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LAST WORDS.

BY

REV. WM. THOS. DALE.

Ruebush, Kieffer & Co.,

DAYTON, ROCKINGHAM CO., VA.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

J. M. ARMSTRONG & CO., MUSIC TYPOGRAPHERS, PHILADELPHIA.

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✓
Last Words, or, Spirit Whispers:



A

COLLECTION OF HYMNS

SUGGESTED BY THE

LAST WORDS OF DYING CHRISTIANS;

AND

OTHER SONGS.

BY ✓

Rev. W. T. DALE.



PUBLISHED BY

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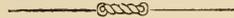
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THE SCALE.



Doe, Ray, Mee, Faw, Sole, Law, See, Doe. Doe, See, Law, Sole, Faw, Mee, Ray, Doe.

INTRODUCTION.



THIS little book is designed for use in the room of the sick, at the couch of the dying, and on funeral occasions. It may also be used appropriately in the home circle and at concerts. It is wholly unlike any other work, being composed chiefly of hymns and songs suggested by the *last words* of dying Christians. In this respect it is entirely new, and occupies a field hitherto unoccupied by any other work.

In these songs we catch the last *whispers* of departed saints. Exulting in faith, and rejoicing in the blood of the "Crucified One," they passed over the "silent stream." And

now, in the last expressive words that fell from their lips, they are calling to us from the other shore.

May we die as peacefully and triumphantly as they have died, and at last join them around the throne in crying,—“Worthy is the Lamb!”

In this little work may be found the productions of the following distinguished poets and musicians:—

Armstrong, F. L.

Bowers, Rev. E. T.

Cameron, Miss Kate

Christy, Wilbur A.

Darnall, D.D., Rev. W. H.

Davis, Frank M.

DeWitt, Mrs. Jennie

DeWitt, Rev. M. B.

Dortch, D. E.

Doughty, A. S.

Evans, J. M.

Gabriel, Charles H.

Giffe, W. T.

Hugg, George C.

Kieffer, Aldine S.

Latta, E. R.

Leslie, J. H.

Lucas, D. R.

McIntosh, R. M.

Montgomery, Rev. James

Munzinger, Mrs. P.

Newton, Rev. John

Orr, J. L.

Orr, R. Porter

Parvin, Z. M.

Perkins, H. S.

Pollock, Charles Edwin

Rev. Rev. M. A.

Reden, Karl

Slade, Mrs. Mary B. C.

Tenney, J. H.

Warren, F. R.

Wayland, Annie

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WM. THOS. DALE.

ARRINGTON, TENN., DECEMBER, 1873.

Last Words; or, Spirit Whispers.



Words by Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

WEEPING MARY.

Music by W. T. D.



1. Ma - ry to the Sa - vior's tomb Hast - ed at the ear - ly dawn;



Spice she brought and sweet per - fume, But the Lord she loved had gone.

2 For awhile she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

3 But her sorrows quickly fled,
When she heard His welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead,
Now He bids her heart rejoice.

4 What a change His word can make,
Turning darkness into day;
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

"IT IS FINISHED!"

Music by J. H. LESLIE.

1 "It is finished!" so He cried, Bowed His head and thus He died. Now re-deeming work is done;

REFRAIN.
Now our tri-umph is be-gun. "It is fin-ished! It is finished!" Man to God is

re-con-ciled; "It is fin-ished! It is fin-ished!" I can now be-come His child.

2 "It is finished!" all is o'er,
All His pain and anguish sore;
All His sufferings here are past;
Now He conquers sin at last.

3 "It is finished!" blessed thought,
Comfort to our hearts is brought,
Man may now approach the throne,
Reconciled through Christ alone.

4 "It is finished!" heaven is near;
All through Christ may there appear;
Rebels doomed to endless pain,
May return to God again.

SPIRIT WHISPERS.*

Words by REV. W. T. DALE.

Music by J. L. ORR.

1 "Spir - it Whis - pers," how they cheer us, Pil - grims on the heavenly way; Fall - ing like the gen - tle
 2 "Spir - it Whis - pers," bless - ed whis - pers, Fall - ing gen - tly on our ears; Com - ing from the land E -

mur - murs From the land of end - less day. "Spir - it Whis - pers," gen - tle whis - pers, Whis - pers
 lys - ian, Quell - ing all a - ris - ing fears. Now I long to join the ran - somed Loved ones

of the saint - ed band, Com - ing o'er the swol - len wa - ters From the bright and gold - en strand.
 who have gone be - fore; Meet them at the throne e - ter - nal, Meet them where we'll part no more.

Inscribed to its POET AUTHOR, by J. L. O.

SWEET ELLA MAY.

Music by C. E. POLLOCK.

1. Sweet El - la May has died and gone; She's with the an - gel band; And safe be - fore th'e -
 2. Just like the flow'r that blooms and dies, So pass'd this love - ly form; And, soar - ing, sped be -

CHORUS.

ter - nal throne, She stands with harp in hand. Sweet El - la May has pass'd a - way; She's
 yond the skies, On an - gels' wings up - borne.

with the an - gel band; And safe be - fore th'e - ter - nal throne, She stands with harp in hand.

3 That lovely flower so bright and fair,
 In all the glow of health;
 With dimpled cheeks and beauty rare,
 Cut down, I see, by death.

4 But in that bright elysian plain,
 Where verdure never dies,
 That lovely flower shall bloom again,
 And thrive above the skies.

5 She's gone to meet her father there;
 And now, in his embrace,
 She cries, "Mother, sweet mother, dear,
 Come to this happy place."

1 A glo - rious rest is prom - ised, A home for - ev - er bright, Where clouds shall nev - er

Chorus.

gath - er, And where there is no night. No night, no night, no night, no night, But e -
No night, no night, no night, no night,

ter - nal day is given; No night, no night, There will be no night in heav'n.
No night, no night, no night, no night,

2 There palms and crowns await us,
And robes of spotless white;
But best of all a heaven,
A home where is no night.

3 When loosed from earthly trials,
The spirit takes its flight;
'Twill dwell in realms of glory,
Where Jesus is the light.

THE HARPS ETERNAL.

Words by F. R. WARREN.

Music by REV. M. A. REEVE.

FINE.

1 { Hark! I hear the harps - e - ter - nal Ring - ing on the far - ther shore, }
As I near those swol - len wa - ters, With their deep and sol - emn roar. }

D. C. Pass - es swift - ly o'er those wa - ters To the ci - ty far a - way.

D. C.

And my soul, though stained with sor - row, Fad - ing on the light of day,

2 Just beyond the river flasheth
Jebusalem of my God;
Where the white wave rising plasheth
On the shore by angels trod.
Stop! I see the boatman nearing.
See! the snowy sail is set;
And the oars are floating idly,
And the sail is drifting wet.

3 Call my father! call my mother!
Tell them that the boatman's here;
And another! Oh, another!
Unto whom my soul is dear.
Call them quick! for I am passing
Through the valley of the grave:
I am passing with the boatman,
O'er the deep and solemn wave.

1. O - ver Jor - dan we shall meet, By and by, by and by; In that hap - py land so
 2. All our sor - rows shall be past, By and by, by and by; We shall reach our home at

sweet, By and by, by and by; We shall gath - er on the shore, With our
 last, By and by, by and by; With the ran - som'd we shall stand, There a

kin - dred gone be - fore, And the Sa - viour's name a - dore, By and by, by and by.
 ho - ly, hap - py band, Crown'd with glo - ry in that land, By and by, by and by.

3 We shall join the heavenly choir, By and by, by and by;
 We shall strike the golden lyre, By and by, by and by;
 In our home so bright and fair,
 Where the happy angels are,
 We shall praise forever there, By and by, by and by.

4 There we'll join the ransomed throng, By and by, by and by;
 Chanting love's redeeming song, By and by, by and by;
 There we'll meet before the throne,
 Then we'll lay our trophies down,
 And receive a shining crown, By and by, by and by.

Spirited.

