

NEW
MELODIES OF PRAISE
FOR THE
SABBATH SCHOOL
AND
PRAISE MEETINGS.

Edited by B. A. Glenn and Aldine S. Kieffer.

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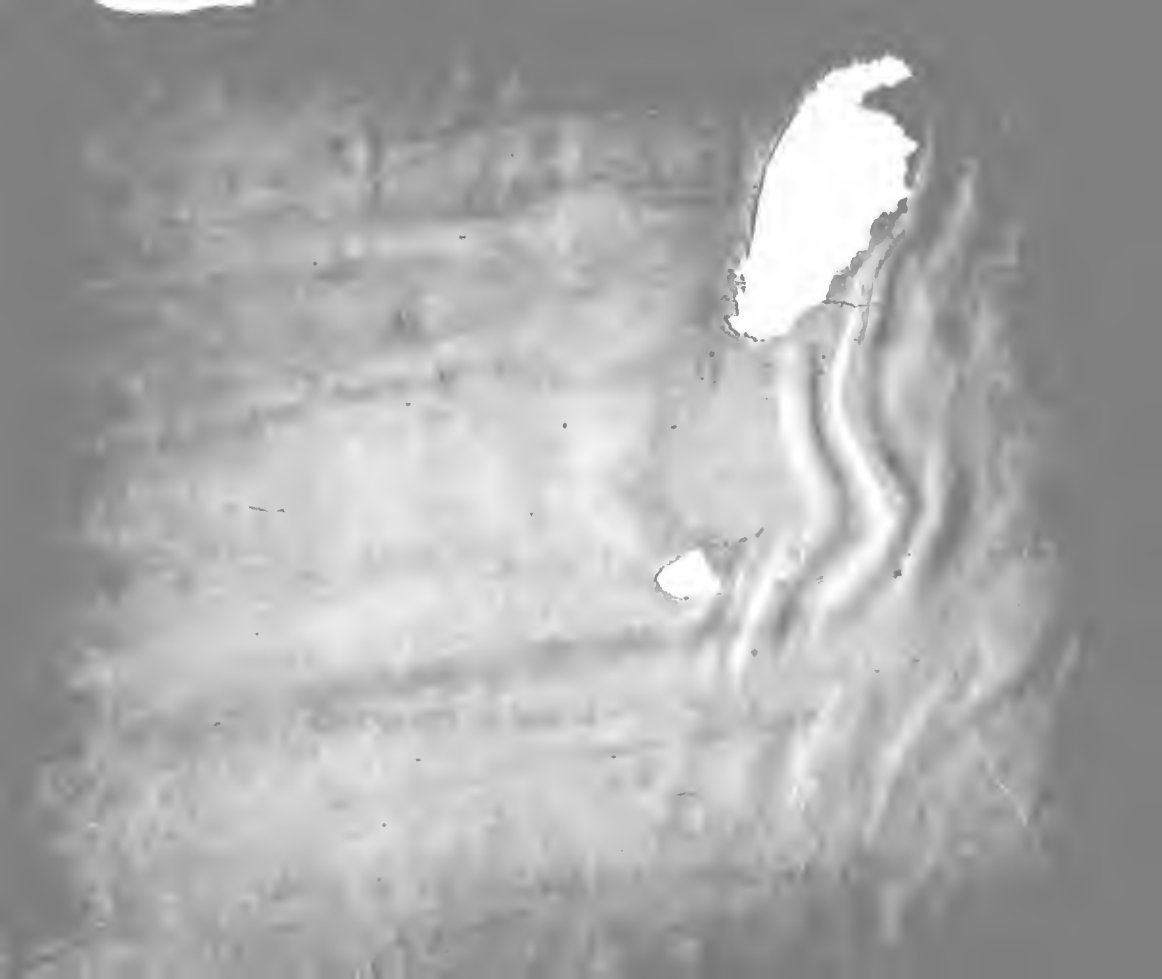
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NEW

MELODIES OF PRAISE:

A COLLECTION OF

New Tunes and Hymns,

FOR THE

SABBATH SCHOOL AND PRAISE MEETING.

EDITED BY

R. A. GLENN and ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

SINGER'S GLEN, VA.:

RUEBUSH, KIEFFER & CO.



NEW MELODIES OF PRAISE.

Words from "BUSY BEE."
Gently.

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

A. J. ABBEY, by per.

1. Kneeling by her lit-tle bedside, Dimpled feet so white and bare; Hands up-on her bos-om fold-ed,
2. In his arms he safe-ly held me, Thro' the long and hap-py day; And when night's un-cer-tain shadows

REFRAIN.

Hear her lisp her ev'ning pray'r: "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep."
Fold-ed round her, she could say: "If I should die be-fore I wake, I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take."

3 Like this little one, my Savior,
Let me come to thee to-night,
Through the dark and silent watches
Guide me to the morning light.

REF.—Take me to thy loving breast
And fold me in thy arms to rest.

4 On Thy love alone depending,
Lead me to the Life Divine;
Let the prayer of trusting childhood
In the fullest sense be mine.

REF.—If I wake or if I sleep,
'Tis thou alone my soul must keep.

JESUS RISING FROM THE TOMB.

1. 'Twas on a beau-ti-ful Sab-bath day, The an-gel left his home so fair;
 2. 'Twas on that beau-ti-ful, ho-ly day, The rocks were rent, the earth did quake,

And rolled from the tomb the stone a-way, For Je-sus lay in slum-ber there.
 The keep-ers a-round like dead men lay, While Je-sus from the grave did wake.

CHORUS.

The bless-ed Re-deem-er, a world to save, Up-on the rug-ged cross was slain,



3 'Twas drawing near to the close of day,
When Mary neared the sepulchre,
And saw that the stone was rolled away,
And words of comfort came to her.—*Cho.*

4 Fear not, fear not, the good angel said,
It is the Lord ye seek to-day;
Captivity hath captive led,—
Behold the spot where Jesus lay.—*Cho.*

WINNING SOULS.

A. S. KIEFFER.



2 Tell him it was sovereign grace
Led thee first to seek his face;
Made thee choose the better part,
Wrought salvation in thy heart.

3 Tell him of that liberty
Wherewith Jesus makes us free;
Sweetly speak of sins forgiven,
Earnest of the joys of heaven.

BEHOLD, WHAT MANNER OF LOVE.

MRS. E. A. SIMS.

Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us.—1 JOHN, III, 1.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. In vain we try to com - pre - hend The depth of that unbound - ed love,
 2. Thro' Christ our sins are all for - giv'n, The Fa - ther claims us as his own;

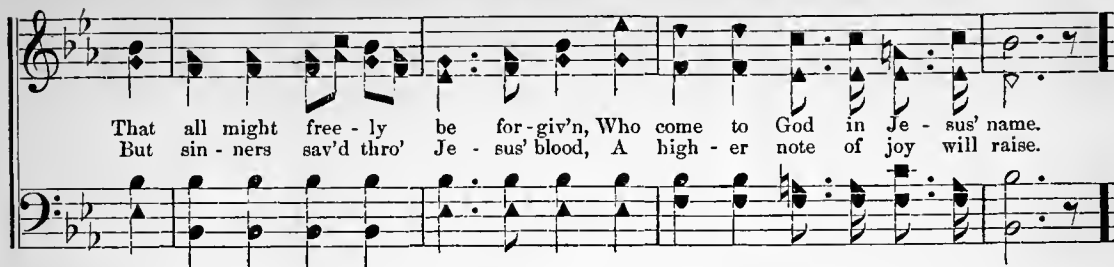
The first system of the musical score is in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with two verses. The first verse ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The second verse continues the melody.

Which brought God's well - be - lov - ed Son, Down from the shin - ing courts a - bove;
 Calls us his chil - dren, heirs of heav'n; Re-deem'd we'll stand be - fore his throne.

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

For us to suf - fer, bleed, and die, To bear our sins 'mid scorn and shame;
 An - gels may tune their gold - en harps To songs of mel - o - dy and praise,

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

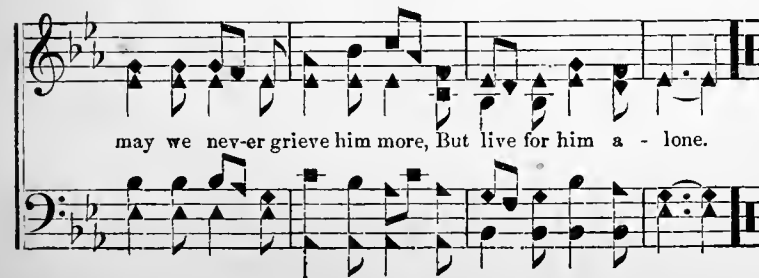


That all might free - ly be for - giv'n, Who come to God in Je - sus' name.
But sin - ners sav'd thro' Je - sus' blood, A high - er note of joy will raise.

CHORUS.



Be - hold, what manner of love . . . The Fa - ther to us hath shown; O
what man - ner of love, shown, hath shown, O



may we nev - er grieve him more, But live for him a - lone.

3.
We often wander from our God,
Often refuse to do his will;
But when we turn to him we find
A kind and loving Father still.
May we, with all our ransomed power,
Proclaim to all his wondrous love,
Till we shall see him as he is,
And join our songs with those
above.
Behold, what manner, &c.

JESUS IS CALLING

R. A. GLENN.

Slowly.

1. Don't you hear him sweet - ly call - ing? Je - sus speaks in tones of love: Hear the
 2. Hear him plead - ing in the gar - den, See him bleed - ing on the cross; Will you
 3. Christians need not be af - flict - ed, When the night of death shall come; All the

tones in ac - cents fall - ing, Gen - tly fall - ing from a - bove; In my Father's house in heav - en, Is pre -
 slyght the proffer'd par - doo; Can you bear the dreadful loss? Let us climb the ho - ly mountain, Safe from
 pas - sage will be light - ed To that blest im - mor - tal home. When the sil - ver cord is brok - en, When our

pared a place for thee; Love - ly man - sions free - ly giv - en, On - ly come, and fol - low me.
 an - ger, strife and pride; Lin - ger near the heal - ing foun - tain, Flow - ing from Im - man - uel's side.
 earth - ly home shall fall; When the last fare - well is spok - en, Save us, Je - sus, save us all.

JESUS IS CALLING. *Concluded.*

9

CHORUS

Let us fol - low, Let us fol - low, 'Tis Je - sus bids us come,
Let us fol - low aft - er Je - sus, Let us fol - low aft - er Je - sus,

He will lead us thro' the val-ley, He will lead us thro' the val-ley, O'er the riv - er safe - ly home.

TO-DAY THE SAVIOR CALLS.

1. To - day the Sav - ior calls: Ye wand'ers, come: O ye be - night - ed souls, Why long - er roam?
2. To - day the Sav - ior calls: O hear him now: With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.
3. The Spir - it calls to - day: Yield to his power: Oh, grieve him not a - way; 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

1. To - day thy Sav - ior calls to thee, Im - plor - ing - ly, en - treat - ing - ly;
 2. To - day the Ho - ly Spir - it woos, Do not a - gain his love re - fuse!
 3. To - day may be thy lat - est call, At Je - sus' feet, dear sin - ner, fall;

O why de - lay thy soul's re - turn? O why such ten - der mer - cy spurn?
 Turn not with all thy sins a - way, But come to Christ without de - lay.
 O en - ter, en - ter Mer - cy's gate, To - mor - row it may be too late!

CHORUS.

Be saved to-day! be saved to - day! Turn not with all thy sins a - way;

No long - er wait! No long - er wait! To - mor - row it may be too late.

This musical score is for the first system of the hymn. It features a treble and bass staff in a key of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the notes.

JEFFERSON. 5th P. M.

R. A. GLENN.

1. God of love, who hear - est prayer, Kind - ly for thy peo - ple care, Who on thee a -

This musical score is for the second system of the hymn. It features a treble and bass staff in a key of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the notes.

lone de - pend, Love us, save us to the end.

This musical score is for the third system of the hymn. It features a treble and bass staff in a key of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the notes.

2.
Never let the world break in;
Fix a mighty gulf between;
Keep us little and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.

3.
Let us still to thee look up;
Thee, thine Israel's strength and hope;
Nothing know or seek beside
Jesus, and him crucified.

1. Lit - tle chil - dren, lis - ten, lis - ten! Do you hear the Sab - bath bells? Do you
 2. All the air is hushed and ho - ly, On - ly chime the Sab - bath bells? Lis - ten

know the sweet, sweet sto - ry, That their pleasant chiming tells? They are call - ing, ev - er call - ing To the
 to the wondrous sto - ry, That their pleasant chiming tells. They are tell - ing, ev - er tell - ing Of the

CHORUS.

bles - ed house of prayer, Let ev' - one hast - en there. Work, children, work, O work for Je - sus!
 love of God's dear Son That for ev' - ry one.

Work, and watch, and pray; Work, children, work for Je - sus! Work while 'tis called to - day.

This musical score is for a two-part setting of the hymn 'Work for Jesus'. It features a treble and bass staff in the key of D major (two sharps). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

3 Now, while Sabbath bells are chiming,
We will send our earnest prayer,
Thro' the blue and arching heavens,
To our Father's dwelling there.

