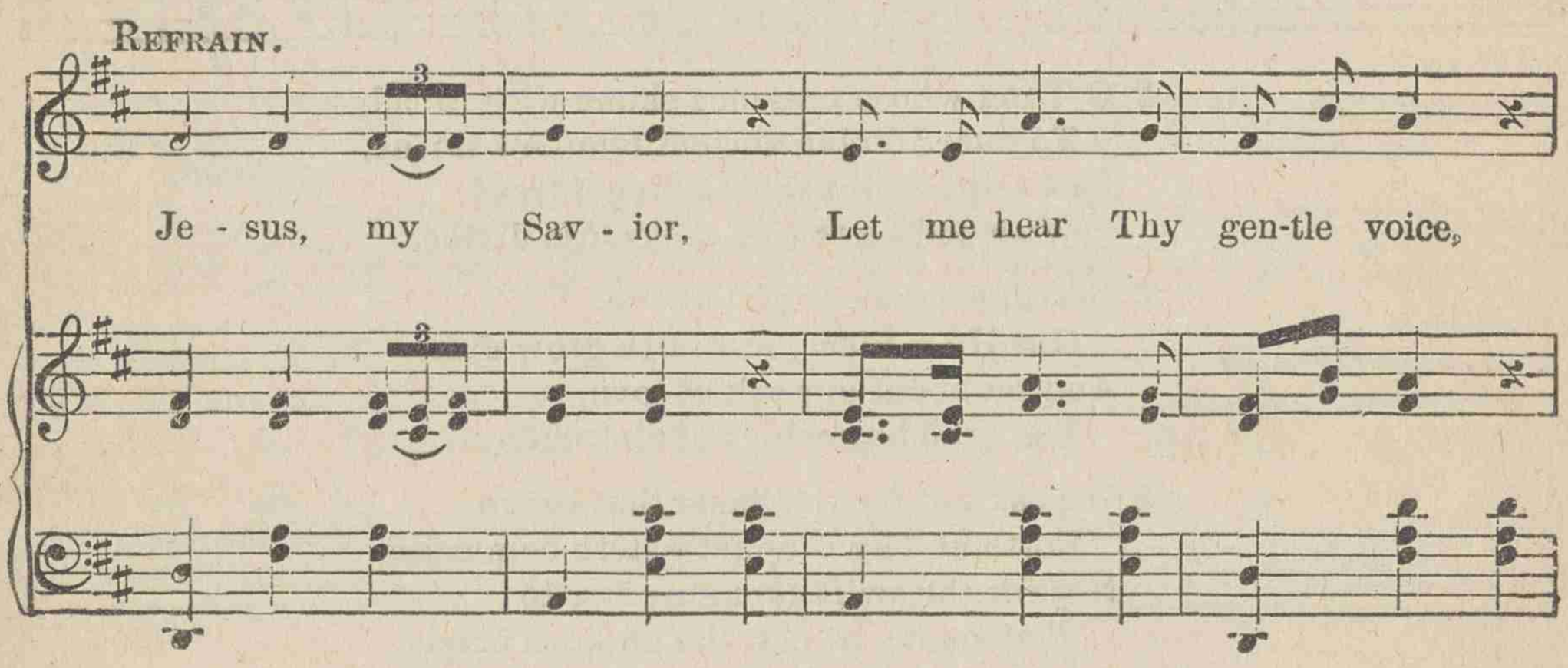


Teach me to love Thee, Let my heart re - joice;
Words of sweet com - fort That will ne'er de - part;
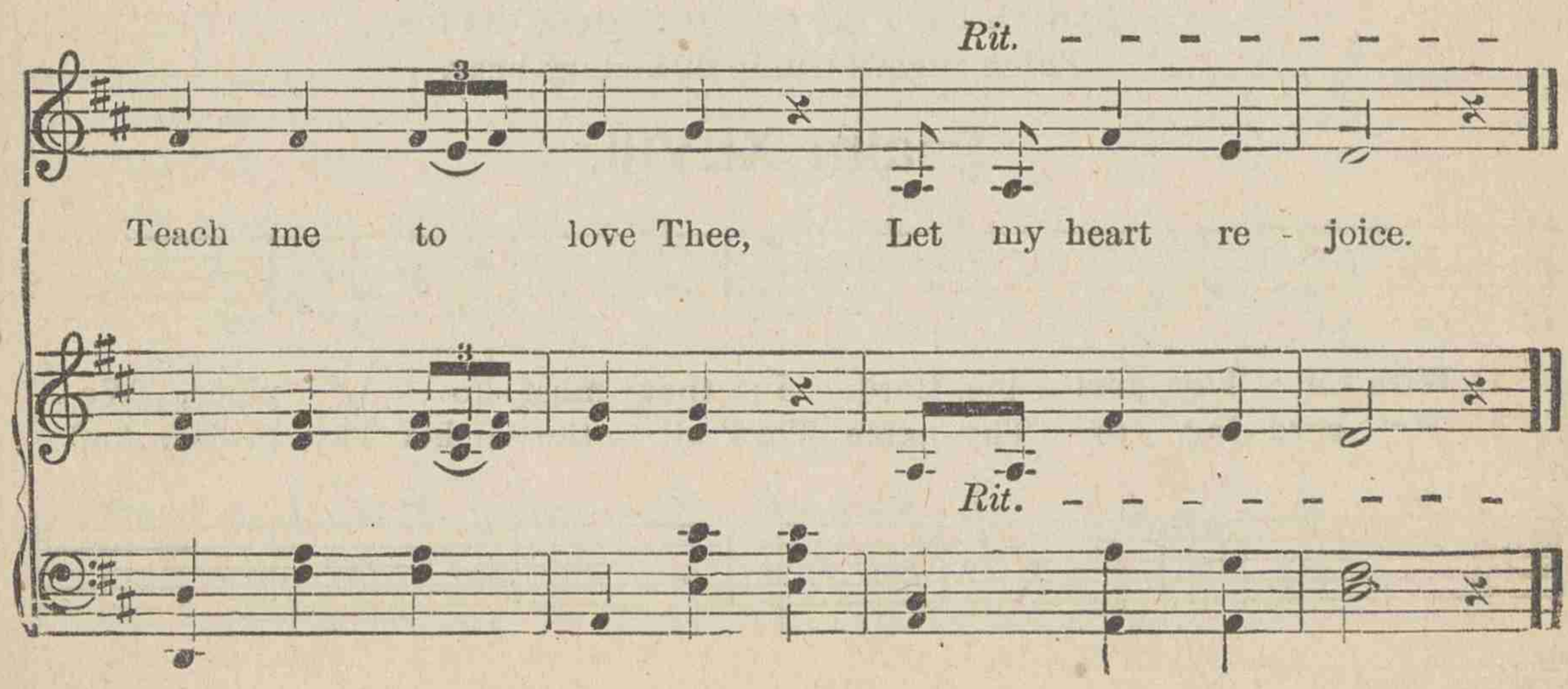


I have strayed far from Thee, Yet my soul would near Thee be,
Faith will bring thee bless - ing, Faith will strengthen ev - 'ry prayer;
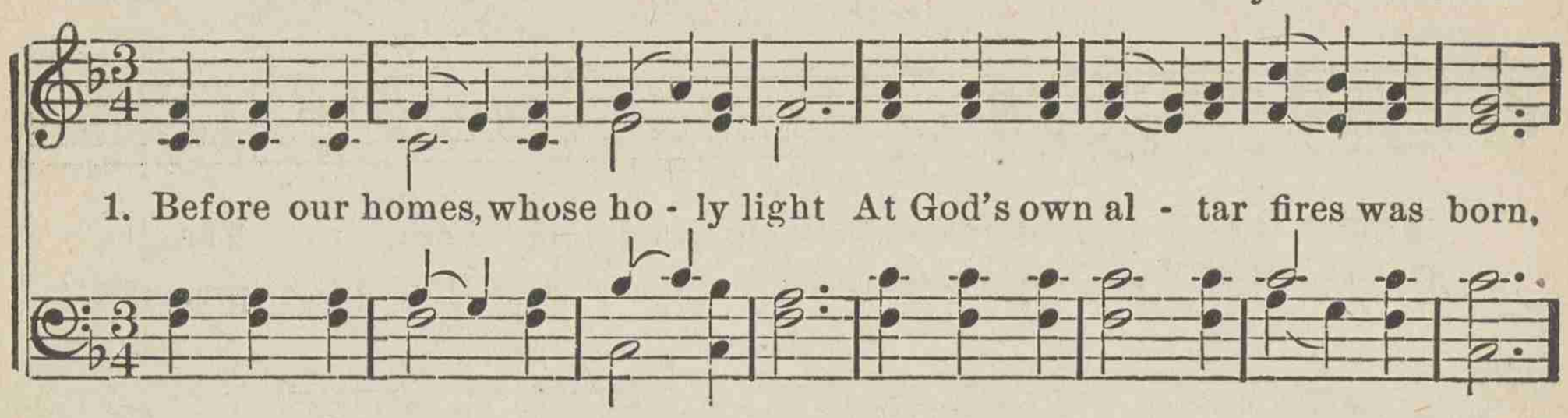



Near-er to my Sav - ior, Near - er, Lord, to Thee.
Come to Him con - fess - ing, Come to Him in prayer.


Refrain.
Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Let me hear Thy gen-tle voice,


Rit.
Teach me to love Thee, Let my heart re - joice.
Rit.

Invocation.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. Arr. by W. H. MONK.



