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## **Bright melodies : for the Sunday school and young people's societies, embracing praise hymns, work songs, invitation songs, primary songs, etc., etc.. c1899**

Philadelphia: J.J. Hood, c1899

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# BRIGHT MELODIES

EDITORS

JNO. R. SWENEY + J. H. ENTWISLE

S. W. THOMAS, Agt.,

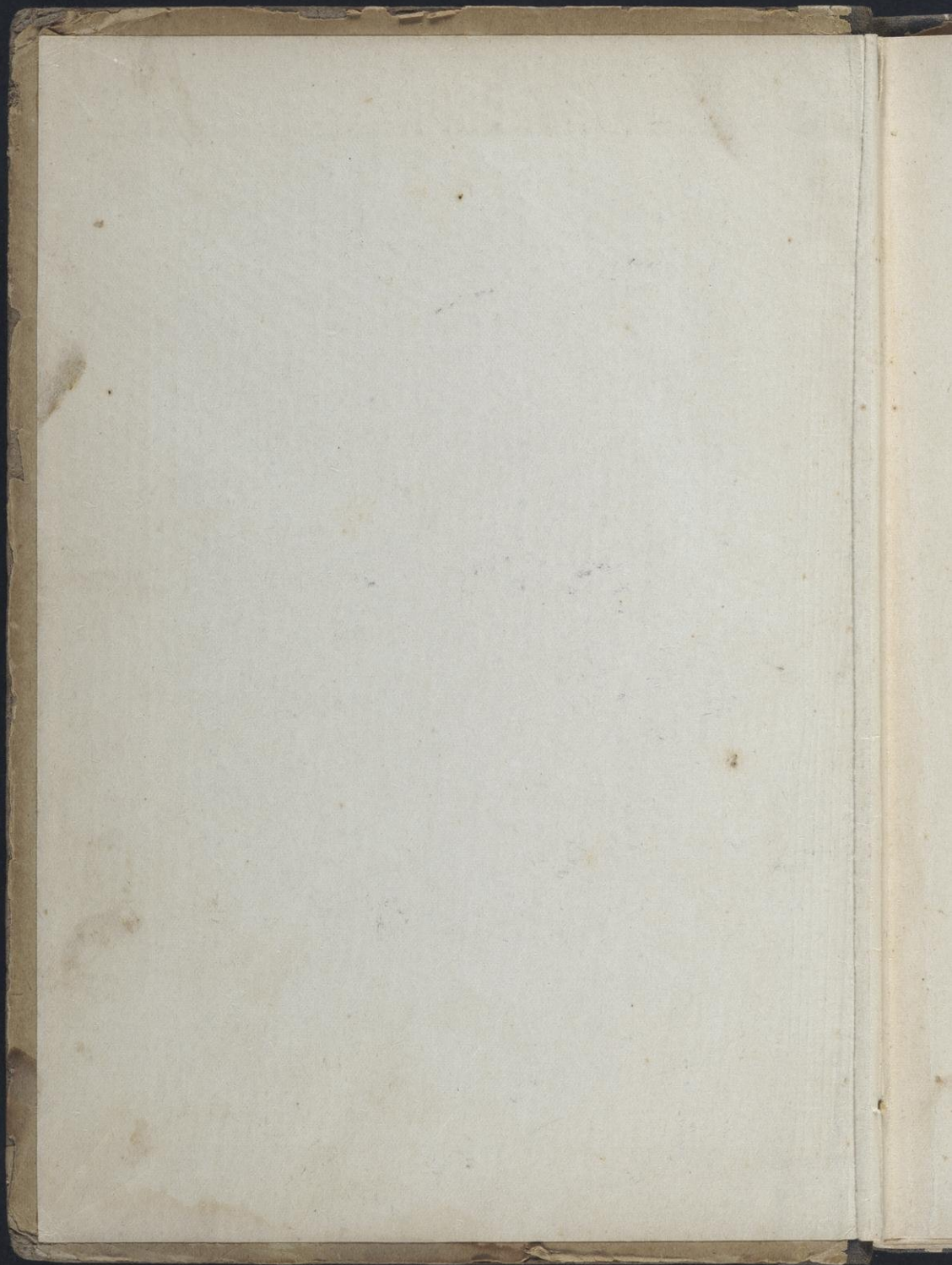
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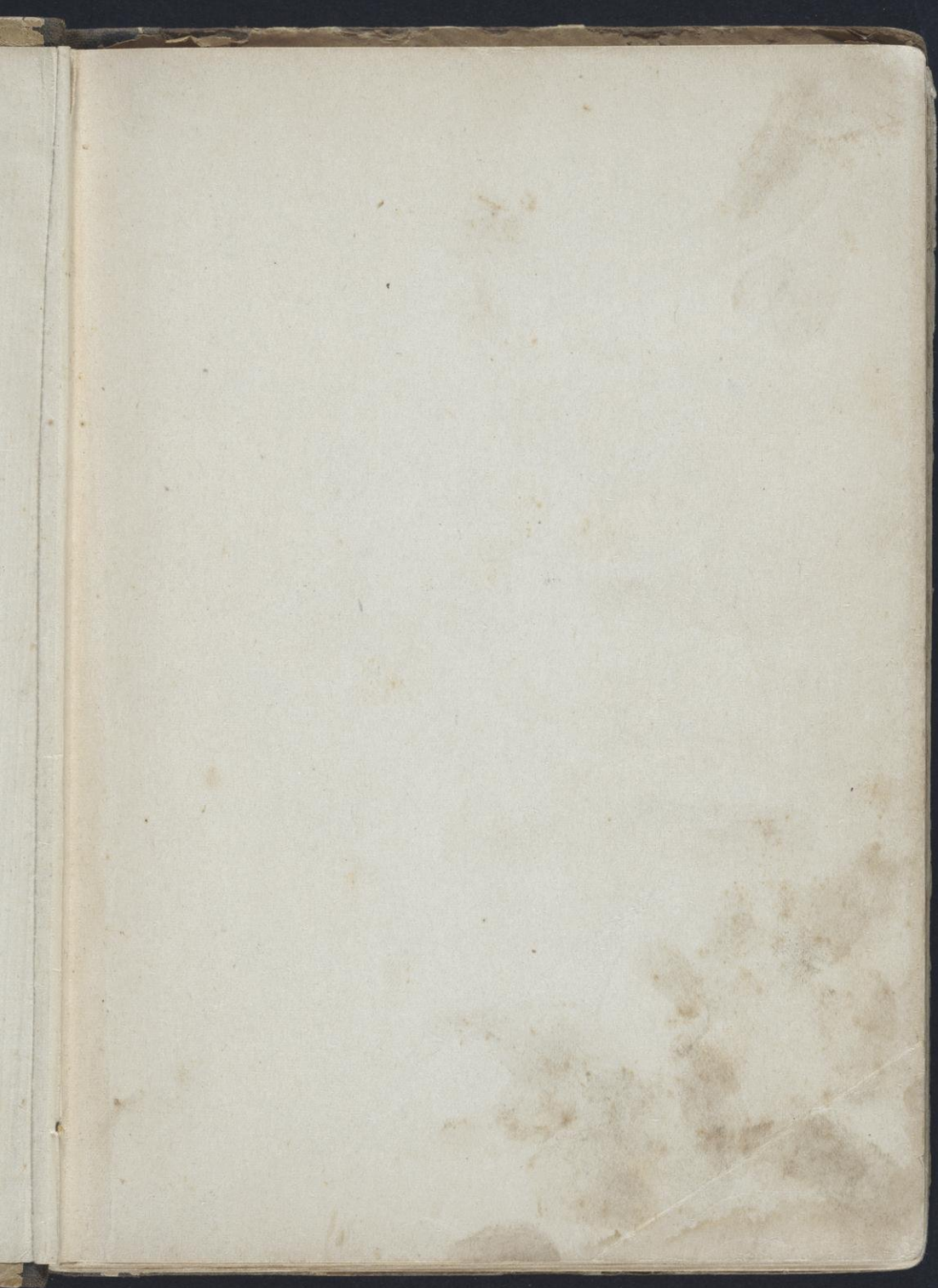
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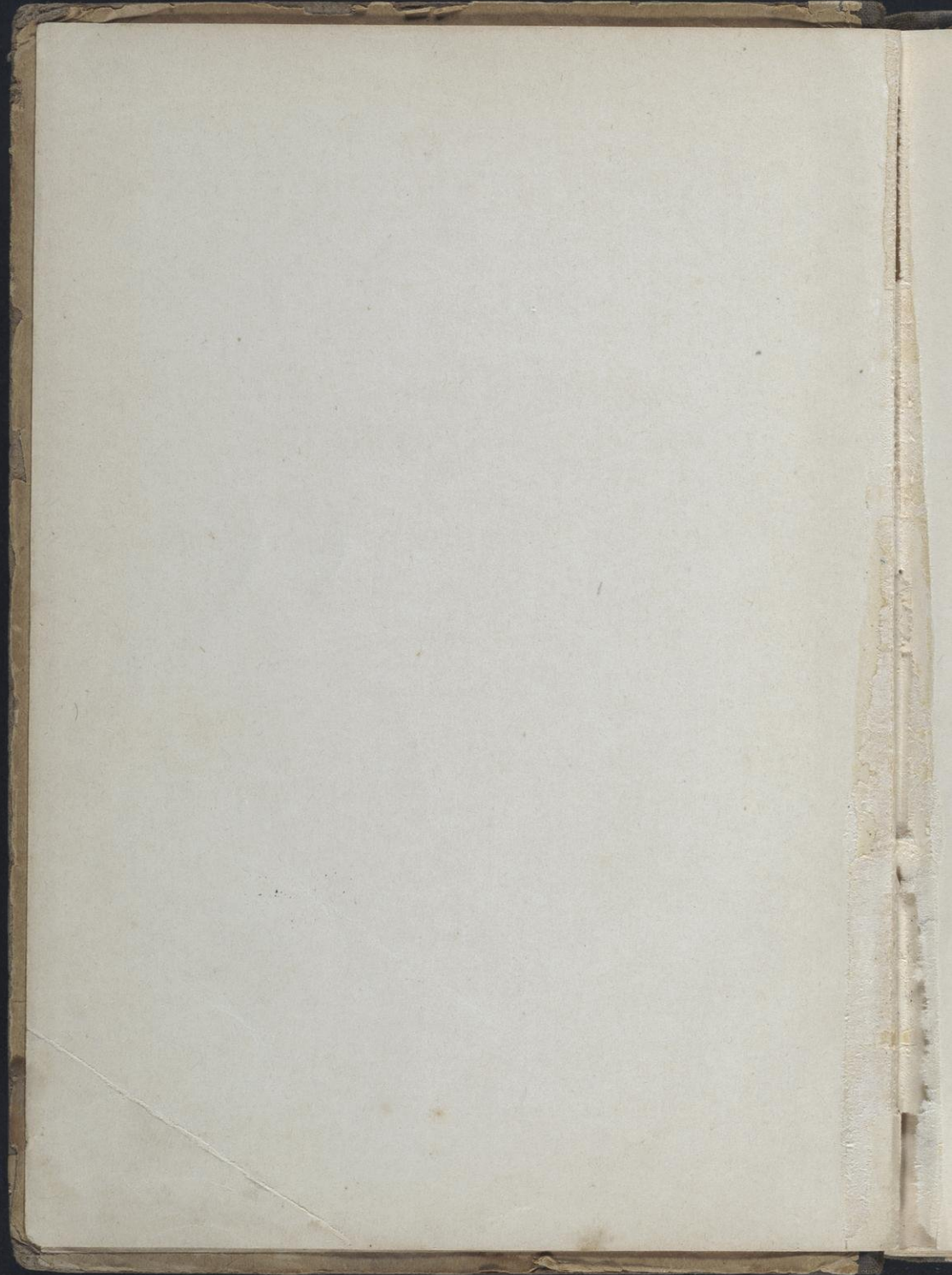
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# Bright Melodies

FOR

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

Embracing Praise Hymns, Work Songs,  
Invitation Songs, Primary Songs,  
etc., etc.

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EDITORS:

JNO. R. SWENEY and J. HOWARD ENTWISLE



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## PREFATORY.

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THIS volume of songs was compiled especially for Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies. A careful examination of the contents will show how fittingly it is adapted for use in that field of religious work.

In addition to the large list of new compositions by the leading sacred song writers of the day, will be found a goodly number of the popular and useful pieces of recent years, all of which have been thoroughly tested and approved by persons who know how to reach the people and make them sing.

In presenting "Bright Melodies" to the public, we believe that it will be received gladly by all lovers of good music.

THE EDITORS.

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THE PUBLISHER.

## THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

1. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.
2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of *any thing* that *is* in heaven above, or that *is* in the earth beneath, or that *is* in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God *am* a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth *generation* of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.
4. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day *is* the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: *in it* thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that *is* within thy gates: for *in* six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them *is*, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.
5. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.
6. Thou shalt not kill.
7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
8. Thou shalt not steal.
9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.
10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that *is* thy neighbor's.—Ex. 20: 3-17.

### SUMMARY OF THE COMMANDMENTS.

Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second *is* like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.—Matt. 22: 37-40.

---

*Suffer Little Children to come unto me and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of God.*



## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as *it is* in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.—Matt. 6: 9–13.

## THE APOSTLES' CREED.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth. And in Jesus Christ his only begotten Son our Lord: who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; he descended into hades;\* the third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven; and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic† Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

## BEATITUDES.

Blessed *are* the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed *are* they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed *are* the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed *are* they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed *are* the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed *are* the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed *are* the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed *are* they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when *men* shall revile you, and persecute *you*, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

\* The place of departed spirits.

† The whole Christian.

*Little Children, love one another.*



# BRIGHT MELODIES.

## Gloria Patri.

CHARLES MEINEKE.

Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the

The first system of musical notation for 'Gloria Patri' is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G, a half note A, and a quarter note B. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords.

Ho - ly Ghost, as it was in the be - gin - ning, is

The second system continues the melody. The treble staff has a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G, a half note A, and a quarter note B. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men, a - men.

The third system concludes the 'Gloria Patri' piece. The treble staff has a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G, a half note A, and a quarter note B. The bass staff continues the accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

## Doxology.

Tune, OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise him, all creatures here below,

The first system of musical notation for 'Doxology' is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G, a half note A, and a quarter note B. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords.

Praise him above, ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

The second system continues the melody. The treble staff has a quarter note G, a half note A, and a quarter note B. The bass staff continues the accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.



# On to Victory.

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

*March time.*

1. Hark! hark, the trumpet sounding, Rise at the break of day,  
 2. March-ing like valiant sol-diers, Stead-y our steps and true,  
 3. Then shall the path be bright-er, No more by care oppress'd,

On to the front where sin is abounding, Forward, the call o - bey;  
 Faith in our Leader, no thought of danger, Fear and alarm, a - dieu;  
 Firm in our purpose, true in our motives, Hop - ing for what is best;

Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Go forth in faith to con - quer,  
 On, tho' the world oppress thee, On, tho' the foe dis - tress thee,  
 Trusting the King of glo - ry, Tell - ing the old, old sto - ry,

Hear, hear the Captain's words inspiring, On, soldiers, on to the fray.  
 Steadfast and firm, keep moving on till Fair Canaan's land stands in view.  
 Waiting the Master's call to en - ter In - to the ha - ven of rest.

## CHORUS.

Forward, then, with banners waving high, Forward, as we shout the battle-cry,



Onward in the conflict, hop-ing, trusting, On to vic - to - ry!

## Be of Good Cheer.

CHARLOTTE ABBEY. "Be of good cheer: It is I; be not afraid."—Mark vi: 60. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. "Be of good cheer," saith the Saviour, "Tho' all thy brightest hopes fade;
2. "Be of good cheer, tho' the tempter And world are 'gainst thee array'd;
3. "Be of good cheer thro' thy tri - als; On me let burdens be laid;

I will be near to sus-tain thee; It is I, O be not a - fraid."  
 I will give grace that will conquer; It is I, O be not a - fraid."  
 Tho' they be heavy, I'll bear them; It is I, O be not a - fraid."

CHORUS.  
 It is I, it is I, it is I, it is I, It is I, O be not a - fraid!

"Be of good cheer," saith the Saviour; "It is I, O be not a - fraid!"



# Jesus Leads.

"And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice."—John x: 4.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

*Andante.*

1. Like a shepherd, tender, true, Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads, . .  
 2. All a-long life's rugged road Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads, . .  
 3. Thro' the sun-lit ways of life Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads, . .

Dai-ly finds us pastures new, Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads; . .  
 Till we reach yon blest a-bode, Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads; . .  
 Thro' the warrings and the strife Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads; . .

If thick mists . are o'er the way, . . Or the flock 'mid danger feeds, . .  
 All the way, . before, he's trod, . And he now . the flock precedes, . .  
 When we reach . the Jordan's tide, Where life's bound-ry-line re-cedes, . .

He will watch them lest they stray, Je-sus leads, . . Je-sus leads.  
 Safe in-to the fold of God Je-sus leads, . . Je-sus leads.  
 He will spread the waves a-side, Je-sus leads, . . Je-sus leads.  
*rit.*



# The Glad Home-Gathering.

9

ADA BLENKHORN.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. By and by I know there'll be, by the shining crystal sea, Such a  
 2. Friend with friend again will meet, O the welcome will be sweet, At the  
 3. Christ the Lamb shall be our light, we shall walk with him in white, At the  
 4. There's an in - vi - ta - tion free, and it comes to you and me, To the  
 5. Praise the Lord! I'm go - ing too, now by faith the scene I view, At the

glad home-gath'ring by and by; When we walk the golden strand in that  
 glad home-gath'ring by and by; We shall meet to part no more on that  
 glad home-gath'ring by and by; He will wipe a - way our tears, he will  
 glad home-gath'ring by and by; Who - so - ev - er will may share in the  
 glad home-gath'ring by and by; By his grace and mer - cy free, with the

CHORUS.

bright and blessed land, At the glad home-gath'ring by and by. There will be a  
 fair and blissful shore, At the glad home-gath'ring by and by.  
 banish all our fears, At the glad home-gath'ring by and by.  
 joyful meeting there, At the glad home-gath'ring by and by.  
 ransomed I will be, At the glad home-gath'ring by and by.

glad home-gath'ring by and by, There will be a glad home-gath'ring by and by; When  
 [the

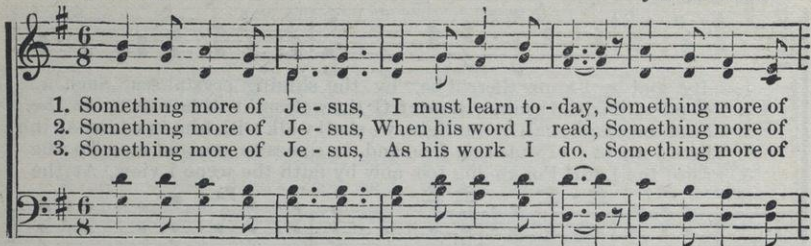
Lord shall bid us come to his bright, celestial home, To the glad home-gath'ring by  
 [and by.



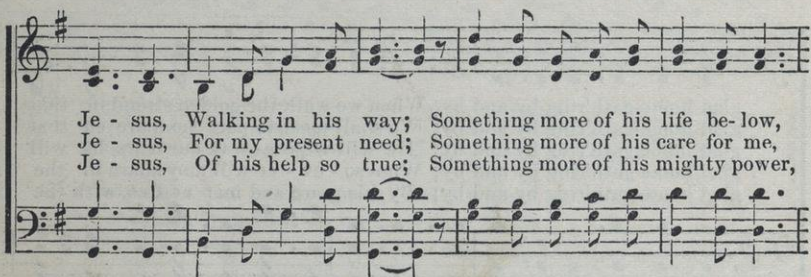
# Something More of Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

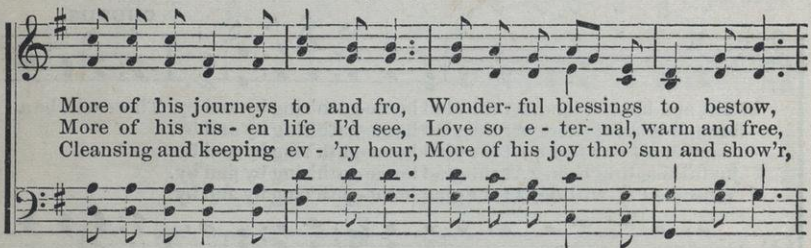
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Something more of Je - sus, I must learn to - day, Something more of  
 2. Something more of Je - sus, When his word I read, Something more of  
 3. Something more of Je - sus, As his work I do, Something more of

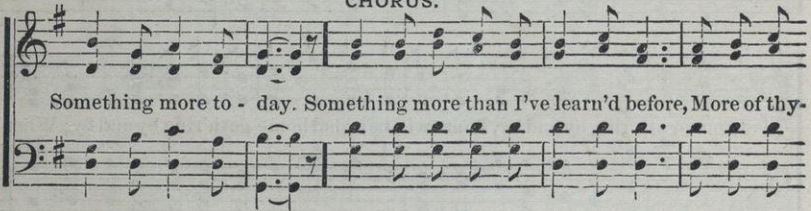


Je - sus, Walking in his way; Something more of his life be - low,  
 Je - sus, For my present need; Something more of his care for me,  
 Je - sus, Of his help so true; Something more of his mighty power,

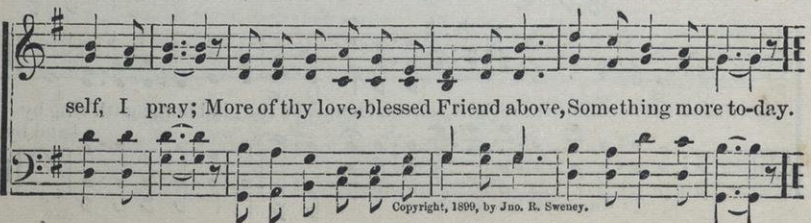


More of his journeys to and fro, Wonder - ful blessings to bestow,  
 More of his ris - en life I'd see, Love so e - ter - nal, warm and free,  
 Cleansing and keeping ev - 'ry hour, More of his joy thro' sun and show'r,

## CHORUS.



Something more to - day. Something more than I've learn'd before, More of thy -



self, I pray; More of thy love, blessed Friend above, Something more to-day.



**We Shall Stand Before the King. 11**

E. O. E.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. We shall stand before the King, With the angels we shall sing, By and by, . .  
2. Ring, ye bells of heaven, ring, We shall stand before the King, By and by, . .  
3. Wake, my soul, thy tribute bring, Thou shalt stand before the King, By and by,  
By and by,

by and by; Walk the bright, the golden shore, Praising him forevermore,  
by and by; There our sorrows will be o'er, There his name we will adore,  
by and by! Lay thy trophies at his feet, In his likeness stand complete,

CHORUS.

By and by, . . . by and by. We shall stand . . . before the  
By and by, by and by. We shall stand

King, . . . With the angels we shall sing, Glory, glory to our King, Hallelujah before the King,

lu - - jah, halle - lu - jah, We shall stand . . before the King.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, We shall stand

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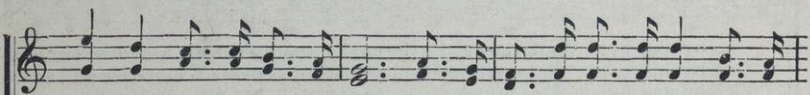
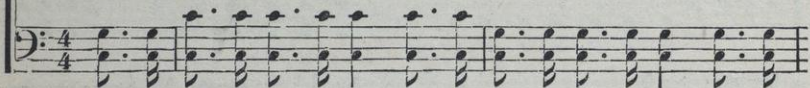
## Waiting On Before.

IDA M. BUDD.

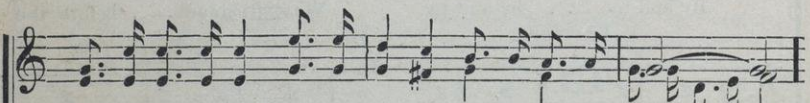
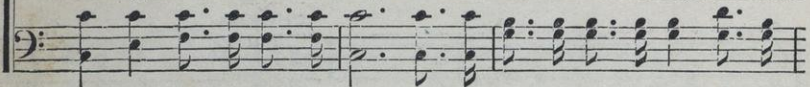
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Toil - er in the harvest field, Faithful - ly the sickle wield, Soon the  
2. Sail - or, toss'd up - on the tide Of life's o - cean wild and wide, Faith will  
3. Mourner, cease thy sighs and tears, Hush thy doubtings, calm thy fears, Tho' thy  
4. Onward, then, O trusting soul, Swift the changing seasons roll, Time is



time for la-bor will be o'er; Faint not in the sul-try noon, Evening  
guide thee to the heav'nly shore; Thou shalt an-chor safe ere long 'Mid its  
wounded heart be stricken sore; Friends who left thee by the way Thou shalt  
fleet-ing, soon 'twill be no more; Be thou faithful in the strife, Thine shall



shades will gather soon, Peace and rest are waiting on be - fore. . . . .

sunlight and its song, Joy and safe - ty wait thee on be - fore. . . . .

sunlight and its song, Joy and safe - ty wait thee on be - fore . . . . .  
wait thee, wait thee on before.

greet, some happy day, Where they wait thy coming on be - fore. . . . .  
com - ing, com - ing on before.

be a crown of life, Heav'n and home are waiting on be - fore. . . . .  
wait - ing. wait - ing on before.

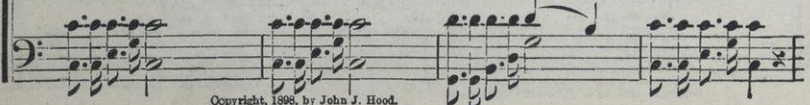


CHORUS.



Wait - ing on be- fore, . . . O- ver on . . . the golden shore, . . .

Waiting on before,      waiting on before,      Over on the shore, . . .      on the golden shore.





Shines . . . the perfect, heav'nly day, Where the blest shall dwell forevermore.  
Shines the perfect day, perfect, heav'nly day,

## Living Water.

JESSE P. TOMPKINS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Bless-ed words that with me dwell, Sweetly spoken at the well,  
2. Bless-ed words, in sweet re - frain, Drink and nev - er thirst a - gain,  
3. Gushing streams that nev - er cease, Bringing ec - sta - cy and peace,

Where our Saviour sat one day, Resting, wea - ry by the way.  
Wa - ter from the fount of love, From the crystal streams a - bove.  
Thro' the vale of tears and woe, Healing streams that ev - er flow.

CHORUS.  
"I will be with - in thee, A well of wa - ter, a well of water,

Spring - - ing up in - to ev - er - last - ing life."  
Springing up, yes, springing up,



# Jesus Promised Me a Home.

H. LUTTON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There's a place in heav'n pre - pared for me, When the toils of this  
 2. In my Fa - ther's home are mansions bright, Je - sus says it and I  
 3. Ma - ny dear ones we lov'd are be - fore the throne, In that happy, hap - py  
 4. In that home a - bove, be - yond the skies, Soon from sickness, pain and

life are o'er; Where the saints, rob'd in white, shall for - ev - er be,  
 know 'tis true; There's a home for me, in that land of light,  
 home on high; I shall walk with them thro' the streets of gold,  
 death I'll be, There with Je - sus to reign for - ev - er - more,

## CHORUS.

Singing prais - es for - ev - er - more. Je - sus promis'd me a  
 Brother, sis - ter, there is one for you.  
 I shall wear a star - ry crown by and by.  
 Through - out all e - ter - ni - ty.

home o - ver there, Je - sus promis'd me a home o - ver there; No more

sickness, sorrow, pain or death, Je - sus promis'd me a home o - ver there.



# Trusting Thee Ever.

15

E. E. HEWITT.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. I trust thee, blessed Saviour, I trust my joys to thee; I take the  
 2. I trust thee, blessed Saviour, I trust my griefs to thee; The love that  
 3. I trust thee, blessed Saviour, I trust my life to thee; Use it in

cup of blessing Which thou dost give so free; Fair blossoms will be sweeter, Bright  
 died to win me Will guide and comfort me; How countless are the dangers A-  
 thy good service, From earthly bondage free; O make my days the channel Of

sunbeams brighter still, When peace, a flowing river, My happy heart shall fill.  
 verted by thine arm! The ills, by thee permitted, Shall do thy child no harm.  
 thy-exceeding love, To bring to those around me Refreshing from above.

## CHORUS.

Blessed Sav - iour, life and fa - vor A-lone can come from thee; I am

trusting thee, ev - er trusting thee, Blessed Saviour, keep thou me.



## The Joyful Song.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Behold! a roy-al ar-my, With banner, sword and shield, Are marching  
 2. And now the foe ad-vancing That valiant host as-sails, And yet they  
 3. Oh, when the war is end-ed, When strife and conflict cease, When all are

forth to con-quer, On life's great bat-tle-field; Its ranks are filled with  
 nev-er fal-ter, Their courage nev-er fails; Their Leader calls, "Be  
 safe-ly gath-ered With-in the vale of peace, Be-fore the King e-

sol-diers, U-ni-ted, bold and strong, Who follow'd their Commander,  
 faith-ful," They pass the word a-long, They see his sig-nal flashing,  
 ter-nal, That vast and mighty throng Shall praise his name for-ev-er,

CHORUS. *Voices in unison.*

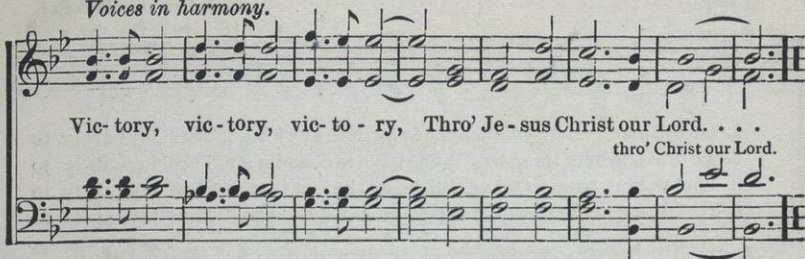
And sing the joy-ful song. Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, Thro' him who re-  
 And shout the joy-ful song.  
 And this shall be their song.

deemed us, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, Thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord;

# The Joyful Song.—CONCLUDED.

17

*Voices in harmony.*

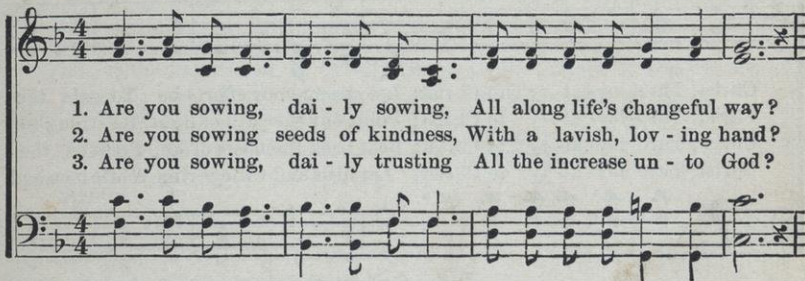


Vic-tory, vic-tory, vic-to-ry, Thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord. . . .  
thro' Christ our Lord.

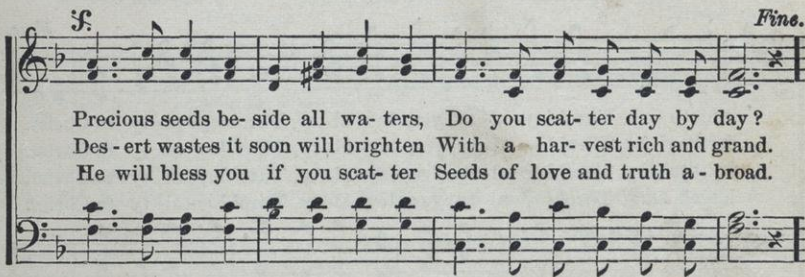
## Are You Sowing for the Master?

IDA L. REED.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Are you sowing, dai-ly sowing, All along life's changeful way?  
2. Are you sowing seeds of kindness, With a lavish, lov-ing hand?  
3. Are you sowing, dai-ly trusting All the increase un-to God?

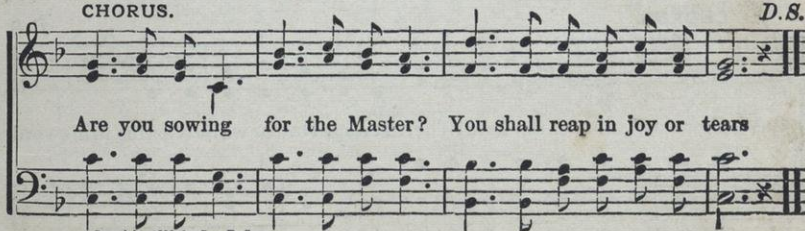


Precious seeds be-side all wa-ters, Do you scat-ter day by day?  
Des-ert wastes it soon will brighten With a har-vest rich and grand.  
He will bless you if you scat-ter Seeds of love and truth a-broad.

*D.S.*—Whatso-ev-er you are sowing, When the harvest-time ap-pears.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*



Are you sowing for the Master? You shall reap in joy or tears

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Bright Melodies—B



# Loyalty to Christ.

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Go forth at Christ's command, Go forth to ev'ry land, Thro' loy- al- ty to  
 2. Be brave to help them win Who strive to conquer sin, Thro' loy- al- ty to  
 3. See! Satan's banners wave, Oh, haste the lost to save Thro' loy- al- ty to  
 4. O children of the free! Let this your watchword be: "Thro' loy- al- ty to

Christ, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ; Let strong your efforts be To gain the  
 Christ, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ; Point out the path of light, Be strong to  
 Christ, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ; Beat back the hosts of sin, Press on the  
 Christ, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ;" Let hills and valleys ring, While men and

*D. S.*—Go forth to fight the wrong, And shout the

*Fine.*  
 vic- to - ry, Thro' loy- al- ty, yes, loy- al- ty, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ.  
 do the right, Thro' loy- al- ty, yes, loy- al- ty, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ.  
 fight to win, Thro' loy- al- ty, yes, loy- al- ty, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ.  
 angels sing, Thro' loy- al- ty, yes, loy- al- ty, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ.  
 victor's song, Thro' loy- al- ty, yes, loy- al- ty, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ.

CHORUS.

*D. S.*

Onward, onward, army of the Lord! There's naught to fear while trusting in his word;



# Over the Sea.

19

"And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."—Matt. v: 19.

A. F. M.

A. F. MYERS.

*Not too fast.*

1. Hear the Saviour saying, "Come to me," O-ver the sea of Gal-i-lee;  
 2. 'Tis the call of mercy; heed the voice, O-ver the sea of Gal-i-lee;  
 3. Turn from sin to Je-sus, trust his word, O-ver the sea of Gal-i-lee;

Sad, erring soul, he gently speaks to thee, O-ver the sea of Gal-i-lee.  
 Penitent one, Christ bids thy heart rejoice, O-ver the sea of Gal-i-lee.  
 Yield to the tones so oft-en sweetly heard, O-ver the sea of Gal-i-lee.

CHORUS.

O-ver the sea, beau-ti-ful sea, Calling to thee,  
 Over the sea, beautiful sea, Calling to thee,

"Come un-to me," O-ver the sea, beautiful sea; Calling to  
 "Come un-to me,"

thee, "Come unto me," O-ver the sea, beautiful sea of Gal-i-lee.



## Count Your Blessings.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. When upon life's billows you are tempest toss'd, When you are discouraged,  
 2. Are you ev- er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem heavy  
 3. When you look at others with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has promis'd  
 4. So amid the conflict, whether great or small, Do not be discouraged,

thinking all is lost, Count your many blessings, name them one by one,  
 you are called to bear? Count your many blessings, ev'ry doubt will fly,  
 you his wealth untold, Count your many blessings, money can- not buy  
 God is o - ver all; Count your many blessings, angels will at- tend,

CHORUS.

And it will surprise you, what the Lord hath done. Count your blessings,  
 And you will be singing as the days go by. Name them  
 Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high. Count your many blessings,  
 Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

one by one, Count your blessings, See what God hath done; Count your  
 Name them one by one, Count your many blessings, See what God hath done; Count your many

blessings, Name them one by one, Count your many blessings, See what God hath  
 [done.]



# A Light in Our Father's House. 21.

J. B. MACKAY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Wheresoe'er we be on life's raging sea, With its wild and angry foam,  
2. Oh, this light divine for us all doth shine, And will guide us all the way,  
3. Sweetest praise we'll sing to our mighty King, When we reach that peaceful place,  
4. We will ever steer by this light so clear, Till we reach the shining shore,

There's a lovely light in the darkest night That will guide us safely home.  
Till our feet shall stand on the golden strand, In the realms of endless day.  
Where the friends we knew, who to him were true, Now behold his smiling face.  
Where our souls shall rest on the Saviour's breast, And be safe forever more.

CHORUS.

There is a light, beautiful light, Shining out over life's dark sea;  
There is a light, beautiful light,

There's a lovely light in our Father's house, Shining now for you and me.

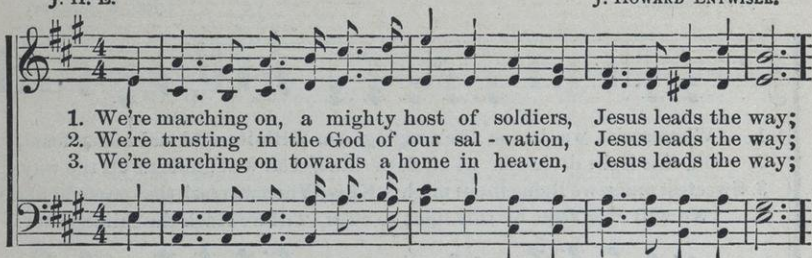
Copyright, 1898, by Jno. R. Sweeney.



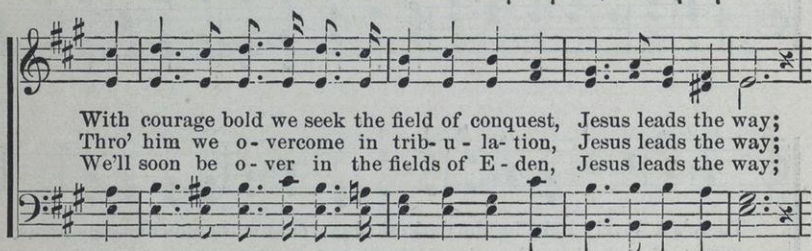
# Jesus Leads the Way.

J. H. E.

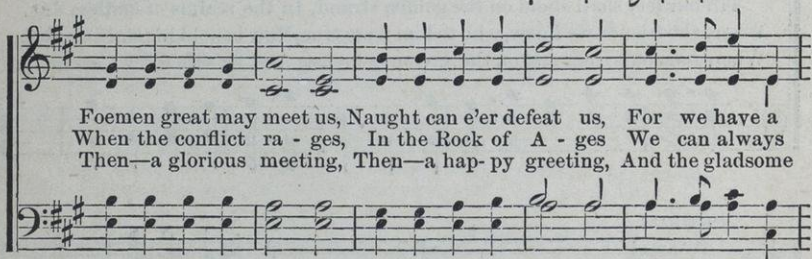
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. We're marching on, a mighty host of soldiers, Jesus leads the way;  
 2. We're trusting in the God of our sal - vation, Jesus leads the way;  
 3. We're marching on towards a home in heaven, Jesus leads the way;

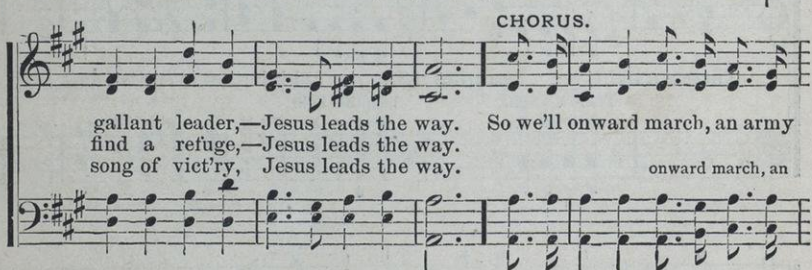


With courage bold we seek the field of conquest, Jesus leads the way;  
 Thro' him we o-vercome in trib-u-la-tion, Jesus leads the way;  
 We'll soon be o-ver in the fields of E-den, Jesus leads the way;

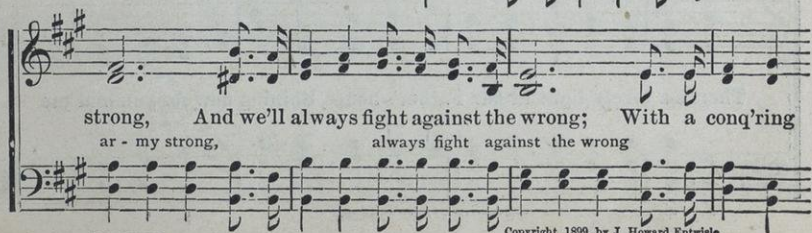


Foemen great may meet us, Naught can e'er defeat us, For we have a  
 When the conflict ra-ges, In the Rock of A-ges We can always  
 Then—a glorious meeting, Then—a hap-py greeting, And the gladsome

CHORUS.

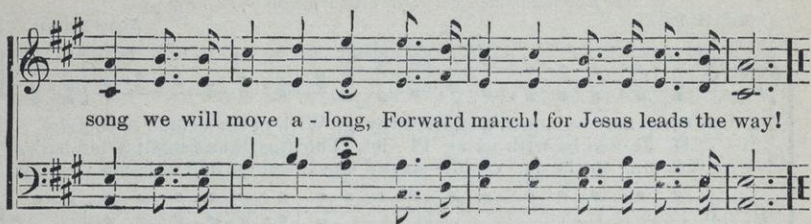


gallant leader,—Jesus leads the way. So we'll onward march, an army  
 find a refuge,—Jesus leads the way.  
 song of vict'ry, Jesus leads the way. onward march, an



strong, And we'll always fight against the wrong; With a conq'ring  
 ar-my strong, always fight against the wrong



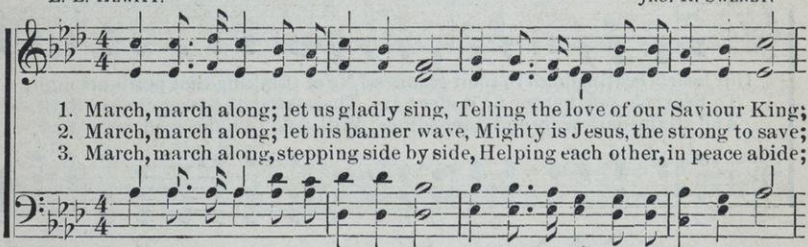


song we will move a - long, Forward march! for Jesus leads the way!

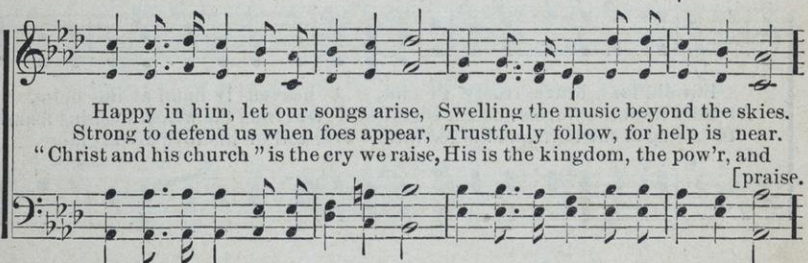
## March, March Along.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

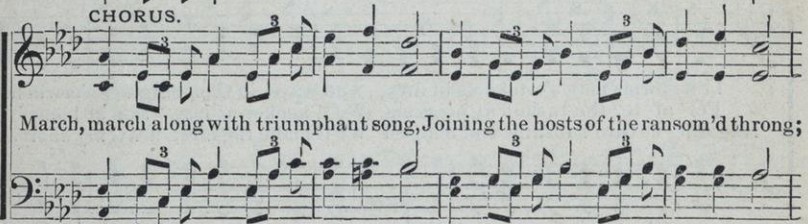


1. March, march along; let us gladly sing, Telling the love of our Saviour King;
2. March, march along; let his banner wave, Mighty is Jesus, the strong to save;
3. March, march along, stepping side by side, Helping each other, in peace abide;

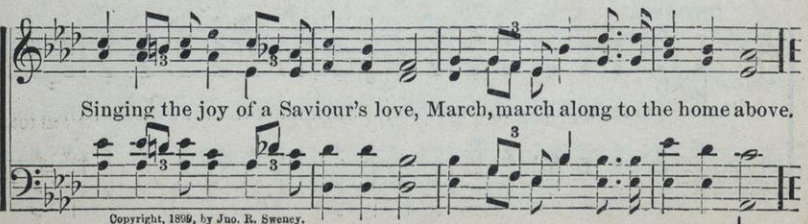


Happy in him, let our songs arise, Swelling the music beyond the skies.  
 Strong to defend us when foes appear, Trustfully follow, for help is near.  
 "Christ and his church" is the cry we raise, His is the kingdom, the pow'r, and [praise.

CHORUS.



March, march along with triumphant song, Joining the hosts of the ransom'd throng;



Singing the joy of a Saviour's love, March, march along to the home above.

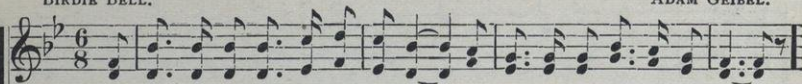


# Unto the Haven.

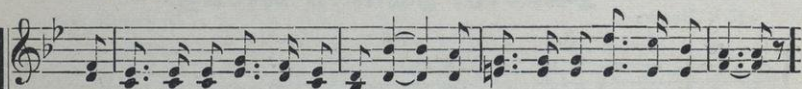
"So he bringeth them unto their desired haven."—Ps. cvii : 30.

BIRDIE BELL.

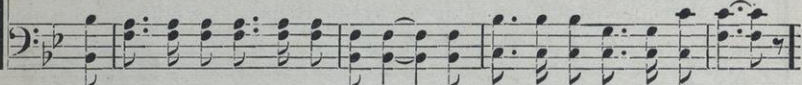
ADAM GEIBEL.



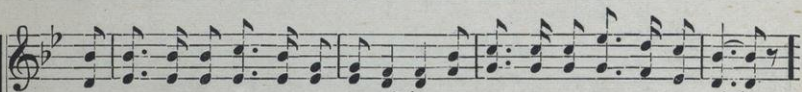
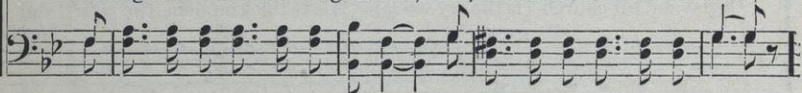
1. Our barks may be launch'd on life's voyage With never a cloud in the sky,
2. If Je- sus be with us as Pi - lot, Tho' fragile and small be our bark,
3. Yes, un - to the ha - ven de - sir - ed Our life-ships will sail some fair day,



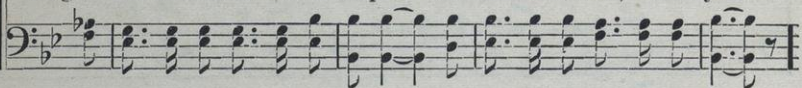
Our hearts beating high in their gladness, Ne'er thinking that perils are nigh;  
To heaven's safe harbor he'll steer it, There after the tempests so dark,—  
And all the dark fears and forebodings Will fade like the shadows a - way,



But oh, for a brave, trusty Pi - lot, A heaven- ly hand at the helm,  
At peace from the storms and the sorrows! At rest from the waves' dashing foam!  
Then sing of the Lord and his goodness, Yes, tell of his love ev- er - more,



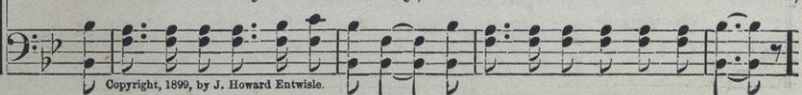
Lest storms may o'ertake us in fury, And waves in their surgings o'erwhelm.  
For af- ter the turbulent breakers, We'll anchor at last, "safe at home."  
He guides us thro' sunshine and tempest We'll make the blest, heavenly shore.



## CHORUS.



Praise God for the days that are sunny, Shrink not from the waves' sullen roar,





For un - to the ha - ven de - sir - ed We'll come when the voyage is o'er.

## Christ is King!

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Sweeping down the ages, hear the joyful sound, Christ the world's Redeemer
2. Rich and poor together meet to sound his praise, Tongues in joyful numbers
3. Praise him, saints and angels, praise him, stars of light! Celebrate his glories,

Lord of all is crown'd; Go to ev - 'ry nation, haste, oh, haste away,  
join his songs to raise; Oh, the proclamation thrills the heart with cheer,  
tell his wondrous might; Praise him, sons of Zion, sing with sweet accord,

### CHORUS.

Bear the glorious message, tell it out to-day! Christ is King! O earth declare,  
Christ the Prince Immanuel, Lord of lords is here!  
Let the world adoring magni - fy the Lord!

Let each heart his throne prepare, Ring it, sing it ev'rywhere, Christ is King!  
Jesus Christ is King!



## It Was So Little.

IDA L. REED

Mark ix: 41.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

DUET.—Alto and Tenor.

1. It was so little, the kindness you offered, The hand-clasp so tender, the  
 2. "It was so little," you say, and forgetting—Pass on, all unknowing how  
 3. Is it so little a burden to lighten,—To bring to an aching heart

word, sweet and low; But all of the world for one soul was made brighter, How  
 Je - sus has blest So richly, the words that for him you have spoken, Or,  
 healing and balm? Ah, is it so lit - tle, a pathway to brighten.—Some

*rit. ad lib.* CHORUS.  
 much,—on - ly Je - sus the Mas - ter will know. "It was so lit - tle," yet  
 how you have brought, to some troubled heart, rest,  
 storm of un - rest in a sad soul to calm?

how can you measure The joy that these little deeds often may bring Into sad

*rit.*  
 lives, all the gladness, the blessing That you may bestow in the name of the King:

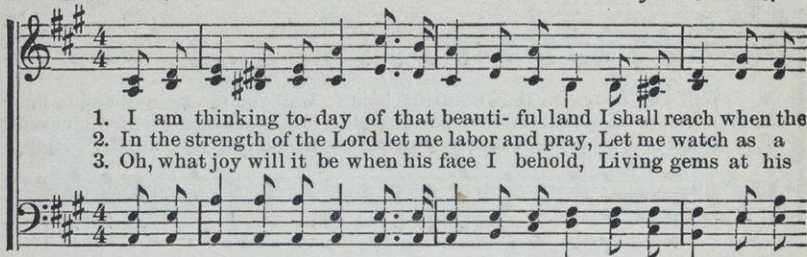


# Will there be any Stars?

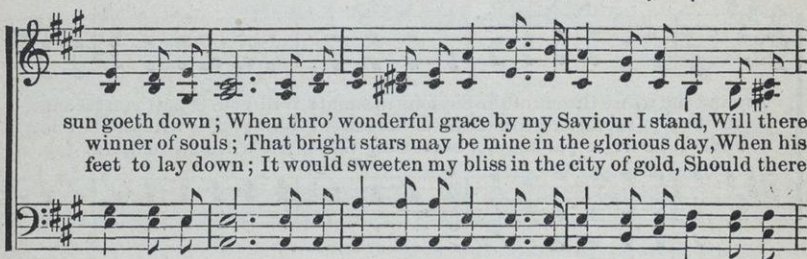
27

R. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

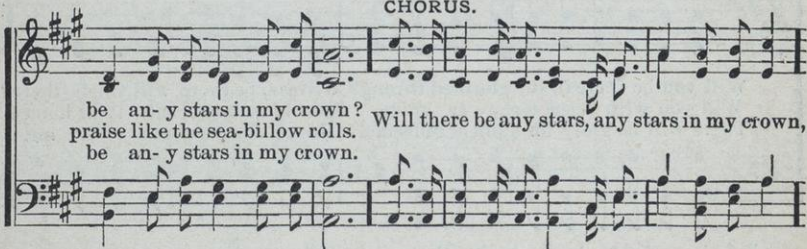


1. I am thinking to-day of that beautiful land I shall reach when the  
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me labor and pray, Let me watch as a  
 3. Oh, what joy will it be when his face I behold, Living gems at his

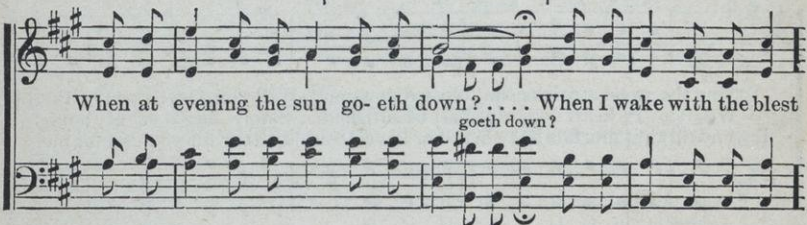


sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Saviour I stand, Will there  
 winner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day, When his  
 feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the city of gold, Should there

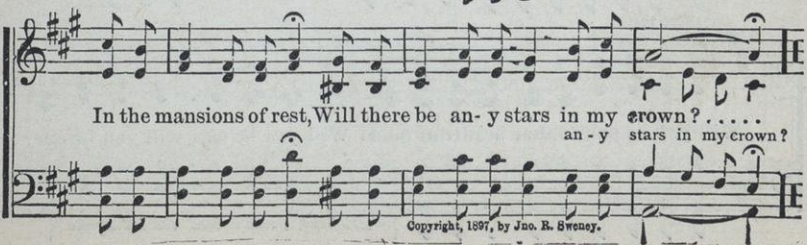
## CHORUS.



be an-y stars in my crown? Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown,  
 praise like the sea-billow rolls.  
 be an-y stars in my crown.



When at evening the sun go-eth down? . . . . When I wake with the blest  
 goeth down?



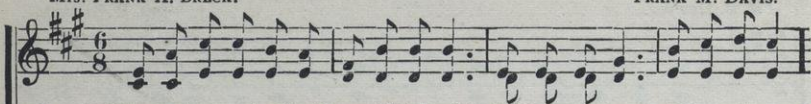
In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown? . . . .  
 an-y stars in my crown?



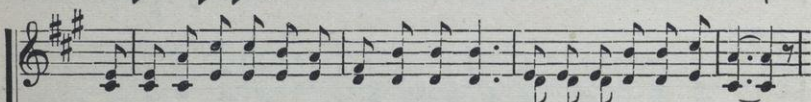
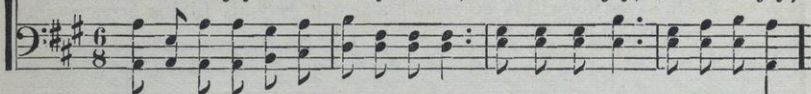
# Will You be One?

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

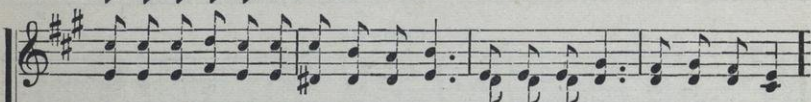
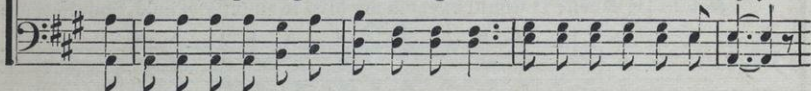
FRANK M. DAVIS.



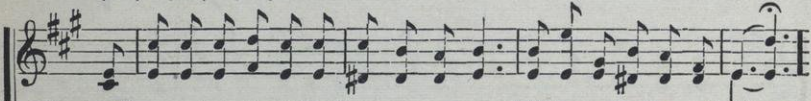
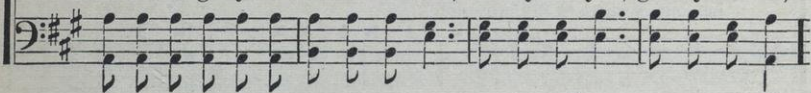
1. Will you be one in that beautiful land? Will you be one, will you be one?
2. Will you be one whom the Saviour will claim? Will you be one, will you be one?
3. There will be joy in that cit-y so fair, Wonderful joy, wonderful joy;



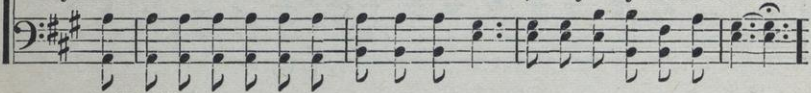
Around the white throne of the Saviour to stand? Will you, O will you be one?  
 An heir of salvation thro' faith in his name? Will you, O will you be one?  
 There'll never be parting nor sorrowing there, All will be wonderful joy.



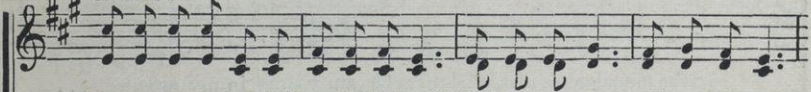
Will you be there in the glorified throng? Will you be there, will you be there?  
 Will you with Jesus forev - er abide, Safe-ly at home, safe-ly at home?  
 There will be glory for sinners redeem'd, Glo-ry for you, glo-ry for me,



To sing the sweet strain of that blessed new song, Will you, O will you be there?  
 Where ev'ry heart-longing shall be satisfied, Safely forev - er at home.  
 Beyond all that mortals have heard or have dream'd, Glory for you and for me.



CHORUS.



Will you be one in that beautiful land? Will you be one, will you be one?





Ev-er rejoic-ing at Jesus' right hand, Will you be one? . . .  
Will you be one by and by?

## Wait On the Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Wait on the Lord, wait patient-ly, And thou shalt in him be blest;
2. Wait on the Lord, wait cheerfully, And he will thy youth re-new;
3. Wait on the Lord, wait loving-ly, Confide in his care thy all;
4. Wait on the Lord, wait joyful-ly, For then shall thy heart be strong;

*Fine.*

Aft-er the storm, a ho-ly calm, And aft-er thy la-bor, rest.  
Wait on the Lord o-bedient-ly, Whatev-er he bids thee do.  
Those that a-bide in perfect peace No danger can e'er be-fall.  
Lo! by his hand he leadeth thee, And thou shalt be fill'd with song.

*D.S.*—O-ver thy soul a watch he keeps, Wherever thy path may be.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

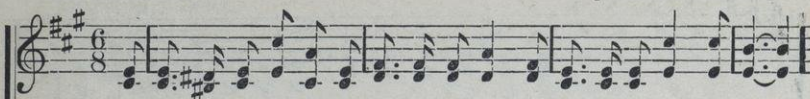
Wait on the Lord, for whom hast thou On earth or in heaven but he? . . .  
but he?



