EMORY COLLEGE

SONGS of GLORY
No. 2.

COMPILED BY

JAS. H. FILLMORE.

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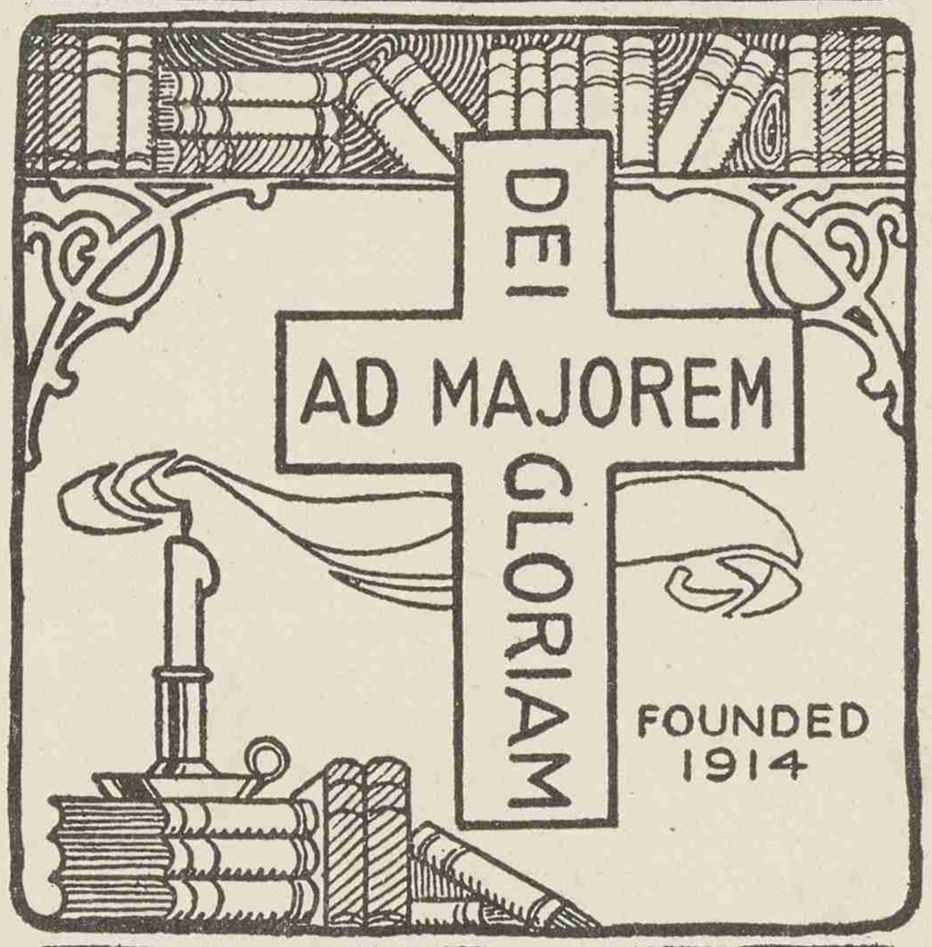

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SONGS OF GLORY

No. 2.

A COLLECTION OF BEAUTIFUL SONGS FOR

Sunday * Schools * and * the * Family * Circle.

—BY—

JAS. H. FILLMORE,

Author of "JOY AND GLADNESS," "SONGS OF GRATITUDE," "SONGS OF GLORY," "HOURS OF SONG," "JOYFUL NOTES," etc., etc.

CINCINNATI:

FILLMORE BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

1887.

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PREFACE.

In response to many calls the present book is issued in the *figure notation.*

I have named it Songs of Glory No 2, because, in its preparation, I have kept in view the points that made the former book so popular, and hope to have succeeded in imitating its good qualities sufficiently to entitle it to a place *second only* to its Model Predecessor.

With many thanks to the contributors, and a hearty "God speed" to the book and its friends, I am, yours truly, Jas. H. Fillmore.

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SONGS OF GLORY.

No. 2.

PURER IN HEART.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; May I de-vote my life Whol-ly to thee.
2. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; Teach me to do thy will Most lov-ing - ly.
3. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; That I thy ho - ly face One day may see.

Watch thou my wayward feet, Guide me with counsel sweet, Pur - er in heart Help me to be.
Be thou my friend and guide, Let me with thee a - bide, Pur - er in heart Help me to be.
Keep me from se - cret sin, Reign thou my soul within, Pur - er in heart Help me to be.

20502

MRS. A. L. DAVISON.

THE LORD IS RISEN.

J. H. F.

1. The Lord is ris-en—thro' the gloom That darkens round the sacred tomb, I hear an - gel - ic voi-ces say, "We rolled the guarding stone a - way."
2. "And forth he came, the Lord of all, He cast a-side Death's i - cy thrall, And by that wondrous vic-to- ry, He gave im - mor-tal life to thee." The Lord is ris - en, O my soul, What waves of
3. "The night is o - ver, and the light Of day's sweet dawning groweth bright; Behold thy Lord, thy Savior, King! What joy to earth this day doth bring."

CHORUS.

glo - ry round thee roll; No longer wilt thou drooping stay, The Lord is ris - en, come a - way.

SING, EVER SING.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. J. H. F. By per.

1. Sing, tho' thy way be drear - y, Sing thro' the darksome night, Sing, tho' thy feet be
2. Sing, tho' thy bur - den press thee, Sing, tho' thou bear it long, Sing, tho' the foe dis-
3. Sing, tho' thy sin as - sail thee, Soon shall the tempt-er flee, Ne'er shall thy Je - sus
4. Sing, tho' the floods o'er - take thee, Surg - ing a-round the soul, Ne'er let thy joy for-

wea - ry, Sing, tho' thou see no light.
tress thee, Sing, tho' thou suf - fer wrong.
fail thee, Sing, and a con-queror be.
sake thee, Dark tho' the wa - ters roll.

CHORUS.

Yes, let thy soul be sing - ing,

Praise should thy lips em-ploy, And to thy Lord be bringing To-kens of trust and joy.

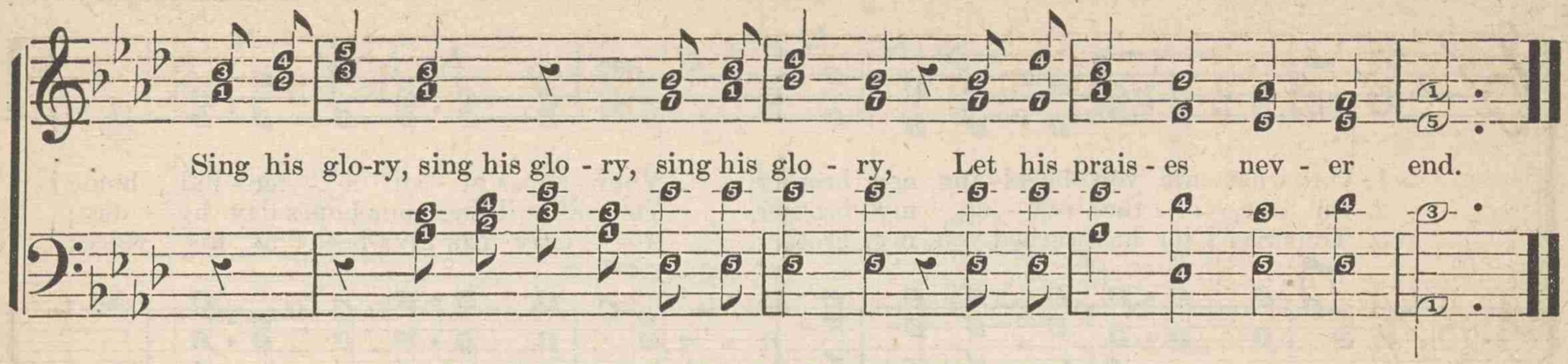
SING HIS GLORY.

J. H. F. By per.

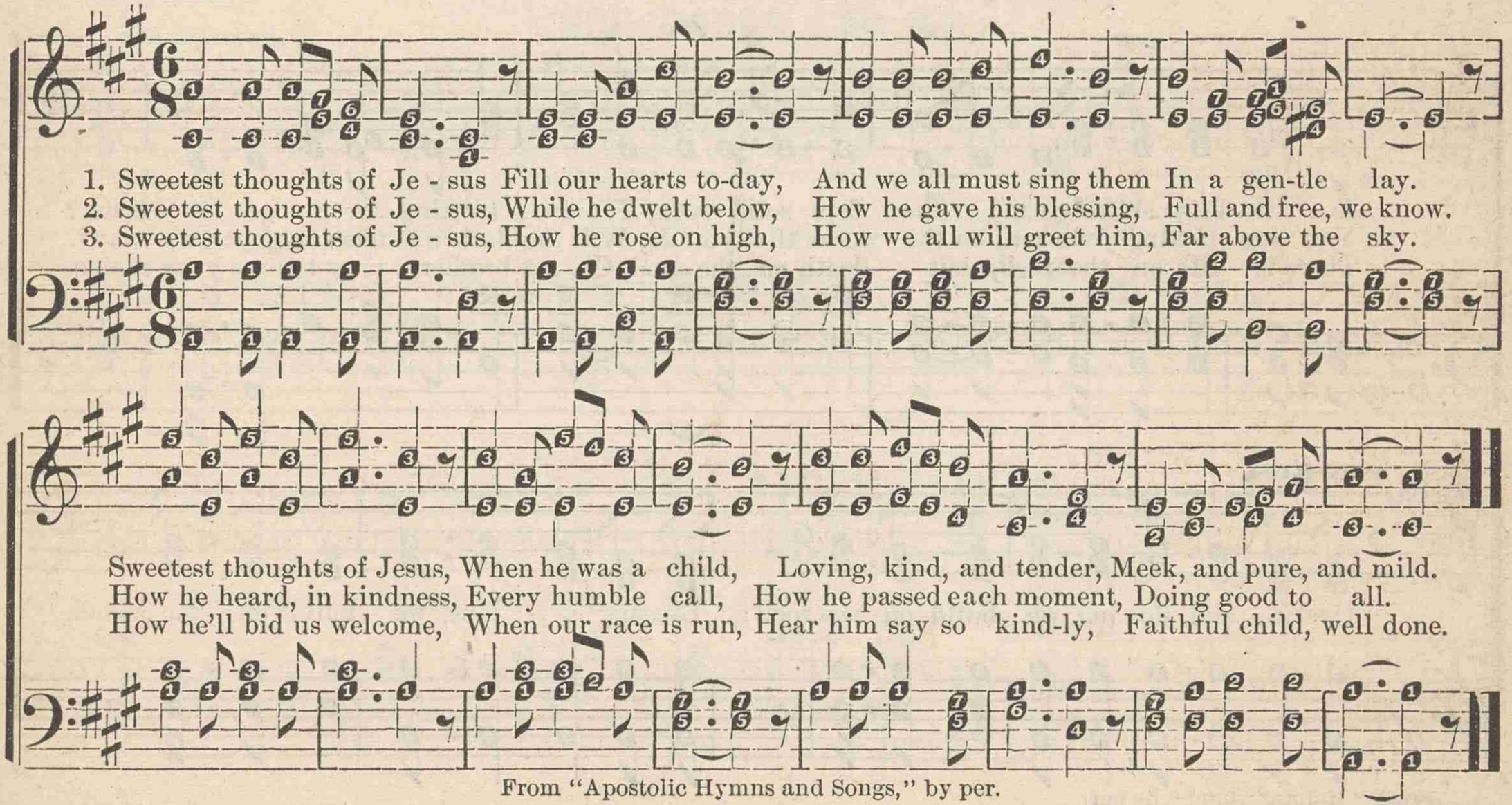
1. Glo - ry, glo-ry ev - er - last - ing, Be to him who bore the cross,
2. Je - sus' love is love un - bound - ed, With - out meas - ure without end;
3. While we hear the wond'rous sto - ry Of the Sav - ior's cross and shame,

Who redeemed our souls by tast - ing Death—the death deserved by us.
Hu-man thought is here con-found - ed; 'T is too vast to com - pre - hend.
Sing we, "Ev - er - last - ing glo - ry Be to God and to the Lamb!"

CHORUS.

Sing his glo - ry, sing his glo - ry, Mag-ni - fy the sinner's Friend.
Sing his glo - ry, sing his glo - ry,

SWEETEST THOUGHTS OF JESUS.

D. R. LUCAS. GERMAN.



From "Apostolic Hymns and Songs," by per.

H. R. TRICKETT.

THE ROCK AND THE SAND.

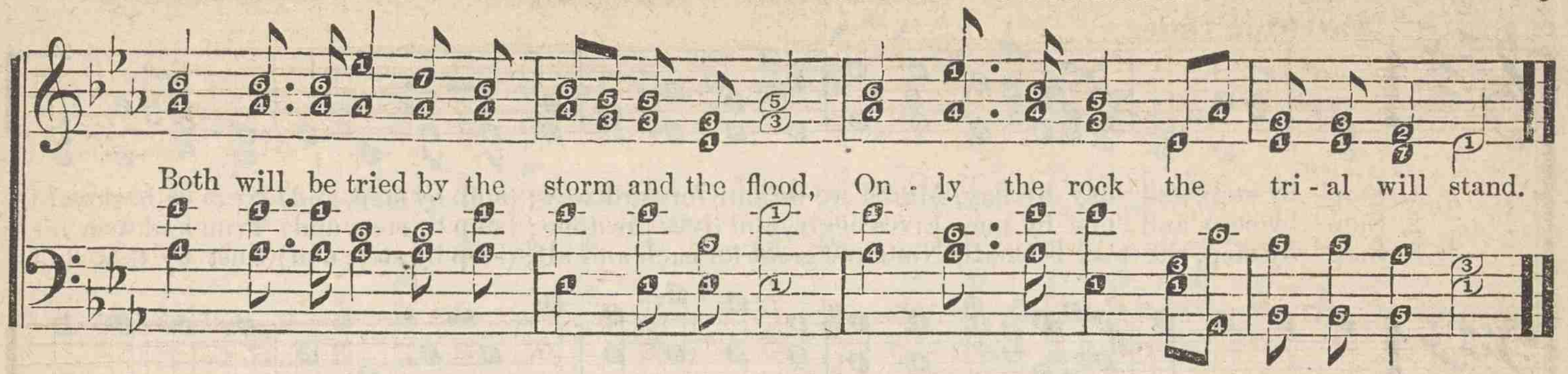
J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. On what are you build - ing my brother, Your hopes of an e - ter - nal home?
2. On one, or the oth - er, my brother, You are building your hopes day by day;
3. Your Sav - ior has warned you, my brother, I pray you give heed to his voice;

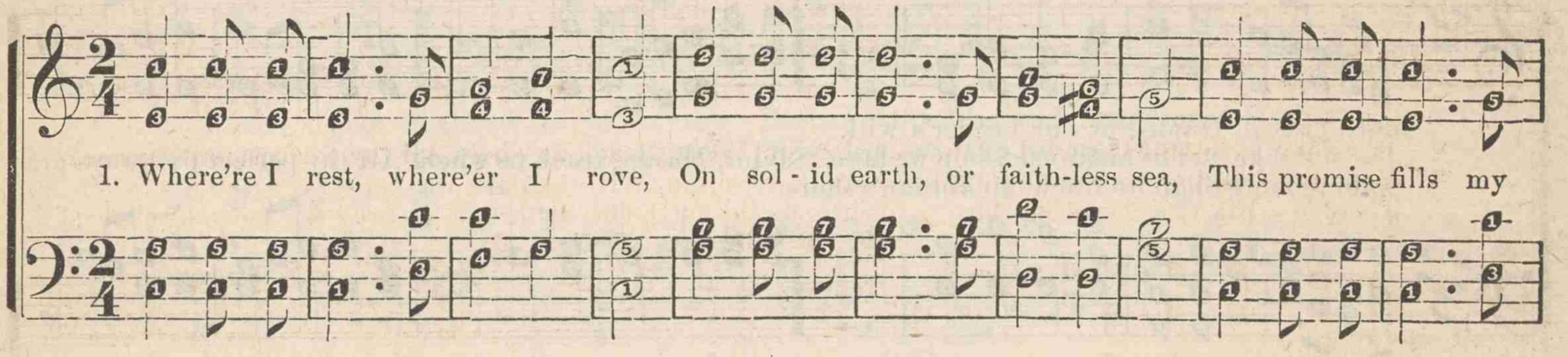
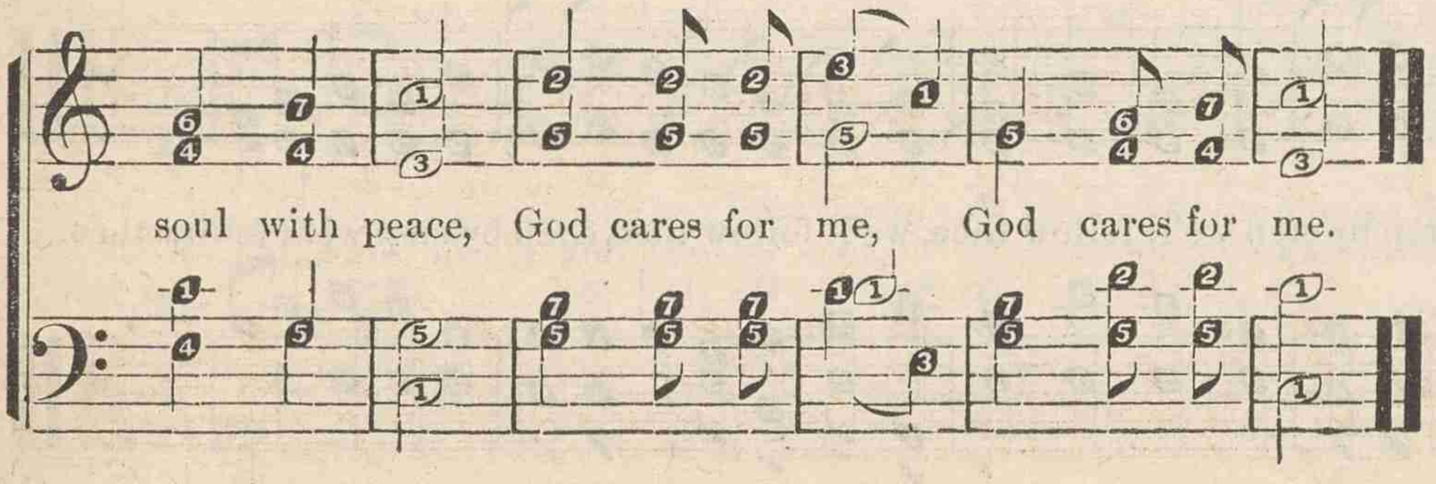
Is it loose shifting sand or the firm solid rock, You are trusting for a - ges to come?
You are risking your soul on the works that you do, Will the dark wa - ters sweep you a - way?
There is life on the rock, but death on the sand, Oh, my brother, pray tell me your choice.

CHORUS.

Hearing and do - ing, we build on the rock; Hearing a - lone, we build on the sand,

From "Helping Hand" by per.

GOD CARES FOR ME.

WM. BAXTER. From "Hours of Song."



2 The various tribes of earth and air,
Fed by his bounteous hand I see;
This care the blest assurance gives
God cares for me, God cares for me.

3 And tho' I slumber in the grave,
Not then shall I forgotten be;
The resurrection morn will prove,
God cares for me, God cares for me.

GRACE GLENN.

STEP BY STEP.

JAS. H. FILLMORE.

Marching time.

1. Step by step, and day by day, March we on our forward way; (step by step, and) Nev - er backward,
2. Step by step, and one by one Lives begin, and lives are done; (step by step, and) True and firm for
3. Step by step, the task is small, None too great for each and all; (step by step, and) Just by this, and

CHORUS.

nev - er still, Guided by our Leader's will.
Je - sus' sake Let us make each step we take. Savior, Master, teach us where All thy perfect pathways are;
nothing more Shall we reach fair Jordan's shore.

Weak and humble tho' we be, Step by step we'll follow thee, we'll follow thee, Step by step we'll follow thee.

1. How fair, oh, far-off coun-try, Must be thy hills of green; How fer-tile all thy
2. What hand can paint the splen-dor That all a-round thee gleams? The rich-ness of thy

val-leys, That sheltered lie be-tween. For-ev-er filled with brightness, With nev-er fad-ing
mead-ows, The clearness of thy streams? What pen por-tray the glo-ry That fills thy cit-ies

light, Thy beauties who can pict-ure, O land where comes no night?
bright, For-ev-er and for-ev-er, O land that knows no night?

3 No moonlight falls upon thee,
No stars their vigils keep;
Thou hast no need of night-time,
Her rest or silence deep.
No shadows dim thy splendor,
Thy God is rest and light,
And he has said, O country,
That "there shall be no night."

GRACE GLENN.

BE IN OUR MIDST TO-DAY.

J. H. F.

Duet.

1. We haste to thy temple, oh, Father! We long for thy presence to - day; As thirst-panting harts by the
2. We haste to thy temple, oh, Father! Our fast fading strength to re-new; Bind up thou the wounded in
3. We haste to thy temple, dear Father, Smile down from thy glory a-bove; We shall not grow weary well-

Inst.

CHORUS.

way - side De - light by the wa - ters to stray.
spi - rit, Our faith and our courage re - new.
do - ing, If blest by thy presence of love.

Greet with thy presence thy children, Lord,

Grant us the promise of thy word; Je - sus, we need thee on our way, Be in our midst to-day.

1. How blessed is the day of rest, How sweet-ly calm and still; As we are gathered
   We learn the les-sons of those days, When Je - sus walked the earth; We hear in gen - tle
2. They tell us of his wond'rous life, How pure he was, how true, And all his deeds of
   They tell us of the death he died, The cru - el cross he bore, That we might be from

CHORUS.

here to learn The Mas - ter's ho - ly will.
ac - cents told, The sto - ry of his birth.
faith-ful love They bring be - fore our view.
all our sin Set free for - ev - er more.

Sweet day of rest How dear thou art! How sa - cred ev - ery hour! We wel-come thee, Each happy heart Would own thy bless - ed power.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON.

GLADLY SING.

J. H. ROSECRANS. By per.

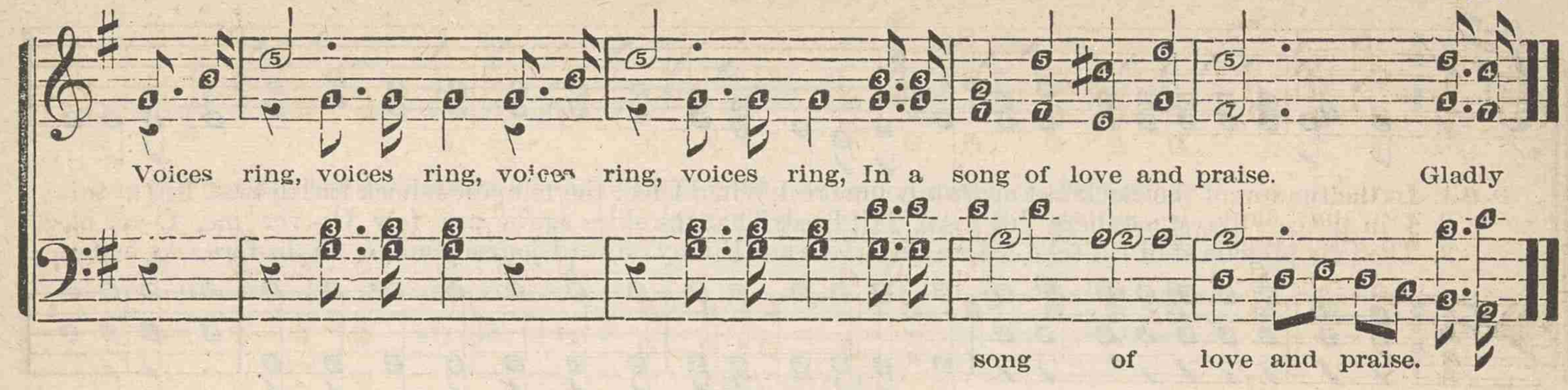
D. S. 1. Gladly sing, gladly sing, Happy hearts hither bring, Come with smiles and with songs to-day;
2. O, the day is so bright, All is beau - ty and light; We must all, we must all be gay,
3. Un-to Him, high in heaven, Blessings bright who hath given, We would car - ol our sweetest songs;

Fine.

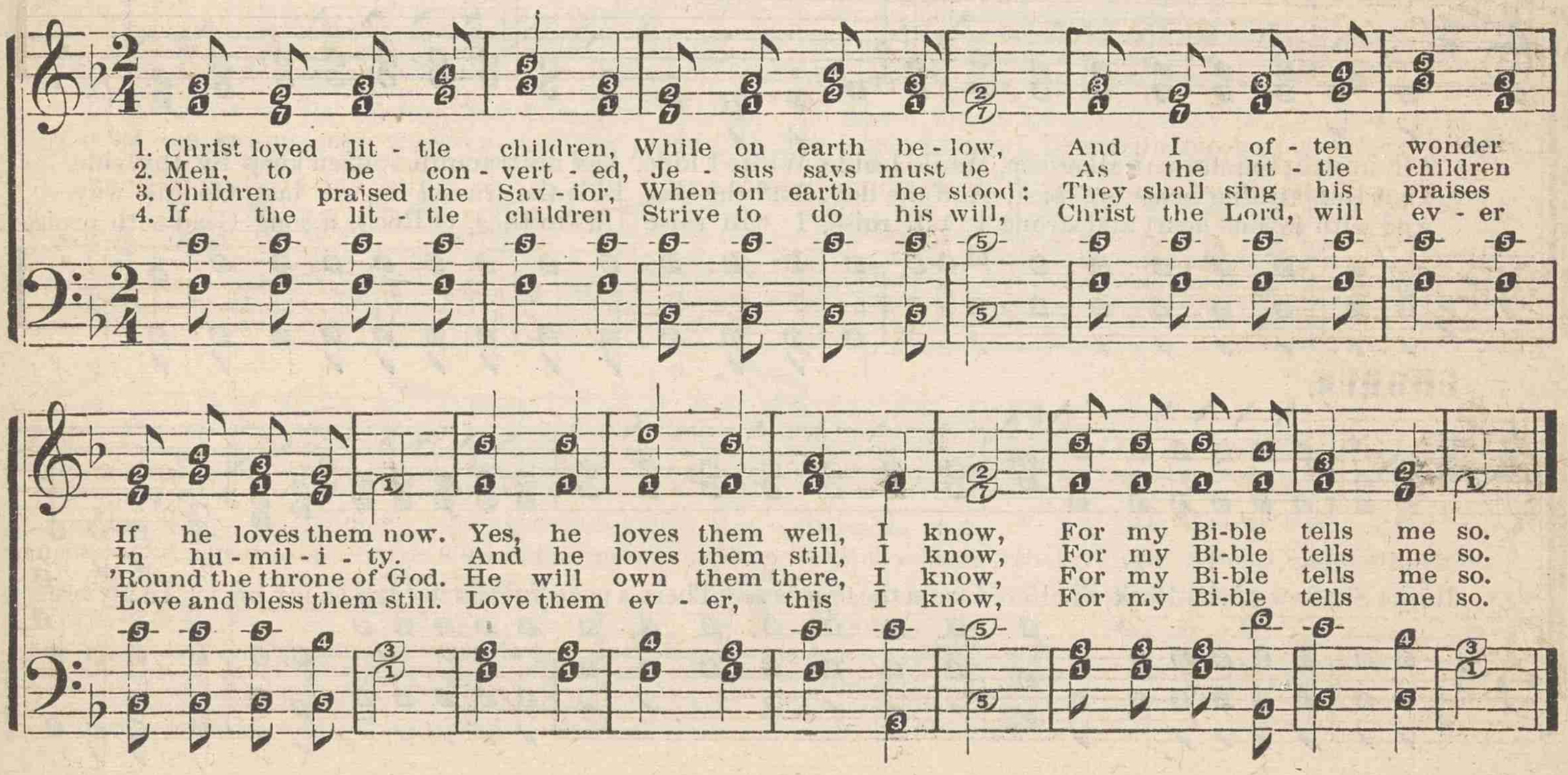
Turn a - way from all care, In our pleas - ure to share, Swiftly pass-ing the hours a - way.
While with joy and with song Fly the sweet hours a - long On their shining, their hap - py way.
He who guards us from harm With his strong loving arm, Un - to us life and health pro - long.

CHORUS.

Gladly sing, gladly sing, gladly sing, gladly sing; Happy hearts, happy hearts, Hither bring, hither bring.

GLADLY SING. Concluded.

MY BIBLE TELLS ME SO.

WM. BAXTER. A. D. FILLMORE.



RAY PALMER.

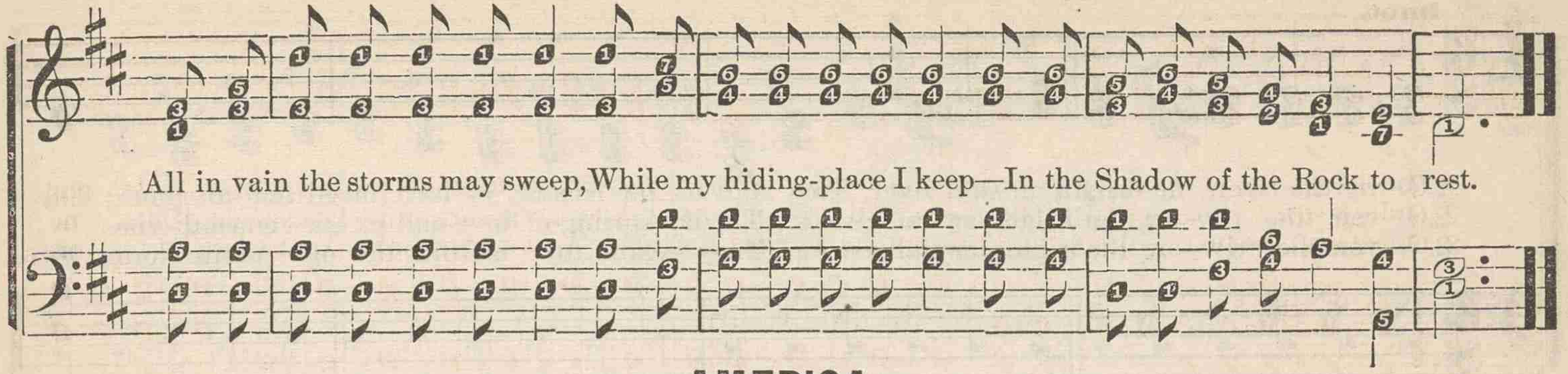
THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

J. H. F. By per.

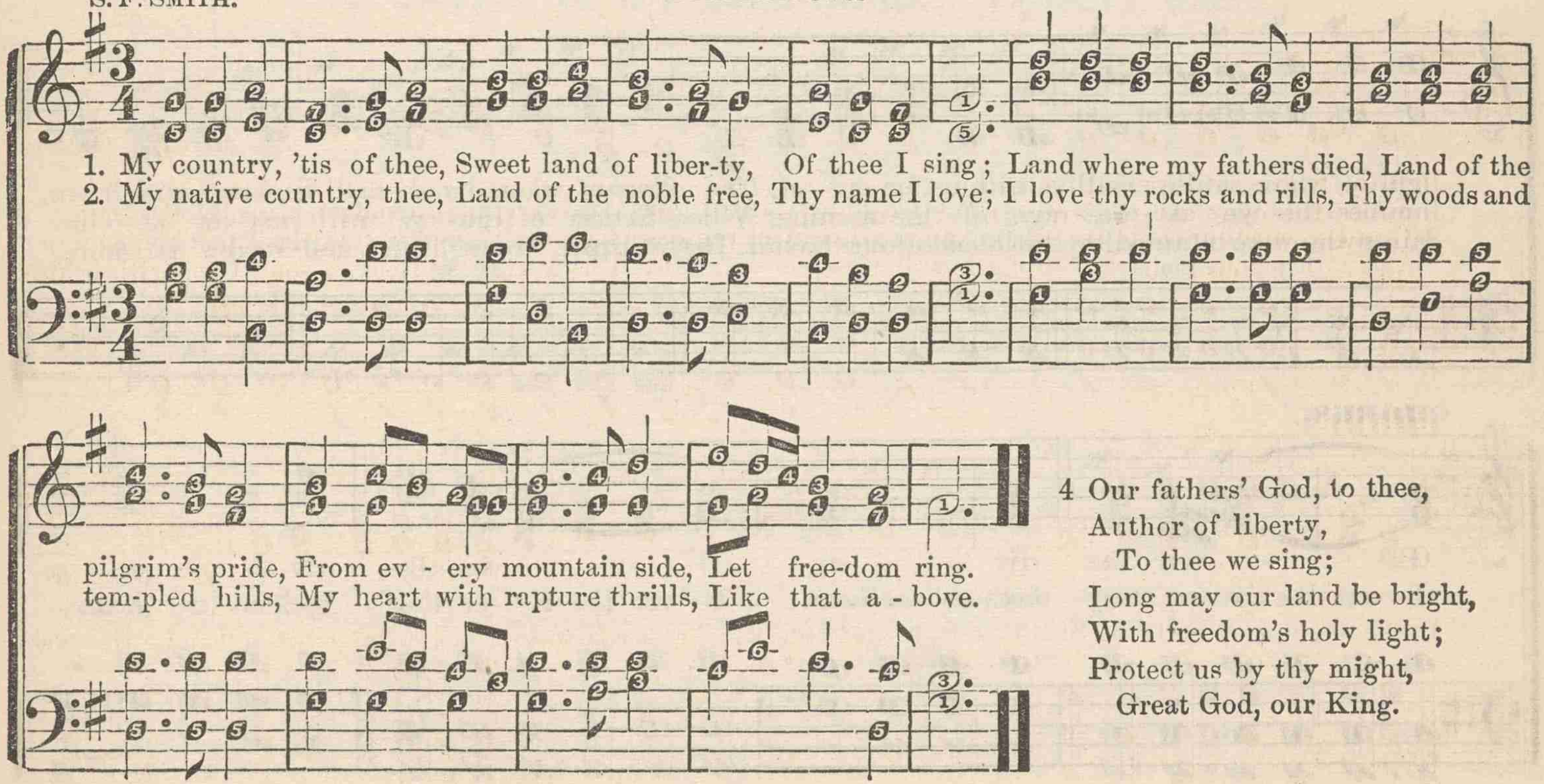
1. In the shadow of the Rock Let me rest, Let me rest, When I feel the tempest's shock Thrill my breast, Thrill my breast;
2. I in peace will rest me there Till I see, Till I see, That the skies again are fair O - ver me, O-ver me;
3. Then my pilgrim staff I'll take, And once more, And once more I'll my onward journey make, As be-fore, As be-fore;

All in vain the storm shall sweep, While I hide, While I hide, And my tranquil station keep By thy side.
That the burning heats are past, And the day, And the day Bids the trav-el - er at last Go his way.
And with joyous heart and strong I will raise, I will raise Un - to thee, O Rock, a song Glad with praise.