1. Life's clos - ing hours pass swift - ly by, Earth's pains are felt no more; To heav'n I now di-

Chorus.

rect mine eye, To view the shin - ing shore. Home - ward, home - ward,
On - ward, up - ward, we are marching,

Home to the shi - ning shore; Home - ward, home - ward, Home to the shi - ning shore.
On - ward, up - ward, we are marching,

2 With trials and with conflicts past,
And record placed on high,
By faith I see the crown at last,
And victory drawing nigh.

3 The parting veil reveals the tide,
Where on the margin wait
My friends redeemed, the glorified,
To sweep me thro' the gate.

4 As nature sinks in Death's embrace,
So will my spirit rise
Triumphant thro' redeeming grace,
To rest in Paradise.

* From "THE CROWNING TRIUMPH," by permission.

Words from C. P. COL.
With feeling.

MY BURIED FRIENDS.

Music by C. E. POLLOCK. 13

1. My bur-ied friends can I for-get? Or must the grave e-ter-nal sev-er? They lin-ger in
2. I heard them bid the world a-dieu; I saw them on the roll-ing bil-low; Their far-off home
3. Oh, how I long to join their wing, And range their fields of bloom-ing flow-ers! Come, ho-ly watch-

my mem'ry yet, And in my heart they'll live for-ev-er. They lov'd me once with love sincere, And nev-er
ap-pear'd in view, While yet they pressed a dy-ing pil-low. I heard the part-ing pil-grim tell, While passing
ers, come, and bring A mourner to your bliss-ful bowers. I speed with rap-ture on my way, Nor would I

did their love de-ceive me; But oft-en, in my con-flicts here, They ral-lied quickly to re-lieve me,
Jor-dan's storm-y riv-er, "A-dieu to earth, for all is well; Now all is well with me for-ev-er."
pause at Jordan's riv-er; With songs I'd en-ter end-less day, And live with my loved friends for-ev-er.

THE NIGHT OF WEEPING.

1. Weep-ing may last for a night in the vale, But there is joy in the morn-ing for thee;
 2. For but a mo-ment His an-ger shall last, Life in His fa-vor is giv-en at dawn;
 3. So when the night of this life shall be o'er, Thou shalt a-wake on the morn-ing of rest;

Bright in the land where no sor-rows as-sail, Je-sus thy light and thy glo-ry shall be.
 Lo! when the night of thy sor-row is past, Thou shalt a-wake and the clouds shall be gone.
 Then shalt thou stand on that beau-ti-ful shore, And with the im-age of Je-sus be blest.

Refrain.

Weep-ing shall last, weep-ing shall last, Weep-ing shall last but a night in the vale;

Musical score for the first piece, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in a minor key with a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are: Weep - ing shall last, weep - ing shall last, Weep - ing shall last but a night in the vale.

Words ANONYMOUS.

REST, BROTHER, REST.

Music by C. E. POLLOCK.

Slow and soft.

Musical score for the second piece, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in a major key with a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: 1. Broth-er, rest from sin and sor-row, Death is o'er and life is won; Up-on thy slumber dawns no

Musical score for the chorus of the second piece, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in a major key with a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: mor-row, Rest, thine earth-ly race is run. Rest, broth-er, rest, Rest, broth-er, rest.

2 Brother, wake, the night is waning;
 Endless day is round thee poured;
 Then enter thou the rest remaining
 For the people of the Lord.

3 Fare thee well, though woe is blending
 With the tones of earthly love;
 There triumph high and joy unending,
 Wait thee in the realms above.

STEPHEN'S VISION.

Music by Z. M. PARVIN. By per.

1. Martyred Stephen saw the Mas-ter Standing by the throne on high; Counted death no great dis-

as-ter, If he could for Je-sus die. He is stand-ing by the Fa-ther,—Stand-ing

by the great white throne; Faith still parts the veil that's out-ward, And we see the Ho-ly One.

2 Look, ye saints! behold the gleaming
In the perfect land above;
Sure there is no idle dreaming
In the faith that works by love.

3 All around the throne is beauty;
All is pure and holy there;
Angels fly on wings of duty;
Faith perceives their tender care.

1. What crowds of an - gels fill the sky? They're just from glo-ry come; Ce - les - tial mes - sen - gers are nigh,

Chorus.
They come to take me home. What crowds of them! What crowds of them! What crowds of beautiful

an - gels bright; What crowds of them! What crowds of them! What crowds of beau - ti - ful an - gels bright.

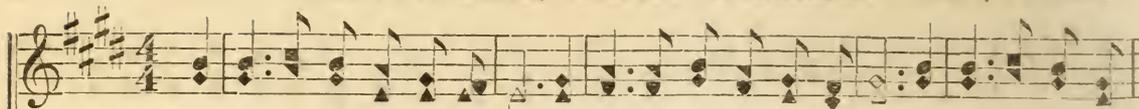
2 See how they speed their downward
And hasten to my side; [flight!
They'll bear me on their pinions bright,
Beyond the rolling tide.

3 What crowds of holy watchers come,
They hasten me away;
And soon I'll reach my heavenly home,
And dwell in endless day.

4 Farewell! my weeping friends, farewell!
I'm done with all below;
My joy and bliss no tongue can tell,
To Jesus 'I sha!' go.

"FAREWELL, VAIN WORLD."

Music by D. E. DORTCH.



1. What glo - ry fills my soul to - night! What beams are bursting on my sight! The E - den fields in
 2. I'm go - ing where the Sa - vour reigns; To bless His name in melt - ing strains; I'll lift my voice in
 3. I'm go - ing where my friends have gone; I'll meet them at my Father's throne; To - geth - er we will



glo - ry rise. To greet my wandering, raptured eyes: What sweet mel - o - dious sounds I hear, The
 ac - cents sweet, While hum - bly sit - ting at His feet; And all His wondrous love a - dore, And
 ev - er dwell; To - geth - er all our triumphs tell; I'm go - ing now, I'll soon be there; I



songs of angels greet mine ear: My Saviour smiles and bids me come: "Farewell! vain world, I'm going home."
 bless His name for - ev - er more; For now He kindly bids me come: "Farewell! vain world, I'm going home."
 soon shall reach those mansions fair; For now my Sa - vour bids me come: "Farewell! vain world, I'm going home."



Words by
W. T. D.

MAKE ROOM FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

Music by
C. E. POLLOCK. 19

1. "Lord, make room for a lit - tle child," Room among the an - gel - ic throng; Room to sing in the

Chorus.
heav'n - ly choir, Where the sym - pho - nies flow in song. Make room for a lit - tle child, Make
Make room,

room for a lit - tle child, At Thy call I am coming, Lord, Make room for a lit - tle child.
Make room,

2 "Lord, make room for a little child,"
In the mansions so bright and fair;
Room to dwell with my kindred dear,
Where the saints and the angels are.

3 "Lord, make room for a little child,"
In the bowers of Eden blest;
Room to stand on the mount of God,
Where I'll rest,—ever sweetly rest.

1. A - down life's short'ning jour - ney, The a - ged pick their way; There's much of darkness
 2. But there is con - sol - a - tion From hope's tri - umph - ant light, That shines with in the
 3. A few more changing sun - sets, A few more cloud - ed morns, A few more times of

round them, But yon - der's per - fect day: Their steps are short and fal - t'ring, For
 spir - it, And glad - dens sor - row's night; Then cheer thee, a - ged pil - grim, Rich
 tri - al, A few more pierc - ing thorns; Then long and bright the fu - ture, Then

sight is now un - true; Life's hours are not so joy - ous, As when 'twas fresh and new.
 grace to thee is giv'n; Though scant thine earth - ly pleas - ure, Yet boun - teous that of heav'n.
 ma - ny, ma - ny joys; All glo - ri - ous, e - ter - nal, The home where naught an - noys.