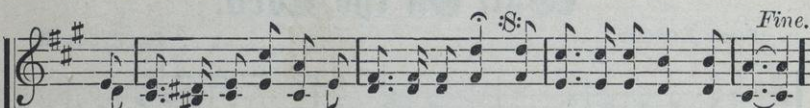
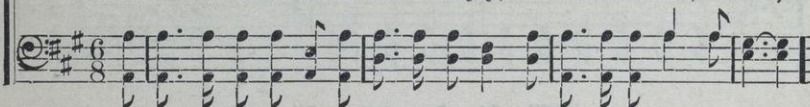
## Come Into the Fold.

ADA BLENKHORN.

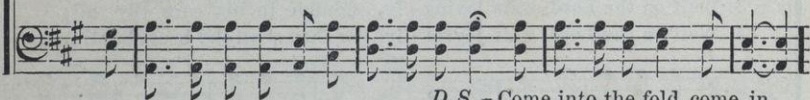
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. In accents of love doth the Saviour implore, Come into the fold, come in;
2. Outside is the darkness, within is the light, Come into the fold, come in;
3. From sorrow and sin to his fulness of joy, Come into the fold, come in;



To give you glad welcome he stands at the door, Come into the fold, come in.  
 Escape from the gloom of the gathering night, Come into the fold, come in.  
 In service for Jesus your time to employ, Come into the fold, come in.

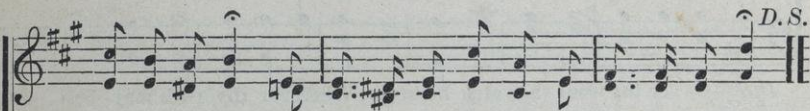
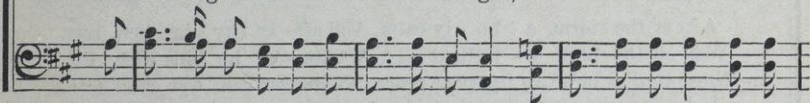


*D.S.* - Come into the fold, come in.

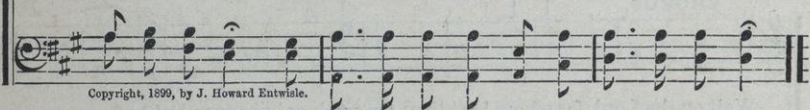
## CHORUS.



Without is the gloom and the darkness of night, In- side of the fold all is



peaceful and bright, And heaven - ly pleasure and endless delight,



Copyright, 1899, by J. Howard Entwisle.

4 The waters are still and the pastures are  
 Come into the fold, come in; [green,  
 For strength and support on his arm you  
 Come into the fold, come in. [may lean,

5 Here nothing can harm you, whatever  
 Come into the fold, come in; [betide,  
 Forever with Jesus your Lord to abide,  
 Come into the fold, come in.



# Upon the Rock.

31

IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Up- on the Rock, the solid Rock I'm building, day by day, A house no  
 2. I la- bor on se- cure in this, my Rock can never fail, Sin's waves may  
 3. And oh! my heart is glad to know that he my work doth see; I have his

storms can overthrow, no floods can wash a - way; For Christ its sure found-  
 seek to undermine, and winds of doubt as - sail; But winds may blow, and  
 promise that my toil not all in vain shall be, For, finished by his

a- tion is, its precious corner stone, On him, thro' him, for him I build, the  
 rains descend, and storms be fierce and wild, They cannot shake my building firm on  
 loving hand, my house at last shall rise, A glorious place prepared for me,—my

CHORUS. *Faster.*

work is his alone. { Upon the Rock, . . . . the solid Rock . . . .  
 this foundation piled. { Against the storm, . . . or tempest's shock, . . .  
 mansion in the skies. { Upon the Rock, the solid Rock,  
 { Against the storm, or tempest's shock,

1  
 2

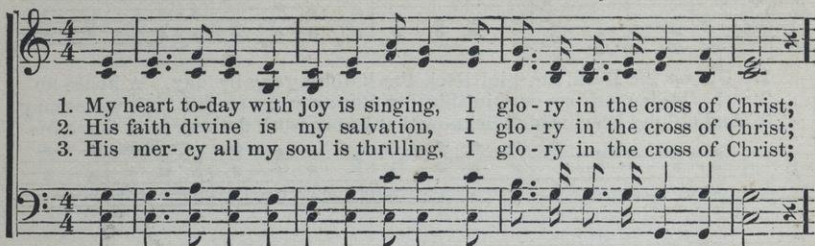
I am building safe and sure; . . . .  
 My house shall stand (*Omit.* . . . . .) se - cure. . . . .  
 I am building safe and sure, I am building safe and sure;  
 My house shall stand secure, (*Omit.* . . . . .) My house shall stand secure.



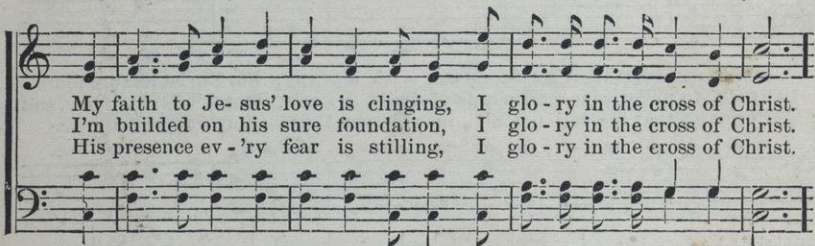
## A Glory In the Cross of Christ.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

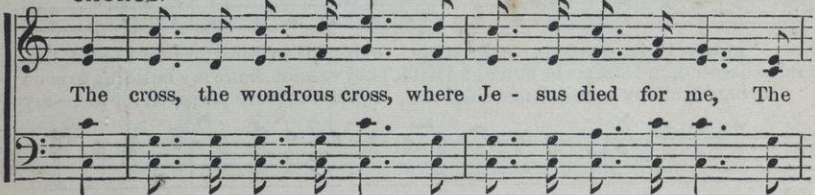


1. My heart to-day with joy is singing, I glo-ry in the cross of Christ;  
 2. His faith divine is my salvation, I glo-ry in the cross of Christ;  
 3. His mer-cy all my soul is thrilling, I glo-ry in the cross of Christ;

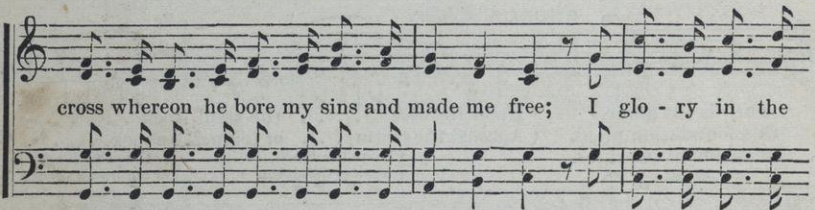


My faith to Je-sus' love is clinging, I glo-ry in the cross of Christ.  
 I'm builded on his sure foundation, I glo-ry in the cross of Christ.  
 His presence ev-'ry fear is stilling, I glo-ry in the cross of Christ.

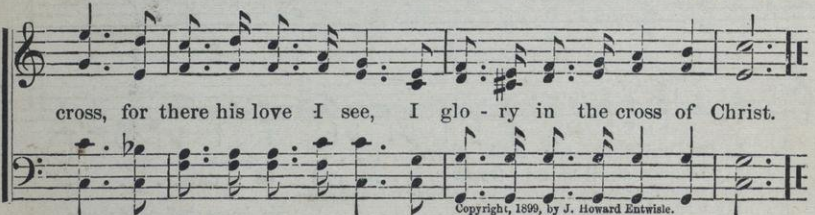
## CHORUS.



The cross, the wondrous cross, where Je - sus died for me, The



cross whereon he bore my sins and made me free; I glo - ry in the



cross, for there his love I see, I glo - ry in the cross of Christ.

Copyright, 1890, by J. Howard Entwisle.

4 He died for me on Calv'ry's mountain,  
 I glory in the cross of Christ;  
 He washed me in the cleansing fount-  
 I glory in the cross of Christ. [ain.]

5 O fount of love within me swelling,  
 I glory in the cross of Christ;  
 O blessed peace my soul indwelling,  
 I glory in the cross of Christ.



# More about Jesus.

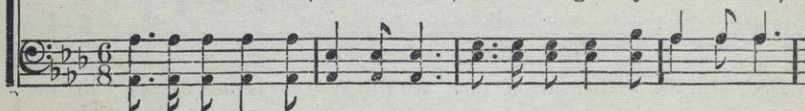
33

E. E. HEWITT.

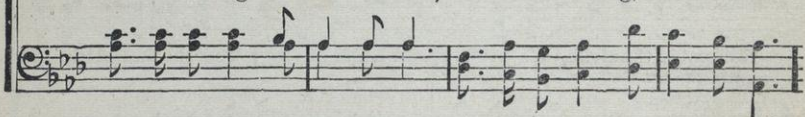
JNO. R. SWENEY.



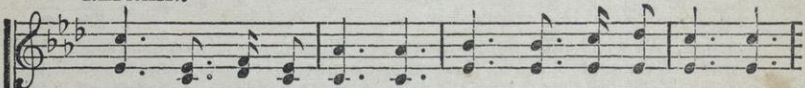
1. More about Je-sus would I know, More of his grace to oth-ers show;
2. More about Je-sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will discern;
3. More about Je-sus; in his word, Holding communion with my Lord;
4. More about Je-sus; on his throne, Riches in glo - ry all his own;



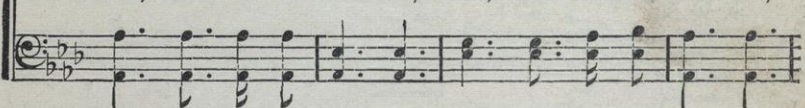
More of his sav-ing ful-ness see, More of his love who died for me.  
Spir - it of God, my teacher be, Showing the things of Christ to me.  
Hearing his voice in ev - 'ry line, Making each faithful say - ing mine.  
More of his kingdom's sure increase; More of his coming, Prince of Peace.



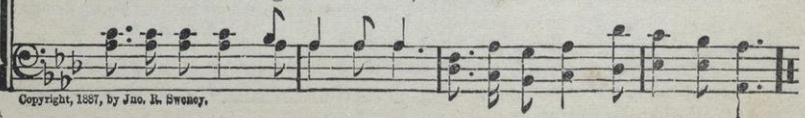
## REFRAIN.



More, more a-bout Je - sus, More, more a-bout Je - sus;



More of his sav-ing ful-ness see, More of his love who died for me.



Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Sweeney.

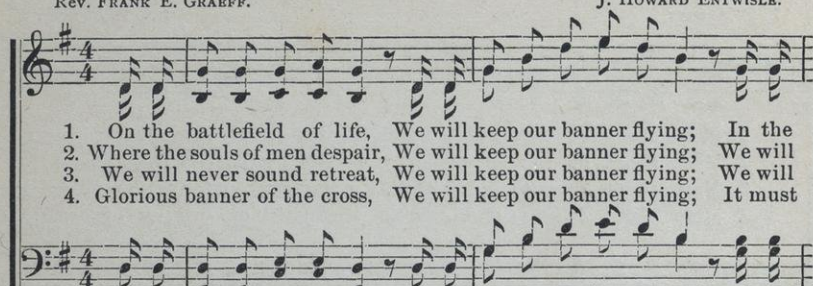
Bright Melodies—C



# 34 We will Keep our Banner Flying.

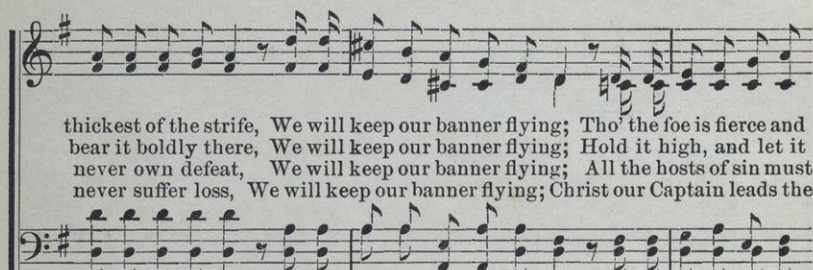
REV. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



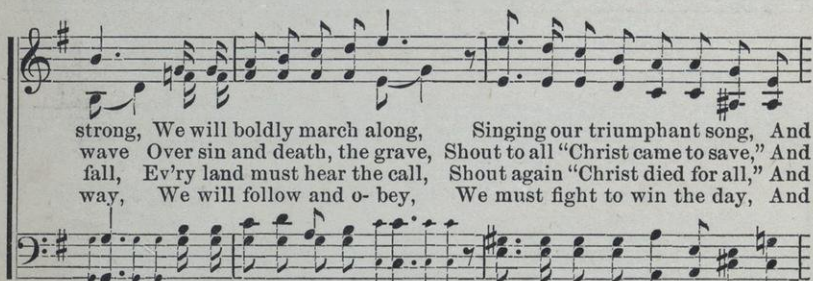
1. On the battlefield of life, We will keep our banner flying; In the  
 2. Where the souls of men despair, We will keep our banner flying; We will  
 3. We will never sound retreat, We will keep our banner flying; We will  
 4. Glorious banner of the cross, We will keep our banner flying; It must

*D. C.*—On the battlefield of life, We will keep our banner flying; In the



thickest of the strife, We will keep our banner flying; Tho' the foe is fierce and  
 bear it boldly there, We will keep our banner flying; Hold it high, and let it  
 never own defeat, We will keep our banner flying; All the hosts of sin must  
 never suffer loss, We will keep our banner flying; Christ our Captain leads the

thickest of the strife, We will keep our banner flying; Tho' the foe is fierce and



strong, We will boldly march along, Singing our triumphant song, And  
 wave Over sin and death, the grave, Shout to all "Christ came to save," And  
 fall, Ev'ry land must hear the call, Shout again "Christ died for all," And  
 way, We will follow and o- bey, We must fight to win the day, And

strong, We will boldly march along, Singing our triumphant song, And

*Fine.* CHORUS.



keep our banner flying. We . . . . will keep our ban - - ner flying,  
 We will keep our banner flying, We will keep our banner flying,  
 keep our banner flying.



Tho' the foe may press us hard to drive us from the field; We will hold our banner high,

We will conquer tho' we die, But to the hosts of sin we will never, never yield!

**Only Trust Him.**

J. H. S.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And he will surely  
2. For Jesus shed his precious blood Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now into the  
3. Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you into rest; Believe in him with-  
4. Come then, and join this holy band, And on to glo-ry go, To dwell in that ce-

CHORUS.  
give you rest, By trusting in his word. On-ly trust him, on-ly trust him,  
crimson flood That washes white as snow.  
out de- lay, And you are ful-ly blest.  
lestial land, Where joys immortal flow.

Only trust him now; He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.



## Glorious Victory.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Vic-tory, vic-tory, glorious vic-tory, Onward, soldiers of the Lord;  
 2. Vic-tory, vic-tory, glorious vic-tory, Faint not, fear not, boldly stand;  
 3. Vic-tory, vic-tory, glorious vic-tory Still is sounding from the sky,  
 4. Vic-tory, vic-tory, glorious vic-tory, Soon we'll lay our armor down;

Hear the soul - in - spiring promise, We shall conquer thro' his word.  
 Wave our ban-ner, shout ho-san-na, With the Spirit's sword in hand.  
 While be-fore our great Commander Sa-tan's vanquish'd armies fly.  
 Soon give up the cross for-ev-er, And re-ceive the victor's crown.

## CHORUS.

We shall o-vercome the world, hal-le-lu-jah to his name,

We shall o-ver-come by faith; We shall o-vercome the world,

hal-le-lu-jah to his name, Who has triumphed o-ver death.



# A Light Behind the Cloud.

37

Mrs. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

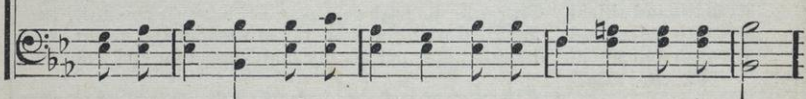
ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Keep in heart, be ev - er pa - tient, There's a light behind the cloud;
2. You re - member Christ had tri - als That were ma - ny and were sore;
3. You can rift the cloud with sunshine If your heart is glad with - in,
4. All the light of life e - ter - nal, That has shone the a - ges through,



Be not gloom - y or dis - couraged, Let not mists your soul enshroud.  
And you may be on - ly pass - ing O'er the ground he trod be - fore.  
And make brighter paths to trav - el If you prayerful - ly be - gin.  
Still ex - ists, and is but wait - ing To il - lu - mi - nate the true.



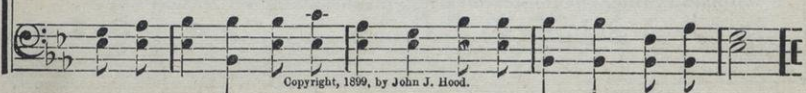
## CHORUS.



Oh, be pa - tient, ev - er pa - tient, When life's cares around you crowd;



Oh, be pa - tient, ev - er pa - tient, There's a light be - hind the cloud.





## Our Strength and Shield.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. March on, happy soldiers, rejoice as you go, The Lord is our strength and  
 2. March on to the warfare of right 'gainst the wrong, The Lord is our strength and  
 3. March on, bearing ev- er the banner of love, The Lord is our strength and

shield; His name gives us courage to meet ev- 'ry foe, The Lord is our  
 shield; Stand up for King Je- sus, be valiant and strong, The Lord is our  
 shield; Proclaiming good news from the Father above, The Lord is our

strength and shield. "Fear not," he hath told us, "I'll be with you still, To  
 strength and shield. "Be filled with the Spir- it" of wisdom and might, And  
 strength and shield. The great gos- pel ar- my shall spread far and wide The

guard you from danger, to save you from ill;" Then sing, marching onward to  
 clad in the glitter- ing ar- mor of light; The word of our God puts the  
 joys that for- ev- er in Je- sus a- bide; Ride on, blessed Saviour, tri-

CHORUS.  
 fair Zion's hill, The Lord is our strength and shield. We'll march along with a  
 tempter to flight, The Lord is our strength and shield.  
 umphantly ride, The Lord is our strength and shield.



# Our Strength and Shield.—CONCLUDED. 39

conq'ring song, We're victors, victors on the bat - tle-field, If trusting our

King, From our hearts we can sing, The Lord is our strength and shield.

## Draw Me Still Closer.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Draw me still closer, dear Saviour, Closer to thy bleeding side, Which for my
2. Draw me still closer, dear Saviour, Closer by night and by day, When I am
3. Draw me still closer, dear Saviour, I would live nearer to thee, Thou art my

### REFRAIN.

cleansing is flowing, There I would ever a - bide. Closer to thee,  
tempted to wander, Draw me still closer, I pray.  
Rock and my Refuge, Clos-er to thee I would be.

closer to thee, Draw me, dear Saviour, still closer to thee; closer to thee.



## Scatter Sunshine.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. In a world where sorrow Ev-er will be known, Where are found the  
 2. Slightest actions oft - en Meet the sor-est needs, For the world wants  
 3. When the days are gloomy, Sing some happy song, Meet the world's re-

need - y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and comfort  
 dai - ly, Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row  
 pin - ing With a cour-age strong; Go with faith un-daunted,

You can all be-stow, If you scat-ter sunshine Ev'rywhere you go.  
 You may help remove, With your songs and courage, Sympathy and love.  
 Thro' the ills of life, Scatter smiles and sunshine O'er its toil and strife.

## CHORUS.

Scat - ter sunshine all a-long your way, Cheer and bless and  
 Scatter smiles and

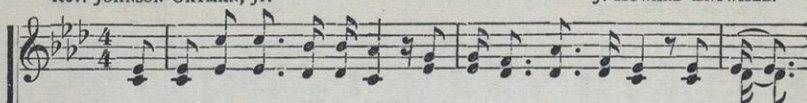
bright-en Ev - 'ry pass-ing day, Ev - 'ry pass-ing day.



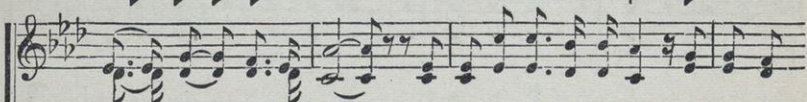
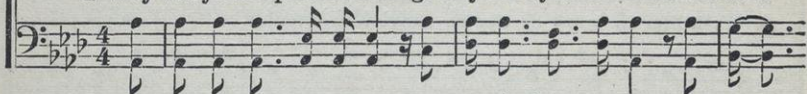
# Oh, Don't you Hear Him Knocking? 41

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

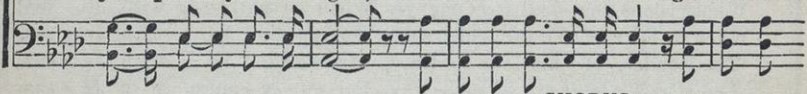
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



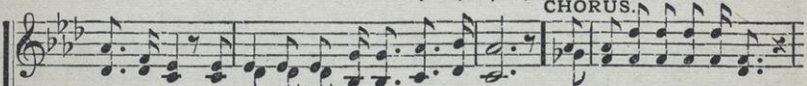
1. A hand all bruised and bleeding is knocking at the door, Is knocking
2. How often when in sickness, your body racked with pain, This knocking
3. While standing by the casket of some de- parted friend, With sorrow
4. Why will you keep him knocking? why don't you let him in? He'll fill



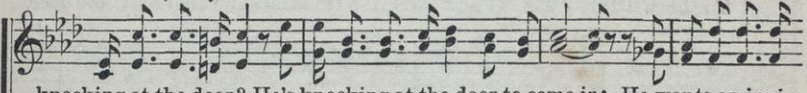
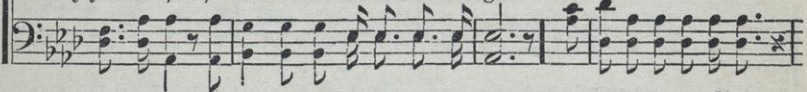
at the door of your heart; It is the hand of Jesus, who long has  
re- sounded in your ears; How often in the nighttime the knock would  
your heart was sick and sore; What caus'd that train of thinking of how your  
your pathway with delight; That hand so torn and bleeding will wash a-



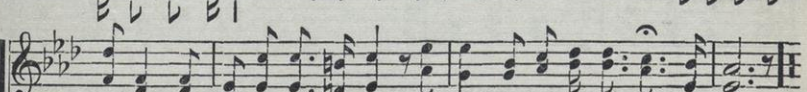
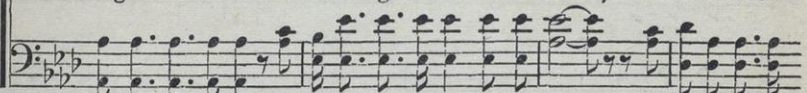
## CHORUS.



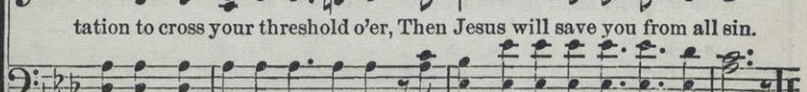
knocked before, Tho' oft you have told him to depart. Oh, don't you hear him knock-  
come again, So loud it would fill your soul with fears. [ing,  
life would end? That hand was then knocking at the door.  
way your sin, Oh, welcome the Saviour in to-night.



knocking at the door? He's knocking at the door to come in; He wants an invi-



tation to cross your threshold o'er, Then Jesus will save you from all sin.



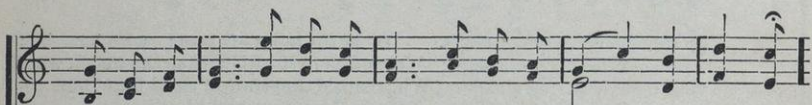
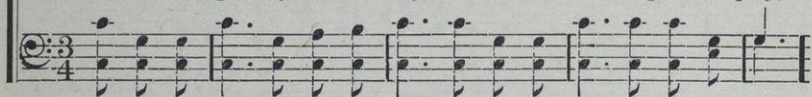


Rev. D. W. GORDON.

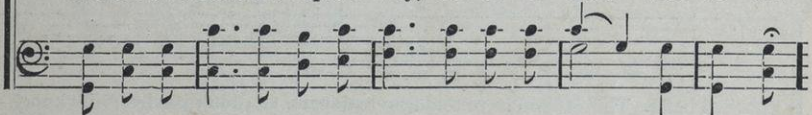
JNO. R. SWENEY.



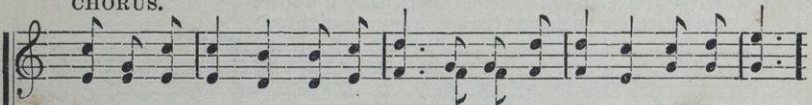
1. When from the scenes of earth we rise, To find our home beyond the skies,
2. The storms of life will all be o'er, Our souls be tempest-toss'd no more,
3. Redeemed from sin and saved by grace, We shall behold his blessed face,
4. With him in glo - ry e'er to stay, Where founts of living waters play,



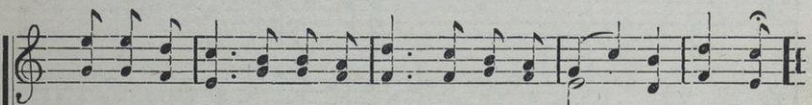
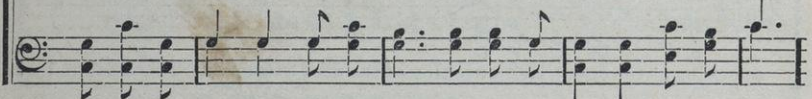
What visions then shall greet our eyes, When we shall be with Je - sus!  
 When we have reach'd the golden shore, For we shall be with Je - sus.  
 The wonders of his love to trace, As we shall be with Je - sus.  
 And sorrow's tears are wiped a-way, For-ev - er - more with Je - sus.



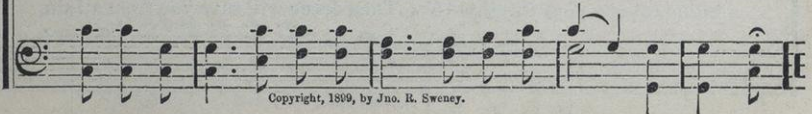
## CHORUS.



To be with Je - sus, O how sweet! With saints and angels at his feet,



With songs we shall each other greet, And ev - er be with Je - sus.



# More than Conquerors.

43

HORATIUS BONAR.

JOHN GOSS.

1. Ban-ner of the bless-ed tree, Round its glo-ry gath-er ye.  
2. King of glo-ry, thee a-lone, King of kings, thy name we own  
3. Spare not toil, nor blood, nor pain, Not a stroke descends in vain;

Warriors of the crown and cross, What is earthly gain or loss?  
With thy ban-ners o-ver-head Not ten thousand foes we dread.  
Wounded, still no foot we yield On this blood-stain'd battle-field.

## CHORUS.

More than conq'rors e-ven now, With the war-sweat on our brow,

Onward o'er the well-mark'd road, March we as the host of God.



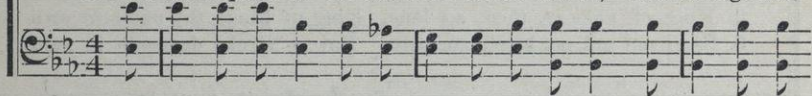
## Sowing the Seed of the Kingdom.

E. E. HEWITT.

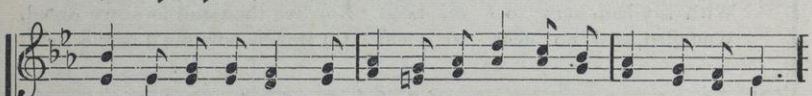
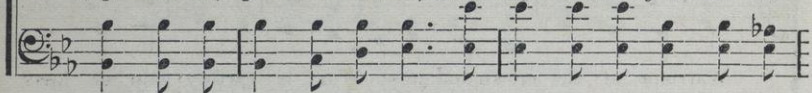
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. O lis - ten a - gain to the voice loudly sounding! The Lord of the
2. O lift up your pray'rs to our Father in heaven, To send forth more
3. Then let us press on in the work set be - fore us, With courage and



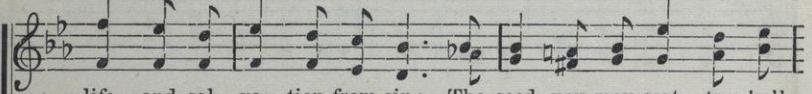
Har - vest is call - ing to - day For hearts of de - vo - tion, with  
lab'ers, for wide is the field; Tho' weak be our ef - forts, more  
hope - fulness, patience and love; Some day we shall join in the



grat - itude bounding, For sow - ers to plant his good seed by the way.  
grace will be giv - en, And e - ven the des - ert glad fruitage will yield.  
ju - bilant cho - rus When sowers and reapers shall gath - er a - bove.



Go forth at his word with the sweet gospel sto - ry, The message of  
The fir - tree shall spread where the thorns are now growing; Instead of the  
What sheaves of rejoic - ing shall burst on our vis - ion! For life's humble



life and sal - va - tion from sin; The seed you may scat - ter shall  
bri - er, the myr - tle shall spring; Thro' ground, dry and barren, bright  
ser - vice what wondrous reward! In E - den's fair fields, by the





# Sowing the Seed, etc.—CONCLUDED.

45

rise up in glo-ry, And sheaves, rich and golden, the toil - er shall win.  
streams shall be flowing, The souls now in sor - row for gladness shall sing.  
gar - ners' e - lysian, The servant shall share in the joy of the Lord.

## CHORUS.

Be sow - ing, still sow - ing, The seed of the kingdom that never shall die;  
Be sowing, be sowing, still sowing, still sowing,

Be sow - ing, still sow - ing, A wonderful harvest we'll reap, by and by.  
Be sowing, be sowing, still sowing, still sowing,

# No Tears in Yonder Home.

J. H. ENTWISLE.

For Male Voices.\*

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.

1. No tears in yonder home, There, all serene and bright, Sorrow and pain are  
2. Blest home beyond death's sea, What sacred pleasures there! There—on the golden  
3. Je - sus, my all in all, Keep me till life is past; Tho' shadows 'round me

o'er, Sickness and death—no more, No tears, no tears, but peace and light.  
street Kindred and friends to greet; Blest home, blest home, so bright and fair!  
fall, No darkness can ap - pall, No fears, no fears within thy fold.

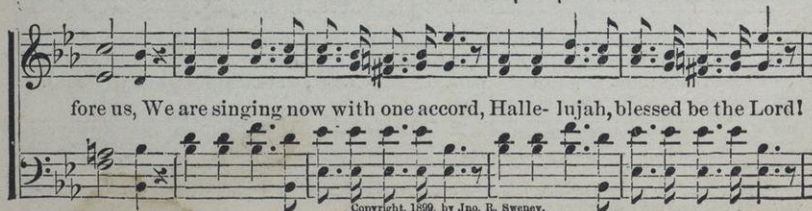
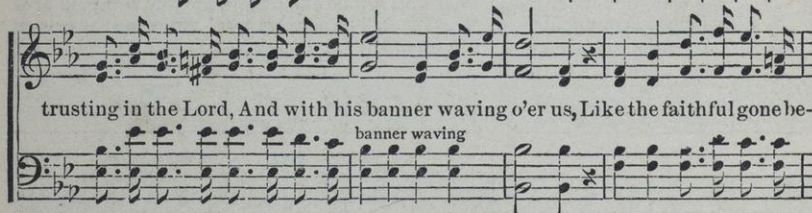
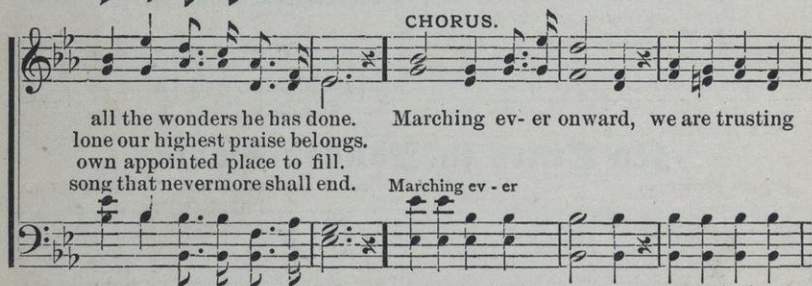
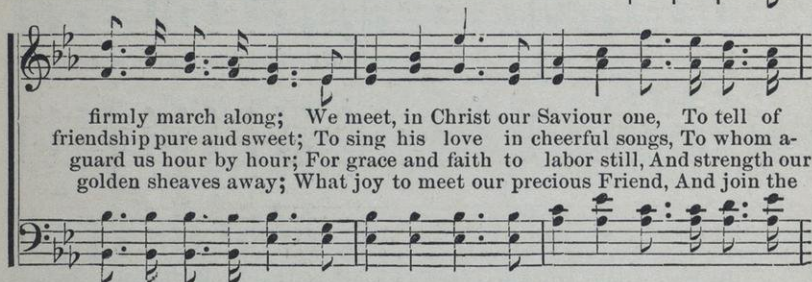
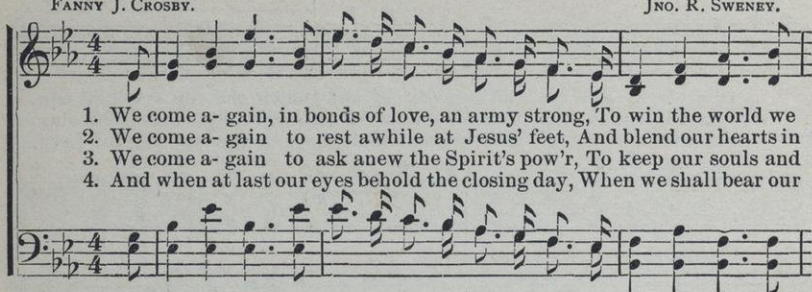
\* This may be sung with fine effect by a mixed chorus; ladies singing 1st Tenor, (down in tenor voice, of course,) tenors singing 2d Tenor.



# We Come Again.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.





Shout the story, glo-ry, glo-ry, Halle-lujah evermore to God our King!

## Once More We Gather.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Enter his courts with praise."—Ps. c: 4.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Once more we gather in our Sabbath dwelling, Singing the praises of our King;
2. Once more we gather for a joyful service, To him who's kept us all our days;
3. Once more we gather on this blessed Sabbath, Lifting our hearts in pray'r and [praise];

For all his blessings and his loving kindness, Grateful hearts to him we bring.  
We will adore and laud his name forever, For his wondrous works and ways.  
Jesus, to thee be all the praise and glo-ry That our youthful voices raise.

### CHORUS.

Praise him, praise him, Praise the mighty King of glo-ry;  
Praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him,

Praise him, praise him, Praise the mighty King of glo-ry.  
Praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him,



## Send out the Sunlight.

ELLEN DARE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Send out the sunlight, the sunlight of cheer, Shine on earth's sadness till it disappear—  
 2. Send out the sunlight in letter and word; Speak it and think it till hearts are all  
 3. Send out the sunlight each hour and day, Crown all the years with its luminous  
 4. Send out the sunlight that speaks in a smile, Often it shortens the long, weary

pear—Souls are in waiting this message to hear, Send out the sunlight of love.  
 stirred—Hearts that are hungry for prayers still unheard,  
 ray, Nourish the seeds that are sown on the way, Send out the sunlight of love.  
 mile, Often the burdens seem light for awhile, Send out the sunlight of love.

## CHORUS.

Send out the sunlight of love, . . . . Send out the sunlight of love, . . . .  
 the sunlight of love, the sunlight of love,

Send out the sunlight, Send out the sunlight, Send out the sunlight of love.  
 the sunlight of love.

Copyright, 1892, by Jno. R. Sweeney.

5 Send out the sunlight, as free as the air!  
 Blessings will follow with none to compare,  
 Blessings of peace, that will rise from desire—  
 Send out the sunlight of love.

6 Send out the sunlight, you have it in you!  
 Clouds may obscure it just now from your view;  
 Pray for its presence! your prayer will  
 Send out the sunlight of love.



# By Grace Alone.

49

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

2 Thess. ii : 16.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. A message sweet is borne to me On wings of joy divine; A wondrous  
 2. I hear the mes- sage that I love When morning dawns anew, I read it  
 3. Oh, wondrous grace for all mankind, That spreads from sea to sea! It heals the

message, glad and free, That thrills this heart of mine; I'm sav'd by grace, by grace a-  
 in the sun above That shines across the blue; I hear it in the twilight  
 sick and leads the blind, And sets the pris'n'r free; The soul that seeks it cannot

lone, Thro' Christ, whose love I claim, No other could for sin atone, Ho- sanna  
 still, And at the sunset hour, -I'm sav'd by grace! what words can thrill With such a  
 fail To see the Saviour's face, And Satan's pow'r cannot prevail If we are

CHORUS.

to his name! O glorious song that all day long With tuneful note is  
 mag- ic pow'r?  
 sav'd by grace. glorious song all day long

ringing, I'm sav'd by grace, amazing grace, And that is why I'm singing!  
 I'm sav'd by grace, a - mazing grace,

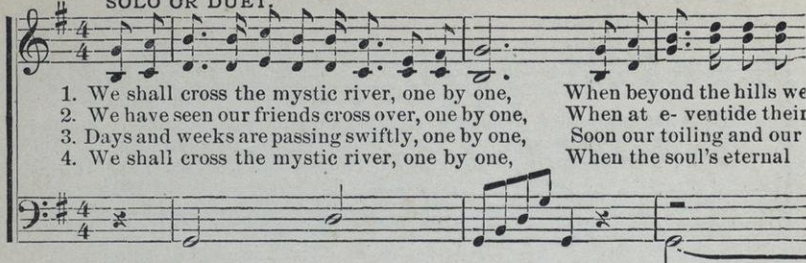
Copyright, 1908, by J. Howard Entwisle.



# Crossing One by One.

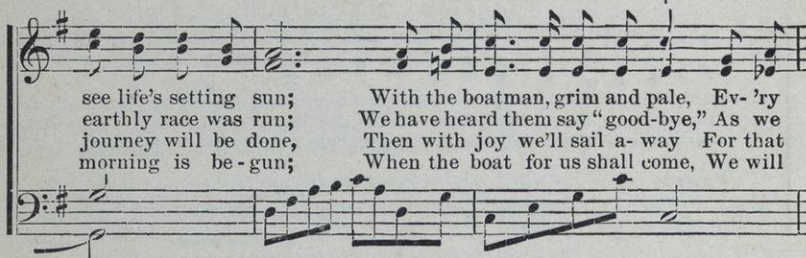
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.  
SOLO OR DUET

ADAM GEIBEL.



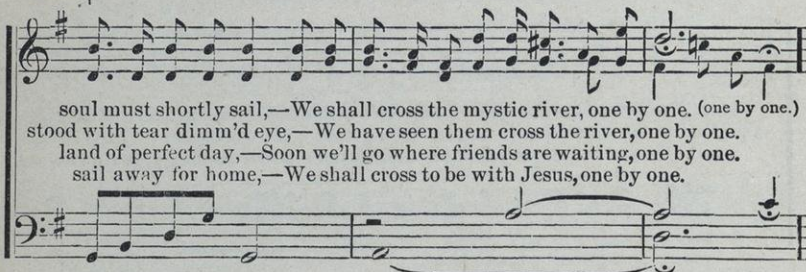
1. We shall cross the mystic river, one by one,  
2. We have seen our friends cross over, one by one,  
3. Days and weeks are passing swiftly, one by one,  
4. We shall cross the mystic river, one by one,

When beyond the hills we  
When at e- ventide their  
Soon our toiling and our  
When the soul's eternal



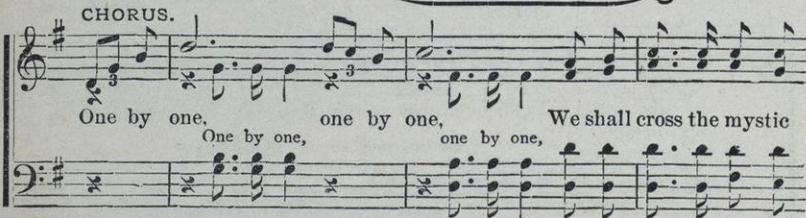
see life's setting sun;  
earthly race was run;  
journey will be done,  
morning is be- gun;

With the boatman, grim and pale, Ev- 'ry  
We have heard them say "good-bye," As we  
Then with joy we'll sail a- way For that  
When the boat for us shall come, We will

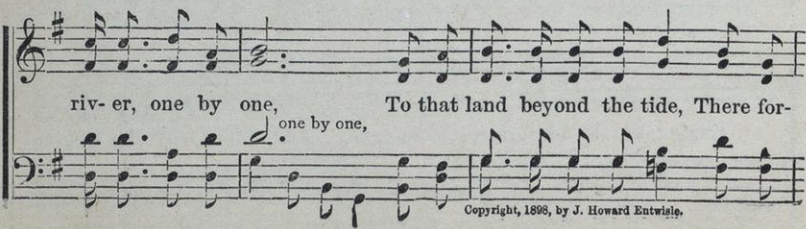


soul must shortly sail,—We shall cross the mystic river, one by one. (one by one.)  
stood with tear dimm'd eye,—We have seen them cross the river, one by one.  
land of perfect day,—Soon we'll go where friends are waiting, one by one.  
sail away for home,—We shall cross to be with Jesus, one by one.

CHORUS.



One by one, One by one, one by one, We shall cross the mystic



riv- er, one by one, one by one, To that land beyond the tide, There for-



ev - er to a - bide,—We shall cross the mystic riv - er, one by one.

In the Sunshine.

IDA L. REED.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. I am walking in the sunshine Of my blessed Saviour's love,  
2. 'Neath its light the shadows vanish; Now my heart with rapture glows,  
3. What are earthly cares and troubles When the love-light shines so free,

And its light makes bright my pathway, Streaming downward from above.  
For this thought my fears doth banish: "All the pathway Je- sus knows!"  
All my clouds and gloom dis- pelling— Glo- ri - fy- ing life for me?

CHORUS.

I am walking in the glorious sun- shine, Walking in the glorious sunshine;  
glorious sunshine,

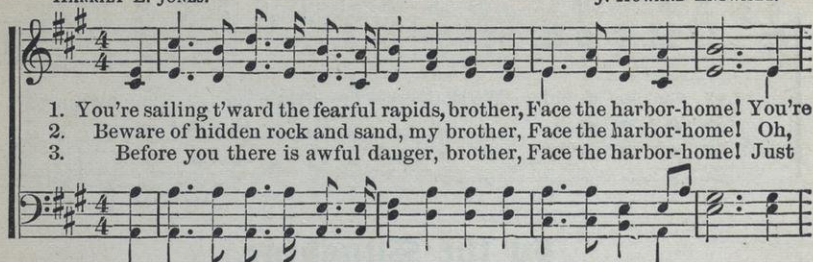
O this light so free shines for you and me, Blessed light of Je- sus' love.



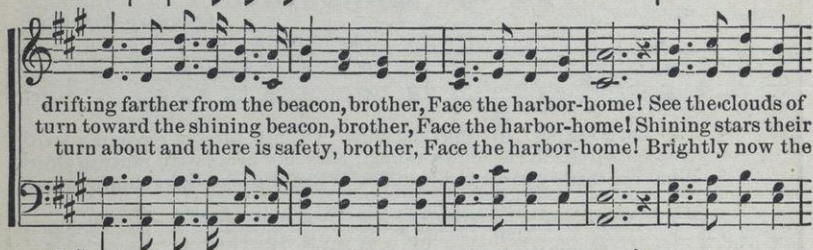
# The Harbor-Home.

HARRIET E. JONES.

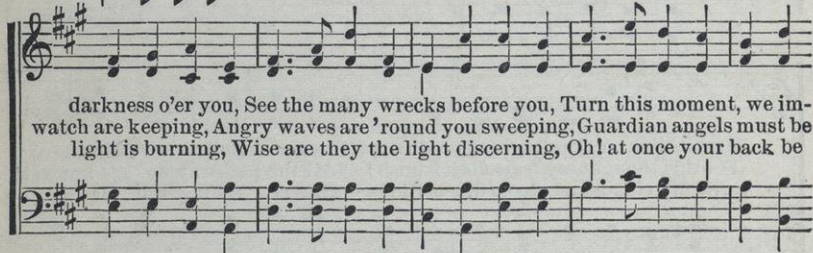
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. You're sailing t'ward the fearful rapids, brother, Face the harbor-home! You're  
 2. Beware of hidden rock and sand, my brother, Face the harbor-home! Oh,  
 3. Before you there is awful danger, brother, Face the harbor-home! Just

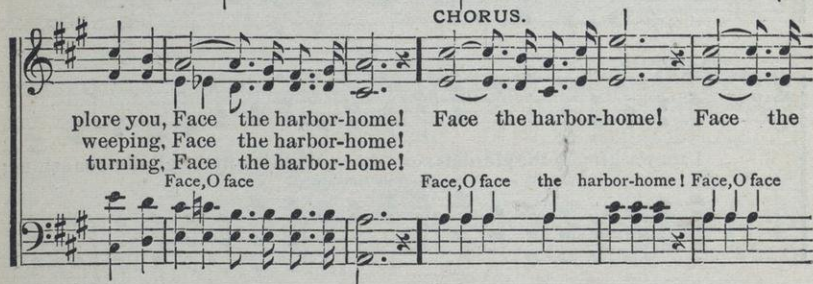


drifting farther from the beacon, brother, Face the harbor-home! See the clouds of  
 turn toward the shining beacon, brother, Face the harbor-home! Shining stars their  
 turn about and there is safety, brother, Face the harbor-home! Brightly now the

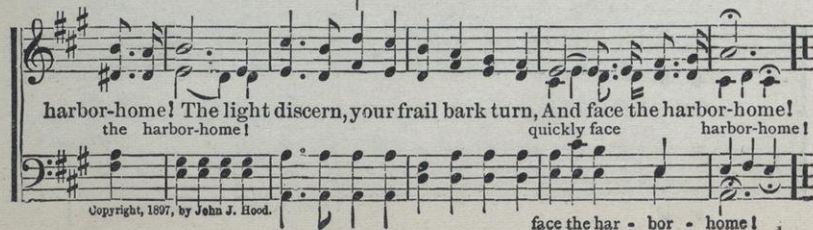


darkness o'er you, See the many wrecks before you, Turn this moment, we im-  
 watch are keeping, Angry waves are 'round you sweeping, Guardian angels must be  
 light is burning, Wise are they the light discerning, Oh! at once your back be

CHORUS.



plore you, Face the harbor-home! Face the harbor-home! Face the  
 weeping, Face the harbor-home!  
 turning, Face the harbor-home!  
 Face, O face Face, O face the harbor-home! Face, O face



harbor-home! The light discern, your frail bark turn, And face the harbor-home!  
 the harbor-home! quickly face harbor-home!



# Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

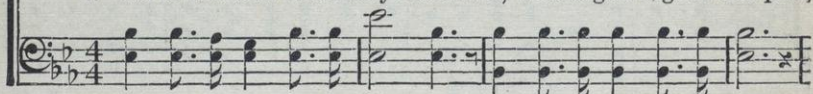
53

FANNY J. CROSEY.

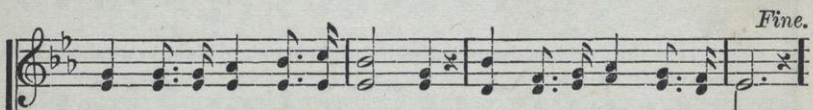
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev-'ry word,
2. Fasting, a - lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that he passed,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed him, Writhing in anguish and pain;

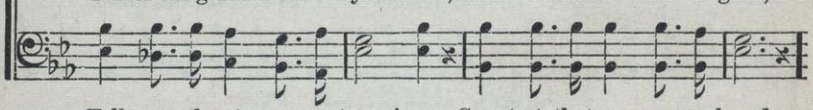


CHO.—Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev'ry word,



*Fine.*

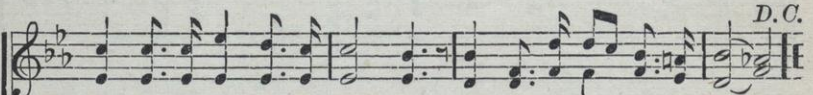
Tell me the sto - ry most precious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard;  
How for our sins he was tempted, Yet was triumphant at last;  
Tell of the grave where they laid him, Tell how he liv - eth a - gain;



Tell me the sto - ry most precious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard.

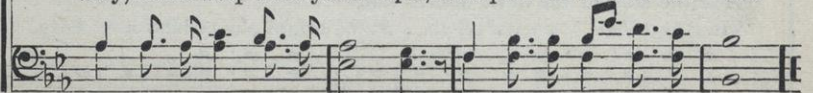


Tell how the angels, in cho - rus, Sang as they welcomed his birth,—  
Tell of the years of his la - bor, Tell of the sorrow he bore,  
Love in that sto - ry so ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see;



*D. C.*

Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good tidings to earth.  
He was despised and afflict - ed, Homeless, reject - ed and poor.  
Stay, let me weep while you whisper, Love paid the ransom for me.



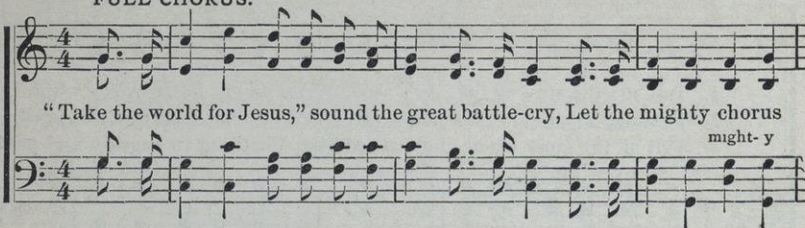


## Take the World for Jesus.

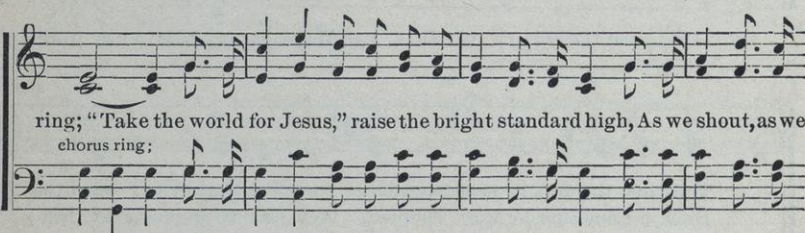
J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

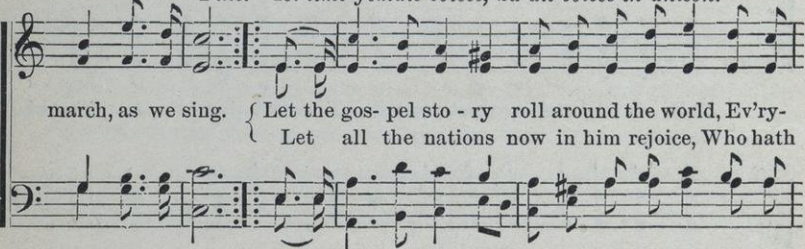
FULL CHORUS.



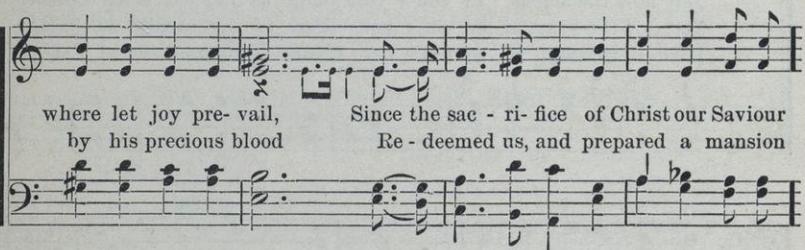
"Take the world for Jesus," sound the great battle-cry, Let the mighty chorus  
might-y




ring; "Take the world for Jesus," raise the bright standard high, As we shout, as we  
chorus ring;

*Fine. 1st time female voices, 2d all voices in unison.*


march, as we sing. { Let the gos- pel sto - ry roll around the world, Ev'ry-  
Let all the nations now in him rejoice, Who hath



where let joy pre- vail, Since the sac - ri - fice of Christ our Saviour  
by his precious blood Re - deemed us, and prepared a mansion



For the sins of the world doth a-vail;  
In the (Omit. . . . .) bright glo-ry-land a - bove.



## SEMI-CHORUS. *Smoothly.*

Out on the mountains of sin and despair, Millions are perishing, needing our care;  
Tell them of Jesus who rose from the grave, Tell them of Jesus, the Mighty to Save;

## *D. C.*

Shall we not send them the message to-day? Shall we not help without further delay?  
Plenteous salvation in him doth abound, Cleansing and healing in Jesus are found.

## He Leadeth Me.

C. H. W.

Mrs. C. H. WOOLSTON.

1. He leadeth me! O words di- vine, What comfort thrills this heart of mine;  
2. He leadeth me! my Shepherd, Guide, Secure- ly thro' the pastures wide;  
3. He leadeth me! in sorrows he My Keeper is, where'er I be;  
4. He leadeth me! his goodness tell, His mercy with his child doth dwell;

## *rit.*

O blessed light in darkness shine, He leadeth me! he leadeth me!  
A- biding close- ly by my side, He leadeth me! yea, leadeth me!  
In shady nook or stormy sea, He leadeth me! yea, e - ven me!  
Oh, let the theme his praises swell, He leadeth me! he leadeth me!



# Oh, Won't you Meet me There?

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. This life will soon be ended, A few more doubts and fears, Then we will be for-  
 2. There all the walls are jasper, There all the streets are gold, But of that city's  
 3. Dear sinner, start for glory, Where all is fair and bright, Just bow before the

ev - er Beyond this vale of tears; My Saviour has gone over, A mansion  
 beauty The half has not been told; For you and me, my brother, Christ once the  
 Saviour, He'll save your soul to-night; He'll write your name in heaven, In answer

*Fine.* CHORUS.  
 to prepare, So when we cross the river, Oh, won't you meet me there? Oh, won't you  
 cross did bear, That we might see its glory, Oh, won't you meet me there?  
 to your pray'r, There friends for you are waiting, Oh, won't you meet me there?

*D.S.* — There's room enough in heaven, Oh, won't you meet me there?  
 meet me there? Oh, won't you meet me there, In that e - ter - nal Cit - y Where  
 meet me there? meet me there

*D.S.*  
 all is bright and fair? I'm going home to glory, A crown of life to wear,



# Come to the Feast.

57

F. M. D.

"Come, for all things are now ready."—Luke xiv: 17. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Will you come to the feast that the King has spread? Will you come? will you  
 2. At the feast you will find balm for ev'ry woe; Will you come? will you  
 3. There's a seat that is vacant for you to-day; Will you come? will you

come? Will you come and partake of the Living Bread? Will you  
 come? There the joy and peace found in Christ you'll know; Will you  
 come? When the King bids you welcome, why still delay? Will you  
 will you come?

CHORUS.  
 come? will you come? Will you come? will you come?  
 Will you come? will you come? Will you come? will you come?

Will you come? he invites you to-day; There is room for  
 Will you come?

all in the banquet hall; Will you, hungry and poor, stay a-way?



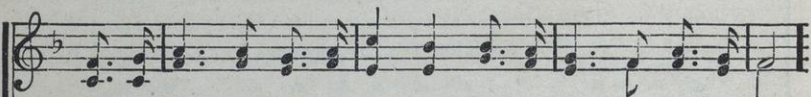
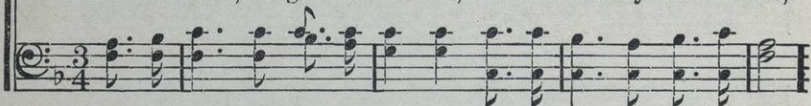
## Give me Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

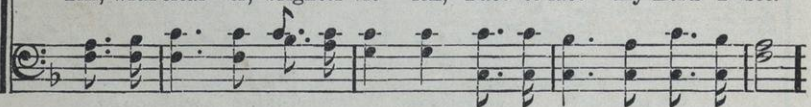
JNO. R. SWENEY.



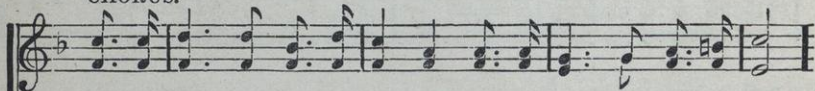
1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus,—All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweetest com - fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view his constant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, In his cross my trust shall be,



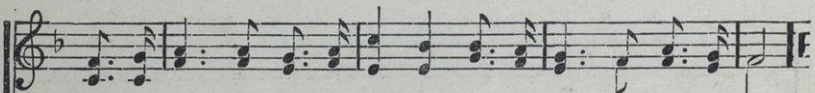
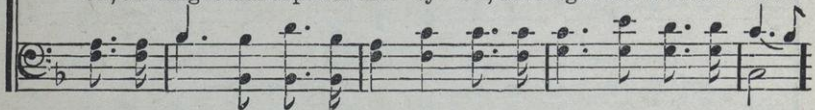
But his love a - bid - eth ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal years the same.  
 With my Sav - iour watching o'er me I can sing, though billows roll.  
 Then throughout my pilgrim jour - ney Light will cheer me all the while.  
 Till, with clear - er, brighter vis - ion, Face to face my Lord I see.



## CHORUS.



Oh, the height and depth of mer - cy! Oh, the length and breadth of love!



Oh, the ful - ness of redemption, Pledge of end - less life a - bove!



