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FOR SINGING SCHOOLS, CHOIRS AND CONVENTIONS,

BY

ALDINE S. KIEFFER AND J. H. TENNEY.

BOSTON:

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Cousin Everette

When you are sitting all alone
Thinking of the past,
Remember that you have a friend
And that friend will always last.

Your Loving Cousin
Martha

E. C. Conrad.

THE SINGING SCHOOL.

NOTE 1.— It has been the object of the author of the following brief chapters to present the most important things necessary to enable the pupil to gain sufficient knowledge to read music correctly. These should be studied closely, however, as nothing is contained in them which is unimportant to the learner. They are divested of all unnecessary terms, and the teacher, it is hoped, will use his influence to secure good discipline upon the subject, remembering that, "repetition is the MOTHER of improvement."

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL DIVISIONS.

Every musical tone has three essential properties, without which it cannot exist, viz:—**Pitch.** **Length.** **Power.**

Hence these three grand distinctions into which elementary instruction is naturally divided;

1st. MELODY, treating of the *pitch* of sounds.
2d. RHYTHM, treating of the *length* of sounds.
3d. DYNAMICS, treating of the *power* of sounds.

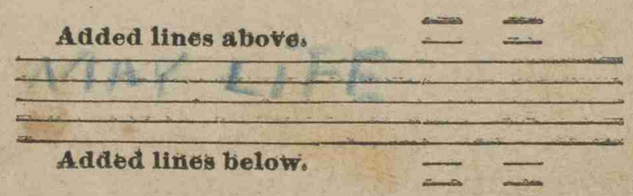
Under these general heads will be noticed all marks, signs, and characters and everything necessary to assist the pupil in learning to read music.

CHAPTER II.

MELODY.

1. The Scale.—At the foundation of music there lies a series of sounds called the *Scale*. It consists of an ascending series of eight tones, which are counted from the lowest upwards, as *one*, *two*, *three*, *four*, *five*, *six*, *seven*, *eight*, and to which the syllables Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, are applied.

2. The Staff.—The tones of the scale are written upon a *Staff* with certain characters called *Notes*. The staff consists of five lines and four intermediate spaces. On this staff we can write nine degrees of sound, although the compass of the staff may be increased by the addition of lines and spaces. These are called *added lines above* and *added lines below*. Also *spaces above* and *spaces below*. Each line is called a *degree*. Each space is called a *degree*.



3. Clefs.—The staff, of itself, is a meaningless character, and valueless until we prefix other characters to it, called Clefs. Of these there are three in general use:—The G Clef, the F Clef, and the C Clef, as follows:—

G Clef.  F Clef.  C Clef. 

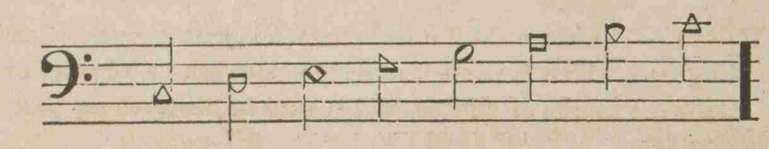
With the use of the foregoing characters, the staff with its lines and spaces,—and the clefs, we can form a starting point for writing music.

We can now write *the Scale* in the following manner:



Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

With the use of the F clef the Scale would stand thus upon the staff:—



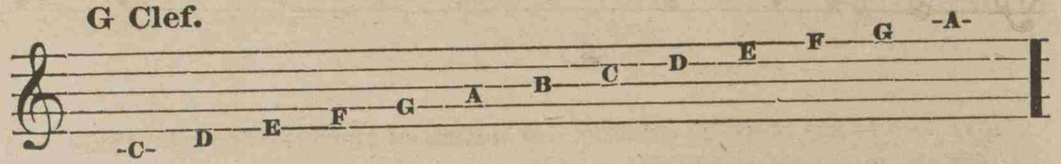
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

4. Steps and Half-steps.—The intervals of the scale are *seven*. Some of these are greater than others. The greater intervals are called *steps*; the lesser intervals are called *half-steps*. Their order is, from Do to Re, a step; from Re to Mi, a step; from Mi to Fa, a half-step; from Fa to Sol, a step; from Sol to La, a step; from La to Si, a step; from Si to Do, a half-step.

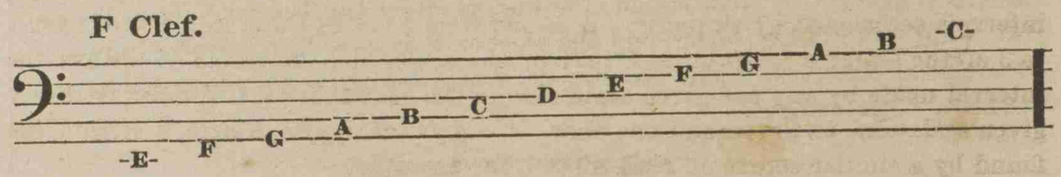
5. Numerals.—Numerals are used to designate the different degrees of the scale series, as 1, 3, 5, 8 of the scale. One always designates *Do*, two designates *Re*, five designates *Sol*, etc. Numerals are also used to indicate time measure, and when thus employed are written on the staff, fractionally at the beginning of a tune.

6. Letters.—Letters are also written upon the staff. They occur in regular order, counting upward from the lower line of each staff. Their position is fixed. Notes may be written on different degrees of the staff, but letters occur always in the same regular order. The Clef fixes the position of the letter, but the first sound of the scale may be written on either line or space of the staff by the use of characters which will be given in due time. The letters on the staff stand thus:—

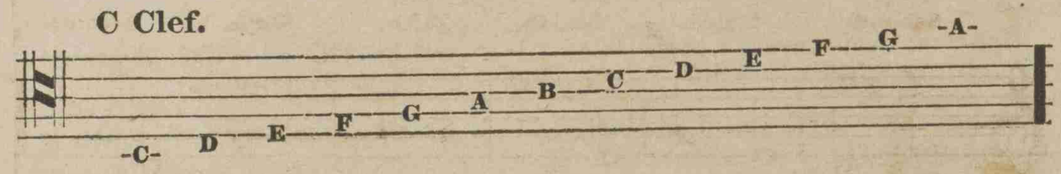
G Clef.



F Clef.



C Clef.



7. Sharps, Flats, and Naturals.—These are characters which affect the pitch of tones on the staff. A *Sharp* (♯) is a character which, when played before a note, raises its pitch a half-step; a *Flat*, (♭) placed before a note, lowers its pitch a half-step; a *Natural* (♮) is used to cancel the effect of a previous sharp or flat.

The effect of a sharp, flat, or natural, continues to operate on all the notes on the same degree of the staff in that measure in which it occurs. By the aid of these characters we can introduce intermediate tones between one and two, two and three, four and five, five and six, and six and seven. No intermediate tone can be introduced between three and four, and between seven and eight, as a half-step is the smallest practical interval known in musical notation.



8. Diatonic Intervals.—In addition to the regular steps and half-steps of the scale, and the intermediate tones already mentioned, there are yet other intervals occasioned by skipping. A *second* from 1 to 2 of the scale; a *third* from 1 to 3 of the scale; a *fourth* from 1 to 4 of the scale, etc. A *second* is always the interval made by any one given scale-tone to the next above it. A *third*, from any given scale-tone to the second one above it. A *fourth*, a *fifth*, a *sixth*, a *seventh*, are found by a similar course of reckoning. For example:—

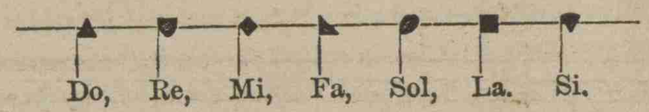


NOTE.—These illustrations of intervals may be varied to a great extent by the teacher, and no pains should be spared in repetition until all the pupils comprehend the subject.

CHAPTER III.

NOTE 2.—In practicing a Singing-School in Rhythmics, the teacher will find a black-board indispensable. Let him illustrate time-measures, notes, rests, etc., until every pupil can answer correctly. Questions are not appended to these several chapters. A teacher should frame his own questions, as it will enable him to so vary them until he is satisfied that his class understands the subject.

9. Notes.—Music is written on the staff with characters called *notes*. Notes have two shapes or forms in the seven character notation. 1st, a *figurative* form, which represents the syllables applied to them. 2d, a *rhythmical* form, which represents or indicates the *relative* length of sounds. There are seven figurative forms corresponding to the seven scale-tones, thus:—



There are *five* rhythmical notes in common use. They are named *Whole*, *Half*, *Quarter*, *Eighth*, and *Sixteenth* note.

10. Rests.—There are rhythmical characters called *Rests*. Each note has its corresponding rest, which is named after the note whose rhythmical value it represents. Rests are marks of silence, and should be observed as particularly as the notes themselves.

11. Daigram of Notes and Rests:—

The *whole note* is written thus: 𝅝 *Rests*, thus: 𝄻
The *half note* is " " 𝅗𝅥 " " 𝄼
The *quarter note* is " " ♩ " " 𝄽

The *eighth note* is written thus: 𝅘𝅥𝅯 *rest*, thus: 𝄾

The *sixteenth note* is " " 𝅘𝅥𝅰 " " 𝄿

12. Notes and Rests.—Notes and rests have not a *positive*, but only a *relative* length. The Whole note is the governing or ruling power in Rhythm. If we sing the Whole note in six seconds of time, the Half note must be sung in three seconds, the Quarter note in one and one-half seconds, the Eighth note in three-quarters of a second, and the Sixteenth in three-eighths of a second. If we allow four seconds to the Whole note, then the Half note must receive but two seconds for its time, the Quarter note, one second, etc.

13. Measures.—Notes and rests, when written on the staff in a piece of music, are divided into equal portions, called *Measures*. Measures are represented to the eye by the interspaces, separated from each other by perpendicular lines, called *Bars*.

To illustrate:—

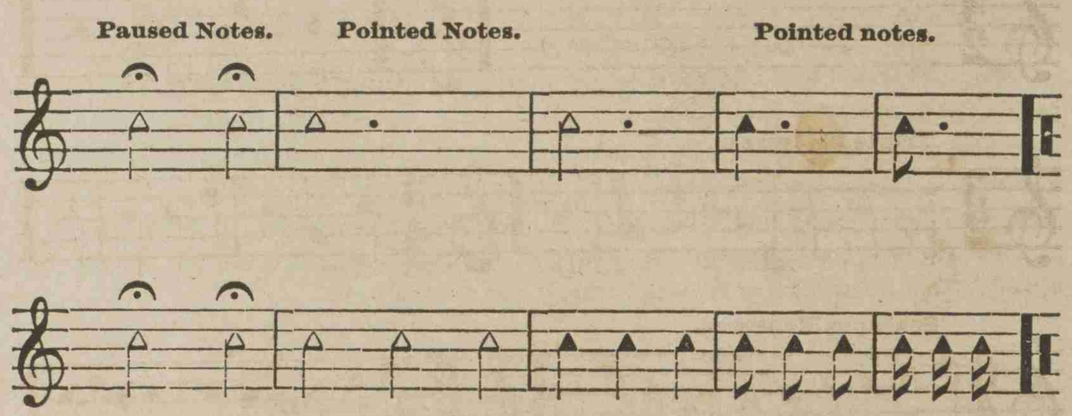


14. Bars.—There are four kinds of bars in use. The *Common Bar*, used to divide the staff into measures of equal time; the *Broad Bar*, used for marking the end of a musical sentence or line of poetry; the *Double Bar*, used to mark the end of a Repeat, the beginning of a Chorus, or at the change of time; and the *Close*, used at the end of a tune.

15. Holds or Pauses.—There are rhythmical characters used within the compass of the staff, and for the purpose of prolonging the length of notes. A *Hold* or *Pause* over or under a note protracts it about one-third its original length, though it is not an absolute character, and the time to be given to a hold or pause is left to the judgment of the performer. Sometimes it requires a much greater length than at others. There should always be a momentary suspension of the voice after the hold has been duly given the note.

16. Dots or Points.—The length of notes and rests is often increased by writing *Dots* or *Points* after them. A point adds one-half to the length of a note or rest after which it is placed. See following illustrations of the two preceding paragraphs:—

EXAMPLE.



Thus the learner will see that the pointed Whole note equals three Half notes in length; the pointed Half note equals three Quarters in length; the pointed Quarter equals three Eighths in length, etc.

17. Of Time.—*Time* in music is that length which we give to each note in a piece of music, relative to the Whole note.

18. Of Movement.—There are three movements of Time, *Common* or *Even Time*, *Triple* or *Uneven Time*, and *Sextuple* or *Compound Time*. Common or even time is divided into double or quadruple measures. Measures having two parts are called double measures. Those consisting of three parts are Triple measures. Those consisting of four parts are quadruple measures. Those having six parts are sextuple measures.

19. Of Variety.—The various measures used in this work are expressed in the following manner, viz:

Double Measures.



Quadruple Measures.



Triple Measures.



Sextuple Measures.



By the aid of notes, dots, rests and other rhythmical characters, an endless combination of time-measures may be written in the above indicated movements, but a yet wider range of time-measures can be had, some of which are indicated by such fractions as



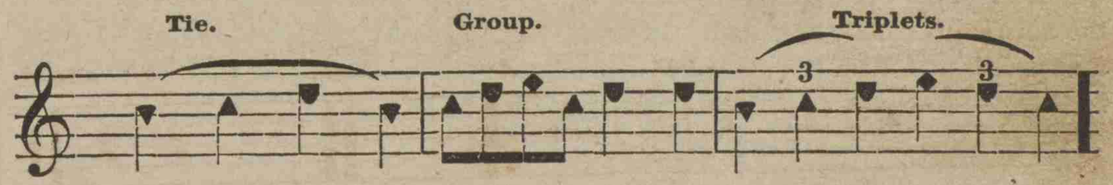
20. Primitive Measures.—A measure is called *primitive* when it contains the number and kind of notes which the fraction expresses. For instance, in Double Time the measure must contain two Half notes or two Quarters; in Quadruple Time, four Half notes or four Quarters; in Triple Time, three Half notes or three Quarters; and in Compound Time, six Quarters or six Eighth notes.

21. Derivative Measures.—Measures which do not contain the number and kind of notes called for by the fraction expressing the time, are *Derivatives*. Derivative measures must contain the quantity expressed by the fraction in other notes and rests.

22. Of Ties.—It is frequently desirable to sing one word or syllable to two, three, or more notes. These notes are then tied or grouped together by curved lines or dashes, over or under them. These notes are then called *Grouped* or *Tied* notes.

23. Triplets.—Three notes tied together with the figure (3) over or under them, are required to be sung in the same time as *two* of the same denominational value without the figure 3. Illustration of the Tie, Groups, and Triplet.

Tie. **Group.** **Triplets.**



24. Repeats.—A line of dots placed across the staff indicates that the strain following is to be repeated to the Double Bar. *Da Capo* (*D.C.*) means repeat from the beginning, closing at the word *Fine* written above the staff.

ILLUSTRATION.

Repeat. **Fine.** **D.C.**



CHAPTER IV.

DYNAMICS OR POWER.

NOTE 3.—Hitherto we have regarded tones as being merely *high* and *low*, and *long* and *short*. We now come to the third distinction and regard them as being *loud* and *soft*. No teacher can drill his class too much in expression and in accent, for these are the soul of music. Without these all-important requisites, singing is a dull, lifeless performance, unworthy the name and devoid of the power of music.

25. Accent.—*Accent* is a particular stress of the voice given to certain notes in a measure of music, and to certain syllables in a line of poetry.

26. Accent in Measures of Double Time.—The first note in a measure is invariably accented. In primitive measures there is but one accent—the first part is accented, the second is unaccented; though measures may be arranged in this movement so as to take as many accents as beats.

27. Accent of Quadruple Measures.—Primitive measures contain four notes, expressed by the fraction, and the accent is on the first and third, the second and fourth being unaccounted. These measures may also be arranged to take as many accents as beats.

28. Accents in Triple Measures.—The first note in each measure is accented, the second and third are unaccented, but may be so constructed as to require three accents in each measure.

29. Accent in Compound Measures.—In primitive measures of Compound Time the accent lies on the first and fourth notes of each measure, the second, fifth, and sixth, are unaccented.

30. Degrees of Power.—For the purpose of varying expression according to the character of the music or the sentiment of the poetry, certain degrees of power are used. Some of them, with their abbreviations, are given in the following list, which may be applied to single notes or to entire measures and passages:—

MEZZO, abbreviated *m*, a medium degree of power.

PIANO, abbreviated *pia* or *p*, soft; *pp*, very soft.

FORTE, abbreviated *f*, loud; *ff*, very loud.

CRESCENDO, or <, increasing in power.

DIMINUENDO, or >, decreasing in power.

STACCATO, or ' ' ' ', separate and distinct.

RITARANDO, abbreviated *Rit.*, gradually retarding the movement.

The sentiment of the poetry should be the main guide to dynamic expression.

31.—As a general rule, where we have an ascending series of tones in a piece of music, the voice should increase in volume, and where a descending series occurs, the reverse is generally a safe guide for expression.

CHAPTER V.

TRANSPOSITION.

32. Key of C.—When the scale begins with C, it is said to be in the *Natural Key* or *Key of C;* but the scale may be transposed so as to commence on any of its seven letters, in which the letter, taken as one, is called the *Key-note.* Thus, if G is taken as one, it is called the *Key of G*; if D is taken as one, it is called the *Key of D*, etc.

33. Key of G.—In transposing the scale, the proper order of intervals, with reference to steps and half-steps, must be preserved. In this key we have to substitute F sharp for F in the former scale, as we must have a step from 6 to 7 of the scale.

34. Key of D.—In transposing from C to D we have to use two sharps. In order to preserve the agreement of intervals between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8 of the scale, F and C are sharped.

35. Key of A.—In writing music in this key, three sharps have to be used for the same purpose, viz., that of adjusting the intervals.

36. Key of E.—Four sharps are found to be necessary in transposing the key to this letter, F, C, G, and D sharp.

37. Key of B.—In the fifth transposition by sharps five sharps, are needed to adjust the natural order of scale tones, viz: F, C, G, D, and A sharp.

38. Key of F♯.—This is the same key as G♭, and it is necessary to use six sharps, viz: F, C, G, D, A, and E sharp.

39. Key of F.—The place of disagreement, when the scale is transposed to F, is between 3 and 4 of the scale. To correct this it is necessary to flat B.

40. Key of B♭.—When the scale is transposed to B flat, there are found two places of disagreement. For the tones B and E we must substitute B flat and E flat.

41. Key of E♭.—In writing music in this key, we have to use three flats, B, E, and A flat, in order to adjust the intervals.

42. Key of A♭.—In transposing the scale from B flat to A flat we have to use four flats, B, E, A, and D flat.

43. Key of D♭.—In the fifth transposition of the scale by flats it is necessary to make use of five flats, viz: B, E, A, D, and G♭.

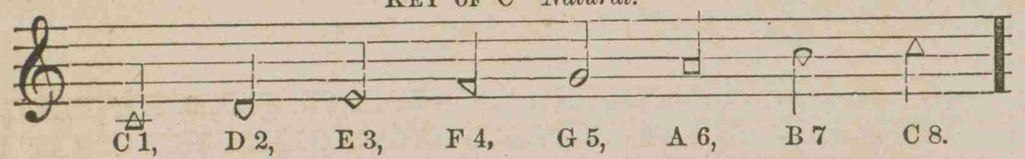
44. Key of G♭.—In this transposition of the scale six flats are used, namely, B, E, A, D, G, and C flat.

For illustrations of these several scales and keys see section 46.

45.—The difficulty of reading round-note music lies in the fact that any line or space of the staff may be taken as *one*, and, as there is but one sharp for all the tones of the scale in round-note notation, the syllables have to be found by calculation. In character-notes this serious difficulty is avoided, as each note of the scale has a distinct shape which represents a given syllable, and this identity of shape and syllable is preserved throughout all the changes of transposition, rendering the reading of music in any key an easy matter.

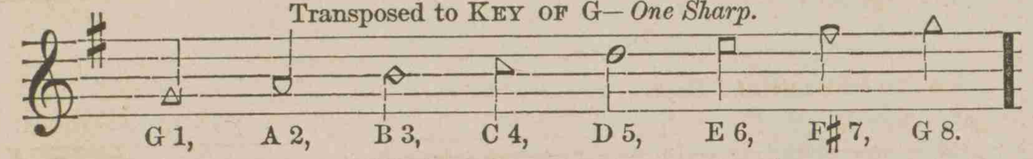
46. Illustrations of the Scale Transposed by Sharps and Flats.

KEY OF C—*Natural.*



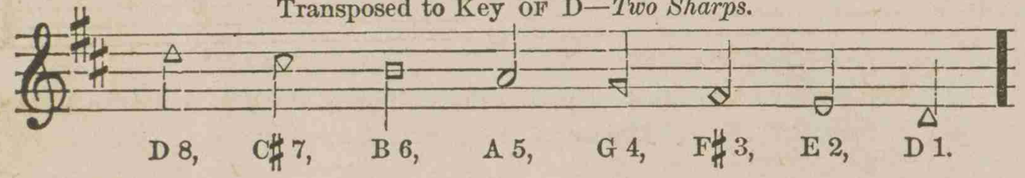
C 1, D 2, E 3, F 4, G 5, A 6, B 7 C 8.

Transposed to KEY OF G—*One Sharp.*



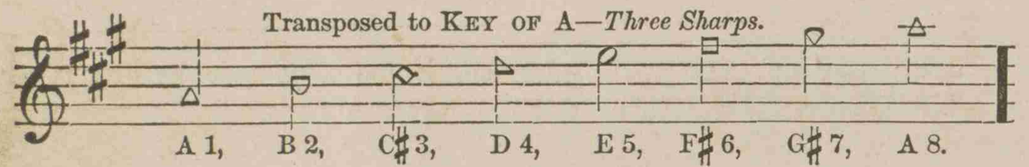
G 1, A 2, B 3, C 4, D 5, E 6, F♯ 7, G 8.