1 "Weep not for her," the Sa- vour said, "She on - ly sleeps, She is not dead;" Her deathless spir - it
 2 "Weep not for her," for she is blest, Her soul has en-tered in - to rest; And now ar - rayed in

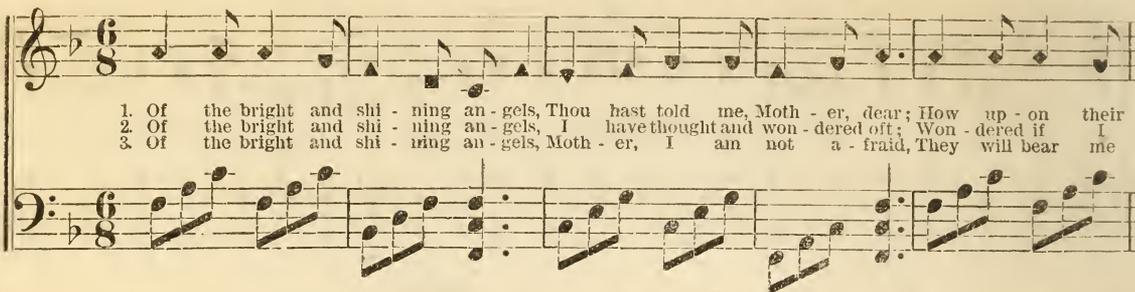
Refrain.

shall sur - vive; Now let our mourning hearts re - vive. Weep not for her, weep not for her, She
 robes of white, She stands a - mong the sons of light.

is not dead, she is not dead; She on - ly sleeps, She on - ly sleeps, She is not dead, She is not dead.

3 "Weep not for her," though tears arise,
 For she is happy in the skies;
 And there she stands with beck'ning hand,
 And calls us to that peaceful land.

4 Prepare us, Lord, by Thy rich grace,
 To meet her in that happy place;
 And there upon the mount of God,
 We'll tell Thy wonders all abroad.



1. Of the bright and shi - ning an - gels, Thou hast told me, Moth - er, dear; How up - on their
 2. Of the bright and shi - ning an - gels, I have thought and won - dered oft; Won - dered if I
 3. Of the bright and shi - ning an - gels, Moth - er, I am not a - fraid, They will bear me



snow - y pin - ions, Though un - seen, they ho - ver near. Now I feel their bless - ed presence,
 e'er should lis - ten, To their mu - sic sweet and soft. Now I hear their sweet - ly call - ing,
 to the re - gion, Where the blos - soms nev - er fade. And as they have come for ma - ny,



And their smil - ing fac - es see; I must leave thee, dar - ling Moth - er, For the an - gels wait for me.
 Ver - y near they seem to be; I must leave thee, dar - ling Moth - er, For the an - gels wait for me.
 They will come a - gain for thee; I am go - ing, dar - ling Moth - er, For the an - gels wait for me.

THE ANGELS WAIT FOR ME. Concluded.

Chorus.

I am wil - ling, I am read - y, I am wait - ing to be free;

Fare thee well, my dar - ling Moth - er! The an - gels wait for me.

COGSWELL.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Come, sound His praise abroad, And hymns of glory 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.

Andante.

1. "Write, Blessed are the dead Who die in Christian faith; They rest from toil with Christ their head, For
2. "Their works of faith and love, Do fol - low where they go; And while they rest in heav'n a - bove, Their

Refrain.

thus the Spir - it saith:" Bless - ed are the dead Who die in the Lord; Blessed
names will live be - low. Blessed are the dead

Rit - - e - - dim.

are the dead Who die in the Lord.
Blessed are the dead

- 3 How highly blest are they,
Released from every pain;
They dwell in everlasting day,
And there with Jesus reign.
- 4 Like angels they shall stand
To guide our feet aright,
Until we reach that heav'nly land,
And dwell in endless light.
- 5 O Lord, by thy rich grace
Prepare us each to die;
And grant us all a dwelling-place
In mansions in the sky.
- 6 We'll sing thy wondrous love
With our expiring breath;
The wonders of Thy grace we'll prove,
And bless thy name in death.

LITTLE FEET.

1. Hear the lit - tle feet Pat - ting on the floor; Out up - on the
2. What pa - rent - al heart Can its pleas - ure tell; As it hears the
3. Moth - er, on - ly thou Canst the an - guish know Of wait - ing still for

grav - ell'd walk; Climb - ing at the door; In the or - chard see, In the gar - den
lit - tle feet It doth love so well. Oh, the mu - sic sweet, Ring - ing all the
lit - tle feet Si - lent long a - go. Faith - ful mem - ry off Does the sound re -

fair; Print - ing ti - ny track - lets free, Point - ing ev - ry - where.
day, From the fall of lit - tle feet On their tire - less way.
store; And thou hear - est yet the foot - falls Pat - ting on the floor.

'TIS SWEET TO DIE.

Music by CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

1 "'Tis sweet to die and be with Je - sus," 'Tis sweet to rest from toil and pain; 'Tis
 2 "'Tis sweet to die and be with Je - sus," 'Tis sweet to lay our ar - mor down; And
 3 "'Tis sweet to die and be with Je - sus," 'Tis sweet to cross o'er Jor - dan's foam; 'Tis

Refrain.

sweet to look be - yond the con - flict, When with the Sa - vour we shall reign. 'Tis sweet to
 sweet - er still to bring our tro - phies, And then receive our shi - ning crown.
 sweet to rest in E - den's bow - ers, 'Tis sweet to die and be at home. 'Tis sweet to die, Yes,

die, Yes sweet to die, to die, With Je - sus for our Friend and Guide; 'Tis
 sweet to die, 'Tis sweet to die, Yes, sweet to die, 'Tis

'TIS SWEET TO DIE. Concluded.

27

sweet to die, Yes, sweet to die, 'Tis sweet to die, Yes, sweet to die, And pass beyond death's chilling tide.

Words by W. T. D.

REST BEYOND THE TIDE.

Music by CHAS. F. POLLOCK.

1. There's rest beyond the tide, Sweet rest for every soul; Where everlasting joys abide, And streams of pleasure roll.
2. I am a stranger here, A wan-der-er I roam; A pilgrim in a desert drear, But heaven is my home.
3. Oh, when shall I be there, In Canaan's goodly land? When shall I reach my mansion fair, And in God's palace stand?
4. Lord Jesus, quickly come, Nor longer yet delay; And take me to my heavenly home In realms of end'less day.

There's rest, sweet rest for you, Beyond the rolling tide; There's rest, sweet rest for me, And there we shall abide.

28 Words and Music **I'D RATHER DIE AND BE WITH JESUS.** by W. T. D.

1. Live here in this lone vale of sor-row, A-mid surround-ing cares and woe! "I'd
 2. I'm young, but here I find no pleas-ure; To sat-is-fy my cra-ving soul; Then
 3. Fare-well to all the scenes of child-hood; To all on earth I bid a-dieu; For

rath-er die and be with Je-sus," Where tears of sor-rows nev-er flow.
 let me fly a-way to heav-en, Where streams of pleas-ure ev-er roll.
 I am go-ing up to E-den, Where bright-er scenes I soon shall view.

Refrain.

I'd rath-er die, I'd rath-er die, And be with Je-sus, ev-er blest; I'd

I'D RATHER DIE AND BE WITH JESUS. Concluded. 29

Musical score for the song "I'd Rather Die and Be with Jesus". It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

rath - er die, I'd rath - er die, And with my bless - ed Sa - viour rest.

4 Farewell! farewell! my loving father;
I'm passing over Jordan now;
But Jesus, He is going with me,
And soon before His throne I'll bow.

5 Farewell! my mother, loving mother;
You'll miss your daughter here, I know;
But, mother dear, I'll be in heaven;
For to my Saviour I shall go.

6 Farewell! my loving brother, sister;
I know you'll miss my presence here;
And when you gather round the heart-
... You'll see my little vacant chair. [stone,

7 But gather up my toys, dear sister;
You'll put them all away, I know;
And when your happy voices mingle,
Let not a tear of sorrow flow.

8 Remember, when I've gone to heaven,
That I'll be standing at the gate;
I'll walk beside the peaceful river,
And for you all I'll watch and wait.

9 Farewell! farewell until the meeting,
When we'll strike hands to part no more;
And far beyond the reach of sorrow,
We'll gather on the peaceful shore.

RUEBUSH.

F. L. ARMSTRONG.

Musical score for the hymn "Ruebush". It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of three flats (Bb, Eb, Ab) and a 2/2 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

1. Lord of hosts, how lovely fair E'en on earth thy temples are; Here thy waiting people see Much of heaven and much of thee.