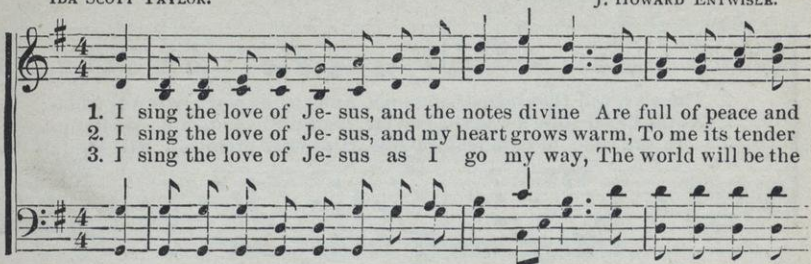


# I Sing the Love of Jesus.

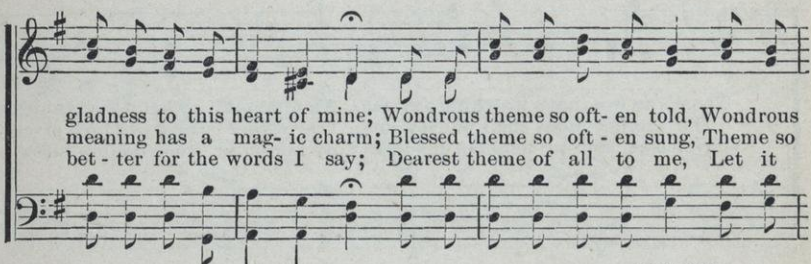
59

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

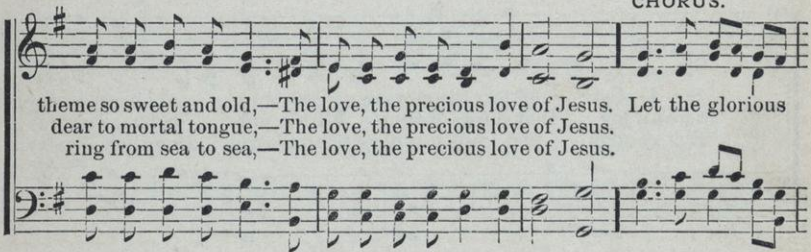


1. I sing the love of Je- sus, and the notes divine Are full of peace and  
2. I sing the love of Je- sus, and my heart grows warm, To me its tender  
3. I sing the love of Je- sus as I go my way, The world will be the

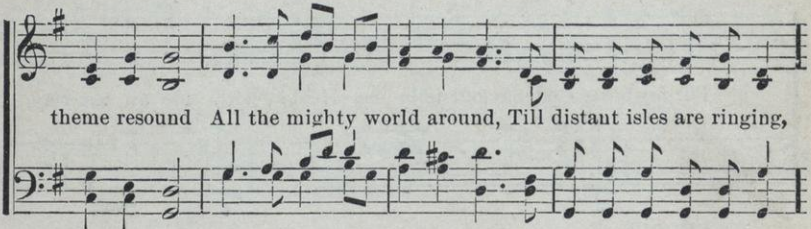


gladness to this heart of mine; Wondrous theme so oft- en told, Wondrous  
meaning has a mag- ic charm; Blessed theme so oft- en sung, Theme so  
bet- ter for the words I say; Dearest theme of all to me, Let it

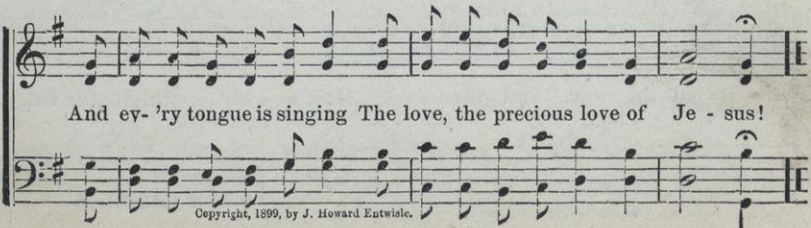
## CHORUS.



theme so sweet and old,—The love, the precious love of Jesus. Let the glorious  
dear to mortal tongue,—The love, the precious love of Jesus.  
ring from sea to sea,—The love, the precious love of Jesus.



theme resound All the mighty world around, Till distant isles are ringing,



And ev- 'ry tongue is singing The love, the precious love of Je- sus!



## All the Way.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. There's a veil that hangs before me, And an unknown pathway hides;  
 2. At the blood-stain'd cross he met me, Bade me look to him and live;  
 3. In the time of pain and sadness, His sweet promise I will test;

There's an eye that's watching o'er me, An almighty hand that guides.  
 Tho' temptations shall beset me, Overcoming power he'll give.  
 Welcome, sunny hours of gladness, By his smile made doubly blest.

So I need not fear the morrow; Peace is in my heart to-day,  
 There's a joy that shines about me, With a pure and heavenly ray,  
 Every step that leads to glory Shall his wondrous love display,

For my blessed Saviour tells me, He'll be with me all the way.

CHORUS.

All the way, all the way, He'll be with me all the way;  
 All the way, all the way, He'll be with



# All the Way.—CONCLUDED.

61

O my bless - ed Saviour tells me, He'll be with me all the way.  
O my blessed He'll be with

# The Sweet New Name.

HARRIET E. JONES.

Rev. ii: 17.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. A gold - en prom - ise I may claim, If true to God's dear Son:  
2. O help me, Lord, to faithful prove That I may claim some day  
3. Give me the strength to do thy will, Thro' days and years the same;

The se - cret name, the sweet new name,—Up - on a pure white stone.  
This to - ken of thy ten - der love, To be my own for aye!  
In weal or woe to serve thee still, At last, the promise claim.

CHORUS.  
The sweet new name, the sweet new name, A gift from Christ, the Son!

O may I claim the sweet new name When earthly work is done. (is done.)



# He is Mine, I am His.

GRACE ELIZABETH COBB.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Blessed Lil - y of the Val - ley, oh, how fair is he! He is  
 2. Let me sing of all his mercies, of his kindness true, He is  
 3. Tho' he lead me thro' the val - ley of the shade of death, He is

mine, I am his; Sweeter than the angel's music is his  
 mine, I am his; Fresh at morn, and in the evening, comes a  
 mine, I am his; Should I fear, when oh, so tender - ly he

*D. S.*—Sweeter than the angel's music is his  
*Fine.*

voice to me, He is mine, I am his. Where the lilies fair are  
 bless - ing new, He is mine, I am his! With the deep'ning shadows  
 whis - per - eth, He is mine. I am his! For the sunshine of his

voice to me, He is mine, I am his.

blooming by the waters calm, There he leads me, and upholds me by his  
 comes a whisper, "safe - ly rest! Sleep in peace, for I am near thee, naught shall  
 presence doth illumine the night, And he leads me thro' the valley to the

strong right arm; All the air is love around me, I can feel no harm,  
 thee mo - lest; I will linger till the morning, keeper, friend and guest,"  
 mountain height; Out of bondage in - to freedom, in - to cloudless light,



CHORUS.

He is mine, He is mine, I am his. Lil - y of the valley,  
Blessed Lil - y of the val - ley,

*D.S.*

He is mine! Lil - y of the val - ley, I am his!  
Hal - le - lu - jah, he is mine! Blessed Lil - y of the val - ley,

That Means Me.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. I read that whoso - ev - er May from wrath flee; God will re - ject me  
2. His blood is ef - fi - cacious, His love is free; To sinners he is

CHORUS.

never, For that means me. For that means me, Yes, that means me; When I read  
gracious, And that means me.

3 Christ died for every nation,  
On Calv'ry's tree;  
He died for our salvation,  
And that means me.

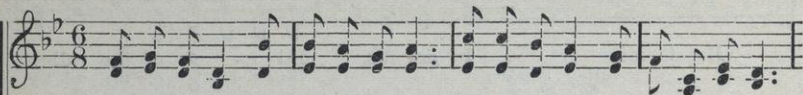
4 I read the promise given,  
That o'er death's sea,  
We'll live with him in heaven,  
And that means me.



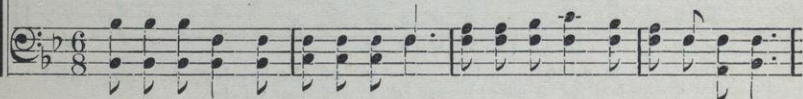
## Thinking of Home.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

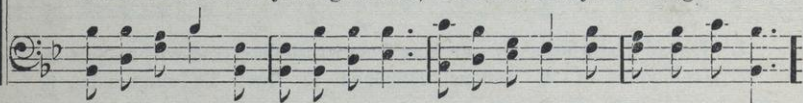
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. In that fair cit - y, over life's sea, There is a mansion waiting for me;
2. Father and mother gone to that shore, Home of my childhood open no more;
3. Brother and sister dwell in that land, Dear little rosebuds pluck'd from my hand;
4. O- ver the river soon I will glide, With the dear Saviour close to my side;



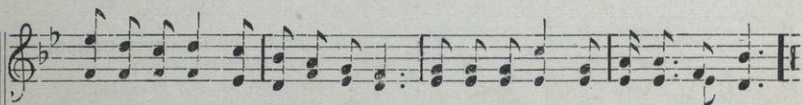
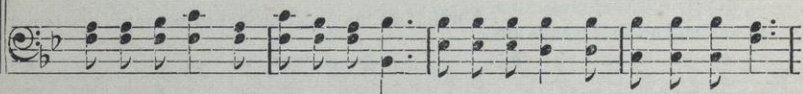
So on God's footstool tho' I may roam, All of the way I'm thinking of home.  
 Are they not watching over the foam, Waiting, while I am thinking of home?  
 Are not my lov'd ones beckoning come, Oh, do they know I'm thinking of home?  
 But till I reach that city's bright dome, I shall be always thinking of home.



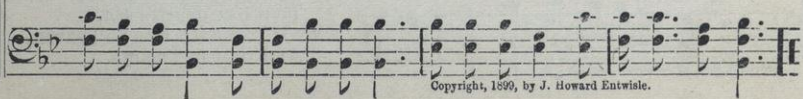
## CHORUS.



Thinking of home, yes, thinking of home, Beautiful home, my heavenly home;

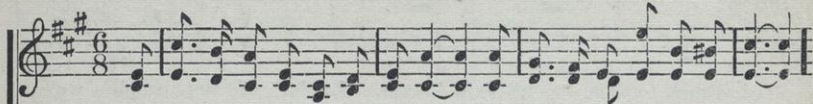


Tho' from its portals long I may roam, All of the way I'm thinking of home.

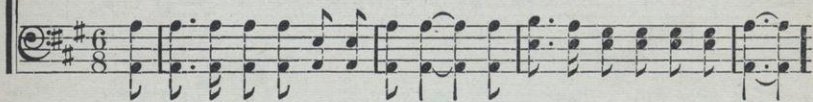




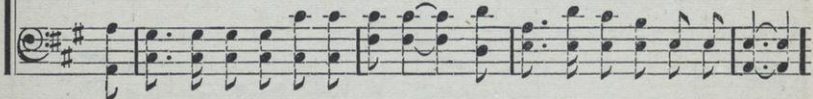
Mrs. L. N. MORRIS.



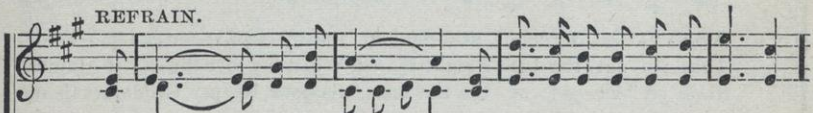
1. He feedeth his flock like a shepherd, And gather's the young lambs with care ;
2. He calleth his sheep and they follow, The voice of the Shepherd they know ;
3. But some are lost out on the mountains, The cold, barren mountains of sin ;
4. Are you of the wand'ring and lost ones ? Are you sick and hungry and cold ?



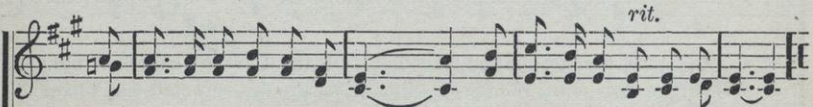
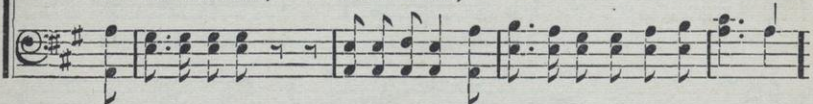
He carries them safe in his bosom, And shelters them tenderly there.  
He leadeth them into green pastures, And down where the still waters flow.  
And Jesus, the Shepherd so ten-der Is seeking to gather them in.  
Or, are you to-day of the saved ones The Shep-herd has safe in the fold?



REFRAIN.



He feed - - eth his flock, . . . He feedeth his flock like a shepherd;  
He feedeth his flock,            feedeth his flock,



And gathers the lambs with his arms, And gathers the lambs with his arms.  
with his arms,





## Praise to Thee.

E. E. HEWITT.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Praise to thee, Je - ho - vah, Je - sus, Leader of thy people's ways,  
 2. Praise to thee, Je - ho - vah, Je - sus, Lead thou on thro' golden light,  
 3. Praise to thee, Je - ho - vah, Je - sus, Tho' not yet thy form we see,

Still the "An - gel of thy Presence Goes be - fore us," all the days.  
 O - ver smiling hills and valleys, Lead thou on thro' star - ry night.  
 Sure - ly 'tis thy voice that calls us, Help us fol - low on - ly thee.

Man - i - fest thy name, dear Saviour; Faith's clear vision can be - hold  
 Fear we not the lonely night-march, When thy love the sky il - lumes,  
 Bless - ed "An - gel of the Cov'nant," Saviour, Keeper, Guide, art thou;

In thyself, the promised "An - gel Of the Cov - e - nant" of old.  
 Fear we not; when thou art leading, E'en the des - ert pathway blooms.  
 All our ways di - rect and prosper, 'Till be - fore thy face we bow.



# Every One is Sowing.

67

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CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Ev - 'ry one is sow - ing both by word and deed, All mankind are  
 2. Se - rious ones are seek - ing seed al - read - y sown, Ma - ny eyes are  
 3. Ye that would be bringing sheaves of gold - en grain, Mind what you are

growing eith - er wheat or weed; Thoughtless ones are throwing an - y  
 weeping, now the crop is grown; Think up - on the reaping—each one  
 flinging both from hand and brain; Then with hap - py sing - ing you shall

## CHORUS.

kind of seed, Sowing, sowing, sowing. Sure - ly as the sowing shall the  
 reaps his own, Reaping, reaping, reaping.  
 glean great gain, Gleaning, gleaning, gleaning.

har - vest be! See what you are throwing o - ver hill and lea;

Words and deeds are growing for eter - ni - ty, Growing, growing, growing.



# Praise the Name of Christ.

BELLE M. HEYL.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Praise the name of Christ in heaven, Children sing with glad acclaim,  
 2. Praise him in the ear-ly morning, When by rest re-freshed a-new,  
 3. Praise him when the day is ending, When the wea-ry need re-pose,

Praise him du-ly, serve him tru-ly, Spread abroad his glorious fame;  
 Nature waking, praise is making, Let us humbly worship too;  
 Seek his blessing, sin con-fessing, Ere in sleep the eye-lids close;

He so king-ly, we so low-ly, We so sin-ful, he so ho-ly,  
 We so fee-ble, he so glorious, He o'er sin and death victorious,  
 While in safe-ty we are sleeping He is lov-ing vig-il keeping,

Yet he, self for-getting, hears us When we call up-on his name.  
 By the hand he kind-ly leads us All our earth-ly journey through.  
 Oh, a-dore him, kneel before him As his children, not his foes.

CHORUS.

Glad hal-le-lu-jahs, Joy-ful we bring to Je-sus our King;  
 Praise, glad praise, praise, glad praise,



Glad hal-le-lu-jahs Be thine for evermore; thine for evermore.  
Praise, glad praise, praise, glad praise, Be thine for ev-er, evermore;

## Lost After All.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. 'Tis sad to think, that tho' some hear So many times, year af-ter year,  
2. The Saviour says, "come un-to me, I'll save your soul, I'll set you free,"  
3. Dear friends are in the land so fair, Perhaps they bade you meet them there,

The bless-ed gos-pel call,—God's love they spurn from day to day, Un-  
Oh, hear him sweetly call; Then, sin-ner, come, no long-er wait,—To-  
Your promise now re-call; They're watching for you down life's way, Oh,

til at last the an-gels say, "Lost af-ter all, lost af-ter all!"  
morrow it may be too late,—Lost af-ter all, lost af-ter all!  
will they ev-er have to say, "Lost af-ter all, lost af-ter all?"

Copyright, 1898, by J. Howard Entwisle.

4 Salvation why will you neglect?  
Why longer still do you reject  
The Holy Spirit's call?  
Oh, let it not of you be said  
These words so sad, when you are dead,  
"Lost after all, lost after all!"

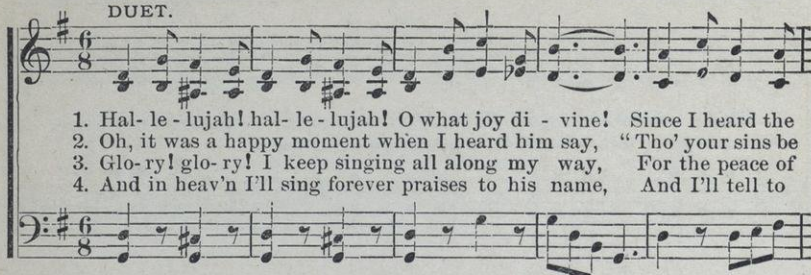
5 Then come to Jesus, come just now,  
Low at his footstool humbly bow,  
He'll hear you when you call;  
Shall angels bear the joyful news?  
Or must they say, if you refuse,  
"Lost after all, lost after all?"



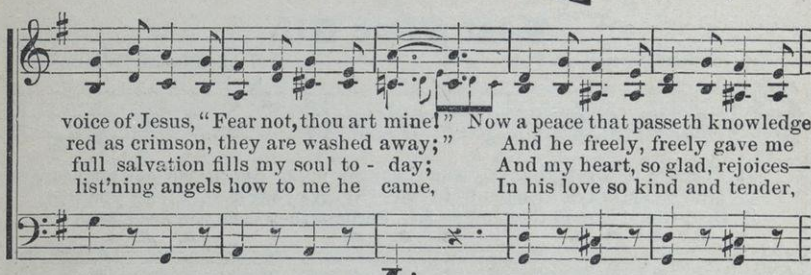
## A Sinner Saved.

REV. FRANK E. GRAEFF.  
DUET.

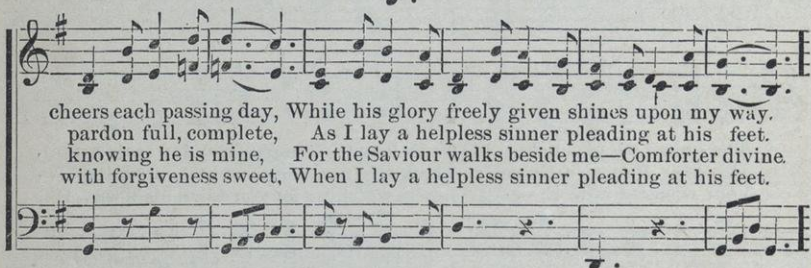
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. Hal- le - lujah! hal- le - lujah! O what joy di - vine! Since I heard the  
 2. Oh, it was a happy moment when I heard him say, "Tho' your sins be  
 3. Glo-ry! glo-ry! I keep singing all along my way, For the peace of  
 4. And in heav'n I'll sing forever praises to his name, And I'll tell to

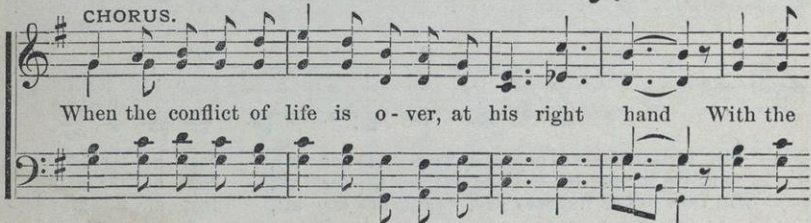


voice of Jesus, "Fear not, thou art mine!" Now a peace that passeth knowledge  
 red as crimson, they are washed away;" And he freely, freely gave me  
 full salvation fills my soul to - day; And my heart, so glad, rejoices—  
 list'ning angels how to me he came, In his love so kind and tender,



cheers each passing day, While his glory freely given shines upon my way.  
 pardon full, complete, As I lay a helpless sinner pleading at his feet.  
 knowing he is mine, For the Saviour walks beside me—Comforter divine.  
 with forgiveness sweet, When I lay a helpless sinner pleading at his feet.

CHORUS.

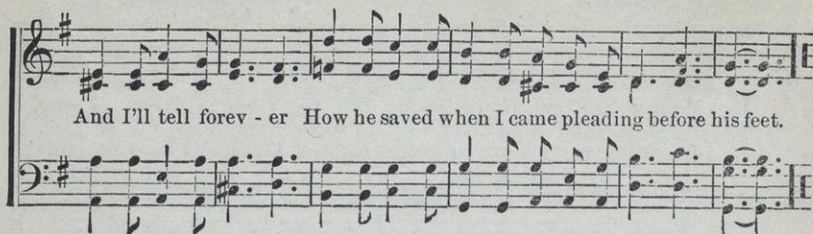


When the conflict of life is o - ver, at his right hand With the



ransom'd from ev'ry nation, redeem'd I'll stand; There I'll see my Saviour,



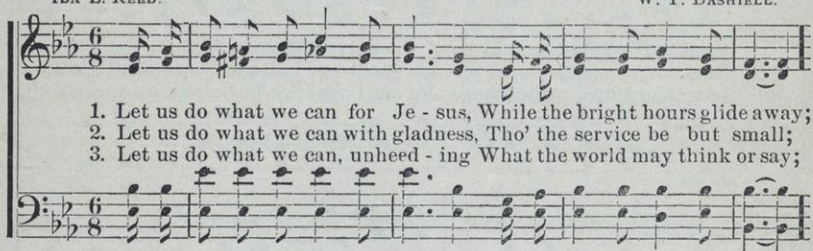


And I'll tell forev - er How he saved when I came pleading before his feet.

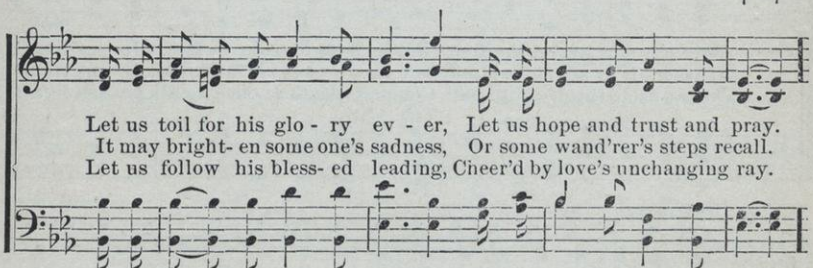
## Let Us Do What We Can.

IDA L. REED.

W. T. DASHIELL.

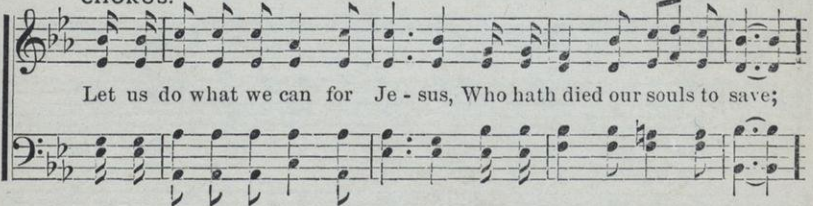


1. Let us do what we can for Je - sus, While the bright hours glide away;
2. Let us do what we can with gladness, Tho' the service be but small;
3. Let us do what we can, unheed - ing What the world may think or say;

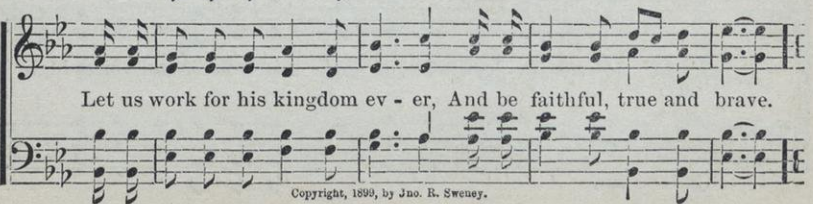


Let us toil for his glo - ry ev - er, Let us hope and trust and pray.  
It may bright - en some one's sadness, Or some wand'rer's steps recall.  
Let us follow his bless - ed leading, Cheer'd by love's unchanging ray.

CHORUS.



Let us do what we can for Je - sus, Who hath died our souls to save;



Let us work for his kingdom ev - er, And be faithful, true and brave.



# Jesus Lives!

Rev. JOHN R. COLGAN.

A. F. MYERS. By per.

1. Mighty ar - my of the young, Lift the voice in cheer - ful song,  
 2. Tongues of children light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee,  
 3. Je - sus lives, oh, bless - ed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Send the welcome word along, Je - sus lives! Once he died for you and me,  
 Sing to all on land and sea, Je - sus lives! Light for you and all mankind,  
 Lift the cross and sheathe the sword, Je - sus lives! See, he breaks the prison wall,

Bore our sins up - on the tree, Now he lives to make us free, Je - sus lives!  
 Sight for all by sin made blind, Life in Je - sus all may find, Je - sus lives!  
 Throws aside the dreadful pall, Conquers death at once for all, Je - sus lives!

## CHORUS.

Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you old - er grow, Hal - ly now and  
 Wait not, Sing,  
 Wait not, wait not, Sing for

sing for Je - sus, ev - 'rywhere you go, Lift your joyful voices high,  
 sing,  
 Je - - sus,



# Jesus Lives!—CONCLUDED.

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*Repeat chorus pp.  
f rit.*

Ringling clear thro' earth and sky, Let the blessed tidings fly, Je - sus lives!

## In that City.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. O'er death's sea, in yon blest city, There's a home for ev-'ry one;  
2. Here we've no a-bid-ing city, Mansions here will soon de-cay;  
3. I have loved ones in that city, Those who left me years a-go;  
4. T'ward that pure and ho-ly city Oft my long-ing eyes I cast;

Purchas'd with a price most costly, 'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.  
But that cit-y God's built firmly, It can nev-er pass a-way.  
They with joy are wait-ing for me, Where no farewell tears e'er flow.  
Je - sus whispers sweet-ly to me, Heav'n is yours when earth is past.

### CHORUS.

In that cit-y—bright cit-y, Soon with loved ones I shall be;

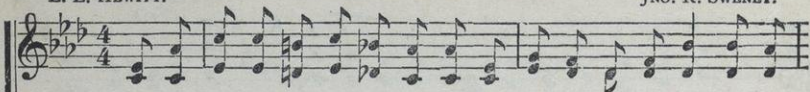
And with Jesus live for-ev-er, In that cit-y beyond death's sea.



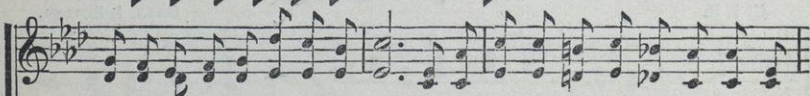
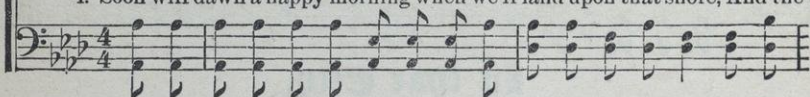
## Where the Roses Never Die.

E. E. HEWITT.

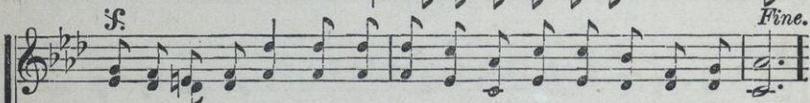
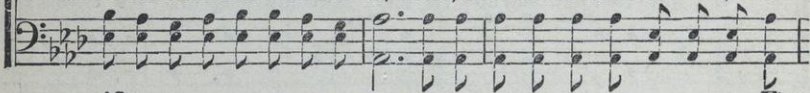
JNO. R. SWENEY.



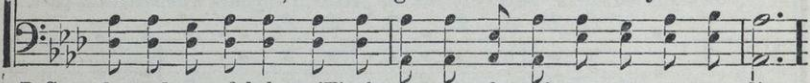
1. There's a land beyond the billows, where the roses never die, And we
2. Our bright Polar Star is shining thro' the heavy shades of night, And the
3. There ce- lestial harps are ringing, and seraphic voices blend ; We shall
4. Soon will dawn a happy morning when we'll land upon that shore, And the



seek it o'er the rough and stormy tide ; Not a shadow on its splendor, not a  
steadfast beams will guide us on our way ; We shall make the harbor safely, steering  
meet with lov'd ones we have miss'd so long ; Sin and sorrow find no entrance where de-  
face of our Redeemer we'll behold ; There, when all the storms are over, we shall

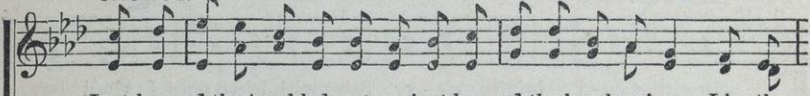


cloud up-on its sky, For with Je- sus we'll be ful- ly sat- is- fied.  
by its blessed light, We shall reach the cit- y of e- ternal day.  
lights shall never end, And no sigh shall break the cadence of our song.  
rest for- ev- ermore, 'Mid the glories that have nev- er yet been told.

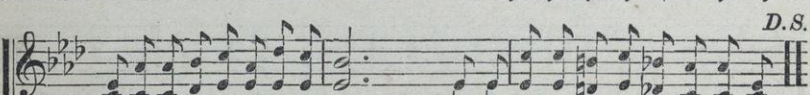
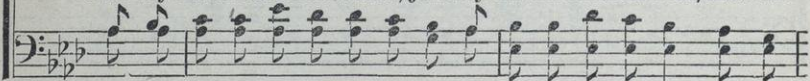


*D.S.*—calm and peaceful shore, 'Tis the country where the ro- ses nev- er die.

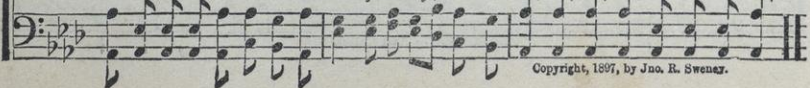
## CHORUS.



Just beyond the troubled waters, just beyond the breakers' roar, Lies the



haven where we'll anchor by and by ; 'Tis the land beyond the billows, 'tis the  
by and by ;



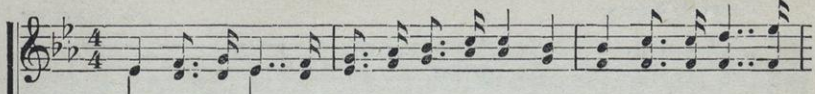


# Jesus is Come!

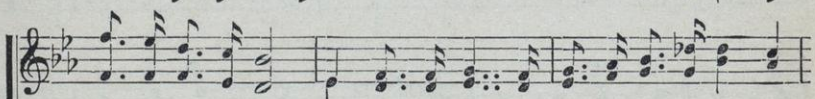
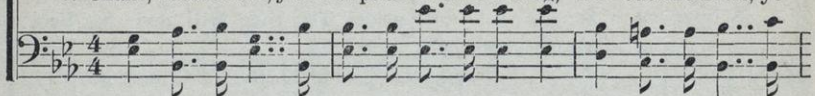
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IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

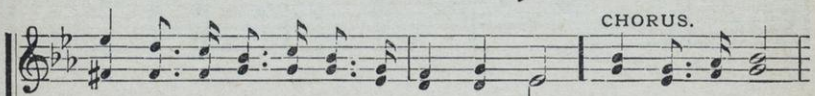
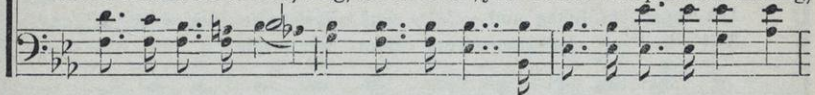
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. Wake, list'ning skies, and tell the wondrous story, Shout, mighty hills, and
2. Chime, bells of joy, your tuneful echoes blending, While on the air har-
3. Chant, hosts above, your harps celestial sounding, Tell out the news, ye

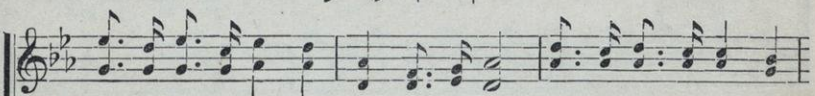
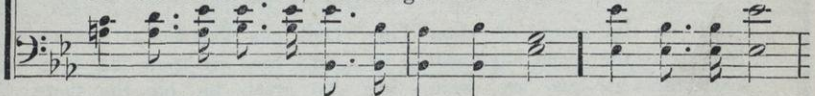


praise Messiah's name; Roll, o-cean waves, and greet the King of glo-ry,  
monious sounds arise; Blow, breezes, blow, the theme of gladness sending,  
choirs around the throne; Sing, sons of earth, your hearts with praises bounding,

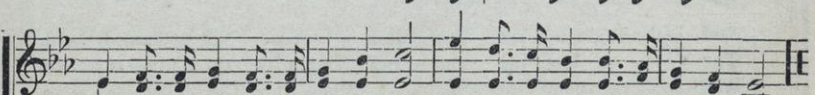
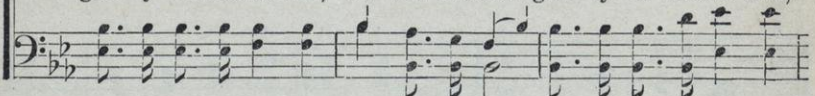


CHORUS.

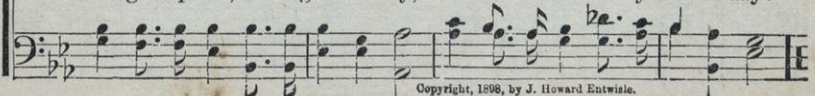
Je - sus is come! let earth her joy proclaim. Je - sus is come!  
Wave, ce-dars tall, and tell it to the skies.  
Je - sus is come! oh, make his glo-ries known!



glad-ly I'll receive him; Je - sus is come! glad-ly I'll believe him;



Message of peace, driving care away, Je - sus is come to my soul to-day!





## Sing On.

CARRIE M. WILSON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, Nor think the moments long;  
 2. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, While here on earth we stay  
 3. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, The time will not be long

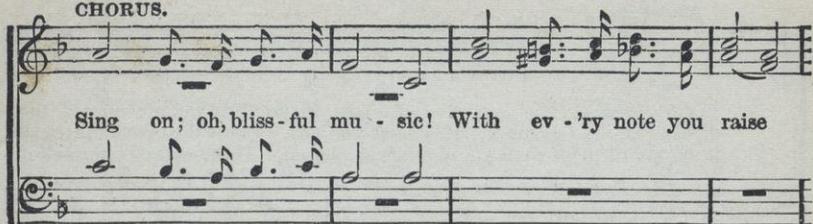
My faith is heav'nward ris - ing With ev - 'ry tune - ful song;  
 Let songs of home and Je - sus Be - guile each fleet - ing day;  
 Till in our Fa - ther's king - dom We swell a no - bler song,

Lo! on the mount of bless - ing, The glo - rious mount! I stand,  
 Sing on the grand old sto - ry Of his re - deem - ing love,  
 Where those we love are wait - ing To greet us on the shore,

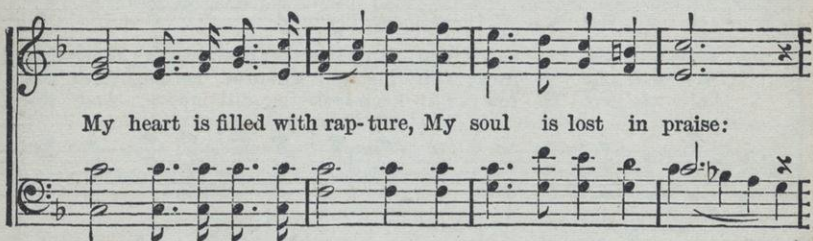
And, look - ing o - ver Jor - dan, I see the promised land.  
 The ev - er - last - ing cho - rus That fills the realms a - bove.  
 We'll meet be - yond the riv - er, Where surg - es roll no more.



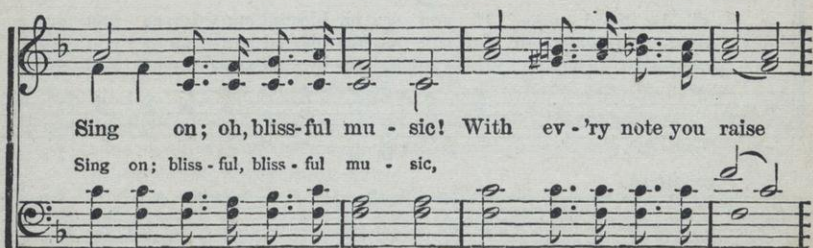
## CHORUS.



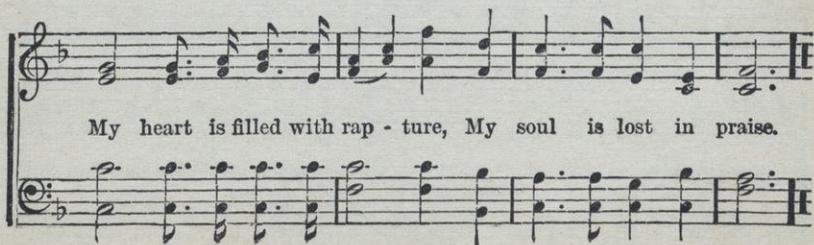
Sing on; oh, bliss-ful mu - sic! With ev - 'ry note you raise



My heart is filled with rap-ture, My soul is lost in praise:



Sing on; oh, bliss-ful mu - sic! With ev - 'ry note you raise  
Sing on; bliss - ful, bliss - ful mu - sic,



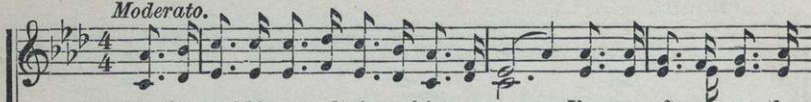
My heart is filled with rap - ture, My soul is lost in praise.



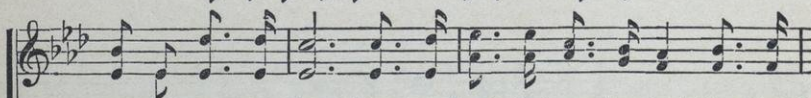
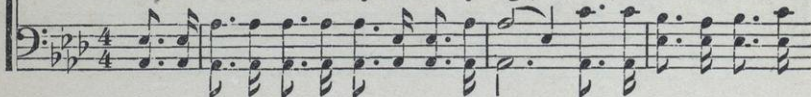
## Sunshine as You Go.

JOHN M. BAKER.

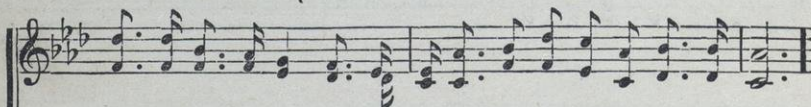
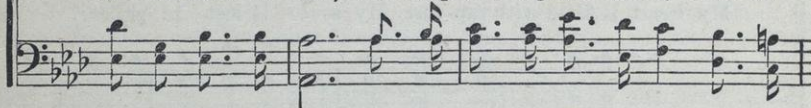
JNO. R. SWENEY.

*Moderato.*

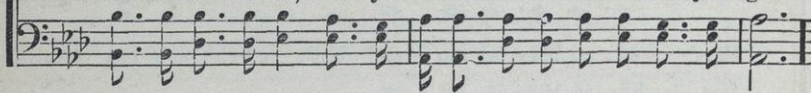
1. Oh, the world has need of sunshine as you go, For we oft-en see the
2. You can la- bor for the Master as you go, Plant the precious seed and
3. You will meet with many trials as you go, There will be some self-de-



tears of sor- row flow; You can haste that com- ing day, When they'll  
he will bid it grow; Toil- ing on, whate'er betide, With the  
ni- als here be- low; But keep look- ing still above, And re-



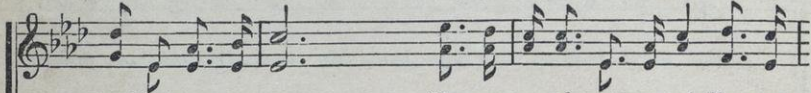
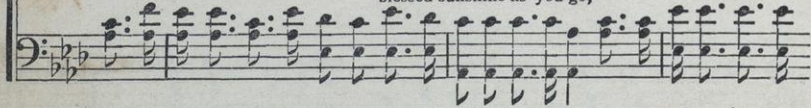
all be wiped away, If you scatter blessed sunshine as you go.  
Saviour by your side, You can scatter blessed sunshine as you go.  
member God is love, While you scatter blessed sunshine as you go.



## CHORUS.



You can scatter blessed sunshine as you go, . . . . You can scatter blessed  
blessed sunshine as you go,



sunshine as you go; Oh, so many hearts are sad, You can  
bless- ed sunshine as you go;





help to make them glad, If you scatter blessed sunshine as you go.

## When Christ Arose.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. The earth was fill'd with peace and light, When Christ arose; The heavens trembled
2. The tomb was empty where he lay, When Christ arose; And angels roll'd the
3. The soul of man was born anew, When Christ arose; The cross divine ap-

at the sight, When Christ arose; The sea rejoiced along the sands, The vernal stone away, When Christ arose; A sound of triumph thrill'd the air, The glorious pear'd in view, When Christ arose; And from the A glorious light from heaven stream'd,

valleys clapp'd their hands, The mountains sang, and all the lands, When Christ arose. tidings to declare, And there was gladness ev'rywhere, When Christ arose. cross a radiance beam'd, For ev'-ry spir- it was redeemed, When Christ arose.



## A Little While to Wait.

CHARLES H. CRANDALL.  
DUET.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A lit-tle while to wait and watch and wonder, And then to know the  
 2. A lit-tle while to climb life's stormy mountain, And then to see the  
 3. A lit-tle while to say, "not mine, but thy way," And then to won - der

spirit's glad release; A little while to bear the strife and thunder, And then to  
 vale with beauty rife; A little waiting by the barren fountain, And then to  
 we were not more wise; A little stumbling in the dusty highway, And then the

CHORUS.

hear the harmonies of peace. A lit-tle while, . . . . a lit-tle  
 taste the living streams of life.  
 meadow-lands of Par-a - dise. A little while,

while, . . . A little while, and we shall go, . . . . To be at  
 a little while, A little while, and we shall go, and we shall go,

home with Christ in heav'n forever, With all the saints eternal joys to know.



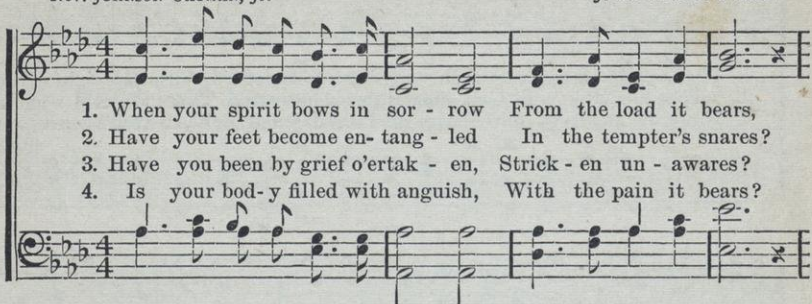
# Don't You Know He Cares?

81

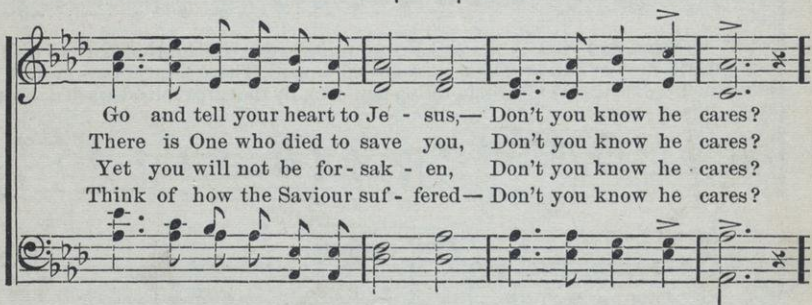
Like Elijah, when he sat under the Juniper tree and prayed for the Lord to take his life, how often we in hours of trouble, sit under our Juniper tree of sorrow alone and cry out, "I am passing through the waters and 'Nobody Cares.'"

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

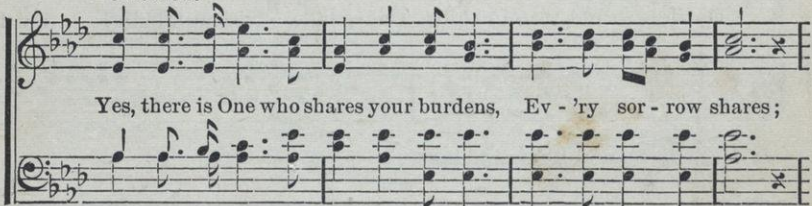


1. When your spirit bows in sor - row From the load it bears,  
 2. Have your feet become en - tang - led In the tempter's snares?  
 3. Have you been by grief o'ertak - en, Strick - en un - awares?  
 4. Is your bod - y filled with anguish, With the pain it bears?

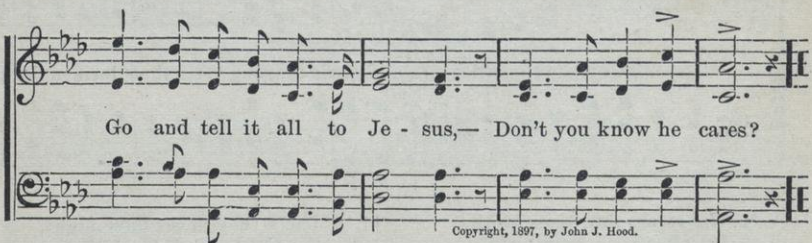


Go and tell your heart to Je - sus,— Don't you know he cares?  
 There is One who died to save you, Don't you know he cares?  
 Yet you will not be for - sak - en, Don't you know he cares?  
 Think of how the Saviour suf - fered— Don't you know he cares?

## CHORUS.



Yes, there is One who shares your burdens, Ev - 'ry sor - row shares;



Go and tell it all to Je - sus,— Don't you know he cares?

Copyright, 1897, by John J. Hood.

5 Loss of friends and loss of fortune—  
 Life a dark look wears;  
 Yet the Saviour still is with you,  
 Don't you know he cares?

6 So amid life's cares and struggles,  
 Blending songs with prayers—  
 Always put your trust in Jesus,  
 Don't you know he cares?

Bright Melodies—F



# The Beautiful, Beautiful Hills.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."—Ps. cxxi: 1.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. When my soul is oppress'd, When my heart is distress'd, With its weight of life's  
 2. That fair cit - y of God, Mortal never hath trod, There the cold wind of  
 3. There the angels of light Praise the Lord day and night, Heaven's courts with  
 [their

burdens and ills,— I will lift up mine eyes Un- to that par- a - dise  
 death nev- er chills; There no fears can appall, There no tears ev- er fall  
 melody thrills, While there rolls a new song By that great blood-wash'd throng

*Fine.* CHORUS.

On the beautiful, beautiful hills. On the hills, beautiful hills, I will  
 On the hills, beautiful hills,

*D. S.*—On the beautiful, beautiful hills.

lift up mine eyes to the hills; I shall join in the song With that glorified throng  
 beautiful hills;

Copyright, 1890, by J. Howard Entwisle.

4 Where my dear ones await,  
 Just inside the pearl gate,  
 I shall go when my dear Father wills,  
 Then what joy there will be,  
 When each other we see  
 On the beautiful, beautiful hills.

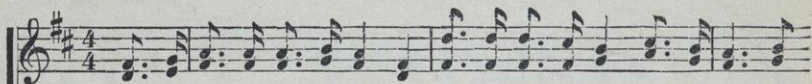
5 There they never have night,  
 For the Lamb is the light,—  
 All the land with his glory he fills:  
 Soon he'll call me to come,  
 And with him rest at home  
 On the beautiful, beautiful hills.



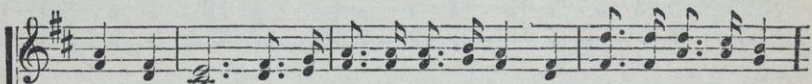
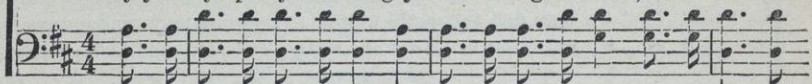
# Send a Cheer Across the Wave. 83

E. E. HEWITT.

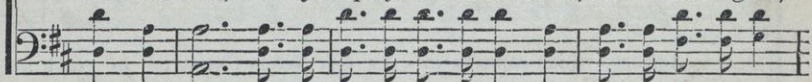
H. L. GILMOUR,



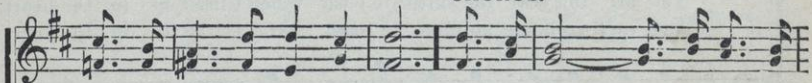
1. They are pushing out the life-boat, throwing out the line; Will you help a
2. Think how Jesus, mighty Saviour, came to save the lost, For his blood he
3. By your sympathy unflinching you can strength bestow, You can aid the



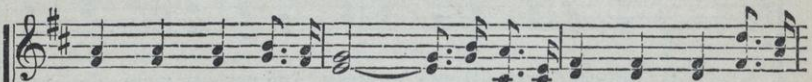
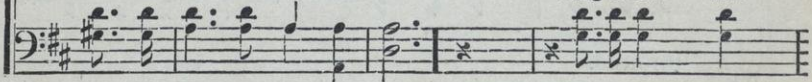
soul to save? Let the blessed light of res - cue o'er the billows shine,  
free - ly gave; Let his Spirit move within you toward the tempest-tossed,  
toil - ers brave; While your prayers arise to heaven, from a heart aglow,



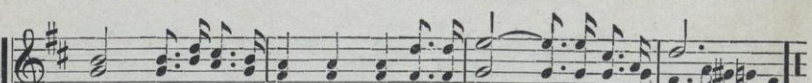
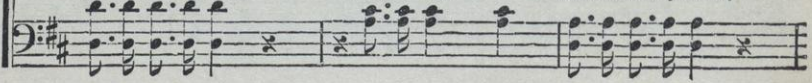
## CHORUS.



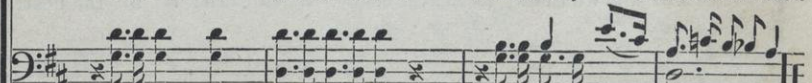
Send a cheer a-cross the wave. Ring it out . . . . with voices  
Ring it out with



loud and clear, Ring it out, . . . . a word of heart-y cheer; If you  
voices loud and clear, Ring it out, a word of hearty cheer;



can - not go a soul to save, Send a cheer . . . across the wave. . . .  
If you can - not go a soul to save, Send a cheer, a cheer across the wave.

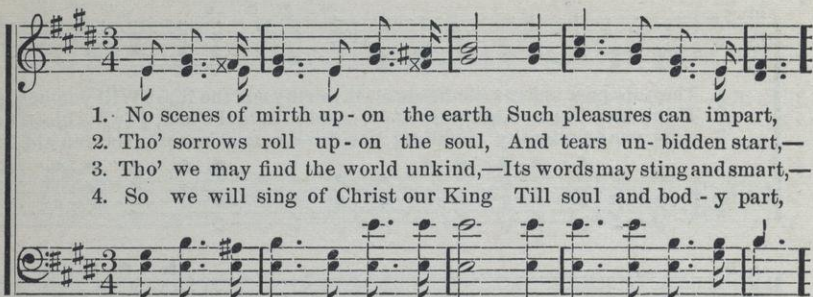




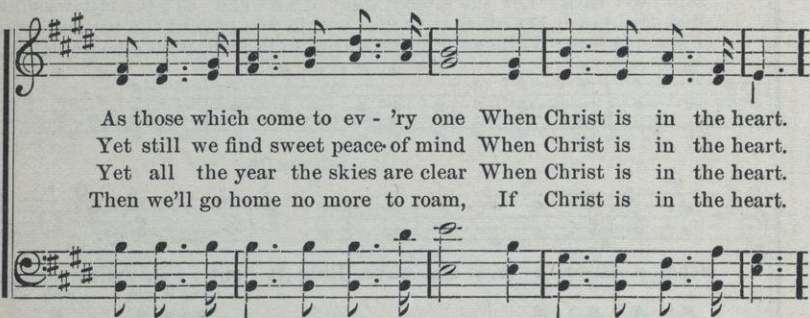
# When Christ is In the Heart.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE. 3

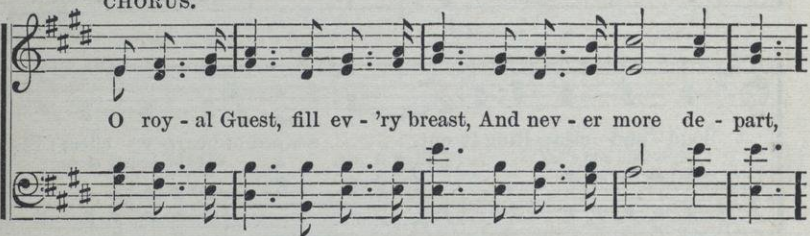


1. No scenes of mirth up - on the earth Such pleasures can impart,  
 2. Tho' sorrows roll up - on the soul, And tears un - bidden start,—  
 3. Tho' we may find the world unkind,—Its words may sting and smart,—  
 4. So we will sing of Christ our King Till soul and bod - y part,

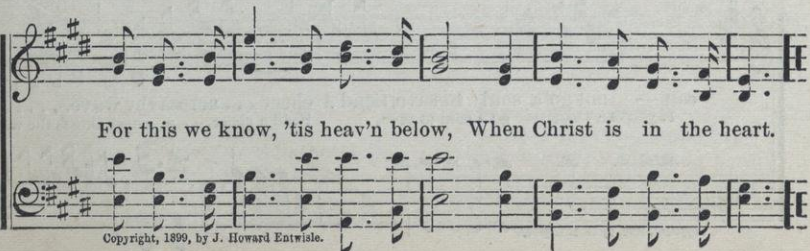


As those which come to ev - 'ry one When Christ is in the heart.  
 Yet still we find sweet peace of mind When Christ is in the heart.  
 Yet all the year the skies are clear When Christ is in the heart.  
 Then we'll go home no more to roam, If Christ is in the heart.

## CHORUS.



O roy - al Guest, fill ev - 'ry breast, And nev - er more de - part,



For this we know, 'tis heav'n below, When Christ is in the heart.

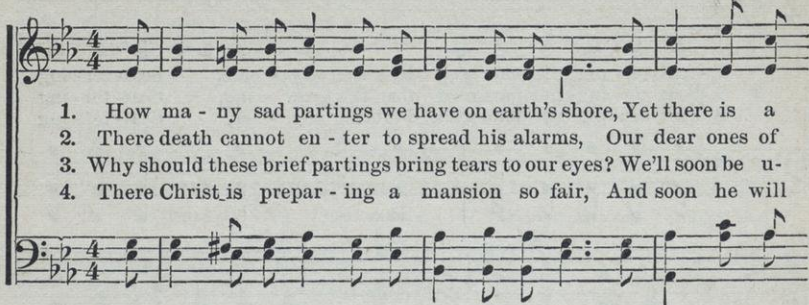


# We'll All Meet at Home.

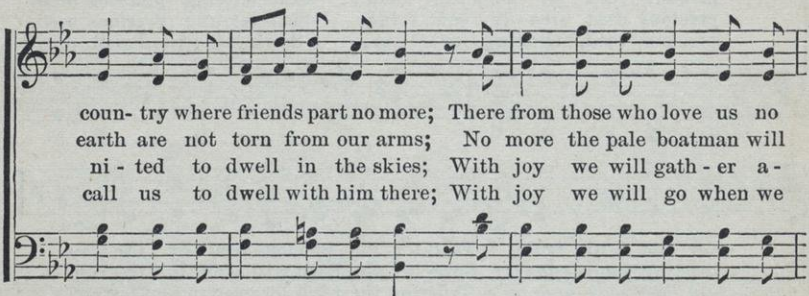
85

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

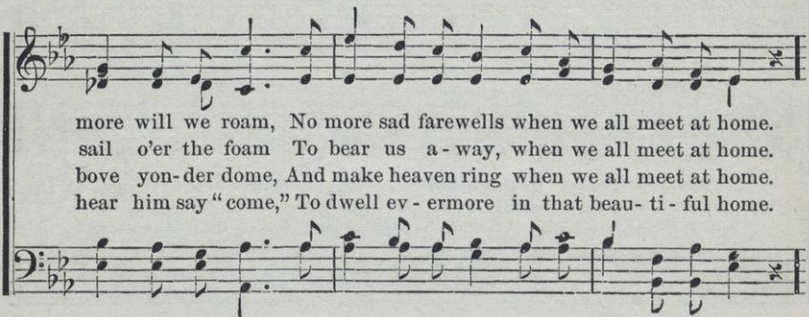
ADAM GEIBEL.



1. How ma - ny sad partings we have on earth's shore, Yet there is a  
 2. There death cannot en - ter to spread his alarms, Our dear ones of  
 3. Why should these brief partings bring tears to our eyes? We'll soon be u-  
 4. There Christ is prepar - ing a mansion so fair, And soon he will

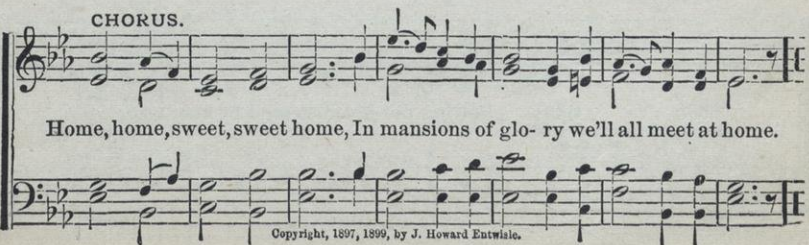


coun - try where friends part no more; There from those who love us no  
 earth are not torn from our arms; No more the pale boatman will  
 ni - ted to dwell in the skies; With joy we will gath - er a -  
 call us to dwell with him there; With joy we will go when we



more will we roam, No more sad farewells when we all meet at home.  
 sail o'er the foam To bear us a - way, when we all meet at home.  
 bove yon - der dome, And make heaven ring when we all meet at home.  
 hear him say "come," To dwell ev - ermore in that beau - ti - ful home.

## CHORUS.



Home, home, sweet, sweet home, In mansions of glo - ry we'll all meet at home.



## Scattering Precious Seed.

W. A. OGDEN.

Geo. C. HUGG.

1. Scat-ter-ing precious seed by the way - side, Scat-ter-ing  
 2. Scat-ter-ing precious seed for the grow - ing, Scat-ter-ing  
 3. Scat-ter-ing precious seed, doubting nev - er, Scat-ter-ing

precious seed by the hill - side; Scat-ter-ing precious seed  
 precious seed, free - ly sow - ing; Scat-ter-ing precious seed,  
 precious seed, trusting ev - er; Sowing the word with pray'r

o'er the field, wide, Scat-ter-ing precious seed by the way.  
 trusting, know - ing, Sure-ly the Lord will send it the rain.  
 and en-deav - or, Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield.

