



Complete
EDITION



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THE

NEW SONG,

—CONSISTING OF—

Very Choice Notes of Redemption,

—EMBRACING—

New Original, and also Selected Songs.

—APPROPRIATE FOR—

PRAYER AND REVIVAL MEETINGS.

CLASSIFIED AND ARRANGED

BY REV. AARON COONS.

“Sing unto the Lord a new song.”—Ps. xxxiii. 3.
“And they sung as it were a new song.”—Rev. xiv. 3.

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PREFACE.

In offering to the Christian public this collection of Gospel melody, entitled "THE NEW SONG," we have aimed to bring into the *smallest possible compass*, under *proper arrangement*, the *very choicest* musical and poetical combinations, such as are specially adapted to spiritual devotion. In keeping with this design we have "*winnowed*" thoroughly the spontaneous products of the musical field to date, and selected with rigid scrutiny and protracted care, from a large number of the most popular works extant, embracing the happiest musical thoughts of

| | | |
|------------------|-----------------|---------------------------------|
| Wm. B. Bradbury, | W. H. Butcher. | Asa Hull. |
| Philip Phillips. | C. C. Converse. | Mrs. J. F. Knapp. |
| Robert Lowry. | T. C. O'Kane. | Wm. W. Bentley. |
| G. F. Root. | Henry Tucker. | J. P. Webster. |
| Wm. G. Fischer. | S. J. Vail. | Rev. L. Hartsough. |
| T. E. Perkins. | L. Mason. | Rev. J. H. Stockton and others. |

But not being satisfied with a mere compilation of music rendered somewhat trite or vapid by its circuitous route to the Revival Song and Hymn Book, we have employed a reasonable number of *new original tunes and hymns*, composed expressly for revivals, prayer and camp-meetings.

The dimensions of a book, to which there is inevitably appointed a specific orbit of usefulness, could not be judiciously expanded by inserting at length hymns and tunes found in nearly every church collection, wherefore, in many instances, only choruses adapted to hymns are used, with a single stanza, and the number of the hymn attached answering to the Methodist Hymn Book, to which reference can be had if more protracted singing is desired with the same chorus.

An essential feature in the portrait of this volume is *order*: the entire work being systematized with a consecutive range of subjects, beginning with notes akin to the song of the angelic choir celebrating the event of a Saviour's birth, and running through the various phases of christian effort and experience, to the grand epoch of the saint's reunion and recognition in heaven; by which arrangement all its contents become *promptly available*, and the various sentiments and utterances occurring during any religious service may be readily supplemented, or emphasized with appropriate songs.

With grateful acknowledgments to kind friends, who, in several instances, have contributed the choicest gems gratuitously, and to Mr. Henry Tucker for his extraordinary zeal and untiring industry, which render his services invaluable, and having unweariedly done what *we* could, we prayerfully submit this volume to its mission, and trust the many who shall chant these stray notes of redemption for a while on earth, may join in the full chorus of "THE NEW SONG" held sacred to the blood-washed in heaven.

AARON COONS.

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REV. AARON COONS,

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TESTIMONIALS.

From Rev. L. H. KING, D. D., Pastor of the Free Tabernacle M. E. Church, N. Y.
We recommend to the patronage of the church generally "The New Song," a collection of new and selected hymns and tunes pre-eminently adapted to revival efforts.
L. H. KING.

From REV. S. I. FERGUSON,
Presiding Elder of Rhinebeck District, N. Y. Conference.
BRO. COONS: I am much pleased with "The New Song," Its pieces, both original and selected, are admirably adapted to our social, religious gatherings, while its price is so low as to bring it within the reach of all.
S. I. FERGUSON.

From MESSRS. SAXE & ROBERTSON, Music Dealers, No 12 Union Square, New York.
We believe for revivals, prayer, and camp meetings, "The New Song" stands far above all other works, of a similar character, by reason of its perfect arrangement and superior contents.
SAXE & ROBERTSON.

From THE METHODIST PROTESTANT. Aug. 29, 1874.
"The New Song" for revivals, prayer and camp-meetings. We have here an admirable collection of sacred songs, classified, and covering the whole range of devotional singing. The work is destined to reach a high popularity among Methodists, in particular.

From THE CENTRAL METHODISTS. Aug. 29, 1874.
The "New Song" for revivals, prayer and camp-meetings. This is an excellent book, in fact, one of the best of all the new candidates for public favor which we have seen. Its selections are first class and appropriate, while the original pieces are meritorious, and do not bear marks of having been put in merely to fill up.

From Wm. W. BENTLEY, Author of "River of Life."
DEAR BRO. COONS: A copy of your book has just reached me, and I have examined it carefully, and do not hesitate to pronounce it a very superior work for prayer, camp and revival-meetings.

From CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE. Nashville, Aug. 29, 1874.
"The New Song" is a substantial volume, and is highly approved by the singing fraternity.

From "ZION'S HERALD," Sep. 3, 1874.
The "New Song" contains the good old tunes that we have heard, and many new ones. The book is well but cheaply published. We noticed it in common use at the camp meetings.

From "THE METHODIST," Sep. 12, 1874.
The "New Song" contains many works of the best-known writers of sacred music, carefully selected, with numerous original pieces. An excellent feature of the work is its *arrangement*, which is according to subject. It is highly commended as adapted, in the highest degree, to the occasions for which it is designed.

From "ST. LOUIS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE," Sep. 2, 1874.
The "New Song" contains, in addition to numerous hymns and tunes by the compiler, many that are well known over the land. He appears to be a very prolific composer. The songs are all they profess to be for prayer meetings, revival and camp meetings, and for such occasions the book is valuable.

From "THE NEW YORK DAILY WITNESS."
The "New Song," a very nice compilation of hymns, will be found convenient for prayer meetings and camp meetings. The arrangement is *novel*, beginning with Christmas hymns, and running through the various phases of Christian effort and experience consecutively.

From Rev. A. G. MARMENT, D. D., Principal of
BARNES INSTITUTE, Galveston, Texas, March 11th, 1875.
DEAR BRO.: I am glad to hear the "New Song" is meeting with success; it deserves it, for it is the best singing book for Sunday Schools I know of.

From "THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER," Dec. 26th, 1874.
"THE NEW SONG."—This neat little work contains all the best popular sacred music of the day. It is put up in good style, and offered the singing public on moderate terms.

From "CHRISTIAN OBSERVER," (Presbyterian,) Dec. 9th, 1874.
"The New Song" is a compact book containing one or two, and often three, lively tunes on a page, well suited, we should judge, to the stirring scenes of the camp or protracted meeting. Many are by the editor, but more are well-known Sunday School favorites or revival melodies.

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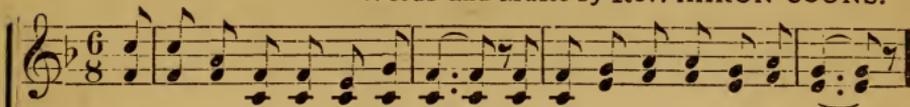


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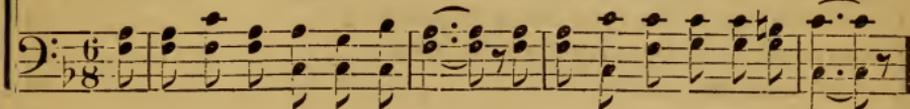
THE NEW SONG.

THE NEW SONG.

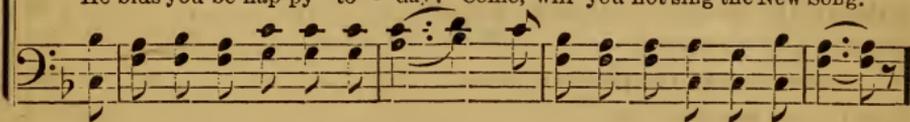
Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.



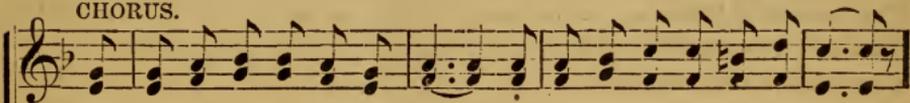
1. Come, christians, of whatever name, To Je-sus our praises be-long;
2. Come, lov-ers of Christ and His cause, Praise Jesus both a-ged and young,
3. Come, friend of the church and His Word, Praise Jesus and loosen your tongue,
4. Come, sin-ner, no long-er de-lay, Nor say to the Sav-iour be gone.



His love to us all is the same, Come, join us, and sing the New Song.
 U-nite and delight in his laws; Come, join us, and sing the New Song.
 Sing praises that all may be heard; Come, join us, and sing the New Song.
 He bids you be hap-py to-day: Come, will you not sing the New Song.



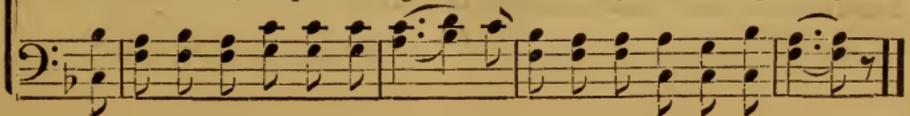
CHORUS.



"He's put in our mouths a new song," The chorus of yon redeemed throng;



No cher-u-bic, seraph-ic tongue, Its mel-o-dy ne'er shall pro-long.



ONE FULL CHORUS.

A. C.

1. On Zion's glorious summit, stood A numerous host, redeemed by blood;
2. While ever - lasting a - ges roll, E - ternal love shall feast the soul,

They praised their King in strains divine, I heard the song, and strove to join.
And scenes of bliss forev - er new, Rise in suc - ces - sion to their view.

CHORUS.

Oh what a sweet ex - ulting song, When every tribe and every tongue,

By blood redeemed with Christ appear And join with one full chorus there.

3 Oh, sweet employ, to sing and trace
Th' amazing heights and depths of grace;
And spend, from sin and sorrow free,
A blissful, vast eternity. *Cho.*

4 My soul anticipates the day, [way,
Would stretch her wings and soar a-
To aid the song, a palm to bear,
And bow, the chief of sinners there.
Cho.

I'LL SING OF JESUS.

Music and words by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. I'll sing of Je - sus, while I live; And praise him when I

die:... His grace, e'en now he free-ly gives, My Saviour will

CHORUS.

nev - er de - ny;.. { Praise Je - sus, my lov - ing Lord, I'm
Oft as I re-peat the word, Its

happy to mention his name; } ev - er the same.
mu-sic is [OMIT.....]

1st time. 2d time.

2 I'll sing of Jesus' precious love, In every song below,
And in the sweet "New Song" above The angels my music shall know.
Cho.—Praise Jesus, &c.

3 I'll sing of Jesus' power to save, The news the world shall see, [wave,
This note o'er glory's hills shall That Jesus has suffered for me.
Cho.—Praise Jesus, &c.

NO ONE LIKE THEE.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. O! Jesus, there's no one like thee, My songs resound thy praise ;
 2. O'er all the earth, no one like thee, So precious, kind and true ;
 3. In heaven there's no one like thee, My Saviour and my Lord .

Sing ravished souls with ec-sta-cy The New Song—new with grace.
 Thy love endears the loved to me ; Thus e'er shall love re - new.
 E'en glo-ry may not glo-ry be Till glo-ry thou af - ford.

SING UNTO THE LORD A NEW SONG.

A. C.

| | | | |
|----------------------------|---------------|------------|----------------------|
| Sing unto the Lord a | new | song, | Praise ye the Lord ; |
| Sing unto the Lord, | bless his | name ; | |
| Declare his glories a - | mong the | heathen ; | |
| For the Lord is great, and | greatly to be | praised ; | |
| O worship the Lord in the | beauty of | holiness ; | |

| | | | |
|-------------------------------|----------|-----------|---------------------|
| Sing unto the Lord, | all the | earth ; | Praise ye the Lord, |
| Show forth his salvation from | day to | day ; | |
| His wonders a - - - | mong all | nations ; | |
| He is to be feared a - | bove all | gods ; | |
| Fear before him | all the | earth ; | A - men. |

O LOVELY STAR.

A. C.

1. O lovely star that shone so bright, While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
2. O star that shone in brightness there, Above the Babe, so sweet and fair,

To lead the wise men on their way, Where Christ our Lord and Saviour lay.
Again you beam above the earth, And tell the Saviour's endless worth.

CHORUS.

Hark! hark! the chorus sounding still, From snowy vale and distant hill;

The angel breathes to earth again, Peace! peace on earth, good will to men.

3.
O, lovely star! each cloud of gloom
Thy beaming rays of joy illumine!
And ail our sorrow dies away,
When thou hast brougt Messiah's day.
Cuo.—Hark! &c.

4.
Hosanna! to the Lord our King!
In cheerful voices we will sing,
Good angels answer us again:
Peace! peace on earth, good will to men.
Cuo.—Hark! &c.

O COME, LET US ADORE HIM.

1. O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant, O come, ye inhabitants of

CHORUS.
Bethlehem ; Come, and behold Him, Born the King of nations, O come, let us a-

dore Him, O come let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

2 Sing choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation ;
Yea, sing all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God ;
Sing glory in the highest.
O come, let us adore Him, &c.

3 Messiah we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning ;
Anoint Him our Priest and King forever-
Word of the Father [more.
Now in fame appearing,
O come, let us adore Him, &c.

O WONDROUS STORY.

Arranged for this Work by H. T.

1. O wondrous sto - ry of the cross, It thrills our hearts with love,
Chorus. Then help me Sav - iour, Thee to own, And ev - er faith - ful be,
2. In human form He deigned to dwell, To raise our fall - en race,
3. The angels sang and men rejoiced, In hope of end - less bliss ;

SWEET CAROL.

Arranged for this Work.

1. Shepherds keeping watch by night, Saw around a glorious light ; Heard an angel

CHORUS.

then proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem !" Ring the merry songs to-day, Sweetly [chime Mes-

siah's morn, Glad we hail this peaceful way, "Christ the Lord for man is born !"

2 Soon by many a heavenly tongue,
 "Glory be to God" was sung ;
 "Peace on earth, good will to men,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem !" *Cho.*

3 Joyful tidings to mankind,
 Richest grace they now may find ;
 All this saving grace may claim.
 Christ is born in Bethlehem ! *Cho.*

O WONDROUS STORY. Concluded.

That Je - sus came to rescue man, And left His throne a - bove.
 And when Thou sit - est on Thy throne, Dear Lord re - mem - ber me.
 And shed around a manger rude, The brightness of His grace.
 And hailed the Star of Bethlehem, The pledge of love and peace.

HOSANNA !

Arranged expressly for this Work.

1. What are those soul-reviving strains, Which echo thus from Salem's plains? }
 What anthems loud and louder still, So sweetly sound from Zion's hill? }
 2. Lo, 'tis an infant chorus sings "Hosanna to the King of kings!" }
 The Saviour comes, and babes proclaim Salvation sent in Jesus name. }

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry let us sing, While heaven and earth with glory ring.

FINE.

Ho - sanna, Ho - san - na, ho - san - na to the Lamb of God.
 Ho - sanna, Ho - san - na, ho - san - na to the Lamb of God.

D. C. al Segno.

Glo-ry! glo-ry! let us sing, Heaven and earth with glo - ry ring.

3 Messiah's name shall joy impart,
 Alike to Jew and Gentile heart:
 He bled for us, He bled for you.
 And we will sing Hosanna too. *Cho.*

4 Proclaim hosannas loud and clear;
 See David's Son and Lord appear:
 All praise on earth to Him be given,
 And "Glory" shout through highest
 heaven. *Cho.*

O THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB!

B. H. GORHAM.

1. { Our sins on Christ were laid; O the blood of the Lamb! }
 { He bore the mighty load; O the blood of the Lamb! }
 2. { To save a world he dies; O the blood of the Lamb! }
 { Sin - ners, behold the Lamb; O the blood of the Lamb! }
 3. { Par - don and peace a - bound; O the blood of the Lamb! }
 { He will your sins for - give; O the blood of the Lamb! }
 4. { Je - sus we look to thee; O the blood of the Lamb! }
 { Where else can sinners go; O the blood of the Lamb! }

CHORUS.

Glory to the Lamb, Glory to the Lamb, Glory to the Lamb,

O THE LAMB, THE BLEEDING LAMB.

1st time.

146. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my
 Would he de - vote that sa - cred head, *Omit.*
 CHO.—O the Lamb, the bleed - ing Lamb! The Lamb of
 The Lamb was slain but lives a - gain, *Omit.*

2d time.

Sov - ereign die?

Cal - va - ry,

For such a worm as I?

To in - ter - cede for me.

HE SUFFERED JUST FOR ME.

Music and words by Rev. AARON COONS.

1st time.

1. { What meant the groans of Calvary? By whom the blood-stained tree?
Was it my Lord,—how can it be? He suffered
D. C. O melt my heart! how can it be, He suffered

2d time. FINE. CHORUS. D. C. al Fine.

just for me? Amazing love—unbounded, free! Let wond'ring angels see!
just for me?

- 2 What meant the crown of mockery,—
Why shame and agony?
Why pierced his side? how can it be,
He suffered just for me?
- 3 Why smiles of heav'n no longer see,—
"Why, Father, why?" cried he,
Why groan in death, how can it be,
He suffered just for me?

O, WHO'S LIKE JESUS?

272. 1. Of him who did sal - va - tion bring, I could for - ev - er
2. He died for you, he died for me, He died to set poor
think and sing, O who's like Je - sus? he died on the tree.
sua - ners free, O who's like Je - sus? he died on the tree.

REMEMBER ME.

146. { A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
{ Would he devote that sa - cred head, For such a worm as I?
CHO.— { Remember me, re - mem - ber me, Dear Lord, re - member me;
{ Remember, Lord, thy dy - ing groans, And then re - member me. }

THE CROSS.

Music and Chorus by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

1. The cross ! the cross ! the blood-stained cross ! The hallow'd cross I see !

Reminding me of precious blood That once was shed for me.

CHORUS.

Oh, the blood ! the precious blood ! That Jesus shed for me Up -

on the cross, in crimson flood, Just now by faith I see.

2.

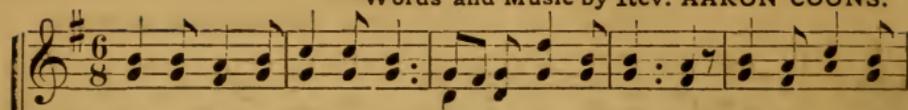
How light ! how light ! the precious
cross,
Presented to my view ;
And while, with care, I take it up,
Behold the crown my due. *Cho.*

3.

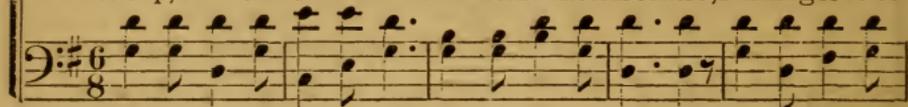
The crown ! the crown ! the glorious
crown !
The crown of victory !
The crown of life ! it shall be mine
When I shall Jesus see. *Cho.*

THE PURPLE BANNER.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.



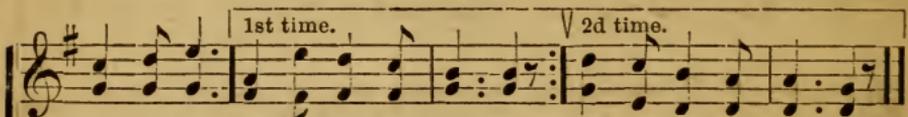
1. Jesus bore the heavy cross, On to Calvary's mountain, There to bleed for
 2. Lifted up, the world is drawn Toward this blissful centre; Burning love be-



CHORUS.

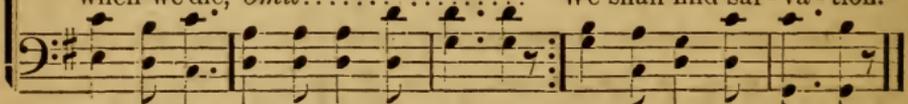


sin-ners lost, Sheds a heal-ing foun-tain. } Wave the pur-ple
 -gins to dawn, Shines in ra-diant splendor. } Here in life and



banner high, O-ver land and na-tion;
 when we die, *Omit*.....

We shall find sal-va-tion.

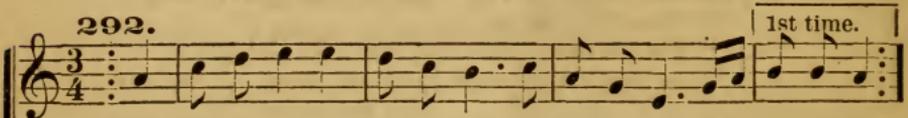


- 3 Spirit breath, the banner flies,
 Tidings of salvation;
 Hast'ning ere the sinner dies,
 Tenders love's oblation.

- 4 Of his love we'll sweetly sing,
 Christian sons and daughters;
 Saints above his praises ring,
 There no praising falters.

IT WAS FOR YOU THAT JESUS DIED.

292.



1. { Of him who did salvation bring, It was for me that Je-sus died;
 I could forever think and sing: It was for me that *Omit*.....

2d time.

CHORUS.



Omit... } Oh, yes! Oh, yes! It was for you that Je-sus died.
 Jesus died. } Oh, yes! Oh, yes! It was for you that Je-sus died.

"ON THE CROSS."

Arranged for this Work.

1. { Be-hold! behold! the Lamb of God, On the cross, On the cross, }
 { For you He shed his precious blood, On the cross, On the cross. }

O hear his all - im - portant cry! "E - li la - ma, Sa - bachthani."

Draw near and see your Saviour die, On the cross, On the cross.

2 Behold his arms extended wide!

On the cross,
 Behold his bleeding hands and side!
 On the cross,
 To heav'n he turns his languid eyes:
 "'Tis finished," now the Conq'ror cries,
 Then bows his sacred head and dies,
 On the cross.

3 Where'er I go I'll tell the story

Of the cross,
 In nothing else my soul shall glory,
 Save the cross:
 Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
 Through time and in eternity,—
 That Jesus suffered death for me,
 On the cross.

JESUS RULETH WELL.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. Come all ye friends of Jesus sing, Ascribe ho-san - na to our King ;

Ten thousand tongues loud anthems swell, To Jesus King, he ruleth well ;

Ye hosts of heav'n resound his praise, Join ransom'd earth in heav'nly

lays ; In sweetest strains the story tell, Of Jesus King, he ruleth well :

2.

Throughout the universal throng,
Let every creature join the song ;
'Mid starry heav'ns, or seas who dwell,
Praise Jesus King, he ruleth well ;
Ye sons of light, or darkest shades
Of changeless orb, or cloud that fades,
Or inmate of the narrow cell,
Praise Jesus King, he ruleth well.

3.

Wherever found, in life's domain
Ye burden'd, sore with anguish, pain,
Times past, how wise corrections fell ;
Praise Jesus King, he ruleth well ;
Or low'ring sky, or burning sun,
Or lengthened days, or race is run,
Or Clarion note, or funeral knell,
Praise Jesus King, he ruleth well.

"THE LORD IS KING."

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Music by Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

From "Notes of Joy." by per.

1. Praise the Lord, all ye people, O lift up your voice; Let the

CHORUS.

floods clap their hands, and the mountains re-joice. We will

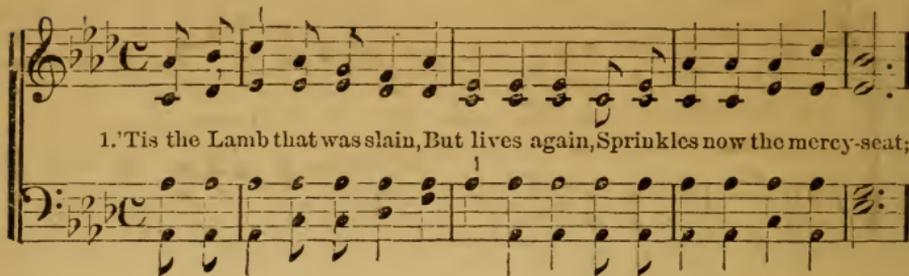
praise Him, we will praise Him, we will join the mighty, mighty

cho-rus, For the Lord is our God, For the Lord is our King.

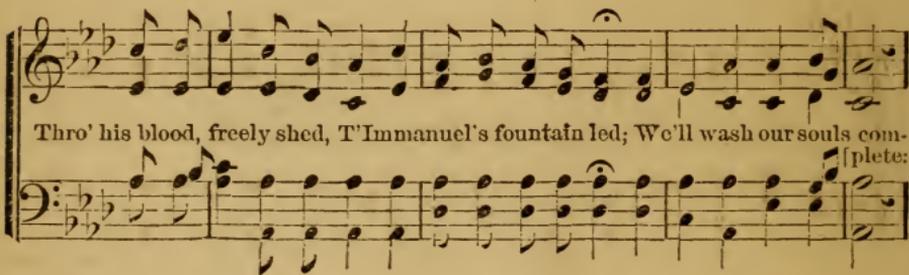
2. See the mansions of glory their portals unfold,
Our Redeemer ascending, the angels behold.—*Cho.*
3. Tho' the kingdoms of earth and their splendor shall fall,
Yet the Lord is triumphant, He rules over all.—*Cho.*
4. To the Lord, our Creator, salvation belongs,
Let His name be exalted with rapture and songs.—*Cho.*

'TIS JESUS' GRACIOUS REIGN.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

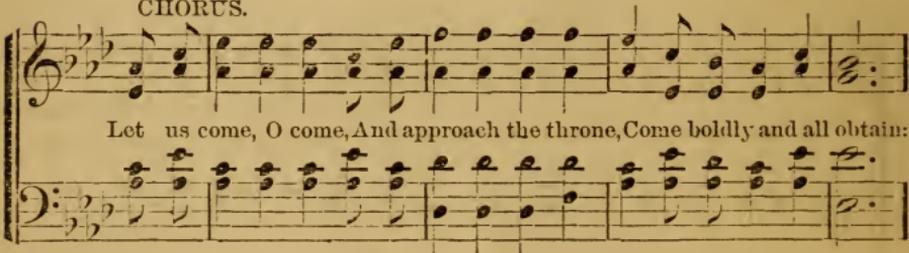


1.'Tis the Lamb that was slain, But lives again, Sprinkles now the mercy-seat;

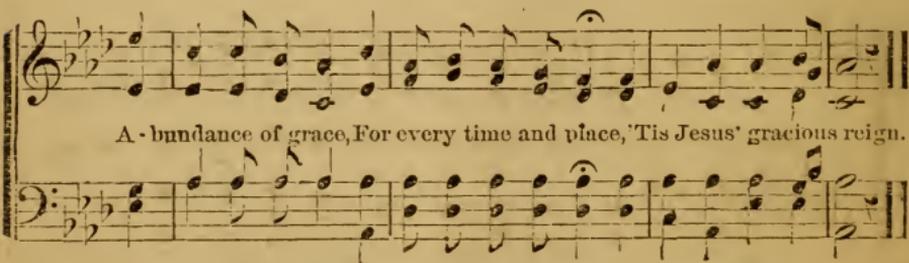


Thro' his blood, freely shed, T'Immanuel's fountain led; We'll wash our souls complete:

CHORUS.



Let us come, O come, And approach the throne, Come boldly and all obtain:



A-bundance of grace, For every time and place, 'Tis Jesus' gracious reign.

2 Hark! a voice from the throne,
Ho! every one;
Come and buy, your debt is paid,
Eden's door—heaven's store
Are proffered to the poor,
And help in time of need.

3 All the days, Jesus prays,
And renders grace,
To some barren trees anew;
— May they live, O reprieve
O Father still forgive,
“ They know not what they do.

ENTHRONED IS JESUS.

Words by JUDKINS.

C. C. CONVERSE, by per.

1. Enthroned is Je - sus now Up - on his heavenly seat ; The

king-ly crown is on his brow, The saints are at his feet.

CHORUS.

2. In shining white they stand, A great and countless throng ; A

palmy sceptre in each hand, On ev - ery lip a song.

3 They sing the Lamb of God,
Once slain on earth for them ;
The Lamb, thro' whose atoning blood
Each wears his diadem, *Cho.*

4 Thy grace, O Holy Ghost,
And blessed help supply,
That we may join that radiant host,
Triumphant in the sky. *Cho.*

LO! JESUS REIGNS.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

| 1st time. | 2d time. END.

1. { Lo! Jesus, King of glory, reigns In majesty a-lone; *Omit*.....
 O'er death, the victor's crown he gains, Thro' death he sways a throne.

d. c. And pard'ning mercy e'er proclaims, He inter- cedés for me.
CHORUS. *D. C.*

Lo! Jesus reigns, for all obtains, Sal-va-tion full and free;

- 2 His princely fame in heav'n is known,
 Vast wondering throngs behold,
 How mercy to our race is shown,
 And arms of love enfold.
- 3 Benign his brow, with glory crowned,—
 Once crimson stained of thorns,
 With smiling pardon, e'er renowned,
 His diadem adorns.
- 4 The compass of his love's embrace,
 No angel tongue can tell;
 'Tis boundless as his throne of grace,
 More vast than death and hell.

THE MERCY-SEAT.

| 1st time. | 2d time.

| 1st time. | 2d time. *End.*

CHORUS.

| | |
|--|---|
| <p>From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat,</p> | <p>CHOR. The mercy-seat, the mercy-seat, The blessed mercy-seat! The mercy-seat, the mercy-seat, How dear the mercy-seat.</p> |
|--|---|

JESUS LOVES.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. O, how precious, O, how dear! Je-sus loves, Jesus loves! Changeless
 2. Offer sweetest notes of praise, Je-sus loves, Jesus loves! Chorus

Friend, he's ev-er near, Je-sus loves! Brightest beams of mercy glow,
 of redemption raise, Je-sus loves! Of his dy-ing pit-y sing,

Cheering hearts of love below, Image of the Father know, Jesus loves!
 Calv'ry's melting anthems bring, Ceaseless heaven's arches ring, Jesus loves!

3 All ye ransomed join the song,
 Jesus loves, Jesus loves!
 Hail creation's countless throng,
 Jesus loves!
 All the blood-washed ever nigh,
 Filled with loud hosannas cry,
 Back to earth the echoes fly,
 Jesus loves!

4 List the world, dispel your fear,
 Jesus loves, Jesus loves!
 Great and small the tidings hear,
 Jesus loves!
 'Mid all nations, every tongue,
 Let the trumpet note be rung,
 As by saints in glory sung,
 Jesus loves!

YOUR SAVIOUR WEPT.

Arranged for this Work.

1. How sweet in ev - 'ry trying scene, That wounds the spirit here; To
2. He groan'd in spirit while he spoke: "Where have you laid the dead?"

[“Lord,

feel that Je - sus bore our grief, And know he still is near! O
come and see," they murmur'd low, He followed where they led; Be-

ye who o'er the couch of death, Your lonely watch have kept, Tho'
-neath a cold sepulchral stone An on - ly brother slept, And

anguish rend your ach - ing breast, Re-mem-ber Je - sus wept.
an-gels wondered as they gazed, For lo! the Saviour wept.

- 3 How oft the prayer our lips would breathe,
The heart alone may speak;
How oft the penitential tear
Bedews the mourner's cheek:
Poor child of toil, though dark and sad,
Thy weary lot may be,
With few to smooth life's rugged path,
Thy Saviour wept for thee.

WONDRONS LOVE.

Words by Mrs. M. STOCKTON.

Music by WM. G. FISCHER. by per.

1. God lov'd the world of sinners lost, And ruin'd by the fall; Sal-
 2. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The risen Son of God; Re-
 3. Love brings the glorious fullness in, And to his saints makes known; The

- va-tion full at high-est cost, He of-fers free to all.
 - demption by his death I find, And cleansing through his blood.
 bless-ed rest from in-bred sin, Thro' faith in Christ a-lone.

CHORUS.

O, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me; It

brought my Saviour from a-bove, To die on Cal-va-ry.

4 Believing souls rejoicing go,
 There shall to you be given,
 A glorious foretaste here below,
 Of endless life in heaven.—*Cho.*

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power,
 Let all the ransomed sing;
 And triumph in the dying hour,
 Through Christ, the Lord, our
 [King;—*Cho.*

JESUS THE SAME.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1st time.

1. { Be withered earthly joys. Or vanished human toys, But Je - sus the
 { Be severed fondest ties, Be darkened, morning skies, But.....
 2. { Be chang'd, ye rippling streams, Or perished brightest beams; But, &c.
 { Fade, all ye blooming flowers, Be silent, cheery bowers, But.....

2d time.

3 Go moaning, dying breeze,
 Grow weary, waving seas; But, &c.
 Grow mossy, forest hills,
 Be frosted, verdant fields. But, &c.
 same, ... Je - sus the same.
 same, ... Je - sus the same.
 4 Sweep o'er, bereaving clouds,
 Oft, oft, repeat your shrouds, But, &c.
 Till suns in shadows lave,
 O'er Rama's latest grave. Still, &c.

ART THOU WEARY.

Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. Art thou wea-ry, art thou languid, Art thou sore distress'd;

Come to me, said One, and coming, Be at rest, be at rest.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Hath he marks to lead me to him, If he be my guide; In his feet and hands are wound prints, And his side, and his side.</p> | <p>3 If I ask him to receive me, Will he tell me nay? Not till earth, and not till heaven Pass away, pass away.</p> |
|--|--|

THE SWEETEST VOICE.

Words by Rev. PETER STRYKER, D. D. By per. of G. C. GARRIGUES, Pa
J. E. GOULD.

Tenderly.

1. I heard a voice, the sweetest voice That mortal ever heard ;

2d time Duet.

1st.

{ Oh ! how it made my heart rejoice, And ev - ery feeling stirr'd, }
{ Oh ! how it made my heart rejoice, And (OMIT.....) }
S: And said although with heart defiled, I (OMIT.....)

2d.

FINE. | *f* CHORUS.

ev - ery feeling stirr'd ! 'Twas Jesus spoke to me so mild, He
might in him con-fide.

D. S.

2 I saw his face, the fairest face
That mortal ever saw ;
||: I longed the Saviour to embrace,
From him new life to draw. :||
"Come unto me," he kindly said,
"And I will give thee rest ;
The ransom-price I fully paid—
Repent ! believe ! be blest !"

3 I felt his love, the strongest love
That mortal ever felt ;
||: O how it drew my soul above,
And made my hard heart melt! :||

My burden at his feet I laid,
And knew the joy of heaven,
As in my willing ear he said
The blessed word, "Forgiven!"

WHO IS HE?

By permission.

1. Who is he in yonder stall, At whose feet the shepherds fall?
2. Who is he in yonder cot, Bending to his toilsome lot?

CHORUS.

'Tis the Lord, O wondrous story, 'Tis the Lord, the King of Glory,

At his feet we humbly fall, Crown him, crown him, Lord of all.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 3 Who is he who stands and weeps At the grave where Laz'rus sleeps? | 6 Who is he in Calv'ry's throes Asks for blessings on his foes? |
| 4 Who is he in deep distress, Fasting in the wilderness? | 7 Who is he that, from the grave, Comes to heal, and help, and save? |
| 5 Lo! at midnight, who is he Prays in dark Gethsemane? | 8 Who is he that on yon throne Rules the world of light alone? |

O! 'TIS LOVE.

179.

CHORUS.

{ I know that my Redeemer lives, O how he loves, }
{ What joy the blest assurance gives, O how he loves. } O! 'tis love, 'tis

love, 'tis love that moves the mighty God, O! 'tis love, 'tis love that found
out me.

BECAUSE HE LOVED ME SO.

Words by Mrs. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. Music by GEO. F. ROOT.
Moderato. by per.

1. I love to hear the sto-ry Which an-gel voi-ces tell, How

once the King of glo-ry Came down on earth to dwell: I

am both weak and sin-ful, But this I sure-ly know, The

Lord came down to save me, Be-cause he loved me so.

2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be:
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because he loves me so.

3 To sing his love and mercy,
My sweetest songs I'll raise,
And though I cannot see him,
I know he hears my praise!
For He has kindly promised
That I shall surely go,
To sing among his angels,
Because he loves me so.

OH! HOW HE LOVES.

FINE.

1. { There's a friend a - bove all oth - ers; O, how he loves! }
 { His is love be - yond a brother's: O, how he loves! }
 D. C. But this friend will ne'er de - ceive us, O, how he loves!

D. C. al Fine.

Earthly friends may fail and leave us; This day kind, to-morrow grieve us.

| | |
|---|--|
| 2 Blessed Jesus! would'st thou know O, how he loves! [him? Give thyself e'en this day to him, O, how he loves! [thee? Is it sin that pains and grieves Unbelief and trials tease thee? Jesus can from all release thee! O, how he loves! | 3 Love this friend who longs to save O, how he loves! [thee, Dost thou love? He will not leave O, how he loves! [thee, Think no more then of to-morrow, Take his easy yoke and follow, Jesus carries all thy sorrow, O, how he loves! |
|---|--|

GLORY, GLORY.

901.

1st time.

{ Come thou fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
 { Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, [Omit.....]

2d time.

CHORUS.

[Omit.....] { Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry,
 Call for songs of loudest praise, { } Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry,

1st time.

2d time.

glo - ry, glo - ry, God is love; [Omit.....]
 [Omit.....] Hal - lo - lu - jah, God is love. }

A FRIEND THAT'S EVER NEAR.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

SOLO. 1st.

- GOD.**
1. { Tho' des-truc-tion walk around us, Tho' the arrows past me fly,
Angels guards from thee surround us; [*Omit.*.....]
 2. { Tho' the night be dark and dreary, Darkness cannot hide from thee,
Thou art He who, nev-er wea-ry, [*Omit.*.....]

2nd. CHORUS.

We are safe if thou art nigh. { There's a friend that's ever near, never fear,
Watchest where thy people be. { There's a friend that's ever near, never fear,

1st.

He is ev-er near, never, never fear, [*Omit.*.....]
[*Omit.*.....] He is ev-er near, never fear.

GOD IS LOVE, I KNOW, I FEEL.

W. H. ROBERTS.

1. { Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still reserved for me! }
Can my God his wrath for-bear? Me the chief of sinners spare? }
2. { I have long withstood his grace; Long provoked him to his face, }
Would not hearken to his calls, Grieved him by a thousand falls. }

CHORUS.

{ God is love, I know, I feel, } [still-
{ Jesus weeps and loves me still, } Jesus weeps, he weeps and loves me

PRECIOUS TABLE.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. Precious the ta-ble spread, Precious to me; Thankful my

soul is fed, Saviour, by thee: Break still thy liv-ing bread,

For sinners free; Here all thy mercy shed, Blest I shall be.

2. Emblem of dying love,
 Blessings abound;
 Gracious the throne above,
 Mercy is found;
 Breathe life, O heavenly Dove,
 Sweet whispered sound;
 Brood o'er the banquet of
 Life, we surround.

3. Ho! beggar'd, full of pains,
 Hung'ring, O haste!
 Manna from heaven rains,
 Precious, "O taste!"
 Christ's oasis maintains
 Life's desert waste:
 Raise sweetest grateful strains
 While at his feast.

THE WATER OF LIFE.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

Slow. *End.*

1. { River of life, silv'ry and fair! Panting soul drink, "Water brooks" share;
Sweetly they flow; verdure and flow'rs, Eden-like grow, angelic bow'rs.

D. C. Placid the stream, soothing life's woes; Sparkling and bright, freely it [flows.]

CHORUS. *D. C.*

Water of life pours from a throne, Thirsty, we'll drink, "Ho, ev'ry one."

- 2 Mirror-like shines surface serene,
Heav'ns bright throne imaged is seen;
Bending, O see! blest sainted throng,
Sipping life's fount, clustered along.
- 3 Crystalline fount—limpid and pure,
Angels and saints bathing, endure;
Gurgling with life—rock-breaking rod,
'Gladdens the saints' city of God.'

HO! EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTS.

236
The King of heaven his table spreads, And blessings crown the board; }
Not Par-a-dise with all its joys Could such delight af-ford. }

CHORUS.

Ho! ev-'ry one that thirsts, Come ye to the wa-ters;

Freely drink, and quench your thirst, With Zion's sons and daughters.

THE BREAD OF LIFE,

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. Bread of life, O, how de - licious! Now my hungry soul is fed;

Break it, Je - sus, ev - er precious! Thou art my im - mor - tal bread.

2 Break it, Lord, make known in breaking,
All thy love, till I adore;
Day by day this bread partaking,
Give it, Lord, forever more.

4 Mystic flesh! I'll choose it rather,—
Meat the faithless may not know;
From the Father's table gather
Bounteous meat—his will to do.

3 Heavenly manna! how I love it!
"Sweeter than the honey-comb;"
Best of gifts, I'll ever covet
Jesus' love, his banquet boon.

5 Children at the banquet table,
Asking bread,—'Who'd give a stone?'
Shall our Father, who so able
E'er "True Bread" withhold alone?

GRACE IS FREE.

298.

Fine.

{ Thy ceaseless, un-ex-haust-ed love, Un-mer-it-ed and free,
{ De-lights our e - vil to remove, And help our misery.

d. c. There's enough for each, There's enough forevermore.
There's enough for all,

CHORUS.

D. C.

O hal-le - lu - jah! grace is free,

HOW ESCAPE.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. O precious soul ! immortal part, A wonder to thyself thou art !
2. Thyself a gem of priceless worth, Why squander'd for the bribes of earth ;

To tri-ble for e - ter - ni - ty, With all that Jesus bought for thee.
Confounded be ! com-put-ing cost ! Amazing that redeemed ! yet lost.

CHORUS.

O how wilt thou escape, my soul ! The world possessing, yea ! the whole ;

So great salvation slighted now, Neg-lect-ful spirit, answer !—how.

3 Why still the sport of frolic thought ?
Forgetting how thy Saviour sought ;
With great salvation, "So great," so !
Thy all, just on the brink of woe.

4 Thy day of hope, soon ended here ;
When heav'n and all the world so dear
Recede ; thy dying grasp evade,
When no escape can e'er be made.

ALL THINGS EARNEST.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.
From "Notes of Joy."

1. Time is earn-est passing by, Death is earn-est, drawing nigh,

Sin-ner! wilt thou trifling be? Time and death appeal to thee.

CHORUS.

Christ is earn-est, bids thee "come," Paid thy spir-it's priceless

sum, Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love, Pleading with thee from above?

- 2 Life is earnest, when 'tis o'er
Thou returnest never more;
Soon to meet eternity,
Wilt thou never serious be? *Cho.*
- 3 When thy pleasures all depart,
What will soothe thy fainting heart?
Friendless, desolate, alone,
Hast'ning to a world unknown. *Cho.*

WHAT THEN?

Music by Rev. A. COONS.

1. Af-ter the joys of earth, Af-ter the songs of mirth, Af-ter its

hours of light, After its dreams so bright, What then? what then?

RESPONSE.

On-ly an emp-ty name. On-ly a wea-ry frame,

On-ly a con-scious smart, And an ach-ing heart.

2 After this empty name,
After this weary frame,
After this conscious smart,
After this aching heart,
What then? what then?

Only a sad farewell,
No more on earth to dwell,
Only a lonely bed,
With the silent dead,

3 After this sad farewell,
No more on earth to dwell,
After this lonely bed,
With all the silent dead,
What then? what then?

Oh! then the judgment throne,
Oh! then the last hope gone!
Then, all the woes that dwell,
In eternal hell.

BE IN TIME.

Arranged and partly
Composed for this Work.

1. The voice of wis-dom hear— Be in time, be in time, The
D. s. night will soon set in— Be in time, be in time, The

Be in time. FINE.

voice of wis-dom hear— Be in time, be in time.
night will soon set in— Be in time, be in time.

Be in time.

To give up ev - 'ry sin, In earn-est now be-gin, For the

D. S. f

- 2 Ye aged sinners hear—Be in time,
Your sands are running fast, Your die will soon be cast ;
Ye aged now make haste—Be in time.
- 3 Though late you may return—Be in time,
Though late you may return, You're not too late to learn,
While the lamp holds out to burn—Be in time.
- 4 You who are young in years—Be in time.
You say you're in your bloom, And far from yonder tomb,
But mind, your end will come—Be in time.
- 5 Ye young, ye gay, ye proud—Be in time,
The shroud you'll wear, O see! Then cry and want to be
Blest through eternity—Be in time.
- 6 Backslider do you hear?—Be in time,
Your sinful course forsake, Yourself to prayer betake,
Your deathless soul's at stake—Be in time.
- 7 O, why this work delay—Be in time,
O, why this work delay, And squander life away,
Till death's despondent day—Be in time.
- 8 The door will soon be shut—Be in time,
Your angry Judge will say : "Depart from me away!"
Then fruitless all you pray—Be in time.

YET ALIVE.

Music by Rev. A. COONS.

1. Lord, and am I yet a - live? Not in torments, not in hell?
2. O, the length and breadth of love! Jesus, Saviour, can it be!

Still does thy blest Spirit strive, With the "chief of sinners" dwell.
All thy mercy's depths I prove; All its height is seen in me.

CHORUS.

Tell it un - to sinners, tell! I am, I am out of hell.

O, YOU MUST BE A LOVER OF THE LORD.

254. Re - turn, O wander - er, return, And seek thy Father's face!
Those new desires which in thee burn, Were kindled by his grace.

CHORUS

O, you must be a lover of the Lord, O, you must be a lover of the Lord,
O, you must be a lover, &c., Or you can't go to heaven when you die.

THE BOLTED DOOR.

Music by Rev. A. COONS.

1. God is knocking, ev-er knocking, At the heart's thrice bolted

door, Which we're locking, ev-er locking, As we oft have done be-

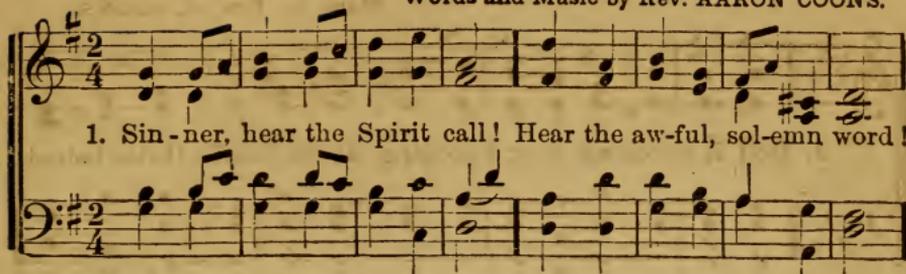
- fore; And we hear, yet hearing hear not, While we faster bolt the door.

2 He is calling! ever calling!
 In a soft and gentle tone;
 To the fallen! and the failing!
 To the weary and the lone:
 Still they answer not the summons,
 Till the spirit-voice has flown.

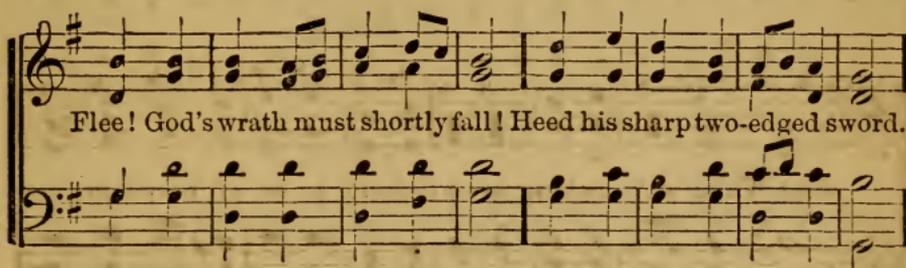
3 He's entreating! e'er entreating!
 By his mercy, by his care,
 Knocking! knocking! and repeating;
 Calling! calling! this his prayer.
 "Let me enter!" Hear it, mortal!
 God is waiting at the door.

SINNER'S CALL.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

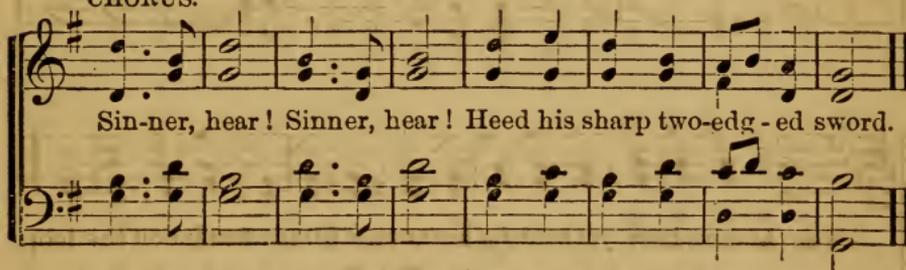


1. Sin-ner, hear the Spirit call! Hear the aw-ful, sol-lemn word!



Flee! God's wrath must shortly fall! Heed his sharp two-edged sword.

CHORUS.



Sin-ner, hear! Sinner, hear! Heed his sharp two-edg-ed sword.

2.

Hear, while now your tott'ring frame
Bears a dreadful tempest hurl'd;
Soon disease will blast again;
Horror then with wrath unfurl'd.
||: Sinner, hear! :|| Horror, &c.

3.

Awful word! and shall thy soul
From thy body soon be riven?
He'll eternal vengeance roll,
Meeting you with demons driven,
||: Sinner, hear! :|| Meeting, &c.

4.

Flee! O sinner! See! awake!
Fire consuming is our God;
Speaking earth, hell, heaven shake!
Angels fall beneath his rod.
||: Sinner, hear! :|| Angels, &c.

5.

How shall feeble man appear, [view?
When the judgment breaks to
Thunders roll! O sinner, hear!
Terror, such you never knew!
||: Sinner, hear! :|| Terror, &c.

6.

Hark? depart!" Your Saviour called
Ye refused his solemn claims;
Go, affrighted and appalled
Into everlasting flames.
||: Sinner, hear! :|| Into, &c.

7.

Will you, sinner, will you still,
Scorn God's mercy full and free?
Will you be, against his will,
Lost to all eternity?
||: Sinner, hear! :|| Lost, &c.

WHO'LL COME TO JESUS.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

CHORUS.

- 1 Out from the world, to the cross come pressing,
Deny yourselves, and your sins confessing ;
Follow the Saviour, and then possessing
Houses, lands, and friends for evermore.

Cho.—Who'll come to Jesus? Who'll come to Jesus?
Who will decide his cross to bear?
Who'll come to Jesus? Who'll come to Jesus?
Who will decide a crown to wear?

- 2 Out from among them, and be ye separate :
Narrow the way, enter at the strait gate ;
Soon, shut the door, then forever too late!
Heaven, crowns, and mansions seek with care.—*Cho.*

- 3 Out from the rapids of sinful pleasure ;
Break with associates of idle leisure ;
Work with thy might for eternal treasure ;
Fadeless, spotless riches gain your share.—*Cho.*

COME NEARER JESUS.

Arranged expressly for this Work.

1st time.

1. { There's a fulness in God's mercy, Like the fulness of the sea ;
There's a kindness in his justice, Which is more than *Omit*

2. { There's no place where earthly sorrows Are more felt than up in
[heaven,
There's no place where earthly failings, Have such kindly *Omit*

2d time. CHORUS.

Omit He is calling, come to me ; Lord I'll gladly haste to thee.
lib-er-ty.

Omit
judgment given.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind ; And the heart of the Eternal Is most wonderfully kind. <i>Cho.</i></p> <p>4 But we make his love too narrow By false limits of our own ; And we magnify his strictness With a zeal he will not own. <i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>5 Pining souls ! come nearer Jesus ; Come, but come not doubting thus, Come with faith that trusts more free- His great tenderness for us. <i>Cho.</i> [ly</p> <p>6 If our love were but more simple We should take him at his word ; And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord. <i>Cho.</i></p> |
|--|--|

O COME, AND WILL YOU GO ?

CHORUS.

348.

{ Come sinners to the gospel feast, O come, and will you go, will you
Let ev - ery soul be Je - sus' guest.

go, will you go! O come and will you go, Where pleasures never die?

TURN! TURN! SINNER.

Arranged expressly for this Work.

1. The judgment day is rolling round, rolling round, rolling round, The

judgment day is rolling round, What will you do that day! Turn, turn

sinner, turn, turn sinner turn, turn sinner, What will you do that day!

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 You'll see your parents marching home, marching home, marching home, You'll see your parents marching home, What will you do that day! | 6 You'll see these Christians, &c. |
| 3 You'll see your brothers, &c. | 7 You'll see these Converts, &c. |
| 4 You'll see your sisters, &c. | 8 You and your Comrades shall be doomed, &c. |
| 5 You'll see your children, &c. | |

CAN YOU HATE THE SAVIOUR?

341.

- 1 { Come ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
 { Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pity, love and pow'r. }
- D. C. Once he died for your behaviour; Now he calls you to his arms.

CHORUS. D.C.

Sin-ner, can you hate the Saviour? Can you spurn his love's alarms?

THE BEAUTIFUL STREAM.

Words by R. TORREY, Jr.

Music by A. HULL, by per.

1. Oh, have you not heard of a beautiful stream, That flows thro' our Father's land!
2. This beautiful stream is the River of Life! It flows for all nations, free!

Its waters gleam bright in the heavenly light, And ripple o'er golden sand.
A balm for each wound in its water is found! Oh, sinner, it flows for thee.

CHORUS.

* Oh, seek,

Seek now,

Oh, seek that beautiful stream, Seek now that beautiful stream:

Its waters, so free, are flowing for thee; Oh, seek that beautiful stream.

- 3 Oh, will you not drink of this beautiful stream,
And dwell on its peaceful shore?
The Spirit says, Come, all ye weary ones, home,
And wander in sin no more.—*Cho.*

* This Response should be sung by four voices, if used.

O TURN YE.

Arranged expressly for this Work.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die? When God in great

mercy is com- ing so nigh; Now Je- sus in- vites you; The

Spirit says come, And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

- 2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.
- 3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question if you will believe?
If sin is your burden why will ye not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome: he bids you come home.
- 4 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
And trusting in Heaven, we never shall part;
O how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

THE VALLEY OF BLESSING.

Words by ANNIE WITTENMYER.

Music by WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

CHORUS.

- 1 I have entered the valley of blessing so sweet,
 And Jesus abides with me there ;
 And his spirit and blood make my cleansing complete,
 And his perfect love casteth out fear.

CHO.—O, come to this valley of blessing so sweet,
 Where Jesus will fulness bestow—
 Oh, believe, and receive, and confess him,
 That all his salvation may know.

- 2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
 And plenty the land doth impart ;
 And there's rest for the weary worn traveler's feet,
 And joy for the sorrowing heart.—*Cho.*
- 3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
 Such as none but the blood-washed may feel ;
 When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
 And Christ sets his covenant seal.—*Cho.*
- 4 There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet,
 That angels would fain join the strain—
 As, with rapturous praises, we bow at his feet,
 Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."—*Cho.*

COME UNTO JESUS AND REST.

1st time. 2d time.

1. { Come, come, laden and weary; sick, sore, sadly oppressed; [Omit . . . Lone, lost, treading life dreary; [Omit] Come to the

CHORUS.

..... } Come all, come now, Come unto to Jesus and rest.
Saviour and rest.

2 Old, young, all are invited :
Rich, poor, come and be blest:
Trust, love, serve all united :
Jesus will give you his rest.

3 Come, now while it is early ;
Now he'll hear your request,
And soon ope the gates pearly,
Bid you come enter his rest.

TO-DAY.

HENRY TUCKER, by per.

| | |
|---|--|
| 1 To-day the Saviour calls: Ye wand'ers come, Oh, ye benighted souls, Why longer roam. | 3 To-day the Saviour calls: Oh listen now : Within these sacred walls To Jesus bow. |
| 2 To-day the Saviour calls: For refuge fly ; The storm of vengeance Ruin is nigh. | 4 The Spirit calls to-day ; Yield to his power ; Oh grieve him not away, 'Tis mercy's hour. |

THE SINNER INVITED.

Arranged for this work.

1. { Sin - ner, come will you go! To the highlands of heaven? }
 { Where the storms nev - er blow, And the long summer's giv - en: }
 D. C. And the leaves of the bow'rs, In the breez - es are flit - ting.

Where the bright blooming flow'rs, and their o - dors e - mit - ting;

2 Where the saints robed in white—
 Cleansed in life's flowing fountain;
 Shining beauteous and bright,
 They inhabit the mountain,
 Where no sin, nor dismay,
 Neither trouble, nor sorrow,
 Will be felt for a day,
 Nor be feared for the morrow.

3 He's prepared thee a home—
 Sinner, canst thou believe it?
 And invites thee to come—
 Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
 O come, sinner, come!
 For the tide is receding,
 And the Saviour will soon
 And forever cease pleading.

I AM THE DOOR.

Words and Melody by Rev. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

By per. B. & M.

"I am the door," Come in, come in,
 The night is dark, the
 And leave without thy load of sin;

storm is wild; O venture in thou stranger child, O venture in thou stranger child.

2 "I am the door,"
 Come, gently knock,
 And I will loose the heavy lock,
 That guards my Father's precious fold;
 Come in from darkness and from cold.

3 "I am the door."
 No longer roam,
 Here are thy treasures, here thy home;
 I purchased them for thee and thine,
 And paid the price in blood divine.

4. "I am the door,"
 My Father waits
 To make thee heir of rich estates;
 Come, dwell with him, and dwell with me,
 And thou my Father's child shall be.

5 "I am the door."
 Come in, come in,
 And everlasting treasures win;
 My Father's house was built for thee,
 And thou shalt share his home with me.

WILL YOU GO?

FINE.

1. } We're trav'ling home to heav'n above ;—Will you go, will you go?
 } To sing the Saviour's dying love;—Will you go, will you go? Mill-
 d. c. And millions now are on the road ;—Will you go, will you go?

D. C.

ions have reached that blest abode, Anointed kings and priests to God;

- 2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,—Will you go?
 In rapturous strains to praise his name,—Will you go?
 The crown of life we there shall wear,
 The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
 And all the joys of heaven we'll share,—Will you go?
- 3 We're going to join the Heavenly Choir,—Will you go?
 To raise our voice and tune the lyre,—Will you go?
 The saints and angels gladly sing,
 Hosanna to their God and King,
 And make the heavenly arches ring,—Will you go?

THAT'S THE HEAVEN.

1st time. 2d time.

1. } We are trav'ling home to heav'n above ; Will you go with us? *Omit.*
 } We are trav'ling home to heav'n above, To that *Omit.* happy land.
 Cho.—O that's the heav'n that I'm bound for ; That's the heav'n I love ;
 O that's the heav'n I'm longing for, That's the heav'n for me.

Repeat for Chorus each verse.

- 2 Dear neighbors will you go with us? &c.
 3 Dear parents will you go with us? &c.
 4 Dear children will you go with us? &c.
 5 Together let us journey on, &c.

LET HIM ALONE.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. { Come to my Saviour without de - lay; Come and believe and re -
 { Come, for he soon may depart and .say; "Let him a - lone" in his
 D.C. Come while you may, for he soon will say; "Let him a-lone" in his

FINE. CHORUS. | 1st time. | 2nd time. | D.C.

- ceive to-day; } Sinners, why not now cometo Jesus?
 downward way, } Since by re-fus-ing [OMIT.] guilt increases;
 downward way.

2 Oft you have heard his inviting word;
 Oft it has seemed like a piercing sword,
 Speaking to you as in Ephraim's day,
 "Let him alone" to his idols pray. *Cho.*

3 Angels and saints, and your dying Lord,
 Cease their fond pleading, soon no more heard;
 Since you, like Felix, say "Go thy way,"
 "Let him alone" till the judgment day. *Cho.*

TURN TO THE LORD.

FINE.

341.

1. { Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
 { Je - sus ready stands to save you, Full of pity, love, and power. }
 D.C. Glo-ry, hon-or and sal - vation, Christ the Lord has come to reign,

D.C.

Turn to the Lord and seek salvation, Sound the praise of his dear name

SINNER, COME TO JESUS.

HARVEY C. CAMP, by per. of Philip Phillips.

1. Sinner, come, 'Mid thy gloom, All thy guilt con - fessing ;
2. Sinner, come, While there's room, While the feast is waiting ;

Trembling now, Contrite bow, Take the offered bless - ing.
While the Lord, By his word, Kind - ly is in - vit - ing.

CHORUS.

Come to Je - sus now! Come to Je - sus now!

Come to Je - sus, he will save you ; Come, oh, come to Jesus.

3 Sinner, come ;
Lo ! the tomb
Open wide before thee !
See death stand—
Lift his hand,
Waiting to devour thee.—*Cho.*

4 Sinner, come,
Ere thy doom
Shall be sealed forever,
Now return,
Grieve and mourn,
Flee to Christ the Saviour,—*Cho.*

COME TO JESUS.

1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now,
2. He will save you, he will save you, He will save you just now,

Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.
Just now he will save you, He will save you just now.

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 3 Oh, believe him, etc. | 7 He'll have mercy, etc. |
| 4 He'll receive you, etc. | 8 He'll forgive you, etc. |
| 5 Flee to Jesus, etc. | 9 He will cleanse you, etc. |
| 6 He will hear you, etc. | 10 Jesus loves you, etc. |

COME ALONG.

341.
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Je-sus ready stands to save you, Full of pity, love and power.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! praise ye the Lord! O pray on brethren,

Pray on sis - ters, Come a-long my neighbors And serve the Lord.

ALMOST PERSUADED.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. "Al - most persuad - ed" now to be - lieve ; "Al - most persuad - ed"

Christ to re - ceive. Seems now some soul to say, "Go spir - it,

go thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day, On thee I'll call."

- | | | | |
|----|---|----|--|
| 2. | "Almost persuaded" come, come to-day ; "Almost persuaded" turn not away. Jesus invites you here, Angels are lug'ring near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear O wand'rer, come ! | 3. | "Almost persuaded." harvest is past ; "Almost persuaded" doom comes at last ! "Almost" cannot avail ; "Almost" is but to fail ! Sad, sad that bitter wail "Almost, <i>but lost!</i> " |
|----|---|----|--|

O COME AND GO WITH ME.

1. { Come hum - ble sin - ner in whose breast A thousand thoughts re - volve, }
{ Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last resolve : - }

CHORUS.

Then come, O come and go with me, Where pleasures never die ! And

you shall wear a star - ry crown, And reign a - bove the sky.

SAVE THE SINNER.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. They are com - ing to the Saviour now, To pay the

oft re - peat-ed vow ; Calling, while in love he's passing by ;
D. S. Hear the earnest pen - i - ten-tial cry !

FINE. CHORUS.

O Je - sus save them ere they die ! Save the sin - ner
O Je - sus save them ere they die !

D. S.

in relenting prayer ; Can a seek - ing sin - ner per - ish there ?

| | |
|---|--|
| 2 While thy pard'ning mercy they implore! | E'en while humbly now they prostrate lie, |
| While knocking loudly at the door! | O Jesus save them ere they die ! |
| Open wide to every sinner nigh : | 4 Now they plead before the mercy seat ; |
| O Jesus save them ere they die ! | Would bathe with tears thy sacred feet ; |
| 3 While they yield their broken hearts to | Hear the prayers, the groans, the heavy |
| Bestow salvation full and free ; | [thee, O Jesus save them ere they die. [sigh ; |

MARY MAGDALENE.

Arr. from I. B. WOODBURY, expressly for this Work.

1. To the hall of the feast came the sinful and fair, She heard in the

city that Jesus was there ; Unheeding the splendor that blazed on the

board ; She silently knelt at the feet of the Lord. beauty of heaven.

- 2 The frown and the murmur went round through them all,
That one so unhallowed should tread in that hall ;
And some said the poor would be objects more meet,
As the wealth of her perfume she showered on his feet.
- 3 She heard but the Saviour—she spoke but with tears ;
She dared not look up to the Heaven of his eyes,
And the hot tears gushed forth at each heave of her breast,
As her lips to his sandals were throbbingly pressed.
- 4 In the sky after tempest, as shineth the bow,
In the glare of the sunbeams as melteth the snow,
He looked on the lost one, "her sins were forgiven."
And Mary went forth in the *beauty of heaven.*

THEY'RE COMING HOME.

Arr. expressly for this Work.

1st time. | 2d time.

1. { The day has come, the joyful day, At last the day has come; [*Omit...*
 D. c. That saints and angels joy display, O'er [*Omit.....*] sinners.
 D. c. They're coming home, they're coming home, Praise...] God, they're

FINE. CHORUS. D. C.

.....] [they're coming home.
 coming home. They're coming home, they're coming home, Praise God,

2 The saints of God fresh courage take,
 Are strong in conquering power;
 The host of hell with terror shake :
 While God displays his power.

3 To all the region round about,
 The news has swiftly flown ;
 That sinners, deep in guilt, have
 sought,
 And found what others spurn.

THERE ARE ANGELS HOV'RING ROUND.

Arr. expressly for this Work by HENRY TUCKER.

1. There are angels hov'ring round, There are angels, &c., There are

an - gels, an - gels hov'ring round.

2 To carry the tidings home.
 3 To the new Jerusalem.
 4 Poor sinners are coming home,
 5 And Jesus bids them come.
 6 Let him that heareth come.
 7 We're on our journey home.

LET IT CLEANSE ME NOW.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. The healing streams of Jesus flow, The cleansing power I see; I'll

call up - on Him till I know His blood a-tones for me.

CHORUS.

O come, my Lord, while at Thy feet I bow;
O come, my Lord, O come, my Lord, while at Thy feet I bow;

Ap - ply the blood so free - ly shed, And let it cleanse me now.

2 I cannot doubt His name so sweet,
His changeless heart of love;
He sheds upon the mercy-seat
The virtue from above. *Cho.*

3 For water brooks I'm panting still!
This way, life's river flow;
Now let me all thy righteous will,
And name and nature know. *Cho.*

SHALL I BE THERE.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

Music by T. E. PERKINS. by per.