2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warm's our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne;
Here thou mak'st thy glories known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love and sing thy praise.

Words by MRS. MARY B. C. SLADE.

Music by R. M. McINTOSH

1 In - to the tent where a gyp - sy boy lay Dy - ing a - lone, at the close of the day,
2 "Did He so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good tid - ings of joy?"

News of sal - va - tion we car - ried; said he. "No - bo - dy ev - er has told it to me."
Need I not per - ish? my hand will he hold? No - bo - dy ev - er the sto - ry has told."

Refrain.

Tell it a - gain! Tell it a - gain! Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er,

3 Bending, we caught the last words of his breath,
Just as he entered the valley of death;
"God sent his Son; - whosoever!" said he;
"Then I am sure that he sent him for me."

4 Smiling, he said, as his last sigh was spent,
"I am so glad that for me he was sent;"
Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,
"Lord, I believe! tell it now to the rest."

Musical score for 'TELL IT AGAIN. Concluded.' featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff contains a bass line with triangular notes. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

Till none can say of the chil-dren of men, "No - bo - dy ev - er has told me be - fore."

* From "GOOD NEWS," by permission of R. M. MCINTOSH.

FAREWELL.

Words from "SOCIAL HARP."

Music by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Slow and solemn.

Musical score for 'FAREWELL.' featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff contains a bass line with triangular notes. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 3/4.

- 1 Fare-well! we meet no more On this side heaven; The part-ingscene is o'er, The last sad look is given.
- 2 Fare-well! my soul will weep While mem-ory lives; From wounds that sink so deep, No earth-ly hand re-lieves.

3 Farewell! my stricken heart
To Jesus flies;
From him I'll never part;
On him my hope relies.

4 Farewell! and shall we meet
In heaven above?
And there, in union sweet,
Sing of a Saviour's love?

PEACEFULLY SLEEP.

Music by C. E. POLLOCK.

1. Peace - ful - ly lay her down to rest; Place the turf kind - ly o'er her breast;

Sweet is the slum - ber beneath the sod, While the pure soul is resting with God.

Refrain.

Peace - ful - ly sleep, Sleep till that morn - ing, Peace - ful - ly sleep.
Peaceful-ly sleep till that morn-ing, Peaceful-ly sleep till that morn - ing, Peaceful-ly, peaceful - ly sleep.

2 Close to her lone and narrow house,
Gracefully wave, ye willow boughs;
Flowers of the wildwood, your odors shed
Over the holy, beautiful dead.

3 Quietly sleep, beloved one;
Rest from thy toil: thy labor is done.
Rest till the trump from the opening skies
Bids thee from dust to glory arise.

1. You are sleep - ing, grandma, sleep - ing In the moonlight's quiv'ring ray; You are weep - ing in your

slum - bers; For you think I'm far a - way. But I come up - on the star - beam, When the

dark is o - ver all; When your heart is cry - ing for me, Then I an - swer to your call.

2 Yet you think you are but dreaming
That you see your baby now.
Oh, I wonder you can think so,
When my breath is on your brow,
When I come to whisper to you,
In the holy hush of night,
Of my home and dearest mother's,
Where there's nothing else but light.

3 And we have no winter, either,
In these ever-joyous bowers;
But a never-ending summer,
With its changeless skies and flow'rs.
And your darlings, too, are with me
In this blessed home of mine;
Where no loved ones ever perish
And no mourning ones repine.

4 Oh, I bless you for your kindness;
For the weary watch you kept;
For the ceaseless prayers you offered;
For the many tears you wept.
But I cannot see you sorrow;
You must dry the starting tear;
For you'll soon be with us, grandma,
And we'll have no weeping here.

1. O fa - ther, come kiss me once more, And watch by my bed just to-night; Your Nettie will walk thro' the
 2. O fa - ther, what news shall I take To Jesus and mother for you? I'll tell him to send ho - ly

Chorus.

Val-ley of Death Ere dawn of the sweet Sabbath light. } O fa-ther, I'm go-ing to mother, so dear,
 an-gels of light To bless and to comfort you too.

I dream'd that I saw her last night. And, o - ver the riv - er, sweet voi - ces I hear: They

* From "NEW STARRY CROWN," by permission.

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

- 3 Our home here is lonely and dark,
And oft we are hungry and cold;
But I shall go home to my mother to-night,
Where pleasures are purer than gold.
- 4 O father, dear father, once more
Of Jesus I pray you to think;

- And when I am gone to my mother in heaven,
O father, please give up your drink.
- 5 O father, dear father, once more
Please read in my Bible, and think:
"No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven."
O God, keep my father from drink!

JUST AS I AM.

KARL REDEN.

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

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

ALL IS WELL.

Music by R. PORTER ORR.

1. High let the song of tri - umph rise, And swell the cho - rus in
 2. I go to join the cho - ral throng, And wake the the lays in

of heav'n the skies; I tri - umph o - ver death and hell;
 ly song; Now let the peal - ing an - them swell;
 I tri - umph o - ver death and hell.
 Now let the peal - ing an - them swell.

"I trust in Je - sus, — All is well."
 "I trust in Je - sus, — All is well."
 Yes, I trust in Je - sus, — All is well."

ALL IS WELL. Concluded.

Refrain.

All is well, All is well, All is well, All is well, I trust in Je - sus,—

all is well, All is well, All is well, All is

ritard.

well, All is well, I trust in Je - sus,— all is well.

- 3 With saints and angels at the throne,
I'll make His highest glories known;
In rapturous strains His praises tell;
"I trust in Jesus,—all is well."
- 4 I bid adieu to all below,
To every sin and every throe;
In mansions bright I soon shall dwell;
"I trust in Jesus,—all is well."
- 5 I'm safely moored, my voyage o'er,
I've gained the bright, eternal shore;
Now rage, ye powers of sin and hell;
"I trust in Jesus,—all is well."

1. There's a lit - tle grave on the green hill - side That lies to the morn - ing sun,
 2. Ah! the land is full of the lit - tle graves, In val - ley, and plain, and hill;
 3. And these lit - tle graves are but way - side marks That point to the far - off land,

And our way - worn feet oft - en wan - der there When the cares of the day are done;
 There's an an - gel, too, for each lit - tle grave, And these an - gels some mis - sion fill;
 And they speak to th'soul of a bet - ter day, Of a day that is near at hand;

There we oft - en sit till the twi - light falls, And talk of that far - off land,
 And I know not how, but I some - times think They lead us with gen - tle hand,
 Tho' we first must walk thro' the dark - some vale, Yet there Christ will be our Guide;

* From "NEW STARRY CROWN," by peri on.

GRAVE ON THE GREEN HILLSIDE. Concluded.

39

And we some-times feel in the twi - light there The soft touch of the van - ished hand.
 For a whis - per falls on our wil - ling ears From the shores of a far off land.
 And we'll reach the shore of the far - off land Thro' a grave on the green hill - side.

Chorus.

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.

COMFORT IN GOD.

1 While trav' - ing this mys - te - rious road That leads us on to death Sur - round - ed by a
 2 How sweet that He our wants doth know, And for them gen - tly cares; And ev' - ry grief, wher -
 3 So though our path be dark and drear, As we pass hum - bly on; Light, glo - rious light, shall

thou - sand snares, To take a - way our breath; How sweet to feel that we can trust, With
 e'er we go, Most ten - der - ly He shares. That though He knows when - e'er we sin, And
 yet ap - pear, More glo - rious than the sun. God is our Safe - ty, — God our Strength, — Our

out one need - less fear, To Him whose pow'r and good - ness give Life and its bless - ings here,
 sees when - e'er we stray, His grace free par - don seals with - in, And shows our feet "the way."
 ev - er - last - ing Light. His per - fect glo - ry shall at length Burst full up - on our sight.

TWILIGHT IS FALLING.

41

Words by PROF. A. S. KIEFFER.

Editor "MUSICAL MILLION," Dayton, Va.