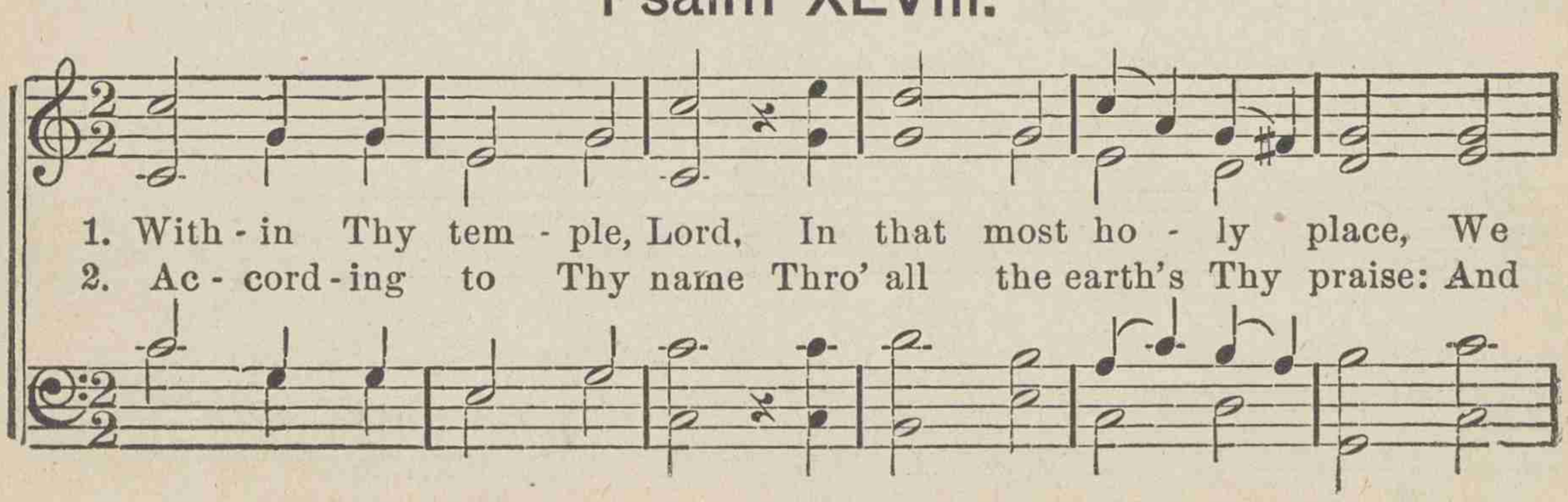
2 O Thou whose presence shone with dread,
To guard Thine ancient temple's shrine,
Lest some polluted foot should tread,
With soiling touch, the courts divine,
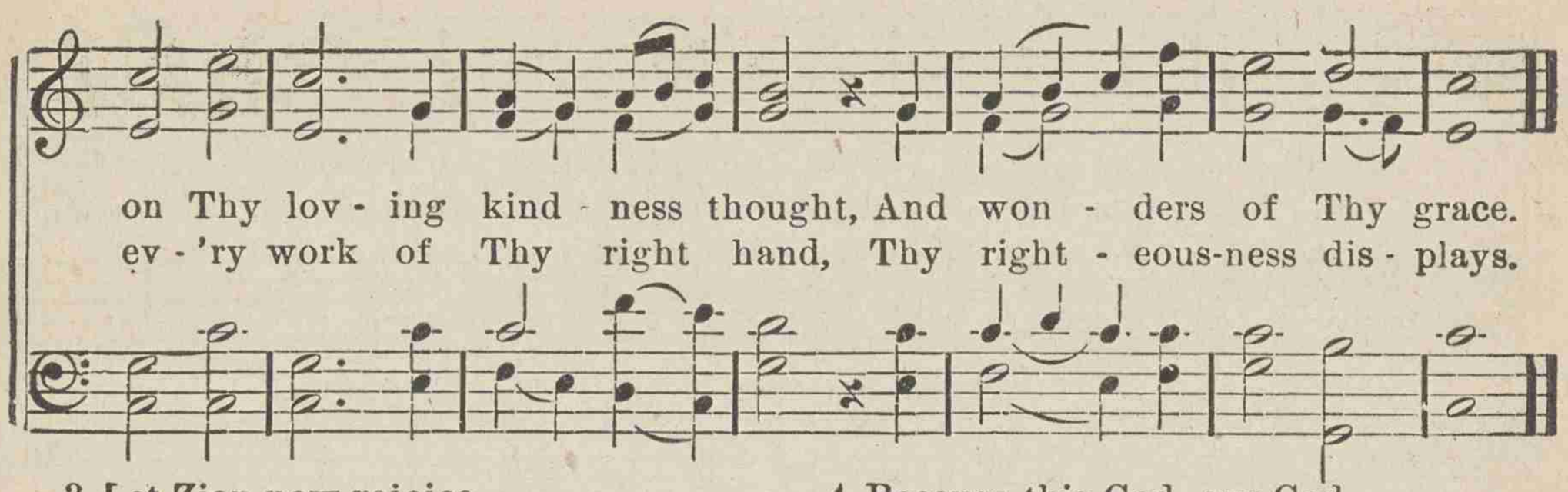
3 Descend again, to rest above
Our Holy Place, lest faith grow dim;
And set about our ark of love
The brooding wings of cherubim.

4 We ask not for the flame that broke
Forth at Thy prophet's stern command,
Nor for the swift avenging stroke
That smote, of old, the impious band.

5 Open our eyes, that we may know
Thy shining hosts encamping near,
And, through the threatenings of the foe,
Thine angel's trump of victory hear.

Psalm XLVIII.



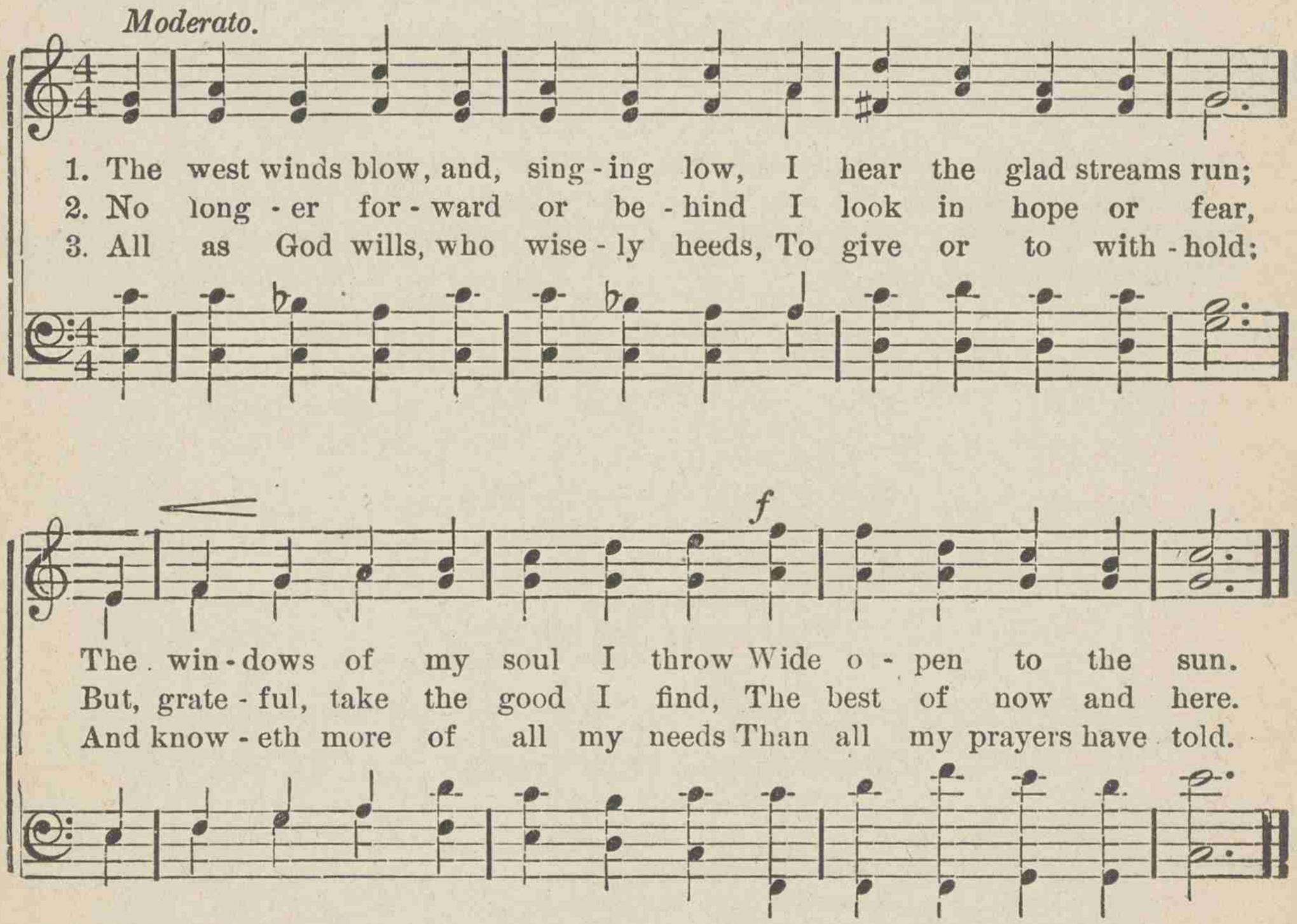


3 Let Zion now rejoice,
And Juda's daughters sing;
Let them with joyfulness proclaim
The judgments of their King.

4 Because this God, our God,
Forever will abide;
And till life's journey close in death,
Will be our faithful guide.

My Psalm.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. ANNA LEWIS KIMBALL.

