

MESSIAH OF SONG

Nos. 1 and 2 Combined.

J. H. RUEBUSH AND J. H. HALL.

EDITED BY

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WATSON, PITTSBURGH.



Henry R. M. d.





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THE
MESSENGER OF SONG

CONTAINS A
GRADED COURSE FOR SINGING CLASSES AND DAY SCHOOLS

ALSO
SOLOS, DUETTS, QUARTETTS, GLEES AND CHORUSES

FOR
MUSICAL CONVENTIONS, MUSICAL INSTITUTES, etc., etc.

BY
J. H. HALL, J. H. RUEBUSH  E. T. HILDEBRAND

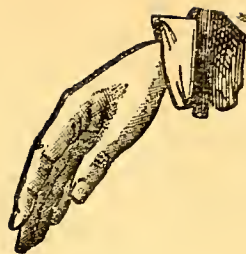
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MENTAL EFFECTS AND MANUAL

SIGNS OF TONES IN KEYS.

NOTE.—The diagram shows the right hand as seen by the pupils sitting in front of the teacher towards his left hand.



LAH.

THE SAD or *weeping* tone.
The Minor TONIC.



TE.

THE PIERCING or *sensitive* tone.
The Major LEADING TONE.



FAH.

THE DESOLATE or *awe-inspiring* tone.



SOLE.

THE GRAND or *bright* tone.



RAY.

THE ROUSING or *hopeful* tone.



ME.

THE STEADY or *calm* tone.



DOH.

THE STRONG or *firm* tone.

The Major TONIC.

The above Manual Sigus may be useful as a means of association, in the early stages of practice, especially in classes of young pupils.

A few minutes Scale Practice may be had at any time without resorting to book or blackboard.

THEORETICAL STATEMENTS.

1. A musical sound is called a *Tone*.
2. Every tone has four properties, viz: Length, Pitch, Power, and Quality.*
3. *Length*, the duration of a tone.
4. *Pitch*, the *highness* or *lowness* of a tone.
5. *Power*, the *loudness* or *softness* of a tone.
6. *Quality*, the *character* or *kind* of a tone.
7. There are three departments in the rudiments of music as follows:
Rhythmics, treating of the *length* of tones.
Melodics, treating of the *pitch* of tones.
Dynamics, treating of the *power* and *quality* of tones.
8. *Characters* called *notes* represent the length of tones of which there are six kinds in general use.

Example 1. Showing Notes.

Whole Note	Half Note	Quarter Note.	Eighth Note.	Sixteenth Note.	Thirty-Second Note.
					

9. We represent the *pitch* of tones by a character called the *staff*. It consists of five lines and four spaces,† and may be enlarged by adding short lines. Each line and space is called a degree.

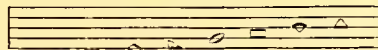
Example 2. The Staff.

5th line. _____	First Space above.	4th space.
4th line. _____	3d space.	3d space.
3d line. _____	2d space.	2d space.
2d line. _____	1st space.	1st space.
1st line. _____	First space below.	
Added line above. _____		
Added line below. _____		

10. The *Scale* is a series of eight tones, and are named by the numerals 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. The syllables Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Ti, Do, are ap-

plied in singing: and the first seven letters of the alphabet A, B, C, D, E, F, G, are used as pitch names.

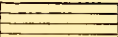
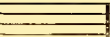
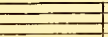
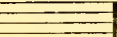
Example 3. The Scale represented on Staff.



Numeral names.	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.
Pitch names.	C.	D.	E.	F.	G.	A.	B.	C.
Syllable names.	Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Ti,	Do.

11. *Pitch* is usually classified as being both *Relative* and *Absolute*.
12. *Relative Pitch* is the relationship of tones as to pitch, or the position a tone occupies in the scale, while *Absolute pitch* is fixed and the same under all circumstances.
13. A *measure* is a group of beats, and is represented to the eye by the space between upright lines drawn across the staff called *bars*.
14. The *broad bar* usually denotes the ending of a line of words, or the ending of a musical phrase, while the *double bar* denotes the close, or end of a composition.

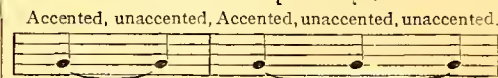
Example 4. Measures and Bars.

Bar.	Broad Bar.	Bar.	Close.
			
Measure.	Measure.	Measure.	Measure.

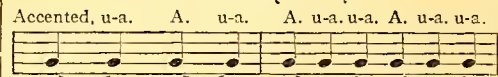
15. *Counting time* is indicating each pulse, or beat of a measure by counting.
16. *Beating time* is indicating each pulse, or beat of a measure by a certain motion of the hand.

17. *Accent* is a slight stress upon a certain pulsation, or beat, to mark its position in a measure.
18. *All music* will cause its beats to flow, or group, in one of two ways, viz: either by an accented beat followed by an unaccented beat, or an accented beat followed by two unaccented beats.

Example 5. Showing single groups between the bars.



Example 6. Showing double groups between the bars.



19. A measure having two beats, is called *Double Measure*, and is indicated by counting *One, Two*, or by two motions of the hand—*Down, Up*. The first beat is accented.
20. A measure having three beats, is called *Triple Measure*, and is indicated by counting *One, Two, Three*, or by three motions of the hand—*Down, Right, Up*. The first beat is accented.
21. A measure having four beats, is called *Quadruple Measure*, and is indicated by counting *One, Two, Three, Four*, or by four motions of the hand—*Down, Left, Right, Up*. The first and third beats are accented.
22. A measure having six beats, is called *Sextuple Measure*, and is indicated by counting *One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six*, or by six motions of the hand *Down, Left, Left, Right, Up, Up*, or *Down, Up*, and counting *One, Two*,—comprehending three beats to each count or motion of the hand. The first and fourth beats are accented.

* One of the wonderful things about the human voice is that it can change its quality as no instrument can.

† As the eye can take in five lines easier than six, or more, so can it take in four spaces easier than six, as some have it. See Ex. 2.

* Called by some *Compound Double measure*.

23. A measure having nine beats, is called *Compound Triple Measure*, and is indicated by three motions, *Down, Right, Up*,—comprehending three pulsations to each motion of the hand. The first, fourth, and seventh beats are accented.

24. A measure having twelve beats, is called *Compound Quadruple Measure*, and is indicated by four motions, *Down, Left, Right, Up*,—comprehending three mental beats to each motion of the hand. The first, fourth, seventh, and tenth beats are accented.

25. The figures at the beginning of a composition are called *Measure Signature*, the numerator denotes the number of beats (mental beats) in a measure, and the denominator the kind of note which coincides with each beat of the measure.

Example 7. Showing Measure Signatures.

DOUBLE MEASURE.		TRIPLE MEASURE.		
2	2	3	3	3
2	4	2	4	8

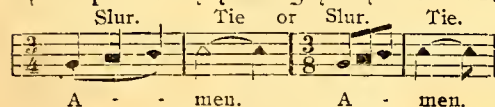
QUADRUPLE MEASURE.			SEXTUPLE MEASURE.	
4	4	4	6	6
2	4	8	4	8

COMPOUND TRIPLE MEASURE.		COMPOUND QUADRUPLE MEASURE.	
9		12	
8		8	

26. A *Slur* is the union of two or more tones of different pitch to be sung to one word or syllable, and is represented by a curved line connecting the notes.

27. A *Tie* is the union of two or more tones of the same pitch to be sung to one word or syllable, and is represented by a curved line connecting the notes.

Example 8. Showing Slur and Tie.



* The whole note rest is also a whole measure rest.

† For lessons in voice training, see "Practical Voice Culture," by Hall & Ruebush, and for diagram of the usual compass of Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Base voices, see Hall's Improved Music Chart.

28. *Characters* indicating silence are called *rests*, of which there are six kinds in general use, and as regards duration correspond to notes of the same denomination.

Example 9. Showing Rests.

* Whole Rest.	Half Rest.	Quarter Rest.	Eighth Rest.	Sixteenth Rest.	Thirty-Second Rest.
—	—	x	7	7	7

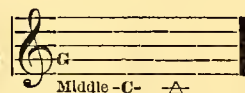
29. *Human Voices*† are generally divided into four classes. High female voices called *Soprano*; low female voices called *Alto*; high male voices called *Tenor*, and low male voices called *Base*. Women's and children's voices are naturally an octave higher than men's voices.

30. The pitch *C*, which all voices have in common is called *Middle C*, and is the middle of the *great vocal compass*, and ladies can sing as many tones above it, as gentlemen can sing below it. *Middle C*, is a low tone for women and a high tone for men.

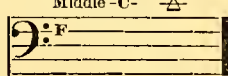
31. *Characters* called *Clefs* are used to locate the letters and determine the pitch of tones as represented by the staff, and also to indicate the parts which are to be sung by the different voices. The *G clef*, fixes *middle C* on the added line below, the *F clef*, the added line above, the *C clef*, the third space.

Example 10. Showing the Clefs.

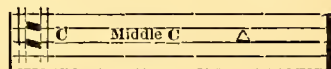
THE G, OR SOPRANO CLEF.



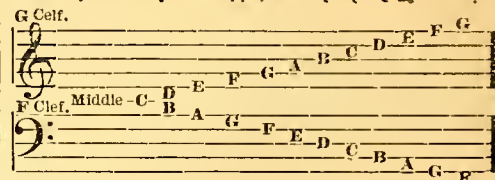
THE F, OR BASE CLEF.



THE C, OR TENOR CLEF.



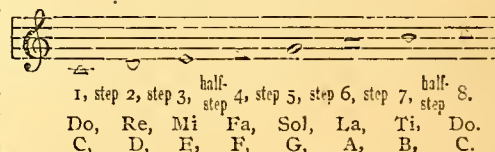
Example 11. Showing position of letters on the staffs, with G & F Clefs.



32. An *interval* is the difference of pitch between two tones.

33. There are seven intervals in the *Major Scale*, and are measured by steps and half-steps.

Example 12. Showing order of intervals in the scale.



34. *Intermediate tones* are pitches introduced between the regular tones of the scale where the steps occur.

35. *Intermediate tones* are called *Chromatic tones*, and are represented by characters called *sharps* (#), *flats* (b), *naturals* (♮), *double sharps* (x), and *double flats* (bb).

36. A *sharp* (#) is used to make a degree of the staff represent a pitch a half-step higher.

37. A *flat* (b) is used to make a degree of the staff represent a pitch a half-step lower.

38. A *natural* (♮) is used to make a sharped degree represent a pitch a half-step lower, (thus acting like a flat),—or to make a flatted degree represent a pitch a half-step higher, (thus acting like a sharp.)

Example 13. The Natural acting
as a Flat.



Example 14. The Natural acting
as a Sharp.



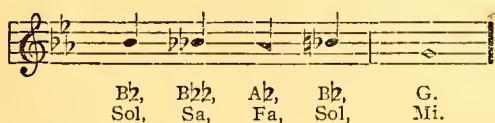
39. A *Double-sharp* (*) is used to make a degree already sharped, represent a pitch a half-step higher and is restored to the effect of a single sharp, thus: .

40. A *double-flat* ($\flat\flat$) is used to make a degree already flattened, represent a pitch a half-step lower, and is restored to the effect of a single flat, thus: $\flat\flat$.

Example 15. Double-Sharp Restored.



Example 16. Double-Flat Restored.



* This scale is called Chromatic because the intermediate pitches were formerly written in colors.

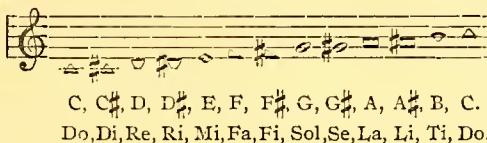
41. *Sharps* ($\sharp$), *flats* ($\flat$), *naturals* ($\natural$), *double-sharps* ($\sharp\sharp$), and *double-flats* ($\flat\flat$), occurring in a piece of music are called *Accidentals*.

42. The influence of an accidental extends throughout the measure in which it occurs, unless it is changed by another accidental.

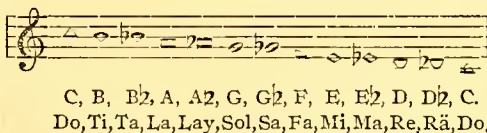
43. A scale in which all the *diatonic* and *intermediate* tones occur in successive order is called *The Chromatic * Scale*.

44. The chromatic scale has thirteen tones, and twelve intervals of a half-step each.

Example 17. Chromatic Scale
Ascending.

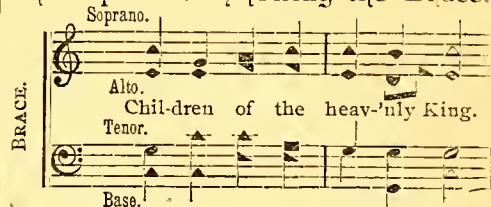


Example 18. Chromatic Scale
Descending.



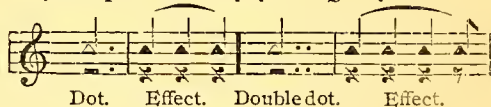
45. A *Brace* is a character used to connect two or more staves, and generally indicates the number of parts which are to be performed simultaneously. The staves thus connected is called a *score*.

Example 19. Showing the Brace.



46. A dot placed after a note or rest adds one half to the rhythmical value of the same, and a second dot adds one half to the value of the first dot.

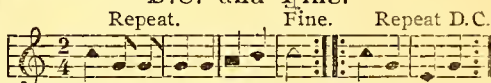
Example 20. Showing the Dots.



47. *Repeat Marks* are dots placed across the staff, and show that the music is to be repeated, either from the beginning, or between the two rows of dots.

48. *Da Capo*, or D.C. means to return to the beginning and close at *Fine*.

Example 21. Showing Repeat,
D.C. and Fine.



49. *Dal Segno*, or D. S. means to return to the *sign*, (♯) and close at *Fine*.

50. *The Hold, or Pause*, ($\frown$) denotes that the tone indicated is to be sustained at the option of the leader.

Example 22. Showing D.S. S,
Fine and Hold.



51. A *Triplet* is a group of three notes performed in the time of two of the same kind, and is indicated by the figure 3.

52. A *Unison passage* is two or more parts singing the same tones.

Example 23. Unison Passage and Triplets.



53. The inclosed

1st time.	2d time.
-----------	----------

 has reference to the first and second endings, and in the repeat, omit 1st time, and pass to 2d time.

Example 24. First and Second Endings.



54. *Syncopation* is commencing a tone on an unaccented beat and continuing it into the following accented beat, thereby temporarily changing the accent.

Example 25. Syncopation.



Sing with firm accent the syn-co-pated tones.

55. A *Key* is a family of tones bearing a certain fixed relationship to each other, and may be used in any possible order. While the tones of the scale must occur in successive order.

56. By *Key-Note* is meant *one*, or *tonic*, of a key, or scale, and from which all the other tones are determined.

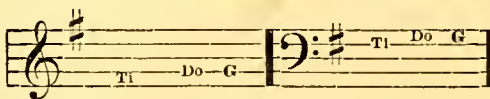
57. A *Signature* is the sign by which a key is known or indicated, and the key is named from the letter that is taken as one.

58. *Transposition** is singing, playing, or writing a scale, exercise, or tune, in a lower or higher key.

59. *Modulation* is going from one key into another during the course of a composition.

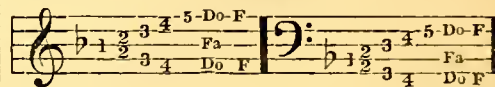
60. The *Key-Note Do* is always found on the first degree above the last or right hand sharp, and the syllable *Ti*, occurs on the same degree occupied by the last sharp.

Example 26. Showing Key-Notes. (Sharps.)



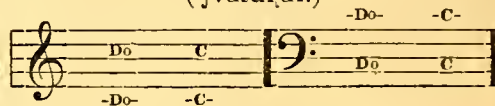
61. The syllable *Fa* always occurs on the same degree occupied by the last or right hand flat, and the key-note, *Do*, is found four degrees below, or five above the last flat, counting the degree occupied by the flat; and when there are two or more flats the key-note will be found on the same degree occupied by next to the last flat.

Example 27. Showing Key-Notes. (Flats.)



62. In the absence of sharps and flats the key-note *Do*, will be found on the added line below the staff and third space, *G* clef; and second space and added line above *F* clef.

Example 28. Showing Key-Notes. (Natural.)



63. Besides the *Major* and *Chromatic Scales*, already explained there is another, called the *Minor Scale*.

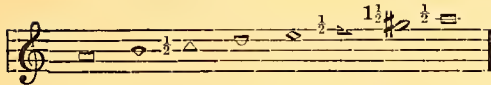
64. The *Minor Scale* has eight tones, with the syllable *La* for *key-note*.

65. The order of intervals in the *Harmonic* † *Minor Scale* is as follows: steps (major seconds) must occur between 1 and 2, 3 and 4, and 4 and 5; half-steps (minor seconds) must occur between 2 and 3, 5 and 6, and 7 and 8; while from 6 to 7 is a step-and-a-half, (augmented second.)

* To illustrate all transpositions, modulations, intervals etc., etc. Procure a copy of Hall's Improved Music Chart.

† There are other forms of scales frequently used; such as the *natural* and *melodic* forms.

Example 29. Harmonic Minor Scale.



1,	2,	3,	4,	5,	6,	7,	8.
A,	B,	C,	D,	E,	F,	G [#] ,	A.
La,	Ti,	Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Si,	La.

66. Every Major Scale or Key has its Relative Minor, and every Minor Scale or Key has its Relative Ma-

jor, thus : six or La of the Major is one or key-note of its Relative Minor, and three or Do of the Minor, is one or key-note of its Relative Major, both keys, have the same signature,—but let it be understood that a peculiar feature of the Minor scale, is, that, all its pitches are not represented in the signature; as the seventh is sharpened by an accidental.

67. The Relative Minor to C Major is A Minor, and the Relative Major to A Minor is C Major. Major Keys are more bright and cheerful. Minor Keys are more plaintive or somber.

Example 30. Keys of C Major and A Minor.



68. The Major Scale is known by its Major third, (one to three, two steps.) A Minor Scale is known by its minor third, (one to three, one step and a half-step.)

Example 31. Signatures and Key-Notes in Major and Relative Minor Keys.

Keys of C Major, and A Minor.	Keys of G Major, and E Minor.	Keys of D Major, and B Minor.	Keys of A Major, and F [#] Minor.	Keys of E Major, and C [#] Minor.	Key of B Major, and G [#] Minor.	Keys of F [#] Major, and D [#] Minor.
Keys of F Major, and D Minor.	Keys of B ^b Major, and G Minor.	Keys of E ^b Major, and C Minor.	Keys of A ^b Major, and F Minor.	Keys of D ^b Major, and B ^b Minor.	Keys of G ^b Major, and E ^b Minor.	

VOICE CULTURE.

VOWEL PRACTICE.

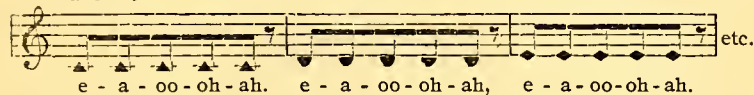
To practice the vowel sounds is excellent to train the voice in power and quality, as well as effective delivery of words.

It is only the vowels that we can sing (for in producing the consonants the organs are closed,) therefore it is necessary to practice all the vowels if we desire to produce a pure and healthy tone.

In No. 1. make the vowel changes very decided: give e, a close sound, ah, as broad as possible. In oh, and oo, contract the lips as in the act of whistling.

Keep the tongue flat in the lower part of the mouth, with the tip against the lower front teeth.

No. 1.



Also practice No. 14, 15 and 16.

No. 2, is very useful in equalizing tones and uniting the registers. Should be practiced often, or daily for good results.

No. 2. Transpose to different keys.



TIMBRE.

Timbre is used in expressing quality in singing. There are two timbres—clear and sombre.

The sombre is used in songs that have emotional tendencies—or to express grief, sadness and gloom.

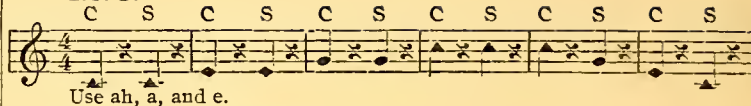
The clear or bright timbre is used in glees and cheerful songs.

To make tones in the clear timbre let the larynx rise as high as possible and place the tone in front of the mouth, so as to make it sound clear and ringing.

To make tones in the dark or sombre timbre, lower the larynx as far as possible and place the tone back in the head, so as to make it vibrate in the chest.

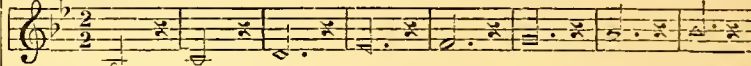
In No. 3, give the first note in the measure the clear timbre, and the second, sombre.

No. 3.



In the following make the tones sombre and give them deep resonance in the chest.

No. 4.

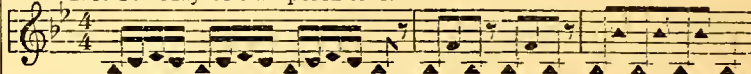


Use the words—Charm, arm, farm, rove, home and hall.

After this, select some pathetic song and practice in sombre timbre, also practice No. 18.

In the following exercise make the tones clear or bright. The upper tones should be made as clear and ringing as the lower ones.

No. 5. May be transposed to C.



Use e, a, and ah.

After this, select some cheerful song that requires the bright timbre.

OPEN AND COVERED TONES.

There are other qualities that we may give to tones independent of timbre. Tones can be made open or covered.

An open tone is one that is delivered without any restriction in the throat or mouth whatever.

A covered tone is one that is not so freely issued from the mouth, but more obstructed and confined in the throat and head.

Open tones partake of the qualities of the clear timbre, and the covered tones of the sombre.

In No. 6, make 1st note of each measure covered, and the 2nd open.

No. 6.



As a general thing tones should not be made open above E or F.

BREATH SUPPORT.

When tones seem to be raised from a certain pitch to a higher, with the breath, it is said to be breath support.

First inflate the lungs quickly through both the mouth and nostrils: then hold the diaphragm firm, or may be described as holding the muscles hard in front of the waist. When the muscles of the waist are held rigid, those of the back should seem more relaxed, especially toward the close of a phrase or swell.

Make no effort in the throat—let it alone and do the work with the breath.

No. 7. Very slow. May be transposed to suitable keys.



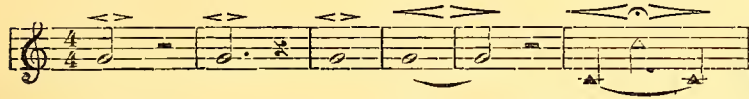
Use e, a, ah and o. Also practice No. 17.

Every principle given should be applied in some appropriate song.

SWELLS.

In making a swell, do it with the breath, if properly done, a sensation of outward pressure at the waist in front will be felt while making the Cres, and a sensation of relaxation or sinking at the back while making the Dim.

No. 8.



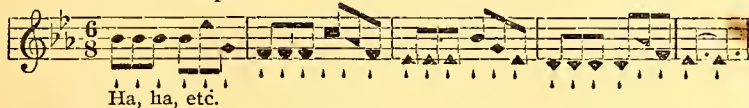
DIAPHRAGMATIC ACTIONS.

The diaphragm is the principle organ that we use in managing the breath, and is made to act different for different kinds of execution.

In No. 9 take breath quickly by an outward throb of the waist or abdomen.

Make the tones as short and disconnected as possible. Let each tone be accompanied with a slight inward throb at the waist.

No. 9. Transpose.



Ha, ha, etc.

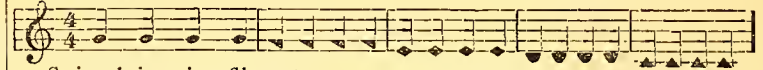
The above exercise will be very beneficial in developing the diaphragmatic action, which is very useful in rapid execution.

No. 10. Practice for final consonants.



In, all, it, add, etc.
Ob, eb, og, egg, etc.

No. 11.



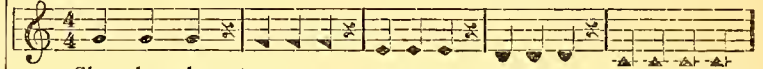
Swing, bring, sing, fling, etc.
End, bend, lend, tend, etc.
Oil, boil, foil, coil, etc.
Foam, roan, loam, dome, etc.
Ease, freeze, squeeze, please, etc.
Earn, burn, fern, turn, etc.

No. 12. Practice initial consonants.



Bo, co, fo, lo, etc.
Lo, no, po, to, etc.

No. 13.



Clay, slay, play, etc.
Wig, gig, dig, etc.
Crow, fro, bow, etc.
Free, tree, the, etc.

No. 14. Exercises for flexibility.



Use ah, a, e and o.

No. 15.



Use ah, a and e.



No. 16.

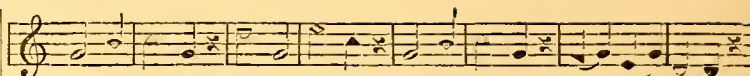


Use ah, a and e. All of the above exercises may be transposed.

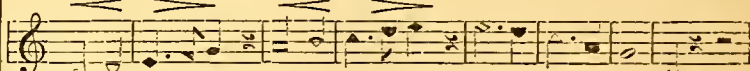
No. 17.



O-ver hills and dale Blows the balmy gale; Herald of the season vernal:

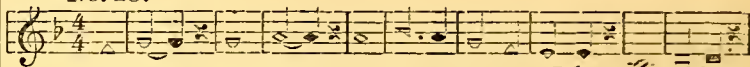


Grass isspringing, Birds are singing, soon the bright flowers will un-fold:

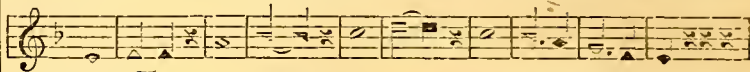


Nature's hymn should we join in harmony To the king e-ter-nal.

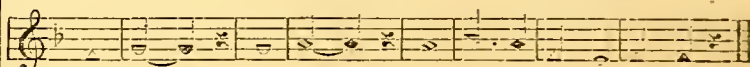
No. 18.



Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God of Sab - a - oth, Of thy



great-ness and thy glo - ry All heav'n and earth are full:



Ho - ly Ho - ly Lord God of Sab - a - oth.

DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS.

ANDANTE, (än-dän'-tä). A slow and gentle movement.

ALLEGRO, (al-lay'-gro). A fast and cheerful movement.

ALLEGRETTO, (al-le-gra'-to). Not so fast as allegro.

AD LIBITUM, (ad-lib'-i-tum). At pleasure.

ACCELERANDO. Gradually faster and faster.

A TEMPO. In time.

ADAGIO. Very slow.

BIS. Sing the passage twice.

CRESCENDO, (cres-shen'-do), or *cres.*, or . Increasing in power.

CON SPIRITO. With spirit.

DIMINUENDO, or *dim.*, or . Diminishing in power.

DOLCE. Soft, sweet, delicate.

ESPRESSIVO. With expression.

LARGO. Slow.

LEGATO. Connected style.

MAESTOSO, (mä-es-to'-zo). Majestic; with dignity.

MARCATO. In a marked or pointed style.

MODERATO. In a moderate time.

OBLIGATO. A solo part accompanied by other voices.

PORTAMENTO. A gentle gliding of the voice from one pitch to another.

PRESTO. Quick.

RITARD, or *rit.* Slower.SFORZANDO, (sfort-zan-do). Or , With strong force, explosive.STACCATO, or, . Detached, short and distinct.

SEMI-STACCATO, or Not so short as staccato.

SWELL, or  . Increasing and diminishing in power.

TUTTL. Full chorus.

THE. Pronounced *thee* when it precedes a word beginning with a vowel. When it precedes a word commencing with a consonant, the right pronunciation may be found by commencing the word *thus*, and stopping just before *s*. "The earth is thu-Lord's."

VIVACE. Quick and cheerful.

OCTAVA, or 8va. When placed over the notes means that they are to be played an octave higher than written. When placed below the notes they should be played an octave lower than written.

GRADED LESSONS.

NOTE TO TEACHERS.

Dear Teachers:—The object of the *authors* of this work was not to do your work but to help you by making clear and concise Theoretical Statements and practical hints in Voice Culture; followed by a series of Graded Lessons introducing the various topics in such a systematic way that we confidently believe it will meet your approval whether in the Singing School, Day School or Institute. You are left free to use your own way and judgment in giving the lessons. However always keep in mind the three following points.—First the *Reality*, Second its *Name*, and Third its *Sign*. Always use a Black Board and Hall's Chart, to be thoroughly successful in your work. If we can help you in any way write us.

We are yours Truly
The Authors.

The Scale represented on staff with the G or Soprano Clef.

No. 1. Explain the *Staff* and *Close*.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.
C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, C, B, A, G, F, E, D, C.
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Ti, Do. Do, Ti, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

The Scale represented on staff with the F or Bass Clef.

No. 2. Explain *Key of C*, *Double Measures*, *Signature*, and *Quarter Notes*.

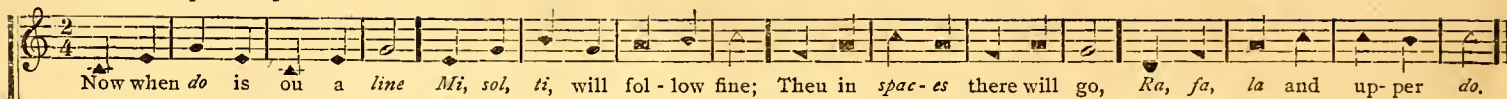
Mu - sic, mu - sic source of pleas-ure, Loud and soft it flows in measure; Now all sing and not grow wea - ry, Tho' the weather may be drear - y.

No. 3. (May be sung with No. 2.)

No. 4. Explain *Half Notes* and *Broad Bar*.

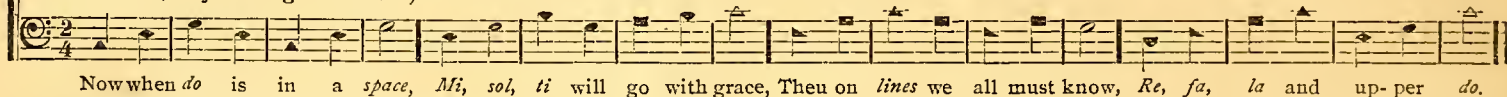
Let us with a joy - ful mind Praise the Lord for He is kind; For His mer - cies shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.

No. 5. (May be sung with No. 4.)

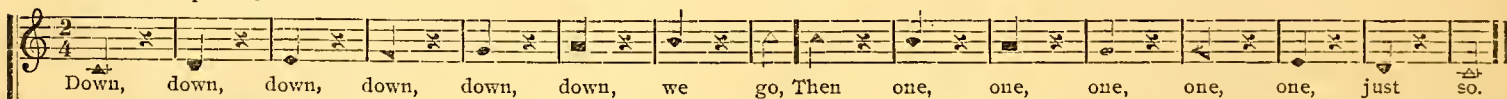
No. 6. Explain *Skips*.


Now when *do* is on a line *Mi, sol, ti*, will fol - low fine; Then in *space - es* there will go, *Ra, fa, la* and up - per *do*.

No. 7. (May be sung with No. 6.)

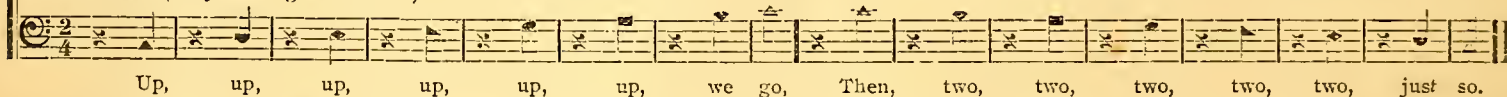


Now when *do* is in a *space*, *Mi, sol, ti* will go with grace, Then on *lines* we all must know, *Re, fa, la* and up - per *do*.

No. 8. Explain *Quarter Rest*.


Down, down, down, down, down, down, we go, Then one, one, one, one, one, just so.

No. 9. (May be sung with No. 8.)



Up, up, up, up, up, up, we go, Then, two, two, two, two, two, just so.

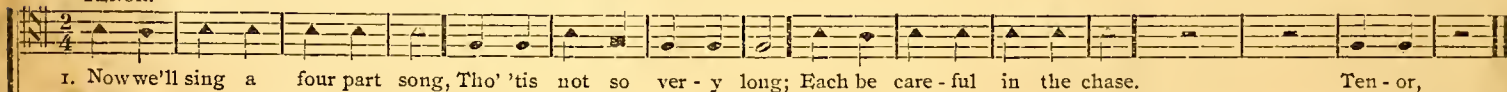
NOTE.—At this point, the teacher may explain the difference between *Ladies' Voices* and *Gentlemen's Voices*; also *Middle C*.

Harmony.

No. 10. Explain the *Brace*, singing in *Four Parts* and *Half Rest*.

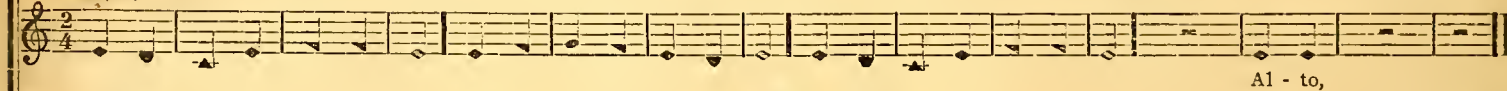
J. H. HALL.

TENOR.



1. Now we'll sing a four part song, Tho' 'tis not so ver - y long; Each be care - ful in the chase. Ten - or,

ALTO.



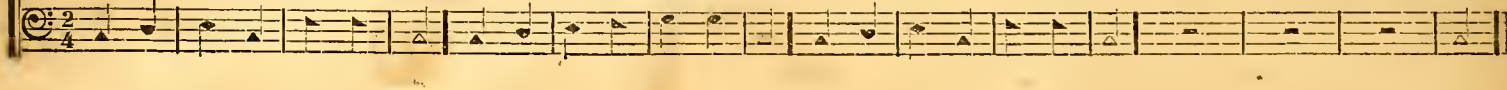
Al - to,

SOPRANO.



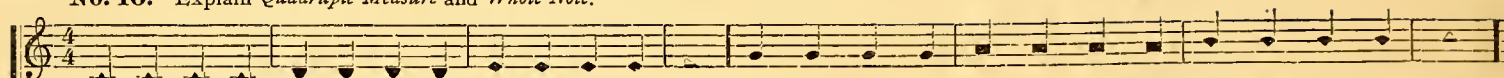
2. Oh the har - mo - ny so sweet, And our lov - ing friends we greet; Still we hear at end of race, Tre - ble. Bass.

BASS.



Bass.

No. 16. Explain *Quadruple Measure* and *Whole Note*.



Down, left, right, up, One, two, three, four, Loud, soft, loud, soft, sing, Firm and stead - y is our measure, Come and join our song.

No. 17. (May be sung with No. 16.)

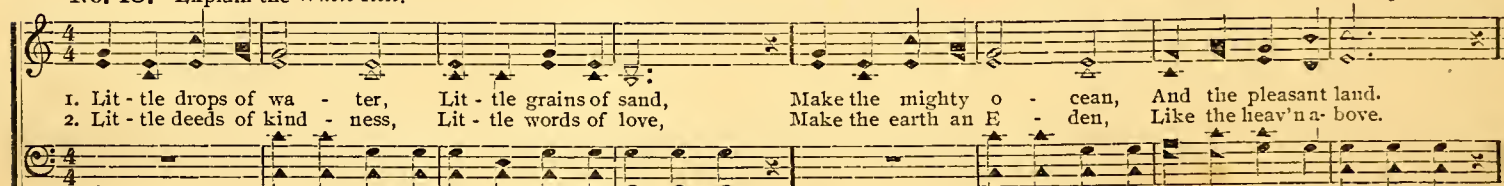


Stead - y e - - ven keep the time. Firm and stead - y is our measure, Come and join our song.

Little Things.

No. 18. Explain the *Whole Rest*.

J. H. H.



1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand, Make the mighty o - cean, And the pleasant land.
2. Lit - tle deeds of kind - ness, Lit - tle words of love, Make the earth an E - den, Like the heav'n a - bove.

1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand, Make the mighty o - cean, And the pleasant land.
2. Lit - tle deeds of kindness, Lit - tle words of love, Make the earth an E - den, Like the heav'n a - bove.

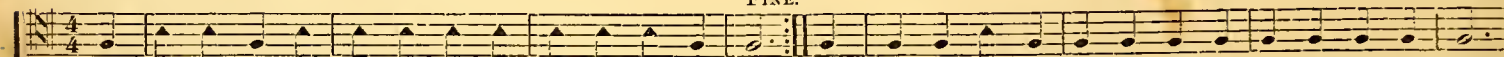
Gentle Words.

J. H. HALL.

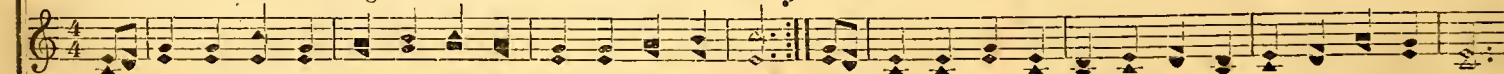
No. 19. Explain *Repeat*, *D.C.* and *FINE*.

FINE.

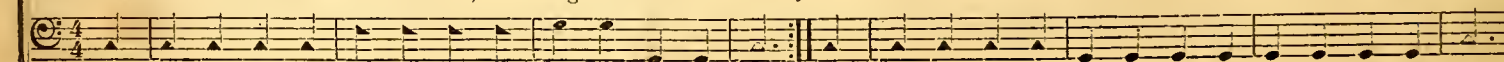
D.C.



1. { The sweet young flow'r of ear - ly spring Are beau - ti - ful to me, } But gen - tle words and lov - ing hearts And hands that clasp our own,
D.C.—Are bet - ter than the brightest flow'rs Or stars that ev - er shone.



2. { The sun may warm the grass of life, The dew the gen - tle flow'rs, } But gen - tle words of ten - der - ness, And smiles we know are true,
D.C.—Are warm - er than the summer time, And brighter than the dew.



No. 20. Explain *Sextuple Measure* and *Tie*.

Sex - tu - ple measure we sing sir, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la. Mer - ri - ly laugh as we sing, sir, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

No. 21. (May be sung with No. 20.)

Sex - tu - ple measure we sing sir, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la Mer - ri - ly laugh as we sing, sir, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

The Wild Birds.

No. 22.

J. H. HALL.

1. Swift - ly the wild birds are fly - ing, Far o - ver woodland and plain; Sweet in this song they are vie - ing, Summer is com - ing a - gain.
2. Flow - ers too fresh - ly are springing, Lav - ish their sweetness a - round; Na - ture with mu - sic is ring - ing, Come let us join the glad sound.

No. 23. Explain *Compound Triple Measure*.

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Sing, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la.

No. 24. (May be sung with No. 23.)

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Sing, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la.

No. 25. Explain *Compound Quadruple Measure*.

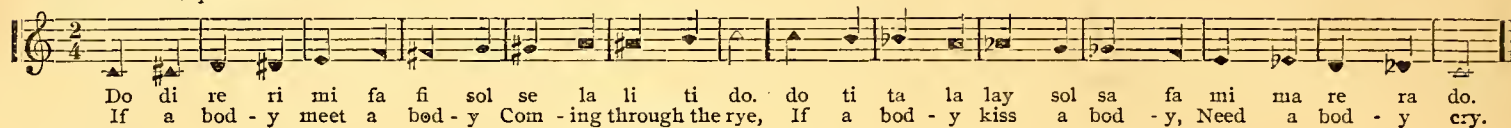
Won - der - ful, won - der - ful, won - der - ful, won - der - ful world, O, what a won - der - ful, won - der - ful, won - der - ful, won - der - ful world.