He will hear us in our singing,—
He will hear us in our prayer;
Let each one trust his care.
CHO.—Work, children, work, &c.

NELSON. S. M.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1. O where shall rest nev - er found, Rest for the wea - ry soul!
2 The world can nev - er give The bliss the for which we sigh;

This musical score is for a two-part setting of the hymn 'Nelson'. It is in the key of D major (two sharps) and 3/4 time. The melody is more complex than the first hymn, with some syncopation. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

'Twere vain not the o - cean's depths to sound, Or pierce to el - ther pole!
'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

This musical score is the second part of the two-part setting for 'Nelson'. It continues the melody from the previous block. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

A CROWN IN HEAVEN YOU SHALL WEAR.

Words and Music by
R. A. GLENN.

1. I know there's a home for the good that la - bor here, Just beyond death's val - ley dark and cold,

And the ones that reach that home so bright and fair, Shall wear a glitt'ring crown of gold.

CHORUS.

La - bor on, La - bor on, La - bor on, La - bor on, For a crown in heav - en you shall

wear, by - and - by, La - bor on, La - bor on, La - bor on, La - bor on, For a

crown in heav - en you shall wear.

2.
I know there's a land that is beautiful and bright,
Just beyond the Jordan's turbid roar;
And I soon shall pass beyond all mortal sight,
To promised Canaan's happy shore.—*Cho.*

3.
There we'll never grieve—but rejoicing faces see,
As we near the bright eternal shore;
Where the angels wait with crowns for you and me,
With them we'll dwell forevermore.—*Cho.*

ANOTHER YEAR.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. An - oth - er year Has told its four-fold tale, And still I'm here, A trav'-ler in this vale.
2. Ah! not a few, Who seem'd life's toil to brave, Are hid from view With - in the si - lent grave.
3. Why am I spared To see an - oth - er year? Why have I shared So ma - ny mer - cies here?

WHEN THE STORMS ARE ALL OVER.

MRS. E. A. GLENN.

1. I long to be-hold him ar-rayed, With glo-ry and light from a-bove;
 2. I lan-guish and sigh to be there, Where Je-sus hath fixed his a-bode;

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the notes, with two verses indicated by the numbers 1 and 2.

The King in his beau-ty dis-played, His beau-ty of ho-li-est love.
 O when shall we meet in the air, And fly to the mount-ain of God.

The second system continues the melody and harmony. The lyrics are written below the notes, with the first line of the verse and the second line of the verse indicated by the numbers 1 and 2.

CHORUS.

When the storms all are o'er, I shall see him on that beau-ti-ful
 when the storms all are o'er,

The chorus is written in a larger font and is repeated twice. The musical notation for the chorus is in the same key and time signature as the previous systems. The lyrics are written below the notes, with the first line of the chorus and the second line of the chorus indicated by the numbers 1 and 2.

throne, When the storms all are o'er I shall
beau - ti - ful throne, When the storms all are o'er, by - and - by, I shall

see him on his beau - ti - ful throne.

3.

With him I on Zion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word;
The breadth of Immanuel's land.
Survey by the light of my Lord.—*Cho.*

4.

O drive these dark clouds from mine eyes,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore:
Or take me to thee upon high
Where winter and clouds are no more.—*Cho.*

FUNERAL BELL.

Slow and Gently.

1. Hark! the peal - ing, Soft - ly steal - ing Fune - ral bell Sad - ly speaks a soul's fare - well.
2. Wel - come, wel - come Is thy mu - sic, Sil - v'ry bell; Thou hast tolled a saint's fare - well.
3. Sweet - ly sleep - ing, Friends, why weep - ing? "All is well," Told the sol - emn fune - ral bell.

MY GLORIOUS HOME.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.
From "NOTES OF JOY," by per.

Boys.

Girls.

Chorus.

1. I have a home, A glo - rious home, Which Je - sus bought for me,
2. My Sa - vior's love, His dy - ing love, Hath made my hope se - cure;

An ev - er - bless - ed home of light, From sin and sor - row free;
And safe in him I jour - ney on, I know my home is sure;

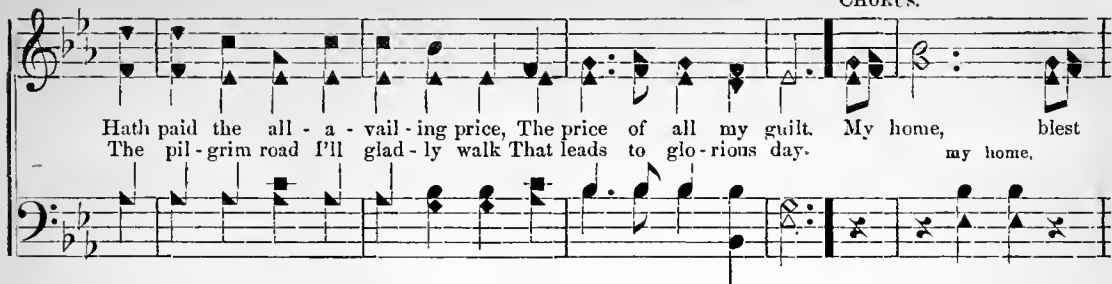
Boys.

Girls.

Chorus.

My Sa - vior's blood, His pre - cious blood, The blood so free - ly spilt,
His gra - cious smiles, His lov - ing smiles, Shall cheer me all the way;

CHORUS.



Hath paid the all - a - vail - ing price, The price of all my guilt. My home, blest
The pil - grim road I'll glad - ly walk That leads to glo - rious day. my home,



home, blest home, From sin and sor - row free; My home, my home, my hap - py home;



Which Je - sus bought for me.

3.

I'll praise his love, his boundless love,
His love and grace divine;
By which that happy home's secured,
Secured forever mine.
His grace divine, his power divine,
My strength, my hope shall be,
And bear me to my blessed home,
My Jesus there to see.
My home, blest home, &c.

*OH, SEE THEM NOW MARCHING.*Harmonized by
ROBERT MOORE.

1. Glad mil-lions of chil-dren are gath'-ring to-day, In the east, in the west, on the

This system contains the first two staves of music. The treble staff has a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

prairies far a-way; On the mis-sions of mer-cy they march thro' the land, The

This system contains the next two staves of music. The melody continues with a quarter note D5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note F#5, and a quarter note G5. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

CHORUS.

pride of our na-tion, the Sab-bath-school band. Oh, see them now march-ing,

This system contains the final two staves of music. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

march - ing, march-ing with their songs on the way, With their songs on the way,
march - ing, march - ing, march - ing,

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass, in the key of D major (two sharps). The melody is written in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the Treble staff, aligned with the notes.

Bound for the land where the an - gels are harping, The cit - y a - bove that is brighter than day.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of two staves, Treble and Bass, in the key of D major. The lyrics are written below the Treble staff.

2.

Away through the valleys and over the hills,
Through woodlands they come and by low-gushing
rills,
From the wide city full, 'midst the gathering throng,
With chiming of bells they come marching along.

Chorus.—Oh, see them now marching, &c.

3.

Like stars of the morning that herald the light,
Ere the sun cometh forth in the strength of his might,
With their songs and their banners they march on their
way,
Proclaiming the coming millennial day.

Chorus.—Oh, see them now marching, &c.

THE LITTLE CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

A. S. KIEFFER.

"These lines I place at your disposal. They were composed for a little boy, and never published except from his hended knee,"
REV. W. T. PRICE.

1. Wilt thou not hear a lit - tle child, Blest Lamb of God so meek and mild,
2. Now may thy lfo - ly Spir - it come To bless with peace my hap - py home,
3. While all in gloom a - round my bed, May an - gels guard my wea - ry head,

And gen - tly fold me to thine arms, Se - cure from fears and night's a - larms?
Thy sav - ing grace will thou not give? And help me to thy glo - ry on live.
Should I this night be called to die, And May I a - wake with thee high.

Words and Music by
MRS. F. A. SPURLOCK.

GATHERING HOME WITHIN THE VALE.

Harmonized by
R. K. MOORE, by per.

1. Time, like a stream, is glid - ing by; We're on its shore to - day; A
2. Thus one by one our friends have passed Thro' pearl - y gates they glide, Where

CHORUS.

mo - ment more, and we may pass From mor - tal sight a - way. We're gath - er - ing, we're
gath'ring hosts of loved ones meet Far o'er the riv - er tide.

gath - er - ing On life's ce - les - tial shore; We soon shall meet be -

yond the stream, Shall meet to part no more.

3.

This land of rest is hid from view,
Though gentle airs, so calm,
Oft stealing from that viewless shore,
Bring us their breath of balm.—*Cho.*

4.

We're gathering home within the vail,
Its heavenly joys to share;
What glorious greetings will be ours,
To meet our loved ones there.—*Cho.*

1. Oh, the beau - ti - ful riv - er that flows by the throne, Has sweet charms for the saint - ed a - bove,
2. Oh, the beau - ti - ful riv - er that shines bright as gold, Has rich wa - ters with - in it, I'm told;

As they joy - ful - ly bask in the sun - shine and love, Of the Fa - ther of mer - cy a - bove.
How I long to go there, and its beau - ties be - hold, And be with the good mar - tyrs of old.

3.

Oh, the beautiful river with crystals so bright,
That doth flow in the soft golden light,
Where the Savior doth dwell with the angelic band,
In that balmy and bright happy land.

4.

Oh, the beautiful river through faith I can see,
As it flows past the throne to the sea;
And I'm longing to dwell on its bright silver strand,
With the angels in glory to stand.

OH, THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER. *Concluded.*

25

CHORUS, with Vocal accompaniment.

Soprano.

First system of the musical score. The Soprano part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature. The lyrics are: "We shall meet by - and - hy, On its bright sil - ver strand ;".

Second system of the musical score. The Soprano part continues on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment continues on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature. The lyrics are: "There to dwell ev - er - more . . . In that beau - ti - ful land.".

1. { There's a cit - y of light 'mid the stars, we are told, Where they know not a sor - row or care ; }
 { And the gates are of pearl and the streets are of gold, And the building ex - ceed - ing - ly fair ; }

D.C.—For that home is so bright, and is al - most in sight, And I trust in my heart you'll go there.

CHORUS.

D.C.

Let us pray for each oth - er, nor faint by the way In this sad world of sor - row and care, *D.C.*

- 2 Brother dear, never fear,—we shall triumph at last
 If we trust in the word he has given ;
 When our trials and toils, and our weepings are past,
 We shall meet in that home up in heaven.—*Cho.*
- 3 Sister dear, never fear,—for the Savior is near,
 With his hand he will lead you along ;

- And the way that is dark Christ will graciously clear,
 And your mourning shall turn to a song.—*Cho.*
- 4 Let us walk in the light of the gospel divine,
 Let us ever keep near to the cross ;
 Let us love, watch and pray, in our pilgrimage here,
 Let us count all things else but as loss.—*Cho.*

THE GOSPEL INVITATION.

A. S. KIEFFER.

27

With spirit.

1. { Rich from the Riv - er of Life, flow the streams of sal - va - tion, }
Free as the beams of the sun, is the wide in - vi - ta - tion: }

Who - so com - eth shall re - ceive, Joys that no mor - tal can give:

Who - so com - eth shall re - ceive, Joys that no mor - tal can give.

2 Mercy is ready, its mantle of love to spread o'er you,
Grace hath to-day spread the feast of the gospel before you,
||: God keeps your life from the grave,
Waiting your spirit to save.:||

3 O, then, ye wand'ers! repent and return to the Savior;
Gladly accept the rich offers of kindness and favor;
||: Sinner, O, make no delay,
Seek ye the Savior to-day.:||

1. Praise to the Lord, all ye chil-dren, sing prais-es, Praise him when o-pens the beau-ti-ful day;
 2. Praise him for life and its mer-cies so con-stant, Home and its bless-ings, kind guar-dian and friends;
 3. Praise him when comes the bright morn of the Sab-bath, Call-ing to wor-ship, in-struc-tion and pray'r;

Praise him at morn, in the soul's pure de-vo-tion, Praise him at eve as the light fades a-way.
 Praise him for life in the Lord, our Redeem-er, Gift that all oth-ers for-ev-er transcends.
 Nev-er with-hold the young heart's ad-o-ra-tion: Ev-er re-joice his great name to de-clare.

CHORUS.

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

Praise the Lord, to the Lord, All ye chil-dren, sing praise to the Lord.
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,

IN THE CROSS.

Fine. CHORUS.

1. { Droop-ing souls, no long-er grieve; Heav-en is pro-pi-tious; } In the cross,
If in Je-sus you be-lieve, You will find him pre-cious.

D.C. Till our rapt-ured souls shall find Rest beyond the riv-er.

In the cross, May we glo-ry ev-er, *D.C.*

2 Lo! he now is passing by,
Calls the mourner to him;
He has died that you and I
Might look up and view him.
Cho.—In the cross, &c.

3 See the living waters move,
For the sick and dying;
Now resolve to gain his love,
Or to perish trying.
Cho.—In the cross, &c.

