THE AMERICAN MALE CHOIR

A COLLECTION OF

SACRED AND SECULAR MUSIC

FOR

MALE CHORUS AND QUARTET CHOIRS, CLUBS, COLLEGES,
AND SINGING SOCIETIES.

CONSISTING OF

QUARTETS, GOSPEL SONGS, ANTHEMS, CHANTS, GLEES, SONGS, AND
PATRIOTIC PIECES.

BY

JOHN HARRISON TENNEY.

BOSTON.
OLIVER DITSON COMPANY.

Copyright, 1855, by Oliver Ditson & Co.
THE

AMERICAN MALE CHOIR

A COLLECTION OF

SACRED AND SECULAR MUSIC

FOR

MALE CHORUS AND QUARTET CHOIRS, CLUBS, COLLEGES,
AND SINGING SOCIETIES.

CONSISTING OF

QUARTETS, GOSPEL SONGS, ANTHEMS, CHANTS, GLEES, SONGS, AND
PATRIOTIC PIECES.

BY

JOHN HARRISON TENNEY.

BOSTON:
OLIVER DITSON COMPANY.
PREFACE.

That such a book as the "American Male Choir," is greatly needed there can be no doubt, according to the representations that have come to the editor from all sections of the country. We have endeavored to ascertain the exact nature of the demand, and it has been our aim to meet it.

Within a few years a demand has sprung up for "Gospel Songs," arranged for male voices, and this demand is constantly increasing. It has been found that a male quartet or chorus choir is one of the most effective aids in conducting a series of gospel or revival meetings, and in view of this fact, a large number of pieces in this book have been composed and arranged expressly for that purpose.

A carefully selected collection of anthems has also been inserted, which, we trust, will be found useful and attractive for the opening and closing of public worship.

In addition to the sacred music, fifty pages of secular pieces have been inserted, which are adapted to various occasions, as a glance at the "index of subjects" will show. These have been arranged in the "popular" style, to meet the demand so often expressed for "something easy, melodious, and pleasing."

There are but few chorus choirs that have not the material for a good male quartet, and but few communities that cannot organize a good male chorus choir. Let the effort be made throughout the country, and let the "male choir" sing one or more pieces at each regular Sabbath service, and also at the prayer and conference, as well as at special meetings, and it will be found that an "arm of power" has been enlisted in the Master's service, that will aid His cause in a wonderfully effective manner.

The editor tenders his sincere thanks to those who have rendered much valuable aid in the preparation of this book by contributions, and by many practical suggestions, which we have gladly adopted, and that we believe will greatly add to its usefulness.

J. H. TENNEY.

Boston, July 1, 1885.
THE

AMERICAN MALE CHOIR.

TELL IT OUT!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

1st TENOR.

1. Tell it out among the nations that the Lord is King, Tell it out! Tell it

2nd TENOR.

2. Tell it out among the nations that the Saviour reigns, Tell it out! Tell it

1st BASS.

3. Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns above, Tell it out!

2nd BASS.

Tell it out! Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and sing, Tell it

out! Tell it out among the heathen, bid them burst their chains,

Tell it out! Tell it out among the nations that His name is love, Tell it

Copyright, 1835, by O. Bresee & Co.
TELL IT OUT!

out!  Tell it out!  Tell it out with a-do-ra-tion that He

Tell it out!  Tell it out!  Tell it out among the weeping ones that

Tell it out among the weeping ones that

out!  Tell it out!  Tell it out a-mong the highways and the

Tell it out!  Tell it out!

shall in-crease,  Tell it out with ju-bi-la-tion, tho' the waves may roar, He that

Je-sus lives;  Tell it out a-mong the sin-ners that He came to save, Tell it

lances at home,  Like the sound of ma-ny wa-ters let our glad shout be, Till it

sit-teth on the wa-ters, our King for-ev-er-more.  Tell it out!  Tell it

out a-mong the dy-ing that He triumphed o'er the grave.  Tell it out!  Tell it

ech-o and re-ech-o from the is-lands of the free.  Tell it out!
TELL IT OUT!

Tell it out among the nations that the Lord is King.

Tell it out among the nations that the Saviour reigns.

Tell it out! Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns above.

THE WINDS BREATHE LOW.

Andante.

1. The winds breathe low, the with'ring leaf Scarcely whispers from the tree;

2. How beautiful on all the hills The crimson light is shed!

3. How mildly on the wandering cloud The sunset beam is cast!

So gently flows the parting breath, When good men cease to be.

'Tis like the peace the Christian gives To mourners round his bed.

'Tis like the memoirs left behind When loved ones breathe their last.

Copyright, 1856, by G. B. Foster & Co.
O THAT I HAD WINGS.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. T.

1. Weary of the wily foes That around my pathway lie, Sore op-

2. Weary of the siren voice That would lure a-stray my feet, Tearful

3. Weary of the darkness here, Yonder is a light a-flame, Glorious

rit. 

CHORUS.

pressed with grief and pain, Lord, I utter this low cry: O that I had wings, had

now my trembling heart, Still this cry would fain repeat: O that I had wings, had

is the bliss above: I with eager voice exclaim: O that I had wings, had

wings like a dove! O that I had wings, had wings like a dove! O that I had wings, had

wings like a dove! O that I had wings, had wings like a dove! O that I had wings, had

wings like a dove! O that I had wings, had wings like a dove! O that I had wings, had

Copyright, 1883, by O. Driscoll & Co.
WHEN AS RETURNS THIS SOLEMN DAY.

When, as returns this solemn day, Man comes to meet his God, What rites, what
When as returns this solemn day
honors shall he pay, How spread His praise abroad, How
honors shall he pay, How spread His praise abroad, How
honors shall he pay, How spread His praise abroad, How

A little faster.
spread His praise abroad? From marble domes shall clouds of
spread His praise abroad? From marble domes shall clouds of incense
spread His praise abroad? And guided spires, shall clouds of incense

Incense rise, And gems, and gold, and garlands deck The costly sacrifice?
Incense rise, And gems, and gold, and garlands deck The costly sacrifice?
Incense rise, And gems, and gold, and garlands deck The costly sacrifice?
Vain sin-ful man! Vain sin-ful man! Cre-a-tion’s Lord thy off'-rings well may spare,
Vain sin-ful man! Vain sin-ful man! Cre-a-tion’s Lord thy off'-rings well may spare,
Vain sin-ful man! Vain sin-ful man! Cre-a-tion’s Lord thy off'-rings well may spare,

But give thy heart, and thou shalt find thy God, thy
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find thy God will
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find thy God will

God will hear thy pray’r, And thou shalt find thy God will hear thy prayer.
hear thy pray’r, And thou shalt find thy God will hear thy prayer.
hear thy pray’r, And thou shalt find thy God will hear thy prayer.
Come, Come,
The Spirit and the bride say, Come, Let him that heareth say, Come,
The Spirit and the bride say, Come, Let him that heareth say, Come,

And let him that is a-thirst, and whosoever will, let him
And let him that is a-thirst, and whosoever will, let him
And let him that is a-thirst, and whosoever will, let him

[rit. 1] take the water of life freely, freely, Whosoever
[rit. 2] take the water of life freely, freely, Whosoever
take the water of life freely, freely, Whosoever

Copyright, 1888, by O. Ditson & Co.
THE SPIRIT AND THE BRIDE.

will, whoever will, let him take the water of will, may come, yes, whoever will, may come, freely come,

will, may come, yes, whoever will, may come, freely come,

life, let him take the water of life, let him freely come, freely come, and let him take the freely come, freely come, and let him take the

take the water of life. freely. Praise ye the Lord!

water of life freely. Praise ye the Lord!

water of life. freely. Praise ye the Lord!
THY WILL, NOT MINE, BE DONE.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN, by per.  J. H. TENNEY.

1. Dear Jesus, I would bow In meek-ness to Thy will, And seek-

2. Dear Jesus, I am Thine; Thou hast the pur-chase made; With Thine own

3. Dear Jesus, Thou art mine, My life, my hope, my all; Thy grace my

not mine own, In pa-ci-ence Thine ful-fil; Though deep the shades of night, Thou art my

pre-cious blood The price was frees-ly paid; In paths of sin a-stray, Thy love my

full sup-ply While on this earth-ly ball; Thy heme, dear Lord, is mine, And, when be-

light and sun, So trust-ing-ly I say, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

heart hath won, So grate-ful-ly I say, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

fore Thy throne. Ex-alt-ing-ly I'll sing, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

Copyright, 1885, by O. Draper & Co.
EVENING PRAYER.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. God that madest earth and heav'n, Darkness and light; Who the day for toil hast given,
   For rest the night; May Thine angel guard us, Slumber sweet Thy mercy
   Our souls on high; When the last dread call shall wake us, Do not then, our Lord, for-
   send us, Holy dreams and hopes attend us, This live-long night.

2. Guard us when we sleep or wake, And when we die, Wilt Thou then in mercy take
   sake us, But to reign in glory take us With thee on high.

Copyright, 1865, by G. Drew & Co.
WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

1. Oh, do not let the Word de-part, And close thy eyes a-again the light;
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;
3. This world has noth-ing left to give, It has no new, no pure de-light;
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls u-nite;

Poor sin-ner, har-den not your heart; Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?

This is the time, oh, then be wise, Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?
Oh, try the life the Christians live! Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?

Then be the work of grace be-gun, Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?

Chorus.

Why not to-night, broth-er, why not to-night? Would'st thou be saved, then why not to-night?

Why not to-night, broth-er, why not to-night? Would'st thou be saved, then why not to-night?

Copyright, 1883, by W. B. Blake.
WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

Why not to-night, brother, why not to-night? Would'st thou be saved, brother, why not to-night?

Why not to-night, brother, why not to-night? Would'st thou be saved, brother, why not to-night?

GENTLY AND SOFT. RESPONSE.

Gently and soft as cher-ubim sing, So may our prayer come up to Thee in

peac... and holy strain... Earth-ly tho'... ts are far away, As with fervent

rīt.

a tempo.

rīt.

hearts we pray, Grant us Thy mer-cy once again. Amen.

Copyright, 1865, by G. Ditson & Co.
DEAR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

D. S. HAKES.
Cantabile.

1. Dear Father in heav-en, Thy promise we claim, To meet with a few who have

2. We praise and ex-tol Thee, Our Mak-er and King, Thy goodness we bless and Thy

3. O send us Thy Spir-it, And teach us Thy word, Nor let Thy sweet blessing from

met in Thy name; We thank and we praise Thee For Sab-baths of rest,

love here we sing; For Thou hast pre-served us, And guard-ed our way

us be de-ferred. O help us, dear Fa-ther, Thy will to dis-cern,

Di-vine in their mis-sion, Di-vine-ly they're bless. Dear Fa-ther in

From hour un-to hour and From day un-to day. Dear Fa-ther in

And from Thy ex-am-ple May we ev-er learn. Dear Fa-ther in
DEAR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

heaven, O hear us to-day, And let Thy good Spirit

Dwell with us for aye, Dwell with us for aye...

Dwell with us for aye, with us for aye...

Dwell with us for aye, Dwell with us for aye...

NAOMI. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Fa-ther, what' er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov-ereign will de-nies,
2. Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From ev'-ry murmur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that I am Thine My life and death at-tend;

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

"And as he entered into a certain village, there met him ten men that were lepers, which stood afar off: And they lifted up their voices, and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us." Luke xviii: 12, 13.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

Arranged for male voices by J. H. T.

1. There were ten who stood as the Lord passed by, Calling for help with a thrilling cry; They were needy, sick, but with help at hand, Surely in silence they ne'er would stand.

2. There were ten believed in the joyful news, Jesus, the Saviour, would ne'er refuse; He was near at hand, they would call to-day, Surely their cry would His footsteps stay.

3. There were ten partook of the healing power; Asking, received from His hand that hour; There were ten that day that to Jesus cried; Surely, to-day there'll be none denied.

CHORUS.

Are there ten to-day? Are there ten to-day? Seeking for Christ with a

Are there ten to-day? Are there ten to-day? Seeking for Christ with a

From "Spicy Breezes" by permission.
Are There Ten To-Day?

Will to obey? Are there none to cry? Are we silent all?

slower

Jesus is passing; Will no one call? Will no one call?

PHILLIPS. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Life is a span, a fleeting hour; How soon the vapor flies!
2. The once loved form, now cold and dead, Each mournful thought employs;
3. Hope look's beyond the bounds of time, When what we now deplore

Man is a tender, transient flow'r, That ev'n in bloom-ing dies.
And nature weeps her comforts fled, And with-er'd all her joys.
Shall rise, in full im-mor-tal prime, And bloom to fade no more.
TARRY AT THE WELL-SIDE.

ALDINE S. KEIFFER.

Andante.

1. Lone-ly in the des-ert, faint-ing by the way, Weary with my sins and dis-tress-ed,

2. Ev-er bless-ed foun-tain, gush-ing from the Rock, Smitten by the hand of the blest;

3. Blessed Rock of A-ges! ev-er wilt thou yield Freshness for the sad and op-pressed;

4. Foun-tain of God's mercy! foun-tain of His love! Flow-ing for the sad and dis-tress-ed;

Flashes forth a foun-tain, blessed well of life, Tar-ry here, my soul, and rest.