CHORUS.

In the Shadow of the Rock, Sheltered from the tempest's shock, There a peaceful calm shall dwell In my breast, In my breast.

All in vain the storms may sweep, While my hiding-place I keep—In the Shadow of the Rock to rest.

AMERICA.

S. F. SMITH.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liber-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev - ery mountain side, Let free-dom ring.
2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills, My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a - bove.

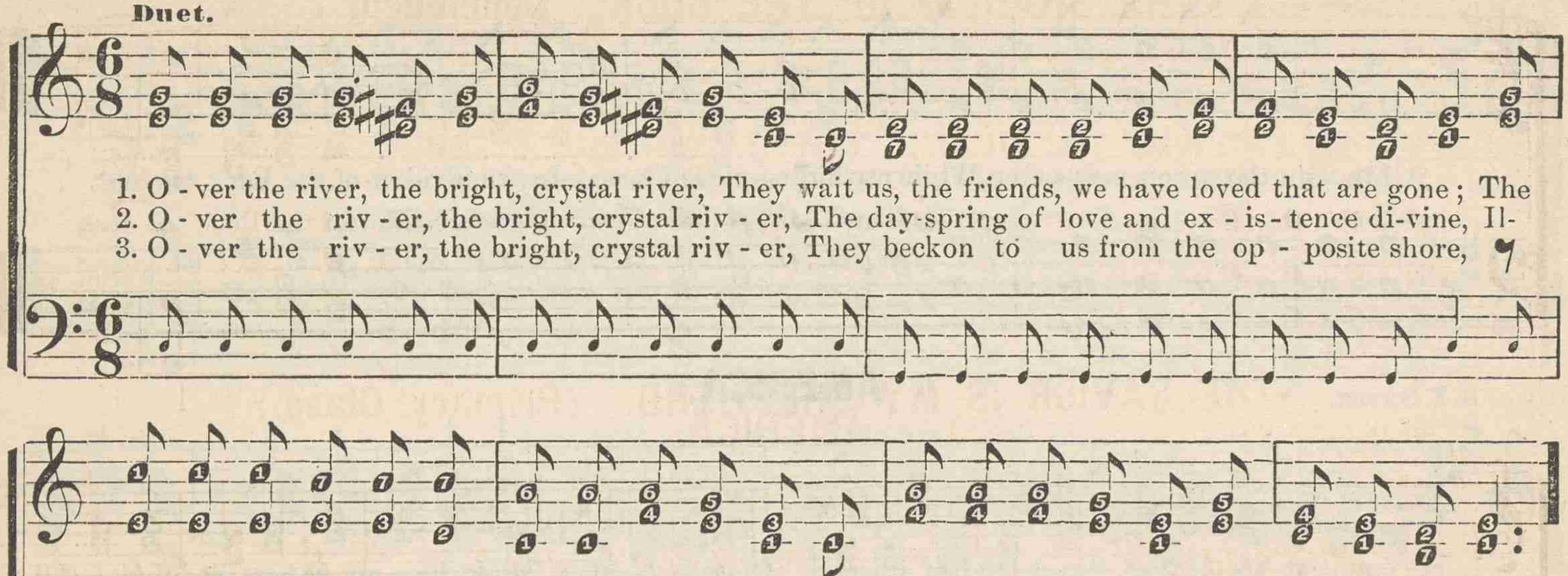
4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

MRS. H. A. RAINS.

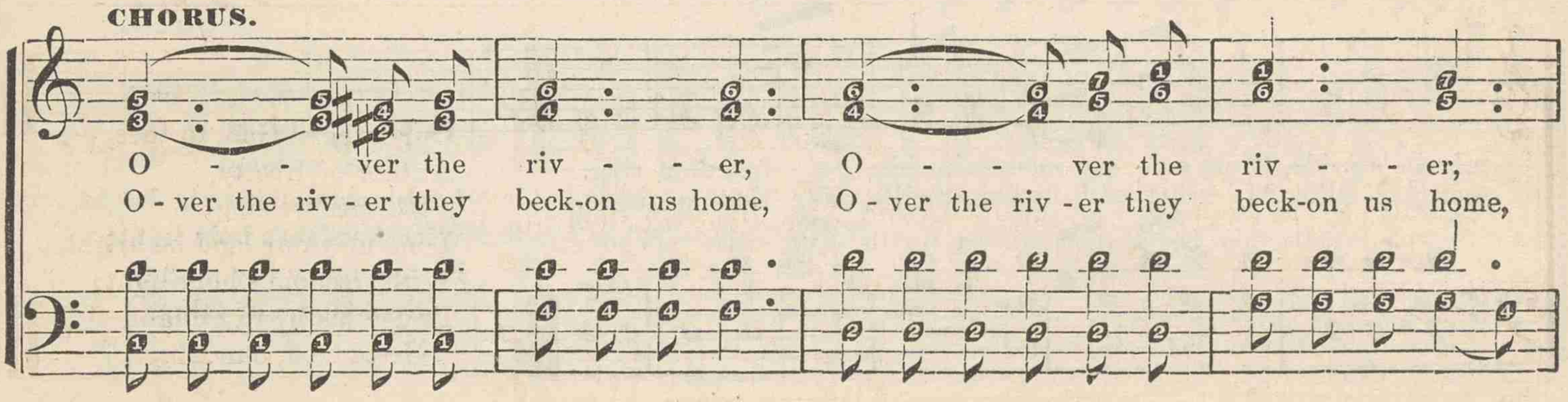
OVER THE BRIGHT, CRYSTAL RIVER.

J. H. F.

Duet.

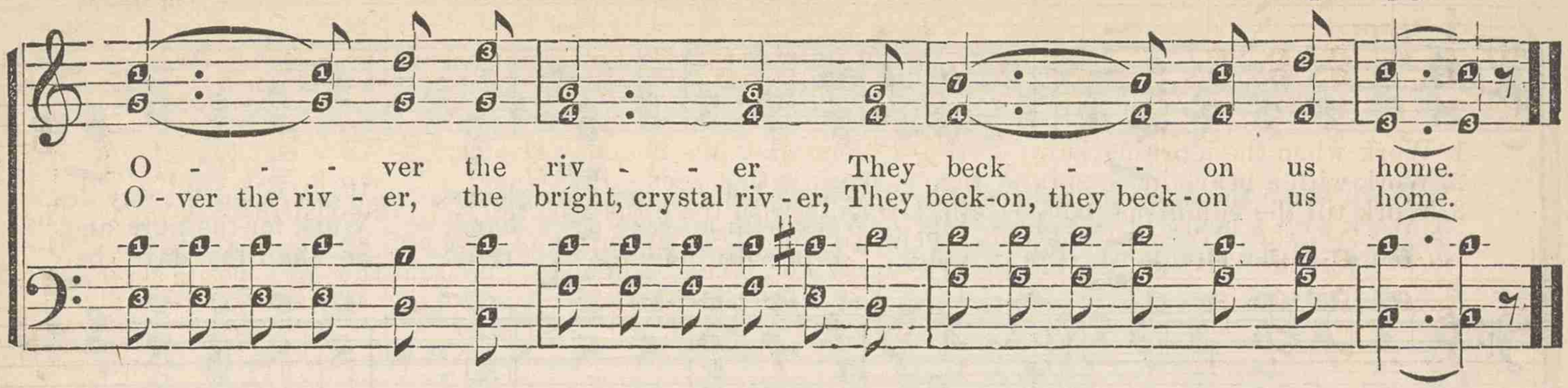


CHORUS.



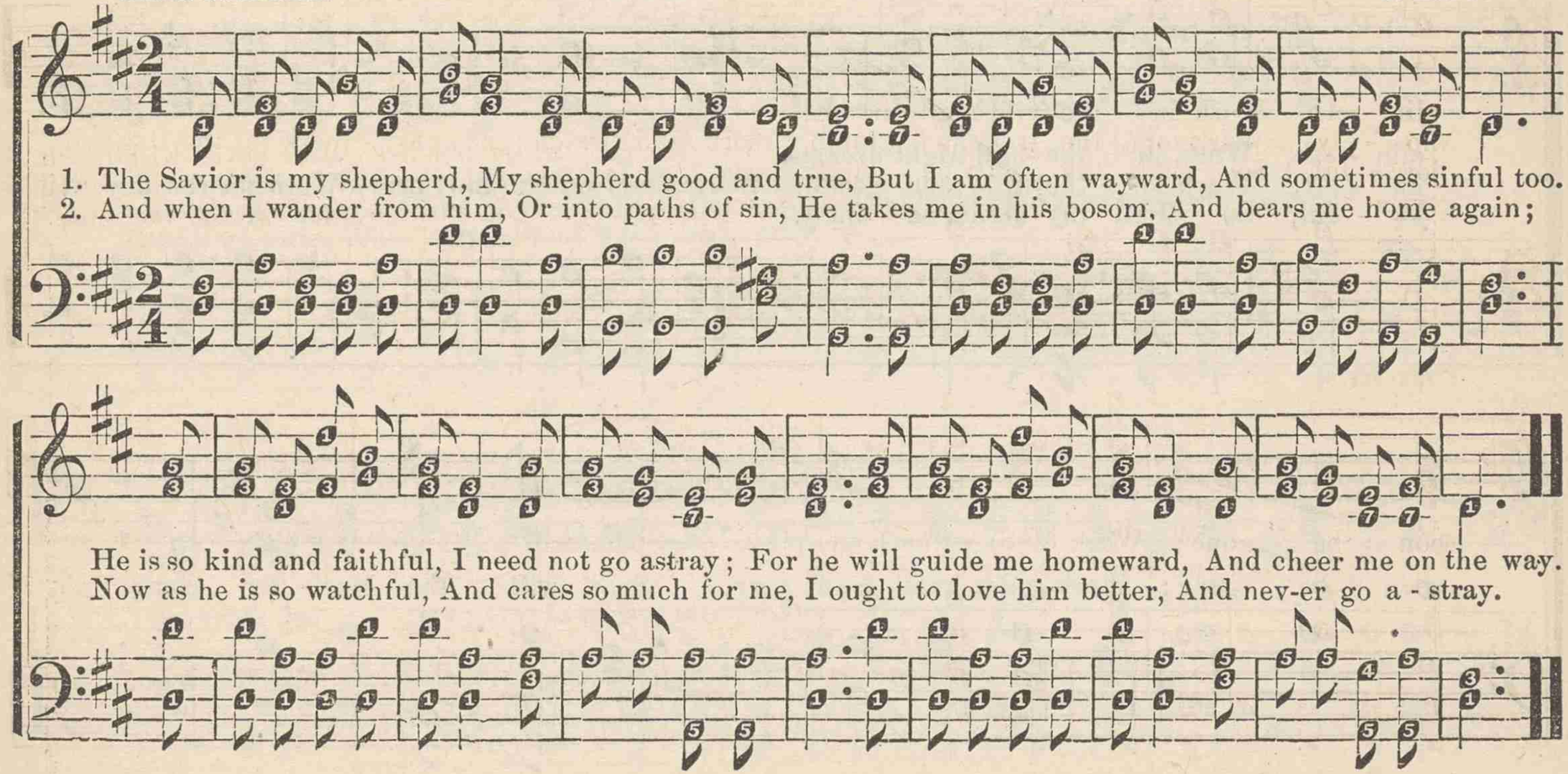
OVER THE RIVER. Concluded.

Repeat pp.



THE SAVIOR IS MY SHEPHERD. (Primary Class.)

DR. S. F. SMITH. J. H. F.



GRACE GLENN.

WORK, WATCH, PRAY.

J. H. F.

1. Work when the morning shin - eth, Work when the noonday gleams, Work when the day de-
2. Work with a heart in - spir - ing, Work with a rea - dy hand, Work for the pure and
3. Work till the summons com - eth, "Join with the hosts at rest," So shall thy days be

CHORUS.

clin - eth, Work in the mid-night dreams.
ho - ly, Work for the true and grand. Work (and) watch (and) pray, Work for the day will
joy - ful, So shall thy nights be blest.

soon be gone; Work (and) watch (and) pray, Soon will the Mas - ter come.

WE ARE PRESSING ON.

1. We are pressing on t'ward our home on high, To the land of in-fi-nite day; On that heav'nly home we will
2. We are happy now for our faith is strong, And our hope is bouyant and bright; We will heed not foes as we
3. We will ne'er turn back to the ways of sin, Nor i - dle be by the way, For the prize is giv-en to

CHORUS.

keep our eye, While by faith we walk in life's way.
march along, Nor shrink in the midst of the fight. The morn soon breaketh, the light soon maketh All
those who win, Who watch, and fight, and pray.

darkness flee a - way; Our Lord will meet us, our friends will greet us, With them we ever will stay.

J. H. FILLMORE.

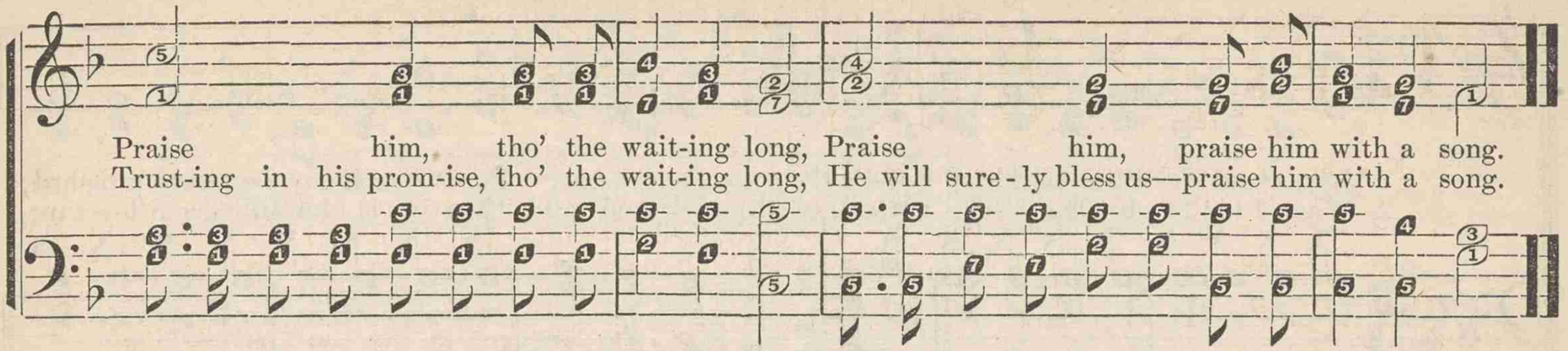
NEVER BE DISCOURAGED.

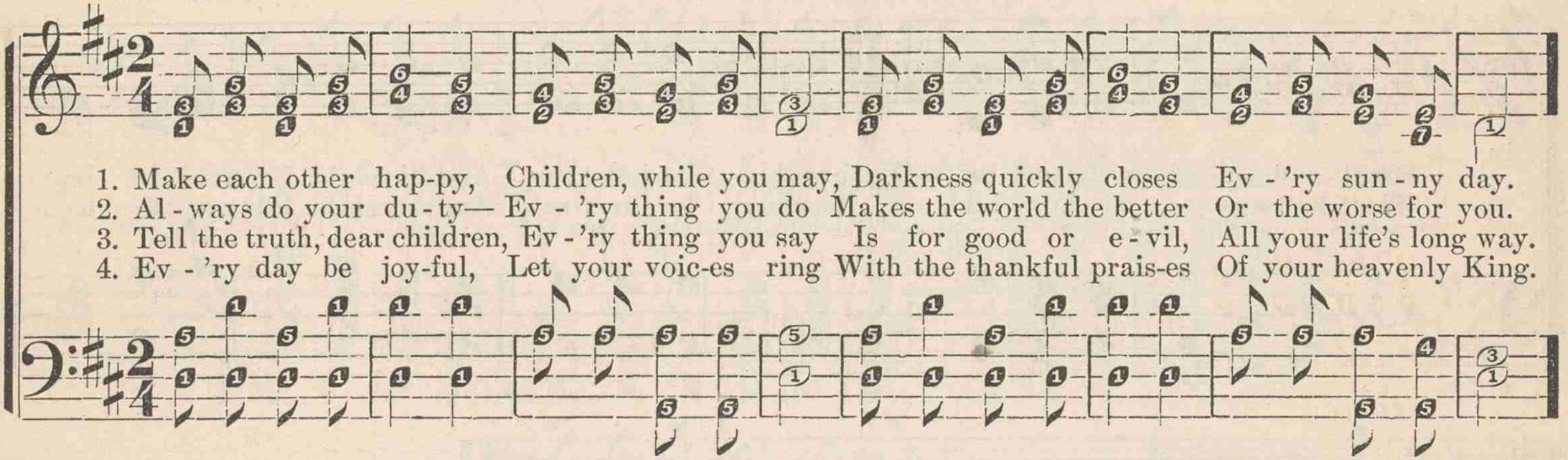
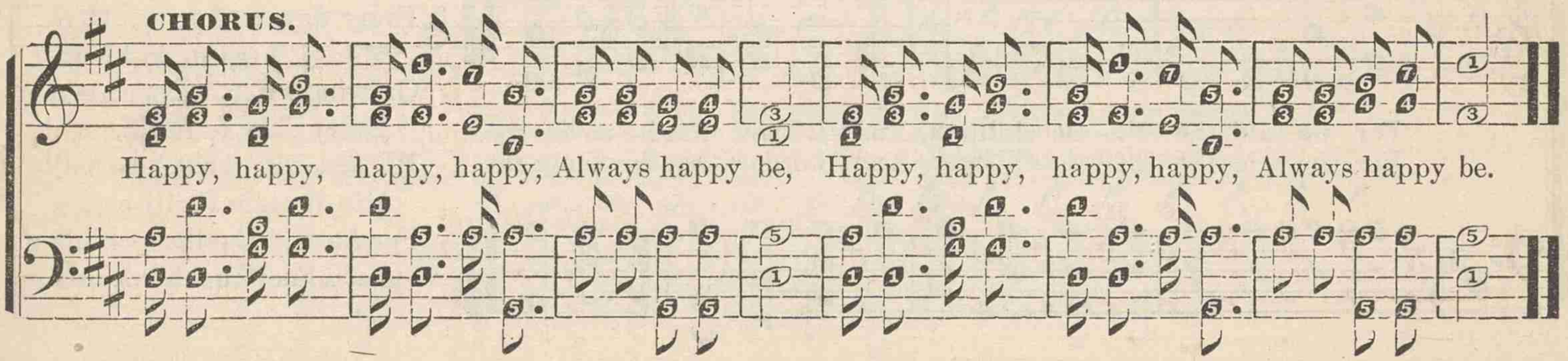
J. H. ROSECRANS. By per.

1. Nev - er be dis-couraged, trust the Father's word, In the time of tri - al let his voice be heard;
2. Nev - er be dis-couraged, if a - long our way Dis-appointments meet us, tempting us to stray;
3. Nev - er be dis-couraged, pa-tient - ly en - dure, God doth oft - en test us—tri - als make us pure;

Trust-ing in his promise, tho' the wait-ing long, He will sure - ly bless us—praise him with a song.
Close - ly cling to Je - sus, ask him for his grace, In his words of com - fort find a rest-ing-place.
Soon will come the reaping, then with joy we'll sing, Praise the Lord of harvest, praise the Heavenly King.

CHORUS.

Praise him, trust the Father's word, Praise him, let his voice be heard,
Nev - er be discouraged, trust the Father's word, In the time of tri - al let his voice be heard,

MAKE EACH OTHER HAPPY.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. ROSECRANS.

Words and Music by

JESUS LOVES THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

J. H. F. By per.

1. Je-sus said of lit-tle children, Suf-fer them to come to me, For to such my heavenly kingdom,
2. When I try to be like Jesus—Patient, gentle, meek, and mild, Then it is he smiles and loves me,

Shall a home of wel-come be. I love him, he loves me, And his child I want to be,
Then he owns me as his child. I love him, he loves me, And his child I'll try to be,

For he said the lit - tle children, And I know that he means me.
For he said the lit - tle children, And I know that he means me.

3 Every day, as I grow older,
More I'll try to do his will,
Growing wiser, stronger, better,
Every duty to fulfill.
I'll love him, he'll love me,
His disciple I will be,
For he said the little children,
And I know that he means me.

English words.

WE BELIEVE.

KNOWLES SHAW. By per.

1. We saw thee not when thou didst come To this poor world of sin and death; Nor yet be - held
2. We saw thee not when lift - ed high, A mid that wild and sav - age crew; Nor heard we that
3. We gazed not in the o - pen tomb, Where once thy man-gled bod - y lay; Nor saw thee in
4. We walked not with the chosen few, Who saw thee from the earth as - cend; Who raised to heaven

CHORUS.

thy cot-tage home, In that de - spis - ed Naz - a - reth; But we be - lieve thy footsteps trod Its streets and
im - ploring cry, "Forgive, they know not what they do!" But we be - lieve the deed was done, That shook the
that "upper room," Nor met thee on the o - pen way; But we be - lieve that an - gels said, "Why seek the
their wond'ring view, Then low to earth all prostrate bend; But we be - lieve that hu-man eyes Be-held that

plains, thou Son of God; But we be-lieve thy footsteps trod Its streets and plains, thou Son of God.
earth and veiled the sun; But we be-lieve the deed was done, That shook the earth and veiled the sun.
liv - ing with the dead?" But we be-lieve that an - gels said, "Why seek the liv - ing with the dead?"
jour - ney to the skies; But we be-lieve that hu - man eyes Be - held that jour - ney to the skies.

MRS. A. L. D.

BY AND BY.

ROSECRANS & FILLMORE.

1. We are journeying on to heaven, To the home our Lord has given; We shall walk the gold-en
2. There the flow'rs e-ter-nal bloom, There will be no death, no tomb; There is light and love un-
3. Lift thou up thy joy-ful eyes, See the heavenly hills a-rise; From life's riv-er flow-ing

CHORUS.

street, We shall sing in prais-es sweet.
told, There the sum-mer ne'er grows old. By and by, yes, by and by, We shall
free, Drink and live e-ter-nal-ly.

pass the pearl-y gate; By and by, yes, by and by, Where the an-gels watching wait.

May be sung as a Unison.

1. Like Da-vid with Saul who had sought for his life, Let us o - ver-come e - vil with good;
   To conquer our foes 'mid the din and the strife, We must o - ver-come e - vil with good.
2. With hearts sore oppressed by a wrong that was done, Let us o - ver-come e - vil with good;
   When injured, in - sult-ed, oh, quick-ly let's run, And o - ver-come e - vil with good.
3. De - sert - ed by friends, or sur-round-ed by foes, Let us o - ver-come e - vil with good;
   And trust for our strength in the Sav-ior who knows, How to o - ver-come e - vil with good.

CHORUS.

O - ver-come e - vil with good, O - ver-come e - vil with good; "'Tis

hu - man to err, but di - vine to for - give," Then o - ver-come e - vil with good.

Words and Music by **BEAUTIFUL HOME SO BRIGHT AND FAIR.** J. H. F. By per.

1. Beautiful home so bright and fair, Beau-ti-ful home of peace; Hap - py the souls who en - ter there,
2. Beautiful home so bright and fair, Beau-ti-ful home of love; Hap - py the souls who en - ter there,
3. Beautiful home so bright and fair, Beau-ti-ful land of light; Hap - py the souls who en - ter there,

Beautiful home of peace. Ransomed from earth with its cares and strife, Sharing the joys of e - ter-nal life.
Beautiful home of love. Never a heartache can reach thy shore, Dear ones united shall part no more.
Beautiful land of light. Glory and splendor to us unknown, Shine on the loved ones around thy throne.

Slower.

Happy the souls who enter there, Beautiful home of peace; Happy the souls who enter there, Beautiful home of peace.
Happy the souls who enter there, Beautiful home of love; Happy the souls who enter there, Beautiful home of love.
Happy the souls who enter there, Beautiful land of light; Happy the souls who enter there, Beautiful land of light.

1. There's one thing up in heav-en The an-gels bright and fair Can do, to make them
2. I don't know what be - side it They find to do, I'm sure, But what - so - e'er it
3. I'm glad our heav'nly Fa-ther Has taught the world to sing, And so, just like the

CHORUS.

hap - py, In stay - ing al - ways there.
may be, 'Tis some-thing good and pure. 'Tis sing - ing, sing - ing, sing-ing, As
an - gels, We'll make his prais - es ring.

lit - tle children may, 'Tis sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, A - bout our work or play.

MRS. M. J. BITTLE.

FOLLOW ME.

J. H. F.

1. Long a - go, in old Ju - dea, By the shores of Gal-i - lee, Je - sus spake un - to the fishers:
2. Now no more in old Ju - dea, Je - sus walk - eth by the sea; But he calleth, ev-er calleth.

"Leave your nets, and follow me."
Who will come and follow me?

Lit-tle children hear the sto-ry, Pealing through the a - ges dim;
Come to Je - sus—time may tarnish Many a dream of beauty fair;

Who of you will leave your pleasures, Take your cross, and follow him.
What he of - fers fadeth never— Life e - ter - nal o-ver there.

Over there, beyond death's billows,
Eyes of faith can plainly see
The bright mansions where he promised
All his followers should be.
Children listen to the story,
Pealing thro' the ages dim;
Jesus loves you! died to save you!
Give up all, and follow him.

SOWING AND REAPING.

T. J. SHELTON. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. In the com-ing har-vest time, We shall reap as we have sown; In the fi-nal judgment
2. In the ear-ly days of youth, We must sow for days to be; For the har-vest will be
3. In the au-tumn brown and sear, We shall gath-er up our store; Full of weal or full of

CHORUS.

day, In the world where hearts are known.
here, And will bind or make us free. In the great "Har-vest Home," We shall
woe, We shall nev-er har-vest more.

reap as we have sown; Sow-ing tares or gold-en grain, Will de-cide our loss or gain.

From Helping Hand. By per.

ELIZA SHERMAN.

ANGEL VOICES.

J. H. F.

1. Just a - cross the si - lent riv - er, Is a house not made with hands;
2. Just a - cross the si - lent riv - er, There's a harp of shin - ing gold,
3. Just a - cross the si - lent riv - er, In the un - dis - cov - ered land,

And the peace which God hath spo - ken Soft - ly rests o'er all the lands;
Wait - ing till my ran - somed spir - it Shall its mel - o - dy un - fold;
There are liv - ing wa - ters flow - ing Soft - ly o'er the gold - en sand;

Cres.

And I hear sweet an - gel voic - es Chim - ing o'er the crys - tal sea, . .
Still I hear the an - gel voic - es Chim - ing o'er the crys - tal sea, . .
And I hear the an - gel voic - es Ring - ing o'er the crys - tal sea, . .

Cres.

Cres.

Cres.

"In that land of light and beau - ty, There's a man - sion bright for thee."
"In those pearl - y man - sions yon - der, There's a harp laid up for thee."
"There's a robe of won - drous white-ness, In those man - sions bright, for thee."

REFRAIN.

Cres.

Chim - ing, chim - ing, Far a - cross the crys - tal sea, . .
Soft - ly chim - ing, sweet - ly chim - ing, Come those voic - es yet to me, . .
Still those voic - es come to me, . .

Cres.

Cres.

"In that land of light and beau - ty, There's a man - sion bright for thee."
"In those pearl - y man - sions yon - der, There's a harp laid up for thee."
"There's a robe of won - drous white-ness, In those man - sions bright, for thee."

SOMEWHERE THERE'S A WORLD OF BEAUTY.

FRANK W. GODFREY. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Somewhere there's a world of beau - ty, Fair - er than this world of ours; Where the pathways
2. There are dear ones o - ver yon - der, In that world of beau-ty fair; We are go - ing
3. Now the bea - con lights are beam - ing, As we jour - ney on the way, And we see the

CHORUS.

spar - kle bright - ly, Strewn with fair, un-earth . ly flowers. Somewhere, Somewhere,
now to meet them, In that hav - en o - ver there.
cit - y yon - der— Sparkling in the gold - en ray. Somewhere there's a world of beauty,

Fairer than this world of ours, Somewhere, Somewhere, Strewn with fair unearthly flowers.
Where the pathways sparkle brightly,

LAND CELESTIAL.

FANNIE CHURCH. J. H. ROSECRANS. By per.

1. There is a land ce - les - tial, A world that's bright and fair, And o'er its ho - ly beau - ty
2. There flows the peaceful riv - er, Be-neath the tree of life! There comes no wail of mourning,

CHORUS.

Floats not a cloud of care. Land of per-fect beau-ty! World so bright and fair!
Nor sound of bit - ter strife.

When will an - gels call me? When shall I be there?

3 There are the sweet-voiced angels
Around the great white throne,
Who bow in willing homage
To him who rules alone.

4 And all in joyous singing,
And peace for evermore,
There in that far-off country,
Upon that golden shore.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

THE MUSIC OF HEAVEN.

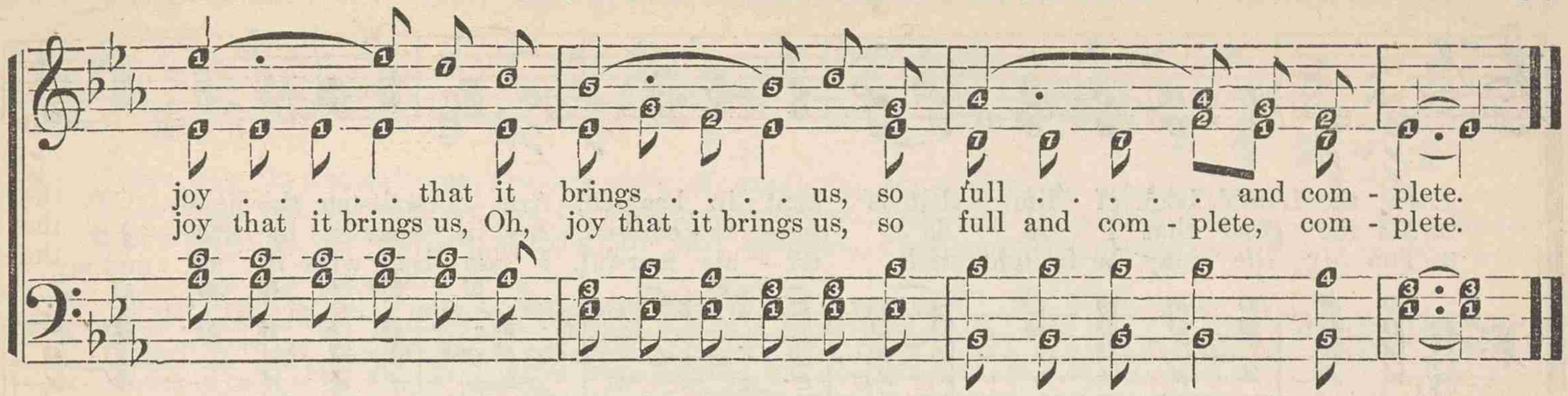
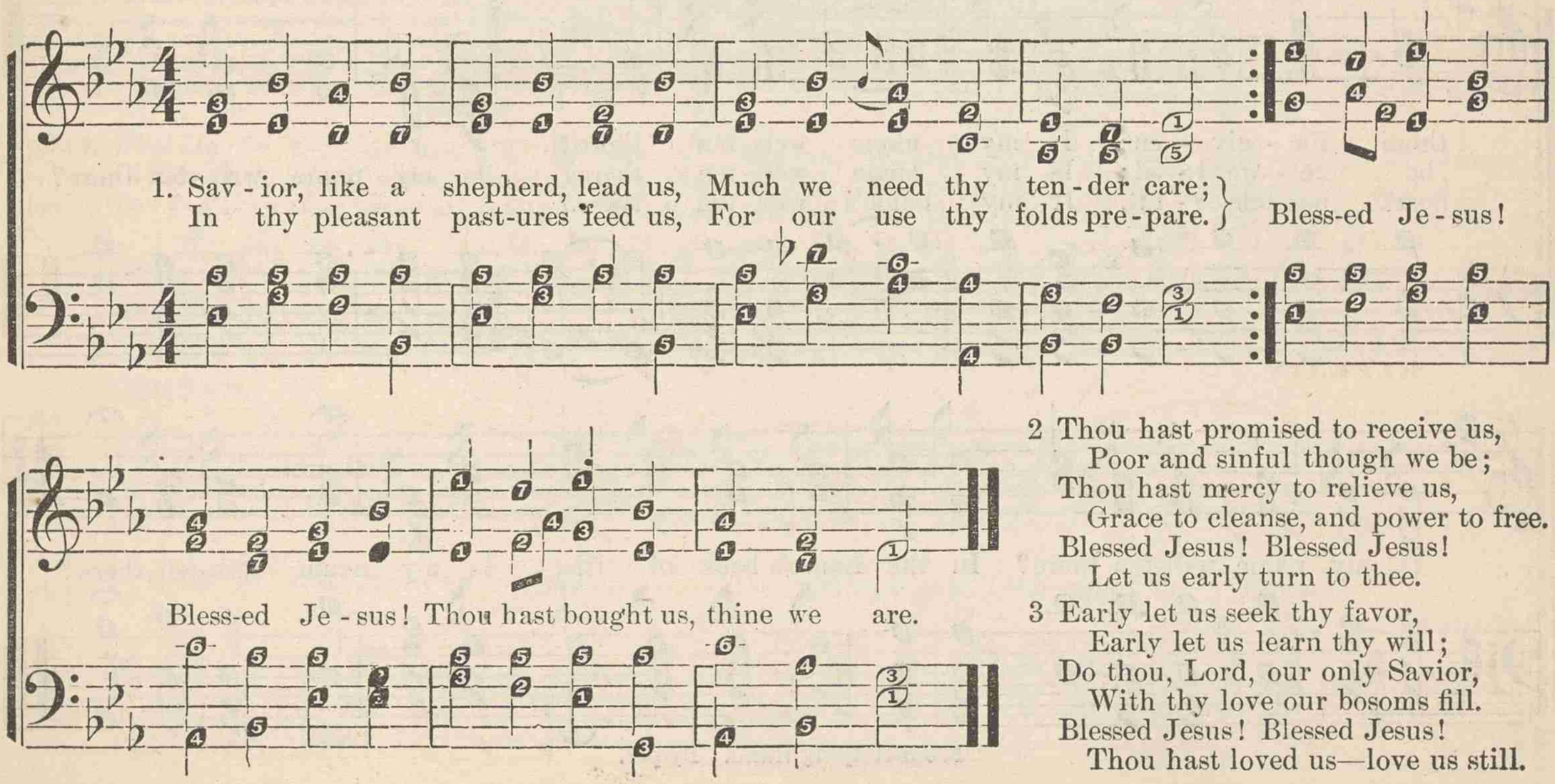
JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. The mu-sic of Heav-en is sweet-er in meas-ure, And pur-er in ev - er - y strain Than the
2. The mu-sic of Heav-en is grander in rhyming Than any that mortal e'er toned, And the
3. The mu-sic of Heav-en, no mor-tal can sing it, Save he who attunes his poor soul At the

mu - sic of earth, tho' it fills us with pleasure, As it thrill-ing - ly rolls o - ver val - ley and plain.
mansions of glo - ry for - ev - er are chim-ing With the songs that a - rise to the Savior enthroned.
throne of the Fa-ther, to swell and to ring it, With the an - gels to make it thro' Par - a - dise roll.

