MANLY PRAISE
AND
AGGRESSIVE SONGS
COMBINED.

LORENZ.

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MANLY PRAISE

A COLLECTION OF

MALE

QUARTETS AND CHORUSES

FOR USE IN

CHURCH SERVICES, EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS AND
SACRED CONCERTS

EDITED BY

EDMUND S. LORENZ

THE LORENZ PUBLISHING CO.

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Hymn
1901
Lore

PREFACE

WE have gathered into this little book a number of gems from home and foreign sources. Easy and elaborate music to suit all requirements and tastes is here provided. Care has been taken to keep the songs within the range of average male voices, but by singing them a half step lower or higher they can be adapted to the compass of the voices available. An occasional high note can be taken in falsetto.

It should not be forgotten that variety of shading in both force and *tempo* is a very large element in the success of male quartets and choruses.

Hoping that our effort to be helpful to our brethren in the King's service will prove not to have been entirely in vain, we send out this book with a kindly greeting to all who may use it.

E. S. LORENZ.

MANLY PRAISE.

All Thy Ways With God Begin.

Solemnly. GROBE.



4

Safe With Thee.

ANNIE D. BRADLEY. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Lord, I trust my life to thee; Oh, thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry!
2. What have I a-part from thee? Thou art all the world to me.
3. Thou art more than life to me: See, I'm clinging close to thee.
4. Not thy hand, O Lord, in mine; But my hand, dear Lord, in thine.

Oh, thou Sav - iour cru-ci-fied, Keep me ev - er near thy side.
Oh, my Sav - iour and my King, Help me to thy cross to cling.

But my hand is weak and small, Hold me, Je - sus, or I fall.
Then what-e'er my life may be, I am safe be-cause with thee.

CHORUS.—A little faster.

Keep thou near to me, I am on - ly safe with thee;
Je - sus, keep thou near to me, I am on - ly safe with thee;
Hear my earn - est cry, Keep be- side me or I die.
Hear my plead-ing, earn - est cry, Keep be-side me or I die.

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Beyond.

DR. H. BONAR. E. S. LORENZ.

Slowly.

1. Beyond the smiling and the weep-ing, I shall be soon; Beyond the waking and the
2. Beyond the rising and the set - ting, I shall be soon· Beyond the calming and the
3. Beyond the parting and the meet-ing, I shall be soon; Beyond the farewell and the

rit.

sleep - ing, Beyond the sowing and the reap-ing, I.... shall be
fret - ting, Beyond the remember'ing and for-get - ting, I.... shall be
greet - ing, Beyond the pulse's fever beat - ing, I.... shall be

REFRAIN.

soon. Love, rest, and home! Sweet, sweet home!
soon.
soon. Sweet home, sweet home!

Oh, how sweet it will be there to meet The loved ones all at home!

Rit

Oh, how sweet it will be there to meet The loved ones all at home!

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The Heavens are Telling.

Second Stanza
by . F. McCauley.

Beethoven.



1. The heav'ns are telling His praise with de-vo-tion, Their voice proclaims for-
2. O hearts, be tell-ing His praise with de-vo-tion, O voice proclaim for-





ev-er the Lord; He's praised by the earth, and praised by the ocean, Receive, O
ev-er the Lord; Pro-claim thro' the earth and sound o'er the ocean, From soul to





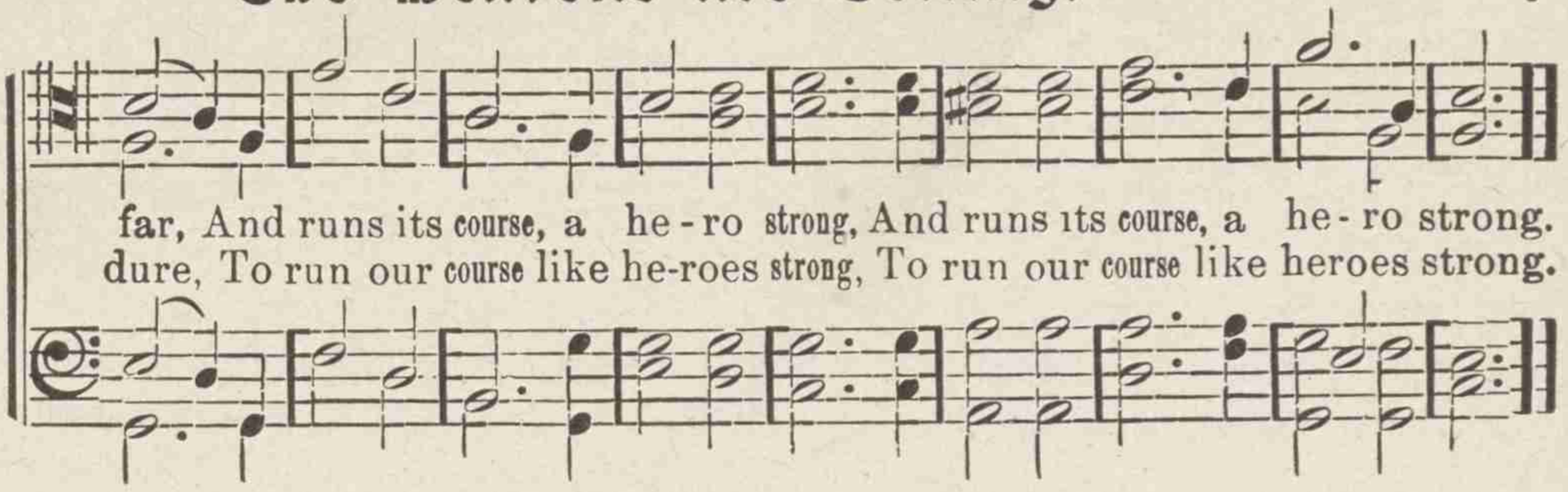
man, their God-like word! He holds, He holds the heav'n's uncounted stars, He
soul—His ho-ly word! He holds, He holds our life with care se-cure, And





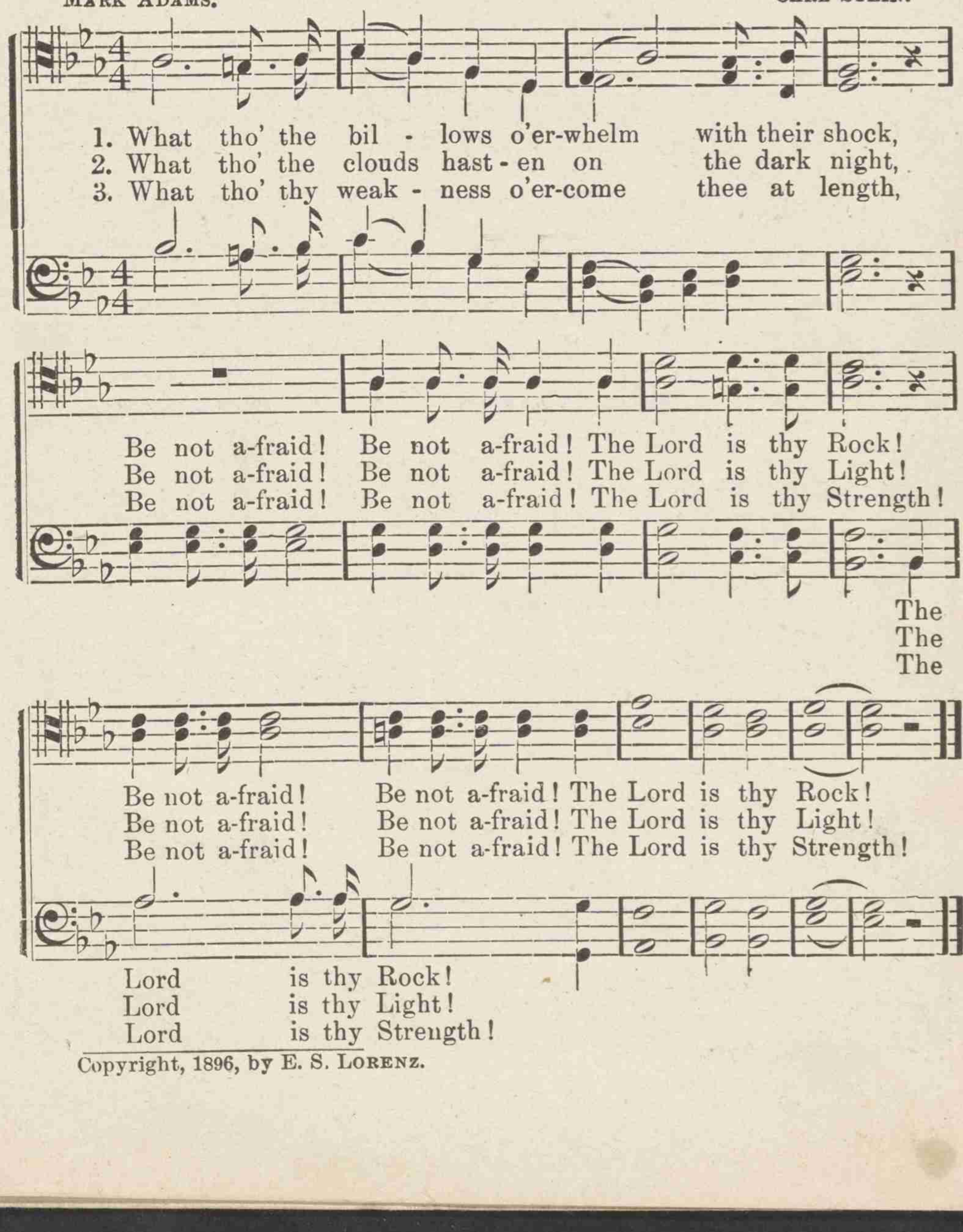
leads, He leads the sun its path a-long; It comes all smiling and lights us from
leads, and leads us safe each path a-long; He comes all loving, by grace we en-





Be Not Afraid.

MARK ADAMS. CARL STEIN.



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The Call of the Cross.

(*Melody in Second Tenor.*)

WM. H. GARDNER. E. S. LORENZ.



1. If life is dreary and shadows creep in, Fill-ing your heart with a
2. Hearts that are breaking 'neath burdens of grief, Call up-on Je-sus and
3. Ho, tongues that praise him! ye sil-ver in speech! Tell of his goodness, the





sense of its sin; If on the bil-lows of doubting you toss,
find sweet re-lief. Ho, heav-y la-den! tell him of your loss,
way-far-ers teach; Up and to work! earthly pleasures are dross,



D.S.—Look up to Je - sus, the Sav-iour of men,

FINE. CHORUS.



Weary ones, hear then the call of the cross! Hear, O ye weary ones, the
Comfort is yours through "the call of the cross!"
Bring to the waiting "the call of the cross!"



He will give peace to your hearts once again.

D.S.



call of the cross! Hear, O ye dreary ones, the call of the cross!



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The Beacon Light.

HARRIET E. JONES. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

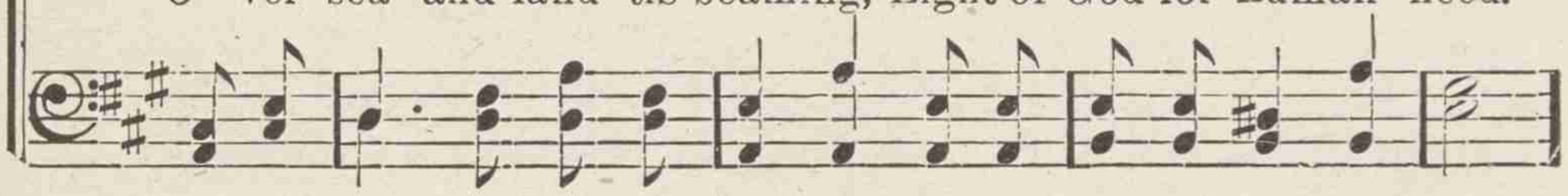


1. See the bea - con brightly burning, Sending glorious beams a - broad;
2. While up - on life's troubled o-cean, Keep the beacon light in view:
3. For the whole wide world 'tis gleaming, All may fol-low in its lead;





Straying ones, the light dis-cern-ing, May be sweetly drawn to God.
When the waves are in com-mo-tion, It will guide you safe-ly through.
O - ver sea and land 'tis beaming, Light of God for human need.



CHORUS.



Oh, 'tis burn - ing, ev - er burn-ing, Weary wan - der-er, for thee;
Oh, 'tis burning, ev-er burning, Weary wanderer, for thee, for thee;



In its lead the truth be learning, Of the One who died for thee.
In its lead the truth be learning, Of the One who died for thee.



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10

Peace, Be Still!

D. M. JAMES. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When our hearts are sad and wea - ry, When our paths seem
2. Do we grieve at man's be - hav - ior? Mourn we all in
3. Have you heard his voice with - in you? Does the joy it

lone and drear - y, Sweet the voice can make us cheer-y,
vain our la - bor, Pre - cious ac - cents of our Sav-iour,
brings con - tin - ue? From all e - vil may it win you,

Peace, be still! When we meet with trib - u - la - tion, Chaf-ing
Peace, be still! Can the Lord for - get us ev - er? Can his
Peace, be still! Soon will drop our heav - y cross-es, Re - com-

un - der sore temp - ta - tion, Bless the Lord for con - so -
love from us e'er sev - er? Ours may fail, but his, ah,
pensed for all our loss - es, Anchored safe where storm ne'er

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CHORUS.


la - tion, Peace, be still! In all thy ways, . . . Oh,
nev - er! Peace, be still!
toss - es, Peace, be still!
In all thy ways,
seek his guid - ing, A- mid all troubles
Oh, seek his guid-ing, 'Mid all troub - - les
still con-fid - ing, In his grace . . . and pow'r a-
still con - fid - ing, . . In his grace
ritard e dim.
bid - ing, Peace, be still! peace, be still! . . .
and pow'r abiding, Peace, be still! peace, be still!

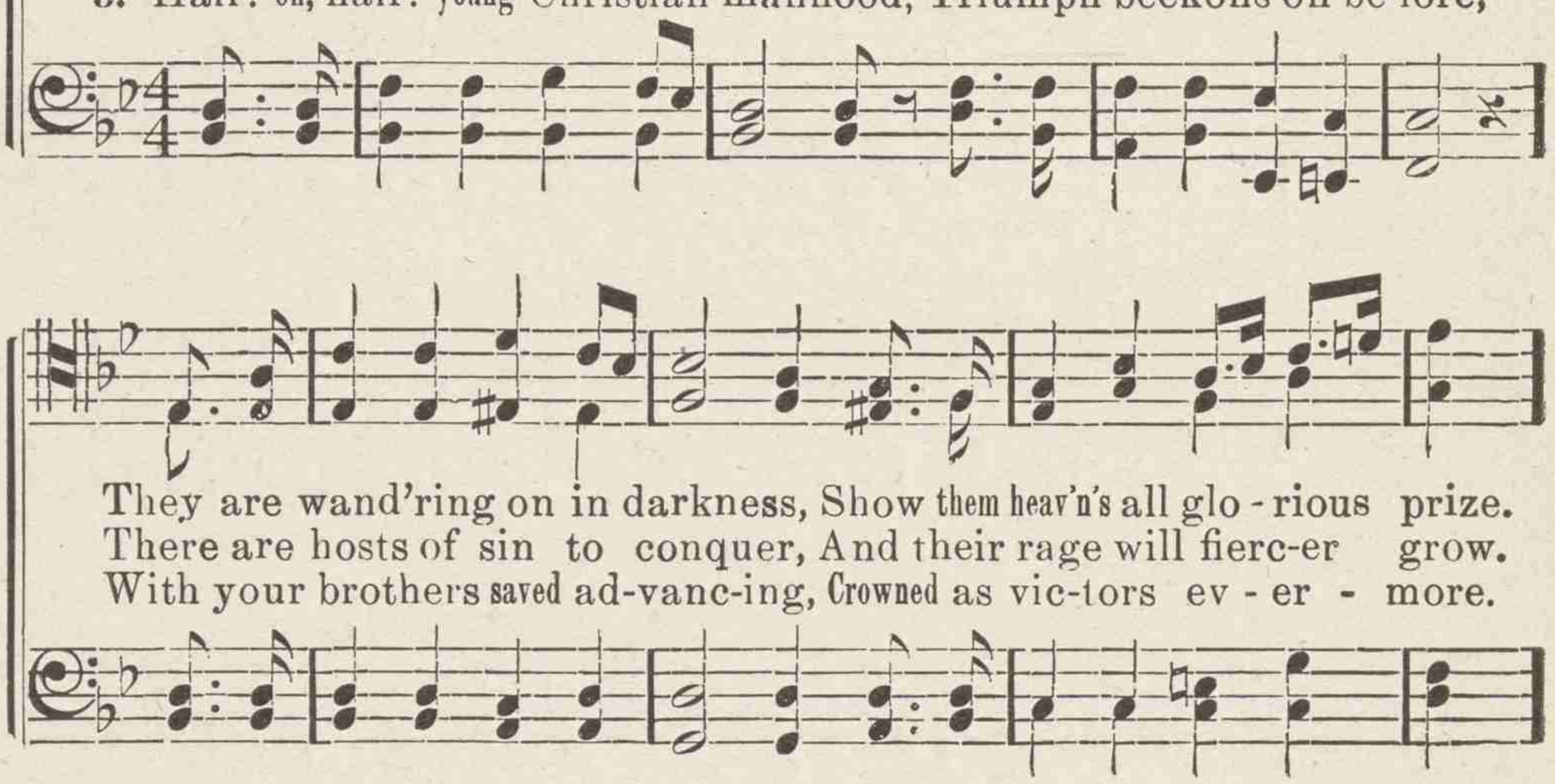
12 Young Men, Forward!

W. F. McCauley. Franz Abt.

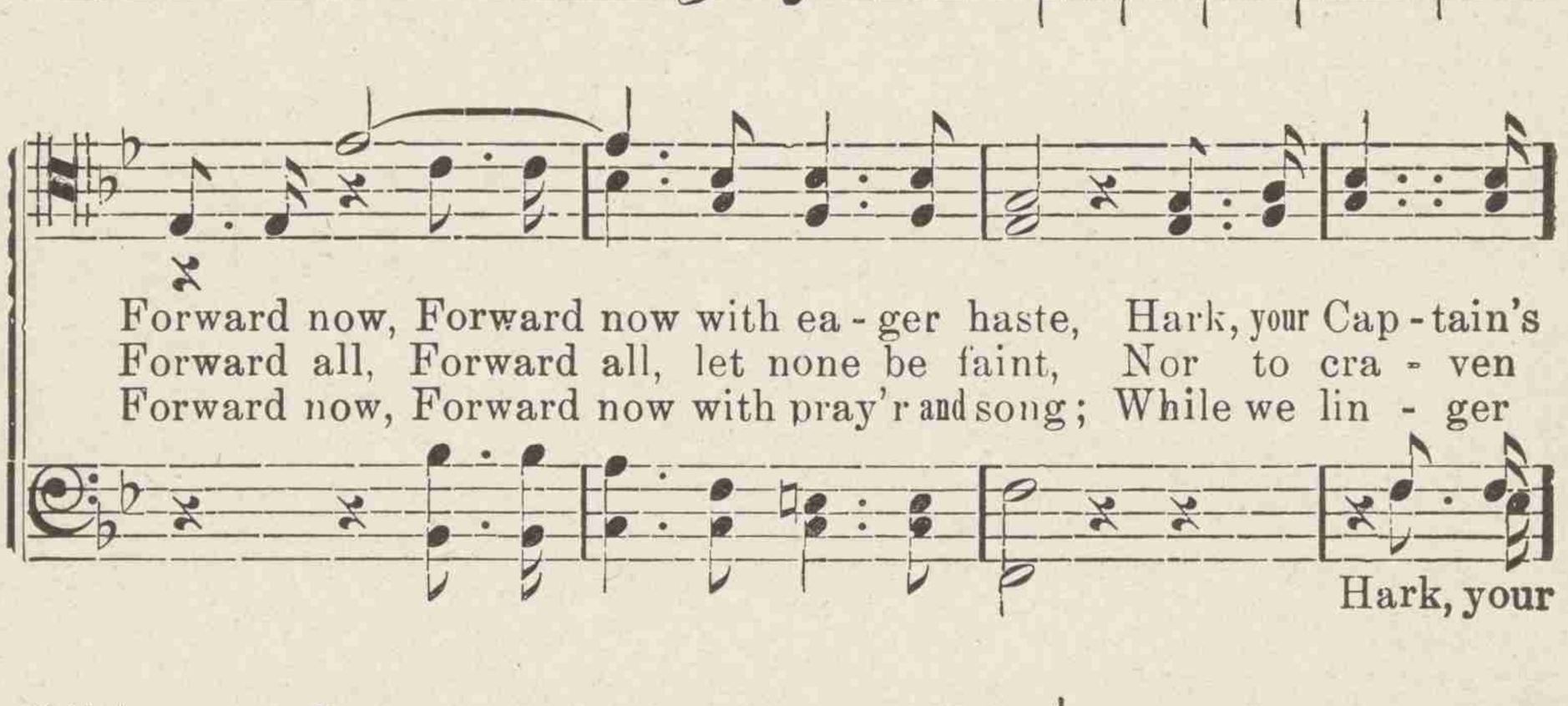
(Can be sung in C.)



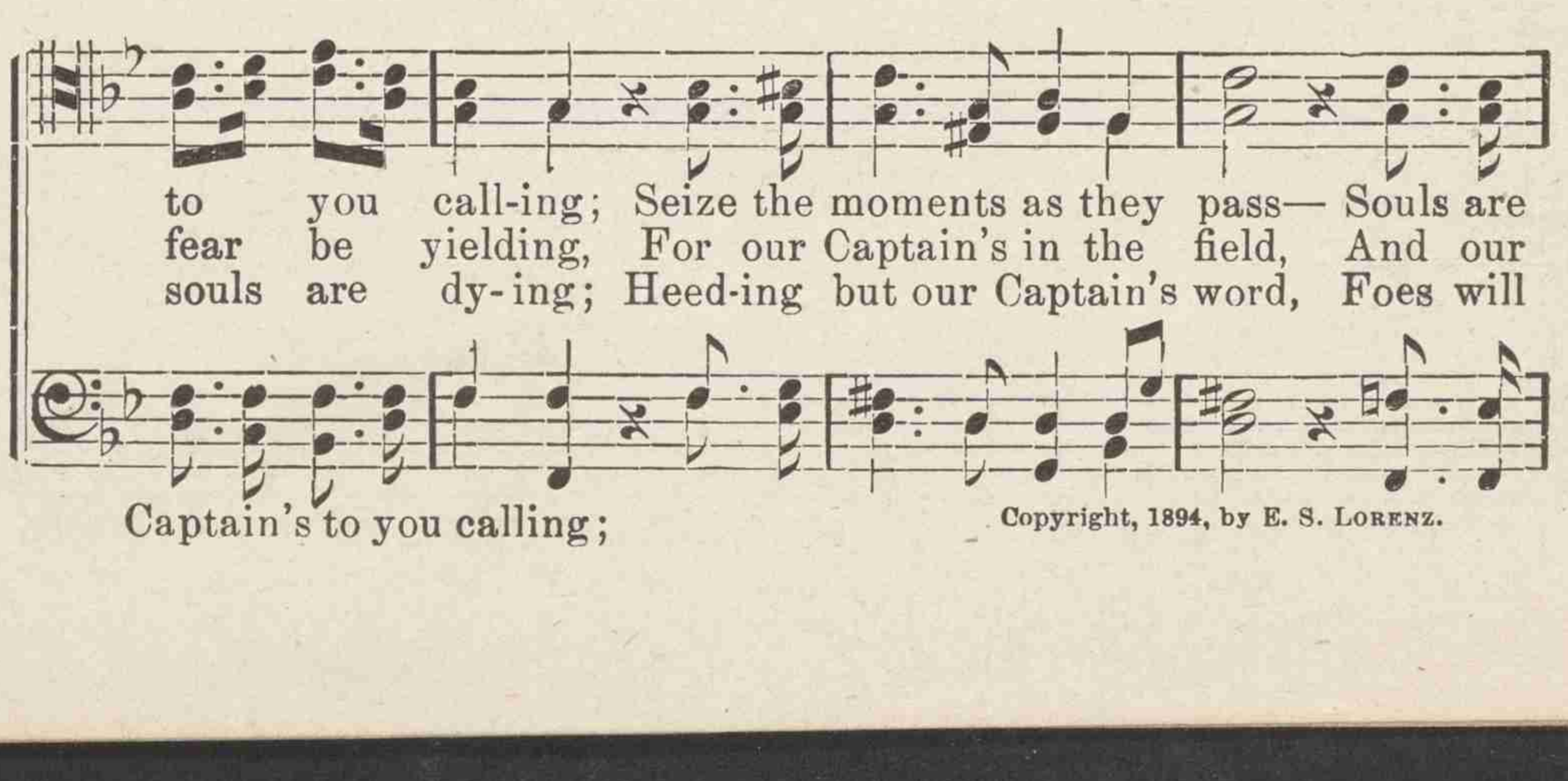
1. Hail! oh, hail! young Christian manhood, Now to save your brothers, rise!
2. Hail! oh, hail! young Christian manhood, One and all to bat-tle go:
3. Hail! oh, hail! young Christian manhood, Triumph beckons on be-fore,



They are wand'ring on in darkness, Show them heav'n's all glo - rious prize.
There are hosts of sin to conquer, And their rage will fierc-er grow.
With your brothers saved ad-vanc-ing, Crowned as vic-tors ev - er - more.



Forward now, Forward now with ea - ger haste, Hark, your Cap - tain's
Forward all, Forward all, let none be faint, Nor to cra - ven
Forward now, Forward now with pray'r and song; While we lin - ger

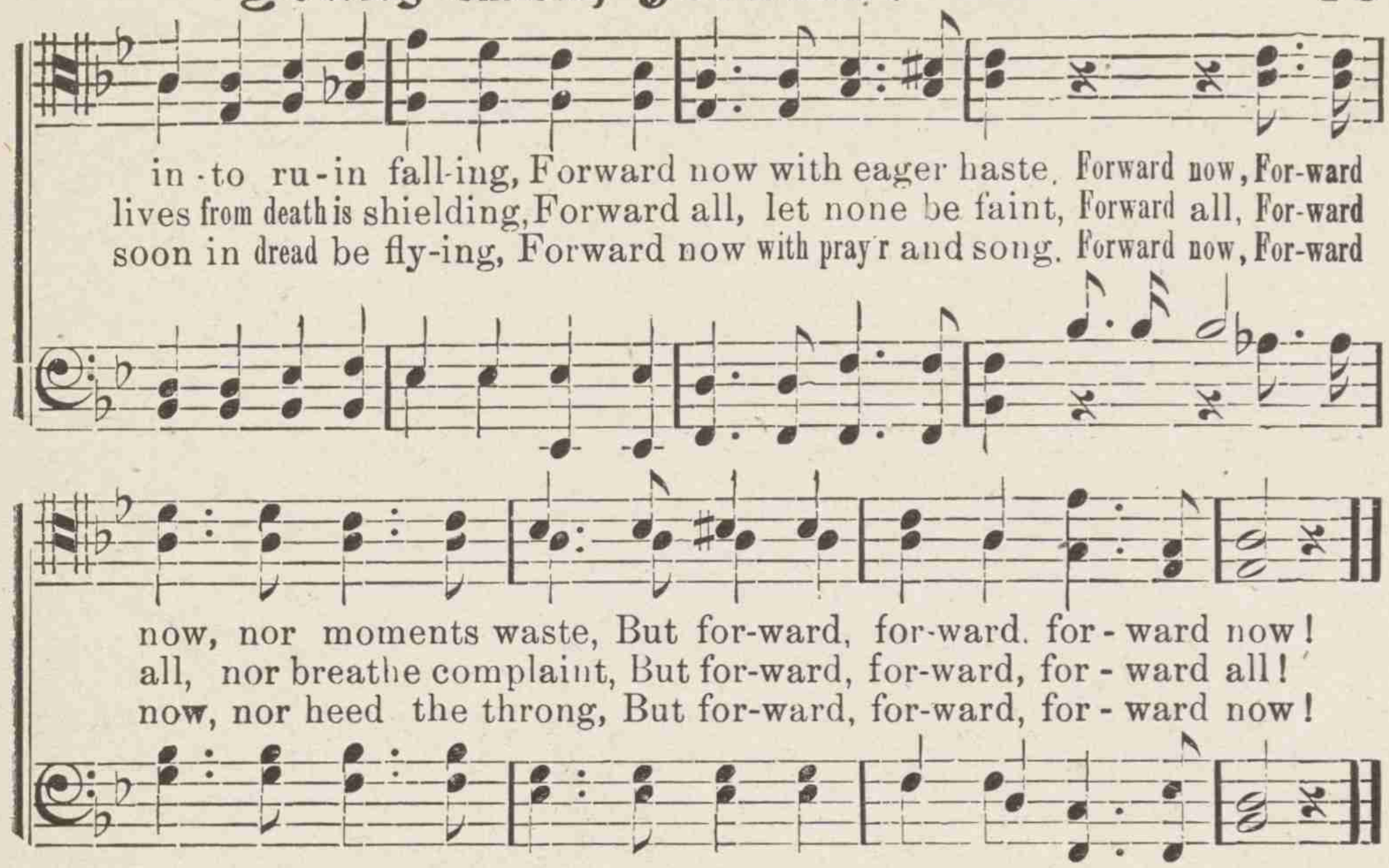


Hark, your

to you call-ing; Seize the moments as they pass— Souls are
fear be yielding, For our Captain's in the field, And our
souls are dy-ing; Heed-ing but our Captain's word, Foes will

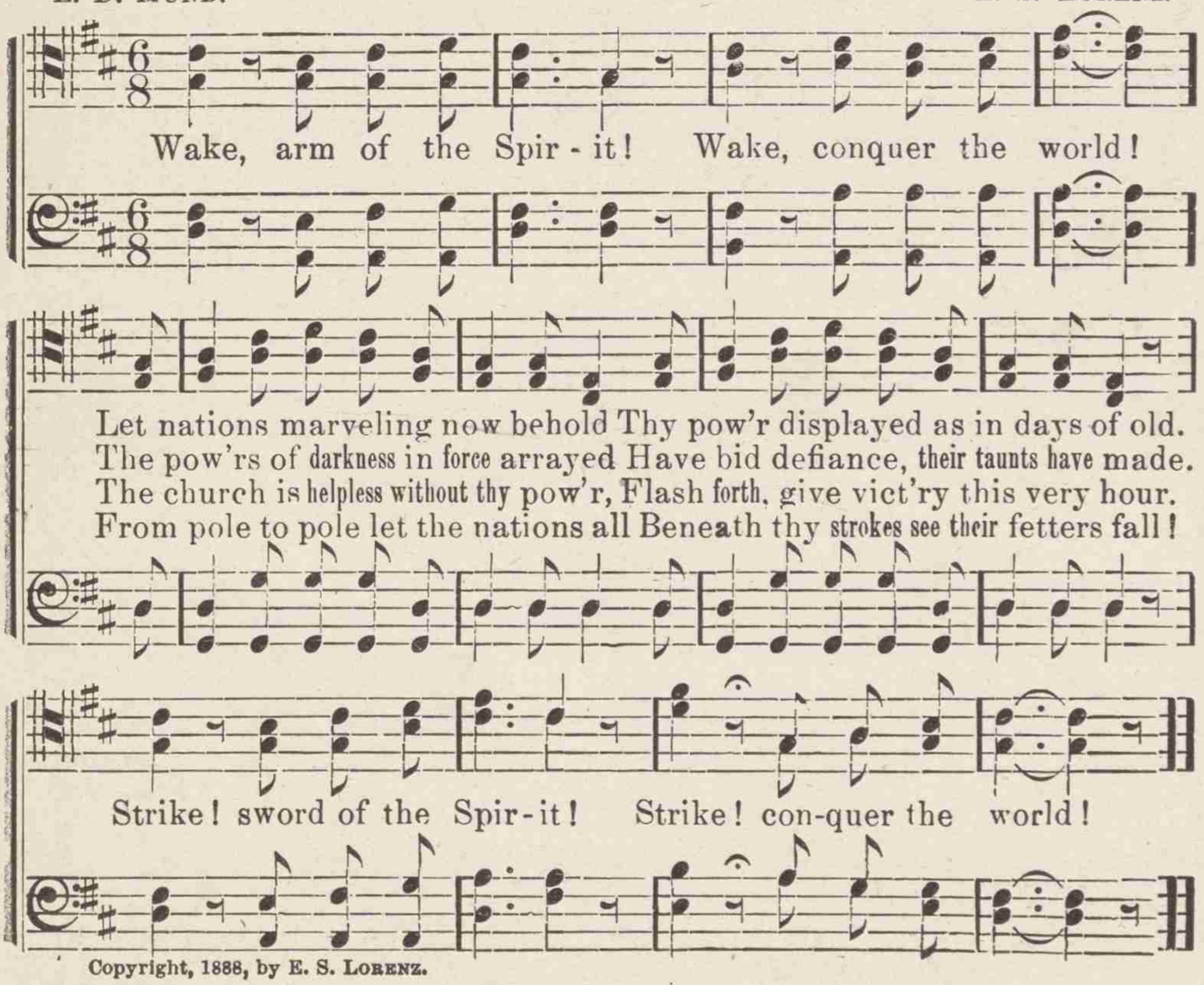
Captain's to you calling;

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Strike, Sword of the Spirit.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.