Yielding endless pleasure, bless-ings pure and sweet, Tar-ry here, my soul, and rest.

Ev-er bless-ed foun-tain, spark-ling by life's way, Tar-ry here, my soul, and rest.

Ev-er may thy wa-ters gladden all who thirst! Tar-ry here, my soul, and rest.

CHORUS.

Tar-ry at the well-side, ev-er bless-ed well-side, Fountain of my life, fail-ing nev-er;

Tar-ry at the well-side, ev-er bless-ed well-side, Fountain of my life, fail-ing nev-er;

Copyright, 1893, W. B. BLAKE.
TARRY AT THE WELL-SIDE.

1. Tarry at the well-side, ever bless-ed well-side, Yes, I'll tarry at the well-side for-ever.

2. Tarry at the well-side, ever bless-ed well-side, Yes, I'll tarry at the well-side for-ever.

VIOLA.

Legato.

A. J. ABBEY. By per.

1. Soft-ly fades the twi-light ray Of the ho-ly Sab-bath day;

2. Peace is on the world a-broad; 'Tis the ho-ly peace of God—

3. Still the Spir-it lin-gers near, Where the even-ing wor-ship-per,

4. Sav-iour! may our Sab-baths be Days of joy and peace in Thee,

Gent-ly as life's set-ting sun, When the Chris-tian's course is run.

Sym-bol of the peace with-in, When the spir-it rests from sin.

Seeks com-mu-nion with the skies, Press-ing on-ward to the prize.

Till in heaven our souls re-pose, Where the Sab-bath ne'er shall close.
Sweeping Through the Gates

1. "I am sweeping thro' the gates," Thro' the gates of pur'est gold; I have

2. "I am sweeping thro' the gates," Sing-ing glo-ry to the Lamb; With my

3. "I am sweeping thro' the gates," To the throne of God so bright; And the

4. "I am sweeping thro' the gates," All my griefs and sor-rows past; Bles-sed

of-ten heard of heaven, But the half has ne'er been told.

gar-ments white and clean, Washed from ev-ery sin I am.

joy that there a-waits, Now is burst-ing on my sight.

Je-sus, I have come, I am safe at home at last.

Chorus.

I am sweep-ing thro' the gates! I am sweep-ing thro' the gates! I am

I am sweep-ing thro' the gates! I am sweep-ing thro' the gates! I am

Copyright, 1883, by O. Durfee & Co.
washed in the blood of the Lamb; I am sweeping thro' the gates, I am

washed in the blood of the Lamb; I am sweeping thro' the gates, I am

sweeping thro' the gates; I am washed in the blood of the

sweeping thro' the gates; I am washed in the blood of the

Lamb, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Lamb, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.
How sweet, how calm, this Sabbath morn! How pure the air that

breathes! And soft the sounds upon it borne, And light its vapor wreathes.

It seems as if the Christian's pray'r For peace, and joy, and love, Were answered

Copyright, 1869, by O. Ditson & Co.
HOW SWEET, HOW CALM.

in the ver-y air, That wafts its strains a-bove.

colla voce.

Let each un-ho-ly pas-sion cease, Each ev-ill thought be

Let each un-ho-ly pas-sion cease, Each ev-ill thought be

cas-tan-do. pp

crushed, Each anx-i-ous care that mars thy peace, In faith and love be lushed.

crushed, Each anx-i-ous care that mars thy peace, In faith and love be lushed.
"MAKE ROOM FOR A LITTLE CHILD."

DYING WORDS OF A LITTLE VIOLINIST.

WORDS BY REV. W. T. DALE.

J. H. T.

1. "Lord, make room for a little child," Room among the angelic throng;

2. "Lord, make room for a little child," In the mansions so bright and fair;

3. "Lord, make room for a little child," In the bowers of Eden blest;

Room to sing in the heavenly choir, Where the symphonies flow in song.

Room to dwell with my kindred dear, Where the saints and the angels are.

Room to stand on the mount of God, Where I'll rest, even sweetly rest.

Make room for a little child, Make room for a little child,

Make room for a little child, make room, Make room for a little child, make room,

Make room for a little child, make room, Make room for a little child, make room,

Copyright, 1885, by O. Ditson & Co.
MAKE ROOM FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

At Thy call I am coming, Lord, Make room for a little child.

VAUGHAN. 8S. & 7S.

1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for weary pilgrims found,

2. The storm that sweeps the wintry sky No more disturbs their deep repose,

3. I long to lay this painful head And aching heart beneath the soil.

They softly lie, and sweetly sleep, Low in the ground.

Than summer evening's latest sigh, That shuts the rose.

To slumber in that dreamless bed, From all my toil.

From "Sweet Fields of Eden," by permission.
GREAT IS THE LORD.

Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised, Great is the Lord and

Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised, Great is the Lord and

greatly to be praised. In the city of our God, in the city of our

greatly to be praised. In the city of our God, in the city of our

God, in the mountain of His holiness, in the mountain of His holiness.

God, in the mountain of His holiness, in the mountain of His holiness.

Copyright. Used by permission.
Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised, Great is the Lord and

Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised, Great is the Lord and

rit.

greatly to be praised. Beautiful for situ-

greatly to be praised. Beautiful for situ-

a-tion, The joy of the whole earth is Mount Zi-on. Beautiful for sui-

a-tion, The joy of the whole earth is Mount Zi-on. Beautiful for sui-

cres.

cres.

The joy of the whole earth is Zion, Mount Zi-on.
GREAT IS THE LORD.

ACTION, Beautiful for situation, The joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion.

The joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion. Great is the Lord!

Zion, The joy of the whole earth is Zion. Great is the Lord! Great is the Lord!

Zion, The joy of the whole earth is Zion, Mount Zion, Great is the Lord! Great is the Lord!

SAVIOUR, COME IN.

J. H. TENNEY.

Andante.

1. My Saviour stands waiting and knocks at the door, Has knocked, and is knocking a-

2. In infinite mercy He came from above, To ransom, to cleanse me from

3. O Saviour, my Ransom, Redeemer, and Friend, The Life, and the Truth, and the

4. Thy goodness hath opened the door of my heart; 'Tis opened in welcome to
SAVIOUR, COME IN.

Gain; I hear His kind voice, I’ll reject Him no more, Nor let Him stand pleading in vain.

Sin; I'll yield to the voice of His merciful love, And let my dear Saviour come in.

Way. On Thy precious merit alone I depend, Dwell in me, and keep me, I pray, Thee; Come in, blessed Saviour, and never depart, Come in with Thy mercy to me.

Chorus.

Saviour, come in, Cleanse me from sin, Jesus, dear Saviour, come in, come in;

Saviour, dear Saviour, come in, Cleanse me from sin, Saviour, come in, come in;

Saviour, come in, Cleanse me from sin, Jesus, dear Saviour, come in, come in;

Saviour, dear Saviour, come in, Cleanse me from sin, Saviour, come in, come in;

Enter the door, Waiting no more, Saviour, dear Saviour, come in.

Enter, dear Saviour, the door, Waiting no more, Saviour, come in, come in.

Enter the door, Waiting no more, Saviour, dear Saviour, come in, come in.

Enter, dear Saviour, the door, Waiting no more, Saviour, come in.
1. Christ is com-ing, sure-ly com-ing, As the Prince of Peace to reign; In faith's vis-ion
He is com-ing, sure-ly com-ing, Ev-en so, blest Saviour, come; Here, O Lord, Thy

2. He is com-ing! joy-ful tid-ings! Death and sin shall reign no more, And the earth, like
we be-hold Him, Who on Cal-vary once was slain. O'er the earth His roy-al kingdom

3. He is com-ing! do you know Him? Will it be a joy-ful day? Do you choose that
we be-hold Him, Who on Cal-vary once was slain. O'er the earth His roy-al kingdom

Eden's gar-den, Bud and bloom from shore to shore. Those who now in death's dark valley,

Christ, the Saviour, Shall have u-ni-ver-sal sway? Shall you reign with Him in glory,

D.C.

Shall from east to west extend, No more war-notes shall be sounded, Till the thousand years shall end.

Sleep in Je-sus, shall awake, And a thousand years in triumph, Shall the priestly orders take.

Far beyond the pow'r of sin? Shall you be His blest attendant, When in clouds He comes to reign?

Copyright, 1855, by O. Ditson & Co.
MY JESUS, AS THOU WILT.

BENJ. SCHMOLKE.

C. M. VON. WEBER.

Arranged for this work by J. H. T.

Andante.

1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In-to Thy

2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Though seen through many a tear; Let not my

3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! If loved ones must de-part; Su-fer not

4. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each chang-ing

hand of love I would my all re-sign; Through sor-row, or through joy, Con-duct me

star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear; Since Thou on earth hast wept And sorrowed
sorrow's flood To ov-er-whelm my heart; For they are blest with Thee; Their race and

fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee; Straight to my home a-bove I trav-el

as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!

oh a-lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done!

conflict won; Let me but fol-low them; My Lord, Thy will be done!

calm-ly on, And sing, in life, or death, My Lord, Thy will be done!

Copyright, 1865, by G. Detmold & Co.
CHRIST THE FOUNTAIN.

1. Lo! a fountain stands to-day, Where we see both pain and strife; And it flows to wash away Scarlet sins from every life.

2. Lo! the fountain flows for thee, Seeking now thy soul to gain; And its waters, pure and free, Take away each crimson stain.

3. Thus the fountain in its flow, Ever seeks thy soul to save; That ye may redemption know, By the life He freely gave.
CHRIST IS THE FOUNTAIN.

**Refrain.**

Christ is the fountain, Christ is the fountain, He who drinks for-ev-er lives.

**Refrain.**

Christ is the fountain, Christ is the fountain, He who drinks for-ev-er lives.

Christ is the fountain, Christ is the fountain, He who drinks for-ev-er lives.
EVENING PRAYER.

1. Down the western sky low sinks the sun, Looks with face serene on
   work well done, Bows his head while earth repeats her pray'r, Sweet evening pray'r.

2. Soft the gen-tle zephyr tunes her voice, Bids all na-ture, ere she
   sleeps, re-joice; Stars are listening while with drowsy air, Joins evening pray'r.

3. Shades are draw-ing near thro' wan-ing light, Birds with sim-ple cadence
   chant good night; Sweet the in-cence lov-ing hearts pre-pare, While of-f'ring pray'r.

Solo.

Oh, Fa-ther, bow Thine ear, Our earnest cry to hear, And when Thy hand has bless'd,

Chorus.

Un-nit-ed we will raise Our evening hymn of praise;

Lay us to rest.

Un-nit-ed we will raise Our evening hymn of praise;

Copyright, 1850, by O. Driscoll & Co.
I THANK THEE.

1. My God, I thank Thee who hast made The earth so bright; So full of splendor and of joy, 
2. I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made Joy to a bound, So many gentle thoughts and deeds 
3. I thank Thee more that all our joy Is touched with pain; That shadows fall on brightest hours 
4. For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon Our weak heart clings, Hast given us joys tender and true, 
5. I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept The best in store; We have enough, yet not too much 
6. I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls Tho' amply blest, Can never find, although they seek 

Beauty and light; So many glorious things are here, 
Circling us round; That in the darkest spot of earth 
That here remain; So that earth's bliss may be our guide 
Yet all with wings; So that we see, gleaming on high 
To long for more; A yearning for a deeper peace, 
A perfect rest-- Nor ever shall, until they lean

Noble and right; My God, I thank Thee who hast made The earth so bright. 
Some love is found; I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast made Joy to a bound. 
not our chain; I thank Thee, Lord, that all our joy Is touch'd with pain. 
- vin - er things; We thank Thee, that to Thee our . . . weak heart clings. 
Not known before; I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept The best in store. 
On Jesus' breast; I thank Thee, Lord, that I can lean On Jesus' breast.
1. My work lay wasting by my side, My heart on pleasure bent, Unheed-ing wise and

2. The sun had reach’d the zenith’s point, My work not yet begun, My hands with trifles

3. The sun had sunk low down the west, I rose my work to do, The Master bade me

kind-ly words, I soon my morning spent. Oh, morning hours! Oh, morning hours, The

id-ly toy’d, But noth-ing, nothing done. Ye noon-day hours! Ye noon-day hours! Why
to my rest, The shad-ows dark-er grew. Oh, evening hours! Oh, evening hours! Where

best of all the day; Had I the bright and morning hours, They ne’er should waste away.

will ye hast-en on? Oh, I would hold the noon-day hours, Could I redeem but one.

have your moments fled? The morning, noon-day, evening hours Are numbered with the dead!

Copyright, 1885, by O. Buscos & Co.
I LOVE MY GOD.

Andante.