CHORUS.

Sow - ing in the morn - ing, Sow - ing at the  
 Sow - ing in the eve - ning,  
 Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the seed at noontide,

noon - tide; Sowing the precious seed by the way. . . .  
 Sowing the precious seed; by the way.

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# Blessed Bible.

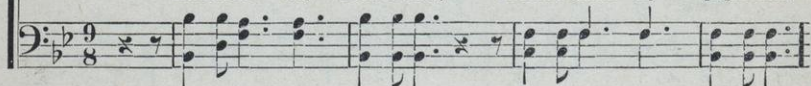
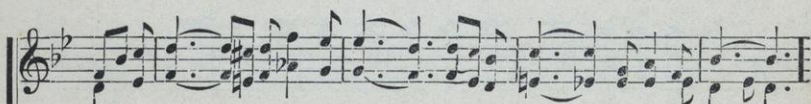
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IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

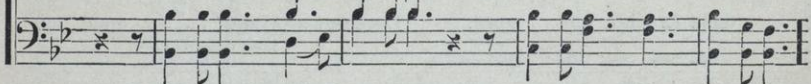
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.




1. Blessed Bi - ble, Book of Gold, Precious truths thy pages hold,  
 2. Lamp of faith, my feet to lead, Bread of heav'n, my soul to feed,  
 3. Word of God, thy love im-part, Fire my zeal, and cleanse my heart;  
 Blessed Bi - ble, Book of Gold, Precious truths thy pages hold;

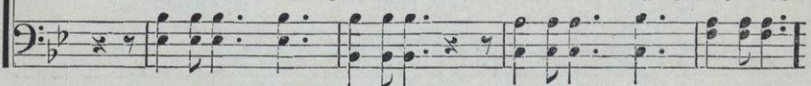

Truths to lead . . me day by day All a - long my pilgrim way.  
 Living wa - ters pure and free, Book of books art thou to me.  
 Keep me ear - nest, keep me true, Ev- 'ry day my strength renew.  
 Truths to lead me day by day, All along my pilgrim way.



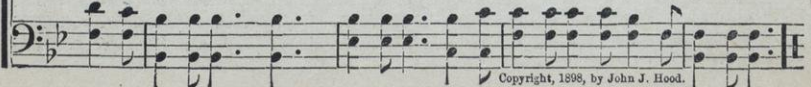
CHORUS.



Blessed Bi - ble, pure and true, Guide me all my journey through;  
 Blessed Bi - ble, pure and true, Guide me all my journey through;

Heav'nly light within me shine, Help me make thy precepts mine!  
 heav'nly light with - in me shine, help me make thy precepts, precepts mine!





## Our Waiting Eyes.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

QUARTET. *Moderato.*

Our waiting eyes are unto thee, O Lord, Help us to worship thee in

spirit and in truth; Help us to praise and hear thy word, To praise and

hear thy ho - ly word. Look down, O Lord, . . . . upon us  
Look down, O Lord,

now, . . . . As we before . . . . thy footstool bow; . . . . O hear our  
upon us now, As we before thy footstool bow;

pray'r, . . . . forgive our sins, . . . Accept and bless . . . . for Jesus'  
O hear our pray'r, our sins, Accept and bless



DUET.

sake. Look down, O Lord, upon us now, As we before thy footstool bow;  
for Jesus' sake.

QUARTET.  
*pp Slower.*

O hear our pray'r, forgive our sins, For Je - sus' sake, For Je - sus' sake.

## Crossing the Bar.

ALFRED TENNYSON. QUARTET. *p*

ADAM GIBBEL. *mf cres. dim.*

1. Sunset and evening star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no meaning of  
2. Twilight and evening bell, And after that the dark! And may there be no sadness of  
fare-

*p cres. cres. f*

bar When I put out to sea. But such a tide as moving seems asleep, Too full for  
well When I embark. For, tho' from out our bourne of time and place The flood may

*mf dim. e rit. p*

home.  
sound and foam, When that which drew from out the boundless deep Turns again  
bear me far, I hope to see my Pilot face to face When I have cross'd the bar.

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# The Beautiful Light.

R. KELSO CARTER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je-sus is the light, the way, We are walking in the light, We are  
 2. We who know our sins forgiven, We are walking in the light, We are  
 3. As we journey here be - low, We are walking in the light, We are  
 4. We will sing his power to save, We are walking in the light, We are

walking in the light; Shining brighter day by day, We are walking in the  
 walking in the light; Find on earth the joy of heaven, We are walking in the  
 walking in the light; Oh, what joy and peace we know, We are walking in the  
 walking in the light; We will triumph o'er the grave, We are walking in the

## REFRAIN.

beautiful light of God. We are walk - - ing in the light, We are  
 Walking in the light, beautiful light of God,

walk - - ing in the light, We are walk - - ing in the  
 Walking in the light, beau-ti-ful light of God, Walking in the light,

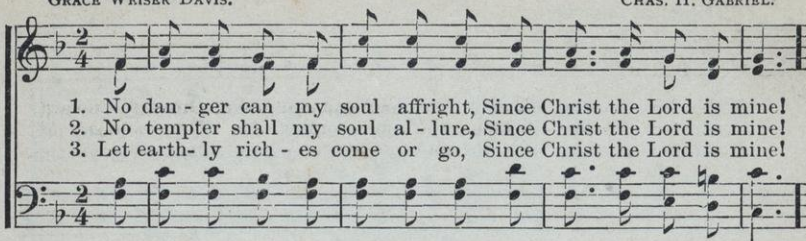
light, . . . . We are walking in the beau-ti-ful light of God.  
 Walk-ing in the light,



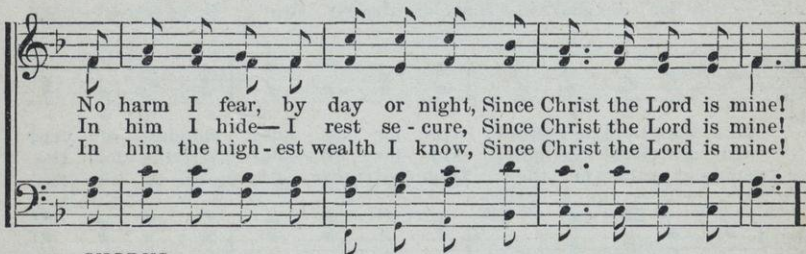
# Since Christ the Lord is Mine! 91

GRACE WEISER DAVIS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

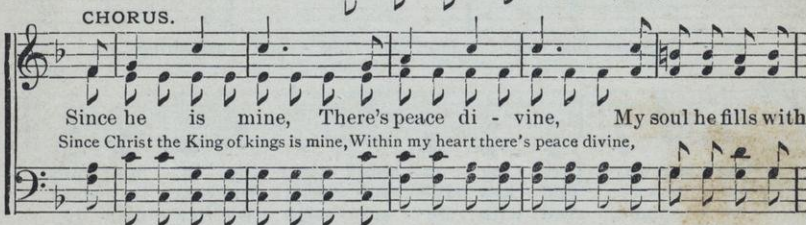


1. No dan - ger can my soul affright, Since Christ the Lord is mine!  
 2. No tempter shall my soul al - lure, Since Christ the Lord is mine!  
 3. Let earth - ly rich - es come or go, Since Christ the Lord is mine!

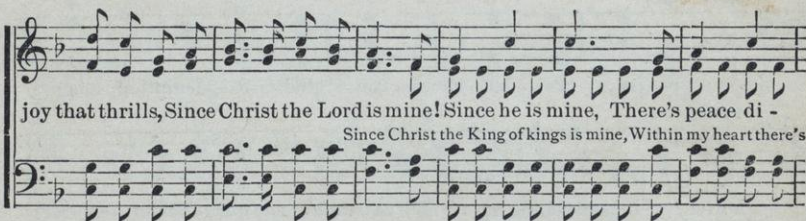


No harm I fear, by day or night, Since Christ the Lord is mine!  
 In him I hide—I rest se - cure, Since Christ the Lord is mine!  
 In him the high - est wealth I know, Since Christ the Lord is mine!

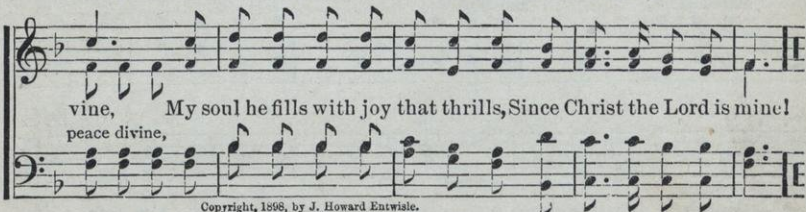
CHORUS.



Since he is mine, There's peace di - vine, My soul he fills with  
 Since Christ the King of kings is mine, Within my heart there's peace divine,



joy that thrills, Since Christ the Lord is mine! Since he is mine, There's peace di -  
 Since Christ the King of kings is mine, Within my heart there's



vine, My soul he fills with joy that thrills, Since Christ the Lord is mine!  
 peace divine,

Copyright, 1896, by J. Howard Entwisle.

4 My yoke is easy,—burden light,  
 Since Christ the Lord is mine!  
 Each day my pathway seems more bright,  
 Since Christ the Lord is mine!

5 In him I have each need supplied,  
 Since Christ the Lord is mine!  
 In him my soul is satisfied,  
 Since Christ the Lord is mine!



## On for Jesus!

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

*Tempo di marche.*

1. On for Je-sus! stead-y be your arm and brave; Onward, onward,  
 2. On for Je-sus! tiresome tho' the conflict be, Tho' the hosts of  
 3. On for Je-sus, till the sound of strife is o'er! When the great Com-

*D. C.*—"On for Je-sus!" this shall be the bat-tle-cry, Ne'er retreat-ing,

take the shield and sword; On for Je-sus! standard of your  
 sin are press-ing hard; On for Je-sus! striving for the  
 mand-er calls for thee Thou shalt wear a crown of life for-  
 ev-er press-ing on; On for Je-sus! marching on to

*Fine.*

Cap-tain wave, Press-ing on-ward, trust-ing in his word.  
 vic-to-ry, End-less life will soon be your re-ward.  
 ev-ermore, And with Je-sus reign e-ter-nal-ly.  
 vic-to-ry, As we shout the glad re-demption song.

CHORUS.

March-ing, marching on, . . . We're marching onward still for Je-sus;  
 Marching on, marching on,

*D. C.*

March-ing, marching on, . . . Beneath the banner of the free.  
 Marching on, marching on,



# Lead Me, Saviour.

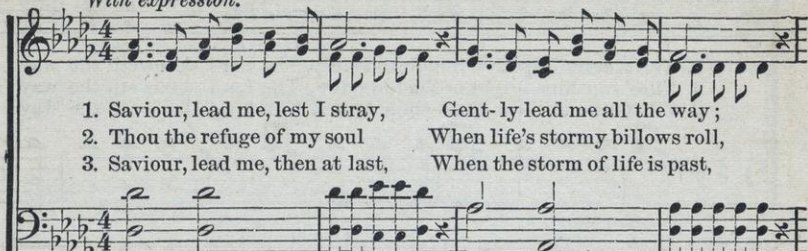
93

F. M. D.

"For thy name's sake lead me, guide me."—Ps. xxxi. 3.

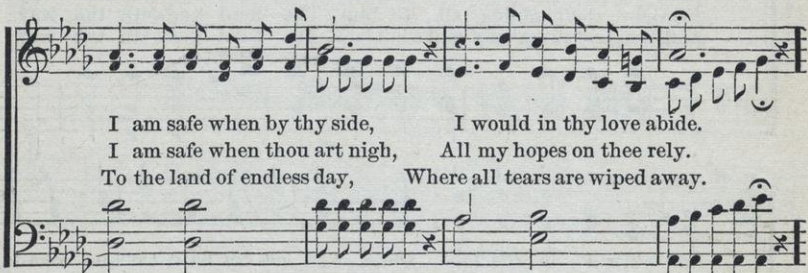
FRANK M. DAVIS.

*With expression.*



1. Saviour, lead me, lest I stray,      Gent-ly lead me all the way;  
 2. Thou the refuge of my soul      When life's stormy billows roll,  
 3. Saviour, lead me, then at last,      When the storm of life is past,

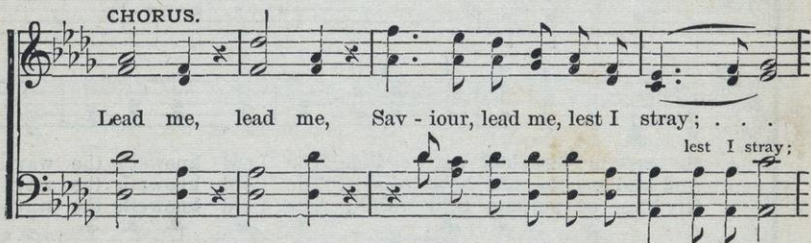
1. Sav - iour,      lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly      lead me all the way;



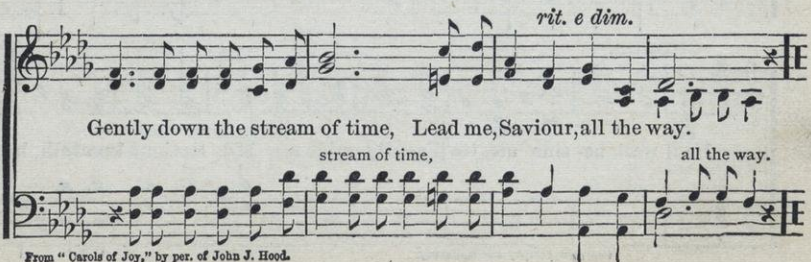
I am safe when by thy side,      I would in thy love abide.  
 I am safe when thou art nigh,      All my hopes on thee rely.  
 To the land of endless day,      Where all tears are wiped away.

I      am      safe when by thy side, I      would      in thy love abide.

## CHORUS.



Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray; . . .  
 lest I stray;



*rit. e dim.*  
 Gently down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.  
 stream of time,      all the way.



# The Lord Knoweth the Way.

E. E. HEWITT.

Psalm i: 6.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The mountain-path is rough and steep, The Lord knoweth the way;  
 2. Thro' sunshine bright or shadows dim, The Lord knoweth the way;  
 3. I'll follow still the blood-stain'd track, The Lord knoweth the way;

His mighty arm my steps will keep, The Lord knoweth the way:  
 I'll leave the planning all to him, The Lord knoweth the way:  
 And "no good thing" my soul shall lack, The Lord knoweth the way:

And while I in his love abide, And ev-'ry need to him confide,  
 A - mid the windings of the road He'll choose the course, he'll lift the load,  
 Then up and on, from vale to hill, Surrendered to my Saviour's will,

He says my feet shall nev - er slide, The Lord knoweth the way.  
 And lead me to his bless - ed side, The Lord knoweth the way.  
 His bless - ed purpose he'll fulfill, The Lord knoweth the way.

## CHORUS.

He'll walk be - side me, He'll gently guide me, My Saviour knoweth, he



knoweth the way; Oh, let me to his hand cling fast Till earthly ills are

o- verpast, And I shall reach his home at last, The Lord knoweth the way.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

# Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

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

Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;  
 Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will, When thou say'st to them "Be still!"  
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning an thy breast,

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

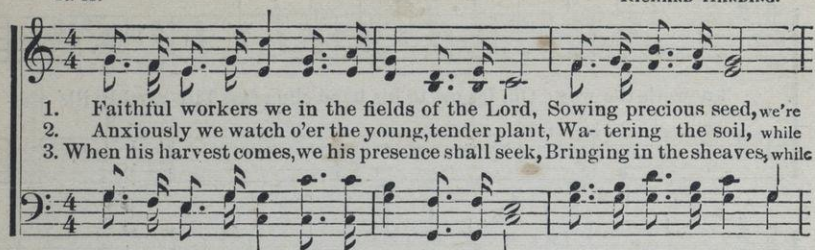
The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a final cadence.



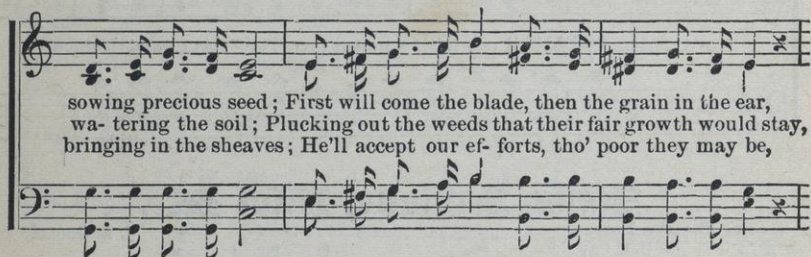
## Faithful Workers.

R. H.

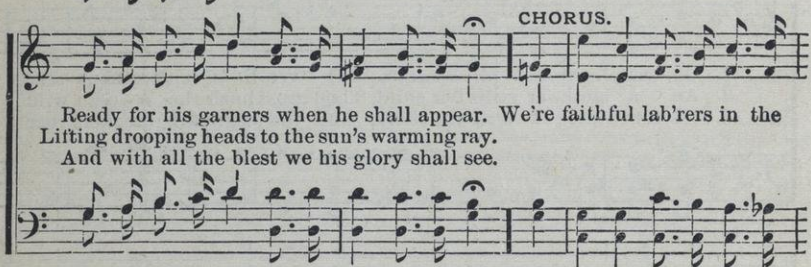
RICHARD HARDING.



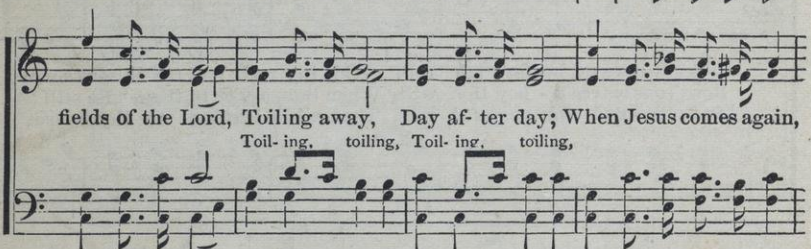
1. Faithful workers we in the fields of the Lord, Sowing precious seed, we're  
 2. Anxiously we watch o'er the young, tender plant, Wa- tering the soil, while  
 3. When his harvest comes, we his presence shall seek, Bringing in the sheaves, while



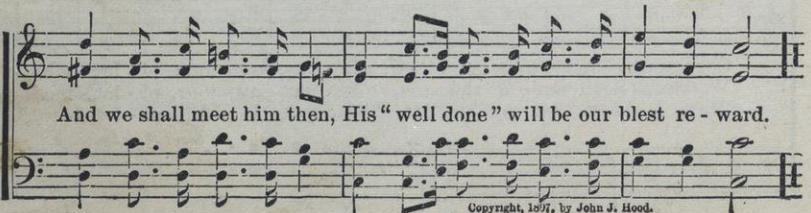
sowing precious seed; First will come the blade, then the grain in the ear,  
 wa- tering the soil; Plucking out the weeds that their fair growth would stay,  
 bringing in the sheaves; He'll accept our ef- forts, tho' poor they may be,



CHORUS.  
 Ready for his garnerers when he shall appear. We're faithful lab'ers in the  
 Lifting drooping heads to the sun's warming ray.  
 And with all the blest we his glory shall see.



fields of the Lord, Toiling away, Day af- ter day; When Jesus comes again,  
 Toil- ing, toiling, Toil- ing, toiling,



And we shall meet him then, His "well done" will be our blest re - ward.



# No, Not One!

99

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

GEO. C. HUGG.

*Slow, and with great feeling.*

1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!  
 2. No friend like him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!  
 3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!

None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas-es, No, not one! no, not one!  
 And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!  
 No night so dark but his love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!

## CHORUS.

Je-sus knows all about our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,

There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! No, not one!

From "Heaven's Echo," by per.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>4 Did ever saint find this friend forsake<br/>                 No, not one! no, not one! [him?<br/>                 Or sinner find that he would not take<br/>                 No, not one! no, not one! [him?</p> | <p>5 Was e'er a gift like the Saviour given?<br/>                 No, not one! no, not one!<br/>                 Will he refuse us a home in heaven?<br/>                 No, not one! no, not one!</p> |
|---|---|



## Work in the Light.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Cheerily on, . . . . \* O Endeav'ers, a - way, . . . . .  
 2. Cheerily on, . . . . O Endeav'ers, to win . . . . .  
 3. Cheerily on, . . . . O Endeav'ers, be strong, . . . . .  
 4. Cheerily on . . . . for the Master we love, . . . . .  
 1. Cheeri - ly on, O Endeav'ers, a - way, Endeav'ers away,

White are the fields . . . . for the harvest to - day ; . . . . .  
 Perish - ing souls . . . . from the desert of sin ; . . . . .  
 God and the Church . . . . is our watch word and song ; . . . . .  
 Gathering sheaves . . . . for his garner a - bove ; . . . . .  
 White are the fields for the harvest to - day, the harvest to - day ;

Cheeri - ly on, . . . . while the summer is bright, . . . . .  
 Hopefully on, . . . . while the morning is bright, . . . . .  
 Pray'rfully on, . . . . while the noontide is bright, . . . . .  
 Trustfully on, . . . . with our mansion in sight, . . . . .  
 Cheeri - ly on, while the summer is bright, the summer is bright,

Faithfully still our du - ty fulfill, go, work in the light. . . . .  
 Patiently still our mission fulfill, go, work in the light. . . . .  
 Fervently still our calling fulfill, go, work in the light. . . . .  
 Joyful - ly still the message fulfill, go, work in the light. . . . .  
 go, work in the light.

Copyright, 1897, by Jno. R. Sweeney.

\* The words Christian workers, or Epworth Leaguers may be used instead of O Endeavorers.



## CHORUS.

Work in the light, be firm and true, Keeping our pledge forever in view; Eager to

learn and ready to do our Lord's command; Lifting the soul oppress'd into the

calm of rest, Heeding the call that speaks to all, go, work to-day. . . .

## My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH.

Tune, AMERICA. 6, 4.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees

[Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal

4. Our Father's God, to thee, Author of liberty, To thee we sing; Long may our

*cres.*

father's died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.  
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills;  
tongues awake, [My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.

[Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.  
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our

[King.



# He Leadeth Safely.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Not always in green pastures doth the Master lead my soul, Some-  
 2. Not always by still wa- ters doth he make my soul to lie, But  
 3. And when I reach the val- ley of the shadow, he will be A

times he leads in kindness where the shadows darkly roll; But still I do not  
 sometimes where the sea is wild and where the winds are high; But tho' the billows  
 sure and mighty Refuge and a Comfort- er to me; And I shall sit at

fal- ter, tho' I may not understand, Because I know he always safely  
 break around me, still I nev- er fear, For billows are but blessings with my  
 tables rich ac- cording to his word, And dwell with him forever in the

CHORUS.

holds me by the hand. He always leadeth safe- ly In sunshine or the  
 precious Saviour near.  
 mansions of the Lord.

gloom, And I will trust him ful- ly 'Till I reach my heav'nly home.



# Softly and Tenderly.

103

W. L. T.

*Very slow, pp*

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling for you and for me,  
 2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?  
 3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;  
 4. Oh! for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.  
 Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?  
 Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.  
 Tho' we have sinned he, has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

CHORUS. *cres.*

*m*  
 Come home, . come home, . Ye who are weary, come home,

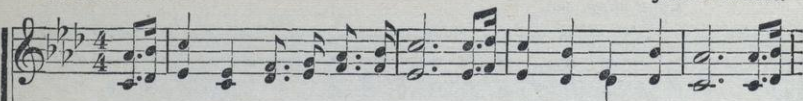
*pp* *ppp* *rit.* *pp*  
 Earnestly, tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!



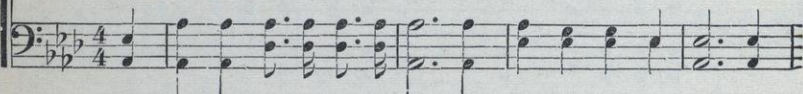
## Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



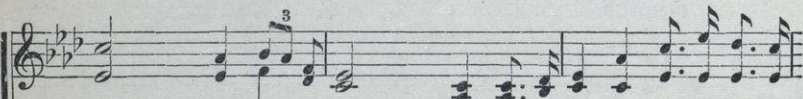
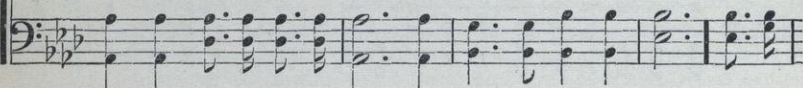
1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright Than
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King, And
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near The
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love, For



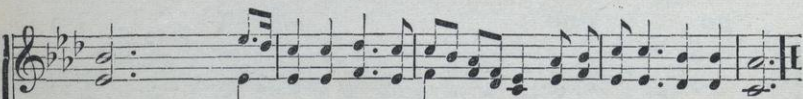
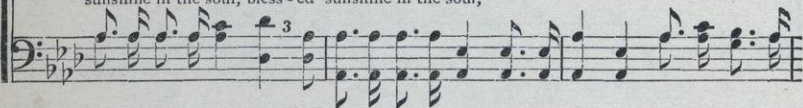
## REFRAIN.



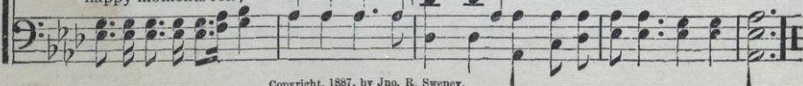
glows in an - y earthly sky, For Je - sus is my light. Oh, there's  
 Je - sus, list - ening, can hear The songs I can - not sing.  
 dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap - pear.  
 blessings which he gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.



sun - - shine, blessed sun - shine, When the peaceful, happy moments  
 sunshine in the soul, bless - ed sunshine in the soul,



roll ; When Jesus shows his smiling face There is sunshine in the soul.  
 happy moments roll ;



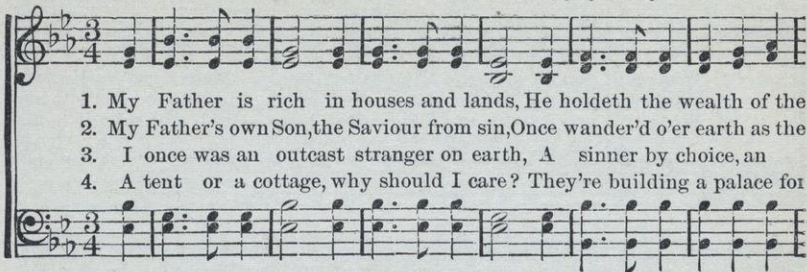


# The Child of a King.

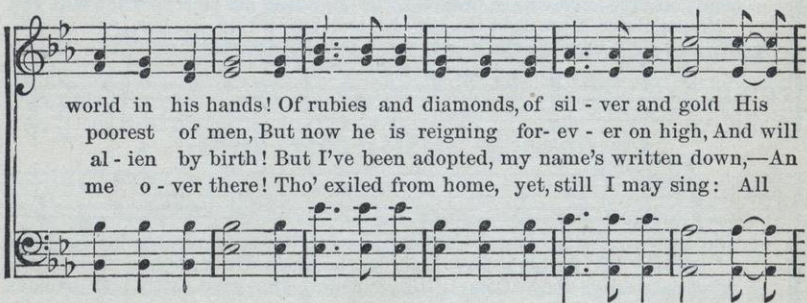
105

HATTIE E. BUELL.

Arr. from Melody by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.

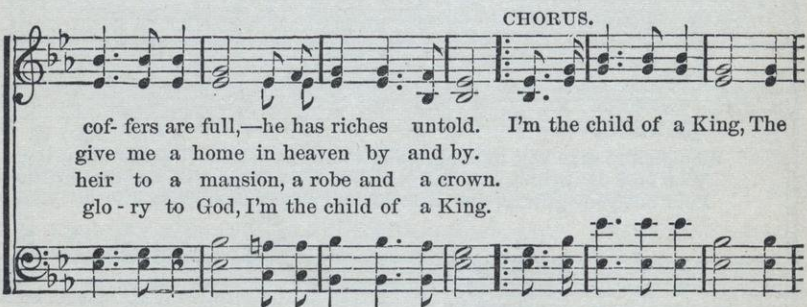


1. My Father is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the  
 2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour from sin, Once wander'd o'er earth as the  
 3. I once was an outcast stranger on earth, A sinner by choice, an  
 4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for



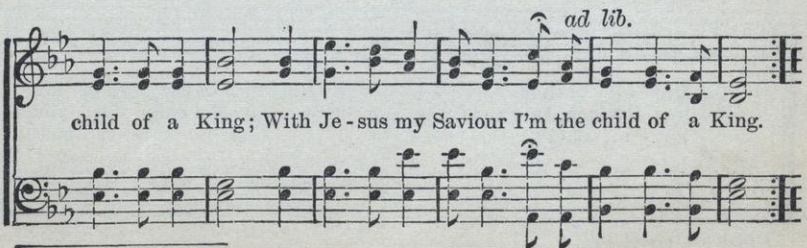
world in his hands! Of rubies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold His  
 poorest of men, But now he is reigning for - ev - er on high, And will  
 al - ien by birth! But I've been adopted, my name's written down,—An  
 me o - ver there! Tho' exiled from home, yet, still I may sing: All

CHORUS.



cof - fers are full,—he has riches untold. I'm the child of a King, The  
 give me a home in heaven by and by.  
 heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.  
 glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

*ad lib.*



child of a King; With Je - sus my Saviour I'm the child of a King.



1. What will you do with the King called Jesus? Many are waiting to  
 2. What will you do for the King called Jesus, He who for you left his  
 3. What will you do with the King called Jesus,—Who will submit to his

hear you say,—Some have despised him, rejecting his mercy, What will you  
 throne above, Here 'mid the low-ly and sin-ful to la-bor, Dail-y un-  
 gentle sway? Where are the hearts ready now to enthrone him? Who will his

do with your King to-day? What can you witness concerning his goodness,  
 folding his Father's love. Look on the fields white already to harvest,  
 kind commands obey? Come with your ointments most costly and precious,

Who died to save you from sin's bitter thrall? Who will declare him the  
 Who now is willing to toil with the few? What will you do for the  
 Pour out your gifts at the dear Saviour's feet; Render to him all your

fair-est of thousands? Who now will crown him the Lord of all?  
 dear Saviour, Je-sus? Lo, he is waiting, he calls for you!  
 loy-al de-vo-tion; Seek to ex-alt him by prais-es meet.



# What will You do?—CONCLUDED.

107

CHORUS. *Voices in unison.*

What will you do with the King called Jesus? What, oh, what will you do with Jesus!

*Voices in parts.*

He waits to bless all who humbly confess Faith in his blood and righteousness.

## The Beautiful Sunshine.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Jesus, the beautiful sunshine, Changing the night into day, Shed in our
2. Jesus, the beautiful sunshine, Shining from portals a - bove, When all a -
3. Jesus, the beautiful sunshine, Shine in our lives ever - more, May we re -

CHORUS.

hearts thy bright radiance, Sweetly illumine our way. Sunshine, sunshine,  
round us is darkness, Send us a gleam of thy love.  
flect thy ef - fulgence, As we have never be - fore.

Jesus, the beautiful sunshine; Sunshine, sunshine, Sweetly illumine our way.



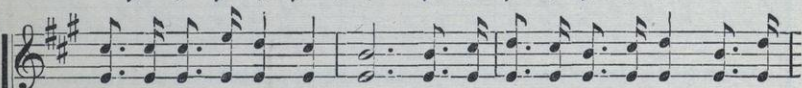
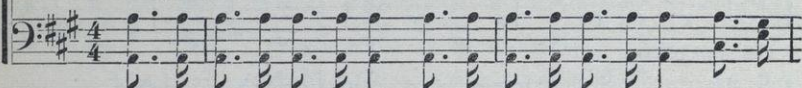
## Journey in the King's Highway.

HARRIET E. JONES.

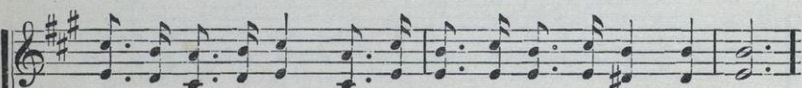
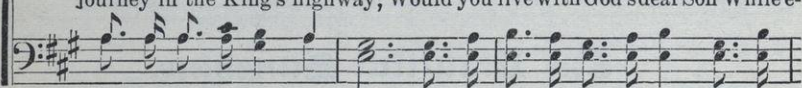
ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Would you go re-joicing on In the light of God's dear Son? Come and
2. Would you tread among the flow'rs, Would you rest in sylvan bow'rs? Come and
3. Would you gain a home on high In the gold-en by and by? Come and



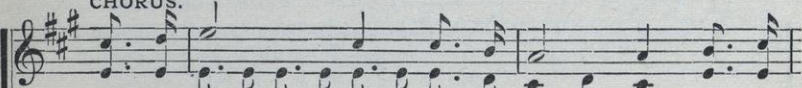
journey in the King's highway; Would you ev'ry moment prove All the  
 journey in the King's highway; Would you drink from living rills Flowing  
 journey in the King's highway; Would you live with God's dear Son While e-



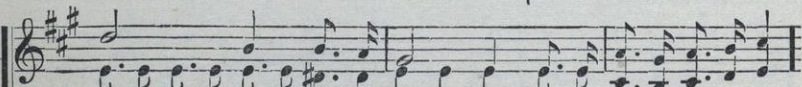
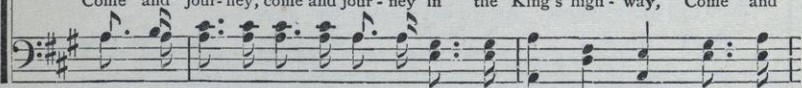
sweetness of his love? Come and journey in the King's highway.  
 from the E-den hills? Come and journey in the King's highway.  
 ter-nal years roll on? Come and journey in the King's highway.



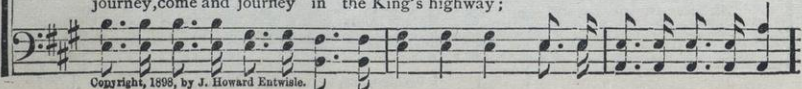
## CHORUS.



Come and jour - - ney, come and jour - ney, Come and  
 Come and jour-ney, come and jour-ney in the King's high-way, Come and



jour - - ney, come and jour - ney; Come this moment and be glad,  
 journey, come and journey in the King's highway;





# Journey in the King's, etc.—CONCLUDED. 109

Come, in shining robes be clad, And go singing in the King's highway.

## Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it from a - bove, Fill each bos - om with thy love;  
 2. Come, thou Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Wilt thou not this boon con - fer?  
 3. We have full sur - ren - der made, All is on the al - tar laid,

Come with pow'r our souls to greet, Meet us at the mer - cy seat.  
 En - ter ev - 'ry trembling breast, May each soul find per - fect rest.  
 With thy sac - ri - fi - cial flame Now ac - cept it in thy name.

### CHORUS.

Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'nly Dove, Fill us with thy per - fect love,

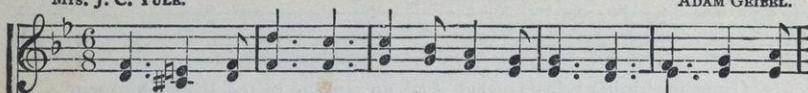
In our hearts all dross re - fine, Till thine im - age there may shine.



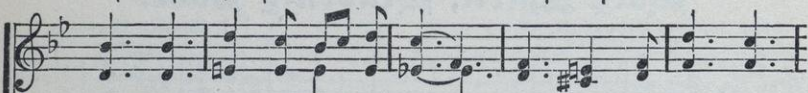
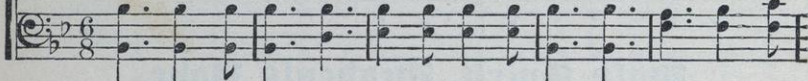
## Go, Work To-day.

Mrs. J. C. YULE.

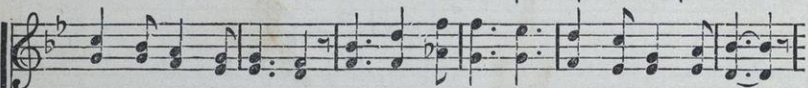
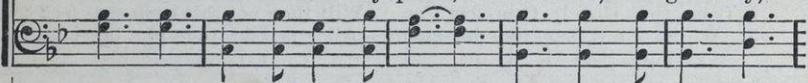
ADAM GEIBEL.



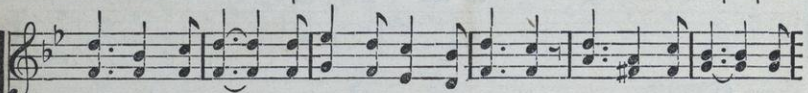
1. Forth in the dawn-light cool, and sweet, and tender, While yet the
2. Forth while the sun rides high - er still in heav - en, Forth while the
3. Lord, we have heard thee in our youth's glad morning; Lord, we still



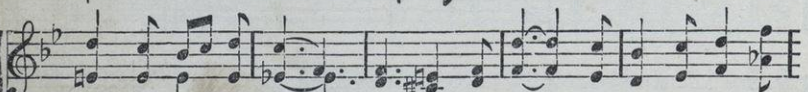
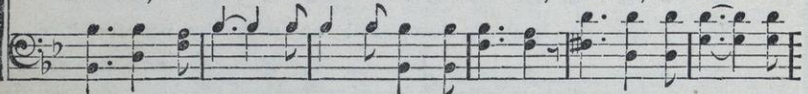
dew-drops trem-ble on the flowers, Seek - ing for lab - 'rers,  
noon-tide's fer - vid ra-diance glows, Forth while the sha - dows  
hear thee in our noon-day prime, — Hear thee, and glad - ly,



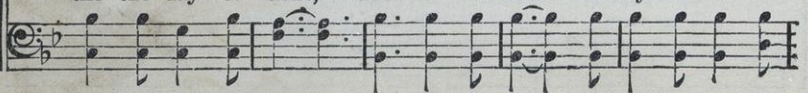
one doth meekly wander, Call - ing, still calling thro' the qui - et hours; —  
lengthen t'ward the ev - en, Call - ing for lab'ers, still the Master goes; —  
ease and pleasure scorning, Gird us for ser - vice low - ly yet sub - lime; —



"Go, work to - day, the flush of ear - ly morning Brightens the east, and  
"Go, work to - day! — oh, wherefore yet delaying, Stand ye still i - dle  
Take us, ourselves to thee we now surren - der, Take us, and use us



day is com - ing on; Go in the fresh - ness of the day's a -  
as the hours glide on? Go, for the morn - ing waits not for your  
till the day is done, Gath - er us then in thy embrac - es



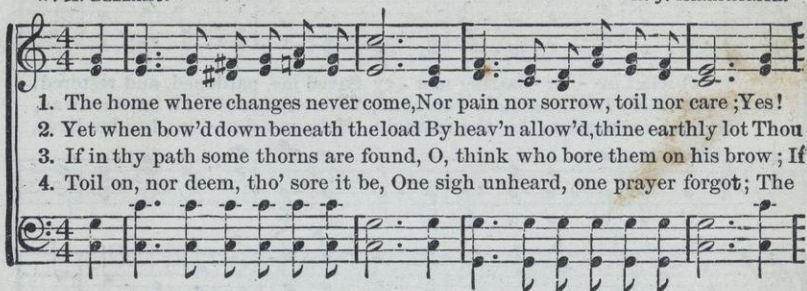


# Wait, and Murmur Not.

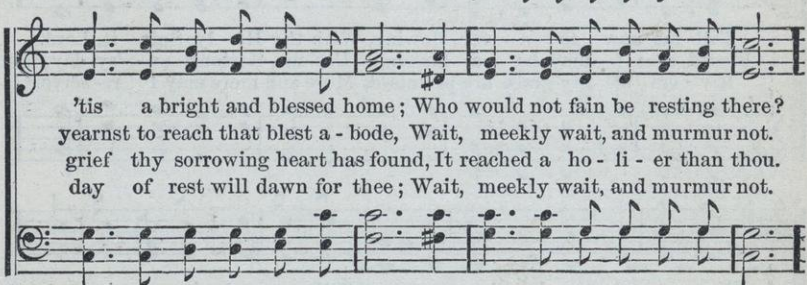
113

W. H. BELLAMY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

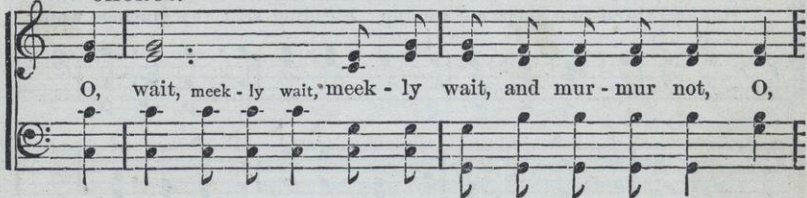


1. The home where changes never come, Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care ; Yes !  
 2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot Thou  
 3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on his brow ; If  
 4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one prayer forgot ; The

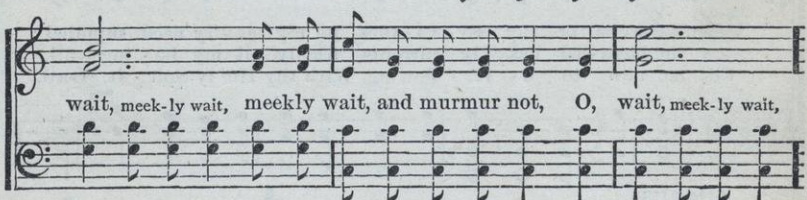


'tis a bright and blessed home ; Who would not fain be resting there ?  
 yearnst to reach that blest a - bode, Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.  
 grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.  
 day of rest will dawn for thee ; Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

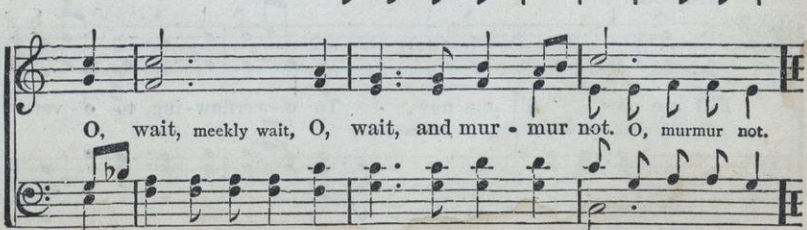
## CHORUS.



O, wait, meek - ly wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O,



wait, meek - ly wait, meekly wait, and murmur not, O, wait, meek - ly wait,



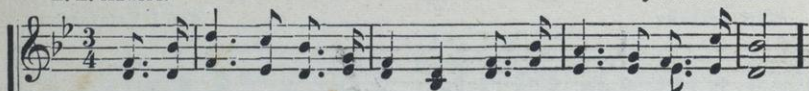
O, wait, meekly wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not. O, murmur not.



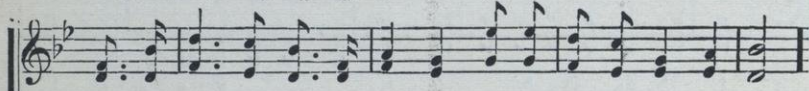
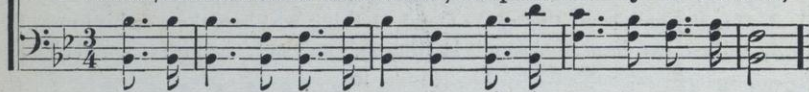
# Fill to Overflowing.

E. E. HEWITT.

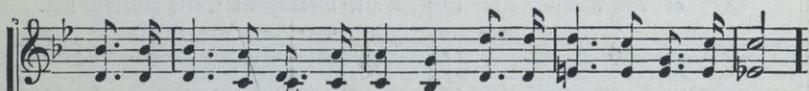
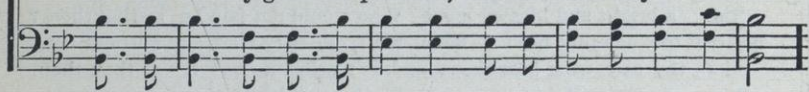
JNO. R. SWENEY.



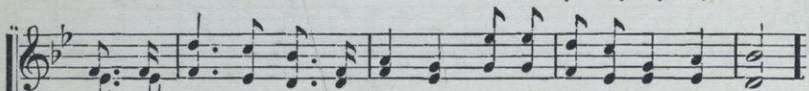
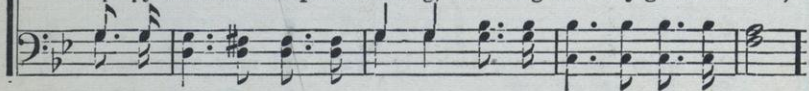
1. O what ev - er - lasting mer - cy Saved me, pardoned, and restored;
2. Make my life henceforth a channel, Where thy love shall have its way,
3. Free, exhaustless is the fountain, Help me free - ly to be - lieve,



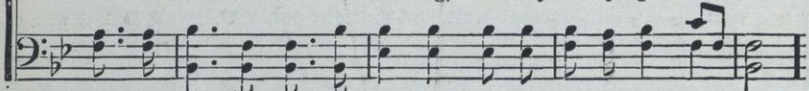
Fill me now to o - ver - flowing, With thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord.  
 Bless'd, that I may be a blessing, Use me, Saviour, ev - 'ry day.  
 Riv - ers of thy grace are promised, More and more may I re - ceive.



Give me of the liv - ing wa - ter, Till my soul is sat - is - fied;  
 Clos - er, clos - er to the fountain, Hold my heart, my soul, my will;  
 Hap - py thirst that keeps me coming, Pleading still thy gracious word;



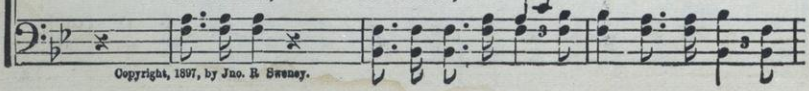
From the wells of thy sal - va - tion, Be my ev - 'ry need supplied.  
 Let the bless - ed heav'nly currents, Richly all my be - ing fill.  
 Fill me now to o - ver - flowing, With thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord.



## CHORUS.



Fill me now, fill me now, To o - verflow - ing, to o - ver -  
 fill me now, fill me now,





flowing; Fill me now, .. fill me now, With thy Holy Spir - it, Lord.  
Fill me now, fill me now,

Wonderful Peace.

L. H. E.

"My peace I give unto you."—John xiv: 27.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

1. Je - sus gives his peace to me, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;  
2. Surface feel - ings ebb and flow, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;  
3. Not my charge his gift to hold, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;  
4. This my part—to trust in him, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;  
5. Praying, watching, serv - ing still, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;

*Fine.*  
Like his love, a boundless sea, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace.  
Sweet, a - bid - ing calm be - low, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace.  
Je - sus keeps it—grace untold—Won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace.  
Whether skies be bright or dim, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace.  
Let me learn, and do his will, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace.  
*D. S.*—Je - sus gives his peace to me, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace.

REFRAIN.

*D. S.*

Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace, Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace;  
Copyright, 1896, by John J. Hood.



## Sing unto God.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

ADAM GEIBEL.

Sing unto God with gladness, Shout forth his praise to-day; Sing unto God with

gladness, In sacred melo- dy; He is the great Jeho- vah, He is the great Je-

ho - vah, Let all the earth sing loud his praises now and ev - er - more. *Fine.*

Sing un- to God, Praise his name evermore; He is  
Sing un- to God, sing un- to God, Praise, praise his name, Praise, praise his name,

God o- ver all, O praise his holy name. God o- ver  
God o- ver all, God o- ver all, God o- ver all,



# Sing unto God.—CONCLUDED.

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QUARTET OR SEMI-CHORUS.

*p Andante.*

all, O praise his holy name. { He is the great and mighty Je-  
God o - ver all, { For by his hand ev'rything was cre-

*mf* 1 *rit. dim.* 2 *D. C.*  
hovah, He hath dominion o-ver ev'ry creature;  
ated, And by his pow'r can all cre-(*Omit.* . . . . .) ation be destroyed.

## Gloria Patri.

WM. B. EVANS.

*Organ.* Glo - ry; Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the

Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost. As it was in the beginning,

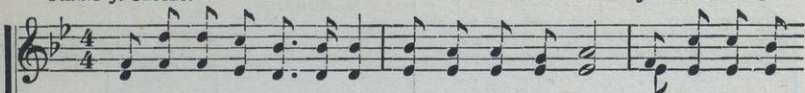
is now and ever shall be, world without end. A - men, amen.



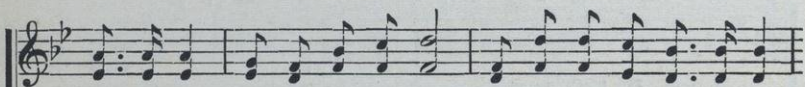
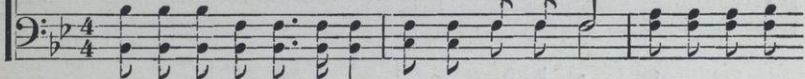
## Standing On the Battlements.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

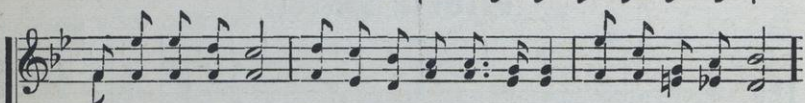
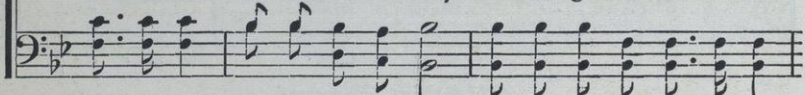
JNO. R. SWENEY.



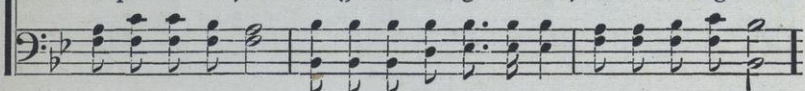
1. Ar-my of the living God, Lo, our King is near! Trusting in his
2. Since by clouds of witnesses We are compass'd round, In the path that
3. Never sheath the Spirit's sword Till the war is done, Nev-er lay our



mighty arm, Fal-ter not nor fear; If to him we con-secrate  
 once they trod Let us all be found; Holding up the cross of Christ,  
 ar-mor down Till the crown is won; When our greatest tri-al comes



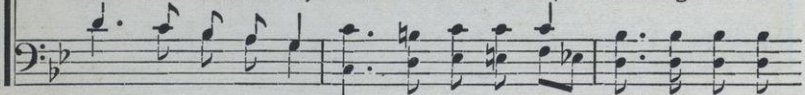
All our ransom'd pow'rs, Tho' a host against us rise, Vict'ry will be ours.  
 Praising him in song, Preaching truth and righteousness While we march along.  
 Trust the promise true, Grace will give the strength we need, Faith will bring us thro'.



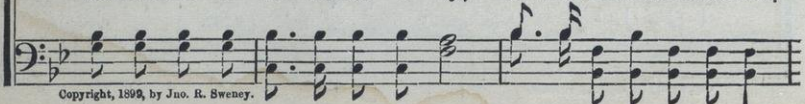
## CHORUS.



On the battlements, bless-ed battlements, Standing on the



battlements of im-mortal-i-ty; O the countless multitudes,





soon our eyes shall see! Standing on the battlements of immortal - i - ty.

**Neither Do I Condemn Thee.**

F. M. D.

"Go, and sin no more."—John viii : 11.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Penitent, sin-confessing One, to Jesus came, Looking to him for pardon,  
2. Never a trembling sinner, Bowing at his feet, Seeking the promis'd blessing  
3. Ye that are heavy laden, Burden'd with your sin, Jesus will now relieve you,

Trusting in his name; Je- sus in tones of pit - y Spake as ne'er before,  
At the mercy seat, Ever has heard but welcome, Welcome o'er and o'er;  
Kindly take you in; Sweetly he bids you enter At the o - pen door;

CHORUS.

"Neither do I condemn thee, Go, and sin no more." "Go, and sin no more,

Go, and sin no more; Neither do I condemn thee, Go, and sin no more."

From "Brightest Glory," By per. of John J. Hood.



# What a Joyous Time!

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. What a joyous time to meet And our love to Christ repeat, Great and  
 2. What a friendship true and warm Christ's beloved children form, Great and  
 3. Tender thoughts we give to each, Kindly smiles and loving speech, Great and

small, one and all; While the hours are passing by Ev'ry  
 small, one and all; How our tongues united swell His re-  
 small, one and all; When we meet from year to year, May each  
 Great and small, one and all;

heart is beating high, As we sing, sweetly sing to our King.  
 deeming love to tell, As we sing, sweetly sing to our King.  
 heart be filled with cheer, As we sing, sweetly sing to our King.

*D.S.*—heart is beating high, As we sing, sweetly sing to our King.

CHORUS.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, Tho' you hasten now a - way, May your

joy with us stay, happy day; While the hours are passing by, Ev'ry  
 happy day;



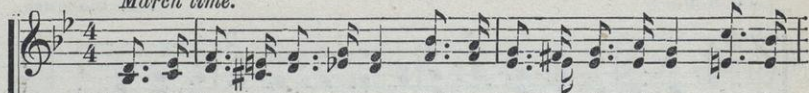
# The Army of the Lord.

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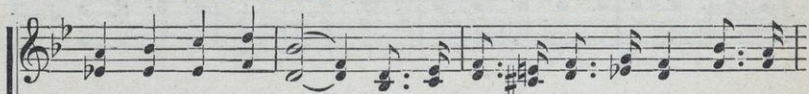
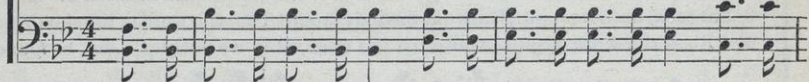
W. H. P.

*March time.*

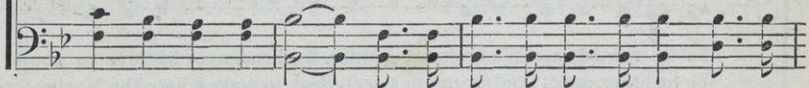
WM. H. PRICE.



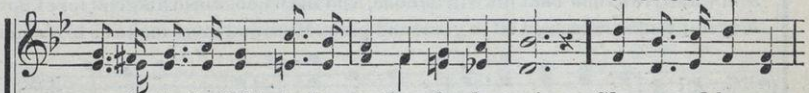
1. Come and join our happy throng, Lift your voice in joyful song, As Je-
2. See! our Captain leads us on, He has need of ev-'ry one, For his
3. Then no longer halting stand, Come and join our youthful band, As we



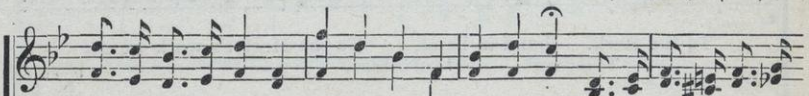
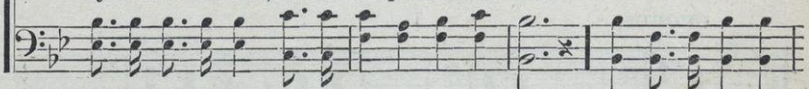
hovah's name we praise; 'Neath the ban-ner of the right We are  
cause must nev-er fail; And tho' Sa-tan bars the way, Yet we  
march the foe to meet; For we'll wear a victor's crown, When we



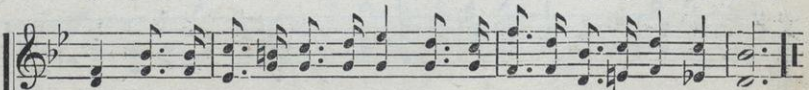
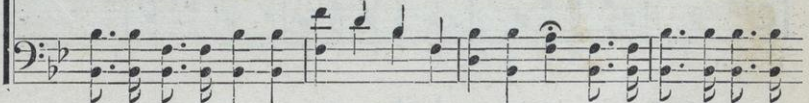
CHORUS.



pressing to the fight, And our anthem loud we raise. Glo-ry and honor  
press to vic-to-ry, For Je-hovah must prevail.  
lay our armor down, And our trophies at his feet.



To the Lamb forev-er! Glo-ry in the highest, sing Hal-le-lu-jah to his



name! Let our voices loud proclaim Hal-le-lu-jah to our Saviour King!

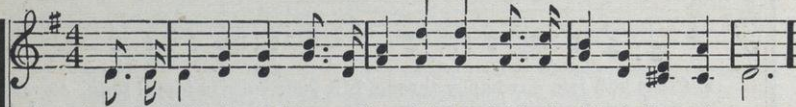




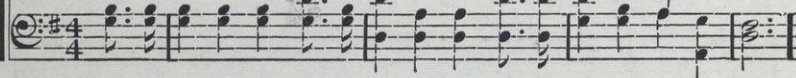
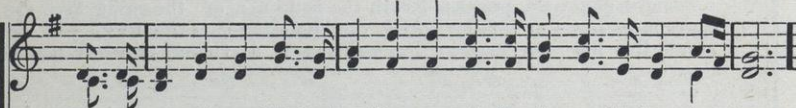
## The Master's Work.

F. A. B.

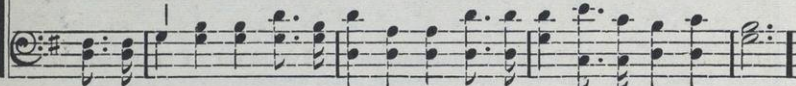
F. A. BLACKMER.



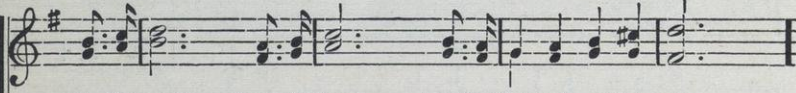
1. As a Christian band, Forward hand in hand, To the Master's work we go;
2. In our task agreed, Taking for our creed, All the blessed word of God,
3. Farassin hath wrought, Hath our Saviour taught That the word of life should go;
4. Bless the work begun, And until 'tis done, May we faithful, Lord, be found;

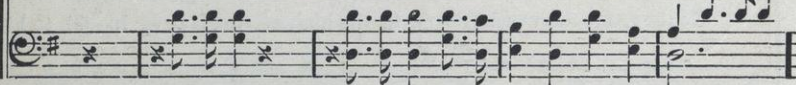
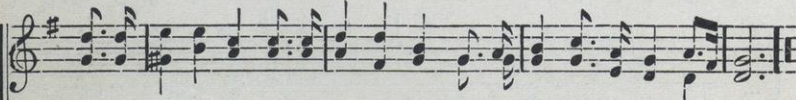
To a ruined race We declare his grace, And endeavor his love to show.  
 We together meet, And in union sweet, Seek to walk where the Master trod.  
 And we strive as one That his will be done, And the whole world his great love know.  
 May our ranks increase, And in grace and peace More and more make us to abound.




