





Stone

THE

NEW STARRY CROWN:

FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL,

EDITED BY

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

PUBLISHED BY

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PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

THE "STARRY CROWN," after having passed through numerous editions, has again been revised by the author; and its present revision being so general in its character, it has been thought best to add the word NEW to the title.

Owing to the general adoption of Aikin's Character-Notes, it became necessary to have new stereotype-plates made for the book; and, in having this done, it was deemed best to condense the music into as small a compass as possible, and then to add new music to fill up the pages to the complement of former editions.

This new music, together with the elementary statements prefixed to the body of the work, is the only excuse for changing the name to "THE NEW STARRY CROWN."

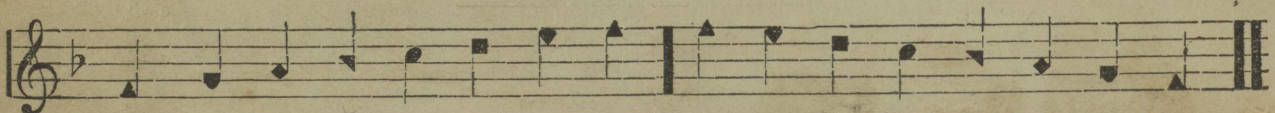
In its present form, it will be found a much more serviceable book for the Sabbath School, and as a companion for the Singing class, than the former editions.

With the hope that it may continue to do good, and that its songs may cheer the heavenward pilgrim, we send it forth on its new mission.

THE PUBLISHERS.

August 1st, 1877.

THE SCALE.



Doe, Ray, Mee, Faw, Sole, Law, See, Doe. Doe, See, Law, Sole, Faw, Mee, Ray, Doe.

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J. M. ARMSTRONG, MUSIC TYPOGRAPHER,
PHILADELPHIA.

THE SINGING-SCHOOL.

NOTE 1.—It has been the object of the author to present, in a few brief chapters, the most important things under the different heads which music is treated upon, necessary to enable the learner to gain sufficient knowledge to read music correctly. It will be necessary to study the following chapters closely, however, as nothing is contained in them which is not of importance to the student. They are divested of all unnecessary terms, and the teacher, it is hoped, will use his influence to secure good discipline upon the subject, remembering that “repetition is the mother of improvement.”

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL DIVISIONS.

Every musical tone has three essential properties, without which it cannot exist, viz. —

PITCH, LENGTH, POWER.

Hence these three grand distinctions into which elementary instruction in music is naturally divided:—

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

Under these three general heads will be noticed everything necessary to assist the pupil in learning to read music.

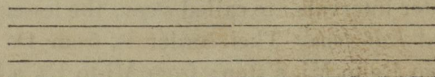
CHAPTER II.

MELODY.

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

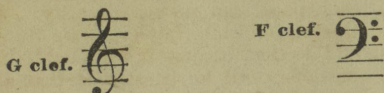
2. The Staff.—The tones of the scale are written upon a *Staff* with certain characters called *Notes*. The staff consists of five lines and four intermediate spaces. On this staff we can write nine degrees of sound, although the compass of the staff may be increased by the addition of lines and spaces.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

Added line above. — —



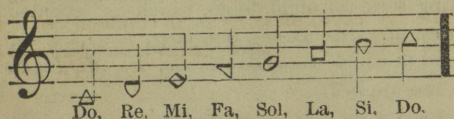
Added line below. — —

3. Clefs.—The staff, however, is a meaningless character of itself, and of no use until we prefix other characters to it, called *Clefs*. Of these there are two in use—the G clef and the F clef, as follows:—

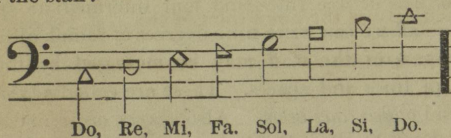


With the use of the foregoing characters mentioned in the preceding paragraphs, we can form a starting point for writing music.

We can now write the scale in the following manner:



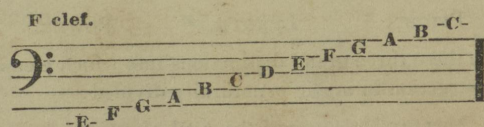
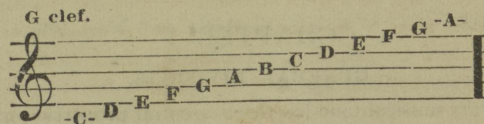
With the use of the F clef the scale would stand thus upon the staff:—



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

5. Numerals.—Numerals are used to designate the different degrees of the scale series, as 1, 3, 5, 7, 4, 6, of the scale. One always designates Do, two designates Re, three designates Mi, etc. Numerals are also used to indicate the time, and are written on the staff, fractionally, at the beginning of a tune.

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

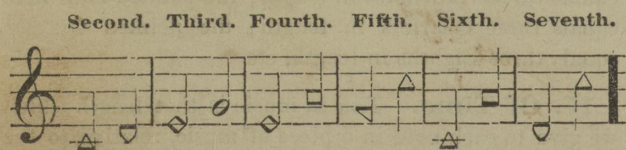


7. Sharps, Flats, and Naturals.—These are characters which affect the pitch of tones on the staff. A *Sharp* is a character which, when placed before a note, raises its pitch a half-step; a *Flat*, placed before a note, lowers its pitch a half-step; a *Natural* is used to cancel

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



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



CHAPTER III.

RHYTHM.

NOTE 2.—In practicing a Singing-School in Rhythm, the teacher will find a blackboard almost indispensable. Let him illustrate time-measures, notes, rests, etc., until each pupil can answer correctly. We do not form questions on each chapter, as we think the teacher should do that, because it will enable him to vary his questions until he is satisfied that all the pupils understand the subject.

9. Notes.—Music is written with characters called *Notes*. Notes have two shapes or forms. A *figurative* form, which represents the *syllables* applied to them. A *rhythmical* form, which represents the *length* of sounds. There are five rhythmical notes in common use. They are named *Whole*, *Half*, *Quarter*, *Eighth*, and *Sixteenth* note.

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

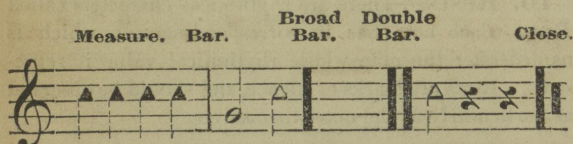
11. Diagram of Notes and Rests:—

We write the <i>Whole</i> note thus:		<i>Rest</i> , thus:	
We write the <i>Half</i> note thus:		" "	
We write the <i>Quarter</i> note thus:		" "	
We write the <i>Eighth</i> note thus:		" "	
We write the <i>Sixteenth</i> note thus:		" "	

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

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

To illustrate:—



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

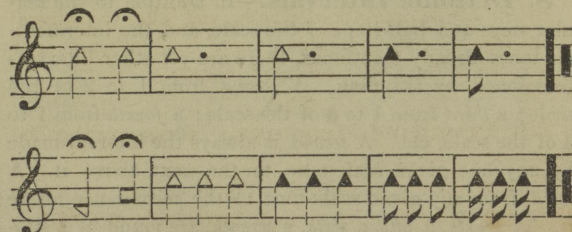
15. Pauses.—These are rhythmical characters used within the compass of the staff, and for the purpose of

protracting the length of notes. A *Pause* over or under a note protracts it about one-third its original length, though it is not an absolute character, and the time to be given to a pause is left to the taste of the performer. Sometimes it requires a much greater length than at others. There should always be a momentary suspension of the voice after the pause has been duly given to the note.

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

EXAMPLE.

Paused Notes. Pointed Notes. Pointed Notes.

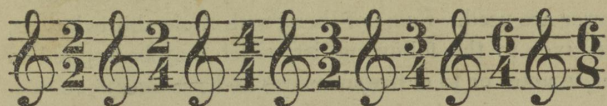


Thus the learner will see that the pointed Whole note equals three Half notes in length; the pointed Half note equals three Quarters in length; the pointed Quarter equals three Eighths in length, etc.

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

18. Of Movement.—There are three movements of Time—*Common* or *Even Time*, *Triple* or *Uneven Time*, and *Compound Time*. Common time is divided into double and quadruple measures. Those measures which divide into two parts are called *Double*, and those which divide into four parts are called *Quadruple*.

19. Of Variety.—The various measures of Time used in this work will be expressed in the following manner, viz.:—



By the use of notes, points, rests, and other rhythmical characters, an endless combination of time-measures may be written in the above indicated measures.

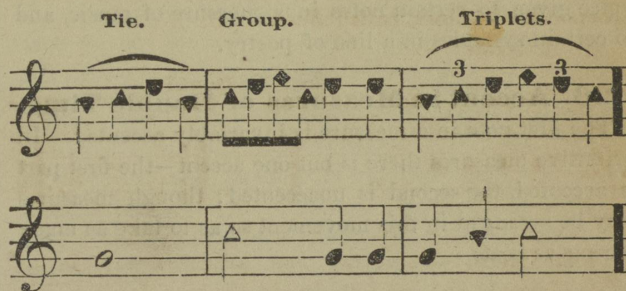
20. Primitive Measures.—A measure is called *primitive* when it contains the number and kind of notes which the fraction expresses. For instance, in *Double Time* the measure must contain two Half notes or two Quarters; in *Quadruple Time*, four Half notes or four Quarters; in *Triple Time*, three Half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

21. Derivative Measures.—Measures which do not contain the number and kind of notes called for by the fraction expressing the time, are *Derivatives*. Deriv-

ative measures must contain the quantity expressed by the fraction in other notes and rests.

22. Of Ties.—It is frequently necessary to sing or warble three or more notes to one syllable of verse. These notes are always tied together by a curved line over or under them. These are called *Grouped* or *Tied* notes.

23. Triplets.—These are frequently met with in pieces of music. Three notes tied together with the figure 3 over or under them, are required to be sung in the same time as two of the same denominational value without the figure 3. Illustrations of ties and triplets:



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

CHAPTER IV.

DYNAMICS OR POWER.

NOTE 3.—We have treated of tones in the preceding chapters as being merely *high* and *low*, and *long* and *short*. We now treat sounds as being *loud* and *soft*. No teacher can drill his class too much in expression and in accent, for they are the soul of music. Without these all-important requisites, singing is a dull, lifeless performance, unworthy the name, and without the power of music.

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

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

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

28. Accents in Triple Measures.—The first note in each measure is accented, the second and third

are unaccented, but may be so constructed as to require three accents in each measure.

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

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

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

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

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

CRESCENDO, or , increasing in power.

DIMINUENDO, or , decreasing in power.

STACCATO, or , separate and distinct.

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

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

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

CHAPTER V.

TRANSPOSITION.

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

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

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

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

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

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

38. Key of B $\flat$.—When the scale is transposed to B flat, there are found two places of disagreement. For

the tones B and E we must substitute B flat and E flat.

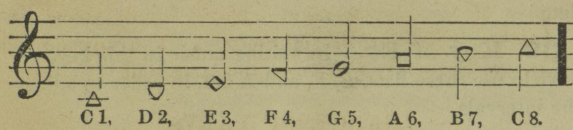
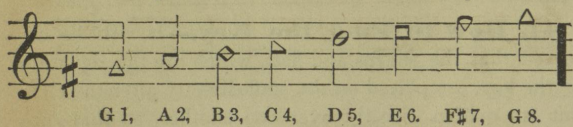
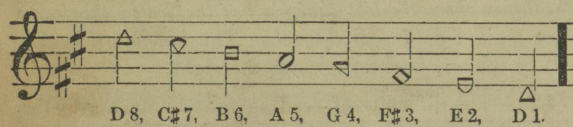
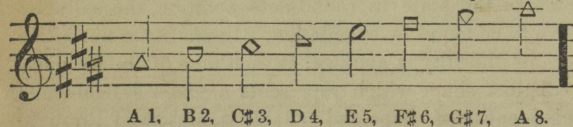
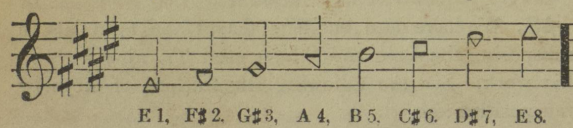
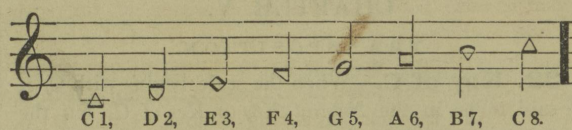
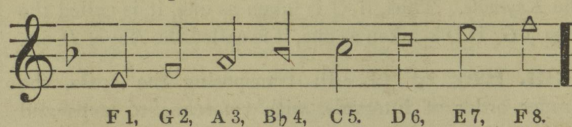
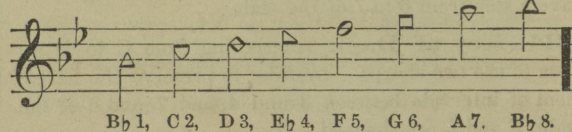
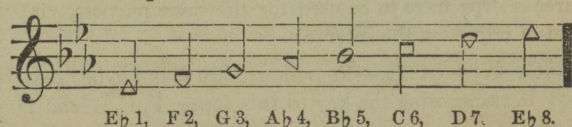
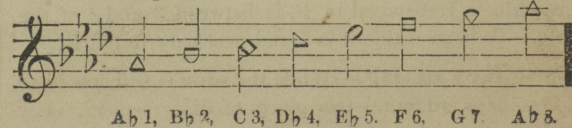
39. Key of E $\flat$.—In writing music in this key, we have to use three flats, B, E, and A flat, in order to adjust the intervals.

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

41. How to Find the Key.—It will be observed that the sharps and flats, which are the signature of the key, are placed on the staff directly after the clefs, but not written directly over one another, so that each additional sharp or flat is written a little to the right of the preceding one. The following will serve as a rule: *The degree above the last sharp is 1 of the Scale; the degree above the last flat is 5 of the scale.* The last sharp or flat will be the one farthest towards the right.

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

43. We have used but four sharps and four flats in transposing the scale, as we have used but nine keys in this work. See the following illustrations of keys by transposition:—

KEY OF C—*Natural*.Transposed to KEY OF G—*One Sharp*.Transposed to KEY OF D—*Two Sharps*.Transposed to KEY OF A—*Three Sharps*.Transposed to KEY OF E—*Four Sharps*.KEY OF C—*Natural*.Transposed to KEY OF F—*One Flat*.Transposed to KEY OF Bb—*Two Flats*.Transposed to KEY OF Eb—*Three Flats*.Transposed to KEY OF Ab—*Four Flats*.

44. In the above illustrations it will be seen that sharps raise a fifth in the transposition of the scale. Thus, in the scale of C we count C 1, D 2, E 3, F 4, G 5; and, by writing F sharp as the signature, we find that Do occupies the same position on the staff that Sol did in the scale of C. In each succeeding remove we find Do occupying the position of Sol in the former scale. In transposition by flats we find they remove a fourth in the scale, Do occupying the position in each succeeding scale that Fa did in the former. Thus C 1, D 2, E 3, F 4; flat B, and we count F 1, G 2, A 3, B 4; flat B and E, and we commence with B 1, C 2, D 3, E 4, and thus throughout the various removes.

CHAPTER VI.

CLASSIFICATION OF VOICES, AND RANGE OF PARTS.

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

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

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

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

The *Soprano*, *Air* or *Treble*, should be sung by female voices of the highest range. Many female voices are equally adapted to Alto and Soprano. The Soprano and Alto are frequently written on the same staff.

RANGE OF PARTS.

TENOR—Male.

ALTO—Female and Boys.

TREBLE—Female.

BASE—Male.

The illustration shows four musical staves, each with a treble or bass clef. Each staff contains a scale of notes, with some notes marked with triangles to indicate specific positions. The Tenor staff starts on G4 and goes up to G5. The Alto staff starts on C4 and goes up to C5. The Treble staff starts on G4 and goes up to G5. The Base staff starts on G2 and goes up to G3.

47. By the above illustration it will be seen that the Base voices should have a run from G, lower line, to E, second space above the Base staff. The Tenor voices have a range from C, added line below the staff, to G, first space above the Tenor staff. The female voices have

the same range, commencing and ending on the same letters; with this exception, G in Alto is an octave higher than G in the Base, and C in Treble is an octave higher than C in Tenor.

NOTE 4.—The teacher should aim as far as practicable to classify his scholars in this order securing low voices for Base, and high voices for Tenor, observing

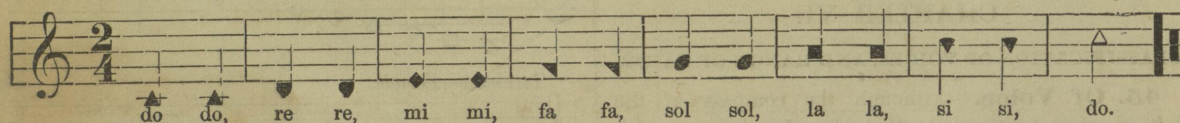
the same order for Alto and Treble. Attention to this fact will enable him to avoid many of the *harsh, grating* sounds occasioned by Base voices attempting Soprano, or the *weak, faint* sound occasioned by high voices attempting parts below their range.

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

CHAPTER VII. PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

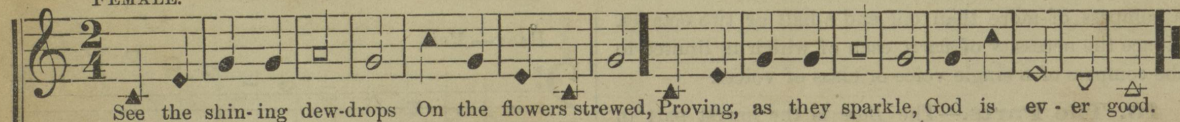
EXAMPLE I.—Scale Exercises.

Two beats to each measure. First note in each measure *loud*, the second note in each measure *soft*.

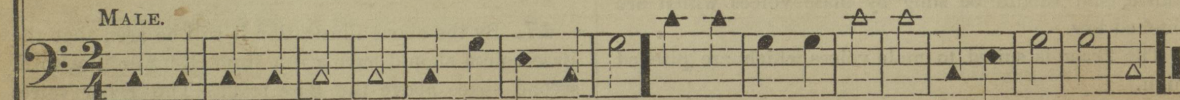


EXAMPLE II.—One beat to each Quarter note.

FEMALE.



MALE.



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

EXAMPLE III.—*Quadruple Time.*

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

1. Shout across the si-lent sea, Ship a-hoy! Ship ahoy! Oh, what sight could gladder be, Ship ahoy! Ship a - hoy!
2. Days and nights alone we sail, Ship a-hoy! Ship ahoy! Cheer her on the ris-ing gale, Ship ahoy! Ship a - hoy!

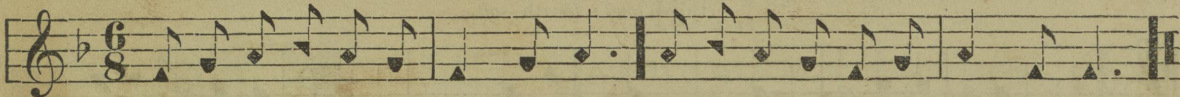
EXAMPLE IV.—*Triple Time.*

Three beats to a measure. First note in each measure, *loud*; second and third, *soft*.

1. Shout across the si-lent sea, Ship a-hoy! Ship ahoy! Oh, what sight could gladder be, Ship ahoy! Ship a - hoy!
2. Days and nights alone we sail, Ship a-hoy! Ship ahoy! Cheer her on the ris-ing gale, Ship ahoy! Ship a - hoy!

EXAMPLE V.—*Compound Time.*

Two beats to the measure. First and fourth parts accented.



48. In the foregoing examples we have given two of Double Time, one of Quadruple Time, one of Triple Time, and one of Compound Time. These are deemed sufficient to illustrate the movement of each kind of Time. The subdivisions of these movements have been treated upon in Paragraph 19, of Variety.

The marking of the Time should claim particular attention, and is performed in the following manner, viz: the measures of Double Time must have two beats or countings of the hand, *down, up*—a down beat on the first part of each measure and an up beat on the second part. In measures of Quadruple Time we have four beats or countings of the hand, *down, left, right, up*—a down beat on the first part of each measure, left beat on the second, right beat on the third, and an up beat on the fourth. In the measures of Triple Time we have three countings or

beats of the hand, *down, left, up*—a down beat on the first part of the measure, a left beat on the second, and an up beat on the third part. In measures of Compound Time we have two beats or countings of the hand, *down, up*—a down beat on the first part of the measure, and an up beat on the fourth part.

The accent of these measures has been treated upon under Chapter IV.

We have adopted the name Compound Time instead of Sextuple Time as it is generally called, from the simple fact that it is a Compound measure. Two primitive measures of Triple Time added will make a primitive measure of Compound Time. Few authors instruct the giving of six beats to the measure in this movement, as it has been found almost impracticable, and, whenever attempted, leads to dull and lifeless performance.

THE NEW STARRY CROWN.

THE STARRY CROWN.

A. S. KIEFFER.

CHORUS.

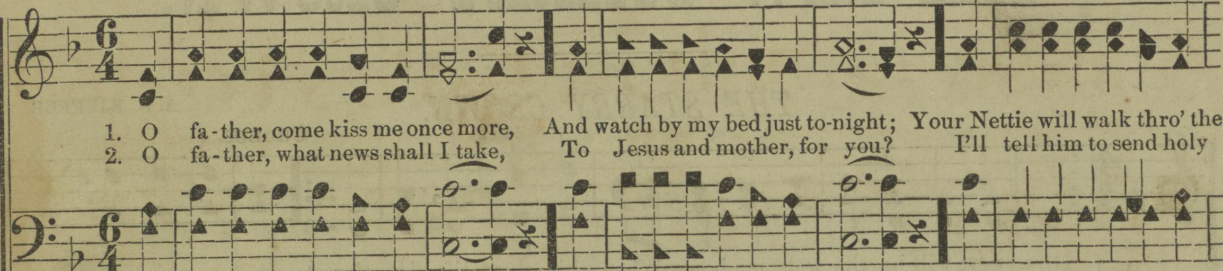
1. { How sweet will be the welcome home When this short life is o'er, }
When pain and sor-row, care and grief, Shall dwell with us no more. } When we shall wear the
2. { When we that bright and heav'nly land, With spir - it eyes shall see, }
And join the ho - ly an - gel band, In praise, dear Lord, of thee. } When we shall wear the

Starry Crown, In yon bright home on high, The Starry Crown, the Starry Crown, In yon bright home on high.
Starry Crown, In yon bright home on high, home on high, The Starry Crown, the Starry Crown, In yon bright home on high.

3 O may we live while here below,
In view of that blest day,
When God's bright angels shall come down,
To bear our souls away!—Chorus.

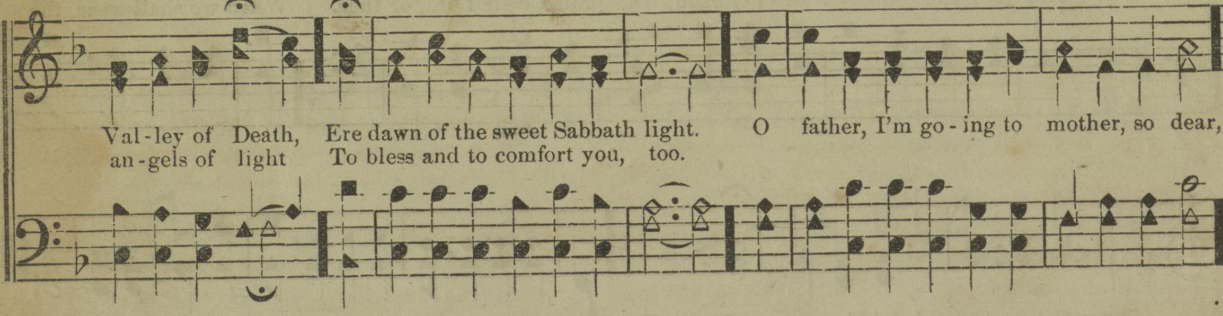
4 When we shall walk the golden streets,
In garments white and pure;
And sing an endless song to Him
Who made our souls secure.—Chorus.

HOME TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

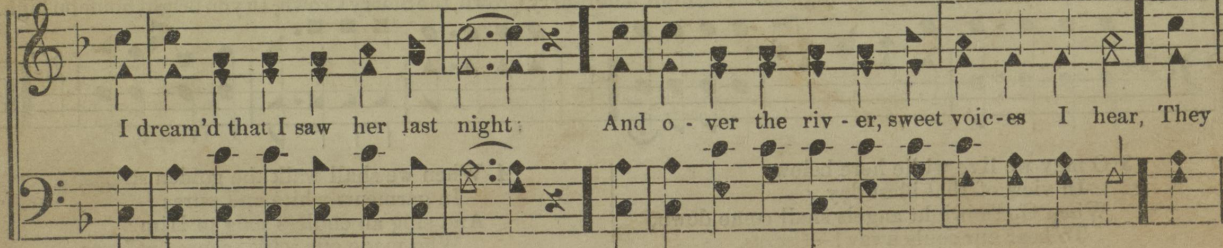
Words and Music by
A. S. KIEFFER

1. O fa-ther, come kiss me once more, And watch by my bed just to-night; Your Nettie will walk thro' the
2. O fa-ther, what news shall I take, To Jesus and mother, for you? I'll tell him to send holy

CHORUS.



Val-ley of Death, Ere dawn of the sweet Sabbath light. O father, I'm go-ing to mother, so dear,
an-gels of light To bless and to comfort you, too.



I dream'd that I saw her last night: And o-ver the riv-er, sweet voic-es I hear, They

16 AS Kieffer *many*
 78- J. H. Tenney *more*

home, home to my mother in heaven.

And when I am gone to my mother in heaven,
 O father, please give up your drink.—Chorus.

5 O father, dear father, once more,
 Please read in my Bible, and think:
 "No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven,"
 O God, keep my father from drink!—Chorus.

4 O father, dear
 Of Jesus I pray

From "TEMPLE CHOIR." BONA FIDE S. M. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Go to thy rest, my child: Go to thy dreamless bed, While yet so gentle, undefiled, With blessings on thy head.
 2. Shall love with weak embrace, Thy upward wing detain? No! gentie angel, seek thy place A - mid the cher-ub train.

HOME TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN. Concluded.