Transposed to KEY OF D—*Two Sharps.*



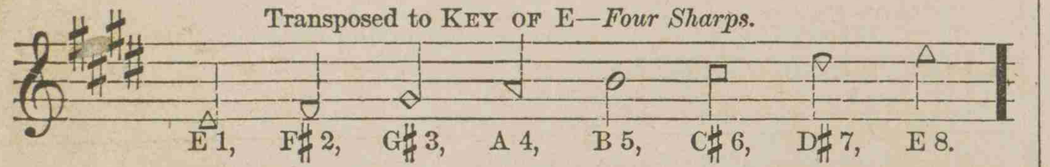
D 8, C♯ 7, B 6, A 5, G 4, F♯ 3, E 2, D 1.

Transposed to KEY OF A—*Three Sharps.*



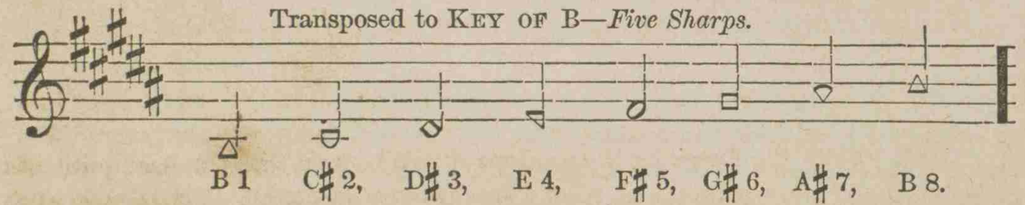
A 1, B 2, C♯ 3, D 4, E 5, F♯ 6, G♯ 7, A 8.

Transposed to KEY OF E—*Four Sharps.*



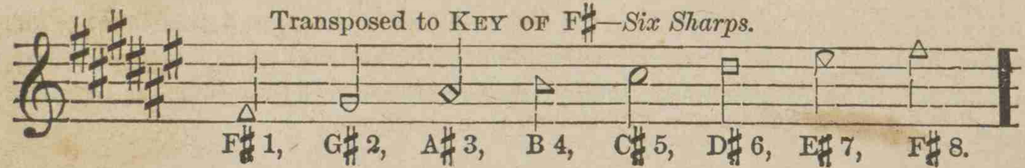
E 1, F♯ 2, G♯ 3, A 4, B 5, C♯ 6, D♯ 7, E 8.

Transposed to KEY OF B—*Five Sharps.*



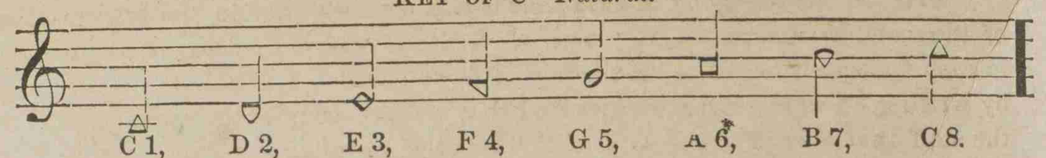
B 1 C♯ 2, D♯ 3, E 4, F♯ 5, G♯ 6, A♯ 7, B 8.

Transposed to KEY OF F♯—*Six Sharps.*



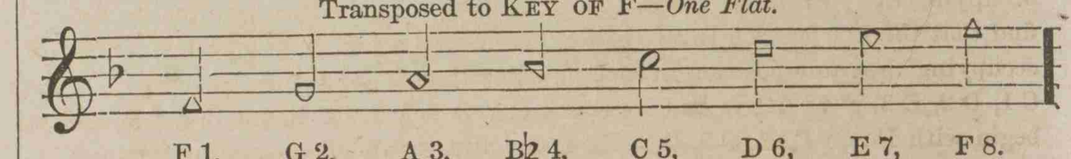
F♯ 1, G♯ 2, A♯ 3, B 4, C♯ 5, D♯ 6, E♯ 7, F♯ 8.

KEY OF C—*Natural.*



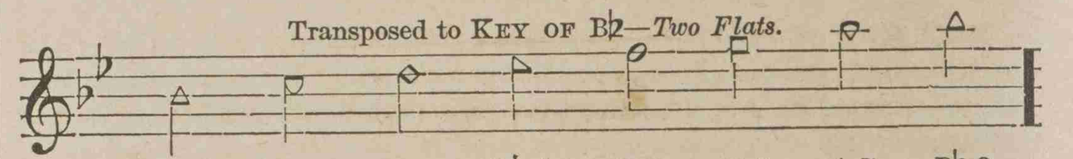
C 1, D 2, E 3, F 4, G 5, A 6, B 7, C 8.

Transposed to KEY OF F—*One Flat.*



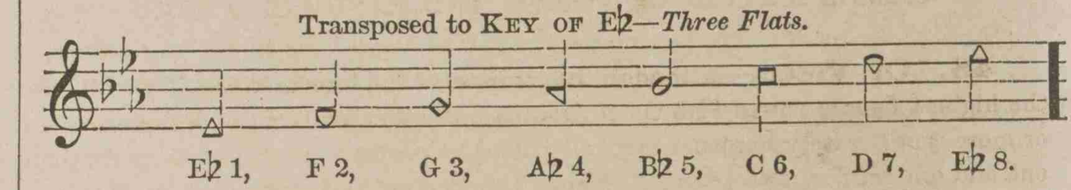
F 1, G 2, A 3, B♭ 4, C 5, D 6, E 7, F 8.

Transposed to KEY OF B♭—*Two Flats.*



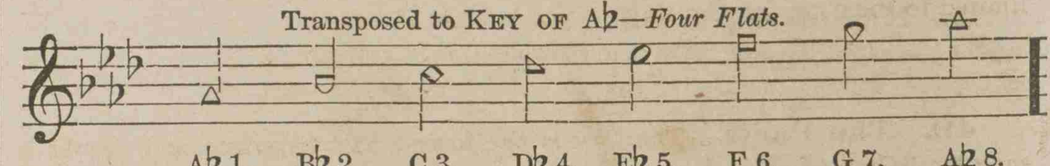
B♭ 1, C 2, D 3, E♭ 4, F 5, G 6, A 7, B♭ 8.

Transposed to KEY OF E♭—*Three Flats.*



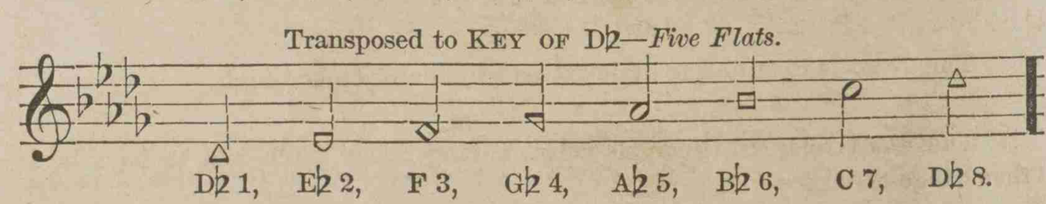
E♭ 1, F 2, G 3, A♭ 4, B♭ 5, C 6, D 7, E♭ 8.

Transposed to KEY OF A♭—*Four Flats.*



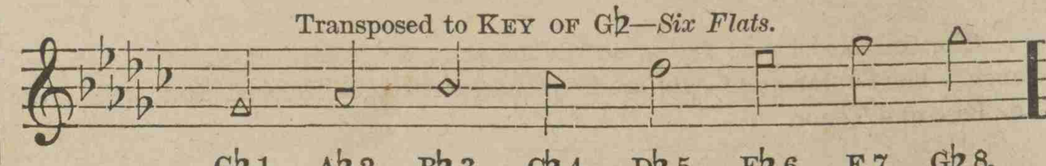
A♭ 1, B♭ 2, C 3, D♭ 4, E♭ 5, F 6, G 7, A♭ 8.

Transposed to KEY OF D♭—*Five Flats.*



D♭ 1, E♭ 2, F 3, G♭ 4, A♭ 5, B♭ 6, C 7, D♭ 8.

Transposed to KEY OF G♭—*Six Flats.*



G♭ 1, A♭ 2, B♭ 3, C♭ 4, D♭ 5, E♭ 6. F 7, G♭ 8.

47. In the foregoing illustrations it will be seen that in the transposition of the scale, by sharps, the Key note or (△) Do is removed a fifth, or five degrees in each transposition; thus, in the key of C we count C 1, D 2, E 3, F 4, G 5; and, by writing F♯ as the signature, we find that Do (△) occupies the same position on the staff that *Sol* did in the key of C. In each succeeding removal we find Do occupying the position of Sol in the former key. In the transposition by flats we find that the key in each transposition is removed a fourth, or four degrees, Do (△) occupying the same position in each new key that *fa* (▷) did in the former. Thus, C 1, D 2, E 3, F 4; flat B, and we count F 1, G 2, A 3, B♭ 4; flat B and E, and we begin with Do on B♭ 1, C 2, D 3, E♭ 4, and thus triple all succeeding removes.

CHAPTER VI.

CLASSIFICATION OF VOICES, AND RANGE OF PARTS.

48. Of Voice.—Although the compass of the human voice, if we include the highest female voices with the lowest male voice, extends through three octaves or more, yet it rarely happens that individual voices have a compass of more than one and one-half, or two octaves. Hence the necessity of *parts*, each of which is limited to the compass of a single voice or class of voices.

49. The Parts.—The *Base* is the lowest part in music, and should be sung by male voices which are pitched low.

The *Tenor* is to suited to male voices which are pitched high.

The *Alto* is adapted to female voices having a low pitch, and to boys before the change of voices.

The *Soprano*, *Air* or *Treble*, should be sung by female voices of the highest range. The Soprano and Alto are frequently written on the same staff; as also are the Base and Tenor.

RANGE OF PARTS OR VOICES.

TENOR—*Male.*



ALTO—*Female and Boys.*



TREBLE—*Female.*



BASE—*Male.*



50. From the foregoing illustrations it will be seen that the Base voice has a range from G, lower line, to E second space above Base staff. The Tenor voice has a range from C added line below the Tenor staff, to G first space above. The female voices have the same compass commencing and ending on the same letters, with this exception that G in the Alto is an octave higher than G in the Base, and C in the Treble is an octave higher than C in the Tenor.

NOTE.—The teacher should aim as far as practicable to classify his scholars in this order, securing low male voices for Base, high male voices for Tenor, and observing the same rule for female voices on Alto and Treble. Attention to this fact will enable him to avoid many of the harsh and unmusical sounds occasioned by those attempting to sing parts outside the natural range or compass of their voices.

With this ends our theoretical department. The following chapters are devoted to practical exercises.

CHAPTER VII.

PRACTICAL EXERCISES, DOUBLE MEASURE.

EXAMPLE I. Scale Exercise.

Rhythmics, Melodics, and Dynamics Combined.

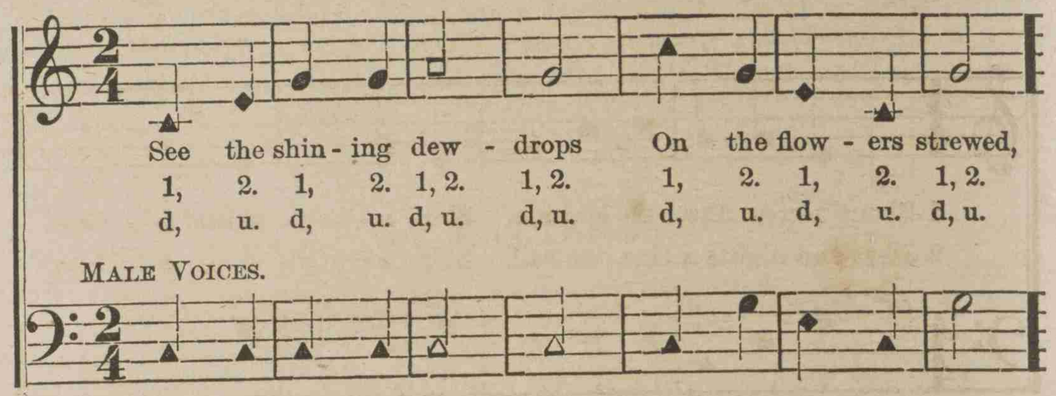
Two beats, or counts to each measure. *Down, Up.* First note in each measure *Loud*, the second note in each measure soft. The half note claiming two beats.



EXAMPLE II.

One beat to each quarter note. Two beats to each half note.

FEMALE VOICES.



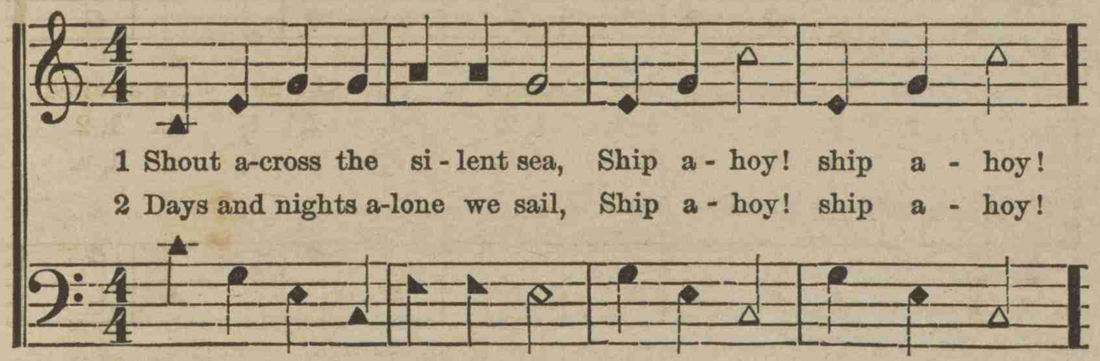
MALE VOICES.

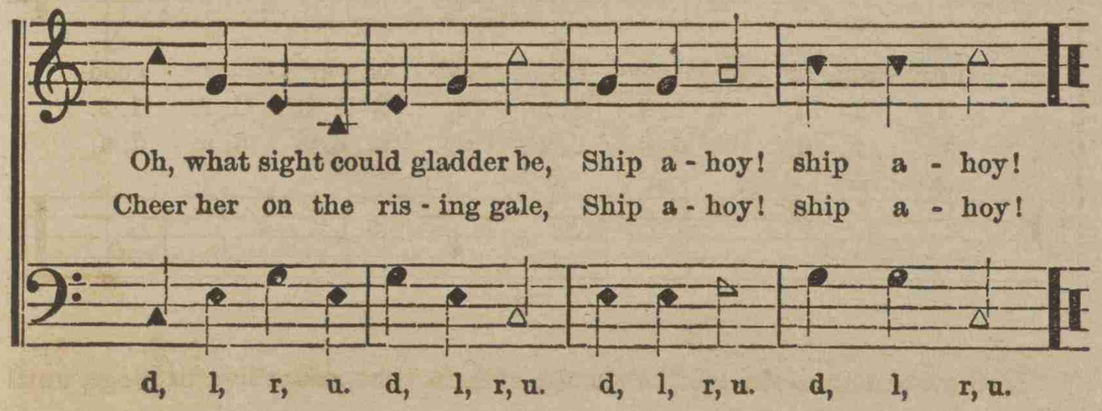


In these examples the teacher should enforce time, countings, beatings, until each pupil can time correctly.

EXAMPLE III. Quadruple Measure.

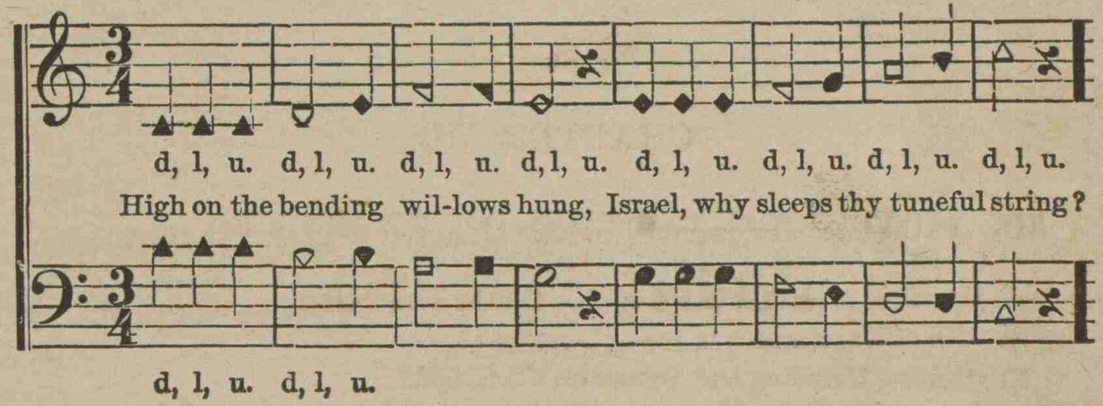
Four beats or counts to each measure. Down, left, right, up. First note in each measure *loud*; second *soft*; third *loud*; fourth *soft*. Two beats to the half note.

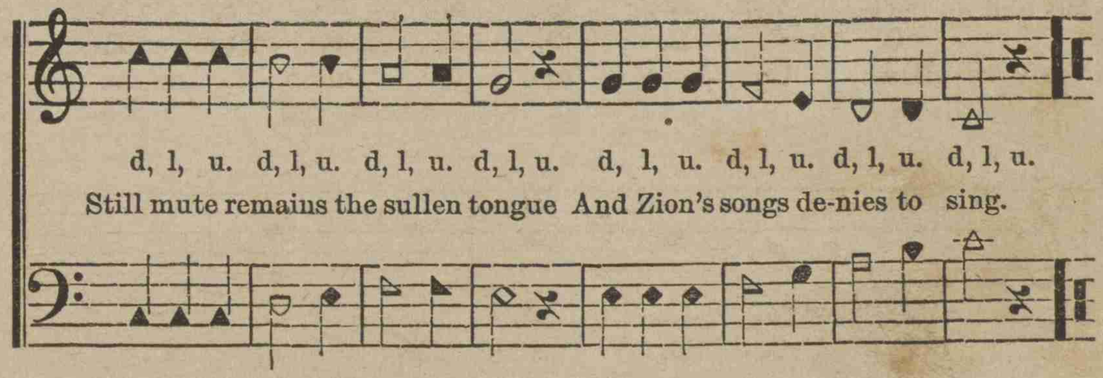




EXAMPLE IV. Triple Measure.

Three beats to a measure. Down, left, up. First note *loud*; second and third *soft*. Two beats to a half note.





EXAMPLE V. Compound or Sextuple Measure.



50. In the foregoing example we have given two examples of Double, one of Quadruple, one of Triple, and one of Sextuple or Compound Measure. These are deemed sufficient in this short theoretical treatise. These examples will be followed with other exercises in the succeeding pages.

The marking, counting or beating of the time should claim particular attention, and is performed in the following manner, viz: Measures of Double time have two beats of the hand or *counts*, *down*, *up*, A down beat on the first part, and an up beat on the second. In measures of Triple time there must be three counts or beats to each measure, *down*, *left*, *up*. A down beat on the first part, a left beat on the second part, and an up beat on the third part of each measure. In Quadruple time we have four beats or counts to each measure, as follows: down, left, right, up. A down beat on the first part of each measure, a left beat on the second, a right beat on the third, and an up beat on the fourth part of each measure. In Sextuple measure we have six beats as the measure divides into six parts. These are marked as follows:—down, left, left, right, right, up. This measure is really a double triple measure. Many teachers prefer the giving of only two beats to each measure of Sextuple time. A down beat on the first part, a rest of the hand on the second and third parts, an up beat on the fourth part, and a rest of the hand on the fifth and sixth parts of the measures. This is preferable to six beats.

For further examples and exercises see the following pages.

EXAMPLES AND EXERCISES.

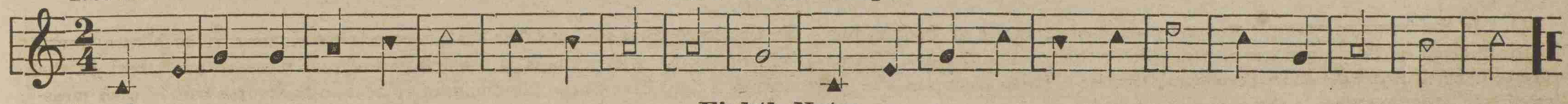
No. 1. **Quarter Notes. Double Measure. G Clef.**



No. 2. **F Clef.**



No. 3. **Half Notes. Skips.**



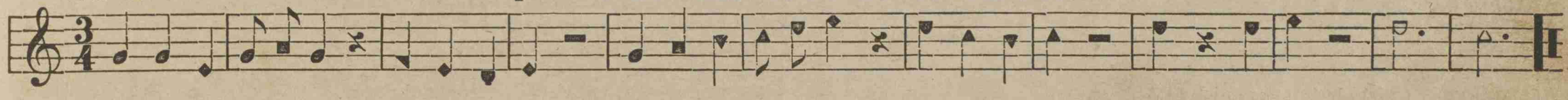
No. 4. **Eighth Notes.**



No. 5. **Quadruple Measure. Whole Notes. Quarter Rests.**



No. 6. **Triple Measure. Half Rests. Dotted Half Notes.**



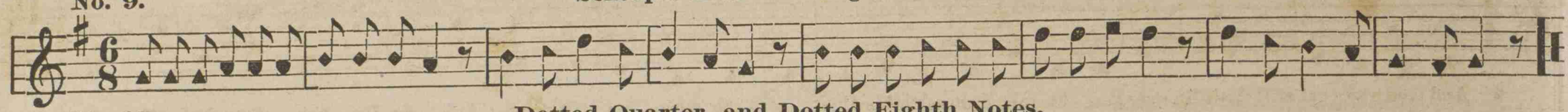
No. 7. **F Clef.**



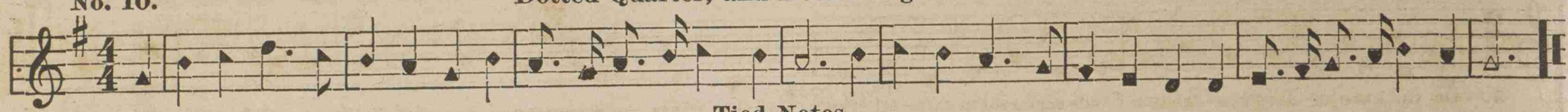
No. 8. Key of G.