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Memories of Galilee.

DR. ROBT. MORRIS. H. R. PALMER.

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

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, oh,

far..... di-vin-er now,..... It bears me
morn..... the prais-es tell..... ... Of sights and
how..... I long once more..... To fol-low

CHORUS.

back..... to Gal-i-lee..... O, Gal-i-lee, sweet
sounds..... in Gal-i-lee.....
Him ..... in Gal-i-lee.....

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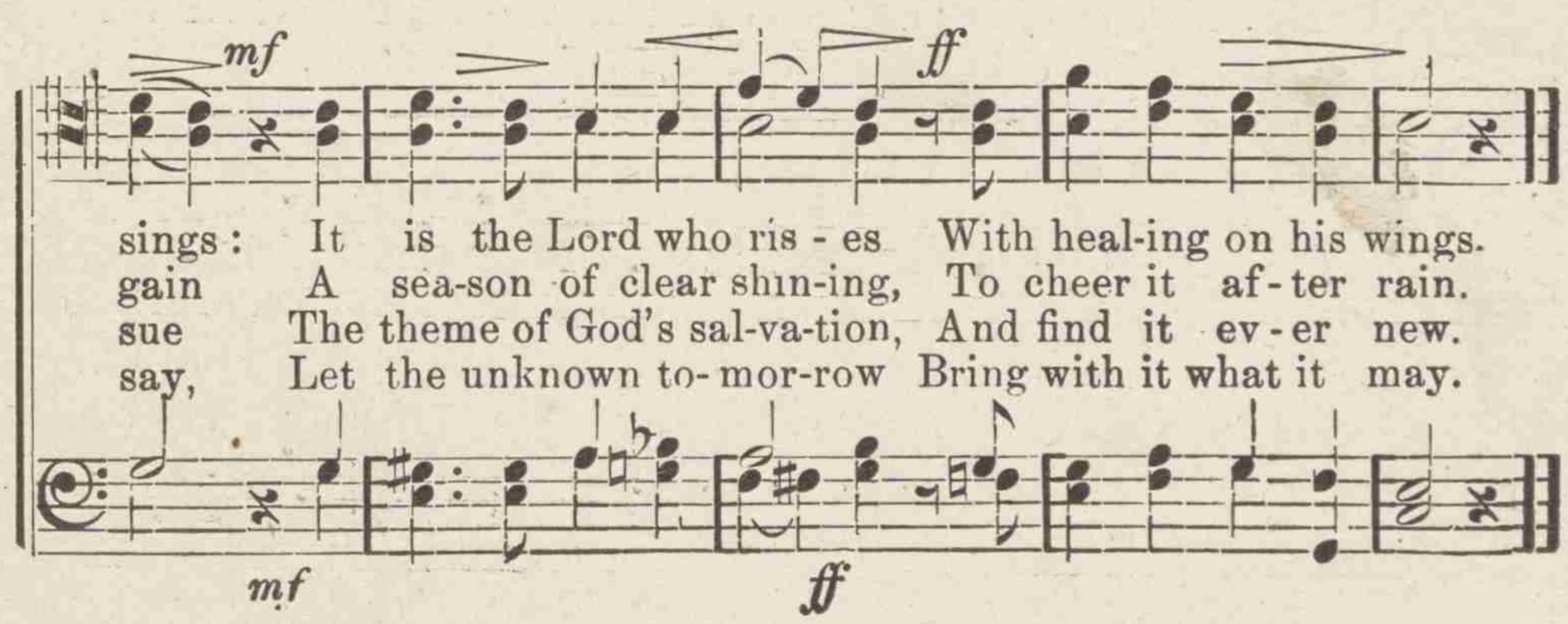




Light After Darkness.

Slow. J. G. D. Gackstatter.





A Brighter Day.

W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Breaking thro' the mists and shadows, I can see a brighter day;
2. Tears of grief for sin are flowing, Hearts with heav'nly rapture sing;
3. Faith may see the hill-tops gleaming Of that bright day yet to dawn;

When earth's night of sin and sor-row From the world shall roll a-way;
Thousand times ten thousand voic-es Join the praise of Christ our King:
Hear ye now the glad notes swelling From a million souls new-born;

For the souls of men are bow-ing, Millions own Mes-si-ah's sway;
Hosts before His cross are kneeling, Millions own Mes-si-ah's sway;
See how heathen tribes are bending, Millions own Mes-si-ah's sway;

And ten thousand times ten thousand Hail the ho-lier, hap-pier day.

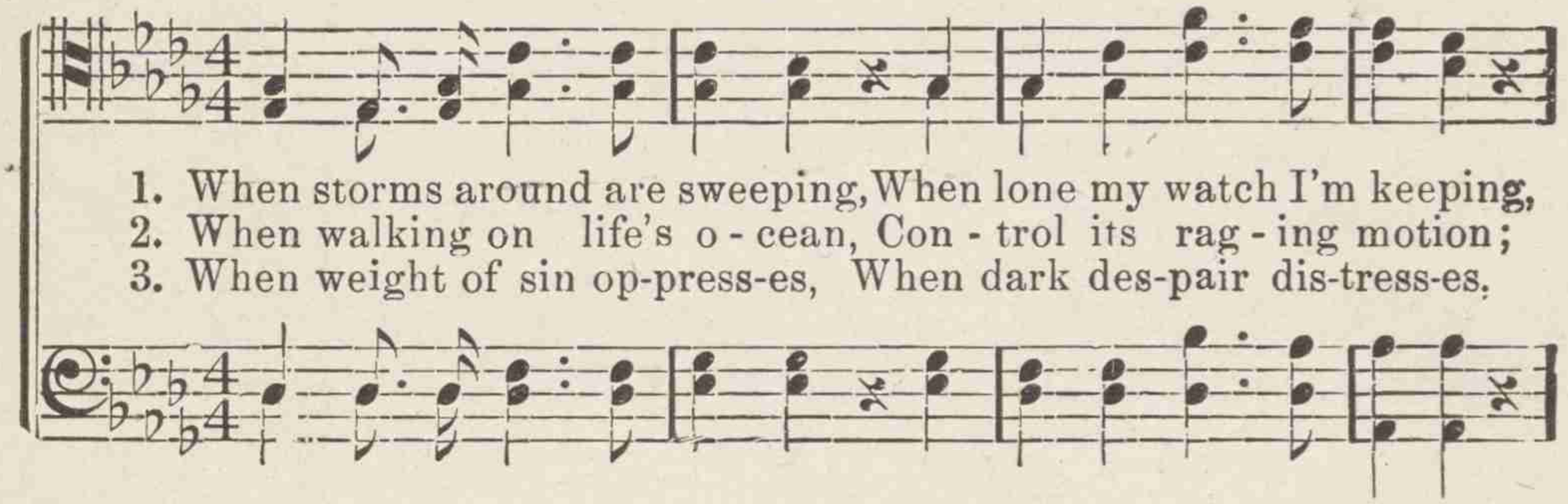
CHORUS.

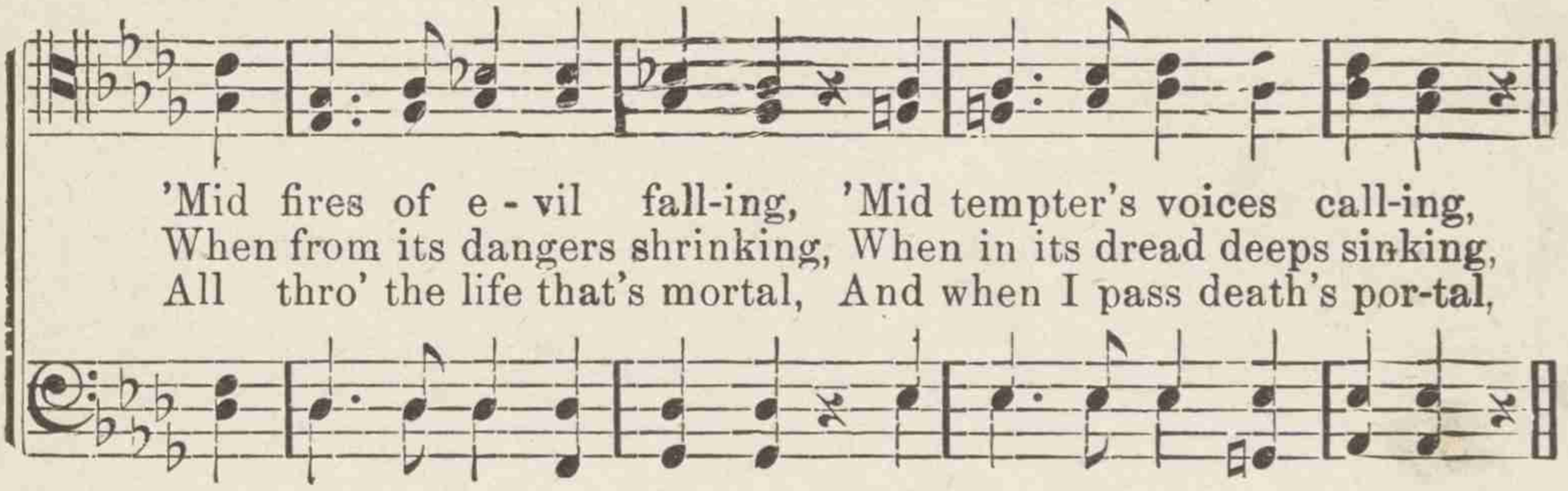
Happy day! happy day! Je-sus rolls the night of sin a-way;
Happy day! happy day! Je-sus rolls the night of sin away!



Remember Me.

ANON. JOANNA KINKEL.



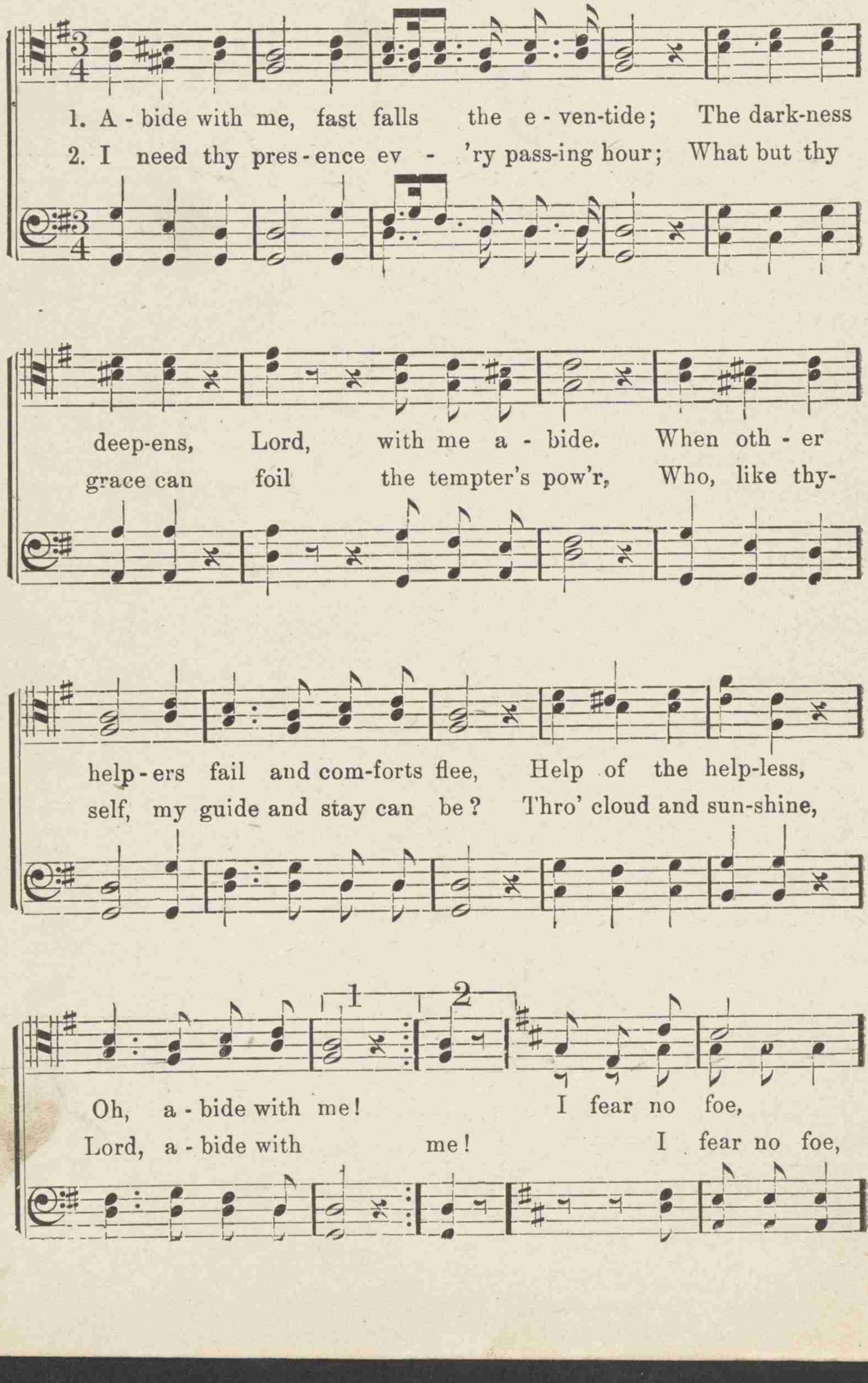


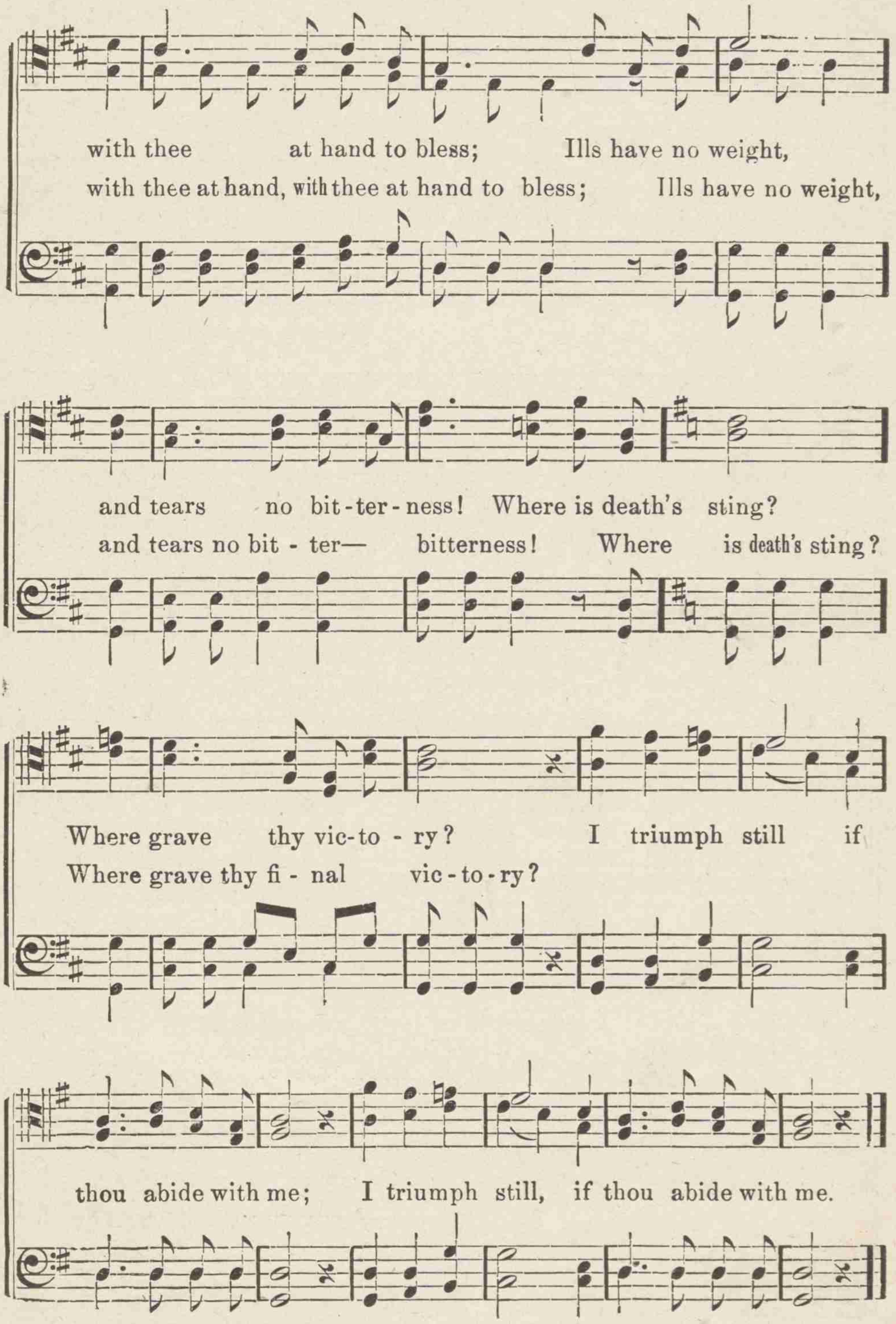
CHORUS.



Abide With Me.

Arr. from JOHN MARCH.




with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight,
with thee at hand, with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight,
and tears no bit-ter-ness! Where is death's sting?
and tears no bit - ter— bitterness! Where is death's sting?
Where grave thy vic-to - ry? I triumph still if
Where grave thy fi - nal vic-to-ry?
thou abide with me; I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

20

It Speaketh Peace.

E. E. HEWITT. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Dear Sav - iour, at thy cross I see The blood that
2. The blood that my for - give - ness seals The full - ness
3. This blood that takes my sins a - way, It speak-eth
4. When I be - hold thy face at last, All grief dis-

speak - eth peace to me; For flow - ing o'er my soul to-
of thy love re - veals; Oh, help me look up - on thy
bet - ter things to - day Than I can ask, or think, or
pelled, all dan - gers pass'd, Then shall my raptured spir - it

day It wash - es all my sins a - way.
cross, All oth - er gain to count but loss.
know, Till thou thy glo - ry shalt be - stow.
see The heav'n thy blood hath bought for me.

CHORUS.

It speak - eth peace, ...

It speak-eth peace, it speak - eth


It speak-eth peace,
The crim-son stream
peace, ... The crim-son stream..... of
It speak-eth peace,
The crimson stream
of Cal - va - ry;
Cal - va - ry; ..... O Lamb of
of Cal - va - ry;
O Lamb of God,
thy precious blood
God, ... thy pre - cious blood.....
O Lamb of God,
thy precious blood
Slow.
Hath spo - ken peace, hath spo - ken peace to me.

22

All Along the Way.

JENNIE WILSON. E. S. LORENZ.

1. All a - long the way to hap - py lands a - bove, We may
2. All a - long the way we jour - ney here be - low, We may
3. All a - long the way where Christ our foot-steps leads, We may

speak for Je - sus words of faith and love; Tell - ing of his kind-ness
seed e - ter - nal for the Mas - ter sow; When the an - gels gath-er
mark our path with lov-ing, helpful deeds, Cheering oth-er hearts while

and his ten-der care, Of the priceless blessings ev-'ry soul may share.
in the golden grain, We shall see our la - bor was not spent in vain.
bus - y days go by, Aid-ing oth - ers on-ward to the home on high.

CHORUS.

All a-long the way, Saviour, lead us still! All along the way, Guard from ev-'ry ill;

All along the way, With thy Spirit fill! Saviour, go with us all along the way!

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Jesus Came to Save. 23

HARRIET E. JONES. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.



24 The Wayside Cross.

C. L. ST. JOHN. DR. H. R. PALMER.

Solo. *ad lib.*



1. "Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pilgrim a-
2. "Which way shall I take for the bright golden span That bridges the

Organ.



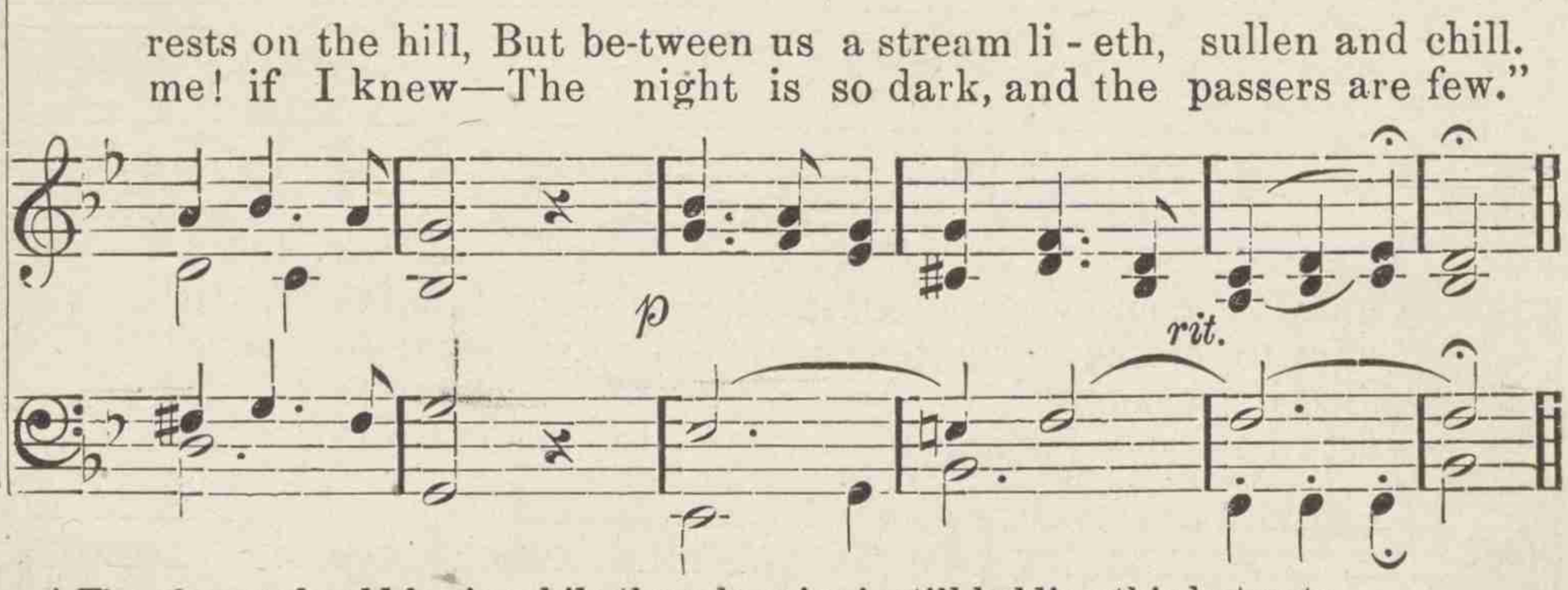
wearied, and spent is my light; And I seek for the palace that
wa-ters so safe-ly for man? To the right? to the left? ah!



rests on the hill, But be-tween us a stream li-eth, sullen and chill.
me! if I knew—The night is so dark, and the passers are few."

Slower and sustained. *rit.*

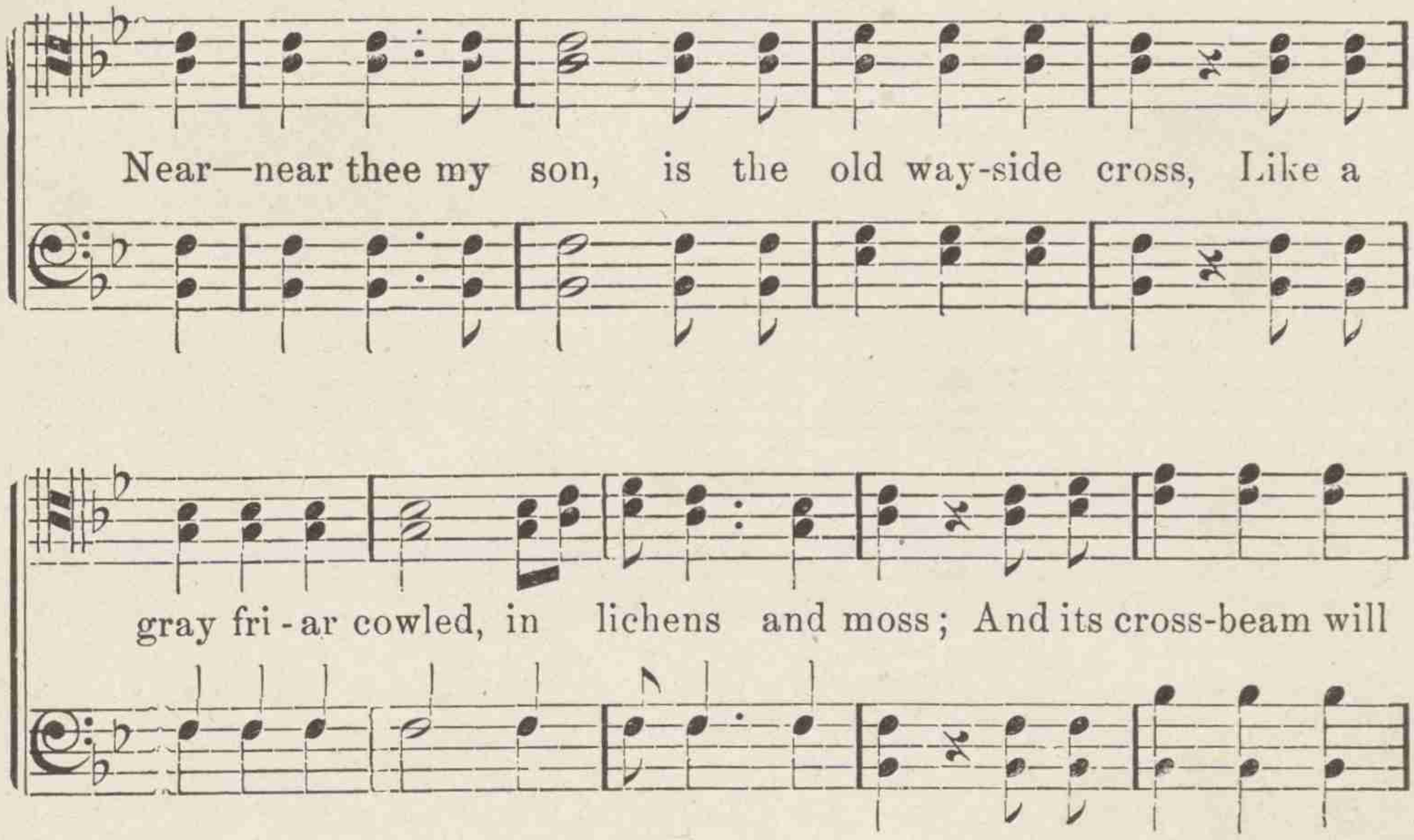




* The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding this last note.

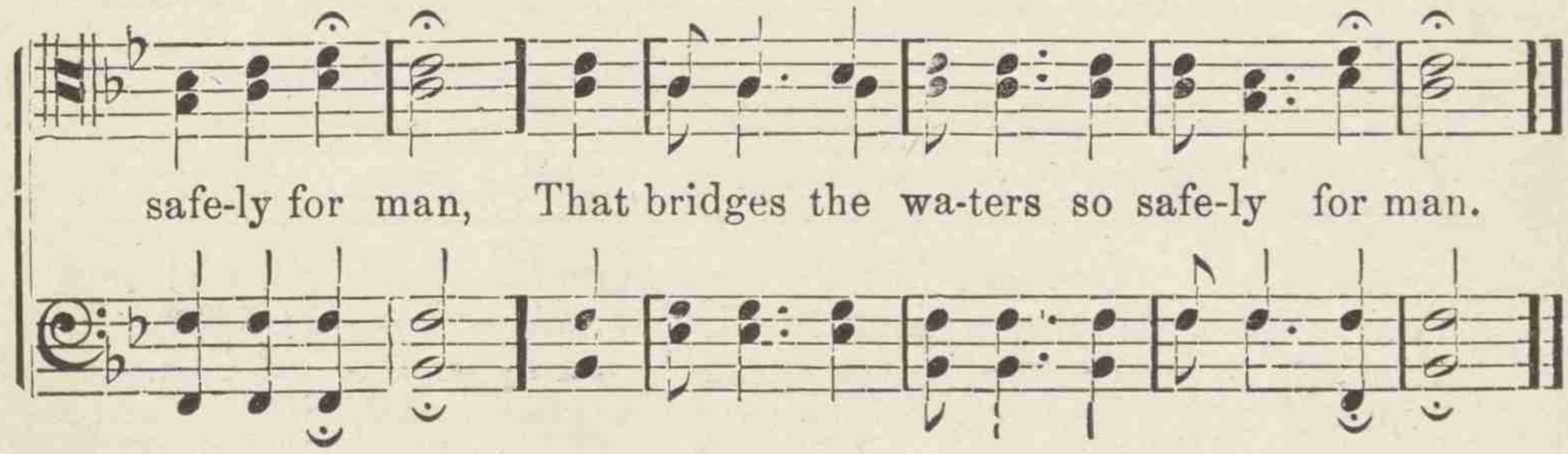
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CHORUS.