1. I love my God, but with no love of mine, For I have none to give;

2. Thou, Lord, a baze art all Thy children need, And there is none beside;

I love Thee, Lord, but all the love is Thine, For by Thy life I live; I am as

From Thee the streams of blessedness proceed, In Thee the bliss abides; Fountain of

nothing, and rejoice to be. Empty and lost, and swallowed up in Thee. Amen.

life and all-abounding grace, Our source, our centre, and our dwelling-place. Amen.

Copyright, 1825, by O. Driscoll & Co.
TO-DAY, IF YE WILL HEAR HIS VOICE.

To-day, if ye will hear His voice, To-day, if ye will hear His voice,

Hard-en not your hearts, Oh, hard-en not your hearts: For be-hold! now is the ac-

-cept-ed time, Be-hold! now is the ac-cept-ed time, And now is the day of sal-vation,
TO-DAY, IF YE WILL HEAR HIS VOICE.

Now is the day of salvation, Now is the day, now is the day,

Now is the day of salvation, Now is the day, now is the day,

Fine.

Now is the day of salvation. And the Spirit and the bride say, Come,

Now is the day of salvation. And the Spirit and the bride say, Come,

Fine.

And let him that thirsteth say, come, And let him that is a-thirst come, And

And let him that thirsteth say, come, And let him that is a-thirst come, And
TO-DAY, IF YE WILL HEAR HIS VOICE.

who-so-ev-er will, and who-so-ev-er will, let him take the wa-ter of

who-so-ev-er will, and who-so-ev-er will, let him take the wa-ter of

life, let him take the wa-ter of life free-ly, free-ly, free-ly.

life, let him take the wa-ter of life free-ly, free-ly, free-ly.

RESPONSE.

Grant, we be-seech Thee, mer-ci-ful Lord, To Thy faith-ful

BEYOND.

1. Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon; Beyond the waking and the sleeping, I shall be soon.

2. Beyond the blooming and the fading, I shall be soon; Beyond the shining and the shaming, I shall be soon.

3. Beyond the parting and the meeting, I shall be soon; Beyond the farewell and the greeting, I shall be soon.

4. Beyond the rising and the setting, I shall be soon; Beyond the calming and the fretting, I shall be soon.

5. Beyond the frost-chain and the fever, I shall be soon; Beyond the rock-waste and the river, I shall be soon.

soon: Love, rest, and home! Sweet hope! Lord, tarry not, tarry not, but come.

Copyright, 1883, by O. Drury & Co.
1. Are you walking with the Saviour In the true and living way? Is the meek and lowly Jesus Your companion every day?

2. Are you walking with the Saviour? Are you daily doing good? Is your light a-round you shining, Just as brightly as it should?

3. Are you walking with the Saviour! Does your heart within you burn While the sweetness of compassion From his loving lips you learn?

Is your life that consecration To the cause of Him you Are the poor in cottage lowly, And the stranger by the Do you wish that at the evening, When the twilight shadows

Copyright. Used by permission.
love, Which would give you consolation, Looking at it from above?

way, Ever blest with words of kindness Which in love they've heard you say?

fall, That the Saviour would be with you, And obedient to your call?

CHORUS.

Are you walking with the Saviour In the true and living

Are you walking with the Saviour In the true and living

way? Is the meek and lowly Jesus Your companion ev'ry day?

way? Is the meek and lowly Jesus Your companion ev'ry day?
1. The sweetest voice I ever heard Was that of Jesus calling;

2. The fairest face I ever beheld Was that of Christ so tender;

3. The strongest love I ever knew Was that which Jesus bore me;

Thro' every pulse it thrilled and stirred, And at His feet, low falling,

I gazed, and joy within me swelled, A joy no tongue can render;

It thrilled my spirit thro' and thro', And shed its sweetness o'er me;

I wept in the deep joy I felt, While there I (humbly) humbly kneeled.

I gazed in wonder and adored My kind and (loving) loving Lord.

I pledge to Him beyond recall, My life, (my love,) my soul, my all.

Copyright, 1855, by G. Ditson & Co.
THE SWEETEST VOICE.

CHORUS.  

Oh, voice so sweet!  .  .  .  .  Oh, face so fair!  .  .  .  .  Oh, love so

Oh, voice so sweet!  .  .  .  .  Oh, face so fair!  .  .  .  .  Oh, love so

strong to me!  My Je-sus, at .  .  .  Thy feet I

strong to me!  My Je-sus, at Thy feet I

Oh, love so strong to me!  My Je-sus, at .  .  .  Thy feet, Thy

Oh, love so strong to me!  My Je-sus, at Thy feet, Thy

fall,  .  .  .  .  And hum-bly wor-ship Thee.

fall,  .  .  .  .  And hum-bly wor-ship Thee.

lov-ing feet I fall, And hum-bly wor-ship Thee.
MY LORD, WHAT A MORNING!

"JUBILEE SONG."

My Lord, what a morning, My Lord, what a morning, My Lord, what a

Fine.

morning when the stars begin to fall! 1. You'll hear the trumpet sound, To wake the
2. You'll hear the Christians shout, To wake the
3. You'll see my Jesus come, To wake the

I'VE BEEN A-LIST'NING.

"JUBILEE SONG."

I've been a-list'ning all the night long, Been a-list'ning all the day, I've been a-

Fine, mf

list'ning all the night long, To hear some sinner pray. 1. Some said that John, the Baptist, Was
2. Go read the fifth of Matthew, And
3. There was a search in Heaven, And
nothing but a Jew, But the Bible doth inform us That he was a preacher too.
read the chapter thro' It is the guide to Christians, And tells them what to do.
all the earth a-round, John stood in sorrow hoping That a Saviour might be found.

AS DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS.

DUET. J. H. TENNEY.

1. As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean Sweet flowers are

2. As still to the star of its worship, tho' clouded The needie points

spring-ing no mortal can see, So, deep in my heart, the still
faith-fu-ly o'er the dim sea, So, dark as I roam, thro' this

prayer of de-votion Un-heard by the world, rises, si-lent, to Thee.
win-try world shrouded, The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee.

QUARTET.

My God, si-lent to Thee,— Pure, warm, si-lent to Thee.
My God, si-lent to Thee,— True, fond, trem-bling to Thee.
MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

SUPPLICATION.

J. H. T.

1. Sad has been the wea-ry day, Clouds and dark-ness veiled the way;

2. Foes are ev-er lurk-ing near, Of-ten starts my heart with fear;

3. Storm-y winds my sails have torn, My frail bark is o-ver-borne;

4. Fear shall not my heart a-larm; Sweet-ly 'mid therag-ing storm

Long-ing, I Thy face would see, Sweet-est rest would find in Thee; "Je-sus,

Safe-ty here I can-not gain, Earth-ly shel-ter is but vain; "Let me

Ris-ing high the foam-y deep, Hear my cry, O Je-sus, keep; "While the

Clar-ion notes are ring-ing clear, "Lo! I'm with you, nev-er fear!" "While the

lov-er of my soul, Je-sus, lov-er of my soul.

to Thy bos-om fly, Let me to Thy bos-om fly.

tem-pest still is high, While the tem-pest still is high.

Copyright, 1855, by O. Driscoll & Co.
1. Are you watching for the Bridegroom? Are you looking for His chariot? Are you watching for the d.c. Oh, to see the Bridegroom coming! Oh, the bliss of His appearing! Oh, to see the Bridegroom coming!

2. With the angels pure and holy, And His servants meek and lowly, With the saints and angels d.c. Oh, to see the Bridegroom coming! Oh, the bliss of His appearing! Oh, to see the Bridegroom coming!

Bridegroom till He comes in state? (Omit. Are you long-ing for the Omit. coming in that bless-ed hour.

ho-ly crowed with might and pow'r; Omit. In His kingdom to be Omit. com-ing in that bless-ed hour!

summons, Are you waiting for the message, Are you long-ing for the summons to the pear-ly gates?

shining, With His saints and angels shining, In His kingdom ev-er shining like the stars a bove.

Copyright 1865, by O. Ditson & Co.
THEE WILL I LOVE.

1. Thee will I love, my Strength, my Tower! Thee will I love, my Joy, my

2. Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown! Thee will I love, my Lord, my

Crown! Thee will I love with all my pow'r, In all Thy works and Thee a -

God! Thee will I love be-nesth Thy frown Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy

lone; Thee will I love, till the pure fire Fill my whole soul with chaste de - sire.

rod; What though my heart and flesh de - cay? Thee shall I love in end - less day.

Copyright, 1885, by O. Ditson & Co.
THOU WILT KEEP HIM.

Andante.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, Whose

mind, whose mind is stayed on Thee. Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, Thou wilt

keep him in perfect peace, Whose mind, whose mind is stayed on

Copyright, 1885, by O. Ditson & Co.
Thee. Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.

Allegretto.

Trust ye in the Lord, the Lord for ever, Trust ye in the Lord, the

Lord for ever, For in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting

Lord for ever, For in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting
THOU WILT KEEP HIM.

For in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.

For in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.

For in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.
I WILL TRUST.

1. Forever here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleeding side; This

2. My dy-ing Sav-iour and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin, Sprin-

3. Th’atonement of Thy blood apply, Till faith to sight improve; Till

CHORUS.

all my hope and all my plea, For me my Sav-iour died. I will trust,... I will

- kle me ev-er with Thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean. I will trust,

hope in full fru-i-sion die, And all my soul be love. I will trust, I will

trust, ... I will trust in the blood of the Lamb, ... I will

I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb, I will trust, I will

I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb,

I will trust,

Copyright, 1853, by G. Decos & Co.
I WILL TRUST.

trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb.

I will trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb.

“PEACE, BE STILL.”

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Peace, be still! Peace, be still! In the night of sorrow bow;

2. Hold thee still! Hold thee still! Though the Father scourge thee sore,

3. Lord, my God! Lord my God! Give me grace that I may be

4. Shep-herd mine! Shep-herd mine! From Thy fulness give me still

O, my heart, contend not thou! What befalls is God’s own will, Peace be still!

Cling thou to Him all the more; Let Him merciful work fulfill, Hold thee still!

Thy true child, and silently Own Thy sceptre and Thy rod. — Lord, my God!

Faith to do and bear thy will, Till the morning light shall shine, Shep-herd mine!

From "Herbert’s Male Quartet Book," by perm. of R. Breinard & Sons.
JESUS, I COME TO THEE.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Je-sus, I come to Thee; no one be-sides Cares for the sor-row I'm striv-ing to

2. Un-to Thy love, like a bird to its nest, Sad-ly out-wear-ied I come back to

3. Far from the nar-row way long I have stray'd, Dark clouds have cover'd me where I have

4. Back to Thy dear love for shel-ter and rest, Flee I, O Lord, like a bird to its

hide; Help-less and des-o-late, tired of my sin, O-pen Thine arms for me,

rest; Noth-ing I bring to Thee, Christ, but my sin, O-pen Thine arms for me,

pray'd; Now to Thy mer-cy I come with my sin; Pi-ty and com-fort me,

nest; Noth-ing I bring Thee but sor-row and sin; O-pen Thine arms for me,

CHORUS.

Lord, take me in! O-pen now Thine arms for me, Pi-ty, Lord, and com-fort

Lord, take me in!

Lord, take me in! O-pen now Thine arms for me, Pi-ty, Lord, and com-fort

Copyright Used by permission.
Jesus, I come to thee.

Open now Thine arms for me, O Lord, now take me in!

The land beyond the sea!

1. When will life's task be o'er? When shall we reach that soft blue shore,
   The land beyond the sea! 2. Sometimes distinct and near It grows upon the eye and ear,

3. Oh, how the lapsing years, 'Mid our not unsubmissive tears
   The land beyond the sea! 4. When will our toil be done? Slow-footed years! more swiftly run

5. Why fadest thou in light? Why art thou better seen toward night?
   The land beyond the sea! 6. Sweet is thine endless rest, But sweeter far the Father's breast

O'er the dark strait, whose billows foam and roar? When shall we come to thee, Calm land beyond the sea!

And the gulf narrows to a thread-like mere; We seem half way to thee, Calm land beyond the sea!

Have borne, row single, now in feet, the biers Of those we love, to thee, Calm land beyond the sea!

Into the gold of that unseeting sun! Homesick we are for thee, Calm land beyond the sea!

Dear land! look always bright, That we may gaze on thee, Calm land beyond the sea!

Upon thy shore eternally possessed; For Jesus reigns o'er thee, Calm land beyond the sea!

Copyright, 1888, by O. Ditson & Co.
HEAR AND SAVE.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. I come to Thee, dear Jesus, The Lamb for sinners slain; I come to Thee for

2. I come to Thee, Redeemer, To bring my load of sin; I plead with Thee to

3. I come to Thee, confessing My life of sin and guilt, The blood my only

parson, For cleansing from each stain; O break the painful bondage To

save me, And give me peace within; Thy blessing, precious Saviour, Thy

merit, The blood for sinners spilt; Destroy the sins, dear Saviour, That

which I am a slave; O hear my cry for pardon, Dear Jesus, hear and

mercy now I crave; O hear my cry for pardon, Dear Jesus, hear and

now my soul deprave; O hear my cry for pardon, Dear Jesus, hear and
TENDER MERCY. C. M.

