

FILLMORES' WOMEN'S CHOIR

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 Combined.

528 Elm Street,
CINCINNATI, O.

The Fillmore Bros. Co.

41-43 Bible House,
NEW YORK.

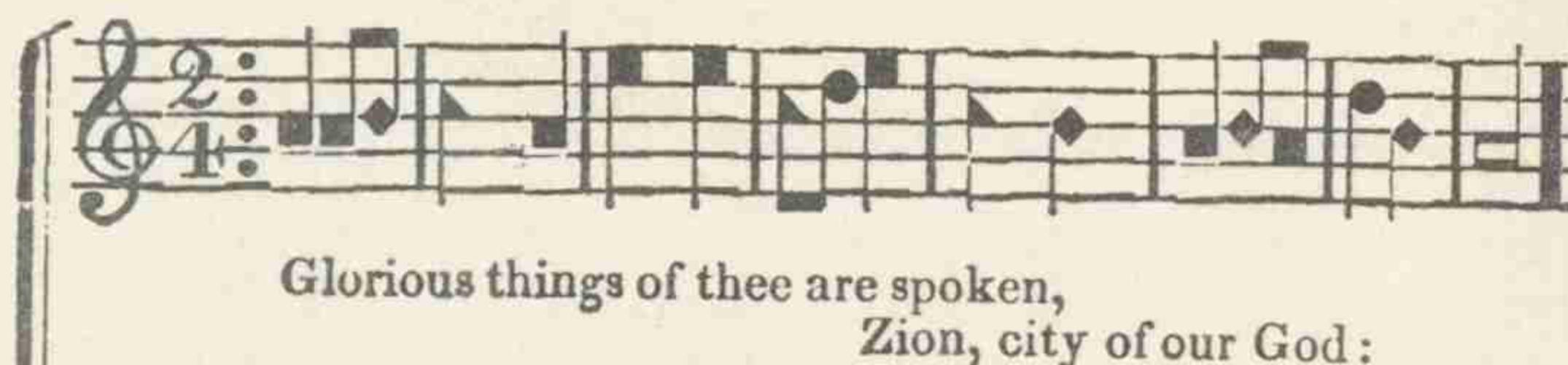
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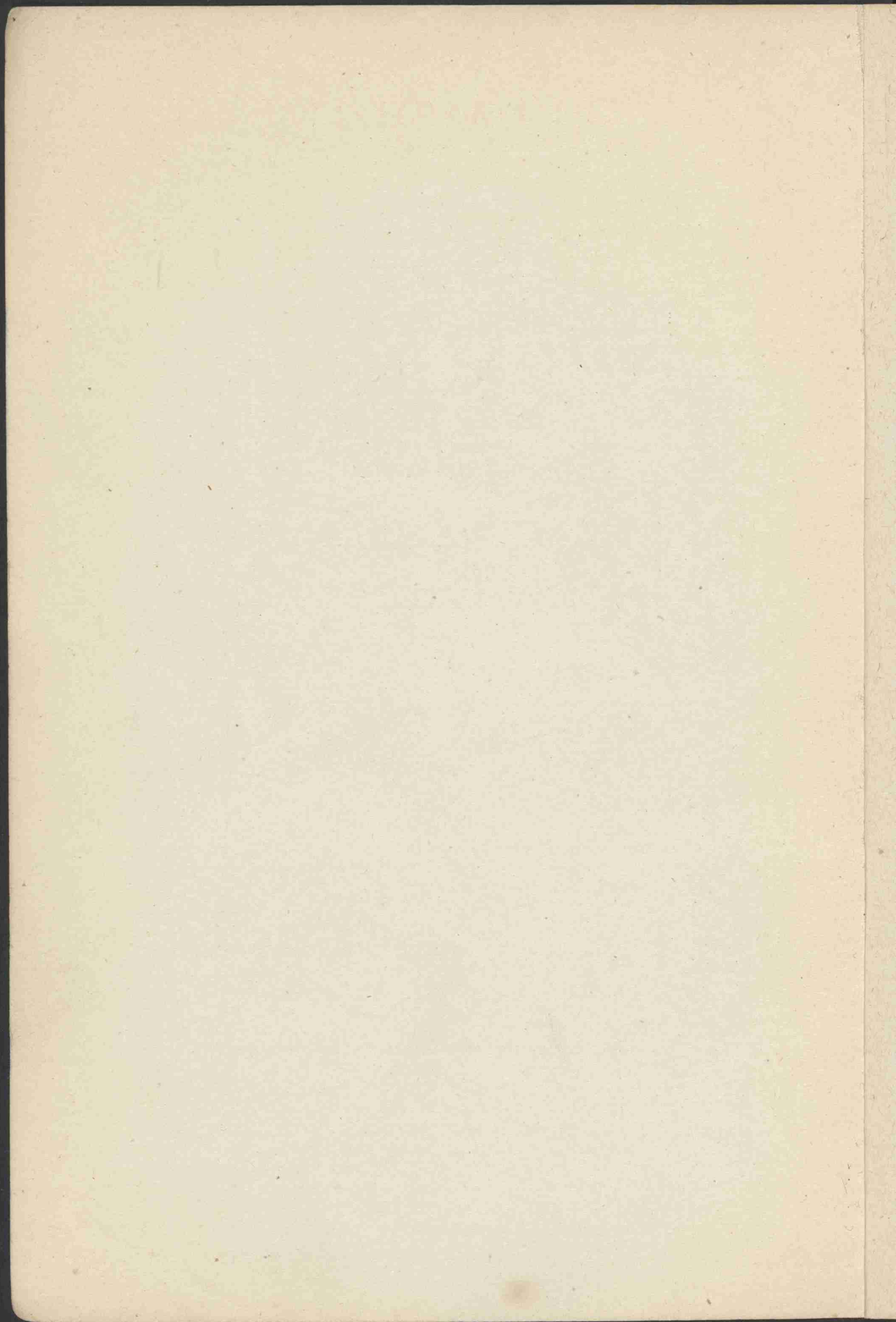
BISHOP ROBERT WESTLY PEACH
COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC
AND
HYMNOLOGY

ACQUIRED BY THE
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FILLMORES' WOMEN'S CHOIR

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 Combined.

A COLLECTION OF
GOSPEL SONGS FOR FEMALE QUARTETTS
AND CHORUSES.

... BY ...

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

PRICE, 35 CENTS.

THE FILLMORE BROTHERS COMPANY,
528 ELM STREET, Publishers.
CINCINNATI, O.

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NEW YORK.

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Hymn

1901

F. H. B.

27

(211)

FILLMORES' WOMEN'S CHOIR.



No. 1. In That City Over There.

MRS. W. A. HOLT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. O - ver in the distance yonder Gleams a cit - y bright and fair;
2. I can see the spires all shining, Of its pal - ac - es so old,
3. In that cit - y rich with treasure, Want and pov - er - ty ne'er come;
4. And the cit - y, full of glo - ry, Shall in beauty ev - er shine,



And I oft - en fond - ly wonder, Who of earth are dwelling there.
Gleaming in the light e - ter - nal, Of the sunset's burnished gold.
For its wealth no hand can measure—In this happy, hap - py home.
While redemption's precious sto - ry Echoes down the years of time.



CHORUS.



But it always comes to me, Tho' their forms I can - not see,
cannot, cannot see;



That the hosts of earth are there, In that cit - y bright and fair.
so bright and fair.



No. 2. To-day.

ADAM CRAIG.

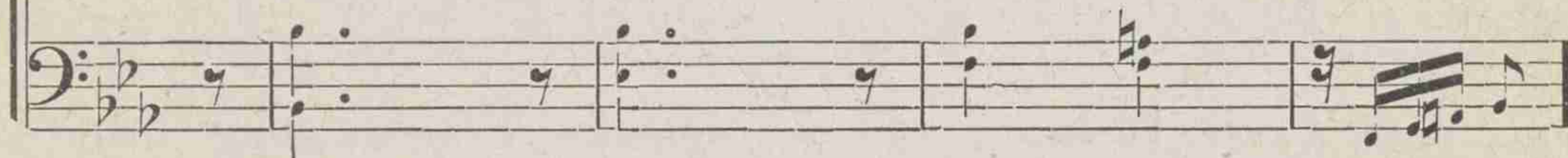
DR. S. B. JACKSON.



1. Do all the good you can to-day, The world is full of sor - row;
2. Do something now for those in need, To worthy friend or neigh-bor;
3. Do all things Christ would have you do; Forgive—you'll be for-giv - en!



Do all the good you can to-day, You may not see to - mor - row.
Do something for the helpless poor—The Lord will bless your la - bor.
Do ev-'rything for Jesus' sake—'Twill make the earth like heav - en.



CHORUS.



To-day, to - day, Do a kind - ly fa - vor! For
To - day, to - day,



that's the way to show your love, For Je-sus Christ, the Sav-iour.



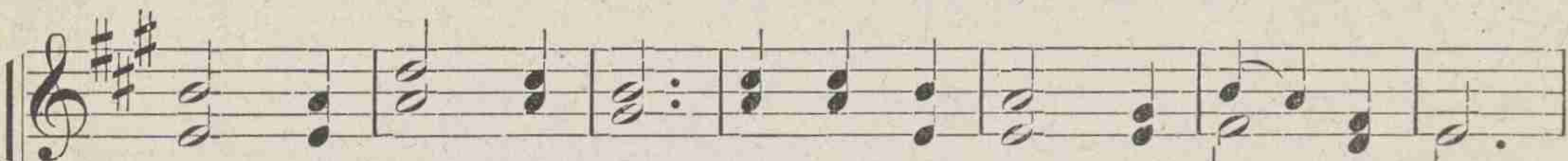
No. 3. Come, Power of God.

DR. E. H. STOKES.

WM. G. FISCHER.



1. Come, power of God, come power di - vine; Come to this
2. Come, for I need Thee, need Thee now; Come soothe my
3. Noth - ing I crave on earth but Thee, Noth - ing: oh,
4. It is not joy, so much I crave, But 'tis Thy-



throb - ing heart of mine; Come, still my spir - it; come to me;
heart, and bathe my brow; Come, O Thou bless - ed Lord di - vine,
give Thy - self to me; I can - not live, I dare not die
self; Lord, come and save, Oh, save me ful - ly, save me now;



CHORUS.

Come, power of God, bring lib - er - ty.
And lift this sink - ing heart of mine. Come, power of God, con -
With - out the fa - vor of Thine eye.
Come, cleanse my heart, and seal my brow.



sume my sin! Oh, come and make me pure with - in; Come, Spir - it,



come, Oh, come to me: Bring life, and power, and vic - to - ry.



No. 4. We Like Stars May Shine.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

GEO. H. CROSBY.



1. In that wondrous home di-vine, We like brightest stars may
2. Let us search with tender care, On the mountains cold and
3. Oh! the val - ue of a soul! Let this thought our acts con-



shine, While the ev - er bliss - ful years shall go and
bare, For the wan - der - ers from Je - sus far a-
trol, Let us strive with all our pow - ers souls to



come, If from out the fields of sin Ma-ny precious souls we
way; Lead them from the pathway cold, To the shel-ter of the
win; Nev-er hold our skirts a-side From a soul for whom He



win, We may shine like stars for - ev - er in that home.
fold, That to - geth - er we may shine in that glad day.
died, But work on un - til the last is gathered in.



We Like Stars May Shine. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - - jah! we may shine, Like the stars . . .
 Hallelujah! we may shine, shine, shine, Like the stars

for - ev - er shine, If from byways cold and dim We the
 for - ev - er shine, shine, shine,

ma-ny bring to Him, We may shine like stars for-ev-er in that home.

No. 5. The Last Song.

Arr.

G.

1. The winds are hushed; the peaceful moon Looks down on Zion's hill;
 2. How soft, how ho - ly is the light! But hark! a sweet, low song,
 3. 'Tis Je - sus and His faithful few That soul-deep hymn who pour;

The cit - y sleeps, 'tis night's calm noon And all the streets are still.
 As gen-tle as the dews of night Floats on the air a - long.
 O Christ! may we the song renew, And learn to love Thee more.

No. 6. The Kingdom of the Lord.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

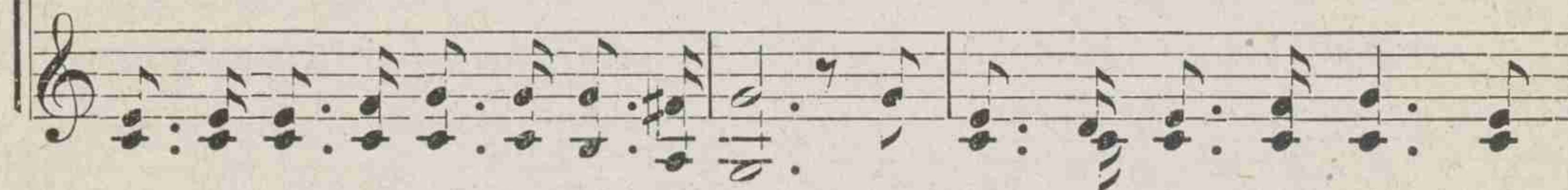
J. H. FILLMORE.



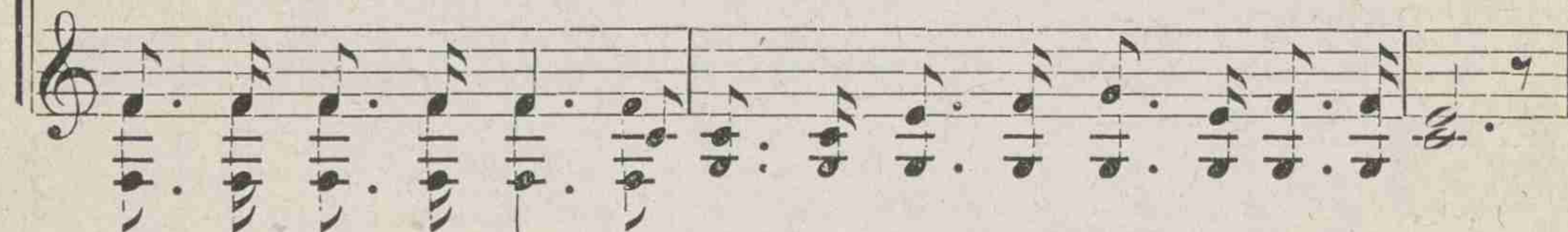
1. The king-dom of the Lord Is com-ing in the world, His
2. The king-dom of the Lord! Let ev-'ry sol-dier true, Be
3. The king-dom of the Lord! Oh, speed the bless-ed time When



word thro' all the earth has gone abroad; The trump has sounded forth, The in - stant at his gracious Leader's call; And tho' the strife be long, The vic - to - ry from ev-'ry voice shall swell; And 'neath the reign of peace, E-



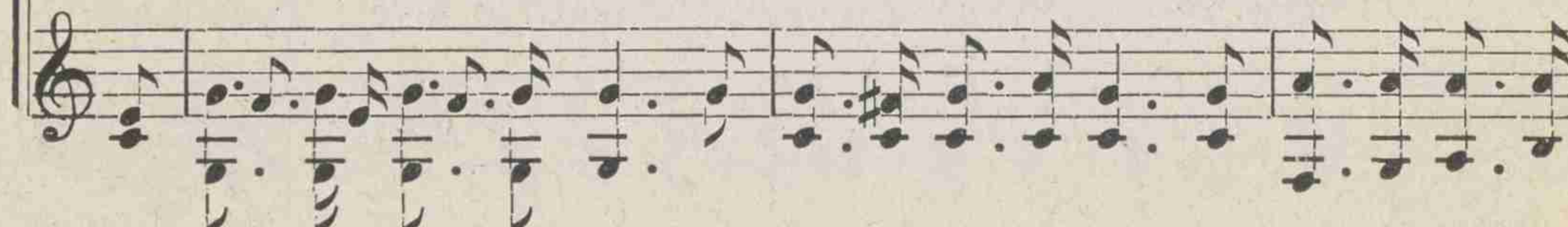
ban - ner is unfurled, And gath'ring fast are all the hosts of God. tri-umph stands in view, And ev - 'rywhere the holds of Sa - tan fall. ter - nal and sublime, His faith - ful ones for ev - ermore shall dwell.



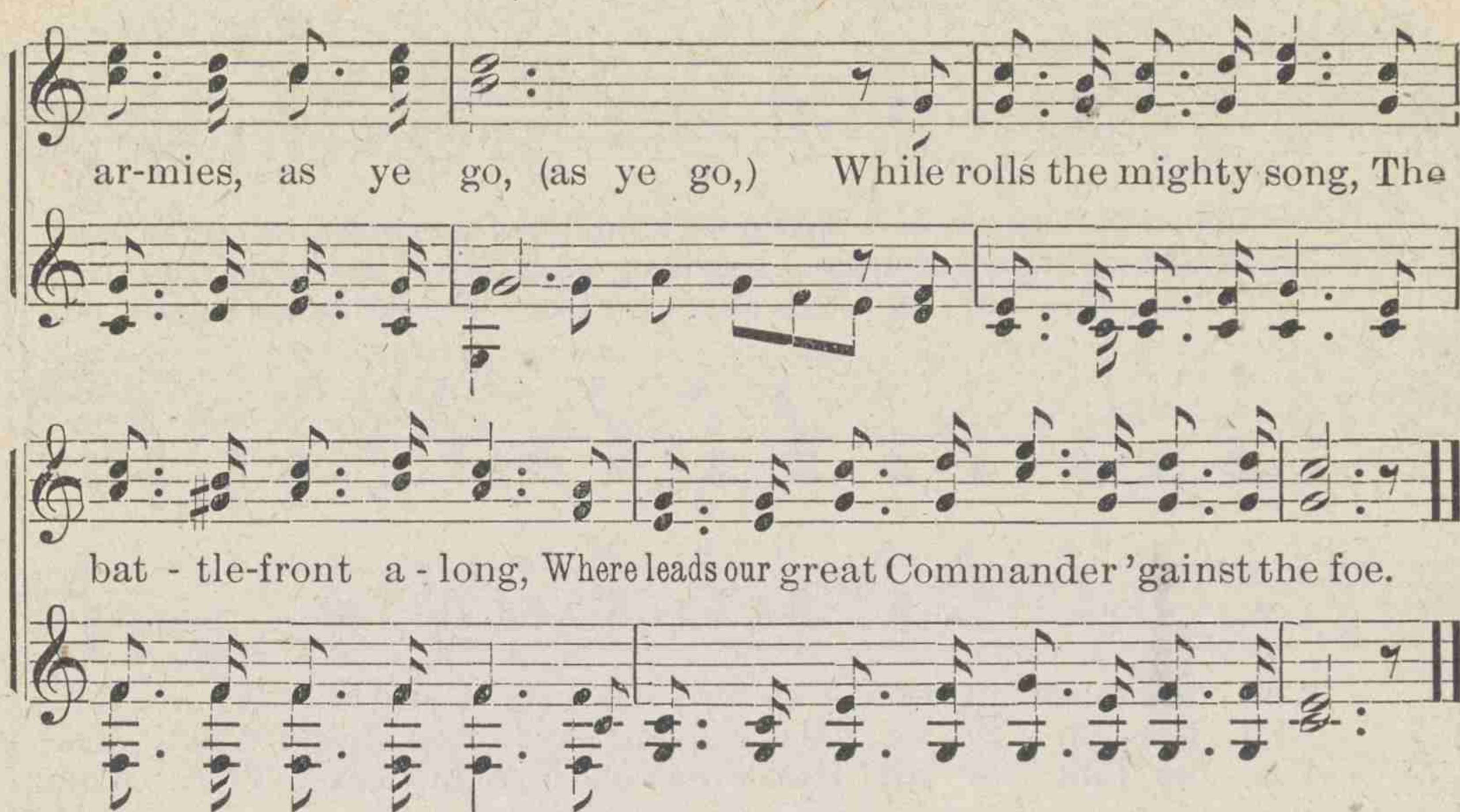
CHORUS.



The king-dom of the Lord, The kingdom of the Lord, Oh, shout, ye conquering



The Kingdom of the Lord. Concluded.



ar-mies, as ye go, (as ye go,) While rolls the mighty song, The
bat - tle-front a - long, Where leads our great Commander 'gainst the foe.

No. 7. Wait, Work, Pray.

ADAM CRAIG.

ORAN WILLIAMS.



1. Are you doubting? God still reigns! Thro' the darkness, Hope remains!
2. Don't stop working! God says "work," Do your duty— Nev - er shirk.
3. Don't stop praying—God says "pray," He will nev-er An - swer "nay."

REFRAIN.



In His own time and way, . . . He will clear the clouds a-
His time and way,
way, . . . And bright will be the way! . . . { Wait, wait, wait.
a - way, will be the way! { Work, work, work
Pray, pray, pray.

No. 8. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

B. M. J.

J. M. BLACK.



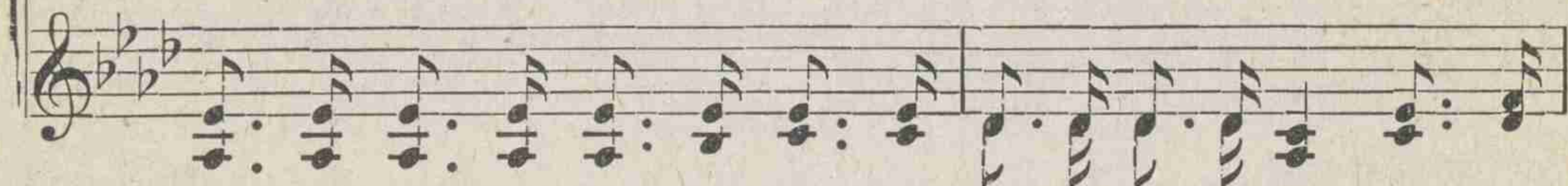
1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till setting sun,



And the morn - ing breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the
And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when



saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
chos - en ones shall gath - er to their home beyond the skies, And the
all of life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the



CHORUS.

roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll . . . is
roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
roll is called up yon - der, we'll be there. When the roll is



called up yon - der, When the roll . . . is called up
called up yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up



When the Roll is Called Up Yonder. Concluded.

yon - der, When the roll is called up
 yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

The musical notation consists of three staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). It contains a melody with a long note and a repeat sign. The second staff continues the melody with a repeat sign. The third staff continues the melody with a repeat sign.

No. 9. Pleyel's Hymn.

1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still reserved for me?
 2. I have long withstood His grace, Long provoked Him to His face;
 3. Now in - cline me to re - pent, Let me now my sins la - ment;

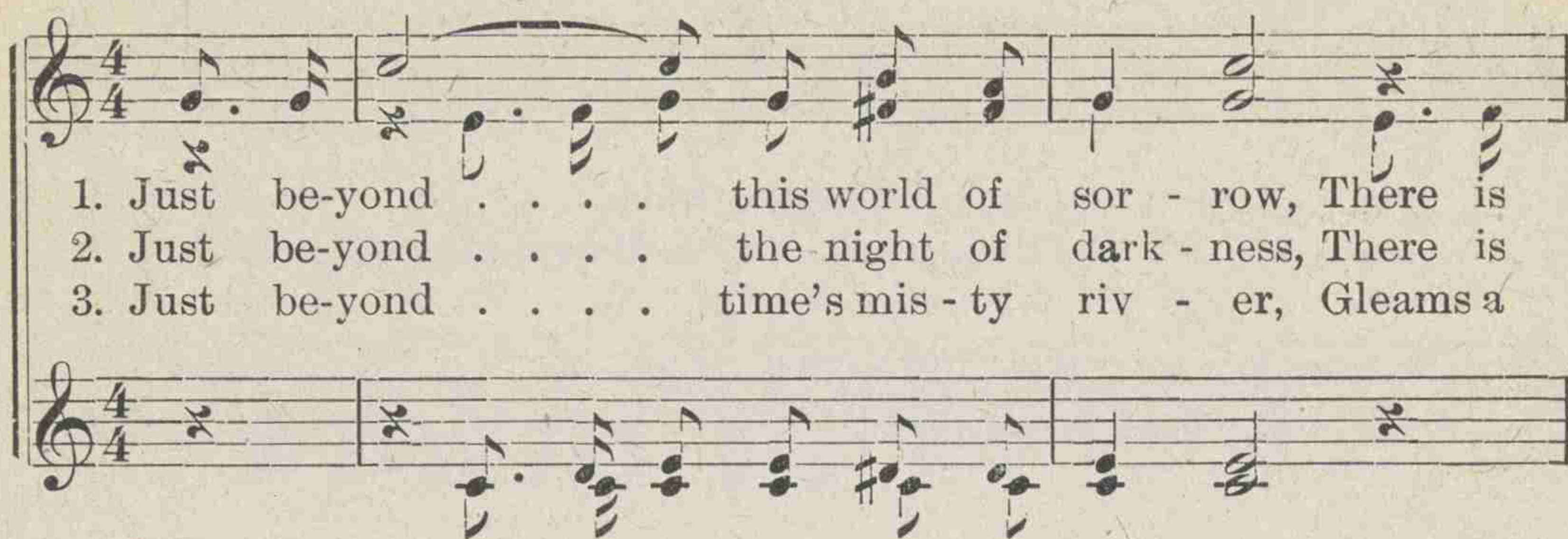
Can my God His wrath forbear,— Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
 Would not hearken to His calls, Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
 Now my foul re - volt de - plore, Weep, be - lieve, and sin no more.

The musical notation consists of three staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a melody with a long note and a repeat sign. The second staff continues the melody with a repeat sign. The third staff continues the melody with a repeat sign.

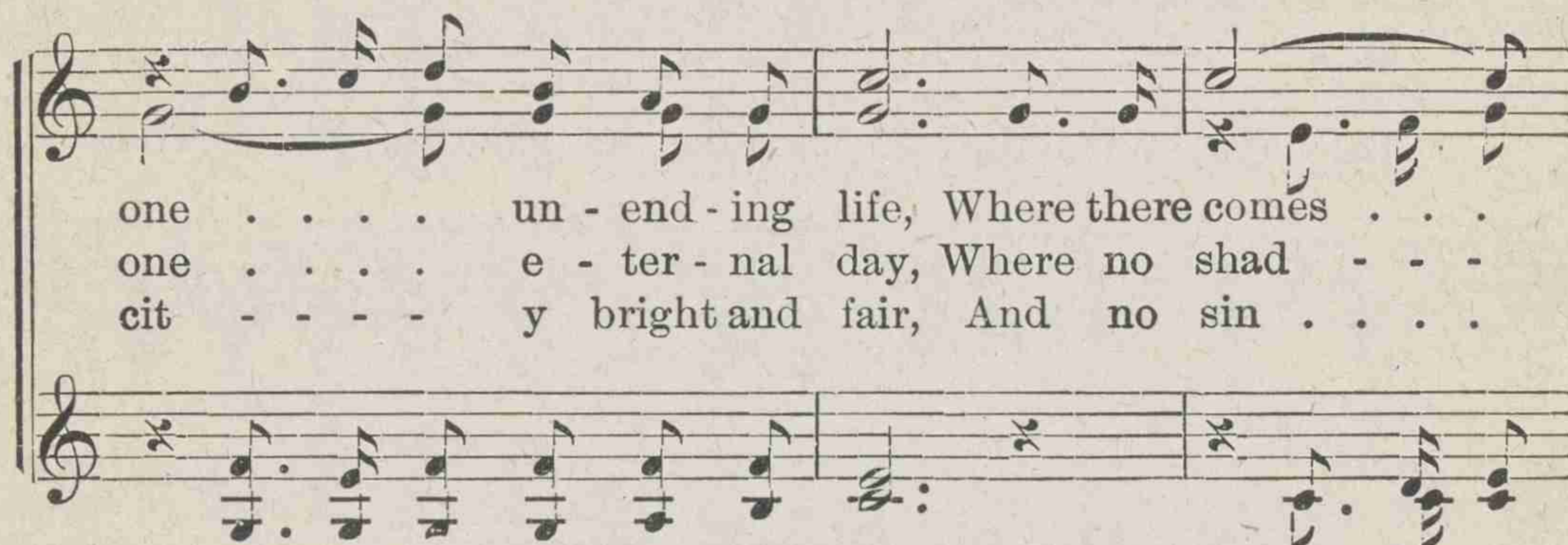
No. 10. Just Beyond.

MRS. M. A. HOLT.

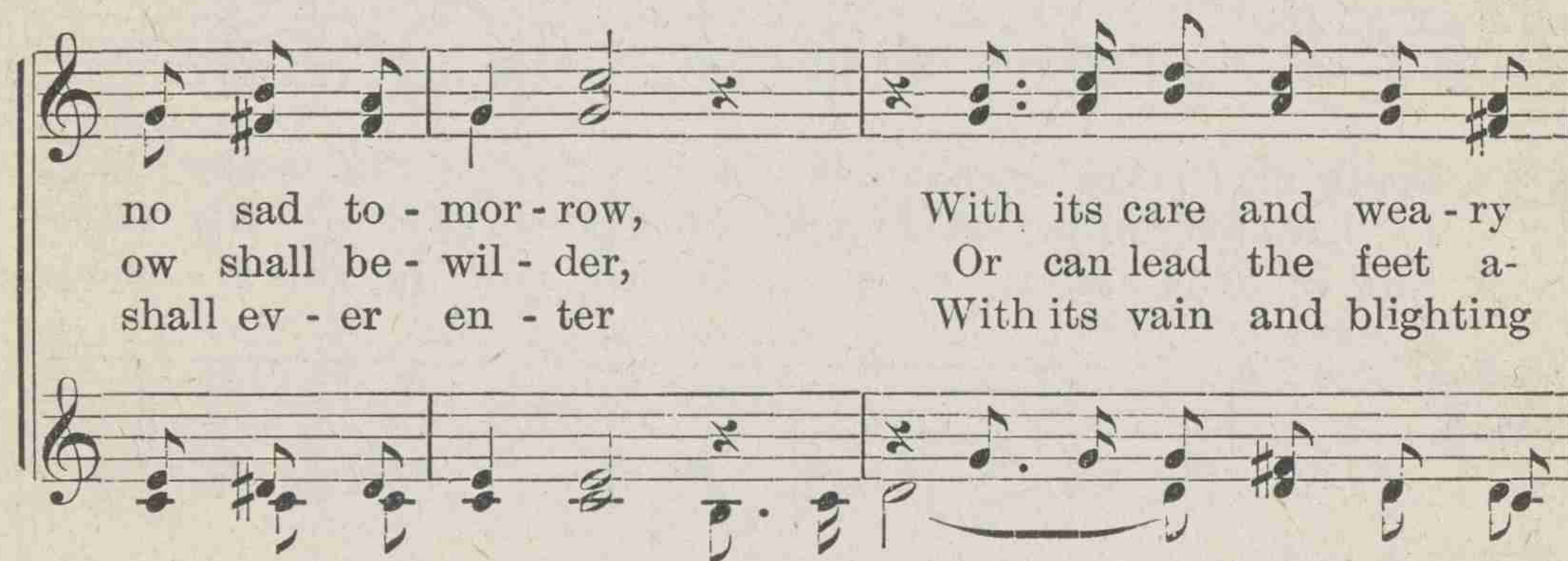
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Just be-yond this world of sor - row, There is
 2. Just be-yond the night of dark - ness, There is
 3. Just be-yond time's mis - ty riv - er, Gleams a



one un - end - ing life, Where there comes
 one e - ter - nal day, Where no shad - - -
 cit - - - - y bright and fair, And no sin



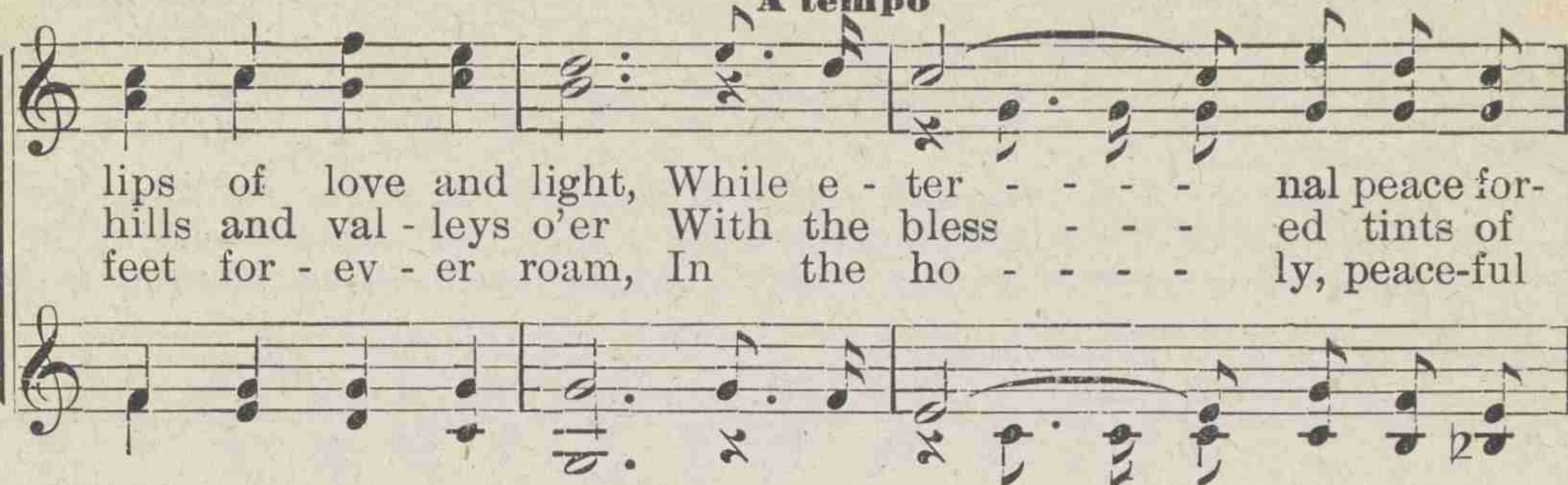
no sad to - mor - row, With its care and wea - ry
 ow shall be - wil - der, Or can lead the feet a -
 shall ev - er en - ter With its vain and blighting



strife; Where the hand of death shall nev - er Touch the
 stray; There life's fair e - ter - nal morn - ing Crowns the
 care; There up - on its streets of beau - ty, An - gel

Just Beyond. Concluded.

A tempo

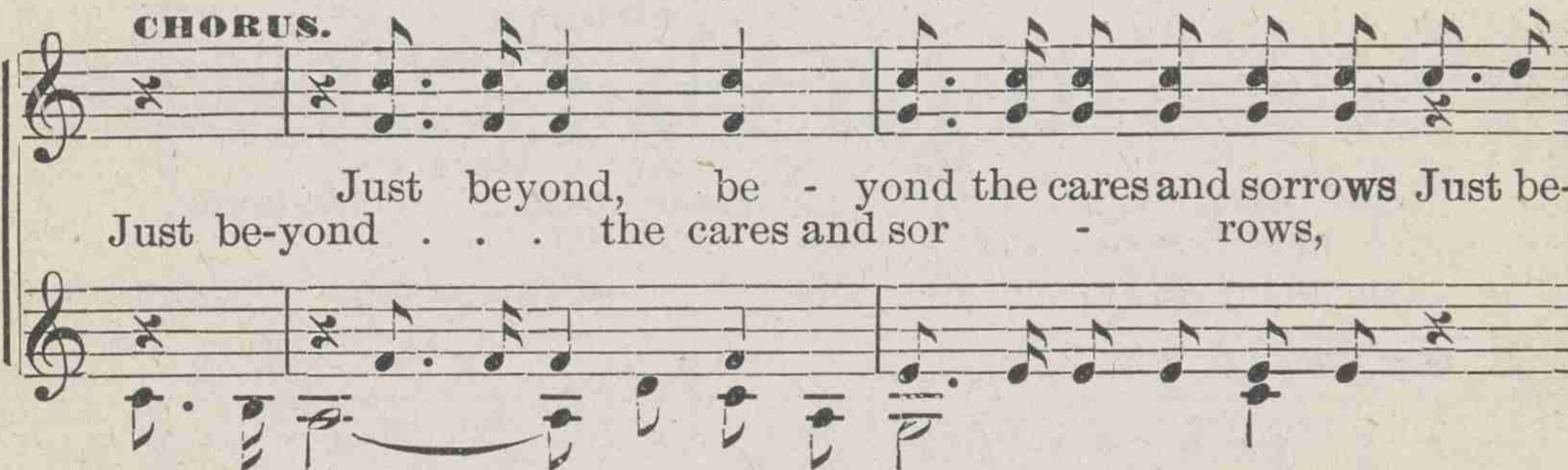


lips of love and light, While e - ter - - - - - nal peace for-
hills and val - leys o'er With the bless - - - - - ed tints of
feet for - ev - er roam, In the ho - - - - - ly, peace-ful



ev - er Thrills the soul with pure de - light.
sun - light That shall shine for ev - er - more.
still - ness Of the soul's be - lov - ed home.

CHORUS.



Just beyond, be - yond the cares and sorrows Just be-
Just be-yond . . . the cares and sor - rows,



yond . . . the smiles and tears, There's a life . . .
Just be-yond, be - yond the smiles and tears, There's a life



where time is nev - er Measured out in days and years.
Measured out

No. 11. Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.



1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is pleading, Pleading for
3. Time is now fleet - ing, the moments are pass - ing, Passing from



you and for me: See on the por - tals He's waiting and watching,
you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mercies,
you and from me: Shadows are gath - er - ing, death - beds are coming,



CHORUS.



Watching for you and for me. Come home, . . . come home, . . .
Mer - cies for you and for me. Come home, come home;
Com - ing for you and for me.



Ye who are weary, come home; Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly,



Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!



No. 12. Sweetly Resting.

H. A. HENRY.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time,
2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing, Light and love upon our way,
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanctified;



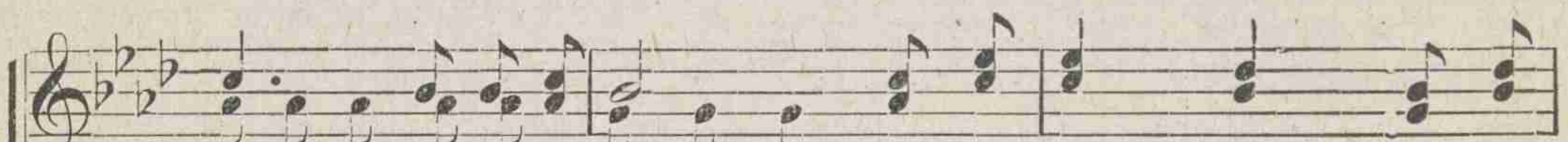
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry, Gathers 'round its head sublime.
Nev-er shall the cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the radiance streaming, Adds more lustre to the day.
Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time abide.



REFRAIN.



I am rest-ing, sweet-ly rest-ing, I am
I am rest - ing, sweet-ly rest - ing,



rest - ing on His word, Storms may wild - ly blow a-
I am sweetly resting on His word, Storms may wildly



round me, I am safe with Christ, my Lord.
blow a - round me, I am safe with Christ, my Lord.



No. 13. For Jesus' Sake.

ADA BLENKHORN.

C. D. EMERSON.

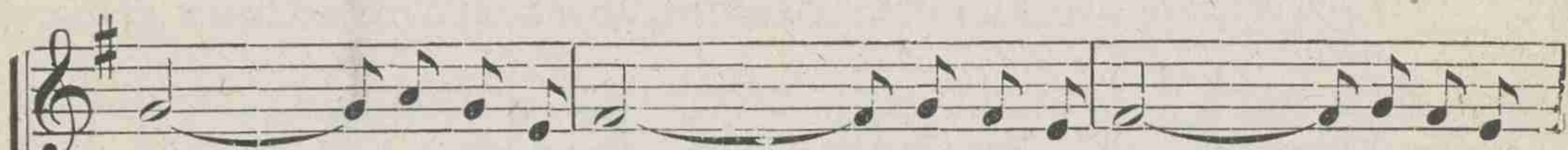
SOLO. Contralto.



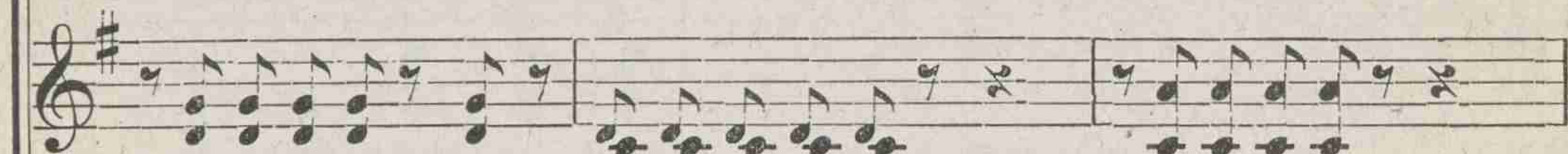
1. The night is past, . . . the day doth break, . . . The realms of
 2. Ere in the world . . . our place we take, . . . May we of
 3. When we no more . . . on earth shall wake, . . . For us e-



1. The night is past, the day doth break,
 2. Ere in the world our place we take,
 3. When we no more on earth shall wake,

sleep . . . we now forsake; . . . Let us with tho'ts . . . of Thee a-
 heav'n - - ly bread partake; . . . Our thirst at life's . . . pure fountain
 ter - - nal day shall break; . . . To be with Thee . . . our spirits



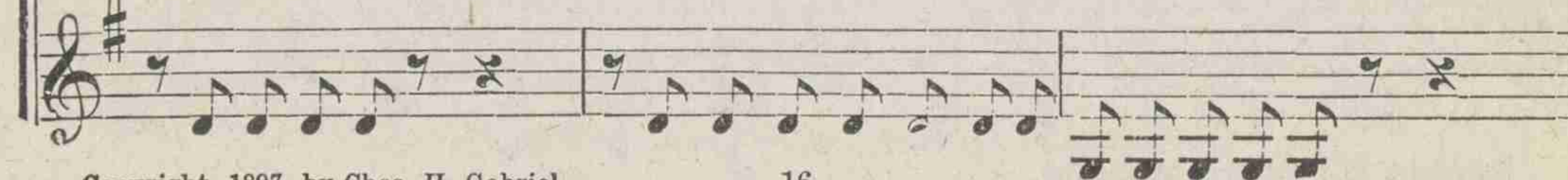
The realms of sleep we now, we now forsake; Let us with tho'ts
 May we of heav'nly, heav'nly bread partake; Our thirst at life's
 For us e-ter - nal day at last shall break; To be with Thee,




wake, . . . O Lord, we pray, for Je - sus' sake; . . . Let us with
 slake, . . . O Lord, we pray, for Je - sus' sake; . . . Our thirst at
 take, . . . O Lord, we pray, for Je - sus' sake; . . . To be with



of Thee awake, O Lord, we pray, for Jesus' sake, for Jesus' sake;
 pure fountain slake O Lord, we pray, for Jesus' sake, for Jesus' sake;
 our spirits take, O Lord, we pray, for Jesus' sake, for Jesus' sake;



For Jesus' Sake. Concluded.



tho'ts . . of Thee awake, . . O Lord, we pray, for Je - sus'
 life's . . pure fountain slake, . . O Lord, we pray, for Je - sus'
 Thee, . . our spirits take, . . O Lord, we pray, for Je - sus'

Let us with tho'ts of Thee awake, O Lord, we pray, we pray, for Je-sus'
 Our thirst at life's pure fountain slake, O Lord, we pray, we pray, for Je-sus'
 To be with Thee, our spirits take, O Lord, we pray, we pray, for Je-sus'

Rit.