REFRAIN.

Oh, mu - - - sic of Heav - - - en, so rich . . . . and so sweet; Oh,
Oh, mu - sic of Heav-en, Oh, mu - sic of Heav-en, so rich and so sweet, so sweet; Oh,

From "Happy Songs." By per.

VESPER HYMN.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus! Blessed Jesus!
Let us early turn to thee.

3 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us learn thy will;
Do thou, Lord, our only Savior,
With thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus! Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast loved us—love us still.

Words and Music by

IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

W. T. GIFFE.

1. In the Lamb's book of life that is kept in heav-en, Are writ-ten the names of
2. All the good that I do is there re - cord-ed, And in heav-en by this I'll
3. Tho' my life may be fraught with tri - als fear-ful, I can bear with it all, and my

CHORUS.

those for - giv - en; Is my name writ-ten there?
be re - ward - ed; Is my name writ-ten there? Is my name writ-ten there?
heart be cheer - ful, If my name's writ-ten there?

Is my name writ-ten there? In the Lamb's book of life, Is my name writ-ten there?

From Helping Hand. By per.

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

1. Sow-ing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kindness; Sow-ing in the noontide and the dew-y eves;
2. Go and tell the na-tions now in heathen blindness; Tell them Jesus died—now no ex-cuse he leaves;
3. Sow-ing in the sunshine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;

Fine.

D. S. *Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.*
Bid them come to Je-sus; thus pre-pare the har-vest, You shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
By and by the har-vest, and our la-bors end-ed, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Bringing in the gold-en sheaves, Bringing in the gold-en sheaves.
the gold-en sheaves, the gold-en sheaves.

E. R. LATTA.

JESUS, WE OUR VOICES RAISE.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

Soprano.

1. Je - sus, we . . our voic - es raise Un - to thee, . . our Lord and King;
2. Je - sus, on . . thy ho - ly day, In the Sun - day school we meet;
3. Je - sus, we . . thy bless-ing ask, Let us feel . . that thou art near;

1. Je - sus, we our voic - es raise Un - to thee, our Lord and King;
2. Je - sus, on thy ho - ly day, In the Sun - day school we meet;
3. Je - sus, we thy bless-ing ask, Let us feel that thou art near;

List - en from . . thy throne on high To the song . . our lips shall sing.
We would wor - ship thee in truth, Humbly, hum - bly at thy feet.
Come and dwell . . in ev' - ry heart, While we wait . . to - geth-er here.

List - en from thy throne on high To the song our lips shall sing.
We would wor - ship thee in truth, Humbly, hum - bly at thy feet.
Come and dwell in ev' - ry heart. While we wait to - geth - er here.

Thou didst bless . . the lit - tle ones, When on earth . . thou didst a - bide;
For thy death . . up - on the cross, Bear - ing there . . our grief and shame,
Fit us, Lord, . . to live for thee, Till the day . . . of life is pas-sed,

Thou didst bless the lit - tle ones, When on earth thou didst a - bide;
For thy death up - on the cross, Bear - ing there our grief and shame,
Fit us, Lord, to live for thee, Till the day of life is passed;

Hear their voic - es, Sav-ior, now, And in their . . de - vo-tions guide.
We would of - fer thanks to thee, We would praise . . thy bless-ed name.
And to praise thee, 'round thy throne, In thy "Up - per Fold," at last.

Hear their voic - es, Sav - ior, now, And in their de - vo-tions guide.
We would of - fer thanks to thee, We would praise thy bless-ed name.
And to praise thee, 'round thy throne, In thy "Up - per Fold," at last.

MRS. Z. H. BATEMAN.

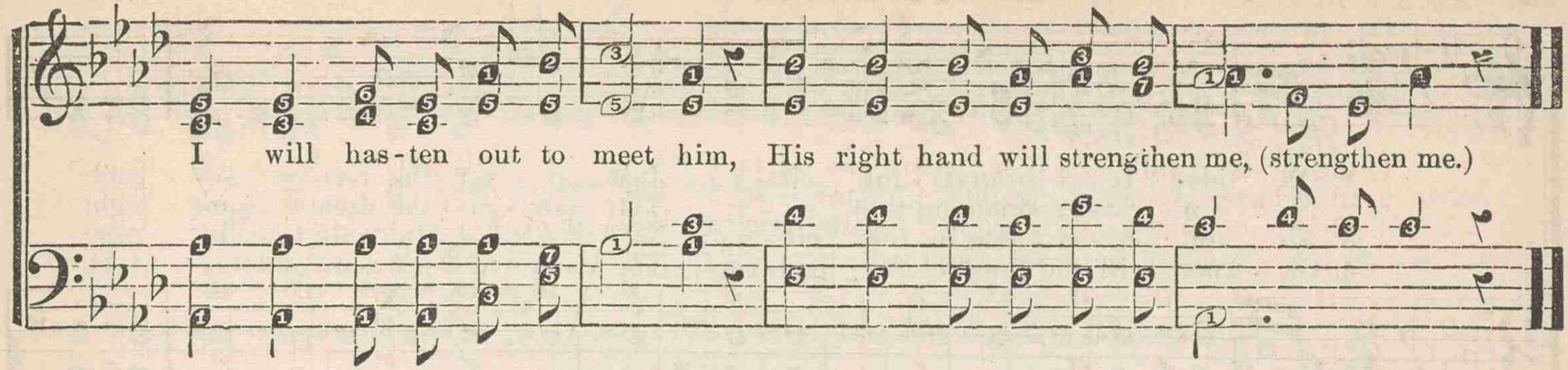
CHRIST ON THE WATERS.

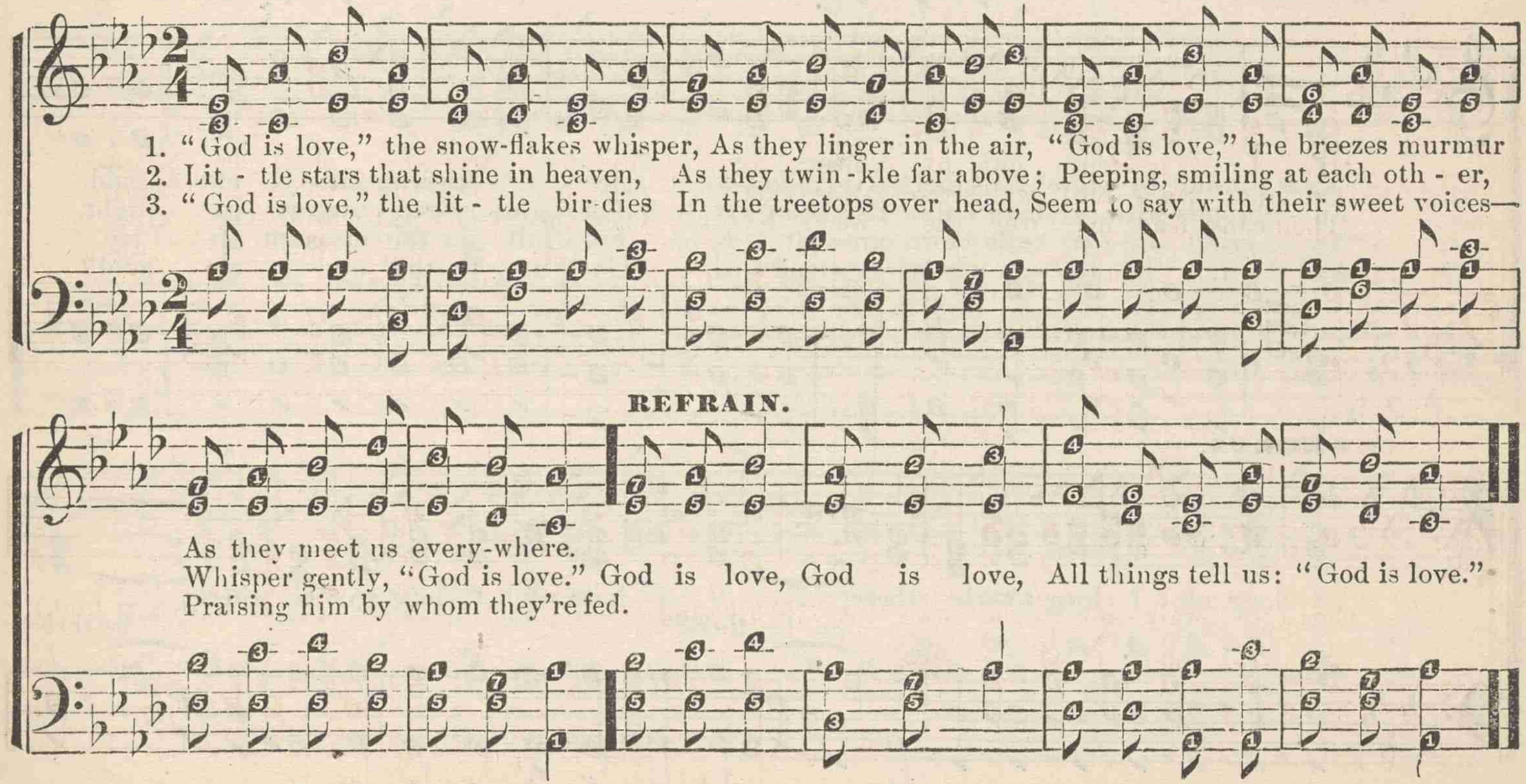
J. H. F

1. Christ is walk - ing on the wa - ters, And I will not be a - fraid,
2. I have passed a night of per - il, But the day is ver - y near,
3. I am not a - fraid' O Je - sus! Walk thou where - so - e'er thou will;

If I has - ten out to meet him, By his arm I shall be stayed.
On the wa - ter walks the Mas - ter, 'Tis his lov - ing voice I hear.
Thou canst lead me o'er the wa - ters, Thou the tem - pest wild can still.

CHORUS.

Christ is walk - ing on the wa - ters, Walk - ing on the troubled sea; (I will hasten to him,)

GOD IS LOVE. (Primary Class.)

HARRY LEE. From "Songs of Glory."

Words and Music by

I LONG TO BE THERE.

A. A. GRALEY. By per.

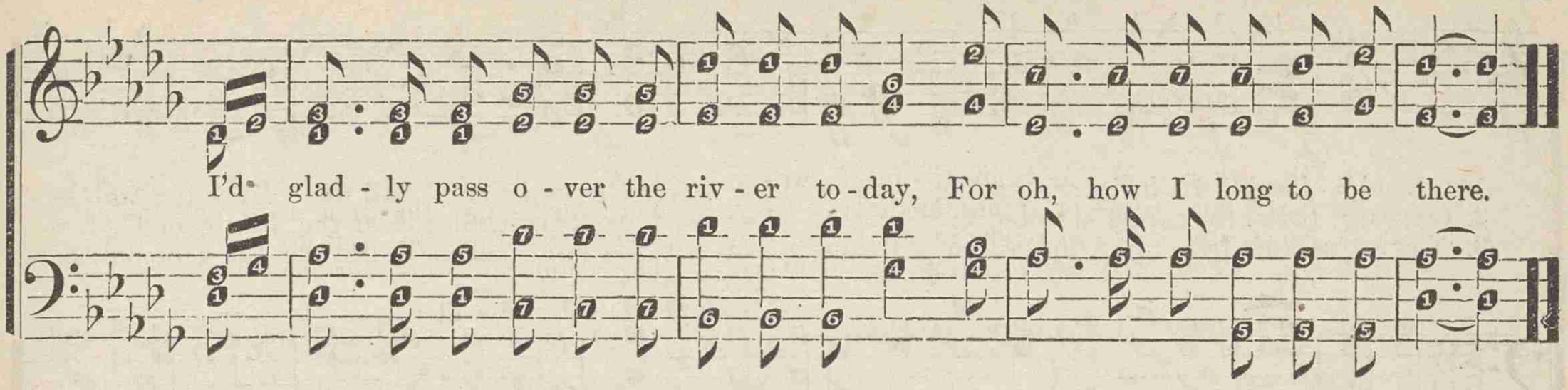
1. Oh, there is a beau-ti-ful cit-y Just o-ver the riv-er so cold;
2. No sun ev-er shines on that cit-y, Yet nev-er the drear-i-some night
3. No sin ev-er reigns in that cit-y, No foe lies in wait to an-noy;
4. Oh, when will the con-flict be end-ed, The sum of my sor-rows be told,

'Twas built by the Fa-ther Al-might-y— Je-ru-sa-lem, cit-y of gold.
En-shrouds with a man-tle its beau-ty, For glo-ry di-vine is its light.
No grief ev-er calls for our pit-y, For full is the measure of joy.
And I, by the an-gels at-tend-ed, Go up to this cit-y of gold?

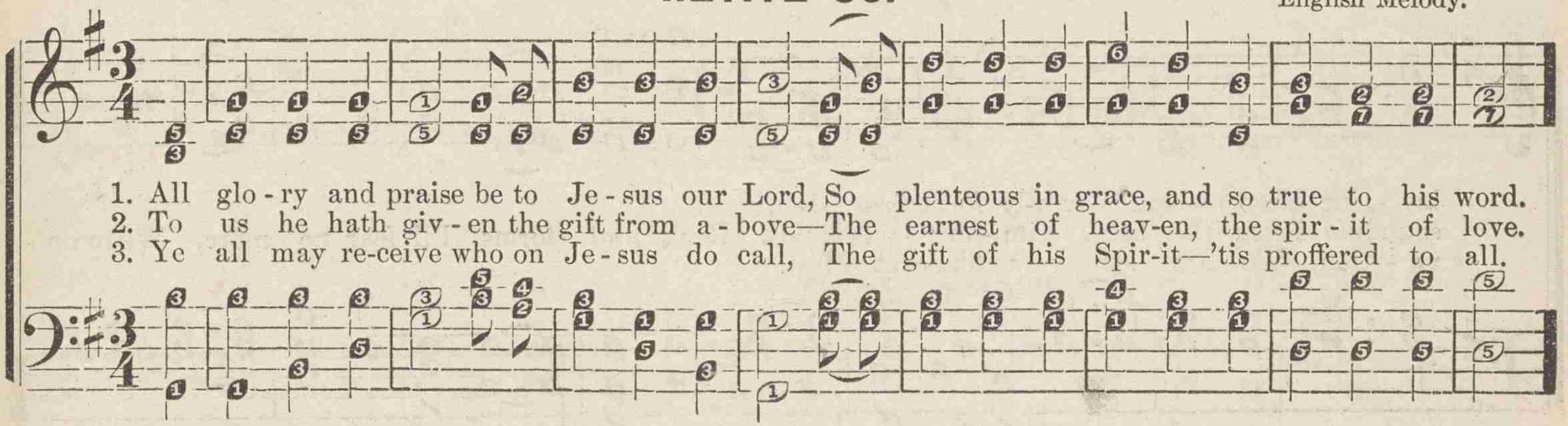
CHORUS.

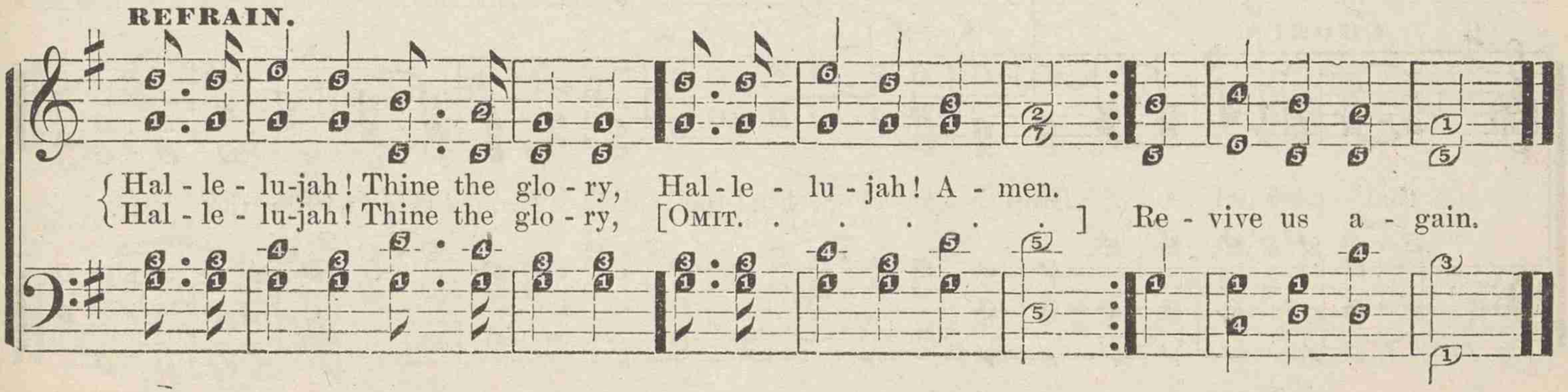
I long, oh, I long to be there, . . . I long, oh, I long to be there; . . .
to be there, to be there;

I LONG TO BE THERE. Concluded.



REVIVE US.

English Melody.

REFRAIN.



SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

J. M. EVANS.

1. "Land a - head!" Its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless green; And the liv - ing wa - ters
2. On-ward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See the bless - ed wave their hands; Hear the harps of God re-
3. Now we're safe from all temp-ta-tion, All the storms of life are past; Praise the Rock of our Sal-

CHORUS.

lav - ing Shores where heav'n-ly forms are seen.
sounding From the bright im - mor - tal bands. Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on
va - tion, We are safe at home at last.

that e-ter-nal shore; Drop the an - chor! Furl the sail! I am safe within the vail.

A HOME ABOVE.

1. I have a home, a home a - bove, I have a God, a God of love; I have a Sav - ior
2. There through eter - ni - ty I 'll sing The praises of my Heavenly King, A- loud my new-born
3. Soon an - gels bright with music sweet, Will greet my weary, wand'ring feet, And those from here who 've
4. I have a place a - bove to rest, Safe folded to my Savior's breast; To dwell for - ev - er

CHORUS.

in the sky, Who bids me come to him on high. A home a - bove where
voice I 'll raise To shout my dear Redeemer's praise.
gone be - fore I 'll meet up - on that an - gel shore.
in his love, Safe in my home, my home a - bove. A home a - bove, a home a - bove, where

all is love, A home a - bove where all is joy and love.
all is joy and peace and love, A home a - bove, a home a - bove where all is joy and love.

Words arranged.

WORK FOR JESUS.

J. H. Leslie. By per.

Allegro.

1. Oh, ye who love the Master's cause, And in his truth re - joice, He calls you forth to
2. A - rise and put the garments on, Of love and righteous - ness; The world that lies in
3. Your wealth and talents free - ly give, The dy - ing soul to win; Re - mem-ber what your

REFRAIN.

la - bor now, With will - ing heart and voice.
death and sin, Be swift to heal and bless. Yes, work, work for Je - sus, And
Lord hath done, To res - cue you from sin.

nev - er wea - ry be; Yes, work, work for Je - sus, He purchased life for thee.

BLESSED RIVER.

1. Forth from the throne of glo - ry, Bright in its crys - tal gleam, Bursts out the liv - ing
2. Stream full of life and gladness, Spring of all health and peace, No harps by thee hang
3. Riv - er of God, I greet thee, Not now a - far, but near; My soul to thy still

fount - ain Swells on the liv - ing stream.
si - lent, Nor hap - py voic - es cease.
wa - ters Hastes in its thirstings here.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed Riv - er, let me ev - er

Feast my eyes on thee, Bless - ed Riv - er, let me ev - er Feast my eyes on thee.

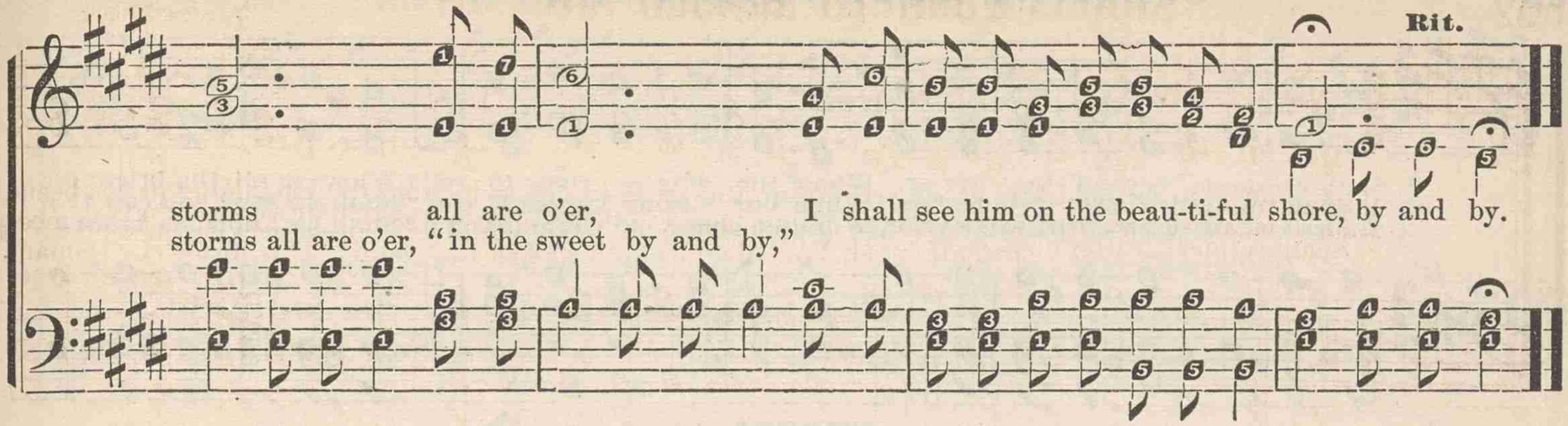
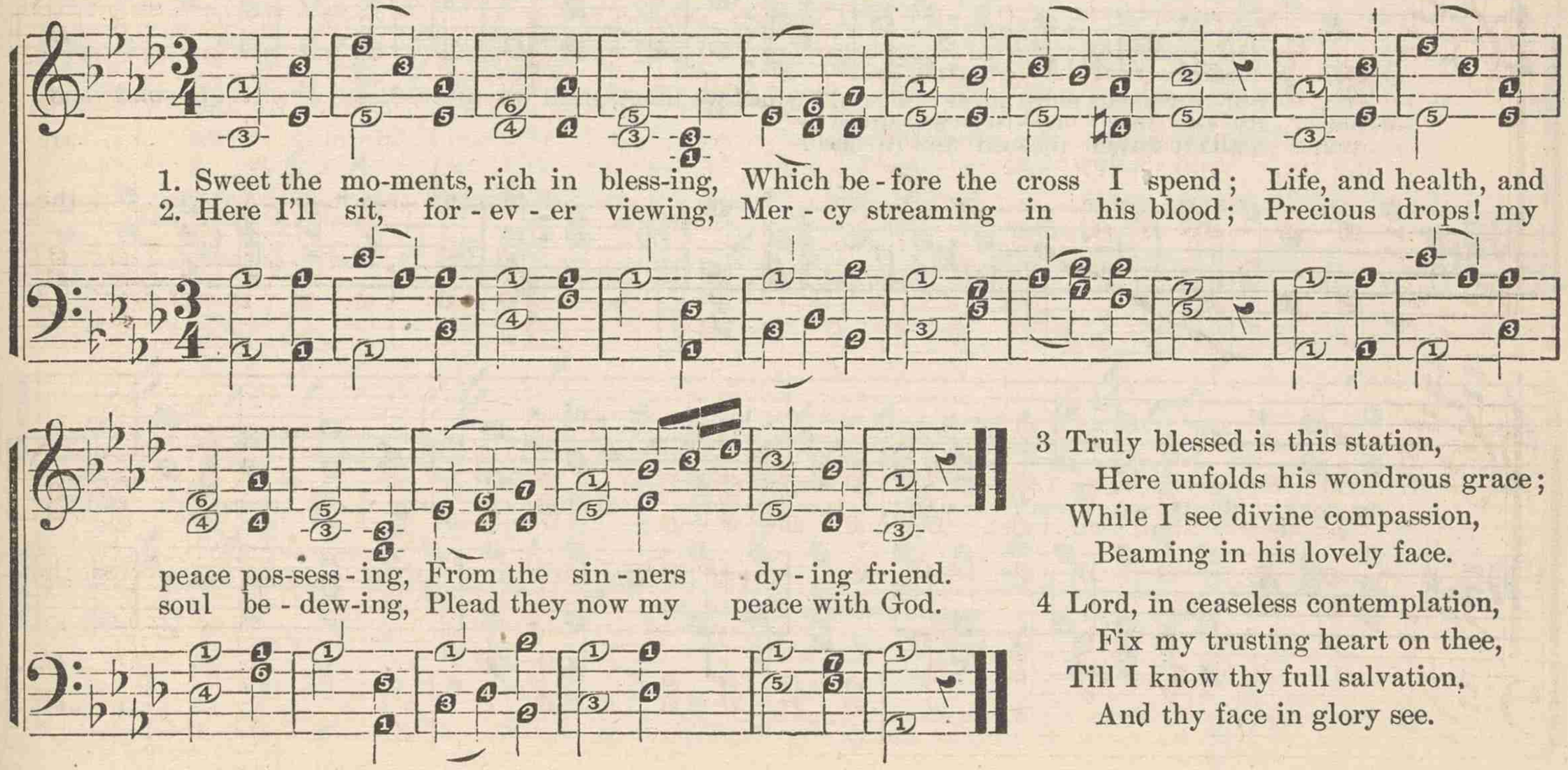
I LONG TO BEHOLD HIM.

T. C. O'KANE. By per.

1. I long to be-hold him ar - rayed With glo - ry and light from a-bove; The King in his beau-
2. I languish and sigh to be there, Where Jesus hath fixed his a - bode; Oh, when shall we meet
3. With him I on Zi - on shall stand, For Je - sus hath spoken the word; The breadth of Imman-

CHORUS.

ty dis - played, His beau-ty of ho - li - est love. When the storms all are
in the air, And fly to the mountain of God?
u - el's land, Sur - vey by the light of my Lord. When the storms all are o'er, "in the

o'er, I shall see him on that beau-ti - ful shore, ... When the
sweet by and by,"
by and by;

STEARNS.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Here unfolds his wondrous grace;
While I see divine compassion,
Beaming in his lovely face.

4 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix my trusting heart on thee,
Till I know thy full salvation,
And thy face in glory see.

20502

SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?

E. S. RICE.

1. Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the surg-es cease to roll? Where in all the bright for-
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our stormy voyage is o'er? Shall we meet and cast the
3. Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior, When he comes to claim his own? Shall we know his blessed

CHORUS.

ev - er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul? Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the
anchor By the fair ce - les-tial shore?
fa - vor, And sit down up - on his throne?

riv - er? Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?

TAKE CHRIST AT HIS WORD.

1. Take Christ at his word and o - bey him, What - ev - er the doubt - er may say; The
2. In past, or in pres-ent, or fut - ure, His prom-ise is stead - fast and true; So
3. With questions we nev - er need tar - ry, This world he has trav - eled be - fore; The

CHORUS.

saf-est of guides is our Sav - ior, Wherev - er he lead-eth the way. We'll fol - low the
is not what-ev-er he bids us, Suf - fi - cient for me or for you.
strait narrow way he has taught us, We nev - er need fear an - y more. We'll follow, we'll follow the

Sav - ior By day and by night, We'll fol - low the Sav - ior, He lead-eth a - right.
We'll follow, we'll follow

K. SHAW.

WAS THERE EVER SUCH A FRIEND.

Arr. by J. H. F.

1. Be - hold the love of Christ for me, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!
2. Be - hold my love to live for thee, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!
3. Now hear, O sin - ner, and o - bey, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!

He shed his blood on Cal - va - ry, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!
Wilt thou, my Sav - ior, dwell with me? Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!
Ac - cept his call with - out de - lay, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!

He in - ter - cedes in heav'n for me, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!
His foes he'll ban - ish far a - way, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!
Come, peace and par - don here re - ceive, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!

My guilt - y soul from sin set free, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!
His foll'wers clothe in bright ar - ray, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!
'Tis Christ a - lone who can re - lieve, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!

Be - hold the love of Christ for me, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!
Be - hold my love to live for thee, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!
Now hear, O sin - ner, and o - bey, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!

He shed his blood on Cal - va - ry, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!
Wilt thou, my Sav - ior, dwell with me? Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!
Ac - cept his call with - out de - lay, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!

OVER THE RIVER.

T. W. HUBBARD. By per.

1. O - ver the riv - er the crys-tal stream flows, O - ver the riv - er the tree of life grows;
2. O - ver the riv - er the streets are of gold, There are en - joyments and pleasures un - told;
3. There ev-'ry tear shall be wiped from our eyes, There, where the sunlight of glo - ry ne'er dies;

O - ver the riv - er each lone pil - grim goes, Thro' the dim port - als of death.
O - ver the riv - er time nev - er grows old, Bear - ing the bur - den of years.
Lighting for - ev - er those fair up - per skies, E - den's glad plains to a - dorn.

Close by our threshold the dark An-gel stands, Beck'ning us on with his pale trembling hands;
There all our sigh-ing and sorrows shall cease, Hushed by the cho-rus of heav - en - ly peace;
O - ver the riv - er, fair kingdom of light, There heaven's mansions for - ev - er are bright;

Chill-ing our hearts with the cold i - cy bands, Steal-ing each quiv-er - ing breath.
O - ver the riv - er, thrice hap - py re - lease, We shall be free from our fears.
O - ver the riv - er there com-eth no night, Long as e - ter - ni - ty's morn.

CHORUS.

O - - ver the riv - er, O - - ver the riv - er,
O-ver the riv-er the streets are of gold, There are en-joyments and pleasures un-told;

O - - ver the riv - - er the streets are of gold.
O-ver the riv-er the streets are of gold, The streets are of jas-per and gold.

E. N. GUNNISON, in S. S. Times.

RING THE JOY BELLS.

"DAVID." By per.

1. Ring the joy bells, Christ is risen, He who for our sins was slain, From the bondage of his pris-on
2. Ring the joy bells loud and gleeful, Sound aloud their notes of peace, Fill the world with their vi-bra-tion
3. Ring the joy bells, saints in glory, List-en to the glad re-frain, Ring-ing forth the old-en sto-ry,

Breaks to gladden earth a-gain.
Till the strife of earth shall cease.
Low the Christ is born a-gain.

Ring the joy bells, ring the joy bells, ring the joy bells, joy bells,

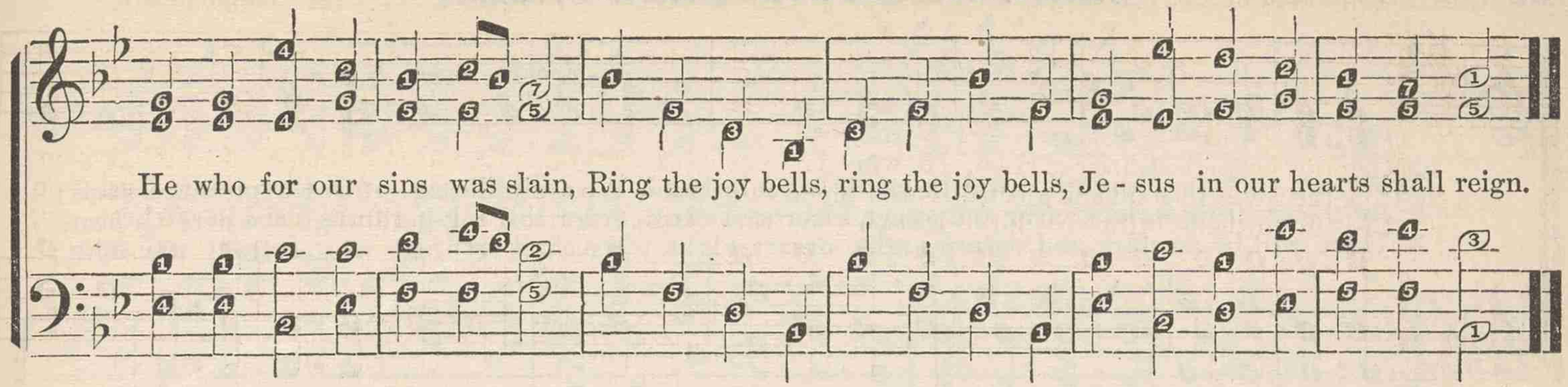
Ring the bells, ring the bells, ring the bells, joy bells,

Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring the bells,

Ring the joy bells, ring the joy bells, ring the joy bells, joy bells.
Ring the bells, ring the bells, ring the bells, joy bells.