Coda. *pp to be sung after last stanza.*



3 "See the light from the palace in silvery lines,
How they pencil the hedges and fruit-laden vines—
My fortune! my all! for one tangled gleam
That sifts through the lilies, and wastes on the stream."

Truth, Love and Faith.

Solemnly. W. SPEIER.

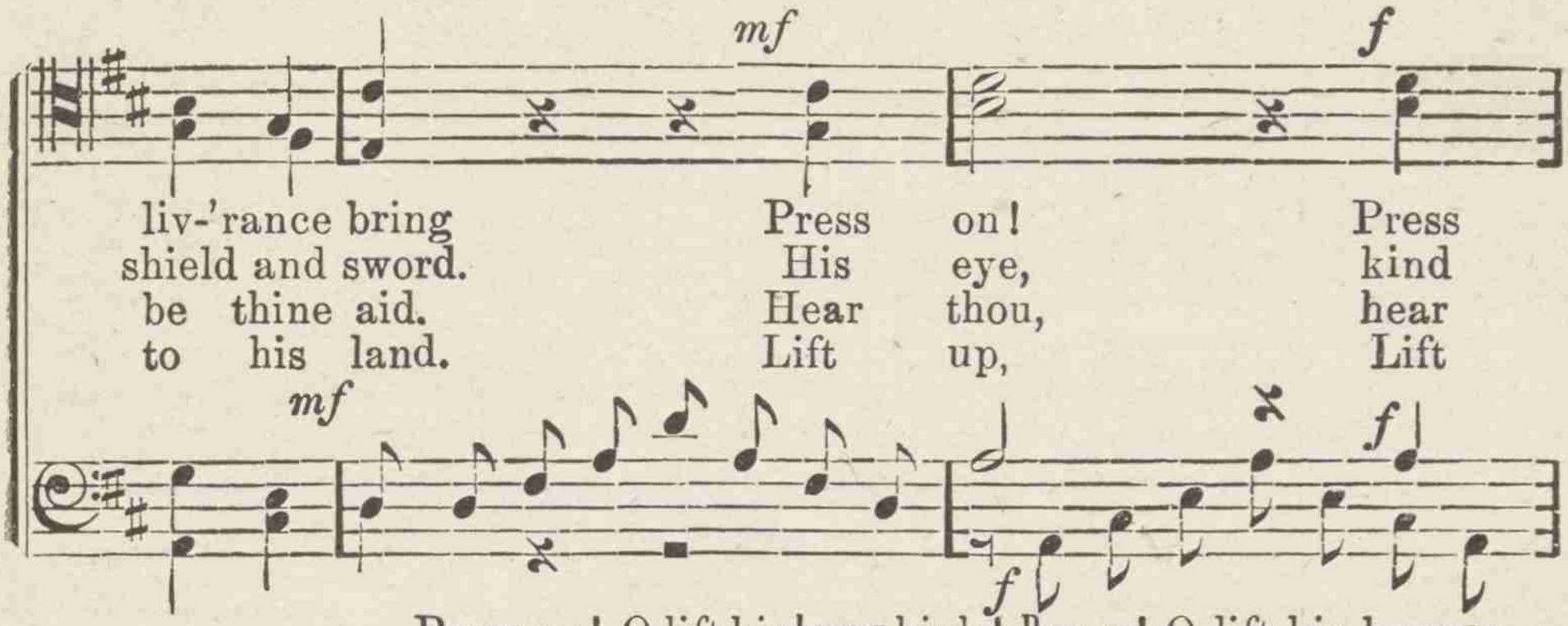
1. Truth, love, and faith di - vine Strengthen the soul,
2. Hear now his friend-ly call "Come un - to me,"
3. Lo, Christ, the Vic - tor strong Leads on be - fore,
4. Bring prais - es to the Lord, While a - ges roll,

Truth love and faith di - vine Strengthen the soul,
Hear now his friend-ly call, "Come un - to me;
Lo, Christ, the Vic - tor strong Leads on be - fore;
Bring prais - es to the Lord, While a - ges roll;

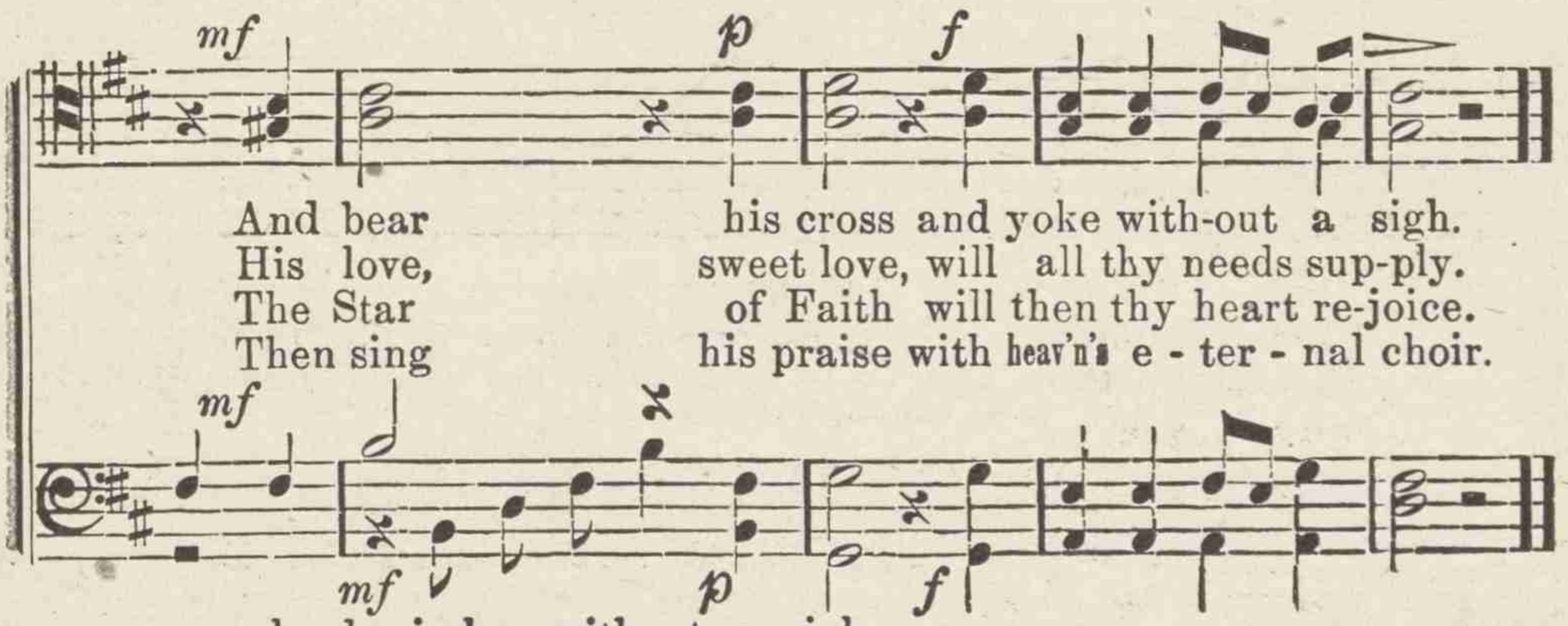
A light will thro' the dark-ness shine, Speed onward to thy
Come, pil - grim, find in me thine all, True rest and lib - ber -
The con-qu'ror, all the years a - long, Will guide thee ev - er -
To him who will all grace af - ford, For-ev - er yield thy

goal. The Lord, thy Sav-iour, and thy King, Will sure de -
ty. Be-lieve, and trust his precious word, Thy shepherd,
more. Be not dis-cour-aged nor dismayed, For God will
soul. Be true to him, and his command, He'll guide thee

The Lord.


mf
f
liv-'rance bring Press on! Press
shield and sword. His eye, kind
be thine aid. Hear thou, hear
to his land. Lift up, Lift
mf
f
f
Press on! O lift his banner high! Press on! O lift his banner
His eye is watching from on high, his eye is watching from on
Hear thou the Shepherd's lov-ing voice, hear thou the Shepherd's lov - ing
Lift up thy heart with pure desire, Lift up thy heart with pure de-


ff
on! O lift his ban-ner high!
eye, is watching from on high,
thou the Shepherd's lov - ing voice,
up thy heart with pure de - sire,
ff
high! And bear his cross and yoke, and bear his cross and yoke, And bear his
high, His love, his love, sweet love, will all thy needs sup-ply, His love, sweet,
voice, The shining Star of Faith will then thy heart re-joice, The shining
sire, Then sing, oh sing his praise with Heav'n's e - ter-nal choir, Then sing, oh


mf
p
f
And bear his cross and yoke with-out a sigh.
His love, sweet love, will all thy needs sup-ply.
The Star of Faith will then thy heart re-joice.
Then sing his praise with heav'n's e - ter - nal choir.
mf
mf
p
f
cross and yoke, in love without a sigh.
bound-less love, will all thy needs sup-ply.
Star of Faith will then thy heart re-joice.
sing his praise, with heav'n's e-ter-nal choir.

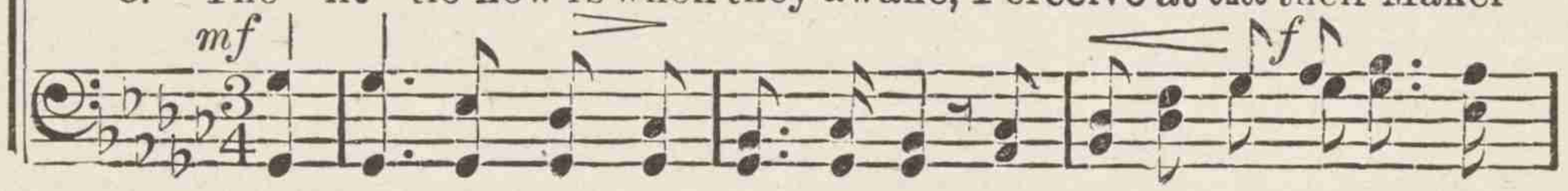
The Prayer in the Woods.

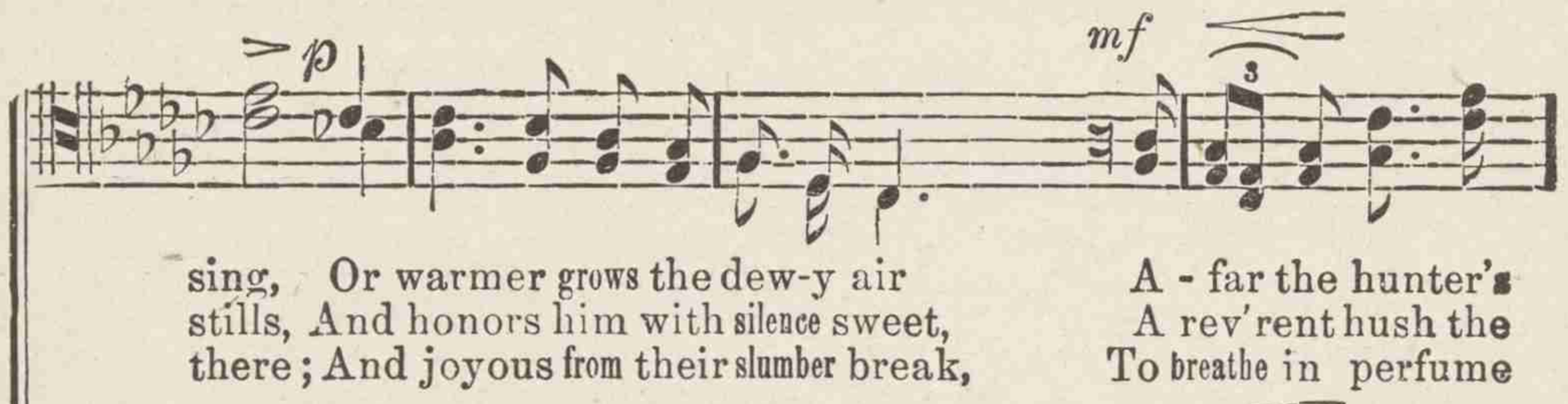
(May be sung in G or F.)

E. E. HEWITT. FRANZ ABT.



1. When breaks the morning, calm and fair, Be-fore the birds their car- ol
2. The Spring that hears its Master's feet, Its gentle murmur promptly
3. The lit - tle flow'rs when they awake, Perceive at once their Maker





sing, Or warmer grows the dew-y air
stills, And honors him with silence sweet,
there; And joyous from their slumber break,

A - far the hunter's
A rev'rent hush the
To breathe in perfume



From hunting-horns,
A rev-'rent hush
To breathe in per-

rings.....



ech - o rings. From hunting-horns, the ech-oes
for - est thrills. A rev-'rent hush the for-est
grateful prayer. To breathe in per - fume grateful

the echoes ring, From hunting-horns, the ech-oes, echoes
the for-est thrills, A rev-'rent hush the for-est, for - est
fume grateful prayer, To breathe in perfume grateful, grateful

Tenor Solo. *mf*

The Lord is com - ing, so soft - ly com - ing, The Lord is
The trees a - dore him, and bend be - fore him, The trees a-
They whis-per soft - ly a - round the cir - cle, They whis-per

pp

ring. The Lord is com - - ing,
thrills. **CHORUS.** The trees a - dore him,
prayer. They whis - - per soft - - ly

pp

com - ing, so soft - ly com - ing, The dear Lord God goes through the
dore him, and bend be - fore him, Be - fore the Lord they hum - bly
soft - ly a - round the cir - cle, The dear Lord God goes through the

f

is soft - - ly com - - ing, The dear Lord
and bend be - fore him, Be - fore the
a - round the cir - - cle, The dear Lord

p

wood, The dear Lord God goes through the wood.
bow, The branch - es bend be - fore the Lord.
wood, The dear Lord God goes through the wood.

p

God goes through the wood. Then pass-ing
Lord they hum - - bly bow. The trees a-
God goes through the wood. They whis-per



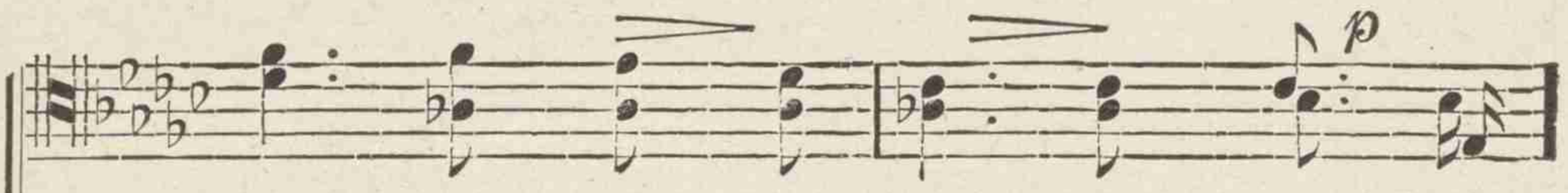
soft - ly, as is his man-ner, Then pass-ing soft-ly as is his
dore him, and bend be-fore him, The trees a- dore him, and bend be-
soft - ly around the cir - cle, They whis-per soft- ly around the





man - ner, The dear Lord God goes through the
fore him, Be - fore the Lord they hum - bly
cir - cle, The dear Lord God goes through the





wood. The dear Lord God goes through the
bow. The branch - es bend be - fore the
wood. The dear Lord God goes through the



mf **Tenor Solo.** *mf* **Bass I Solo.**

The dear Lord God goes through the wood. The dear Lord
Be - fore the Lord they humbly bow. The branch-es
The dear Lord God goes through the wood. The dear Lord

pp *pp*

wood. The dear..... Lord God goes
Lord. The branch - es bend be-
wood. The dear..... Lord God goes

rit. 1 2 3 *rit.*

God goes through the wood.
bend be - fore the Lord.
God goes through the wood.

rit. *pp* *rit.* *pp*

through the wood.
fore the Lord.
through the wood, The dear Lord

rit. *ppp* *rit.* *ppp*

God goes through the wood.

32 Come to the Cross To-day.

IDA L. REED. E. S. LORENZ.

1 Come to the cross to - day! Je-sus a-waits you there;
2. Come to the cross to - day! Blessing a-waits you there;
3. Come to the cross to - day! Je-sus will free-ly bless,
4. Come to the cross to - day! While he a-waits you there;

Come, for his par-don pray; Come, and his mer-cy share.
Why should you long de - lay? He will your burdens bear.
Light with his love your way, Crown you with righteousness.
Come, for his fa - vor pray, Free - ly his love you'll share.

CHORUS.

Come, come, come,

Come, come to the cross to-day! Come to the cross, O come to-day!

Lay your burdens at Jesus' feet! He will give you for-giveness sweet:

Come, come, come, come, Come to the cross to - day!

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Gathering There. 33

E. E. HEWITT. E. S. LORENZ.

1. They are gathering there in that city on high, In that country so
2. They are done with the grief, with the toil and the strife, That had checkered their
3. They have entered the palace of him whom they love, And his glo-ry un-
4. Are we ready to go when the summons we hear? Will we meet those who

wondrously fair; Where the flow'rs never fade, and the songs never die,
pilgrimage way; For no tears ev-er fall in that beau-ti-ful life,
veiled they be-hold; They are swell-ing the praise in the tem-ple a-bove,
wait for us there? Oh, may joy fill our hearts as the threshold we near,

D.S.—flow'rs never fade, and the songs never die,

CHORUS.

Yes, our loved ones are gathering there. Fa-ther and moth-er,—
And no cloud dims e-ter-ni-ty's day.
In the cit-y of jas-per and gold.
Of the home Je-sus went to pre-pare.

Yes, our loved ones are gathering there.

gath-er-ing there! Sister and brother,—gathering there, Where the

D.S.

34 Under the Cross.

E. E. HEWITT. FREDERICK KUHLAU.



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My Mother's Song.

E. E. Hewitt. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Beau-ti - ful songs I oft - en heard, Fall-ing so sweetly on my
2. Oft have I heard joy's gladsome song, Sounding my pleasure loud and
3. Won-der-ful may the mu-sic be, From ro-sy lips with warblings
4. Song of my childhood, O how dear! No oth-er tones so soft and

ear: There's one that charms me most of all And holds my soul in
long, But with the si - lent tears of love I list - en, as to
free, With pur - er joy my heart is filled, With deeper peace my
clear, No oth- er song such help can bring As that I heard my

hap-py thrall, The song, the song, that my moth - er
notes a- bove, That song, that song, that my moth - er
yearning stilled, That song, that song, that my moth - er
moth-er sing, The song, the song, that my moth - er

sang, The song, the song, that my moth - er sang.
sang, That song, that song, that my moth - er sang.
sang, That song, that song, that my moth - er sang.
sang, The song, the song, that my moth - er sang.

Forward!

MARK ADAMS. JULIUS O. GRIMM. Op. 13, No. 6.

1. Why, O soul, art thou still dreaming? Life's great meaning hast not heard?
2. For-ward all the world is go-ing; Stars go sing-ing on their way.
3. For-ward then in life and du-ty! Forward then in thought, de-sire!

For-ward is life's glo-ry streaming, For-ward is life's golden
God his law of life is show-ing In new form and force each
Striv-ing still for high-er beau-ty, For the unattained as-

word! .....
day.....
pire. .....

Forward is life's glo-ry stream-ing,
God his law of life is show-ing,
Striving still for high-er beau-ty

Forward is life's glo-ry stream-ing,

CHORUS.

For - - ward is life's gold-en word!
In..... new form and force each day.
For..... the un-at-tained as-pire. For-ward,

For-ward is life's gold-en word!

Forward!—Concluded.

For-ward, for-ward, for - ward, for - ward is the word!

For - ward, for - ward, for-ward is the word!
For - - ward, for - ward, for-ward is the word!

For-ward, for - - ward, For-ward,

For-ward, for - ward, for-ward is ..... the word!

For - ward, for - ward, for - ward is..... the word!
For - ward, for - ward,

For - - - ward, for-ward is.... the word!

Bless the Lord.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN TIBBALLS.

1. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul! Let all with - in me join,
2. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul! Nor let his mer - cies lie
3. 'Tis he for - gives thy sins, 'Tis he re - lieves thy pain,
4. He crowns thy life with love, When ransomed from the grave,

And aid my tongue to bless his name, Whose fa - vor is di - vine.
For - got - ten in un-thank-ful-ness, And with-out prais-es die.
'Tis he that heals thy sickness-es, And gives thee strength a - gain.
He who redeemed my soul from all, Hath sovereign pow'r to save.

Gloria Patri.

E. S. LORENZ.

Glo - ry be to the Fath-er, and to the Son, and

to the Ho - ly Ghost, and to the Ho - ly Ghost, as it

was in the be - gin - ing, as it was in the be - gin - ing is

is now

now and ev- er shall be, is now and ev-er shall be, world with-out end, world without

end, a - men, a - men! World without end, a - men!

MRS. A. L. DAVIDSON. J. H. FILLMORE.



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We Are Going Down the Valley.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

Moderato.

1. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one,
2. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one,
3. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one,

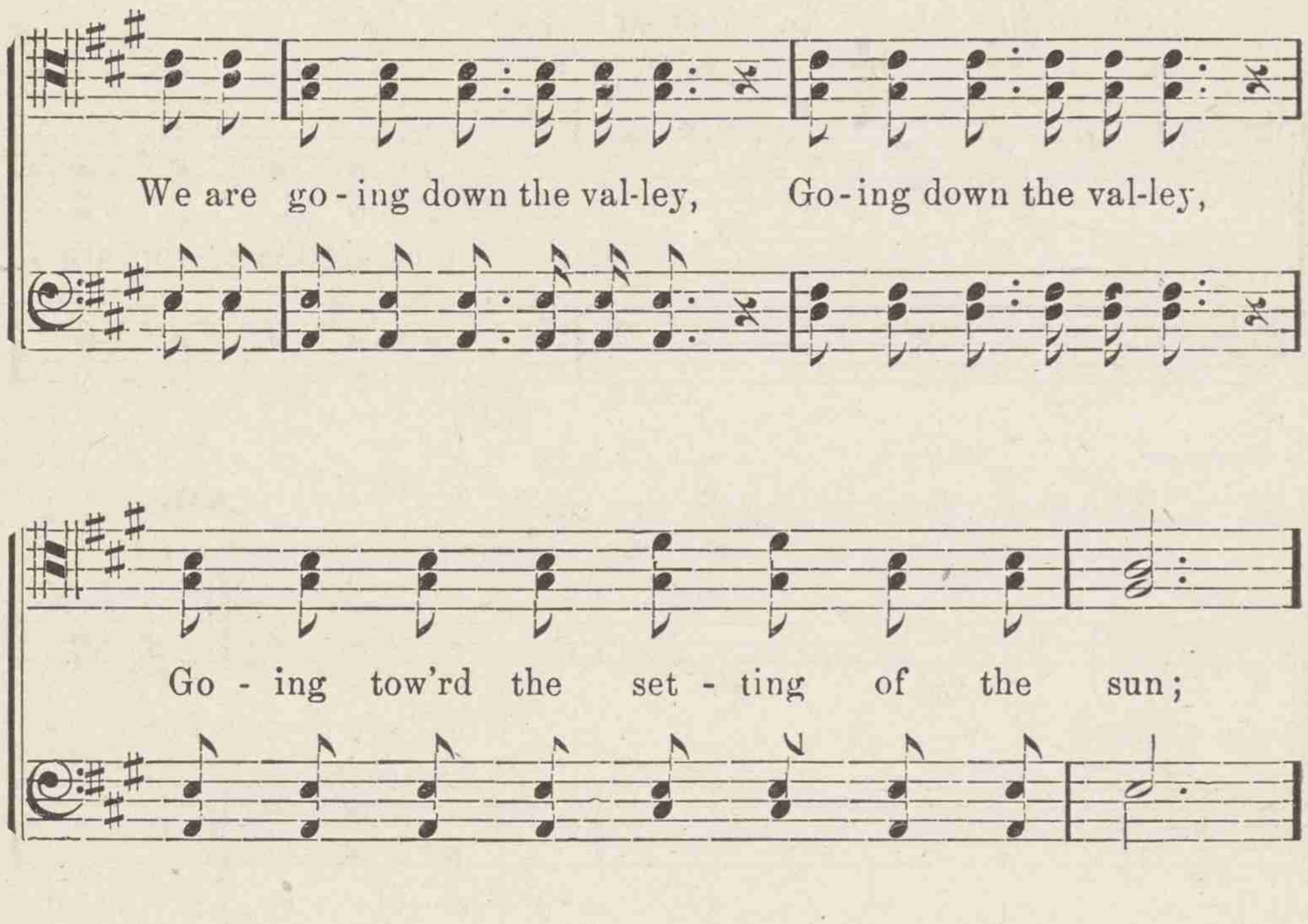
With our fa - ces tow'rd the set - ting of the sun;
When the la - bors of the wea - ry day are done;
And, my broth - er, you and I must go a - lone;

Down the val - ley where tho mourn-ful cy - press grows,
One by one the cares of life for - ev - er past,
But a ten - der hand will guide us, lest we fall,

Where the stream of death in si - lence on - ward flows.
We shall stand up - on the riv - er brink at last.
Christ is go - ing down the val - ley with us all.

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CHORUS.—*Repeat Chorus pp after last stanza.*



Who are These?

H. R. PALMER.

Tenor Solo.

Who are these in bright ar - ray?

mf

pp

Soli. Who are these, who are

pp

Who are these in bright ar - ray?

All.

mf

pp

these?

Who are these? These are

pp

mf

These are

they who washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb, These are

they, these are they.

p

FINE. *mf*

they who washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb. There-fore they stand be-fore the

Rit.

p *pp* *mf*

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throne, cry-ing, bless-ing, glo - ry, wis-dom, hon - or,

Pow-er and might be un - to God, ev-er, World with - out end. { They shall / They shall

hun-ger no more, neither thirst an-ymore, For the Lamb upon the throne shall
walk by the streams of the fountain of life For the Lamb upon the throne shall

feed them ; } For the Lamb up-on the throne shall lead them ; lead them.
lead them : }

The Glad Hereafter.

JENNIE WILSON. E. S. LORENZ.



1. When passed are tears and laughter And earthly gloom and glow,
2. Now oft - en - times his lead-ings Are where deep shadows lie,
3. Each chas-ten - ing af - flic - tion Is sent in ten - der love;
4. Tho' now tears flow un - bid-den, Here - af - ter we shall say,





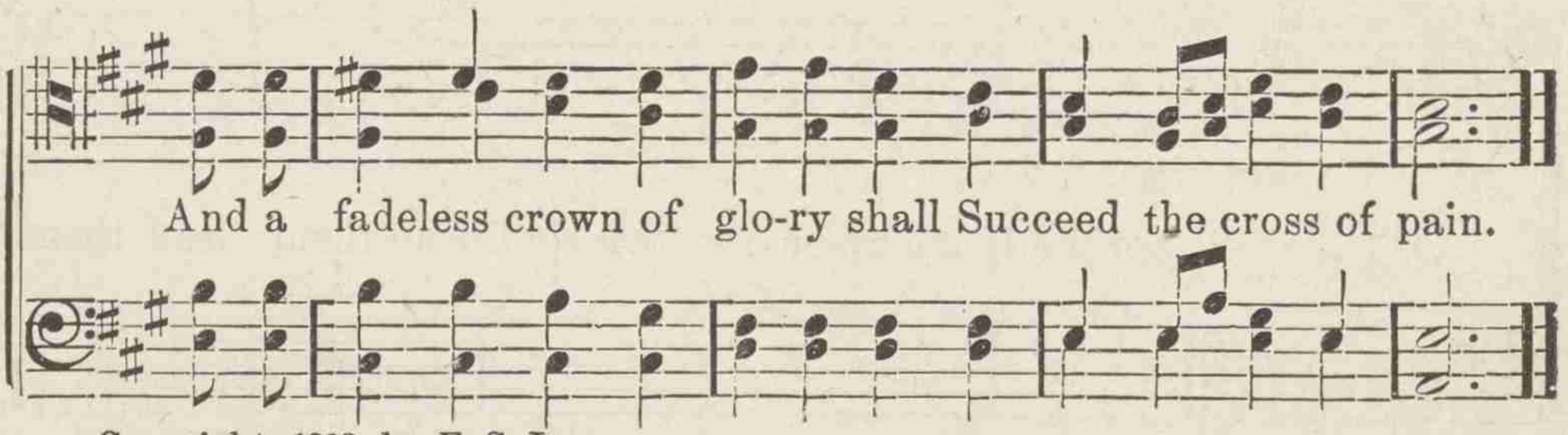
We shall in the here - af - ter The Mas-ter's deal-ings know.
And to our pray'rful plead-ings There seemeth no re - ply.
And bears a ben - e - dic - tion, Down-waft-ed from a - bove.
Our Saviour's hand, tho' hid - den, Has led us all the way.



CHORUS.



In the light..... In the light.....
of the great hereafter, life's dark paths shall be made plain,



And a fadeless crown of glo-ry shall Succeed the cross of pain.

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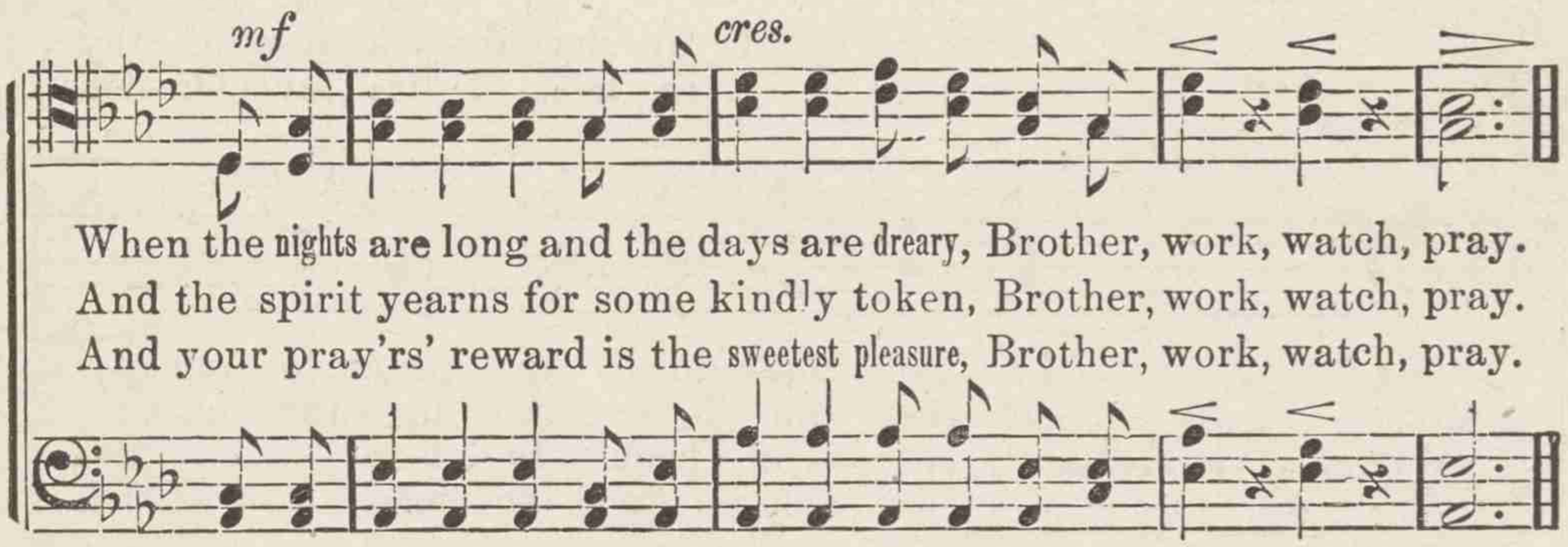
Work. Watch, Pray.

