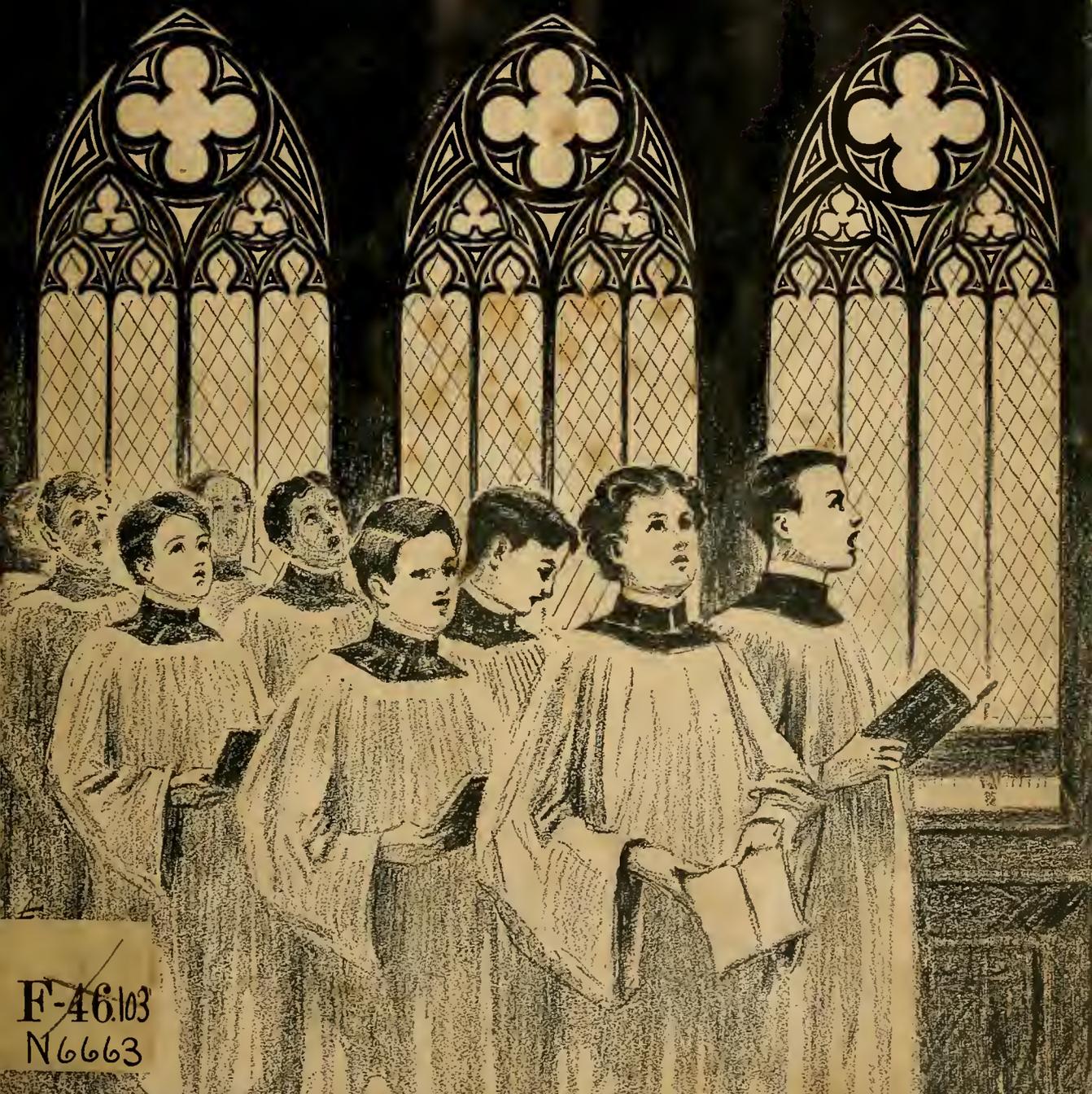


# THE MOST POPULAR HYMNS



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# THE MOST POPULAR HYMNS

*Selected and Arranged by*  
**GILBERT CLIFFORD NOBLE, A.B. (HARVARD)**  
*Compiler of "The Most Popular Home Songs," "The Most Popular College Songs," "The Most Popular National Songs," and "The Most Popular Love Songs"*



HINDS, NOBLE & ELDREDGE  
31-33-35 West 15th Street  
New York City

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# THE MOST POPULAR HYMNS

## NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Words by Sarah F. Adams.

Music by Lowell Mason.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!.. E'en tho' it  
 2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down,.. Dark - ness be  
 3. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my  
 4. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky,.... Sun, moon, and

be a cross That rais - eth me,.... Still all my song shall be,  
 o - ver me, My... rest a stone;.. Yet in my dreams I'd be,  
 sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise;... So by my woes to be,  
 stars for - got, Up - ward I fly,..... Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!  
 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!  
 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!  
 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

# JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Words by Charles Wesley.

Music by S. R. Marsh.

*Reverently.*

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,....  
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;..  
3. Plen-teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;....

While the near - et wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;..  
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me!....  
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in!....

Hide me, O my Sav - iour! hide,.. Till the storm of life be past;..  
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;  
Thou of life the Foun - tain art,.. Free - ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh! re - ceive my soul at last!..  
Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!..  
Spring Thou up with - in my heart! Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty!....

# JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

Words by Bernard of Cluny.

Music by Alex. Ewing.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,  
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,  
3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care re - leased,  
4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - rest.  
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.  
The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;  
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!

I know not, Oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there,  
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;  
And they who with their Lead - er Have con - quered in the fight,  
Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest,

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.  
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.  
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.  
Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

# TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Words by Kate Hankey.

Music by W. H. Doane.

1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of  
 2. Tell me the Sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it... in - That  
 3. Tell me the Sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones and grave; Re-  
 4. Tell me the same Old Sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the Sto - ry  
 won - der - ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin. Tell me the Sto - ry  
 mem - ber I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me that Sto - ry  
 this world's emp - ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's

sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And  
 oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has  
 al - ways, If you would real - ly be, In a - ny time of trou - ble, A  
 glo - ry Is dawn - ing on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry: "Christ

## Chorus.

help - less and de - filed. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old  
 passed a - way at noon, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old  
 com - fort - er to me, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old  
 Je - sus makes thee whole." Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old

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TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

Words by Annie S. Hawks.

Music by Robert Lowry.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like  
 2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions lose their  
 3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick - ly and a -  
 4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich prom - is -  
 5. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; Oh, make me Thine in -

REFRAIN.

Thine Can peace af - ford. I need Thee, oh! I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I  
 power When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, oh! I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I  
 bide, Or life is vain. I need Thee, oh! I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I  
 es In me ful - fil. I need Thee, oh! I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I  
 deed, Thou bless - ed Son. I need Thee, oh! I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I

need Thee; Oh, bless me now, my Sav - iour! I come to Thee.

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# I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

Words by Katherine Hankey.

Music by Wm. G. Fischer.



1. I love to tell the Sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His  
2. I love to tell the Sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the gold - en  
3. I love to tell the Sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems each time I  
4. I love to tell the Sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger - ing and



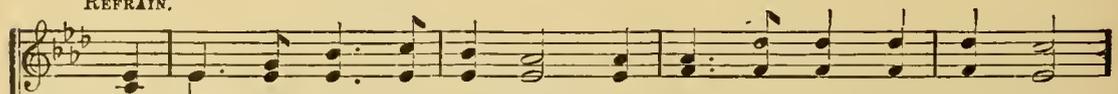
glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the Sto - ry, Be -  
fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the Sto - ry, It  
tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the Sto - ry, For  
thirst - ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I



cause I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else would do.  
did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.  
some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.  
sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the Old, Old Sto - ry That I have loved so long.



## REFRAIN.



I love to tell the Sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,



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## I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

To tell the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

## COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

Words by Thos. Moore.

Music by Samuel Webbe.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late! wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the  
2. Joy of the des - o - late! light of the stray - ing, Hope of the  
3. Here see the bread of life: see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the

The first system of the musical score is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/2 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes.

mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel: Here bring your wound - ed hearts,  
pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure! Here speaks the Com - fort - er,  
throne of God, pure from a - bove: Come to the feast of love;

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, with lyrics written below the notes.

here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.  
ten - der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure.  
come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor - row but heav'n can re - move.

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece, with lyrics written below the notes.

# EVERY DAY AND EVERY HOUR

Words by Fanny J. Crosby.

Music by W. H. Doane.

*Slowly.*



1. Sav - iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, cling - ing close to Thee;  
2. Thro' this chang - ing world be - low Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly as I go;  
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet - ing, fleet - ing life is o'er;



Let Thy pre - cious blood ap - plied Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.  
Trust - ing Thee, I can - not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.  
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright - er, bright - er world a - bove.



REFRAIN.



Ev - ery day, ev - ery hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing power;



Ev - ery day and hour, ev - ery day and hour,



May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee.



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# I'VE FOUND A FRIEND.

Words by James G. Small.

Music by Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;  
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;  
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All pow - er to Him is giv'n;  
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,



He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.  
And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.  
To guard me on my on - ward course, And bring me safe to heav - en.  
So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De - fend - er!



And round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,  
Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er:  
Th'e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To nerve my faint en - deav - or:  
From Him, who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sev - er?



For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er  
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.  
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for - ev - er.  
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for - ev - er.

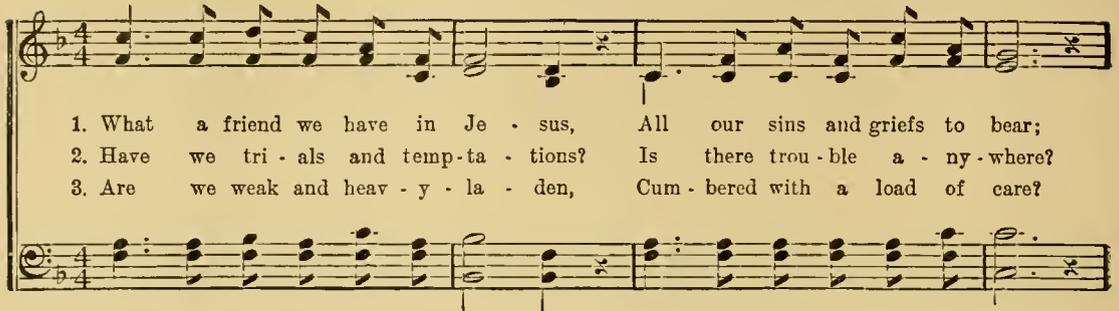


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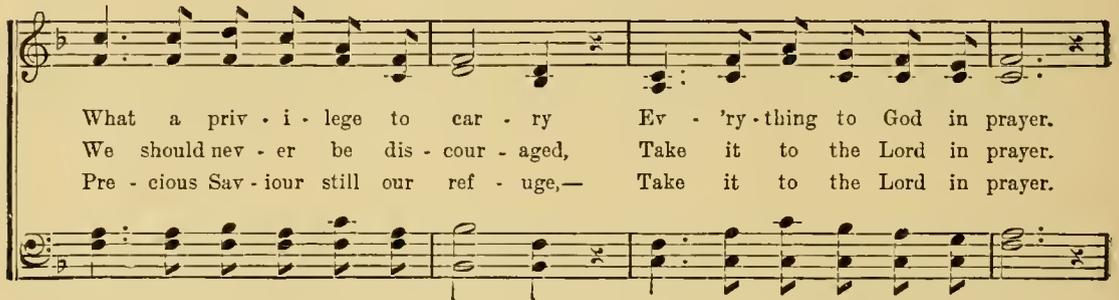
# WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

Words by Joseph Scriven.

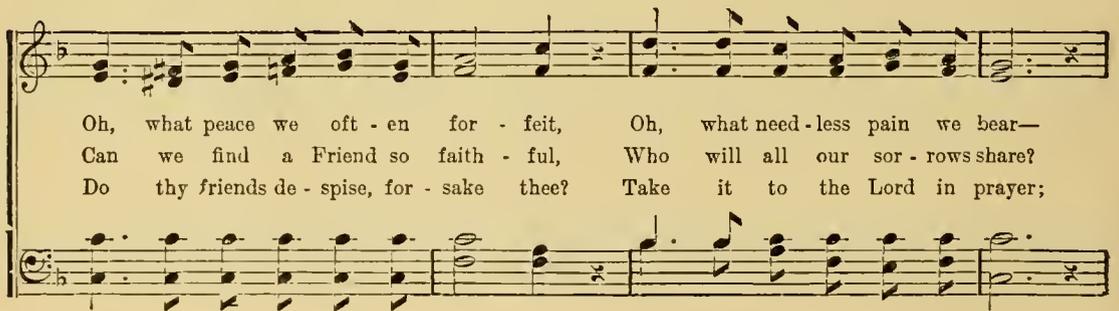
Music by C. Crozat Conversé.



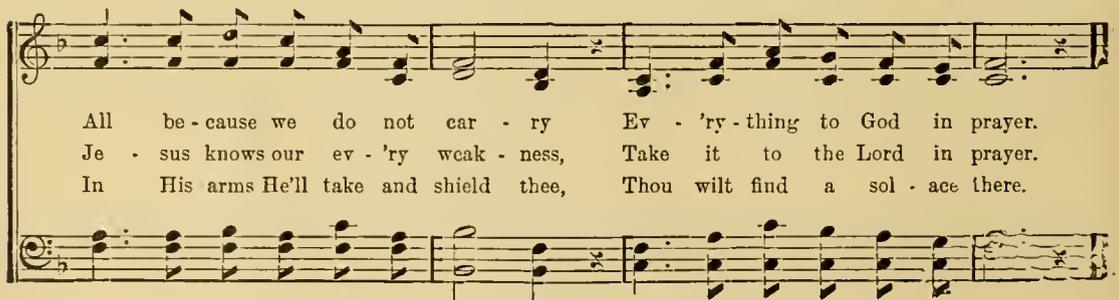
1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;  
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble a - ny - where?  
3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care?



What a priv - i - lege to ear - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer.  
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Pre - cious Sav - iour still our ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in prayer.



Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what need - less pain we bear—  
Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?  
Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;



All be - cause we do not ear - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer.  
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

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# HE LEADETH ME.

Words by Jos. H. Gilmore.

Music by Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead - eth me! oh, bless - ed thought! Oh, words with heav'n - ly com - fort fraught!  
2. Some - times 'mid scenes of deep - est gloom, Some - times where E - den's bow - ers bloom,  
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine—  
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic - t'ry's won,

What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.  
By wa - ters still, o'er tron - bled sea, Still 'tis His hand that lead - eth me.  
Con - tent, what - ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me.  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead eth me! He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead - eth me;

His faith - ful fol - lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

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# ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

Words by Elvina M. Hall.

Music by John T. Grape.

1. I hear the Sav - iour say, "Thy strength in - deed is small;  
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone,  
3. For noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim—

Child of weak - ness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."  
Can.... change the lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.  
I'll..... wash my gar - ment white In the blood of Cal - v'ry's Lamb.

## CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe;

Sin had left a crim - son stain: He washed it white as snow.

4 When from my dying bed  
My ransomed soul shall rise,  
Then "Jesus paid it all"  
Shall rend the vaulted skies,

5 And when before the throne  
I stand in Him complete,  
I'll lay my trophies down,  
All down at Jesus' feet.

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# ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME!

Words by Edward Perronet.

Music by Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall! Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem,  
 2. Crown Him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earthly ball; Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,  
 3. Ye chos-en seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
 4. Sin-ners, whose love can ne'er for-get The worm-wood and the gall, Go, spread your trophies at His feet,

And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord.. of all.  
 And crown Him Lord of all; Now hail the Strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord.. of all.  
 And crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord.. of all.  
 And crown Him Lord of all; Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord.. of all.

# HOW GENTLE GOD'S COMMANDS.

Words by Philip Doddridge.

Music by H. G. Nägelf.

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind His pre - cepts are! Come,  
 2. Be - neath His watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell! That  
 3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind? Haste  
 4. His good - ness stands ap - proved, Un - changed from day to day: I'll

cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.  
 hand which bears all na - ture up, Shall guard His chil - dren well.  
 to your heav'n - ly Fa - ther's throne And sweet re - fresh - ment find.  
 drop my bur - den at His feet, And bear a song a - way.

# WHEN HE COMETH.

Words by W. O. Cushing.

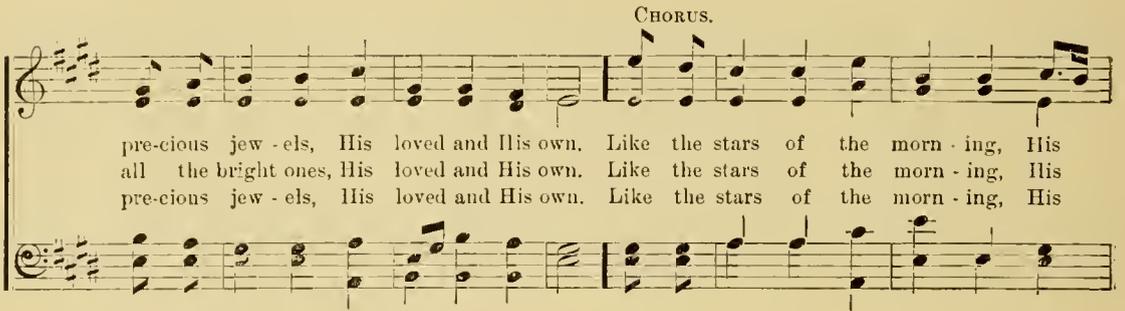
Music by Geo. F. Root.

*Moderato.*



1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew - els, All His jew - els,  
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king - dom: All the pure ones,  
3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Who love their Re - deem - er, Are the jew - els,

CHORUS.



pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His own. Like the stars of the morn - ing, His  
all the bright ones, His loved and His own. Like the stars of the morn - ing, His  
pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His own. Like the stars of the morn - ing, His



bright crown a - dorn - ing, They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for His crown.

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# THE LORD'S PRAYER.



1 Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be Thy | name; || Thy kingdom come, Thy will  
be done in | earth, as it | is in | heaven;

2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread; || and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them  
that | trespass a - | gainst us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but de - | liver | us from | evil; || for Thine is the kingdom,  
and the power, and the | glory, for - | ever. A - | men.

# I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD.

Words by Timothy Dwight.

Music by Samuel Stanley.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode, The  
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand, Dear  
3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as - ceend; To  
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav - en - ly ways; Her

Church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood.  
as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.  
her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.  
sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

# COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

Words by Charles Wesley.

Music by Felice Giardini.

1. Come, Thou al - migh - ty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Fa - ther! all -  
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword; Our pray'r at - tend; Come, and Thy  
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour: Thou, who al -  
4. To the great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be, Hence ev - er - more! His sov - reign

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.  
peo - ple bless, And give Thy word suc - cess, Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.  
might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!  
maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

# HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!

Words by Reginald Heber.

Music by John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!  
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,  
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide Thee,  
4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;  
Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;  
Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see;  
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;

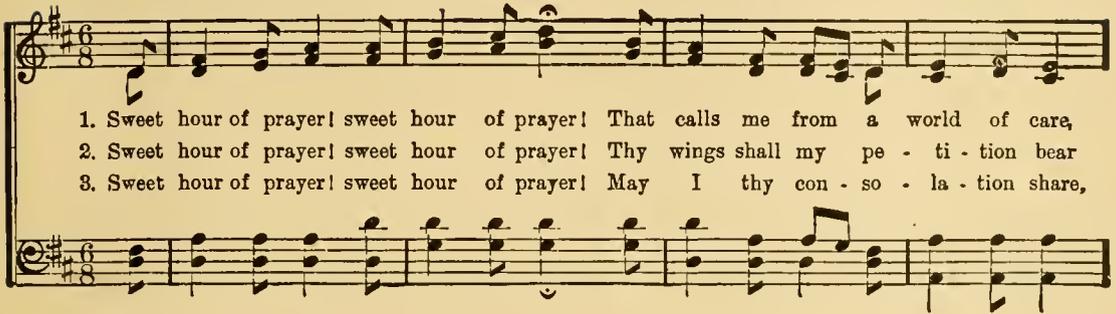
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!  
Cher - u - bin and Ser - aphim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,  
On - ly Thou art Ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee,  
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!

God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!  
Which wert and art, and ev - er - more shall be,  
Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty.  
God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

# SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

Words by Wm. W. Walford.

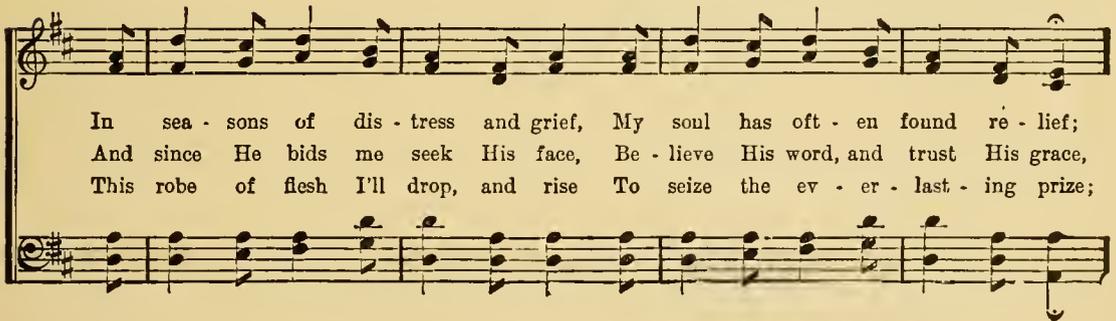
Music by W. B. Bradbury.