17



3 Our home here is lonely and dark,
And oft we are hungry and cold;
But I shall go home to my mother to-night,
Where pleasures are purer than gold.—*Chorus.*

4 O father, dear father, once more,
Of Jesus I pray you to think;

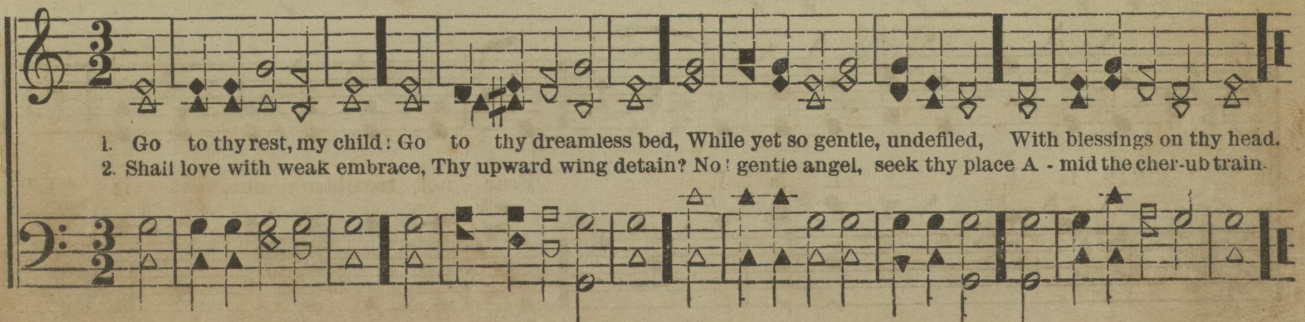
And when I am gone to my mother in heaven,
O father, please give up your drink.—*Chorus.*

5 O father, dear father, once more,
Please read in my Bible, and think:
"No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven,"
O God, keep my father from drink!—*Chorus.*

From "TEMPLE CHOIR."

BURBER. S. M.

J. H. TENNEY.



2 New Starry Crown.

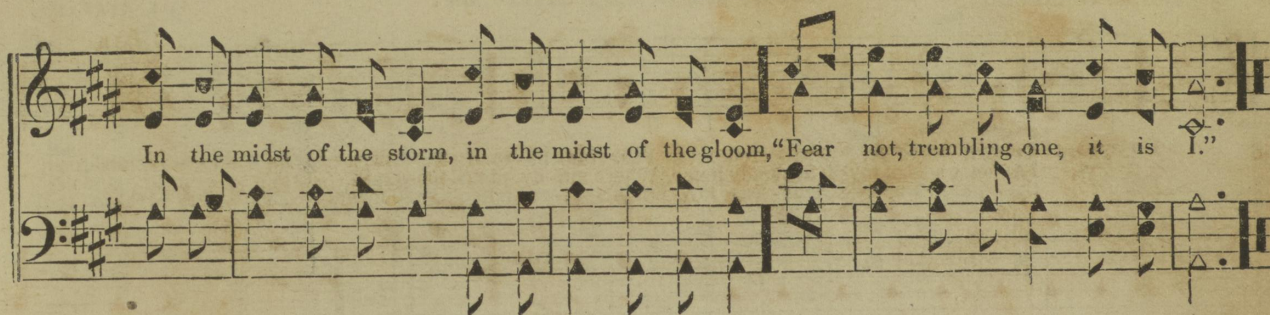
1. When the storm in its fu - ry on Gal - li - lee fell, And lift - ed its wa - ters on high,
2. The storm could not bu - ry that word in the wave, 'Twas taught thro' the tem - pest to fly.

And the faith - less dis - ci - ples were bound in the spell, Je - sus whispered, "Fear not, it is I."
It shall reach his dis - ci - ples in ev - er - y clime, Say - ing, "Be not a - fraid, it is I."

"It is I, it is I, Fear not, trembling one, it is I."

"IT IS I!" *Concluded.*

19

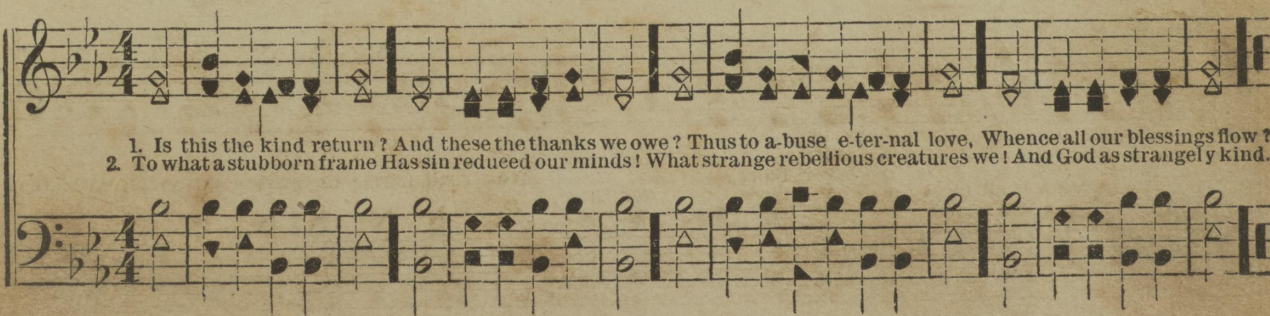


3.
When the spirit is broken with sorrow and care,
And comfort is ready to die,
Then the darkness shall pass, and the sunshine appear,
By the life-giving word, "It is I."

4.
When death is at hand, and this cottage of clay,
Is left with a tremulous sigh,
The gracious Redeemer will light all the way,
Saying, "Be not afraid, it is I."

5.
When the river is past, and the glories unknown
Burst forth on the wondering eye—
He will welcome, encourage, and comfort his own,
Saying, "Be not afraid, it is I."

CLEMENT.



1. Is this the kind return? And these the thanks we owe? Thus to abuse eternal love, Whence all our blessings flow?
2. To what a stubborn frame Has sin reduced our minds! What strange rebellious creatures we! And God as strangely kind.

THE NEW BY-AND-BY.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. There is a place of sa - cred rest, Far, far be - yond the skies, Where beau - ty smiles e -
 2. My Fa - ther's house, my heavenly home, Where ma - ny mansions stand, Pre - pared by hands di -
 3. In that pure home of tear - less joy, Earth's severed friends shall meet, With smiles of love that

CHORUS.

ter - nal - ly, Where pleas - ure nev - er dies. By - and - by, by - and - by, We shall
 vine for all Who love the bet - ter land. By - and - by, by - and - by, by - and
 nev - er fade, And bless - ed - ness com - plete.

meet by we shall meet o - ver there, o - ver there, We shall meet to part no more, All the

loved ones gone be - fore, There to sing re - demption's sto - ry. On the hap - py, gold - en shore.

This musical score is for a song. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the notes.

UNITY.

MISS MAGGIE STREET.

1. Firmly, brethren, firmly stand, All united heart and hand, One unbroken, valiant band. Dauntless, brave, and true ;
2. Once our fathers, "freedom" cried, "Victory or death betide;" But with Jesus on our side, Death, and victory' too ;
3. Glorious thus for Christ to die, And with Christ to reign on high ; There with victor hosts to cry, "Christ has brought us thro' ;"

This musical score is for a song. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F-sharp), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Lift your standard, hoist it high, Raise the Christian battle-cry ; Christ, your glorious Leader, nigh, Calls to victory.
There to die, the battle won, There to fall, the warfare done, Glory brighter than the sun,—Then our promised due.
Christ, our Captain's name, to boast, Quells the dark Satanic host ; Fall we then each at his post—Fall as Christians do.

This musical score is for a song. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F-sharp), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written below the notes.

1. We seek the Gold-en Cit-y, The Cit-y of our King, And as we jour-ney thith-er, We
 2. Its walls are built of jas-per, Its streets are of pure gold, And countless are the glo-ries Which
 3. The pearl-y gates stand o-pen, For there they have no night, Nor sun, nor moon, nor can-dle- The

CHORUS.

joy-ful-ly will sing. Come, friends, come, friends, together let us sing, Of the Gold-en Cit-y, The
 we shall there be-hold.
 Lamb, he is the light.

beau-ti-ful Gold-en Cit-y, Of the Gold-en Cit-y, The Cit-y of our King.

4 And there is no more sorrow,
 Nor pain, nor death, nor sin,
 Nor naught that worketh evil
 Shall ever enter in.—*Cho.*

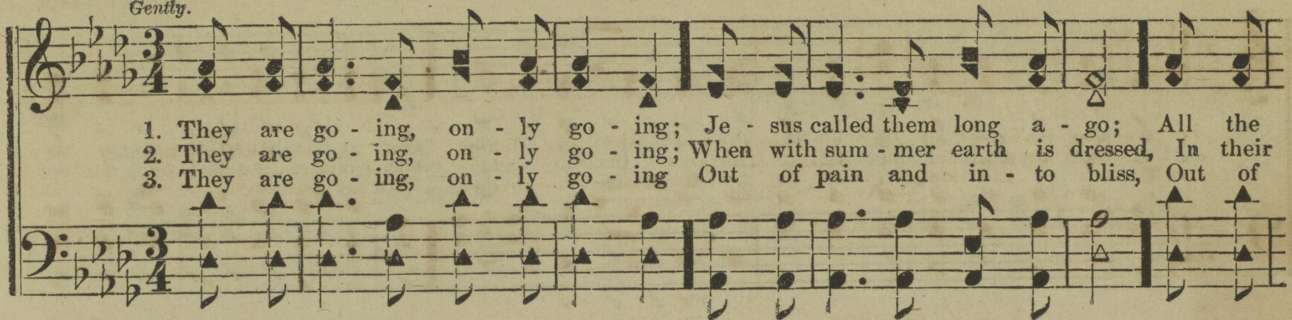
5 And there life's crystal river,
 Eternally shall flow;
 While leaves to heal the nations
 Close by its waters grow.—*Cho.*

6 But through that Golden City
 Our loudest praise shall ring,
 When we behold our Saviour,
 Our Prophet, Priest, and King.—*Cho.*

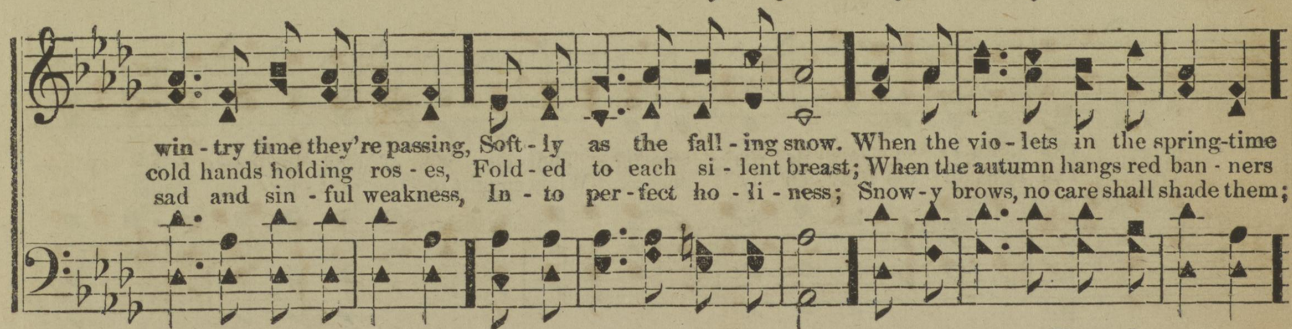
GOING HOME.

WYATT MINSHALL. 23

Gently.

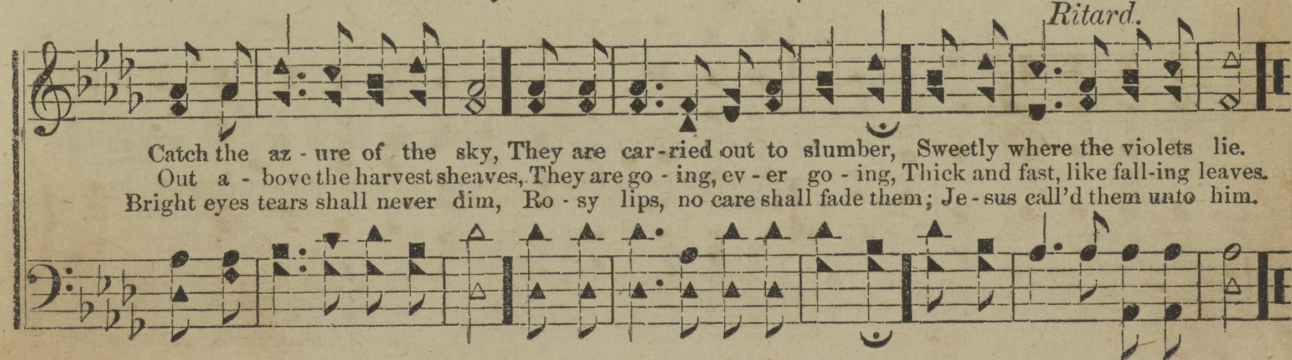


1. They are go - ing, on - ly go - ing; Je - sus called them long a - go; All the
 2. They are go - ing, on - ly go - ing; When with sum - mer earth is dressed, In their
 3. They are go - ing, on - ly go - ing Out of pain and in - to bliss, Out of



win - try time they're passing, Soft - ly as the fall - ing snow. When the vio - lets in the spring-time
 cold hands holding ros - es, Fold - ed to each si - lent breast; When the autumn hangs red ban - ners
 sad and sin - ful weakness, In - to per - fect ho - li - ness; Snow - y brows, no care shall shade them;

Ritard.



Catch the az - ure of the sky, They are car - ried out to slumber, Sweetly where the violets lie.
 Out a - bove the harvest sheaves, They are go - ing, ev - er go - ing, Thick and fast, like fall - ing leaves.
 Bright eyes tears shall never dim, Ro - sy lips, no care shall fade them; Je - sus call'd them unto him.

NO NIGHT ON THAT GOLDEN SHORE.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. O when shall we sweetly re - move, O when shall we en - ter our rest, — Re - turn to the Zi - on a -
 2. But angels themselves cannot tell The joys of that ho - li - est place, Where Je - sus is pleas'd to re -

bove, The moth - er of spir - its dis - tress'd? That cit - y of God the great King, Where
 veal The light of his heav - en - ly face; When caught in the rapt - ur - ous flame, The

sor - row and death are no more, Where saints our Imman - u - el sing, And cherub and seraph a - dore.
 sight be - a - tif - ic they prove; And walk in the light of the Lamb, En - joying the beams of his love.

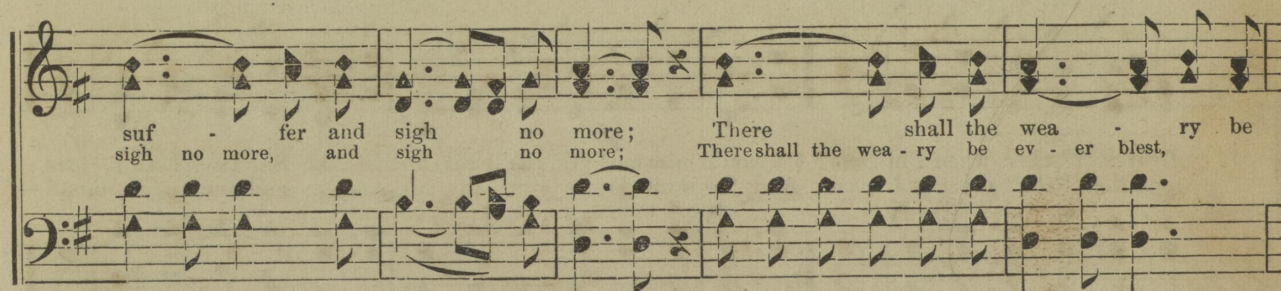
NO NIGHT ON THAT GOLDEN SHORE. Concluded.

25

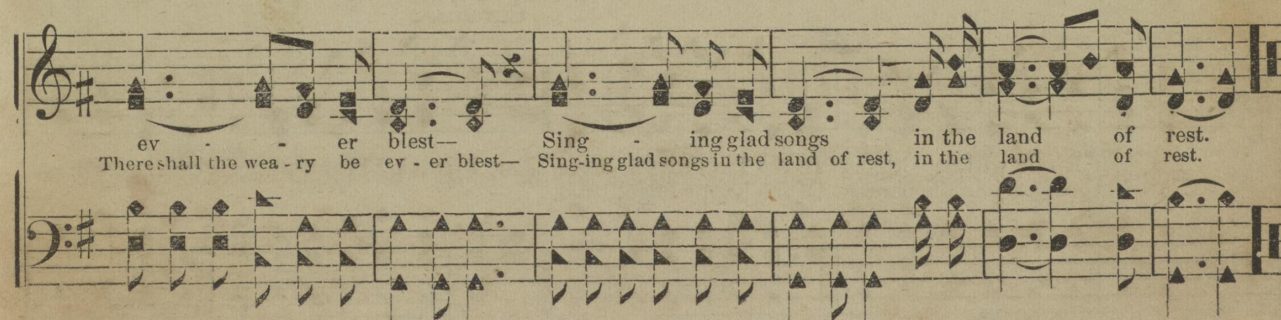
CHORUS.



There is no night on that gold - en shore; There we shall
 There is no night on that gold - en shore. There is no night on that gold - en shore; There we shall suf - fer and

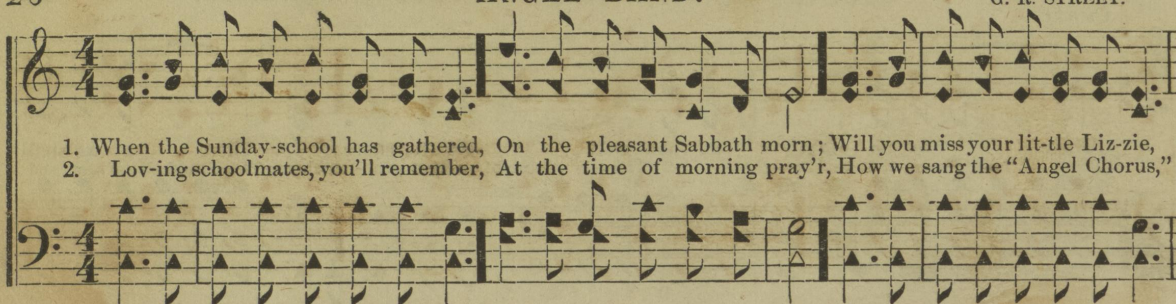


suf - fer and sigh no more; There shall the wea - ry be
 sigh no more, and sigh no more; There shall the wea - ry be ev - er blest,

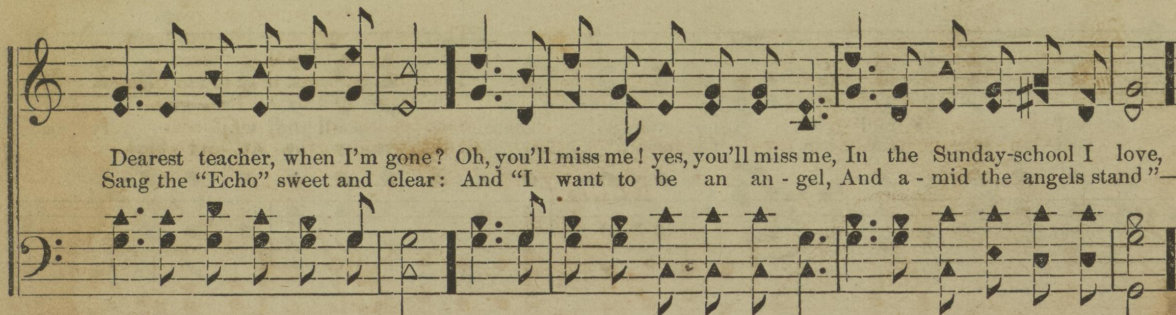


ev - er blest— Sing - ing glad songs in the land of rest.
 There shall the wea - ry be ev - er blest— Sing-ing glad songs in the land of rest, in the land of rest.

ANGEL BAND.

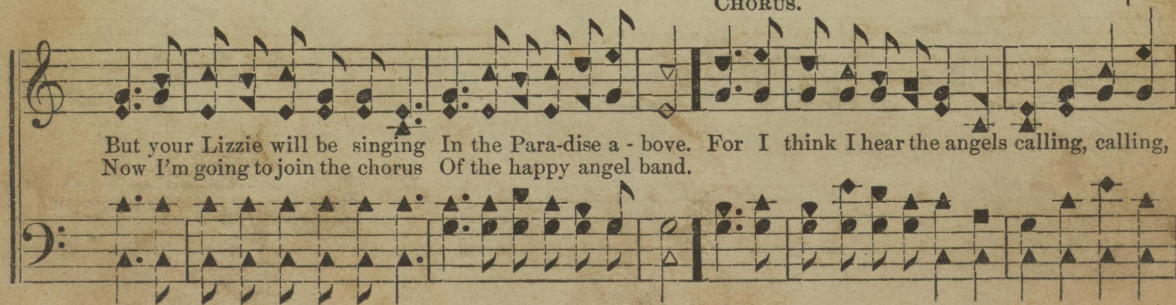
Words and Music by
G. R. STREET.

1. When the Sunday-school has gathered, On the pleasant Sabbath morn; Will you miss your lit-tle Liz-zie,
2. Lov-ing schoolmates, you'll remember, At the time of morning pray'r, How we sang the "Angel Chorus,"



Dearest teacher, when I'm gone? Oh, you'll miss me! yes, you'll miss me, In the Sunday-school I love,
Sang the "Echo" sweet and clear: And "I want to be an an-gel, And a-mid the angels stand"—

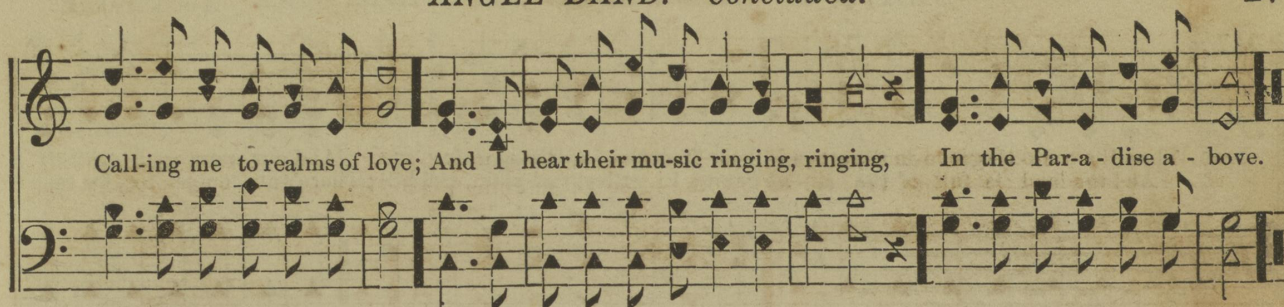
CHORUS.



But your Lizzie will be singing In the Para-dise a - bove. For I think I hear the angels calling, calling,
Now I'm going to join the chorus Of the happy angel band.

ANGEL BAND. Concluded.

27



Call-ing me to realms of love; And I hear their mu-sic ringing, ringing, In the Par-a - dise a - bove.

3 Farewell! mother, I am going;
See the angels coming near;
How they crowd around me, mother!
How they do my spirit cheer!
O to quit this vale of sorrow,
And to rise on wings above;
O to be an angel, mother,
Where the angels dwell in love!—Chorus.

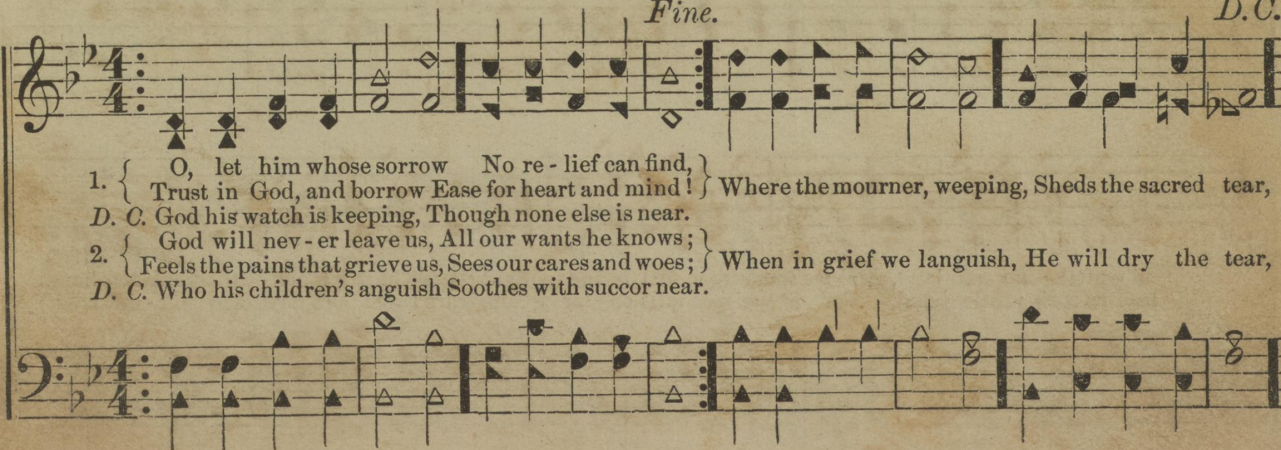
4 Colder, colder I am growing;
Chilly waters round me roar:
There's my Saviour—blessed Jesus,
Smiling on the other shore;—
Take me, Saviour, take me to thee—
Kiss me, mother—let me go—
Safe beyond this rolling Jordan,
Safe from sorrow, sin, and woe.—Chorus.

RELIEF.

Fine.

A. S. KIEFFER.

D. C.



1. { O, let him whose sorrow No re - lief can find, }
Trust in God, and borrow Ease for heart and mind! } Where the mourner, weeping, Sheds the sacred tear,
D. C. God his watch is keeping, Though none else is near.
2. { God will nev - er leave us, All our wants he knows; }
Feels the pains that grieve us, Sees our cares and woes; } When in grief we languish, He will dry the tear,
D. C. Who his children's anguish Soothes with succor near.

GRAVE ON THE GREEN HILLSIDE.

Words and Music by
A. S. KIEFFER.

1. There's a lit-tle grave on the green hillside That lies to the morning sun, And our wayworn feet oft-en
2. Ah! the land is full of the lit-tle graves, In valley, and plain, and hill; There's an an-gel, too, for each

ander there When the cares of the day are done; There we oft-en sit till the twi-light falls, And
lit-tle grave, And these angels some mission fill; And I know not how, but I sometimes think They

talk of the far-off land, And we sometimes feel in the twilight there The soft touch of the vanished hand.
lead us with gentle hand, For a whisper falls on our willing ears From the shores of a far-off land.

GRAVE ON THE GREEN HILLSIDE. *Concluded.*

29

CHORUS.

Grave on the green hill - side, . . . Grave on the green hill-side; In the years to come we will

calm - ly sleep In a grave on the green hill-side.

3.

And these little graves are but wayside marks
That point to the far-off Land,
And they speak to the soul of a better day,
Of a day that is near at hand;
Tho' we first must walk thro' the darksome vale,
Yet there Christ will be our Guide;
And we'll reach the shore of the far-off Land
Through a grave on the green hillside.—*Chorus.*

CALISTOGA.