MRS. N. A. MONTFORT. Arr. FRED. A. FILLMORE.



1. When the heart grows faint and the soul is weary, Brother, work, watch, pray;
2. When the way seems lost and the staff is broken, Brother, work, watch, pray;
3. For your work will bring you the richest treasure, Brother, work, watch, pray;

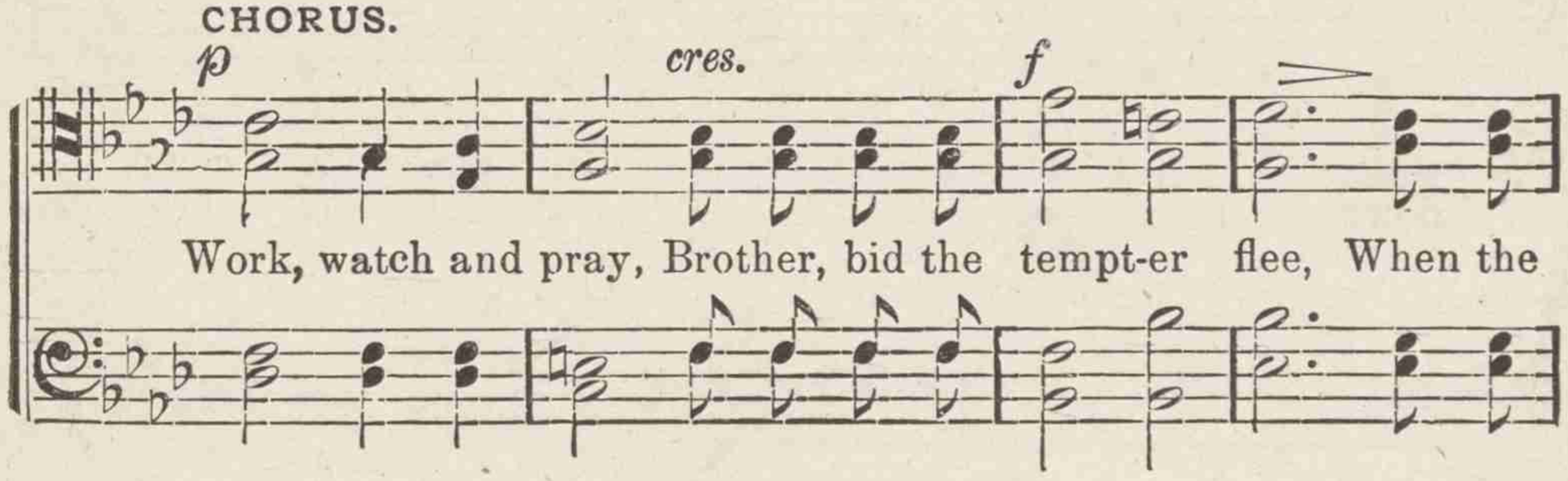




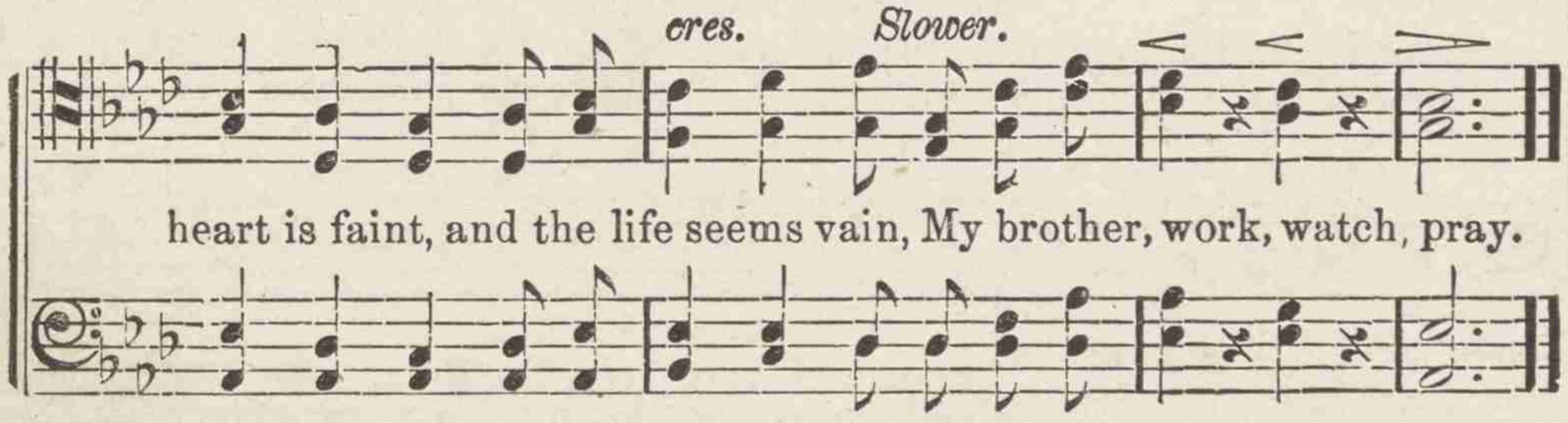
When the nights are long and the days are dreary, Brother, work, watch, pray.
And the spirit yearns for some kindly token, Brother, work, watch, pray.
And your pray'rs' reward is the sweetest pleasure, Brother, work, watch, pray.



CHORUS.



Work, watch and pray, Brother, bid the tempt-er flee, When the



heart is faint, and the life seems vain, My brother, work, watch, pray.

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46 Under the Shadow of Thy Wing.

W. T. G.

W. T. GIFFE.
(With an air in the first bass,
by J. P. KNIGHT.)

1. Un- der the - shadow of thy
2. In faith I lay my bur-den

1. Un - der the sha - dow of thy wing,..... I lay me
2. In faith I lay my bur-den down,..... And rest on

Andante.

1. Un -der the sha -dow of thy
2. In faith I lay my bur-den

p dim.

wing, I lay me down in peace to sleep;
down, And rest on Je - sus' lov - ing arm;
down..... in peace to sleep; Se-
Je - - - - - sus' lov - ing arm; Oh

wing, I lay me down, in peace to sleep;....
down, And rest on Je - - sus' lov - ing arm;....

Se-cure I rest, for thou, O Lord, the watch dost
Watch ov-er me, and keep me safe from ev -'ry
cure I rest, for thou, O Lord,.....O'er all thy chil - dren watch dost
bless-ed Lord, watch ov-er me,.....And keep me safe from ev - ry

Se-cure I rest, for thou the watch dost
Watch ov-er me, keep me from ev -'ry



keep. Not slight my call. "Dost
harm. Not tranquil rest, Thou
keep; "I know thou wilt not slight my call, For thou dost mark the sparrow's
harm; Or if it be not tranquil rest, Thou knowest what for me is



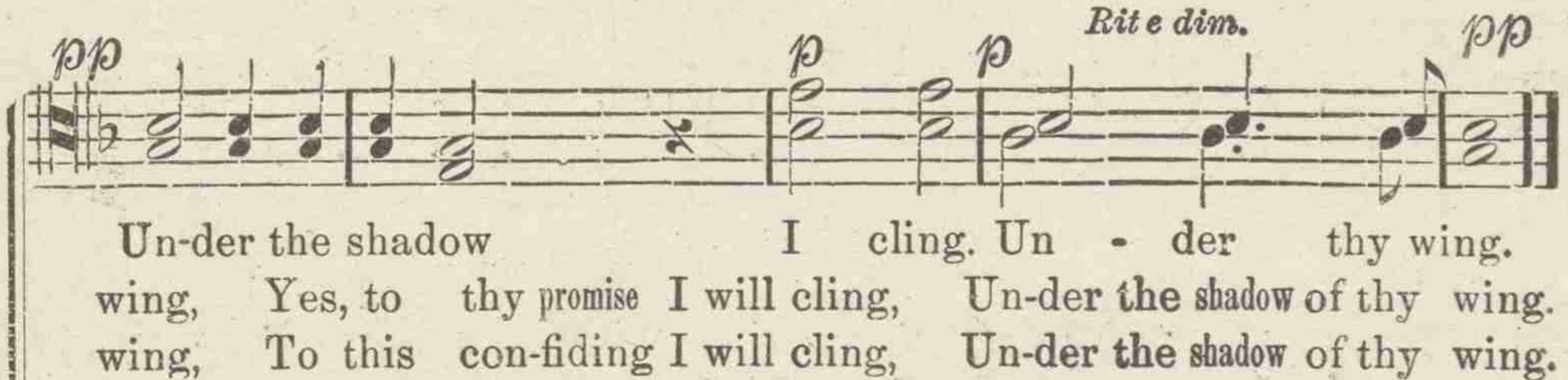
keep. Not slight my call, "Doth
harm. Not tranquil rest, Thou



mark the sparrow's fall," calm and peaceful
knowest what is best, calm and peaceful
fall;" So to thy prom-ise I will cling, Un-der the shadow of thy
best; To this confiding I will cling, Un-der the shadow of thy



mark the sparrow's fall," calm and peaceful
knowest what is best, calm and peaceful,



Un-der the shadow I cling. Un - der thy wing.
wing, Yes, to thy promise I will cling, Un-der the shadow of thy wing.
wing, To this con-fiding I will cling, Un-der the shadow of thy wing.



Un-der the sha- dow I cling, Under the shadow of thy wing.

48

O Holy Night.

E. R. LATTA.

E. L. ASHFORD.

Moderato.

1. O night, so calm and ho - ly, Up - on Ju - de - an
2. O night, so calm and ho - ly, So beau - ti - ful to

Was ev - er like to thee,

plains, When shepherds' ears were greeted, By more, by more than earthly strains,
see, No oth-er night-ly sea-son, Was ev - er, ev - er like to thee,

Andantino.

While they listened all around them Such a wondrous glo-ry shone,
While the guarded flocks lie sleeping, And the stars are shin-ing clear,

dim. *pp* *Tempo primo.*

Such a wondrous glo - ry shone, 'Twas thus the mighty an-gel, Would
And the stars are shin-ing clear, The shepherds hear sweet mu-sic. 'Tis

O wondrous night, So soft - ly

make his presence known,
heav'ns an-gel- ic choir,

O wondrous night,

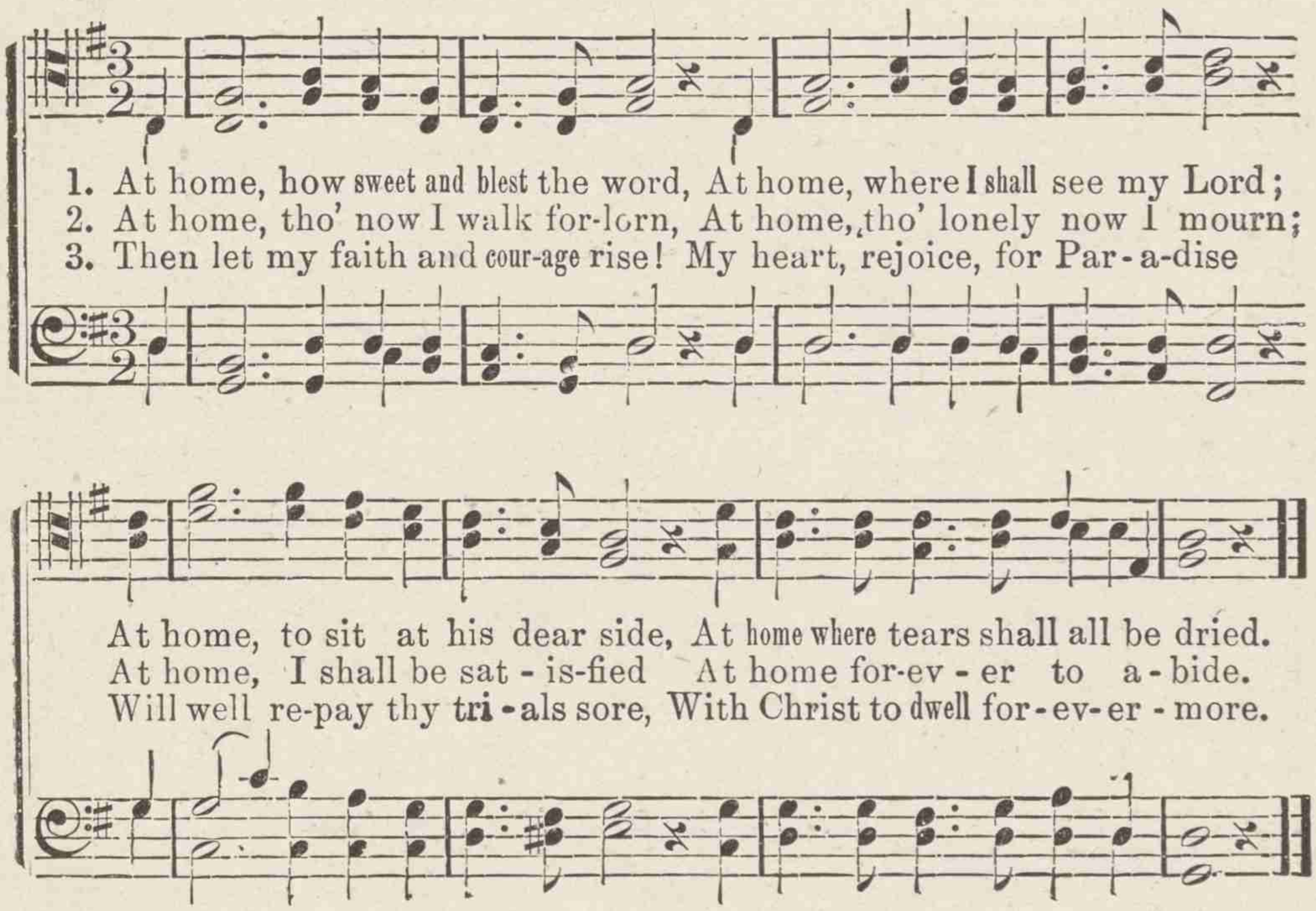
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At Home.

ANNA CHICHESTER. JACOB BREITER.



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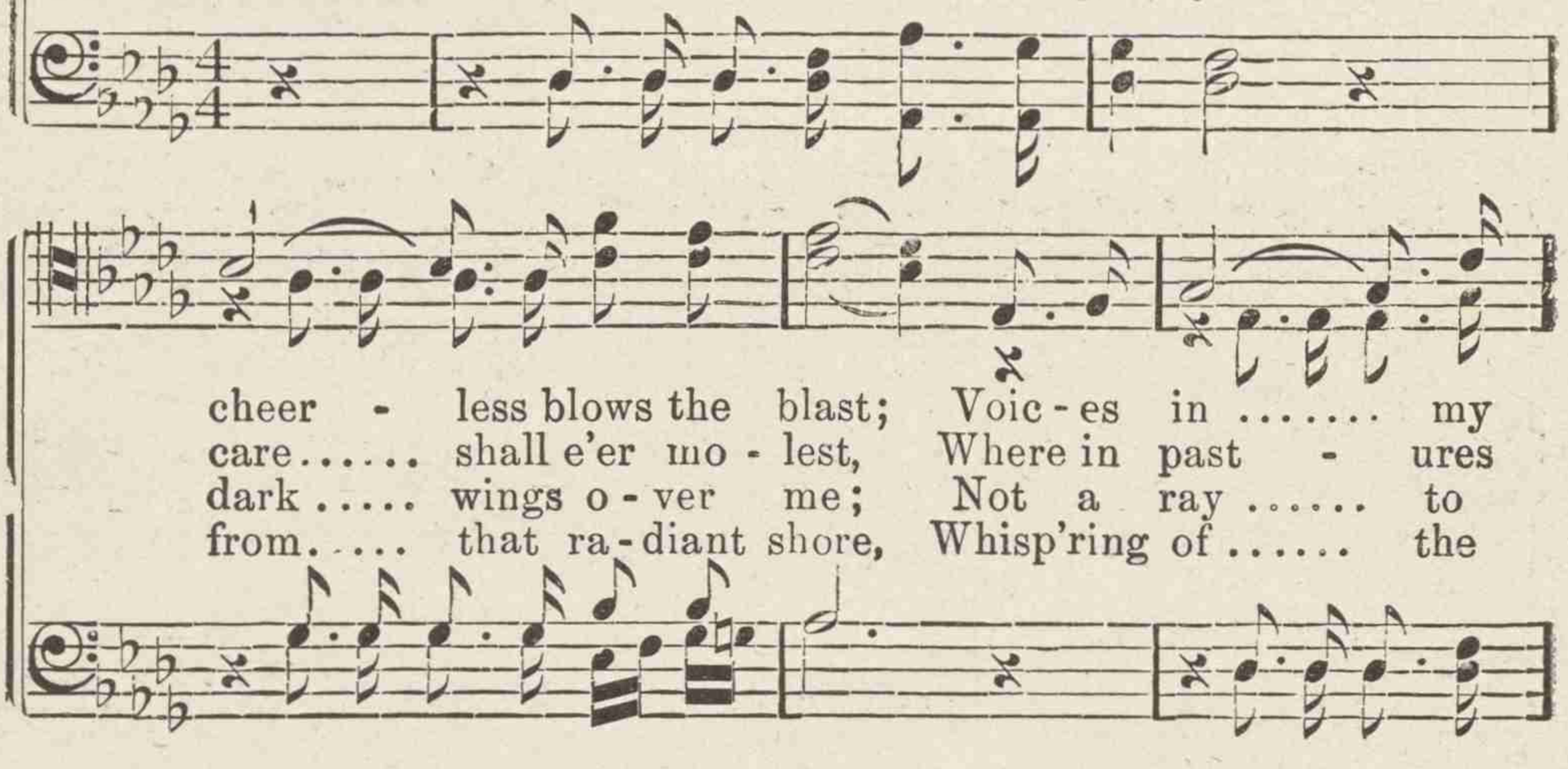
Call Me Home.

MRS. BISHOP THOMPSON. W. J. BALTZELL.

Not fast.



1. Call me home, ... the day is dy-ing, Cold and
2. Call me home ..... to joys e-ter-nal, Where no
3. Call me home! ..... re-lent-less sor row Sweeps her
4. Call me home! ..... lov'd friends in glo-ry Beck-on



cheer - less blows the blast; Voic-es in ..... my
care ..... shall e'er mo-lest, Where in past - ures
dark ..... wings o-ver me; Not a ray ..... to
from ..... that ra-diant shore, Whisp'ring of ..... the



soul are sigh-ing O'er the fair (o'er the fair) and vanished
fair and ver-nal, Wea-ry souls (weary souls) un-troubled
cheer the mor-row, 'Mid the fear-ful (the fear-ful) night I
bliss be-fore me, When this wea-ry (this wea-ry) life is



past. Love's sweet flowers ..... in graves are ly-ing,
rest; Where the jas - - per walls are ring-ing,
see. Falter-ing are ..... my steps and wea-ry,
o'er. See, my soul ..... her wings is plum-ing,

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Joys sink deep..... be-neath the foam, Wea-ry
As blest souls..... re-joic-ing come, And their
As I through..... the dark-ness roam, From this
Soon 'twill scale..... yon star-ry dome, Where ce-
sad,..... for-sak-en, sigh-ing, Heav'nly Fa - ther,
lips..... are tuned to sing-ing, Heav'nly Fa - ther,
change - ful life and drear-y, Heav'nly Fa - ther,
les - tial flow'rs are blooming, Heav'nly Fa - ther,

REFRAIN.


call me home. Call me home, call me
call me home.
call me home.
call me home. Call me home,
home, Heav'nly Fa - - ther, call me home.
call me home, Heav'nly Fa-ther,

52

God Is Good.

JOHN H. GURNEY. E. S. LORENZ.

Trio.

1. Yes, God is good in earth and sky, From o-cean depths and spread-ing wood,
2. The sun that keeps his track-less way, And down-ward pours his gol-den flood,
3. For all thy gifts, we bless thee, Lord; But chief-ly for our heav'n-ly food;

Ten thou-sand voic-es seem to cry, "God made us all, and God is good!"
Night's spark-ling host all seem to say In ac-cents clear that God is good.
Thy pard'n-ing grace, thy quick'ning word, These prompt our song that God is good.

Full Chorus.

Ten thou-sand voic-es seem to cry, "Our God is good!"
"Our God is good!"

Trio. Full Chorus.

And all the earth makes glad re-ply, "Our God is good!" Yes,
"Our God is good!" Yes,

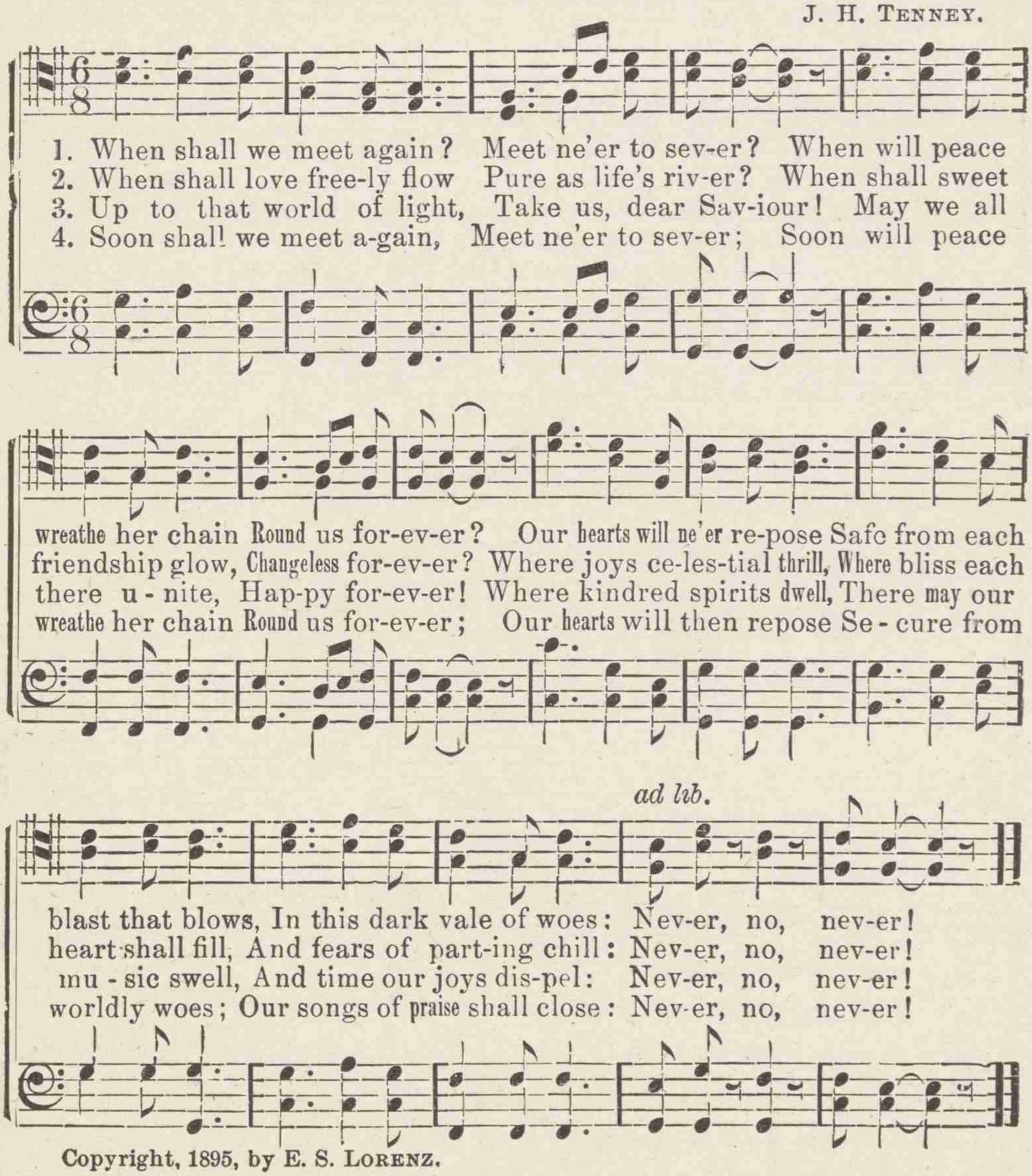
God is good all na-ture says, By God's own hand with speech en-dued, And man, in

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When Shall We Meet Again?

J. H. Tenney.



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The Hand of Blessing.

ANNA CHICHESTER. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Stretch forth the hand of bless-ing O'er strugg-ling souls ob-scure;
2. Why should our brothers lan-guish, And miss this life's de-light;
3. For deep - er woes that crush them Give kind-ly word, or tear;
4. Your hearts their gladness shar-ing, The deep-er bliss shall know;

Re - liev-ing wants dis - tress - ing, Bring gladness to the poor.
When we can stay their an - guish And make their dark homes bright?
The children's cries, oh, hush them, Make Christian mem'ries dear.
God is for those pre - par - ing, Who Christian love be - stow.

CHORUS.

Faster.

Make each the happiest day! Make each the gladdest day! Thro' all the
the happiest day! the gladdest day!

long, long year Make ev-'ry day the best! Fill it with love and cheer! Bring Christ to
with love and cheer!

men more near! And let his peace fill ev -'ry breast!
to men more near! fill ev-'ry breast!

On the Cross.

ANNIE D. BRADLEY. J. H. ROSECRANS.

Ad lib.

1. Nailed up -on th'ac-curs-ed tree, Son of God, we gaze on thee!
2. Who can paint the an-guish known By the Sav-iour, left a-lone!
3. Hark! that anguish cry so loud, Surging o'er the mighty crowd!—
4. Lord, this grief was borne for me, That from sin I might be free.

All the sky is black with gloom, E'en the dead burst from their tomb,
Friend -for-sak - en, by man spurned, E'en his Fa-ther's face is turned!
Je - sus long with sor-row worn, Now with pain un - ri-valed torn,
Help me, Sav-iour of my soul, At thy cross my sins to roll.

Repeat pp

Quakes the earth such sight to see, Dreadful scene on Cal - va - ry.
Weight-ed down with hu-man sin,–Dark with-out, more dark with-in.
Cries—"Oh, Fa-ther! can it be!—Why hast thou for-sak-en me"?
Help me stand e-rect and free, And then help me fol-low thee.

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Over The World.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.



C. H. G. (May be sung in A.) CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

The Joy of His Awaking.—Continued.

CHORUS.

Oh, the joy..... of his a - wak - ing,.... Hal - le-
Oh, the joy of his a - wak ing from the dead,

lu - jah,..... the Lord a - rose,..... For, be-
The Lord a-rose, The Lord a-rose, Be-

hold.... ..... the grave de - sert - ed,.....
hold, behold the grave de-sert- ed, see the emp- ty bed,

vanquished

The Lord is ris'n tri-umph- ant o'er his foes. Oh, the

ev - - - - - 'ry foe.....


joy..... of his a - wak - - ing,..... Hal - le-
Oh, the joy of his a - wak - ing from the dead,
lu - - jah,.... the Lord a - rose,..... Be-
The Lord a-rose, The Lord a- rose, Be-
hold..... the grave de-sert - ed,
hold, behold, the grave de-sert - ed, see the emp-ty bed,
vanquished
The Lord is ris'n tri - umph-ant o'er his foes.
ev - - - - 'ry foe.....

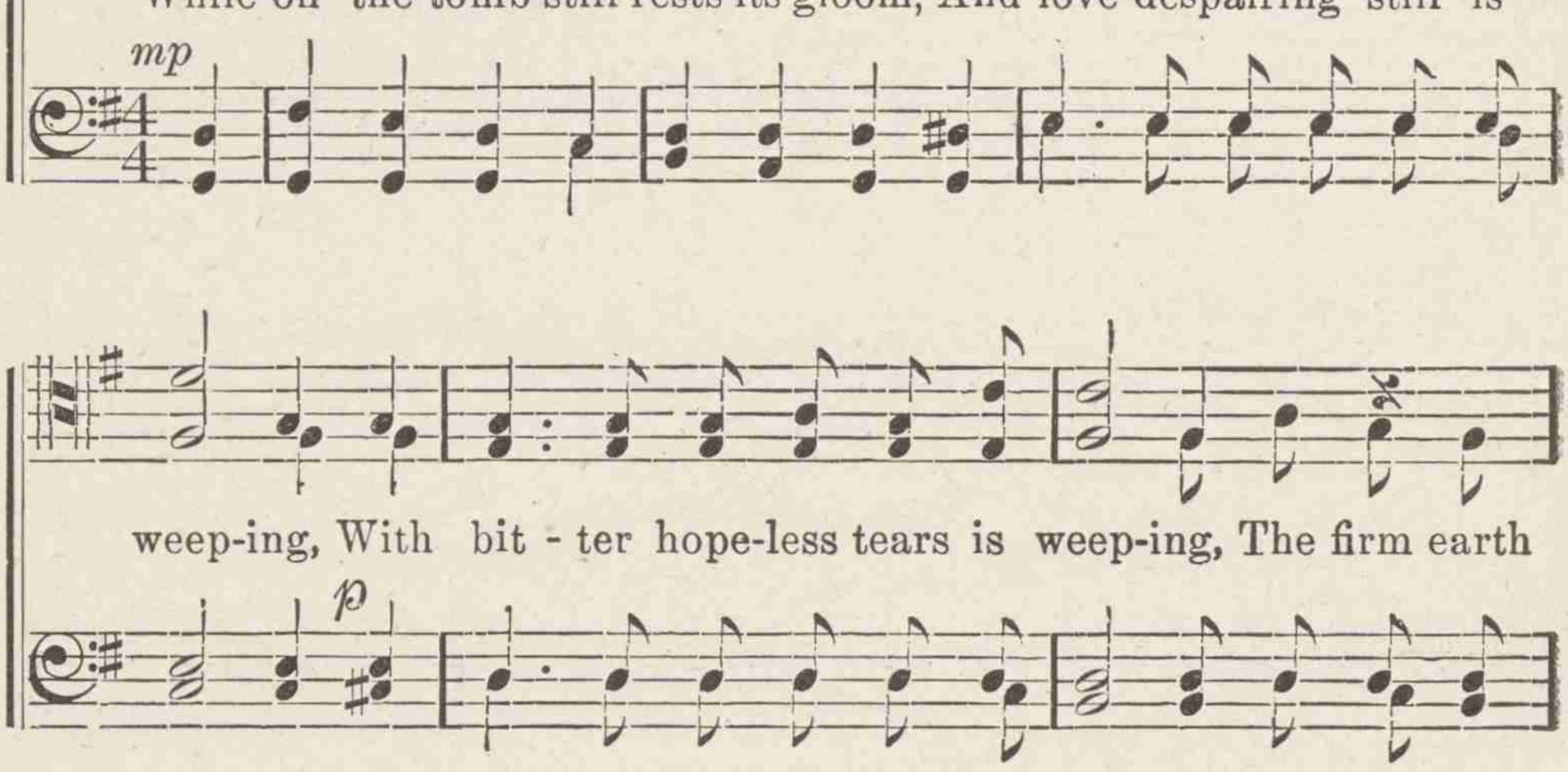
Easter Comfort.