1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,  
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear  
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con - so - la - tion share,



And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known:  
To Him whose truth and faith - ful - ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless.  
Till, from Mount Pis - gah's loft - y height, I view my home and take my flight;



In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief;  
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace,  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;



And oft es - caped the temp - ter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer!  
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!  
And shout, while pass - ing through the air, Fare - well, fare - well, sweet hour of prayer!

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# I AM PRAYING FOR YOU.

Words by S. O'Maley Cluff.

Music by Ira D. Sankey.

1. I have a Sav - iour, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing Sav - iour, tho'  
 2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter - ni - ty,  
 3. I have a robe; 'tis re - splen - dent in white - ness, A - wait - ing in glo - ry my

earth - friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in ten - der - ness o'er me, And  
 bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in heav - en, But  
 won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceiv - e it all shin - ing in bright - ness, Dear

*f* CHORUS.  
 oh, that my Sav iour were your Sav - iour too! For you I am pray - ing, For  
 oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too! For you I am pray - ing, For  
 friend, could I see you re - ceiv - ing one too! For you I am pray - ing, For

*p* *f* *pp* *rall.*  
 you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

4 I have a peace: it is calm as a river—  
 A peace that the friends of this world never knew;  
 My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,  
 And oh, could I know it was given to you!—*Cho.*

5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,  
 That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too;  
 Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,  
 And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you.—*Cho.*

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# ALMOST PERSUADED.

Words and music by P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per - suad - ed" Now to be - lieve;  
2. "Al - most per - suad - ed" Come, come to - day;  
3. "Al - most per - suad - ed" Har - vest is past!

"Al - most per - suad - ed" Christ to re - ceive;  
"Al - most per - suad - ed" Turn not a - way;  
"Al - most per - suad - ed," Doom comes at last!

Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it, go Thy way,  
Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are lin - g'ring near.  
"Al - most" can not a - vail; "Al - most" is but to fail!

Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."  
Pray'r's rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'rer, come.  
Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail— "Al - most— but lost!"

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# I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.

Words and music by Lewis Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy wel - come voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For  
2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as - sure; Thou  
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To  
4. 'Tis Je - sus who con - firms The bless - ed work with - in, By

cleans - ing in Thy pre - cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.  
dost my vile - ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.  
per - fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.  
add - ing grace to welcomed grace, Where reigned the power of sin.

## CHORUS.

I am com - ing, Lord! Com - ing now to Thee!

Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

5 And He the witness gives  
To loyal hearts and free,  
That every promise is fulfilled,  
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!  
All hail, redeeming grace!  
All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord,  
Our Strength and Righteousness!

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# JOY TO THE WORLD.

Words by Isaac Watts.

Music by George F. Handel.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord has come; Let earth re - ceive her  
 2. Joy to the earth, the Sav - iour reigus; Let men their songs em -  
 3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the  
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions

King, Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room,  
 ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,  
 ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow,  
 prove The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness,

And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture  
 Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing  
 Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is  
 And won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His

And heav'n and na - ture sing, And  
 Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re -  
 Far as the curse is found, Far -  
 And won - ders of His love, And

sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.  
 joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.  
 found, Far as the curse, the curse is found.  
 love, And won - ders, won - ders of His love.

heav'n and na - ture sing,  
 peat the sound - ing joy,  
 as the curse is found,  
 won - ders of His love,

# TRUSTING JESUS, THAT IS ALL.

Words by Edgar Page Stites.

Music by Ira D. Sankey.



1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust - ing through a storm - y way;  
2. Bright ly doth His spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;  
3. Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray - ing, if the path is drear;  
4. Trust - ing Him while life shall last; Trust - ing Him till earth is past;



E - ven when my faith is small, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.  
While He leads I can - not fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.  
If in dan - ger, for Him call, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.  
Till with - in the jas - per wall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.



## CHORUS.



Trust - ing as the mo - ments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by;



Trust - ing Him what - e'er be - fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.



# PRECIOUS NAME.

Words by Lydia Baxter.

Music by W. H. Doane.

1 Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe—  
 2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;  
 3. Oh, the pre - cious name of Je - sus, How it thrills our souls with joy,  
 4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros - trate at His feet,

It will joy and com - fort give you, Take it then wher - e'er you go.  
 If temp - ta - tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.  
 When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues em - ploy!  
 King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour - ney is com - plete.

## CHORUS.

Pre - cious name, Oh, how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n!  
 Pre - cious name, Oh, how sweet!

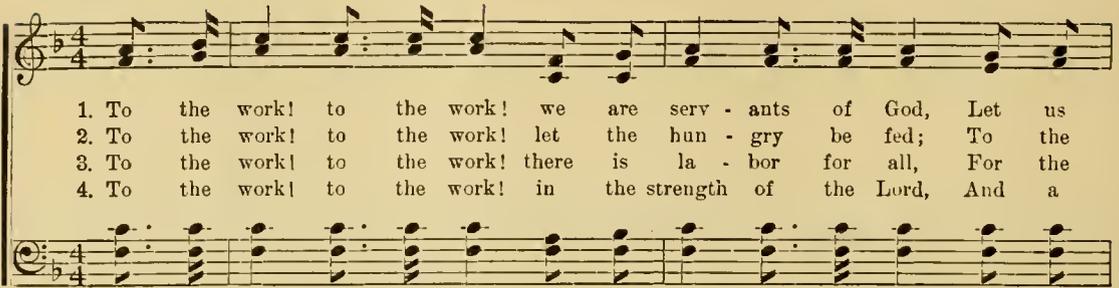
Pre - cious name, Oh, how sweet!..... Hope of earth and joy of heav'n!  
 Pre - cious name, Oh, how sweet, how sweet,

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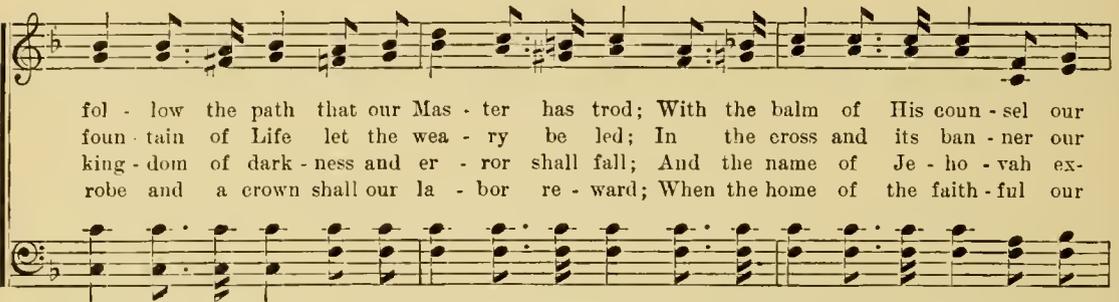
# TO THE WORK.

Words by Fanny J. Crosby.

Music by W. H. Doane.



1. To the work! to the work! we are serv - ants of God, Let us  
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the  
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all, For the  
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a

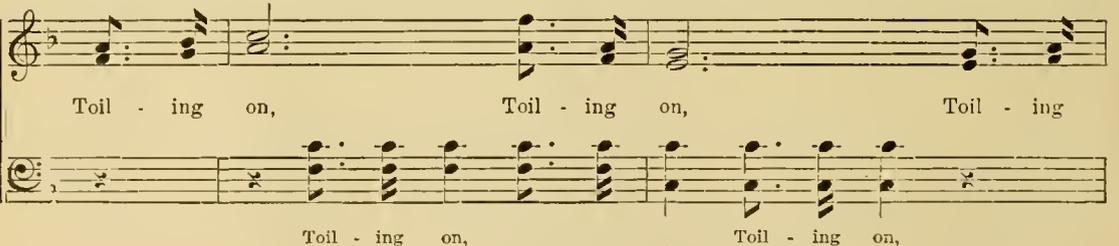


fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His coun - sel our  
foun - tain of Life let the wea - ry be led; In the cross and its ban - ner our  
king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the name of Je - ho - vah ex -  
robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward; When the home of the faith - ful our



strength to re - new, Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.  
glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the ti - dings, "Sal - va - tion is free!"  
alt - ed shall be, In the loud swell - ing cho - rus, "Sal - va - tion is free!"  
dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the ran - som'd, "Sal - va - tion is free!"

## CHORUS.



Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing  
Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on,

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## TO THE WORK.

on, Toil - ing on, Let us hope  
 Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, and trust,  
 Let us watch, And la - bor till the Mas - ter comes.  
 and pray,

## COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING.

Words by R. Robinson.

Music by John Wyeth.

FINE.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }  
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise; }  
 D. C. Praise the mount, — I'm fixed up - on it! Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.

D. C.

Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,  
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;  
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home.  
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wandering from the fold of God;  
 He, to rescue me from danger,  
 Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrained to be!  
 Let Thy goodness, as a fetter,  
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee.  
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—  
 Prone to leave the God I love—  
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,  
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

# SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Words by Mrs. Albert Smith.

Music by S. J. Vail.

1. Let us gath - er up the sun-beams Ly - ing all a - round our path; Let us  
2. Strange we nev - er prize the mn - sic Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown! Strange that  
3. If we knew the ta - by fin - gers, Press'd a - gainst the win - dow - pane, Would be  
4. Ah! those lit - tle ice - cold fin - gers, How they point our memories back To the

keep the wheat and ros - es, Cast - ing out the thorns and chaff. Let us find our sweet-est  
we should slight the vio - lets Till the love - ly flow'rs are gone! Strange that sum-mer skies and  
cold and stiff to - mor-row—Nev - er trou - ble us a - gain—Would the bright eyes of our  
hast - y words and ac - tions Strewn a - long our back-ward track! How those lit - tle hands re -

com - fort In the bless - ings of to - day, With a pa - tient hand re - mov - ing All the  
sun - shine Nev - er seem one half so fair As when win - ter's snow - y pin - ions Shake the  
dar - ling Catch the frown up - on our brow?—Would the prints of ros - y fin - gers Vex us  
mind us, As in snow - y grace they lie, Not to seat - ter thorns—but ros - es— For our

## CHORUS.

bri - ars from the way. Then scat - ter seeds of kind - ness, Then scat - ter seeds of  
white down in the air. Then scat - ter seeds of kind - ness, Then scat - ter seeds of  
then as they do now? Then scat - ter seeds of kind - ness, Then scat - ter seeds of  
reap - ing by and by. Then scat - ter seeds of kind - ness, Then scat - ter seeds of

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SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

kind-ness, Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, For our reap-ing by and by.

*ad lib.*

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a simple harmonic accompaniment for the lyrics.

I'M A PILGRIM.

Words by Mary S. B. Dana.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger: I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night,  
 2. Of that coun-try to which I'm go-ing, My Re-deem-er, my Re-deem-er is the light;  
 3. There the sun-beams are ev-er shin-ing, And I'm long-ing, I am long-ing for the sight;

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a simple harmonic accompaniment for the lyrics.

Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To where the streamlets are ev-er flow-ing.  
 There is no sor-row, nor an-y sigh-ing, Nor an-y sin there, nor an-y dy-ing.  
 With-in a coun-try, un-known and dear-y, I have been wand'ring, for-lorn and wea-ry.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a simple harmonic accompaniment for the lyrics.

REFRAIN

I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger: I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a simple harmonic accompaniment for the lyrics.

# THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

Words by Wm. Hunter.

Arranged by J. H. Stockton.

*p*

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing  
2. Your ma - ny sins are all for giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of  
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in

Je - sus; He speaks the droop - ing heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of  
Je - sus; Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with  
Je - sus; I love the bless - ed Sav - iour's name, I love the name of

CHORUS.

Je - sus. "Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on

*rit.*

mor - tal tongue, Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus."

4 Come, brethren, help me sing His praise,  
Oh, praise the name of Jesus;  
Come, sisters, all your voices raise,  
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.

5 The children too, both great and small,  
Who love the name of Jesus,  
May now accept the gracious call  
To work and live for Jesus.

6 His name dispels my guilt and fear,  
No other name but Jesus;  
Oh, how my soul delights to hear  
The precious name of Jesus.

7 And when to that bright world above  
We rise to see our Jesus,  
We'll sing around the throne of love  
His name, the name of Jesus.

# JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

Words by Emma Campbell.

Music by Theo. E. Perkins.

1. What means this ea - ger, anx - ious throng, Which moves with bus - y haste a - long,  
2. Who is this Je - sus? why should He The cit - y move so might - i - ly?  
3. Je - sus! 'tis He who once be - low Man's path - way trod, 'mid pain and woe;  
4. A - gain He comes! from place to place His ho - ly foot - prints we can trace.

These won - drons gath - 'rings day by day? What means this strange com - mo - tion, pray?  
A pass - ing stran - ger, has He skill To move the mul - ti - tude at will?  
And bur - dened ones, wher - e'er He came, Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame,  
He paus - eth at our thresh - old - nay, He en - ters - con - de - scends to stay.

In ac - cents hush'd the throng re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."  
A - gain the stir - ring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."  
The blind re - joiced to hear the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."  
Shall we not glad - ly raise the cry - "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by?"

In ac - cents hush'd the throng re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."  
A - gain the stir - ring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."  
The blind re - joiced to hear the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."  
Shall we not glad - ly raise the cry - "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by?"

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# O JESUS, THOU ART STANDING.

Words by William Walsham How.

Music by Justin H. Knecht.

1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast - closed door,  
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock - ing; And lo! that hand is scarr'd,  
3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead - ing In ac - cents meek and low,

In low - ly pa - ti - ence wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er:  
And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marr'd:  
"I died for you, My chil - dren, And will ye treat Me so?"

We bear the name of Chris - tians, His name and sign we bear:  
O love that pass - eth knowl - edge, So pa - tient - ly to wait!  
O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door:

O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there!  
O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!  
Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more.

# HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

Words by M. M. Wells.

Music by Marcus M. Wells.

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side, }  
 { Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land; }

*D. C.*—Whisp - ring soft - ly, "Wanderer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

*D. C. al Fine.*

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice

2 Ever present, truest Friend,  
 Ever near Thine aid to lend,  
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,  
 Groping on in darkness drear;  
 When the storms are raging sore,  
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,  
 Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!  
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,  
 Waiting still for sweet release,  
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,  
 Wond'ring if our names were there;  
 Wading deep the dismal flood,  
 Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;  
 Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!  
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

# BLESSED SAVIOUR, THEE I LOVE.

Words by George Duffield.

FINE.

1. Bless - ed Sav - iour, Thee I love, All my oth - er joys a - bove;

*D. C.*—Ev - er let my glo - ry be On - ly, on - ly, on - ly Thee!

*D. C. al Fine.*

All my hopes in Thee a - bide, Thou my hope, and naught be - side;

2 Once again beside the cross,  
 All my gain I count but loss;  
 Earthly pleasures fade away,—  
 Clouds they are that hide my day:  
 Hence, vain shadows! let me see  
 Jesus, crucified for me.

3 Blessèd Saviour, Thine am I,  
 Thine to live, and Thine to die;  
 Height, or depth, or earthly power,  
 Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:  
 Ever shall my glory be  
 Only, only, only Thee!

# MY REDEEMER.

Words by P. P. Bliss.

Music by James McGranahan.

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er And His won-d'rous love to me;...  
 2. I will tell the wond'rous sto-ry, How my lost... es-tate to save,..  
 3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri-umph-ant pow'r I'll tell,..  
 4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'n-ly love to me;...

On the cru-el cross He suf-fered, From the curse to set me free...  
 In His bound-less love and mer-cy, He the ran-som free-ly gave..  
 How the vic-to-ry He giv-eth O-ver sin... and death and hell...  
 He from death to life hath bro't me, Son of God,.. with Him to be,...

CHORUS.

Sing, oh! sing..... of my Re-deem-er, With His  
 Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, With His

blood .....  
 blood He pur-chased me, He purchased me;..... On the  
 blood..... He pur-chased me;  
 blood He pur-chased me, With His blood He pur-chased me; On the

## MY REDEEMER.

cross... .. He sealed my par - - don, Paid the  
 cross He sealed my par - don, On the cross He sealed my par - don, Paid the

*Repeat pp after last verse.*

And made me free.....  
 debt,..... And made me free, and made me free,  
 debt, and made me free, And made me free.....

## WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS.

Words by Isaac Watts.

Music adapted by Lowell Mason.

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross      On which the Prince of Glo - ry died,  
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast,      Save in the death of Christ my God;  
 3. See! from His head, His hands, His feet,      Sor - row and love flow min - gled down!  
 4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine,      That were an of - fring far too small;

My rich - est gain I count but loss,      And pour contempt on all my pride.  
 All the vain things that charm me most,      I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.  
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet,      Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?  
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine,      De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

# WHITER THAN SNOW.

Words by James Nicholson.

Music by Wm. G. Fischer.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for -  
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to  
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I wait, bless - ed  
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait; Come now, and with -

ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast  
make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what -  
Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleans - ing, I  
in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou

out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
see Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
nev - er said'st No—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

## CHORUS.

Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now

wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

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# AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS?

Words by Isaac Watts.

Music by Thos. A. Arne.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross— A fol - l'wer of the Lamb,—  
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,....  
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?...  
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In - crease my cour - age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?  
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood - y seas?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace To help me on to God?  
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

# SUN OF MY SOUL.

Words by J. Keble.

Arranged by W. H. Monk.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;  
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - ried eye - lids gen - tly steep,  
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with - out Thee I can - not live;  
4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,

Oh, may no earth - born cloud a - rise, To hide Thee from Thy serv - ant's eyes.  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - iour's breast.  
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with - out Thee I dare not die.  
Till in the o - cean of Thy love We lose our - selves in heav'n a - bove.

# JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

Words by Henry Francis Lyte.

Music by W. A. Mozart.  
Arranged by Hubert P. Main.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low Thee;  
2. Let the world de - spise and leave me; They have left my Sav - iour, too;  
3. Go, then, earth - ly fame and trea - ure! Come, dis - as - ter, scorns and pain!

Nak - ed, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.  
Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art not, like them, un - true;  
In Thy serv - ice, 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,  
And while 'Thou dost smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,  
I have call'd Thee Ab - ba, Fa - ther; I have stay'd my heart on Thee:

Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.  
Foes may hate, and friends dis - own me; Show Thy face and all is bright.  
Storms may howl, and clouds may gath - er, All must work for good to me.

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# MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

Words by George Heath.

Music by Lowell Mason.

1. My... soul, be on thy guard, Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;  
 2. Oh,... watch and fight and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;  
 3. Ne'er.. think the vic - t'ry won; Nor lay thine ar - mor down;  
 4. Then.. per - se - vere till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

The... hosts of sin are press - ing hard, To draw Thee from the skies.  
 Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.  
 The... work of faith will not be done Till thou ob - tain the crown.  
 He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To His di - vine a - bode.

# REMEMBER ME.

Words by Isaac Watts.

Music by Asa Hull.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?  
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groan'd up - on the tree?  
 3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,  
 4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face, Whilst His dear cross ap - pears,  
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

*Choro.*—Help me, dear Sav - iour, Thee to own, And ev - er faith - ful be;

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?  
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree.  
 When Christ the might - y Mak - er, died For man the crea - ture's sin.  
 Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.  
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.

*And when Thou sit - test on Thy throne, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.*

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# JESUS SHALL REIGN.

Words by Isaac Watts.

Music by Karl Wilhelm.

*f*

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive  
 2. To Him shall end - less prayer be made And end - less prais - es  
 3. Bless - ings a - bound wher - e'er He reigns, The joy - ful pris - 'ner

jour - neys run; His king - dom spread from shore to shore, Till  
 crown His head; His name like sweet per - fume shall rise With  
 bursts His chains; The wea - ry find e - ter - nal rest, And

moons shall wax and wane no more. From north to south the prin - ces meet,  
 ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue  
 all the sons of want are blest. Let ev - 'ry crea - ture rise and bring

To pay their hom - age at His feet; While west - ern em - - pires  
 Dwell on His love with sweet - est song; And in - fant voic - - es  
 Pe - cul - iar hon - ors to our King; An - gels de - scend.... with

own their Lord, And sav - age tribes.... at - tend His word.  
 shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His name.  
 songs a - gain, And earth re - peat.... the loud A - men.

# MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

Words by George P. Morris.

Music by Henry Russell.