No. 26. (May be sung with No. 25.)

Won - der - ful, won - der - ful, won - der - ful world, what a won - der - ful, won - der - ful, won - der - ful, won - der - ful world.

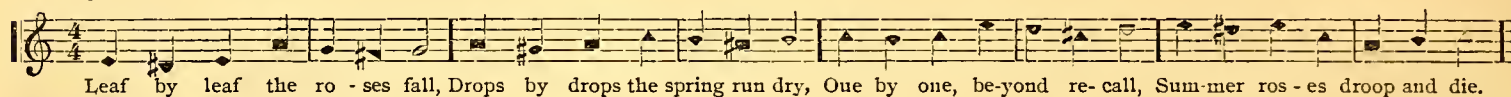
NOTE TO TEACHER.—The following *Chromatic Scale* and *exercises* are not to be used until after the *Intermediate tones* of the *scale* have been practiced by *imitation* and *blackboard exercises*.

No. 27. Explain *Chromatic Tones* and *Scale*.



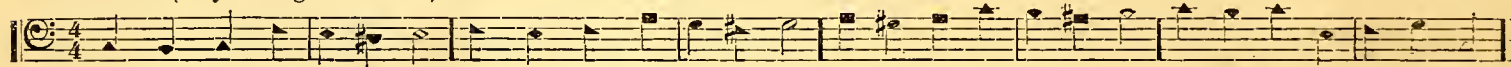
Do di re ri mi fa fi sol se la li ti do. do ti ta la lay sol sa fa mi ma re ra do.
If a bod - y meet a bod - y Com - ing through the rye, If a bod - y kiss a bod - y, Need a bod - y cry.

No. 28.



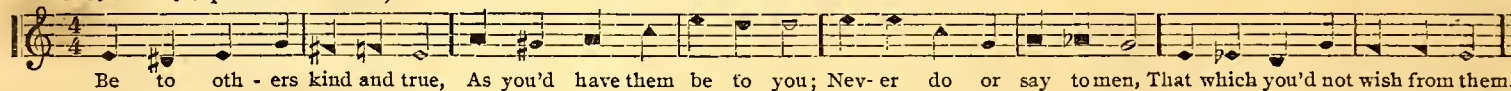
Leaf by leaf the ro - ses fall, Drops by drops the spring run dry, One by one, be - yond re - call, Sum - mer ros - es droop and die.

No. 29. (May be sung with No. 28.)



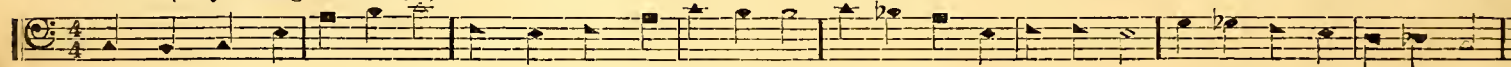
Be to oth - ers kind and true, As you'd have them be to you; Nev - er do or say to men, That which you'd not wish from them.

No. 30. (Explain the *Natural*.)



Be to oth - ers kind and true, As you'd have them be to you; Nev - er do or say to men, That which you'd not wish from them.

No. 31. (May be sung with No. 30.)



Be to oth - ers kind and true, As you'd have them be to you; Nev - er do or say to men, That which you'd not wish from them.

Gently Falls the Dew.

No. 32.

J. H. HALL.



1. Gent - ly fall the dews of eve Rais - ing still the lan - guid flow'rs; Sweetly flow the tears that grieve O'er a mourn - er's stricken hours.
2. Bless - ed tears and dews that yet Lift us near - er un - to heav'n; Let us still His praise re - peat, Who in mer - cy all hath giv'n.

Try Again.

Explain *Key of G*,

CHAS. L. MOORE, by per.

1. Here we meet in joy-ful con-cert, In our pleasant singing school Let no one fear, or lack true courage, Try a - gain shall be our rule.
 2. Hap - py fac - es beam a - round us, Heart to heart, and voice to voice, We now will swell the tune-ful measure, For in song we now re-joice.
 3. Let us join our young companions, In the pleasaut singing school, If we should fail we'll not give o - ver, Try a - gain shall be our rule.

Chorus.

Try a - gain, try a - gain, Try a - gain shall be our rule, Try a - gain, try a - gain, Try a - gain shall be our rule.

Merry May.

Explain *Triplets*.J. H. HALL.
Fine.

Merry May, merry May, We will lightly sing, yes lightly sing Merry May, merry May, We will sing thy welcome lay.
 Merry May, merry May, Merry May, merry may.

Merry May, merry May, We will sing of thee, Merry May, merry May, We will sing of thee.
 Tra la la la, Trala la la, merrily sing Tra la la la, Tra la la la, merrily sing of thee.

E. R. LATTA.

See the Pretty, Happy Birds.

J. H. RUEBUSH.

Explain Key of D.

1. See the pret - ty, hap - py birds, In the tree - tops, day by day! If they could but speak in words, Don't you wonder what they'd say!
 2. They would tell us, it may be, Childhood's days will soon be past, To re - turn no more, and we Should be hap - py, while they last!
 3. See them hop from bough to bough! Hear them chirp, and sweetly sing! They, their nests, are building, now—See the moss and twigs they bring!

Sweet Summer's Gone Away.

S. C. HANSON.

1. There's a pur - ple tint on the wood - land leaves, And the winds are up all day; There's a rust - ling heard in the
 2. In the wrink - led brook no ros - es peep, And the bees no long - er stray, And the but - ter - flies have
 3. On the brown - ing fields the spi - der spins, Where the lambs no long - er play, And the crick - et now his
 4. There are lov - ing arms for ba - by dear, Though the skies are chill and gray, And a co - sy home nest

Chorus.

yel - low sheaves, And it seems to sad - ly say: "Sweet sum - mer," "Sweet sum - mer," "Sweet
 gone to sleep, And the lo - cust trills all day. }
 chirp be - gins And the quail is whist - ling gay. } "Sweet sum - mer's gone a - way," "Sweet sum - mer's gone a - way,"
 all the year, And sweet kiss - es ev - 'ry day.

sum - mer's gone a - way," "Sweet sum - mer," "Sweet sum - mer," "Sweet sum - mer's gone a - way."
 "Sweet sum - mer's gone a - way," "Sweet sum - mer's gone a - way,"

The Golden Morn.

Explain *Key of A*.

J. H. HALL.

1. Morn-ing mists from the sun are rolled, All the face of the earth is gold; Flow'rs unfold to the glowing ray; A - wak - ing bird-songs gay.
2. Hours creep on, and the day wears round; Shadows lengthen along the ground; Vapors drift o'er the face of day, The gold is turned to gray.

Thoughts of Childhood.

G. W. HALL.

1. Oh, sweet are the thoughts of our child-hood, As they come in the still-ness of night, They bring back the cot in the
2. Oh, that was the fresh-ness of spring-time, Where no thoughts of the win-ter in-vade, No wea-ri-ness then toll'd its

wild-wood And the brook with its wa-ters so bright; The birds that a-woke us so ear-ly, With their songs in the old ma-ple
sad chimes, Or dull care on our path-way had laid; We wan-dered in joy-full-ness ev-er, Where in dreams now of pur-est de-

tree, The blos-soms with dew-drops so pearl-y, Still they come in the still-ness to me.
light, From la-bor our thoughts we can sev-er, And re-turn in the still-ness of night.

The Mountain Brooklet.

A. S. K.

A. S. KIEFFER.

Explain Key of E.

1. Hap-py lit - tle mountain brooklet, Winding free 'mid fern and pine, Sing-ing to the field and for-est With a mel - o - dy di-vine.
 2. Once, a - long the moss - y bank-let, Chas-ing but - ter - fly and bee, I was hap - py, free and care-less As a lit - tle child could be.
 3. When, a - gain, in manhood's glo-ry, Underneath the round, full moon, Breath'd I here the "old, old sto - ry" In a passioued, low, love-tune.
 4. Now I stand a - lone, be-side thee In the gloaming of life's day, Catching glimpses of the glo - ry Of that land so far a - way.
 5. Hap - py lit - tle mountain brooklet, Winding 'mid the ferns and pine, Thou dost fill my heart with rap-ture, As I list thy voice di-vine.

Chorus.

Whirl-ing, twirl-ing, on-ward rush-ing To the blue and bound-less sea, Splashing, flashing, dashing, gushing, Thou art still a joy to me.
 Whirl-ing, twirl-ing, on-ward rush-ing To the blue and bound-less sea, Splashing, flashing, dashing, gushing, Thou art still a joy to me.

Used by permission.

Explain *Key of B.*

Ola.

EVA H. KING.

1. Gent - ly eve - ning bend - eth O - ver dale and hill, Soft - ly peace de - scend - eth And the world is still.
 2. Gave the wood brooks gush - ing All things si - lent rest, Hear its rest - less rush - ing On to o - cean's breast.
 3. Rest - less life thus flow - eth, Striv - eth in my breast, God a - lone be - stow - eth, Tran - quil eve - ning rest.

Picnic Song.

A. S. KIEFFER.

W. H. RUEBUSH.

1. To the woods, to the woods, to the woods we will go, To the woods one and all hie a - way; There we'll walk, or we'll talk, or we'll
 2. And at eve we will leave, to our homes we will go, To our homes from the woods far a - way; While we walk, or we talk, or we
 play as we may, In the woods we will stay all the day. We will breathe in the fra - grance that floats on the breeze, We will
 play as we may, As we leave at the close of the day. We will breathe in the fra - grance that floats on the breeze, We will
 list to the car - ols of birds on the trees; While we walk, or we talk, or we play as we may, In the woods thro' the long, happy day.
 list to the car - ols of birds on the trees; While we talk in our walk, or we play as we may, As we haste to our homes far a - way.

All Hail to Thee.

ELIZA COOK.

Explain *Key of F#*.

GEORGE BAKER.

1. Wel - come, all hail to thee! wel - come young spring! Thy sun - ray is bright on the but - ter - fly's wing,

2. Mu - sic, sweet mu - sic floats o - ver the earth Oue glad, cho - ral song greets the prim - ros - es' birth,

3. Mu - sic, sweet mu - sic, cheers mea - dow and lea, The song of the black - bird, the hum of the bee,

Beau - ty shines forth in the blos - som - robed trees, Per - fume floats by on the soft south - ern breeze.

The lark soars a - bove with its shrill matiu strain, The shep - herd - boy tunes his reed - pipe on the plain.

Loud, hap - py laugh - ter of chil - dren at play, Pro - claims a de - light in springs beau - ti - ful day.

Wel - come, all hail to thee! Wel - come, young spring! Thy sun - ray is bright on the but - ter - fly's wing.

Wel - come, all hail to thee! Wel - come, young spring! Thy sun - ray is bright on the but - ter - fly's wing.

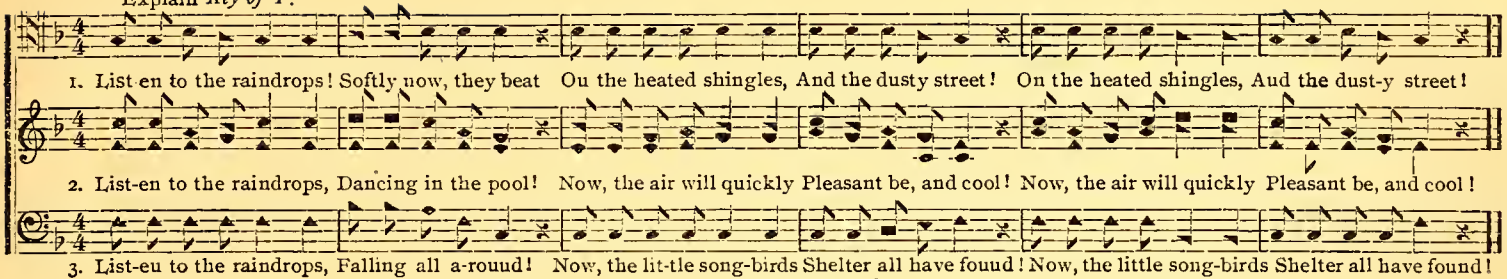
By permission.

Listen to the Raindrops.

E. R. LATTI.

Explain *Key of F*.

J. H. RUEBUSH.



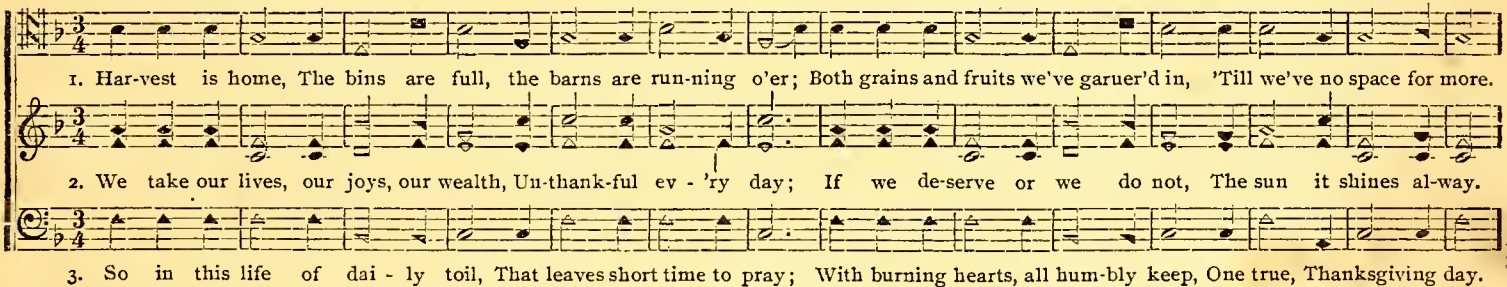
1. Listen to the raindrops! Softly now, they beat On the heated shingles, And the dusty street! On the heated shingles, And the dust-y street!

2. Listen to the raindrops, Dancing in the pool! Now, the air will quickly Pleasant be, and cool! Now, the air will quickly Pleasant be, and cool!

3. Listen to the raindrops, Falling all a-round! Now, the lit-tle song-birds Shelter all have found! Now, the little song-birds Shelter all have found!

Country Life.

D. WILSON.



1. Har-vest is home, The bins are full, the barns are run-ning o'er; Both grains and fruits we've garner'd in, 'Till we've no space for more.

2. We take our lives, our joys, our wealth, Un-thank-ful ev-'ry day; If we de-serve or we do not, The sun it shines al-way.

3. So in this life of dai-ly toil, That leaves short time to pray; With burning hearts, all hum-bly keep, One true, Thanksgiving day.

Chorus.



We've work'd and toil'd thro' heat and cold, To plant, to sow, to reap, and now, Let us Thanksgiving keep.

We've work'd and toil'd thro' heat and cold, To plant; to sow, to reap, and now, Let us Thanksgiving keep.

To plant, to sow, to reap, and now.

From Wilson's "Note Reader," by permission

The King and the Miller.

Words by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.
Explain Key of B $\flat$.

Music by FRANK FOREST.

1. There dwelt a mil - ler, hale and bold, Be - side the riv - er Dee; He worked and sang from morn till night No lark more blithe than he;
2. "Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said old king Hal, "As wrong as wrong can be; For could my heart be light as thine I'd glad - ly change with thee.

3. The mil - lers smiled and doffed his cap—"I earn my bread," quoth he; "I love my wife, I love my friend, I love my children three.
4. "Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while, "Farewell and hap - py be; But say no more, if thou'dst be true, That no one en - vies thee;

And this the bur - den of his song For - ev - er used to be; "I ev - vy no one—no, not I; And no one en - vies me."
And tell me now, what makes thee sing With voice so loud and free. While I am sad, though I'm the King, Be - side the riv - er Dee?"

I owe no one I can - not pay, I thank the riv - er Dee, That turns the mill that grinds the corn To feed my babes and me."
Thy meal - y cap is worth my crown; Thy mill my kingdom's fee; Such men as thou are Eng - land's boast, O mil - ler of the Dee!"

We're a Happy Vocal Band.

J. H. LESLIE.
Explain Key of E $\flat$.

By per. E. D. KECK.

1. We're a hap-py vo-cal band, All u-nit-ed, heart and hand; Sing-ing light-ly, glad and free, Hap-py, hap-py, hap-py we.

2. Mer-ry, mer-ry all the day, Quick-ly flies the time a-way; Sing-ing morn-ing, noon and eve, Hav-ing not the time to grieve.

3. Care is ban-ish-ed from the mind; All our sor-rows left be-hind. Danc-ing eyes are spark-ling bright; Fa-ces beam-ing with de-light.

S. J. O.

Music of The Brooklet.

S. J. OSLIN.

1. Mer-ry lit-tle brook-let, Hast-en on thy way, Press ye on in wave-lets, All the night and day;

2. Spark-ling lit-tle brook-let, Sweet-ly flow-ing by, Charmed by thy sweet mu-sic, I thy notes ad-mire.

3. From the mount-ain com-ing, Rip-pling on so gay, Down thro' wood and mead-ow, Sing thy cheer-ful lay.

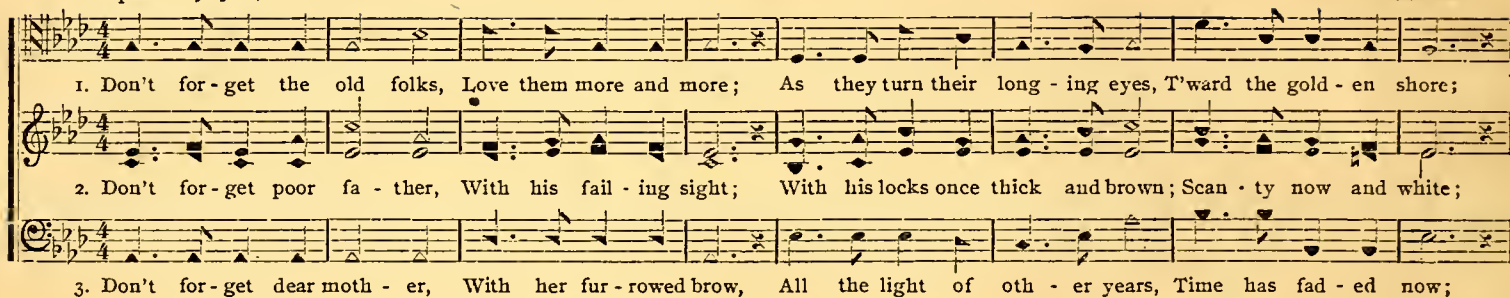
Quenching thirst of wea-ry Ones, who pass thy side, Stop-ping not to que-ry, As ye on-ward glide.

And when day is pass-ing And the dark-ness comes, In the moon-light flash-ing, Sweet thy notes pro-long.

When thy jour-neys end-ed, Then thy part shall be, With the wa-ters blend-ed, Of the bri-ny sea.

Don't Forget the Old Folks.

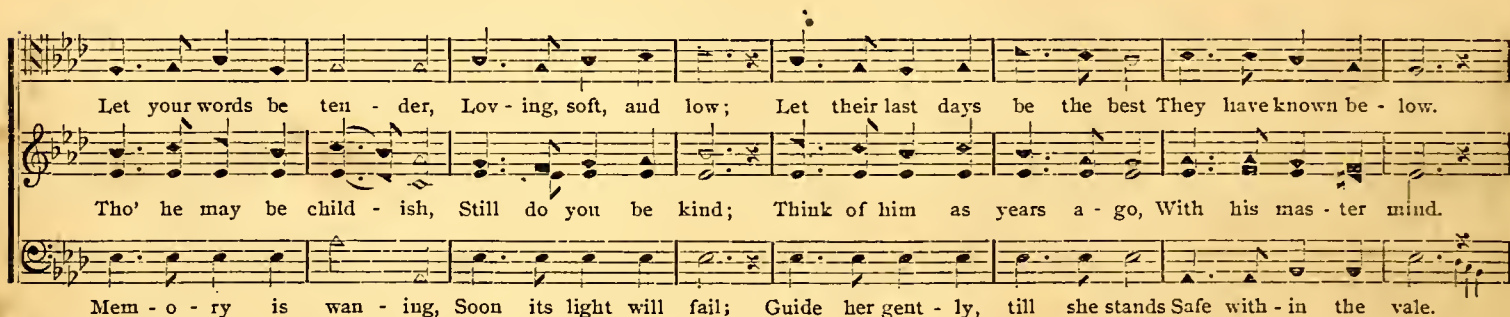
L. S. LEASON.

Explain *Key of A₂*.


1. Don't for-get the old folks, Love them more and more; As they turn their long-ing eyes, T'ward the gold-en shore;

2. Don't for-get poor fa-ther, With his fail-ing sight; With his locks once thick and brown; Scan-ty now and white;

3. Don't for-get dear moth-er, With her fur-rowed brow, All the light of oth-er years, Time has fad-ed now;

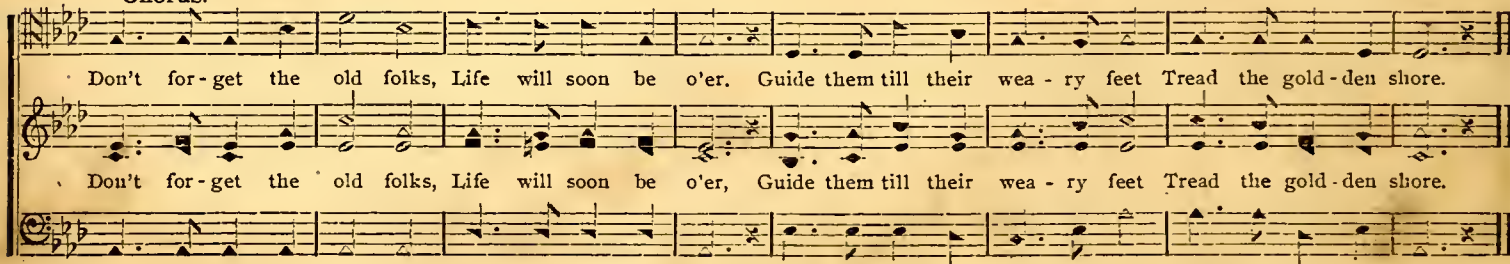


Let your words be ten-der, Lov-ing, soft, and low; Let their last days be the best They have known be-low.

Tho' he may be child-ish, Still do you be kind; Think of him as years a-go, With his mas-ter mind.

Mem-o-ry is wan-ing, Soon its light will fail; Guide her gent-ly, till she stands Safe with-in the vale.

Chorus.



Don't for-get the old folks, Life will soon be o'er. Guide them till their wea-ry feet Tread the gold-den shore.

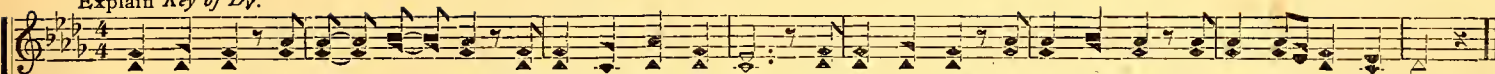
Don't for-get the old folks, Life will soon be o'er, Guide them till their wea-ry feet Tread the gold-den shore.

W. H. GARDNER.

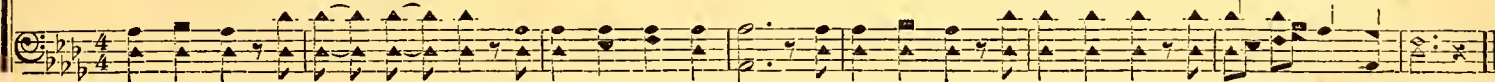
Explain *Key of D $\flat$* .

Song of the Raindrops.

J. H. HALL.



1. Drop, drop, drop! We can - not stop, We've lots of work to do. The flow-ers sweet, Our com-ing greet, And so my dears, should you!
 2. Raiu, rain, rain! Up-on the windowpane, And-on the dust-y ground, The thirst-y flow'rs, All love our show'rs They're glad when we come roud.
 3. Drip, drip, drip! We've made our trip, And we must soon be gone, Our work is done, And now the sun, You'll see to-mor-row morn.



Our Youthful Days.

J. D. VAUGHN.

E. T. HILDEBRAND.



1. Now with hap - py voic - es ring - ing clear, Hearts so light, fac - es bright as we go; O'er the mead floats glad some
 2. Hear the mer - ry school boy gai - ly shout, Trip - ping on, homeward bound, o'er the snow; Flee - cy flakes are fall - ing
 3. Skimming o'er the ice with bound - ing feet, Boys and girls, in the whirl swift - ly go; Thrill - ing songs of mirth our



Chorus.



notes of joy, Hap - py we, ju - bi - lee, Ho, ho, ho! } How we love the hap - py plays, When
 all a - bout, Glad is he, and so free, Ho, ho, ho!
 glad ears greet, Full of joy, loud hur - rah, Ho, ho, ho!



hearts are light, with youth - ful ways; In win - ter hours and sun - ny Mays, We greet those wel - come days.



Faces Far Away.

Words and Music by E. T. HILDEBRAND.

Explain Key of G $\flat$.*Slow.*

1. Vales and hills are robed in beau - ty, Moon and stars be-gem the sky; Lakes and streams in priest-ly
 2. When the twi-lights soft - ly beam - ing, And the west-ern hues de - cay; Mem - 'ry calls to love-lights
 3. Though the breez-es whis - per ev - er, Float - ing strains in wild and gay; But love's tones more dear and

Chorus.

du - ty, Send - ing sil-v'ry clouds on high.
 gleam - ing, From the fac - es far a - way.
 sweet - er, Swells in ech-oes far a - way.

Yet in day-dreams fit - ful sto - ry,

Yet in day-dreams fit - ful sto - ry,

Rit.

When the pleas-ant fan-cies play We can hear the voi-ces ho - ly That are chim-ing far a - way.

When the pleas-ant fan-cies play We cau hear the voi-ces ho - ly That are chim-ing far a - way.

Labor.

Explain the *Minor Key*. See ¶ 63 to 68.

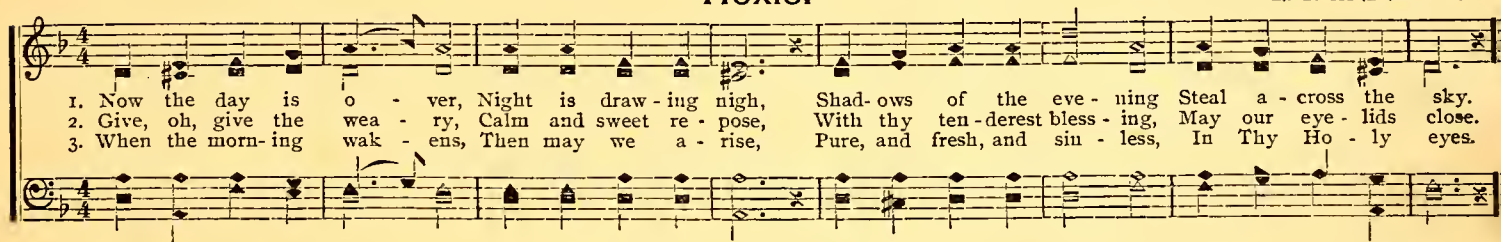
J. H. RUEBUSH.



1. Do not waste a moment's time; Life at best is but a span, La - bor hard and earn - est - ly, La - bor, la - bor while you can.
 2. If con - tent - ment you would find, Spend the pre - cious moments well, Ev - 'ry day do some good deed, Then your life is sure to tell.

Hoxie.

E. T. HILDEBRAND.



1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 2. Give, oh, give the wea - ry, Calm and sweet re - pose, With thy ten - derest bless - ing, May our eye - lids close.
 3. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may we a - rise, Pure, and fresh, and sin - less, In Thy Ho - ly eyes.

Fare Thee Well.

J. H. HALL.



Slow.

Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Now I must leave thee; Deep tho' it grieve me, Fare the well! Fare thee well!
 Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare thee well!

How sad my heart; Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Now we must part, Now we must part.
 Fare thee well! Fare thee well!

C. E. L.

C. E. LESLIE.

Cheerfully.

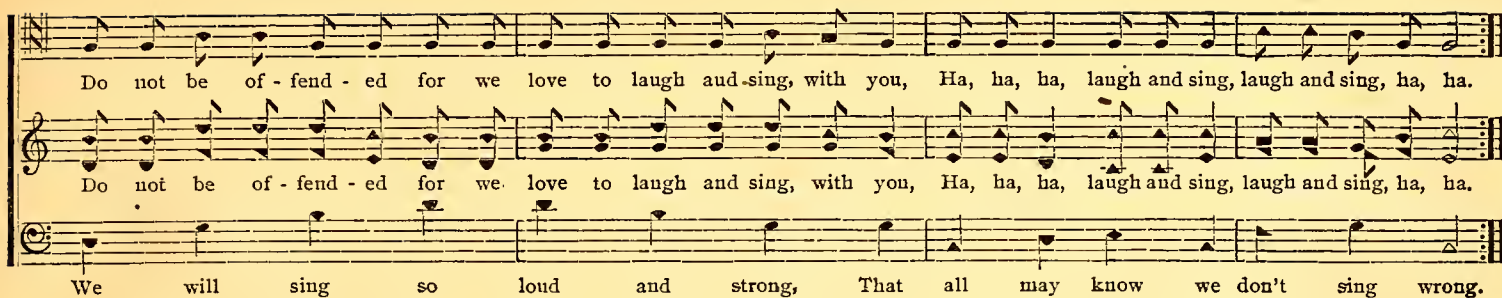
1. We are now in four part song, Keep your time and don't sing wrong,
 1. We are now, yes we are now In four part song, Keep your time, yes keep your time, And don't sing wrong,
 2. One and all, yes one and all, Should learn to sing, Keep your time, and make the air With mu - sic ring,
 2. One and all should learn to sing, Make the air with mu - sic ring,

Ver - y care - ful we must be, Bra - vo, bra - vo all
 Ver - y care - ful we must be, Bra - vo, bra - vo all
 Ver - y care - ful we must be, One and two and three and four, and Now our scale we sing,

Chorus.

Bra - vo, bra - vo, ha, ha, ha, Hear them sing their scales, ha, ha Bra - vo, bra - vo, ha, ha, ha, We will laugh and sing, ha, ha,
 Bra - vo, bra - vo, ha, ha, ha, Hear them sing their scales, ha, ha Bra - vo, bra - vo, ha, ha, ha, We will laugh and sing, ha, ha,
 We will sing our scales in time, And let the oth - ers have the rhyme, Yes,

By permission of the Author.



Do not be of - fend - ed for we love to laugh and sing, with you, Ha, ha, ha, laugh and sing, laugh and sing, ha, ha.

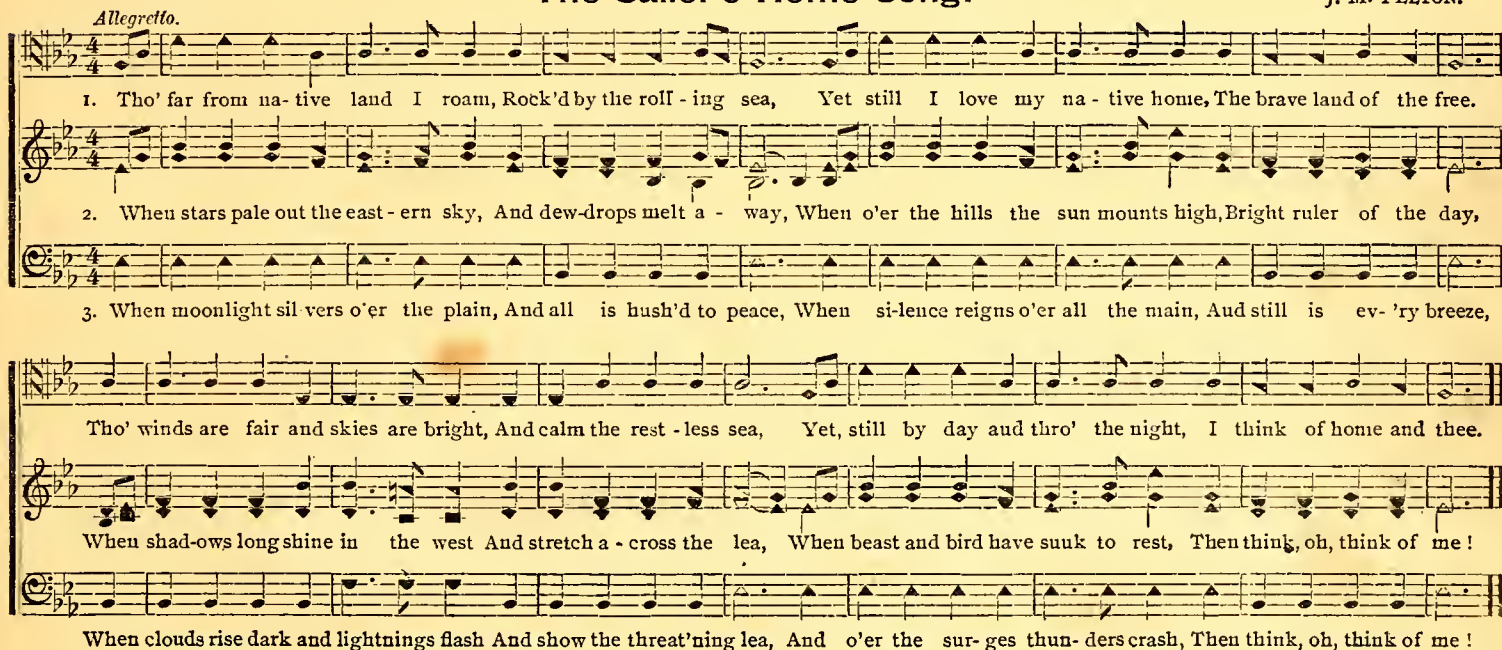
Do not be of - fend - ed for we love to laugh and sing, with you, Ha, ha, ha, laugh and sing, laugh and sing, ha, ha.

We will sing so loud and strong, That all may know we don't sing wrong.

The Sailor's Home Song.

J. M. PELTON.

Allegretto.



1. Tho' far from na - tive land I roam, Rock'd by the roll - ing sea, Yet still I love my na - tive home, The brave land of the free.

2. When stars pale out the east - ern sky, And dew-drops melt a - way, When o'er the hills the sun mounts high, Bright ruler of the day,

3. When moonlight sil - vers o'er the plain, And all is hush'd to peace, When si - lence reigns o'er all the main, And still is ev - 'ry breeze,

Tho' winds are fair and skies are bright, And calm the rest - less sea, Yet, still by day and thro' the night, I think of home and thee.

When shad - ows long shine in the west And stretch a - cross the lea, When beast and bird have suuk to rest, Then think, oh, think of me!

When clouds rise dark and lightnings flash And show the threat'ning lea, And o'er the sur - ges thun - ders crash, Then think, oh, think of me!

Observe Whole Measure Rests and Staccato.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Has your neighbor in-jured you? Don't fret; You've no rea-son so to do; No, nev-er fret; You will yet come off the best,

2. Has a false re-port been made? Don't fret; Do you fear it will de-grade? No, nev-er fret; It will run it-self to death,

3. Are your en-e-mies at work? Don't fret; Do they still in se-cret lurk? Don't fret; They can't in-jure you a whit;

4. Thro' ad-vers-i-ty your way, Don't fret; There will come a brighter day; No, nev-er fret; Fortune's wheel keeps turning round,

CODA After last verse. May be omitted.

Nev-er mind it; let it rest; Don't fret, don't fret, No, nev-er, nev-er fret. Don't fret, don't fret, don't fret.

It will die for want of breath; Don't fret, don't fret; No, nev-er, nev-er fret. Don't fret, don't fret, don't fret.

They will soon be glad to quit; Don't fret, don't fret, don't fret. Don't fret, don't fret, don't fret.

Soon 'twill lift you from the ground, Don't fret, don't fret, No, nev-er, nev-er fret.

By permission of FILLMORE BROS.

The Old Farm Gate.

33

Arr. from E. J. HALL's Poem, by FLORENCE LE CLAIRE.

Arr. by H. R. PALMER.

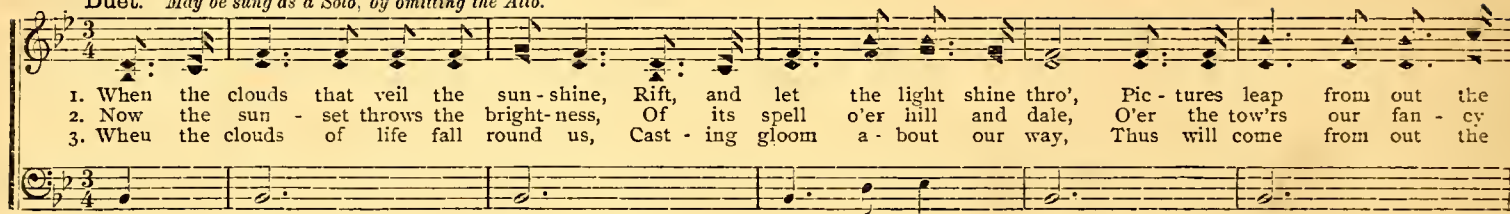
1. The old farm gate hangs sag-ging down, ah me! On rust - y hin - ges bent and brown; ah me! Its latch is gone, and
 2. The chil - dren have up - on it clung with me, Aud iu and out with rap - ture swung, in glee, When their young hearts were
 3. Be - side that gate have lov - ers true, ah me! Oft told the sto - ry, al - ways new, ah me! Have made their vows, have
 4. That gate with rust - y weight and chain, ah me! Has closed up - on the fune - ral train, ah me! That gate has oft - en
 5. But dear to me a - bove all things, oh yes! By rea - son of the thoughts it brings, oh yes! Is that dear gate now

here and there It shows wide trac - es of re - pair, Ah me! ah me! ah me! Time pass - es so quick - ly a - way.
 good and pure, When hope was fair and faith was sure, It seems but yes - ter - day, Time pass - es so quick - ly a - way.
 dreamed of bliss, And sealed each prom - ise with a kiss, It seems but yes - ter - day, Time pass - es so quick - ly a - way.
 open - ed wide To wel - come home a new - made bride, It seems but yes - ter - day, Time pass - es so quick - ly a - way.
 sag - ging down, On rust - y hin - ges, bent and brown, Ah me! ah me! ah me! Time pass - es so quick - ly a - way.

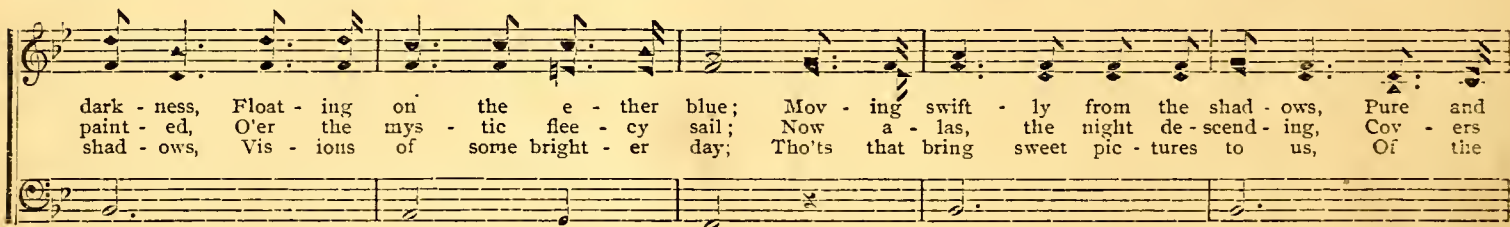
Pictures in the Clouds.

