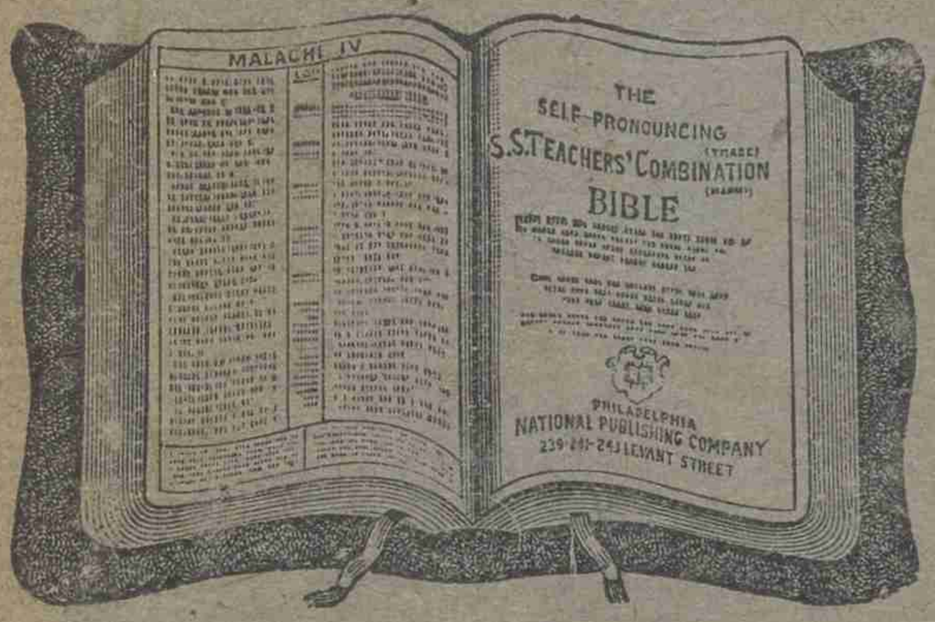
THE NATIONAL

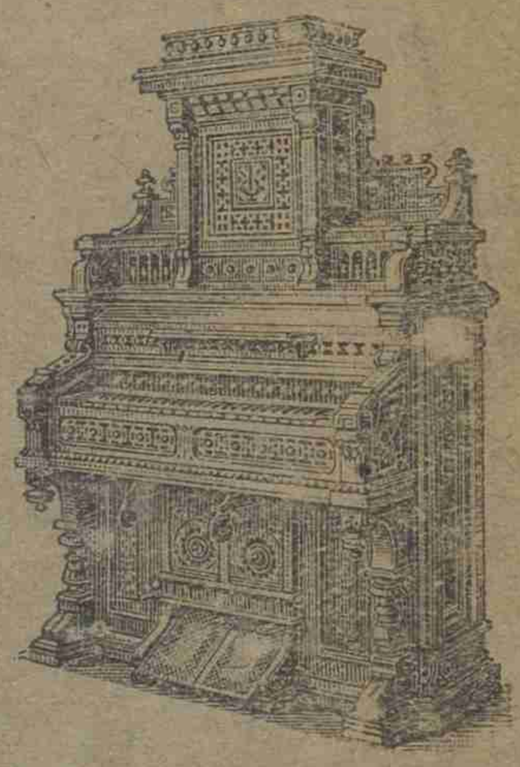
HARP OF ZION

AND

N. B. Y. P. U. HYMNAL.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF HYMNS AND TUNES,
ARRANGED BY SOME OF THE MOST
COMPETENT MUSICAL COMPOSERS
AND HYMNOLOGISTS IN
THIS COUNTRY.





DESIGNED FOR USE IN

BAPTIST CHURCHES, SUNDAY SCHOOLS, PRAYER MEETINGS AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

PRICE, 35 CENTS EACH; $3.60 PER DOZEN; $25.00 PER 100.

Z6B
N213

PUBLISHED BY
NATIONAL BAPTIST PUBLISHING BOARD,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

No. 2542 Date JUN 13 1914

LIBRARY OF

Frank J. Metcalf

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:

PRESENTED BY

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

TO

THE WARRINGTON-PRATT-SOULE
COLLECTION OF HYMNOLOGY

CASE MEMORIAL
LIBRARY

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

THE NATIONAL

HARP OF ZION

AND

B. Y. P. U. HYMNAL.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF HYMNS AND TUNES,
ARRANGED BY SOME OF THE MOST
COMPETENT MUSICAL COMPOSERS
AND HYMNOLOGISTS IN
THIS COUNTRY.

A VOLUME
OF HARMONIOUS, SOUL-INSPIRING
MELODIES.

DESIGNED FOR USE IN

BAPTIST CHURCHES, SUNDAY SCHOOLS, PRAYER
MEETINGS AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

PUBLISHED BY
NATIONAL BAPTIST PUBLISHING BOARD,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

1900
N2ti

PREFACE.

The deep abiding influence of music over men's natures is universally conceded. As in carnal warfare the battle hymn has often done more to win the victory than the cannon ball, so in the spiritual conflict the song has often won where all else has failed.

The officials of the National Baptist Young People's Union, recognizing the power of music, desired to employ it in arousing and energizing the young people of our denomination. There were, of course, scores of good hymn books already published that could have been employed, but two influences operated in favor of the present publication.

1. Music being an admitted power, the Negro race needs to encourage the musical talent of its own members. Nothing that affords power can be safely neglected by us.

2. Men whose circumstances, theories of religion, attainments of Christian life, etc., are virtually the same, can better understand each other, as a rule, than those whose environments are so widely different. Each race furnishes its own singers, not out of race prejudice, but because there is more community of feeling and experience among men of the same race, and a more thorough appreciation of the song rendered. Thus Negroes, meeting life in the manner common to Negroes, can best prepare music to reach the hearts of Negroes.

Viewing the matter in this light the National Baptist Young People's Union authorities turned their eyes for relief to the National Baptist Publishing Board and requested the Board to bring out a book in keeping with these ideas. About this time the Publishing Board heard that this present book was in type about to be issued from the press. An examination of the proposed book was made and it was found to measure up to the highest standard of excellence, and through the courtesy of Prof. G. W. Hayes, A. M., of Lynchburg, Va., we came into possession of the plates. Once in the hands of the Board, a committee on selections was appointed, composed of the following parties, viz: Rev. Wm. A. Creditt, D. D., Prof. Wm. Rosborough, Prof. N. H. Pius, Mrs. M. E. Abner, Mrs. Lucy A. Coles, to whose excellent judgment we are indebted for our success in the matter of hymns chosen.

The credit of the arrangement of the hymns chosen is due and cheerfully given to the following committee, viz: Rev. J. M. Riddle, Rev. E. W. D. Isaac, Prof. Wm. Harrison, A. B., Prof. G. W. Hayes, A. M., Rev. S. W. Bacote, A. B.

Thus, in brief, you have the history of this hymn book, so full of glorious music, for the most part composed by Negroes and issued from the presses of the Negro institution, the National Baptist Publishing Board.

Very respectfully,

R. H. Boyd

SECRETARY NATIONAL BAPTIST PUBLISHING BOARD.

HAPPY HOST OF ZION.

"And they shall return and come to Zion with song and everlasting joy upon their heads."—ISA. 51: 11.

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD.

Copyright, 1893, by W. H. Sherwood.

RALLYING SONG.

This piece may be used for church rallies to very great approbation.

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD.

Con spirito.

1. Lift our stand- ard true and bright; On- ward, sol- diers in the right!
2. Ral - ly, ral - ly to the cross, Fame is fleet - ing, gold is dross;
3. Strength and cour-age He be-stows; Heed not flat-t'rers, fear not foes;
4. When the day of tri-umph shines Bright o'er our vic - to - rious lines,

Je - sus comes, our hearts to claim; Ral - ly, com-rades, in His name.
Fol - low on where God commands: Liv - ing hearts and will - ing hands.
O'er the field of bat - tle wide Fol - low Je - sus cru - ci - fied.
Then with an - gel hosts a-round We shall reign with Je- sus crown'd.

CHORUS.

Ral - ly, ... Ral- ly,
Ral - ly to the cross, Ral - ly to the cross,
Ral - ly to the cross! Ral - ly, ...
Ral - ly to the cross,
rit. *Repeat pp.*
Ral - ly, ... Ral - ly to the cross!
Ral - ly to the cross,

Copyright, 1890, by W. H. Sherwood.

REFUGE.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

"ON THE BRIGHT BALMY SHORE."

To the memory of my sweet wife who is resting in *heaven and waiting* for *me.*

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD.

Earnestly.

ON THE BRIGHT BALMY SHORE.—Concluded.

WE ARE LITTLE TRAVELERS.

"They desire a better country."—HEB. 11: 16.

WM. STEVENSON. R. LOWRY.

Copyright, 1873, by Biglow & Main. By per.

WHEN THE WAR SHALL END.

W. H. SHERWOOD. GEO. F. THOMPSON.

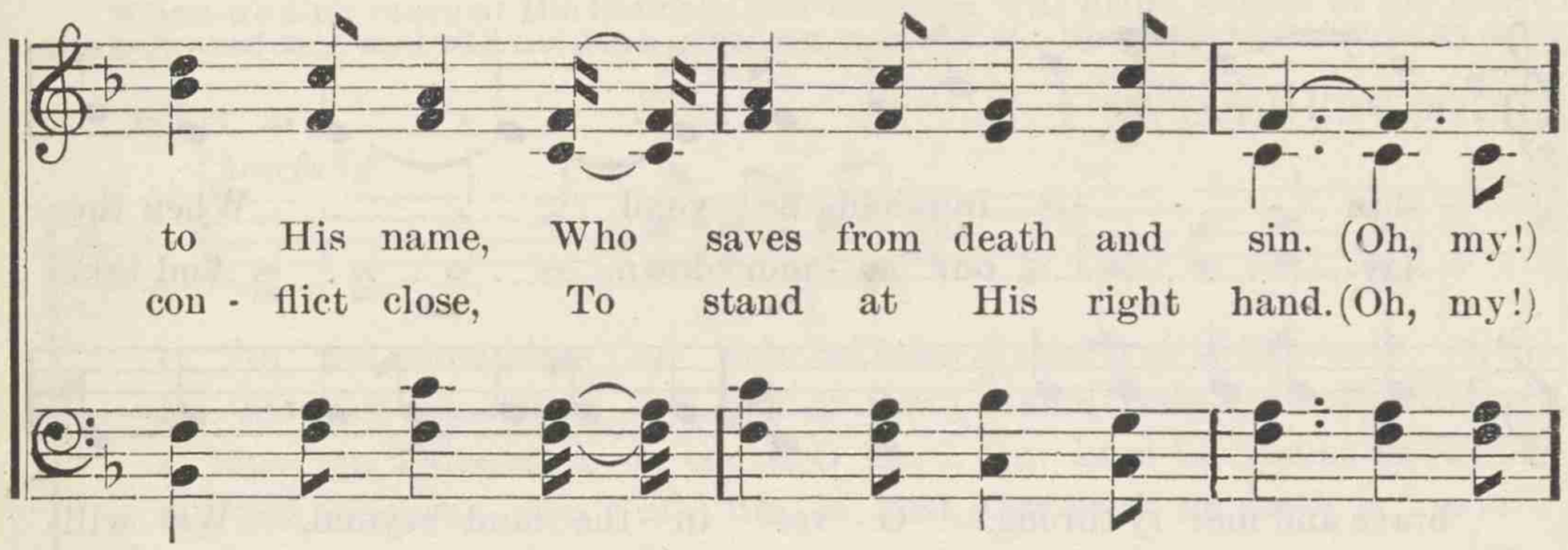
1. Sol - diers march on with cour- age strong, King Je - sus is your
2. Take courage then, ye fal - ter - ing ones, And push the bat -

Cap - tain, And if you fol - low His command You will be sure to
tle on, Your ar-dours work will not be done Till you ob- tain the

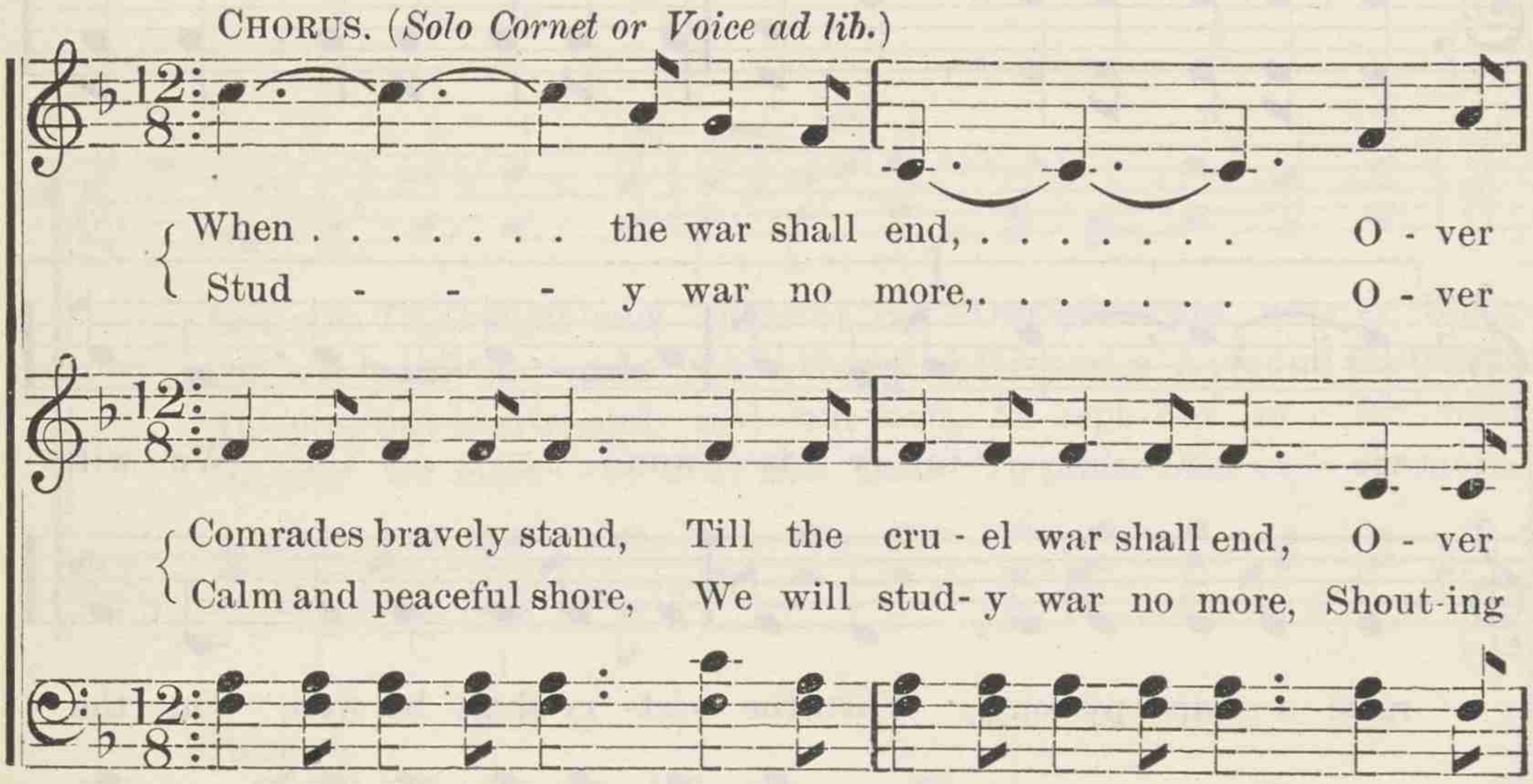
win, And when the bat - tle strife shall end, And
crown; For Christ has prom - ised on - ly those Who

ev - 'ry foe is van - quished, We'll sing ho - san - na!
hold out un - til the end, That when this earth - ly

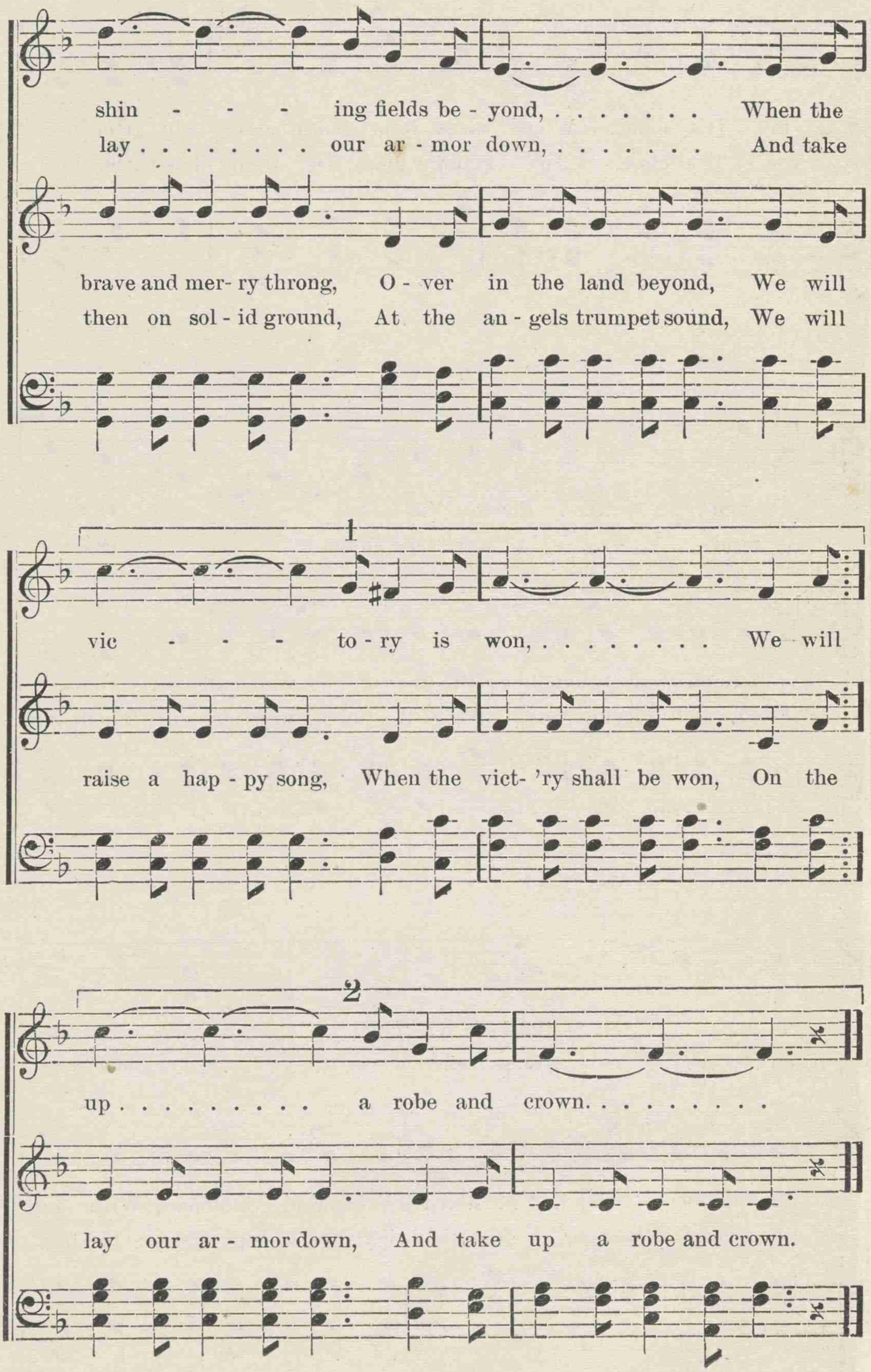
Copyright, 1893, by W. H. Sherwood.



CHORUS. (*Solo Cornet or Voice ad lib.*)



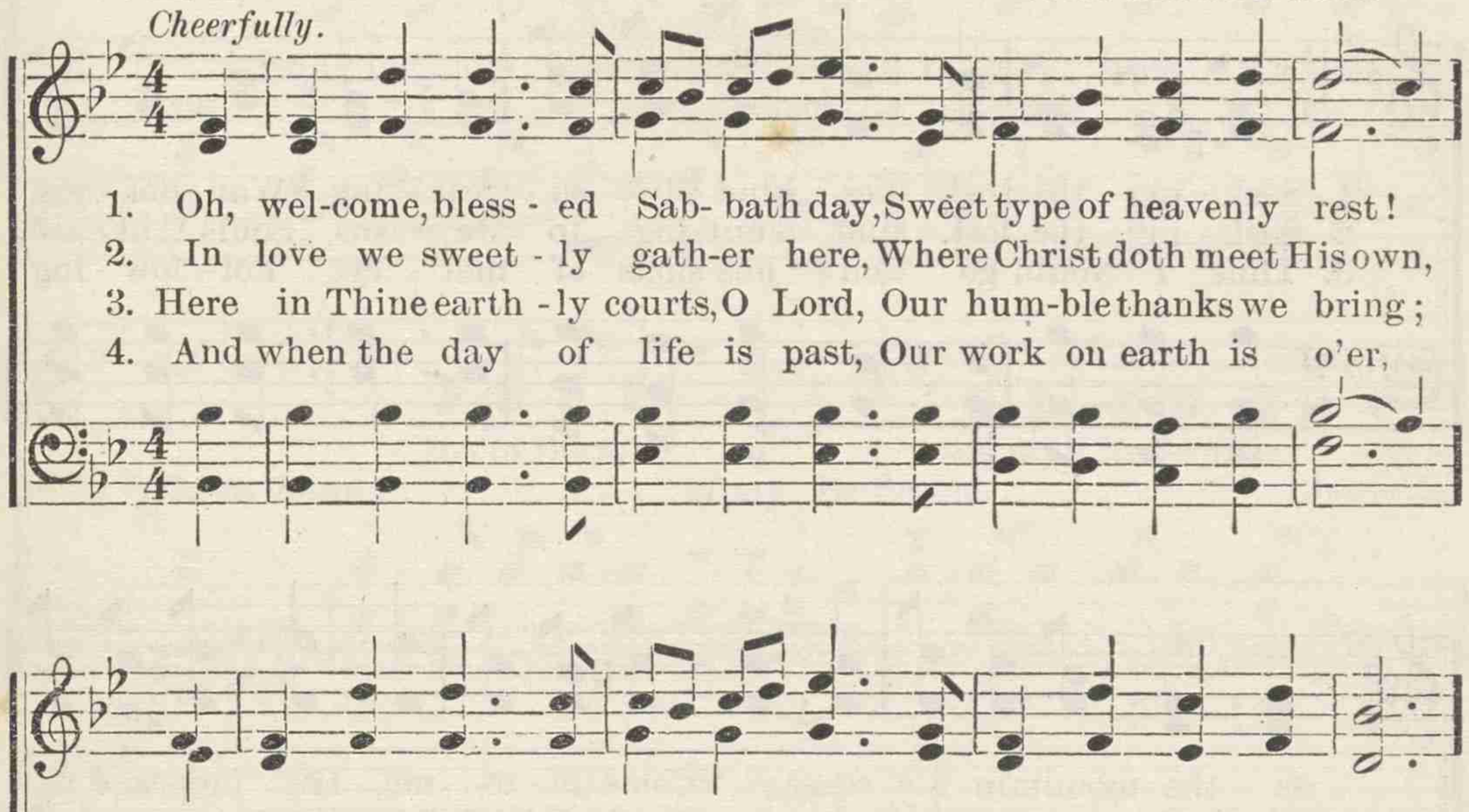
WHEN THE WAR SHALL END.—Concluded.



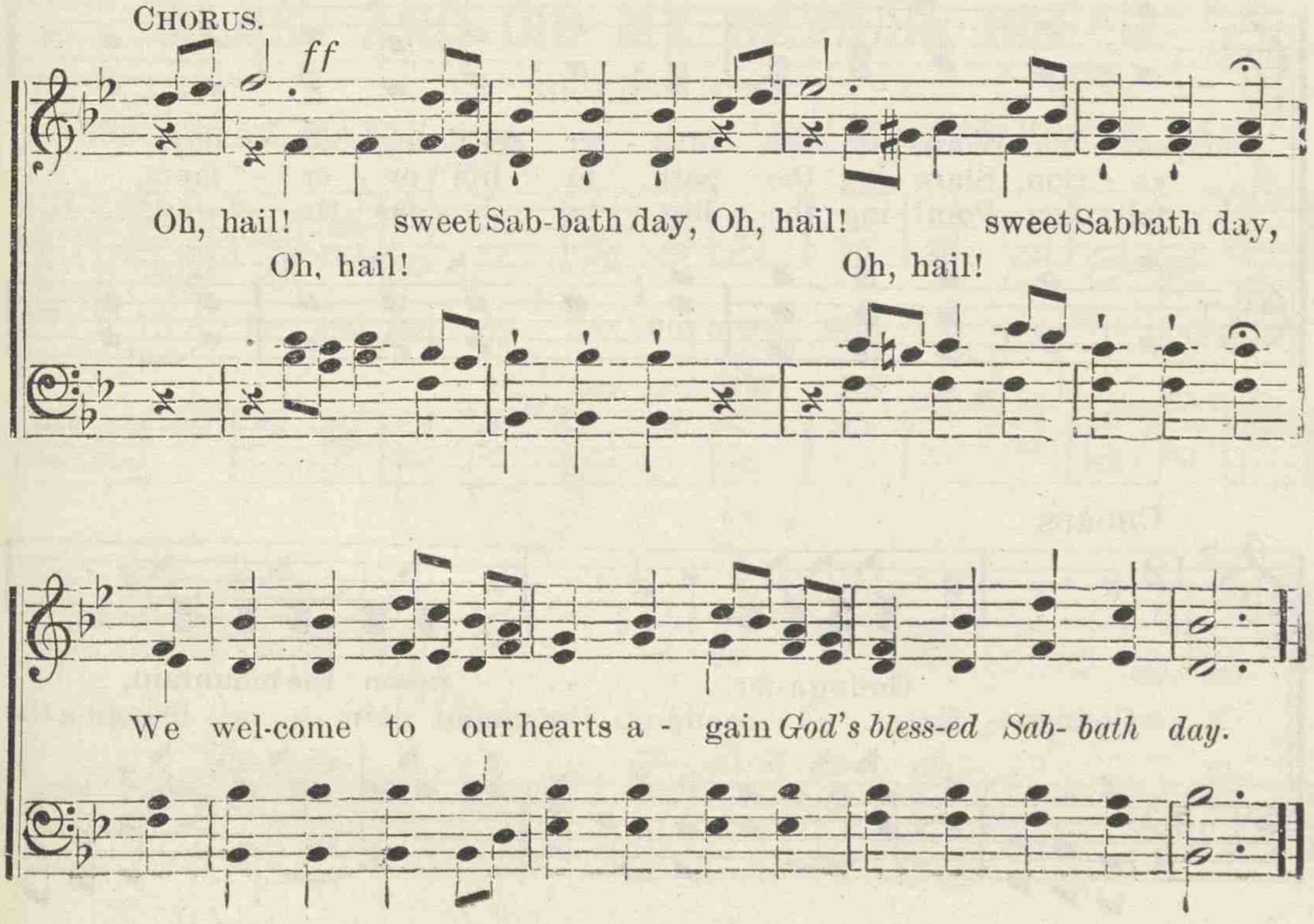
When we sing more of the Sabbath our children will drink deeper of the spirit of the hallowed day, and will hold it a great sin to break it. *Sing of it in the Sunday school.*

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD.

Cheerfully.



CHORUS.



12 SEEKING THE LOST.

One of the sweetest text in the Bible is this—"Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost.—W. H. SHERWOOD.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1. Seek - ing the lost, yes, kind - ly en - treat - ing Wan - der - ers
2. Seek - ing the lost, and point-ing to Je - sus, Souls that are
3. Thus I would go on mis-sions of mer - cy, Fol - low - ing

on the mountain a - stray;" "Come un - to me, His mes-sage re -
weak, and hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in ways of sal -
Christ from day un - to day; Cheer-ing the faint, and rais-ing the

peat - ing, Words of the Mas - ter speak-ing to - day.
va - tion, Show-ing the path to life ev - er - more.
fal - len; Point-ing the lost to Je - sus the way.

CHORUS.

Go-ing a-far up-on the mountain,
Go-ing a - far . . . . . up-on the mount - ain, . . . Bringing the

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED.

(DUNDEE. C. M.)

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1709. GUILLAUME FRANC, 1545.

14

ARE YOU READY?

"For the great day of His wrath is at hand, and who shall be able to stand?"

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

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

great day com - ing by and by, When the saints and the
bright day com - ing by and by, But its bright- ness shall
sad day com - ing by and by, When the sin - ner shall

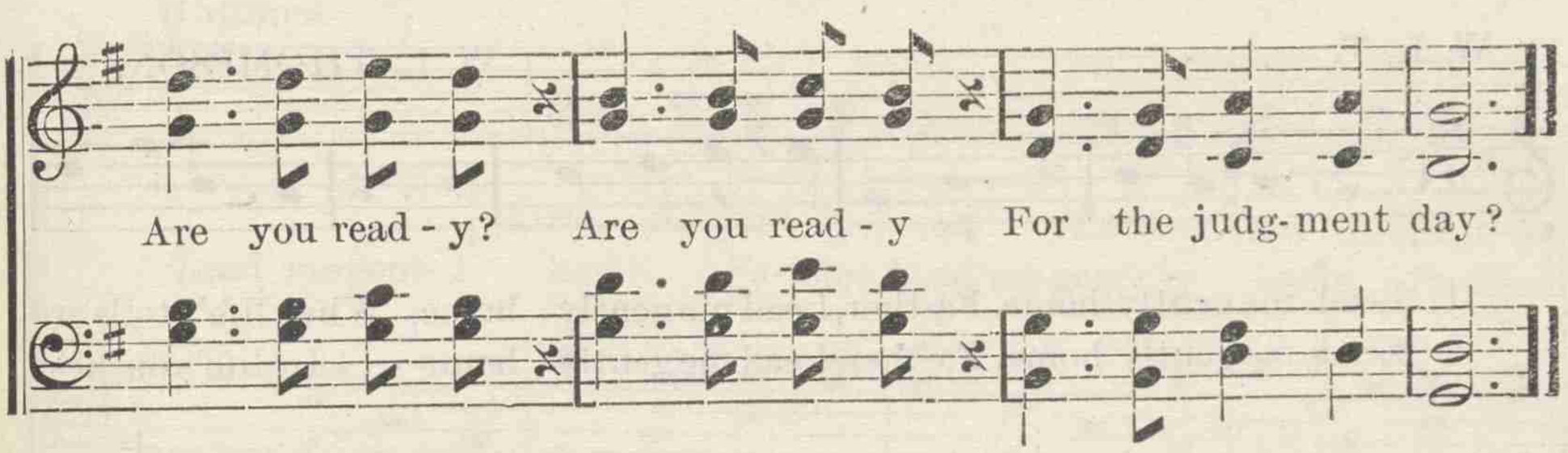
sin - ners shall be part - ed right and left, Are you
on - ly come to those who love the Lord, Are you
hear his doom, "De - part, I know ye not," Are you

CHORUS.

read - y for that day to come? Are you read - y?

Are you read - y? Are you read - y for the judg- ment day?

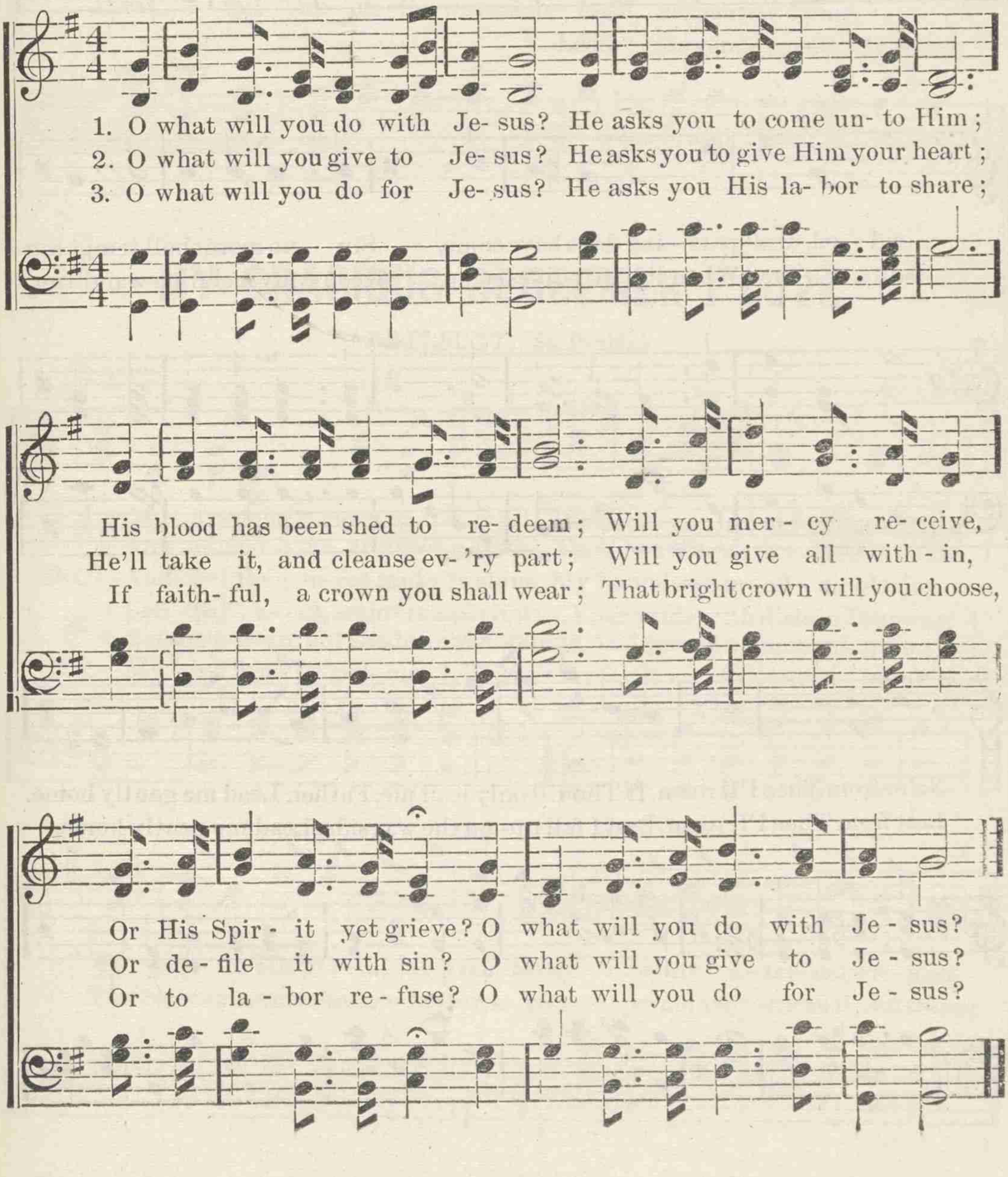
By permission of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O.



WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH JESUS?

"What shall I do then with Jesus?—MATT. 27 : 22.

WM. STEVENSON. R. LOWRY.



LEAD ME GENTLY HOME, FATHER.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

1. Lead me gently home, Fa-ther, Lead me gently home, When life's toils are end - ed, And part - ing days have come,
2. Lead me gently home, Fa-ther, Lead me gently home In life's darkest hours, Fa-ther, When life's troubles come,

Sin no more shall tempt me
Keep my feet from wand'ring,

rit. *p*

Ne'er from Thee I'll roam, If Thou'll only lead me, Father, Lead me gently home.
Lest from Thee I'll roam, Lest I fall up- on the wayside, Lead me gently home.

CHORUS.

Lead me gent- ly home, Fa- ther, lead me gent-ly,
Lead me gent- ly home, Fa- ther, Lead me gent- ly home, Fa-ther,

Lest I fall up - on the way-side, Lead me gent-ly home.
Lead me gent-ly, gent - ly home.

MY GRACIOUS REDEEMER I LOVE.

(DE FLEURY. 8s, Double.)

FINE.

1. { My gracious Redeemer I love! His prais- es a-loud I'll pro-claim,
   { And join with the armies a-bove To shout His a- dor - a - ble name.

D.C.—And feel them in-ces-sant - ly shine, My boundless in- eff - a - ble joy.

2. { Yon pal - a- ces, scepters, and crowns, Your pride with distain I sur-vey
   { Your pomps are but shadows and sounds, And pass in a moment a - way.