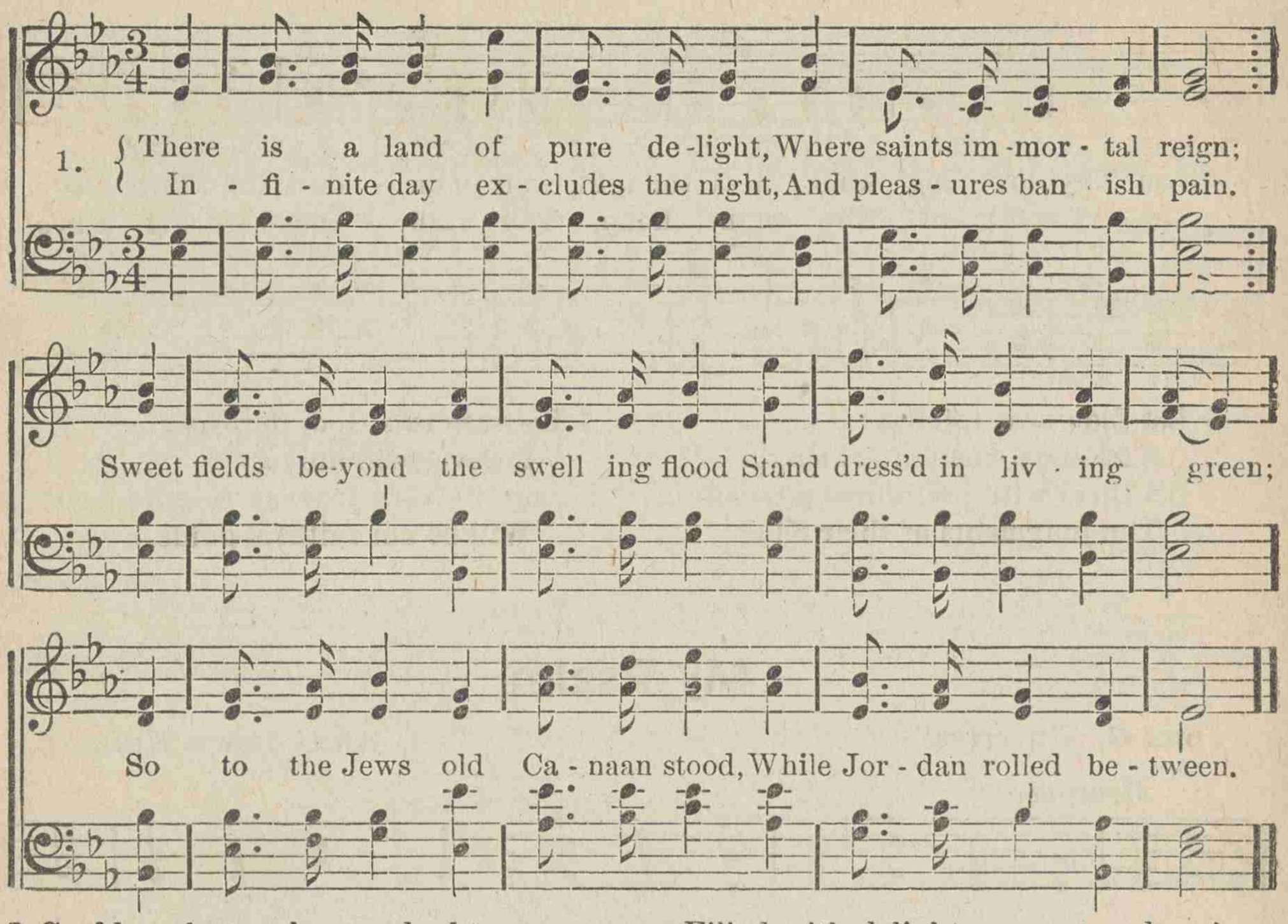


4 Enough that blessings understood
Have marked my erring track;—
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back;—

5 That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good.

There is a Land of Pure Delight

J. C. H. RINK.



2 Could we but make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And view the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes,
Filled with delight our raptured souls
Would here no longer stay,
Though Jordan's stream around us roll,
Fearless we'd launch away.

Eden Comes Again.

Tune, "Hold the Fort."

1 Lo! the day of God is breaking;
Light is in the sky!
See the world to life awaking:
Morning draweth nigh!

CHORUS. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Eden comes again;
Glory, glory in the highest,
God will dwell with men!

2 Now the powers of wrong and darkness
Lose their stolen crown;
Now the foot of the archangel
Treads the dragon down.
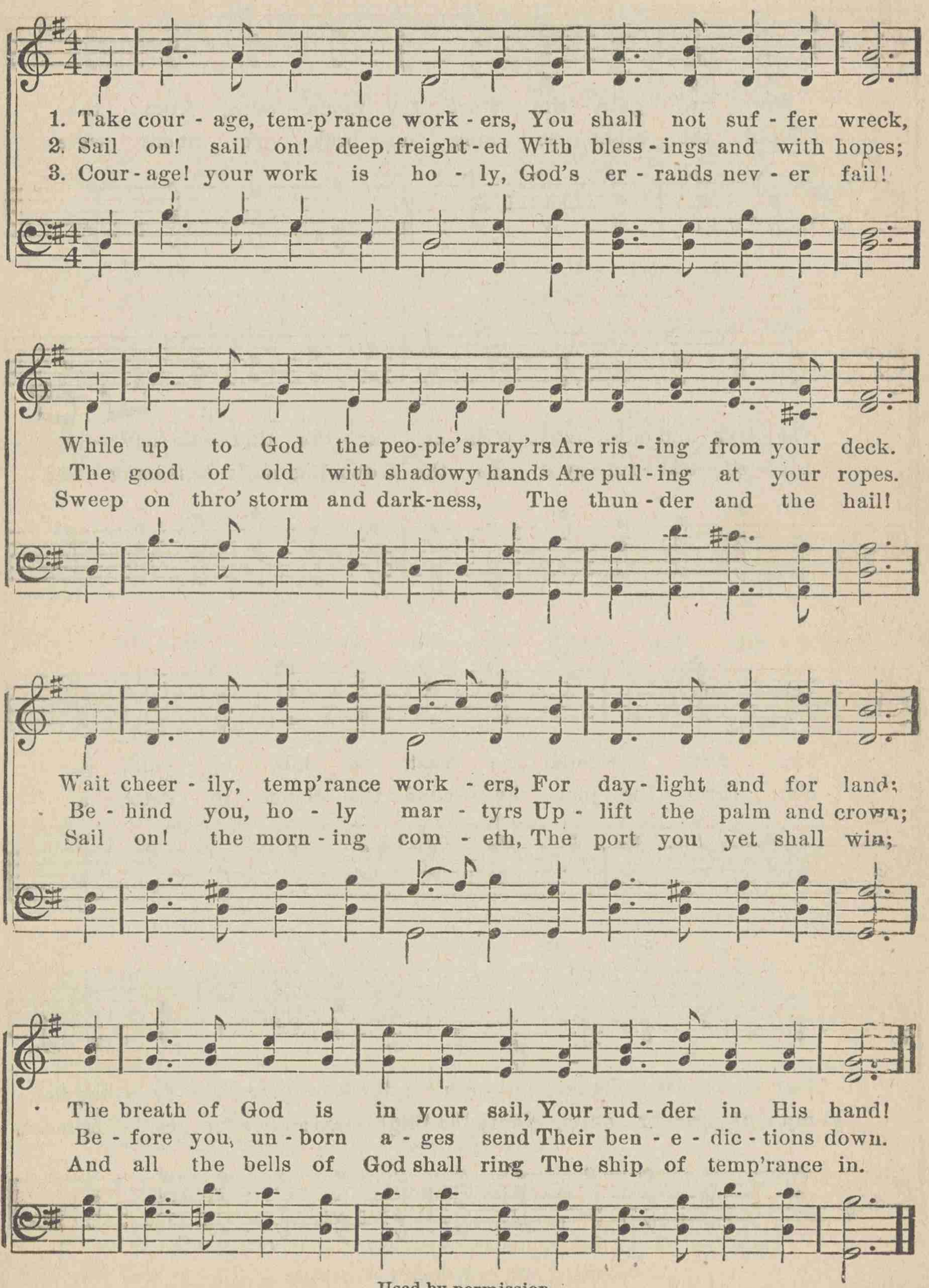
3 Ancient forms of woe and terror
Flee before the light;
And the cruel creeds of error
Vanish with the night

4 He will give us songs for sadness;
Wipe our tears away;
Turn our mourning into gladness,
And our night to day. CHAS. G. AMES.

The Temperance Ship.

Adapted from
JOHN. G. WHITTIER.

J. P. HOLBROOK,



Used by permission.

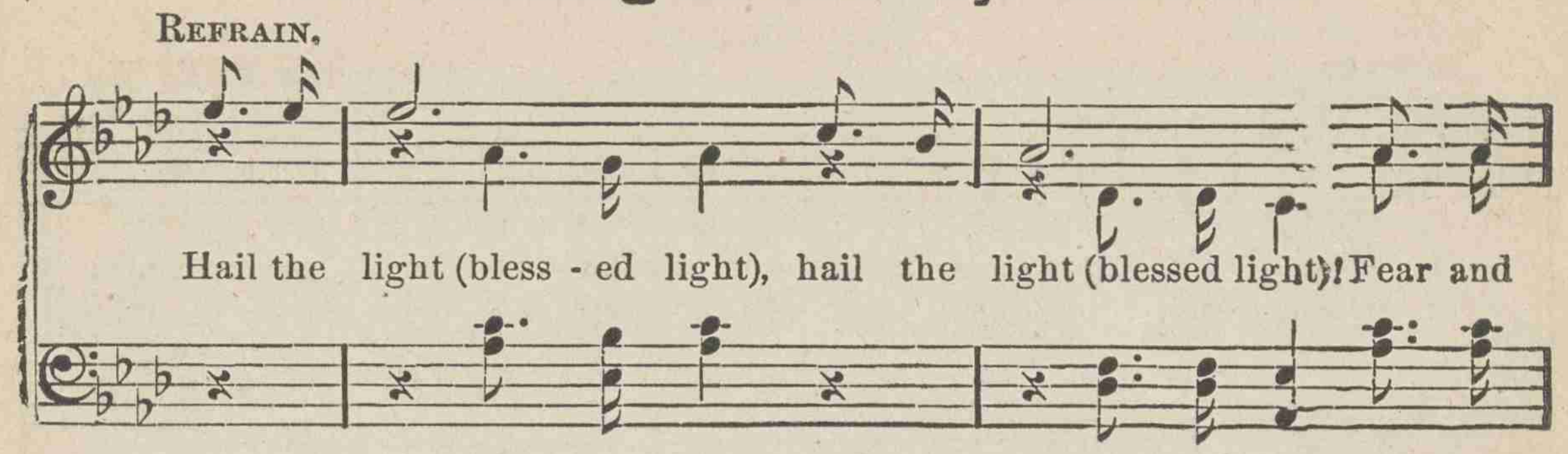
The Dawning of the Day.

HARRIET WARNER REQUA. ROBERT L. FLETCHER.

Copyright, 1892, by ROBERT L. FLETCHER.

The Dawning of the Day. Concluded.

REFRAIN.