ARR. FROM THE GERMAN, BY J. B. HERBERT.

1. O Thou, whose tender mercy hears Contrition's humble sigh; Whose
   hand indulgent wipes the tears From sorrow's weeping eye:

2. See, Lord, before Thy throne of grace, A wretched wanderer mourn; Hast
   Thou not bid me seek Thy face? Hast Thou not said, "Return?"'

3. And shall my guilty fears prevail? To drive me from Thy feet? Oh, let
   not this dear refuge fail, This only safe retreat!

4. Oh, shine on this benighted heart, With beams of mercy shine! And let Thy healing voice impart The sense of joy divine.
Bow down Thine ear, Bow down Thine ear, O Lord, and hear me,

Bow down Thine ear, Bow down Thine ear, O Lord, and hear me,

Hear the petition, Hear the petition we offer before Thee. Lead Thou

Hear the petition, Hear the petition we offer before Thee. Lead Thou

us into the paths of truth, Lead Thou us into the paths of

us into the paths of truth, Lead Thou us into the paths of

Copyright, 1888, by O. Ditson & Co.
BOW DOWN THINE EAR.

truth, O Lord most high, Hear our pray'r, O hear our pray'r.

REFUGE. 7s. DOUBLE.

DR. J. B. HERBERT.

1. Jesus, lover of my soul,
   Let me to Thy bosom fly.
D.C. Safe into the haven guide,
   O receive my soul at last.

While the billows near me roll,
   While the tempest still is high:

O other refuge hate I none,
   Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
D.C. Cover my defenceless head
   With the shadow of Thy wing.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
   Till the storm of life is past;

All my trust on Thee is stay'd; All my help from Thee I bring.
COME, SAID JESUS' SACRED VOICE.

Sempre legato.

Come, said Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice;

I will guide you to your home, Weary pilgrim, hither come!

Solo.

Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
COME, SAID JESUS' SACRED VOICE.

Long hast roamed the barren waste, Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

Hither come! for here is found Balm that flows for ev'ry wound,

Peace that ever shall endure, Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Hither come! for here is found Balm that flows for ev'ry wound,

Peace that ever shall endure, Rest eternal, sacred, sure.
Allegretto.

Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me bless His

name, His holy name,

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not, and forget not all His benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine in-

Copyright, 1866, by G. Dixey & Co.
i - qui - tics; Who re-deem-eth thy life, who re-
and who heal-eth all thy dis-eas-es; Who re-deem-eth thy life, who re-
deem-eth thy life from de-struc-tion; Who crowneth thee with lov-ing
deem-eth thy life, thy life from de-struc-tion; Who crown-eth thee with lov-ing

kind-ness, and with His ten-der mer-cies, Who crown-eth thee with lov-ing

kind-ness, and with His ten-der mer-cies, Who crown-eth thee with lov-ing
BLESS THE LORD.

kind-ness, and with His ten-der mer-cies; Bless the Lord, O my soul.

IF YE LOVE ME.

Andante.

If ye love me, if ye love me, keep my commandments, and I will pray the

Fa-ther, and I will pray the Fa-ther, And He shall give you, and He shall

Copyright, 1888, by O. Ditson & Co.
give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever, that

He may abide ... with you forever, Even the Spirit of

That He may abide

He may abide ... with you forever, Even the Spirit of

That He may abide

Truth, the Spirit of Truth, the Spirit of Truth, forever, forever.

Truth, the Spirit of Truth, the Spirit of Truth, forever, forever.
When this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the

saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O grave!

where is thy victory? O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting, where? Thanks be to God, thanks be to God,

O death! where is thy sting, where? Thanks be to God, thanks be to God,

O thanks be to God, which giveth us the

Thanks be to God, thanks be to God which giveth us the victory, the

Thanks be to God, thanks be to God which giveth us the victory, the

victory, O thanks be to God which

victory, Thanks be to God, Thanks be to God which

victory, Thanks be to God, Thanks be to God which
WHEN THIS MORTAL.

giv - eth us the vic - to-ry. Thanks be to God, Thanks be to God,

giveth us the vic-to-ry, the vic-to-ry. Thanks be to God, Thanks be to God,

giveth us the vic-to-ry, the vic-to-ry. Oh, thanks be to God, Oh,

Thanks be to God, Thanks be to God, which giv - eth us the vic - to - ry, the

Thanks be to God, Thanks be to God, which giv - eth us the vic - to - ry, the

thanks be to God, which giv - eth us the


1. O city, golden bright, Transparent as the day, How softly shines thy

distant light For pilgrims far away. There dwell the ransomed host, So safe, so sat-

bit-ter tear, And hush each heaving sigh. Sweet home of peace and love, By faith thy light I

with their God, In ec-sta-cies un-told! I, too, when toil is o'er, Those blissful courts shall

-fied, And thith-er shall the Ho-ly Ghost Lead home His cho-sen bride.

see, Dif-fus-ing from the realms a-bove Ce-les-tial ra-dian-cy.

gain, Where praise re-sound-eth ev-er-more, And love su-preme shall reign.

Copyright, 1866, by O. Ditson & Co.
RAISE HIGH YOUR HEADS.


Raise high your heads, ye lofty gates! For see, the King of glory waits;

Yea everlasting doors, arise, And make a passage to the skies.

Solo.

But hark! the heav'nly hosts inquire, Who is this mighty conqu'ring King?

Copyright, 1863, by G. Brevoort & Co.
RAISS HIGH YOUR HEADS.

Who? Who? Who is this might-y conq'ring King?

colla voce.

Lift high their voice and thus they sing:

In cheer-ful strains the ans-w'ring choir

Masetoso.

He is the God of bound-less might, High raise your heads, ye gates of light; He

He is the God of bound-less might, High raise your heads, ye gates of light; He
conquered death and hell and sin. Ye shining doors, receive Him in.

conquered death and hell and sin. Ye shining doors, receive Him in.

Solo.

But hark! again the angels say, Who is this mighty conqu'ring King?

Who rises to the realms of day, Whose praise with such applause ye sing?

colla voce.
a tempo.

The Lord, of boundless pow'r, of boundless pow'r possessed, God over all for-

The Lord, of boundless pow'r, of boundless pow'r possessed, God over all for-

ever blest, The mighty God of hosts renowned, The King of endless glory crown'd, The

ever blest, The mighty God of hosts renowned, The King of endless glory crown'd, The

King of endless glory crown'd, The King of endless glory crown'd.

King of endless glory crown'd, The King of endless glory crown'd.
HARK! THE SONG OF JUBILEE.

J. H. TENNEY.

Hark! hark! the song, the song of jubilee! Hark! hark! the song, the song of jubilee!

Hark! hark! the song, the song of jubilee? Hark! hark! the song, the song of jubilee!

Hark! hark! the song, the song of jubilee, Let it echo, Let it echo over the sea,

Hark! hark! the song, the song of jubilee, Let it echo over the sea, Let it echo over the sea,

Copyright, 1856, by H. Dietz & Co.
Mark! The Song of Jubilee.

Maestoso.

Echoc' o'er the sea, loud as mighty thunders roar, or the

Echo, let it echo o'er the sea, loud as mighty thunders roar, or the

Fulness of the sea when it breaks up - on the shore, when it breaks up - on the shore.

Fulness of the sea when it breaks up - on the shore, when it breaks up - on the shore.

Hal-le-lu-jah! hark, the sound, from the depths unto the skies,

Hal-le-lu-jah! hark, the sound, from the depths unto the skies.

Wakes
HARK! THE SONG OF JUBILEE.

Wakes, above, beneath, around, All creation's harmonies;

Moderato.

See Jehovah's banners furled! Sheathed His sword! He speaks, 'tis done,

See Jehovah's banners furled! Sheathed His sword! He speaks, 'tis done,

Allegretto.

And the kingdoms of this world Are the kingdoms of His Son, And the

And the kingdoms of this world Are the kingdoms of His Son, And the

And the kingdoms of this world Are the kingdoms of His Son, And the
HARK! THE SONG OF JUBILEE.

kingdoms of this world are the kingdoms of His Son. He shall reign . . . from pole to pole, . . . With supreme, . . . unbounded sway, . . . He shall from pole to pole, . . . With supreme, With supreme, unbounded sway, He shall from pole to pole, With supreme, unbounded sway;

He shall reign when like a scroll . Yonder heav'n's have pass'd away, have pass'd away.

He shall reign when like a scroll

He shall reign when like a scroll . Yonder heav'n's have pass'd away, have pass'd away.
HARK! THE SONG OF JUBILEE

Con spirito.

Hal-le-lu-jah! for the Lord God omni-potent shall reign!

Hal-le-lu-jah! for the Lord God omni-potent shall reign!

Hal-le-lu-jah! let the word ech-o, ech-o round the earth, round the earth and main.

Hal-le-lu-jah! let the word ech-o, ech-o round the earth, round the earth and main.

Ech-o, ech-o, ech-o round the earth and main, echo round the earth and main.

Ech-o round the earth and main, echo round the earth and main, ech-o round the earth and main.
HARK! THE SONG OF JUBILEE.

[Music notation]

main, Echo round the earth and main, Echo round the earth and main, round the earth and main.

main, Echo round the earth and main, Echo round the earth and main, round the earth and main.

AT EVENING TIME.

1. At evening time let there be light; Life's little day draws near its close;
2. At evening time let there be light; Stormy and dark hath been my day;
3. At evening time there shall be light! For God hath spoken; it must be;

Around me fall the shades of night, the grave's repose; To crown my joys, to end my woes, At
The night of death, the cheered my way; Oh, for one sweet, one parting ray! At
Yet rose the morn divinely bright; the ris'n on the Mine eyes shall His salvation see; 'Tis
Dews, birds, and blossoms flight, His glory now is}
Fear, doubt, and anguish take their

Copyright, 1865, by G. Duren & Co.
WILL YOU COME?

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

1. There's a fount that giveth life, Will you, will you come? Purest waters sweetly flow, Will you, will you come? With the Saviour's offer close;

2. There is grace for all you need, Will you, will you come? Wisdom true will be your guide, Will you, will you come? From your sins He will redeem:

3. He your ransom freely paid, Will you, will you come? On Him all your burdens laid, Will you, will you come? Bliss of heav'n for you above,

Chorus.

Seek and find in Him repose. "Come," the Spirit says, "to-day," Will you, will you flows for you the living stream. "Come," the Spirit says, "to-day," Will you, will you

Where awaits a crown of love. "Come," the Spirit says, "to-day," Will you, will you

Copyright, 1885, by G. Dress & Co.
WILL YOU COME.

come? Will you trust the promise sure? Will you drink the waters pure?

TENDER SHEPHERD, THOU HAST STILLED.

(DOATH OF A LITTLE CHILD.)
J. H. T.

1. Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping;
2. In this world of care and pain, Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
3. Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we Where it lives will soon be living,

Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild, In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping;
To the sunny heavenly plain, Thou dost now with joy receive it:
And the lovely pastures see, That its heavenly food are giving;

And no sigh of anguish sore Heaves that little bosom more.
Clothed in robes of spotless white, Now it dwells with Thee in light. Amen.
Then the gain of death we prove, Tho' Thou take what most we love.

Copyright, 1885, by G. Ditson & Co.
LISTEN! HE IS THERE.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

1. Listen! listen! He is there, Knocking, knocking, worn with care;

2. Listen! listen! thee He seeks, Knocking, knocking, yes, He speaks;

3. Listen! listen! at the door, Knocking, knocking, o'er and o'er;

4. Listen! listen! still the same; Knocking, knocking, 'twas His name;

'Tis the King-ly One, the Stranger, He who came from glory down;

What! poor soul, dost thou not know Him? With night dews His locks are wet;

"Sinner, sinner, long I've sought thee!" This He says to you and me: Hark! His accents soft and tender! Yes, I will unbar the door:

Cradled once in Bethlehem's manger, Wearing now of thorns a crown.

Surely, thou wilt kindness show Him; What thou ow'st, dost thou forget?

"On the cross, with blood I've bought thee; Wilt thou not my follower be?" Enter! I make full surrender; Reign with in me evermore.

Copyright, 1865, by O. Ditson & Co.
LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT!

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The way is

2. I was not e-ver thus, nor pray'd that Thou Should'st lead me on; I loved to

3. So long Thy pow'rs bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on; O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to

choose and see my path, but now Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar-lish day, and, spite of

fen, 'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those an-gel fa-ces

see The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me. A-men.

fears, Pride ruled my will; re-member not past years. A-men.

smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while! A-men.
Andante.

The Lord is in His holy temple, The Lord is in His holy temple, Let all the earth keep silence before Him, Let all the earth keep silence before Him,
THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE.

FANNY CROSBY.

ALL MY HOPE.