Ring the joy bells, Christ is ris-en,

Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring the bells.

RING THE JOY BELLS. Concluded.

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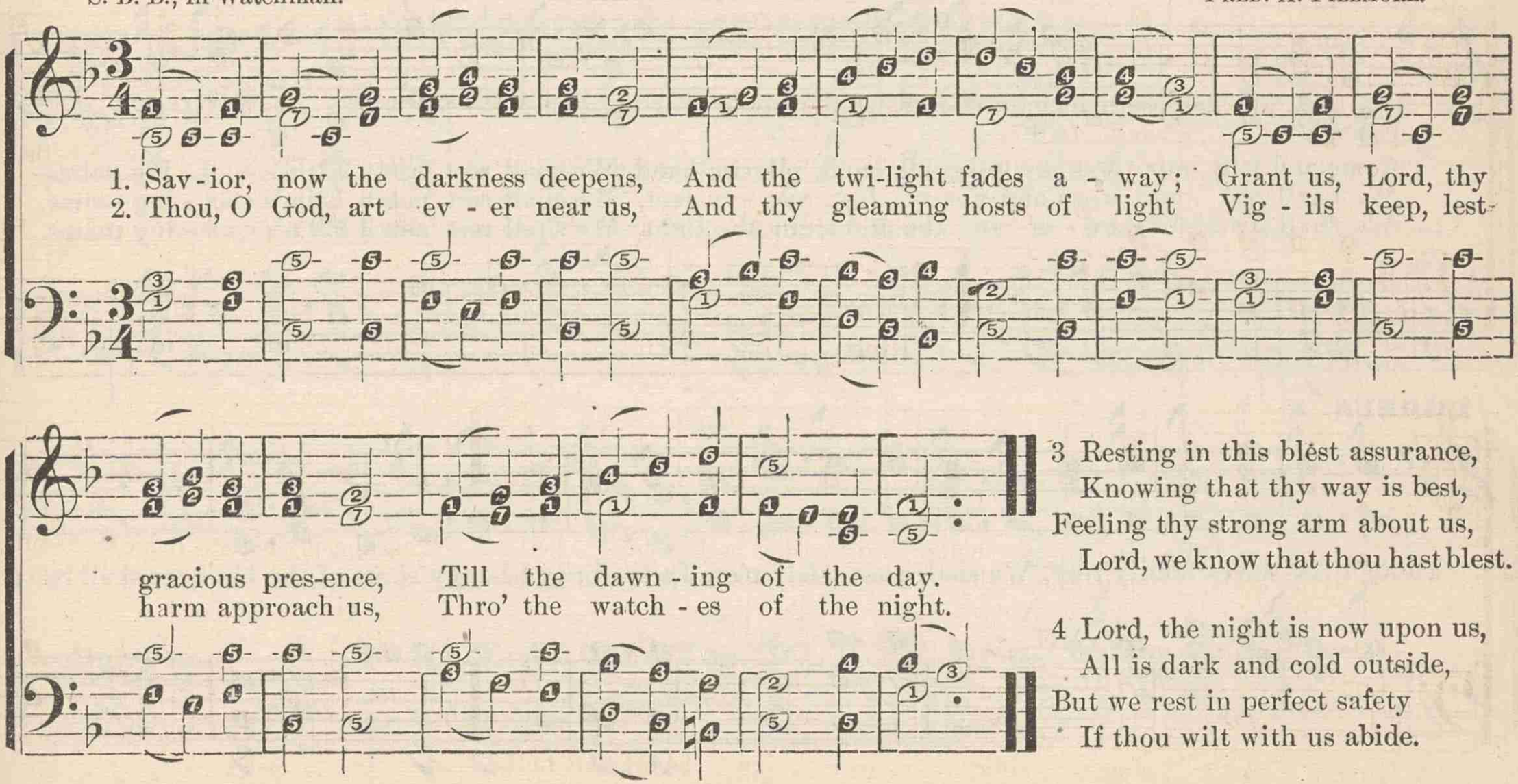
FRED. A. FILLMORE.

3 Resting in this blest assurance,
Knowing that thy way is best,
Feeling thy strong arm about us,
Lord, we know that thou hast blest.

4 Lord, the night is now upon us,
All is dark and cold outside,
But we rest in perfect safety
If thou wilt with us abide.

REV. B. F. BRISTOW.

'NEATH ELIM'S COOLING PALMS.

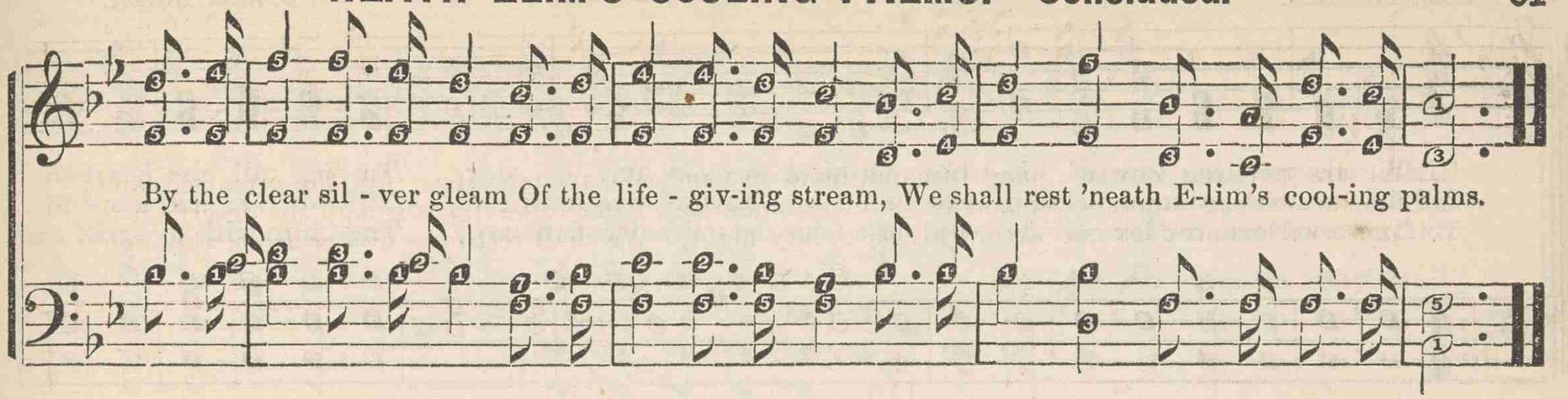
F. L. BRISTOW,
in "Golden Gate."

1. We are toil - ing onward, hand in hand, hand in hand, We are toil - ing for the promised land;
2. By the swelling waters, clear and sweet, clear and sweet, After toil - ing through the desert's heat,
3. There will be no dark and dreary night, dreary night, We shall rest for - ev - er from the fight;

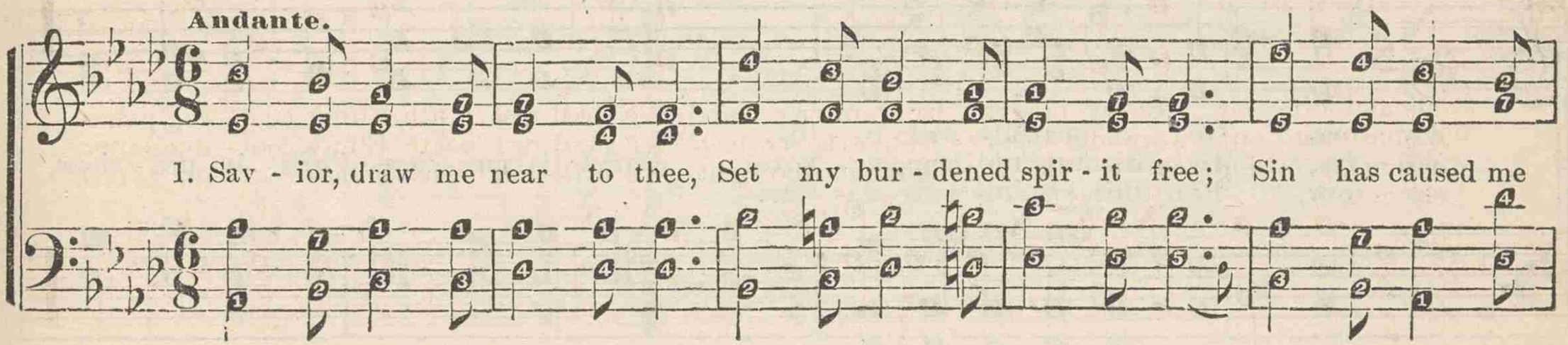
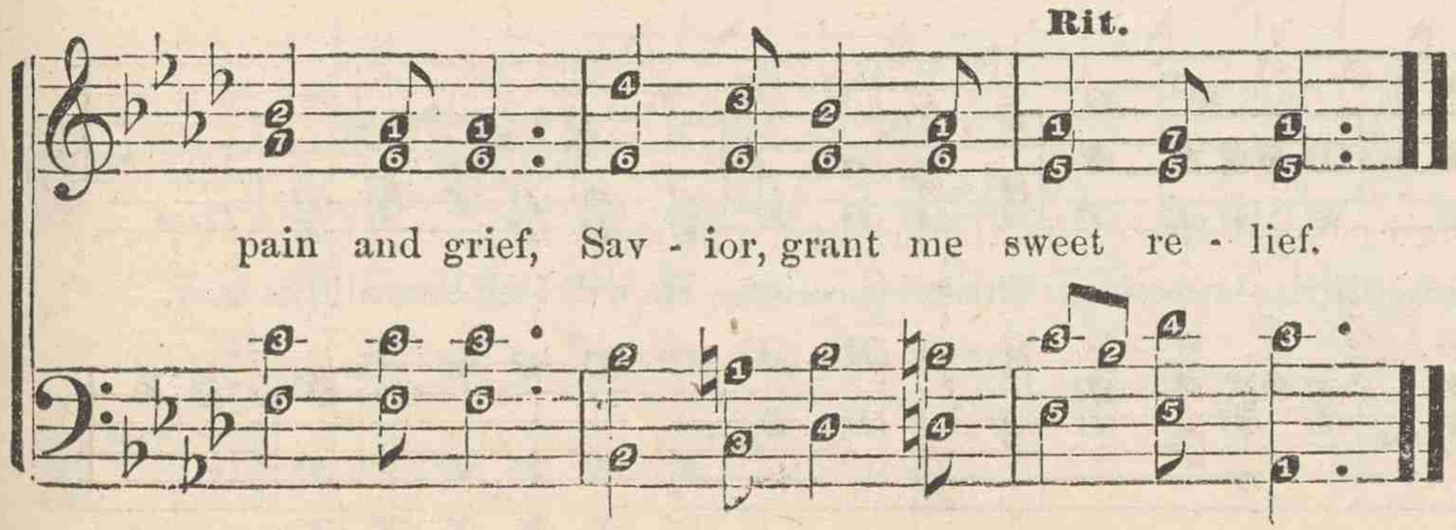
Come and join our wea - ry pil-grim band, pilgrim band, We shall rest 'neath Elim's cool - ing palms.
We shall rest our worn and wea-ry feet, wea - ry feet, We shall rest 'neath Elim's cool - ing palms.
We shall dwell for - ev - er in the light, in the light, We shall rest 'neath Elim's cool - ing palms.

CHORUS.

Though the waves loudly roar, We shall pass safely o'er, To the bright happy shore of the blest, we shall rest;



SAVIOR, DRAW ME NEAR TO THEE.

Words and Music by J. H. LESLIE.

2 Savior, draw me near to thee,
Fain would I thy servant be;
Cleanse me now from all my sin,
Make me white and pure within.

3 Savior, draw me near to thee,
Let me now thy glory see;
All my wishes I resign
Take me, Lord, and make me thine.

ELIZA SHERMAN.

CHRIST IS PRECIOUS.

J. H. F. By per.

1. Oh, the precious love of Je - sus, Growing sweet-er day by day, Tun-ing all my heart so
2. But we can not know the full - ness Of the Savior's wondrous love, Till we see and know his
3. Come and taste the love of Je - sus, At his feet thy bur-dens lay; Trust him with thy grief and

REFRAIN.

joy - ous, To a heav'nly mel - o - dy.
glo - ry, In the heav'nly home a - bove. Christ is pre - cious, Christ is pre - cious,
sor - row, Bear this joy - ful song a - way.

In life's journey he will lead thee; Christ is precious, Christ is precious, He will lead thee all the way.

1. Be - hold the li - lies of the field, No toil - ing do they know, No anx - ious thought from day to
2. No So - lo - mon in king-ly robes Was half so fair as they, These li - lies in their ten - der

CHORUS.

day, Con - si - der how they grow. He car - eth for the li - lies, He gives each brilliant hue;
bloom Up - springing by the way.

O children, weak and faithless, Shall he not care for you?

3 Oh, why such anxious careful thought
For days that are to be,
Each day its duty brings, and then
The Lord will care for thee.

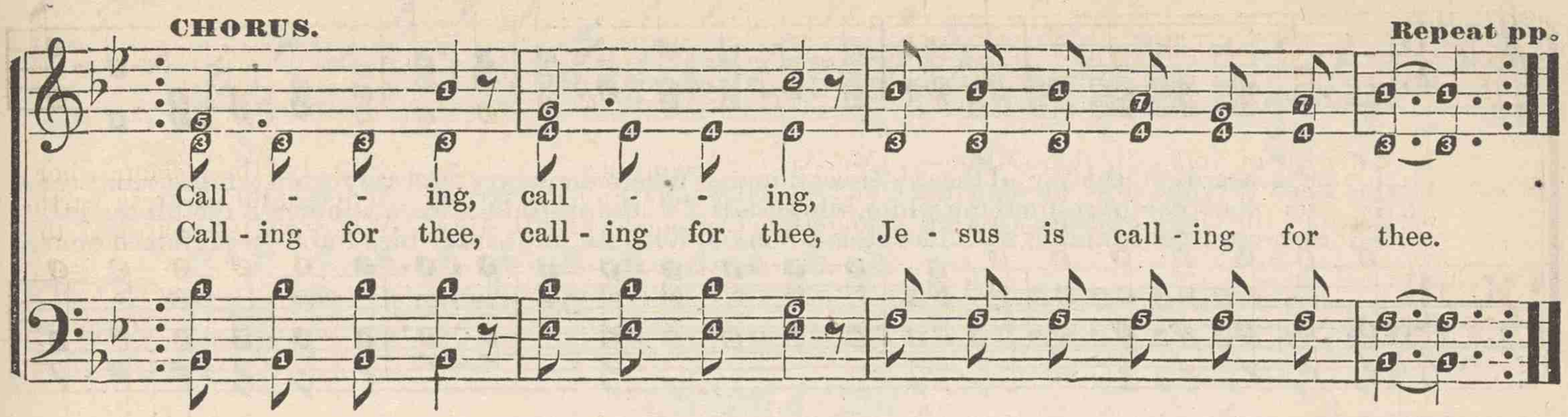
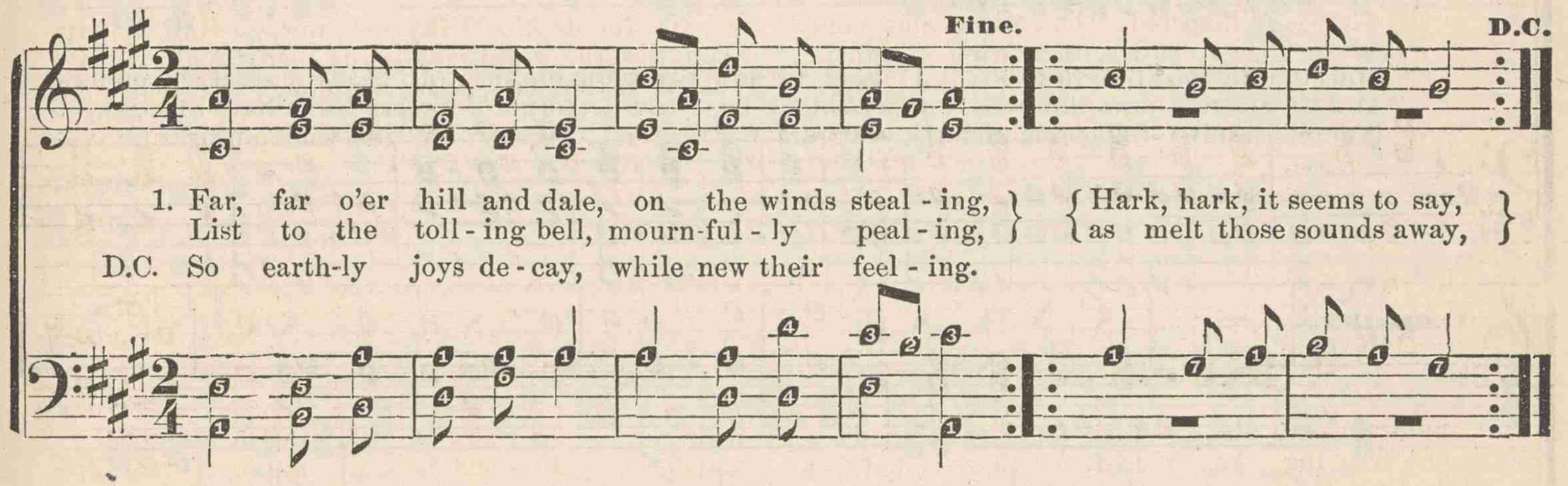
4 So leave thy future in his hands,
Thy Lord will still provide;
Around thee will his ceaseless love
For evermore abide.

JESUS IS CALLING FOR THEE.

J. H. F., in "Pearly Gates."

1. When, as of old, in her sad-ness, Ma - ry sat weep-ing a - lone, Soft - ly the voice of her
2. Oh, when thy pleasures are flowing, Fad - ing thy hope and thy trust, When of the dearest earth-
3. Down by the shore of death's riv-er, Sometime thy footsteps shall stray, Where waits a boatman to

sis - ter, Whispered, "The Master has come." So in the depths of thy sor - row, Gall tho' its
treasures Dust shall re-turn un - to dust. Then, tho' the world may invite thee, Vain will its
bear thee O - ver to in - fi - nite day. What then tho' dark be his sha-dow, If when his

fountain may be, List, for there cometh a whis-per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.
of - fer - ing be, List, for there cometh a whis-per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.
coming thou see, Com-eth there soft-ly a whis-per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.

FAR O'ER HILL AND DALE.

2 Now thro' the charméd air, on the winds stealing,
List to the mourner's prayer solemnly bending:
Hark, hark, it seems to say, turn from those joys away,
To those which ne'er decay, for life is ending.

3 So when our mortal ties death shall dissever,
Lord, may we reach the skies where care comes never,
And in eternal day, joining the angels' lay,
To our Creator pay homage forever.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON.

THE SOUL'S SWEET HOME.

J. H. F. By per.

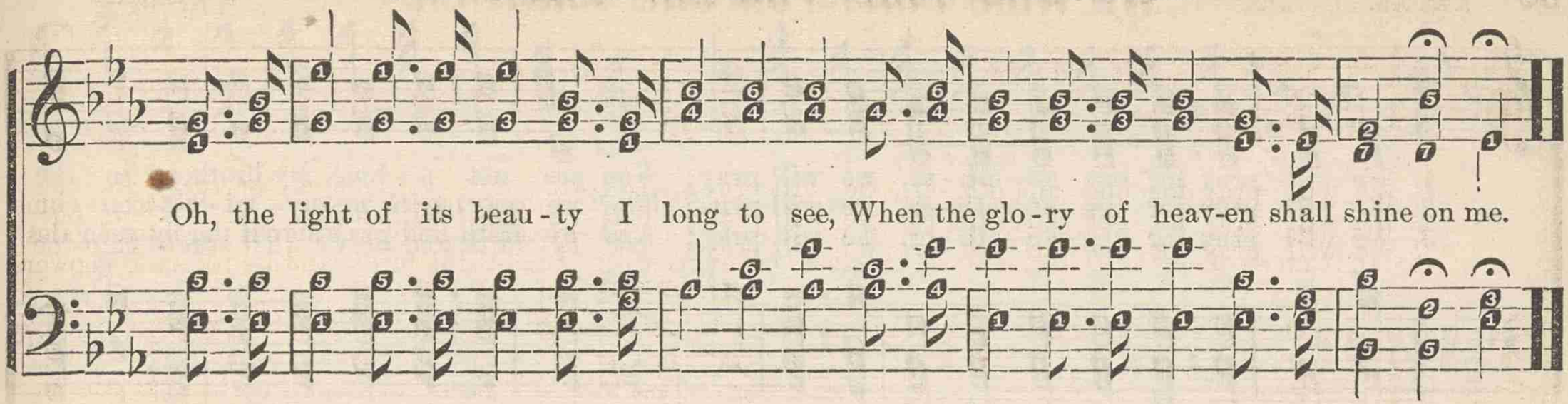
1. I have heard of the joy of the soul's sweet home, Where the weary and way-worn at last shall come,
2. In its har - bor of rest are the white, white sails Of the ships that have weathered the bit-ter gales,
3. To that won-der-ful land, with its fadeless flowers, With its beau-ti-ful birds, and its perfumed bowers,

And the light of its beau - ty I long to see, When the glo - ry of heav-en shall shine on me.
And they strive no more as at peace they lie, For the storms of the earth-life have all passed by.
We are sail - ing on, and the years are few Ere its har-bor of rest shall ap-pear in view.

CHORUS.

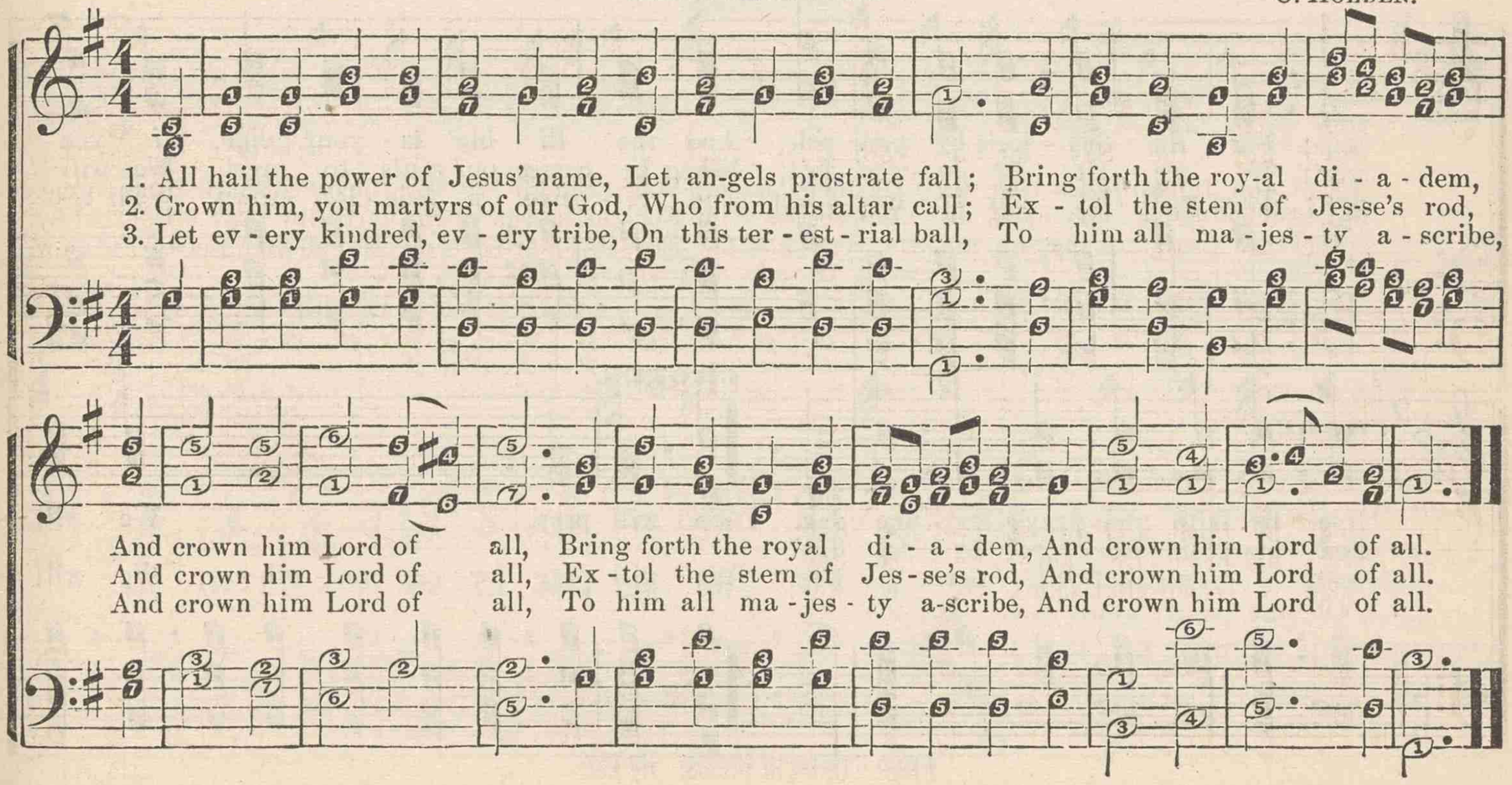
Oh, the soul's sweet home, Oh, the cit - y fair, Thro' the gold-en gates we shall en - ter there;

THE SOUL'S SWEET HOME. Concluded.



CORONATION.

O. HOLDEN.



Adapted.

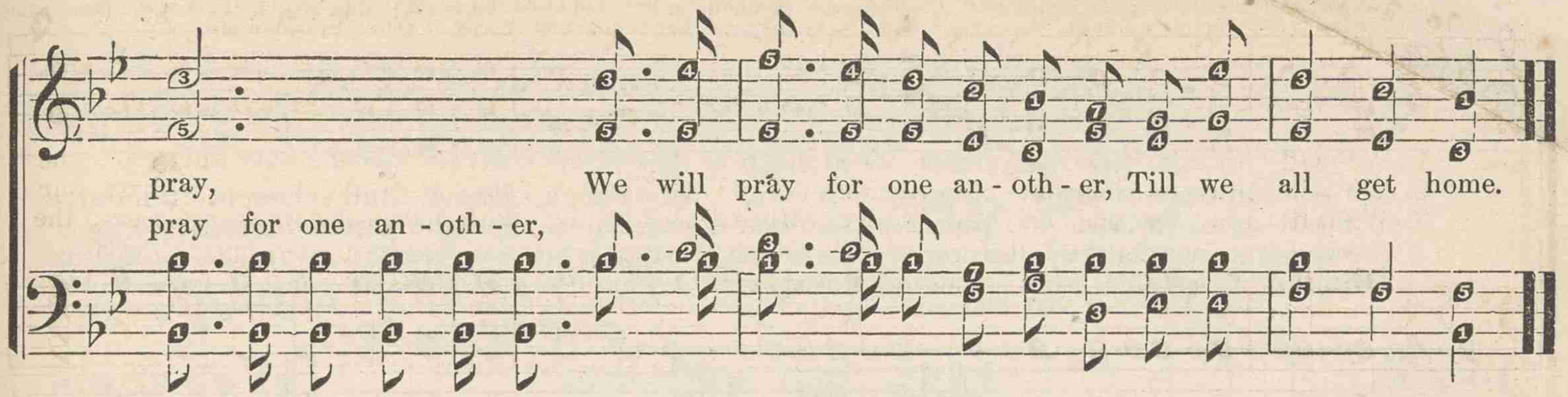
WE WILL PRAY FOR ONE ANOTHER.

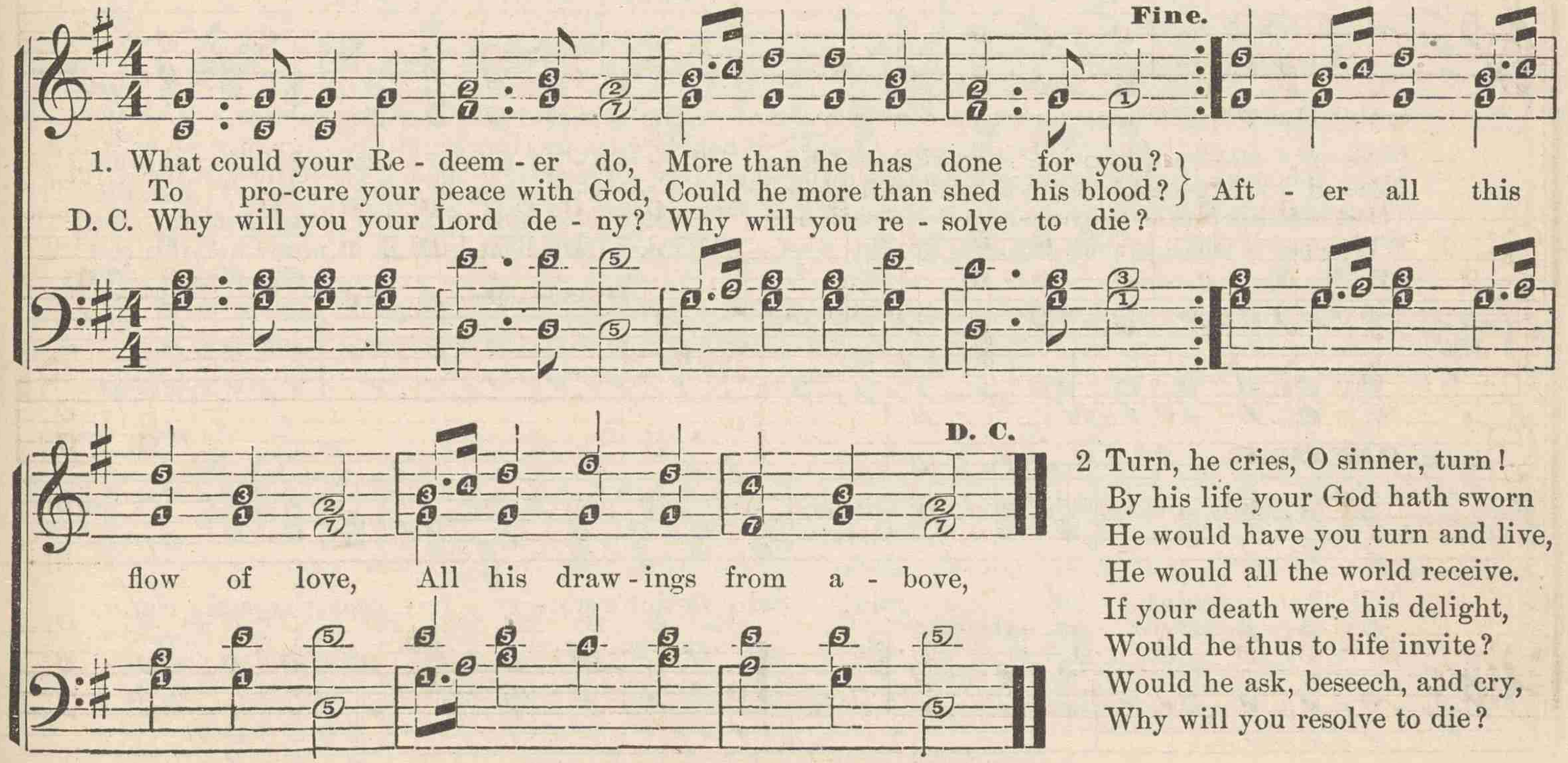
I. BALTZELL.

1. We will pray for one an - oth - er, we will pray; You are not a - lone, my brothers in the way; For the Sav - ior's by your side, And the Bi - ble is your guide, If you
2. We will pray for one an - oth - er, we will pray; Tho' we meet with ma-ny tri - als on our way; If we sit at Je - sus' feet, When he comes our souls to greet, We will
3. We will pray for one an - oth - er, we will pray; And by faith and pray'r we'll surely gain the day; Then we'll lay our ar - mor down, And re - ceive a fade - less crown, We'll re-

CHORUS.

live by faith and pray'r ev - 'ry day. We will pray, We will
find his prom - ise sure ev - 'ry day.
ceive a crown that fades not a - way. We will pray for one an - oth - er, We will

From "Gates of Praise. By per.

MERDIN.



2 Turn, he cries, O sinner, turn!
By his life your God hath sworn
He would have you turn and live,
He would all the world receive.
If your death were his delight,
Would he thus to life invite?
Would he ask, beseech, and cry,
Why will you resolve to die?

TELL IT AGAIN.

MRS. MARY B. C. SLADE. R. M. MCINTOSH.

A home missionary visited a dying boy in a gipsy tent. Bending over him he said, "God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life." The dying boy heard, and whispered, "Nobody ever told me."

