

THE

S T A R R Y C R O W N :

FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

BY ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

SINGER'S GLEN,
ROCKINGHAM CO., VIRGINIA,
PUBLISHED BY PUEBACH, KIEFFER & CO.

(18)

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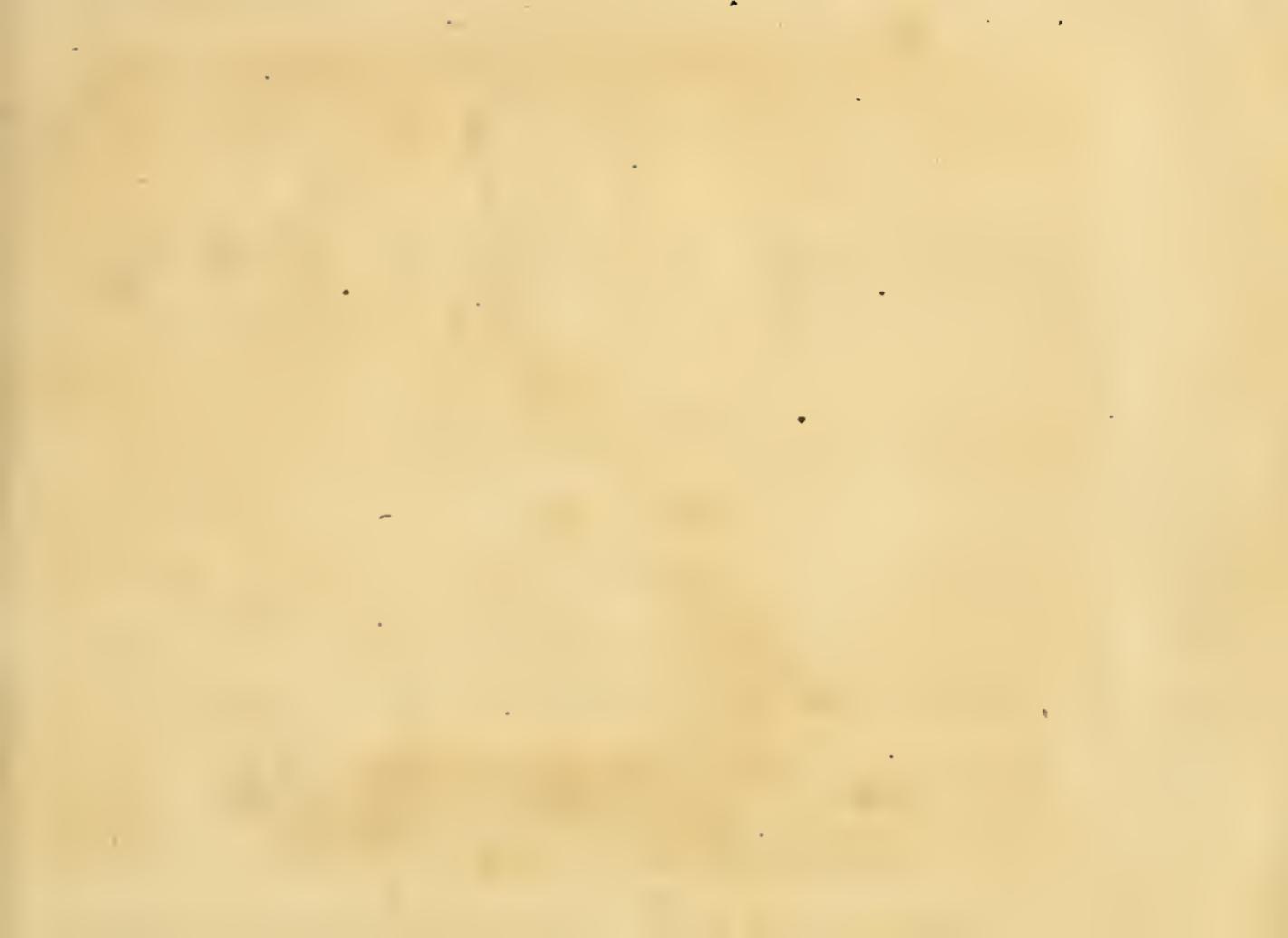
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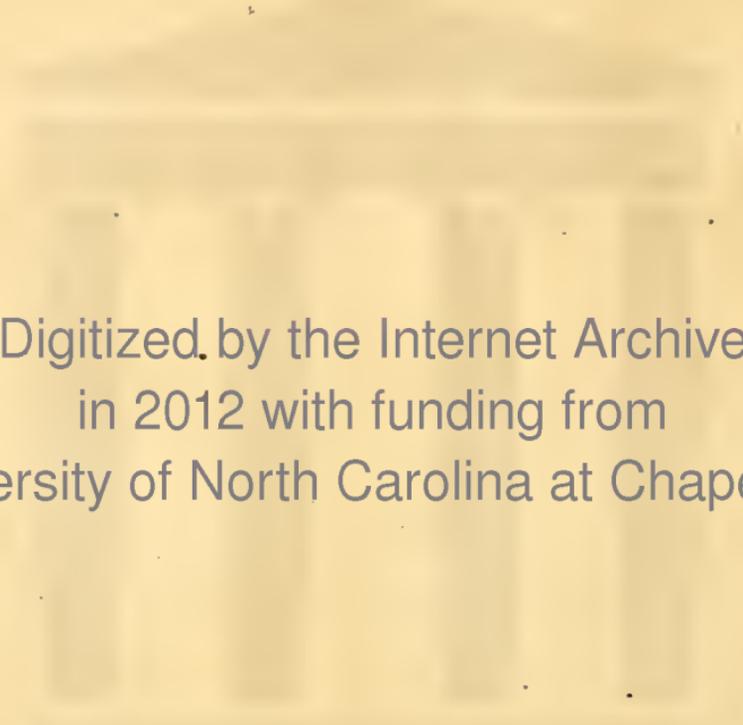
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THE
STARRY CROWN:
FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

EDITED BY

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

Third Edition.

SINGER'S GLEN,
ROCKINGHAM CO., VIRGINIA.
PUBLISHED BY RUEBUSH, KIEFFER & CO.

[1875.]

PREFACE.

ABOUT two years ago the editor of these pages conceived the idea of preparing a series of **STAR SONGSTERS**, to be issued as opportunity might present or occasion demand. To this end he solicited the assistance of those who were known to be friendly to Character Notes, to contribute to its pages.

The object was to continue the series of Songsters until a sufficient number had been published to form a respectable volume, and then to bind the parts into one book for the use of Sunday Schools, thus securing a book of Sabbath School tunes which had been carefully prepared and tested.

The first of the series was **THE MORNING STAR SONGSTER**, which has enjoyed an unusually large sale. This was quickly followed by **THE EVENING STAR**, **THE DAY STAR**, **THE SILVER STAR**, **THE GOLDEN STAR**, the whole of which are combined in this volume—with thirty-two additional pages of attractive music, the larger part of which has been prepared expressly for it.

The editor renders his thanks to Wyatt Minshall, Jno. O. Spurgeon, Rev. C. M. Hott, G. R. Street, and T. C. O'Kane for their beautiful compositions, and presents the book to the public, trusting to receive for it whatever consideration its merits may entitle it to.

With the hope that it may do good, and that its songs may cheer the heavenward pilgrim, I send it on its mission in the Sabbath Schools.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

June 10th, 1874.

THE STARRY CROWN.

THE STARRY CROWN.

A. S. KIEFFER.



1 How sweet will be the wel - come home When this short life is o'er, } When we shall wear the
When pain and sor - row, care and grief Shall dwell with us no more. }

2 When we that bright and heavenly land, With spir - it eyes shall see, } When we shall wear the
And join the ho - ly an - gel band, In praise, dear Lord, of thee. }



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

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

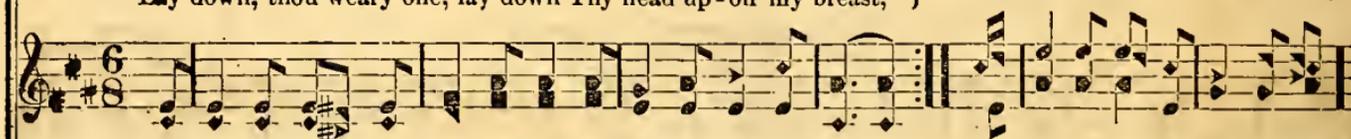
3 O may we live while here below,
In view of that blest day,
When God's bright angels shall come down,
To bear our souls away!—CHO.

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

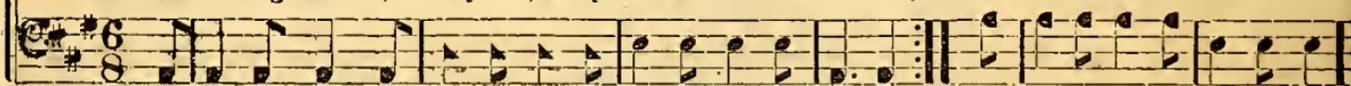
THE VOICE OF JESUS:

Moderato.

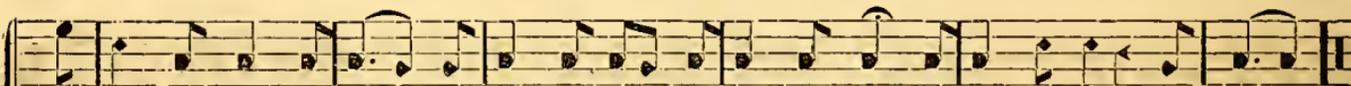
1 I heard the voice of Je-sus say,—“Come unto me and rest,
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head up-on my breast,” } I came to Je-sus as I was,



2 I heard the voice of Je-sus say,—“Behold, I free-ly give
The liv-ing wa-ter, thirst-y one, Stoop down and drink and live.” } I came to Je-sus, and I drank



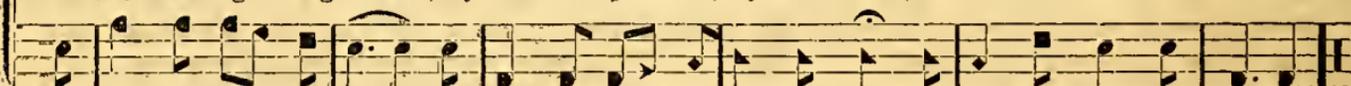
3 I heard the voice of Je-sus say,—“I am this dark world's light ;
Look un-to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright.” } I looked to Je-sus, and I found



Wea-ry and worn and sad, I found in Him a rest-ing place, And he hath made me glad.



Of that life-giv-ing stream ; My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in him.



In him, my Star, my Sun ; And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all my jour-ney's done.

JESUS, MY SAVIOR.

A. S. KIEFFER 5



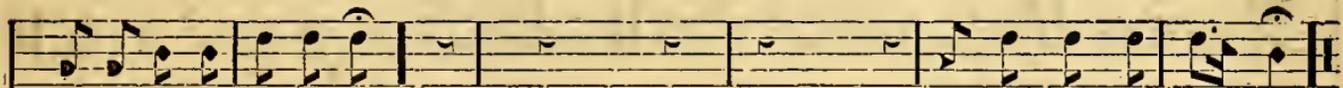
1 Je - sus, my all, to heav-en is gone, Je - sus is my Sa - vior, }
 He whom I fix my hopes up-on, Je - sus is my Sa - vior. } I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm



2 His track I see, and I'll pur - sue, Je - sus is my Sa - vior, }
 The nar-row way, till Him I view, Je - sus is my Sa - vior. } I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm



3 This is the way I long have sought, Je - sus is my Sa - vior, }
 And mourned he-cause I found it not, Je - sus is my Sa - vior. }



go - ing home to die no more, Je - sus is my Sav - ior.



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



go - ing home to die no more, Je - sus is my Sav - ior.

THE BELIEVERS' HOPE.

W. T. GIFFE.

1 My hope is built on noth - ing less, Than Je - sus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the

2 When dark-ness seems to veil His face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace; In eve - ry high and

3 His oath, His cov - e - nant and blood, Sup - port me in the 'whelm-ing flood; When all a - round on

sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je - sus' name. On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand, On

storm - y gale, My an - chor holds with - in the vale. On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand, On

earth gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.

THE BELIEVERS' HOPE—Continued.

7

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

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

PENTONVILLE. S. M.

LINLEY.

1 To bless thy cho-sen race, In mer - cy, Lord, in - cline; And cause the bright-ness of thy face On all thy saints to shine.

2 That so thy won-drous way May through the world be known; While distant lands their homage pay, And thy salvation own.

"SWEEPING THRO' THE GATES."

Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE.



1 Who, who are these be - side the chil - ly wave, Just on the bor - ders of the si - lent grave,



2 These, these are they who in their youth - ful days Found Je - sus ear - ly, and in wis - dom's ways



3 These, these are they who in af - flic - tion's woes, Ev - er have found in Je - sus calm re - pose,

4 These, these are they who in the con - flict dire, Bold - ly have stood a - mid the hot - test fire,

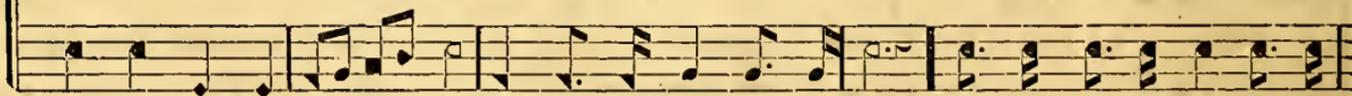
CHORUS.



Shout - ing Je - sus' pow'r to save, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. "Sweep - ing thro' the gates" to the



Proved the ful - ness of his grace, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. "Sweep - ing thro' the gates" to the



Such as from a pure heart flows, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. "Sweep - ing thro' the gates" to the
Je - sus now says "Come up higher," Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

"SWEEPING THRO' THE GATES"—Continued.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come, And we shall be with
 2 A few more storms shall beat On this wild rock - y shore, And we shall be where
 3 A few more strug - gles here, A few more part - ings o'er, A few more toils, a
 4 A few more Sab - baths here, Shall cheer us on our way; And we shall reach the
 5 'Tis but a lit - tle while, And he shall come a - gain, Who died that we might

those that rest, A - sleep with - in the tomb : Then, O my Lord, pre - pare
 tem - pests cease, And sur - ges swell no more : Then, O my Lord, pre - - pare My
 few more tears, And we shall weep no more :
 end - less rest, Th'e - ter - nal Sab - bath day : Then, O my Lord, pre - pare,
 live. who lives That we with him may reign :

THE PILGRIM'S SONG—Continued.

11



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



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



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

COGSWELL.

A. S. KIEFFER.



1 Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glo-ry sing: Je - ho-vah is the sov'reign God, The u - ni - ver-sal King.



2 He formed the deeps unknown; He gave the seas their bound; The watery worlds are all his own, And all the solid ground.



"RING THE BELL SOFTLY."

Music by WYATT MINSHALL

1 Some one has gone from this strange world of ours, No more to gather its thorns with its flowers; No more to linger where

sun-beams must fade, Where on all beauty death's fingers are laid; Weary with mingling life's bitter with sweet;

Weary with parting and never to meet; Some one has gone to the bright golden shore, Ring the bell softly there's

crape on the door. Ring the bell soft - - - ly, soft - - - - - ly, soft - - ly;

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

Ritard.

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

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

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

WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

Musio by WILL BLAKE.

1 There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish, While the days are go - ing by;

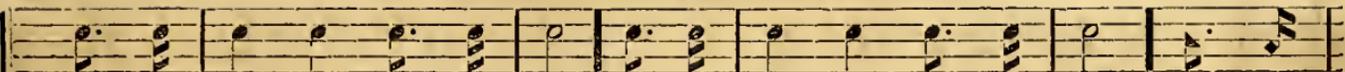
2 There's no time for i - dle seorn - ing, While the days are go - ing by;

3 All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go - ing by;

There are wea - ry souls that per - ish, While the days are go - ing, go - ing by.