NELLIE WICKIZER. *Moderato.*

R. H. RANDALL.

Duet. *May be sung as a Solo, by omitting the Alto.*


1. When the clouds that veil the sun-shine, Rift, and let the light shine thro', Pic-tures leap from out the
 2. Now the sun-set throws the bright-ness, Of its spell o'er hill and dale, O'er the tow'rs our fan-cy
 3. When the clouds of life fall round us, Cast-ing gloom a-bout our way, Thus will come from out the

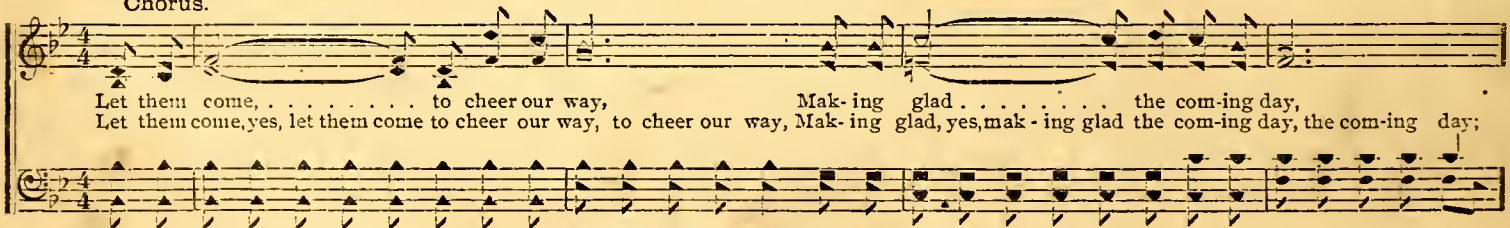


dark-ness, Float-ing on the e-ther blue; Mov-ing swift-ly from the shad-ows, Pure and
 paint-ed, O'er the mys-tic flee-cy sail; Now a-las, the night de-scend-ing, Cov-ers the
 shad-ows, Vis-ions of some bright-er day; Tho'ts that bring sweet pic-tures to us, Of the



white as drift-ed snow, Lakes and streams and loft-y moun-tains, Past our vis-ion come and go.
 up our pic-tures bright, But the joy they give us, can-not Van-ish with the fad-ing light.
 hap-py days gone by, Then will float with all their glad-ness, Past our gaze in mem-'ry's sky.

Chorus.



Let them come, to cheer our way, Mak-ing glad the com-ing day,
 Let them come, yes, let them come to cheer our way, to cheer our way, Mak-ing glad, yes, mak-ing glad the com-ing day, the com-ing day;

In the dawn - ing, of the morn - ing, When the night has passed a - way, has pass'd a-way.
In the dawn, in the dawning of the morn-ing, of the morn-ing, When the night has passed a - way, when the night has passed a-way.

The Fisher.

FRED. WOODROW.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL, by per.

1. So rug - ged and strong brown-faced and bold, The fish - er sails o - ver the bar, To watch on the deep as the
2. In reach of the deep and roar of maine The drift of the sand and the spray, He knows not a fear, and he
3. He spreads out his sail un - to the breeze, And mer - ri - ly tra - vels the maine, Still sing - ing the songs that the

Chorus.

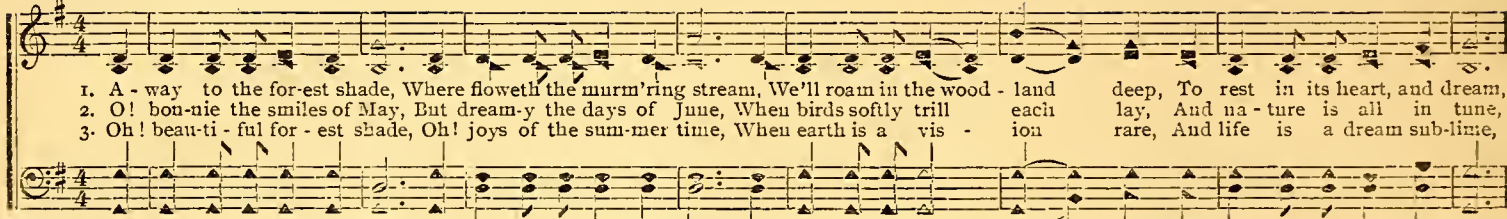
sun goes down, Till rise of the morn - ing star.
dreads no ill, But goes on his storm - y way. } Ho! ho to the fish - er of the deep (ho! ho!) Ho!
old folks hear, When home comes the boats a - gain. }

ho! to the fish - er of the deep (ho! ho!) He knows not a fear, and he dreads no ill But goes on his storm - y way.

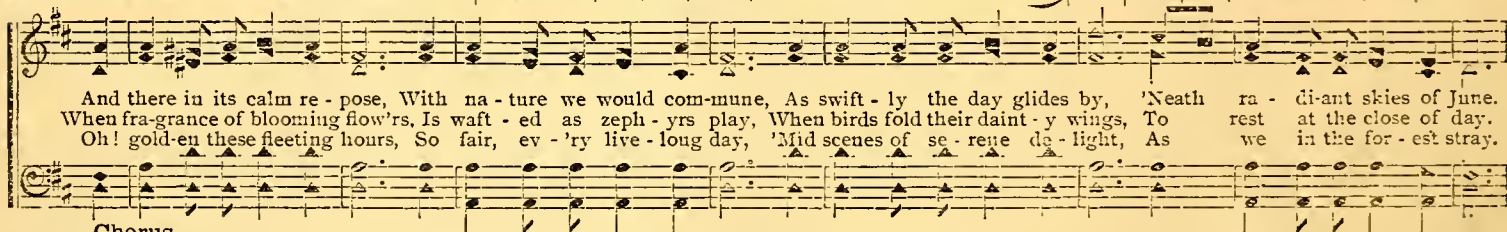
Away to the Forest Shade.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

JAS. L. ORR.

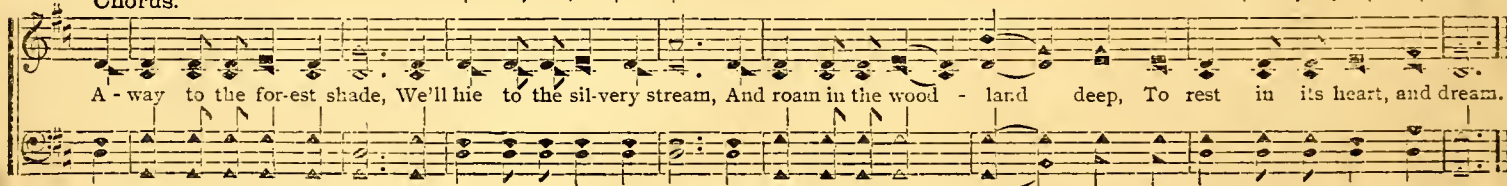


1. A - way to the for-est shade, Where floweth the murm'ring stream, We'll roam in the wood - land deep, To rest in its heart, and dream,
 2. O! bon-nie the smiles of May, But dream-y the days of June, When birds softly trill each lay, And na-ture is all in tune,
 3. Oh! beau-ti - ful for - est shade, Oh! joys of the sum-mer time, When earth is a vis - ion rare, And life is a dream sub-lime,



And there in its calm re - pose, With na - ture we would com-mune, As swift - ly the day glides by, 'Neath ra - di-ant skies of June.
 When fra-grance of blooming flow'rs, Is waft - ed as zeph - yrs play, When birds fold their daint - y wings, To rest at the close of day.
 Oh! gold-en these fleeting hours, So fair, ev - 'ry live - long day, 'Mid scenes of se - rene de - light, As we in the for - est stray.

Chorus.

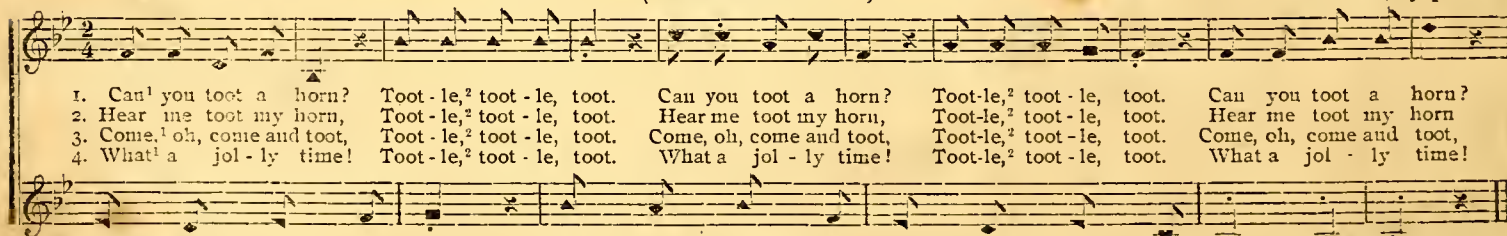


A - way to the for-est shade, We'll hie to the sil-very stream, And roam in the wood - land deep, To rest in its heart, and dream.

Tootle-Toot.

(PRIMARY SONG.)

S. C. HANSON, by per.



1. Can¹ you toot a horn? Toot - le,² toot - le, toot. Can you toot a horn? Toot - le,² toot - le, toot. Can you toot a horn?
 2. Hear me toot my horn, Toot - le,² toot - le, toot. Hear me toot my horn, Toot - le,² toot - le, toot. Hear me toot my horn
 3. Come,¹ oh, come and toot, Toot - le,² toot - le, toot. Come, oh, come and toot, Toot - le,² toot - le, toot. Come, oh, come and toot,
 4. What¹ a jol - ly time! Toot - le,² toot - le, toot. What a jol - ly time! Toot - le,² toot - le, toot. What a jol - ly time!

Toot - le, toot - le, toot. Toot - le,² toot - le, toot - le, toot - le, toot, toot, toot.

1. Close both hands. Hold the end of the thumb of left hand erect, ready to place to the lips. Place the end of the thumb of right hand against the lower part of left hand.
2. Raise hands from position (1) and place them so as to represent a horn—the left thumb against the lips.

1. We're bound by friendship's gold - en chain, And none may tell its power, For hearts will true to hearts re - main, Till
 2. Tho' in the years for us in store, Our paths in life di - vide, We'll not for - get the days gone by, We

3. We've la - bored earn - est - ly and long, But we re - joice to - day, That by suc - cess our work is crown'd, 'Twill
 4. Then though we now must say good - bye, True friends we will re - main, May heav - en bless you one and all, Un -

5. Un - til we meet a - gain dear friends, We meet to part no more, When friend - ship's bond shall last for aye, On

ends life's sun - set hour, For hearts will true to hearts re - main, Till ends life's sun - set hour.
 stud - ied side by side, We'll not for - get those days gone by, We stud - ied, side by side.

bright - en all the way, That by suc - cess our work is crown'd 'Twill bright - en, all the way.
 til we meet a - gain May heav - en bless you one and all, Un - til we meet a - gain.

heav - en's shin - ing shore, When friend - ship's bond shall last for aye, On heav - en's shin - ing shore.

Chorus.

Till ends life's sunset hour, my friend, Till ends life's sunset hour, We'll still be bound by friendship's chain, When comes life's sunset hour.

Till ends life's sunset hour, my friend, Till ends life's sunset hour, We'll still be bound by friendship's chain, When comes life's sunset hour.

Song of the Clock.

WM. H. GARDNER.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock,

1. All the day and all the night, How the old clock ticks away! Tick - ing when the sun shines
 2. When the hap- py boys and girls, Fu - ter with their bags and books, On bright eyes, and shining
 3. When va- ca- tion comes a-long, And the childre n go a- way, Some one says the old clock's
 4. While we grow and learn each year, Pa - - tently it ticks a- way, And we leave it with a

Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock,

Refrain.

Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick!

bright, curls, song, tear, Tick ing when the sky is gray. With a welcome face it looks. Ticks out sad-ly all the day. When there comes our parting day.

Tick, tock, tick, tock! Hark! 'tis singing, "time is fleeting, Work away then children dear. You must start your life work here."

Tick tock, tick, tock! Hark! 'tis singing, "time is fleeting, Work away then children dear. You must start your life work here."

Tick, tock, tick, tock! Hark! 'tis singing, "time is fleeting, Work away then children dear. You must start your life work here."

Village Bells.

STARKWEATHER.

1. Ring on, ye bells, with joy-ful tale, Far o-ver lake and lea; Make glad my love-ly na-tive vale As it was wont to be; Ring

2. Sweet is your tune-ful, change-ful play, As on the gale it swells; Or soft-ly floats and dies a-way A-down the dis-tant dells; Ring

3. The sweet-est mem-ries of my life Are wov-en with thy strain, They come to cheer my lone-ly heart Like sun-shine aft-er rain; Speed

out your cheer - ful earn - est chime, And bid the gath - ring throng With - in these walls keep ho - ly time, with heart - felt praise and song.

on, and let your joy - ful peal Re - sound a - far and near, Bid old and young, from hill and dale, De - vout - ly wor - ship here.

hope and joy as in the past, And in thy mes - sage bear A con - so - la - tion for each grief, And ev - 'ry earth - born care.

Refrain.

[illegible]

Over That Jasper Sea.

NEVA E. PARKHILL.

(Dedicated to my niece, GRACE B. DRAKELY, Cottage Grove, Wis.)

C. E. LESLIE, April 26, 1880, by per.

Duet.

1. O - ver the tide of that Jas - per sea, Soft - ly a sweet voice is call - ing to me; Lov - ing and ten - der, be -
 2. O - ver the tide of that Jas - per sea, Soft - ly the ac - cents are plead - ing with me; Plead - ing so gen - tly in
 3. O - ver the tide of that Jas - per sea, Com - eth a vis - ion of beau - ty to me; An - gels are float - ing a -

Full Chorus.

seech - ing its tone, Dear - ly be - loved, O why long - er roam? }
 mu - sic - al tones, Dear - ly be - loved, O why long - er roam? } Call - ing, call - ing, yes, call - ing for me,
 down from the dome, Dear - ly be - loved, O why long - er roam? }

O - ver the tide of that Jas - per sea. Call - ing, call - ing, yes, call - ing for me, O - ver the tide of that Jas - per sea.

Peaceful Slumbering.

CHAS. L. MOORE, by per.

p Slow with expression.

1. Peace - ful slumb'ring on the o - cean Sea-men bear no dan - ger nigh, Thy winds and waves in gen - tle
 2. He, who, when the waves are roll - ing, Sets his trust in God on high, A - midst the ten - pests fier - est

Peaceful Slumbering.—Concluded.

41

mo - tion Soothe them with their lul - la - by. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by. Soothe them with their lul - la - by.
 howl-ing, Still en - joys a lul - la - by. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by. Still en - joys a lul - la - by.

dim. . . f p pp

S. C. H.

Jolly Boys.

S. C. HANSON.

1. We love the mer - ry years of child - hood, — Its joy - ous hours of play; With a shout we roam thro' field and
 2. In the school-room or the play-ground, be - lieve us, We're strong in brain and brawn, From i - dle, list - less minds, re -
 3. No care or sad - ness now re - strains us, Oh, no, no, no, no, no; We're a jol - ly set of boys — Who

Chorus.

wild-wood, No hap - pier hearts to - day. } Jol - ly boys are we, as you e'er did see, Jol - ly, jol - ly, jol - ly, jol - ly
 lieve us, Let's rise at ear - ly dawn. }
 blames us? Oh, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. } Tra la la la la, tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la

Repeat the chorus with the syllables tra la la.

gay and free, Voi - ces clear and strong In a mer - ry song, Fill the air with ech - oes loud and long.
 la la la, La la la la la, La la la la la, La la la la la la la la la la.

The Song of the Bat.

C. E. L.

Commit the words and music, and the piece will be well received in concert.

C. E. LESLIE.

1. The bat, the bat is a ver-y queer bird, He flies all round and noth-ing is heard, Ex-cept the flap of his ug - ly wings Which

2. The bat is out tho' a ver-y dark night, He flies all round as tho' it were light, He has no fear of his life or health 'Tis

is the on - ly song that he sings, In day-light he hides him-self a - way And no one can tell where he does stay,

true he has no mon - ey or wealth, He's odd in his way and spends the day, And no one can tell where he does stay.

But at night he's fly - ing all round and a - bout, The hous-es and barns he takes in his route.

But at night he's fly - ing all round and a - bout, The hous-es and barns he takes in his route. He's in at the win - dow, And

By permission of the Author.

The Song of the Bat.—Concluded.

43

f cres.

He's up to the ceal-ing and down to the floor. Be -

out at the door, *cres.* Be -

He's up to the ceal-ing and down to the floor, There now I have him right un-der my hat,

rit. pp

care-ful or else you will hurt the poor bat, Poor lit-tle bat, Poor lit-tle bat.

p rit. pp

care-ful or else you will hurt the poor bat, Poor lit-tle bat, Poor lit-tle bat.

p

Poor lit-tle bat, He's un-der my hat, Poor lit-tle bat, He's un-der my hat.

Music on the Ocean.

J. H. HALL.

1. Music on the ocean, When the winds go sweeping by Upward in their fu-ry, Dashing waves unto the sky.

1. Oh! there's music on the o - cean, When the winds go sweeping by; Bear ing upward in their fu - - ry, Dashing waves un to the sky.

2. Oh! the soft me-lodious surg - ing, Of bright waves on pebbly shore, Where rare shells like gems are gleam - ing, Where ne'er comes the dripping oar.

2. Soft melodious surging, Of bright waves on pebbly shore, Shells like gems are gleaming, Where ne'er comes the dripping oar.

Row the Boat Lightly, Love.

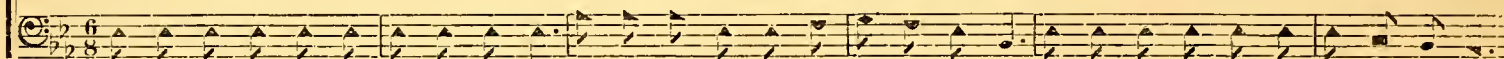
J. H. RUEBUSH.



1. Row the boat light-ly, love, o-ver the sea, Twi-light is fall-ing, I'll hast-en with thee, O'er the blue wa-ters nowsparkling with foam,

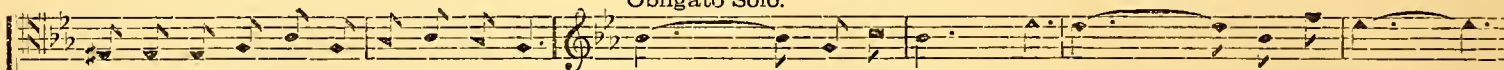


2. Brave is the heart of the fish-er-man's bride, Tho' the wind fret-teth the wave in its pride; What tho' the storm hath en-com-passed the sea,



3. How the bark dash-es from mountain to vale, Toss'd like a feath-er the sport of the gale; Now it is riv-en, to-geth-er they go,

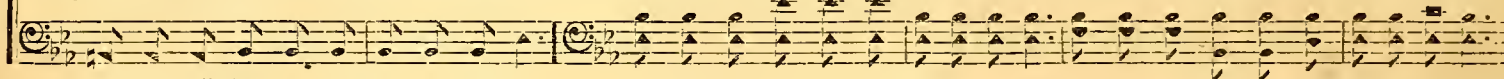
Obligato Solo.



Ev-er-more, dear-est, to dwell in thy home. Row the boat, light-ly, O - - - ver the sea,



Clasp-ing her treas-ure, oh, what car-eth she? Row the boat, light-ly, love, o-ver the sea, Row the boat, light-ly, love, o-ver the sea;



To the still depths of the cav-erns be-low.

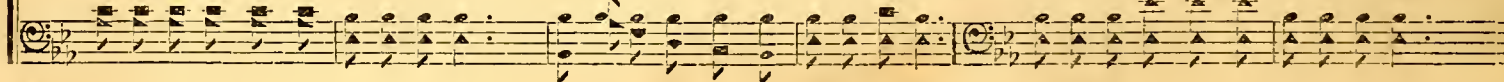
Bass Solo.

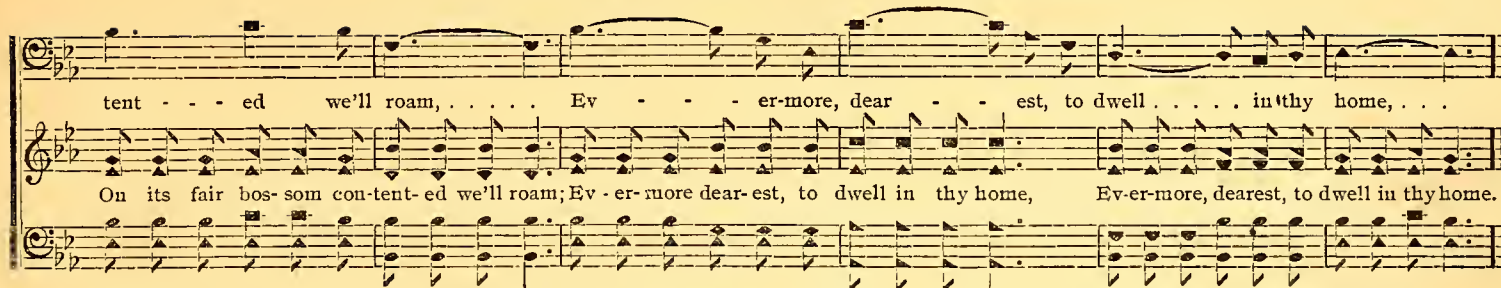


Dai - - ly and night - - ly I'll wan - - der with thee, On, its clear bos - - om con -



Dai-ly and night-ly I'll wan-der with thee, Dai-ly and night-ly I'll wan-der with thee. On its clear bos-om con-tent-ed we'll roam,



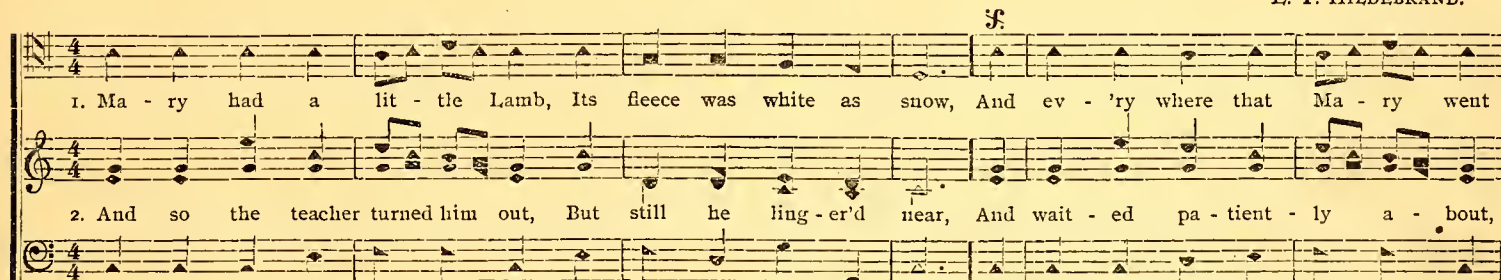


tent - - ed we'll roam, Ev - - er-more, dear - - est, to dwell in thy home, . . .

On its fair bos-som con-tent-ed we'll roam; Ev - er-more dear-est, to dwell in thy home, Ever-more, dearest, to dwell in thy home.

Mary had a Little Lamb.

E. T. HILDEBRAND.



1. Ma - ry had a lit - tle Lamb, Its fleece was white as snow, And ev - 'ry where that Ma - ry went

2. And so the teacher turned him out, But still he ling - er'd near, And wait - ed pa - tient - ly a - bout,

D.S.— It made the chil - dren laugh and play,
D.S.— As if he said I'm not a - fraid, *D.S.*

FINE.

The lamb was sure to go. It fol - low'd her to school one day, Which was a - gainst the rule,

Till Ma - ry did ap - pear; And then he quick - ly ran to her, And lean'd up - on her arm;

To see a lamb at school.
 You'll keep me from all harm.

Oh, Come with Me.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Oh, come with me o'er the wa - ters of the sil - ver lake, Oh, come, oh, come with
 2. Then o'er the lake in our lit - tle bark we'll gai - ly glide, Oh, come, oh, come with

lake, sil - ver lake,
 glide, gai - ly glide,

me; Our joy - ous songs shall the ech - oes of the hills a - wake, Oh, come, oh, come with me.
 me; The hours will pass quick-ly with the gen - tly fleet - ing tide, Oh, come, oh, come with me.

me, come with me;
 me, come with me;

wake, hills a - wake,
 tide, fleet-ing tide,

Chorus.

Oh, come, come, come, come with me, Oh, come, come, come, come with me, Come, come with me, come, come with me o'er the
 Oh, come, come, come, come with me, Oh, come, come, come, come with me, Oh, come with me o'er the

Come, come with me, Come, come with me o'er the

Oh, Come With Me.—Concluded.

47

Repeat softly after last verse.

wa-ters of the sil-ver lake, Come, come with me, come, come with me, And with mu-sic sweet the dis-tant ech-oes wake.

wa-ters of the sil-ver lake, Oh, come with me, And with mu-sic sweet the dis-tant ech-oes wake.

Come, come with me, come, come with me,

A. S. K.

Midnight Serenade.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1. 'Tis mid-night! 'tis mid-night, And ev-'ry mount-ain height Is bath'd in a sea of glo-ry, This mys-tic moon-light night.

2. The moon-light! the moon-light Fills ev-'ry mount-ain bow'r; And stars, like the eyes of an-gels, Beam on each rock-y tow'r.

3. 'Tis mid-night! 'tis mid-night O'er mountain, vale, and sea; And sweet are the uight wiuds sing-ing Their songs of love to thee.

Chorus.

O fair-y moon-light night! I love thy tran-quil hours, And drink thy beau-ty in A-mong these mountain bow'rs.

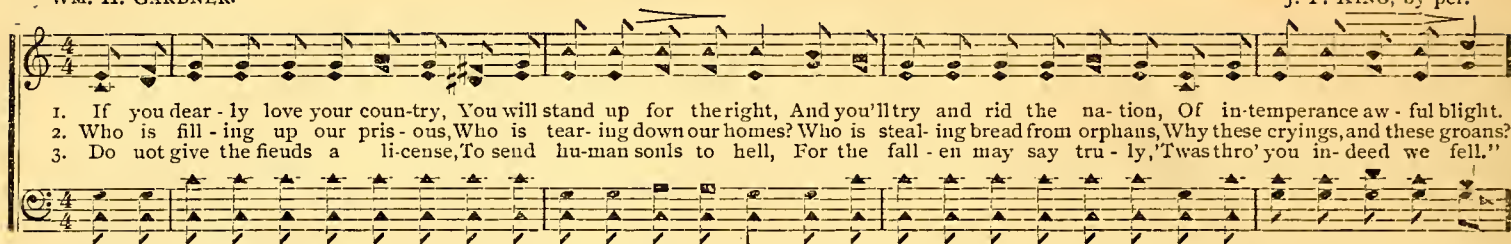
O fair-y moonlight night! I love thy tran-quil hours, And drink thy beau-ty in A-mong these mountain bow'rs.

O fair-y moon-light night! I love thy tran-quil hours, And drink thy beau-ty in A-mong these mountain bow'rs.

By permission.

WM. H. GARDNER.

J. F. KING, by per.

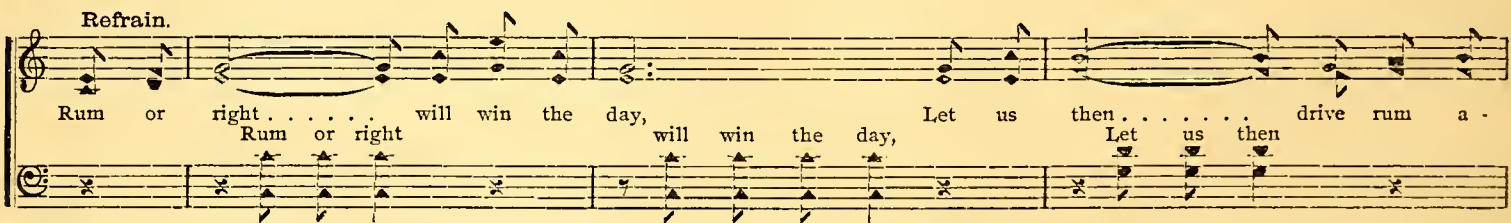


1. If you dear - ly love your coun - try, You will stand up for the right, And you'll try and rid the na - tion, Of in - temperance aw - ful blight.
 2. Who is fill - ing up our pris - ons, Who is tear - ing down our homes? Who is steal - ing bread from orphans, Why these cryings, and these groans?
 3. Do not give the feuds a li - cense, To send hu - man souls to hell, For the fall - en may say tru - ly, 'Twasthro' you in - deed we fell."

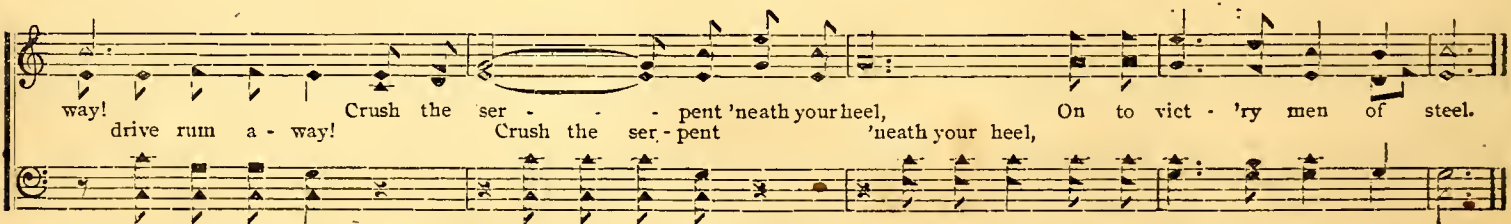


Cast your votes for men of hon - or, Drive the "Rum curse" from the land. Right will sure - ly gain the vic - t'ry, If you brave - ly make a stand.
 It is rum, the dread de - stroy - er, Who has seized the soul of men. Oh, then ral - ly for the bat - tle, Nev - er let him win a - gain!
 "Down with rum!" then be your watchword, Bravely bat - tle for the right. Save, oh, save, our coun - try, broth - ers, From in - temperance aw - ful blight!

Refrain.



Rum or right will win the day, will win the day, Let us then drive rum a -
 Rum or right will win the day, will win the day, Let us then drive rum a -



way! drive rum a - way! Crush the ser - pent 'neath your heel, On to vict - 'ry men of steel.
 drive rum a - way! Crush the ser - pent 'neath your heel, On to vict - 'ry men of steel.

When The Morn with Dewy Fingers.

49

E. R. LATTA.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

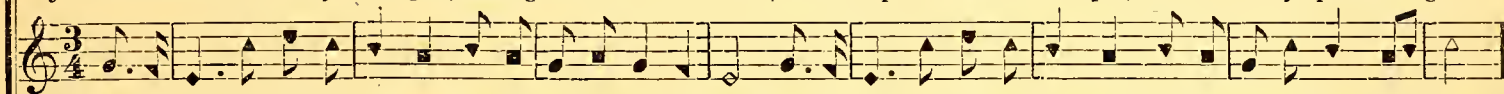


1. When the morn with dew-y fin-gers Ope the por-tals of the day, And with pearls the earth seems covered, How the shadows fly a-way.

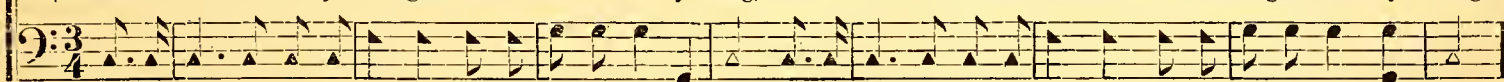


2. When the morn with dew-y fin-gers, In her gold-en char-iot rides, Then a sense of speechless pleasure Ev-er in my heart a-bides.

3. When the morn with dew-y fin-gers, Blessings on the earth doth strew, How the cups of flow'rets o-pen, How the down-y pet-als glow.



4. When the morn with dew-y fin-gers Com-eth as on fai-ry wing, How the birds in vale and wood-land Do their songs of beau-ty sing.



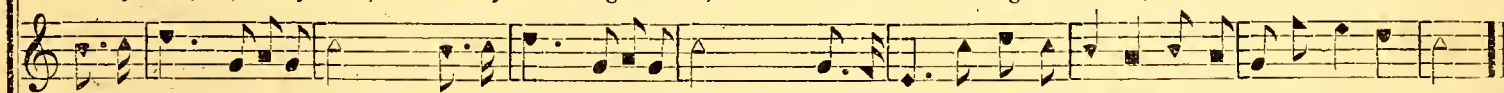
Chorus.



Lovely morn with dewy fingers, Sweet thy coming is to me, When 'tis time for night to van-ish, Glad I wait and watch for thee.



Love-ly morn, oh, love-ly morn, Sweet thy com-ing is to me, When 'tis time for night to van-ish, Glad I wait and watch for thee.



Lovely morn with dewy fingers, Sweet thy coming is to me. When 'tis time for night to van-ish, Glad I wait and watch for thee.



By permission of Fillmore Bros.

The River's Song.

J. L. GILLESPIE.

1. Far a - way, far a - way, in the sun - ny mead - ow, Hear it now, hear it now, 'tis the riv - er's song.

2. Long a - go, long a - go, sport - ed there sweet child - hood; Hear it now, hear it now, shout - ing o'er the wave.

3. On - ward still, on - ward still, is the riv - er glid - ing, To the sea, to the sea, like the stream of time.

Rip-pling, dip - ping, dash - ing, flash - ing, thro' the mer - ry shad - ows, Beau - ti - ful and mu - sic - al it glides a - long.

Quaff - ing, laugh - ing, sing - ing, spring - ing, thro' the tan - gled wild - wood, O'er the rip - ple bend - ing each young brow to lave.

Surg - ing, urg - ing, swell - ing, tell - ing, there is no de - lay - ing, Mur - mur - ing of o - cean, in a stream sub - lime.

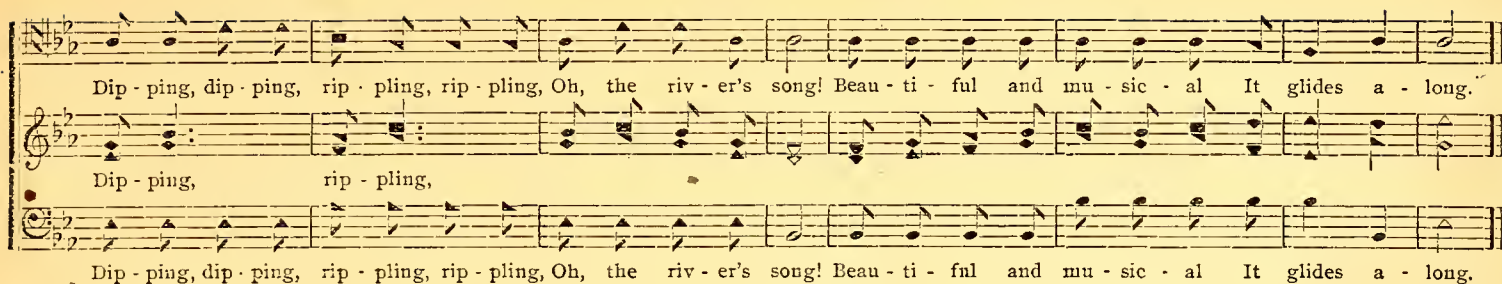
Chorus.

Dip - ping, dip - ping, rip - pling, rip - pling, Oh, how mer - ri - ly! Flash - ing, flash - ing, dash - ing, dash - ing, On - ward to the sea;

Dip - ping, rip - pling, Oh, how mer - ri - ly! Flash - ing, dash - ing, On - ward to the sea;

Dip - ping, dip - ping, rip - pling, rip - pling, Oh, how mer - ri - ly! Flash - ing, flash - ing, dash - ing, dash - ing, On - ward to the sea;

From Wilson's Note Reader, by permission.



Dip - ping, dip - ping, rip - pling, rip - pling, Oh, the riv - er's song! Beau - ti - ful and mu - sic - al It glides a - long.

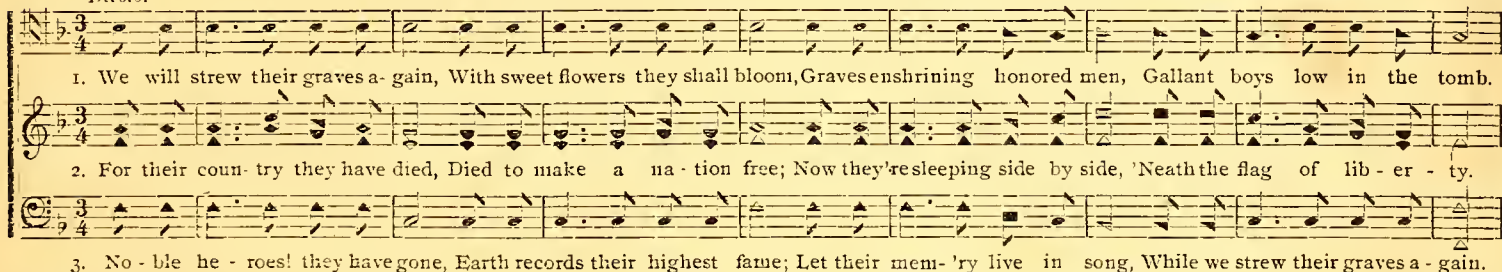
Dip - ping, rip - pling,

Dip - ping, dip - ping, rip - pling, rip - pling, Oh, the riv - er's song! Beau - ti - ful and mu - sic - al It glides a - long.

We will Strew their Graves Again.

Words and Music by W. T. GIFFE.

Dirito.



1. We will strew their graves a - gain, With sweet flowers they shall bloom, Graves enshrining honored men, Gallant boys low in the tomb.

2. For their coun - try they have died, Died to make a na - tion free; Now they're sleeping side by side, 'Neath the flag of lib - er - ty.

3. No - ble he - roes! they have gone, Earth records their highest fame; Let their mem - 'ry live in song, While we strew their graves a - gain.

Refrain.



Fall - en graves, fall - en graves, We will strew their graves a - gain.

Fall - en graves, fall - en graves, We will strew their graves a - gain.

Fall - en graves, fall - en graves, We will strew their graves a - gain.

By permission.

My Native Village Bells.

S. W. STRAUB.

Quartet.

1. A - gain I hear them soft and low, Come sweeping o'er the plain, With feelings once 'twas heav'n to know, And bliss to feel a - gain, For

2. How many a tune to mem'ry dear, Their plaintive notes re - call, The school, the dance up on the green, And thee, more dear than all, Dear

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time, featuring a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in the same key and time, with a steady eighth-note pattern. The bottom staff is a bass line, also in 4/4 time, providing a harmonic foundation with eighth and sixteenth notes.

though I've dwelt where music, all The soul with rap - ture swells..... I ne'er heard sounds could thrill my heart Like thine, my vil - lage bells,

one, when life's long noon is o'er— My fan - cy fond - ly tells..... In qui - et may we pass our days, Where sound our vil - lage bells,

The second system continues the musical score with three staves. It follows the same instrumental arrangement as the first system, with a vocal line, piano accompaniment, and bass line. The lyrics continue across the staves, with some lines spanning across the system boundaries.