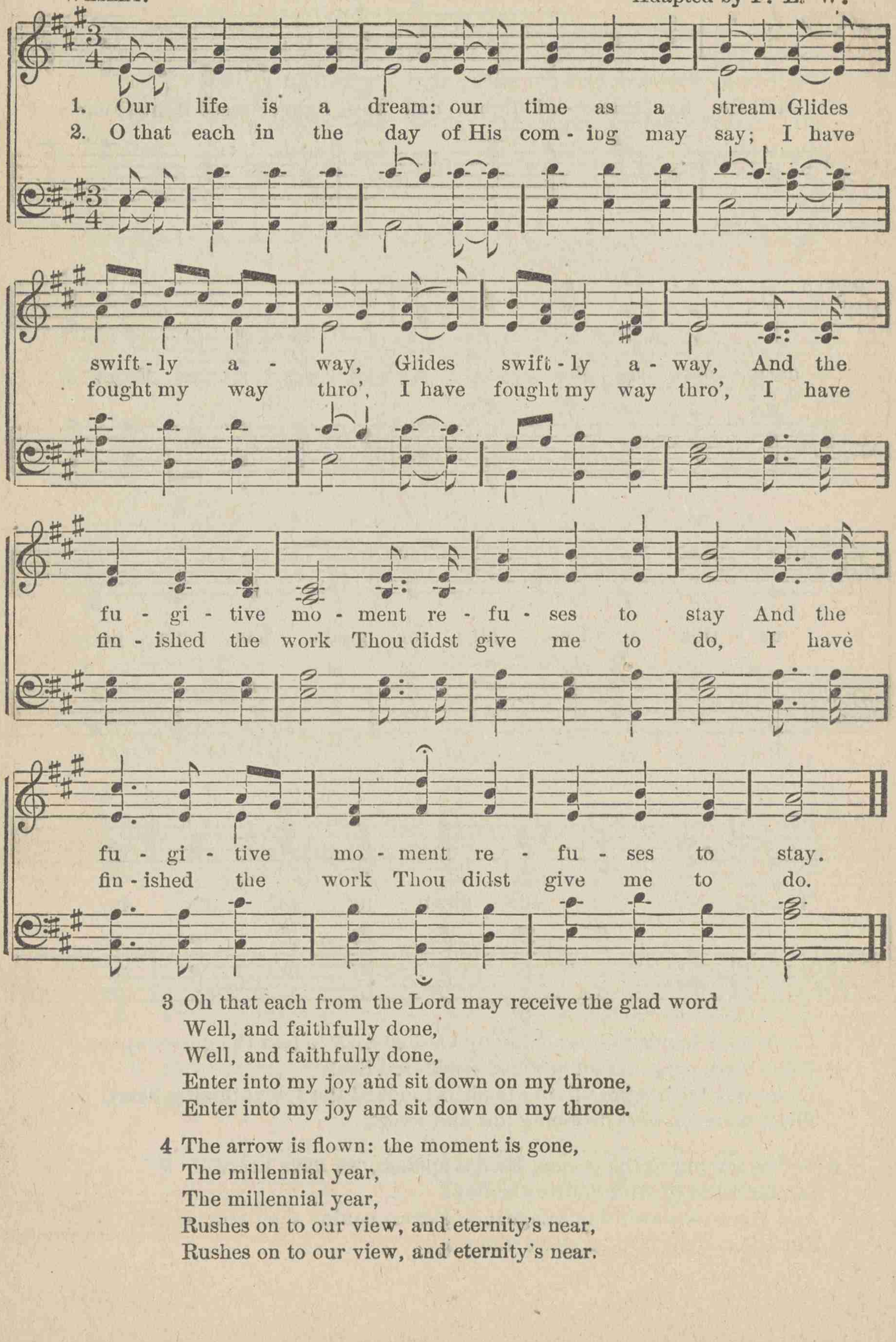
3 There were hands that reaching upward seemed to tear the gloom apart;
There were prayers that reached the Mercy Seat;
There was faith whose living tendrils touched the sympathizing heart,
There were answers dropping low and sweet.

4 God is coming to the rescue, He has spoken, we have heard,
Let the notes of triumph ring to-day!
And His trusty sword of vengeance gleams behind the living Word,
For His coming, Oh, prepare the way.

Our Life Is a Dream.

Tune:—"Isabel."

WESLEY. Adapted by F. E. W.
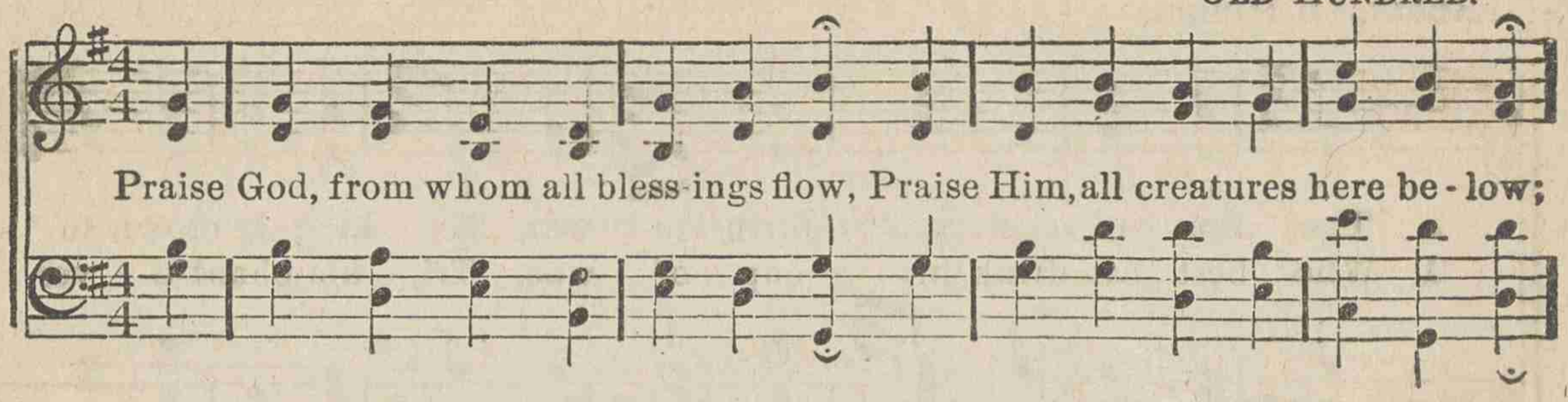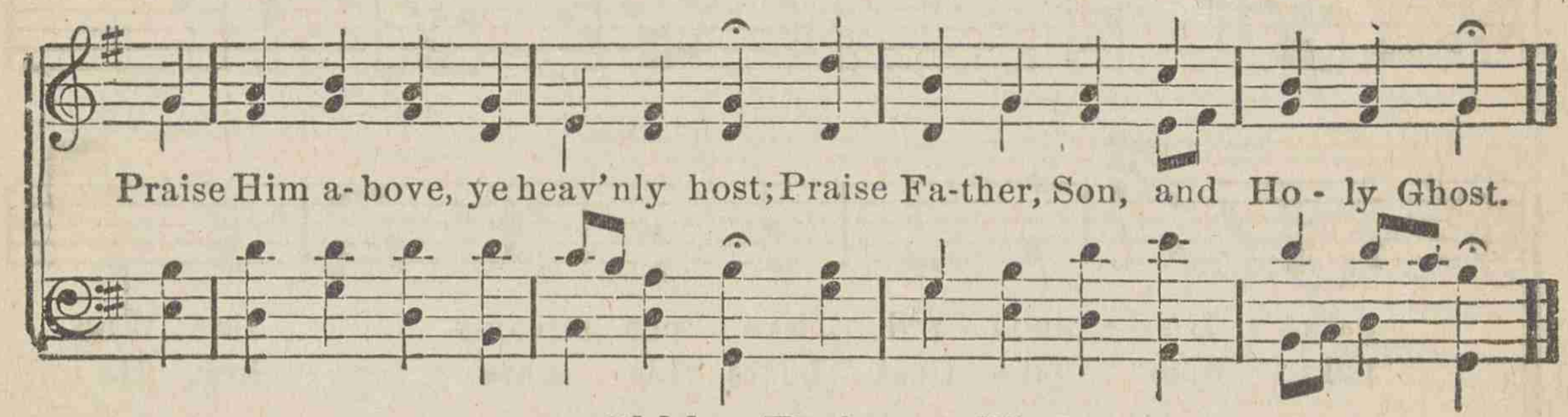


3 Oh that each from the Lord may receive the glad word
Well, and faithfully done,
Well, and faithfully done,
Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne,
Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne.

4 The arrow is flown: the moment is gone,
The millennial year,
The millennial year,
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near,
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

Doxology.

OLD HUNDRED.





"We Belong."*

Air:—"Long, Long Ago." Page 60.

1 Drops in an ocean of infinite might,
We all belong, we belong;
Rays in a prism of white, radiant light,
We all belong, we belong;
Strands in a cord reaching down from God's throne,
Links in a chain which now circles each zone,
Notes in the deepest of harmonies known,
We all belong, we belong.

2 Joined in God's cause, heart to heart, hand to hand,
We all belong, we belong;
Each one a part of the White Ribbon band,
We all belong, we belong;
Each but a unit, yet each counts for all,
What though our place and labor be small,
Our part be but to obey His great call,
We all belong, we belong.

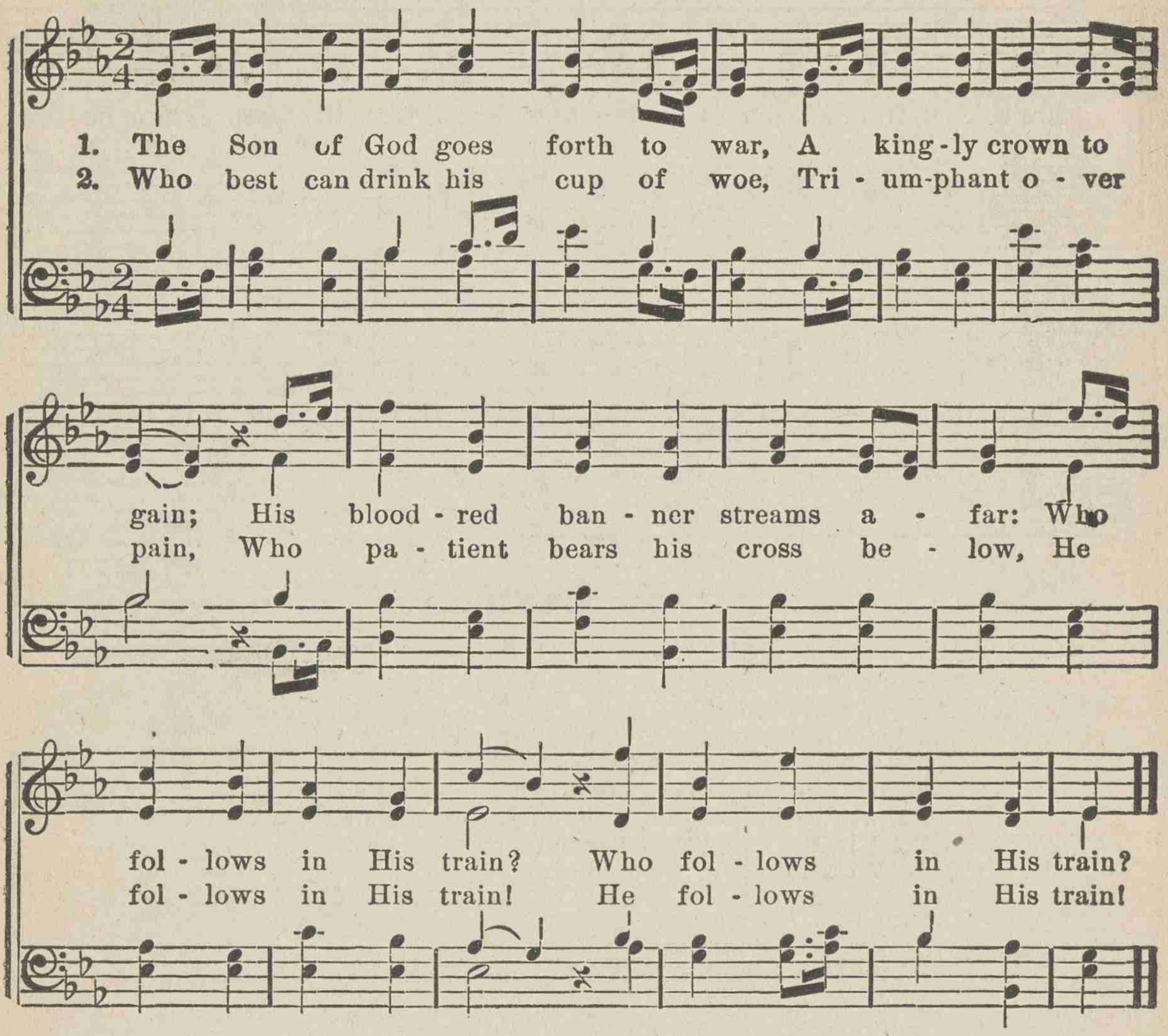
3 Let the glad music ring out loud and clear,
We all belong, we belong;
Sometime far off, by His grace now brought near,
Yes, we belong, we belong;
One with our Lord in His passion to save,
One in that love conquering death and the grave
One by His grace who Himself for *all* gave;
Yes, we belong, we belong.