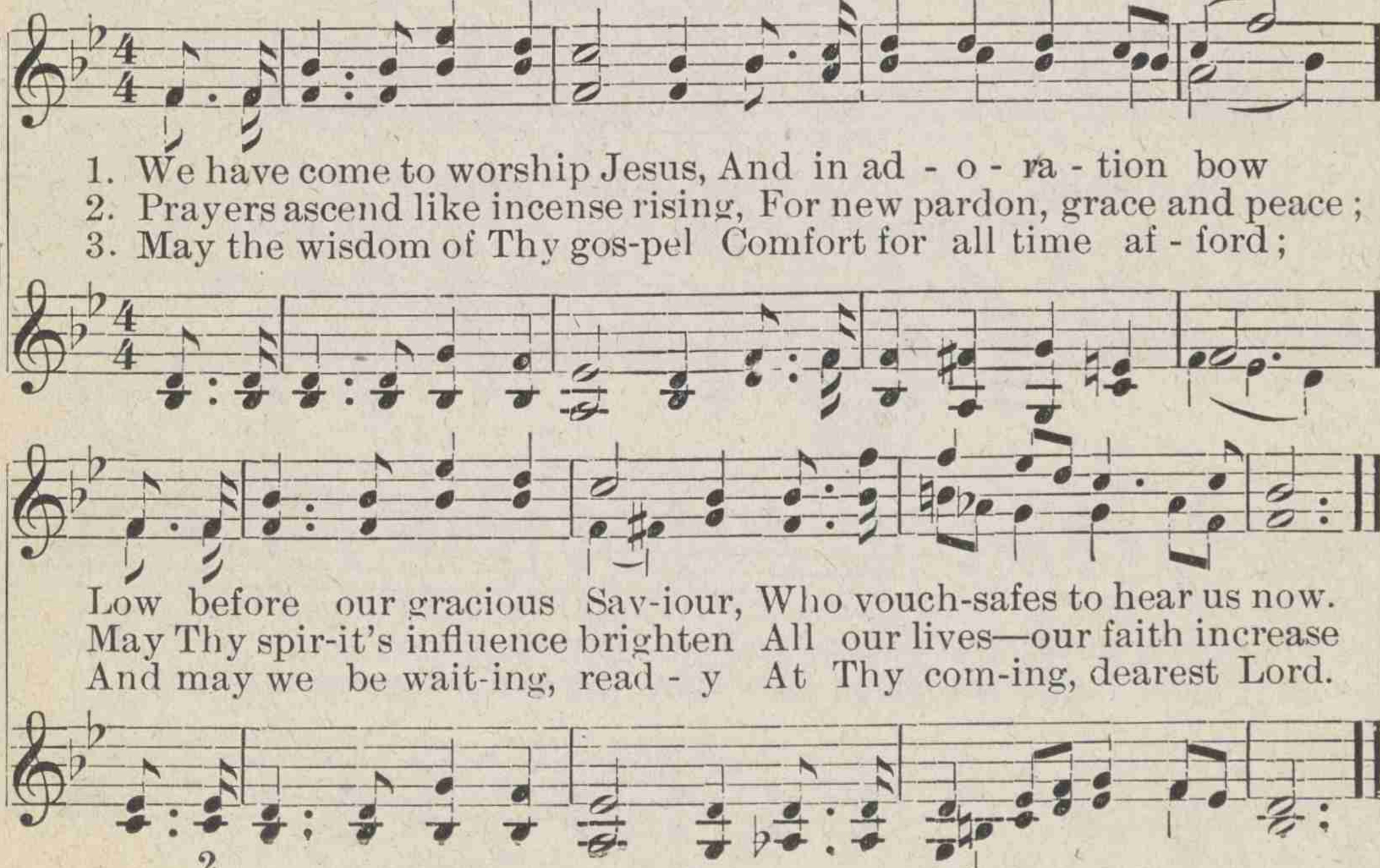
sake; Let us with tho'ts of Thee a-wake, We pray, for Je-sus' sake.
 sake; Our thirst at life's pure fountain slake, We pray, for Je-sus' sake.
 sake; To be with Thee our spir-its take, We pray, for Je-sus' sake.

sake; Let us with tho'ts of Thee a-wake, We pray, for Je - sus' sake.
 sake; Our thirst at life's pure fountain slake, We pray, for Je - sus' sake.
 sake; To be with Thee our spir-its take, We pray, for Je - sus' sake.

H. S. JONES.

No. 14. Worship.

Arr.



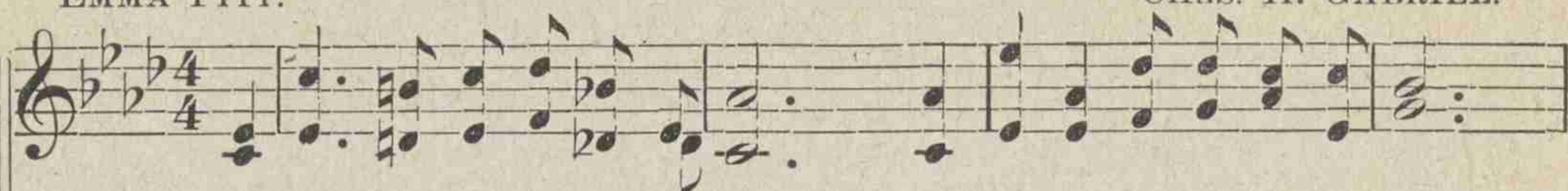
1. We have come to worship Jesus, And in ad - o - ra - tion bow
2. Prayers ascend like incense rising, For new pardon, grace and peace;
3. May the wisdom of Thy gos-pel Comfort for all time af - ford;

Low before our gracious Sav-iour, Who vouch-safes to hear us now.
 May Thy spir-it's influence brighten All our lives—our faith increase
 And may we be wait-ing, read - y At Thy com-ing, dearest Lord.

No. 15. Golden Gates Ajar.

EMMA PITT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Who holds the golden gates ajar, His ransomed children to receive?
2. He purchased heav'n with His own life, He paid the debt, the debt we owe;
3. And who-so-ev-er shall be-lieve On Christ, the spotless Lamb of God,



'Tis Jesus, precious, loving Friend! Oh, trust Him, love Him and believe!
 God gave His son, His only son, Because He loved, He loved us so.
 They ev-er-last-ing life shall have, Within the gates—His blest abode.



CHORUS.



The gates a - jar, the gates a - jar,
 The gates a - jar, the gates a - jar



Christ holds the gates a - jar for me: Love
 Christ holds the gates a - jar, the golden gates a - jar;



Golden Gates Ajar. Concluded.

and a - dore the ten - der Friend Who holds the golden gates a - the

jar, golden gates a - jar, Who holds the gates a - jar. Who holds the gates a - jar.

Rit.

No. 16. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W.

M. M. WELLS.

Fine.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faithful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, }
 { Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land; }
 2. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near, Thine aid to lend, }
 { Leave us not to doubt and fear, Gro - ping on in darkness drear; }
 3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re - lease, }
 { Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names are there; }

D. C. Whisp'ring softly, "wand'rer come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.

Wea - ry souls, for - e'er rejoice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
 When the storms are raging sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er;
 Wa - ding deep the dismal flood, Pleading naught but Je - sus' blood;

No. 17. Even Me.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

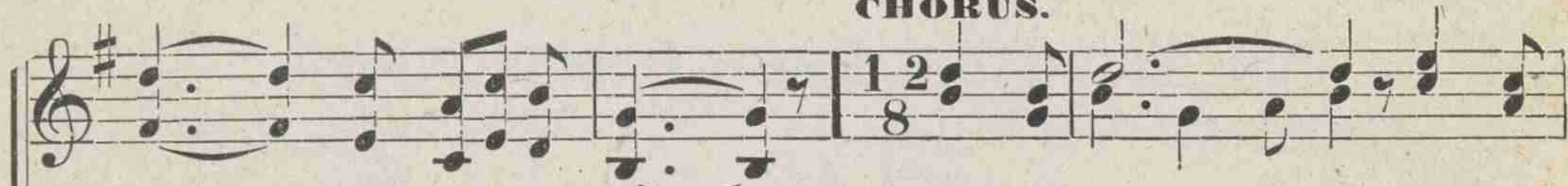


1. Lord I hear of show'rs of blessings, Thou art scat - t'ring full and
 2. Pass me not, O tender Sav - iour! Let me love and cling to
 3. Pass me not, O gracious Fa - ther! Sin-ful tho' my heart may



free; Show'rs the thirst - y land re-fresh - ing; Let some
 Thee; I am long - ing for Thy fa - vor, Whilst thou'rt
 be; Thou mightst leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy

CHORUS.



drop - pings fall on me. Ev - en me, . . . ev - en
 call - ing, oh, call me. Ev - en me,
 mer - cy light on me.



me, . . . Let some drop - pings fall on
 ev - en me, Let some drop - pings



me, . . . Ev - en me, . . . ev - en me,
 ev - en me, Ev - en me, ev - en me.

Even Me. Concluded.

Let some drop - - pings fall on me. . . .
 Let some droppings fall on me, ev - en me.

The musical notation consists of two staves in G major (one sharp). The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. It contains a melody with a long note on 'me' and a final cadence. The second staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp, with a melody that continues the phrase 'ev - en me'.

No. 18. Italian Hymn.

GIARDINI. Arr.

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
 3. Come, Ho - ly Com - for - ter, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear

Help us to praise; Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our prayer at - tend; Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
 In this glad hour; Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in

to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us An - cient of days.
 word success; Spir - it of ho - li - ness On us de - scend.
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power.

The musical notation is in 3/4 time, G major (one sharp). It features a melody with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

No. 19. O Death, Where is Thy Sting?

MRS. M. A. HOLT.

ADOLPH JESREAL.



1. Our dear one has gone, and si - lent - ly now We
2. The rain - bow of love shall crown the dark scene, Where
3. We twine brightest blos - soms o'er the calm face, Re-



bow at the shrine of our grief; Yet, thro' our sad tears, we
hearts bow in sorrow to - day, Be - fore the dear Lord, on
signed thro' our fast falling tears, And lay her a - way with



see the bright bow Of faith with its bless-ed re - lief.
whom we may lean, When loved ones are tak - en a - way.
rev - er - ent grace To sleep through the beau-ti - ful years.

REFRAIN.



O death where is thy sting? O grave, thy vic - to - ry?
O death O grave, . . .

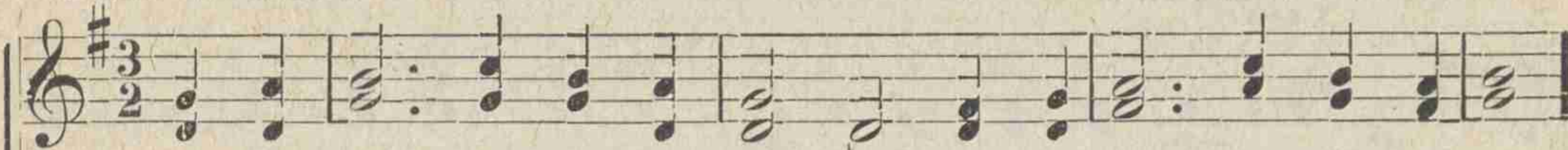


When faith mounts up on shin - ing wing A - bove thy si - lent mys - ter - y.

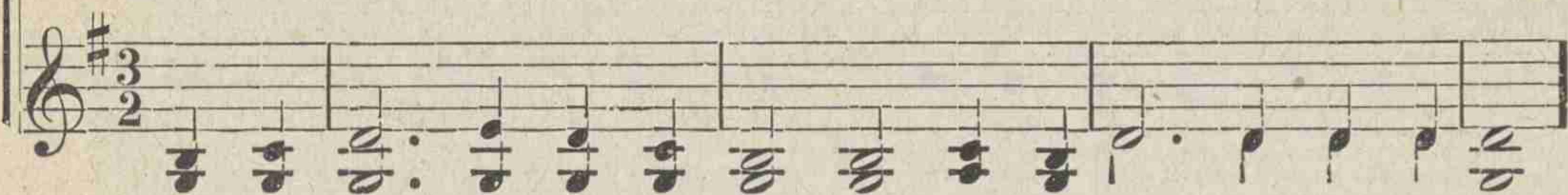
No. 20. Can You Doubt Him?

FRED WOODROW.

DR. W. H. DOANE.



1. When thy heart, with sin op-press-ing, Yearns for pardon and for peace,
2. When by fear thy way is dark-ened, And thy path is lost in night,
3. When by man and friends for-sak - en—None to help and none to cheer,



And the mer - cy Christ hath promised, Bids thy tears and doubtings cease:
And the morn-ing He has promised, Dim-ly sheds its dawning light:
And the Mas - ter's shame endur-ing, Thou His heav - y cross must bear:



REFRAIN.



Can you doubt Him, Can you doubt Him, Him who thy trangressions bore?



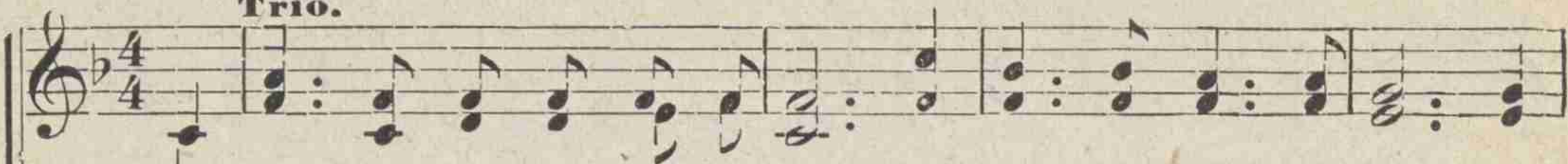
Can you doubt Him, Can you doubt Him, Him who saves for ev-er-more?



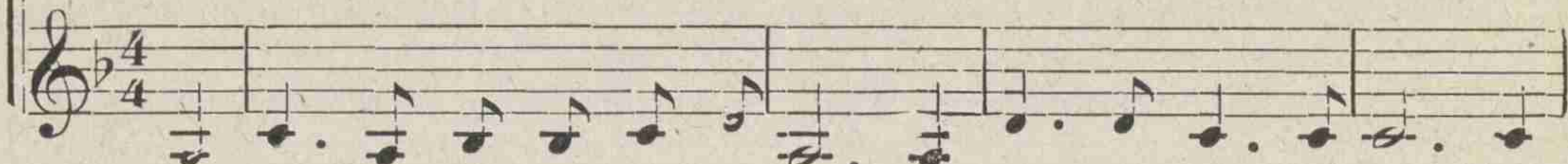
No. 21. "Since I have Overcome."

IDA M. BUDD.
Trio.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Sad hearts forget your doubts and fears, Nor vexed and troubled be; As
2. My Fa-ther's house hath mansions fair For all who do His will; I



in the Fa-ther ye be-lieve, Oh, trust ye thus in me, Yea,
go your dwelling to pre-pare, My prom-ise to ful-fill, "I



trust in me with Christ the Lord, Nor heed earth's warring strife—"He
am the way, the truth, the life, Come, then, and learn of me, That



that be-liev-eth on the Son, Hath ev-er-last-ing life."
where I am for ev-er-more There ye may al-so be."



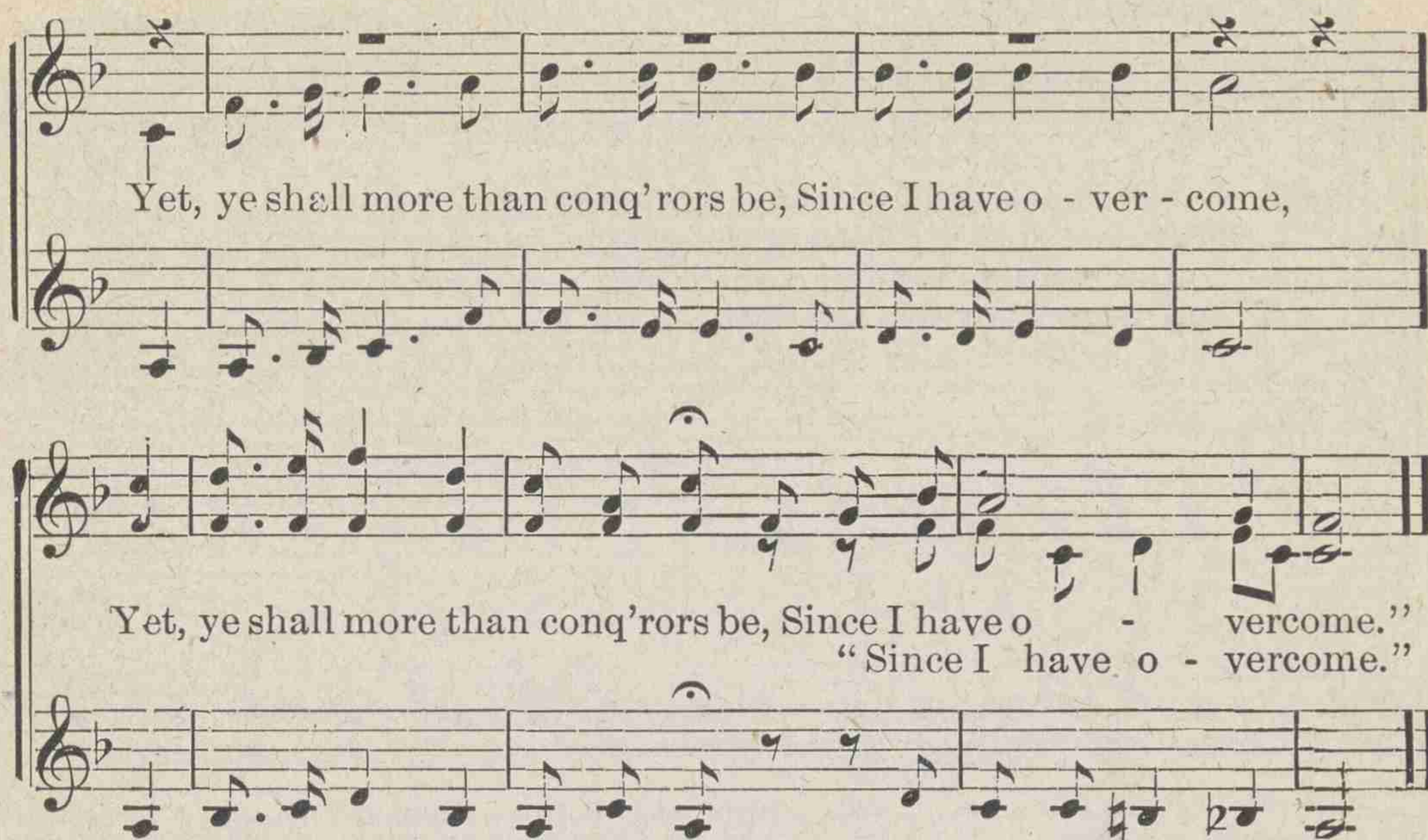
REFRAIN.



"Al-tho' the world hath woe and pain For those who seek that home,



"Since I have Overcome." Concluded.



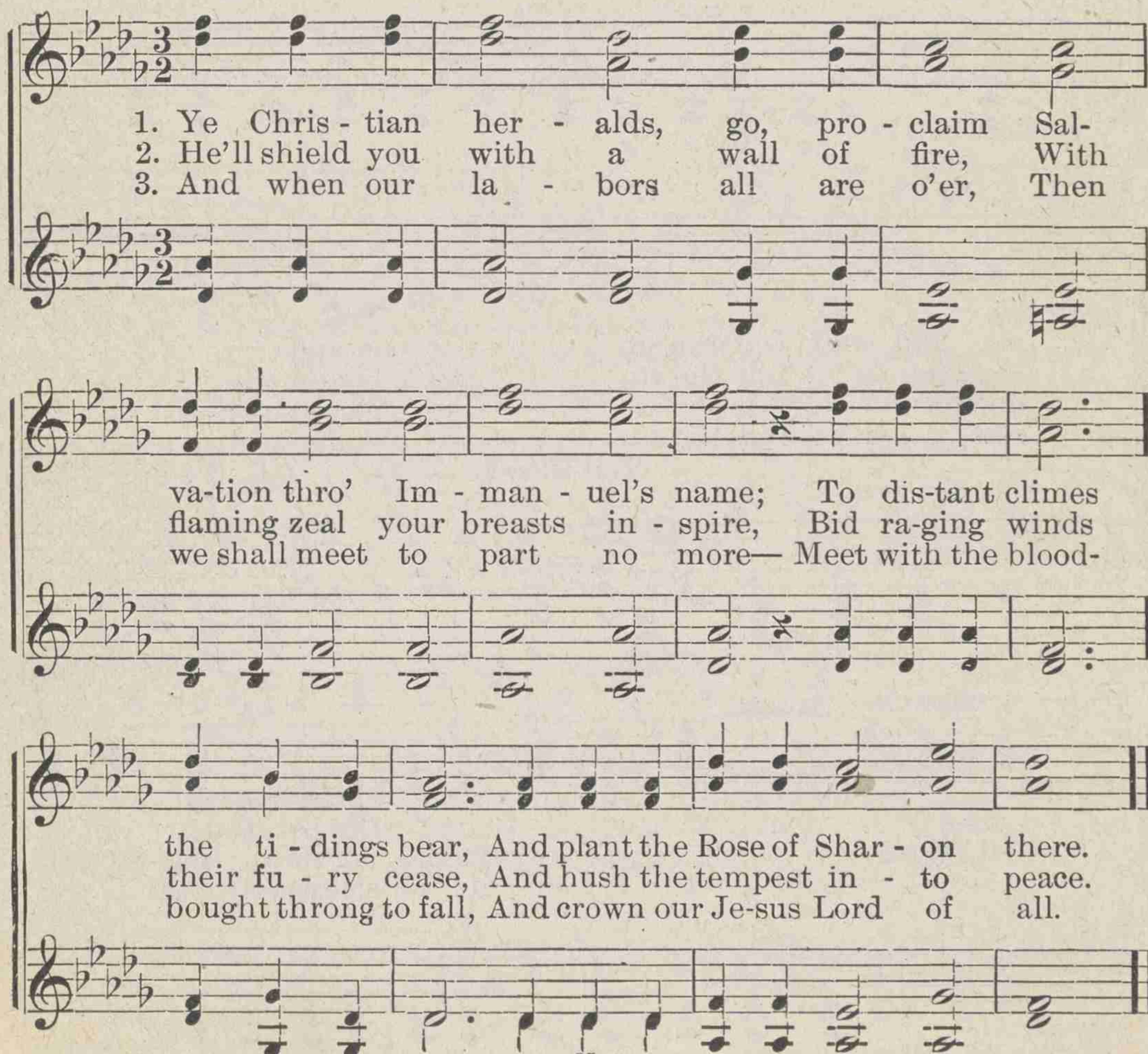
Yet, ye shall more than conq'rors be, Since I have o - ver - come,

Yet, ye shall more than conq'rors be, Since I have o - vercome."
"Since I have o - vercome."

No. 22. Ye Christian Heralds.

B. H. DRAPER.

J. ZEUNER.



1. Ye Chris - tian her - alds, go, pro - claim Sal -
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With
3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then

va - tion thro' Im - man - uel's name; To dis - tant climes
flaming zeal your breasts in - spire, Bid ra - ging winds
we shall meet to part no more— Meet with the blood -

the ti - dings bear, And plant the Rose of Shar - on there.
their fu - ry cease, And hush the tempest in - to peace.
bought throned to fall, And crown our Je - sus Lord of all.

No. 23. Tell The Story.

REV. NEAL A. MCAULAY.

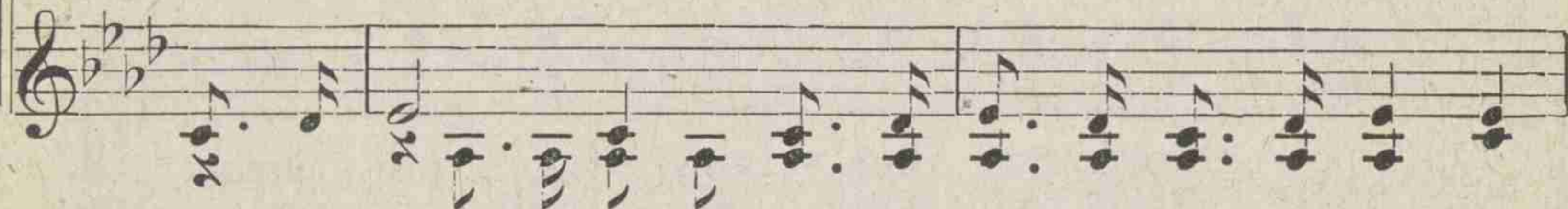
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. To the Christian legions comes the sweet command Tell the sto - ry,
 2. There are countless millions in the gloom of night, Tell the sto - ry,
 3. To the heathen nations o'er the wide, wide world, Tell the sto - ry,
 4. Let us nev - er fal - ter in the work of love, Tell the sto - ry,
- Tell the story,



tell the sto - ry, Spread the glo - rious ti - dings o - ver
 tell the sto - ry, Shall the Christian na - tions give them
 tell the sto - ry, Let the gos - pel ban - ner be at
 tell the sto - ry, 'Till the Mas - ter calls us to our
 Tell the sto - ry,



sea and land, Tell the sto - - ry o'er and o'er. . . .
 sav - ing light? Tell the sto - - ry o'er and o'er. . . .
 once unfurled, Tell the sto - - ry o'er and o'er. . . .
 rest a - bove, Tell the sto - - ry o'er and o'er. . . .
 Tell the sto - ry, tell it o'er and o'er.



CHORUS.



Tell the sto - - ry, let its mu - sic ring! Sweetly
 Tell the sto - ry, let its mu - sic sweetly ring!



Tell The Story. Concluded.

peal . . . redeeming grace! . . . Tell the sto - ry, let the
Sweetly peal redeeming grace, redeeming grace! Tell the story, let the

ran - somed sing, 'Till the world . . . the truth embrace
ransomed ev-er sing, Tell the sto - ry till the world the truth embrace.

No. 24. Scorn Not.

J. B. HERBERT.

1. Scorn not the slightest word or deed, Nor deem it void of power;
2. A whispered word may touch the heart, And call it back to life;
3. No act falls fruit-less; none can tell How vast its powers may be,
4. Work on, de-spair not! bring thy mite, Nor care how small it be;

There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed, That waits its na - tal hour.
A look of love bid sin de-part, And still un-ho - ly strife.
Nor what re-sults in-fold - ed dwell Within it si - lent - ly.
God is with all that serve the right The ho-ly, true, and free.

No. 25. Glory to the Lamb.

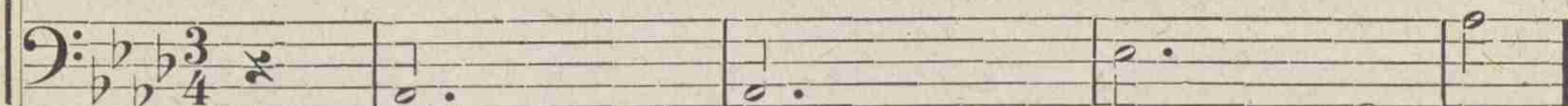
THOMAS KELLY.

(DUET AND CHORUS.)

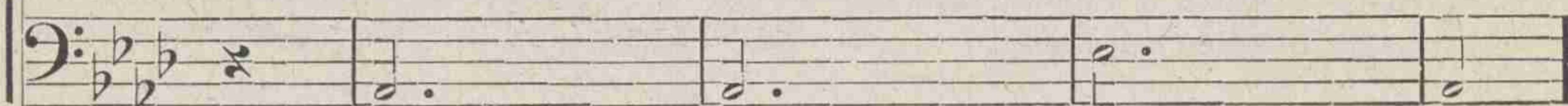
ELISHA S. RICE.



1. Hark! the notes of an-gels sing - ing, "Glory, glo - ry to the Lamb!"
2. Filled with ho - ly em - u - la - tion, Let us vie with those a - bove;



All in heaven their tribute bringing Raising high the Saviour's name.
Sweet the theme, a free salva-tion, Fruit of ev - er - last-ing love.



Ye for whom His life was giv - en, Sa - cred themes to you belong;
Endless life in Him possessing, Let us praise His precious name;



Come as-sist the choirs of heav-en; Join the ev - er - last - ing song.
Glo - ry, hon - or, power and blessing Be for - ev - er to the Lamb.



CHORUS.



Crown the Sav-iour, an - gels crown Him, Rich the trophies Jesus brings;



Glory to the Lamb. Concluded.



In the seat of power enthrone Him, Crown the Saviour King of kings.



No. 26. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.



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



Unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will, When Thou sayst to them "Bestill!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,



Chart and compass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"



No. 27. Looking Unto Jesus.

ETTA HARBOUR.

DR. S. B. JACKSON.



1. Bright is the way to-day, Glad is my heart; Je - sus came and
2. Glad is the song I sing Un - to the Lord; I have found a
3. Peace in the Lord I find, Since I be-lieved Je - sus died to



bade the drear-y shad-ows de-part; Love found me far a-way,
ref - uge, and I rest on His word; He is my righteousness,
save me, and His prom-ise re-ceived; He leads me day by day,



Sad and oppressed By the heavy burden of my sins un-con-fessed.
With Him I stand; And I know that none can pluck a child from His hand.
And I am blest; Look-ing un-to Je - sus, I have sweet, perfect rest.



REFRAIN.



Look - ing un - to Je - sus, Heed - ing His com-mand,



Look - ing un - to Je - sus, I will reach the heavenly land.



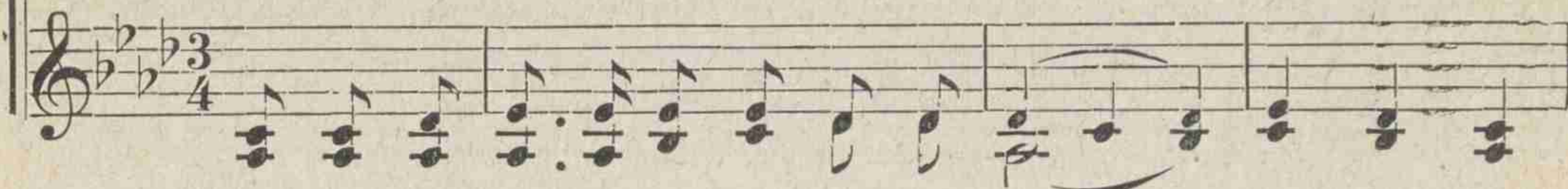
No. 28. Lead, Kindly Light.

H. NEWMAN.

Arr. by C. H. G.



1. Lead, kindly light! a-mid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me
3. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me



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



on. Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
on. I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears
gone, And with the morn those an - gel fac - es smile,



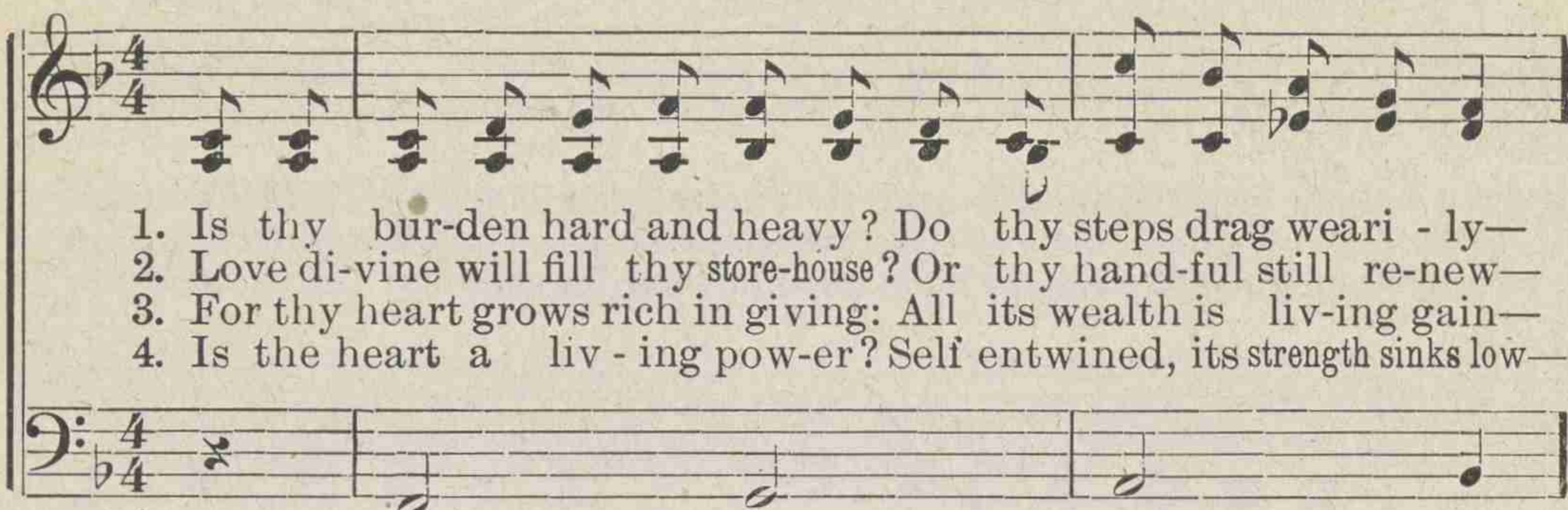
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will; re-member not past years.
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.



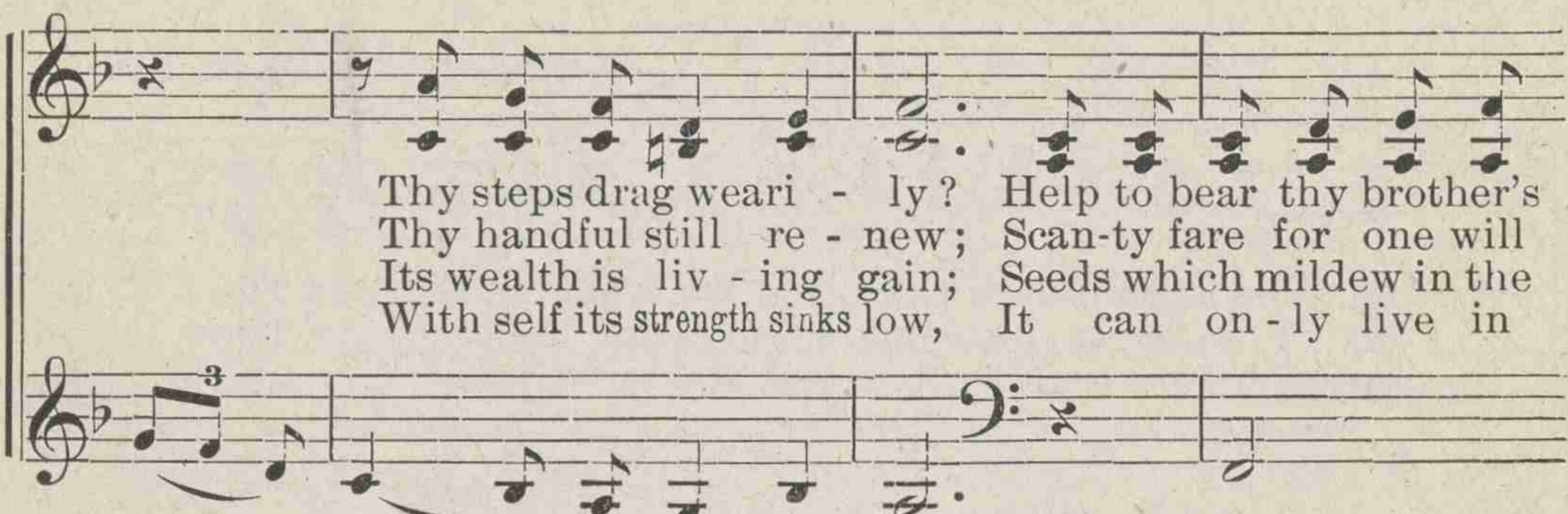
No. 29. The Cruse that Faileth Not.

ELIZABETH R. CHARLES.

J. B. HERBERT.

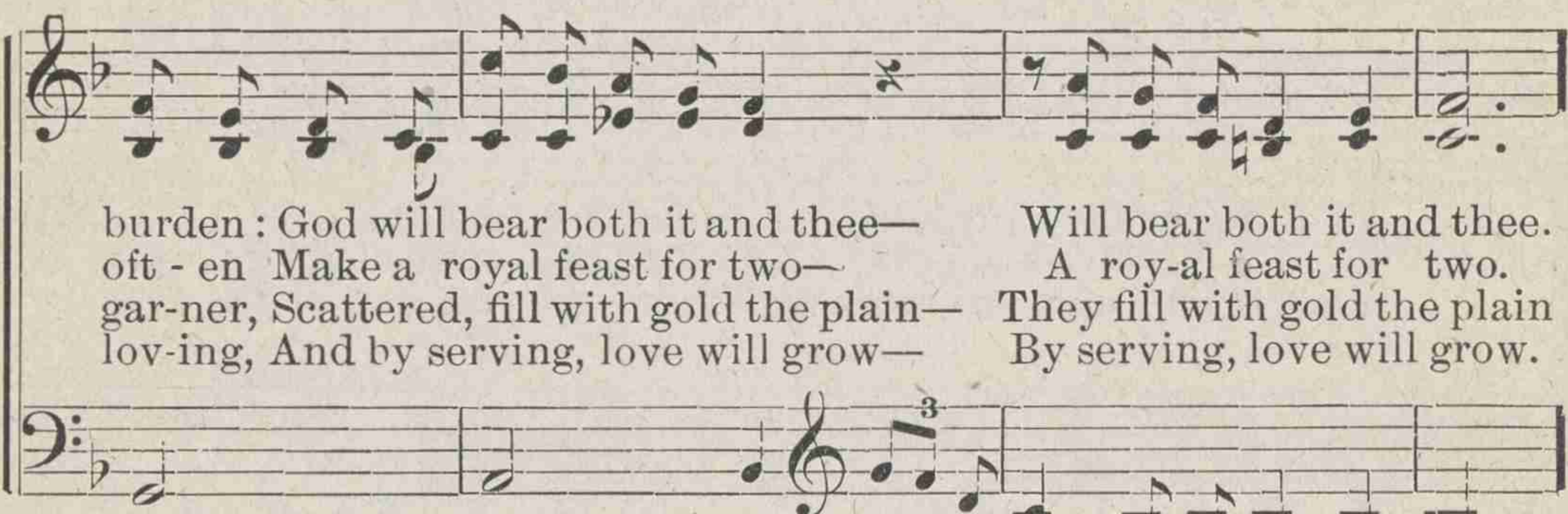


1. Is thy bur-den hard and heavy? Do thy steps drag weari - ly—
 2. Love di-vine will fill thy store-house? Or thy hand-ful still re-new—
 3. For thy heart grows rich in giving: All its wealth is liv-ing gain—
 4. Is the heart a liv - ing pow-er? Self entwined, its strength sinks low—



Thy steps drag weari - ly? Help to bear thy brother's
 Thy handful still re - new; Scan-ty fare for one will
 Its wealth is liv - ing gain; Seeds which mildew in the
 With self its strength sinks low, It can on - ly live in

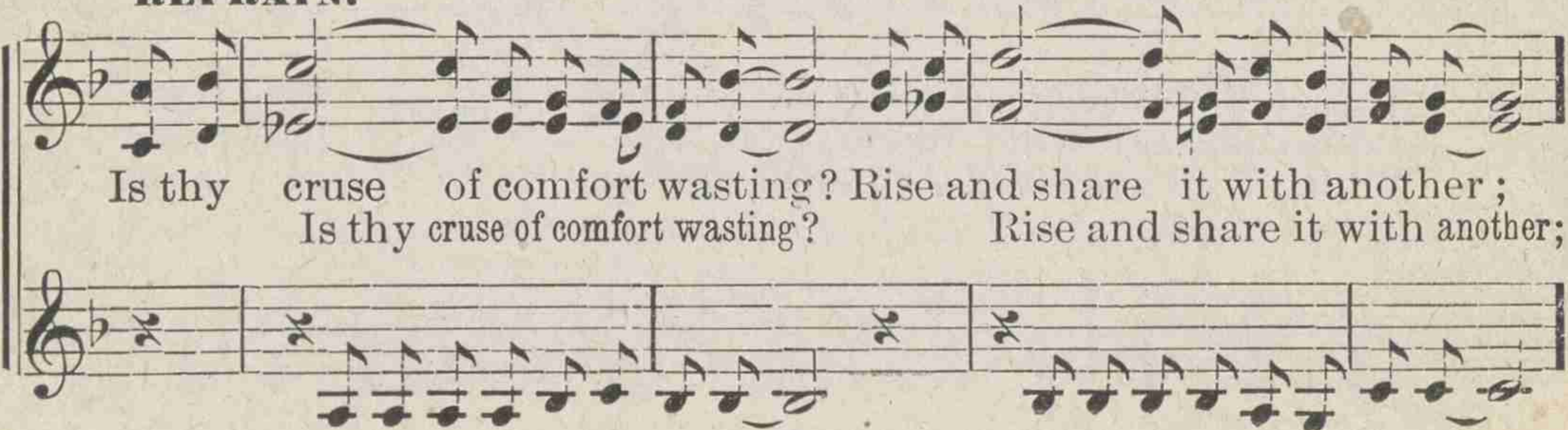
Do thy steps drag wea - ri - ly?
 Or thy hand - ful still re - new;
 All its wealth is liv - ing gain;
 Self, en - twined, its strength sinks low;



burden: God will bear both it and thee— Will bear both it and thee.
 oft - en Make a royal feast for two— A roy-al feast for two.
 gar-ner, Scattered, fill with gold the plain— They fill with gold the plain
 lov-ing, And by serving, love will grow— By serving, love will grow.

God will bear both it and thee.
 Make a roy - al feast for two.
 Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
 And by serv - ing, love will grow.

REFRAIN.



Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? Rise and share it with another;
 Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? Rise and share it with another;

The Cruse that Faileth Not. Concluded.

And thro' all the years of famine, It shall serve thee and thy { brother. }
and thro' all the years of famine, { sister. }

No. 30. The Soul's Refuge.

ANNA STEELE.

S. W. STRAUB.

1. Thou ref-uge of my soul, On Thee, when sor - rows rise, On
2. To Thee I tell my grief, For Thou a - lone canst heal; Thy
3. But oh, what doubts prevail! I fear to call Thee mine; The
4. Yet, Lord, where shall I flee? Thou art my on - ly trust; And

End.

*Thee, when waves of troub - le roll, My faint - ing hope re - lies.
word can bring a sweet re - lief For ev - 'ry pain I feel.
spring of com - fort seems to fail, And all my hopes de - cline.
still my soul would cling to Thee, Tho' prostrate in the dust.*

CHORUS.

On Thee, on Thee, my hope re - lies, On
On Thee, on Thee, my hope re - lies.

D. S.

No. 31. Her Lord Said, No!

MARY BRAINARD.

C. D. EMERSON.



1. Not to the millions of the heathen na-tions, Beyond the sea,
2. She said "oh, to the wretched and the low-ly, He sendeth me,
3. Is there no work for Thee, O bless-ed Master, In all the lands,



Beyond the sea, To bring them ti-dings of the great sal - va - tion
He send-eth me, To tell them of a pur-er life, and ho - ly
In all the lands? He pointed to her lit - tle ones a - round her,



Her work might be, Her work might be, Tho' in the deep love of her
My work shall be, My work shall be, Oh, joy to give Thee to earth's
"Feed thou my lambs, Feed thou my lambs!" And lit-tle bus-y hands her



young de - vo-tion She longed to go, She longed to go, And bear the
hun - gry mil-lions Of want and woe, Of want and woe, Oh, joy to
own di - rect-ed In do - ing good, In do - ing good, Christ said, "she



cross be-yond the dis-tant o-cean, But Christ said, No; Her Lord said, No,
tell them of a Fa-ther's mercy!" But Christ said, No; Her Lord said, No.
hath, the pa-tient, careful mother, Done what she could, Done what she could."