D.C.—My joy ev - er-last- ing- ly flows—My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

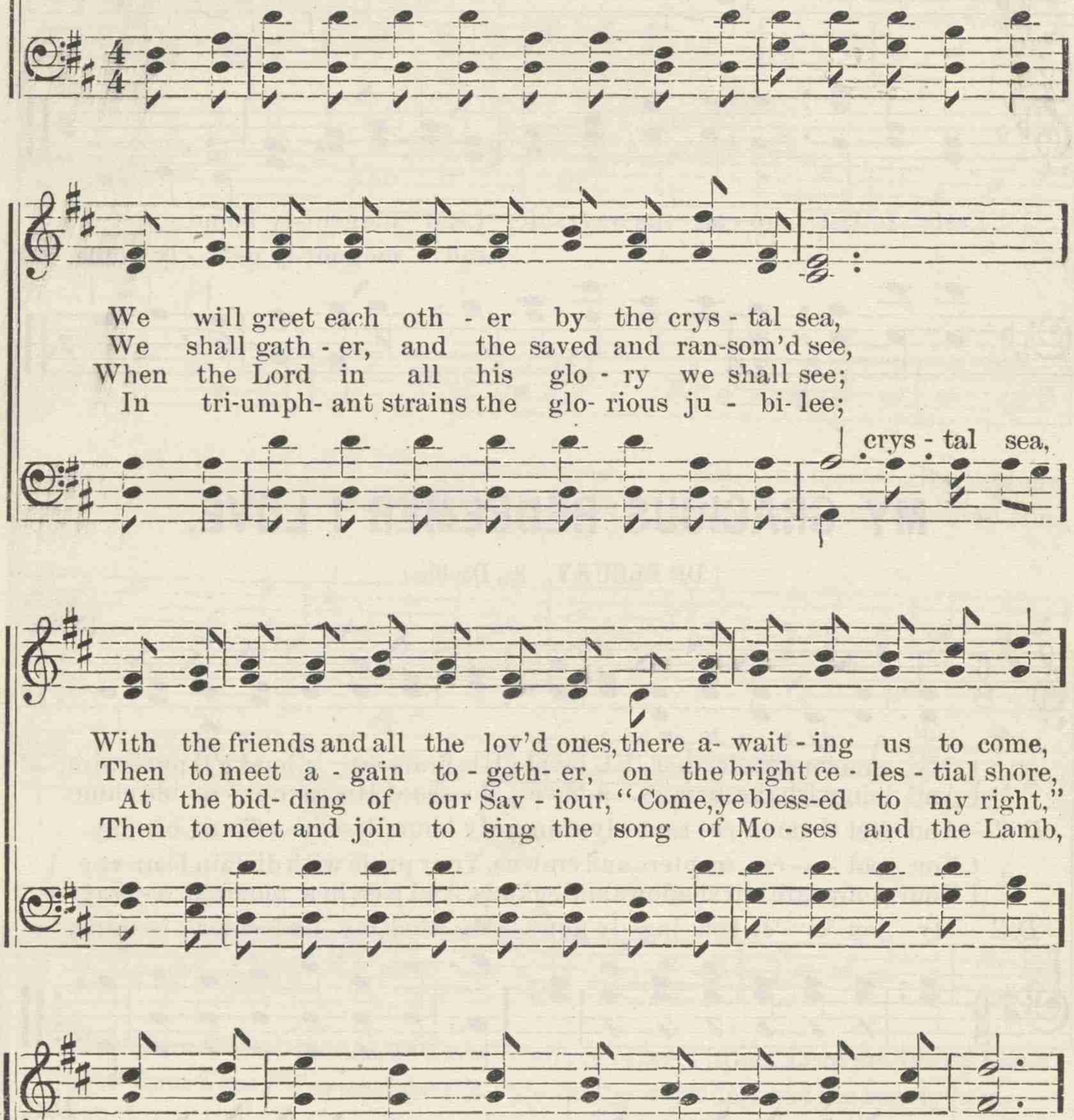
D.C.

To gaze on His glo-ries di- vine Shall be my e - ter- nal em- ploy,
The crown that my Saviour bestows Yon permanent sun shall outshine;

WHAT A GATHERING THAT WILL BE.

J H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. At the sounding of the trum-pet, When the saints are gathered home
2. When the an - gel, of the Lord pro-claims that time shall be no more,
3. At the great and fi - nal judg-ment, when the hid- den comes to light,
4. When the gold- en harps are sound-ing, and the an - gel bands proclaim,



We will greet each oth - er by the crys - tal sea,
We shall gath - er, and the saved and ran-som'd see,
When the Lord in all his glo - ry we shall see;
In tri-umph- ant strains the glo- rious ju - bi- lee;

crys - tal sea,

With the friends and all the lov'd ones, there a- wait - ing us to come,
Then to meet a - gain to - geth- er, on the bright ce - les - tial shore,
At the bid- ding of our Sav - iour, "Come, ye bless-ed to my right,"
Then to meet and join to sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb,

What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful that will be!
What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful that will be!
What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful that will be!
What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful that will be!

By permission.

CHORUS.

What a gath - - - 'ring, gath - - 'ring,
What a gath-'ring of the loved ones when we'll meet with one another,

At the sounding of the glo-rious ju - bi - lee!
ju - bi - lee!

What a gath - - - 'ring, gath - - 'ring,
What a gath-'ring when the friends and all the dear ones meet each other,

What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful that will be!

20

GOD BE WITH YOU.

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

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up-
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se-cure-ly
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating

hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you,
hide you, Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you,
found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing 'round you,
o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you,

CHORUS.

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

meet, ... till we meet, Till we

Till we meet, till we meet,

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

till we meet,

Copyright, by J. E. Rankin, D. D., Orange Valley, N. Y. By per.

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

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

(OLIVET. 6, 4.)

RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.

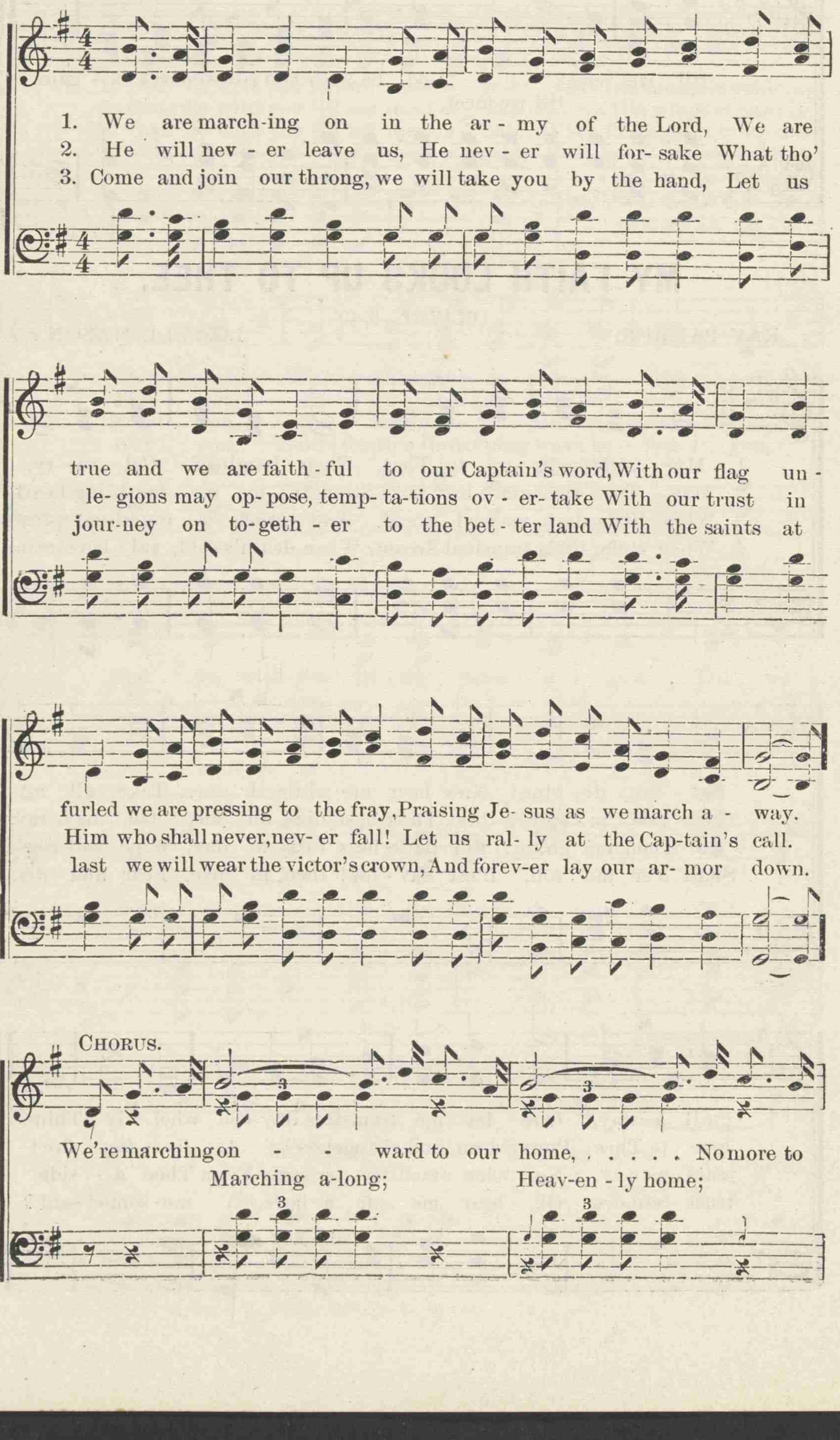
1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint- ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream,

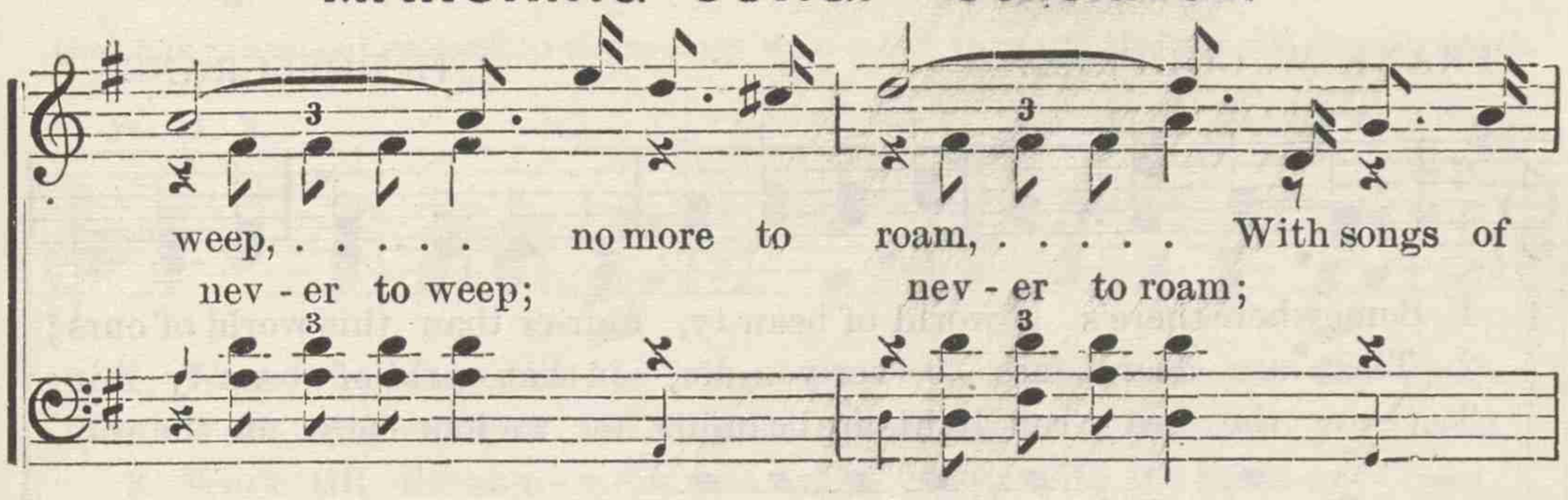
Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark- ness turn to day, Wipe sor- row's
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior! then, in love, Fear and dis -

guilt a- way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be A liv - ing fire!
tears a- way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
trust re-move; Oh, bear me safe a- bove, A ran- somed soul!

MARCHING SONG.

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD.




weep, ... no more to roam, ... With songs of
nev - er to weep; nev - er to roam;

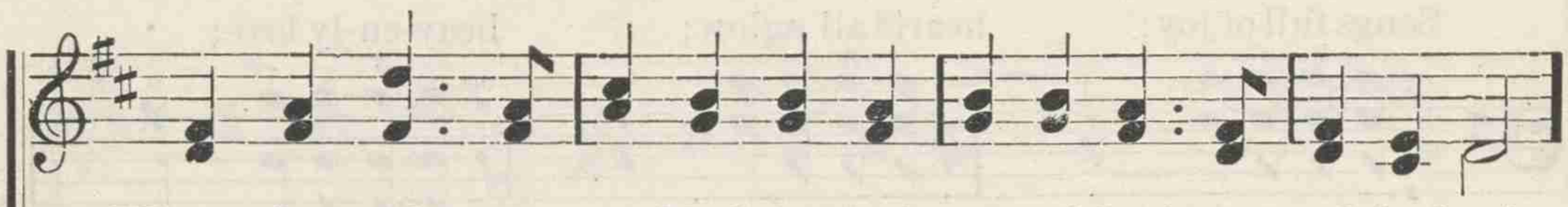
joy . . . . and hearts aglow, . . . In heav'nly love . . . . we onward
Songs full of joy; hearts all aglow; heav-en-ly love;
go,
onward we go; Hear His sweet voice; calling above;
His voice is call - ing from a - bove, . . . In ten-der

tenderest tones; tenderest love cheering us on;
tones, . . in ten-der love, . . . He cheers us on, . . . the heav'nly
rit.
heav- en- ly way, leading to-day, beau-ti-ful day.
way, That leads to ev - - erlast-ing day.

Somewhere There's a World of Beauty.

FRANK W. GODFREY. J. H. ROSECRANS.

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



Where the path-ways spar-kle brightly, Strewn with fair, un-earth-ly flow'rs.
We are go-ing now to meet them, In that ha-ven o-ver there.
And we see the cit-y yon-der—Sparkling in the gold-en ray.

CHORUS.

Somewhere, Somewhere, Fair-er than this world of ours,
Somewhere there's a world of beau-ty,

Somewhere, Somewhere, Strewn with fair unearth-ly flow'rs.
Where the pathways sparkle brightly,

WORK FOR GOD.

God has promised reward to those only who work through their work day on earth.

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD.

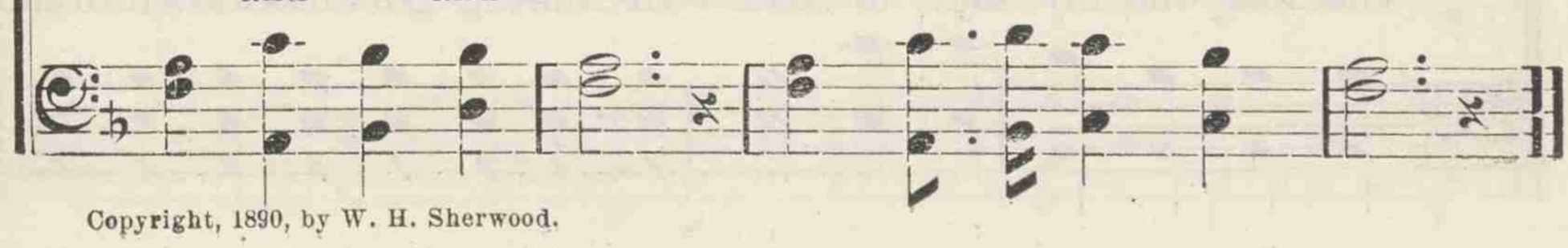
1. Work when the morn-ing shin - eth, Work when the noon - day gleams,
2. Work with a heart in - spir - ing, Work with a read - y hand,
3. Work till the sum - mons com - eth, "Join with the hosts at rest,"

Work when the day de - clin - eth, Work in the mid - night dreams.
Work for the pure and ho - ly, Work for the true and grand.
So shall thy days be joy - ful, So shall thy nights be blest.

CHORUS.

Work watch pray, Work for the day will soon be gone;
and and

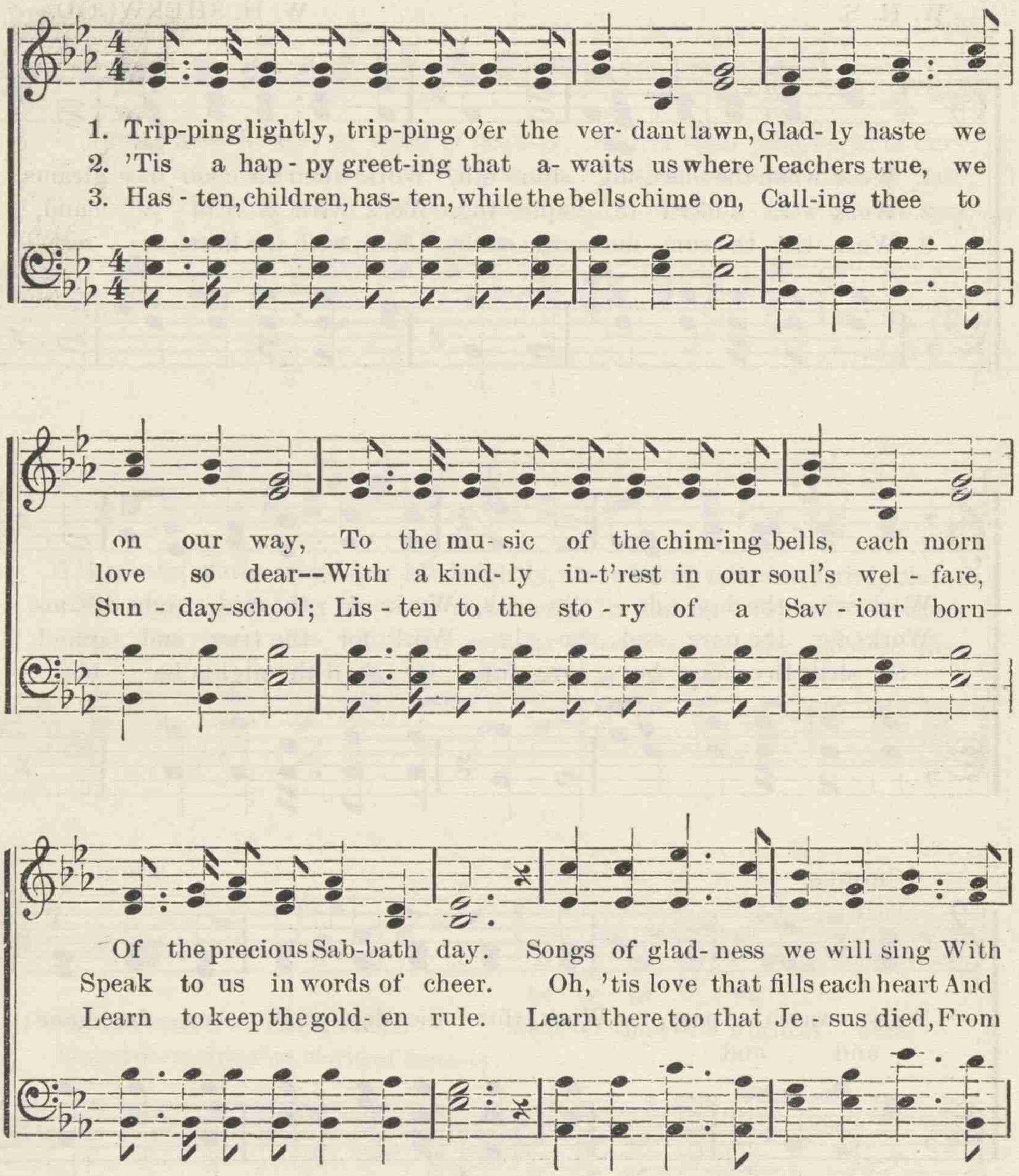
Work watch pray, Soon will the Mas - ter come.
and and



Copyright, 1890, by W. H. Sherwood.

THE SABBATH CHIMES.

R. G. S. R. G. STAPLES.



CHORUS.

Sav- iour, King,—Happy chil-dren we.
to im-part Mes - sa - ges of grace.
cru - ci-fied—Triumphed o'er the grave.

} Chime, chime
Chiming, sweetly chiming are the

on,
Sab - bath bells,

Mer - ry, mer - ry Sab - bath bells, chime on;
Mer - ry, mer - ry chim - ing Sab - bath bells;

Chime, chime on,
Lis-ten to the music of the chiming bells,

Mer - ry, merry Sabbath bells.

HEBRON. L. M.

L. MASON.

WHO ARE THEY?

"These who are arrayed in white robes who are they and whence they come."

A. S. DOUGHTY. GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Who, who are these cloth'd in gar-ments pure and white, Walking the streets of that cit - y fair and bright, Dwelling in light where no
2. These, these are they who thro' trib - u - la - tion came, Bear- ing the cross— who en-dur'd re-proach and shame; Having their robes wash'd in
3. There- fore they dwell with the Sav-iour they be-hold, Walk thro' the streets that are pav'd with pur - est gold, Freed from all sor - row, they

burn - ing rays are known, Standing near the great e - ter - nal throne.
blood of Cal-vary's Lamb, Therefore do they bear the conqueror's palm.
shout o'er con - flict pass'd, Praise to Je - sus—vic - to - ry at last.

CHORUS.

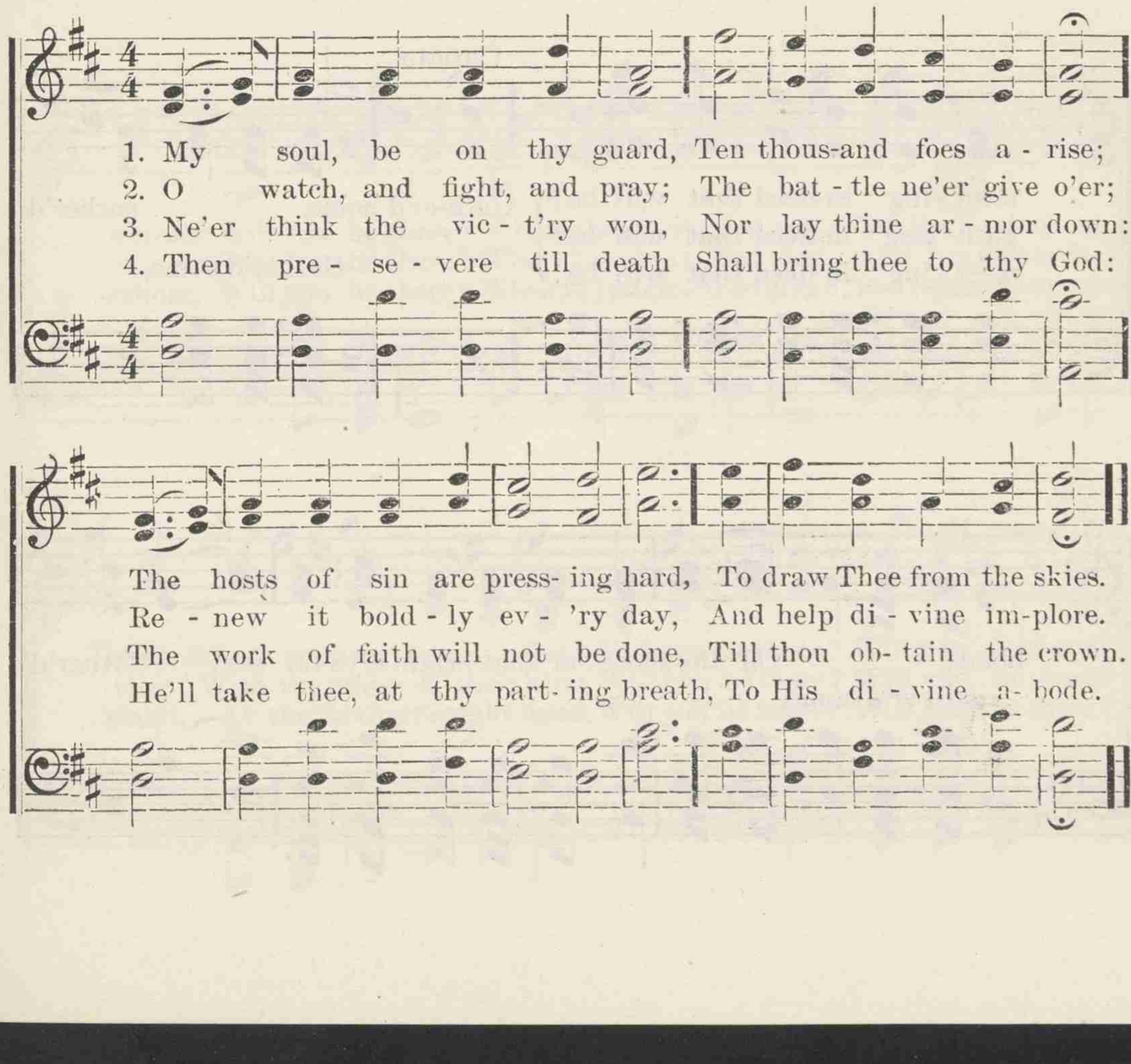
Walk - - - - ing thro' the streets, ...
Walk - ing thro' the streets, thro' the beau - ti - ful gold - en streets,

Copyright, 1882, by Hugg & Armstrong. By per.

MY SOUL BE ON THY GUARD.

(LABAN. S. M.)

GEO. HEATH, 1781. Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1830.

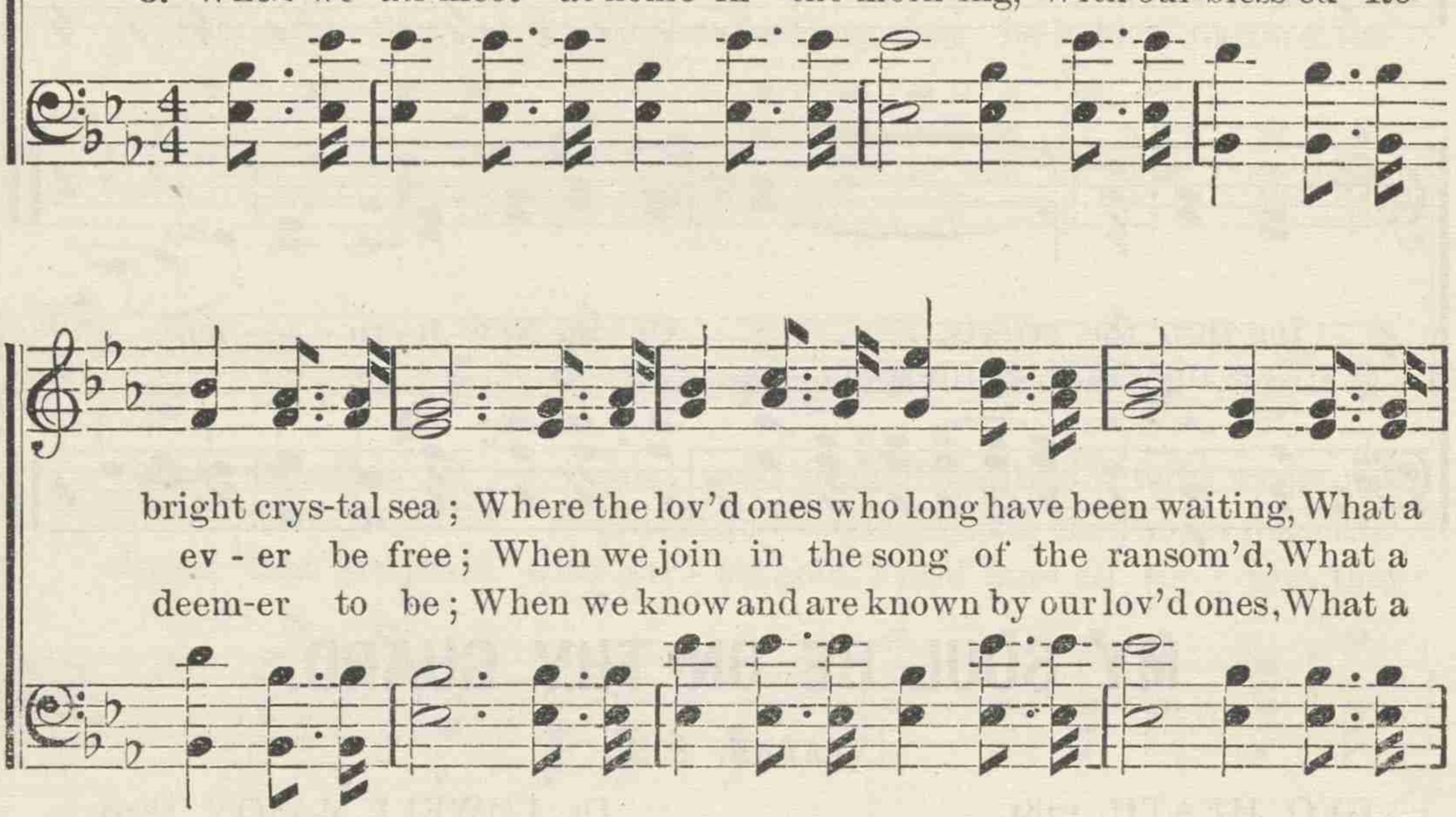


GATHERED HOME.

G. F. THOMPSON. W. H. SHERWOOD.

Gladly.

1. When we all meet at home in the morn-ing, On the shore of that
2. When we all meet at home in the morn ing, And from sor - row for
3. When we all meet at home in the morn-ing, With our bless-ed Re -



bright crys-tal sea; Where the lov'd ones who long have been waiting, What a
ev - er be free; When we join in the song of the ransom'd, What a
deem-er to be; When we know and are known by our lov'd ones, What a

meet - ing in-deed that will be!
gath-'ring in-deed that will be!
meet - ing in-deed that will be!

Gath-er'd home, gather'd
Gather'd home,

home, On the shore of that bright crys-tal sea; Gather'd
gath er'd home,

home, gather'd home, With our lov'd ones forev - er to be.
Gather'd home, gather'd home,

WILL YOU BE THERE?

"I go to prepare a place for you."

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD.

1. There are man-sions e - ter-nal, Will you be there? There are fields ev - er
2. There are saints now in glo - ry, Will you be there? And they chant the old
3. There are lov'd ones gone be-fore, Will you be there? And they wait on that

ver-nal, Will you be there? Where the glo-ri - fied rest, With the Saviour so
sto - ry, Will you be there? Where the glo-ri - fied sing, And heav'ns arches
shore, Will you be there? When in judgment so grand, The redeem'd ones shall

blest, Where no cares can in - fest, Will you be there? Will you be there?
ring With the praise of their king, Will you be there? Will you be there?
stand, At the Saviour's right hand, Will you be there? Will you be there?

32

JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY.

"Call ye upon Him while He is near."

G. F. T. G. F. THOMPSON.

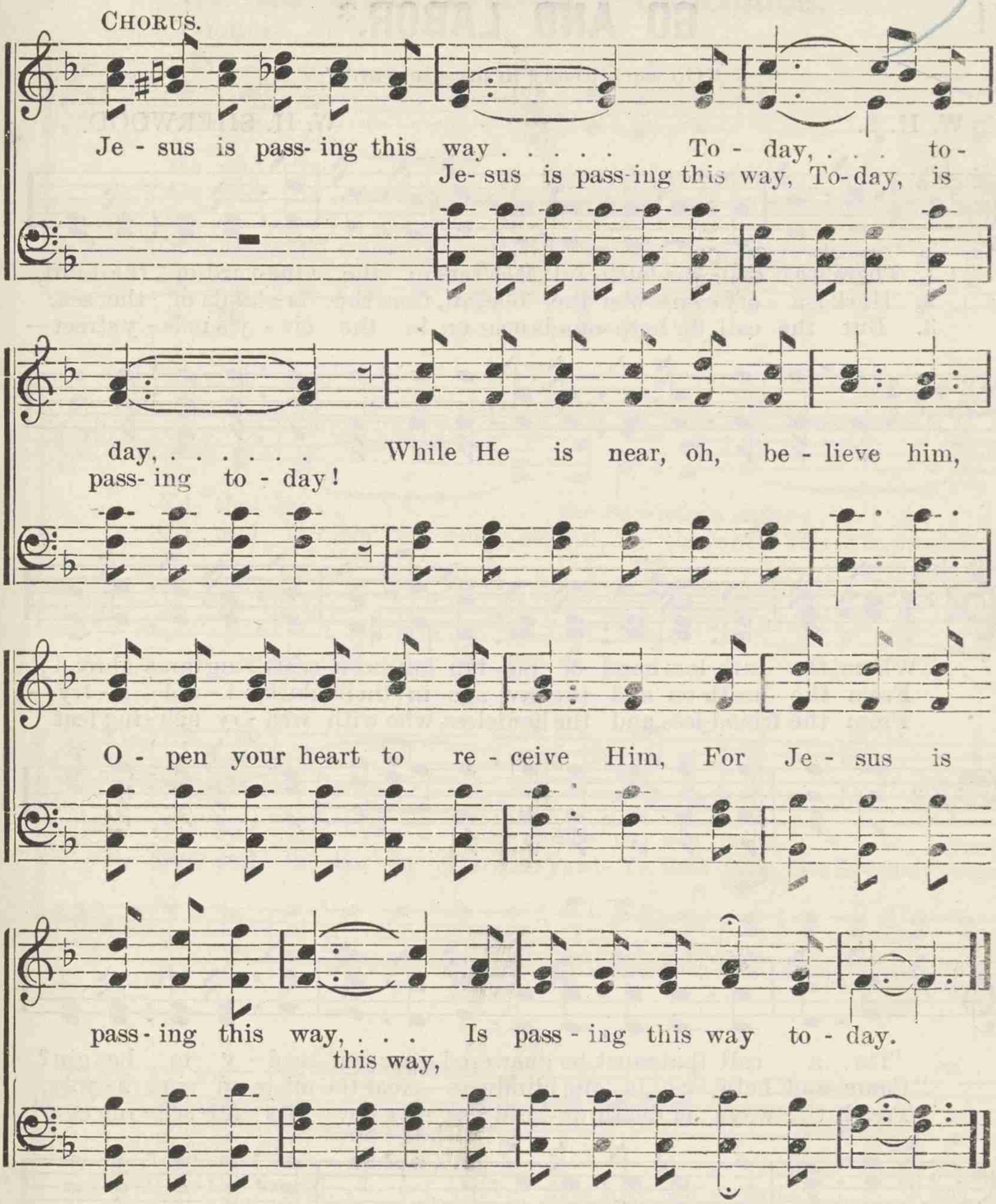
1. Is there a sin-ner a - wait-ing Mer-cy and par-don to - day?
2. Broth-er, the Mas-ter is wait-ing, Waiting to free-ly for - give;
3. Yes, he is com-ing to bless you, While in con- tri-tion you bow;

Welcome the news that we bring him, "Je - sus is passing this way!"
Why not this moment ac - cept him, Trust in His grace and live?
Com-ing from sin to re - deem you, Read - y to save you now;

Com-ing in love and in mer - cy, Par- don and peace to be - stow,
He is so ten- der and pre- cious, He is so near you to - day,
Can you re-fuse the sal - va - tion, Je - sus is of - fer- ing here?

Com-ing to save the poor sin - ner From his heart an- guish and woe.
O- pen your heart to re-ceive Him, While He is pass ing this way.
O- pen your heart to ad- mit Him, While He is com- ing so near.

JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY.—Concluded. 33



WEBB. 6s, 7s.

1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

GO AND LABOR.*

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD.

1. There's a call for faith- ful la-b'rers in the vine-yard of the Lord,
2. Hark! a cry comes o'er the o- cean, from the is - lands of the sea,
3. But the call for help sounds near-er, in the cit - y's nois - y street—

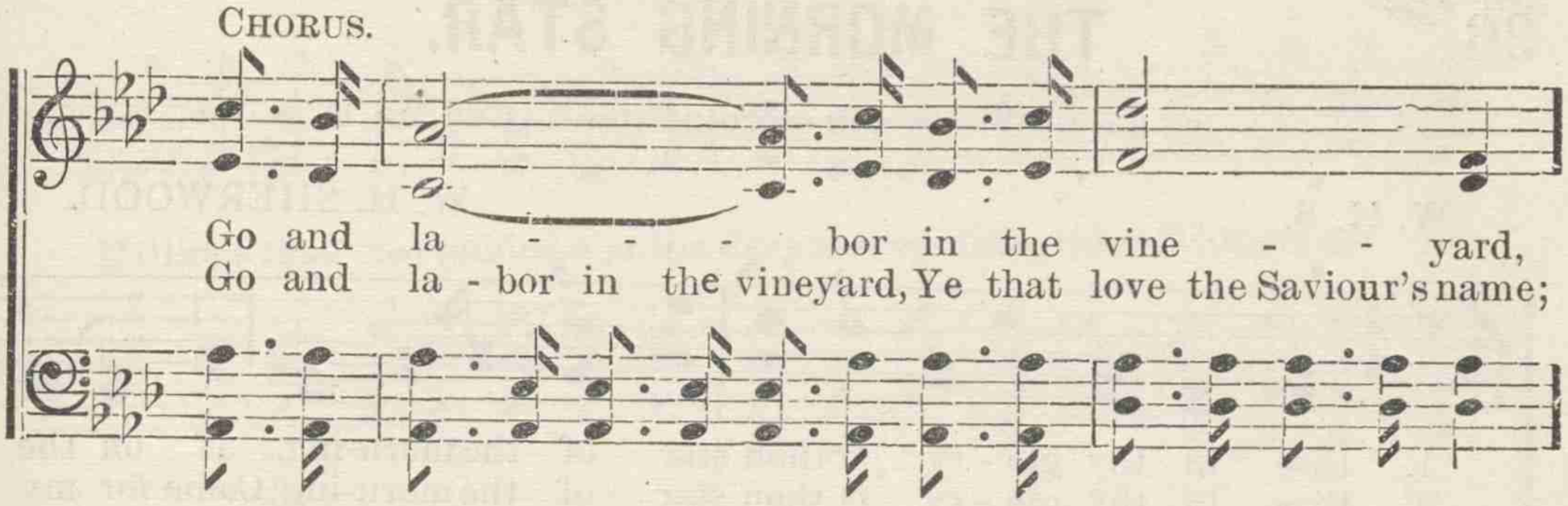
Where the ruth-less hand of Sa - tan has been scatt'ring tares abroad;
From the heath-en and the sav - age in their dark i - dol - a - try—
From the friend-less and the homeless, who with wea - ry ach - ing feet

'Tis a call that must be answered--are you read - y to be- gin?
"Come and help us in our blindness—clear the mists of sin a - way,
Tread the ways of death un-heed - ed, save by His all- see - ing eye,

Will you spread the glo-rious Gos- pel o'er a world that's lost in sin?
Let the lands that lie in dark-ness see the Gos-pel's glo-rious ray!"
That can count the stars of heav- en, and yet marks the spar-row die!