No. 9. Sextuple Measure. Eighth Rests.



No. 10. Dotted Quarter, and Dotted Eighth Notes.



No. 11. Tied Notes.



No. 12. Key of D.



NOTE.—These Examples and Exercises are given as models by which the teacher may write exercises upon the blackboard in each key. He should exercise his ingenuity to write them in every kind of note and measure in common use, and in different rhythmical form, and introducing each kind of rest. Too much prominence cannot be given to blackboard exercises in Singing Schools.

DEFINITION OF MUSICAL TERMS IN COMMON USE.

ACCELERANDO. Accelerating the time gradually faster and faster.
ADAGIO. Slow.
AD LIBITUM. At pleasure.
AFFETUOSO. Tender and affecting.
ALLEGRO. Quick.
ALLEGRETTO. Quick, but not so quick as Allegro.
ANDANTE. Gentle, distinct, and rather slow.
CON SPIRITO. Very spirited.
CRESCENDO. Usually marked *cres.* Gradually increasing in power.
DECLAMANDO. In the style of declamation.
DECRESCENDO. Usually marked *dim.* Gradually decreasing in power.
DOLCE. Sweetly, delicately.
FORTE. Usually marked *f.* Loud.
FORTISSIMO. Usually marked *ff.* Very loud.
GRAZIOSO. In a graceful manner.
LARGO. Slow.
MEZZO. Usually marked *m.* Medium power.
MODERATO. Moderately.
PIANO. Usually marked *p.* Soft.
PIANISSIMO. Usually marked *pp.* Very soft.
RITARDANDO. Usually marked *rit.* Slackening the time.
VIVACE. Quick and cheerful.

QUIET IS THE HOUR OF EVEN.

Key of C.

1 Qui - et is the hour of e - ven, Ere the Sab-bath from us part; E'en as though the ear of heav - en Lis - tened at earth's beat - ing heart.

2 And God's an - gel still doth lin - ger Ere he take from earth his flight; Point-ing with his lift - ed fin - ger Up the star - ry path of light.

3 On the knee of deep con - tri-tion Bends each soul in earn - est prayer; On the wings of strong pe - ti - tion Wafts to God its ev' - ry care.

Gen - tly round the night is fall -ing O'er the si - lent world a-broad; Li - quid bells are sweet - ly call - ing Foot - steps to the house of God.

One by one they si - lent gath-er Round the sprinkled mer-cy seat; One by one they seek the Fa - ther, Hum-bly cast at Je - sus' feet.

Lis-ten to the bells' sweet calling! Thus the ho - ly Sab - bath crown! And as dews are gen - tly fall - ing, Shall the peace of God come down.

BLUE VIOLET'S SONG.

Allegro.

1 Down by the brook-let's side, Where the soft wa - ters glide Gen - tly and sweet - ly a - way to the sea, Lift - ing my ti - ny bell

2 There, where the wild bird's song Chants, thro' the sum - mer long, Strains of af - fec - tion, un-chang - ing and true, Formed by a fai - ry's wand,—

3 I in my lone - ly bower, En - vy no gay - er flow'r, Fanned by the bright wing of hum - bird and bee, While by the streamlet's side,

4 Still let the night - in - gale Fond - ly the rose as - sail, Pour - ing its moon - sick strains, wast-ing its sighs; But on the vio - let's breast,

Up from the leaf - y dell, There is my birth-place, the dwell - ing for me, There is my birth - place, the dwell - ing for me.

Claim - ing no care, I stand, Woo - ing the sun - beams, and quaff - ing the dew, Woo - ing the sun - beams, and quaff - ing the dew.
Glad as the laugh - ing tide, Vel - vet-cheeked chil-dren are seek - ing for me, Vel - vet-cheeked chil - dren are seek - ing for me.

Still shall the an - gels rest, Long as we gar - ner the tints of the sky, Long as we gar - ner the tints of the sky.

BOAT SONG.

Allegretto.

1 While the sil - ver moon is gleam - ing bright, Come, oh, come with me; While the waves are tipped with mys-tic light, Come, oh, come with me;

2 Thro' the hap - py hours of e - ven - tide, Come, oh, come with me; We will drift a - bove the shin - ing tide, Come, oh, come with me;

And whilst eve-ning bells are peal - ing sweet O'er the glad blue sea, Our light bark shall ride the wave - lets fleet, Come, oh, come with me.

And while star-beams, streaming from a - bove, Kiss the earth and sea, We shall dream a dream of joy and love, Come, oh, come with me.

FOR THE SUN SHINETH BRIGHT OVER ALL.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

Allegretto.

1 There are bright - tint - ed flow'rs where the soft breez - es float, And the dews of the eve - ning fall, Where the

2 There are beau - ti - ful souls with a calm - ness se - rene, And a hap - py con - tent with - al, And they

3 There are sor - row - ing hearts who the lone vig - ils keep, Where the storms of af - flic - tion fall, There are

CHORUS.

bird and the bee from the hon - ey cups drink, For the sun shin - eth bright o - ver all. O - ver all,

dwell in the glow of the ra - di - ant beam, For the sun shin - eth bright o - ver all. O - ver all, o - ver

love cher-ished mounds in the green - cov - ered vale, But the sun shin - eth bright o - ver all. O - ver all, o - ver all, o - ver

o - ver all, For the sun shin - eth bright o - ver all, o - ver all, 'Tis a beau - ti - ful earth, with its

all, For the sun shin - eth bright o - ver all, 'Tis a beau - ti - ful earth, with its

all, For the sun shin - eth bright o - ver all, o - ver all, 'Tis a beau - ti - ful earth, with its

bril - liance and shade, For the sun shin - eth bright o - ver all, o - ver all, For the sun shin-eth bright o - ver all.

bril - liance and shade, For the sun shin - eth bright o - ver all, o - ver all, For the sun shin-eth bright o - ver all.

bril - liance and shade, For the sun shin - eth bright o - ver all, For the sun shin-eth bright o - ver all.

EVER BE FIRM.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

1 Ev - er be firm, be loy - al and true, Never give up tho' help-ers be few; Lift up the one in deep-est disgrace, Fear not the world with frowns on its face.

2 Ev - er be firm tho' bat-tles be lost, Nev-er give up what-ev - er it cost; Precious the blood that flows for the right, Honored the scars received in the fight.

3 Ev - er be firm tho' false be thine own, Never give up tho' standing a-lone; Be in thyself a host for the right, Tho' with the foe all oth - ers u-nite.

CHORUS.

Ev - er be firm, be true, be true, Stand for the right tho' helpers be few; Down with the flag that vice proudly waves; Fling to the breeze the banner that saves.

Ev - er be firm, be true, be true, Stand for the right tho' helpers be few; Down with the flag that vice proudly waves, Fling to the breeze the banner that saves.

Allegro.

1 There's mu - sic in the midnight breeze, There's music in the morn; The day-beam and the gen - tle eve, Sweet sounds have ev-er borne;

2 The winds that sweep the mountain top, Their joy - ous ech - oes bear; Young zephyrs on the stream-let play, And make sweet music there;

3 The heart, too, has its thrill-ing chords, A con - se - cra - ted fount, From which in - spir - ing mel - o - dies To heaven in glad-ness mount;

The val - ley hath its welcome notes, The grove its tuneful throng, And o - cean's mighty cav - erns teem, With na - ture's end - less song.

With rustling sound the for - est leaves, Bend to the pass-ing breeze, And pleas-ant is the bus - y hum Of pleas - ure seek - ing bees.

Thus na-ture's mu-sic's lent that man May join the myriad throng Of all her glo - rious works in one har - mon - ious burst of song.

THE BRIGHTEST SIDE.

1 There nev-er was yet a day so dark, Nev-er so deep a grief, But out of the ful-ness of love there came Ev-er the blest re-lief.

2 There's man-y a cloud on youthful brow, Tok-ens of grief and care, Those storms that will gather and rend the soul, End-ing in dark de-spair.

3 Then o-pen your heart to life and light, Un-der the clouds will shine The hue of the rain-bow of hope that cheers, Fill-ing with peace di-vine.

4 Oh, why is the bliss that's so com-plete, Un-to your souls de-nied? Oh, would you pos-sess it with hope-ful eyes? Look on the brightest side!

CHORUS.

We've on-ly to trust— on-ly to wait, What-ev-er ill be-tide; And the heart will grow strong, and cheerful ere long, That looks on the brightest side!

We've on-ly to trust— on-ly to wait, What-ev-er ill be-tide; And the heart will grow strong, and cheerful ere long, That looks on the brightest side!

THINK OF ME.

Words by NYNOTHA.

Moderato.

1 When the morn-ing wakes in splendor On thy glad and hap-py home, And the gold-en sunbeams ren-der Light up-on the path you roam,—

2 When the eve-ning with its sor-row Comes to thee, with fair hopes dead, And there beams no brighter mor-row, Call-ing back the joys now fled,—

When the earth is clad in glad-ness, And the birds sing joy-ous-ly, When you feel no tho't of sad-ness, Oh, then think of love and me.

When the world seems cold and drear-y, And the birds sing not for thee, When thy heart grows faint and weary, Oh, then think of love and me.

EVENING BELLS.

A. S. KIEFFER. J. H. T.

Gently.

1 Peal - ing slow, soft and low, Eve - ning bells, swing to and fro; Once a - gain, your re - frain Wak - ens dreams of long a - go.

2 How you tell, as you dwell, Of the friends once loved so well; But who keep, slum - ber deep, In yon qui - et church-yard dell.

3 Eyes once bright, hearts once light, Greet no more the soft twi - light, As ye chime, keep- ing time, To the foot - steps of the night.

4 Here a - lone, here a - lone I sit list' - ning to your tone, Dream-ing dreams, pen - sive dreams, Of the days whose lights have flown.

CHORUS.

Eve - ning bells, eve - ning bells, What a tale your mu - sic tells, As ye chime, keep - ing time To the mu - sic of life's rhyme.

Eve - ning bells, eve - ning bells, What a tale your mu - sic tells, As ye chime, keep - ing time To the mu - sic of life's rhyme.

Eve - ning bells, eve - ning bells, What a tale your mu - sic tells, As ye chime, keep - ing time To the mu - sic of life's rhyme.

LIFE'S CHANGEFUL DREAM.

A. S. KIEFFER.

Allegretto.

1 A-down thro' the hap-py mea-dows I wan-dered, to-day, And passed by the tryst-ing plac-es of years fled a-way;

2 I saw in the haz-y dis-tance a sweet lit-tle cot, Whose walls held a lit-tle dar-ling I ne'er have for-got;

3 The tall, state-ly poplars, toss their dark green plumes on high, While white, gen-tle cloud-lets wan-der a-cross the blue sky;

4 The years bring their mystic mu-sic from out the dead past; And some that will mur-mur sweet-ly while day-dreams shall last.

I stood in the leaf-y sha-dows, and gazed on the stream, And thought of the ma-ny chang-es of Life's fit-ful dream.

But oh, I shall nev-er greet her by mea-dow or stream, For fled is the pre-cious dar-ling of Life's ear-ly dream.
I stand in the qui-et sha-dows be-side the clear stream, And think on the ma-ny chang-es of Life's fit-ful dream.

But oh, I shall nev-er greet her by mea-dow or stream, For gone is the pre-cious dar-ling of Life's change ful dream.

I WILL WIN OR DIE.

J. H. T.

1 I am on the field of bat-tle, Pledg'd to win or die; Fear-less, earn-est in the fight, Bear-ing sword and ar-mor bright, Bravely struggling for the

2 Firm-ly stand with faith and courage, Pledg'd to win or die; Foes as-sail us ev'-ry-where, Foes that we must bravely dare Till the vic-to-ry we

3 I will stand be-side my Captain, Pledg'd to win or die; Faithful-ly my sword I'll wield, Till the vanquish'd foemen yield, Till we drive them from the

CHORUS.

cres. *ff* *rit.*

right, I will win or die! Yes, I'll win or die! I will win or die! In the strug-gle for the vic-to-ry I will win— or die!

share, Till we win or die! Yes, I'll win or die! I will win or die! In the strug-gle for the vic-to-ry I will win— or die!

field, Till we win or die! Yes, I'll win or die! I will win or die! In the strug-gle for the vic-to-ry I will win— or die!

BLOSSOMS.

W. B. BLAKE.

Andante.

1 Blos-soms peep - ing through the fence, On the hot and dust - y road, Cheer the trav'-ler's lag - ging step, Ease his hea - vy load;

2 Drops of dew at earl - y morn, Spar - kle like a clear - cut gem, Make each wood-land leaf and flow'r Seem a di - a - dem;

3 Lit - tle words of truth and love, Spoke in friendship's ten - der strain, Oft - en touch the wand'-rer's heart, Guide him home a - gain;

Then let our lives be blos-soms, A - long life's wea-ry, wea - ry road, To cheer the faint-ing pil - grim, And ease his hea - vy load.

Then let our lives be dew - y, With ten - der, ten - der word and smile, To make the way seem bright - er, If on - ly for a - while.

Then may our lives be ev - er A hymn of truth and love, To strengthen one an - oth - er, And thus a bless - ing prove.
A - long life's wea - ry road,

"SOFTLY THE DAY DECLINING."

Gently.

1 Soft - ly the day de - clin - ing, Far, far in the beau - ti - ful west, See! brightly the night-star shining, On val - ley and wood-land at rest;

2 Na - ture is calm - ly sleep-ing, And birds in their bowers are still, And soft - ly the moon is keep-ing Her watch o'er the far - dis - tant hill;

So calm - ly our spir - its re - pos - ing, In in - nocence, joy-ful and pure, May love in our hearts en-clos-ing, His prom - is-es faith-ful and sure.

And thus do the an-gels a - bove us, Now watch o'er our slumbers so pure, And whisper of Him who loves us, Whose promise is faithful and sure.

DREAM ON. Serenade.

1 Star-light,and moonlight are kiss-ing the sea ; Night winds are gath'ring Their perfume on the lea ;— Mountain and meadow smile with de - light,

2 Sweet sings the fountain,As night-winds go by ; Wave-lets are lisp-ing In murmur and in sigh ; Woodlands are dreaming of morn-ing light,

3 God's ho - ly an - gels will guard thee to-night ; Sweet be thy slumbers,To end with morning light ; An - gels will guard thee ! Sleep on,my fair,

legato. *ritard.*

While my love slumbers,—Dreaming, to - night. Dream on,dream on,dream on,Dream on,dream on,While night winds wander,Dream on,dream on,dream on !

While my love slumbers,—Dreaming to - night. Dream . . . . on ! Dream . . . . on ! While night winds wander,Dream . . . . on !

p *pp* *mf* *ritard.*

Slum - ber, my dar-ling, safe from all care.

Dream on,dream on,dream on ! Dream on ! While night winds wander,Dream on,dream on,dream on.

NO SURRENDER.

J. H. T.

Spirited.

1 Ev - er constant, ev - er true, Let the word be "No sur - ren-der!" Bold - ly dare and great-ly do, This shall bring us bravely

2 Nail the col - ors to the mast, Shout - ing glad - ly, "No sur - ren - der!" Trou - bles now are al - most past; Leave them as you did the

3 Con - stant and cour-age - ous still, Mind the word is "No sur - ren - der!" Bat - tle, tho' it be up hill; Stag - ger not at seeming

through, No sur - ren-der! No sur - ren-der! And tho' fortune's smiles be few, Hope is al-ways springing new, Still in -

last; No sur - ren-der! No sur - ren-der! Tho' the skies be o - ver - cast, And up - on the sleet - y blast, Dis - ap -

ill; No sur - ren-der! No sur - ren-der! Hope, and thus your hope ful - fil, There's a way where there's a will; And the

spir-ing me and you With a mag-ic "No sur-ren-der!" No, no, no, no, no sur-ren-der! No, no, no, no, no sur-ren-der!

pointments gather fast, Beat them off with "No sur-ren-der!" No, no, no, no, no sur-ren-der! No, no, no, no, no sur-ren-der!

way all cares to kill Is to give them "No sur-ren-der!" No, no, no, no, no sur-ren-der! No, no, no, no, no sur-ren-der!

HARK! THE PEALING.

Gently. J. H. T.

1 Hark! the peal-ing, Soft-ly steal-ing, Eve-ning bell, Sweet-ly ech-oed down the dell, Sweetly ech-oed down the dell.

2 Wel-come, welcome Is thy mu-sic, Silv'-ry bell, Sweet-ly tell-ing day's farewell, Sweetly tell-ing day's farewell.
3 Day is sleep-ing, Flow'rs are weep-ing Tears of dew; Stars are peep-ing ev-er true, Stars are peep-ing ev-er true.

4 Grove and mountain, Flood and foun-tain, Faint-ly gleam, In the rud-dy sun-set stream, In the rud-dy sun-set stream.

AWAY, AWAY!

Allegretto.

1 A - way, a - way, to the woods a - way, Where fountains are flowing clear; A-way, a - way to the woods we'll go, And share in the fes - tal cheer.

2 There, there beneath spreading oak and vine, We'll sing merry songs of glee; While soft winds play thro' the giant pine, Their mel - o - dies light and free.

3 With laugh and shout and a mer - ry rout, We'll spend all the happy day, And then when bright, happy stars come out, We'll hie to our homes a - way.

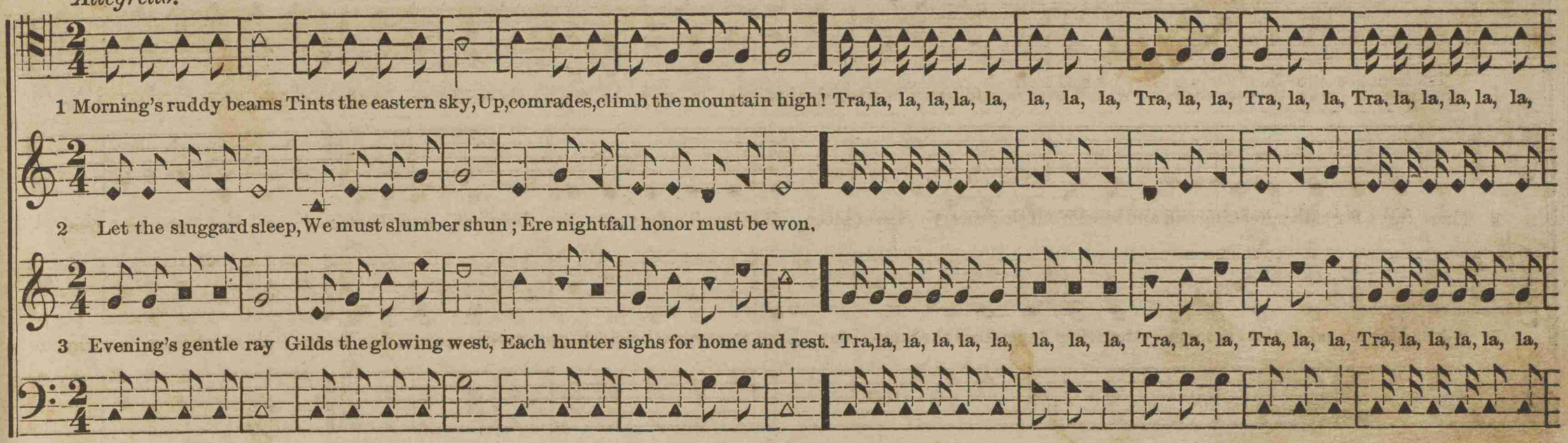
Hur - rah! hur - rah! A - way to the woods, a - way! Hur - rah! hur - rah! A - way to the woods, a - way.

Hur - rah! hur - rah! A - way to the woods, a - way! Hur - rah! hur - rah! A - way to the woods, a - way.

Hur - rah! hur - rah! A - way to the woods, a - way! Hur - rah! hur - rah! A - way to the woods, a - way.

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

Allegretto.


1 Morning's ruddy beams Tints the eastern sky, Up, comrades, climb the mountain high! Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la,
2 Let the sluggard sleep, We must slumber shun; Ere nightfall honor must be won,
3 Evening's gentle ray Gilds the glowing west, Each hunter sighs for home and rest. Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la. Haste, haste, haste! The merry, merry bugle calls, The merry, merry bugle calls, Haste, haste, haste! The merry, merry bugle calls.
la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la. Haste, haste, haste! The merry, merry bugle calls, The merry, merry bugle calls, Haste, haste, haste! The merry, merry bugle calls.

p

1 There are mo - ments when mu-sic's soft num - bers en-chant me, And thrill thro' my soul with a chas-ten'd delight; Nor a high - er e - lys- ian can

2 On a bright summer night, when the stars were re - veal - ing Their myr-iads of eyes in the clear a - zure dome, Came a cho - rus of maidens with

p

3 It is said that the good, when they cease from their la - bors, And lay themselves down to re - lin-quish their breath, Often hear the soft notes of ce -

cres.

friendship's voice grant me, Than war-bling her songs in the calm of the night; Half a - wak'd by the mel - o - dy's ris - ing and swell - ing, I

har - mo - ny greet - ing, And sang near my cot - tage a song of sweet home: How the mel - o - dy wav - ing, and ris - ing, and swell - ing, Came

les - ti - al neigh-bors, In - vit - ing them o - ver the val - ley of death: While the sighings of sor - row are heard in their dwell-ing, The

p *rit.*

drink in the sounds as they float on the air; And im - ag - ine that an - gels en - cir-cling my dwelling, Are singing a heav -en - ly lul - la - by there.

steal-ing a - long through the calm summer air; And I thought the bright angels encircling my dwelling, Were singing a heav -en - ly lul - la - by there.

dy - ing hear mu - sic a - loft in the air; For the voic - es of an - gels in har - mo - ny swelling, Are sing-ing a heav -en - ly lul - la - by there.

CLOSING HOUR. S. M.

E. ROBERTS.

1 Lord, at this clos - ing hour, Es - tab-lish ev' - ry heart Up - on thy word of truth and power, To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our breth - ren give; Fill all our hearts with love; In faith and pa - tience may we live, And seek our rest a - bove.