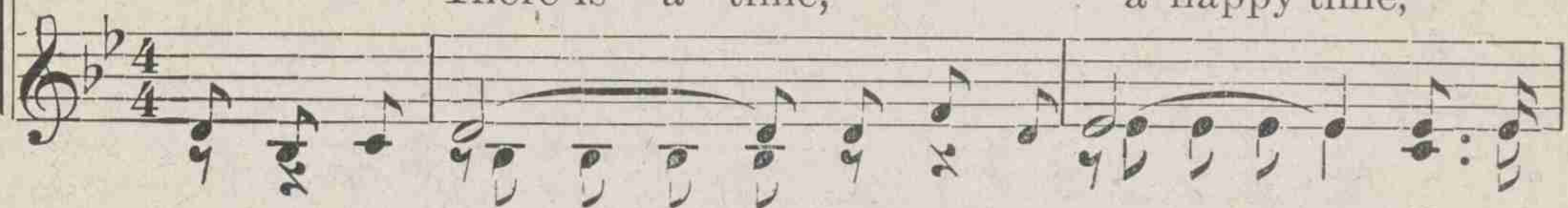
No. 32. When the Lord Shall Call His Own.

A. P. COBB.

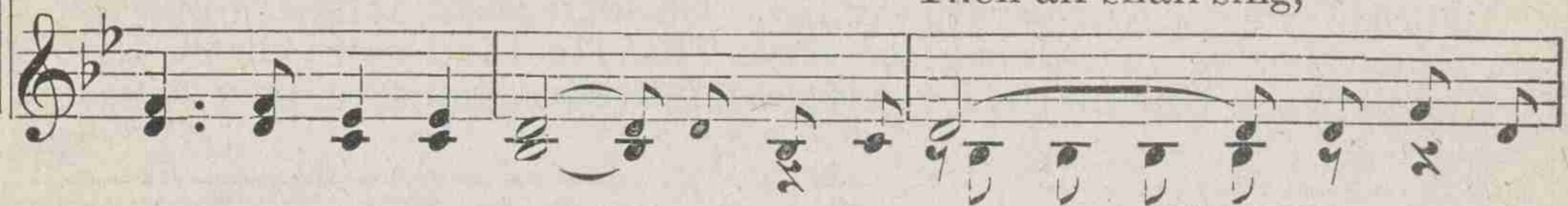
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. There is a time, . . . a hap-py time, . . . When the
 2. Like fer - tile seed, . . . each lov-ing deed, . . . When the
 3. What heavenly grace . . . on ev-'ry face, . . . When the
- There is a time, . . . a happy time,



Lord shall call His own; Then all shall sing, . . . and praise their
 Lord shall call His own; Tho' lost to view, . . . shall spring a-
 Lord shall call His own; As to each one, . . . He says "well
 Then all shall sing,



CHORUS.



King, . . . When the Lord shall call His own.
 new, . . . When the Lord shall call His own. O an - gel song! O
 done," . . . When the Lord shall call His own.
 and praise their King,



hap-py, hap-py throng, When the Lord shall call His own; Shall I be



there, . . . your bliss to share! . . . When the Lord shall call His own?
 Shall I be there, . . . your bliss to share!



No. 33. All the Way.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

L. O. EMERSON.



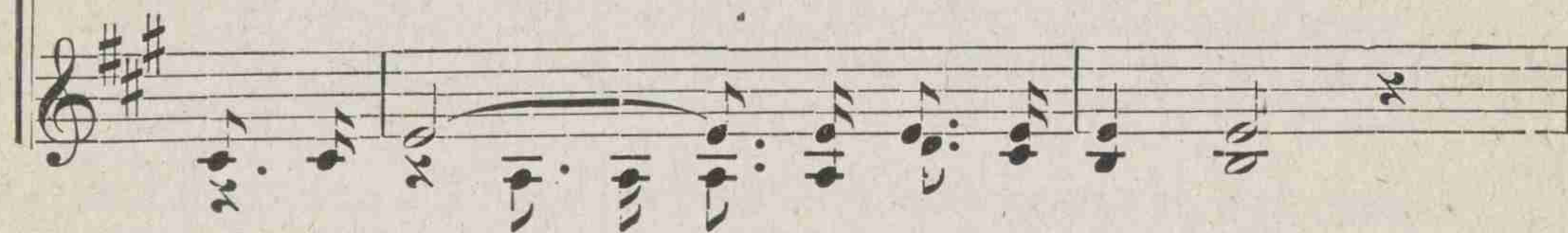
1. All the way my Saviour leadeth me, Shepherd, Friend, and Guide is He;
2. All the way my Saviour leadeth me, Nev-er can I doubtful be,
3. All the way my Saviour leadeth me, And communion sweet have we;
4. All the way my Saviour leadeth me, And, throughout eternity,



And tho' clouds of darkness o'er me roll, There is joy and sunlight in my soul.
For He sweetly whispers in my ear, "Child, be patient; I thy Lord, am near."
Grace He gives me, and such peace affords, That I feel and know I am the Lord's.
I will praise Him for the love and power, That sustains and saves me ev'ry hour.



Where He leads . . . me I will fol - low, I will
Where He leads me I will fol - low,



fol - low all the way; Where He
I will fol - low, I will fol - low all the way,



All the Way. Concluded.

leads . . . me I will fol - low, I will fol - low all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol - low,

No. 34. Webb.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;

Fine.

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
The arm of flesh will fail you—Ye dare not trust your own.
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:

D. S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
D. S.—Where duty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
D. S.—He, with the King of glo - ry, Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

D. S.

From vic - tory un - to vic - tory, His ar - my shall He lead,
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And, watching un - to prayer,
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

No. 35. Look to Thy Countersign.

MRS. CLARA T. HENRY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Look to thy counter-sign, friend of mine, Wandering a - long life's
2. It is no se - cret, O friend of mine; Free as the sweep of
3. Ev - er unchanging, O friend of mine; Com eth the mes - sage



troub - led line; Wea - ry and heart-sick with doubt and fear,
moun-tain pine, Catch it and ech - o it far and wide,
all di - vine; Ten - der and pleading the ac - cents fall,



Cour - age and strength you seek are near.
E'en from the plain to o - cean tide. "I will ac - cept Thee,
Wilt thou not heed the lov - ing call.



Je - sus, my Lord," This is our coun - ter-sign di-vine; Ring it, and



sing it in sweetest ac-cord, Hear it resounding down the line!



No. 36. Loyal to Jesus.

C. H. G.

H. A. HENRY.



1. In this world there is so much to do; Work for me, and
2. Into homes all dark with want and woe, Where the tares of
3. In the strength He gives us from above, Ev - 'ry-where we



du - ties large for you; Let us go with purpose firm and true,
sin and sor - row grow, Speaking kind - ly words of love we go,
tell His wondrous love; To the world, by dai - ly liv - ing, prove



CHORUS.



Loy - al to Je - sus, the Christ, our King. In His name with earnest con-se-



cra-tion, Go we forth to her - ald His sal-va-tion; To the cross of



Cal - va-ry we cling, Loy - al to Je - sus, the Christ, our King!



No. 37. Something to Be Done.

M. D. CHELLIS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. There's a bat - tle to be fought, A vic - tory to be gained;
2. There's an en - e - my a - broad, So sub - tile and so strong
3. We're re - cuit - ing for the ranks For ma - ny years to come,



There's a coun - try to be saved, A host from sin re - claimed.
That the con - flict must be fierce, The strug - gle must be long.
That our num - ber may not fail Ere tri - umph shall be won.



Yes, there's something to be done! Something to be done! Let us



then no long - er waste the pre - cious mo - ments as they fly!



Oh, there's something to be done, There's something to be done!



Something to Be Done. Concluded.

There are precious souls to save! There's something to be done!

No. 38. "Come Unto Me."

O. W.

ORAN WILLIAMS.

1. Hearken, O wea-ry trav-eler, Way-worn and sore op - pressed,
 2. Bardened with care and sorrow, Bent with thy load of grief,
 3. Spent with the long, long journey, Thirsting, and faint, and ill,

An-swer the voice of mer - cy— En - ter the vale of rest.
 Hark! for the voice now call-ing Of - fers thee sweet re - lief.
 O - ver the noise and tu - mult, Lis - ten! it calls thee still:

REFRAIN.

"Come un-to me, come un - to me, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

No. 39. Cradle Song.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

SOLO. Mezzo Sop.

1. 'Tis night on the mountain, 'tis night on the sea, Mild dew-drops are
 2. 'Tis night on the mountain, 'tis night on the sea, A - way in the

kiss-ing the bloom-covered lea; Like plumes, gently waving, the
 distance the stars twinkle free; O'er all of His creatures God's

soft zephyr's creep; The birds are all dreaming—then sleep, darling, sleep.
 watch He will keep, Who guardeth the sparrow—then sleep, darling, sleep.

CHORUS.

Lull - a - by, by, by, lull - a - by, Lull - a - by, by, by, lull-a-by, sleep,

Cradle Song. Concluded.

Star-eyes are peeping, Watch o'er thee keeping, Sleep, my darling, sleep.
lul-la-by.

No. 40. Harps and Voices.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Fine.

1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise a-bove;
2. Je - sus, hail! whose glory brightens All a-bove, and gives it worth;
3. King of glo - ry! reign for-ev - er! Thine an ev - er - last-ing crown;
- D. C.—Halle-lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord.

Je - sus reigns and heaven rejoyces, Je - sus reigns, the God of love.
Lord of life, Thy smile enlight-ens, Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth.
Nothing from Thy love shall sev-er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own.

See, He sits on yon-der throne, Jesus rules the world alone;
When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it all di-vine;
Hap - py ob-jects of Thy grace, Destined to behold Thy face;

See, He sits on yon-der throne, Jesus rules the world alone;
When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it all di-vine;
Hap-py ob - jects of Thy grace, Destined to behold Thy face.

No. 41. Sweet Saviour Mine.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Sweet Saviour mine, so full, so free, Thy pardoning
 2. Sweet Saviour mine, Thy feet to kiss, In ser - vice
 3. Sweet Saviour mine, can I with - hold The tri - fling



love has been to me; Were I possessed of boundless
 low is high - est bliss; Oh, give to me one glance of
 deed, the pal - try gold? Nay, low - ly at Thy feet I

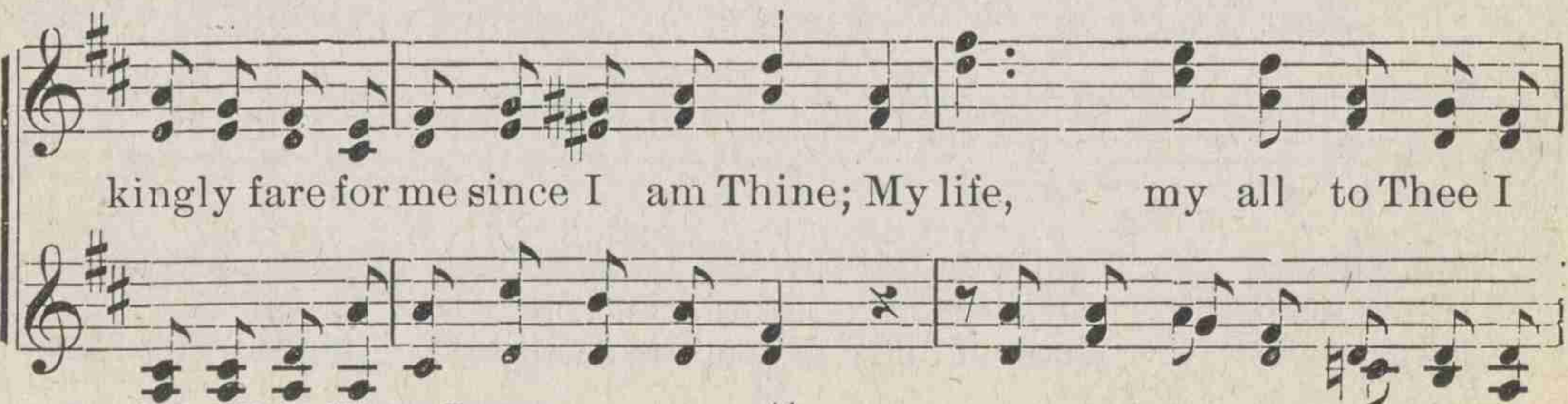


store, My heart would long to yield Thee more.
 Thine, And pain for Thee is joy di - vine.
 fall; Sweet Sav - iour mine, I give Thee all.

CHORUS.



The world is naught a-part from Thee, sweet Saviour mine, And cruxes are



kingly fare for me since I am Thine; My life, my all to Thee I

Sweet Saviour Mine. Concluded.

give, Sweet Sav-iour mine, for Thee to live, My life, my
to Thee I give,

all to Thee I give, Sweet Saviour mine, for Thee to live.
to Thee I give,

The musical score is written on two systems of two staves each. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment.

No. 42. Eternal is Thy Word.

IDA M. BUDD.

C. D. EMERSON.

1. E - ter - nal is the faithful word, From Thee, dear Lord, received ;
2. All earth - ly glo - ries pale and fade As stars be - fore the sun;
3. But strong-er than the towering hills, Than day and night more sure,

Rit.

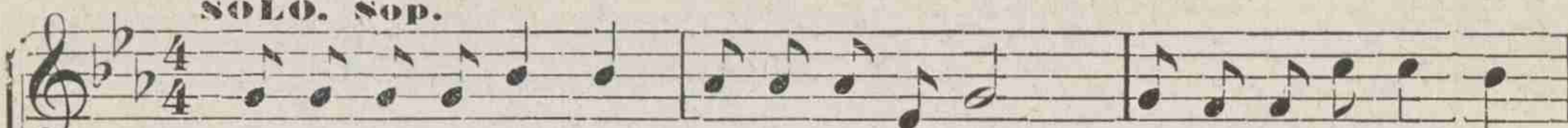
And blest are they whose ears have heard, Whose heart Thy truth believed.
Frail toys, but for the moment made, Their course is swift-ly run.
The word Thy changeless love fulfills, For - ev - er shall en - dure.

The musical score is written on two systems of two staves each. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system begins with a 'Rit.' (Ritardando) marking and ends with a double bar line.

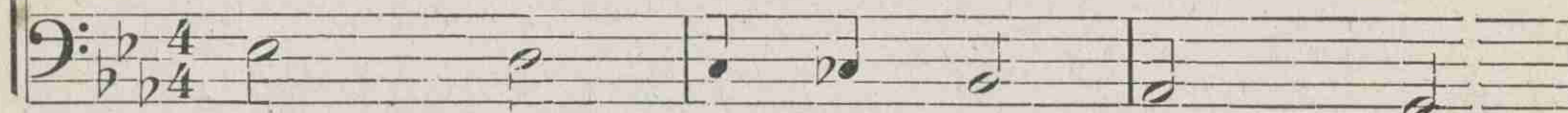
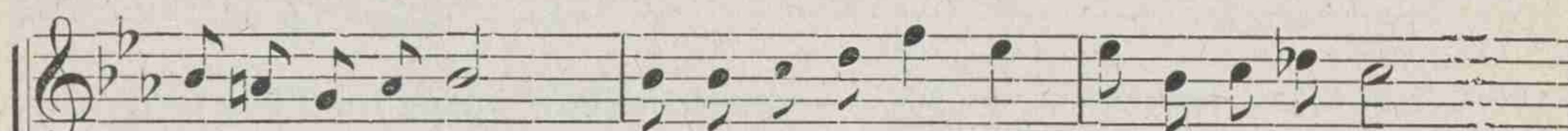
No. 43. Gracious God, Thou Knowest.

WM. H. GARDNER.
SOLO. Sop.

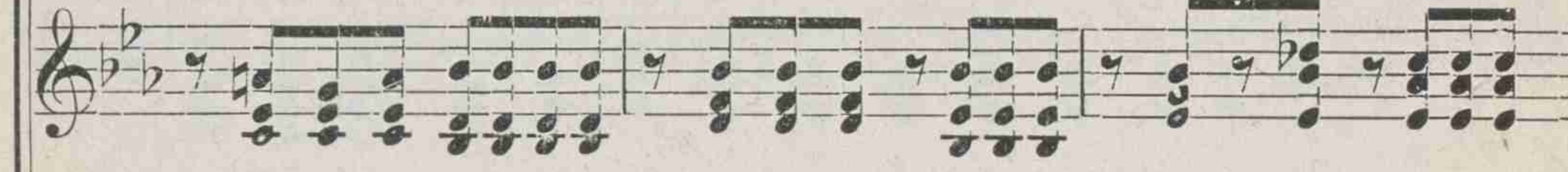
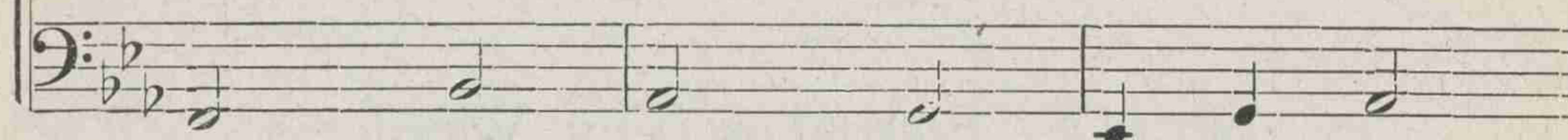
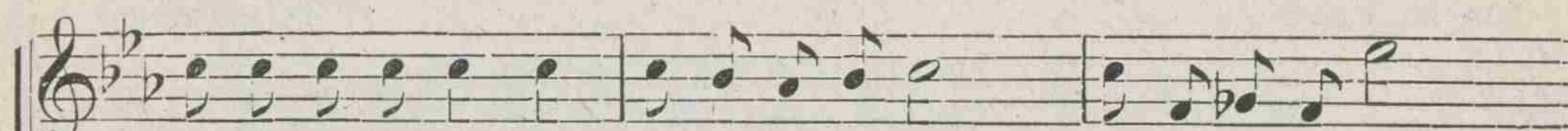
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



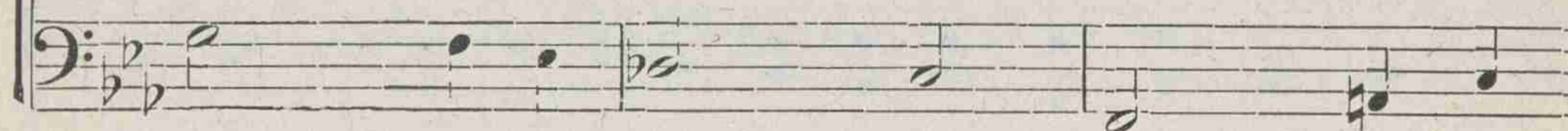
1. Gracious God, Thou knowest Ev - 'ry hu-man need; Knowest when our foot - steps
2. Gracious God, Th u knowest Mammon's fearful greed: Hear-est when sin's cap - tives
3. Gracious God, Thou knowest Hu man hopes and fears, Thou hast been men's so - lace

T'ward temptation lead. When our hearts are hun - gry For the bread of love,
Do for mer - cy plead. Hun - gry, na - ked thous-ands In the haunts of men,
Thro' cre - a - tion's years; Tho' we dis - o - bey Thee, Thou dost let us live,

And no stars seem shin-ing In hope's heaven above, In hope's heaven above,
Cry to Thee, e'er know-ing 'Twill not be in vain, 'Twill not be in vain,
And if we re - pent, Lord, Thou wilt e'er for - give. Thou wilt e'er for - give,


In hope's heaven a - bove, And no stars seem shining In hope's heaven a - bove.
'Twill not be in vain, Cry to Thee, e'er knowing 'Twill not be in vain.
Thou wilt e'er for - give, And if we repent, Lord, Thou wilt e'er for - give.




Gracious God, Thou Knowest. Concluded.

CHORUS.



Gra - cious God, Thou know - est, Know - est when we
Gra - cious God, Thou know - est, Know - est:



call, When we by the way - side, In our weak-ness fall;
when we call,



Hu - man hearts Thou judg - est By their mo - tives, Lord, Thou art an



ev - er - liv - ing And a right - eous God, And a right - eous God,
Thou art a liv - ing



Thou art an ev - er, ev - er - liv - ing, And a right - eous God.
Thou art a liv - ing, And a right - eous God.

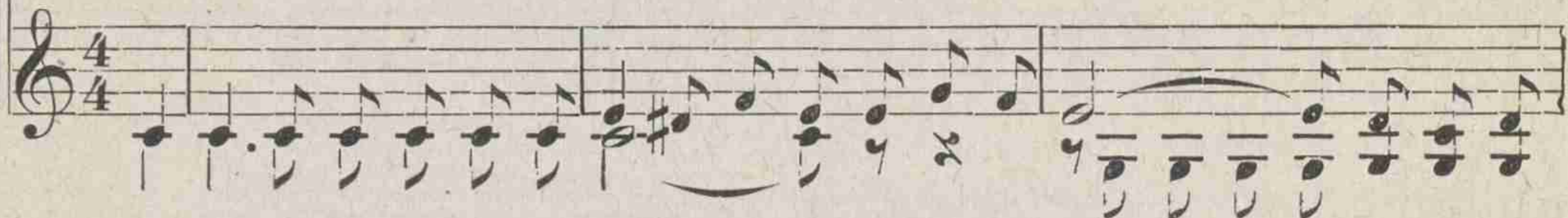
No. 44. Asleep in Jesus.

MARGARET MACKAY.

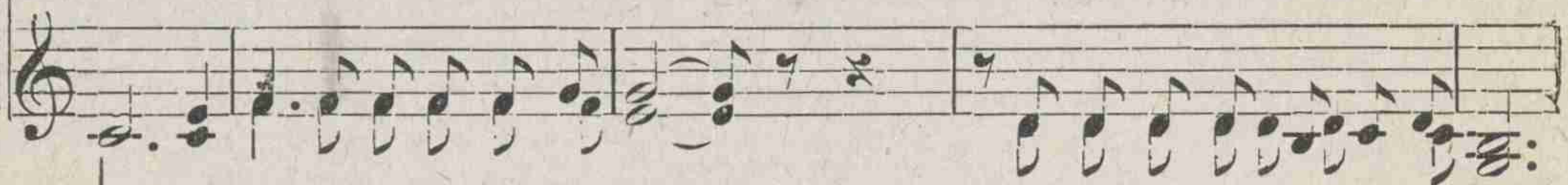
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



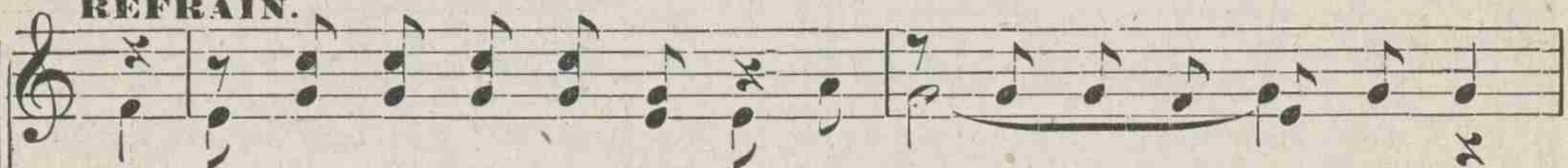
1. Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep, . . . From which none ev - er wake to
2. Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet . . . To be for such . . . a slumber
3. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest, . . . Whose waking is . . . supremely
blessed sleep,



weep! A calm and undisturbed repose, Unbroken by . . . the last of foes.
meet! With holy confidence to sing, That death hath lost . . . its venom'd sting.
blest! No fear, no foe shall dim that hour That manifests . . . the Saviour's power.



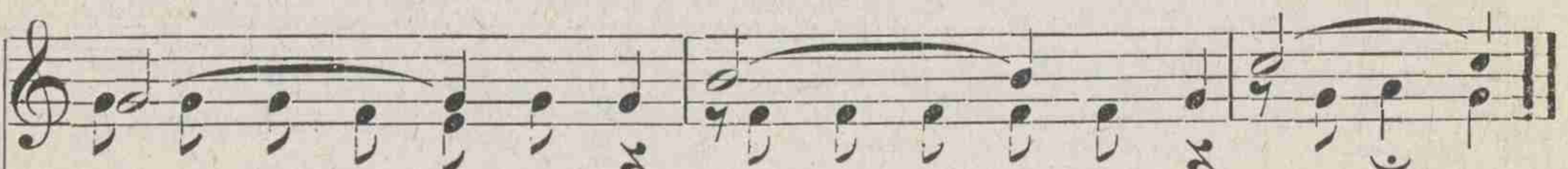
REFRAIN.



A - sleep, A - sleep in Je - sus, A - sleep in Je - sus, A -
A - sleep, bless - ed sleep,



sleep, a - sleep, A - sleep in Je - sus, blessed
asleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep,



sleep, A - sleep, a - sleep, . . .
a - sleep in Je - sus! a - sleep in Je - sus, in Je - sus.



Fillmores' Women's Choir No. 2.

No. 45. Afterward.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Now the sowing and the reaping, Working hard and waiting long;
2. Now the spirit, conflict riven, Wounded heart's unequal strife;
3. Now the training, strange and lowly, Unexplained and tedious now;



Afterward the golden reap - ing, Harvest home and grateful song.
 Afterward the triumph giv - en, And the victor's crown of life.
 Afterward the service ho - ly, And the Master's "Enter thou."



golden reaping,

CHORUS.



Afterward, afterward, A glorious song of triumph we shall sing;
 afterward, afterward, we shall sing;



Aft - erward, aft-erward, Within the palace of the King.
 Afterward, afterward,



No. 46. Drifting With the Tide.

IDA M. BUDD.

H. A. HENRY.



1. Brightly gleams the radiant ban-ners Of the sun-light on the sea;
2. In the wake of i - dle pleas-ure, Carelessly she drifts a-long;
3. Vain and false her hope, that af - ter All the joys of earth are past,



Rol-ling heave the rest-less bil-lows, And the breeze is blow-ing free.
Or the Si - ren, Fame, allures her, With the ma - gic of her song.
She shall somehow safe - ly an - chor In the port of heav'n at last;



Lo, up - on those tossing wa - ters See yon bark all gai - ly ride;
Oft her fick-le course she changes, Follows many a treach'rous guide,
For, of all the barks that ev - er, Sailed upon the o - cean wide,



"Whither bound," our hail she answers, "On - ly drift-ing with the tide."
Toward some vague, un-cer - tain ha - ven, Ev - er drift-ing with the tide.
Where's the one that made the har-bor Simply drift-ing with the tide.



CHORUS.



Drift - ing, on - ly drift - ing, On the o - cean wild and wide,
Drifting, we are on - ly drift - ing,



Drifting With the Tide. Concluded.

Mak-ing not for home or har-bor, On - ly drift-ing with the tide.

No. 47. Praise His Name.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. All the way my Lord is leading me, Praise His name, praise His name,
2. When I faint His grace upholdeth me, Praise His name, praise His name,
3. Cares of life have o - ver-tak-en me, Praise His name, praise His name,

With His heav'nly man - na feeding me, Praise His ho - ly name.
When I fear, His arms en-foldeth me, Praise His ho - ly name.
Yet He nev - er has for-sak-en me, Praise His ho - ly name.

CHORUS.
Hal - le - lu - jah! This is my song, Je - sus, Jesus, the whole day long;

Swell the chor-us mighty and strong, Praise His ho - ly name.

No. 48. Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.

J. H. HANAFORD.

J. H. FILLMORE.

TRIO.



1. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Thinking not . . . 'tis
2. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Why, oh, why . . . still



thrown a - way ; . . . God hath said . . . that thou shalt gather
doubting stand ; . . . God shall send . . . a bounteous harvest



Rich re-wards some future day. Cast thy bread upon the
If thou sowest with liberal hand. Give then freely of thy



wa-ters, Wildly tho' the billows roll ; . . . They but
substance, O'er this cause the Lord doth reign ; . . . Cast thy



aid . . . thee as thou toilest, Truth to spread from pole to pole.
bread, and toil with patience, Thou shalt la - bor not in vain.

No. 49. Lord, I Am Thine.

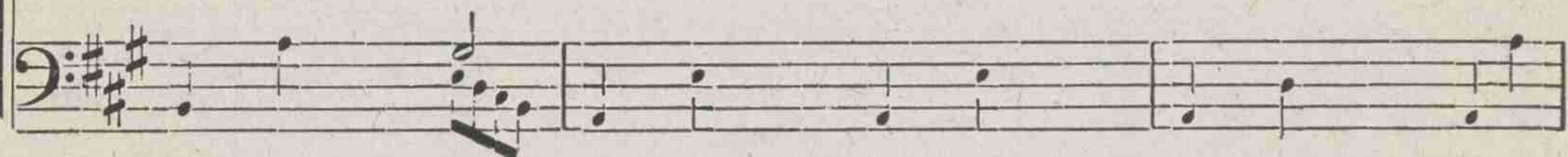
C. D. EMERSON.



1. Lord, I am Thine, what a comfort divine, What bliss to know that my
2. Pleasures abound in the rapturous sound, Whoe'er hath found it, hath
3. On - ward I haste to the heaven - ly feast, Blessed the fullness, but



Je - sus is mine! Hap - py I am, O Thou dear bleeding Lamb,
par - a-dise found: Je - sus to know—just to feel His blood flow,
this is the taste; This I shall prove till with joy I remove,



CHORUS.

How I rejoice at the sound of Thy name.
Life ev - er-lasting—'tis heaven be-low. Blessed Redeemer, how
Where I for-ev - er shall dwell in His love.



hap - py am I! Brighter the flowers and clearer the sky; All the day



long I am singing Thy praise, Songs of rejoicing I joy-ful-ly raise.



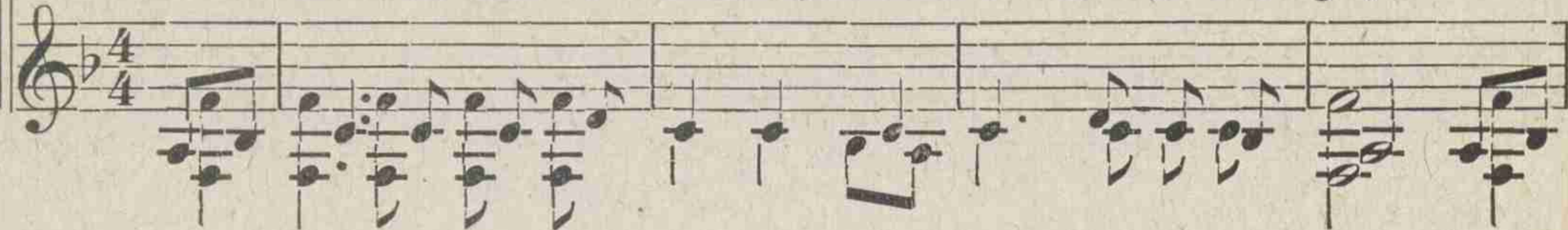
No. 50. A Great Glad Day.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

GEO. H. CROSBY.



1. Be - yond the ills that vex us, Be - yond the toil and tears, Where
2. When friends no more shall grieve us, Nor shadows gloom our sky; When
3. We list - en and we wonder, As heav'nward still we go; No



cares no more perplex us, Nor en - ter doubts and fears. When
hopes shall not de - ceive us, Nor loved ones droop and die, Where
veil is rent a - sun - der, That we may see or know, But



night shall turn to morn - ing, And earth - ly strife shall cease; From
heart - aches reach us nev - er, And souls are ne'er dis - mayed; From
God, the Fa - ther, tells us, That when this life is past, From



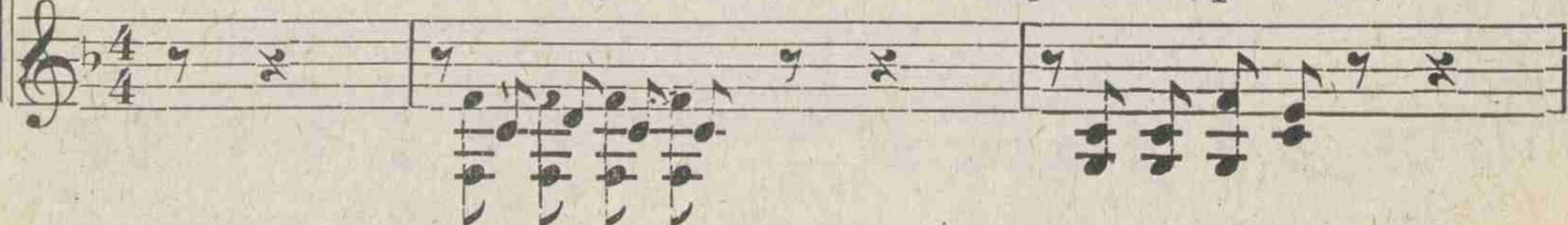
far a - way a great glad day, Shall dawn in per - fect peace.
far a - way a great glad day, Shall dawn no more to fade.
far a - way a great glad day, Shall dawn for us at last.



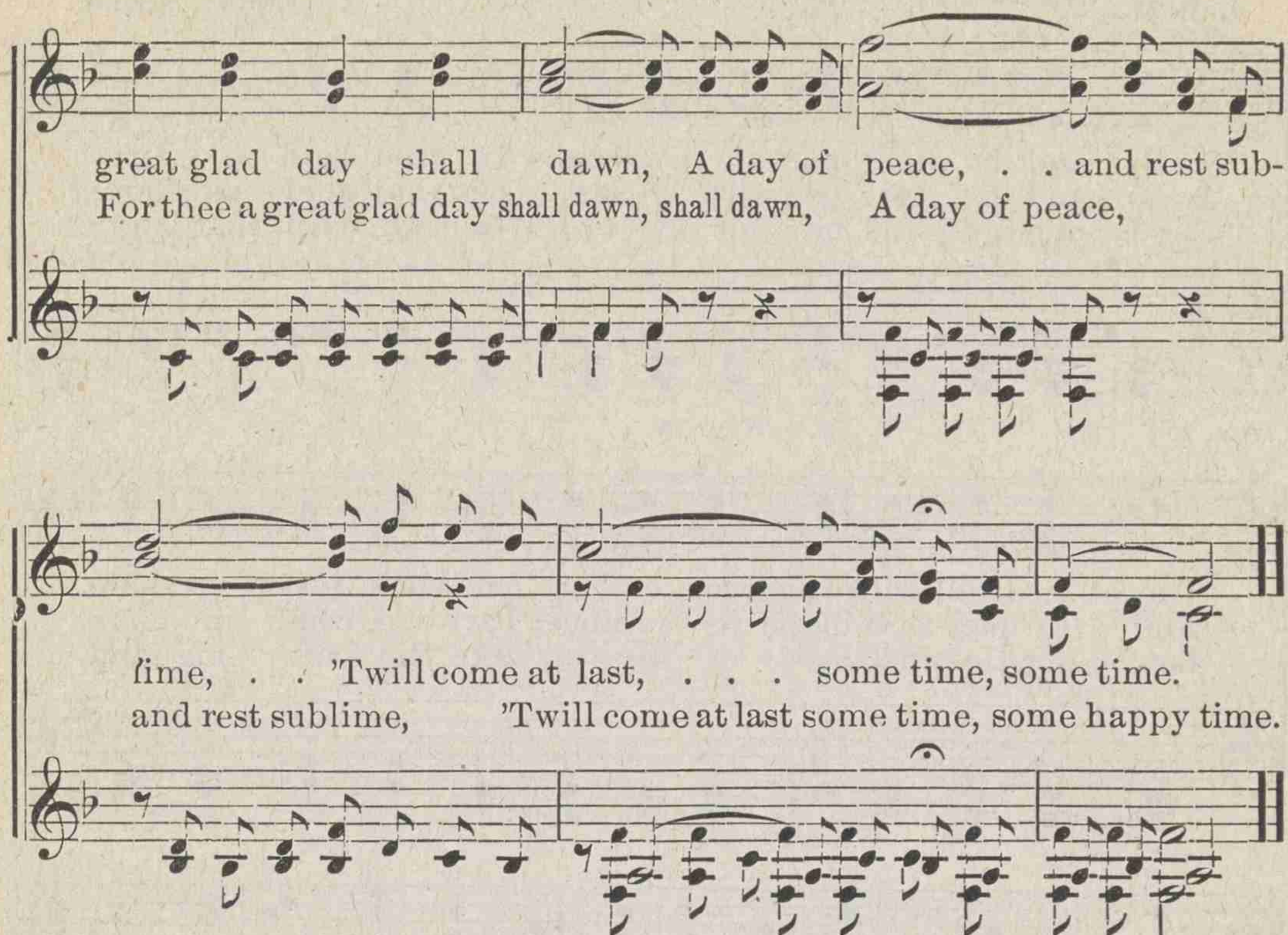
CHORUS.



Oh, courage, heart, . . . press on, press on, . . . For thee a
Oh, courage, heart, press on, press on,



A Great Glad Day. Concluded.



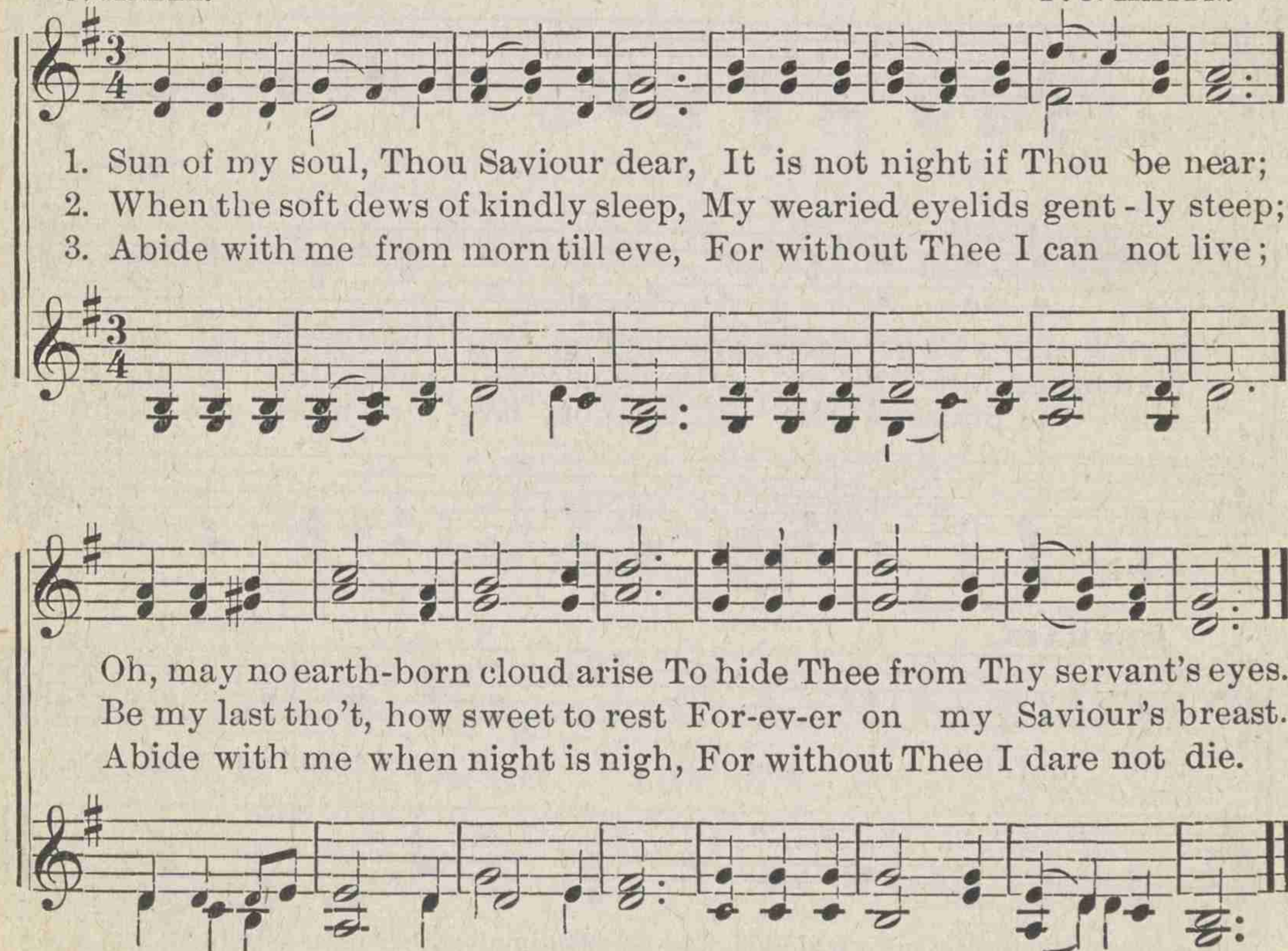
great glad day shall dawn, A day of peace, . . and rest sub-
 For thee a great glad day shall dawn, shall dawn, A day of peace,

time, . . 'Twill come at last, . . . some time, some time.
 and rest sublime, 'Twill come at last some time, some happy time.

No. 51. Sun of My Soul.

J. KEBLE.

F. J. HAYDN.



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep, My wearied eyelids gent-ly steep;
 3. Abide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can not live;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
 Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Saviour's breast.
 Abide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.

No. 52. By and By.

L. R. M.

LEROY MOORE.



1. By and by we'll meet our loved ones, In that land so fair;
2. By and by to be with Je-sus On that gold - en shore;
3. "By and by" will be for-ev - er, When we reach that land;



There to dwell with them for-ev - er, And their joys to share.
And to feel that blest as-surance, Part-ings come no more.
Lov - ing ties shall nev - er sev - er, Like the sift - ing sand.



At the por-tals they are wait-ing, Now to wel-come me;
Oh, what joy in heav'n awaits us, Loved ones robed in white;
Heart to heart we stand u - nit - ed, In the Mas - ter's name;



Hark! the an - gel choirs are singing, O'er the crys - tal sea.
Watching, wait-ing to re-ceive us, To the realms of light.
And the praise of His do-min-ion, Ev - er - more pro-claim.



REFRAIN.



By and by, by and by, We shall meet them by and by.



Melody in the second alto, which should be prominent, other parts subdued, but legato.

No. 53. Press Onward, Heirs of Glory.

E. E. HEWITT.

L. O. EMERSON.



1. Press on-ward, heirs of glo - ry! What tho' the way be steep!
2. True fel - low-ship in Je - sus, Have they who love His name;
3. Press on-ward, heirs of glo - ry, His pal - ace is your goal;



Your Father's ev - er-last-ing arms Will sure - ly save and keep;
They sing His all - a-bound-ing grace, His might-y love pro-claim.
Let songs of joy and shouts of praise Re-vive the droop-ing soul.



An - gel - ic guards sur-round you, Sweet voi - ces urge you on;
To - geth - er let us fol - low His foot-steps left be - low;
The gold - en bells of E - den, In chimes of glad-ness ring;



In nev - er-fail - ing ar - mor clad, The vic - t'ry will be won.
His gen - tle smile, His word of cheer, Will keep the heart a - glow.
Press on-ward till in robes of white You stand be-fore the King.



D. S. Wide o - pen stands the gold - en gate To let the vic - tors in!

CHORUS.



