

THE

ZION SONGSTER

NO. 1.

FOR

Sabbath Schools.

EDITED BY

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs
and everlasting joy upon their heads.—ISAIAH.

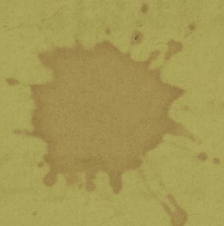
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RUEBUSH, KIEFFER & CO.

Dayton (Rockingham Co.), Virginia.

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STONINGTON



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THE ZION SONGSTER.

HAPPY ZION.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. { Zi - on stands with hills surrounded, Zi - on kept by pow'r di - vine; } Hap - py Zi - on, hap - py Zi - on!
All her foes shall be con - found - ed, Tho' the world in arms combine.
2. { Ev' - ry hu - man tie may per - ish, Friend to friend un - faith - ful prove, } But no changes, but no changes
Mothers cease their own to cherish, Heav'n and earth at last re - move;

What a fa - vor'd lot is thine; Hap - py Zi - on! hap - py Zi - on! Sav'd and kept by love di - vine.
Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love; Hap - py Zi - on! hap - py Zi - on! Guard - ed by a Saviour's love.

OH, SWEET SABBATH MORNING.

A. S. KIEFFER.

Arr. by A. S. K.

1. While the sweet Sabbath morning is glid-ing the hills, And the dew on the grass spar-kles bright,
 2. Here we meet with our teachers so lov-ing and kind, In the name of our Sav-iour and friend;
 3. Here we sing of that "land that is fair-er than day," Of that "Cit-y so fair" and so grand;
 4. Let us live for that Saviour whose dear,lov-ing hands Ev-er guard us from morn-ing till night;

We have met once a-gain in our dear Sab-bath home Where our voic-es in song may u-nite.
 And a fore-taste we have of that pleas-ure and bliss That in heav-en shall ne'er find an end.
 Of the dear, lov-ing Sav-iour, whose hand safe will guide, Till we rest in that sweet hap-py land.
 Let us toil in his ser-vice and work for his cause, And at last reach that "home of de-light."

CHORUS.

Oh, sweet Sabbath morning, we hail thy gold-en light, For it brings us a day of re- pose,

OH, SWEET SABBATH MORNING. Concluded.

And our voic - es we raise in a glad song of praise For the bless - ings its bright - ness be - stows.

GEORGIA. C. M.

Rev. J. W. HOWE.

Arr. by A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Je - sus my Sav - iour, and my King, I'll lean up - on thy breast,
 2. I may for - get thee as I roam, Per - plexed with anx - ious care,
 3. I'll lin - ger there with my dear friend, Till I am sat - is - fied;
 4. What need I here in this dark world But pledg - es of thy love,

So long as I con - fide in thee, I shall find per - fect rest.
 But then in hours of so - ber thought I'll to the cross re - pair.
 Yes, Sav - iour, I would trust in thee, For thou for me hast died.
 For thou hast prom - ised com - fort here As well as joys a - bove.

FLY AS THE DOVES TO THEIR WINDOWS.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

Isaiah 60: 8.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Oh, fly as the doves to their windows, Wide open the entrance to-day, Wait not for a season convenient,
 2. Oh, fly as the doves to their windows, The Saviour hath tenderest care: Make haste to the refuge he offers,
 3. Oh, fly as the doves to their windows, For Jesus can ease thy un-rest, Just hear him and gladly receive him,
 4. Oh, fly as the doves to their windows, Press on with a heart all a-flame, No soul ever seeking in ear-nest

CHORUS.

Oh, why will you lon-ger de-lay? } Oh, fly, fly a-way, oh, has-ten to-day, The
 Pro-vis-ion a-bundant is there. }
 Thy soul will for-ev-er be blest.
 Has failed a free par-don to gain.

Saviour inviting-ly calls; The refuge is nigh, and grand its supply, There's safety within its bright walls.

WELCOME TO GLORY.

Mrs. P. PALMER.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. { O, when shall I sweep thro' the gates! The scenes of mor-tal - i - ty o'er, }
 What then for my spir - it a - waits? Will they sing on the glo - ri - fied shore? }

CHORUS.

Welcome home! welcome home! A welcome in glo-ry for me; wel-come for me!
 Welcome home! welcome home! welcome home!

- 2 When from Calvary's mount I arise,
 And pass through the portals above,
 Will shouts, Welcome home to the skies!
 Resound through the regions of love?
 Welcome home! etc.

- 3 Yes! loved ones who knew me below,
 Who learned the new song with me here,
 In chorus will hail me, I know,
 And welcome me home with good cheer!
 Welcome home! etc.

- 4 The beautiful gates will unfold,
 The home of the blood-washed I'll see;
 The city of saints I'll behold!
 For, O! there's a welcome for me!
 Welcome home! etc.

- 5 A sinner made whiter than snow,
 I'll join in the mighty acclaim,
 And shout through the gates as I go,
 Salvation to God and the Lamb!
 Welcome home! etc.

A HOME OVER JORDAN.