3 Through changes bright or drear, We would thy will pur - sue, And toil to spread thy king-dom here Till we its glo - ry view.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

THE FRIENDS OF MY CHILDHOOD.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1 Oh, the pic-tures I drew up - on mem - o - ry's page, They were bright with the hopes that have faded with age; But the fac - es of friends are as fair there to - day, As the smiles which they gave me while watching my play; I ne'er shall for - get them, they smile on me now, The

2 Oh, the songs I have heard when with step light and free, I have wandered at will with the bird and the bee, When my feet beat the time to the voice of the rill, When it sang in its joy down the sides of the hill; I ne'er shall for - get them they still lin - ger near, The

3 Yes, a warm ros - y flush thro' the val-leys shall run, When the hill-tops are kissed by the bright morn-ing sun, And the light of the dawn shall re - main in the sky, Tho' the day be o'er - cast, and its sun-shine should die; The brightness of child - hood I ne'er can for - get, Its

friends of my childhood my life shall en-dow, They smile on me now! they smile on me now! The friends of my childhood, oh, they smile on me now.

songs of my childhood so sweet to my ear, So sweet to my ear! so sweet to my ear! The songs of my childhood, oh, how sweet to my ear.

soft, rud-dy glow, it a-bides with me yet, I ne'er can for-get! I ne'er can for-get! The bright-ness of childhood, it a-bides with me yet.

ERVLING. C. M.

T.

1 Long as I live, I'll bless thy name, My King, my God of love; My work and joy shall be the same In the bright world a-bove.

2 Great is the Lord, his power un-known; Oh, let his praise be great! I'll sing the hon-ors of thy throne; Thy works of grace re-peat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell up-on my tongue; And while my lips re-joice, The men who hear my sa-cred song, Shall join their cheer-ful voice.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

LOVED ONE, WE LAY THEE TO REST.

J. H. TENNEY by per.

Affettuoso.

1 Loved one! we lay thee to rest, Qui - et - ly now thou art sleep-ing, Eyes nev - er more shall be weep - ing,

2 Loved one! we lay thee to rest, Tears are our pathway be - dew - ing, Grief is our foot - steps pur - su - ing,

Hearts nev - er more be op - pressed, Peace hath thy spir - it pos - sessed; Fair was thy life in its beau - ty,

Joy is no long - er our guest, Sor - row hath made her be - quest; Faith through the shades would be gaz - ing,

Nev - er once shrinking from du - ty, Dear - est! go now to thy rest, Wake in the land of the blest;

Up - ward our eyes we are rais - ing, Dear - est! we see thee at rest, Safe in the arms of the Blest;

ad lib.

Bright - est of hopes have de-part - ed, Wea - ry are we and sick-heart - ed, Dear-est! we lay thee to rest.

Naught but the cask - et we're leav - ing, Long - er we would not be griev - ing, Dearest! we lay thee to rest.

Words by H. H. HAYDEN.

ON THE LAKE. (Glee.)

E. P. ANDREWS, by per.

1 Now brightly on the yield-ing wave, The moon's soft rays are glanc - ing; The sparkling wa - ter seems to move, As if with joy 'twere danc - ing.

2 The eve - ning breezes gen - tly blow, A sweet re-fresh - ment bring-ing, As on - ward blithesome - ly we go, Our mer - ry cho - rus sing - ing.

3 We gai - ly dip the gleam-ing oar, And on - ward now are dash - ing, While faint and faint-er grows the shore On which the waves are plash - ing.

And we are full of answering glee, With hap-py hearts we sing, And far a - cross the wa - ters free, Our mer - ry notes shall ring.

Our wa'-try pathway gleams with light, The hour is full of joy, All na - ture smiles on us to - night, No trou - ble shall an - noy.

We bid each tho't of sor - row flee, Care to the winds we fling, And far a - cross the wa - ters free, Our mer - ry notes shall ring.

Allegro.

1 Morn-ing is gild-ing mountain and tree, Sunbeams are lin-ing gold on the sea; Soft is the zephyr's whis - per of love, Borne from the home a - bove.

2 Mu-sic of loved ones, songs ev - er dear, Joy-ful - ly float-ing, fall on my ear; Sweet-ly I jour-ney 'cir - cled by love, Viewing my home a - bove.

3 Gath-er around me, ab - sent and dear, And in the stillness draw ver - y near; An - gels of mer - cy freight-ed with love, Come from the home a - bove.

CHORUS.

Far, far a - way in the fields of light, Gleameth a cit - y fair and bright; Beauti - ful cit - y teem-ing with love, There is my home a - bove.

Far, far a - way in the fields of light, Gleameth a cit - y fair and bright; Beauti - ful cit - y teem-ing with love, There is my home a - bove.

GOOD NIGHT.

J. H. T., by per.

Dolce. mp

1 Good night, good night! the world is still, The stars their watch are keeping, The hum of day has died a-way, And all the flow'rs are sleep-ing.

mp

2 Good night, good night! sweet dreams be thine, And may the an-gels, bend-ing From heaven above, be-hold in love, Thy sleep pro-tec-tion lend-ing.

Good night, good night, the mountain stream Is sing-ing 'midst the clo-ver, The fair-ies quaff from lil-y cups, With nec-tar run-ning o-ver.

Good night, good night, when thou shall sleep That sleep that knows no wak-ing, May ser-aph care con-duct thee where Th' eternal morn is break-ing.

p *pp rit.*

Good night, good night, the world is still, And all the flow'rs are sleeping. Good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night.

p *pp rit.*

Good night, good night, the world is still, And all the flow'rs are sleeping. Good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night.

IDRIA. C. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor - tal reign; In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban-ish pain.

2 There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev-er with'ring flow'rs; Death, like a nar - row sea, di-vides This heav'n-ly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood, Stand dress'd in liv - ing green; So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor - dan roll'd be - tween.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1 I've heard that won-drous beau-ty dwells In lands far, far a-way, But fair-er to my eyes the

2 I've passed the state-ly halls of pride, I've marked their loft-y dome, Yet dear-er to my heart to-

3 Not where the world has spread her feast I'll eat my dai-ly bread, My soul would quick-ly sa-ti-

hills Where first I saw the day; New beau-ty dai-ly I dis-cern Up-on their rug-ged face, Each

day, My own more hum-ble home; Sweet friend-ship reared its sheltering walls, And love has thatched them o'er, Con-

ate Up-on her dain-ties fed; But sweet-er to my taste the joys My hum-ble board sup-plies, Where

hard - y fea-ture chang - ing oft, Reveals some hid - den grace; Each hard - y fea - ture changing oft, Re - veals some hid - den grace.

tent - ment sits an hon - ored guest, And truth shall guard the door; Con-tent - ment sits an hon-ored guest, And truth shall guard the door.

peace with gen-tle hand pre-sides, And qui - et sat - is - fies; Where peace with gen-tle hand pre - sides, And qui - et sat - is - fies.

BERGEN. L. M.

Dr. M. J. MUNGER.

Moderato.

1 Great Shepherd of thine Is - ra - el! Who didst between the cher - ubs dwell, And lead the tribes, thy cho - sen sheep, Safe thro' the desert and the deep.

2 Thy church is in the des - ert now; Shine from on high and guide us thro'; Turn us to thee, thy love re - store; We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

3 Hast thou not planted, with thy hand, A love - ly vine in this our land? Did not thy power de-fend it round, And heav'nly dews enrich the ground?

A HAPPY GOOD NIGHT.

CHAS. H. CARROLL.

1 How calm-ly the stars a-bove us, Look down from the blue eth-er sky; How gent-ly the hours are glid-ing, The time for our part-ing is nigh;

2 Oh, lin-ger a mo-ment long-er, We'll sing with a mer-ry good will, A cho-rus to crown our parting, Our spir-its with pleasure to fill;

Yet now let us linger a moment, When all is so cheerful and bright; Again let our voices mingle, And then for a happy good night, good night, good night.
good night,

Oh, long be our friendship remember'd, And treasured with purest delight; Once more let our voices mingle, And then for a happy good night, good night, good night.
good night,

MY SONG.

Dr. G. F. ROOT.

1 At my work I'm al-ways sing-ing, Tho' the days be cold and long, For my heart's so full of mu - sic That I can - not stop the song.

2 I am sing-ing in the sun-shine, Tho' the sky is dull and gray; I am sing-ing of the flow - ers All the chill - y win - ter day.

3 I am sing-ing of the gar - den,— Of the ros - es there in bloom,— Of a thousand things in na - ture, 'Mid the win - ter's sul - len gloom.

CHORUS.

I am sing-ing, yes, I'm sing-ing, Tho' the days be cold, be cold and long, For my heart's so full of mu - sic That I can - not stop my song.

I am sing-ing, I'm sing-ing, Tho' the days be cold and long, For my heart's so full of mu - sic That I can - not stop my song.

I am sing-ing, yes, I'm sing-ing, Tho' the days be cold, be cold and long, For my heart's so full of mu - sic That I can - not stop my song.

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A HOME WITH THEE.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD. E. ROBERTS.

1 Where the bright flowers are bloom-ing, Down by a cot in the vale, Ev'-ry faint zephyr per-fum - ing, With the sweet breath they exhale;

2 Birds the dark for-est for-sak - ing, Down to our bright haunt will stray, Ech-oes with mu-sic a-wak - ing, Tell-ing of hopes in each lay;

3 Bright-ly the val-ley is smil - ing, Ros-es her beau-ty a-dorn, Mel - o - dy soft-ly be-guil - ing, Floats on the breath of the morn;

There we will rest on our jour - ney, There our sweet ref-uge will be; Beau-ty and fragrance will charm us, There is the dwelling for me!

Na-ture will fur-nish her treas - ures, Queen of the realm thou shalt be; List to the voic-es that call thee, Home,—'twill be home, love, with thee!

Vain-ly, in-deed, may she woo me, If thou re-lent-less wilt be, Dear as these scenes are un-to me, 'Twill not be home without thee!

AN AUTUMN SONG.

A. S. K.

Lively.

1 Now that autumn days are here, Crowned with wealth of goodly cheer, To feast us in the dreary days When frosts and snows appear; So we'll raise a song of praise For the

2 In the orchards ap-ples shine, Painted red by hands divine; And clusters of the luscious grape Are purpling every vine; So we'll raise a song of praise For the

3 From the forest's royal crown, Nuts, in showers, are dropping down To add their cheer to bless our feasts When earth is bare and brown; So we'll raise a song of praise For the

4 In the garner sleeps the grain; Idly stands the harvest wain; And safely stored is all the wealth Of summer's joyous reign; So we'll raise a song of praise For the

glorious autumn days, And merrily, mer-ri-ly sing both loud and long, And merri-ly, mer-ri- ly sing both loud and long, And merri-ly sing both loud and long.

glorious autumn days, And merrily, mer-ri-ly sing both loud and long, And merri-ly, mer-ri- ly sing both loud and long, And merri-ly sing both loud and long.

glorious autumn days, And merrily, mer-ri-ly sing both loud and long, And merri-ly, mer-ri- ly sing both loud and long, And merri-ly sing both loud and long.

BEAUTIFUL EVENING STAR.

Dr. G. F. ROOT.

1 Star of the eve - ning, glad - ly we hail thee, Now as thou shin - est down from a - far, Now when the shades of twi - light are

2 Bright bea - con light of wan-der - ers wea - ry, Shin-ing a - bove them wher-e'er they roam, Guide,then, the way - worn trav - el - ler's

3 Star of the eve - ning, now as thou beam - est Soft - ly up - on us, down from a - far, Sweet is thy smile, se - rene in thy

CHORUS. *p*

deep'-ning, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful eve - ning star. Beau - ti - ful star! Beau - ti - ful star!

p

foot - steps Safe to the wait - ing ones dear at home. Beau - ti - ful star! Beau - ti - ful star. Star of the

p

glo - ry, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful eve - ning star. Beau - ti - ful star! Beau - ti - ful star!

p

By permission of JOHN CHURCH & CO.

cres. *f*

Star of the eve-ning, beau-ti-ful star! Beau-ti-ful star! Beau-ti-ful star! star of the eve-ning, beau-ti-ful star!

eve - - ning, Beau-ti-ful star! Beau-ti-ful star! Beau-ti-ful star! Star of the eve-ning, beau-ti-ful star!

cres. *f*

Star of the eve-ning, beau-ti-ful star! Beau-ti-ful star! Beau-ti-ful star! Star of the eve-ning, beau-ti-ful star!

GENTLY SIGHS THE BREEZE.

E. P. AMBROSE.

1 Gen-tly, gen-tly sighs the breeze, As it floats a-mong the trees; Like a voice of ser-aph bright, Sing-ing to the world good night.

2 Ev'-ry hill and ev'-ry glade, In the twi-light seems to fade; While the whisp'-ring breez-es say, Or-i-sons for close of day.

3 Hush! the birds are gone to rest;—O'er the earth night sa-ble drest, Hides her beau-ties from our sight, Her dear friends must say good night.

FLOATING DOWN TOGETHER.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1 Hand in hand on the stream of Time, We go float-ing down to-geth - er; Soft are blue skies a - bove our heads In the balm - y spring-time weath - er.

2 Sweet are bird-songs upon the shores, And enchanting scenes are round us; Noise-less feet steal the moments by Since the love-god, Cu - pid, crowned us.

Bright-ly the wa-ters re-flect the sun, As we glide in dreamy splendor; Soft - ly the breezes fill our sails, Still murmuring low and

And heart to heart as we

Oh, do you think in the aft - er years, When youth's glory is de - part - ed, Shall we then stand with hand in hand,

FLOATING DOWN TOGETHER. Concluded.

ten - - - der. Hand in hand on the riv-er of Time We go floating down together, Softly the breezes fill our sails, Murmuring low and ten-der.

start - - - ed? Hand in hand on the riv-er of Time We go floating down together, Softly the breezes fill our sails, Murmuring low and ten-der.

BURTON. C. M.

J. H. T.

Animated.

1 Bright was the guiding star that led With mild, benignant ray, The Gentiles to the low-ly bed Where our Redeemer lay, Where our Redeemer lay.

2 But lo! a brighter, clearer light Now points to his a - bode; It shines thro' sin and sorrow's night To guide us to our Lord, To guide us to our Lord.

3 Oh, haste to follow where he leads, The gra - cious call o - bey; By rugged wilds, or flow'ring meads, The Christian's destined way, The Christian's destined way.

Words by CHARLES SWAIN.

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1 Home's not mere - ly four square walls, Tho' with pic - tures hung and gild - ed; Home is where af - fec - tion calls— Filled with

2 Home's not mere - ly roof and room, Needs it some-thing to en - dear it; . Home is where the heart can bloom; Where there's

shrines the heart hath build - ed: Home! go watch the faith - ful dove, Sail - ing 'neath the heav'ns a - bove us;

some kind lip to cheer it: What is home with none to meet, None to wel - come— none to greet us?

CHORUS.

Home is where there's one to love, Home is where there's one to love us. Home, sweet home!

Home, sweet, sweet home, sweet home!

Home is sweet, and on - ly sweet When there's one we love to meet us. Home, sweet, sweet home!

Home, sweet home!

Home, sweet home! There's no place like home, There's no place like home.

Home, sweet, sweet home, sweet home! There's no place like home, sweet home, There's no place like home.

Home, sweet, sweet home!

Home, sweet home! There's no place like home, There's no place like home.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

DREAMING OF THEE.

E. ROBERTS, by per.

1 Thou art near me, ev - er near me, On thy snow - y pin - ions fair, Thou art float-ing in the moon - light, Thou art
2 Years have pass'd, and many chan - ges Mark the old fa - mil - iar spot, Where the ev - er-greens are wav - ing O'er the
3 Long and deep the lines of sor - row, Time has pen - ciled on my brow; There is none like thee to guide me, None like

sigh - ing in the air; Like the mur-mur of a wave - let, When it rip - ples on the sea,
sweet for - get - me - not; Oh, the lit - tle mound is sa - - cred, By a thou - sand ties to me,
thee to love me now; Dream - ing, yes, my heart is dream - ing, All my sun - ny child - hood o'er,

CHORUS.

I am dreaming of thee, I am dreaming of

Comes thy welcome voice, my mother, In a hap - py dream to me.
Where I hear the spir - it ech - oes In a hap - py dream of thee.
And the spir - it ech-oes whis - per, We shall meet to part no more.

I am dream - - - ing of thee, I am dream - ing of

I am dreaming of thee, I am dreaming of

Repeat Chorus pp.

thee. Moth - er, dar - ling, thou art near me, ev - er near me, For I'm dream-ing, yes, I'm dream - ing of thee.

thee. I am dream-ing, ev - er dream - - - - - ing, I am dream - - - - - ing of thee,

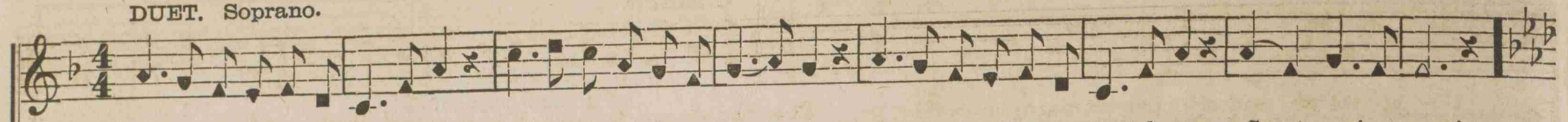
thee. Moth - er, dar - ling, thou art near me, ev - er near me, For I'm dream-ing, yes, I'm dream - ing of thee.

Words by Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

EVENING PRAYER.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

DUET. Soprano.



1 Down the western sky low sinks the sun, Looks with face serene on work well done; Bows his head, while earth repeats her prayer, Sweet evening prayer!
2 Soft the gen-tle zephyr tunes her voice, Bids all na-ture, ere she sleeps, rejoice; Stars are list'ning while the drowsy air, Joins evening prayer.
3 Shades are drawing near thro' waning light, Birds with simple cadence chant good night, Sweet the incense loving hearts prepare, While off'ring prayer.

Alto.



REFRAIN. Solo.



EVENING PRAYER. Concluded.

FULL Chorus.

U - ni - ted we will raise Our eve-ning hymn of praise; Bless him who gave us breath, Who saves from death. Who saves from death.

praise,

U - ni - ted we will raise Our eve-ning hymn of praise; Bless him who gave us breath, Who saves from death. Who saves from death.

FERGUSON. 7s.

Arranged.

Gently.

1 Pil-grim, burden'd with thy sin, Come the way to Zi - on's gate; There, till mer - cy speaks with - in, Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait.

2 Knock—he knows the sin - ner's cry; Weep—he loves the mourner's tears; Watch—for sav - ing grace is nigh; Wait—till heav'n-ly light ap - pears.

3 Hark! it is the Bridegroom's voice, "Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!" Now with - in the gate re - joice, Safe, and seal'd, and bought, and blest.

ABIDE WITH US.

Words by Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

Andante.

1 I sit in the fad - ing twi - light, The crim-son and gold are dim, I list for the bells' sweet chiming, And the sound of the evening hymn;

2 The light of the moon is com - ing, And gen - tle the stir - ring breeze, The sun, with its golden pen - cil, Is a - dorn-ing the for - est trees;

The stars in the sky grow brighter, And hush'd is the e - ven - tide; How thrilling the words of the car - ol, "With Thee I will come and a - bide."

The birds of the wood are sing - ing, As in its green depths they hide; But dear-er the song of the mat - in, "With thee I will come and a - bide."

CHORUS.

Abide with us, Lord, in the brightness, Abide in the still e - ven-tide; Secure, we will rest in the shadow, If Thou with us still wilt a-bide.

Abide with us, Lord, in the brightness, Abide in the still e - ven-tide; Secure, we will rest in the shadow, If Thou with us still wilt a-bide.

"GATHER THE CHERISHED ONES."

H. J. COUCH.

1 Gather the cherish'd ones Home to their rest, Strew the pale roses Over the breast; Like them in beauty, Flow'rs decay, When the heart's earthly joy Passeth away.

2 Weep for the cherish'd ones, Hallow with tears, Graves which the love of Lost ones endears; Trust to their pillow Gently the dead, Angels from heaven will Watch o'er their bed.

3 Jesus, our cherish'd ones, Welcomes on high, With him for - ev - er, No more to die; May we, dear Father, When life is o'er, Meet them in glory, to Part nevermore.

VOICES OF SPRING.

Words by Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

First time Soprano Solo, or Duet for Soprano and Alto. Repeat full Chorus.

FINE.

1 Oh, shout! winter leave is tak - ing; Joy! joy! mer-ry spring is wak-ing; Oh, look! earth her fet - ters break - ing, Sweet spring sets the prisoner free.
D.C. Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Oh, shout! spring has come a - gain!

2 Oh, come, here are leaf - y bow - ers; Bright beams wake the lovely flowers; Soft clouds send us gen - tle show - ers; Warm rays life and beauty bring.
D.C. Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Oh, shout! spring has come a - gain!

D. C.

Oh, come, birds their way are wing-ing, Yes, yes, 'tis their time of sing - ing; List ye, joy-ous notes are ring - ing, Just now, o - ver land and sea.

Green grass 'round our pathway grow-ing; Mild winds gently, gen - tly blow - ing; Pure streams quickly, quickly flow-ing; All hail! voic - es of the spring!

THE CROWN OF PRAISE.

ATHETON. L. M.

Arranged from a Choral.

1 Prais - es to him who built the hills; Prais-es to him the streams who fills; Praises to him who lights each star That sparkles in the blue a - far.

2 Prais - es to him who wakes the morn, And bids it glow with beams new-born; Who draws the shadows of the night, Like cur-tains,o'er our wearied sight.

3 Prais - es to him whose love has given, In Christ his Son,the life of heaven; Who for our dark-ness,gives us light, And turns to day our deep-est night.

FULLER. L. M.

J H. T

Smooth and gentle.

1 Come, wea - ry souls, with sin distressed, Come, and ac-cept the promised rest; The Saviour's gracious call o - bey, And cast your gloomy fears a - way.