Music by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1 Twi-light is steal-ing Ov-er the sea, Shadows are fall-ing Dark on the lea; Borne on the night winds
 2 Voi-ces of loved ones, Songs of the past, Still lin-ger round me While life shall last, Lone-ly I wan-der,
 3 Come in the twi-light, Come, come to me, Bring-ing some mes-sage Ov-er the sea; Cheer-ing my path-way

Chorus.

Voi-ces of yore, Come from the far off shore.
 Sad-ly I roam, Seek-ing that far off home.
 While here I roam, Seek-ing that far off home. } Far a-way be-yond the star-lit skies, Where the love light

nev-er, nev-er dies. Glean-eth a man-sion filled with de-light, Sweet, hap-py home so bright.

ALL IS PEACE.*

Music by D. E. DORTCH.

1. Now the song of tri - umph I will sing, For the la - bor of life is all
 2. Ma - ny tri - als and sor - rows I've past, But through grace I have tri - umphed o'er
 3. I shall sing on the waves of the tide The en - rap - tur - ing song of the

o'er; And the man - sions of glo - ry shall ring, When I stand on that beau - ti - ful shore.
 all; Though I die, I shall con - quer at last, - Shall in tri - umph a - rise, though I fall.
 blest; For my Sa - viour will be at my side, And will take me to man - sions of rest.

Refrain.

All is peace, Bless-ed peace, All is peace, Bless-ed peace, While the riv - er I'm wait - ing to cross,

* From "TIDINGS OF JOY," by permission.

ALL IS PEACE. Concluded.

ritard.

Musical score for 'All is Peace' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has lyrics: 'All is peace, Bless-ed peace, All is peace, Bless-ed peace, While the riv - er I'm wait-ing to cross.' The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with eighth notes and chords.

SEABURY.

F. L. ARMSTRONG.

Musical score for 'Seabury' in G major, 3/4 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has three verses of lyrics: '1. Lo! the stone is roll'd a - way, Death yields up his might - y prey; 2. Praise him, ye ce - les - tial choirs, Praise and sweep your gold - en lyres; 3. Ev - ry note with rap - ture swell, And the Sa - viour's tri - umph tell;'. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with eighth notes and chords.

Musical score for 'Jesus rising from the tomb' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has lyrics: 'Je - sus, ris - ing from the tomb, Seat - ters all its fear - ful gloom. Praise him in the no - blest songs, From ten thou - sand, thou - sand tongues. Where, O Death, is now thy sting? Where thy ter - rors, van - quish'd king?'. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with eighth notes and chords.

HOME AT LAST.

Music by D. E. DORTCH.

Duet. Tenderly.

1. Hear them shout-ing, as they land, "Home at last! home at last!" Pil-grims on the far-ther

strand. Home at last! home at last! Home at last! home at last! They are
Home at last! home at last!

home, are home at last; They are home, are home at last,— Home at last, home at last.

2 Hear the singing in that land,—
"Home at last! home at last!"
Pilgrims with the angel band,
Home at last, home at last.

3 Sainted ones are singing there,
"Home at last! home at last!"
Where the Saviour's love they share,—
Home at last, home at last.

1. "I'll die a shout - ing glo - ry! glo - ry!" Yes, glo - ry to the Lord on high; And
 2. And when I reach the pleas - ing sum - mit, And gain my home in Par - a - dise, I'll
 3. I'll praise him for his match - less kind - ness; I'll praise him for his wondrous love; I'll
 4. Oh, glo - ry to the might - y Fa - ther; Oh, glo - ry to his bless - ed Son; And

when in heav'n I'll sing the sto - ry, And shout for - ev - er in the sky.
 shout a - gain, with glad e - mo - tion, And praise the Lord of earth and skies.
 praise him for his great sal - va - tion; I'll praise him in his courts a - bove.
 glo - ry to the Ho - ly Spir - it, - The Ho - ly Trin - i - ty in one.

Refrain.

I'll die a shout - ing glo - ry, glo - ry, - Glo - ry to the Saviour's name; I'll

I'LL DIE A SHOUTING GLORY. Concluded.

die a shout - ing glo - ry, glo - ry. Glo - ry to the bleed - ing Lamb.

The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the Treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the Bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Words by W. T. D.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

Music by Mrs. D. E. DORTCH.

1. I am a lit - tle pil - grim; I'm seeking for my home; I'm on my way to heaven, Where Christ my Lord has gone.
2. There Je - sus waits to welcome The pilgrims as they come; And grants to each a mansion In that e - ter - nal home.
3. The pa - triarchs are gathered Around the throne above; The prophets, too, surround it, And sing redeeming love.

There is a happy country—The Bi - ble tells me so— Be - yond these lower regions, And thither I must go.
Oh, how I long to en - ter That glo - rious, happy place, And ev - er dwell with Jesus, And see his smiling face.
A - pos - tles there and martyrs Join in the heavenly song; And ev - en children's voices The cheerful notes prolong.

The musical score is in 2/4 time and consists of three systems. Each system has a Treble clef staff and a Bass clef staff. The melody is in the Treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the Bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

1. A few more years shall sweep a - way, A few more sea - sons come and go; Then I shall reach e -
 2. A few more storms shall break my peace, Ere I shall reach the gold - en shore; Then I shall be where

Chorus.

ter - nal day, Where tears of sor - row nev - er flow. } A lit - tle while, a lit - tle while, 'Tis
 tem - pests cease, And surg - ing bil - lows swell no more.

on - ly just a lit - tle while; A lit - tle while, A lit - tle while, 'Tis on - ly just a lit - tle while.

3 A few more battles fought below,—
 A few more partings here be given;
 Then to my Saviour I shall go:
 Then I shall find my rest in heaven.

4 "Fly swifter on, ye wheels of time!
 Ye fleeting years speed on your way!"
 And bring me to that blissful clime
 Where all is one bright summer day,

Slow, with feeling.



1. When bowed with af - flic-tion and woes here be - low, As on in my way to bright Canaan I go;
 2. When tri - als and loss - es fall un - to me here; When mingling the cup of thanksgiv-ing with tears;
 3. When weep-ing I stand o'er the spoils of the grave,—My friends all de - part - ed be - yond the dark wave;



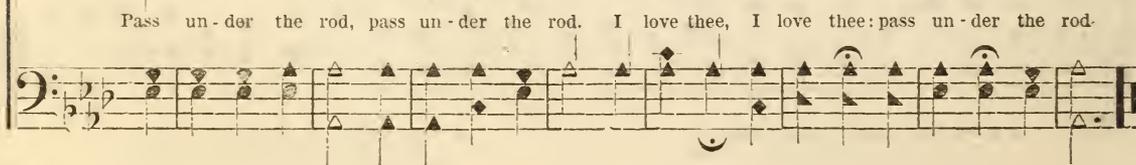
I hear a sweet voice: 'tis the voice of my God:—"I love thee, I love thee: pass un-der the rod."
 I hear the same voice,—the sweet voice of my God:—"I love thee, I love thee: pass un-der the rod."
 I hear the sweet voice of my Fa-ther and God:—"I love thee, I love thee: pass un-der the rod."



Refrain.

rit. e dim.

Pass un-der the rod, pass un-der the rod. I love thee, I love thee: pass un-der the rod.



1. I hear the an - gels sing - ing, What mu - sic greets the ear! Their joy - ous voic - es

Chorus.

ring - ing, So beau - ti - ful and clear. I hear I hear them sing - ing, yes,

Sing - ing, sweet - ly sing - ing, I hear the an - gels sing - ing, And soon I'll join their song.

2 I hear the angels singing;
Yes, nearer still they come:
A message they are bringing,
'Tis Jesus calls me home.

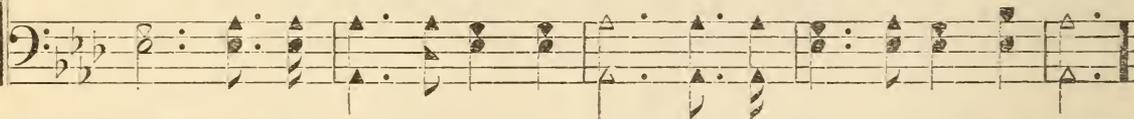
3 I hear the angels singing
A welcome song to me:
The door ajar is swinging:
I'll enter and be free.