Press on - ward, press on - ward, Strong in the fight with sin!
Press on - ward, press on - ward,



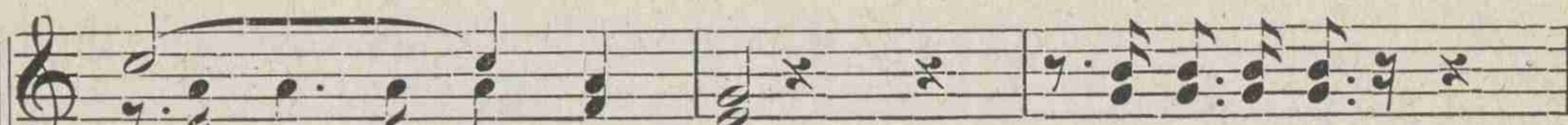
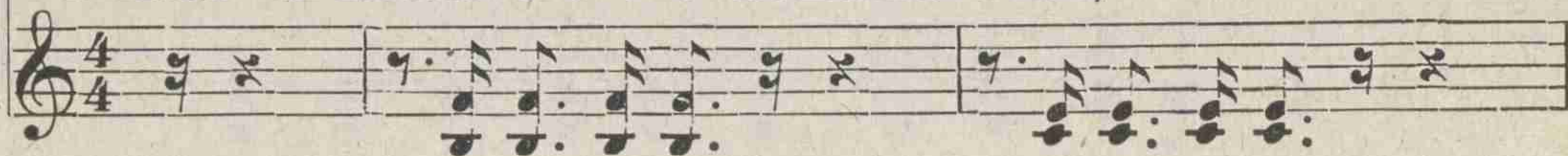
No. 54. There is No Rest.

FRED WOODROW.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. There was no rest for Noah's dove, That left the
2. There was no rest for Hebrew host, Till o'er the
3. There was no rest for Israel's king, Till God for-
4. There is no rest from sin and care, Till we have



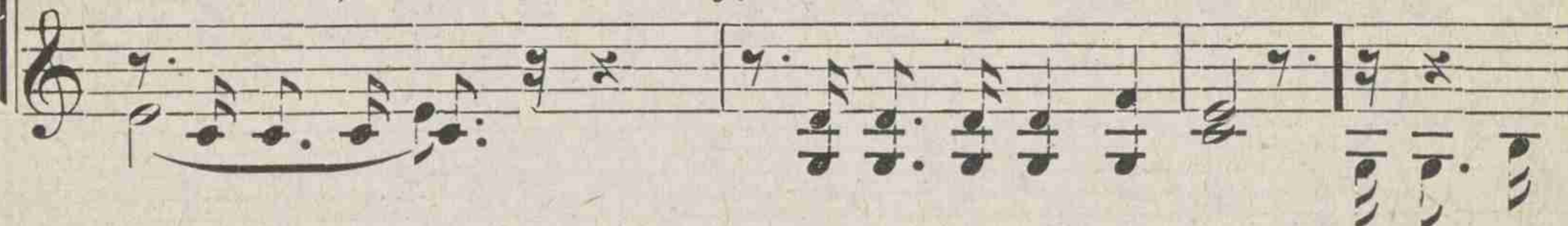
float - - - ing ark,
Jor - - - dan's tide,
gave his sin,
found the breast,

No branch of tree,
The Canaan land,
And David through
Where Jesus, in

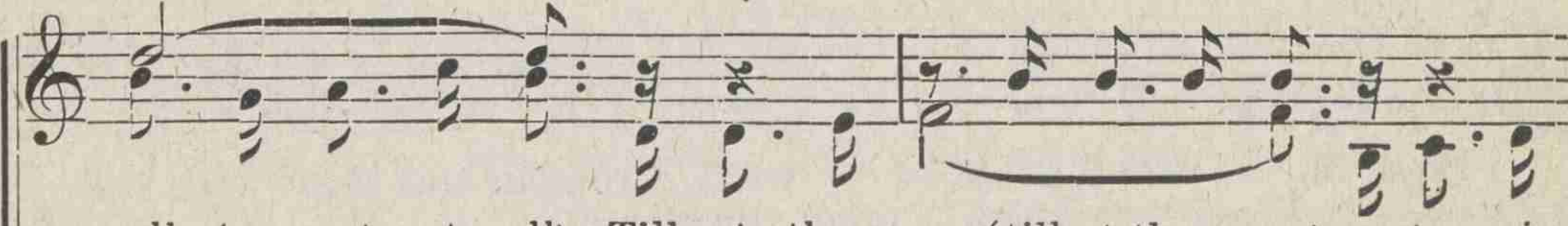


CHORUS.

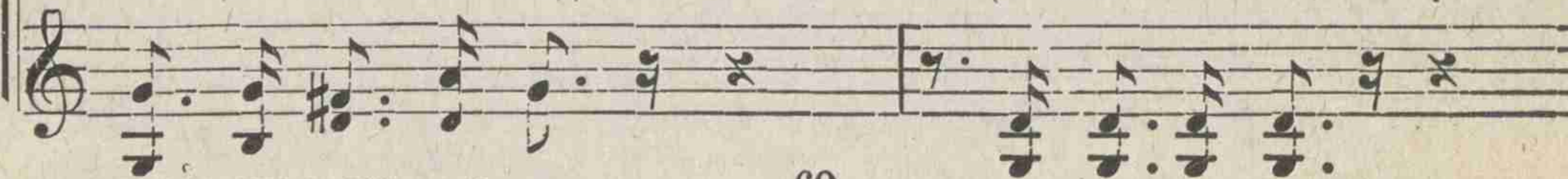
or welcome nest Above the wa - - ters dark.
they sought and found Upon the oth - - er side.
the o - pen gate Of mer-cy en - - tered in.
His love, has said, Ye weary, come . . . and rest. There is no



rest (there is no rest), There is no rest (there is no rest), There is no rest at



all (no rest at all), Till at the cross (till at the cross) sweet peace is



There is No Rest. Concluded.

found (sweet peace is found), And Christ is all in all.

No. 55. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee, because Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In mansions of glo - ry and end-less delight, I'll ev - er a-

fol - lies of sin I re-sign; My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
 long as Thou lend-est me breath; And say, when the death-dew lies
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing, with the glit - ter - ing

Sav-iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
 crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

No. 56. In Heavenly Love.

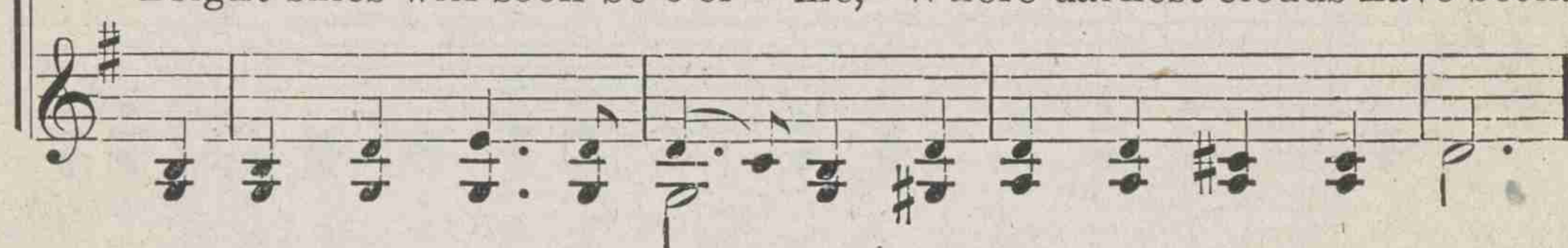
Arr. from KUCKEN.



1. In heav'nly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
 2. Wherev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back;
 3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen;




And safe in such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here.
 My Shepherd is be - side me, And nothing can I lack.
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where darkest clouds have been.



(Parts in small notes may be hummed and sustained.)

2d Soprano.



The storms may roar without me, My heart may low be laid,
 His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim,
 My hope I can not meas - ure, My path to life is free,

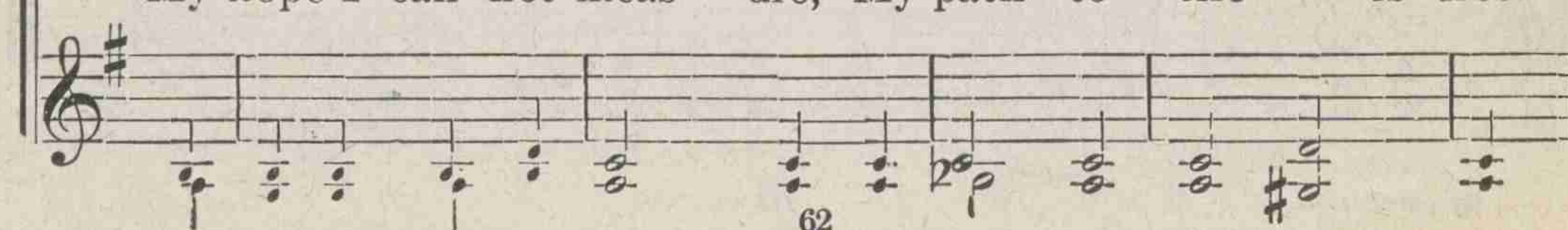


1st Soprano.

Rit.



The storms may roar without me, My heart may low be laid.
 His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim.
 My hope I can not meas - ure, My path to life is free.



In Heavenly Love. Concluded.

Faster.

But God is 'round (but God is 'round) a - bout me (a - bout me), And can I
 He knows the way (He knows the way) He ta-keth (He taketh), And I will
 My Saviour has (my Saviour has) my treasure (my treasure), And He will

be walk, walk dis - - - mayed, I and with me,

be (and can I be) dismayed, and can I be dismayed, and can I
 walk (and I will walk), and I will walk with Him, and I will walk, will
 walk (and He will walk) with me, and He will walk with me, and He will

Can I
 Walk and
 He with

be dismayed. Be (and can I be) dismayed, Be (and
 walk with Him. Walk (and I will walk) with Him, Walk (and
 walk with me. Walk (and He will walk) with me, Walk (and

can I be) dismayed, And can I be dis - mayed.
 I will walk) with Him, And I will walk with Him.
 He will walk) with me, And He will walk with me.

* The last eight measures may be sung as a Coda, after last stanza only.

No. 57. Looking Unto Jesus.

REV. N. A. MCAULAY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Look - ing un - to Je - sus as I run the Chris-tian race;
 2. Look - ing un - to Je - sus when I feel the sting of sin;
 3. Look - ing un - to Je - sus, sing - ing sweet - ly as I go;



Look - ing un - to Je - sus for supplies of dai - ly grace;
 Look - ing un - to Je - sus for His cleans-ing pow'r with-in;
 Look - ing un - to Je - sus till I quit this vale be-low;



Look - ing un - to Je - sus as I read His ho - ly word;
 Look - ing un - to Je - sus for a peace with-out al - loy,
 Look - ing un - to Je - sus when im - mor - tal I shall rise,



Look - ing un - to Je - sus, my Re-deem - er and my Lord.
 Look - ing un - to Je - sus, for a nev - er end - ing joy.
 Look - ing un - to Je - sus, for a home be - yond the skies.

CHORUS.



Look - ing un - to Je - sus, Look - ing ev - 'ry
 Looking, look - ing un - to Je - sus, Looking, looking ev - 'ry



Looking Unto Jesus. Concluded.



day, Look - ing un-to Je - sus, To Him who is the
day, ev'ry day; Looking, looking unto Je - sus, To Him, to Him who is the

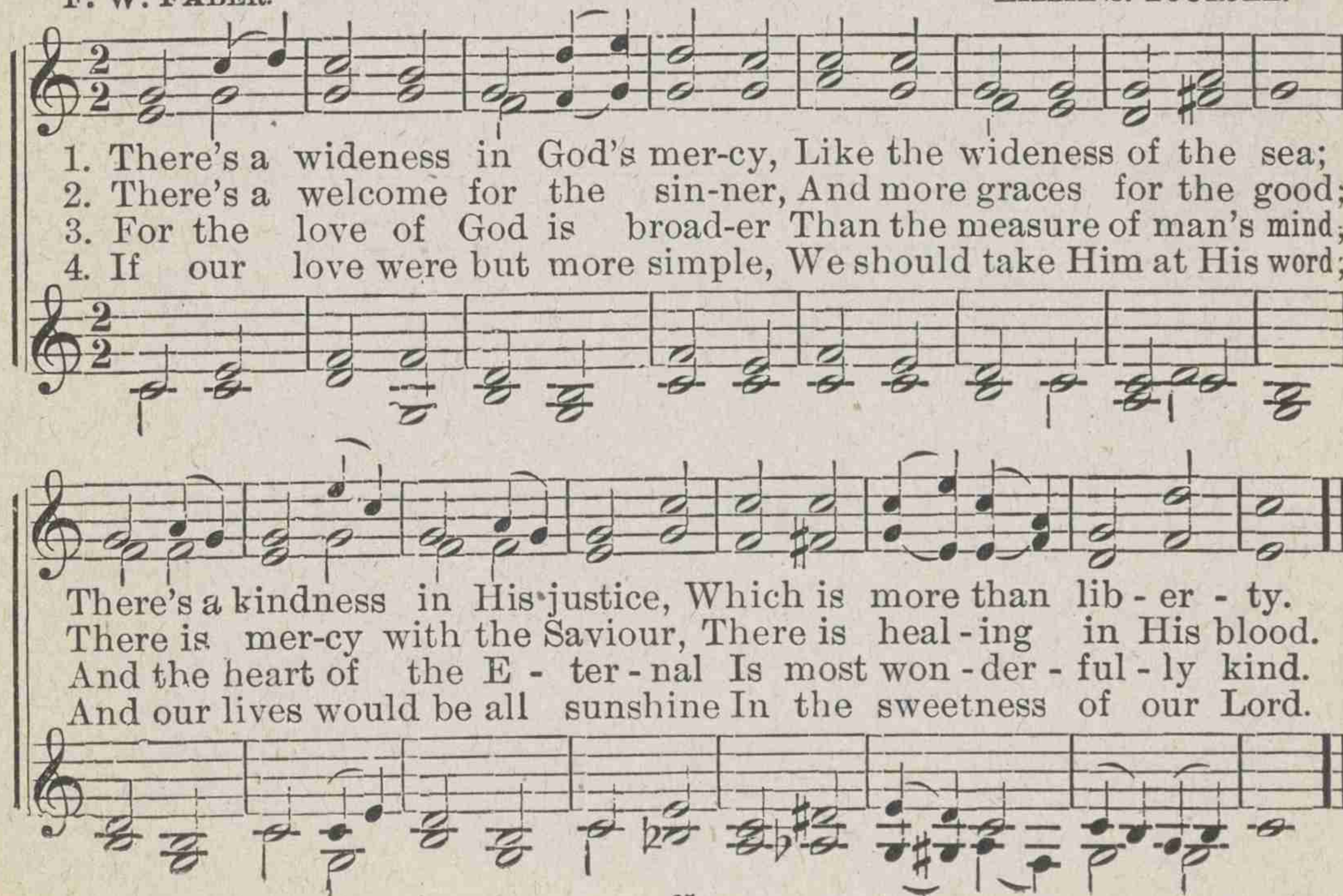
way, . . . Looking un-to Je - sus in the conflict and the
way, who is the way,

strife, Looking un-to Je - sus ev-'ry mo - ment of my life.
strife, Looking un-to Je - sus, ev-'ry moment of my life.

No. 58. Wellesley.

F. W. FABER.

LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.



1. There's a wideness in God's mer-cy, Like the wideness of the sea;
2. There's a welcome for the sin-ner, And more graces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the measure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more simple, We should take Him at His word;

There's a kindness in His justice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer-cy with the Saviour, There is heal-ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 59. Sing the Love of Jesus.

Furnished by DR. S. B. JACKSON.



1. Sweetly sing the love of Je - sus, Love for you and love for me;
2. Soft - ly sing the love of Je - sus, For our hearts are full of tears,
3. Glad - ly sing the love of Je - sus, Let us lean up - on His arm;



Heaven's light is not more cheering, Heaven's dews are not more free.
When we think how He in sorrow Walked this earth for many years.
If He loves us, what can grieve us? If He keeps us, what can harm?



CHORUS.



Sing the love of Je - sus, Precious, precious love, . . .
Sing the love of Je - sus, Pre - cious, precious love,



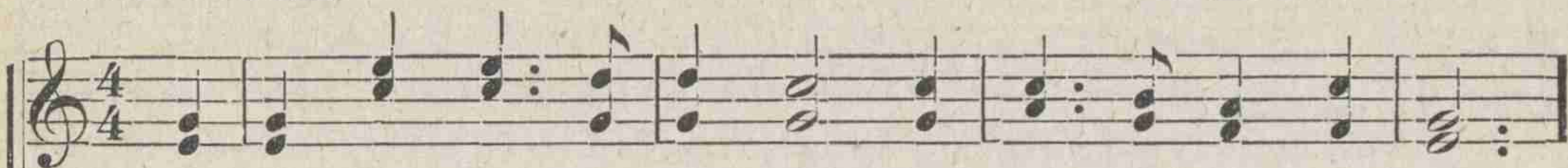
1. Sweetly
 2. Soft - ly
 3. Glad - ly
- } sing the love of Je - sus, Precious, pre-cious love.



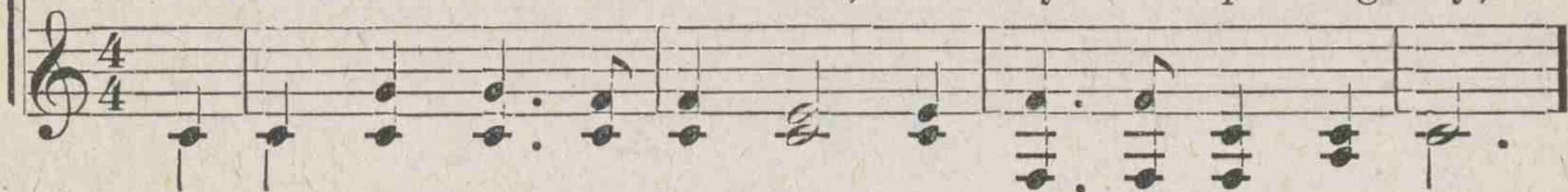
No. 60. Our Watchword.

SILAS FARMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. We're drawing near to Je - sus, Our ban-ner waves on high;
2. We love our Mas-ter's serv - ice, And, see - ing eye to eye,
3. The fields are white to har - vest, The days are speeding by;



And this our watchword ev - er, "We'll work un - til we die."
With grace di-vine to help us, We'll work un - til we die.
Go forth a - gain, ye work-ers, And work un - til ye die.



CHORUS.



We'll work . . . un - til we die; . . . The banner of our
We'll work until we die, Yes, we'll work until we die; The ban - ner



Captain thro' the con-flict we will bear; We'll work . . . un-
through the con-flict we will bear; We'll work un-til we die,



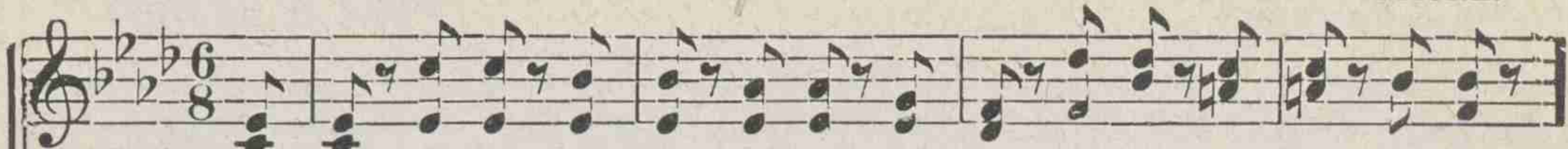
til we die, . . . And then go home our crowns to wear.
yes, we'll work until we die,



No. 61. Gently Speak.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Oh, gent-ly speak as on we go, And kindness true to oth-ers show;
2. Love is the sweetest thing of earth, And gems and pearls have lesser worth
3. How oft we mar the purest joy, How oft the sweetest hopes destroy;



Soft words let fall, soft words let fall, And kindness show to all.
Than gentle words and loving deeds, Than kindly words and deeds.
Then let no burst of an-ger slip, No hot words pass the lip.



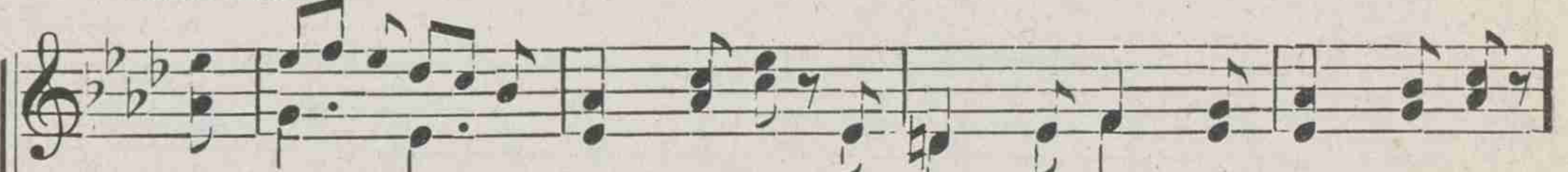
The cares of day will lighter seem, The lights of home will brighter beam,
Less sorely will life's burdens press, Less sharply will its ills dis-tress,
And thus in peace we all shall know, That heav'n comes down to earth below,



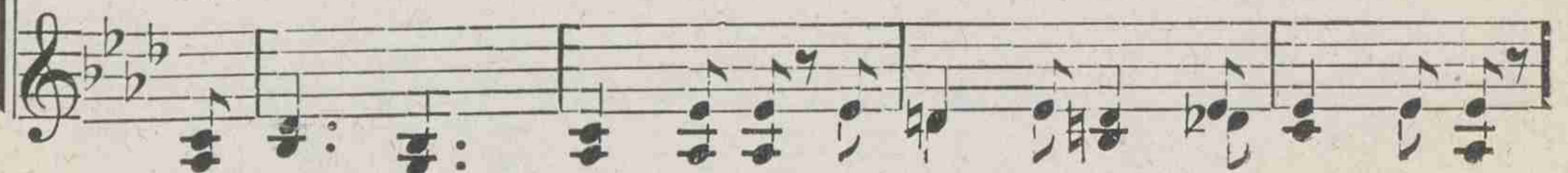
For gentle words and loving deeds, For kind-ly words and deeds.
With gentle words and loving deeds, With kind-ly words and deeds.
Thro gentle words and loving deeds, Thro kind-ly words and deeds.



REFRAIN.



Oh, gentle words and loving deeds, They lighten care, they cheer the sad;
Oh, gen - tle words and deeds,



Gently Speak. Concluded.

Oh, gentle words and lov-ing deeds, They make our lives so glad.
gen - tle words and deeds,

No. 62. He is Calling.

FABER.

Arr.

1st Alto sing lower notes on Soprano staff.

1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There's no place where earthly sorrows Are more felt than up in heav'n;
3. For the love of God is broader Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. But we make His love too narrow, By false lim-its of our own,

Alto Solo.

There's a kindness in His just-ice, Which is more than liber-ty.
There's no place where earthly failings Have such kindly judgment giv'n.
And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most wonder-ful - ly kind.
And we mag-ni-fy His strictness With a zeal He will not own.

REFRAIN.

He is call-ing, "Come to me;" Lord, I'll glad-ly fol-low Thee.

No. 63. Invocation Hymn.

REV. LEVI GILBERT, D. D.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Met within this hallowed place, Lord, Thy mercy now extend; Grant the
2. May the Scriptures read to-night, Cheer us, Lord, thro'out the week! Let a
3. As we tes - ti - fy or kneel, Give us full sin - cer - i - ty; Warm our



showers of Thy grace, Strength and consolation lend; Earnest Christians every-
bliss from heaven's height Come to all who pray or speak; From all care bring sweet re-
hearts that each may feel, What a friend he has in Thee; Rule our tho'ts and words this



where, Join with ours their evening pray'r,
lease, Grant us comfort, light and peace,
hour, Flood us with the Spirit's pow'r,



Earnest Christians everywhere, Join with ours their evening pray'r.
From all care bring sweet release, Grant us com - fort, light and peace.
Rule our tho'ts and words this hour, Flood us with the Spirit's power.



No. 64. Consecrated all to Thee.

ORAN WILLIAMS.



1. Take my life and let it be Con-se-cratt-ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beauti-ful for Thee;
3. Take my lips and let them be Filled with messages from Thee;
4. Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise;
5. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no long-er mine;
6. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its treas-ure store;



Take my hands and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.
Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my in - tel-lect and use Ev'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne.
Take my-self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.



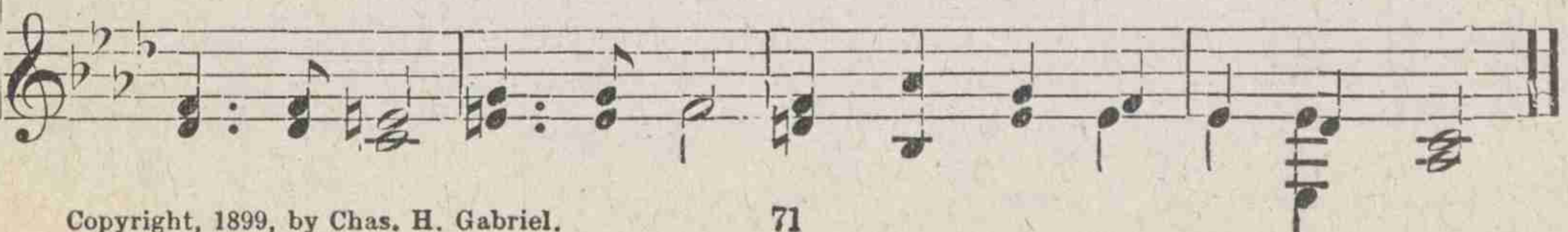
REFRAIN.



All to Thee, all to Thee, Con-se - crat - ed all to Thee;



All to Thee, all to Thee, Con-se - crat - ed all to Thee.



No. 65. The Creator's Praise.

DR. S. B. JACKSON.



1. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord,
 2. Your lofty themes, ye mor - tals, bring,
 3. In ev - 'ry land be - gin the song,




E - ter - nal truth at - tends Thy word;
 In songs of praise di - vine - ly sing;
 To ev - 'ry land the strains prolong;




Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Sal - va - tion free a - loud pro - claim,
 In cheerful sounds all voic - es raise,




Till suns shall rise and set no more.
 And shout for joy the Sav - iour's name.
 And fill the world with loud - est praise.



CHORUS.



From all that dwell be - low the skies,
 From all that dwell be - low the skies,



The Creator's Praise. Concluded.

Let the Cre - a - - - tor's praise a - rise,
 Oh, let His praise, His praise a-rise,

Oh, let His name and love be sung
 Oh, let His name and love be sung

Thro ev - 'ry land, . . . by ev - 'ry tongue.
 Thro ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.

No. 66. Gloria Patri.

{ Glory be to the Father, and . . . to the Son,
 { As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be,

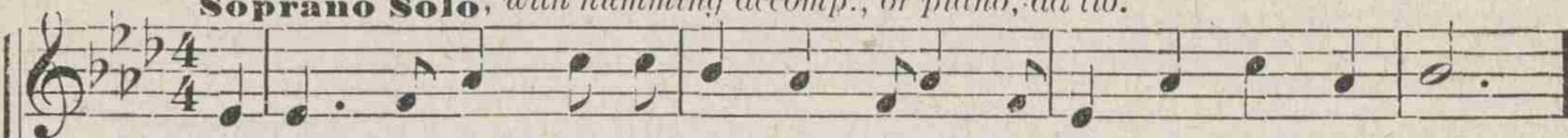
and to the Ho - ly Ghost. }
 world with - out end. A - men. } A - men.

No. 67. The Wonderful City.

C H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Soprano Solo, with humming accomp., or piano, ad lib.



1. I hear them tell of a wondrous country, A land of pure delight,
2. I hear them tell of a risen Saviour, Whose praise the glad host sings;
3. O brother, list to the wondrous story, So old and yet so new;

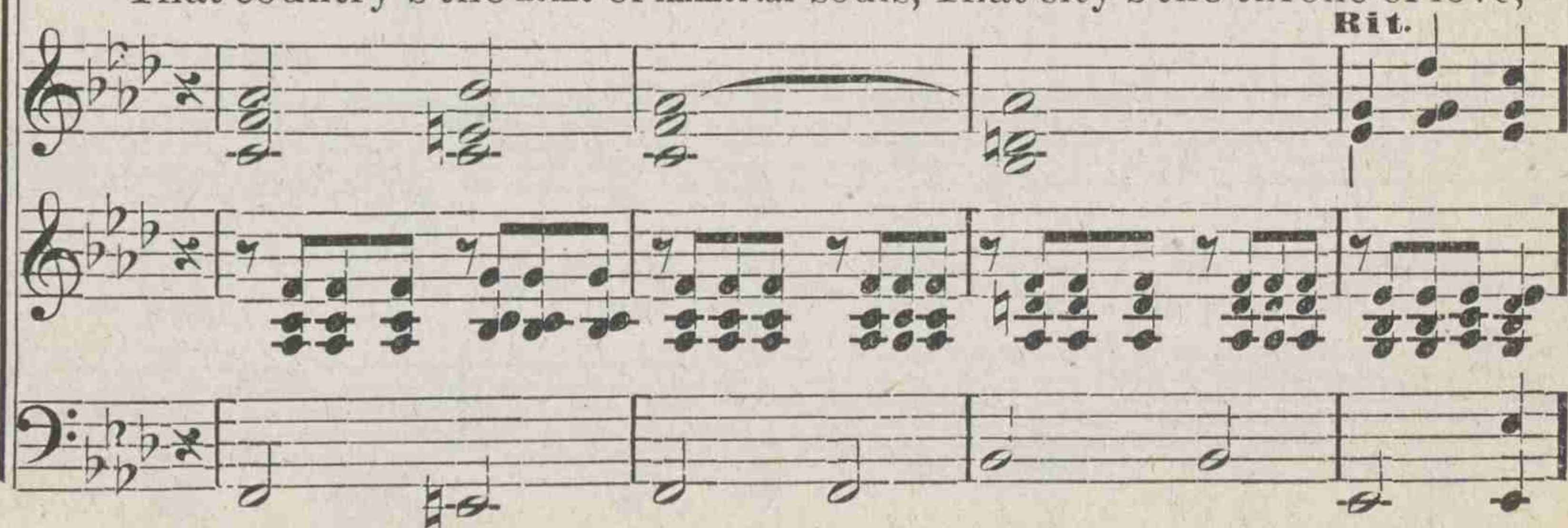
2d Sop., 1st and 2d Altos hum—with lips closed.



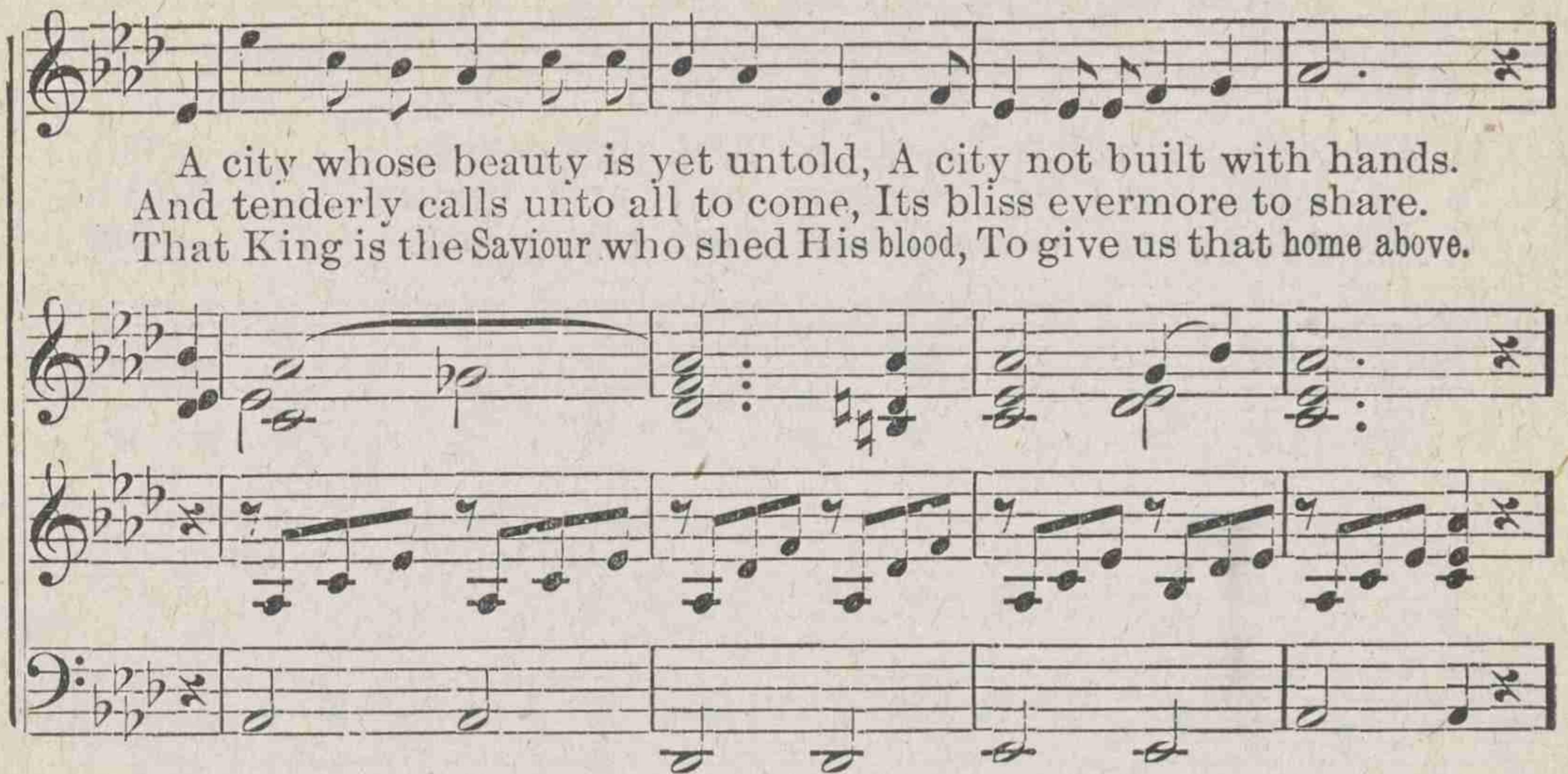
Where summer suns are forever shining, And never there falleth night;
The builder of that eternal city,—The mighty, the King of kings.
The half untold, tho forever telling The story so good and true.



I hear that within that dominion fair, A cit-y e-ter-nal stands,
They tell me that He has prepared for all A mansion so bright and fair,
That country's the home of immortal souls, That city's the throne of love,



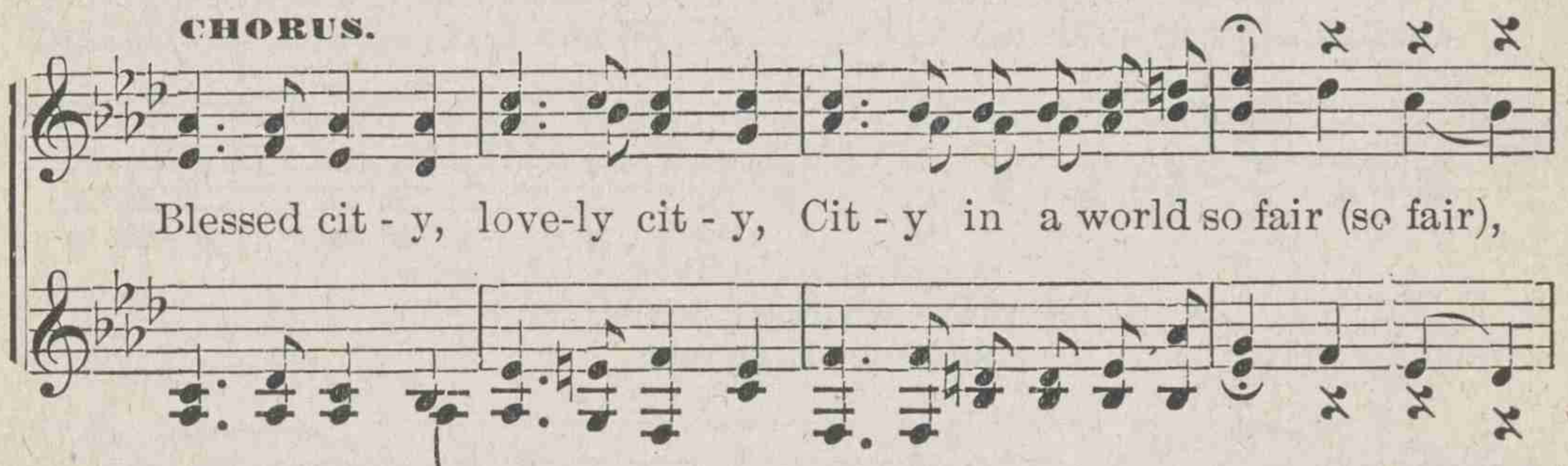
The Wonderful City. Concluded.



A city whose beauty is yet untold, A city not built with hands.
And tenderly calls unto all to come, Its bliss evermore to share.
That King is the Saviour who shed His blood, To give us that home above.

The first system of music consists of four staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major. The second staff is a piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The third and fourth staves provide a bass line for the piano accompaniment.

CHORUS.



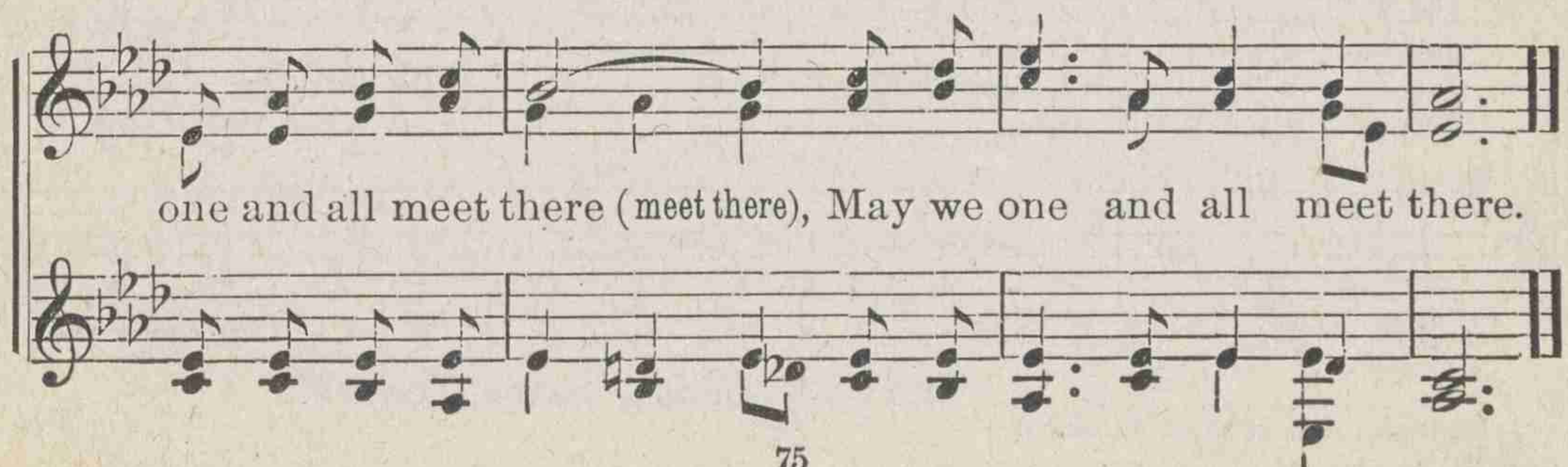
Blessed cit - y, love-ly cit - y, Cit - y in a world so fair (so fair),

The chorus begins with a single melodic line on a treble clef staff, followed by a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs).



Bless - ed cit - y, love - ly cit - y, Broth-er, may we

The second line of the chorus continues the melody and piano accompaniment from the first line.



one and all meet there (meet there), May we one and all meet there.

The third line of the chorus concludes the piece with a final melodic phrase and piano accompaniment.

No. 68. The Whispering Leaves.

E. R. LATTA.

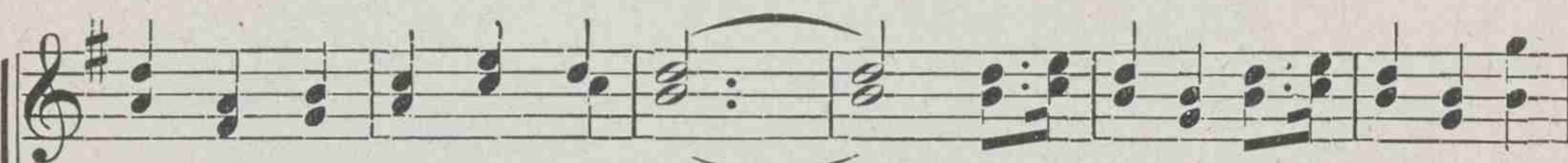
CHAS. K. LANGLEY.



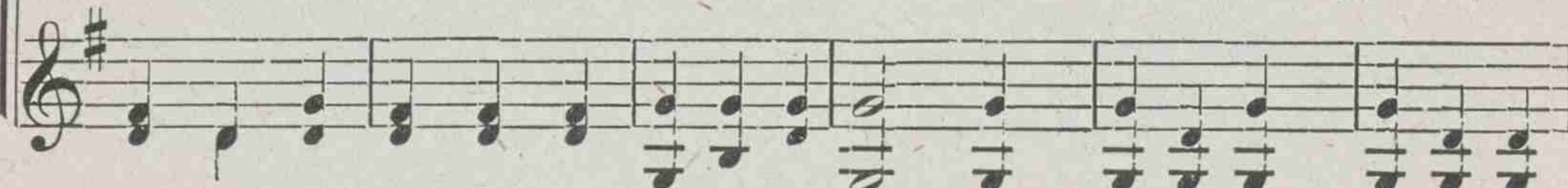
1. Who know-eth the mys - ti - cal lan - guage . . . The
2. In spring-time and sum-mer and au - tumn . . . Who-
3. What del - i - cate wind-harps are play - ing . . . On



mys - ti - cal language
au - tumn and au-tumn
play-ing, are playing



ear from the woodland re-ceives? . . . Has a - ny dis - covered the
ev - er in bit - ter-ness grieves . . . Should stray to the woodland re-
beau-ti-ful soft sum-mer eves . . . When breezes, so gentle, are



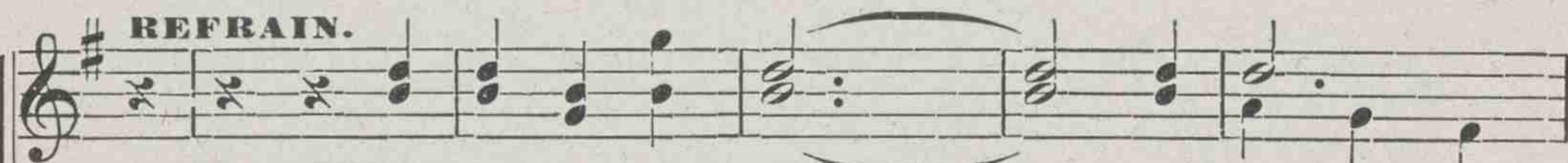
woodland receives,
bit - terness grieves,
summer-time eves,



se - crets . . . That dwell in the sound of the leaves? . . .
cess - es . . . And list to the whisper-ing leaves. . . .
breathing . . . Their se-crets to whisper-ing leaves. . . .



of the leaves.
whispering leaves.
whispering leaves.