1. In that beau - ti - ful home o - ver there, Where the flow - ers shall fade nev - er - more;
 2. We will sing in that beau - ti - ful home, When the robe and the crown we shall wear,
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Giv - er a - bove, - All ar - rayed in his splen - dor so fair;

There the sun ev - er shines bright and fair, On the banks of the pearl - y - white shore.
 And the King in his beau - ty be - hold, On his throne with the an - gels so fair.
 We will sing ev - er - more of his love, When we meet in that home o - ver there.

CHORUS.

In that home beau - ti - ful home, o - ver there, In that beau - ti - ful home o - ver
 by - and - by,

there, by-and-by, We will shine as the stars ev-er-more, by-and-by, In that beau-ti-ful home o-ver there.

This musical score is for the song 'In That Home Over There'. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G major, indicated by one sharp (F#). The time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: 'there, by-and-by, We will shine as the stars ev-er-more, by-and-by, In that beau-ti-ful home o-ver there.' The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

ANYWHERE.

B. C. UNSELD.

1. A-ny lit-tle cor-ner, Lord, In thy vineyard wide, Where thou bid'st me work for thee, There I would a-
 2. Where we pitch our nightly tent, Sure-ly mat-ters not; If the day for thee is spent, Bless-ed is the
 3. All a-long the wil-der-ness, Let us keep our sight On the mov-ing pil-lar fixed, Constant day and

This musical score is for the song 'Anywhere'. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: '1. A-ny lit-tle cor-ner, Lord, In thy vineyard wide, Where thou bid'st me work for thee, There I would a- 2. Where we pitch our nightly tent, Sure-ly mat-ters not; If the day for thee is spent, Bless-ed is the 3. All a-long the wil-der-ness, Let us keep our sight On the mov-ing pil-lar fixed, Constant day and'. The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

bide; Mir-a-cle of sav-ing grace That thou giv-est me a place A-nywhere, A-nywhere.
 spot; Quick-ly we the tent may fold, Cheerful march thro' storm and cold, With thy care, With thy care.
 night; Then the heart will make its home, Will-ing, led by thee, to roam, A-nywhere, A-nywhere.

This musical score is for the song 'Anywhere'. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'bide; Mir-a-cle of sav-ing grace That thou giv-est me a place A-nywhere, A-nywhere. spot; Quick-ly we the tent may fold, Cheerful march thro' storm and cold, With thy care, With thy care. night; Then the heart will make its home, Will-ing, led by thee, to roam, A-nywhere, A-nywhere.' The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

1. When Je - sus was up - on the mount, He taught the peo - ple, say - ing, Bless - ed are the
 2. When to Je - ru - sa - lem he came, Great mul - ti - tudes then fol - lowed, Spread - ing gar - ments

The first system of the musical score is written on two staves. The treble staff is in G major (three sharps) and 6/8 time. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, G5, and a half note G5. The bass staff is in G major and 6/8 time, with a steady eighth-note accompaniment of G3, A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, F#4, G4.

pure in heart, For they shall see my king - dom. Bless - ed are the meek and low - ly, To the mul - ti -
 in the way, Some branches of the ol - ive. When the children came to meet him, Loud ho - san - nas

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a half note G5, followed by quarter notes F#5, E5, D5, C5, B4, A4, G4, and a half note G4. The bass staff continues with eighth notes, including a half note G4 and a half note G3.

tudes, he said, For on such I will have mer - cy, They shall re - joice and be glad.
 sweet - ly rang, Bless - ed is the Son of Da - vid, Who com - eth in our Fa - ther's name.

The third system concludes the piece. The treble staff has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes F#5, E5, D5, C5, B4, A4, G4, and a half note G4. The bass staff continues with eighth notes, including a half note G4 and a half note G3.

JESUS ON THE MOUNT. *Concluded.*

33

CHORUS.

Re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, re - joice, And be ex - ceed - ing glad;

The heav - ens de - clare the glo - ry of God, The earth his won - der - ful power.

3 When Jesus was upon the earth,
The deaf he caused to hear him;
Everywhere the lame, and halt,
And blind, were seeking for him.

Filled with pity and compassion,
Breathing words of hope and love,
This was Jesus' earthly mission,
Till he was called home above.—*Cho.*

LAND OF REST. *C.M.*

1 O land of rest, for thee I sigh;
When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by
And dwell in peace at home.
2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful shelt'ring dome,
This world's a wilderness of woe—
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
But fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.
4 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit the unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. The Lord my ref - uge is, My for - tress, my de - fence; Whose bat - tle -
2. Not king - doms, thrones, or pow'rs, Things pres - ent or to come; Not life, nor



ments of strength are crown'd With Love's Omnip - o - tence; And round a - bout whose liv - ing wall
death, nor height, nor depth, Can drive from this dear home; This Rock, this Tow'r, for - ev - er sure!



E - ter - nal splen - dors ev - er fall.
E - ter - nal Ref - uge shall eu - dure.

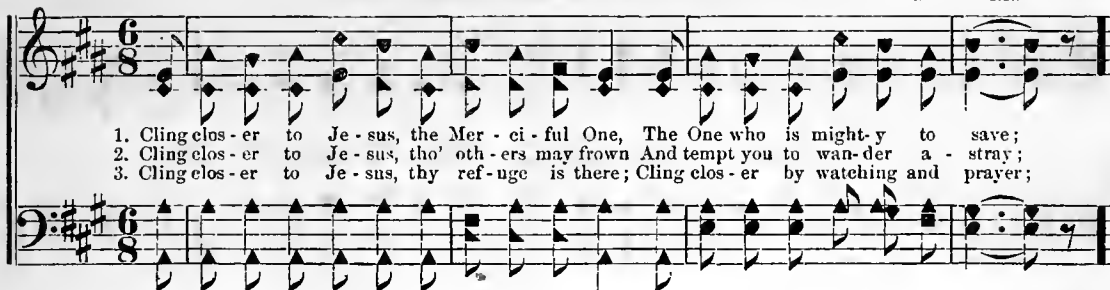
3.

Safe sheltered by this Rock,
What ills have I to fear?
No storm can reach me where I stand,
No foe can venture near:
Eternal Refuge of the soul,
While endless ages onward roll.


CLING CLOSER TO JESUS.

Words and Music by
L. B. HERR.

35

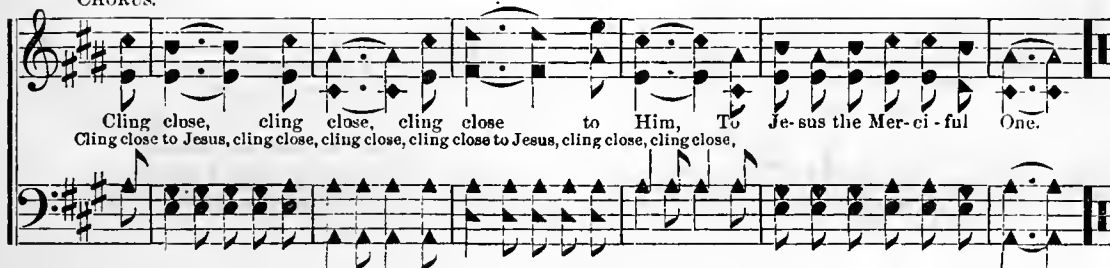


1. Cling clos - er to Je - sus, the Mer - ci - ful One, The One who is might - y to save;
2. Cling clos - er to Je - sus, tho' oth - ers may frown And tempt you to wan - der a - stray;
3. Cling clos - er to Je - sus, thy ref - uge is there; Cling clos - er by watch - ing and prayer;



For he will be with you tho' wild bil - lows roll, Cling clos - er to Je - sus, cling close.
They can - not o'er - come. — he is strong - er than they; Cling clos - er to Je - sus, cling close.
The pin - ions of Faith, and the arms of his love Will bear thee to rest in his home.

CHORUS.



Cling close, cling close, cling close to Him, To Je - sus the Mer - ci - ful One.
Cling close to Jesus, cling close, cling close, cling close to Jesus, cling close, cling close,

1. O - ver the riv - er, the riv - er of time, Lies the bright land of a ver-dure sub-lime;
 2. O - ver the riv - er, the pilgrim's re-treat, Gorgeous in splendor, in beau-ty com-plete;

Val-leys of beau-ty in splen-dor do shine, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home!
 An-gels are sing-ing in har-mo-ny sweet, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home!

3 Over the river time never grows old;
 There are enjoyments and pleasures untold;
 There is a city with streets of pure gold!
 Beautiful, beautiful home!

Cho.—Over the river, &c.

4 Over the river our sorrows will cease,
 Hushed by the songs of a heavenly peace;
 When we get there—what a happy release!
 Beautiful, beautiful home!

Cho.—Over the river, &c.

5 Over the river the mansions are fair;
 O how inviting! our loved ones are there;
 Soon in those mansions their glory we'll share;
 Beautiful, beautiful home!

Cho.—Over the river, &c.

6 Over the river there are no dark skies,
 There every tear shall be wiped from our eyes,
 There the sweet pleasure of home never dies:
 Beautiful, beautiful home!

Cho.—Over the river, &c.

CHORUS.

Musical score for the Chorus of "Over the River." The score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass, in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and repetitive, with a final cadence. The lyrics are printed below the staves.

O - ver the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful riv - er,
 O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful riv - er,

Continuation of the musical score for "Over the River." The melody continues with the same simple, repetitive pattern, ending with a final cadence. The lyrics are printed below the staves.

O - ver the riv - er, The fields are all green.
 O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er, The beau - ti - ful fields are all green.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer
 That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me at my Father's throne
 Make all my wants and wishes known.
 In seasons of distress and grief
 My soul has often found relief,
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer,
 Thy wings shall my petition bear
 To him whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless.
 And since he bids me seek his face,
 Believe his word and trust his grace,
 I'll cast on him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

Allegretto.

1. Come, children and join in our fes-ti-val song, And hail the sweet joys which this day brings a-long,
 2. Our Fa-ther in heav-en, we lift up to thee Our voice of thanksgiv-ing, our glad Ju-bi-lee,
 3. And if, ere this glad year has drawn to a close, Some loved one a-mong us in death shall re- pose,

We'll join our glad voic-es in one hymn of praise, To God, who has kept us and lengthened our days.
 Oh bless us and guide us, dear Sa-vior, we pray, That from thy blest precepts we nev-er may stray.
 Grant, Lord, that the spir-it in heav-en may dwell, In the bo-som of Je-sus, where all shall be well.

CHORUS.

Happy greeting to all, Happy greeting to all, Happy greeting, Happy greeting, Happy greeting to all.
 Happy greeting to all, Happy greeting to all, Happy greeting, Happy greeting, Happy greeting to all.

1. For world-ly hon - or I'd not waste Of life my lit - tle span, For bet - ter is the
 2. But I would in the Sabbath school A faith - ful schol - ar be, And for my own and

love of God Than high-est praise of man; I would not live to gath - er gold, Which
 oth - er souls Would wear my life a - way. Let oth - ers see in all I do That

misers round them hoard, For he who trusts in rich - es here Can nev - er please the Lord.
 'tis my con-stant aim That they and all should love the Lord And fear his sa - cred name.

CHILDREN MAY COME.

From "PALMER'S SABBATH-SCHOOL SONGS," by per.

Words and Music by H. R. PALMER.

1. Je - sus loves lit - tle chil - dren, He is their friend; His aid he will lend;
 2. Je - sus now doth en - treat you; List to his voice, Oh, hear and re - joice;
 3. Je - sus now doth com - mand you; Do not de - lay; Oh, haste to o - bey;

Like a shep - herd he'll lead them; Come to him, chil - dren, to - day,
 He is read - y to meet you; Lit - tle ones, turn not a - way,
 Dan - gers dark will sur - round you If from your Sa - vior you stray.

CHORUS.

Chil - dren may come, Chil - dren may come, Chil - dren may come to the Sa - vior,

Chil - dren may come, Chil - dren may come, Chil - dren may come and be saved.

PRAYER.

ASAHEL ABBOTT.

Glo - ry be to God on high; God, whose glory fills the sky; Peace on earth and man forgiv'n, Man, the well-belov'd of heav'n.

COME HOME, POOR SINNER.

H. R. JEFFREY.

1. Come home, poor sin-ner! Why long-er roam! Thy Sav-ior's call-ing, come home, come home! Je-sus is plead-ing:
 2. He died to save you, on Cal-va-ry, Be-hold what suff-er-ing! 'twas all for thee.
 3. O come to Je-sus! He's plead-ing still; He now is wait-ing, Thy soul to fill.
 4. Why long-er doubt him? O now be-lieve; Just claim the blessing, Thou shalt re-ceive.

He's in-ter-ced-ing, Yes, plead-ing, plead-ing, For thee to come; Come home, poor sinner, Come home, come home.

SAVIOR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US.

1. Sa- vior, like a shep- herd lead us, Much we need thy ten- der care;
 2. We are thine, do thou be- friend us, Be the guar- dian of our way;

In thy pleas - ant pas - tures feed us; For our use thy fold pre - pare.
 Keep thy flock—from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray,

CHORUS.

Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us—thine we are; Bless - ed
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed, bless - ed

Je - sus, Thou hast bought us—thine we are.

3.

Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be,
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free.

4.

Early let us seek thy favor,
 Early help us do thy will;
 Holy Lord, our only Savior,
 With thy grace our bosom fill.

OVER THERE.

W. O. PERKINS, by per.

1. There are an - gels ar-rayed in white, There, there, o - ver, o - ver there: And their
 2. There are man - sions pre-pared a - bove, There, there, o - ver, o - ver there: In the
 3. Je - sus sits on the great White Throne, There, there, o - ver, o - ver there: And he

wings are bathed in light, There, o - ver, o - ver there. I'm a pil - grim to that land,
 land of peace and love, There, o - ver, o - ver there. There's a man - sion there for me,
 claims me as his own, There, o - ver, o - ver there. He sus - tains me by his grace

To that blest hap - py land, And I hope ere long I may join that throng In the
 O ver death's rag - ing sea, And I fond - ly hope Soon its gates will ope, And its
 In my brief, earth - ly race, And I soon shall rest On his lov - ing breast, And shall

hap - py glo - ry - land. There are an - gels ar-rayed in white, There, there,
 see glo - ry I shall see. Je - sus sits on the great White Throne, There, there,
 There, there,

o - ver, o - ver there; And their wings are bathed in light, There, o - ver, o - ver there.
 o - ver, o - ver there; In the land of peace and love, There, o - ver, o - ver there.
 o - ver, o - ver there; And he claims me as his own, There, o - ver, o - ver there.

BURDINE.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. 'Midst sor-row and care, There's one that is near, And ev-er de-lights to re-lieve us.
 2. His boun-ties are free, He hears ev'-ry plea, And wel-comes the cry of the need - y.
 3. Blest mansions a - bove, Pre-pared by his love, Are wait-ing at last to re-ceive us.

PETITION.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. O let me ev - er love to sing, Dear Lord, thy sa - cred praise,

And let my tongue sweet in - cense bring, The rem - nant of my days.

2 And while I sing, oh! fill my soul
With gratitude and love;
Across my heart let rapture roll
In streams like that above.

3 And when I bid adieu to friends
And cease my singing here,
Oh! let me join the angel band
And sing forever there.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

R. A. GLENN.

1. White as snow; oh, what a prom - ise For the heav - y - lad - en breast,

When by faith the soul re-ceives it, Wear-i-ness is changed to rest.

CHORUS.

Whit-er, whit-er than snow, Washed in the blood of the Lamb;
Whit-er than snow, in the blood of the Lamb,

Whit-er, whit-er than snow, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
Whit-er than snow,

2 White as snow; can my transgressions
Thus be wholly washed away,
Leaving not a trace behind them,
Like a cloudless summer day.—*Chorus.*

3 Yes, at once, and that completely
Through the blood of Christ, I know,
All my sins, though red, like crimson,
May become as white as snow.—*Chorus.*

With feeling.

1. Oh, I long to go home to that man-sion a - bove, That my Sa - vior has gone to pre - pare;
 2. There the fa - ther and moth - er each oth - er will meet, When the Sa - vior shall call for his own;
 2. There the good and the blest from all na - tions shall meet, And a - bide in those mansions of love;

Where there's rest, peace, and joy, and a snow - y white robe For the chil - dren that safe - ly get there.
 There the pa - rents and chil - dren each oth - er shall greet In that cit - y a - round the white throne.
 With new songs on our lips we shall march thro' the streets In that beau - ti - ful cit - y a - bove.

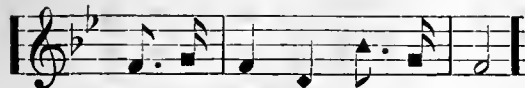
CHORUS.

We shall rest We shall rest, in heaven, rest in heaven, that home that sweet home so fair, bright and fair, There's a

robe and a crown and a crown, For the chil - dren who safe - ly get there.

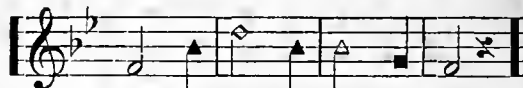
There's a robe and a crown, and a crown,

TOPLADY.



- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood;
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

HORTON.



- 1 Lord, we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow:
O, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend:
In compassion now descend:
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee—here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

THEY SHALL SHINE AS THE STARS.

J. M. LESLIE.



1. They who would do the Mas-ter's will, As Je - sus said, must ev - er be Like cit - y build - ed
 2. The weak - est one some light may shed, Some ser - vice for the Mas - ter do, By which an - oth - er
 3. They that be wise on earth be - low, And on the Mas - ter's work in - teut, Shall shine in glo - ry



D.C.—They who shall man - y turn from sin, To do the Mas - ter's will di - vine. That bless - ed Home a

Fine. CHORUS.



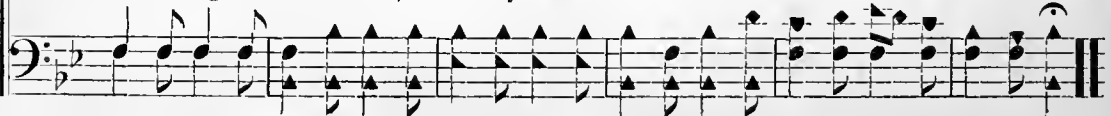
on a hill, That shows so ev' - ry eye may see. Their light should cast a shin - ing ray That
 may be led To la - bor for the Sa - vior too. For ev' - ry one a task a - waits, A
 like un - to The bright - ness of the fir - ma - ment. Their spir - its numbered with the blest Up -



bove shall win, And as the stars for - ev - er shine.



oth - ers may that light be - hold, And turn their feet in - to the way That lead - eth to the heavenly fold.
 work to do, a cross to bear, Be - fore we pass the shin - ing gates, A bright, un - fade - ing crown to wear.
 on that bright ce - les - tial shore, From earthly toil and care shall rest For - ev - er and for - ev - er - more.



"OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME ABOVE."

A. J. ABBEY, by per. 51



1. There is a land a - bove, All beau - ti - ful and bright, And those who love and serve the Lord, Rise
2. There sin is known no more, Nor tears, nor want, nor care; There good and hap - py beings dwell, And

CHORUS.



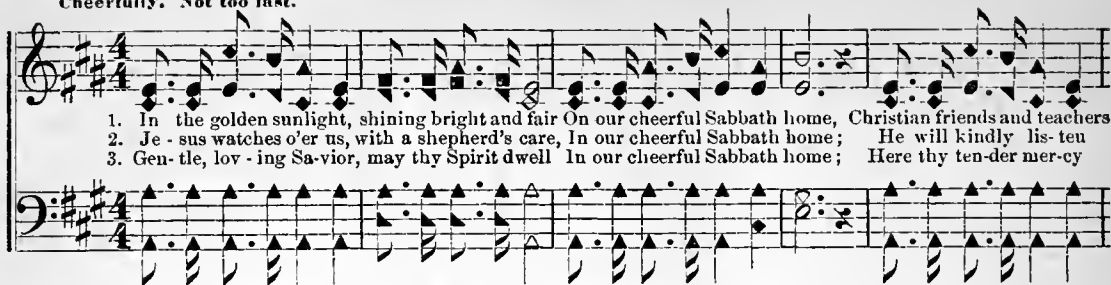
to that world of light. Home, sweet home, Our beau - ti - ful home a - bove; On that golden shore we'll
all are ho - ly there.



3.
There in that happy land,
All pain and sorrow o'er,
We'll sing and praise our Savior's
name,
With saints who've gone before.

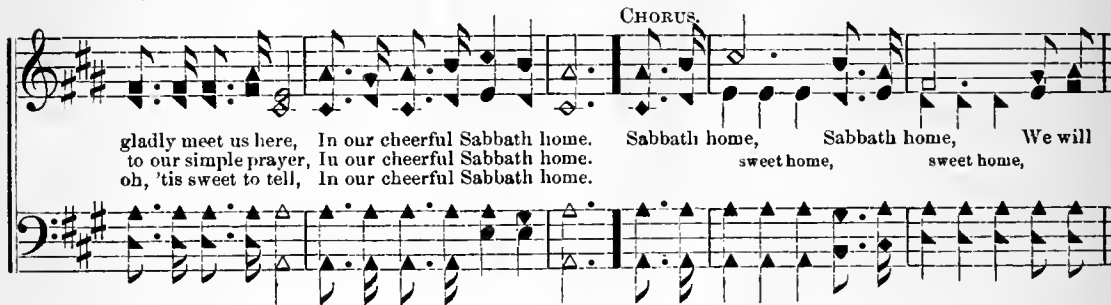
4.
Come to that happy land,
Come, children, come away,
And dwell with Jesus evermore
In realms of endless day.

Cheerfully. Not too fast.



1. In the golden sunlight, shining bright and fair On our cheerful Sabbath home, Christian friends and teachers
 2. Je - sus watches o'er us, with a shepherd's care, In our cheerful Sabbath home; He will kindly lis - ten
 3. Gen - tle, lov - ing Sa - vior, may thy Spirit dwell In our cheerful Sabbath home; Here thy ten - der mer - cy

CHORUS.



gladly meet us here, In our cheerful Sabbath home. Sabbath home, Sabbath home, We will
 to our simple prayer, In our cheerful Sabbath home. sweet home, sweet home,
 oh, 'tis sweet to tell, In our cheerful Sabbath home.



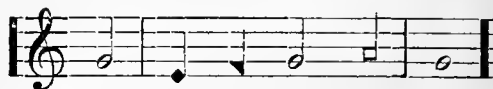
sweet - ly sing to - geth - er in our cheer - ful Sab - bath home, Sab - bath home, . . . Sab - bath
 home, sweet home,

home, . . . We will sweet - ly sing to - geth - er in our dear Sab - bath home.
home, sweet home,

The image shows a musical score for two voices, Treble and Bass, in G major (one sharp). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the notes.

MARTYN.

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

BOYLESTON.

1.
O, bless the Lord, my soul;
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.
2.
O, bless the Lord, my soul;
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits;
The Lord to thee is kind.
3.
The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities
And ransoms thee from death.
4.
Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;
O, bless the Lord, my soul.

1. Shall we meet on the shore of the riv - er, In the land where the bright an-gels dwell;
 2. Shall we meet in the man-sions of glo - ry, Where the walls built of jas - per and gold
 3. Shall we meet with loved friends and companions, Who have left us and gone to that land;

Where the ran-somed in glo - ry are sing - ing Bless-ed songs of Is - ra - el?
 Shin - ing forth in their brightness e - ter - nal, And whose treas-ures are un - told?
 Shall we hear their mel - o - di - ous voic - es, Sing-ing prais - es to the Lamb?

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll meet on the shore, We will an-chor in the harbor, by-and-
 Yes, we'll meet to part no more When the storms of life are o'er,

by, Soon we'll kneel at his feet, On the blessed, gold-en shore.
by-and-by, Soon our rest will be complete, When we kneel at Jesus' feet.

MENDON.

L. MASON.

1. Come un - to me when shadows dark - ly gath - er, When the sad heart is wea - ry and distress'd,

Seek - ing for com - fort from your heavenly Father, Come un - to me and I will give you rest.

2 Ye who have mourned when the spring flow'rs were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground;
Where the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crown'd.

3 Large are the mansions in my Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes which sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

1. There is a place of sa-cred rest, Far, far beyond the skies, Where beau-ty smiles e -
 2. My Fa-ther's house, my heavenly home, Where many 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.
 nev-er fade, And bless-ed-ness com-plete. by-and-by, by-and-by, by-and-

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



- 1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave, and follow thee;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
 CHO.—Here, before thine altar kneeling,
 Jesus, Lord, I look for thee;
 Waiting for the Spirit's sealing,
 Longing only thine to be.
- 2 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
 Yet how rich is my condition!
 God and heaven are still my own.—*Chorus.*
- 3 Let the world despise and leave me,
 They have left my Savior, too;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me,—
 Thou art not, like them, untrue.—*Chorus.*
- 4 And while thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and night;
 Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me,
 Show thy face and all is bright.—*Chorus.*
- 5 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.—*Chorus.*
- 6 Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While thy love is left to me;
 Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmix'd with thee.—*Chorus.*




- 1 Alas! and did my Savior bleed,
 And did my Sov'reign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done
 He groan'd upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
 For man, the creature's sin!
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While his dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe:
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.



1. We'll jour-ney to-geth-er to Zi-on, That beau-ti-ful cit-y of light,
 2. We'll jour-ney to-geth-er to Zi-on, Where all that are faith-ful may share
 3. We'll jour-ney to-geth-er to Zi-on, With rapt-ure we soon shall be-hold



Whose sky is un-cloud-ed for-ev-er, Nor veiled by the shad-ow of night.
 A place in the man-sions of glo-ry, My Sa-vior hath gone to pre-pare.
 The saints who have reached it be-fore us, The proph-ets and martyrs of old.