2 Op · pressed with sin, a painful load, Oh, come and spread your woes abroad: Di-vine com - passion, mighty love, Will all the painful load re-move.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K OLIVER.

Dolce e piano.

See gentle patience smile on pain, See, dy-ing hope re - vive a - gain; Hope wipes the tear from sor-row's eye, While faith points upward to the sky.

Words by JOHN G. WHITTIER.*

TEMPLE. L. M.

1 Thou dwellest not, O Lord of all! In temples which thy chil-dren raise; Our work to thine is mean and small, And brief to thy e - ter - nal days.

2 For-give the weakness and the pride, If mar'd thereby our gift may be; For love, at least, has sanc - ti - fied The altar which we rear to thee.

3 Tho' here should never sound of speech Or or-gan an-them rise or fall, Its stones would pious les - sons teach, Its shade in ben-e - dictions fall.

4 Here should the dove of peace be found, And blessings free as dew-fall given, Nor strife profane, nor ha-tred wound The mingled loves of earth and heaven.

* Written for, and sung at the dedication of the "Memorial Church," erected in Georgetown, Mass., by George Peabody, Esq., of London, Jan. 8th. 1868.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

CH. ZEUNER.

1 Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim Sal - va-tion in Im-man - uel's name; To dis-tant climes the tid-ings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With ho - ly zeal your hearts in-spire; Bid rag-ing minds their fu-ry cease, And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our la-bors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more; Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall, And crown our Jesus Lord of all!

ELLSWORTH. L. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1 Oh, come, loud an-thems let us sing, Loud thanks to our al-might - y King; For we our voic - es high should raise, When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 In - to his pres-ence let us haste, To thank him for his fa - vors past; To him address in joy - ful songs, The praise that to his name be - longs.

3 Oh, let us to his courts re - pair, And bow with a - dor - a - tion there; Down on our knees, devout-ly all, Be - fore the Lord, our Maker, fall.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

Moderato.

Dr. L. MASON.

1 The heav'ns declare thy glo - ry, Lord! In every star thy wis-dom shines; But when our eyes be-hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.

2 The roll-ing sun, the chang-ing light, And nights and days thy pow'r con - fess; But that blest volume thou hast writ Re-veals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Great Sun of Righteousness, a - rise! Oh, bless the world with heavenly light! Thy gos-pel makes the sim - ple wise: Thy laws are pure, thy judgment right.

DELFHAVEN. L. M.

Maestoso.

1 From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Crea-tor's praise a - rise; Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Thro' every land, by every tongue.

2 E - ter-nal are thy mer-cies, Lord! E - ternal truth attends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

RELIANCE. L. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

Andante.

1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on; Thus far his power prolongs my days; And ev' - ry evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home; But he forgives my fol - lies past; He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace is the pil -low for my head; While well-appointed an - gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.

ALPHONSO. L. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

Allegro. *f*

1 Now let us all to-geth - er sing The praise of Zi - on's glo - rious King; 'Tis he who sits on yon-der throne,'Tis he who reigns,and reigns a-lone.

2 Let those who praise his glo-rious name, His grace and ma - jes - ty proclaim; For Zi - on's King is God a - lone,—'Tis he who sits on yonder throne.

f

3 To him be praise,for praise is due To him who died, ye saints, for you; Sweet is the sense of sins for-giv'n, But who can tell the joys of heaven?

EDWARDS. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

Gently.

1 Father of mercies,bow thine ear,Attentive to our earnest prayer; We plead for those who plead for thee; Successful pleaders may they be,Successful pleaders, etc.

2 How great their work,how vast their charge,Do thou their anxious souls enlarge; Their best endowments are our gain,We share the blessings they obtain,We share, etc.

3 Clothe thou with energy divine Their words,and let those words be thine;Teach them immortal souls to gain,Nor let them labor,Lord,in vain,Nor let them labor, etc.

SUTTON. L. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

Allegro recitando.

1 Lord, what a heav'n of sav-ing grace, Shines thro' the beauties of thy face,—And lights our passion to a flame! Lord, how we love thy charm-ing name!

2 When I can say, my God is mine,—When I can feel thy glo - ries shine,— I tread the world beneath my feet, And all the earth calls good or great.

3 While such a scene of sa - cred joys Our raptured eyes and souls employs, Here we could sit and gaze a - way A long, and ev - er - last - ing day.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1 Why should the Christian fear to die? What tim'rous worms we mor-tals are; Death is the gate to end - less joy, And yet we fear to en - ter there.

2 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet, My soul should stretch her wings in haste; Fly fearless thro' death's iron gate, Nor feel the ter-rors as she pass'd.

3 Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed Feel soft as down - y pil-lows are; While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweetly there.

TYSON. L. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 O happy saints, who dwell in light, And walk with Jesus, cloth'd in white! Safe landed on that peaceful shore, Where pilgrims meet to part no more, Where pilgrims, etc.

2 Releas'd from sorrow, toil and strife, And welcome to an endless life, Their souls have now begun to prove The height and depth of Jesus' love, The height and depth, etc.

3 There, gazing on his beauteous face, They tell the wonders of his grace; And while they sing with rapture sweet, They bow, adoring, at his feet, They bow, adoring, at his feet.

ASHWELL. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

Rather slow.

1 When we, our wearied limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream, We wept, with doleful thoughts oppress'd, And Zi - on was our mourn-ful theme.

2 Our harps that, when with joy we sung, Were wont their tuneful parts to bear, With silent strings neglect - ed hung, On wil - low trees that withered there.

3 How shall we tune our voice to sing, Or touch our harps with skillful hands? Shall hymns of joy, to God our King, Be sung by slaves in for - eign lands?

CHADWICK. L. M.

1 Here, at thy cross, my gracious Lord, I lay my soul beneath thy love; Oh, cleanse me with a - ton-ing blood, Nor let me from thy feet re - move.

2 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence, Moveless and firm this heart should be; Resolv'd, for that's my last defense, If I must per - ish, there to die.

3 Yes, I'm se - cure beneath thy blood, And all my foes shall lose their aim: Ho-san-na to my Saviour God! And loud-est prais-es to his name!

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.

Allegretto.

1 Lord, when thou didst ascend on high, Ten thousand an-gels filled the sky; Those heavenly guards around thee wait, Like chariots, that at - tend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could ap - pear More glorious, when the Lord was there; While he pronounc'd his holy law, And struck the cho - sen tribes with awe.

3 Raised by his F - ther to the throne, He sent his promised Spir - it down, With gifts and grace for reb - el men, That God might dwell on earth a - gain.

ANCIL. L. M.

1 So let our lips and lives ex-press The ho-ly gos-pel, we pro-fess; So let our works and vir-tues shine, To prove the doc-trine all di-vine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim a-broad The honors of our Saviour God; When the sal-va-tion reigns within, And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

3 Re-lig-ion bears the spir-its up, While we ex-pect that blessed hope,—The bright appearance of the Lord,—And faith stands leaning on his word.

MALVERN. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

Gentle and subdued.

1 God is the ref-uge of his saints, When storms of sharp distress in-vade· Ere we can of-fer our com-plaints, Be-hold him pres-ent with his aid.

2 Loud may the troubled o-cean roar, In sa-cred peace our souls a-bide, While ev'-ry na-tion, ev'-ry shore Trem-bles, and dreads the swelling tide.

3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow Supplies the cit-y of our God! Life, love, and joy still glid-ing through, And wat'ring our divine a-bode.

MELZER. L. M.

Animated.

1 See Gabriel swift descends to earth, Glad to foretell a Saviour's birth; Hark! a full choir of an - gels sing, The new-born Saviour, and the King.

2 Be-hold these swift-winged envoys wait On Je - sus, in his hum - ble state; The des-ert and the gar-den prove Their glow - ing zeal, their ten - der love.

3 They saw the conq'ror mount on high To glorious worlds beyond the sky; Es-cort-ed by a shining band, To take his place at God's right hand.

BENNINGTON. L. M.

A. DOTY.

1 On God the race of man depends, Far as the earth's re - mot - est ends; At his command the morning ray Smiles in the east and leads the day.

2 Sea-sons and times o - bey his voice; The morn and ev' - ning both re - joice To see the earth made soft with show'rs, Laden with fruit, and dress'd in flow'rs.

3 The des - ert grows a fruit-ful field; A - bundant food the valleys yield; The plains shall shout with cheerful voice, And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.

PITY. L. M.

J. H. LESLIE.

Andante.

1 Be - hold a stran-ger at the door! He gen - tly knocks,has knocked before,Has waited long—is wait-ing still, You treat no oth - er friend so ill.

2 Oh, love - ly at - ti-tude! he stands With melt-ing heart and bleeding hands; Oh,matchless kindness! and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 Ad - mit him ere his an - ger burn, His feet de-part - ed ne'er re - turn; Ad - mit him, or the hour's at hand You'll at his door re - ject-ed stand.

ROSEDALE. L. M.

Dr. GEO. F. ROOT.

1 Great God! to thee my evening song With humble gra - ti - tude I raise; Oh,let thy mer - cy tune my tongue,And fill my heart with live-ly praise.

2 My days,un - clouded as they pass, And ev' - ry gen- tly roll - ing hour, Are monu - ments of wondrous grace,And wit - ness to thy love and pow'r.

3 And yet this tho'tless,wretched heart,Too oft re - gardless of thy love, Ungrateful,can from thee de-part, And, fond of tri - fles, vainly rove.

BENARES. L. M.

1 Oh, where is now that glow-ing love That marked our union with the Lord? Our hearts were fix'd on things above, Nor could the world a joy af-ford.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then To make our Saviour's glo-ry known? That freed us from the fear of men, And kept our eye on him a-lone?

3 Where are the hap-py sea-sons spent In fel-lowship with him we loved? The sa-cred joy—the sweet content, The blessed-ness that then we proved?

TRURO. L. M.

Maestoso.

Dr. CH. BURNEY.

1 Now to the Lord a noble song! A-wake, my soul—a-wake, my tongue; Ho-san-na to th' e-ter-nal name, And all his boundless love pro-claim.

2 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme, My tho'ts rejoice at Je-sus' name! Ye an-gels, dwell up-on the sound; Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

3 Oh, may I reach that happy place Where he un-veils his love-ly face! Where all his beauties you be-hold, And sing his name to harps of gold!

REID. L. M.

Gentle.

1 Still eve-ning comes, with gentle shade, Sweet harbinger of balm - y rest, From toilsome hours and anxious tho'ts Revolving in the pen - sive breast.

2 Re - ful-gent day in darkness sets; The noi-sy crowds are hush'd in sleep; Harsh sounds to gentle murmurs turn, As o'er the fields the zeph-yrs sweep.

3 Re - tirement, sol-emn yet se-rene, And un-disturbed by hu-man voice, In-vites repose on Je-sus' arm, And bids my soul in God re - joice.

MIGDOL. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

Moderato. *f*

1 Soon may the last glad song a - rise, Thro' all the millions of the skies, That song of triumph which records That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be O-be - dient mighty God, to thee! And o-ver land, and stream and main, Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.

f

3 Oh, let that glorious an-them swell; Let host to host the tri-umph tell, That not one reb-el heart re - mains, But o - ver all the Sav - iour reigns!

TRAFTON. L. M.

Chanting style.

1 With tearful eyes I look a-round ; Life seems a dark and stormy sea ; Yet,'mid the gloom,I hear a sound,A heav'nly whisper," Come to me,"A heav'nly, etc.

2 It tells me of a place of rest; It tells me where my soul may flee ; Oh,to the weary,faint,oppress'd,How sweet the bidding," Come to me,"How sweet, etc.

3 " Come,for all else must fail and die; Earth is no resting-place for thee ; To heav'n direct thy weeping eye,I am thy portion,Come to me," I am thy portion, etc.

4 O voice of mer-cy ! voice of love ! In conflict,grief,and agony, Support me,cheer me from above ! And gently whisper," Come to me,"And gently whisper,etc.

ROLLAND. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1 How pleasant,how divinely fair, O Lord of hosts,thy dwellings are! With long desire my spirit faints To meet th' assemblies of thy saints,To meet th' assemblies,etc

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,My panting heart cries out for God ; My God,my King,why should I be So far from all my joys and thee ? So far from all my,etc.

3 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,Till all shall meet in heaven at length,Till all before thy face appear,And join in nobler worship there,And join in, etc.

MEDWAY. C. M.

E. P. NOYES.

1 Sweet was the time when first I felt The Sav-iour's pard-'ning blood Ap-plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd, His prais - es tun'd my tongue; And, when the eve - ning shade prevailed, His love was all my song.

3 In prayer, my soul drew near the Lord, And saw his glo - ry shine; And when I read his ho - ly word, I called each promise mine.

COWPER. C. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

Moderato.

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

2 The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day, And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood Shall never lose its pow'r, Till all the ransom'd church of God Are saved, to sin no more, Are saved, to sin no more.

4 Since first by faith I saw the stream, Thy flowing wounds supply, Re-deeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die.

JOSIE. C. M.

J. H. LESLIE.

1 Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthron'd Up - on the Sav-iour's brow; His head with ra - diant glo - ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er - flow.

2 No mor - tal can with him compare, Among the sons of men; Fair - er is he than all the fair That fill the heav'n - ly train.

3 To him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me tri-umph o - ver death, He saves me from the grave.

MOUNT AUBURN. C. M.

Author unknown.

1 Come, humble sin - ner, in whose breast, A thousand tho'ts re-volve; Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last re - solve:—

2 I'll go to Je - sus, tho' my sin Doth like a moun - tain rise; I know his courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op - pose.

3 Per-haps he will ad - mit my plea, Per - haps will hear my prayer; But if I per - ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there.

MORRILL. C. M.

T. H. TANNER.

1 Ye hum-ble souls, ap-proach your God With songs of sa - cred praise; For he is good, su - preme-ly good, And kind are all his ways.

2 All na - ture owns his guard - ian care; In him we live and move; But no - bler ben - e - fits de - clare The won-ders of his love.

3 He gave his well be - lov - ed Son To save our souls from sin; 'Tis here he makes his good - ness known, And proves it all di - vine.

WOODSIDE. C. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

1 Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free; A heart that al - ways feels thy blood So free - ly spilt for me.

2 A heart resigned, sub - mis-sive, meek; My great Redeem - er's throne; Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns a - lone.

3 A heart in ev' - ry thought renewed, And full of love di - vine; Per - fect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop - y, Lord, of thine.

MARKELL. C. M.

A. S. KIEFFER, by per.

1 Why should our tears in sor - row flow, When God re - calls his own, And bids them leave a world of woe, For an im - mor - tal crown?

2 Their toils are past, their work is done, And they are ful - ly blest; They fought the fight, the vict' - ry won, And en - tered in - to rest.

3 Then let our sor - rows cease to flow, God has re-called his own; But let our hearts, in ev' - ry woe, Still say,—"Thy will be done."

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

ALLEN.

1 Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev' - ry one, And there's a cross for me.

2 How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here; But now they taste un-min-gled love, And joy without a tear.

3 The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free; And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

WOODMAN. C. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 When beauty clothes the fertile vale, And blossoms deck the spray; And fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale, How sweet the vernal day! How sweet the vernal day!

2 Hark! how the feathered warblers sing! 'Tis nature's cheerful voice; Soft music hails the lovely spring, And woods and fields rejoice, And woods and fields rejoice.

3 O God of na - ture and of grace, Thy heavenly gifts impart; Then shall my med - i - tation trace Spring blooming in my heart, Spring blooming in my heart.

NAOMI. C. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

Andante.

1 Fa-ther, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov'- reign will de - nies, Ac - cept - ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:—

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev' - ry mur - mur free; The bless-ings of thy grace im - part, And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine, My life and death at-tend,— Thy pres-ence thro' my jour - ney shine, And crown my journey's end.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

Arranged from HANDEL.

Spirited.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King;

Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev'-ry heart pre-pare him room,

Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev'-ry heart pre-pare him room,

And heav'n and na-ture sing, ... And heav'n and na-ture sing.

And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na-ture sing.

And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na-ture sing.

And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing.

AMESBURY. C. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Maj - es - tic sweetness sits enthron'd Up - on thè Sav - iour's brow; His head with ra - diant glo - ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er-flow.

2 To him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me tri-umph o - ver death, And saves me from the grave.

3 Since from his bounty I re - ceive Such proofs of love di - vine, Had I a thou-sand hearts to give, Lord! they should all be thine.

TAPPAN. C. M. 5 lines.

Words by W. B. TAPPAN.

Music arranged from J. A. NAUMANN.

Slow and soft. *cres.* *p* *dim.*

1 There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given: There is a joy for souls distress'd, A balm for ev'ry wounded breast, 'Tis found alone in heav'n.

2 There is a home for weary souls, By sin and sorrow driv'n; When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise, and ocean rolls, And all is drear—'tis heav'n.

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye, The heart no longer riven; And views the tempest passing by, The evening shadows quickly fly, And all se-rene in heav'n.

p *cres.* *p* *m* *p* *dim.*

4 There fragrant flowers, immortal, bloom, And joys supreme are given; There rays divine disperse the gloom; Beyond the dark and narrow tomb Appears the dawn of heav'n.

MEDITATION. C. M.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1 As o'er the past my mem'-ry strays, Why heaves the se-cret sigh? 'Tis that I mourn de-part - ed days, Yet un - pre - pared to die.

2 The world and worldly things belov'd, My anx-ious tho'ts employ'd; And time, un - hal - low'd, un - im-prov'd, Pre-sents a fear - ful void.

3 Yet, ho - ly Fa - ther, wild de-spair Chase from my lab'ring breast; Thy grace it is which prompts the pray'r, That grace can do the rest.

4 My life's brief rem-nant all be thine; And when thy sure de-cree Bids me this fleet - ing breath re - sign, O speed my soul to thee.

CORONATION. C. M.

O. HOLDEN.

1 All hail, the great Immanuel's name! Let angels prostrate fall: Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all. Bring forth the royal diadem, And, etc.

2 Let every kindred, ev'ry tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To him all majesty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all. To him all majesty ascribe, And crown him Lord, etc.

3 Oh! that with yonder sacred throng, We at his feet may fall; And join the everlasting song, And crown him Lord of all. And join the everlasting song, And etc.

TRUMPET CHANT. C. M.

1 Let ev'-ry mor-tal ear at-tend, And ev'-ry heart re-joice! The trumpet of the gos-pel sounds, With an inviting voice, With an in-vit-ing voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starv-ing souls, Who feed up-on the wind,—And vainly strive, with earthly toys, To fill an empty mind, To fill an emp-ty mind.

3 Ho! ye who pant for liv-ing streams, And, pine a-way, and die; Here you may quench your raging thirst With springs that never dry, With springs, etc.

PHILLIPS. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1 Be-hold the west-ern eve-ning light! It melts in eve-ning gloom: So calm-ly Christians sink a-way, De-scend-ing to the tomb.

2 The winds breathe low, the with'-ring leaf Scarce whis-pers from the tree: So gen-tly flows the part-ing breath, When good men cease to be.

3 How beau-ti-ful on all the hills The crim-son light is shed! 'Tis like the peace the Chris-tian gives To mourn-ers round his bed.

4 How mild-ly on the wan'-dring cloud The sun-set beam is cast! 'Tis like the mem'-ry left be-hind, When loved ones breathe their last.

HEPWORTH. C. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Thou art the WAY—to thee a - lone From sin and death we flee; And he, who would the Fa - ther seek, Must seek him, Lord, in thee.

2 Thou art the TRUTH—thy word a - lone True wis - dom can im - part; Thou on - ly canst in-struct the mind, And pu - ri - fy the heart.

3 Thou art the LIFE—the rending tomb Pro - claims thy conq'- ring arm; And those who put their trust in thee, Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life—Grant us to know that Way, That Truth to keep, that Life to win, Which leads to end - less day.

LANESBORO'. C. M.

English Tune.

Allegro.

1 Early, my God, without de-lay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirsty spir - it faints a - way, My thirst - y spir-it faints a - way, Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand, Beneath a burning sky, Long for a cool-ing stream at hand, Long for a cool-ing stream at hand, And they must drink, or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r Thro' all thy temple shine, My God repeat that heavenly hour, My God re - peat that heavenly hour, That vis-ion so di-vine.

TRIUMPH. C. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1 There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like mu-sic in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Sav-iour's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me of his pre - cious blood, The sin-ner's per - fect plea.

3 This name shall shed its fra-grance still A - long this thorn - y road, Shall sweet-ly smooth the rug - ged hill That leads me up to God.

REO. C. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

Affetuoso.

1 With joy we med-i-tate the grace Of our High Priest above; His heart is made of tenderness, His heart is made of tenderness, His bowels melt with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within, He knows our feeble frame; He knows what sore temptations mean, He knows what sore temptations mean, For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh, Pour'd out his cries and tears, And in his meas-ure feels afresh, And in his measure feels afresh What ev'ry member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address His mercy and his power; We shall obtain delivering grace, We shall obtain deliv-ering grace In each distressing hour.

HELENA C. M.

1 There is an hour of hallowed peace For those with cares opprest, When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease, And all be hushed to rest, And all be hushed to rest.

2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears And doubts which here annoy ; Then they that oft have sown in tears, Shall reap again in joy, Shall reap a-gain in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet re-pose, Where storms assail no more ; The stream of endless pleasure flows On that ce - les - tial shore, On that ce - les - tial shore.

ARCADIA. C. M.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

1 In time of fear, when trouble's near, I look to thine abode ; Tho' helpers fail, and foes prevail, I'll put my trust in God, I'll put my trust in God.

2 And what is life, 'mid toil and strife, What terror has the grave ? Thine arm of power in peril's hour, The trembling soul will save, The trembling soul will save.

3 In darkest skies, tho' storms arise, I will not be dismayed : O God of light, and boundless might, My soul on thee is stayed, My soul on thee is stayed.

ALFORD. C. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

Gently.

1 How vain are all things here be - low, How false, and yet how fair! Each pleasure hath its pois - on, too, And ev' - ry sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things be - low the sky Give but a flatt' - ring light; We should suspect some dan-ger nigh, Where we pos - sess de - light.