A. F. OLINGER.

1. If, thro' unruffled seas, Tow'rd heav'n we calmly sail, With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fost'ring gale.
2. But should the surges rise, And rest delay to come, Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home.
3. Soon shall our doubts and fears, All yield to thy control; Thy tender mercies shall illumine The midnight of the soul!

WALKING THE SEA.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. There's a light on the dark and surging deep That shines when the loud winds roar,
2. There's a light in the depths of surging life That shin-eth for-ev-er-more,

And the form of the Friend who does not sleep Comes on from the oth-er shore.
And the Friend who would stay all sin and strife Is here from the oth-er shore.

Walking the sea, to you and to me, Keeping the light of us e'er to be-friend,
Walking life's sea, to you and to me, Walking so care-ful-ly, seek-ing to find,

WALKING THE SEA. *Concluded.*

31

Ev - er in sight of us suc - cor to lend, Walking the sea, Walking the sea.
Ev - er so pray'r-ful - ly, earn - est and kind, Walking the sea, Walking the sea.

3 There's a light in the depths of Christian hearts
That gleams on the crown before,
And the Savior whose love a bliss imparts,
Attends to the other shore.

Walking life's sea with you and with me,
Keeping in reach of us, watching for all,
Caring for each of us, lest we should fall,
Walking the sea, walking the sea.

JUST AS I AM.

KARL REDEN.

Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come!

FAIRMOUNT.

G R STREET.

1. Praise to thee, thou great Cre-a - tor, Praise be thine from ev' - ry tongue; Join, my soul, with ev - ry creature,
D.S. Hail the God of our sal - va - tion,
 2. For ten thousand blessings, giv-en, For the hope of fu - ture joy, Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven,
D.S. There, en - rap-tur'd fall be-fore him,

Fine. *D.S.*

Join the u - ni - ver - sal song, Father, source of all com - pas - sion, Free, un-bound-ed grace is thine,
 Praise him for his love di - vine.
 Sound Je - hovah's praise on high, Joy-ful - ly on earth a - dore him, Till in heaven our songs we raise,
 Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

Words by
 W. F. COSNER.

OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Have we grown wea - ry of toil and of strife? Soon will be end - ed the bat - tle of life!
 2. Soon the last note of life's tune shall be sung: Soon on the wil - low the harp will be hung,

OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME. Concluded.

33

Soon cease the storm where the o - cean waves foam ; Soon shall we rest in our beau - ti - ful home.
Leav - ing for - ev - er our sor - row and gloom, Soon shall we sing in our beau - ti - ful home.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful home, Beau - ti - ful home, Soon shall we rest in our beau - ti - ful home.

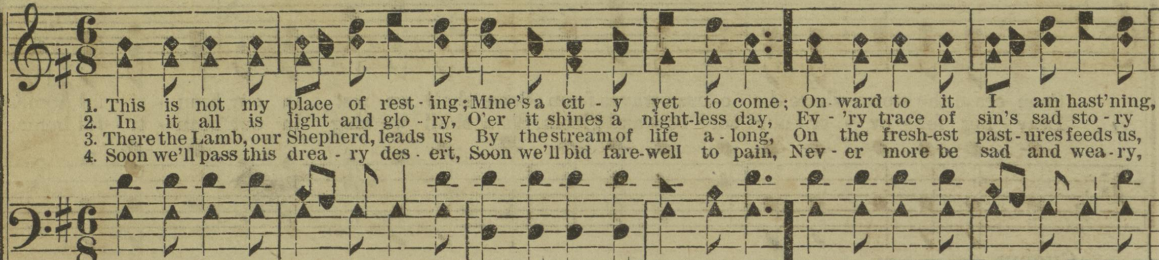
Beau - ti - ful home ! beau - ti - ful home ! Soon shall we rest in our beau - ti - ful home.

3 Soon will the dew on the flower be dried,
Soon drop the roses that bloom side by side,
Soon fade the stars when the morning is come,
Soon shall we love in our beautiful home.—Chorus.

4 Life, like a vapor, will vanish away ;
Human love, like the sweet flower, decay ;
Soon to the city of God shall we come,—
Then shall we live in that beautiful home.—Chorus.

THIS IS NOT MY PLACE OF RESTING.

A. S. KIEFFER.



1. This is not my place of rest-ing; Mine's a cit-y yet to come; On ward to it I am hast'ning,
 2. In it all is light and glo-ry, O'er it shines a night-less day, Ev'-ry trace of sin's sad sto-ry
 3. There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us By the stream of life a-long, On the fresh-est past-ures feeds us,
 4. Soon we'll pass this drea-ry des-ert, Soon we'll bid fare-well to pain, Nev-er more be sad and wea-ry,

CHORUS.



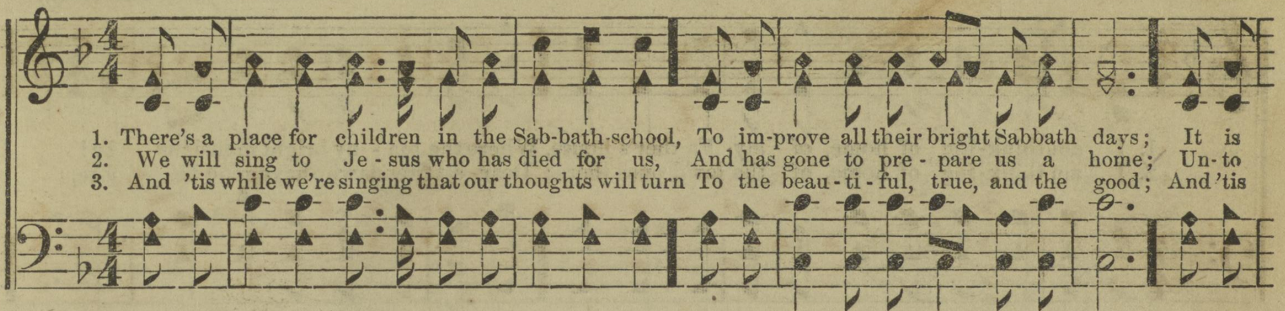
On to my e-ter-nal home. Nev-er more, Nev-er more, Nev-er more be
 By God's grace has past a-way.
 Turns our sigh-ing in-to song.
 Nev-er more to sin a-gain.



sad and wea-ry, Nev-er more to sin a-gain; Nev-er more, nev-er more.

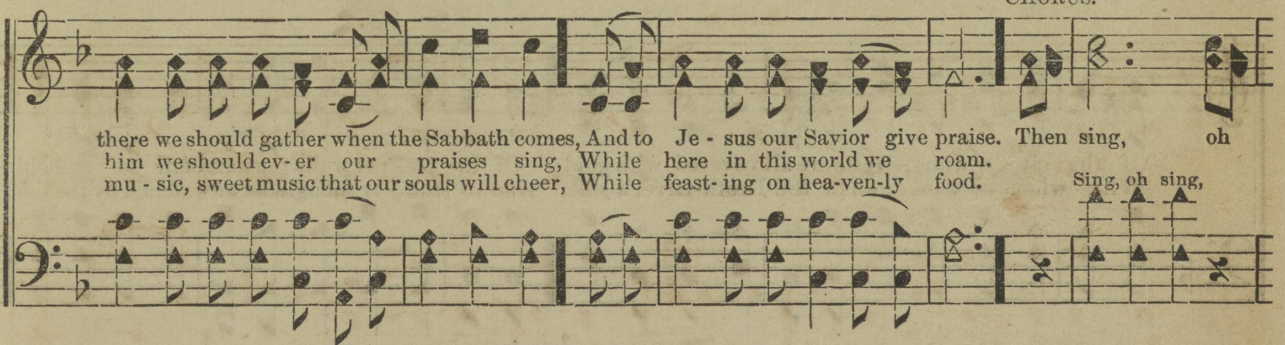
WE WILL SING.

Words and Music by 35
L. B. HERR.

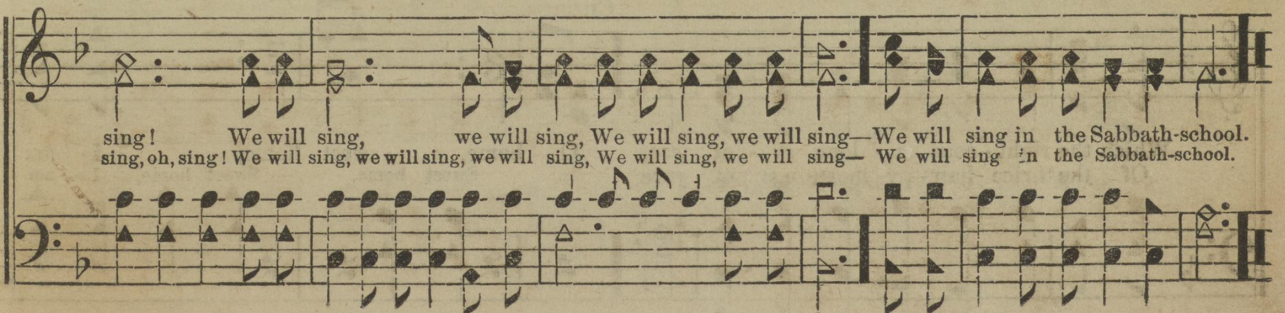


1. There's a place for children in the Sab-bath-school, To im-prove all their bright Sabbath days; It is
2. We will sing to Je - sus who has died for us, And has gone to pre - pare us a home; Un-to
3. And 'tis while we're singing that our thoughts will turn To the beau - ti - ful, true, and the good; And 'tis

CHORUS.



there we should gather when the Sabbath comes, And to Je - sus our Savior give praise. Then sing, oh
him we should ev - er our praises sing, While here in this world we roam.
mu - sic, sweet music that our souls will cheer, While feast - ing on hea - ven - ly food. Sing, oh sing,



sing! We will sing, we will sing, We will sing, we will sing—We will sing in the Sabbath-school.
sing, oh, sing! We will sing, we will sing, we will sing, We will sing, we will sing— We will sing in the Sabbath-school.

AM THINKING OF HOME.

J. E. HEAVILIN.

1. I am think-ing of home, of my Fa-ther's house, Where the ma - ny bright mansions be!
2. I am think-ing of home, of the lov'd ones there; Dear-est friends who have gone be - fore,

Of the cit - y whose streets are all covered with gold; Of its jas - per walls pure and fair to be-hold,
With whom we went down to the Death-River's side, And so sad - ly thought as we watched by the tide,

CHORUS.

Which the right - eous a - lone ev - er see. O home, sweet home, I am
Of the thrice - hap - py morn-ings of yore. Sweet home, Sweet home, I am

I AM THINKING OF HOME. Concluded.

37

thinking and longing for home; O home, sweet home, I am thinking and longing for home.
 thinking and longing for home, sweet home; Sweet home, Sweet home, I am thinking and longing for home.

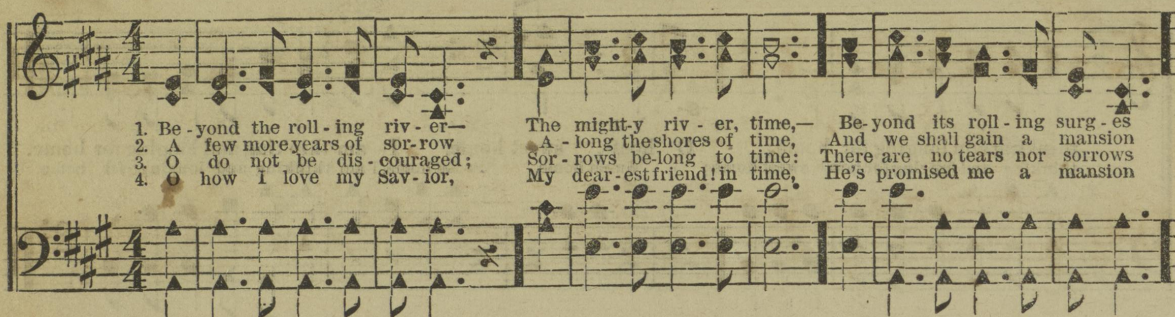
3.
 I am thinking of home, of my blessed home,
 And my spirit doth long to be
 In the far better land where the saints ever sing
 Of the love of Christ, their Redeemer and King,
 And of mercy so costly and free

4.
 I am thinking of home, yes, of home, sweet home:
 May we all in that home unite,
 With the white-robed throng who exultingly raise
 To the Triune God, sweetest anthems of praise,
 Singing glory, and honor, and might.

KINGSBURY.

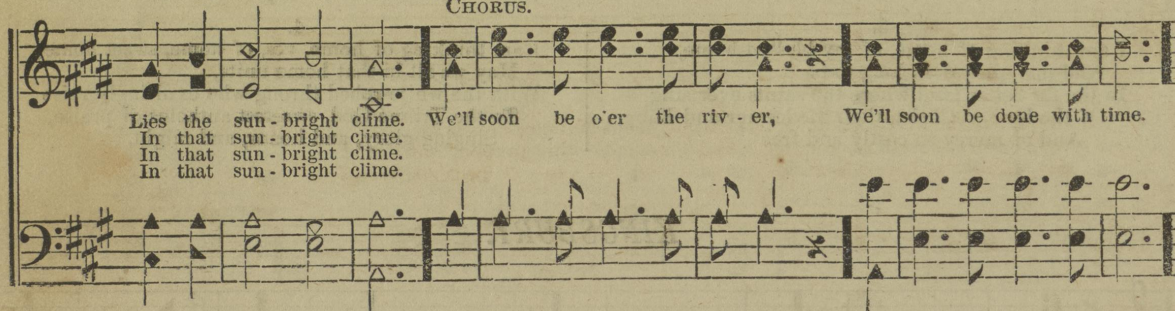
1. The Church has waited long, Her ab-sent Lord to see; And still in lone-li-ness she waits, A friendless stranger she.
 2. How long, O Lord, our God, Holy and true and good! Wilt thou not judge thy suff'ring Church, Her sighs and tears and blood?

THE SUNBRIGHT CLIME.

Words and Music by
T. F. PARLETT.


1. Be-yond the roll-ing riv-er— The might-y riv-er, time, Be-yond its roll-ing surg-es
 2. A few more years of sor-row A-long the shores of time, And we shall gain a mansion
 3. O do not be dis-couraged; Sor-rows be-long to time: There are no tears nor sorrows
 4. O how I love my Sav-ior, My dear-est friend! in time, He's promised me a mansion

CHORUS.



Lies the sun-bright clime. We'll soon be o'er the riv-er, We'll soon be done with time.
 In that sun-bright clime.
 In that sun-bright clime.
 In that sun-bright clime.



We soon shall rest in heaven, In that sunbright clime.

5 O won't you follow Jesus
 Along the lane of time,
 And gain a home in heaven
 In that sunbright clime?—Chorus.

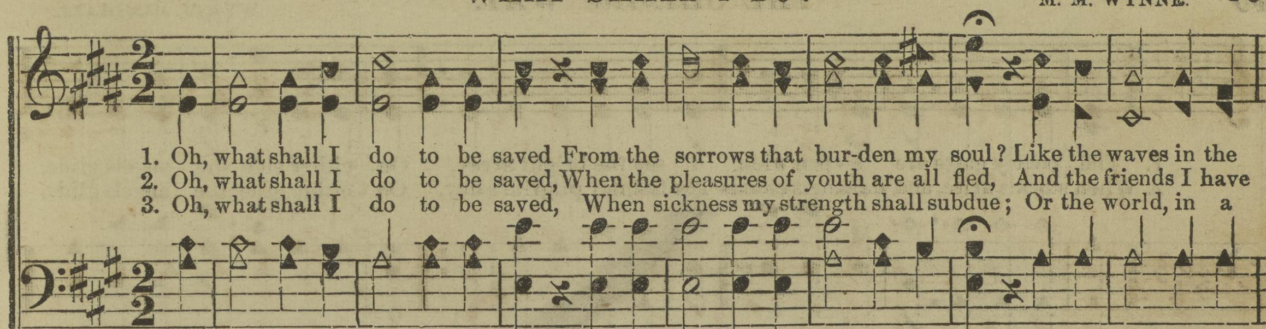
6 I'll love and serve my Jesus
 While here I live in time;
 I hope in heaven to praise him,
 In that sunbright clime.—Chorus.

7 Dear friends have gone to glory,
 Beyond the shores of time;
 They're resting from their labors
 In that sunbright clime.—Chorus.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

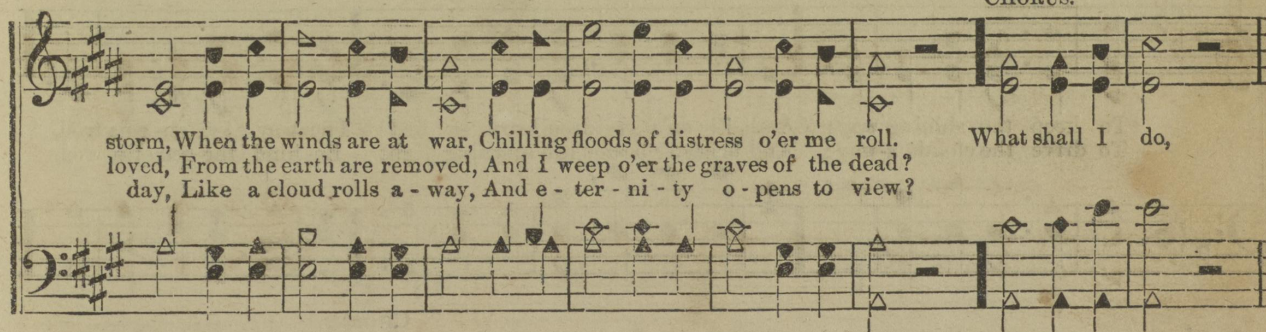
M. M. WYNNE.

39

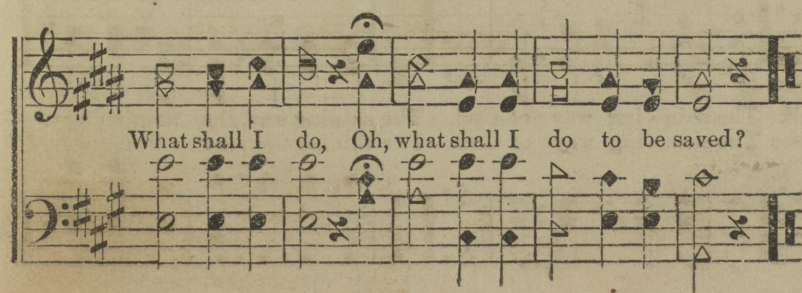


1. Oh, what shall I do to be saved From the sorrows that bur-den my soul? Like the waves in the
 2. Oh, what shall I do to be saved, When the pleasures of youth are all fled, And the friends I have
 3. Oh, what shall I do to be saved, When sickness my strength shall subdue; Or the world, in a

CHORUS.



storm, When the winds are at war, Chilling floods of distress o'er me roll. What shall I do,
 loved, From the earth are removed, And I weep o'er the graves of the dead?
 day, Like a cloud rolls a-way, And e-ter-ni-ty o-pens to view?



What shall I do, Oh, what shall I do to be saved?

4.
 O Lord, look, in mercy, on me;
 Come, oh, come, and speak peace to my
 Unto whom shall I flee, [soul;
 Dearest Lord, but to thee?
 Thou canst make my poor broken heart
 whole.
 CHO.—That will I do,
 That will I do;
 To Jesus I'll go and be saved.

THE SHINING WAY.

WYATT MINSHALL.

1. The pearly gates are o - pen wide, I see the bright array, On either side the angels glide,
2. When storms arise, and darkness clouds The faithful pilgrim's day, On either side the angels glide,

To keep the shining way; And Zi - on's children learn to find The way by an - gels trod,
To drive the clouds a-way; And brighter beams the morning light Be - hind the gen - tle rod,

CHORUS.

Where Christ's redeem'd in union walk The shin - ing way of God. The shining way, the shining way,
And Christ's redeem'd more clearly see The shin - ing way of God. The shining way, the shining way,

THE SHINING WAY. *Concluded.*

41

The shin-ing way of God, Where Christ's redeem'd in u-nion walk The shin-ing way of God.
The shin-ing way of God, And Christ's redeem'd more clearly see The shin-ing way of God.

3 And soon they walk the golden streets,
Nor walk they there alone,
On either side the angels glide,
To lead them to the throne.
And there they wear a starry crown,
While mortals tire and plod,

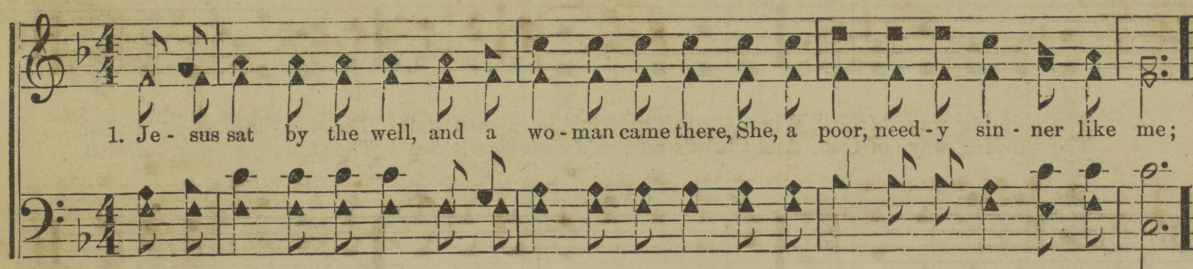
For Christ's redeemed are kings who tread
The shining way of God.
The shining way, the shining way,
The shining way of God,
For Christ's redeemed are kings who tread
The shining way of God.

JEFFERSON.

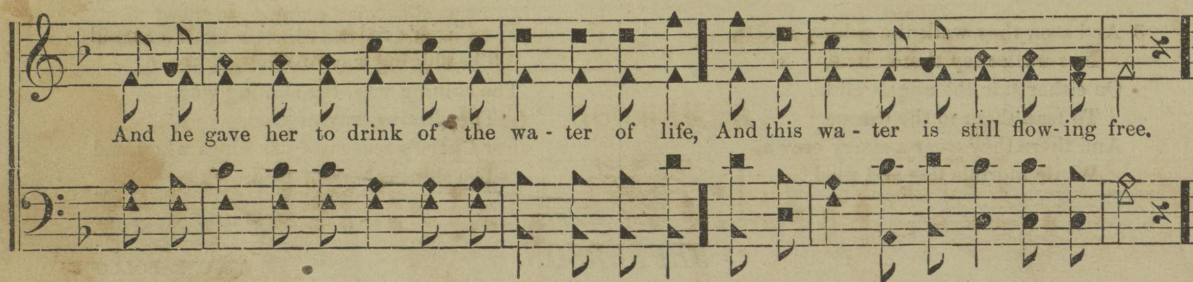
C. E. POLLOCK.

1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear; O, may we all re-mem-ber well, The night of death draws near!
2. Lord, keep us safe this night, Secure from all our fears, May angels guard us while we sleep, Till morning light appears.

JACOB'S WELL.

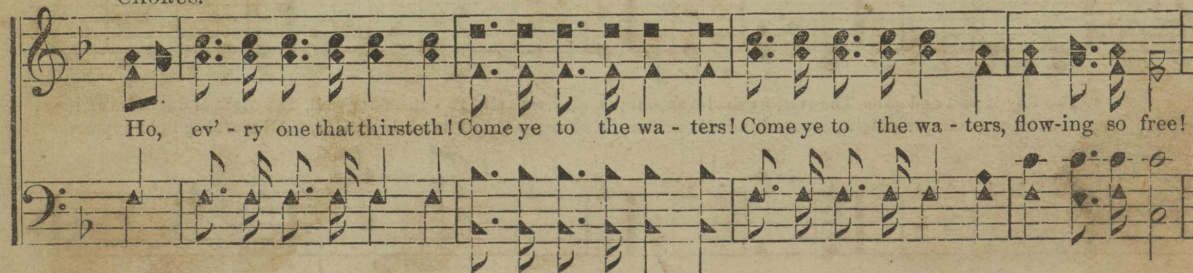
Words and Music by
A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Je - sus sat by the well, and a wo - man came there, She, a poor, need - y sin - ner like me;



And he gave her to drink of the wa - ter of life, And this wa - ter is still flow - ing free.

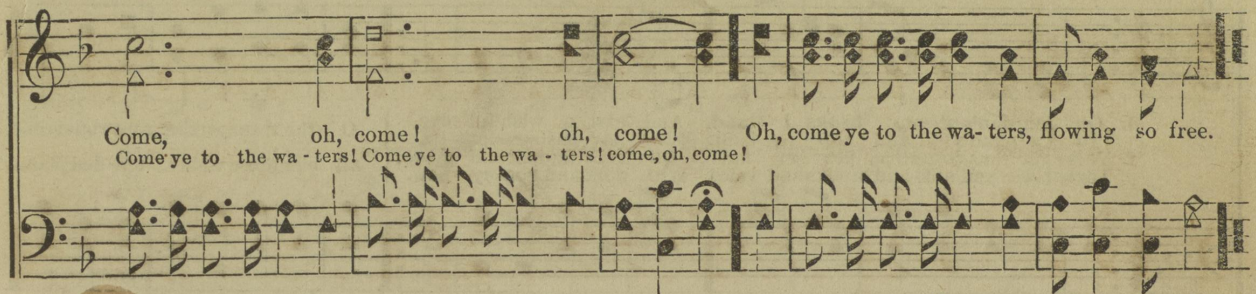
CHORUS.



Ho, ev' - ry one that thirsteth! Come ye to the wa - ters! Come ye to the wa - ters, flow - ing so free!

JACOB'S WELL. Concluded.

43



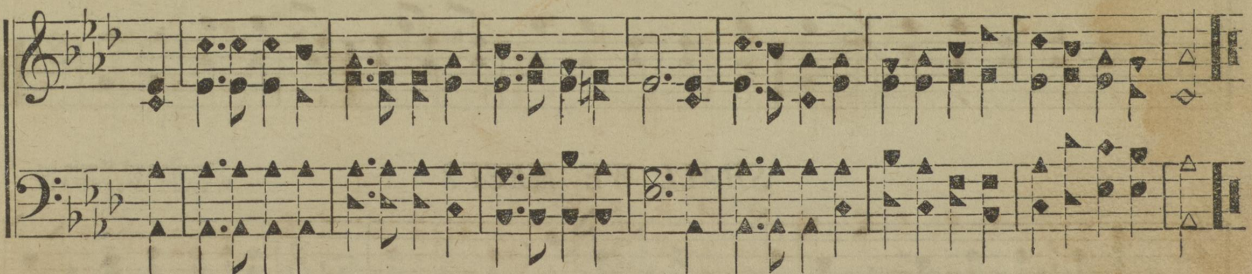
Come, oh, come! oh, come! Oh, come ye to the wa-ters, flowing so free.
Come ye to the wa-ters! Come ye to the wa-ters! come, oh, come!

2.
Whoso drinketh this water shall thirst never more,
For a fountain it ever shall be,
Springing up in thy soul unto life evermore;
And this water is flowing for thee.