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My Native Village Bells.—Concluded.

53

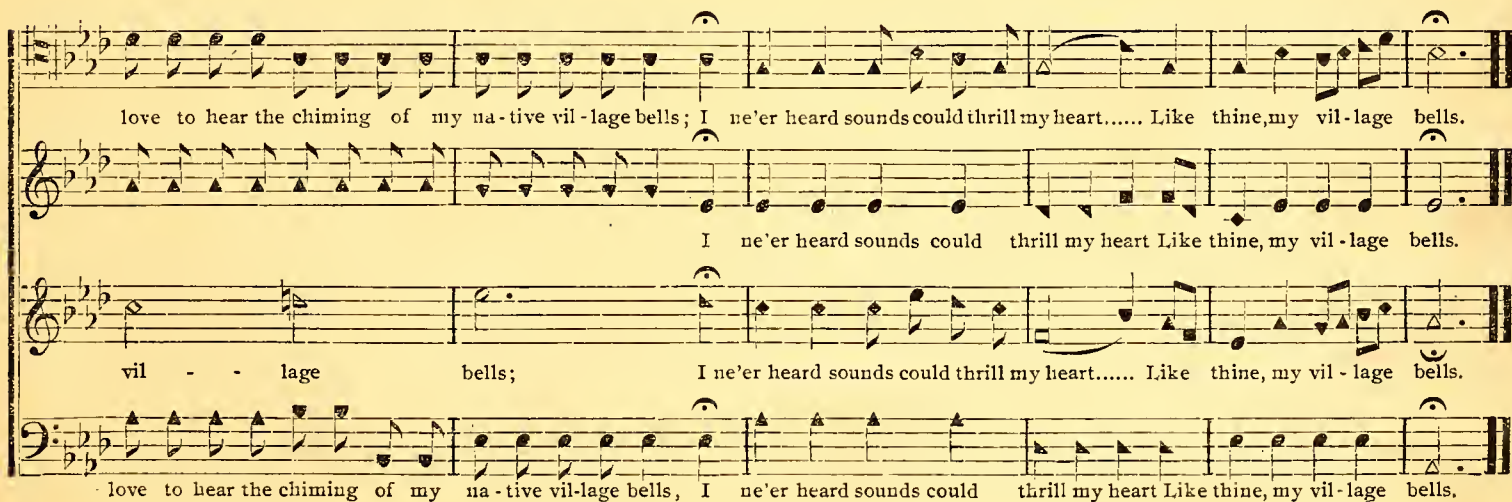
Chorus.



Sweet bells, sweet bells, sweet bells, sweet bells, I love to hear the chiming, chiming of my vil-lage bells, I

Sweet bells, sweet bells, sweet bells, sweet bells, I love my na - - - tive

Sweet bells, sweet bells, sweet bells, sweet bells, I love to hear the chiming, chiming of my vil-lage bells, I



love to hear the chiming of my na-tive vil-lage bells; I ne'er heard sounds could thrill my heart..... Like thine, my vil-lage bells.

I ne'er heard sounds could thrill my heart Like thine, my vil-lage bells.

vil - - - lage bells; I ne'er heard sounds could thrill my heart..... Like thine, my vil-lage bells.

love to hear the chiming of my na-tive vil-lage bells, I ne'er heard sounds could thrill my heart Like thine, my vil-lage bells,

The Gurgle of the Jug.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

Ad lib.

1. Of all the vile things some people will hug, The vilest of things is an
 2. For rich and for poor, it carries the drug, That poisons the blood and that
 3. Oh! smash this old jug, this murderous jug; Let out the vile stuff that you

old fashioned jug; It steal-eth their bed, how - ev - er so snug, And drives them to sleep on some bit of a rug.
 red-dens the "mug;" At the last they who drink, their graves will have dug, For in - to the lake they will stagger "Kerchug!"
 fool-ish - ly lug; Put on the *Gough Har-ness*, and hitch up the tug, No long-er be hailed as a "Sot," or, a "Plug."

Chorus. Spirituoso.

Oh! the gur - gle of the jug, jug, jug, As it fills the guz - zler's mug, mug, mug.

Oh! the gur - gle of the jug, jug, As it fills the guz - zler's mug, mug,

Oh! the gur-gle, gen-tle gur-gle of the jug, jug, jug, As it fill-eth, fill-eth, fill-eth up the guz - zler's mug;

NOTE.—This excellent piece is published in sheet form with Piano accompaniment. Price, 30 cents.

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The Gurgle of the Jug.—Concluded.

55

*Second time Gurgleiss mo.**

Sweet - est mu - sic for the "Plug," plug, plug, Is the gur - gle of the jug, jug.

Sweet - est mu - sic, rar - est mu - sic for the "Plug," plug, plug, Is the gur - gle, gen - tle gur - gle of the jug, jug, jug.

* If sung as a solo entirely, a good effect is produced by singing the *base* the second time.

O, I am a Merry Sailor Lad.

MALE QUARTETTE.

Arr. by J. H. HALL.

1st. & 2d. Tenor.

1. O, I am a mer - ry sail - or lad, With heart both light and free; I high - ly prize my gal - lant ship, I love the deep blue sea.

2. Where bound - ing bil - low rears its head To play with tempest cloud; Where storm's deep voice comes o'er the main, In murmurs hoarse and loud.

1st. Bass.

3. I look to tread the ves - sel's deck, A - mid the howl - ing gale, And lis - ten to the sea - gull's scream, And to the thun - der's rail.

4. O, see the viv - id light - ning play, A - round me bold and free; Yet some will love the dull, tame shore, But an o - cean life for me.

2d. Bass.

Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!

Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! I love, I love, I love the dark, blue sea, I love, I love, I love the dark blue sea.

Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! I love, I love, I love the dark blue sea, I love, I love, I love the dark blue sea.

Lead Me Where She's Sleeping.

Solo Obligato. *Andante*.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. Lead me some-times where she's sleep-ing, To our lit - tle Min - nie's grave; Where the i - vy

Chorus. *pp*

1. Lead me sometimes, etc.

2. Lead me some-times where she's sleep-ing, To that green and hal - lowed mound; Where the bright young

2. Lead me sometimes, etc.

3. Lead me sometimes where she's sleep-ing, Where our loved, lost Min - nie lies; Where the au - gels

vines are creeping, Where the blooming flow - ers wave, Where the pine-tree boughs are swinging,

stars are peeping Through the trees that guard a - round; Where so oft our hearts have blended,

guard are keeping, As they're wing-ing thro' the skies; Where the pine-tree boughs are swinging,

By permission.

Lead Me Where She's Sleeping.—Concluded.

57

In the balmy south - ern breeze; And the birds are sweet - ly sing-ing, In their home a - mong the trees.

In the earn-est heart - felt prayer; That in heav'n when life is end-ed, We may meet our dar - ling there.

In the balmy south - ern breeze; And the birds are sweet - ly sing-ing, In their home a - mong the trees.

LONGFELLOW.
Legato.

Good-night, Beloved.

GEO. BAKER.

Good-night, good-night, be - lov - ed, I come to watch o'er thee, Good-night, good-night, be-lov - ed, I come to watch o'er thee,

To be near thee, to be near thee is peace a-lone for me, Good-night, good-night, be - lov - ed, I come to watch o'er thee.

Love Divine.

Arranged from "Last Rose of Summer," by W. L. THOMPSON.

Lento.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down, Fix in us thy hum-ble dwelling, All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown; Fath-er,
2. Breathe, oh breathe thy loving spir-it, In - to ev - 'ry troub-led breast, Let us each in thee in-her - it, Let us find thy promised rest; Come, al-

thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love thou art! Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry long-ing heart;
might - y, to de - liv - er, Let us all thy life re - ceive! Gra - cious - ly come down and nev - er, Nev - er - more thy tem - ples leave,

Chorus.

1. Fath - er thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love thou art! Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry long-ing heart.
2. Come, al-might-y, to de liv - er, Let us all thy life re - ceive! . . . Gra - cious - ly come down and nev - er, Nev - er - more thy tem - ples leave.

The Rose of Sharon.*

59

Affectionately inscribed to Mrs. PALMER. Written March 8th, 1873.

Words and Music by H. R. PALMER.

1. There's a Rose that is blooming for you, friend, There's a Rose that is blooming for me; Its per-fume is per-vad-ing the world, friend, Its per-
 2. Long a - go in the val-ley so fair, friend, Far a - way by the beau-ti - ful sea, This pure Rose in its beauty first bloom'd friend, And it
 3. All in vain did they crush this fair flow'r, friend, All in vain did they shatter the tree, For its roots, deeply bedded, sprang forth, friend, And it

Refrain.

fume is for you and for me.
 blooms still for you and for me.
 blooms still for you and for me.

There's a Rose that blooms for me, A Rose that blooms for you, And its beauty all the world shall

There's a Rose, a love-ly Rose, And its beau-ty all the world shall

There's a Rose that blooms for me, A Rose that blooms for you, And its beau-ty all the world shall

see; There's a Rose that blooms for me, A Rose that blooms for you, Its per-fume is for you and for me.

see; There's a Rose, a love-ly Rose, Its per-fume is for you and for me.

see; There's a Rose that blooms for me, A Rose that blooms for you, Its per-fume is for you and for me.

* Of the many names given to our Saviour, the Rose of Sharon is the most beautiful. This little hymn was written on the shores of the Mediterranean, amid the fragrance of ever-blooming roses, and beneath the matchless beauty of Italian skies. Thoughts of the Holy Land on the farther shore, and of the purity and loveliness of the life of our Saviour mingled unconsciously with the surrounding beauty, and took form in this little poem and melody.

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Merrily Sing.

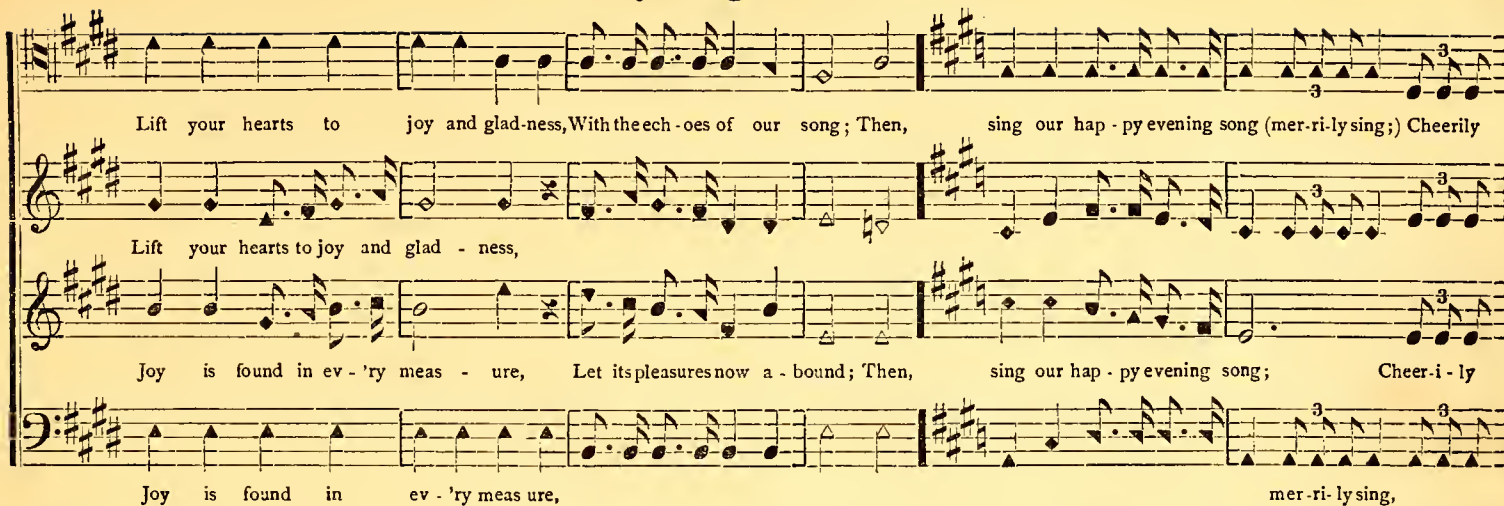
Words and Music by J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Mer-ri-ly sing our hap-py evening song (mer-ri ly sing,) Cheerily now the joy-ful notes pro-long (mer-ri-ly sing;) Heartily join our cheerful, hap-py

2. Joy-ful-ly sing the cho rus now we raise, Crowning the night with music's grandest lays; Singing will bless and brighten all our mer-ri-ly sing, mer-ri-ly sing,

throng (mer-ri-ly sing,) Mer-ri-ly sing, mer-ri-ly sing. Chase a-way all care and sadness, Swell the an-them loud and long; mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Chase a-way all care and sad-ness, Swell the anthem loud and long; days, Mer-ri-ly sing, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing. Mu-sic is a gold-en treas-ure, Beau-ty dwells in ev-'ry sound; mer-ri-ly sing, Mu-sic is a golden treasure, Beau-ty dwells in ev'ry sound;

By permission of FILLMORE BROS.

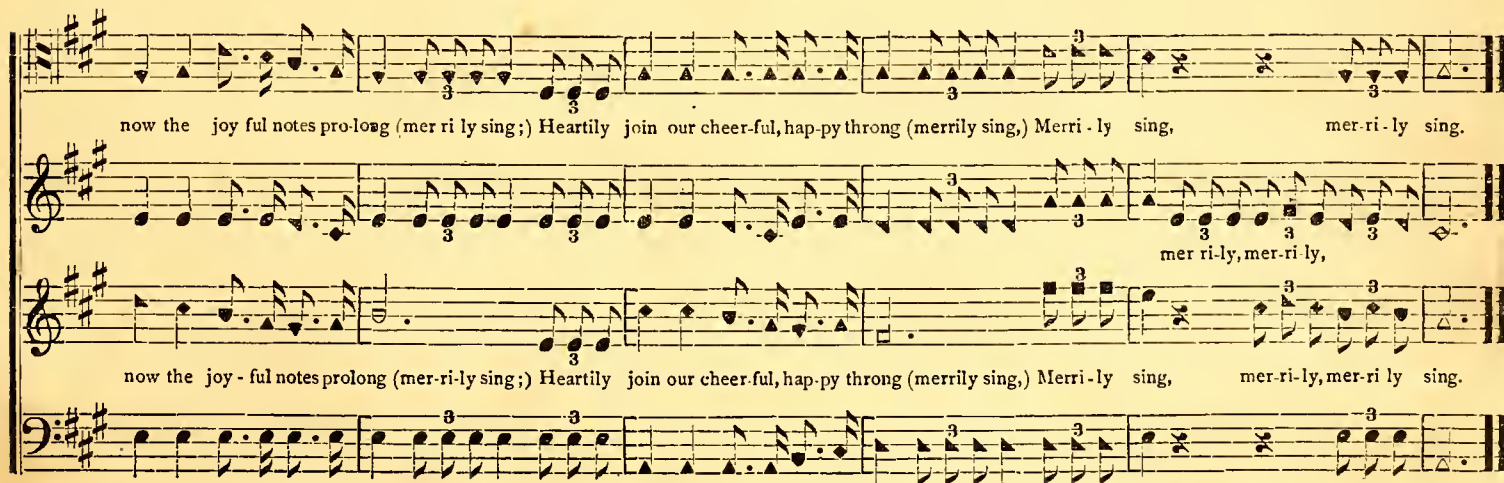


Lift your hearts to joy and glad-ness, With the echoes of our song; Then, sing our hap-py evening song (mer-ri-ly sing;) Cheerily

Lift your hearts to joy and glad-ness,

Joy is found in ev-'ry meas-ure, Let its pleasures now a-bound; Then, sing our hap-py evening song; Cheer-i-ly

Joy is found in ev-'ry meas-ure, mer-ri-ly sing,



now the joy-ful notes pro-long (mer-ri-ly sing;) Heartily join our cheer-ful, hap-py throng (merrily sing,) Merri-ly sing, mer-ri-ly sing.

mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly,

now the joy-ful notes prolong (mer-ri-ly sing;) Heartily join our cheer-ful, hap-py throng (merrily sing,) Merri-ly sing, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing.

If You Were Only Here.*

WALTZ SONG.

Arr. by W. H. BURGETT.

[illegible]

* This beautiful song complete is printed in sheet form by H. A. French, Nashville, Tenn.

From Wilson's Note Reader, by permission.

If You Were Only Here.—Continued.

63

FINE.

gone would be my mo-ments of an-guish, If you, love, were on - ly here.
do you know what joy you could give me, If you, love, were on - ly here.
I would be so joy-ous and hap-py, If you, love, were on - ly here.

la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

2. But the birds have ceased to sing, And the flow'rs have ceased to bloom; And I am lone - ly
4. Have you for - got the vows We made in the flow'r - y glade, Be-neath the old tree's

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

If You Were Only Here.—Concluded.

The image shows a musical score for the song "The Sun Shines Brightly." It consists of two systems of music. The first system features a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "all shade for thee, My heart is filled with gloom. . . . For you come to me no more. . . . When the sun has shade we sat, My love, at twilight's fall. . . . The pale moon climbs the heav'ns, . . . Shining bright-ly,". The piano accompaniment consists of a simple harmonic pattern. The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, with the vocal line repeating the phrase "la la" throughout. The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic pattern.

[illegible]

1. Mer - ry sings the lark, at the break of day,
 2. Rouse ye, rouse ye now, at the morn-ing call,
 3. Health and strength are found in the morn-ing air,

Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la,

Lis - ten while she sings her mer - ry lay,
 Rouse ye, i - dle dream - ers one and all,
 Beau - ty, youth and life in na - ture's face,

Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la.

Chorus.

Hear her song, la la la, hear her song, la la la, Yes, so sweetly she sings, Tra la a la, Tra la la la la la Hear her
 Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la, Yes, so sweetly she sings, Tra la la la, Tra la la la la la,

song, la la la, hear her song, la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la.
 Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la.

Be Good and True.

WM. GARDNER.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Now, children dear, a word with you, Be-fore we go from school to-day, Where e'er you go, "be good and true," Remember, children, what I say:
 2. You may not all be rich and great, Yet still I shall be proud of you, If when I en-ter heav-en's gate, I find you have been "good and true."
 3. With hap-py hearts and will-ing hands, The sky of life shall o'er be blue, For blest is he who un-derstands, The way to e'er "be good and true."

Chorus.

"Be good and true!" Whate'er you do, And stand up for the right, "Be good and true!" I say to you, And be a shin-ing light.

Happy Welcome.

J. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Welcome to our feast of mu-sic, Friends of mirth and friends of song, Will you with your tune-ful voi-ces Help us bear the strain a-long?
 2. Let the sun-ny days of childhood Be re-called with youth's bright dreams, And the scenes a moment lin-ger, Lit by mem'ry's bright-est beams,
 3. We will min-gle joy and sad-ness, In our fes-tal songs to-night; But let not the strains of sor-row Mar the joy of oth-ers bright;

We are hap-py here to meet you, While no fears our mirth al-loy, And as now with songs we greet you, May each heart be filled with joy.
 Then in mu-sic's melt-ing sweetness, Bid the past days take their flight And be hap-py in the present, Till we say our kind good-night.
 For thro' foud the rec-ol-lec-tions, Liuk'd a-round these solemn songs, Yet their sad-ness must not lin-ger, O'er the spot where mirth belongs.

Happy Welcome.—Concluded.

67

Chorus.

Then a . . . wel - - - come Hap - - - py wel - - come,

Then a hap - py wel - come, then a hap - py wel - come, Wel-come to this mer - ry bright eyed throng,

Wel - - - come to our feast of . . . song.

Then a hap - py wel - come, then a hap - py wel - come, wel - come to our feast of mirth and song.

Softly Sleep. (Serenade.)

MALE QUARTETTE.

SCHULTZ.

1st. Tenor. *Andante. p*

1. Soft - ly sleep! in peaceful pleasure, Now thy wear-ied eye-lids close; May some strain of heav'ly meas-ure Lull thy heart to calm re-pose.

2d. Tenor.

2. Soft - ly sleep! oh! what can sev - er True af - fec-tion's con- stan-cy? Tho' those eyes should close for-ev - er, Ne'er should sleep my love for thee.

1st. & 2d. Bass.

3. Soft - ly sleep! a bright - er mor - row Wake thee with it's fresh'ning light; Wake to life undimm'd by sor - row, Peace be with thee, love, to-night.

mf *dim.* 3

Song of the Whippoorwill.

Words and Music by WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

1. In the star-ry night so still, List-en to the whip-poor-will; For-est shades re-peat his song,
 2. Soft-ly falls the star-light glow O'er the shad-ow'd world be-low; Fra-grance float-ing thro' the air,
 3. Oth-er birds are blithe and gay, Sing-ing, but in morn's glad ray, While the whip-poor-will's sad tone

Duet. *ad lib.*

Dream-i-ly it floats a-long; Sad-ness thrills and fills his lay, Sing-ing all the sum-mer night a-way.
 Dew-y fresh-ness ev-'ry-where; Night and song our joys di-vide, In the balm-y sum-mer e-ven-tide;
 Greets us when the day has flown; While we sing in joy and glee, May we learn, dear singing bird, from thee.

Song of the Whippoorwill.—Concluded.

69

Chorus.

Lis - ten to that plaint-ive trill, Whip - poor-will, sad whip - poor - will. Hark! hark!
 Who can guess the tho'ts that thrill Heart of sweet-voiced whip - poor-will? Hark! whippoorwill, hark! whippoorwill,
 May we, like thee, whip-poor-will, E'en in grief go sing - ing still. Hark! hark!

Sad - ly sings the whip-poor - will; Hark! hark! List - en to the whip-poor - will.
 whippoorwill, whippoorwill; whippoorwill, whippoorwill.
 Sad - ly sings the whip-poor - will; Hark! whippoorwill, hark! whippoorwill, List - en to the whip - poor - will.

Repeat pp to close.

Say So.

Words from "Western Rural."
Duet. Tenor and Baritone.

MALE QUARTET.

J. B. HERBERT.

1. If an - y one kind - ly goes out of his way To do you a
2. 'Tis a small thing to ut - ter the thanks of the heart, But 'twould car - ry such
3. Kind words, how we prize them! like sum - mer sun - shine, They strength - en and
4. Words tru - ly are small, but oft - times wou - drous things, Un - locked from the

fa - vor, re - sult as it may, While wait - ing a chance this kind act to re - pay.
heal - ing to ma - ny a smart, If more we would prac - tice this del - i - cate art.
bless us, sup - port and re - fine. The rar - est of gems in so - ci - e - ty's mine.
lips they do take them - selves wings; Shall they strew sweets like hon - ey or sow barbs and stings?

Quartet.

1. Don't for-get to be thank-ful and— } Say so, say so, say so, say so, say so! Don't for-get to be thank-ful and say so!
2. Don't for-get to be thank-ful and— }

3. Is to feel ver - y thankful and— } Say so, say so, say so, say so, say so! Don't for-get to be thank-ful and say so!
4. Pray be thank-ful for fa - vors and— }

Sleep on Thy Pillow.

71

MALE QUARTETTE.

W. T. GIFFE.

Andante.

1st. & 2d. Tenor.

cres.

p

1. Sleep on thy pil-low, hap-py and bright As the moon on a bil-low re-pos-es at night; Soft be thy slumbers that cra-dle thy
2. Wake on the mor-row, love-ly and meek, And the morn-ing shall borrow its blush from thy cheek; Fresh-er than ros-es thy lips balm-y

1st. & 2d. Bass.

cres.

dim.

heart, As the ho-li-est numbers love can im-part, Soft be thy slum- - - bers, sweet be thy dreams.
gale, There zephyrs re-pos-ing, new sweets in-hale, Soft be thy slum- - - bers, sweet be thy dreams.

Used by per. of W. F. Shaw.

Soft be thy slumbers,

Sweet be thy dreams.

Night Wind. (Serenade.)

MALE QUARTETTE.

R. S. TAYLOR.

1. O night-wind, be my ser-vant, And do an er-rand rare; Go seek yon peaceful cham-ber Where sleeps my la-dy fair; Her
2. Go load your wings with fragrance, Where freshest ro-ses bloom, And quick-ly to her win-dow Transport the rich per-fume; Go
3. With pray'rs and blessings la-den, O night wiud, haste thee hence, En-trance my la-dy's slum-ber, And charm each languid sense; Then

dis-tant cur-tains gleam-ing, Shall guide you where she sleeps, Un-con-scious that her lov-er, His faith-ful vig-il keeps.
where the wild bird's sing-ing, En-liv-ens all the night, And waft his sweet-est mu-sic, To soothe her slumber light.
kiss her brow that's fair-er Than snow blown o'er the lea, And whis-per soft-ly to her, A dream of love and me.

Used by per. of W. F. Shaw.

Pull Away Merrily. Boat Song.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Pull a - way mer - ri - ly, o - ver the wa - ters! Tug to your oars for the wood-tan-gled shore: We're off and a - float with earth's lov - li - est daught-ers,

2. Pull a - way cheer - i - ly, land is be - fore us, Green groves are flinging their balm to the spray; The sky like the spir - it of love, bending o'er us,

3. Pull a - way heart - i - ly, light winds are blow - ing, Crisp - ing the rip - ples that dance at our ride; The moon bathes in sil - ver, the path we are go - ing,

Worth all the ar - go - sies wave ev - er bore. Pull a - way gal-lant - ly, pull a - way val - iant - ly, Pull with a swoop, boys, and pull for the shore;

Lights her bright torch-es to show us the way. Pull a - way cheer - i - ly, pull a - way mer - ri - ly, pull with a nerve, boys, to- geth - er give way;

Night is ar-ray'd in her robes like a bride. Pull a - way read - i - ly, pull a - way stead - i - ly, pull with a will, boys, and sing as we glide;

ff Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, bend to the oar! Pull for the

ff Pull for the shore, boys, bend to the oar! . . . Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, bend to the oar; Pull for the

By permission.

Soprano Solo.

Arr. by J. H. HALL.

[illegible]

For the Sun Shineth Bright Over All.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

Allegretto

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. There are bright-tint-ed flow'rs where the soft breez-es float, And the dew's of the ev-'ning fall, Where the bird and the bee from the hon-ey cups drink, For the

2. There are beau-ti-ful souls with a calm-ness se-rene, And a hap-py con-tent with-al, And they dwell in the glow of the ra-di-ant beam, For the

3. There are sor-rowing hearts who the lone vig-ils keep, Where the storms of af-flic-tion fall, There are love cher-ish'd mounds in the green-cover'd vale, But the

Chorus.

sun shin-eth bright o-ver all. O-ver all, o-ver all, For the sun shin-eth bright o-ver all, o-ver all, 'Tis a

sun shin-eth bright o-ver all. O-ver all, o-ver all, For the sun shin-eth bright o-ver all, 'Tis a

sun shin-eth bright o-ver all. O-ver all, o-ver all, For the sun shin-eth bright o-ver all, o-ver all 'Tis a

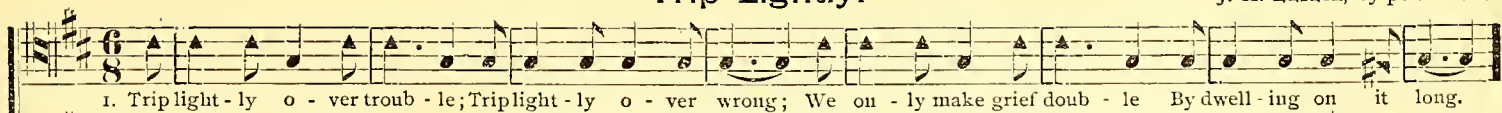
beau-ti-ful earth, with its brill-iance and shade, For the sun shin-eth bright o-ver all, o-ver all, For the sun shin-eth bright o-ver all,

beau-ti-ful earth with its brill-iance and shade, For the sun shin-eth bright o-ver all, (o-ver all,) For the sun shin-eth bright o-ver all.

beau-ti-ful earth with its brill-iance and shade, For the sun shin-eth bright o-ver all, For the sun shin-eth bright o-ver all.

Trip Lightly.

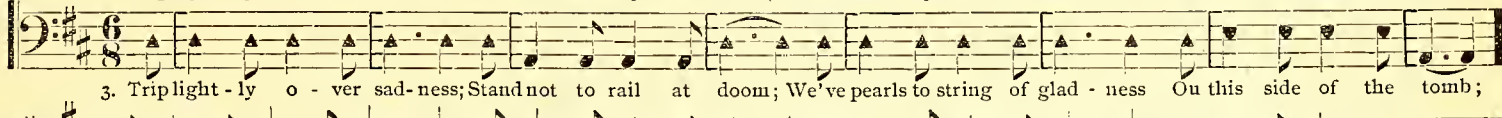
J. H. LESLIE, by per. 75



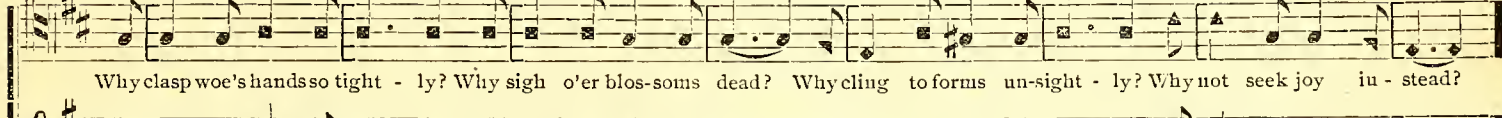
1. Triplight - ly o - ver troub - le; Triplight - ly o - ver wrong; We on - ly make grief doub - le By dwell - ing on it long.



2. Triplight - ly o - ver sor - row, Tho' all the way be dark; The sun may shine to-mor - row, And gay - ly sing the lark;



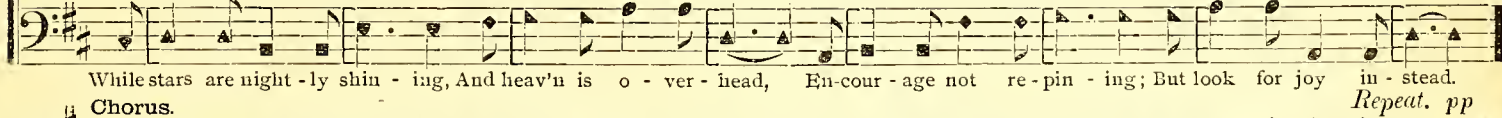
3. Triplight - ly o - ver sad - ness; Stand not to rail at doom; We've pearls to string of glad - ness On this side of the tomb;



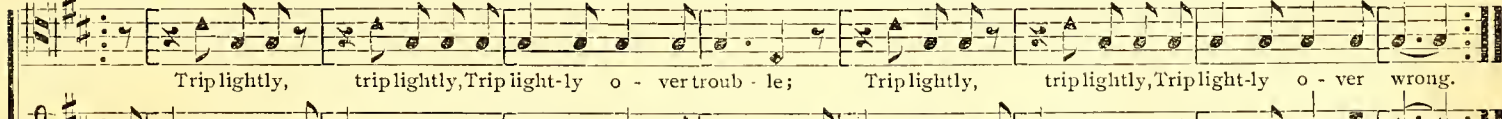
Why clasp woe's hands so tight - ly? Why sigh o'er blossoms dead? Why cling to forms un-sight - ly? Why not seek joy in - stead?



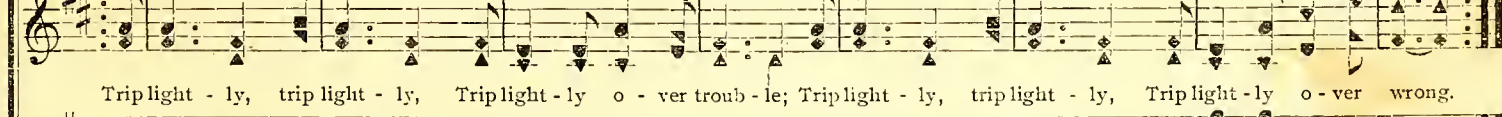
Fair hopes have not de-part - ed, Though roses may have fled; Then nev - er be down-heart-ed; But look for joy in - stead.



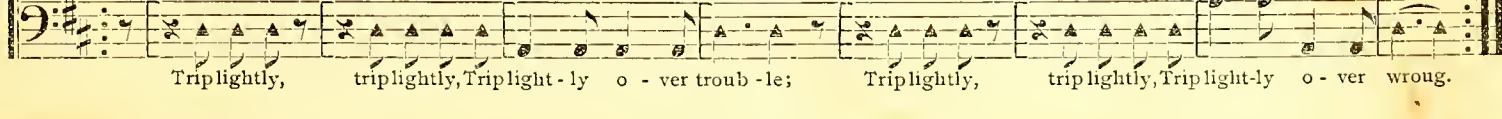
While stars are night - ly shin - ing, And heav'n is o - ver - head, En-cour - age not re-pin - ing; But look for joy in - stead.



Chorus. Triplightly, triplightly, Triplight - ly o - ver troub - le; Triplightly, triplightly, Triplight - ly o - ver wrong.



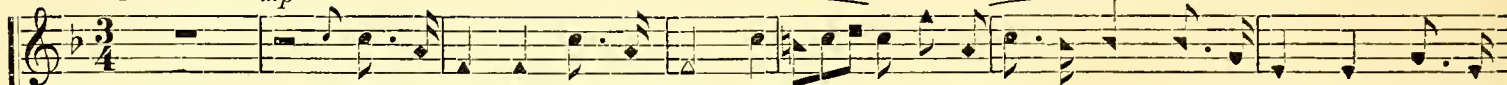
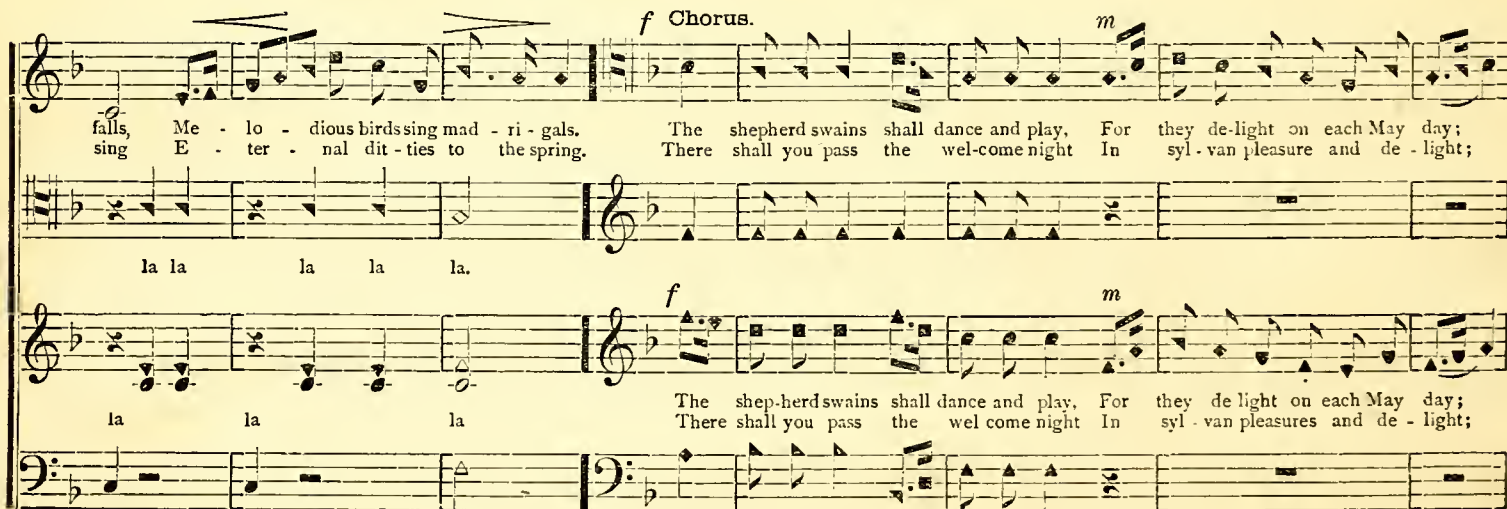
Triplight - ly, trip light - ly, Triplight - ly o - ver troub - le; Triplight - ly, trip light - ly, Triplight - ly o - ver wrong.



Triplightly, triplightly, Triplight - ly o - ver troub - le; Triplightly, triplightly, Triplight - ly o - ver wrong.

O, By Rivers.

Arr. from a Melody by ROSSINI, by J. B. HERBERT.

Soprano Solo. *mp*Chorus. *Moderato*.*f* Chorus.

O, By Rivers.—Concluded.

 f

m Allegretto.

The shep - herd swains shall dance and play, For they de - light on each May day.
There shall you pass the wel - come night In syl - van pleas - ure and de - light.

Tra la Tra la

The shep - herd swains shall dance and play, For they de - light on each May day.
There shall you pass the wel - come night In syl - van pleas - ure and de - light.

Tra la la la la la la

Repeat pp.

la tra la la tra la la la tra la la la.

la tra la la tra la la la tra la la la

[illegible]

Deep Rolling Clouds.

ROSSINI.

p Andante.

Deep roll - ing clouds now gath - er blackness, Darkness enshrouds the skies a - bove us; And swaying in the wind, the loft - y tree - tops low - ly

And

bend ;
sway - ing in the wind, the loft - y tree - tops low - ly bend ;

And sway - ing in the wind, the loft - y tree - tops low - ly bend ;

Now darts the lightning

cres. dim. f p

thro' the dark night, Viv - id - ly flash - ing, Fear - ful in night! Vid - id - ly flash - ing, Fear - ful in night!

p f

Now comes the rain in tor - rents pouring, Sweeps o'er the plain, The wind loud roaring, In wild - ness comes the gale, And fiercely shrieks its fearful

In

Deep Rolling Clouds.—Concluded.

79

First system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a melody with various note values and rests. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

wail
wild-ness comes the gale, And fiercely shrieks its fear-ful wail, Hark! hear the thun-der

Second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. Dynamic markings include *f*, *dim.*, *p*, *dim.*, and *cres.*.

Fear-ful-ly roar; Pause we in won-der, Hum-bly a-dore! Pause we in won-der, Hum-bly a-dore! May He who ev-er

Third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. Dynamic markings include *dim.*, *p cres.*, *f*, *m*, *f*, and *m*.

reigns on high, In safe-ty keep when dan-gers nigh; He will de-fend, He is our friend, He will de-fend, He is our friend; We

Fourth system of musical notation. It concludes the piece. Dynamic markings include *f* and *ff accelerando.*

trust in Him in all our ways, And loudly raise the song of praise, And loudly raise the song of praise, The song of praise, The song of praise.

Soldier's Farewell. Male voices.

From the German by L. C. ELSON.

JOHANNA KINKEL.

p Andante. *Rit.* *cres.*

1. How can I bear to leave thee, One part - ing kiss I give thee; And then what-e'er be - falls me, I
 2. Ne'er more can I be-hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With spear and pen - non glanc - ing, I
 3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are thron - ing; That with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll

go where hon - or calls me,
 see the foe ad - vanc - ing, } Fare - well, fare-well, my own true love, Fare-well, fare - well, my own true love.
 whis - per soft while dy - ing,

We, The Undersigned. Temperance Song.

Words by LAURA ELMER.