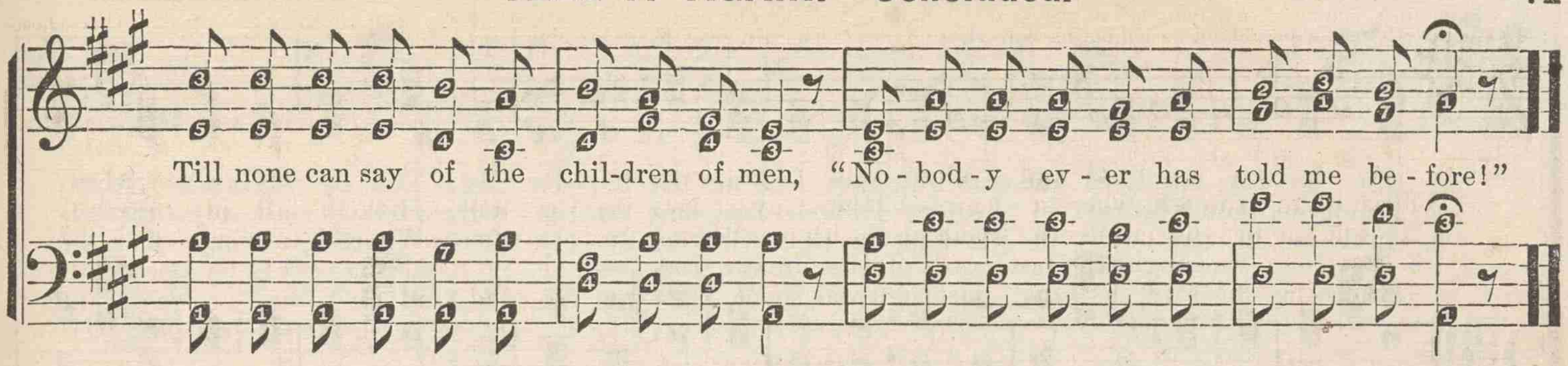
1. In - to the tent where a gip - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone at the close of the day,
2. "Did he so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good tid - ings of joy?
3. Bend-ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en-tered the val - ley of death;
4. Smil-ing he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad that for me he was sent!"

News of sal - va-tion we carried,—said he, "No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
Need I not perish?—my hand will he hold?— No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"
"God sent his Son!—who-so - ev - er!" said he; "Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"
Whispered while low sank the sun in the west, "Lord, I be - lieve! tell it now to the rest!"

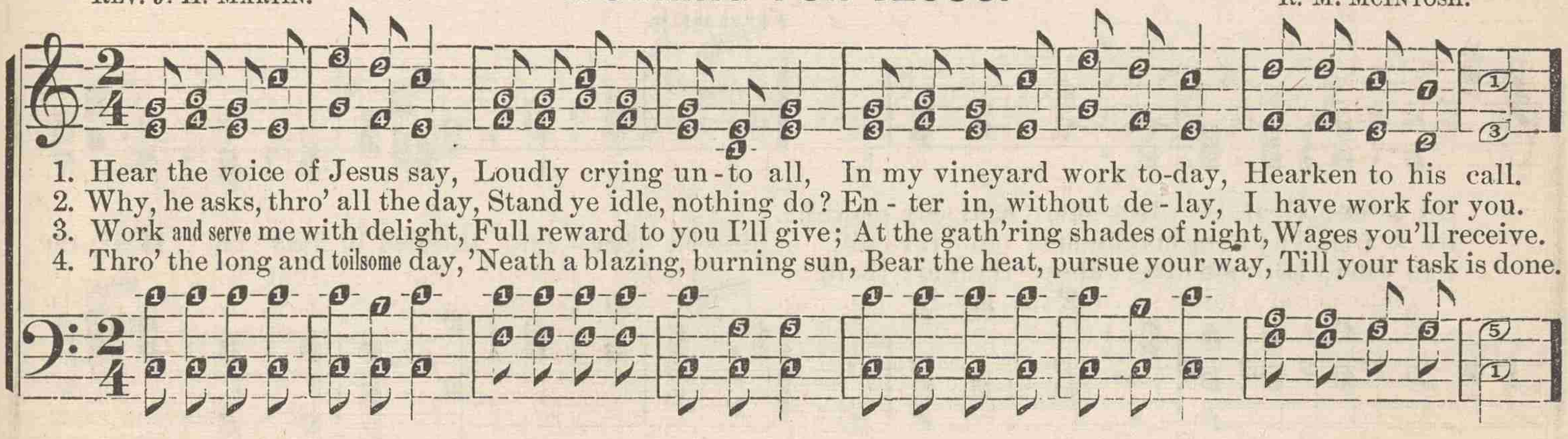
REFRAIN.

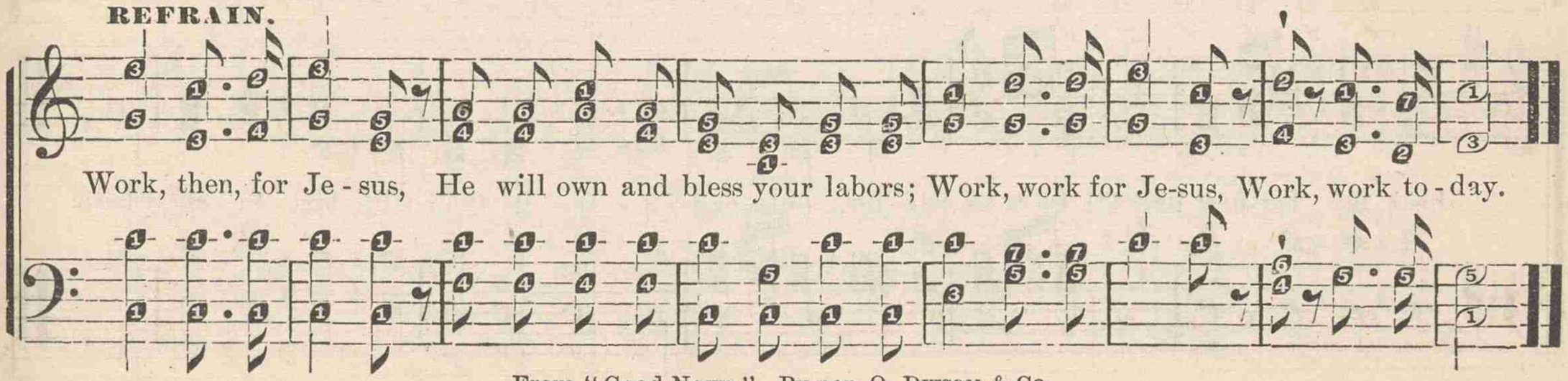
Tell it a - gain! tell it a - gain! Sal - va-tion's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er,

From "Good News." By per. of O. DITSON & Co.

TELL IT AGAIN. Concluded.

WORKING FOR JESUS.

REV. J. H. MARTIN. R. M. MCINTOSH.





From "Good News." By per. O. DITSON & CO.

JESUS, HEAR MY PRAYER.

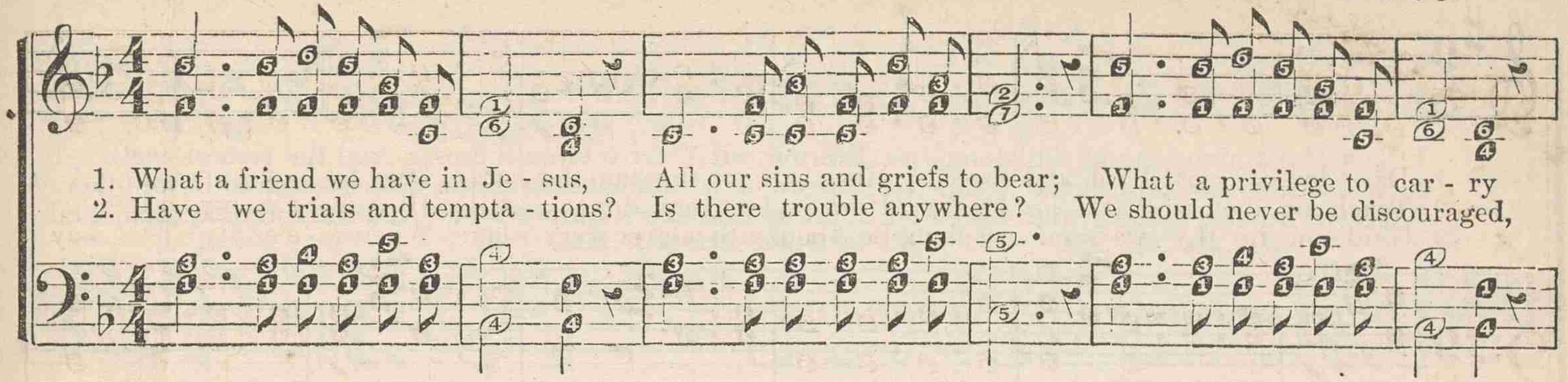
MRS. A. L. DAVISON. WILLIAM H. DANA.

1. Day by day, my Lord and Sav-ior, May I trust thy ten-der care; Day by day grow wiser,
2. Teach me, thou who art so ho-ly, How I best may do thy will; How in all my earth-ly
3. Guide me in thy ways of wis-dom, Be thou with me ev-ery-where, Whereso-e'er my feet may

CHORUS.

bet-ter, Hear, O Je-sus, hear my prayer.
liv-ing Thy com-mandments to ful-fill. Bless-ed Sav-ior, throned in heav-en, Hear, oh
wan-der, Let me feel that thou art there.

hear my ear-nest prayer; Bless-ed Sav-ior, pure and ho-ly, Be thou with me ev-ery-where.

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

GRACE GLENN.

'T WILL NOT BE LONG.

J. H. F.

1. It will not be long at the long - est Ere the sil - ver tide we'll cross; And the richest earth-ly
2. It will not be long at the long - est Ere we lay our burdens down, Ere we hear the "well-done"
3. It will not be long at the long - est Ere the Master's smile we see; And the toil, and pain, and

trea - sures Will but seem as worthless dross When we reach the pearl - y gate - way, And its
wel - come, And approach our waiting crown. Ere we join the count - less num - bers, Of the
sor - row Will be past for you and me. So we best not go re - pin - ing On the

por - tals en - ter in, When we tread the gold-en path - ways Of the cit - y of our King.
happy ransomed throng; Ere we learn the tune-ful mea - sures Of re-demption's ceaseless song.
way we may not shun, Lest we wake some morn in heav - en, Leaving half our work un - done.

GUARD THE GATEWAYS.

1. Guard your lips with thought unceasing, At their portal all the day, Let your conscience,
2. Guard your eyes with con-stant car-ing, Look with gladness on the right; Keep them fixed on
3. Guard your ear, for thro' that en-trance Tempters oft-en reach the soul, And, with soft and

care-ful warder, Watch the words that pass that way. Thus you'll grieve no friend that loves you,
what is ho-ly, Let no e-vil charm their sight! So no wick-ed thought shall en-ter
sweet be-guil-ing, Point it to some longed-for goal! "Ah," they say, "so small the sin-ning,

Thus will pain no saddened heart; Of an-oth-er's wea-ry bur-den You can help to bear a part.
Thro' the gateway of your eyes; Naught but pure and holy feeling Shall within your soul a-rise.
And the world will nev-er know." Guard your ear, for thro' this gateway Often comes your vilest foe.

GRACE GLENN.

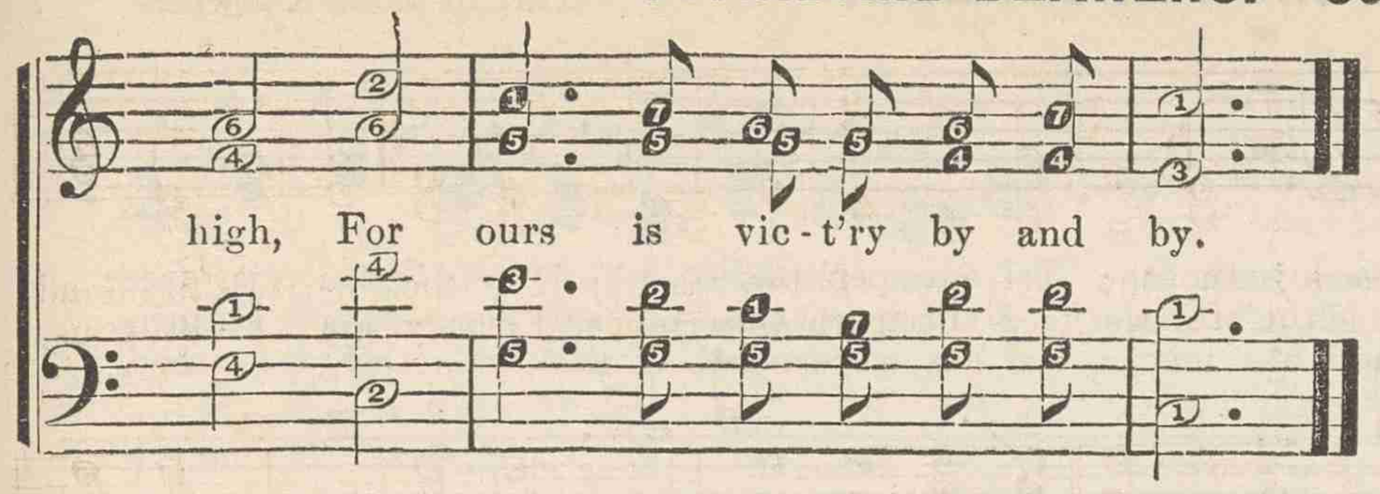
STANDARD-BEARERS.

J. H. F.

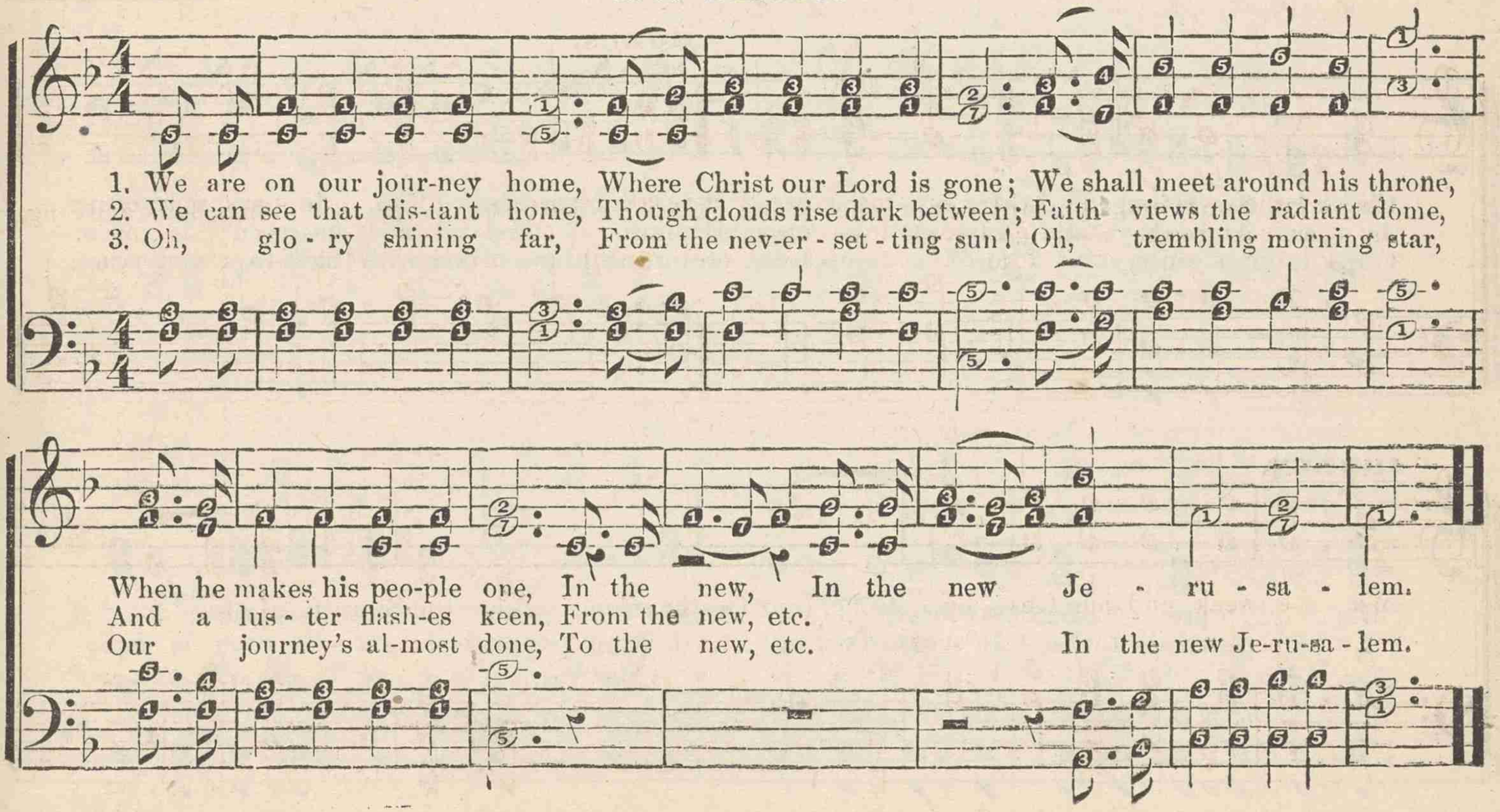
1. We may all be Standard - bear - ers In the ar - my of the Lord; For the u - ni - form and
2. We may all be Standard - bear - ers, If we keep the truth and right Firm-ly girt a - bout us

CHORUS.

ar - mor, Sword and Standard are the Word. Tho' the fight be fierce and long, (fierce and long,)
ev - er, And the bless - ed goal in sight.

We be weak and our foes be strong, (our foes be strong;) Bear the Sword of the Spir - it

3 We may all be Standard-bearers
If we ceaseless watch and pray;
If we enter not temptation,
Nor be idle by the way.

4 We may all be Standard-bearers
In the army of the Lord;
If we press with vigor onward,
Vict'ry is our sure reward.

MT. BLANC.

E. E. S.

I AM PERSUADED.

FRANK FILLMORE. By per.

DUET.

1. I am per-suad-ed that Je - sus loves me; I am per-suad-ed sal - va - tion is free;
2. I am per-suad-ed that now is the time; I am per-suad-ed sal - va - tion is mine;
3. I am per-suad-ed that Je - sus a - lone, I am per-suad-ed that no oth - er one,

Christ is the ref - uge, and heav'n is the home, Where all per-suad-ed to Je - sus may come.
Je - sus is read - y and tells me to come, Doubt-ing is end - ed and heav - en is won.
Can to the sin-ner af - ford a re - lease, Grant-ing him par-don with bless-ings and peace.

CHORUS.

Oh; pre - cious Sav - ior, . . . help me to love thee; . .
I am per-suad-ed that Je - sus loves me; I am per-suad-ed sal - va - tion is free;

Repeat *pp*

Oh, gra - cious fa - vor, . . . That loves guilt - y sin - ners like me.
I am per-suad-ed he died on the tree, To save guilt - y sin - ners like me.

JESUS, I WILL TRUST THEE.

London Freeman. J. H. F. By per.

1. Je-sus, I will trust thee! When across my soul, Like a fear-ful tem-pest, Doubts and fears shall roll.
2. Je-sus, I will trust thee! There is none be - side; In thine arms of mer-cy I will ev - er hide.
3. Je-sus, I will trust thee! Trust thee even now, Trust thee when the death-dew Gathers on my brow.

Rit.

When the tempter cometh, Sure-ly he will flee When I tell him, "Je-sus, I am trust-ing thee!"
And for my ac - cept-ance This my on - ly plea—Je - sus died for sin-ners, Je - sus died for me.
Trust thee in the sunshine, Trust thee in the shade, With thy precious shel-ter, I am not a - fraid.

GLORY, GLORY, GLORY.

J. H. R. By per.

1. Home so bright and ver - nal, Home of joys su - per - nal, Home of life e-
2. Near - er yet and near - er, Dear - er yet and dear - er, Bright - er yet and
3. Home of joy - ous sing - ing, Loud with prais - es ring - ing, Peace and glad - ness

CHORUS.

ter - nal, How dear thy name to me.
clear - er, Thy gold - en gates ap - pear. Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry, glo - ry,
bring - ing To all who en - ter there.

There's my hap - py home; Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, My home, my home.

DUET. Not too fast.

1. Oh, would to me were on - ly given A tongue in-spired to tell The beau-ties of yon
2. There hope's sweet flowers eter - nal bloom, While seasons come and go, Un-touched by sor-row's
3. There lim - pid wa - ters, bright and clear, Flow o'er the gold - en sands, While thrill-ing mu - sic

CHORUS.

peace - ful heaven, Where saints im-mor - tal dwell. Bright, beau-ti-ful heaven, Bright, beau-ti - ful
chill - ing winds, That blight them here be - low. Bright, bright, beautiful heaven, Bright, bright,
strikes the ear—Harps swept by an - gel hands.

heaven.

beau-ti - ful heaven, Home where the pilgrim for-ev - er shall rest, Bright, beau-ti - ful heaven.

Rit. **Repeat** *pp*

ANNIE WITTEMEYER.

VALLEY OF BLESSING.

WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

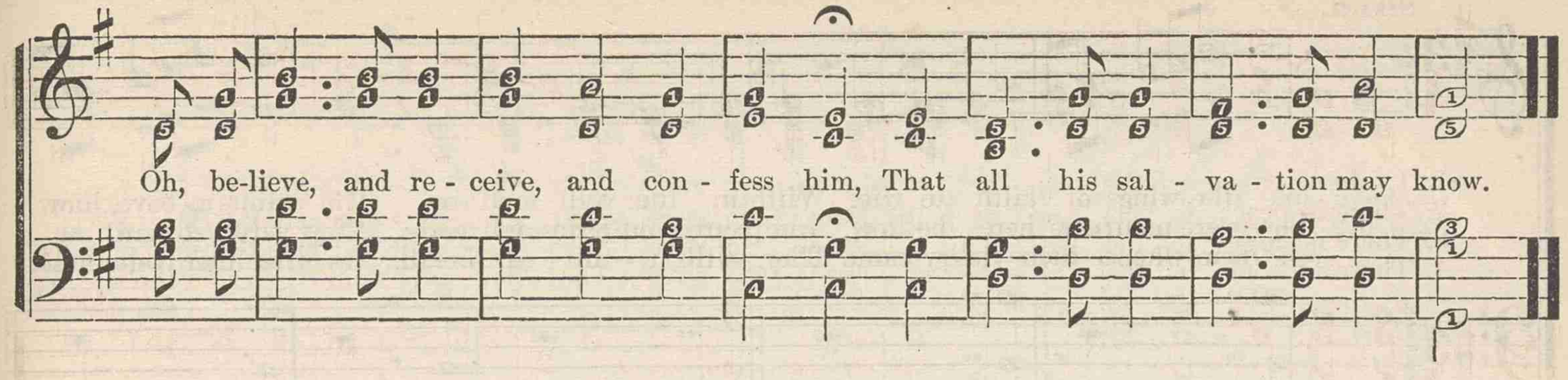
1. I have en - tered the val - ley of bless-ing so sweet, And Je - sus a-bides with me there;
2. There is peace in the val - ley of bless-ing so sweet, And plen - ty the land doth im-part;
3. There is love in the val - ley of bless-ing so sweet, Such as none but blood-washed may feel;
4. There's a song in the val - ley of bless-ing so sweet, That an - gels would fain join the strain;

And his Spir - it and blood make my cleansing com-plete, And his per-fect love cast-eth out fear.
There is rest for the wea-ry-worn trav - el - er's feet, And joy for the sor-row-ing heart.
When heav - en comes down redeemed spir-its to greet, And Christ sets his cov - e - nant seal.
As, with rapt - ur-ous prais-es, we bow at his feet, Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."

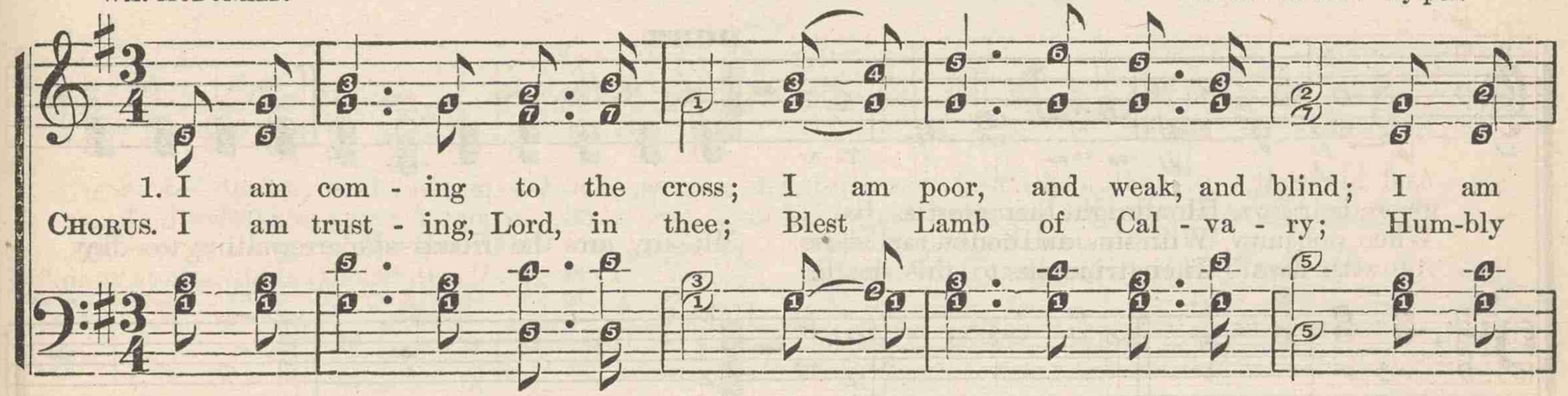
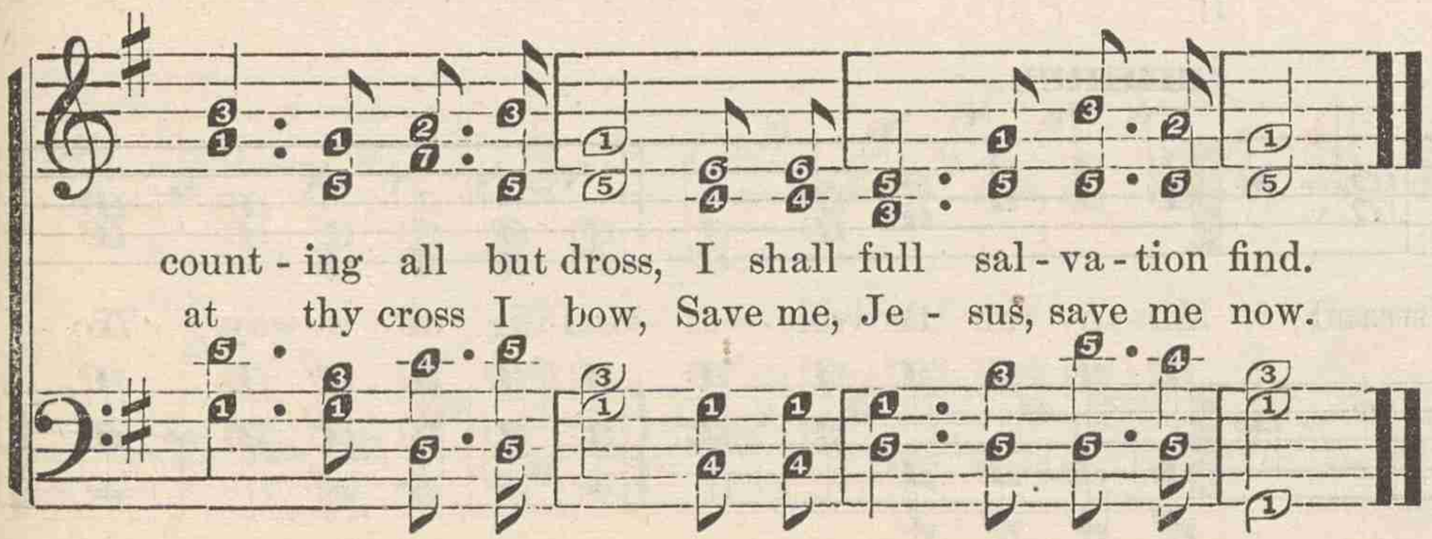
CHORUS.

bless - ing . . .

Oh, come to this val - ley of bless-ing so sweet, Where Je - sus will full - ness be - stow;



I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

WM. MCDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be,
Wholly thine for evermore.

CALLING US AWAY.

Theme by WALTER KITTRIDGE.

SOLO.

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise With-in the veil and see The saints a-bove, how
2. Once they were mourners here be-low, And poured out cries and tears; They wrestled hard, as
3. I ask them whence their vict'ry came: They, with u-nit-ed breath, As-cribe their con-quests

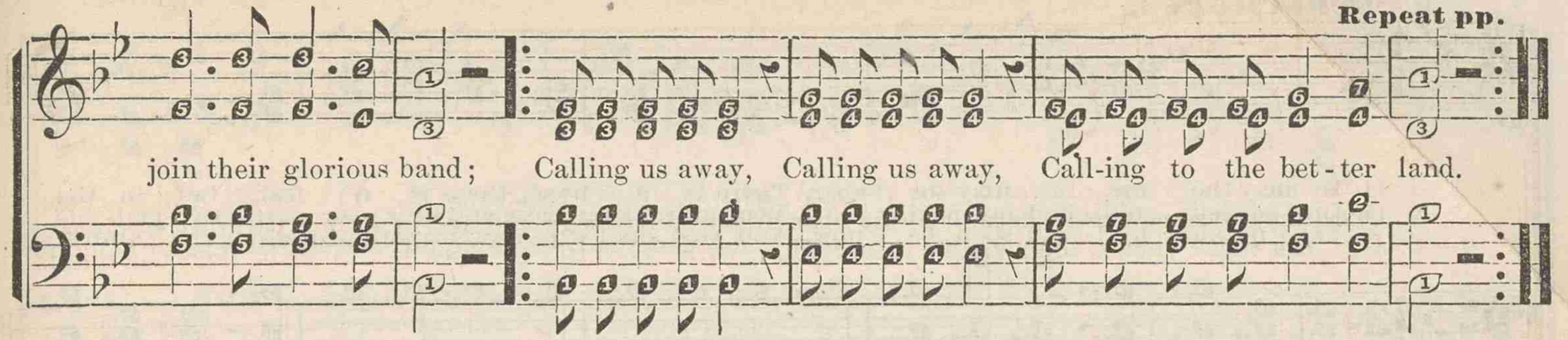
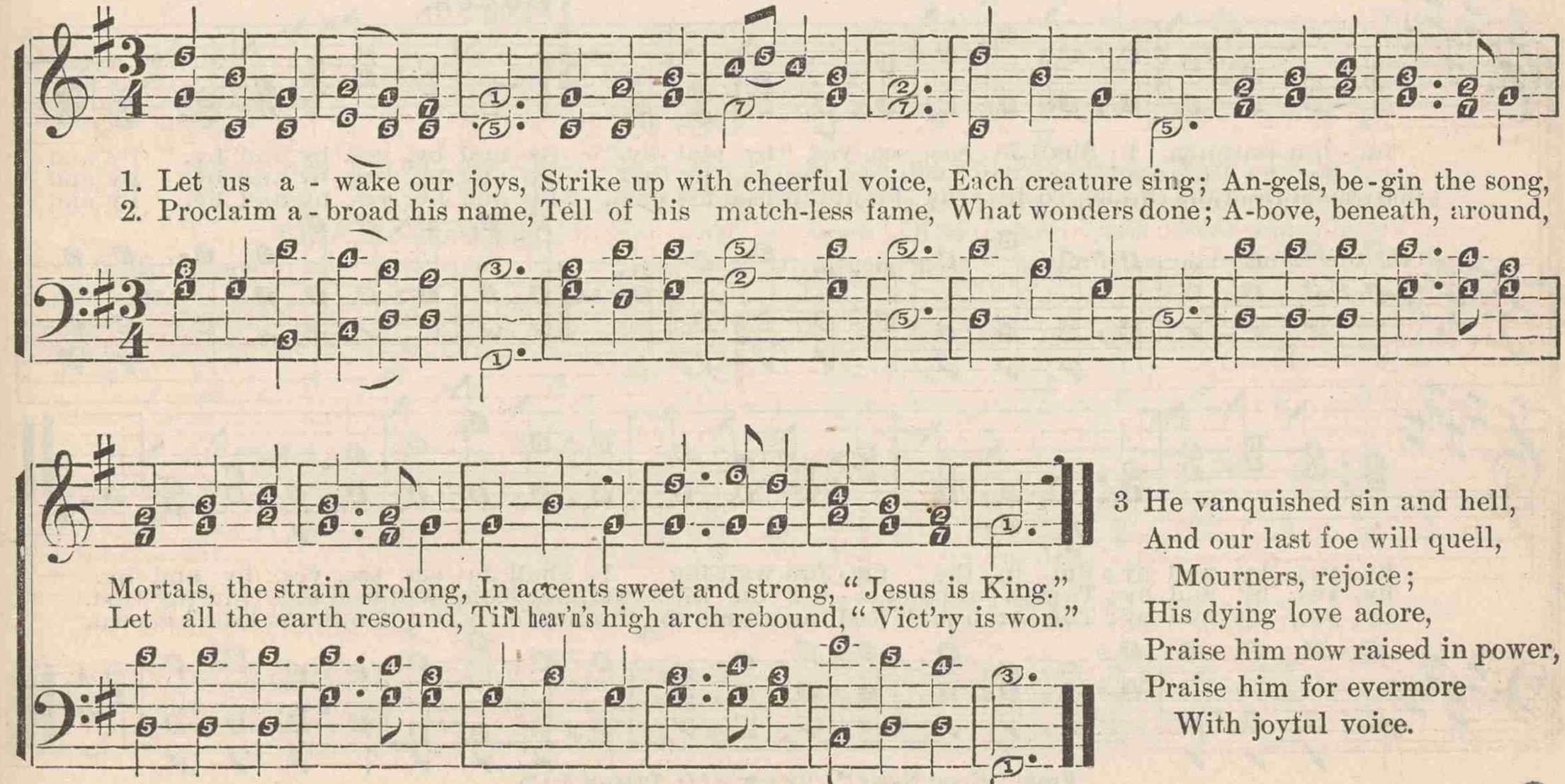
DUET.

great their joys, How bright their glo-ries be.
we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.
to the Lamb, Their triumphs to his death.