3.
Jacob's well is still full, and the Savior still waits,
And he calls, thirsty sinner, to thee;
Will you drink of the fountain of Jacob and live,
While this water is still flowing free?

HOMEWOOD. C. M.

C. E. POLLOCK.



1. How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy Word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.
2. 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light
That guides us all the day;
And, thro' the danger of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

3. Thy precepts make me truly wise:
I hate the sinner's road:
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.
4. Thy Word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page;
Thy holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

THE PROMISED LAND.

H. E. ENGLE.

1. On Jor-dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye, } O the transporting rapt'rous scene,
 To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie. }
 2. There gen'rous fruits that nev-er fail, On trees im-mor-tal grow; } All o'er those wide ex-ten-ded plains,
 There rocks and hills and brooks and vales, With milk and hon-ey flow. }

That ris-es to my sight! Sweet fields ar-rayed in liv-ing green, And riv-ers of de-light.
 Shines one e-ter-nal day; There God the Son, for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.

SHALL WE MEET?

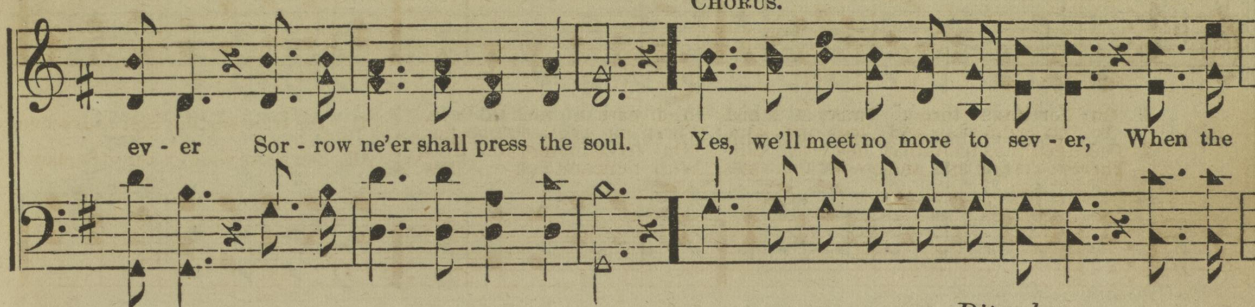
Chorus and Music by
WYATT MINSHALL.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll? There in all the bright for-

SHALL WE MEET. . Concluded.

45

CHORUS.



ev - er Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul. Yes, we'll meet no more to sev - er, When the

Ritard.



storms of life are o'er;— We shall an-chor in the har-bor, Of the bright for-ev - er - more.

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine,
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

6 Shall we meet with Christ our Savior
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we know his blessed favor,
And sit down upon the throne?

4 Where the music of the ransomed
Rolls its harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus,
With its sweet melodious sound?

5 Shall we meet with many a loved one
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

THE BANQUET OF LOVE.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. { "Go forth in the highway, and bid to my banquet, Be-hold! it stands read-y to - day; }
 { The chos-en have tar-ried, bring hith-er the need - y, That throng in life's bus-y high - way. }

CHORUS.

Now all things are read - y, The Master says, "come," The whole world is bidden, and yet there is room,

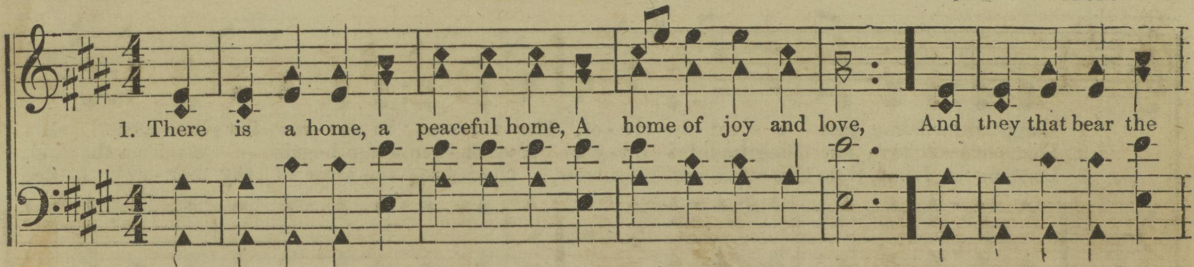
The whole world is bidden, The whole world is bidden, The whole world—and yet there is room.

2 Then quickly the servants went out from their Master,
 His message with gladness they told;
 And in from the highway the needy came flocking,
 His mercy and love to behold.—*Chorus.*

3 O wayworn and weary, despise not the message
 That sounds in life's busy highway;
 Reject not his mercy, the Savior stands waiting—
 The banquet is ready to-day.—*Chorus.*

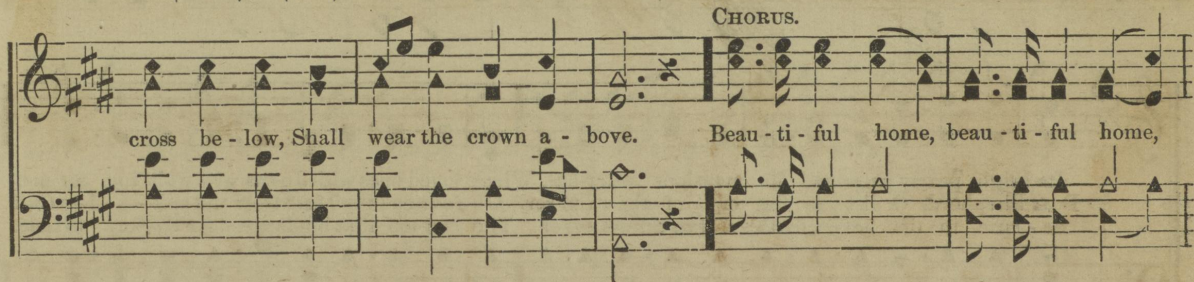
BEAUTIFUL HOME.

J. O. SPURGEON. 47

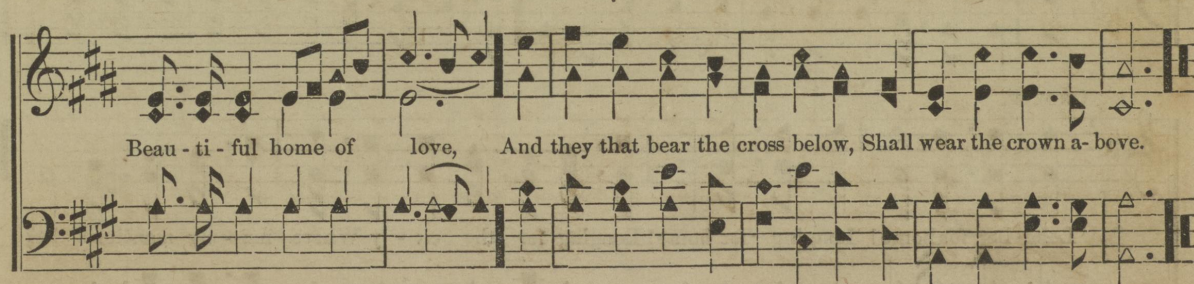


1. There is a home, a peaceful home, A home of joy and love, And they that bear the

CHORUS.



cross be - low, Shall wear the crown a - bove. Beau - ti - ful home, beau - ti - ful home,



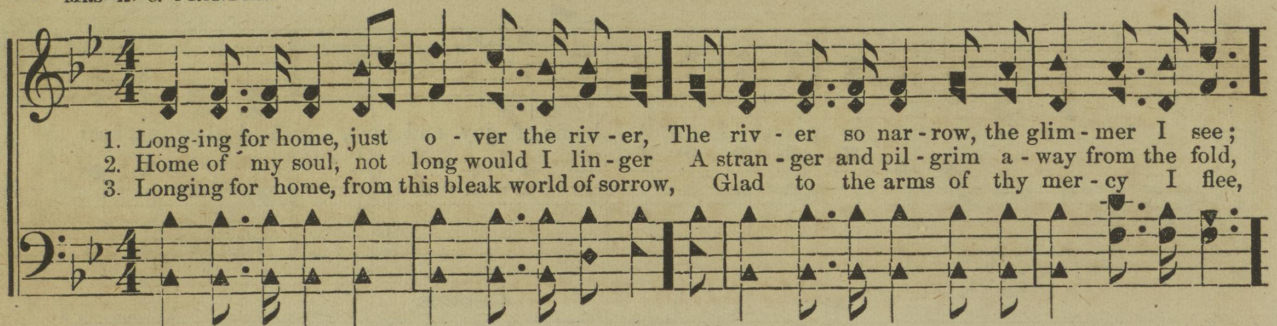
Beau - ti - ful home of love, And they that bear the cross below, Shall wear the crown a - bove.

2 No night shall dim that glorious home,
For Jesus is the light;
And mourning pilgrims here below
Shall there be clad in white.—Chorus.

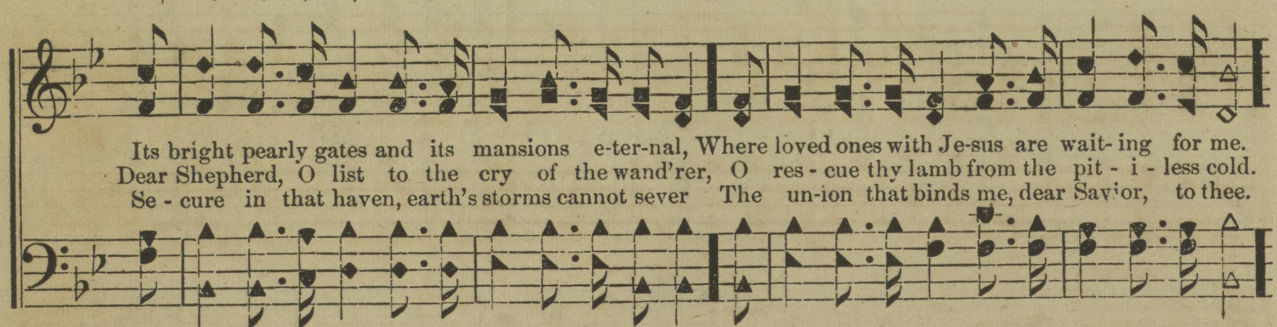
3 With palms of victory in their hands,
They with the ransomed sing
"All praise to him who washed us white,
Our Savior, God, and King."—Chorus.

LONGING FOR HOME.

A. S. KIEFFER.

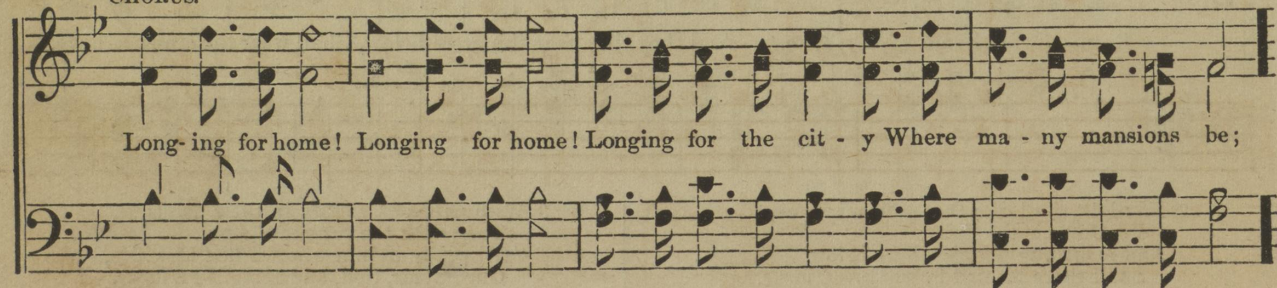


1. Long-ing for home, just o - ver the riv - er, The riv - er so nar - row, the glim - mer I see;
2. Home of my soul, not long would I lin - ger A stran - ger and pil - grim a - way from the fold,
3. Longing for home, from this bleak world of sorrow, Glad to the arms of thy mer - cy I flee,



Its bright pearly gates and its mansions e - ter - nal, Where loved ones with Je - sus are wait - ing for me.
Dear Shepherd, O list to the cry of the wand' rer, O res - cue thy lamb from the pit - i - less cold.
Se - cure in that haven, earth's storms cannot sever The un - ion that binds me, dear Sav - ior, to thee.

CHORUS.



Long - ing for home! Longing for home! Longing for the cit - y Where ma - ny mansions be;

LONGING FOR HOME *Concluded.*

49

Long - ing for home! Long-ing for home! Where loved ones with Je - sus are wait-ing for me.

DAY-STAR OF ISRAEL.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Day-Star of Is - ra - el! Bless us, we pray; While in thy courts we stand Waiting to - day.

CHORUS.

Day-Star of Is - ra - el! Day-Star of Is - ra - el! Day-Star of Is - ra - el! Beam on us now.

2 Day-Star of Israel!
Be with us now,
While at thy mercy-seat
We humbly bow.—*Chorus.*

3 Day-Star of Israel!
Oh, may thy light
Gleam thro' the sullen cloud
Of sin's dark night.—*Chorus.*

4 From all the paths of sin,
Keep our feet free;
And when this life is past,
Take us to thee.—*Chorus.*

4 New Starry Crown.

SING TO HIS GLORY.

Words and Music by
L. B. HERR.

1st time.

1. { We'll sing to the glo-ry, the glo-ry of God, Whom an-gels are prais-ing on high;
Where all that are hap-py shall meet by - and-by,

2d time. CHORUS.

And praise him in beau-ti-ful songs. Then sing . . . to his glo-ry, his glo-ry, his glo-ry, his glo-ry, his
Then sing to his glo-ry, his glo-ry, his glo-ry, his glo-ry, his

glo-ry, Then sing . . . to his glo-ry In beau-ti-ful songs.
glo-ry, Then sing to his glo-ry, his glo-ry In beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful songs.

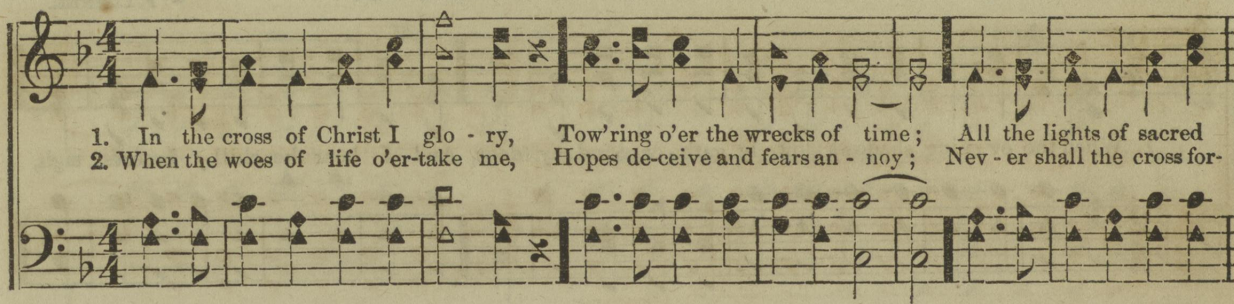
2 We'll sing to his glory, his glory on high,
In songs of devotion and praise,
As birds in their happiness warble their lays,
In beautiful, beautiful songs.—Chorus.

3 We'll sing to his glory, his glory so great,
His glory so wondrous and fair,
That seraphs forever are praising him there
In beautiful, beautiful songs.—Chorus.

"IN THE CROSS I GLORY."

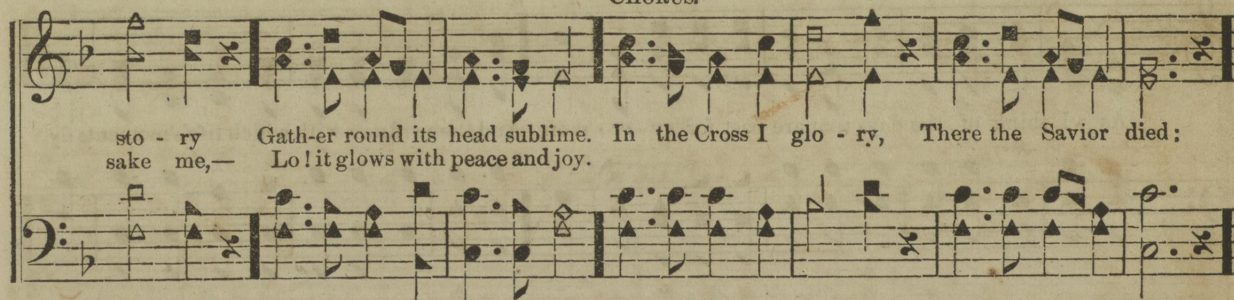
Music by
REV. C. M. HOTT.

51

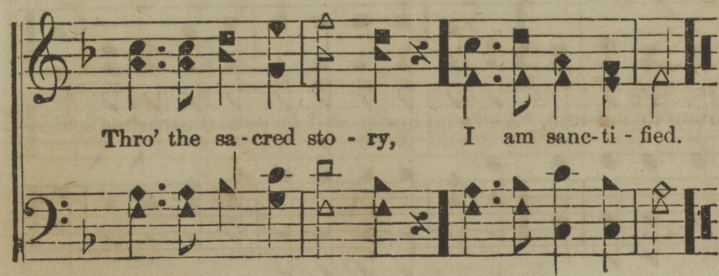


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the lights of sacred
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive and fears an - noy; Nev - er shall the cross for-

CHORUS.



sto - ry Gath-er round its head sublime. In the Cross I glo - ry, There the Savior died;
sake me,— Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

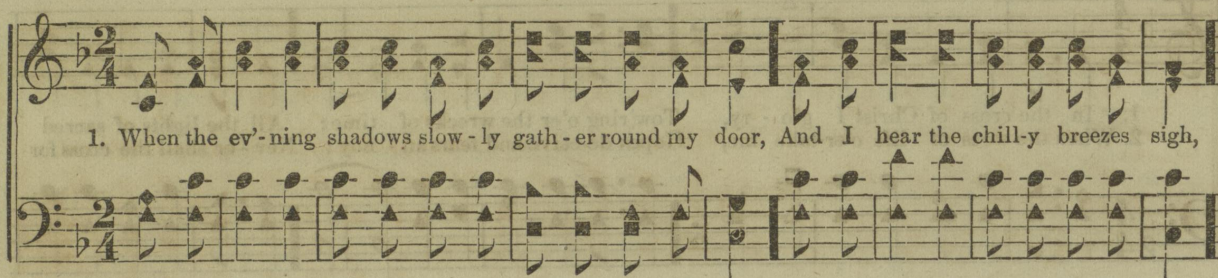


Thro' the sa-cred sto - ry, I am sanc-ti - fied.

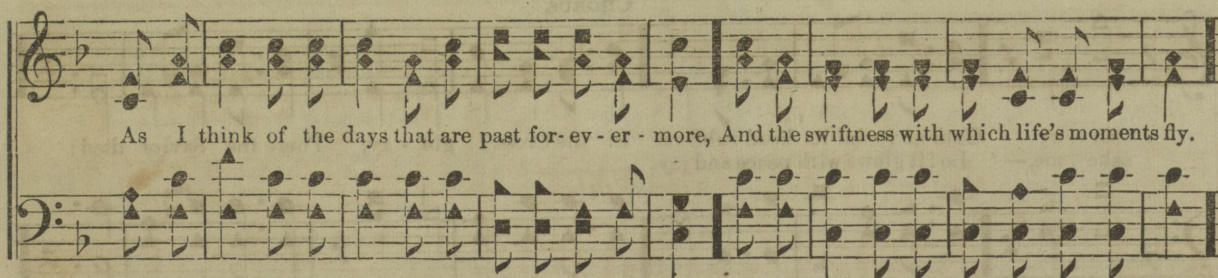
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming,
Light and hope upon my way;
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.—*Chorus.*

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.—*Chorus*

WHEN THE EVENING SHADOWS.

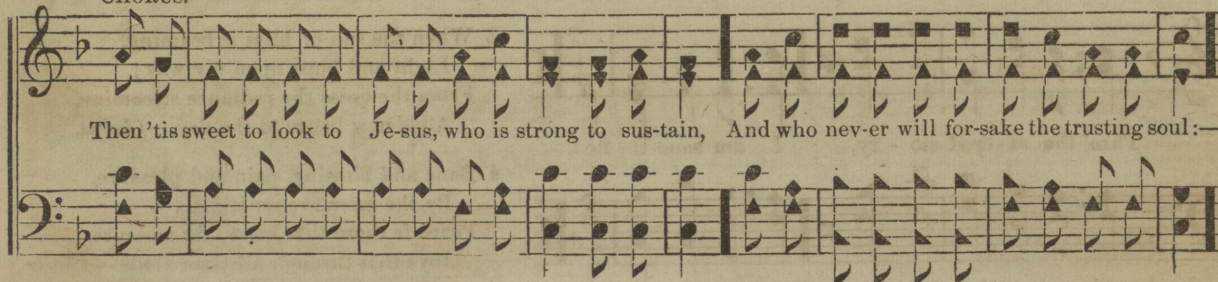
Words and Music by
W. F. COSNER.

1. When the ev'-ning shadows slow-ly gath-er round my door, And I hear the chill-y breezes sigh,



As I think of the days that are past for-ev-er - more, And the swift-ness with which life's moments fly.

CHORUS.



Then 'tis sweet to look to Je-sus, who is strong to sus-tain, And who nev-er will for-sake the trusting soul:—

WHEN THE EVENING SHADOWS. *Concluded.*

53

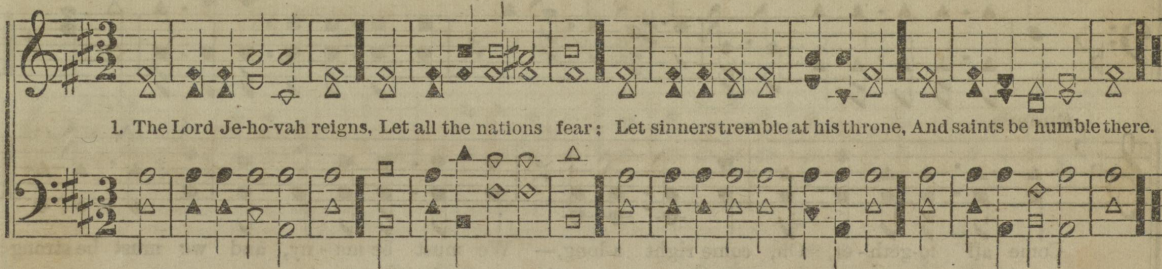


Who will give sweet-est rest on the bright gold-en plain, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.

- 2 When my heart grows lonely and all earthly pleasures
Then the Savior to comfort will be near, [fade,
Ere in slumber so sweet I may rest my aching head—
Ere is dried in repose the falling tear.
Chorus.—Then 'tis sweet to look, etc.
- 3 Then, my soul, why murmur, though afflictions seem
For they soon and forever pass away; [severe,
When we lean on the Savior, he gives us strength to bear
Every burden until the close of day.
Chorus.—Then 'tis sweet to look, etc.

SHAWMUT.

LOWELL MASON.



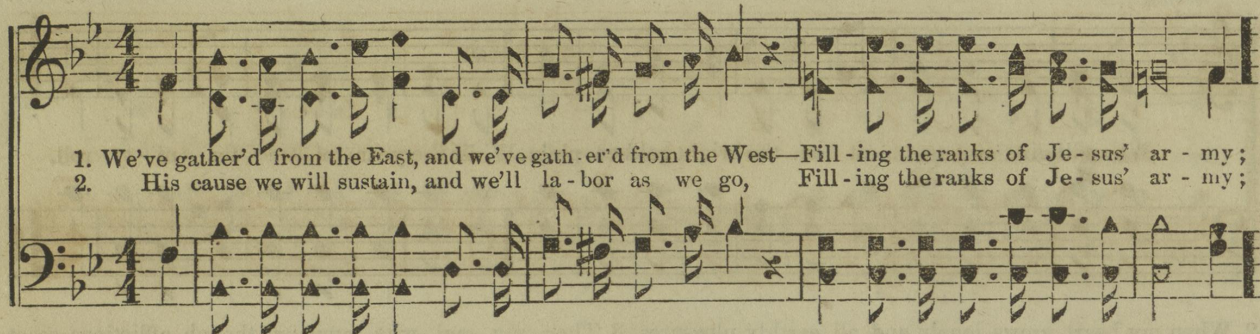
1. The Lord Je-ho-vah reigns, Let all the nations fear; Let sinners tremble at his throne, And saints be humble there.

- 2 Jesus, the Savior, reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs, his attendants, stand,
Swift to fulfill his word.

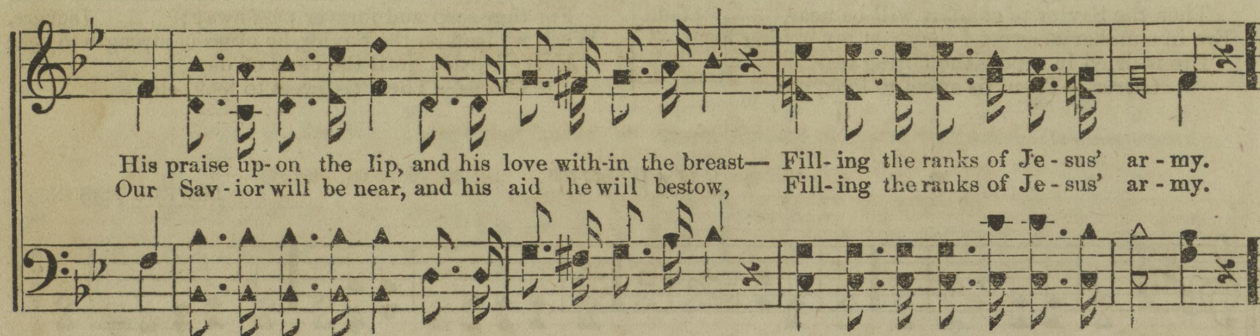
- 3 In Zion stands his throne;
His honors are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

JESUS' ARMY.

E. ROBERTS.

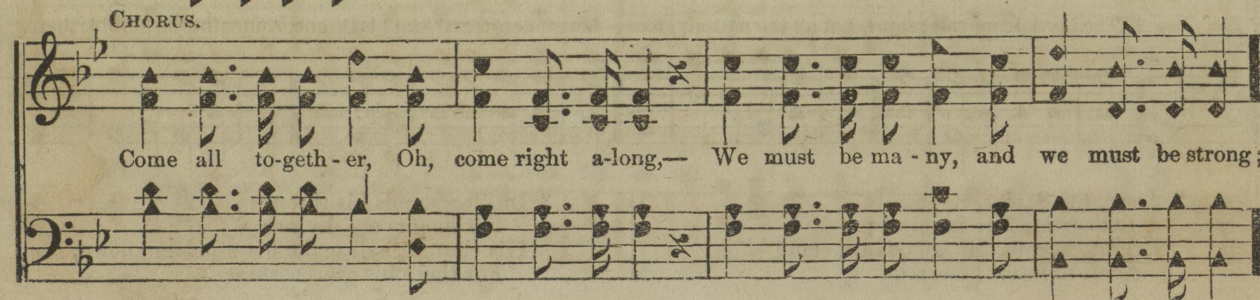


1. We've gather'd from the East, and we've gath-er'd from the West—Fill-ing the ranks of Je-sus' ar-my;
2. His cause we will sustain, and we'll la-bor as we go, Fill-ing the ranks of Je-sus' ar-my;



His praise up-on the lip, and his love with-in the breast— Fill-ing the ranks of Je-sus' ar-my.
Our Sav-ior will be near, and his aid he will bestow, Fill-ing the ranks of Je-sus' ar-my.