Let your songs be like the moru - ing, While the days are go - ing, go - ing by.

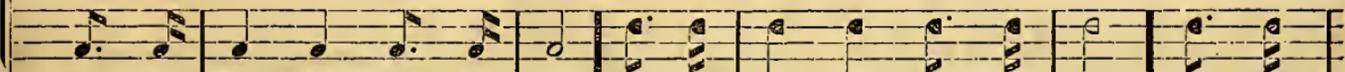
One by one we leave be - hind us, While the days are go - ing, go - ing by.



If a song we can re - new, As our jour - ney we pur - sue, Oh! the



Oh! the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep - ing eyes, Help your



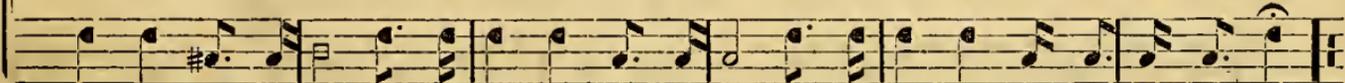
But the songs of good we sow, Both in shade and shine shall grow, And shall



good we all may do While the days are go - ing by, While the days are go - ing, go - ing by.



fal - len broth - er rise, While the days are go - ing by, While the days are go - ing, go - ing by.



keep our hearts a - glow, While the days are go - ing by, While the days are go - ing, go - ing by.

Ritard

1 The Prince of sal - va - tion in tri-umph is ri - ding, And glo - ry at-tends him a - long his bright way;

1 The Prince of sal - va - tion in tri-umph is ri - ding, And glo - ry at-tends him a - long his bright way;

The news of his grace on the breez-es are gli - ding, And na - tions are own - ing his sway.

The news of his grace on the breez-es are gli - ding, And na - tions are own - ing his sway.

REALMS OF THE BLEST.

A. S. KIEFFER. 17

1 We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun-try so bright and so fair; And oft are its

2 We speak of its ser-vice of love; The robes which the glo-ri-fied wear; The church of the

glo-ries con-fessed, But what must it be to be there! We speak of its free-dom from sin, From sor-row, temp-

first-born a-bove, But what must it be to be there! O Lord, in this val-ley of woe, Our spir-its for

ta-tion and care; From tri-als with-out and with-in; But what must it be to be there!

heav-en pre-pare; And short-ly we al-so shall know, And feel what it is to be there!
2 Starry Crown.



1 When the storm in its fu - ry on Gal - li - lee fell, And lift - ed its wa - ters on high,



2 The storm could not bu - ry that word in the wave, 'Twas taught thro' the tempest to fly,



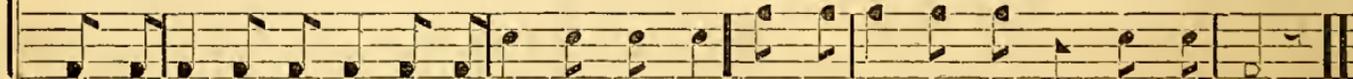
3 When the spir-it is bro - ken with sor-row and care, And com-fort is read - y to die,



And the faith-less dis-ci-ples were bound in the spell, Je - sus whispered, "Fear not, it is I."



It shall reach his dis-ei-ples in ev - e - ry clime, Say-ing "Be not a - fraid, it is I."



Then the darkness shall pass, and the sun-shine appear, By the life-giv-ing word, "It is I."

“It is I, it is I, Fear not, tremb-ling one, it is I,”

“It is I, it is I, Fear not, tremb-ling one, it is I,”

In the midst of the storm, in the midst of the gloom, “Fear not, tremb-ling one, it is I.”

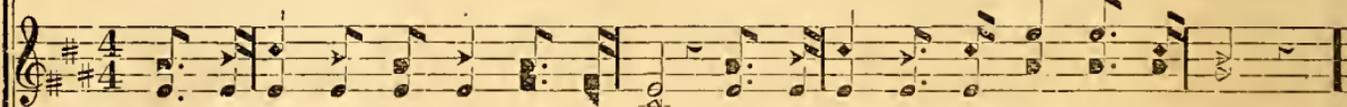
In the midst of the storm, in the midst of the gloom, “Fear not, tremb-ling one, it is I.”

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

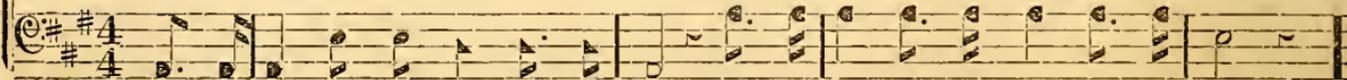
5 When the river is past, and the glories unknown
Burst forth on the wondering eye—
He will welcome, encourage, and comfort his own,
Saying, “Be not afraid, it is I.”



1 There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we may see it a - far ;



2 We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, To me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest ;



3 To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise ;



For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwell - ing place there.



And our spir - its shall sor - row no more — Nor sigh for the bles - sings of rest.



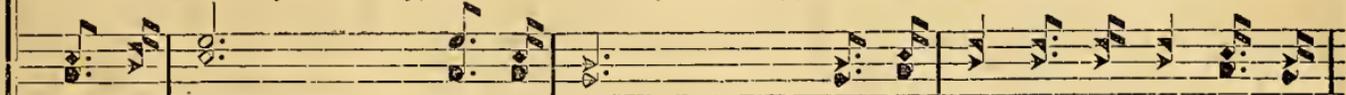
For the glo - ri - ous gift of his Son, And the bles - sings that hal - low our days.

THE SWEET BY-AND-BY—Continued.

CHORUS.



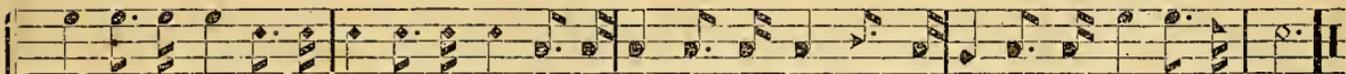
In the sweet by - and - by, In the sweet by - and - by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful



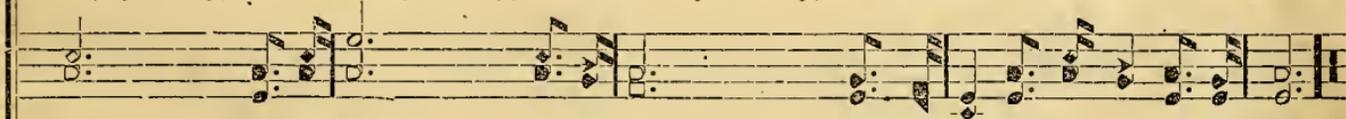
In the sweet by - and - by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful



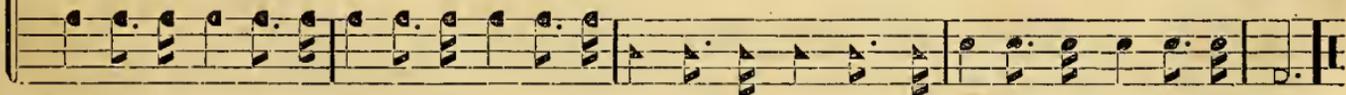
In the sweet by - and - by, In the sweet by - and - by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful



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



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



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

HOME TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

Words and Music by
A. S. KIEFFER.

1 O fa-ther, come kiss me once more, And watch by my bed just to - night; Your Net-tie will walk thro' the

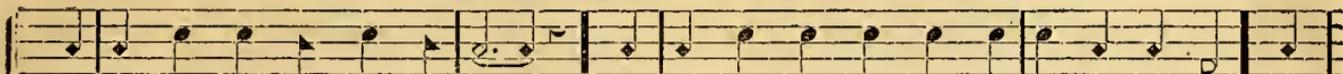
2 O fa-ther, what news shall I take, To Je - sus and moth - er, for you; I'll tell him to send ho - ly
3 Our home here is lone - ly and dark, And oft we are hun - gry and eold; But I shall go home to my

4 O fa-ther, dear father, once more, Of Je - sus I pray you to think; And when I am gone to my
5 O fa-ther, dear father, once more, Please read in my Bi - ble and think: "No drunkard shall en - ter the

Val - ley of Death, Ere dawn of the sweet Sabbath light. O fa-ther, I'm go - ing to moth - er, so dear,

an - gels of light To bless and to com - fort you, too. O fa-ther, I'm go - ing to moth - er, so dear,
moth - er to - night, Where pleas - ures are pur - er than gold.

moth - er in heav - en, O fa - ther, please give up your drink. O fa - ther, I'm go - ing to moth - er, so dear,
king - dom of heav - en," O God, keep my fa - ther from drink.



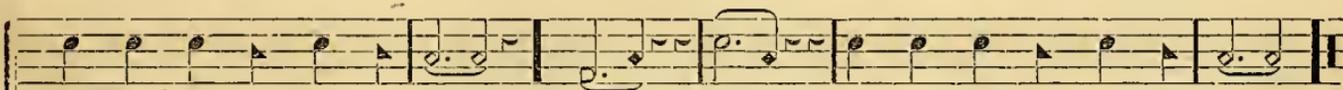
I dreamed that I saw her last night; And o - ver the riv - er sweet voic-es I hear, They



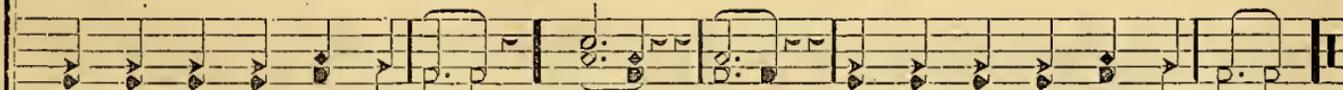
I dreamed that I saw her last night; And o - ver the riv - er sweet voic-es I hear, They



I dreamed that I saw her last night; And o - ver the riv - er sweet voic-es I hear, They



call me to man-sions of light,— Home, home, Home to my moth - er in heaven.



call me to man-sions of light,— Home, home, Home to my moth - er in heaven.



call me to man-sions of light,— Home, home, Home to my moth - er in heaven.



1 There is a place of sa - cred rest, Far, far be - yond the skies, Where beauty smiles e -



2 My Father's house, my heavenly home, Where many mansions stand, Prepared by hands di -



3 In that pure home of tear-less joy Earth's severed friends shall meet, With smiles of love that

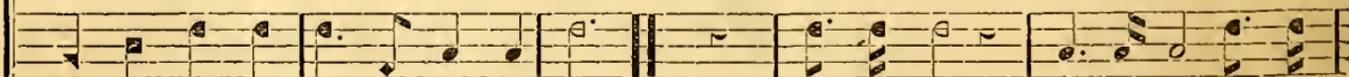
CHORUS.



ter - nal - ly, Where pleasure nev - er dies. By - and - by, by - and - by, by - and -



vine for all, Who love the bet - ter land. By - and - by, by - and - by, We shall



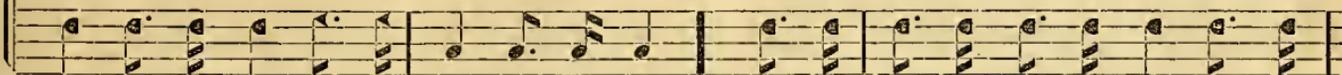
nev - er fade, And bless - ed - ness com - plete. By - and - by, by - and - by, by - and -



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



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



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



loved ones gone be-fore, There to sing re-demp-tion's sto-ry, On the hap - py, gol - den shore.



loved ones gone be-fore, There to sing re-demp-tion's sto-ry, On that hap - py, gol - den shore.



loved ones gone be-fore, There to sing re-demp-tion's sto-ry, On that hap - py, gol - den shore.

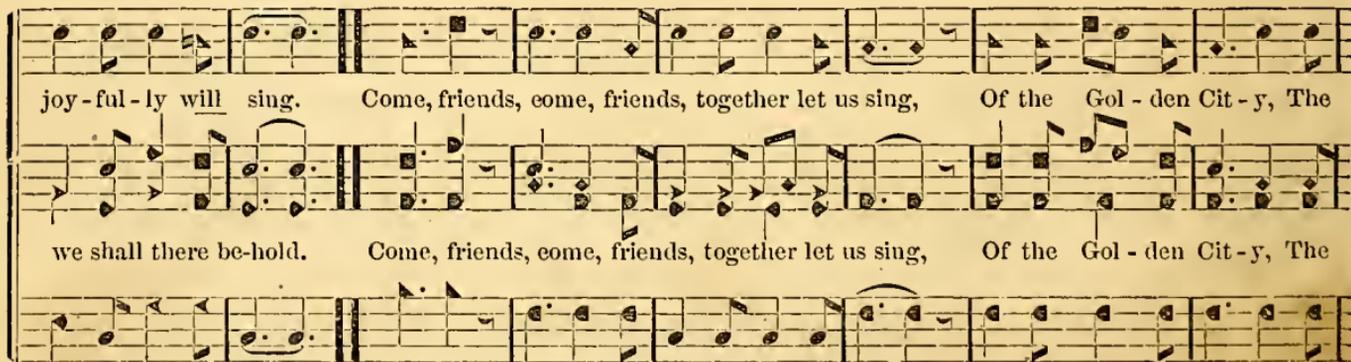


1 We seek the Gol - den Cit - y, The cit - y of our King, And as we jour - ney thith - er, We

2 Its walls are built of jas - per, Its streets are of pure gold, And countless are the glo - ries Which

3 The pear - ly gates stand o - pen, For there they have no night, Nor sun, nor moon, nor can - dle—The

4 And there is no more sor - row, Nor pain, nor death, nor sin, Nor naught that worketh e - vil Shall



joy - ful - ly will sing. Come, friends, come, friends, together let us sing, Of the Gol - den Cit - y, The

we shall there be - hold. Come, friends, come, friends, together let us sing, Of the Gol - den Cit - y, The

Lamb, he is the light,
ev - er en - ter in.

beau - ti - ful Gol - den Cit - y, Of the Gol - den Cit - y, The Cit - y of our King.

beau - ti - ful Gol - den Cit - y, Of the Gol - den Cit - y, The Cit - y of our King.

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

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

BURBER. S. M.

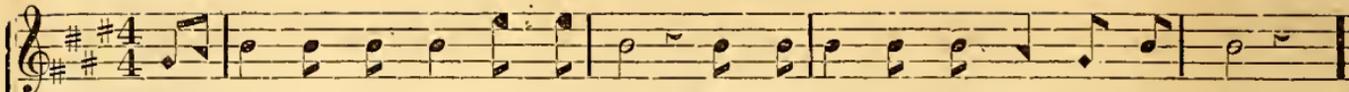
J. H. TENNEY. From the TEMPLE CHOIR.

1 Go to thy rest my child! Go to thy dreamless bed, While yet so gen-tle, un-de-filed, With blessings on thy head.

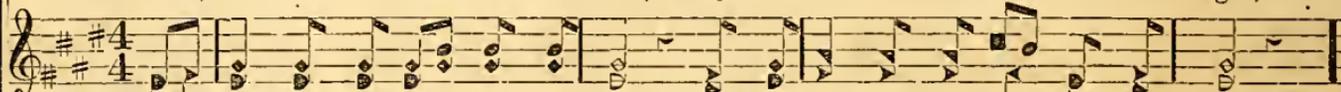
2 Shall love with weak embrace, Thy up-ward wing de-tain? No? gentle an-gel, seek thy place A - mid the cher-ub train.

A HOME OVER THERE.

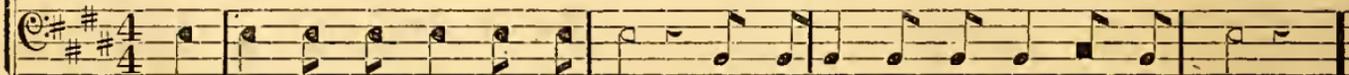
WYATT MINSHALL.