We'll stay not to drink of the wa-ter, Nor rest in the val-ley be-low;
 His flock he will feed like a shep-herd, And guard them by night and by day;
 We'll learn the new song of re-demp-tion, Which on-ly the ran-som'd can sing;

But cheered by the cross and its ban - ner, We'll sing and be glad as we go.
 We'll talk of his good-ness and mer - cy, And sing of his love by the way.
 As - crib - ing all hon - or and glo - ry To Je - sus, our Sa - vior and King.

CHORUS.

Zi - on, Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful cit - y of God;
 Beau - ti - ful on, Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful Zi - on,

We'll sing and re-joyce as we jour-ney a-long To that beau - ti - ful Zi - on a - bove.

OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

Music by R. A. GLENN.

1. Be - yond the dark val - ley of death, Be - yond the cold waves of the Jor - dan.
 2. No tears in that beau - ti - ful home, No sor - row can en - ter its por - tals,
 3. No night in that beau - ti - ful home, No sin from our Sa - vior to sev - er,

The home of my spir - it is wait - ing for me, The home where the ransomed are dwell - ing.
 But glad are the voic - es that join in the song, The song of the shin - ing im - mor - tal.
 The King in his beau - ty our eyes shall be - hold, And join in his prais - es for - ev - er.

CHORUS.

Our beau - ti - ful home, our beau - ti - ful home, Each day we are near - ing its
 beau - ti - ful home, beau - ti - ful home, beau - ti - ful home,

por - tals, One by one we are gath - er - ing home To that beau - ti - ful land im - mor - tal.

This musical score is for the song 'OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME. Concluded.' It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence. The lyrics are: 'por - tals, One by one we are gath - er - ing home To that beau - ti - ful land im - mor - tal.'

NEARER, YET NEARER.

R. A. GLENN.

1. Near - er, yet near - er, My God, to thee, Dear - er, yet dear - er, Thou art to me;
2. Pur - er, yet pur - er, I long to be, Sur - er, yet sur - er, My God, of thee;
3. High - er, yet high - er, Out of the night, Near - er, yet near - er, The throne of white;

This musical score is for the song 'NEARER, YET NEARER.' by R. A. Glenn. It is in D major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. The score includes three verses of lyrics. The melody is a simple, ascending line that repeats for each verse. The lyrics are: '1. Near - er, yet near - er, My God, to thee, Dear - er, yet dear - er, Thou art to me; 2. Pur - er, yet pur - er, I long to be, Sur - er, yet sur - er, My God, of thee; 3. High - er, yet high - er, Out of the night, Near - er, yet near - er, The throne of white;'

Still hop - ing, trust - ing, Ev - er to be Near - er, my Sa - vior, Near - er to thee.
Still hop - ing, pray - ing, Ev - er to be Near - er, still near - er, My God, to thee.
Still ris - ing high - er, Near - er the light, Near - er, still near - er The throne of white.

This musical score continues the song 'NEARER, YET NEARER.' It is in D major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. The score includes three verses of lyrics. The melody is a simple, ascending line that repeats for each verse. The lyrics are: 'Still hop - ing, trust - ing, Ev - er to be Near - er, my Sa - vior, Near - er to thee. Still hop - ing, pray - ing, Ev - er to be Near - er, still near - er, My God, to thee. Still ris - ing high - er, Near - er the light, Near - er, still near - er The throne of white.'

1. Crowns of glo - ry, in the land of the blest, We shall wear, we shall wear ; Where the weary from their

CHORUS.
la - bor rest, We shall dwell for - ev - er - more. Sing - ing glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah,

In that land of the beautiful and blest, Where the white-robed angels are harping, We shall rest, by-and-by.

2 Palms of vict'ry, in the land of the blest,
We shall wear, we shall wear ;
There with Jesus we shall ever rest
In that home so bright and fair.—*Chorus.*

3 White robes gleaming in the land of the blest,
We shall wear, we shall wear ;
Where the faithful, and the true and just,
Dwell with Jesus evermore.—*Chorus.*

THE STARRY CROWN.

A. S. KIEFFER. 63

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 laod 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

Star - ry Crown, In yon bright home on high, The Star - ry Crown, the
 home on high,

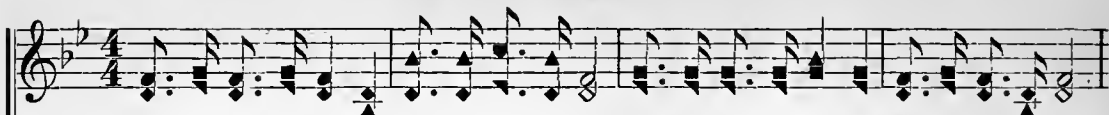
3. O may we live while here below,
 In view of that blest day,
 When God's bright angels shall come down,
 To bear our souls away!—Chorus.

Star - ry Crown, In yon bright home on high.

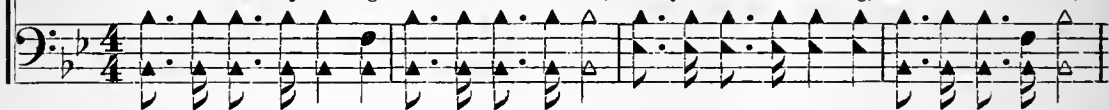
4. When we shall walk the golden streets,
 In garments white and pure,
 And sing an endless song to him
 Who made our souls secure.—Chorus.

ROUND THE THRONE IN GLORY.

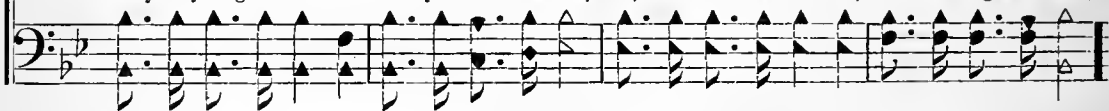
R. A. GLENN.



1. Round the throne in glo - ry Hap - py children throng, And Re-demp-tion sto - ry Wake the harp and song.
2. Robes of snow - y whiteness, Beau - ti - ful and rare; Crowns of radiant brightness, Such those children wear.
3. Chil-dren now sojourn-ing In a world of sin; From your fol - lies turn-ing, Strive to en - ter in;



On the ver - dant mountain, By the shining stream, O the liv - ing fountain, Je - sns is their theme,
Safe from death, bereavement, Sor - row and the grave; Safe from sin's enslavement, Vic-t'ry's palm they wave,
Let your young af - fections Round your Savior twine, And, 'mid heav'n's attractions, Ye shall sing and shine,



CHORUS.



Round the throne in glo - ry, Thousands of children stand, Sing-ing with the an - gels In that hap - py land,



ROUND THE THRONE IN GLORY. *Concluded.*

65

Voices sweet - ly blending As they joy - ful sing, Glo - ry be for - ev - er To our heavenly King.

This musical score is for a vocal piece. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a rhythmic and joyful feel. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words like 'Voices' and 'heavenly' in italics.

REPOSE.

WYATT MINSHALL.

1. In mer - cy, Lord, re - mem - ber me, Through all the hours of night,
2. With cheer - ful this heart I close my eyes, Since And thou end the wilt my not re - move;
3. Or, if this night should prove my my last, And

This musical score is for a three-part setting of the hymn 'Repose'. It is in D major (two sharps) and 3/4 time. The three parts are clearly marked with numbers 1, 2, and 3. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The piece concludes with a final chord.

And grant to me, most gra - cious - ly, The safe - guard of thy might.
O, take the morn - ing let - rise, Re - joic - ing in thy love.
Lord, me to thy prom - ised rest, Where I may sing thy praise.

This block contains the continuation of the 'Repose' score. It follows the same musical notation as the previous block, with lyrics written below the notes. The piece ends with a final chord in the bass staff.

CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

R. A. GLENN.

1. All hail the power of Je-sus' name, Let angels prostrate fall, Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And
 2. Ye chos-en seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And

CHORUS.

crown him Lord of all. And crown, and crown him Lord of all, Bring
 And crown him Lord of all, and crown him Lord of all, and crown him Lord of all,

forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.

3.

Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

4.

O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall!
 We join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

1st.

2d.

1. { Je - sus whispers, Come, to the lit - tle ones, He in - vites you to come, one and all;
 O I know you will kneel be - fore him now, And re - ceive your re - mis - sion of.....sin. }
 2. { He will fill your heart with his boundless love, And give rest to the weary and worn;
 And he'll take you home to the realms a - bove, "For of such is the kingdom of.....heav'n." }

CHORUS.

Will you come, will you come, Will you come, will you come, Will you come un - to the Sa - vior now?

Je - sus says to all, "Come un - to me now, For of such is the king - dom of heav'n."

GONE TO THE LAND ELYSIAN.

Words and Music by
R. A. GLENN.

"Little Ella has gone to the Sabbath-School above."

1. She's gone to the land of E - ly - sian, Where Je - sus and an - gels a -
 2. We know she is now safe - ly land - ed Where snow - y - white robes ev - er
 3. We now say a - dieu, not for - ev - er, We soon shall be - hold her ar -

bide, She has crossed with the pale an - gel-boat-man, She's crossed o - ver death's chill-y tide.
 gleam, And the gates of the cit - y are o - pened To wel - come, to wel - come her in.
 rayed On the throne with the great King of glo - ry, All robed in her gar - ment of white.

CHORUS.

I be - hold her a - far in my vis - ion, As she near - eth the great white

throne, In that beau - ti - ful land E - ly - sian, They wel - come, they wel - come her home.

This musical score is for the song 'Gone to the Land Elysian'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

LYONS.

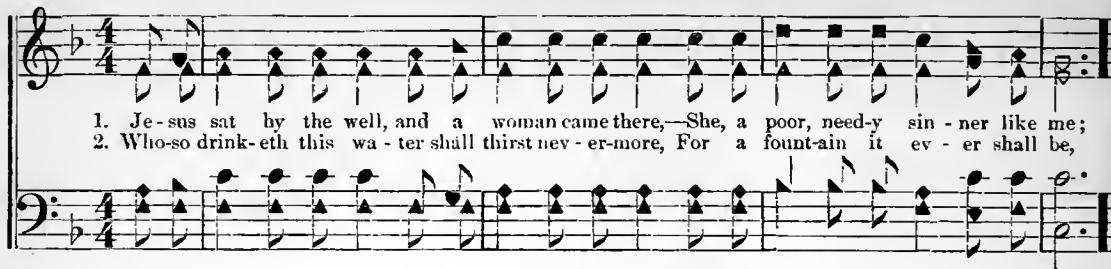
HAYDEN.

1. O praise ye the Lord, pre-pare a new song, And let all the saints in full con-cert join;
2. Let them his great name de-vout-ly a-dore, In loud-swelling strains his prais - ea ex-press,

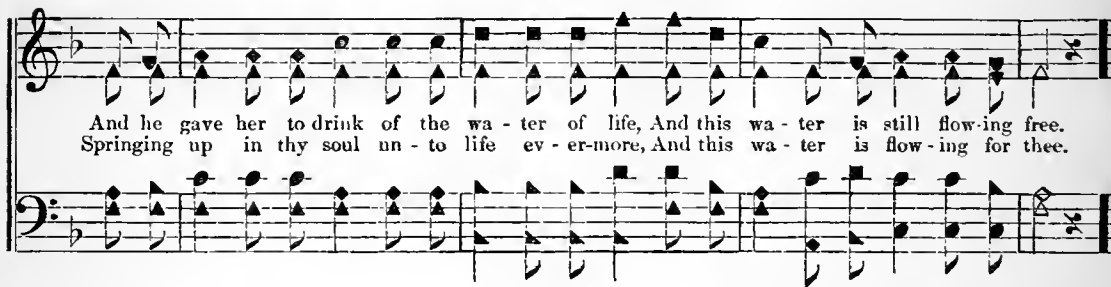
This musical score is for the hymn 'O praise ye the Lord'. It is in 2/3 time and G major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

With voic-es u - nit - ed, the an-them prolong, And show forth his praises in mu - sic di - vine.
Who gra-cious-ly o - pens his boun-ti - ful store, Their wants to re-lieve and their chil-dren to bless.

This musical score is for the hymn 'With voices united'. It is in 2/3 time and G major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

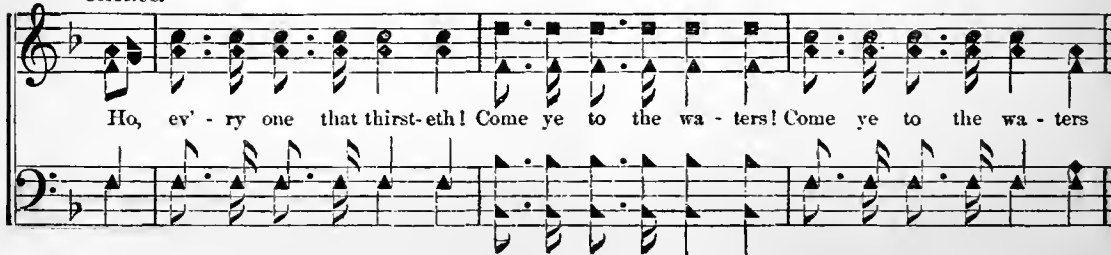


1. Je - sus sat by the well, and a woman came there,—She, a poor, need-y sin - ner like me;
2. Who-so drink-eth this wa - ter shall thirst nev - er-more, For a fount-ain it ev - er shall be,



And he gave her to drink of the wa - ter of life, And this wa - ter is still flow-ing free.
Springing up in thy soul un - to life ev - er-more, And this wa - ter is flow-ing for thee.