Music by Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

1. We've made up our mind, Don't you see? don't you see? Hearts have here combined, We will flee. Wine-cups ru - by-lined; Spurn them we, spurn them we;
 2. This shall be our song, Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry day; Shout we loud and long On our way. Cups for us shall brim, Cry - stal bright, dia-mond light;
 3. Sweet and sparkling flow, Bubbling springs, purling springs; Pure the grate-ful glow, Wa - ter brings; Come and pledge us here, Give the hand, give the hand;

Chorus.

We, the un - der - signed, Thus a - gree. } We, the un - der - signed, We the un - der - signed, We the un - der - signed, Thus a - gree.
 So shall head and limb, Move a - right.
 On - ly wa - ter clear, For our band.

Evening Bells.

81

F. J. CROSBY.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Eve-ning bells, Oh! evening bells, Peal-ing thro' the qui-et dells; Sweet the tale your mu-sic tells, Float-ing on the breeze a-long.

2. Eve-ning bells, I tread a-lone Where, in years that now have flown, Oft I heard your sil-ver tone, Peal-ing on the twi-light air.

3. Eve-ning bells, I lin-ger yet, Not to weep with vain re-gret, Tho' my soul can ne'er re-gret How I loved your hap-py chime;

While among these rus-tic bowers I am dreaming—fondly dreaming, Falls the light of van-ish'd hours, Mem'ries sweet of love and song.

Still for those I treasured then, I am pin-ing, ev-er pin-ing; Where is now that youthful train? Bells of eve-ning tell me where?

Once a-gain your mu-sic pour, Gen-tly swelling—rapture tell-ing, Joy my heart may feel no more, Evening bells of old-en time.

Ritardando.

Eve-ning bells, O eve-ning bells, Peal-ing thro' the qui-et dells, Eve-ning bells! Float-ing a-long. Sweet the tale your mu-sic tells, Float-ing on the breeze a-long.

Eve-ning bells! Eve-ning bells! Eve-ning bells! Float-ing a-long.

Let the Hills Resound.

BRINLEY RICHARDS.

Animated.

Let the hills, re-sound with song, As we proud-ly march a-long, For as of old our sires were bold, stout hearts have

Go to Coda for close.

we; While Cambria's mountains stand, Like the ram-parts of our land, Un-fet-tered as the winds, are her chil-dren free.

Omit 2d. time.

War we wage for free-doms her-i-tage, Our cause is true that ur-ges to the con-flicts close, And

Let the Hills Resound.—Concluded.

83

Key of E $\flat$.

peace shall crown the war-rior's bright re-noun, The fame of him who bore him thro' the front of foes, Let the
 peace shall crown the war-rior's bright re-noun, The fame of him who bore him thro' the front of foes, The

Land of my home, Tender tho'ts will come, When thy hills and valleys in dreams I see, And thy hearth-fire rise as blue as skies,
 Fair flows thy streams, And in sun-lit gleams, Break upon the stones of a milk-white strand, And as soft haze fills the range of hills,
 Land of home, my land of home, my land of home, my land of home, In dreams I see And the hearth-fires rise, as blue as skies,
 A milk-white strand, And as soft haze fills the range of hills.

D.C. *Coda.*
 Eyes of the dear ones are turn'd on me. } The hills re-sound, The hills resound with song, with song, with song.
 Fond pray'rs arise for my own lov'd land. }
D.C.
 Eyes of the dear ones are turn'd on me. } The hills resound with song, The hills resound, the hills resound, the hills resound, with song.
 Fond pray'rs arise for my own lov'd land. } with song, with song.

Swift as a Flash.

From "Cinderella"—ROSSINI.

Soprano Solo.

Swift as a flash . . . that mocks the light, Thou seem'st a

While to joy we sing in - vit - ing, While to joy we sing in - vit - ing, Hearts and voic - es all u - nit - ing,

bird . . . in air - y flight, When home re - turn - ing, We leave these cool

Hearts and voic - es all u - nit - ing, Oh, what pleas - ure, what de - light, When home re - turn - ing, We leave these cool

fountains, And loft - y mount - ains, What pleas - ure, what de - light, Ah!

fountains, And loft - y mountains, What pleas - ure, what de - light, In bow - ers, sweet - est flow - ers, Wet by show - ers,

Swift as a flash that mocks the light,

Ev - er fair and bright. While to joy we sing in - vit - ing, While to joy we

The musical score for the first system is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff is accompanied by a bass line in the bass staff. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

Thou seem'st a bird in air - y flight, With what delight,

sing in - vit - ing, Hearts and voic - es all u - nit - ing, Oh, what pleas - ure, what delight, Oh, what delight, With what joy our

The musical score for the second system continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

. Our songs in - vite, Our songs in - vite Our songs in - vite

songs in - vite, Oh, what pleas - ure, what de - light, With what joy our songs in - vite, Oh, what pleas - ure,

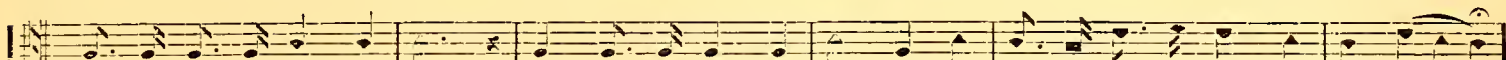
The musical score for the third system concludes the piece. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

Semi Chorus.



Mer - ri - ly I speed my boat To - wards the place by thee made dear. } Flo - ra, for thee, thee on - ly These
 Cheer - i - ly the glen re - sounds With cho - rus and the hun - ter's cheer. }

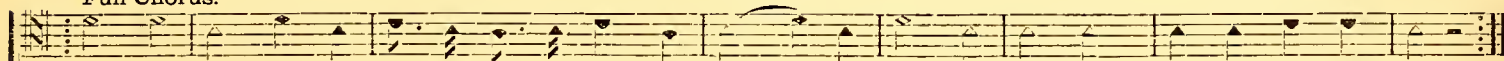
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la! Flo - ra, for thee, thee on - ly These



mount-ain wilds are sweet to me; Each crag and val - ley lone - ly Is blest be-cause 'tis lov'd by thee. Ah!

mount-ain wilds are sweet to me; Each crag and val - ley lone - ly Is blest be-cause 'tis lov'd by thee.

Full Chorus.



Sound, sound, sound, sound the mer - ry, mer - ry mount-ain horn At ev' - ning's close, at morn-ing's ear - ly dawn.

Sound, sound, sound, sound the mer - ry, mer - ry mount-ain horn At ev' - uing's close, at morn-ing's ear - ly dawn.

Gayly Launch, and Lightly Row.

Arr. from Meyerbeer, by J. H. HALL.

Gay - ly launch, . . . and light-ly row, Gay - ly launch, and light-ly row, While the zeph - - yrs gently

Gay - ly launch, and light-ly row, Gay - ly launch, . . . and light-ly row, While the zephyrs

Gay - ly launch, . . . and light-ly row, Gay - ly launch, and light-ly row, While the zeph - - yrs gently

Gay - ly launch, and light-ly row, Gay - ly launch, . . . and light-ly row, While the zephyrs

blow, While the zeph-yrs gen - tly blow, Fare - well sor - row, Till to -

gen - ly blow, While the zeph - - yrs gen - tly blow, Fare - well sor - row,

blow, While the zeph-yrs gen - tly blow, Fare - well sor - row, Till to -

gen - tly blow, While the zeph - - yrs gen - tly blow, Fare - well sor - row,

musical score for the first system of the song. It consists of four staves. The first staff is the vocal melody, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are: "mor - row! Love and joy should banish woe, Love and joy, love and joy should banish woe." The second staff is a piano accompaniment, starting with a treble clef. The lyrics are: "till to - mor - row! Love and joy should banish woe,". The third staff is another vocal melody, starting with a treble clef. The lyrics are: "mor - row! Love and joy should banish woe, Love and joy, love and joy should banish woe,". The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment, starting with a bass clef. The lyrics are: "till to - mor - row! Love and joy should banish woe,". The music is in 4/4 time and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests.

mor - row! Love and joy should banish woe, Love and joy, love and joy should banish woe.

till to - mor - row! Love and joy should banish woe,

mor - row! Love and joy should banish woe, Love and joy, love and joy should banish woe,

till to - mor - row! Love and joy should banish woe,

musical score for the second system of the song. It consists of four staves. The first staff is a piano accompaniment, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are: "Love and joy should ban - ish woe, Love and joy should ban - ish woe!". The second staff is another piano accompaniment, starting with a treble clef. The lyrics are: "Love and joy should ban - ish woe, Love and joy should ban - ish woe!". The third staff is a vocal melody, starting with a treble clef. The lyrics are: "Love and joy should ban - ish woe, Love and joy should ban - ish woe!". The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment, starting with a bass clef. The lyrics are: "Love and joy should ban - ish woe, Love and joy should ban - ish woe!". The music is in 4/4 time and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests.

Love and joy should ban - ish woe, Love and joy should ban - ish woe!

Love and joy should ban - ish woe, Love and joy should ban - ish woe!

Love and joy should ban - ish woe, Love and joy should ban - ish woe!

Love and joy should ban - ish woe, Love and joy should ban - ish woe!

Fare - well sor - row, fare - well sor - row, Till to - mor - row, till to - mor - row, Love and

Fare - well sor - row, fare - well sor - row, Till to - mor - row, till to - mor - row,

Fare - well sor - - row, till to - mor - - row, Love and

Fare - well sor - - row, till to - mor - - row,

joy should ban - ish woe, yes, love and joy, yes, love and joy should ban - ish

Love and joy should ban - ish woe, yes, love and joy should han - ish

joy should ban - ish woe, yes, love and joy, yes, love and joy should ban - ish

Love and joy should ban - ish woe, love and joy should ban - ish

woe, should ban - - ish woe, should ban - - ish

woe, should ban - - ish woe, should ban - - ish

ff

woe, Love and joy should ban - ish woe, Love and joy should ban - ish woe, Love and joy should ban - ish woe, Love and joy shall ban - ish

Detailed description: This system contains four staves. The first two staves are vocal parts with lyrics 'woe, should ban - - ish woe, should ban - - ish'. The third staff is a piano accompaniment starting with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic. The fourth staff continues the piano accompaniment with lyrics 'woe, Love and joy should ban - ish woe, Love and joy should ban - ish woe, Love and joy should ban - ish woe, Love and joy shall ban - ish'.

woe, Love and joy should ban - ish woe, should ban - ish woe, yes, love and joy, and joy should ban - ish woe. . . .

woe, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,

woe, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, love and joy, and joy should ban - ish woe. . . .

Detailed description: This system contains four staves. The first staff is a vocal part with lyrics 'woe, Love and joy should ban - ish woe, should ban - ish woe, yes, love and joy, and joy should ban - ish woe. . . .'. The second staff is a vocal part with lyrics 'woe, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,'. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment parts with lyrics 'woe, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, love and joy, and joy should ban - ish woe. . . .'.

Hark! Apollo Strikes the Lyre.

H. R. BISHOP,

ff Hark! hark! hark! A - pol - lo strikes the lyre, A - pol - lo strikes the lyre; *pp* Hark! hark! hark! A -

Hark! hark! hark! A - pol - lo strikes the lyre, Hark! A - pol - lo strikes the lyre; *pp* Hark! hark! hark! Hark!

pol - lo strikes the lyre, A - pol - lo strikes the lyre; *ff* And loud - ly, loud - ly sounds the gold - en wire, To *p*

hark! hark! hark! hark! A - pol - lo strikes the lyre; *ff* And loud - ly, loud - ly sounds the gold - en wire, To

bid of heav'n the tune-ful, tune-ful choir, Their art di - vine em-ploy, their art di - vine em-ploy, their *pp*

bid of heav'n the tune-ful, tune-ful choir, Their art di - vine em-ploy, their art di - vine em - ploy, their *ff* *pp*

Hark! Apollo Strikes the Lyre. Continued.

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rit. cresc. **SOLO.**

art di-vine em-ploy, their art di-vine em-ploy, Whose song har-monious, harmonious shall rebound, In

art di-vine em-ploy, Their art di-vine em-ploy, *pp*

echoes, in echoes, from the vast pro-found, Whose song har-mo-nious, har-mo-nious, shall re-bound, In

Whose song shall re-bound, *p*

echoes, in echoes from the vast pro-found, And earth shall catch, shall catch the charming sound, With

From In ech-oes from the vast pro-found, And earth shall catch the charm-ing shall catch the charming sound,

Hark! Apollo Strikes the Lyre.—Continued.

wide, with wide dif - fus - ing joy, Whose song har - mo - nious, har -

sound, with wide, with wide dif - fus - ing joy, With wide dif - fus - ing joy, Whose song har - mo - nious

f *dim.* *p*

mo - nious shall re - bound, In ech - oes, in ech - oes from the vast pro - found, Whose song har - mo - nious, har -

shall re - bound In ech - oes from the vast pro - found, Whose song har - mo - nious

f

mo - nious shall re - bound In ech - oes in ech - oes from the vast pro - found, And earth shall

shall re - bound In ech - oes from the vast pro - found, And earth

pp

ech - oes from

Hark! Apollo Strikes the Lyre.—Concluded.

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled "The Charm". It consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are: "catch the charm - iug sound, With wide, with wide dif - fus - ing joy, And earth shall". The middle staff is a vocal line in treble clef with the same key signature, continuing the lyrics: "shall catch the charm - iug sound, With wide, with wide dif - fus - ing joy, And earth shall catch the". The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef with a key signature of two sharps. It features chords and single notes, with dynamic markings "cres." and "pp" (pianissimo) above it. The lyrics "shall catch the" are written below the piano staff, aligned with the vocal line above.

catch the charm - ing sound, With wide, with wide dif - fus - ing joy, dif - fus - ing, dif -
charming sound, And earth shall catch the charming sound, With wide dif-fus-ing joy, With wide dif - fus - ing joy, dif - fus - ing, dif -
With wide

fus - iug joy, dif - fus - ing, dif - fus - ing joy, With wide dif - fus - ing joy.
 fus - ing joy, dif - fus - ing, dif - fus - ing joy, With wide dif - fus - ing joy.
 With wide

Canon. "Soft the Evening Falls."

BEETHOVEN.

Soft the even-ing falls, The bird of twi-light calls Our foot-steps home No lon-ger

Soft the even-ing falls, The bird of twi-light calls Our foot-steps home . . .

Soft the even-ing falls, The

calls roam, Our foot-steps home, No lon-ger roam, For soft the eve-ning falls, The

roam, For soft the even-ing falls, The bird of twi-light calls, Our foot-steps home, . . .

. . . No lon-ger roam, For soft the even-ing falls The bird of twi-light calls Our

bird of twi-light calls . Our foot-steps home No long-er roam, For soft the even-ing

bird of twi-light calls Our foot-steps home No lon-ger foot-steps home No long-er roam.

. . . No long-er roam, For soft the even-ing falls, The soft the even-ing falls, No long-er roam.

foot-steps home No long-er roam, For soft the even-ing falls, No long-er roam.

falls, The bird of twi-light calls, Our foot-steps home calls, No long-er roam.

CHURCH MUSIC.

Sessions. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Sin-ner, oh why so thoughtless grown? Why in such dreadful haste to die? Dar-ing to leap to worlds unknown, Heedless a-gainst thy God to fly.

2. Wilt thou de-spise e-ter-nal fate, Urged on by sin's delusive dreams? Mad-ly at the in-fer-nal gate, And force thy pas-sage to the flames.

3. Stay, sin-ner, on the gos-pel plains! And hear the Lord of life un-fold The glo-ries of His dy-ing pains! For-ev-er tell-ing, yet un-told.

Uxbridge. L. M.

D. E. FORD.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. How vain is all be-neath the skies! How transient ev-'ry earth-ly bliss! How slen-der all the earth-ly ties That bind us to a world like this!

2. The evening cloud, the morn-ing dew, The withering grass, the fad-ing flow'r, Of earth-ly hopes are em-blems true—The glo-ry of a pass-ing hour!

3. Then let the hopes of joy to come, Dis-pel our cares, and chase our fears: If God be ours, we're traveling home, Tho' pass-ing thro' a vale of tears.

Gratitude. L. M.

Rev. P. A. I. D. BOST.

1. How blest the sa - cred tie that binds; In un - ion sweet, ac - cord - ing minds! How swift the heav'nly course they run, Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one!

2. To each the soul of each how dear! What jealous care, what ho - ly fear! How doth the gen - erous flame with - in, Re - fine from earth and cleanse from sin.

3. Their streaming tears to - geth - er flow, For hu - man guilt and hu - man woe; Their ardent pray'rs u - nit - ed rise, Like mingling flames in sac - ri - fice.

4. Nor shall the glow - ing flame ex - pire 'Mid na - ture's drooping, sickening fire: Soon shall they meet in realms a - bove, A heaven of joy, be - cause of love.

Rest. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY, 1844.

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep! From which none ev - er wake to weep; A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes.

2. A - sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is su - preme - ly blest; No fear, no woe shall dim that hour That man i - fests the Sav - iour's pow'r.

3. A - sleep in Je - sus! oh for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be! Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, Waiting the summons from on high.

Hebron. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far His pow'r pro - longs my days; And ev - 'ry ev - 'ning shall make known Some fresh memorials of His grace.

2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per - haps, am near my home; But He for - gives my fol - lies past; He gives me strength for days to come.

3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low for my head; While well - ap - point - ed an - gels keep Their watchful sta - tions round my bed.

Rockingham. L. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

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1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run; Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise To pay thymorn - ing sac - ri - fice.

2. Wake, and lift up thy - self, my heart, And with the an - gels hear the part, Who, all night long, un - wearied sing High praise to the e - ter - nal King.

3. Glo - ry to Thee, who safe has kept, And hast refresh'd me while I slept; Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end - less life par - take.

4. Di - rect, con - trol, sug - gest, this day, All I de - sign, or do, or say; That all my pow'rs, with all their might, In Thy sole glo - ry may u - nite.

Olive's Brow. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. 'Tis midnight; and on O - live's brow The star is dimm'd that late - ly shone: 'Tis midnight; in the gar - den now, The suff'ring Saviour prays a - lone.

2. 'Tis midnight; and from all re - moved, The Saviour wrestles lone with fears; E'en that dis - ci - ple whom He lov'd Heeds not his Mas - Ter's grief and tears.

3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth - er's guilt The Man of sor - rows weeps in blood; Yet He that hath in an - guish knelt Is not for - sak - en by His God.

4. 'Tis midnight; and from eth - er plains Is borne the song that an - gels know; Un - heard by mor - tals are the strains That sweet - ly soothe the Sav - iour's woe.

Windham. L. M.

DANIEL READ, 1785.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - geth - er there; But wis - dom shows a nar - row path, With here and there a trav - el - er.

2. De - ny thy - self, and take thy cross, Is the Re - deem - er's great command; Na - ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain that heav'nly land.

3. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain; Cre - ate my heart en - tire - ly new - Which hyp - o - crites could ne'er at - tain, Which false a - pos - to - les nev - er knew.

Duke Street. L. M.

J. L. HATTON.

1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays, Attempt Thy great Cre-a - tor's praise; But oh, what tongue can speak His fame? What verse can reach the loft - y theme?

2. Enthroned a - mid the ra - diant spheres, He, glory, like a gar - ment wears; To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thousand suns a - round Him shine.

3. Raised on de - vo - tion's loft - y wing, Do thou, my soul, His glo - ries sing; And let His praise em - ploy thy tongue Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

Loving-Kindness. L. M.

American Tune.

1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays And sing Thy great Re-deem - ers praise; He just - ly claims a song from me:

2. He saw me ruin - ed by the fall, Yet loved me, not - withstand - ing all; He saved me from my lost es - tate:

3. Tho' num - rous hosts of might - y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op - pose, He safe - ly leads my soul a - long.

4. When troub - le, like a gloom - y cloud Has gath - ered thick and thun - der'd loud, He near my soul has al - ways stood!

His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how free! Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how free!

His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how great! Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how great!

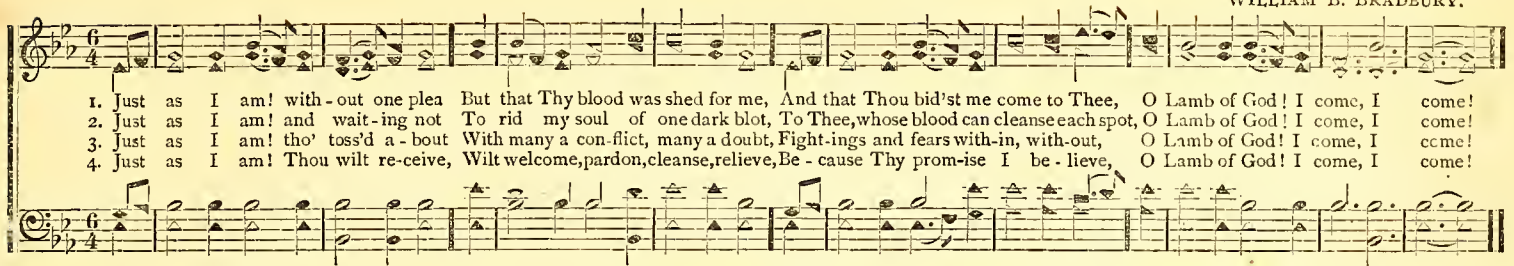
His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how strong! Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how strong!

His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how good! Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how good!

Woodworth. L. M.

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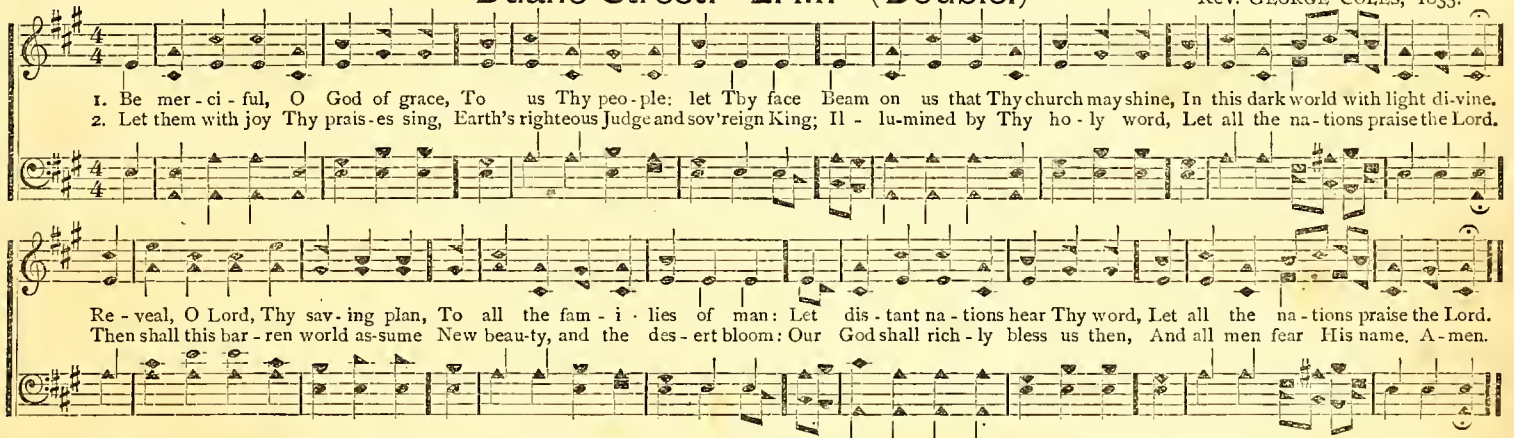
WILLIAM B. BRADEBURY.



1. Just as I am! with-out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
 2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
 3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt, Fight-ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
 4. Just as I am! Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve, Be- cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

Duane Street. L. M. (Double.)

REV. GEORGE COLES, 1835.

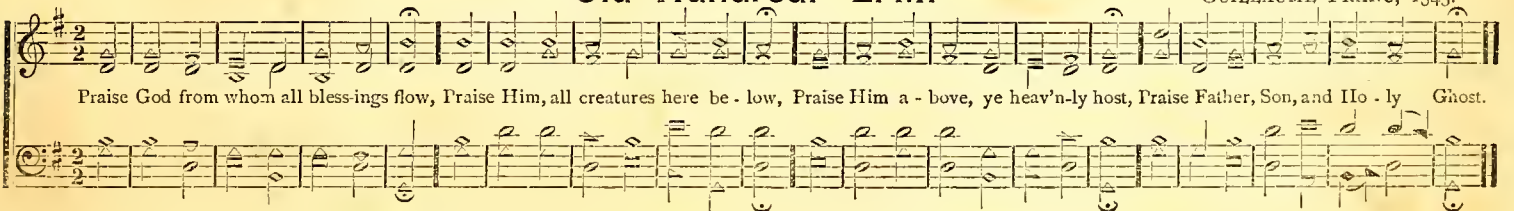


1. Be mer-ci-ful, O God of grace, To us Thy peo-ple: let Thy face Beam on us that Thy church may shine, In this dark world with light di-vine.
 2. Let them with joy Thy prais-es sing, Earth's righteous Judge and sov-reign King; Il-lu-mined by Thy ho-ly word, Let all the na-tions praise the Lord.

Re-veal, O Lord, Thy sav-ing plan, To all the fam-i-lies of man: Let dis-tant na-tions hear Thy word, Let all the na-tions praise the Lord.
 Then shall this bar-ren world as-sume New beau-ty, and the des-ert bloom: Our God shall rich-ly bless us then, And all men fear His name. A-men.

Old Hundred. L. M.

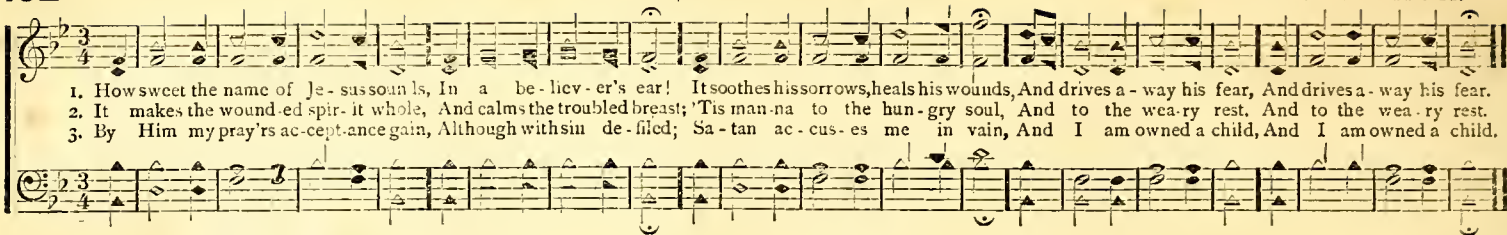
GUILLAUME FRANC, 1543.



Praise God from whom all bless-ings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here be-low, Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host, Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

Ortonville. C. M.

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds, In a be-liev-er's ear! It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his fear, And drives a-way his fear.
 2. It makes the wound-ed spir-it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea-ry rest, And to the wea-ry rest.
 3. By Him my pray'rs ac-cept-ance gain, Although with sin de-filed; Sa-tan ac-cus-es me in vain, And I am own'd a child, And I am own'd a child.

Gates. C. M.

T. J. GRIGGS

Moderato.



1. Dear Fa-ther! to Thy mer-cy seat, My soul for shel-ter flies; 'Tis here I find a safe re-treat, When storms and tem-pests rise.
 2. My cheer-ful hope can nev-er die, If Thou, my God, art near; Thy grace can raise my com-forts high, And ban-ish ev-'ry fear.
 3. Oh! nev-er let my soul re-move From this di-vine re-treat; Still let me trust Thy pow'r and love, And dwell be-neath Thy feet.

Bartlett. C. M. (Double.)

CHESTER G. ALLEN.



1. With joy we hail the sa-cred day, Which God has called His own; With joy the sum-mons we o-bey, To wor-ship at His throne.
 2. Spir-it of grace! O deign to dwell With-in Thy church be-low; Make her in ho-li-ness ex-cel, With pure de-vo-tion glow.

Thy cho-sen tem-ple, Lord, how fair! As here Thy ser-vants throng To breathe the hum-ble, fer-vent prayer, And pour the grate-ful song.
 Great God, we hail the sa-cred day, Which Thou hast called Thine own; With joy the sum-mons we, o-bey, To wor-ship at Thy throne.

Redeeming Love. C. M.

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P. B.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins, And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day; And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
 3. Thon dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r, Till all the ran-somed sons of God Are saved to sin no more.

Chorus.

Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die, And then I hope to sing this love In sweet-er strains on high.

Fair Haven. C. M. Double.

Scotch Air.

Slow.

1. Hail! sweet-est, dear-est tie that binds Our glow-ing hearts in one; Hail! sa-cred hope, that tunes our minds To har-mo-ny di-vine:
 2. No ling'-ring hope, no part-ing sigh, Our fu-ture meet-ing knows; The friend-ship beams from ev'-ry eye, And hope im-mor-tal grows:

It is the hope, the bliss-ful hope Which Je-sus' grace has giv'n; The hope, when days and years have pass'd, We all shall meet in heav'n.
 Oh, sa-cred hope, oh, bliss-ful hope, Which Je-sus' grace has giv'n; The hope, when days and years have pass'd, We all shall meet in heav'n.

With earnest expression.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a-rise; The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
 2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er; Re-new it bold-ly ev-'ry day, And help di-vine im-plore.

3. Ne'er think the vic-t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar-mor down; Thy ar-duous work will not be done Till thou ob-tain the crown.

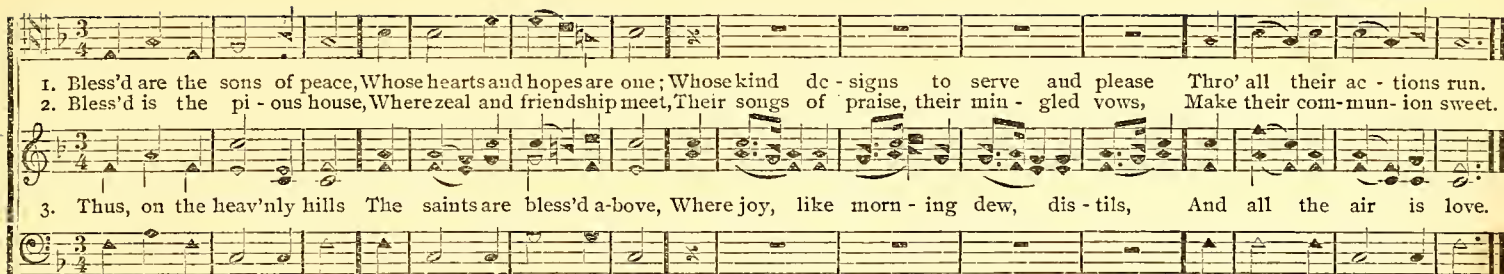
Bealoth. S. M.

1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine a-bode, The church our bless'd Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
 2. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as-cend; To her my toils and cares be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.

3. Je-sus, Thou Friend di-vine, Our Sav-iour and our King, Thy hand from ev-'ry suare and foe Shall great de-liv-'rance bring.

I love Thy church, O God; Her walls be-fore Thee stand, Dear as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And grav-en on Thy band.
 Be-yond my high-est joy, I prize her heav'n-ly ways, Her sweet com-mun-iou, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi-on shall be giv'n The bright-est glo-ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of heav'n.



1. Bless'd are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind de - signs to serve and please Thro' all their ac - tions run.
 2. Bless'd is the pi - ous house, Where zeal and friendship meet, Their songs of praise, their min - gled vows, Make their com - mun - ion sweet.

3. Thus, on the heav'nly hills The saints are bless'd a - bove, Where joy, like morn - ing dew, dis - tils, And all the air is love.

Albion. S. M.

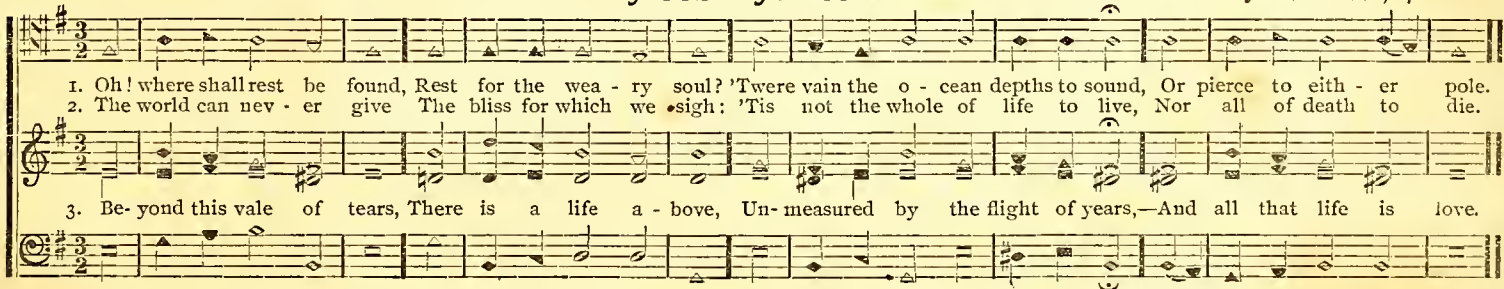


1. My soul, with joy at - tend, While Je - sus si - lence breaks; No an - gel's harp such mu - sic yields, As what my Shepherd speaks, As what my Shepherd speaks.
 2. "I know my sheep" He cries, "My soul approves them well;" Vain is the treach'rous world's dis - guise, And vain the rage of hell, And vain the rage of hell.

3. I free - ly feed them now With tok - ens of my love; But rich - er pastures I . . . pre - pare, And sweet - er streams a - bove, And sweet er streams a - bove.
 4. E - nough my gracious Lord, Let faith tri - umph - ant cry; My heart can on this prom - ise live, Can on this prom - ise die, Can on this promise die.

Aylesbury. S. M.

JAMES GREEN, 1710.



1. Oh! where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to eith - er pole.
 2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh: 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

3. Be - yond this vale of tears, There is a life a - bove, Un - measured by the flight of years, - And all that life is love.

Lottie. S. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. How gen-tle God's com-mands! How kind His pre-cept are! Come, cast your bur-dens on the Lord, And trust His con-stant care.
 2. His boun-ty will pro-vide, His saints se-cre-ly dwell; That hand which bears cre-a-tion up, Shall guard His chil-dren well.
 3. Why should this anx-ious load Press down your wea-ry mind? Oh, seek your heav-'nly Fa-ther throne, And peace and com-fort find.
 4. His good-ness stands ap-proved, Un-changed from day to day; I'll drop my bur-den at His feet, And bear a song a-way.

Tenderness. S. M.

EDWARD HAMILTON.

Slowly, gently.

1. If on the qui-et sea Toward heav'n we calm-ly sail, With grate-ful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fav-'ring gale.
 2. But should the surg-es rise, And rest de-lay to come, Blest be the sor-row, kind the storm, Which drives us near-er home.

Boyleston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. O bless the Lord, my soul! Let all with-in me join, And aid my tongue to bless His name, Whose fa-vors are di-vine.
 2. O bless the Lord, my soul! Nor let His mer-cies lie For-got-ten in un-thank-ful-ness, And with-out prais-es die.
 3. 'Tis He for-gives thy sins, 'Tis He re-lieves thy pain, 'Tis He that heals thy sick-ness-es, And makes thee young a-gain.

Dennis. S. M.

111

Arr. from HANS G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in christ-ian love; The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.

3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

Sweet Day. S. M.

B. C. UNSELD.

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise! Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes.
 2. The King Himself comes near, And feasts His saints to - day; Here we may sit, and see Him here, And love, and praise and pray.

3. One day, a - midst the place Where my dear God hath been, Is sweet - er than ten thou - sand days Of pleas - ur - a - ble sin.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT.

To them that Love the Lord. S. M.

J. H. HALL

1. To them that love the Lord, The prom - i - ses are giv'n, A hun - dred fold re - ward on earth, E - ter - nal life in heav'n.
 2. To them that love the Lord, A few more sor - rows here, A few more days of toil on earth, And Christ will then ap - pear.

3. To them that love the Lord, The saints se - cure - ly blest, A life in Je - sus hid be - low, In heav'n e - ter - nal rest.

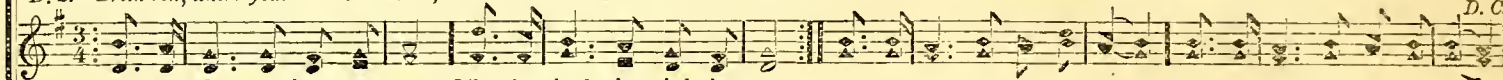
Ennius. 7s.

FINE.

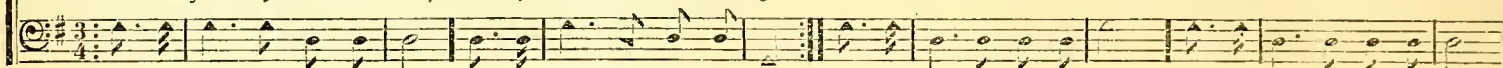
D. C.



1. { Peo - ple of the liv - ing God, I have sought the world a - round, } Now to you my spir - it turns— Turns a fu - gi - tive un - blest;
 { Paths of sin and sor - row trod, Peace and com - fort no - where found; }
D. S.—Breth - ren, where your al - tar burns, O re - ceive me in - to rest.



2. { Lone - ly I no long - er roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave; } Mine the God whom you a - dore, Your Re - deem - er shall be mine;
 { Where you dwell, shall be my home, Where you die, shall be my grave; }
D. S.—Earth can fill my soul no more,—Ev - 'ry i - dol I re - sign.

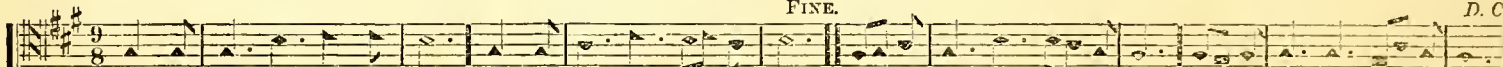


Greateorex. 7s. 6 lines.

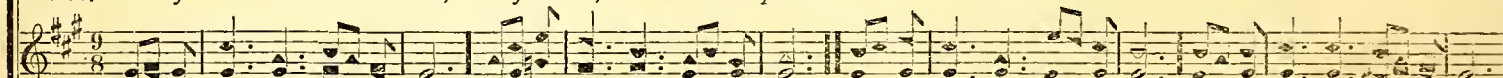
FINE.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

D. C.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side that flowed,
D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from sin, and make me pure.



2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan - guor know, All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;
D. C.—In my hand no price I bring; Simp - ly to Thy cross I cling.



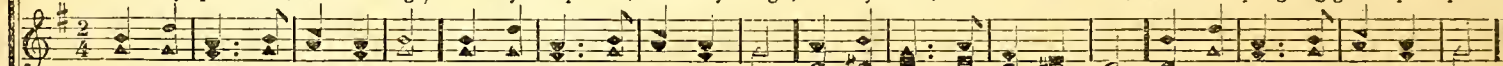
Pleyel's Hymn. 7s. (Single.)

IGNACE PLEYEL.

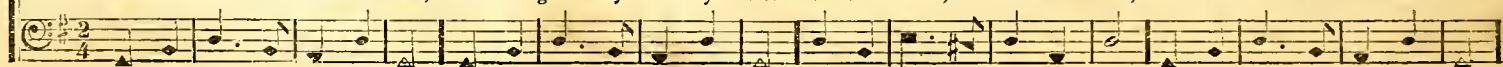
Slow.