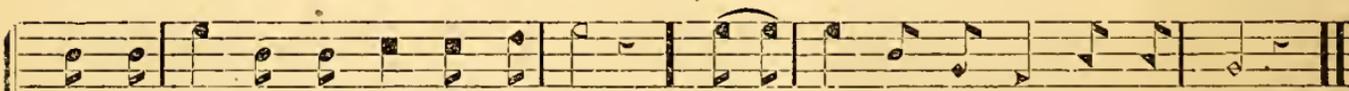
1 Oh, think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light,



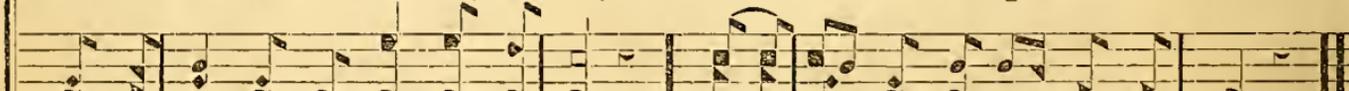
2 Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, Who be-fore us their jour-ney have trod,



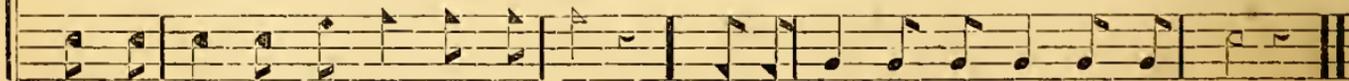
3 My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, There my kin - dred and friends are at rest;
4 I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see;



Where the saints all im - mor - tal, and fair, Are robed in their gar-ments of white.—



Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal - ace of God.—



Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.—
Ma - ny dear to my heart o - ver there, Are watch-ing and wait-ing for me.—



Home, sweet home, Home, sweet home, How I long, how I long, I long to be there, to be there,



Bless-ed home. Hap-py home, How I long, How I long to be there, Bless-ed



Home, sweet home, Home, sweet home, Home I long, how I long, I long to be there, to be there,



Home, sweet home, Home, sweet home, How I long, How I long to reach my home, hap - py home.



Home, hap - py home, How I long, How I long to reach my home.



Home, sweet home, Home, sweet home, How I long, How I long to reach my home, hap - py home.



1 O when shall we sweetly re - move, O when shall we en - ter our rest, — Re - turn to the Zi - on a -



2 But an - gels themselves can - not tell The joys of that ho - li - est place, Where Je - sus is pleased to re -



bove, The moth - er of spir - its dis - tress'd; That cit - y of God, the great King, Where



veal The light of his heav - en - ly face; When caught in that rapt - u - rous flame, The



sor - row and death are no more, Where saints our Im - man - u - el sing, And cher - ub and ser - aph a - dore.



sight be - a - tif - ic they proye; And walk in the light of the Lamb, En - joy - ing the beams of his love.

NO NIGHT ON THAT GOLDEN SHORE—Continued.

31



There is no night on that gold - - - - en shore; There we shall



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



suf - fer and sigh no more; There shall the wea - - ry be



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



ev - - - er blest— Sing - - ing glad songs in the land of rest.



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



1 Firm-ly, brethren, firm-ly stand, All u - ni-ted heart and hand, One unbroken, valiant band, Dauntless, brave, and true;



2 Once our fathers, "freedom" cried, "Victory or death betide;" But with Je - sus on our side, Death, and victory, too:



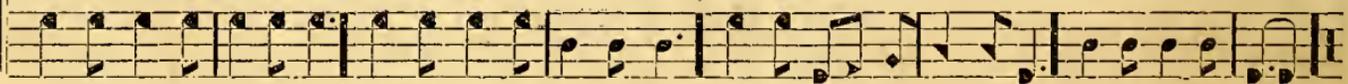
3 Glorious thus for Christ to die, And with Christ to reign on high; There with victor hosts to cry, "Christ has brought us thro'?"



Lift your standard, hoist it high, Raise the Christian battle cry; Christ, your glorious Leader, nigh, Calls to vic - to - ry.



There to die, the bat-tle won, There to fall, the war-fare done, Glo-ry bright - er than the sun,—Then our promised due:—



Christ our Captain's name to boast, Quells the dark Satanic host; Fall we then each at his post—Fall as Christians do.

Gently.

GOING HOME.

WYATT MINSHALL. 33



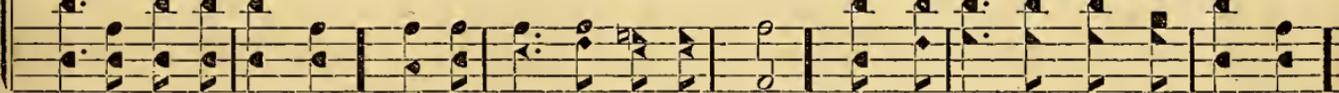
1 They are go - ing, on - ly go - ing; Je - sus called them long a - go, All the
2 They are go - ing, on - ly go - ing; When with sum - mer earth is dressed, In their



3 They are go - ing, on - ly go - ing, Out of pain and in - to bliss, Out of



win - try time they're passing, Soft - ly as the fall - ing snow, When the vio - lets in the spring - time
cold hands holding ro - ses, Fold - ed to each si - lent breast; When the au - tumn hangs red ban - ners



sad and sin - ful weak - ness, In - to per - fect ho - li - ness. Snow - y brows, no care shall shade them;



Catch the az - ure of the sky, They are car - ried out to slumber, Sweetly where the vio - lets lie.
Out a - bove the harvest sheaves, They are go - ing, ev - er go - ing, Thick and fast like falling leaves.



Bright eyes tears shall never dim; Ro - sy lips, no care shall fade them; Je - sus called them unto him.



1 When the Sunday School has gathered, On the pleasant, Sabbath morn; Will you miss your lit-tle Liz-zie,



2 Loving schoolmates you'll remember, At the time of morning prayer, How we sang the "Angel Chorus,"



3 Farewell! mother, I am go-ing, See the an-gels com-ing near, How they crowd around me mother,
4 Cold-er, cold-er I am grow-ing, Chil-ly wa-ters round me roar: There's my Sav-ior,—blessed Je-sus,



Dear-est teach-er, when I'm gone? Oh, you'll miss me! yes, you'll miss me, In the Sun-day School I love.



Sang the "Echo" sweet and clear: And "I want to be an an-gel, And a-mid the an-gels stand"—



How they do my spir-it cheer, O to quit this vale of sor-row, And to rise on wings a-bove,
Smiling on the oth-er shore— Take me, Savior, take me to thee— Kiss me, moth-er—let me go—

CHORUS.

But your Lizzie will be sing-ing In the Par-a-dise a-bove. For I think I hear the an-gels call-ing, call-ing,

Now I'm going to join the chorus, Of the hap-py angel band. For I think I hear the an-gels call-ing, call-ing,

O to be an an-gel, moth-er, Where the angels dwell in love! For I think I hear the an-gels call-ing, call-ing,
Safe be-yond this roll-ing Jor-dan, Safe from sorrow, sin and woe.

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

Calling me to realms of love; And I hear their music ring-ing, ring-ing, In the Par - a - dise a - bove.

Calling me to realms of love; And I hear their music ring-ing, ring-ing, In the Par - a - dise a - bove.

GRAVE ON THE GREEN HILLSIDE.

Words and Music by
A. S. KIEFFER.

1 There's a lit - tle grave on the green hill - side, That lies to the morn - ing sun; And our way - worn feet of - ten

2 Ah! the land is full of the lit - tle graves, In val - ley and plain and hill; There's an an - gel, too, for each

3 And these lit - tle graves are but way - side marks That point to the far off Land; And they speak to the soul of a

wan - der there, When the cares of the day are done; There we of - ten sit till the twi - light falls, And talk of the far off Land,

lit - tle grave, And these angels some mission fill; And I know not how, but I sometimes think They lead us with gentle hand.

bet - ter day, Of a day that is near at hand; Tho' we first must walk thro' the darksome vale, Yet there Christ will be our Guide,

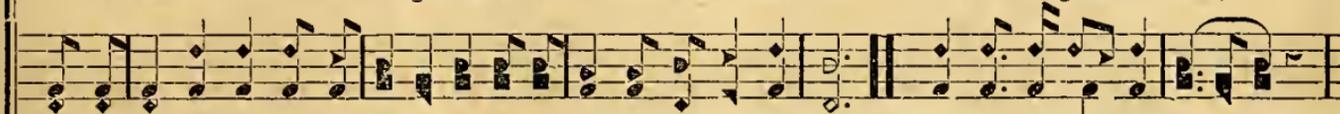
GRAVE ON THE GREEN HILLSIDE—Continued.

37

CHORUS.



And we sometimes feel in the twilight there The soft touch of a vanished hand. Grave on the green hill - side,



For a whis-per falls on our will-ing ears, From the shores of the far off Land. Grave on the green hill - side,



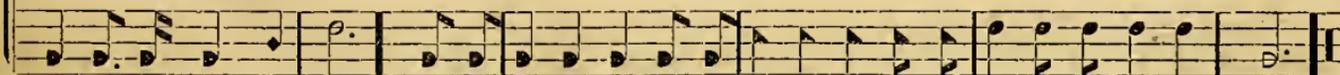
And we'll reach the shore of the far off Land Through a grave on the green hillside. Grave on the green hill - side,



Grave on the green hill - side, In the years to come we will calm-ly sleep, In a grave on the green hill - side.



Grave on the green hill - side, In the years to come we will calm-ly sleep, In a grave on the green hill - side.



Grave on the green hill - side, In the years to come we will calm-ly sleep, In a grave on the green hill - side.



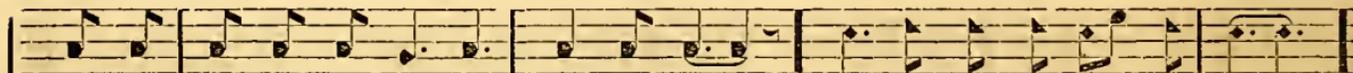
1 There's a light on the dark and surg-ing deep That shines when the loud winds roar,



2 There's a light in the depths of surg-ing life That shi-neth for ev-er more;



3 There's a light in the depths of Christian hearts That gleams on the crown be-fore;



And the form of the Friend who does not sleep Comes on from the oth-er shore.



And the Friend who would stay all sin and strife Is here from the oth-er shore.



And the Sav-ior whose love a bliss im-parts, At-tends to the oth-er shore.

WALKING THE SEA—Continued.

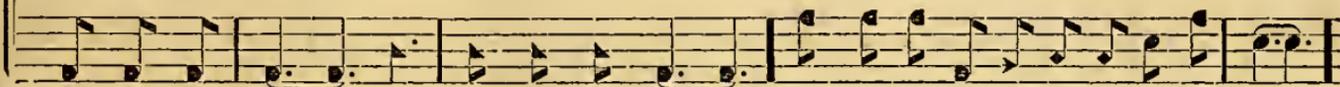
39



Walk-ing the sea, to you and to me; Keep-ing the light of us e'er to be - friend,



Walk-ing life's sea, to you and to me, Walk-ing so care-ful-ly, seek-ing to find,



Walk-ing life's sea with you and with me; Keep-ing in reach of us, watching for all,



Ev - er in sight of us suc - cor to lend, Walk-ing the sea, walk-ing the sea.



Ev - er so prayer-ful - ly, earn - est and kind, Walk-ing the sea, Walk-ing the sea.



Car - ing for each of us, lest we should fall, Walk-ing the sea, Walk-ing the sea.

1 Have we grown wea-ry of toil and of strife? Soon will he end-ed the hat-tle of life! Soon cease the storm where the

2 Soon the last note of life's tune shall he sung: Soon on the wil-low the harp will he hung, Leav-iug for-ev-er our

3 Soon will the dew on the flow-er he dried! Soon drop the ro-ses that hloom side by side; Soon fade the stars when the
4 Life, like a va-por, will van-ish a-way: Hu-man love, like the sweet flow-er de-cay: Soon to the cit-y of

CHORUS.

o - cean waves foam; Soon shall we rest in our heau-ti-ful home. Beau-ti-ful home. Beau-ti-ful home,

sor-row and gloom, Soon shall we sing in our beau-ti-ful home. Beau-ti-ful home, Beau-ti-ful home,

morn-ing is come; Soon shall we love in our beau-ti-ful home.
• God shall we come: Then shall we live in that beau-ti-ful home.

Soon shall we rest in our beau-ti-ful home; Beauti-ful home! beautiful home! Soon shall we rest in our beau-ti-ful home.

Soon shall we rest in our beau-ti-ful home; Beauti-ful home! beautiful home! Soon shall we rest in our beau-ti-ful home.

Soon shall we rest in our beau-ti-ful home; Beauti-ful home! beautiful home! Soon shall we rest in our beau-ti-ful home.

JUST AS I AM.

KARL REDEN.

I Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was

shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come!



1 There's a place for children in the Sab-bath School, To im-prove all their bright Sab-bath days; It is



2 We will sing to Je-sus who has died for us, And has gone to pre-pare us a home; Un-to



3 And 'tis while we're singing that our thoughts will turn To the beauti-ful, true, and the good; And 'tis

CHORUS.



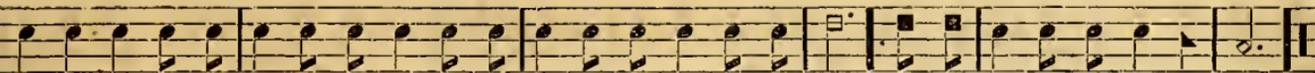
there we should gather when the Sabbath comes, And to Jesus our Savior give praise. Sing, oh sing!



him we should ev-er our prais-es sing, While here in this world we roam. Then sing, Oh



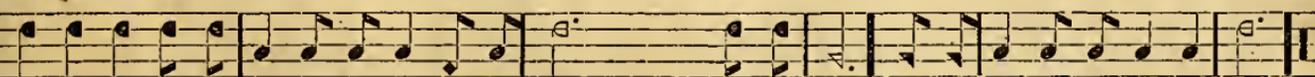
mu-sic, sweet music that our souls will cheer, While feast-ing on heav-en-ly food. Sing, oh sing!



Sing, oh sing! We will sing, we will sing, we will sing, We will sing, we will sing— We will sing in the Sab-bath School.



sing! We will sing, we will sing, We will sing, we will sing— We will sing in the Sab-bath School.



Sing, oh, sing! we will sing, We will sing, we will sing, we will sing— We will sing in the Sab-bath School.

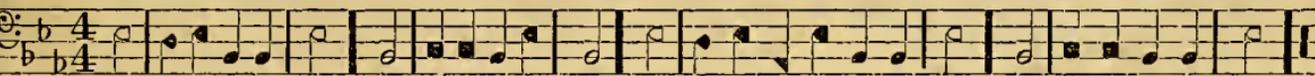
CLEMENT.



1 Is this the kind re-turn? And these the thanks we owe? Thus to a-buse e-ter-nal love, Whence all our blessings flow?



2 To what a stubborn frame Has sin reduced our minds! What strange rebellious creatures we! And God as strangely kind.



THIS IS NOT MY PLACE OF RESTING.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 This is not my place of rest-ing; Mine's a cit-y yet to come; On-ward to it I am hast'n-ing,

2 In it all is light and glo-ry, O'er it shines a night-less day, Eve-ry trace of sin's sad sto-ry

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us By the stream of life a - long, On the fresh-est pas-tures feeds us,
 4 Soon we'll pass this drea-ry des-ert, Soon we'll bid fare-well to pain, Nev-er more be sad and wea-ry,

On to my e - ter - nal home. Nev - er more, Nev - - - er more, Nev - er more be

By God's grace has past a - way. Nev - er more, Nev - er more, Nev - er more be

Turns our sigh - ing in - to song.
 Nev - er more to sing a - gain.