1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un - bid - den start; With  
 2. Ah! well do I re - mem - ber those Whose names these rec - ords bear; Who  
 3. My fa - ther read this ho - ly book To broth - ers, sis - ters dear; How  
 4. Thou tru - est friend man ev - er knew, Thy con - stan - cy I've tried; Where

fal - t'ring lip and throb - bing brow I press it to my heart, For  
 round the hearth-stone used to close Aft - er the eve - ning pray'r And  
 calm was my poor moth - er's look, Who lov'd God's word to hear. Her  
 all were false, I found thee true, My coun - sel - lor and guide. The

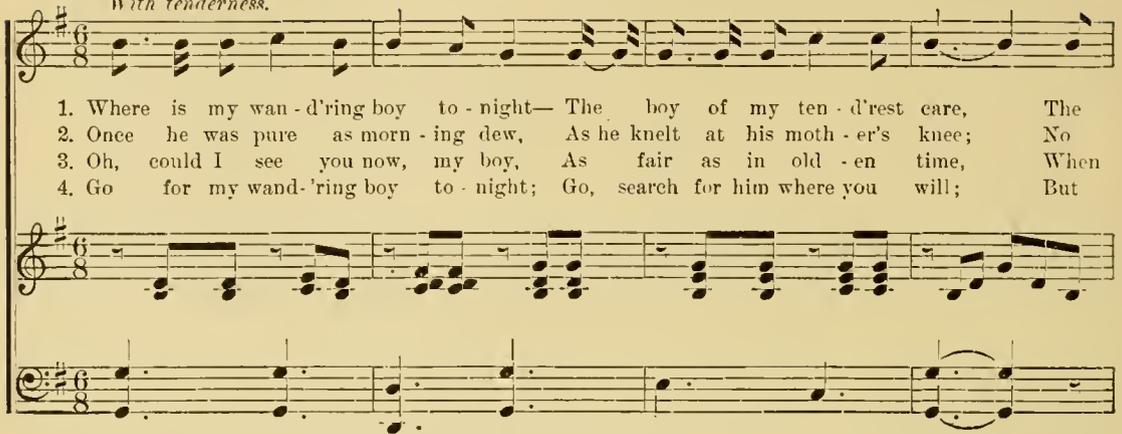
ma - ny gen - er - a - tions past, Here is our fam - ly tree; My  
 speak of what these pag - es said, In tones my heart would thrill! Tho'  
 an - gel - face— I see it yet! What throng - ing mem - 'ries come! A -  
 mines of earth no treas - ure give That could this vol - ume buy; In

*rit.*  
 moth - er's hands this Bi - ble clasp'd; She, dy - ing, gave it me.  
 they are with the si - lent dead, Here are they liv - ing still.  
 gain that lit - tle group is met With - in the halls of home.  
 teach - ing me the way to live It taught me how to die.

# WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY TO-NIGHT?

Words and music by Robert Lowry.

*With tenderness.*

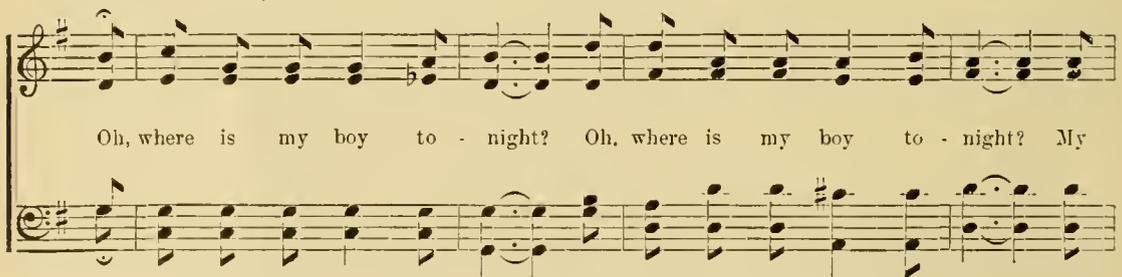


1. Where is my wan - d'ring boy to - night— The boy of my ten - d'rest care, The  
2. Once he was pure as morn - ing dew, As he knelt at his moth - er's knee; No  
3. Oh, could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time, When  
4. Go for my wand - 'ring boy to - night; Go, search for him where you will; But



boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?  
face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.  
prat - tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!  
bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*



Oh, where is my boy to - night? Oh, where is my boy to - night? My

WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY TO-NIGHT?

heart o'er-flows, for I love him, he knows; Oh, where is my boy to - night?

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

Words by Phœbe Cary.

Music by Philip Phillips.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm near - er home to -  
 2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man - sions be; Near - er the great white  
 3. Near - er the bound of life, Where bur - dens are laid down; Near - er to leave the  
 4. Be near me when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the brink; For I am near - er

CHORUS.

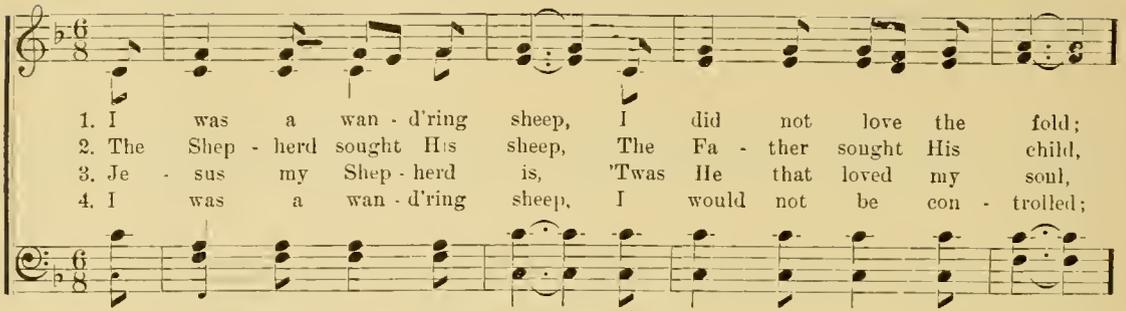
day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore...  
 throne to - day, Near - er the crys - tal sea... } Near - er my home, Near - er my home,  
 cross to - day, And near - er to the crown.  
 home to - day, Per - haps, than now I think.

Near - er my home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore....

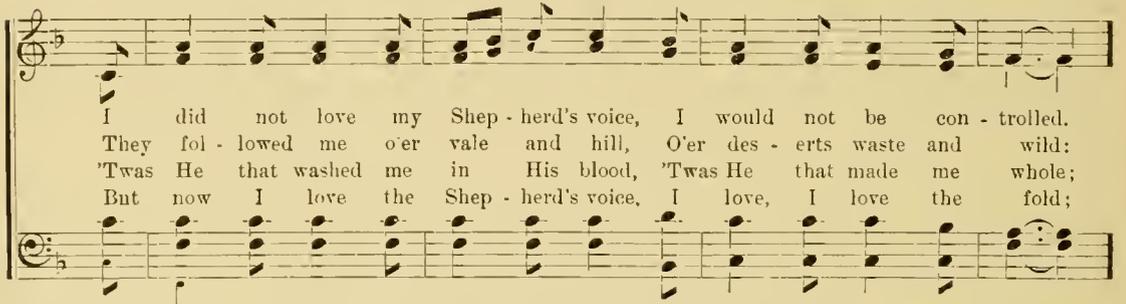
# I WAS A WANDERING SHEEP.

Words by Horatius Bonar.

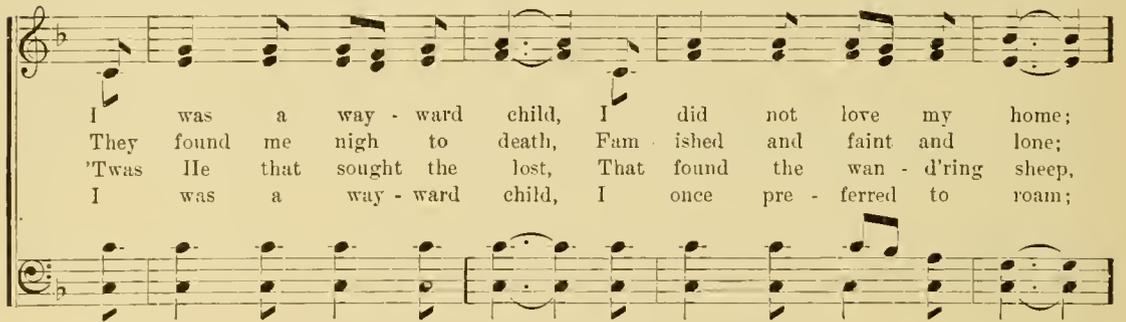
Music by John Zundel.



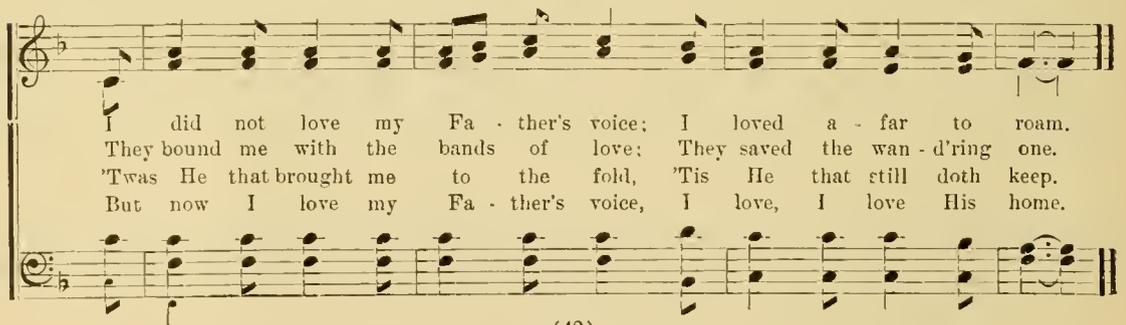
1. I was a wan - d'ring sheep, I did not love the fold;  
2. The Shep - herd sought His sheep, The Fa - ther sought His child,  
3. Je - sus my Shep - herd is, 'Twas He that loved my soul,  
4. I was a wan - d'ring sheep, I would not be con - trolled;



I did not love my Shep - herd's voice, I would not be con - trolled.  
They fol - lowed me o'er vale and hill, O'er des - erts waste and wild;  
'Twas He that washed me in His blood, 'Twas He that made me whole;  
But now I love the Shep - herd's voice, I love, I love the fold;



I was a way - ward child, I did not love my home;  
They found me nigh to death, Fam - ished and faint and lone;  
'Twas He that sought the lost, That found the wan - d'ring sheep,  
I was a way - ward child, I once pre - ferred to roam;



I did not love my Fa - ther's voice; I loved a - far to roam.  
They bound me with the bands of love; They saved the wan - d'ring one.  
'Twas He that brought me to the fold, 'Tis He that still doth keep.  
But now I love my Fa - ther's voice, I love, I love His home.

# THE NINETY AND NINE.

Words by E. C. Clephane.

Music by Ira D. Sankey.

1. There were nine-ty and nine, that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter... of the fold,  
 2. "Lord,.. Thou hast here Thy nine-ty and nine, Are.. they not e - nough for Thee?"  
 3. But... none of the ran - somed ev - er knew How deep were the wa - ters crossed;  
 4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all.... the way That mark out the moun-tain's track?"  
 5. But... all through the moun-tains, thnn - der-riv'n, And up from the rock - y steep,

But... one... was out on the hills a - way, Far.. off... from the gates of gold—  
 But the Shep-herd made an - swer: "This of mine Has.. wan - dered a - way.. from me,  
 Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro' Ere He found His sheep that was lost.  
 "They were shed.. for one who had gone a - stray Ere the Shep-herd could bring him back."  
 There a - rose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n, "Re - joice! I have found my sheep!"

A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der  
 And al - though the road.. be rough and steep, I.... go to the des - ert to  
 Out in the des - ert He heard its cry— Sick... and help-less, and  
 "Lord,.. whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierced to - night.. by  
 And the an - gels ech - oed a - round the throne: "Re - joice! for the Lord.. brings

Shep - herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care.  
 find... my sheep, I.... go to the des - ert to find... my sheep."  
 read - y to die, Sick... and help - less, and read - y to die."  
 ma - ny a thorn, They are pierced to - night... by ma - ny a thorn."  
 back... His own! Re - joice! for the Lord.... brings back... His own!"

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# ARE YOU COMING HOME TO-NIGHT?

Music by James McGranahan.

1. Are you com - ing home, ye wan - d'ers, Whom Je - sus died to win,  
2. Are you com - ing home, ye lost ones? Be - hold, your Lord doth wait:  
3. Are you com - ing home, ye guilt - y, Who bear the load of sin?

All foot - sore, lame, and wea - ry, Your gar - ments stain'd with sin?  
Come, then no lon - ger lin - ger, Come ere it be too late.  
Out - side you've long been stand - ing, Come now and ven - ture in.

Will you seek the blood of Je - sus To wash your gar - ments white;  
Will you come and let Him save you? Oh, trust His love and might!  
Will you heed the Sav - iour's prom - ise, And dare to trust Him quite!

*Rit.....*

Will you trust His pre - cious prom - ise, Are you com - ing home to - night?  
Will you come while He is call - ing, Are you com - ing home to - night?  
"Come un - to me," saith Je - sus, Are you com - ing home to - night?

## ARE YOU COMING HOME TO-NIGHT?

CHORUS.

Are you com - ing home to - night, Are you - com - ing . home to - night,

Are you com - ing home to Je - sus, Out of dark - ness in - to light?

Are you com - ing home to - night, Are you com - ing home to - night

To your lov - ing, heav'n - ly Fa - ther, Are you com - ing home to - night?

## THE EVENING BELL.

*Soft and slow.*

1. Hark! the peal - ing, soft - ly steal - ing, Eve - ning bell, Sweet - ly ech - oed down the dell.  
 2. Wel - come, wel - come is thy mu - sic, Sil - v'ry bell, Sweet - ly tell - ing day's fare - well.  
 3. Day is sleep - ing, flow'rs are weep - ing Tears of dew; Stars are peep - ing, ev - er true.  
 4. Grove and moun - tain, field and foun - tain, Faint - ly gleam In the rud - dy sun - set beam.  
 5. Hap - py hour, ... may thy pow - er Fill my breast, Each wild passion soothe to rest.

# YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

Words by H. R. Palmer.

Music by H. R. Palmer.

1. Yield not to temp - ta - tion, For yield - ing is sin, Each vic - t'ry will help you  
2. Shun e - vil com - pan - ions, Bad lan - guage dis - dain, God's name hold in rev - 'rence  
3. To him that o'er com - eth God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con - quer,

Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward, Dark pas - sions sub - dne,  
Nor take it in vain; Be thought - ful and earn - est, Kind heart - ed and true,  
Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour, Our strength will re - new,

## CHORUS.

Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through. Ask the Sav - iour to help you,

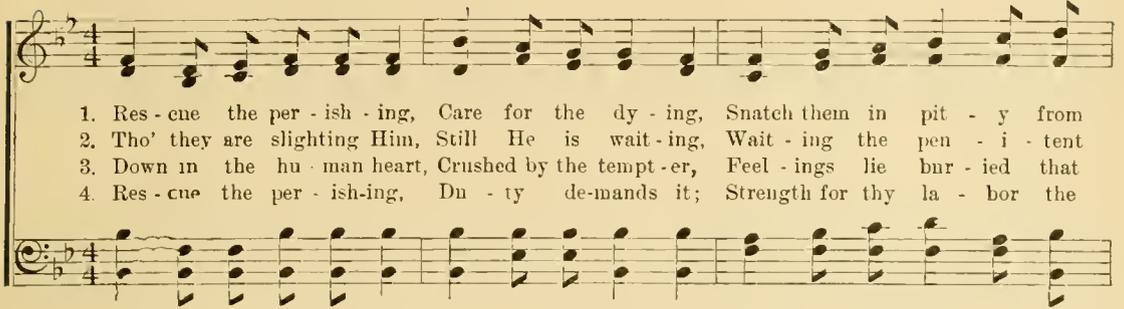
Com - fort, strength, and keep you; He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

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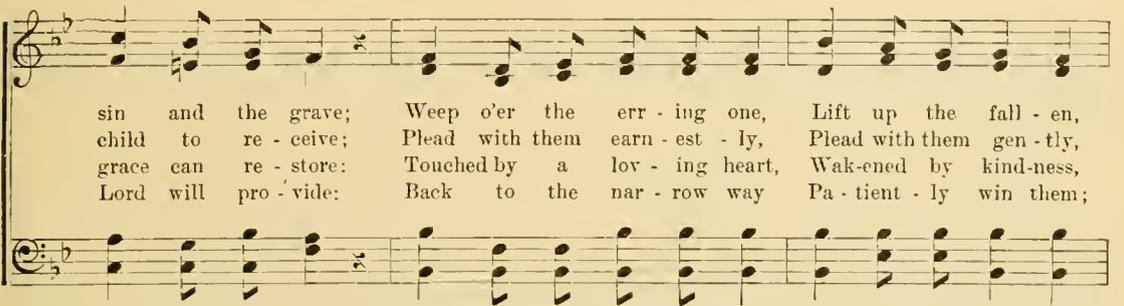
# RESCUE THE PERISHING.

Words by Fanny J. Crosby.

Music by W. H. Doane.

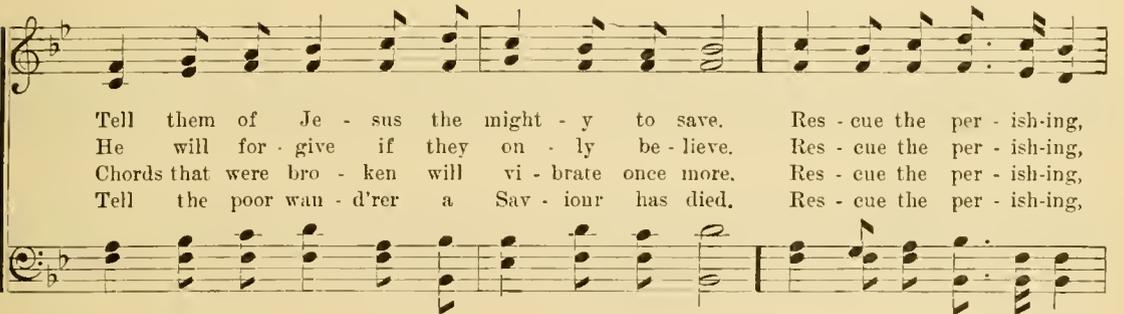


1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from  
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent  
3. Down in the hu - man heart, Crushed by the tempt - er, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that  
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de - mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the



sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,  
child to re - ceive; Plead with them earn - est - ly, Plead with them gen - tly,  
grace can re - store: Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness,  
Lord will pro - vide: Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

## CHORUS.



Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,  
He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,  
Chords that were bro - ken will vi - brate once more. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,  
Tell the poor wan - d'r'er a Sav - iour has died. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,

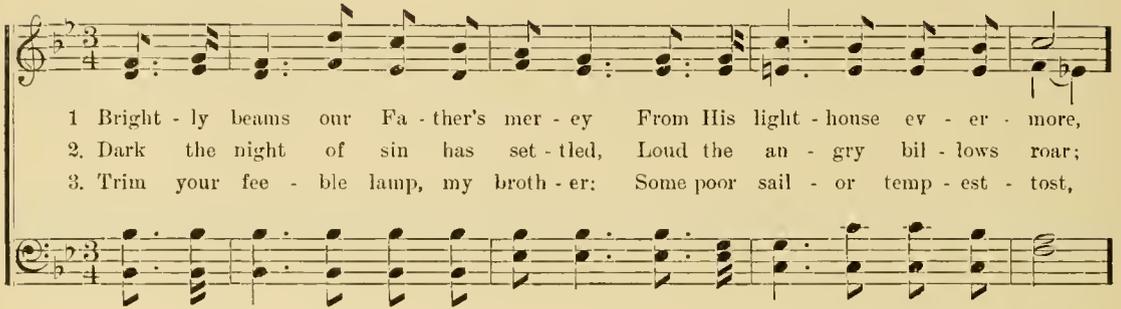


Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

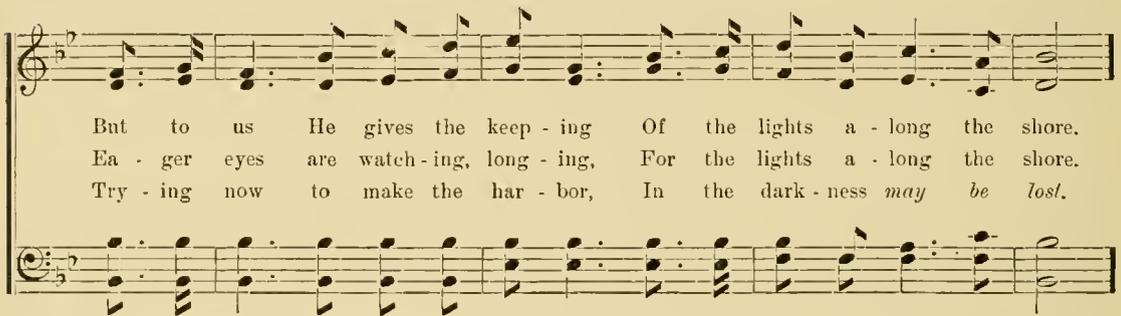
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# LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING.

Words and music by P. P. Bliss.