## CHORUS.



To the work, hand in hand, To the Master's work we go;  
 To the work, hand in hand, gladly go;

To a ruined race We declare his grace, And endeavor his love to show.



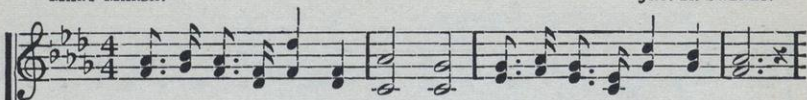


# Joy and Sunshine.

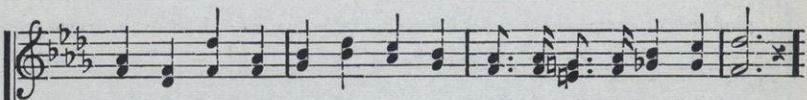
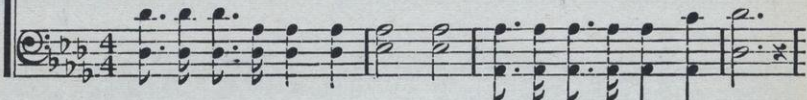
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MARY MARSH.

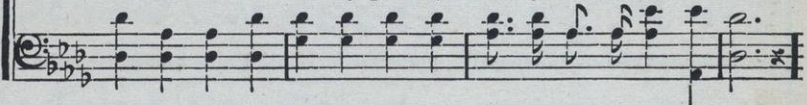
JNO. R. SWENEY.



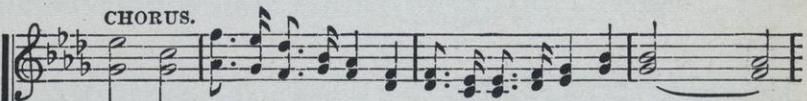
1. Je-sus is my joy and sunshine, All along life's dreary way;
2. And the glo-ry of his presence Fills my weary soul with peace;
3. Day by day the way grows brighter; O'er my path heav'n's golden ray
4. Beauties never seen by mor-tals, To the eye of faith appear;



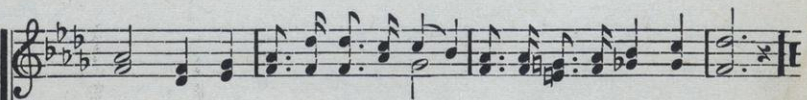
His blest presence makes my pathway Bright as heaven's golden day.  
And my heart is full of gladness—Full of songs that nev-er cease.  
Sheds its beams of glorious sunlight, Like un-to the "perfect day."  
As we near the heav'nly portals, Far beyond this vale of tears.



## CHORUS.



Joy, joy, blessed joy and sunshine, Fills my happy soul to-day; . . . . .  
my happy soul to-day;



Peace, blessed peace is ev-er mine, Shining all a-long my way.





# Rejoice In the Lord!

"My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord: and let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever."—Ps. cxlv: 21.

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

FULL CHORUS. *Vigorous.*

Let all the earth now rejoice in the Lord, Let ev'ry creature sing with

glad accord, Praise ye the Lord Jehovah, Praise ye the Lord Jehovah, Praise ye his

name, oh, praise ye the Lord! <sup>1</sup> praise ye the Lord! <sup>2</sup> Praise him forever who is

Lord over all, Praise his holy name, praise his holy name, Praise him for his mercy

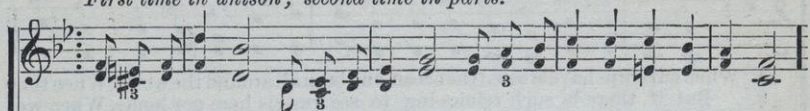
praise him for his goodness, And for all his loving-kindness praise ye the Lord!



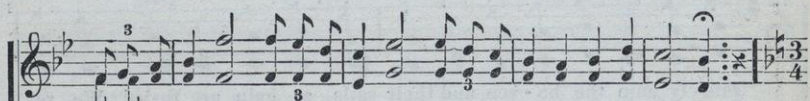
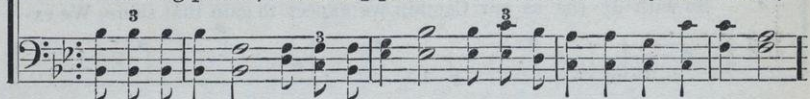
# Rejoice In the Lord!—CONCLUDED.

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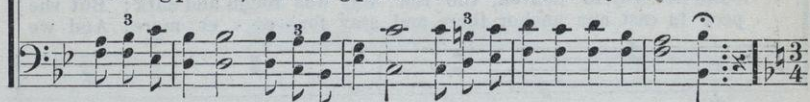
*First time in unison; second time in parts.*



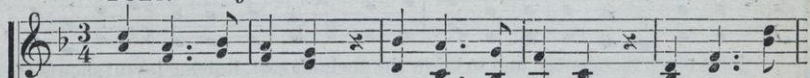
I will sing praises, I will sing praises Unto the God of my sal- vation;



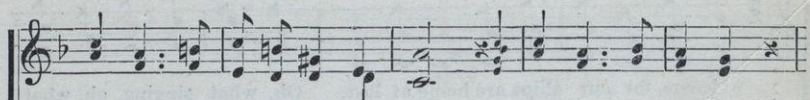
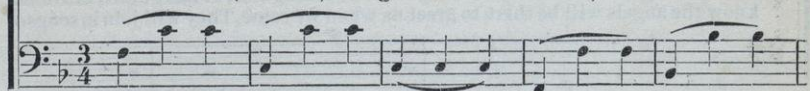
I will sing praises, I will sing praises Unto the God of my salvation.



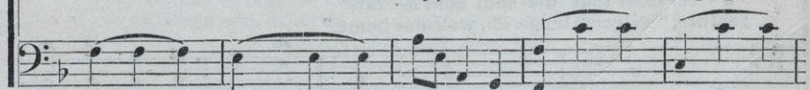
*DUET. Gently.*



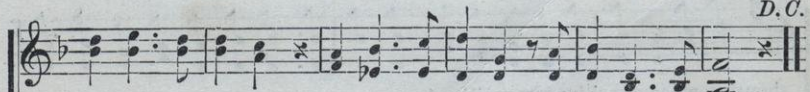
Love's ban- ner, o'er us, goes on be- fore us, Loud swells the



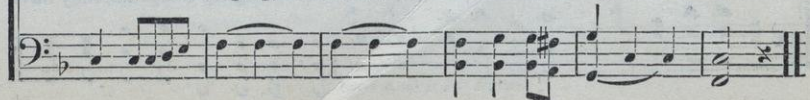
cho- rus o'er earth and sea and sky; Ech- oes are ringing,



*D. C.*



voices are singing, Praise to Je- hovah who reigneth on high.

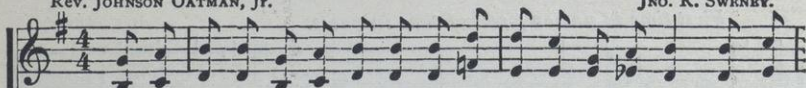




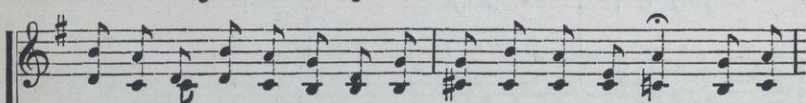
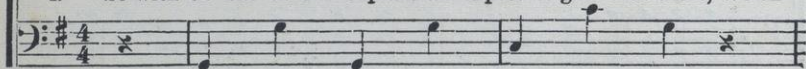
# 126 When our Ships come Sailing Home.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

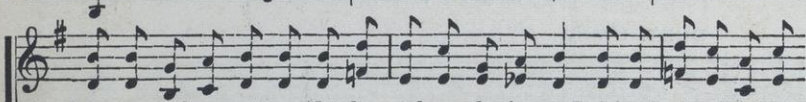
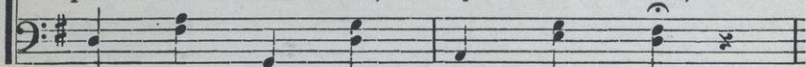
JNO. R. SWENEY.



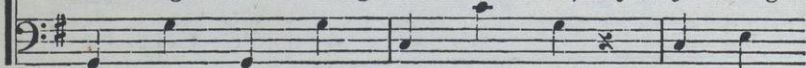
1. When our ships have crossed the ocean, and been all around the world, When they
2. But if there is such rejoicing to see vessels here get home, When we
3. Oh, methinks I hear the angels shout, "here comes an earthly bark, She has
4. So with Je- sus as our Captain we expect to gain that shore, We ex-



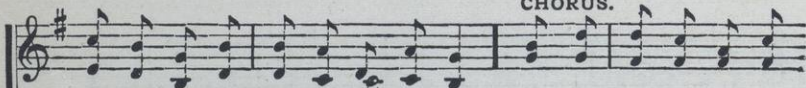
safe-ly gain the ha-ven, and their sails a - gain are furled; We re-  
know that in a lit - tle while these ships a - gain will roam; Oh, what  
found her way to heaven, tho' the way was rough and dark; But she  
pect to cast our anchor there, and stay for - ev - er more; And we



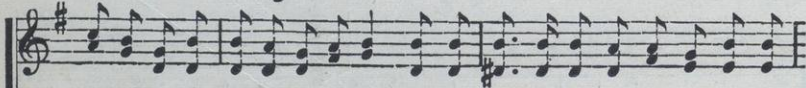
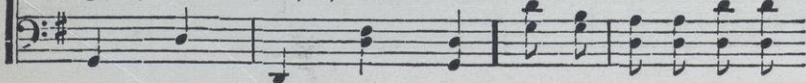
joice to see them enter, and to know the anchor's cast, Raising joyful shouts of  
must it be in heaven when a soul comes sailing in, To go out no more for-  
had a star to guide her, called the bright and morning star, It has guided millions  
know the angels will be there to greet us when we come, They will join in songs of



## CHORUS.

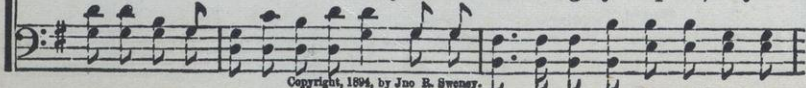


welcome, for our ships are home at last. Oh, what singing, oh, what  
ev - er sail - ing on the sea of sin?  
o - ver from that dis - tant land a - far."  
rapture, "welcome home, oh, welcome home."

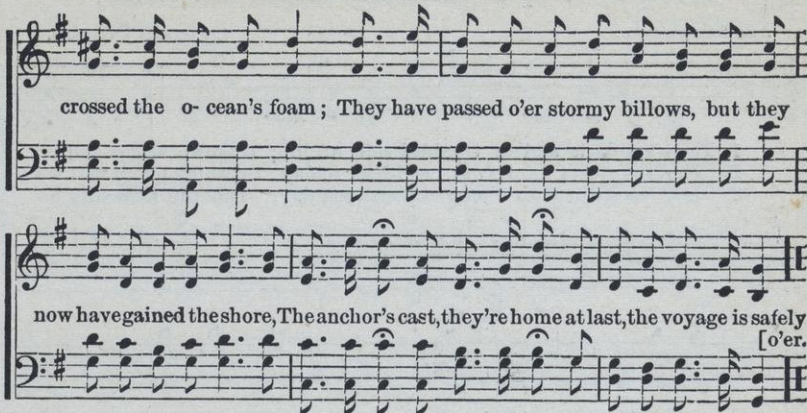


shouting, when our ships come sailing home;

They have stood the mighty tempests, they have





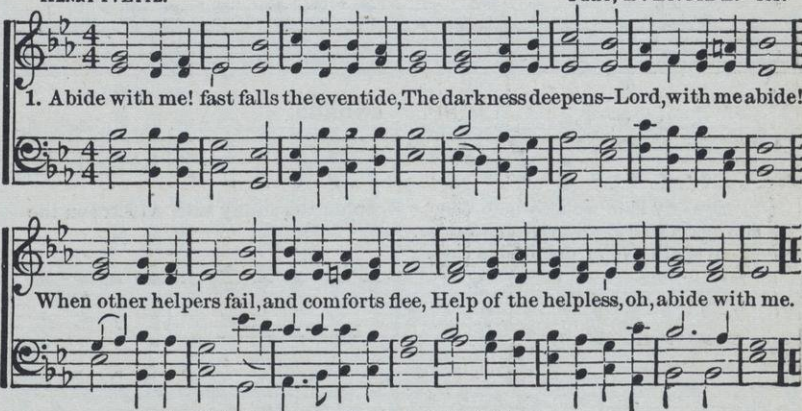


crossed the o- cean's foam ; They have passed o'er stormy billows, but they  
now have gained the shore, The anchor's cast, they're home at last, the voyage is safely [o'er.

Abide with Me.

HENRY F. LYRE.

Tune, EVENTIDE. 108.



1. Abide with me! fast falls the eventide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

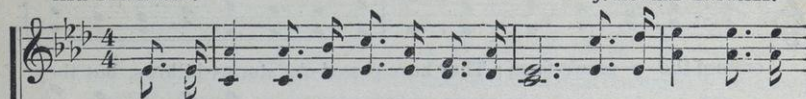
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;  
Change and decay in all around I see ;  
O thou, who changest not, abide with me !
- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour ;  
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?  
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be ?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me !
- 4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless ;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;  
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?  
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes ;  
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies ;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee ;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !



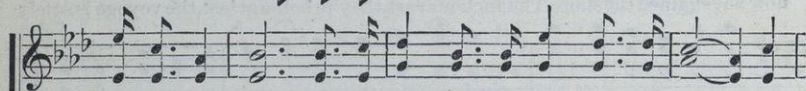
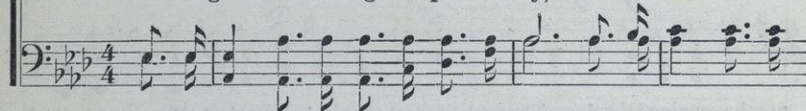
# Keep On the Sunny Side of Life.

ADA BLENKHORN.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



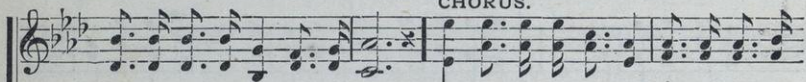
1. There's a dark and a troubled side of life; There's a bright and a
2. Tho' the storm in its fu - ry break to-day, Crushing hopes that we
3. Let us greet with a song of hope each day, Tho' the moments be



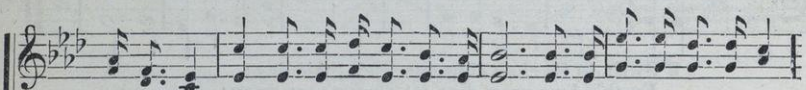
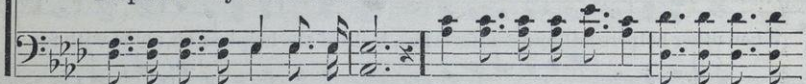
sun - ny side, too; Tho' we meet with the darkness and strife, The  
cherished so dear; Storm and cloud will in time pass a - way, The  
cloud - y or fair; Let us trust in our Sav - iour al - way, Who



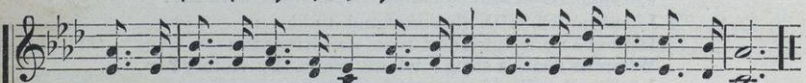
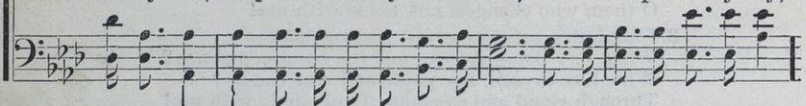
## CHORUS.



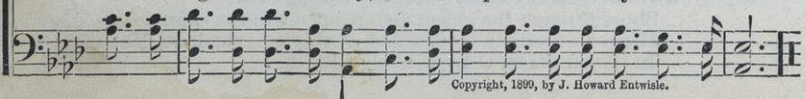
sun - ny side we also may view. Keep on the sunny side, Always on the  
sun again will shine bright and clear.  
keepeth ev - 'ry one in his care.



sun - ny side, Keep on the sunny side of life; It will help us ev'ry day,



It will brighten all the way, If we keep on the sunny side of life.





# Gladly the Bells are Ringing.

129

IDA L. REED.

J. WESLEY HUGHES.

*With spirit.*

1. Glad - ly the bells are ringing, O - ver the hills a - way;  
 2. Up to the glowing heavens, Hear how the cho - rus rings!  
 3. Earth in her robes of beau - ty, Bright with her myriad flow'rs,

Sweet are the voic - es ringing, Greeting the Children's Day.  
 While from his throne, low bending, Listens the King of kings.  
 Lends all her songs to gladden Childhood's hap - py hours.

CHORUS.

Cheeri - ly ring, ye bells, (ring on,) O - ver the hills and dells, (ring on,)

Ring out a happy and joyous lay, Ring out the gladness of Children's Day;

Ring on, (ring on,) ring on, (ring on,) Ye glad some bells, ring on!

Bright Melodies—I Copyright, 1899, by John J. Hood.

\* Small notes are for the Instrument only.



# Praise Ye Jehovah.

J. H. E.

Arr. from "GOUNOD," by J. H. ENTWISLE.

FULL CHORUS. *Maestoso.*

Praise ye Je- ho- vah, O praise the Lord who reigns above, Praise ye Je-

ho- vah, the Ruler great, the God of love; Praise ye Je- ho- vah, O praise the

Lord who reigns above, Praise ye Je- hovah, the Ruler great, the God of love.

Praise be to God, Let the chorus loudly swell, Let ev'ry voice sing his  
O praise to God, sing praise,

praise, who doth crown with loving kindness. Sing un- to God, source of  
sing praise, O sing to God,



# Praise Ye Jehovah.—CONCLUDED.

131

ev - 'ry joy and blessing, Lift the voice in a glad, triumphant shout, Re-

joice, and praise ye the Father! Praise ye, praise the Father, he is God o'er

all victorious, Praise ye, praise the Father, for the gift of his only Son;

Praise him for his wondrous works, Let the glad, triumphant anthem ring, Laud and

magnify his great and glorious name, O praise ye the Lord; praise ye the Lord.

\* Use small notes if desirable.



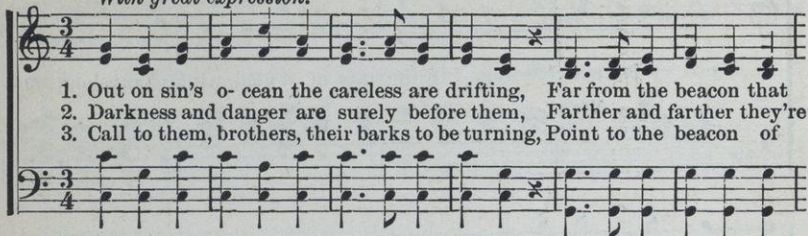
# See! They are Drifting.

"Cry aloud! . . . lift up thy voice like a trumpet!"—Isa. lviii: 1.

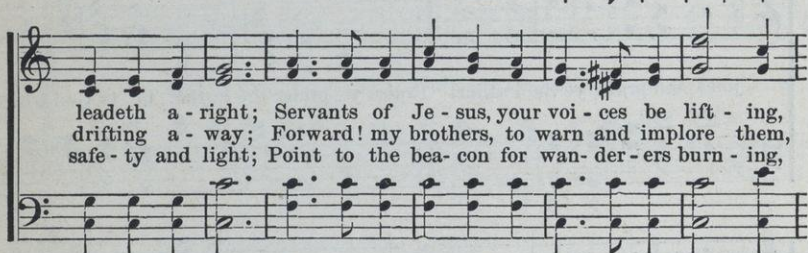
Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

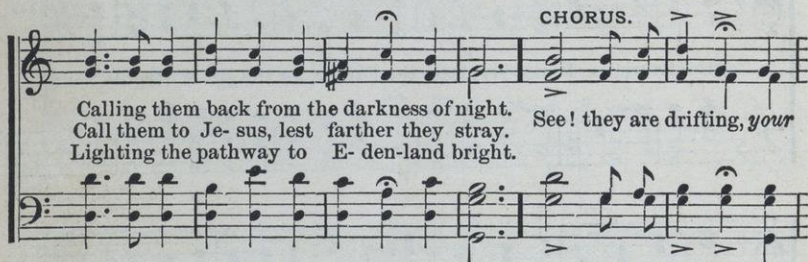
*With great expression.*



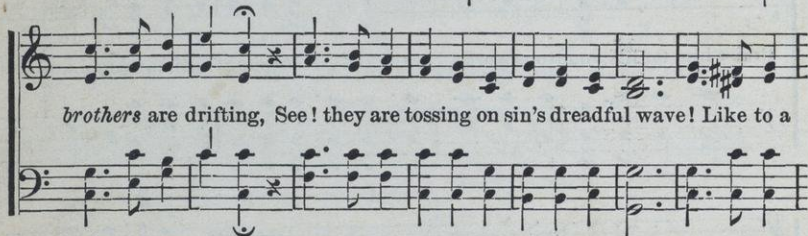
1. Out on sin's o-cean the careless are drifting, Far from the beacon that  
2. Darkness and danger are surely before them, Farther and farther they're  
3. Call to them, brothers, their barks to be turning, Point to the beacon of



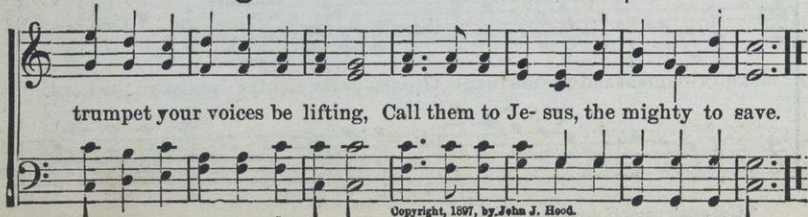
leadeth a - right; Servants of Je - sus, your voi - ces be lift - ing,  
drifting a - way; Forward! my brothers, to warn and implore them,  
safe - ty and light; Point to the bea - con for wan - der - ers burn - ing,



CHORUS.  
Calling them back from the darkness of night. See! they are drifting, *your*  
Call them to Je - sus, lest farther they stray.  
Lighting the pathway to E - den-land bright.



brothers are drifting, See! they are tossing on sin's dreadful wave! Like to a



trumpet your voices be lifting, Call them to Je - sus, the mighty to save.

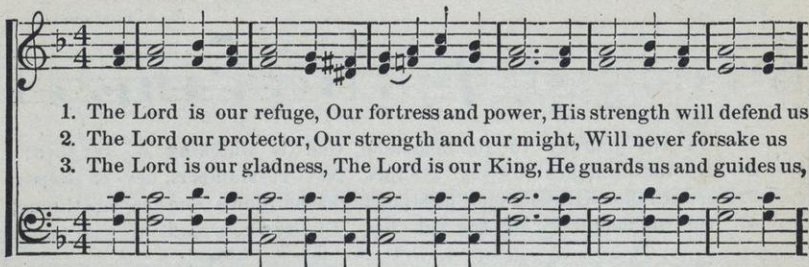


# The Lord is Our Refuge.

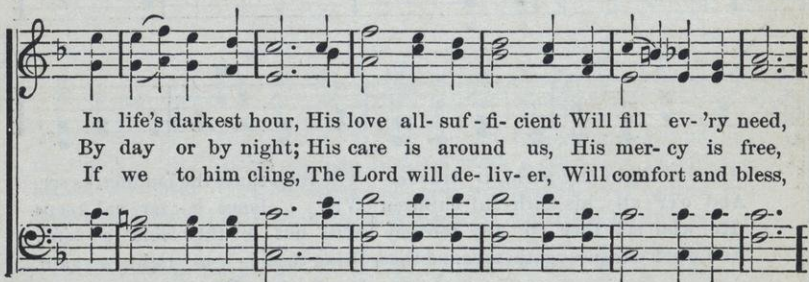
133

Mrs. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

ADAM GEIBEL.

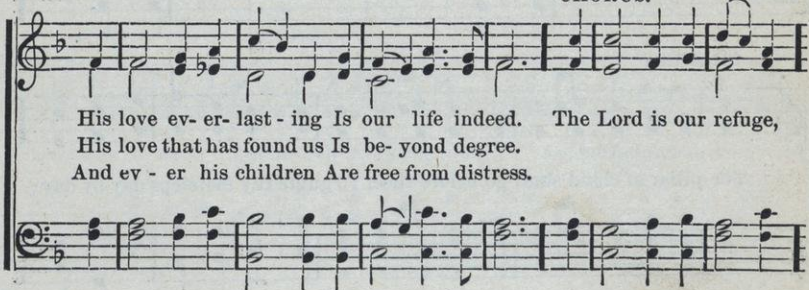


1. The Lord is our refuge, Our fortress and power, His strength will defend us
2. The Lord our protector, Our strength and our might, Will never forsake us
3. The Lord is our gladness, The Lord is our King, He guards us and guides us,



In life's darkest hour, His love all-suf-fi-cient Will fill ev-'ry need,  
By day or by night; His care is around us, His mer-cy is free,  
If we to him cling, The Lord will de-liv-er, Will comfort and bless,

## CHORUS.



His love ev-er-last-ing Is our life indeed. The Lord is our refuge,  
His love that has found us Is be-yond degree.  
And ev-er his children Are free from distress.



And we trust in him; The Lord is our sunshine That never grows dim.



# The Pillar of Cloud.

"Yet thou in thy manifold mercies forsookest them not in the wilderness; the pillar of the cloud departed not from them by day, to lead them in the way; neither the pillar of fire by night, to show them light, and the way wherein they should go."—Neh. ix: 19.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. On thy journey to the homeland, God is watching o - ver thee;  
 2. He that watches o - ver Is - rael, Nev - er slumbers, nev - er sleeps;  
 3. Forward then with courage, Christian, Light shall dawn from heaven's throne;  
 4. On the mountain, in the val - ley, Ev - 'rywhere shall he sus - tain;

He shall light thy path, O trav'ler, Till thou canst the landmarks see.  
 And o'er all his faith - ful children Vig - i - lance e - ter - nal keeps.  
 He who set thee on thy journey Will not let thee walk a - lone.  
 And when darkness gathers round thee, Bring thee in - to light a - gain.

## CHORUS.

The pillar of cloud shall go before thee, To guide thy footsteps day by day;

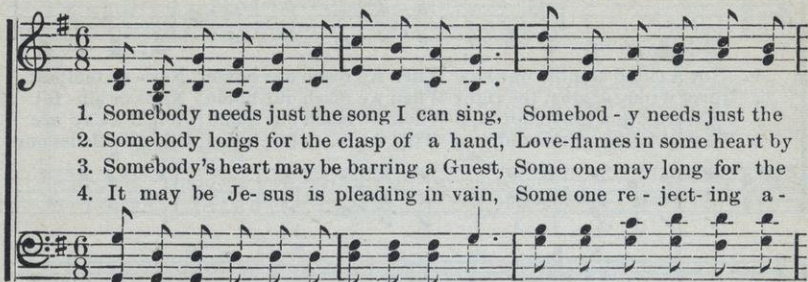
The pillar of fire shall shine before thee, And ev'ry night make clear thy way.



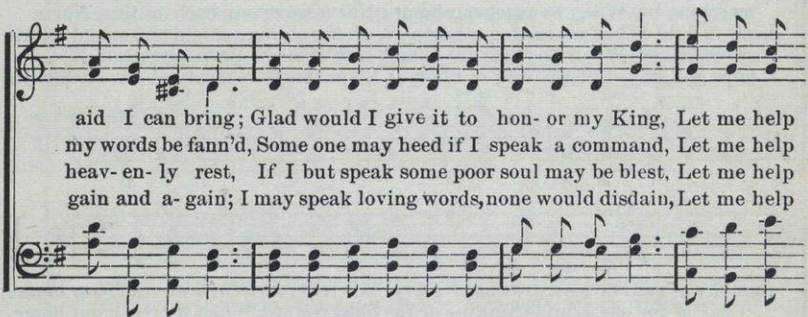
# Let Me Help Some One To-day. 135

JNO. R. CLEMENTS.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

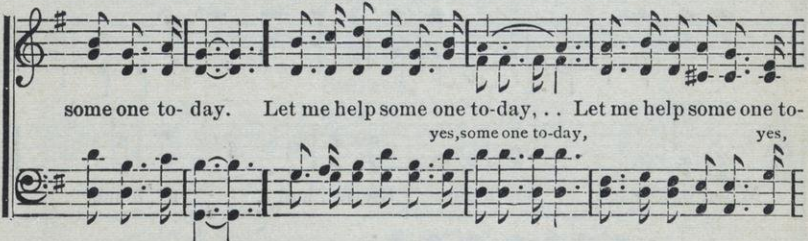


1. Somebody needs just the song I can sing, Somebod - y needs just the  
 2. Somebody longs for the clasp of a hand, Love-flames in some heart by  
 3. Somebody's heart may be barring a Guest, Some one may long for the  
 4. It may be Je-sus is pleading in vain, Some one re-ject-ing a-

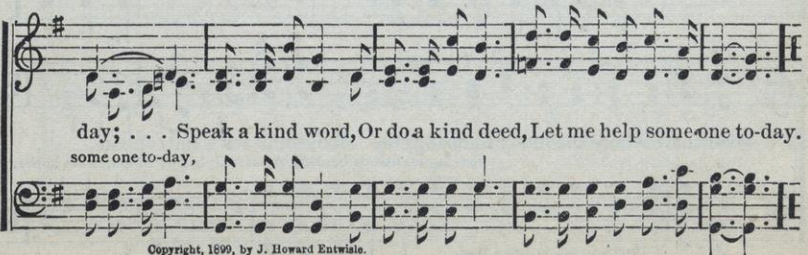


aid I can bring; Glad would I give it to hon- or my King, Let me help  
 my words be fann'd, Some one may heed if I speak a command, Let me help  
 heav-en-ly rest, If I but speak some poor soul may be blest, Let me help  
 gain and a-gain; I may speak loving words, none would disdain, Let me help

## CHORUS.



some one to-day. Let me help some one to-day, . . . Let me help some one to-  
 yes, some one to-day, yes,



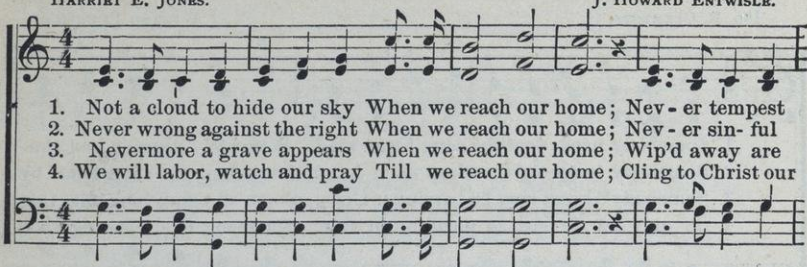
day; . . . Speak a kind word, Or do a kind deed, Let me help some one to-day.  
 some one to-day,



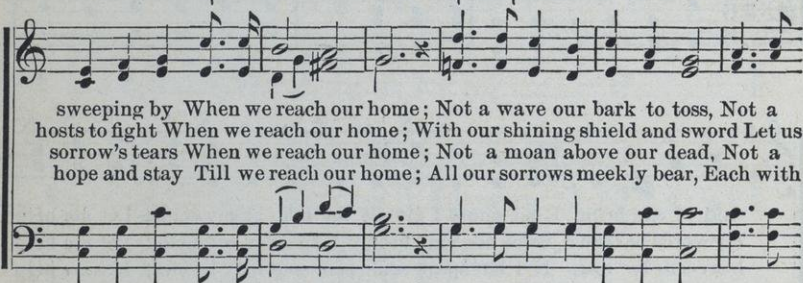
# When we Reach our Home.

HARRIET E. JONES.

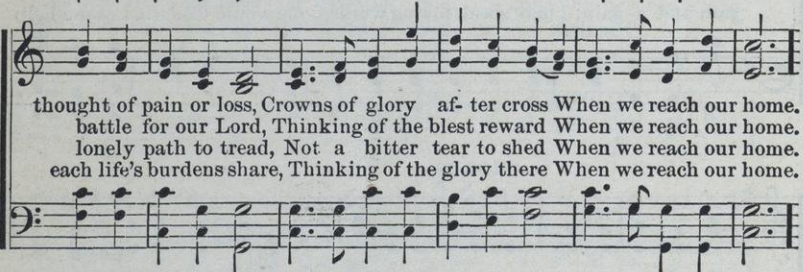
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. Not a cloud to hide our sky When we reach our home; Nev - er tempest  
 2. Never wrong against the right When we reach our home; Nev - er sin - ful  
 3. Nevermore a grave appears When we reach our home; Wip'd away are  
 4. We will labor, watch and pray Till we reach our home; Cling to Christ our

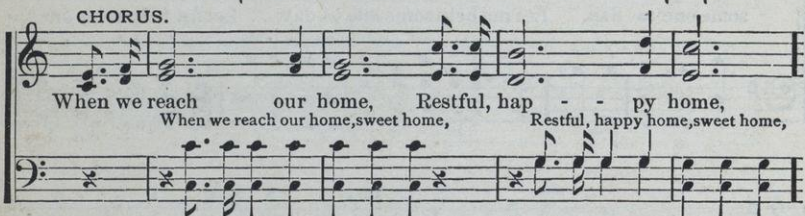


sweeping by When we reach our home; Not a wave our bark to toss, Not a  
 hosts to fight When we reach our home; With our shining shield and sword Let us  
 sorrow's tears When we reach our home; Not a moan above our dead, Not a  
 hope and stay Till we reach our home; All our sorrows meekly bear, Each with

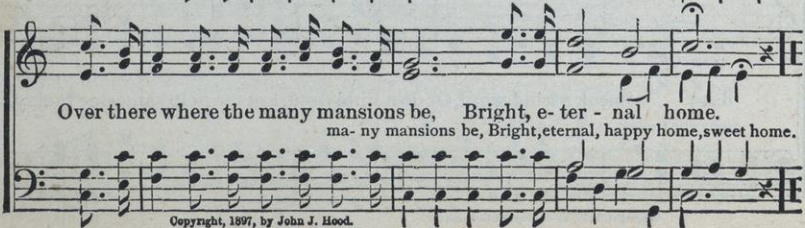


thought of pain or loss, Crowns of glory af - ter cross When we reach our home.  
 battle for our Lord, Thinking of the blest reward When we reach our home.  
 lonely path to tread, Not a bitter tear to shed When we reach our home.  
 each life's burdens share, Thinking of the glory there When we reach our home.

## CHORUS.



When we reach our home, Restful, hap - - py home,  
 When we reach our home, sweet home, Restful, happy home, sweet home,



Over there where the many mansions be, Bright, e - ter - nal home.  
 ma - ny mansions be, Bright, eternal, happy home, sweet home.



# When the Mists.

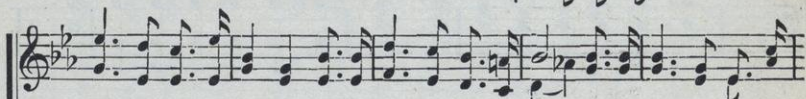
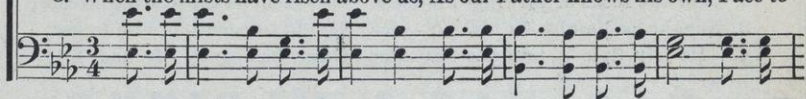
137

ANNIE HERBERT.

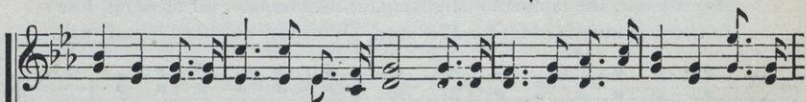
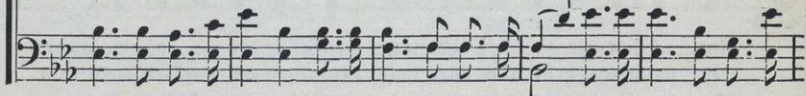
JNO. R. SWENEY.



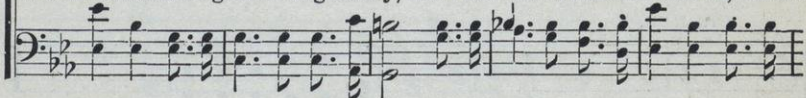
1. When the mists have roll'd in splendor From the beauty of the hills, And the
2. If we err in human blindness, And forget that we are dust; If we
3. When the mists have risen above us, As our Father knows his own, Face to



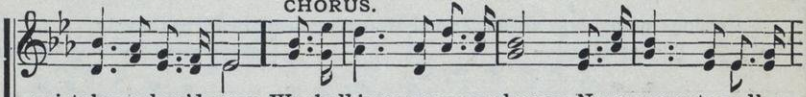
sunshine, warm and tender, Falls in kisses on the rills, We may read love's shining  
miss the law of kindness When we struggle to be just, Snowy wings of peace shall  
face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known; Lo, beyond the orient



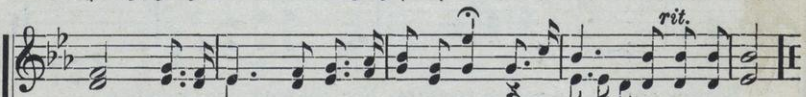
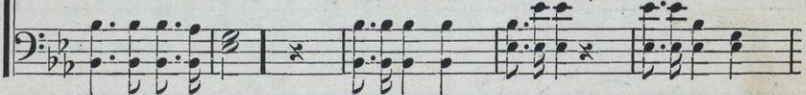
letter In the rainbow of the spray,—We shall know each other better When the  
cover All the plain that hides away,—When the weary watch is over, And the  
meadows Floats the golden fringe of day, Heart to heart we bide the shadows, Till the



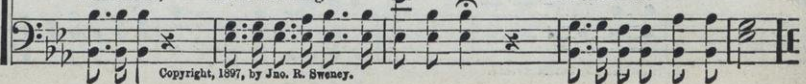
## CHORUS.



mists have clear'd away. We shall know as we are known, Never more to walk a-  
We shall know as we are known, Never more to



lone; In the dawning of a brighter day, When the mists have clear'd away.  
walk alone; In the dawning When the mists

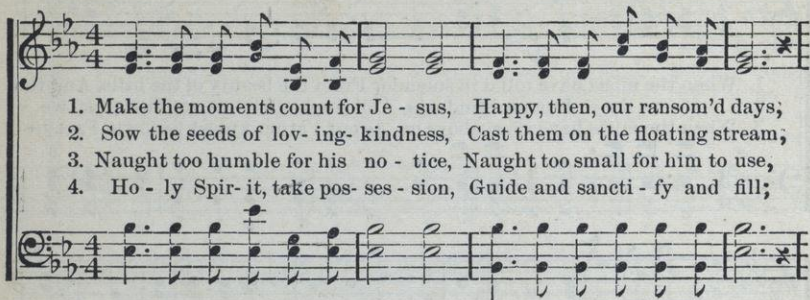




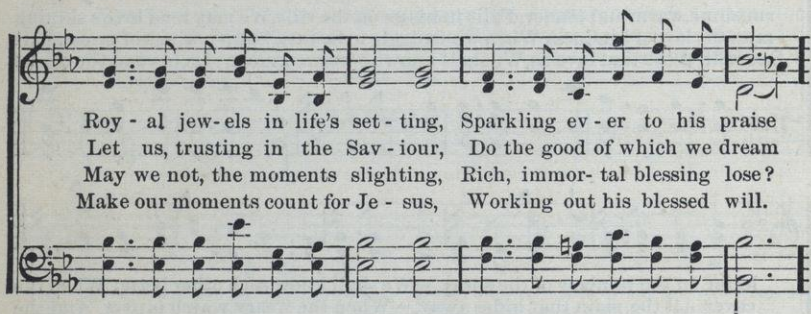
# 138 Make the Moments Count for Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

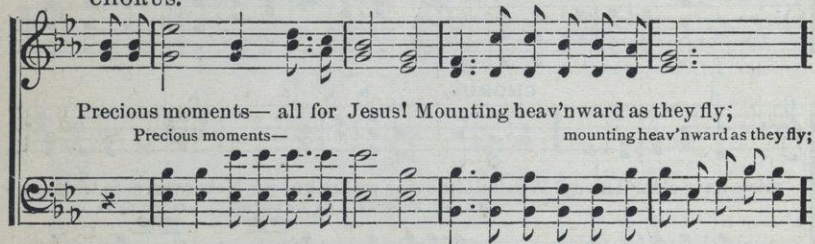


1. Make the moments count for Je - sus, Happy, then, our ransom'd days;  
 2. Sow the seeds of lov- ing- kindness, Cast them on the floating stream;  
 3. Naught too humble for his no - tice, Naught too small for him to use,  
 4. Ho - ly Spir- it, take pos- ses - sion, Guide and sancti - fy and fill;

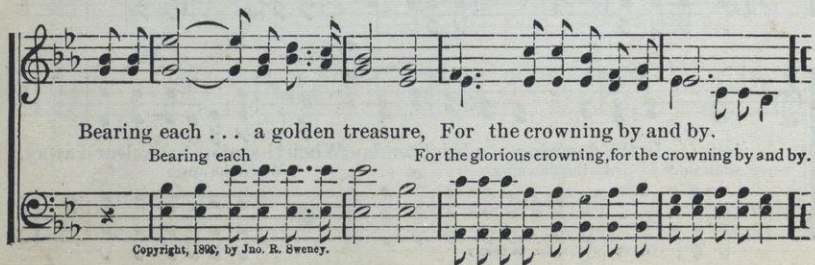


Roy - al jew-els in life's set-ting, Sparkling ev - er to his praise  
 Let us, trusting in the Sav - iour, Do the good of which we dream  
 May we not, the moments slighting, Rich, immor- tal blessing lose?  
 Make our moments count for Je - sus, Working out his blessed will.

## CHORUS.



Precious moments— all for Jesus! Mounting heav'nward as they fly;  
 Precious moments— mounting heav'nward as they fly;



Bearing each . . . a golden treasure, For the crowning by and by.  
 Bearing each For the glorious crowning, for the crowning by and by.



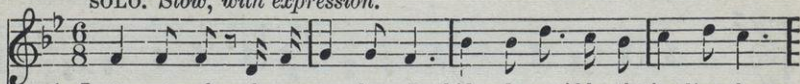
# Just One Touch.

139

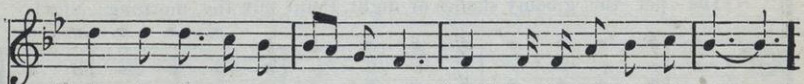
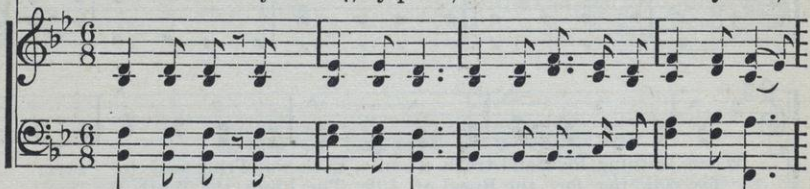
BIRDIE BELL.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

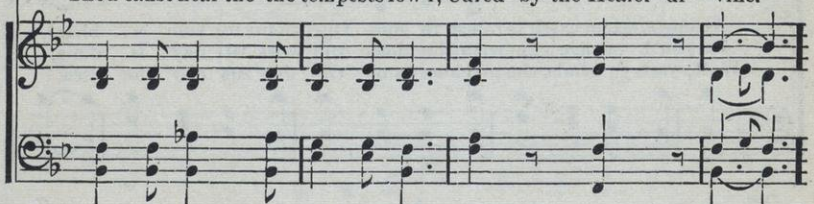
SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*



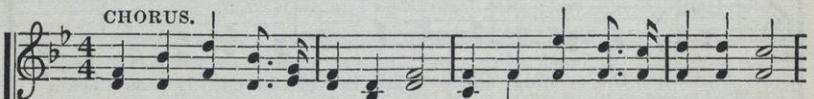
1. Just one touch as he moves along, Push'd and press'd by the jostling throng,
2. Just one touch and he makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin-sick soul,
3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am saved by the blessed Son,
4. Just one touch! and he turns to me, O the love in his eyes I see!
5. Just one touch! by his mighty pow'r, He can heal thee this ver- y hour,



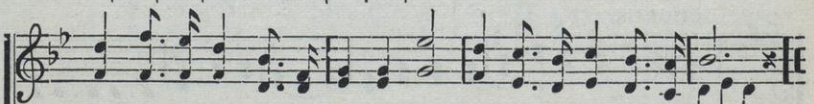
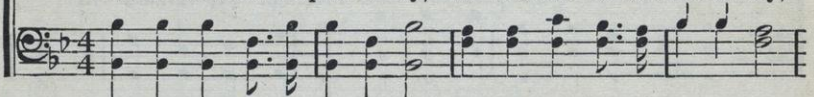
Just one touch and the weak was strong, Cured by the Healer di - vine.  
 At his feet all my burdens roll, — Cured by the Healer di - vine.  
 I will sing while the a - ges run, Cured by the Healer di - vine.  
 I am his for he hears my plea, Cured by the Healer di - vine.  
 Thou canst hear tho' the tempests low'r, Cured by the Healer di - vine.



CHORUS.



Just one touch as he pass- es by, He will list to the faintest cry,



Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Healer di- vine.

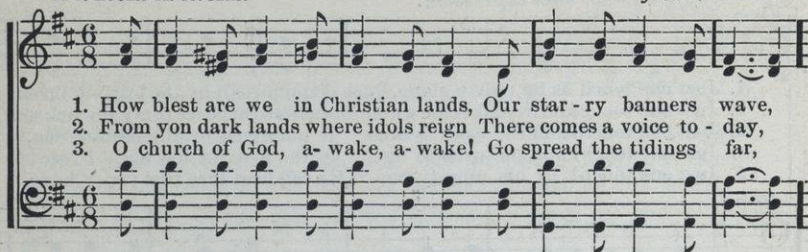




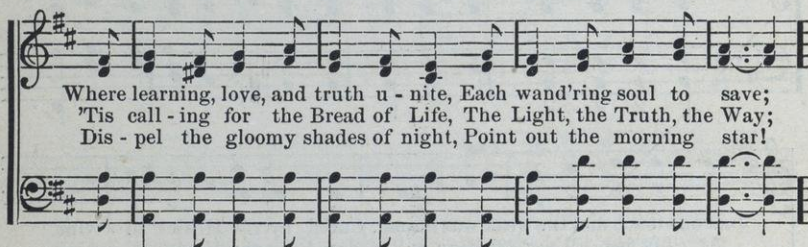
# 140 Waft, Ye Winds, the Precious Name.

Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS.

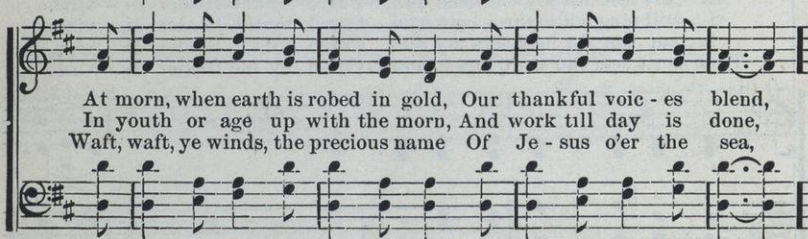
JNO. R. BRYANT.



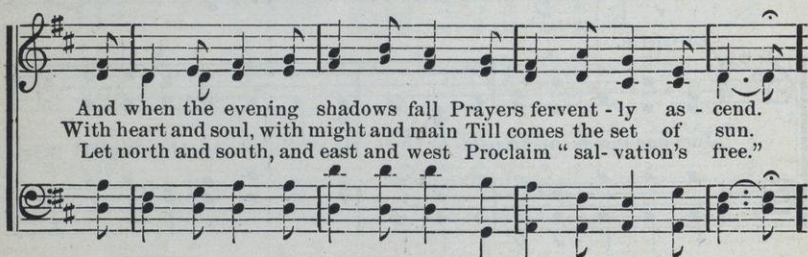
1. How blest are we in Christian lands, Our star-ry banners wave,  
 2. From yon dark lands where idols reign There comes a voice to-day,  
 3. O church of God, a-wake, a-wake! Go spread the tidings far,



Where learning, love, and truth u-nite, Each wand'ring soul to save;  
 'Tis call-ing for the Bread of Life, The Light, the Truth, the Way;  
 Dis-pel the gloomy shades of night, Point out the morning star!

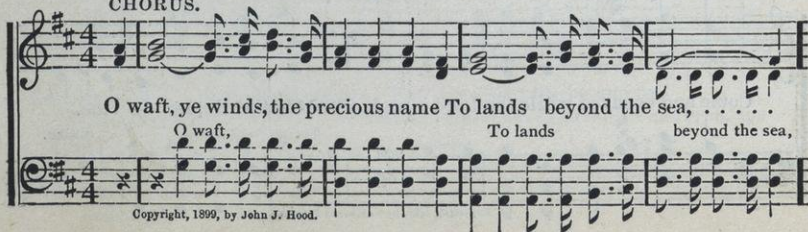


At morn, when earth is robed in gold, Our thankful voic-es blend,  
 In youth or age up with the morn, And work till day is done,  
 Waft, waft, ye winds, the precious name Of Je-sus o'er the sea,



And when the evening shadows fall Prayers fervent-ly as-cend.  
 With heart and soul, with might and main Till comes the set of sun.  
 Let north and south, and east and west Proclaim "sal-va-tion's free."

## CHORUS.



O waft, ye winds, the precious name To lands beyond the sea, . . . . .  
 O waft, To lands beyond the sea,



And tell them Christ the only Son, Hath died to make them free. . . .  
 And tell to make them free.

# Come, Come To-day.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Come to the Saviour, Seek now his fa - vor, No long - er wav - er,  
 2. Je - sus will hear you, He will draw near you, His love will cheer you,  
 3. Come, be for - giv - en, Long you have striven, O start for heav - en,

Come while you may; Hear him en - treat you, Now he will meet you,  
 Come while you may; Sin - ner, be - lieve him, No long - er grieve him,  
 Come while you may; Weep not in sor - row, Nor try to bor - row

4 Prayers are ascending,  
 Angels are bending,  
 Friends are attending,  
 Come while you may;  
 Ere you are lying  
 Low with the dying,  
 For mercy crying,  
 Come, come to-day.

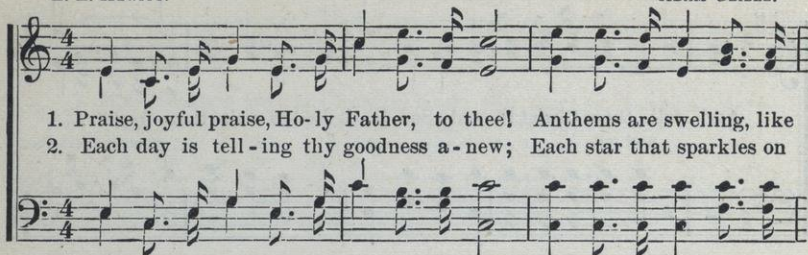
Now he will greet you, Come, come to - day.  
 Just now re - ceive him, Come, come to - day.  
 Hope from the mor - row, Come, come to - day.



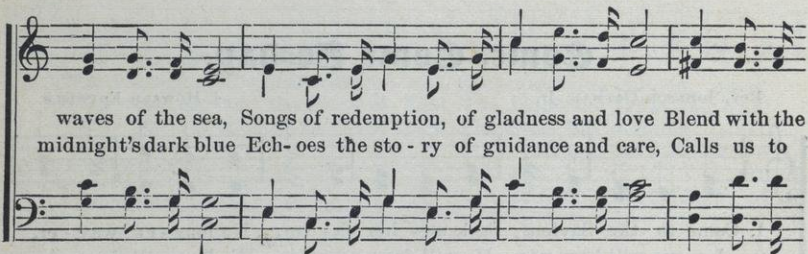
## Joyful Praises.

E. E. HEWITT.

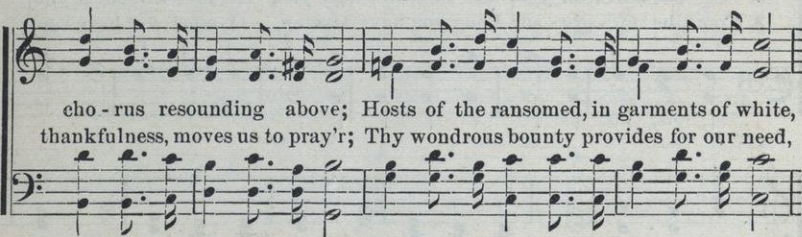
ADAM GEIBEL.



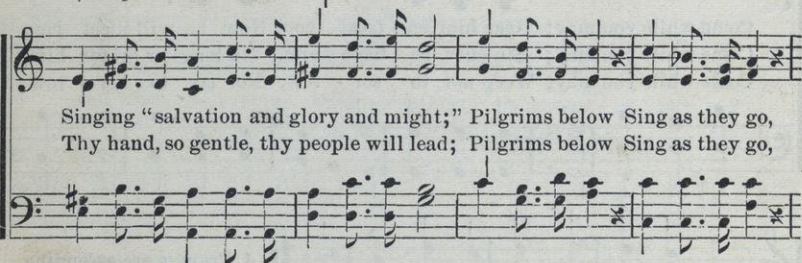
1. Praise, joyful praise, Ho-ly Father, to thee! Anthems are swelling, like  
2. Each day is tell-ing thy goodness a-new; Each star that sparkles on



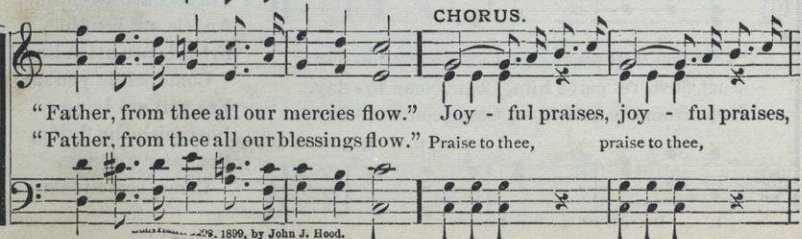
waves of the sea, Songs of redemption, of gladness and love Blend with the  
midnight's dark blue Ech-oes the sto-ry of guidance and care, Calls us to



cho-rus resounding above; Hosts of the ransomed, in garments of white,  
thankfulness, moves us to pray'r; Thy wondrous bounty provides for our need,



Singing "salvation and glory and might;" Pilgrims below Sing as they go,  
Thy hand, so gentle, thy people will lead; Pilgrims below Sing as they go,



CHORUS.  
"Father, from thee all our mercies flow." Joy-ful praises, joy-ful praises,  
"Father, from thee all our blessings flow." Praise to thee, praise to thee,



Angel bands are singing; Joy - ful praises, joy - ful praises, We thy  
Praise to thee, praise to thee,

children bringing; Joy - ful praises, joy - ful praises, Hearts and voices  
Praise to thee, praise to thee,

ringing; Joy - ful praises, joy - ful praises, Lord, we give to thee.  
Praise to thee, praise to thee,

### The Lord is my Shepherd.

A - men.

- 1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I | shall not | want. || He maketh me to lie down  
in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still | wa - | ters.
- 2 He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his |  
name's | sake. || Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of  
death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff  
they | comfort | me.
- 3 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou a -  
nointest my head with oil; my | cup runneth | over. || Surely goodness  
and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: And I will dwell in  
the house of the Lord for - | ev - | er. || A - | men.



## Bought on Calvary.

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

*m With much expression.*

1. There is a beau-ti-ful home Beyond the si-lent sea,  
 2. There is a beau-ti-ful house To stand e-ter-nal-ly,  
 3. There is a beau-ti-ful robe As white as white can be,  
 4. There is a beau-ti-ful crown To ev-er fade-less be,  
 5. These beauti-ful gifts of love That wait be-yond the sea,

And oh, that home so bright and fair My Sav-iour bought for me.  
 And oh, that house not made with hands My Sav-iour bought for me.  
 And oh, that robe so spotless, pure, My Sav-iour bought for me.  
 And oh, that wondrous crown of life My Sav-iour bought for me.  
 My Saviour purchas'd with his blood On cross of Cal-va-ry.

CHORUS.

O wand'rer, far from God, That home your own may be, If  
 O wand'rer, far from God, A mansion yours may be, If  
 O wand'rer, far from God, White raiment yours may be, If  
 O wand'rer, far from God, A crown your own may be, If  
 O wand'rer, far from God, This wealth your own may be, If  
 wan-d'rer, far from God,

you will give your heart to Christ, And serve him, serve him faith-ful-ly.  
 you will give your heart to Christ, And serve him, serve him faith-ful-ly.  
 you will give your heart to Christ, And serve him, serve him faith-ful-ly.  
 you will give your heart to Christ, And serve him, serve him faith-ful-ly.  
 you will give your heart to Christ, And oh, 'tis free! and oh, 'tis free!

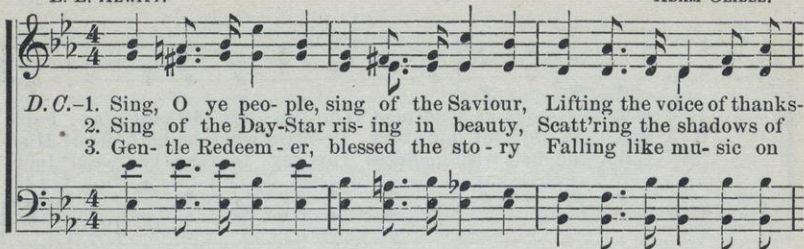


# Sing, O ye People.

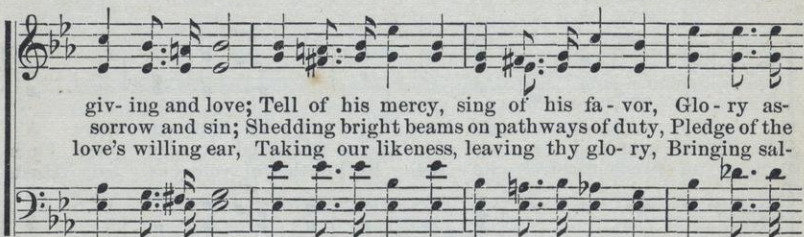
145

E. E. HEWITT.

ADAM GEIBEL.