CHORUS.



Come all to-geth-er, Oh, come right a-long,— We must be ma-ny, and we must be strong;

JESUS' ARMY. Concluded.

55

For the work we have to do is the work for ev' - ry day, Fill-ing the ranks of Je - sus' ar - my.

- 3 Then let us all unite, and begin the work to-day,
Filling the ranks of Jesus' army;
The field is fully ripe—should the harvest-men delay,
Filling the ranks of Jesus' army.—*Chorus.*
- 4 Our banner's on the breeze, as our duty we pursue,
Filling the ranks of Jesus' army;
We're 'listed for the war—won't you come and help us through,
Filling the ranks of Jesus' army.—*Chorus.*

ENON.

1. While my Redeemer's near, My Shepherd and my Guide, I bid farewell to ev' - ry fear, My wants are all sup-plied.
2. To ever-fragrant meads, Where rich abundance grows, His gracious hand indulgent leads, And guards my sweet repose.

WAITING BY THE RIVER.

Chorus and Music by
WYATT MINSHALL.

1. I am waiting by the riv-er, And my heart has wait-ed long; Now I think I hear the

This system contains the first line of music. It features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

cho-rus Of the an-gels' welcome song. O! I see the dawn is breaking, On the

This system contains the second line of music. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the notes.

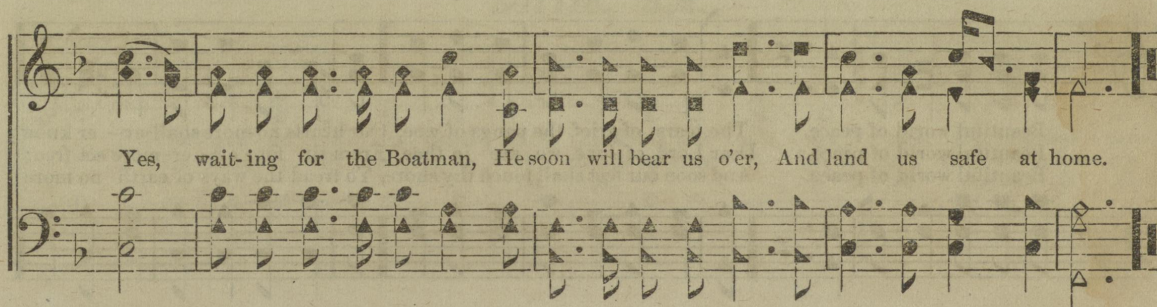
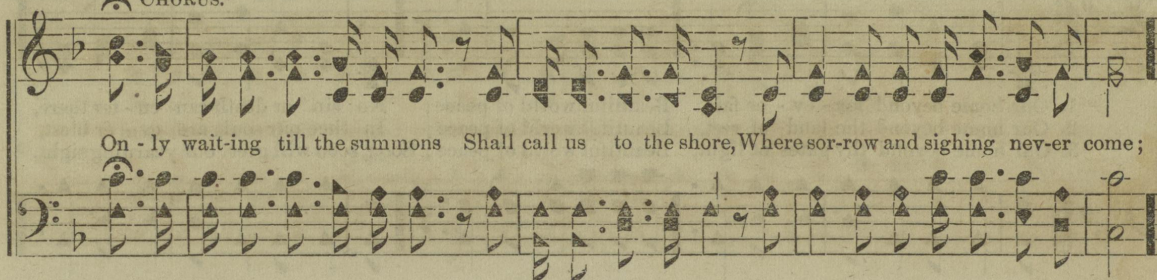
hill-tops of the blest, Where the wick-ed cease from troubling And the weary are at rest.

This system contains the third line of music. It concludes the piece with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the notes.

WAITING BY THE RIVER. *Concluded.*

57

CHORUS.



2.

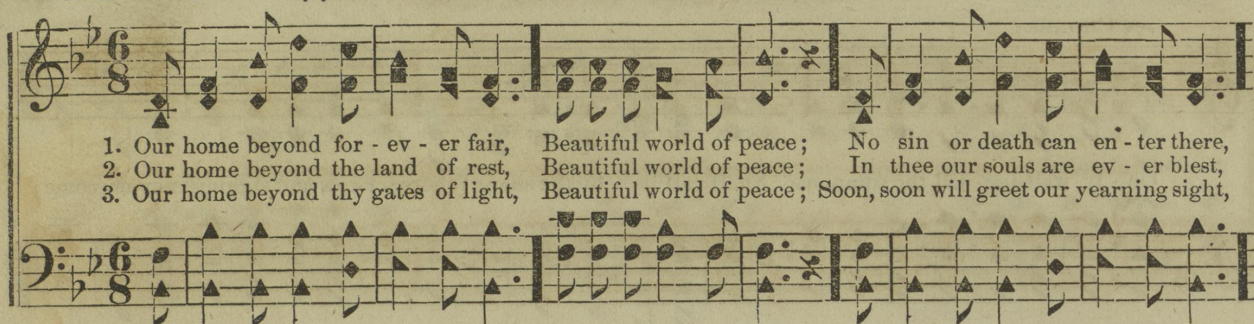
Far away beyond the shadows
Of this weary vale of tears,
There the tide of bliss is sweeping
Through the bright and changeless years.
O! I long to be with Jesus,
In the mansions of the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest.—*Chorus.*

3.

They are launching on the river,
From the calm and quiet shore,
And they soon will bear my spirit
Where the weary sigh no more.
For the tide is swiftly flowing,
And I long to greet the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest.—*Chorus.*

BEAUTIFUL HOME BEYOND.

A. S. KIEFFER.



1. Our home beyond for - ev - er fair, Beautiful world of peace; No sin or death can en - ter there,
2. Our home beyond the land of rest, Beautiful world of peace; In thee our souls are ev - er blest,
3. Our home beyond thy gates of light, Beautiful world of peace; Soon, soon will greet our yearning sight,



Beautiful world of peace. The tears of grief, the pangs of woe, Our hearts no more shall ev - er know;
Beautiful world of peace. Dear Lord of love, we are in thee, From sin for - ev - er - more set free;
Beautiful world of peace. And soon our feet shall touch thy shore, To tread the ways of earth no more;

CHORUS.



Our home beyond, our home beyond, Beautiful world of peace. Our home beyond, our home beyond, That

BEAUTIFUL HOME BEYOND. *Concluded.*

59

beau-ti-ful world of peace; Our home beyond, our home beyond, That beau-ti-ful world of peace.

LOTTIE. S.M.

1. How gen-tle God's com-mands, How kind his pre-cepts are; Come, cast your bur-den
2. His boun-ty will pro-vide, His saints se-cure-ly dwell; That hand which bears cre-

on the Lord, And trust his con-stant care.
a-tion up, Shall guard his chil-dren well.

3.
Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind;
O seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

4.
His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

LAND OF LIGHT.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. My heavenly home is bright and fair, We're marching home to heav'n; Nor death nor sigh-ing
2. Its glit-t'ring towers the sun out-shine, We're marching home to heav'n; That heav'nly man-sion

The first system of music is in 4/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in B-flat major. The lyrics are written below the staff, with two verses. The first verse ends with a double bar line, and the second verse continues the melody.

CHORUS.

vis - it there, We're marching home to heav'n. We are marching on to Zi - on, to the Land of Light,
shall be mine, We're marching home to heav'n. We are marching, etc.

The chorus section of the music is in 4/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in B-flat major. The lyrics are written below the staff, with two verses. The first verse ends with a double bar line, and the second verse continues the melody.

Land of Light, Land of Light; We are marching on to Zi-on, to that Land of Light, That home so fair and bright.

The final system of music is in 4/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in B-flat major. The lyrics are written below the staff, with two verses. The first verse ends with a double bar line, and the second verse continues the melody.

MERCY'S FREE

A. S. KIEFFER.

61

1. By faith I view my Sav-ior dy-ing, On the tree, on the tree; } He bids the guilt-y now draw near,
To ey-ry na-tion he is cry-ing, Look to me, look to me. }

Re-pent, be-lieve, dis-miss their fear; Hark! hark! what precious words I hear! Mer-cy's free, mer-cy's free.

2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, pity me?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin,
Can it be, can it be?
O, yes! he did salvation bring,
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

3 Jesus, the mighty God, hath spoken
Peace to me, peace to me;
Now all my chains of sin are broken,
I am free, I am free.
Soon as I in his name believed,
The Holy Spirit I received,
And Christ from death my soul retrieved,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

LAND OF LIGHT.—Concluded from opposite page.

3 My Father's house is built on high,
We're marching home to heav'n,
Above the arched and starry sky,
We're marching home to heav'n.—Chorus.

4 When from this earthly prison free,
We're marching home to heav'n,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be,
We're marching home to heav'n.—Chorus.

BEAUTIFUL GATE.

Words and Music by
G. R. STREET.

1. There's a cit - y of light that is fair and bright, Where the an - gels dwell ev - er - more;
2. There's a beau - ti - ful gate, where the an - gels wait To wel - come the ransom'd ones home;

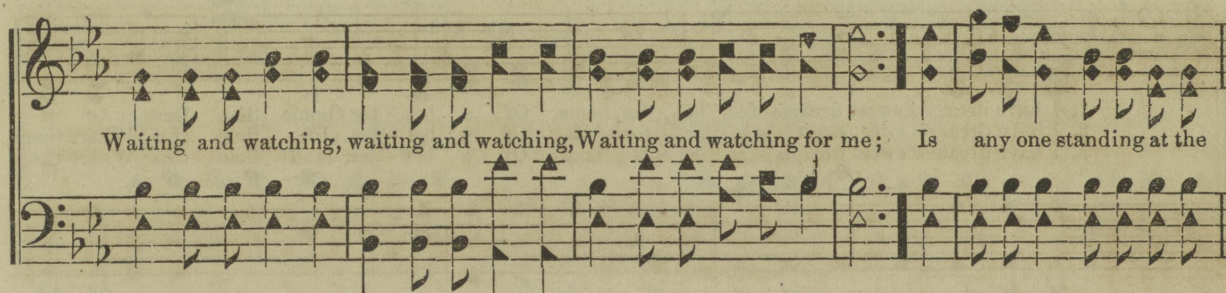
'Tis the saints' de - light, for there is no night, And suff'ring and sor - row is o'er.
And with songs they greet, as the loved ones meet, Thro' val - leys of beau - ty they roam.

CHORUS.

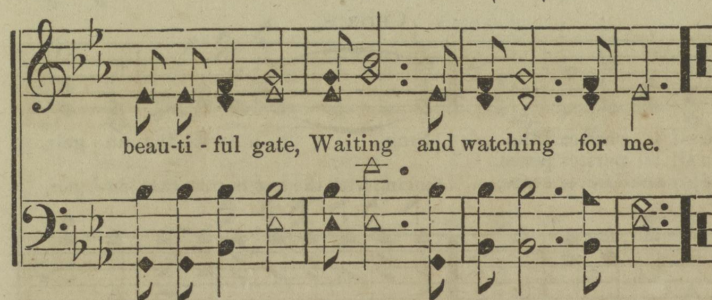
Is an - y one standing at the beau - ti - ful gate, Waiting and watching for me;

BEAUTIFUL GATE. Concluded.

63



Waiting and watching, waiting and watching, Waiting and watching for me; Is any one standing at the



beau-ti-ful gate, Waiting and watching for me.

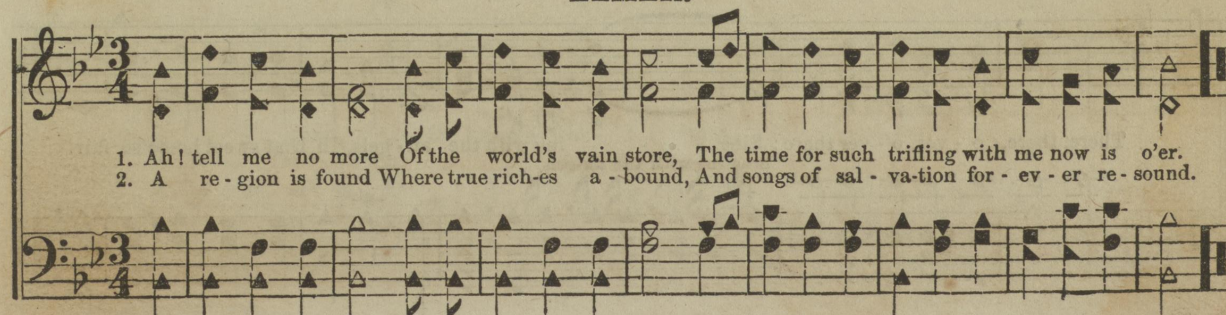
3 O, that beautiful home, 'tis my heavenly home,
The Savior has gone to prepare;
And by faith we see from the bended knee,
The holy and happy ones there.—*Chorus.*

4 O, that lovely one, too, that on earth I knew,
Who suffered and worshipped with me;
'Mid the shining throng, as they pass along,
Enraptured in beauty I see.

Chorus, for last verse only.

And there she is standing at the beautiful gate,
Waiting and watching for me.

ELMER.



1. Ah! tell me no more Of the world's vain store, The time for such trifling with me now is o'er.
2. A re-gion is found Where true rich-es a-bound, And songs of sal-va-tion for-ev-er re-sound.

SINGING WITH THE ANGELS.

Music and Chorus by
A. S. KIEFFER

1. I have dream'd sweet dreams of a bet - ter home, Of a bet - ter home than this; Of a
2. I have dream'd sweet dreams of a bet - ter life, Of a bet - ter life than this; Where there
3. I have dream'd sweet dreams of a bet - ter land, Of a bet - ter land than this; Where the

home where sorrows nev - er come, Where all is perfect bliss.
is no con - flict and no strife, Where all is perfect peace.
ransom'd tread the gold - en strand, Where joy shall never cease.

CHORUS.
Sing - ing with the an - gels,
Singing with the angels, with the an - gels,

There, there, o - ver, o - ver there; Sing - ing with the an - gels, In that sweet home so fair.
Sing - ing with the an - gels,

JUST AS I AM.

WYATT MINSHALL. 65

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bidst me come to thee, O
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O

CHORUS.

Lamb of God, I come! I come, . . . I come, . . . O Lamb of God, to thee I
 Lamb of God, I come! I come, I come, I come, I come, I come,

3.

come, . . . I come, . . . O Lamb of God, I come.
 I come, I come, I come,

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!—Chorus.

4.

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because thy promise I believe,—
 O Lamb of God, I come!—Chorus.

SUBMISSION.

Words and Music by
WYATT MINSHALL.

1. While we journey o'er life's path - way, Tow'rd the heav'nly land of rest, Oft - en footsore, worn and
 2. Tho' our house be fill'd with mourn - ing, Sorrows gath - er thick and fast, While we see stern death ap -
 3. For we know beyond the tem - pests, That so oft - en cloud our way, Dwells the loved one in the

wea - ry, With the cares of life op - pressed; While, thro' toil, and care, and sor - row,
 proach - ing, Soon our bright - est hopes to blast. Tho' our hearts seem brok - en, bleed - ing,
 sun - light Of a nev - er - end - ing day; And there comes a gen - tle whis - per,

We must reach that home above; Still, a - mid se - ver - est con - flicts, We may know that "God is love."
 As the dear one's borne a - way, Yet there come thro' all this darkness, Gleams of an e - ter - nal day.
 "On - ly faint not, wea - ry one;" Now we know 'tis God that speak - eth, And we say, "Thy will be done."

HOME OF THE SOUL.

G. R. STREET. 67

1. { I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land— The far-a-way home of the soul; }
 { Where no storms ev-er beat on that glittering strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll. }
 2. { Oh, that home of the soul, in my vis-ions and dreams, Its bright jas-per walls I can see; }
 { Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the vale in-tervenes Be-tween the fair cit-y and me. }

CHORUS.

Oh! the land, that love-ly land, The land o-ver Jor-dan's foam; How I long to be there, and its

glo-ries to share, And to dwell with my Sav-ior at home.

- 3 There the great tree of life in its beauty doth
And the river of life floweth by; [grow,
For no death ever enters the city, you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.
- 4 That unchangeable home is for you and for
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands; [me,
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.
- 5 O, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
Which is free from all sorrow and pain;
There, with songs on our lips and with
harps in our hands,
For to meet one another again.

THE SABBATH.

Music by F. L. ARMSTRONG.
By per.*Moderato.*

1. How sweet is the Sab-bath, the sea-son of rest, The day of the week which we ought to love best;
2. Oh, let us be thoughtful and pray'rful to-day, And not waste its moments in tri-ling or play;

The day when the Sav-ior a-rose from the tomb, And took from the grave all its ter-ror and gloom.
Rememb'ring these sea-sons were gra-cious-ly giv'n, To teach us to seek, and pre-pare us for heav'n.

In the house of our God, in his presence and fear,
While we worship to-day, may our hearts be sincere;
In the school, while we learn, may we listen with care,
And be grateful to those who watch over us there.

4 Instruct us, blest Savior, that thine we may be;
We are not too young to be noticed by thee;
Renew thou our hearts, keep us firm in thy ways,
We would love thee and serve thee and give thee thy praise.

ELEANOR J. WILSON.
Slowly and Gently.

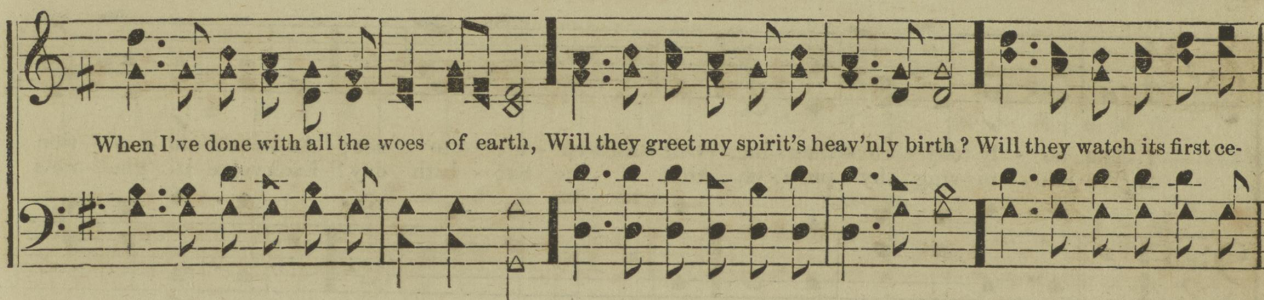
WILL THEY MEET ME?

J. O. SPURGEON.

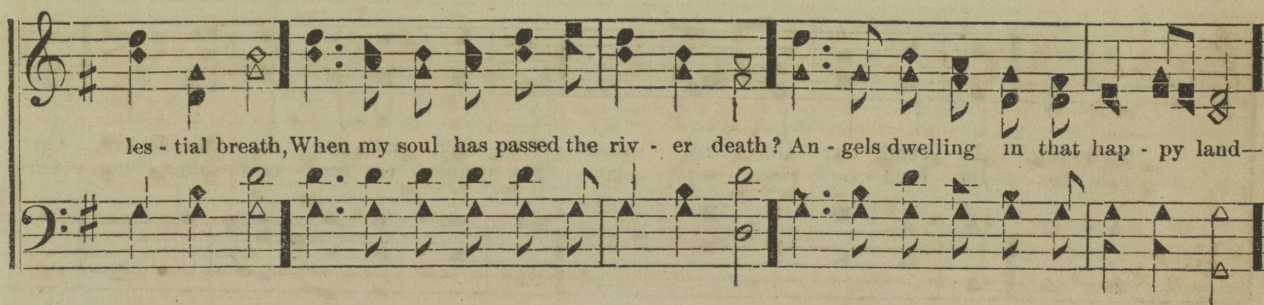
1. Will they meet me on the oth-er shore, When this life of toil and care is o'er?

WILL THEY MEET ME? *Concluded.*

69



When I've done with all the woes of earth, Will they greet my spirit's heav'nly birth? Will they watch its first ce-



les - tial breath, When my soul has passed the riv - er death? An - gels dwelling in that hap - py land—



Will they meet me on its gold - en strand?

- 2 If the cold, dark waves of Jordan drear,
My recoiling soul should fill with fear,
And my trembling feet should, doubting, shrink,
As they near the lonely river's brink,—
Will their music sound across the wave,
To inspire and make my spirit brave?
Will their voices tell me, 'bove its roar,
That they're waiting on the other shore?
- 3 Will the souls of friends who've gone before
Come and meet me on the other shore?
And, with harps, their angel-voices raise,
In a heav'nly song of love and praise,
Till the news is echoed through heaven's dome,
That another soul is gathered home?
Dear departed ones, when life is o'er,
Will ye meet me on the other shore?

WELCOME TO THE SABBATH.

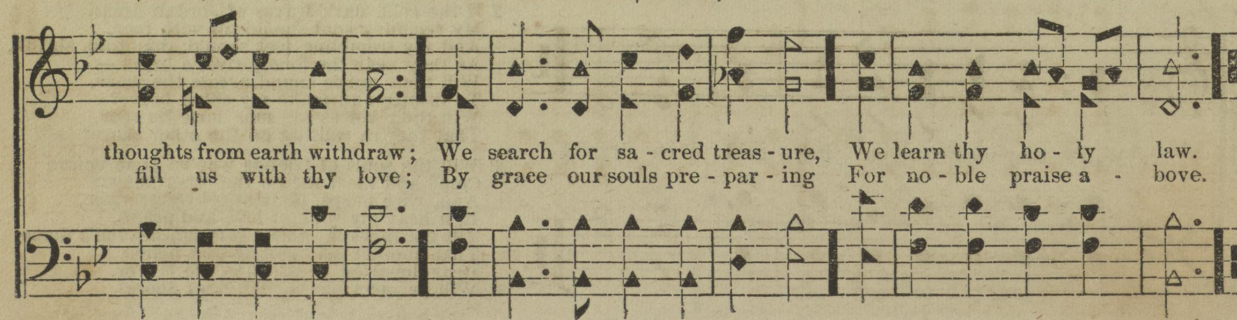
HENRY SHEPHERD.



1. The ho - ly day's re - turn - ing, Our hearts ex - ult to see; And with de - vo - tion
2. We join to sing thy prais - es, God of the Sab - bath day! Each voice in glad - ness



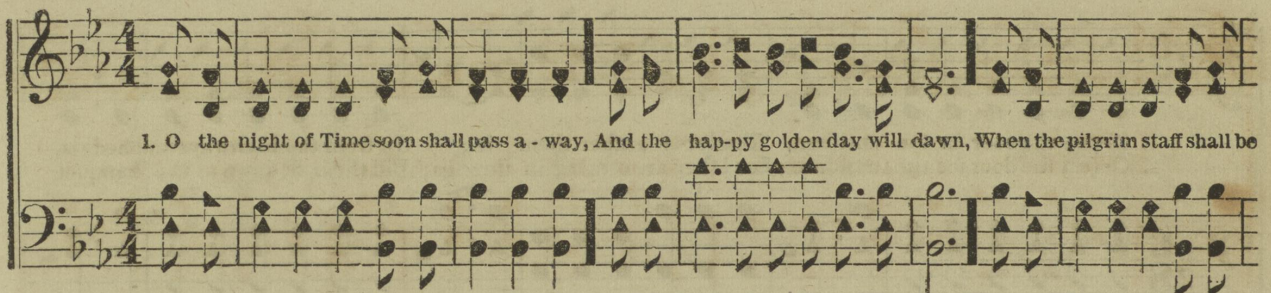
burn - ing, As - cend, our God, to thee; To - day, with pur - est pleas - ure, Our
rais - es Its loud - est, sweet - est lay; Thy rich - est mer - cies shar - ing, Oh!



thoughts from earth withdraw; We search for sa - cred treas - ure, We learn thy ho - ly law.
fill us with thy love; By grace our souls pre - par - ing For no - ble praise a - bove.

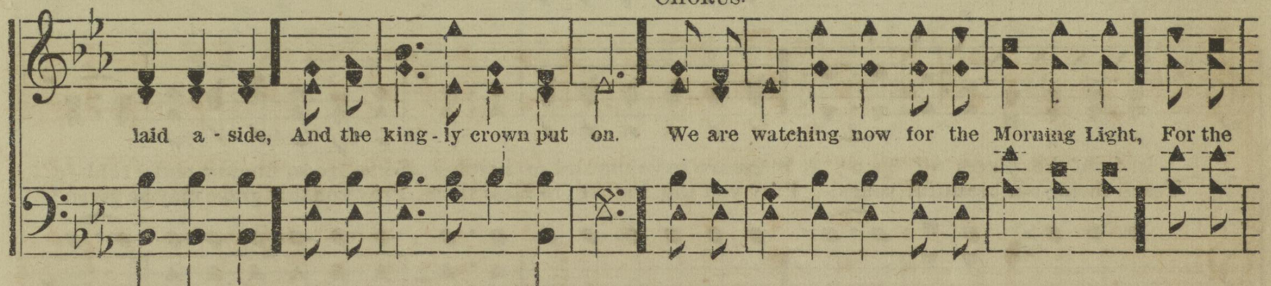
THE MORNING LIGHT.

Words and Music by
A. S. KIEFFER 71

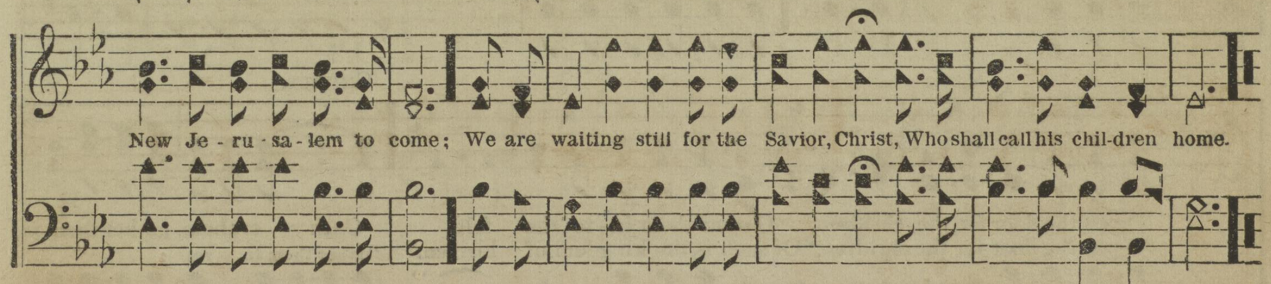


1. O the night of Time soon shall pass a - way, And the hap - py golden day will dawn, When the pilgrim staff shall be

CHORUS.



laid a - side, And the king - ly crown put on. We are watching now for the Morning Light, For the



New Je - ru - sa - lem to come; We are waiting still for the Savior, Christ, Who shall call his chil-dren home.