1. Whensaints gather 'round thee, dear Saviour, above, And hasten to

crown thee with jewels of love, Amid those bright mansions of glory so

CHORUS.
fair, O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there? O tell me, O

tell me if I shall be there? O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?

- 2 When those, who have labored and struggled to save
Their loved ones from sorrow beyond the dark grave,
Are bringing the treasures they gathered with care,
O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there? *Cho.*
- 3 When life's dreary billows are spent on the shore
Beyond the dark river, and time is no more,
When bright palms of glory the victors shall bear,
O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there? *Cho.*

PENITENCE.

W. H. OAKLEY.

The first system of music for 'PENITENCE' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and a more melodic line in the treble, with some triplet figures.

FINE.

D. S.

The second system of music continues the piece. It also consists of two staves in the same key and time signature. The notation includes a repeat sign at the beginning of the system, followed by a continuation of the melodic and accompanimental lines.

| | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Jesus, let thy pitying eye Call back a wand'ring sheep ; False to thee, like Peter, I Would fain like Peter weep.</p> | <p>Let me be by grace restored ; On me be all long suffering shown ; Turn, and look upon me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.</p> |
|--|---|

I'LL DIE NO MORE.

The first system of music for 'I'LL DIE NO MORE' consists of a single treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is simple and consists of quarter and eighth notes.

430.

The long-lost son, with streaming eyes, From fol - ly just a -
d. c. I'll die no more for bread, he cries, Nor starve in a foreign

The second system of music continues the melody from the first system, consisting of a single treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature.

wake, Re - views his wand'rings with sur - prise ; His
land ; My Fa - ther's home has large sup - plies, And :

FINE. CHORUS.

D. C.

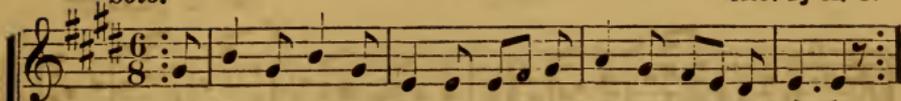
The third system of music begins the chorus. It consists of a single treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. The notation includes a repeat sign at the beginning of the system.

heart be - gins to break. I'll die no more for bread, he cries,
bounteous are his hands.

SAVE, LORD, THE PENITENT.

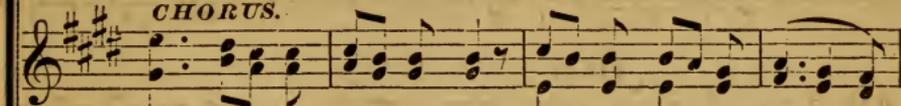
Solo.

Arr. by A. C.

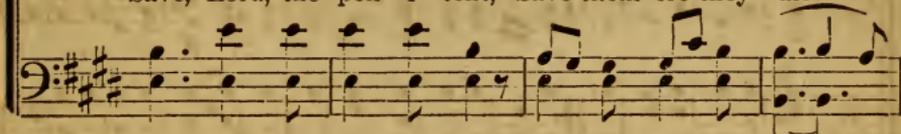


1. { There is a fountain, filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
2. { The dying thief rejoiced to see, That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins away.

CHORUS.



Save, Lord, the pen - i - tent, Save them ere they die:



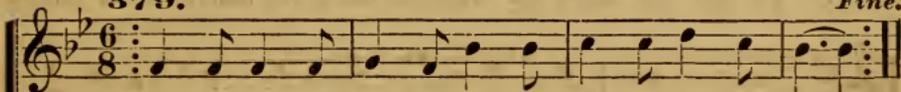
Save, O Lord, save, O Lord, While thou art pass-ing by.



SICK OF SIN.

379.

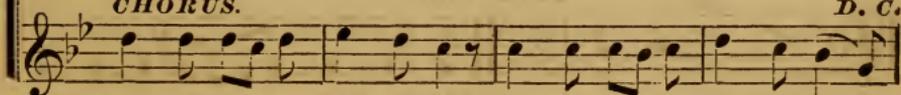
Fine.



1. { Je - sus, let thy pity-ing eye, Call back a wand'ring sheep;
False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep.
- D. C. Quick and sud-den I will drop In - to the burning lake.

CHORUS.

D. C.



Sick of sin, I now will stop, For un-less I warn-ing take,

ROCK OF AGES.

W. B. B. by per.

1. Je-sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly,

Cho. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,

While the near - er waters roll, While the tempest still is high.

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

3 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.

SAVE, O SAVE.

398.

1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, forgive, Save, mighty Lord, Let
2. Are not thy mer-cies large and free, Save, mighty Lord, May
3. My crimes are great, but don't surpass, Save, mighty Lord, The

CHORUS.

a re-pent-ing re - bel live, Save, mighty Lord. Save, O save,
not a sin-ner trust in thee? Save, mighty Lord.
pow'r and glo-ry of thy grace: Save, mighty Lord.

save, O save! Send converting power down: Save, mighty Lord.

I YIELD.

Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

422.

1st time.

1. { How oft have I the Spirit grieved, Since first with me he strove; }
 { How ob-stin-ate-ly disbelieved, And Omit..... }
 D. c. I sink, by dy-ing love compelled, And Omit.....

2d time.

END.

CHORUS.

trampled on his love. I yield, I yield, I can hold out no more.
 own thee conqueror. I yield, I yield,

- 2 How have I sinned against the light,
 Broken from his embrace;
 And would not, when I freely might,
 Be justified by grace.
- 3 Saviour, I yield, I yield at last,
 I hear thy speaking blood;
 Myself, with all my sins I cast
 On my atoning God.

O HINDER ME NOT.

359.

1. { I'll go to Je - sus, tho' my sins, Like }
 { I know his courts, I'll en - ter in, What }
 CHORUS.
 mountains round me close; }
 - ev - er may op - pose. } O hin - der me not, for I
 will serve the Lord, And I'll praise him when I die.

"ALMOST PERSUADEST THOU."

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

Adagio assai.

1. "Al-most persuadest thou," Great truths appear! Al - most per-suad-ed now,
2. "Al-most persuadest thou" Thro' fil - ial fear;— Al - most per-suad-ed now,

Christ to re - vere; Tried words of so-ber-ness,—Bright cloud of witnesses,—
Trembling I hear. Rea-son of righteousness! Haste, Lord, a sinner bless,

3. "Almost persuadest thou,"
Self-will removes;
Almost persuaded now,—
Conscience approves;
Counsel of temperance
Shows true experience,
Fails, though in diligence,
Almost kept true.

Shall I the Lord confess! "Almost," not now.
Ere chan-ces less and less,—Almost gone now.

4 "Almost persuadest thou"
With words divine;
Almost persuaded now
All to resign:
Vision of judgment see!
When bowing every knee:
Soon I'll a Christian be!
Almost I bow.

5 "Almost persuadest thou,"
My fatal fault;
Almost persuaded now
Doubting I halt;
Just Spirit, just await:
So near the pearly gate,
Souls oft who've been too late
Almost said "now."

NONE BUT THE RIGHTEOUS.

510.

1st time.

{ O that my load of sin were gone, None but the righteous can be saved;
{ O that I could at last submit, None but the righteous

2d time. CHORUS.

can be saved. No, no, Oh no, none but the righteous can be saved.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find,
Saviour of all, if mine thou art.

JESUS PAID IT ALL.

J. T. GRAPE.

Words by Mrs. E. M. HALL.

Arr. expressly for this Work.

1. I hear the Saviour say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness,

CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all." Je-sus paid it all, All

to him I owe: Sin had left a crimson stain, He wash'd it white as snow.

- 2 For nothing good have I,
Whereby thy grace to claim;
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
- 3 Then down beneath his cross
I'll lay my sin-sick soul,
For nought have I to bring.—
Thy grace must make me whole.

- 4 When from my dying bed,
My ransom'd soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all,"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.
- 5 And when before the throne
I stand in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

HIGHER THAN I.

448. CHORUS.

| | |
|------|-----|
| 1st. | 2d. |
|------|-----|

- 1. { Jesus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue The narrow way till him I view.
- CHO. Higher than I, higher than I, O lead me to the rock That is higher than I.

LET ME LEAN ON THEE.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. Je - sus, O let me lean, Sweet-ly on thee : Thy presence
2. Fulness of joy shall beam Radiant from thee : Pleasures of

tho' un - seen, Shall comfort me. Here, peaceful and se-rene,
pur-est mein Un - ceasing - ly. Thus thou my heart shalt wean

My soul shall be ; O Je-sus, let me lean sweetly on thee.
From van-i - ty ; O Je-sus, &c.

- 3 Anguish and sorrows keen,—
When hid from thee ;
Sin wrought the dark ravine,
Dread misery.
“Lift'd up,” thou still art seen,
Raise even me ;
O Jesus, let me lean,
Sweetly on thee.
- 4 Banish the clouds between
My soul and thee ;
Sprinkle, and make me clean,
From sin set free :
No less my prayer shall mean,
Blessed purity !
Then Jesus, I shall lean,
Sweetly on thee.

WIN THE DAY.

Arranged for this Work.

1. Would you escape e-ter-nal woe, And when you die to glory go?
 2. Gird on the armor, take the shield, With sword in hand go thro' the field;

Forsake your sins, for mercy pray, Believe, and you shall win the day.
 Your Captain's orders hear, obey! Believe, and you shall win the day.

CHORUS.

Win the day, win the day, Believe, and you shall win the day,

Win the day, win the day, Be-lieve, and you shall win the day.

3 Though trouble here may be your lot,
 Still trust in God, and murmur not;
 Though rough and thorny be your way,
 Press on, and you shall win the day. *Cho.*

4 And when our warfare here is past,
 And you and I ascend at last;
 We'll march the streets in bright array,
 And sing and shout we've won the day. *Cho.*

AND CAN IT BE.

Arranged expressly for this Work.

1. { And can it be that I should gain An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain? For me, who him to death pur-
[sued?

Amazing love ! how can it be, That thou, my Lord shouldst die for me?

Amazing love ! how can it be, That thou my Lord shouldst die for me

2.

4.

'Tis myst'ry all, th' Immortal dies !
Who can explore his strange de-
sign ?

In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love di-
vine ;

'Tis mercy all ! let earth adore :
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3.

He left his Father's throne above ;
(So free, so infinite his grace !)
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless
race :

'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me !

Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin & nature's night ;
Thine eyes diffus'd a quick'ning ray :
I woke ; the dungeon flamed with
light !

My chains fell off, my heart was free—
I rose, went forth and followed
thee.

5.

No condemnation now I dread—
Jesus, with all in him, is mine ;
Alive in him, my living Head.
And clothed in righteousness di-
vine,
Bold I approach th' eternal throne
And claim the crown thro' Christ
my own.

JESUS PASSING.

Words by S. I. GOODENOUGH.

Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1st time.

1. { Weeping souls, no long-er grieve, Heaven is pro - pi-tious
If in Christ you now be-lieve, You will find him

2. { He has par-don, full and free, Drooping souls to glad-den ;
Je - sus calls, "Come unto me !" Wea-ry, heav - y

2nd time. CHORUS.

precious: Je - sus now is passing by, Calling mourners to him;
laden:

He has died, you need not die, Now, look up and view him.

- 3 Tho' your sins like mountains rise,
Rise, and reach to heaven ;
Soon as you on him rely,
All shall be forgiven. *Cho.*
- 4 Streaming mercy ! how it flows !
Now I know, I feel it ;
Half has never yet been told,
Yet, I want to tell it. *Cho.*
- 5 Jesus' blood has healed my wounds ;
O the wondrous story !
I was lost, but now am found,
Glory ! Glory ! Glory ! *Cho.*

AMAZING GRACE.

Arranged expressly for this Work.

1. A-mazing grace ! how sweet the sound, That sav'd a wretch like me ;
2. 'Twas grace, that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears reliev'd ;

I once was lost, but now am found ; Was blind, but now I see.
How precious did that grace appear, The hour I first be-liev'd !

3 The Lord hath spoken good to me, | The earth shall be dissolved like
His word my hope secures ; | The sun refuse to shine ! [snow !
He will my shield and portion be, | But God, who calls me here below. |
As long as life endures. | Shall be forever mine.

I DO BELIEVE.

256.
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear ;
Сно. I do be-lieve, I now believe. That Je-sus died for me ;

D. C.
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.
And thro' his blood, his precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

THERE'S REST ON THE BOSOM OF JESUS.

H. E. KIMBALL. By per. Biglow & Main.

4. There's rest on the bosom of Je - sus, For all who are weary of

sin ; There's pardon and peace for the err-ing, For those who as

CHORUS.

conquerors win. Rest, rest, rest; Yes, rest for the weary and sad: There's

rest on the bosom of Je - sus ; He makes all the sorrowing glad.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 There's rest on the bosom of Jesus, And joy that the world cannot give; O bring all your sorrows unto him; O trust in his mercy and live.</p> | <p>O let us be faithful and serve him, That we may be worthy at last.</p> |
| <p>3 There's rest on the bosom of Jesus, When life's day of trial is past;</p> | <p>4 There's rest on the bosom of Jesus, Yes, life everlasting and blest; We'll fear not the grave, for our Sav- Will lead us to heavenly rest. [iour</p> |

I AM COMING.

Arranged for this Work.

1. I am coming to the Saviour, I am coming to the Saviour,
2. I am seeking grace and pardon, I am seeking grace and pardon,

I am coming just now, just now, just now, I am coming just now.
I am seeking just now, just now, just now, I am seeking just now.

3 I am trusting my Redeemer,
I am trusting just now.

4 I believe he suffered for me,
I believe it just now.

5 Jesus saves me, O how precious!
Jesus saves me just now.

6 Hallelujah! I will praise him!
I will praise him just now.

JUST AS I AM, WITHOUT ONE PLEA.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,

And that thou bidst me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt
Fightings within and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing, of the mind,

Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

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

6 Just as am, thy love, unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

I AM TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE.

Words by Rev. WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I am coming to the cross ; I am poor, and weak, and blind ;
 CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry ;

I am counting all but dross ; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 Humbly at thy cross I bow ; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Long my heart has sigh'd for thee ; Long has evil reigned within Jesus sweetly speaks to me, I will cleanse you from all sin.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>4 In the promises I trust ; Now I feel the blood applied ; I am prostrate in the dust ; I with Christ am crucified.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Cho.</i></p> |
| <p>3 Here I give my all to thee, — Friends, and time, and earthly Soul and body thine to be—[store ; Wholly thine—forever more. <i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>5 Jesus comes ! he fills my soul ! Perfected in love I am ; I am every whit made whole ; Glory, glory to the Lamb. <i>Cho.</i></p> |

I CAN, I WILL, I DO BELIEVE.

439.

Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees, Faith, mighty faith, &c.
 CHO.—I can, I will, I do believe, I can, I will, I do believe,

Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees, And looks to that a - lone.
 I can, I will, I do believe, That Je - sus died for me.

BALM OF GILEAD.

Arranged for this Work.

1. How lost was my con - di - tion, 'Till Je - sus made me whole ;

S. There is but one Phy - si - cian, Can cure the sin - sick soul.
D.S. There's power enough in Je - sus, To cure the sin - sick soul. *FINE.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*
 There's a balm in Gil - e - ad, To make the wounded whole ;

2 Next door to death, he found me,
 And snatched me from the grave,
 To tell to all around me,
 His wond'rous power to save.

3 Come then to this Physician ;
 His help he'll freely give ;
 He makes no hard condition
 'Tis only look and live.

HAPPY DAY.

451.

1. { O happy day that fixed my choice On thee my Saviour and my God! }
 { Well may this glowing heart re-joyce, And tell its raptures all a - broad. }

S. *CHORUS.* *FINE.*

Hap - py day! hap - py day! When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!
D.C. Hap - py day! hap - py day! When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!

D. C. S.

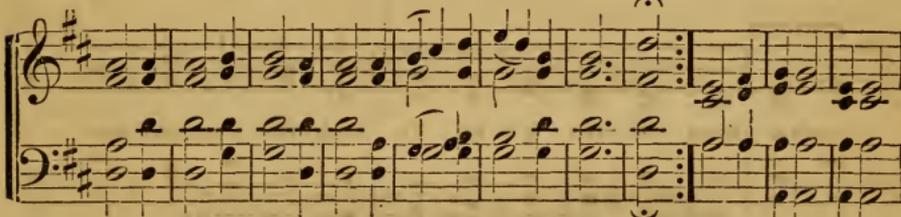
He taught me how to watch and pray ; And live re - joic - ing ev - ery day ;

CLINGING TO THE CROSS.

Rev. S. C. WELLS, Arr.



CHORUS.



1.

Jesus, the Lamb of God hath bled!
 He bore our sins upon the tree;
 Beneath our curse he bow'd his
 head!—
 'Tis finished! he hath died for me.

CHORUS.

The cross, the cross, the precious
 cross,

The wondrous cross of Jesus,
 From all our sin, its guilt and pow'r,
 And every stain it frees us. [ing,
 Then I'm clinging, clinging, cling-

O, I'm clinging to the cross, [ing,
 Yes I'm clinging, clinging, cling-
 Clinging to the cross.

2.

See, where before the throne he
 stands,
 And pours the all-prevailing pray'r,
 Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
 And shows that I am graven there.

3.

He ever lives for me to pray;
 He prays that I with him may reign,
 Amen to what my Lord doth say,
 Jesus, thou canst not pray in vain,

AZMON.

1. How happy eve-ry child of grace, Who knows his sins forgiv'n!
2. A country far from mortal sight, Yet, O, by faith I see;

This earth, he cries, is not my place, I seek my place in heav'n.
The land of rest, the saint's delight, The heav'n prepared for me.

3 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay;
We more than taste the heav'nly
And ante-date that day. [pow'rs,

4 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed;
And with his glorious presence here,
Our earthen vessels filled.

AND WE'LL ALL SHOUT GLORY.

452. ♪

1st time.

O how hap - py are they, Who the Sav - iour o-bey, And have
Tongue can nev - er express The sweet comfort and peace, *Omit.*
d.c. And we'll sing redeeming love, With the shining hosts above, *Omit.*

2d time

FINE.

laid up their treasure above; *Omit.*.....
..... Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.
..... And with Jesus we'll be happy all the day

CHORUS.

♪

And we'll all shout glory hallelujah! As we march along the way.

SWEET IS THE NAME OF JESUS.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. There is no other name like Je - sus, There is no other
 2. There is no other voice like Je - sus, That is waft-ed to

sound so dear! 'Tis a note that thrills with mu - sic! And it
 mor - tal ear; There's in it a pow'r, re - leas - es From the

CHORUS.

charms ev - 'ry moan, utt'ring fear. Sweet! O sweet is the
 dread of the grave 'neath the bier.

name of Je - sus! Sweet! O sweet is the name of Je - sus!

- 3 There is no other word like Jesus,
 Ever fallen from lips of yore;
 'Twill revive his slumb'ring ransomed ones,
 Who'll awake! shout his praise evermore.—*Cho.*

WE ARE COMING, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER. WM. B. BRADBURY. By per.

1. We are coming, ble^{ss}ed Saviour ; We hear thy gentle voice ;
2. We are coming, blessed Saviour, To meet that happy band,

We would be thine for - ev - er, And in thy love re-joice.
And sing with them for-ev - er, And in thy presence stand.

CHORUS.

We are coming, we are coming, We are coming, blessed Saviour ;

We are coming, we are coming ; We hear thy gen - tle voice.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3 We are coming, blessed Saviour, That happy home is ours ; If there we gain thy favor [ers. We'll reach those fragrant bow- We are coming, &c. That happy home is ours.</p> | <p>4 We are coming, blessed Saviour, To crown our Jesus King, And then with angels ever His praises we will sing. We are coming, &c. To crown our Jesus King.</p> |
|---|---|

SO PRECIOUS EVER.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. Jesus' name so precious ev - er, Sweetly charming echoes thrill !
 2. With salvation ev - er la - den, Wafting happy tidings near ;
 3. E'er in trial, gloom and sadness, Breathe in pray'r the sinner's plea ;

'Long life's scene its e - qual nev - er ; Trust this name who ever will.
 Foretaste of a brighter E - den, When, in glo - ry he'll ap - pear !
 Jesus gave his name in gladness, Suff'ring death for you and me.

CHORUS.

Ev - er sweet ! precious name ! e'er re - peat, e'er the same ; Voices
 Eversweet ! precious name ! e'er repeat, e'er the same ;

greet ! O how sweet ! My soul's in rapture o'er his name !
 Voices greet ! O howsweet !

4 E'er this name's a mighty tower,
 Run therein, and safely dwell ;
 Prove by faith its saving power,
 Never bid his name "farewell."—*Cho.*

I'LL LEAN UPON HIM.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. While I lean on Je-sus' breast, 'Heavy la-den, I have rest;

Soothes a careworn, fevered brow; Je-sus smiling, saves me now.

CHORUS.

I'll lean up - on him, Lean on the Sav - iour,

I'll lean up - on him, My all in him se - cure.

2 In his bosom he will hide
My confusion at his side;
Whisper words of peace and love,
Witness of the heavenly Dove. *Cho.*

3 While his loving arms embrace;
Jesus, through abounding grace
Stamps his image on my soul,
Hosts above, my name enroll. *Cho.*

NO NAME SO SWEET AS JESUS.

1. { There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heaven ! }
 { The name before his wondrous birth, Is Christ the Saviour given. }

CHORUS.

We love our King, his praises sing, And hail him, blessed Jesus !

For there's no word, ear ever heard, So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

- 2 His humane name, they did proclaim,
 When Abram's son they sealed him;
 The name that still by God's good will,
 Deliverer, revealed him. *Cho.*
- 3 And when he hung upon the tree,
 They wrote his name above him;
 That all might see the reason we
 Forever more should love him. *Cho.*
- 4 So now upon his Father's throne,
 Almighty to release us
 From sin, and pains, he gladly reigns,
 The Prince, and Saviour, Jesus. *Cho.*

LIVING VINE.

1. My soul is now u - nit - ed, To Christ the liv - ing
2. I was to God a stranger, Till Je - sus took me

vine ; His grace I long have slighted, But now I feel him mine.
in, And free'd my soul from danger, And pardon'd all my sin.

CHORUS.

Christ is all the world to me, And his glo - ry I shall

see, And before I'd leave my Saviour, I'd lay me down and die.

3 Soon as my all I ventured
On the atoning blood,
His Holy Spirit entered,
And I was born of God.—*Cho.*

JESUS IS MINE.

Words by H. BOWEN.

Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. Fade, fade each earthly joy ; Jesus is mine ; Break every tender tie ;
 d. c. Jesus alone can bless ;

FINE. D. C.

Jesus is mine ! Dark is the wilderness ; Earth has no resting place ;
 Je - sus is mine !

2 Tempt not my soul away ;
 Jesus is mine !
 Here, would I ever stay ;
 Jesus is mine !
 Perishing things of clay,
 Born but for one brief day,
 Pass from my heart away ;
 Jesus is mine !

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night ;
 Jesus is mine !
 Lost, in this dawning light ;
 Jesus is mine !
 All that my soul has tried,
 Left but a dismal void ;
 Jesus has satisfied ;
 Jesus is mine !

I LOVE JESUS.

901.

{ Come thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise,
 CHORUS.

I love Jesus, Halle-lu-jah ! I love Jesus, yes I do, I do !

I love Jesus, he's my Saviour ; Jesus smiles, and he loves me too.

HOW SWEET THE NAME.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds, In a be-liev - er's ear;

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul And to the weary, rest.</p> <p>3 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build, My shield and hiding place; My never-failing treasure filled With boundless stores of grace.</p> | <p>4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King, My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Accept the praise I bring.</p> <p>5 I would thy boundless love pro- claim With every fleeting breath; So shall the music of thy name Refresh my soul in death.</p> |
|--|--|

OH! GIVE HIM GLORY.

END.

1st time. 2nd time.

CHORUS. D.C.

643.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 To thee, our God and Saviour, Our hearts exulting spring, Rejoicing in thy favor, Thou everlasting King;</p> <p>2 We'll celebrate thy glory, With all the saints above; And tell the wondrous story Of thy redeeming love.</p> | <p>Cho. And Oh! give him glory! And Oh! give him glory! And Oh! give him glory! For glory is his due; Yes, you may give him glory! And I will give him glory! We'll shout, and give him glory! Above the ethereal blue.</p> |
|---|---|

MORE THAN THESE.

Music and words by Rev. A. COONS.

1. Saviour di-vine, I would be thine, All to my Lord ev-er re-
 2. Thee I would more love and a-dore, Earth and its joys free-ly give

-sign, Answer thee now,—conscience appease, Love thee by far more than these.
 o'er, Ask me a-gain—ask-ing release, Let me respond—"more than these."

CHORUS.

Lov-est thou me more than these, Lov-est thou me, Lov-est thou
 Lovest thou Lovest thou Lovest thou,

me, Lov-est thou me more than these, Je-sus I love more than these.
 lovest thou

3 Ancient of days—worthy of praise,
 Glorious in works, wonders and ways;
 Charms so divine let me with ease
 Evermore love "more than these."

4 Virtue and alms Jesus embalms
 Never so dear—dear as the lambs,
 Fed with his sheep—feeding He sees
 Proof He is loved "more than these."

O HOW GOOD IT IS TO BE BLEST.

710.

{ Come in, come in, thou heav'nly guest; Delight in what thyself hast giv'n;
 { On thy own gifts and gra-ces feast, And make the contrite heart thy heav'n. }

CHORUS.

O how good it is to be blest! And dwell where loving Je-sus is, Its

life, its love, its heav'n be-low, O bless the Lord, who feel it so.

WHEN JESUS SAID TO ME.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. { O, cherished day! when Je - sus said to me, Lo! I'm thy
Charm'd by his love, I turned to Cal - va - ry, In tears, his

CHORUS.

Saviour, who w's cru-ci - fied for thee; }
precious blood soon became my plea. } O, can it be! that

Je - sus died for me? Yes, e - ven me, he meant on Cal - va - ry.

- 2 O, cherished day! his Father said to me;
For you his suff'rings, in sad Gethsemane:
Bright was the sunbeam! faith began to see,
How guilty, captive souls gained their liberty.—*Cho.*
- 3 O, cherished day! his Spirit said to me,
Plunge in the fount of blood, newly shed for thee;
Pure was the word, I bowed the suppli'nt knee;
Witness of glory spake! be thou clean, go free.—*Cho.*
- 4 O, cherished day! when brethren said to me,
Have faith in Christ the Lord, bleeding on the tree;
Then, from his wrath, I first began to flee,
To seek his glory, to all eternity.—*Cho.*

MY FATHER KNOWS.

Arranged expressly for this Work.

1. I'm a pilgrim, and a stranger, Rough and thorny is the road ;

Oft-en in the midst of danger, But it leads to God ;
d. c. Anxious cares and thoughts oppress me, But my Father knows.

Clouds and darkness oft distress me ; Great and many are my foes ;

2 O ! how sweet is this assurance,
'Midst the conflicts and the strife ;
Although sorrows, past endurance,
Follow me through life ;
Home in prospect, still can cheer me ;
Yes, and bring me sweet repose ;
While I feel his presence near me,
For, my Father knows.

3 I shall then with joy behold him ;
Face to face, my Father see ;
Fall with rapture, and adore him,
For his love to me ;
Nothing more shall then distress me,
In that land of sweet repose ;
Jesus stands engaged to bless me,
'This my Father knows.

PRESS FORWARD.

Arranged.

1. My God I am thine; what a comfort di - vine!
 CHO.—Press forward, press forward, the prize keep in view,

What a bless - ing to know that my Je - sus is mine!
 There a crown of bright glo - ry is wait - ing for you,

In the hea - ven - ly Lamb, thrice hap - py I am,
 Is wait - ing for you, is wait - ing for you,

And my heart doth re - jice at the sound of his name.
 There a crown of bright glo - ry is wait - ing for you.

2 True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound,
 And whoever hath found it, hath Paradise found,
 My Redeemer to know, to feel his blood flow.
 This is life everlasting—'tis heaven below. *Cho.*

3 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast;
 That indeed is the fulness, but this is the taste;
 And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove
 To the heaven of heavens in Jesus' love. *Cho.*

HAPPY NOON-DAY.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. 'Tis my Lord's meridian light, Makes the day unchangably bright ;

At his side, there never was night ; Tho' there be blindness over my sight.

CHORUS.

So we'll walk in happy noon-day ; True is the light, where Jesus doth stay ;

In it shine, with beauteous ray ; Never dark clonds hang over this way.

2 Jesus beams the radiant tide !
 Blushing sin, would wretchedness hide ;
 But the pure, still nearing his side,
 Live in the light, and to it confide.

CHO.—So we'll walk, &c.

LIGHT BREAKS O'ER THEE.

Arranged for this Work.

1. { Christian, awake! the light breaks o'er thee, And all the midnight
Ting'd are the dis-tant skies with glo - ry, A bea-con light hung
d. c. Thy home is in you world of glo - ry, Where the Redeemer

FINE. CHORUS.

1st time. 2d time. D. C.

shadows flee ; }
out for thee. } A-rise ! a-rise ! the light breaks o'er thee ! [Omit...
reigns a - lone. Thy name is graven [Omit.....] on the throne.

| | |
|--|---|
| 2 Toss'd on the dark, proud waves of ocean, Calmly composed, undaunted be; 'Midst the fierce tempest's dread commotion, Thy God doth still remember thee. | 3 Christian, behold ! the land is near- ing, [o'er is And the wild sea-storm's rage is List! to the heavenly hosts now cheering, [the shore. See! in what throngs they range |
|--|---|

WE WILL PRAISE HIM.

922.

{ My God, I am thine, what a comfort divine, What a blessing, to
{ In the heavenly Lamb, thrice happy I am, And my heart doth re-

1st. 2d. CHORUS.

know my Jesus is mine ! [Omit...] } [Halle-
-joice at the sound of his [Omit] name. } Hallelujah, we will praise him,

- lu-jah a - gain, Halle - lu-jah we will praise him forever, A-men.

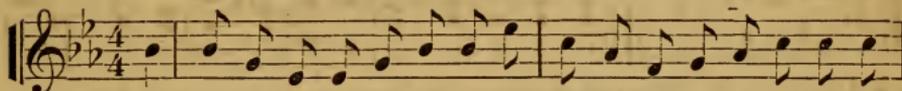
O TELL ME NO MORE.

Arranged expressly for this Work.



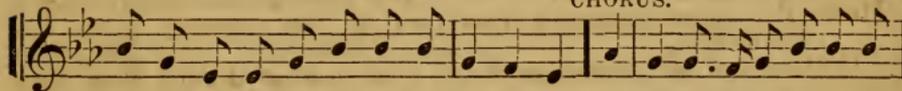
- 1 O tell me no more, of this world's vain store ;
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er ;
A country I've found, where true joys abound,
To dwell, I'm determin'd, on that happy ground.
- 2 The souls that believe, in Paradise live,
And me, in that number, will Jesus receive ;
My soul, don't delay, he calls thee away ;
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.
- 3 Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell and sin !
'Midst outward afflictions, shall feel Christ within ;
And when I'm to die, receive me I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

GOOD NEWS.

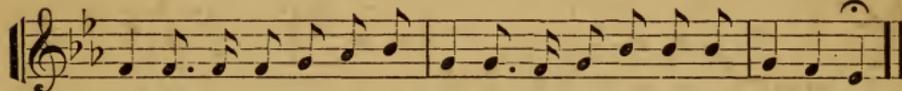


623.

Father of spirits, hear our prayer ; Our life, our hope, our comforter, Our
CHORUS.



life, our hope, our comforter, Our strong abode. Good news, Jesus lov-
[eth me, Good



news, Jesus loveth me, Good news, Jesus loveth me, He saves me now.

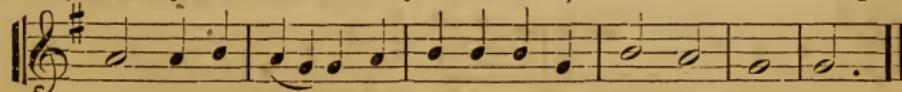
HE'S TAKEN MY FEET.

CHORUS.



437.

1. { Now I have found the ground wherein } O ! he's taken my feet from
{ Sure my soul's anchor may remain } [the



mire and the clay, And he's placed them on the Rock of A- ges.

THE CLEANSING WAVE.

Mrs. PHEBE PALMER.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. Oh, now I see the crimson wave, The fountain deep and wide ;
2. I see the new cre - a - tion rise, I hear the speaking blood ;

Je - sus, my Lord, mighty to save, Points to his wounded side.
It speaks ! pollut-ed nature dies ! Sinks ! 'neath the cleansing flood.

CHORUS.

The cleansing stream, I see, I see ! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me !

Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me ! It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me

| | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light, Above the world and sin, With heart made pure, and garments white, And Christ enthron'd within.</p> | <p>4 Amazing grace ! 'tis heaven be- low To feel the blood applied ; And Jesus, only Jesus know, My Jesus crucified.</p> |
|--|--|

'TIS JESUS DRAWING NIGH.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. My spir-it leaps with ec-sta-cy, A - maz-ing love! and
 2. Th'e-lec-tric thrill as if to fill My soul, and sanc-ti -

why? Since I so oft unfaithful be; 'Tis Je - sus drawing nigh!
 fy, Bursts from the shadowy cloud of ill! 'Tis Je - sus drawing nigh!

CHORUS.

'Tis Je - sus drawing nigh, 'Tis Je - sus draw-ing nigh, O

precious Lamb of Cal - va - ry! 'Tis Je - sus drawing nigh.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 I'm breathing life! O spirit breathe! His glory's passing by— Stop at the cross! and lie beneath, 'Tis Jesus drawing nigh!</p> <p>4 My graces glow; faith, hope and love!— Let all the world go by—</p> | <p>I'm fed with manna from above; 'Tis Jesus drawing nigh!</p> <p>5 Come, lame and halt, sin-sick and sore. Deaf, dumb, ye blind! now cry! The waves of mercy roll before. 'Tis Jesus drawing nigh!</p> |
|---|--|

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

Rev. A. A. GRALEY.

Arranged expressly for this Work.

1. O! there is a fountain that never is dry; The wounds of Im-

manuel that fountain supply; From a - ges to a - ges, the

crimson stream flows; To cleanse the polluted and lighten their

woes, To cleanse the pol - lut - ed and light - en their woes.

- 2 'Tis there in his childhood a sinner may go,
 And manhood may wash till he's whiter than snow;
 And age, by his sins and his sorrows oppressed,
 ||: May find in the wounds of the Saviour a rest. :||
- 3 Then come to the fountain so gushing and red;
 A tempest of wrath mutters over your head,
 And the moments of mercy are passing away:
 ||: Then come to the fountain, poor sinner, to-day. :||

TO BE LIKE JESUS.

1. How I long to be like Je - sus, How I long to be like Je - sus,
 2. How I long to be like Je - sus, How I long to be like Je - sus,

Doing good to all around me, Wheresoe'er I go. } There no
 Mild and patient, meek and lowly, Wheresoe'er I go. } Joy, there

CHORUS.

1st time. 3 2d time.

more to sev - er, Dwell with him forev - er Omit.....
 like a riv - er, Omit..... Shall for - ev - er flow.

3. ||: How I long to be like Jesus, :|| Kind, forgiving those who wrong Wheresoe'er I go. *Cho.* [me.]
4. ||: How I long to be like Jesus, :|| Like my Saviour, pure and holy, Wheresoe'er I go. *Cho.*

O WARM MY HEART WITH HOLY FIRE,

243.

Fine.

1. { Far from my tho'ts, vain world be gone, Let my religious hours alone;
 { Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see, I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
 D. c. Come, sacred Spirit, from above, And fill my soul with heav'nly love.

CHORUS. D. C.

O warm my heart with holy fire, And kindle there a pure desire;

HE SAVES ME NOW.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. O precious thought ! I found at last The boon of priceless worth ; Far
2. The strange impress ! I feel within, The spir - it witness-es—That

from my heart, I'll ev - er cast The van - i - ties of earth.—
I'm his child ; and saved from sin ; And O ! the per - fect bliss.

CHORUS.

O hap - py place ! O hap - py day ! My Sav - iour saves me now ;

How could I e'er so long de - lay ? To pay my solemn vow.

| | |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 3 Why should I doubt the promise | I'll ne'er forget the place I sought, |
| He saves, the mighty God : [sure ? | My Saviour's perfect love ; |
| O plunge again, till all is pure ! | I'll ne'er forget how Jesus bought |
| And cleanse with precious blood. | My soul, and pleads above. |

ONLY JESUS DIED FOR ME.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1 Come, my Saviour, with thy blessing ; Calm this restless heart of mine ;
2. Come, my Lord, with full salvation ; Close my heart to all but thee ;

Bid earth's cares, so oft depressing, Cease, for joys of love di-vine :
d. s. To my tears and pray'rs no merit ; On-ly Je-sus died for me.
Make me pure thro' sin's ob-la-tion, Offered once on Cal-va - ry :
d. s. On-ly this my soul's de-sire ; On-ly Je-sus died for me.

Pour from heav'n the Holy Spirit ! Streaming mercy's all my plea ;
O, for heaven's re-fin-ing fire ! Both, to great and small 'tis free ;

THE LORD IS MERCIFUL.

FINE.

1st time. CHORUS. 2d time. D. C.

193.

Holy Spirit ! Fount of blessing,
Ever watchful, ever kind ;
Thy celestial aid possessing,
Prison'd souls deliv'rance find.

CHORUS.
The Lord is merciful,
The Lord is pitiful, [to me.]
O how merciful the Lord has been

GRACE FOR ME.

1. Lord, I per-ish: save, I cried, When the storm was raging high ;
2. Helpless at the cross I lay, All my hope had well nigh fled,

In thy mer-cy let me hide, Je-sus, save me, or I die.
Je-sus took my sins a-way, Je-sus raised my drooping head.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry to the bleeding Lamb, Thro' his grace I'm what I am ;

Oh, how great his love for me;—Hal-le - lu - jah ! grace is free.

3 Then I heard a voice divine
Gently bid me look and live ;
Oh, what rapture now is mine !
Joy the world can never give.

4 Saviour with my latest breath
Pard'ning grace my theme shall be,
Till I cross the waves of death,
Till I anchor safe with thee.

A FOUNTAIN.

Two last verses by A. C.

Arr. expressly for this Work.

- 1 There's a fountain in Jesus, which always runs free,
For the washing and cleansing such sinners as we ;
Our sins, though like crimson, are made white as wool :
No lack in this fountain, it always is full.
- 2 Lo ! the waters are troubled, he bids all now come
To the fountain of David, opened by his Son :
The lame, halt, dumb, deaf, blind may here health receive •
The dead, leprous, palsied, and all who believe.
- 3 E'en for heaven, white robes are at this fountain cleansed,
Till no dark spot, or wrinkle, that pure clime offends :
Thus, blood-washed, still bathing life's river always,
Which flows from this fountain—the Lord's throne of grace.

I'LL DRINK WHEN I'M DRY.

201. All glory and praise to Jesus our Lord,
So plenteous in grace, so true to his word ;
To us he hath given the gift from above,—
The earnest of heaven, the spirit of love.

CHO.—I'll drink when I'm dry,
I'll drink a supply,
I'll drink from the fountain
That never runs dry.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISHER, by per.

1 { Dear Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; }
 { I want thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; } Break down every

i - dol, cast out every foe; Now, wash me, and I shall be whi - ter than snow.

SOLI. CHORUS.
 Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me and I shall be whiter, &c.

2 Dear Jesus, come down from thy throne in the skies,
 And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
 I give up myself, and whatever I know—
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Dear Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
 I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet,
 By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow—
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 The blessing by faith, I receive from above;
 O glory! my soul is made perfect in love;
 My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know,
 The blood is applied, I am whiter than snow.

THERE IS A REST REMAINS.

484. CHORUS.
 1 { Lord, I be - lieve a rest remains To all thy people known;
 { A rest where pure enjoyment reigns, And thou art loved alone. There is a rest re -

mains, There is a rest re - mains, There is a rest remains, For all the people of God.

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
 Is fixed on things above;
 Where fear and sin and grief expire,
 Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest may know,
 Believe, and enter in:
 Now, Saviour, now the power impart,
 And let me cease from sin.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

Slow.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r ! sweet hour of pray'r ! That calls me from a world of
[care,
d. c. And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r ! sweet hour of pray'r ! Thy wings shall my petition
[bear,
d. c. I'll cast on him my every care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r !

FINE.

And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known ;
And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r !
To him whose truth and faithfulness, Engage the waiting soul to bless ;
I'll cast on him my every care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r !

D. C.

In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has often found relief,
And since he bids me seek his face, Believe his word, and trust his grace,

- 3 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !
May I thy consolation share ;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight :
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize ;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer !

WATCHING PILGRIM.

Arranged for this Work.

Fine.

1. { Watchman tell me does the morning! Of fair Zi - on's glo - ry dawn? }
 { Have the signs that mark its coming, Yet up - on my pathway shone? }
 D.C. Spurn the un - be - lief that bound thee, Morning dawns, arise, a - rise!

Pilgrim yes! a-rise! look round thee! Light is breaking in the skies!

2.
 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming
 Brighter still upon thy way;
 Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,
 Omens of the coming day,
 When the last loud trumpet, sounding,
 Shall awake from earth and sea
 All the saints of God now sleeping,
 Clad in immortality.

3.
 Watchman, lo! the land we're nearing,
 With its vernal fruits and flowers,
 On just yonder; oh, how cheering
 Bloom for ever Eden's bowers!
 Hark the choral strains there ringing,
 Wafted on the balmy air;
 See the millions! hear them singing!
 Soon the pilgrims will be there.

CALL UPON MY SAVIOUR.

Arranged for this Work.

Is there anybody here, like a sinking Peter? Call upon my Saviour, and He'll draw

CHORUS.

nigh! Glory, glory, glory hallelujah! Glory be to God, who reigns on high.

- 2 Is there anybody here like a blind Bartemeus?
- 3 Is there anybody here like a doubting Thomas?
- 4 Is there anybody here like a weeping Mary?
- 5 Is there anybody here like a Paul or Silas?
- 6 Is there anybody here like a dying Stephen?

GOD IS HERE.

Words by J. C. WHITE.

Music by GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

Reverentially.

1. Let us kneel, for God is here ; Bend in love and ho - ly fear ;

Kneel be - fore him low in pray'r ; Thank him for his constant care.

Praise him for his bounties shed, Oh, my soul, up-on thy head ;

Ask for light to know his will ; Ask for love each heart to fill.

2 Ask for faith to bear us on,
Thro' the victory he has won ;
Ask his Spirit still to guide,
Thro' the ills that may betide.

Ask for peace to lull to rest,
Every tumult of the breast ;
Ask in love and holy fear,
Let us kneel for God is here.

IS YOUR LAMP BURNING?

Words and Music partly by A. C.

1st time.

[see!]
 1. { Say, is your lamp burning my brother? I pray you, look quickly and
 For if it were burning, then surely Some *Omit.*
 D. C. Then lift your lamp higher my brother; Lest *Omit.*

2d time. FINE

beams would fall bright upon me; Straight, straight is the
 I should make fa-tal de - lay.

D. C. al Fine.

road, but I fal-ter, And oft I fall out by the way;

- 2 See multitudes ever around you !|3 The lamp that the Saviour has
 Who follow wherever you go ;[ow; lighted.
 Perchance, many walk in the shad- Should brilliantly steadily shine ;
 Your lamp should burn with a Far over the land, and the ocean
 bright glow ; To him all the kingdoms con-
 E'en friends and dear kindred may sign ;
 stumble, Then, heathenish darkness shall
 And fall, ne'er to rise, and pursue brighten ;
 The way they long cherished, so And error, and mist clear away ;
 fondly, The world will be full of his glory !
 And in the last day condemn you. To hail the millennial day.

HASTE TO SAVE.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. Come, my brethren, let us la-bor ; Souls are per-ish-ing to - day !

FINE.

1st. 2d.

{ Let us haste, to save our neighbor, Posting down destruction's way. }
 { Let us haste, to save our neighbor, Posting down destruction's way. }
 D. S. In the high-ways and the hedges, Ceaseless warning shall pre-vail.

CHORUS.

Thorn-y paths, and o-ver ledges, We'll pur-sue o'er hill and dale ;

In the high-ways and the hedges ; Ceaseless warning shall prevail.

| | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Thronging multitudes are wend- ing Fearful steps to hellish doom ; Haste we then the message sending, Come to Christ, for all there's room.</p> | <p>3 'Mid the perishing are dear ones, Nearing wrath and misery. Oh ! we'll fly, to save our near ones ! Save them, through eternity.</p> |
|---|---|

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

Dr. L. MASON, by per.

1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours,
2. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the sun-ny noon ;

Work, while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs ;
Fill brightest hours with la - bor,—Rest comes sure and soon :

Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun ;
Give ev-'ry fly-ing min - ute Something to keep in store ;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies ;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies ;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more ;
Work for the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

4 Work, for the night is coming,
Work while the fields are white ;
Work, for thy sands are running,
Work while hopes are bright ;
Gather thy sheaves at morning ;
Rest not thy hand at noon ;
Labor and strive till ev'ning ;
Rest when daylight's gone.

LABOR, FOR GOOD.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, from "Notes of Joy," by per.

1. Why stand ye here? (the Master said), Go forth at morning light,
2. Why stand ye here? let i-dle hands Be use-ful while they may,

Work in the vineyard of the Lord, And do it with your might.
Wide is the field, the harvest great, Go, work, and watch, and pray.

CHORUS.

La - bor for good, la - bor for good, The day will soon be o'er, The

evening shades are draw-ing nigh When thou can'st work no more.

- 3 Why stand ye here? (the Master calls),
And shall he call in vain?
Up, for the reapers soon will come,
And bear the sheaves of grain.—*Cho.*
- 4 Why stand ye here? no time to lose,
O haste with one accord,
Keep in your mind the solemn truth,
No labor, no reward.—*Cho.*

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

Music by WM. G. FISHER, by per.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the story, 'Twill

be my theme in glory To tell the old, old story, Of Jesus and his love.

1 I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true ;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

Cho.

2 I love to tell the story :
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story :
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee

Cho.

I'LL DO MY DUTY.

By per. of J. C. GARRIGUES & CO., Pa.

1. Tho' the clouds are low'ring round me, Tho' the storm-winds blow.
 2. If with stern rebuke he chide me, And my spir - it chill,
 3. While the hailstones cold are falling, Pelt-ing on my brow,
 4. Sainted souls enthroned in glo - ry Passed a-long this way ;

Un - be - liev - ing fears confound me, Onward still I go.
 In the Rock-clefts I will hide me, And a - wait his will.
 "Fear thou not!" I hear him calling ; "I am with thee now.
 Bonds and fire and scourgings gory, Filled up all their day.

CHORUS.

By his help I'll do my du - ty, Ev - er trusting in his word ;

All my care and every burden Casting on the mighty Lord.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. Concluded.

3 I love to tell the story :
 'Tis pleasant to repeat
 What seems, each time I tell it,
 More wonderfully sweet.
 I love to tell the story
 For some have never heard
 The message of salvation
 From God's own holy word. *Cho.*

4 I love to tell the story ;
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it like the rest.
 And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the NEW, NEW, SONG,
 'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY,
 That I have loved so long. *Cho.*

YOUR MISSION.

Arr. by Mrs. PARKHURST.

Composed by S. M. GRANNIS.

p

1. If you cannot on the o - cean Sail a - mong the swiftest fleet, Rocking

on the highest bil - low, Laughing at the storms you meet; You can

rit.

stand among the sailors, Anchor'd yet within the bay, You can lend a hand to

pp *rit.*

help them, As they launch their boats away, As they launch their boats away.

2 If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high :
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by ;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along,
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

3 If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command ;
If you cannot t'ward the needy,
Reach an ever open hand ;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

4 If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do ;
When the battlefield is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

5 Do not, then, stand idly waiting,
For some greater work to do ;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you,
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it any where.

NOT THINE OWN.

Arranged expressly for this Work.

1. Not thine own, O brother; Bought with blood art thou; Christ, thy Saviour

claims thee, For his ser-vice now; And his mark is on thee,

Setting thee a - part; Conse-crat-ed to him, By thy life and heart.

2 Christ's thou art! no honor
Can with theirs compare,
Who belong to Jesus
And his name, who bear
In his love, and presence;
They are rich indeed,
And to joys unending,
He their steps will lead.

3 Jesus, Saviour, claim me
Now, and evermore.
While on earth I'm dwelling;
And when life is o'er,
At thy glorious coming,
Own me Lord, as thine,—
One among thy jewels;
To thy praise to shine.

I WILL SING FOR JESUS.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. I will sing for Je - sus, With his blood he bought me ; And
2. Can there overtake me An - y dark dis - as - ter,

all a - long my pilgrim way His loving hand has brought me.
While I sing for Je - sus, My 'blessed, blessed Mas - ter.

CHORUS.

O! help me sing for Je - sus, Help me tell the sto - ry Of

him who did re - deem us, The Lord of life and glo - ry.

3 I will sing for Jesus !
His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing.

Cho.

4 Still I'll sing for Jesus !
O! how will I adore him,
Among the cloud of witnesses,
Who cast their crowns before him.

Cho.

WE SHALL REST ON THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE.

MARY KAIL.

WILLIAM W. BENTLEY, by per.

Cheerfully.

1. Go, work, for the harvest is near, Go work, for the lab'ers are
 2. Our Saviour in - vites us to come, There is room for the we t in his
 3. Our Fa - ther in - vites us to go To the land of per - pet - u - al

few, Soon our glo - ri - fied Mas - ter in joy will ap - pear, And we
 love, Do not faint, nor grow wea - ry, for yet there is room, In the
 day, And he tears that we shed in this val - ley be - low, He will

CHORUS.

all can find something to do. We shall rest,.... We shall rest,....
 heaven - ly mansions a - bove.
 wipe them for - ev - er a - wa We shall rest, We shall rest,

1st time. *Repeat very soft 2d time.*

We shall rest on the beau - ti - ful shore. rest on the beau - ti - ful shore.

- 4 The poor and the needy may come,
 The lame, and the halt, and the blind,
 And all those who are seeking a heavenly home,
 The pearl of salvation may find.
- 5 Bright, glittering palms we shall bear,
 With loved ones who've passed on before,
 And bright crowns of rejoicing we ever shall wear
 On the beautiful, beautiful shore.

CROSS AND CROWN.

Arranged for this Work.

1. Must Je- sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free,

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.

| | |
|--|--|
| 2 How happy are the saints above, Who once went sorrowing here ; But now they taste unmingled love, And joy without a tear. | 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free, And then go home my crown to wear For there's a crown for me ! |
|--|--|

COME AND JOIN IN THIS ARMY.

♩ CHORUS. FINE. CHORUS.

♩ D. S.

737. 1 Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand ;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand !

CHO.—Come and join in this army,
Come and join in this army,
And we'll battle for the Lord ;
Yes, we'll join in this army,
We will join in this army,
We will join in this army,
And we'll battle for the Lord.

SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD.

Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

Slow.

1. 'Twas but a box of ointment; 'Twas all she had to bring: She
 2. The spikenard, tho' most precious, Her love could not declare; With

broke the pre-cious treasure, And poured it on her King.
 tears, his feet bathed fondly, She wiped them with her hair.

- 3 "Why trouble ye thy women?"
 The gracious Saviour said;
 "The work she wrought upon me,
 Prepares me for the dead."
 4 The odor of the ointment
 Filled all that festive hall;
 The story that she did it,
 Went with the Gospel call.

- 5 And now 'mong saints in glory,
 That story still is told;
 Of her who loved her master,
 In those sad days of old.
 6 And still, she draws the closer,
 And he declares it true;
 And smiles, and answers softly,
 "She did what she could do."

LORD, REVIVE US.

126.

Come, thou soul-transforming spirit; Bless the sower and the seed,
Cho. Lord, revive us, O revive us; Lord, revive thy work in me,

Let each heart thy grace inherit; Raise the weak—the hungry feed.
 Lord, re-vive us, O re-vive us, All our help must come from thee.

734. I MEAN TO DIE IN THE ARMY.

Am I a soldier of the cross?
 And I mean to die in the army.
 And shall I fear to own his cause?
 And I mean to die in the army.

CHO.—O the army! the army!
 'The army of the Lord!
 And I mean to die in the army.

THE CHRISTIAN HERO.

Arr. from E. H. NEVIN.

Musical score for 'The Christian Hero' in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The score consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The first system ends with a repeat sign, and the second system continues the melody and accompaniment.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Live on the field of battle, Be earnest in the fight, Stand forth with manly courage, And struggle for the right. Live! live! live! live! On the field of battle!</p> | <p>3 Pray on the field of battle! God works with those who pray, His mighty arm can nerve us, And make us win the day. Pray! pray! pray! pray! On the field of battle!</p> |
| <p>2 Watch on the field of battle! The foe is every-where; His fiery darts fly thickly, Like lightning thro' the air, Watch! watch! watch! watch! On the field of battle!</p> | <p>4 Die on the field of battle! 'Tis noble thus to die; God smiles on valiant soldiers, Their record is on high. Die! die! die! die! On the field of battle!</p> |

I AM RESOLVED TO GO.

Musical score for 'I Am Resolved to Go' in 6/8 time. The score consists of three staves. The first staff is the melody, and the second and third staves are the accompaniment. The word 'CHORUS.' is written below the second staff.

734. Am I a soldier of the cross?
A foll'wer of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause?
Or blush to speak his name?
- CHORUS.—O, I am resolved to go, I am resolved to go,
So clear the way, and make me room,
I am resolved to go.

"IF I WERE A VOICE." Song, with Echo.

1. If I were a voice, a per - suasive voice, That could travel the
 2. I would fly, I would fly o'er land and sea, Where a hu - man
 3. If I were a voice, a con - sol - ing voice, I would fly on the

wide world through, I would fly on the wings of the morning light, And
 heart might be, I would tell them a tale, or I'd sing a song, In
 wings of the air, The hous-es of sor - row and guilt I'd seek, And

speak to the men with a gen - le might, And tell them to be
 praise of the right, in blame of the wrong, And tell them to be
 calm and truth - ful words I'd speak, And whis - per of sweet

true, And tell them to be true. Be true, *Be true*, And
 good, And tell them to be good. Be good, *Be good*, And
 hope, And whisper of sweet hope. Sweet hope, *Sweet hope*, And

f ECHO.

tell them to be true, *Tell them to be true.*
 tell them to be good, *Tell them to be good.* Joyful sound, *Joyful sound.*
 whisper of sweet hope, *Whisper of sweet hope.* God is love, *God is love.*

ECHO. ECHO for 4th and 5th stanzas.

4.
 If I were a voice, and immortal voice,
 I would fly the whole earth round;
 And wherever man with error bow'd,
 I'd publish in notes both long and loud,
 The Truth's most joyful sound.
 Joyful sound. (*Echo.* Joyful sound.)
 The Truth's most joyful sound.
Echo.—Truth's most joyful sound.

5.
 I would fly, I would fly on the wings of
 And point to the realms above; [day,
 I would fly, I would fly over city and town,
 And drop like a happy sunlight down,
 And whisper God is love.
 God is love. (*Echo.* God is love.)
 And whisper, God is love.
Echo.—Whisper, God is love.

GO AND WORK.

1. Christian brethren, one and all, God hath spoken, we have heard, Go and work! the

D. C. Christian brethren, etc.

Fine.
earnest call Oft repeat - ed in his word : We who on his name believe,

D. C.
We who trust with him to live, Freely now his grace receive, Therefore let us freely ^{give.} freely

2 Go and work, nor idly stand
On the living fountain's brink,
Pining in a desert land,
Souls are thirsty, give them drink;
Question not if duty lead,
Take the cross, and bear our part,
Where we find a lamb to feed
Do it with a loving heart.—*Cho.*

3 Be our mission where it will,
Sow the seed, and wait the rain;
If we follow Jesus still
We shall never toil in vain:
Look abroad, the fields are white,
Lo! the harvest time is near;
Labor with the morning light,
Soon the reapers will appear.—*Cho.*

WE'LL NEVER MIND THE SCOFFS.

CHORUS.

734.

1. { Am I a soldier of the cross! A foll'wer of the Lamb; } So we'll never
{ And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? } [mind the scoffs,

Nor the frowns of the world, For we've all got a cross to bear; It will on-ly

make the crown the brighter shine, In glo - ry for - ev - er to wear.

COURAGE, YE PILGRIMS.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. { Cour-age, ye pilgrims, in Je - sus con-fide ; Safe is the
 Clouds may o'er-shadow, and darkness af-fright ; Pass thro' life's
 d. c. Sur - er and pur - er your bright shining way, Till be-yond

FINE.

pathway he walks, at your side ; }
 twilight, and clouds turn to light ; } Rise, Pisgah's summit, to scan
 Jordan, where reigns endless day.

D. C.

dis - tant shores ; Bridge ye by faith, where the cat - a - ract roars :

- 2 Courage, ye tempted, though dangers betide ;
 Jesus, your Captain, will conflicts decide :
 Firm in the ranks of the ransomed e'er stand ;
 Be not dismayed in a strife hand to hand :
 Lo ! crowns of glory, all starry and bright !
 Palms for the conquering, who fought in the right ;
 By these awarded, when foes are destroyed,
 He will promote you at death's river side.
- 3 Courage, while sailing on life's restless tide ;
 Venture with Jesus ! the rough billows ride ;
 Howling, the tempests, your sails creaking fill,
 Louder the voice ! bidding, "Peace, peace, be still !"
 Land of the sainted, bright shores heave in view—
 Harbor of rest, for the faithful and true ;
 Break every wave, till life's bark strikes the shore,
 Landed ! O, landed ! all danger is o'er.

I SHALL REST AT HOME.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. How of-ten I am weary, How often sad and dreary, What then but

CHORUS.
this could cheer me, I soon shall rest at home. { When this poor body lies
When soft winds gently

mould'ring, Mould'ring in the tomb, } When strange sweet flow'rs in
sigh-ing O'er its qui-et gloom, } [beauty, In

beauty o'er it bloom, I shall rest at home, I shall rest at home.

2 What then of tribulation,
What then of sore temptation :
Be this my consolation,
I shall soon rest in heaven.

3 Then welcome death and mourn-
I see the night approaching, [ing,
Joy cometh in the morning,
The day of rest in heaven.

4 There shall my happy spirit
Sing of my Saviour's merit,
Who brought me to inherit
Eternal rest in heaven.

5 O brother, shall I meet you,
O sister, shall I greet you,
O sinner, shall I see you
Among the blest in heaven?

THE ETERNAL WEIGHT OF GLORY.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

L Sweep o'er us, light afflictions sweep; Spread glory's harvest seed to reap;

Drop plenteous in the dale,—O'er mountain side and hill, Th'eter - nal

weight of glo - ry fill! Th'e-ter nal weight of glo - ry fill!

- 2 Rush on fierce tempest, doubts and fears;
Wave o'er us sorrowing floods and tears;
Augment the tide of ill,
By every mountain rill;
Th'eternal weight of glory fill!
Th'eternal weight of glory fill!
- 3 Flow on, the lengthened train of years,
Expand the scene that ruin rears
The season's His : be still!
The more the trials will
Th'eternal weight of glory fill!
Th'eternal weight of glory fill!

'Twill all be over soon.

R. LOWRY, by per. of Biglow & Main.

1. What are our light afflictions here But blessings in disguise?
2. What if we oft are wearied now With burdens hard to bear?

They on - ly make for us a home Of rest beyond the skies.
'Twill only make the crown more bright When we that crown shall wear.

REFRAIN.

'Twill all be o - ver soon, 'Twill all be o - ver soon, — 'Tis

on - ly for a moment here, — 'Twill all be o - ver soon.

3 Oh cast thy every care on him,
Thou weary, burdened one,
And raise to heaven the trusting prayer,
"Thy will, not mine, be done." *Ref.*

4 So when the toil and strife shall cease,
With Jesus thou'lt be blest,
Where, folded in his loving arms,
The weary be at rest. *Ref.*

OUR JOURNEY.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.
1st time.

1. { Glo-ry to God! we'll trust in his word, Whatev-er betide in life's
Narrow the road to Jesus' abode. Where pilgrims [... OMIT.]

2nd time.

storm; }
..... } may dread no alarm: Hither we come, we're trav-el - ing

home, Where dan-ger-ous foes are no more; Near-er each day, and

short - er the way, Till ven - tur - ous steps are all o'er.

2 Often, while here, 'mid trials severe,
We long for some chariot to come;
Parting the skies, and like Enoch
rise,
Thus ending our wilderness roam:
But as the Lord has given his word,
To go with us e'en to the end;
Come, darkest drear, commingled
with fear,
To glory our journey shall wend.

3 Down the hillside, o'er Jordan's
dark tide, [through;
Where loved ones and Jesus passed
Crossing the flood, to glory and God,
We'll all their example pursue:
Till on the strand of Canaan we stand,
And shout 'mid the triumphing
throng! [raise
Then to his praise the, grand chorus
The chorus of Eden's new song.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. In some way or oth - er the Lord will provide: It may not be
2. At some time or oth - er the Lord will provide: It may not be

*my way. It may not be thy way; And yet, in his own way, "The
my time, It may not be thy time; And yet, in his own time, "The*

CHORUS.

Lord will provide." Then, we'll trust in the Lord, And he will pro -
Lord will provide."

vide; Yes, we'll trust in the Lord, And he will pro - vide.

3 Despond, then, no longer;
The Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken—
"The Lord will provide."

4 March on, then, right boldly;
The sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

IN THE SHADOW OF THY WINGS.

E. R. LATTER.

H. S. PERKINS, by per.

1. When the howling tempest rag - es, And my barque is on the sea;

Thou, the same thro' endless ages, Shall my certain re - fuge be.

f Soprano & Alto duet 1st time. Chorus, full harmony.

While a pilgrim and a stranger, Roaming o'er this barren waste ;
 ЧО. In that home be-yond the riv - er, Lord of lords, and King of kings;

D. S. f
 In my ev - ery time of dan-ger, I will to thy presence haste.
 I will make my re-fuge ev - er, In the shadow of thy wings.

| | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 'Tis the same unchanging story, On the earth and round the throne; Saints below and saints in glory, Refuge find in thee alone. Thou hast ever been the keeper Of the friendless and oppressed ; Thou dost soothe the troubl'd weeper, Thou dost give the weary rest.</p> | <p>3 Master of the raging billow ; Shadow from the burning heat ; Be thy hand beneath my pillow, When the shades of death I meet. Let no fears my soul encumber, Be my parting spirit's stay ; Like an infant to its slumber Let me sweetly pass away.</p> |
|---|---|

DISCIPLE.

Arranged expressly for this Work.

1. Je - sus I my cross have taken; All to leave and follow thee ;

Naked, poor, despised, forsaken; Thou from hence my all shalt be;
D.S. Yet how rich is my con- dition ! God and heav'n are still my own.

Per - ish ev'ry fond ambition; All I've sought, or hoped, or known,

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me ;
They have left my Saviour too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain ;
In thy service, pain is pleasure ;
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba, Father ;
I have set my heart on thee ;
Storms may howl and clouds may gather,
All must work for good for me.

TITLE CLEAR.

Freedmen's Melody, Arr. with Chorus by T. C. O'KANE.

Lively.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, title clear, When I can read my ti - tle. I'll bid farewell to ev - ery fear, every fear, I'll bid farewell to ev - ery

clear, title clear, When I can read my title clear To maissions in the skies, } fear, every fear, I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

CHORUS.

We will stand the storm, We will an - chor
We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be very long; We will anchor by-and-

by - and - by, by - and - by, We will stand the
by, We will an - chor by - and - by, We will stand, stand the storm; It will

storm,
not be ver - y long; We will an - chor by - and - by, by - and - by

2 Let cares like a deinge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all. *Cho.*

3 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast. *Cho.*

TELL IT ALL TO JESUS.

English.

1. Sing a hymn to Je - sus, when the heart is faint, Tell it all to
D. C. Tho' thy heart be ach-ing for the crown and palm, Keep thy spirit

END.

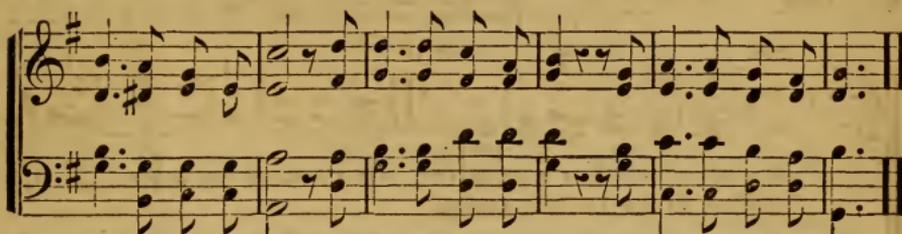
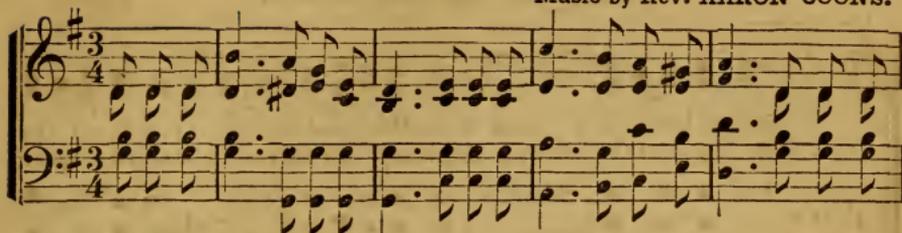
Je - sus, comfort or complaint ; If the work is sor-row, if the
wak-ing with a faithful psalm.

way is long, If thou dread'st the morrow, tell it him in song ;

- 2 Jesus, we are lowly, thou art very high ;
We are all unholy, thou art purity ;
We are frail and fleeting, thou art still the same,
All life's joys are meeting in thy blessed name.
Sing a hymn to Jesus, when thy heart is faint ;
Tell it all to Jesus, comfort or complaint.
- 3 All his words are music, though they make me weep,
Infinitely tender, infinitely deep.
Time can never render all in him I see ;
Infinitely tender human deity.
Sing a hymn to Jesus, when thy heart is faint ;
Tell it all to Jesus, comfort or complaint.
- 4 Jesus, let me love thee, infinitely sweet ;
What are the poor odors I bring to thy feet ?
Yet I love thee, love thee ; come into my heart,
And ere long remove me to be where thou art.
Thus I sing to Jesus, when my heart is faint ;
So I tell to Jesus comfort or complaint.