CHORUS.



Ho, ev' - ry one that thirst-eth! Come ye to the wa - ters! Come ye to the wa - ters

flow - ing so free! Come, O come!
Come ye to the wa - ters! Come ye to the wa - ters! Come, O come!

O come ye to the wa - ters flow - ing so free!

3.

Jacob's well still is 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?
CHORUS.—Ho, ev'ry one, &c.

HASKELL.

DR. L. MASON.

1. 'Midst sor - row and care, There's one that is near, And ev - er delights to re - lieve us.
2. His bounties are free, He hears ev' - ry plea, And welcomes the cry of the need - y.
3. Blest mansions a - bove, Prepared by his love, Are wait - ing at last to re - ceive us.

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins, And sinners, plung'd be-
 2. The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see That fount-ain in his day; And there may I, tho'

neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains, . . . Lose
 vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way, . . . Wash

all their guilt-y stains; And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 all my sins a-way; And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.

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.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

I'M A PILGRIM GOING HOME.

A. S. KIEFFER.

FINE.

1. { Chris - tians, I am on my jour - ney, — Ere I reach the nar - row sea, }
I would tell the won - drous sto - ry, What the Lord has done for me. }

D. C. I am' on my way to Zi - on, I'm a pil - grim go - ing home. *D. C.*

Glo - ry, glo - ry, bal - le - lu - jah! Though a stran - ger here I roam; *D. C.*

2 I was lost, but Jesus found me,
Taught my heart to seek his face;
From a wild and lonely desert,
Brought me to his fold of grace.

3 Now my soul with rapture glowing
Sings aloud his pard'ning love,

Looks beyond a world of sorrow
To the pilgrim's home above.

4 I shall yet behold my Savior
When the day of life is o'er,
I shall cast my crown before him,
I shall praise him evermore.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly-solemn sound; Let all the nations know, To earth's re-mot-est bound,
 2. Jesus, our great High Priest, Hath full atonement made; Ye weary spir-its, rest, Ye mournful souls, be glad;
 3. Ex-tol the Lamb of God, The all-a-toning Lamb; Redemption thro' his blood Throughout the world proclaim;

CHORUS.

The year of Ju-bi-lee has come, Re-turn, ye ransomed
 The year of Ju-bi-lee has come, The year of Ju-bi-lee has come,

sin-ners, home, The year of Ju-bi-lee has come, bi-lee has come.
 The year of Ju-bi-lee has come, The year of Ju-bi-lee has come.

1. The harvest field's al - read-y white, Gather the harvest in; A - mid the blaze of Gospel light,
 2. There's work for ev'-ry one to do, Gather the harvest in; There's work for me, and work for you,
 3. Young toil - ers in your Master's cause, Gather the harvest in; Mind not to shun the world's applause,
 4. And you, old sol-diers of the cross, Gather the harvest in; Who count all earthly things but loss,

Gath-er the har-vest in. Gath-er the har-vest in, Gath-er the har-vest in,

Poor sin - ners are dy - ing all a - round, Gath-er the nar - vest in!

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come, And we shall be with those that rest,
 2. A few more storms shall beat On this wild rock-y shore, And we shall be where tempests cease,

A - sleep within the tomb. Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day;
 And surges swell no more. Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that great day;

Oh, wash me in thy precious 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.—*Cho.*

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

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

A. S. KIEFFER.

J. F. SIMPSON.

FINE.

1. { There's a land of light and love far a-way, Where the long-severed friends meet a-gain, }
 { Where the long, dark night and toil-wear-ing day Nev-er tar-nish the bright gold-en plain; }

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time, key of D major. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is a hymn tune with a simple, flowing melody.

D. C. Where the soul is freed from sor-row and death, And the tear nev-er-more dims the eye.

Where the rude win-ter blasts nev-er chill with their breath, Nor the darkling storm glooms the sky ; D. C.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of a treble and bass staff. The music is a hymn tune with a simple, flowing melody.

2 To that golden shore, some dear ones have gone,
 And we trust we shall meet them again,
 When that glorious morn in lustre shall dawn,
 And we stand on the bright golden plain;

By the River of Life, in the City of Light,
 We shall roam with loved ones above,
 And with angels bright, through time's ceaseless flight,
 We shall sing of a dear Savior's love.

SINGING FOR JESUS.

Music by J. WILLIAM SUFFERN.

1. Sing-ing, for Je - sus wher - ev - er we are, Chanting his prais - es while march-ing a - long,
 2. Sing-ing for Je - sus, our boun - ti - ful Friend, — He who is will - ing and a - ble to save;
 3. Sing-ing for Je - sus, the Lord of the skies, Sing - ing for Je - sus wher - ev - er we roam;

Lov - ing - ly trust - ing his heav - en - ly care, Prais - ing him ev - er with beau - ti - ful song.
 Whose love and mer - cy will never, nev - er end, Vic - to - rious Mas - ter o'er death and the grave.
 Knowing that aft - er a while we shall rise, Sing - ing sweet songs in our beau - ti - ful home.

CHORUS.

Sing - ing ev - er, Sing - ing for Je - sus our glad, our glad song,
 Singing ev - er, singing ev - er, singing ev - er, sing - ing our song,

Our glad song.

Sing - ing ev - er, Sing - ing for Je - sus, Our glad, our glad song.

Sing - log ev - er, sing - ing ev - er, Our Our glad glad song.

Words by L. H. DOWLING.

JESUS IS MINE.

1. Praise God, I've found the way, Je - sus is mine; He keeps me ev' - ry day, Je - sus is mine;
 2. Earth-pleasures all al - loy, Je - sus is mine; Here, here is peace and joy, Je - sus is mine;
 3. Earth-gains I count but dross, Je - sus is mine; In cling - ing to the cross, Je - sus is mine;

I was away from home, And I loved a - far to roam, But Je - sus bid me come, Je - sus is mine.
 Tho' earth is bright and fair, Brighter is my home "up there," Undimmed by dark despair, Jesus is mine.
 Let death's unyielding wave Lay me in the silent grave, Jesus, my Lord, can save, Je - sus is mine.

CHORUS.

1. { Do you love the precious Savior, He who died that you might live? }
 { Do you ask him e'er to guide you, And your praises to re-ceive? } Sing, sing, sing of Je-sus,

f *mf*
 Children, sing; Loud, loud let his praises Thro' the heavens ring; Sing that he died for you;

2.
 Do you tell your little schoolmates
 Of that happy land,
 Where there is no sin nor sorrow,
 But a shining, joyful band?
 CHORUS.—Sing, sing, &c.

3.
 Did not Jesus die to save you?
 Did he not say, Children, come!
 In my Father's glorious mansions,
 There I've bought for you a home?
 CHORUS.—Sing, sing, &c.

Sing that he reigneth now; Sing that he loveth you; "Sing, Children, sing."

1. { Ma - ny at the cross are kneeling, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
By his bound-less love re - veal-ing, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves. }

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah, love is beam-ing; Hal - le - lu - jah, light is stream-ing; Hal - le - lu - jah,

shout ho - san - na, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

2.

Hearts are at this moment praying,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Every sinful stain removing,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves.—*Refrain.*

3.

Hallelujah, saints are singing,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Heaven with joyous song is ringing,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves.—*Refrain.*

IT WONT BE LONG.

T. C. W. KANE.

1st. 21.

1. Is thy young heart, O hap-py child, Now filled with youthful pleasures?
 Look up from these, and ne'er for-get (*Omit.*) To place in heav'n thy

2. Is thy heart filled, in manhood's pride, With dreams of fame and glory?
 Look up from these, and view the cross, (*Omit.*) And read redemption's

treasures; It wont be long till childhood's days Have passed away for-ev-er, Oh, look above, and
 sto-ry; It wont be long till life shall pass, Its lights fade out for-ev-er, Oh, look a-far, and

REFRAIN.

see thy home, Be-yond the roll-ing riv-er. It wont be long, it wont be long, Till



3 Is thy way dark, my brother dear,
Does life to thee bring sorrow?
Look unto him who holds thy life,
Behold, there comes a morrow!
It wont be long ere light shall dawn,
To bless thy soul forever,
Look up to him, behold thy home,
Beyond the rolling river.—*Refrain.*

4 It wont be long, it wont be long,
My sister and my brother,
Till earthly trials shall be past,—
Then let us love each other;
It wont be long till prayers and tears
Shall cease with us forever,—
Oh, let us look to that glad home,
Beyond the shining river.—*Refrain.*

Words by A. S. KIEFFER.

GOLDEN HOME.



1. At the dawning of day, Hasted Ma - ry a - way To the tomb of the Sa - vior, to mourn ;
 2. So sur - prised at the sound, And with silence profound, She there tremblingly stood by the tomb ;

But her soul filled with fear, As an an - gel drew near, Saying, Ma - ry, the Mas - ter is gone.
 For the stone is removed, Lost is all that she loved. Ah, poor Ma - ry ! the Mas - ter is gone.

3.
 'Twas in vain that my care
 These perfumes to prepare,
 Or attempt to embalm him alone ;
 Taken hence from my view,
 What, alas ! can I do ?
 Ah, poor Mary ! the Master is gone.

4.
 Hallelujahs arise ;
 Come, assist me, ye skies,
 And be joyful, O mortals that mourn ;
 Free from sorrow and care,—
 For I now can declare,
 Hail, Raboni ! the Master is come.

STAR IN THE EAST.

A. S. KIEFFER.

85

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid:
Star in the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn-ing, Guide where the in - fant Re - deemer is laid.

Cold on his cra - die the dew-drops are shining, Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;

An - gels a - done him, in slumbers re - clin-ing, Ma - ker, and Monarch, and Sa - vior of all.

2 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and off'rings divine?
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

A LITTLE LIGHT.

CHORUS.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1. { God, make my life a lit-tle light, Within the world to glow; } Little light, little light, Where-
A little flame that burneth bright Wherever I may go. Little light, little light,

ev - er I may go; Lit-tle light, Little light, Lit-tle light, little light. Where - ev - er I may go.

2 God, make my life a single flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.—*Cho.*

3 God, make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the sinner glad.—*Cho.*

4 God, make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith—that never waxeth dim—
In all his wondrous ways.—*Cho.*

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

ALL MY LIFE LONG.

Music by C. E. POLLOCK.

1. All my life long have my steps been at-tend-ed Sure-ly by One who re-gard-ed my ways;
2. All in the dark would I be, and un- cer- tain With-er to go, but for One at my side;

Ten - der - ly watched o - ver, sweet - ly be - friend - ed, Bless - ings have fol - low'd my nights and my days.
Who from the fu - ture re - moves the dim cur - tain, See - ing the glo - ry to mor - tals de - nied.

Tears have been quenched in the sun - shine of glad - ness, Anthems of sor - row been turned in - to song;
No oth - er friend could so pa - tient - ly lead me; No oth - er friend prove so faith - ful and strong;

An - gels have guard - ed the gate - ways of sad - ness, Sum - mer and win - ter, yea, all my life long.
With an - gels' food he has promised to feed me, Who has be - friend - ed me all my life long.

3 He will not weary—oh, blessed assurance!
Infinite love will the finite outlast!
But for my Heavenly Father's assurance,
Into the depths of despair I were cast.

This is my star in a midnight of sorrow:
This is my refuge, my strength, and my song;
Earth is to-day, but there's Heaven to-morrow,
And Jesus will guide me all my life long.

1. Tho' trou-bles as - sail and dan - gers affright, Tho' friends should all fail and foes all u - nite,
2. The birds, without barn or storehouse are fed; From them let us learn to trust for our bread;

Yet one thing se-cures us, what-ev - er be - tide, The prom - ise as - sures us the Lord will pro - vide.
His saints what is fit - ting shall ne'er be de - nied So long as 'tis writ - ten the Lord will pro - vide.

CHORUS.

The Lord will pro - vide, Yes, the Lord will pro - vide, The prom - ise as - sures us the Lord will pro - vide.

3 We all may, like ships, by tempests be tossed
On perilous deeps, but need not be lost;
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
Yet Scripture engages the Lord will provide.—*Chorus.*

4 His call we obey, like Abram of old;
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold,
For though we are strangers, we have a sure Guide,
And trust, in all danger, the Lord will provide.—*Chorus.*

1. Come a-way to the skies, My be-lov-ed, a-rise, And re-joice in the day thou wert born;
 2. We have laid up our love And our treasures a-bove, Tho' our bod-ies con-tin-ue be-low;

On this fes-ti-val day, Come ex-ult-ing a-way, And with sing-ing to Zi-on re-turn,
 The re-deemed of the Lord, We re-mem-ber his word, And with sing-ing to par-a-dise go,

And with sing-ing to Zi-on re-turn.
 And with sing-ing to par-a-dise go.