1. Lord, to Thee in deep contrition, Would I lift my streaming eyes;
   Thou hast said a broken spirit, Father, Thou wilt not despise;

2. Thou art good, and pure, and holy; I am fall of guilt and sin;
   Wash me in Thy sacred fountain, Cleanse and make me pure within;

3. Let Thy healing beams of mercy Drop for me a cheering ray;
   Father, from Thy gracious presence, Cast, oh, cast me not a way;

4. Lord, forgive me, own and bless me, I am weak, but Thou art strong;
   In the path of heav'nly wisdom, Gently lead my soul a long.

Refrain.

All my hope, All my plea, Jesus, Thou hast died for me.

Copyright, 1855, by G. B. Took & Co.
Awake! awake! put on strength, O arm of the Lord, of the

Awake! awake! put on strength, O arm of the Lord, put on strength, O

Awake! awake! as in the ancient days, in the

Arm of the Lord. Awake! awake! as in the ancient days, in the

Generations of old. Therefore the redeemed of the

Generations of old. Therefore the redeemed of the

Copyright 1855, by O. Durieux & Co.
Awake! Put on strength.

Lord shall return, and come with singing, with singing unto Zion, and everlast- ing joy shall be upon their heads, and everlast- ing joy shall be upon their heads. They shall ob- joy, and everlast- ing joy shall be upon their heads.
AWAKE! PUT ON STRENGTH.

They shall obtain, they shall obtain gladness and joy, and

dolce.
sorrow and mourning shall flee away, sorrow and mourning shall flee away,

sorrow and mourning shall flee away, sorrow and mourning shall flee away,

Rit.  Adagio.
sorrow and mourning shall flee away, shall flee away, shall flee away.

sorrow and mourning shall flee away, shall flee away, shall flee away.
NEARING THE BETTER LAND.

W. A. SPATE.

1. Care-worn trav'ler on life's ocean, Bound for yon-der gold-en strand,

2. Though the sky be dark and gloom-y, And the wild storms loudly roar,

3. Trust in God and be not fear-ful, He will lend a help-ing hand;

Look be-yond the waves' com-mo-tion: Thou art near-ing that blest land, Thou art

Look with hope-ful heart be-yond them: Thou art near-ing yon blest shore, Thou art

Let thy heart be light and cheer-ful: Thou art near the bet-ter land, Thou art

REFRAIN. Legato.

nearing that blest land. Nearing, nearing, nearing, nearing, Thou art near-ing that blest land.

nearing yon blest shore.

near the bet-ter land. Nearing, nearing, nearing, nearing, Thou art nearing that blest land.
THERE'S LIGHT AT THE CROSS.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.  FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. There's light at the cross where my Saviour died, Where flowed for my cleansing the

2. There's light at the cross where a Saviour's love Shines bright on the way that will

3. There's light at the cross, 'tis a golden light, It comes from the throne in the

crimson tide; A light that has fled from the wilds of sin. And is filling my

lead above, Though rugged and thorny the path of life. It will guide through the

mansions bright, Where pure crystal rays will forever shine, For Jesus, the

CHORUS.

soul with a peace within. There's light at the cross where my

trouble and care and strife. There's light at the cross, there's light at the cross where my

Lamb, is the light divine. There's light at the cross, there's light at the cross where my
THERE'S LIGHT AT THE CROSS.

Saviour died, There's light at the cross,
Saviour died, where my Saviour died, There's light at the cross, There's light at the cross where the Saviour died.

WHOSOEVER WILL.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

1. There's a feast by Jesus spread, Precious feast prepared for all,

2. There's a fountain, a living stream Ever flowing, deep and wide;

3. There's a cross where Jesus died, Cleansing blood is flowing free;
WHOSOEVER WILL.

He has waited long for you, will you heed the Savior's call?

Come and drink, ye thirsty souls, 'Tis a message from the Bride.

There are garments pure and white, Crown and palm for you and me.

CHORUS.

Who-so-ever will may come, Who-so-ever will may come;

Who-so-ever will may come, Who-so-ever will may come;

Who-so-ever will may come, may come, Who-so-ever will may come, may come.

Will you heed the Savior's call? Who-so-ever will may come.

'Tis a message from the Bride, the Bride, Who-so-ever will may come.

Crown and palm for you and me, Who-so-ever will may come.

Copyright. Used by permission.
Andante.

1. Now the day is over, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the evening

2. Jesus, give the weary Calm and sweet repose, With Thy tender blessing

3. Comfort every sufferer Watching late in pain, Those who plan some evil,

4. Now the day is over, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the evening

Steal across the sky; Now the darkness gathers, Stars begin to peep,

May our eyelids close; Grant to us, Thy children, Visions bright of Thee;

From their sins restrain; Thro' the long night watches, May Thine angels spread

Steal across the sky; When the morning wakens, Then may I arise,

Birds, and beasts, and flowers, Soon will be asleep, Soon will be asleep.

Guard the sailors treading On the deep blue sea, On the deep blue sea.

Their white wings above me, Watching round my bed, Watching round my bed.

Pure, and fresh, and sinless In Thy holy eyes, In Thy holy eyes.
OH! SWEETLY BREATHE.

1. Oh! sweet-ly breathe, those lyres a-bove, When an-gels
touch, the quiv’ring string, And wake to chant Im-man-u-el’s
love, Such strains as an-gel lips can sing.
tell, And grate-ful hymn Im-man-u-el’s praise.
dewed, We bow and give our-selves a-way.

2. And sweet, on earth, the cho-ral swell, From mor-tal
tongues, of glad-some lays, When pard-on’d souls their rap-tures
of-fer’d grace to-day; Beneath the cross, with blood be-
When an-gels touch the quiv’ring string, And wake to chant
From mor-tals tongues of glad-some lays, When pard-on’d souls

3. Our hearts, by Thy great love sub-dued, Ac-cept Thine
of-fer’d grace to-day; Beneath the cross, with blood be-

Copyright. Used by permission.
OH! SWEETLY BREATHE.

In Thee we trust, on Thee rely; Though we are feeble,

Thou art strong; Oh, keep us till our spirits fly to join the bright, immortal throng.
SOWING THE TARES.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. Sowing the tares when it might have been wheat, Sowing of malice,
   spite and deceit; We might have sown roses amid life's sad
   cares, While we were so cruelly sowing the tares.

2. Sowing the tares, how dark the black sin, Mingling a curse with
   life's sweetest hymn; And heed ing no anguish, no pitiful
   prayer, While we were so cruelly sowing the tares.

3. Sowing the tares that brings sorrow down; Robs of its jewels
   life's fairest crown, And turning to silver the once golden
   hairs, Grown whiter and whiter, as we sowed the tares.

4. Sowing the tares under cover of night, Which might have been wheat, all
   golden and bright; O, heart! turn to God with repentance and
   prayers, And plead for forgiveness for sowing the tares.

From "Giff's Male Quartet and Chorus Book," by permission of the author.
Sowing the tares, sowing of malice,

When it might have been wheat,

We might have sown roses amid life's sad

spite and deceit; we might have sown roses amid life's sad

cares. But we plead for forgiveness for sowing the tares.

cares, But we plead for forgiveness for sowing the tares.
ALL MY LIFE LONG.

JOSEPHINE FOLLARD.  ARPS. FROM WOODS.

1. All my life long have my steps been attended    Surely by One who regarded my ways;

2. All in the dark would I be, and uncertain    Whether to go, but for One at my side,

3. He will not weary, oh, blessed assurance!    In-finite love will the in-finite out-last;

Tenderly watch'd over, sweetly befriended,    Blessings have follow'd my nights and my days,

Who from the future removes the dim curtain,    Seeing the glory to mortals denied,

But for my heav-en-ly Father's assurance,    Into the depths of despair I were cast.

Tears have been quench'd in the sunshine of gladness,    Anthems of sorrow been turn'd into song;

No other friend could so patiently lead me;    No other friend prove so faithful and strong;

This is my star in a midnight of sorrow,    This is my refuge, my strength, and my song,

Copyright, 1865, by G. Duren & Co.
HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

CHAS. WM. BUTLER.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. "He giveth His beloved sleep," The ages give them perfect rest.
2. Blest with a peace that never dies, The glorified have ceased to weep;
3. On loftiest heights in heaven's glow, From valley and from mountain steep,
4. At eventide, when silence reigns On all the earth in glory deep,
5. Beside the graves of friends we love, Where holy hearts ne'er fail to weep,

Our tearful eyes need never weep For His beloved when they're blest. Amen.
Their song of triumph, hear it rise! "He giveth His beloved sleep.
The same sweet tides of music flow, "He giveth His beloved sleep.
A voice breathes in angelic strains, "He giveth His beloved sleep.
This sentence whispers from above, "He giveth His beloved sleep."
Spirits, spirits, thy labor is o'er, Thy term of probation is run, Thy steps are now
bound for the untrodden shore, And the race of immortals begun. Spirits, spirits, no
fetters can bind, No wicked have pow'r to molest; There the weary, like thee, there the
mourner shall find A bright home, and a mansion of rest.

mourner shall find A bright home, and a mansion of rest.

MORNING HYMN.

REV. W. F. COSNER.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. 'Tis sweet, blest Lord, when breaks the rosy morning, Waking to feel that I am still with Thee;

2. A-bide with me to cheer me and to strengthen; Sus-tain me for I am so weak and faint;

3. Still, still with Thee, when purple morn is breaking, 'Tis sweet, blest Saviour, to abide with Thee;

Each hour to Thee my weary heart is turning; Oh, let Thy presence still a-bide with me.

Shouldst Thou for-sake me ere the shadows lengthen, Ah, whither shall I go with my complaint.

Be with me, Lord, thro' all my hours of waking, And when the night comes, still abide with me.

Copyright. Used by permission.
1. The day is fading, night stealeth on, The shadows deepen, our

2. The heavy cross if we endure Their weight, the promise of

3. Take up thy burden in grief laid down; With courage press ing to

work undone; The step grows weary, the heart is sad;

God is sure; Oh, crown immortal He gives at last,

clasp the crown; For just beyond thee the valley lies,

But comfort cometh so sweet and glad: We are almost home!

To faithful children when life is past, And we're almost home.

The blessed region of Paradise, And we're almost home.
WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY. By par.

1. Where will you spend eternity? The question comes to you and me!

2. Many are choosing Christ to-day, Turning from all their sins away;

3. Leaving the strait and narrow way, Going the downward road to-day,

4. Repent, believe, this very hour, Trust in the Saviour's grace and pow'r,

Tell me, what shall your answer be? Where will you spend eternity?

Heav'n shall their happy portion be—Where will you spend eternity?

Sad will the final ending be, Lost thro' a long eternity!

Then will your joyous answer be, Sav'd thro' a long eternity!

REFRAIN.

Eternity! Eternity! Where will you spend eternity?

Eternity! Eternity! Where will you spend eternity?

Eternity! Eternity! Lost thro' a long eternity!

Eternity! Eternity! Sav'd thro' a long eternity!
LET THE DEAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL REST.

Andante.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY W. B. BLAKE.

1. Let the dead and the beau-ti-ful rest, In their green-cov-ered tents by the sea;
   Let the wind that now sleeps on its breast Chant their dirge in a sad min-strel-sy:
   These are they who have left us be-
   can they be ever for-got; When the earth and the sea give their

2. Let the dead and the beau-ti-ful rest; They are ours though they answer us not; We will carry them still in our hearts, Nei-ther

Copyright. Used by permission.
LET THE DEAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL REST.

Shall we meet them in regions above? Shall we trust

To the angel who bids them arise, Then shall

we join their loved ones again, In their triumphal flight to the skies.

CHORUS. pp

Let them rest, let them rest, let them rest, rest in

Let them rest, let them rest, let them rest, rest in

Let them rest, let them rest, let them rest in
LET THE DEAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL REST.

peace; We shall meet again; Let them rest in peace, Let them peace; We shall meet again; peace; We shall meet again; rest in peace, rest in peace, In the morning light, in the shade of night, They are rest in peace, In the morning light, in the shade of night, They are rest in hope, Hope of a brighter home.

rest in hope, Hope of a brighter home.
THE YEARS GO BY.

1. The years come on, the years go by; And bright above us burns the sky As
in the days of old; The same sweet sky forever young, The same bright lamps a-
bove as hung, The same sweet song by Nature sung, In glen, and dell, and wold.
yield per-fume; The willows sprout their verdurous gloom Around us ev-ery-where.

2. The years come on, the years go by; But still the earth smiles to the sky As
in the days that were; The peach-tree blows its pret-ty bloom; The apple blossoms ev-
er changeless they; The earth, the wave, the a- zure sky, The myriad worlds that
thought should bring Peace, joy, and ev-

3. The years come on, the years go by; The mountains lift their heads on high, For-
on the days of old; Un-
sung the song we hoped to sing, Unlived the love we fanes of blue and gold; But un-to us no hymns they sing; No touch of an-gel

4. The years come on, the years go by; We look be-hind us with a sigh, Up-

5. The years go by, the years go by; They roll their sol-emn psalms on high, In

Copyright, 1885, by O. Ditson & Co.
STREW THEIR GRAVES WITH FLOWERS.