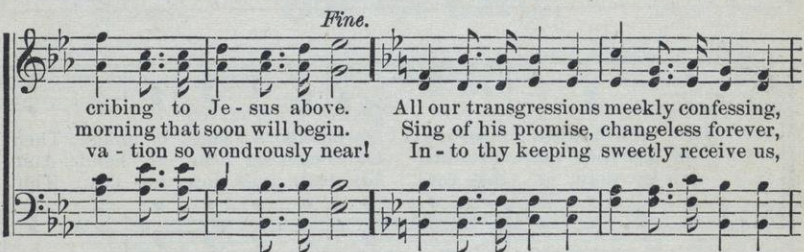


*D. C.*—1. Sing, O ye peo-ple, sing of the Saviour, Lifting the voice of thanks—  
 2. Sing of the Day-Star ris-ing in beau-ty, Scatt'ring the shadows of  
 3. Gen-tle Redeem-er, blessed the sto-ry Falling like mu-sic on

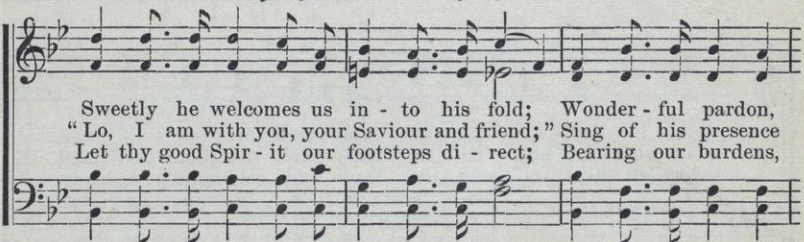


giv-ing and love; Tell of his mercy, sing of his fa-vor, Glo-ry as-sorrow and sin; Shedding bright beams on pathways of duty, Pledge of the love's willing ear, Taking our likeness, leaving thy glo-ry, Bringing sal-

*Fine.*

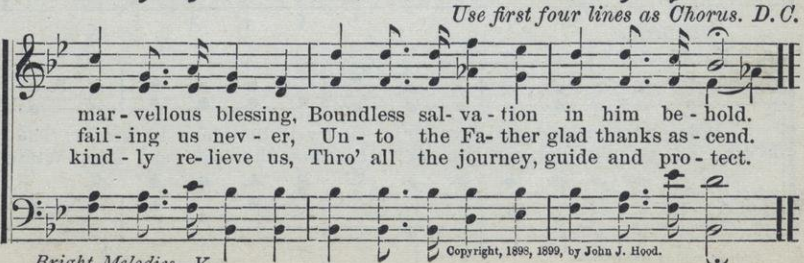


cribing to Je-sus above. All our transgressions meekly confessing,  
 morning that soon will begin. Sing of his promise, changeless forever,  
 va-tion so wondrously near! In-to thy keeping sweetly receive us,



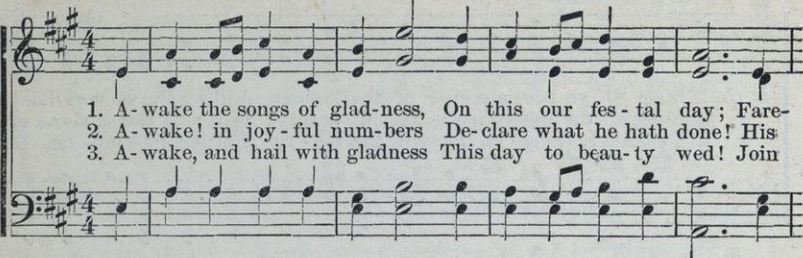
Sweetly he welcomes us in-to his fold; Wonder-ful pardon,  
 "Lo, I am with you, your Saviour and friend;" Sing of his presence  
 Let thy good Spir-it our footsteps di-rect; Bearing our burdens,

*Use first four lines as Chorus. D. C.*

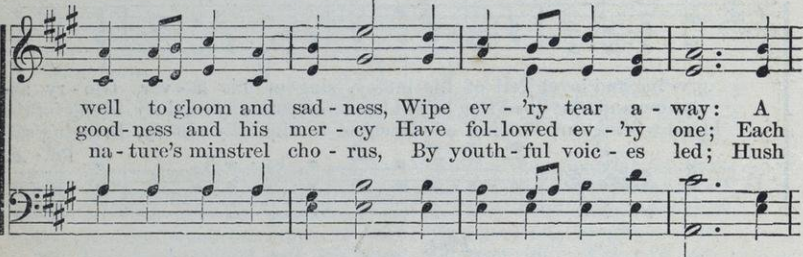


mar-vellous blessing, Boundless sal-va-tion in him be-hold.  
 fail-ing us nev-er, Un-to the Fa-ther glad thanks as-cend.  
 kind-ly re-lieve us, Thro' all the journey, guide and pro-protect.

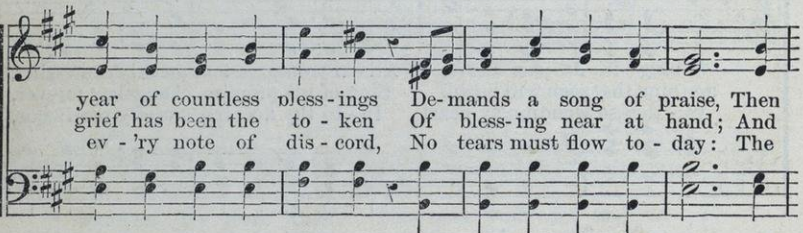





1. A-wake the songs of glad-ness, On this our fes-tal day; Fare-  
 2. A-wake! in joy-ful num-bers De-clare what he hath done! His  
 3. A-wake, and hail with gladness This day to beau-ty wed! Join



well to gloom and sad-ness, Wipe ev-'ry tear a-way: A  
 good-ness and his mer-cy Have fol-lowed ev-'ry one; Each  
 na-ture's minstrel cho-rus, By youth-ful voic-es led; Hush

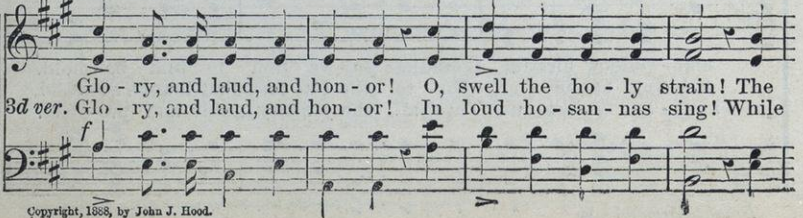


year of countless bless-ings De-mands a song of praise, Then  
 grief has been the to-ken Of bless-ing near at hand; And  
 ev-'ry note of dis-cord, No tears must flow to-day: The



join in joy-ful cho-rus, And thank-ful voic-es raise.  
 strife with sin and er-ror Made sure the prom-ised land.  
 gold-en rays of sum-mer Have sent cold storms a-way.

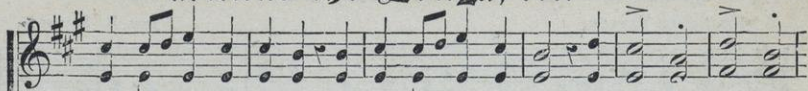
## CHORUS.



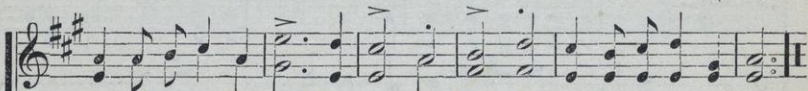
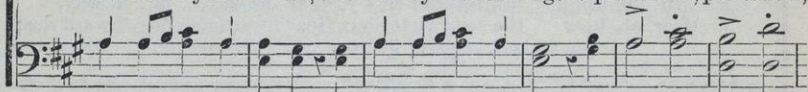
Glo-ry, and laud, and hon-or! O, swell the ho-ly strain! The  
 3d ver. Glo-ry, and laud, and hon-or! In loud ho-san-nas sing! While



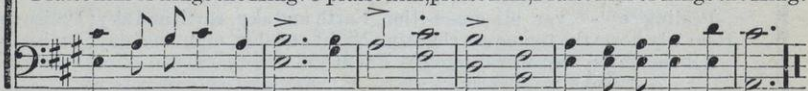
# Awake the Songs, etc.—CONCLUDED. 147



woods and trees are vocal, On mountain, hill, and plain: O praise him, praise him,  
earth and sky are vo-cal, Let ev-'ry mortal sing: O praise him, praise him,



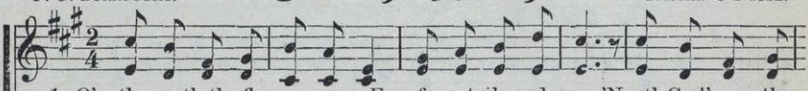
Praise him in glad acclaim! O praise him, praise him, Praise him in glad acclaim!  
Praise him of kings the King! O praise him, praise him, Praise him of kings the King!



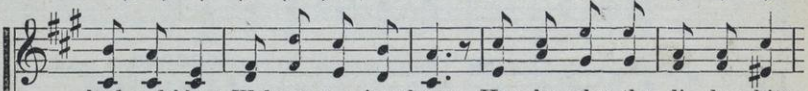
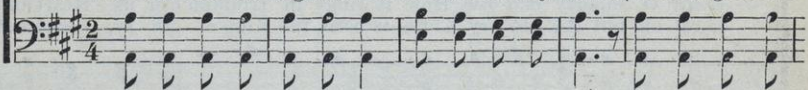
F. G. BURROUGHS.

## O'er the Earth.

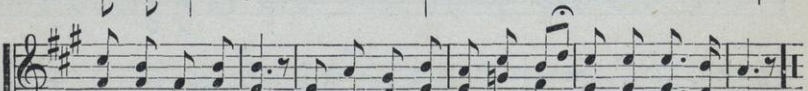
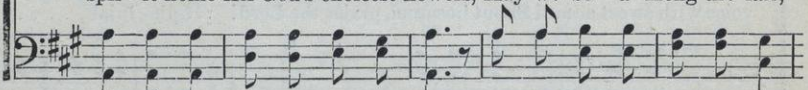
THOMAS O'NEILL.



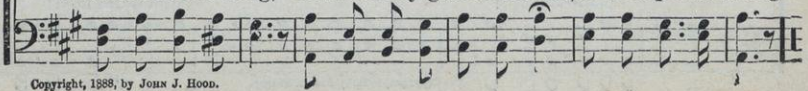
1. O'er the earth the flowers grow, Free from toils and care; 'Neath God's sun they
2. While this lovely earth we tread, He will guide our feet Thro' youth's fragrant
3. When at last his angels come To these earthly bowers, Plucking for the



bud and blow, Welcome ev-'rywhere; He who robes the li-ly white,  
flow-er bed, Where the air is sweet; And if e'er our pathway wind  
spir-it home All God's choicest flowers, May we be a-mong the fair,



Gives the rose its hue, Is the Lord of life and light, Who provides for you.  
O'er life's barren wild, He, our Father, faithful, kind, Will protect his child.  
Gathered for the King,—Robed in lily-garments there, Endless praise to sing.





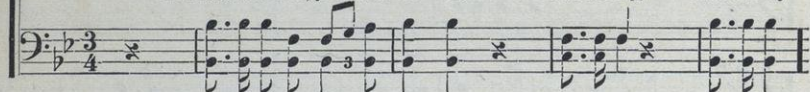
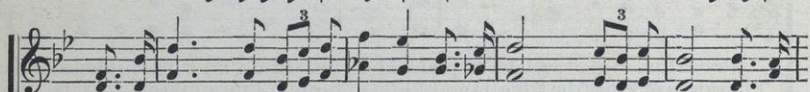
# 148 Praise the Lord, Ye Sons of Zion.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

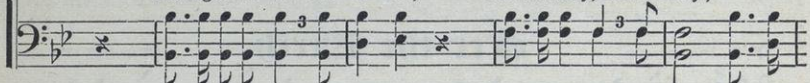
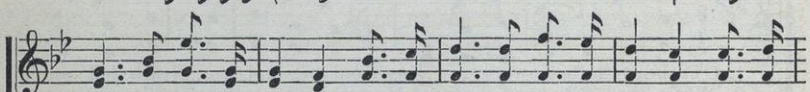
JNO. R. SWENEY.



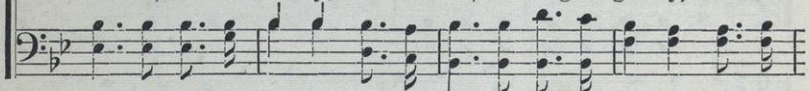
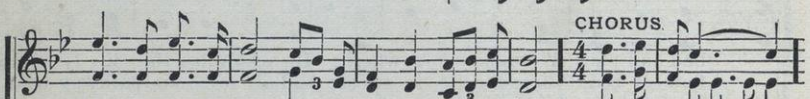
1. Praise the Lord, ye sons of Zi - on, Hear the cry, hear the cry  
 2. In the bright ce - les - tial cit - y, Far a - way, far a - way,  
 3. Hear, oh, hear the song victorious Heav'nward rise, heav'nward rise;  
 1. Praise the Lord, ye sons of Zi - on, Hear the cry, hear the cry

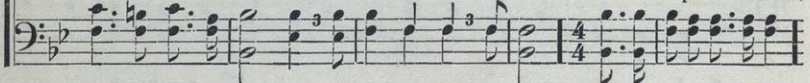
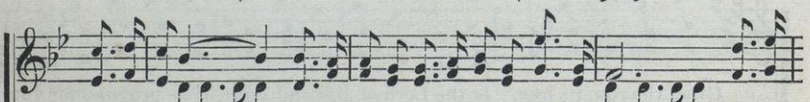
Peeling o - ver all cre - a - tion, Earth and sky, earth and sky; Praise the  
 Heav'nly hosts the theme are chanting Night and day, night and day; Praise the  
 All the chris - tian world rejoices, Earth and skies, earth and skies; Praise the  
 Peeling o - ver all cre - a - tion, Earth and sky, earth and sky;

Lord. the bells are ringing, Praise the Lord! the choirs are singing, Heart and  
 Lord! O mighty cho - rus, How it rings in triumph o'er us, Heart and  
 Lord! oh, tell the sto - ry, Christ is born, the King of glo - ry, Heart and

voice with sweet accord Shout hosanna, praise the Lord! Halle - lujah, . . . .  
 praise the Lord!

Halle - lujah, . . . . Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise the Lord! . . . . Halle -  
 praise the Lord! praise the Lord!





lujah, . . . . Halle-lujah, . . . . Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise the Lord!  
 praise the Lord! praise the Lord!

*rit.*

# Lobe Lightens Burdens.

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. How the hand of love can lighten Heavy weights of woe! How a word of  
 2. How much comfort we can render By a kindly deed,— Offered in a  
 3. Let us visit homes of sadness, Weary ones up- lift, Bring to them a  
 4. Let us prove a source of pleasure By our acts of love,— Serving others,

CHORUS.

hope can brighten Darken'd homes below! Lighten burdens! help your brother-  
 manner tender To a friend in need! [ers!  
 ray of gladness, By a word or gift.  
 lay up treasure, In the home a - bove.

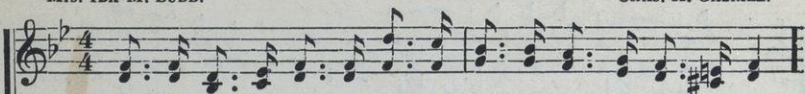
This is Christ's command; Lighten burdens borne by others, With a ready hand!



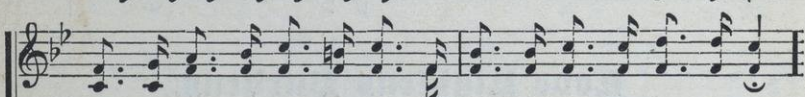
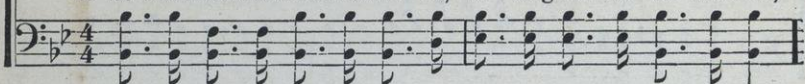
# The Harbor Lights of Home.

Mrs. IDA M. BUDD.

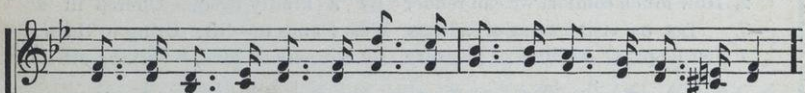
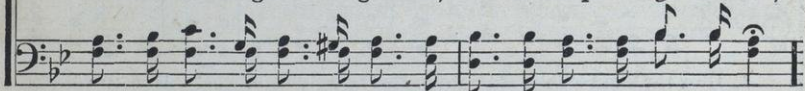
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



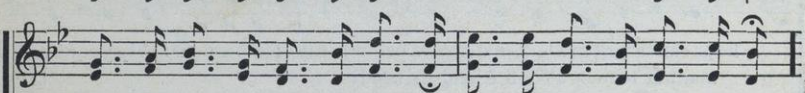
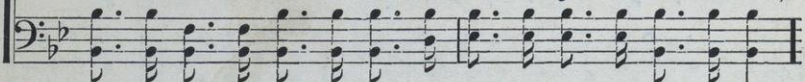
1. O'er the trackless deep the sail - or sails for many a wea - ry day,
2. O'er life's sea the Christian sail or steers his bark with stead - y hand,
3. So when fair skies bend above us, as we glide the bil - lows o'er,



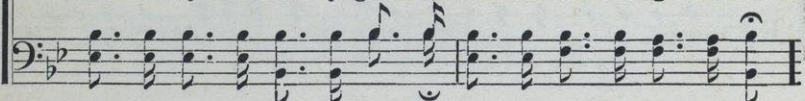
Long - ing for the peace - ful ha - ven and the dear ones far a - way;  
 Knowing that his chart and compass will di - rect him safe to land;  
 Or when dark'ning shadows gath - er, and the tempests rage and roar,



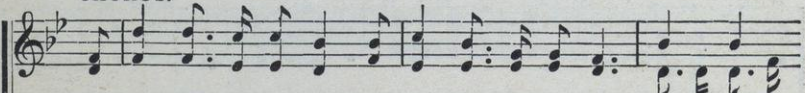
But he keeps his heart with courage as his good ship parts the foam,  
 And he finds a calm in tu - mult, and a brightness in the gloom,  
 We will trust that to the ha - ven of our hopes we soon shall come,



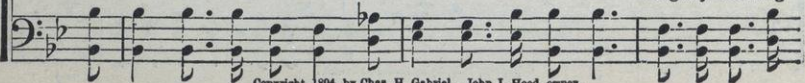
For he knows that in the distance shine the har - bor lights of home.  
 As his face beholds the shin - ing of the har - bor lights of home.  
 Guid - ed by the stead - y gleaming of the har - bor lights of home.



## CHORUS.

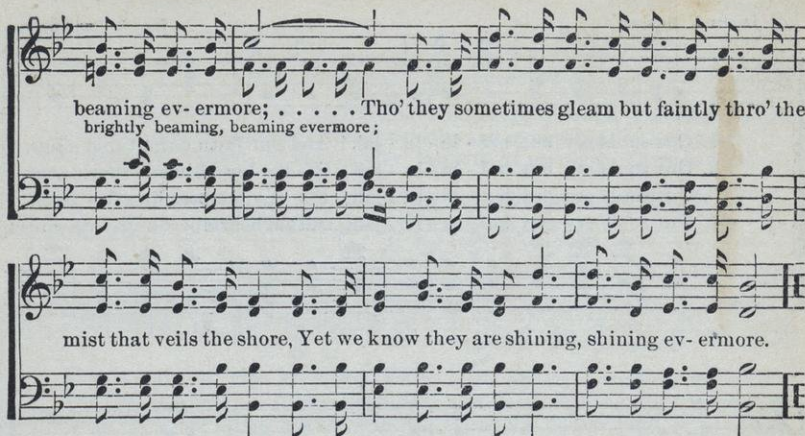


The home lights are shining! The home lights are shining! Bright - ly  
 Brightly beaming





# The Harbor Lights, etc.—CONCLUDED. 151



beaming ev-ermore; . . . Tho' they sometimes gleam but faintly thro' the  
brightly beaming, beaming evermore;

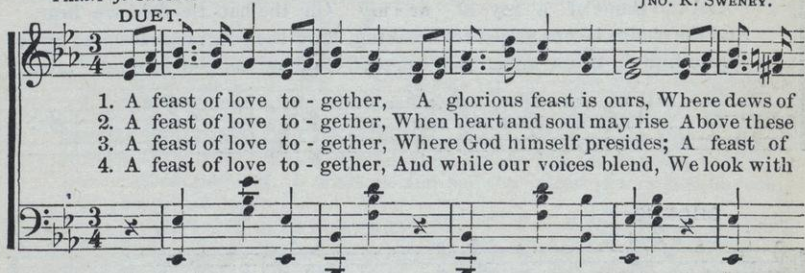
mist that veils the shore, Yet we know they are shining, shining ev-ermore.

## A Feast of Love To-day.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

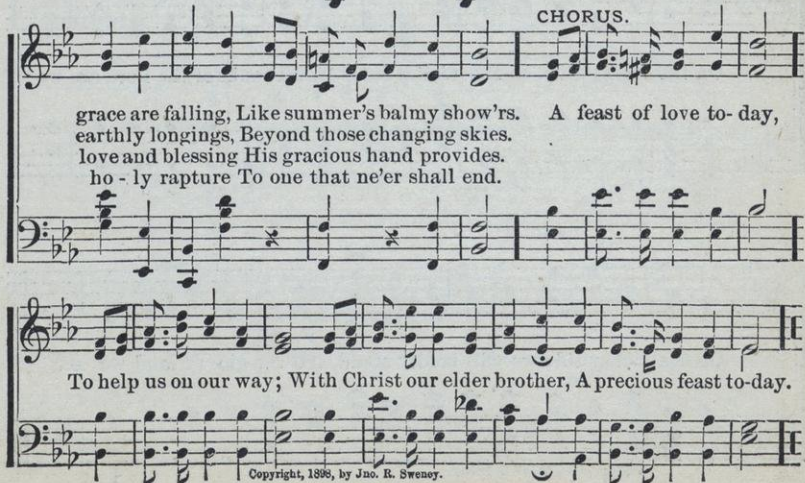
JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.



1. A feast of love to-gether, A glorious feast is ours, Where dews of  
2. A feast of love to-gether, When heart and soul may rise Above these  
3. A feast of love to-gether, Where God himself presides; A feast of  
4. A feast of love to-gether, And while our voices blend, We look with

CHORUS.



grace are falling, Like summer's balmy show'rs. A feast of love to-day,  
earthly longings, Beyond those changing skies.  
love and blessing His gracious hand provides.  
ho-ly rapture To one that ne'er shall end.

To help us on our way; With Christ our elder brother, A precious feast to-day.



## On the Victory Side.

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! And our faith enraptured sings,  
 2. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! For the Lord himself comes near,  
 3. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! For the tempter flies a - pace,  
 4. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! And our hearts beat high with praise,

While we throw to the breeze the standard Of the mighty King of kings.  
 And the shout of a roy - al ar - my On the bat - tle - field we hear.  
 And the chains he has forged are breaking, Thro' the pow'r of redeeming grace.  
 Unto him, in whose name we'll conquer, And our song of triumph raise.

## CHORUS.

On the vict'ry side, on the vict'ry side, In the ranks of the Lord are we;

On the vict'ry side we will boldly stand, Till the glo - ry land we see.

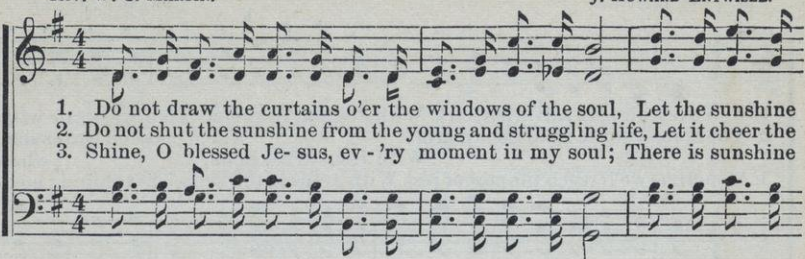


# Roll Back the Shadows.

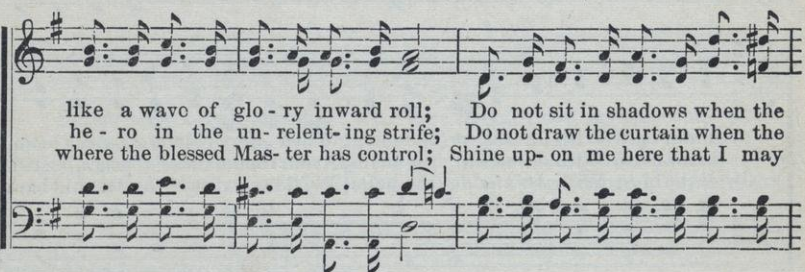
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Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

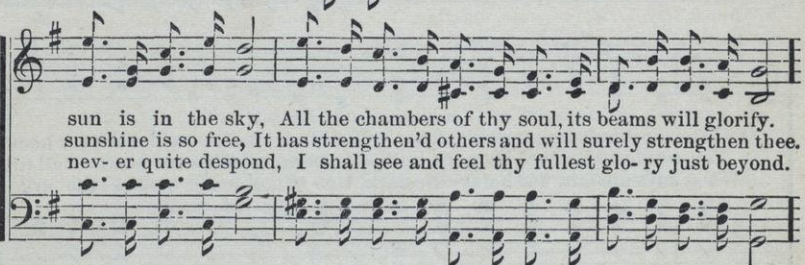
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. Do not draw the curtains o'er the windows of the soul, Let the sunshine
2. Do not shut the sunshine from the young and struggling life, Let it cheer the
3. Shine, O blessed Je- sus, ev- 'ry moment in my soul; There is sunshine

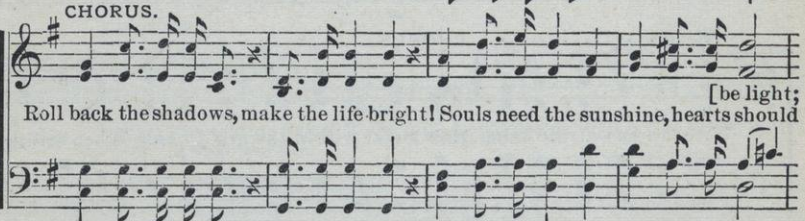


like a wave of glo- ry inward roll; Do not sit in shadows when the  
he- ro in the un- relent- ing strife; Do not draw the curtain when the  
where the blessed Mas- ter has control; Shine up- on me here that I may

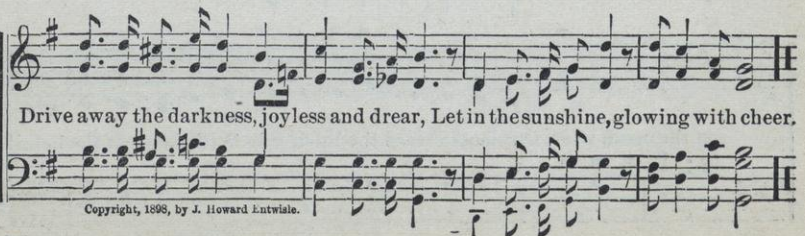


sun is in the sky, All the chambers of thy soul, its beams will glorify.  
sunshine is so free, It has strengthen'd others and will surely strengthen thee.  
nev- er quite despond, I shall see and feel thy fullest glo- ry just beyond.

## CHORUS.



[be light;  
Roll back the shadows, make the life bright! Souls need the sunshine, hearts should



Drive away the darkness, joyless and drear, Let in the sunshine, glowing with cheer.



## Jesus At the Helm.

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. We're sailing in salvation's ark With Jesus at the helm, 'Tis always safe with-  
 2. The fiercest storm shall none alarm The winds and waves shall  
     With Jesus at the helm, [where  
 3. Sometime we'll reach the port of rest With Jesus at the helm, That shining home

in our bark With Je- sus at the helm; When angry clouds above us loom,  
 do no harm With Je- sus at the helm; A tour Commander's "peace, bestill!"  
 dwell the blest, With Je- sus at the helm; We'll keep aboard the dear old bark,

And stormy winds lash waves to foam,—We're not afraid—we'll reach our home  
 The winds and waves obey his will—No fears or doubts our hearts shall fill  
 When days are fair, when days are dark, Un - til at home arrives the ark

*rit.*..... CHORUS.  
 With Je- sus at the helm. How sweet within the ark to hide When sailing

on the ocean wide, Our faces t'ward the Eden-side With Jesus at the helm!

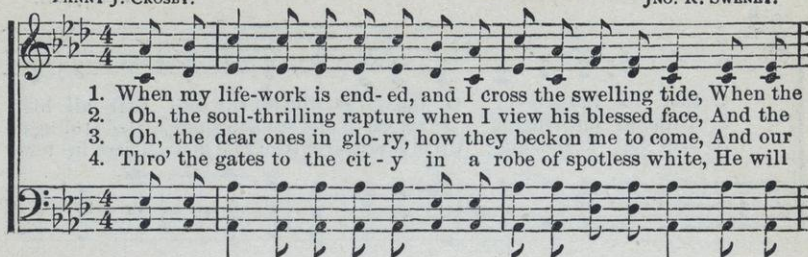


# My Saviour First of All.

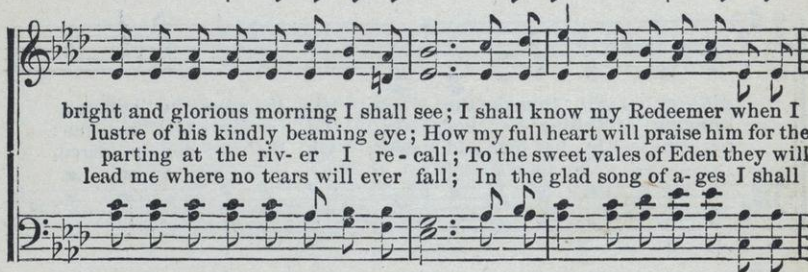
155

FANNY J. CROSBY.

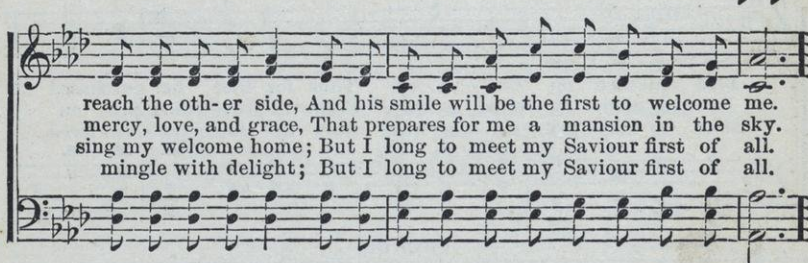
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view his blessed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spotless white, He will

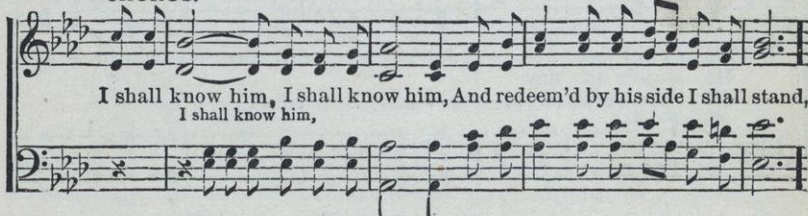


bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I  
lustre of his kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the  
parting at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of Eden they will  
lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall

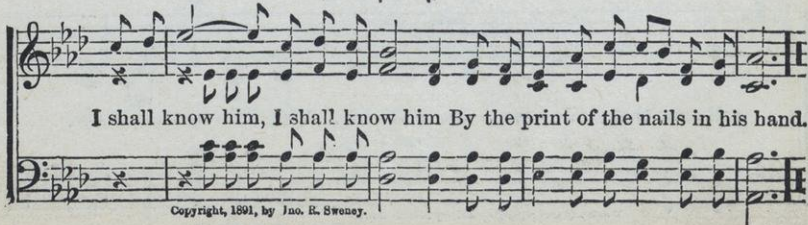


reach the oth-er side, And his smile will be the first to welcome me.  
mercy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.  
sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.  
mingle with delight; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

## CHORUS.



I shall know him, I shall know him, And redeem'd by his side I shall stand,  
I shall know him,



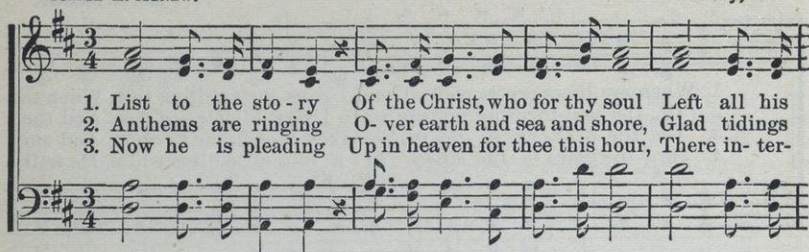
I shall know him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hand.



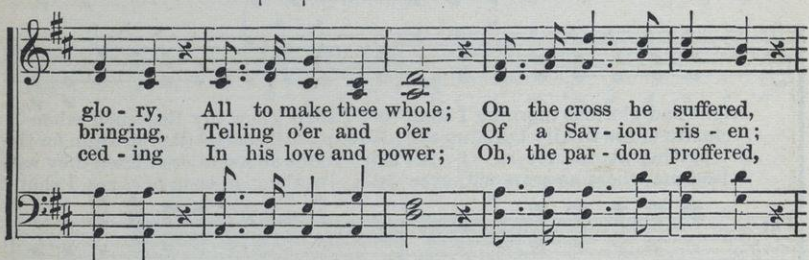
## List to the Story.

ANNIE E. AGNEW.

Melody, arr.



1. List to the sto-ry      Of the Christ, who for thy soul      Left all his  
2. Anthems are ringing      O- ver earth and sea and shore,      Glad tidings  
3. Now he is pleading      Up in heaven for thee this hour,      There in- ter-



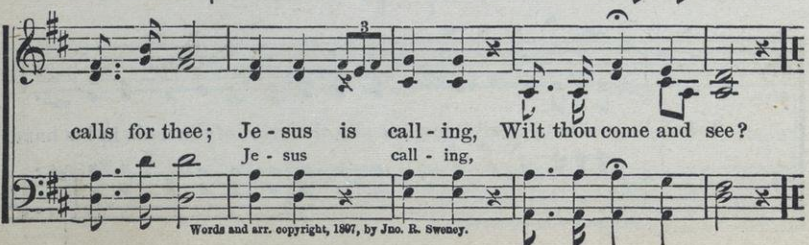
glo- ry,      All to make thee whole;      On the cross he suffered,  
bringing,      Telling o'er and o'er      Of a Sav- iour ris- en;  
ced- ing      In his love and power;      Oh, the par- don proffered,



Bled and died on Cal- va- ry,      Thus for thee he purchased  
For the stone is rolled a- way,      From the grave's dark pris- on  
Blood to take thy sin a- way,      Love di- vine is of- fered,



*Slower.*      CHORUS.  
Life so full and free.      Je- sus is call- ing, Sweet and low he  
He is risen to- day.      Je- sus call- ing,  
Wilt thou come to- day?      Je- sus call- ing,



calls for thee; Je- sus is call- ing,      Wilt thou come and see?  
Je- sus call- ing,

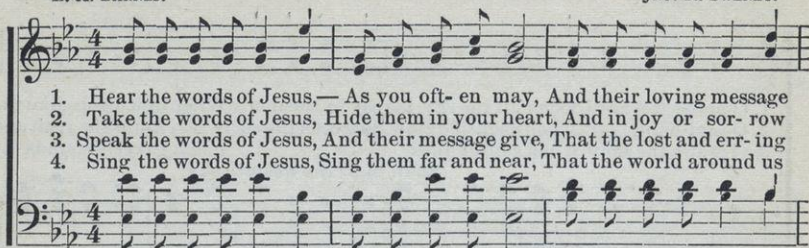


# The Words of Jesus.

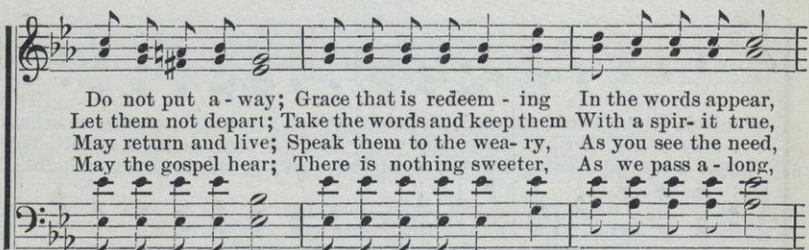
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E. A. BARNES.

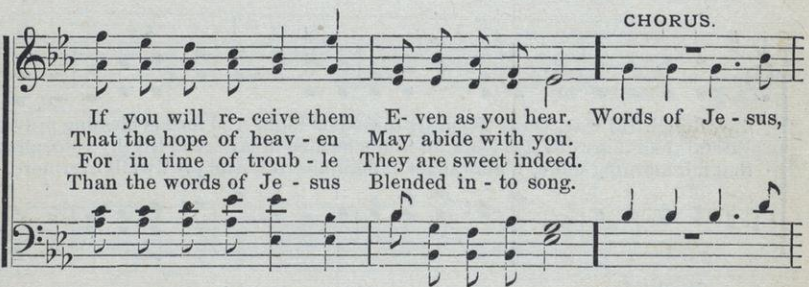
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Hear the words of Jesus,— As you oft- en may, And their loving message
2. Take the words of Jesus, Hide them in your heart, And in joy or sor- row
3. Speak the words of Jesus, And their message give, That the lost and err- ing
4. Sing the words of Jesus, Sing them far and near, That the world around us

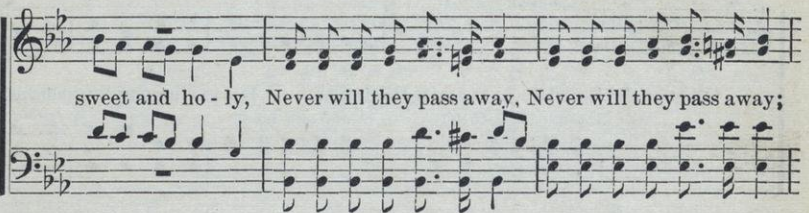


Do not put a- way; Grace that is redeem - ing In the words appear,  
 Let them not depart; Take the words and keep them With a spir- it true,  
 May return and live; Speak them to the wea- ry, As you see the need,  
 May the gospel hear; There is nothing sweeter, As we pass a- long,

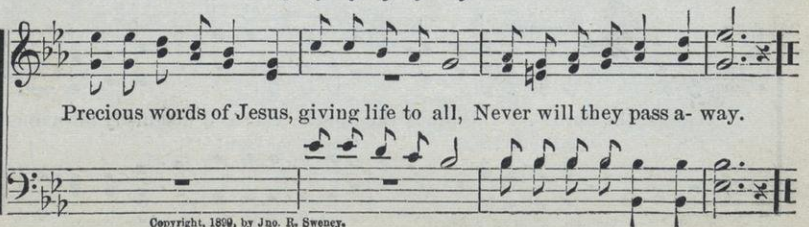


CHORUS.

If you will re- ceive them E- ven as you hear. Words of Je- sus,  
 That the hope of heav- en May abide with you.  
 For in time of troub- le They are sweet indeed.  
 Than the words of Je- sus Blended in - to song.



sweet and ho- ly, Never will they pass away, Never will they pass away;



Precious words of Jesus, giving life to all, Never will they pass a- way.



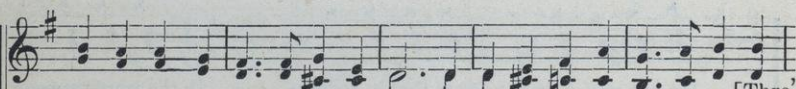
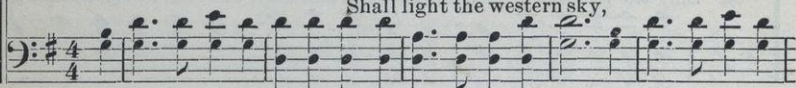
# Praise the Lord.

E. E. HEWITT.

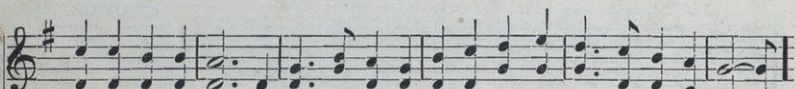
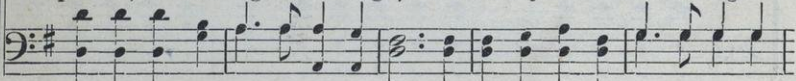
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. O praise the Lord, when all the sky Is rosy in the morn, When dew-drops like the
2. O praise the Lord, when noontide glow Succeeds the early ray, Amid the rush and
3. O praise the Lord, when sunset hues                      When sweetly sounds the  
    Shall light the western sky,



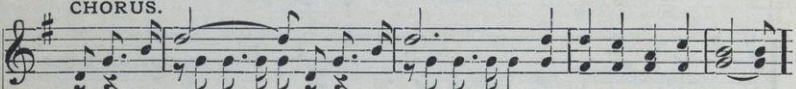
diamonds bright, The blushing flow'rs adorn; When youth and joy go hand in hand,  
 stir of life, Let him direct thy way; To him who ruleth o - ver all, Thy  
 vesper bell, And evening draweth nigh; Then look beyond the shades of night, To



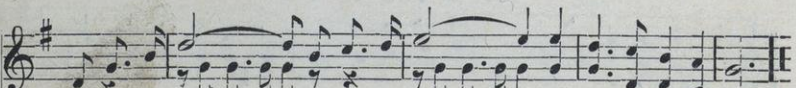
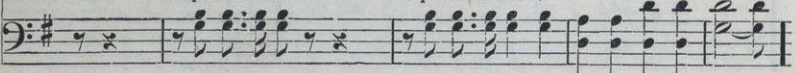
life's delightful way, O lift the heart to God on high, And for his blessing pray.  
 grateful thanks are due; Go, work for him who died to save, And lift thy voice anew.  
 that fair morning shore, Where angel hallelujahs roll, And joy dwells evermore.



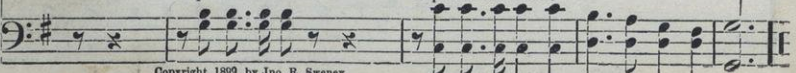
## CHORUS.



O praise the Lord! . . . O praise the Lord!                      His saving pow'r proclaim;  
    O praise the Lord!                      O praise the Lord!



O praise the Lord! . . . O praise the Lord! . . . And magni- fy his name.  
    O praise the Lord!                      O praise the Lord!





# Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

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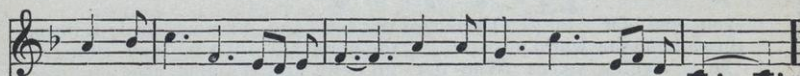
CHARLES WESLEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

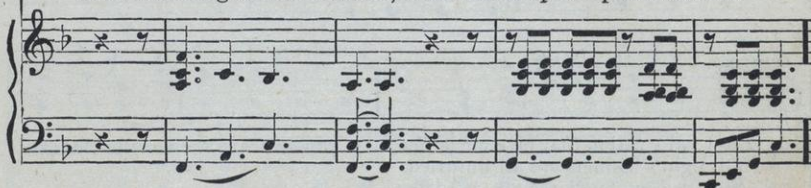
SOLO.



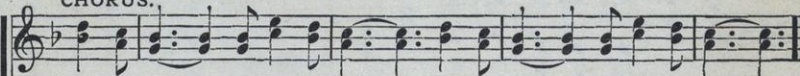
1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul! Let me to thy bo-som fly,
2. Oth-er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
3. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cov-er all my sin:



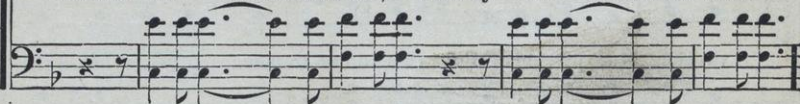
While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high!  
Leave, oh, leave me not a-lone, Still support and com-fort me:  
Let the healing streams abound; Make and keep me pure with-in.



CHORUS.



Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;  
Thou of life the fountain art, Free-ly let me take of thee:



Safe in-to the hav-en guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last!  
Cov-er my defenceless head With the sha-dow of thy wing!  
Spring thou up within my heart, Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty.

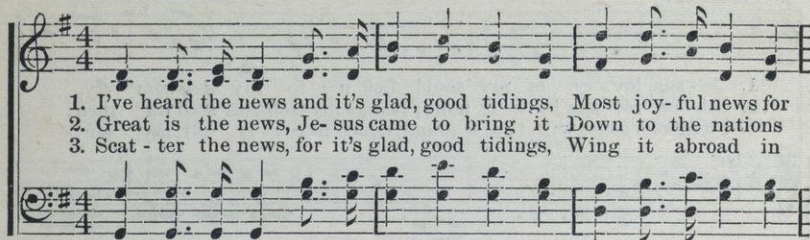




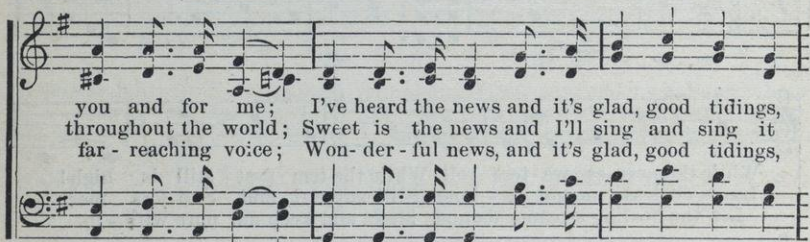
## I've Heard the News.

Mrs. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

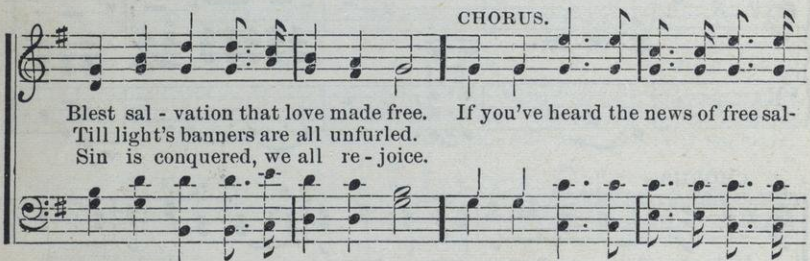
ADAM GRIBEL.



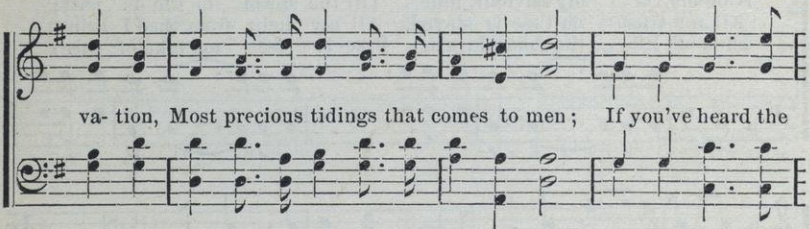
1. I've heard the news and it's glad, good tidings, Most joy-ful news for  
 2. Great is the news, Je-sus came to bring it Down to the nations  
 3. Scat-ter the news, for it's glad, good tidings, Wing it abroad in



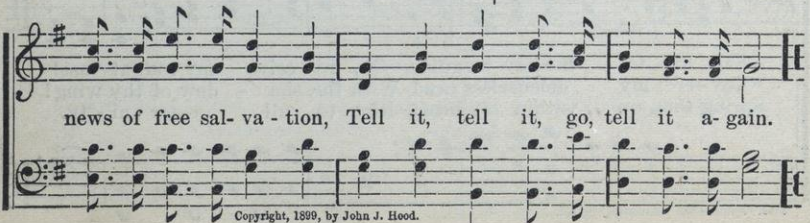
you and for me; I've heard the news and it's glad, good tidings,  
 throughout the world; Sweet is the news and I'll sing and sing it  
 far-reaching voice; Won-der-ful news, and it's glad, good tidings,



CHORUS.  
 Blest sal-va-tion that love made free. If you've heard the news of free sal-  
 Till light's banners are all unfurled.  
 Sin is conquered, we all re-joice.



va-tion, Most precious tidings that comes to men; If you've heard the



news of free sal-va-tion, Tell it, tell it, go, tell it a-gain.



# Remember, Jesus Loves You.

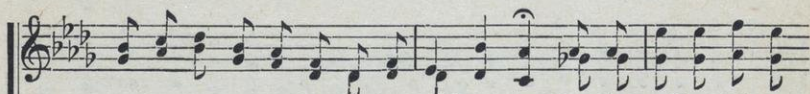
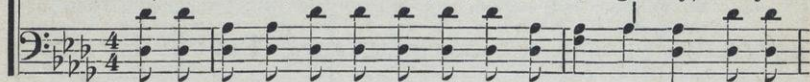
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IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

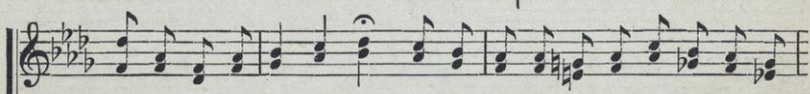
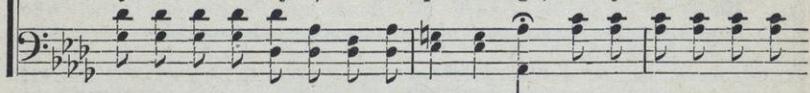
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



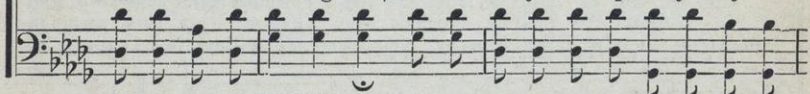
1. Oh, re - member, Je - sus loves you, and he knows each day Ev - 'ry
2. When you're active in his service, and you do your best, You may
3. Oh, re - member, Je - sus loves you, as the days go by, Tho' your



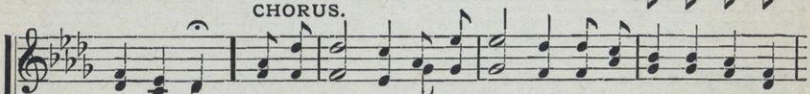
act that you are do - ing, ev - 'ry word you say; Not the smallest, faintest  
tell your ev - 'ry tri - al on his gen - tle breast, He will know and under -  
earthly friends forsake you, and no help seems nigh, For beyond the clouds and



whisper but the Lord will hear, And will find its way to heaven to his  
stand them, and will cheer your heart, For there's no one but the Saviour can such  
shadows is his smiling face, He is near you to uphold you by his

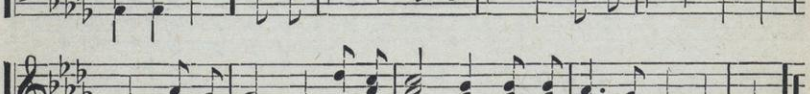


## CHORUS.

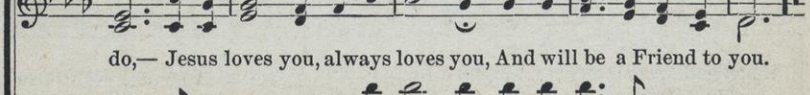


list'ning ear.  
peace impart.  
saving grace.

Oh, remember, then remember, That no matter what you



do, — Jesus loves you, always loves you, And will be a Friend to you.



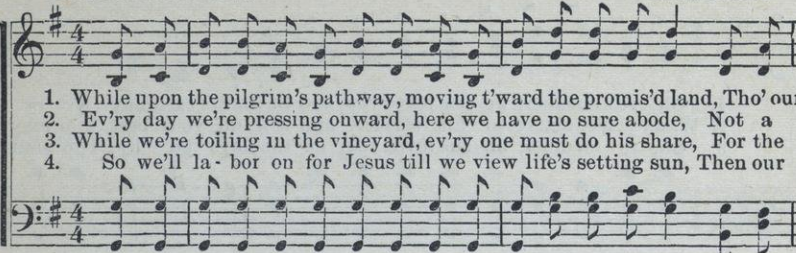
Copyright, 1899, by J. Howard Entwisle.



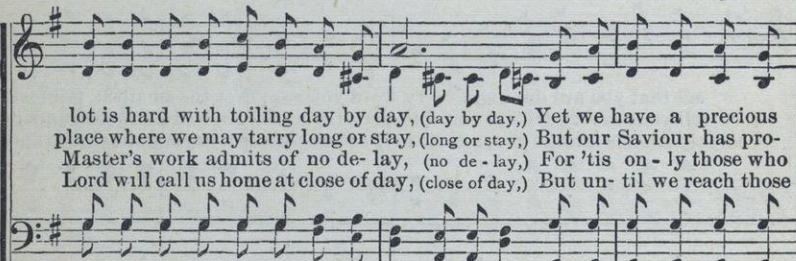
## Resting By the Way.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

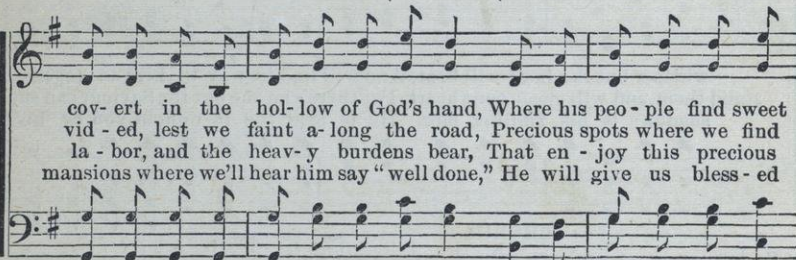
ADAM GRIBEL.



1. While upon the pilgrim's pathway, moving t'ward the promis'd land, Tho' our  
 2. Ev'ry day we're pressing onward, here we have no sure abode, Not a  
 3. While we're toiling in the vineyard, ev'ry one must do his share, For the  
 4. So we'll la-bor on for Jesus till we view life's setting sun, Then our

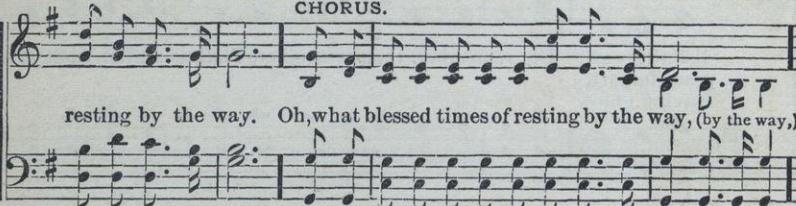


lot is hard with toiling day by day, (day by day,) Yet we have a precious  
 place where we may tarry long or stay, (long or stay,) But our Saviour has pro-  
 Master's work admits of no de-lay, (no de-lay,) For 'tis on-ly those who  
 Lord will call us home at close of day, (close of day,) But un-til we reach those

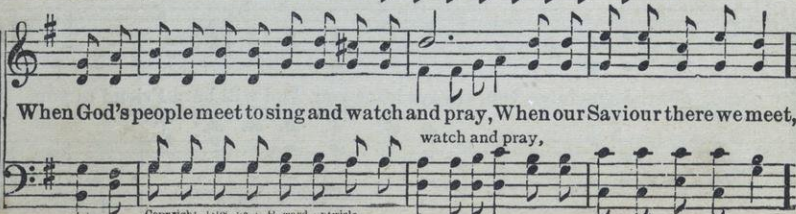


cov-ert in the hol-low of God's hand, Where his peo-ple find sweet  
 vid-ed, lest we faint a-long the road, Precious spots where we find  
 la-bor, and the heav-y burdens bear, That en-joy this precious  
 mansions where we'll hear him say "well done," He will give us bless-ed

CHORUS.

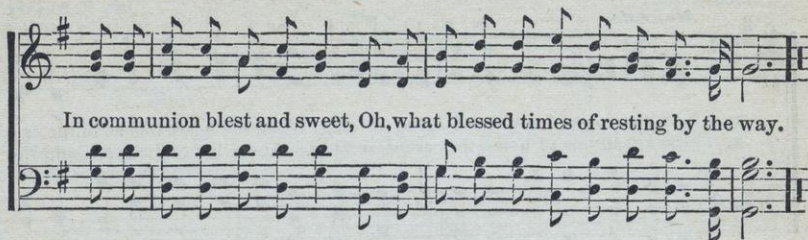


resting by the way. Oh, what blessed times of resting by the way, (by the way,)



When God's people meet to sing and watch and pray, When our Saviour there we meet,  
 watch and pray,

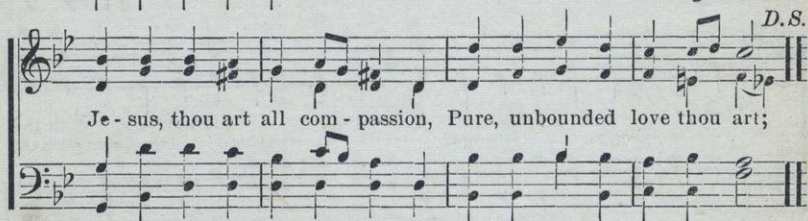
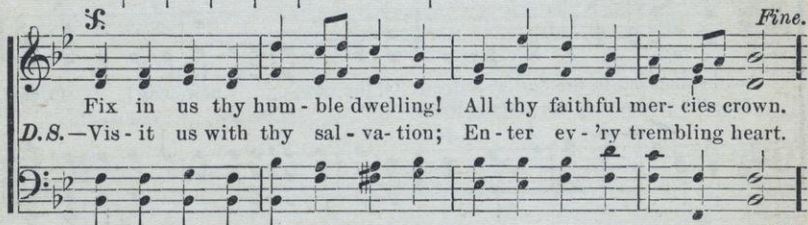
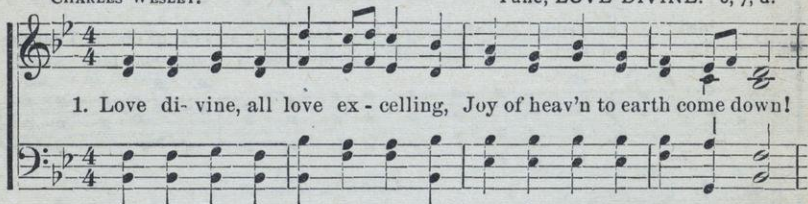




## Love Divine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune, LOVE DIVINE. 8, 7, d.



- 2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit  
 Into every troubled breast!  
 Let us all in thee inherit,  
 Let us find that second rest.  
 Take away our bent to sinning;  
 Alpha and Omega be;  
 End of faith, as its beginning,  
 Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,  
 Let us all thy life receive;  
 Suddenly return, and never,  
 Never more thy temples leave,

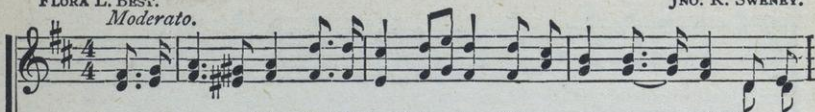
- Thee we would be always blessing,  
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,  
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,  
 Glory in thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish then thy new creation;  
 Pure and spotless let us be;  
 Let us see thy great salvation,  
 Perfectly restored in thee:  
 Changed from glory into glory,  
 Till in heaven we take our place,  
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.