MAY MILLER. E. S. LORENZ.

Moderato.



While on the tomb still rests its gloom, And love despairing still is



weep-ing, With bit - ter hope-less tears is weep-ing, The firm earth



The firm earth shakes, The guard a-wakes,

shakes, ... The guard a - wakes, ... To find an

an - gel ward is keep - ing! ....

To find an an-gel ward is keep - ing!

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Allegretto Moderato.

That Christ is ris'n from death's dark pris'n, Is the message sweet and

mf

glorious; O'er all his foes,..... In might he rose,..... The

O'er all his foes, In might he rose,

Prince of life, ... supreme, vic - to - rious,

The Prince of life, The

Prince of life, supreme, vic-to-rious! The Prince of life, supreme, vic-

mf

to - rious! O'er all his foes,..... in might he

O'er all his foes,

ff

rose, ... The Prince of life, ... supreme, vic-

in might he rose, The Prince of life,

to - - - rious! Oh, ye that weep o'er those that sleep, While

hearts are torn with grief, and breaking, With hopeless anguish torn and

Lift up your eyes to Par-a-dise.

accel. e cres.

breaking, Lift now your eyes..... to Par-a-dise.....

tempo.

Your dead are there in joy a - wak - ing! Lift up your

mp *Accel. e cres.*

Lift up your eyes to Par - a- dise, Your dead are

tempo.

eyes ..... to Par-a - dise, ... Your dead are

there in joy a - wak - ing,

there in joy, are there in joy a - wak - ing, Your dead are there in

mp

there in joy a - wak - ing!

joy a - wak - ing! Your dead are there in joy a - wak - ing!

p *pp*

64

The Lord is Our Leader.

JOHN N. DARBY. (Melody in First Bass.) THOS. KOSCHAT.

Andante.

pp

1. Tho' faint yet pur - su - ing, we go on our way; The
2. He rais - eth the fall - en, he cheer-eth the faint; The
3. And to his green pas-tures our foot-steps he leads; His
4. Tho' clouds may sur-round us, our God is our light; Tho'

pp

Lord is our lead-er, his word is our stay; Tho' suff'ring, and
weak, and oppressed, he will hear their complaint; The way may be
flock in the des ert, how kind-ly he feeds! The lambs in his
storms rage a-round us, our God is our might; So faint yet pur-

ff *p*

sor- row, and tri - al be near, The Lord is our ref - uge, and
wea- ry, and thorn-y the road, But how can we fal - ter?–our
bos- om, he ten- der - ly bears, And brings back the wan-d'rers all
su- ing, still onward we come; The Lord is our lead- er, and

ff *p*

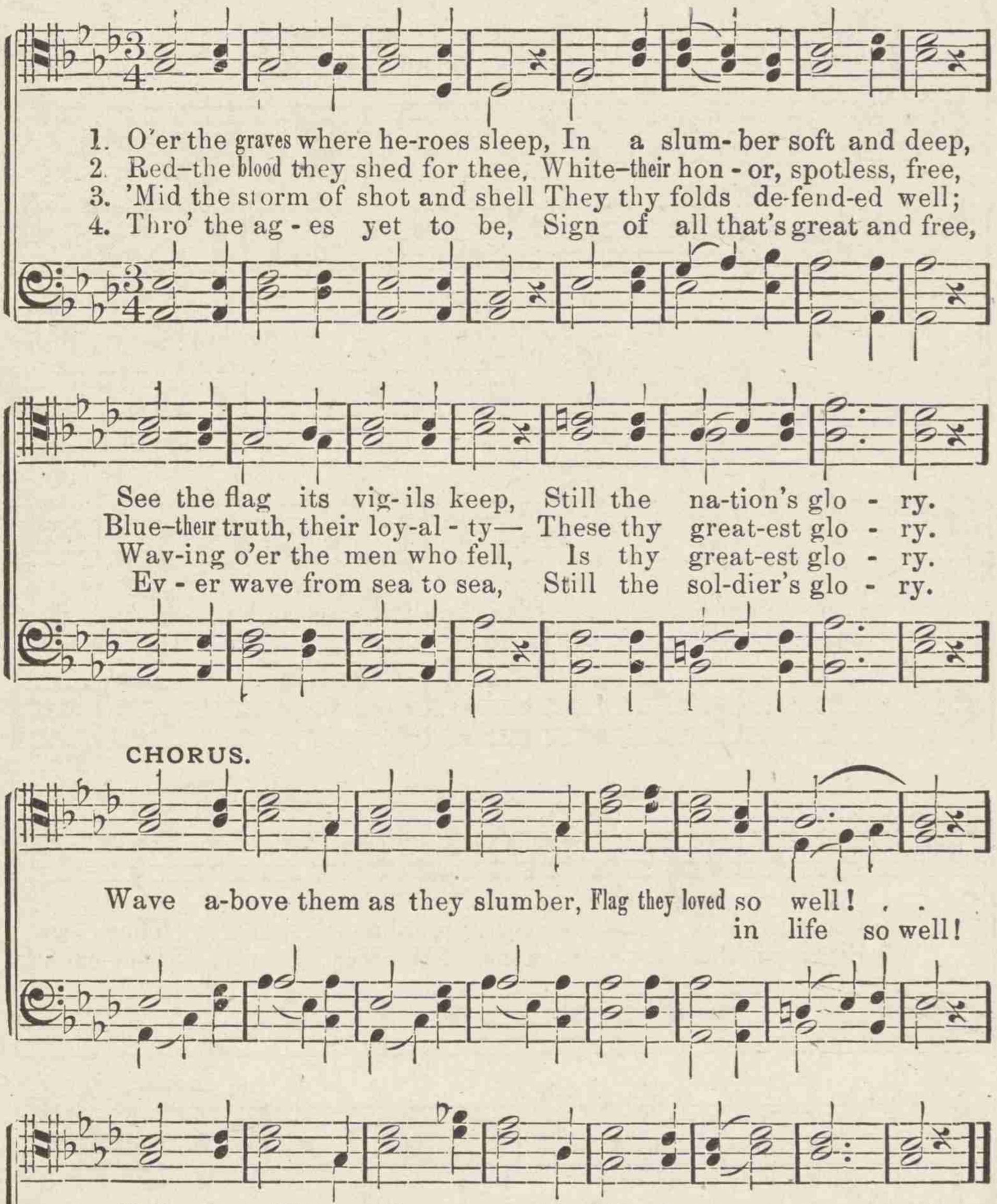
whom can we fear? The Lord is our ref-uge, and whom can we fear?
help is in God! But how can we fal-ter?–our help is in God!
safe from the snares, And brings back the wand'rers all safe from the snares:
heav'n is our home! The Lord is our leader, and heav'n is our home!

p

Wave Above Them. 65

NOTE.—This simple male quartet will be useful for Memorial Sunday or Decoration Day exercises. It should not be sung too fast or loud. The tenors should be sure to make pure tones, as the strident tones one often hears will be out of place here.

MARK ADAMS. E. S. LORENZ.



66 Honoring the True and Brave.

LUELA CURRAN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Bring ye blos - - - soms of the May, For the
2. Thou, their coun - - - try, proud and free, Grate-ful

brave..... be-lov - ed dead; Ten - der mem - - - 'ries
bow..... thy star-crown'd head; They who shaped.... thy

rise to - day..... O'er each fall - en he - ro's bed;
des - ti - ny..... Thrill at thy ma - jes - tic tread!

Wave the star - - - ry symbol dear,..... They so
Bring ye blos - - - soms of the May,..... Strew each

loved..... and died to save; O'er their rest..... let
hum - - - ble soldier's grave; Lib - er - ty..... shall

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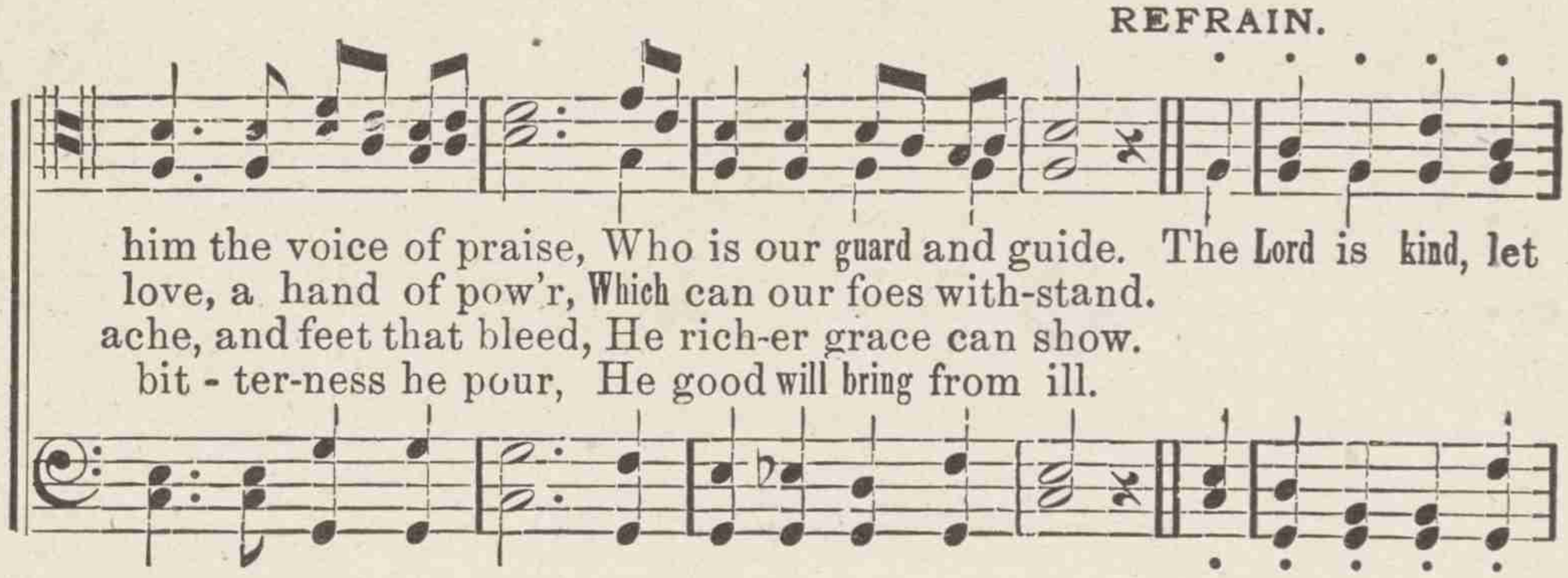


The Lord is Kind.

ANNA CHICHESTER. J. G. FRECH.



REFRAIN.

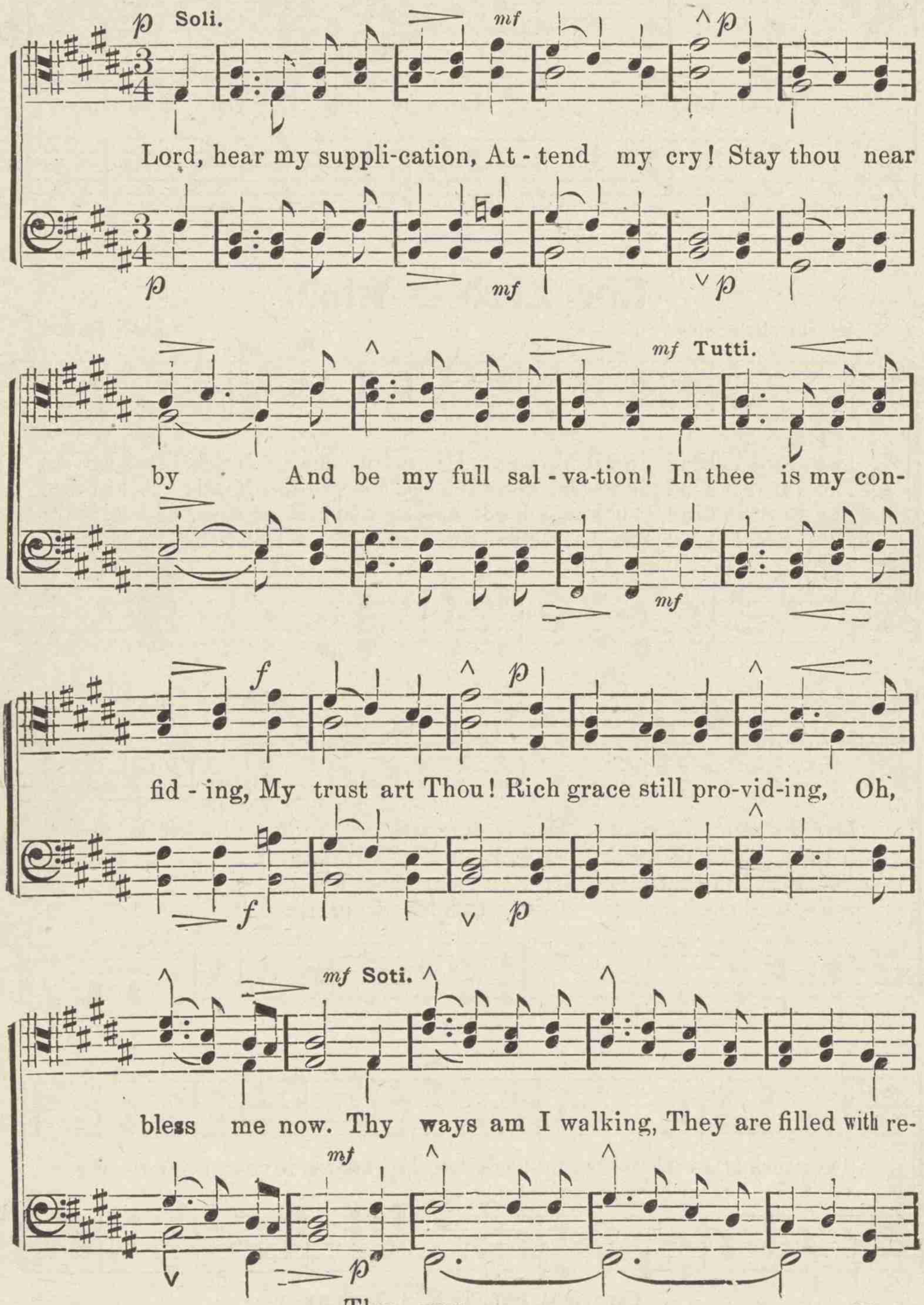




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Hear My Supplication.

MENDELSSOHN, arranged by C. STEIN.



joic-ing; of Thee am I talk-ing, Thy wondrous mer - cy

joice - - - ,

Solo.

Tutti, rallent. *mf*

voicing, Thy wondrous mer - cy voic -ing. Yea, I would still be

p *rallent.* *mf*

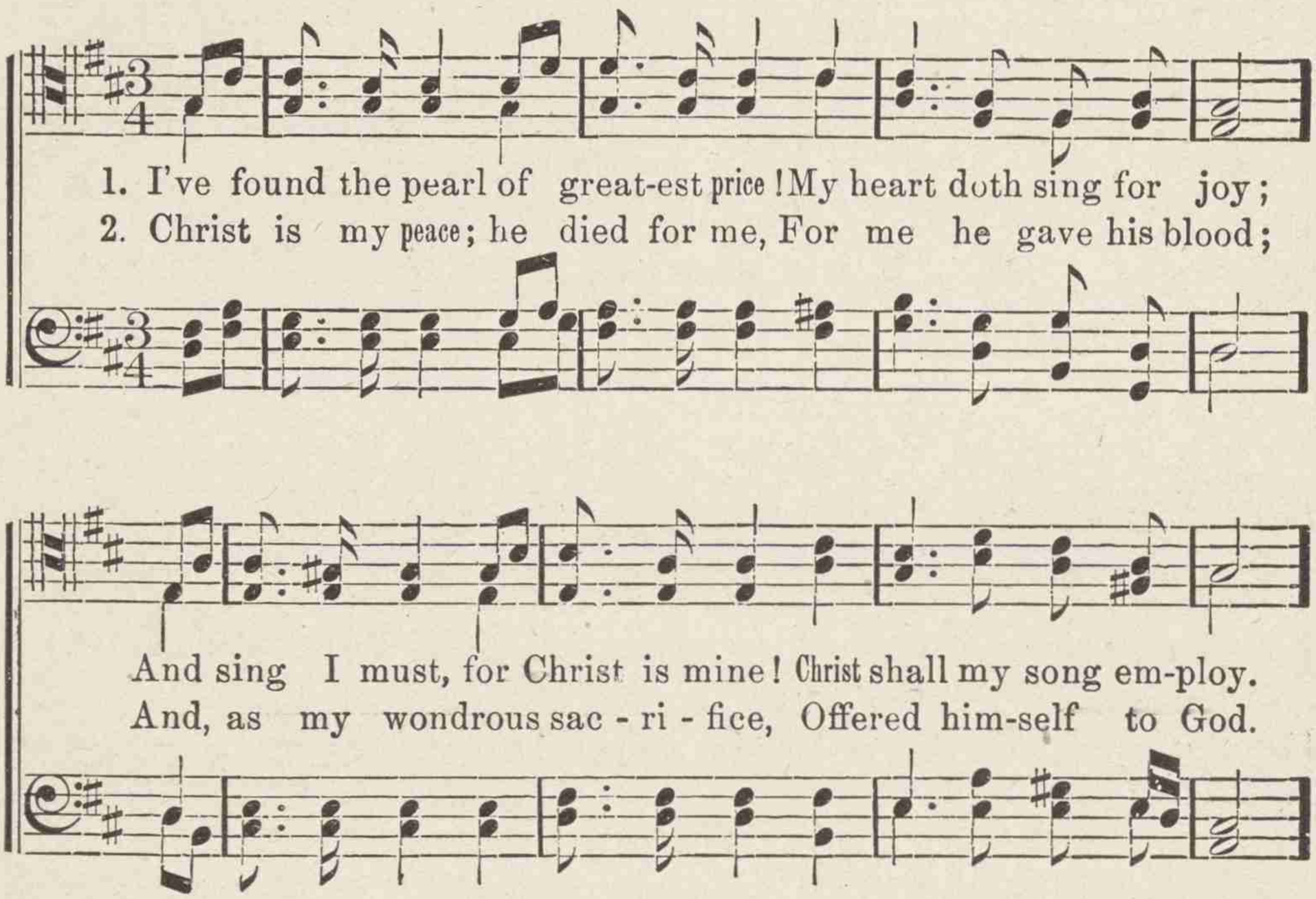
sing-ing Thy wond-rous praise, My glad notes ring- ing Thro'

end-less days. - - - - - Thro' endless days!

Thro' end - less days.

70 The Fullness of Christ.

JOHN MASON. E. S. LORENZ.



E. D. MUND. KREUZER.

Solemnly.

CHORUS.

f

This is the Lord's own day, I hear its ten - der call.

f

Quartet.

p

I stand a - lone 'mid fields so

p

p

I stand a - lone..... 'mid fields so

p *pp*

wide, while church bells peal on ev - 'ry side, Then gent- ly,

p *pp*

Now si-lence reigns o'er

p *pp*

gent- ly, one by one sub- side. Now

p *pp*

all

f CHORUS.

si-lence reigns now si-lence reigns o'er all. In prayer

reigns o'er all, reigns o'er all.

p Quartet. *pp*

I bow the knee: With ho - - - ly awe .. my

p *pp*

mf *f*

soul is stirred, For kneeling hosts, un- seen, unheard Are

mf *f*

p

With ho - - - - - ly

kneel-ing here with me, With ho - ly

p *p*

With ho - ly, ho - - - - - ly

my soul..... is stirred.

awe.... my my soul is stirred.

my soul is, my soul.....

CHORUS.—Faster.

mf

The heav-en far a - way, Shines out so pure,

mf

f **Slowly.** *ff*

so sanc - ti - fied As if its gates would o - pen wide.

f *ff*

f Primo Tempo.

This is the Lord's own day, This is the Lord's own day.

f

74

Be Joyful In the Lord.

Ps. C. (May be sung in F.) E. S. Lorenz.

Moderato.

O be joy-ful, O be ye joy-ful, all ye
O be joy-ful in the Lord, all ye lands. be

lands, ... O be joy-ful, O be ye
joy-ful in the Lord. O be joy-ful in the Lord, all ye lands,

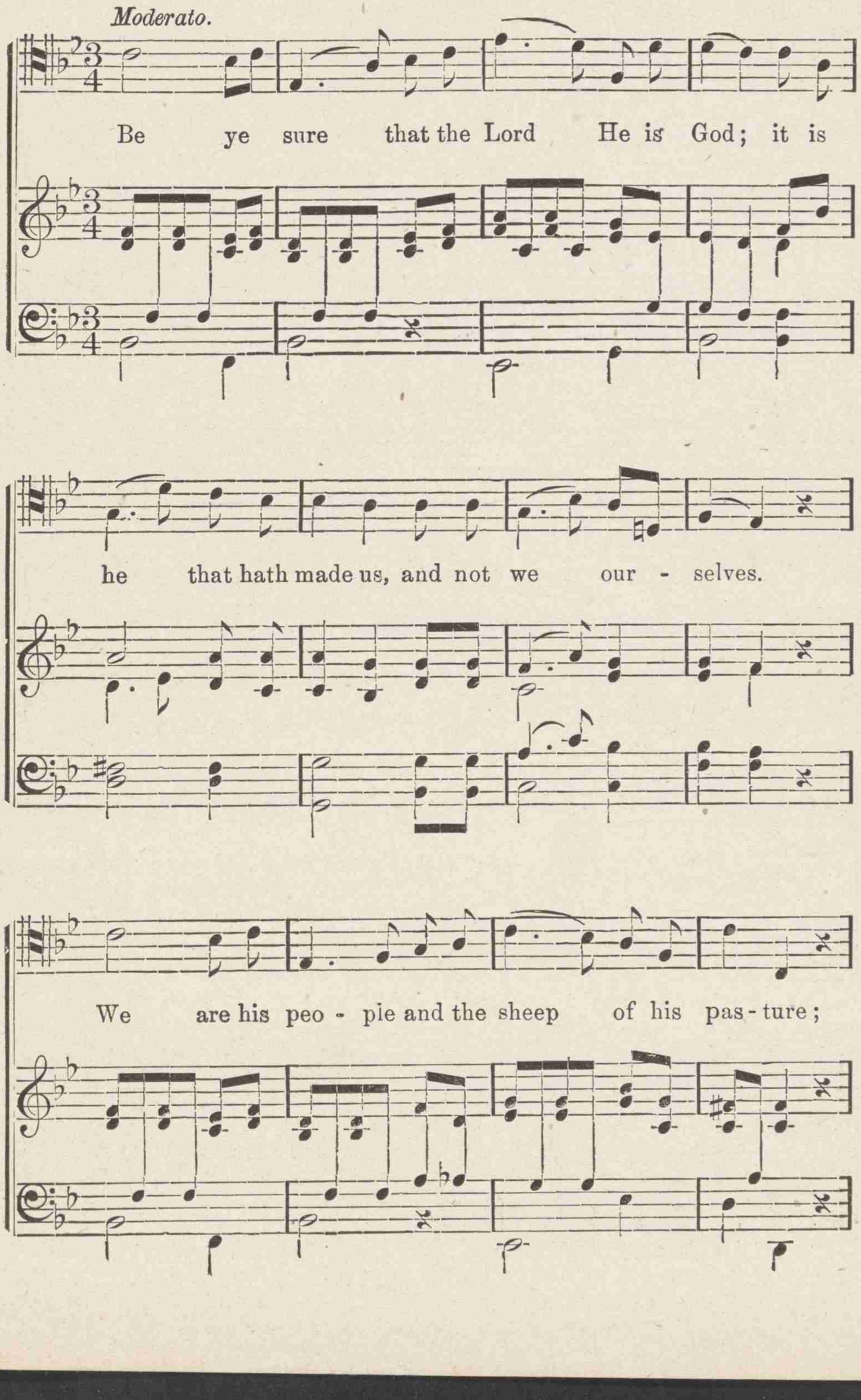
joyful, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with glad - ness and
all ye lands. O serve the Lord with gladness,

come be-fore his pres - ence with a song, ... with a
and come before his presence with a song, with a song,

song, ... and come be - fore his presence with a song.
with a song,

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Moderato.


Be ye sure that the Lord He is God; it is
he that hath made us, and not we our - selves.
We are his peo - pie and the sheep of his pas - ture;

Be Joyful In the Lord.—Continued.

We are his peo - ple and the sheep of his pas-ture.

CHORUS.—Faster.

O go your way..... in-to his gates,..... O go your

f

O go your way... .... in-to his gates,.....

way.....

cres. *ff*

O go your way in - to his gates with thanks-giv - ing and

dim. *cres.*

in - to his courts with praise. Inst.

his courts..... with praise.

2

ff *dim.* *mf* *ff*

giv-ing and in-to his courts with praise, with praise, his courts with praise.

mf

Be ye thank-ful un-to him and speak good of his

Be ye thankful un-to him, and

f *dim.*

name, ... and speak good of his name, speak good of his name.

speak good of his name, 3

mf

Serve the Lord with glad - ness, and come be-

Serve the Lord, O serve the Lord with glad-ness, and come be-fore

mf *cres.*

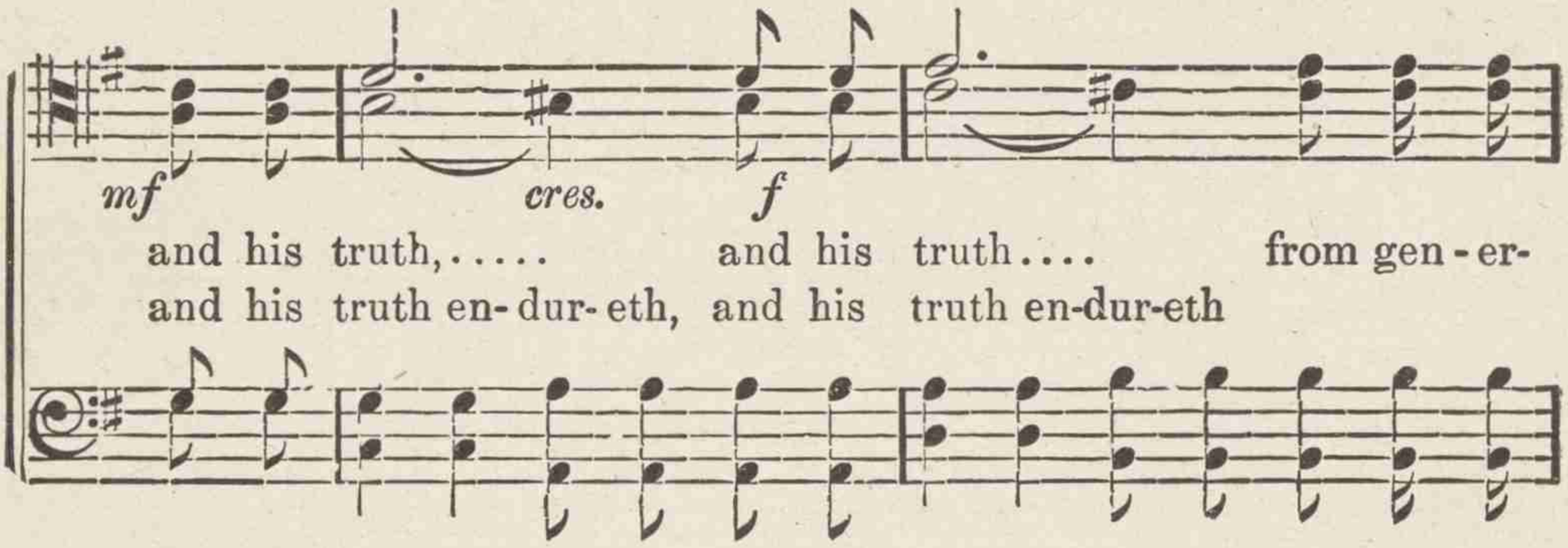
fore his pres - ence with a song, ... with a

his presence with a song, with a song,

Be Joyful In the Lord.—Concluded.









I. H. Breitenbach.

Allegro Maestoso.

ff

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Piu Mossi.

Praise ye the Lord! Praise God in his sanc - tu - a - ry,

Praise him in.... the firm - a- ment of his pow'r.

p

Praise the Lord! for his deeds so migh - ty! Praise the Lord! ac-

p *f* *p*

cres. *f* *p*

cord-ing to his ma - jes- ty! Praise the Lord! with the

Praise Ye the Lord.—Continued.

p

trumpet! Praise the Lord with harp and with psalt'ry!