1. "Will you meet me at the door, When my mor - tal con - flict's
 2. "Will you meet me at the door, When I reach the oth - er be-
 3. "Will you meet me at the door, With our friends who've gone be-



o'er.— When I lay my ar - mor down, And re - ceive my shi - ning crown?"
 shore,— When the trou - bled waves are past, And I reach my home at last?"
 fore,— Who are watch - ing at the gate, And our com - ing now a - wait?"



Refrain.



"Will you meet me, will you meet me, Will you meet me at the



I'LL MEET YOU AT THE DOOR. Concluded.

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door?" "Yes, I'll meet you, yes, I'll meet you, Yes, I'll meet you at the door."

4 "Will you meet me at the door,
When above the stars I soar,—
When my weary, wandering feet,
Reach the heavenly land so sweet?"

5 When we've entered heaven's door,
Then we'll part, no, never more;
In that land with angels fair,
We shall sing forever there.

Words by Mrs. P. MUNZINGER.
Andante.

THE PROMISE.

Music by F. L. ARMSTRONG.

1. As thy day thy strength shall be, Is the prom-ise giv-en thee By thy Fa-ther, God, and Friend,
2. As thy day thy strength shall be, Think not what may hap-pen thee! Leave the fu-ture in his care
3. Think 'st thou he'll for-get his child Journeying thro' the dang'rous wild Of this world's en-tang-ling snares,

Who re-lief will ev-er send, As in hum-ble fer-vent prayer Thou dost all thy need de-clare.
Who guards all things ev-ry-where,—Guides the earth up-on its way By His u-ni-ver-sal sway.
Toil-ing 'mid de-press-ing cares? Ev-ry day of life thou'lt see As thy day thy strength shall be.

THE MASTER CALLS.

Words and Music by W. T. D.

1. The Mas - ter calls, — is call - ing me; From ev - ry pain I'll soon be free. I bid fare - well to
 2. The Mas - ter calls, — is call - ing now; Be - fore his throne I soon shall bow; A - mong the ransomed

Refrain.

grief and fear, For I am done with toil and care. } The Mas - ter calls and I must go,
 take my stand, In E - den's bright and hap - py land. }

ritard.
 I must go, I must go; The Mas - ter calls and I must go, I must go, I must go.

3 The Master calls. Oh, blessed call!
 At his own feet I soon shall fall.
 I'll worship at his shrine above,
 And sing of his redeeming love.

4 The Master calls. My friends, farewell:
 I'm going where the angels dwell.
 Farewell until, on Canaan's shore,
 We meet again to part no more.

1 "Hold out to the last for Je - sus," Hold out with a pur - pose true; Un - til from our sins He

Refrain.

frees us— Hold out till the crown we view. Hold out to the last, Hold out to the last, Hold

out to the last for Je - sus; Hold out to the last, Hold out to the last, Hold out to the last for Je - sus.

2 "Hold out to the last for Jesus,"
Stand up for the truth and right;
Oh, let now this spirit seize us
To win in the hottest fight,

3 "Hold out to the last for Jesus,"
Hold on to the cross that's giv'n;
In trials and woe He sees us,—
Hold on: there's a crown in heaven.

GOING HOME.*

Music by D. E. DORCH.

1. "I am go - ing to heav - en, my home," Where the win - ter of
 2. "I am go - ing to heav - en, my home," To the land where the
 3. "I am go - ing to heav - en, my home," Where the mar - tyrs of

sor - row is o'er; Where the rain - bow of glo - ry is cir - cling,
 bless - ed shall reign; Where the glo - ry of of heav - en is beam - ing,
 Christ are now blest; Where the proph - ets of God are all gath - ered,

Refrain.

And the saints shall be sev - ered no more. Go - ing home,
 And the good shall of the Lord from all pain. Go - ing
 And the saints of the Lord sweet - ly rest.

* From "TIDINGS OF JOY," by permission.

home, Go - ing home, Go - ing home, I am go - ing to heav - en, my

This system contains the first line of music, including a treble and bass staff with lyrics: "home, Go - ing home, Go - ing home, I am go - ing to heav - en, my".

home; Go - ing home, Go - ing home, Go - ing home, Go - ing home.

This system contains the second line of music, including a treble and bass staff with lyrics: "home; Go - ing home, Go - ing home, Go - ing home, Go - ing home.".

I am go - ing to heav - en, my home.

This system contains the third line of music, including a treble and bass staff with lyrics: "I am go - ing to heav - en, my home.".

- 4 "I am going to heaven, my home,"
To that land where the seraphim sing;
Where the song of redemption is swelling,
And the harps of eternity ring.
- 5 "I am going to heaven, my home,"
To my friends who have gone on before;
Who are standing and waiting and watching,
To receive me on Canaan's bright shore.
- 6 "I am going to heaven, my home,"
Where my friends, whom I love, will soon come;
For the angels will bear us o'er Jordan,
And we'll gather in heaven, our home.

LET US PASS OVER THE RIVER.*

1. When our work is end - ed, we shall sweet - ly rest, 'Mid the sain - ted

spir - its, safe on Je - sus' breast; All our tri - als o - ver, we shall

glad - ly sing, Grave, where is thy vict' - ry? Death, where is thy sting?

* From the "AMARANTH," by per. of Prof. R. M. MCINTOSH.

LET US PASS OVER THE RIVER. Concluded.

57

Chorus.

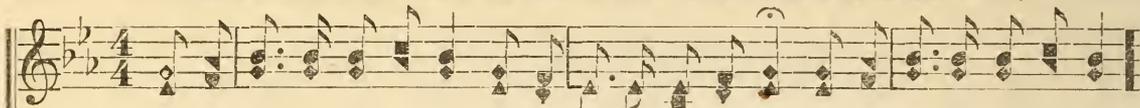
Though the dark waves roll high, we will be un - dis-mayed: Let us

pass o ver the riv er And rest un - der the shade,

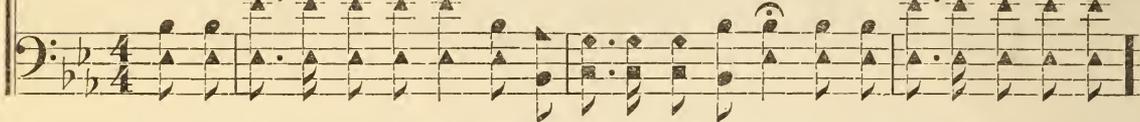
rest un - der the shade, Rest un - der the shade of the trees.

2 Earth hath many sorrows, but they cannot last,
 And our greatest troubles quickly will be past;
 If we look to Jesus, he will give us strength.
 By his grace we shall be conquerors at length.

3 When the storm is over sweet will be the calm.
 After life's long battle bright the victor's palm;
 And the cross of anguish which now weighs us down,
 We'll exchange in heaven for a shining crown.



1. "I am sweep-ing thro' the gates," Thro' the gates of pur-est gold; I have oft-en heard of heav'n,
 2. "I am sweep-ing thro' the gates," Sing-ing glo-ry to the Lamb; With my garments white and clean,
 3. "I am sweep-ing thro' the gates," To the throne of God so bright; And the joy that there a-waits,
 4. "I am sweep-ing thro' the gates," All my griefs and sor-rows past; Bless-ed Je-sus, I have come:



Refrain.



But the half has ne'er been told.
 Washed from ev'-ry sin I am.
 Now is burst-ing on my sight
 I am safe at home at last. } I am sweep-ing thro' the gates, I am sweep-ing thro' the gates,



Washed in the blood of the Lamb; I am sweep-ing thro' the gates, I am



SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES Concluded.

59

ritard.

Musical score for 'Sweeping Through the Gates' featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in a minor key with a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are: sweep - ing thro' the gates, Washed in the blood of the Lamb (of the Lamb).

Words by W. T. D.

WILLIE'S TOMB.*

Music by F. L. ARMSTRONG.