1. To Thy pas - tures, fair and large, Heav'n - ly Shep - herd, lead Thy charge; And my couch, with ten - d' rest care, Midst the spring - ing grass pre - pare.



2. When I faint with sum - mer's heat, Thou shalt guide my wea - ry feet To the streams, that still and slow, Thro' the ver - dant mead - ows flow.



Martyn. 7s. (Double.)

113

S. B. MARSH. D.C.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, } Hide me, O my Sav - iour hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 While the rag - ing bil - lows roll, While the tem - pest still is high. }
 D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O, re - ceive my soul at last.

2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee: } All my trust on Thee is stayed; All my help from Thee I bring:
 Leave, O leave me not a - lone; Still sup - port and com - fort me: }
 D.C.—Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.

Rock of Ages. 7s.

Arr. by J. A. SHOWALTER.
D. C. for Ref.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee: Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone; Still sup - port and com - fort me.

3. All my trust on Thee is stayed; All my help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the sha - dow of Thy wing.

Ref.—Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

Seymour. 7s.

C. M. von WEBER.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day, Fades up - on my sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.
 2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in, Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.

3. Soon, for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way; Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
 4. Thou who, sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty; Then, from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pity - ing eye.

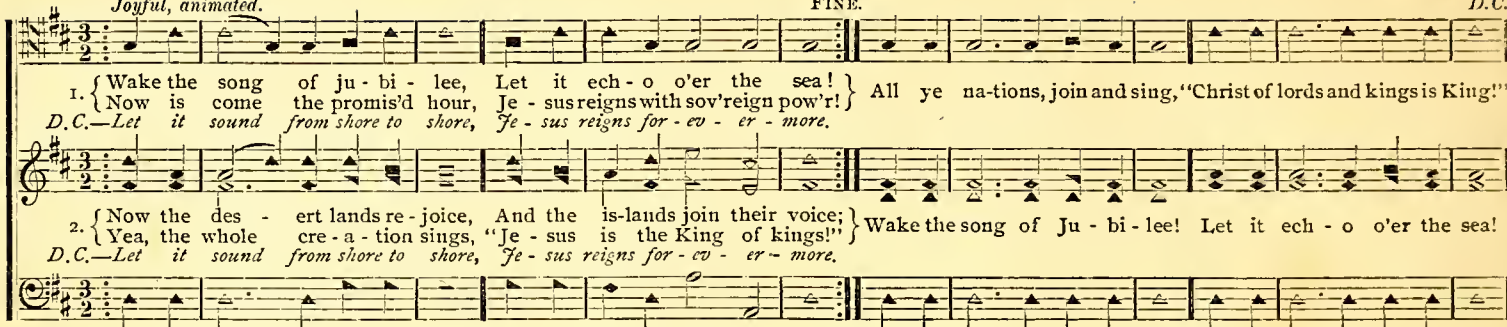
Amboy. 7s. (Double.)

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

Joyful, animated.

FINE.

D.C.



1. { Wake the song of ju-bi-lee, Let it ech-o o'er the sea! All ye na-tions, join and sing, "Christ of lords and kings is King!"
Now is come the promis'd hour, Je-sus reigns with sov'reign pow'r! }
D.C.—Let it sound from shore to shore, Je-sus reigns for-ev-er-more.

2. { Now the des-ert lands re-joice, And the is-lands join their voice; Wake the song of Ju-bi-lee! Let it ech-o o'er the sea!
Yea, the whole cre-a-tion sings, "Je-sus is the King of kings!" }
D.C.—Let it sound from shore to shore, Je-sus reigns for-ev-er-more.

Welcome. 7s. (Double.)

G. W. LINTON.

FINE.

D.C.

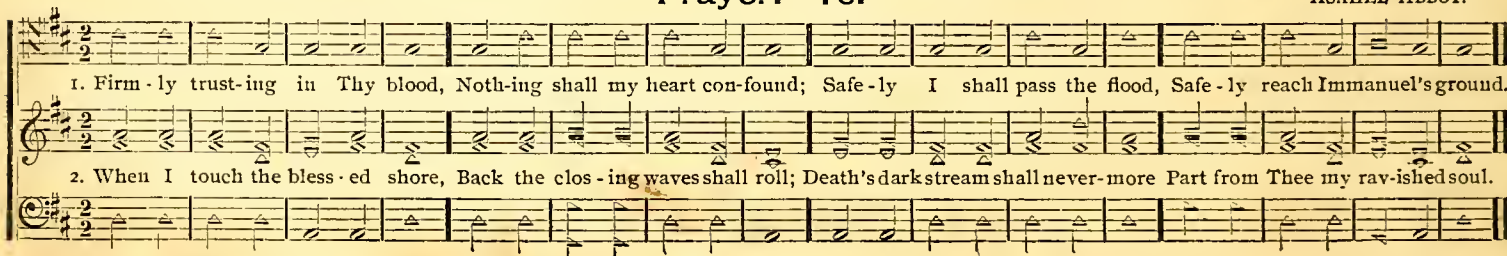


1. { Welcome, wel-come day of rest, To the world in kind-ness given; Day of soft and sweet re- pose; Gen-tly now the moments run,
Welcome, to this care-worn breast, As the beaming light of heav'n, Ra-diant with a sum-mer's sun, }
D.C.—As the peace-ful stream let flows, Ra-diant with a sum-mer's sun.

2. { Day of ti-dings from the skies, Day of sol-emn praise and pray'r, Welcome, wel come day of rest, With thy in-fluence all di-vine:
Day to make the sim-ple wise: Oh, how great Thy bless-ings are, }
D.C.—May thy hal-lowed hours be blest To this fee-ble heart of mine.

Prayer. 7s.

ASAHEL ABBOT.



1. Firm-ly trust-ing in Thy blood, Noth-ing shall my heart con-found; Safe-ly I shall pass the flood, Safe-ly reach Immanuel's ground.

2. When I touch the bless-ed shore, Back the clos-ing waves shall roll; Death's dark stream shall never-more Part from Thee my rav-ish-ed soul.

Mount Vernon. 8s. & 7s.

115

S. F. SMITH.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Sis-ter, thou wast mild and love-ly, Gen-tle as the sum-mer breeze, Pleas-ant as the air of eve-ning When it floats a-mong the trees.

2. Peace-ful be thy si-lent slum-ber, Peace-ful, in the grave so low; Thou no more wilt join our num-ber, Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3. Dear-est sis-ter, thou hast left us, *Here* thy loss we deep-ly feel, But 'tis God that hath be-reft us, He can all our sor-row heal.

4. Yet a-gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled, Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee, Where no fare-well tear is shed.

* Originally written on the occasion of the death of a young Lady, a member of Mount Vernon School, Boston.

HENRY F. LYTE.

Disciple. 8s. & 7s. (Double.)

MOZART.

1. Je-sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee; Na-ked, poor, de-spised, for-sa-ken, Thou from hence my all shalt be;

2. Let the world de-spise, for-sake me, They have left my Sav-iour, too; Hu-man hearts and looks de-ceive me, Thou art not, like man, un-true;

3. Go, then, earth-ly fame and treas-ure! Come, dis-as-ter, scorn and pain! In Thy ser-vice pain is pleas-ure, With Thy fa-vor, loss is gain;

Per-ish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;—Yet how rich is my con-di-tion, God and heav'n are still my own.

And, while Thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wis-dom, love and might, Foes may hate, and friends may shun me, Show Thy face and all is bright.

I have called Thee "Ab-ba, Fa-ther," I have stay'd my heart on Thee; Storms may howl and clouds may gath-er, All must work for good to me.

1. When the world my heart is rend-ing, With its heav-iest storm of care, My glad tho'ts to God as-cend-ing, Finds a ref-uge from de-spair.
 2. There's a hand of mer-cy near me, Though the waves of trou-ble roar; There's our hour of rest to cheer me, When the toils of life are o'er.

3. Oh! to rest in peace for-ev-er, Joined with hap-py souls a-bove, Where no foe my heart can sev-er From the Sav-iour whom I love.
 4. This the hope that shall sus-tain me Till life's pil-grim-age is past; Tears may vex and troub-le pain me; I shall reach my home at last.

Chorus.

I love Je-sus, Hal-le-lu-jah! I love Je-sus, yes, I do, I do love Je-sus, He's my Sav-iour, Je-sus smiles, and loves me too.
 I love Je-sus, Hal-le-lu-jah! I love Je-sus, yes, I do, I do love Je-sus, He's my Sav-iour, Je-sus smiles, and loves me, too.

Greenville. 8s. & 7s. (Double.)

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

FINE.

D. C.

1. { Come, Thou fount of ev'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace: } Teach me some mel-o-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues above:
 D. C.—Praise the Mount—I'm fixed upon it, Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.

2. { Here I'll raise mine Eb-en-e-zer, Hith-er by Thy help I'm come; } Je-sus sought me, when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 D. C.—He, to hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.

D. C.—He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, In-ter-posed His pre-cious blood.

1. Si-lent-ly the shades of ev-'ning Gath-er round my lone-ly door; Si-lent-ly they bring be-fore me Fa-cies I shall see no more.
2. Oh, the lost, the un-for-got-ten, Tho' the world be oft for-got; Oh, the shrouded and the lone-ly, In our hearts they per-ish not.

3. How such ho-ly mem'ries clus-ter, Like the stars, when storms are past; Pointing up to yon fair ha-ven, We may hope to gain at last.

JOHN KEMPTHORNE.

Perez. 8s. & 7s.

English Tune.

1. Praise the Lord! ye heav'n's a-dore Him; Praise Him an-gels in the height; Sun and moon re-joyce be-fore Him;
Sun and moon re-joyce be-fore Him;

2. Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken, Worlds His mighty voice o-beyed; Laws which nev-er can be bro-ken,
Laws which nev-er can be bro-ken,

Praise Him all ye stars of light. A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, A-men, A-men.

Praise Him all ye stars of light.

For their guidance He hath made. Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, A-men, A-men, A-men.

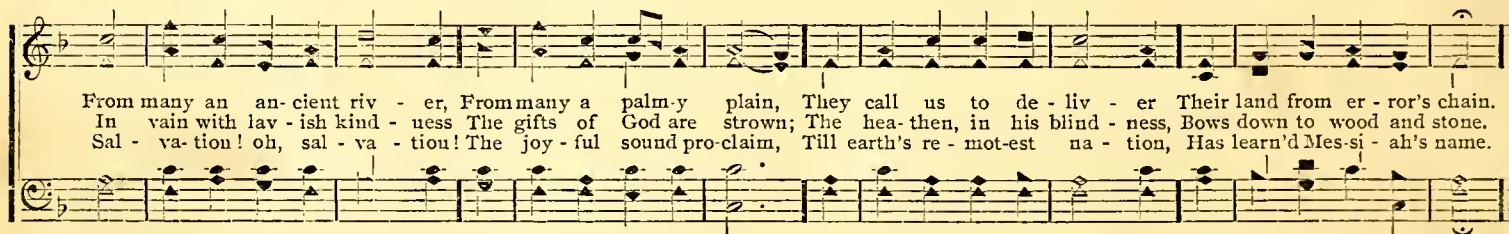
For their guid-ance He hath made. A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, A-men, A-men.

Missionary Hymn. 7s. & 6s.

Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1824.



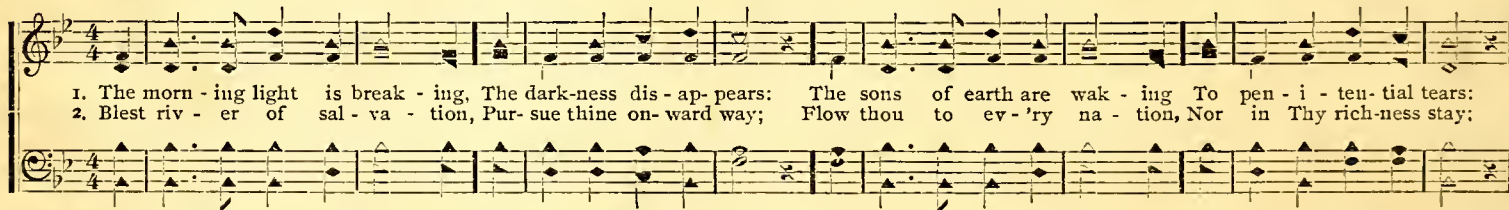
1. From Green-land's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand, Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand;
 2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle— Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, Aud on - ly man is vile?
 3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high— Shall we, to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?



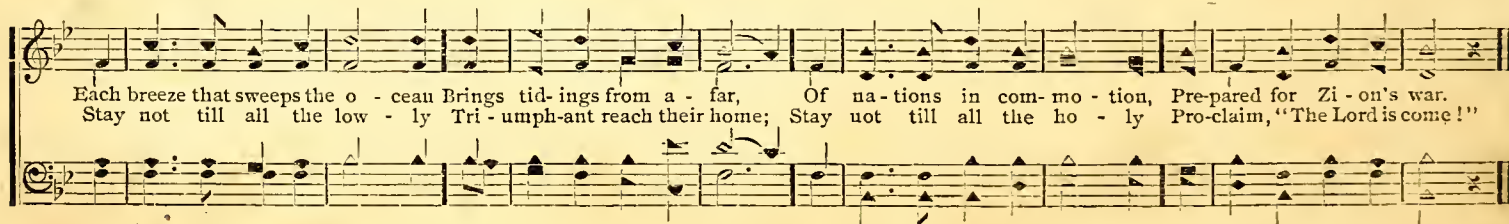
From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
 In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown; The hea - then, in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
 Sal - va - tion! oh, sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim, Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion, Has learn'd Mes - si - ah's name.

Webb. 7s. & 6s.

GEO. JAMES WEBB.



1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears: The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears:
 2. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thine on - ward way; Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in Thy rich - ness stay;



Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid - ings from a - far, Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.
 Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - umph - ant reach their home; Stay not till all the ho - ly Pro - claim, "The Lord is come!"

Pierce. 8s. (Single.)

119

I. B. WOODBURY.



1. We speak of the realms of the bless'd, That coun-try so bright and so fair; And oft are its glo-ries confessed—But what must it be to be there?

2. We speak of its free-dom from sin, From sor-row, temp-ta-tion and care, From tri-als with-out and with-in— But what must it be to be there?

3. We speak of its ser-vice of love, The robes which the glo-ri-fied wear, The church of the First-born a-bove—But what must it be to be there?

Bethany. 6s. & 4s.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

Slow movement.



1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.

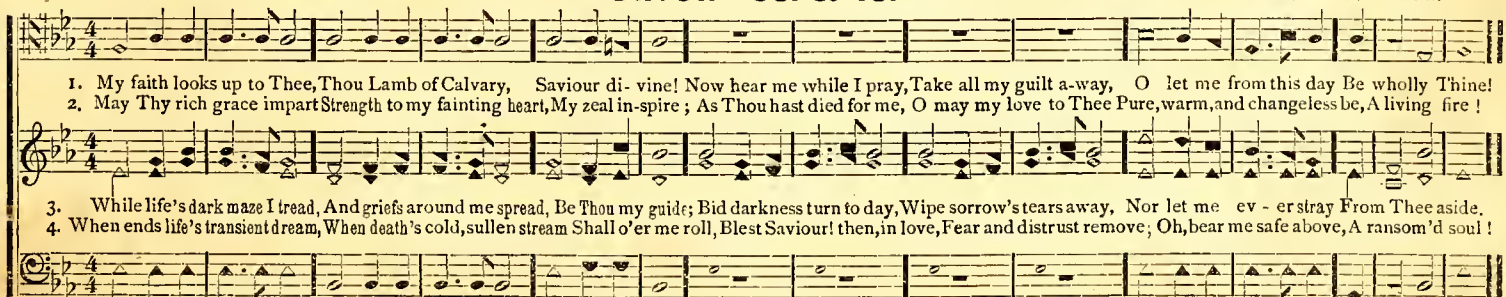
2. Tho' like a wanderer, Daylight all gone, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.

3. There let the way appear Steps up to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me In mercy giv'n; Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

Olivet. 6s. & 4s.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour di-vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be wholly Thine!

2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire!

3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour! then, in love, Fear and distrust remove; Oh, bear me safe above, A ransom'd soul!

H. F. LYTE.

W. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me—fast falls the e-ven-tide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide! When other help-ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me!

2. I need Thy presence ev-ry passing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

3. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless: Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness; Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory? I triumph still, if Thou a-bide with me!

4. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

The Happy Land.

1. { There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way; } Oh, how they sweetly sing, "Worthy is our Sav-iour King!" Loud, let His prais-es ring For-ev-er there.
 { Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day; }

2. { Come to that hap-py land, Come, come a-way; } Oh, we shall hap-py be, When from sin and sorrow free! Lord, we shall live with Thee, For-ev-er there.
 { Why will you doubting stand, Why yet de-lay? }

3. { Bright in that hap-py land, Beams ev-ry eye. } Then shall His Kingdom come, Saints shall share a glorious home; And bright above the sun Reign ev-er-more.
 { Kept hy a Fath-er's hand, Love can-not die! }

The Lord's Prayer.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

Our Father Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
 Give us this day our dai-ly bread, And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass a- gainst us.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. A - men.

GOSPEL SONGS.

Jesus is your Friend.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. 18: 24.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. HALL.

1. What a pre-cious friend we have in Je-sus! With His love He bless-es us each day! With His grace He won-drous-ly sus-tains us,
 2. What a ten-der friend we have in Je-sus! In com-pas-sion, Oh, how rich is He! Who so kind, so gen-tle and for-giv-ing,
 3. What a lov-ing friend we have in Je-sus! On the cru-el cross of Cal-va-ry He a-toned that none should ev-er per-ish,

Chorus.

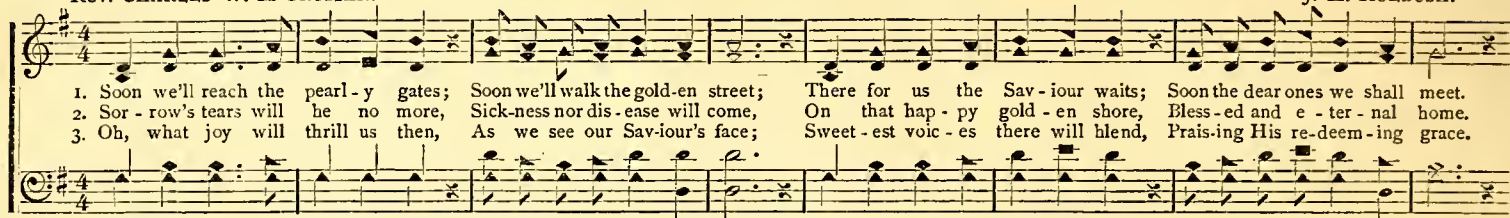
As we walk with Him the nar-row way. } Je - - - sus is your friend, His love will nev-er
 Who so faith-ful to His own could be? } Je - sus is your friend, Je - sus is your friend, His love will nev-er end,
 But be saved through Him e-ter-nal-ly. }

end, He will leave you nev-er, Walk with you for-ev-er, Je - - - sus is your friend,
 love will nev-er end, Je - sus is your friend, Yes, Je - sus is your friend.

Soon We'll Walk the Golden Streets.

Rev. CHARLES W. M'CROSSAN.

J. H. RUEBUSH.



1. Soon we'll reach the pearl-y gates; Soon we'll walk the gold-en street; There for us the Sav-iour waits; Soon the dear ones we shall meet.
 2. Sor-row's tears will he no more, Sick-ness nor dis-ease will come, On that hap-py gold-en shore, Bless-ed and e-ter-nal home.
 3. Oh, what joy will thrill us then, As we see our Sav-iour's face; Sweet-est voic-es there will blend, Prais-ing His re-deem-ing grace.

Chorus.



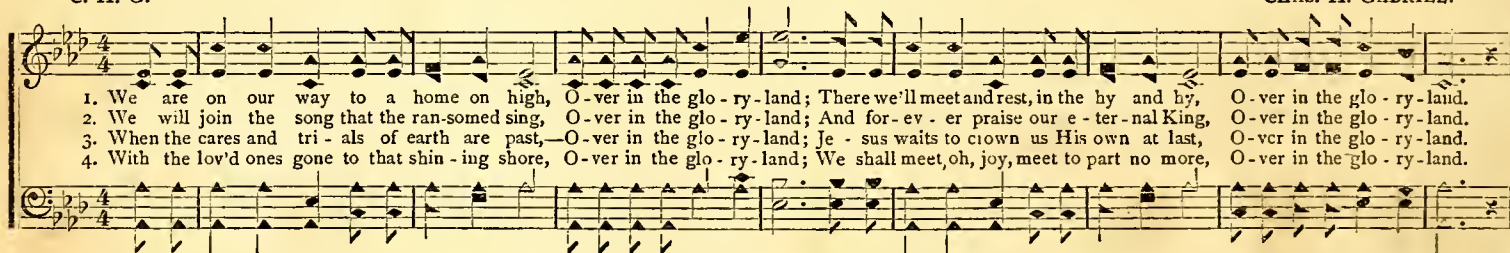
Soon we'll walk the gold-en streets, Soon the dear ones we shall meet.
 Soon we'll walk, yes walk the golden streets, Soon we'll walk, yes walk the golden streets, Soon the dear ones, dear ones we shall meet, Soon the dear ones we shall meet, shall meet.

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Over in the Glory-Land.

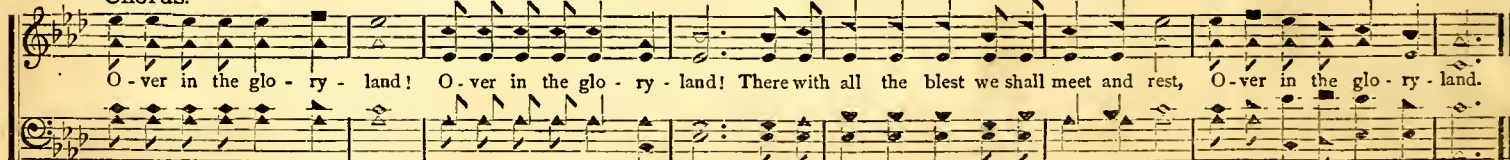
C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. We are on our way to a home on high, O-ver in the glo-ry-land; There we'll meet and rest, in the by and by, O-ver in the glo-ry-land.
 2. We will join the song that the ran-somed sing, O-ver in the glo-ry-land; And for-ev-er praise our e-ter-nal King, O-ver in the glo-ry-land.
 3. When the cares and tri-als of earth are past, O-ver in the glo-ry-land; Je-sus waits to crown us His own at last, O-ver in the glo-ry-land.
 4. With the lov'd ones gone to that shin-ing shore, O-ver in the glo-ry-land; We shall meet, oh, joy, meet to part no more, O-ver in the glo-ry-land.

Chorus.



O-ver in the glo-ry-land! O-ver in the glo-ry-land! There with all the blest we shall meet and rest, O-ver in the glo-ry-land.

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The Eden of Love.

123

LIZZIE.

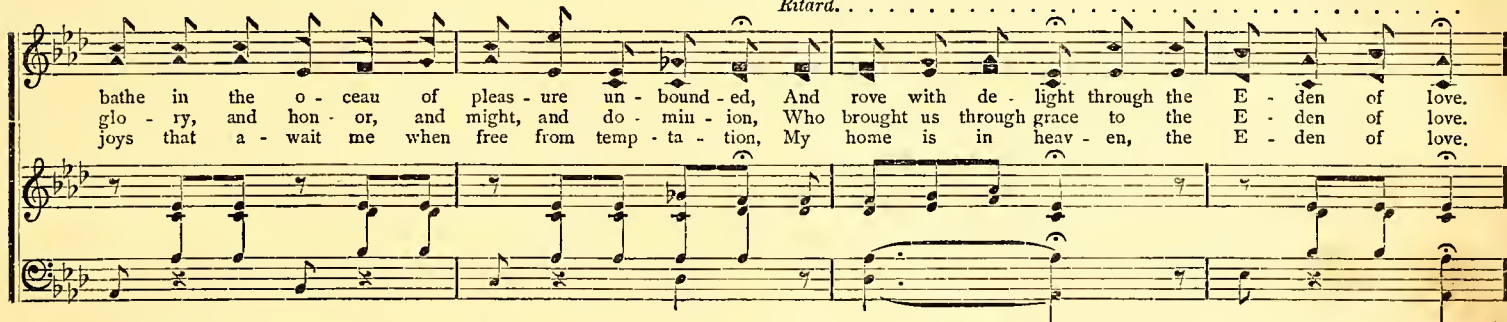
J. CALVIN BUSHEY, by per.

Duett.



1. When glo - ri - fied spir - its with wel - come shall greet me, And lead me to man - sions pre - pared far a - bove; I'll
 2. While an - gel - ic le - gions with harps tuned ce - les - tial, Har - mo - nious - ly join in the cho - rus a - bove; All
 3. Then hail, bless - ed state, hail, ye song - sters of glo - ry, Ye harp - ers of bliss, soon I'll meet you a - bove; Oh

Ritard.



bathe in the o - ceau of pleas - ure un - bound - ed, And rove with de - light through the E - den of love.
 glo - ry, and hon - or, and might, and do - min - ion, Who brought us through grace to the E - den of love.
 joys that a - wait me when free from temp - ta - tion, My home is in heav - en, the E - den of love.

Refrain.

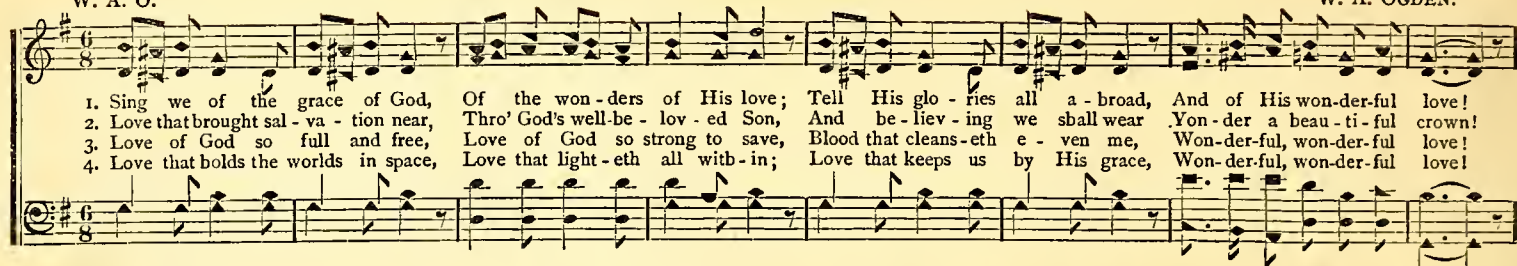


Then hail . . . blessed state, . . . hail ye harp - ers a - bove, . . . I'll rove with delight, rove with de-light thro' the E - den of love.
 Then hail . . . blessed state, . . . hail ye harp - ers a - bove, . . . I'll rove, . . . I'll rove with de-light thro' the E - den of love.
 Hail blessed state, hail blessed state, hail ye harpers above, ye harpers a - bove, I'll rove with de-light, I'll rove with delight thro' the E - den of love.
 Hail blessed state, hail blessed state, hail ye harpers above, ye harpers a - bove, I'll rove with de-light, I'll rove with delight thro' the E - den of love.

Love of God.

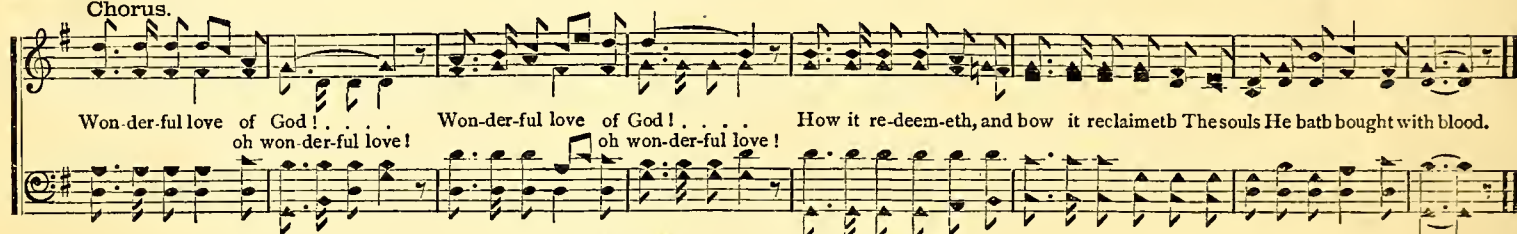
W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. Sing we of the grace of God, Of the won-ders of His love; Tell His glo-ries all a-broad, And of His won-der-ful love!
 2. Love that brought sal-va-tion near, Thro' God's well-be-lov-ed Son, And be-liev-ing we sball wear, Yon-der a beau-ti-ful crown!
 3. Love of God so full and free, Love of God so strong to save, Blood that cleans-eth e-ven me, Won-der-ful, won-der-ful love!
 4. Love that holds the worlds in space, Love that light-eth all with-in; Love that keeps us by His grace, Won-der-ful, won-der-ful love!

Chorus.



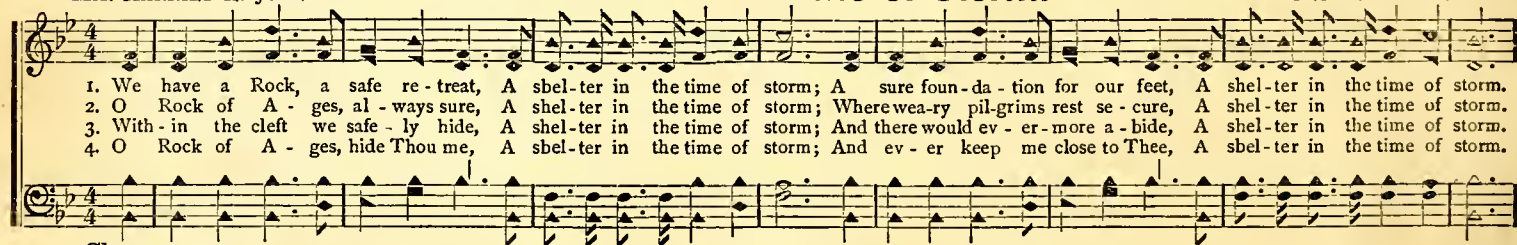
Won-der-ful love of God! oh won-der-ful love! Won-der-ful love of God! . . . oh won-der-ful love! How it re-deem-eth, and bow it reclaimeth The souls He bath bought with blood.

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Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

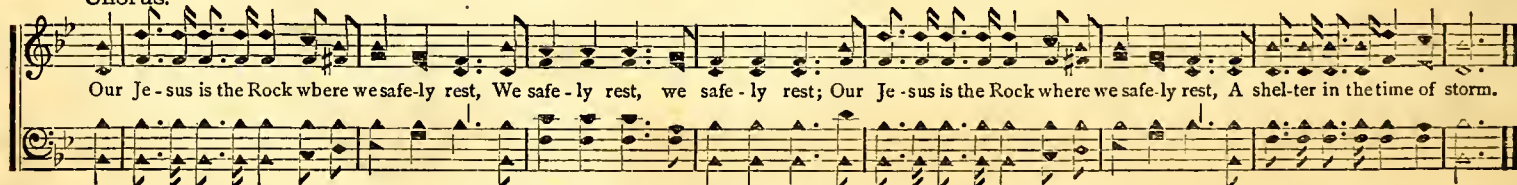
A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.



1. We have a Rock, a safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm; A sure foun-da-tion for our feet, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
 2. O Rock of A-ges, al-ways sure, A shel-ter in the time of storm; Where-wea-ry pil-grims rest se-cure, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
 3. With-in the cleft we safe-ly hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm; And there would ev-er-more a-bide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
 4. O Rock of A-ges, hide Thou me, A shel-ter in the time of storm; And ev-er keep me close to Thee, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

Chorus.



Our Je-sus is the Rock where we safe-ly rest, We safe-ly rest, we safe-ly rest; Our Je-sus is the Rock where we safe-ly rest, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

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WHAT CHEER.

123

(May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.)

A seaman on his dying bed, being asked by a fellow-sailor, "What cheer?" said: "Heaven heaves in sight; I see the headland." The next day the question was repeated: "What cheer?" "Rounding the cape—almost in." The third day the question was repeated: "What cheer?" In port, his quivering lips replied; and the next moment, "Let go the anchor."

LAURA E. NEWELL.

R. A. GLENN.

1. A drift up - on the storm - y sea, A sail - or dy - ing lay, A friend he - side him gent - ly knelt, Just
2. A gain his com - rad soft - ly speaks, What cheer? my lad what cheer, Round - ing the cape, I'm al - most in, The
3. A gain he speaks with quick - ning breath, He stirs his mate so dear, Kneels close he - side his couch of pain, To

at the close of day, What cheer, he said O, sail - or lad, When heav - en heaves in sight, I see the head -
sky grows bright and clear, Though long I've sailed on storm - y seas, The dan - ger all is past, I'll gain the har -
ask a - gain what cheer? In port: his quiv - ring lips re - plied, Let go the au - chor now, And with a smile

laud, joy is mine, I'm al - most past the night. } O christ - ians tell us what cheer, . . . As o - ver life's bil -
hor, by and by, I'm go - ing home at last. }
the sail - or died, All calm his peace - ful hrow. } what cheer,

lows you sail, . . . Are you near - ing the port of the glo - ry land, Will you drop your anch - or with - in the vail?

Where the Living Waters Flow.

Words arr.

EDWARD E. NICKERSON.

1. Rest to the weary soul And aching heart is giv'n, Down where the living waters flow; Grace makes the wounded whole, Love
 2. For thee, my soul, for thee, These price-less joys were bought, Down where the living waters flow; Thine is the mercy free, That
 3. Come, with the ransom'd train, The Saviour's praises sing, Down where the living waters flow; Re-joice! the Lamb was slain, A-
 4. And soon he-fore His face, We'll praise in light a-bove, Down where the living waters flow; Tri-umph-ant thro' His grace, Made

Refrain.

fills our heart with heav'n, Down where the living waters flow.
 Christ to earth has bro't, Down where the living waters flow.
 dore! He reigns a King, Down where the living waters flow.
 per-fect by His love, Down where the living waters flow.

Down where the living waters flow, Down where the tree of life doth
 liv-ing wa-ters flow,
 grow, Hal-le-lu-jah! I am liv-ing in the light, For Je-sus and the right, Down where the liv-ing wa-ters flow.
 liv-ing wa-ters flow.

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Blessed Assurance.

"He is faithful that hath promised."—HEB. 10: 23.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as-su-rance, Je-sus is mine! . Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now hurst on my sight, An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap-py and blest, Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-

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Blessed Assurance. Concluded.

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Chorus.

God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood. This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my
 bove, E - choes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love. Prais - ing my
 bove, Filled with His good - ness, lost in His love. Prais - ing my
 Sav - iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long.

If we Knew.

Words and Music by J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

Duett or Solo, omitting small notes.

1. If we knew when walking thoughtless In the bus - y, crowd - ed way, That some pearl of wond'rous beau - ty, Close be - side our path - way lay,
 2. If we knew what forms were faint - ing For the shade that we could fling, If we knew what lips were parch - ing, For the wa - ter we could bring,
 3. If we knew when friends a - round us Close - ly press to say good - by, Which a - mong the lips that kiss us, First a - mong the dai - sies lie,
 Lest some care - less feet should tramp - le, Some rare jew - el to the ground, We would pause where now we hast - en, We would oft - en look a - round.
 Bear - ing cups of cool - ing wa - ter, Plant - ing rows of sha - dy palms, We would haste with ea - ger foot - steps, We would work with willing hands.
 Ten - der words of love e - ter - nal, We would whis - per in their ears, We would clasp our arms around them, Look - ing on them thro' our tears.

By permission.

Dash it Down!

Mrs. F. A. F. WOOD-WHITE.

A. BEIRLY.

1. There is poi-son in the bowl, Dash it down! It will ru- in heart and soul, Dash it down! And with- out a hope or pray'r,
 2. There is poi-son in the bowl, Dash it down! Lest its ills up- on you roll, Dash it down! Life is not for self and sin,
 3. There is poi-son in the bowl, Dash it down! (Dash it down!) Drink pure wa-ter and be whole, Dash it down! (Dash it down!) Sparkling fountains full and free,

Refrain.
 Be your fu- ture e'er so fair, Spread de- struc- tion ev- 'ry- where; Dash it down! Then shun it while you may!
 Not to waste our mo- ments in, But to strive and no- bly win; Dash it down!
 Pass- ing on- ward to the sea, Rise on ev- 'ry side for thee; Dash it down! (Dash it down!) Shun it while you may, Shun it while you may!

Oh, shun it ev- 'ry day! E- vil snares he- set your way! Take the right step, oh, dash it down!
 Shun it ev- 'ry day, Shun it ev- 'ry day! Snares be- set your way, Snares he- set your way!

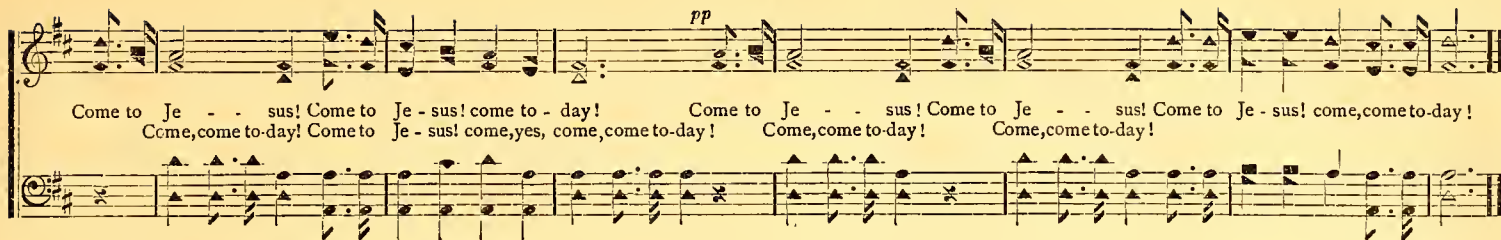
From "Jubilee Choir." Vol. 2. By per. of A. BEIRLY, publisher, Chicago, Ill.

E. R. LATTA.

Come to Jesus.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.
Chorus.

1. Come to Je- sus! He will save you, Tho' your sins as crimson glow; If you give your hearts to Je- sus, He will make them white as snow. } Come to Je - - sus!
 2. Come to Je- sus! do not tar- ry; En- ter in at mercy's gate; Oh, de- lay not till the mor- row, Lest thy com- ing be too late. }
 3. Come to Je- sus! dy- ing sin- ner! Oth- er Saviour there is none; He will share with you His glo- ry, When your pilgrimage is done. } Come, come to-day!



pp

Come to Je - - sus! Come to Je - sus! come to - day! Come to Je - - sus! Come to Je - - sus! Come to Je - sus! come, come to-day!
 Come, come to-day! Come to Je - sus! come, yes, come, come to-day! Come, come to-day! Come, come to-day!