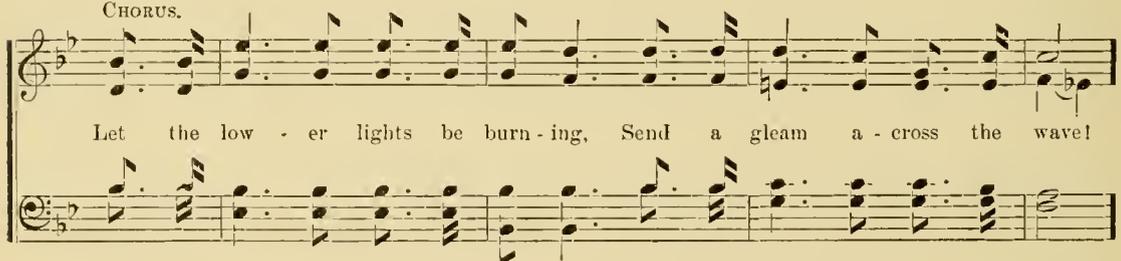


1 Bright - ly beams our Fa - ther's mer - ey From His light - house ev - er - more,  
2 Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar;  
3 Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth - er: Some poor sail - or temp - est - tost,

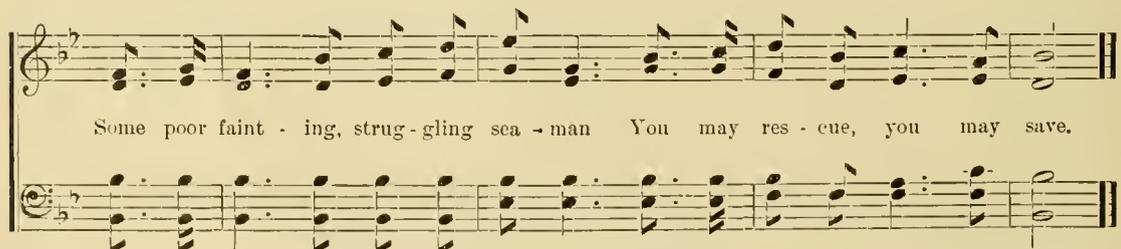


But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.  
Ea - ger eyes are watch - ing, long - ing, For the lights a - long the shore.  
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark - ness *may be lost.*

## CHORUS.



Let the low - er lights be burn - ing, Send a gleam a - cross the wave!



Some poor faint - ing, strug - gling sea - man You may res - cue, you may save.

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# HOLD THE FORT.

Words and music by P. P. Bliss.

1. Ho! my com - rades, see the sig - nal Wav - ing in the sky!  
2. See the might - y host ad - vanc - ing, Sa - tan lead - ing on:  
3. See the glo - rious ban - ner wav - ing, Hear the bu - gle blow;  
4. Fierce and long the bat - tle rag - es, But our Help is near;

Re - in - force - ments now ap - pear - ing, Vic - to - ry is nigh!  
Might - y men a - round us fall - ing, Cour - age al - most gone.  
In our Lead - er's name we'll tri - umph O - ver ev - 'ry foe.  
On - ward comes our Great Com - mand - er, Cheer, my com - rades, cheer!

## CHORUS.

"Hold the fort, for I am com - ing," Je - sus sig - nals still,

Wave the an - swer back to Heav - en,—“By Thy grace we will.”

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# RING THE BELLS OF HEAVEN.

Words by Wm. O. Cushing.

Music by Geo. F. Root.

*Joyfully.*

1. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For a soul re-  
2. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For the wan - d'rer  
3. Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to - day, An - gels, swell the

turn - ing from the wild; See! the Fa - ther meets him out up - on the way,  
now is rec - on - ciled; Yes, a soul is res - cued from his sin - ful way,  
glad, tri - um - phant strain! Tell the joy - ful ti - dings! bear it far a - way!

CHORUS.

Wel - com - ing His wea - ry, wan - d'ring child, Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the  
And is born a - new a ran - som'd child, Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the  
For a pre - cious soul is born a - gain. Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the

an - gels sing; Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the loud harps ring; 'Tis the ran - somed

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## RING THE BELLS OF HEAVEN.

ar - my, like a might - y sea, Peal - ing forth the an - them of the free.

Musical notation for the first system of 'Ring the Bells of Heaven', featuring a treble and bass staff in G major and 3/4 time.

## ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE.

Words by Charles Wesley.

Music by Lewis Edson.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise! Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The bleed - ing Sac - ri -  
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede, His all - re - deem - ing  
3. My God is rec - on - ciled; His par - d'ning voice I hear; He owns me for His

Musical notation for the first system of 'Arise, My Soul, Arise', featuring a treble and bass staff in G major and 4/4 time.

fic In my be - half ap - pears; Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be -  
love, His pre - cious blood to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race, His  
child; I can no lon - ger fear; With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, With

Musical notation for the second system of 'Arise, My Soul, Arise', featuring a treble and bass staff in G major and 4/4 time.

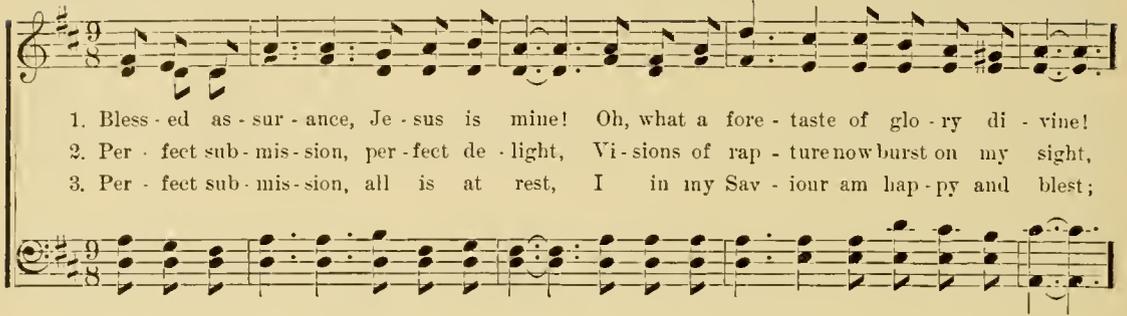
fore the throne my Sure - ty stands; My name is writ - ten on His hands.  
blood a - toned for all our race, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace.  
con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, cry.

Musical notation for the third system of 'Arise, My Soul, Arise', featuring a treble and bass staff in G major and 4/4 time.

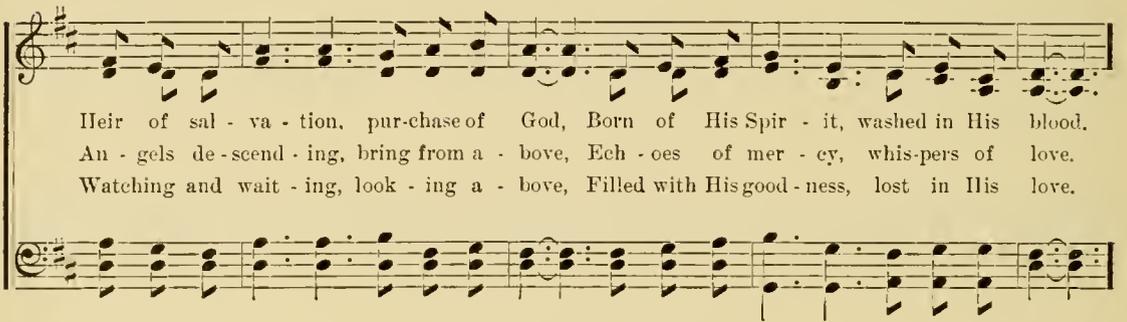
# BLESSED ASSURANCE, JESUS IS MINE.

Words by Fanny J. Crosby.

Music by Phœbe P. Knapp.



1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine!  
2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vi - sions of rap - ture now burst on my sight,  
3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am hap - py and blest;



Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood,  
An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love.  
Watching and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His good - ness, lost in His love.

## CHORUS.



This is my sto - ry, this is my song, 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.

Used by permission.

# OH, HAPPY DAY, THAT FIXED MY CHOICE.

Words by Philip Doddridge.

Music by Edward F. Rimbault.

1. { Oh hap - py day, that fixed my choice      On Thee, my Sav - iour, and my God! }  
 { Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice,      And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }  
 2. { Oh, hap - py bond, that seals my vows,      To Him who mer - its all my love! }  
 { Let cheer - ful an - thems fill His house,      While to that sa - cred shrine I move. }  
 3. { 'Tis done; the great trans - ac - tion's done;      I am my Lord's, and He is mine: }  
 { He drew me, and I fol - lowed on,      Charmed to con - fess the voice di - vine. }  
 4. { Now rest, my long - di - vid - ed heart,      Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - ter, rest; }  
 { Here have I found a no - bler part,      Here heav'nly pleas - ures fill my breast. }

## CHORUS.

Hap - py day, hap - py day,      When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way!

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

Hap - py day, hap - py day,      When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way!

Used by permission.

# THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

Words by Andrew Young.

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand,  
 2. Come to this hap - py land, Come, come a - way, Why will ye doubt - ing stand,  
 3. Bright in that hap - py land, Beams ev - 'ry eye; Kept by a Fa - ther's hand,

Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, Wor - thy is our  
 Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When from sin and  
 Love can - not die. Oh, then to glo - ry run, Be a crown and

Sav - iour King, Lord let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye!  
 sor - row free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye!  
 king - dom won; And bright a - bove the sun, Reign, reign for aye!

# MAJESTIC SWEETNESS SITS ENTHRONED.

Words by Samuel Stennett.

Music by Thomas Hastings.

1. Ma - jes - tie sweet - ness sits enthroned Up - on the Sav - iour's brow; His head with  
 2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is  
 3. He saw me plung'd in deep dis - tress, He flew to my re - lief; For me He  
 4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me

MAJESTIC SWEETNESS SITS ENTHRONED.

ra - diant glo - ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.  
 He than all the fair That fill the heav'n - ly train, That fill the heav'n - ly train.  
 bore the shame - ful cross, And car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.  
 tri - umph o - ver death, He saves me from the grave, He saves me from the grave.

I THINK, WHEN I READ THAT SWEET STORY.

Words by Mrs. Jemima Luke.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When  
 2. I wish that His hands had been plac'd on my head, That His  
 3. Yet still to His foot - stool in pray'r I may go, And  
 4. In that beau - ti - ful place he has gone to pre - pare For .

Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He call'd lit - tle chil - dren as  
 arm had been thrown a - round me, And that I might have seen His kind  
 ask for a share of His love; And... if I now earn - est - ly  
 all who are washed and for - giv'n And... ma - ny dear chil - dren shall

lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then,  
 look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."  
 seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.  
 be with Him there, For of such is the king - dom of heaven.

# BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

Words by Knowles Shaw.

Music by George A. Minor.

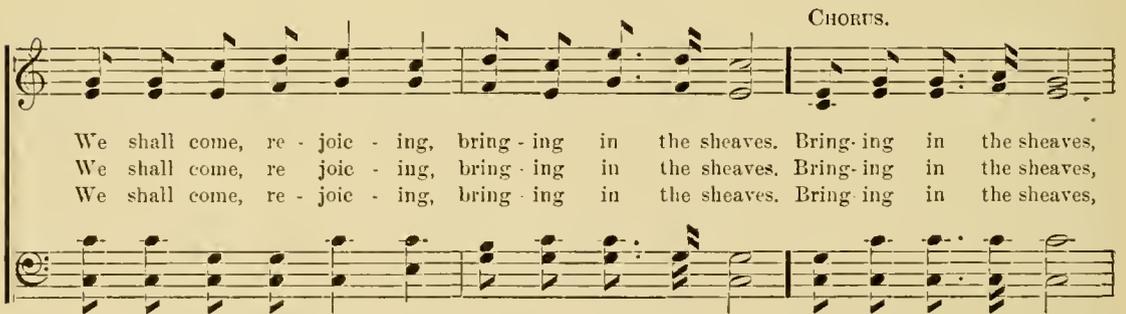


1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness, Sow - ing in the noon - tide  
2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows, Fear - ing nei - ther clouds nor  
3. Go - ing forth with weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the loss sus - tain'd our

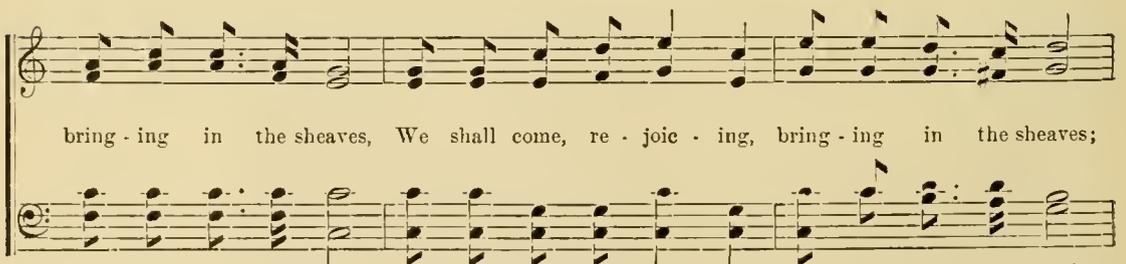


and the dew - y eve; Wait - ing for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing,  
win - ter's chill - ing breeze; By and by the har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed,  
spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weep - ing's o - ver, He will bid us wel - come,

CHORUS.



We shall come, re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves. Bring - ing in the sheaves,  
We shall come, re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves. Bring - ing in the sheaves,  
We shall come, re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves. Bring - ing in the sheaves,



bring - ing in the sheaves, We shall come, re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves;

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## BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, re-joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.

## EVEN ME.

Words by Elizabeth Codner.

Music by Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art seat - t'ring full and free—  
 2. Pass me not, O gra - cious Fa - ther! Sin - ful though my heart may be;  
 3. Pass me not, O ten - der Sav - iour! Let me love and cling to Thee;  
 4. Pass me not, O might - y Spir - it! Thou canst make the blind to see;  
 5. Love of God, so pure and change - less; Blood of Christ, so rich and free;  
 6. Pass me not! Thy lost one bring - ing, Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;

Show'rs the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing; Let some drop - pings fall on me—  
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - ey fall on me—  
 I an long - ing for Thy fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt eall - ing, oh, call me—  
 Wit - ness - er of Je - sus' mer - it, Speak the word of pow'r to me—  
 Grace of God, so strong and bound - less;—Mag - ni - fy them all in me—  
 While the streams of life are spring ing, Bless - ing oth - ers, oh, bless me—

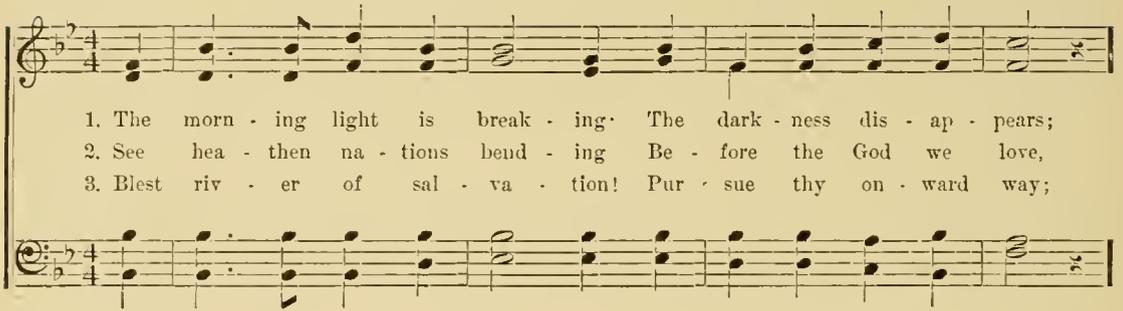
E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy bless - ing fall on me.

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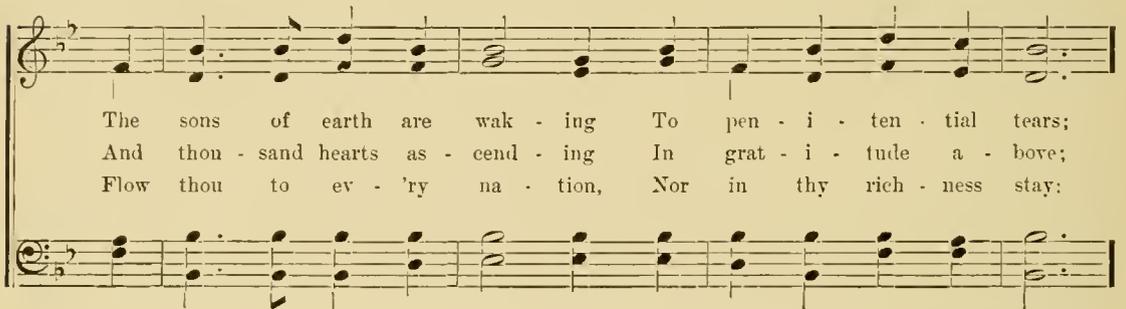
# THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING.

Words by Samuel Francis Smith.

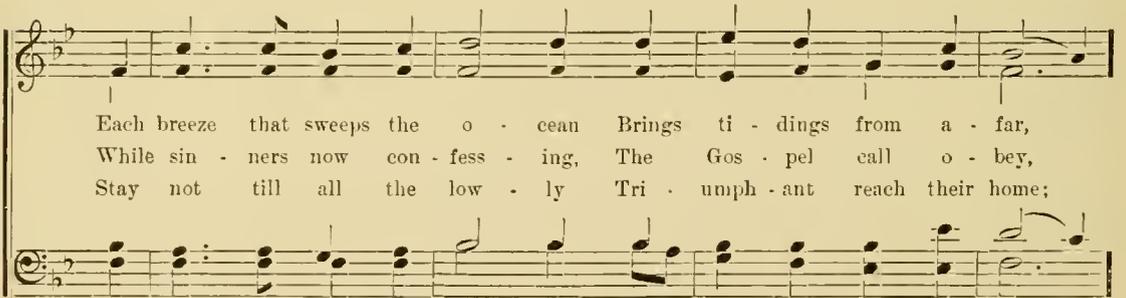
Music by George James Webb.



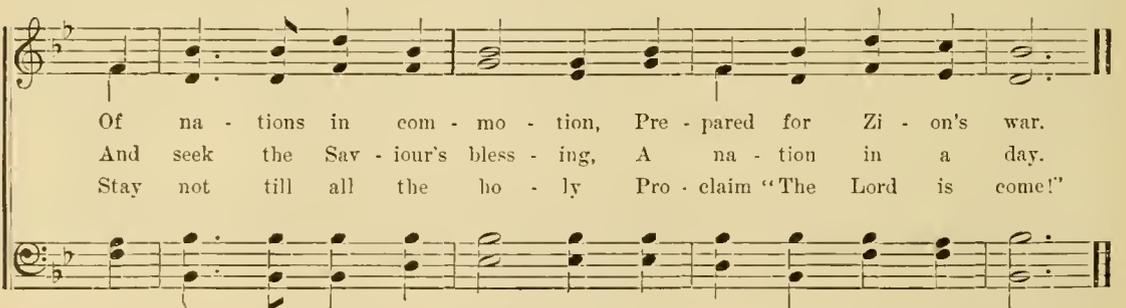
1. The morn - ing light is break - ing. The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;  
2. See hea - then na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God we love,  
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion! Pur - sue thy on - ward way;



The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;  
And thou - sand hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;  
Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay:



Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far,  
While sin - ners now con - fess - ing, The Gos - pel call o - bey,  
Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - umph - ant reach their home;

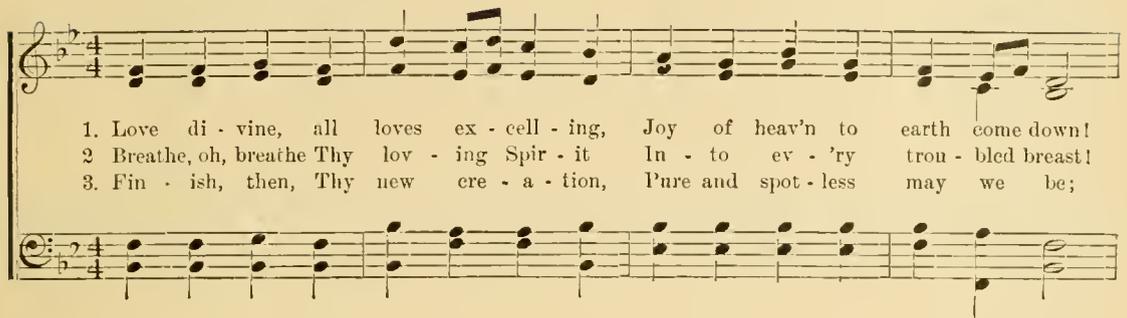


Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.  
And seek the Sav - iour's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.  
Stay not till all the ho - ly Pro - claim "The Lord is come!"

# LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVES EXCELLING.

Words by Charles Wesley.

Music by John Zundel.



1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!  
2. Breathe, oh, breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry trou - bled breast!  
3. Fin - ish, then, Thy new cre - a - tion, P'ure and spot - less may we be;



Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.  
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find Thy prom - ised rest.  
Let us see our whole sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly se - cured by Thee!



Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;  
Come, Al - might - y, to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy grace re - ceive!  
Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place;



Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.  
Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er - more Thy tem - ples leave!  
Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love and praise.

# HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

Words by R. Keene.

Anon., 1752.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your  
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O, be not dis - mayed, For I am thy  
 3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of  
 4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I

faith in His ex - cel - lent Word! What more can He say than to  
 God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strength - en thee, help thee, and  
 woe shall not thee o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy  
 will not de - sert to His foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en -

you He hath said, — You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have  
 eause thee to stand, Up - held by My right - eous, om - nip - o - tent  
 trou - ble to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis -  
 deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for -

fled? You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?  
 Hand, Up - held by My right - eous, om - nip - o - tent Hand.  
 tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress."  
 sake! I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake!"

# A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD.

Words and music by Martin Luther.

1. A might - y fort - ress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er fail - ing;  
 2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be los - ing;  
 3. And though this world, with dev - ils filled, Should threaten to un - do us;  
 4. That word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs — No thanks to them — a - bid - eth;

Our Help - er He, a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing.  
 Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos - ing.  
 We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph through us.  
 The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid - eth.

For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great,  
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He; Lord Sab-aoth is His name,  
 The prince of dark - ness grim, — We trem - ble not for him; His rage we can en - dure,  
 Let goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al - so: The bod - y they may kill:

And armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.  
 From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.  
 For lo! his doom is sure, — One lit - tle word shall fell him.  
 God's truth a - bid - eth still, His king - dom is for - ev - er.

# WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD!

Words by Wm. Paton Mackay.

Music by John J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,  
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,  
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain,  
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace,  
5. Re - vive us a - - gain; fill each heart with Thy love;

For... Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove.  
Who has shown us our Sav - iour, and seat - tered our night.  
Who has borne all our sins, and hath cleans'd ev - 'ry stain,  
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways.  
May each soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

## CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! a - men!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, re - vive us a - gain.

# THE HEAVENS DECLARE THY GLORY.

Words by Isaac Watts.

Music by Lowell Mason.

1. The heav'ns de - clare Thy glo - ry, Lord, In ev - 'ry star Thy wis - dom... shines;  
2. The roll - ing sun, the chang - ing light, And nights and days, Thy pow'r con - fess;  
3. Sun, moon, and stars con - vey Thy praise Round the whole earth, and nev - er... stand;  
4. Great Sun of Right - eous - ness, a - rise; Bless the dark world with heav'n - ly... light;

But when our eyes be - hold Thy word, We read Thy name in fair - er lines.  
But the blest vol - ume Thou didst write Re - veals Thy jus - tice and Thy grace.  
So when Thy truth be - gan... its race, It touch'd and glanc'd on ev - 'ry land.  
The Gos - pel makes the sim - ple wise, Thy laws are pure, Thy judg - ments right.

# O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST.

Words by Isaac Watts.

Music by William Croft.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,  
2. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,  
3. A thou - sand a - ges in Thy sight Are like an eve - ning gone;  
4. Time, like an ev - er roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!  
From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.  
Short as the watch that ends the night Be - fore the ris - ing sun.  
They fly, for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the o - p'ning day

# BEFORE JEHOVAH'S AWFUL THRONE.

Words by Isaac Watts.

Music by Frederick M. A. Venua.

1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with  
 2. His sov - reign power, with - out... our aid, Made us of clay, and  
 3. We'll crowd Thy gates with thank - ful songs, High as the heav'ns our  
 4. Wide as the world is Thy com - mand, Vast as e - ter - ni -

sa - cred joy: Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre -  
 formed us men; And when like wan - d'ring sheep we strayed, He brought us  
 voic - es raise; And earth, with her ten thou - sand tongues, Shall fill Thy  
 ty.... Thy love; Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand, When roll - ing

ate, and He de - stroy, He can cre - ate, and He.... de - stroy.  
 to His fold a - gain, He brought us to His fold... a - gain.  
 courts with sound - ing praise, Shall fill Thy courts with sound - ing praise.  
 years shall cease to move, When roll - ing years shall cease to move.

# O GOD! WE PRAISE THEE.

Words by Nicholas Brady and Nahum Tate.

Scotch.

1. O God! we praise Thee, and con - fess That Thou the on - ly Lord  
 2. To Thee all an - gels cry a - loud; To Thee the pow'rs on high,  
 3. The Ho - ly Church through-out the world, O Lord, con - fess - es Thee,  
 4. Thy hon - ored, true, and on - ly Son And Ho - ly Ghost, the spring

O GOD! WE PRAISE THEE.

And ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther art, By all the earth a - dored.  
 Both cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, Con - tin - ual - ly do cry.  
 That Thou e - ter - nal Fa - ther art, Of bound - less maj - es - ty.  
 Of nev - er - ceas - ing joy; O Christ, Of glo - ry Thou art King.

YE SERVANTS OF GOD, YOUR MASTER PROCLAIM.

Words by Charles Wesley.

Music by Franz J. Haydn.

1. Ye serv - ants of God, your Mas - ter pro - claim, And pub - lish a -  
 2. God rul - eth on high, al - might - y to save; And still He is  
 3. "Sal - va - tion to God who sits on the throne," Let all cry a -  
 4. Then let us a - dore, and give Him His right, All glo - ry and

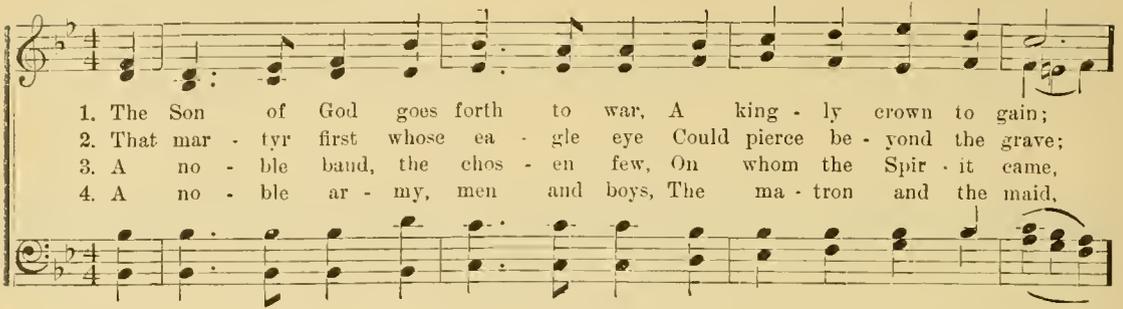
broad His won - der - ful Name; The Name all - vic - to - rious of  
 nigh, His pres - ence we have; The great con - gre - ga - tion His  
 loud, and hon - or the Son; The prais - es of Je - sus the  
 pow'r, and wis - dom and might; All hon - or and bless - ing, with

Je - sus ex - tol; His king - dom is glo - rious, and rules o - ver all.  
 tri - umph shall sing, A - scrib - ing sal - va - tion to Je - sus, our King.  
 an - gels pro - claim, Fall down on their fac - es, and wor - ship the Lamb.  
 an - gels a - bove, And thanks nev - er ceas - ing, and in - fin - ite love.

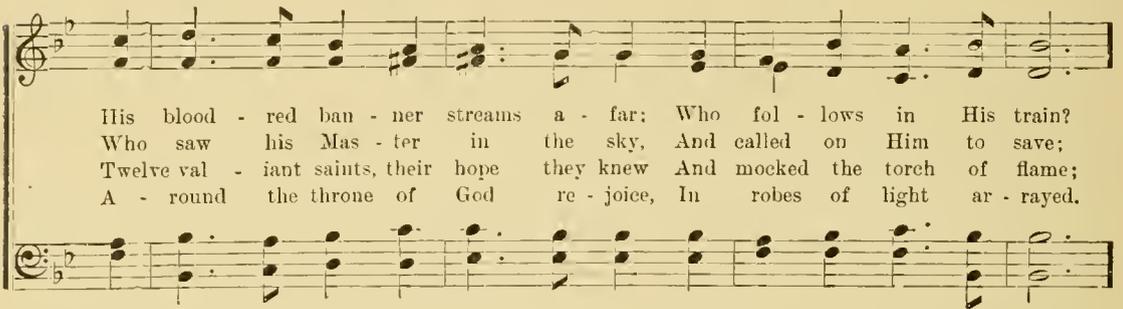
# THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR.

Words by Reginald Heber.

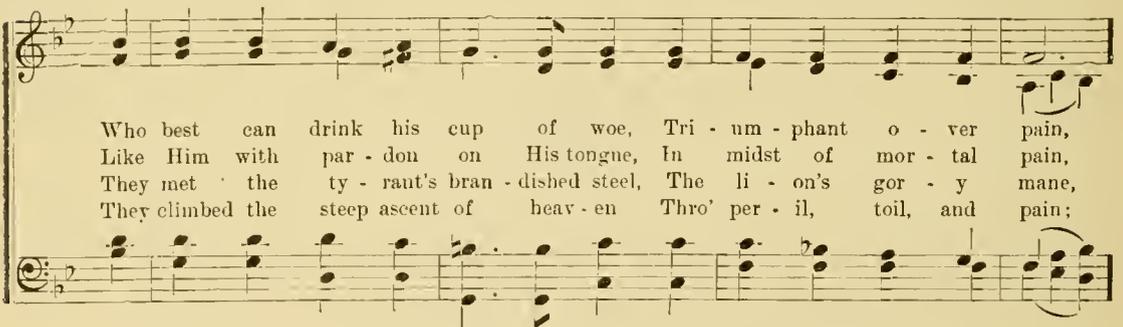
Music by Henry S. Cutler.



1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;  
2. That mar - tyr first whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave;  
3. A no - ble band, the chos - en few, On whom the Spir - it came,  
4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,



His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far; Who fol - lows in His train?  
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save;  
Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew And mocked the torch of flame;  
A - round the throne of God re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed.



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain,  
Like Him with par - don on His tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,  
They met the ty - rant's bran - dished steel, The li - on's gor - y mane,  
They climbed the steep ascent of heav - en Thro' per - il, toil, and pain;



Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.  
He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?  
They bow'd their necks the stroke to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?  
O God, to us may grace be given To fol - low in their train.

# ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Words by S. Baring-Gould.

Music by A. S. Sullivan.

1 On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, Marching as to war; With the cross of Je - sus,  
2 Like a might - y ar - my, Moves the Church of God; Broth - ers, we are tread - ing

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;  
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,

## CHORUS.

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go. On - ward, Chris - tian sol diers,  
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers,

March - ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.  
war, With the cross of

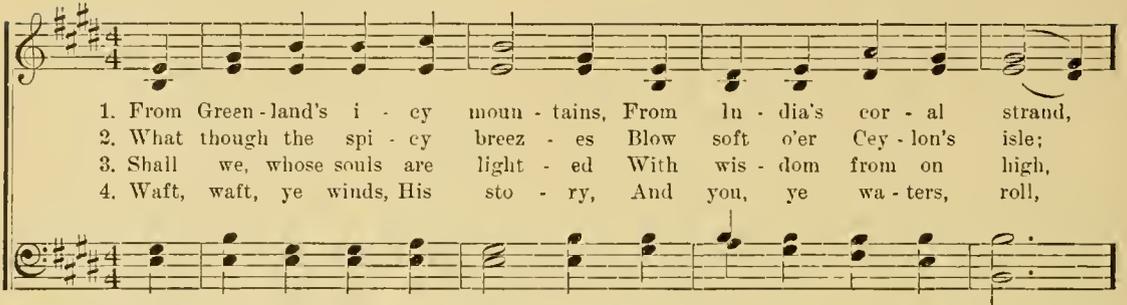
3 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.—Cho.

4 Onward, then, ye people,  
Join our happy throng;  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph-song;  
Glory, land, and honor,  
Unto Christ, the King;  
This through countless ages,  
Men and angels sing.—Cho.

# FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

Words by Reginald Heber.

Music by Lowell Mason.



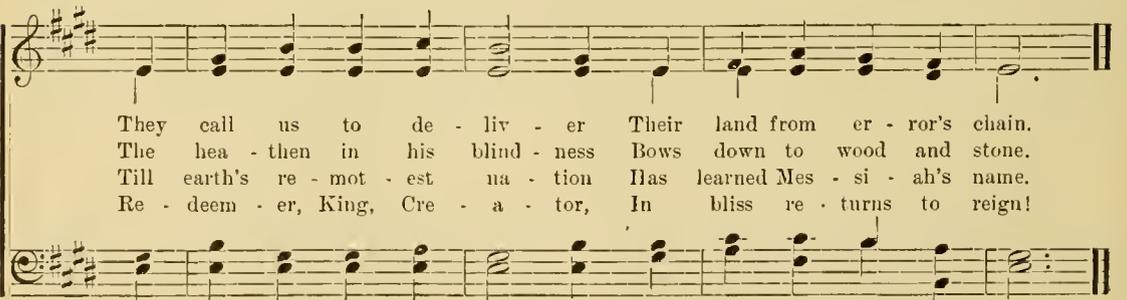
1. From Green-land's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,  
2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle;  
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high,  
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;  
Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;  
Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?  
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;



From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,  
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;  
Sal - va - tion! oh, sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,  
Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.  
The hea - then in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.  
Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.  
Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign!

# SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

Words by Geo. W. Doane.

Arranged from Carl Maria von Weber.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;  
 2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,  
 3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;  
 4. Thou who, sin less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.  
 Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.  
 Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.  
 Then, from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pit - ying eye.

# OLD HUNDRED.

Music by L. Bourgeois.

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice,  
 2. Know that the Lord is God in - deed; With - out our aid He did us make;  
 3. Oh, en - ter then His gates with joy, With - in His courts His praise pro - claim;  
 4. Be - cause the Lord our God is good, His mer - cy is for - ev - er sure;

*Doxology:*

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise Him, all crea - tures here be - low;

Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.  
 We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.  
 Let thank - ful songs your tongues em - ploy, Oh, bless and mag - ni - fy His name.  
 His truth at all times firm - ly stood, And shall from age to age en - dure.

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

# MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE!

Words by Samuel Francis Smith.

Music adapted by Henry Carey.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,  
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees  
 4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died; Land of the  
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and  
 Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that  
 To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free - dom's

pil - grim's pride; From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.  
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.  
 breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.  
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

## THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.—Chant.

A - MEN.

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

# HOLY GHOST, WITH LIGHT DIVINE.

Words by Andrew Reed.

Music by L. M. Gottschalk,  
Arr. by Hubert P. Main.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;  
 2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;  
 3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - dened heart of mine;  
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day,  
 Long hath sin, with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul,  
 Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound ed, bleed - ing heart,  
 Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su - preme and reign a - lone.

# JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

Words by Edward Hopper.

Music by John E. Gould.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea;  
*Fine.*

*D.C.—*Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.

Un - known waves be - fore me roll.... Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;  
*D.C. al. Fine.*

2 As a mother stills her child,  
 Thou canst hush the ocean wild;  
 Boisterous waves obey Thy will  
 When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"  
 Wondrous sovereign of the sea,  
 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,  
 And the fearful breakers roar  
 Twixt me and the peaceful rest,  
 Then, while leaning on Thy breast,  
 May I hear Thee say to me,  
 "Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

# JESUS! THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE.

Words tr. by Edward Caswall.

Music by John B. Dykes.

1. Je - sus! the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet - ness fills my breast;  
 2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find  
 3. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart! O joy of all the meek!  
 4. But what to those who find? Ah, this, Nor tongue nor pen can show;

But sweet - er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.  
 A sweet - er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav - iour of man - kind!  
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!  
 The love of Je - sus, what it is, None but His loved ones know.

# THERE IS A FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD.

Words by William Cowper.

Music by Hugh Wilson.

1. There is a foun - tain fill'd with blood Drawn from Em - man - uel's veins;  
 2. The dy - ing thief re - joic'd to see That foun - tain in his day;  
 3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre - cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,  
 4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,  
 5. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

And sin - ners plung'd be - neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.  
 And there may I, as vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way  
 Till all the ran - som'd Church of God Be sav'd to sin no more.  
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.  
 When this poor, lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue, Lies si - lent in the grave.

# SAVIOUR, BREATHE AN EVENING BLESSING.

Words by James Edmeston.

Music by Darius E. Jones.

1. Sav - iour, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;  
 2. Though de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Though the ar - rows past us fly,  
 3. Though the night be dark and drear - y, Dark - ness can - not hide from Thee;  
 4. Should swift death this night o'er - take us, And our couch be - come our tomb,

Sin and want we come eon - fess - ing: Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal,  
 An - gel guards from Thee sur - round us; We are safe, if Thou art nigh.  
 Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watch - est where Thy peo - ple be.  
 May the morn in heav'n a - wake us, Clad in light and death - less bloom.

# LORD, DISMISS US WITH THY BLESSING.

Words by James Fawcett.

1. { Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; }  
 { Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace; }

Oh, re - fresh us, oh, re - fresh us, Trav - 'ling thro' this wil - der - ness.

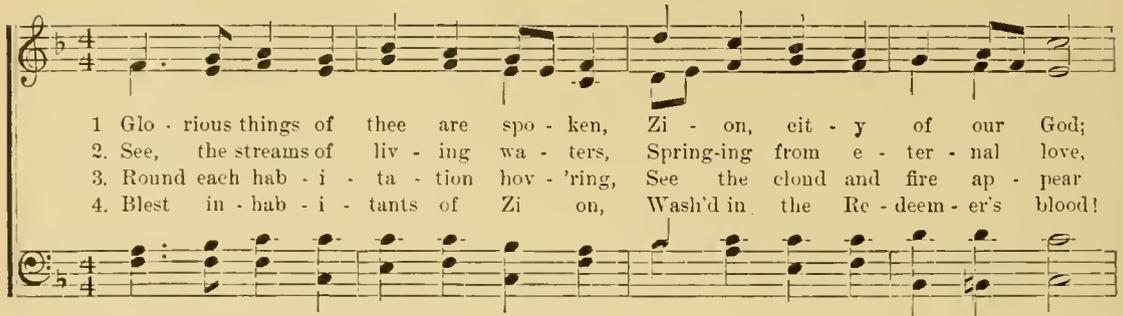
2 Thanks we give and adoration  
 For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;  
 May the fruits of Thy salvation  
 In our hearts and lives abound;  
 Ever faithful, ever faithful  
 To the truth may we be found!

3 So, when'er the signal's given  
 Us from earth to call away,  
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
 Glad the summons to obey,  
 May we ever, may we ever  
 Rise, and reign in endless day.

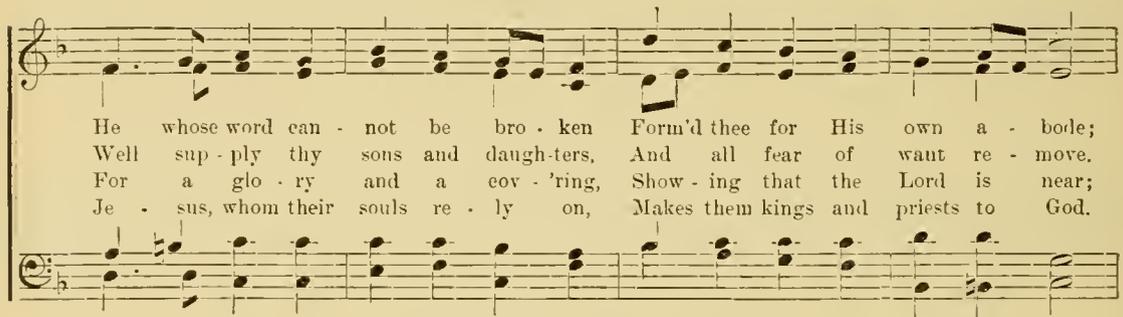
# GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN.

Words by John Newton.

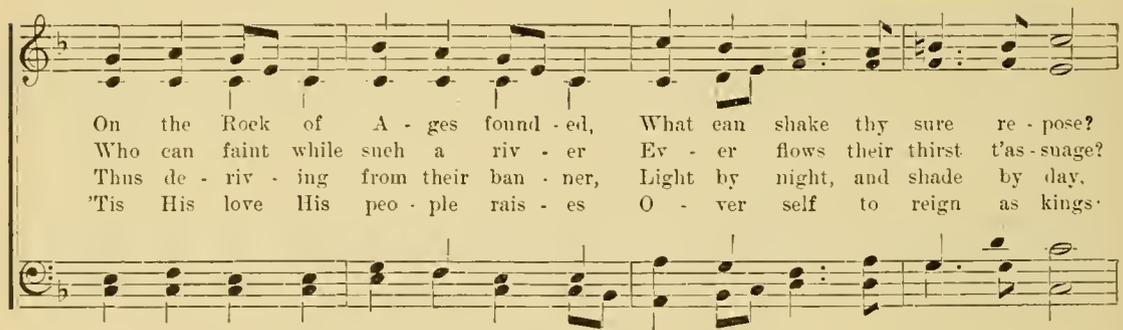
Music by Franz J. Haydn.