* Favorite of Sherwoods Youth Missionary Band sliding trombone solos.

CHORUS.



4 Lo! the field is white for harvest, but the reapers they are few,
And the hand that wields the sickle must be bold and strong and true;
For the fields in which we labor spread far over sea and land,—
"Preach my Gospel to all nations," was the Saviour's great command!—CHO.

5 All around us and about us there is work for us to do—
We that call the Lord our Saviour must e'en labor for Him too;
Till our day of life is over,—then how great is the reward
Of the faithful who have labored in the vineyard of the Lord.—CHO.

36

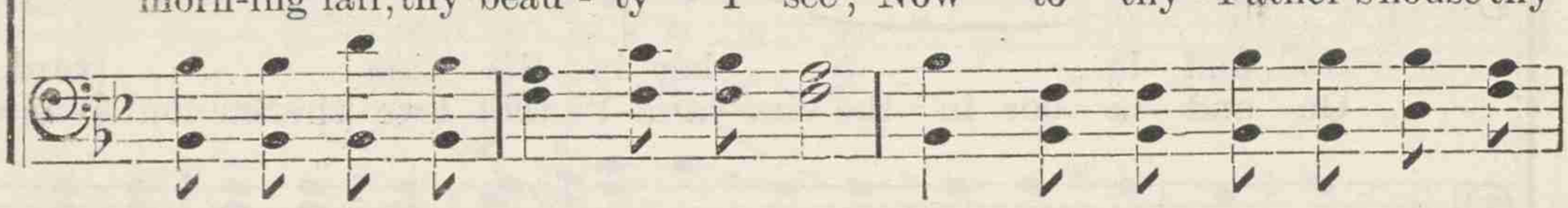
THE MORNING STAR.

"I am the bright and morning star."—REV. 22: 16.

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD.

1. Rise in thy glo - ry, O thou star of the morn-ing, If on the
2. Rise in thy glo - ry, O thou star of the morn-ing; Come for my
3. Where is the nar- row way that leads to my Fa - ther? Here must I
4. Lo! from the pearl- y gates of E - den de-scend-ing, Star of the

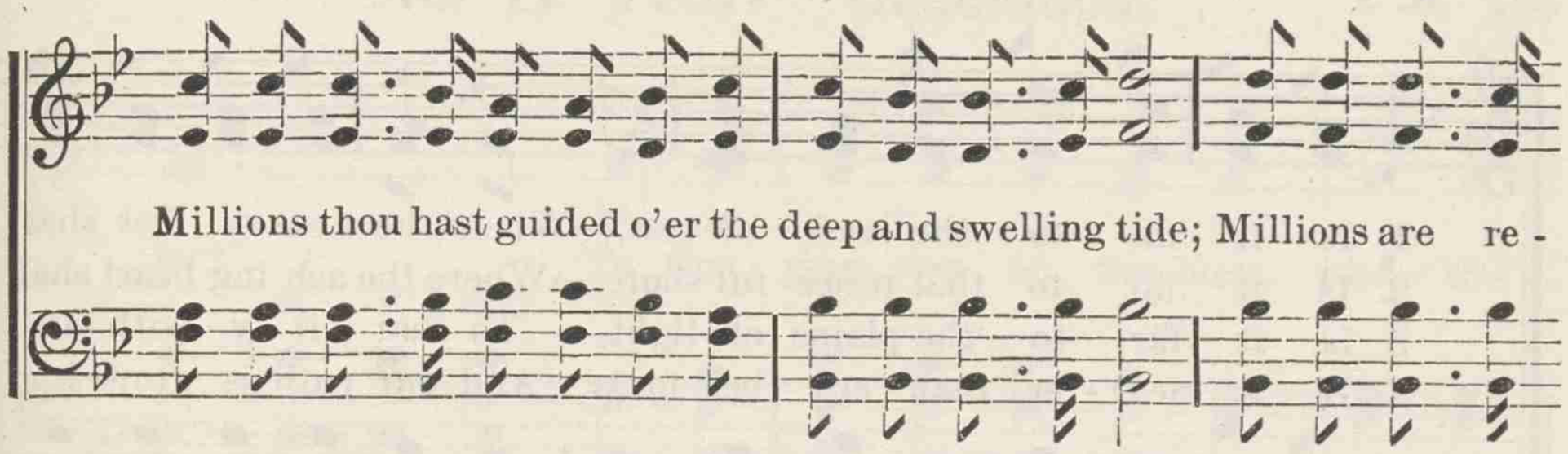
des- ert wild my path- way may be; Break o'er my vis - ion thro' the
weep-ing eyes are long - ing for thee; Light from the summer land of
lin- ger till Thy dawn- ing I see; O that my tir - ed heart could
morn-ing fair, thy beau - ty I see; Now to thy Father's house thy



night clouds a-bove me; Star of my on - ly hope, shine for me.
a - ges e - ter - nal, Star of my on - ly hope, shine for me.
rest on His bo - som! Star of my on - ly hope, shine for me.
beams will di-rect me; Je - sus, my Guid-ing Star, praise to thee.

REFRAIN.

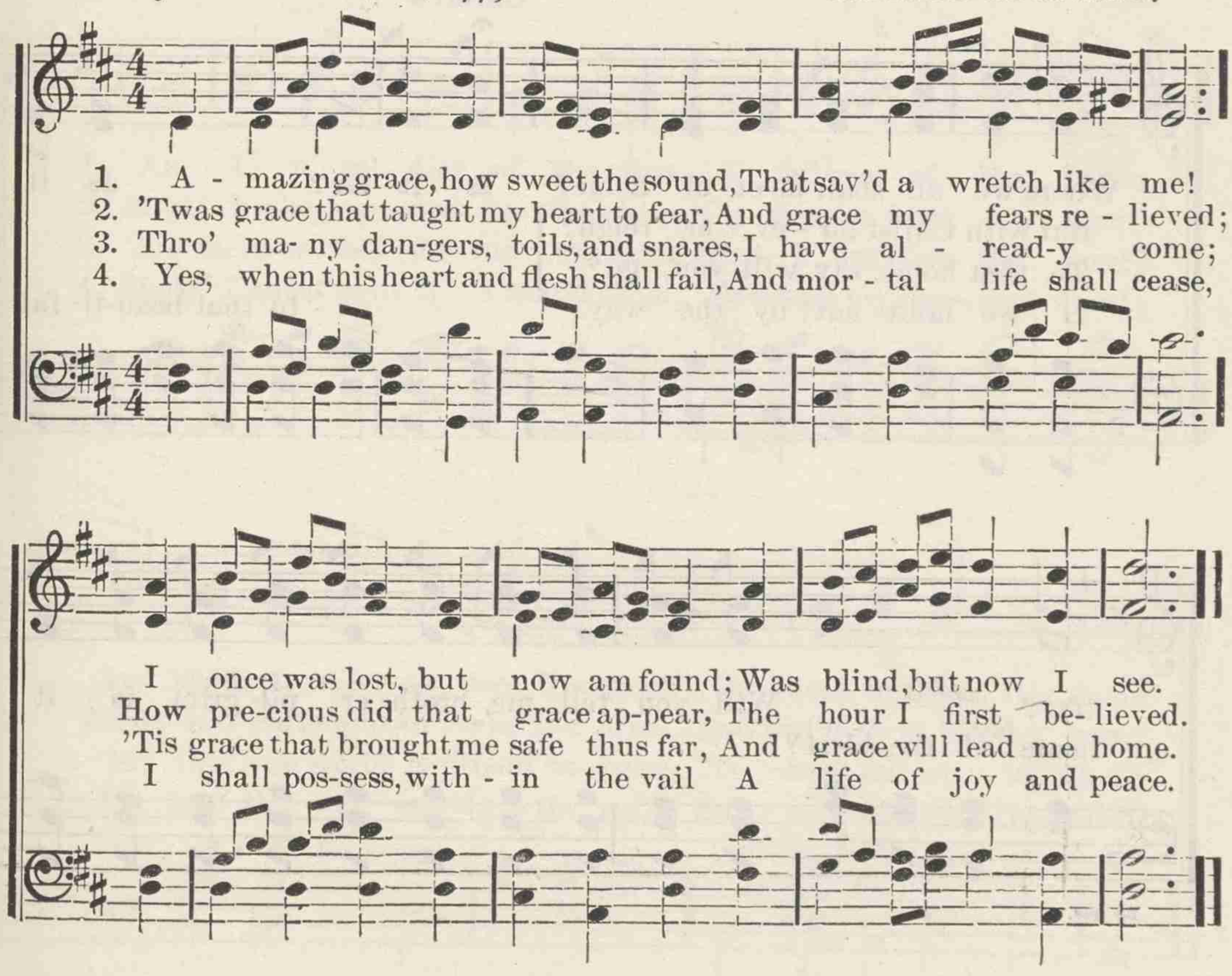
Mil-lions thou hast light- ed to the crim - son fount - ain's side;



AMAZING GRACE, HOW SWEET THE SOUND.

(WARWICK. C. M.)

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1779. SAMUEL STANLEY.



IS IT FAR?

K. S. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. Is it far to the land of rest,—Where the wea- ry feet shall
2. Is it far to that peace- ful shore,—Where the ach-ing heart shall
3. Is it far to the plains of light,— To that cit- y with its
4. It is near- er than ere be- fore; And our path is grow- ing

nev- er, nev- er roam? To the man-sion of the pure and the blest,—
sor- row not a- gain? Where the friends who meet shall part never-more,—
jas- per walls a- glow? Where the glo- ry of the Lord is the light?
bright- er day by day: Oh, we soon shall reach that heaven- ly shore!

CHORUS.

Where we all shall meet at home? Is it far? Is it
But with Christ for- ev- er reign?
To that home, say will you go?
If we faint not by the way. to that beau-ti- ful

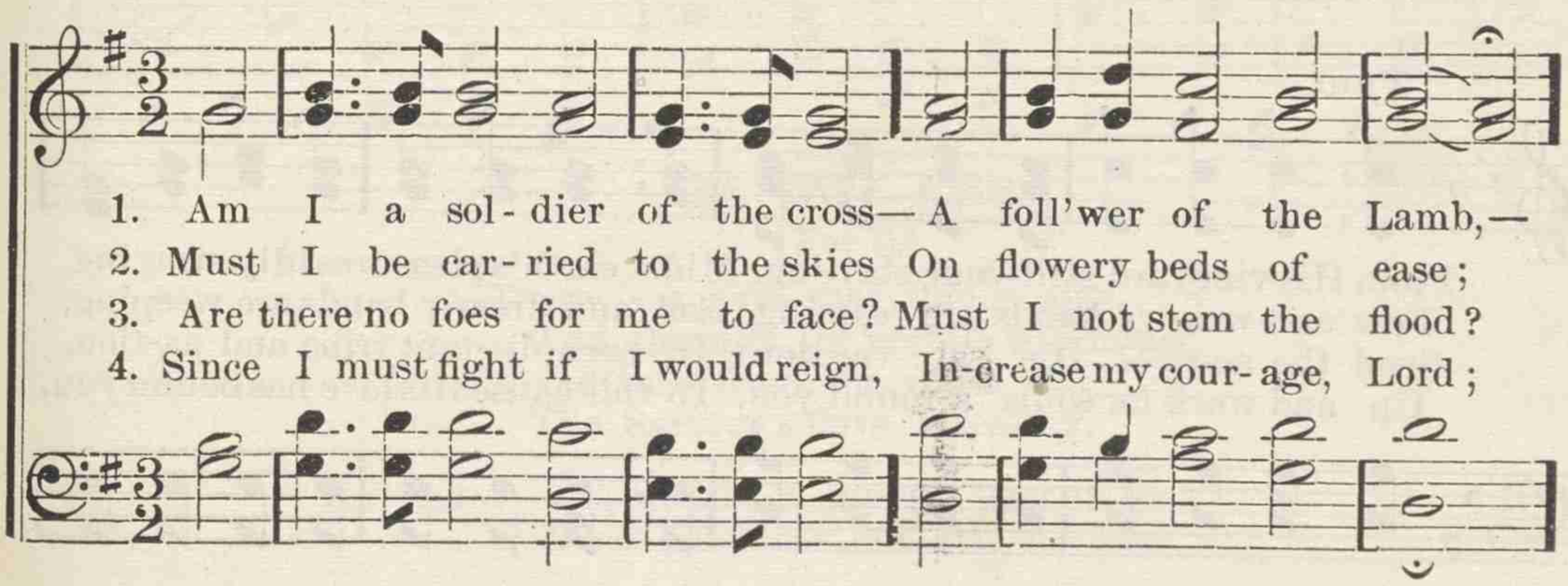
far? Will you tell me, broth- er pil- grim, is it
home of the blest?

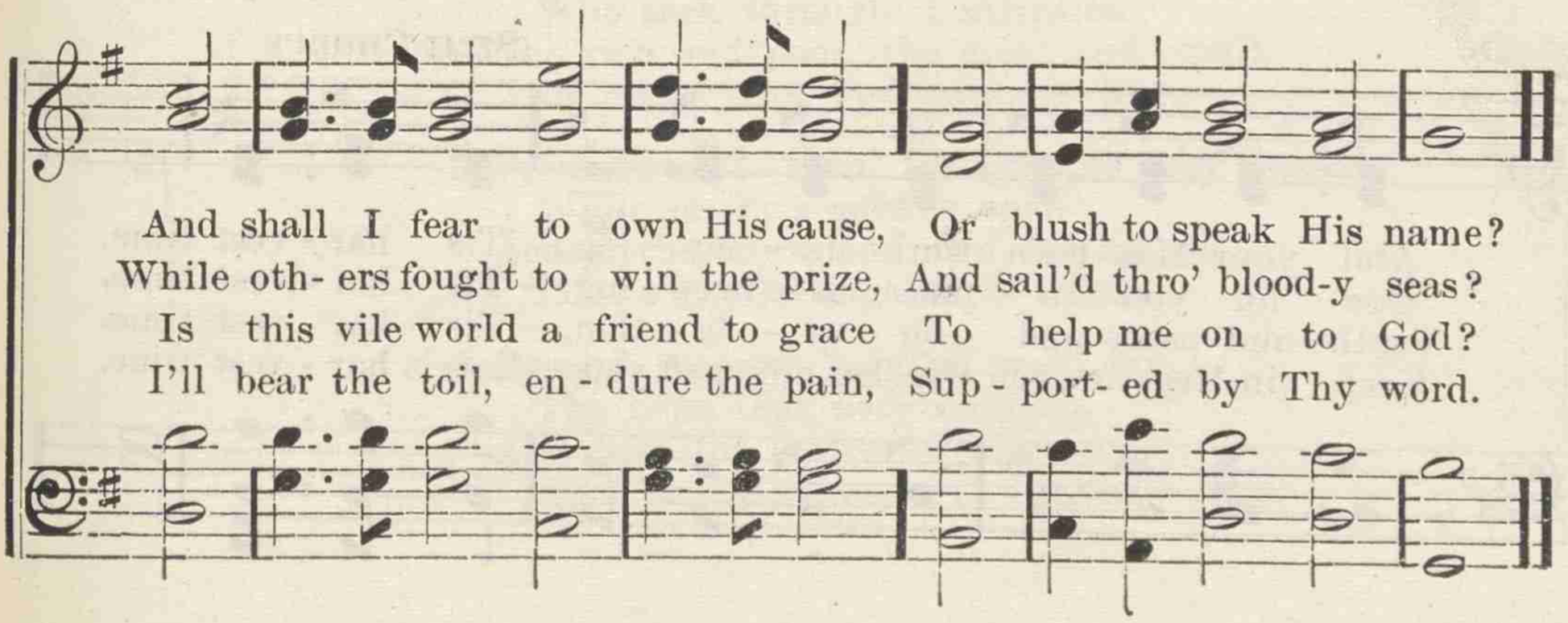
By per.

AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

(ARLINGTON. C. M.)

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1720. THOS. A. ARNE, 1744.





HARVEST TIME.

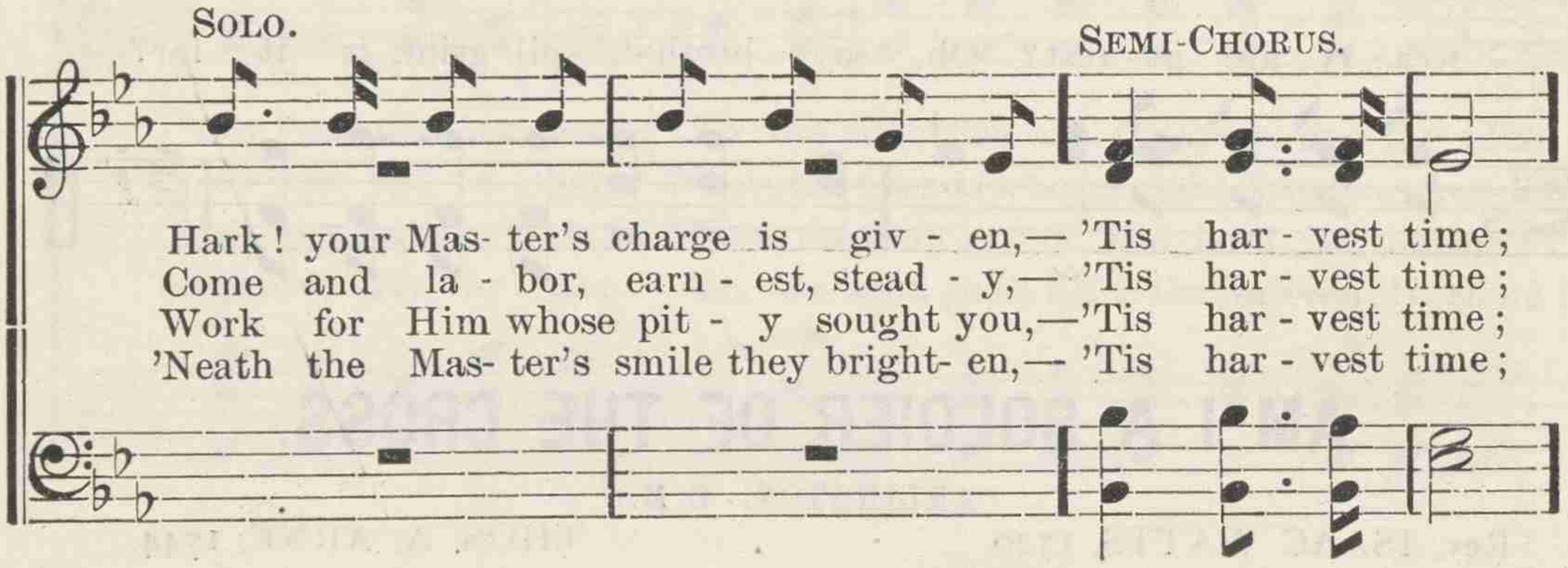
Why stand ye idle when millions of souls are perishing for the truth? Oh, the field is white unto the harvest. "Thrust in the sickle and reap the ripening grain."

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD.

SOLO. SEMI-CHORUS.

1. See, the sun is high in heav - en,—'Tis har - vest time,
2. See, the fields are white al - read - y,—'Tis har - vest time,
3. Work for Him whose blood has bought you,—'Tis har - vest time,
4. See, the fields in sun- shine whit - en,—'Tis har - vest time,

SOLO. SEMI-CHORUS.

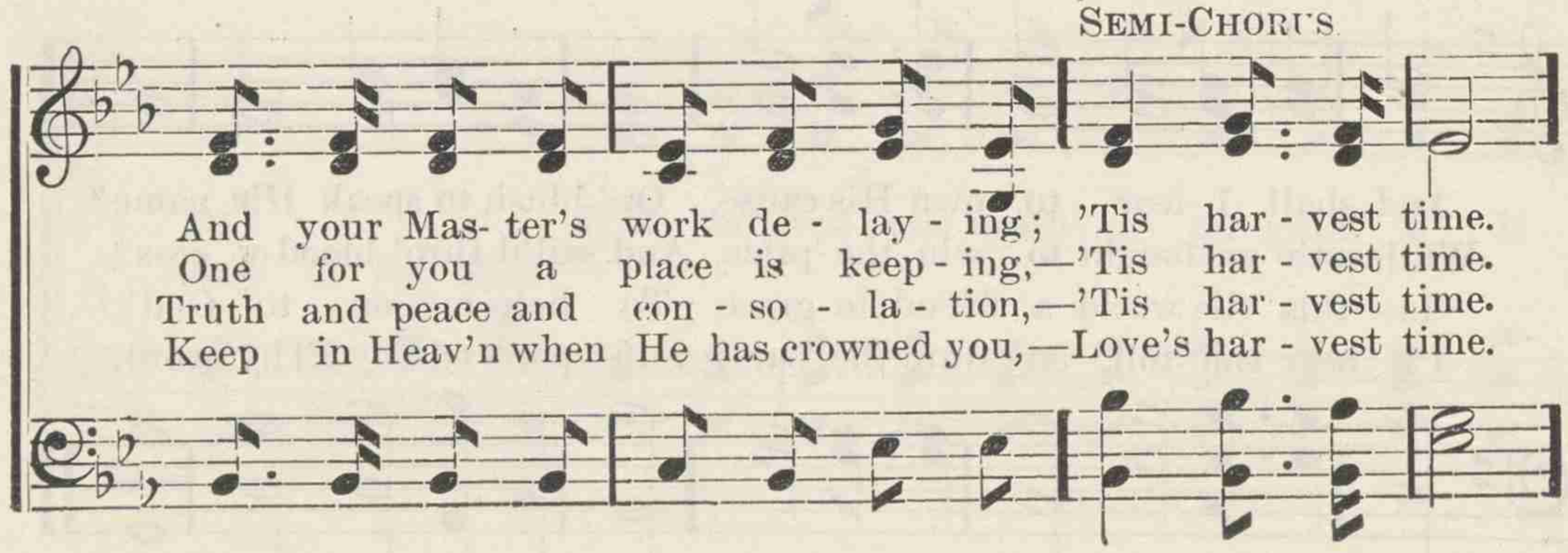


Hark! your Mas- ter's charge is giv - en,— 'Tis har - vest time;
Come and la - bor, earn - est, stead - y,— 'Tis har - vest time;
Work for Him whose pit - y sought you,—'Tis har - vest time;
'Neath the Mas- ter's smile they bright- en,— 'Tis har - vest time;

TRIO.

From His vineyard still your stay-ing, 'Midst earth's pleasures idly straying,
Few and wea- ry hands are reap-ing, Sad and drear-y bands are weeping,
Send the news of His sal - va- tion To each dis-tant tribe and na-tion,
Up and work for souls a-round you, To this cause His love has bound you,

SEMI-CHORUS.



And your Mas- ter's work de - lay - ing; 'Tis har - vest time.
One for you a place is keep - ing,—'Tis har - vest time.
Truth and peace and con - so - la - tion,—'Tis har - vest time.
Keep in Heav'n when He has crowned you,—Love's har - vest time.

REFRAIN.

THE GATE AJAR.

(Key C.)

1 There is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the Cross afar,
The Saviour's love revealing.

REFRAIN.—Oh, depth of mercy! can it be
That gate was left ajar for me?

2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.—REF.

3 Press onward then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open;
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.—REF.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.—REF.

WE SHALL MEET.

A minister parting with his congregation to which he was very greatly endeared made use of the following. "I have one consolation, we will meet in a better land, a beautiful land."

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD.

1. We shall meet in that beau- ti- ful land, On the banks of the beautiful land,

INST.

bright gold-en shore, With all the re-deem'd spir - it Golden shore,

band, And with Je - sus to live ev - er - more. spirit band, evermore.

CHORUS.

In a bright hap - py home we shall meet, In that we shall meet,

beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful land, In a beau - ti - ful land,

2 Over there on the bright azure plains,
The river of life sweetly flows
For the Saviour eternally reigns,
And the beautiful gates never close.

3 Blessed "Jesus has gone to prepare
Us a crown that is brighter than day,"
Then forever He'll dwell with us there,
His own hand shall wipe all tears away.

4 No sorrow shall e'er taint the air,
Where God dwells evil never can come,
No weeping will break on the ear,
When the day of life's turmoil is done.

5 We will meet in the land ever fair,
Where the weary forever shall rest,
The crown of redemption we'll wear,
And triumphantly chant with the blest.

BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BIND.

(DENNIS. S. M.)

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772. From H. G. NAGELI.

"A JOYFUL HOME."

A traveling preacher of A. M. E. church lay dying with a home for his large family unpaid for on being questioned concerning it, said "We are traveling on to a home that is free from all debt."

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD.

1. A home in heav'n! what a joy- ful tho't, As the poor man toils in his
2. A home in heav'n! as the suff-'rer lies On his bed of pain, and up-

wea - ry lot, His heart op-press'd, and by anguish driv'n From his
lifts his eyes To that bright home, what a joy is giv'n, With the

CHORUS.

home be - low to his home in heav'n. } Trav'ling on . . so glad and
bless - ed tho't of a home in heav'n. } Trav'ling on,

free, To a home . . . . for you and
so glad and free, To a home,

me. Come and join . . . . our pil- grim
for you and me, Come and join.

band, Trav- 'ling to the prom - ised heav'nly land.
our pil-grim band

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

(FREDERICK. 11, or 13, 11, 12.)

WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG. GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. I would not live alway; I ask not to stay Where storm aft-er
2. I would not live alway: no wel-come the tomb; Since Je-sus hath
3. Who, who would live alway, a - way from his God, A - way from yon
4. Where th' saints of all ages in har - mo- ny meet, Their Sav-iour and

storms ris-es dark o'er the way: The few lu- rid morn-ings that
lain there, I dread not its gloom: There sweet be my rest, till he
heav'n, that bliss - ful a - bode, Where the riv - ers of pleas- ure flow
brethren trans-port - ed to greet; While the an-thems of rapt- ure un-

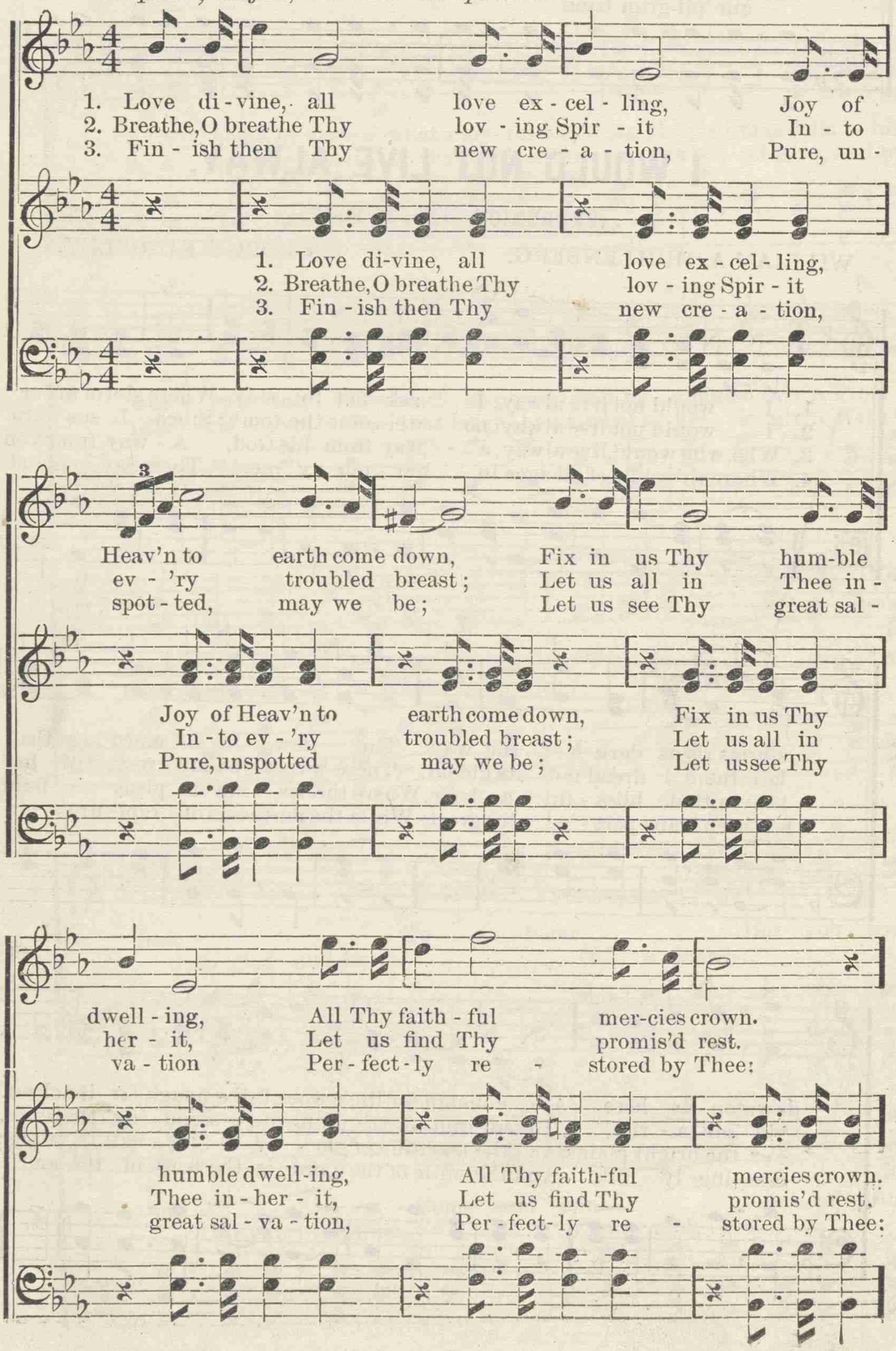
dawn on us here Are e-nough for life's woes, full e-nough for its cheer.
bid me a - rise, To hail him in tri- umph de - scend- ing the skies.
o'er the bright plains, And the noontide of glo - ry e - ter - nal- ly reigns;
ceas- ing- ly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

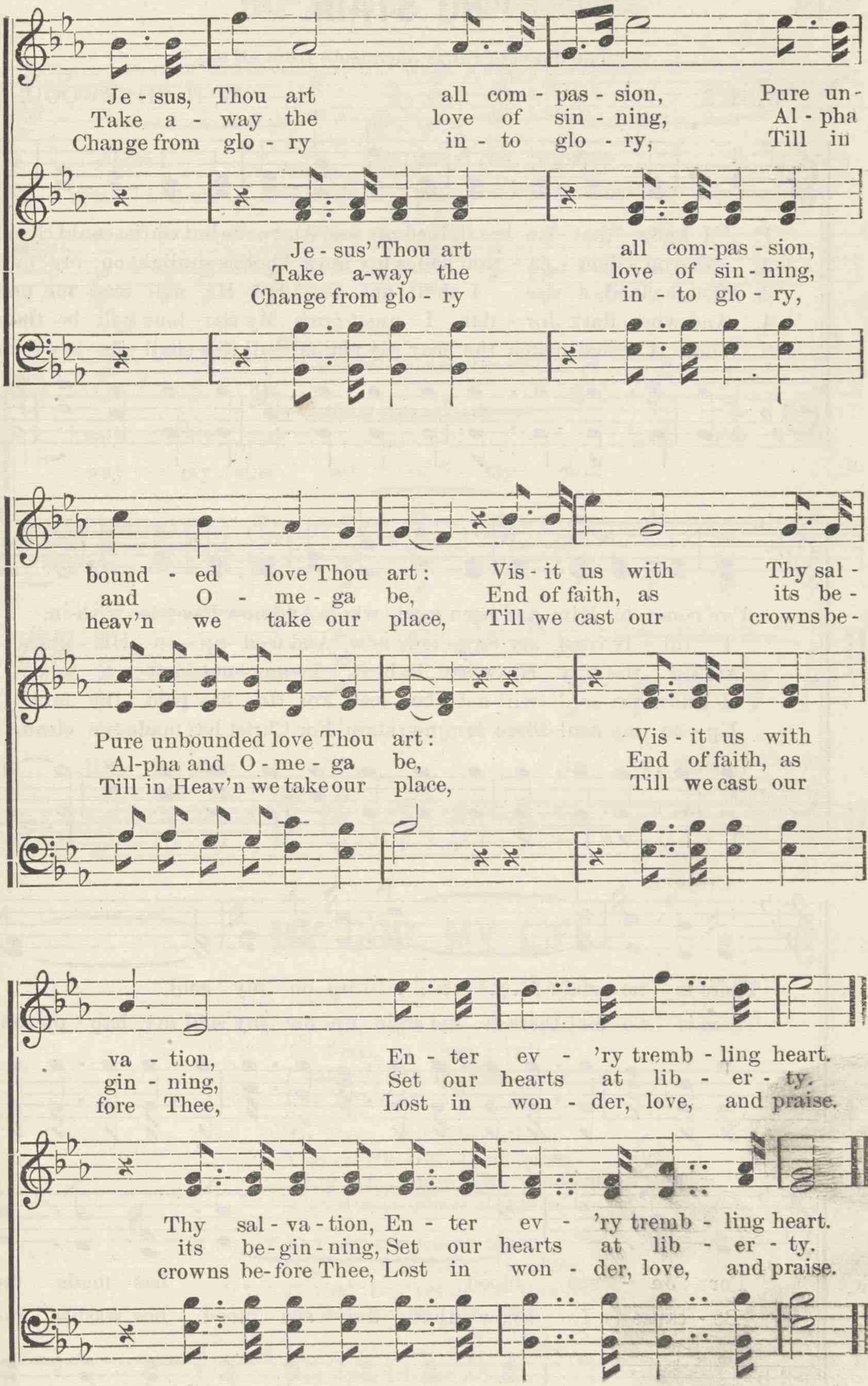
LOVE DIVINE.

This anthem may be used during the raising of collection with great approbation.

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD.

Soprano, obligato, with vocal accompaniment.




Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure un-
Take a - way the love of sin - ning, Al - pha
Change from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in
Je - sus' Thou art all com-pas - sion,
Take a-way the love of sin - ning,
Change from glo - ry in - to glo - ry,
bound - ed love Thou art: Vis - it us with Thy sal -
and O - me - ga be, End of faith, as its be -
heav'n we take our place, Till we cast our crowns be -
Pure unbounded love Thou art:
Al-pha and O - me - ga be,
Till in Heav'n we take our place,
Vis - it us with
End of faith, as
Till we cast our
va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry tremb - ling heart.
gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.
Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry tremb - ling heart.
its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

"NO STAIN."

"The blood of Chris· cleanseth from all sin."

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD.

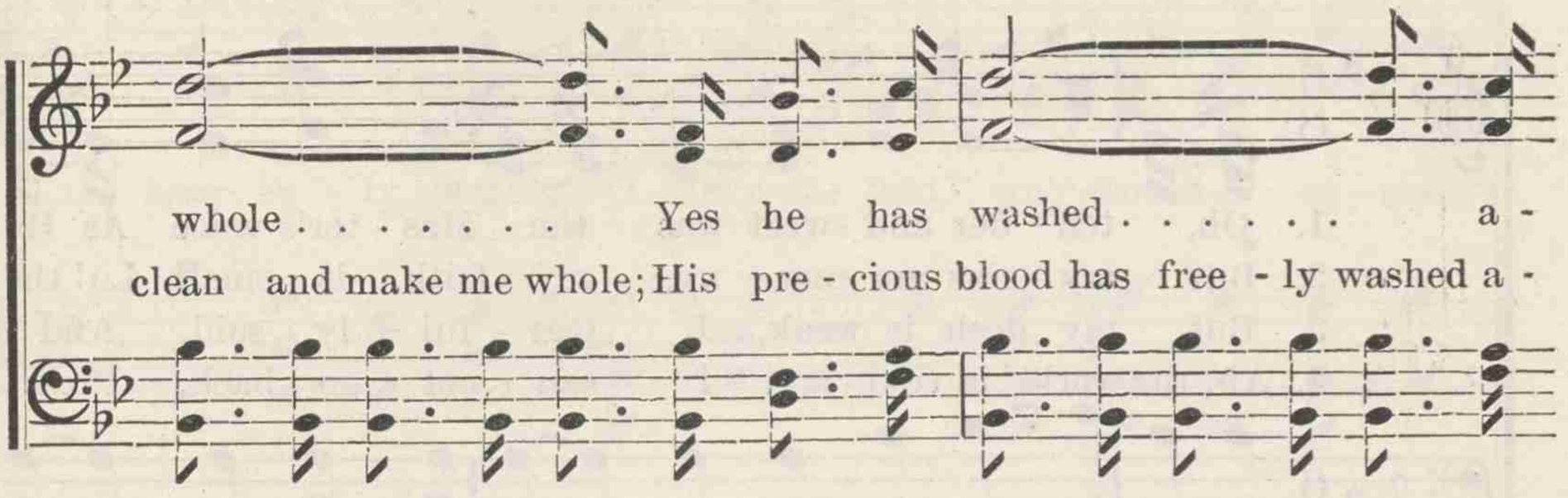
1. I know that sin has stained my soul And none but Christ could cleanse,
2. No con - dem - na - tion hangs my brow There's sunlight on my face;
3. Though clouds a· rise I shall not fear, For He will lead me on;
4. And when dark Jor - dan I must cross My Sav- iour will be there;
5. When I shall reach the heav'nly plains Still this shall be my theme:

I've come to Him and been made whole And now I'm pure with-in.
I ful - ly trust my Sav - iour now, And feed up - on His grace.
All up the way His voice I hear, I am not left a - lone.
I know my soul will not be lost For He has paid the fare.
Up - on my soul there is no stain For Christ has made me clean.