3 Our dear-est joys, and near - est friends, The part-ners of our blood, How they di - vide our wav'ring minds, And leave but half for God.

4 The fond-ness of a crea - ture's love—How strong it strikes the sense! Thith-er the warm af - fec - tions move, Nor can we call them thence.

MERTON. C. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

Allegretto. Declamento.

1 Ye gold - en lamps of heav'n! farewell, With all your fee - ble light; Fare-well, thou ev - er-chang - ing moon, Pale em - press of the night!

2 And thou, re - ful-gent orb of day, In bright - er flames arrayed, My soul, that springs be-yond thy sphere, No more demands thine aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shin - ing dust Of my di - vine a - bode; The pave-ment of those heaven-ly courts, Where I shall reign with God.

4 There all the millions of his saints Shall in one song u - nite, And each the bliss of all shall view, With in - fi - nite de - light.

CARLENE. C. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

Tenderly.

1 As o'er the past my mem'-ry strays, Why heaves the se-cret sigh? 'Tis that I mourn de-part-ed days, Still un - pre - pared to die.

2 The world and world-ly things be-loved My anxious tho'ts employed; And time, un-hallowed, un-improved, Pre - sents a fear - ful void.

3 Yet, ho-ly Fa - ther, wild de-spair Chase from my lab'-ring breast; Thy grace it is that prompts the pray'r; That grace can do the rest.

IRA. C. M.

CH. ZEUNER.

Allegretto.

1 Je-sus! I love thy charming name; 'Tis mu-sic to mine ear; Fain would I sound it out so loud, That earth and heav'n might hear.

2 All that my loft - iest pow'rs can wish, In thee doth rich - ly meet; Not to mine eyes is light so dear, Nor friend-ship half so sweet.

3 Thy grace still dwells up-on my heart, And sheds its fra-grance there—The noblest balm of all my wounds, The cor - dial of my care.

DUBUYNE. S. M.

Devoutly.

1 Our heavenly Fa - ther, hear, The pray'r we of - fer now; Thy name be hal - lowed far and near, To thee all na - tions bow.

2 Thy kingdom come; thy will On earth be done in love, As saint and ser - a - phim ful - fil Thy per - fect law a - bove.

3 Our dai - ly bread sup - ply, While by thy word we live; The guilt of our in - i - qui - ty For - give, as we for - give.

4 Thine, then, for - ev - er be Glo - ry and pow'r di - vine; The scep - tre, throne, and maj - es - ty Of heav'n and earth are thine.

LISBON. S. M.

Arr. from D. READ, by J. H. T.

Allegro.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise! Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes, And these re - joicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near, And feasts his saints to-day; Here may we sit, and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray, And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, a - mid the place Where my dear Lord hath been, Is sweeter than ten thousand days Of pleasure - a - ble sin, Of pleas - ure - a - - - ble sin.

SEABROOK. S. M.

1 My God, per - mit my tongue This joy, to call thee mine; And let my earl - y cries pre - vail, To taste thy love di - vine.

2 For life with - out thy love, No rel - ish can af - ford; No joy can be compared with this, To serve and please the Lord.

DENNIS. S. M.

H. G. NAGELI.

Slow and soft.

How gen - tle God's commands! How kind his pre-cepts are! Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant ca

2 His boun - ty will pro - vide! His saints se - cure - ly dwell; That hand which bears cre - a - tion up, Shall guard his chil - dren well.

3 His goodness stands approved, Un - chang'd from day to day; I'll drop my bur - den at his feet, And bear a song a - way.

BOTELER. S. M.

Moderato.

1 And will the Judge descend, And must the dead a - rise, And not a sin - gle soul es-cape His all - dis - cern - ing eyes? His all - dis - cern-ing eyes?

2 How will my heart en-dure The ter-rors of that day, When earth and heav'n before his face As - ton-ished shrink a - way? As - ton-ished shrink a - way?

3 But, ere the trumpet shakes The mansions of the dead, Hark! from the Gospel's cheering sound What joy-ful tid - ings spread! What joyful tid - ings spread!

NATHALIE. S. M.

BEETHOVEN.

Slowly.

1 The Spir - it in our hearts, Is whispering "Sin - ner, come;" The bride, the church of Christ, pro-claims To all his chil-dren, "come."

2 Let him that hear - eth say To all a - bout him, "Come;" Let him that thirsts for right - eous - ness, To Christ, the foun-tain, come.

3 Yes, who - so - ev - er will, Oh, let him free - ly come, And free - ly drink the stream of life; 'Tis Je - sus bids him come.

ZEIGLER. S. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Thou Lord of all a - bove, And all be - low the sky, Pros - trate be - fore thy feet I fall, And for thy mer - cy cry.

2 For-give my fol - lies past, The crimes which I have done; Bid a re - pent - ing sin - ner live, Through thine in - car - nate Son.

3 One gra-cious look of thine Will ease my troubled breast; Oh, let me know my sins for-giv'n, And I shall then be blest!

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Gregorian.

1 Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the wil - lows take: Loud to the praise of love di - vine Bid ev' - ry string a - wake.

2 Though in a for - eign land, We are not far from home; And near - er to our home a - bove We ev' - ry mo - ment come.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears Sub - side at his con - trol; His lov - ing kind - ness shall break through The mid - night of the soul.

WARNER. S. M.

T. H. TANNER.

1 Sweet is the friendly voice Which speaks of life and peace; Which bids the pen - i - tent re - joice, And sin and sor - row cease.

2 No balm on earth like this, Can cheer the con - trite heart; No flatt' - ring dreams of earth - ly bliss Such pure de - light im - part.

3 Still mer - ci - ful and kind, Thy mer - cy, Lord, re - veal; The bro - ken heart thy love can bind, The wounded spir - it heal.

BRALTON. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

Moderato.

1 I lift my soul to God! My trust is in his name; Let not my foes, that seek my blood, Still tri - umph in my shame.

2 From earl - y dawn - ing light Till eve - ning shades a - rise, For thy sal - va - tion, Lord, I wait, With ev - er long - ing eyes.

3 Re - mem-ber all thy grace, And lead me in thy truth; For - give the sins of ri - per days, And fol - lies of my youth.

4 The Lord is just and kind; The meek shall learn his ways; And ev' - ry hum - ble sin - ner find The bless - ings of his grace.

WILLIE LOW. S. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

Cantabile.

1 Sweet Sabbath of the year, While eve-ning lights de - cay, Thy part-ing steps methinks I hear, Steal from the world a - way.

2 Lord, at this clos - ing hour, Es - tab-lish ev' - ry heart Up - on thy word of truth and pow'r, To keep us when we part.

CLAYTONVILLE. S. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1 Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, With en - er - gy di - vine, And on this poor be-night-ed soul With beams of mer - cy shine.

2 Melt, melt this fro - zen heart; This stubborn will sub - due; Each e - vil pas - sion o - ver-come, And form me all a - - new.

3 Mine will the pro - fit be, But thine shall be the praise; And un - to thee will I de - vote The rem - nant of my days.

CONFIDENCE. S. M.

N. BARKER.

Moderato.

1 When sorrows round us roll, And comforts we have none, Dear Sav-iour, joy that thou art ours, And all our griefs are gone, And all our griefs are gone.

2 Tho' in the gloomy vale, Yet we will fear no harm, Sup-port-ed by thy powerful grace, Re-clin-ing on thine arm, Re-clin-ing on thine arm.

BRYANT. S. M.

J. H. TENNEY.
From "Temple Star," by per.

Gently.

1 Rest for the toil-ing hand, Rest for the anx-ious brow, Rest for the wea-ry, way-worn feet, Rest from all la-bor now:

2 Rest for the fever-ed brain, Rest for the throb-bing eyes; Thro' these parched lips of thine no more Shall pass the moan or sigh.

3 Soon shall the trump of God Give out the wel-come sound, That shakes the si-lent chamber walls, And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

THEO. S. M.

1 My spir - it on thy care, Blest Sav-iour, I re - cline; Thou wilt not leave me to de-spair, For thou art love di - vine.

2 In thee I place my trust; On thee I calm - ly rest; I know thee good, I know thee just, And count thy choice the best.

3 What - e'er e-vents be - tide; Thy will they all per - form; Safe in thy breast my head I hide, Nor fear the com - ing storm.

4 Let good or ill be - fall, It must be good for me,— Se - cure of hav - ing thee in all, Of hav-ing all in thee.

HARTLAND. S. M.

AARON CHAPIN.

1 The day is past and gone, The eve - ning shades ap - pear; Oh, may I ev - er keep in mind, The night of death draws near.

2 Lord, keep me safe this night, Se-cure from all my fears; May an - gels guard me while I sleep, Till morn - ing light ap - pears.

3 And when I earl - y rise To view th' unwear - ied sun, May I set out to win the prize, And aft - er glo - ry run.

BERTHA. S. M. Double.

1 I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold, I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - trolled.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep, The Fa - ther sought his child; They fol - lowed me o'er vale and hill, O'er des - erts waste and wild.

3 Je - sus my Shepherd is, 'Twas he that loved my soul, 'Twas he that wash'd me in his blood, 'Twas he that made me whole.

I was a way - ward child, I did not love my home, I did not love my Fa - ther's voice; I loved a - far to roam.

They found me nigh to death, Famish'd, and faint, and lone; They bound me with the bands of love; They saved the wand'-ring one.

'Twas he that sought the lost, That found the wand'-ring sheep; 'Twas he that brought me to the fold, 'Tis he that still doth keep.

1 Blow ye the trum - pet, blow, The glad - ly sol - emn sound: Let all the na - tions know, To earth's re - mot - est bound: The

2 The gos - pel trum - pet hear, The news of heav'n - ly grace, And, saved from earth, ap - pear Be - fore your Sav - iour's face: The

year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re - turn, ye ran - somed sin - ners, home, Re - turn, ye ran - somed sin - ners, home.

year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re - turn, ye ran - somed sin - ners, home, Re - turn, ye ran - somed sin - ners, home.

BECKFORD. C. P. M. With Chorus.

1 Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glo - ries forth Which in my Sav - iour shine!

2 I'd sing the pre-cious blood he spilt My ran - som from the dread - ful guilt Of sin and wrath di - vine;

3 I'd sing the char - ac - ter he bears, And all the forms of love he wears, Ex - alt - ed on his throne;

I'd soar and touch the heav'n - ly strings, And vie with Ga - briel while he sings, In notes al - most di - vine.

I'd sing his glo - rious right - eous - ness, In which all per - fect, heav'n - ly dress, My soul shall ev - - er shine.

In loft - iest songs of sweet - est praise, I would to ev - er - last - ing days, Make - all his glo - - ries known.

CHORUS.

Repeat p.

In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine, I'd vie with Ga-briel while he sings, In notes al-most di-vine.

My soul shall ev-er shine, . . . My soul shall ev-er shine, I'd vie with Ga-briel while he sings, In notes al-most di-vine.

Make all his glo-ries known, Make all his glo-ries known, I'd vie with Ga-briel while he sings, In notes al-most di-vine.

MILDRED. H. M.

1 { Je-sus! har-monious name! It charms the hosts a-bove; } 'Tis all their hap-pi-ness to gaze, 'Tis heav'n to see our Je--sus' face.
{ They ev-er-more pro-claim, And won-der at his love: }

2 { His name the sin-ner hears, And is from sin set free; } New songs do now his life em-ploy, And bounds his glad-den'd heart with joy.
{ 'Tis mu-sic in his ears, 'Tis life and vic-to-ry: }

3 { Oh, for a trum-pet voice, On all the world to call, } For all, my Lord was cru-ci-fied; For all, my Sav-iour bled and died.
{ To bid their hearts rejoice, In him who died for all! }

FREMONT. 7s.

J. H. LESLIE.

1 Haste, O sin-ner! now be wise; Stay not for the mor-row's sun; Wis-dom if you still de-spise, Hard-er is it to be won.

2 Haste, and mer-cy now im-plore; Stay not for the mor-row's sun, Lest thy sea-son should be o'er Ere the mor-row is be-gun.

3 Haste, O sin-ner! now re-turn; Stay not for the mor-row's sun, Lest thy lamp should cease to burn Ere sal-va-tion's work is done.

ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 lines.

Rev. Dr. MALAN.

p *cres.* *f*

1 { From the cross up-lift-ed high, Where the Sav-iour deigns to die, } "Love's redeem-ing work is done— Come, and wel-come, sin-ner, come!"
{ What mel-o-dious sounds we hear, Burst-ing on the ravished ear, }

p *cres.* *f*

2 { Sprinkled now with blood the throne, Why be-neath thy bur-dens groan? } Bow the knee, and kiss the Son— Come, and wel-come, sin-ner, come."
{ On my wounded bod-y laid, Jus-tice owns the ran-som paid— }

Moderato.





2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams, that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread;
With thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard, and that my guide,
This my guard, and that my guide.

4 Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shall attend;
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home,
Yield me an eternal home.

LUTHER. 7s.

1 Hark! the her-ald an-gels say, Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day! Raise your joys and tri-umphs high, Let the glorious tid-ings fly!

2 Lives a-gain our glo-rious King, "Where, O Death, is now thy sting?" Once he died our souls to save, "Where's thy vict'ry, boasting Grave?"

3 What tho' once we per-ished all, Part-ners of our pa-rents' fall? Sec-ond life we shall re-ceive, And in Christ forev-er live.

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE. D.C.

1 { Ma-ry to the Saviour's tomb, Hasted at the earl-y dawn; }
{ Spice she brought, and sweet perfume, But the Lord she lov'd had gone: }
For a while she ling'ring stood, Fill'd with sor-row and sur-prise;
D.C Trembling while a crys-tal flood Is-sued from her weeping eyes.

FINE. D.C.

2 { But her sor-row quickly fled, When she heard his welcome voice: }
{ Christ had ris-en from the dead; Now he bids her heart re-joice: }
What a change his word can make, Turn-ing darkness in-to day:
D.C. Ye who weep for Je-sus' sake, He will wipe your tears a-way.

1 Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way; Let us now a bless - ing seek,

2 While we pray for pard' - ning grace, Thro' the dear Re - deem - er's name, Show thy re - - con - cil - ing face;

3 May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - - ners, com - fort saints; Make the fruits of grace a - bound;

Wait - ing in his courts to - day; Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - - ter - nal rest.

Take a - way our sin and shame; From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.

Bring re - lief for all com - plaints: Thus let all our Sab - baths prove, Till we rest in thee a - bove.

BINGHAM. 7s. Double.

Earnestly.

1 Sin-ners, turn; why will ye die! God, your Mak-er, asks you why; God, who did your be-ing give—Made you with him-self to live!

2 Sin-ners, turn; why will ye die! God, your Sav-iour, asks you why; He who his own life did give, That ye might for-ev-er live!

3 Sin-ners, turn; why will ye die! God, the Spir-it, asks you why— He who all your lives hath strove, Wooed you to em-brace his love

He the fa-tal cause demands, Asks the work of his own hands; Why, O thank-less crea-tures, why Will ye spurn his love, and die?

Will ye let him die in vain, Cru-ci-fy your Lord a-gain? Why, O ran-somed sin-ners, why Will ye slight his grace, and die?

Will ye not his grace re-ceive? Will ye still re-fuse to live? Oh, ye dy-ing sin-ners, why Will ye grieve your God, and die?

WAYLAND. 8s & 7s.

1 Why la-ment the Christian dy-ing? Why in-dulge in tears and gloom? Calm-ly on the Lord re-ly-ing, He can greet the op'-ning tomb.

2 What is death with i-cy fin-gers, All the fount of life congeals? 'Tis not there thy broth-er lin-gers, 'Tis not death his spir-it feels.

3 Tho' for him thy soul is mourning, Tho' with grief thy heart is riven, While his flesh to dust is turn-ing, All his soul is filled with heav'n.

WORTHING. 8s & 7s.

Moderato. SCHULTZ.

1 Glo-rious things of thee are spoken, Zi-on, cit-y of our God; He, whose word can ne'er be bro-ken, Chose thee for his own a-bode.

2 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling, Still is pre-cious in thy sight; Ju-dah's tem-ple far ex-cell-ing, Beam-ing with the gos-pel's light.

3 On the rock of a-ges founded, What can shake her sure re-pose? With sal-va-tion's wall surrounded, She can smile at all her foes.

LOWRY. 8s & 7s.

Andante.

FINE. D.C.

1 { Hap - py soul, thy days are end - ed, All thy mourning days be - low; } Waiting to re - ceive thy spir - it, Lo! the Sav-iour stands a - bove;
{ Go, by an - gel-guards at-tend - ed, To the sight of Je - sus go! }
D.C. Shows the glo - ry of his mer - it, Reach - es out the crown of love.

FINE. D.C.

2 { Strug - gle thro' thy lat - est pas-sion, To thy dear Re - deemer's breast, } For the joy he sets be - fore thee, Bear a mo-ment - a - ry pain;
{ To his ut - ter - most sal - va - tion, To his ev - er - last - ing rest, }
D.C. Die, to live the life of glo - ry— Suf - fer, with thy Lord to reign,

FENWICK. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Dr. L. MASON.

Affetuoso.

1 { Toss'd no more on life's rough bil - low, All the storms of sor - row fled, } Peace - ful slumbers Guarding o'er (his / her) low - ly bed.
{ Death hath found a qui - et pil - low For the faith - ful Chris - tian's head. }

2 { Oh, may we be re - u - ni - ted To the spir - its of the just: } Hear us, Je - sus, Thou, our Lord, our life, our trust.
{ Leav-ing all that sin hath blight-ed With cor - rup - tion, in the dust: }

1 Praise the Lord, his glo - ries show, Saints with - in his courts be - low, An - gels round his throne a - bove, All that see and share his love!

2 Earth to heav'n, and heav'n to earth, Tell his won - ders, sing his worth; Age to age, and shore to shore, Praise him, praise him, ev - er - more!

3 Strings and voic - es, hands and hearts, In the con - cert bear your parts; All that breathe, your Lord a - dore; Praise him, praise him, ev - er - more!

BRADISH. C. M.

B. F. BAKER, by per.

Andante, and with sustained tones.

1 When the worn spir - it wants re - pose, And sighs her God to seek, How sweet to hail the evening's close, That ends the wea - ry week.

2 How sweet will be the dawn-ing light, Whose soft and sa - cred rays The will - ing soul to rest in - vite, And grate - ful songs of praise.

3 Blest day! thine hours too soon will cease; Yet, while they gen - tly roll, Breathe, heav'nly Spirit, source of peace, A Sab - bath o'er my soul.

FISHER. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Dr. M. J. MUNGER.

1 { Hear, O sin - ner! mer-cy hails you; Now with sweet-est voice she calls; } Hear, O sin - ner! Hear, O sin - ner! 'Tis the voice of mer - cy calls.
{ Bids you haste to seek the Sav - iour, Ere the hand of jus - tice falls: }

2 { Haste, O sin - ner, to the Sav - iour! Seek his mer - cy while you may; } Haste, O sin - ner! Haste, O sin - ner! You must per - ish if you stay.
{ Soon the day of grace is o - ver; Soon your life will pass a - way; }

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

1 { On the mountain's top appear-ing, Lo! the sacred her-ald stands, } Mourning captive, God himself will loose thy bands. Mourning captive, God himself will, etc.
{ Joyful news to Zi-on bear - ing, Zi-on long in hos-tile lands: }

2 { Has thy night been long and mournful, Have thy friends unfaithful proved? } Cease thy mourning; Zion still is well beloved. Cease thy mourning; Zion still, etc
{ Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears unmoved? }

OCEAN. 8s, 7s & 4s. Peculiar.

W. A. OGDEN.

1 Star of peace, to wand'rers wea-ry, Bright the beams that smile on me; Cheer the pi - lot's vis - ion drear- y, Far, far at sea.

2 Star of hope, gleam on the bil - low, Bless the soul that sighs for thee; Bless the sail-or's lone - ly pil - low, Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking All his toil, he flies to thee; Save him on the bil-lows rocking, Far, far at sea.

LEE. 8s & 4s.

B. F. BAKER, by per.

rit.

1 There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wea - ry pilgrims found; They soft- ly lie, and sweet - ly sleep, Low in the ground.

2 The storm that wrecks the wint'ry sky No more dis-turbs their deep re - pose Than summer eve - ning's lat - est sigh, That shuts the rose.

3 I long to lay this pain-ful head And ach-ing heart beneath the soil; To slum-ber, in that dream-less bed, From all my toil.

WHITEFIELD. 7s & 6s.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

Allegro.

1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; Rise, from trans - i - tor - y things, Toward heaven thy native place:

2 Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course; Fire as - cend - ing seeks the sun, Both speed them to their source;

3 Cease, ye pil - grims, cease to mourn, Press on - ward to the prize; Soon your Sav - iour will re - turn Tri - umphant in the skies.

Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move; Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.

So a soul that's born of God, Pants to view his glo - rious face, Up - ward tends to his a - bode, To rest in his embrace.

Yet a sea - son, and you know Hap - py en - trance will be giv'n, All your sor - rows left be - low, And earth ex-changed for heav'n.

FISKE. 10s.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,In full activ-ity of zeal and pow'r ; A Christian cannot die before his time ; The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

2 Go to the grave ; at noon from labor cease ; Rest on thy sheaves ; thy harvest-task is done ; Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,Soldier,go home,with thee the fight is won.

3 Go to the grave ; for there thy Saviour lay In death's embrace,ere he arose on high ; And all the ransom'd,by that narrow way,Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

SAVANNAH. 10s.

PLEYEL.

1 A-gain the day returns of holy rest,Which,when he made the world Jehovah blest ; When,like his own,he bade our labors cease,And all be piety,and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day, To learn his will,and what we learn,obey ; So shall he hear,when fervently we raise Our suppli - cations,and our songs of praise.

3 Father in heaven ! in whom our hopes confide ; Whose power defends us,and whose precepts guide ; In life our guardian,and in death our friend ; Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

OTTO. 8s.