REFRAIN.
The whisper-ing leaves, . . . The whisp'-
The whispering leaves, . . . The whis-per - ing,



The whispering leaves, The whis - - -

The Whispering Leaves. Concluded.

ring, whis-per-ing leaves, The gen-tle mu - si-cians, the
whis-per - ing leaves,

- - per - ing leaves,

mag-i - cal players, The whispering, whispering leaves.
whis-per - ing leaves.

whisp' - ring leaves.

pp

No. 69. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd about, With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
5. Just as I am: Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Fight - ings and fears within, without, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Be - cause Thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

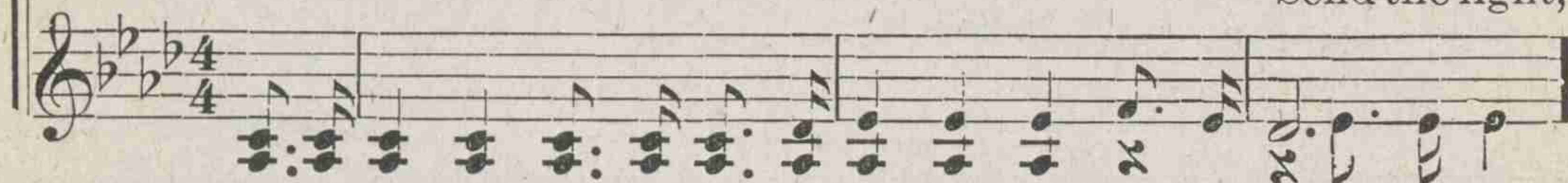
No. 70. Send the Light.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the restless wave, "Send the light,
2. We have heard the Macedonian call to-day, "Send the light,
3. Let us pray that grace may ev'rywhere abound, Send the light,
4. Let us not grow weary in the work of love, Send the light,



Send the light!" There are souls to rescue, there are souls to save,
 Send the light!" And a golden off-'ring at the cross we lay,
 Send the light! And a Christ-like spirit ev'rywhere be found,
 Send the light! Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a-bove,
 Send the light!

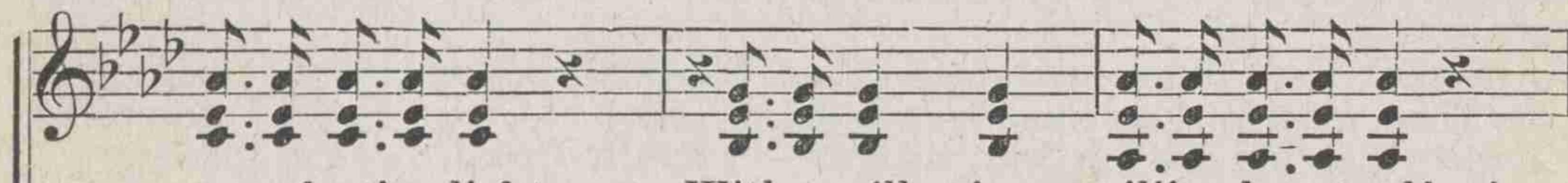


1st and 2d Sop. and 1st Alto.

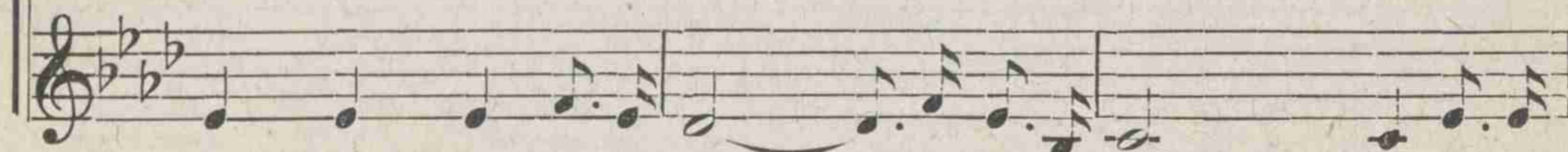
pp CHORUS.



Send the light! Send the light! We will spread the
 Send the light! Send the light! We will spread the ev-er-
 SOLO. 2d Alto.



ev-erlasting light, With a will - ing, willing heart and hand,
 last - ing light, With a will - ing heart and hand, . . . Giving



Send the Light. Concluded.

Giv-ing God the glo-ry ev-ermore, We will
God . . . the glo-ry ev-er-more, We will fol-low

fol-low, fol-low His com-mand, Send the light, . . . the blessed
His com-mand . . . Send the light, the

gos-pel light, Let it shine . . . from shore to
bless-ed gos-pel light, Let it shine

shore, . . . Send the light . . . and let its ra-diant beams
from shore to shore, Send the light and let its radiant beams

Light the world . . . for ev-er-more . . .
Light the world for ev-er-more.

79

No. 71. Beside the Crystal Sea.

REV. N. A. MCAULAY.

ORAN WILLIAMS.



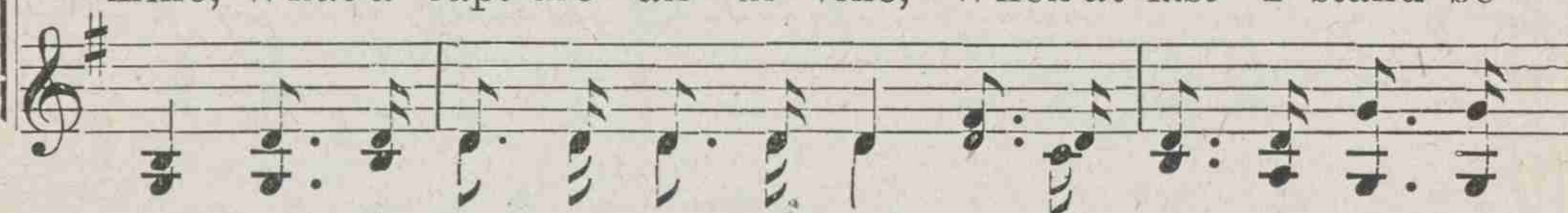
1. In this world of toil and care, Many bur-dens I must bear, As I
2. I shall see each faithful soul, Whom the gospel hath made whole, Clad in
3. Oh, that coming bless-ed day, That shall bear my soul away To my



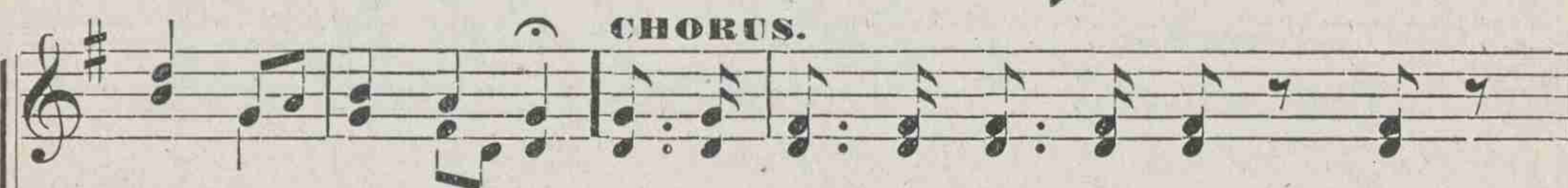
strive like Christ the Saviour here to be; But my bur-den I'll lay
robes of bright im-mor-tal they shall be; In that land of sweetest
home with-in the mansions of the free, What a glo-ry shall be



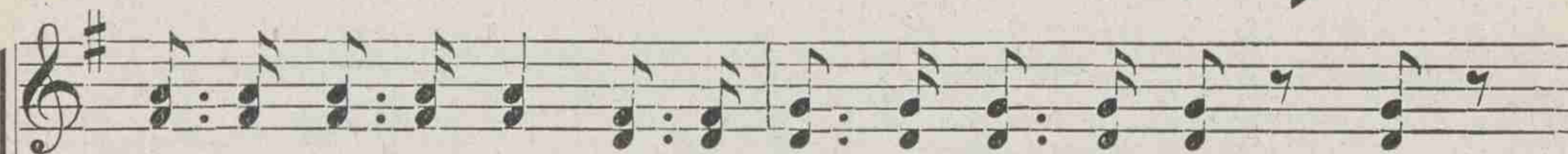
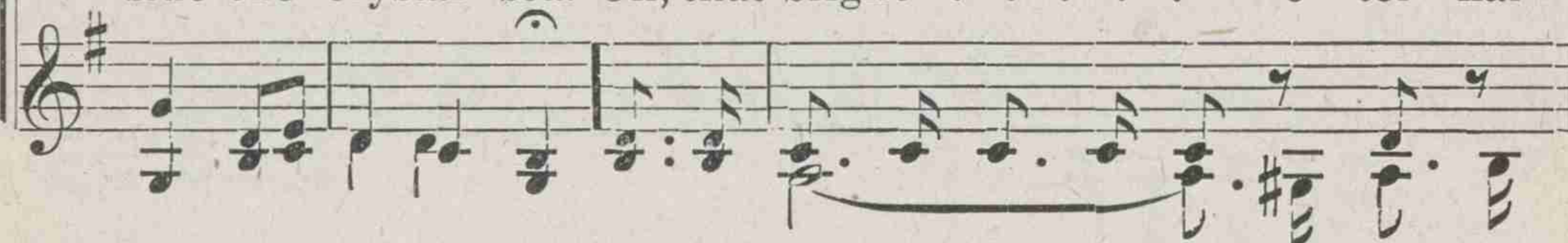
down, And re-ceive a gold-en crown, When at last I stand be-
song, I shall join the blood-washed throng, When at last I stand be-
mine, What a rapt-ure all di-vine, When at last I stand be-



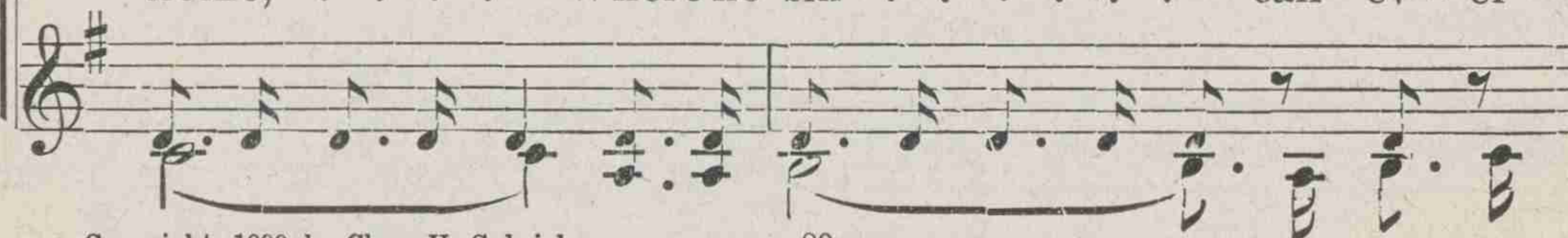
CHORUS.



side the crystal sea. Oh, that bright e-ter-nal home, that
side the crystal sea. Oh, that bright e-ter-nal



bright e-ter-nal home, Where no sin can ev-er come, no
home, Where no sin can ev-er



Beside the Crystal Sea. Concluded.

sin can ev - er come, Where the Lord shall sweetest welcome give to
come,

me; What a song I then shall sing, As I
shall give to me:

gaze up-on the King, When at last I stand be-side the crys-tal sea.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of eight staves of music. The lyrics are placed below the staff, with some words aligned under specific notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

No. 72. Rock of Ages.

Fine.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
D. C. Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

D.C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood From thy wounded side which flow'd,

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

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

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb) and a 3/2 time signature. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff ends with a 'Fine.' marking. The second staff begins with a 'D.C.' (Da Capo) marking. The third staff begins with a 'D.C.' marking. The lyrics are placed below the staff, with some words aligned under specific notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

No. 73. Help Each Other.

M. W. P.

H. A. HENRY.



1. We are al - ways made the happier At the tho't of deeds well done;
2. We can make this world an Eden, Newer, brighter day by day;
3. Learning to o - bey the Mas-ter, Ea - ger-ly our feet do run,



Pond'ring o - ver hearts made lighter By some vict'ry we have won.
Ev - 'ry time we ease one heartache, We reap treasures by the way.
Ev - er read - y for the con-flict, Right to love, and wrong to shun.



CHORUS.



Let us love each oth - er bet - ter, Than we
Let us love bet-ter,



ev - - er have be - fore; Lend a hand in lov-ing
Than we ev - er Lend a hand



kind - ness... Cheer - ing, help - ing more and more.
kind-ness,



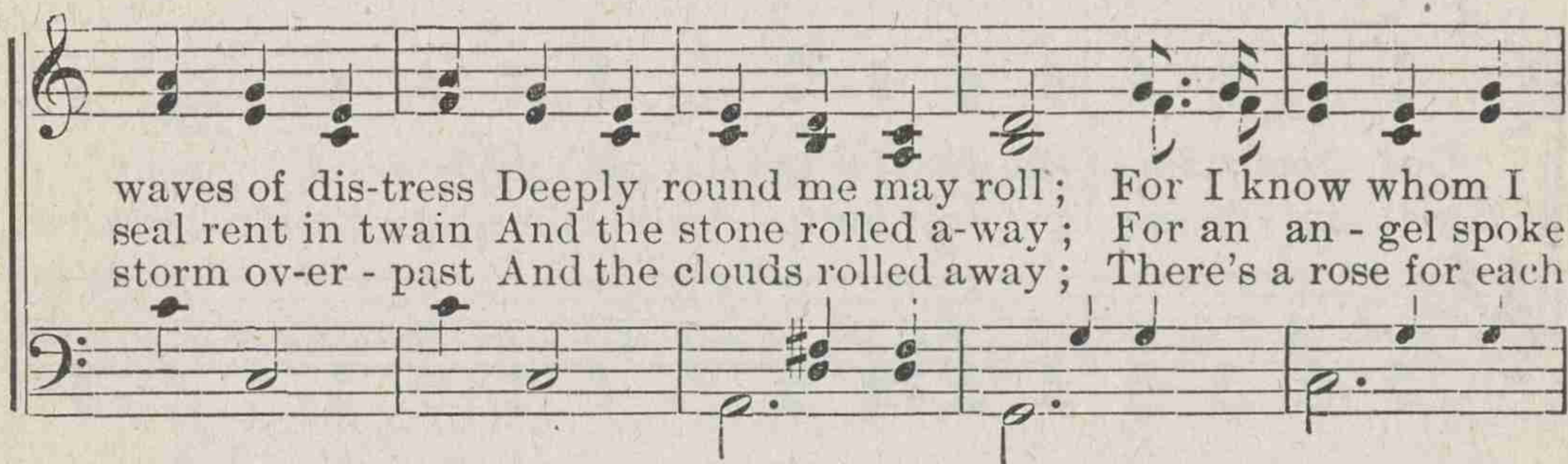
No. 74. There's a Song on my Lips.

MRS. L. M. B. BATEMAN.
DUET.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. There's a song on my lips, There's a song in my soul, Tho the
2. There's a light in my sky, Since the breaking of day, When the
3. There is joy in my heart All the long, wea-ry day, For the

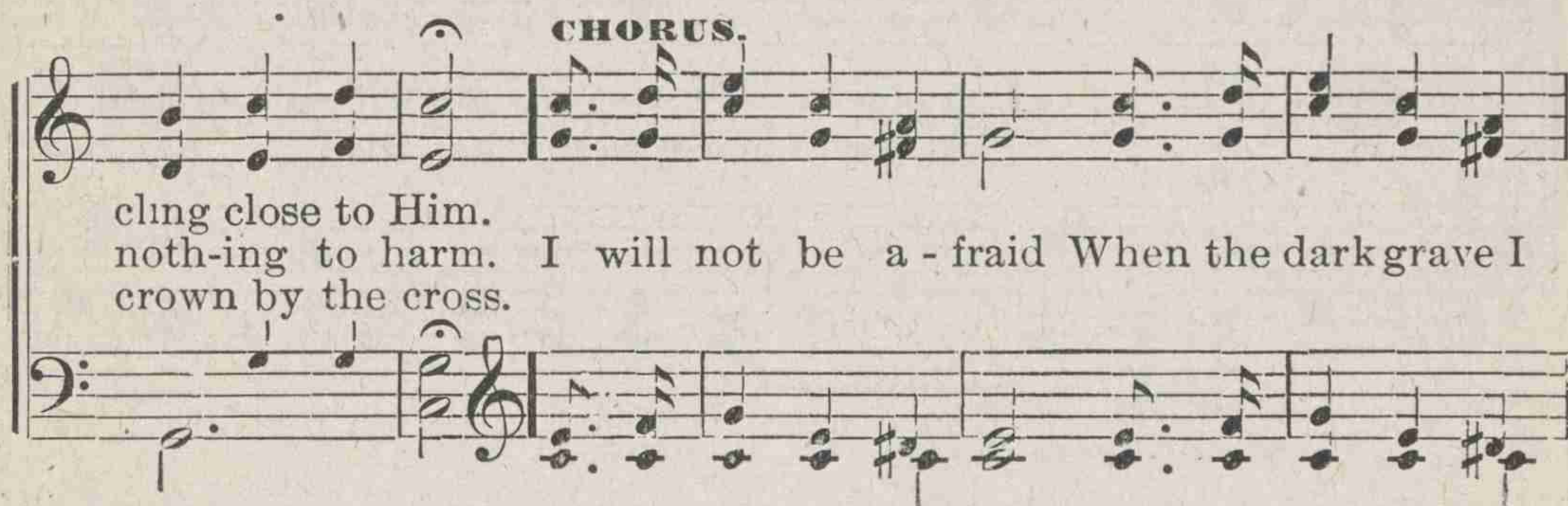


waves of dis-tress Deeply round me may roll; For I know whom I
seal rent in twain And the stone rolled a-way; For an an-gel spoke
storm ov-er - past And the clouds rolled away; There's a rose for each

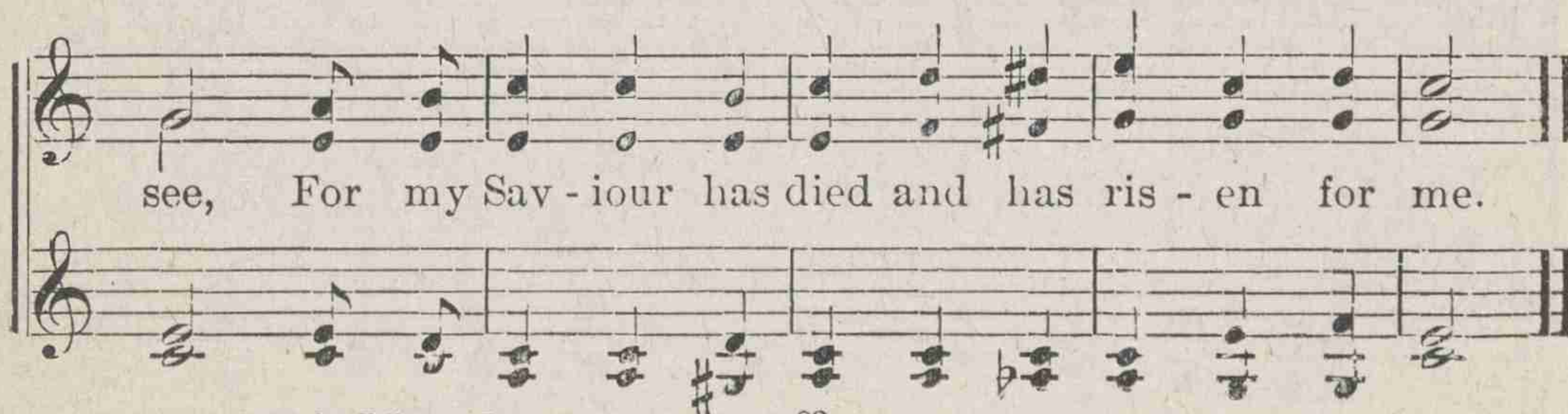


trust, Tho the way may be dim, I shall safe-ly go home, If I
peace To my spir-it's a-larm: He is ris-en for thee; There is
thorn, And a gain for each loss, Since my Saviour, Himself, Gained a

CHORUS.



cling close to Him.
noth-ing to harm. I will not be a - fraid When the dark grave I
crown by the cross.



see, For my Sav-iour has died and has ris-en for me.

No. 75. Just for To-day.

S. M.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Lord, for to-morrow and its ills I do not pray; Keep me, my

2. Let me no wrong or i-dle word Unthinking say; Set Thou a



God, from stain of sin, Just for to-day. Let me both dil-i-gent-ly
seal up-on my lips, Just for to-day. Let me, in sea-son, Lord, be



work And du-ly pray; Let me be kind in word and deed, Just for to-
grave, In season, gay; Let me be faith-ful to Thy will Just for to-



day.
day.

Let me be slow to do my will, (Prompt to o-
Lord, for to-mor-row and its ills (I do not



Let me be slow to
Lord, for to-mor - - - - row



bey), Prompt to o-bey; Help me to mor-ti-fy my
pray), I do not pray; But help me, guide me, love me,



Just for To-day. Concluded.

flesh, Just for to - day, Just for to - day.
 Lord, Just for to - day, Just for to - day. Just for to - day.

No. 76. Abide with Me.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. 1847.

W. H. MONK. Arr.

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness
 2. Not a brief glance I beg, a pass - ing word, But as Thou
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
 4. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
 dwell'st with Thy dis - ci - ples, Lord, Fa - mil - iar, con - de -
 grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy - self my
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in

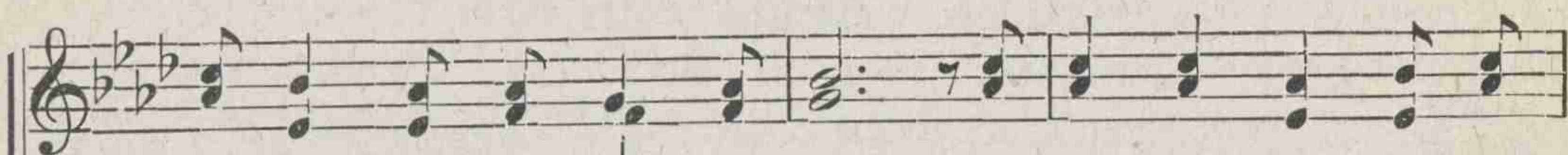
fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me!
 scending, patient, free, Come, not to sojourn, but a - bide with me!
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine oh, a-bide with me!
 all a-round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!

No. 77. My Old Kentucky Home.

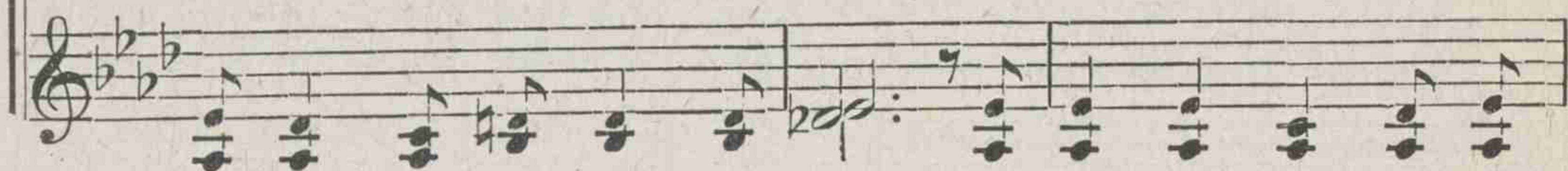
STEPHEN C. FOSTER. Arr. by G.



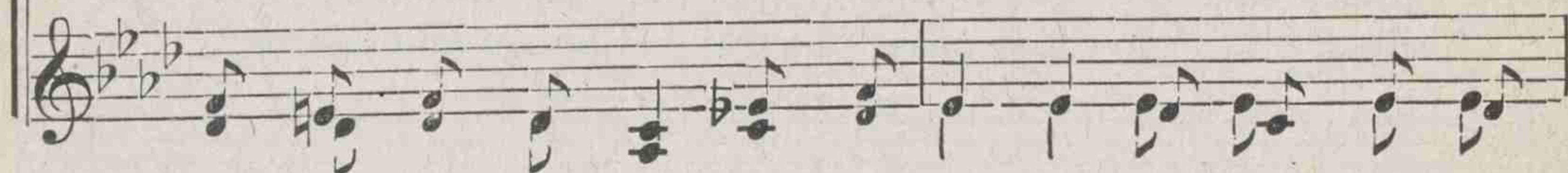
1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck - y home, 'Tis
2. They hunt no more for the 'pos-sum and the coon, On the
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-



sum-mer—the dark-ies are gay; The corn-top's ripe and the
meadow, the hill, and the shore; They sing no more by the
ev - er the dark-ies may go; A few more days and the



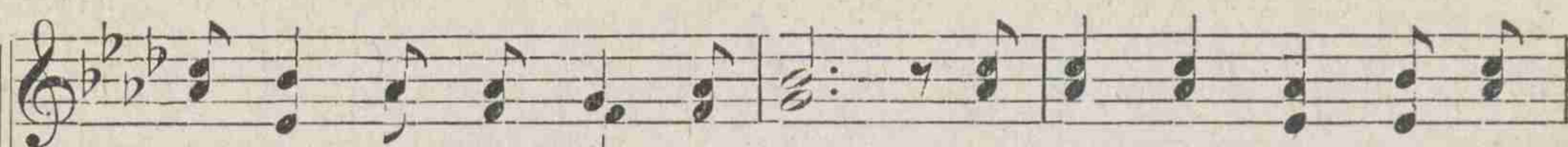
mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the
glim - mer of the moon, On the bench by the old ca - bin
troub - le all will end, In the fields where the su - gar - canes



day. The young folks roll on the lit - tle ca - bin floor, All
door. The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With
grow. A few more days for to tote the wea - ry load, No



My Old Kentucky Home. Concluded.



mer - ry, all hap - py and bright, By'em by hard times comes a-
sor-row where once was de-light; The time has come when the
mat - ter, 't will nev - er be light; A few more days till we



knocking at the door, Then my old Kentuck-y home, good-night.
dark-ies have to part, Then my old Kentuck-y home, good-night.
tot - ter on the road, Then my old Kentuck-y home, good-night.



CHORUS.



Weep no more, my la - dy, oh, weep no more, to - day!



We will sing one song for the old Ken-tuck - y home,



For the old Ken - tuck - y home, far a - way.



No. 78. My Dream Ship.

Mrs. LAURA WILSON MCCLELLAN.

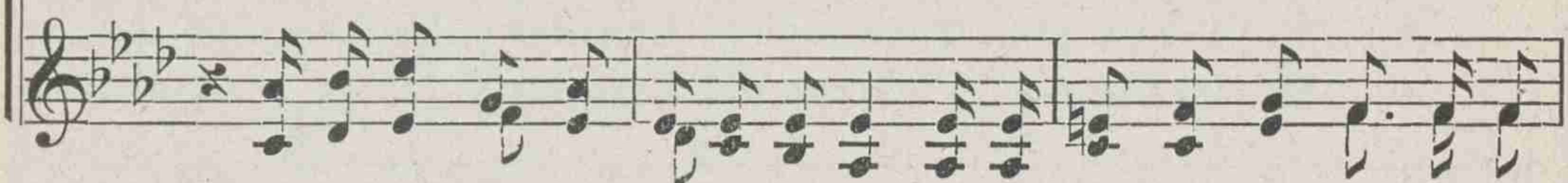
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I have started my ship from the har - bor to - day, On the
2. There's a sweet dream of love I have bur-ied a - way, Oh, how



sil - - ver-y water it gleams; It is bound for a port that is
joy - - ous and bright it yet seems; And a vision of fame that for-



far, far a - way, And its car - go is beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful dreams.
ey - er must stay In that beau - ti-ful, beau-ti-ful ship of my dreams.



All the dreams of my youth I have placed in the hold Of this
All the dreams in that ship once were dear to my heart, Now they're



mag-i - cal dream-ship of mine; All the visions and hopes that have
sail - ing on mem-o - ry's sea; So I kiss them good-bye, and I

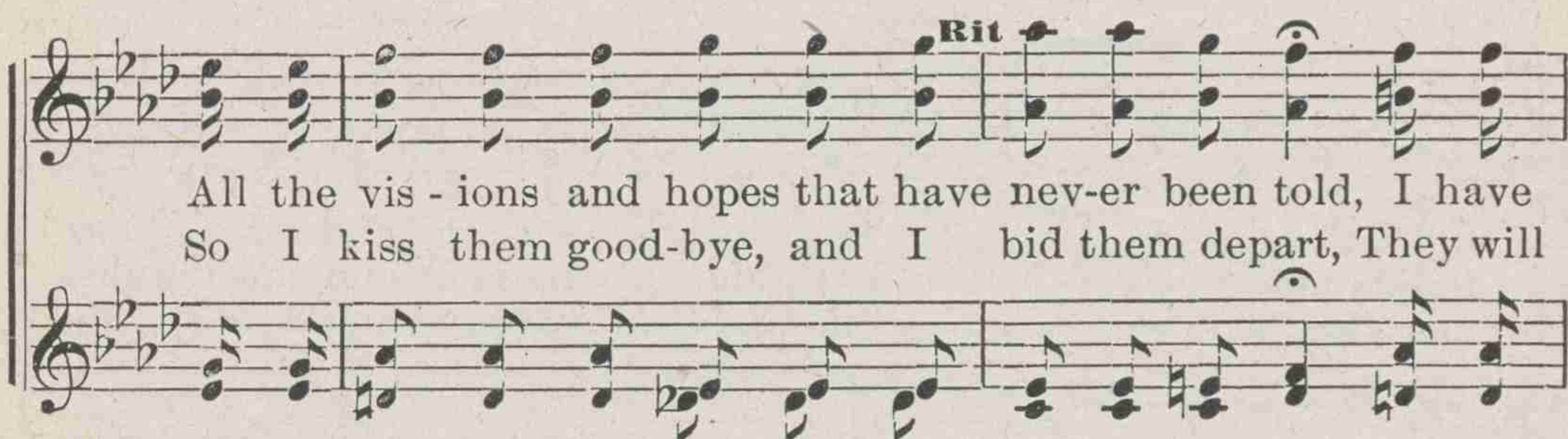


* Use small notes in 2d stanza only.

My Dream Ship. Concluded.



nev - er been told, I have launched on the wa - ters of time,
bid them de-part, They will never re - turn un - to me,



All the vis - ions and hopes that have nev - er been told, I have
So I kiss them good-bye, and I bid them depart, They will

1st stanza only. D.C. 2d stanza. 2d stanza.



launched on the wa - ters of time.
(omit) nev - er, nev - er,



nev - er re - turn, They will never, nev - er, nev - er re - turn

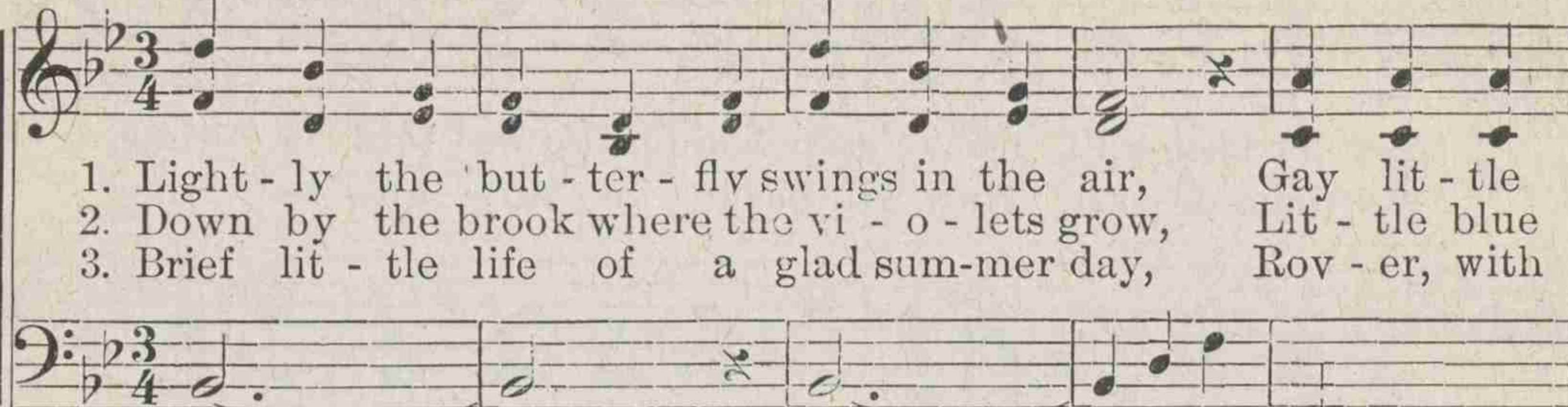


un - to me, They will nev - er re - turn un - to me.

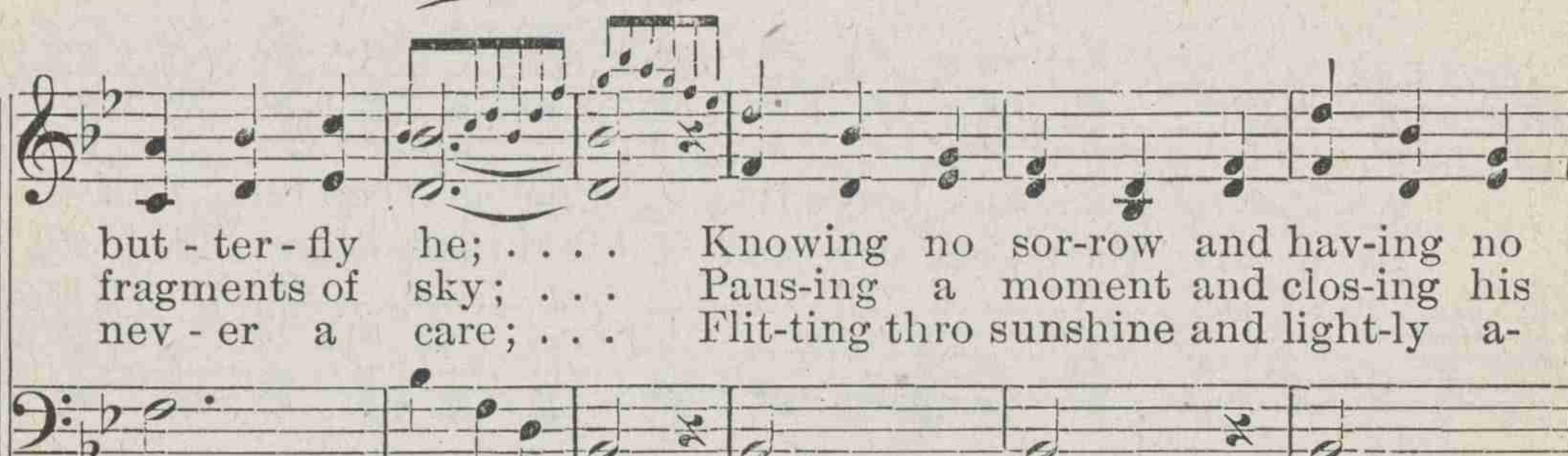
No. 79. The Butterfly.

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.
DUET.

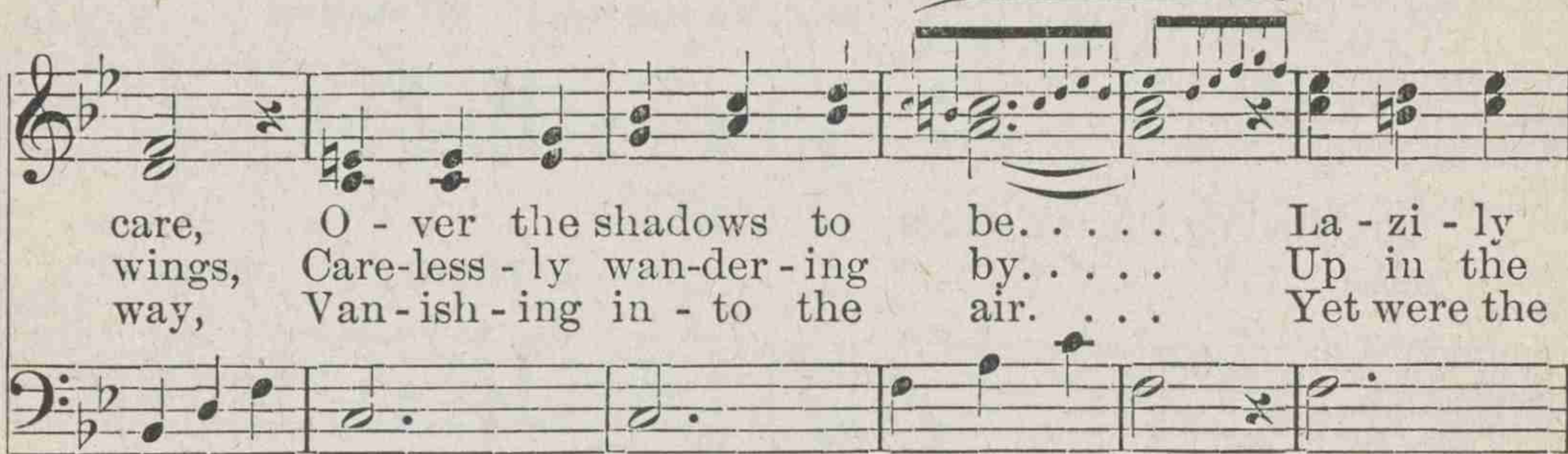
GEO. H. CROSBY.



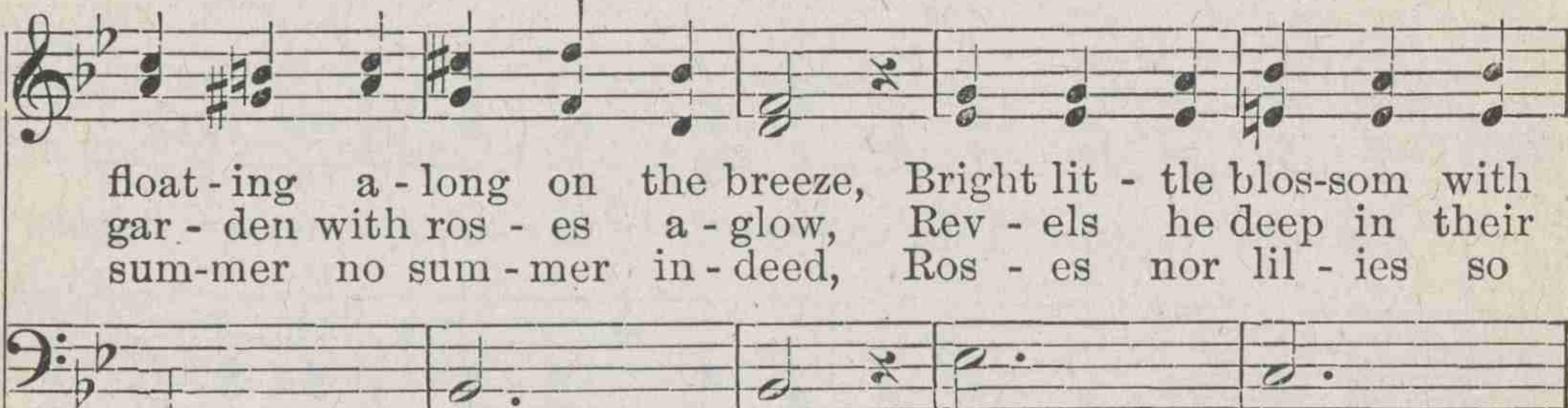
1. Light - ly the but - ter - fly swings in the air, Gay lit - tle
2. Down by the brook where the vi - o - lets grow, Lit - tle blue
3. Brief lit - tle life of a glad sum - mer day, Rov - er, with



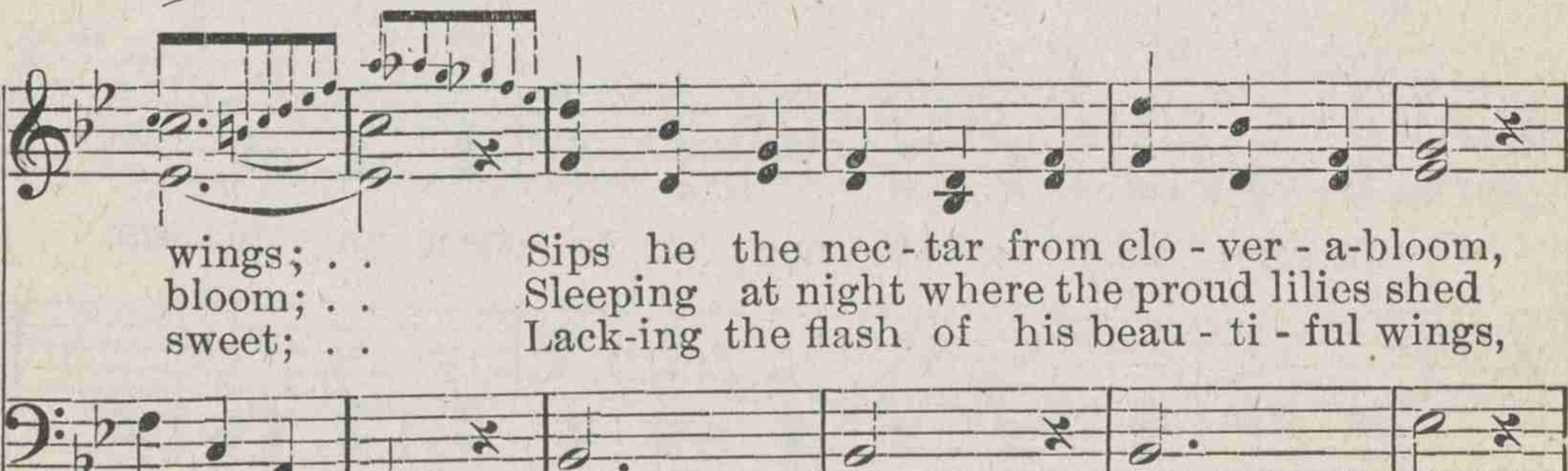
but - ter - fly he; Knowing no sor - row and hav - ing no
fragments of sky; . . . Paus - ing a moment and clos - ing his
nev - er a care; . . . Flit - ting thro sunshine and light - ly a -



care, O - ver the shadows to be. . . . La - zi - ly
wings, Care - less - ly wan - der - ing by. . . . Up in the
way, Van - ish - ing in - to the air. . . . Yet were the



float - ing a - long on the breeze, Bright lit - tle blos - som with
gar - den with ros - es a - glow, Rev - els he deep in their
sum - mer no sum - mer in - deed, Ros - es nor lil - ies so



wings; . . Sips he the nec - tar from clo - ver - a - bloom,
bloom; . . Sleeping at night where the proud lilies shed
sweet; . . Lack - ing the flash of his beau - ti - ful wings,

The Butterfly. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Sweets that the summer-time brings.
Heav-y, de - li-cious per - fume.
And the light touch of his feet.

Gay lit - tle but - terfly,

child of June, Flit-ting a - long your way; . . . In - to our
a - long your way;

lives we would glad - ly bring Some of your life's bright day.

No. 80. Depth of Mercy.

CHARLES WESLEY.