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

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

RELIEF.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 O, let him whose sorrow No re - lief can find,
Trust in God and bor - row Ease for heart and mind ! } Where the mourner, weeping, Sheds the sacred tear,
God his watch is keeping, Though none else is near.

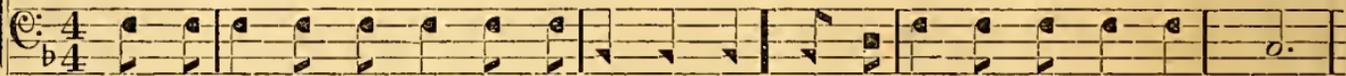
2 God will nev - er leave us, All our wants he knows ;
Feels the pains that grieve us, Sees our cares and woes ; } When in grief we languish, He will dry the tear,
Who his children's anguish Soothes with succor near.



1 I am think-ing of home, of my Fa-ther's house, Where the ma-ny bright man-sions be!



2 I am think-ing of home, of the loved ones there; Dear-est friends who have gone be-fore,



3 I am think-ing of home, of my bless-ed home, And my spir-it doth long to be,
4 I am think-ing of home, yes, of home, sweet home: May we all in that home u-nite,



Of the Cit-y whose streets are all covered with gold; Of its jas-per walls pure and fair to be-hold,



With whom we went down to the Death-River's side, And so sad-ly thought as we watched by the tide,



In the far bet-ter Land where the saints ever sing Of the love of Christ, their Re-deem-er and King,
With the white robed throng who ex-ult-ingly raise To the Tri-une God, sweet-est an-thems of praise,

Which the right-eous a - lone ev - er see.

Sweet home, Sweet home, I am

Of the thrice hap - py morn - ings of yore.

O home, sweet home, I am

And of mer - cy so cost - ly and free.
Sing - ing glo - ry, and hon - or, and might.

Sweet home, Sweet home, I am

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

thinking and longing for home? O home, Sweet home, I am thinking and longing for home.

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



1 Praise to thee thou great Cre - a - tor, Praise be thine from eve - ry tongue; Join my soul with
D. S. Hail the God of



2 For ten thous-and bless-ings, giv - en, For the hope of fu - ture joy. Sound his praise thro'
D. S. There, en - rap - tur'd



FINE.

D. S.



eve - ry creature, Join the u - ni - ver - sal song, Fa - ther, source of all compassion, Free, unbounded grace is thine,
our sal - va - tion, Praise him for his love divine.

D. S.



earth and heayen, Sound Jehovah's praise on high. Joy - ful - ly on earth a - dore him, 'Till in heaven our songs we raise,
fall before him, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

D. S.



THE SUN-BRIGHT CLIME.

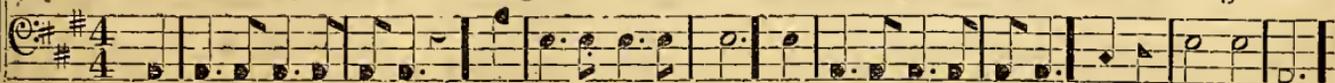
Words and Music by
T. F. PARLETT. 49



1 Beyond the rolling riv-er— The mighty riv-er time,—Beyond its rolling surges Lies the sun-bright clime.

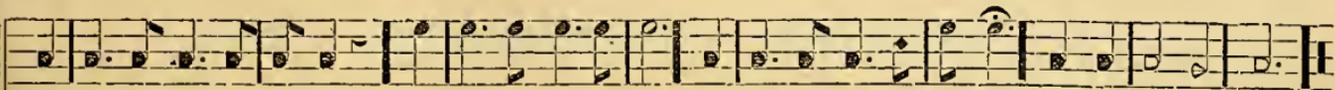


2 A few more years of sorrow Along the shores of time, And we shall gain a mansion In that sun-bright clime.



3 O do not be discouraged, Sorrows belong to time : There are no tears nor sorrows In that sun-bright clime.

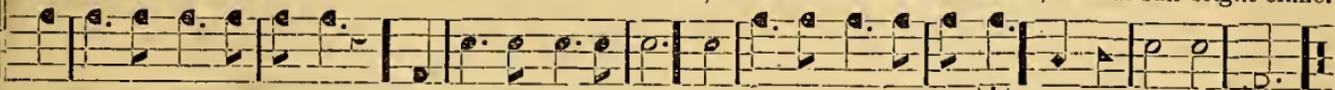
4 O how I love my Savior, My dearest friend, in time, He's promised me a mansion In that sun-bright clime.



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



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



5 O won't you follow Jesus,
Along the lane of time,
And gain a home in heaven,
In that sun-bright clime.

4 Starry Crown.

6 I'll love and serve my Jesus
While here I live in time,
I hope in heaven to praise him
In that sun-bright clime.

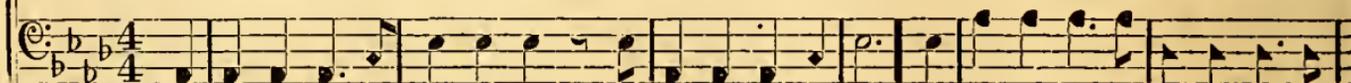
7 Dear friends have gone to glory,
Beyond the shores of time ;
They're resting from their labors,
In that sun-bright clime.



1 The pear-ly gates are o-pen wide, I see the bright array; On ei-ther side the an-gels glide, To



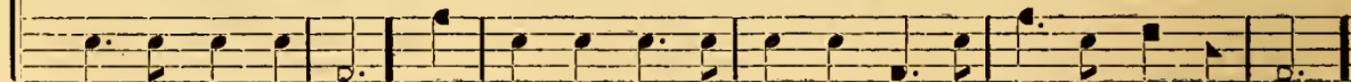
2 When storms arise and darkness clouds The faithful pilgrim's day, On ei-ther side the angels glide, To



keep the shi-ning way; And Zi-on's chil-dren learn to find The way by an-gels trod,



drive the clouds a-way; And bright-er beams the morn-ing light Be-hind the gen-tle rod,



Where Christ's redeemed in un - ion walk, The shin - ing way of God. The shin - ing way, the

And Christ's re-deemed more clear-ly see The shin - ing way of God. The shin - ing way, the

shin - ing way, The shin-ing way of God, Where Christ's redeemed in union walk, The shining way of God.

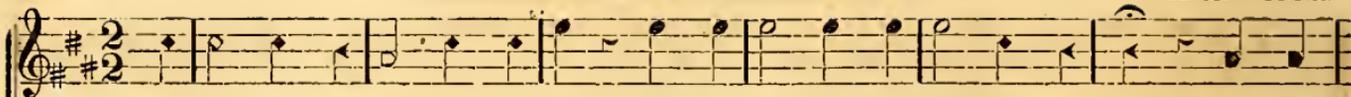
shin - ing way, The shin-ing way of God, And Christ's redeemed more clearly see The shining way of God.

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

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

WHAT SHALL I DO ?

M. M. WYNNE.



1 Oh, what shall I do to be saved, From the sor - rows that bur - den my soul! Like the



2 Oh, what shall I do to be saved, When the pleas - ures of youth are all fled; And the



3 Oh, what shall I do to be saved, When sick - ness my strength shall subdue; Or the

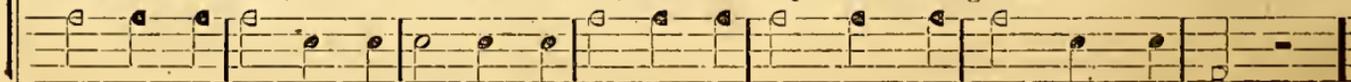
4 Oh, Lord, look in mer - cy on me, Come, oh, come, and speak peace to my soul; Un - to



waves in the storm, When the winds are at war, Chill - ing floods of dis - tress o'er me roll.



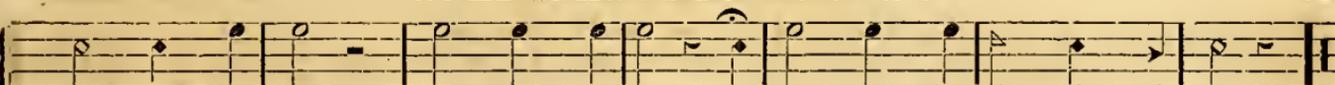
friends I have loved, From the earth are removed, And I weep o'er the graves of the dead?



world in a day Like a cloud rolls a - way, And e - ter - ni - ty o - pens to view? whom shall I flee, Dear - est Lord, but to thee? Thou canst make my poor, bro - ken heart whole.

WHAT SHALL I DO—Continued.

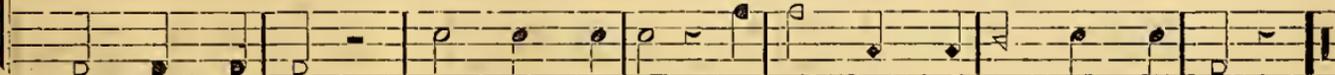
53



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



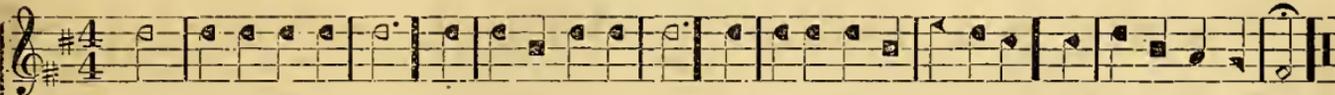
What shall I do? What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do to be saved?



What shall I do? What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do to be saved?
That will I do! That will I do! To Je - sus I'll go and be saved.

CALISTOGA.

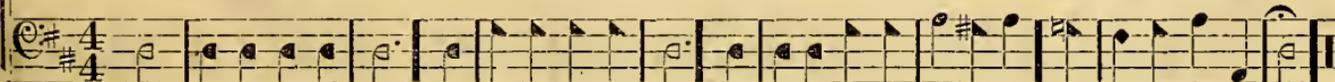
A. F. OLINGER.



1 If through unruffled seas, Tow'rd heav'n we calmly sail, With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fost'ring gale.



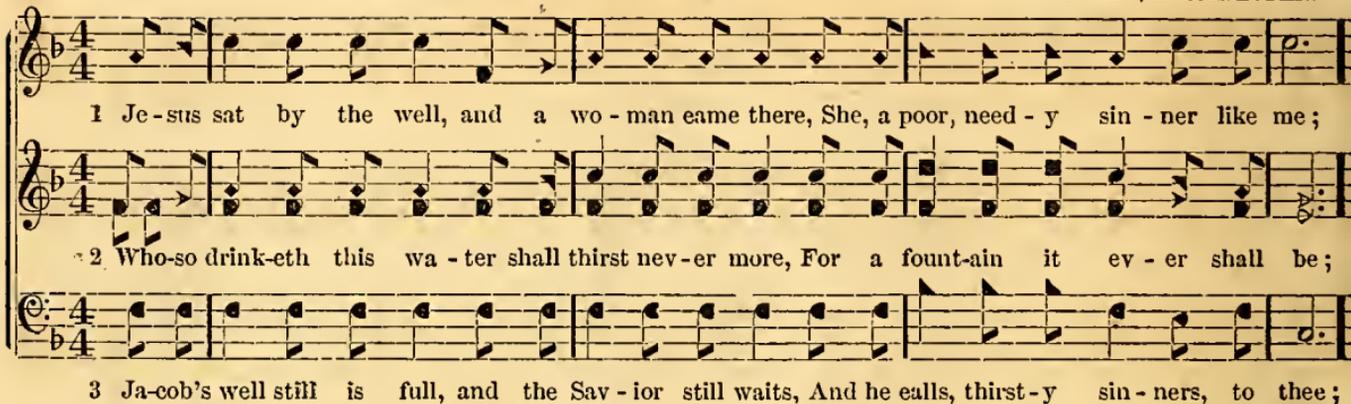
2 But should the surges rise, And rest delay to come, Blest be the sorrow-kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home.



3 Soon shall our doubts and fears, All yield to thy con-trol; Thy tender mercies shall il-lume The midnight of the soul.

JACOB'S WELL.

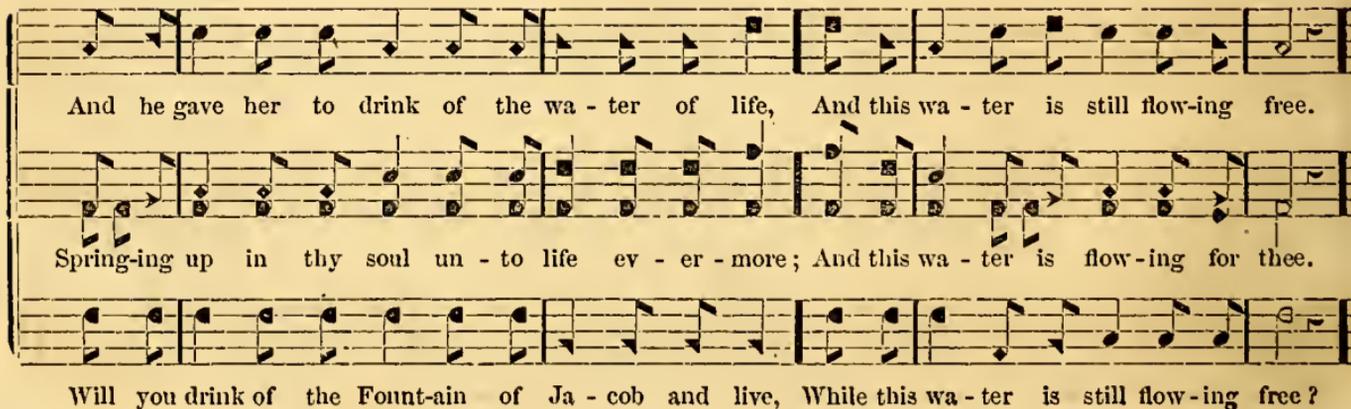
Words and Music by A. S. KIEFFER.



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

2 Who-so drink-eth this wa-ter shall thirst nev-er more, For a fount-ain it ev-er shall be;

3 Ja-cob's well still is full, and the Sav-ior still waits, And he calls, thirst-y sin-ners, to thee;



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

Spring-ing up in thy soul un-to life ev-er-more; And this wa-ter is flow-ing for thee.

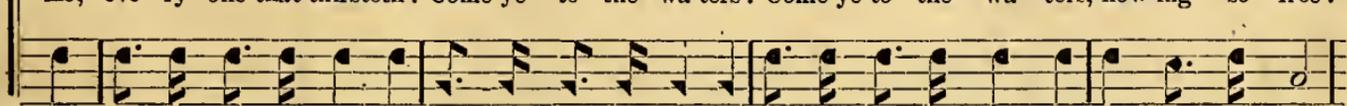
Will you drink of the Fount-ain of Ja-cob and live, While this wa-ter is still flow-ing free?



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



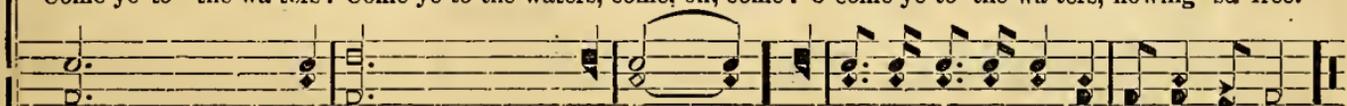
Ho, eve - ry one that thirsteth! Come ye to the wa-ters! Come ye to the wa - ters, flow-ing so free!