1 Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, eit - y of our God;  
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Spring - ing from e - ter - nal love,  
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov - 'ring, See the clond and fire ap - pear  
4. Blest in - hab - i - tants of Zi on, Wash'd in the Re - deem - er's blood!



He whose word can - not be bro - ken Form'd thee for His own a - bode;  
Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh - ters, And all fear of want re - move.  
For a glo - ry and a cov - 'ring, Show - ing that the Lord is near;  
Je - sus, whom their souls re - ly on, Makes them kings and priests to God.



On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?  
Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst t'as - suage?  
Thus de - riv - ing from their ban - ner, Light by night, and shade by day,  
'Tis His love His peo - ple rais - es O - ver self to reign as kings.



With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes,  
Grace which, like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.  
Safe they feed up - on the man - na Which He gives them when they pray.  
And as priests, His sol - emn prais - es Each for a thank - of - f'ring brings.

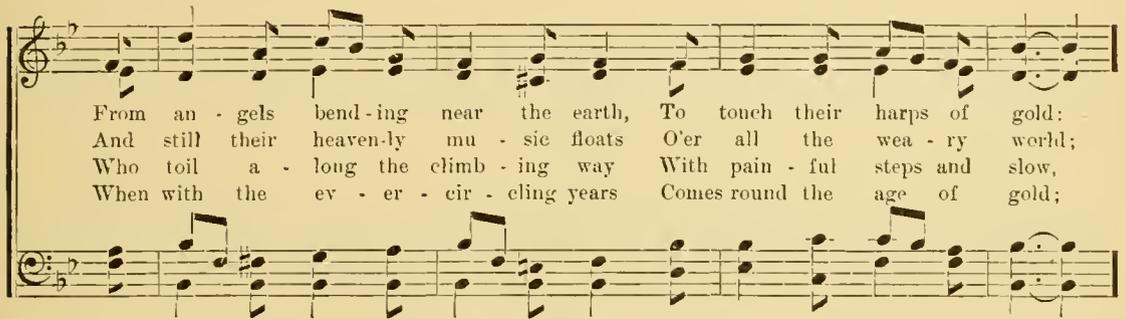
# IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR.

Words by Edwin H. Sears.

Music by R. S. Willis.



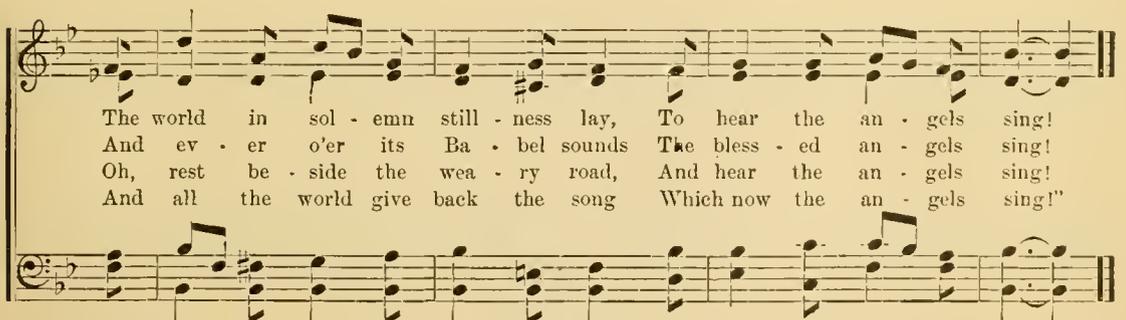
1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,  
2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled;  
3. And ye be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,  
4. For lo! the days are hast - 'ning on By proph - et - bards fore - told,



From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:  
And still their heaven - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;  
Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow,  
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold;



"Peace to the earth, good - will to men, From heaven's all - gra - cious King;"  
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hover - ing wing,  
Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing;  
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen - dors fling,



The world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing!  
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing!  
Oh, rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing!  
And all the world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing!"

# WE ARE WATCHING, WE ARE WAITING.

Words by Wm. O. Cushing.

Music by Geo. F. Root.

1. We are watch - ing, we are wait - ing, For the bright pro - phet - ic day:  
2. We are watch - ing, we are wait - ing, For the star that brings the day:  
3. We are watch - ing, we are wait - ing, For the beau - teous King of day:

When the shad - ows, wea - ry shad - ows, From the world shall roll a - way.  
When the night of sin shall van - ish, And the shad - ows melt a - way.  
For the Chief - est of ten thou - sand, For the Light, the Truth, the Way.

## CHORUS.

We are wait - ing for the morn - ing, When the beau - teous day is dawn - ing;

We are wait - ing for the morn - ing, For the gold - en spires of day.

Used by permission.

WE ARE WATCHING, WE ARE WAITING.

Lo! He comes! see the King draws near; Zi - on, shout! the Lord is here.

HOLY NIGHT! PEACEFUL NIGHT!

Words by J. Mohr.

Music by Franz Gruber.

1. Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! Thro' the dark - ness beams a light,  
 2. Si - lent night! ho - li - est night! Dark - ness flies and all is light!  
 3. Si - lent night! ho - li - est night! Guid - ing Star, O lend thy light!  
 4. Si - lent night! ho - li - est night! Won - drous Star, O lend thy light!

Yon - der, where they sweet vig - ils keep, O'er the Babe, who in si - lent sleep,  
 Shep - herds hear the an - gels sing: "Hal - le - lu - jah! hail the King!  
 See the east - ern wise men bring Gifts and hom - age to our King!  
 With the an - gels let us sing Hal - le - lu - jah to our King!

*Rallentando.*

Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace,  
 Je - sus the Sav - iour is here! Je - sus the Sav - iour is here!"  
 Je - sus the Sav - iour is here! Je - sus the Sav - iour is here!  
 Je - sus the Sav - iour is here! Je - sus the Sav - iour is here!

# THE PALMS.

Harmonized by Hubert P. Main.

J. Faure.

*Andante maestoso.* *cres.*

1. O'er all the way, green palms and blossoms gay Are strewn, this day, in festal  
 2. His word goes forth and peoples by its might Once more regain freedom from  
 3. Sing and rejoice, O blest Jerusalem, Of all thy sons, sing the e-

*a tempo.*

preparation; Where Jesus comes to wipe our tears away, E'en now the  
 degradation; Humanity doth give to each his right, While those in  
 mancipation; Thro' boundless love, the Christ of Bethlehem Brings faith and

*rall.* CHORUS.  
*a tempo.*

throng to welcome Him prepare. Join all and sing, His name declare,  
 darkness find restored the light. Join all and sing, His name declare,  
 hope to thee for evermore. Join all and sing, His name declare,

*cres.* *f* *ff* Ho - san - - - na!

Let ev'ry voice re-sound with acclamation: Praise ye the Lord, Oh,  
*ff*  
 Ho - san - - - na!

This arrangement used by permission.

## THE PALMS.

Prais'd be the Lord!

Praise the Lord! Bless Him who com-eth to bring us sal - va - tion!  
Prais'd be the Lord!

## WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS.

Words by Nicholas Tate.

Music by George F. Handel.

1. While shep - herds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed  
2. "Fear not," said he, — for might - y dread Had seized their  
3. "To you, in Da - vid's town, this day, Is born of  
4. "The heav'n - ly babe you there shall find, To hu man

on the ground, The an - gel of the Lord came down,  
trou - bled mind, — "Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring,  
Da - vid's line, ... The Sav - iour, who is Christ, the Lord,  
view dis - played, All mean - ly wrapped in swath - ing - bands,

And glo - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.  
To you and all man - kind, To you and all man - kind.  
And this shall be the sign, And this shall be the sign:  
And in a man - ger laid, And in a man - ger laid."

# MY DAYS ARE GLIDING SWIFTLY BY

Words by David Nelson.

Music by George F. Root.

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger,  
2. We'll gird our loins, my breth - ren dear, Our dis - tant home dis - cern - ing;  
3. Should com - ing days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing - ing;  
4. Let sor - row's rud - est tem - pest blow, Each chord on earth to sev - er,

Would not de - tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan - ger.  
Our ab - sent Lord has left us word, Let ev - 'ry lamp be burn - ing—  
That per - fect rest naught can mo - lest, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing.  
Our King says, "Come!" and there's our home, For - ev - er, oh! for ev - er!

## REFRAIN.

For oh! we stand on Jor - dan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver,

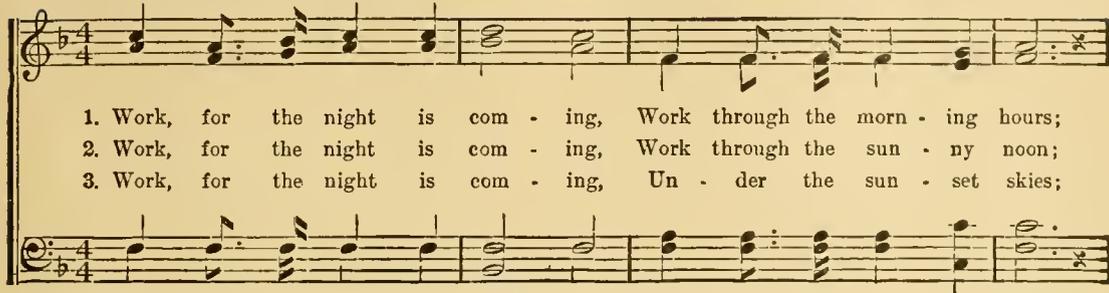
And just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

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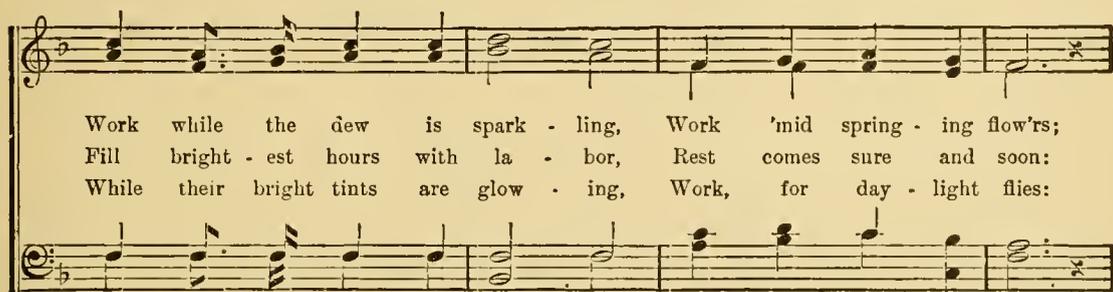
# WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

Words by Mrs. A. L. Coghill.

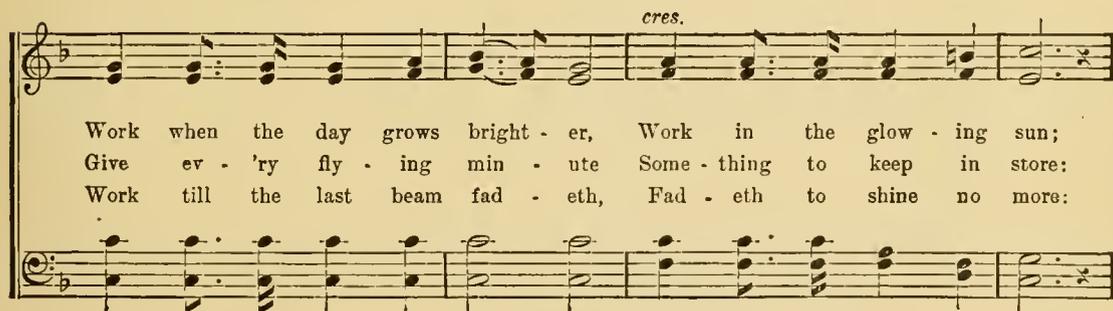
Music by Lowell Mason.



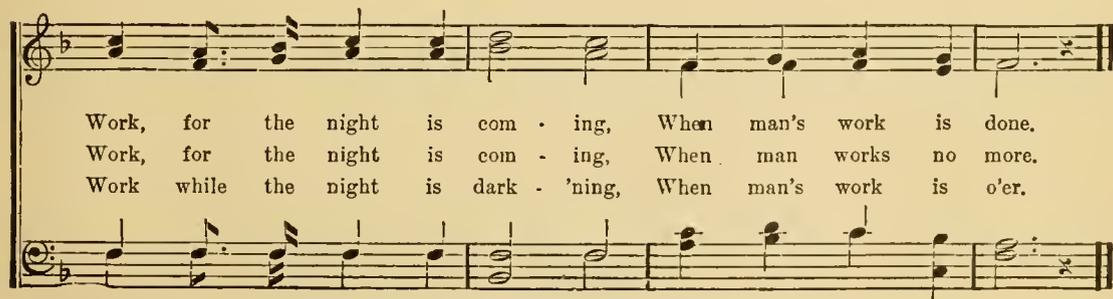
1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the morn - ing hours;  
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the sun - ny noon;  
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;



Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;  
Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon:  
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies:



*cres.*  
Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;  
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store:  
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more:

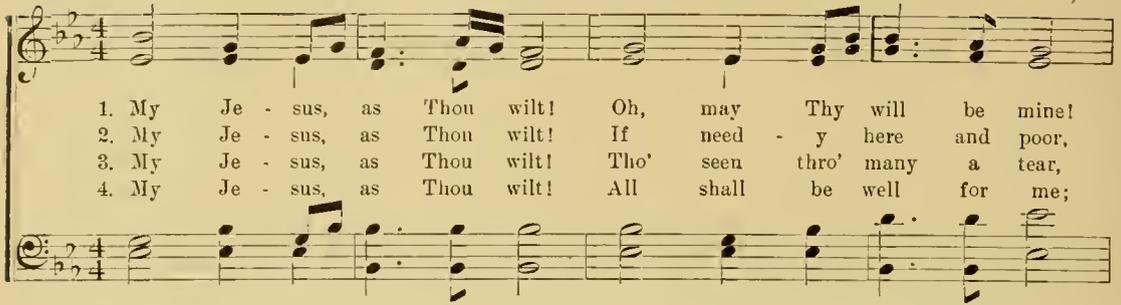


Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.  
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.  
Work while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.

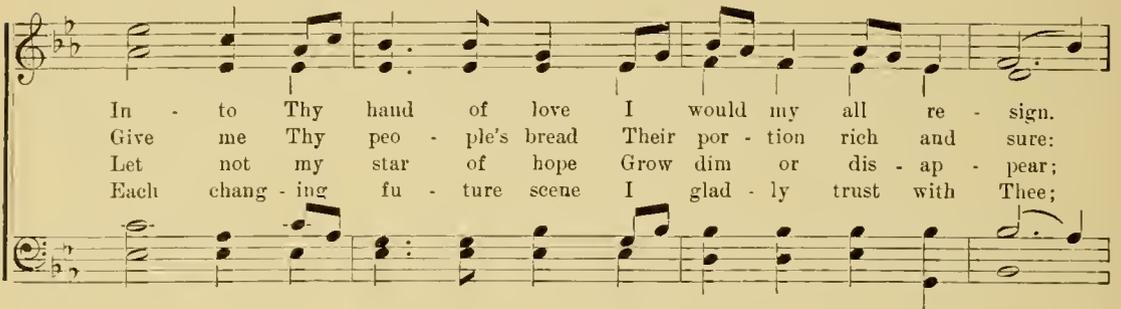
# MY JESUS, AS THOU WILT.

Words by Jane Borthwick.

Music by Carl M. von Weber.



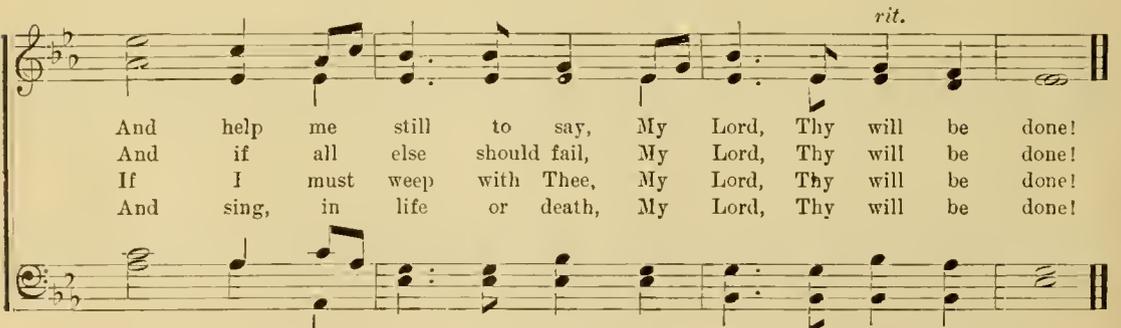
1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine!  
 2. My Je - sus, as Thon wilt! If need - y here and poor,  
 3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear,  
 4. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me;



In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign.  
 Give me Thy peo - ple's bread Their por - tion rich and sure:  
 Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear;  
 Each chang - ing fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee;



Through sor - row or through joy Con - duct me as Thine own,  
 The man - na of Thy word Let my soul feed up - on,  
 Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sor - rowed oft a - lone,  
 Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el calm - ly on,



And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!  
 And if all else should fail, My Lord, Thy will be done!  
 If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done!  
 And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done!

# JESUS, THE VERY THOUGHT IS SWEET.

Arranged from R. Schumann.

1. Je - sus! the ver - y thought is sweet, In that dear name all heart-joys meet; But,  
2. No word is sung more sweet than this, No sound is heard more full of bliss, No  
3. No tongue of mor - tal can ex - press, No pen can write the bless - ed - ness; He  
4. A - bide with us, O Lord, to - day; Ful - fil us with Thy grace, we pray; And

O! than hon - ey, sweet - er far The glimps - es of His pres - ence are.  
thought brings sweet - er com - fort nigh, Than Je - sus, Son of God most High.  
on - ly who hath prov'd it knows What bliss from love of Je - sus flows,  
with Thine own true sweet - ness feed Our souls, from sin and dark - ness freed.

# JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD, HEAR ME.

Words from Mary L. Duncan.

Music by J. B. Dykes.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;  
2. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;  
3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en, Bless the friends I love so well;

Thro' the dark - ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn - ing light.  
Thou hast cloth'd me, warm'd and fed me, List - en to my eve - ning pray'r.  
Take me, when I die, to heav - en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.

# DEPTH OF MERCY, CAN THERE BE.

Words by Charles Wesley.

Music by Ignace Pleyel.

1. Depth of mer - cy, can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?  
 2. I have long with - stood His grace, Long pro - voked Him to His face,  
 3. Kin - dled His re - lent - ings are, Me He now de - lights to spare;  
 4. There for me the Sav - iour stands, Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;

Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?  
 Would not heark - en to His calls, Griev'd Him by a thou - sand falls.  
 Cries, "How shall I give thee up?" Lets the lift - ed thun - der drop.  
 God is love: I know, I feel; Je - sus lives and loves me still.

# ART THOU WEARY?

Words by John M. Neale.

Music by Henry W. Baker.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?  
 2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?  
 3. Is there di - a - dem, as mon - arch, That His brow a - dorns?  
 4. If I find Him, if I fol - low, What His guer - don here?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and, com - ing, Be at rest."  
 "In His feet and hands are wound - prints, And His side."  
 "Yea, a crown, in ver - y sure - ty, But of thorns."  
 "Many a sor - row, many a la - bor, Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,  
 What hath He at last?  
 "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
 Jordan passed."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,  
 Will He say me nay?  
 "Not till earth and not till heaven  
 Pass away."

# JESUS CALLS US, O'ER THE TUMULT.

Words by Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

Music by I. B. Woodbury.

1. Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest - less sea;  
 2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold-en store;  
 3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,  
 4. Je - sus calls us! by Thy mer - cies, Sav - iour, may we hear Thy call;

Day by day His sweet voice sound - eth, Say - ing, "Christian, fol - low Me!"  
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Say - ing, "Christian love Me more!"  
 Still He calls, in cares and pleas - ures, "Christian, love Me more than these!"  
 Give our hearts to Thine o - be - dience, Serve and love Thee best of all!

# ON THE MOUNTAIN'S TOP APPEARING.

Words by Thos. Kelly.

Music by Thomas Hastings.

1. { On the mountain's top ap - pear - ing, Lol the sa - cred her - ald stands, } Mourning  
 { Welcome news to Zi - on bear - ing, Zi - on long in hos - tile lands. }

cap - tive, God Himself shall loose thy bands Mourning cap - tive, God Himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?  
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?  
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
 Cease thy mourning;  
 Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;  
 He Himself appears thy Friend;  
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;

Here their boasts and triumphs end;  
 Great deliverance  
 Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;  
 All thy warfare now is past;  
 God thy Saviour will defend thee;  
 Victory is thine at last;  
 All thy conflicts  
 End in everlasting rest.

# FATHER, WHATE'ER OF EARTHLY BLISS.

Words by Anne Steele.

Music by Lowell Mason.

1. Fa - ther, what - e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov - 'reign will de - nies,  
2. Give me a calm and thank - ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur - mur free;  
3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My path of life at - tend;

Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace Let this pe - ti - tion rise.  
The bless - ings of Thy grace im - part, And let me live to Thee.  
Thy pres - ence thro' my jour - ney shine, And crown my jour - ney's end.