Ma-ny are the friends who are waiting to-day,

CHORUS.

Hap-py on the gold-en strand; Ma-ny are the voic-es Call-ing us a-way, To

CALLING US AWAY. Concluded.

ITALIAN HYMN.

3 He vanquished sin and hell,
And our last foe will quell,
Mourners, rejoice;
His dying love adore,
Praise him now raised in power,
Praise him for evermore
With joyful voice.

BY AND BY.

R. M. McINTOSH.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1. It may be far, it may be near, There is a hope, there is a fear, But in the
2. Im - pa-tient soul, and murm'ring heart, Your murm'ring cease, and bear your part Of pain and
3. Yes, "by and by" will soon be now, And God shall wipe each tear-stained brow; The Lamb shall

CHORUS.

fut - ure wait-ing, I Shall Je - sus see, yes, "by and by." By and by, yes, by and by, By and
la - bor on life's road, For soon 'twill lead thee to thy God. By and by, yes, by and by, By and
feed them from the throne, To liv - ing fountains lead his own. By and by, yes, by and by, By and

by, yes, by and by; But in the fut - ure wait-ing I Shall Je - sus see, yes, by and by.
by, yes, by and by; There's pain and la - bor on life's road, But soon 'twill lead thee to thy God.
by, yes, by and by; The Lamb shall feed them from the throne, To liv - ing fountains lead his own.

From "Good News." By per. of O. DITSON & Co.

LEAD ME HIGHER.

1. Lead me, oh, my heaven-ly Fa - ther, Lead me ev - er - more I pray,
2. Close a - bove me storm-clouds gath - er, Fraught with thun - der deep and long;
3. Earth hath sins, and joys, and sor - rows, Crowd - ing oft 'twixt thee and thine;

Sub - tle tempt - ers close be - set me, Lead me, lest I go a - stray.
All the way is dark and storm - y, I am weak, but thou art strong.
I would still, through all its por - tions Feel thy hand close clasp - ing mine.

D. S. *Lead me gent - ly lead me firm - ly, One step high - er ev - ery day.*

Fine.

CHORUS.

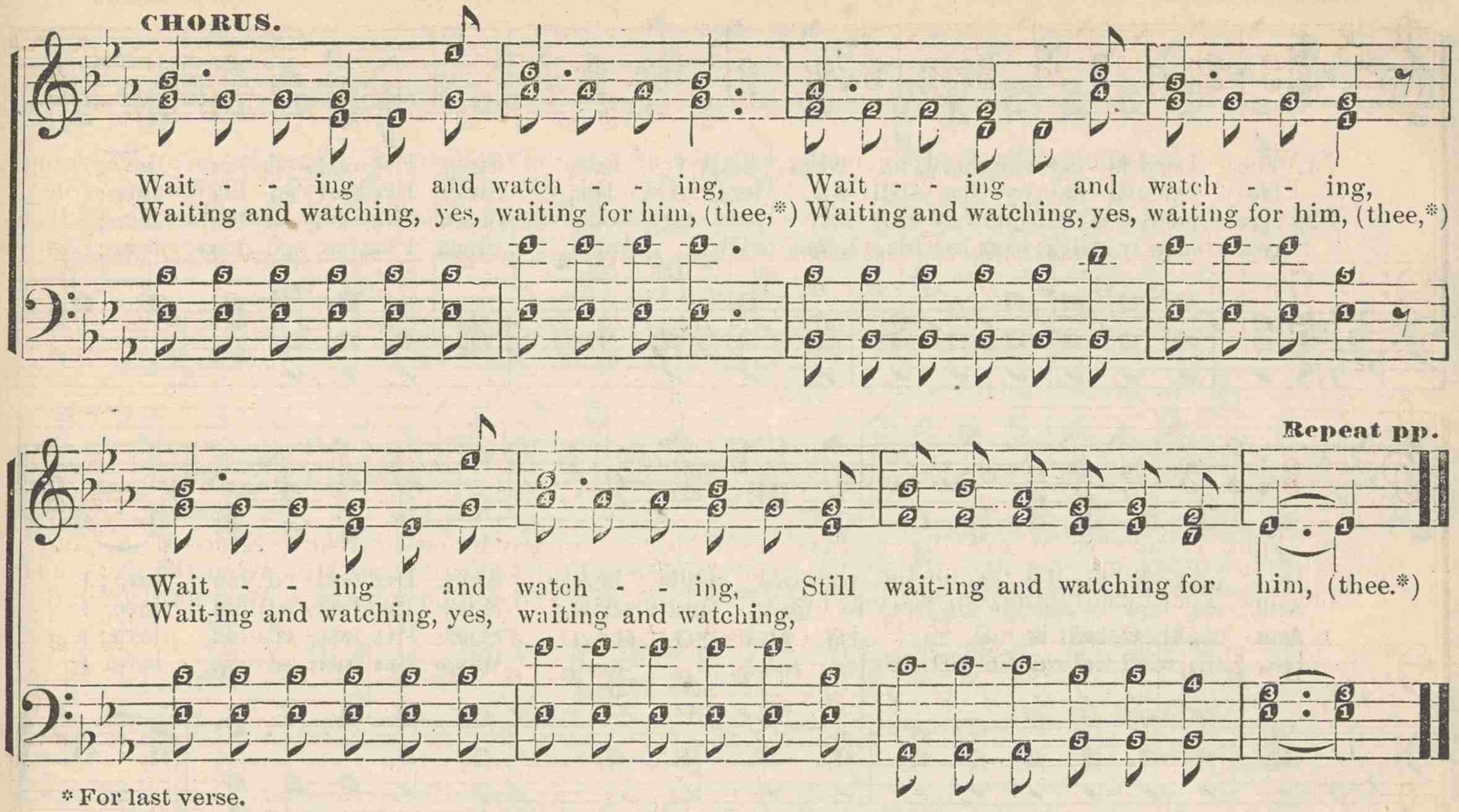
Lead me, oh, my heavenly Fa - ther, Lead me ev - er - more I pray.

D. S.

WAITING AND WATCHING.

WILL H. PONTIUS.

1. We know not the time when He cometh, At e-ven, or midnight, or morn; It may be at deepening twi - light, It may be at ear - li - est dawn. He bids us to watch and be ready, Nor suf - fer our
2. I think of His won - der - ful pit - y, The price our salvation hath cost; He left the bright mansions of glo - ry To suffer and die for the lost. And sometimes I think it will please Him, When those whom He
3. O Je - sus, my lov - ing Re-deem-er, Thou knowest I cherish as dear, The hope that mine eyes shall be- hold thee, That I shall thine own welcome hear. If to some as a Judge thou appearest, Who forth from thy

lights to grow dim; That when He may come, He will find us, All wait-ing and watching for Him.
died to re - deem, Re - joice in the hope of His com-ing, By wait-ing and watching for Him.
presence would flee, A *Friend* most be - lov-ed I'll greet thee, I'm wait-ing and watching for thee.

* For last verse.

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?

1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

Words and Music by

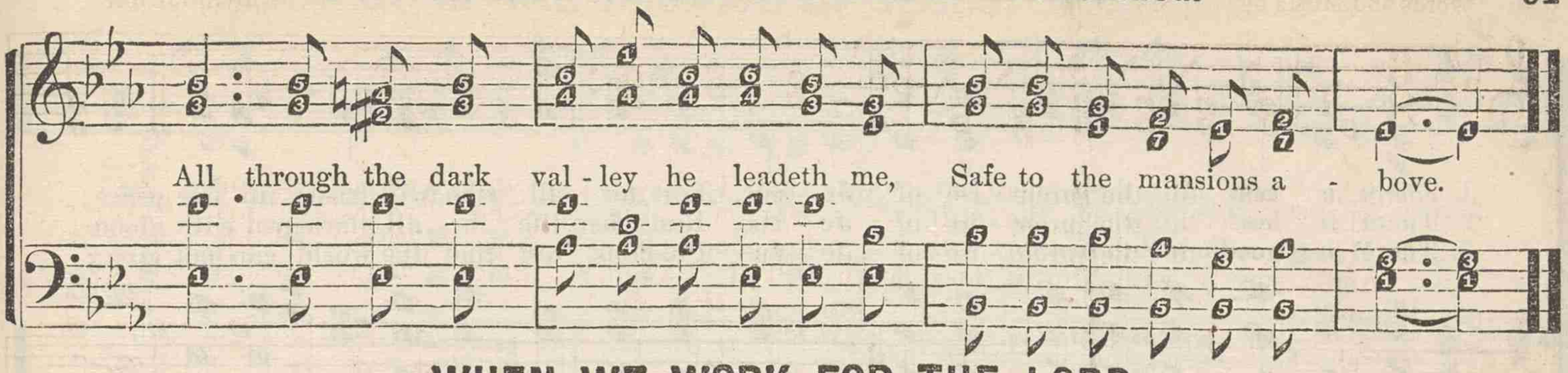
SINCE I'VE TASTED HIS LOVE.

J. H. RHEEM.

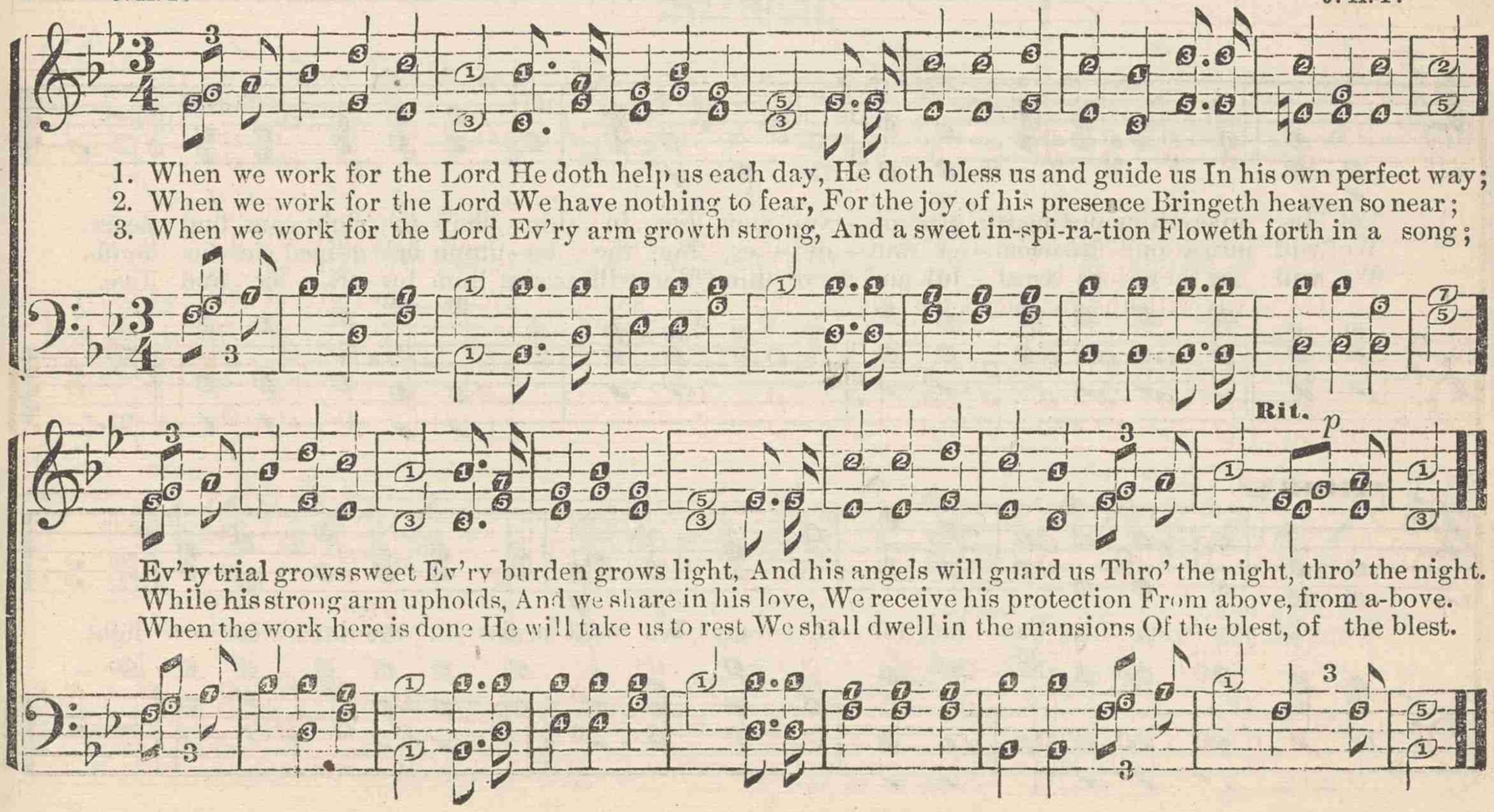
1. The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I fear, Since I've tast - ed his love;
   He leadeth me by the still wa - ters of life, Since I've tast - ed his love;
2. His goodness and mer - cy will fol - low me on, Since I've tast - ed his love;
   And sure-ly with him in his house will I dwell, Since I've tast - ed his love;

He maketh me lie in green pastures while here, Since I've tast - ed his love;
And oh, how he shields me from tu - mult and strife, Since I've tast - ed his love.
And oh, they shall be all my joy and my song, Since I've tast - ed his love;
Un - til with the ransomed the glad song I swell, When I'm full of his love.

CHORUS.

All through the dark val - ley he leadeth me, Since I've tast-ed his love.

WHEN WE WORK FOR THE LORD.

J. H. F. J. H. F.



1. When we work for the Lord He doth help us each day, He doth bless us and guide us In his own perfect way;
2. When we work for the Lord We have nothing to fear, For the joy of his presence Bringeth heaven so near;
3. When we work for the Lord Ev'ry arm growth strong, And a sweet in-spi-ra-tion Floweth forth in a song;

Ev'ry trial grows sweet Ev'ry burden grows light, And his angels will guard us Thro' the night, thro' the night.
While his strong arm upholds, And we share in his love, We receive his protection From above, from a-bove.
When the work here is done He will take us to rest We shall dwell in the mansions Of the blest, of the blest.

LESLIA.

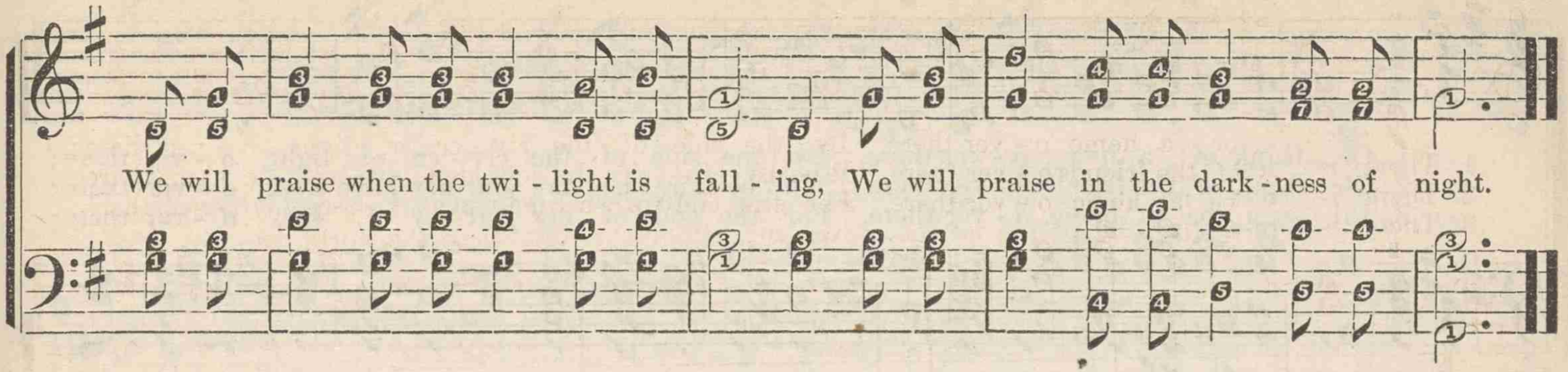
REST IN THE PROMISE OF JESUS.

T. W. DENNINGTON.

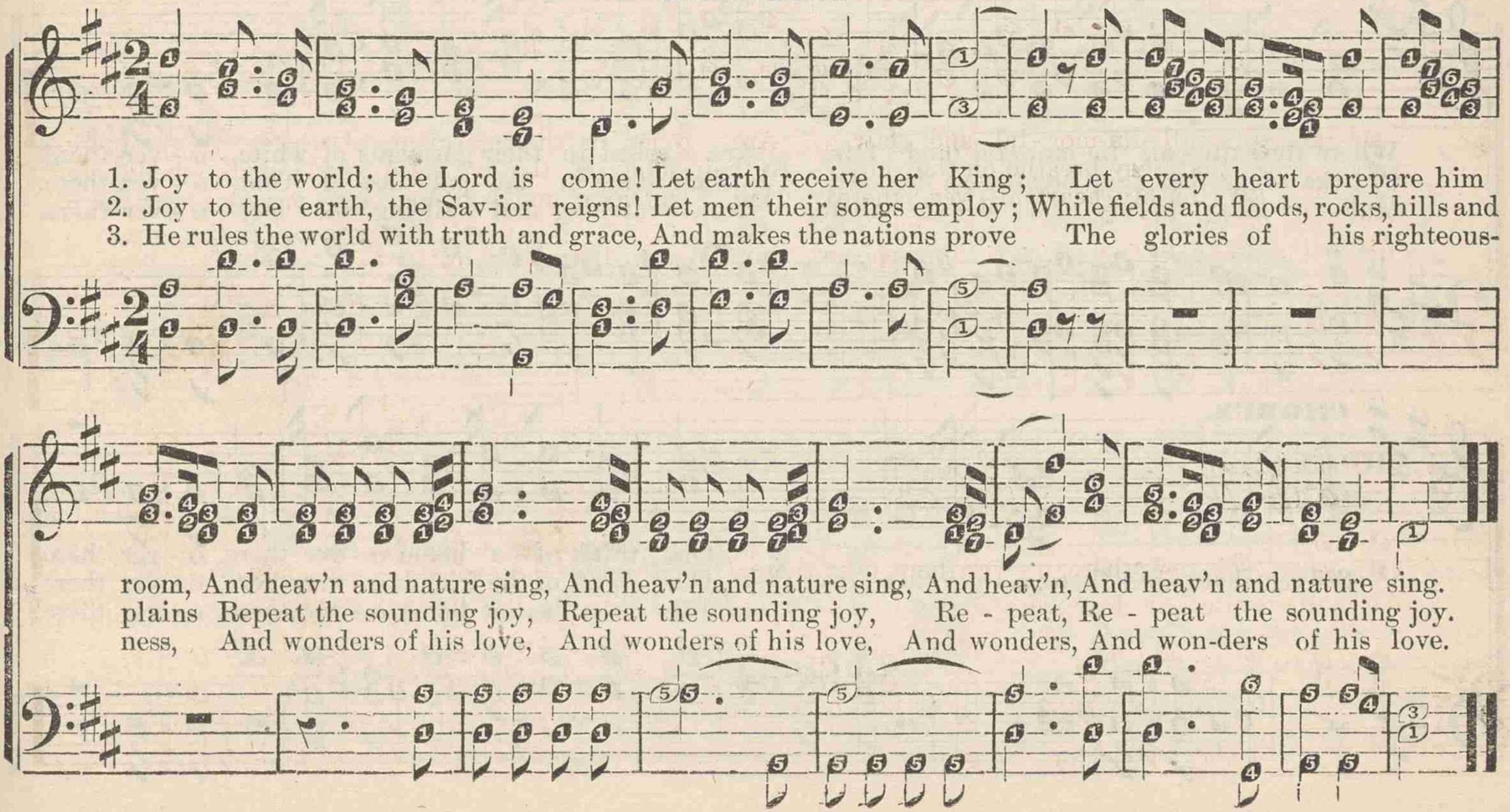
1. There is rest in the prom - ise of Je - sus, Rest for all who will trust in his grace;
2. There is rest in the prom - ise of Je - sus, Rest when life is all darkened with gloom;
3. There is rest in the prom - ise of Je - sus, Pre-cious rest that the world can not give;

Let us give him our hearts' true de - vo - tion, For in him shall the right-eous find peace.
We will praise our Re-deem - er for - ev - er, For the tri - umph he's gained o'er the tomb.
We will ev - er be trust - ful and serve him, We will praise him for - ev - er and live.

CHORUS.

We will praise our dear Sav - ior for - ev - er, We will praise in the dawn's ear - ly light.

We will praise when the twi - light is fall - ing, We will praise in the dark - ness of night.

ANTIOCH.


1. Joy to the world; the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let every heart prepare him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and nature sing.
2. Joy to the earth, the Sav-ior reigns! Let men their songs employ; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains Repeat the sounding joy, Repeat the sounding joy, Re - peat, Re - peat the sounding joy.
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glories of his righteous- ness, And wonders of his love, And wonders of his love, And wonders, And won-ders of his love.

OVER THERE.

T. C. O'KANE. By per.

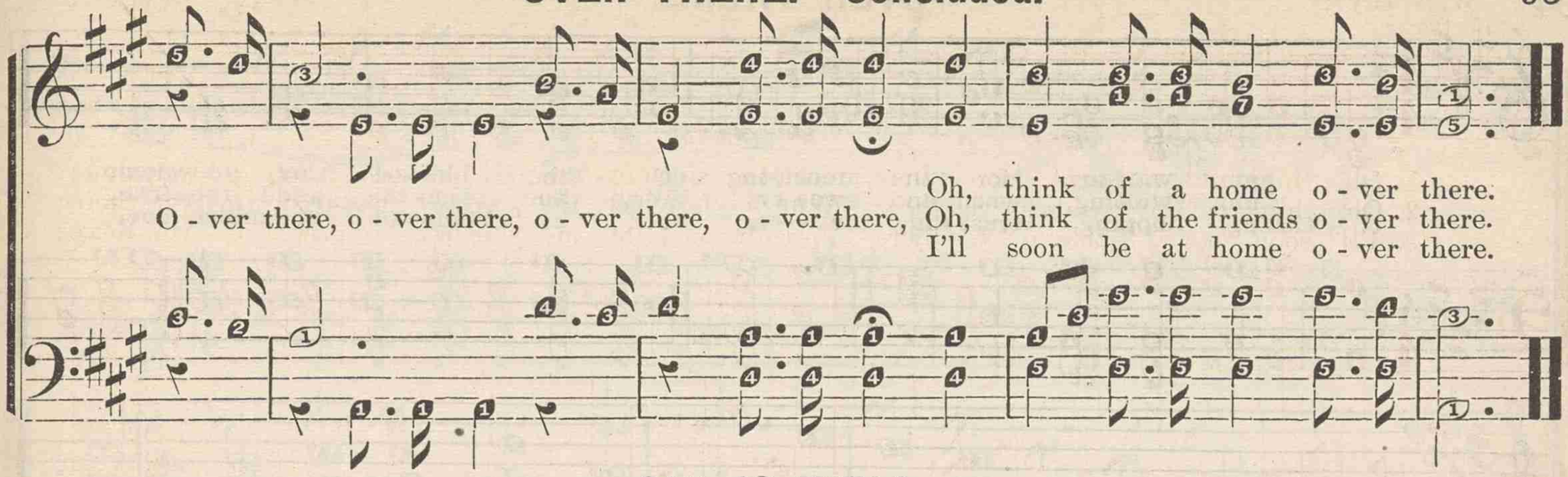
1. Oh, think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, o - ver there;
2. Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour-ney have trod, o - ver there;
3. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see, o - ver there;

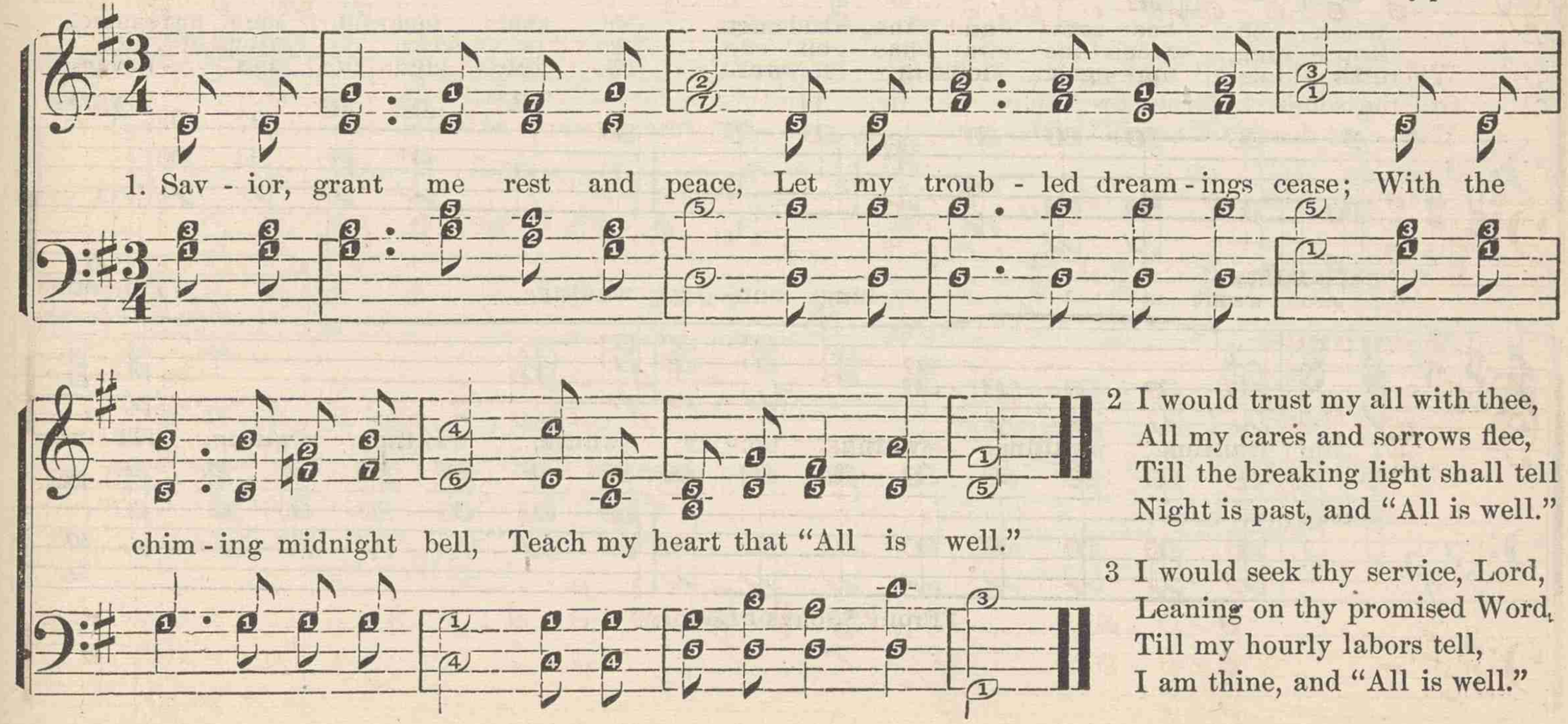
Where the saints all im-mor - tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white, o - ver there.
Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal - ace of God, o - ver there.
Man - y dear to my heart o - ver there, Are watching and wait-ing for me, o - ver there.

CHORUS.

O - ver there, over there, o - ver there, over there,

Oh, think of a home o - ver there, o - ver there;
Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, o - ver there;
I'll soon be at home o - ver there, o - ver there;

OVER THERE. Concluded.

ALL IS WELL.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. F. By per.

2 I would trust my all with thee,
All my cares and sorrows flee,
Till the breaking light shall tell
Night is past, and "All is well."

3 I would seek thy service, Lord,
Leaning on thy promised Word,
Till my hourly labors tell,
I am thine, and "All is well."

W. G. IRVIN.

ONLY WAITING.

J. H. F.

1. I am wait-ing for the morn-ing Of the bless-ed day to dawn,
2. I am waiting, worn and wea - ry With the bat - tle and the strife,
3. Waiting, hoping, trust - ing ev - er, For a home of boundless love,

When the sor - row and the sad - ness Of this fear - ful life are gone.
Hop - ing, when the war has end - ed, To re - ceive a crown of life.
Like a pil - grim look-ing for-ward To the land of bliss a - bove.

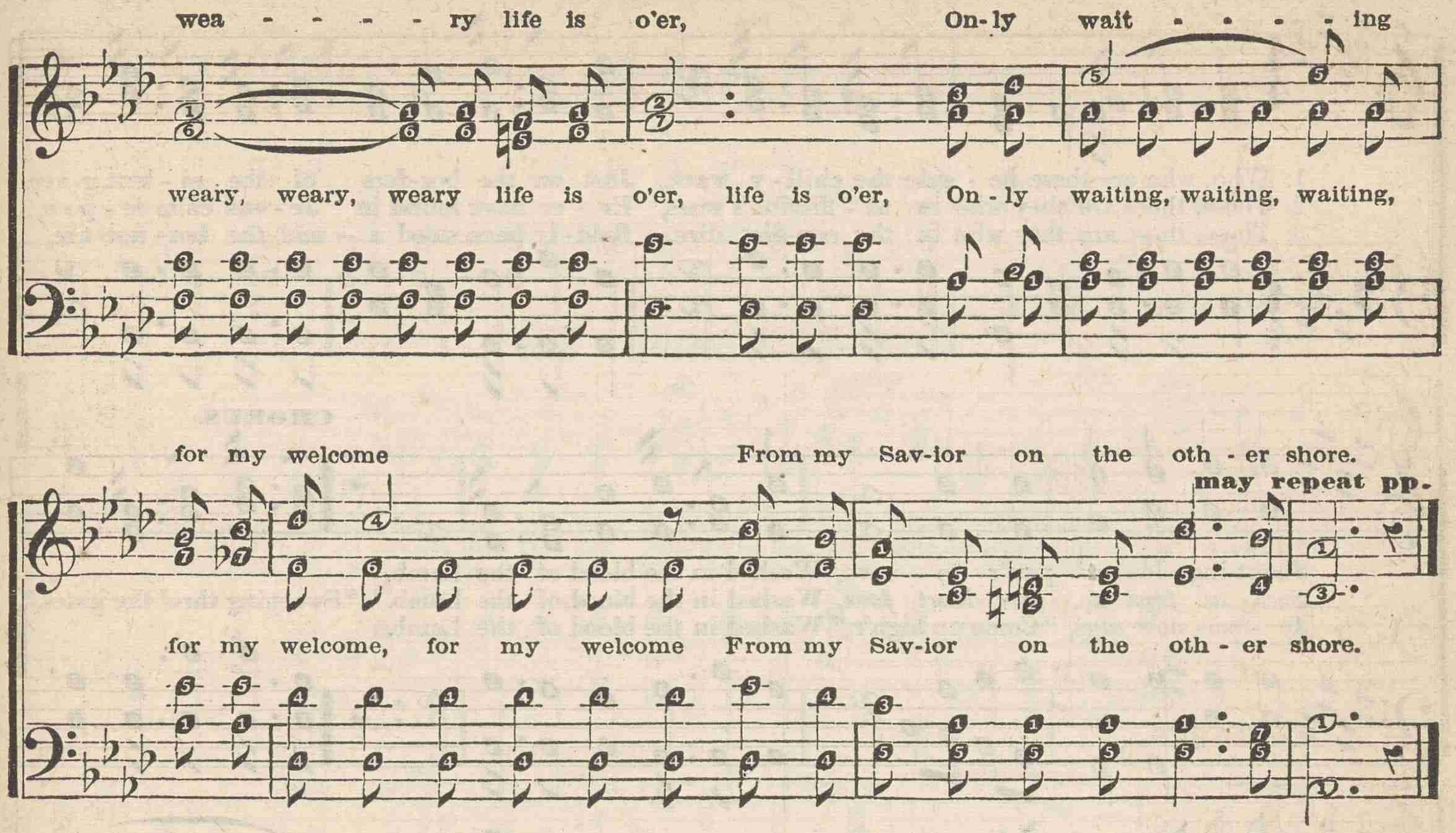
CHORUS.

I am wait - - - - ing, on - ly waiting, Till this

I am waiting, waiting, waiting, on - ly waiting, waiting, waiting, Till this

From "Songs of Glory."

ONLY WAITING. Concluded.



4. Waiting for the sun to cheer me,
With his pure, unmingled light,
Waiting for the saints to greet me,
In their robes of spotless white.
I am waiting, etc.

5. Waiting for the golden city,
Where the many mansions be;
Listening for the happy welcome
Of my Savior calling me.
I am waiting, etc.

Words and Music by

SWEEPING THRO' THE GATES.

T. C. O'KANE. By per.

1. Who, who are these be - side the chill - y wave, Just on the bor-ders of the si - lent g ave,
2. These, these are they who in af - fliction's woes, Ev - er have found in Je - sus calm re - p e,
3. These, these are they who in the con-flict dire, Bold - ly, have stood a - mid the hot - test fire,

CHORUS.

Shout-ing Je - sus' pow'r to save, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
Such as from a pure heart flows, Washed in the blood of the Lamb. "Sweeping thro' the gates,"
Je - sus now says, "Come up high'r," Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

to the New Je - ru - sa - lem, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb. . . . .
in the blood of the Lamb.

SWEEPING THRO' THE GATES. Concluded.

"Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New Je - ru - sa - lem, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

HIS LOVING KINDNESS.

1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re - deemer's praise, He just - ly claims a
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not - with-standing all; He saved me from my
3. When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud, He near my soul has

Fine. D. S.

song from me, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how free! His lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His
lost es - tate, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how great! His lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His
al - ways stood, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how good! His lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His

MARCHING ON.

J. H. F.

Marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on to vic-to - ry, marching on,

Marching on,

Fine.

Marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on to vic - to - ry.

1. With the heav'nly armor shining bright, Marching on, marching on, marching on,
2. We will cheer our hearts with ha ppy song, marching on, marching on,

We are waging war for Truth and Right, Marching on, marching on, marching on,
In the Lord of Hosts our faith is strong, marching on, ... to vic - to - ry,

With the pow'r and might of Christ, our Lord, Marching on, marching on, marching on,
Soon we'll reach the land of endless day, marching on, marching on,

D.C.