Musical score for 'Willie's Tomb' featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in a major key with a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are: 1. The wail - ing winds sweep o'er his mound; The chill - ing blasts of win - ter come; But ne'er dis -
2. In spring the ros - es sweet - ly bloom, And pour their fragrance on the air; A sleep - er

Musical score for 'Willie's Tomb' featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in a major key with a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are: turb his rest pro - found: He sweet - ly sleeps with - in the tomb. lies with - in that tomb, But naught a - wakes the si - lence there.

3 Oh, could I lay my weary head
Upon that grassy mound to-day,
I'd muse among the silent dead,
And softly wake the mournful lay.

4 Revolving years shall pass away,
The changing seasons come and go,
Ere I shall reach eternal day,
Where waves of light forever flow.

5 Come, gentle Zephyrs, breathe your lays
On this sad heart of mine to-day;
For now I think of other days,
And of that grave so far away.

* TUNE.—"HAUSER."

NEARING THE PORT.

Music by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. "I am near - ing the port," I will soon be at home, And the

voy - age of life will be o'er; And be - neath the high arch - es of

hea - ven's bright dome, I shall dwell with my friends gone be - fore.

NEARING THE PORT. Concluded.

Refrain.

Near - ing, yes, near - ing, I am near - ing, yes, near - ing the port;

Near - ing, yes, near - ing, I am near - ing, yes, near - ing the port.

2 "I am nearing the port." I will soon be at rest;
 I will anchor at peace on the strand;
 I will stand on that shore 'mid the throng of the blest,
 I will dwell in that beautiful land.

3 "I am nearing the port." for the land is in sight,
 And the mountains in grandeur are seen;
 And the landscapes of Eden I hail with delight,
 And the plains that are covered with green.

4 "I am nearing the port." See the blessed have come,
 And are gathering along on the shore;
 Now they watch to receive me and welcome me home,
 Where we'll part never, no, nevermore.

5 *I am anchored in port.* I have reached the bright strand,
 And the voyage of life is now past;
 With my Saviour I'll dwell in this beautiful land,
 And with rapture I'll shout, "Home at last!"

SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

Music by J. M. EVANS.

1. "Land a - head!" its fruits are wav - ing O'er the hills of fade-less green; And the liv - ing wa - ters
 2. On - ward, bark! the cape I'm rounding. See! the bless - ed wave their hands. Hear the harps of God re -

Chorus.

lav - ing Shores where heav - en - ly forms are seen, } Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on
 sounding From the bright im - mor - tal bands

that e - ter - nal shore. Drop the an - chor! furl the sail! I am safe with - in the veil!

3 There, let go the anchor, riding
 On this calm and silvery bay;
 Seaward fast the tide is gliding;
 Shores in sunlight stretch away.

4 Now we're safe from all temptation;
 All the storms of life are past;
 Praise the Rock of our salvation;
 We are safe at home at last.

GRANDMOTHER RESTS IN HEAVEN.

Words by Rev. W. H. DARNALL, D.D.

Music by W. T. D.

1. In far-off bright e-ly-sian fields, She walks in youth-ful beau-ty's bloom; Im-mer-tal, stainless,
 2. Her soul the an-gel an-them trills, And floats the liq-uid sound a-bove; As-cend-ing in-cense

Chorus.

ra-diant, pure,—A spir-it ex-haled from the tomb. } Beau-ti-ful mur-murs float to me,—
 to the Son,—The melt-ing mel-o-dy of love.

p

An-gel-whisperings given; Mel-low-ing down through the star-ry night, "Grandmother rests in heaven."

3 With crown, and palm, and precious stone,
 The sinless throng, the robe of white,
 She mounts the starry way of bliss,
 The singing, joyous child of light.

4 From star to star where glories break
 In lovely, radiant, rainbow dyes,
 Till rapture's vision floods the sight,—
 The resting spirit upward flies,

JUST WAITING.

Music by W. T. GIFFE.

1. Just wait - ing the sum - mons to wel - come me home, Just
 2. Just wait - ing to step from the bor - ders of time, Just

wait - ing the time when my Sa - viour shall come; To take me a - way to his
 wait - ing to en - ter the hea - ven - ly clime; Just wait - ing the fi - nal a -

pal - ace here on high; And give me a place with the saints in the sky.
 dieu be - low; Just wait - ing with Je - sus my Sa - viour to go.

JUST WAITING. Concluded.

65

Refrain.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "Wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing, Wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing, Just wait - ing till Je - sus shall come; Wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing, Wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing, Just wait - ing till Je - sus shall come." The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing, Wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing, Just
 wait - ing till Je - sus shall come; Wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing,
 Wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing, Just wait - ing till Je - sus shall come.

3 Just waiting to stand on the beautiful shore,
 With kindred and friends who have gone on before;
 Just waiting to sing with the angels above;
 Just waiting to chant the sweet anthem of love.

4 Just waiting with angels and seraphs to fall,
 And worship the Saviour as Sovereign of all;
 Just waiting to tell of his triumph and fame,
 And shout in my ecstasy, "Worthy the Lamb."

I'M ALMOST AT HOME.

1. My vis - ion of faith has been cleared; My view o - pened wide to the skies;
 2. Be - hind me are con - flicts and fears; Be - fore the joy and the crown;
 3. I see the grand pil - lars of light: The tem - ple and ty - ty of God;

The dark - ness has all dis - ap - peared; I'm filled with a joy - ous sur - prise.
 Be - hind lies the val - ley of tears; Be - fore rise the hills of re - down.
 The vis - ion grows won - drous - ly bright, Its glo - ry is stream - ing a - broad.

The sor - rows of life are all o'er; My soul has its foes o - ver - come;
 God's grace its full tri - umph has wrought; My soul feels the pow - er di - vine;
 I see, and my spir - it, a - flame, Cries out, "O my Sa - viour, I come!"

I'M ALMOST AT HOME. Concluded.

67

I haste to the ev - er - green shore, — "My broth - er, I'm al - most at home."
 Mine ear has the har - mo - nies caught, That ring where the arch - an - gels shine.
 Sal - va - tion to God and the Lamb! I'm al - most, I'm al - most at home.

p Refrain.

Al - most at home, Al - most at home, My broth - er, I'm al - most at home;

pp

Al - most at home, Al - most at home, My broth - er, I'm al - most at home.

ETERNITY DAWNS.*

by WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

1. Mid the dark - ness where our path must lie, When clouds ob - scure the sun - lit sky,
2. Thro' the tri - als that a - wait our feet, And the cross - es that we must meet;

With dan - gers lurk - ing ev - er night, We'll sing and pray till e - ter - ni - ty's dawn.
Ere we can tread the gold - en street, We'll sing and pray till e - ter - ni - ty's dawn.

Chorus.

We'll sing and pray, and pray, We'll sing and pray; We'll sing while the hours are swift fleet - ing on; We'll sing and pray, We'll sing and pray;

* From "SONGS OF THE CROSS," by per.

sing and pray, and pray, We'll sing and pray. We'll sing and pray till e - ter - ni - ty's dawn.

3 Through all the way that we must tread,
 Where'er by heavenly goodness led,
 To Him who for our sinning bled,
 We'll sing and pray till eternity's dawn.

4 And when this life shall be no more,
 When all its troubled scenes are o'er,
 When we have gained the other shore,
 We'll sing and pray at eternity's dawn.

Words by Rev. JAMES MONTGOMERY. **A CALM FOR THOSE WHO WEEP.** Music by W. T. D.

1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wea - ry pil - grims found;

They soft - ly lie and sweet - ly sleep, Low in the ground.

2 The storm that wrecks the wintry sky
 No more disturbs their deep repose
 Than summer evening's latest sigh
 That shuts the rose.

3 Now, traveler in the vale of tears
 To realms of everlasting light,
 Through time's dark wilderness of years
 Pursue thy flight.

4 The soul, of origin divine,
 God's glorious image freed from clay,
 In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
 A star of day.

LIGHT IN THE VALLEY.*

Words from E. R. LATTA.

Music by FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 When to the earth I am bidd-ing a - dien, And in the dis-tance the mes - sen - ger see;
 2 Je - sus who suf - fered and died for my sake, Then will my Stay and my Com - for - ter be.
 3 Now I am los - ing my hold up - on earth! Je - sus is ten - der - ly set - ting me free!