Praise the

p

Praise the Lord with dance and with tim-brel! Praise him with stringed

f

Lord! Praise the Lord!

instruments and organs! Praise the Lord up-on the cymbals! Praise the

Praise the

Lord on the high sound-ing cymbal, Let ev -'ry

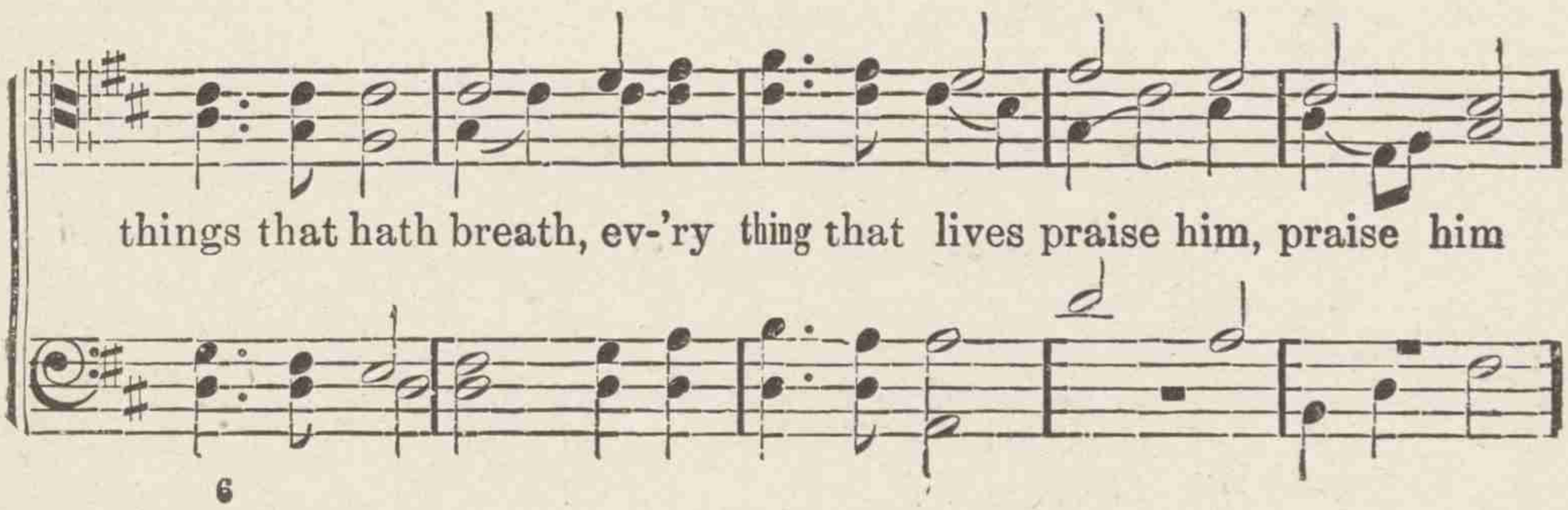
Lord on the high sounding cym-bals!

thing that hath breath praise the Lord! Let ev -'ry thing that hath

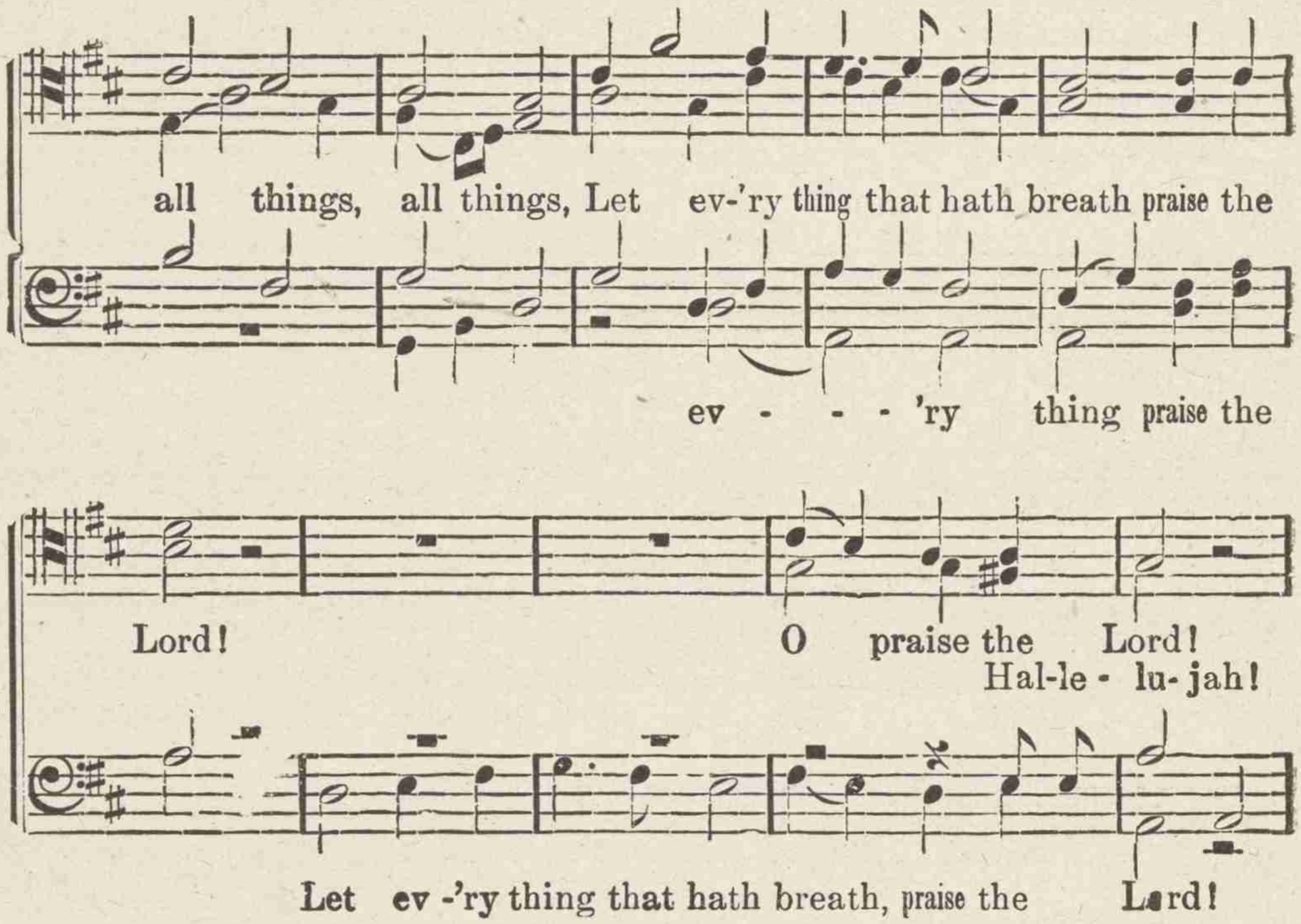

breath, praise the Lord! Let ev -'ry thing that hath breath praise the

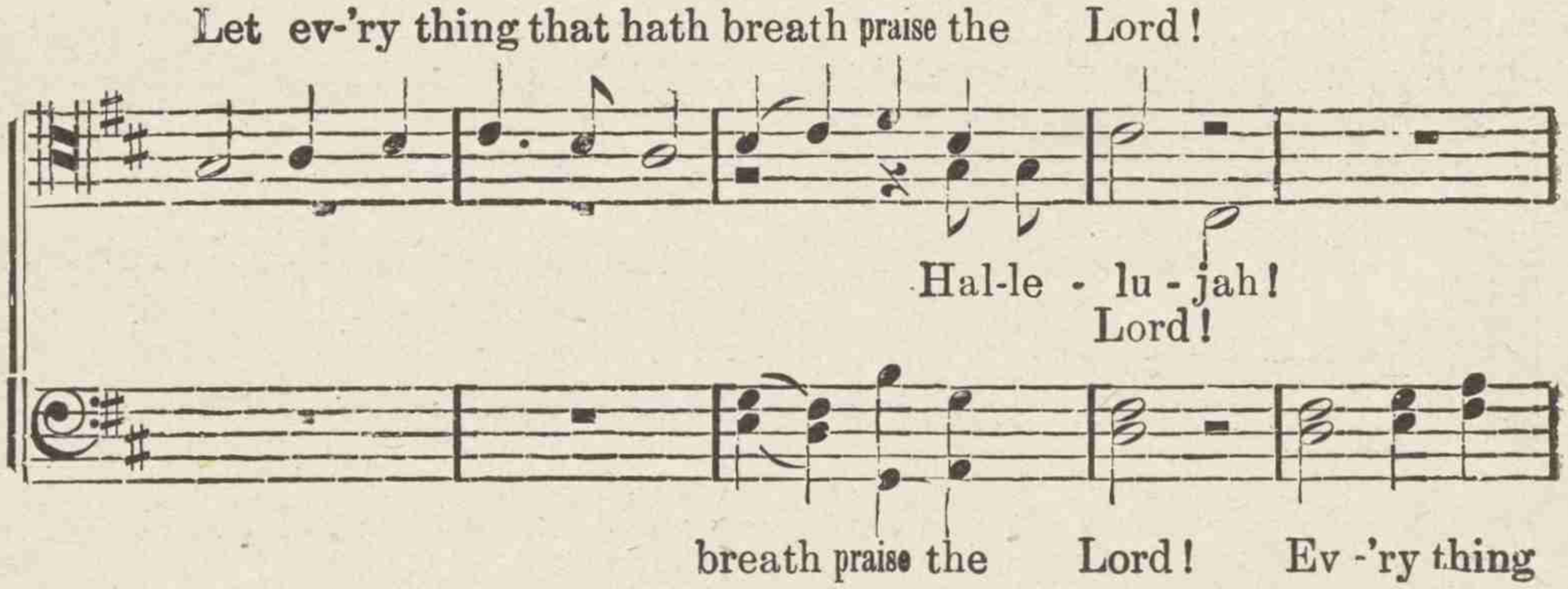

Let ev'ry thing that hath
Let ev-'ry thing that hath breath, praise the Lord! Let..... us
Let..... us all praise the Lord! Let all that hath


breath, praise the Lord, praise, praise the Lord! praise him! Let ev-'ry
Let ev-'ry thing that hath breath praise the Lord ev-'ry


things that hath breath, ev-'ry thing that lives praise him, praise him

Praise Ye the Lord.—Continued.







Lord Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu- jah!

lu - - jah! Hal-le- lu- jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

Hal-le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Ev - 'ry thing praise the Lord!

Hal- le - lu - jah! Ev -'ry thing praise the Lord, Hal- le - lu-

jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu- jah! Hal- le - lu - jah!

Let ev-'ry thing that hath breath, praise the Lord! Hal-le - lu - jah!

What a Comforter.

NOTE.—This can be sung as a solo with accompaniment of a male quartet. The gentlemen must be humble, giving the soprano a good hearing. The stanza may be sung as a solo simply, having a male quartet assist on the chorus.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. E. S. LORENZ.

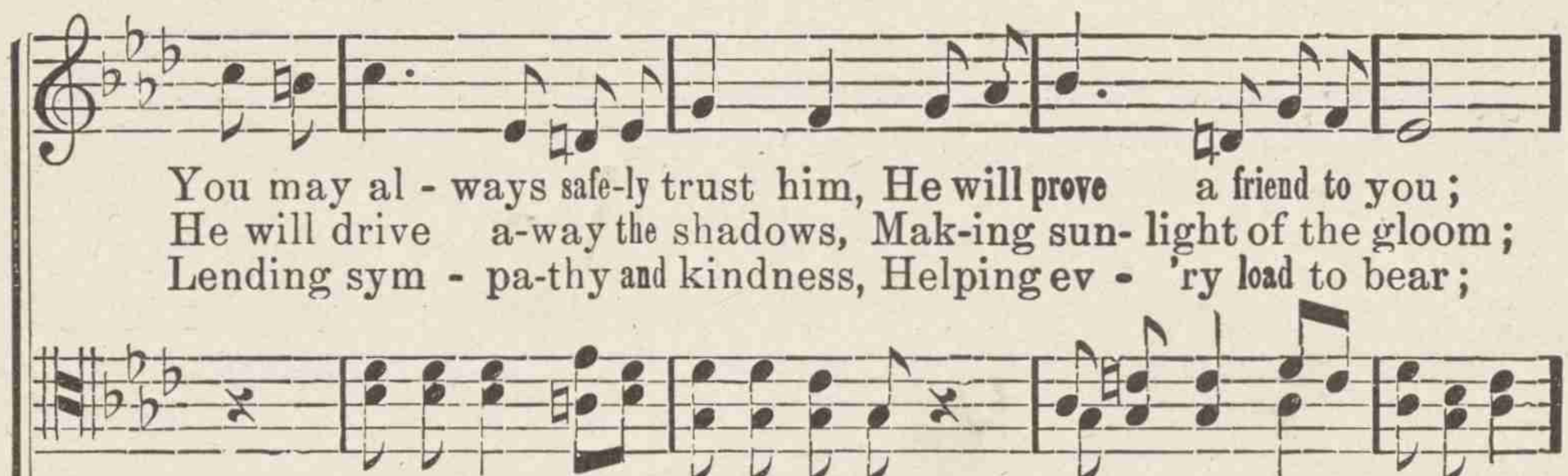
Soprano Solo.



1. What a com - fort-er is Je-sus, Tender, lov- ing, strong and true;
2. What a com - fort-er is Je-sus! Though your path in darkness loom,
3. What a com - fort-er is Je-sus, Ban-ishing each anxious care—



What a com - fort-er is Je-sus, tender, lov-ing, strong and true;



You may al - ways safe-ly trust him, He will prove a friend to you;
He will drive a-way the shadows, Mak-ing sun- light of the gloom;
Lending sym - pa-thy and kindness, Helping ev - 'ry load to bear;



You may al - ways safe-ly trust him, He will prove a friend to you;



When your way is sad and lone - ly, Pitying arms are round you thrown;
Bringing peace to hearts in an-guish, Sooth-ing ev - 'ry troubled breast,
Oh, his bless - ed con-so-la - tion! Oh, his love supreme and free!



When your way is sad and lonely, Pitying arms are round you thrown;

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He who trusts the love of Je-sus Nev-er feels himself a-lone.
Whisp'ring words of sweet compassion, Lifting hopes, by sin repressed.
What a com - fort - er is Je-sus! What a friend to you and me.
He who trusts the love of Je-sus, Never feels him - self a-lone.

CHORUS.

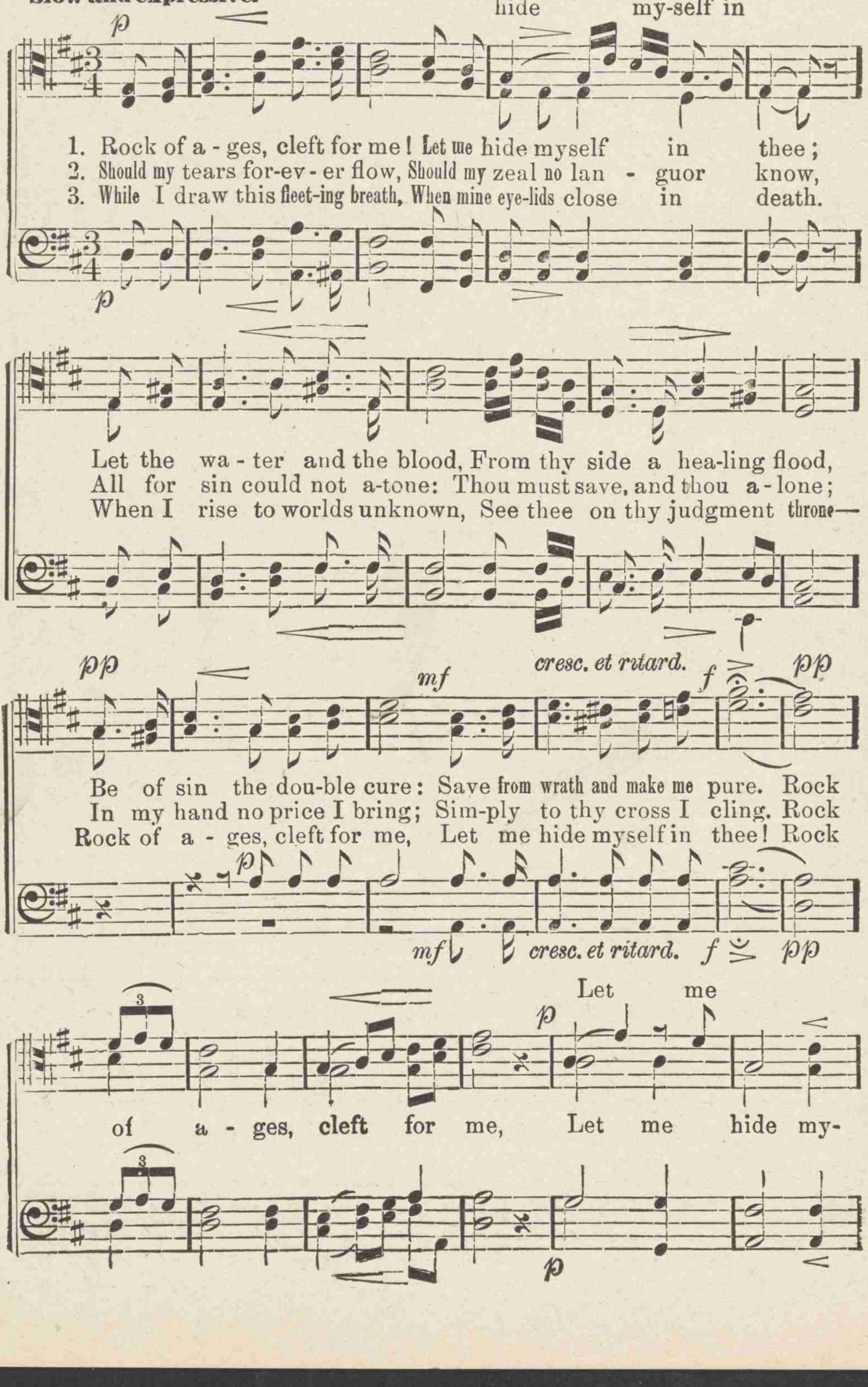

What a com - fort-er is Jesus, Though the world may faithless prove;
What a comforter is Je-sus, Though the world may faithless prove;


Rit.
Once a friend, a friend forev-er-naught can change his wondrous love.
Once a friend, friend forev-er— Naught can change his wondrous love.

Rock of Ages.

FR. ABT.

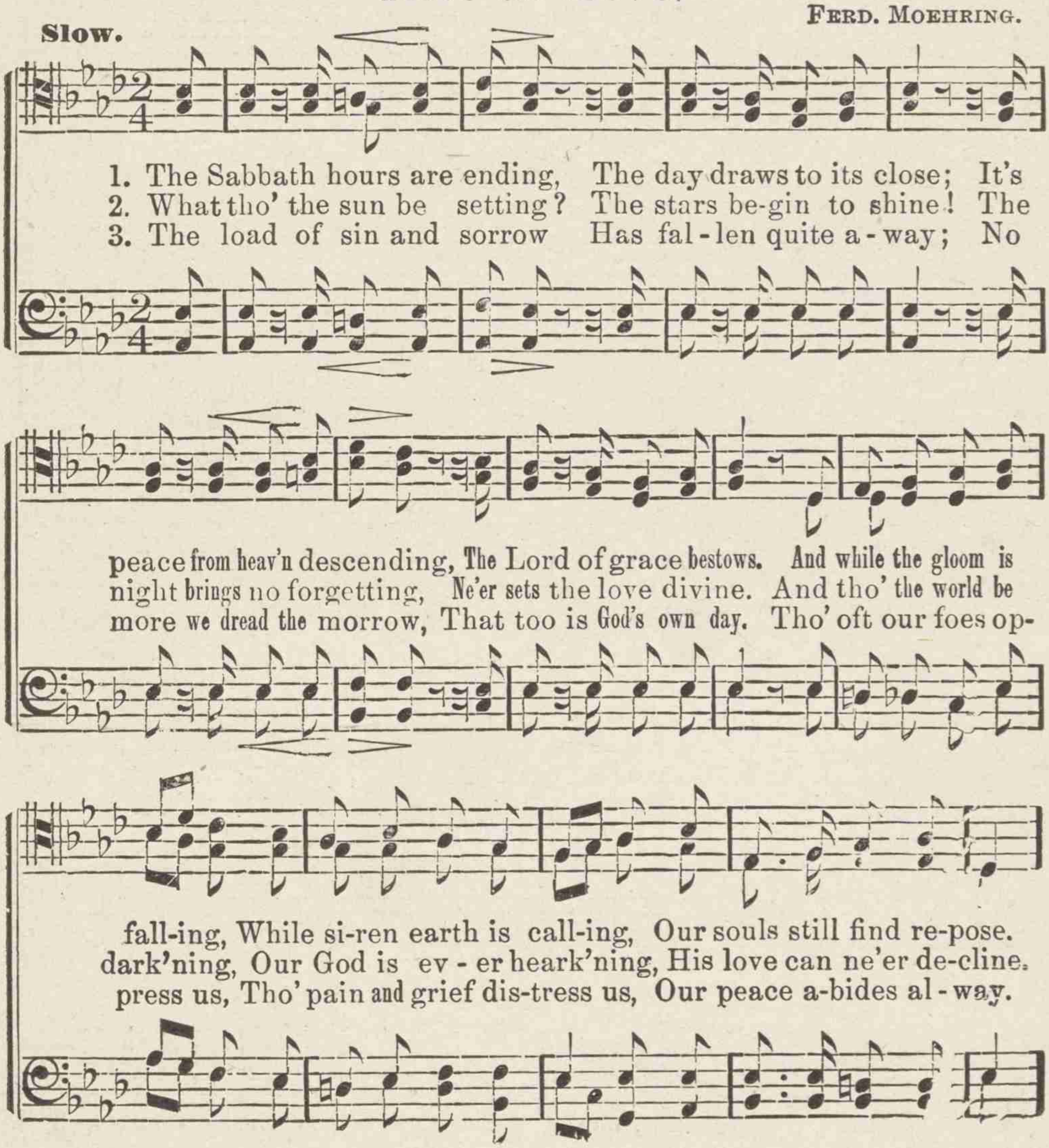
Slow and expressive.





Rest in Love.

FERD. MOEHRING.



Rest in Love.—Continued.

pp

Love and peace, love and peace,

pp

Love and peace,

I. Bass Solo.

Rest in love, rest in

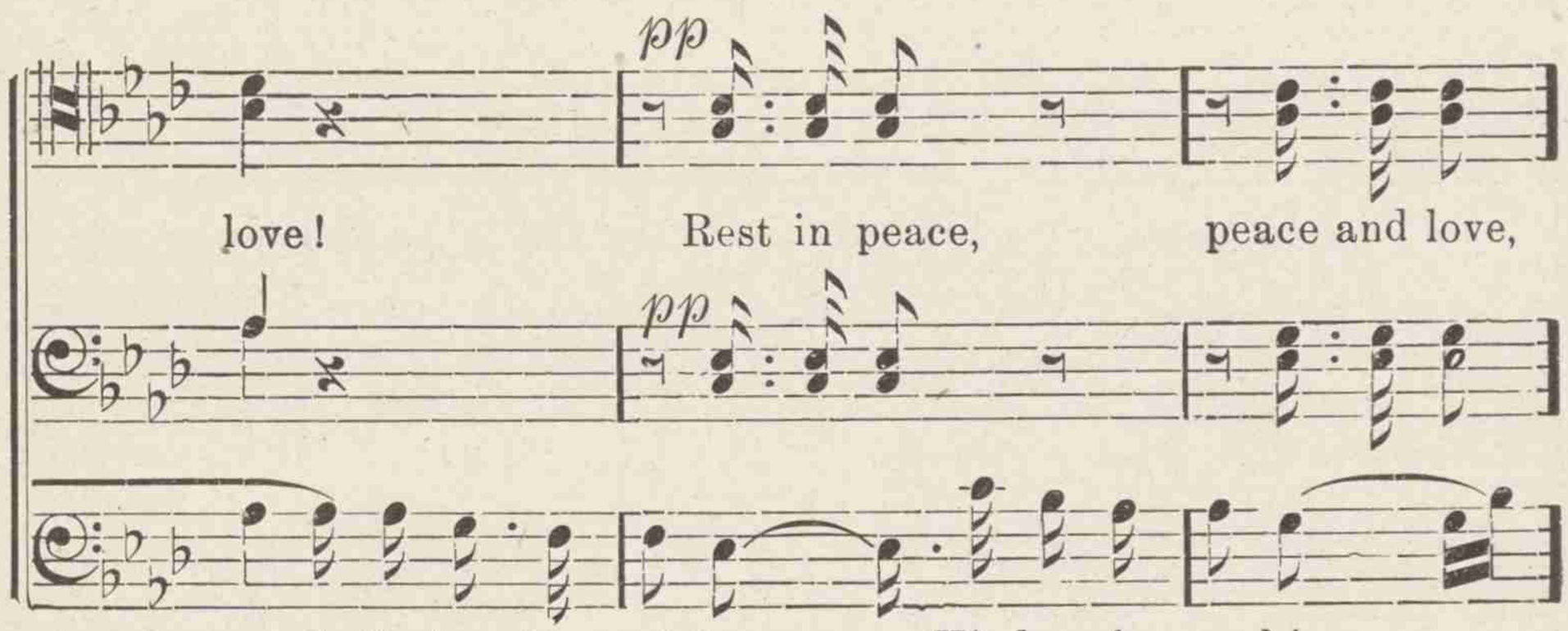
love and peace, rest in peace,

peace! For then all thy sor-row shall cease! Rest in

Rest in love, love and peace,

love, rest in peace. For then all thy sorrows shall


f
all shall cease! Peace and love, peace and
cease! Rest in peace, rest in love,


pp
love! Rest in peace, peace and love,
pp
God's love is watch-ing, His love is guard-ing


ritard.
rest in peace, peace and love!
ritard.
from a - bove! Rest in love!

90

Wherewithal?

Ps. 119: 9.

E. S. Lorenz.

Wherewithal, **wherewithal,** shall a young man cleanse his way? Wherewithal,

wherewithal, shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed, by taking

heed thereto, by taking heed, by taking heed thereto, by

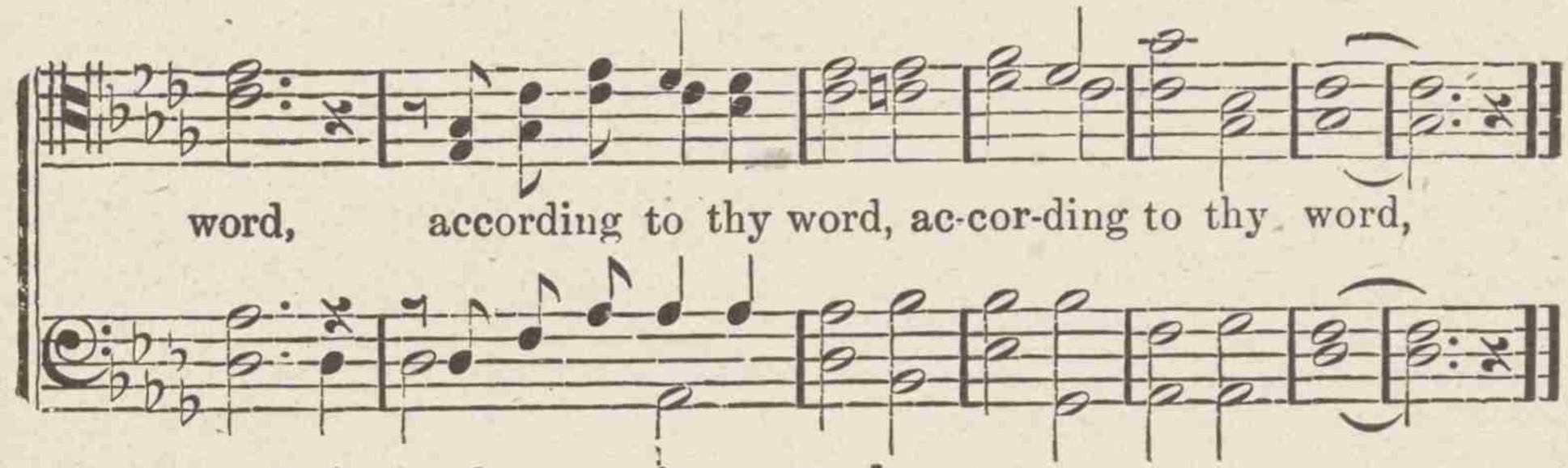
taking heed, by taking heed thereto, according to.....

according

..... ac-cord-ing to thy word; ac-cord-ing to thy

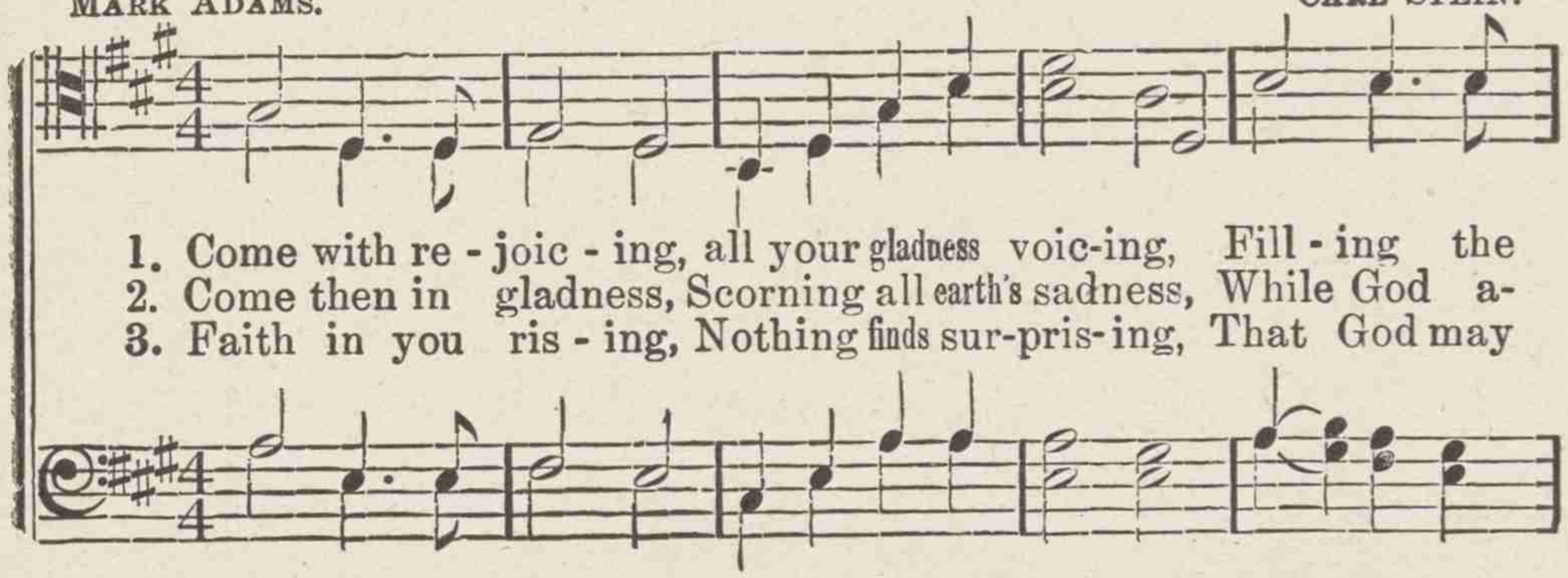
to..... thy word, thy word, thy

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Come With Rejoicing.

MARK ADAMS. CARL STEIN.







92

God Bless You All!

C. STEIN.

Andante.

p *sf*

God bless you all, bless you all! His blessings
God bless you all! .....

p *p* *sf*

God bless you all! .....

p *p*

fall on you as we, as we are part - ing. God bless you

p

we, as we are part - ing.

p *mf* *sf*

God bless you all! His blessings fall on
His blessings fall.....
His blessings fall

p *pp*

Solo. (*recitative.*)

you, on you as we're part - - ing. May his strong

p *pp*

p Tutti.

arm still up-hold you, and his mer-cy en - fold..... you, and his

p

Tutti.

cresc. p f

mer - cy, his mer - cy en - fold..... you! God bless you

cresc. p f

mer - cy en - fold.... you!

p sf p God bless you

all! His blessings fall, and l s mer-cy en - fold you! God bless you

sf p

God bless you

all! ..... God bless you all! God bless you all!

rallent. pp

all! God bless you all! Bless you all! God bless you all! Bless you all!

rallent. pp

all! .....