4 Lord, make us worthy Thy glorious call,
May we belong, we belong!
Fill our hearts full of Thy longing for all,
May we belong, yes, belong!
Open our eyes to Thy truth's shining light,
Thrill all our souls with Thine infinite might,
Then send us forth to shine through sin's dark night,
Till *all* belong, all belong. KATHARINE LENTE STEVENSON.

*The title and refrain of an impromptu poem given by Miss Margaret Winslow at the National Convention in Boston, 1891.

Who Follows in His Train?

REGINALD HEBER.
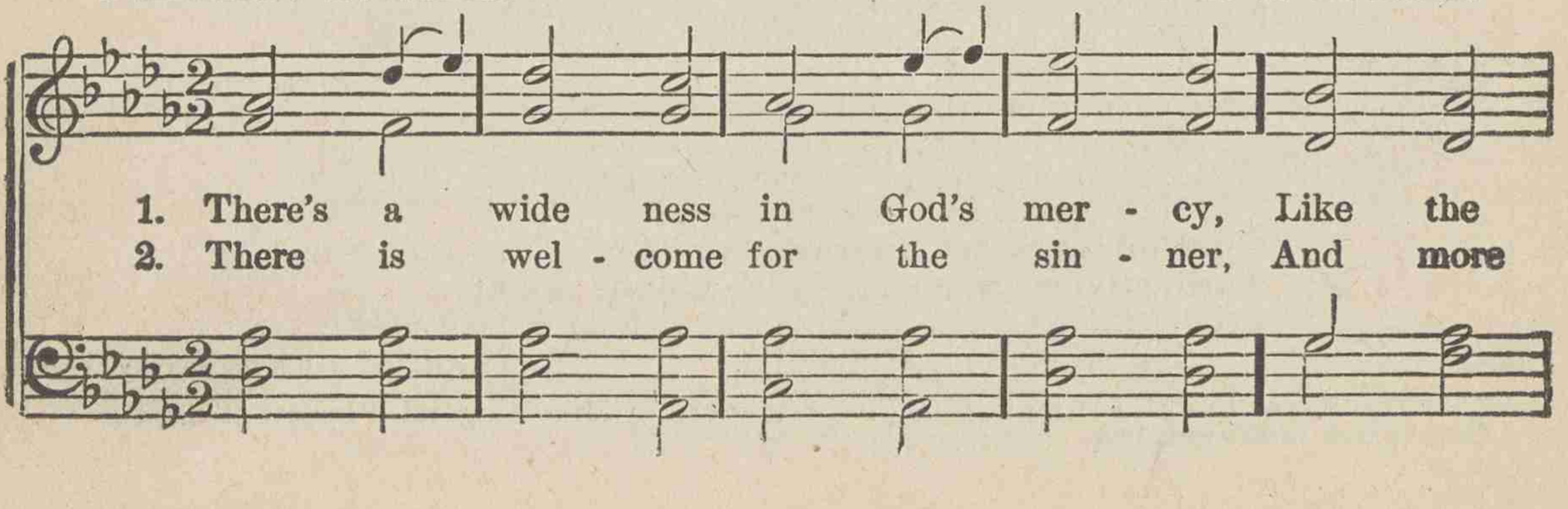


3 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the throne of God rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

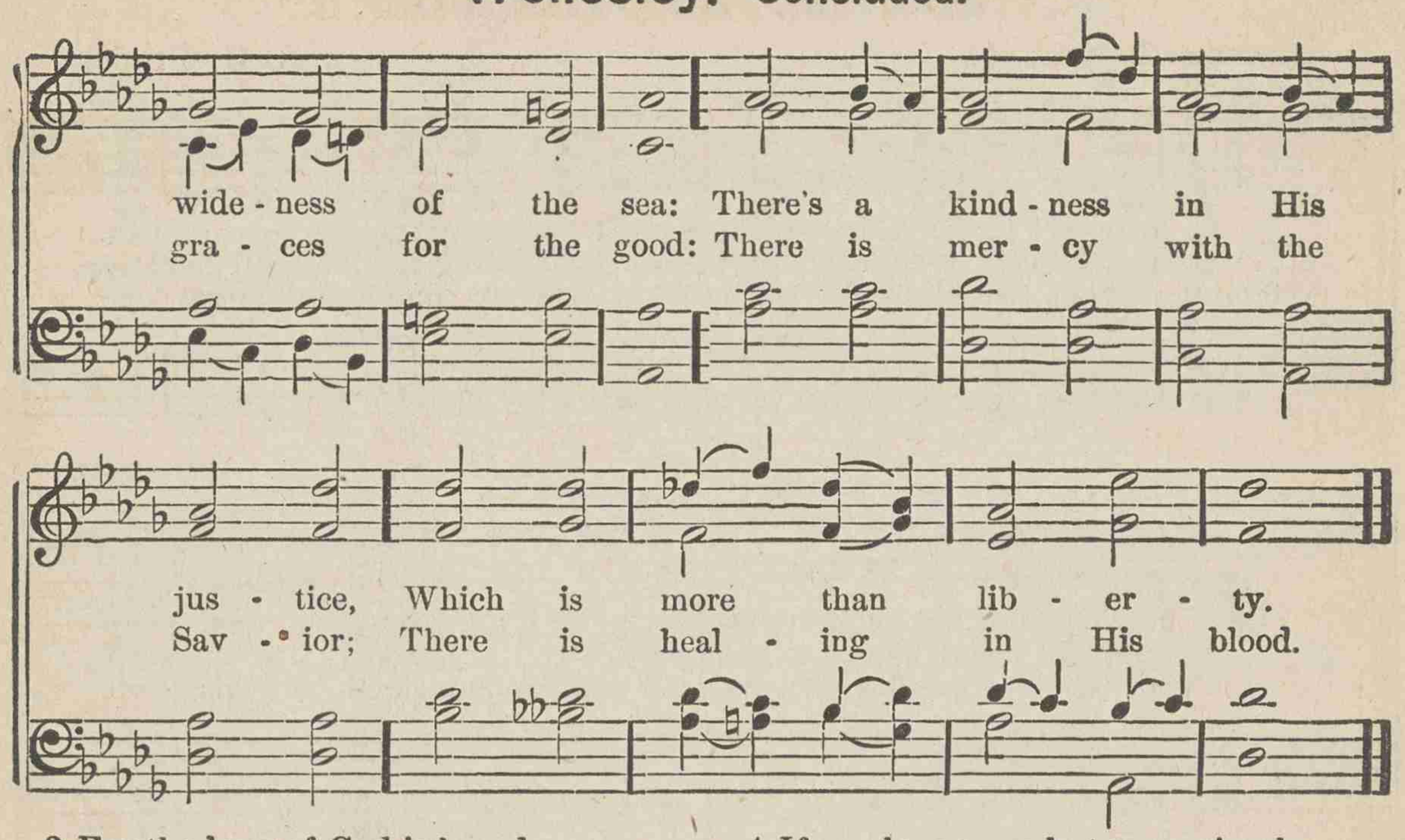
4 They climbed the steep ascents of heav'n,
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given,
To follow in their train.

Wellesley.

FREDERICK W. FABER. L. S. TOURJÉE.



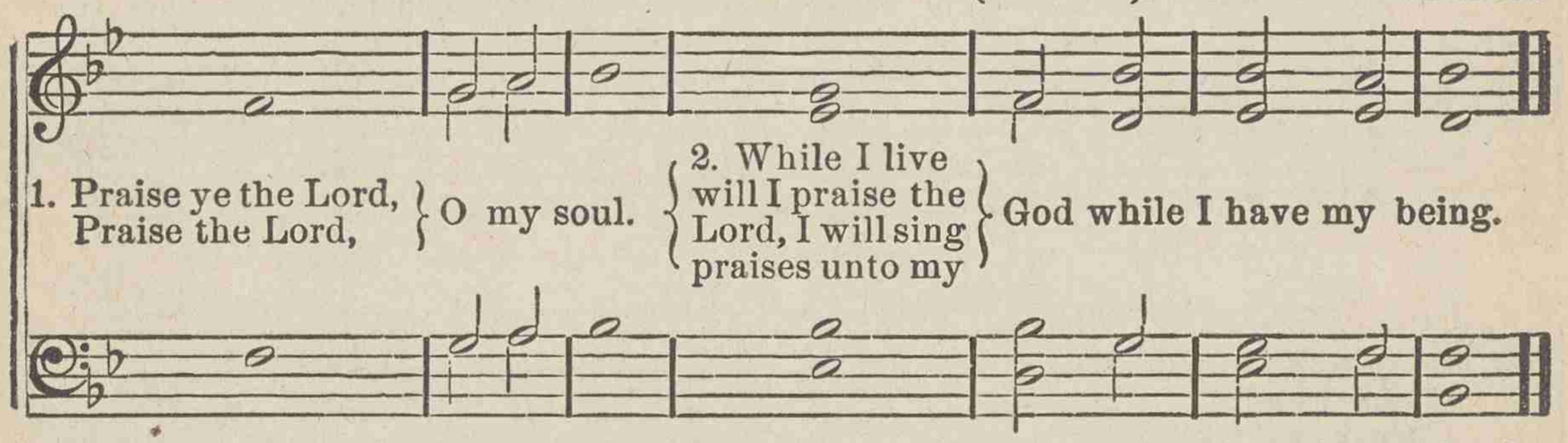
Wellesley. Concluded.