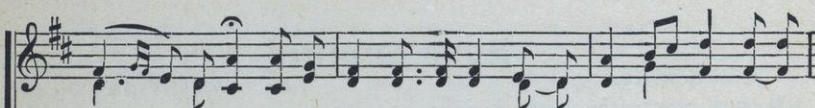
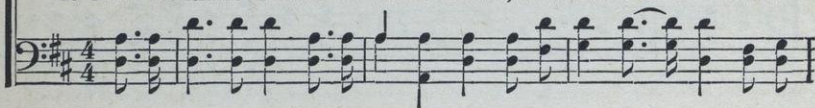
## The New Song.

FLORA L. BRESA.

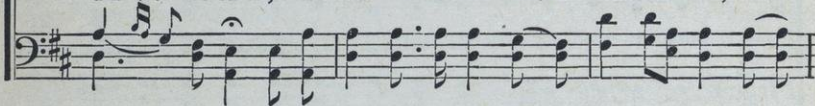
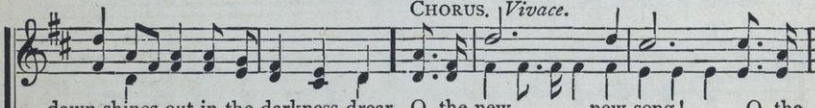
JNO. R. SWENEY.

*Moderato.*

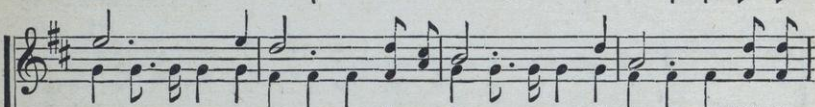
1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing, When my heart was as blithe as a  
 2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the



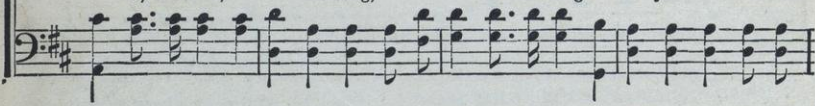
bird . . . in spring; But the song I have learned is so full of cheer, That the  
 din of strife; But I know of a home that is wondrous fair, And I

CHORUS. *Vivace.*

dawn shines out in the darkness drear. O, the new, new song! O, the  
 sing the psalm they are singing there. O, the new, new song!



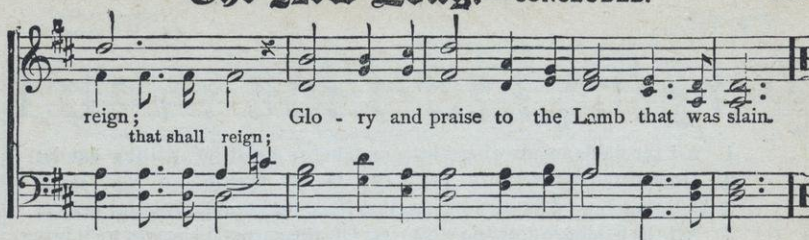
new, O, the new, new song, I can sing it now With the  
 O, the new, new song, I can sing just now With the



ran - som'd throng: . . . Pow-er and do - min-ion to him that shall  
 ransom'd, the ransom'd throng: . . .







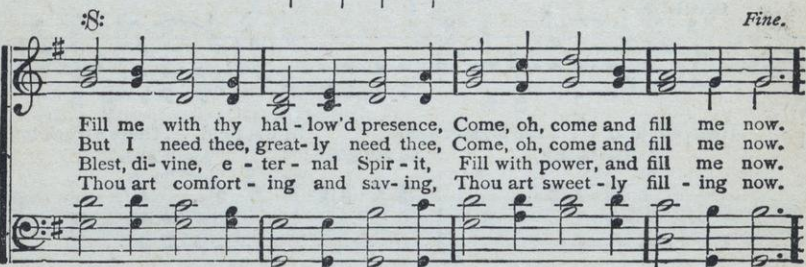
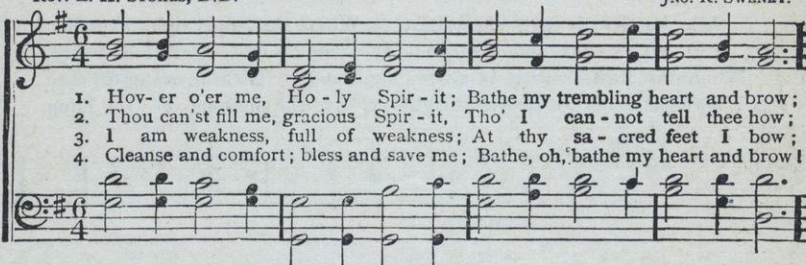
- 3 Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad,  
When the gracious Master hath made me  
glad?  
When he points where the many mansions  
And sweetly says, 'There is one for thee'?
- 4 I shall catch the gleam of its jasper wall  
When I come to the gloom of the evenfall,  
For I know that the shadows, dreary and  
dim,  
Have a path of light that will lead to him.

*From "Gems of Praise," by per.*

## Fill Me Now.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D.D.

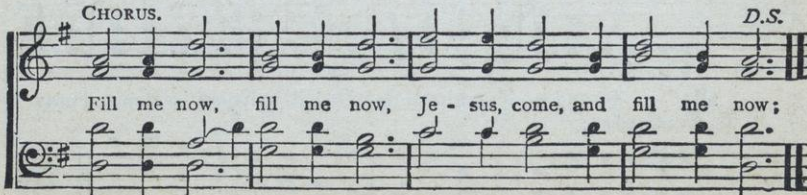
JNO. R. SWENEY.



*D.S.* Fill me with thy hal-low'd presence,—Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*





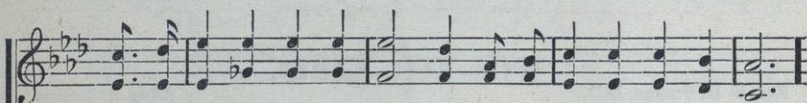
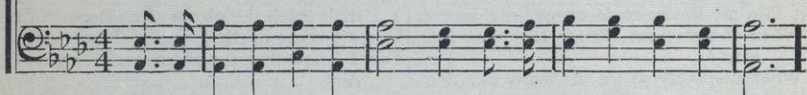
## Hear the Master's Call.

E. E. HEWITT.

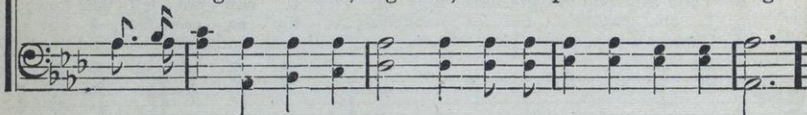
JNO. R. SWENEY.



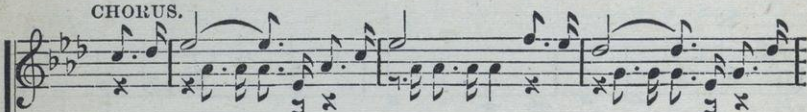
1. All the fields are growing whit - er, There's a call for willing hands;
2. Go and tell sal - vation's sto - ry O - ver prairie, o - ver sea;
3. Still there's need for earnest sow - ing, Need for humble, trustful pray'r;
4. All the fields are growing whit - er; Oh, the garner'd sheaves we'll bring,



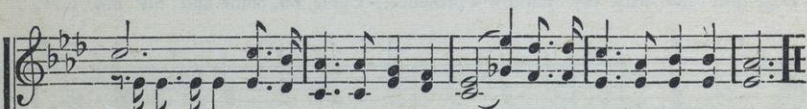
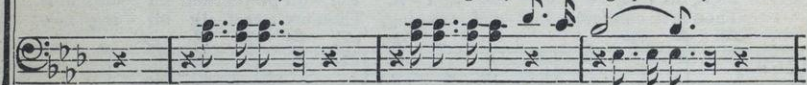
All the sky is growing bright - er, Where the gospel light expands.  
 Tell of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Tell of mer - cy full and free.  
 Where the Master's fruit is grow - ing, Need for faithful, watchful care.  
 Where the songs are sweeter, bright - er, In the presence of the King.



## CHORUS.



Hear, oh, hear . . . the Master's call, In his field . . . there's work for  
 Hear the call, his loving call, gospel fields,



all; Go and work for him to-day, He will help you "watch and pray."  
 for one and all;





# Press Onward.

167

JENNIE GARNETT.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. We are looking a-way from the vale of time, Beyond the sea, the  
 2. We are passing away like the spring-time flowers And birds that sing on  
 3. We are floating a-way like the clouds of gold That soft - ly rest on  
 4. We are gliding away where the morning light Shall break and rise o'er

roll - ing sea, Where the beau - ti - ful hills of a pur - er clime Are  
 air - y wing; But we dream of the splendor of radiant bowers Where  
 evening's breast; But the portals of joy we shall soon be-hold, And  
 cloudless skies, While its glo-ries shall ban-ish the shades of night, And

CHORUS.

blooming for you and for me. Press on - ward, press on - ward To  
 mu - sic for - ev - er shall ring.  
 dwell with the hap - py and blest.  
 fill us with joy - ful sur - prise.

*Repeat Chorus.*

meet our Saviour there; Press onward, press onward, A robe and crown to wear.



## The Beautiful Land.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We have heard of a land on whose blue, ether skies Not a  
 2. We have talked of that land when our journey was long, And our  
 3. We are near - ing that land, we are near - ing the gate To the

cloud for a moment can stay, And it needs not the sun in his  
 hearts overburdened with care, We have talked of the blest at the  
 cit - y of jas - per and gold, Where the Saviour to welcome his

splen - dor to rise, For the Lord is the light of its day; We have  
 riv - er of song, And how oft we have sighed to be there; And our  
 children doth wait, And will gath - er them in - to the fold; To the

heard of that land, and its glo - ry we seek, Where the faith - ful with  
 faith has gone up, like a bird on the wing, To that land on e -  
 fold of his love, in the mansions a - bove, Where for - ev - er with



# The Beautiful Land.—CONCLUDED.

169

*rit.* *a tempo.*

Je - sus shall dwell, Where the ros - es of youth nev - er  
 ter - ni - ty's shore, Where the joy bells of E - den for -  
 him they shall dwell, And the eyes that were sad in his

fade from the cheek, And the lips never murmur, farewell.  
 ev - er shall ring, And the soul shall be wea - ry no more.  
 smile shall be glad, And the lips never murmur, farewell.

**CHORUS.**

Beautiful land, beautiful land,

O - ver the roll - ing sea, (rolling sea,) Beautiful land, beautiful

land, When shall we come to thee?

beautiful land, When shall we come to thee?

*rit.*

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. It features a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature. The score is divided into several systems. The first system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system introduces a chorus section with the lyrics 'Beautiful land, beautiful land,'. The fourth system continues the chorus with the lyrics 'O - ver the roll - ing sea, (rolling sea,) Beautiful land, beautiful'. The fifth system concludes the chorus with the lyrics 'land, When shall we come to thee?'. The sixth system repeats the chorus with the lyrics 'beautiful land, When shall we come to thee?'. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'rit.' (ritardando) and 'a tempo'.



## Singing as we Go.

J. B. MACKAY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We're marching to a land of joy and song, Singing as we go,  
 2. We're marching in the straight and narrow way, Singing as we go,  
 3. His ban-ner we will ev-er proudly bear, Singing as we go,  
 4. Our might-y Prince and Saviour we a-dore, Singing as we go,

singing as we go; Be-hold in us a bright and happy throng, We're  
 singing as we go; With Je-sus close be-side us ev-'ry day, We're  
 singing as we go; Till ev-'ry tongue his praises shall declare, We're  
 singing as we go; His prais-es we will tell from shore to shore, We're

CHORUS.

singing as we go. Our loyal hearts . . . are light as birds in spring,  
 Our loyal hearts

That in the trees trill out their sweetest lays; Halle-lujah, shout and sing,

To Je-sus, Lord and King, Our highest songs of love and praise.

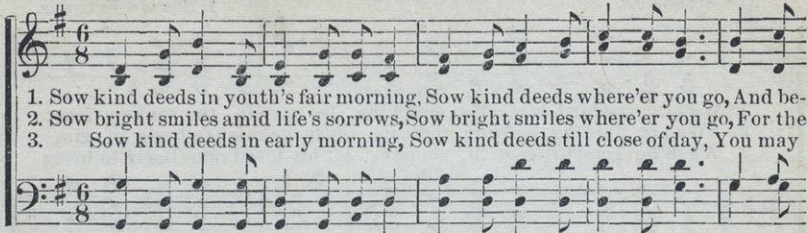


# Sow Kind Deeds.

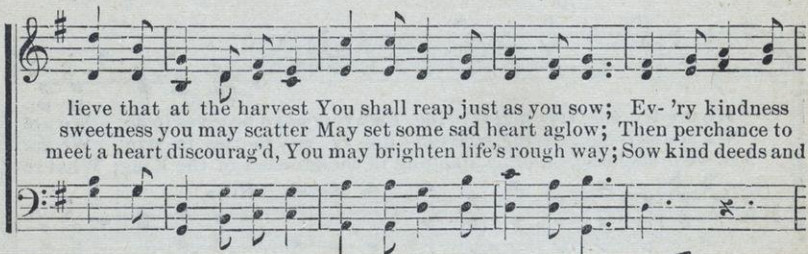
171

MYRON W. MORSE.

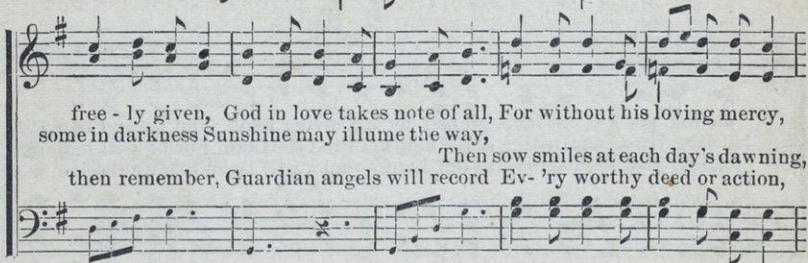
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. Sow kind deeds in youth's fair morning, Sow kind deeds where'er you go, And be-  
 2. Sow bright smiles amid life's sorrows, Sow bright smiles where'er you go, For the  
 3. Sow kind deeds in early morning, Sow kind deeds till close of day, You may



lieve that at the harvest You shall reap just as you sow; Ev-'ry kindness  
 sweetness you may scatter May set some sad heart aglow; Then perchance to  
 meet a heart discourag'd, You may brighten life's rough way; Sow kind deeds and

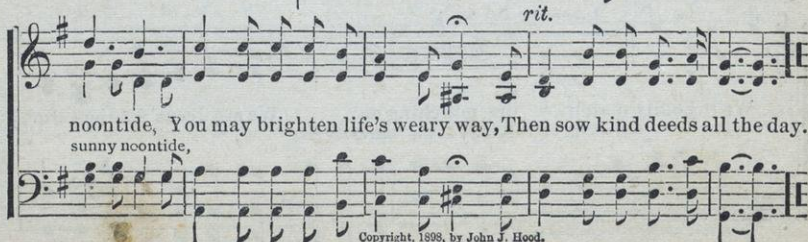


free - ly given, God in love takes note of all, For without his loving mercy,  
 some in darkness Sunshine may illumine the way,  
 Then sow smiles at each day's dawning,  
 then remember, Guardian angels will record Ev-'ry worthy deed or action,

CHORUS.



E'en the sparrow cannot fall. Sow kind deeds in the morning, Sow kind deeds at  
 Sow bright smiles the livelong day. early morning, [the  
 Ev'ry cheering smile or word.



noontide, You may brighten life's weary way, Then sow kind deeds all the day.  
 sunny noontide,



# Jesus' Little Soldiers.

ADA BLENKHORN.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. We are marching, marching, marching, Je- sus' lit - tle soldiers true;  
 2. We are fighting, fighting, fighting with the mighty hosts of sin;  
 3. When he cometh, cometh, cometh, all his loved ones home to bring,

We are try- ing, try- ing, try- ing each command he gives to do; We are  
 We are striving, striving, striving dai- ly vic- to- ries to win; We are  
 And we're standing, standing, standing in the presence of the King; What re-

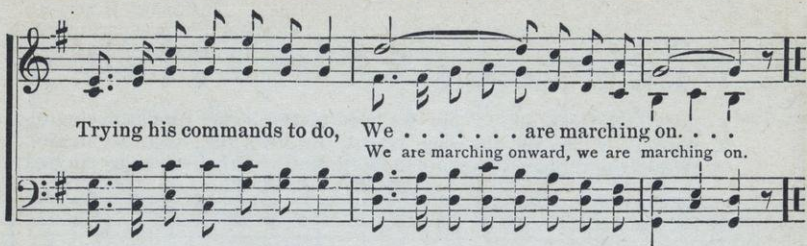
go- ing, go- ing, go- ing, guided by his loving hand, And by and by we'll  
 trusting, trusting, trusting in the help of Christ the Lord, For he will help us  
 joicing, glad re- joicing in our happy ranks will be, When we receive a

CHORUS.

reach that bright and happy land.  
 if we trust,—so says his Word. We're marching on, . . . we're marching on, . . .  
 glorious crown of vic- to- ry! Marching on, marching on,

We're boldly march - ing, marching on; We are Jesus' soldiers true,  
 marching, we're boldly, boldly marching on;



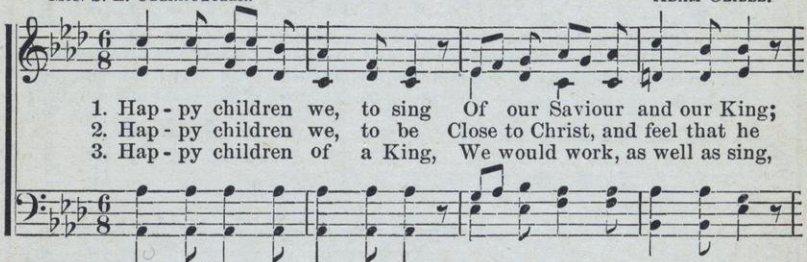


Trying his commands to do, We . . . . . are marching on. . . .  
We are marching onward, we are marching on.

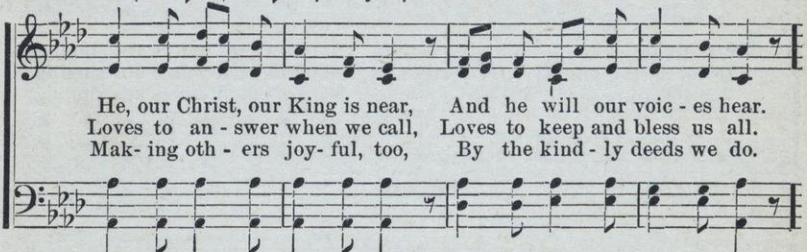
## Happy Children.

Mrs. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

ADAM GEIBEL.

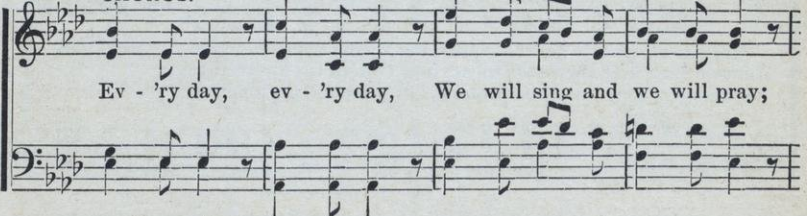


1. Hap - py children we, to sing Of our Saviour and our King;  
2. Hap - py children we, to be Close to Christ, and feel that he  
3. Hap - py children of a King, We would work, as well as sing,

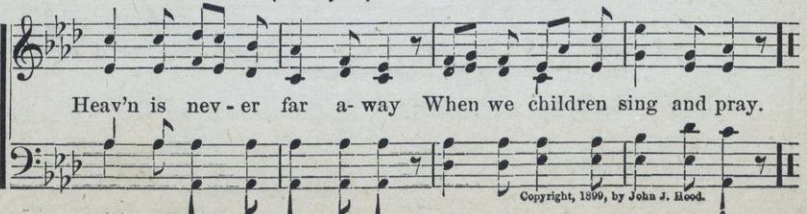


He, our Christ, our King is near, And he will our voic - es hear.  
Loves to an - swer when we call, Loves to keep and bless us all.  
Mak - ing oth - ers joy - ful, too, By the kind - ly deeds we do.

### CHORUS.



Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry day, We will sing and we will pray;



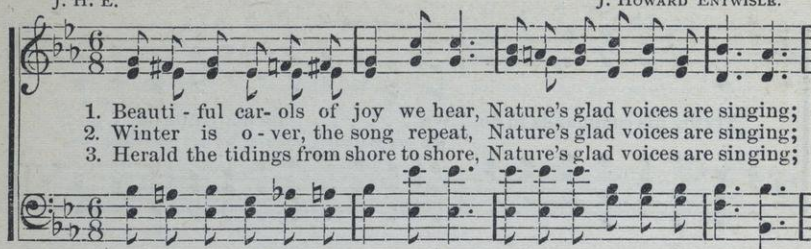
Heav'n is nev - er far a - way When we children sing and pray.



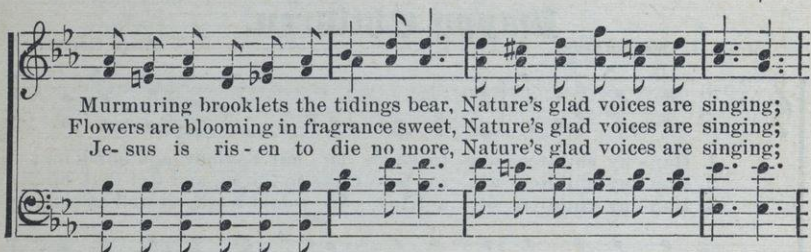
# 174 Nature's Glad Voices are Singing.

J. H. E.

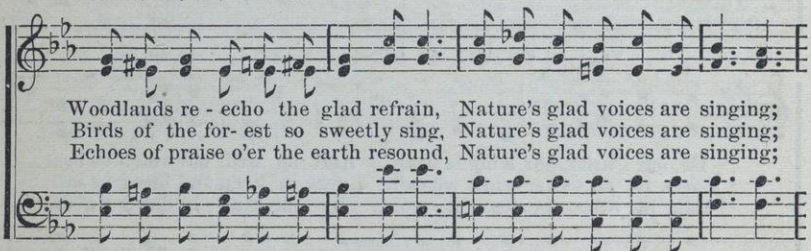
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. Beauti - ful car - ols of joy we hear, Nature's glad voices are singing;  
 2. Winter is o - ver, the song repeat, Nature's glad voices are singing;  
 3. Herald the tidings from shore to shore, Nature's glad voices are singing;

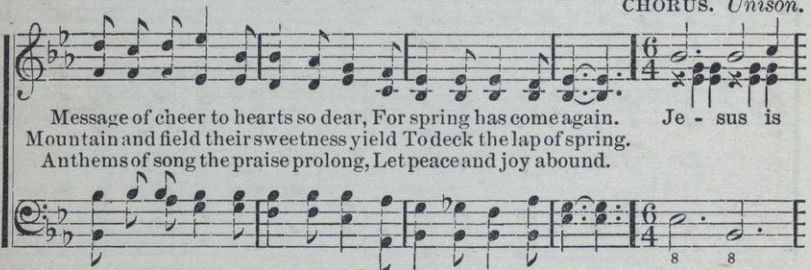


Murmuring brooklets the tidings bear, Nature's glad voices are singing;  
 Flowers are blooming in fragrance sweet, Nature's glad voices are singing;  
 Je - sus is ris - en to die no more, Nature's glad voices are singing;

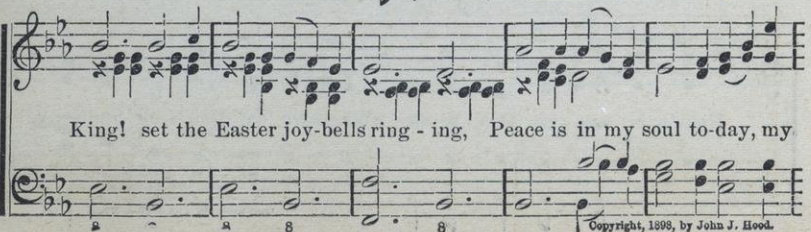


Woodlands re - echo the glad refrain, Nature's glad voices are singing;  
 Birds of the for - est so sweetly sing, Nature's glad voices are singing;  
 Echoes of praise o'er the earth resound, Nature's glad voices are singing;

CHORUS. *Unison.*



Message of cheer to hearts so dear, For spring has come again. Je - sus is  
 Mountain and field their sweetness yield To deck the lap of spring.  
 Anthems of song the praise prolong, Let peace and joy abound.



King! set the Easter joy-bells ring - ing, Peace is in my soul to-day, my



# Nature's Glad Voices, etc.—CONCLUDED. 175

heart is full of sing - ing; Je - sus lives! peal out the song, — new gladness

*Harmony.*

bring - ing, Let it echo o'er land and sea, for Jesus is risen in - deed!

## Shining Everywhere.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The Saviour's little stars are we, Gleaming here and there; We scatter sunshine
2. Oh, you may see us as we go, Gleaming here and there: Tho' small, we make our
3. And so we'll try to light the way, Gleaming here and there; And praise our King from

CHORUS.

glad and free, Shining ev - 'rywhere.  
pathway glow, Shining ev - 'rywhere.  
day to day, Shining ev - 'rywhere.

We are shining, you and I, As the

happy days go by; Twinkling, twinkling with our might, Praising God, the King of

[Light.

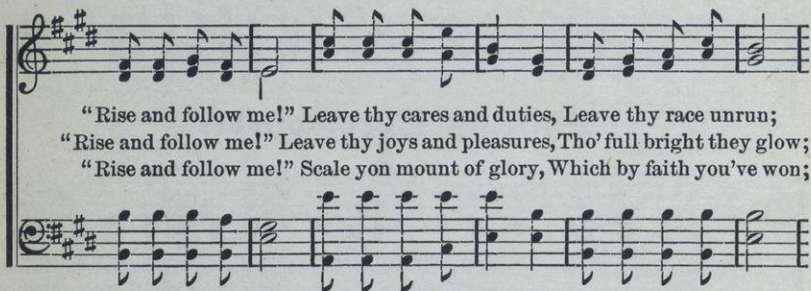
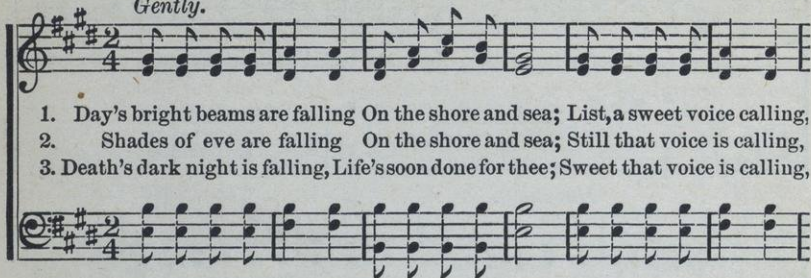


## Rise and Follow Me.

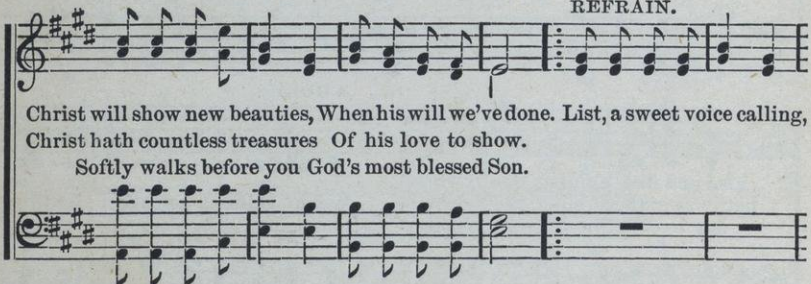
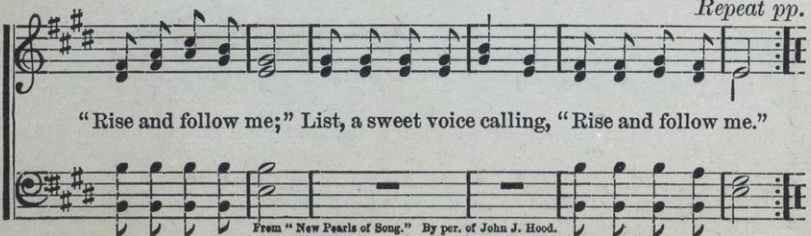
"And he said to another, Follow me."—Luke ix : 59.

ANNIE E. THOMSON.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

*Gently.*

## REFRAIN.

*Repeat pp.*

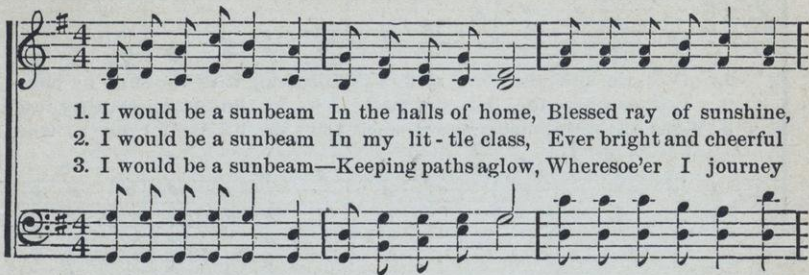


# I Would Be a Sunbeam.

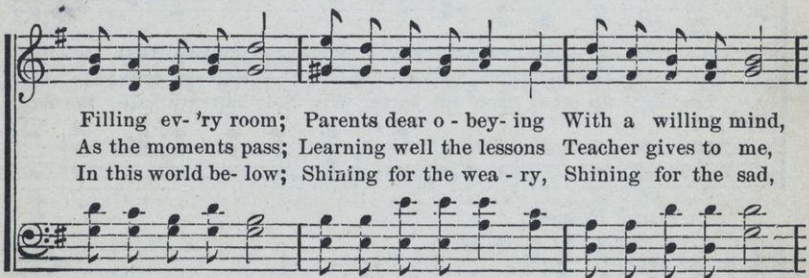
177

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

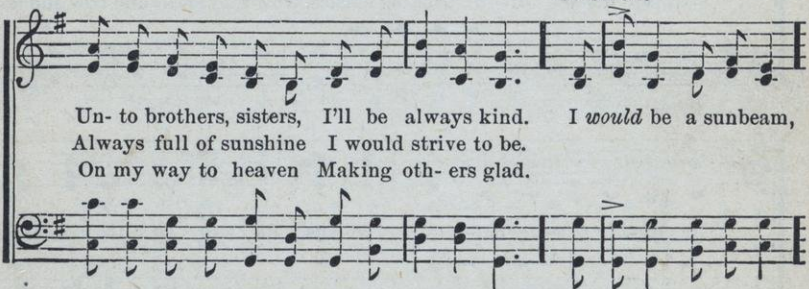


1. I would be a sunbeam In the halls of home, Blessed ray of sunshine,  
 2. I would be a sunbeam In my lit-tle class, Ever bright and cheerful  
 3. I would be a sunbeam—Keeping paths aglow, Wheresoe'er I journey

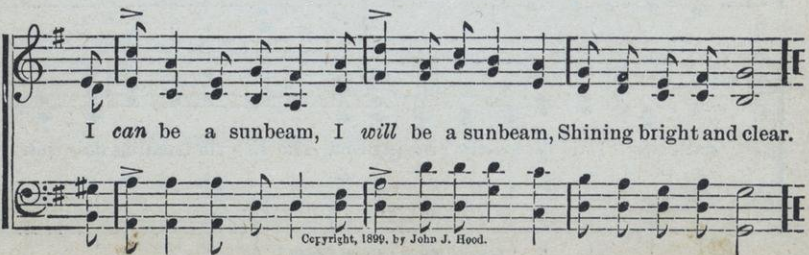


Filling ev-'ry room; Parents dear o-bey-ing With a willing mind,  
 As the moments pass; Learning well the lessons Teacher gives to me,  
 In this world be-low; Shining for the wea-ry, Shining for the sad,

## CHORUS.



Un-to brothers, sisters, I'll be always kind. I would be a sunbeam,  
 Always full of sunshine I would strive to be.  
 On my way to heaven Making oth-ers glad.



I can be a sunbeam, I will be a sunbeam, Shining bright and clear.

Copyright, 1899, by John J. Hood.



# Little Trusting Daisies.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Oh, we love the dai - sy flow'rs, Blooming thro' the sun - ny hours,  
 2. Les - sons wise the dai - sies teach, Ev - 'ry hu - man heart they reach,  
 3. When the springtime comes a - new, Dai - sies lift their eyes so true,

All their fa - ces sweetly say, We are praising God to - day!  
 Sweet con - tentment you may see Where the dai - sies chance to be.  
 Looking up they seem to say, We are hap - py all the day.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Daisies, daisies, lit - tle trusting daisies, How they smile and bow and nod,

The lit - tle trusting dai - sies; Dai - sies, dai - sies, lit - tle trusting

dai - sies, Dai - ly, hourly praising God, The lit - tle trusting dai - sies.

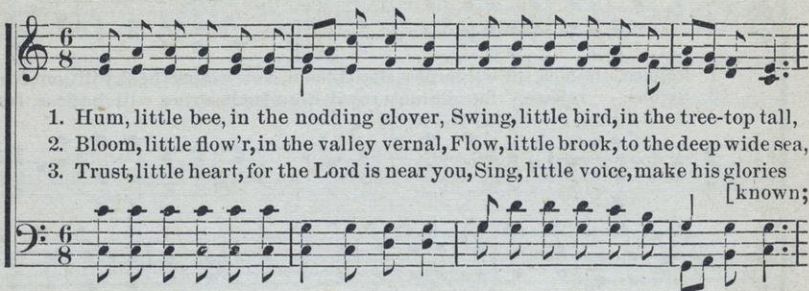


# God Will Remember.

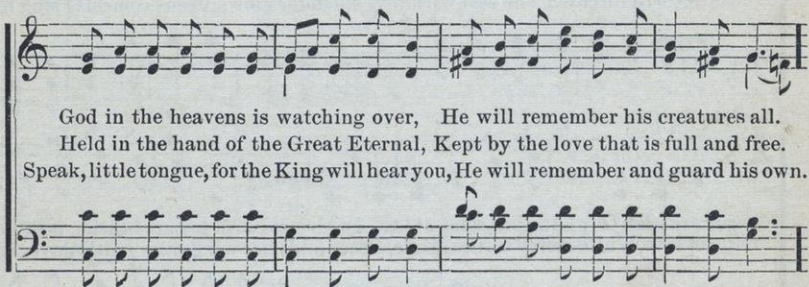
179

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

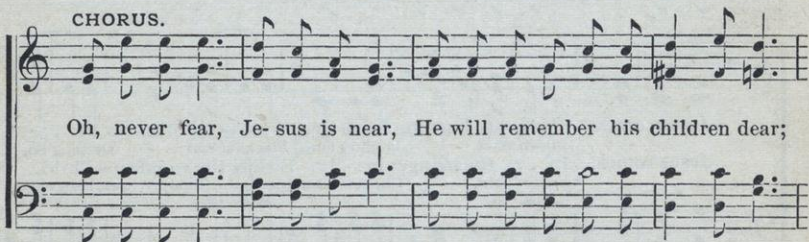


1. Hum, little bee, in the nodding clover, Swing, little bird, in the tree-top tall,  
 2. Bloom, little flow'r, in the valley vernal, Flow, little brook, to the deep wide sea,  
 3. Trust, little heart, for the Lord is near you, Sing, little voice, make his glories  
 [known;

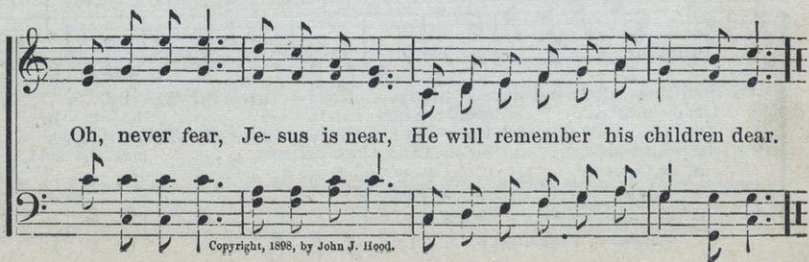


God in the heavens is watching over, He will remember his creatures all.  
 Held in the hand of the Great Eternal, Kept by the love that is full and free.  
 Speak, little tongue, for the King will hear you, He will remember and guard his own.

CHORUS.



Oh, never fear, Je- sus is near, He will remember his children dear;



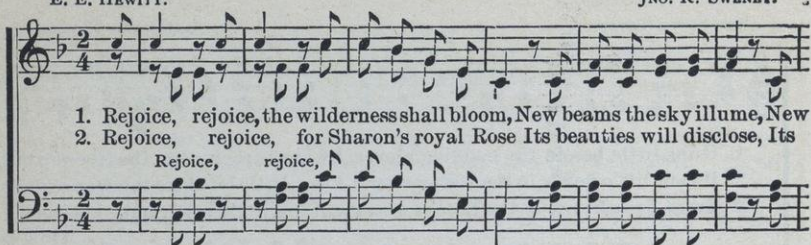
Oh, never fear, Je- sus is near, He will remember his children dear.



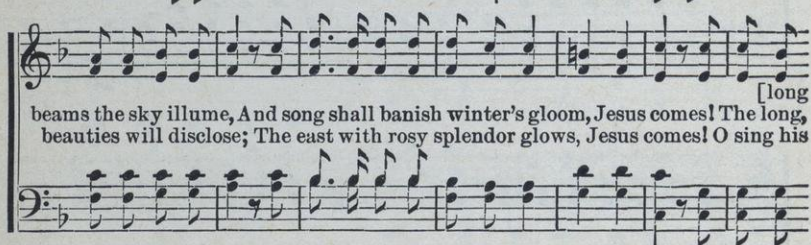
## The Coming of the King.

E. E. HEWITT.

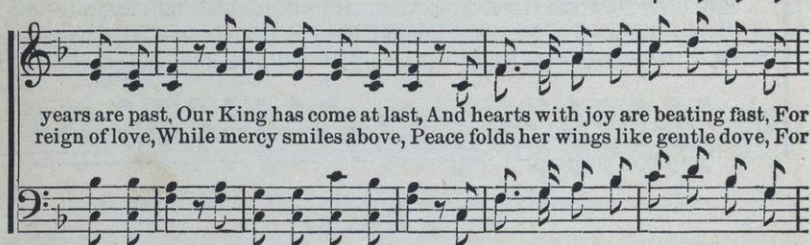
JNO. R. SWENEY.



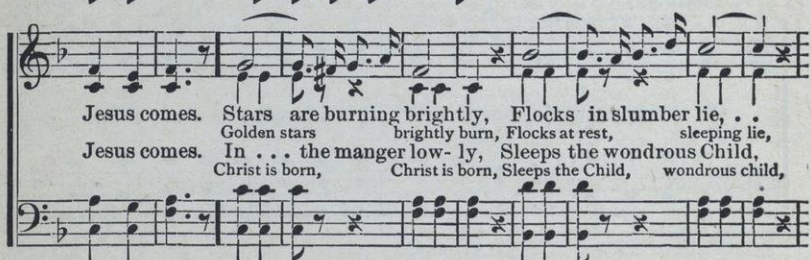
1. Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom, New beams the sky illumine, New  
 2. Rejoice, rejoice, for Sharon's royal Rose Its beauties will disclose, Its  
 Rejoice, rejoice,



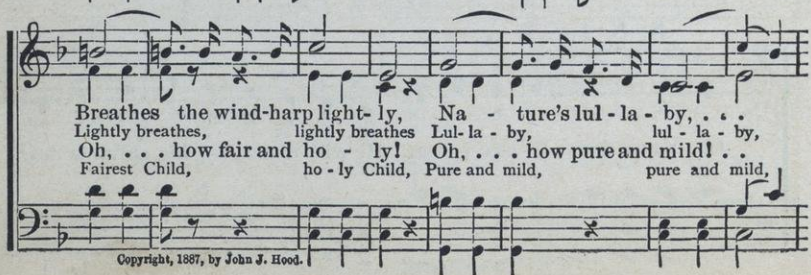
beams the sky illumine, And song shall banish winter's gloom, Jesus comes! The long,  
 beauties will disclose; The east with rosy splendor glows, Jesus comes! O sing his



years are past, Our King has come at last, And hearts with joy are beating fast, For  
 reign of love, While mercy smiles above, Peace folds her wings like gentle dove, For



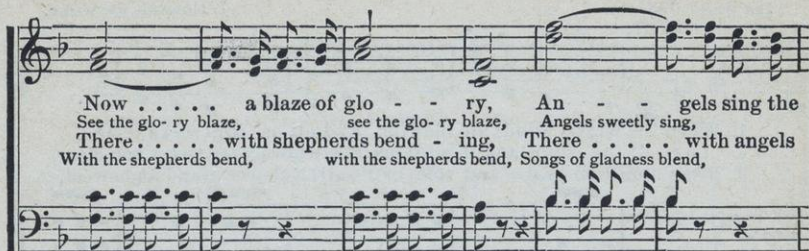
Jesus comes. Stars are burning brightly, Flocks in slumber lie, . .  
 Golden stars brightly burn, Flocks at rest, sleeping lie,  
 Jesus comes. In . . . the manger low- ly, Sleeps the wondrous Child,  
 Christ is born, Sleeps the Child, wondrous child,



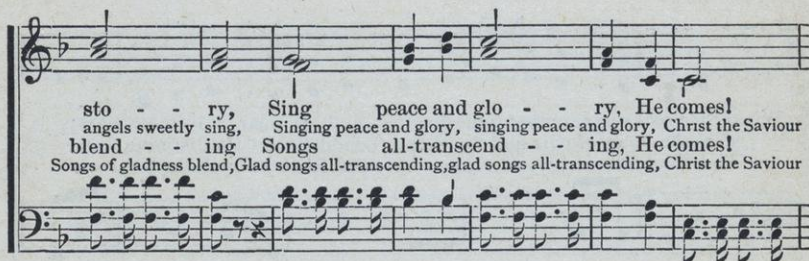
Breathes the wind-harp light- ly, Na - ture's lul - la - by, . . .  
 Lightly breathes, lightly breathes Lul - la - by, lul - la - by,  
 Oh, . . . how fair and ho - ly! Oh, . . . how pure and mild! . .  
 Fairest Child, ho - ly Child, Pure and mild, pure and mild,



# The Coming of the King.—CONCLUDED. 181

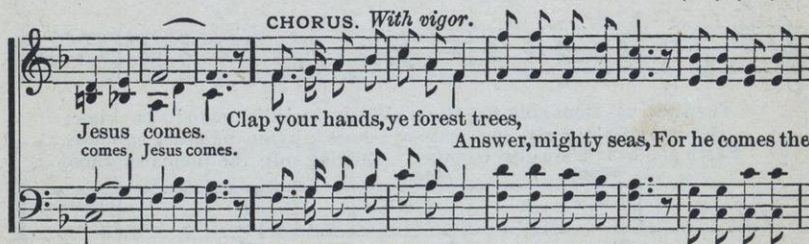


Now . . . . . a blaze of glo - - ry, An - - gels sing the  
See the glo- ry blaze, see the glo- ry blaze, Angels sweetly sing,  
There . . . . . with shepherds bend - ing, There . . . . . with angels  
With the shepherds bend, with the shepherds bend, Songs of gladness blend,

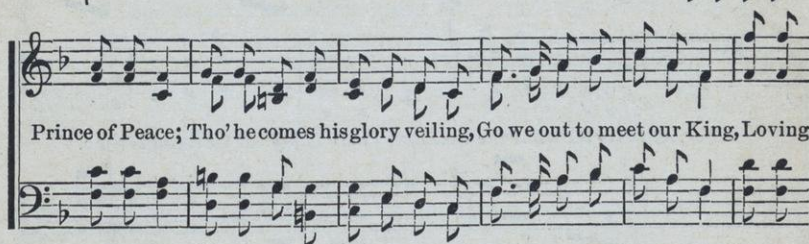


sto - - ry, Sing peace and glo - - ry, He comes!  
angels sweetly sing, Singing peace and glory, singing peace and glory, Christ the Saviour  
blend - - ing Songs all-transcend - - ing, He comes!  
Songs of gladness blend, Glad songs all-transcending, glad songs all-transcending, Christ the Saviour

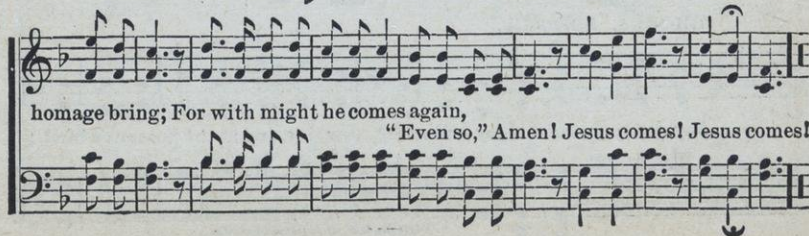
CHORUS. *With vigor.*



Jesus comes. Clap your hands, ye forest trees,  
comes, Jesus comes. Answer, mighty seas, For he comes the



Prince of Peace; Tho' he comes his glory veiling, Go we out to meet our King, Loving



homage bring; For with might he comes again,  
"Even so," Amen! Jesus comes! Jesus comes!



# There is Joy at Christmas Time.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.  
DUET.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. When the wintry winds are blowing, And all na- ture seeks repose,  
2. Over all the plains and mountains There are echoes sweet and clear,  
3. From a million hearts and voic- es Swells a chorus grand and sweet,

When the brooks have ceased their flowing, And the year is near its close;  
Tho' the voice of rills and fountains Gladdens not the list'ning ear;  
And the prais- ing world rejoic- es The Redeem- er-King to greet;

Then the na- tions sing togeth- er, While the bells melodious chime,  
But a- cross the dy- ing heather Comes a hymn of peace sublime,  
Earth and heav'n are glad together, Ringing out the theme sublime,

For, no mat- ter what the weather, There is joy at Christmas time.

CHORUS. *Sprightly.*

Joy, joy, joy, there is joy and mirth, Joy, joy, joy at the Saviour's birth;



Joy, joy, joy o - ver all the earth, There is joy at Christmas time.

The Night has Passed Away.

E. A. BARNES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The night has passed away, Je - sus is born! We hail the golden day,  
 2. The love of God appears, Je - sus is born! To bless this vale of tears,  
 3. Let all look up and sing, Je - sus is born! Let earth with praises ring,

Je - sus is born! We have the gift of love From shining courts above,  
 Je - sus is born! Above his lowly bed The light of God is shed,  
 Je - sus is born! Let tokens sweet abound, Let hope and peace be found,  
 1. We have the gift of love From shin - ing courts above,

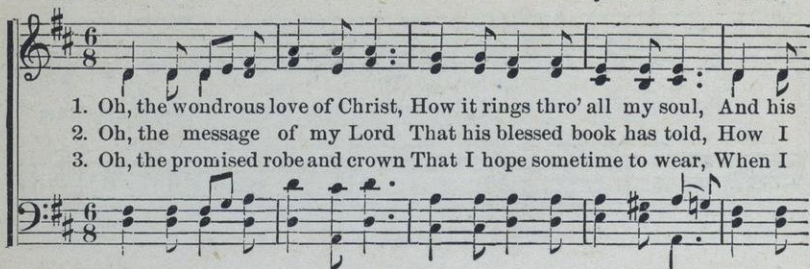
And there is heard the joyful word, Je - sus is born! Je - sus is born!  
 And we repeat the message sweet, Je - sus is born! Je - sus is born!  
 Let all to-day rejoice and say, Je - sus is born! Je - sus is born!



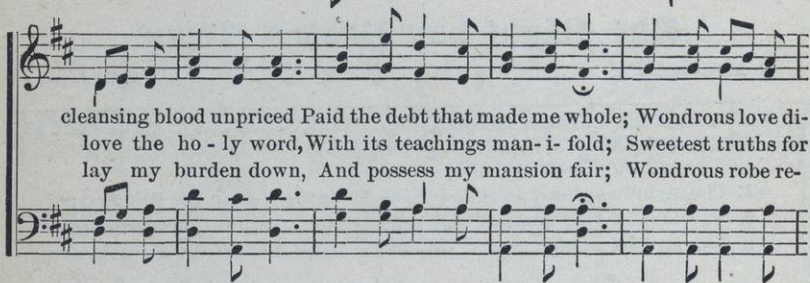
## Precious Gifts of Love.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

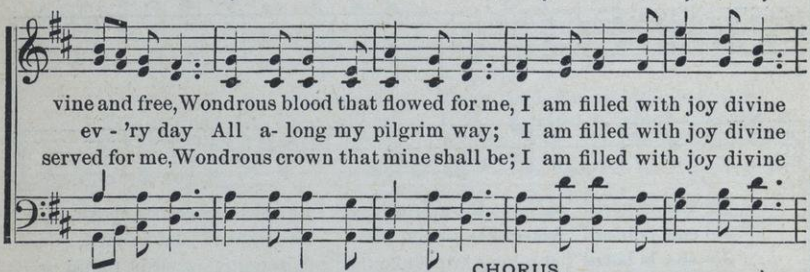
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. Oh, the wondrous love of Christ, How it rings thro' all my soul, And his  
2. Oh, the message of my Lord That his blessed book has told, How I  
3. Oh, the promised robe and crown That I hope sometime to wear, When I

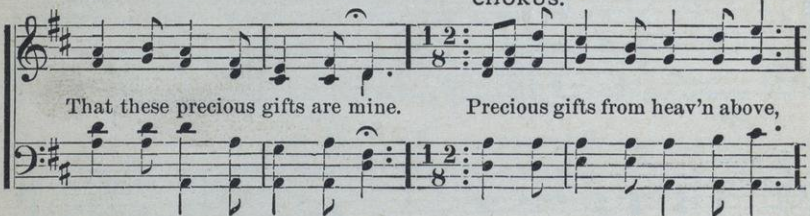


cleansing blood unpriced Paid the debt that made me whole; Wondrous love di-  
love the ho - ly word, With its teachings man - i - fold; Sweetest truths for  
lay my burden down, And possess my mansion fair; Wondrous robe re-

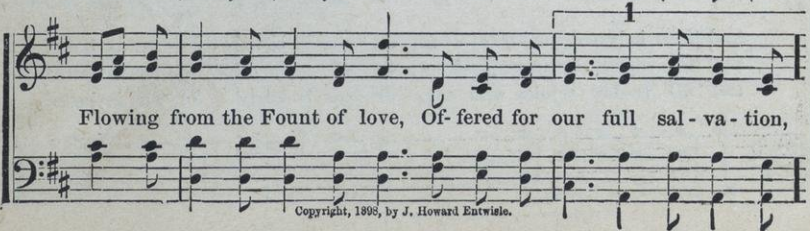


vine and free, Wondrous blood that flowed for me, I am filled with joy divine  
ev - 'ry day All a - long my pilgrim way; I am filled with joy divine  
served for me, Wondrous crown that mine shall be; I am filled with joy divine

## CHORUS.



That these precious gifts are mine. Precious gifts from heav'n above,



Flowing from the Fount of love, Of - fered for our full sal - va - tion,



Free to all, free to all! our full sal- vation, Free to all! (Free to all!)

# The Bells are Calling.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Come a- way, the bells are call - ing, Mer- ry bells of Christmas time;
2. Come a- way, they still are call - ing, While, to crown our fes- tal scene,
3. Come a- way, our faith is call - ing, And we look with lov- ing eyes
4. Come a- way, our souls are call - ing, While the bells responsive ring;

Youthful hearts again are bounding While we catch their tuneful chime.  
 Bus - y fingers now are twin - ing Wreaths of hol - ly bright and green.  
 On a low - ly manger cra - dle Where the in - fant Saviour lies.  
 Hal - le - lu - jah in the high - est To the Lord's a - nointed King!

CHORUS.

Merry, merry bells, merry, merry bells, Listen to their carol and the joy it tells;  
 Merry, merry Christmas bells, merry, merry Christmas bells,

Ringing far and near, ringing sweet and clear, O the blessed music of the old-time  
 Ringing, ringing far and near, ringing, ringing sweet and clear, [bells.]



# Roses Everywhere.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.  
DUET.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Ro - ses, ro - ses, sum - mer ro - ses, What de - lights the June dis -  
 2. Ro - ses, ro - ses, vel - vet ro - ses, That the Win - ter-King op -  
 3. Ro - ses, ro - ses, love - ly ro - ses, Mother Earth in bliss re -

clo - ses, What a song the sea - son sings With the love - ly  
 po - ses, How they cheer the sons of men, When the spring - time  
 po - ses, Covered o - ver in her rest With the flow'rs we

## CHORUS.

flow'rs she brings! (she brings!) Earth is like a garden fair, Roses blooming  
 comes a - gain. (again.)  
 love the best. (the best.)

ev - 'rywhere; Nodding, nodding, brightly, gai - ly, Budding, blooming,

hourly, dai - ly, Red and yellow, pink and white, Sending sweetness



*rit.*

left and right; What a perfume fills the air, Ro-ses, ro-ses ev'rywhere!

# Sweet Sabbath Bells.

F. M. D.

"Let us go into the house of the Lord."—Ps. cxxii: 1. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Sweet the music of the Sabbath bells, Stealing on the qui-et air,
2. Sweet the music of the Sabbath bells, As they to the world proclaim,
3. Sweet the music of the Sabbath bells; Let it ech-o earth around,

Floating o'er the world in tuneful notes, Calling to the house of pray'r.  
 "Who-so-ev-er will, may find sweet rest Thro' the blessed Saviour's name."  
 Till the nations now in darkness hear And shall know the gospel sound.

## CHORUS.

Chime on, chime on, sweet Sabbath bells, chime on, chime on,  
 Chime on, chime on, chime on, chime on,

Chime on, chime on, sweet Sabbath bells, chime on.  
 Chime on, chime on, chime on, chime on,



# Little Bells of Easter.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

Motion Song.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Little bells of Easter, we will gently <sup>1</sup>sway, Ringing chimes for Jesus  
 2. Little bells of Easter, <sup>2</sup>swinging all in time, 'Round about to- gether  
 3. Little bells of Easter, happy hearts have we, In our Master's service

on this happy day; <sup>2</sup>Nodding, gai- ly nodding, like the flow'rs we love,  
 hear our echoes chime; Giving out the sunshine as we pass you by,  
 faithful let us be; Ev- er <sup>5</sup>moving on- ward step by step we'll go,

CHORUS.

Singing praise all our days for the King above. Bells of Easter gaily swinging  
 Singing praise all our days to the King on high.  
 Singing praise all our days while on earth below.

to and fro, Pealing out a gladsome lay as forth we go; "Jesus lives for-

ev-er," is the news we bring, Blessed tidings of salvation, "Christ is King."

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MOTIONS.—1, Swaying motion. 2, Bowing. 3, Swinging arms. 4, Turning around. 5, Marching.

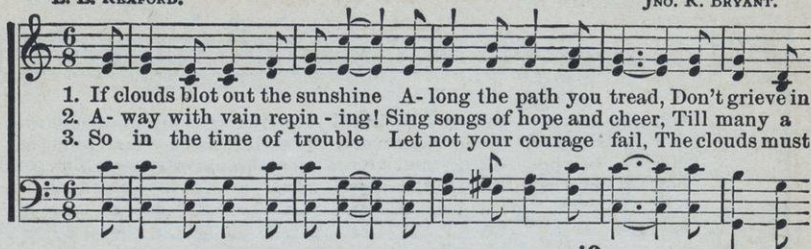


# Do the Best You Can.

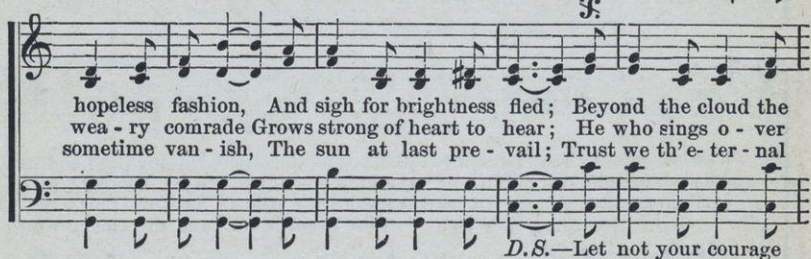
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E. E. REXFORD.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

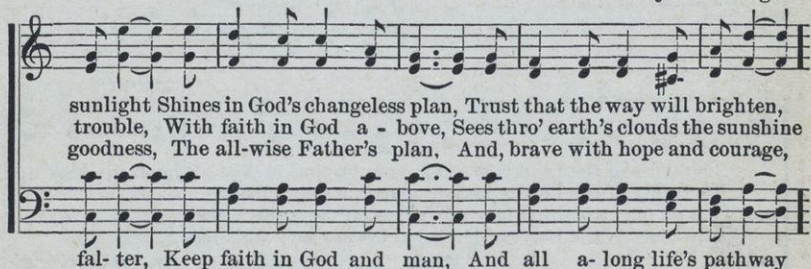


1. If clouds blot out the sunshine A-long the path you tread, Don't grieve in  
2. A-way with vain repin- ing! Sing songs of hope and cheer, Till many a  
3. So in the time of trouble Let not your courage fail, The clouds must



hopeless fashion, And sigh for brightness fled; Beyond the cloud the  
wea- ry comrade Grows strong of heart to hear; He who sings o- ver  
sometime van- ish, The sun at last pre- vail; Trust we th' e- ter- nal

*D.S.*—Let not your courage

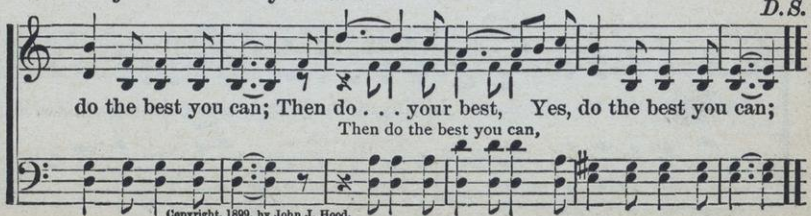


sunlight Shines in God's changeless plan, Trust that the way will brighten,  
trouble, With faith in God a- bove, Sees thro' earth's clouds the sunshine  
goodness, The all-wise Father's plan, And, brave with hope and courage,  
fal- ter, Keep faith in God and man, And all a- long life's pathway

*Fine.* CHORUS.