Entire Consecration.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

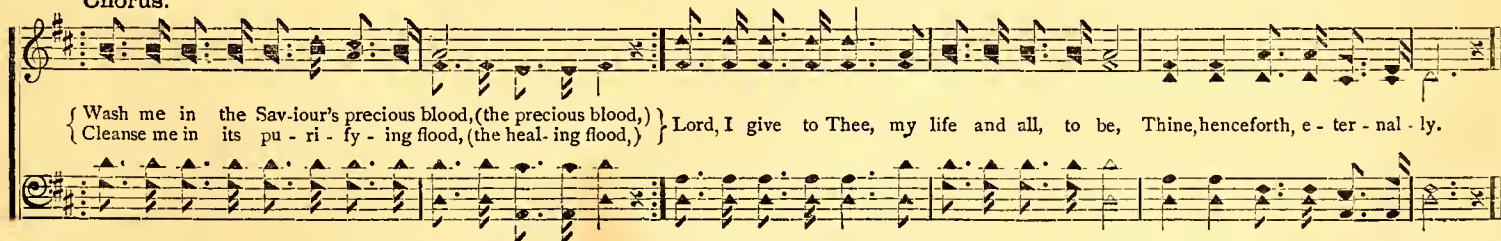
Chorus by W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord to Thee; Take my hands and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee; Take my voice and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.
 3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sag - es for Thee; Take my sil - ver and my gold, — Not a mite would I with - hold.
 4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise; Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

Chorus.



{ Wash me in the Sav-iour's precious blood, (the precious blood,) } Lord, I give to Thee, my life and all, to be, Thine, henceforth, e - ter - nal - ly.
 { Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood, (the heal - ing flood,) }

5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
 It shall be no longer mine;
 Take my heart,—it is Thine own,—
 It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour
 At Thy feet its treasure-store!
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for Thee!

"OUR HOME BEYOND."

MARY B. SHUSS.

S. W. BEAZLEY.

1. Our home be-yond the vale of strife, Where sin can - not an - noy, Where Je - sus is Him-self the life And all is light and joy.
 2. The pure a-lone shall en - ter there, No con - flict shall be found, No death nor sor - row, sin nor care In our bright home be - yond.
 3. Be - yond this home of er - ror here, We know we soon shall be. Dear Sav - iour cast out ev - 'ry fear, That we that home may see.

CHORUS.

Our home be - yond, our home be - yond, Be - yond all sin and care. Where Je - sus waits with friends so fond, To bid us wel - come there.

COME TO JESUS, NOW.

Words and Music by GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. O, sin - ner come to Je - sus now, Give him your heart, be - fore him now, For he is plead - ing now for thee, He gave his life to make you free.
 2. O, come to Je - sus while in youth, That you may grow in grace and truth, And thus be strong to fight the wrong, To do his will in deed and song.
 3. O, come to Je - sus though in age, Let sin - ners seef and demons rage, Your soul you'll save, a heav - en gain, In glo - ry you shall ev - er reign.
 4. O, come to Je - sus ere too late; To - mor - row morn may seal thy fate, And just be - fore the ris - ing sun, Thy knell may toll and life be done.

CHORUS.

O, come to Je - sus, Come to him, Be - fore him hum - bly bow, O, come to Je - sus come to him He saves he saves, just now.

Even Me.

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Mrs. E. CODNER.

"Bless me, even me also, O my Father."—GEN. 27: 38.

J. H. HALL.

1. Lord I hear of show'rs of blessings Thou art scatt'ring full and free, Show'rs the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing: Let some droppings fall on me.
 2. Pass me not, O God my Fa-ther, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be; Thou might'st leave me; but the rath-er, Let Thy mer-cy light on me.
 3. Pass me not, O gracious Sav-iour: Let me live and cling to Thee; Fain I'm long-ing for Thy fav-or: Whilst thou'rt calling, call on me.

Refrain.

E-ven me, e-ven me, Let some droppings fall on me; E-ven me, e-ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.
 E-ven me, e-ven me, Let some droppings fall on me; E-ven me, e-ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.

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J. E. H.

He that Goeth Forth and Weepeth.

J. E. HALL, by per.

Duet. Sop. or Alto.

1. He that go-eth forth and weepeth, Bear-ing precious seed, Let Him know that as He sow-eth To the sin-ner's need, So He'll reap.
 2. He that go-eth forth and weepeth, Trust-ing in the Lord, Let Him know that all He sow-eth Of the precious word, That He'll reap.
 3. He that go-eth forth and weepeth, All a-glow with love, Oft-en-times, just while He sow-eth, Hearts be-gin to move; So He'll reap.
 4. He that go-eth forth and weepeth, Christ He nev-er leaves, Doubtless shall re-turn re-joicing! Bringing home His sheaves, Thus, He'll reap.

Tenor.

p Chorus.

Sow-ing now, . . . sow-ing now, . . . But reap-ing by and by; Weeping now, . . . weeping now, . . . Re-joic-ing by and by.
 Sow-ing now, sow-ing now, Weeping now, weeping now,

When the Mists are Gone.

S. J. O.

S. J. OSLIN, by per.

1. When the mists are gone, And all clouds have flown, Then the light of an e - ter - nal day Will, up - on us dawn,—Be a hap - py morn,
 2. There the mists and clouds, Oft our path en-shrouds, And the earth - ly tem-pests ris - es high; But they soon will pass, And our souls find rest,
 3. When the mists are gone, And the light has come, Then, a smil - ing Sav-iour we will see; And with loved ones, sing Prais-es to our King.

Chorus.

When all earth - ly cares have passed a - way. } When the mists are gone, And all earth - ly cares have
 Then we'll see a bright-er, clear - er sky. }
 And for - ev - er there we'll hap - py be. } When the mists are gone, when the mists are gone,

passed a - way, Then we'll know as we are known, as we are known, And be hap - py thro' e - ter - nal day!

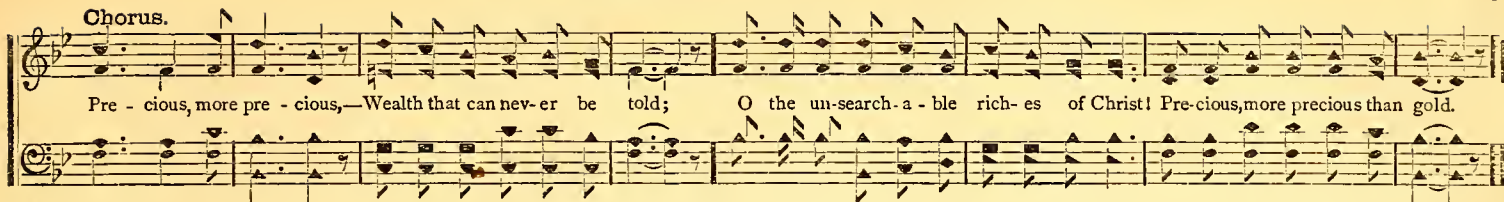
F. J. C.

Unsearchable Riches.

J. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. O the unsearch - a - ble rich - es of Christ—Wealth that can never be told;— Rich - es ex-haustless of mer - cy and grace, Precious, more precious than gold!
 2. O the unsearch - a - ble rich - es of Christ, Whom shall their greatness declare; Jew - els whose lus-tre our lives may a - dorn, Pearls that the poorest may wear.
 3. O the unsearch - a - ble rich - es of Christ, Free-ly, how free-ly they flow; Mak - ing the souls of the faith-ful and true Hap - py wher-ev - er they go.
 4. O the unsearch - a - ble rich - es of Christ, Who would not gladly en-dure Tri - als, af - flic-tions, and cross-es on earth, Rich-es like these to se - cure?

Chorus.



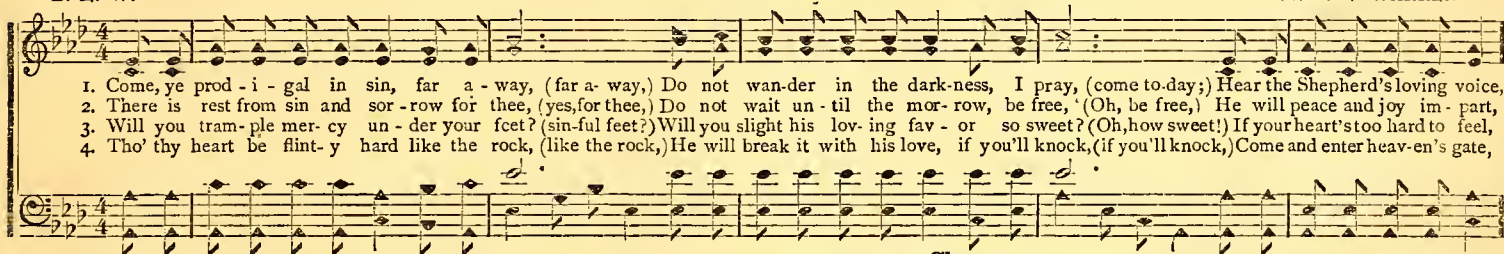
Pre-cious, more pre-cious,—Wealth that can nev-er be told; O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Pre-cious, more precious than gold.

Come Home.

B. E. W.

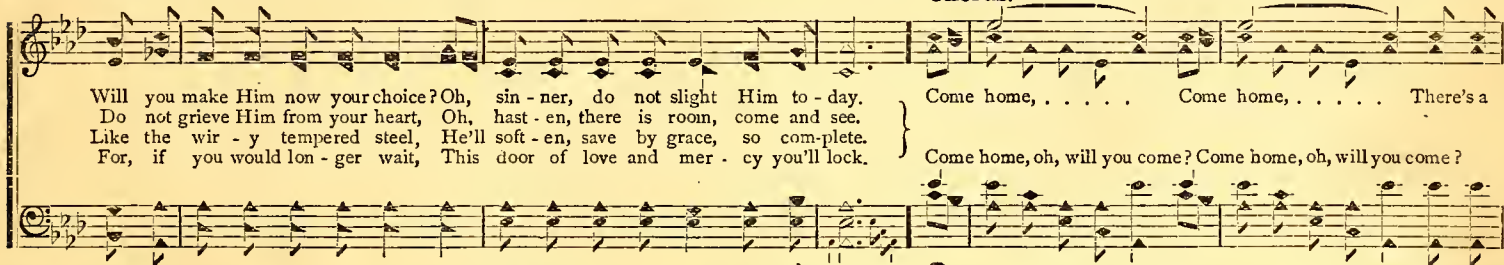
LUKE 15: 4-7.

Rev. B. E. WARREN.



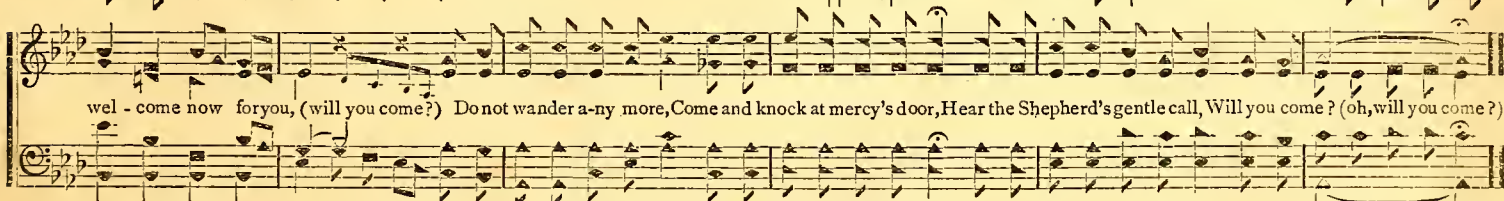
1. Come, ye prod-i-gal in sin, far a-way, (far a-way,) Do not wan-der in the dark-ness, I pray, (come to-day;) Hear the Shepherd's loving voice,
2. There is rest from sin and sor-row for thee, (yes, for thee,) Do not wait un-til the mor-row, be free, (Oh, be free,) He will peace and joy im-part,
3. Will you tram-ple mer-cy un-der your feet? (sin-ful feet?) Will you slight his lov-ing fav-or so sweet? (Oh, how sweet!) If your heart's too hard to feel,
4. Tho' thy heart be flint-y hard like the rock, (like the rock,) He will break it with his love, if you'll knock, (if you'll knock,) Come and enter heav-en's gate,

Chorus.



Will you make Him now your choice? Oh, sin-ner, do not slight Him to-day.
Do not grieve Him from your heart, Oh, hast-en, there is room, come and see.
Like the wir-y tempered steel, He'll soft-en, save by grace, so com-plete.
For, if you would lon-ger wait, This door of love and mer-cy you'll lock.

Come home, Come home, There's a
Come home, oh, will you come? Come home, oh, will you come?



wel-come now for you, (will you come?) Do not wander a-ny more, Come and knock at mercy's door, Hear the Shepherd's gentle call, Will you come? (oh, will you come?)

1. Oh, what a Sav-iour, He's plead-ing for you, Plead-ing for you, plead-ing for you; Come and ac-cept Him, He's
 2. Will you not trust Him as Sav-iour to-day? Trust Him to-day? trust Him to-day? He will drive sor-row and
 3. O - pen your heart's door and bid Him come in? Bid Him come in, bid Him come in; He hath re-deemed you, He'll
 4. Come now to Je - sus, for why will you die? Why will you die? why will you die? While He in mer-cy is

Chorus.

lov-ing and true, 'Tis Je - sus now plead-ing for you. Shall He come in?
 sigh-ing a-way, Will you not trust Je - sus to-day? }
 cleanse you from sin, Oh, bid the dear Sav-iour come in.
 com-ing so nigh, Oh, broth-er, thou why will you die? Shall He come in? Shall He come in?

Shall He come in? Will you not bid the dear Sav-iour come in?
 He will re-deem you and save you from sin; Bid Him come in, bid Him come in, Bid the dear Sav-iour come in.

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Oh! Why Not To-night.

Anon.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1. Oh, do not let the world de-part, And close thine eyes against the light, Poor sin-ners, hard-en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.
 2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight; This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
 3. Our Lord in pit-y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite; Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, oh, to-night.

Copyright, 1893, by J. H. HALL.

Chorus.

Oh, why not to-night? oh, why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to - night?
 Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved, Then why not, oh, why not to-night?

GRANVILLE H. MEIXELL.

Hope On.

J. H. RUEBUSH.

1. De - spair not when dark, gloom-y shad - ows Ath - wart thy life's path-way seem drawn; Be - hind them, God's sunlight is
 2. Hope on, with full trust in God's good - ness; Hope on, till life's bat - tle is won; And tho' friends dis-ap-point and for-
 3. Hope on, though life's dark shad-ows low - er; Hope on, e'en though hid seem life's sun; Its warm rays in ef - ful-gence are
 4. And thus hop - ing, thy life will grow bright - er, Till re - flec - tion the light of life's sun, 'Twill illumine some pilgrim's dark

Chorus.

gleam - ing In bright - ness to cheer thee—hope on. . . . Hope on, hope on, De -
 sake thee, Oue Friend is still faith - ful—hope on. . . .
 stream - ing Be - hind ev - ry cloud—still hope on. . . . }
 path - way, Caus - ing him to cheer and hope on. . . . Ev - er hope on, ev - er hope on,
 spair not but ev - er hope on, Sun - shine bright - ness will break through the clouds by and by.
 ev - er hope on, ev - er hope on, ev - er hope on,

* * *

1. Come, my re-deem-er, come, And deign to dwell with me; Come, and Thy right as - sume, And bid Thy ri - vals flee—
 2. Ex - ert Thy might-y pow'r And ban - ish all my sin; In this au - spic - ious hour, Bring all Thy grac - es in—
 3. Rule Thou in ev - 'ry thought And pas - sion of my soul, 'Till all my pow'rs are brought Be - neath Thy full con - trol—

Chorus.

Come, my Re-deem-er, quick-ly come, And make my heart Thy last-ing home,

Come, my Re-deem - er, quickly come, And make my heart Thy last-ing home, Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And
 Come, my Re-deem - er, come, And make my heart Thy home, Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And

I shall be whit-er than snow, I shall be whit-er than the snow, I shall be whit-er than the snow,
 I shall be whit-er than the snow, I shall be whit-er, whit-er than the snow, I shall be whit-er than the snow, yes

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
 Wash me in the blood, in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er, whit - er than the snow.

I Shall Be Satisfied.

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"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."—Ps. 17: 15.

Words and Music by LIZZIE S. BUSHEY.

1. Lord I ask not rich - es, Nor bur - dens cast a - side, Won - drous love and mer - cy, Shall make me sat - is - fied.
 2. When the temp - est gath - ers, And o'er life's surg - ing tide, Lord, Thy lov - ing pres - ence, Shall make me sat - is - fied.
 3. When we reach the thresh - old, And pearl - y gate ope wide, Then in all Thy glo - ry, Shall make me sat - is - fied.

Chorus.

I shall be sat - is - fied a - ny - where, ev - ry - where, I shall be sat - is - fied, In a Fa - ther's care.

Sat - is - fied,

Copyright, 1893, by J. H. HALL.

Welcome Home.

Mrs. PHOEBE PALMER.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. Oh, when shall I sweep thro' the gates, The scenes of mor - tal - i - ty o'er, What then for my spir - it a - waits? Will they sing on the beau - ti - ful shore,—
 2. When from Calvary's mount I a - rise, And pass through the por - tals a - bove, Will shouts, "Welcome home to the skies," Re - sound through the regions of love?
 3. Yes, loved ones who knew me be - low, Who learned the new song with me here, In cho - rus will hail me, I know, And welcome me home with good cheer.
 4. The beau - ti - ful gates will un - fold, The home of the blood - washed I'll see, The cit - y of saints I'll be - hold, For O, there's a welcome for me!
 5. A sin - ner made whit - er than snow, I'll join in the might - y ac - claim, And shout through the gates as I go, Sal - va - tion to God and the Lamb!

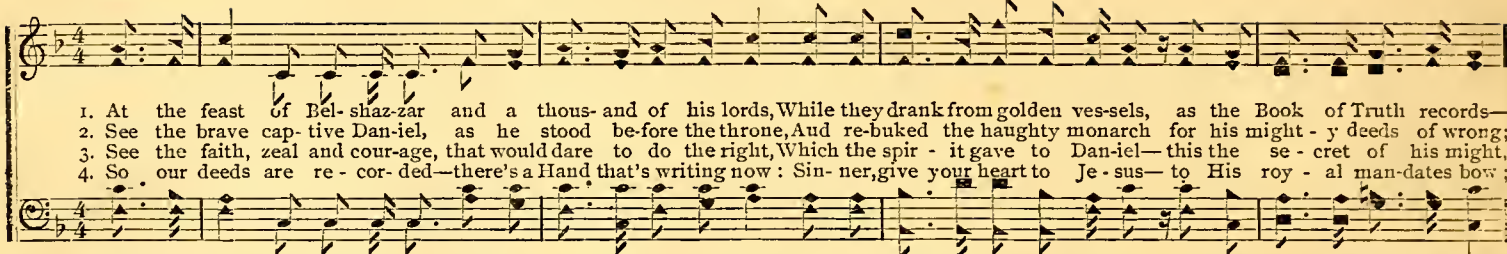
Refrain.

Wel - come home! Wel - come home! A wel - come in glo - ry for me; Wel - come home! Wel - come home! A wel - come for me.
 Welcome home, Welcome home, Welcome home, Welcome home, Welcome home, Welcome home, Welcome home,

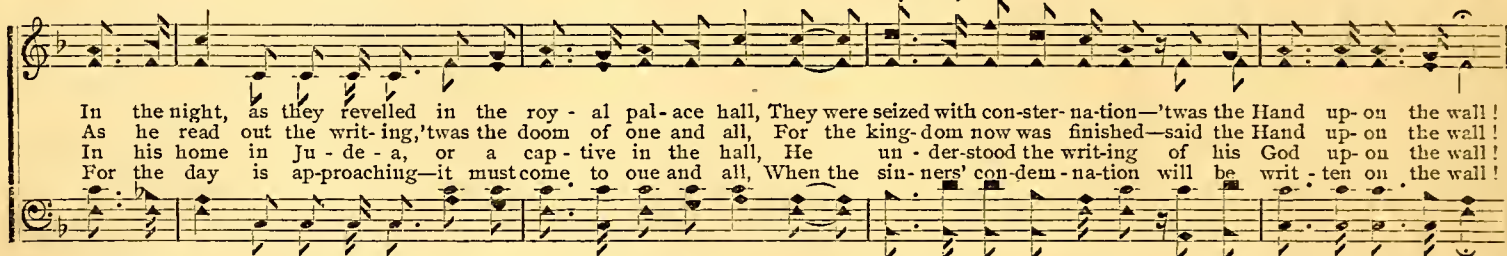
The Handwriting on the Wall.

"And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."—DANIEL 5: 5.

Arr. by J. H. HALL.

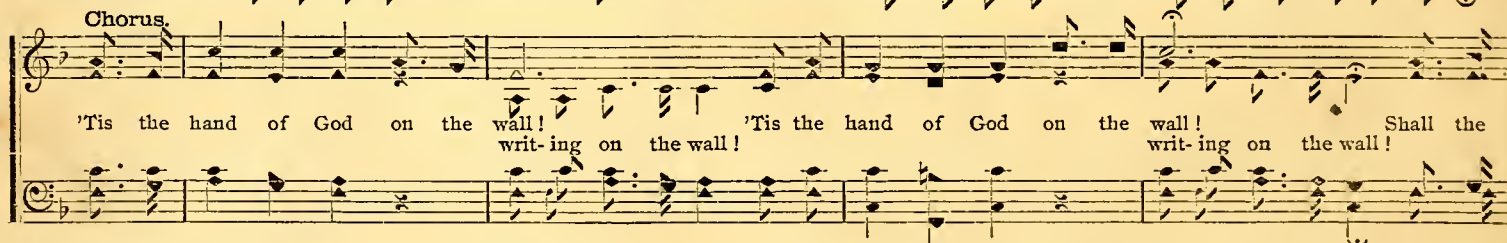


1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thous-and of his lords, While they drank from golden ves-sels, as the Book of Truth records—
 2. See the brave cap-tive Dan-iel, as he stood be-fore the throne, And re-buked the haughty monarch for his might-y deeds of wrong;
 3. See the faith, zeal and cour-age, that would dare to do the right, Which the spir-it gave to Dan-iel—this the se-cret of his might,
 4. So our deeds are re-cor-ded—there's a Hand that's writing now: Sin-ner, give your heart to Je-sus—to His roy-al man-dates bow;

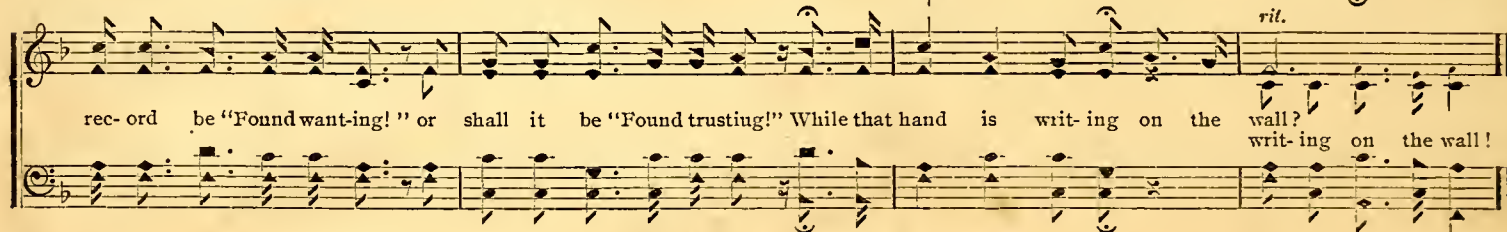


In the night, as they revelled in the roy-al pal-ace hall, They were seized with con-ster-na-tion—'twas the Hand up-on the wall!
 As he read out the writ-ing, 'twas the doom of one and all, For the king-dom now was finished—said the Hand up-on the wall!
 In his home in Ju-de-a, or a cap-tive in the hall, He un-der-stood the writ-ing of his God up-on the wall!
 For the day is ap-proach-ing—it must come to one and all, When the sin-ners' con-dem-na-tion will be writ-ten on the wall!

Chorus.



'Tis the hand of God on the wall! writ-ing on the wall! 'Tis the hand of God on the wall! Shall the writ-ing on the wall!



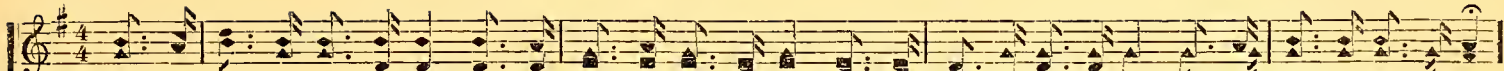
rec-ord be "Found want-ing!" or shall it be "Found trust-ing!" While that hand is writ-ing on the wall? writ-ing on the wall!

What Shall our Answers Be?

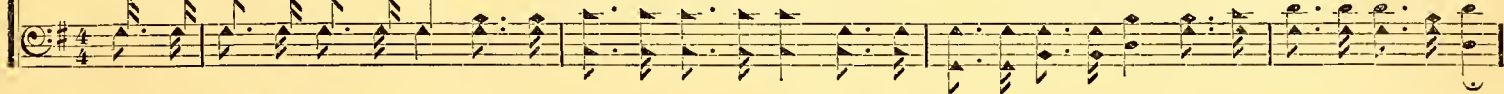
139

E. R. LATTA.

Rev. D. E. DORTCH.



1. When we in the judg-ment stand, In that might - y com - pa - ny, And the Judges shall question us, Oh, what shall our an - swers be?
 2. When the Lord has gath-ered there, From the land and from the sea, All the fam - i - lies of men, Oh, what shall our an - swers be?
 3. Lord it is a sol - emn tho't, That we must ac-count to Thee, In that great and aw - ful day, What shall our poor au - swers be?



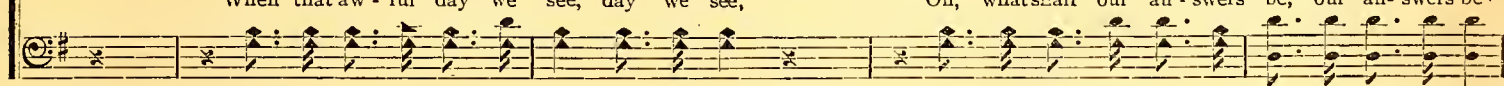
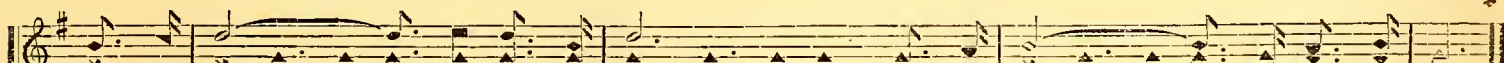

What for ev - 'ry tri - fling tho't, And each i - dle word we say? What for ev - 'ry sin - ful act We may do from day to day?
 What for all our wants of faith, What for all our lack of love? Can we hope a crown to gain, And a man - sion bright a - bove?
 Oh, pre - pare us, Lord, we pray, In thy pres - encethere to stand! Purge us from each sin - ful blot? Place us, Lord, on thy right hand!



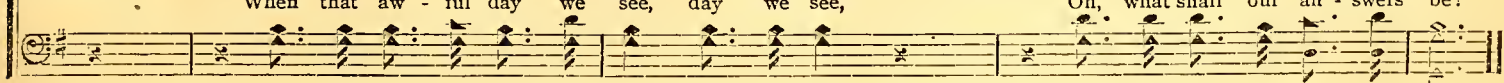
Chorus.



When that aw - - - ful day we see, Oh, what shall our an - swers be?
 When that aw - ful day we see, day we see, Oh, what shall our au - swers be, our an - swers be?

When that aw - - - ful day we see, Oh, what shall our an - swers be?
 When that aw - ful day we see, day we see, Oh, what shall our an - swers be?



To Save a Poor Sinner Like Me.

GRACE I. FOSTER.

1. I'll sing of the sto - ry, how Je - sus from glo - ry Has saved a poor sin - ner like me; That all who be - lieve him, and
 2. His glo - ry im - mor - tal bright o - ver the por - tal, Has ban - ished the gloom from the grave; The Lord has as - cend - ed, the
 3. Tho' sea - sons of er - ror, and mo - ments of ter - ror, Like bil - lows of sor - row may roll; In Christ I'm con - fid - ing, in
 4. My peace like a riv - er flows on - ward for - ev - er, A tide to e - ter - ni - ty's sea; To swell the old sto - ry with

Chorus.

all who re - ceive Him, His bless - ed sal - va - tion may see,
 dark - ness is end - ed, And now he is might - y to save.
 him I am hid - ing, With safe - ty and rest to my soul.
 voic - es in glo - ry, He saved a poor sin - ner like me.

Then sing the glad cho - rus, His han - ner is o'er us, His

mer - cy is bound - less and free, From heav - en de - scend - ed, His love is ex - tend - ed, To save a poor sin - ner like me.

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Have Courage, my Boy, to say No!

P. S.

Solo.

"Resist the devil and he will flee from you."—JAMES 4: 7.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. You're starting, my boy, on life's jour - ney, A - long the grand high - way of life; You'll meet with a thou - sand tempta - tions—Each cit - y with e - vil is rife.
 2. In cour - age a - lone lies your safe - ty, When you the long journey be - gin; Your trust in a heav - en - ly Fa - ther Will keep you un - spotted from sin.
 3. Be care - ful in choos - ing com - pan - ions, Seek on - ly the brave and the true; And stand by your friends when in tri - al, Ne'er chang - ing the old for the new.

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Have Courage, my Boy, to say No! Concluded.

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This world is a stage of ex-cite-ment, There's danger wherev-er you go; But if you are tempt-ed in weak-ness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
 Temp-ta-tions will go on in-creas-ing, As streams from a riv-u-let flow; But if you'd be true to your man-hood, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
 And when by false friends you are tempted, The taste of the winecup to know; With firm-ness, with pa-tience and kindness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!

Chorus.

Have courage, my boy, to say No! Have courage, my boy, to say No! Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
 say No! say No!

Rally, Christian Soldiers.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

"Take unto you the whole armor of God.—Eph. 6: 13.

J. H. HALL.

1. Broth-er, ral-ly to the stand-ard, Shield and sword in hand; Take your place a-mong the sol-diers Un-der Christ's command.
 2. Broth-er, we must save the fall-en; Lend a will-ing hand, And the gra-cious Lord will help them In the truth to stand.
 3. Let us all en-list with Je-sus In the fight with sin; If we brave-ly stand to-geth-er We will sure-ly win.

Chorus.

Come and with the best en-deav-or, Bear the bat-tle-heat; Let us no-bly stand to-geth-er Till the vic-t'ry is com-plete.

Oh, to be Ready!

Author unknown.

J. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Oh, to be read - y when death shall come, Oh, to be read - y to hast - en home; No earth - ly cling - ing, no ling - ring gaze,
 2. No flit - ting shad - ows to dim the light Of au - gel pin - ions all winged for flight; No cloud - like phantoms, to fling a gloom
 3. To list to the mu - sic of an - gel lyres, To catch the rapt - ure of ser - aph fires; To lean iu trust on the ris - en One,

No strife at part - ing, no sore a - maze; No chains to sev - er that earth hath twined, No spell to loos - en that love would bind.
 Twixt heav'n's bright portals and earth's dark tomb; But sweet - ly, gent - ly, to pass a - way From earth's dim twi - light to per - fect day.
 Till borne a - way to a fade - less throue, Then, oh, to be read - y when death shall come, And oh, to be read - y to hast - en homie.

Chorus.

Oh, to be read - y, Oh, to be read - y, Oh, to be read - y to go to our home. . . .
 Oh, to be read - y when death shall come, Oh, to be ready when death shall come, Oh, to be ready to go to our home, Oh, to be read - y to go to our home.

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Mighty to Save.

Rev. R. W. TODD.

"I, that speak in Righteousness, mighty to save."—ISAIAH, 63: 1.

HARRY SANDERS.

1. O! who is this that com - eth From E - dom's crim - son plain, With wound - ed side, with garments dyed? O tell me now Thy name!
 2. O why is thine ap - par - el With reek - ing gore all dyed, Like them that tread the wine - press red? O why this blood - y tide?
 3. O bleed - ing Lamb, my Sav - iour, How could'st thou bear this shame? With mercy fraught, mine own arm bro't, Sal - va - tion in my name;

Used by permission.

I that saw Thy soul's distress, A ran - som gave; I that speak in right - eous - ness, Might-y to save.
 I the wine-press trod a - lone, 'Neath dark -'ning skies; Of the peo - ple there was none, Might-y to save.
 I the blood - y fight have won, Con - quered the grave; Now the year of joy has come, Might-y to save.

Chorus.
 Might - y to save, Might-y to save, Might-y to save, Might-y to save, Might-y to save, Lord, I trust Thy wondrous love, Might-y to save.

Jesus Only.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

"They saw no man, save Jesus only."—MATT. 17 : 8.

J. H. HALL.

Duet. Soprano and Tenor.

1. "Je - sus on - ly!" this the watchword, Guiding, like a star, my way; He the friend that walks beside me, Cheering ev - 'ry pass - ing day.
 2. "Je - sus on - ly!" when the sunshine Floods with gold the way I go; Then He is to me the dear - er For the joy He doth bestow.
 3. "Je - sus on - ly!" when the shadows Dark - ly o'er my path - way fall, He the light that shines in darkness, He my Sav - iour and my all.
 4. "Je - sus on - ly!" when I'm sinking In - to the em - brace of death; He my Sav - iour will be with me To my last ex - piring breath.

Chorus.
 "Je - sus on - ly!" "Je - sus on - ly!" He the dear - est friend, and best; Hav - ing Him to walk be - side me, Oh, my soul is tru - ly blest.

Seeking the Lost.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind-ly en-treat-ing Wan-der-ers on the mount-ain a-stray; "Come un-to me," His mes-sage re-
 2. Seek-ing the lost, and point-ing to Je-sus, Souls that are weak, and hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in ways of sal-
 3. There I would go on missious of mer-cy, Fol-low-ing Christ from day un-to day; Cheer-ing the faint, and rais-ing the

Chorus.

peat-ing, Words of the Mas-ter speak-ing to-day. } Go-ing a-far up-on the mountain,
 va-tion, Show-ing the path to life ev-er-more. }
 fall-en; Point-ing the lost to Je-sus, the way. } Go-ing a-far . . . up-on the mount-ain . . . Bringing the

Bring-ing the wan-d'r'er back a-gain, back a-gain, In-to the fold. In-to the fold of my Re-
 wan-d'r'er back a-gain

of my Re-deem-er, Je-sus the Lamb for sin-ners slain, for sin-ners slain.
 deem-er, . . . Je-sus the Lamb . . . for sin-ners slain. . . .

ANTHEMS.

Praise and Thanksgiving.

J. H. HALL.

Praise and thanks-giv - ing be un - to God! Praise and thanks-giv - ing, Praise and thanks-giv - ing be un - to

Praise and thanks-giv - ing be un - to God! Praise and thanks-giv - ing, Praise and thanks-giv - ing be un - to

God, Be un - to God, For He is gra - cious, is gra - cious, For He is gra-cious.

God, Be un - to God, be un - to God, For He is gra - cious, For He is gra-cious.
Be un - to God, For He is gra - cious, For He is gra-cious.

Praise and Thanksgiving. Concluded.

Praise and thanks-giv - ing be un - to God, For thro' the earth and boundless skies doth speak His goodness and His grace,

Praise and thanks-giv - ing be un - to God, For thro' the earth and boundless skies doth speak His good - ness and His grace,

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

Praise and thanks-giv - ing be un - to God; Let us with wor - ship, come in - to His pres - ence, Let us with wor - ship, with

Praise and thanks-giv - ing be un - to God; Let . . us with wor - ship, come in - to His pres - ence, Let us with wor - ship, with

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

songs of praise, of praise in Him re - joice, Praise and thanks-giv - ing be un - to God! Praise and thanks-giv - ing be un - to God!

songs of praise in Him re - joice, Praise and thanks-giv - ing be un - to God! Praise and thanks-giv - ing be un - to God!

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The system concludes with a double bar line.

We Will Give Thanks.

147

J. H. RUEBUSH.

FINE.



Give thanks, give thanks to God on high, The sov-reign Lord of earth and sky, Your tongues em-ploy in songs of joy To Him whose love is ev - er nigh.



We will give thanks,

and praise Thy name,

We will give thanks,



We will give thanks, and praise Thy name,

We will give thanks, and praise Thy



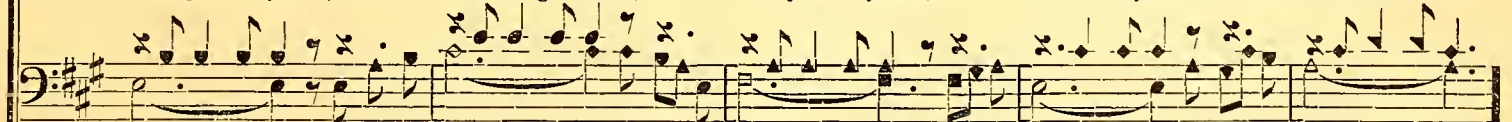
and praise Thy name,

We will give thanks,

and praise Thy name,

Praise Thy name

for - ev - er more.



name, We will give thanks, and praise Thy name,

Praise Thy name for - ev - er more.

I Was a Wandering Sheep.

To my Pupils at Shenandoah Institute, Dayton, Va.

W. H. RUEBUSH.

1. { I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - trol'd:
I was a wayward child, I did not love my home; I did not love my Father's voice, I lov'd a - far to roam.

2. The Shep-herd sought His sheep, The Fa - ther sought His child; He fol - low'd me o'er vale and hill, O'er des - ert waste and wild; He
Instrument.

found me nigh to death, De - spair-ing, faint, and lone; He bound me with the bonds of love, He saved the wand'ring one.

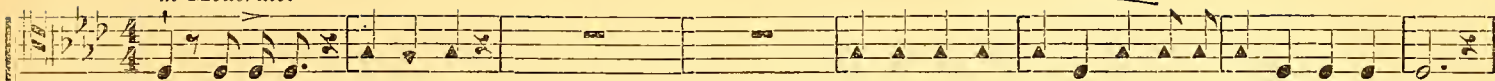
3. { Jesus my Shepherd is, 'Twas He that sav'd my soul; 'Twas He that wash'd me in His blood, 'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost, That found the wand'ring sheep; 'Twas He that bro't me to the fold, 'Tis He that still doth keep.

The Herald Angels Sing.

149

J. H. ALLEMAN.

m *Moderato.*



Hark! the her-ald an - gels sing,

Peace on earth and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners ree - on - ciled.



Hark! the her-ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners ree - on - ciled.

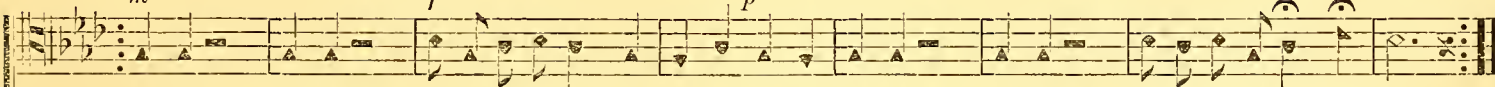


m

f

p

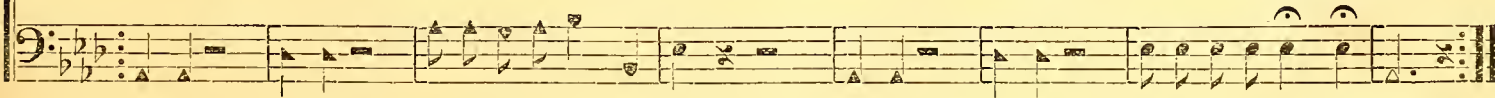
FINE.



Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Hear them chant in strains of joy and glad-ness, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most high.



Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Hear them chant in strains of joy and glad-ness, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most high.



The Herald Angels Sing. Continued.