CHORUS.

There is no stain . . . . . up- on my soul, ...
There is no blot there is no stain up- on my soul my, hap - py soul;

For Je - sus blood . . . . . has made me
Be - cause I know that Je - sus blood has washed me



MY GOD, MY LIFE.

(JUDD. S. M. Key A♭.)

1 My God, my life, my love,
To Thee, to Thee I call;
I cannot live if Thou remove;
For Thou art all in all.

2 To Thee, and Thee alone.
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around Thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God His residence remove,
Or but conceal His face.

4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford:
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without Thy presence, Lord.

INVITATION.

"Let him come unto me."

EDWARD H. PHELPS, by per.

1. Oh, ten - der and sweet was the Mas - ter's voice As He
2. But my sins are ma - ny, my faith is small, Lo! the
3. But my flesh is weak, I tear - ful - ly said, And
4. Ah, the world is cold, and I can - not go back, Press

lov - ing- ly called to me, Come ov - er the line it is
answer came quick and clear, "Thou need- eth not trust in thy -
the way I can - not see; I fear if I try I may
for-ward I sure - ly must; I will place my hand in His

on - ly a step, I am wait- ing my child for thee."
self at all, Step ov - er the line, I am here."
sad - ly fail, And thus may dis - hon - or Thee.
wound - ed palm, Step ov - er the line, and trust.

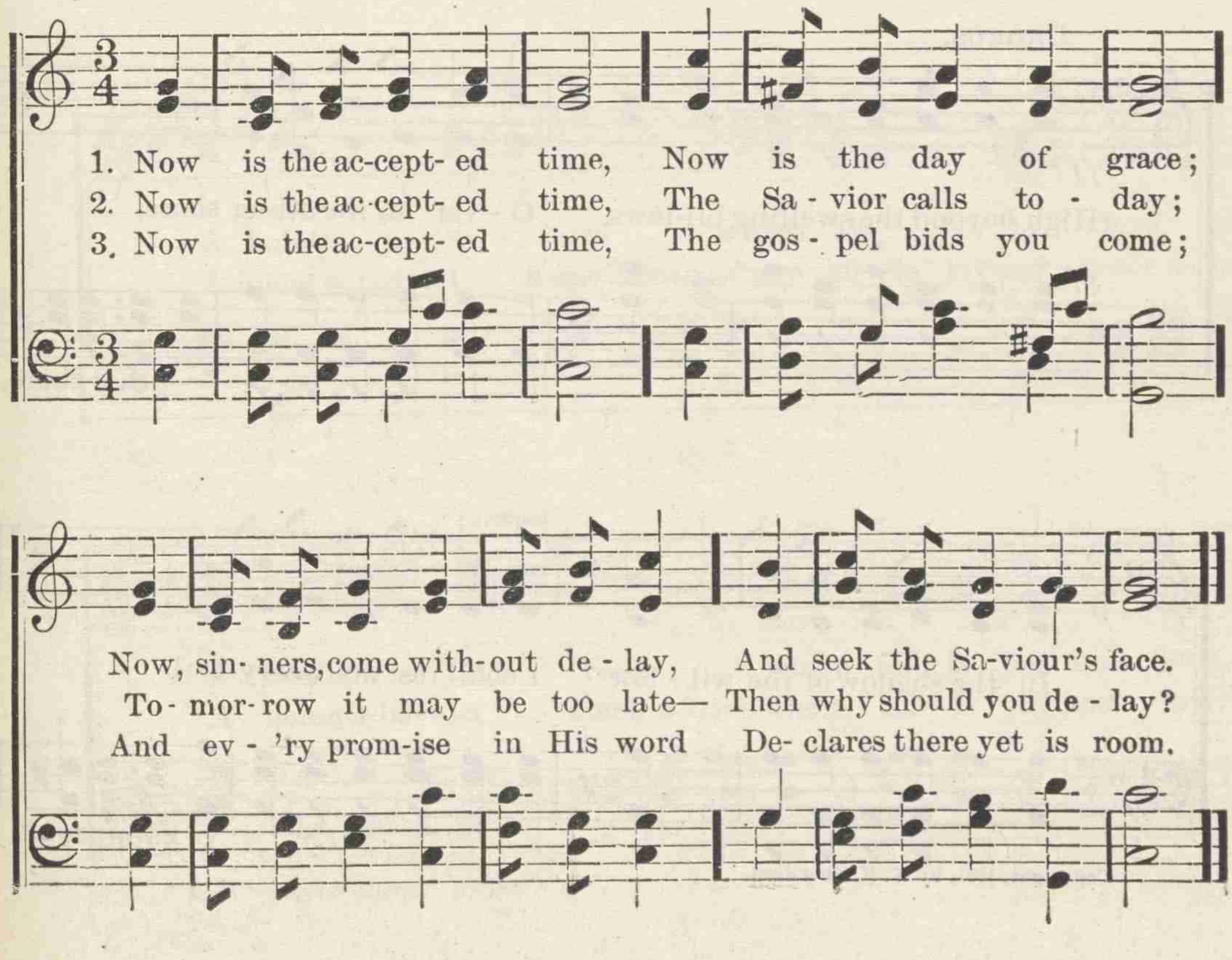
REFRAIN.

"O - ver the line," hear the sweet refrain, An- gels are chanting the

NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME.

(BOYLSTON. S. M.)

JOHN DOBELL. LOWELL MASON.



I SHALL REST MY SOUL.

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISA. 35: 10.

G. F. THOMPSON. W. H. SHERWOOD.

1. I am waiting for the dark-ness Of this sin-ful life to pass,
2. I am passing down the val - ley To the swelling Jordan's bank;
3. While I here the cross am bear-ing Meeting storms of sor-rows wild;

Then I'll wor-ship in the brightness Of my home sweet home at last.
Soon I'll gath-er with the ma - ny In that high and hap-py rank.
Christ is for my soul pre- par - ing, Robe and crown that's unde-filed.

CHORUS.

ff

High beyond the swelling bil-lows, O - ver on the oth-er shore,

ff

other shore,

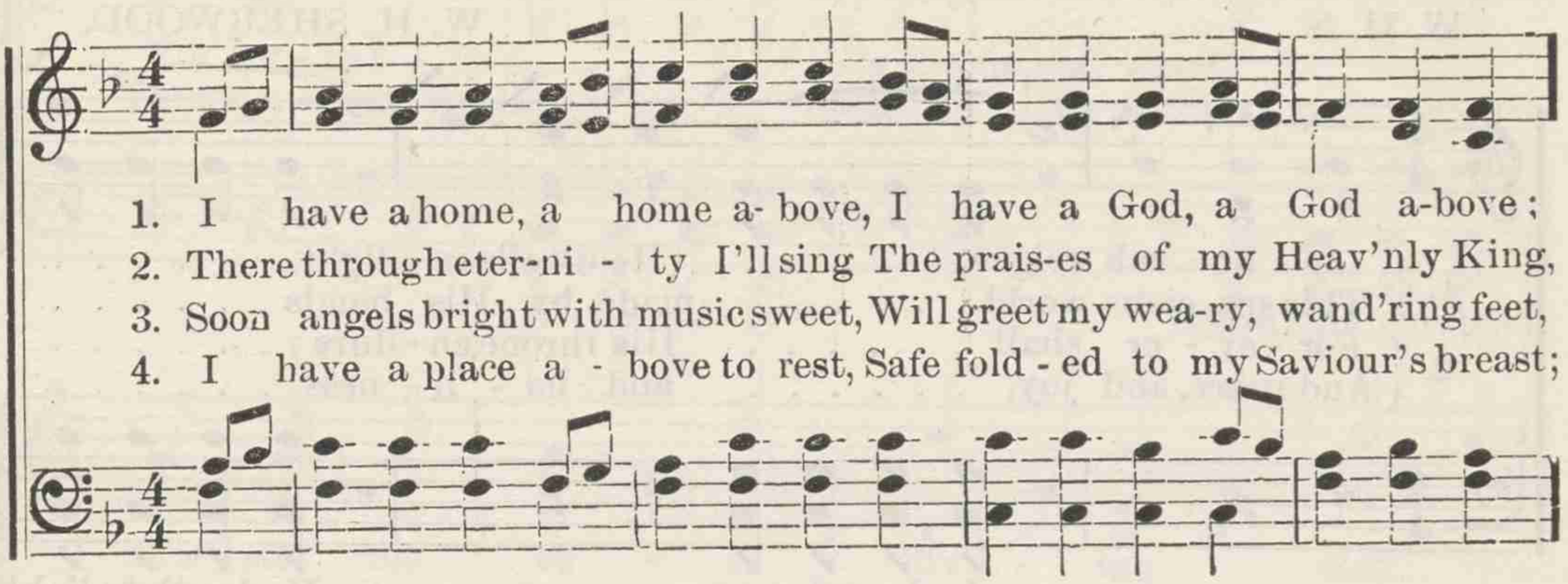
In the shadow of the wil - low I shall rest my weary soul.

happy soul.

Copyright, 1891, by W. H. Sherwood.

A HOME ABOVE.

Nothing moves a man more than the idea of home, the thought of possessing *a place which he can call home.*—W. H. SHERWOOD.



From "Songs of Glory." By per.

JEHOVAH REIGNS.

When the whole framework of our government seems insecure, and there is uneasiness in every breast, let us remember that God still *lives and reigns forever*.

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD.

1. Je - ho - vah reigns; . . . . . He dwells in light, ...
   This spa-cious world . . . . . made by His hands . . . . . .
2. For - ev - er shall . . . . . His throne en - dure; . . . . . .
   And peace, and joy, ... and ho - li - ness . . . . . .

Je- ho-vah reigns; He dwells in light,

Ar - rayed with maj - es - ty and might;
Still on its firm foun - da - tion stands.
His prom - ise stands for - ev - er sure,
Be - comes the dwell - ings of His grace.

Ar- rayed with maj - es - ty and might;

But 'ere this world . . . . . of ours was made, ...
Je - ho - vah reigns, ... He dwells in light, ...

But 'ere this world of ours was made

Or had its first . . . . . foun - da - tion laid, ...
Ar-rayed with pow'r, ... ar- rayed with might, ...

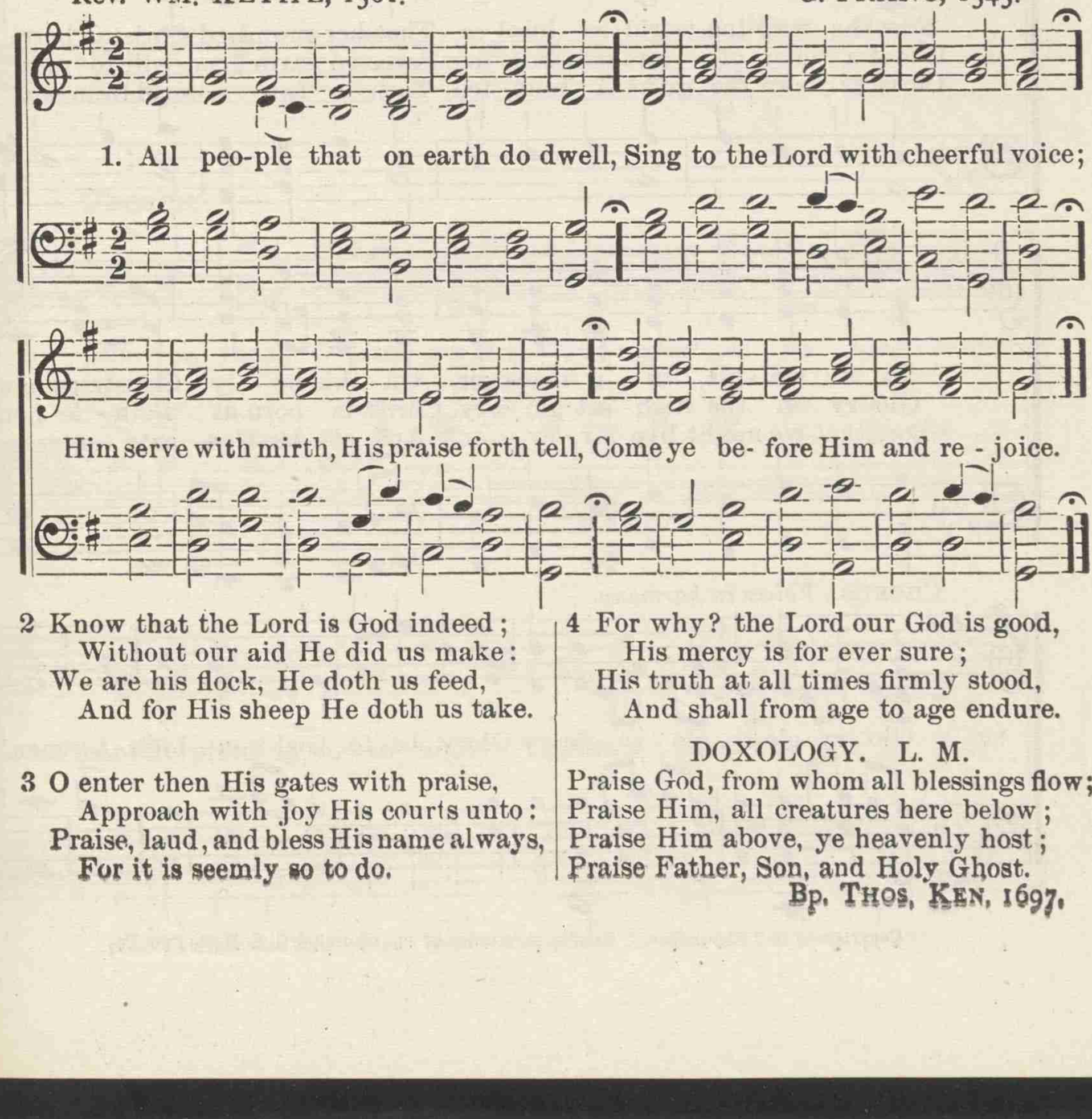
or had its first foun- da-tion laid,

JEHOVAH REIGNS.—Concluded.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

"Come before His presence with singing."—PSA. 100: 2.

Rev. WM. KETHE, 1561. G. FRANC, 1545.



2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are his flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bp. THOS. KEN, 1697.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Voices in unison.
With vigor and spirit.

Words and Music by ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Christmas bells are gai- ly ring-ing O'er the land tri-umph-ant - ly,
2. Shepherds in the field a - bid- ing Watching o'er their flocks by night,
3. And thro' all the list'ning a - ges, Comes to us the same re- frain,

Children's voi- ces glad- ly sing-ing, 'Tis our joy- ous ju - bi - lee.
Saw a glorious heavenly vis- ion Saw a star, so wondrous bright
As it came to ancient shepherds Watching there on Bethlehem's plain.

Now the wait-ing world re - joic - es That her promised Christ is born,
Heard a choir of an- gels sing- ing, Peace on earth, good-will to man
Christ is born the great A - noin- ted, Born to save a world from sin,

In a sta - ble, in a man- ger, On this ho - ly Christmas morn.
Glo- ry in the high - est glo - ry Christ is born at Beth - le- hem.
Born that we might live for - ev - er And at heav'ns gate enter in.

CHORUS. *Voices in harmony.*

Glo - ry, glo-ry, glo - ry, glo- ry, Glory be to God on high. A - men.

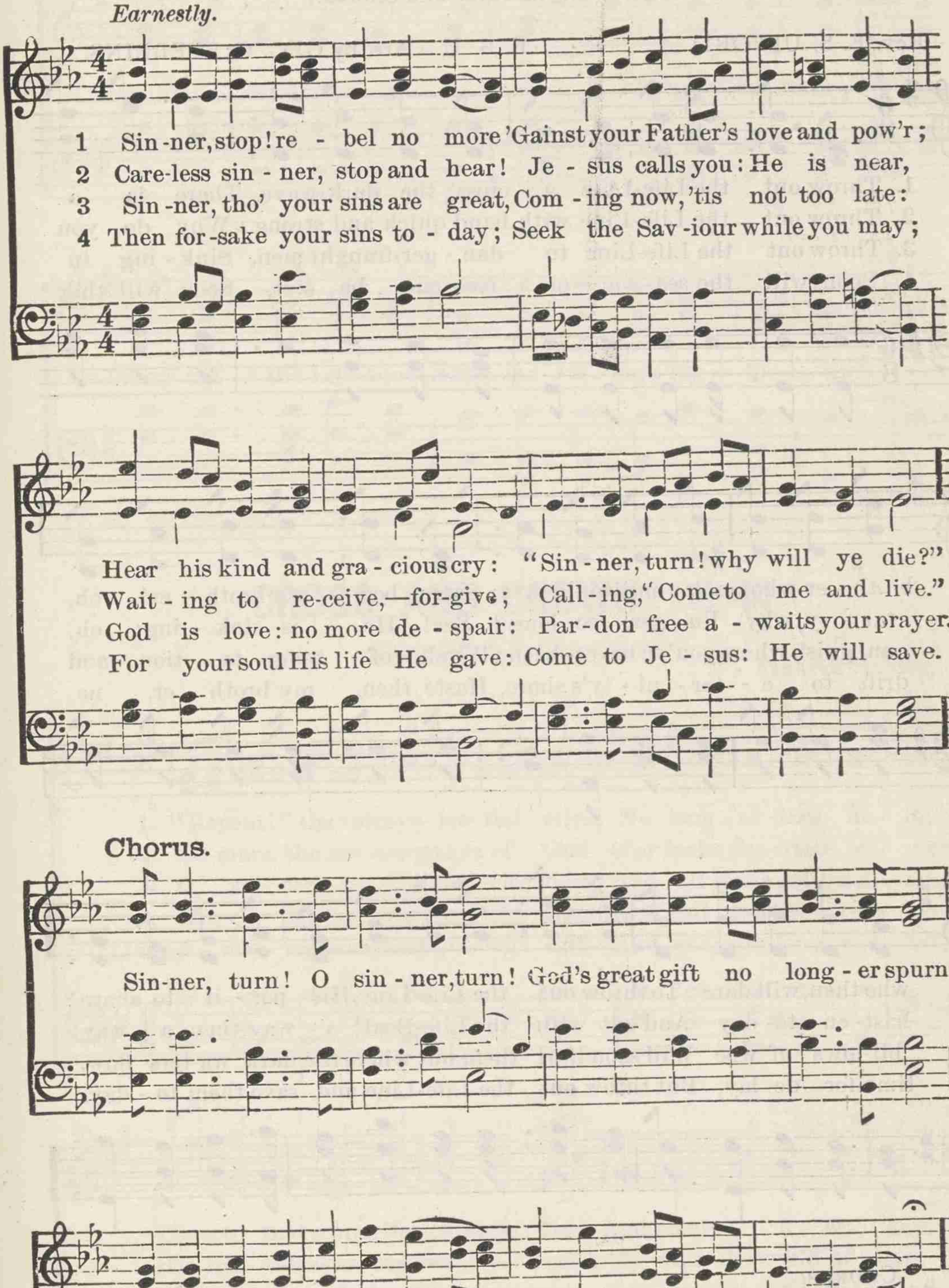
Ped.

Copyrighted in "The Helper." Used by permission of The Church & S. S. Music Pub. Co.

SINNER, TURN.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. GEO. C. HUGG.

Earnestly.



Copyrighted in "The Helper." Used by permission of The Church & S. S. Music Pub. Co.

THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE.

(May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.)

Rev. E. S. UFFORD. E. S. U. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong : Why do you
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan - ger-fraught men, Sink - ing in
4. Soon will the sea- son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they

broth - er whom some one would save; Some bod - y's broth - er! oh,
tar - ry, why lin - ger, so long? See! He is sink - ing; oh,
an - guish where you've never been : Winds of temp - ta - tion and
drift to e - ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my broth - er, no

who then, will dare To throw out the Life-Line, His per - il to share?
hast- en to- day—And out with the Life-Boat! a - way, then, a - way!
bil-lows of woe Will soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
time for de- lay, But throw out the Life-Line and save them to - day.

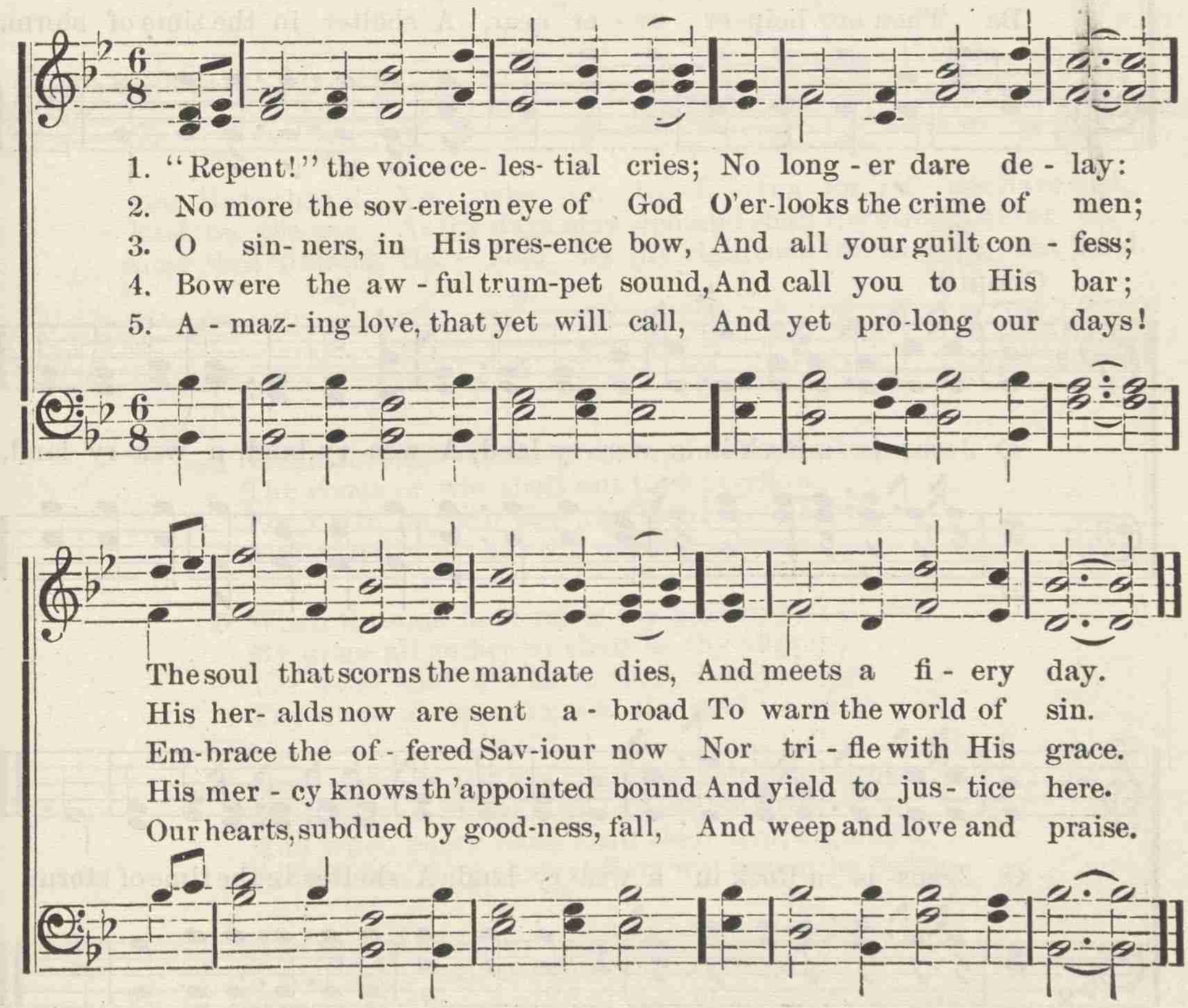
CHORUS.

Throw out the Life - Line! Throw out the Life - Line!

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

Exhortation to Repentance.

Western Melody.



THE LORD'S OUR ROCK.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shelter in the time of storm;
2. A shade by day de-fence by night, A shelter in the time of storm;
3. The rag- ing storms may round us beat, A shelter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock di- vine O Ref- uge dear, A shelter in the time of storm;

Se - cure what-ev - er ill be- tide, A shelter in the time of storm.
No fears a- larm no foes af-fright, A shelter in the time of storm.
We'll nev - er leave our safe re- treat, A shelter in the time of storm.
Be Thou our help- er ev - er near, A shelter in the time of storm.

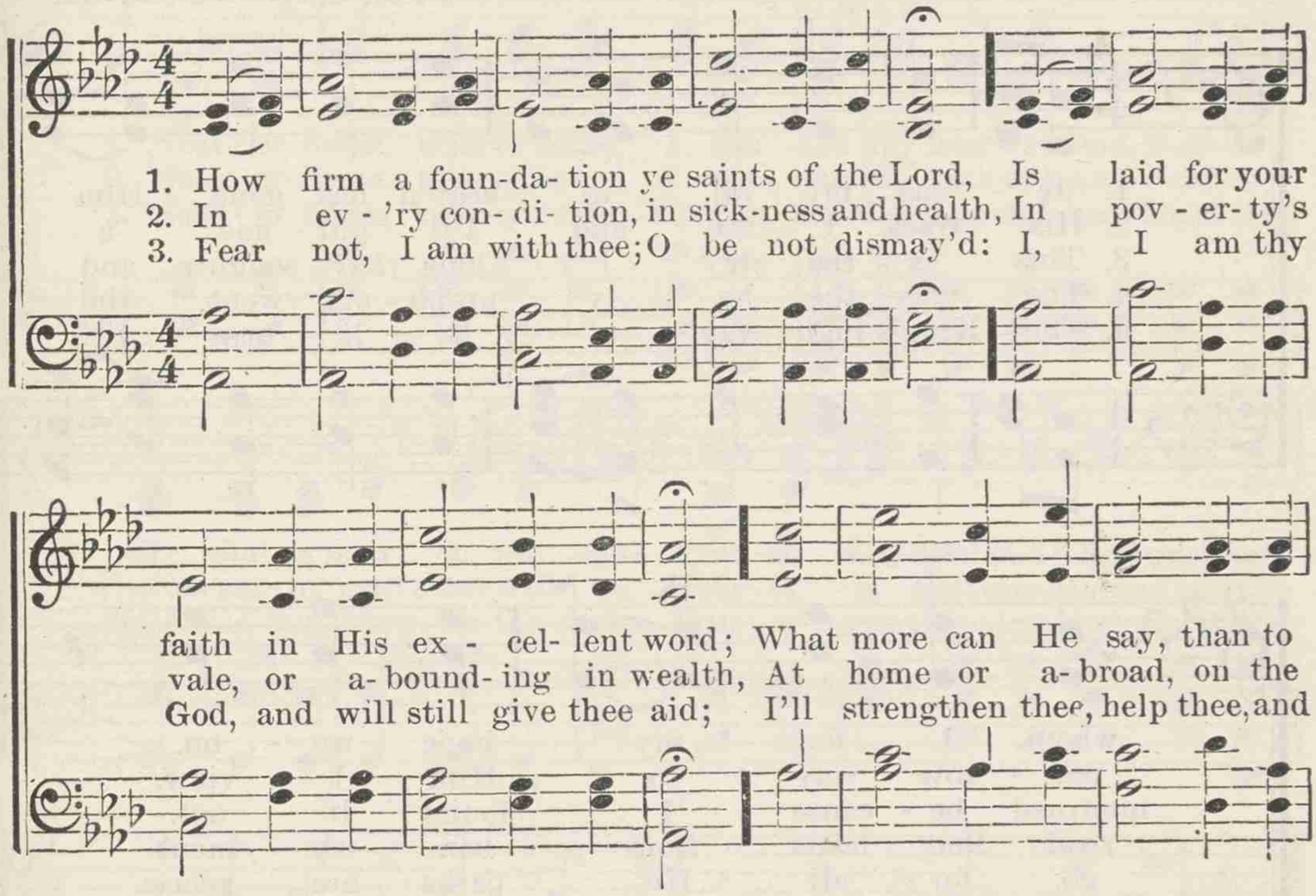
CHORUS.

O Jesus is a Rock in a wea- ry land, A wea- ry land, a wea- ry land,

O Jesus is a Rock in a wea- ry land, A shelter in the time of storm.

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. 62

Arr. by W. H. SHERWOOD.



4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

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

6 Even down to old age all my people shall prove
My constant, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their tempels adorn,
Like lambs they shall still on my bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

62

"WILL YOU GO?"

This old time refrain is one of my earliest inspirations. When a boy, how many good old time Christians gathered in a log hut, sang and praised their God. My mother full 30 years ago, made it ring through my soul. The impression is still there.

W. H. SHERWOOD, arr.

1. Je - sus my all to heav'n has gone, Him whom I fix my hope up - on.
2. His track I see and I'll pur - sue a nar - row way to Him I view.
3. This is the way I long have sought, and mourned be - cause I found it not.
4. The way the ho - ly proph - ets went, the road that leads from ban - ish - ment.
5. The King's high - way of ho - li - ness I'll go, for all His paths are peace.

CHORUS.

Oh, seek - er will you go? Will you go? Will you go?

Oh, seek - er will you go? Where pleas- ure nev - er dies.

Copyright, by W. H. Sherwood.

ONE DAY NEARER. 63

C. A. F. C. A. FYKE.

1. Near - er home, near-er home, I am one day near-er home, Near-er
2. Near - er home, near-er home, I am one day near-er home, Near-er
3. Near - er home, near-er home, Yes I'm one day near-er home, There the

all that is dear to the soul, Near - er kin-dred and friends near-er
where ma - ny man-sions will be, Near - er to that great throne, and the
cross is laid down for the crown, Near - er home that blest land where there's

to the bound of life, Bless - ed thought I am near - er the goal.
white-robed an - gel band, On the banks of the bright crys - tal sea.
rest from toil and care, And our Sav - iour in - vites us to come.

CHORUS.

Near-er home . . . sweet home, Ev-'ry day takes me one day nearer
Nearer home, sweet home,

home; Nearer home, sweet home, Soon I'll rest in that home, sweet home.
Sweet home, nearer home, sweet home,

"HIS MERCY FALLETH."

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD.

1. Like the still qui - et fall of the si- lent dew of night On the
2. How it cheers and re-vives ev - 'ry bud of Christian hope! How it
3. When we ask of the Lord, in our sim-ple fervent pray'r, For His

leaves that are fold - ed to rest, Is the mer - cy of God when it
takes ev - 'ry sor- row a- way! O 'tis sweet- er by far than the
bless - ing at morn and at even, Let us pray that our souls may be

droppeth from His throne, Bringing balm from the fields of the blest.
drops of na-ture's dew, And it fall - eth by night and by day.
wa- tered and refreshed, By the dew of His mer - cy from heaven.

REFRAIN.

Dew of Mer - - - cy, Dew of Mer - - - cy,
Dew of Mer - cy ev - er fall- ing, Dew of Mer- cy ev - er fall- ing,

Ev- er dropping, gently dropping from above: Dew of Mer - - cy,
Dew of mer-cy ev- er falling,

how it cheers us, Ev- er dropping from a Sav-iour's love !
How it sweetly cheereth us !

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11, 10.

THOMAS MOORE, alt.
and THOS. HASTINGS.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish; Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o- late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa- ters flow- ing Forth from the

mer - cy-seat, fer - vent - ly kneel ; Here bring your wound-ed hearts,
pen - i- tent, fade - less and pure, Here speaks the Com - fort- er,
throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love ;

here tell your au- guish ; Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n cannot heal.
ten - der- ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n cannot cure."
come, ev - er knowing Earth has no sor-row but Heav'n can re-move.

rit.

'TIS SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.

FRANCIS L. KEELER. I. BALTZELL, by per.

SOLO.

1. At home or a-broad, in the al - ley or street, Wher - ev - er I
2. And when I see those o'er whom long years have roll'd, Whose hearts have grown
3. No mat - ter how far from the right she hath stray'd, No mat - ter what
4. No mat - ter how way ward his foot-steps have been; No mat - ter how
5. That head hath been pillow'd on ten - der- est breast; That form hath been

chance in the wide world to meet, A girl that is thoughtless, a
harden'd, whose spir - its are cold; Be it wom - an all fall - en, or
in - roads dis - hon - or hath made, No mat - ter what el - e- ments
deep he is sunk - en in sin; No mat - ter how low is his
wept o'er, those lips have been press'd; That soul hath been pray'd for in

boy that is wild, My heart ech- oes soft - ly— 'tis some mother's child.
man all de-filed, A voice whispers sad - ly— 'tis some mother's child.
canker'd the pearl—Tho' tarnish'd and sul- lied, she's some mother's girl.
standard of joy,—Tho' guilt-y and loathsome, he's some mother's boy.
tones sweet and mild; For her sake deal gen - tly with some mother's child.

CHORUS.

'Tis some moth- er's child! 'Tis some moth- er's child, For
her sake deal gen- tly with some mother's child, For child.

Copyright, 1883, by I. BALTZELL.

LAND BEYOND.

To e used on an occasion of the funeral of one of the Sunday school scholars, or at the quarterly anniversary when memorial services are held for one that has gone home from this to that higher and better Sabbath assembly.—W. H. SHERWOOD.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. Dr. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

FLEE AS A BIRD.

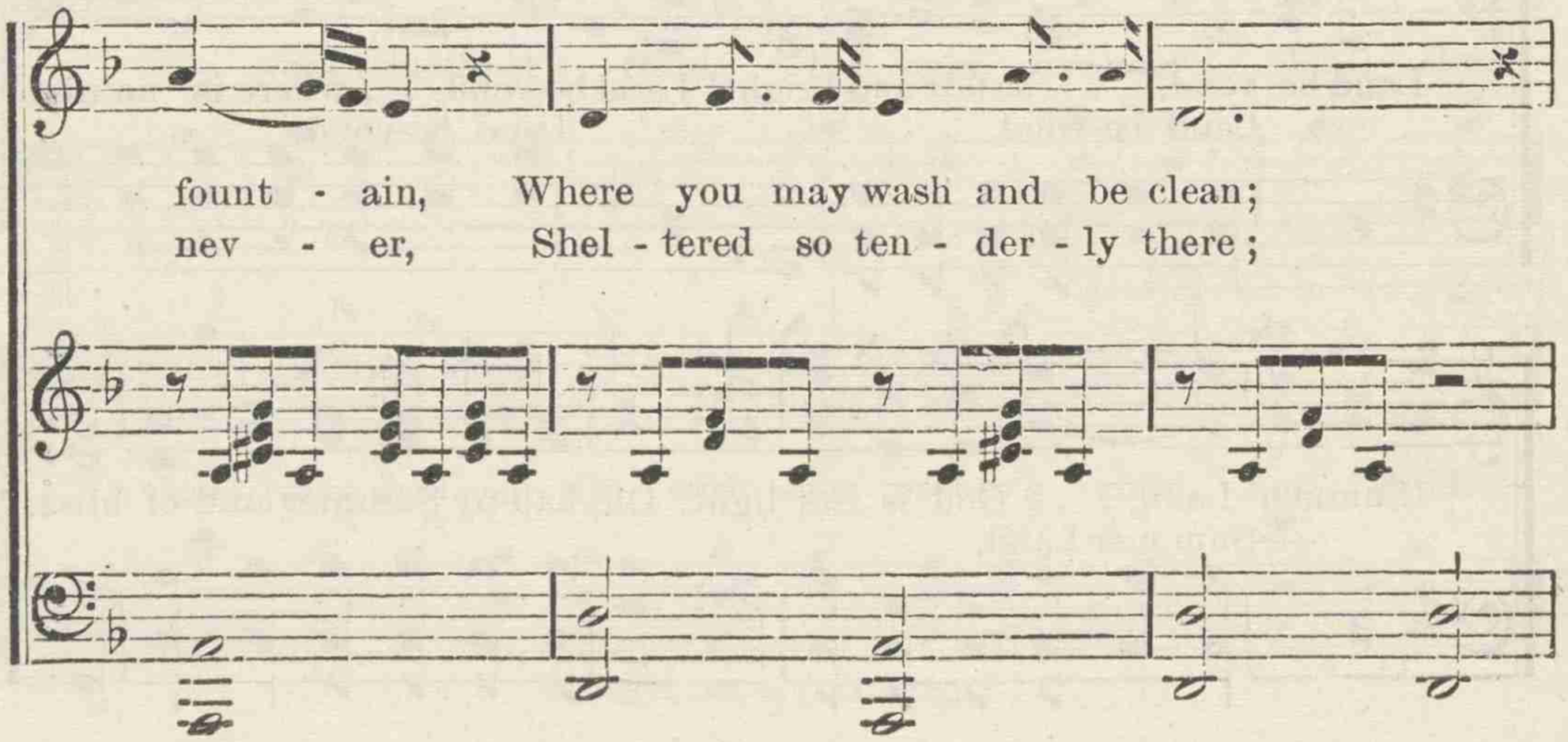
Mrs. M. S. B. DANA.