And do the best you can. Then do . . . your best, . . . Yes,  
Of God's e- ter- nal love. Do just the best you can. Then do the best you can,  
Do just the best you can.



do the best you can; Then do . . . your best, Yes, do the best you can;  
Then do the best you can,

*D.S.*



# Look Up, Brother.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Look up, brother, lift up your head! See this ar-my marching on,  
 2. Look up, brother, lift up your eyes! See this ar-my marching past,  
 3. Look up, brother, lift up your voice! See this ar-my marching past,  
 4. Look up, brother, lift up the cross! Help the ar-my of the Lord,

on to glo-ry led, Behold her blood-stain'd banners waving high and free,  
 upward t'ward the skies; With hearts and hands united in the bonds of love,  
 with them now rejoice; "To take the world for Jesus" let our efforts be,  
 saving it from loss; The fight will soon be o-ver, and the vict'ry won,

CHORUS.  
 The army of the Lord is marching on to vic-to-ry. Look up, look up,  
 The army of the Lord is marching to that home above.  
 That all may worship him who died to set the captive free.  
 The army of the Lord will hear the Master say, "well done."

lift up, lift up, This shall be our battle cry, as we onward go; We're looking up to

Jesus, who died to save from sin, Lifting up the human race, pointing souls to him.



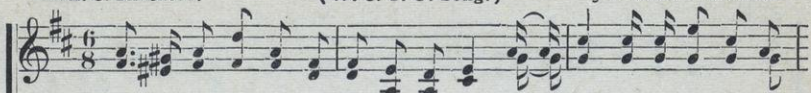
# Wear Your White Ribbon.

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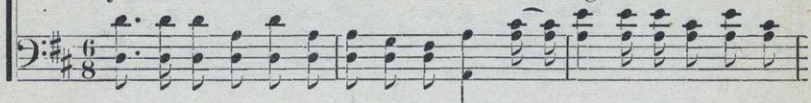
WM. C. BANCROFT.

(W. C. T. U. Song.)

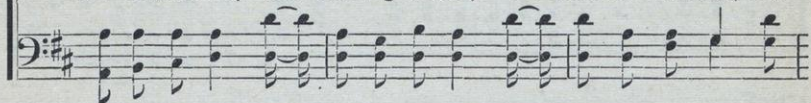
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



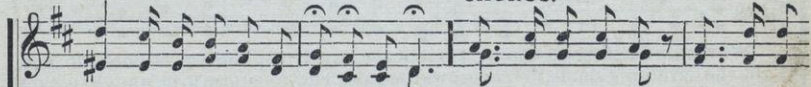
1. Wear your white ribbon! you never may know What a light you may shed in this
2. Wear your white ribbon! and aye, let it be A star in the night, out on
3. Wear your white ribbon! and tell to the world The flag in this conflict will



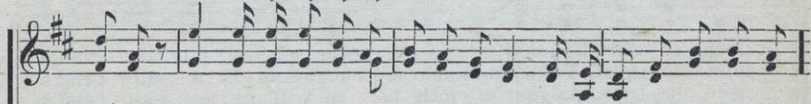
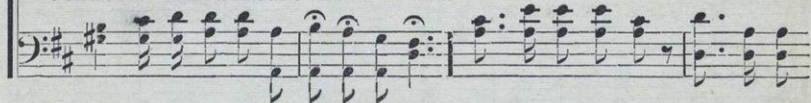
des-ert of woe; Like a bea-con of hope it may strengthen to-day A  
life's stormy sea; A ray for the hopeless, the wea-ry and worn, A  
nev-er be furl'd; But fac-ing the foe, un-daunted we stand, For



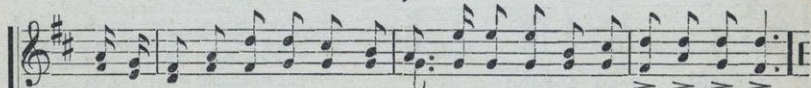
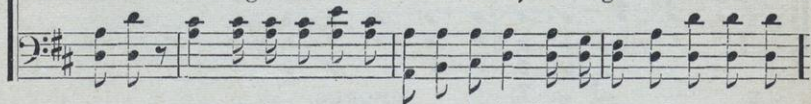
## CHORUS.



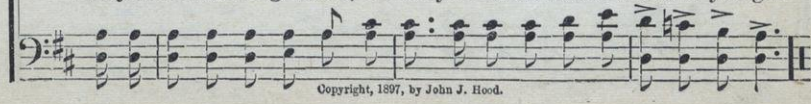
soul that is drifting in weakness away. Wear your white ribbon! wear your white  
gleam in the midnight, the promise of morn.  
God and for home and our own native-land.



ribbon! Love's shining beacon in this world of woe; Cheering those now in sadness



With your emblem of gladness, O wear your white ribbon wherever you go!





## Lend a Hand!

JNO. R. CLEMENTS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Many souls are sinking in the wreck to-day, Lend a hand! lend a hand!  
 2. You may rescue many, if the storm you brave, Lend a hand! lend a hand!  
 3. Some there be, thro' toiling, who have weary grown, Lend a hand! lend a hand!

To the rescue, quickly man the boat, away! Lend a hand! lend a hand!  
 Just *your* earnest effort is requir'd to save—  
 On the wreck are many who are far from home, Lend a hand! Lend a hand!

Waves are dashing high, soon 'twill be too late, Grasp the oar at once, do not  
 Falls the dark'ning shade, fiercer grows the gale; Tho' the storm king's might maketh  
 Push a- way, a- way! God will surely bless, Strength will give to aid those in

long - er wait; You may save a soul from an aw - ful fate—Lend a  
 stout hearts quail, Yet without your aid, naught can e'er a - vail—Lend a  
 sore dis - tress, As your ef - ferts be, so will be suc - cess, Lend a

CHORUS.  
 hand! lend a hand! Lend a hand! lend a hand!  
 Lend a hand! lend a hand! Lend a hand! lend a hand!



1  
2  
3

To the rescue quick! man the boat, away! Lend a hand! lend a hand!  
Lend a hand! lend a hand!

# Nearer, My God, to Thee!

Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS.

Rev. S. G. NEIL.

1  
2  
Fine.

1. { Nearer, my God, to thee! Nearer to thee,  
'E'en tho' it be a cross (*Omit. . . . .*) That raiseth me;

*D. C.*—Nearer, my God, to thee! (*Omit. . . . .*) Nearer to thee!

*D. C.*

Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee,

Copyright, 1898, by Jno R. Sweney.

2 Though like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that thou sendest me,  
In mercy given,  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

*Bright Melodies—N*

4 Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

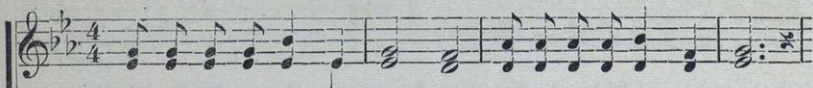
5 Or if, on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!



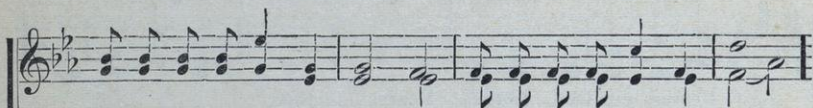
## Hallowed be Thy Name.

E. E. HEWITT.

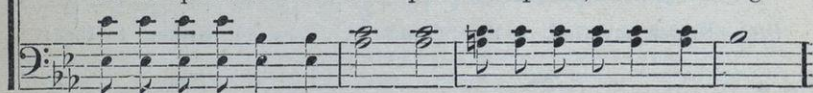
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Hallowed be thy name, our Fath - er! Name of majes - ty and might;
2. Hallowed be thy name, our Fath - er! Name that throbs with tend' rest love,
3. Hallowed be thy name, our Fath - er! Be our thoughts, our words, our ways,
4. Hallowed be thy name, our Fath - er! Pure devotion help us bring,



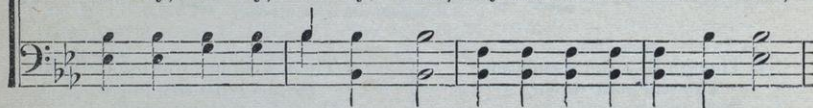
"Art thou not from ev - er - last - ing?" Thron'd in glory, robed with light.  
 For thy mercies far out - num - ber All the stars that shine a - bove.  
 Prompted by thy grace, to rend - er Living grat - i - tude and praise.  
 In the spirit's in - most tem - ple Worship thee, E - ter - nal King.



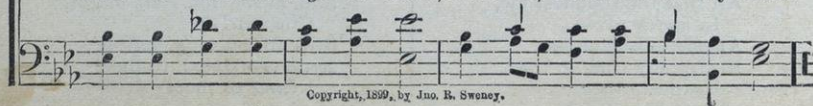
## CHORUS.



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord; May our hearts in sweet ac - cord,



Join in heaven's high ac - claim, Fath - er, hallowed be thy name.



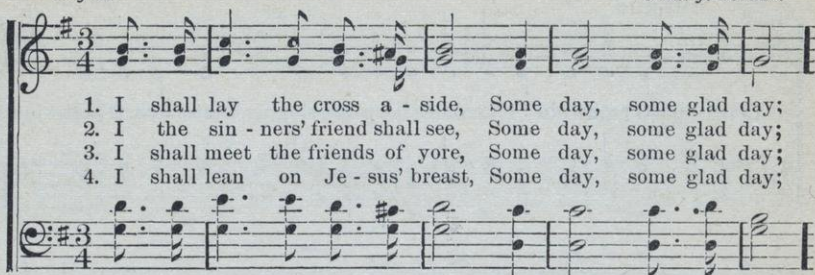


# Some Glad Day.

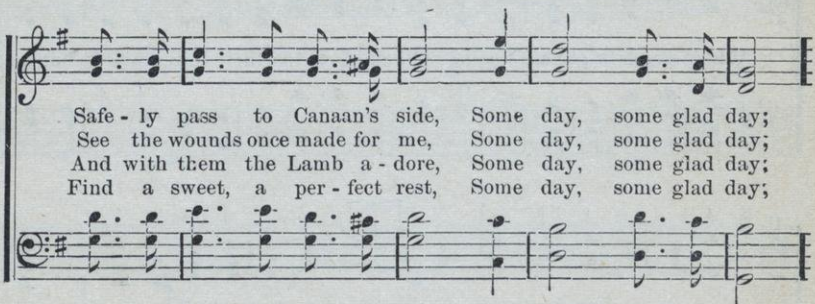
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C. J. B.

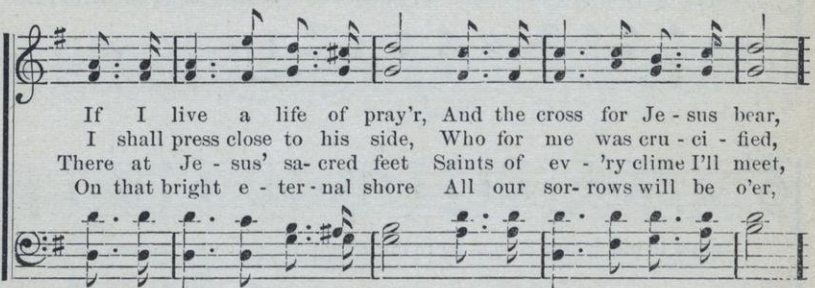
CHAS. J. BUTLER.




1. I shall lay the cross a - side, Some day, some glad day;  
 2. I the sin - ners' friend shall see, Some day, some glad day;  
 3. I shall meet the friends of yore, Some day, some glad day;  
 4. I shall lean on Je - sus' breast, Some day, some glad day;



Safe - ly pass to Canaan's side, Some day, some glad day;  
 See the wounds once made for me, Some day, some glad day;  
 And with them the Lamb a - dore, Some day, some glad day;  
 Find a sweet, a per - fect rest, Some day, some glad day;



If I live a life of pray'r, And the cross for Je - sus bear,  
 I shall press close to his side, Who for me was cru - ci - fied,  
 There at Je - sus' sa - cred feet Saints of ev - 'ry clime I'll meet,  
 On that bright e - ter - nal shore All our sor - rows will be o'er,



I a glo - rious crown shall wear, Some day, some glad day.  
 And shall then be sat - is - fied, Some day, some glad day.  
 Hold with them commun - ion sweet, Some day, some glad day.  
 We shall meet to part no more, Some day, some glad day.



## Praise Him.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

CHORUS.

Praise him, O praise him! The golden harps are ringing, Praise him, O praise him!

Where angels bright are singing; The children, too, their voices raise In happy,

happy songs of praise, Praise him, O praise him! Hosan- na to our King; Ho-

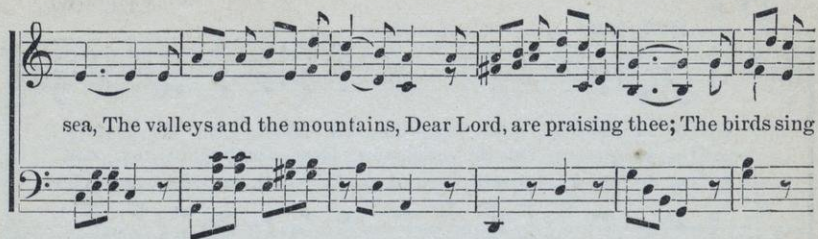
sanna to our King; Hosan- na to our King; Hosan - na, ho- san - na, Ho-

*Fine.*

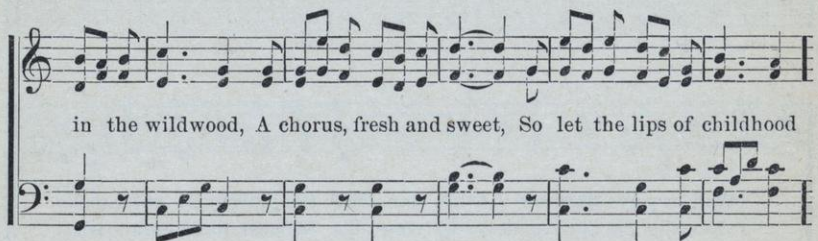
GIRLS, or SOLO.

sanna to our King! The sunny streams and fountains, The billows of the



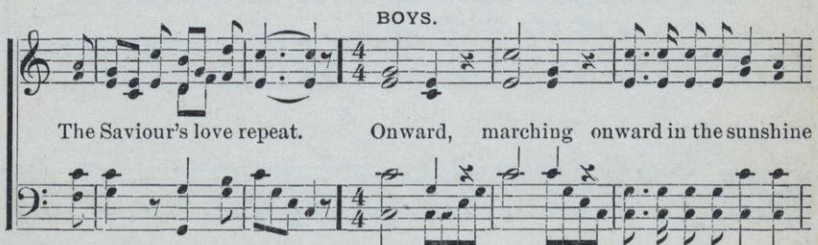


sea, The valleys and the mountains, Dear Lord, are praising thee; The birds sing

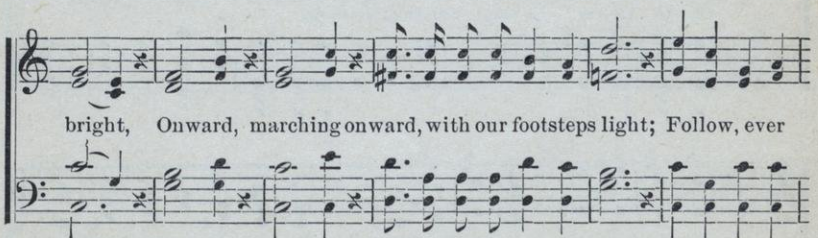


in the wildwood, A chorus, fresh and sweet, So let the lips of childhood

BOYS.

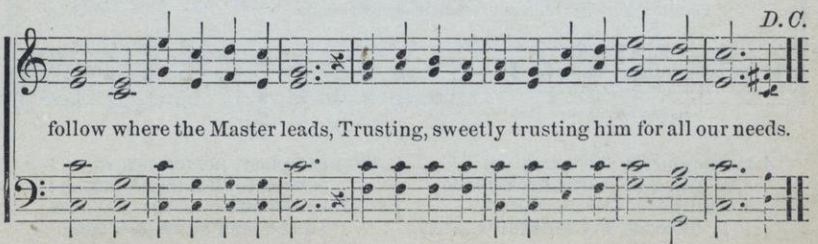


The Saviour's love repeat. Onward, marching onward in the sunshine



bright, Onward, marching onward, with our footsteps light; Follow, ever

*D. C.*



follow where the Master leads, Trusting, sweetly trusting him for all our needs.



## On to Glory.

J. E. H.

*With vigor.*

J. E. HALL.

1. On to glo-ry I am marching, All intent my way I take;  
 2. "On to glo-ry," this the watchword Ever sounding in my ear,  
 3. On to glo-ry, upward, onward, And the path doth shine more clear;

With my eye fixed on the vis-ion, Safe the journey I shall make.  
 Nerving me to earnest striving To be meet there to ap-pear.  
 As toward the gate ce-les-ti-al I am dai-ly drawing near.

## CHORUS.

On to glo-ry I am marching, Rest and peace and joy are there;  
 On to glo-ry I am marching, marching,

On to glo-ry I am marching, To the cit-y grand and fair.  
 On to glo-ry I am marching, marching,

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4 On to glory I am marching,  
 While a Friend is by my side;  
 I shall never fall nor falter  
 If he leads, my faithful Guide.

5 On to glory, nearer, nearer,  
 Nearer to that angel-throng;  
 I can almost hear the music  
 In the land of endless song.

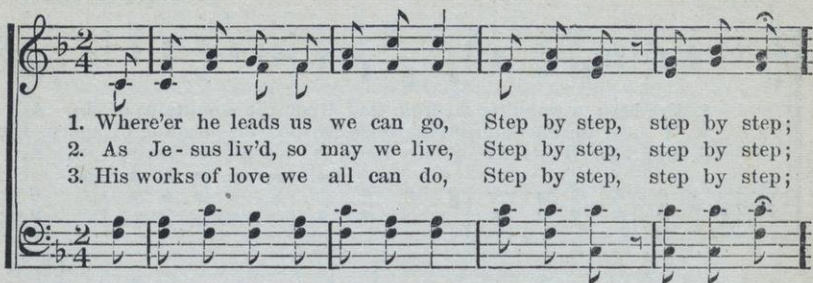


# Step by Step.

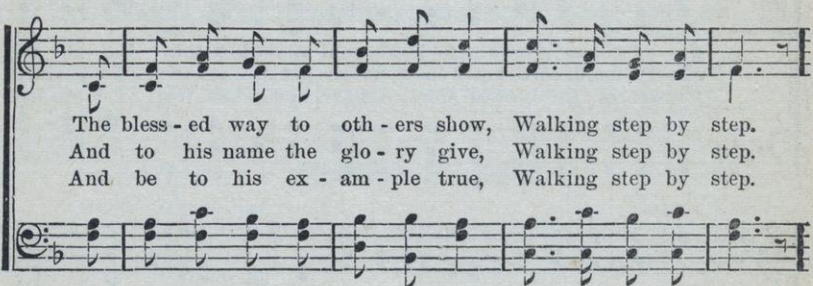
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ADA BLENKHORN.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

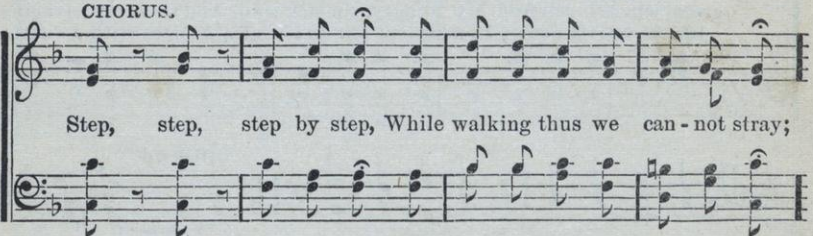


1. Where'er he leads us we can go, Step by step, step by step;  
 2. As Je-sus liv'd, so may we live, Step by step, step by step;  
 3. His works of love we all can do, Step by step, step by step;

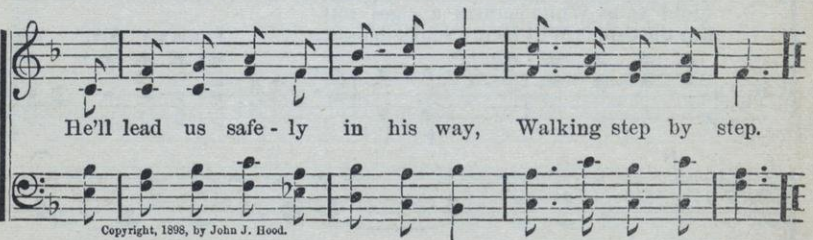


The bless-ed way to oth-ers show, Walking step by step.  
 And to his name the glo-ry give, Walking step by step.  
 And be to his ex-am-ple true, Walking step by step.

## CHORUS.



Step, step, step by step, While walking thus we can-not stray;



He'll lead us safe-ly in his way, Walking step by step.

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4 The way to heav'n we may pursue,  
 Step by step, step by step;  
 And keep the cross and crown in view,  
 Walking step by step.

5 The life divine we can attain,  
 Step by step, step by step;  
 And rise at last with him to reign,  
 Walking step by step.



# I will Say "Yes" to Jesus.

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. I've been a wand'rer far from God Upon the mountains of sin, A  
 2. I hear the Saviour's loving voice, No more his pleading I'll spurn,—So  
 3. Oh, blessed service of my Lord, A trusted servant to be, A

wea-ry outcast from the fold, My soul all dark within; But ah! the  
 wea-ry, too, of earth's cold cheer, So ea-ger to re-turn To pastures  
 foll'wer of the blessed One, A slave, and yet so free! E-ter-nal

Saviour pleads with me In gen-tle, loving voice, I cannot turn my  
 green, where I can feed My hungry, sin-sick soul, And there my Saviour's  
 life in heav'n above, In mansions fair and bright, A place with Je-sus

CHORUS.

Lord away—I'll make him now my choice. I . . . . . will say  
 child to be While endless a - ges roll.  
 near the throne Will be my soul's delight. I will say "Yes," say

"Yes" to Je - sus, I . . . . . will say "Yes" to Je - sus,  
 I will say "Yes," say



# I will Say "Yes" to Jesus.—CONCLUDED. 201

1

With outstretch'd hands my Saviour stands, And beckons the wand'rer to come;  
the wand'rer to come;

2

Without de-lay I'll now o-bey, And he will welcome me home. . . .  
will welcome me home.

Mrs. J. C. YULE.

## Come to Me.

E. O. EXCELL.

DUET—Soprano and Tenor.

1st time. 2d time.

1. { Weary soul, by care oppressed, Wouldst thou find a place of rest?  
Lis-ten, Je-sus calls to thee, Come and find thy rest . . . in me.

2. { Hungry soul, why pine and die, With exhaustless stores so nigh?  
Lo, the board is spread for thee, Come and feast to-day . . . with me.

CHORUS.

Repeat p.

Come to me, come to me, Come and find thy rest in me.  
Come to me, come to me, Come and feast to-day with me.

3 Thirsty soul, earth's sweetest rill  
Mocks thee with its promise still;  
Hark, the Saviour calls to thee,  
Here is water, come to me.

4 Heavenly bread and heavenly wine,  
Living waters,—all are mine,  
Mine they are and thine may be;  
Weary wand'rer, come to me.

CHO.—Come to me, come to me,  
Here is water, come to me.

CHO.—Come to me, come to me,  
Weary wand'rer, come to me.



## Blessed Union.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Blessed union, sweet communion, With the Father and the Son;  
 2. With a perfect trust a - bid - ing, In the life e - ter - nal word,  
 3. Blessed union, sweet communion, On the wings of faith we rise;  
 4. Blessed union, sweet communion, Higher yet our hopes ascend;

*Fine.*  
 Thro' the triumph, wondrous triumph, That redeem - ing grace has won.  
 Who shall sev - er us for - ev - er From the love of Christ the Lord?  
 Now our ti - tle reading clear - ly, To a man - sion in the skies.  
 Glo - ry, glo - ry, all is glo - ry! Growing brighter to the end.

D.S.—Je - sus, heirs to - geth - er Of the glo - ry yet to be.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Blessed union, sweet communion, Oh, the constant joy we see! Heirs with

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## O Saviour, Meet Us Here.

OPENING HYMN.

HARRIET E. JONES. "None other but the house of God."—Gen. xxiii : 17. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Within thy courts, O Lord, We meet this sacred day, To render praise and  
 2. May this, our op'ning hymn Be pleasant to our King; May faith grow bright that  
 3. And when we kneel in pray'r, May ev'ry heart be free From worldly tho'ts and

From "Notes of Praise," By per. of John J. Hood.



# **O Saviour, Meet Us Here.**—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

hear the word, And for thy blessing pray. O Saviour, meet us here, While in this now is dim, While we together sing. cank'ring care, And fix'd, O Lord, on thee.

lov'd retreat; May thy sweet Spirit soothe and cheer, While low at thy dear feet.

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## **Sowing Good Seed.**

MARY GAMEWELL.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sowing good seed for the Master, Working both early and late; Trusting the  
2. Gently and kindly we'll drop it Wherev-er we may be led, Knowing in  
3. Help us, dear Saviour, to scatter This precious seed evermore, Till we shall

*Fine. CHORUS.*

Lord of the harvest, For the glad reaping we'll wait. Sow - ing, then  
place of the bri - er, Fruit may be growing instead. Sowing, keep sowing,  
see the rich harvest On the bright evergreen shore.

*D.S.*—sunshine, Sow the good seed while you may.

reaping will follow, Hap - py, we're happy to-day; Clouds will be turn'd into  
Happy, we're happy, yes,

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## Some Sweet Day.

HARRIET E. JONES.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. We shall cross the rolling tide, Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day; We shall  
 2. We shall tread the streets of gold, Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day; Heaven's  
 3. Yes, we'll reach the home of God, Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day; Thro' the

CHO.—We shall cross the rolling tide, Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day; We shall

*Fine.*

gain the golden side, Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day; Near the crystal waters  
 splendor shall behold, Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day; We shall find the mansions  
 precious, precious blood, Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day; Never there to sigh a-

gain the golden side, Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day.

*Chorus D. C.*

roam, In the saint's eternal home, Where the shadows never come; Some sweet day.  
 fair, Jesus promis'd to prepare, That are waiting over there; Some sweet day.  
 gain, Never tho't of grief or pain, Evermore with Christ to reign; Some sweet day.

From "Notes of Praise." By per. of John J. Hood.

## Bright Little Sunbeams.

MAY JESS FLEMING.  
DUET.

RAN. C. STOREY.

1. We are Je- sus' lit- tle sunbeams, Shining e'er so bright; We will drive a-  
 2. We are Je- sus' lit- tle sunbeams, Shining all we can; We would light some  
 3. We are Je- sus' lit- tle sunbeams, O- vercoming wrong; We are telling

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# Bright Little Sunbeams.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

way all sadness, With our cheerful light. We are bright little sunbeams,  
lone-ly pathway, 'Tis our settled plan.  
of his goodness In a cheerful song.

Shining on the way; We are bright little sunbeams, Shining all the day.

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## Come, O Come.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"A fountain is opened for sin."—Zech. xiii: 1.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Je- sus has open'd up a fountain, Where weary, sin-sick souls may go;  
2. Many have wash'd in these pure waters, Wash'd all their stains as white as snow;  
3. They who are pure in heart are blessed, They heaven's joys alone shall know;

*Fine.*

Hear him in tender accents say- ing, "Come where the healing waters flow."  
Oh, may the millions hear the message, "Come where the healing waters flow."  
Who then would fail to heed the message, "Come where the healing waters flow?"

*D.S.*—"Come where the healing waters flow."

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Come, O come! Come, O come! Hear him in tender accents saying,  
Come, O come! come, O come! Come, O come! come, O come!

From "Notes of Praise." By per. of John J. Hood.



# My Jesus, as Thou wilt.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKA. Tr. by Miss J. BORTHWICK.

Tune, JEWETT. 6a.

1. My Je-sus, as thou wilt: O may thy will be mine; In - to thy  
 2. My Je-sus, as thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many-a tear, Let not my  
 3. My Je-sus, as thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each changing

hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor-row or thro' joy,  
 star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear. Since thou on earth hast wept  
 fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with thee. Straight to my home a-bove,

Conduct me as thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, thy will be done."  
 And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with thee, My Lord, thy will be done.  
 I trav-el calmly on, And sing in life or death, "My Lord, thy will be done."

# Holy, holy, holy.

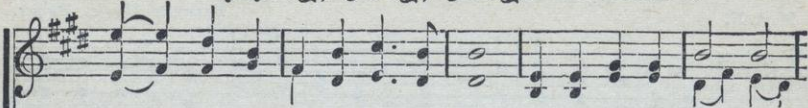
REGINALD HEBER.

Tune, NICEA. 11, 12, 10.

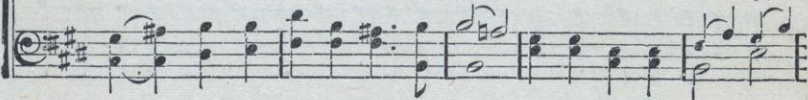
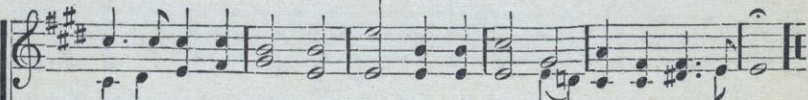
1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! Ear-ly in the  
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints adore thee, Casting down their  
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eye of  
 4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All thy works shall




# Holy, holy, holy.—CONCLUDED.



morn - ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,  
gold - en crowns around the glas - sy sea; Cher - u - bim and seraphim  
sin - ful man thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly thou art ho - ly!  
praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

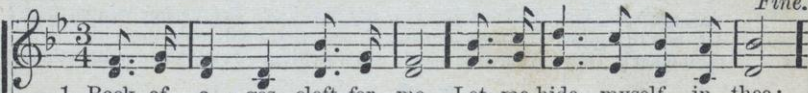
mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin - i - ty!  
falling down before thee, Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.  
there is none be - side thee, Per - fect in power, in love, and pur - i - ty.  
mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin - i - ty!



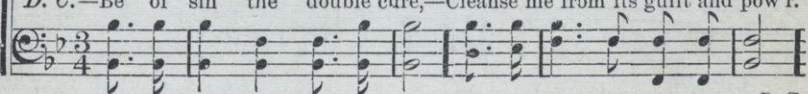
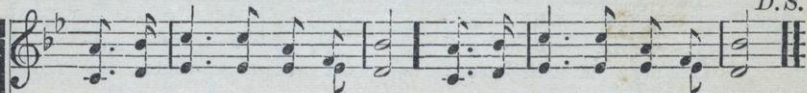
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## Rock of Ages.

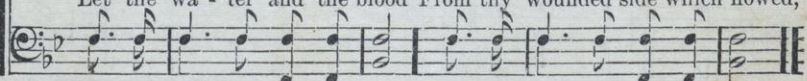
Tune, TOPLADY. 7.  
*Fine.*



1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee;  
*D. C.*—Be of sin the double cure,—Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

*D. S.*  
Let the wa - ter and the blood From thy wounded side which flowed,



2 Not the labor of my hands,  
Can fulfil the law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone,—  
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;  
Simply to thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to thee for dress,

Helpless, look to thee for grace,—  
Vile, I to the fountain fly,  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my heart-strings break in death,  
When I scar to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgement-throne,—  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.



## Is my Name Written There?

M. A. K.

FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neither sil - ver nor gold; I would make sure of  
 2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, Oh, my  
 3. Oh! that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glo - ri - fied

heaven, I would en - ter the fold. In the book of thy kingdom, With its  
 Sa - viour! Is suf - fi - cient for me; For thy promise is written, In bright  
 be - ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e - vil thing cometh, To de -

pa - ges so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Is my name written there?  
 let - ters that glow, "Though your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."  
 spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching, — Is my name written there?

## CHORUS.

Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?

In the book of thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?



## Showers of Blessing.

"And I will cause the shower to come down in his season."  
Ezekiel xxxiv. 26.

JENNIE GARNETT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Here in thy name we are gathered, Come and revive us, O Lord;  
2. O that the showers of bless-ing Now on our souls may descend,  
3. There shall be showers of blessing,—Promise that never can fail;  
4. Showers of blessing,—we need them, Showers of blessing from thee;

"There shall be showers of bless-ing" Thou hast declared in thy word.  
While at the footstool of mer - cy Pleading thy promise we bend!  
Thou wilt regard our pe - ti - tion; Sure - ly our faith will pre - vail.  
Showers of blessing,—oh, grant them; Thine all the glory shall be.

## CHORUS.

Oh, gracious-ly hear us, Gracious-ly hear us, we pray:  
gracious-ly hear us,

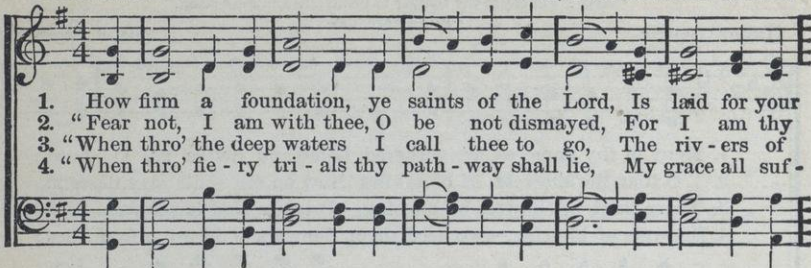
Pour from thy windows upon us Showers of blessing to-day.  
Lord, pour up-on us



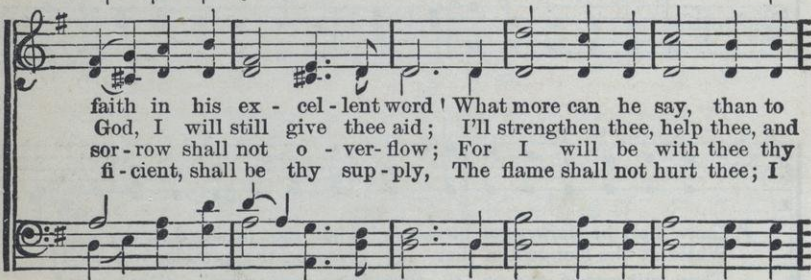
## The Firm Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH.

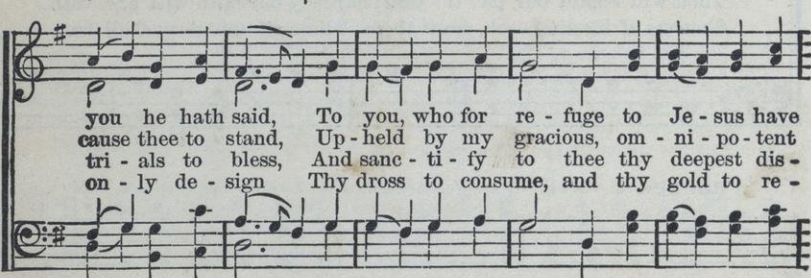
Tune, PORTUGUESE HYMN.



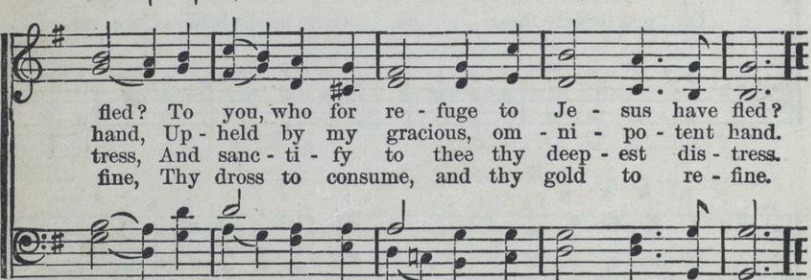
1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your  
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy  
 3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of  
 4. "When thro' fie-ry tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all suf-



faith in his ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say, than to  
 God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and  
 sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy  
 fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I



you he hath said, To you, who for re-fuge to Je-sus have  
 cause thee to stand, Up-held by my gracious, om-ni-po-tent  
 tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deepest dis-  
 on-ly de-sign Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-



fled? To you, who for re-fuge to Je-sus have fled?  
 hand, Up-held by my gracious, om-ni-po-tent hand.  
 tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.  
 fine, Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-fine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people  
 shall prove [love;  
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable  
 And when hoary hairs shall their tem-  
 ples adorn, [be borne.  
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned  
 for repose,  
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
 That soul, though all hell should en-  
 deavor to shake,  
 I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"



# I am Coming to the Cross.

Rev. Wm. McDONALD.

John vi. 37.

Wm. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;  
 2. Long my heart has sighed for thee, Long has e - vil dwelt within;  
 3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store;

CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;  
*D. C.*

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.  
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,—"I will cleanse you from all sin."  
 Soul and bo - dy thine to be,—Whol - ly thine for ev - er - more.

Humbly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

4 In thy promises I trust,  
 Now I feel the blood applied:  
 I am prostrate in the dust,  
 I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!  
 Perfected in him I am;  
 I am every whit made whole:  
 Glory, glory to the Lamb.

217 P. DODDRIDGE.

## Happy Day.

English Melody.

1. { Oh happy day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! } Happy  
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. }

*Fine.* *D. S.*  
 day, happy day,  
 When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray,  
 And live rejoicing ev'ry day.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows  
 To him who merits all my love!  
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done!  
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine:  
 He drew me, and I followed on,  
 Charmed to confess that voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;  
 Fixed on this blissful center, rest;  
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart;  
 With him of every good possessed.

5 High heav'n that heard the solemn vow,  
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
 And bless in death a bond so dear.



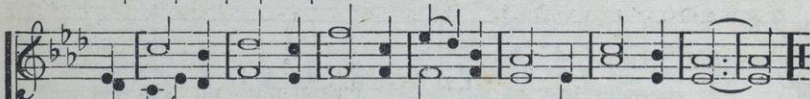
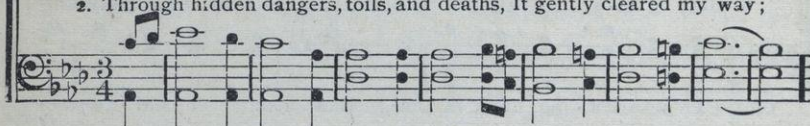
## When all Thy Mercies.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Tune, MANOAH. C. M.



1. When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys,  
 2. Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths, It gently cleared my way;



Transport-ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.  
 And through the pleasing snares of vice, More to be feared than they.



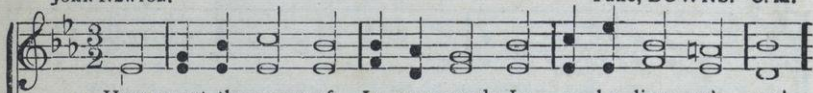
- 3 Through every period of my life  
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
 And after death, in distant worlds,  
 The pleasing theme renew.

- 4 Through all eternity to thee  
 A grateful song I'll raise;  
 But oh, eternity's too short  
 To utter all thy praise.

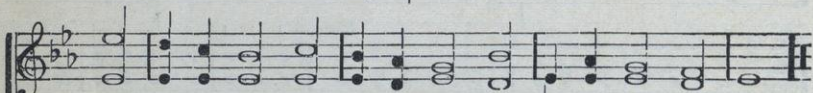
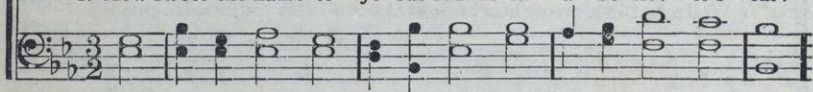
## How Sweet the Name.

JOHN NEWTON.

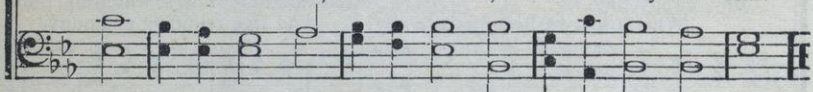
Tune, DOWNS. C. M.



1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear!



It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.



- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
 And calms the troubled breast;  
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
 And to the weary, rest.

- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
 My shield and hiding-place;  
 My never-failing treasure, filled  
 With boundless stores of grace!

- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,  
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
 Accept the praise I bring!

- 5 I would thy boundless love proclaim  
 With every fleeting breath;  
 So shall the music of thy name  
 Refresh my soul in death.



## Jesus, the Name.

C. WESLEY.

Tune, CORONATION. C. M.

1. Je - sus! the name high o - ver all, In, hell, or earth, or sky;  
2. Je - sus! the name to sin - ners dear, The name to sin - ners given;

An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.  
It scat - ters all their guilt - y fear; It turns their hell to heaven.

An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.  
It scat - ters all their guilt - y fear; It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,  
And bruises Satan's head;  
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,  
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see  
The riches of his grace!  
The arms of love that compass me  
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show  
His saving truth proclaim:  
'Tis all my business here below,  
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath  
I may but gasp his name;  
Preach him to all, and cry in death,  
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

## Crown Him Lord of All.

C. M.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,  
Who fixed this earthly ball;  
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,  
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe.  
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng  
We at his feet may fall!  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.



## Antioch. C. M.



### 222 O for a thousand tongues.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise;  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad,  
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;  
The humble poor believe.

- 6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosened tongues employ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

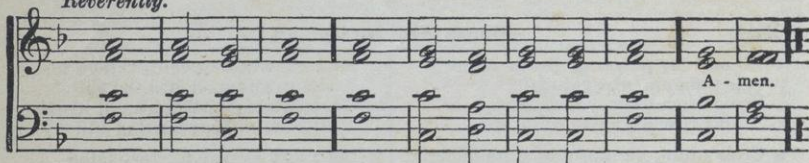
### 223 Joy to the world!

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and  
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;  
He comes to make his blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

### 224

*Reverently.*

## The Lord's Prayer.

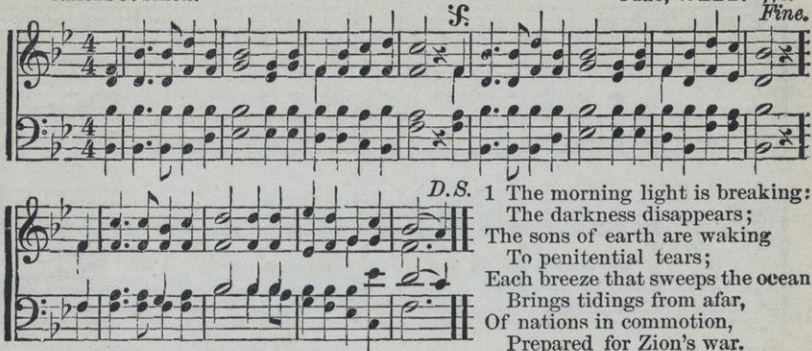


1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name, || Thy kingdom come,  
thy will be done in | earth, as-it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this day our | daily | bread, || And forgive us our trespasses, as we for-  
give | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; || For thine is the  
kingdom, and the power and the | glory for- | ever and | ever. || A - men.



## The Morning Light.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

Tune, WEBB. 7, 6.  
*Fine.*

2 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above;  
While sinners, now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing,  
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thine onward way;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay:  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home:  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

## 226 GEO. DUFFIELD, JR. Stand up, stand up for Jesus.

Tune above.

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 shall he lead  
Till every foe is vanquished  
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
The trumpet call obey;  
Forth to the mighty conflict,  
In this his glorious day:  
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"  
Against unnumbered foes:  
Your courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.

3 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,  
Each piece put on with prayer;  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

4 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.

## 227

## When, His Salvation Bringing.

1 When, his salvation bringing,  
To Zion Jesus came,  
The children all stood singing  
Hosannas to his name.  
Nor did their zeal offend him,  
For as he rode along,  
He let them still attend him,  
And smiled to hear their song.

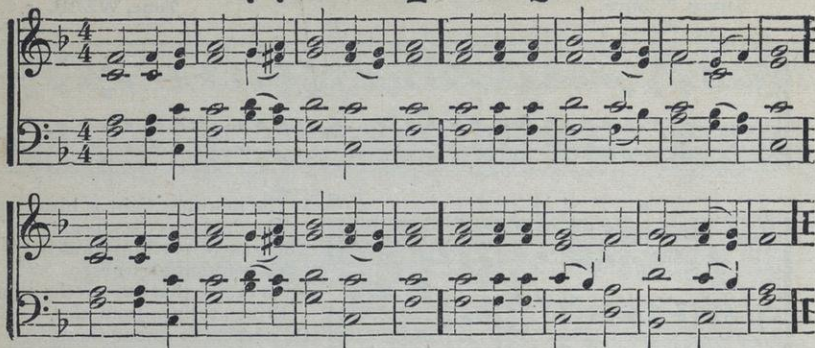
2 And since the Lord retaineth  
His love for children still;  
Though now as King he reigneth  
On Zion's heavenly hill,

We'll flock around his banner,  
Who sits upon the throne;  
And cry aloud "Hosanna  
To David's royal Son!"

3 For should we fail proclaiming  
Our great Redeemer's praise:  
The stones, our silence shaming  
Might well hosannas raise.  
But shall we only render  
The tribute of our words?  
No! while our hearts are tender,  
They, too, shall be the Lord's.



# Hamburg. L. M.



## 228 While Life Prolongs.

- 1 While life prolongs its precious light,  
Mercy is found, and peace is given,  
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night  
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 While God invites, how blest the day,  
How sweet the Gospel's charming  
sound;  
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,  
While yet a pardoning God is found.
- 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,  
Shall death command you to the  
grave:  
Before his bar your spirits bring,  
And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair,  
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall  
rise—  
No God regard your bitter prayer,  
No Saviour call you to the skies.

## 229 Just as I am.

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bids't me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within and fears without,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,

Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

- 6 Just as I am—thy love unknown  
Hath broken every barrier down;  
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

## 230 Come, Holy Spirit.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,  
And fit me to approach my God;  
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,  
And lead me to thy blest abode.
- 2 Hast thou imparted to my soul  
A living spark of holy fire?  
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame,  
Make me to burn with pure desire.
- 3 A brighter faith and hope impart,  
And let me now my Saviour see;  
Oh! soothe and cheer my burdened heart,  
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

## 231 When I Survey.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,  
Spreads o'er his body on the tree,  
Then am I dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.



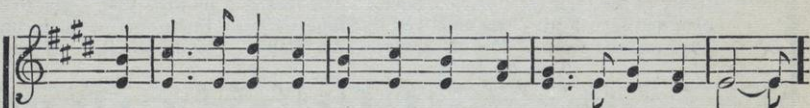
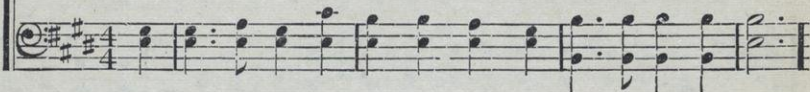
## As Now We Part.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

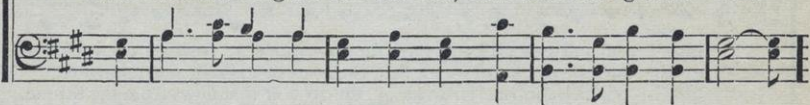
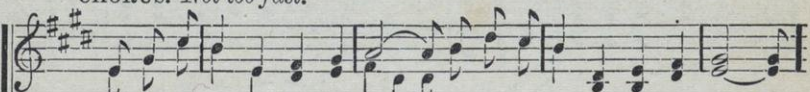
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. God bless the hearts be- fore him here, And bless this hour so sweet;
2. While seasons swift-ly come and go, And tears and smiles abound,
3. God bless to us his precious Word, And make its meaning clear,
4. Now voice with voice, and soul with soul We pray to meet a - gain,



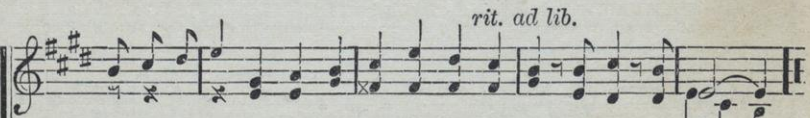
God bless and hold us each most dear Un - til a - gain we meet.  
 God help us all in grace to grow, With love encompass'd round.  
 And let each heart a - new be stirr'd To worship in his fear.  
 While loud and long the ech-oes roll, And sound the great a - men.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

As now we part God bless each heart, His grace your ev'ry need sup- ply;  
 each heart,



supply;

*rit. ad lib.*

In all we do, God keep us strong and true, Dear friends, good-bye, good-bye.





## The River of Life.

MATTIE W. TORREY.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O won - der - ful riv - er! O life - giving river! That flows thro' the  
 2. O throne of the Lamb, with its glo - ry unspok - en! O trees he hath  
 3. We pine in the bond - age that sin has thrown o'er us, We long for the

streets of the cit - y a - bove, The trees on thy mar - gin, that  
 plan - ted for heal - ing and rest! Shine on in our vi - sion, and  
 joy and the free - dom of home, — To join in the swell of the

blos - som and quiv - er, Bring forth for the nations a fruitage of love.  
 give us a to - ken To com - fort the heart that is sore and oppressed.  
 glo - ri - fied cho - rus, To drink o' the riv - er that flows from the throne.

## CHORUS.

Won - der - ful riv - er! Won - der - ful riv - er!  
 Won - der - ful, won - der - ful riv - er of life! Won - der - ful, won - der - ful riv - er of life!

Glad - 'ning the plains where the ran - som'd a - bide:  
 Glad 'ning the plains where the ransom'd abide, where the ransom'd in glory a - bide:

From "Goodly Pearls," by per.



Flow on-ward for-ev-er, won-der-ful, won-der-ful riv-er!

Pure as thy source, which no dark-ness can hide!

234

# I Shall Be Satisfied.

BONAR.

REV. T. C. NEAL.

*Moderato.*

1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, Af - ter whose dawning
2. When I shall see thy glo-ry face to face, When in thine arms thou
3. When I shall meet with those that I have loved, Clasp in my eag-er
4. When I shall gaze up - on the face of him Who for me died, with

never night returns, And with whose glory day eternal burns, I shall be satis- fied.  
 wilt thy child embrace, When thou shalt open all thy stores of grace, I shall be satisfied.  
 arms the long removed, And find how faithful thou to me hast proved, I shall be satisfied.  
 eye no longer dim, And praise him with the everlasting hymn, I shall be satisfied.

CHORUS.

*rit.*

I shall be satisfied, I shall be satisfied, I shall be sat-is-fied, By and by.



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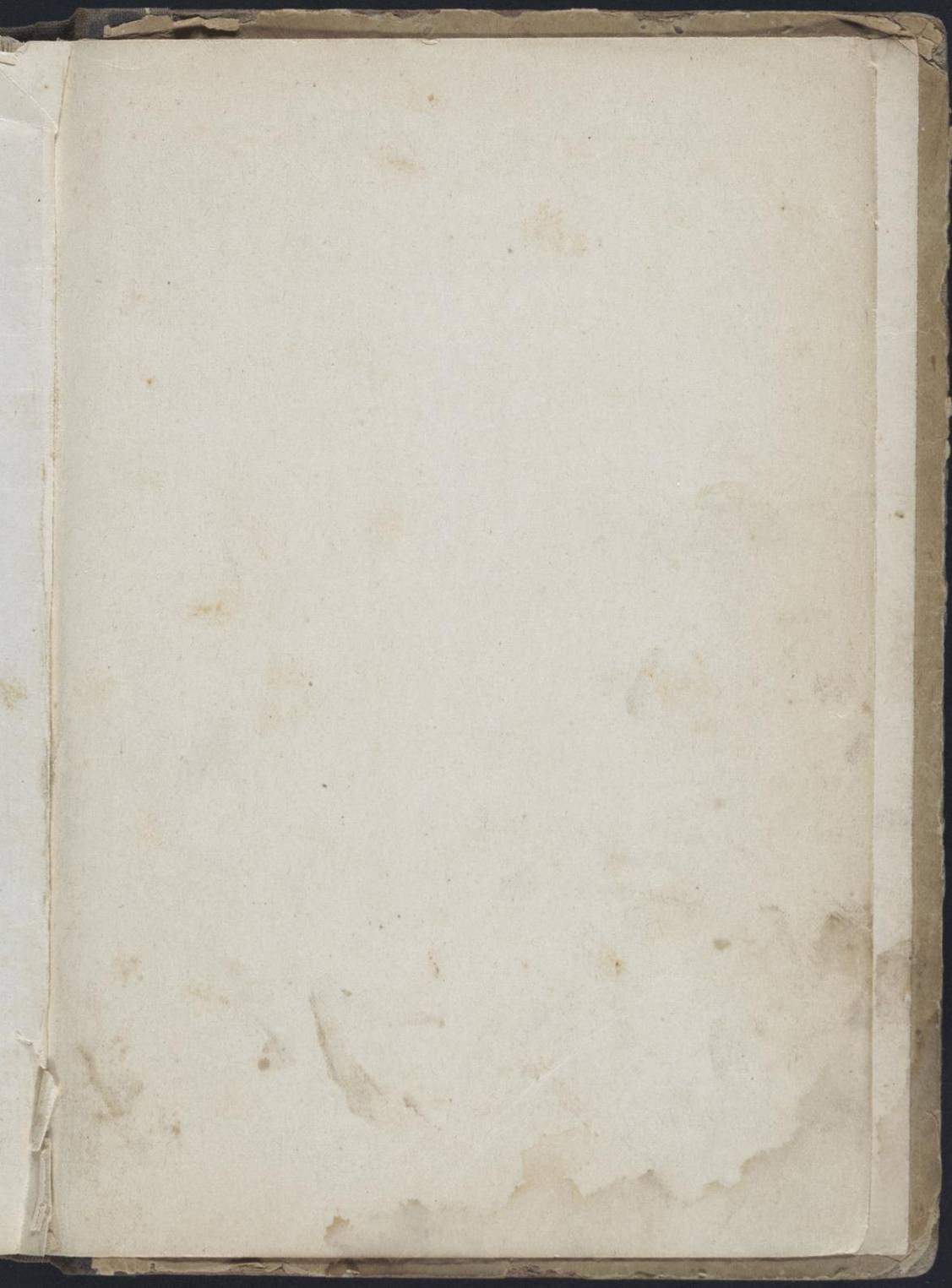
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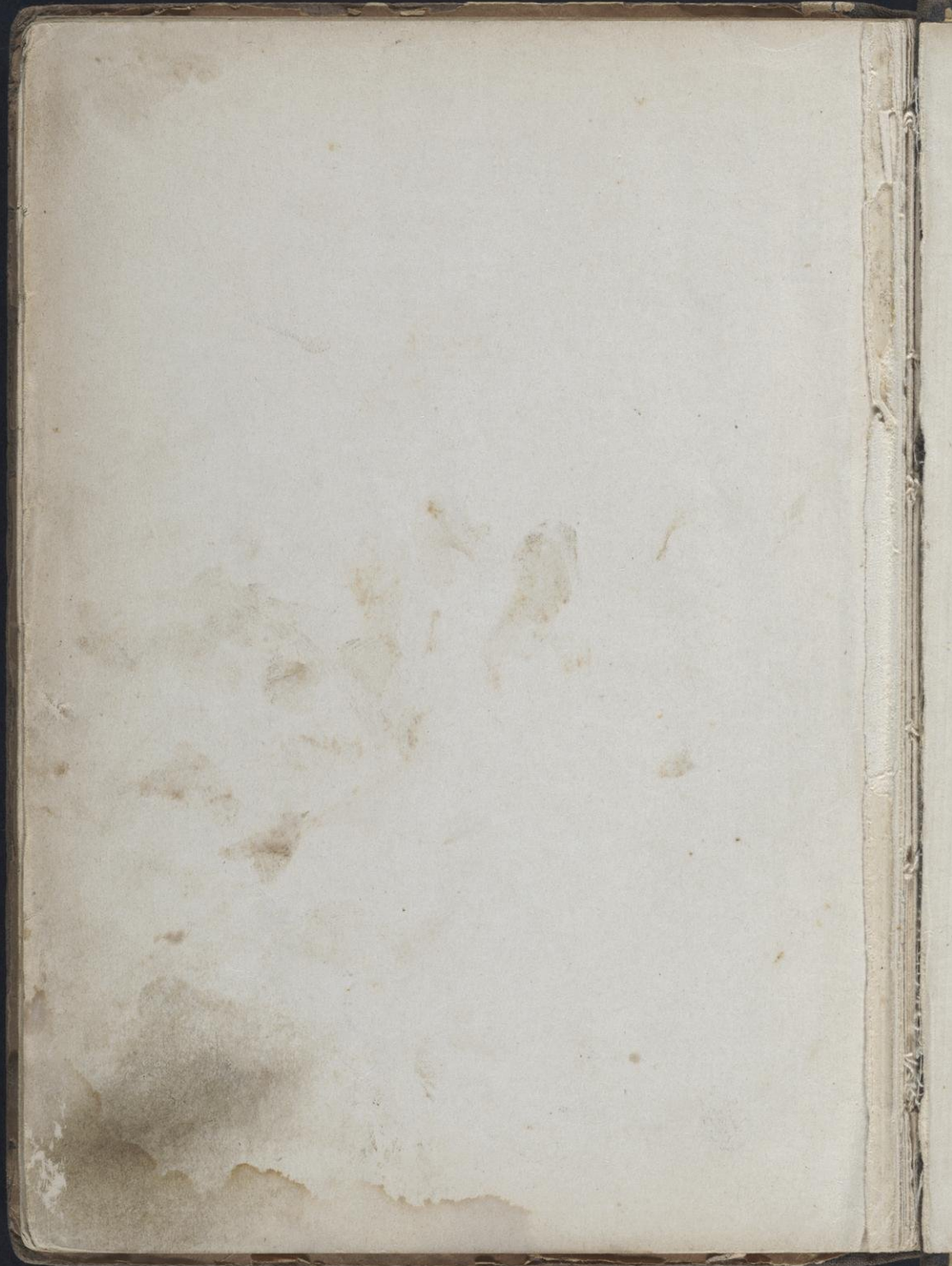
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