## GLORIA PATRI.

Music by Henry W. Greatorex.

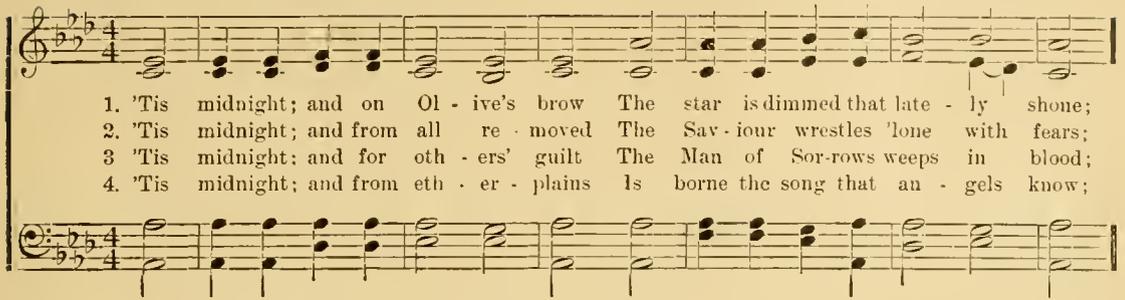
Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it

was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end; A - men, A - men.

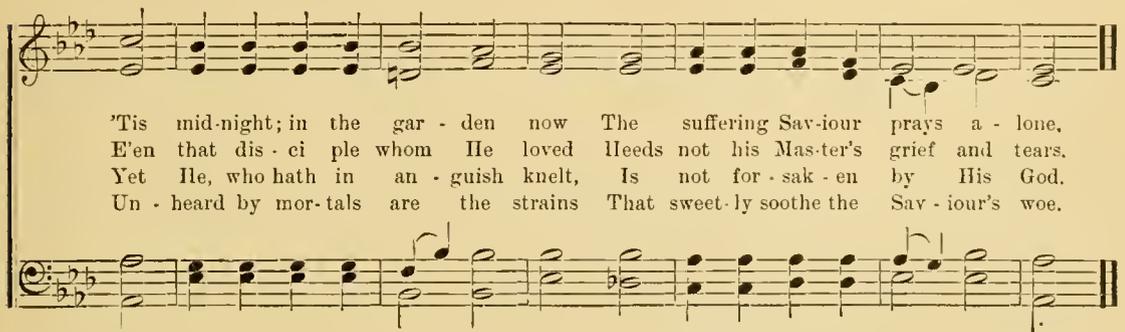
# 'TIS MIDNIGHT; AND ON OLIVE'S BROW.

Words by Wm. Bingham Tappan.

Music by Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that late - ly shone;  
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all re - moved The Sav - iour wrestles 'lone with fears;  
3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth - ers' guilt The Man of Sor - rows weeps in blood;  
4. 'Tis midnight; and from eth - er - plains Is borne the song that an - gels know;



'Tis mid - night; in the gar - den now The suffering Sav - iour prays a - lone,  
E'en that dis - ci - ple whom He loved Heeds not his Mas - ter's grief and tears,  
Yet He, who hath in an - guish knelt, Is not for - sak - en by His God.  
Un - heard by mor - tals are the strains That sweet - ly soothe the Sav - iour's woe.

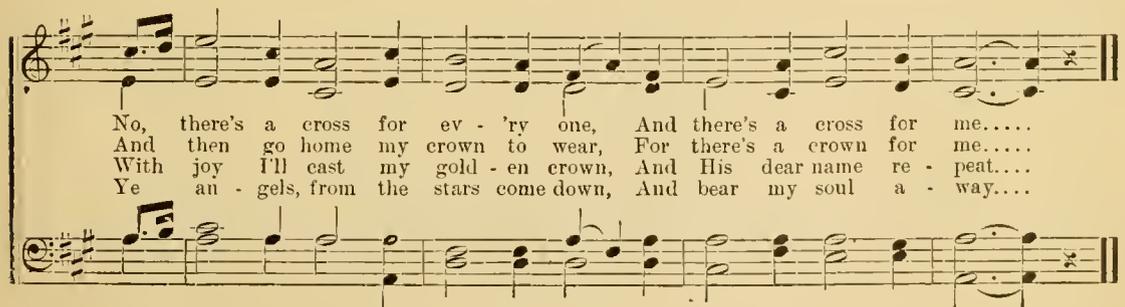
# CROSS AND CROWN.

Words by Thos. Shepherd.

Music by Geo. N. Allen.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free? ...  
2. The con - se - rat - ed cross I'll bear, 'Till death shall set me free; ...  
3. Up - on the crys - tal pave - ment, down At Je - sus' pier - ed fret, ...  
4. O pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - re - ction day! ...



No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me....  
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me....  
With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat....  
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way....

# THE HOME OVER THERE.

Words by D. W. C. Huntington.

Music by Tullius C. O'Kane.

1. Oh, think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of  
 2. Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour - ny have  
 3. My Sav - iour is now o - ver there, There my kin - dred and friends are at  
 4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ny I

light, Where the saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, Are  
 trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their  
 rest; Then a - way from my sor - row and care Let me  
 see; Ma - ny dear to my heart o - ver there Are  
 o - ver there,

## REFRAIN.

robed in their gar - ments of white, o - ver there. O - ver there, o - ver  
 home in the pal - ace of God, o - ver there. O - ver there, o - ver  
 fly to the land of the blest, o - ver there. O - ver there. o - ver  
 watch - ing and wait - ing for me, o - ver there. O - ver there, o - ver  
 o - ver there,

there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there, o - ver there; O - ver  
 there, Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, o - ver there; O - ver  
 there, My Sav - iour is now o - ver there, o - ver there; O - ver  
 there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, o - ver there; O - ver  
 o - ver there, o - ver there;

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## THE HOME OVER THERE.

there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there.  
there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the friends o - ver there.

o - ver there,

## GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

Words by Wm. Williams.

Music by Joseph P. Holbrook.

1. Guide me, O ... Thou great Je ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;  
2 O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing streams do flow;  
3. When I tread the veige of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side;

I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand;  
Let the fie - ry, cloud - y pil - tar Lead me all my jour - ney through;  
Death of death and hell's de - struc - tion Land me safe on Ca - naan's side;

Bread of heav - en, bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.  
Strong De - liv - 'rer, strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.  
Songs of prais - es, songs of prais - es, I will ev - er give to Thee.

# GIVE ME THE WINGS OF FAITH.

Words by I. Watts.

Arranged by Walter Kittredge.

SOLO.



1. Give me the wings of faith to rise With in the veil, and see The  
2. Once they were mourn-ers here be - low, And pour'd out cries and tears; They  
3. I asked them whence their vic - t'ry came: They, with u - nit - ed breath, A -



saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.  
wres - tled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.  
scribe their con - quest to the Lamb, Their tri - umph to His death.

CHORUS.



Ma - ny are the friends who are wait - ing to - day, Hap - py on the gold - en strand,



Ma - ny are the voic - es call - ing us a - way, To join their glo - rious band.



*Repeat pp*



Call - ing us a - way, Call - ing us a - way, Call - ing to the bet - ter land.



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# MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

Words by Rev. Ray Palmer.

Music by Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me  
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart, My zeal in - spire! As Thou hast  
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark - ness  
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour,

while I pray; Take all my guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine! died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be - A liv - ing fire! turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a side. then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove - A ran - somed soul.

# NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

Words by Sabine Baring-Gould.

Music by J. Barnby.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,.....  
 2. Now the dark - ness gath - ers, Stars be - gin to peep,.....  
 3. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose,.....  
 4. Thro' the long night watch - es May Thine an - gels spread.....  
 5. When the morn - ing wa - kens, Then may I a - rise.....  
 6. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son,.....

Shad - ows of the ev - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.  
 Birds and beasts and flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep.  
 With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing, May our eye - lids close.  
 Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.  
 Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.  
 And to Thee, blest Spir - it, Whilst all a - ges run.

ev - 'ning steal a - cross the sky.

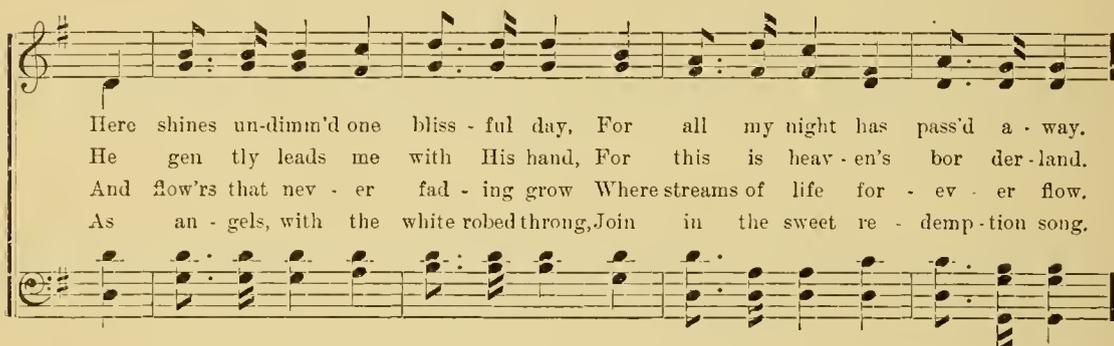
# BEULAH LAND.

Words by Edgar Page Stites.

Music by Jno. R. Sweney.



1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free ty mine;  
2. The Sav iour comes and walks with me, And sweet com - mun - ion here have we;  
3. A sweet per - fume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er ver - nal trees,  
4. The zeph - yrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of heav - en's mel - o - dy,

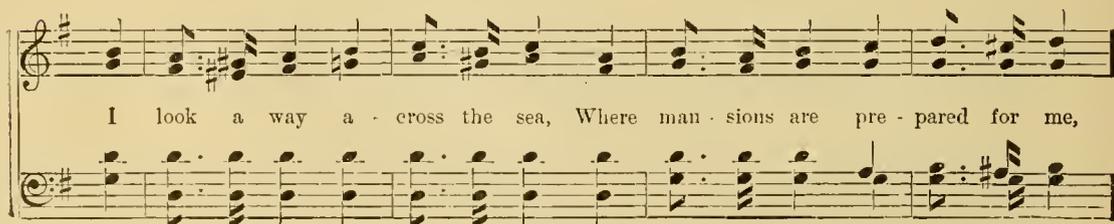


Here shines un - dimm'd one bliss - ful day, For all my night has pass'd a - way.  
He gen tly leads me with His hand, For this is heav - en's bor der - land.  
And flow'rs that nev - er fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.  
As an - gels, with the white robed throng, Join in the sweet re - demp - tion song.

## CHORUS.



O Ben - lah land, sweet Ben - lah land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,



I look a way a - cross the sea, Where man - sions are pre - pared for me,

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## BEULAH LAND.

And view the shin - ing glo - ry shore, My heav'n, my home for ev - er - more.

## ROCK OF AGES.

Words by Augustus M. Toplady.

Music by Thomas Hastings.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;  
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,  
 3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

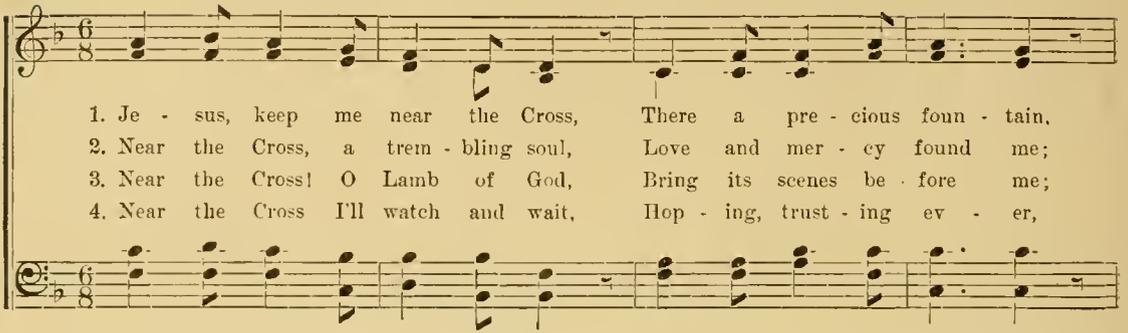
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed  
 These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:  
 When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.  
 In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.  
 Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

# NEAR THE CROSS.

Words by Fanny J. Crosby.

Music by W. H. Doane.



1. Je - sus, keep me near the Cross,      There a pre - cious foun - tain,  
2. Near the Cross, a trem - bling soul,      Love and mer - cy found me;  
3. Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,      Bring its scenes be - fore me;  
4. Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,      Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,



Free to all— a heal - ing stream,      Flows from Cal - vary's moun - tain.  
There the Bright and Morn - ing Star      Sheds its beams a - round me.  
Help me walk from day to day,      With its shad - ows o'er me.  
Till I reach the gold - en strand,      Just be - yond the riv - er.

## CHORUS.



In the Cross, in the Cross, Be my glo - ry ev - - er;



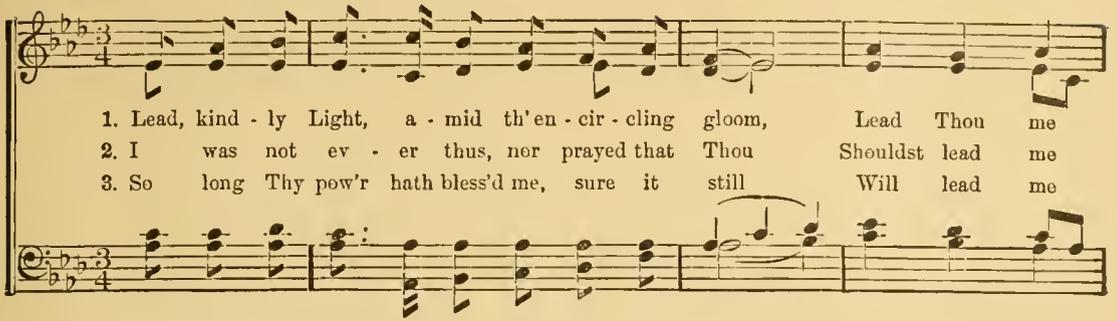
Till my rap - tured soul shall find      Rest be - yond the riv - er.

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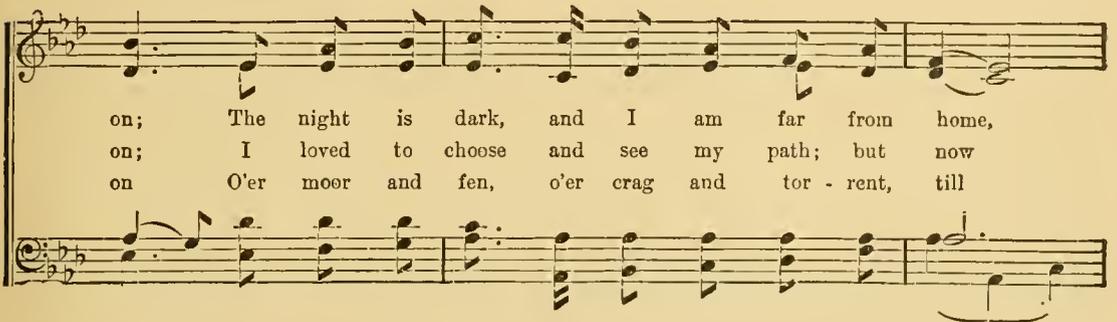
# LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Words by Rev. John Henry Newman.

Music by Rev. J. B. Dykes.



1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me  
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me  
3. So long Thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me



on; The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till



Lead Thou me on.... Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to  
Lead Thou me on.... I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of  
The night is gone.. And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces



see..... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me...  
fears..... Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not.... past years..  
smile..... Which I have loved long since, and lost.... a - while..

# WONDERFUL WORDS OF LIFE.

Words and music by P. P. Bliss.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of  
2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all Won - der - ful words of  
3. Sweet ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of

Life; Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of  
Life; Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of  
Life; Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of

Life. Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty.  
Life. All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.  
Life. Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.

1st. 2d.  
Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life. Life.

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# NEARER THE CROSS!

Words by Fanny J. Crosby.

Music by Phœbe P. Knapp.

1. "Near - er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the  
2. Near - er the Chris - tian's mer - cy - seat, I am com - ing near - er; Feast - ing my  
3. Near - er in pray'r my hope as - pires, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the

cross from day to day, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the cross where  
soul on man - na sweet, I am com - ing near - er; Stron - ger in faith, more  
love my soul de sires, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the end of

Je - sus died, Near - er the foun - tain's crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav - iour's  
clear I see Je - sus who gave Him - self for me; Near - er to Him I  
toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near - er the crown I

wound - ed side, I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er,  
still would be; Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er,  
soon shall wear; I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

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# THE GATE AJAR FOR ME.

Words by Lydia Baxter.

Music by S. J. Vail.

1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And through its por - tals gleam ing,  
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek through it sal - va - tion;  
3. Press on - ward then, though foes may frown, While mer - cy's gate is o - pen;  
4. Be - yond the riv - er's brink we'll lay The cross that here is giv - en,

A ra - diance from the Cross a - far, The Sav - iour's love re - veal - ing.  
The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.  
Ac - cept the cross, and win the crown, Love's ev - er - last - ing to - ken.  
And bear the crown of life a - way, And love Him more in heav - en.

## REFRAIN.

Oh, depth of mer - cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?

For me,..... for me?..... Was left a - jar for me?....  
For me, for me;

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# ABIDE WITH ME.

Words by Henry Francis Lyte.

Music by William Henry Monk.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bide!  
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;  
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ir - g hour, What but Thy grace can foil the temp - ter's pow'r?  
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me!  
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!  
Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me!  
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

# JUST AS I AM.

Words by Charlotte Elliott.

Music by Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not, To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
3. Just as I am, though tossed a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!  
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!  
Fight - ings and fears with - in, with - out, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

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

# IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL.

Words by H. G. Spafford.

Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows, like  
 2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should come, Let this blest as -  
 3. My sin - oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous thought—My sin, not in  
 4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled

sea - bil - lows, roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to  
 sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es -  
 part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no  
 back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound, and the Lord shall de -

CHORUS.

It is well.....

say, It is well, it is well with my soul. It is  
 late, And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is  
 more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul! It is  
 scend, "E - ven so"—it is well with my soul. It is

..... with my soul,.....  
 well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

# IN THE SWEET BY AND BY.

Words by S. Fillmore Bennett.

Music by Joseph P. Webster.

*With feeling.*

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

far, For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwell - ing place there,  
 blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the blessings of rest.  
 praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the blessings that hal - low our days!

By and by,

CHORUS.

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

by and by, by and by, by and by,

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

by and by, by and by,

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# SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?

Words by Horace L. Hastings.

Music by Elihu S. Rice.

*Moderato.*

1. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?  
2. Shall we meet in that blest har - bor, When our storn - y voyage is o'er?  
3. Shall we meet in you - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of erys - tal shine?  
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Sav - iour, When He comes to claim His own?

Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?  
Shall we meet and cast the anch or By the fair, ee - les - tial shore?  
Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work - man - ship di - vine?  
Shall we know His bless - ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?

CHORUS.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er?

Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?

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# WE SHALL MEET BEYOND THE RIVER.

Words by John Atkinson.

Music by Hubert P. Main.

1. We shall meet be - yond the riv - er, By and by,... by and by;  
 2. We shall strike the harps of glo - ry, By and by,... by and by;

And the dark - ness shall be o - ver, By and by,... by and by;  
 We shall sing re - demp - tion's sto - ry, By and by,... by and by;

With the toil - some jour - ney done, And the glo - rious bat - tle won,  
 And the strains for ev - er - more Shall re - sound in sweet - ness o'er

We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by,... by and by.  
 You - der ev - er - last - ing shore, By and by,... by and by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus,  
 By and by, by and by;  
 Who a crown of life will give us,  
 By and by, by and by;  
 And the angels who fulfil  
 All the mandates of His will  
 Shall attend, and love us still,  
 By and by, by and by.

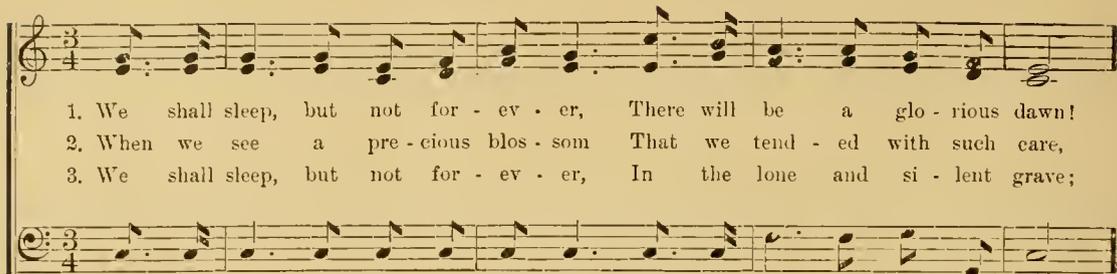
4 There our tears shall all cease flowing,  
 By and by, by and by;  
 And with sweetest rapture knowing,  
 By and by, by and by;  
 All the blest ones, who have gone  
 To the land of life and song,—  
 We with shoutings shall rejoin,  
 By and by, by and by.