"IT IS I!"

Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

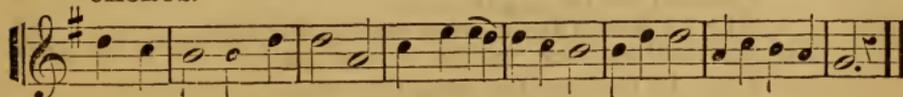


- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Toss'd with rough winds, and faint with fear, Above the tempest, soft and clear, What still small accents greet mine ear, : 'Tis I; be not afraid. : </p> <p>2 'Tis I who washed the spirit white; 'Tis I who gave thy blind eyes sight; 'Tis I, thy Lord, thy life, thy light : : 'Tis I; be not afraid. : </p> <p>3 These raging winds, this surging sea, Bear not a breath of wrath to thee; That storm has all been spent on me : : 'Tis I; be not afraid. : </p> | <p>4 This bitter cup, I drank it first, To thee it is no draught accursed; The hand that gives it thee is pierc'd; : 'Tis I; be not afraid. : </p> <p>5 Mine eyes are watching by thy bed, Mine arms are underneath thy head, My blessing is around thee shed ; : 'Tis I; be not afraid. : </p> <p>6 When on the other side, thy feet Shall rest, 'mid thousand welcomes sweet, One well-known voice thy heart shall greet ; : 'Tis I; be not afraid. : </p> |
|---|---|

WALK IN THE LIGHT.



CHORUS.



338.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Children of the heavenly King, In the light, in the light; As we journey let us sing, In the light of God.</p> | <p>CHORUS, Let us walk in the light— Walk in the light— Let us walk in the light,— In the light of God.</p> |
|---|---|

CONTENTED PILGRIMS.

Arranged expressly for this Work.

1. What poor, de-spis-ed com pa-ny, Of trav-el-ers are these!
 CHO.—I'd rath-er be the least of them, That are the Lord's a-lone;

That walk in yon-der narrow way, A-long that narrow maize.
 Than wear a roy-al di-a-dem, And sit up-on a throne.

2.
 Ah! these are of a royal line,
 All children of a King,
 Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
 And lo! for joy they sing.—*Cho.*

3.
 Why do they, then, appear so mean?
 And why so much despised?
 Because of their rich robes unseen
 The world is not appraised.—*Cho.*

4.
 But some of them seem poor, distres'd,
 And lacking daily bread; [ses'd,
 Ah! they're of boundless wealth pos-
 With heav'nly manna fed.—*Cho.*

5.
 Why do they shun the pleasing path
 That worldlings love so well?
 Because it is the way to death,—
 The open road to hell!—*Cho.*

WE'LL GO ON.

825. 1 Saviour where'er thy steps I see, Glory hallelujah!
 Dauntless, untired, I follow thee: Glory, &c.
 O let thy hand support me still, Glory, &c.
 And lead me to thy holy hill, Glory. &c.

CHO.—We'll go on, travel on, Glory hallelujah!
 We'll go on, we'll travel on, Glory hallelujah!

JESUS, STILL LEAD ON.

Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won ; And although the
 2. If the way be drear ; If the foe be near ; Let no faithless

way be cheerless, We will follow calm and fearless ; Guide us by thy
 fears o'ertake us ; Let not faith and hope forsake us ; For thro' many a

hand, To our father-land.
 foe, To our home we go.

3.
 When we seek relief,
 From a long felt grief ;
 When oppressed by new tempta-
 tions,
 Lord, increase and perfect pa-
 tience ;
 Show us that bright shore,
 Where we weep no more.

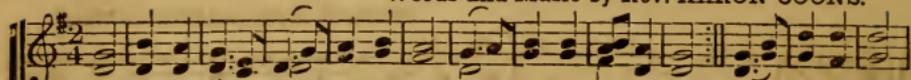
MY HOME IS OVER JORDAN.

737. God is my strong salvation,
 God is my strong salvation,
 God is my strong salvation,
 What foe have I to fear?

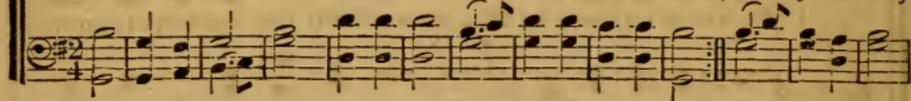
CHORUS.—My home is over Jordan,
 My home is over Jordan,
 My home is over Jordan,
 Where pleasures never die.

WHERE STORMS SHALL NEVER FALL.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.



1. What tho' fierce storms sweep o'er us here, What tho' the tempest blows; } We soon
 What tho' life's pathway grows severe, In this dark vale of woes; } shall fly

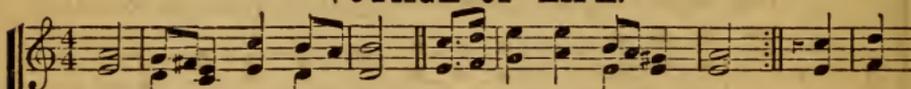


from earth away, Our friends in glo-ry call; And then shall dawn a brighter



2 What though the waves of sorrow roll,
 Along time's stormy coast?
 What, tho' dark clouds hang o'er the soul,
 As on death's billows tossed?
 We'll soon adieu to this world's drear,
 And take our leave of all,
 For lands where skies are ever clear,
 Where storms shall never fall.

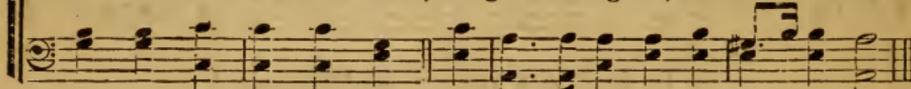
VOYAGE OF LIFE.



1. Thro' trib-u-lations deep The way to glo-ry is; }
 This stormy course I keep, O'er these tempest'ous seas: } By waves



and wind I'm tossed and driven, Freight with grace, and bound for heaven.



2 Sometimes temptations blow
 A dreadful hurricane;
 And high the waters flow,
 And o'er the sides break in.
 But still my little ship outbraves
 The blustering winds and surging
 [waves.]

3 The bible is my chart,
 By it the seas I know;
 I cannot with it part,

It rocks and sands doth show.
 It is a chart and compass too,
 Whose needle doth point forever true.

4 The voyage soon complete,
 Though rough, it is but short,
 The pilot angels meet
 To bring me into port;
 And when I land on that blest shore
 O! I shall be safe for evermore.

ON THE WAY TO CANAAN.

Arranged expressly for this Work.

1. We're on our way to Ca - na-an, We'll bid the world farewell ;

Come on my fel-low trav-el - er, In spite of earth and hell ;

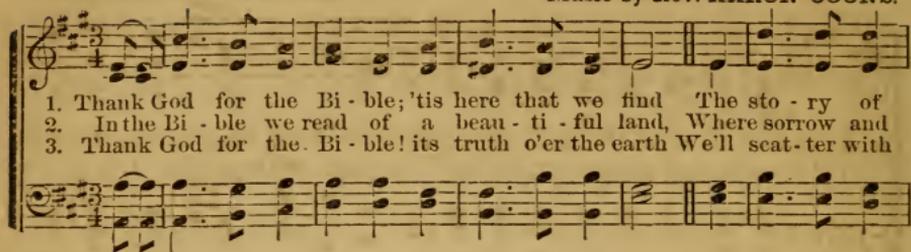
Tho' Satan's army rages hard ; And all his hosts combine,

God's word is e'er the christian's sword—The pilgrim's strength divine.

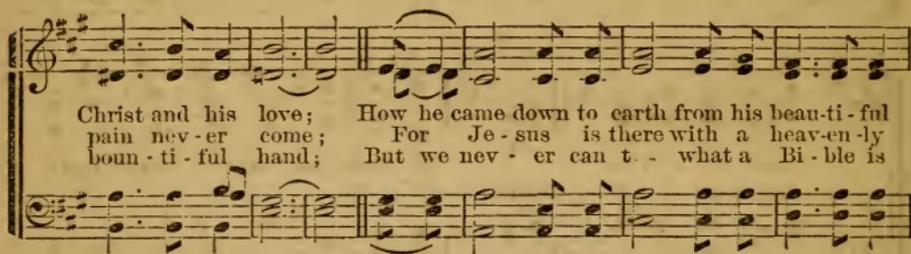
2 By faith look yonder, see the crown !
 Laid up in heaven above,
 Hope, eager brings God's blessings down,
 Till filled with grateful love.
 Then onward journey all the day ;
 There e'er our home shall be,
 We cannot urge a longer stay,
 'Tis Canaan we would see.

THANK GOD FOR THE BIBLE.

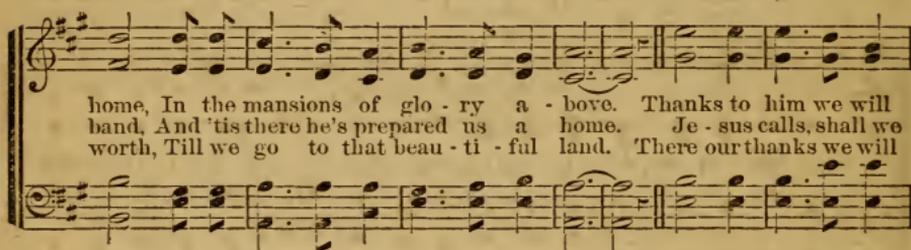
Music by Rev. AARON COONS.



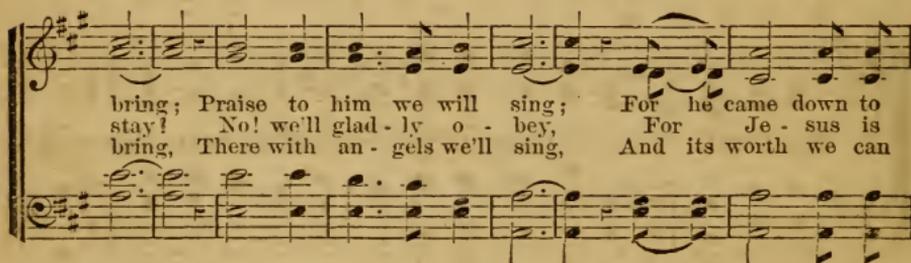
1. Thank God for the Bi - ble; 'tis here that we find The sto - ry of
 2. In the Bi - ble we read of a beau - ti - ful land, Where sorrow and
 3. Thank God for the Bi - ble! its truth o'er the earth We'll scat - ter with



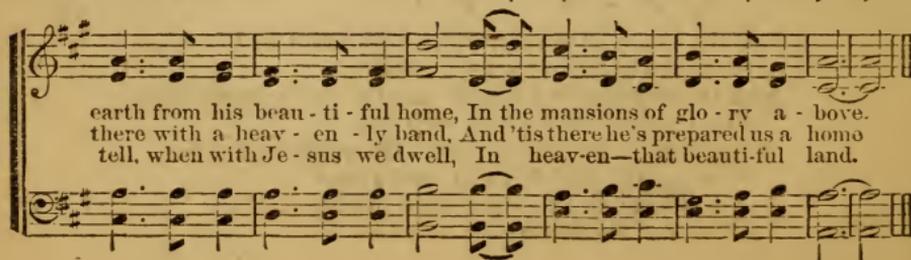
Christ and his love; How he came down to earth from his beau - ti - ful
 pain nev - er come; For Je - sus is there with a heav - en - ly
 boun - ti - ful hand; But we nev - er can t - what a Bi - ble is



home, In the mansions of glo - ry a - bove. Thanks to him we will
 band, And 'tis there he's prepared us a home. Je - sus calls, shall we
 worth, Till we go to that beau - ti - ful land. There our thanks we will



bring; Praise to him we will sing; For he came down to
 stay! No! we'll glad - ly o - bey, For Je - sus is
 bring, There with an - gels we'll sing, And its worth we can



earth from his beau - ti - ful home, In the mansions of glo - ry a - bove.
 there with a heav - en - ly band, And 'tis there he's prepared us a homo
 tell, when with Je - sus we dwell, In heav - en—that beau - ti - ful land.

HOW SWEET IS THE BIBLE.

HENRY TUCKER. by per.

1. { Oh, how sweet is the Bible! how pure is the light That streams from its
'Tis a star that shines bright thro' the gloom of the night; Of jewels a

pages di - vine. It is bread for the hungry, 'tis
wonderful mine.

food for the poor; A balm for the wounded and sad: 'Tis the gift of a

Father; His likeness is there, And the hosts of his children are glad.

- 2 'Tis the voice of the Saviour—how sweet in the storm!
It speaks to the sinner distressed;
And the tempest is hushed, and the sea is made calm,
The troubled and weary find rest.
'Tis a friends' loving counsel—the voice of a guide,
How gentle, and faithful, and true!
For no harm can the dear little pilgrim betide,
If his feet its directions pursue.

SEND FORTH THE BIBLE.

Music by Mozart, Arr. for this Work.

1. Oh! send forth the Bible, more precious than gold! Let no one presume the best
2. It points us to heav'n, where God's people go; It warns us to shun the dark
3. It tells us of One who is might-y to save, Who died on the cross, and a-

gift to with-hold; It speaks to all nations in language so plain, That he who will
regions of woe! It shows us the e - vil and dangers of sin, And o - pens a
rose from the grave; Who dwelleth on high in that holy a-bode, In - ter-ced-ing

read it true wisdom may gain.
fountain of cleansing within.
for man with a pardoning God.

4.

Oh! who would neglect such a volume as this,
That warns us of danger, invites us to bliss!
Send forth the best Bible, earth's regions around,
Wherever the footsteps of man may be found.

I TRUST THE LORD. (The Bible.)

From "Songs of Gladness," by per.

REFRAIN.

| | |
|---|--|
| 1 I trust the Lord—upon his word I trust my soul's well being; My walk with thee, Lord, here must be By faith and not by seeing. : | 2 Thy word is sure—may it secure My confidence for ever! Let reason's pride ne'er be my guide, From faith my soul to sever. : |
|---|--|

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

1. This book is all that's left me now; Tears will un-bid-den start; With

falt'ring lip and throbbing brow, I press it to my heart: For

man - y gen - er - a - tions past. Here is our fam - ily tree;

My moth-er's hand this Bi-ble clasp'd, She, dy - ing, gave it me.

2 Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear—
Who round the hearth-stone used to
After the evening prayer: [close
And speak of what these pages said—
In tones my heart would thrill:
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here they are living still.

3 My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear:
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who lean'd God's Word to hear!
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging mem'ries come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home.

I TRUST THE LORD. Concluded.

3 The only scheme man to redeem
From death, sin's fearful wages,
||: Would lie concealed, but as revealed
In these thy sacred pages. :||

4 By faith to live, its fruits to give—
This is the path to heaven:

||: All strength and skill to do thy will
But through thy word are given. :||

5 Teach me, O Lord, to prize thy word,
This gift of matchless favor;
||: Be it my wealth, be it my health,
My strength and life for ever. :||

THE BIBLE.

Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

1. What is it shows my soul the way To realms of ever - last - ing day,
3. What teaches me I ought to love The glorious God who reigns above,

And tells the dangers of the way? It is the pre-cious Bi - ble.
And that I may his goodness prove? It is the pre-cious Bi - ble.

CHORUS.

Oh, what works of grace I see! All that the Saviour has done for me,

All that the soul in heav'n may be Is shining on the page of the Bi-ble.

| | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 What tells me that I soon must die, And to the throne of judgment fly, To meet the great Jehovah's eye? It is the precious Bible.—<i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>4 Oh, may this treasure ever be The best of all on earth to me, And still new beauties may I see In this the precious Bible.— <i>Cho.</i></p> |
|--|--|

SAFE WITHIN THE VALE.

J. M. EVANS, by per.

1. "Land a-head!" its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless green;
 2 Onward, bark, the Cape I'm rounding, See the blessed wave their hands;

And the living waters laving Shores where heavenly forms are seen.
 Hear the harps of God resounding, From the bright, immortal land.

CHORUS.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e-ter-nal shore;

Drop the anchor, furl the sail, I am safe within the vail.

3 There, "let go the anchor," riding | 4 Now we're safe from all temptat'ion,
 On this calm and silv'ry bay; | All the storms of life are past;
 Sea-ward fast the tide is gliding, | Praise the Rock of our salvation,
 Shores in sunlight stretch away. | We are safe at home at last! *Cho.*

Cho.

MOUNT ZION'S HILLS.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. Me-thinks I see a distant shore Lie just across life's sea; Where cloud eapp'd
2. Beyond death's misty, foggy vale, Looms Zion's golden range; Thro' a-zuro

hills the heavens soar, In beauteous ri-val-ry: And as a clearer sky appears
skies, winged spirits sail, And light a summit strange! Ah! now the glitt'ring throno
[appears!

And morning dew distills; The view my raptured soul endears; I see Mount Zion's
The scene with glory fills! My soul its home and mansion nears, I see Mount Zion's
[hills!
[hills.

CHORUS.

O! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! My soul with glory fills; By faith the land of

promise nears, I see Mount Zion's hills.

3 As soars the light on healing wings,
And spreads o'er golden lands;
I see the home of Princes, Kings,
My house not made with hands:
I soon shall cross yon Jordan's tide,
And drink life's flowing rills;
I'm near'ng the shining river side,
I see Mount Zion's hills.—*Cho.*

THE LAND OF BEULAH. C. M.

Words by Rev. J. HASKELL.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. { My lat - est sun is sinking fast, My race is nearly run ; }
 { My strongest tri - als now are past, My triumph is be - gun. }

REFRAIN. *f*

O come, angel band, come, and around me stand, O bear me a -

way on your snowy wings, To my im - mor - tal home, O

bear me away on your snowy wings, To my immortal home.

- 2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks,
 Of friends and kindred dear,
 For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
 The crossing must be near. *Cho.*
- 3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
 My spirit loudly sings ;
 The holy ones, behold, they come !
 I hear the noise of wings. *Cho.*
- 4 O, bear my longing heart to him
 Who bled and died for me ;
 Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
 And gives me victory. *Cho.*

THE CELESTIAL ARMY.

By per. of ASA HULL, Phila.

1. Whence came the ar - mies of the sky John saw in visions bright?

Cho. - They look'd like men in u - ni - form, They look'd like men of war;

Whence came their crowns, their robes, their palms, Too pure for mortal sight.

They all were clad in ar - mor bright, And conqu'ring palms they bore.

2 Were these tried soldiers of the cross
Victorious in the fight?
Were these the trophies they had won,
Reserved in worlds of light?

3 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.

4 They saw the star of Bethlehem
Arise in splendor bright:
They followed long its guiding ray
Till beamed a clearer light.

5 From desert waste and cities full,
From dungeons dark they've come.
And now they claim the mansion fair:
They've found their long-sought home

SHOUT GLORY.

Arranged by A. C.

1. A few more days of grief and woe, A few more suffering scenes below;
CHO. All glo - ry be to the Lord most high, All glory be to the Lord most high.

And then to glo - ry we shall go, Where ev - er lasting pleasures flow.
We'll sing his prais - es till we die, And af - ter death shout glo - ry.

2 Our tears will all be wiped away,
Where Christians never go astray;

And freed from cares and cumbrous clay,
We'll praise the Lord in endless day

THERE DEATH CANNOT GRIEVE US AGAIN.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. There'll be no more sorrow, Cares, nevermore borrow; Our brighter to-

-morrow,
Dawns where the Saviour doth reign: There'll be no more sighing, None

e'er shall be crying, Nor shall there be dying; Death cannot grieve us a-

CHORUS.
gain. We're sure, we're sure, we're sure, There death cannot grieve us again.

2 There'll be no temptation ;
Nor offered oblation :
My Saviour's salvation, [plains:
Spreads o'er the golden decked

There all our foes vying, —
Their conquest denying, —
Death, conquered in dying,
Never can grieve us again.

BRIGHT HEAVEN OF REST.

Words by Rev. H. C. McCook.

1. { While walking the vale, What shadows prevail, And how
But in heav - en our home, Shall no shades ever come, No

1st time. 2nd time. CHORUS.
gloomy the clouds that appear; O heaven! sweet
cloud, nor no night shall be there.

heaven, bright heaven of rest, How hap-py we'll be, Dear Re-

deem-er with thee, Of its joys, and its glories possessed.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 What sorrow we know, What weeping and woe, In this valley of tears while we stay; But in heaven our home, Shall no tears ever come, For Jesus shall wipe them away.</p> | <p>3 How weary we grow On our journey below, As foot sore and faint we press on; But our toil shall be past, In the heaven of rest, Our weakness and weariness gone.</p> |
|--|--|

Cho.

Cho.

NO TEARS IN HEAVEN.

Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. What, if our bark, o'er life's rough wave, By adverse winds be driv'n ?

And howling tempest round us rave? There are no tears in heav'n.

CHORUS. *Ad lib.*

Heaven! sweet home prepar'd for me! There are no tears of

sor - row there, There joys from tears are free.

| | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Our sweetest joys, here vanish, all, And fade like hues of ev'n ; Our brightest hopes like meteors fall: There are no tears in heav'n.</p> | <p>3 The mourner sad, who drowned in grief, Hath long in sorrow striv'n ; Shall find at last a sweet relief ; Tears wiped away in heav'n.</p> |
|---|---|

SORROW SHALL COME AGAIN NO MORE.

Words by W. K.

Music by S. C. FOSTER, by per.

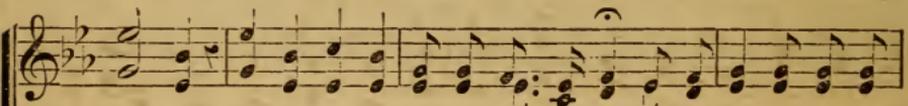
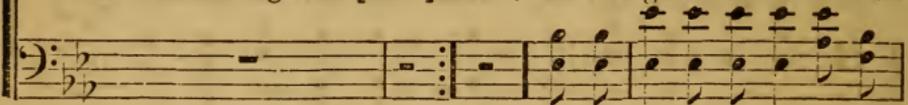
DUETT.



1. { What to me are earth's pleasures, and what its flowing tears? What are
There's a song ev-er swelling, still lingers on my ears, Oh, sor -



- all the sorrows I deplore? [Omit] }
- row shall come again no [Omit] more. } 'Tis a song from the home of the



- wea-ry, Sorrow, sorrow is for-ev - er o'er; Happy now, ever hap-



- py on Canaan's happy shore, Oh, sorrow shall come again no more !



- 2 I seek not earthly glory, nor mingle with the gay ;
I covet not this world's gilded store,
There are voices now calling from the bright realms of day,
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more !—*Cho.*
- 3 Though here I'm sad and drooping, and weep my life away,
With a lone heart still clinging to the shore,
Yet I hear happy voices, which ever seem to say,
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more !—*Cho.*
- 4 'Tis the loud pealing anthem—the victor's holy song,
Where the strife and the conflict are o'er ;
Where the saved ones forever, in joyous notes prolong,
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more !—*Cho.*

BY AND BY.

Words & Arr. by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. From tri-als we'll be free, By and by, by and by, From trials

we'll be free, By and by, How hap-py we shall be! Hail!

glorious ju - bi - lee! Hap - py Canaan we shall see, By and

by, by and by Happy Canaan we shall see, By and by.

- 2 ||: We'll part with every fear, By and by, etc., :||
Our Conqueror so dear—
Lo! sinner, God is near ;
||: His cloud and fire appear, By and by, etc. :||
- 3 ||: We'll Jordan's waves outride, By and by, etc., :||
As Jesus rules the tide,
The waters he'll divide,
||: When walking at his side, By and by, etc. :||
- 4 ||: When with the happy throng, By and by, etc. :||
Throughout the ranks along,
'Mid sainted old and young,
||: We'll sing the glad New Song, By and by, etc. :||

WHO ARE THESE.

1. Who are these, ar-rayed in white: Brighter than the noonday sun;

Foremost of the sons of light—Nearest the e - ter-nal throne.

CHORUS.

Clean robes, white robes, Robes for the righteous, Robes for the righteous,

Wait in the ves - try of the Lord; White robes wait for thee.

2 These are they that love the cross ;
Nobly for their Master stood ;
Sufferers in his righteous cause—
Followers of the Lamb of God.—*Cho.*

3 Out of great distress they came !
Washed their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb—
Blood that washes white as snow.—*Cho.*

SAFE IN THE PROMISED LAND.

1. Where, oh where are the Hebrew children, Where, oh where are the Hebrew chil-
[dren ?

Who were cast in the fur-nace of fire, Safe in the promised land.

- 2 Where, oh where is the good Elijah?
Who went up in a chariot of fire.
- 3 Where, oh where is good old Moses?
Who went up from the top of Nebo.
- 4 Where, oh where is the Prophet Daniel—
Who was cast in the den of lions?
- 5 Where, oh where is the weeping Mary—
Who was first at the tomb of Jesus?
- 6 Where, oh where is the martyred Stephen
Who was stoned for the love of Jesus?
- 7 Where, oh where is the blessed Jesus—
Who was pierced on the mount of Calvary

OH! THAT WILL BE JOYFUL.

FINE.

CHORUS. D.S.

736 1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes,
And wipe my weeping eyes,
And wipe my weeping eyes,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

CHORUS.—Oh! that will be joyful! joyful! joyful!
Oh! that will be joyful!
To meet to part no more,
To meet to part no more,
On Canaan's happy shore;
'Tis there we'll meet at Jesus' feet,
To meet to part no more.

HOME AT LAST.

M. S. PIKE, by per.

1. Home at last! Home at last! From an earthly shore; For O, I've joined the ransom'd
 2. Safe at home! Safe at home! Let the echo fly! To soothe the hearts that mourn me

ones; Who've passed on long before; Here each tear is wiped a-way, By
 yet, In that first home be-low; His dear arms are round me now, Who

God the Holy One; There's nought but songs of joy and praise, Round the eternal throne
 was for sinners slain; Through him I've won, eternal life, For me to die was gain.

LONG-LOVED ZION.

Words by Rev. WM. HUNTER.

1. { With fa - ces turned for Zi-on's hill, Home to long-loved Zi - on; }
 { Our harps and hearts with rapture thrill, Home to long-loved Zi - on. }
 d.c. We're thronging home, we're thronging home, Home to long-loved Zi - on.

CHORUS to each Stanza. D.C.
 We're thronging home, we're thronging home, Home to long-loved Zi - on;

- 2 We soon shall reach our Father's land,
 Home in long-loved Zion;
 Our feet within thy gates shall stand.
 Home in long-loved Zion.—*Cho.*
- 3 Our grateful incense to the skies,
 Home in long-loved Zion;
 Mingled with holy songs shall rise,
 Home in long-loved Zion.—*Cho.*

THE SAINT'S SETTING SUN.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

Slow.

The musical score consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system is marked 'Slow.' and the second system is a continuation of the first. The music is written in a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The upper staff uses a treble clef and the lower staff uses a bass clef. The melody is primarily in the upper staff, with the lower staff providing a harmonic accompaniment of chords and moving lines.

- 1 Soon my last setting sun, closes life's low'ring day ;
And the twilight of eve, softly spreads o'er my way ;
All my toils soon are done ; all my race soon is run,
Then the sweet summer eve of a saint's setting sun.
- 2 Soon the death-shades of night hide my last radiant sky,
And the landscape of earth leaves my view silently ;
Earthly scenes now I've none ; all earth's pleasures are gone,
But the sweet summer eve of a saint's setting sun.
- 3 Soon the beams of the morn chase the night-clouds away,
And my eyes slumb'ring long wake to heaven's endless day,
Now the conflict is won ! 'twas my triumph begun,
At the sweet summer eve of a saint's setting sun.

WE'LL STAND THE STORM.

The musical score for 'We'll Stand the Storm' is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The key signature has one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is simple and rhythmic, consisting of a series of eighth and quarter notes.

1038.

When by the dreadful tempest borne, High on the broken wave,
Cho.—We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, The heavenly port is nigh !

This is a continuation of the musical score for 'We'll Stand the Storm', written on a single staff with a treble clef. It continues the melody from the previous block, ending with a double bar line and repeat dots.

We know thou art not slow to hear, Nor impotent to save.
We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll anchor by and by.

JESUS' GLORY.

Music and words by Rev. A. COONS.

1. With o - pen face I now be-hold The Fa-ther's glo - ries shine,—
2. The ha - lo of His charm's embrace I see a - round me thrown!

In Je - sus' love to me un-fold The glo - ries, so sub - lime.
O wondrous love! a - maz-ing grace! To me a sin - ner shown.

CHORUS.

I'll fol - low His glo - ry Now pass - ing be - fore me;

O won - der - ful sto - ry!—The Lord of glo - ry own.

3 The blending hues of truth and love
Are spread around His throne,—
'Tis mercy's signal bow above,
To all believers known.

4 Behold, in lucid bright array
The glad united throng!
Appear in His eternal day,
And chant redemption's song.

I'M GOING.

W. B. B.
By per. FINE.

832.

1 { Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar - ren land; }
I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Hold me with Thy powerful hand. }

D.C.—Where the boatman cease from rowing, To the land that has no storm.

D.C.

And I'm go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing, To the land where none can harm;

THEY SHALL RUN AND NOT GET WEARY.

Words and Music by Rev. A. COONS.

1. They that wait up - on the Saviour, Oft their gracious strength renewing,
 2. They shall run with zeal un - tir-ing—Gazing, stedfast - ly be - liev - ing—

Fol - low Him with heaven's fa - vor, Nev - er wea - ry—e'er pur - su - ing.
 Sun of righteousness as - pir - ing—Im - age of the Sun re - ceiv - ing.

CHORUS.

They shall run..... They shall run.....

They shall run and not get wea - ry, They shall run and not get wea - ry,

3. They shall walk, but fainting never—
 Leaving scenes of earthly pleasure;
 Run the race with patience ever,—
 Gain a crown and pearly treasure.

4. They shall mount on eagle's pinions,
 Buoyant, soaring faith is given;—
 Range the happy saints' dominions,
 'Long the bright and shining haven.

VICTORY.

838.

FINE.

1 { Chil - dren of the heav'nly King, As ye jour - ney let us sing; }
 { Sing our Saviour's wor - thy praise, Glorious in His works and ways. }

D.C.—Oh, how hap - py we shall be! When we've gained the vic - to - ry.

CHORUS.

D.C.

Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! When we've gain'd the vic - to - ry,

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

S. J. VAIL, by per.

1. Nothing but leaves, the Spirit grieves, Over a wast-ed life; O'er

sins indulg'd while conscience slept, O'er vows and promises unkept, And

reap from years of strife— Nothing but leaves, Nothing but leaves.

- 2 Nothing but leaves, no gathered sheaves
Of life's fair ripening grain;
We sow our seeds, lo! tares and weeds,
Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds,
We reap with toil and pain—
Nothing but leaves.
- 3 Nothing but leaves, sad memory weaves
No vail to hide the past;
And as we trace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
Sadly we find at last—
Nothing but leaves.
- 4 Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,
Bearing but withered leaves?
Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat,
Lay down, for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Dr. L. MASON, by per.

1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee: E'en tho' it

be a cross That rais-eth me, Still, all my song shall be,

N rer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
Drylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, etc.

3 There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, etc.

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be,
Nearer, my God, etc.

5 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still, all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, etc.

AWAKE.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. My wounded spir - it sighs, Fast bound in leth - ar - gy ;
 2. Suf - fice the mo - ments gone - The day far spent in vain :
 3. My drowsy pow'rs a - wake ! The race a - new be - gin :

Oh, shall I e'er from death a - rise, To life and lib - er - ty ?
 Why slumber past the morning dawn, At midnight suf - fer pain ?
 My life, my soul, my all's at stake ! I'll strive a crown to win.

MERCY.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's gracious throne, I'll pour my song in pray'r ;
 2. While prostrate ranks thy glory own, I'll worship with my plea ;
 3. All heav'n and earth thy love proclaim : Why cannot I a - dore ?