J. STEVENSON.

6
8

1. { Depth of mer-cy, can there be Mer-cy still reserved for me? }
Can my God His wrath forbear, Me, the chief of sinners, spare? }

2. { I have long withstood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face; }
Would not hearken to His calls; Grieved Him by a thousand falls. }

3. { Now in - cline me to re - lent; Let me now my sins la - ment; }
Now my foul re - volt de - plore, Weep, believe, and sin no more. }

6
8

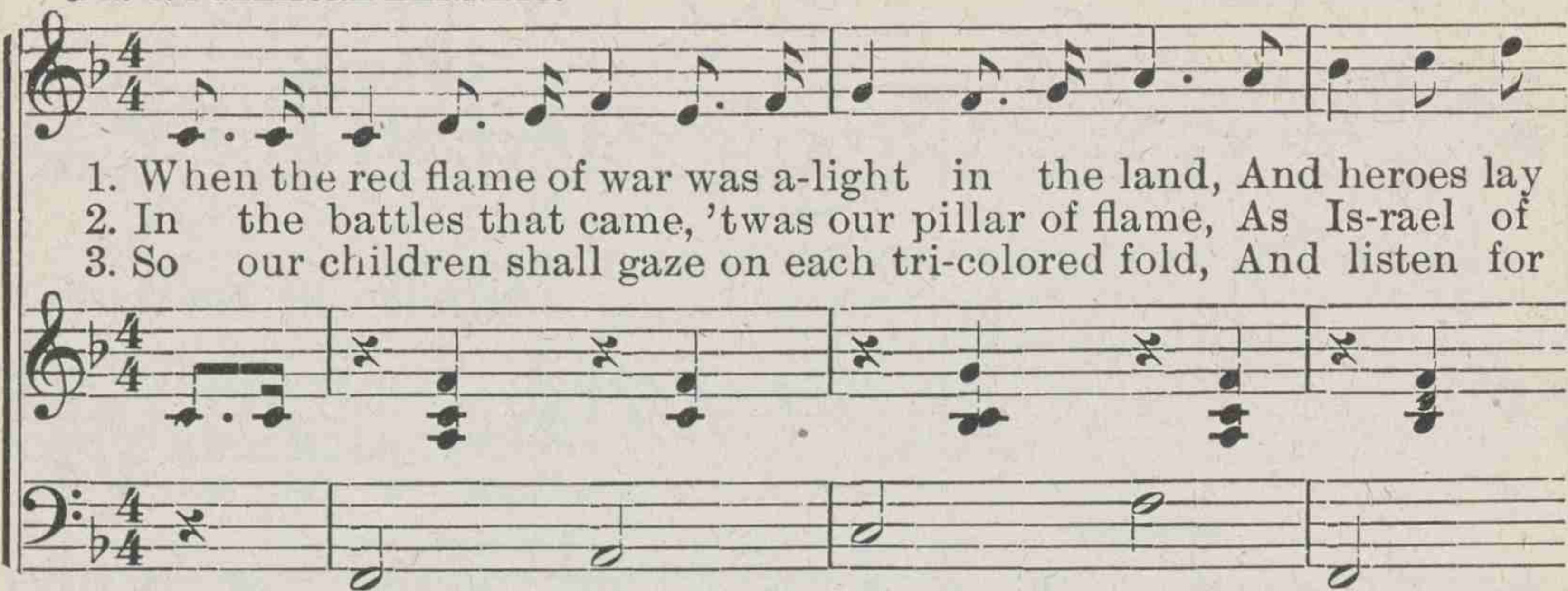
{ God is love, I know, I feel, } Jesus weeps, He weeps and loves me still.
Jesus weeps and loves me still; }

91

No. 81. Old Glory.

DR. S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

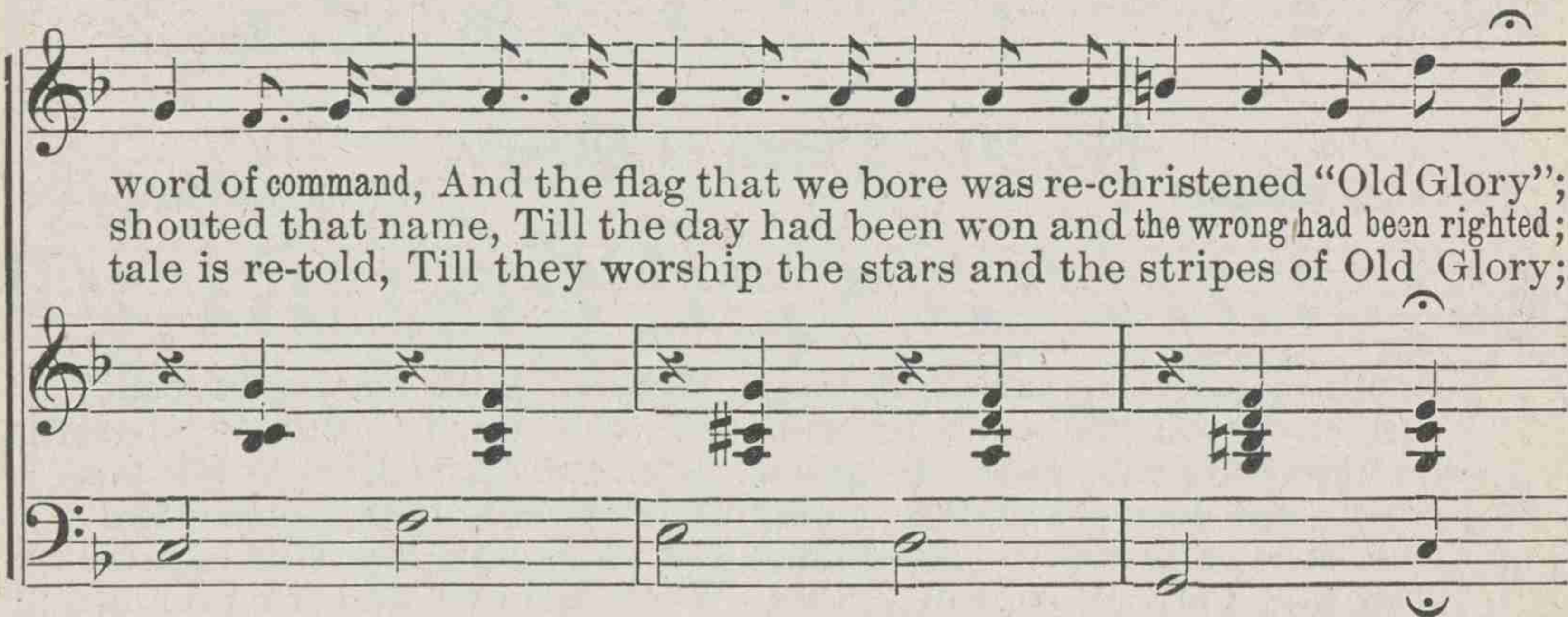
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



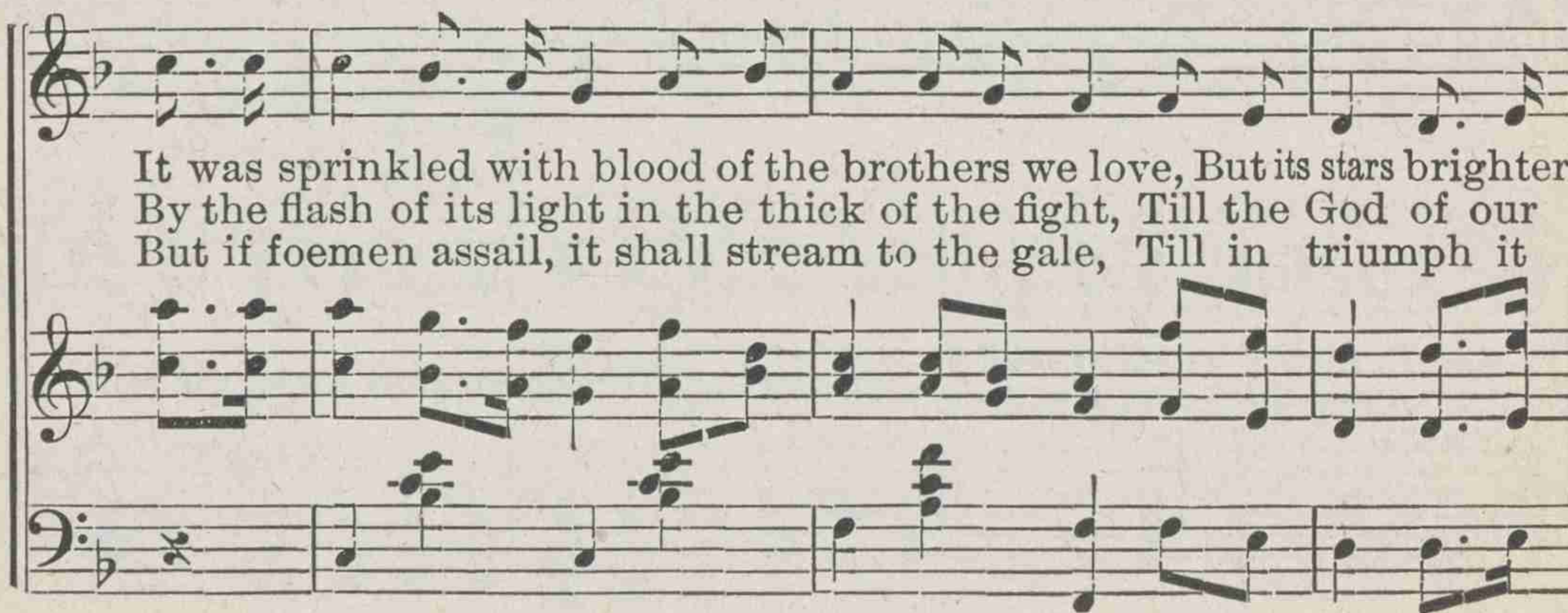
1. When the red flame of war was a-light in the land, And heroes lay
 2. In the battles that came, 'twas our pillar of flame, As Is-rael of
 3. So our children shall gaze on each tri-colored fold, And listen for



prone in their battle-shrouds gory, Lo! the ranks were re-filled at the
 old by the pil-lar was lighted; And we rushed to the charge as we
 aye to its wonder-ful sto-ry, And their love stronger grow as the



word of command, And the flag that we bore was re-christened "Old Glory";
 shouted that name, Till the day had been won and the wrong had been righted;
 tale is re-told, Till they worship the stars and the stripes of Old Glory;

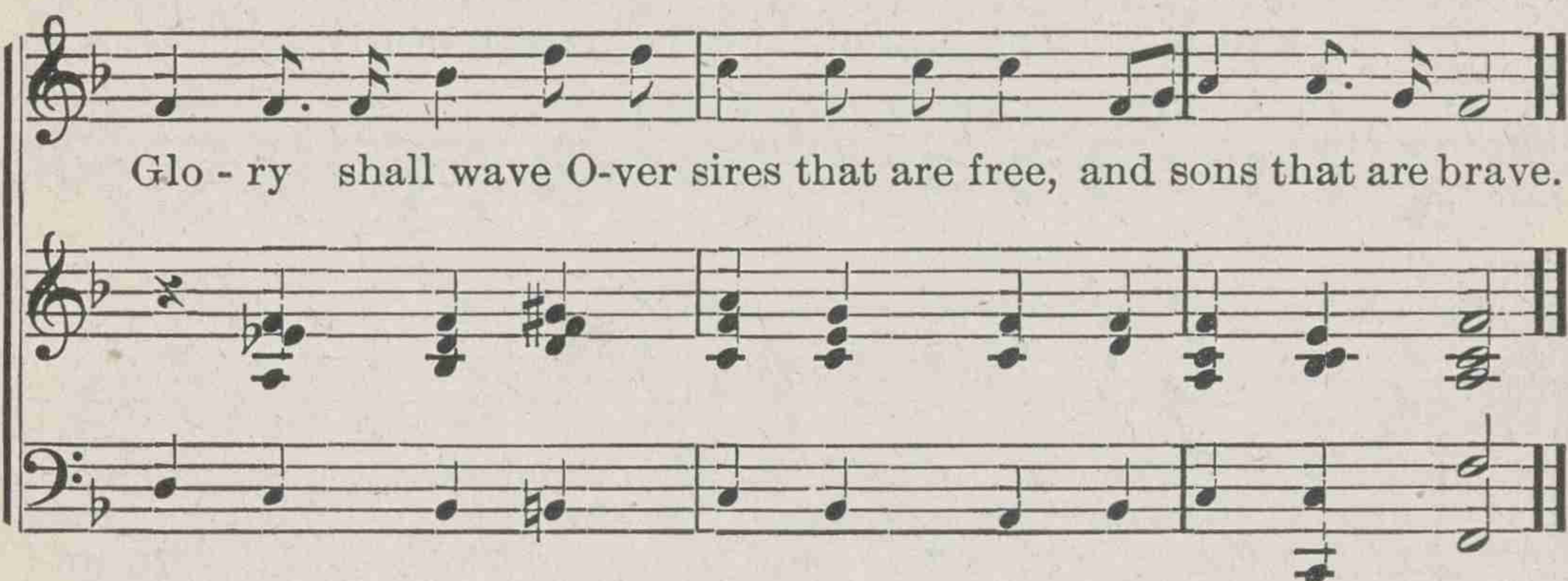


It was sprinkled with blood of the brothers we love, But its stars brighter
 By the flash of its light in the thick of the fight, Till the God of our
 But if foemen assail, it shall stream to the gale, Till in triumph it

Old Glory. Concluded.



shone as we bore it a-bove, And while freedom grows heroes, Old
fa - thers gave triumph to right; And while freedom grows heroes, Old
floats o-ver mountain and vale; And while freedom grows heroes, Old



Glo - ry shall wave O-ver sires that are free, and sons that are brave.

CHORUS.



Wave on, Old Glo-ry, O'er freedom's blood-bought shore,
Wave, wave on, Old Glo-ry, wave, blood-bought shore,



For stripe nor star no wrong shall mar, Wave on for ev - er - more.



No. 82. Nearer Home.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. O'er the hill the sun is setting, And the eve is drawing on, (Slowly)
2. One day nearer, sings the sailor, As he glides the waters o'er, (While the)
3. Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim Hails the setting of the sun, (For the)



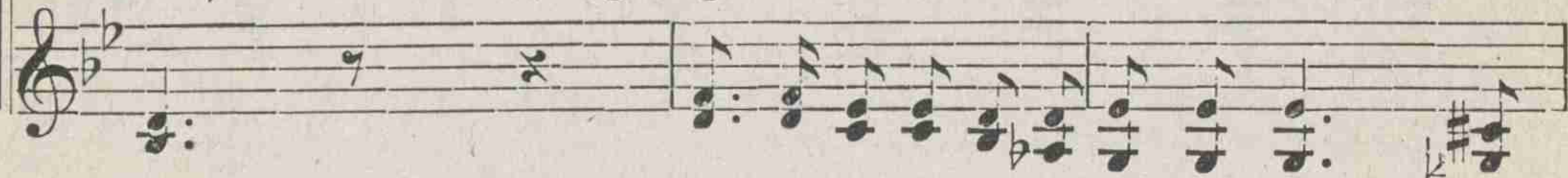
Slowly droops the gentle twilight, For another day is gone; Gone for
While the light is softly dy-ing On his distant native shore; Thus the
For the goal is one day near-er, And his journey nearly done; Thus we



aye, its race is o - ver, Soon the dark - er shades will
Chris - tian on life's o - cean, As his life - boat cuts the
feel when o'er life's des - ert, Heart and san - dal worn we



come, Still its sweet to know at ev-en We are
foam, In the even-ing cries with rapture, We are
roam, As the twi-light gath - - - - - ers o'er us We are



Still its sweet to know at even We are



one day near-er home. Near-er home, yes, one day near - er,



Nearer Home. Concluded.

Near - - - er home, near-er

We are nearer home, near - er, near-er home,
nearer, nearer, nearer, near-er,

The first system of musical notation features a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of two staves. The upper staff contains a vocal melody with a long note on 'Near' followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

We are one day nearer home, Nearer, nearer, nearer home, Nearer home, yes,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line in the upper staff has a steady eighth-note rhythm. The piano accompaniment in the lower staff uses chords and single notes to support the vocal part.

Near - - - er home, near-er,

one day nearer, We are nearer home, We are nearer home,
nearer, nearer, nearer, nearer,

The third system introduces a new vocal phrase. The melody in the upper staff has a more varied rhythmic pattern, including some dotted notes. The piano accompaniment remains consistent in style.

We are one day nearer home, Nearer to our home on high, We are one day

The fourth system continues the narrative of the song. The vocal line maintains its eighth-note flow. The piano accompaniment provides a solid harmonic foundation.

nearer home, Nearer, nearer, nearer home, We are one day nearer home.

The fifth and final system concludes the piece. The vocal melody ends with a long, sustained note. The piano accompaniment features a final chord and some decorative flourishes.

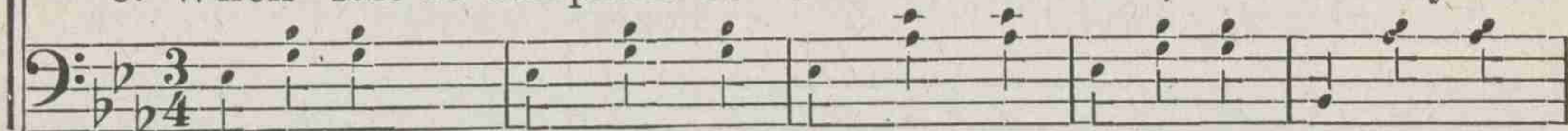
No. 83. Come Home.

ETTA HARBOR.

C. D. EMERSON.



1. Christ, our Re-deem-er, from heaven came down, Came down from the
 2. Lov - ing - ly Je - sus in - vites you to come, Come un - to His
 3. When full re - demp - tion for sin - ners was made, Was made by "the



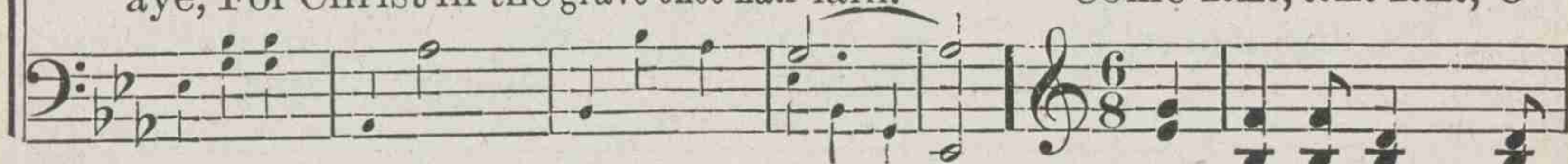

beau - ti - ful skies, And on the mountain of Cal - va - ry
 wide o - pen arms; There in that ref - uge no e - vil can
 Lamb that was slain," Death lost its sting and its pow - er for



CHORUS.



made For us a complete sac - ri - fice. Come home, sinner, come
 harm, And safe you will be from alarms. Come home, come home, O
 aye, For Christ in the grave once hath lain.




home, Come home, sinner, come home, Je - sus is
 sinner, come home, come home, come home, O sinner, come home,




pleading in tones clear and sweet, Come home, sinner, come home. . . .
 come home, O sinner, come home.



FILLMORES' WOMEN'S CHOIR No. 3.

No. 84. Unerring Guide.

T. BERRY SMITH.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Un - er - ring Guide, un - fail - ing Friend, The world is
2. I know not where the day will spring A - round this
3. Where soon-est breaks the morn-ing tide, Lead Thou me



wide, my way at - tend; Hold Thou my hand and
life's en - cir - cling ring, But of one thing I'm
there, un - er - ring Guide; There on the wide ho-



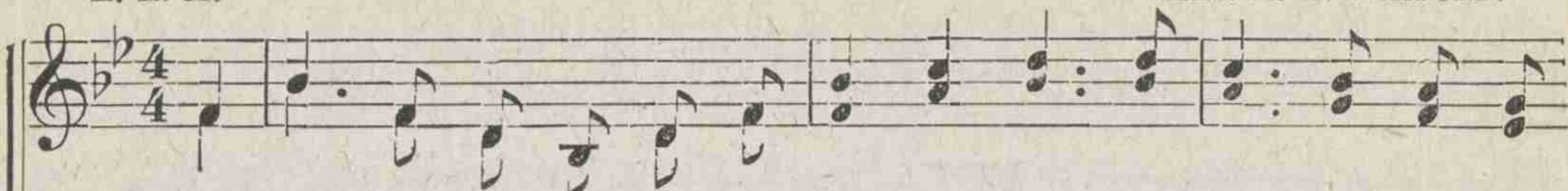
lead me on Till breaks the bright e - ter - nal dawn.
sure, at least, A - round me some-where lies the East.
ri - zon's rim, I want to sing my morn - ing hymn.



No. 85. The Christian Soldiers.

E. L. A.

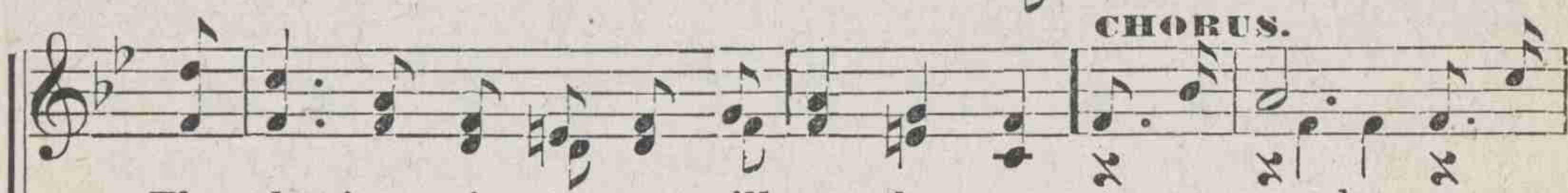
MRS. E. L. ASHFORD.



1. We're sol-diers in the ar-my of the Lord, We march to bat-tle
2. Tho' foes, a countless number, fill the land, For God, and truth, and
3. Our cause is ho-ly, and we fear no foe; Thro' Christ all e-vil

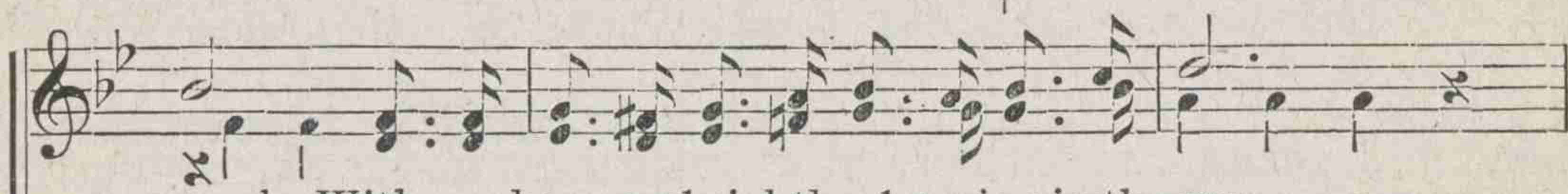


at His ho-ly word; Since Christ, our valiant Captain, leads us on,
right we'll no-bly stand; Our trust shall ev-er in our Lead-er be—
we will o-verthrow; Then, when the bat-tle's o-ver we shall sing

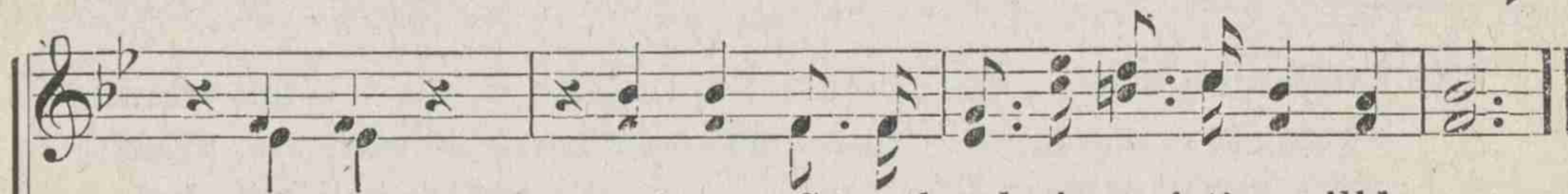


CHORUS.

The glo-rious vic-to-ry will soon be won. As we march, as we
With Him we'll march a-way to vic-to-ry.
Ho-san-na in the presence of our King. Tramp, tramp,



march, With our banners brightly gleaming in the sun,
tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, as we



tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, Soon the glorious vict'ry will be won.
march, as we march,



No. 86. Once Again.

FRED. WOODROW.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



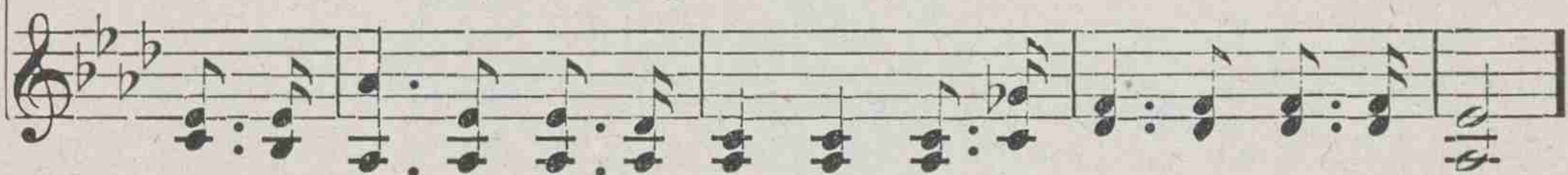
1. Once a-gain I want to hear it, Sto-ry sweet and sto-ry old;
2. Once a-gain the song ascend-ing To the Lord who died for me,
3. Once a-gain, oh, tell the sto-ry Of the glo-ry yet to be,



Sweet-er than the sweetest mu-sic, Rich-er far than gems of gold;
Let me feel that He is hear-ing! How I long His face to see!
O'er the walls of shin-ing jas-per, O'er the bright and crystal sea;

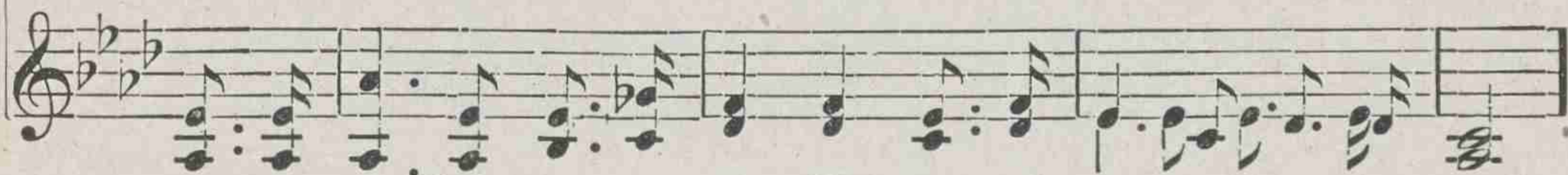


Tell it to me, tell it to me, Sto-ry of the Saviour's love,
Mer-cy, mer-cy, like a foun-tain, Springing up and running o'er;
I will list-en, I will praise Him, And a-mid a world of care,



Fine.

Known on earth and known in glo-ry, Sweet be-low and sweet a-bove.
Life and love for thirst-y mil-lions, Life and love for mil-lions more.
Bear the cross without re-pin-ing, Thinking of the glo-ry there.
D.S.—First on earth and first in glo-ry, Still the best and still the same.



CHORUS.



Tell it to me, tell it to me, Once again the old, old name.
Tell it to me, tell it to me.



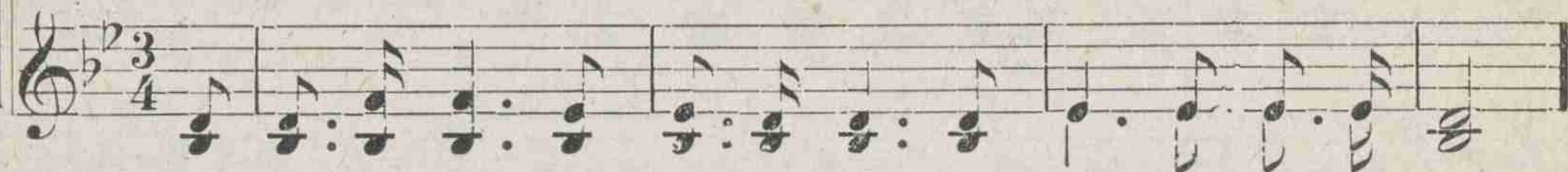
No. 87. Where Lies the Land?

FRED. WOODROW.

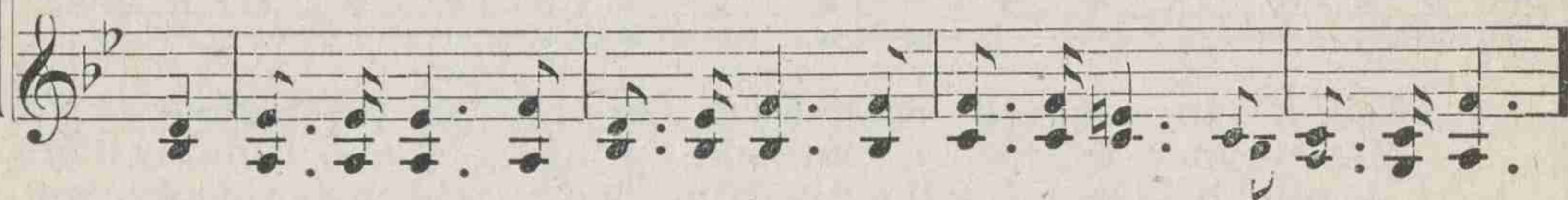
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Where lies the land thy bark would reach Be-yond the troubled sea?
2. The nights are dark, the wa - ters deep, And blows the an-gry wind;
3. It is so fair, so sure, so good, Thou canst the danger brave;
4. In peace and strife, in life and death, Faith looks a-cross the sea,



Hast thou a hope to find its shore, And such as sail'd the seas before,
O'er sunken bar and rugged rock, Where thunders roll and tempests mock,
For sweet - er is its calm and rest, For per - il in the darken'd breast
Where signal lights along the shore, Where storms are past and tempests o'er,



CHORUS.



And watch and wait for thee? O promised rest, O peaceful shore,
O where a ha-ven find?
Of mid-night and the wave. O promised rest, O peaceful
Are shin-ing now for thee. sweet rest, peaceful shore,



O land di-vine-ly blest, Tho' beats the storm and breaks the wave,
di-vine-ly blest,



Where Lies the Land? Concluded.

A beacon shines beyond the grave, My heav'n, my home is there.

No. 88. Harps and Voices.

THOS. KELLY.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

FINE

1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the notes of praise a-bove;
2. Je-sus, hail! whose glo-ry bright-ens All a-bove, and gives it worth;
3. King of glo - ry! reign for-ev - er! Thine an ev - er - last-ing crown;
- D. C. Hal-le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord.*

Je - sus reigns and heav'n re-joic-es, Je- sus reigns, the God of love.
 Lord of life, Thy smile en-light-ens, Cheers and charms Thy saints on-earth.
 Nothing from thy love shall sev-er Those whom thou hast made Thine own.

D. C.

See, He sits on yonder throne,	Je-sus rules the world a-lone;
When we think of love like Thine,	Lord, we own it all di - vine;
Hap-py ob-jects of Thy grace,	Des-tined to behold Thy face;

See, He sits	on yonder throne, Jesus rules	the world a-lone;
When we think	of love like Thine, Lord, we own	it all di - vine;
Hap-py ob -	jects of Thy grace, destined to	be-hold Thy face;

No. 89. His Presence.

H. BURTON

C. D. EMERSON.



1. In the se-cret of His pres-ence I am kept from strife and tongues;
2. In the se-cret of His pres-ence All the dark-ness dis-ap-pears,
3. In the se-cret of His pres-ence Nev-er-more can foes a-larm,



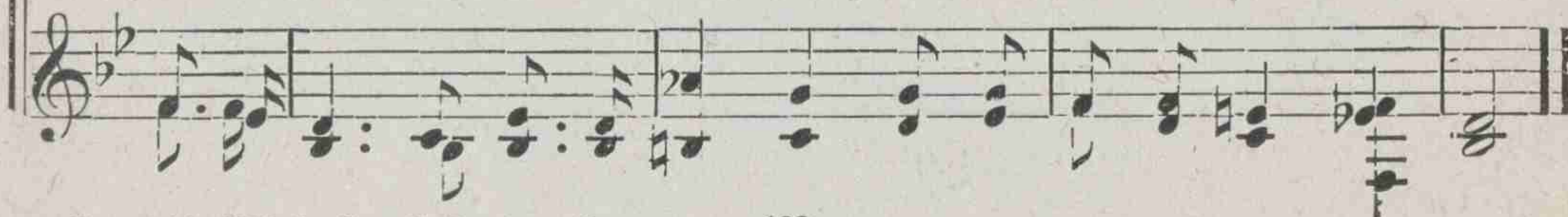
His pa-vil-ion is a-round me, And with-in are ceaseless songs.
For a sun that knows no set-ting, Throws a rain-bow on my tears,
In the shad-ow of the High-est, I can meet them with a song;



Storm-y winds, His word ful-fill-ing, Beat with-out, but can-not harm,
So the day grows ev-er bright-er, Broad'ning to the per-fect noon;
For the strong pa-vil-ion hides me, Turns their fier-y darts a-side:



For the Mas-ter's voice is still-ing Storm and tem-pest to a calm.
So the way grows ev-er light-er, Heav'n is com-ing near-er soon.
And I know, what-e'er betides me, I shall live, be-cause He died.



No. 90. Stormy Days Will Soon Be Over.

FRED. WOODROW.

H. A. HENRY.



1. Storm - y days will soon be o-ver, Soon will this wild tempest cease;
2. Cares and crosses, tears and partings! Soon the last will pass a - way;
3. Songs of welcome, cheers and greetings Come across the nar-row sea;



Shines the pearly gates of heav-en Bright in ev - er - last-ing peace.
And the pil-grim in the dark-ness Hail the nev - er - end-ing day.
And, at last, the ha-ven reach-ing, We shall rest, O God, with Thee.



CHORUS.



Storm-y days, storm-y days, Storm-y days will soon be o'er,
Storm-y days will soon be o - ver,



And the wea-ry soul be rest-ing, Lord, with Thee for - ev - er - more.



No. 91. The Lord is Good.



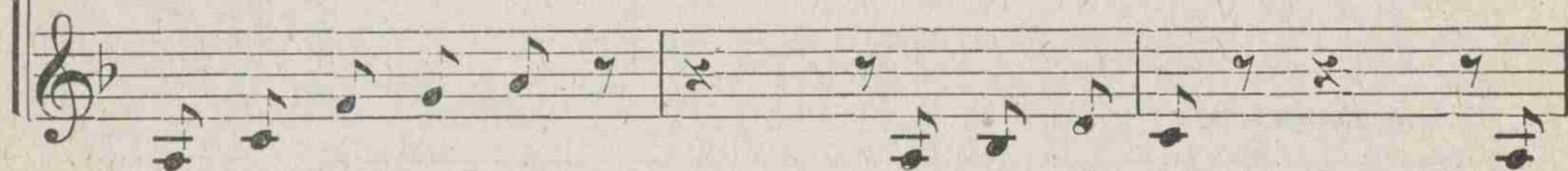
1. The Lord is good, He bless-es all Who His com-mands o - bey,
2. A show of pomp, a greed of wealth, Pursuit of an - y - thing,



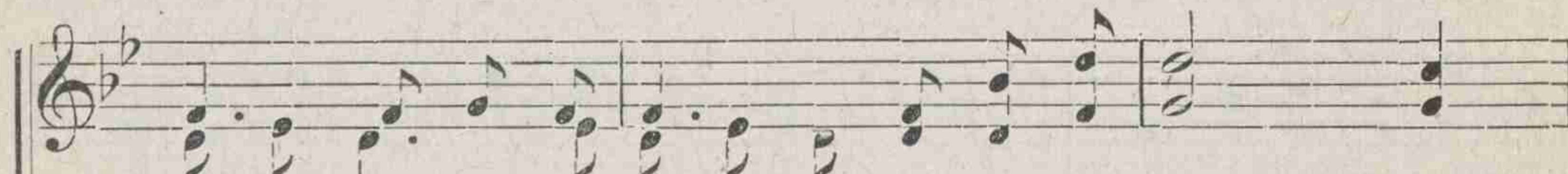
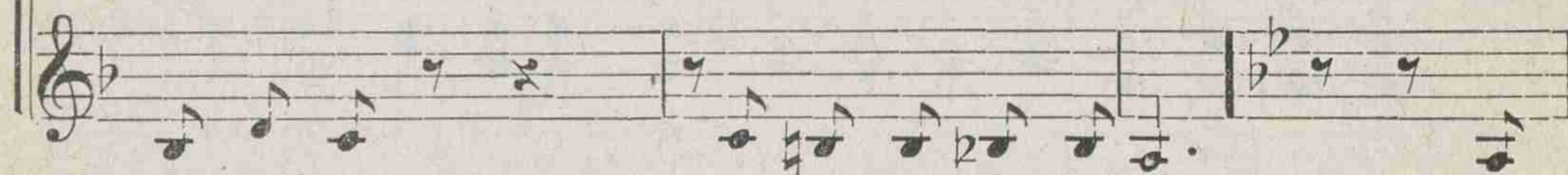
He giv - eth strength, He giv - eth life, He help-eth ev - 'ry
That sets our will a-against His will Can naught but sor-row
He giv-eth strength, He



day,..... He giv - eth strength,..... He giv - eth life,..
bring,..... Thro' ev - 'ry out - - ward cov-er-ing,..
help-eth ev - 'ry day, He giv - eth strength, He



..... He help - eth ev - 'ry day. 'Twere bet - ter
..... His eye sees all with - in. Un-cov-ered
giv-eth life, He help-eth ev - 'ry day. 'Twere



far to heed His word, And live a ho - - ly
all our sins, and bare Our ver - y soul to
bet - ter far to heed His word, And live a ho - ly



The Lord is Good. Concluded.

life, Than gain the wealth of all the earth And of-fer sac - ri -
Him, Un-cov-ered all our sins, and bare Our ver - y soul to
Than gain the wealth of all the earth and of-fer sac-ri-

fice, Than gain the wealth of all the earth And of-fer sac - ri - fice.
Him, Un-cov-ered all our sins, and bare Our ver-y soul to Him.
Than gain the wealth of all the earth, And offer, and of-fer sac-ri - fice.

REFRAIN.

'Tis from the heart that love must come When God in us doth dwell; Nor height, nor strength,
nor height, nor strength,

nor features fair Can depth of heart-love tell,..... Nor height, nor strength,....
nor features fair Can depth of heart-love tell, Nor height, nor

.... nor features fair,.... Can depths of heart - love tell.
strength, nor features fair, Can depths of heart-love tell.

No. 92. The Homeland of Heaven.

E. E. REXFORD.
DUET.

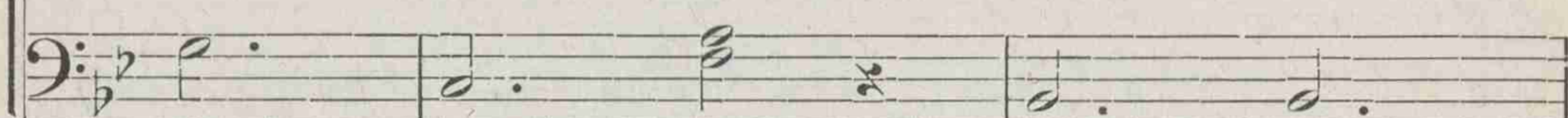
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. There's a beau-ti - ful land o'er the o - cean of time,— A land where no
2. In that home of the soul there is ful - ness of rest, For the way-worn and
3. Oh, thou beau-ti - ful land where no tears ev - er fall— And nev - er a




night is, no sor - row, no sin; And the voic - es of an - gels in
wea - ry of earth's troubled strand, And the peace that pre - vails on the
grave makes its scar on the sod,— There is room in Thy bor - ders for




cho - rus sub - lime, Give wel - come to all who come en - ter - ing in.
Hills of the Blest Shall glad - den all hearts in the beau - ti - ful land.
each and for all, A home ev - er - more in the cit - y of God.



CHORUS.



Dear home land of heav - en, in dreams I be - hold Thy gates made of




pearl, and Thy streets paved with gold; And the King in His beau - ty is



The Homeland of Heaven. Concluded.

beck-on - ing me To that home of the soul o'er the sea.

No. 93. Abide With Me.

W. H. MONK. Arr.

1. A - bid with me ; fast falls the e - ven - tide ; The darkness
 2. Not a brief glance I beg, a pass - ing word, But as Thou
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour ; What but Thy
 4. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day ; Earth's joys grow

deep - ens ; Lord, with me a - bid ! When oth - er help - ers
 dwell'st with Thy dis - ci - ples, Lord, Fa - mil - iar, con - de -
 grace can foil the temp - ter's pow'r ? Who like Thy - self my
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way ; Change and de - cay in

fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bid with me !
 scending, patient, free, Come, not to so - journ, but a - bid with me !
 guide and stay can be ? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bid with me !
 all a - round I see ; O Thou who changest not, a - bid with me !

No. 94. Let the Sunshine In.

REV. WM. APPEL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Are you down-cast, are you sad? Let the sun - shine in!
2. It will make your conscience clear, Let the sun - shine in!
3. Lit - tle sins it will re - veal, Let the sun - shine in!



It will cheer and make you glad, Let the sun-shine in! See the
It will cast out ev - 'ry fear, Let the sun-shine in! O - pen
Wounds of stand-ing it will heal, Let the sun-shine in! Peace will



Sun of Righteousness, Ris - en high to cheer and bless; O - pen
ev - 'ry win - dow wide, Must-y cur - tains draw a - side, That the
in your soul a-bound; Se-crets lost will then be found; You will



up your last recess, Let the sunshine in, Let the sun - - shine in.
brightness may abide, Let the sunshine in, Let the sun - - shine in.
know the joyful sound, Let the sunshine in, Let the sun - - shine in.

Let the sunshine in,

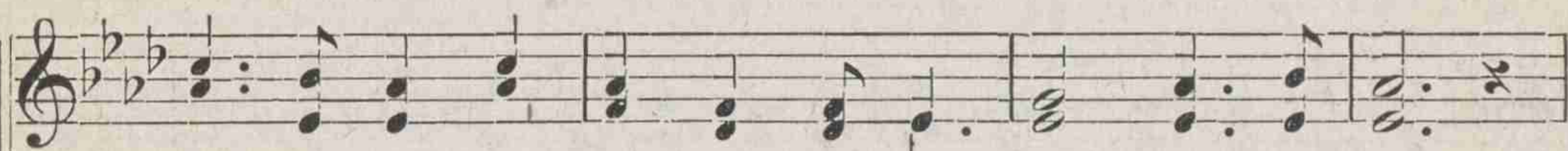


No. 95. O How He Loves!

C. D. EMERSON.



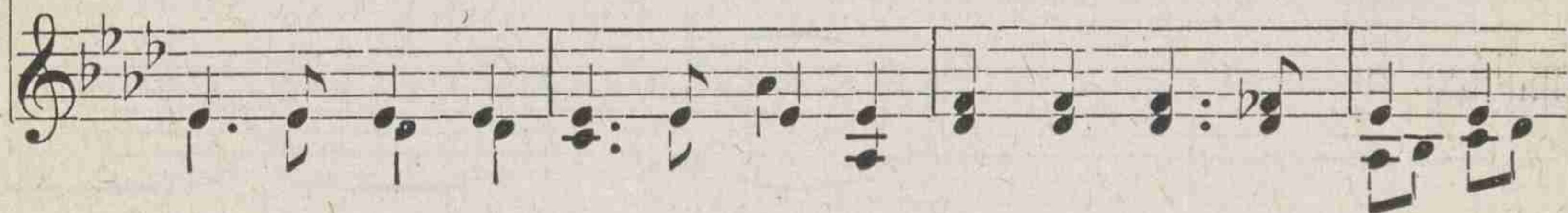
1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, O how He loves!
2. 'Tis e - ter - nal life to know Him, O how He loves!
3. All your sins shall be for - giv - en, O how He loves!



His is love be - yond a broth - er's, O how He loves!
 Think, O think how much we owe Him, O how He loves!
 Back - ward shall your foes be driv - en, O how He loves!



Earth - ly friends may fail or leave us, One day soothe, the next day
 With His precious blood He bought us, In the wil - der - ness He
 Best of bless - ings He'll provide you, Naught but good shall e'er be -



grieve us, But this Friend can - not de - ceive us, O how He loves!
 sought us, To His fold He safe - ly brought us, O how He loves!
 tide you, Safe to glo - ry He will guide you, O how He loves!