Moderato espress.

1. Flee as a bird to your mount - ain,
2. He will protect thee for - ev - er,

Thou who art wea - ry of sin;
Wipe ev - 'ry fall - ing tear;

Go to the clear flow- ing
He will for-sake thee, O



fount - ain,
nev - er,

Where you may wash and be clean;
Shel - tered so ten - der - ly there;

Fly, for th'aven - ger is near thee ; Call and the Saviour will
Haste, then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the moments in

hear thee, He on His bo - som will bear thee,
sigh - ing Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing, The

un poco ritenuto.

Thou who art wear - y of sin, O thou, who art wear - y of sin.
Sav - iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sav - iour will wipe ev- 'ry tear.

THE MASTER IS WATCHING.

MARY A. McKEE. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. A storm was out . . . on fair Ju - de - a's hills, ...
1. A storm was out, was out on fair Ju - de - a's hills,

The clouds were dark up - on the troubled sea, ...
The clouds were dark, were dark upon the troubled sea,

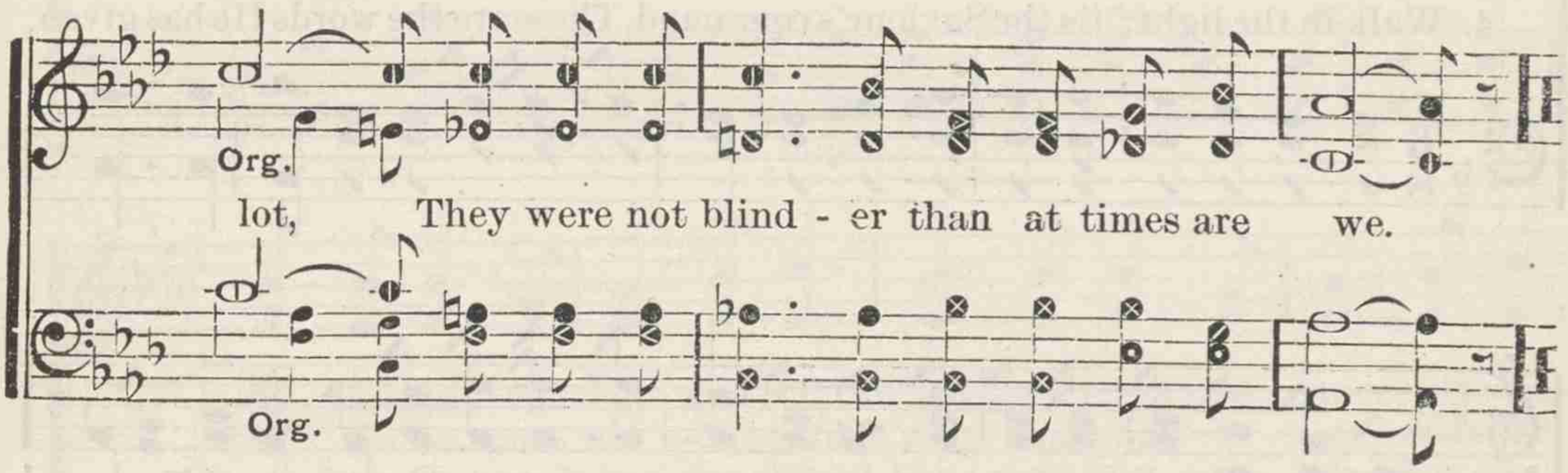
The toil - ing fish - - ermen with i - ron wills, ...
The toil - ing fish - ermen with wills, with i - ron wills,

Strove with the wind - swept waves of Gal - i - lee. . . . . .
Strove with the waves of Gal - i - lee, of Gal - i - lee.

CHORUS.

Yet One was watch - ing, though they knew it not, And One was

Copyrighted in " The Helper." Used by permission of The Church & S. S. Music Pub. Co.



2 Oh! blessed feet that pressed the sandy beach,
Oh! blessed hands, so willing still to save,
No toiling one can drift beyond thy reach,
No trusting one will sink beneath the wave.

For Alto, Tenor, and Bass.

2 Oh! blessed feet that pressed the beach, the sandy beach,
Oh! blessed, blessed hands, so willing still to save,
No toiling one can drift, can drift beyond thy reach,
No trusting one will sink, will sink beneath the wave.

3 The angry billows knew their Master first,
And bore his weight upon their foamy crest;
Is Nature keener, or is man the worst,
That they were slow to greet the Heavenly Guest?

For Alto, Tenor, and Bass.

3 The angry billows knew him first, their Master first,
And bore his weight upon their crest, their foamy crest;
Is Nature keener, or is man, is man the worst,
That they were slow, were slow to greet the Heavenly Guest.

4 No ship can sink when he is at the helm,
No craft can founder on life's stormy tide,
No sea engulf or angry wave o'erwhelm,
When he who forms the waves is at our side.

For Alto, Tenor, and Bass.

4 No ship, no ship can sink while he is at the helm,
No craft, no craft can founder on life's stormy tide,
No sea, no sea engulf or angry wave o'erwhelm,
When he, when he who forms the waves is at our side.

Copyrighted in "The Helper." Used by permission of The Church & S. S. Music Pub. Co.

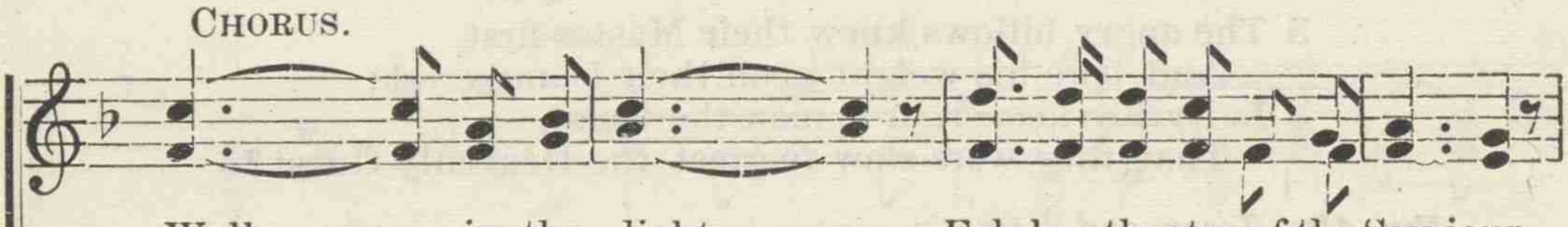
WALK IN THE LIGHT.

W. A. C. WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

1. List to the voice that is speaking in love, Call- ing to those that are straying,
2. Walk in the light; it is Je- sus who pleads, Earnestly seeking to guide you,
3. Walk in the light; will you hear it and heed, Ye who are struggling and weary?
4. Walk in the light; 'tis the Saviour's command, These are the words He has given,

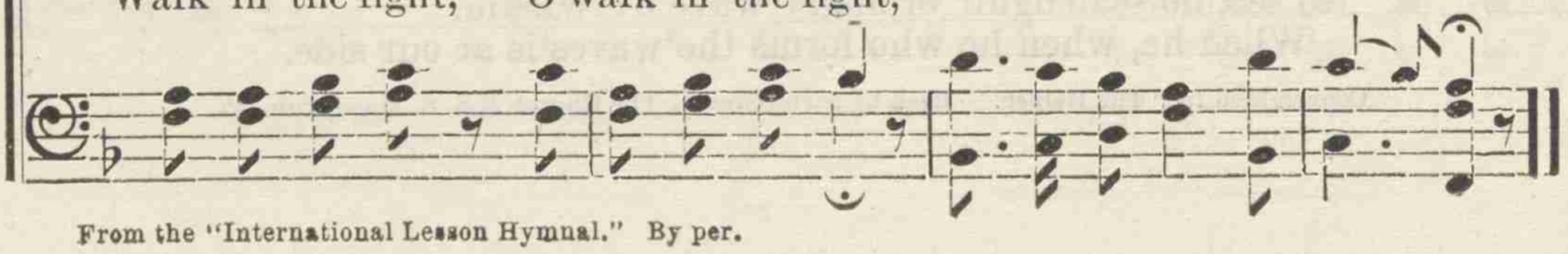
Mes-sage of mer- cy that comes from above, Hear what the Saviour is saying.
Wandering blindly in the night's gloom and shades, Heedless of dangers beside you.
Heav-y your burdens and pressing your need, Dark is the night-time and dreary.
Lead-ing us on to the long promised land, Leading from earth up to heaven.

CHORUS.



Walk . . . . in the light . . . . Fol- low the step of the Sav-iour,
Walk in the light, O walk in the light,

Walk . . . . in the light . . . . Walk in the light for-ev - er.
Walk in the light, O walk in the light,



From the "International Lesson Hymnal." By per.

WAITING AT THE POOL. 73

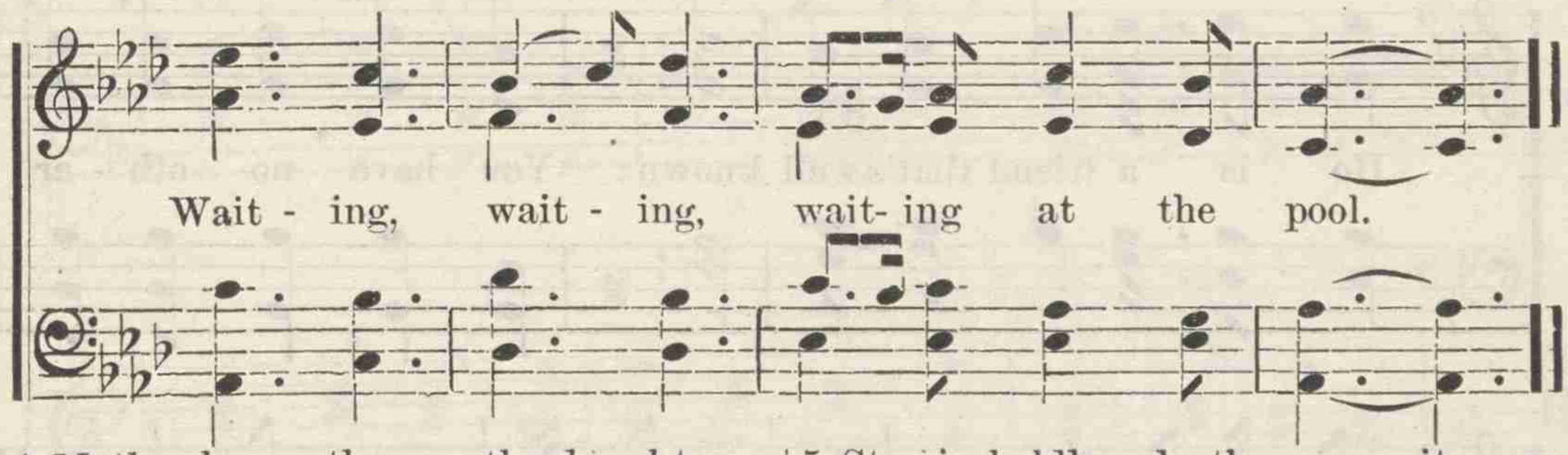
Rev. A. J. HOUGH. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. { Thousands stand to - day in sor-row, Waiting at the pool ;
   { Say - ing they will wash to-mor-row, Waiting at the pool ;
2. { Souls, your filth - y garments wearing, Waiting at the pool ;
   { Hearts, your heavy bur- den bearing, Waiting at the pool ;
3. { Thousands once were standing near you, Waiting at the pool ;
   { Come their voic- es back to cheer you, Waiting at the pool ;

Oth - ers step in left and right, Wash their stain - ed gar-ments white,
Can it be you nev - er heard, Je - sus long a - go hath stirr'd
Back from Ca-naan's hap- py shore, Sor - rows past and la - bor o'er,

Leav - ing you in sor- row's night,
The waters with His might-y word.
Where they stand in tears no more.
} Waiting at the pool,

Wait - ing, wait - ing, wait- ing at the pool.



4 Mother leaves the son, the daughter,
Waiting at the pool ;
Calls to them across the water,
Waiting at the pool ;
You can never more embrace
Mother, or behold her face,
If you keep the leper's place
Waiting at the pool.

5 Step in boldly—death may smite you,
Waiting at the pool ;
Jesus may no more invite you,
Waiting at the pool ;
Faith is near you, take her hand,
Seek with her the better land,
And no longer doubting stand
Waiting at the pool.

TELL IT TO JESUS.

"Tell it to Jesus."—MATT. 14 : 12.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav- y heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbid-den? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor- row? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you trou-bled at the tho't of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus, Are you griev-ing o - ver joys de- part - ed?
Tell it to Je - sus, Have you sins that no man's eye are hid - den?
Tell - it to Je - sus, Are you anx- ious what shall be to - mor - row?
Tell it to Je - sus, For Christ's coming King-dom are you sigh - ing?

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je- sus a-lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,

He is a friend that's well known: You have no oth - er

such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

Mrs. E. M. HALL. J. T. GRAPE, by per.

1. I hear the Sav-iour say, Thy strength in-deed is small,
2. Then down be-neath His cross I'll lay my sin-sick soul,
3. When from my dy-ing bed My ran-somed soul shall rise,
4. And when be-fore the throne, I stand in him com-plete.

Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me Thy all in all.
For naught have I to bring, Thy grace must make me whole.
Then "Je-sus paid me all," Shall rend the vault-ed skies.
I'll lay my tro-phies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.

CHORUS.

Je-sus paid it all, All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crim-son stain, He washed me white as snow.

HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.

W. A. C. WILBUR A. CHRISTY, by per.

1. The Lord of love . . . . . my Shep- herd is, ...
2. My err - ing soul . . . . . He safe - ly guides, . . .
3. He crowns my head, ... gives dai - ly bread, . . .
4. His good - ness doth . . . . . me still sur - round . . .

He lead- eth me, ... He lead-eth me; . . . . Where pastures
For His name's sake, . . . for His name's sake; . . . And ev - 'ry
My heart to cheer, . . . my heart to cheer; . . . No cru - el
With tend-'rest care, . . . with tend'rest care; . . . And when my

grow . . . . . and stream - lets flow, ... He feed - eth
day . . . . . a heav'n - ward way . . . . . My path doth
foe . . . . . no want nor woe, ... Have I to
home . . . . in heav'n is found, ... I'll praise Him

CHORUS.

me, ... He feed - eth me . . . . .
make, ... my path doth make . . . .
fear . . . . . have I to fear . . . . .
there . . . . I'll praise Him there . . . . .

} Dear Shep-herd,

keep . . . . . Thy way-ward sheep, ... Be Thou my

Dear Shepherd keep Thy way ward sheep,

guard, ... be Thou my guide, ... Till safe with-

Be Thou my guard, be Thou my guide,

in . . . . . Thy heav'nly fold . . . . . For ev - er-

Till Safe with-in Thy heav'nly fold

more . . . . . I shall a - bide. . . . . .

For ev - er more I shall a - bide.

I shall a - bide. . . . . .

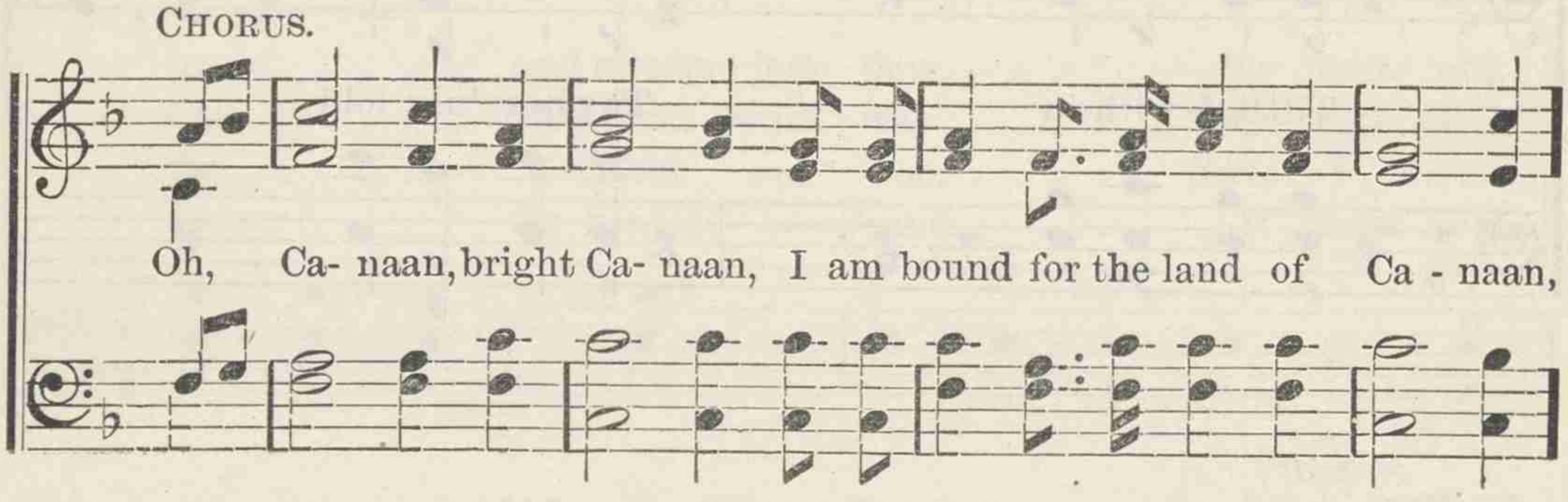
BRIGHT CANAAN.

Old Melody.

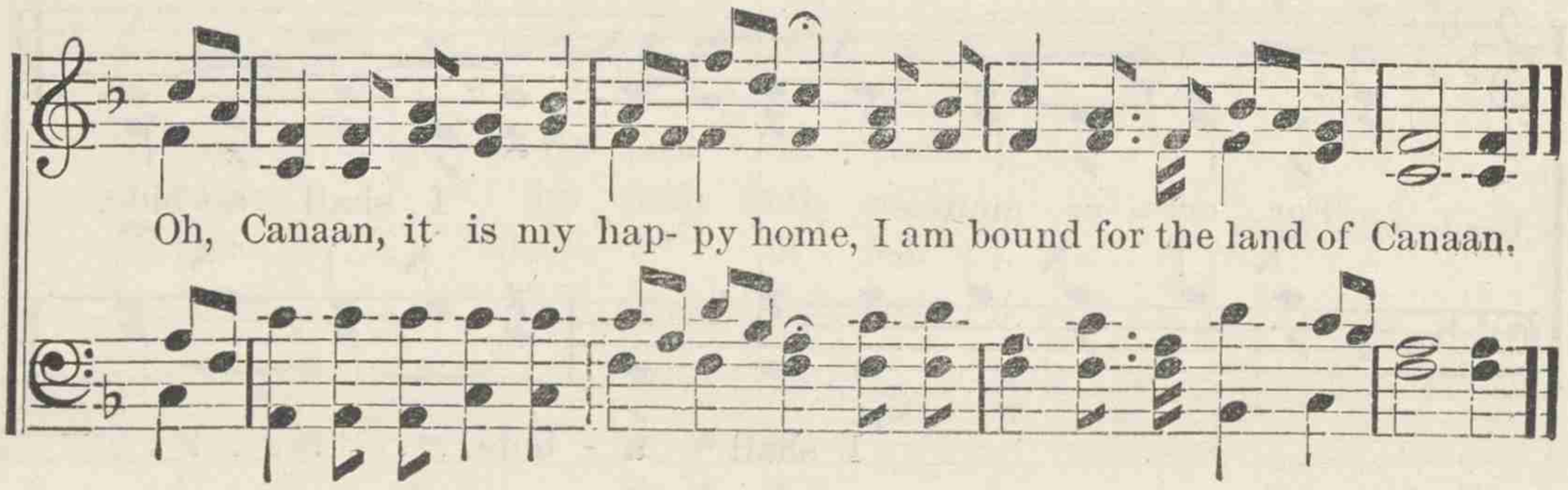
1. To- geth-er let us sweet-ly live, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
2. If you get there be- fore I do, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
3. Part of my friends the prize have won, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
4. Then come with me, belov-ed friend, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
5. Our songs of Praise shall fill the skies, I am bound for the land of Canaan,

To- geth- er let us sweet- ly die, I am bound for the land of Canaan.
Then praise the Lord, I'm coming too, I am bound for the land of Canaan.
And I'm resolved to fol - low on, I am bound for the land of Canaan.
The joys of heav'n shall never end, I am bound for the land of Canaan.
While high-er still our joys they rise, I am bound for the land of Canaan.

CHORUS.



Oh, Ca- naan, bright Ca- naan, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan,



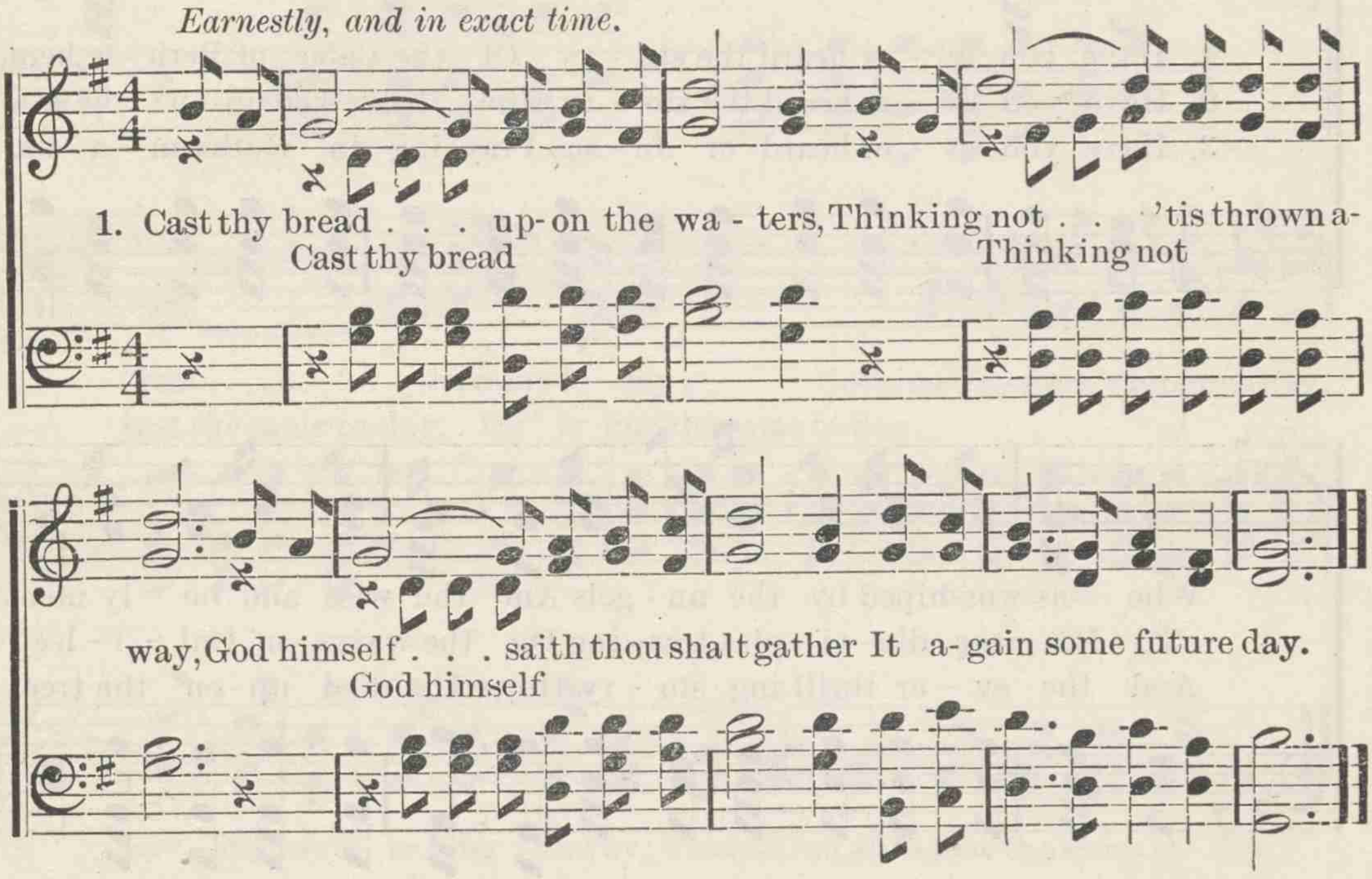
Oh, Canaan, it is my hap- py home, I am bound for the land of Canaan,

CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

A little boy once found a shilling, he wanted it to grow and had calculated in his mind many good things to do with the fruit, should it bear; he planted it in the garden in a fruitful place but it did not sprout, he sadly broke the secret to his father, who told him to dig it up and he would plant it for him, he took it to a missionary box and there deposited it, the teacher took it out and bought a tract with it—it was given a bad boy—the reading of that tract was the means of bringing the boy to Christ, the boy became a missionary and brought thousands of souls into the church; we do not know where our good influence will end, let us therefore cast our bread upon the waters.

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD.

Earnestly, and in exact time.



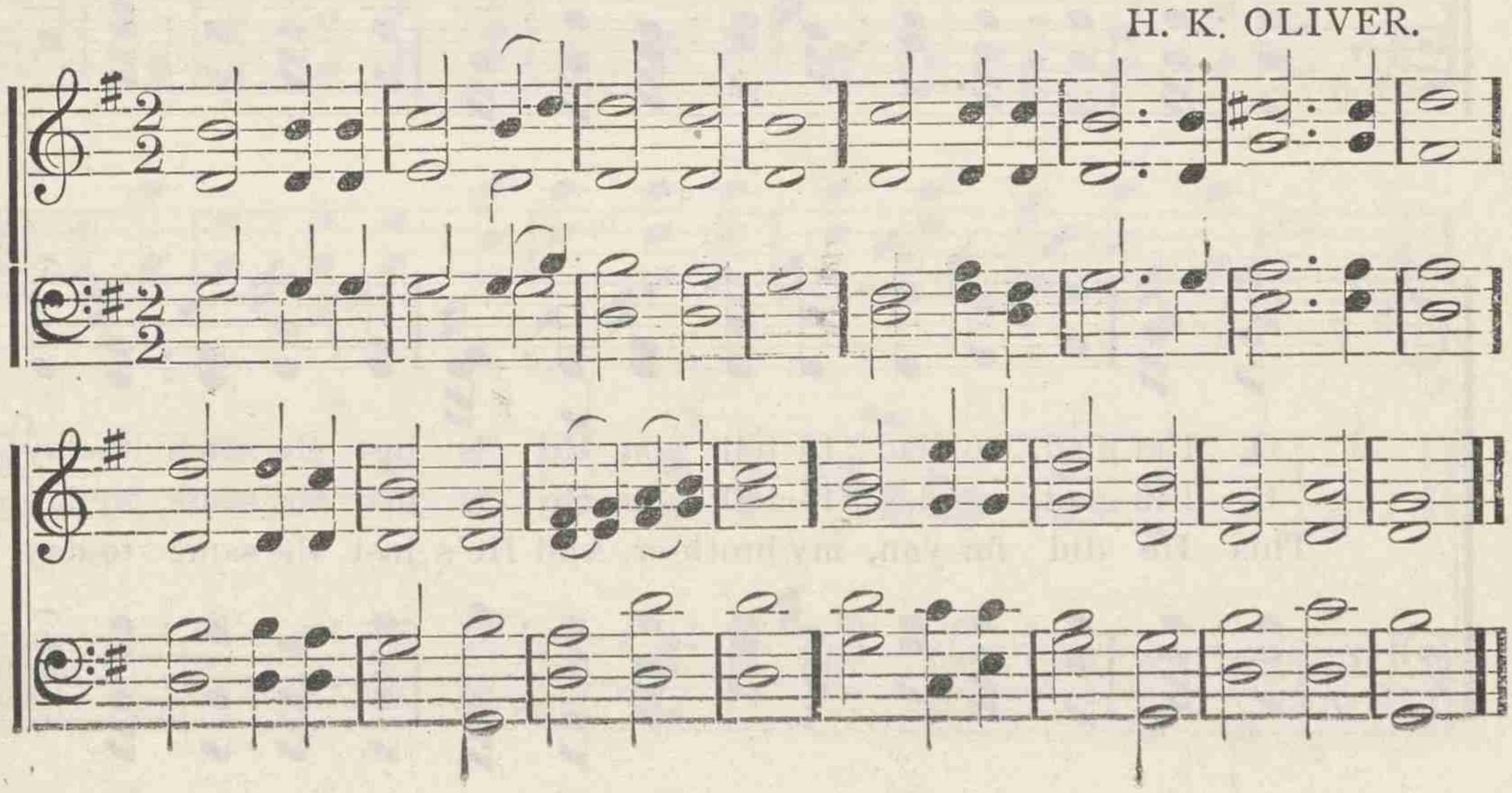
2 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Wildly though the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest,
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

4 Give, then, freely of thy substance—
O'er this cause the Lord doth reign:
Cast thy bread, and toil with patience,
Thou shalt labor not in vain.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.



JUST THE SAME TO-DAY.

"And lo I am with you alway."—MATT. 28 20.

Mrs. S. Z. KAOFMAN. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry Of the Babe of Beth - le-hem,
2. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry How He walked up-on the sea,
3. Have you ev - er heard of Je - sus Pray-ing in Gethsem - a - ne,

Who was worshiped by the an - gels And the wise and ho - ly men?
To His dear dis - ci - ples,toss - ing On the waves of Gal - i - lee?
And the ev - er thrill-ing sto - ry How He died up-on the tree,

How He taught the learn -ed doc - tors In the tem - ple far a-way?
How the waves in an - gry mo - tion Quickly at His will o - bey?
Cru - el thorns His fore-head pierc-ing, As His spir - it passed a - way?

O, I'm glad, so glad to tell you, He is just the same to-day.
O, I'm glad, so glad to tell you, He is just the same to-day.
This He did for you, my broth-er, And He's just the same to-day.

JUST THE SAME TO-DAY.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

He is just . . . . . the same to-day, He is
Just the same to-day, He is just the same to-day,

just . . . . . the same to-day; Seeking those who've gone astray,
just the same to-day, He is just the same to-day.

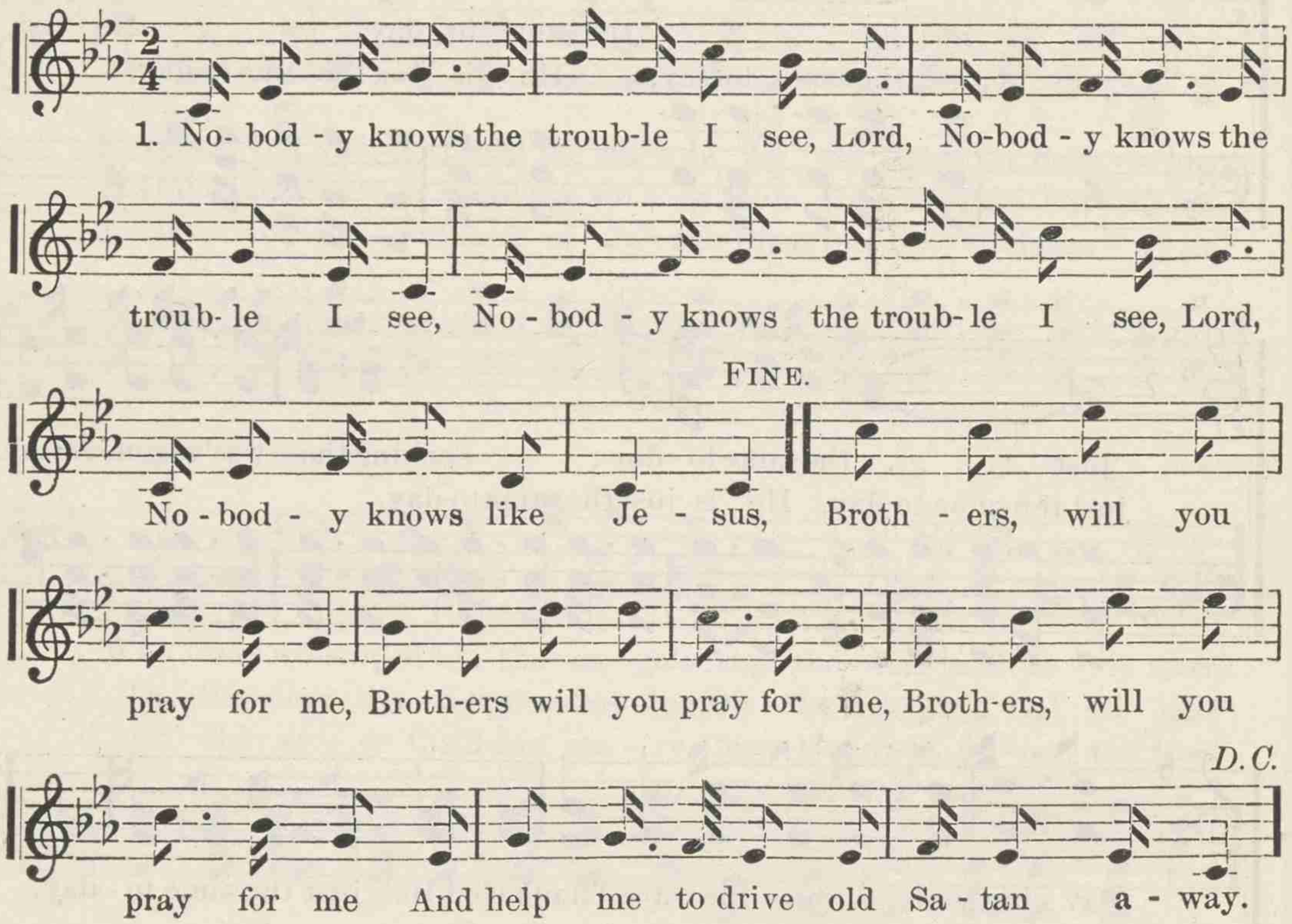
Sav-ing souls a-long the way; Thank God He's just the same to-day.

BROWN. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

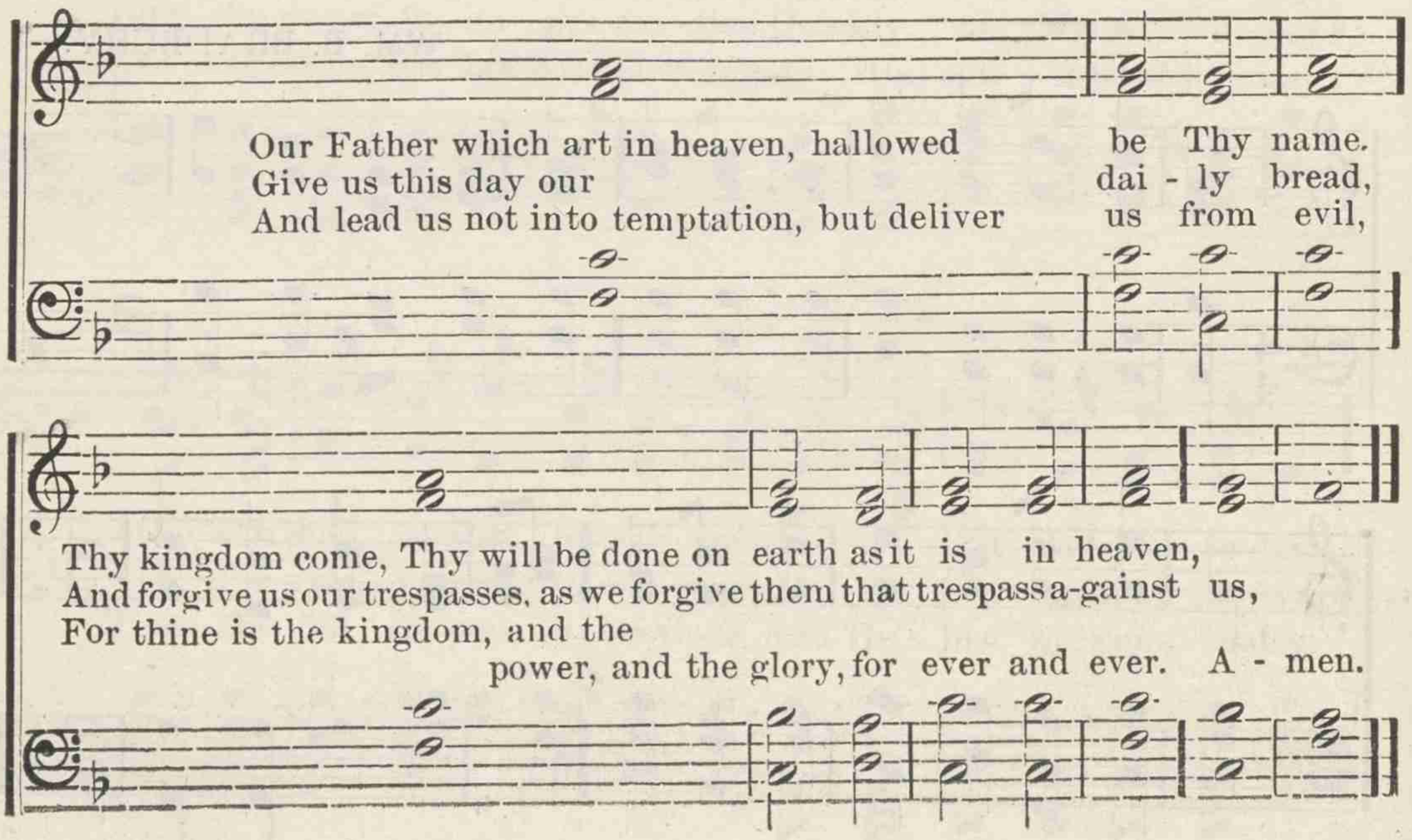
82 Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord!