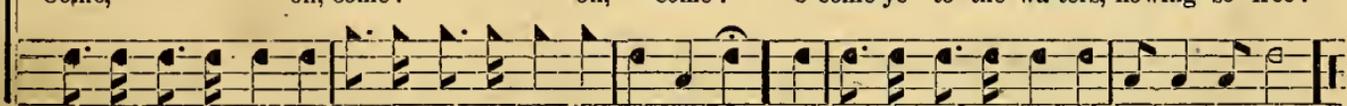
Ho, eve - ry one that thirsteth! Come ye to the wa-ters! Come ye to the wa - ters flow-ing so free!



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



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



Come ye to the wa-ters! Come ye to the waters, come, oh, come! O come ye to the wa-ters, flowing so free!

SHALL WE MEET ?

Chorus and Music by WYATT MINSHALL.



- 1 Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll, There in all the bright for -
 2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our stormy voyage is o'er? Shall we meet and cast the



- 3 Shall we meet in yon - der eit - y, Where the towers of crys - tal shine, Where the walls are all of
 4 Where the mu - sic of the ransomed Rolls its har - mo - ny a - round, And ere - a - tion swells the



- 5 Shall we meet with many a loved one That was torn from our em - brace? Shall we lis - ten to their
 6 Shall we meet with Christ our Savior When he comes to claim his 'own? Shall we know his bless - ed

CHORUS.



ev - er Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul? Yes, we'll meet no more to sev - er, When the
 an - chor By the fair ce - les - tial shore?



jas - per, Built by work - man - ship di - vine? Yes, we'll meet no more to sev - er, When tho
 cho - rus, With its sweet me - lo - dious sound?



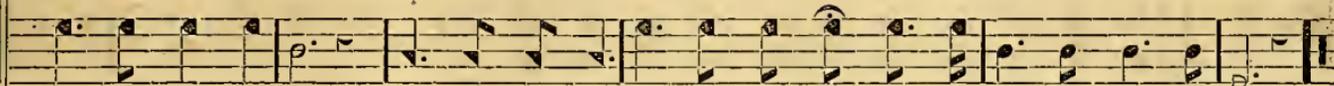
voic - es, And be - hold them face to face? Yes, we'll meet no more to sev - er, When the
 fa - vor, And sit down up - on the throne?

Ritard.

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

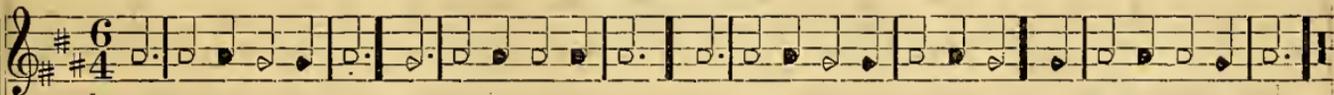


storms of life are o'er;— We shall an - chor in the har - bor, Of the bright for - ev - er - more.



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

KINGSBURY.



1 The Church has waited long, Her absent Lord to see; And still in lone-li-ness she waits, A friendless stranger she.



2 How long, O Lord, our God, Holy and true and good, Wilt thou not judge thy suffering Church, Her sighs, and tears and blood ?





1 "Go forth in the high-way, and bid to my ban-quet, Be-hold! it stands read-y to-day?



2 Then quick-ly the ser-vants went out from their Mas-ter, His mes-sage with glad-ness they told;



3 O way-worn and wea-ry, de-spise not the mes-sage, That sounds in life's bu-sy high-way.



The cho-sen have tar-ried, bring bith-er the need-y That thron-g in life's bu-sy high-way.



And in from the high-way the need-y came flock-ing, His mer-cy and love to be-hold.



Re-ject not His mer-cy, The Sa-vior stands wait-ing~The ban-quet is read-y to-day.

BANQUET OF LOVE—Continued.

59

CHORUS.



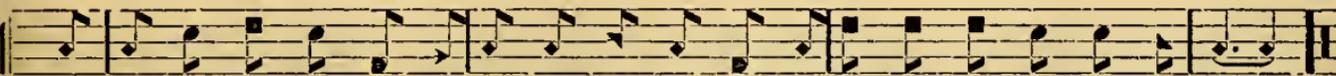
Now all things are read - y, 'The Mas - ter says "come," The whole world is bid - den and yet there is room,



Now all things are read - y, The Mas - ter says "come," The whole world is bid - den and yet there is room,



Now all things are read - y, The Mas - ter says "come," The whole world is bid - den and yet there is room,



The whole world is bid - den, The whole world is bid - den, The whole world—and yet there is room.



The whole world is bid - den, The whole world is bid - den, The whole world—and yet there is room.



The whole world is bid - den, The whole world is bid - den, The whole world—and yet there is room.



1 There is a home, a peace - ful home, A home of joy and love; And they that bear the

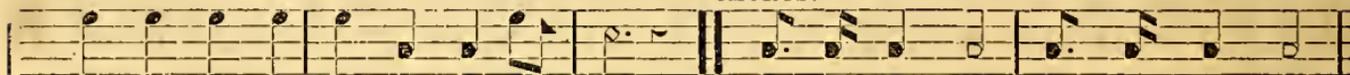


2 No night shall dim that glo - rious home, For Je - sus is the light, And mourn - ing pil - grims

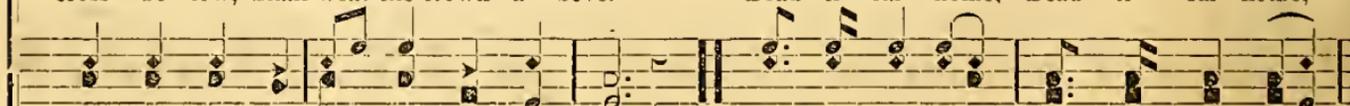


3 With palms of vic - tory in their hands, They with the ran - somed sing, " All praise to him who

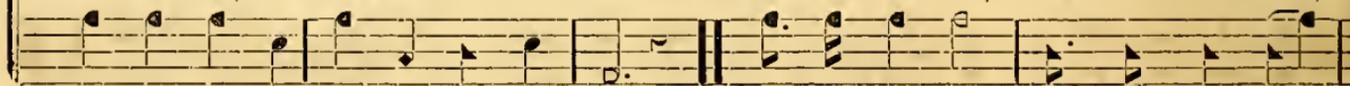
CHORUS.



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



here be - low, Shall there be glad in white. Beau - ti - ful home, Beau - ti - ful home,



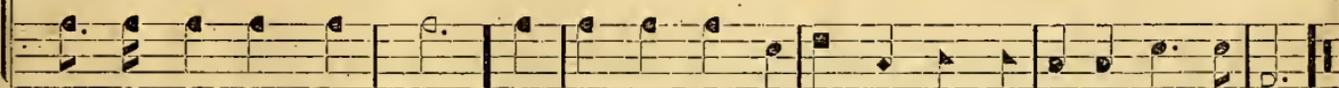
washed us white, Our Sa - vior, God and King." Beau - ti - ful home, Beau - ti - ful home,



Beau - ti - ful home of love, And they that bear the cross be - low, Shall wear the crown above.



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



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

JEFFERSON.

C. F. POLLOCK.



1 The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear; O, may we all re - mem - ber well, The night of death draws near!



2 Lord, keep us safe this night, Secure from all our fears; May angels guard us while we sleep, Till morning light ap - pears.



1 Long-ing for Home, just o - ver the Riv - er, The Riv - er so nar - row, the glim-mer I see,

2 Home of my soul! not long would I ling-er A strang-er and pil - grim a - way from the fold,

3 Longing for Home, from this bleak world of sorrow, Glad to the arms of thy mer-cy I flee,

Its bright pear - ly gates and its man - sions e - ter - nal, Where loved ones with Jesus are wait-ing for me.

Dear shep-herd, O list to the cry of the wand'rer, O res-cue thy lamb from the pit - i - less cold.

Se - cure in that ha - ven, earth's storms can-not sev - er, The un-ion that binds me, dear Sa-rior, to thee.

LONGING FOR HOME—Continued.

63

CHORUS.

Long-ing for home! Longing for home! Longing for the Cit - y Where ma - ny man - sions be ;

Long-ing for home! Longing for home! Longing for the Cit - y Where ma - ny man - sions be ;

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

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

SING TO HIS GLORY.

Words and Music by
L. B. HERR.

1 We'll sing to the glo-ry, the glo-ry of God, Whom angels are praising on high; Where all that are hap - py shall
2 We'll sing to His glo-ry, His glo-ry on high, In songs of de - vo - tion and praise, As birds in their hap - pi - ness
3 We'll sing to His glo-ry, His glo-ry so great, His glo-ry so wond'rous and fair, That ser-aphs for - ev - er are

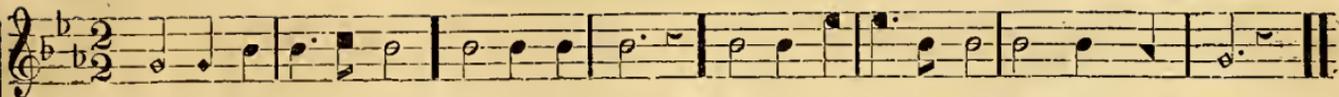
meet by and by, And praise Him in beau-ti - ful songs. Then sing to His glo - ry, His glo - - - ry, His
war-ble their lays, In beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful songs. Then sing to His glory, His glo - ry, His glo-ry, His glory, His
praising Him there, In beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful songs. Then sing to His glory, His glo - ry, His glo-ry, His glory, His

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

DAY STAR OE ISRAEL.

A. S. KIEFFER.

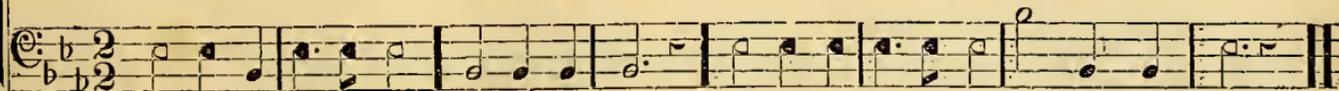
65.



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

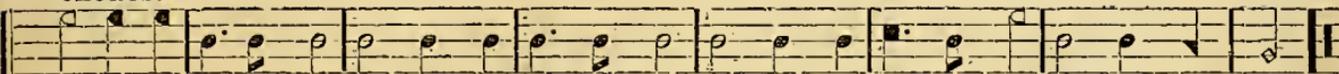


2 Day Star of Is - ra - el! Be with us now, While at thy mer-ey seat We hum - bly bow.

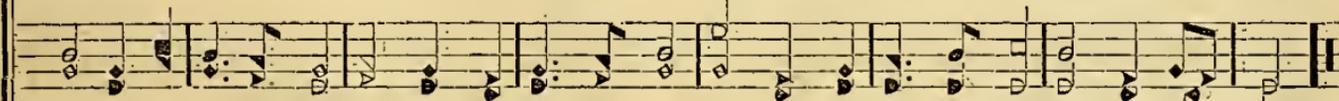


3 Day Star of Is - ra - el! O, may thy light Gleam thro' the sullen clouds, Of sin's dark night.
4 From all the paths of sin, Keep our feet free; And when this life is past, Take us to thee.

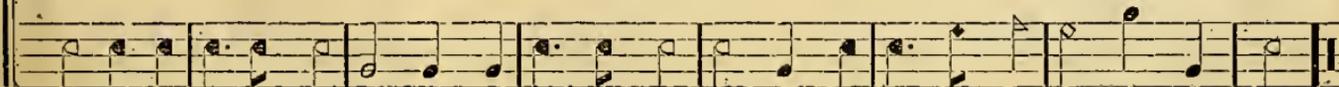
CHORUS.



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



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



5 Starry Crown.

" IN THE CROSS I GLORY! "

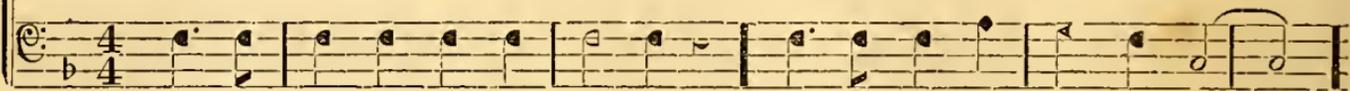
Music by Rev. C. M. HOTT.



1 In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time ;



2 When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de-ceive and fears an - - - noy,



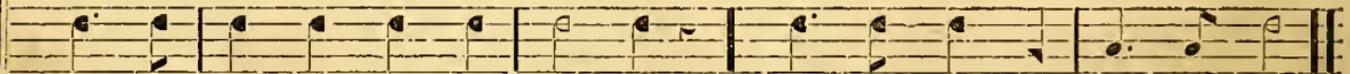
3 When the sun of bliss is beam-ing, Light and hope up - on my way,
4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - - - fied.



All the lights of sa - cred sto - ry, Gath' - er round its head sub - lime.



Nev - er shall the Cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.



From the cross the ra - diance stream - ing, Adds new lus - tre to the day.
Peace is there that knows no meas - ure, Joys that through all time a - bide.

In the Cross I glo-ry, There the Sav - ior died : Through the sacred sto - ry, I am sanc-ti - fied.

In the Cross I glo-ry, There the Sav - ior died : Through the sacred sto - ry, I am sanc-ti - fied.

HOMEWOOD. C. M.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts, Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
And guard their lives from sin! To keep the conscience clean.

2 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light That guides us all the day; And, thro' the danger of the night, A lamp to lead our way.

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

WHEN THE EVENING SHADOWS.

Words and Music by
W. F. Cosner.

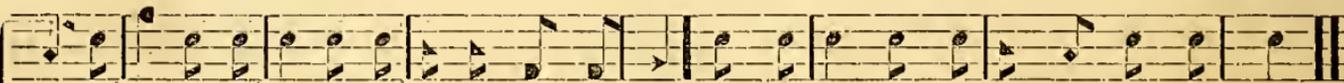
1 When the evening shadows slow-ly gath-er round my door, And I hear the chil - ly breez - es sigh,



2 When my heart grows lonely and all earth-ly pleas-ures fade, Then the Sav - ior to com-fort will be near,



3 Then my soul why murmur though afflic-tions seem se - vere, For they soon and for - ev-er pass a - way;



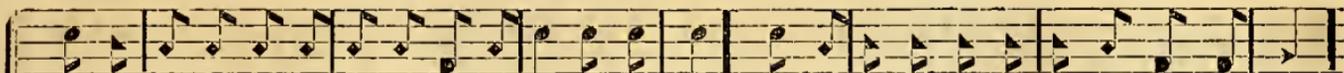
As I think of the days, that are past for - ev - er - more, And the swift-ness with which life's mo-ments fly.



Ere in slum-ber so sweet I may rest my ach - ing head—Ere is dried in re-pose the fall - ing tear.



When we lean on the Savior, he gives us strength to bear Eve - ry bur - den un - til the close of day.



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



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



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



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



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



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

LAND OF LIGHT.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 My heav'n-ly home is bright and fair, We're marching home to heav'n, Nor death nor sigh-ing

2 Its glit-tering towers the sun out-shine, We're marching home to heav'u, That heavenly man-sion

3 My Fath-er's house is built on high, We're marching home to heav'n, A - bove the arch'd and

4 When from this earth - ly pris - on free, We're marching home to heav'n, That heavenly man-sion

vis - it there, We're marching home to heav'n, We are marching on to Zi - on, to that Land of Light,

shall be mine, We're marching home to heav'n. We are marching on to Zi - on, to that Land of Light,

star - ry sky, We're marching home to heav'n.
mine shall be, We're marching home to heav'n.

We are marching home to Zi-on, to that Land of Light,



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



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



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

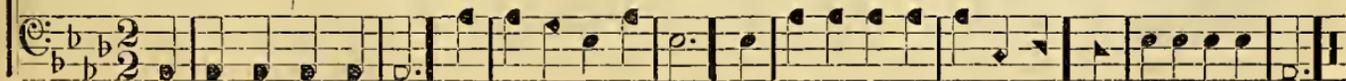
ENON.