Guided by his ev - er blessed Word, Marching on, marching on to vic - to - ry.
We must conquer Sa - tan all the way, marching on,

KNOWLES SHAW.

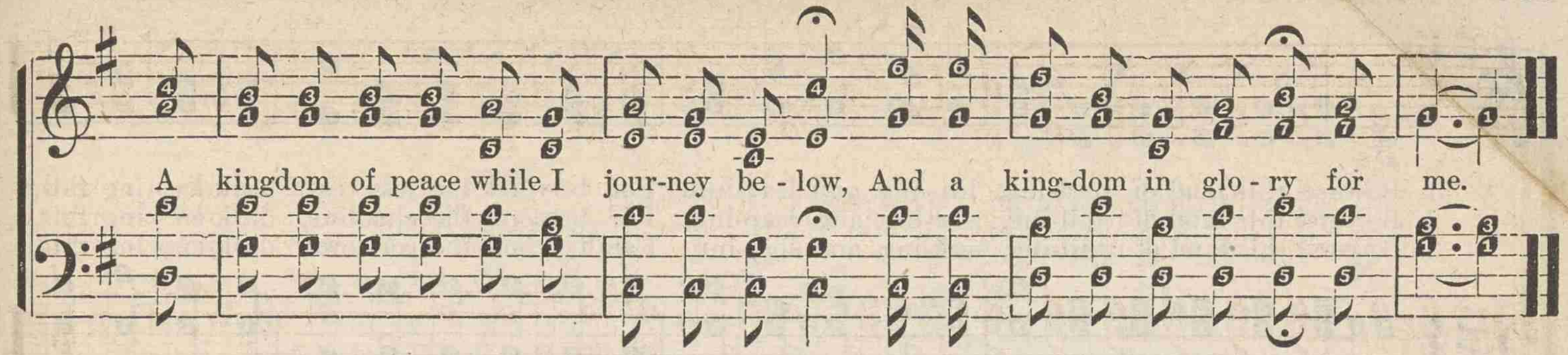
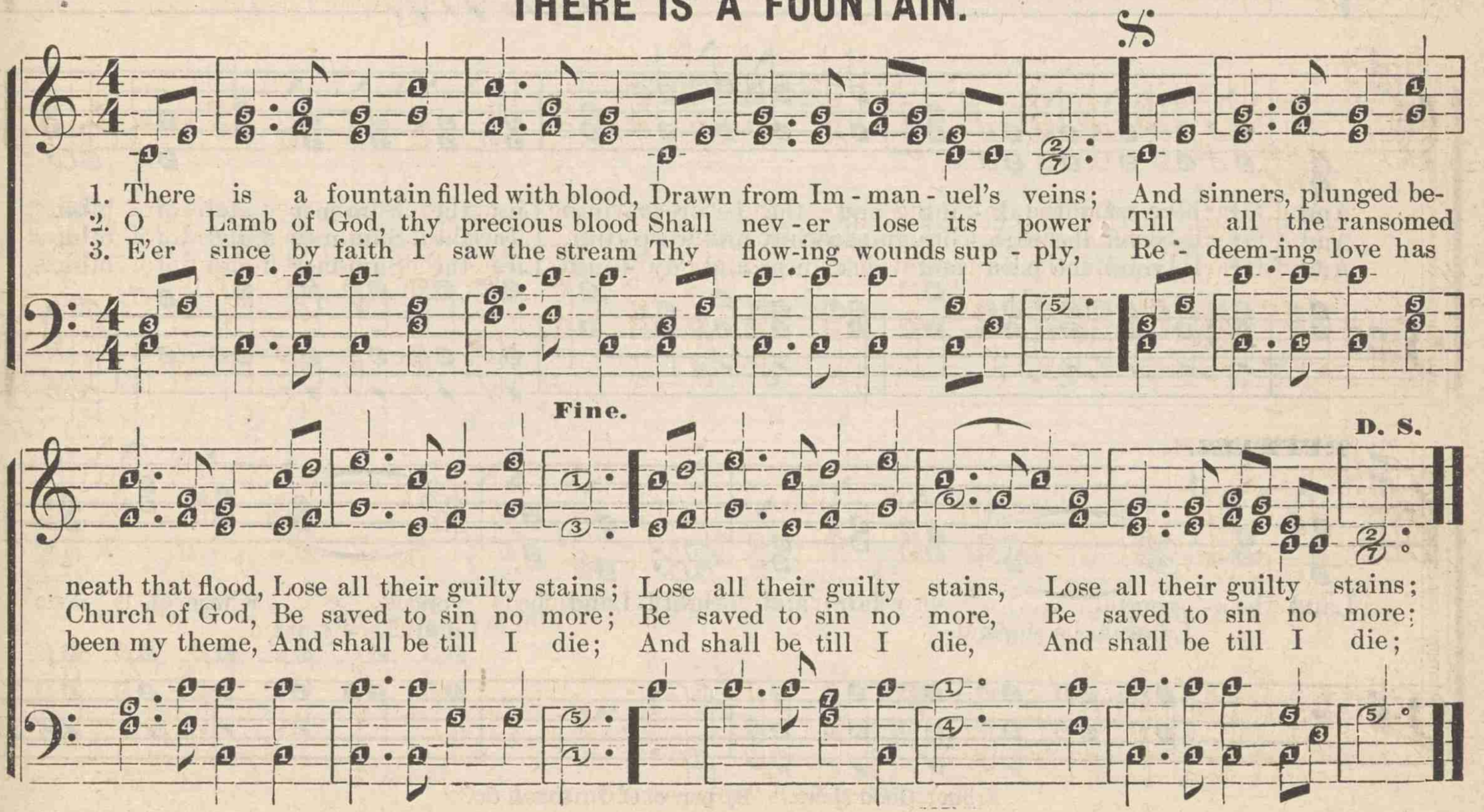
A KINGDOM IN GLORY FOR ME.

Theme from SHAW.

1. The Sav-ior was mocked, and his crown was of thorns, Yet a king-dom in glo-ry had he;
2. He reigns in the hearts of his peo-ple be-low, His scep-ter is peace all di-vine;
3. Yes, Je-sus is King, and for-ev-er shall reign, Yet his king-dom is not of this world;

He shall sit on his throne in the heav-en a-bove, Oh, is that bright kingdom for me?
He conquers his foes by the pow'r of his love, Oh, say, shall that kingdom be mine?
To him let us bow, and his praise let us sing, His ban-ner be ev-er un-furled.

CHORUS.

There's a king-dom in glo-ry for me, . . There's a king-dom in glo-ry for me; . .
for me, for me;

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

SUMMER LAND.

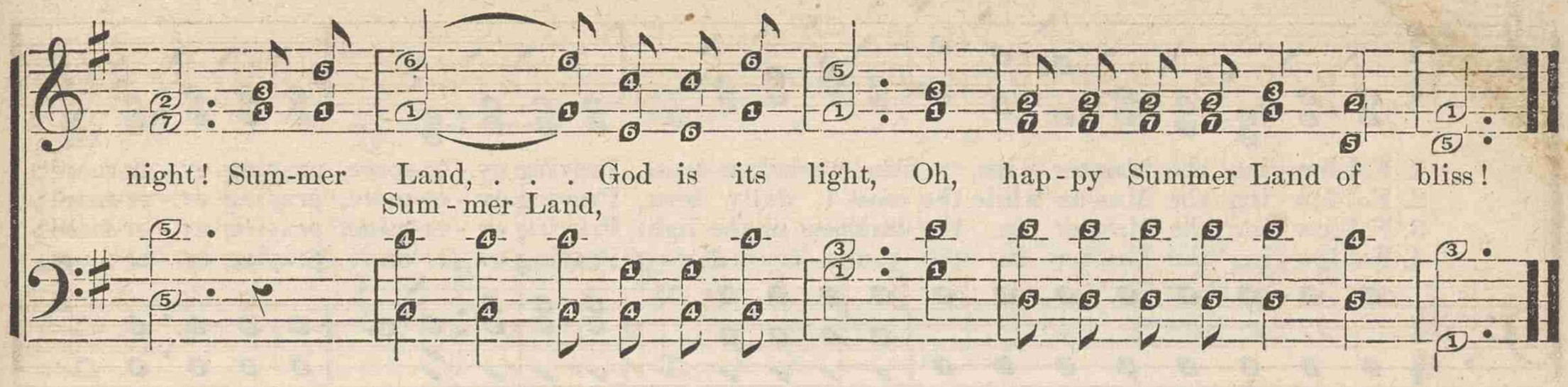
DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

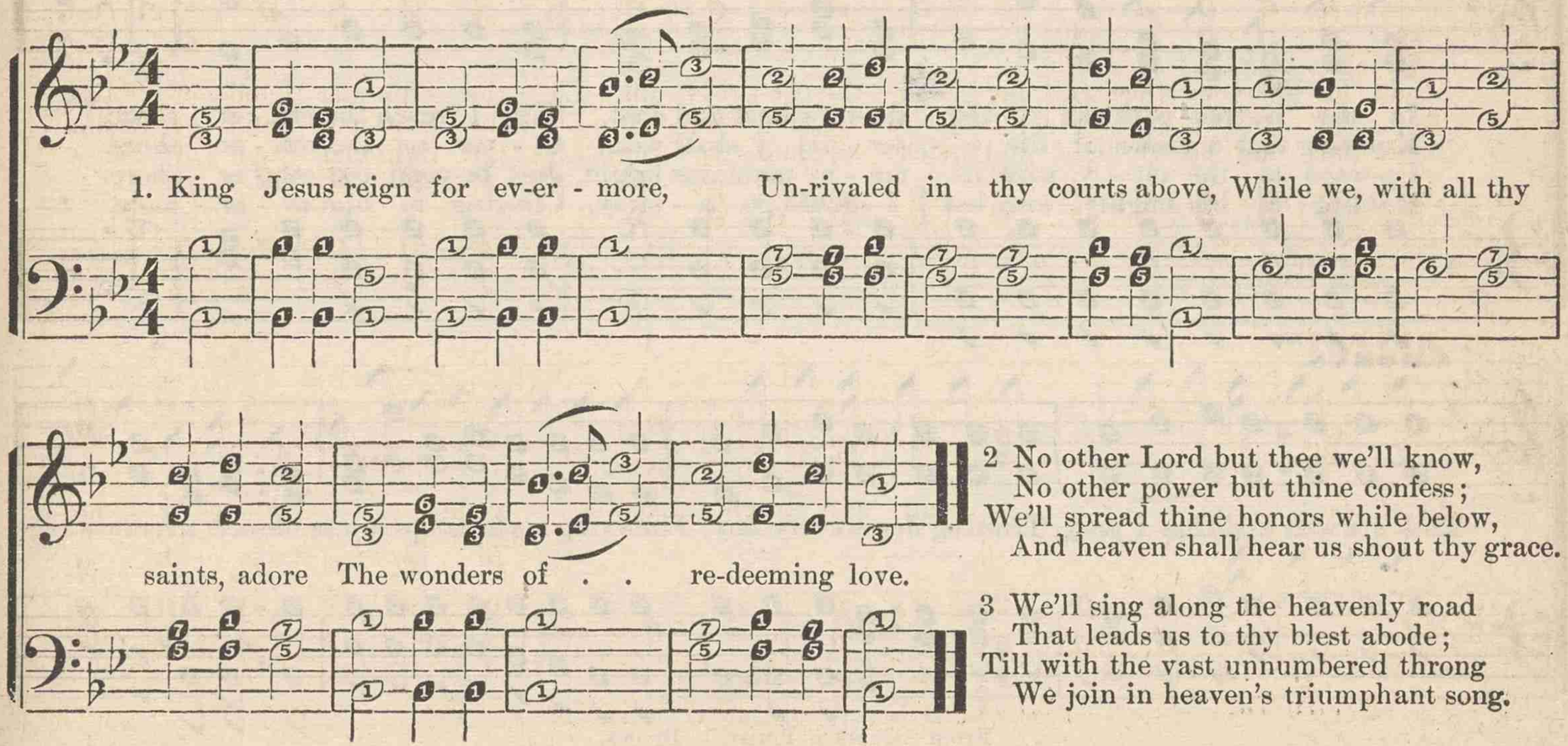
1. Be-yond this land of part-ing, los-ing, and leav-ing, Far be-yond the loss-es dark-en-ing this,
2. Be-yond this land of toil-ing, sow-ing, and reap-ing, Far be-yond the shadows, dark-en-ing this,
3. Be-yond this land of wait-ing, seek-ing, and sigh-ing, Far be-yond the sor-rows, dark-en-ing this,

And far be-yond the tak-ing and the be-reav-ing Lies the Sum-mer Land of bliss.
And far be-yond the sigh-ing, moan-ing, and weep-ing, Lies the Sum-mer Land of bliss.
And far be-yond the pain and sick-ness, and dy-ing, Lies the Sum-mer Land of bliss.

REFRAIN.

Land be-yond, . . . so fair and bright! Land be-yond, . . . where is no
Land be-yond, Land be-yond,

From "Good News." By per. of O. DITSON & Co.

SESSIONS.

EMERSON.

2 No other Lord but thee we'll know,
No other power but thine confess;
We'll spread thine honors while below,
And heaven shall hear us shout thy grace.

3 We'll sing along the heavenly road
That leads us to thy blest abode;
Till with the vast unnumbered throng
We join in heaven's triumphant song.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

PRAYING EVERMORE.

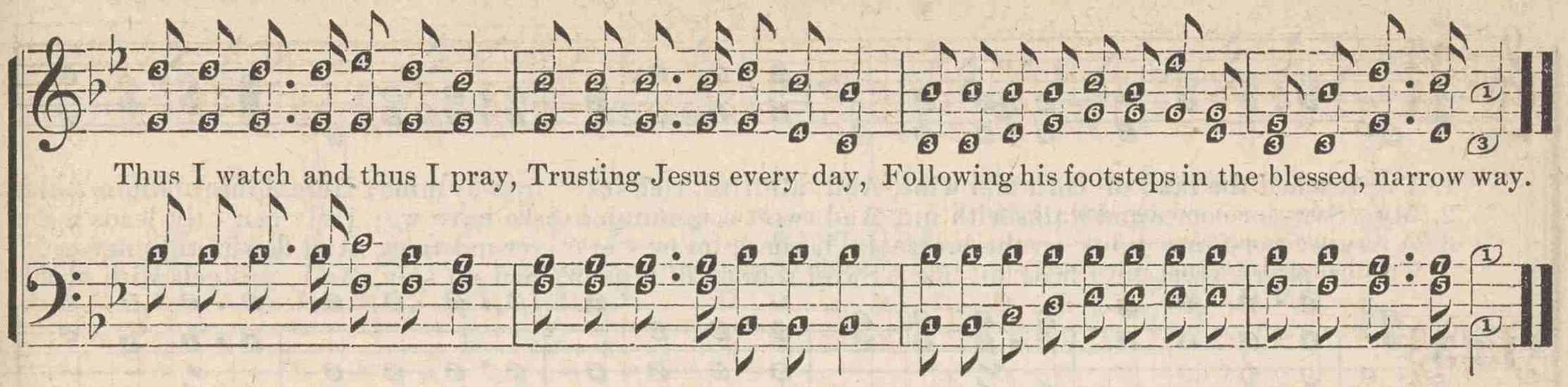
E. S. LORENZ.

1. Fol-low - ing the Mas-ter with a firm, unshaken trust, Praying ev - er-more, praying ev - er-more;
2. Fol-low - ing the Mas-ter while the cross I daily bear, Praying ev - er-more, praying ev - er-more;
3. Fol-low - ing the Mas-ter in the darkness or the light, Praying ev - er-more, praying ev - er-more;
4. Fol-low - ing the Mas-ter in the con-se - cra-ted way, Praying ev - er-more, praying ev - er-more;

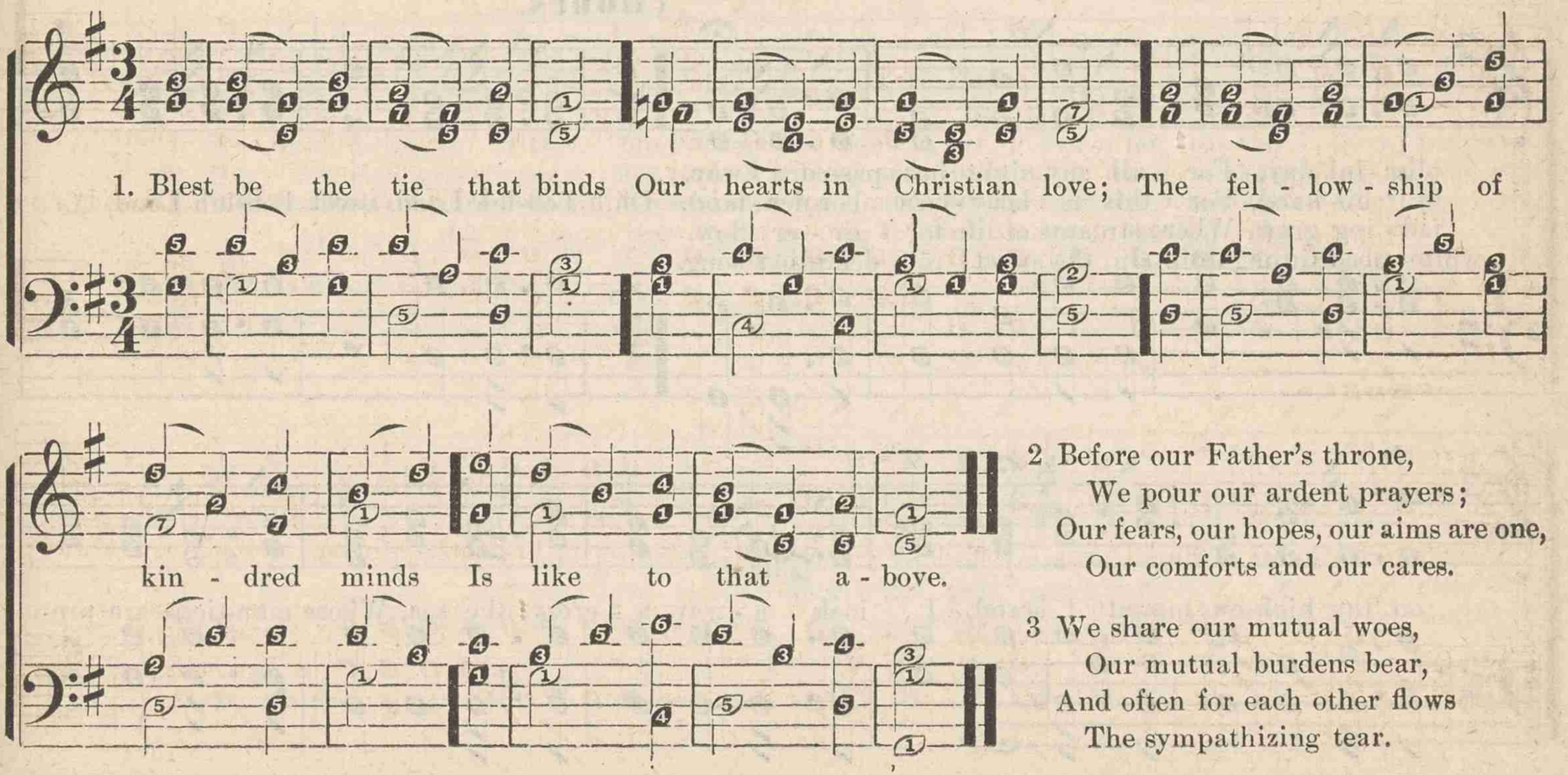
In the o - pen pathway or the des-ert's heat and dust, Till I reach the oth - er shore.
Knowing that a crown of life e - ter - nal I shall wear, O - ver on the oth - er shore.
Up-ward to the cit - y with its ma - ny mansions bright, Just be-yond the oth - er shore.
Holding to his mighty arm lest I should go a - stray, Clinging to him ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Thus I watch and thus I pray, Trusting Jesus every day, Following his footsteps in the blessed, narrow way;

From "Gates of Praise." By per.

Thus I watch and thus I pray, Trusting Jesus every day, Following his footsteps in the blessed, narrow way.

DENNIS. S. M.

NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

EDGAR PAGE.

BEULAH LAND.

JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich-es free-ly mine; Here shines undimm'd one
2. My Sav-ior comes and walks with me, And sweet commun-ion here have we; He gen-tly leads me
3. A sweet per-fume up-on the breeze Is borne from ev-er ver-nal trees, And flow'rs that nev-er
4. The zephyrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heaven's mel-o-dy, As an-gels with the

CHORUS.

bliss-ful day, For all my night has passed a-way.
by his hand, For this is heav-en's bor-der-land. Oh, Beu-lah Land, sweet Beu-lah Land, As
fad-ing grow, Where streams of life for-ev-er flow.
white-robed throng Join in the sweet re-demption song.

on thy high-est mount I stand, I look a-way a-cross the sea, Where man-sions are pre-

pared for me, And view the shin - ing glo - ry shore, My heav'n, my home for ev - er-more.

OLIVET.

DR. L. MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart; My zeal in - spire; As thou hast died for me, Oh, may my love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be—A liv - ing fire.
3. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis - tress remove; Oh, bear me safe above—A ran-somed soul.

ASK, SEEK, KNOCK.

J. H. F.

Soprano.

1. Ask, for Je - sus loves to give; Humble pray'r he will receive.
2. Seek, the way you shall not lose, If the path to heav'n you choose;
3. Knock, the door shall open wide; Je - sus on the oth-er side,

Alto.

1. Ask, for . . . Je - sus loves to give; Hum - ble pray'r he will receive.
2. Seek, the . . . way you shall not lose, If the path to heav'n you choose;

Softly.

Ask Him for your dai - ly bread— On your heart His grace to shed;
Christ will lead your weary feet, To the pastures fresh and sweet,
Hears you at the heav'nly gate. "Come," he says, "you need not wait;

Ask Him . . . for you dai - ly bread, On your heart his grace to shed.
Christ will . . . lead your wea-ry feet, To the pastures fresh and sweet,

Ask Him that your lives may be . . . . . Ho - ly, humble, Christ-like, free.
Where the si-lent waters flow; . . . . . Seek, and you the way shall know.
Hith - er, happy children, come;" . . . . . Je - sus calls you, welcome home!

Ask Him that your lives may be Ho - - ly, humble, Christ-like, free.
Where the si-lent wa-ters flow, Seek, and you the way shall know.

Ask Him that your lives may be Ho-ly, humble, Christ-like, free.
Where the si-lent waters flow; Seek, and you the way shall know.
Hith-er, hap-py children, come;" Je-sus calls you, welcome home!

Ask Him . . that your lives may be Ho - - - - ly, humble, Christ-like, free.
Where the . . si - lent wa-ters flow, Seek, and you the way shall know.

SHALL WE GLADLY MEET?

REV. JOS. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.

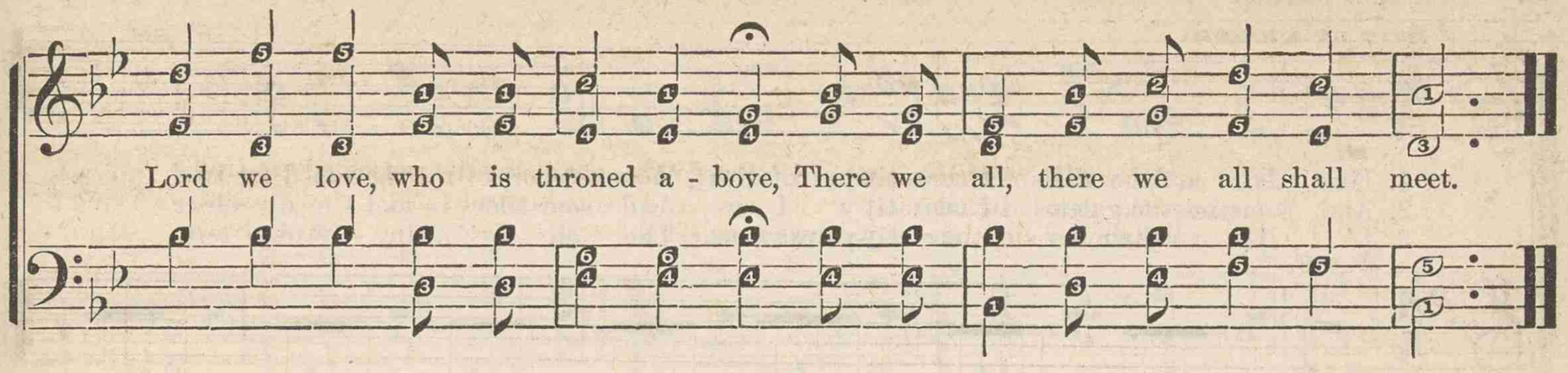
1. Shall we glad - ly meet, shall we glad - ly meet, On the bright and the hap - py shore?
2. Shall we joy - ful stand, shall we joy - ful stand, And the throne of the Lamb sur-round?
3. Shall we rest in heav'n, shall we rest in heav'n, When the toil and the task are done?

Shall we see and greet, shall we see and greet, Lov - ing friends that have gone be - fore?
With a harp in hand, with a harp in hand, And with light and with glo - ry crowned?
Will a crown be giv'n, will a crown be giv'n, When the race we have ful - ly run?

REFRAIN.

Yes, we all shall meet, Yes, we all shall meet, If the
Yes, we all shall meet, shall meet, Yes, we all shall meet, shall meet,

From "Good News." By per. O. DITSON & Co.



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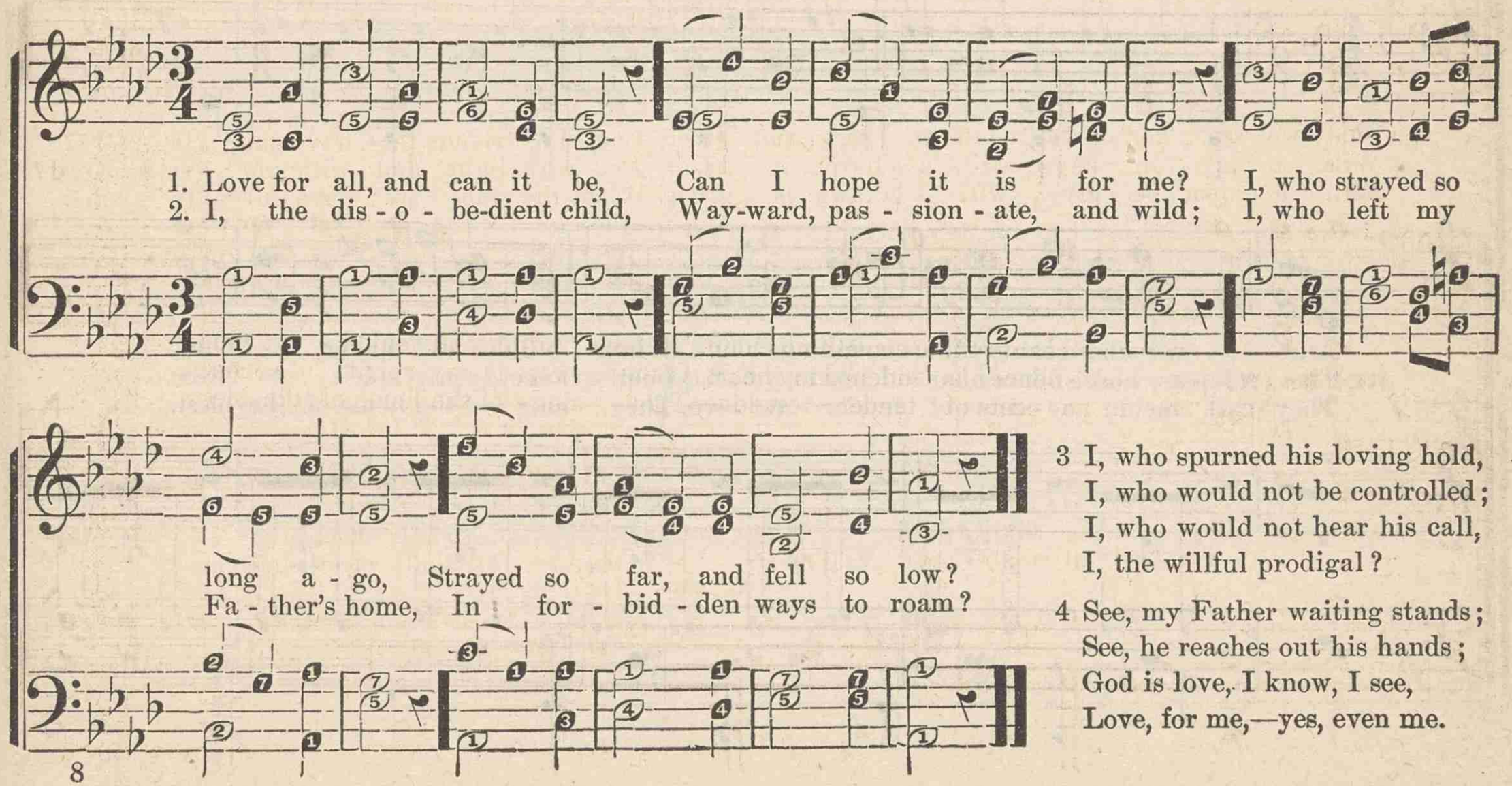

3 I, who spurned his loving hold,
I, who would not be controlled;
I, who would not hear his call,
I, the willful prodigal?

4 See, my Father waiting stands;
See, he reaches out his hands;
God is love, I know, I see,
Love, for me,—yes, even me.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON.

SWEET HOME OF REST.

J. H. ROSECRANS. By per.

Solo or Unison.

1. How fair are the walls of that cit-y of light, Whose streets by the ransomed are trod,
2. And sometimes the gates of that cit-y I see, And sometimes in mel - o - dy clear
3. I list to their mu - sic, the cit-y draws near, The cit - y of in - fi-nite rest,

And o - ver whose beauty there cometh no cloud, Whose builder and maker is God.
The voic - es, whose silence has saddened my heart, Comes sweet-ly my spirit to cheer.
They call me in ac - cents of tender - est love, They sing of the home of the blest.

CHORUS.

O home! Sweet home of rest! Home of the sin - less, home of the blest!

O home!

O home! Sweet home of rest! Home of the sin - less, home of the blest!

O home! Sweet home of rest! Home, sweet home!

O home!

O home! Sweet home of rest! Home, sweet home!

Words and Music by

IS IT FAR?

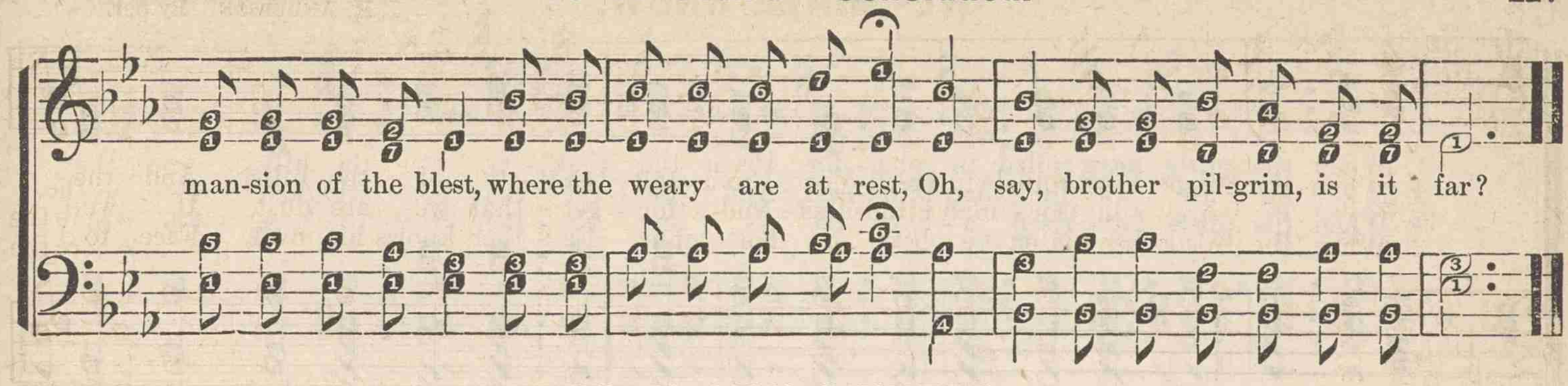
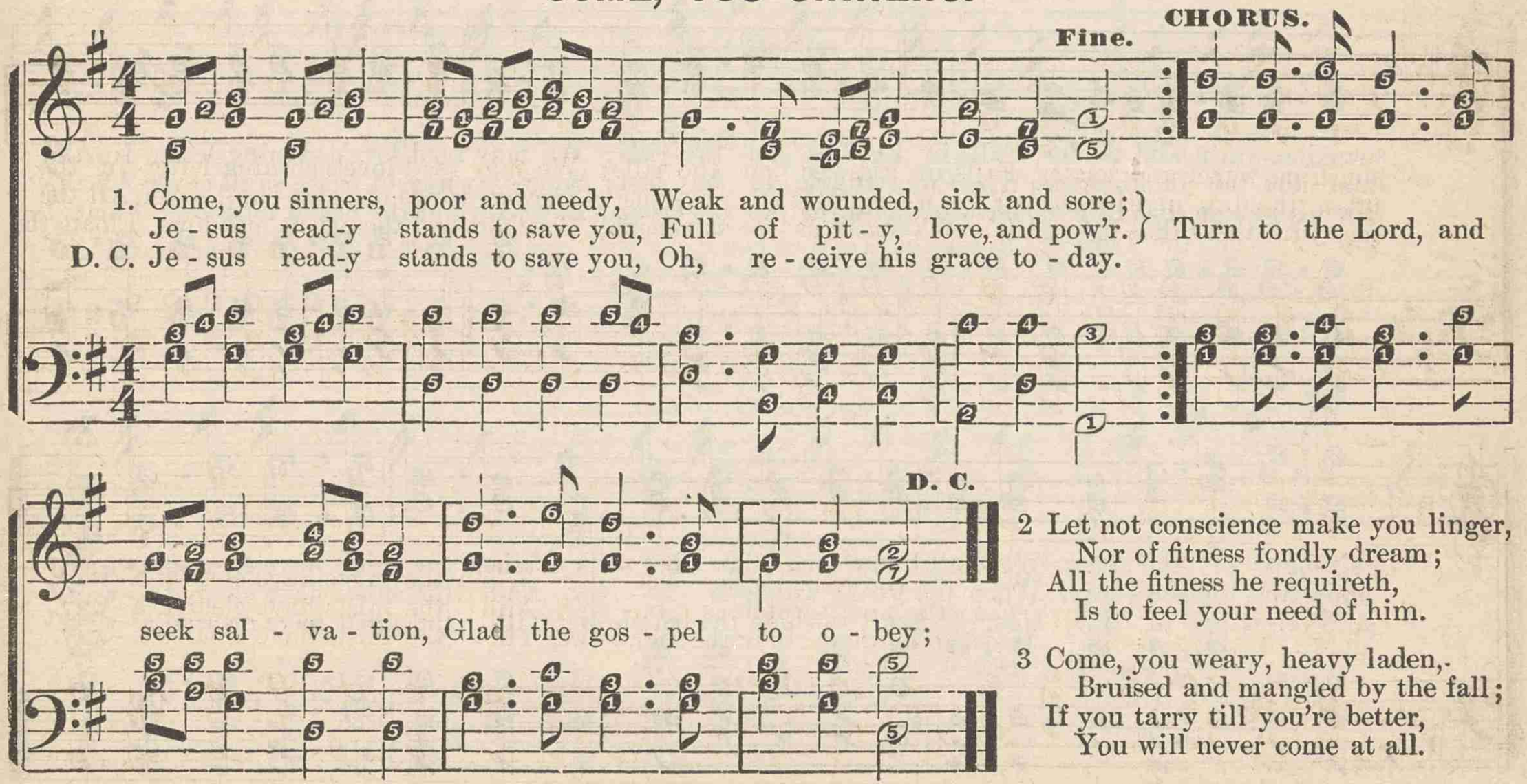
KNOWLES SHAW. By per.