3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Crusade Psalm. (CXLVI.) ANNA A. GORDON.



3. Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there | is no | help,
4. His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth: in that very | day his | thoughts | perish.
5. Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the | Lord his | God.
6. Which made heaven, and earth, the sea and all that therein is, which | keepeth | truth for | ever,
7. Which executeth judgment for the oppressed; which giveth food to the hungry, the Lord | looseth the | prisoners.
8. The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind; the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down: the | Lord | loveth the | righteous.
9. The Lord preserveth the strangers; he relieveth the fatherless and widow; but the way of the wicked he turneth | upside | down.
10. The Lord shall reign forever, even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations! | pra'se | ye the | Lord. A - men.

"Look up and Lift up."

FRANCIS E. WILLARD. MRS. M. H. FIELD.

f Andante.

1. O trav - el - ler, Time-driv'n, who not one hour may stay for joy or pain,
2. O trav - el - ler, scan not thy for-ward way, Long is the road and steep,
3. But trav - el - ler, shut is the pear - ly gate To him who comes a - lone,

FINE.

Look not be - hind lest mem - o - ries o'er-pow'r Thy wear - y heart and brain.
Thy feet might flag, and hope might vainly pray Her heart of faith to keep.
O - pen for him the heav'nly por - tals wait, Who seek-eth not his own.
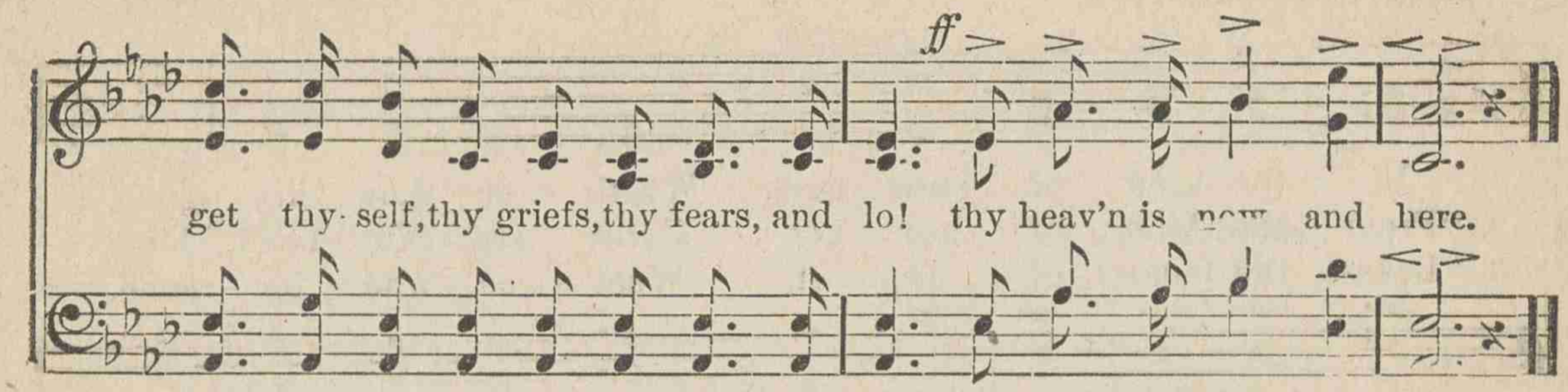
O trav - el - ler, look not to left or right, Thy perilous path to mark, Here
O trav - el - ler, look up be - yond the heights, Beyond or cloud or sky, Be -
O trav - el - ler, the wounded strew the way, They need thy oil and wine, They

D.C.

shad - ow haunt - ed forests aid the sight, There yawns the chasm dark.
yond the stars' fair gleam, the Eternal lights; The King - dom draw-eth nigh.
need thy hand heart-thrilling with the sway Of sym - pa - thy di - vine.

Last verse slow.

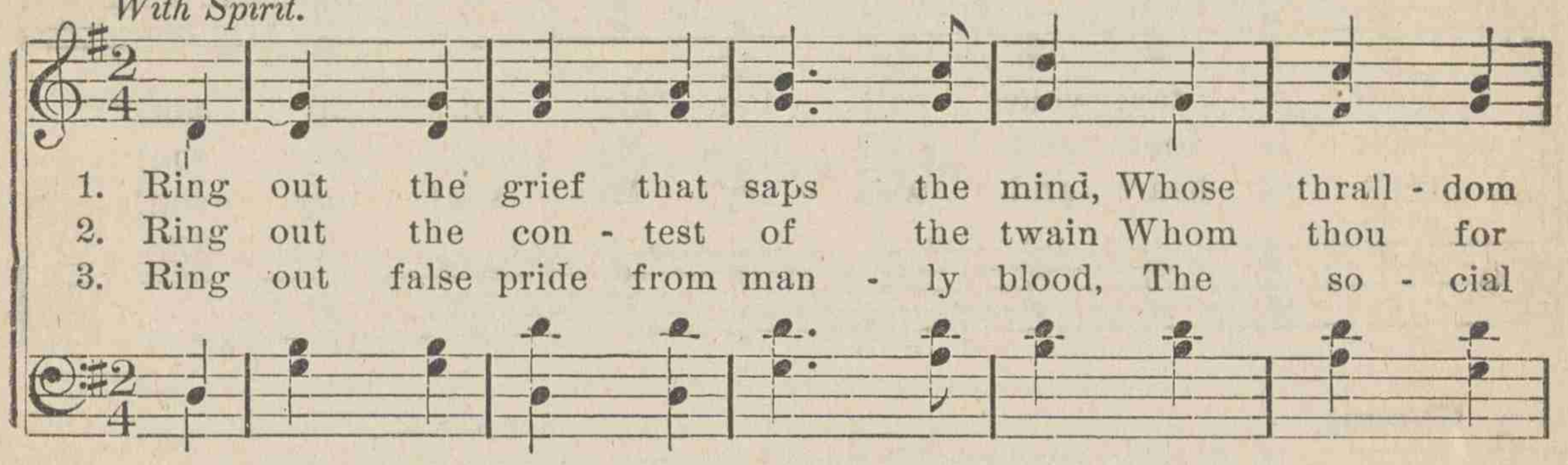
O trav - 'ller, thy comrade's ly - ing low, Lift up with love and cheer, For -
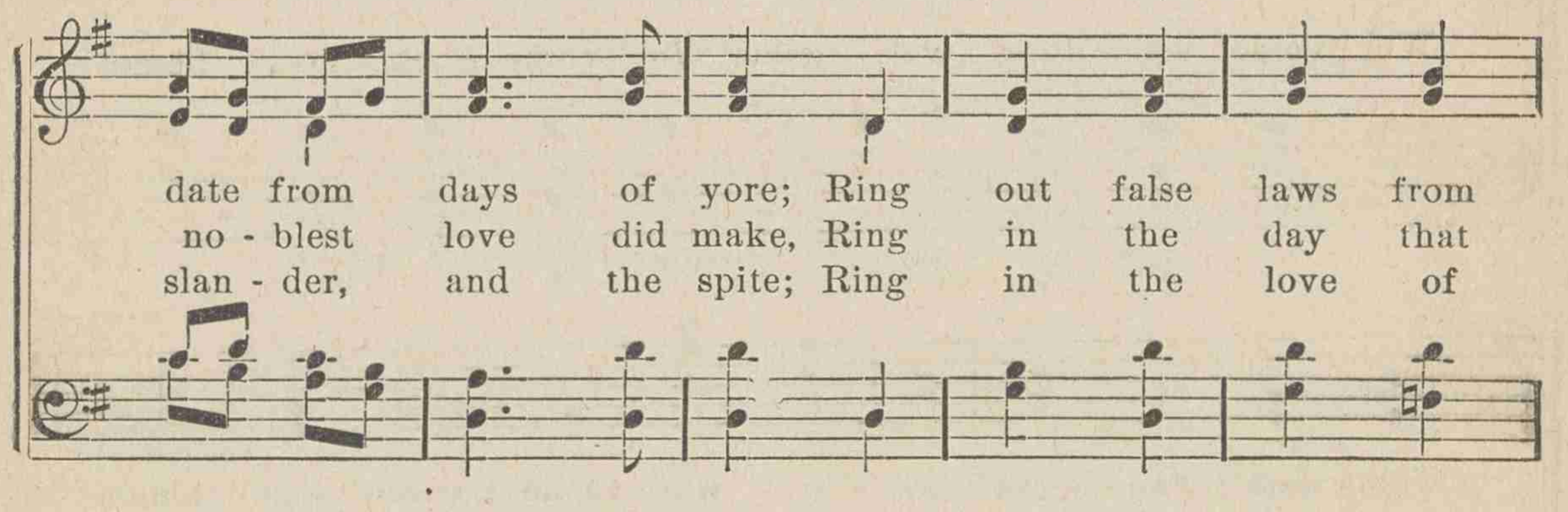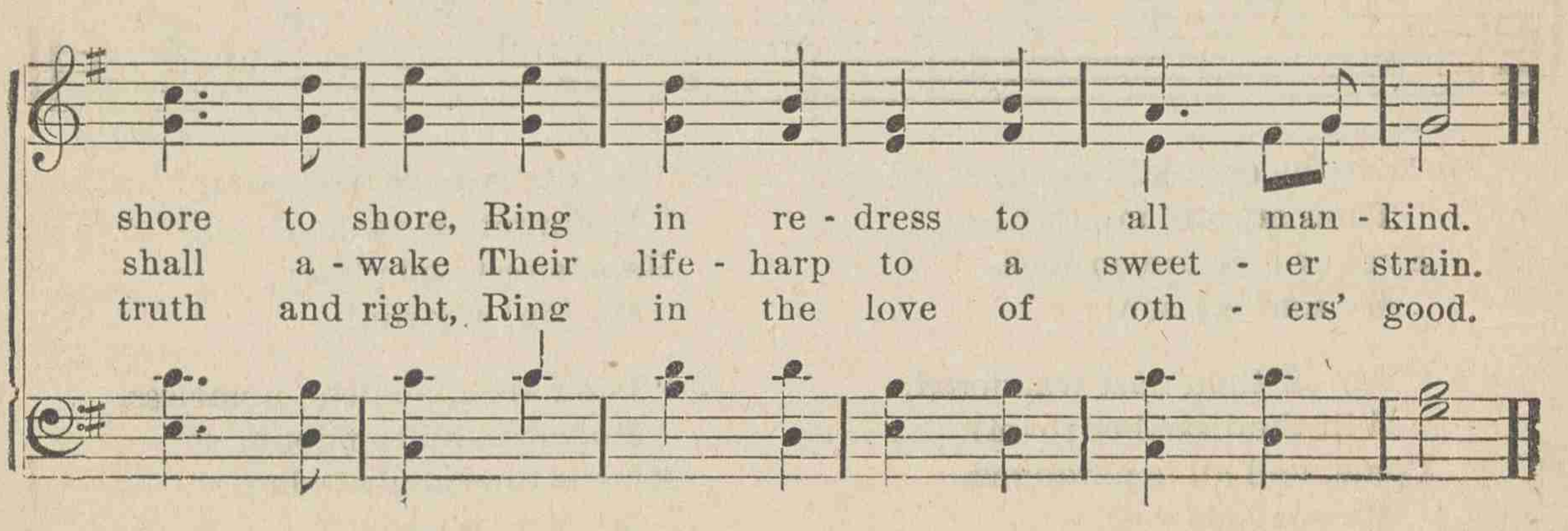