E. H. LATTA.

FOR DECORATION DAY.

J. H. T.

1. Once again we meet together, Love and gratitude to show,

2. Let us not forget their virtues, Nor that life to them was dear!

3. Let us pray that peace may hover, Evermore above our land;

4. As the seasons circle onward, And the flow'res blossom sweet,

For our brave and fallen brothers Who are sleeping cold and low;

'Twas to rescue Freedom's altar Every hardship so severe;

Still to do our soldiers honor, Let us thus together meet;

Freedom's call they heard resounding Over mountain, hill, and plain; And they

'Twas for us they toiled and suffered In the camps and on the field; Oh, how

But should Freedom ever call us, In our country's civil day, May we

'Twas for us their lives were offered, On the battle's glory field, Oh, how

From "HERBERT'S MALE QUARTET AND CHOIR'S BOOK," by permission of S. Brainard's Sons.
STREW THEIR GRAVES WITH FLOWERS.

has - tened to the bat - tle, There to face the lead - en rain.
slight is all the trib - ute It is in our pow - er to yield!
lke our fall - en he - roes, Prompt-ly her com - mands o - bey!
faint is all the trib - ute We can to their val - or yield!

CHORUS.

On the mon - u - ments, the mon - u - ments of mar - ble, Fra - grant

On the mon - u - ments, the mon - u - ments of mar - ble, Fra - grant

rit. e dim. a tempo.

gar - lands soft - ly, soft - ly lay! Bless the mem'ry, the mem'ry of our sol - diers!

gar - lands soft - ly lay! Bless the mem'ry, the mem'ry of our sol - diers!
STREW THEIR GRAVES WITH FLOWERS.

FLOWERS WE BRING TO DECK EACH GRAVE.

FOR DECORATION DAY.

REV. J. E. RANKIN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Flowers we bring to deck each grave Where re-pose the na-tion's brave; For their

2. Earth blooms not with bloom of blood, Flows no more with war's red blood; Flowers of

val - or it is meet They should have such offerings sweet; Sweeter yet than flow'r's per-

peace make glad the plain Fur-rowed by the can - non's wain; In the hour of weakness
FLOWERS WE BRING TO DECK EACH GRAVE.

fume. Bright'er than its brightest bloom, Breathes the fra-grance of their name, Smiles the

sown, Sleep-ing now, perhaps un-known, Faith dis-cerns a har-vest wave O'er each

blossom of their fame. Here we lay spring's floral crown, Here we sprin-kle summer

lonely her-o's grave. Here we lay spring's floral crown, Here we sprin-kle

down: Tears shall bud in tribute lays, Tears shall blos-som forth their praise.

summer down; Tears shall bud in tribute lays, Tears shall blossom forth their praise.
COME AWAY!

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Come away to the wood-land glade,
   Where purling stream-lets rise!
   Where the vio-lets bloom in the for-est shade,
   As blue as sum-mer skies! Where song-sters war-ble all the day;

2. Come away where the blue-bells sleep
   By cooling brook and well,
   In the gay, leaf-y haunt of the wood-land deep
   Where fragrant flow-ers, fresh and fair, The hid-den glade a-

3. Come away to the gush-ing spring
   That gleams so crys-tal clear!
   To the vel-vet-y brink where the moss-es cling! To the foun-t of life and cheer!
   Oh, come a-way, ye young and gay, To Na-ture's fair re-

D. S. HAKES.
COME AWAY!

rit. e dim.

 gleee, Where gol-den light and shadow play O'er laugh-ing wa-ters free!

dorn; Where blossoms scent the balmy air At eve and dewy mom.

treat! O come away, ye old and gray, To wa-ters, pure and sweet!

Chorus.

Come a-way, . . . . . . . come a-way to the shady dell Where sil-ver streamlets

Come a-way, come a-way to the shady dell Where sil-ver streamlets

Come away, come away to the shady dell Where sil-ver streamlets

rit. e dim.

flow! Come a-way, where the crys-tal wa-ters swell, As pure as moun-tain snow!

flow! Come a-way, where the crys-tal wa-ters swell, As pure as moun-tain snow!

flow! Come a-way, where the crys-tal wa-ters swell, As pure as moun-tain snow!
SONS OF FREEDOM.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. (TEMPERANCE HYMN)

With animation.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Sons of freedom, Christian brothers, Do you hear our wives and mothers, Heart on heart that anguish smote the, Weep with mournful words.

2. Christian soldiers, there is trial in this path of self-sacrifice; Fearless meet the world's espials, Dare their scornful sound? Weep for household desolation, Weep for gray hairs desolate, Keep your household altars lighted, Keep your prayers and faith unshaken, Health and wealth all dissipated, Hope and reason drowned? And this wrong shall yet be righted, Victory is the Lord's.

Copyright, 1888, by O. Ditmar & Co.
CHORUS.

Loose Thy bonds a-sunder, Name we conquer under, O Jesus, Lord, Thine

Cheer that mourning mother, Raise that fallen brother, Render every chain from

aid afford, Uplift Thine arm of wonder; Onward with our Saviour guiding,

heart and brain, Trust God, and help each other; Though the foe is round us raging,

In His might alone confiding, On His banner firm inscribing Freedom, God, and Right!

Still for truth our warfare wag-ing, For this holy cause engaging Freedom, God, and Right!
WE'RE ON THE WINNING SIDE.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.
Arr. by J. H. TENNEY.

1. The plash of oars falls on the ear, . . . Then row, boys, row! yes, row, boys,

2. Not here, my lads, we slack the oar, . . . Then row, boys, row! yes, row, boys,

3. The distant goal we soon shall gain, . . . Then row, boys, row! yes, row, boys,

row! The racing boats are drawing near, . . . Then row, boys, row! yes, row! Not till we come to yonder shore, . . . Then row, boys, row! yes, row! 'Twill make amends for all our pain, . . . Then row, boys, row! yes, row! With strong and steady hand the boatmen ply the oar, With quick and ready row! Our comrades in the rear pull hard to pass us by, Their lithe and bending row! O there we'll moor our craft and throw our oars a-side, We'll cast the anchor

(4 pp.)

Copyright, 1888, by O. Ditson & Co.
We're on the winning side.

ear we count the beating score, And sharp and hopeful eyes take in the
forms the steady oars apply, The parting waters laugh as o'er the
out and ride upon the tide, When to a place of rest our boat shall

rall.

Chorus.

dis tant shore; Then row, boys, row! yes, row! Hur rah! hur rah! we're on the
waves we fly; Then row, boys, row! yes, row! Hur rah! hur rah! we're on the
quick ly glide; Then row, boys, row! yes, row! Hur rah! hur rah! we're on the

win ning side, Our strong and steady gain we see with pride, While

win ning side, Our strong and steady gain we see with pride, While


WE'RE ON THE WINNING SIDE.

cheer on cheer the ech - oes wake, Hur-rah! hurrah! the prize we'll take!

cheer on cheer the ech - oes wake, Hur-rah! hurrah! the prize we'll take!

THE FRIENDS OF MY CHILDHOOD.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

1. Oh, the pictures I drew upon memory's page, That were bright with the hopes that hav

2. Oh, the songs I have heard, when with step light and free, I have wander'd at will with the

3. Yes, a warm ro - sy flush thro' the valleys shall run, When the hill-tops are kissed by the

Copyright. Used by permission.
smiles which they gave me while watching my play; I ne'er shall forget them, they
sang in its joy down the sides of the hill; I ne'er shall forget them, they
day be o'er cast, and its sunshine should die; The brightness of childhood I

smile on me now, The friends of my childhood my life shall endow; They
still linger near, The songs of my childhood so sweet to my ear; So
ne'er can forget, Its soft, ruddy glow still abides with me yet; I

smile on me now, they smile on me now, The friends of my childhood, oh, they smile on me now.
sweet to my ear, So sweet to my ear, The songs of my childhood, oh, how sweet to my ear.
ne'er can forget, I ne'er can forget, The brightness of childhood still abides with me yet.
GOOD-NIGHT.

Dolce.

1. Good-night, good-night, the world is still, The stars their watch are keeping; The

2. Good-night, good-night, sweet dreams be thine, And may the angels bending From

hum of day has died away, And all the flowers are sleeping.

heav'n above, behold in love, Thy sleep protection lending.

a tempo.

Good-night, good-night, the mountain stream is singing 'midst the clover, The

Good-night, good-night, when thou shalt sleep That sleep that knows no waking, May

Copyright. Used by permission.
GOOD-NIGHT.

fa ir - ies quaff from li - ly cups, With nectar run - ning o - ver.

ser - aph care con - duct thee where Th'e - ter - nal morn is break - ing.

Good-night, good-night, the world is still, And all the stars are sleep - ing; Good -

Repeat refrain pp after last verse.

night, good-night, good-night, good - night, good - night, good - night, good - night.
1. What does the gentle Cynthia say, As she smiles on the earth tonight?

2. With silken whisper and witchingsmile, She speaks to the lover tonight;

3. With a sad, sweet whisper she speaks to him Who has wander’d from childhood’s home;

4. To the Christian she speaks of a tender ray Than the beams of her own sweet face:

_Vivace._

Kissing the mountain, kissing the hill, Kissing the wood-land, kissing the vail,

Telling of bowers whose birds have fled, Telling of arbors whose lores are dead,

Calling up scenes of youths’s bright day, Calling up sister and brother at play,

Tells of a climate forever is bright, Tells of a day that shall never know night,

Kissing the flowers, and taking her fill Of kissing to sleep with a

Telling of meetings, and what was said In the ears of love, while the

Calling up those who have passed for aye From this world of ours to

Tells of the ransomed whose robes are made white, And tells how they sing to their
CYNTHIA.

delicate will, This beautiful world of ours, This beautiful world of ours.

clouds o'er head Were types of its constancy, Were types of its constancy.
one far away In the kingdom beyond the sea, In the kingdom beyond the sea.


SOFTLY SLEEP.

SERENADE.  A. J. SHOWALTER.

Andante.

1. Softly sleep! in peaceful pleasure, Now thy weary eyelids close;

2. Softly sleep! oh, what can sever True affection's constancy?

3. Softly sleep! a brighter morrow Wake thee with its freshening light;

May some strain of heavily measure Lull thy heart to calm repose.

Though those eyes should close forever, Ne'er should sleep my love for thee.

Wake to life undimmed by sorrow, Peace be with thee, love, to-night.

Copyright. Used by permission.
THE MOONLIGHT FROM HEAVEN IS FALLING.

R. KELSO CARTER.  J. R. SWENEY.

1. The moon-light from heaven is falling, is falling, in
   splendor on mountains and vales, and vales, To
   call-ing, re-call-ing, Di-an-a her lover be-wails.

2. The mur-mur-ing breeze to the grass-es, the grass-es, Sighs
   softly, as though to con-ceal, con-ceal, The
   pass-es, it pass-es, The moans of the tree-tops re-veal.

3. The night-hawk its sorrow is vent-ing, is vent-ing, The
   bull-bat o'er-head flits straight, flits straight, The
   ment-ing, la-ment-ing, The night-in-gale calls to its mate.

4. The frogs in the mill-pond are croak-ing, are croak-ing, The
   whip-poor-will is la-night-owl screams so shrill, so shrill, The
   jok-ing, his jok-ing; The crick-et re-plies from the hill.

5. The elves and the fair-ies are danc-ing, are danc-ing, The
   cow-slip bells ring through the night, the night, And
   glance-ing, is glance-ing The witch-fire's glimmering light.

6. The besom of na-ture is heav-ing, is heav-ing, The
   dew on her lashed are wet, are wet; All
   cel-ing, &-cel-ing, Love's stor-y can never for-get.

Copyright. Used by permission.
CHORUS.

Oh, come to my heart, thou fair vision, fair vision, Thou

Oh, come to my heart, thou fair vision, fair vision, Thou

vision of her I adore, adore, We'll fly to the bowers e-

vision of her I adore, adore, We'll fly to the bowers e-

ly-sian, Where love reigns supreme evermore.

ly-sian, Where love reigns supreme evermore.
1. From yon-der cliff, see, the wa-ters are leap-ing, White as a bride, to the riv-er be-low, And soft-ly yon boughs... on the hill-side are rocks that e'er rose from the sea, Soon dashing in glee... from thy cliff, Montmo-

wav-ing, Wel-come, fair stream,... who art whit-er than snow. Welcome, fair stream,

ren-ci, Nev-er a riv-er more beau-teous could be. Nev-er a riv-er...
MONTMORENCI.

Rushing and surging down, swinging and dancing down, rapidly, ceaselessly, all the bright day!

All the brown cliffs around echo the tireless sound, rainbows are crowning, are crowning thy spray!

While all the breezes near catch at the spray in cheer, fill it with rainbows all the bright day!

Gem of the North land! Pride of the shore!