2 O the happy day that shall gild the hills,
When the Lord shall come to earth again!
O the happy hearts that shall welcome him,
When he comes once more to reign — *Chorus.*

3 What a joyful time when the earth shall gleam
In the light of an eternal day.
When the saints shall sing unto Christ their King,
In their golden, glad array. — *Chorus.*

GATHER THEM IN.

Music by
WYATT MINSHALL

1. O - pen the door for the children, Tender-ly gather them in; In from the highways and hedges,
2. O - pen the door for the children; See! they are coming in throngs; Bid them sit down to the banquet,

In from the places of sin; Some are so young and so helpless, Some are so hungry and cold,—
Teach them your beautiful songs. Pray you the Father to bless them, Pray you that grace may be given;

CHORUS.

O - pen the door for the children, Gather them in - to the fold. Gath - er them, gather them in,
O - pen the door for the children, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Gather them in, yes,

GATHER THEM IN. Concluded.

73

Gath - er them in - to the fold; Gath - er them in from the plac - es of sin,
Gath - er, yes, gath - er

Gather them in - to the fold; Gath - er them, gather them in, Gath - er them,
Gath - er them in, Gath - er, yes, gath - er them,

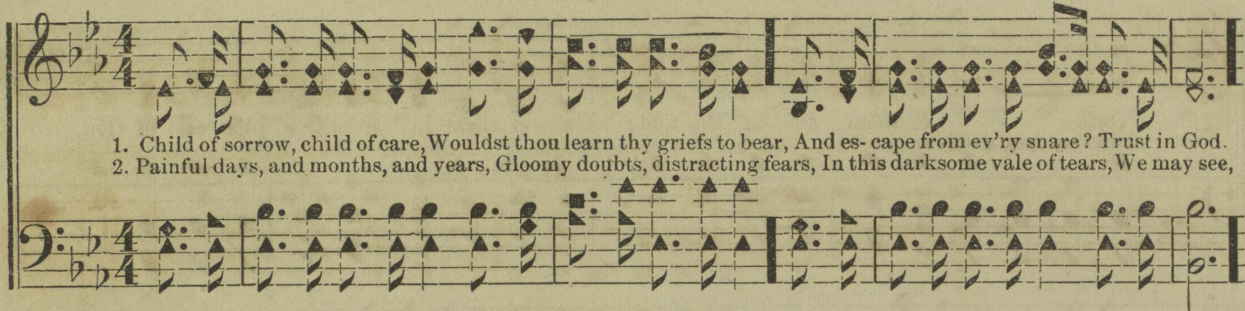
gather them in; Gath - er them in from the places of sin, Yes, gather them in - to the fold.

3 Open the door for the children,
Take the dear lambs by the hand;
Point them to truth and to Jesus,
Point them to heaven's bright land.

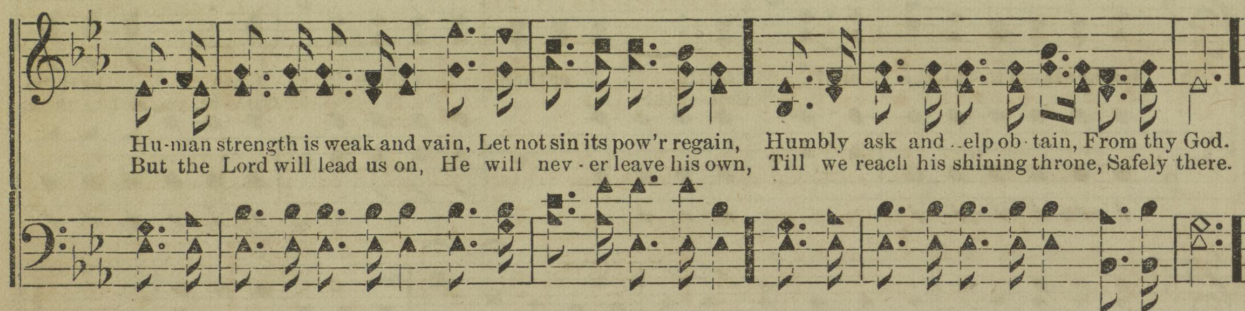
Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold;
Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold.—Chorus.

THE FEAST OF LOVE.

G. R. STREET.



1. Child of sorrow, child of care, Wouldst thou learn thy griefs to bear, And es-cape from ev'ry snare? Trust in God.
2. Painful days, and months, and years, Gloomy doubts, distracting fears, In this darksome vale of tears, We may see,



Hu-man strength is weak and vain, Let not sin its pow'r regain, Humbly ask and .elp ob-tain, From thy God.
But the Lord will lead us on, He will nev-er leave his own, Till we reach his shining throne, Safely there.

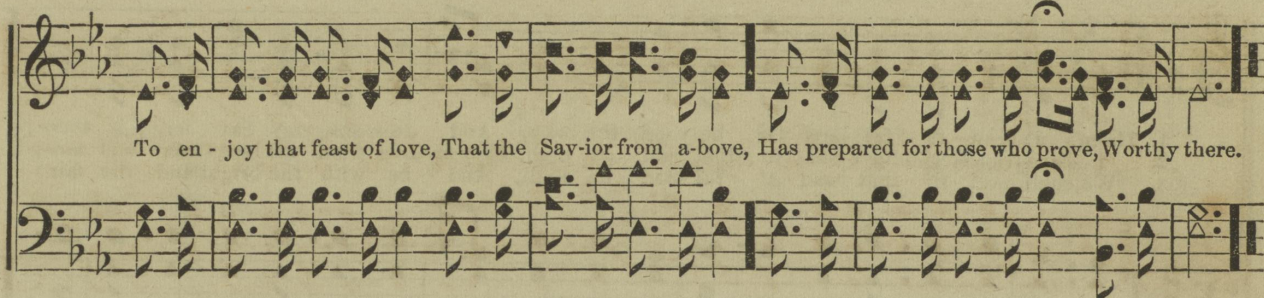
CHORUS.



We'll be there, we'll be there, When the Lord of glo-ry calls us, we'll be there,
We'll be there, we'll be there, we'll be there, we'll be there When the Lord of glo-ry calls us, We'll be there, we'll be there,

THE FEAST OF LOVE. *Concluded.*

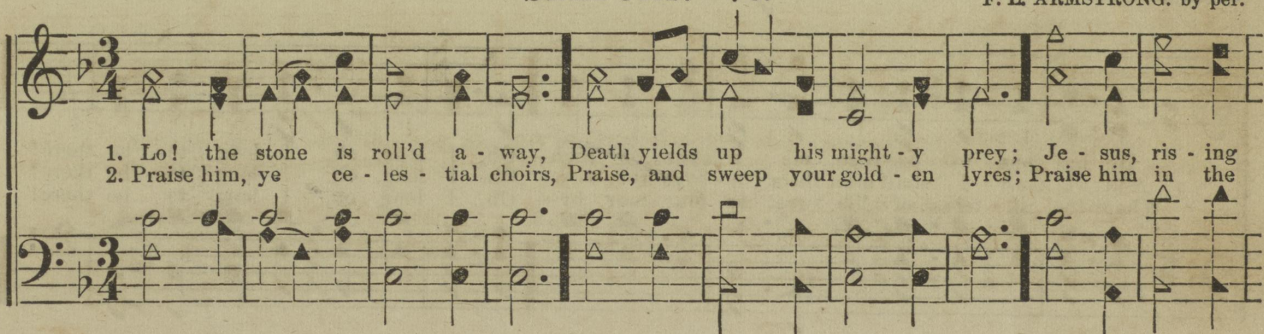
75



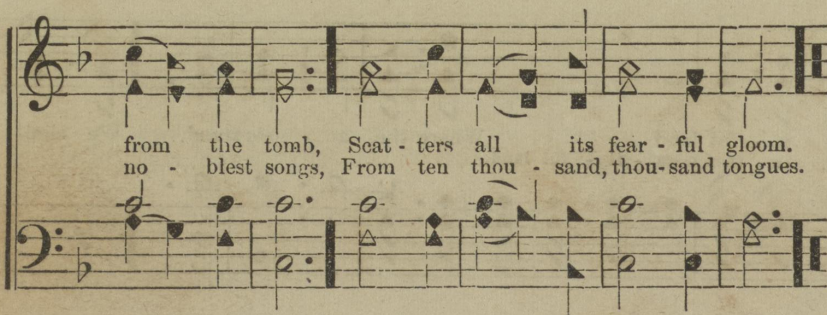
To en - joy that feast of love, That the Sav - ior from a - bove, Has prepared for those who prove, Worthy there.

SEABURY. 7s.

F. L. ARMSTRONG. by per.



1. Lo! the stone is roll'd a - way, Death yields up his might - y prey; Je - sus, ris - ing
2. Praise him, ye ce - les - tial choirs, Praise, and sweep your gold - en lyres; Praise him in the



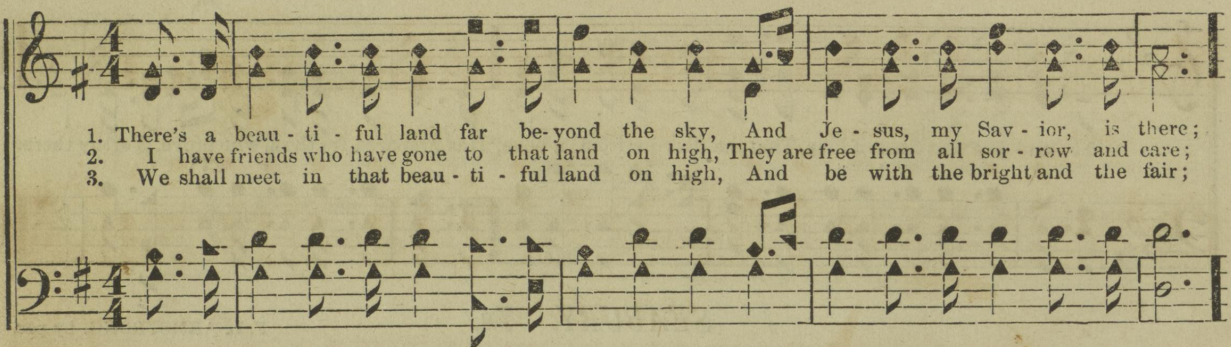
from the tomb, Scat - ters all its fear - ful gloom.
no - blest songs, From ten thou - sand, thou - sand tongues.

3.
Every note with rapture swell,
And the Savior's triumph tell;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

4.
Let Immanuel be adored,
Ransom, Mediator, Lord!
To creation's utmost bound,
Let the eternal praise resound.

THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

H. E. ENGLE



1. There's a beau - ti - ful land far be - yond the sky, And Je - sus, my Sav - ior, is there;
 2. I have friends who have gone to that land on high, They are free from all sor - row and care;
 3. We shall meet in that beau - ti - ful land on high, And be with the bright and the fair;



He has gone to pre - pare me a home on high— Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!
 And I trust I shall meet them a - bove the sky— Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!
 Where the wa - ters of life sweet - ly mur - mur by— Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!

CHORUS.



In that beau - ti - ful land, Where the an - gels stand, We shall
 beau - ti - ful land, In that beau - ti - ful land,

THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND. *Concluded.*

77

meet, shall meet, We shall meet, shall meet, We shall meet, shall meet, We shall meet in that beau-ti - ful land.

Words by
J. J. REED.

ARMSTRONG.

Music by
JNO. R. SWENEY, M. B.

1. Spir - it of God, descend, descend, And dwell within this house of thine; The teaching of thy
2. Revive thy work! Teach us to pray; The cleansing blood of Christ im-part; Wash all the stains of

word at-tend, And shed on all the light di-vine.
guilt a-way, And make us pure in life and heart.

3.
Revive us, Lord! our zeal inspire;
Let us thy great salvation see;
Fill now each heart with quenchless fire,
In faith and hope to toil for thee.

4.
Come, Holy Ghost! light, life, and peace!
Diffuse thyself in every breast;
Thy love impart—its joys increase—
And bide with us a constant guest

MY SWEET HOME IN HEAVEN.

J. H. TENNEY.
From "THE EVERGREEN."

1. A - mid the toil and pain of life, A - mid its conflicts and its strife, A precious thought to
2. When lov'd ones fade and pass a - way, And, left a-lone, on earth I stay; To cheer my heart this

CHORUS.
me is giv'n, The thought of my sweet home in heav'n. O, home of peace. blest home of
hope is giv'n, We'll meet in yon sweet home in heav'n. O, home of peace, blest home of love, O home of peace, blest

love, Sweet home of end - less life a - bove; When ties that
home of love, Sweet home of end-less life a - bove, Sweet home of end-less life a - bove; When ties that bind to

MY SWEET HOME IN HEAVEN. *Concluded.*

79

bind to earth are riv - en, I'll seek . . . thy courts, sweet home in heav'n.
 earth are riv'n, When ties that bind to earth are riv'n, I'll seek thy courts, sweet home in heav'n, I'll seek thy courts, sweet home in heav'n.

3 We'll see our Savior as he is,
 Enjoy his love and taste his bliss,
 And endless life will there be given
 In yonder peaceful home in heaven.—*Chorus.*

4 No more we'll reach the parting hand,
 In yonder bright and happy land;
 No more will sad farewells be given
 In yonder blessed home in heaven.—*Chorus.*

EVONA.

HENRY SHEPHERD.

1 Softly now the light of day
 Fades upon our sight away;
 Free from care, from labor free,—
 Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Soon for us the light of day
 Shall forever pass away;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

THE GREAT TEACHER.

F. L. ARMSTRONG. by per.

1. I asked a lit - tle joy - ous bird who taught him how to fly, And sing such pret - ty
2. I asked a lit - tle love - ly flow'r who gave her per - fume sweet, And dressed her in her

lit - tle songs in the bright blue morn - ing sky; And he told me it was God who had
vel - vet coat so beau - ti - ful and neat; And she told me it was God who had

given to him his wing, And taught him how to build his nest, and taught him how to sing.
clothed her with such care, And taught her how to breathe so sweet up - on the ev'n - ing air.

PURER I WOULD BE,

J. H. LESLIE. by per. 81

1. Pur-er yet and pur-er, I will be in mind; Dear-er yet and dear-er, Ev-'ry du-ty find.

Hoping still, and trust-ing God without a fear, Pa-tient-ly be-liev-ing, He will make all clear.

2 Calmer yet and calmer,
Trials bear and pain;
Surer yet and surer,
Peace at last to gain.
Suff'ring still, and doing,
To his will resigned;
And to God subduing,
Heart, and will, and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher,
Out of clouds and night;
Nearer yet and nearer,
Rising to the light:
Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and holy,
Sanctified and blest.

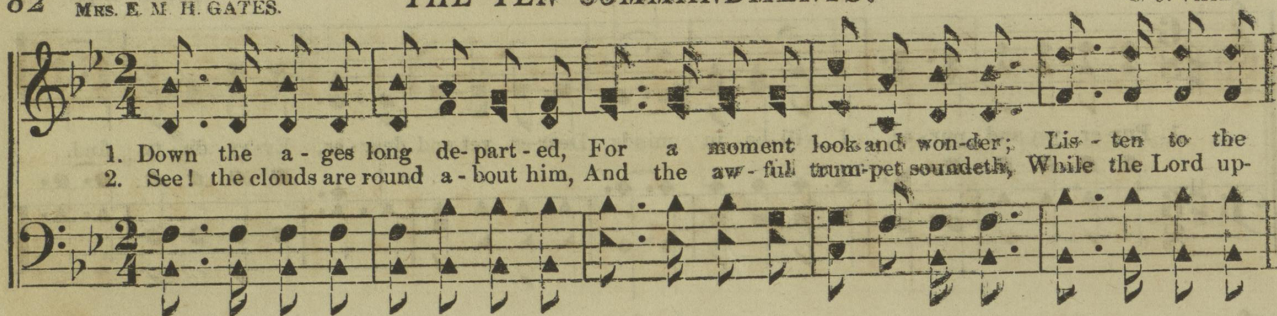
THE GREAT TEACHER.—Concluded from opposite page.

3.
I asked the little twinkling star who taught him how to shine,
And run with such a steady pace along his proper line;
And he told me it was God who bade him shine so bright,
And trim his little tiny lamp to cheer the winter night.

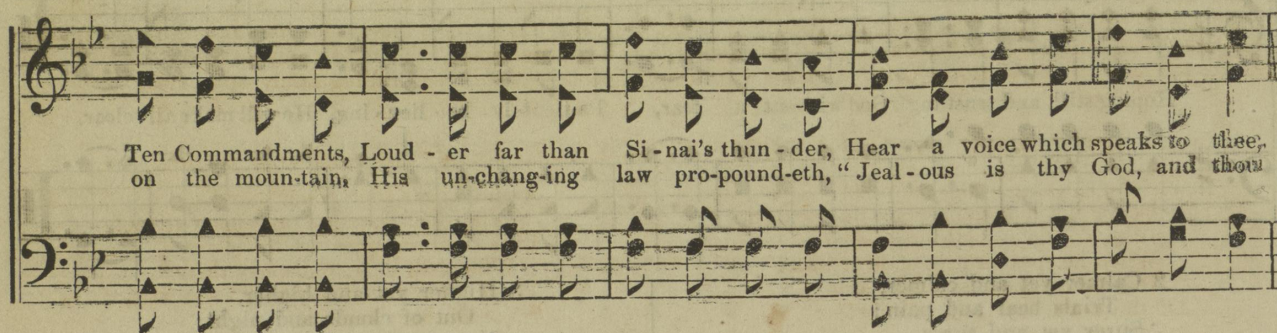
4.
Since all things, then, look up to God, the flower, the star, the
And all obey his holy laws, and listen to his Word; [bird,
I too, although a child, will try his bidding to obey,
That I may learn to please him too, and serve as well as they.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

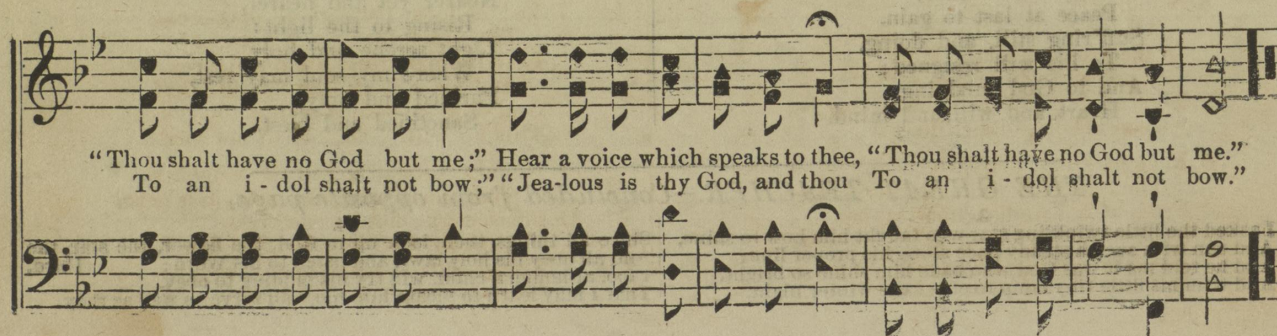
S. J. VAIL.



1. Down the a - ges long de - part - ed, For a moment look and won - der; Lis - ten to the
2. See! the clouds are round a - bout him, And the aw - ful trum - pet soundeth, While the Lord up -



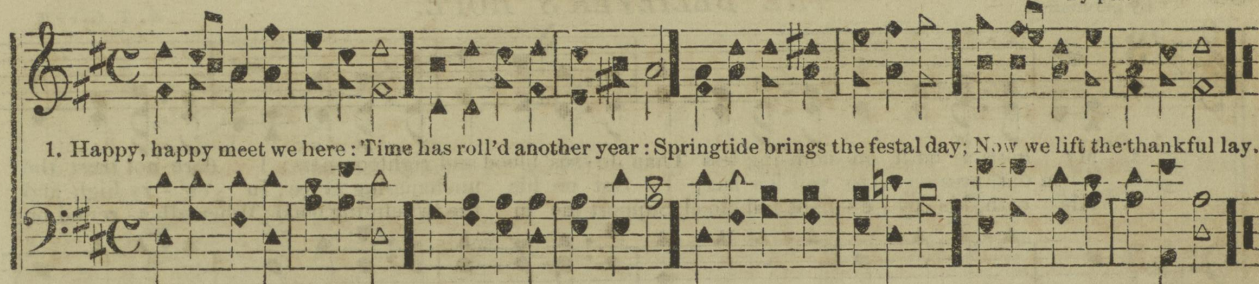
Ten Commandments, Loud - er far than Si - nai's thun - der, Hear a voice which speaks to thee,
on the moun - tain, His un - chang - ing law pro - pound - eth, "Jea - lous is thy God, and thou



"Thou shalt have no God but me;" Hear a voice which speaks to thee, "Thou shalt have no God but me."
To an i - dol shalt not bow;" "Jea - lous is thy God, and thou To an i - dol shalt not bow."

WOODNEST.

F. L. ARMSTRONG. 83
By per.



1. Happy, happy meet we here : Time has roll'd another year : Springtide brings the festal day; Now we lift the thankful lay.

2. Thanks for daily mercies given, Crown'd with Sabbath light from heav'n, Thanks to God, who gives us breath; Thanks to God, who saves from death.	3. Happy, happy meet we here— Parents, pastors, teachers dear; All, with gladsome heart and voice, Share with us our festive joys.	4. Thanks to God for parents kind Thanks for friends with hearts inclin'd Thus to guide us in the road Leading safely up to God.
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THE TEN COMMANDMENTS. *Concluded from opposite page.*

3 Lo! he rides upon the tempest!
Death and hell themselves do fear him!
All the worlds he hath created!
When he speaketh let us hear him!
"Never shalt thou take the name
Of the Lord, thy God, in vain!"

4 Standing by the quaking mountain,
All the hosts of Israel tremble!
In the presence of the Holy
Who can trifle or dissemble?
Thou shalt mind the Sabbath day,—
"Keep it holy," hear him say.

5 King of kings, Jehovah! Jireh!
Thou art God—there is no other,—
From of old we hear thee saying,
"Thou shalt honor father, mother,
That thy days full long may be
In the land God gives to thee."

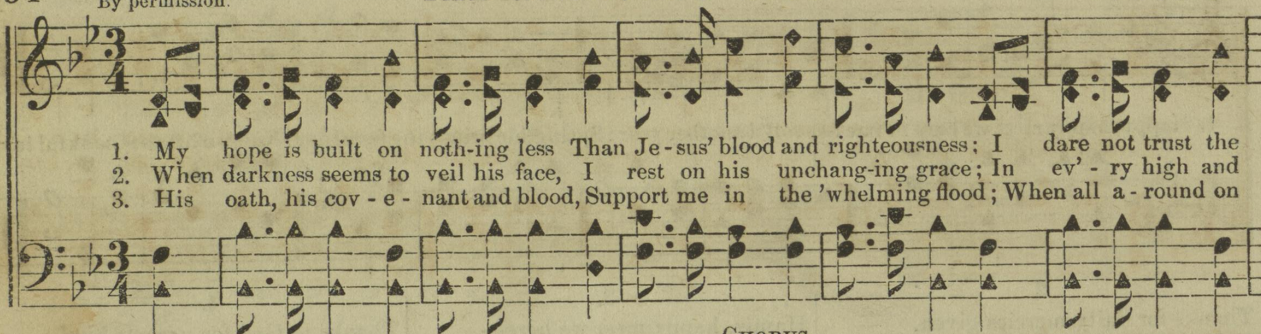
6 Awful words from Sinai sounding,
Who shall question or gainsay them?
Like the lightnings are his glances,
Who shall dare to disobey them?
There "Thou shalt not kill" was writ,
"Nor adultery commit."

7 Lo! he looks through all disguises:
Tears each flimsy vail asunder!
Like the lightnings are his glances,
And his voice is like the thunder!
And to us he doth reveal,
This his will, "Thou shalt not steal."

8 No false witness 'gainst thy neighbor
Shalt thou bear: and thou shalt never
Covet ought that he possesseth,
Saith the God who lives forever.
The great God who, from on high,
Waits to judge thee by-and-by.

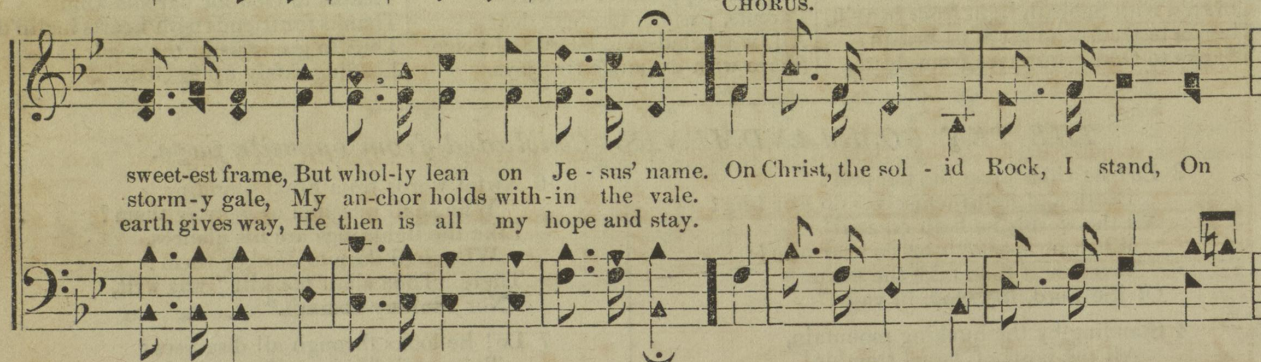
THE BELIEVER'S HOPE.