Ring Out.

FRANCES E. WILLARD. CLARENCE LUCAS.

With Spirit.

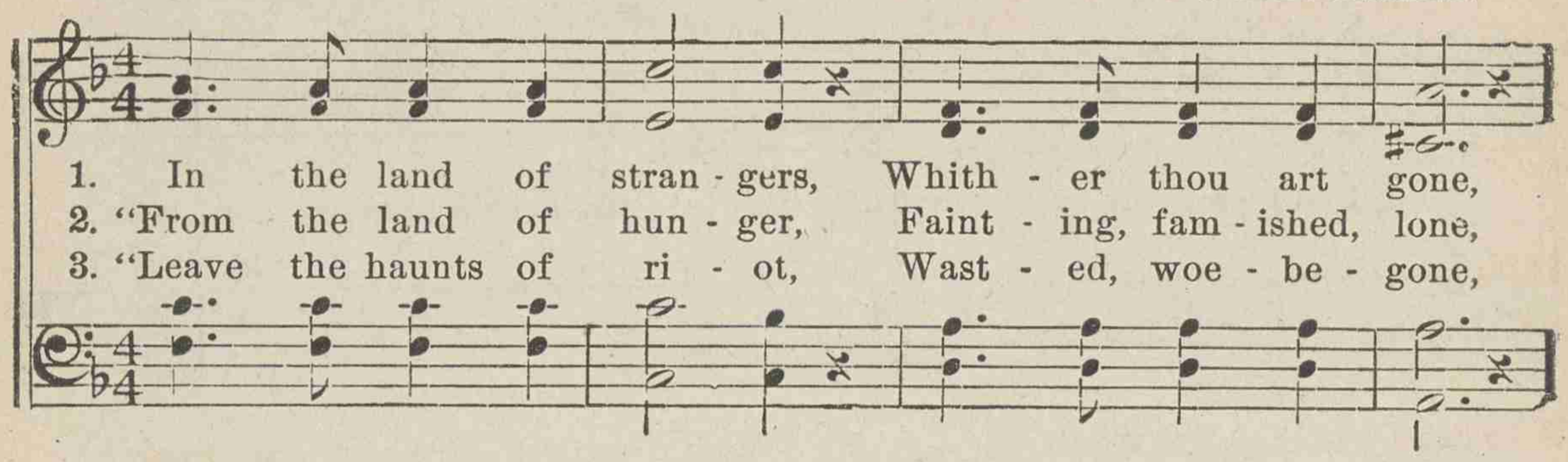


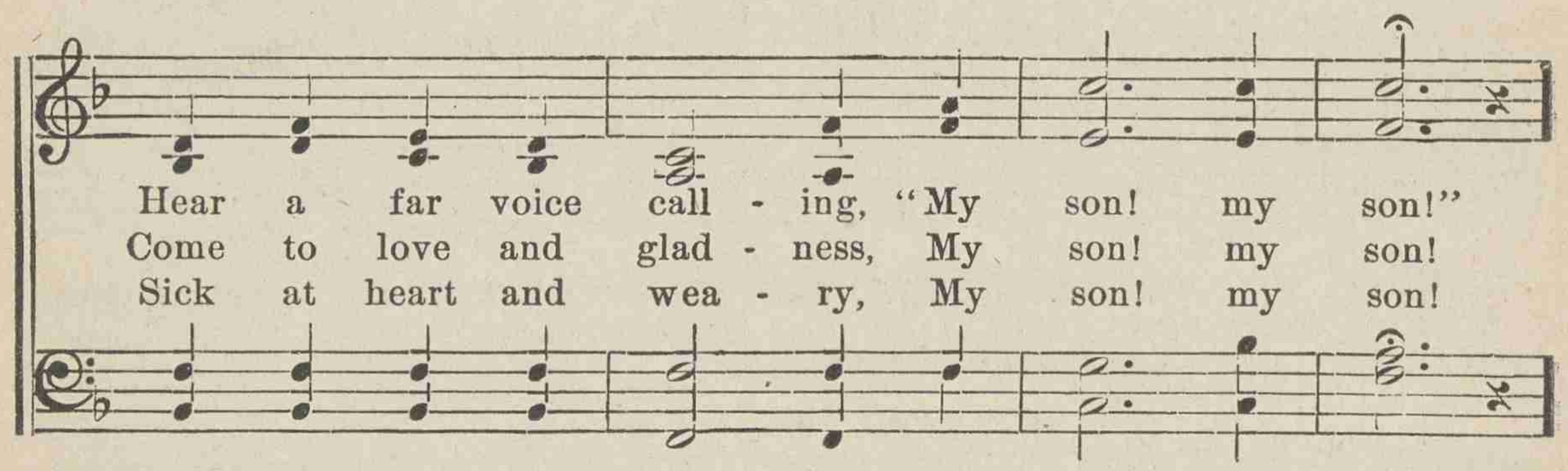




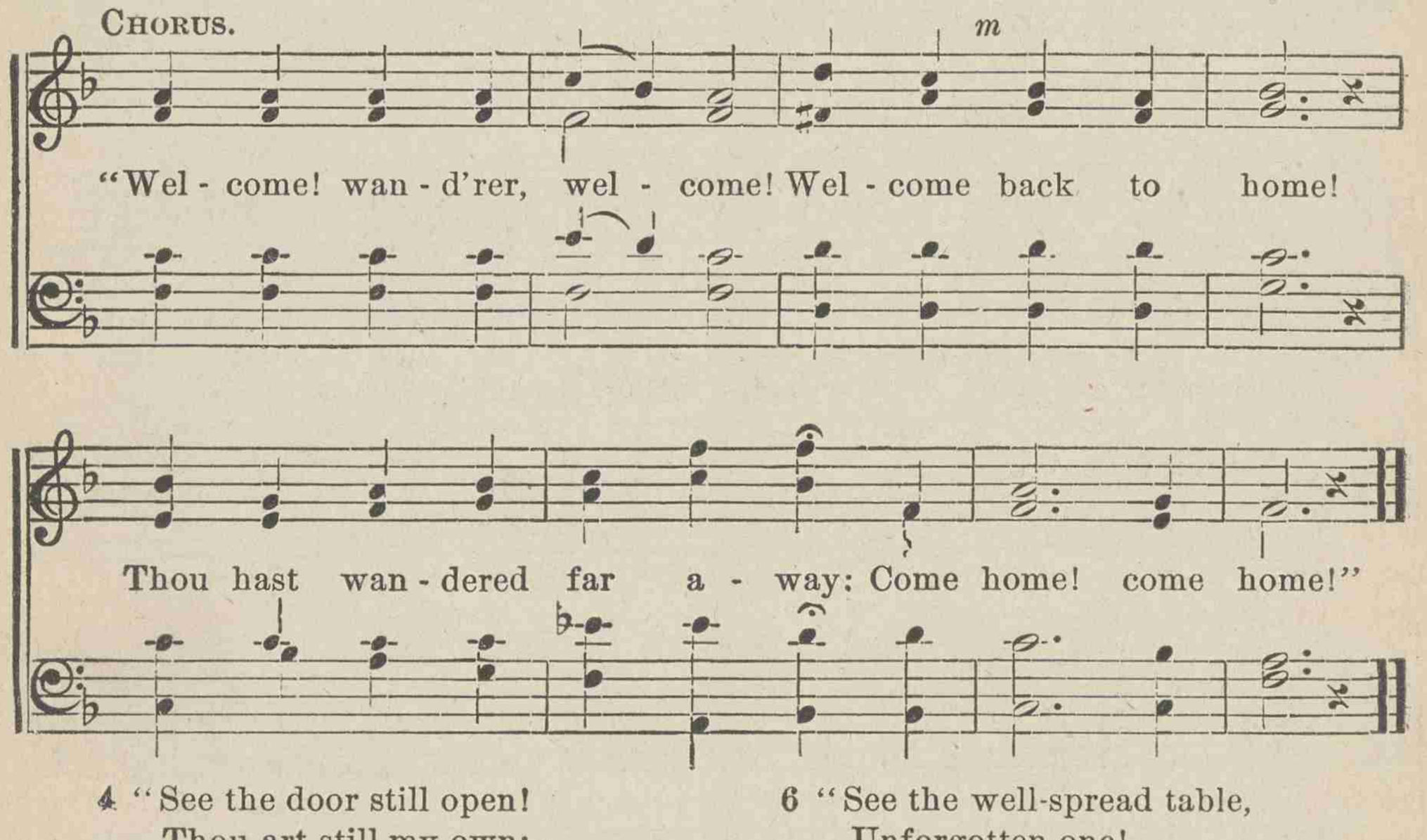
Welcome! Wanderer, Welcome!