A poor old negro slave, who was a model Christain but who had a most cruel master, sat and sung this refrain one day after he had been given a most merciless whipping.—W. H. SHERWOOD.



2. Sisters, will you pray for me, &c.
3. Mothers, will you pray for me, &c.
4. Preachers, will you pray for me, &c.

LORD'S PRAYER.



This blessed old time spiritual was sung in the meeting where I found the Lord full 18 years ago. The impression is still there; How full of assurance it is.

W. H. SHERWOOD.

* The peculiar accent here makes the words sound thus; "rooma nough."

84 THE BACKSLIDER'S REFLECTIONS.

A backsliding member of the church was passing it one evening on the way to some place of sinful association, when the mellow cadence of this sweet song fell from the services on his wandering ears, just in time to check him and pilot him home to God. May his be the timely reflection of some poor wanderer from God this night.

—W. H. SHERWOOD.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

SOLO.

ORGAN.

1. A sinner was wand'ring at e - ventide, His tempter was watching close
2. He stopped and listened to ev'ry sweet chord, He remembered the time he

by at his side, In his heart raged a bat - tle for
once loved the Lord, Come on! says the tempt-er, come

right against wrong, But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song,
on with the throng, But hark! from the church a - gain swells the song,

pp QUARTET.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly.
2. While the bil-lows near me roll, While the tem- pest still is high.

SOLO.

ORGAN.

Oh, tempter, de- part, I have served thee too long, I fly to the

Sav- ior, He dwells in that song, O Lord can it be that a

sin- ner like me, May find a sweet ref- uge by com- ing to Thee?

pp QUARTET.

Oth- er ref - uge have I none ; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.

SOLO.

ORGAN.

I come, Lord, I come, Thou'lt for- give the dark past, And

pp QUARTET.

O, re - ceive my soul at last.

SEEKING FOR ME.

E. E. HASTY.

1. Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came, Born in a manger to sorrow and shame;
2. Jesus, my Saviour, on Calvary's tree, Paid the great debt, and my soul He set free;
3. Jesus, my Saviour, the name as of old, While I did wander a-far from the fold,
4. Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from on high, Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;

Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be His name, Seeking for me, for me.
Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.
Gen-tly and long He hath plead with my soul, Calling for me, for me.
Oh, I shall see Him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me.

for me, ... for me, ...

Seek-ing for me, seeking for me, Seek-ing for me, seeking for me;
Dy-ing for me, dy-ing for me, Dy-ing for me, dy-ing for me;
Call-ing for me, call-ing for me, Call-ing for me, call-ing for me;
Com-ing for me, com-ing for me, com-ing for me, com-ing for me,

Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be His name, Seeking for me, for me.
Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.
Gen-tly and long he hath plead with my soul. Call-ing for me, for me.
Oh, I shall see Him descend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me.

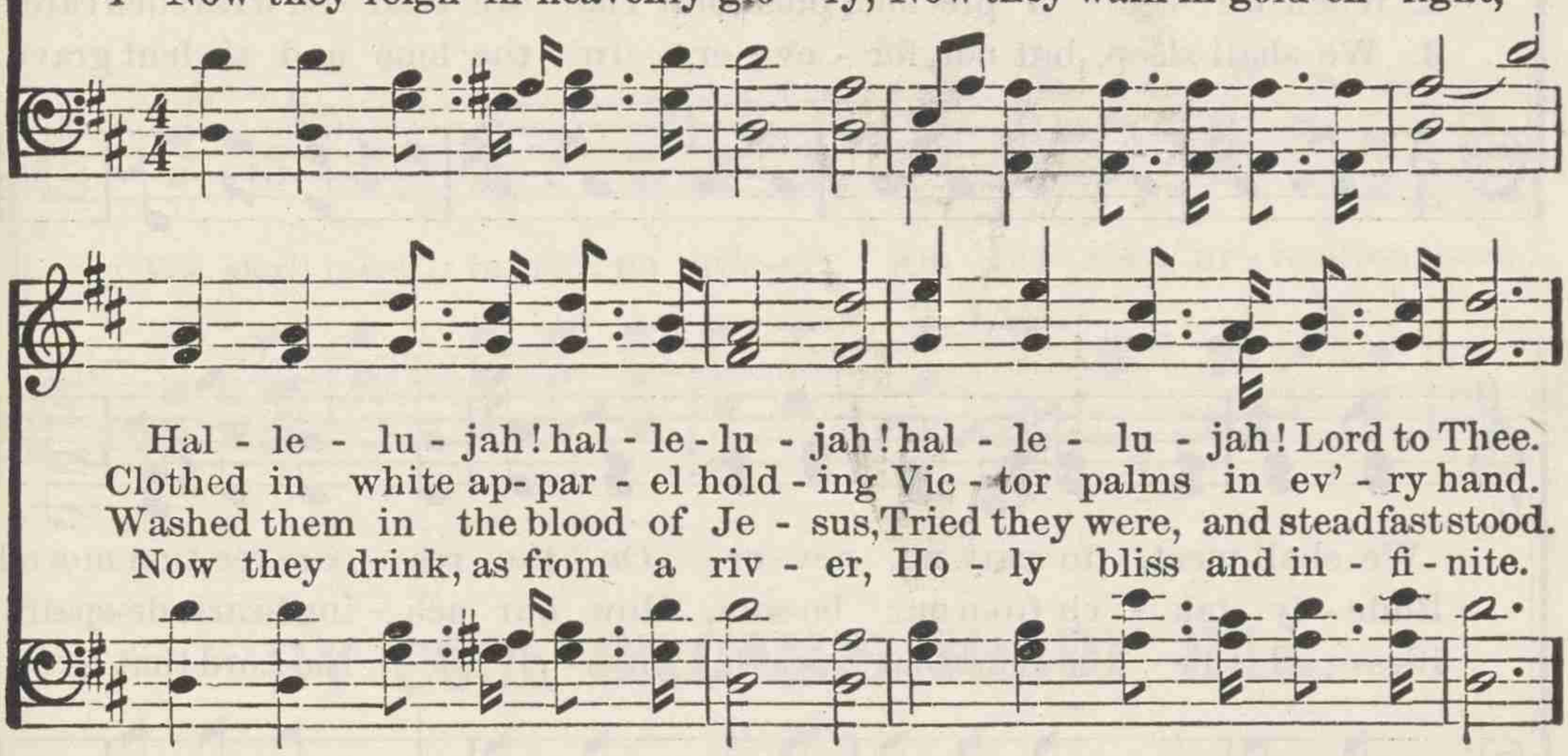
From "Good Will," by per.

AT THE CRYSTAL SEA. 87

C. WORDSWORTH. GEO. C. HUGG.

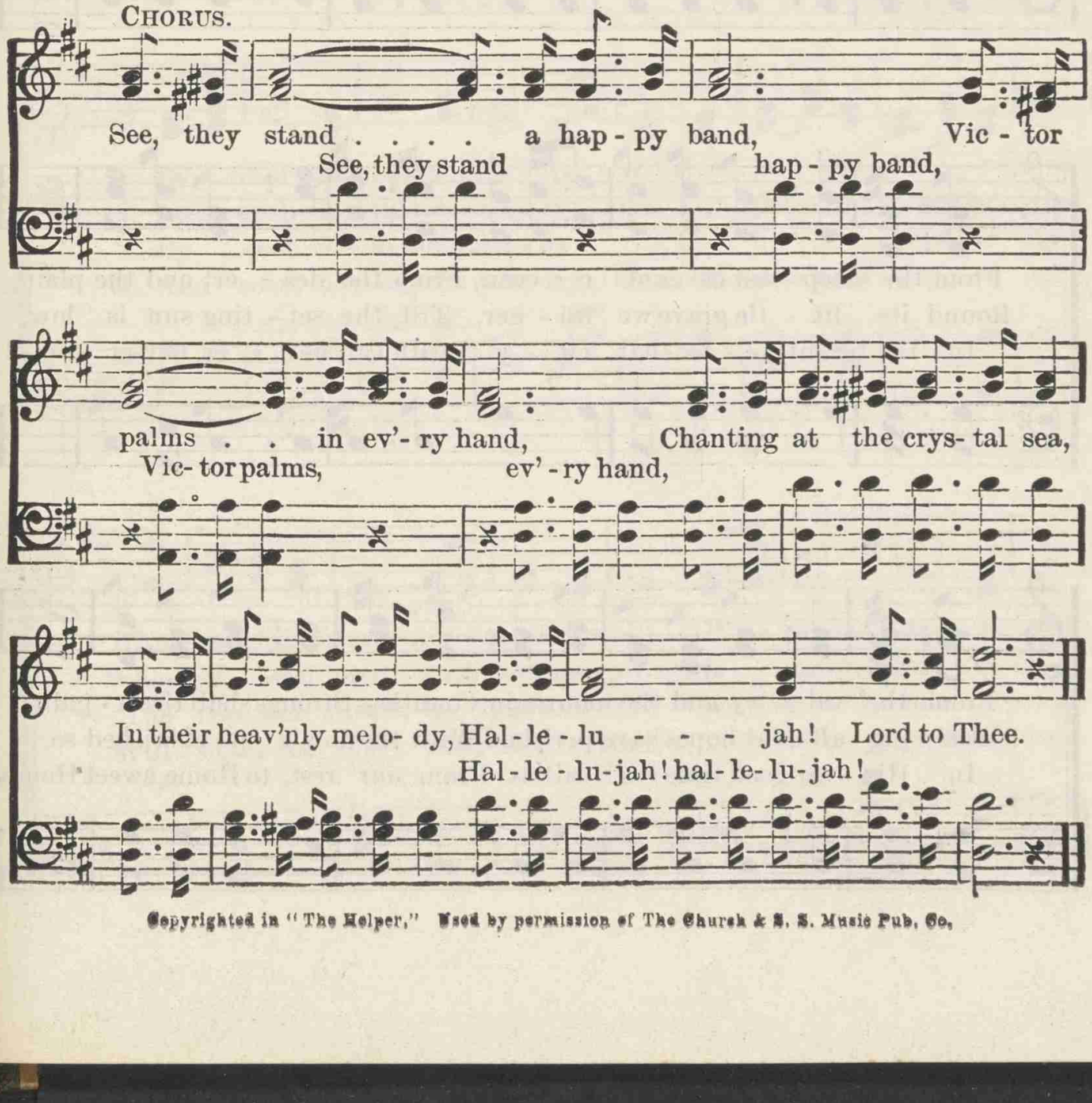
Spirited.

1 Hark, the sound of Ho - ly voic - es Chanting at the crystal sea,
2 Mul - titudes which none can num-ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stand,
3 They have come from trib - u - la-tion, And have washed their robes in blood,
4 Now they reign in heavenly glo - ry, Now they walk in gold-en light,



Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Lord to Thee.
Clothed in white ap- par - el hold - ing Vic - tor palms in ev' - ry hand.
Washed them in the blood of Je - sus, Tried they were, and steadfast stood.
Now they drink, as from a riv - er, Ho - ly bliss and in - fi - nite.

CHORUS.



See, they stand . . . . a hap - py band, Vic - tor
See, they stand hap - py band,
palms . . in ev'- ry hand, Chanting at the crys- tal sea,
Vic- tor palms, ev' - ry hand,
In their heav'nly melo- dy, Hal - le - lu - - - - jah! Lord to Thee.
Hal - le - lu-jah! hal- le- lu-jah!

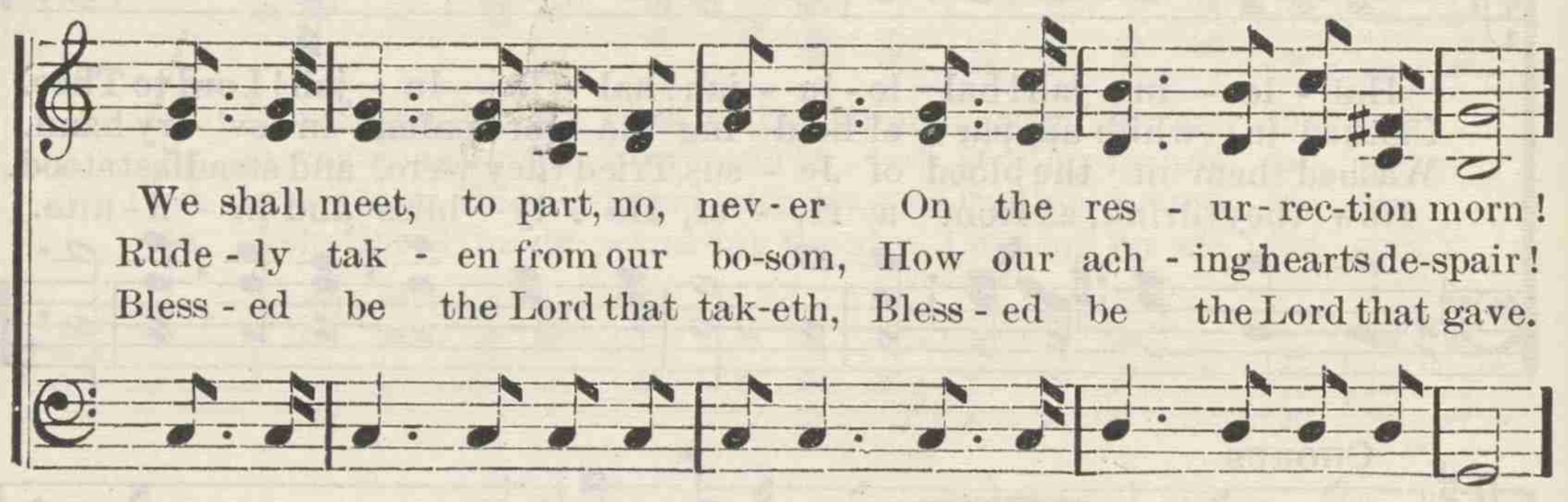
Copyrighted in "The Helper," Used by permission of The Church & S. S. Music Pub. Co.

88 WE SHALL SLEEP, BUT NOT FOREVER.

We were consigning to the shades of the tomb, one of my sweet little sunday school children, this beautiful and appropriate piece was sung.—W. H. SHERWOOD.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. S. J. VAIL, by per.

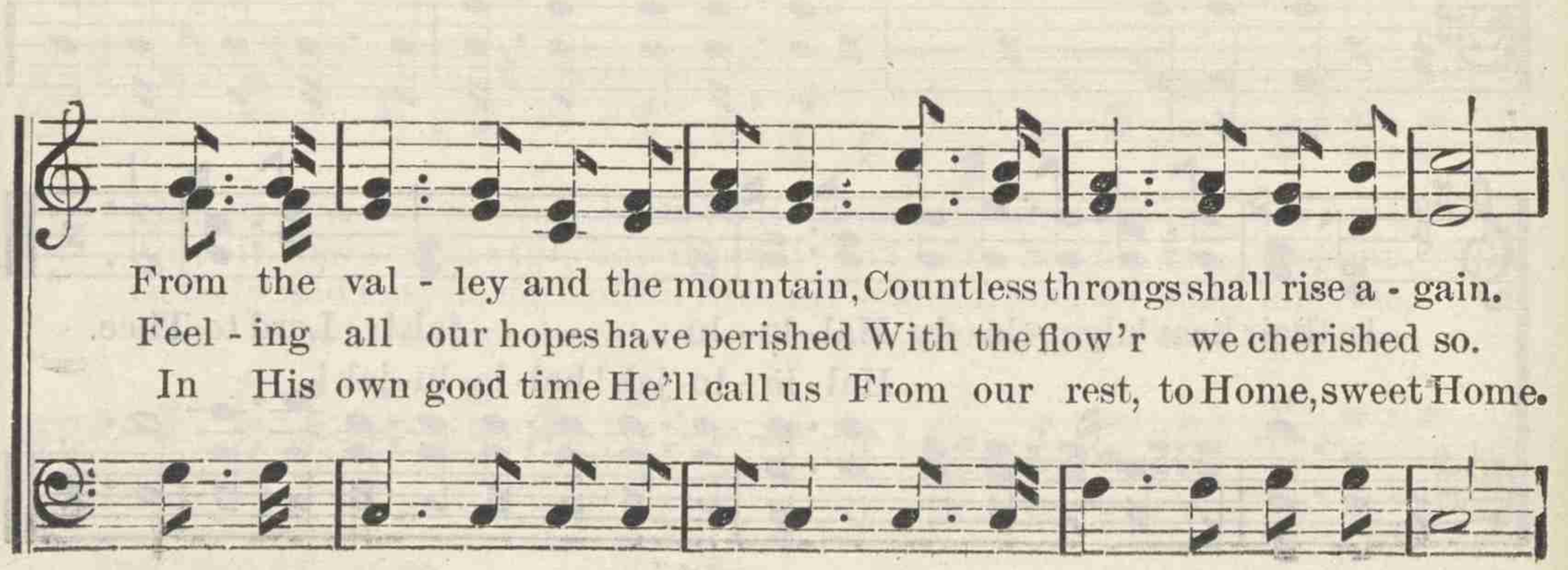
1. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn!
2. When we see a precious blos som That we tend - ed with such care,
3. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, In the lone and si - lent grave;



We shall meet, to part, no, nev - er On the res - ur - rec-tion morn!
Rude - ly tak - en from our bo-som, How our ach - ing hearts de-spair!
Bless - ed be the Lord that tak-eth, Bless - ed be the Lord that gave.

From the deep - est caves of o - cean, From the des - ert and the plain,
Round its lit - tle grave we lin - ger, Till the set - ting sun is low,
In the bright e - ter-nal cit - y Death can nev - er, nev-er come!

From the val - ley and the mountain, Countless throngs shall rise a - gain.
Feel - ing all our hopes have perished With the flow'r we cherished so.
In His own good time He'll call us From our rest, to Home, sweet Home.



WE SHALL SLEEP, Etc.—Concluded.

p CHORUS. *cres.*

We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glo-rious dawn;

We shall meet to part, no nev-er, On the res - ur - rec-tion morn!

BY COOL SILOAM'S SHADY RILL.

(SILOAM.)

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. By cool Si - lo-am's sha - dy rill, How fair the lil - y grows!
2. Lo! such a child whose ear-ly feet The paths of peace have trod,
3. By cool Si - lo-am's sha - dy rill, The lil - y must de - cay;
4. And soon, too soon, the win - try hour Of man's ma - tur - er age,

How sweet the breath be - neath the hill, Of Sharon's dew - y rose!
Whose se - cret heart, with influence sweet, Is upward drawn to God.
The rose that blooms be - neath the hill Must short - ly fade a - way.
Will shake the soul with sorrow's pow'r, And storm - y passion's rage.

90

IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL.

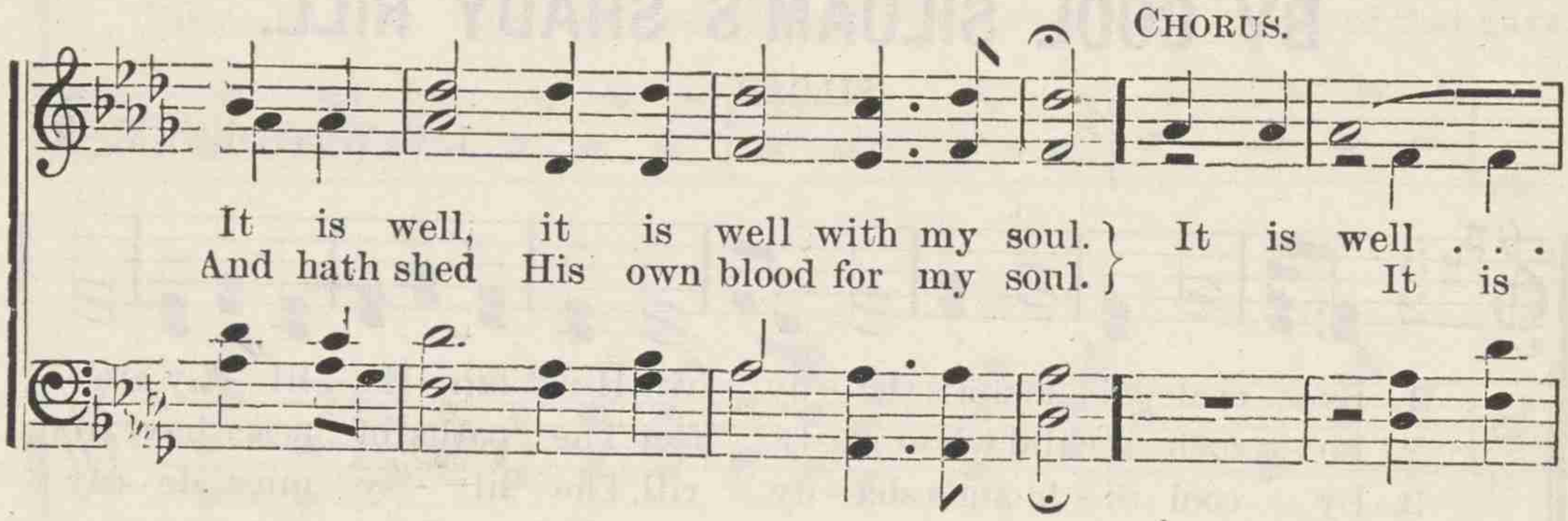
"He hath delivered my soul in peace."

H. G. SPAFFORD. P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at- tend-eth my way, When sorrows, like
2. Though Sa- tan should buf-fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as-

sea - bil-lows, roll; What-ev - er my lot Thou hast taught me to say,
sur- ance con-trol, That Christ hath re-gard-ed my help- less es- tate,

CHORUS.



It is well, it is well with my soul. } It is well . . .
And hath shed His own blood for my soul. } It is

with my soul, . . . It is well, it is well with my soul.
well with my soul,

3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin—not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!

4 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
"Even so"—it is well with my soul.

By per. of The John Church Co., owners of the Copyright.

THE ETERNAL ROCK.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Rejoicingly.

1 When wild - ly beat the storms of life, And heav - y is the chast'ning rod,
2 What hope dis-pels the spirit's gloom, When sinking 'neath affliction's shock?
3 Hope, Grace, and Truth, with gentle hand, Shall lead a bleeding Saviour's flock,

The soul beyond the waves of strife, Views the E-ter - nal Rock, her God.
Faith, thro' the vis - ta of the tomb, Points to the ev - er-last - ing Rock.
And show them, in the promised land, The shelter of th' E-ter - nal Rock.

Chorus.

"Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;"

My spir - it rests in ho - ly calm, The Rock doth shel - ter me.

Copyrighted in "The Helper." Used by permission of The Church & S. S. Music Pub. Co.

"GOING OUT ON THE TIDE."

Suggested by a scene in Pensacola, Florida, on Pensacola Bay, August, 1890. An excursion party had gone out on a pleasure trip with the tide. Its ebbing made their return difficult, and filled their parents and friends with extreme anxiety, one mother exclaiming, "Oh, my God, will my child ever return."

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD.

1. Go - ing out on the tide, life's fast eb-bing tide, And its
2. Go - ing out on the tide, life's high ris - ing tide, And its
3. See how care - less they ride, can the children stem the tide? They are

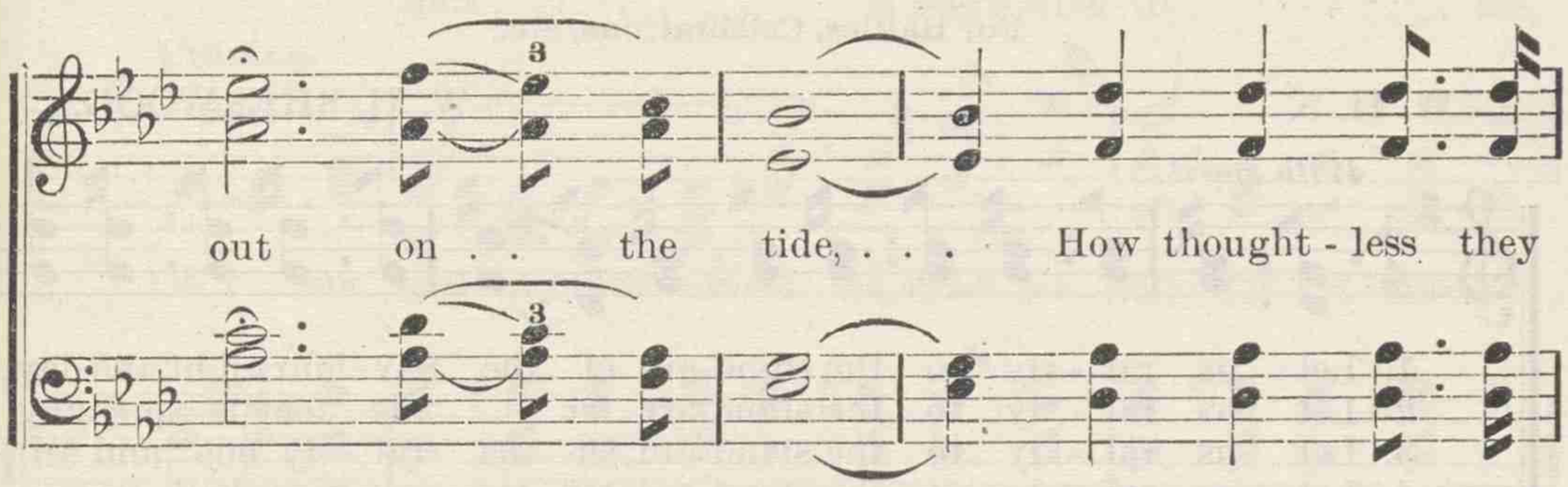
bil-lows how loud - ly they roar, Will the boat the storm a-bide, as they
bil-lows how wild - ly they swell, On - ward boundless they ride on the
out, they are out on the tide, God will temper the tide if in

care - less-ly ride, What, oh, what is the mar - i-ner's goal?
high ris - ing tide, What end - ing the jour - ney will tell.
Him they con-fide, While they all are out on the tide.

CHORUS.

Out on the tide, ... Go - ing out, go - ing
fast ebb - ing tide,

Copyright, 1890, by W. H. Sherwood.



ST. THOMAS. S. M.

GEO. F. HANDEL, Aaron Williams' Coll. 1763.

RALLY TO THE STANDARD.

For Rallies, Celebrations, etc.

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD.

With spirit.

1. Let us ral - ly to the stand-ard of the Sav - iour night and day,
2. Let us ral - ly to the stand-ard for the foe is pressing
3. Let us ral - ly to the stand-ard, let us ral - ly one and all,
4. Let us ral - ly to the stand-ard till the vic- t'ry shall be won,

For the call for vol - un-teers is heard a - broad;
And the bat - tle for the right demands our zeal;
Do . . not stand with the cow - ard or the foe;
Let us ral - ly, let us fight un-til we die;

Let us of - fer our serv - ice, let us throw our fears a-way,
Let us ral - ly to the stand-ard, let us ral - ly with - out fear,
Let us ral - ly to the stand-ard, when we hear the Captain's call,
Let us ral - ly, let us ral - ly, let us ral - ly on and on,

En - list - ed in the ar - my of the Lord.
'Tis the sword of the spir - it that we weal.
With cour - age to the bat - tle let us go.
Let us ral - ly we'll tri - umph by and by.

Copyright, 1893, by W. H. Sherwood.

soul . . . . . is brave with-in me,

CHORUS.

Oh, my soul it burns with-in me, When He calls for vol-un-teers;

When my Cap - - - - tain's voice I hear, ...

Oh, my soul how brave it makes me, When my Captain's voice I hear;

ral - - - - ly to the stand - - - ard,

I . . will ral-ly to the standard, And up-hold it with-out fear,

Can I stand and hear Him call for vol - un-teers.

WHO WILL GO?

"Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all nations."—Matt. 28 : 19.

Verses 1, 2 T. A. B. Unknown. THOS. A. BARTON.

1. To the lost ones far or near, Who will go, who will go?
2. Christ has promised to pro-vide, Will you go, will you go?
3. Thro' the doors that - pen stand, Who will go, who will go?
4. Soul, does Je - sus speak to you? Will you go, will you go?

For their lives to Christ are dear, Who will go, who will go?
But in Him you must con-fide, Will you go, will you go?
Calls in - vite on ev - 'ry hand, Who will go, who will go?
Has He work for you to do? Will you go, will you go?

Chi - na calls you, and Ja - pan, Af - so Cu-ba's need-y land,
Nev - er doubting, for-ward go, You can conquer ev - 'ry foe,
You whom Christ from sin hath freed, Hear the Lord of glo - ry plead
He has borne the cross be - fore, He will keep the crown in store,

And to Af - ric's blood-y sand, Who will go, who will go?
Then the "nations" Christ shall know. Will you go, will you go?
For the lands that lie in need, Who will go, who will go?
En - ter then, the o - pen door! Will you go will you go?

Copyright, 1908, by Wm. M. Bell.

Used by permission.

STEAL AWAY.

This old time spiritual was compose and sung by the poor negro slaves in the times of their bitterest sorrows and well deserves a place in the Harp of Zion.

W. H. SHERWOOD.

98

MASTER, THE TEMPEST IS RAGING.

M. A. BAKER. H. R. PALMER.

Copyrighted in "The Helper." Used by permission of The Church & S. S. Music Pub. Co.

Chorus.

p *pp*

The winds and the waves shall obey Thy will, Peace, be still! . . .

Peace, be still! peace, be still!

cres. - - - - -

Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or demons or men, or whatever it be

- - - - *cen* - - - - - - - *do.*

No wa-ters can swallow the ship where lies The Mas-ter of o-cean and

ff *m*

earth, and skies; They all so sweet-ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, be still!

p

Peace, be still! They all so sweetly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

Copyrighted in "The Helper." Used by permission of The Church & S. S. Music Pub. Co.

100 THE SCATTERED RACE.

M. W. H. BRANCH. W. H. SHERWOOD.

Copyright, 1893, by W. H. Sherwood.

CHORUS.

O - ver there, ... o - ver there . . . . . .
o - ver there, o - ver there,

There's a land of pure de - light o - ver

there, We will lay our bur - den
o - ver there,

down and the shin - ing throne sur - round, And we'll

wear a star - ry crown o - ver there. . . . . .
o - ver there.

GOING HOME.

"Willing rather to be absent from the body, and be present with the Lord."—2 Cor. 5: 8.

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD.

1. Go - ing home, go - ing home,
1. Bless - ed home, hap - py home,
Go - ing home, beau - ti - ful home,
Joy - ful home, beau- ti- ful home,
Go - ing home, peace - ful home,
Hap - py home, shin - ing home,
Je - sus smiles and bids me to come.

Copyright, 1893, by W. H. Sherwood.

2 Going home, ne'er to roam,
To my home, beautiful home,
To my home beyond the sky,
Where my greatest Joy lies.

3 By and by, by and by,
Going home beyond the sky,
When the sorrows all are past,
I shall reach my home at last.

4 Here my stay can't be long,
Soon my work on earth is done;
Christ will soon call me home,
When my duty here is done.

5 Fare you well, fare you well,
Going home with Christ to dwell,
Soon I'll ring the charming bells,
When I bid this world farewell.

6 There we'll sing, sweetly sing,
Make the harps of heaven ring;
We will stand by the throne,
When we all are safe at home.

7 Welcome home, safely home,
Brightest home, beautiful home,
Shining home, smiling home,
Safe at home, no more to roam.

NO PLACE TO LAY HIS HEAD.

HARVEY REYNOLDS. GEO. C. HUGG.

With expression.

1. O'er the dark wave of Gal - i - lee The
2. The wea - ry bird has left the air, And
3. Still near the lake, with wea - ry tread, Lin -
4. Why seeks He not a home of rest? Why

gloom of twi- light gath - ers fast, And on the wa - ters,
sunk in - to his shel- ter'd nest; The wand'ring beast has
- gers a form of hu - man kind, And on His lone un-
seeks He not a pil - low'd bed? Beasts have their dens, the

drear - i - ly, De- scends the fit - ful eve - ning blast.
sought his lair, And laid him down to wel- come rest.
- shel - ter'd head Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.
bird its nest; He hath not where to lay His head.

Chorus.

Beasts have their lairs, And birds their down - y nests,

But the Son of God Hath not where to lay His head.

Copyrighted in " The Helper." Used by permission of The Church & S. S. Music Pub. Co.

PRAISE OUR CREATOR. 105

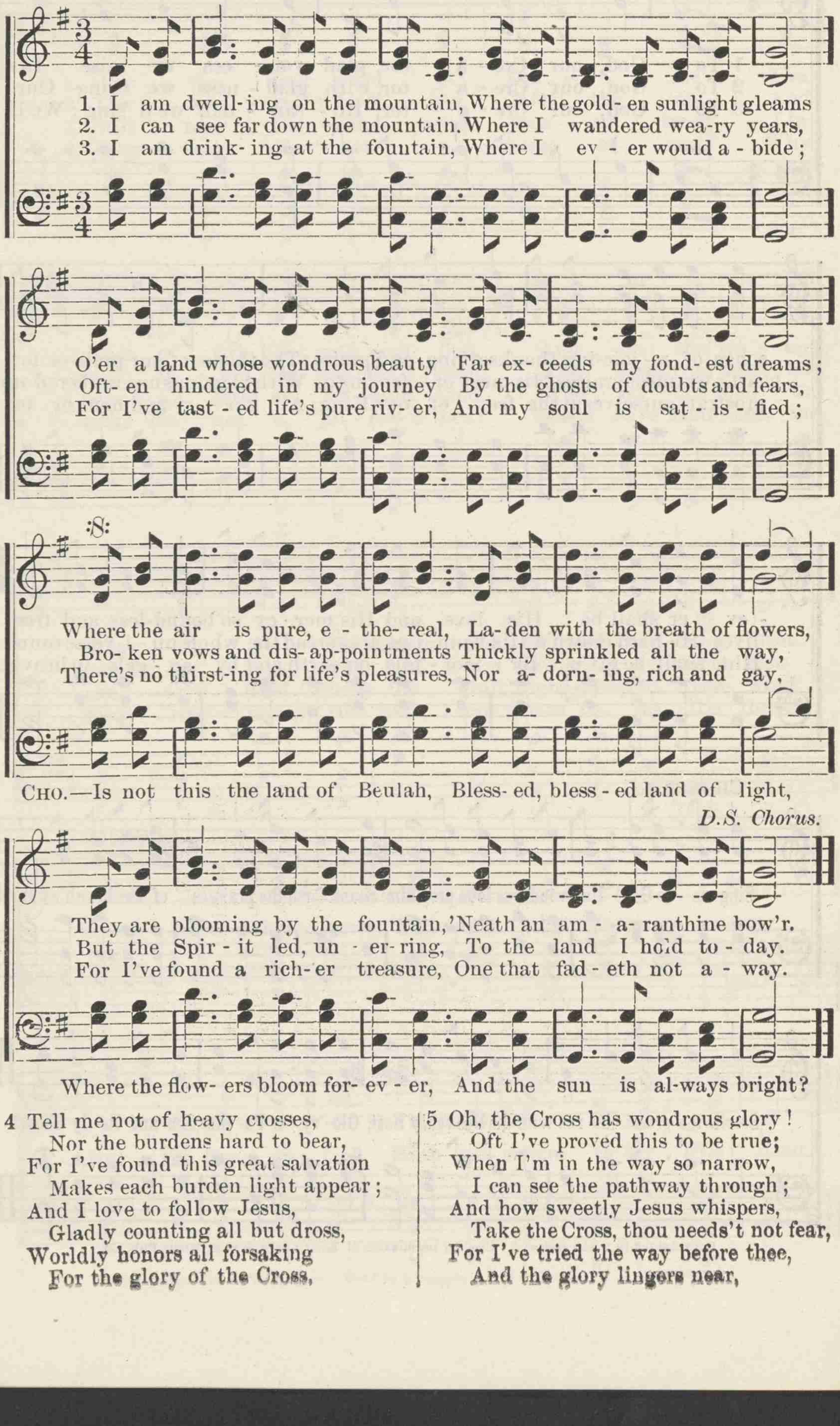
ANNA McCLINTOCK. ADAM GEIBEL.

Copyrighted in "The Helper." Used by permission of The Church & S. S. Music Pub. Co.

106 IS NOT THIS THE LAND OF BEULAH?

This sentiment was awakened in the heart of the author in 1878 as he was passing along a sparkling brook in a mellow scented region of Florida. Sung from ballad in many of his meetings.

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD.



4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking
For the glory of the Cross,

5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
Oft I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow,
I can see the pathway through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers,
Take the Cross, thou needs't not fear,
For I've tried the way before thee,
And the glory lingers near,

EASTER BELLS. 107

Miss F. E. PETTINGELL. FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

1. Welcome, day of res - ur - rec- tion, Thy tri-umph we will sing,
2. 'Tis a theme that just - ly claim eth, A car - ol glad and strong,
3. Welcome, day of hope and prom-ise, All hail, ex ult - ant King!

And the bells a grate- ful tri - bute Of praise to thee shall bring.
And the mer- ry bells shall ech - o, The meas - ure of our song.
Bells and voi- ces sweet- ly join- ing, Thy wor - thy hon- or ring.

CHORUS.—*Voices in unison.* ECHO. 8*va*. . . . . .