Obligato. Soprano or Tenor. lively.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hear them sing, Prais - es to the new-born King, Glo - ry, glo - ry, hear them sing, Prais - es to the new-born King.

Semi staccato.

Joy on earth the an - gels sing, Peace on earth, good will to men, All the heav-'nly hosts pro-claim, Christ is horn in Beth - le - hem.

Chorus.

Hark! the her-ald an - - gels sing. For un - to us is horn, This day, in the cit - y of Da - vid, A might-y Prince and King,

Hark! the her-ald an - - gels sing. For un - to us is born, This day, in the cit - y of Da - vid, A might-y Prince and King,

Who shall rule my peo - ple, Is - ra - el! Sing a - loud, ye hosts, ye hosts, Pro-claim the won-drous sto - ry! Christ is born in

Who shall rule my peo - ple, Is - ra - el! Sing a - loud, ye hosts, Pro-claim the won-drous sto - ry! Christ is born in

Sing a - loud, ye hosts, ye hosts,

The Herald Angels Sing. Concluded.

151

m Obligato Duet.

Beth - le - hem, He reigns, the King of glo - ry. Glo - - - ry be to God! to God on

pp Inst.

Beth - le - hem, He reigns, the King of glo - ry. *p* Glo-ry be to God! Glo-ry be to God!

high, to God on high, Glo - - - ry be to God, to God on high, to God on high.

Glo-ry be to God, Be to God on high, Glo-ry be to God, Glo-ry be to God, Glo-ry be to God, Be to God on high.

f Allegro. *cres.* *rit.* *D. C.*

Glo - ry to God in the high-est, Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Glo - ry to God in the high-est, And on earth peace, good-will to men.

Glo - ry to God in the high-est, Glo - ry to God in the high-est, Glo - ry to God in the high-est, And on earth peace, good-will to men.

Be Thou Exalted.

R. H. RANDALL.

Be thou exalted, O God, a - bove the earth, Let thy glory shine about us, And fill our hearts with joy.

Be thou exalted, O God, a - bove the earth, Let thy glory shine about us, And fill our hearts with joy.

The first system consists of three staves. The top staff is for the vocal melody in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The middle and bottom staves are for piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Be thou exalted, O God, a - bove the earth, Let thy glory shine about us, And fill our hearts with joy."

Let the glo - ry of thy name be heard in all the earth;

Be thou ex - alt - ed, be thou ex - alt - ed, Let the glo - ry of thy name be heard in all the earth; Be thou ex - alt - ed,

The second system continues the piece. It features a piano solo section with a melody in the right hand and accompaniment in the left. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *cres.* (crescendo), and *ff* (fortissimo). The lyrics are: "Let the glo - ry of thy name be heard in all the earth; Be thou ex - alt - ed, be thou ex - alt - ed, Let the glo - ry of thy name be heard in all the earth; Be thou ex - alt - ed,"

Let the glo - ry of thy name be heard in all the earth, I will praise the Lord a -

be thou ex - alt - ed, Let the glo - ry of thy name be heard in all the earth. I will praise

The third system is marked "Obligato. Duet." and features a duet between the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are: "Let the glo - ry of thy name be heard in all the earth, I will praise the Lord a - be thou ex - alt - ed, Let the glo - ry of thy name be heard in all the earth. I will praise"

By permission of the Author.

Be Thou Exalted. Continued.

153

bove, I will praise the Lord a - hove, I will praise the Lord a -

The Lord a - hove, I will praise the Lord a - hove, I will praise

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It features a melody with several long, sustained notes. The middle staff is also in treble clef and contains a similar melodic line. The bottom staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with a steady eighth-note pattern.

hove, For His great and lov - ing kind - ness.

The Lord a - bove, For His great and lov - ing kind - ness. Be thou ex - alt - ed, be thou ex - alt - ed,

Bass Solo.

This system continues the musical piece. It begins with a vocal line in the top staff, followed by a piano accompaniment in the middle and bottom staves. The lyrics are spread across the vocal line. The bottom staff features a 'Bass Solo' section, indicated by the text below the staff.

Be thou ex - alt - ed, a - hove the earth, Be thou ex - alt - ed, be thou ex - alt - ed, Be thou ex - alt - ed a - hove the earth.

This system concludes the piece. It features a vocal line in the top staff and a piano accompaniment in the middle and bottom staves. The lyrics are spread across the vocal line. The bottom staff ends with a triplet of eighth notes.

Be Thou Exalted. Concluded.

Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Praise the Lord and let his name be heard in all the earth, Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Praise the Lord and let his name be heard in all the earth.

Praise the Lord and let his name be heard in all the earth, Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, A - men, A - men, A - men.

Praise the Lord and let his name be heard in all the earth, Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, A - men, A - men, A - men.

“Praise the Lord! O Jerusalem.”

WM. F. SHERWIN.

Moderato. *Allegro.*

Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord, Praise him, praise him, praise the Lord, Praise him,

Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord, Praise him, praise him, O house of Is-rael, praise the Lord, Praise him,

"Praise the Lord! O Jerusalem."

155

Tenor. *ff*

praise him, sing praise unto our God. Praise the Lord, O Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, praise thy God, thy God, O Zi - on;

praise him, sing praise unto our God. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord— O Je - ru - sa - lem, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, praise thy God, O Zi - on;

For he hath strength-ened the bars of thy gate, He hath bless - ed thy child - ren with - in thee. Praise him, praise him,

Praise the Lord, O Je - ru - sa - lem, praise thy God, O Zi - on, He hath blest thy child - ren with - in thee. Praise him, praise him, O

Slower.

praise the Lord, praise him, praise him, O Zi - on, praise thy God, O Zi - on, praise thy God: Praise ye the Lord.

house of Is - rael, praise the Lord, praise him, praise him, O Zi - on, praise thy God, O Zi - on, praise thy God: Praise ye the Lord.

Soldiers of Christ, Arise.

CHARLES WESLEY.

J. H. ALLEMAN.

*Allegro.**cres.*

Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on, Strong in the strength which God supplies Thro' His e - ter - nal love.

Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on, Strong in the strength which God sup - plies Thro' His e - ter - nal love.

Solo Obligato.

Omit repeat at close.

Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His might-y pow'r, Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts, Is more than con-quer-or.

Strong in the Lord, the Lord of hosts, And in His might-y, might - y pow'r, Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts, Is more than con - quer-or.

cres.

Stand, then, in His great might, With all His strength en - dued, But take to arm you for the fight The pan - o - ply of God.

Stand, then, in His great might, With all His strength en - dued, But take to arm you for the fight The pan - o - ply of God.

Soldiers of Christ, Arise. Concluded.

157

Solo. Baritone.

D. C.

That hav - ing all things done, And all your con-flicts passed, Ye may o'er-come thro' Christ a - lone, And stand en - tire at last.

Full Chorus *Semi Staccato.*

That hav - ing all things all things done, And all your con-flicts, con-flicts passed, Ye may o'er-come thro' Christ a - lone, And stand en - tire at last.

Glory be to God Most High.

E. T. HILDEBRAND.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y, Glo - ry be to Thee, Heav'n and earth are full of Thy glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most high.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y, Glo - ry be to Thee, Heav'n and earth are full of Thy glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most high.

Glo - ry be to God most high, Glo-ry, Glo - ry, Glo-ry be to God most high, Glo - ry be to God most high, To God most high, A - men, A - men.

Glo - ry be to God most high, Glo - ry be to God most high, Glo - ry be to God most high, To God most high, A - men, Amen, A - men.

Sing ye Jehovah's Praises.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

Allegretto.

Sing ye Je - ho - vah's prais - es, Praise ye His name for - ev - er, Earth now to heav - en rais - es Her voice in grate - ful lays.

Sing ye Je - ho - vah's prais - es, Praise ye His name for - ev - er, Earth now to heav - en rais - es Her voice in grate - ful lays.

Sing His praise, Sing His praise, Sing His great sal - va - tion, Sing His praise, Sing His praise,
Glo - - ri - fy Him, Glo - - ri - fy Him, Let His great sal - va - tion now ap - pear, Glo - - ri - fy Him, Glo - - ri - fy Him,

Sing His praise, Sing His praise, Sing this great sal - va - tion, Sing His praise, Sing His praise,

Send the joys - ful news, news. Sing ye Je - ho - vah's prais - es, Praise ye His name for - ev - er, Earth now to heav - en
Send the joy - ful tid - ings far and near, near.

Send the joy - ful news, news. Sing ye Je - ho - vah's prais - es, Praise ye Him name for - ev - er, Earth now to heav - en

Sing ye Jehovah's Praises. Concluded.

159

rais - es Her voice in grate - ful lays, Far, far a - way, Far, far a - way, All, all have strayed, Yet, yet His love,

rais - es Her voice in grate - ful lays. Far, a - way from Him his peo - ple all have strayed, Yet, His

Far, far a - way, Far, far a - way, All, all have strayed, Yet, yet His love,

yet, yet His love, kind - ness nev - er is de - layed. Sing ye Je - ho - vah's prais - es, Praise ye His name for - ev - er,

lov - - - ing kind - ness nev - er is de - layed. Sing ye Je - ho - vah's prais - es, Praise ye His name for - ev - er,

yet, yet His love.

Earth now to heav - en rais - es Her voice in grate - ful lays. Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

Earth now to heav - en rais - es Her voice in grate - ful lays. Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

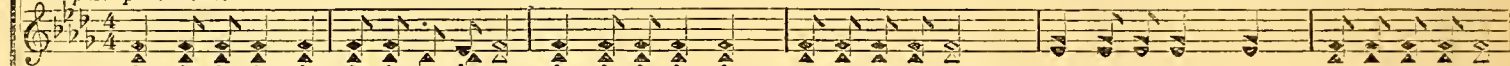
rit.

Saviour, again to Thy Dear Name.

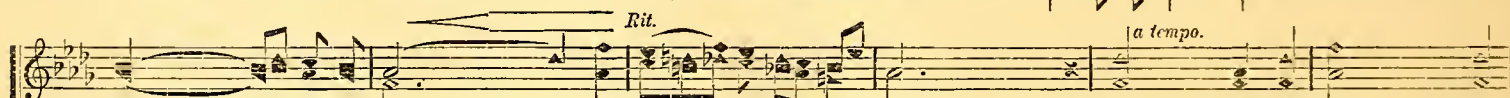
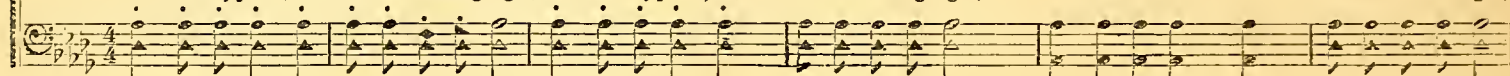
JAS. CHESTER.

Andante. ♩ = 72.

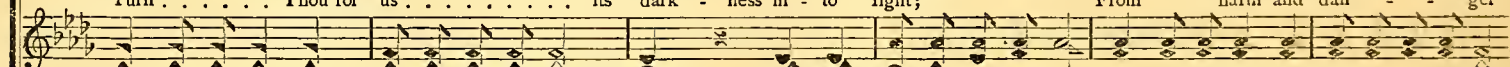
1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise
 2. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night,

p Sempre staccato.

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise, Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our parting hymn of praise
 2. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night, Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night; Turn Thou for us its dark-ness in - to light;



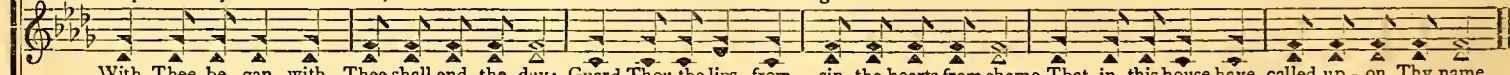
With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise, We stand to bless Thee
 Turn Thou for us its dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - - ger



We stand to bless Thee e'er our wor-ship cease, Then kneel - ing wait Thy word of peace, Grant us Thy peace up - on our home - ward way.
 From harm and dan - ger keep Thy chil-dren free, Dark - - ness and light are one with Thee. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise,



e'er our wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - - ing wait Thy word of peace.
 keep Thy chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.



With Thee be - gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
 With one ac - cord our part-ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless thee e'er our wor-ship cease, Then, low-ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.



How Excellent Thy Name.

161

J. P. VANCE.

Andante.
1st Soprano.

2d Soprano.

Organ.

O Lord, our God, how ex - cel-lent Thy name, how ex - cel-lent, in

O Lord, our God, how ex - cel-lent Thy name, how ex - cel-lent, Thy name,

all the earth, how ex - cel-lent Thy name in all the earth, How ex - cel-lent Thy name, how ex - cel-lent in

how ex - cel-lent Thy name in all the earth, How ex - cel-lent Thy name, how

How Excellent Thy Name. Continued.

all the earth, How ex-cel-lent Thy name, how ex-cel-lent, how ex-cel-lent Thy name in all the earth. *rit.*

ex-cel-lent, how ex-cel-lent Thy name, how ex-cel-lent Thy name, how ex-cel-lent Thy name in all the earth. *rit.*

The first system consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts, with lyrics written below them. The bottom two staves are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo/mood is marked 'rit.' (ritardando) at the end of the first line.

f O Lord, our God, how ex-cel-lent Thy name, how ex-cel-lent Thy name in all . . . the earth; Lord, how

f How ex-cel-lent, . . .

The second system consists of two staves. The top staff is for the vocal part, and the bottom staff is for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat. The dynamics are marked 'f' (forte) at the beginning of each line.

ex-cel-lent, how ex-cel-lent Thy name: Lord, how ex-cel-lent, how ex-cel-lent Thy name, O Lord, our God, how

Thy name, . . .

The third system consists of two staves. The top staff is for the vocal part, and the bottom staff is for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat. The lyrics continue across the staves, ending with 'Thy name, . . .'.

ex - cel - lent Thy name, how ex - cel - lent, how ex - cel - lent Thy name in all the earth, A - - men .
how ex - cel - lent Thy name

Blessing and Glory.

B. C. UNSELD.

Bless - ing and glo - ry, and wis - dom, and thanks - giv - ing, and hon - or, and pow'r and might, be un - to our God, be un - to our
God, be un - to our God, for - ev - er and ev - er. Bless - ing, and hon - or, and wis - dom, and thanks - giv - ing, and
hon - or, and pow'r, and might, be un - to our God, be un - to our God for ev - er, and ev - er. A - - men.

By permission of A. S. KIEFFER.

Sing unto the Lord.

O. R. BARROWS.
cres.

Sing un-to the Lord a new song, and His praise from the end of the earth, Sing un-to the Lord a new song, and His

Sing un-to the Lord a new song, and His praise from the end of the earth, Sing un-to the Lord a new song, and His

The first system of the musical score for 'Sing unto the Lord'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line at the top, a piano accompaniment in the middle, and a bass line at the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The music features a melody with triplets and a steady accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

FINE. **Soprano Solo.**

praise from the end of the earth, Ye that go down to the sea and all that is there - in,

praise from the end of the earth, Ye that go down to the sea and all that is, that is there - in,

The second system of the musical score. It begins with the word 'FINE.' and 'Soprano Solo.' above the vocal line. The music continues with the same accompaniment as the first system. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

Ye that go down to the sea and all that is there - in, The isles and th'in-hab-it-ants there-of,

Ye that go down to the sea and all that is there - in, The isles, the isles and

The third system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

D. C.

and the in-hab-i-tants there-of; Ye that go down to the sea and all that is there-in.

the in-hab-i-tants there-of; Ye that go down to the sea and all that is there-in.

* Sing small notes if preferred.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the first piece. It features three staves: a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, and two piano accompaniment staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. A 'D. C.' (Da Capo) instruction is at the top right. A performance note at the bottom suggests singing small notes if preferred. The music concludes with a final chord.

How Pleasant, How Divinely Fair!

J. E. HALL.

Sop'r Solo. Slow.

How pleas-ant, how di-vine-ly fair! O

Solo stop.

Lord of hosts Thy dwell-ings are, With long de-sire my spir-it faints, to meet th'as-sem-bles of Thy saints.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the second piece. It features three staves: a vocal line in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time, and two piano accompaniment staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piece is marked 'Sop'r Solo. Slow.' and includes a 'Solo stop.' instruction. The music concludes with a final chord.

How Pleasant, How Divinely Fair! Continued.

Soprano and Alto.

My flesh would rest in Thine a - bode; My pant - ing heart cries out for God;

Tenor and Bass.

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The Soprano and Alto parts are on the top staff, and the Tenor and Bass parts are on the bottom staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The first staff has dynamic markings of *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). The lyrics are written below the staves.

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

My God, my King, why should I be So far from all my joys and Thee!

This system contains the third and fourth staves of the musical score. The lyrics "My God, my King, why should I be So far from all my joys and Thee!" are written below the staves. The musical notation continues with various notes and rests.

This system contains the final two staves of the musical score on this page. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines, concluding the piece.

Alto Solo.

Blest are . . . the souls who find . . . a place, With - in . . . the tem - - ple of . . Thy grace;

This system contains the first staff of music for the Alto Solo. It is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: "Blest are . . . the souls who find . . . a place, With - in . . . the tem - - ple of . . Thy grace;"

There they . . . be - hold Thy gent - - ler rays, And see Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

This system contains the second staff of music for the Alto Solo. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are: "There they . . . be - hold Thy gent - - ler rays, And see Thy face, and learn Thy praise."

Sop'r & Alto.

Cheer - ful they walk with grow - - - ing strength. Till all shall meet in heav'n . . . at length.

Till all shall meet in heav'n . . . at length.

This system contains the third staff of music, for Soprano and Alto. It is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: "Cheer - ful they walk with grow - - - ing strength. Till all shall meet in heav'n . . . at length." The phrase "Till all shall meet in heav'n . . . at length." is repeated at the end of the system.

How Pleasant, How Divinely Fair! Concluded.

Cheer - ful they walk with grow - - ing strength, Till all shall meet in heav'n at length.

Cheer - ful they walk, with grow - - - ing strength, Till all shall meet in heav'n . . . at length.

Trio.

Till all be - fore Thy face ap - pear, And join in nob - ler wor - ship there. A - - men, . . . A - - men.

Till all be - fore Thy face ap - pear, And join in no - bler wor - ship there. A - men, A - men.

The Last Sleep.

Rev. E. A. DAYMAN.

(FUNERAL HYMN.)

J. H. HALL.

1. Sleep Thy last sleep! Free from care and sorrow; Rest where none weep, Till th' eternal morrow: Tho' dark waves roll O'er the silent river, Thy fainting soul Jesus can deliver.
2. Life's dream is past; All its sin and sadness; Brightly at last, Dawns the day of gladness: Un - der Thy sod, Earth, receive our treasure, To rest in God, Waiting all His pleasure.
3. Tho' we may mourn Those in life the dearest, They shall return, Christ, when Thou appears: Soon shall Thy voice Comfort those now weeping, Bidding rejoice All in Jesus sleeping.

Be Still, and Know that I am God.

169

J. H. HALL.

FINE.

p Andante.

Be still! be still! be still! Be still, and know that I am God, that I am God.

Be still! be still! be still! Be still, and know that I am God, Be still, and know that I am God, that I am God.

Faster.

I will be ex - alt - ed, ex - alt - ed a - mong the hea - then, I will be ex - alt - ed in the earth;

I will be ex - alt - ed a - mong the hea - then, I will be ex - alt - ed in the earth;

I will be ex - alt - ed, ex - alt - ed a - mong the hea - then, I will be ex - alt - ed in the earth;

D. C.

I will be ex - alt - ed a - mong the hea - then, I will be ex - alt - ed in the earth, I will be ex - alt - ed in the earth.

I will be ex - alt - ed a - mong the hea - then, I will be ex - alt - ed in the earth, I will be ex - alt - ed in the earth.

Rest From Your Labors.

Andante.

Voluntary for opening services.

C. E. LESLIE.

p *f* *ff*

Rest from your la-bors on this ho - ly day, And give thanks to God, He is the rul - er of the earth and sea, Is our might - y God,

Rest from your la-bors on this ho - ly day, And give thanks to God, He is the rul - er of the earth and sea, Is our might - y God,

cres. *ff* *m* *f*

He will shield you from all dan - ger, in him; Bless - ed be His name for - ev - er, Bless-ed he the name of God,

Therefore will we trust in him; Bless-ed be the name of God,

He will shield you from all dan - ger, in him; Bless - ed be His name for - ev - er,

Soprano obligato.

We will praise his name for - ev - er, We will mag - ni - fy His ho - ly name, Bless - ed be His name for - ev - er,

Semi-staccato. *ff*

We will praise His name for - ev - er, We will mag - ni - fy His name; Bless-ed be His name for - ev - er,

Rest From Your Labors. Concluded.

171

Repeat pp *Duet.*

Blessed be the name of God, We will praise His name for - ev - er, We will mag-ni - fy His ho - ly name; Bless - ed be His name for -

Bless the name of God, We will praise His name for - ev - er, We will mag-ni - fy His ho - ly name; Bless - ed be His name for -

ev - er, Bless-ed be the name of God, Rest from your la - bors, rest in the Lord, Trust in His pow - er, trust in the Lord;

ev - er, Bless-ed be the name of God, Rest from your la - bors, rest in the Lord, Trust in His pow - er, trust in the Lord;

Finale.

rest in the Lord, peace - ful - ly rest, Rest, rest, rest in the Lord.

Legato.

Rest, rest, rest in the Lord, Rest, rest, peace - ful - ly rest, Rest, rest, rest in the Lord.

Christ, the Lord is Risen to-day.

W. H. RUEBUSH.

Org. *Org.* *Org.*

Christ, the Lord is ris'n to - day, Chris - tians haste your vows to pay; Of - fer ye your prais - es meet,

D. C.—Hail e - ter - nal hope on high, Hail thou King of vic - to - ry; Hail thou Prince of life a - dored,

Org. FINE. *Org.* *Org.*

At the pas - cal vic - tim's feet For the sheep the Lamb hath bled, Sin - less in the sin - ners stead.

Help and save us, gra - cious Lord.

Org. *Duetto.*

Christ is ris'n to - day we cry, Now He lives no more to die. Christ, the vic - tim un - de - filed,

ORGAN.

man to God hath rec - on - ciled, While the strange and aw - ful strife met to - geth - er death and life.

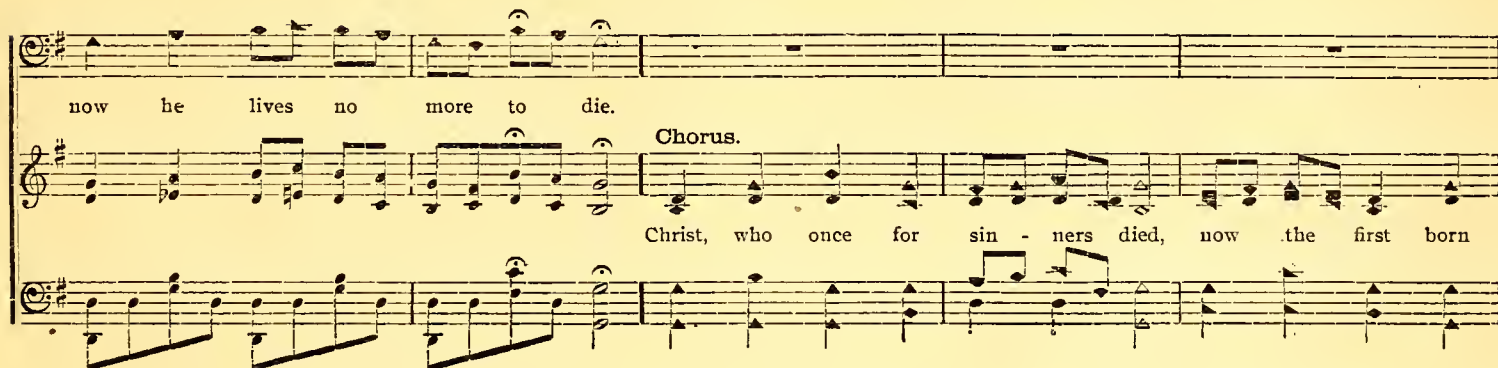
Christ, the Lord is Risen to-day. Concluded.

173

Bass Solo.



Chris-tians on this hap - py day, haste with joy your vows to pay; Christ, is ris'n to - day we cry,



now he lives no more to die.

Chorus.

Christ, who once for sin - ners died, now the first born



of the dead; Throned in end - less might and power, lives and reigns for - ev - er - more.

Rit. *D. C.*

Magnify and Praise the Lord.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

Moderato. *m*

Let all the earth fear the Lord, Fear the Lord, Let all the in-hab-i-tants of the world stand in awe of Him, stand in

awe of Him. It was done For He spake and it was done For He spake and it was done It was done. Let all the earth, let

it was done *Bass Solo.*

all the earth, praise the Lord, Praise the Lord and magni-fy His name. Praise the Lord and mag-ni-fy His name, and mag-ni-fy, and

Mag-ni-fy His ho-ly name, mag-ni-fy His ho-ly name, Glo-ri-fy,

mag-ni-fy, and mag-ni-fy His name. } *rit. dim.*

Glo-ri-fy His name for-ev-er-more. } Yea, let all Is-ra-el, Yea, let all Is-ra-el, Bow down and worship, Be-fore the Lord, Be-fore the Lord.

By per.

Magnify and Praise the Lord. Concluded.

175

mf Soprano Solo.

cres.

O praise . . . the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord for - ev - er more.

Praise the Lord, O praise the Lord, Praise the Lord for - ev - er more, Praise the Lord, O praise the Lord for - ev - er and for - ev - er more.

Praise the Lord O, praise the Lord Praise the Lord for -

Praise, O praise the Lord, Praise Him in your songs, Praise Him with the Cymbal, with the Psal-ter-y and Harp, Praise, O praise the Lord, Praise Him ev-er-more O ex -

ev - - - er - more. A - men, A - men, a - men, a - men, a - men, A - men.

alt and praise His name for - ev - er more, for - ev - er more. A - men, A - men, a - men, a - men, a - men, A - men.

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

Cimarrozo. Arr. by J. H. B.

Spirited.

Soprano.

The image shows the first system of a musical score for Soprano. It consists of a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a time signature of 2/4. The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Glo - ry to God in the high-est, in the high - est, Glo-ry he to God, Glo-ry be to God, Glo - ry to

The image displays a musical score for the hymn "Gloria in excelsis Deo" by Franz Schubert. It is a four-part setting for voice and piano, arranged in two systems. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and the time signature is common time (C). The score includes vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are in English and are placed below the vocal staves. The piano part features a prominent melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The score includes dynamic markings such as *cres.*, *ff*, and *dim.*. The lyrics are: "God in the high - est, Glo - ry to God in the high - est in the high - est in the high - est. Glo - ry to God in the high - est, in the high - est, in the high - est and on earth peace God in the high - est, Glo - ry to God in the high - est, in the high - est, in the high - est, and on earth".

God in the high - est, Glo - ry to God in the high - est in the high - est in the high - est.

Glo - ry to God in the high - est, in the high - est, in the high - est and on earth peace

God in the high - est, Glo - ry to God in the high - est, in the high - est, in the high - est, and on earth

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.—Concluded.

177

rit.

and on earth peace Good-will, good-will. Glo - ry to God in the high - est,

and on earth peace Good-will, good - will. Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Glo - ry to

rit.

cres.

peace and on earth peace Good-will, good-will. Glo - ry to God in the high - est,

f Glo - ry to God in the high - est Glo - ry to God in the high - est. Glo - ry be to God in the high - - est.

God in the high - est, Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Glo - ry be to God in the high - - est.

ff

Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Glo - ry be to God in the high - - est.

BLESSED IS THE PEOPLE.

B. A. GLENN.

Moderato marcato.

Bless - ed is the peo - ple, bless - ed is the peo - ple, bless - ed is the peo - ple, that know the joy - ful sound.

This system features a piano introduction in G major and 4/4 time. The melody is played on a treble staff, and the bass line is on a bass staff. The tempo is marked 'Moderato marcato'.

SOLO.

DUETT.

QUARTET.

They shall ev - er walk in Thy light, They shall ev - er walk in Thy light, they shall ev - er

This system continues the melody and bass line. It includes a 'SOLO' section for the first part, a 'DUETT' section for the next two parts, and a 'QUARTET' section for the final two parts. The time signature changes to 6/8.

*repeat. pp**faster.*

walk in the light in Thy light, O Lord. In Thy name . . . shall they re - joice
In Thy name shall they re-joyce re-joyce.

This system concludes the piece with a repeat of the previous phrase. It includes a 'repeat. pp' section and a 'faster.' section. The time signature changes to 4/4.

BLESSED IS THE PEOPLE.—Concluded.

179

First system of the musical score. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bass staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the staves.

All the day, all the day, In Thy name shall they re -
all the day, all the day, In Thy name shall they re -

Second system of the musical score. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bass staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the staves. A double bar line with the word 'FINE.' above it separates the first and second parts of this system.

joyce re - joyce all the day. For Thou art the glo - - ry, the
joyce shall they re-joyce, re - joyce all the day. For Thou art the glo - ry, the glo - ry and strength, For

Third system of the musical score. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bass staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the staves. A double bar line with the word 'Repeat' above it separates the first and second parts of this system.

glo - - ry, the glo - ry and strength, For Thou art the *Repeat pp D. S.*
Thou art the glo - ry, the glo - ry and strength, For Thou art the glo - ry, the glo - ry, the glo - ry and strength.

The Mercy of the Lord.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

I will sing of the mer-cy of the Lord for - ev - er, With my mouth will I make known Thy faith - ful - ness un - to

all gen - er - a - tions, un - to all gen - er - a - tions. For I have said, for I have said mer cy shall be built up for-

ev - er, Mer-cy shall be built up for - ev - er, And Thy faith - ful - ness, and Thy faith - ful - ness be es -

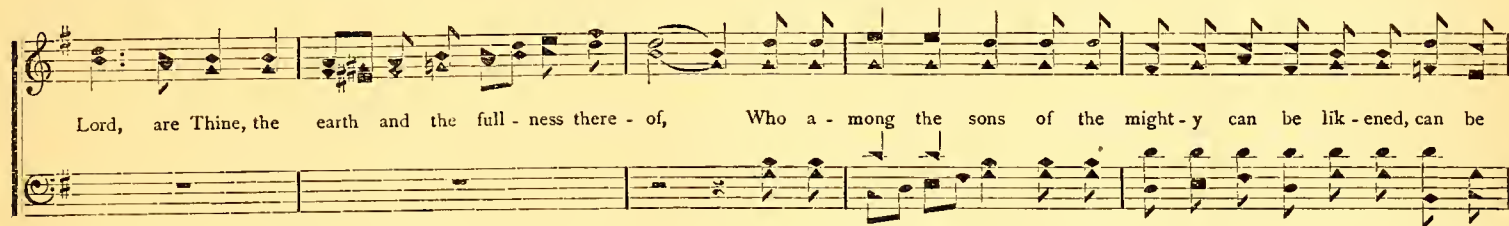
tab-lished in the ver - y heav'ns, in the ver - y heav'ns. And the heav'ns shall praise Thy won - ders, Lord, In the

The Mercy of the Lord.—Concluded.

181



con-gre-ga-tion of the saints, For who in heav'n can be com-pared un-to the Lord. Who? who? who? The heav'n's are Thine, O



Lord, are Thine, the earth and the full-ness there-of, Who a-mong the sons of the might-y can be lik-ened, can be



lik-ened un-to Him. I will sing of the mer-cy of the Lord for-ev-er, I will sing His mer-cy,



I will sing His love, and His faith-ful-ness, and His faith-ful-ness be es-tab-lished in the ver-y heav'n's, in the ver-y heav'n's.

Come unto Me.

R. H. RANDALL.

Come, come un - to me, all ye that la - bor and are heav - y - la - den, And I will give you rest,

Come, come un - to me, all ye that la - bor and are heav - y - la - den, And I will give you rest, . . . And

sweet rest. Take my yoke up - on you and learn of me,

I will give you rest, I will give you rest, sweet rest. Take my yoke up - on you and learn of me, Take my yoke up -

For I am meek and low - ly in heart, And ye shall find rest un - to your

on you and learn of me, For I am meek and low - ly in heart, And ye shall find rest . . . un - to your

From "ORAL KING," by permission.

Come unto Me. Continued.

183

souls, For my yoke is eas - y, and my bur - den is light, For my yoke is eas - y, and my bur - den is light.

souls, For my yoke is eas - y, and my bur - den is light, For my yoke is eas - y, and my bur - den is light.

Obligato. 1st time Tenor, 2nd time Soprano. Ad lib.

For . . . my yoke is eas - y, and my bur - den is light, For . . . my yoke is eas - y, and my

For my yoke is eas - y, and my bur - den is light, my bur den is light, For my yoke is eas - y, and my

bur - den is light. Come un - to me, Come un - to me, Come un - to me, And

bur - den is light, my bur - den is light. Come un - to me, un - to me, Come un - to me, And

Come un - to me, un - to me, Come un - to me, un - to me, And

Come unto Me. Concluded.

p rit. *pp rit.*

I will give you rest, and I will give you rest, I will give you rest, I will give you rest, I will give you rest.

I will give you rest, and I will give you rest, I will give you rest, I will give you rest, I will give you rest.

Consolation.

(FUNERAL HYMN.)

A. L. THAYER.

1. Sor - row - ful mourn - er, si - lent - ly weep, Weep, for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep, Gaze on the form where beau - ty once bloomed,
2. Bear her a - way, friends, to her last home, Peace - ful - ly lay her down in the tomb, Light - ly, tread light - ly round the low bed,

3. Beau - ti - ful song - birds, sing round her grave, Gent - ly, ye pine boughs, o - ver her wave, Blow, ye soft breez - es, sweet breath of spring,

Now in the dust it must be en - tombed. } Sor - row - ful mourn - er, si - lent - ly weep, Weep, for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep.
Sweet - ly now sleeps the beau - ti - ful dead. }

Mu - sic - al rill, your lul - la - by sing. Sor - row - ful mourn - er, weep - ing no more, Meet her up - on yon beau - ti - ful shore.

By permission of Dr. W. O. PERKINS.

Sentence. "Blessed are the Pure in Heart."

185

W. O. PERKINS.

Bless-ed, bless-ed are the pure in heart, Bless-ed are the pure in heart, Bless-ed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God, shall see God, for

Bless-ed, bless-ed are the pure in heart, Bless-ed are the pure in heart, they shall see God, for

they shall see God, Bless-ed are the pure, they shall see God, Bless-ed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

they shall see God, Bless-ed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God, Bless-ed are the pure, they shall see God.

they shall see God, Bless-ed are the pure, they shall see God, Bless-ed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

for they shall see God, for they shall see God. A - men, A - men,

Bless-ed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God, for they shall see God. A - men, A - men.

By permission of Dr. W. O. PERKINS.

Sing for Joy.

Rather slow.

A. BEIRLY.

m *m* *f*

Sing for joy, and mag-ni-fy the Lord! Sing for joy, and mag-ni-fy the Lord! Let us ex-alt, Let us ex-alt, . . .

Sing for joy, and mag-ni-fy the Lord! Sing for joy, and mag-ni-fy the Lord! Ex-alt His name together, Ex-

ff

Ex-alt His name to-gether, Ex-alt His name to-gether, Ex-alt and glo-ri-fy His ho-ly name!

Let us ex-alt,

alt His name to-gether, Ex-alt His name to-gether, Ex-alt His name to-gether, Ex-alt and glo-ri-fy His ho-ly name!

Sing for Joy. Concluded.

187

f For the Lord is great and glo-ri-ous, *f* There-fore let us ex - alt His name, Therefore, let us ex - alt His name;

For the Lord is great and glo-ri-ous, For the Lord is great and glo-ri-ous, There-fore let us ex - alt His name, Therefore, let us ex - alt His name;

Therefore let us ex - alt His ho-ly name, Therefore let us ex - alt His ho-ly name,

f For the Lord is great and glo-ri-ous, For the Lord is great and glo-ri-ous, There-fore let us ex - alt His ho-ly name, Therefore let us ex - alt His ho-ly name,

Cres. There-fore let us ex - alt His ho-ly name For ev - - er, *Rit. ff* ev - er - more, for ev - - er - more. *m* A - men, A - - men. *Rall.*

There fore let us ex - alt His ho-ly name For ev - er, *ff* ev - er - more, for ev - - er - more. A - men, A - - men.

For God So Loved the World.

J. H. HALL.

Moderato.

For God so loved the world, That He gave His Son, His on - ly be - got - ten Son,

For God so loved the world, For God so loved the world, That He gave His Son, His on - ly be - got - ten Son,

Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him, be - liev - eth in

That who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him, Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in

Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him, Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him,

FINE.

Him, be - liev - eth in Him, That who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him should not per - ish, but have ev - er - last - ing life.

Him, Him, be - liev - eth in Him, That who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him should not per - ish, but have ev - er - last - ing life.

For God So Loved the World. Concluded.

189

Here - in is love, here - in is love, Not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and gave His Son.

Here - in is love, here - in is love, Not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and gave His Son.

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is the vocal melody, the middle staff is the alto part, and the bottom staff is the bass part. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.

Yes, God is love, and ten - der - ness, Words like these can ev - 'ry doubt re - move.

Yes, God is love, God is love, and ten - der - ness, Words like these can ev - 'ry doubt re - move. Yes,

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is the vocal melody, the middle staff is the alto part, and the bottom staff is the bass part. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.

Yes, God is love I can tru - ly say, That God is love and gave His Son.

God is love, I can al - ways tru - ly say, That God is love and gave His Son.

Yes, God is love I can tru - ly say, That God is love and gave His Son.

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is the vocal melody, the middle staff is the alto part, and the bottom staff is the bass part. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The system concludes with a double bar line and the initials 'D.S.' in the right margin.

The Heavens Declare the Glory.

H. R. PALMER, newly arr'd.

The heav'ns de - clare the glo - ry of God, And the firm - a - ment show - eth His han - dy work; Day, un - to day, uttereth

speech, Night un - to night show - eth knowledge, There is no speech nor language where their
Day un - to day uttereth speech, Night un - to night showeth knowledge,

voice, where their voice is not heard. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men!

lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah A - men and A - men.

He Watching Over Israel.

191

MENDELSSOHN.

Allegro moderato.

He watching o - ver Is - ra - el, slum - bers not, nor sleeps,

He watching o - ver Is - ra - el, slumbers not, nor sleeps,

He slum - bers not, nor sleeps, He watching o - ver Is - ra -

cres.

cres.

p

He slumbers not, nor sleeps, He slumbers not, nor sleeps, slum - bers not, He slum - bers not, nor sleeps, He
He watching o - ver Is - ra - el, slum - bers not, nor sleeps, slum - bers not, nor sleeps, He

el, He slumbers not, nor sleeps, He watching o - ver Is - ra - el, slum - bers not, nor slum - bers not, nor sleeps, He

He watching, slumbers not, nor sleeps, He slum - bers not, nor sleeps, slum - bers not nor, sleeps, He

pp

p

cres.

dim.

pp

slum - bers not, sleeps not, He watch - ing, slum - bers not, nor sleeps.
slum - bers not, sleeps not, He watch - ing Is - ra - el, slum - bers not, nor sleeps.

slum - bers not, sleeps not, He watch - ing Is - ra - el, slum - bers not, nor sleeps.

slum - bers not, sleeps not, He watch - ing Is - ra - el, slum - bers not, our sleeps.

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