My sins deplore, and humbly own, My need of mer - cy there.
 Un - faith - ful, wretched, and undone ; But Jesus died for me.
 How sad, my soul should e'er defame ! And never love thee more.

ONLY FRUITLESS.

Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. On - ly leaves, and yet the summer All its charms of beauty weaves,

But, a - las! the tree is fruitless; Jesus findeth naught but leaves.

— CHORUS.

We are in the Saviour's vineyard, By his mercy planted there,

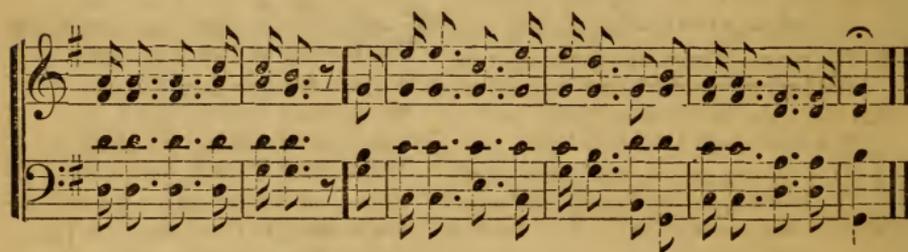
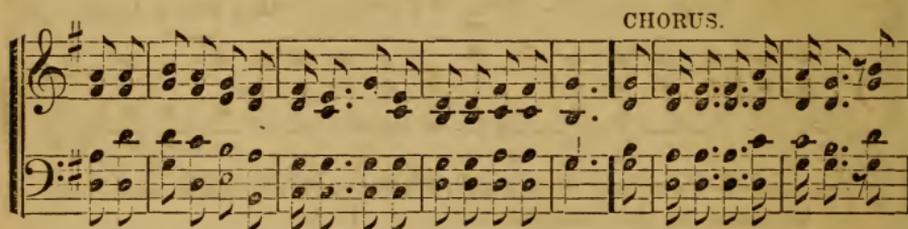
Sad re - turn for all his goodness, If our lives no fruit do bear.

2 Oh, the precious moments wasted,
 Moments idly thrown away;
 When a soul, by our example,
 Might have learned by faith to pray.—*Cho.*

3 Saviour, yet a little longer
 Keep us in thy vineyard ground!
 Leaves may bud, and buds may blossom,
 Golden fruit may yet be found.—*Cho.*

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

S. J. VAIL, by per. Philip Phillips.



1 Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path ;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff ;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way.

CHORUS.—

Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
For our reaping by and by.

2 Strange, we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has
flown ;
Strange, that we should slight the
violet,
Till the lovely flowers are gone !
Strange, that summer skies and sun-
shine
Never seem one-half so fair,
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air.

Cho.

THE UNION BAND.

1. { Oh, we're a band of brethren dear, We belong to this band, Hallelujah !
 { Who live as pilgrim strangers here, We belong to this band, &c.

Halle - lu-jah ! halle - lujah ! We belong to this band, Hallelujah !

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 The prophets and apostles, too, All belonged to this band, &c. And with God's children here below, We belong to this band, &c.</p> <p>3 We're traveling home to heaven a- We belong to this band, &c. [bove. To sing the Saviour's dying love, We belong to this band, &c.</p> <p>4 The crown of life we there shall We belong to this band, &c. [wear The Conqueror's palm our hands shall bear, We belong to this band, &c.</p> | <p>5 Oh, glorious hope—oh, blest a- bode! We belong to this band, &c. We shall be near and like our Lord, We belong to this band, &c.</p> <p>6 A little longer here below, We belong to this band, &c. Then home to glory we shall go, We belong to this band, &c.</p> <p>7 Come on, come on, my brethren We belong to this band, &c. [dear, We soon shall meet together there, We belong to this band, &c.</p> |
|--|---|

'SCATTER SEEDS. Concluded.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 If we knew the baby fingers, Pressed against the window pane, Would be cold and stiff to-morrow— Never trouble us again— Would the bright eyes of our darling Catch the frown upon our brow? Would the print of rosy fingers Vex us then as they do now! <i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers, How they point our memories back To the hasty words and actions Strewn along our backward track! How those little hands remind us, As in snowy grace they lie, Not to scatter thorns—but roses— For our reaping by and by. <i>Cho.</i></p> |
|--|---|

MY LEAVE OF MOTHER.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. The decade thrice with weary round, A suff'ring mother bore;

Yet on the sorr'wing scene is found—Then half performed once more;

And, as I at her bedside stood, To take a sad fare-well:

With tender look, in plaintive mood, Her sweet voice broke the spell.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2 "Now on the weary stormy strand, What will become of me," O mother, soon the promised land You'll reach in ecstasy: The eyes, that wept my childhood With lustre beam again! [prayer, The lips, that still fond kisses bare, No longer hushed remain. | Then of a father, years ago, Who bade us all adieu, She wondered, if his soul could know The work his sons pursue. |
| 3 "What shall I render to my God, So good, so kind to me? Tho' grievous long his chastning rod, I'll praise him ceaselessly;" | 4 Then, of a rapt'rous vision spake, When earth to heav'n arose! When golden fruits she could partake, And freed from earthly woes! Then "sing," said she, "come go with We sang, and knelt in pray'r: [me." E'er hallowed sweetest memory; With mother weeping there. |

UNITY.

Dr. LOWELL MASON, by per.

Musical score for 'UNITY.' consisting of two systems of two staves each. The first system has a treble and bass staff, and the second system also has a treble and bass staff. The music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with accompaniment in the bass clef.

1 When shall we meet again?—
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreathe her chain
Round us for ever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes—
Never—no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where joy's celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill,
Never—no, never!

GLORY BE TO JESUS.

Musical score for 'GLORY BE TO JESUS.' consisting of four staves. The first two staves are in 4/4 time, and the last two staves are in 3/4 time. The key signature is two flats. The melody is in the treble clef, with accompaniment in the bass clef. The word 'CHORUS.' is written above the third staff.

922. Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast;
That indeed is the fulness, but this is the taste;
And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus' love.

CHO.—Glory be to Jesus! glory be to Jesus!

Come with us, come with us,

Come with us in love;

And we'll all sail together, to heaven above.

PARTING SONG.

1. When shall we all meet again? When shall we all meet again? Oft shall glowing [hope ex -

pire, Oft shall wearied love retire, Oft shall death and sorrow reign, Ere we all shall [meet again.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
 Parched beneath the hostile sky;
 Though the deep between us rolls,
 Friendship shall unite our souls -
 And in fancy's wide domain
 There shall we all meet again.

3 When the dreams of life are fled,
 When its wasted lamps are dead,
 When in cold oblivion's shade
 Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid
 Where immortal spirits reign,
 There may we all meet again.

YOU'LL PRAISE GOD.

1. Come and let us sweetly join, Christ to praise in hymns divine; Give we all with [one accord

CHORUS.

Glory to our common Lord. You'll praise God, and I'll praise God, And we'll all [praise God together;

Praise ye the Lord for the work that he has done, And we'll bless his name forever.

I'M BOUND FOR THE KINGDOM.

[1st. | 2nd. | CHORUS.

1. Come, thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy praise; } I'm bound
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise. } for the

kingdom! Will you go to glory with me! O hal - le - lujah! praise ye the Lord.

MY BROTHER, I WISH YOU WELL!

1. My brother, I wish you well! My brother, I wish you well!
 2. My sis - ter, I wish you well! My sis - ter, I wish you well!
 3. Dear parents, I wish you well! Dear parents, I wish you well!

CHO. Be mention'd in the promis'd land, Be mention'd in the promis'd land,

D. C.

When my Lord calls, I trust we shall Be mention'd in the promis'd land.
 When my Lord calls, I trust we shall Be mention'd in the promis'd land.

SAY, BROTHERS.

1. Say, brothers, will you meet us, Say, brothers, will you meet us,
 CHO. By the grace of God we'll meet you, By the grace of God we'll meet you,

Say, brothers, will you meet us, On Canaan's hap-py shore?
 By the grace of God we'll meet you, On Canaan's hap-py shore.

- 2 Say, sisters, will you meet us
 On Canaan's happy shore?
 3 That will be a happy meeting
 On Canaan's happy shore.

- 4 Jesus lives and reigns forever
 On Canaan's happy shore.
 5 Glory! glory! hallelujah!
 Forever, evermore!

PASSING AWAY.

C. C. NEVERS.

Gently.

1. The golden orbs that gem the sky With ev'ry beaming ray,

F. Proclaim, as on their course they fly, "Thou soon must pass away."
D. S. Before the circling year has sped May blossom o'er my grave.

FINE.

The lit - tle flow'rs 'hat lift their head, And in the zephyrs wave,

D. S.

2 Immingled with my parent dust,
As though I ne'er had birth,
Life's sweetest ties and pleasures
must

Forever cease on earth.
But hope foretells a happier land,
A more exalted sphere,
Where we shall meet the sainted
band
We loved and lost while here.

3 Faith's piercing eye, beyond the
tomb,
Discerns that distant shore,
Where clust'ring joys immortal
bloom

To fade and die no more.
Where friendship's bonds with
charms divine,
In permanence endure ;
And souls rejoined in glory shine,
Of endless bliss secure.

4 No with'ring change that region
knows,
No tears of woe are found ;
No storms to blast the heav'nly rose
That grows on Eden's ground.
Then seek, my soul, that holy way
Believers ever trod ;
By faith thy Saviour's words obey,
And thou shalt rest with God.

ON THE ISLE.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. On a lone earthly isle, Here to sing but a while, Till the swift
 2. 'Long the coast of the isle, Stranded wrecks wreath a coil, Here the last
 3. Coming 'lone to this isle, See the Son, with a smile, Robed in gar-

flowing tides all are sped: Blooming flow'rs o'er the main, Fade again,
 boatman's swift crossing sted, Still the long distant roar, Tells of storms,
 -ments, that seem died with blood: You he walks o'er the waves! Bows and
 [saves]

pp = *Precipitate Forte.*

and again;—Now caught by rushing, yesty waves, they float to ocean
 o'er and o'er: Now coming, foaming, dashing waves bespeak the tempest
 sinking slaves: And when the death-storm tempest threatens, "Peace be
 [still," is]

pp

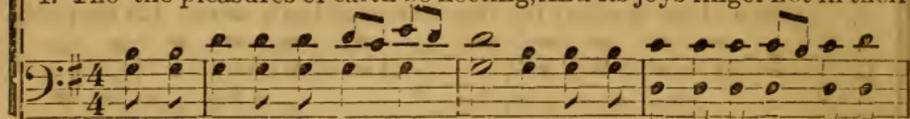
dread! Then re-*po*se sinks her foes, And we sleep with the dead.
 led! Then se-*re*ne grows the scene, And we sleep with the dead.
 said! 'Tis his praise, soon to raise, All that sleep with the dead.

THOUGH THE PLEASURES OF EARTH.

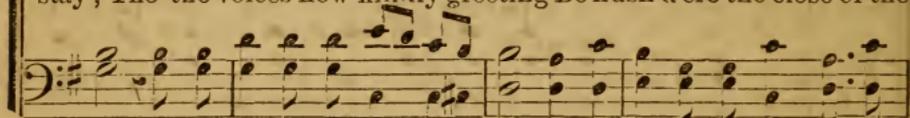
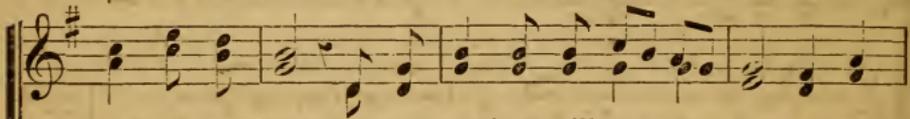
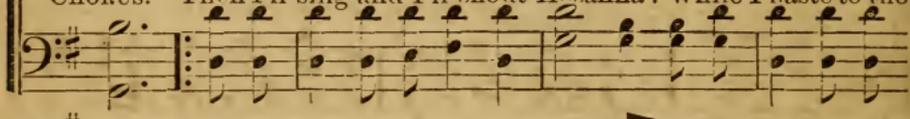
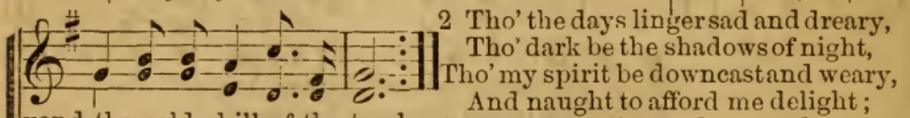
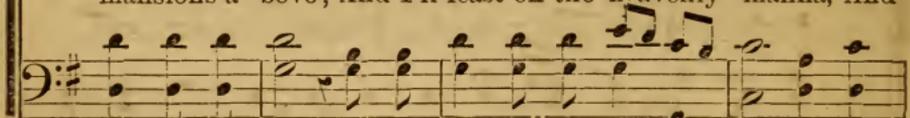
By per. of O. Ditson & Co.



1. Tho' the pleasures of earth be fleeting, And its joys linger not in their



stay ; Tho' the voices now kindly greeting Be hush'd ere the close of the

day, There are pleasures that perish never, There are joys that e-
CHORUS.—Then I'll sing and I'll shout Hosanna ! While I haste to theter - nal - ly bloom ; There are voices will greet me ev - er, Be -
mansions a - bove ; And I'll feast on the heavenly manna, Andyond the cold chill of the tomb.
drink from the fountain of love.2 Tho' the days linger sad and dreary,
Tho' dark be the shadows of night,
Tho' my spirit be downcast and weary,
And naught to afford me delight ;
Still the days of my sadness and sorrow,
And the nights of my darkness and
gloom,Will give place to a bright to-morrow,
When Jesus will summon me home.

Cha

JESUS' POWER.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. Behold ! how short is my career ; Death stern—his grapples

how se - vere, Is hurrying time to dis - ap - pear, And

CHORUS.

bring e - ter - nal cy - cles near. Jesus gives the pow - er

Je - sus gives the ³pow - er, to conquer ev - ery foe.

2 Ah ! King of terrors ! shall I dread,
When Christ thy scepter captive led,
And offers power through his blood,
The power of th' almighty God. *Cho.*

3 Power, to meet thee at thy gate,
And seal eternally thy fate ;
Power, to 'nthral the grave thy mate,
And rise the resurrection's date. *Cho.*

A FEW MORE YEARS SHALL ROLL.

Dr. L. MASON, by per.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come; And

we shall be with those that rest, A - sleep within the tomb:
D. s. wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins a - way!

REFRAIN. D. S.
Then, O my Lord prepare My soul for that great day; Oh,

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.—*Cho.*

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,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign.—*Cho.*

VAIN WORLD!

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. Vain world! vain world! why flatter so? Why promised joys that

none can know? Why kin-dled hopes in brandish'd

show, When world, thou art a world of woe?

- 2 Thy springs are but servants, to sow
Woe's harvest summers reap, when lo!
These, autumns donate to my foe,
And winters ope woe's market new.
- 3 And yet thou would'st poor man should go,
Thy spacious rounds to prove it so,—
Thy mountains climb, thy oceans roe,
And naught but misery pursue.
- 4 But world thou'st lost it, vanquished too;
And just because thou art not true;
A look beyond th' ethereal blue,—
My vision changeless, brighter grew.
- 5 Triumphant scene! thou may'st it know,
Without dispute, or wild adieu;
Lo! Jesus' power, O rapt'rous view!
Who passed thy woes and trials through.

THE SHINING SHORE.

G. F. ROOT, by per.

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim strang - er,
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our dis - tant home discern - ing,

S. *Fine.*
Would not de - tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
Our ab - sent Lord has left us word, — Let ev - 'ry lamp be burn - ing.
D.S. just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

CHORUS.

D.S.
For oh! we stand on Jor - dan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver; And

- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest. Where golden harps are ringing. *Cho.*
- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
Each cord on earth to sever; [home,
Our King says, Come, and there's our
For ever, oh, for ever! *Cho.*

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

Dr. LOWELL MASON, by per. O. Ditson & Co.

1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; }
Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home; } Dan - ger and sorrow stand

Round me on ev - 'ry hand, Heav'n is my fa - therland, Heav'n is my home.

FADING FLOWERS.

(In Memory of Hattie).

Words by Rev. F. BOTTOOME.

Arr. for this Work by H. T

1. The young, the loved, the beautiful, Why must they pass a - way?

Why must the flow'rs we love so well, The ear-li - est de - cay?
 D. s. Why must the "morning glory hide," Before the midday sun?

FINE.

Why must the gentle, and the good, Retrace their steps so soon?

D. S. *f*.

2 The gentle, fair, and delicate—
 We love to have them so—
 And yet for that we love them most
 They are the first to go!
 Exotics of a fairer clime,
 They seek their native bed;
 Too tender for a soil so hard
 As earth for them has spread.

3 The young, the loved, the beauti-
 They early pass away, [ful,
 Because they cannot bloom and shine,
 Where death's chill breezes play,
 O gentle Father! Master good!
 Help us to love and lose;
 To trust thee when not understood,
 To acquiesce, not choose.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME. Concluded.

2 What though the tempest rage,
 Heaven is my home;
 Short is my pilgrimage,
 Heaven is my home;
 Time's cold and wintry blast
 Soon will be over past,
 I shall reach home at last,
 Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,
 Heaven is my home;
 I shall be glorified,
 Heaven is my home;
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I love most and best,
 There, too, I soon shall rest,
 Heaven is my home.

HOW BRIGHT THE MORNING.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. To thy praise, how bright the morning, Eastern skies with radiance beam,

To my soul a brighter dawning, As the sun of Eden's seen!

CHORUS.

Every tongue u-nite in praising, As thy glo-ry from the throne,

Fills the world! O, how a-mazing! Songs of heav'n and earth are one.

- 2 As the Light comes sweeping o'er me—
Decks with beauty hill and dale!
Let thy glory pass before me;
Part the shadows, rend the vail.—*Cho.*
- 3 Brighter still, th' eternal morning,
When the skies together roll!
All of God, and heaven adorning—
Flood with light creation's whole.—*Cho.*

MORNING SONG.

Harmonized and arranged expressly for this Work by HENRY TUCKER.

1. Lord in the morn - ing thou shalt hear, My voice as -

ending high ; To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To

thee lift up mine eye, To thee lift up mine eye.

- 2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone
 To plead for all his saints ;
 Presenting at the Father's throne,
 ||: Our songs, and our complaints. :||
- 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand ;
 Sinners, shall ne'er be thy delight,
 ||: Nor dwell at thy right hand. :||

MORNING PRAYER.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

FINE.

1. { Wake, my soul ! with beams of gladness ! On to duty all the day ;
 { Shake thy sloth, and banish sadness ; As the night shades flee away. }
 d. c. Warm my soul with glad emotion, Chorus of th' angel - ic raise.

CHORUS. D. C.

Breathe thy morning true de - votion ; Join with nature's vocal praise :

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Onward lead me, gentle Spirit ; All thy counsel let me know · Jesus' blood my only merit, Whatso'er my hand may do.</p> | <p>3 In the footprints of my Saviour, All my wakeful steps pursue ; Fill my heart to prompt behaviour, Fill each hour with love anew.</p> |
|---|--|

QUEENIE.

HENRY TUCKER, by per.

603.

1. We lift our hearts to thee, Our Day-star from on high ! The
 2. O let thy rising beams The night of sin dis-purse,—The

sun it - self is but thy shade, Yet cheers both earth and sky.
 mists of er - ror and of vice, Which shade the u - ni - verse.

PACIFIC.

HENRY TUCKER, by per.

1. Now, the Sabbath eve de - clin - ing, Sheds a - round a hal - lowed light;
2. May the words of in - spi - ra - tion Which our ears have heard to - day,

And the sil - ver stars are shin - ing, With a radiance pure and bright;
God a - bove while nature slumbers, Hear, oh hear, our song of praise.
Wake a ho - ly con - tem - pla - tion, Call our souls from earth a - way;
Thou to mor - tal vows at - tend - ing, Hear, oh hear our songs of praise.

Soft and gen - tle be the numbers, Which our grate - ful spir - its raise;
While with hearts and voi - ces blending, Up to heaven our throats we raise,

EVENING BLESSING.

Composed by J. PATTERSON.

1. Sav - iour, breathe an evening bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;

Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

- 2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.
- 3 Should swift death this night o'ertake
And command us to the tomb, [us,
May the morn in heaven awake us
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

EVENING SONG.

A. C.

1. The day is past and gone ; The evening shades ap-pear,

Oh, may we all remember well, The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest ;
So, death will soon disrobe us all,
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears :
May angels guard us while wesleep,
Till morning light appears.

THY DAYS ARE ENDING.

German.

1. Happy soul, thy days are ending—All thy mourning days below ;
2. Waiting to re-ceive thy spirit, Lo ! the Saviour stands above,

Go—the angel guards attending, To the sight of Je-sus go.
Shows the purchase of his mer-it, Reaches out the crown of love.

THE CLOSE OF DAY.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. O for heaven's ho-ly sanction On the la-bors of the day ;

May each tho't, each word and action, Wrought amiss be done away.

Thro' thy guiding mercy, ever, Make our steps toward Canaan sure :

Friend from friend, awhile may sever, But thy presence shall endure.

- 2 May the truths and blessings given,
 Lead our contrite hearts to thee ;
 And the sweet repose of heaven,
 Through all nights our portion be :
 And when cares and toils are ended,
 Friends with friends no fondness here ;
 May our higher joys be blended
 With the joys of loved ones there.

SWIFTLY GOING HOME.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. How swift the tides, that rush a - long, To bear my soul a -

way ; The multitudes—the giddy throng May feign they'd longer stay.

CHORUS.

I'm go - ing home! go - ing home, To my home on Canaan's

shore, While my Lord bids me come, And the loved ones gone before.

- 2 The transient joys alloyed with tears,
 May worldly minds detain ;
 In haste, my soul its mansion nears ;
 I would not here remain. *Cho.*
- 3 In rapid strides the shadows fly ;
 Let all the world be gone ;
 Ascend my soul its native sky,
 Till beams of morning dawn. *Cho.*

HOME OF THE BLEST.

Words and Music by Rev. A. A. GRALEY, by per. Arr.

CHORUS.

Home of the blest, Home of the blest, When wilt thou ever be mine?

Home of the blest, Home of the blest, Soon shalt thou ever be mine.

- 1 Oh when shall I dwell in a mansion all bright,
And Jesus, my Saviour, behold ;
Or walk by his side like an angel of light,
In a city all burnished with gold?—*Cho.*
- 2 No pearl from the ocean, no gold from the mine,
Can pardon and purity buy ;
I'll trust in the blood of a Saviour divine,
And I'll cling to his cross till I die.—*Cho.*
- 3 But while I'm a stranger away from my home,
I'll toil in the vineyard and pray ;
I'll carry the cross while I think of the crown,
And I'll watch for the break of the day.—*Cho.*

BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH.

W. U. BUTCHER, by per.

QUARTETTE,

1. There's a beautiful land on high, To its glories I fain would fly,
2. There's a beautiful land on high, I shall enter it by and by,

When by sorrows press'd down I long for my crown In that beautiful land
There with friends hand in hand, I shall walk on the strand, In that beau-
[on high.
tiful land on high.

CHORUS. *Cheerfully.*

In that beautiful land I'd be, From earth and its cares set free; My

Jesus is there, He's gone to prepare A place in that land for me.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 There's a beautiful land on high, And my kindred its bliss employ; And methinks I now see them waiting for me, In that beautiful land on high.</p> | <p>4 There's a beautiful land on high, There we'll never bid friends "good bye," But repeat the new song, with the glory clad throng, In that beautiful land on high</p> |
|---|--|

THE MOUNT OF BLESSING.

ANNIE WITTENMEYER.

By per. of J. C. Garrigues & Co., Pa.

DUETT.—1st time.

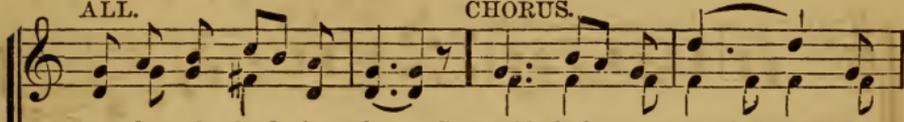


1. { We're climbing the mount of blessing, We are seeking a city most fair, }
 { That stands on its glorions summit, For the..... }
 {

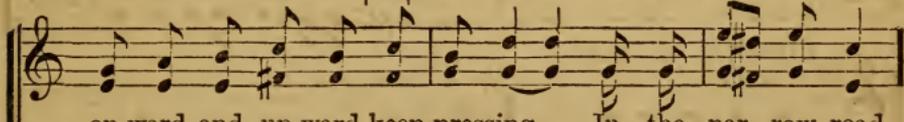


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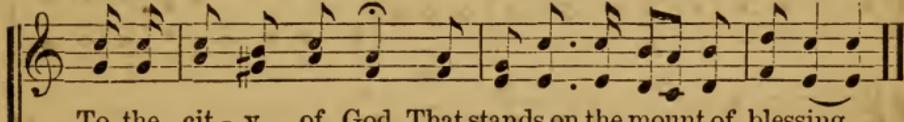
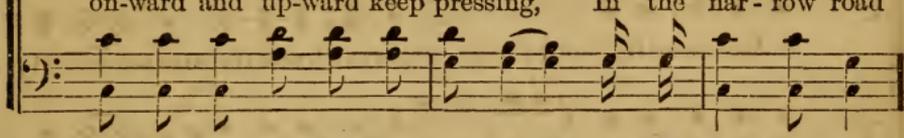
CHORUS.



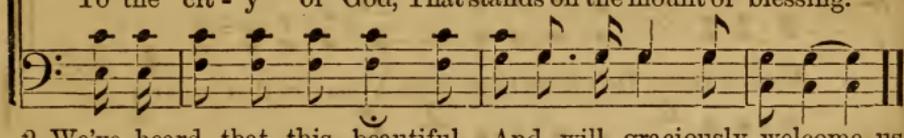
temple of God is there. Come, Christian, come, [oh come]; We'll



on-ward and up-ward keep pressing, In the nar- row road



To the cit - y of God, That stands on the mount of blessing.



| | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 2 We've heard that this beautiful | And will graciously welcome us |
| city, [gold, | there. |
| Which is builded of jewels and | 4 We'll soon reach the gates of the |
| Is the home of our loving Jesus, | city, [nor night, |
| And his face we may there behold. | Where there'll be no more sorrow |
| 3 He's gone up the mountains be- | And, crowned with his saints and |
| fore us, [will prepare, | angels, |
| And our robes and our crowns | We will walk with King Jesus in |
| And he will make ready his palace, | white. |

WE'RE GOING TO DWELL IN HEAVEN.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. We'll hast-en to the promis'd land,—The land to Is-rael giv-en;
2. Our time is in its rap-id flight, Our days will soon be o-ver;

God's children, free from captive bands, We're going to dwell in heaven.
Then sad will be the idler's plight, The heedless pleasure lover.

CHORUS-

A few more dawns of morn appear, A few more shades of ev-en;

We'll hast-en on, nor tar-ry here; We're going to dwell in heaven,

3 Then let our footsteps steadily
Be toward the Kingdom taken;
And let our eyes e'er readily
To duty's path awaken.—*Cho.*

4 That Jesus may to us proclaim,
"Well done," my kingdom enter;
We'll labor on, each day the same,
Till death's cold frozen winter.

Cho.

O, THAT BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

Arranged for this Work.

1. { We're go - ing home, we've had vi - sions bright, Of that
Where the long, dark night of . . . time is past, And the

ho - ly land, that world of light, } { Where the wea - ry saint no
morn of e - terni - ty dawns at last ; } { Where the brow with sparkling

more shall roam, But dwell in a hap - py, peace - ful home :)
gems is crowned, And the waves of bliss are flow - ing round. }

O, that beau - ti - ful world ! O, that beau - ti - ful world !

- 2 'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the sea of bliss,
'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness ;
'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid the angels' cheer,
'Mid the saints that round the throne appear ;
Where the conqueror's song, as it sounds afar,
Is wafted on the ambrosial air ;
Through endless years we then shall prove,
The death of a Saviour's matchless love.
O, that beautiful world ! O, that beautiful world !

OH, SHALL I WEAR A GOLDEN CROWN ?

Words by MARY E. KAIL.

Music by WM. W. BENTLEY, by per.

1. Come, let us sing of that sweet land, Up-on the oth-er shore;

Where saints around the heav'nly throne Re-joice for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Oh, shall I wear a gold-en crown In that bright home a-bove ?

Oh, shall I rest in Je - sus' arms, En-circled by his love ?

2.
Thou heavenly land ! of thee I dream
In hours of gloom and pain,
Where I shall meet, at Jesus' feet,
My loved and lost again.
Chorus.—Oh, shall I wear, &c.

3.
No night is there, no pain, no toil,
And there no parting hand ;
But joyous notes of music float,
Trilled by an angel band.
Chorus.—Oh, shall I wear, &c.

4.
I soon shall in the mansions dwell
That Jesus has for me,
And gather precious golden fruits,
From life's immortal tree.
Chorus.—Oh, shall I wear, &c.

5.
When trial's past, and labor's done,
No more by care opprest,
My bark will glide o'er silver tide,
Into the port of rest.
Chorus.—Then I shall wear, &c.

O! SEE THE GATE AJAR.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. Beyond the shades of doubt and fears, Bright vision 'lumes afar ;
2. The crimson, tinted pear-ly gates, O, who'd the im-age mar ;

The pleasing prospect ev-er nears, O! see the gate a - jar!
For sinners lift - ed up, a - waits : O! see the gate a - jar?

CHORUS.

For you, for me, the gateway still ! Tho' foes would fain debar,

Whoev - er will, the echoes thrill ; O! see the gate a - jar .

3 The portals fair ! He's sweeping through,
Like Bethlehem's guiding star :
The white robed throng their Lord
O ! see the gate ajar ! [pursue ;

4 Amid the gleaming beauty 'neath
Are forms so bright and fair,
Just entered—left in peaceful death,
For me, the gate ajar !

HEAVENLY MANSIONS.

Words by R. TORREY.

Chorus by HENRY TUCKER.

1. Above the blue ethereal skies Thousands of stately mansions rise ;
 2. There tears shall never dim the eye ; No aching breast shall breathe a sigh ;
 3. No pain nor sorrow enters in ; The weary heart is freed from sin ;

Built by the great Jehovah's hand, Thro' all e - ter - nity they stand.
 But peace and love and songs of joy Fill every heart, each tongue employ.
 And tho' on earth the cross we bear, E - ter - nal rest awaits us there !

CHORUS.

I am glad there's a mansion in the sky ! Where my soul will be hap -

I'm glad, I'm glad,

py when I die ; I'm glad, I'm glad, I am glad, There's a mansion in the sky.
 I'm glad, I'm glad,

4 There bright perennial flow'rets grow ;
 There crystal streams forever flow ;
 And through these mansions ever ring
 - The praises of our Saviour-King. *Cho.*

5 Ah, who shall own these mansions fair ?
 Who to these grand estates be heir ?
 All, all who own the Saviour's name,
 And on his love will rest their claim. *Cho.*

THE BRIGHTER SKY.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. How sweet the thought, I'm on the way! From earthly gloom, to endless [day!

The shadows vanish, skies are clear; My home is there, I'm drawing near!

CHORUS.

My home is in the brighter sky! Where endless beams their circuits fly!

And sainted forms, in beauty rear! My home is there, I'm drawing near.

- 2 The prospect brightens while I sing!
 My 'nrapured soul is on the wing,
 To realms of love, ne'er dark with fear!
 My home is there, I'm drawing near. *Cho.*
- 3 I'm waiting, till the vale of death
 Has cast its shadows from beneath;
 Then rise to heav'n, with Him so dear!
 My home is there, I'm drawing near. *Cho.*

THE WORLD OF LIGHT.

O. SNOW.

Moderato.

CHORUS.

We'll be there, we'll be there, Palms of vict'ry,

crowns of glo-ry we shall wear, In that beautiful world on high.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 There is a beautiful world, Where saints and angels sing ; A world where peace and pleasure reigns, And heavenly praises ring. <i>Cho.</i></p> <p>2 There is a beautiful world, Where sorrow never comes ; A world where tears shall never fall In sighing for our home. <i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>3 There is a beautiful world, Unseen to mortal sight, And darkness never enters there ; That home is fair and bright. <i>Cho.</i></p> <p>4 There is a beautiful world Of harmony and love ; Oh, may we safely enter there, And dwell with God above. <i>Cho.</i></p> |
|---|---|

I WANT TO GO.

930.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night !
And pleasures banish pain.

CHORUS.

I want to go, I want to go,
I want to go there too ;
I want to go where Jesus reigns ;
I want to go there too ;

I AM WAITING BY THE RIVER.

Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1st. 2d. FINE.

1. { I am waiting by the river, And my heart has waited long, (*Omit* . . .) }
 { Now I think I hear the chorus Of the (*Omit*) angels welcome song : }
 D. C. Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the (*Omit*) weary be at rest.