3 Now with singing and praise
 Let us spend all our days,
 By our heavenly Father bestow'd;
 While his grace we receive
 From his bounty, and live
 To the honor and glory of God.

4 There, oh, there at his feet,
 We shall all likewise meet,
 And be parted in body no more;
 We shall sing to our lyres,
 With the heavenly choirs.
 And our Savior in glory adore.

CHORUS.

1. { On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wist-ful eye } To-gether let us sweetly live, To-

geth-er let us die, And each a star-ry crown re-ceive In that bright world on high.

2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves should round me roll
I'd fearless launch away.

7 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

SAIL ON! SAIL ON!

THOS. W. WILLIAMS. 91



1. Sail - or, tho' the dark-ness gath-ers, Tho' the cold waves surge and moan, Trust thy bark to God's great

CHORUS.



mer-cy, Fal - ter not, sail on, sail on. Sail - ing in - to port, what mat-ter Drooping.



sail or shat-tered mast; Glo - ry, glo - ry fills the har - bor, There we'll an - chor safe at last.

2 Sailor, though with streamers flying,
Yonder proud ship mounts the foam,
And with bands of music playing,
Gains the port and welcome home.—*Chorus.*

3 Sailor, though the lightning flashes,
Though thy sails be rent and torn,
Peace shall come on hope's bright pinions,
And deliv'rance with the morn.—*Chorus.*

I. In the hum-ble cot-tage, In the mansion fair, I have sweet contentment If my Lord is there;

An - ywhere with Je - sus I can be at rest, If my soul is on - ly with his presence blest.

CHORUS.

So I have but Je-sus, Lit - tle do I care, Tho' the world dis-own me, I'm hap - py an - y-where.

2 Under great affliction,
Burdened sore with pain,
I can rest in Jesus,
And my joy retain;
For I know afflictions
Of the Lord are given,
To refine my spirit
For a home in heaven.—*Ch.*

3 When he calls to duty,
When he calls to pray'r,
Quick I haste to meet him,
And to own him there;
Glad if I may serve him
In my feeble way,
Glad if he but keeps me
In the narrow way.—*Ch.*

4 Under persecution
Many may despair,
But my Savior keeps me
Happy even there:
O my blessed Savior,
Let me cling to thee;
May I share thy presence
Through eternity.—*Ch.*

1. There is a Land, a hap - py land, Where tears are wiped a - way From ev' - ry eye by
 2. There is a Home, a hap - py home, Where wayworn trav'lers rest, Where toil and lan - guor

God's own hand, And night is turned to day, And night is turned to day,
 nev - er come, And ev' - ry mourn-er's blest, And ev' - ry mourn-er's blest.

3 There is a Port, a peaceful port,
 A safe and quiet shore,
 Where weary mariners resort
 When life's rough voyage is o'er,
 When life's rough voyage is o'er.

4 There is a Clime, a glorious clime,
 A region fair and calm,
 Where all around are scenes sublime,
 And all the air is balm,
 And all the air is balm.

5 There is a Crown, a dazzling crown,
 Bedecked with jewels fair,
 And priests and kings of high renown
 The crown of glory wear,
 The crown of glory wear.

6 That land be mine, that calm retreat,
 That crown of glory bright;
 Then I'll esteem each bitter sweet,
 And every burden light,
 And every burden light.

SAY, ARE YOU READY?

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Should the Death-An - gel knock at thy cham - ber In the still watch of to - night,
 2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the world of de - spair;
 3. Ma - ny redeemed ones now are as - cend - ing In - to the mansions of light;

Say, will your spir - it pass in - to tor - ment, Or to the land of de - light?
 Ev' - ry brief mo - ment brings your doom near - er, Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware!
 Je - sus is plead - ing high up in glo - ry, Seek - ing to save you to - night.

CHORUS.

Say, are you read - y, O are you read - y If the Death-An - gel should call?
 should call?

Musical score for the hymn "Say, Are You Ready?". It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Say, are you read - y, O are you read - y? Mer - cy stands waiting for all.

THINK OF JESUS.

First system of the musical score for "Think of Jesus". It features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

1. Why that look of sad-ness? Why that downcast eye? Can no thought of gladness Lift thy soul on high?
 2. Is thy burden'd spir - it Ag - o-nized for sin? Think of Je - sus' mer - it; He can make thee clean :
 3. Is thy spir - it droop-ing? Is the tempter near? Still in Je - sus hop-ing, What hast thou to fear?

Second system of the musical score for "Think of Jesus". It features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

O thou heir of heav-en, Think of Je - sus' love, While to thee is giv - en All his grace to prove.
 Think of Calv'ry's mountain, Where his blood was spilt, In that precious fountain Wash a-way thy guilt.
 Set the prize be - fore thee, Gird thy ar - mor on; Child of grace and glo - ry, Struggle for the crown.

PEACEFUL SHORE.

Music by R. A. GLENN.

1. Oh, hap - py saints that dwell in light, And walk with Jesu clothed in white, Safe land - ed on that
 2. Released from sor - row, sin and strife; Death was the gate to end - less life; And now they range the
 3. They gaze up - on his beauteous face, And tell the won - ders of his grace, There shall we walk in

CHORUS.

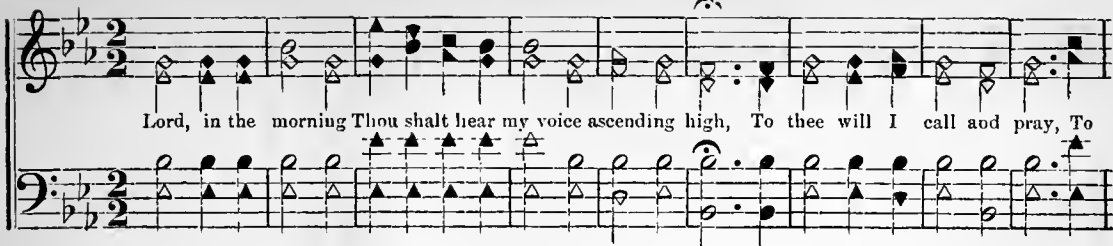
peace - ful shore, Where pil - grims meet to part no more; There'll be no part - ing there, There'll
 heav'n - ly plains, And sing his love in melt - ing strains;
 heav'n to prove The heights and depths of Je - sus' love.

be no part - ing there, In hea - ven a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no part - ing there.

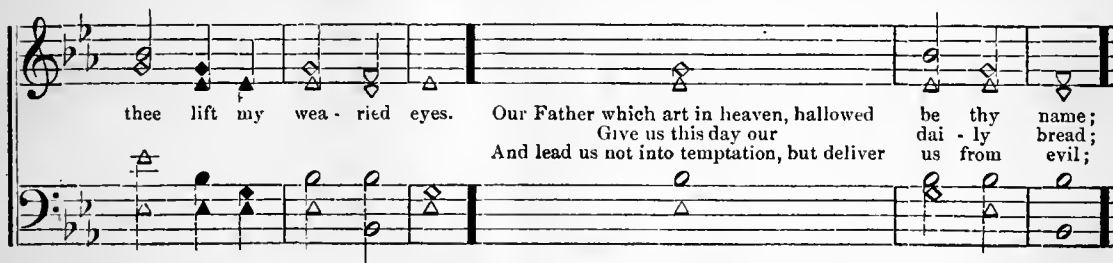
MY PRAYER.

R. A. GLENN.

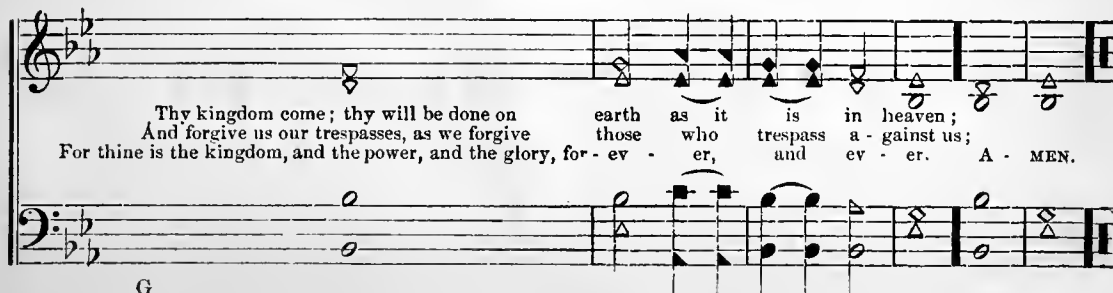
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Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear my voice ascending high, To thee will I call and pray, To



thee lift my wea - ried eyes. Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name;
Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;



Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass a - gainst us;
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - ev - er. A - MEN.

1. I have longed for the bliss of par - don, And sighed to be cleansed from sin; And I
 2. I have clung to the hopes that per - ish, And now, in the hour of need, How they
 3. I will trust though I walk in dark - ness, And pray till the light I see; For the
 4. I have longed for the bliss of par - don, And sighed to be cleansed from sin; And I

know if I come be - liev - ing, My Sa - vior will let me in; For the
 die In my heart, and me leave, As frail as a bro - ken reed, I have
 blood that has cleansed the door, Will sure - ly a - vail for me. Oh, the
 knock at the be - liev - ing That Je - sus will let me in. Oh, the

door of his love is o - pen, He wait - eth for those who seek; Oh, why
 hard - ly the strength or cour - age, But, oh, I will try for more; There is
 on this my plea of fer - That Je - sus will for me once has died; And
 faith in my soul grows strong - er; I trem - ble with fear no more; 'Tis my

THERE'S LIFE AT THE OPEN DOOR. *Concluded.*

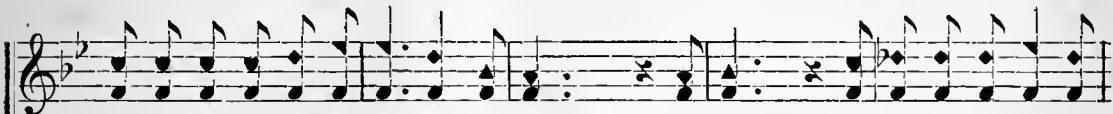
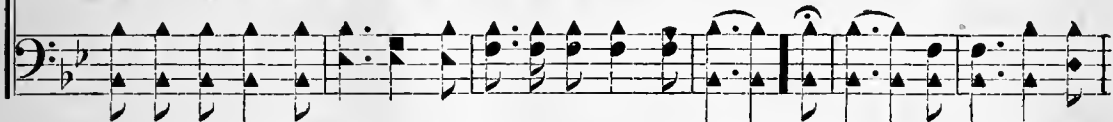
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REFRAIN.

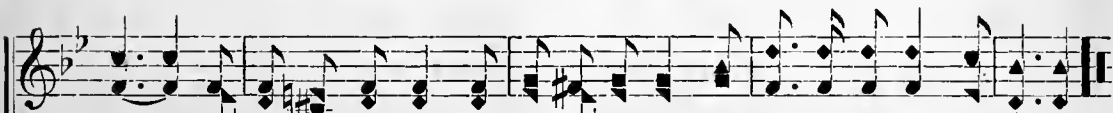


trem-ble with fear and doubt-ing; Oh, why is my faith so weak?
 life, if my faith can reach it, There's life at the o - pen door.
 on - ly my heart to give Him, I haste to his bleed-ing side.
 Sa - vior that bids me wel - come: I en - ter the o - pen door.

} O pre - cious Sa - vior! I



know I have slight-ed thy mer - cy; It comes, It comes, It comes, It comes to me more and
 It comes to me more, It comes,



more; But soft - ly thy spir - it whis - pers to me, There's life at the o - pen door.



1. Oh, when shall we sweetly remove; Oh, when shall we enter our rest; Re - turn to the Zi - on a -

CHORUS.

bove, The mother of spirits distressed. Go - ing home, go - ing home, To that Zi - on a -
Going home, going home to that land of rest, To that Zi - on above, beautiful


bove, There to dwell ev - er - more In the beau - ti - ful mansions of God.
Zi - on above, There to dwell evermore, There to dwell evermore

2 That city of God, the Great King,
Where sorrow and death are no more,
Where saints our Immanuel sing,
And cherub and seraph adore.—*Chorus.*

3 But angels themselves cannot tell
The joys of that holiest place,
Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
The light of his heavenly face.—*Chorus.*



1. Send, the tid-ings o'er the sea, To the heathen, poor and blind; Tell them of our ris - en



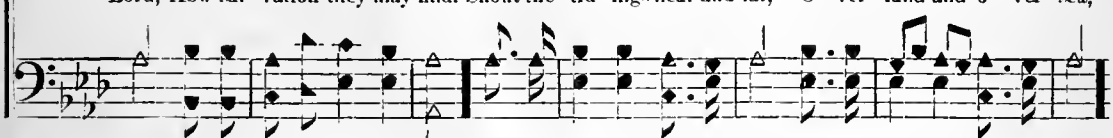
Lord, How sal - vation they may find. Shout the tid - ings near and far, O - ver land and o - ver sea,



Un - til ev' - ry soul and clime Shall his full sal - va - tion see.