T. W. E.

T. W. ENGLAND.

1. There's a home o - ver Jor - dan for me, Where I'll rest in the shade of Life's tree;
 2. There my friends who have gone on be - fore, Safe from sor - row shall rest ev - er - more,
 3. Je - sus reigns with the saints o - ver there, With the an - gels so bright and so fair,

In the beau - ti - ful fields of de - light, On the shore that shall nev - er know night,
 And I'll join them a - gain o - ver there, In that land free from sor - row and care.
 And I long to go home to that land, There to dwell with the bright an - gel band.

CHORUS.

In that bright hap - py home, In the shade of Life's tree we shall rest;
 hap - py home, In that bright hap - py home,

A HOME OVER JORDAN. Concluded.

In that home, hap - py home, We shall rest with the good and the blest.
 sweet hap - py home, In that sweet hap - py home,

ABIDE WITH ME.

LYTE.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. A - bide with me, fast falls the e - ven - tide: The darkness deep - ens, Lord, with me a - bide;
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
 3. I need thy pres - ence ev' - ry pass - ing hour: What but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r;

When oth - er help - ers fail and comforts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see, O thou, who chang - est not, a - bide with me.
 Who like thy - self my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me.

CHILDREN OF ZION.

A. S. KIEFFER.

Words arranged.

1. Come, children of Zi - on, and help us to sing Loud anthems of praise to our Sav - iour and King,
 2. O come to the Sav-iour and take up the cross, See treasure in hea-ven, count all else but loss;
 3. We'll fear not the dan-gers that lie in our way, His arm will pro - tect us by night and by day;

Whose life once was giv - en our souls to re - deem—And bring us to hea - ven to reign there with him.
 His mer - cy in - vites us, then let us com - ply— O why should we lin - ger when he is so nigh?
 All this we must suf - fer and pa - tient - ly bear Till Je - sus shall take us to dwell o - ver there.

CHORUS.

O chil - dren of Zi - on! O chil - dren of Zi - on! Loud anthems of praise let us sing, let us sing

CHILDREN OF ZION. Concluded.

To him who redeemed us, To him who redeemed us, our Pro-phet, our Priest and our King.

I'LL BE THERE.
"FREEDMAN'S SONG."

Arr. by A. J. S.

1. { Je - sus my all to heav'n is gone, } When the last trum-pet sounds, I'll be there.
He whom I fix my hopes up - on;

CHORUS.

Repeat *ff.*

I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there! I'll be there, When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there.

2 His track I see and I'll pursue,
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there,
The narrow way, till him I view,
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there,
And mourned because I found it not,
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there.

ENOUGH FOR ME.

E. A. H.

Arr. by W. B. BLAKE.

1. O love sur-pass - ing knowl-edge! O grace so full and free! I know that Je - sus
 2. O won - der - ful sal - va - tion! From sin he makes me free! I feel the sweet as -
 3. O blood of Christ, so pre - cious, Pour'd out on Cal - va - ry! I feel its cleansing

saves me, And that's e - nough for me! And that's e - nough for me, And
 - sur - ance, And that's e - nough for me! And that's e - nough for me, And
 pow - er, And that's e - nough for me! And that's e - nough for me, And

that's e - nough for me, I know that Je - sus saves me, And that's e - nough for me.
 that's e - nough for me, I feel the sweet as - sur - ance, And that's e - nough for me.
 that's e - nough for me, I feel its cleans - ing pow - er, And that's e - nough for me.

From "Sabbath Bells," by permission.

SINGING GLORY HALLELUJAH.

J. C. B.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1. In our Father's heav'nly mansions, With the ransom'd ones a - bove, We will join the hal - le-
 2. There, a - mid the mu - sic ring - ing, Not a sigh shall heave the breast; There the wicked cease from
 3. May we gain those heav'nly mansions, And among the blood-wash'd sing: Rest with long-lost loved ones

CHORUS.

- lu - jahs, Sing - ing of a Saviour's love. } Sing - ing glo - - - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le-
 trou - bling, And the wea - ry are at rest. }
 ev - er Where the hal - le - lu - jahs ring. } glo - ry, glo - ry,

- lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Sing - ing glo - - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lord!
 glory, glory,

1st time. 2d time.

1. Hark, ten thou - sand harps and voic - es Sound the note of praise a - bove;
 Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic - es, Je - sus reigns, the (omit.....) God of love;
 2. Je - sus, hail! whose glo - ry bright - ens All a - bove, and gives it worth:
 Lord of life, thy smile en - light - ens, Cheers and charms thy (omit.....) saints on earth.

Hap - py Zi - on, hap - py, hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vor'd lot is thine;
 Hal - le - lu - jah! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus rules the world a - lone;

Hap - py Zi - on, hap - py, hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vor'd lot is thine.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus rules the world a - lone.

SWEET FRIENDSHIP.

Arr. from ALARIC A. WATTS.

Arranged by A. S. K.