D. C.

Oh, I see the dawn is breaking, On the hill-tops of the blest,

2 Far away beyond the shadows
 Of this weary vale of tears,
 There the tide of bliss is sweeping
 Thro' the bright and changeless
 Oh, I long to be with Jesus, [years;
 In the mansions of the blest,
 "Where the wicked cease from
 troubling,
 And the weary be at rest."

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

I'M HAPPY.

341.

How happy is the pilgrim's lot ;
 I'm on my way to Zion ;
 How free from every anxious tho't,
 I'm on my journey home.

CHORUS.

I'm happy ! I'm happy !
 I'm on my way to Zion !
 I'm happy ! I'm happy !
 I'm on my journey home.

WE'RE GOING HOME.

488.

Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,—
 He, whom I fix my hopes upon ;
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way, till him I view,

CHORUS.

We're going home, we're going home,
 We're going home, to die no more ;
 To die no more, to die no more,
 We're going home, to die no more.

WE'VE A HOME OVER THERE.

T. C. O'KANE, by per. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. O, think of a home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of

light, Where the saints all im-mor-tal are fair, Are
o-ver there,

CHORUS.
robed in their garments of white o-ver there. O-ver there, over there, o-ver

there, o-ver there, O think of a home o-ver there, o-ver there; O-ver

there, o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of, a home o-ver there.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 O, think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God. Over there, over there, O think of the friends over there.</p> | <p>3 I'll soon be at home over there, For the end of my journey I see; Many dear to my heart over there, Are watching and waiting for me. Over there, over there, I'll soon be at home over there.</p> |
|---|--|

OVER THE RIVER I'M GOING.

1st time.

Solo. { 1. O - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, Beyond where the pearly gates stand ;
O - ver the cold i - cy bil - lows To [. . .] OMIT
Duet. { My Fa - ther has built me a mansion, And where there are treasures of gold ;
Yes, o - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, To [. . .] OMIT

D.C. And when we get safely to glo - ry, Oh

2nd time.

Fine. CHORUS.

live in a fair sun - ny land. O say shall we meet you all there, O
where there are pleasures un - told.

say shall we meet you all there.

D.C.

Solo. 2 Over the river I'm going ;
Oh, seek not to draw me aside !
See, for the boatman is waiting
To ferry me over the tide ;
Duet. My Saviour is there to receive me,
And shield me from suffering
and cold ;
Yes, over the river I'm going,
To where there are pleasures
untold. *Cho.*

say shall we meet you all there.

SWEET HOME.

1st.

2nd.

949.

1. { I would not live al - way, I ask not to stay,
Where storm af - ter storm ris - es dark o'er the [OMIT] way ;

1st.

2nd.

The few lu - rid morn - ings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's joys, full e - nough for its [OMIT] cheer.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Prepare me, dear Saviour, for heaven my home.

JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.

Arranged for this Work by HENRY TUCKER.

1. { Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly on - ward we move, Bound for the land of bright
An - gel - ic chor - is - ters sing as we come, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly

spir - its a - bove; } { Soon with our pilgrimage ended be - low, }
haste to your home; } { Home to the land of bright spirits we go; } Pilgrims and

strangers no more shall we roam, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest - ing at home.

2. Friends, fondly cherished have passed on before,—
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer us thro' deaths chilling gloom,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home:"
Sounds of sweet melody fall on the ear,
Harps of the blessed, your voices we hear;
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,—
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home."

3. Death with his weapons may soon lay us low,
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully will we go home:
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone;
Over the plains of blest Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully with Christ at home.

IT'S ALL GLORY.

901.

1. Here I'll raise mine Eb - en - e - zer, Hith - er by thy
And I hope by thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar
|1st. | 2nd. | CHORUS.

help I'm come; } Why its all glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le -
- rive at home. }

- lu - jah! We're go - ing where pleas - ures nev - er die.

THE ROLL CALL.

S *Fine*. CHORUS.

1. If you get there before I do, When the gen'ral roll is call'd we'll be there; } We'll be
 Look out for me, I'm coming too, When the gen'ral roll is call'd we'll be, etc. }

d. s. roll is call'd we'll be there.

2.

3. We're pressing on to Canaan's land, etc.
 We'll join the blood-wash'd pilgrim band, etc.

3.

4. there, we'll be there, When the gen'ral Then we'll go up the shining way, etc.
 We'll praise the Lord thro' endless day, etc.

4.

5. I'll join with those who've gone before, etc.
 Where sin and sorrow are no more, etc.

LOOKING HOME.

WM. B. B. by per.

1st. 2nd. *Fine*.

838.

1. Children of the heavenly King, On our way to Zi - on,
 As we journey let us sing, On our way to [OMIT.] Zi - on.
 D.C. Je - sus has pre-pared for me, In his Fa-ther's king-dom.

CHORUS. *D. C.*

Look - ing home, look - ing home, T'ward the heavenly man - sion ;

IN THAT BRIGHT WORLD ABOVE.

1st time. 2nd time.

153.

1. Hewho so patiently The crown of thorns did wear,
 He hath gone up on high, Our [.....OMIT.....] hope is with him there.

CHORUS.

In that bright world above, In that bright world above, Shout, Shout the victory,
 [We're on our journey home.

WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

1st. 2nd.

931.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye;
 To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my possess- [OMIT]-ions lie.

CHORUS.

We'll wait till Jesus comes, We'll wait till Jesus comes, We'll wait till Jesus comes,
 [And we'll be gathered home

HOMeward BOUND.

Arr. for this Work by HENRY TUCKER.

Fine.

1. { Out on an ocean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound,
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide. We're homeward bound, &c.

D.C. Promise of which on us each he bestowed, We're homeward bound, etc. *D.C.*

Far from the safe quiet harbor we've rode, Seeking our Father's celestial abode;

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it
We're homeward bound; [roars,
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly
We're homeward bound; [shores,
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we soon shall outweather the
gale,
O how we fly 'neath the loud creaking
We're homeward bound. [sail,

4 Into the harbor of heav'n now we glide,
We're home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last;
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore,
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

WE HAVE A HOME IN GLORY.

FINE. CHORUS.

D.C.

1 Oh! we're a band of brethren dear,
Who have a home in glory;
And Jesus tells us not to fear,
We have a home in glory.

2 A pilgrim and a stranger here,
I'll seek the home to pilgrims dear;

3 Come, all ye souls, by sin oppressed,—
Ye restless wanderers after rest,

4 Ye weary, heavy laden, come;
In that blest home, there still is room.

Cho.—Oh! glory, oh! glory,
There's room enough in Paradise
For all a home in glory.

HEAVEN, SWEET HEAVEN.

1st time.

1. When I can read my title clear, To mansions in the skies;
I'll bid fare-well to every fear, And [.....OMIT.....
D.C. How I long to be there, and its glories to share, And to.....

2nd time. FINE. CHORUS. *D.C.*

wipe my weeping eyes. Oh! heaven, sweet heaven! home of the blest;
lean on Je-sus' breast.

SWEEP ON.

Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. Beyond the smiling and the weeping, Beyond the waking and the

sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the reap - ing, I shall be soon.

CHORUS.

Sweep on, fair cha - ri - ot! Lord, tar - ry not! Swift, from the throne!

Bright angels come! Welcome! O, bid me come To my immortal home.

- 2 Beyond the blooming and the fading,
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon!—*Cho.*
- 3 Beyond the parting and the meeting,
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon!—*Cho.*
- 4 Beyond the frost chain and the fever,
Beyond the rock waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon!—*Cho.*

HEAVEN'S MY HOME.

1. My portion now is sought, Heav'n's my home, Heav'n's my home ;
 D. C. With Jesus' blood I'm bought, Heav'n's my home, Heav'n's my home ;
 2. I'll leave this house of clay, Heav'n's my home, Heav'n's my home ;
 D. C. I'd rise and soar a - way, Heav'n's my home, Heav'n's my home ;

FINE.

My portion now is sought, Heav'n's my home. Tho' poverty's my lot,
 With Jesus' blood I'm bought, Heav'n's my home. [say,
 I'll leave this house of clay, Heav'n's my home. O that ever'y one could
 I'd rise and soar a - way, Heav'n's my home.

D. C. 3.

And the fig-tree blossoms not,
 Should I die this very day,
 I'm in the narrow way, Heaven's, &c.
 I'll have a word to say,
 Singing, speaking, or I'll pray,
 O, what a charming lay, Heaven's, &c.

4.

How can I go astray, Heaven's, &c.
 Some time has passed away
 Since I first began to pray,
 I'm nearer home to-day, Heaven's, &c.

ROLL ON, SWEET MOMENTS.

961.

1. But we, frail sojourners below, The pilgrim heirs of guilt and wo ;
2. We seek a tabernacle where Our scatter'd souls may blend in pray'r.

CHORUS.

Roll on, roll on, sweet moments, roll on, And let these poor pilgrims go home, go home.

I WANT TO BE WITH JESUS.

Words by Miss GILL.

Musical score for 'I Want to Be with Jesus' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff. The music is a simple, hymn-like melody with accompaniment.

1 I want to be with Jesus,
 And with the angels stand,
 A crown upon my forehead,
 A harp within my hand ;
 There, just beside my Saviour,
 So glorious and so bright,
 I'd wake the sweetest music,
 And praise him day and night.

2 O then I'll not be weary,
 Nor ever shed a tear,
 Nor ever know a sorrow,
 Nor ever feel a fear ;
 But blessed, pure, and holy,
 I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
 And with ten thousand thousands
 Praise him both day and night

SING HALLELUJAH.

Musical score for 'Sing Hallelujah' in B-flat major, 4/4 time. It is a single line of music with a treble clef, featuring a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes.

942.

Jerusalem ! my happy home !
 Name ever dear to me !
 When shall my labors have an end,
 In joy, and peace in thee ?

CHORUS.

Then you'll sing hallelujah !
 And I'll sing hallelujah !
 And we'll all sing hallelujah !
 In that bright world above.

GLORY HALLELUJAH.

Musical score for 'Glory Hallelujah' in 3/4 time. It is a single line of music with a treble clef, featuring a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. A fermata is placed over the final note.

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.

798.

Vain are all terrestrial pleasures ;
 Mixed with dross the purest gold ;
 Seek we then for heav'nly treasures,-
 Treasures never waxing old.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory hallelujah !
 Tho' a stranger here I roam,
 I am on my way to Zion,
 I'm a pilgrim going home.

WELCOME TO GLORY.

Words by Mrs. P. PALMER.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. { O, when shall I sweep thro' the gates! The scenes of mortality o'er,
 { What then for my spirit awaits? Will they sing on the glorified shore?

CHORUS.

Welcome home! welcome home! A welcome in glory for

Welcome home! welcome home!

me; Welcome home! welcome home! A welcome for me!

Welcome home! welcome home! welcome home!

- 2 When from Calvary's mount I rise,
 And pass through the portals above,
 Will shouts, welcome home to the skies!
 Resound through the regions of love? *Cho*
- 3 Yes! loved ones who knew me below,
 Who learned the new song with me here,
 In chorus will hail me, I know,
 And welcome me home with good cheer! *Cho.*
- 4 The beautiful gates will unfold,
 The home of the blood-wash'd I'll see;
 The city of saints I'll behold!
 For, O! there's a welcome for me! *Cho.*
- 5 A sinner made whiter than snow,
 I'll join in the mighty acclaim,
 And shout through the gates as I go,
 Salvation to God and the Lamb. *Cho.*

THE PILGRIM'S HOME.

Rev. E. W. DUNBAR, arr.

932.

1. While thro' this world we roam, From in - fan - cy to age, Heav'n
 CHO. — There'll be no more sorrow there, There'll be no more sorrow there, in

is the Christian pilgrim's home, His rest at ev - ery stage.
 heav'n a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no more sorrow there.

2 Thither his soul ascends,
 Eternal joys to share ;
 Where his adoring spirit bends,
 While here he kneels in prayer. — *Cho.*

3 His freed affections rise,
 To fix on things above,
 Where all his hope of glory lies, —
 Where all is perfect love. — *Cho.*

WE ARE GOING.

CHORUS.

448. Jesus my all to heaven is gone,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way, till him I view.

CHO. — And we're going, yes, we're going,
 We're on our journey home.
 We're traveling to the new Jerusalem.

BETTER THAN ALL, JESUS IS THERE.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

Larghetto.

1 Beautiful land!—beautiful shore
Song of the loved landed before;
Beautiful throug', precious and dear!
Better than all, Jesus is there.

2 Beautiful throne! radiant dome!
Kingdom of kings—angelic home;
River of Life—limpid and fair!
Better than all, Jesus is there.

3 Beautiful crowns beaming with life!
Palms for the brave, conq'ring in strife;
Beautiful robes—sanctified wear;
Better than all, Jesus is there.

4 Beautiful realms! golden decked plains!
City of saints ever remains;
Beautiful homes—mansions so rare!
Better than all, Jesus is there.

'TIS WITH THE RIGHTEOUS WELL.

Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1 On every sunny mount
In every gloomy dell,
How deep soe'er is sorrow's fount,
||: 'Tis with the righteous well. :||

2 Though clouds of doubt appear,
Temptations billows swell,
Above the roar a voice! O hear!
||: 'Tis with the righteous well. :||

3 What words of joy abound,
Their sweetness who can tell!
In life, in death, wherever found
||: 'Tis with the righteous well. :||

4 And when our race is run,
And hushed the solemn knell,
Within the gates, around the throne,
||: 'Tis with the righteous well. :||

WAITING BY THE RIVER SIDE.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. { Just waiting by the riv-er side, Till storms of life are sped; }
 { Just waiting till death's rolling tide By tempest driv'n is fled; }

High, on th' eter - nal Rock I stand ! Faith's vision sweeping o'er,

To range a-long yon golden strand—The blissful beaming shore.

- 2 Just waiting, till earth's shadows fly,—
 Till cloudless—hill and dale ;
 Just waiting death's last heavy sigh !—
 And dropped the fleshly veil :
 Elijah-like, I fain would soar
 Beyond death's misty plain,
 But, as my Saviour passed before
 Through death ! I'll count it gain.
- 3 Just waiting, till th' angelic host
 Come flying from the throne ;—
 Till flaming chariots strike the coast,
 And Jesus calls his own ;
 Till sweetest voices greet my ear,
 Of dear ones landed there ;
 O ! smiling group ! how fond ! Your dear
 Embraces let me share.

MY FATHERLAND.

J. R. THOMAS. By permission of Wm. HALL & SON.

1st time.

2d time. CHORUS.

- 1 There's a beautiful place where my fondest hopes are stayed,
 My heart and my treasure are there,
 Where verdure and blossoms will never, never fade,
 And fields are eternally fair.

CHO.—That blissful place is my dear Fatherland,
 By faith its delights I explore;
 But sweeter, dearer, dearer is the land,
 That leads me in peace to the shore.

- 2 There's a beautiful place where the holy angels dwell,
 A pure and a peaceful abode,
 Of the joys of that place no mortal tongue can tell,
 For there is the palace of God. *Cho.*
- 2 There is a place where our loving friends are gone,
 Who suffered and worshipped with me,
 Now gladly join in the angels happy song,
 The King in His beauty they see. *Cho.*
- 4 There is a place where I trust I too may live,
 When life and its labors are o'er,
 A place which our Lord to the faithful will give,
 And then I shall sorrow no more. *Cho.*

MY CLOSING DAY.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. My day on earth will soon be past, Be-hold! the sha-dows

lengthen fast! 'Mid earth-ly hopes in twinkling ray;—In
D. S.—Then haste the night-shades passing by; To

twi - light of a clos - ing day. But 'tis not all of
Canaan death will bring us nigh.

day be - low; There is a day of bright-er glow!

| | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 The night-bird song begins to sing,— The scenes of nature on the wing,— The death-dark mantle spreading wide, Shall earthly beauty ever hide.</p> | <p>3 Then let my earth-born shadows fly,— My spirit soar to realms on high; Transcending worlds, to break the day Of endless life! O fly away!</p> |
|--|--|

ARE WE ALMOST THERE?

Words partly by A. C.

Arranged for this Work.

1. Are we almost there? are we almost there? Says the dying saint, while in
 2. Now his eye is fixed on the world to come, He has walk'd by faith thro' this
 3. He no longer looks at the joys of earth.—At the boasted trophies man

whisper'd pray'r. Those stately forms! are they trees that rear Near the river
 (of life,
 vale of care; And oft inquires, as he draws near home, With a longing heart,
 doth rear; Nor feels a charm from the halls of mirth, But inquires for heav'n,

are we almost there?
 are we almost there?
 are we almost there?

4 For he's had an earnest of heavenly joys,
 Which the sons of God alone can share;
 Turns languid eyes, from his earthly toys,
 When again he asks, are we almost there?
 5 Still he waits to hear th'archangel's voice,
 Bid him meet his Saviour in the air!
 The day-star dawns! he may now rejoice!
 While the full orb'd Sun lights him on till
 [there!]

WE'LL CROSS OVER THE RIVER OF DEATH.

CHORUS.

PILGRIMS CROSSING.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. Passing thro' Jordans waves! Hither they come! Crossing where Jesus saves!
 2. Watch ye the mountain pass! See where they've trod! Robed in the righ-
 [teousness,

(they
 Cong'ring the tomb—Angels and ransomed ones, Hail happy throng! Here,
 Of Jesus' blood! Striking the rising tide!—Parting the flood!—Walking

CHO. Pilgrims and wanderers, No more they roam; Ever

3
 Lo! mid the shining host,
 Nearing the shore!
 Beam forms, we cherished
 sing, welcomes ring! 'Tis the new song! most
 dry,— see they fly! Trusting in God! In days of yore;
 Rising the golden strand!—
 Winged! now they soar,
 Shouting hail! all is well!
 For evermore.
 free! they shall be,—Resting at home.

WE'LL CROSS OVER THE RIVER. Concluded.

1076.

How sweet the hour of closing day,
 Happy, O happy!
 When all is peaceful and serene,
 Happy in the Lord!

CHO.—We'll cross over the river of death,
 Happy, O happy!
 We'll cross over the river of death,
 Happy in the Lord!

LET ME GO!

Words by Rev. L. H.

Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH, by per.

1. Let me go where saints are go-ing, To the mansions of the blest;

Let me go where my Re-deemer Has prepared his people's rest.
D. S. I would join the friends that wait me O - ver on the other shore.

Bear me o - ver an-gel pinions, Longs my soul to be a - way.

D. S.
I would gain the realms of brightness, Where they dwell forevermore;

CHO.—*Let me go, 'tis Je-sus calls me, Let me gain the realms of day;*

2.

Let me go where none are weary,
Where is raised no wail of woe;

1 Let me go, and bathe my spirit
In the raptures angels know;

Let me go, for bliss eternal
Lures my soul away, away;
And the victor's song triumphant
Thrills my heart,—I cannot stay.

Cho.

3.

Let me go,—why should I tarry?
What has earth to bind me here?
What, but cares and toils and sorrows?
What, but death and pain and fear?

Let me go, for hopes most cherish'd
Blasted round me often lie,
O! I've gathered brightest flowers
But to see them fade away.

Cho.

4.

Let me go where tears and sighing
Are forever more unknown,
Where the joyous songs of glory
Call me to a happier home.

Let me go—I'd cease this dying,
I would gain life's fairer plains,
Let me join the myriad harpers,
Let me chant their rapturous
strains.—*Cho.*

DYING CHRISTIAN.

Arranged by HENRY TUCKER.

1. } My soul's full of glory! Inspiring my tongue ; }
 } Could I meet with angels ; I'd sing them a song ; } I'd sing of my

my Saviour, And tell of his charms ; And beg them to bear me to his loving
 [arms.]

2 Methinks they're descending to hear what I sing ;
 Well pleased, to hear mortals, while praising their King ;
 O angels ! O angels ! my soul's in a flame !
 I faint in sweet rapture, at Jesus' name.—*Cho.*

3 O Jesus ! O Jesus ! thou balm of my soul ;
 'Twas thou, my dear Saviour, that made my heart whole ;
 O ! bring me to view thee, thou glorious King !
 In regions of glory, thy praises to sing.—*Cho.*

WEEP NO MORE.

CHORUS.

938.

CHORUS.

Who in Jesus confide,
 We are bold to outride
 The storms of affliction beneath
 With the prophet we soar
 To the heavenly shore,
 And outfly all the arrows of death.

Weep no more, oh my friends,
 Weep no more for me ;
 Though we part for a while,
 We shall soon meet again,
 We shall soon meet again,
 Fare you well.

PEACEFULLY SLEEP.

Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. Peacefully lay her down to rest, Place the turf kindly

on her breast; Sweet is the slumber beneath the sod, While the pure

CHORUS.

soul is resting with God. Peaceful-ly sleep, peaceful-ly

sleep, Oh sleep till that morn - ing, Peace - ful - ly sleep.

- 2 Close to her lone and narrow house,
Gracefully wave, ye willow boughs;
Flowers of the wildwood, your odors shed
Over the holy beautiful dead. *Cho.*
- 3 Quietly sleep, beloved one,
Rest from thy toil—thy labor done;
Rest till the trump from the opening skies
Bid thee from dust to glory arise. *Cho.*

OUR EXIT.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1st Ending.

1. { Thro' grace we'll land in glory too; Our friends have gone before, }
 { They're watching all who're coming now, [Omit.] }

CHORUS. *pp p* *f*

And waiting by the shore. By the shore! by the shore! Lo! see they're

waiting! They're watching all who're coming now, And waiting by the shore.

- 2 We'll soar beyond earth's misty scene,
 To realms where angels dwell;
 They come to make the storm serene,
 While Jordan's billows swell.

CHO.—Billows swell! billows!

Lo! see, they're coming! They come, &c.

- 3 We'll leave this crumbling house of clay,
 For mansions 'round the throne;
 See Jesus ope the gates of day!
 The King of Glory's come!

CHO.—See, he comes! see, he comes!

Lo! see, he's coming! See, Jesus, &c.

- 4 O hear! he bids us enter in,
 And be forever blest;
 With thronging saints, who glory win,
 And share his sweetest rest.

CHO.—Sweetest rest! sweetest rest!

Lo! come and welcome? With thronging, &c.

THROUGH THE PORTALS, SWEEPING THROUGH.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. Passing dreamy symbol shades, Phantoms thronging life pursue, Till my
2. Longing for her native skies, Hast'ning heaven's image true, Till the

CHORUS,

soul in death evades, Thro' the portals sweeping thro'. I am sweeping!
exile spirit flies, Thro' the portals sweeping thro'.

f *pp* Sweeping

I am sweeping! I am sweeping thro'—Thro' the portals, sweeping thro'.

thro', Sweeping thro',

- 3 Friendships sundered often here
Truest Friend shall there renew;
Love embracing—shall revere,
Through the portals,—sweeping through.—*Cho.*
- 4 Falt'ring voices silent long,
Swell their happy strains anew,—
Ming'ling with the white robed throng
Through the portals,—sweeping through.—*Cho.*
- 5 Ling'ring moments swiftly roll:
Soaring paths ethereal, blue,
Gates are lifted! haste my soul
Through the portals,—sweeping through.—*Cho.*
- 6 Treasures, pleasures, shadows flee;
Dearest friends of earth adieu!
Jesus, mansions, friends I see
Through the portals,—sweeping through.—*Cho.*

ALL'S WELL.

C. DINGLEY.

1. { What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame? Is it death?
That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame? Is it death?

Is it death? }
Is it death? } If this be death I soon shall be From ev'ry pain and

sorrow free, I shall the King of glory see, All is well, all is well.

2 Weep not, my friends, my friends, weep not for me,

All is well, all is well ;

My sins are pardoned, pardoned, I am free,

All is well, all is well.

There's not a cloud that doth arise

To hide my Saviour from my eyes,

I soon shall mount the upper skies,

All is well, all is well.

3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints in glory

All is well, all is well ;

I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story,

All is well, all is well.

Bright angels are from glory come,

They're round my bed, they're in my room,

They wait to waft my spirit home,

All is well, all is well.

SOON THE BEAUTIFUL MORN.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON GOONS.

1. My toils are al - most o'er, My rest e'en now is be - gun ; My

wea - ry limbs no more, Need wait the de - clin - ing sun.

CHORUS.

For, soon the beautiful morn ! When Jesus my Saviour will come !

He'll break the bars of the tomb ! And bid us with angels come home.

2 My Lord, 'mid silent hours, —
 While, waiting the glorious dawn,
 Shall wake my immortal powers.
 To rise the eternal morn.

WITH MY EYES MY SAVIOUR SEE.

Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. My life's a shade, my days, A - pace to death de - cline ;

My Lord is life, he'll raise My dust a - gain, e'en mine.

CHORUS.

Sweet truth to me, I shall arise, And with mine eyes, my Saviour see !

2 My peaceful grave, shall keep
 My bones till that sweet day,
 I wake from my long sleep ;
 And leave my bed of clay.

Then welcome ! harmless grave ;
 By thee to heav'n I'll go :
 My Lord through grace shall save
 Me from the flames below.

WE'LL ALL RISE TOGETHER IN THAT MORNING.

Arranged expressly for this Work by A. C. and H. T.

1. And our fathers, they'll be there, Palms of vict'ry they shall bear!
2. And our mothers, they'll be there, Crowns of glory they shall wear!

And we'll all rise to - geth - er in that morn - ing.
And we'll all rise to - geth - er, &c.

CHORUS.

O! that morn - ing! that beau - ti - ful morning! And we'll

all rise to - geth - er in that morn - ing,

- 3 And our children, they'll be there,
Robes of shining white to share.—And we'll, &c.
4 And our brethren, they'll be there,
To their mansions they'll repair.—And we'll, &c.
5 And our sisters, they'll be there,
Greeting loved ones everywhere.—And we'll, &c.
6 All the blood-washed we'll meet there,
Radiant glory'll round us glare.—And we'll, &c.

THE ETERNAL MORNING.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. O how bright th'eternal morning! When my Lord descends the skies!

Bursting glory ekes the dawning! Light of life to immortal eyes!

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| 2 Wake ye slumb'ring saints of ages! | Singing 'long the graves before thee! |
| Hear your Saviour call, arise! | Waiting chariots from above. |
| This your day foretold by sages, | 4 Take your flight on wings of angels! |
| See! all heaven before you lies. | Soar the skies to Jesus' throne; |
| 3 Look around! see friends from glory | See! he smiles! his love ne'er changes! |
| Radiate bright beams of love! | He approves, who's Judge alone. |

WE'LL MARCH AROUND JERUSALEM.

CHORUS.

949.

1 { There saints of all a - ges, in har - mony meet, } And we'll
 { Their Saviour, and brethren transport - ed to greet. }

march around Je - ru - sa - lem, We'll march around Je - ru - sa - lem,

We'll march around Je - ru - sa - lem, When we ar - rive at home.

JESUS COMES.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. O! the rapturous vision see! Jesus comes! see, he comes! Full of
2. As from ancient Bozrah trod, Jesus comes! see, he comes! Dyed his

love and sympathy; See, he comes! Behold his wide embrace, Boundless
garments—Eden's God; See, he comes! With mightiest strength he runs,—
[Loving

as his throne of grace,—Glory beaming in his face; See, he comes!
Father toward his sons, Hastes to rescue wandering ones, See, he comes!

3 To the Father he ascends;
Jesus comes! see, he comes!
While the temple vail he rends;
See, he comes!
There at the throne he pleads,—
E'en with groanings intercedes;
Still the world his Spirit needs,
See, he comes;

4 Lo! the glad eternal morn!
Jesus comes! see, he comes!
Dawning light the hills adorn;
See, he comes!
Break loose your bars, ye graves;
Yield your trophies ceaseless waves;
Death is vanquished! Jesus saves;
See, he comes!

5 Flaming glory—bursts the cloud!
Jesus comes! see, he comes!
'Mid the bright angelic crowd!
See, he comes!
On, toward his great white throne,
Reapers haste the harvest home;
Jesus now is Judge alone,
See, he comes!

6 While the saints in glory gaze,
Jesus comes! see, he comes!
Flying through the cloudy maze,
See, he comes!
Ye gates, lift up anew!
Ye throngs their glorious King pursue,
Lo! with myriads sweeping thro'
See, he comes!

WHAT SOUND IS THIS.

Arranged

1. What sound is this salutes my ear! 'Tis Gabriel's trump, methinks, I hear;

'Tis Gabriel's trump, methinks, I hear; Th' expected day has come:
 d. s. Proclaim the year of jn - bi - lee, Return, ye ex - iles, home.

Behold the heav'ns, the earth, the sea! Proclaim the year of ju-bi-lee,

2 Fly, ling'ring moments fly! O fly! Soon shall I quit this house of clay,
 ||: I thirst, I pant, I long to try, :|| ||: Clap my glad wings and soar
 Angelic joys to prove; away, :||
 And shout redeeming love.

THE JUDGMENT DAY IS ROLLING ROUND.

END. CHORUS. D. S.

1106.

And must I be to judgment brought,
 And answer in that day,
 For every vain and idle thought,
 And every word I say!

CHORUS.

The judgment day is rolling round!
 The judgment day is rolling round!
 The judgment day is rolling round!
 Prepare to meet thy God.

THERE WILL BE MOURNING.

Arranged for this Work.

1. Parents and children there will part, Parents and children

there will part, Parents and children there will part; Will

CHORUS.

part to meet no more! O there will be mourning! mourning, mourning,

mourning! O! there will be mourning At the judgment seat of Christ.

- 2 Wives and husbands there will part, :|| Will part to meet no more.
- 3 Brothers and sisters there will part, :|| Will part, &c.
- 4 Friends and neighbors there will part, :|| Will part, &c.
- 5 Pastors and people there will part, :|| Will part, &c.
- 6 Teachers and children there will part, :|| Will part, &c.
- 7 Saints and angels there will meet, :|| Will meet, &c.

GOD'S JEWELS.

Arranged from the German for this Work by HENRY TUCKER.

1. When thou shalt make thy jewels up, And set thy starry crown ;
 2. May we a lit - tle band of love, Poor sinners saved by grace ;

When all thy gems, O Lord, shall shine, Proclaim'd by thee thine own.
 From glo - ry un - to glory changed, Behold thee face to face.

WE ARE PASSING AWAY.

SOLO.

1105. [near ;
 He comes! he comes! the Judge severe! The seventh trumpet speaks him }
 His lightnings flash! his thunders roll! How welcome to the faithful soul. }

CHORUS.

| | | |
|------|------|------|
| 1st. | 2nd. | End. |
|------|------|------|

We are passing a - way, we are passing a - way, }
 We are passing a - way, to the great judg - - - } ment day.

"YE BLESSED, ENTER IN."

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. { How dear to hear my Saviour say, "Ye blood-wash'd freed from sin, }
 { To mansions fair, I am the way; Ye blessed, en-ter in." }

CHORUS.

"Ye blessed of my Father, come," Your crown and kingdom win;

For all the faith-ful there is room, "Ye blessed, en-ter in."

- 2 "Well done," he sweetly whispers now;
 'E'en thou hast faithful been';
 Through sorrow borne on Calvary's brow;
 "Ye blessed, enter in."
- 3 'With courage true life's battle fought,—
 Your triumphs now begin;
 With precious blood your souls are bought;
 "Ye blessed, enter in."
- 4 'Few though your labors while on earth—
 Your heirship still is seen;
 Through faith in me your princely birth;
 "Ye blessed, enter in."

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. { Beau-ti-ful Zi - on, o - pen to me,— Land where the dutiful
 { Song of the prophets, who worshiped God; Thither the pilgrims of
 D. C. May I not join the rapturous song, With the blest companies

1st time. D.C. 2d time. FINE.

ev - er shall be, . . .
 a - ges (Omit) have trod . . . } Beauti - ful sunshine.
 on - ly just gone, . . . just gone, . . .

gilding the shore;—Beaming from Jesus—"The Light" evermore;

2 Beautiful Zion open to me!
 Widen your portals, my Saviour I'd see!
 Angels and loved ones 'round the bright throne;
 All the bright myriads forever are one:
 Beautiful mansions, open your doors!
 Which of the thousands on glory clad shores
 Is the one Jesus fitted for me!
 ||: Or is its beauty as faithful I be? :||

3 Beautiful Zion, open to me!
 Pearly gates open, I've Jesus my plea;
 Hail! happy blood-washed robed in pure white!
 Now in the city transparent and bright!
 Beautiful river! flows by the throne,—
 Wonderful music! it is the "New Song!"—
 Leaves for the nations rust'ling life's tree!
 ||: All is awaiting the faithful and free. :||

REST FOR THE WEARY.

Arranged for this Work.

1. In the Christians home in glory, There remains a land of rest ;

There my Saviour's gone before me, To ful - fill my soul's request :

CHORUS.