1 While my Redeemer's near, My Shepherd and my Guide, I bid farewèll to eve - ry fear, My wants are all supplied.



2 To ever-fragrant meads, Where rich abundance grows, His gracious hand indulgent leads, And guards my sweet repose.



JESUS' ARMY.



1 We've gathered from the East, and we've gathered from the West—Fill - ing the ranks 'of Je - sus' ar - my;



2 His cause we will sus-tain, and we'll la - bor as we go, Fill - ing the ranks of Je - sus' ar-my;



3 Then let us all u - nite, and be - gin the work to - day, Fill - ing the ranks of Je - sus' ar - my;

4 Our ban-ner's on the breeze, as our du - ty we pur-sue, Fill - ing the ranks of Je - sus' ar - my;



His praise up - on the lip, and His love with - in the breast— Fill-ing the ranks of Je - sus' ar - my.



Our Sav - ior will be near, and His aid He will be - stow, Fill - ing the ranks of Je - sus' ar - my.



The field is ful - ly ripe—should the har-vest men de - lay, Fill - ing the ranks of Je - sus' ar - my.
We're 'list - ed for the war—won't you come and help us through, Fill - ing the ranks of Je - sus' ar - my.

JESUS' ARMY—Continued.

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

WAITING BY THE RIVER.

Chorus and Music by
WYATT MINSHALL.

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



2 Far a-way beyond the shadows Of this wea-ry vale of tears, There the tide of bliss is sweeping
3 They are launch-ing on the riv - er, From the calm and qui-et shore, And they soon will bear my spirit



Of the angel's wel-come song; O! I see the dawn is break-ing, On the hill-tops of the blest,



Thro' the bright and e-changeless years, O! I long to be with Je - sus, In the man-sions of the blest,
Where the wea-ry sigh no more, For the tide is swift-ly flow - ing, And I long to greet the blest,



Where the wick - ed cease from troub - ling And the wea - ry are at rest.



Where the wick - ed cease from troub - ling And the wea - ry are at rest.
Where the wick - ed cease from troub - ling And the wea - ry are at rest.

CHORUS.



On-ly wait-ing till the sum-mons Shall call us to the shore Where sor-row and sigh-ing nev - er come ;—



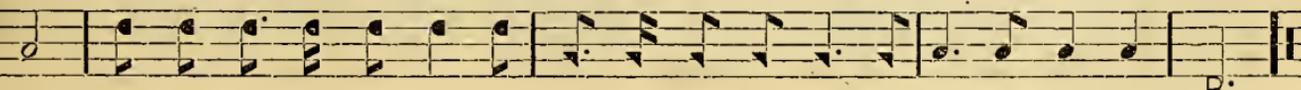
On-ly wait-ing till the sum-mons Shall call us to the shore Where sorrow and sigh - ing nev - er come ;—



Yes, wait - ing for the Boat-man, He soon will bear us o'er, And land us safe at home.



Yes, wait - ing for the Boat-man, He soon will bear us o'er, And land us safe at home.



BEAUTIFUL HOME BEYOND.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 Our home beyond for-ev - er fair, Beau-ti - ful world of peace; No sin or death can en - ter there,

2 Our home beyond, the land of rest, Beau-ti - ful world of peace; In thee our souls are ev - er blest,

3 Our home beyond thy gates of light, Beau-ti - ful world of peace; Soon, soon will greet our yearning sight,

Beau - ti - ful world of peace. The tears of grief, the pangs of woe, Our hearts no more shall ev - er know;

Beau - ti - ful world of peace. Dear Lord of love, we are in thee, From sin for - ev - er more set free;

Beau - ti - ful world of peace. And soon our feet shall touch thy shore, To tread the ways of earth no more;

MERCY'S FREE.



1 By faith I view my Sa-vior dy-ing, On the tree, On the tree; } He bids the guil - ty now draw near,
To eve - ry na-tion he is cry-ing, Look to me, Look to me. }



2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing, Pit - ty me, pit - y me? } O, yes! he did sal - va - tion bring,
And did he snatch my soul from ruin, Can it be, can it be! }



3 Je-sus, the mighty God hath spoken Peace to me, peace to me; } Soon as I in his name be-liev-ed,
Now all my chains of sin are broken, I am free, I am free. }



Repent, believe, dismiss their fear; Hark! hark! what precious words I hear! Mer - cy's free, mer-cy's free.



He is my Pro-phet, Priest, and King; And now my hap-py soul can sing, Mer - cy's free, mer - cy's free.



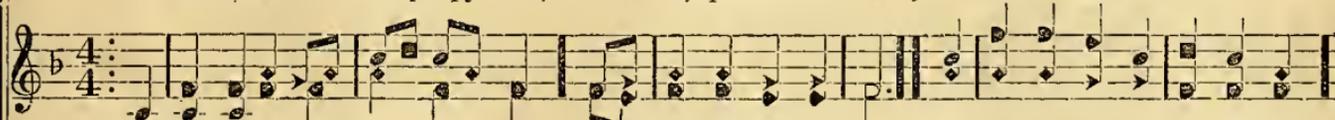
The Ho - ly Spir-it I re-ceived, And Christ from death my soul re-trieved, Mer - cy's free, mer-cy's free.

THE PROMISED LAND.

H. E. ENGLE. 79



1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye, } O the transporting rapt'rous scene,
To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.



2 There gen'rous fruits that nev-er fail On trees immortal grow; } All o'er those wide extended plains,
Their'e rocks and hills and brooks and vales, With milk and honey flow.



That ri-ses to my sight! Sweet fields arrayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.



Shines one e - ter-nal day; There God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.





1 There's a city of light 'mid the stars we are told, Where they know not a sorrow or care ;
And the gates are of pearl and the streets are of gold, And the building exceeding - ly fair. }

2 Brother dear, never fear,—we shall triumph at last, If we trust in the word he has giv'n ;
When our trials and toils, and our weepings are past We shall meet in that home up in heav'n. }

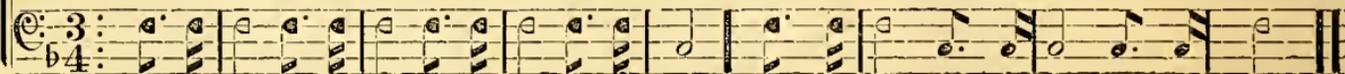
D. C. For that home is so bright, and is almost in sight, And I trust in my heart you'll go there.



3 Sister, dear, never fear,—for the Savior is near With His hand He will lead you a - long ;
And the way that is dark Christ will graciously clear And your mourning shall turn to a song. }

4 Let us walk in the light of the gos - pel di - vine, Let us ev - er keep near to the cross ;
Let us love, watch and pray in our pilgrimage here, Let us count all things else but as loss. }

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



CHORUS.

D. C.

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

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

WELCOME TO THE SABBATH.

HENRY SHEPHERD. 81

1st time. 2nd time.

1 The ho-ly day's re - turning, Our hearts ex - ult to see ; }
 And with de - vo - tion burn - ing [OMIT.....] } As - cend, our God, to thee ; To -

2 We join to sing thy prais - es, God of the Sab - bath day ! }
 Each voice in gladness raises [OMIT.....] } Its loudest, sweet - est lay ; Thy

day, with pur - est pleas - ure, Our thoughts from earth withdraw ; We search for sacred treasure, We learn thy holy law.

rich - est mer - cies shar - ing, Oh ! fill us with thy love ; By grace our souls preparing For no - ble praise a - bove.

1 There's a cit - y of light that is fair and bright, Where the an - gels dwell ev - er - more: 'Tis the

2 There's a beau-ti-ful gate, where the angels wait, To wel-come the ran-somed ones home, And with
2 O! that beau-ti-ful home, 'tis my heavenly home, The Sa-rior has gone to pre-pare; And by

4 O, that love-ly one, too, that on earth I knew, Who suf-fered and wor-shipped with me; 'Mid the

CHORUS.

saints' de-light, for there is no night, And suf-f'rings and sor-row is o'er. Is an - y one stand-ing at the

songs they greet, as the loved ones meet;—Through valleys of beauty they roam. Is an - y one stand-ing at the
faith we see from the bended knee, The ho-ly and hap-py ones there.

shin-ing-throng, as they pass a - long, En-raptured in beau-ty I see. And there she is stand-ing at the

beau-ti - ful gate, Wait - ing and watch-ing for me ; Wait - ing and watch-ing, wait - ing and watch-ing,
 beau-ti - ful gate, Wait - ing and watch-ing for me ; Wait - ing and watch-ing, wait - ing and watch-ing,
 beau-ti - ful gate, Wait - ing and watch-ing for me ; Wait - ing and watch-ing, wait - ing and watch-ing,

Waiting and watching for me ; Is an - y one standing at the beau-ti - ful gate, Waiting and watching for me.
 Waiting and watching for me ; Is an - y one standing at the beau-ti - ful gate, Waiting and watching for me.
 Waiting and watching for me ; And there she is stand-ing at the beau-ti - ful gate, Waiting and watching for me.

1 I have dreamed sweet dreams of a bet - ter ' home, Of a bet - ter home than this, Of a

2 I have dreamed sweet dreams of a bet - ter life, Of a bet - ter life than this, Where there

3 I have dreamed sweet dreams of a bet - ter land, Of a bet - ter land than this, Where the

home where sorrows never come, Where all is perfect bliss. Sing - ing with the an - gels, with the an - gels :
is no con - flict and no strife, Where all is perfect peace Sing - - - - - ing with the an - gels :
ransomed tread the golden strand, Where joy shall never cease. Sing - ing with the an - gels, with the an - gels ;

home where sorrows never come, Where all is perfect bliss. Sing - ing with the an - gels, with the an - gels :
is no con - flict and no strife, Where all is perfect peace Sing - - - - - ing with the an - gels :
ransomed tread the golden strand, Where joy shall never cease. Sing - ing with the an - gels, with the an - gels ;

home where sorrows never come, Where all is perfect bliss. Sing - ing with the an - gels, with the an - gels :
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home where sorrows never come, Where all is perfect bliss. Sing - ing with the an - gels, with the an - gels :
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home where sorrows never come, Where all is perfect bliss. Sing - ing with the an - gels, with the an - gels :
is no con - flict and no strife, Where all is perfect peace Sing - - - - - ing with the an - gels :
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home where sorrows never come, Where all is perfect bliss. Sing - ing with the an - gels, with the an - gels :
is no con - flict and no strife, Where all is perfect peace Sing - - - - - ing with the an - gels :
ransomed tread the golden strand, Where joy shall never cease. Sing - ing with the an - gels, with the an - gels ;



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



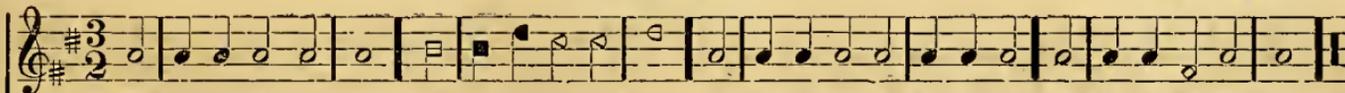
There, there, o-ver, o-ver there ; Sing - - - - - ing with the an-gels, In that sweet home so fair.



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

SHAWMUT.

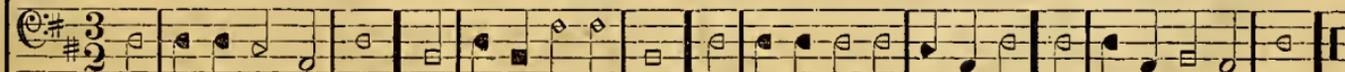
LOWELL MASON.



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



2 Je - sus, the Sa- vior, reigns, Let earth a-dore its Lord ; Bright cherubs his attendants stand, Swift to ful-fill his word.



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

JUST AS I AM.

Music by WYATT MINSHALL.

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

2 Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee, whose blood can

3 Just as I am, though tossed about With many a con - flict, many a doubt, Fight-ings with-in and

4 Just as I am, thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, re-lieve, Be-cause thy prom-ise

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

cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come,..... I come,..... O

fears with - out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come, I come, I come, I come, O

I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come!

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

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

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

EVONA.

HENRY SHEPHERD.

1 Soft-ly now the light of day Fades upon our sight a - way, Free from care, from labor free, Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Soon for us the light of day Shall for-ev - er pass a - way; Then from sin and sorrow free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

SUBMISSION.

Words and Music by WYATT MINSHALL.



1 While we jour-ney o'er life's path-way, 'Toward the heav-enly land of rest;—Of-ten foot-sore, worn and



2 Though our house be filled with mourning, Sor-rows gath-er thick and fast, While we see stern death ap-



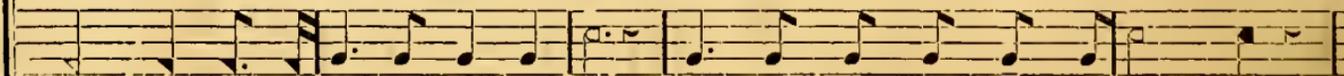
3 For we know be-yond the tem - pests, That so of - ten cloud our way—Dwells the loved one, in the



wea - ry, With the cares of life op-pressed; While through toil, and care and sor - row,



proach-ing, Soon, our brightest hopes to blast; Though our hearts seem bro - ken, bleed - ing,



sun - light Of a nev - er end - ing day, And there comes a gen - tle whis - per,—



We must reach that home a-bove, Still, a - mid se - ver - est con - flicts, We may know that "God is love."



As the dear one's borne a-way, Yet there comes through all this dark-ness, Gleams of an e - ter - nal day.



"On - ly faint not, wea - ry one," Now we know 'tis God that speak - eth, And we say, "thy will be done."

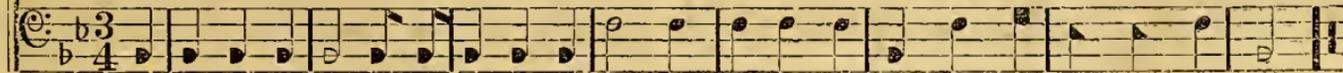
ELMER.



1 Ah! tell me no more Of the worldling's vain store, The time for such trifling with me now is o'er.



2 A re - gion is found Where true riches abound, And songs of sal - va - tion for - ev - er re - sound.



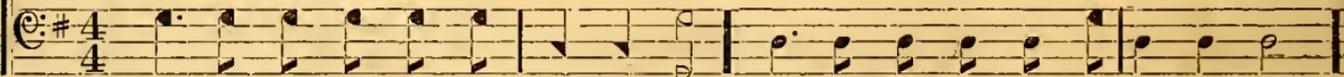
WILL THEY MEET ME.



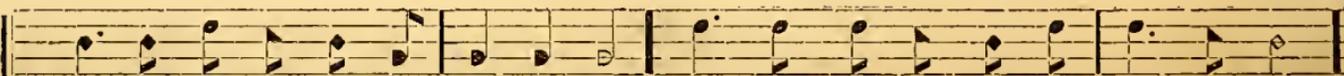
1 Will they meet me on the oth - er shore, When this life of toil and care is o'er,



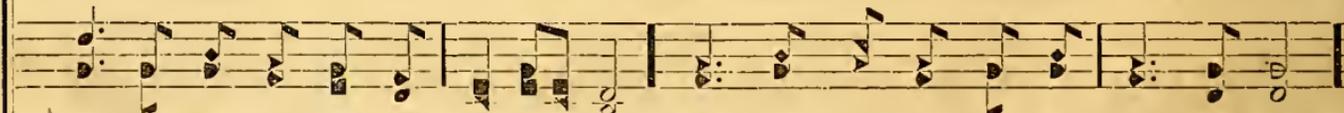
2 If the cold, dark waves of Jor - dan drear, My re - coil - ing soul should fill with fear,



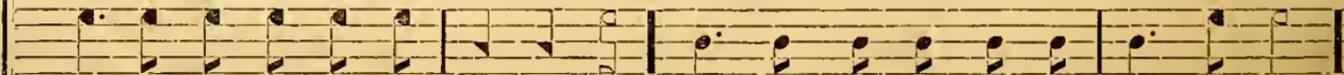
3 Will the souls of friends who've gone be - fore, Come and meet me on the oth - er shore?