HORATIUS BONAR. IRA D. SANKEY.





CHORUS.



4 "See the door still open!
Thou art still my own;
Eyes of love are on thee,
My son! my son!

5 "Far off thou hast wandered;
Wilt thou farther roam?
Come, and all is pardoned,
My son! my son!

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

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

Motto Hymn of The W. C. T. U.

JAMES M. GORDON.

Tune: Italian Hymn.

I.—For God.

Thou great eternal Word,
As Life and Light first **heard**
In Christ the Son;
Who flesh was made, **to** dwell
Where sin had wrought its spell,
And by the cross to tell
The love of God.

II.—For Home.

A Home decreed to man,
Built on the Christian plan,
Within the heart;
Home cheered with song and **prayer.**
With pure parental care,
And love, in which all share,
And yield a part.

III.—For Native Land.

A Land of mellow soil,
The pride of all who toil,
Their own to be;
Of corn and cotton land,
Of streams and mountains **grand,**
In Union bound to stand,
By God made free

Life for Winning Souls. L. M.

1 O Master, let me walk with Thee
In lonely paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way

3 Teach me Thy patience, still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

4 In hope that sheds a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live!

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

ROCK OF AGES.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring.
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

—*Toplady.*

A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

—*Charles Wesley.*

CORONATION.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let Angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

—*Perronet.*

COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING.

1 Come, thou Fount of every Blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of Thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

—*Robert Robinson.*

Grace Before Meat.

I.

Be present at our table, Lord;
Be here, as everywhere, adored;
Give us Thy grace and grant that we
May feast in paradise with Thee.

II.

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more because of Jesus' blood,
Let manna to our souls be given,
The bread of life sent down from heaven.

Responsive Readings.

PRAISE.

(Arranged by Lady Henry Somerset.)

Leader.—Sing unto the Lord all the earth: show forth from day to day his salvation.

Response.—My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing unto thee, and my soul which thou hast redeemed.

L.—Sing unto the Lord, with thanksgiving: sing praise upon the harp unto our God.

R.—I will sing unto the Lord because he hath dealt bountifully with me.

L.—Sing unto the Lord ye saints of his, and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

R.—I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live, I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.

L.—Sing for the honor of his name: make his praise glorious.

R.—My tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness. I will sing to thy power, yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy.

L.—Sing aloud unto God our strength, make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob.

R.—Unto thee, O my strength, will I sing: for God is my defence and the God of my mercy.

L.—Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom: teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.

R.—I will confess . . . and sing unto thy name . . . I will sing with the spirit and I will sing with the understanding also.

L.—And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire: and they that had gotten the victory over the beast, over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God.

R—And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou king of saints.

GOD'S VIEW OF LICENSE.

(*Arranged by Mrs. Alice J. Harris.*)

OPENING HYMN.—TEMPERANCE BATTLE HYMN. (P. 53).

Leader.—Come, I pray you, and hear what is the word that cometh forth from the Lord.

Response.—Gather the people together, men, and women, and children, and thy stranger that is within thy gates, that they may hear and observe to do all the words of this law.

L.—Be not among wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh; for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.

R.—Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink; which justify the wicked for reward, and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him.

L.—And be not drunk with wine wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit.

R.—Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: . . . . envyings murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like; of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.

L.—But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law.

R.—But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; . . . . they err in vision; they stumble in judgment.

L.—Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing.

R.—It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.

L.—Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

R.—At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

L.—My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.

R.—For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap

L.—Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood, and stablisheth a city by iniquity.

R.—Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees . . . . to take away the right from the poor of my people, that widows may be their prey, and that they may rob the fatherless.

L.—Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also.

R.—Woe unto the world because of offences . . . . woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.

L.—For among my people are found wicked men: they lay wait as he that setteth snares; they set a trap, they catch men.

R.—Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord. Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?

L.—Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter; fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.

R.—The Lord our God be with us as he was with our fathers; let him not leave us nor forsake us; that he may incline our hearts unto him to walk in all his ways and to keep his commandments.

PRAISE.

(*Arranged by Elizabeth W. Greenwood.*)

Leader.—Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Response.—Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing.

L.—Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves: we are his people and the sheep of his pasture.

R.—Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

L.—For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

R.—I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

L.—Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised.

R.—Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands: Make his praise glorious.

L.—I will praise the name of God with a song. This also shall please the Lord better than an ox or bullock.

R.—Let my mouth be filled with thy praise . . . . all the day.

L.—And blessed be his glorious name forever: and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen, and Amen.

R.—It is a good thing . . . . to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High. To show forth thy loving kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.

L.—Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, all his works, in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul.

R.—Seven times a day do I praise thee, because of thy righteous judgment.

..—Ye that stand in the house of the Lord, ... praise the Lord; for the Lord is good: sing praises unto his name; for it is pleasant.

R.—Praise the Lord, O my soul. While I live I will praise the Lord: I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.

L.—Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

THE GIFT OF GOD.

(*Arranged by Jennie A. Stewart.*)

Leader.—Be ye followers of God, as dear children.

Response.—And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them.

L.—And be not drunk with wine wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit.

R.—Redeeming the time, because the days are evil.

L.—Am I my brother's keeper?

R.—Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink; that puttest thy bottle to him and makest him drunken also.

L.—Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

R.—Love worketh no ill to his neighbor.

L.—If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.

R.—The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.

L.—They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.

R.—Let him that is taught in the word communicate with him that teacheth in all good things.

L.—As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men.

R.—Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.

L.—And let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

R.—Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.

L.—Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free.

R.—Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?

L.—If any man destroy the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.

R.—Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.

L.—Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit.

R.—Wherefore I put thee in remembrance that thou stir up the gift of God which is in thee.

L.—Neglect not the gift which is in thee.

R.—But be thou an example, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.

SERVICE.

(*Arranged by Mrs. J. K. Barney.*)

Leader.—Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing.

Response.—Serve in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter.

L.—Ye are bought with a price; be not ye the servants of men.

R.—If any man serve me, him will my Father honor.

L.—Without me ye can do nothing.

R.—I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.

L.—I have ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit.

R.—He that abideth in me . . . . bringeth forth much fruit.

L.—Be not thou ashamed of the testimony of our Lord.

R.—Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only.

L.—Be ye clean, that bear the vessels of the Lord.

R.—Adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.

L.—Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts.

R.—Glorify God in your body, and in your spirit.

L.—Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity.

R.—Come out from among them, and be ye separate.

L.—Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness.

R.—Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.

L.—Let your loins be girded about and your lights burning.

R.—Redeeming the time, because the days are evil.

L.—What shall one then answer the messengers of the nation?

R.—That the Lord hath founded Zion and the poor of his people shall trust in it.

CLOSING SERVICE.

(*Arranged by Frances E. Willard.*)

Doxology.—

Leader.—*Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*

Response.—Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

L.—*Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.*

R.—Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.

L.—*Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.*

R.—Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

L.—*Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.*

R.—Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

L.—*Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.*

R.—Rejoice and be exceedingly glad, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

L.—*Blessed is she that believed, for there shall be a fulfillment of the things which have been spoken to her from the Lord.*

R.—Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.

L.—*Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life and may enter in through the gate into the city.*

R.—Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching.

L.—*If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.*

**Singing.*—"God be with you till we meet again." First stanza (p. 130).

L.—*The Lord Jesus Christ be with thy spirit. Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.*

R.—The eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms; and he shall thrust out the enemy from before thee; and shall say, Destroy them.

Singing.—Second stanza (p. 130).

L.—*The Lord that made heaven and earth, bless thee out of Zion. The Lord is thy keeper.*

R.—The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

Singing.—Third stanza (p. 130).

L.—*The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil. He shall preserve thy soul.*

R.—The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, even and for evermore.

Singing.—Fourth stanza (p. 130).

L.—*The Lord bless thee and keep thee.*

R.—The Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee.

L.—*The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace.*

TEMPERANCE DOXOLOGY.—(p. 40).

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*Between the stanzas of the hymn, during the Responsive Readings, the organ should be played very softly.

COURAGE.

Leader.—Now after the death of Moses the servant of the Lord, it came to pass that the Lord spake unto Joshua, the son of Nun, Moses' minister, saying,

Response.—Moses my servant is dead; now therefore, arise, go over this Jordan, thou, and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them, even to the children of Israel.

L.—Every place that the soul of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you, as I said unto Moses.

R.—From the wilderness and this Lebanon even unto the great river, the river Euphrates, all the land of the Hittites, and unto the great sea toward the going down of the sun, shall be your coast.

L.—There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life: as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee: I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.

R.—Be strong and of good courage: for unto this people shalt thou divide for an inheritance the land, which I sware unto their fathers to give them.

L.—Only be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest observe to do according to all the law, which Moses my servant commanded thee: turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest.

R.—This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success.

L.—Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS FOR TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

Ex. 14 : 3–7 ; 13–15 ; 21–30.
Numb. 13 : 23–30.
Ps. 27.
Ps. 37 : 1–10, 35–40.
Ps. 46.
1st Cor. 13.

THE CRUSADE PSALM.

* * *

Leader.—Praise ye the Lord. Praise the Lord, O my soul.

Response.—While I live will I praise the Lord: I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.

L.—Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.

R.—His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish.

L.—Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God.

R.—Which made heaven, and earth, the sea, and all that therein is: which keepeth truth forever:

L.—Which executeth judgment for the oppressed: which giveth food to the hungry. The Lord looseth the prisoners.

R.—The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind: the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down: the Lord loveth the righteous:

L.—The Lord preserveth the strangers; he relieveth the fatherless and widow; but the way of the wicked he turneth upside down.

R.—The Lord shall reign for ever, even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations. Praise ye the Lord.

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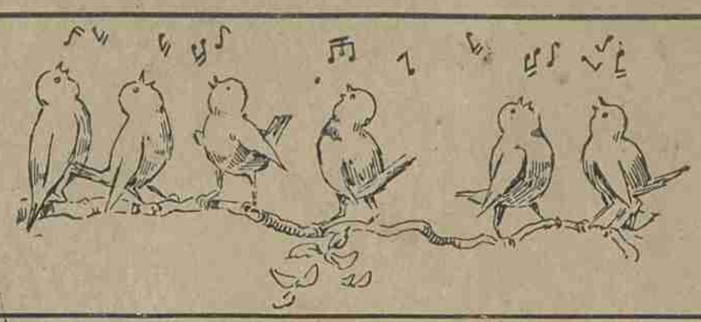
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