E. H. BAILEY.

1 The win-ter is o - ver and gone, The thrush whistles sweet on the spray, The turtle breathes forth her soft moan, The lark mounts and warbles a - way.

2 Shall all liv - ing crea-tures a-round, Their voic- es in con - cert u - nite? And I, the most favor'd, be found, In praising to take less de - light?

CUYLER. 8s.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

1 To Je - sus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone; Oh, bear me, ye cher - u - bim, up, And waft me a - way to his throne.

My Sav-iour, whom ab-sent, I love, Whom not hav - ing seen, I a - dore; Whose name is ex - alt - ed a - bove All glo - ry, do - min-ion, and pow'r.

3 Dissolve thou these bonds that de-tain My soul from her por - tion in thee; Oh, strike off this ad - a - mant chain, And make me e - ter - nal - ly free.

1 A-way with our sorrow and fear, We soon shall re-cov-er our home; The cit-y of saint's shall appear, The day of e-ter-ni-ty come:

2 Our mourning is all at an end, When raised by the life-giving Word; We see the new cit-y de-scend, Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord:

3 By faith we al-read-y be-hold That love-ly Je-ru-sa-lem here: Her walls are of jas-per and gold; As crys-tal her buildings are clear:

From earth we shall quickly re-move, And mount to our na-tive a-bode, The house of our Fa-ther a-bove, The pal-ace of an-gels a-bove.

The cit-y so ho-ly and clean, No sor-row can breathe in the air: No gloom of af-flic-tion or sin; No shadow of e-vil is there.

Im-mov-a-bly found-ed in grace, She stands as she ev-er hath stood, And brightly her Builder dis-plays And flames with the glory of God.

HARRISTON. 11s & 10s.

J. H. T.

1 Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing! Dawn on our dark - ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho -

2 Cold on his cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing; Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall: An - gels a - dore him in

3 Say, shall we yield him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of E - dom, and off'- rings di - vine? Gems of the mountain, and

ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re-deem - er is laid, Guide where our in - fant Re-deem - er is laid.

slum - ber re - clin - ing, Mak - er, and Mon-arch, and Sav - iour of all! Mak - er, and Mon - arch, and Sav - iour of all!

pearls from the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, or gold from the mine? Myrrh from the for - est, or gold from the mine?

1 The Prince of sal - va - tion in tri - umph is rid - ing, And glo - ry at - tends him a - long his bright way,

2 Ride on in thy great - ness, thou con - quer - ing Sav - iour, Let thou - sands of thou-sands sub - mit to thy reign;

3 Then loud shall as - cend from each sanc - ti - fied na - tion The voice of thanks-giv - ing, the cho - rus of praise,

The news of his grace on the breez - es are glid - ing, And na - tions are own - ing his sway.

Ac - knowl - edge thy good - ness, en - treat for thy fav - or, And fol - low thy glo - ri - ous train.

And heav'n shall re - ech - o the song of sal - va - tion, In rich and mel - o - di - ous lays.

COMING HOME AGAIN.

Words by A. T. WORDEN.

J. H. T., by per. of D. S. HAKES.

1 Where the turrets of the man-sions Rise toward the gold-en sky; Where the shining palms are waving, There my wearied soul would fly,—

2 I will tell him I have wan-der'd, And, low-bending at his knee, Wounded, sore, and sad - ly plead-ing, Just a ser-vant I would be;

3 I be-hold him in the dis - tance; Tears are gushing from his eyes; And his hands reach out in pleading, As the golden daylight flies;

To the out-stretched arms of mer - cy, To the garments cleansed from stain, From the sor - did husks of earth - life,

Sad - ly soiled, my re - gal gar - ments, Lost, the treasures of my heart, To his o - pen arms I'll take me,

It is late, and now the eve - ning Com - eth down up - on us fast; Soon I'll rest up - on his bo - som,

CHORUS.

From my sol - i - tude and pain. I am com - ing, Fa - ther, com-ing, Wea - ry, worn, and full of pain,

Nev - er, nev - er more to part. I am com - ing, Fa - ther, com - ing, Wea - ry, worn, and full of pain,

And be safe at home at last. I am com - ing, Fa - ther, com-ing, Wea - ry, worn, and full of pain,

rit.

To the wait - ing, lov - ing Fa - ther, I am com-ing home a - gain, Com - ing, com - ing, I am com-ing home a - gain.

To the wait - ing, lov - ing Fa - ther, I am com-ing home a - gain, Com - ing, com - ing, I am com-ing home a - gain.

To the wait - ing, lov - ing Fa - ther, I am com-ing home a - gain, Com - ing, com - ing, I am com-ing home a - gain.

HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING?

From "GOLDEN SUNBEAMS," by per.

1 My life flows on in end - less song; A - bove earth's la - ment - a - tion, I catch the sweet, tho' far off hymn, That hails a new cre - a - tion:

2 What though my joys and com - fort die? The Lord, my Sav - iour, liv - eth; What tho' the dark - ness gath-er round? Songs in the night he giv - eth;

3 I lift my eyes, the cloud grows thin; I see the blue a - bove it; And day by day this pathway smooth, Since first I learn'd to love it;

Through all the tu- mult and the strife, I hear the mu - sic ring - ing; It finds an ech - o in my soul, How can I keep from sing-ing?

No storm can shake my in - most calm, While to that ref - uge cling - ing; Since Christ is Lord of heav'n and earth, How can I keep from sing-ing?

The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A fountain ev - er spring-ing; All things are mine since I am his, How can I keep from sing-ing?

CHORUS.

How can I keep from sing - ing? How can I keep from sing - ing? It finds an ech - o in my soul, How can I keep from sing - ing?

How can I keep from sing - ing? How can I keep from sing - ing? Since Christ is Lord of heav'n and earth, How can I keep from sing - ing?

How can I keep from sing - ing? How can I keep from sing - ing? All things are mine since I am his; How can I keep from sing - ing?

MY FRIEND.

Words by HENRY HOPE.

FINE. D.S.

1 Now I have found a Friend; Je - sus is mine; His love shall nev - er end; Je - sus is mine; Tho' earth-ly joys decrease, Tho' earthly friendship cease;
D.S. Now I have last-ing peace; Je - sus is mine.

2 Tho' I grow poor and old, Je - sus is mine; Tho' I grow faint and cold, Je - sus is mine; He shall my wants sup-ply; His precious blood is nigh;
D.S. Naught can my hope de-stroy; Je - sus is mine.

3 When earth shall pass a - way, Je - sus is mine; In the great judgment day, Je - sus is mine; O what a glorious thing Then to be - hold my King,
D.S. On tune-ful harp to sing Je - sus is mine.

From the SHINING LIGHT, by per.

SINGING IN HEAVEN.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 'Tis pleas - ant to sing the sweet praise of our King, As here in this val - ley of sor - row we rove; 'Twill be pleas - ant - er still, when on

2 'Tis sweet to re-cline on thy bo - som di - vine, And feel that our hearts and our spir - its are thine, And up - held by thy love, we are

3 On Ca - naan's fair land we in tri - umph shall stand, With crowns on our heads, and with harps in our hands; While our songs shall a-bound to the

CHORUS.

Zi - on's fair hill, We shall sing the sweet prais - es of Je - sus a - bove. Sing - ing with ser - aphs, and sing - ing in heav'n, Yes,

blest from a - bove, As with sing - ing and tri - umph to Zi - on we move. Sing - - - - - ing in heav'n, - - - - yes,

Lamb who is crown'd, And ho - san - nas to Je - sus through heav'n shall re - sound. Sing - ing with ser - aphs, and sing - ing in heav'n, Yes,

From SHARON'S DEWY ROSE, by per.

sing - ing with ser - aphs, and sing - ing in heav'n; Oh, 'twill be sweet - er, our sing-ing in heav'n, our sing - ing in heav'n.

sing - - - - - ing in heav'n; . . . . Oh, ... 'twill be sweet - - - er, our sing - - ing in heav'n.

sing - ing with ser - aphs, and sing - ing in heav'n; Oh, 'twill be sweet - er, our sing-ing in heav'n, our sing - ing in heav'n.

FAREWELL! WE MEET NO MORE.

1 Fare - well! we meet no more On this side heav'n; The parting scene is o'er, The last sad look is giv'n: Fare - well! Fare - well!

2 Fare - well! my soul will weep While mem'ry lives: From wounds that sink so deep No earth-ly hand re-lieves: Fare - well! Fare - well!
3 Fare - well! my stricken heart To Je - sus flies: From him I'll nev-er part; On him my hope re - lies: Fare - well! Fare - well

4 Fare - well! and shall we meet In heav'n a - bove? And there in union sweet, Sing of a Saviour's love? Fare - well! Fare - well!

Words by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

MY REDEEMER LIVES.

CHORUS.

1 "I know that my Redeem-er lives!" I feel his kindling love; I'll bear the cross till I shall gain My crown in heav'n a-bove. Hal-le - lu-jah ev-ermore! Hal-le-

2 "I know that my Redeem-er lives!" To in-tercede for me; And by his rich, a-bounding grace I'm saved e - ter-nal-ly. Hal-le - lu - - jah! Hal-le-

3 "I know that my Re-deem-er lives!" The U-ni-ver-sal King; Let all the earth and all in heav'n To him their praises bring. Hal-le - lu-jah ever more! Hal-le-

lu-jah ev-er more! Je-sus stands and bids me come. Hal-le-lu-jah ev-er more, Hal-le-lu-jah ev-er more! I am on my jour-ney home.

lu - - - - jah! Je-sus stands and bids me, bids me come. Hal-le-lu - - - jah! Hal-le-lu - - - jah, I am on my jour-ney home.

lu-jah ev-er more! Je-sus stands and bids me come. Hal-le-lu-jah ev-er more! Hal-le-lu-jah ev-er more! I am on my jour-ney home.

From SPIRITUAL SONGS, by per.

THE SOUL'S SWEET FATHERLAND.

Words and Music by A. S. KIEFFER.

1 There is a land on whose fair shore No tem - pests beat nor surg-es roar; Where wea-ry, way-worn souls may find Rest for the throbbing heart and mind.

2 Its graceful plain glows in the light Of one glad day that knows no night, There Christ, the King, who reigns above Fills all the boundless realm with love.

3 Sweet are the songs the sing-ers sing In that great tem - ple of our King; There martyrs, priests, and prophets old, Walk on the streets of shining gold.

4 Oh, may we reach that joy - ful land, No more to clasp the parting hand; For - ev - er there with Christ a - bove, Reign in that land of boundless love.

CHORUS.

'Tis the clime of the blest, 'tis the land of de-light, Where the many mansions stand; 'Tis the home of the soul, ever fair, ever bright, 'Tis the soul's sweet father-land.

'Tis the clime of the blest, 'tis the land of de-light, Where the many mansions stand; 'Tis the home of the soul, ever fair, ever bright, 'Tis the soul's sweet father-land.

'Tis the clime of the blest, 'tis the land of de-light, Where the many mansions stand; 'Tis the home of the soul, ever fair, ever bright, 'Tis the soul's sweet father-land.

From the SHINING LIGHT, by per.

Words by Dr. H. BONAR.

BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

1 Be-yond the smil-ing and the weep-ing, I shall be soon; Be-yond the wak-ing and the sleep-ing, Be-yond the sow-ing

2 Be-yond the blooming and the fad-ing, I shall be soon; Be-yond the shin-ing and the shad-ing, Be-yond the hop-ing

3 Be-yond the part-ing and the meet-ing, I shall be soon; Be-yond the fare-well and the greet-ing, Be-yond the pul-se's

and the reap-ing, I shall be soon: Love, rest, and home! Sweet hope! Lord, tar-ry not, but come.

and the dread-ing, I shall be soon: Love, rest, and home! Sweet hope! Lord, tar-ry not, but come.

fe - - ver-beat-ing, I shall be soon: Love, rest, and home! Sweet hope! Lord, tar-ry not, but come.

From GOLDEN SUNBEAMS, by per.

Words by FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

R. E. HUDSON.

1 I know I love thee bet - ter, Lord, Than an - y earth - ly joy, For thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.

2 I know that thou art near - er still Than an - y earth - ly throng, And sweet - er is the thought of thee Than an - y love - ly song.

3 Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad! With-out the se - cret of thy love I could not but be sad.

4 O Sav - iour, precious Sav-iour mine! What will thy pres - ence be, If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with thee?

CHORUS.

rit.

The half has nev-er yet been told, yet been told, Of love so full and free; The half has nev-er yet been told, yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me, cleanseth me.

The half has nev-er yet been told, Of love so full and free; The half has nev-er yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.

The half has nev-er yet been told, yet been told, Of love so full and free; The half has nev-er yet been told, yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.

From GEMS OF GOSPEL SONG, by per.

BEYOND THE SWELLING FLOOD.

Words by A. E. CHILDS. J. H. T.

1 Yes, we will meet be-yond the flood, In robes made white in Je - sus' blood, And hold sweet con - verse, free from pain,

2 I care not now what ills may come, Since hope sus - tains this thought of home, And spir - it voic - es soft - ly say,

3 That meet - ing, oh how sweet - ly dear! What sounds shall greet the list' - ning ear! What thrills of rap - ture wake the soul,

CHORUS.

Nor ev - er fear to part a - gain, Be-yond the swell - ing flood. { Be-yond the swell - ing flood, . . . Be-
{ We'll meet to part no more, . . . We'll

"Thy God shall wipe all tears a - way," Be-yond the swell - ing flood. { Be - yond . . . the swell - ing flood, Be-
{ We'll meet . . . to part no more, We'll

As back these gold - en gates shall roll, Be-yond the swell - ing flood. { Be-yond the swell - ing flood, . . . Be-
{ We'll meet to part no more, . . . We'll

From GOLDEN SUNBEAMS, by per.

yond the swell - ing flood, . . . Be - yond the swell - ing flood, . . . We'll meet to part no more.
meet to part no more, . . . We'll meet to part no more, . . . Be - yond the swell - ing flood.

yond the swell - ing flood, Be - yond the swell - ing flood, We'll meet to part no more.
meet to part no more, We'll meet to part no more, Be - yond the swell - ing flood.

yond the swell - ing flood, Be - yond the swell - ing flood, We'll meet to part no more.
meet to part no more, We'll meet to part no more, Be - yond the swell - ing flood.

CALVARY. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON,
From "Harp of Judah," by per.

1 He dies! the Friend of sin-ners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep around! A solemn darkness veils the skies! A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

2 Ye saints, approach!—the anguish view Of him who groans beneath your load; He gives his precious life for you, For you he sheds his pre - cious blood.

HAPPY HOME ON HIGH.

Words by Mrs. EMMA PITT.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1 Beau - teous flow - ers bloom in Heav - en, Flow'rs that nev - er fade a - way; All is bright and calm, and ho - ly, In that land of

2 Friends we've loved have gone be-fore us,—Pass'd the por - tals of the grave,—Sing the hal - le - lu - jah cho - rus,—Vict'-ry's ban - ner

end - less day: There temp-ta - tion can - not harm us, Tears will nev - er dim our eye; There the Sav - iour waits to greet us,

joy - ful wave: There no grief can ev - er en - ter,— All is bliss be - yond the sky,— We shall see our bless - ed Sav - iour

HAPPY HOME ON HIGH. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

In that hap-py home on high. Home, sweet home, our dear, hap-py home; Our sweet, hap - py home on high, Our dear, hap-py home.

In that hap-py home on high. Home, sweet home, our dear, hap-py home; Our sweet, hap - py home on high, Our dear, hap-py home.

MARTYR. 6s & 4s.

D. B. HOBSON.

1 Come, thou Almight-y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise! { Fa-ther all-glo-ri-ous, / O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, } Come, and reign o - ver us, Ancient of days.

2 Je-sus, our Lord, de-scend: From all our foes de-fend, Nor let us fall; { Let thine almight-y aid, / Our sure defence be made, } Our souls on thee be stay'd: Lord, hear our call.

136 Words by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

WHEN HE MAKES UP HIS JEWELS.

R. E. HUDSON.

1 Oh, when the Sav-iour shall gath-er his jew-els In-to the beau-ti-ful man-sions of rest, Shall I be count-ed as wor-thy to en-ter

2 Oh, when the Sav-iour shall make up his jew-els, Wash'd and renew'd in his own pre-cious blood, Shall I be cleansed from all sin and de-file-ment,

3 Oh, when the Sav-iour shall make up his jew-els, And, in their triumph, they sing the new song, Shall I be there to u-nite in the cho-rus?

CHORUS.

In-to the home of the pure and the blest? Yes, pre-cious Sav-iour! Grant but thy fav-or, Dai-ly to strengthen me and

Read-y to en-ter the king-dom of God? Yes, pre-cious Sav-iour! Grant but thy fav-or, Dai-ly to strengthen me and

Shall I be one of the num-ber-less throng? Yes, pre-cious Sav-iour! Grant but thy fav-or, Dai-ly to strengthen me and

From "Gems of Gospel Song," by per.



PEMBROKE. C. M.

A. KRIESSMAN.



ABUNDANTLY ABLE TO SAVE.

Words by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

P. P. BLISS.

1 Who-ev - er re - ceiv - - eth the Cru - ci - fied One, Who - ev - er be - liev - - eth on God's on - ly Son,

2 Who-ev - er re - ceiv - - eth the mes - sage of God, And trusts in the pow'r of the soul-cleans - ing blood,

3 Who-ev - er re - pents and for - sakes ev' - ry sin, And o - pens his heart for the Lord to come in,

A free and a per - - fect sal - va - tion shall have, For he is a - bun - - dant - ly a - ble to save.

A full and e - ter - - nal re - demp - tion shall have, For he is both a - - - ble and will - ing to save.

A pres - ent and per - - fect sal - va - tion shall have, For Je - sus is read - - y this mo - ment to save.

From SPIRITUAL SONGS, by per.

CHORUS.

Broth-er, the Mas-ter is come and is call-ing for thee; Broth-er, his grace and his mer-cy are wondrously free;

My brother, the Mas - - - - ter is call-ing for thee; . . . . His grace and his mer - - - - cy are wondrous-ly free; . . . .

Brother, the Mas-ter is come and is call-ing for thee; Brother, his grace and his mer-cy are wondrous-ly free;

Broth-er, his blood as a ran-som for sin-ners he gave, And he is a-bun-dant-ly a-ble to save.

His blood as a ran - - - - som for sin-ners he gave, ... And he is a-bun - - - - dant-ly a-ble to save.

Broth-er, his blood as a ran-som for sin-ners he gave, And he is a-bun-dant-ly a-ble to save.

Words by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

CORONATION DAY.

1 When the crown-ing day shall dawn, and I am sum-mon'd home, At the bid-ding of the Mas-ter to his throne I'll come, Leav-ing

2 When the crown-ing day shall come, and at the Lord's right hand, With the throng that none can number of the saved I stand, Cloth'd in

3 When the crown-ing day shall come, I shall be safe at last; Earth's tempta-tions will be end-ed, and the riv - er pass'd; Oh, how

CHORUS.

all I love be-low, lay-ing cross and ar-mor down, To be crown'd by my Re-deem-er with a gold - en crown. I shall wear a bright and

raiment snow-y-white, read-y for the mansions bright, He will deck me with a crown of nev - er - fad - ing light. I shall wear a bright and

hap-py I shall be, my Re-deem-er there to see, And in Par - a - dise to live with him e - ter - nal - ly. I shall wear a bright and

shin-ing crown, When I lay my cross and ar-mor down, And thro' ev-er-lasting days, while upon the Lamb I gaze, I will sing my Redeem-er's praise.

shin-ing crown, When I lay my cross and ar-mor down, And thro' ev-er-lasting days, while upon the Lamb I gaze, I will sing my Redeem-er's praise.

shin-ing crown, When I lay my cross and ar-mor down, And thro' ev-er-lasting days, while upon the Lamb I gaze, I will sing my Redeem-er's praise.

ECKWORTH. C. M.

Affetuoso. Dr. L. MASON.

1 Hear me, O God, nor hide thy face, But an-swer, lest I die; Hast thou not built a throne of grace, To hear when sin-ners cry?

2 As on some lone-ly build-ing's top, The spar-row tells her moan, Far from the tents of joy and hope, I sit and grieve a-lone.

3 My locks like wither'd leaves ap-pear, And life's de-clin-ing light Grows faint as eve-ning shad-ows are, That van-ish in-to night.

4 But thou for-ev-er art the same, O my e-ter-nal God! A-ges to come shall know thy name, And spread thy works abroad.

Words by EDGAR A. HOLME.

THE SWEETEST VOICE.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 The sweet-est voice I ev - er heard, Was that of Je - sus call-ing; Thro' ev' - ry pulse it thrill'd and stirr'd, And at his feet, low fall - ing,

2 The fair - est face I e'er be-held Was that of Christ so ten - der; I gaz'd, and joy with - in me swell'd, A joy no tongue can ren - der;

3 The strong-est love I ev - er knew Was that which Jesus bore me; It thrill'd my spir - it thro' and thro', And shed its sweet-ness o'er me;

p CHORUS.

I wept in the deep joy I felt, While there I hum-bly, hum - bly knelt. Oh, voice so sweet! . . . . Oh, face so fair!

I gaz'd in won-der and a-dored My kind and lov-ing, lov - ing Lord. Oh, voice so sweet, oh, face so fair! . . . Oh, love so

I pledge to him be-yond re-call My life, my love, my soul, my all. Oh, voice so sweet! . . . . Oh, face so fair! . . . Oh, love so

Oh, voice so sweet! Oh, face so fair!

f *p* *rit.* *p*

Oh, love so strong to me! My Je - sus at . . . . . thy feet I fall, And hum - bly wor - ship thee.

strong to me! My Je - sus at thy feet I fall, And hum - bly wor - ship thee.

f *p* *p*

strong to me! My Je - sus at . . . . . thy feet I fall, And hum - bly wor - ship thee.

Oh, love so strong to me! My Je - sus at thy feet I fall,

FLOREN. 7s.

Moderato.

1 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy Sav-iour, hear his word; Je - sus speaks, he speaks to thee, "Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou me?"