{ There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,
 { On the other side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of E - den,

There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you.
 Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
 Which eternally shall stand :
 For my stay shall not be transient,
 In that holy happy land. *Cho.*

3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter
 Grief nor woe my lot shall share ;
 But in that celestial centre,
 I a crown of life shall wear. *Cho.*

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished.
 And his sting shall be withdrawn ;
 Shout for gladness, O, ye ransomed,
 Hail with joy the rising morn. *Cho.*

5 Sing, O, sing, ye heirs of glory ;
 Shout your triumph as you go ;
 Zion's gate will open for you,
 You shall find an entrance through.
Cho.

THEY ARE BLEST OVER THERE.

Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. They have reached the sun-ny shore, And will nev-er hunger more,
 2. Now they feel no chill-ing blast, For their winter-time is past,

All their griefs and pains are o'er, O - ver there ; And they
 And their summers al-ways last, O - ver there ; They can

need no lamp by night, For the day is always bright, And their
 nev - er know a fear, For the Saviour's always near, And with

3.
 They have fought the weary fight ;
 Jesus saved them by his might ;
 Now they dwell with him in light,
 Saviour is their light, Over there.
 them is endless cheer, Over there.
 Over there :
 Soon we'll reach the shining strand,
 But we'll wait our Lord's command,
 Till we see his beck'ning hand,
 Over there.

NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

HENRY TUCKER, by per.

1. No night shall be in heaven, no gath'ring gloom Shall o'er that glorious

landscape ever come; No tears shall fall in sadness on those
D. C. Our earth-born tears forev - er wiped a -

flowers, That breathe their fragrance through celestial bowers.
way, We gaze un - daz - zled on e - ter - nal day.

FINE.

No night shall be in heaven—for-bid to sleep; These eyes no

NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN. Concluded.

more their mournful vigils keep, Their fountains dried, their tears all

wiped a - way; They gaze un-daz-zled on e - ter - nal day ;

CHORUS. D. C. f

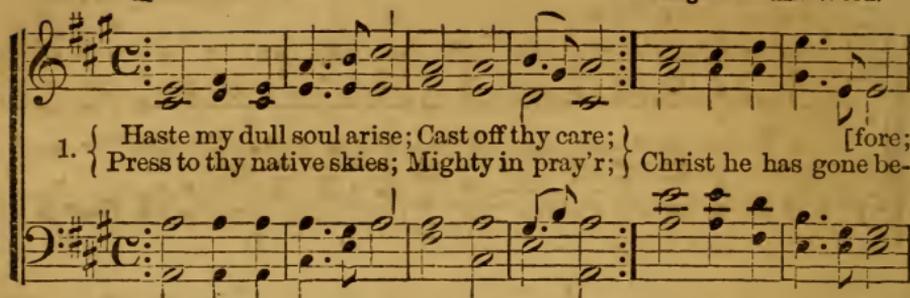
No night shall be in heaven above, How bright the radiance of his love.

No night shall be in heaven above,

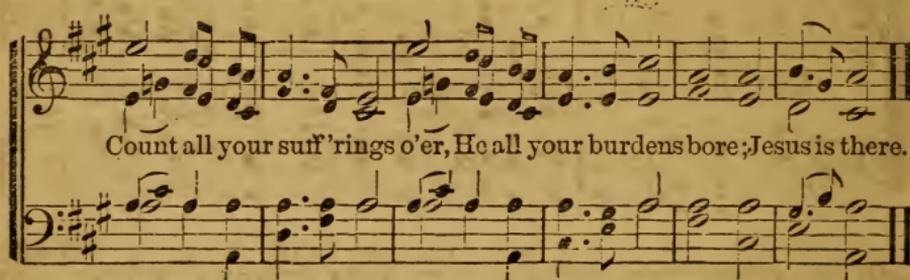
- 2 No night shall be in heaven, no sorrow reign, ,
 No secret anguish, no corporeal pain,
 No shivering limbs, no burning fevers there,
 No souls eclipse, no winter of despair.
 No night shall be in heaven—but endless noon—
 No fast declining sun, no waning moon ;
 But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual life
 'Mid pastures green and waters ever bright—*Cho.*
- 3 No night shall be in heaven—no darkened room,
 No bed of death nor silence of the tomb,
 But breezes ever fresh with love and truth
 Shall nerve the frame with an immortal youth.
 No night shall be in heaven, oh, had I faith
 To rest in what the faithful Witness saith,
 That faith shall make these hideous phantoms flee,
 And leave no night henceforth on earth to me.—*Cho.*

JESUS IS THERE

Arranged for this Work.



1. { Haste my dull soul arise; Cast off thy care; } [fore;
 { Press to thy native skies; Mighty in pray'r; } Christ he has gone be-

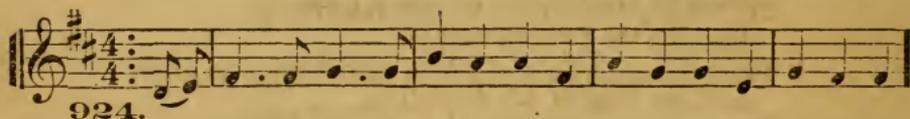


Count all your suff'rings o'er, He all your burdens bore; Jesus is there.

2 Souls for the marriage feast, —
 Robed and prepared ;
 Holy must be each guest ;
 Jesus is there !
 Saints bear victorious palms ; —
 Chant your celestial psalms ; —
 Bride of the Lamb, thy charms
 O let us share.

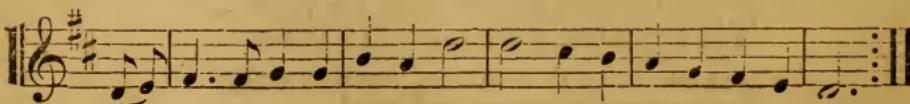
3 Heaven's bliss is perfect pure —
 Jesus is there ;
 Heaven's bliss is ever sure,
 Thou art its heir ;
 What makes its hymns so sweet ?
 What makes its joys complete ?
 There we our friends shall meet,
 Jesus is there.

ABOVE THE REST THIS NOTE SHALL SWELL.



924.

Soon shall I learn th'exalted strains, Which echo thro' the heav'nly plains;
 CHO. And above the rest this note shall swell, This note shall swell, this
 [note shall swell,



And emulate with joy unknown The glowing seraphs 'round the throne.
 And above the rest this note shall swell, My Jesus has done all things well.

HOME OF THE SOUL.

Miss E. M. GATES.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

Moderato and affettuoso.

1. I will sing you a song of that beauti - ful land, The far a - way

home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
Where no, &c.

While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll. . . . While the years of eternity roll.

- 2 O, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright Jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the vale intervenes
Between the fair city and me.
- 3 There the great trees of life in their beauty do grow,
And the river of life floweth by,
For no death ever enters that city you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.
- 4 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands ;
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.
- 5 O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain !
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

SING THE SONG OF REDEMPTION.

Arr. by Rev. A. COONS.

1. In the far bet-ter land of his glo-ry and light, All the

ransomed are sing-ing in garments of white; The harpers are

playing; and all the bright train, Sing the Song of Redemption—the

Lamb that was slain, Sing the Song of Redemption—the Lamb that was [slain.]

- 2 Like the sound of the sea swells the chorus of praise,
 Round the star circled crown of the Ancient of Days;
 And thrones and dominions re-echo the strain
 :: Of his glory eternal—the Lamb that was slain. ::
- 3 Precious Saviour! may we with our voices so faint,
 Sing the chorus celestial with angel and saint?
 Yes! yes! we will sing, and thine ear we will gain,
 :: With the Song of Redemption—the Lamb that was slain. ::
- 3 Now, dear brethren, and sisters, and friends, all unite,
 In the loud Hallelujahs of loved ones in light;
 To Jesus we'll sing that melodious strain,
 :: Sing the Song of Redemption—the Lamb that was slain. ::

AROUND THE THRONE.

Arranged expressly for this Work.

1. Around the throne of God in Heav'n, Thousands of lov'd ones stand ! Of

souls whose sins are all for-given, A ho - ly hap - py band

CHORUS.

Singing Glo-ry !! Glo-ry !! Glo-ry be to God on high.

- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white.
See every one arrayed ;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.—*Cho.*
- 3 What brought them to that world above—
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love ?
How came those loved ones there?—*Cho.*
- 4 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin :
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean.—*Cho*
- 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace
On earth they loved his name ;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.—*Cho.*

THE HAPPY HOME.

By per.
WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { I am bound for the land of the liv - ing. O hinder me not on my way ;
The flowers that bloom in my pathway Breathe odors that waft me right on ;

The sunlight is bright'ning before me, That heralds e - ter - ni - ty's day.
They lure me no long - er to tar - ry, But welcome earth's time to be gone. }

ff REFRAIN. *Joyfully.*

There's a happy home beyond this world of care ; A home above where all is love,

And the good shall all meet there ; A home above, where all is love, And the

Coda for last stanza.

good shall all meet there, Shall all meet there, shall all meet there.

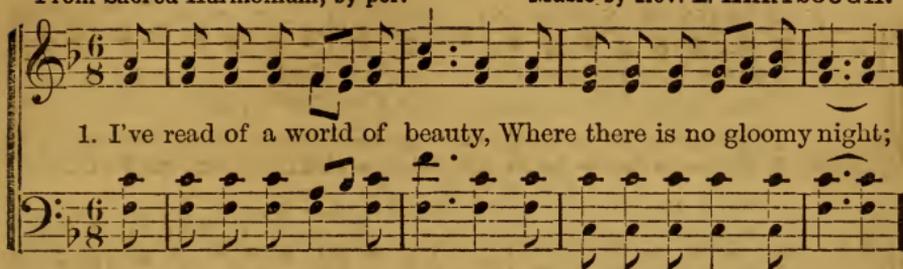
2 I am waiting the summons that bids me
No longer a pilgrim to roam,
But, leaving the past in this death-land,
Make the land of the living my home.
The messenger-angel stands waiting,
The signal to whisper to me,
That the place is prepared for my
dwelling,
And the Master is calling for me. *Ref.*

3 The land of the living is yonder ;
There life to its fulness has grown :
There sin, and temptation, and sorrow,
And sickness, and death, are unknown.
There the songs of redemption are
chanted,
By a holy, harmonious band ;
O, when shall I leave this clay casket,
And fly to my home in that land? *Ref.*

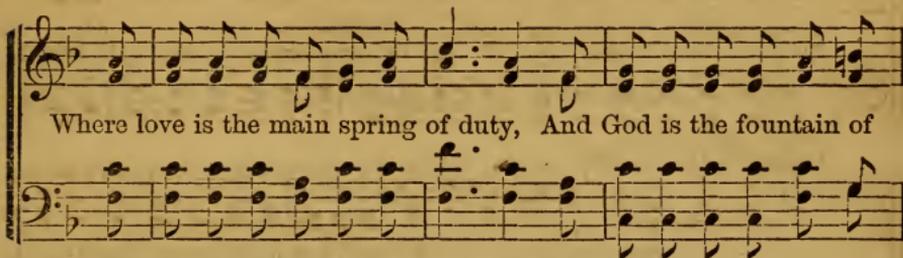
WORLD OF BEAUTY.

From Sacred Harmonium, by per.

Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

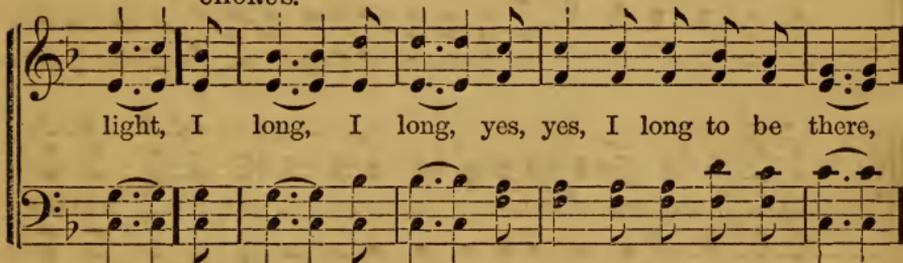


1. I've read of a world of beauty, Where there is no gloomy night;

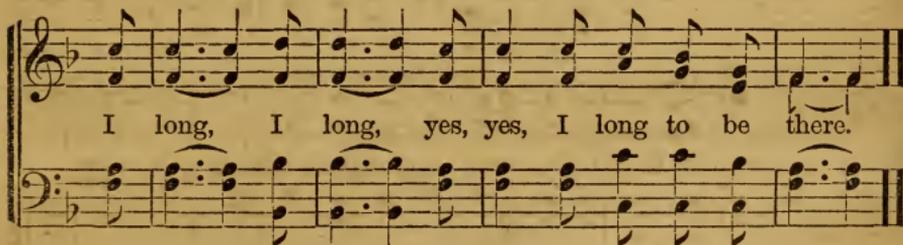


Where love is the main spring of duty, And God is the fountain of

CHORUS.



light, I long, I long, yes, yes, I long to be there,



I long, I long, yes, yes, I long to be there.

- 2 I've read of its flowing river
That bursts from beneath the throne,
And beautiful trees that ever
Are found on its banks alone.
- 3 I've read there is room for the weary
Who walk with the Saviour here;
No matter how sad or how dreary
Is their pathway with sorrow and fear.

WHAT MUST IT BE TO BE THERE!

Arranged expressly for this Work.

1. { We speak of the realms of the blest, Of that country so
And oft are its glo-ries con-fessed: But what must it
D. C. Of its wonders and pleasures un - told: But what must it

1st. 2d. FINE.
bright and so fair ; }
(OMIT - - -) } be to be there! We speak of its pathways of
(OMIT - - -) } be to be there!

gold, Of its walls decked with jewels so rare, Of its

D. C.
wonders and pleasures untold: But what must it be to be there!

- 2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there!
We speak of its service of love,—
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the first-born above,—
But what must it be to be there!
- 3 Then, Saviour, 'mid gladness or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly, if faithful, we'll know,
And feel, what it is to be there:
We'll all the bright goldenfields range,
And rise glory summits that glare!
Clustered angels and saints, beauteous
strange!
But best of all, Jesus is there.

ALL IS BEAUTIFUL THERE.

Words and Music by JAMES PRICE, by per.

1. } There's a beautiful land a - bove, Where glorified angels do
 The saints in that beautiful land Are free from sorrow and
 2. } In that beautiful land a - bove, Are meadows of beautiful
 How sweetly, how sweetly they sing, Could we the music com-

dwel ; That beau-ti - ful, beauti - ful heaven of love, Its
 care ; They've crowns on their foreheads, and harps in their hands, And
 green, Where songs of the glo-ri - fied Christians u - nite, And
 pare, In 'anthems of rapture to Je - sus their King, All,

D. S. There's many a beau-ti - ful mansion a - bove, And
 FINE. CHORUS.

glories no tongue can tell. }
 all is beautiful there. } All is beauti-ful there,.....
 float thro' the air se - rene. }
 all is beautiful there. } All is beauti-ful, beautiful there,
 all is beauti-ful there. All is beautiful there,

D. S. 3 O that beautiful land above,
 For all who love Jesus, is free ;
 Its beautiful, beautiful bright
 pearly gates
 All is beauti-ful there ;..... Are open for you and for me.
 Then let us be watchful and pray,
 Our Saviour bids us prepare
 To go to that beautiful, beautiful
 land,
 All is beautiful there. For all is beautiful there. Cho.

WELCOME, WELCOME HOME.

Words by Rev. W. KENNEY.

Music by S. C. FOSTER.

1. Oh! here I'm sad and weary—far, far from home, My path is lone and

dreary—a pilgrim here I roam; But 'tis my Saviour calls—and it

makes my heart re-joyce, As I catch the soft-est whisper of that

dear familiar voice: Breathing music on my ear—sounding sweetly

thro' the gloom, Oh! it bids the weary pilgrim, welcome, welcome home.

"WE SHALL MEET."

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. Onward toward the land of glory! 'Mid the death shades sweeping o'er me;
 2. Onward still my Lord confessing, By the cross the crown possessing,—
 3. Onward beauteous shores we're nearing, Toward their beacon radiance [steering,

Tempests long repeat the story,— Landed soon on yonder shore;
 Striving for the mansion blessing, Where with Jesus friends reside;
 Dashing billows never fearing, Swift the voyage we'll pursue,

Where the dear ones gone before me, We shall meet and weep no more.
 There in love their souls carressing, We shall meet whate'er betide.
 Till with Je - sus there appearing, We shall meet our friends anew.

WELCOME, WELCOME HOME. Concluded.

- 1 O how I long to greet them—the friends gone before,
 Soon, soon I'll go to meet them on Canaan's happy shore,
 They watch me as I come, and I hear their blissful song
 As they in thrilling numbers still the joyous notes prolong,
 Making music to my ears, sounding sweetly through the gloom,
 Oh! they bid the weary pilgrim, welcome, welcome home!
- 2 What, though the days be dreary, and long be my stay,
 Though still my soul be weary and pant to soar away,
 I wait my Saviour's call, for it soon will greet my ear,
 Then I'll join my friends and kindred who no longer suffer here,
 For I hear their joyous song, sounding sweetly thro' the gloom,
 Oh! it bids the weary pilgrim, welcome, welcome home.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

Cheerful.

1. Shall we gather at the riv-er, Where bright angel feet have trod ;
2. On the margin of the riv-er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray,

With its crys-tal tide for-ev-er Flowing by the throne of God ?
We will walk and worship ev-er, All the hap-py, gold-en day.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the riv-er, The beautiful, the beautiful riv-er,

Gather with the saints at the riv-er That flows by the throne of God.

3 On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour-king we own,
We shall meet, and sorrow never,
'Neath the glory of the throne.

Cho.

4 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down ;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

Cho.

5 At the smiling of the river,
Rippling with the Saviour's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.

Cho.

6 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease ;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

Cho.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Words by S. L. CUTHBERT.

Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. { We dwell this side of Jordan's stream, Yet oft there comes a
While vis-ions of a ho - ly throng, And sounds of harp and

shining beam A cross from yonder shore, — A cross from yonder shore;
seraph song seem gently waft-ed o'er, Seem gently wafted o'er.

CHORUS.

O! Zi - on cit - y fair! O Zi - on cit - y fair! The

oth-er side, the other side, When shall we meet our loved ones there.

2.

The other side! O charming sight!
Upon its banks arrayed in white,
::: For me a loved one waits, :::
Over the stream he calls to me,
Fear not, I am thy guide to be
::: Up to the pearly gates. :::

3.

The other side! the other side,
Who would not leave the swelling tide
::: Of earthly toil and care, :::
To wake one day when life is past,
Over the stream at home, at last
::: With all the blest ones there. :::

BEAUTIFUL OVER THERE.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful land o-ver there, father, Where raiment, and

man- na cost no toil; All thy household are safe, landed where,
D. S. Hear the sweet thrilling tones of his voice,

FINE. CHORUS.

father, Thy death-foes can never re-vile: Then in rap-turous song
father! His an-gels will car-ry us o'er.

D. S.

we'll re-joice, fa-ther; See Je-sus beck-on on the shore!

- 2 There's a beautiful home over there, mother,
Where suff'rings and sorrows are no more;
With thy children 'tis well without care, mother,
Once gathered on yon happy shore:
Cho.—Then in rapturous song we'll rejoice, mother, &c.
- 3 There's a beautiful coast over there, brother,
Where bleak winds and tempests never roar;
With the sainted and angels we'll share, brother,
A home on the evergreen shore.
Cho.—Then in rapturous song we'll rejoice, brother, &c.
- 4 There's a beautiful lawn over there, sister,
Where shadows and death becloud no more;
There with loved ones we cherished so rare, sister,
We'll chant all our victories o'er.
Cho.—Then in rapturous song we'll rejoice, sister, &c.

JUST BEYOND.

Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE, by per.

First Voice.

1. Hear you ev - er angels singing, As a-round the throne they shine?
 2. Hear you ev-er in your slumbers, Songs from those who've gone before?

Second Voice.

Yes I oft - en hear them chanting, Chanting hymns of love divine.
 O! how oft - en do I hear them, Singing on the oth - er shore.

CHORUS.

Heaven's plains are just before us, Just be - yond the shores of Time ;

Soon we'll join the mighty chorus, In that bright-er, bet-ter clime.

3 Do you ever feel like going
 To that land so bright and fair?
 O! how often would I gladly
 Go and join the loved ones there.
 Heaven's plains, &c.

4 Let us cherish, now and ever,
 Glowing hopes of joys to come,
 And when earthly ties we sever,
 Meet in heaven, our happy home.
 Heaven's plains, &c.

OUR PROSPECT.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. Come ye saints to the summit of Pisgah, View the landscape of gold spreading wide!

See your mansions, tho' faith's vision misty, On the streets where your loved ones re- side.

CHORUS.

Soon we'll all dwell together in heaven, 'Long the banks on the bright golden shore;

To us each, there a crown shall be given; And with Jesus we'll reign ever more.

2 Who're the bright shining forms to- ward us gazing,
As they stand robed in white near the shore!

O! they're dear ones from earth! how amazing

Is their love! and they'd fain wing us o'er. *Cho.*

3 Whose the voices of melody singing,
With their harps 'mid the bright an-

gel band!
Songs, inviting us, 'cross the waves, ringing,
Are they sweet notes of friends on the strand? *Cho.*

4 Soon the dark rolling Jordan will sever,
And the triumphant host passing thro';
We shall meet all our loved ones to- gether,
And the wonders of glory pursue.

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN THOSE WE LOVE.

Last three Stanzas and arr. by A. C.

1. When shall we meet a-gain, Those we love, those we love? When
 2. When with the bloodwash'd join, Those we love, those we love? When

shall we meet a - gain, Those we love? Our em-bra-ces will be
 with the bloodwash'd join, Those we love? Our fel-low-ship there

sweet At the dear Redeemer's feet. When to part no more we
 sure, While the endless years endure. Bright jas-per walls im -

1st Ending. 2d Ending. FINE.

meet, Those we love, those we love? [Omit.....]
 [Omit.....] meet those we love?
 -mure, Those we love, those we love? [Omit.....]
 [Omit.....] -mure those we love?

3 ||: When with our kindred greet! | 4 ||: When all the story tell!
 Those we love, those we love? :|| Those we love, those we love? :||
 When all the circle's gone, Escaped from death and hell,
 Shall we meet around the throne? We'll redemption's chorus swell!
 ||: Hail each and every one! ||: Our harps with triumphs thrill,
 Those we love, those we love? :|| Those we love, those we love? :||

SHALL WE SING IN HEAVEN?

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. Shall we sing in heav'n for ever—Shall we sing? shall we sing? Shall we

REFRAIN.

sing in heav'n for ever, In that happy land? Yes! oh, yes! in that

land, that happy land, They that meet shall sing for ever, Far beyond the

rolling riv-er, Meet to sing and love for ever, In that happy land.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Shall we know each other, ever, In that land? Shall we know each other, ever, In that happy land? Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land, [other, They that meet shall know each Far beyond the rolling river, Meet to sing and love for ever, In that happy land.</p> | <p>3 Shall we know our blessed Saviour In that land! Shall we know our blessed Saviour In that happy land? Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land, [iour, We shall know our blessed Sav- Far beyond the rolling river, Love and serve him there for ever, In that happy land.</p> |
|---|---|

I HAVE A FATHER IN THE PROMISED LAND.

1. I have a Father in the promised land, I have a Father in the

promised land, To meet him in the promised
My Father calls me, I must go, [land.]

CHORUS.

I'll a-way, I'll away to the promised land, I'll a-way, I'll away to the

promised land, To meet him in the promised
My Father calls me, I must go, [land.]

- 2 I have a Saviour in the promised land.
I have a Saviour in the promised land.
My Saviour calls me, I must go,
To meet him in the promised land.—*Cho.* I'll away, &c.
- 3 I have a crown in the promised land,
I have a crown in the promised land,
When Jesus calls me, I must go,
To wear it in the promised land.—*Cho.* I'll away, &c.
- 4 I hope to meet you in the promised land,
I hope to meet you in the promised land,
At Jesus' feet, a joyous band,
We'll praise him in the promised land.—*Cho.* I'll away.

I HAVE A HOME OVER THERE.

Words by Rev. E. WATSON.

Arr. expressly for this Work.

1. I have heard of a place o-ver there, Where Jesus my Saviour doth
 be no more death over there, Neither sighing nor sorrow nor
 2. I have friends that have gone over there, And I hope to rejoin them a-
 lighful to meet over there, And with loved ones forever re-

1st Ending. 2d End. CHORUS.

reign; There will
 (Omit.....) pain. O! I have a home o-ver there, over there!
 gain, How de-
 (Omit.....) main. O! I have, &c.

there!

Where Jesus my Saviour doth reign; 'Tis a beautiful place over there,
 over there,

3 There are angels that sing over there—
 How delightful their singing must be;
 There are crowns for the faithful to wear,
 And I trust there's a bright one for thee.

o-ver there, over there.

4 There are mansions for all over there
 For the poor and the homeless below;
 There is room for the world over there,
 And my Saviour invites all to come.

I'LL AWAY TO GLORY.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS.

1. There I'll meet a faithful sainted father, All robed in white a -

mid the dazzling throne, And we'll clasp in mortal hands to - gether!

CHORUS.
And shout Hosanna to the Lamb in u - ni - son! So I'll away! yes,

I'll a - way! I'll a - way to glo - ry, to my hap - py home.

- 2 There I'll meet a tender loving mother,
No more to mourn or weep her life away;
As of yore the lip's fond impress ever,
We'll sing hallelujah to the Lamb in endless day. *Cho.*
- 3 There I'll meet a fondly cherished brother,
From death awake to an unclouded morn;
Fall upon his neck and cling together,
While singing glory to the Lamb for sinners borne. *Cho.*
- 4 There I'll meet my lovely angel daughter,
Her charms and smiles are veiled in death no more;
Meet her in the arms of love that sought her,
And bore her singing to Canaan's happy shore. *Cho.*

OH, MEET ME.

Words by Rev. AARON COONS.

H. MILLARD.

Arranged for this Work by HENRY TUCKER.

1. How of - ten I long to be with them, Surrounding the
2. How of - ten in fan - cy I hear them, So ten - der the

daz - zle - ing throne; To catch the glad notes and the rhythm, As
whisper and true; Sweet mem'ry shall ever endear them, Re -

sweetly they sing the new song. Enchanted on earth by their
hearsing love's accents a - new: The voices of pathos and

singing Me - lo - di - ous strains at our home, — The
beauty. — The charms of a shore draw - ing nigh, En -

OH, MEET ME. Concluded.

e - cho of mu - sic still ringing, — Re - peating the
liv - en the path-way of du - ty, As I think of "The

la - test hymn sung. By-and-by, By-and-by,
sweet by - and - by. By &c. By-and-by, By-and-by,

We shall be gathered at home. Oh, meet me, Oh, meet me, Oh,
The beautiful shore draweth nigh. Oh, meet me, &c

meet me, Oh, meet me, To-geth - er we'll sing the new song.
We'll meet in the sweet by-and - by.

| | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 How often in dreams I behold them, The long vanished smile they re- new; How fondly—how soon I enfold them, Their visage of beauty review; But now from their tender embraces, Till sorrow and tears shall be o'er,</p> | <p>Toward heav'n I'll follow their traces, "We'll meet on that beautiful shore." By-and-by, by-and-by. When all the deep sorrow is o'er, Oh, meet me, &c. "We'll meet on that beautiful shore."</p> |
|--|---|

MY ANGEL DAUGHTER, ANNIE.

Words and Music by Rev. AARON COONS, (See page 251).

1. My an-gel daughter Annie, More lov'd! my Saviour can he? Than

hearts so fond so many, E'en hearts pa-ter-nal too: Her
d. s. wings, till glory shed her So beauteous from my view.

guar-dian an-gel led her Too far from earth, and sped her On

MY ANGEL DAUGHTER, ANNIE. Concluded.

- 2 I weep to tell the story,
While shadows dark spread o'er
Tho' Annie's now in glory. [me;
My tears unbidden flow
O could I sweetly whisper,
And fondly now caress her,
And tell her how I miss her,
While weeping I pursue.
- 3 Her smiles, so sweet I'd rather
Their ling'ring radiance gather,
Reflect them on till nether,
They're lost in mem'ries dream;
Employ the moments leisure,—
Her visage beaming pleasure,—
Her love's embraces treasure,
Their light shall ever gleam.
- 4 I hear sweet accents telling;
Swift footprints haste my dwell-
ing—
Her cheery laughter swelling
O see! dear papa's come!
Her infant arms embracing,—
Impede my footsteps tracing;
My father-soul she's gracing,
While now she speaks of home.
- (5 Perchance, its bright forecasting
A scene beyond more lasting,
When angel Annie's hast'ning
With shouts o'er golden strand;
"See! see! dear papa's coming!
Across death's river foaming,
He's thro' with earthly roaming,
He's reached our happy land."
- 6 Her bright eyes watching find me,
Where death-chains cannot bind
Here angel arms entwine me, [me;
As just I step ashore:
Swell now the mighty chorus!
We scan the scene before us!
While glory's beaming o'er us!
Of which we sang before.
- 7 With sweetest smiles her greeting;
Joys beam where no more fleeting.
Our ravished spirits meeting
On heav'n's beauteous shore:
To mansions fair inviting,
- While angel-bands alighting,
To 'scort us while reciting,
Earth's sweetest mem'ries o'er.)
- 8 Awhile, her notes of gladness,
Sooth'd hearts o'erwhelmed with
sadness,—
Hush'd follies idle madness,
As sailing life's sea o'er!
Mid infant kindred standing!
The sweetest strains commanding!
Their happy voices blending:—
She sings on earth no more.
- 9 Yet on her echoes flying,
E'er softer, never dying,
Her sweeter music vying
The notes from earth afore!
Hark! death's dark valley ringing!
Our hearts still fondly clinging,
"Sweet by-and-by" she's singing,
"We'll meet on yonder shore."
- 10 The solemn message falling!
To bleeding hearts appalling!
For "Jesus now is calling"
My Annie dear away!
Fond ties asunder rending!
The skies with darkness bending;
On angel wings He's sending
My pet to endless day.
- 11 Thro' life the heart-wound bleed-
ing—
Tho' long the scene receding,
Her angel hand is leading
Me home as wont before:
Each hour my way pursuing
Her beauteous form reviewing,
In fancy oft renewing
Sweet converse as of yore.
- 12 But soon shall end my weeping,
The boon of sorrow reaping—
Our dust together sleeping;
In yonder vaulted tomb!
There 'wait the radiant dawning,
The beams of brighter morning,
When death-shades dark, forlorn-
ing,
No more becloud our home.

THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA.*

HENRY TUCKER, by per.

SOLO OR QUARTETTE.

1. } Beau-ti-ful Land beyond the sea, An-gels call me now to
And I hear great breakers roar, [OMIT

2d. } On its long and dis-tant shore. Beau-ti-ful Land,
Beautiful Land,

Beau-ti-ful Land, Beau-ti-ful Land be-yond the sea,
Beautiful Land,

Beau-ti-ful Land, Beau-ti-ful Land, Angels call me row to thee.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 There the spirit's free from death Life's renewed with every breath: For the soul shall bud and flower To its own most perfect power.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Cho.</p> | <p>3 Beautiful shore! along the strand Kindred forms awaiting stand! Spirit hasten—dear ones greet On the crystal golden street.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Cho.</p> |
|---|---|

* This song, arranged for Piano or Organ, can be obtained, postage free, for 30 cents, of HENRY TUCKER, 47 University place, New York.

The last stanza in memory of little Annie Coons, (daughter of Rev. A. Coons, aged four and a half years,) a beautiful little singer, who, when far under the palyng shadows of death, mysteriously to weeping friends around, in her former clear melodious voice, broke forth in singing as her last, perchance, prophetic song in their cottage home the ever memorable chorus: "In the Sweet By and By We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

SWEET BY-AND-BY.

S. F. BENNETT.

J. P. WEBSTER. By per. O. Ditson & Co.

Two last verses by A. C.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a -
2. We shall sing on that beauti-ful shore, The me - lo - di-ous songs of the

far, "For I go" hear my dear Saviour say, "To prepare you a dwelling place
blest, And our spirits shall sorrow no more— Not a sigh for the blessing of

CHORUS.

there." In the sweet by and by, We shall
rest. By and by, by and by,

meet on that beauti-ful shore, In the sweet by and by
by and by, by and by, by and by,

In the repeat diminish gradually to the end.

3 Wafted on to that beautiful shore,
Parted off 'neath the river of death;
Far above misty clouds hanging o'er.
We shall rise with our friends still
beneath. *Cho.*
We shall meet on that beautiful shore. 4 So to friends bathed in tears weeping
nigh,
Sang a sweet dying child crossing o'er
"We shall meet in the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful
shore." *Cho.*

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| A fountain..... | 99 | * How escape..... | 35 |
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| All is beautiful there..... | 233 | I am trusting, Lord, in thee..... | 73 |
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| * Almost persuadest thou..... | 64 | I do believe..... | 70 |
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| And can it be..... | 68 | I have a Father in the promised land..... | 243 |
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