Yes, the mer - ry bells are chim - ing,

ECHO. 8*va* . . . . . .

The sweet- toned East - er bells;

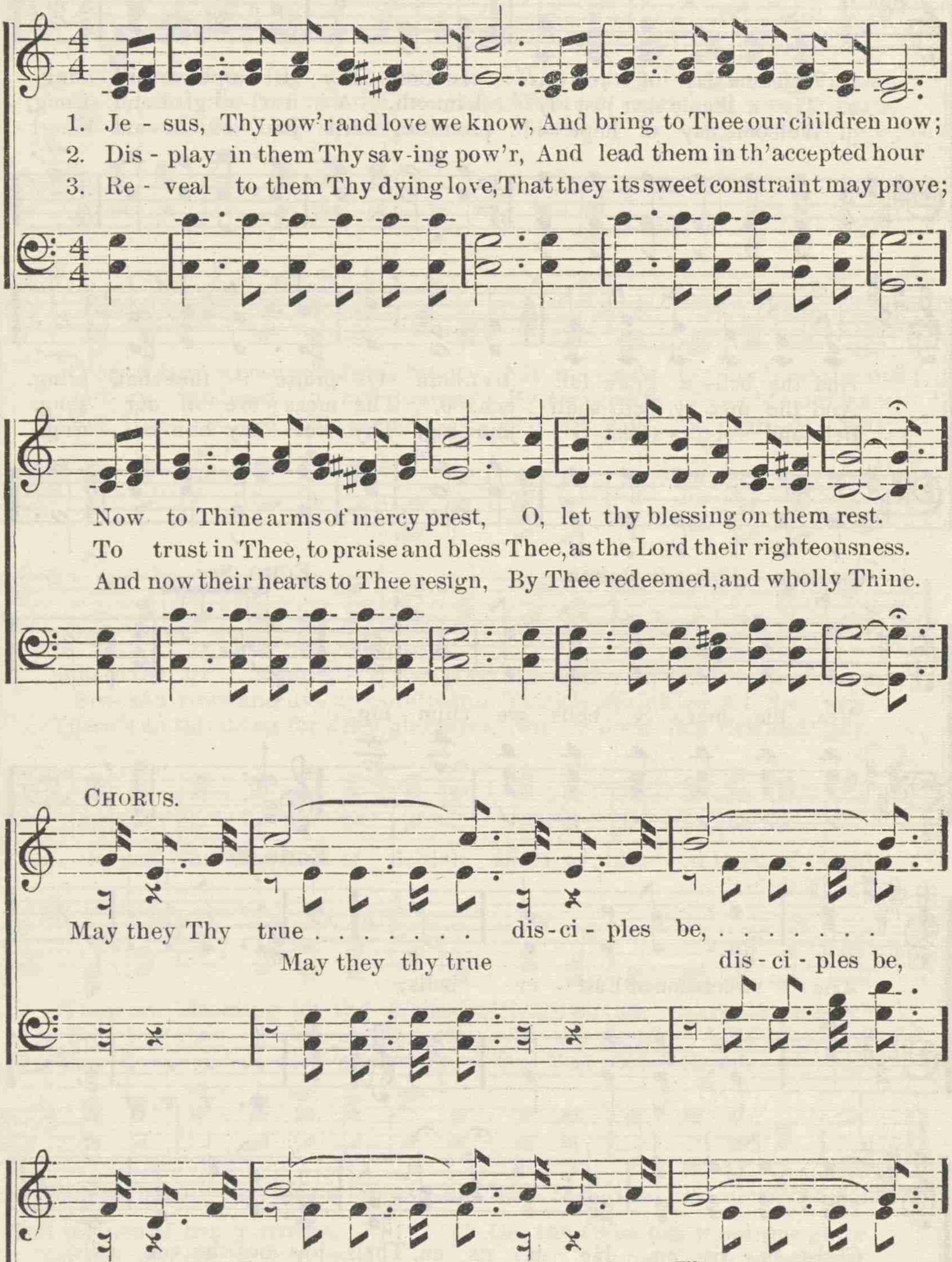
Christ is ris - en, He is ris - en, Their joy - ous cho rus tells.

Copyrighted in "The Helper." Used by permission of The Church & S. S. Music Pub. Co.

A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

"And they brought little children to Him."—MARK 10: 19.

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD.



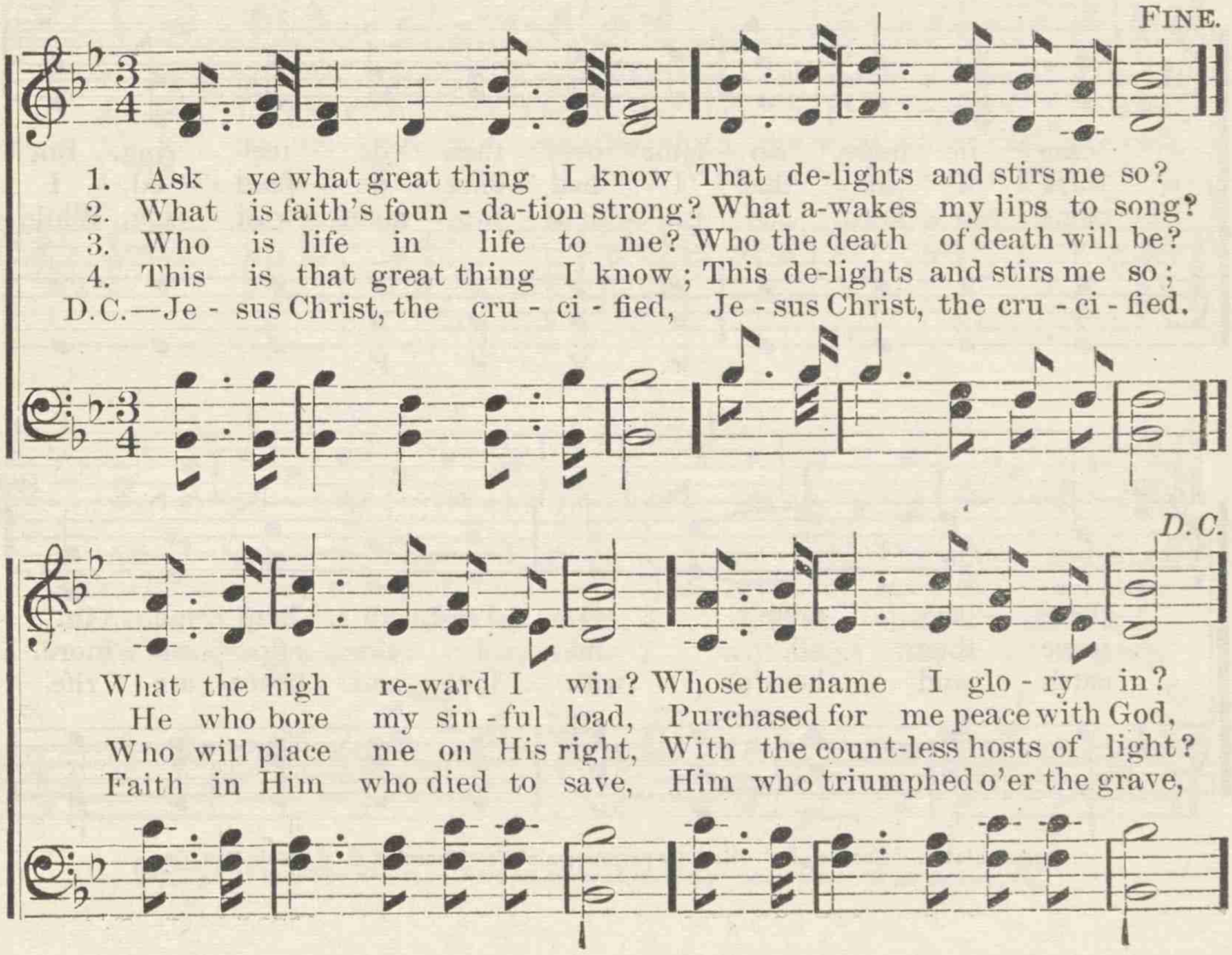
From "Soothing Songs."

ASK YE WHAT GREAT THING I KNOW.

(TOPLADY. 7s. 6 lines.)

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

FINE.



D.C.

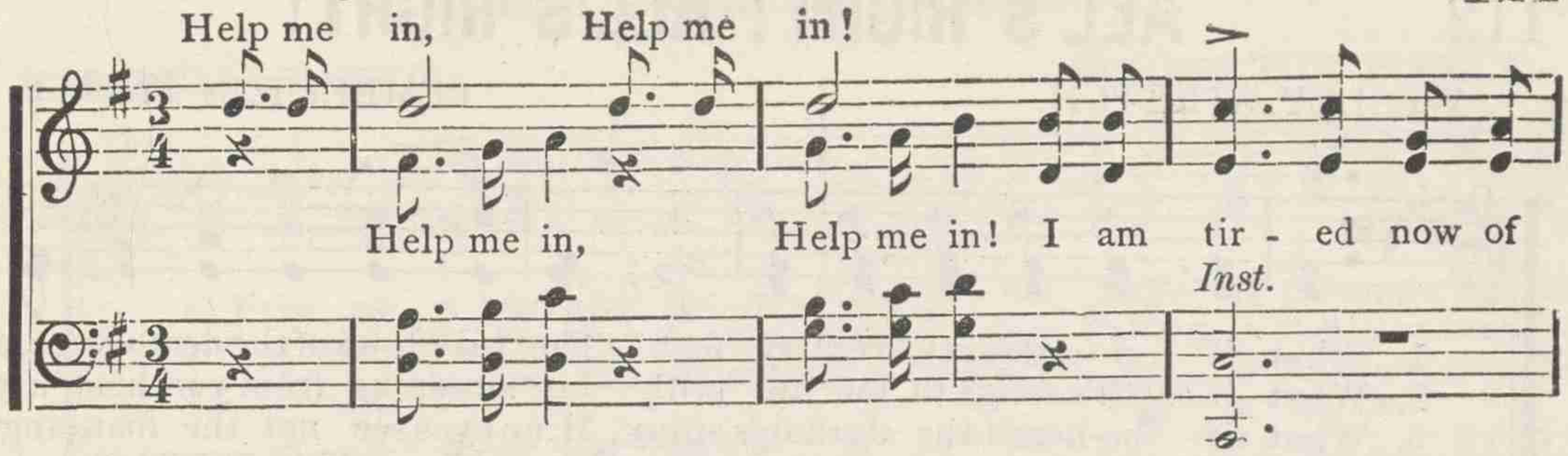
BETHESDA.

MARY A. McKEE. ADAM GEIBEL.

Slowly and with great expression.

Copyrighted in "The Helper." Used by permission of The Church & S. S. Music Pub. Co.

Refrain. Quartette.



TRUSTING.

P. P. PEMBERTON PIERCE.

Copyrighted in "The Helper." Used by permission of The Church & S. S. Music Pub. Co.

ALL'S RIGHT! ALL'S RIGHT!

WESLEY STRETCH. PEMBERTON PIERCE.

Copyrighted in "The Helper." Used by permission of The Church & S S. Music Pub Co.

MARY A. McKEE. PEMBERTON PIERCE.

1. Free as a bird that escapes from the net, Leav-ing the snare that the
2. Free from the cloud that enveloped the law, Bathed in the light that the
3. Glo - ry to God! for our sentence is stayed, All is fulfilled, and the

fowl - er has set; Sing hal - le - lu - jah! he can - cels our debt,—
proph - ets foresaw, He our Redeem - er to him all will draw;
sac - ri - fice made; Pre - cious and price-less, un-measured, unweighed,

CHORUS.

All the demands of the law have been met. Free from the bondage and
Come and be-hold him with rapture and awe.
Am - ple a - tonement! our ransom is paid!

ser-vice of sin, Free from the lab - or, the strife, and the din; Free from the

fetters that bound us so long, We will rejoice in the Lord great and strong.

Copyrighted in "The Helper." Used by permission of The Church & S. S. Music Pub. Co.

114

STRONG TO REDEEM.

H. L. H.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1 Strong to re-deem is the Lord who hath made me,
2 He from the depths heard the voice of my call - ing;
3 Safe on the Rock He hath found - ed my go - ings;
4 Ma - ny shall see where the Sav - iour hath brought me,

Might-y to save is the cru - ci - fied One; He by His love free-ly
Saw my distress in the pit and the clay; Pit-ied my sor-rows, and
Fixed the founda - tion im-mu - ta - bly strong, Wakened my spirit to
Res-cued by grace and renewed by His word; Many shall hear of the

giv'n hath redeem'd me, Tell, oh, my soul, what great things He hath done.
an-swered my pleadings, Lift-ed me up to the glo - ry of day.
thank-ful out-pour-ings, O-pened my lips to the rap - ture of song.
blood that hath bought me; Ma-ny shall love, and shall trust in the Lord.

CHORUS. *With great power.*

Strong to redeem, strong to redeem, Might-y to save is the

rit.

Cru - ci - fied One; Tell, oh! my soul, what great things He hath done.

Copyrighted in "The Helper." Used by permission of The Church & S. S. Music Pub. Co.

HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

Moderato. Arr. by F. L. A.

1 Hark! hark! my soul, an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green
2 On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry
3 Rest comes at length, though life be long and drear - y, The day must
4 Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of

fields and ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are
souls, for Je - sus bids you come," And thro' the dark, its ech - oes gen - tly
dawn, and darksome night be past; All jour - neys end in welcomes to the
Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls, by thousands meekly

tell - ing, Of that new life, where sin shall be no more.
ring - ing, The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home.
wea - ry, And Heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
steal - ing, Kind Shep - herd, turn their wea - ry steps to thee.

CHORUS.

An - gels of Je - sus! an - gels of light, Sing - ing to welcome the
pilgrims of the night, Sing - ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Copyrighted in "The Helper." Used by permission of The Church & S. S. Music Pub. Co.

116 THE CHURCH IS MOVING ON.

This Anthem may be used to great appropriation for Church Rallies, Collections, Conferences, and Celebrations by changing the words "Church" and putting "School" or Temperance Meeting by using the word "Our cause is moving on."

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD.

CHORUS.

Mov - ing on, mov - ing on, Oh, the church . . . is mov- ing on,

Mov- ing on, mov- ing on,

Mov- ing on, mov-ing

Oh, the church mov-ing on, mov-ing on,

FINE.

on, Oh, the church . . . . . is mov- ing on.

mov - ing on, Oh, the church

1. With the heav'n- ly ar - mor shin-ing bright,
2. We will cheer our hearts with hap- py song,
3. On ev - er - y mount the ban- ner waves,

} moving on,

mov - ing

moving on, moving on,

We are wag-ing war for truth and
In the Lord of hosts our hope is
In Je - sus' name it has been

on, moving on,

right, strong, raised, } moving on, mov-ing on, mov- ing on,

mov- ing on, to vic - to - ry,

With the pow'r and might of Christ our Lord, Soon we'll reach the land of end - less day, Let us all stand by the grand old chart, } mov - ing moving on,

on, mov-ing on,

moving on, moving on, Guided by the ev - er bless- ed We must conquer Sa - tan all the Let ev- 'ry sol- dier bear his

D.C.

Word, mov- ing on, Oh, our church is mov - ing on.
way, mov- ing on, Oh, our church is mov - ing on.
part, mov- ing on, Oh, the church is mov - ing on. Mov- ing on.

EASTER BELLS.

Miss F. E. PETTINGILL. GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Ring, bells, ring out the sto - ry Of our ris - en Lord and King,
2. Ring, bells, in joy - ous cho - rus, Give the wait ing na - tions cheer,
3. Ring, bells, your sweetest mu - sic, Christ our King ascends on high,
4. Ring, bells, He ev - er liv - eth, Lives and reigns with God a - bove,

He hath despoiled the spoil - er, Glad - ly now His prais- es ring.
Join all our hearts and voi - ces, Christ is ris - en, do not fear.
A - gain in clouds He com - eth, Je - sus lives and death shall die.
Ring loud and clear His tri - umphs, God is mer - cy, God is love.

* Small notes for bells.

Copyrighted in "The Helper." Used by permission of The Church & S. S. Music Pub. Co.

SAVED BY GRACE.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN, by per.

Copyrighted in "The Helper." Used by permission of The Church & S. S. Music Pub. Co.

GRATEFUL PRAISE.

PHILLIPS. FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

1. We bring no glitt'ring treasures,—No gems from earth's deep mine; We come, with cheer-ful meas - ures To chant Thy love di - vine. Children, Thy fav - ors shar-ing,
2. The dear-est gifts of heav - en, Love's written word of truth; To us is ear - ly giv - en To guide our steps in youth. We hear the wond'rous sto- ry,—
3. Re-deem-er, great thy bless - ing, Oh, teach us how to pray; That each, Thy fear pos- ses - ing, May tread life's onward way. Then where the pure are dwelling.

Their voice of thanks would raise; O Lord, ac - cept our off'-ring,—Our
The tale of Cal - va - ry; We read of homes in glo - ry, From
We hope to meet a - gain; And sweet the num- ber swell- ing, For-

CHORUS.

song of grate- ful praise.
sin and sor - row free.
- ev - er praise Thy name.
} Sing! sing! joy-ous-ly sing Grateful ho-san-nas to

ritard. . . . . . *a tempo.* *Repeat Chorus pp ad lib.*

Je - sus, our King! Sing! sing! joyous- ly sing! Praises un- ceas-ing bring.

From "The Crowning Triumph," by per. F. A. North & Co.

Copyrighted in "The Helper." Used by permission of The Church & S. S. Music Pub. Co.

I STOOD OUTSIDE THE GATE.

"Enter ye in at the strait gate."—MATT. 7: 13.

Miss JOSEPHINE POLLARD. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1. I stood out- side the gate, A poor, way- far- ing child; With-
2. Oh, "Mer-cy!" loud I cried, "Now give me rest from sin!" "I
3. In Mer- cy's guise I knew The Sav- iour long a - bused, Who

in my heart there beat A tem-pest loud and wild; A fear oppressed my
will," a voice replied, And mer- cy let me in; She bound my bleeding
oft- en sought my heart, And wept when I re- fused; Oh! what a blest re-

soul, That I might be *too late*; And oh, I trembled sore, And
wounds, And soothed my heart oppress; She washed a-way my guilt And
turn For all my years of sin! I stood out-side the gate, And

prayed out-side the gate, And prayed out- side . . the gate.
gave me peace and rest, And gave me peace . . and rest.
Je - sus let me in, And Je - sus let. . . me in.

ANTHEM OF PRAISE.

NOTE.—This piece may be sung through as Full Chorus, omitting the first repeat, singing the second Quartet very softly, Sopranos taking the Obligato Solo, leaving the harmony parts to the Altos. The movement in triple measure should be sung in slow and exact time until the last strain is reached, which should t accelerated as indicated. It will be found more interesting, if possible to sing it as marked.

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD.

FULL CHORUS. *Allegretto.* QUARTET *1st time.*

ff *mp*

1. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Praise the Lord . . . in the
2. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Praise the Lord . . . in a

Praise the Lord,

ff

beau - - - ty of ho - - - - li - ness. Praise Him
new . . . . . and a joy - - - - ful song. Praise Him

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,

Rep. each v. Full Chorus.

with . . . the lute and harp, . . Praise Him in the voice of melo-dy.
for . . . His mighty acts, . . Praise Him in the sound of harmony.

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,

QUARTET. *Moderato.* OBLIGATO SOLO.

mp

For His mer-cy en-dur-eth, en-dur-eth for- ev- er, For His mer - cy en-
mer-cy en-dur-eth, en-dur-eth for- ev- er, mer-cy en -

dur-eth, en- dur - eth for- ev - er. For His mer- cy en - dur - eth, en -
dur-eth, en- dur-eth for - ev - er, mer- cy en - dur - eth, en -

Return to 2d v.

dureth for - ev - er, For His mercy en - dur- eth, en - dur- eth for - ev- er.

FULL CHORUS.

ff

For His mer - cy en - dur - eth, en - dur - eth, en - dur- eth,

ff

For His mer - cy en - dur- eth, en - dur - eth for - ev - er.

Accelerando.

1 2

Slow.

For ev - er and for- ev - er and ev- er. A- men. ev - er. A- men.

124 THERE'S MUCH WE CAN DO.

Rev. J. H. MANLY. GEO. F. THOMPSON.

SOLO *Allegro Con espressione.*

1. There's much we can do if we work with a will, No
2. So much we can do in the sow - ing of seed, Some
3. So much we can do in the reap - ing of wheat, Some

time to be wast - ed to - day; . . . . . The
fields are yet bar - ren and waste; . . . . The
fields for the har - vest are white; . . . So

Mas - ter is read - y our la - bors to bless, And
foe will be bus - y in spread - ing the tares, Then
much may be lost when the har - vest is past If

Copyright, 1893, by J. H. Manly.

wag - es He of - fers to pay. . . . . .
go and be work - ing with haste. . . . .
left to the mil - dew and blight. . . . .

CHORUS.

No time to be wast-ed, for ma - ny the fields, And la- bor-ers, as

ev - er, are few; . . . . . A - way to the work that is
la- bor-ers are few,

need-ing a hand! So much! O, so much we can do. . . . .
much we can do.

"I WILL FIGHT."

"Fight the good fight of faith."

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD, D. D.

1. I want to be a sol- dier for the Lord, I will defend His
2. My Captain's gone be- fore me on the field, I promised Him to
3. I take my stand a-round His ho - ly staff, I place my hands and
4. The Captain wants no cowards in His band, The Mas- ter calls for
5. And when on earth the bat- tle strife shall end, The Heav'nly sky the

ev- er- lasting word, I will fight, I will stay, and prove faithful ev'ry day,
fol-low at His will, I will follow where He goes, till He conquers all His foes,
feet up-on His path, I will hold to the cross, counting all the world but dross,
valiant hearted men, I will fight till I die, I will hold my banner high,
victor's voice shall rend, I will shout the struggle o'er and will study war no more,

D.S.—volunteered to stay, and be faithful ev'ry day,

In the ar - my of the Lord. I will fight, I will always fight,

In the ar - my of the Lord.

stay, In the ar- my, bless-ed ar- my of my Lord, I have always stay, of my Lord.

Copyright, 1891, by W. H. Sherwood, D. D.

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD, D. D.

1. Each day of my life I am bothered some way, Ma - ny the
2. When tri - als and troub-les rise high o'er the way, The worst thing
3. In ev - 'ry con - di - tion the Mas - ter doth say, The children

troubles that lie in the way; There is a something that whispers to
in life is to neglect to pray; At ev'ry vexation there's a whisper which
of men ought al- ways to pray; No mat- ter how heavy the burden may

CHORUS.

me, To car- ry it all to the Lord each day.
says, Take it to the Lord, to the Lord each day. } Take it to the
be, Take it to the Lord, to the Lord each day.

Lord, ... Take it to the Lord, ...
Take it to the Lord, Take it to the Lord,

There is a something that whispers to me, Take it to the Lord, to the Lord each day.

Copyright, 1893, by W. H. Sherwood,

JESUS KNOCKING.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD, D. D.

1. Je - sus is knock - ing all the night long, At my hard
2. Je - sus is call - ing all the day long, At my poor
3. Je - sus, do soft - en my heart of stone, Ev - 'ry con -

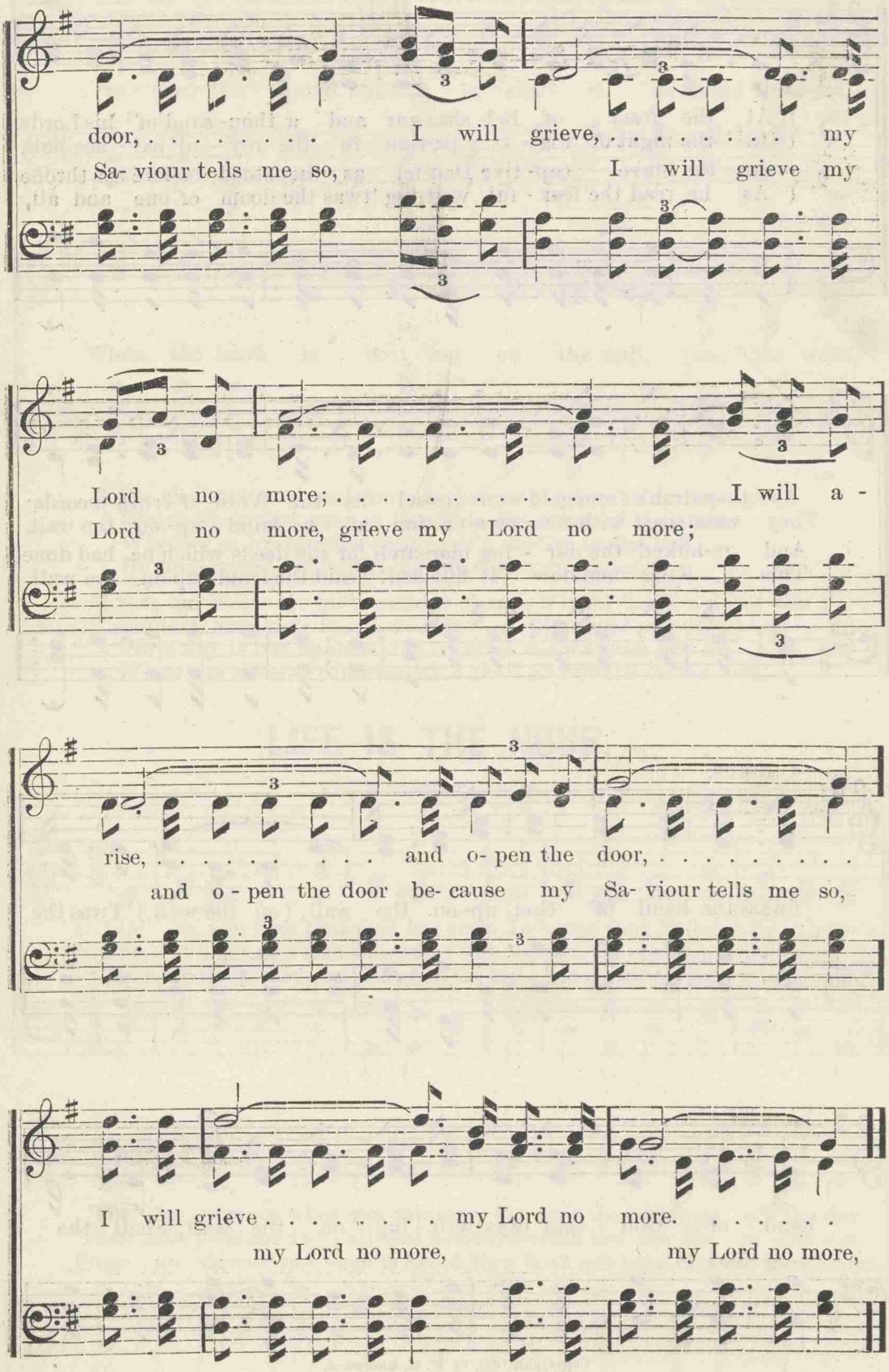
heart in Si - lence and Song, And in my hard heart the
heart, I know I am wrong, To keep Him thus knock - ing
di - tion of hardness break down, Give me the pow - er to

strug- gle goes on, Wa- ging a war for right against wrong.
out- side my heart, I will o - pen be - fore he de- parts.
throw off this load, Lay hold of Thy word, Thy word, oh ! Lord.

CHORUS.

I will a - rise, ... and o - pen the
and o - pen the door be- cause my

Copyright, 1893, by W. H. Sherwood, D. D.


door, ... I will grieve, ... my
Sa- viour tells me so, I will grieve my
Lord no more; . . . . . I will a -
Lord no more, grieve my Lord no more;
rise, ... and o- pen the door, ...
and o - pen the door be- cause my Sa- viour tells me so,
I will grieve . . . . . my Lord no more. . . . . .
my Lord no more, my Lord no more,

130 THE HAND ON THE WALL.

J. W. H. As sung by Bishop J. W. HOOD.

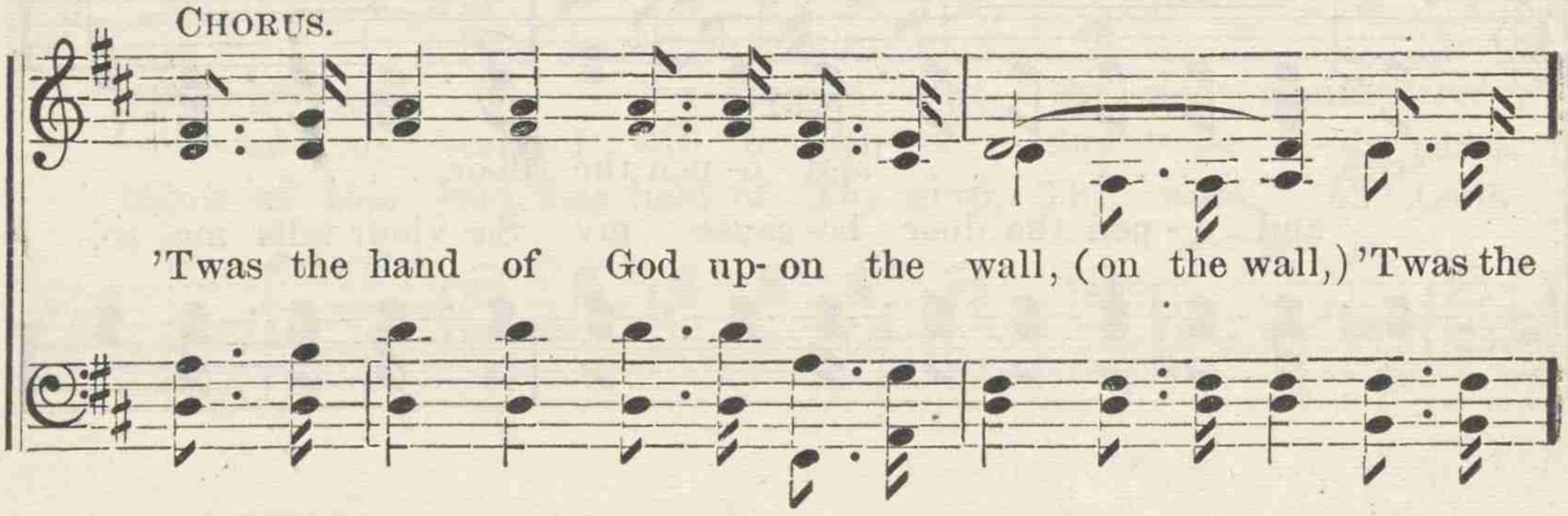
With solemn expression.

1. At the feast of Bel- shaz-zar and a thou- sand of his Lords,
   In the night of dis - i - pa-tion in the roy - al pal - ace hall,

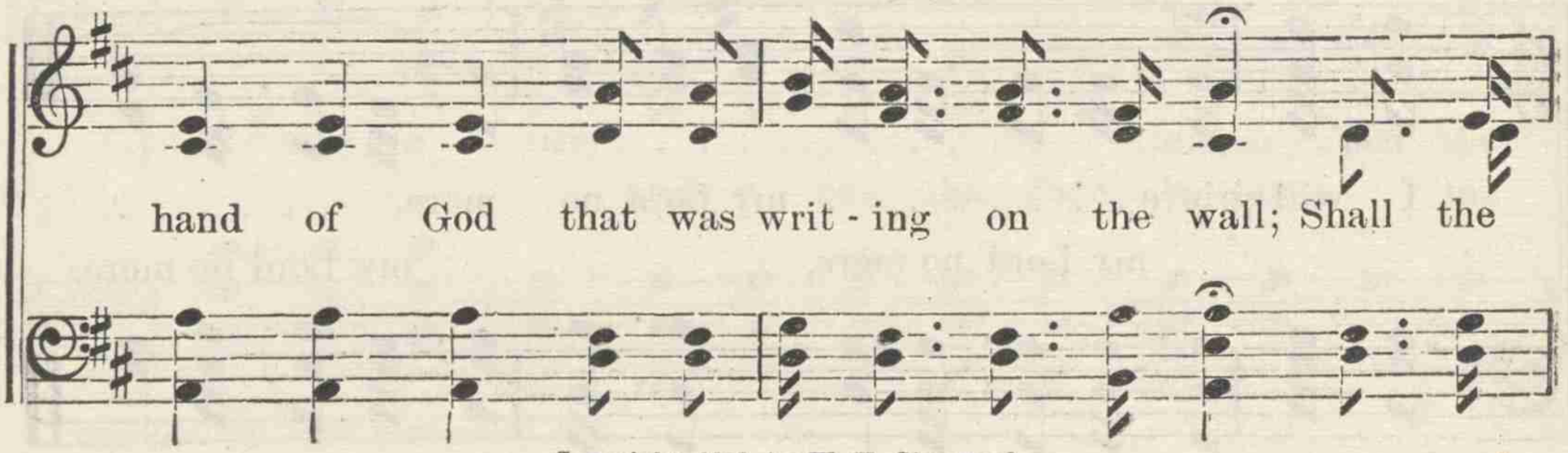
2. See the brave cap- tive Dan-iel as he stood be-fore the throne,
   As he read the fear - ful writ-ing 'twas the doom of one and all,

As they drank from gold - en ves-sel as the Word of Truth records;
They were sized with con - ster- na-tion at a hand up- on the wall.
And re-buked the dar - ing mon-arch for the deeds which he had done,
This King- dom now is finished!" said the hand up-on the wall.

CHORUS.

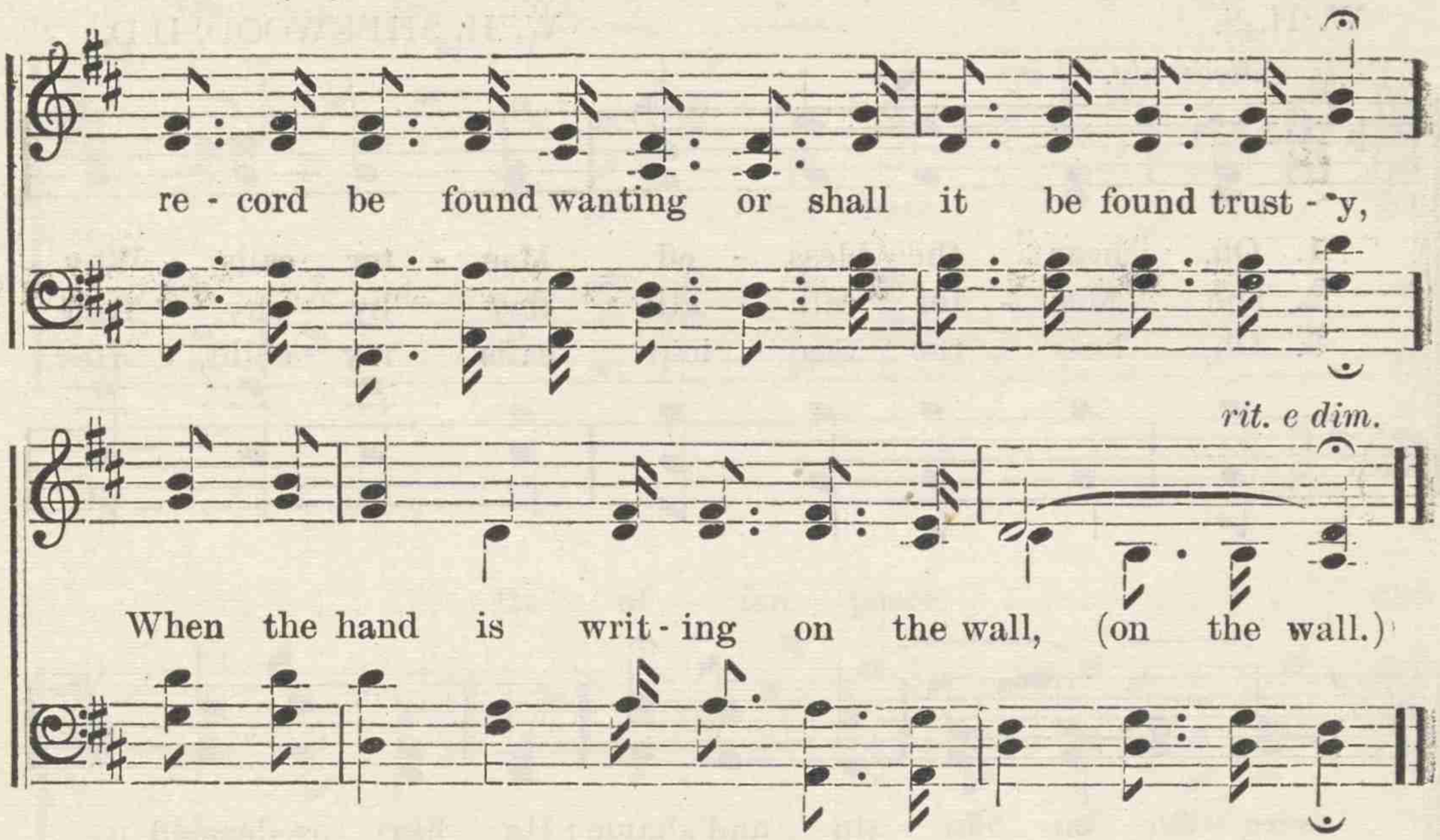


'Twas the hand of God up- on the wall, (on the wall,) 'Twas the



hand of God that was writ - ing on the wall; Shall the

Copyright, 1893, by W. H. Sherwood.