2 "I de - liv - ered thee when bound, And when bleeding, healed thy wound, Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right, Turned thy darkness in - to light.

3 "Thou shalt see my glo - ry soon, When the work of faith is done; Part - ner of my throne shalt be; Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou me?"

NEARER HOME.

Words and Music by A. S. KIEFFER.

1 Pil-grims in this land of sor-row, Day by day we jour-ney on; And each fast suc-ceed-ing mor-row Finds our life-work near-er done.

2 Day by day life's path grows drearer, Earth-ly joys pass swift-ly by; But the thought of heav'n grows dearer, As our hopes and pleasures die.
3 Earth-ly friend-ships oft de-ceive us, Beam-ing with in-con-stant ray; But the Sav-iour ne'er will leave us In the dark and drear-y day.

4 In our jour-ney may we nev-er Faint or fal-ter by the way; In the glo-rious glad for-ev-er We shall rest in end-less day.

CHORUS.

Near-er home! yes, bless the Sav-iour, Near-er to a Fa-ther's love! Near-er heaven's e-ter-nal por-tal! Near-er to the home a-bove.

Near-er home! yes, bless the Sav-iour, Near-er to a Fa-ther's love! Near-er heaven's e-ter-nal por-tal! Near-er to the home a-bove.

Near-er home! yes, bless the Sav-iour, Near-er to a Fa-ther's love! Near-er heaven's e-ter-nal por-tal! Near-er to the home a-bove.

From the SHINING LIGHT, by per.

HAPPY HOME.

T. W. DENNINGTON. 145

CHORUS.

1 Oh, home of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the mo - ment come, When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home. Oh, that

2 There ev - er - last- ing spring a - bides, And nev- er - with'-ring flow'rs; Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav'n-ly land from ours. Hap - py

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, Stand dress'd in living green; So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jordan rolled be-tween. Oh, that

happy, happy home, Oh, that home so bright and fair, How I long, how I long to be there, Where angels bright are rob'd in white, Oh, I long, yes, I long to be there.

home, bright and fair, How I long to be there, Where angels bright are rob'd in white, Oh, I long, yes, I long to be there.

happy, happy home, Oh, that home so bright and fair, How I long, how I long to be there, Where an-gels bright are rob'd in white, Oh, I long, yes, I long to be there.

THE BETTER LAND.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Hark! the cho-ral band, With its mu-sic float-ing ev-er O'er the bright and spark-ling riv-er, From the un--seen strand;

2 Now my brow is fanned, By the breez-es from the mountains, And I hear the rip-pling foun-tains Of my na--tive strand;

3 But I wait-ing stand, And my eyes are ev-er turn-ing, And my heart is ev-er yearn-ing For the gold-en strand;

Where the an-gels bright are winging, And the beau-ti-ful are sing-ing, While the gold-en harps are ring-ing, In the bet-ter land.

Well I love the rocks and tow-ers, Warb-ling birds and fra-grant flow-ers, Of my spir-it's na-tal bow-ers, Of this earth-ly land.

Where with heart to heart u-ni-ted, We shall keep the vows here plighted, And the wrongs of earth be right-ed, In the bet-ter land.

CHORUS.

In the bet-ter land, the bet - terland,
In the bet-ter land, Of this earth-ly land,
} While the gold - en harps are ring-ing, In the bet - ter land.

Of this earth-ly land, Of this earth-ly land, Well I love the rocks and tow-ers, Of this earth - ly land.

In the bet-ter land, In the bet-ter land,
In the bet-ter land, the bet - ter land.
} And the wrongs of earth are right-ed, In the bet - ter land.

CONCORD. S. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

Allegro.

1 The hill of Zi-on yields A thousand sacred sweets Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

2 Then let our songs abound, And ev'ry tear be dry, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground To fairer worlds on high.
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,

EVEN-SONG.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

p Soft and gentle.

1 Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky, Now the dark-ness

2 Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose, With thy tend'- rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close. Grant to us, thy

3 Com - fort ev' - ry suff' - rer, Watch-ing late in pain, Those who plan some e - vil, From their sin re-strain. Thro' the long night

4 Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky, When the morning

pp

gath - ers, Stars be - gin to peep, Birds, and beasts, and flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep, Soon will be a - sleep.

chil - dren, Vis - ions bright of thee, Guard the sail - or's toss - ing On the deep blue sea, On the deep blue sea.

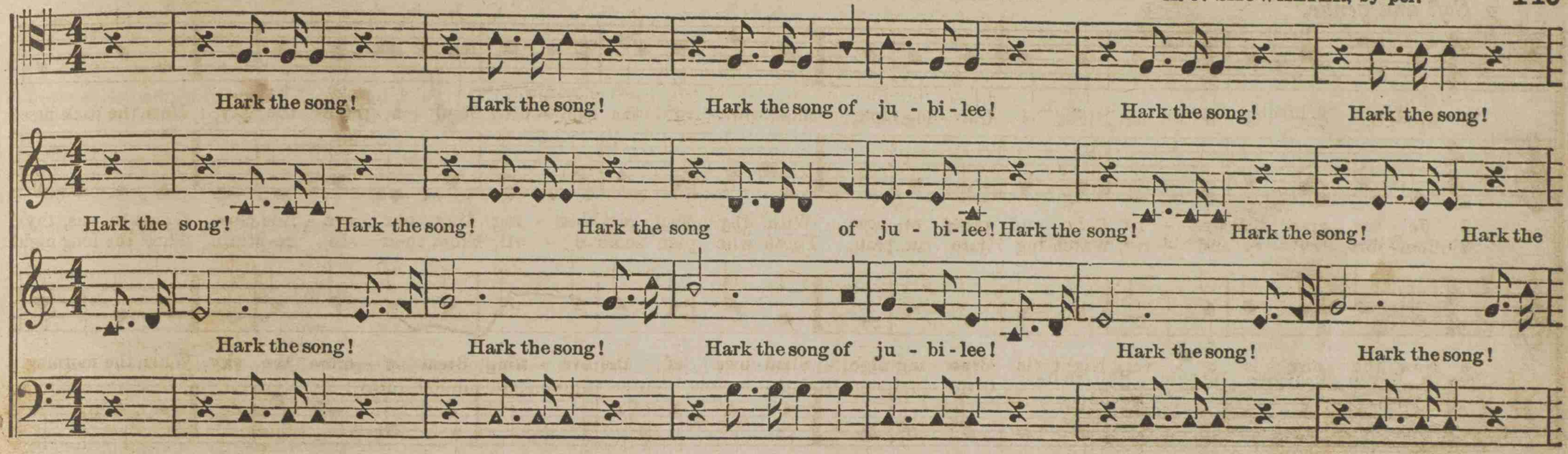
watch - es May thine an - gels spread Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed, Watch - ing round my bed.

wak - ens, Then may I a - rise, Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In thy ho - ly eyes, In thy ho - ly eyes.

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HARK! THE SONG OF JUBILEE.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.





HARK! THE SONG OF JUBILEE. Continued.

sea, When it breaks up - on the shore. { See Je-hov-ah's banners furled, Sheathed his sword, he speaks, 'tis done; Now the kingdoms of this world
{ He shall reign from pole to pole With supreme, unbounded sway; He shall reign, when like a scroll,

sea, When it breaks up - on the shore. { See Je-hov-ah's ban-ners furled, Now the kingdoms of this world
{ He shall reign from pole to pole, He shall reign, when like a scroll,

sea, When it breaks up - on the shore. { See Je - ho - vah's ban-ners furled, Sheathed his sword, he speaks, 'tis done; Now the kingdoms of this world
{ He shall reign from pole to pole With supreme, unbounded sway; He shall reign, when like a scroll,

1st. *2d.*

Are the kingdoms of his Son, Are the king-doms of his Son, Son. } Hark the song of ju - bi - lee! Hark the song!
Yonder heav'ns have pass'd away, Yon - der heav'ns have pass'd a - way, way. }

Are the king-doms of his Son, Son. }
Yon - der heav'ns have pass'd a - way, way. } Hark the song . . . . of ju - bi - lee! Loud as

Are the kingdoms of his Son, Are the king-doms of his Son, Son. } Hark the song of ju - bi - lee! Hark the song!
Yonder heav'ns have pass'd away, Yon - der heav'ns have pass'd a - way, way. }

Loud as mighty thunders roar, Or the fullness of the sea, When it breaks upon the shore. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hark the song! Hal-le-

might - - - y thunders roar, Or the full - - - ness of the sea, When it breaks upon the shore. Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le -

Loud as mighty thunders roar, Or the fullness of the sea, When it breaks upon the shore. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hark the song! Hal-le -

lu-jah, A - men, Hark the song! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hark the song! Halle-lu-jah, A - men, Hark the song! Amen, Amen, A-men, A-men.

lu-jah, A - men, Hal-le - lu-jah! Halle - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu-jah, A - men, A-men, A-men, A - men, A-men

lu-jah, A - men, Hark the song! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hark the song! Halle-lu-jah, A - men, Hark the song! Amen, Amen, A - men, A-men.

PRAISE BE TO GOD.

Words by F. E. BELDEN.

By permission.

1 Praise be to God and songs of thanksgiv-ing, Bow down ye na - tions all; Let ev' - ry heart give Him a - dor - a - tion,

2 He is the Lord, our Fa - ther E - ter - nal, Bless - ings are his to give; . . . From Him re-ceive we all earth - ly boun-ties,

Praise Him, both great and small. Hon - or to him pro - claim;

Wor - ship be - fore Him, all ye His peo - ple, Hon - or to him pro - claim;

In Him all crea-tures live. Hon or to him pro - claim;

PRAISE BE TO GOD. Continued.

Repeat first eight measures, and then go to the Solo.

f Chorus a tempo.

Bow down be-fore Him, oh, ev' - ry na - tion, Praise ye His ho - ly name. Yield Him a trib-ute, praise and thanksgiving,

Solo ad lib. *f*

Bow down be-fore Him, oh, ev' - ry na - tion, Praise ye His ho - ly name. Yield Him a trib-ute, praise and thanksgiving,

f Chorus a tempo.

Come ye His throne be - fore; Praise Him for-ev - er, all ye His peo-ple! Praise Him for - ev - er - more.

3

3

Solo ad lib. *f*

Come ye His throne be - fore; Praise Him for-ev - er, all ye His peo-ple! Praise Him for - ev - er - more.
Praise Him for-ev-er more.

PRAISE BE TO GOD. Concluded.



I WILL SING THY PRAISE.

J. H. TENNEY.



FINE.

I will sing, I will sing thy praise, O Lord, I will sing, I will sing, I will sing thy praise, O Lord. I will

sing, I will sing thy praise, O Lord, I will sing, I will sing, I will sing thy praise, O Lord. I will not for-get thy

I will sing, I will sing thy praise, O Lord, I will sing, I will sing, I will sing thy praise, O Lord. I will

D.C.

not for - get, O Lord, O Lord, Un-to thee in songs my soul doth fly, I will sing.

ben- e- fits, O Lord, O Lord, Un-to thee in songs of joy and praise, my soul doth fly, I will sing.

D.C.

not for - get, O Lord, O Lord, Un - to thee in songs my soul doth fly.

FATHER, WE'LL REST IN THY LOVE.

By per. of S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

Moderato.

Remember mer - cy, O my God, Let me not faint be-neath Thy rod; Father, our hearts are sad and lone, Oh, hearken to our

Oh, hearken to our

Remember mer - cy, O my God, Let me not faint be-neath Thy rod; Father, our hearts are sad and lone, Oh, hearken to our

Oh, hearken to . . . . our

Allegretto.

plaintive moan. A-mid the storm Thy cheer - ing voice Can bid the tremb - ling soul re - joice.

Solo.

plaintive moan. A-mid the storm Thy cheering voice Can bid the tremb - ling soul re - joice. Soon we'll dwell forev-er in

plaintive moan. A-mid the storm Thy cheering voice Can bid the tremb - ling soul re - joice.

Chorus. Andante.

rit.

man - sions a - bove, Till the storms are o - ver we'll rest in Thy love.

Fa - ther, we'll rest in Thy

Fa - ther, we'll rest in Thy love, ...

Fa - ther, we'll rest in Thy

rit. *a tempo.*

love, Fa - ther, we'll rest, we'll rest in Thy love, love, rest, rest in Thy love, Father, we'll rest, we'll

Fa - ther, we'll rest in Thy love, in Thy love, we'll rest in Thy love, rest, we'll rest in Thy love, Fa - ther, we'll rest in Thy

love, Fa - ther, we'll rest, we'll rest in Thy love, love, rest, rest in Thy love, Father, we'll rest, we'll

we'll rest in Thy love,

FATHER, WE'LL REST IN THY LOVE. Concluded.

rit.

rest in Thy love, Father, we'll rest, rest in Thy love, Father, we'll rest, we'll rest in Thy love, Rest in thy love.

love, we'll rest, . . . in Thy love, . . . Fa - - - ther, we'll rest in Thy love, Rest in Thy love.
Father, we'll rest rest in Thy love,

rest in Thy love, we'll rest, ... in Thy love, . . . Father, we'll rest, we'll rest in Thy love, Rest in Thy love.

CALLIE. C. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1 I mourn for household voic - es gone, For van - ished smiles I long; But God hath led my dear ones on, And He can do no wrong.

2 And so be - side this si - lent sea, I wait the muf - fled oar; No harm from Him can come to me, On o - cean or on shore.

3 I know not where His is - lands lift Their frond - ed palms in air; I on - ly know I n - not drift Be - yond His love and care.

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

QUIET IS THE HOUR OF EVEN.

DUET, Alto and Bass. *Andante.*



QUARTET.



QUIET IS THE HOUR OF EVEN. Continued.

SOLO.

2 And God's an - - - gel still doth lin - ger, Ere he take from us his flight;

Point - - ing with his lift - ed fin - ger To the star - ry path of light, ...

DUET, Soprano and Alto.

To the star - ry path of light. One by one they si - lent gath - er Round the sprinkled mer - cy - seat;


One by one they seek the Fa - ther, Hum - bly cast at Je - sus' feet, ... Hum - bly cast at Je - sus' feet,

CHORUS.


3 On the knee of deep con - tri - tion, Bends each soul in earn - est prayer; On the wings of strong pe - ti - tion, Wafts to God its ev' - ry care.
3 On the knee of deep con - tri - tion, Bends each soul in earn - est prayer; On the wings of strong pe - ti - tion, Wafts to God its ev' - ry care.

QUIET IS THE HOUR OF EVEN. Concluded.

Lis - ten to the bells' sweet call - ing! Thus the ho - ly Sab - bath crown! And as dews are gen - tly fall - ing,

Lis - ten to the bells' sweet call - ing! Thus the ho - ly Sab - bath crown! And as dews are gen - tly fall - ing,

Shall the peace of God come down, And as dews are gen - tly fall - ing, Shall the peace of God come down.

Shall the peace of God come down, And as dews are gen - tly fall - ing, Shall the peace of God come down.

Allegretto.

I have set watchmen up - on thy walls, I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Je - ru - sa-lem, O Je -

I have set watchmen up - on thy walls, I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Je - ru - sa-lem, O Je -

ru - sa-lem, which shall nev-er hold their peace, day nor night, day nor night. Go thro' the gates, go thro' the gates, pre-pare ye the

ru - sa-lem, which shall nev-er hold their peace, day nor night, day nor night. Go thro' the gates, go thro' the gates, pre-pare ye the

I HAVE SET WATCHMEN UPON THY WALLS. Continued.

ritard.

way, pre-pare ye the way of the peo-ple, Cast up the highway, cast up the highway, cast up the highway, and gath-er out the

way, pre-pare ye the way of the peo-ple, Cast up the highway, cast up the highway, cast up the highway, and gath-er out the

a tempo.

stones. Lift up the standard a - mong the people, Lift up the standard a - mong the people, a - mong the peo-ple. Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal -le

stones. Lift up the standard a - mong the people, Lift up the standard a - mong the people, a - mong the peo-ple. Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal -le -



SENTENCE. "HUMBLE YOURSELVES."



alt you, that he may ex - alt you:

DUET.

Cast-ing all your cares up - on him, Cast-ing all your cares up - on him, for he car - eth for you, he

alt you, that he may ex - alt you:

Cast-ing all your cares up - on him, Cast-ing all your cares up - on him, for he car - eth for you, he car - eth for you.

car - eth for you.

Cast-ing all your cares up - on him, Cast-ing all your cares up - on him, for he car - eth for you, he car - eth for you.

Allegretto.

I will go un - to the al - tar of God, I will go un - to the al - tar of God, I will go,

I will go, I will

I will go un - to the al - tar of God, I will go un - to the al - tar of God, I will go,

I will go un - to God my ex - ceed - ing joy, un - to God my ex - ceed - ing joy, I will go un - to the al - tar of

go un - to God my ex - ceed - ing joy,

I will go un - to God my ex - ceed - ing joy, un - to God my ex - ceed - ing joy, I will go un - to the al - tar of

"I WILL GO UNTO THE ALTAR OF GOD." Continued.

FINE.

God, un - to God my ex - ceed - ing joy, un - to God my ex - ceed - ing joy, un - to God my ex - ceed - ing joy.

FINE.

God, un - to God my ex - ceed - ing joy, un - to God my ex - ceed - ing joy, un - to God my ex - ceed - ing joy.

I will praise, with the harp, thy great name, with the harp, will I praise thee, my God, will I

Yea, up - on the harp, . . . up - on the harp, . . . up - on the harp will I praise thee, will I praise thee, will I

I will praise, with the harp, thy great name, with the harp, will I praise thee, my God, will I

praise thee, my God, I will praise, with the harp, thy great name, with the harp, will I praise thee, my God, will I

praise thee, my God, Yea, up-on the harp, up-on the harp, up-on the harp will I praise thee, will I praise thee, will I

praise thee, my God, I will praise, with the harp, thy great name, with the harp, will I praise thee, my God, will I

D.C.

praise, will I praise thee, my God, will I praise thee, my God, O God, my God, praise thee, praise thee, will I praise thee, my God.

praise thee, my God, will I praise thee, my God, O God, my God, will I praise thee, will I praise thee, will I praise thee, my God.

D.C.

praise, will I praise thee, my God, will I praise thee, my God, O God, my God, praise thee, praise thee, will I praise thee, my God.

"THE MELLOW EVE IS GLIDING."

Andante.

1 The mel-low eve is glid - ing Se-rene-ly down the west; So ev' - ry care sub-sid - ing, My soul will sink to rest.

1 The mel-low eve is glid - ing Se-rene-ly down the west; So ev' - ry care sub-sid - ing, My soul will sink to rest.

The woodland hum is ring - ing The day-light's gentle close, May an - gels round me sing - ing, Thus hymn my last re - pose, Thus

The woodland hum is ring - ing The day-light's gentle close, May an - gels round me sing - ing, Thus hymn my last re - pose, Thus

Thus hymn my last re-pose, Thus hymn my last re-pose, Thus hymn my last re-pose. 2 The eve-ning star has

hymn my last re - pose, ... Thus hymn my last re - pose, ...

Thus hymn my last re-pose, Thus hymn mylast re-pose, Thus hymn my last re-pose. 2 The eve-ning star has

light - ed Her crys-tal lamp on high; So, when in death be-night - ed, May hope il-lume the sky, May hope il - lume the sky, In

light - ed Her crys-tal lamp on high; So, when in death be-night - ed, May hope il-lume the sky, May hope il - lume th sky, In

"THE MELLOW EVE IS GLIDING." Concluded.

gold - en splendor dawn-ing, The mor - row's light shall break, Oh, on that last bright morn - ing, May I in glo - ry wake.

gold - en splendor dawn-ing, The mor - row's light shall break, Oh, on that last bright morn - ing, May I in glo - ry wake.

May I in glo - ry wake, May I in glo - ry wake, Oh, on that last bright morn-ing, May I in glo - ry wake.

May I in glo - ry wake, May I in glo - ry wake, Oh, on that last bright morn-ing, May I in glo - ry wake.

WHEN AS RETURNS THIS SOLEMN DAY.

Adagio.

When as re-turns this sol-emn day, Man comes to meet his God, What rites, what hon-ors shall he pay, How spread his praise a-broad?

When as re-turns this sol-emn day, Man comes to meet his God, What rites, what hon-ors shall he pay, How spread his praise a-broad?

Allegretto.

From mar-ble domes, and gild-ed spires, Shall clouds of in-cense rise, And gems, and gold, and gar-lands deck The

From mar-ble domes, and gild-ed spires, Shall clouds of in-cense rise, And gems, and gold, and gar-lands deck The

WHEN AS RETURNS THIS SOLEMN DAY. Concluded.

rit. *Adagio.* *Allegretto.*

cost - ly sac - ri - fice? Vain, sin - ful man, Vain, sin - ful man, Cre - a - tion's Lord thy off' - rings well may spare, But give thy

rit.

cost - ly sac - ri - fice? Vain, sin - ful man, Vain, sin - ful man, Cre - a - tion's Lord thy off' - rings well may spare, But give thy

rit.

heart, but give thy heart, and thou shalt find thy God will hear thy prayer, And thou shalt find thy God will hear thy prayer.

rit.

heart, but give thy heart, and thou shalt find thy God will hear thy prayer, And thou shalt find thy God will hear thy prayer.

THE TWILIGHT FALLS.

J. H. TENNEY.

Andante.

1 The twilight falls, the night is near, I fold my work a - way, And kneel to One who bends to hear The sto - ry of the day.

2 The old, old sto - ry,— yet I kneel To tell it at thy call, And cares grow light - er as I feel That Je - sus knows them all.

3 So here I lay me down to rest, As night - ly shad - ows fall, And lean con-fid - ing on his breast Who knows and pit - ies all.

REFRAIN.

The sto - ry of the day, The sto - ry of the day; And kneel to One who bends to hear The sto - ry of the day.

That Je - sus knows them all, That Je - sus knows them all; And cares grow light - er as I feel That Je - sus knows them all.

Who knows and pit - ies all, Who knows and pit - ies all; And lean con - fid - ing on his breast Who knows and pit - ies all.

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REST WEARY ONE.
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REVIVE US AGAIN.

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