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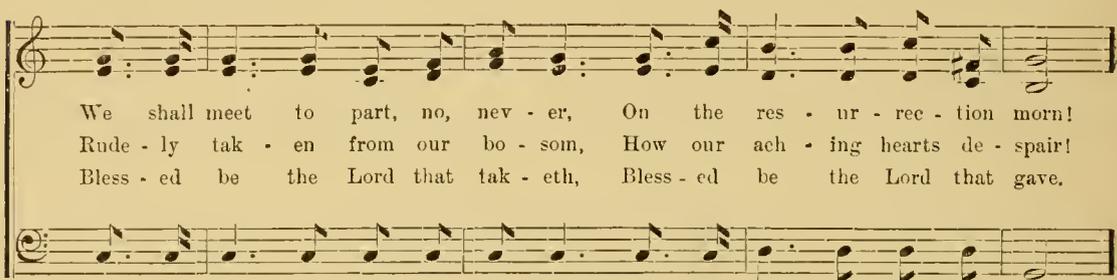
# WE SHALL SLEEP, BUT NOT FOREVER.

Words by Mary A. Kidder.

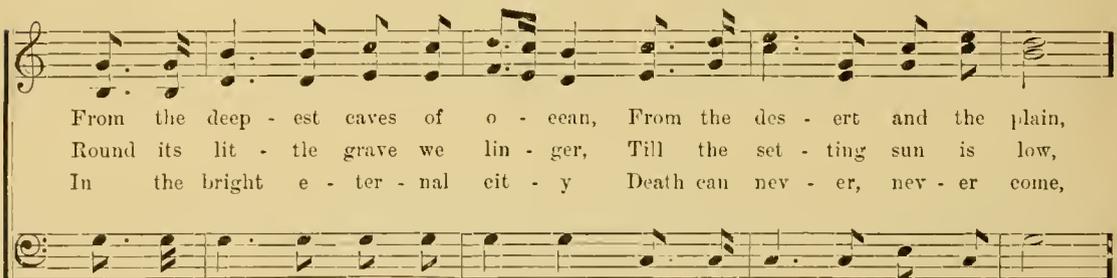
Music by S. J. Vail.



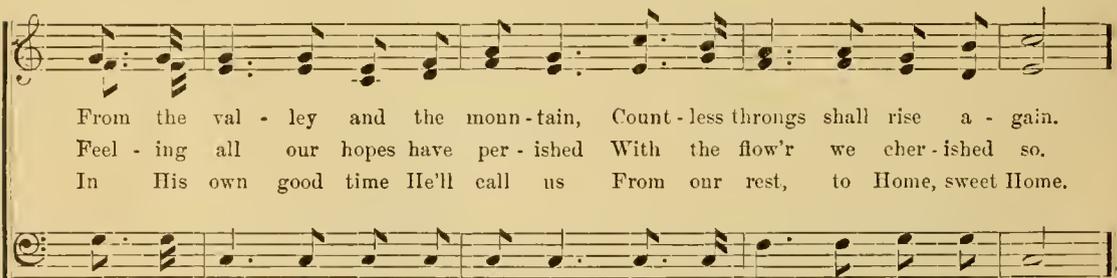
1. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glo - rious dawn!  
2. When we see a pre - cious blos - som That we tend - ed with such care,  
3. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, In the lone and si - lent grave;



We shall meet to part, no, nev - er, On the res - ur - rec - tion morn!  
Rude - ly tak - en from our bo - som, How our ach - ing hearts de - spair!  
Bless - ed be the Lord that tak - eth, Bless - ed be the Lord that gave.



From the deep - est caves of o - cean, From the des - ert and the plain,  
Round its lit - tle grave we lin - ger, Till the set - ting sun is low,  
In the bright e - ter - nal cit - y Death can nev - er, nev - er come,



From the val - ley and the monn - tain, Count - less throngs shall rise a - gain.  
Feel - ing all our hopes have per - ished With the flow'r we cher - ished so.  
In His own good time He'll call us From our rest, to Home, sweet Home.

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## WE SHALL SLEEP, BUT NOT FOREVER.

*p* CHORUS. *cres.*

We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glo - rious dawn;  
 We shall meet to part, no, nev - er, On the res - ur - rec - tion morn!

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a chorus marking. The second system ends with a double bar line.

## GOD IS LOVE, HIS MERCY BRIGHTENS.

Words by John Bowring.

Music by Ithamar Conkey.

1. God is love; His mer - cy bright - ens All the path in which we rove;  
 2. Chance and change are bu - sy ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move;  
 3. E'en the hour that dark - est seem - eth Will His change - less good - ness prove;  
 4. He with earth - ly ea - res en - twin - eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove;

Bliss He wakes and woe He light - ens: God is wis - dom, God is love.  
 But His mer - cy wan - eth nev - er: God is wis - dom, God is love.  
 From the gloom His bright - ness stream - eth: God is wis - dom, God is love.  
 Ev - ery - where His glo - ry shin - eth: God is wis - dom, God is love.

The musical score is in 3/4 time. It features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are arranged in four numbered lines, followed by a four-line refrain. The score concludes with a double bar line.

# THE HOMELAND! O THE HOMELAND!

Words by Hugh R. Harweis.

Music by Arthur Sullivan.

1. The Home - land! O the Home - land! The land of souls free - born!  
2. My Lord is in the Home - land, With an - gels bright and fair;  
3. For loved ones in the Home - land Are wait - ing me to come

No gloom - y night is known there, But aye the fade - less morn;  
No sin - ful thing nor e - vil, Can ev - er en - ter there;  
Where neith - er death nor sor - row In - vade their ho - ly home;

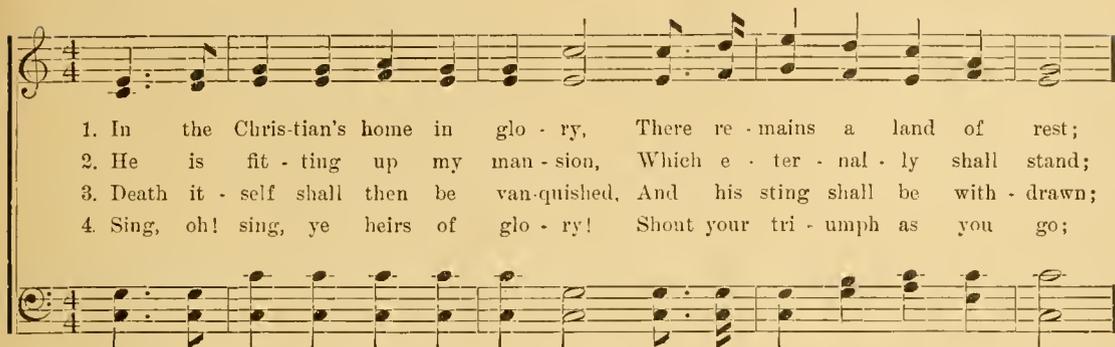
I'm sigh - ing for that Coun - try, My heart is ach - ing here;  
The mu - sic of the ran - somed Is ring - ing in my ears,  
O dear, dear na - tive Coun - try! O rest and peace a - bove!

There is no pain in the Home - land, To which I'm draw - ing near.  
And when I think of the Home - land, My eyes are wet with tears.  
Christ bring us all to the Home - land Of His e - ter - nal love.

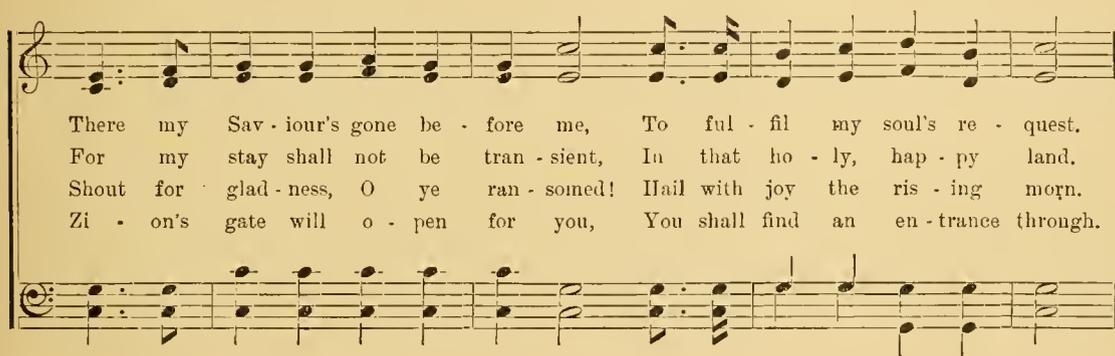
# IN THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME IN GLORY.

Words by Samuel Young Harmer.

Music by William McDonald.

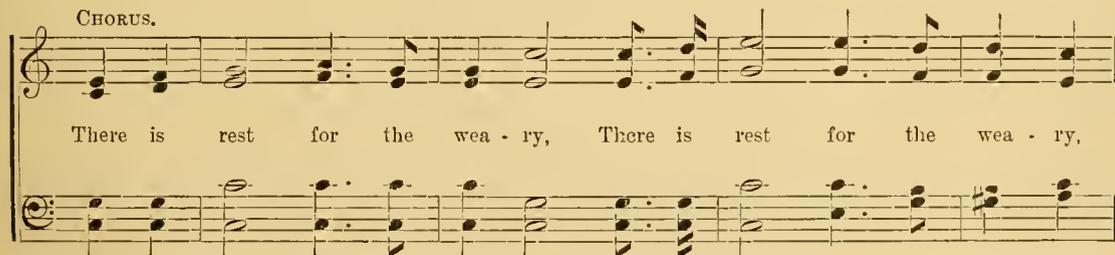


1. In the Chris-tian's home in glo - ry, There re - mains a land of rest;  
2. He is fit - ting up my man - sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand;  
3. Death it - self shall then be van-quished, And his sting shall be with - drawn;  
4. Sing, oh! sing, ye heirs of glo - ry! Shout your tri - umph as you go;

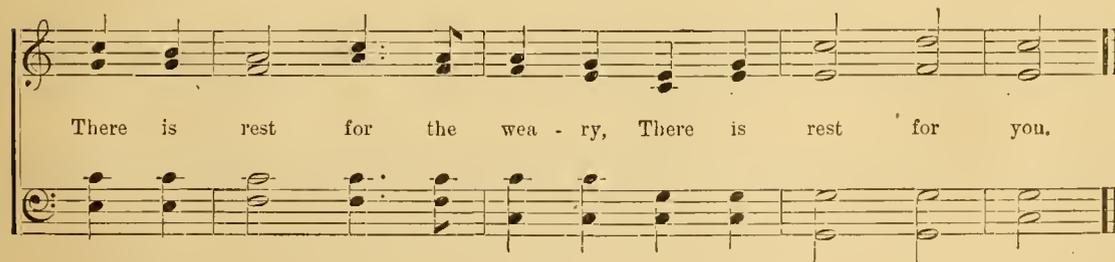


There my Sav - iour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fil my soul's re - quest.  
For my stay shall not be tran - sient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land.  
Shout for glad - ness, O ye ran - somed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.  
Zi - on's gate will o - pen for you, You shall find an en - trance through.

CHORUS.



There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,



There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you.

# GOD BE WITH YOU.

Words by J. E. Rankin.

Music by William G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels guide, up - hold you,  
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings pro - tect - ing hide you,  
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick con - found you,  
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban - ner float - ing o'er you,

With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Put His arms un - fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Smite death's threaten - ing wave be - fore you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

## REFRAIN.

Till we meet,..... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;

Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,

Till we meet,..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

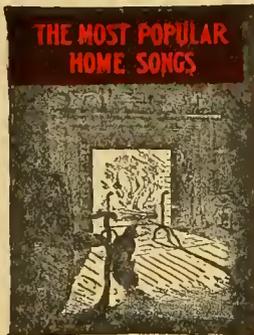
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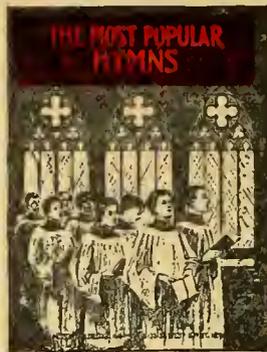
# THE "MOST POPULAR" MUSIC FOLIOS

Published by Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, 31-33-35 West 15th Street, New York City

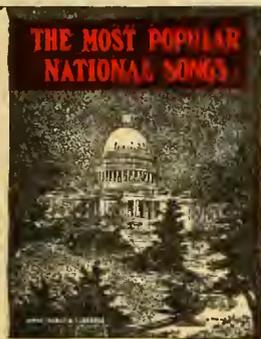
A happy inspiration seems to have guided the work of the compilers of the "Most Popular" music books. In no series of books does the choice from the great mass of material available betray such excellence of judgment and such nicety of distinction between what should be and what should not be included.



A collection containing one hundred and thirty-five of the old, familiar and favorite songs which seem to be in themselves a part of American home life. The varied contents including songs of sacred, sentimental, humorous, plantation, pathetic and patriotic character, include every really "popular" home song, and the folio is one which cannot be spared in any home where music plays a part in recreative hours. Price 50 Cents.



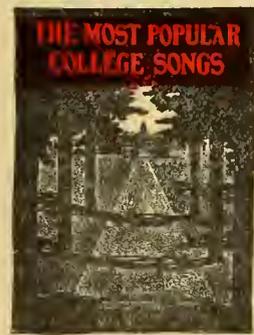
This book contains the words and music of hymns like Nearer My God to Thee, Rock of Ages, Lead Kindly Light, Almost Persuaded, I Need Thee Every Hour, In the Sweet Bye and Bye and over 100 others that we all know. Not one of the really popular hymns has been omitted as a glance at the list of contents will show. The music is arranged so that every one can take part in the singing. No collection like this has ever been published for general use. Price 50 cents.



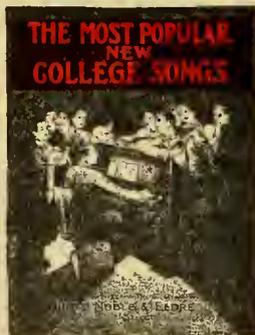
Within the covers of this folio have been brought together the one hundred or more songs which are most closely identified with and loved by the American people. The songs have been classified under different headings such as "Songs of Patriotism," "National Hymns," "Songs of Loyalty and Sentiment;" and a special supplement has been included containing the National songs of other nations. Price 50 cents.



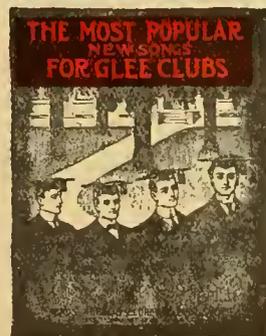
As indicated by its title this folio consists of over eighty beautiful sentimental songs gathered from the music of all nations whose system of musical notation is identical with ours. The contents is of an extremely varied character, including deeply sentimental songs and also compositions in lighter vein. No more ideal collection could be possibly imagined and it will in every way satisfy the lover of good vocal music. Price 50 cents.



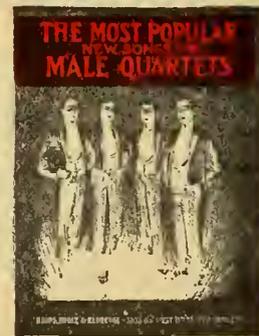
A collection of 125 college songs which include not only all the old favorites, but also many new ones which have come into vogue during the past few years. Another special feature is the addition of a supplement containing the typical songs of the most prominent American Universities and Colleges, such as Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, Columbia, Univ. of Penna., Ohio State Univ., Univ. of Michigan, Univ. of Chicago., Univ. of Illinois, Univ. of California and many others. Price 50 cents.



For a long time the college boys and college girls have been asking the publishers to collect and publish under one cover the most popular of the new college songs. The songs in this collection have been selected from songs of the Northern, Southern, Eastern and Western colleges and include a new college medley, three new boating songs, several new banquet songs and a number of beautiful serenades. Price 50 cents.



More than 20 humorous hits in addition to many others of a sentimental and serious nature including a number of splendid encore songs. When you purchase this book don't fail to try "The Good, Bad Little Boy," "The Lion Visits the Barber," "If We Didn't Have to Eat," "Stop That, John" and "The New Medley." This collection might well be called The Most Popular Glee Club Songs. Every song is a "winner." Price 50 cents.

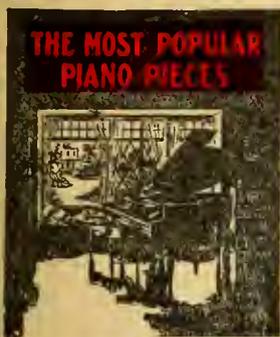


Thirty absolutely new songs mostly secular but a few sacred ones by such well-known composers as Horatio Parker, Geo. B. Nevin, Henry C. Hadley, R. W. Atkinson, W. B. Olds, Walter Howe Jones and others. The vocal parts are simple, yet effectively arranged. Although all the songs have been selected with special reference to their suitability for four voices there are many of them which can be used with good effect by male choruses. Price 50 cents.

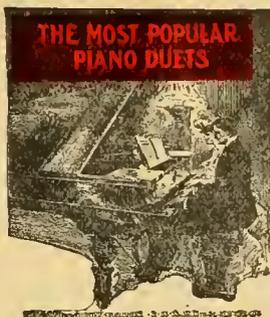
# THE "MOST POPULAR" MUSIC FOLIOS

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A collection of 35 standard piano pieces arranged and in some instances simplified by the famous American composer and musician George Rosey, intended especially for the use of second and third year piano students, and for the use of amateurs who wish to have good piano music which they can play without any great degree of technical ability. The contents includes a wide variety of compositions and is of such a nature as to appeal to every lover of piano music. Price 75 cents.



A collection of 19 piano classics arranged for four hands by the celebrated American composer and musician George Rosey. These arrangements are extremely effective and original, being different in the effect they produce upon the listener from any other published before. A wide variety has been carried out in the contents so that this folio will appeal to both lovers of semi-popular and strictly classical music. Price 75 cents.



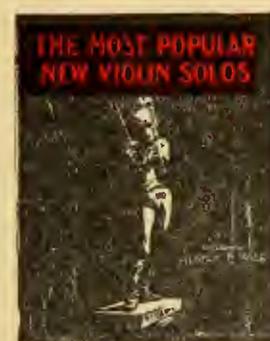
This collection will fill a niche quite of its own in musical literature as being the only folio of standard dance music which can lay claim to being complete. An even casual glance at the contents cannot fail to convince the lover of piano music in the lighter vein, that it is the ideal collection of piano dance music, including every known style of dance, in each case represented by a composition from the pen of some past master of dance music composition. Price 75 cents.



This collection will appeal most to lovers of gems from the operas through the fact that it is complete in every respect, and contains all the favorite standard operas including selections from Contes D'Hoffman, Lakme, Eugene Onegin, etc. The melodies selected are the ones with which everybody is familiar and the arrangements and modern fingering are special features which will appeal to the intelligent lover of the piano. Price 75 cents.



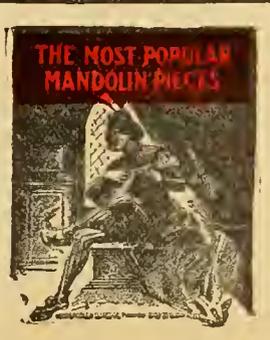
This collection of 29 pieces for Violin, is regarded by violin teachers and students as being universally popular. While it is an admirable solo collection for any violinist, it has been made specially inviting to those whose musical attainments are moderate, by the fact that the violin part is written entirely in the 1st position. The entire collection is carefully bowed and fingered. Violin with Piano Accom. 75 cents. Violin, Cello and Piano \$1.00. Violin, Flute and Piano, \$1.00. Violin, Flute, Cello and Piano \$1.25.



This collection of 17 pieces has been published to supply a long-felt want experienced by many violinists. The pieces in this book are mainly arrangements of famous piano compositions by celebrated composers, although there are three entirely new and original compositions contained in same. Both the Violin and Piano parts are moderately difficult, but will be found within the range of every advanced player. Violin with Piano Accom. 75 cents.



This is a collection of twenty-eight beautiful compositions, especially adapted and arranged for cornet solo with piano accompaniment by W. Paris Chambers. The very fact that Mr. Chambers, famous as a virtuoso and musician, has arranged the music, will be a sufficient guarantee to any cornetist, of the excellence of this folio. Particular attention is drawn to the infinitely great variety of the contents, making the collection one that will be useful on every occasion. Price (Cornet with Piano Accom.) 75 cents.



A collection which cannot fail to call forth unqualified approval from players of the Mandolin because it is the first attempt on the part of any publisher to give Mandolinists a collection of standard music carefully arranged and adapted to the Mandolin. The arrangements are ideal, in that, they are strictly in the 1st position and therefore within the grasp of every amateur. Prices, 1st Mandolin 40 cents; 2nd Mandolin 40 cents; Guitar Accom. 40 cents; Piano Accom. 50 cents.

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