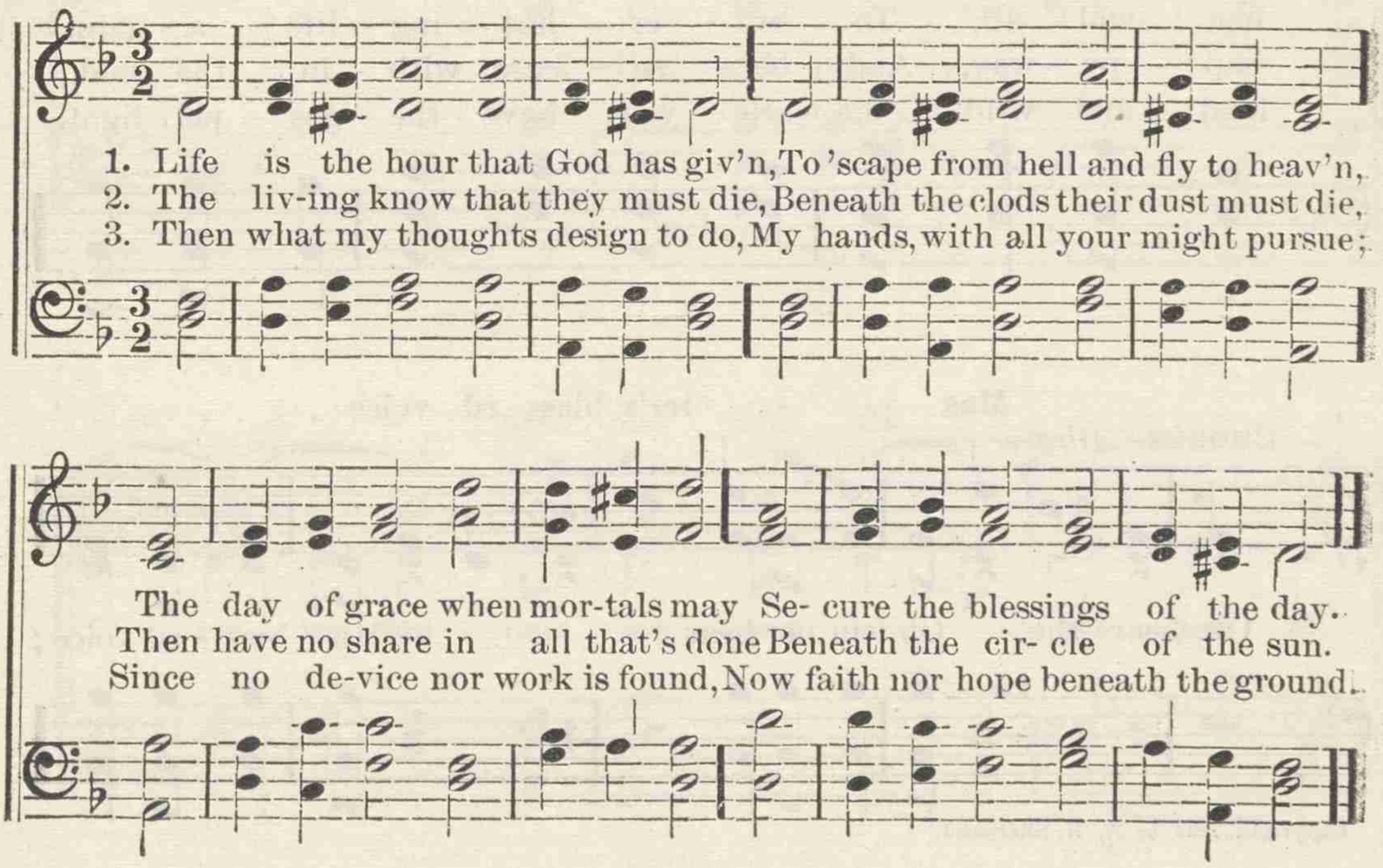
3 See the faith, zeal and courage that would dare to do the right,
Which the Spirit gave to Daniel in the secret of the night;
Whether in his humble cottage or a captive in the hall,
He understood the writing of his God upon the wall.

4 See, our deeds are all recorded; there's a hand that's writing now;
Sinners, give your hearts to Jesus,—at His royal mandate bow;
For a day is fast approaching, it must come to one and all,
When the sinner's condemnation shall be written on the wall..

LIFE IS THE HOUR.

(WINDHAM. L. M.)

DANIEL READ.



132 HEAR HIS CALLS.

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD, D.D.

Moderato.

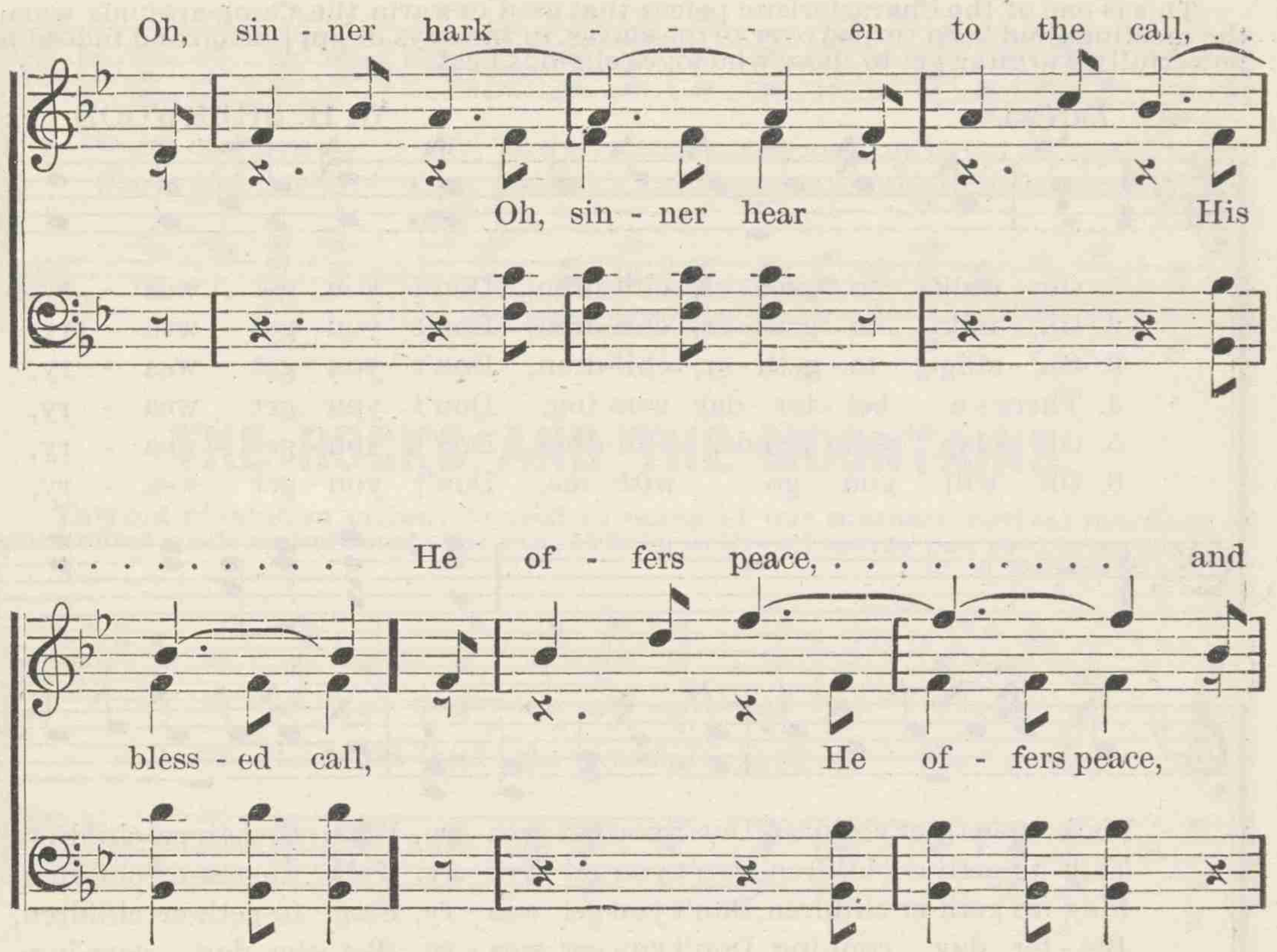
1. Oh, hear the bless - ed Mas - ter calls, Why wan - der on in sin and shame; He has re-deemed us one and all, To ev - er - last - ing life a - gain.
2. The Mas - ter call - eth day by day, And of - fers life to young and old; Why not come in the hap - py way, And be se - cure with - in the fold.
3. Oh, hear the Sav - iour calls my child, He calls at morn-ing, noon, and night; With - out the storm is loud and wild, Come while you have the gos - pel light.

Mas - - - ter's bless - ed voice; . . . . . .

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

Oh, hear the Oh, sin-ner hear His bless - ed voice;

Copyright, 1893, by W. H. Sherwood.


Oh, sin - ner hark - - - en to the call, . .
Oh, sin - ner hear His
. . . . . He of - fers peace, ... and
bless - ed call, He of - fers peace,
life, and joy, ... In - vit - ing sin - -
and life, and joy, In -
- - - ners one and all. . . . . .
vit - ing sin - ners one and all, . . one and all.

CAMP-MEETING.

This is one of the Characteristic peices that used to warm the Camp-grounds when the meetings had been turned over to the slaves, in the days of oppression and indeed is powerfully warming yet to those who love religious heat.

Furioso. W. H. SHERWOOD.

1. Oh, walk to-geth-er, chil-dren, Don't you get wea - ry,
2. Oh, talk to-geth-er, chil-dren, Don't you get wea - ry,
3. Oh, sing to-geth-er, chil-dren, Don't you get wea - ry,
4. There's a bet-ter day com-ing, Don't you get wea - ry,
5. Oh, clap your hands, chil-dren, Don't you get wea - ry,
6. Oh, will you go with me, Don't you get wea - ry,

Walk to-geth-er children, Don't you get wea - ry, Walk to-geth-er children,
Talk to-geth-er children, Don't you get wea - ry, Talk to-geth-er children,
Sing to-geth-er children, Don't you get wea - ry, Sing to-geth-er children,
Bet - ter day com-ing, Don't you get wea - ry, Bet - ter day com-ing,
Clap your hands, children, Don't you get wea - ry, Clap your hands children,
Will you go with me, Don't you get wea - ry, Will you go with me,

Don't you get wea-ry, There's a great camp-meeting in the Promised Land.

CHORUS.

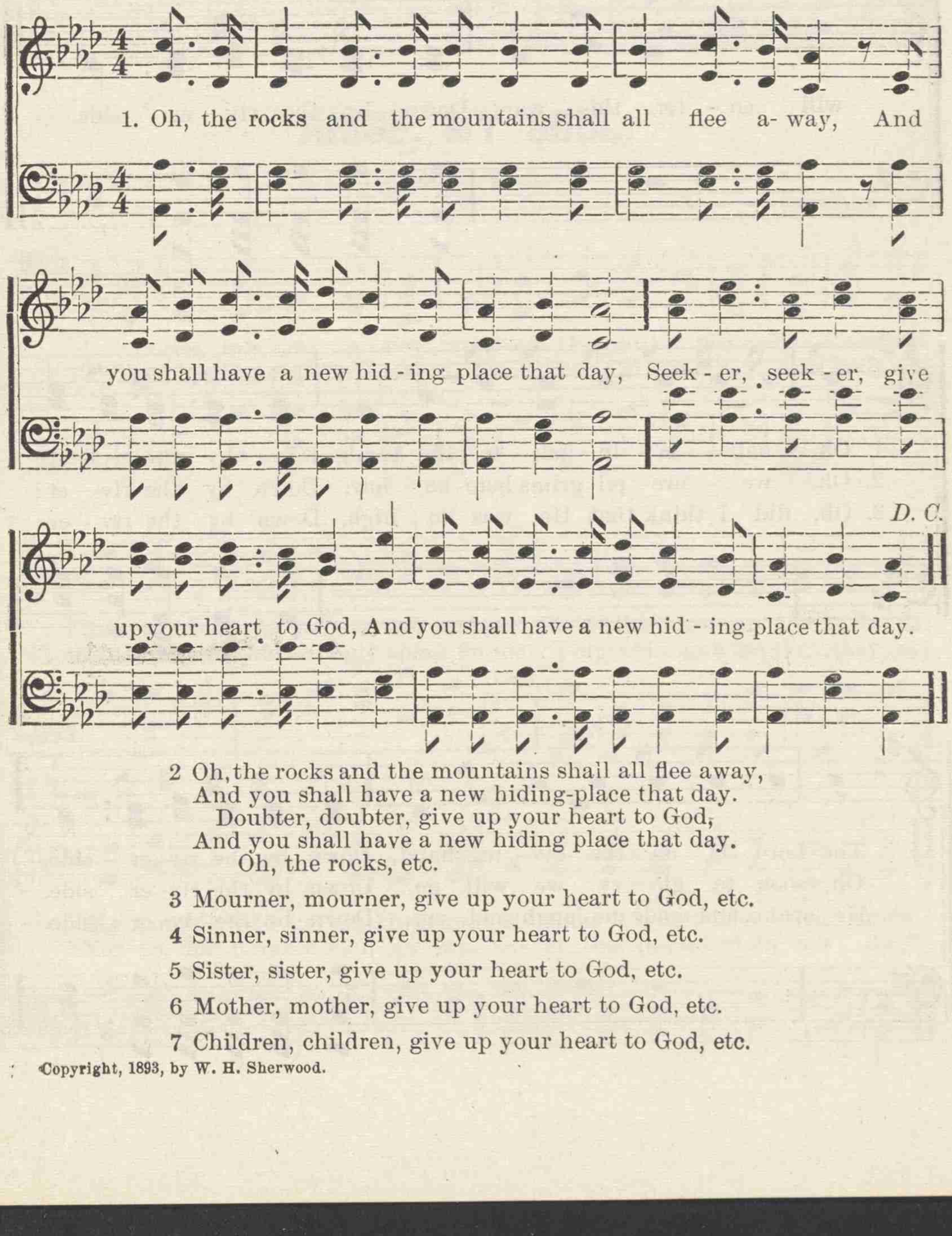
Going to mourn and nev-er tire,..... Mourn and nev- er tire,
(*Chorus for last Verse.**)
* Going to shout and nev-er tire,..... Shout and nev- er tire,

Copyright, 1893, by W. H. Sherwood.

THE ROCKS AND THE MOUNTAINS.

This old plantation melody is used in many of our southern revival meetings to good effect while seekers seem hard to get faith in the all saving power--Christ blood.

W. H. SHERWOOD.



2 Oh, the rocks and the mountains shall all flee away,
And you shall have a new hiding-place that day.
Doubter, doubter, give up your heart to God,
And you shall have a new hiding place that day.
Oh, the rocks, etc.

3 Mourner, mourner, give up your heart to God, etc.

4 Sinner, sinner, give up your heart to God, etc.

5 Sister, sister, give up your heart to God, etc.

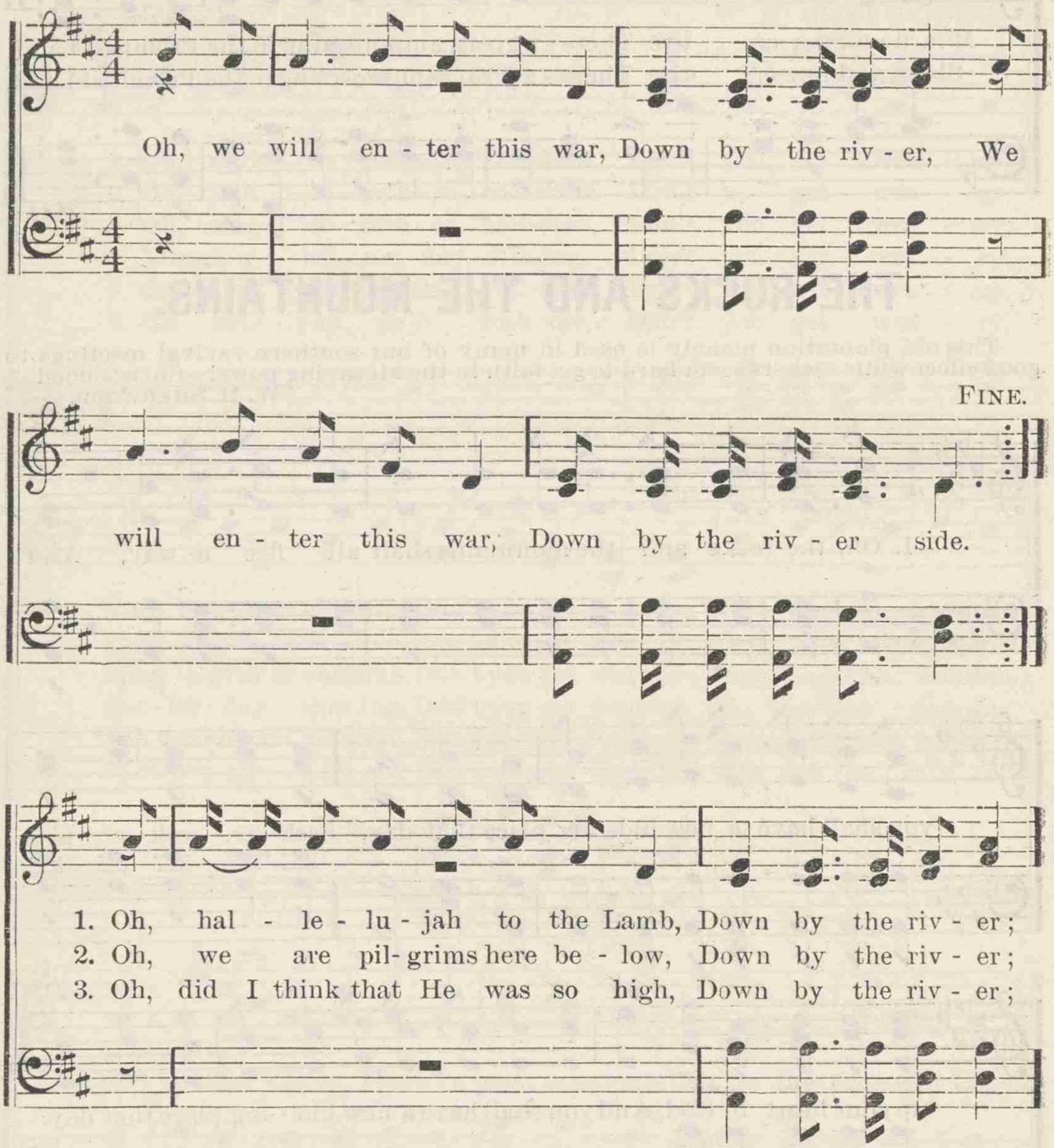
6 Mother, mother, give up your heart to God, etc.

7 Children, children, give up your heart to God, etc.

Copyright, 1893, by W. H. Sherwood.

DOWN BY THE RIVER.

As sung by Rev. T. R. Burrel, Kittrels, N. C., at the baptizing of many happy souls by his father, Rev. Jefferson Burrel, in 1872, at Greens millpond when more than five thousand persons were assembled and joined in the refrain, nothing was ever more soul-touching.—W. H. SHERWOOD.



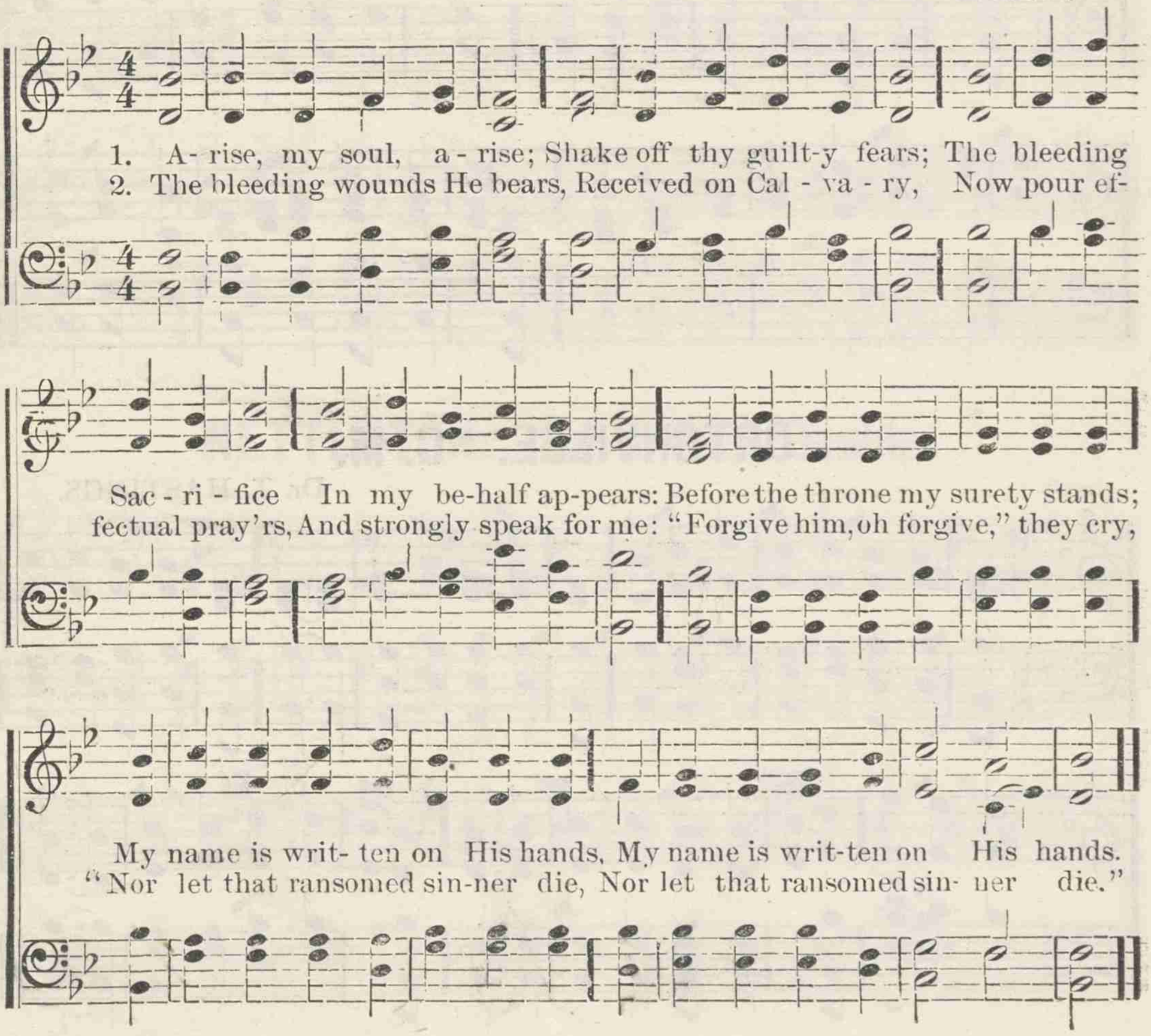
CADDO. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

ARISE, MY SOUL.

(LENOX. H. M.)

EDSON.



FOREST. L. M.

CHAPIN.

RETREAT. L. M.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

WILLINGTON. L. M.

WILLIAMS.

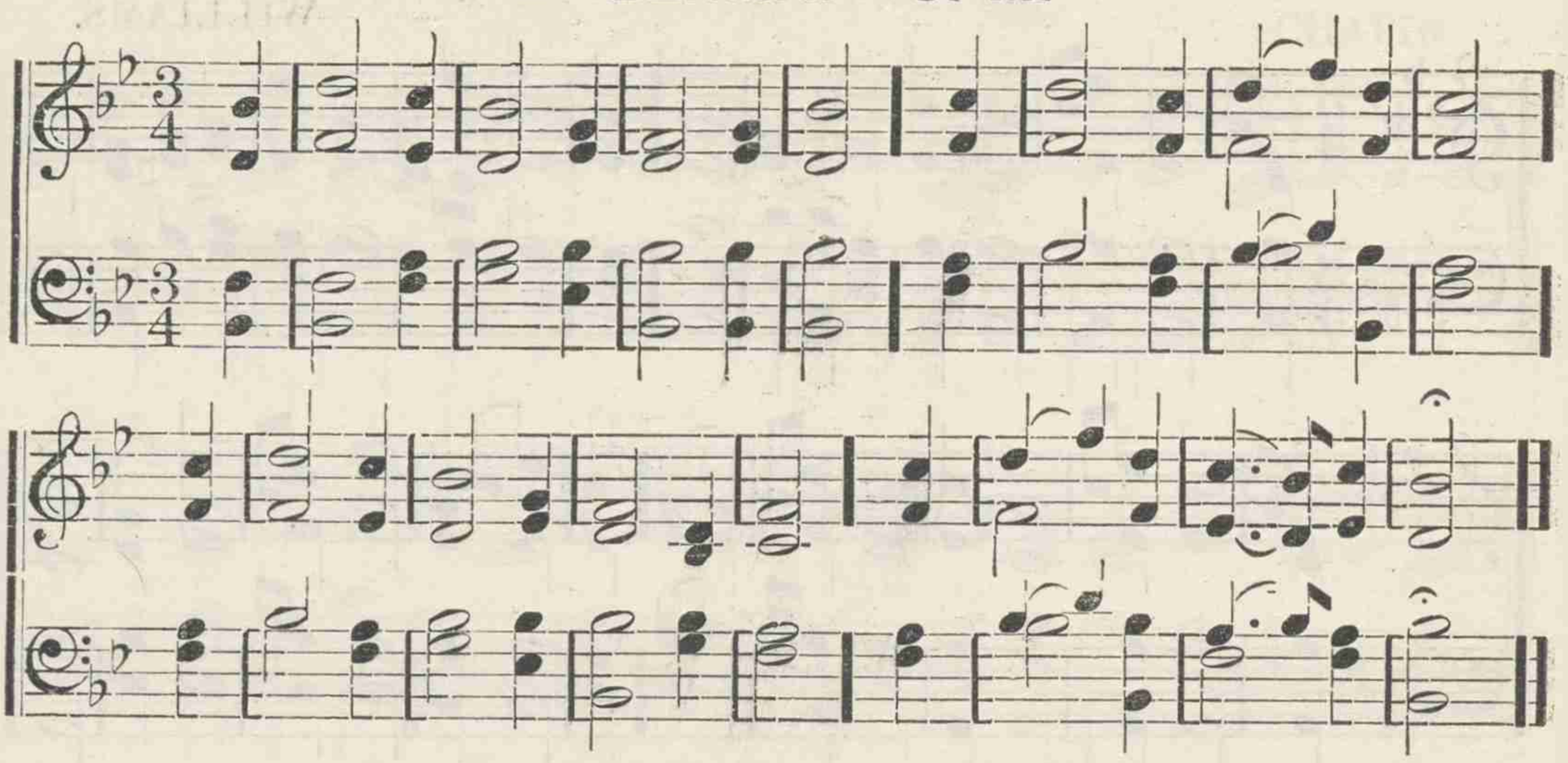
UXBRIDGE. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. Double.

FINE.

BALERMA. C. M.

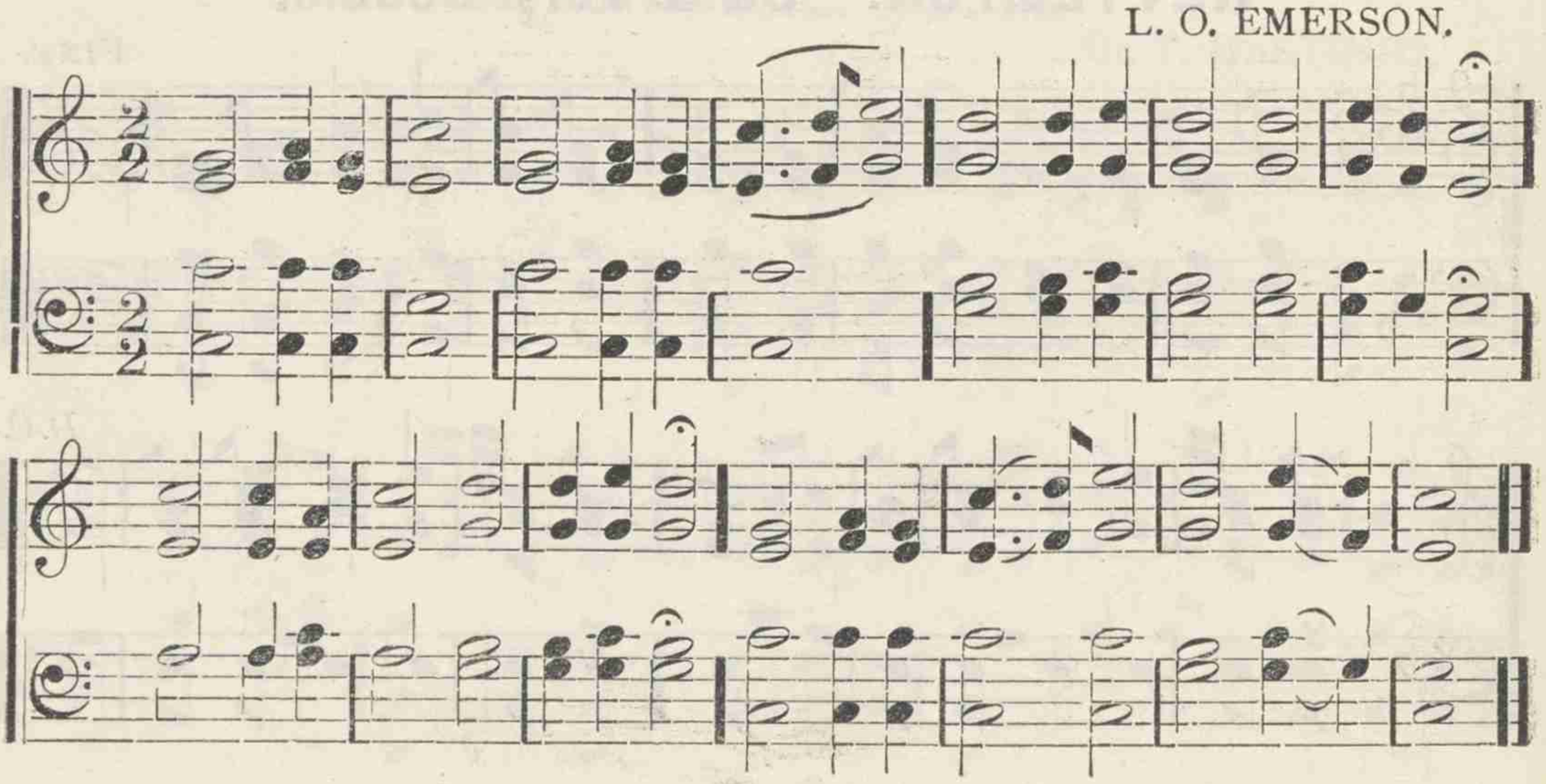


SOLID ROCK. L. M. 6 lines.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.



NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. 141

(BETHANY. 6s & 4s.)

Dr. L. MASON.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

(FOUNTAIN. C. M.)

Dr. L. MASON.

1. There is a fount - ain, filled with blood, Drawn from Im-
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That fount - ain,
3. Thou dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre - cious blood Shall nev - er

man - uel's veins; And sin - ner, plunged be-neath that flood,
in his day; And there have I, though vile as he,
loose its power, Till all the ran - somed church of God

Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
Washed all my sins a - way, Washed all my sins a - way.
Be saved to sin no more, Be saved to sin no more.

PHILLIPS. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

INDEX.

	PAGE.
A Home Above	53
A Joyful Home	44
Alas! and did My Saviour	13
All's Right, All's Right	112
All to Christ I Owe	75
Amazing Grace how Sweet the	37
Am I a Soldier of the Cross	39
Anthem of Praise	122
A Plea for the Children	108
Are You Ready?	14
Arise, my Soul	137
Arlington. C. M	39
Ask Ye what Great Thing	109
At the Crystal Sea	87
Balerma. C. M	140
Bethany. 6s & 4s	141
Bethesda	110
Blessed Sabbath Day	11
Blest be the Tie that Binds	43
Boylston. S. M	51
Bright Canaan	78
Brown. C. M	81
By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill	89
Caddo. C. M	137
Camp-meeting	134
Cast Thy Bread upon the	79
Christian Bells	56
Come Ye Disconsolate	65
Cross and Crown. C. M	59
De Fleury. 8s. Double	17
Dennis. S. M	43
Down by the River	136
Dundee. C. M	13
Easter Bells (*Armstrong.*)	107
Easter Bells (*Hugg.*)	118
	96
Federal Street	79
Flee as a Bird	68
Forest. L. M	138
Fountain. C. M	142
Freedom in Christ	113
Gathered Home	30
Go and Labor	34
God be With You	20
Going Home	102
Going Out on the Tide	92
Grateful Praise	120
Hark! Hark! My Soul	115
Harp of Zion	3
Harvest Time	40
Hear His Calls	132
Heavenly Shepherd	76
Hebron. L. M	27
His Mercy Falleth	64
How firm a Foundation	61
Invitation	50
I Shall Rest My Soul	52
Is it Far?	38
Is not this the Land of Beulah?	106
I Stood Outside the Gate	121
It is Well With My Soul	90
I Would not Live Alway	45
I Will Fight	126
Jehovah Reigns	54
Jesus is Passing This Way	32
Jesus Knocking	128
Judd. S. M. (Words only.)	49
Just the Same To-day	80
Laban. S. M	29
Land Beyond	67
Lead Me Gently Home. Father.	16

	PAGE.
Lenox. H. M.	137
Life is the Hour	131
Lord's Prayer	82
Love Divine	46
Marching Song	22
Master, The Tempest is raging	98
My Faith Looks up to Thee	21
My Gracious Redeemer I Love	17
My God, My Life	49
My Soul be on Thy Guard	29
Nettleton. 8s & 7s. Double	139
Nobody Knows the Trouble	82
No Place to Lay His Head	104
No Stain	48
Now is the Accepted Time	51
Old Hundred. L. M.	55
Olivet. 6s. 4s	21
One Day Nearer	63
On the Bright Balmy Shore	6
Ortonville. C. M.	138
Phillips. C. M.	142
Praise Our Creator	105
Rallying Song	4
Rally to the Standard	94
Refuge	5
Retreat. L. M.	138
Room Enough	83
Saved by Grace	119
Seeking for Me	86
Seeking the Lost	12
Sessions. L. M	140
Siloam	89
Sinner Turn	57
Solid Rock. L, M. 61	140
Somewhere there's a World	24
Steal Away	97
Strong to Redeem	114
St. Thomas. S. M.	93
Take it to the Lord	127
Tell it to Jesus	74
The Backslider's Reflections	84
The Church is Moving On	116
The Eternal Rock	91
The Gate Ajar. (Words only.)	41
The Hand on the Wall	130
The Lord is Our Rock	60
The Master is Watching	70
The Morning Star	36
The Rocks and the Mountains	135
There is Much We Can Do	124
The Sabbath Chimes	26
The Scattered Race	100
'Tis Some Mother's Child	66
Throw out the Life-line	58
Toplady. 6s. 7l	109
Trusting	111
Uxbridge. L. M.	139
Waiting at the Pool	73
Walk in the Light	72
Warwick. C. M	37
We are Little Travelers	7
Webb. 6s. 7s. (Words only)	33
We Shall Sleep, but not Forever	88
We Shall Meet	42
What a Gathering that will be	18
What will You do with Jesus	15
When the War Shall End	8
Who are They?	28
Willington. L. M.	139
Will You be There?	31
Will You Go?	62
Windham. L. M.	131
Work For God	25

.. AT LAST

Something NEW UNDER THE SUN.

Negroes Writing and Publishing Song Books of Their Own.

...THE NATIONAL SERIES

Selected with the specific aim of helping the Sunday Schools of the National Baptist Convention. Negroes should furnish music for their own people, because men whose circumstances, theories of religion, attainments of Christian life, etc., are virtually the same, can better understand each other, as a rule, than those whose environments are so widely different. Each race furnishes its own singers, not out of race prejudice, but because there is more community of feeling and experience among men of the same race, and a more thorough appreciation of the song rendered. Thus Negroes, meeting life in the manner common to Negroes, can best prepare music to reach the hearts of Negroes.

Our books are not only the composition and selection of Negro authors, but they are printed on Negro presses and are bound by the hands of Negro boys and girls. Every church, Sunday school or community that uses them not only helps to bring Negro genius before the public but helps to build up Negro industries and perpetuate Negro enterprises.

The National Harp of Zion and B. Y. P. U. Hymnal.

Full of stirring melodies. Arouses the heart and quickens devotion. Price, 35 cts each; $3.60 per dozen, or $25.00 per hundred.

National Gospel Voices.

Full of beautiful praise to God. Round and shaped notes. 25 cents each; $2.50 per dozen, or $20.00 per hundred.

National Tidings of Joy.

Rejoicing the soul and delighting the ear. By D. E. Dortch. Board backs, 20 cents each; $2.00 per dozen, or $15.00 per hundred.

Celestial Showers.

Full of Heaven-like music. By William Rosborough. Round notes, 35 cents each; or $3.60 per dozen; $25.00 per hundred.

Choice Songs.

Noted for their exquisite harmony. Abounding in the glorious hymns of our fathers. By D. E. Dortch. 10 cents each; $1.00 per dozen, or $8.00 per hundred.

SEND ALL ORDERS TO

National Baptist Publishing Board,

NASHVILLE, TENN.