Home, Sweet Home.

ANNA L. FISTLER. German.

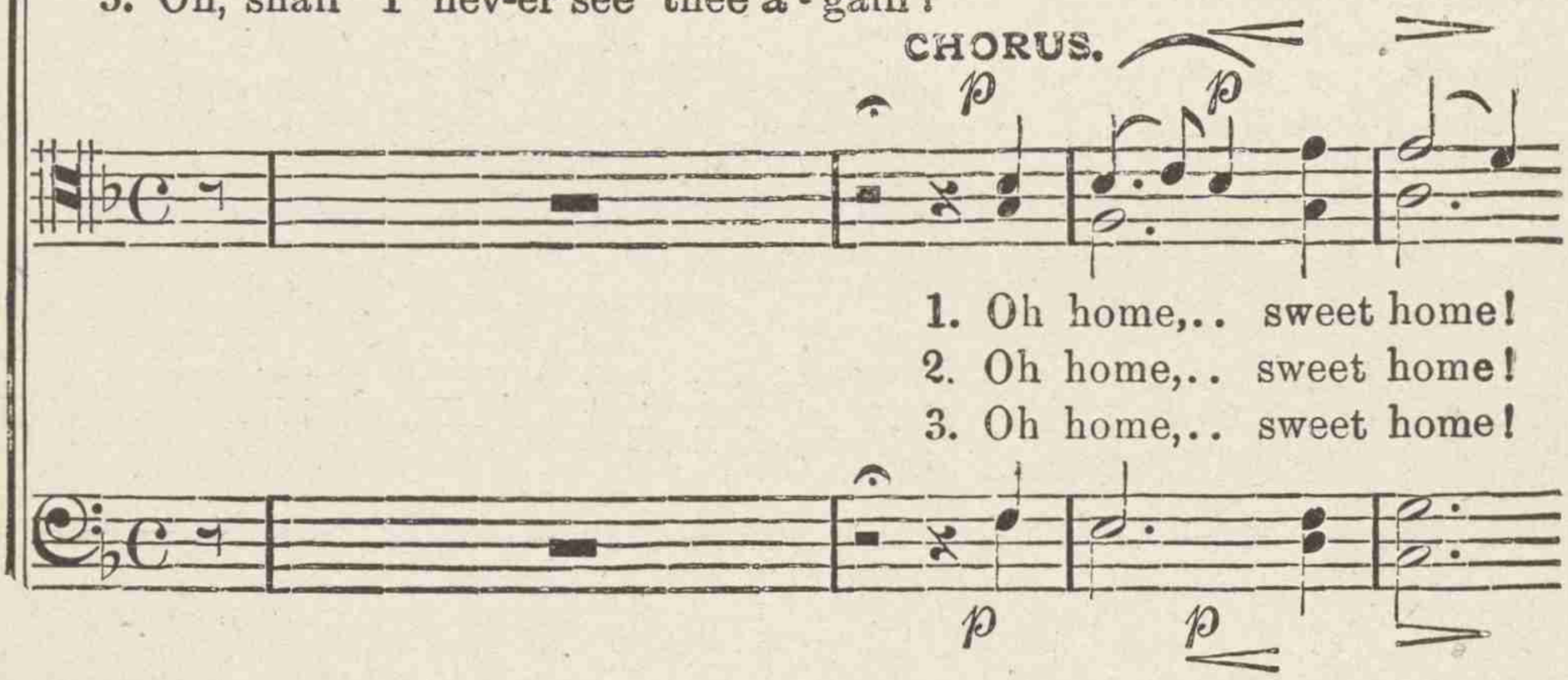
Andante.

Bass Solo.



1. How long must I live a - far from thee?
2. Ah, what can comfort my lonely heart?
3. Oh, shall I nev-er see thee a - gain?

CHORUS.



1. Oh home,.. sweet home!
2. Oh home,.. sweet home!
3. Oh home,.. sweet home!



In vain have I hungered and longed there to be, My
What qui - et my longing while from thee a-part, Or
A - las! life with-out thee holds nothing but pain,— What



Oh home, sweet
Oh home, sweet
Oh home, sweet

heart pines in vain the dear place to see. Oh home, sweet
dry the so hot bit-ter tears that start? Oh home, sweet
once were my joys now seem empty and vain; Oh home, sweet

home!..... Oh home, sweet home!....

home! Oh home, sweet home!..... Oh

Oh home, sweet home!.... Oh home, sweet home!

home,..... sweet home,..... sweet home!

Oh home, sweet home! sweet home!

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Aggressive Songs.

* * *

1 Are You Living for the Lord?

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. E. S. Lorenz.



1. Live for Him who died to save you From sin's baleful curse and pow'r;
2. Sitting at the feet of Je - sus, Learn from him the word of truth;
3. Bringing succor to the need - y, Com-fort-ing the sad, the lone,
4. Do- ing hum-ble, dai - ly du - ties, Faith-ful! - y as un - to Him,





Live for Him who all things gave you And who keeps you ev'ry hour.
Find the chart to guide your go-ings, Bless-ed guide for age and youth.
Giv-ing many a cup of wat-er To some loved one of His own:
Serving with your true heart service Till the day of life is dim:



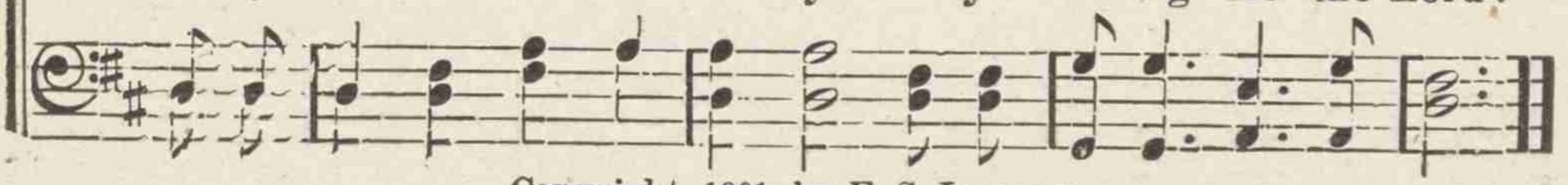
CHORUS.



Are you liv-ing for the Lord? Are you liv-ing for the Lord?



On-ly life for him is worthy: Are you liv-ing for the Lord?



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Shall Angels Sing O'er You?

W. C. MARTIN. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. There is joy among the Angels When a soul in born a-new,
2. Je-sus sees your heavy burden, Sees you weary and distressed,
3. Days of grace will soon be ended, Bring your sins to him to-day;

When a sin-ner turns, to Je-sus: Shall they sing in heav'n o'er you?
And he kind-ly calls you to him, Kind-ly offers peace and rest.
Tho' they be as red as crimson, He will wash them all a-way

CHORUS.

Shall they sing..... o - ver you? Shall they
Shall they sing in heav'n, shall they sing in heav'n o'er you?

sing..... o - ver you? Will you not accept sal-
Shall they sing in heav'n, shall they sing in heav'n o'er you?

va-tion While they sing in heav'n o'er you?
While they sing in heav'n o'er you?

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Share Your Blessings.

E. S. L. E. S. Lorenz.

1. You have heard the message of peace and love, In your heart is hope
2. If with love and zeal now your heart is filled, If the Master's voice
3. O'er the ocean wide lands in darkness lie, Sin and death are bus-

of a home a - bove, Now the Lord is calling, Clear his
all your soul has thrilled; If the light is shining, All your
y, the mill - ions die; Still the Lord is call - ing, Stern his

CHORUS.

accents falling, Share, gladly share your blessings! Share your blessings
love refining, Share, gladly share your blessings!
accents falling, Share, gladly share your blessings!

with the sons of need; Share your blessings, hear the Master plead;

Share your blessings, help with word and deed; Share, gladly share your blessings.

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4 Find the Work Waiting for You.

MRS. LANTA WILSON SMITH. E. S. LORENZ.

1. God plans for his children a mission be - low, Your life work no oth-
2. The an-gels might en - vy the pow'r you possess To make the world no -
3. The careworn and weary, the tempted and sad, Whose comforts and pleas-
4. There's much to be done for the sin weary world, Each impulse of good

er can do; O wake to the ser - vice of du - ty and love, Go
ble and true, To hasten the kingdom of God among men; Go
ures are few, Are needing the hand that will strengthen and bless, Go
to re - new; Go lighten life's burdens, go res - cue the lost, Go

find the work, find the work waiting for you! CHORUS.

find the work waiting for you!..... Go find the work waiting for
find the work, find the work waiting for you! find the work

you!.... Go find the work waiting for you!.... To -
waiting for you! find the work waiting for you!

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Find the Work Waiting for You.—Concluded.

find the work waiting for you!

day the world needs the balm of good deeds, Go find the work waiting for you!....

find the work waiting for you!

Only Ask Him.

E. R. LATTA. GEO. E. MYERS.

1. Would you be a child of Je - sus? On - ly ask him!
2. Would you feel the Sav - ior near you? On - ly ask him!
3. Would you be an heir of glo - ry? On - ly ask him!

For the love that nev - er ceas - es On - ly ask him!
He'll ac - com - pa - ny and cheer you! On - ly ask him!
He will show the way be - fore you! On - ly ask him!

CHORUS.

Ask in faith, his word be - liev - ing, Not the Ho - ly Spir - it grieving; And rejoice in the re-ceiv - ing! On - ly ask him!

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More and More.

MRS. J. G. BURROUGHS. J. H. TENNEY.



1. In the foot-steps of our Sav - ior, We would walk from day to day,
2. In - to fur - na-ces of tri - al With our Je - sus we will go;
3. Bearing scorn in meek submission, Giving love for cru - el hate;
4. Ev - er up - ward, onward go - ing, Never, nev - er stand-ing still;



Seeking naught of earthly hon-or, Turning from its gems a - way.
Al-ways blest in be - ing with him, Just his own sweet will to know.
Ever blessing those who curse him, And content in a - ny state.
Always read - y for his bidding, Glad his counsels to ful - fill

CHORUS.



More and more his friendship knowing, More and more in wisdom growing,
More and more More and more



More and more his spir - it showing, More and more from day to day.



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Because he Promises Me. 7

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. E. S. LORENZ.

1. When I am passing thro' waters chill, When painful trials I see,
2. In times of sorrow and sore distress, He hears and answers my plea;
3. What-ev - er troubles my life be - fall, My "present help" he will be;
4. I give to Je-sus my eve-ry care, From anxious thought I am free;

I know my Savior upholds me still, Because he promises me.
My lov-ing Savior is glad to bless, Because he promises me.
His love will carry me safe thro' all, Because he promises me.
Assured that he will my burdens bear, Because he promises me.

CHORUS.

Because he promises me!.... Because he promises me!....
promises me! prom-is es me!

He'll never forsake me, Whatever o'er-take me, Because he promises me!

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We Must Answer to our Names.

JENNIE WILSON. E. S. LORENZ.

Not too fast.

1. There's a solemn day approaching When before the great white throne
2. 'Mid the sorrows and the pleasures, 'Mid the shadows and the light,
3. Fast the day of life is fleet-ing, Soon the shades of death will fall;
4. Let us now be true to Je - sus, Do - ing all his bless-ed will,

Countless mul-ti-tudes from ev - 'ry clime Shall meet a-bove the sky;
Swiftly com-ing, swift-ly go - ing, As our earth-ly moments fly,
Soon the scenes of time will van-ish, As e - ter - ni - ty draws nigh;
Till his gen - tle voice shall call us, To the joys that nev-er die;

As the judgment book is opened And all secrets are made known,
Let us ev - er - more re-mem-ber, Standing in God's ho - ly sight,
Summoned to that great tri - bu - nal, By the sounding trumpet's call,
Then his precious words of welcome Shall our souls with rapture thrill,

We must an-swer to our names When the roll is called on high.
We must an-swer to our names When the roll is called on high.
We must an-swer to our names When the roll is called on high.
We must an-swer to our names When the roll is called on high.

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CHORUS.

When the roll is called on high, When the roll is called on high,

In the presence of the ang-els We must an-swer by and by.

The Shining Way.

L. A. MORRISON. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

1. Day now is clos-ing, My jour-ney end-eth,, His glo-ry
2. My dear Re-deem-er, Thy fav-ors fold me! A-round me
3. How bright my years were! Yet Je-sus found me, This all my

flam-eth O'er spire and spray;.... In love's re-pos-ing
gent-ly Life's zeph-yrs play;..... There is no val-ley,
sto-ry Is— Christ is mine!... How few my fears are!

My soul as-cend-eth Toward heavenly mansions, A shin-ing way.
There is no shad-ow I'm go-ing homeward, A shin-ing way.
Close all a-ronnd me He keeps the glo-ry Of love di-vine.

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The Victor's Crown.

REV. WM. APPEL. CHAS. GABRIEL.

1. Praise the Lord the strife is o - ver And the fight of faith is done,
2. Praise the Lord my course is finished And my race is du - ly run,
3. I have kept the faith of Je - sus, Tho' the hosts of hell assailed,

Hal - le - lu - jah for the ar - mor of the Lord; By his
I have pressed towards the mark that is be - fore; Now I
And the storm - y waves of sin did wild - ly roll; Tho' the

grace I stand triumphant and the vic - to - ry is won; Hal - le -
see the prize in splendor brightly gleaming in the sun; 'Tis my
foes of righteousness be - set me they have not prevailed, For the

O the crown.....
CHORUS. At his feet..... .....

lu - jah for the Spir-it and the sword. O the ev - er - last-ing crown,
own, thro' grace divine for-ev - er-more. At his feet when he appears,
Lord of hosts gave vict'ry to my soul.

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the crown of glo - ry bright, Hal - le - lu - - - - jah!
we'll lay our troph - ies down And re- 1

the crown of glo - ry bright, Hal - le - lu - jah! for the crown
we'll lay our troph - ies down And re - (*omit.*)

vict -'ry is in sight.
2

and vic-t'ry is in sight! ceive the vic-tor's shin - ing crown!

Thy Love to Me.

MRS. MARY C. GATES. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Thy love to me, O Christ, Thy love to me, Not mine to
2. Let me more clear-ly trace, Thy love to me, See in the

thee, I plead, Not mine to thee! This is my comfort strong, This is my
Father's face, His love to thee. Know as he loves the Son, So dost thou

on - ly song, Thy love to me, to me, Thy love to me.
love thine own, Thy ..... love to me, Thy love to me.

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12

The Best Friend of All.

BIRDIE BELL. J. S. FEARIS.



1. O, Je - sus is the dearest friend,(the dearest friend,) That a - ny
2. O, Je - sus is the kindest friend,(the kindest friend,) His ten - der
3. O, Je - sus is the greatest friend,(the greatest friend,) The Son of





longing soul may find; His priceless val - ue has no end,(it has no end,)
touch, his gentle voice, To all the world in love extend,(in love extend)
God, our gracious king; We'll on his mighty strength de-pend,(on his strength depend)



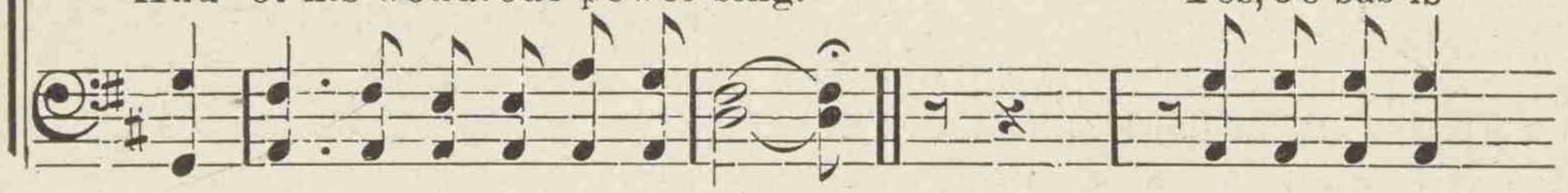
tender kindness hath no end,(it hath no end,)

FINE.

CHORUS.



His heart is full of pi - ty kind. Yes, Je-sus is..... our
He makes the lonely heart re - joice.
And of his wondrous power sing. Yes, Je-sus is



His pow'r can make the vilest clean.



dearest friend, Upon his love and truth we lean, His
our dearest friend,

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When Jesus Knocks.

Mrs. H. D. Carmichael. J. H. Tenney.

Slowly, with expression.

1. When Je - sus knocks,..... our startled eyes..... See cherished
2. He knocks a - gain ..... and long-ing eyes..... Catch a sweet
3. When Je - sus knocks,..... sometimes we see..... But wea - ry
4. When Je - sus knocks,..... oh heart of mine,..... Grieve not the

When Je - sus knocks, our startled eyes, See

sins ..... in loathsome guise; The e - vil thought,.....we
glimpse.... of Par - a - dise, Of "pastures green".....of
pil - grim guest, may be, No food and shel - - ter
mes - - sen - ger di - vine; Say not to him,....."some
cherished sins in loathsome guise; The e - vil thought

scarce confessed, Crawls out and mocks..... us with the rest,
"wat-ers still," And an - gel pin - ions fan and thrill,
crav-eth he,..... "Give me thine heart".... the on - ly plea,
oth - er day".... The gracious time.. .. may pass a-way,
We scarce confessed,— Crawls out and mocks us with the rest,

Very slowly and softly.

When Je - sus knocks, When Je - sus knocks.
When Je - sus knocks,

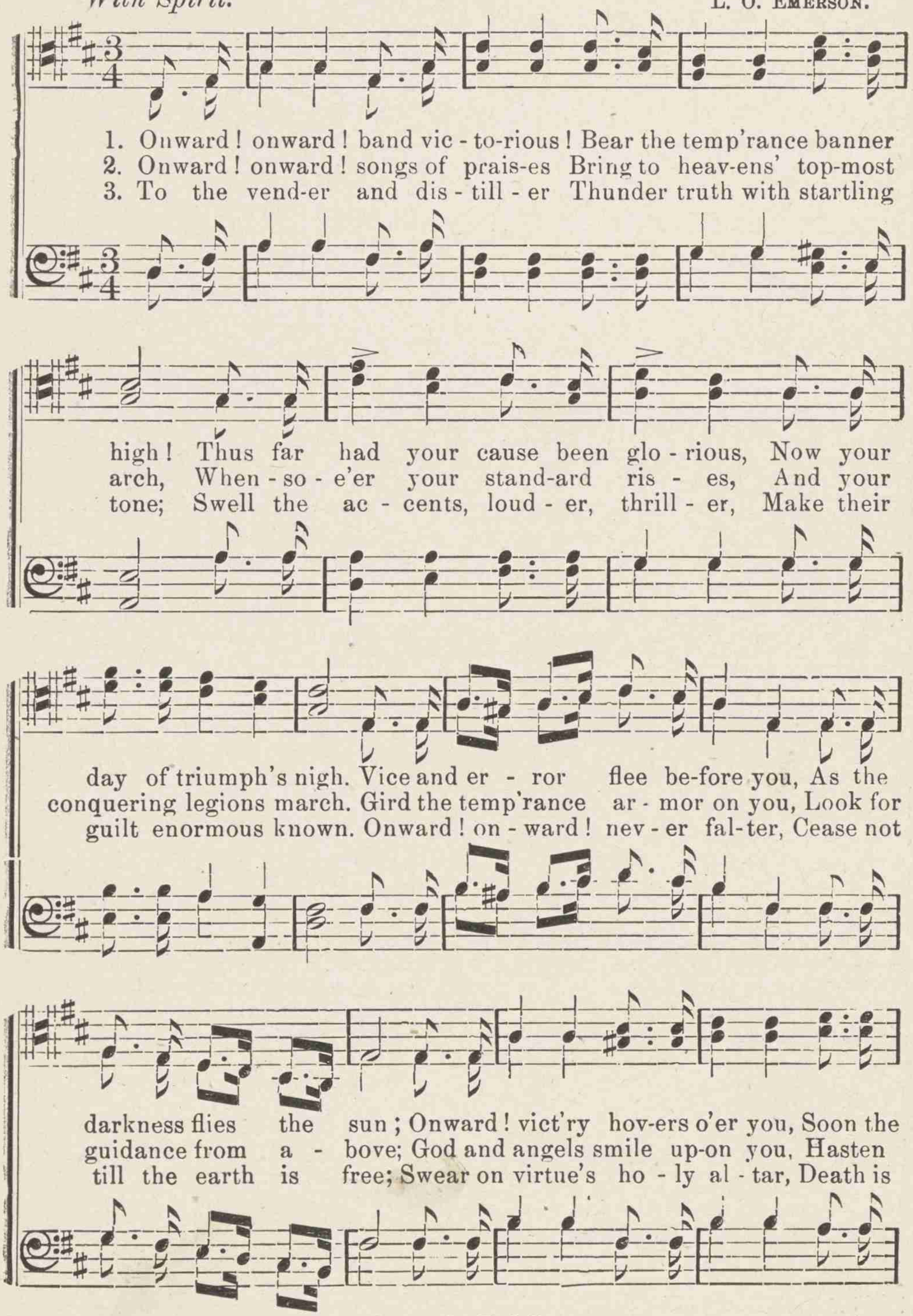
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On to Victory.

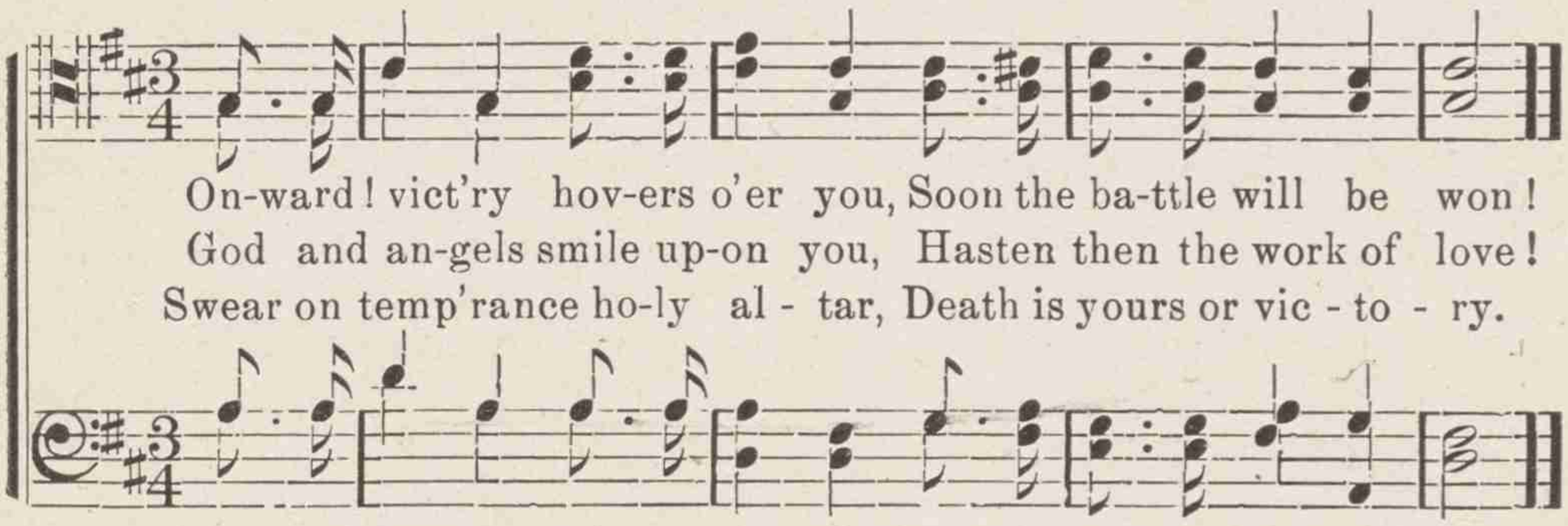
With Spirit.

L. O. EMERSON.



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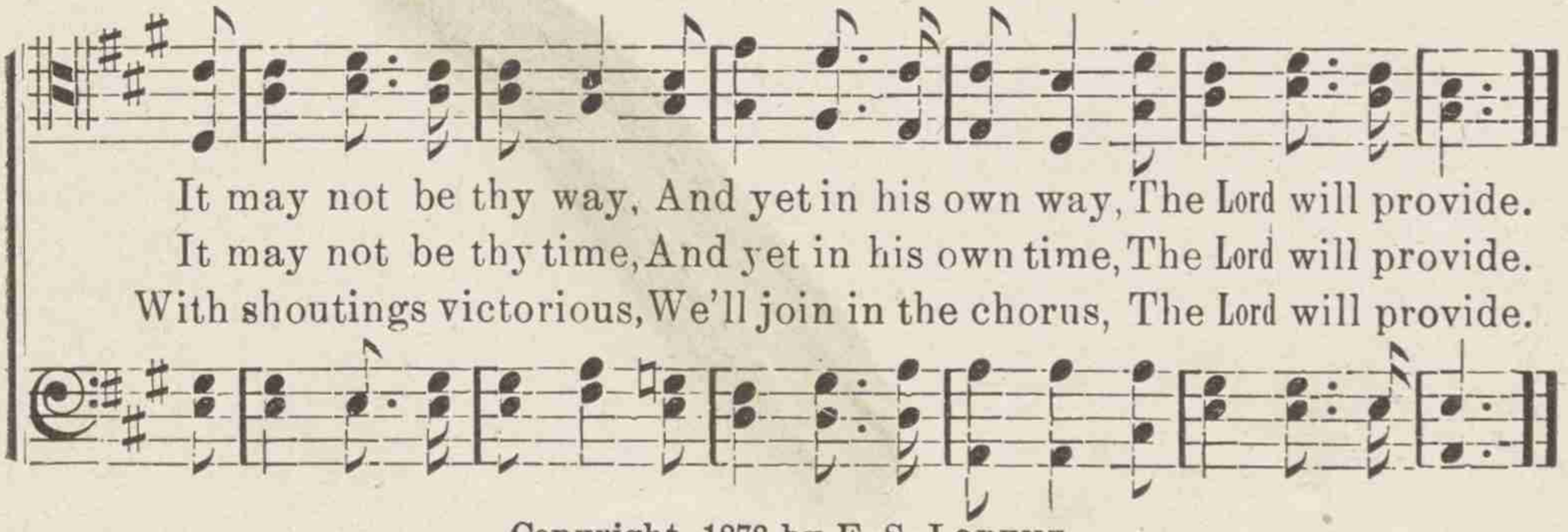


The Lord Will Provide.

MRS. A. W. COOK. E. S. LORENZ.

Melody in the second tenor.





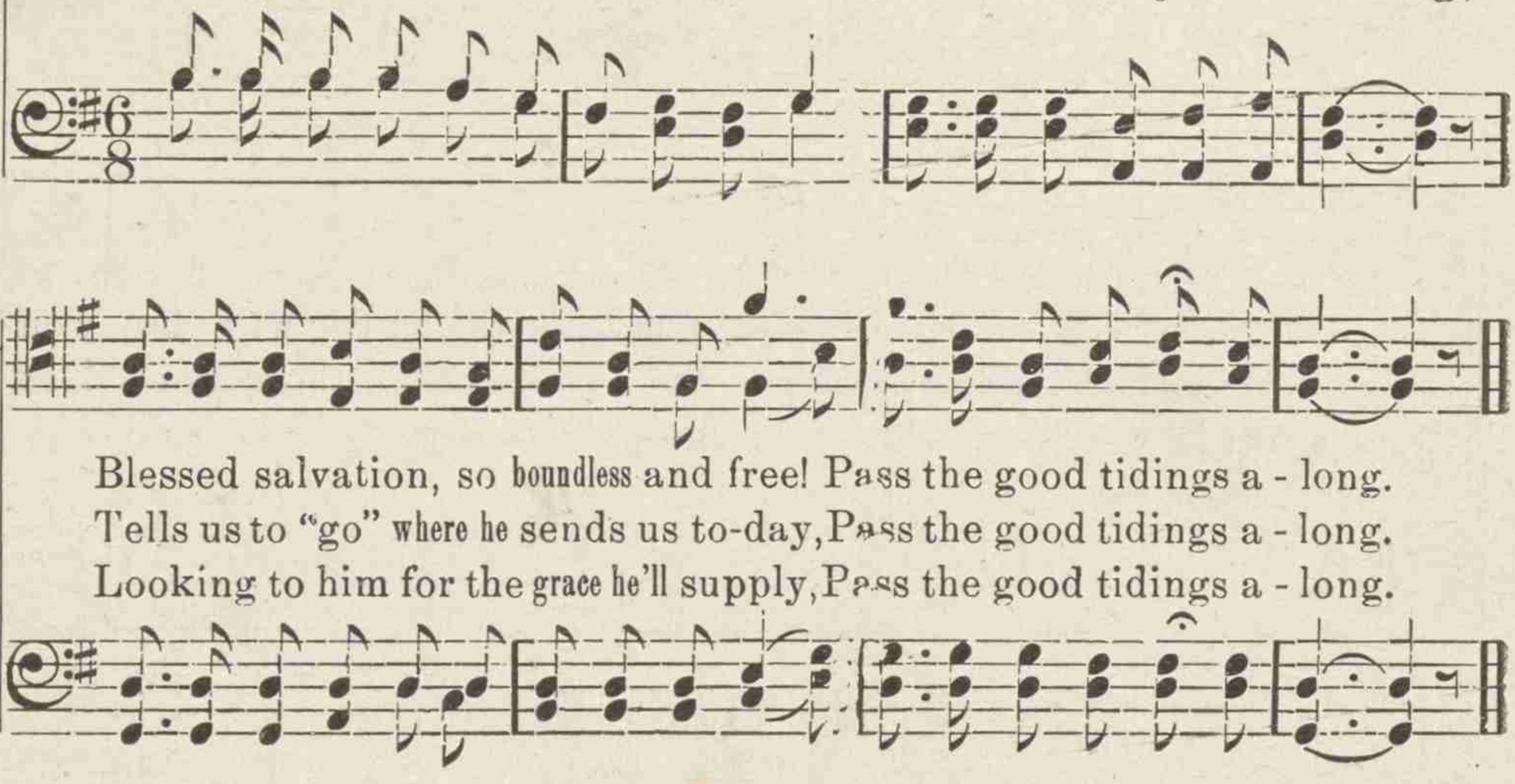
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16 Pass the Good Tidings Along.