Rushing and surging down, climbing and leaping down, sliding and dancing down, over and o'er!
Montmorenci

Merri-ly glancing, adown the cliffs dancing, The waters are leaping for-ev-er and aye.

Gem of the north land! Pride of the shore!

Sing on this shining strand, Sing in this rainbow land, Down in the valley we gaze at the sky, Hail the bright water gleam, Hail the fair mountain stream,

Fair Mont-more-n-ce, Hail ev-er more!

Love-ly and clear glid-ing by, Love-ly and clear glid-ing by.

Love-ly and clear glid-ing by, Love-ly and clear glid-ing by.
DOWN YONDER GREEN VALLEY.

OLD SONG.

Andante.

1. Down yon-der green val-ley where streamlets me-an-der, When twi-light is
   Or at the bright noon-tide, in sol-i-tude wan-der, A-mid the dark
d.c. A-round us for glad-ness the blue-bells were ring-ing; Ah! then lit-tle

2. Still glows the bright sun-shine o’er val-ley and moun-tain, Still war-bles the
   Still trem-bles the moonbeam on streamlet and foun-tain, But what are the
d.c. Ye e-choes, oh, tell me where is the dear mai-den? “She sleeps neath the

F I N E.

fad-ing, I pen-sive-ly rove; ’Twas there, while the black-bird was
shades of the lone-ly ash grove; I thought I how soon we should part.

black-bird its notes from the tree; With sor-row, deep sor-row my
beaut-ies of na-ture to me? I green turf, down by the ash grove.”

D.C.

cheer-fal-ly sing-ing, I first met that dear one, the joy of my heart!

bos-om is la-den, All day I go mourn-ing in search of my love;
"And when all the lads and lassies were gathered together they went with one accord to Mrs. Deacon Tompkins' Apple Bee."

1. Come, Mi-ra-bel-in Hopkins, his a- way, For Jon-a-than is wait-ing in a sleigh! And
2. To Mrs. Deacon Tompkins' ap- ple bee The pret-ty lassies, si-mul-ta-neous-ly, With
3. And when the strings are swinging overhead, We'll all a mer-r-y mea-sure light-ly tread, Till

Ma-ry Phoe-be Ann and Su-san Jane, And An-na Beil-la Jones and Jotham Lane Will
all the mer-r-y lads of Cran-ber-ry town, Will hurry if the pungs should not break down, And
hun-ger, like a li-on, bars the way. The hap-py call to sup-per we o-bey; O

join us with a sing-ing, While ting-a-ling-a-ling ling go the bells, And
cut the fruit in sli-ces, While ap-ple par-ings deft-ly fly a-round, 'Tis
luscious pie of pump-kin! O hon-ey, cake, and doughnuts crisp and brown! The

Copyright. Used by permission.
time is swiftly winging,  As merrily the music swells.
one of love's devices,  To see if the true name is found.
pie the blackbirds jumped in,  Not half so full it was of fun.

The merry, merry bells, the merry, merry bells, O merrily they ring, the sweet sleigh-bells, O

Then ting-a-ling-a-ling bells, clang-a-lang-a-ling, O merrily they ring, the sweet sleigh-bells, O

Then ting-a-ling-a-ling bells, clang-a-lang-a-ling, O merrily they ring, the sweet sleigh-bells, O

ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling, clang-a-lang-a-ling-ling, clang-a-lang-a-ling-ling go the bells!

ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling, clang-a-lang-a-ling-ling, clang-a-lang-a-ling-ling go the bells!

ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling, clang-a-lang-a-ling-ling, clang-a-lang-a-ling-ling go the bells!
SLEIGHING SONG.

J. H. TENNEY.

Allegro e staccato.

1. Oh, swift we go o'er the flee-cy snow, When moonbeams spar-kle round; When

2. On win-ter's night when our hearts are light, And breath is on the wind, We

3. With laugh and song we will glide a-long, A-cross the flee-cy snow; With

hoofs keep time to mu-sic's chime As mer-ri-ly on we bound. Jing-a-ling,

loose the rein and sweep the plain, And leave our cares be-hind. Jing-a-ling,

friends be-side how swift we'll ride, The beau-ti-ful track below. As mer-ri-ly on,

jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing, jing, jing-a-ling.

corri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on we bound, As

(2 pp.) (136) Copyright, 1885, by O. Ditson & Co.
SLEIGHING SONG.

Jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling,
merri-ly on, as merri-ly on, as merri-ly on we

jing, jing, jing,
We bound, we bound, As merri-ly on we

jing, jing, jing, As merri-ly on we bound, we bound, As merri-ly on we
bound, As merri-ly on we bound, . . . we

bound, jing, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing, as merri-ly on we bound,
bound, we bound, jing, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing, as merri-ly on we bound,
bound, we bound, jing, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing, as merri-ly on we bound,
1. When the dew is on the roses, And the angels
2. When the dew is on the roses, What is grief or pain to me,

CHORUS.

1. When the dew is on the roses, Since my love is close beside me,
2. When the dew is on the roses, Since my love is close beside me,

All the world till morning's light,
And her sunny face I see?
Laughing eyes 'neath golden lashes
Down the dear old shady lane,

Copyright. Used by permission.
Wait-ing, watch-ing for my com-ing,
And I hear a voice re-pet-ing.

"To our meet-ing,
I am ev-er-

Wait-ing, watch-ing for my com-ing,
And I hear a voice re-pet-ing.

CHORUS.

place a-gain.
When the dew is on the ros-es,

tra-ly thine."

To our meet-ing-place a-gain. When the dew is, when the dew is on the ros-es,

"I am ev-er tru-ly thine."

On the ros-es sweet and fair,
Some one lingers in the gloam-ing,

On the ros-es, on the ros-es sweet and fair, Some one lingers,

Some one watches for me there.

some one lingers in the gloaming, Some one watches, watches for me there.
NEVER SURRENDER.

1. Never surrender, but aim for the right, Foes may oppose thee, and 'gainst thee unite, Darkness surround thee, and fill thee with fear, Never surrender, for love's countersign; Ne'er shall the tempter thy footsteps arrest, While of this watchword thy courage so small; Live, then, to conquer, to do, and to dare, Out from the conflict some

2. Never surrender, the pass-word is thine, Go to thy duty with

3. Never surrender, for others may fall, Seeing thee prostrate, thy

Chorus.

help-ers are near. Never surrender, be brave, be brave! Fight for thyself, and soul is possessed.

trophy to bear. Never surrender, be brave, be brave! Fight for thyself, and

Copyright, 1866, by O. Driscoll & Co.
NEVER SURRENDER.

others to save, Wrench from thy standard the dark folds of wrong; Run up the colors that

truth may be strong. O never surrender! O

truth may be strong. O never surrender! O

never surrender! Run up the colors that truth may be strong! truth may be strong!

never surrender! Run up the colors that truth may be strong! truth may be strong!
FALLING INTO LINE.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

1. Falling into line, boys, falling in to-day, Ready when the order comes,

2. Fill-ing up the ranks, boys, every one in place, Ready for the battle fierce,

3. Ev-er for the right, boys, right shall nev-er fail; Nev-er quit the field, my boys,

read-y to o-bey; Ar-mor must be bright, boys, let the steel be true,

quick the foe to face; Stand-ing for the right, boys, put-ting down the wrong,

till the right pre-vail; Hear the shout go up, boys, tri-umph must be near,

FOR THE COMING VICTORY MAY DEPEND ON YOU. FALLING INTO LINE, BOYS,

HELP-ING ALL THE WEARY ONES, MAKING MANY STRONG. FALLING INTO LINE, BOYS,

'TIS THE COMING VICTORY, CHEER THEN, COMRADES, CHEER! FALLING INTO LINE, BOYS,

Copyright, 1862, by O. Driscoll & Co.
FALLING INTO LINE.

falling in to-day, Ready when the order comes, ready to obey, ready to obey.

falling in to-day, Ready when the order comes, ready to obey, ready to obey.

falling in to-day, Ready when the order comes, ready to obey, ready to obey.

DUDLEY. L. M.

1. With tearful eyes I look around: Life seems a dark and stormy sea;

2. It tells me of a place of rest; It tells me where my soul may flee;

3. "Come, for all else must fail and die; Earth is no resting place for thee;

4. O voice of mercy! voice of love! In conflict, grief, and agony,

Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound, A heav'nly whisper, "Come to me."

Oh, to the weary, faint, oppress'd, How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

To heaven direct thy weeping eye, I am thy portion, Come to me."

Support me, cheer me from above! And gently whisper, "Come to me."
MY LOVE IS AS FAIR.

1. My love is as fair as the blossoms of spring; As sweet as June roses is she;

2. She knows I am waiting a sober reply To a question I asked long ago;

3. There never was seen so provoking a love, Neve half so bewitching, tender deed,

But what shall I do when her merry dark eyes go; But alas! while her eyes shine a positive yes,

And I am so truly her captive that still refuse with her lips to agree? My heart, as she knows, is forever her own:

Her saucy red lips answer no. Now what can be done with a maiden like her?

Copyright, 1886, by J. Durwood & Co.
MY LOVE IS AS FAIR.

It slipped from my keeping one day,  And though I made haste to com-

My heart on the qui vive remains,  First hoping, then longing, then

Can I make up my mind to believe?  I'll trust the dear eyes, for red

mand its return.  The truant refused to obey.

fearing, alas!  To be cruelly teased for my pains.

lips are oft false,  But the eyes—they can never deceive.

UNDER THE ALMOND TREE.

MAY PROSBYN.  J. H. TENNEY.

1. My love was out in the garden, Under the almond tree, All

2. She flushed like roses in summer, She stepped aside from me, "I'm

3. She made a step through the daisies, She called with a sob to me, She

Copyright, 1885, by O. Driscoll & Co.
in the blush of blossom That blows for the honey bee; I came up o'er the young," she said, "and happy, And I pray you let me be." "To be happy," I said, "it said, "How can I be happy If you are not there to see?" I looked in her eyes and
daisies, Before she could turn to see, I caught her hand and kissed it need - eth That a man and maid a -gree;" I turned and left her weeping lingered, Like blossom in May blushed she! I clasped her close, and kissed her

Under the almond tree, I caught her hand and kissed it Under the almond tree.

Under the almond tree, I turned and left her weeping Under the almond tree.

Under the almond tree, I clasped her close, and kissed her Under the almond tree.
SLEEP ON, DEAREST.

1. Sleep on, dear-est, while a-round thee All is wrapt in si-lence deep;

While the chains of sleep have bound thee, God doth con-stant vig-ils keep,

Con-stant vig-ils keep, Con-stant vig-ils keep.

God doth constant vig-ils keep, God doth constant vig-ils keep.

As on lad-ders rise, As on lad-ders rise.

As on gold-en lad-ders rise, As on gold-en lad-ders rise.

Sweet-ly dreams a-gain, Sweet-ly dreams a-gain.

Hears, and sweetly dreams a-gain, Hears, and sweetly dreams a-gain.

Copyright. Used by permission.
GOD HELPING ME.

MRS. S. ANNA GORDON.

TEMPERANCE HYMN.

ARR. BY W. A. GODEN.

1. God helping me, I'll shun the cup, And help to lift my brother up; God

2. God helping me, I'll surely stand A soldier in the temperance band, And

3. God helping me, I'll firmly trust my Heav'n-ly Father, kind and just; God

helping me I'll flee its pain And from intemperance abstain.

war against the tempting sin, That to destroy a soul would win.

helping me, I'll yield my will Through Him life's duties to fulfill.

CHORUS.

God helping me, I'll live and move, My word and honor thus to prove,

God helping me, I'll live and move, My word and honor thus to prove,

Copyright. Used by permission.
GOD HELPING ME.

And from the tempting cup I'll flee, God helping me, God helping me.

And from the tempting cup I'll flee, God helping me, God helping me.

And from the tempting cup I'll flee, God helping me, God helping me.

WHITTIER. C. M.

Andante.

Andante.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I mourn for household voices gone, For vanished smiles I long;

2. And so beside this silent sea, I wait the muffled car;

3. I know not where His islands lift Their fronded palms in air;

But God hath led my dear ones on, And He can do no wrong.

No harm from Him can come to me, On ocean or on shore.

I only know I cannot drift Beyond His love and care.

Copyright. Used by permission.
ONE IS COME TO WOO HER.

A. TENNYSON.

Vivace.

Birds in the high hall-garden, When twilight was falling, Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,

E. F. DARLING.

a tempo.

Birds in the high hall-garden, When twilight was falling, Maud, Maud,

Maud, Maud, They were crying and calling; I know the way she went home with her maiden posy, For her feet have touched the

Copyright, 1883, by G. Durand & Co.
meadows and left the daisies rosy. Birds in the high half-garden were

meadows and left the daisies rosy. Birds in the high half-garden were

crying and calling to her, Oh, where is Maud? Maud, Maud, Maud, One is come to

calling to her, Where is Maud? Maud, Maud, One is come to

woo her, One is come to woo her, Where is Maud? Oh, where is Maud? One is come to woo her.

woo her, One is come to woo her, Oh, where is Maud? Oh, where is Maud? One is come to woo her.
"The old Church bell" may be substituted for "The College bell" to adapt it for different occasions.