When I've done with all the woes of earth, Will they greet my spir - it's heav'n - ly birth?



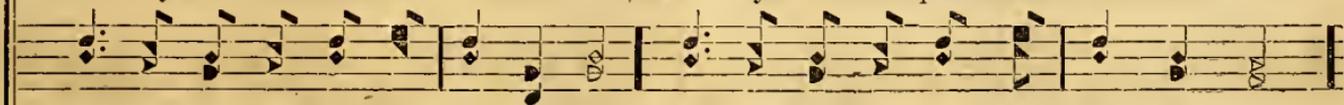
And my tremb - ling feet should, doubt - ing, shrink, As they near the lone - ly riv - er's brink, —



And with harps, their an - gel voic - es raise In a heav'n - ly song of love and praise,



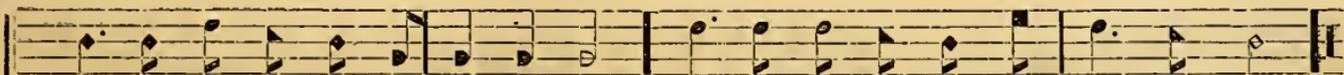
Will they watch its first ce - les - tial breath, When my soul has passed the riv - er death?



Will their mu - sic sound a - cross the wave, To in - spire, and make my spir - it brave?



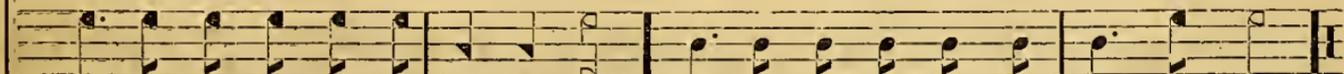
Till the news is ech-oed through heaven's dome, That an - oth - er soul is gath - ered home?



An - gels dwell - ing in that hap - py land— Will they meet me on its gol - den strand?



Will their voic - es tell me 'bove its roar, That they're waiting on the oth - er shore.



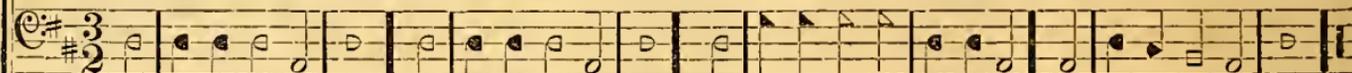
Dear de - part - ed ones, when life is o'er, Will ye meet me on the oth - er shore?



1 How gen-tle God's com-mands, How kind his pre-cepts are! Come, cast your bur-den on the Lord, And trust his con-stant care,
2 His boun-ty will pro- vide, His saints se-cure-ly dwell; That hand which bears creation up, Shall guard his children well.



3 Why should this anxious load Press down your weary mind! O seek your heavenly Father's throne And peace and comfort find.
3 His good-ness stands ap-proved, Un-changed from day to day; I'll drop my bur-den at his feet, And bear a song a - way.



HOME OF THE SOUL.

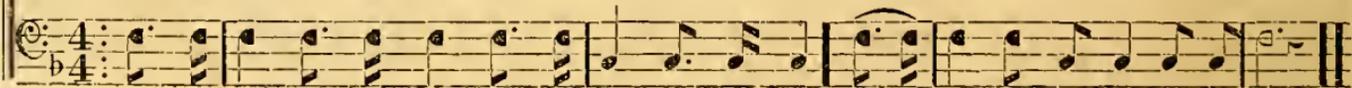
Music by G. R. STREET.



1 I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far-a-way home of the soul, }
Where no storms ev-er beat on that glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll. }



2 Oh, that home of the soul, in my vis-ions and dreams, Its bright jas-per walls I can see, }
Till I fan-sy but thin-ly, the veil in-ter-venes, Be-tween the fair cit-y and me. }



CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

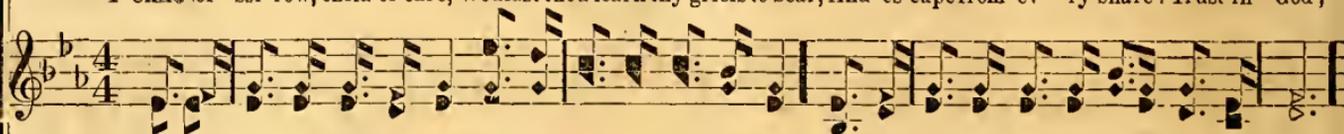
3 There the great tree of life in its beauty doth grow,
And the river of life floweth by,
For no death ever enters the city you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.

4 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is he
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

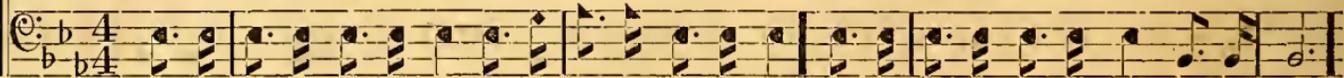
5 O, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
Which is free from all sorrow and pain;
There with songs on our lips and with harps in our
hands,
For to meet one another again.



1 Child of sor-row, child of care, Wouldst thou learn thy griefs to bear, And es-cape from ev' - ry snare? Trust in God;



2 Pain-ful days, and months, and years Gloomy doubts distracting fears, In this dark-some vale of tears, We may see,



Hu - man strength is weak and vain, Let not sin its pow'r regain; Hum - bly ask and help ob - tain, From thy God.



But the Lord will lead us on, He will nev - er leave his own, Till we reach his shin-ing throne, Safe-ly there.





We'll be there, we'll be there, we'll be there, we'll be there, When the Lord of glory calls us We'll be there, we'll be there, To en -



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



We'll be there, we'll be there, we'll be there, we'll be there, When the Lord of glory calls us, We'll be there, we'll be there, To en -



joy that feast of love, That the Sa - vior from a - bove, Has pre-pared for those who prove, Wor-thy there.



joy that feast of love, That the Sav - ior from a - bove, Has pre-pared for those who prove, Wor-thy there.



joy that feast of love, That the Sav - ior from a - bove, Has pre-pared for those who prove, Wor-thy there.



1 O the night of Time soon shall pass away; And the hap-py gol - den day will dawn, When the pil-grim staff shall be
2 O the hap-py day that shall gild the hills When the Lord shall come to earth again! Oh the happy hearts that shall



3 What a joy-ful time when the earth shall gleam In the light of an e - ter - nal day, When the saints shall sing un-to



laid a-side, And the king - ly crown put on.
wel - come him When he comes once more to reign.

We are watch - ing now for the Morn - ing Light, For the



Christ their King, In their gol-den glad ar - ray.

We are watch - ing now for the Morn - ing Light, For the



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



GATHER THEM IN.

Music by WYATT MINSHALL.

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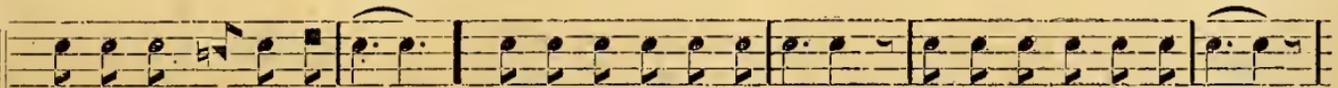
1 O - pen the door for the children, Ten - der - ly gath - er them in, In from the high - ways and hedges,



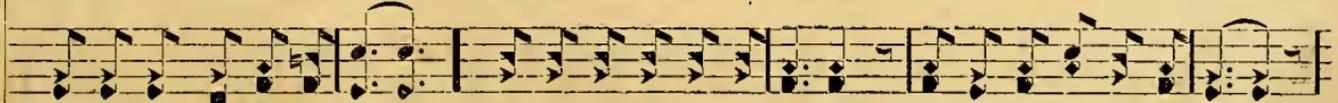
2 O - pen the door for the children, See ! they are coming, in throngs ; Bid them sit down to the banquet,



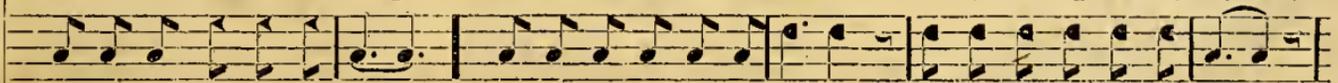
3 O - pen the door for the children, Take the dear lambs by the hand ; Point them to truth and to Je - sus,



In from the pla - ces of sin. Some are so young and so helpless, Some are so hun - gry and cold ;



Teach them your beau - ti - ful songs. Pray you the Father to bless them, Pray you that grace may be given ;



Point them to heaven's bright land. Some are so young and so helpless, Some are so hun - gry and cold ;

7 The Starry Crown.

GATHER THEM IN—Continued.



O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold. Gath - er them in, yes, gath - er them in,



O - pen the door for the chil - dren, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Gath - - - er them, gath - er them in,



O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold. Gath - er them in, yes, gath - er them in,



Gath - er, yes, gath - er them in - to the fold; Gath - er them in from the pla - ces of sin,

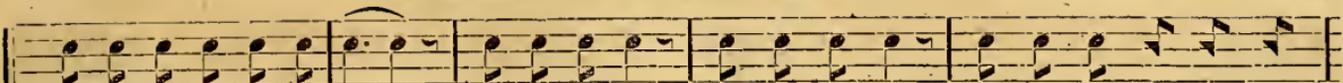


Gath - - er them in - to the fold; Gath - er them in from the pla - ces of sin,



Gath - er, yes, gath - er them in - to the fold; Gath - er them in from the pla - ces of sin,

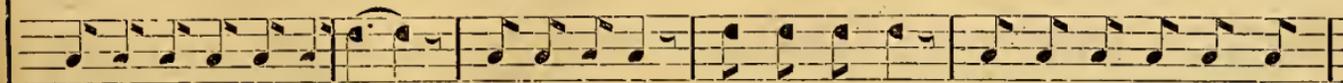
GATHER THEM IN - Continued.



Gath - er them in - to the fold : Gath - er them in, gath - er them in, Gath - er, yes, gath - er them,



Gath - er them in - to the fold : Gath..... - er them, gath - er them in ; Gath.....-er them,



Gath - er them in - to the fold : Gath - er them in, Gath - er them in, Gath - er, yes, gath - er them,



gath - er them in ; Gath - er them in from the pla - ces of sin, Yes, gath - er them in - to the fold.



gath - er them in ; Gath - er them in from the pla - ces of sin, Yes, gath - er them in - to the fold.



gath - er them in ; Gath - er them in from the pla - ces of sin, Yes, gath - er them in - to the fold.

THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

H. E. ENGLE.

1 There's a beau - ti - ful land far be - yond the sky, And Je - sus, my Sa - vior, is there ;

2 I have friends who have gone to that land on high, They are free from sor - row and care ;

3 We shall meet in that beau - ti - ful land on high, And be with the bright and the fair,

He has gone to pre - pare me a home on high— Oh, I long, oh I long to be there!

And I trust I shall meet them a - bove the sky— Oh, I long, oh I long to be there!

Where the wa - ters of life sweet - ly mur - mur by— Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!

He has gone to pre - pare me a home on high— Oh, I long, oh I long to be there!

And I trust I shall meet them a - bove the sky— Oh, I long, oh I long to be there!

Where the wa - ters of life sweet - ly mur - mur by— Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!

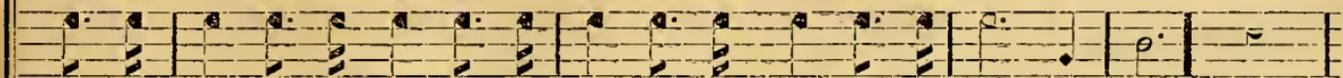
THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND—Continued.



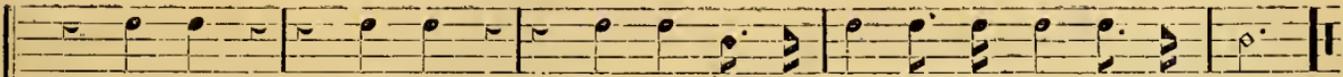
In that beau-ti-ful land, In that beau-ti-ful land, Where the an-gels stand,



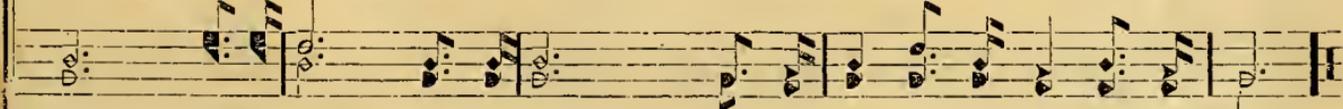
In that beau- - - - - ti-ful land, Where the an-gels stand, We shall



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



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



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



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

1 A - mid the toil and pain of life, A - mid its con - flicts and its strife, A pre - cious thought to

2 When loved ones fade and pass a - way, And left a - lone on earth I stay, To cheer my heart this

3 We'll see our Sa - vior as he is, En - joy his love and taste his bliss, And end - less life will

4 No more we'll reach the par - ting hand, In yon - der bright and hap - py land, No more will sad fare -

CHORUS. *Bass and Tenor p.*

me is given, The thought of my sweet home in heaven, O home of peace, blest home of love, O home of peace, blest

hope is given, We'll meet in yon sweet home in heaven, O home of peace blest home of

there be given, In yon - der peace - ful home in heaven, O home of peace, blest home of love, O home of peace, blest

wells be given, In yon - der bles - sed home in heaven.



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



love.... Sweet home..... of end - - - less life a - - bove; When ties that



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



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



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



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

TEN COMMANDMENTS.



1 Down the a - ges long de - part - ed, For a mo - ment look and won - der; Lis - ten to the



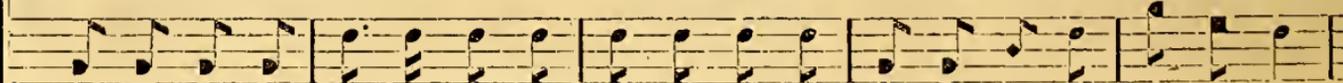
2 See! the clouds are round a - bout Him, And the aw - ful trum - pet sound-eth, While the Lord up -



Ten Com-mand-ments, Loud - er far than Si - nai's thun - der, Hear a Voice which speaks to thee:



on the moun - tain, His un - chang - ing law pro - pound-eth: "Jeal - ous is thy God, and thou



“Thou shalt have no Gods but me,” Hear a voice which speaks to thee: “Thou shalt have no Gods but me.”

To an i - dol shalt not bow; “Jeal - ous is thy God, and thou, To an i - dol shalt not bow.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE HEAVENLY HOME.

W. H. BURGETT.
From THE BRILLIANT, by permission.


1 There is a home, a hap - py home, Where the wea - ry are at rest, With the an - gels they sing a -
2 There is a home, a peace - ful home, Be - yond life's gloomy shore, Where we shall meet in



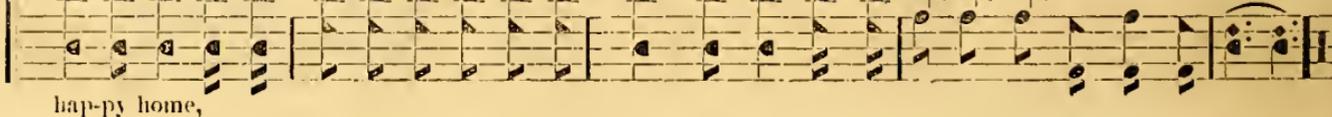

round the throne, In that beau - ti - ful land of the blest.
bliss to roam With the loved ones gone be - fore. Home, hap - py home, Home, hap - py



Our hap - py, hap - py home, Our hap - py,



- home, Where the an - gels are sing - ing a - round the throne, In that beau - ti - ful land of the blest.



hap - py home,

Allegretto.