1. Is it far to the land of rest? Where the wea-ry feet shall nev-er, nev-er roam, To the
2. Is it far to that peaceful shore? Where the ach-ing heart shall sorrow not a-gain, Where the
3. Is it far to the plains of light? To that cit-y with its jas-per walls a-glow, Where the

CHORUS.

mansions of the pure and the blest, Where we all shall meet at home? Is it far? Is it
friends who meet shall part never more, But with Christ forev-er reign?
glo-ry of the Lord is the light, To that home say will you go? Is it far to that beautiful

far? Will you tell me, broth-er pil-grim, is it far? To that
home of the blest? is it far?

IS IT FAR? Concluded.

COME, YOU SINNERS.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him.

3 Come, you weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

WE SHALL KNOW.

J. H. ANDERSON. By per.

1. When the mists have rolled in splen - dor From the beau - ty of the hills, And the
2. If we are in hu - man blind-ness, And for - get that we are dust, If we
3. When the mists have risen a - bove us, As our Fa - ther knows his own, Face to

sunshine, warm and tender, Falls in kiss - es on the rills; We may read love's shining letter In the
miss the law of kindness, When we struggle to be just; Snow-y wings of peace shall cover All the
face with those that love us, *We shall know as we are known;* Love, beyond the orient meadows, Floats the

rain-bow of the spray, We shall know each other bet - ter When the mists have cleared a - way.
plain that hides a - way, When the weary watch is o - ver, And the mists have cleared a - way.
gold - en fringe of day, Heart to heart we bide the shad-ows, Till the mists have cleared a - way.

REFRAIN.

We shall know . . as we are known, . . Nev-er - more . . to walk a-lone, In the
We shall know as we are known, Nevermore to walk alone,

dawn - ing of the morn - ing, When the mists . . have cleared away; In the
In the dawning When the mists have cleared away;

dawn - - ing of the morn - ing, When the mists . . . have cleared away,
In the dawning When the mists have cleared away.

Rit.

OH, SING PRAISES.

J. H LESLIE By per.

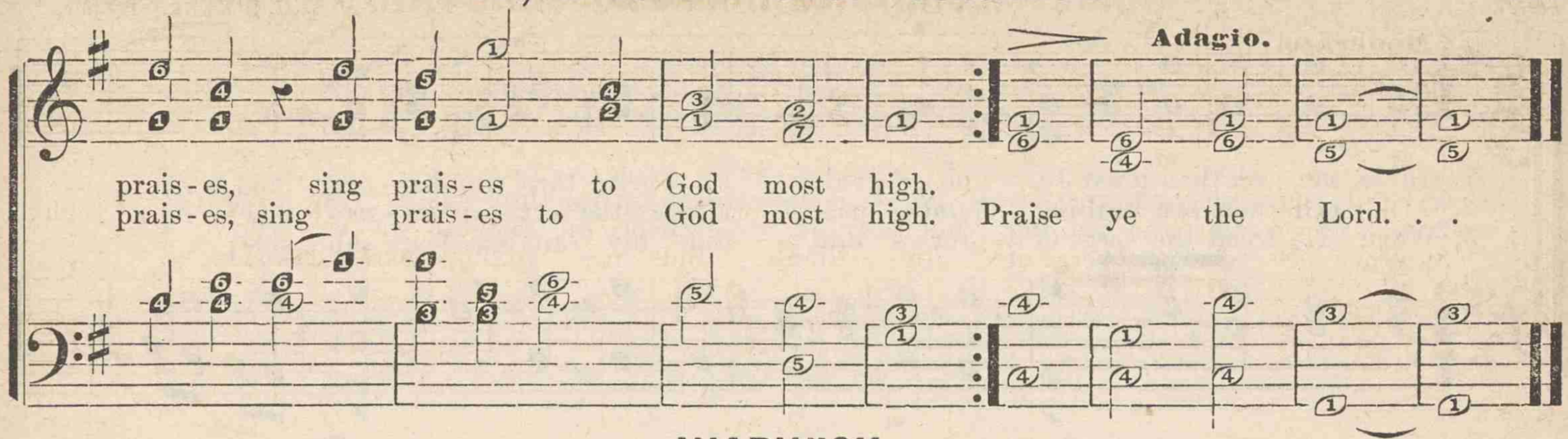
Moderato.

Oh, sing praises, praises, Oh, sing praises, praises, Oh, sing prais - es to God most high;

For his good - ness and com - pas - sion is be - stowed up - on his

chil - dren; Oh, sing prais - es, sing prais - es, sing prais - es, sing

prais - es, Oh, sing prais - es, sing



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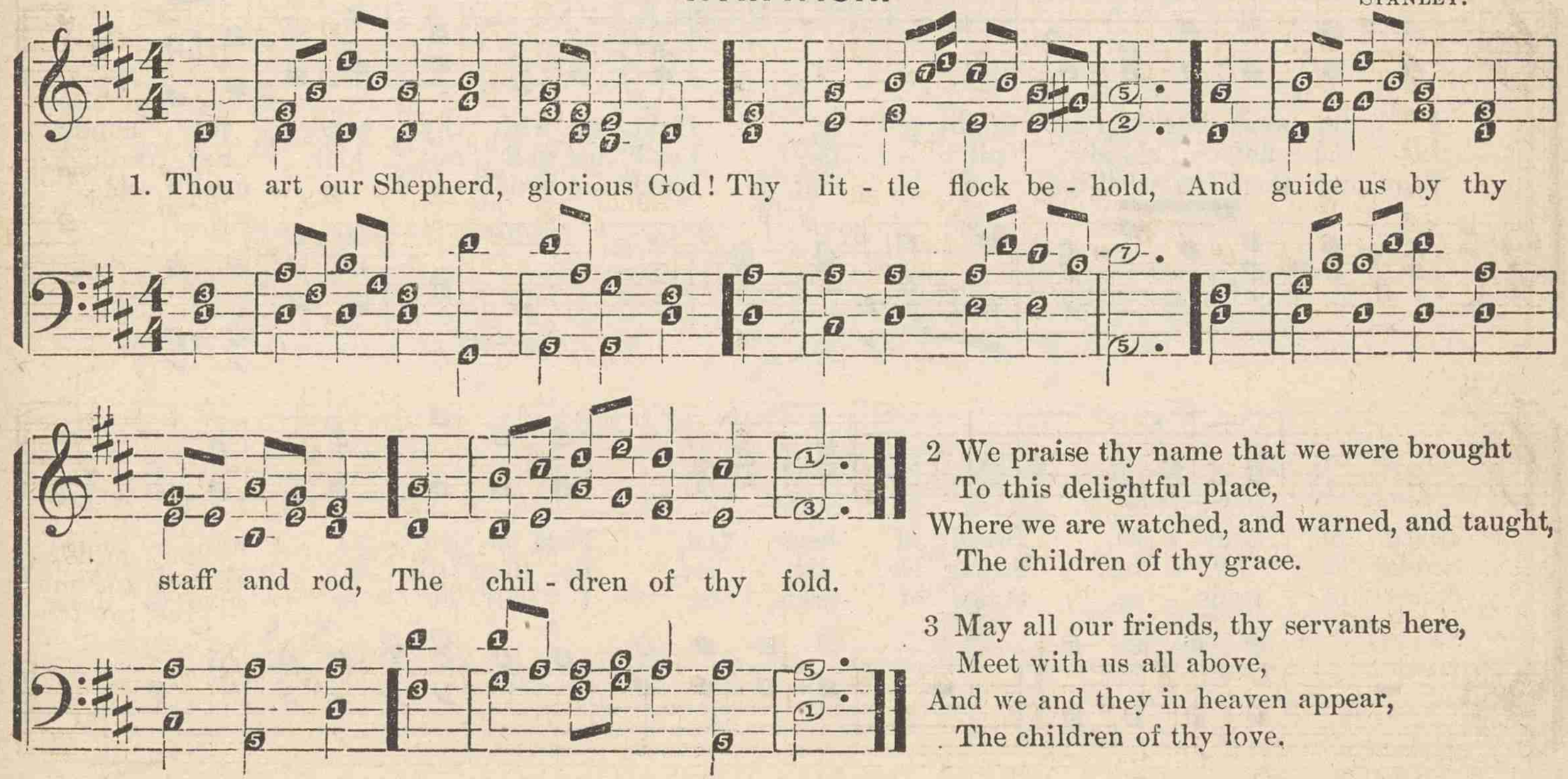

2 We praise thy name that we were brought
To this delightful place,
Where we are watched, and warned, and taught,
The children of thy grace.

3 May all our friends, thy servants here,
Meet with us all above,
And we and they in heaven appear,
The children of thy love.

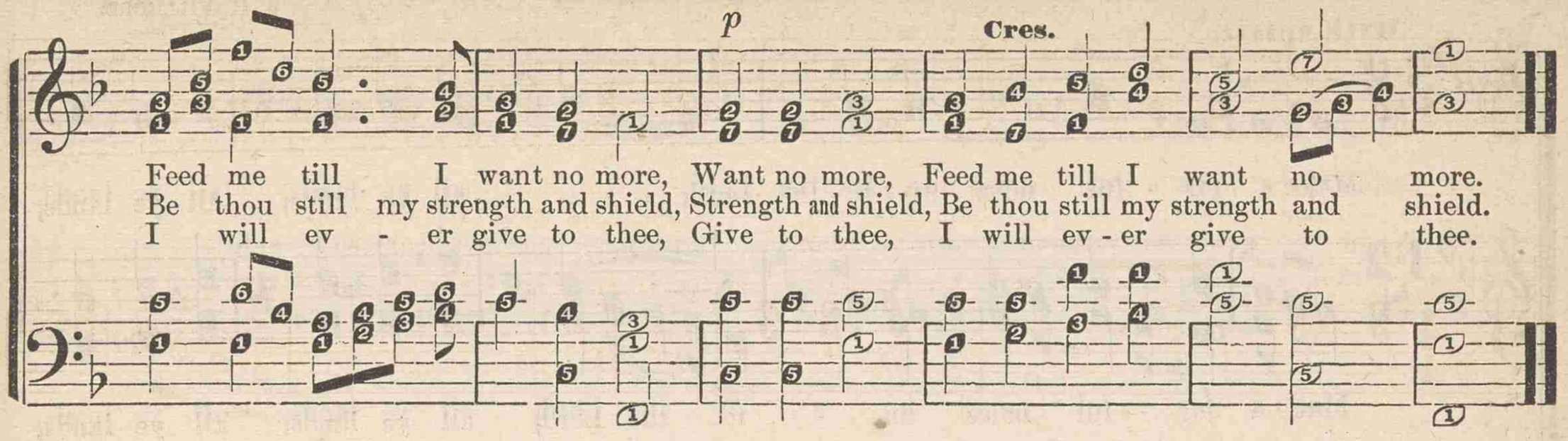
GUIDE ME, OH THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

T. C. O'KANE. By per.

1. Guide me, oh thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land; . . .
2. O - pen now the heal-ing fount - ain, Whence the crys-tal wa - ters flow; . . .
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anxious fears sub - side; . . .

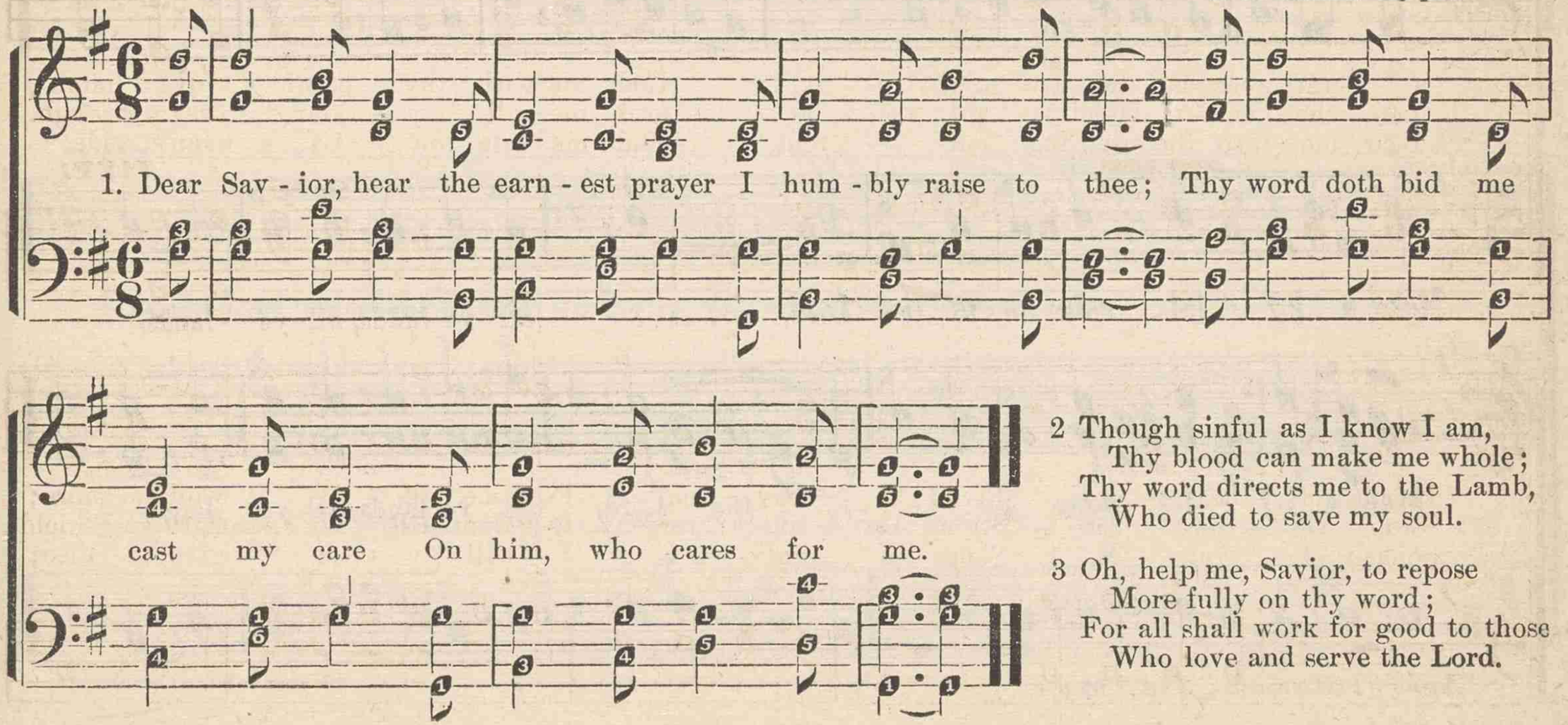
I am weak, but thou art might - y, Hold me with thy pow'r - ful hand.
Let the fier - y, cloud-y pil - lar, Lead me all my jour - ney through.
Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur - rent, Land me safe on Ca - naan's side.

Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more;
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be thou still my strength and shield;
Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es, I will ev - er give to thee;



EARNEST PRAYER.

J. H. LESLIE. By per.



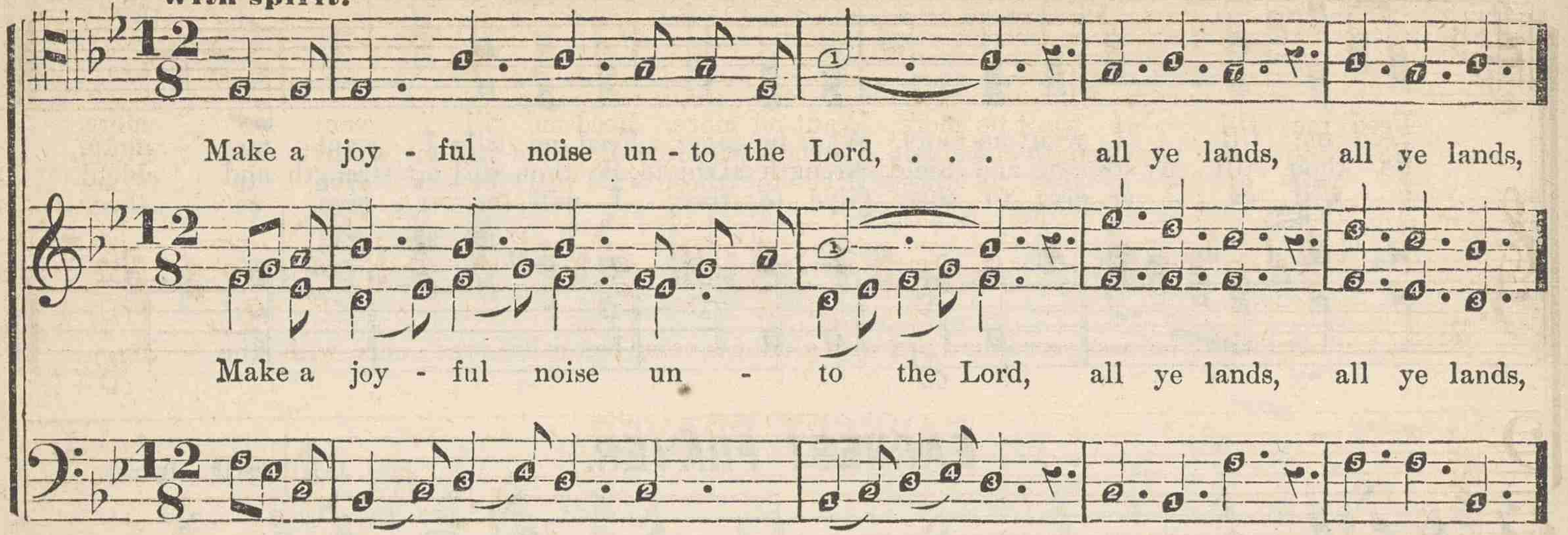
2 Though sinful as I know I am,
Thy blood can make me whole;
Thy word directs me to the Lamb,
Who died to save my soul.

3 Oh, help me, Savior, to repose
More fully on thy word;
For all shall work for good to those
Who love and serve the Lord.

MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE.

J. H. FILLMORE.

With spirit.



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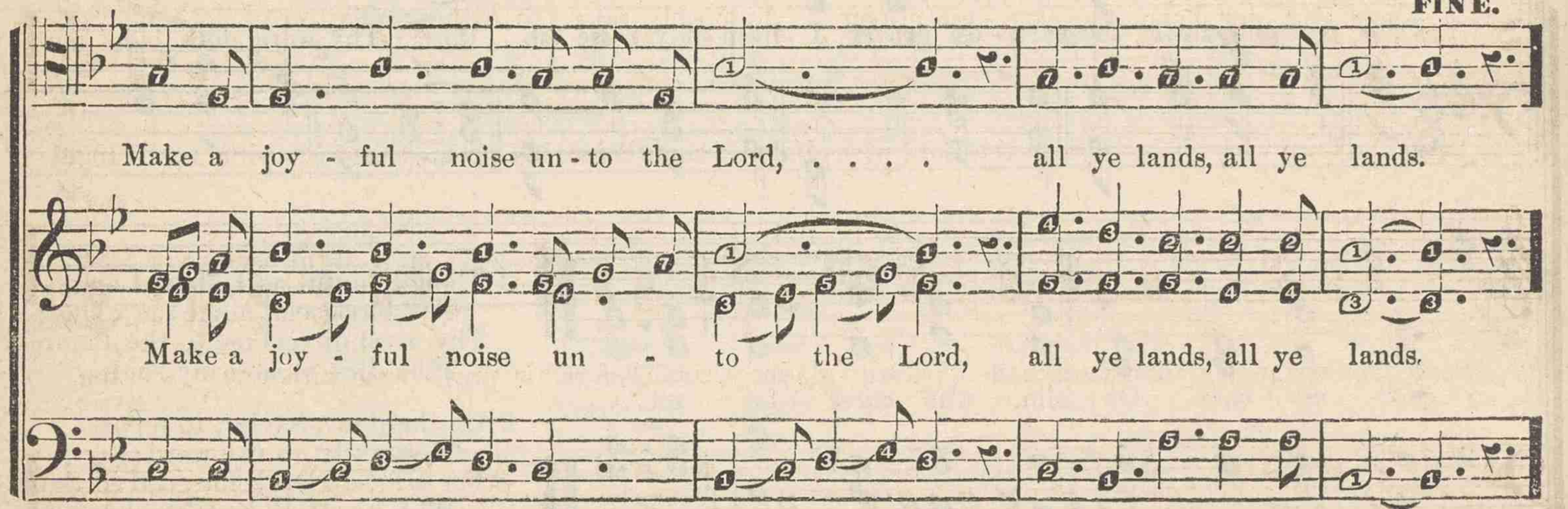
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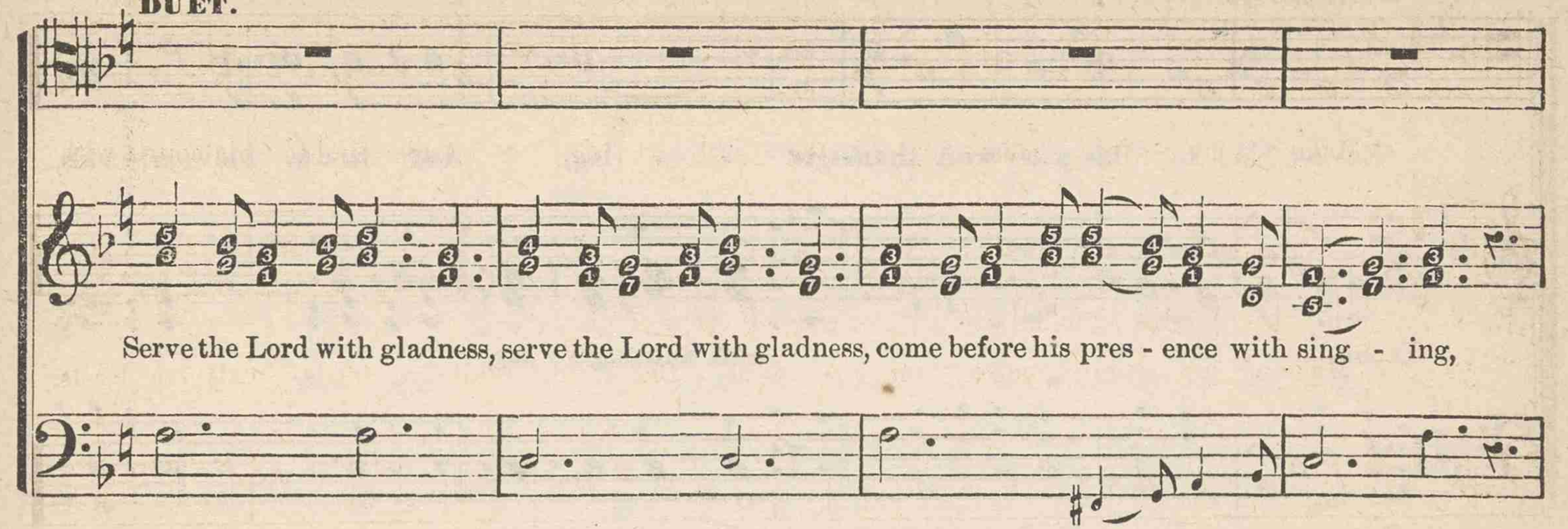

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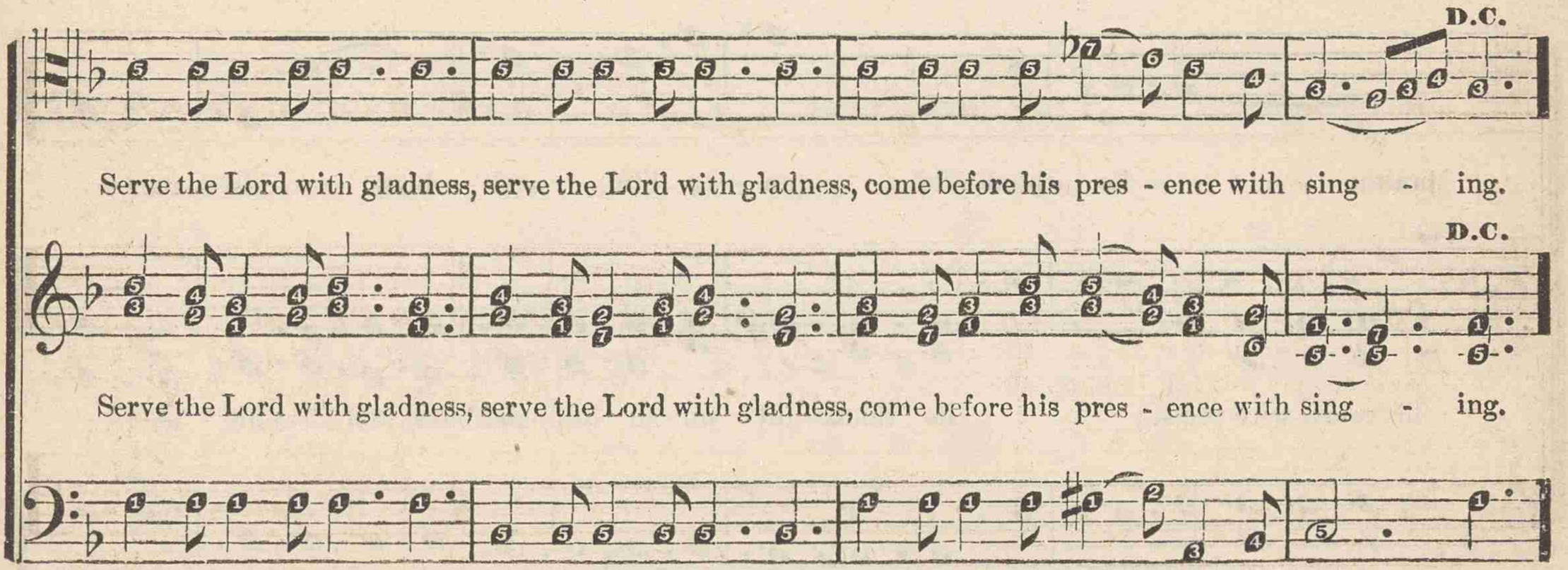
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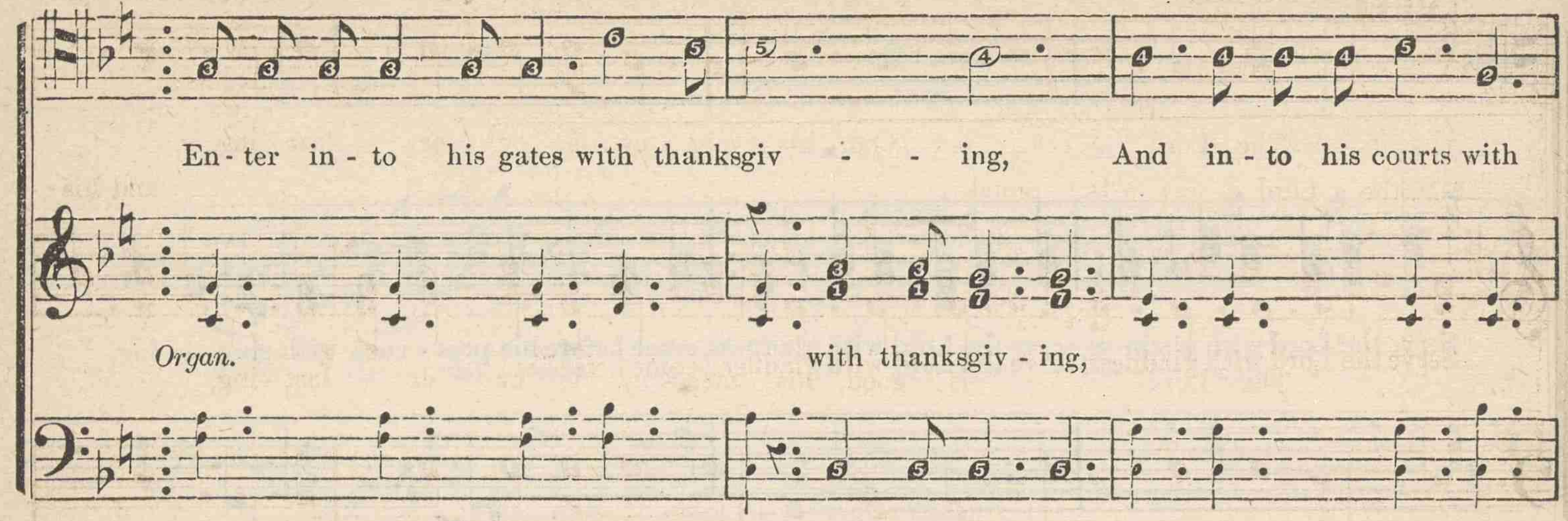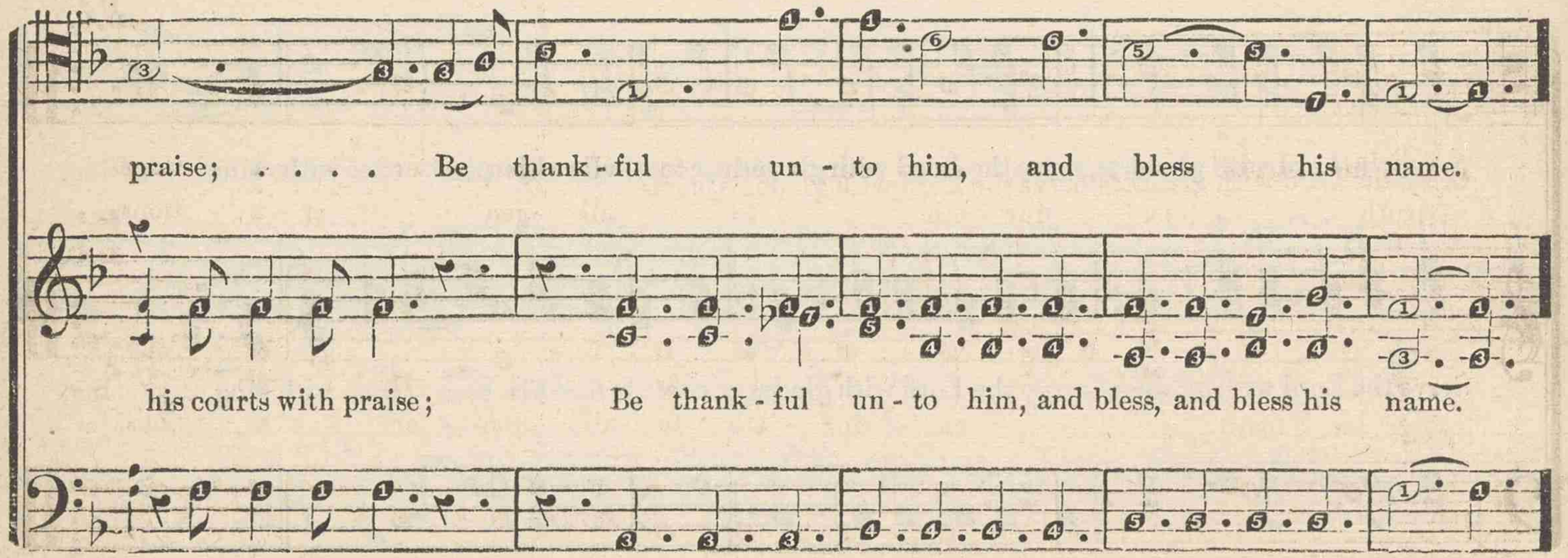
The Lord is good, his mer - cy is ev - er - last - ing,

For the Lord is good, . . . and his

The Lord is good, his mer - cy is ev - er - last - ing,

his truth en - dur - eth to all gen - er - a - tions.

truth . . . en - dur - eth to all gen - - er - a - tions.

D.C.

his truth en - dur - eth to all gen - er - a - tions.

D.C.

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