J. W. FERGUSON.

1. The college bell! the college bell! How softly sweeps its silver tone O'er grove and vale, o'er hill and dell, To linger in the heart a-lone! And sweetly then th'æolian tone Breathes o'er the chords with mystic spell, Tho' many years have come and gone Since first I see; For still within my bosom dwell The forms that went and came, like me, O-be-dient be, Like spirit anchors still will swell, A-far o'er life's tempestous sea, Thy sil-"
Chorus. *a tempo.*

heard the college bell! The college bell! the college bell! How softly
to the college bell! The college bell! the college bell! How softly
tones, sweet college bell! The college bell! the college bell! How

sweeps its silver tone, O'er grot and vale, o'er hill and dell, To linger
sweeps its silver tone, O'er grot and vale, o'er hill and dell, To linger
softly sweeps its silver tone, O'er grot and vale, o'er hill and dell, To linger

O'er grot and vale, o'er hill and dell, To linger

*rit.*

in the heart alone, To linger in the heart alone!
in the heart alone, To linger in the heart alone!
in the heart alone, To linger in the heart, in the heart alone!
in the heart alone,
FLAG OF OUR HEROES.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Flag of our heroes who left us their glory, Borne thro' the battlefield's
   thunder and flame, Blazoned in song and illuminated in story,
   honored afar, Let the wide beams of thy full constellation,
   shadow and sun, Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?

2. Light of our firmament, guide of our nation, Pride of her children, and
   shadow and sun, Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?

3. Lord of the universe, shield us and guide us, Trusting Thee always, through

   Chorus.

   Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame. Up with the banner bright!
   Scatter each cloud that would darken a star.
   Keep us, oh, keep us the many in one.

   Up with the banner bright!

(3 pp.) (154) Copyright, 1885, by O. Ditson & Co.
FLAG OF OUR HEROES.

Span-gled with star-ry light! Spread the fair em-blem from moun-tain to shore; While through the sound-ing sky, Loud rings the na-tion's cry,

Un-ion and Lib-er-ty! One ev-er-more!
1. Where the bright flowers are blooming Down by a cot in the vale, Every faint zephyr pere-

2. Birds the dark forest fur-sak-ing, Down to our bright haunt will stray, Echoes with music a-

3. Brightly the val-ley is smil-ing, Ros-es her beauty a-dorn; Mel-o-dy softly be-

fum-ing With the sweet breath they exhale; There we will rest on our jour-

wak-ing, Tell-ing of hopes in each lay; Na-ture will fur-nish her treas-

guil-ing, Floats on the breath of the morn; Vain-ly indeed may she woo me,

There our sweet refuge will be, Beauty and fragrance will charm us, There is the dwelling for me!

Queen of the realm thou shalt be; List to the voices that call thee, Home, 'twill be home, love, with thee!

If thou relentless wilt be; Dear as these scenes are unto me, 'Twill not be home without thee!
SEND THEM ANGELS DOWN.

Sing four times without a break in time, and sing to fine for the close.

JUBILEE SONG.

O bretheren, my way, my way's cloud-y, my way, Go send them angels down, O bretheren,

my way, my way's cloud-y, my way, Go send them angels down, O bretheren.

FINE. SOLO OR DUET.

my way, my way's cloud-y, my way, Go send them angels down. I. There's fire in the east, and fire in the west.

2. Old Satan's mad and I am glad,
3. I tell you now as I told you before,

my way, my way's cloud-y, my way, Go send them angels down. 4. This is the year of Ju-bi-lee,

CHORUS.

SOLO OR DUET.

CHORUS.

D.C.

Send them an-gels down, And fire a-mong the Meth-o-dist, Oh, send them angels down.

Send them an-gels down, He missed the soul he thought he had, Oh, send them angels down.

Send them an-gels down, The Lord has come and set us free, Oh, send them angels down.
1. The winter wind is softly sighing Thro' the wither'd autumn leaves; The last sad swallow, southward flying, Quits her home beneath the eaves; The crystal fountain, fairy-haunted,

2. Our little one is sweetly sleeping With the scented summer hours, And o'er her grave sad trees are weeping, Yellow leaves and faded flowers; Never more may she awaken, dreaming, Colder than the winter snow; While we wait and weep in sorrow, Chilled by winter's coming breath, Sings no more her song enchanted; Golden summer sleeps in death.

3. The silver moon is softly beaming Where the weeping willows grow, Our darling little one lies Never sing her songs again, When, by winter winds forsaken, Golden lilies deck the plain.

Guardian angels, in the skies, Bear her off, to wake to-morrow, Where the summer never dies.
THE VACANT WINDOW.

M. W. LONGFELLOW.

Andante.

1. The old house by the lindens Stood silent in the shade, And on the gravelled pathway, The

light and shadow played, I saw the nursery windows Wide open to the air, But the faces of the

heard in dreams alone; And the boy that walked beside me, He could not understand, Why closer still, ah,

children, They were no longer there, But the faces of the children, They were no longer there.

closer, I pressed his warm soft hand, Why closer still, ah, closer, I pressed his warm soft hand.
**INDEX.**

| A home with thee | 156 | I will trust | 56 |
| All my hope | 80 | Jesus, I come to Thee | 98 |
| All my life long | 102 | Lead, kindly Light | 87 |
| Almost home | 108 | Let the dead and the beautiful | 108 |
| Are there ten today | 18 | Listen! He is there | 86 |
| As down in the sunless retreat | 49 | Make room for a little child | 29 |
| At evening time | 83 | Montmorenci | 130 |
| Awake! put on strength | 90 | Morning hymns | 195 |
| Beyond | 43 | My Jesus, as Thou wilt | 23 |
| Bless the Lord | 66 | My Lord, what a morning | 48 |
| Bow down Thine ear | 62 | My love is as fair | 144 |
| Christ is coming | 32 | Naomi | 17 |
| Christ the fountain | 34 | Naugatuck | 142 |
| Come away | 116 | Never surfeiter | 149 |
| Come, said Jesus' sacred voice | 64 | O cry, golden bright | 73 |
| Cry of the spirit | 13 | Oh, sweetly breathe | 88 |
| Dear Father in heaven | 146 | One is come to woo her | 150 |
| Down zondor green valley | 133 | O that I had wings | 6 |
| Dudley | 143 | Peace, be still | 57 |
| Evening prayer | 12-30 | Phillips | 21 |
| Even-song | 97 | Pleading for the Bringmore | 194 |
| Falling into line | 143 | Prayer | 47 |
| Flag of our heroes | 106 | Praise | 209 |
| Flowers we bring | 114 | Promise | 45 |
| Gently and soft | 15 | Send them angels down | 157 |
| God helping me | 41 | Sleep on, dearest | 147 |
| Goodnight | 124 | Sleighing song | 136 |
| Great is the Lord | 28 | Softly she doth | 167 |
| Hark! the song of jubilee | 28 | Sons of freedom | 118 |
| Hear and say | 60 | Sowing the tares | 100 |
| He giveth His beloved sleep | 105 | Spirit, thy labor is over | 88 |
| He's sweet, how calm | 90 | Strew their graves with dowers | 112 |
| If ye love Me | 68 | Supplication | 60 |
| I love my God | 39 | Sweeping thro' the gates | 22 |
| I thank Thee | 37 | Tarry at the well-side | 29 |
| I've been a-sleep'ning | 48 | Tell it out | 3 |

**INDEX OF SUBJECTS.**

**GOSPEL SONGS.**

| All my hope | 80 |
| All my life long | 102 |
| Almost home | 108 |
| Are there ten today | 18 |
| Beyond | 43 |
| Christ is coming | 32 |
| Christ the fountain | 34 |
| Dear Father in heaven | 16 |
| Hear and say | 60 |
| I love my God | 29 |
| I will trust | 56 |
| Jesus, I come to Thee | 98 |
| Listen! He is there | 86 |
| My Jesus, as Thou wilt | 23 |
| My love is as fair | 144 |
| O cry, golden bright | 73 |
| Oh, sweetly breathe | 88 |
| O that I had wings | 6 |
| Peace, be still | 57 |
| Phillips | 21 |
| Pleading for the Bringmore | 194 |
| Promise | 47 |
| Prayer | 45 |
| Praise | 209 |
| Promise | 45 |

**ANTHEMS.**

| Awake! put on strength | 90 |
| Bow down Thine ear | 62 |
| Come, said Jesus' sacred voice | 64 |
| Great is the Lord | 69 |
| Back! the song of jubilee | 78 |
| How sweet, how calm | 24 |
| If ye love Me | 68 |
| Raise high your heads | 74 |
| The Lord is in His holy temple | 88 |
| The Spirit and the Bride | 10 |
| When does He keep him | 43 |
| Today, if ye will hear | 49 |
| When as returns this solemn day | 7 |
| When this mortal | 70 |

**HYMN TUNES.**

| Dudley | 143 |
| Evensong | 97 |
| The sweetest | 46 |
| The west | 28 |

**CHANTS.**

At evening time | 83 |

**FUNERALS.**

| Almost home | 106 |
| He giveth His beloved sleep | 108 |
| Let the deal and the beautiful | 108 |
| Make room for a little child | 28 |
| My Jesus, as Thou wilt | 23 |
| Peace, be still | 67 |
| Phillips | 19 |
| Spirit, thy labor is over | 88 |
| Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled | 85 |
| The land beyond the sea | 69 |
| The winds breathe low | 5 |
| They will not, none, be gone | 12 |
| Vaughan | 27 |
# BOOKS OF MUSIC

**For Men's Voices**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><em>ARION</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Compiled by John D. Willard.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A collection of four-part songs.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Complete, five books.</td>
<td>4.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vocal parts, complete.</td>
<td>3.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Separate vocal parts.</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Piano score.</td>
<td>1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>AMERICAN MALE CHOIR</strong></td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Compiled by John Harrison Tenney.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A collection of sacred and secular music.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>NEW MALE QUARTETS</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Compiled by L. O. Emerson.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paper, boards.</td>
<td>.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>QUARTETS AND CHORUSES</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Compiled by L. O. Emerson.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paper, boards.</td>
<td>.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>HUMOROUS QUARTETS</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By Lee G. Kratz.</td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>KRATZ MALE QUARTETS</strong></td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edited by Lee G. Kratz.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>THE MALE VOICE CHOIR</strong></td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By L. O. Emerson.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A collection of gospel songs.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>THE MALE VOICE GLEE BOOK</strong></td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Compiled by W. O. Perkins.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A collection of part-songs for men's voices.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>THE MASONIC ODE</strong></td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Compiled by Powell G. Fithian.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>NEWALL'S APOLLO COLLECTION OF QUARTETS FOR MALE VOICES</strong></td>
<td>.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Compiled, adapted, and edited by Herman Auert.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>THE OSGOOD COLLECTION OF PART-SONGS FOR MEN'S VOICES, Vol. I</strong></td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Selected and edited by George L. Osgood.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cloth.</td>
<td>1.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>THE OSGOOD COLLECTION OF PART-SONGS FOR MEN'S VOICES, Vol. II</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Selected and edited by George L. Osgood.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paper.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cloth.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>TWENTY PART-SONGS FOR MEN'S VOICES</strong></td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Compiled by Hans Lieber. (The Half Dollar Choral Series)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>TWENTY QUARTETS</strong></td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By Alfred Wooler.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>WAR SONGS</strong></td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dedicated to the Grand Army of the Republic.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For anniversaries and gatherings of soldiers.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>DOW'S SACRED ORPHEUS</strong></td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Compiled by Howard M. Dow.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A collection of sacred part-songs.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>DOW'S SACRED QUARTETS FOR MEN'S VOICES</strong></td>
<td>1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Compiled by Howard M. Dow.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A collection of anthems, hymn tunes, sentences, and chants.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Designed for church service and other occasions.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>HOLDEN'S SACRED MUSIC FOR MEN'S VOICES</strong></td>
<td>.30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edited by Albert J. Holden, Vol. I.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For Masonic or church use.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>HOLDEN'S SACRED MUSIC FOR MEN'S VOICES</strong></td>
<td>.30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edited by Albert J. Holden, Vol. II.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For Masonic or church use.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>SACRED MUSIC FOR MEN'S VOICES</strong></td>
<td>.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By W. O. Perkins.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>SACRED MUSIC FOR MEN'S VOICES</strong></td>
<td>.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By W. O. Perkins.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>THE SABBATH MALE CHOIR</strong></td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Compiled by J. H. Tenney and W. S. Martin.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---


**PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE**

Note.—Copies of these collections will be sent with return privilege to those with no accounts upon receipt of price, which will be returned, less postage, if not satisfactory.

---

**OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, Boston**

**CHAS. H. DITSON & CO.**

**LYON & HEALY**

**J. E. DITSON & CO.**

**NEW YORK**

**CHICAGO**

**PHILADELPHIA**

Order of your home dealer or the above houses.