ANTHEM: "Jerusalem, My Glorious Home."

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1840
From The American Tune Book. 107

Je - ru - sa - lem! my glorious home! Name ev - er dear to me! When! When shall my la - bors have an

Je - ru - sa - lem! my glorious home! Name ev - er dear to me! When! When shall my la - bors have an

end, In joy and peace, In joy and peace, In joy and peace with thee.

end, In joy In joy In joy and peace with thee.

end, In joy and peace, In joy and peace, in joy and peace with thee.

"Jerusalem, My Glorious Home"—Continued.

2 Oh, when shall I thy courts, thy courts ascend?

2 Oh, when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend? Where congregations ne'er break

2 Oh, when shall I thy courts, thy courts ascend?

Oh, when shall I thy courts, thy courts ascend? 3. There happier bowers than E-den's bloom,

up And Sab - baths have no end? 3. There hap-pier bowers than E - den's bloom No sin nor

Oh, when shall I thy courts, thy courts ascend? 3. There happier bowers than E-den's bloom,



nor sorrow know: Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes I onward press to you, I onward press to you, I on-ward



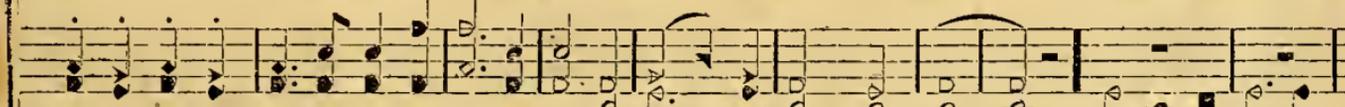
sor - row know: Blest seats! thro' rude and storm-y scenes I on-ward press to you, I on-ward press to you, I on-ward



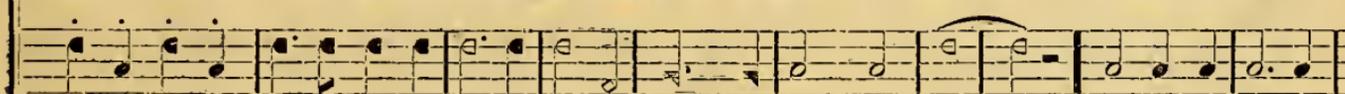
nor sorrow know: Blest seats! thro' rude a nd stormy scenes I onward press to you, I onward press to you, I on-ward



press to you, Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to me 4. Why should I shrink at



press to you, Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to me 4. Why should I shrink at



press to you, Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lom! Name ev - er dear to - me 4. Why should I shrink at

"Jerusalem, My Glorious Home" - Continued.

pain and woe, Or feel at death dis - may! I've Ca - naan's good - ly land in

pain and woe, Or feel at death dis - may! I've Ca - naan's good - ly land in

pain and woe, Or feel at death dis - may! I've Ca - naan's good - ly land in

view, And realms of end - - - - less day. 5. Je - ru - sa - lem! my glorious home! My soul still pants for

view, And realms of end-less day 5. Je - ru - sa - lem! my glorious home! My soul still pants, My

view, And realms of end - less day 5. Je - ru - sa - lem! my glorious home! My soul still pants for

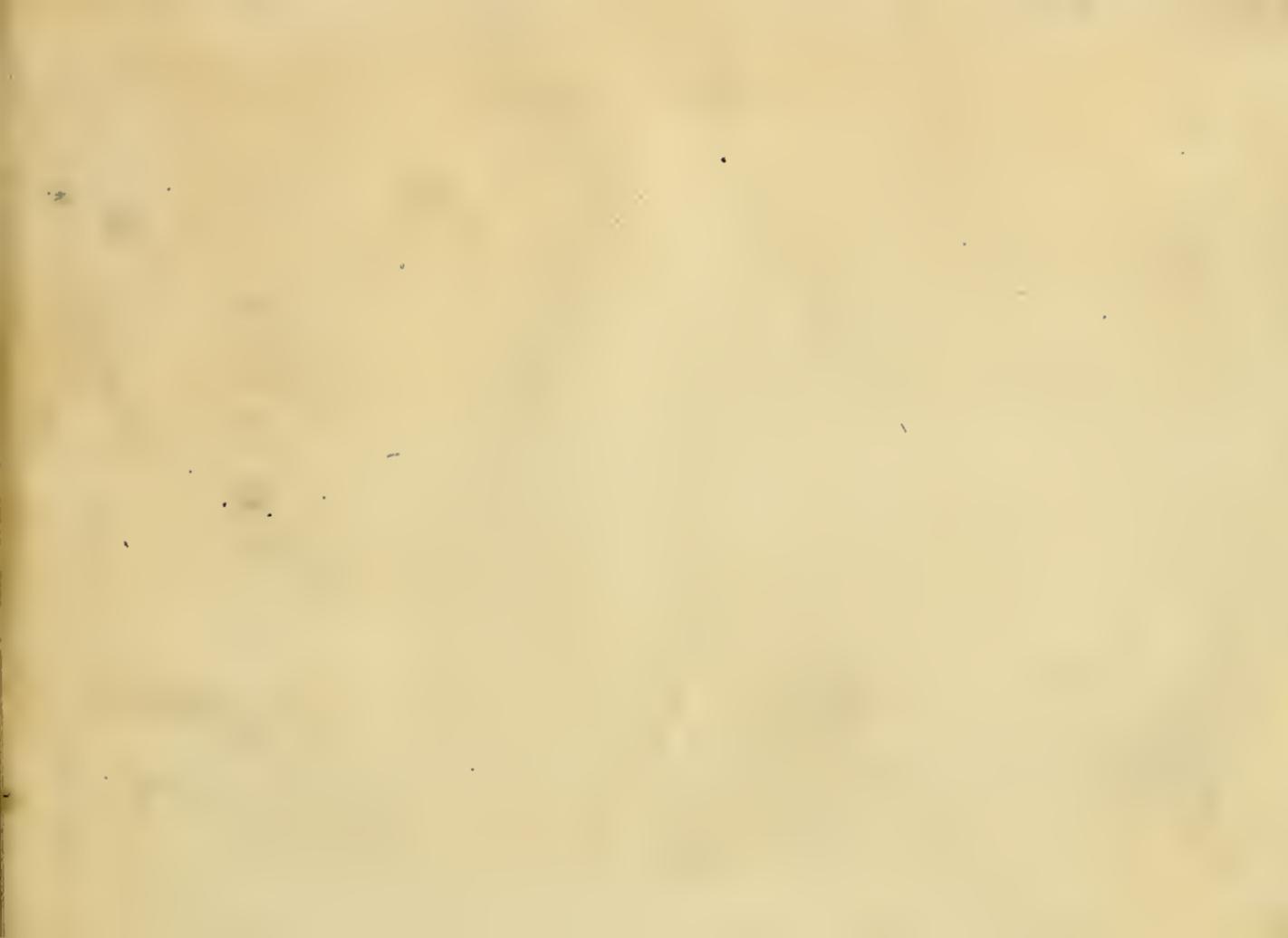
“Jerusalem, My Glorious Home”—Concluded.

thee; Then, Then shall my labors have an end, When I thy joys, thy joys shall see, When I thy
 soul still pants for thee; Then shall my labors have an end, When I thy joys When I thy
 thee; Then, Then shall my labors have an end, When I thy joys, thy joys shall see, when I thy

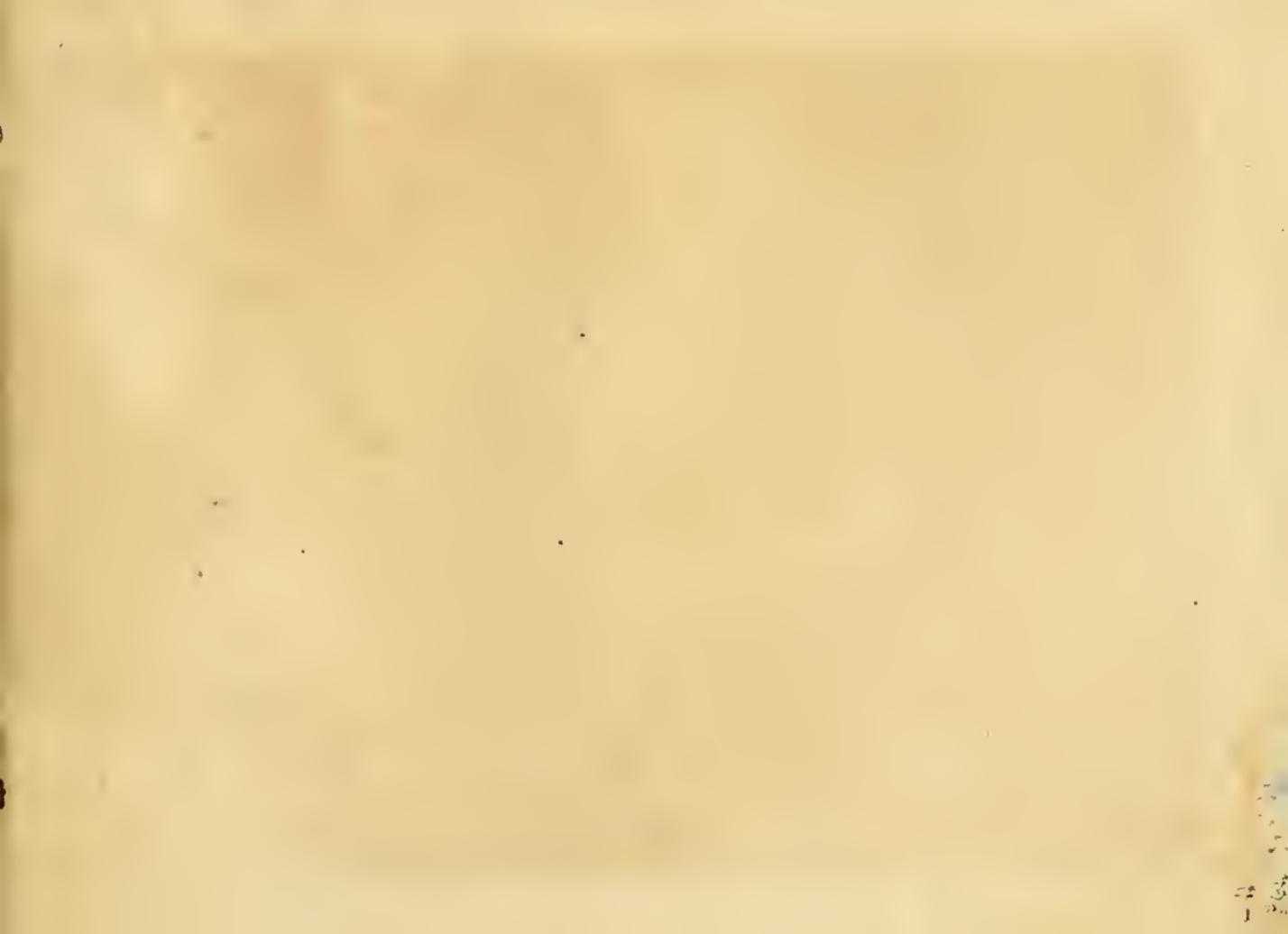
joys shall see, thy joys . . shall see, Je-ru-sa-lem! Je-ru-sa-lem! Name ev - er dear to me! Name ev-er dear to me!
 joys shall see, thy joys shall see. Je-ru-sa-lem! Je-ru-sa-lem! Name ev - er dear to me! Name ev-er dear to me!
 joys shall see, Thy joys shall see. Je-ru-sa-lem! Je-ru-sa-lem! Name ev - er dear to me! Name ev-er dear to me!

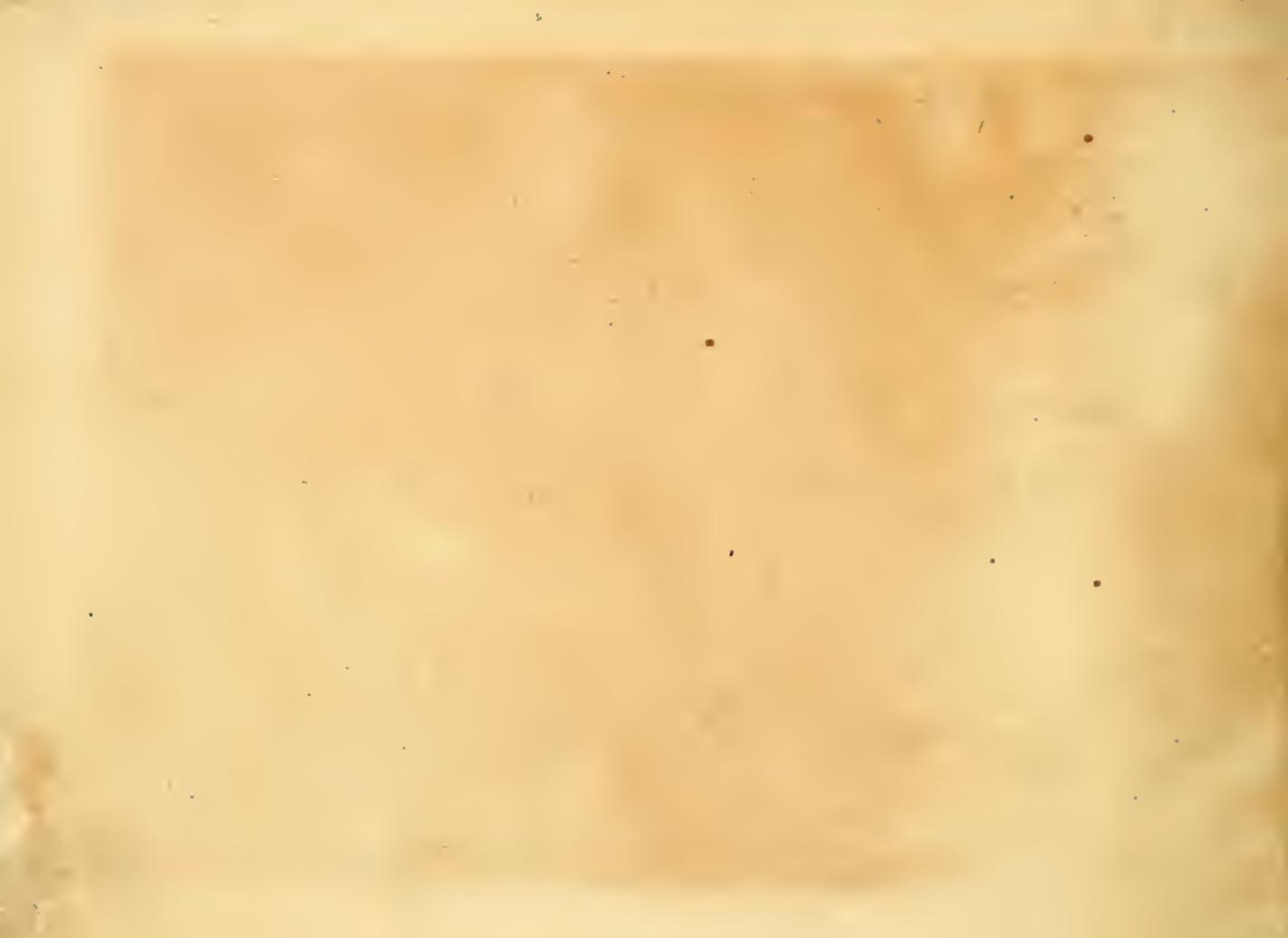
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