2.
Near and far the word proclaim,
At your door and ev'rywhere,
In the by-ways and the streets
Give the Lord your hand and pray'r.

3.
Young and old the strain prolong—
Children small and parents old,—
Take the banner—hold it high,—
Until all the Cross behold.



I AM WAITING.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. I am wait-ing for the an-gels, On this bleak and stormy shore, Earthly joys to me are
 2. Pur-er joys than earth's a-wait me In the mansions just beyond, Where the trees of life are
 3. I am wait-ing, ou-ly wait-ing Till the Sa-vior bids me come; I am long-ing to be-

fad-ing, Fad-ing, to re-vive no more; But the shin-ing ones are wait-ing In the
 wav-ing Round a-bout our Father's throne; There the gold-en crowns are gleam-ing In the
 hold him In that glo-ri-ous spir-it home Where the blessed blend their voic-es In sweet

E-den of the best, Where the gold-en harps are sing-ing, And the wea-ry are at rest.
 light of per-fect day, I am wait-ing for the an-gels—Soon they'll bear my soul a-way.
 aynms with glad re-frain, Giv-ing praise and ad-o-ra-tion To the Lamb that once was slain.

1. I heard the Sa - vior say, Thy strength in - deed is small; Child of
 2. Lord, now in - deed I find, Thy faith, and thine a - lone, Can
 3. For, noth - ing good have I, Where - by thy grace to claim, I'll

REFRAIN.

weak - ness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all. Je - sus paid it all!
 change the lep - rous spot, And melt this heart of stone.
 wash my garments white, In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

All to him I owe; Sin had left a crim - son stain—He washed it white as snow.

1. Say, is your lamp burning, my broth - er? I pray you look quickly and see;
 2. Up - on the dark mountains they stum - ble, They are bruise'd on the rocks, and they lie

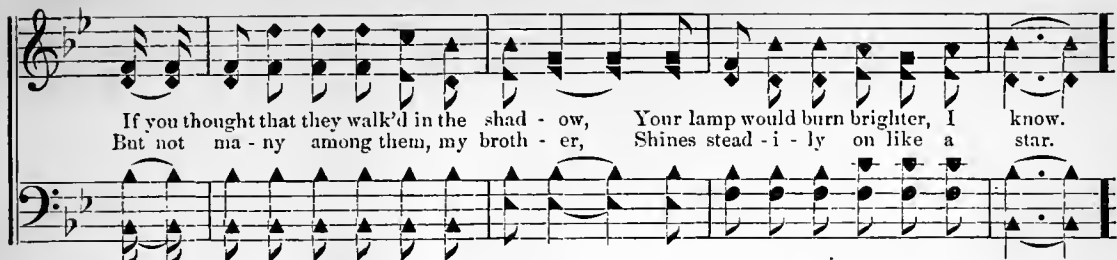
The first system of the musical score is in G major, 6/8 time. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

For if it were burn-ing, then sure - ly Some beam would fall brightly on me.
 With their white, pleading fac - es turn'd up - ward To the clouds and the pit - i - ful sky.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

There are ma - ny and ma - ny a - round you, Who fol - low wher - ev - er you go -
 There is ma - ny a lamp that is light - ed - We be - hold them a - near and a - far -

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

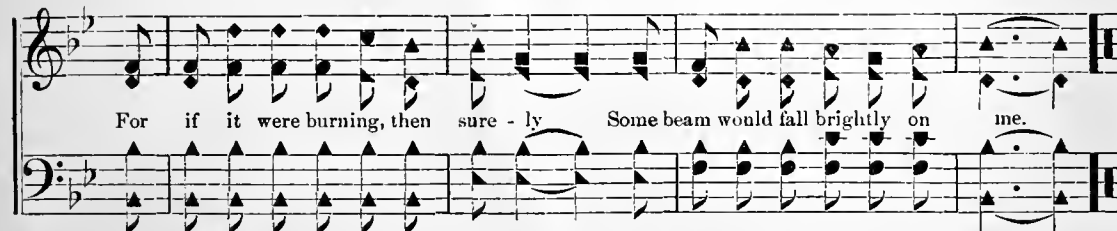


If you thought that they walk'd in the shad - ow, Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.
But not ma - ny among them, my broth - er, Shines stead - i - ly on like a star.

REFRAIN.



Say, is your lamp burning, my broth - er? I pray you look quickly and see;



For if it were burning, then sure - ly Some beam would fall brightly on me.

3 If once all the lamps that are lighted
Should steadily blaze in a line,
Wide over the land and the ocean,
What a girdle of glory would shine!

How all the dark places would brighten,
How the mist would roll up and away,
How the earth would laugh out in her gladness
To hail the millennium day.—*Refrain.*

un - to our God, be un - to our God, be un - to our God, for - ev - er and ev - er.

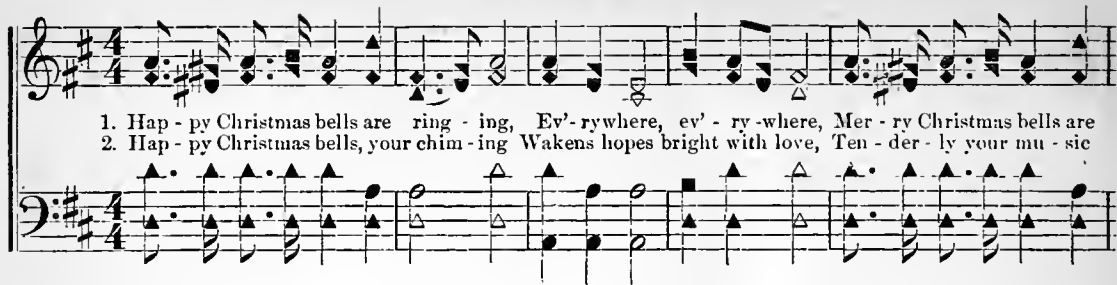
Blessing, and hon - or, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and hon - or, and pow'r, and might, be

un - to our God, be un - to our God, for - ev - er and ev - er, A - MEN.


"COME TO ME."

1. With tearful eyes I look around, Life seems a dark and	storm	y	sea;
2. It tells me of a place of rest, It tells me where my	soul	may	flee;
3. When nature shudders, loth to part From all I love, en-	joy,	and	see;
4. Come, for all else must fade and die, Earth is no resting-	place	for	thee;
5. O voice of mercy! voice of love! In conflict, grief, and	ag	o-	ny;

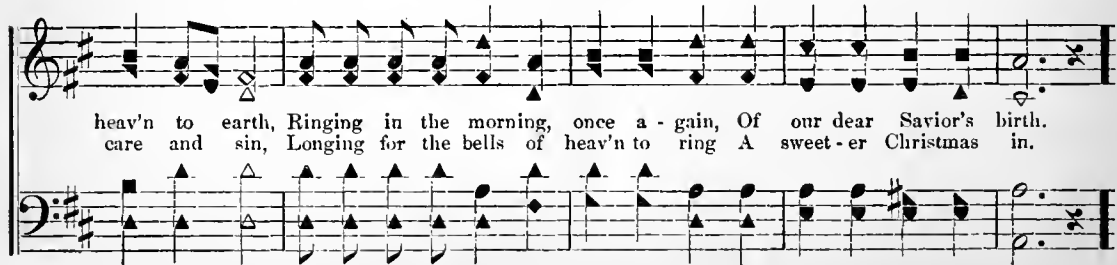
Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound, A heavenly	whis - per,	"Come	to	me."
Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed, How sweet the	bid - ding,	"Come	to	me."
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart, A sweet voice	ut - ters,	"Come	to	me."
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye, I am thy	por - tion,	"Come	to	me."
Support me, cheer me, from above! And gently	whis - per,	"Come	to	me."



1. Hap - py Christmas bells are ring - ing, Ev' - rywhere, ev' - ry - where, Mer - ry Christmas bells are
2. Hap - py Christmas bells, your chim - ing Wakens hopes bright with love, Ten - der - ly your mu - sic



ring - ing Up - on the win - try air; Telling of the love of God's dear Son, How he came from
tells us Of that sweet home a - bove; Hopefully we look to that sweet home, Far removed from



heav'n to earth, Ringing in the morning, once a - gain, Of our dear Savior's birth.
care and sin, Longing for the bells of heav'n to ring A sweet - er Christmas in.

CHORUS.

Ring, sweet bells; oh, ring a-gain! Peal-ing out your glad-some strain! Hap-py Christmas

bells, peal on, Ring-ing glad-ness ev'-ry-where.

3.

Happy Christmas bells, your pealing
Calls to prayer, ev'rywhere;
Cheerfully we look beyond us
To that sweet home so fair.
When the winter days have ended here,
May we all in heav'n above,
With our blessed Saviour, then appear
In God's sweet home of love.—*Cho.*

RODERICK.

T. F. SEWARD.

1. Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed His last farewell, A Guide, a Comforter bequeath'd With us to dwell.
2. He breathes: that gentle voice we hear As breeze of even: That checks each fault, that calms each fear, That speaks of heav'n.
3. And all the good that we possess, His gift, we own: Yea, ev'ry thought of holiness And vict'-ry won.

1st time.

1. { We'll sing to the glo - ry, the glo - ry of God, Whom an - gels are praising 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
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.

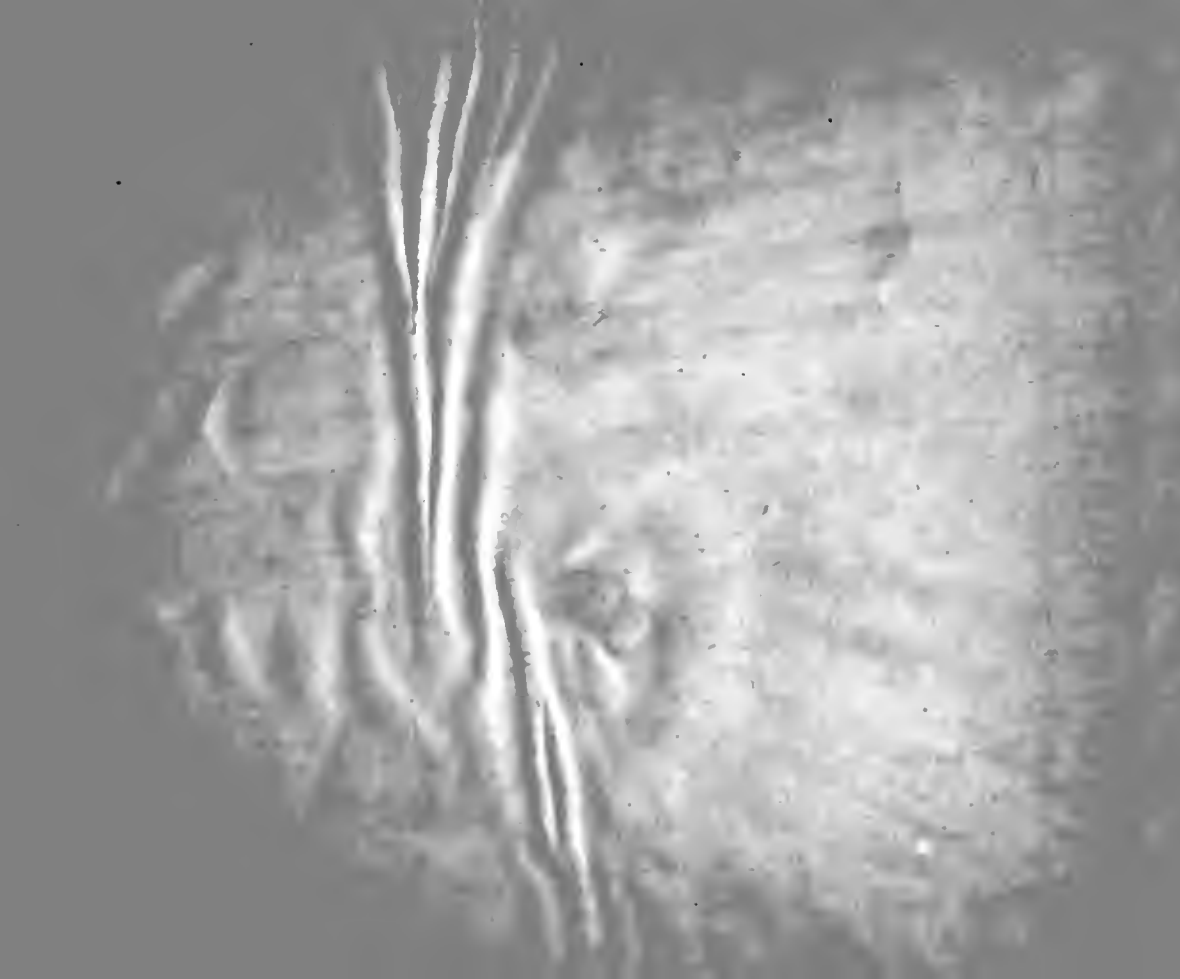
3 We'll sing to his glory, his glory so great,
His glory so wondrous and fair,
That seraphs forever are praising him there
In beautiful, beautiful songs.—Chorus.

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