'Twill not be dark - ness my soul go - eth through: There will be light in the val - ley for me.
 Heav - en's bright dawn on my vis - ion shall break: There will be light in the val - ley for me.
 Glo - ry is break - ing and heav - en has birth! There will be light in the val - ley for me.

Chorus.

Light in the val - ley, Light in the val - ley, There will be light in the val - ley for me.

* From "ALWAYS WELCOME," by permission of FRANK M. DAVIS.

Light in the val-ley, Light in the val-ley, There will be light in the val-ley for me.

The musical score consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line features a melody with eighth and quarter notes, and the piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support with eighth and quarter notes.

Words by ANNIE WAYLAND.

ANGELS' FOOTPRINTS.

Music by W. T. DALE.

1 Ev' - ry lit - tle kind-ness, Ev' - ry deed of love, Ev' - ry lit - tle ac - tion, Prompted from a - bove.
 2 Ev' - ry lit - tle sacr'-fice, Made for oth - er's weal; Ev' - ry woun-ded bro - ther That we strive to heal.
 3 Then let an - gels lead us, Where-so - e'er they would; Ev - er let them teach us What is for our good:

The musical score is in 6/8 time. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two flats. The vocal line includes three verses of lyrics, and the piano accompaniment consists of eighth and quarter notes.

E'en a cup of wa - ter, In his great name given;—These are an - gels' foot-prints, Leading up to heaven.
 E'en a word of kind-ness, To mis - for - tune given;— All are an - gels' foot-prints, Leading up to heaven.
 May they cross our path-way When from heaven we roam; Let us fol - low af - ter Foot-prints lead-ing home.

This block contains the continuation of the musical score for 'Angels' Footprints'. It includes a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef, both in 6/8 time with two flats in the key signature. The lyrics are repeated from the previous block.

DO THEY PRAY FOR ME AT HOME?

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Do they pray for me at home? Do they ev - er pray for
 2 Do they pray for me at home, When the sum - mer birds ap -
 3 Do they pray for me at home, When the winds of win - ter

me, When I ride the dark sea foam, When I cross the storm - y
 blow? Do Do they pray for for me with love, That As my path may be less
 the win - ter's

sea? Oh, how oft in for - eign lands, As I see the bend - ed
 drear? At the home of ear - ly youth, Do they place the va - cant
 snow? In the sea - son's ehil - ly cold, Are their hearts for me still

DO THEY PRAY FOR ME AT HOME? Concluded. 73

knee, Comes the thought at twi - light hour, Do they ev - er pray for me?
 chair, Where my heart so oft as re - turns, To the lov'd ones gath - er'd there?
 warm? Am I cher - ish'd of old, Through the beat - ing of the storm?

Refrain.

Do they ev - er, Do they ev - er, Do they ev - er pray for me at

home? Do they ev - er, Do they ev - er, Do they ev - er pray for me at home?

PAPA'S COME.

1 One bright and hap-py sum-mer time, When birds and blos-soms filled the bowers, As
 2 Blithe as a bird our dar-ling boy Would gath-er pleas-ure all day long, From

wea-ry at the day's de-cline, I sought my home to spend the hours; Two little feet would pattering run, A
 flower, or leaf, or sim-ple toy, Or humming whilst his mi-mic song. At eve the joy-ful feet would run, The

p Refrain.

rit. e dim.

sil-ver smile shout "Pa-pa's tum." } Pa-pa's tum, Pa-pa's tum, A sil-very voice shout "Pa-pa's tum."
 glad-some voice shout "Pa-pa's tum." }

3 But when the autumn time drew on,
 And frost the trees in gold had dress'd,
 Our little flower, alas! was gone,
 By frost of death too rudely press'd.
 And ceased the pattering feet to run.
 The joyful sound of "Papa's tum."

4 The little limbs are resting now,
 The sunny head, too, is at rest,
 And mother earth with placid brow
 The little form holds on her breast.
 No more the blithsome feet shall run
 The silvery voice shout "Papa's tum."

5 But when the day of life is o'er,
 And weary with its toils and strife,
 Oh, tell me when at heaven's door,
 I seek the rest of endless life,
 Shall not I hear the welcome home,
 The joyful shout of "Papa's Come."

TARRY WITH US.

Words by W. T. D.

Music by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK

1 Tar-ry with us, bles-sed Je-sus, For the even-ing sha-dows fall; And the day is fast re-

Chorus.

ced-ing, Dark-ness gath-ers like a pall. Tar-ry with . . . us, bles-sed Je-sus, Tar-ry
Tar-ry with us, bles-sed Je-sus.

till . . . the morning light; Tar-ry with . . . us thro' the dark-ness, Tarry with . . . us all the night.

Tarry till the morn-ing light; Tarry with us thro' the darkness, Tarry with us all the night.

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| <p>2 Tarry with us, blessed Saviour,
For we're in a desert drear;
See the day of life is passing,
And the night of death is near.</p> | <p>5 Here our hearts will pine with sadness,
For our kindred gone before;
Friends, who now are watching for us,
Waiting on the other shore</p> | <p>8 Deeper fall the evening shadows,
Paler glows the setting sun;
Swift the night of death is coming,
Then our toiling shall be done.</p> |
| <p>3 Tarry with us, loving Master,
Till the morning light appears;
For we're pilgrims sad and lonely;
Let thy presence calm our fears.</p> | <p>6 Many friends have journeyed with us,
Side by side we used to go;
But their journey now is ended,
And we linger here below.</p> | <p>9 Tarry with us, for we're weary,
Traveling through this desert land;
Lay our heads upon thy bosom;
Hold us with thy powerful hand.</p> |
| <p>4 Tarry with us for we're pilgrims,
Camping on a desert plain.
All is loneliness without Thee;
Gracious Master, here remain.</p> | <p>7 When we gather in the morning—
Morning of eternal rest—
Shall we meet no more to sever?
Shall we be forever blest?</p> | <p>10 Tarry with us till the morning;
Leave us not till night is past;
Guide us safely through this desert,
Then receive us all at last.</p> |

THE DYING CHRISTIAN. L. M.

2 TIM. iv: 6-8.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 The hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.</p> | <p>4 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.</p> |
| <p>2 The race appointed I have run,
The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.</p> | <p>5 I come, I come, at thy command,
I give my spirit to thy hand;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms</p> |
| <p>3 Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before Thee in the dust,
And through my Saviour's blood alone,
I look for mercy at thy throne.</p> | <p>6 The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home,
Now, O my God, let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.</p> |

SCOTCH PARAPHRASE.

ANGEL BAND. C. M.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun.</p> <p><i>Chorus.</i>—Oh come, angel band,
Come, and around me stand.
Oh, bear me away on your snowy wings
To my immortal home.</p> | <p>2 I know I'm near the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear,
I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near.—<i>Cho.</i></p> <p>3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
The holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings—<i>Cho.</i></p> |
| <p>4 Oh, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.—<i>Cho.</i>—REV. JEFFERSON HASCALL.</p> | |

A PILGRIM SONG.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1 I'm a lone-ly pilgrim here, Vex'd with many a doubt and fear, As I jour-ney a-long by the way;
 2 Here the des-ert wilds expand Round a-bout on ei-ther hand, But I'm near-ing the Jor-dan, you see!
 3 When the wil-der-ness is past, And I reach that land at last, Oh, how hap-py my poor soul will be!

FINE.

But I hope at last to stand On fair Canaan's peaceful land, Free from sorrow, from doubt and dis-may.
 And be-yond that nar-row stream, Endless bow'rs of blessing beam, And they're bloom-ing for you and for me.
 With the glo-ri-fied to stand, On that glitter-ing, glo-ry-land, And the Sa-voir, my Sa-voir, to see.

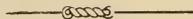
D. S. Thro' the stil-ly hours of night, From the plains of end-less light, Spir-it voice-es oft whis-per to me.

Chorus.

D. S.

Oh, I know there's rest beyond, That some oth-er souls have found, For in-vis-ions their fac-es I see;

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