W. T. GIFFE.

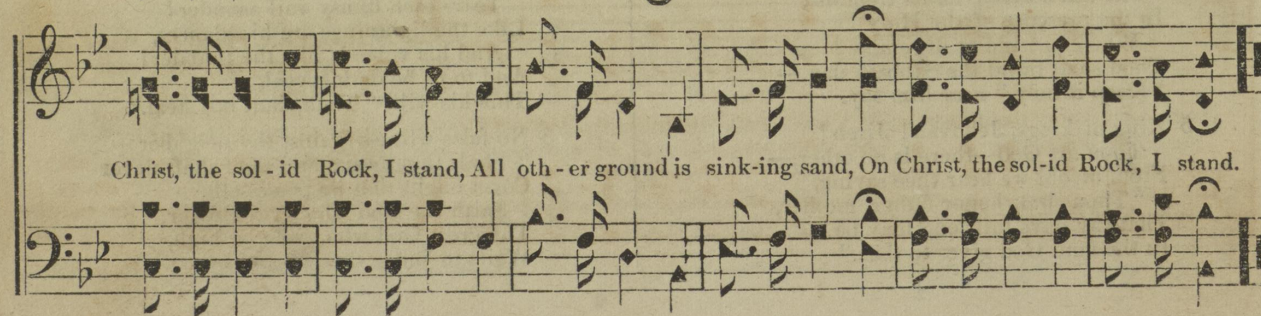


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the
2. When darkness seems to veil his face, I rest on his unchang-ing grace; In ev'-ry high and
3. His oath, his cov-e-nant and blood, Support me in the 'whelming flood; When all a-round on

CHORUS.



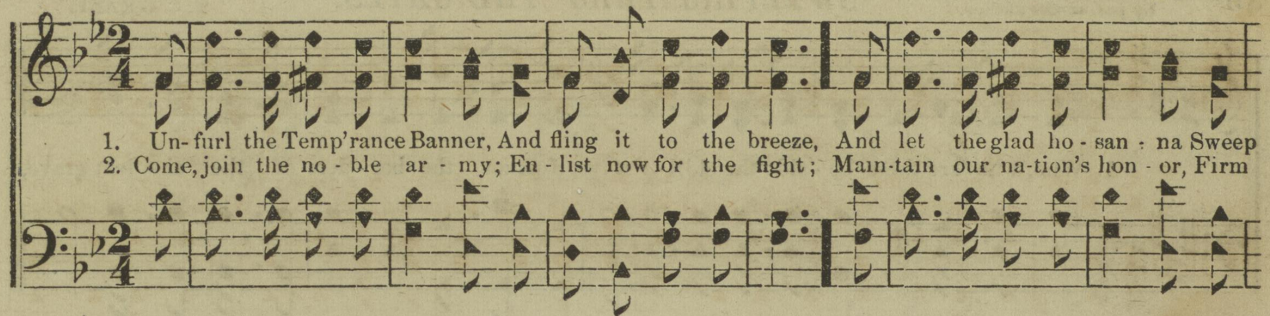
sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name. On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand, On
storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the vale.
earth gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.



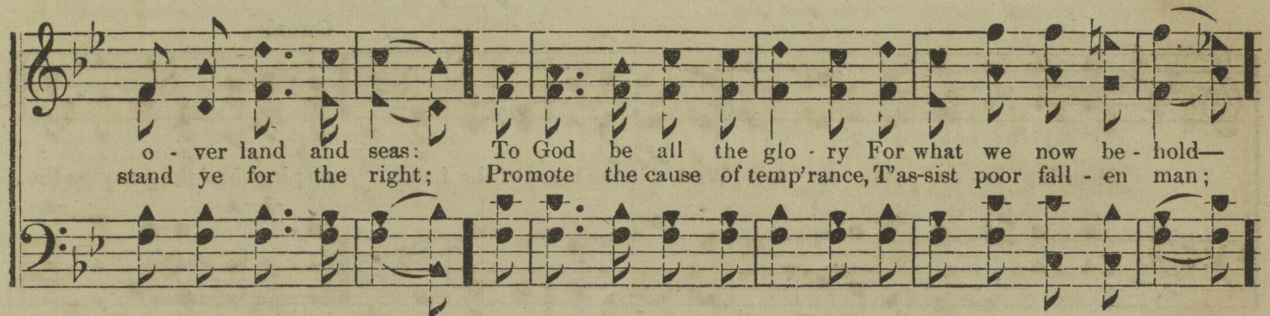
Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand.

THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

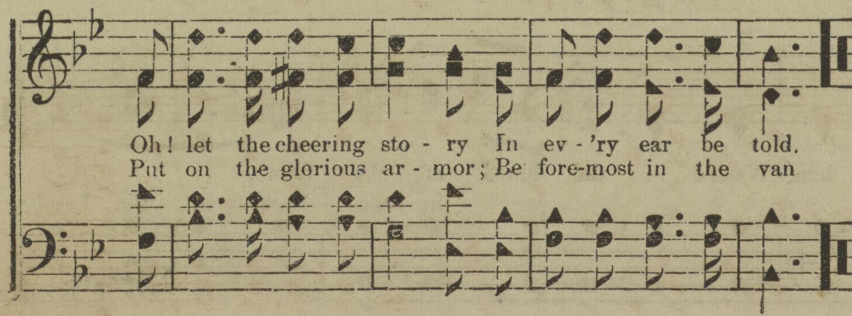
F. L. ARMSTRONG. By per. 85



1. Un-furl the Temp'rance Banner, And fling it to the breeze, And let the glad ho-san-na Sweep
 2. Come, join the no-ble ar-my; En-list now for the fight; Main-tain our na-tion's hon-or, Firm

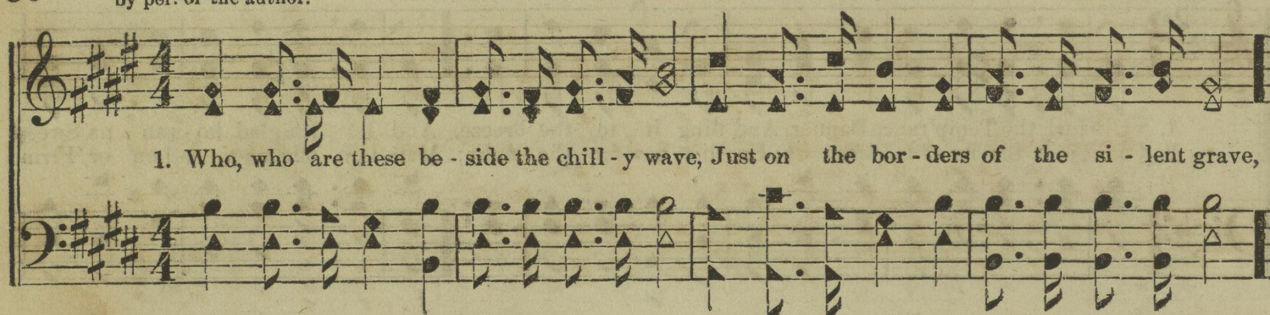


o-ver land and seas: To God be all the glo-ry For what we now be-hold—
 stand ye for the right; Promote the cause of temp'rance, T'as-sist poor fall-en man;



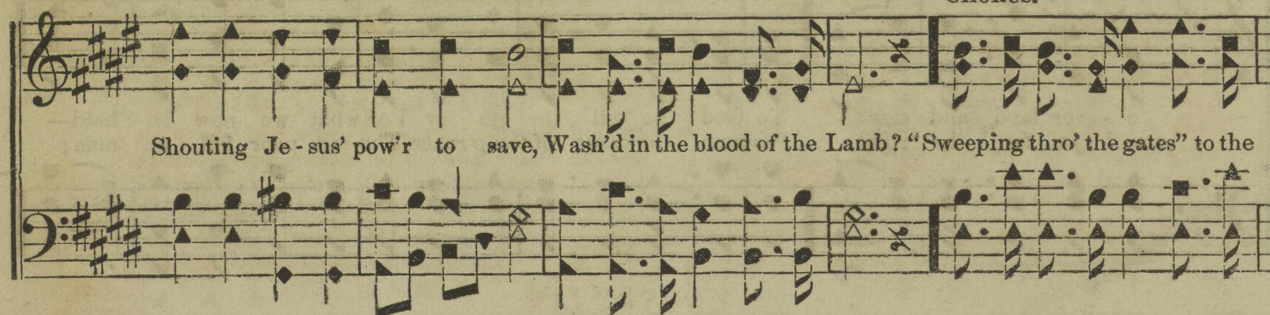
Oh! let the cheering sto-ry In ev-'ry ear be told.
 Put on the glorious ar-mor; Be fore-most in the van

3.
 Then rally round the standard,
 And let the work go on
 Until the last dim vestige
 Of intemperance is gone:
 Be earnest in the battle,
 Your weapons boldly wield;
 You'll surely gain the victory,
 And make the monster yield.

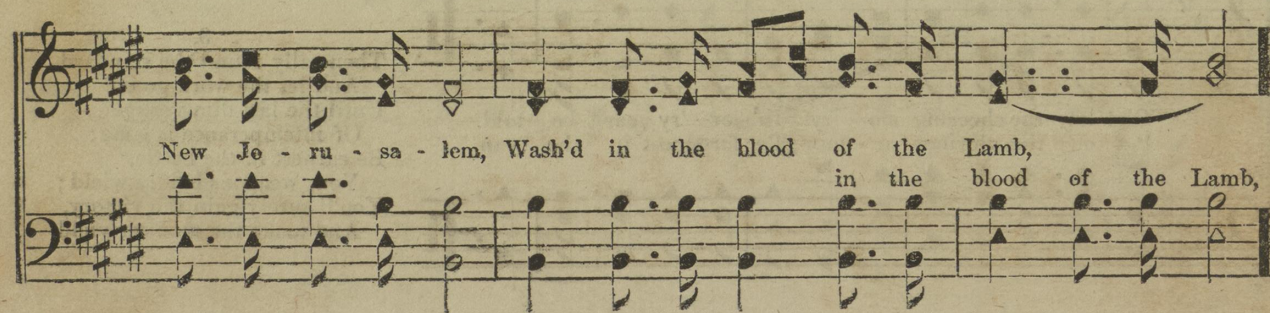


1. Who, who are these be - side the chill - y wave, Just on the bor - ders of the si - lent grave,

CHORUS.



Shouting Je - sus' pow'r to save, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the



New Je - ru - sa - lem, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb,
in the blood of the Lamb,

"SWEEPING THRO' THE GATES." *Concluded.*

87

"Sweep - ing thro' the gates" to the New Je - ru - salem, "Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb."

2 These, these are they who in their youthful days
Found Jesus early, and in wisdom's ways,
Proved the fullness of his grace,
Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

3 These, these are they who in affliction's wees,
Ever have found in Jesus calm repose,
Such as from a pure heart flows,
Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

4 These, these are they who in the conflict dire,
Boldly have stood amid the the hottest fire,

CHO. { *Sweeping thro' the streets of the New Jerusalem*
"Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb."

Jesus now says "Come up higher,"
Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

5 Safe, safe upon the ever-shining shore,
Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow all are o'er;
Happy now and evermore,
"Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb."

6 May we, O Lord, be now entirely thine,
Daily from sin be kept by power divine,
Then in heav'n the saints we'll join,
"Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb."

CHO. { *Sweeping thro' the streets of the New Jerusalem,*
"Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb."

COGSWELL.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing: Jehovah is the sov'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.
2. He formed the deeps unknown; He gave the seas their bound; The watery worlds are all his own, And all the solid ground.

THE SWEET BY-AND-BY.

J. P. WEBSTER.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we may see it a - far;
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, To me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest;
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise;

For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwell - ing - place there.
 And our spir - its shall sor - row no more— Nor sigh for the bless - ings of rest.
 For the glo - ri - ous gift of his Son, And the bless - ings that hal - low our days.

CHORUS.

In the sweet by - and - by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful

In the sweet by - and - by, In the sweet by - and - by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful

THE SWEET BY-AND-BY. *Concluded.*

89

shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.

shore, by-and-by, In the sweet by-and-by, In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.

DARLINGTON.

C. E. POLLOCK

1. The Prince of sal - va-tion in tri-umph is rid-ing, And glo-ry at-tends him a - long his bright way:
 2. Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Sav-iour; Let thousands of thousands sub-mit to thy reign,
 3. Then loud shall as-cend, from each sancti-fied na-tion, The voice of thanksgiving, the cho-rus of praise;

The tid-ings of grace on the breez-es are glid-ing, And na-tions are own-ing his sway
 Ac-knowledge thy goodness, en-treat for thy fa-vor, And fol-low thy glo-ri-ous train.
 And heav'n shall re-ech-o the song of sal-va-tion, In rich and me-lo-di-ous lays.

RING THE BELL SOFTLY.

sic by WYATT MINSHALL.

1. Some one has gone from this strange world of ours; No more to gather its thorns with its flowers; No more to lin - ger where

This system of music is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is on a bass clef staff with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

sun-beams must fade, Where on all beau - ty death's fin - gers are laid; Wea - ry with mingling life's bit - ter with sweet;

This system continues the musical notation from the first system. The voice part continues with the lyrics, and the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

Wea - ry with parting and nev - er to meet; Some one has gone to the bright golden shore, Ring the bell softly, there's

This is the final system of music on this page. It concludes the vocal line and the piano accompaniment for this section of the song.

RING THE BELL SOFTLY. *Concluded.*

91

CHORUS.

crape on the door. Ring the bell soft - - ly, soft - ly, soft - ly;
Soft - ly, soft - ly, there's crape on the door, Ring the bell soft - ly, there's crape on the door,

Ritard.

Ring it soft - er now than e'er 'twas rang be - fore; Ring it ver - y soft - ly, there's crape on the door.

2.

Some one is resting from sorrow and sin,
Happy where earthly strife enters not in;
Joyous as birds when the morning is bright,
When the bright sunbeams have brought us their light;
Weary with sowing and never to reap,
Weary with labor, and welcoming sleep;
Some one's departed to heaven's bright shore,
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

3.

Angels were anxiously longing to meet
One who walks with them on yon golden street;
Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest,
Free from all trials and taking sweet rest.
Yes, there's another in angelic bliss,
One less to cherish, and one less to kiss;
One more departed to heaven's bright shore,
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

REALMS OF THE BLEST.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun-try so bright and so fair; And oft are its
2. We speak of its ser-vice of love; The robes which the glo-ri-fied wear; The church of the

The first system of musical notation for the song 'REALMS OF THE BLEST.' It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps) and 2/2 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with two verses of text.

glo-ries confessed, But what must it be to be there! We speak of its freedom from sin, From sorrow, temp-
first-born a - bove, But what must it be to be there! O Lord, in this val-ley of woe, Our spir-its for

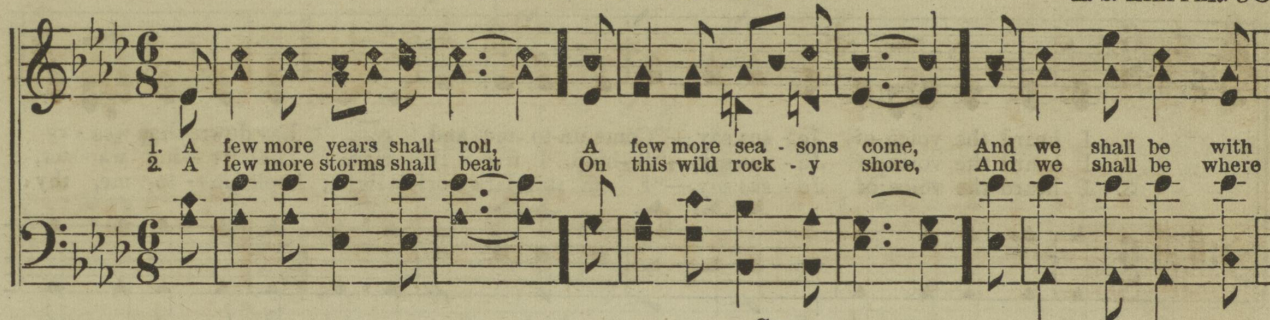
The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics continue with the same two verses.

ta - tion and care; From tri - als with - out and with - in; But what must it be to be there!
hea - ven pre-pare; And short-ly we al - so shall know, And feel what it is to be there!

The third system of musical notation, concluding the piece. The melody and bass line end with a double bar line. The lyrics conclude with the same two verses.

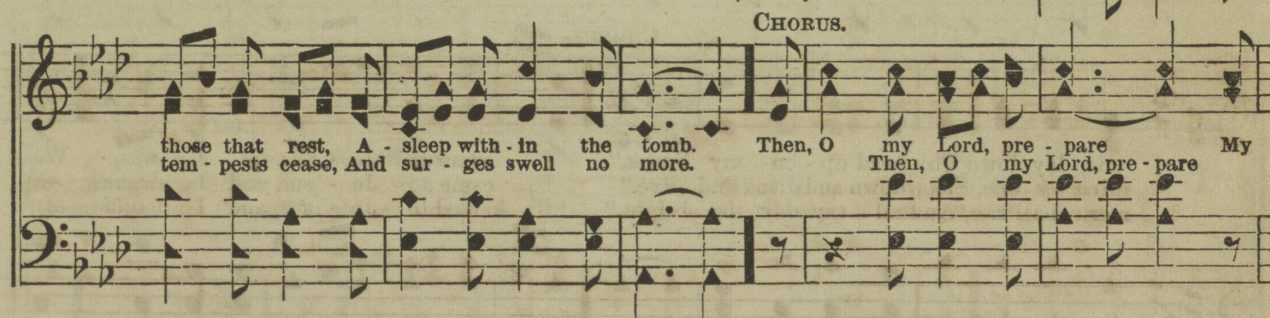
THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

A. S. KIEFFER. 93

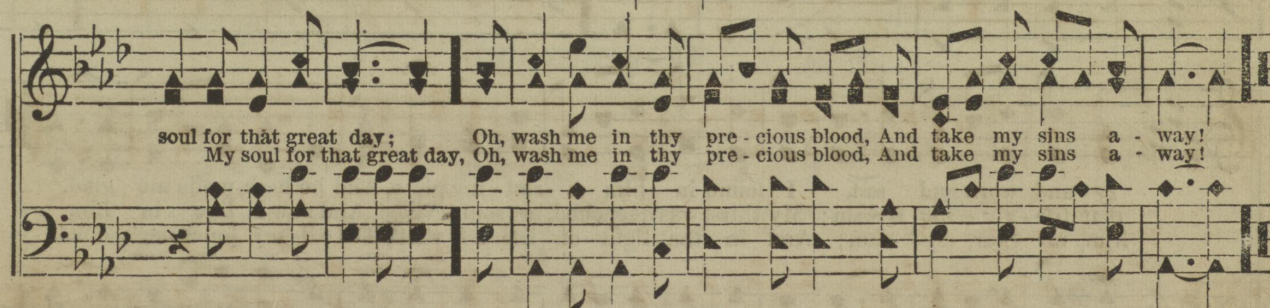


1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come, And we shall be with
 2. A few more storms shall beat On this wild rock - y shore, And we shall be where

CHORUS.



those that rest, A - sleep with - in the tomb. Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My
 tem - pests cease, And sur - ges swell no more. Then, O my Lord, pre - pare



soul for that great day; Oh, wash me in thy pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way!
 My soul for that great day, Oh, wash me in thy pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way!

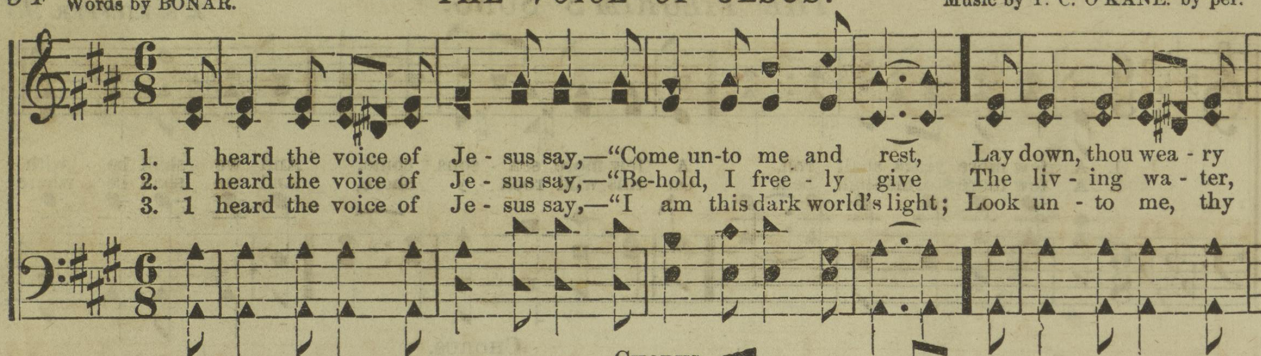
3 A few more struggles here,
 A few more partings o'er,
 A few more toils, a few more tears,
 And we shall weep no more.

4 A few more Sabbaths here.
 Shall cheer us on our way;
 And we shall reach the endless rest,
 Th' eternal Sabbath day.

5 'Tis but a little while,
 And he shall come again,
 Who died that we might live, who lives
 That we with him may reign

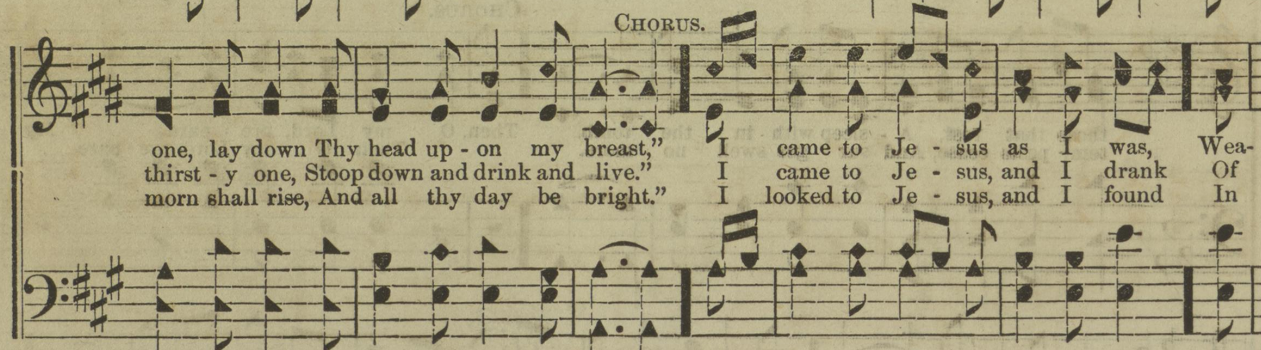
THE VOICE OF JESUS.

Music by T. C. O'KANE. by per.

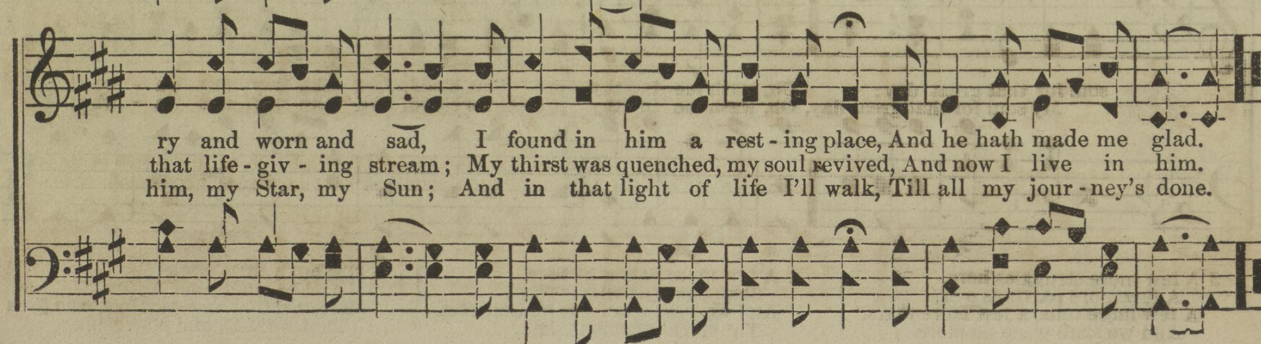


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"Come un-to me and rest, Lay down, thou wea - ry
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"Be-hold, I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter,
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"I am this dark world's light; Look un - to me, thy

CHORUS.



one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast," I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea-
 thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink and live." I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of
 morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright." I looked to Je - sus, and I found In

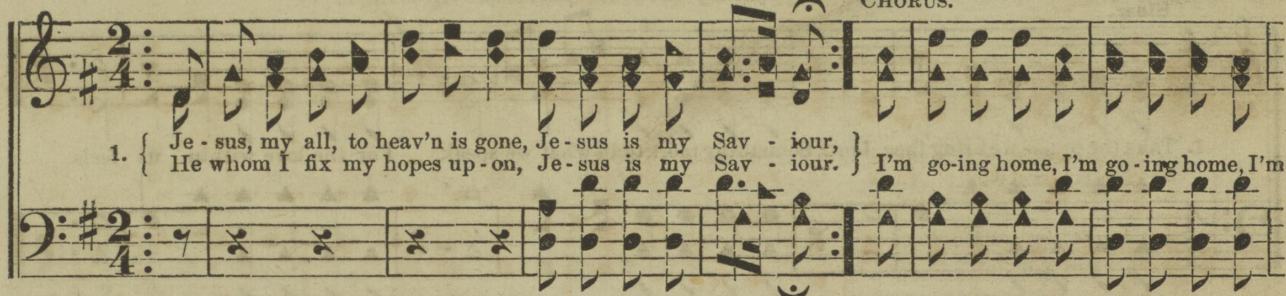


ry and worn and sad, I found in him a rest - ing place, And he hath made me glad.
 that life - giv - ing stream; My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in him.
 him, my Star, my Sun; And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all my jour - ney's done.

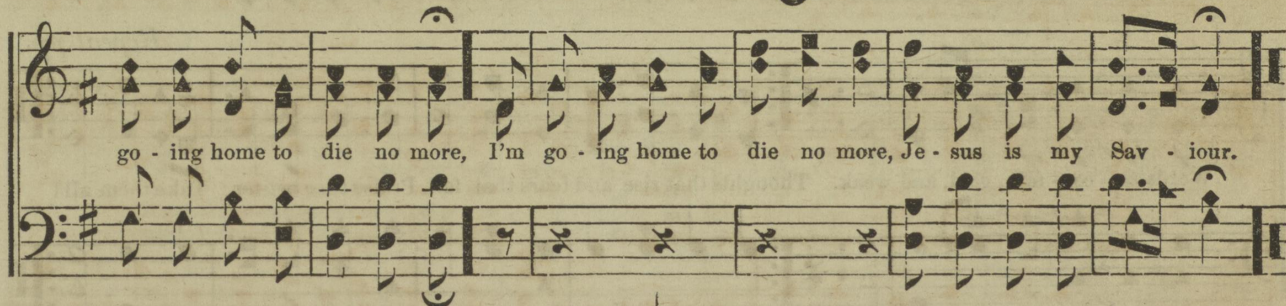
JESUS MY SAVIOUR.

A. S. KIEFFER. 95

CHORUS.



1. { Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, Je - sus is my Sav - iour, } I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm
He whom I fix my hopes up - on, Je - sus is my Sav - iour.