G. E. HEWITT. J. S. FEARIS.



1. Send the glad tidings far o-ver the sea, E-cho the sweet angels' song ;
2. Jesus, who came from his home far away, Bent on a mission of love,
3. Trusting our Saviour, who reigneth on high, We in his strength shall be strong;

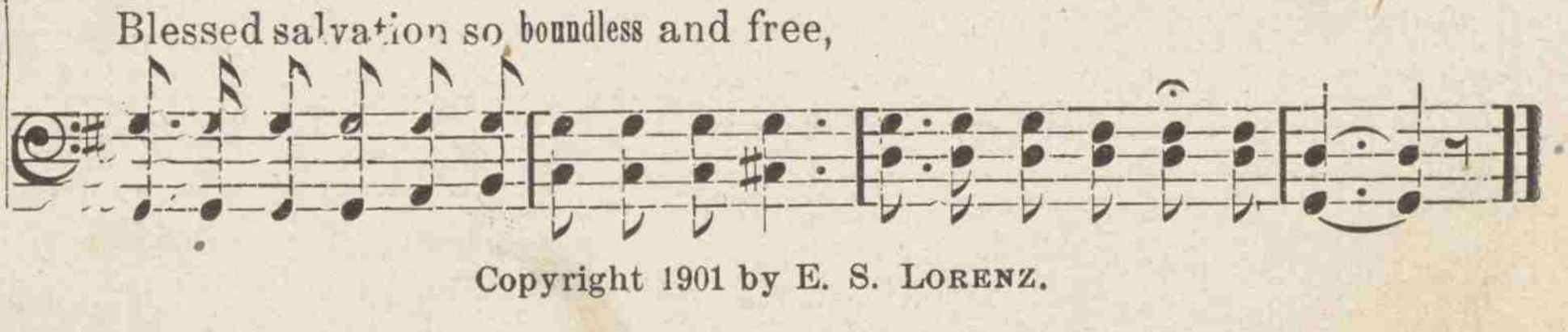


Blessed salvation, so boundless and free! Pass the good tidings a - long.
Tells us to "go" where he sends us to-day, Pass the good tidings a - long.
Looking to him for the grace he'll supply, Pass the good tidings a - long.



CHORUS.

Pass the good tidings a-long, Pass the good tidings a - long,
Pass the good tidings a-long,



Pass the good tid - ings, Pass the good tidings a-long.
Blessed salvation so boundless and free,



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Answer Yes to the Spirit.

JENNIE WILSON. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Hearken now to the voice of the Spir - it, That is call - ing to life
2. He will give you a peace passing knowledge, And a glad-ness un-told
3. Yield, oh, yield to the Spirit's en-trea - ty, And no longer God's mer-

and light. You have oft answered no to his plead-ing, Oh, my
be - stow. When so sweet are the joys that he of - fers, Can you
cy slight. As he asks you to turn to the Sav - ior, Won't you

CHORUS.

broth-er, say yes to - night. Answer yes! yes! to the Spir-it!
still to his call say no?
free - ly say yes to - night?

yes!

Answer yes! yes to the Spir - it tonight! Do not grieve him a -

yes!

way And lose heaven for aye, Answer yes to the Spirit to-night!

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18

Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. S. M. CHASE.

Moderato.

1. Just as I am ..... with-out one plea,.....
2. Just as I am ..... and wait-ing not,.....
3. Just as I am .... thou wilt re - ceive,.....

But that thy blood ..... was shed for me;..... .....
To rid my soul ..... of one dark blot,.....
Wilt welcome par - - don, cleanse re - lieve;.....

And that thou bidst .... me come to thee,.....
To thee whose blood ..... can cleanse each spot,.....
Be-cause thy prom - - ise I be - lieve,.....

O Lamb of God, ... I come, I come.....
O Lamb of God, ... I come, I come.....
O Lamb of God, ... I come, I come.....

rit.

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A tempo.

I come, (I come!) I come, (I come!) O Lamb of God, I come! (I come!) I

come, (I come,) I come, (I come,) O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

To Make Men Free.

Mrs. Frank Breck. John Tibbals.

1. We're a joy - ful temp'rance band, (temp'rance band,) Working on with
2. We will love the good and true, (good and true,) Right we ev - er
3. We would make temptations less, (make them less,) Seeking peace and

:S:

heart and hand, (heart and hand,) To stay the curse in our fair land—
will pur - sue, (will pur-sue,) Tho' 'tis not much that we can do,
righteousness, (righteousness,) Oh! we will try the world to bless,

D. S. *We work and hope and ev - er pray.*

Fine. CHORUS. D. S.

To make men free. To make men free, To make men free.

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20

His Loving Kindness.

KATHARINE D. PARKISON. E. S. LORENZ.

1. A song of His loving kindness, Singeth it - self to me. I hear it oft, murmuring soft, Or swelling in ec - sta-sy.....
2. I hear its sweet music ringing Over the noise of the street, Where the ceaseless strife of the battle of life, Halts neither for cold or heat.....
3. Away, then, with somber faces! Look up, my soul, be strong, The gifts of God are scattered abroad, The days with his mercies throng..

In the twi- light grey, at the close of day, The hill-side echoes re -
With the heal- ing balm of a ho - ly psalm, Its rhythmic ca-den-ces
Thy calling pur - sue, to du - ty true; And sing, whate'er may be-

call The song of the lov - ing kindness That is round about us
fall In praise of the lov - ing kindness That is round about us
fall The song of the lov - ing kindness That is round about us

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all. That is round a - bout us

That is round a - bout us all,..... That is

all,..... That is round a - bout us, a - bout us all!
That is round a - bout us all!.....

round a - bout us all,..... a - bout us all!

His Task is O'er.

J. ELLERTON. E. L. ASHFORD.

1. Now the lab'rer's task is o'er, Now the bat - tle day is past,
2. "Earth to earth, and dust to dust," Calm-ly now the words we say;

Now up - on the fair - er shore, Lands the voy - a - ger at last.
Left be - hind, we wait in trust For the res - ur - rec - tion day.

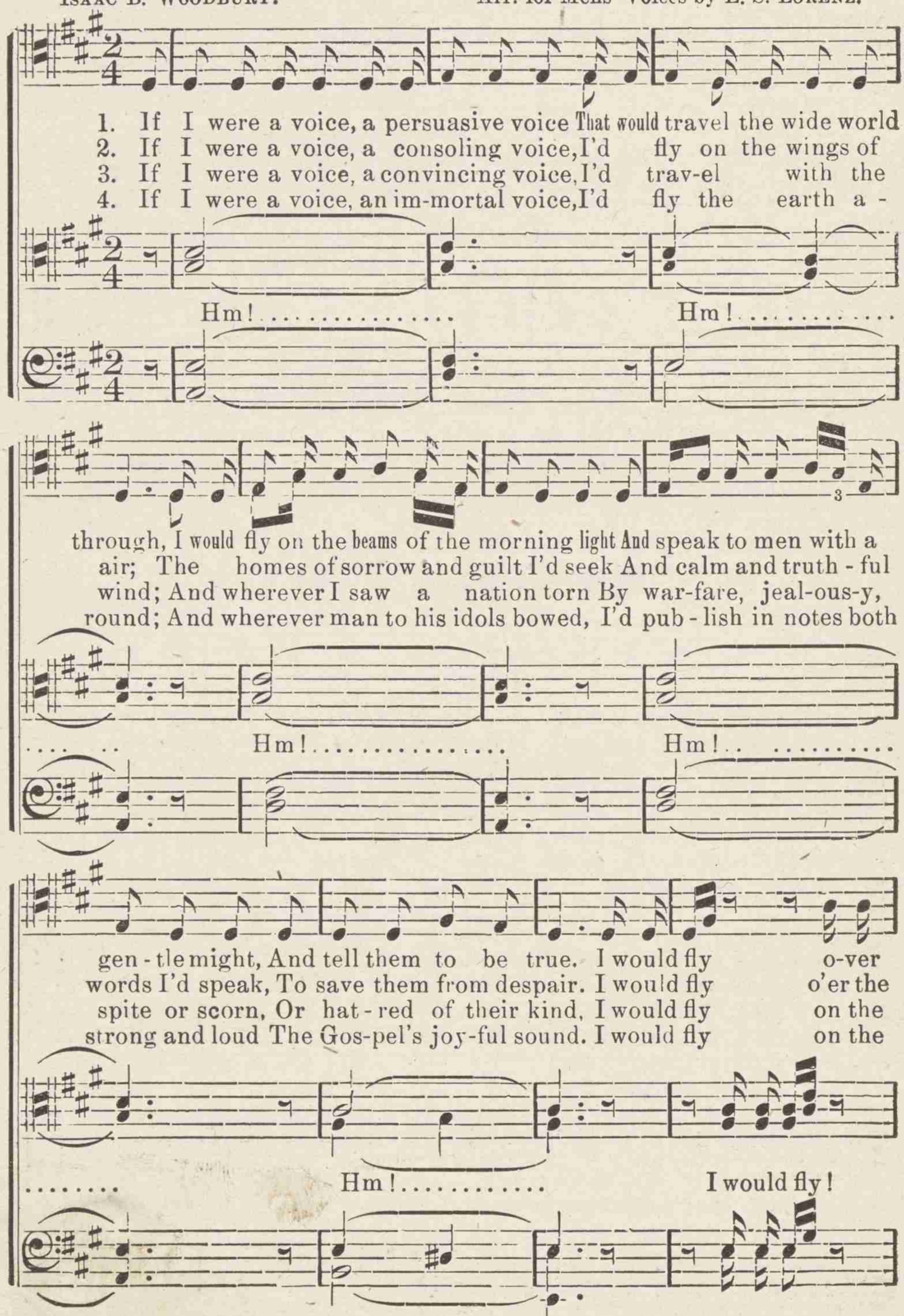
Father, in thy gracious keeping, Leave we now thy servant sleep - ing.

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22

If I Were A Voice.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY. Arr. for Mens' Voices by E. S. LORENZ.



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land and sea Wher-ev - er a human heart might be, Telling a tale or
crowded town, And drop like the happy sunlight down, In-to the hearts of
thunder crash, And into their blinded bosoms flash; Then with their evil
wings of day. Proclaiming peace on my world-wide way, Bidding the saddened

Hm!.... ..... Hm!.....

singing a song, In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong, I would fly !.....
suffering men, And teach them to look up a - gain, I would fly !.....
thoughts sub-dued, I'd teach them christian brotherhood, I would fly !.....
earth rejoice, If I were a voice, an immortal voice, I would fly !.....

Hm!..... ..... I would

I would fly ! I would fly ! ... I would fly ! I would fly ! over land and sea.
I would fly ! I would fly !.... I would fly ! I would fly ! o'er the crowded town.
I would fly ! I would fly !.... I would fly ! I would fly ! on the thunder crash.
I would fly ! I would fly !.... I would fly ! I would fly ! on the wings of day.

fly ! I would fly ! I would fly ! I would fly.

Where Heroes Sleep.

IDA REED SMITH. T. MARTIN TOWNE.



1. Not with the beat of drum.... Nor blare of bu - gle come,....
2. Come we with rev'rent tread .. Near to the honored dead,....
3. Hon-or the true and brave.... Hon-or the gift they gave,....



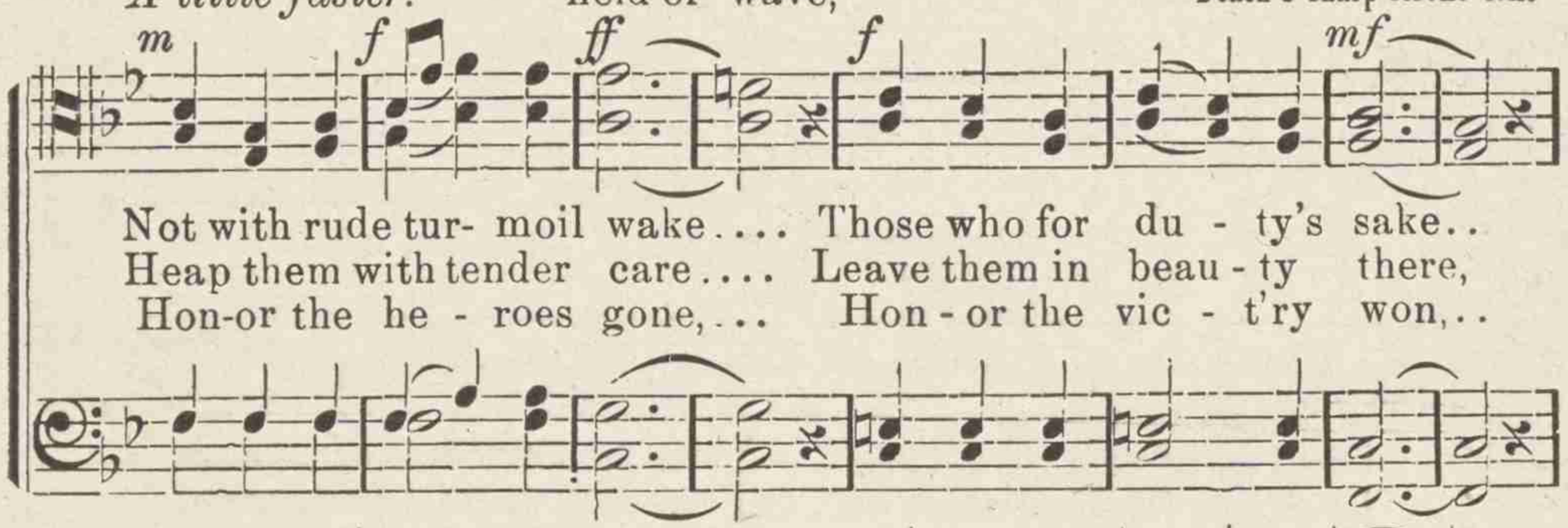
of drum, bu-gle come,
with tread, honored dead,
and brave, gift they gave,



Un-to the low - ly home.... Where he - roes sleep:.....
O - ver each qui - et head ... Strew spring-time' flow'rs.....
Whether on field or wave.... Death's sharp stroke fell.....

low-ly home, Where heroes sleep.
qui-et head, Strew spring-time flow'rs.
field or wave, Death's sharp stroke fell.

A little faster.



Not with rude tur- moil wake.... Those who for du - ty's sake..
Heap them with tender care.... Leave them in beau - ty there,
Hon-or the he - roes gone,... Hon - or the vic - t'ry won,..



Shrank not death's cup to take, Draught dark and deep....
Heart off'rings, fra-grant, fair, This trib - ute ours....
Hon - or the du - ty done, Brave - ly and well...

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Shrank not death's cup to take, Draught dark and deep.. ..
Heart off'rings, fragrant, fair, This trib - ute ours.....
Honor the du - ty done, Brave - ly and well.....

deep, and deep.
trib - ute ours.
well, and well.

I Belong to Jesus.

E. S. L. E. S. Lorenz.

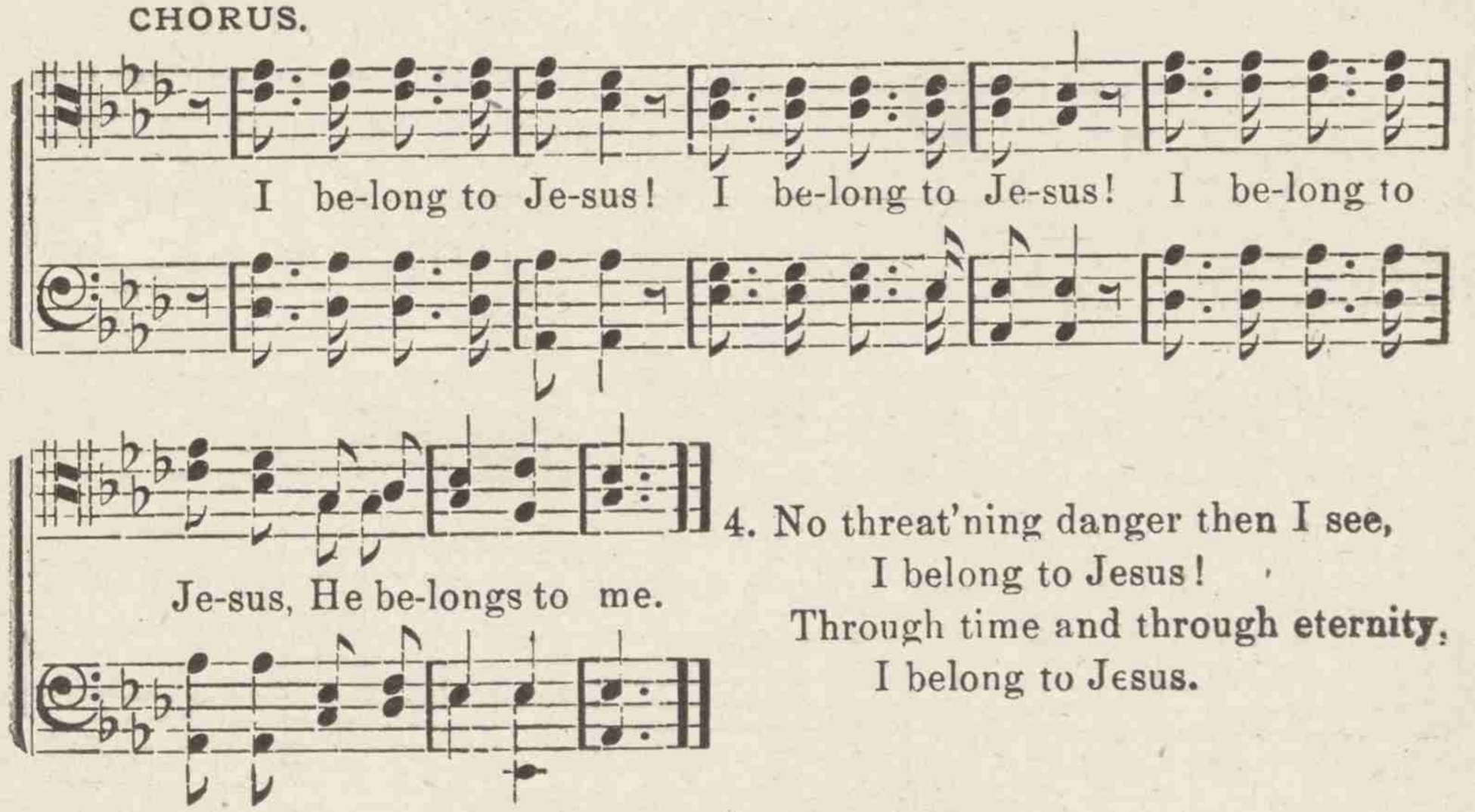


1. { With ev - 'ry pow'r, with heart and soul, I be - long to Je - sus!
   { He shall my ev - 'ry thought control, I be - long to Je - sus!

2. { What tho' temp-ta-tions sore be - set, I be - long to Je - sus!
   { What tho' earth's cares annoy and fret, I be - long to Je - sus!

3. { In vain the world my heart al - lures, I be - long to Je - sus!
   { In weakness this my soul as - sures, I be - long to Je - sus!

CHORUS.



I be-long to Je-sus! I be-long to Je-sus! I be-long to

Je-sus, He be-longs to me.

4. No threat'ning danger then I see,
I belong to Jesus!
Through time and through eternity,
I belong to Jesus.

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26 We'll Never Pass Again this Way.

Mrs. M. M. Newton. E. S. Lorenz.

1. As the path of life we tread, 'Tis the thought of joy we dread
2. As we ev - er on-ward go, Seeds of truth and love we'll sow,
3. There's no du-ty we should shun, There's no task to leave un-done,
4. For the past 'tis vain to grieve, Since its loss we'll ne'er re-trieve,
5. Tho' the fu - ture is un-known, Still the pres - ent is our own,

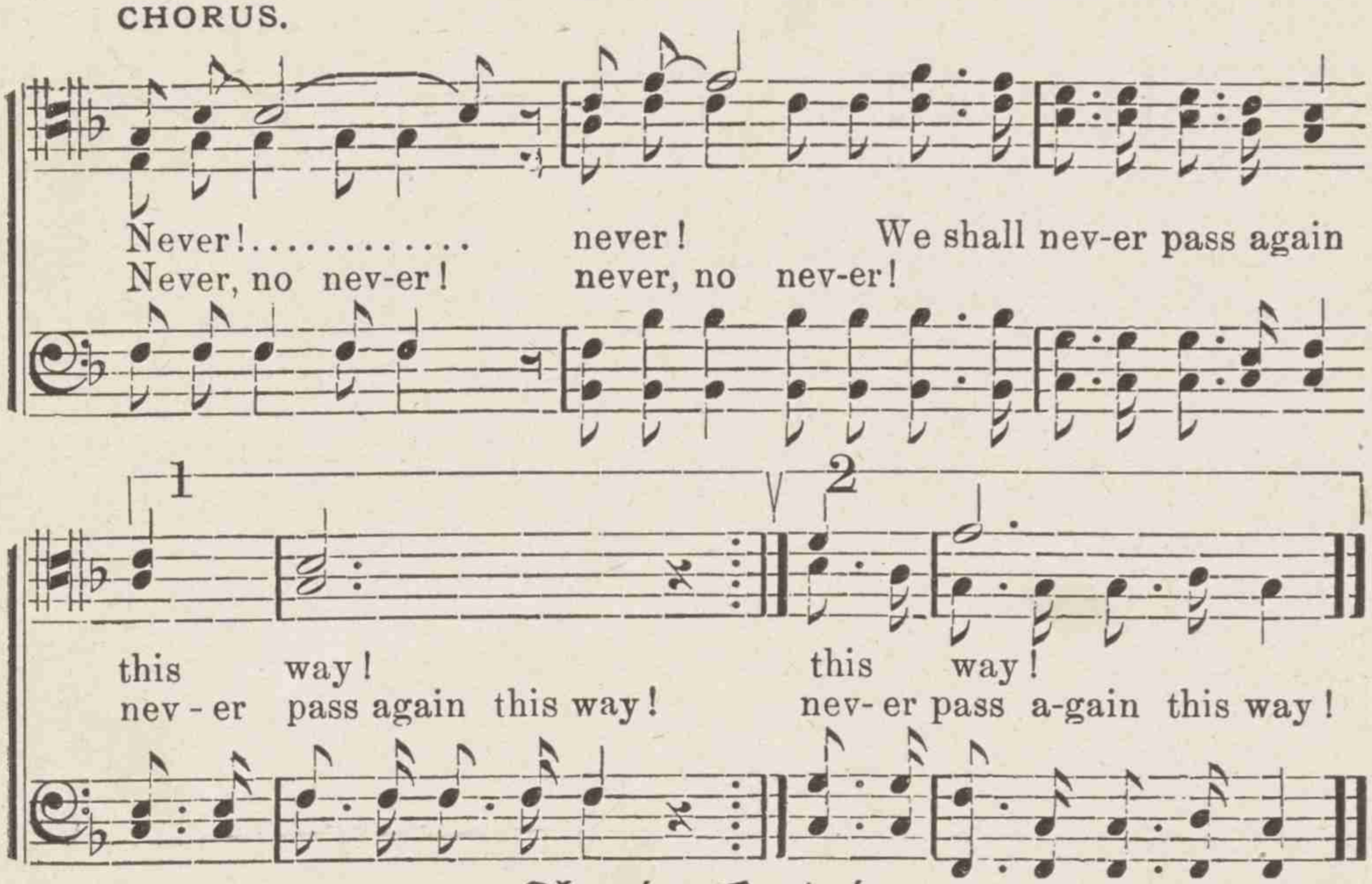
We shall nev - er pass a - gain this way!
We shall nev - er pass a - gain, nev - er pass a - gain this way!

Tho' the way be dark or bright, Let us strive to walk a - right,
Still for oth - ers they will bloom, And will send a sweet per-fume,
Let us do what good we can, Let us help our fel - low man,
All the wrong has been for-giv'n, Blot-ted from the book of heav'n,
Let us care - ful be each day, What we do and what we say,

We shall nev - er pass a - gain this way!.....
We shall nev - er pass a - gain nev - er pass a - gain this way! No!

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CHORUS.



Gloria Patri.

S. M. CHASE.

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Soldier, Rest.

JENNIE REE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Soldier, rest in peace, for the war-fare is o'er; Wea - ry watches
2. Soldier, rest in peace, may thy slumber be deep, For a na-tion

end - ed, the vic - to - ry won. Rat - tle of re - veil - ie shall
crowneth thy mem'ry with flow'rs; Till the res - ur - ec - tion a -

call thee no more; Sleep—the battle's o - ver—thy du - ty is done.
wake thee from sleep, Wrapped in shroud of glo - ry, rest, he - ro of ours

CHORUS.

O rest,..... for the bat - tle is end - - - ed
Sol-dier, rest! the bat - tle is end - ed,

Long and wea - ry march-ing o'er;
Long and wea - - ry marching o'er; Sleep

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on,..... for the rat-tle of can - - non
Sol-dier sleep, the rat-tle of can-non shall dis -

Shall disturb thy dreams no more. O rest,..... for the
turb..... thy dreams no more. Soldier, rest,

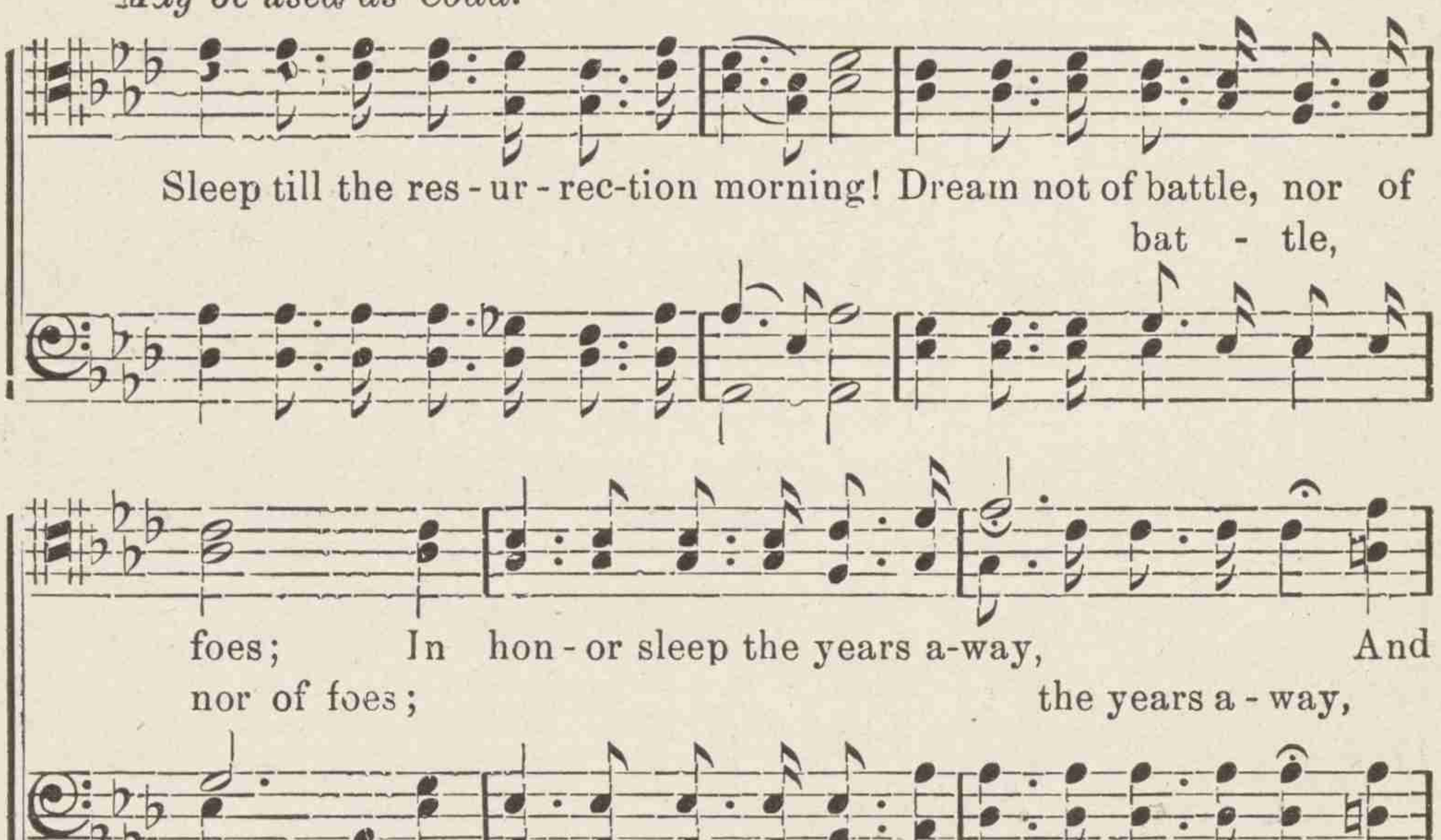
bat-tle is end - - ed, Long and wea -
the bat-tle is end - ed, Long and wea - - ry

ry march-ing o'er, Sleep on, for the rat-tle of
march - ing o'er Sol-dier sleep,

can - - non Shall disturb thy dreams no more
the rattle of cannon shall disturb thy dreams no more.

Soldier, Rest.—Concluded.

May be used as Coda.



God Knows It All.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. E. S. LORENZ.



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bear our cross,
pure with-in,
of our sighs,

When we tread the thorn-y way,
He will wash us white as snow,
There's no life so sad and drear,

..... God knows it all! Hm!.....

Walk-ing by his side each day,
Cleanse us in the crimson flow,
But some joy-bud bloometh near,

Hm!.....

He will be our guide and stay, Our
Till our hearts with rapture glow, Our
That doth like God's smile appear, Our

CHORUS.

God knows it all! God knows it all! God knows it all!

He will be our guide and stay, Our God knows it all!

32

Free as a Bird.

E. E. HEWITT. J. S. FEARIS.

1. As free as a bird in the balm-y air; The hand of the Lord
2. As free as a bird, while I live in him, In joy - giv-ing light
3. As free as a bird, with no anx-ious care; His won-der - ful love

broke the fowler's snare; He bids me mount up on the wings of love, And
in the shadows dim; I'm un-der his grace, free to do his will, The
will my way prepare; He will fill my needs from his rich sup-ply, While

CHORUS.

lift happy songs to the throne a - bove. Free, free,
faith that obeys, bring deliv'rance still.
leading me on to his home on high. Free as a bird, for my

free as a bird! Free, free, free as a bird!
Sav-ior heard The cry the poor cap - tive gave;

Free as a bird, so true is his word That Jesus is mighty to save.

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Only Where Jesus Is. 33

EMMA S. STILLWELL. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Where Je-sus is there all is bright, Only where Je-sus is,
2. Where Je-sus is love reigns alone, Only where Je-sus is,
3. Where Je-sus is faith finds her wings, Only where Je sus is,
4. Where Je-sus is I fain would stay Only where Je-sus is,

There no dread clouds make dark the night, Only where Je-sus is!
No room for hate, distrust or moan, Only where Je-sus is!
Beyond all doubt exultant springs, Only where Je-sus is!
For oh! my soul finds heaven's day, Only where Je-sus is!

ff CHORUS. *pp* *f*

On - ly where Jesus is!.... On - ly where Jesus is! Where Je-sus is! Je-sus is!

ff *Molto Rit. e dim. pp*

Je - sus is there all is bright, On-ly where Jesus is!.....
Je - sus is!

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