No. 96. Divine Love.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



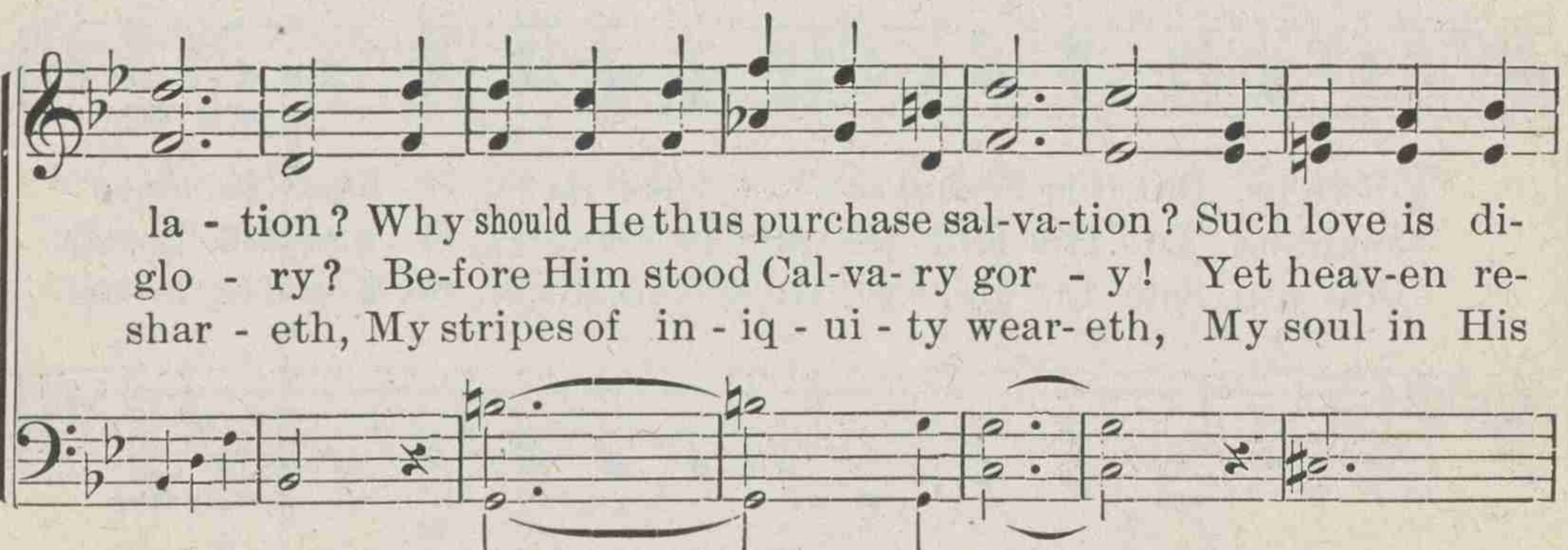
1. I think, when I read the sweet sto - ry, How Je - sus came
 2. And when I am fol-l'wing His foot - steps, New vis - ions of
 3. Tho' ha - ted, de-spised and re - ject - ed, Neg - lect - ed a -



down from His throne, To res-cue the per-ish-ing sin - ner, To
 beau - ty un - fold, Till, lost in the depths of a - maze - ment I
 gain and a - gain, He nev - er de - serts or for - sakes me, No

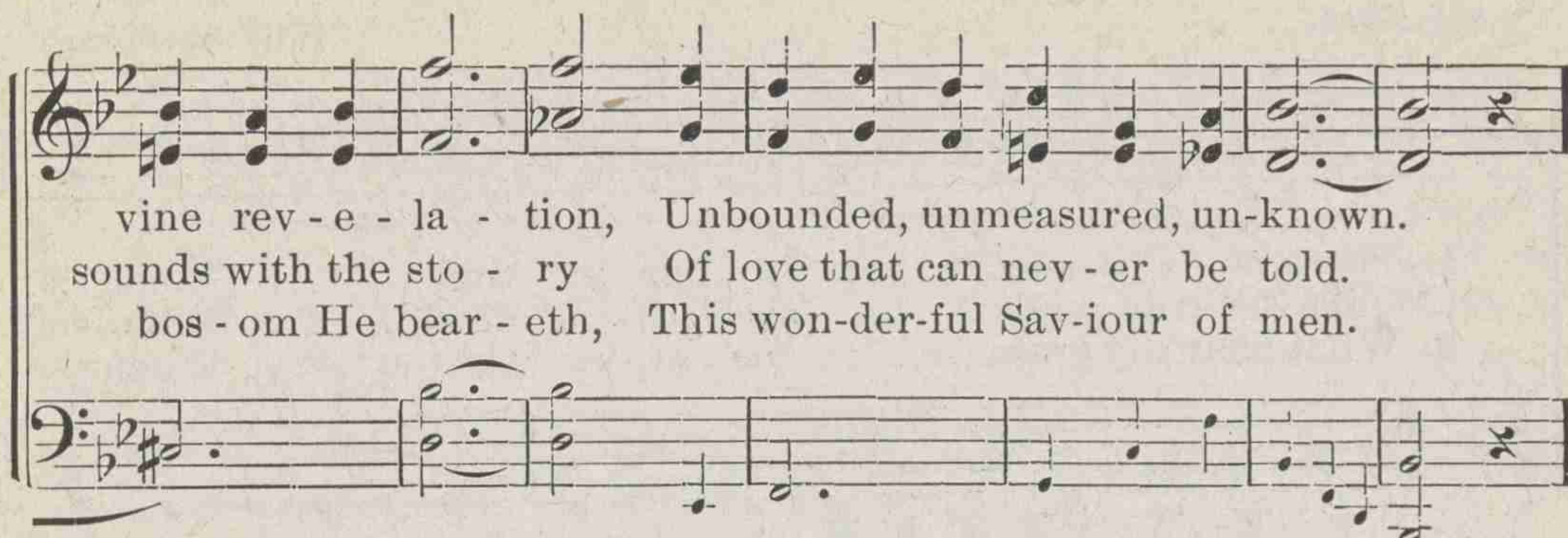


suf - fer and die for His own: Why should He as - sume my ob -
 mar - vel such love to be - hold. Why should He re - lin - quish His
 mat - ter how wayward I've been. My bur - den of sor - row He



la - tion? Why should He thus purchase sal - va - tion? Such love is di -
 glo - ry? Be - fore Him stood Cal - va - ry gor - y! Yet heav - en re -
 shar - eth, My stripes of in - iq - ui - ty wear - eth, My soul in His

Divine Love. Concluded.

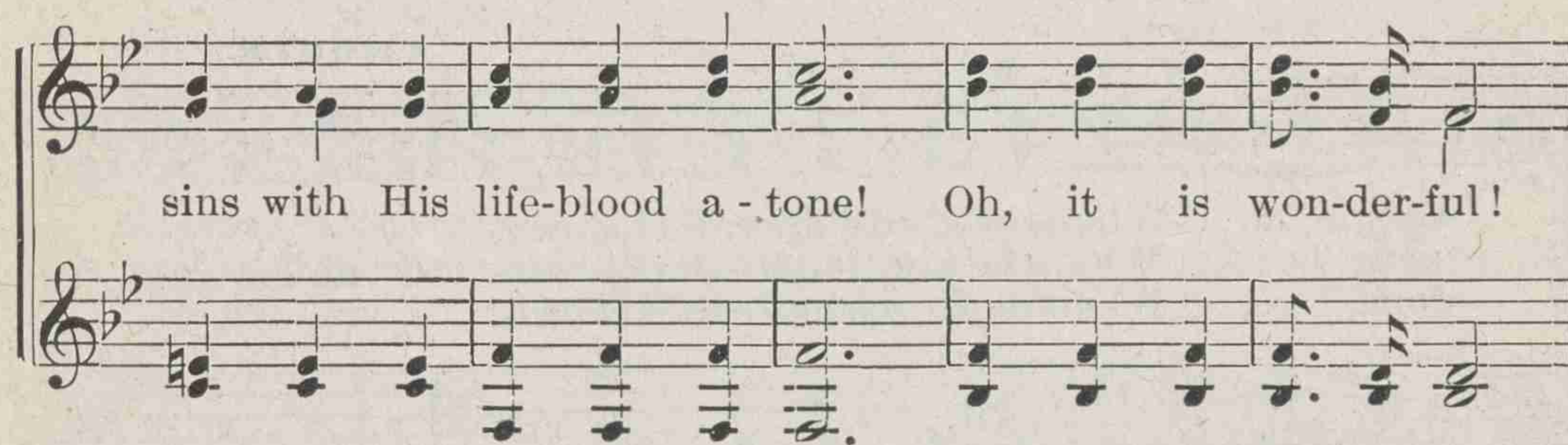


vine rev - e - la - tion, Unbounded, unmeasured, un-known.
sounds with the sto - ry Of love that can nev - er be told.
bos - om He bear - eth, This won - der - ful Sav - iour of men.

CHORUS.



Oh, it is won - der - ful that He should love me, And for my



sins with His life-blood a - tone! Oh, it is won - der - ful!



won - der - ful! won - der - ful! Yet to the world be it



known, He brought me a - gain to His own.....
to His own.

111

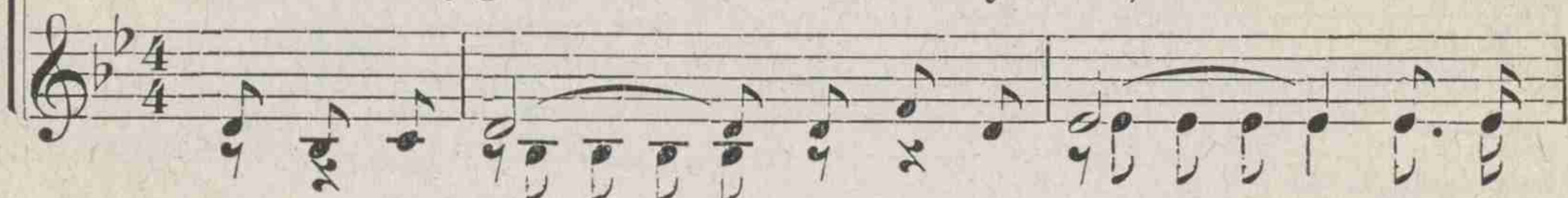
No. 97. When the Lord Shall Call His Own.

A. P. COBB.

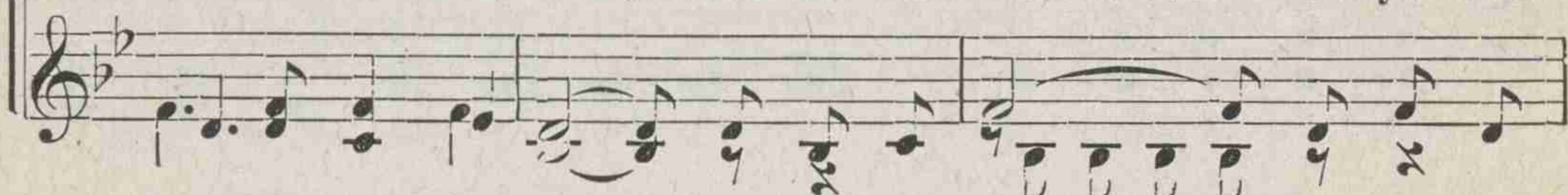
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. There is a time,..... a hap-py time,..... When the
2. Like fer-tile seed..... each lov-ing deed,..... When the
3. What heav'nly grace on ev-'ry face,..... When the



Lord shall call His own; Then all shall sing, and praise their
 Lord shall call His own; Tho' lost to view..... shall spring a-
 Lord shall call His own; As to each one..... He says "well



CHORUS.



King,..... When the Lord shall call His own.
 new,..... When the Lord shall call His own. O an-gel song! O
 done,"..... When the Lord shall call His own.



hap-py, hap-py throng! When the Lord shall call His own; Shall I be



there,..... your bliss to share!..... When the Lord shall call His own.
 Shall I be there, your bliss to share!



No. 98. Going Down the Valley.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one, With our fa - ces tow'rd the
2. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one, When the la - bors of the
3. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one, Hu - man comrades you or



set - ting of the sun; Down the val - ley where the mournful cy - press grows,
wea - ry day are done; One by one the cares of earth for - ev - er past,
I will there have none; But a ten - der Hand will guide us lest we fall,



CHORUS.

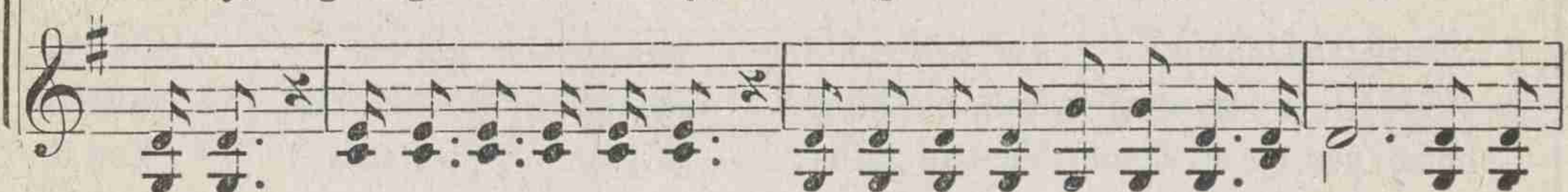


Where the stream of death in si - lence on - ward flows.

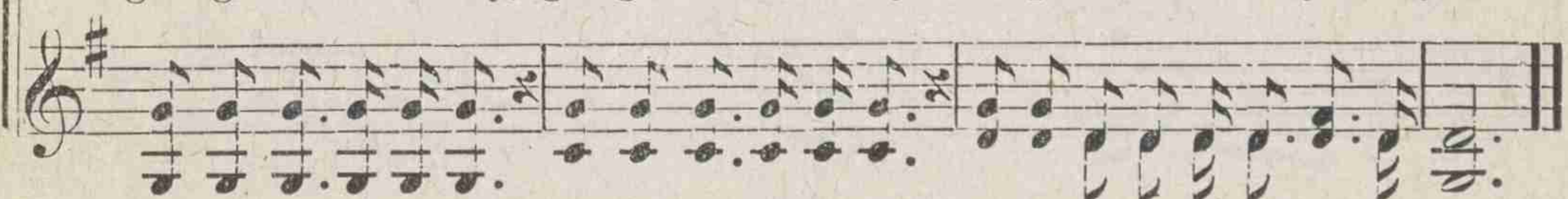
We shall stand up - on the riv - er bank at last. We are go - ing down the
Christ is go - ing down the val - ley with us all.



val - ley, go - ing down the valley, Go - ing tow'rd the setting of the sun, We are



go - ing down the valley, going down the valley, Going down the valley one by one.



No. 99. Take His Hand.

MRS. M. A. HOLT.

DR. S. B. JACKSON.

Moderato.



Introduction.



1. Take His hand.... and He will lead you
2. Take His hand.... or you will fal-ter
3. Take His hand.... no lon-ger spurn it

O'er the dark.... and lone-ly
In the wea - ri-ness and
He will lead.... you safe-ly



way (the lonely way), And will guide.... you to the glo-ry
strife (the weary strife); Take the hand.... reached out to save you
home (yes, safely home); Then in paths.... of pain and darkness.

Of the
And to
You in



Take His Hand. Concluded.

REFRAIN.



fair im-mor-tal day (im-mor-tal day). O take His hand, His
give e-ter-nal life (e-ter-nal life). O take His hand,
sor-row will not roam (you will not roam).

Rit. A tempo.



strong, true hand, Cling to it..... for-ev-er-more..... It will
His strong, true hand, Cling to it for-ev-er-more, for-ev-er-more;

Rit. A tempo.



keep.... you ev-er near Him Till life's jour-ney all is o'er.
It will keep you ever near Him, ever near Him Till life's journey all is o'er.

No. 100. Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled.

SUSIE B. THOMPSON.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. "Let not your heart be troub - led!" O Christian, God is true;
2. "Let not your heart be troub - led!" On Christ you do be - lieve;
3. "Let not your heart be troub - led!" Christ is the liv - ing way;



In heav'n are man - y man-sions Christ hath prepared for you;
The Com - fort - er is giv - en To those His word re - ceive.
The word He here hath spok - en Shall stand e - ter - nal - ly.



For you He hath made read - y A place all bright and fair,
Tho' here a cross, like Je - sus, The child of God may bear,
A "lit - tle while," oh, fear not! The Lord will come a - gain,



Where you may live re - joic - ing, And dwell for - ev - er there.
There's rec - om - pense in heav - en, For crowns of gold are there.
And to Him - self re - ceive you, That with Him you may reign.



CHORUS.



Let not your heart..... be troub - led,
Let not your heart be troubled, Neith - er



Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled. Concluded.

Cres. **Rit.** **A tempo.**

Nor let it be, nor be a - fraid, Ye be - lieve in the
let it be a - fraid. Ye believe

Fa - ther, Be - lieve al - so in me.
in the Fa - ther, Be - lieve al - so in me.

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No. 101. Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot.
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
5. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve.

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee. O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Fightings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

No. 102. Why I Sing.

IDA CLARKSON LEWIS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I sing be-cause I love Him, Be-cause to earth He came,
2. I sing be-cause I love Him, From sin He set me free;
3. I sing be-cause I love Him For keep-ing me in peace;



To save all those who trust Him From end-less death and shame.
He taught my soul to praise Him—Filled it with mel-o-dy.
Un-til my eyes be-hold Him, My song shall nev-er cease.



CHORUS.



I sing..... be-cause I love.....
I sing be-cause I love Him, Be-cause He died for



Him, Be-cause He died for me,
me, I love Him be-cause He died for me, for me,



Why I Sing. Concluded.

For this I shall a - dore Him Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 103. Italian Hymn.

C. WESLEY.

GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy prais - es sing,
2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,

Help us to praise! Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
Our pray'r at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour: Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in

to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
word success; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.

No. 104. A Song of Praise.

JENNIE REE.

ADOLPH JESREAL.



1. Sunshine and flow - ers tell the Saviour's love; Sea-son and
2. Bil-lows that break up - on the o - cean shore, Tempests that
3. Dai - ly up - on us do His bless-ings fall; Sure-ly His



har - vest do His mer - cy prove; Na-ture to Him unnumbered
thro' the for - est shriek and roar, Breez-es that whisper o'er the
eye of love is o - ver all! Un - der the shadow of His



voic - es raise While each mountain and valley car-ols forth His praise!
sum-mer-land Are but ech-oes of love we can-not un - der-stand.
wing we'll hide, And in safe - ty for - ev - er in His love a - bide.



CHORUS.



Praise Him for - ev - er, our Re-deem er, King, Praise Him for-
for - ev - er,



A Song of Praise. Concluded.

ev - er, men and an-gels sing! Un - to His name let songs of
men and an-gels sing!

joy a - rise, Un - til His glo - ry fills the earth and skies!
Un - til His glo - ry.

The musical score consists of four staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The third staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The fourth staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with block chords and single notes.

No. 105. The Way of the Cross.

1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the garden,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glory

D.C. Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

D. C.

I can hear my Saviour call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, follow me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

The musical score for 'No. 105. The Way of the Cross' consists of three staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The third staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with block chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some lines indented to match the musical phrasing.

No. 106. A Loyal Host.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Marching togeth - er at the Lord's command, Vol - un - teers, we

2. Loy - al to Je - sus we will ev - er prove, Tho' the hosts of



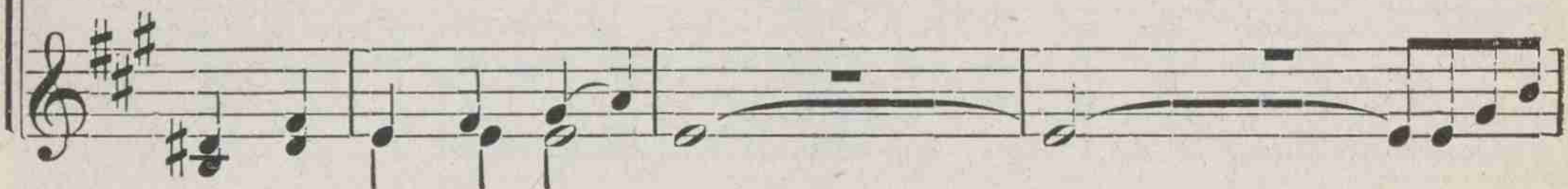
press a-long; Shoulder to shoulder, we, a loy-al band, Fight against the
sin as - sail. Kept by the power of His wondrous love, In the bitter



DUET.



hosts of sin and wrong. Proudly floats the banner of our King;
fight we shall not fail. Pain and sor - row tho' we may en - dure,



Hill and vale re - ech-oes as we sing; Nev - er doubting, Ev - er
Yet our crowns of glo - ry are se - cure; Onward ev - er, Till be -



A Loyal Host. Concluded.



sing - ing, shout - ing, We are hap - py as the day is long.
yond the riv - er, We are safe at home for - ev - er - more.

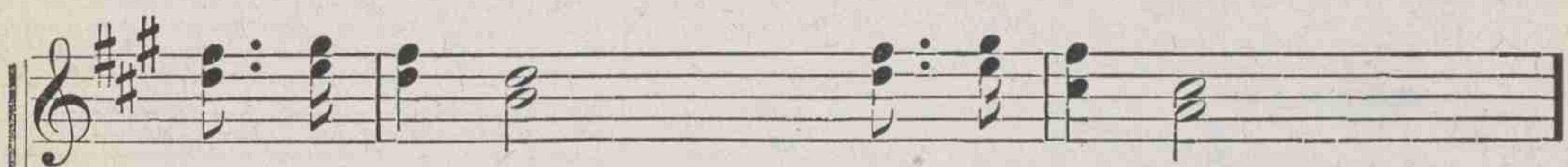
CHORUS.



On - ward ev - er, with joy and sing - ing,
On, on, marching a - long, tramp, tramp, marching a - long,



On - ward ev - er, glad voic - es ring - ing,
On, on, cheer - ful - ly on, with glad, beau - ti - ful song,



Shout the sto - ry, tell the glo - ry,
Shout the sto - ry, Tell the glo - ry,



Of the Lamb for sinners slain ;
march on ; That for - ev - er He shall reign.

No. 107. There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.



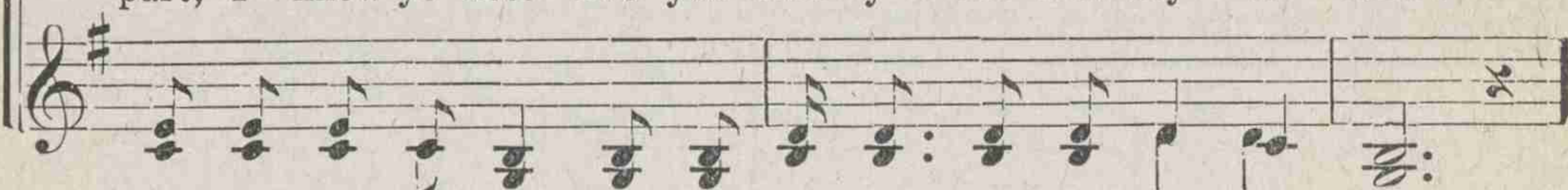
1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day



com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to
com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-



part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not!" Are you read-y for that day to come?



REFRAIN.
Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the



judg-ment day? Are you read-y? Are you read-y For the judgment day?



By per. of Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ills., and East Liverpool, O.

No. 108. Thee We Adore.

THOS. COTTERILL.

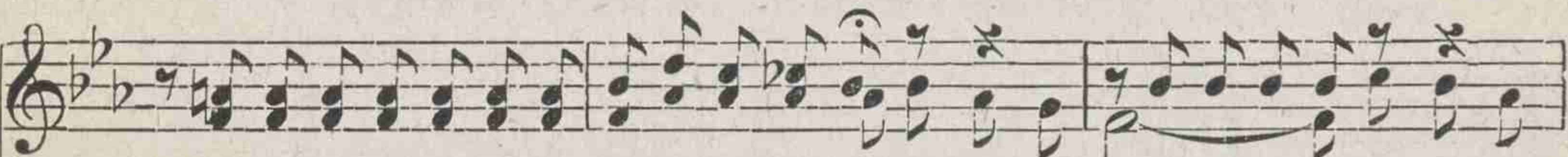
DR. S. B. JACKSON.



1. Thee we a - dore, O gracious Lord; We praise Thy name with one ac-
2. Th'apos-tles join the glorious throng, . . The prophets swell th'immortal



cord; Thy saints who here Thy goodness see, Thro' all the
song; The mar-tyrs, now an ar-my, raise E - ter-nal



world do wor - ship Thee, To Thee a - loud all an - gels
an - thems to Thy praise, Thee, ho-ly One, im-mor-tal



cry, And ceaseless raise their songs on high; Both Cher-u-
their songs on high;
King, Thee, O Lord, God of hosts, they sing; Thus earth be-
they loudly sing,



bim and Ser - a - phim The heav'ns and all the pow'rs therein . .
low and heav'n a - bove, Resound Thy glo - ry and Thy love . .



No. 109. At Midnight.

W. A. RICE.

GEO. H. CROSBY.

And silence wrapp'd..... the
The pearl-y gates..... of



1. At midnight, when the stars were bright,
2. At midnight, an-gels gathered by

And silence wrapp'd the
The pearl-y gates of



Brought ti - dings
Our babe a -



earth, An an - gel from the realms of light
rest, And wel-come home to courts on high,



of..... a birth; The mother clasped her ba - by
mong..... the blest. O moth-er, lift thy weep-ing



Brought ti-dings of a birth;
Our babe a-mong the blest.

The moth-er clasped her
O moth-er, lift thy



boy,.... And at the break.... of dawn,..... Ce-
eyes,.... As on that Eas - - ter morn;..... The



ba - by boy,
weep-ing eyes,

And at the break, and at the break of dawn,
As on that Eas-ter, on that Eas-ter morn,

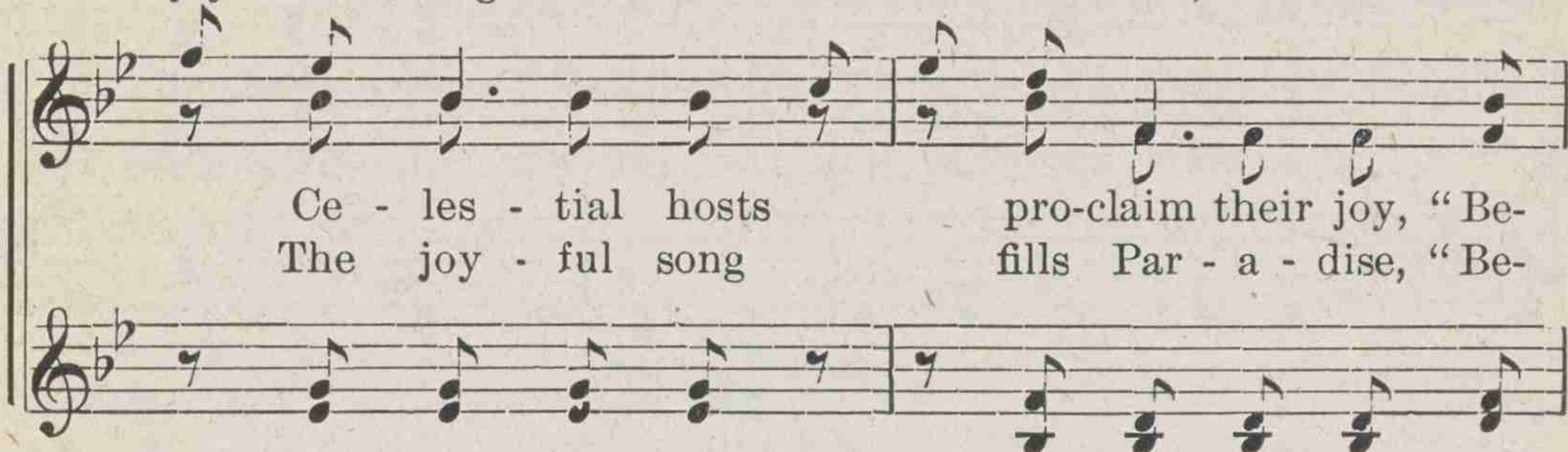


At Midnight. Concluded.

les - tial hosts
joy - ful song

pro - claim their joy,
fills Par - a - dise,

"Be-
"Be-



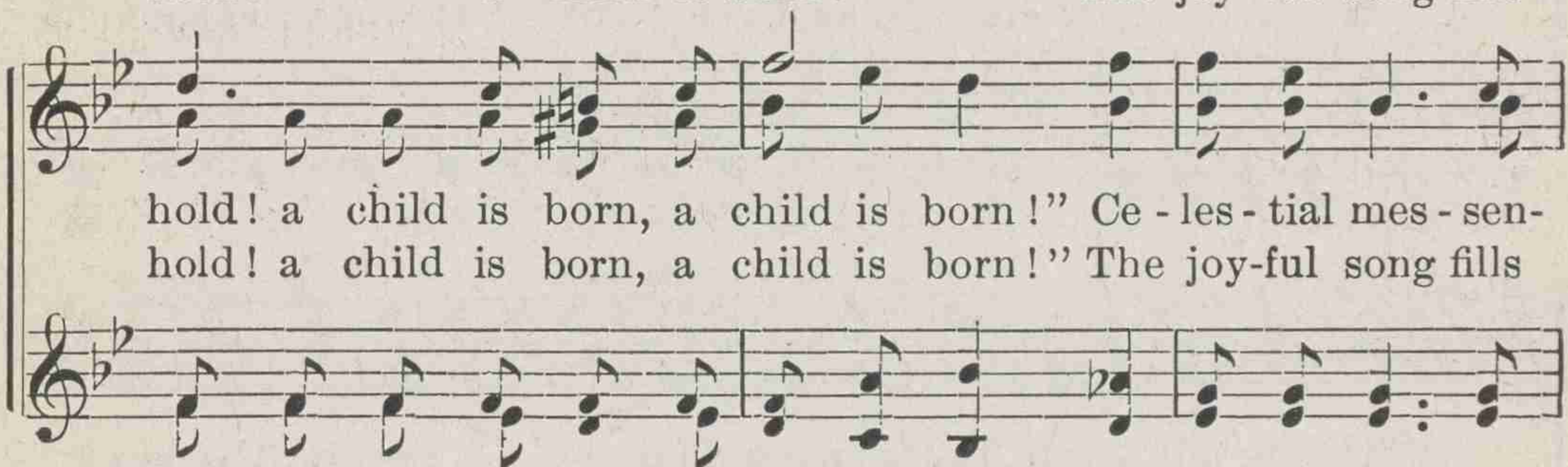
Ce - les - tial hosts
The joy - ful song

pro-claim their joy, "Be-
fills Par - a - dise, "Be-

hold!
hold!

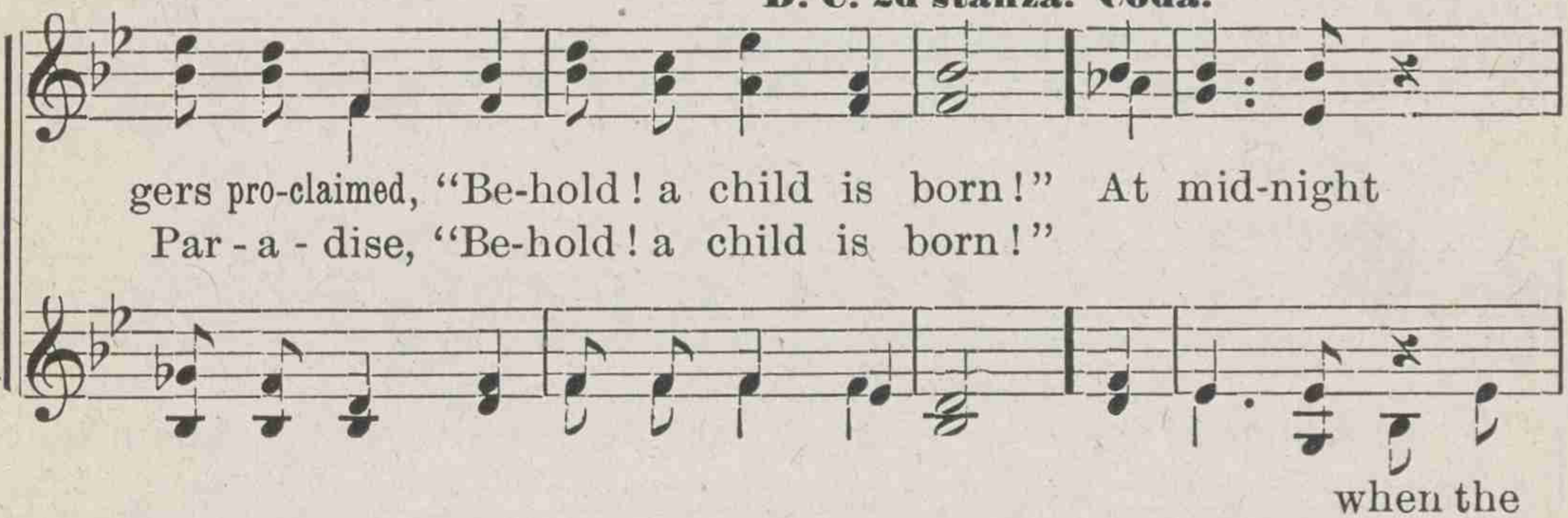
a child is born!"
a child is born!"

Ce - les-tial mes - sen-
The joy-ful song fills



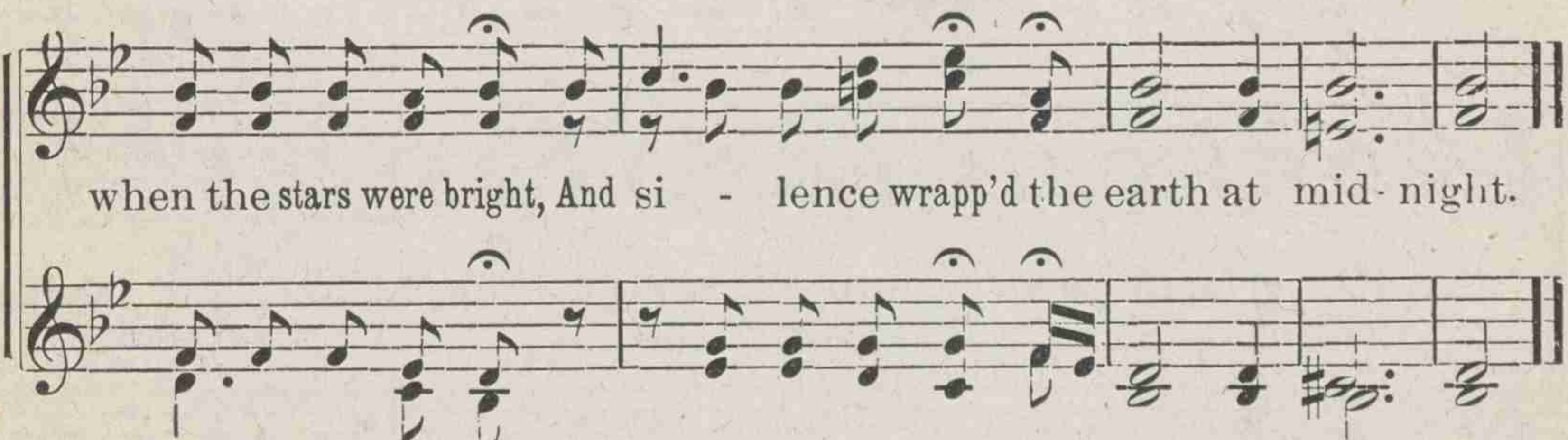
hold! a child is born, a child is born!" Ce - les - tial mes - sen-
hold! a child is born, a child is born!" The joy-ful song fills

D. C. 2d stanza. Coda.



gers pro-claimed, "Be-hold! a child is born!" At mid-night
Par - a - dise, "Be-hold! a child is born!"

when the



when the stars were bright, And si - lence wrapp'd the earth at mid- night.

stars were bright, And silence wrapp'd the earth at mid- night.

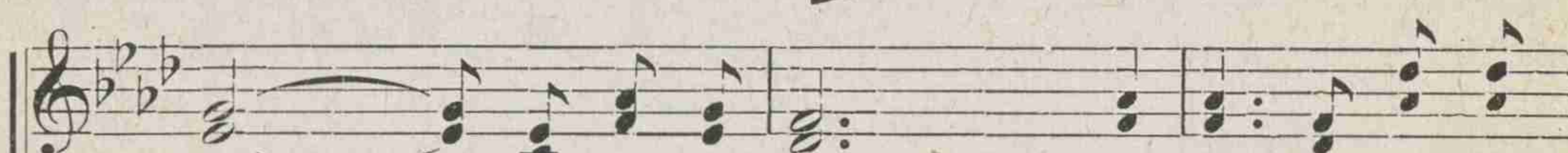
No. 110. I Know That My Redeemer Liveth.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

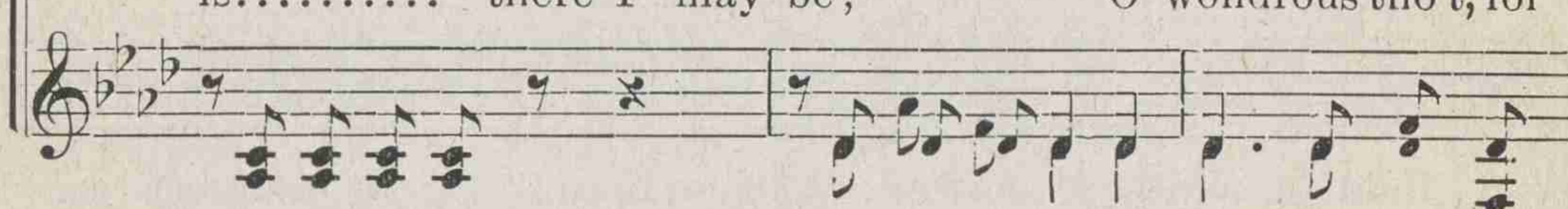


1. I know that my Re-deem-er liv-eth, And on the
 2. I know His prom-ise nev-er fail-eth, The word He
 3. I know my man-sion He pre-par-eth, That where He

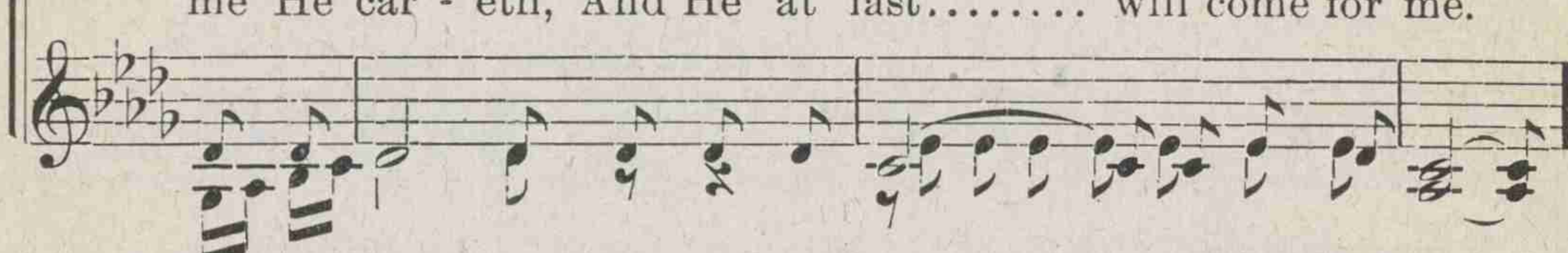



earth..... a-gain shall stand;
 speaks,..... it can not die;
 is..... there I may be;

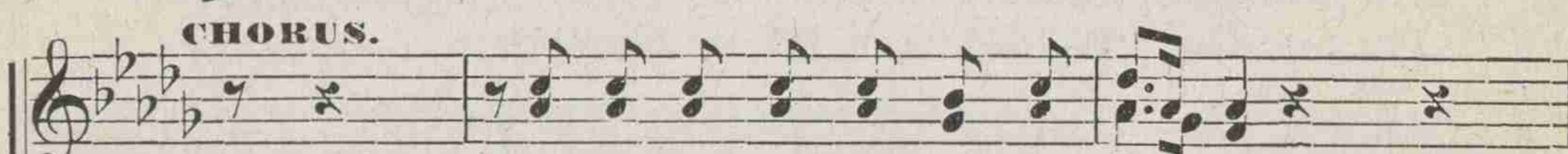
I know e-ter-nal
 Tho' cru-el death my
 O wondrous tho't, for



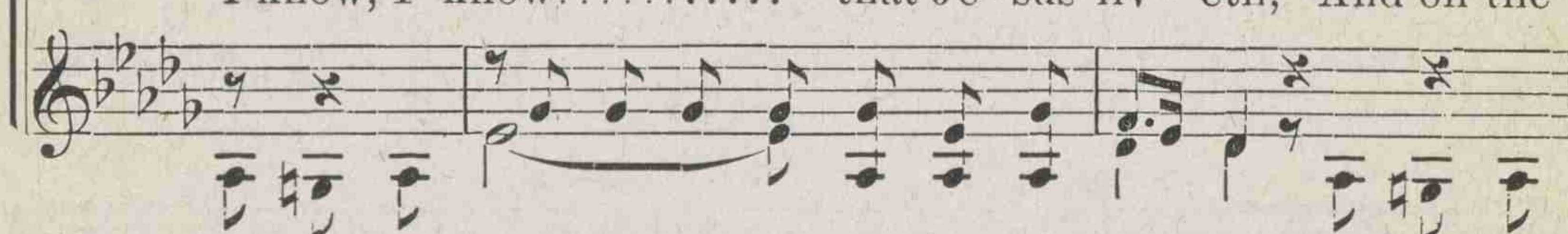

life He giv-eth, That grace and pow'r..... are in His hand.
 flesh as-sail-eth, Yet I shall see..... Him by and by.
 me He car-eth, And He at last..... will come for me.



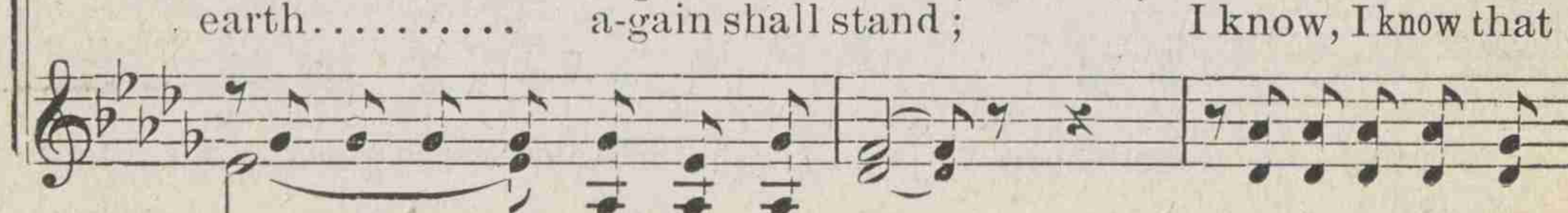
CHORUS.



I know, I know that Je-sus liv-eth,
 I know, I know..... that Je-sus liv-eth, And on the




And on the earth a-gain shall stand; I know, I know..... that
 earth..... a-gain shall stand; I know, I know that



I Know That My Redeemer Liveth. Concluded.

life He giv-eth, That grace and pow'r..... are in His hand.

No. 111. Always Show Your Colors.

N. A. MCA.

REV. N. A. MCAULAY.