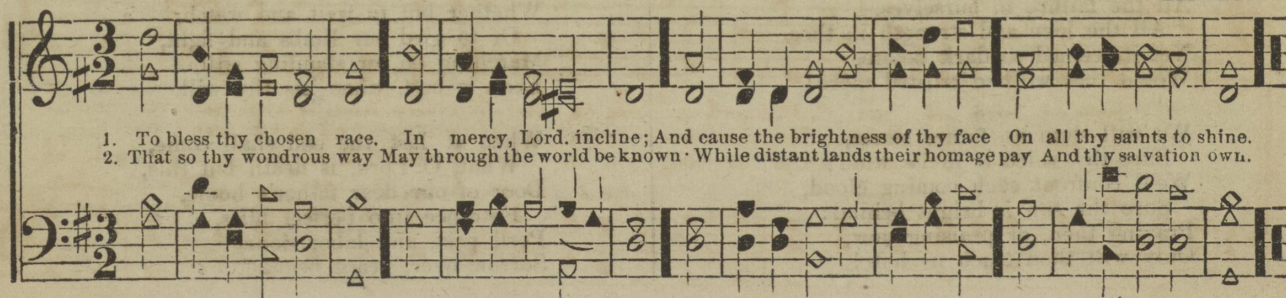
go - ing home to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more, Je - sus is my Sav - iour.

2 His track I see, and I'll pursue,
Jesus is my Saviour,
The narrow way, till him I view,
Jesus is my Saviour.—Chorus.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
Jesus is my Saviour,
And mourned because I found it not,
Jesus is my Saviour.—Chorus.

PENTONVILLE. S. M.

LINLEY.



1. To bless thy chosen race. In mercy, Lord, incline; And cause the brightness of thy face On all thy saints to shine.
2. That so thy wondrous way May through the world be known While distant lands their homage pay And thy salvation own.

TAKE THE PRAISE WE BRING TH

J. H. ROSECRANS.

"Let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually."—Heb. xiii, 15.

Slow.

1. Take the praise we bring thee, Lord, Something more than what we speak, For the love within us feels

Repeat *pp.*

Words un-cer-tain, cold, and weak. Thoughts that rise and tears that fall, Praise thee bet-ter: Take them all!

2.

Looking back the way we've come,
What a sight, O Lord, we see!
All the failure in ourselves,
All the love and strength in thee.
Yet it seemed so dark before,
Would that we had trusted more!

3.

We will shun no future storm,
Sure thy voice is in its wind;
We'll confront each coming cloud,
Sure the sun is bright behind:
Praying then, or praising now,
Only wilt thou teach us how!

4.

Use us for thy glory, Lord,
In the way that seemeth right,
Whether but to wait and watch,
Or to gird our limbs and fight,
Marching on, or standing still,
Each is best, when 'tis thy will.

5.

When at last the end shall come,
What, O Lord, is death but this,
Door of our dear father's home,
Entrance into perfect bliss,
Peril past, and labor done,
Sorrow over, peace begun!

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

LOOK TO JESUS.

CHARLES E. POLLOCK. by per. 97

1. Look to Je - sus, wea - ry one, Full of an - guish, full of grief; He will com - fort, he a -
2. See, the lov - ing Sav - ior stands, Pleading for thy fond embrace; Trust thy - self to Je - sus'

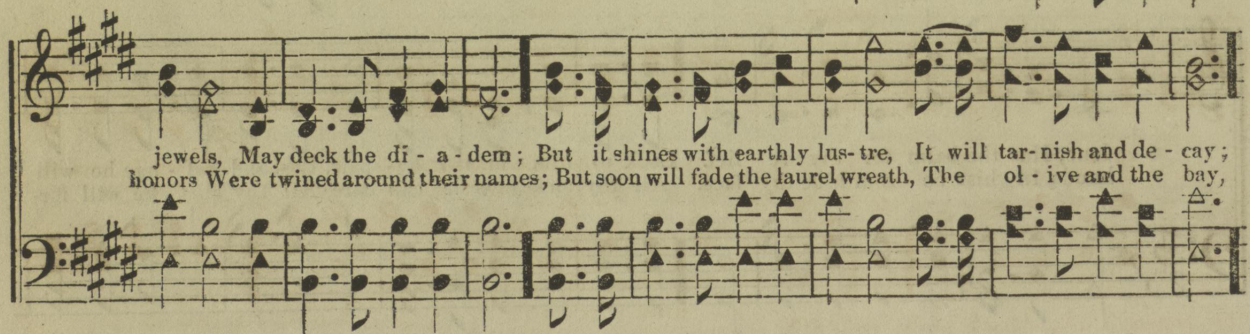
lone, Has the balm for thy re - lief. Look to him in thy de - spair, Rest and ref - uge he will
hands, In his bo - som hide thy face. All thy sick - ness he can cure, All thy sins he will for -

3.
Look to Jesus; not in vain
Shall the weary seek for rest;
Weep away thy tears and pain,
Like a child, upon his breast.
Breathe thy sorrow in his ear,
Strength for every day receive;
Light in darkness will appear,
If thou wilt but look and live.

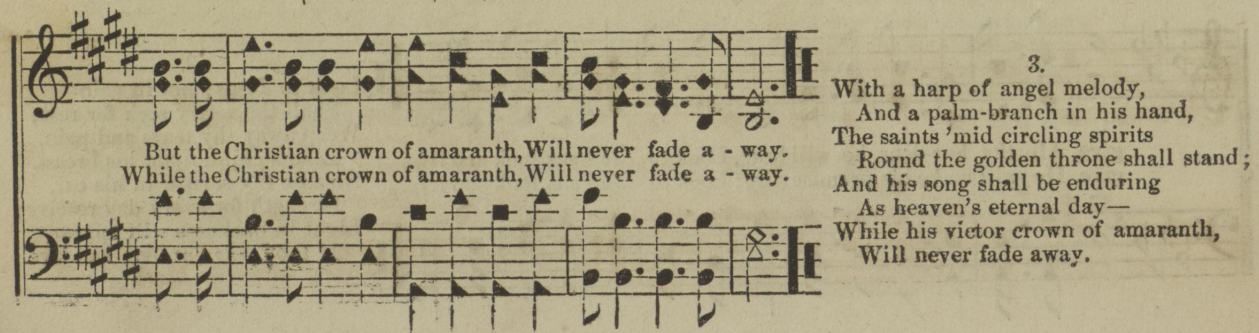
give, All thy bur - dens he will bear; Look to Je - sus, look and live.
give, He will make his promise sure; Look to Je - sus, look and live.



1. On the brow of might-y mon-archs, May spar-kle many a gem, And gold, and pearls, and
 2. Proud were the might-y conquerors Crowned in O-lym-pic games, They deemed that deathless



jewels, May deck the di-a-dem; But it shines with earthly lus-tre, It will tar-nish and de-cay;
 honors Were twined around their names; But soon will fade the laurel wreath, The ol-ive and the bay,



3.
 With a harp of angel melody,
 And a palm-branch in his hand,
 The saints 'mid circling spirits
 Round the golden throne shall stand;
 And his song shall be enduring
 As heaven's eternal day—
 While his victor crown of amaranth,
 Will never fade away.

REDEEMING LOVE. C. M.

A. S. KIEFFER. 99

1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day; O may I there, though vile as he, Wash

CHORUS.

all their guilt-y stains. Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die, And then I hope to
 all my sins a-way. Re-deem-ing love, etc.

sing this love In sweet-er strains on high.

3.
 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood,
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Are saved to sin no more.

Chorus.—Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die,
 And then I hope to sing this love
 In sweeter strains on high.

IT WON'T BE LONG.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Is thy young heart, O happy child, Now fill'd with youthful pleasure? Look up from these, and ne'er for-

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 3/4. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note Bb4. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

get To place in heav'n thy treasure! It won't be long ere childhood days Have
It won't be long ere childhood days Have

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a quarter note C5, followed by a quarter note D5, and then a quarter note E5. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

passed a-way for - ev - er; Then look be-yond, and see thy home Be-yond the roll-ing riv - er.
passed a-way for - ev - er;

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a quarter note F5, followed by a quarter note G5, and then a quarter note A5. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

JESUS WILL LET YOU IN.

Words and Music by 101
A. S. KIEFFER.

REFRAIN.

1. { Come to our Father's house, Come, ere the day be gone;
Tempests are gath'ring fast, Darkness is com-ing on. Fly, for the tempest is com - ing,
2. { Look at the wea-ry way, Look where thy feet have trod;
Finding no rest nor peace, Wand'ring a-way from God. Fly, for the tempest is com - ing,

Sweeping the fields of sin; Knock at the portals of mer - cy, Je - sus will let you in.

3 Darker thy pathway grows,
Soon will the night come down;
Fiercely the lightnings flash,
Darker the tempests frown.—*Ref.*

4 Fly from the fields of sin,
Fly for thy life, to-day;
Fly to our Father's house,
Enter the narrow way.—*Refrain.*

5 Here will thy soul find rest,
Safe from each angry blast;
Here find a perfect peace,—
Joys that forever last.—*Refrain.*

IT WON'T BE LONG. Concluded from opposite page.

2 Is thy soul filled, in manhood's pride,
With dreams of fame and glory?
Look up from these and view the Cross,
And read Redemption's story!
It won't be long till life shall fade,
Its lights go out forever;
Oh, look beyond, and view thy home
Beyond the rolling river.

3 Is thy way dark, my brother dear?
Does life to thee bring sorrow?
Look unto him who guards thy life,
Behold, there comes a morrow!
It won't be long ere light shall dawn,
To gild thy life forever;
Look up to him, behold thy home
Beyond the rolling river.

4 It won't be long, it won't be long,
My sister and my brother;
Till life for us will all be past—
Then let us love each other.
It won't be long till prayers and tears
Shall cease with us forever;
Oh, let us look to that sweet home,
Beyond the shining river.

BE KIND.

Arranged.

1. Be kind to thy fa-ther—for when thou wast young, Who lov'd thee so fond-ly as he?
 2. Be kind to thy moth-er—for lo! on her brow May tra-ces of sor-row be seen;

He caught the first ac-cents that fell from thy tongue, And join'd in thy in-no-cent glee.
 Oh! well mayst thou cher-ish and com-fort her now, For lov-ing and kind hath she been.

His foot-steps are fee-ble—once fear-less and bold,—Thy fa-ther is pass-ing a-way.
 With ac-cents of kindness then cheer her lone way, E'en to the dark val-ley of death.

Be kind to thy fa-ther, for now he is old, His locks in-ter-min-gled with grey;
 Re-mem-ber thy moth-er—for thee will she pray, As long as God giv-eth her breath;

DEPENDENCE.

W. F. CIERNER. 103

1. Dear Je - sus, my Shepherd, on thee I re - ly, My footsteps to guide and my wants to sup - ply;
2. Dear Je - sus, my Rock, when the wild tempests blow, I cling to thee—no oth - er ref - uge I know;
My soul thou wilt lead where the bright waters flow, Nor leave me to wan - der for - sak - en be - low.
Tho' wild - ly the bil - lows may dash on the strand, The Rock of my refuge the storm shall withstand.

3 Dear Jesus, my Strength, thou wilt hear my complaint,
When weary, and helpless, and ready to faint;
I call thee who loved me—who carest for me,—
Dear Jesus, my Strength, I will lean upon thee.

4 Dear Jesus, my Savior, on thee I rely,
My footsteps to guide, and my wants to supply;
For thou hast redeemed me with thy precious blood,
The ransom that brings the poor sinner to God.

BE KIND. Concluded from opposite page.

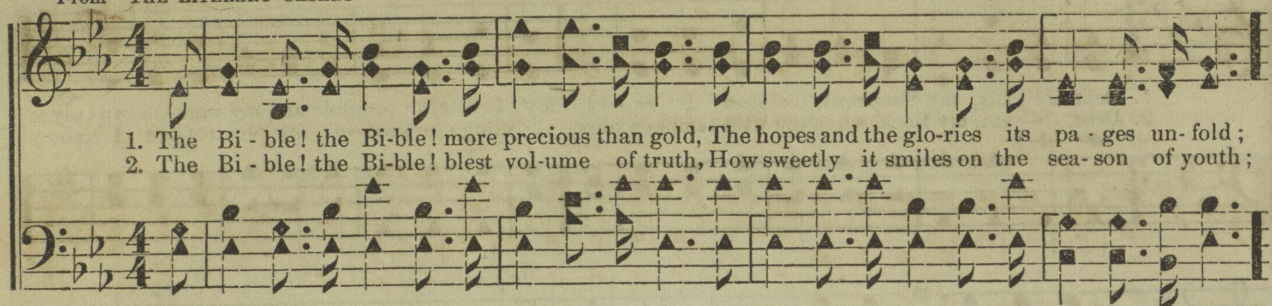
3 Be kind to thy brother—his heart may have dearth,
If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

4 Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
The depths of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Be kind to thy father—once fearless and bold;
Be kind to thy mother so near;
Be kind to thy brother, nor show thy heart cold,
Be kind to thy sister so dear.

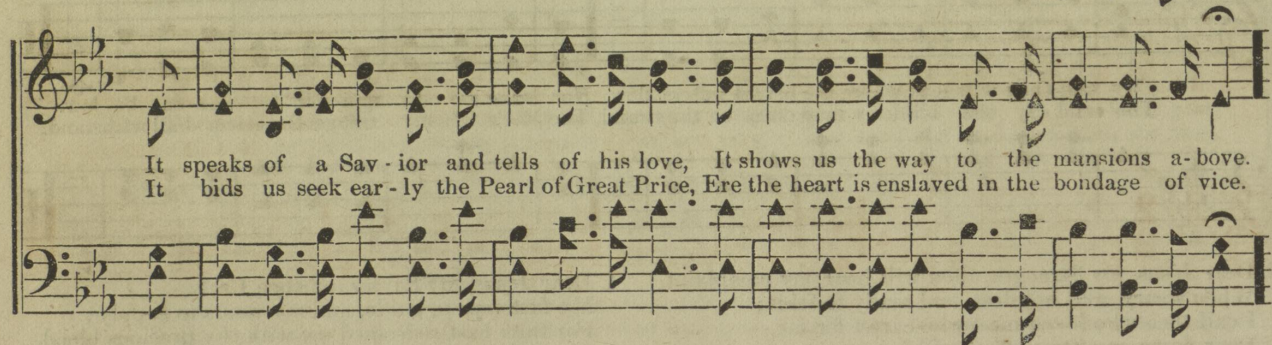
THE BIBLE! MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD.

From "THE LITERARY CASKET."

By CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! more precious than gold, The hopes and the glo - ries its pa - ges un - fold;
2. The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! blest vol - ume of truth, How sweetly it smiles on the sea - son of youth;



It speaks of a Sav - ior and tells of his love, It shows us the way to the mansions a - bove.
It bids us seek ear - ly the Pearl of Great Price, Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.

CHORUS.



Precious Bi - ble, what a treas - ure, Does the word of God af - ford,
Pre - cious Bi - ble, what a treasure, Pre - cious Bi - ble, what a treasure,

THE BIBLE! MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD. *Concluded.*

105

Giv - ing life and end-less pleas - ure, In the pres - ence of the Lord.
 Giv - ing life and end-less pleasure, Giv - ing life and end-less pleasure,

3 The Bible! the Bible! we hail it with joy;
 Its truths and its glories our tongues shall employ;
 We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of its worth,
 And send its glad tidings afar o'er the earth.—*Chorus.*

4 The Bible! the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
 And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
 Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules,
 Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.—*Cho.*

RUEBUSH. 7s.

F. L. ARMSTRONG.
 By per.

1 Lord of hosts, how lovely fair,
 E'en on earth thy temples are;
 Here thy waiting people see
 Much of heaven and much of thee.

2 From thy gracious presence flows
 Bliss that softens all our woes;
 While thy Spirit's holy fire
 Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne,
 Here thou makest thy glories known;
 Here we learn thy righteous ways,
 Taste thy love and sing thy praise.

4 Thus with sacred songs of joy,
 We our happy lives employ;
 Love, and long to love thee more,
 Till from earth to heaven we soar.

ANTHEM: "Jerusalem, My Glorious Home." DR. LOWELL MASON. 1840.

From "American Tune Book."

Allegretto.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my glorious home! Name ever dear to me! When, when shall my la-bors have an

end, In joy, . . . In joy and peace, In joy, . . . In joy, . . . and
In joy and peace, In joy . . . and

peace with thee? 2 Oh, when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as-
2 Oh, when shall I thy courts,

"Jerusalem, My Glorious Home." Continued.

107

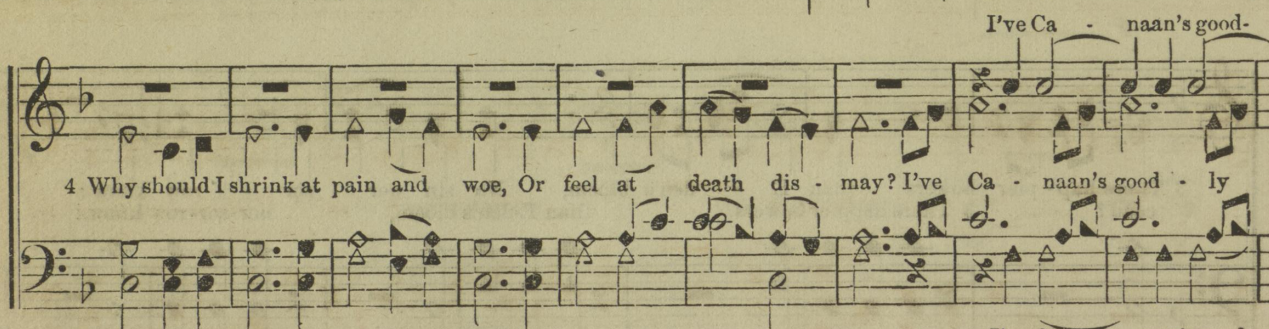
cend? thy courts ascend? Where congregations ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no end? thy courts, thy courts as-
 Oh, when shall I

3 There hap - pier bowers than E - den's bloom, No sin nor sor - row know :
 cend? 3 There happier bowers than E-den's bloom, nor sor-row know :

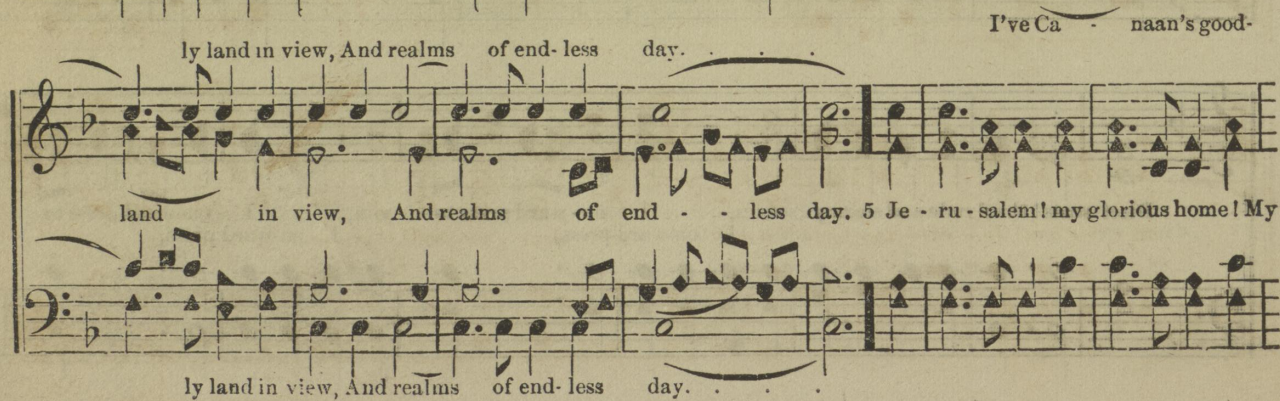
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I on - ward press to you, I on - ward press to
 I on-ward press, I on-ward press,

"Jerusalem, My Glorious Home." Continued.

you, I onward press to you, Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to me.



4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel at death dis - may? I've Ca - naan's good - ly



ly land in view, And realms of end - less day. I've Ca - naan's good - ly land in view, And realms of end - less day. 5 Je - ru - sa - lem! my glorious home! My

"Jerusalem, My Glorious Home." Concluded.

109

soul still pants, My soul still pants for thee; Then shall my labors have an end, When I . . . thy
for thee; Then, Then shall my la - bors have an end, When I thy joys,

joys, . . . thy joys shall see, When I . . . thy joys shall see, thy joys shall see, Je-
thy joys shall see, thy joys

ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to me! Name ev - er dear to me!

I LOVE THEE.

J. INGALLS.
Arr. by H. P. MAIN.

1. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord; I love thee, my Sav-ior, I

The first system of music is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a treble and bass staff with a piano accompaniment of chords and single notes. The melody is in the treble staff, starting on a whole note and moving in eighth and quarter notes.

love thee, my God; I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know; But how much I

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The music ends with a double bar line.

love thee I nev - er can show.

2.
I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account!
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount;
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.

3.
O Jesus, my Savior, with thee I am blest!
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest!
Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song,
Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.

The third system contains the final two verses of the song. The first part of the system has a treble staff with the melody and a bass staff with the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The second part of the system contains the lyrics for the second and third verses, which are not accompanied by musical notation on this page.

INDEX OF TUNES.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
ELEMENTARY DEPARTMENT.....	3-14	It won't be long.....	100	Submission.....	66
Angel Band.....	26	Jacob's Well.....	42	Sweeping through the Gates.....	86
Anthem,—Jerusalem, my Glorious.....	106	Jefferson.....	41	Take the praise we bring thee.....	96
Armstrong.....	77	Jesus' Army.....	54	That Beautiful Land.....	76
Beautiful Gate.....	62	Jesus, my Savior.....	95	The Banquet of Love.....	46
Beautiful Home.....	47	Jesus will let you in.....	101	The Believer's Hope.....	84
Beautiful Home beyond.....	58	Just as I am.....	31	The Bible! more precious than gold.....	104
Be kind.....	102	Just as I am.....	65	The Crown Eternal.....	98
Burber.....	17	Kingsbury.....	37	The Feast of Love.....	74
Calistoga.....	29	Land of Light.....	60	The Great Teacher.....	80
Clement.....	19	Longing for Home.....	48	The Golden City.....	22
Cogswell.....	87	Look to Jesus.....	97	The Morning Light.....	71
Darlington.....	89	Lottie.....	59	The New By-and-by.....	20
Day-star of Israel.....	49	Mercy's free.....	61	The Pilgrim's Song.....	93
Dependence.....	103	My sweet Home in Heaven.....	78	The Promised Land.....	44
Elmer.....	63	No night on that Golden Shore.....	24	The Sabbath.....	68
Enon.....	55	Our Beautiful Home.....	32	The Shining Way.....	40
Evona.....	77	Pentonville.....	95	The Starry Crown.....	15
Fairmount.....	32	Purer I would be.....	81	The Sunbright Clime.....	38
Gather them in.....	72	Realms of the Blest.....	92	The Sweet By-and-by.....	88
Going Home.....	23	Redeeming Love.....	99	The Temperance Banner.....	85
Grave on the green hillside.....	28	Relief.....	27	The Ten Commandments.....	82
Home of the soul.....	67	Ring the Bell softly.....	90	The Voice of Jesus.....	94
Home to my mother in heaven.....	16	Ruebush.....	105	This is not my place of resting.....	34
Homewood.....	43	Seabury.....	75	Unity.....	21
I am thinking of Home.....	36	Shall we meet?.....	45	Waiting by the River.....	56
I love Thee.....	110	Shawmut.....	53	Walking the sea.....	30
In the Cross I glory.....	51	Singing with the Angels.....	64	Welcome to the Sabbath.....	70
It is I!.....	18	Sing to His glory.....	50	We will sing.....	35
				What shall I do?.....	39
				When the evening shadows.....	52
				Will they meet me?.....	68
				Woodnest.....	83

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
A FEW more years.....	93	Is this the kind return.....	19	Take the praise we bring.....	96
Ah! tell me no more.....	63	Is thy young heart.....	100	The Bible! the Bible!.....	104
Amid the toil and pain of life.....	78	I will sing you a song.....	67	The Church has waited long.....	37
Be kind to thy father.....	102	Jerusalem, my glorious Home.....	106	The day is past and gone.....	41
Beyond the rolling river.....	38	Jesus, my all, to heav'n is gone.....	95	The holy day's returning.....	70
By faith I view my Savior dying... 61		Jesus sat by the well.....	42	The Lord Jehovah reigns.....	53
Child of sorrow, child of care.....	74	Just as I am, without one plea.....	31	The pearly gates are open wide....	40
Come, sound his praise abroad.....	87	Just as I am, without one plea.....	65	The Prince of salvation in triumph.	89
Come to our Father's house.....	101	Longing for home, just over.....	48	There is a fountain filled.....	99
Day-star of Israel.....	49	Look to Jesus, weary one.....	97	There is a home, a peaceful home..	47
Dear Jesus, my Shepherd.....	103	Lo! the stone is rolled away.....	75	There is a place of sacred rest.....	20
Down the ages long departed.....	82	Lord of hosts, how lovely fair.....	105	There's a beautiful land.....	76
Firmly, brethren, firmly stand.....	21	My heavenly home is bright.....	60	There's a city of light.....	62
Go forth in the highway.....	46	My hope is built on nothing less... 84		There's a land that is fairer.....	88
Go to thy rest, my child.....	17	O father, come kiss me once more..	16	There's a light on the dark.....	30
Happy, happy, meet we here.....	83	Oh, what shall I do to be saved....	39	There's a little grave on the green.	28
Have we grown weary of toil.....	32	O, let him whose sorrow.....	27	There's a place for children.....	35
How gentle God's commands.....	59	On Jordan's stormy banks I stand..	44	They are going, only going.....	23
How shall the young secure.....	43	On the brow of mighty monarchs... 98		This is not my place of resting....	34
How sweet is the Sabbath.....	68	Open the door for the children.....	72	To bless thy chosen race.....	95
How sweet will be the welcome.....	15	O the night of time.....	71	Unfurl the Temperance Banner....	85
I am thinking of home.....	36	Our home beyond, forever fair.....	58	We'll sing to the glory, the glory... 50	
I am waiting by the river.....	56	O when shall we sweetly remove... 24		We seek the Golden City.....	22
I asked a little joyous bird.....	80	Praise to thee, thou great Creator... 32		We speak of the realms.....	92
If thro' unruffled seas.....	29	Purer yet and purer.....	81	We've gathered from the east.....	54
I have dreamed sweet dreams.....	64	Shall we meet beyond the river.... 44		When the ev'ning shadows.....	52
I heard the voice of Jesus say.....	94	Softly now the light of day.....	79	When the storm in its fury.....	18
I love thee, I love thee.....	110	Some one has gone.....	90	When the Sunday-school.....	26
In the cross of Christ I glory.....	51	Spirit of God, descend.....	77	While my Redeemer's near.....	55
				While we journey o'er life's.....	66
				Who, who are these.....	86
				Will they meet me.....	68