1. Where'er you go be true to Christ, Tho' hosts your way op-pose;
2. Whate'er you do be true to Christ, Tho' some may false ap-pear;
3. Whene'er you speak be true to Christ, Tho' oth-ers si-lent be;
4. Whate'er your lot be true to Christ, His cross in meekness bear;

Be loy-al to your liv-ing Head, Press on in spite of foes.
 Your deeds will touch the heedless one, If lov-ing and sin-cere.
 Fear not to tell of Him who died On Cal-v'ry's rug-ged tree.
 For those who hon-or Him be-low, A crown in heav'n shall wear.

D. S. Up-hold the ban-ner of the cross, Be true to Christ and right.

CHORUS.

Then al-ways show your col-ors, Keep shield and ar-mor bright.

No. 112. Can It Be?

SOLO, DUET AND CHORUS.*

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

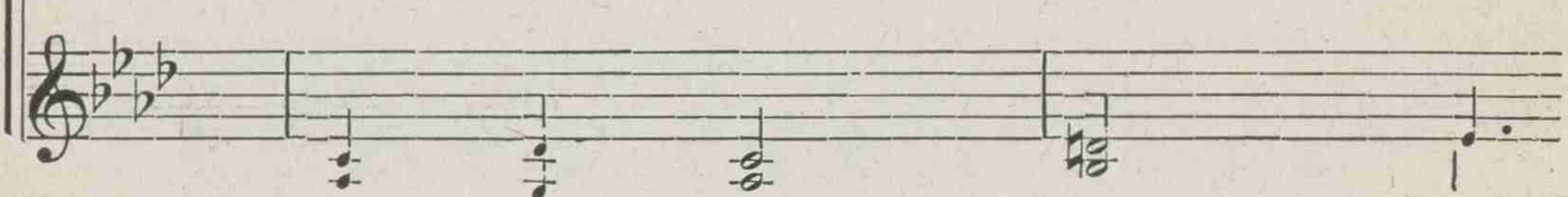
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



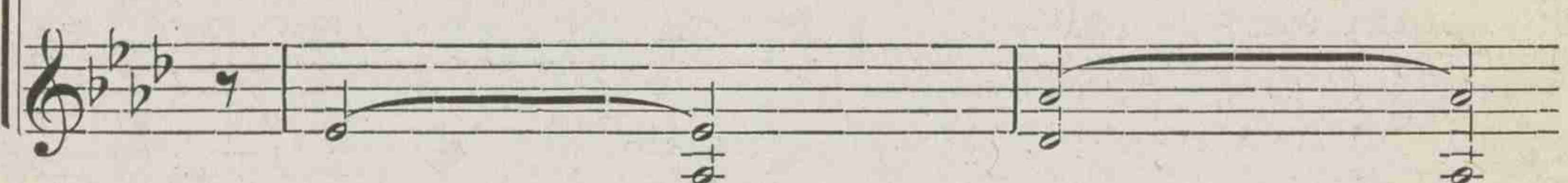
1. I hear them sing of Je - sus and call Him precious Friend;
 2. I won - der, O I won - der, if Je - sus, all di - vine,
 3. I hear them tell the sto - ry of how He came to save
 4. I can re - sist no long - er, I would not if I could;




I hear them pray - ing of - ten, His king - dom to ex - tend;
 Would care to have me give Him a brok - en heart like mine?
 The lost from death and dark - ness, and that His life He gave;
 I blush that I have ev - er His of - fered love withstood;




They say He died for sin - ners, I won - der, can it be,
 Oh, precious thought, most precious! I won - der, can it be,
 Oh, think of such a ran - som! I won - der, can it be,
 Oh, gra - cious Lord and Sav - iour, I now con - fess to Thee—




That He will of - fer par - don to wand'ring ones like me?
 That Christ has died on Cal - v'ry for sin - ful ones like me?
 That Je - sus came from heav - en to die for such as me?
 I know my sins are man - y; in love re - mem - ber me?



*2d Alto Solo; other parts hum with lips closed.

Can It Be? Concluded.

CHORUS.



O won - der - ful and pre - cious is Je - sus to my soul,



His blood can make me spot - less, His grace can make me whole;



No more I'll doubt my Sav-iour. I know that it *can* be,



I have the blest as - sur-ance— 'tis more than life to me.



No. 113. Sing the Good Tidings of Mercy.

E. E. HEWITT.

THEO. E. PERKINS.



1. Sing the good ti-dings of mer - cy, Mer-cy abound-ing and free ;
2. If for His love you are long - ing, If His sal - va - tion you crave,
3. Tho' you are far in the des - ert, Out in the darkness and cold,



Love that has purchased salva - tion, Sav-ing a sin-ner like me.
Come to this won-der-ful Sav-iour, A - ble and will-ing to save.
Call, and the Saviour will hear you, Car-ry you home to His fold.



CHORUS.



Sing the good ti - dings, Oh, loud - ly pro - claim, Je - sus is



seeking the lost to re-claim; Sing the good ti - dings, Won-der - ful



ti - dings, Ti - dings of mer - cy, All praise to His name.



No. 114. Beautiful Love.

LE R M.

LE ROY MOORE.



1. My soul, lift up thy voice and sing All glo - ry to His name;
2. We feel Thy presence, O my God, In all its mag - ic pow'r;
3. We see Thy light, we hear Thy voice, We glo - ri - fy Thy name;



Let all the chil-dren of our God His wondrous love pro-claim.
It fills our hearts with love di-vine In this in-spir-ing hour.
May all the na-tions of the earth Thy wondrous love pro-claim.



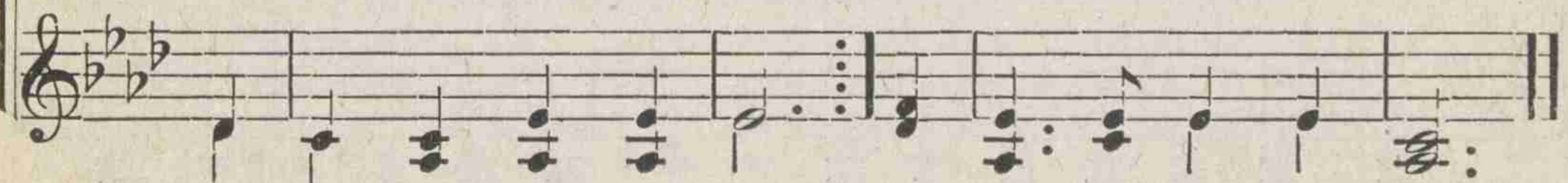
CHORUS.



Beau-ti - ful love love
Beau-ti - ful love, wonderful, won-der-ful love,



All glo - ry to His name, All glo - ry to His name.



No. 115. The Old Folks at Home.

Arr. for this Work.



1. Way down up - on the Swa - nee riv - er, Far, far a - way,
2. All round the lit - tle farm I wand' red, When I was young,
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush - es, One that I love,



There's where my heart is turning ev - er, There's where the old folks stay;
There ma - ny hap - py days I squandered, Ma - ny the songs I sung;
Still sad - ly to my mem'ry rush - es No mat - ter where I rove;



All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
When I was play - ing with my broth - er, Hap - py was I;
When will I see the bees a - humming, All round the comb?



Still long - ing for the old plan - ta - tion, And for the old folks at home.
O, take me to my kind old mother, There let me live, let me die.
When will I hear the ban - jo tumming, Down in my old sunny home?



The Old Folks at Home. Concluded.

CHORUS.

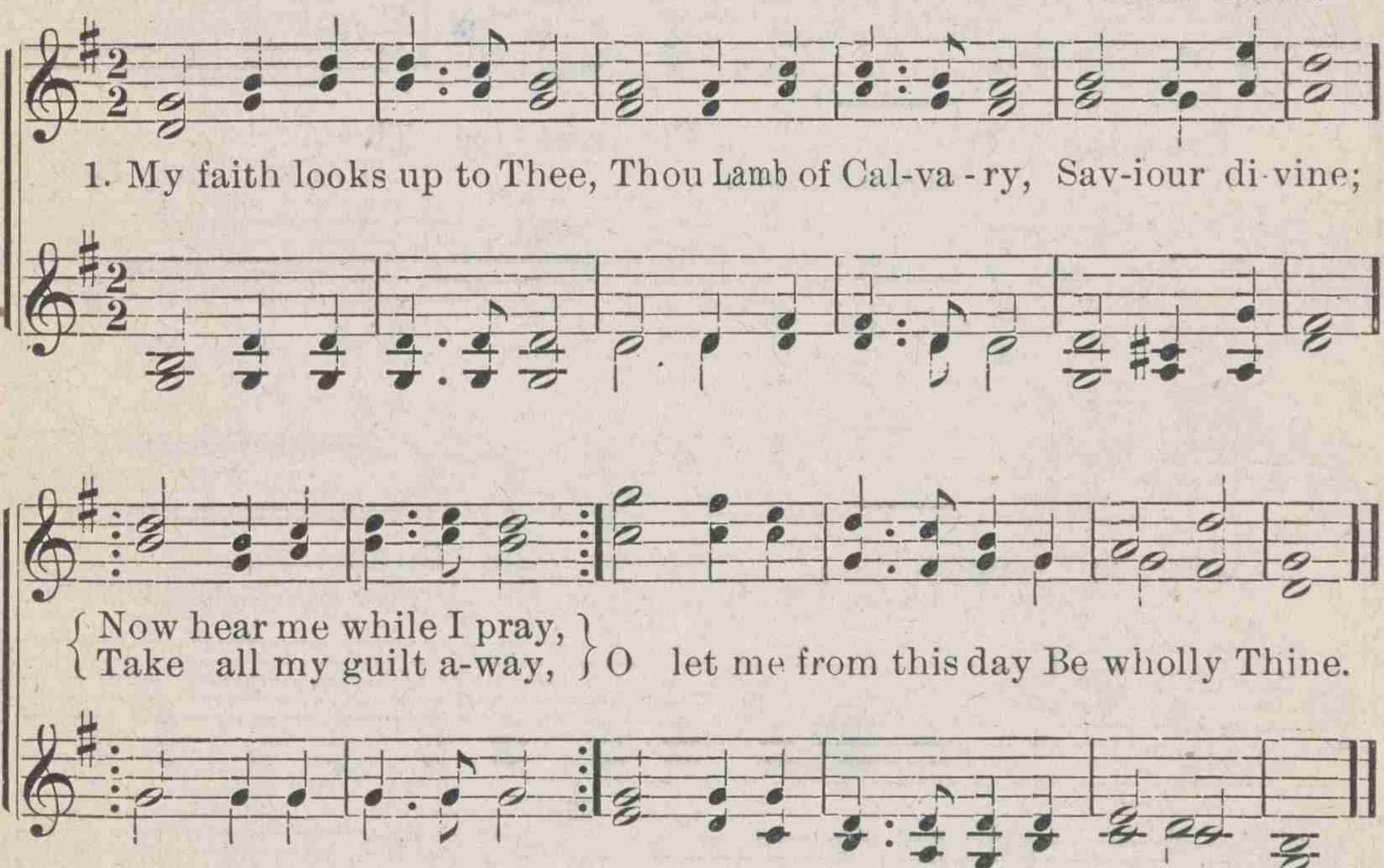


All the world is sad and dreary, Ev'-rywhere I roam, all is sad and dreary,
roam,.....

O darkies, how my heart grows weary, Far from the old folks at home.

No. 116. Olivet.

LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-iour di-vine;

{ Now hear me while I pray, }
{ Take all my guilt a-way, } O let me from this day Be wholly Thine.

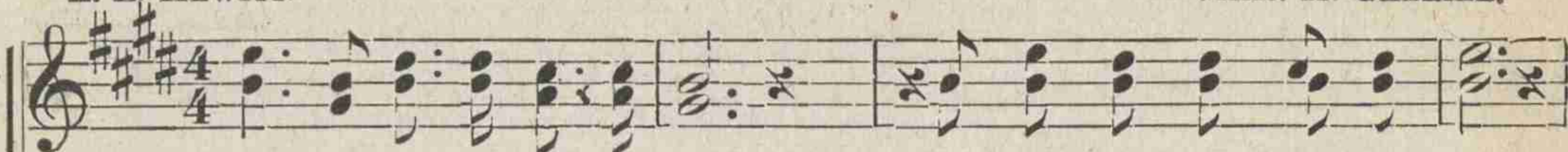
2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

No. 117. Make Me All Thine Own.

E. E. HEWITT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

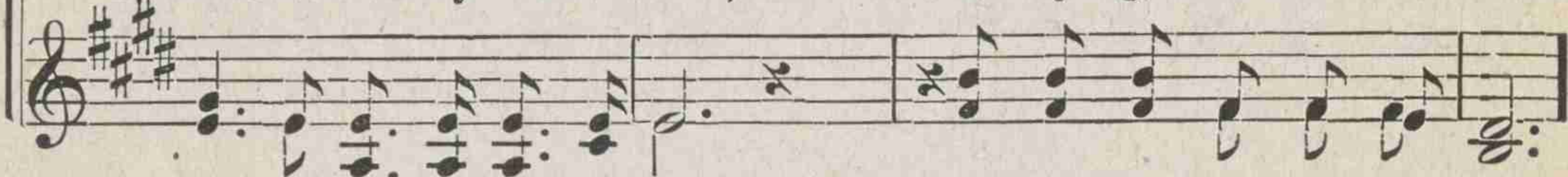


1. Saviour, make me all Thine own, Bless-ed Lamb up-on the throne;
 2. When Thou dost the wand'rer seek, Thou hast strength to give the weak:
 3. Help me live like Thee below, In Thy grace and knowledge grow;
- Blessed Lamb..... up - on the throne;

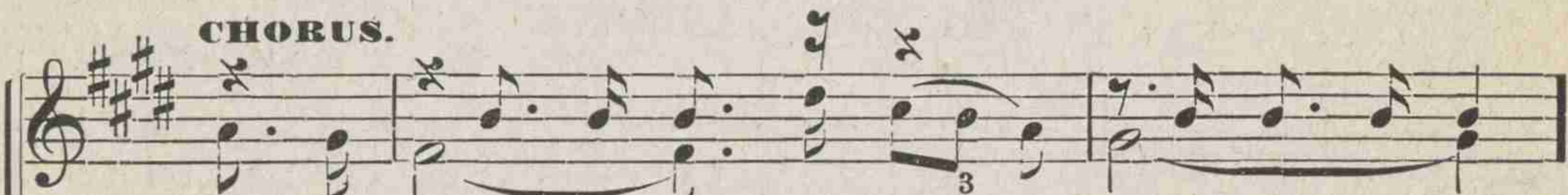


Make me whit - er than the snow.

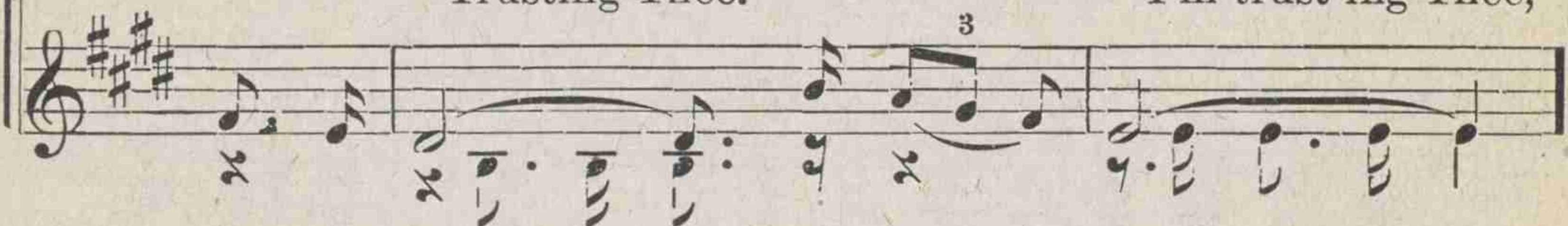
Wash me in the crimson flow, Make me whiter than the snow.
 Keep me by Thy saving pow'r, Day by day and hour by hour.
 Fill me with Thy love Divine, Till Thy light thro' me shall shine.



CHORUS.



Trust-ing Thee,..... I'm trust-ing Thee,.....
 Trusting Thee. I'm trust-ing Thee,



Bless-ed Lamb..... up-on the throne,.....
 Bless-ed Lamb up-on the throne up-on the throne;



Trust-ing Thee,..... I'm trust-ing Thee,.....
 Trusting Thee, I'm trusting Thee,



Make Me All Thine Own. Concluded.

Saviour, make..... me all Thine own.....
make me all Thine own, Sav-iour, make me all Thine own.

No. 118. For Thee, O Lord.

ADA BLENKHORN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Give me a song, O Lord, give me a song for Thee, Fill'd with sweet
2. Give me a word, O Lord, give me a word for Thee, Fraught with the
3. Give me a pray'r O Lord, give me a pray'r for Thee, That mounts the

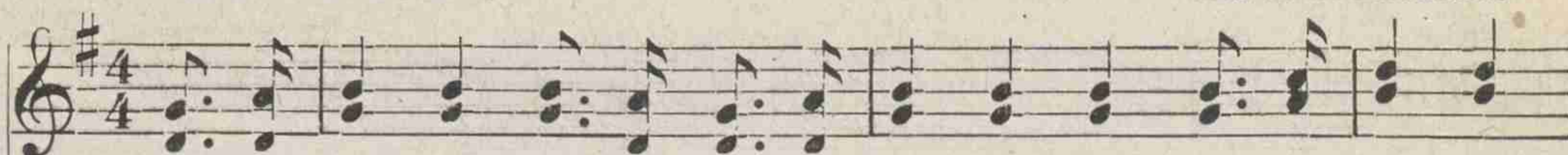
mu-sic of heavenly spheres—Faith's song of triumph o'er doubts and fears;
gift of Thy per-fect peace; Bid-ding all doubting and turmoil cease;
sky up-on faith's broad wings, And floods of blessing and glory brings,

Give me a song, give me a song, Give me a song, O Lord, for Thee.
Give me a word, give me a word, Give me a word, O Lord, for Thee.
Give me a pray'r, give me a pray'r, Give me a pray'r, O Lord, for Thee.

No. 119. Conquering Grace.

REV. NEAL A. MCAULAY.

DR. S. B. JACKSON.



1. I have heard the sto - ry of re-deem-ing love, Tell-ing out the
2. Sin has cast its shad-ow o'er the hu-man soul; Vice with all its
3. When the night of sorrow gathers 'round my head, And the dark'ning



glo - ry of my Lord a-bove; Naught can cheer my spir - it like the
pow-er seeks to get con-trol, But the love of Je - sus will the
shadows hov-er o'er my bed, Then will Christ, in mer-cy lead my
Naught can cheer my spirit



bles - ed song As I march for Je - sus fighting ev - 'ry wrong.
vic - t'ry win, For His saving strength will conquer ev - 'ry sin.
soul a - way, Thro' the surging wa-ters to the realms of day.
like the blessed song,



CHORUS.



Toil - ing on, Toil - ing for our bless-ed King; Toiling
Toil-ing on,



Conquering Grace. Concluded.

on, We a grate-ful trib - ute bring; Hap-py songs of
Toil-ing on,

love and joy we sing, While toiling, ev - er toil-ing on.....
toil-ing on.

No. 120. Martyn.

Fine.

1. Je - sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
While the near-er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high, }
D.C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee, }
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me, }
D.C. Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.

D. C.

Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, 'Till the storm of life is past,
All my trust on Thee is staid, All my help from Thee I bring;

No. 121. He Careth for Me.

Mrs. GRACE WEISER DAVIS.

Dr. H. R. PALMER.



1. As our heav - en - ly Fa - ther the sparrow's fall doth know,
2. As our heav - en - ly Fa - ther, for lil - ies too, doth care,
3. Take no tho't for the mor - row; Thy heav'nly Fa - ther knows,



As wav - ing leaf on the tree - top He notes as it fall - eth low,
Doth clothe with exquisite beau - ty in pur - i - ty, O so fair;
The things ye stand in need of, He in - fi - nite mer - cy shows;



As e'en thy hairs are num - bered, let this thy com - fort be,
As spar - rows toil and spin not, yet by thy God are fed,
Seek first for God's own king - dom set up with - in thy heart,



Much more, O pre - cious loved one, thy Fa - ther cares for thee.
Much less will He for - get thee; thou safe - ly shalt be led
And all things shall be add - ed; then choose "the bet - ter part."



He Careth for Me. Concluded.

p **CHORUS.** *f* **Cres.** *ff*

He cares for me! He cares for me! Sing to thy-self each day!

f *p* **Cres.** **Dim.**

He cares for me! He cares for me! In all things and al - way.

No. 122. Brown.

Mrs. P. H. Brown.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. I love to steal a-while a-way, From ev - 'ry cumb'ring care,
2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear;
3. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fut - ure good im - plore.

CHO.—I want to go, I want to go, I want to go there too;

D. C. Chorus.

And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful pray'r.
And all His prom - is - es to plead, Where none but God can hear.
And all my cares and sor - rows cast On Him whom I a - dore.

Where Je - sus is I want to go, I want to go there too.

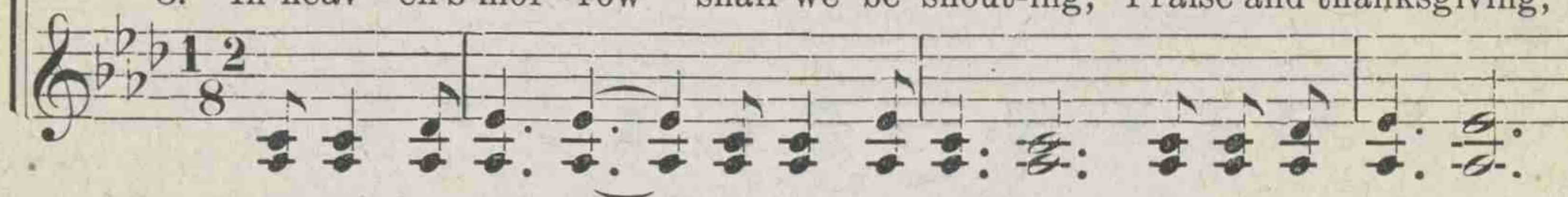
No. 123. In the By and By.

MRS. IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



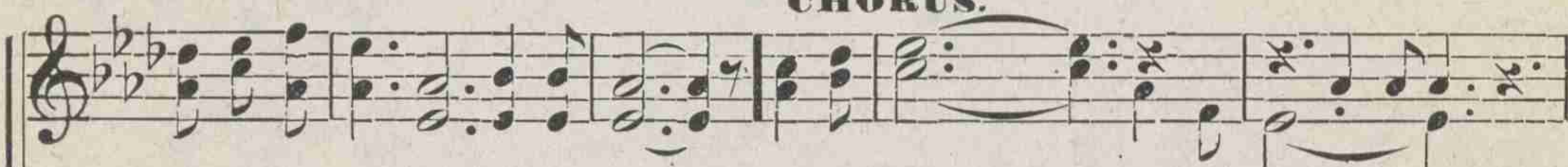
1. There will be sing - ing and great re-joic - ing, Yon-der in glo - ry,
2. There will be wail - ing, sad lam - en - ta - tion, Bit - ter - est weep - ing,
3. In heav - en's mor - row shall we be shout - ing, Praise and thanksgiving,



by and by; Sweet anthems ring - ing, in glad-ness voic - ing, Sal-
by and by; Grief un - a - vail - ing, vain sup - pli - ca - tion, And
by and by; Or, in our sor - row be there la - ment - ing, Our



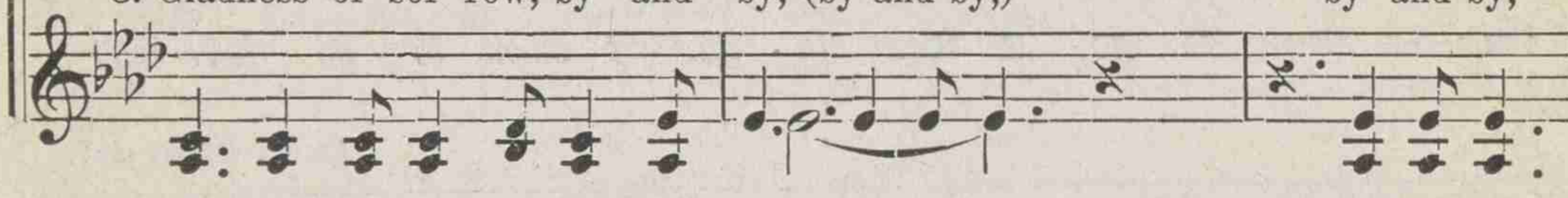
CHORUS.



vation's sweet story, by and by. By and by,..... by and by,.....
sorrowful weeping, by and by.
prod-i-gal liv - ing, by and by. By and by, By and by,



1. Sing-ing and praising, by and by,..... By and by,.....
2. Weeping and wail-ing, by and by,.....
3. Gladness or sor-row, by and by, (by and by,) by and by,



By and by,..... Sing - ing and praising, by and by.....
by and by, Weep - ing and wail - ing, by and by.....
Glad-ness or sor - row, by and by, by and by.



INDEX.

Titles in CAPS AND SMALL CAPS: first lines in Roman.

	No.		No.
ABIDE WITH ME.....	93	DIVINE LOVE.....	96
ABIDE WITH ME.....	76	Do all the Good You Can To-day.	2
AFTERWARD	45	DRIFTING WITH THE TIDE	46
ALWAYS SHOW YOUR COLORS....	111	Eternal are Thy Mercies, O Lord.	65
All the Way my Lord is leading..	47	Eternal is the Faithful Word	42
ALL THE WAY	33	ETERNAL IS THY WORD.....	42
A LOYAL HOST.....	106	EVEN ME.....	17
Are you downcast.....	94	FOR JESUS' SAKE.....	13
Are you doubting, God still reigns.	7	FOR ME, O LORD.....	118
A SONG OF PRAISE.....	104	GENTLY SPEAK	61
As our heavenly Father.....	121	Give Me a Song, O Lord	118
ASLEEP IN JESUS.....	44	GLORIA PATRI	66
AT MIDNIGHT.....	109	Glory be to the Father	66
BEAUTIFUL LOVE	114	GLORY TO THE LAMB	25
BESIDE THE CRYSTAL SEA.....	71	GOING DOWN THE VALLEY.....	98
Beyond the Ills that vex us	50	GOLDEN GATES AJAR	15
Bright is the Way to-day	27	GRACIOUS GOD, THOU KNOWEST	43
Brightly gleams the Radiant.....	46	Great Glad Day, A.....	50
BROWN.....	122	Hark ten thousand Harps	88
BUTTERFLY, THE.....	79	Hark! Ten Thousand Harps, and.	40
BY AND BY	52	Hark! the Notes of Angels Singing	25
CAN IT BE.....	112	HARPS AND VOICES.....	40
CAN YOU DOUBT HIM	20	HARPS AND VOICES.....	88
CAST thy Bread upon the Waters.	48	Hearken, O Weary Traveler	38
Christ our Redeemer from Heaven	83	HE IS CALLING	62
COME HOME	83	HE CARETH FOR ME.....	121
COME, POWER OF GOD	3	HELP EACH OTHER	73
Come, Thou Almighty King	18	HER LORD SAID, NO!.....	31
Come, Thou Almighty King	103	HIS PRESENCE.....	89
COME UNTO ME.....	38	HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.	16
CONQUERING GRACE.....	119	I can Hear my Saviour.....	105
Consecrated all to Thee	64	I Have Heard the Story.....	119
CRADLE SONG.....	39	I have Started my Ship from.....	78
CREATOR'S PRAISE, THE.....	65	I Hear them Sing.	112
CRUSE THAT FAILETH NOT.....	29	I hear them tell of a wondrous...	67
DEPTH OF MERCY.....	80		
Depth of Mercy... ..	9		

INDEX.

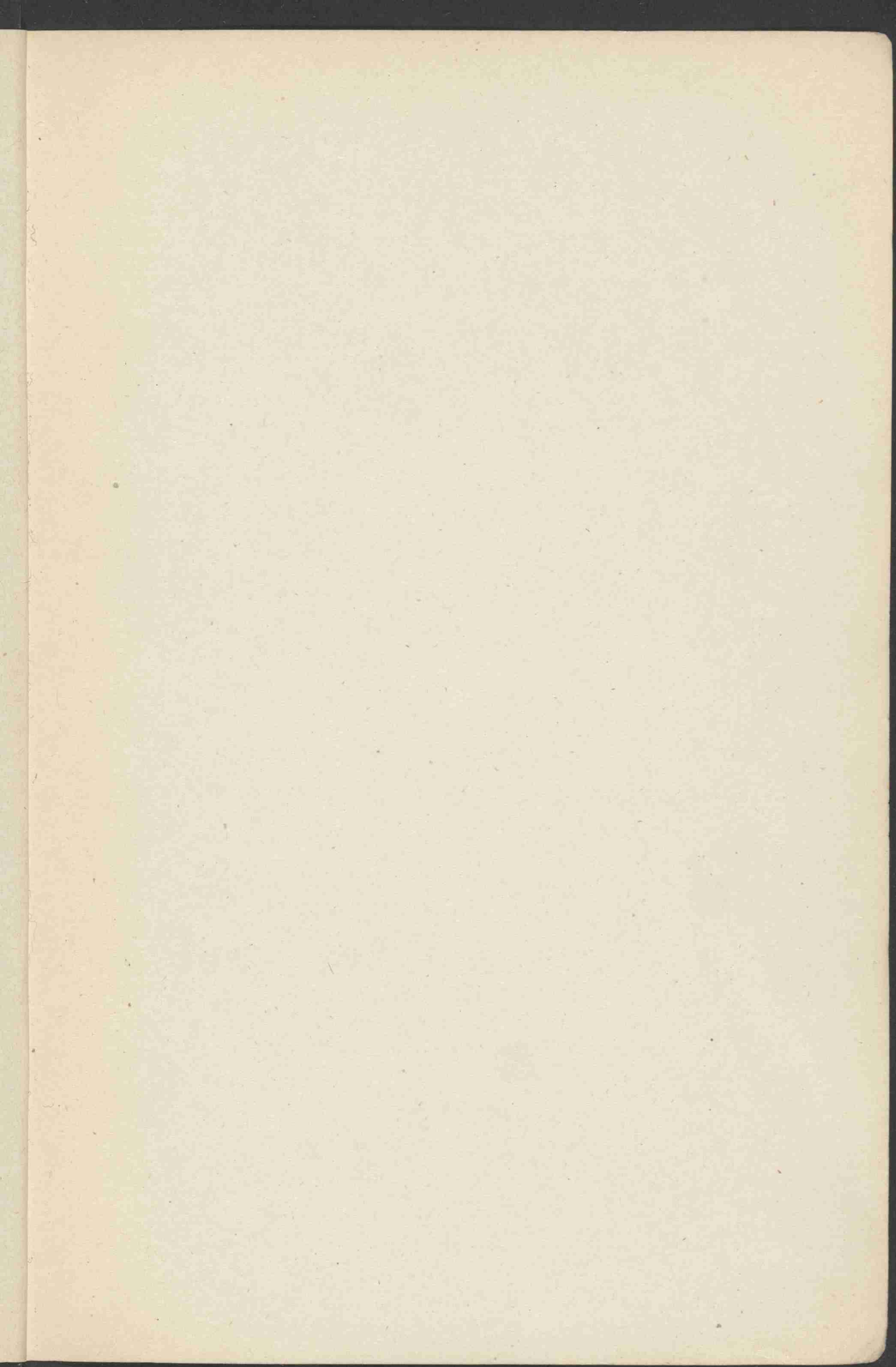
	No.		No.
I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER...	110	NEARER HOME	82
I Love to Steal Awhile Away.....	122	Night is past, The.....	13
I Sing because I Love Him.....	102	Not to the millions of the heathen	31
IN HEAVENLY LOVE.....	56	Now the Sowing and the Reaping	45
IN THAT CITY OVER THERE.....	1	O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING.	19
In that Wondrous Home Divine..	4	O HOW HE LOVES	95
IN THE BY AND BY.....	123	O'er the Hill the Sun is Setting..	82
In the Cross of Christ I Glory....	12	Oh, gently speak as on we go....	61
In the Secret of.....	89	OLD GLORY	81
In this World of Toil and Care...	71	OLIVET	116
In this World there is so much to	36	ONCE AGAIN.....	86
INVOCATION HYMN	63	One There is Above All Others...	95
Is thy Burden hard and heavy?...	29	Our Dear One Has Gone.	19
ITALIAN HYMN.....	18	OUR WATCHWORD	60
ITALIAN HYMN.....	103	Over in the Distance yonder.....	1
I Think when I Read.....	96	PLEYEL'S HYMN	9
Jesus, Lover of my Soul.....	120	PRAISE HIS NAME	47
JESUS, SAVIOUR PILOT ME.....	26	PRESS ONWARD, Heirs of Glory...	53
Just as I am.....	101	Rock of Ages.....	72
JUST AS I AM	69	Sad Hearts, Forget Your Doubts.	21
JUST BEYOND	10	Saviour, Make Me All Thine Own	117
JUST FOR TO-DAY	75	SCORN NOT	24
KINGDOM OF THE LORD, THE..	6	SEND THE LIGHT	70
LAST SONG, THE	5	SINCE I HAVE OVERCOME.....	21
LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT	28	SING THE GOOD TIDINGS OF.....	113
LET NOT YOUR HEART BE.....	100	SING THE LOVE OF JESUS.....	59
LET THE SUNSHINE IN.....	94	SOFTLY AND TENDERLY.....	11
Lightly the Butterfly swings in the	79	SOMETHING TO BE DONE.....	37
LOOKING UNTO JESUS.....	27-57	SOUL'S REFUGE, THE.....	30
LOOK TO THY COUNTERSIGN....	35	Stand up, Stand up for Jesus	34
Lord, for Tomorrow and its Ills..	75	STORMY DAYS WILL SOON BE.....	90
LORD, I AM THINE.....	49	SUN OF MY SOUL	51
LORD, I hear of showers of blessing	17	Sun Shines Bright in the	77
LOYAL TO JESUS.....	36	Sunshine and Flowers.....	104
MAKE ME ALL THINE OWN.....	117	SWEET SAVIOUR MINE	41
Marching Together	106	SWEETLY RESTING	12
MARTYN.....	120	Sweetly Sing the Love of Jesus ..	59
Met within this Hallowed Place..	63	TAKE HIS HAND	99
MY DREAM SHIP.....	78	Take my Life and let it be.....	64
My Faith Looks Up.....	116	THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.....	85
MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.....	55	THE HOMELAND OF HEAVEN....	92
MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.....	77	THE LORD IS GOOD	91
My Soul Lift Up.....	114	THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.....	115

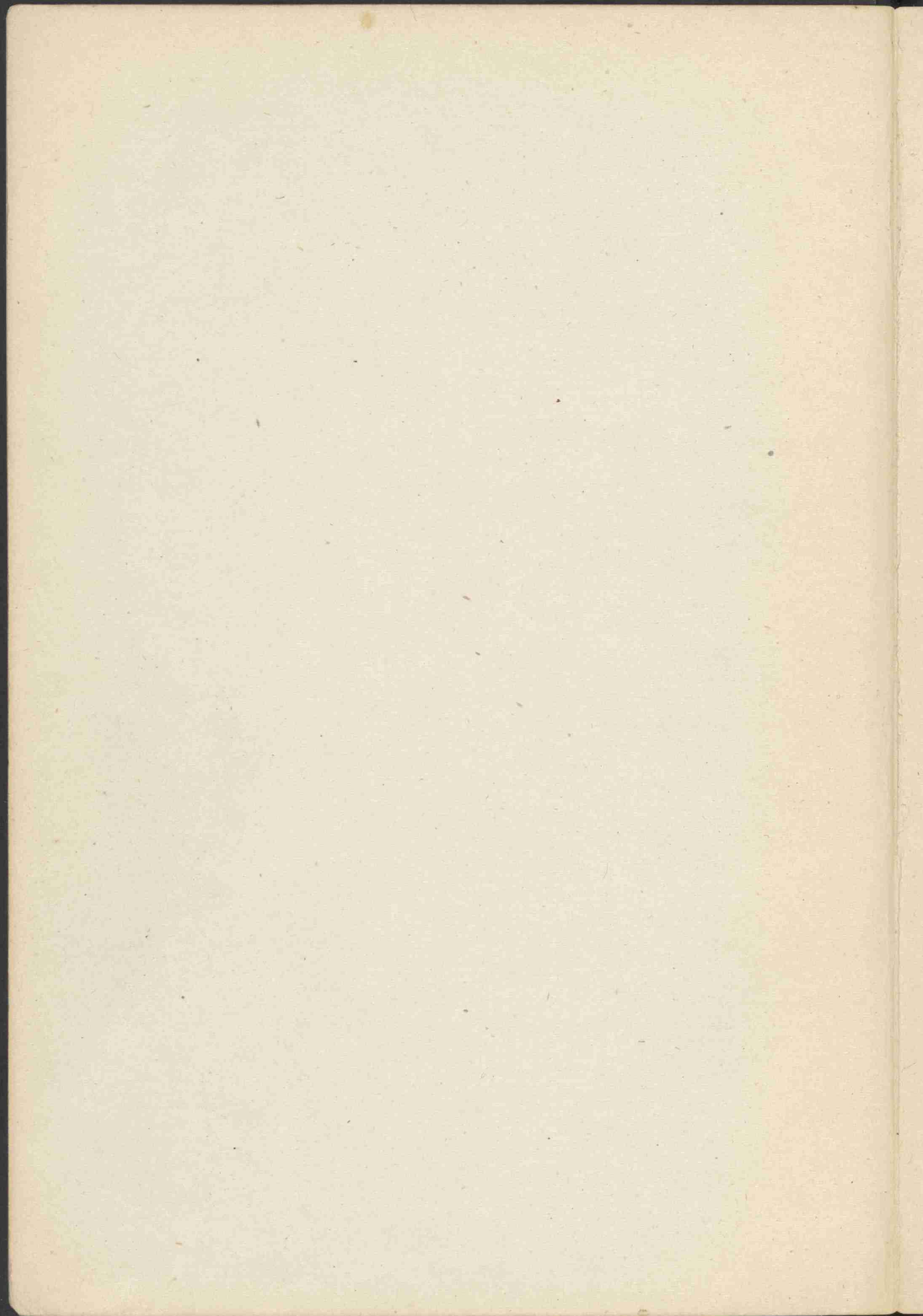
INDEX.

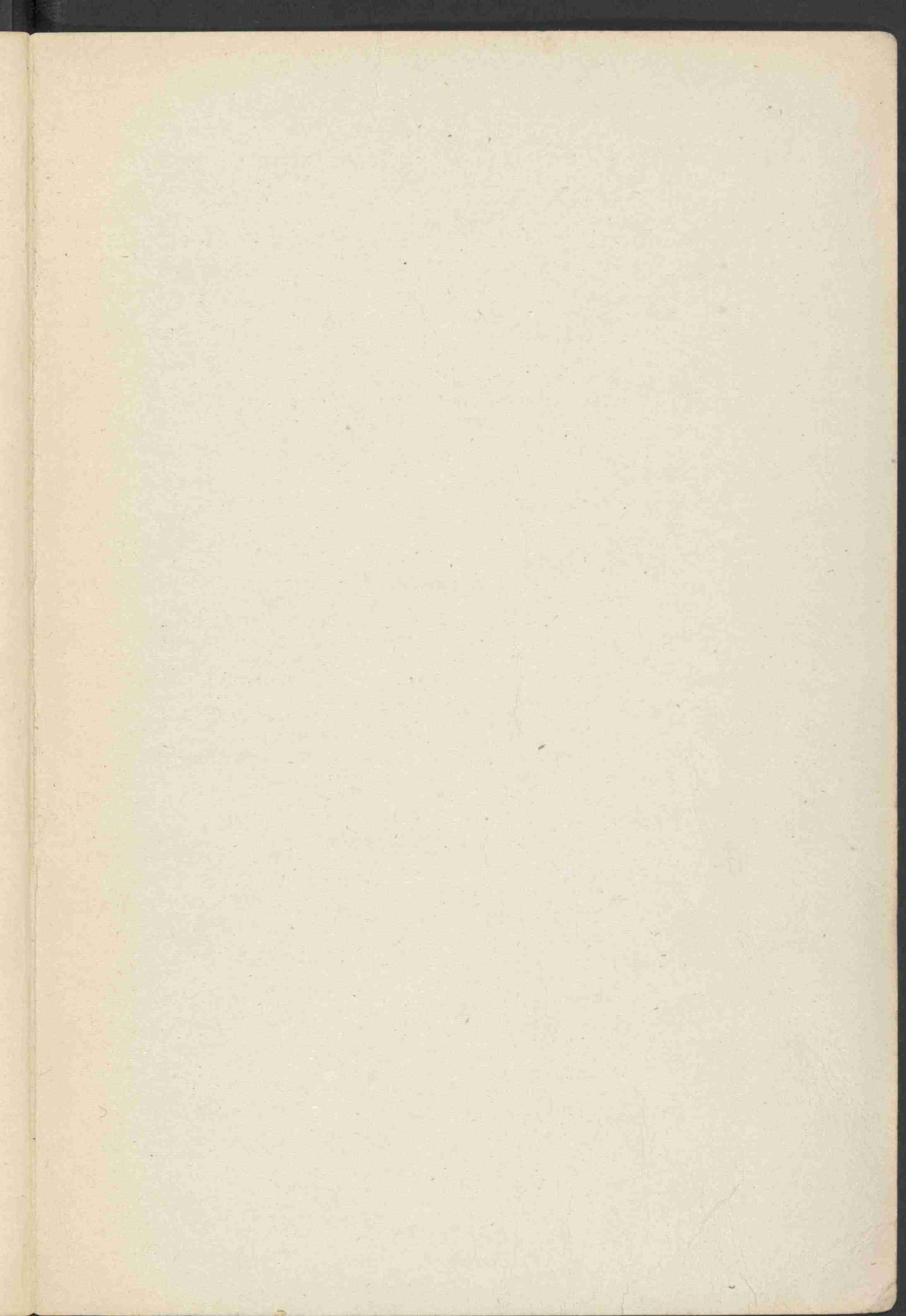
	No.		No.
THE WAY OF THE CROSS.....	105	We're Soldiers in the.....	85
THERE WE ADORE.....	108	WEBB.....	34
TELL THE STORY	23	We Have Come to Worship Jesus.	14
There's a Battle to be Fought....	37	WE, LIKE STARS, MAY SHINE..	4
THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL LAND....	92	WELLESLEY	58
There's a Call Comes Ringing ...	70	We're Drawing Near to Jesus	60
THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.	107	WHEN THE LORD SHALL CALL...	97
THERE'S A SONG ON MY LIPS..	74	WHEN THE LORD SHALL CALL HIS	32
There's a Wideness in God's....	58-62	When the Red Flame of War was	81
There is a Time, a Happy Time..	32	WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP	8
There is a Time.....	97	When the Trumpet of the Lord ..	8
THERE IS NO REST	54	When thy Heart with Sin.....	20
There will be Singing.....	123	Where'er you go, be True.....	111
Thou Refuge of my Soul	30	WHERE LIES THE LAND.....	87
'Tis Night on the Mountain.....	39	WHISPERING LEAVES, THE	68
TO-DAY	2	Who Holds the Golden Gates Ajar	15
To the Christian Legions Comes .	23	Who Knoweth the Mystical.....	68
UNERRING GUIDE.....	84	Winds are Hushed, The	5
Way down upon the Swanee.....	115	WONDERFUL CITY, THE	67
WAIT, WORK, PRAY	7	WORSHIP	14
We are Always Made the Happier	73	WHY I SING	102
We are going down the Valley...	98	YE CHRISTIAN HERALDS	22

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