1. When shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er? When will peace wreathe her chain
 2. When shall sweet friendship flow Pure as life's riv - er? When shall love ra-diant glow,
 3. To that blest world of light Take us, dear Sav-iour; May we all there u - nite,

Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts may ne'er re - pose Safe from each blast that
 Death - less for - ev - er? Where joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall
 Hap - py for - ev - er! Where kin - dred spir - its dwell, There may our mu - sic

blows In this dark vale of woes, Nev - er, no, nev - er.
 fill, And fears of part - ing chill, Nev - er, no, nev - er.
 swell, And time our joys dis - pel, Nev - er, no, nev - er.

OVER THERE.

A. S. K.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1. We shall gath-er home at last, When life's wea-ry day is past, To the pal-ace of the
 2. Tho' our bur-dens be se-vere, Let us bear them bravely here As we jour-ney to that
 3. There we'll lay our burdens down, There we'll wear the shin-ing crown, And will reign as kings and

King, o - ver there; And be-neath its shin-ing dome Find an end-less, hap-py home, With the
 land, o - ver there; Wea-ry hearts and hands shall rest In that king-dom of the blest, In the
 priests, o - ver there; There, with saints of a - ges past, While e - ter - ni - ty shall last, We shall

D. S.—faith it views the sight Of that

FINE. CHORUS.

bless-ed hosts of God, o - ver there.
 Saviour's home of love, o - ver there. } O, that bright glo - ry land, With its glitt'ring, gold-en
 praise the King of kings, o - ver there. }

bless-ed home in heav'n, o - ver there.

OVER THERE. Concluded.

D.S.

strand, With its fountains and its gar-dens blooming fair! How the wea-ry heart grows light As by

MY FRIEND.

HENRY HOPE.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Now I have found a Friend: Je - sus is mine: His love shall nev - er end: Je - sus is mine:
2. Though I grow poor and old, Je - sus is mine: Tho' I grow faint and cold, Je - sus is mine:
3. When earth shall pass a - way Je - sus is mine: In the great judgment day, Je - sus is mine:

Tho' earth-ly joys decrease, Tho' earthly friendship cease, Now I have last-ing peace; Je - sus is mine.
He shall my wants supply: His precious blood is nigh, Naught can my hope destroy; Je - sus is mine.
Oh, what a glorious thing Then to be - hold my King, On tune - ful harp to sing Je - sus is mine.

B

AROUND THE SAVIOUR'S LOFTY THRONE.

THOMAS KELLY.

J. H. TENNY.

1. A - round the Sav - iour's loft - y throne Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand sing;
 2. Je - sus, thou ev - er - last - ing King! To thee the praise of heav'n be - longs;
 3. Tho' sin de - file our wor - ship here, We hope ere long thy face to view,

They wor - ship him as God a - lone, And crown him ev - er - last - ing King.
 Yet smile on us who fain would bring The trib - ute of our hum - ble songs.
 In heav'n with an - gels to ap - pear, And praise thy name as an - gels do.

CHORUS.

Let us join the angels' song, While they sing around the throne, While they sing around the great white throne;

AROUND THE SAVIOUR'S LOFTY THRONE. Concluded.

And our cheerful notes we'll raise In a grate-ful song of praise, To the Lamb who sits up-on the throne.

The musical score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with a bass line. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with many eighth and sixteenth notes.

THE BRIGHTER SHORE.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Chris-tian breth-ren, ere we part, Ev'-ry voice and ev'-ry heart
 2. From thy house, when we re-turn, Let our hearts with-in us burn:
 3. Tho' we here should meet no more, Yet there is a bright-er shore;

The musical score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with a bass line. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and the time signature is 3/2. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with many quarter and half notes.

Join and to our Fa-ther raise One last hymn of grate-ful praise,
 That this eve-ning we may say "We have walked with God to-day."
 There, re-leas'd from toil and pain, There we all may meet a gain.

The musical score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with a bass line. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and the time signature is 3/2. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with many quarter and half notes.

GOLDEN HARPS ARE SOUNDING.

FRANCES E. HAVERGAL.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Gold-en harps are sounding, An-gel voic-es sing, Pearl-y gates are o-pened— O-pened for the King:
 2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with glory At his Father's side:
 3. Pray-ing for his chil-dren In that blessed place, Call-ing them to glo-ry, Send-ing them his grace.

Je-sus, King of glo-ry, Je-sus, King of love, Is gone up in tri-umph To his throne a-bove.
 Nev-er-more to suf-fer, Nev-er-more to die, Je-sus, King of glo-ry, Has gone up on high.
 His bright home preparing, Faith-ful ones, for you,— Je-sus ev-er liv-eth, Ev-er lov-eth, too.

CHORUS.

All his work is end-ed, Joy-ful-ly we sing; Je-sus hath as-cend-ed! Glo-ry to Zi-on's King!

EVER WILL I PRAY.

A. CUMMINGS.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Fa - ther, in the morn - ing, Un - to thee I pray; Let thy lov - ing
 2. At the bus - y noon - tide, Press'd with work and care, Then I'll wait with
 3. When the eve - ning shad - ows Chase a - way the light, Fa - ther, then I'll
 4. Thus in life's glad morn - ing, In its bright noon - day, In its shad - owy

CHORUS.

kind - ness Keep me through this day. I will pray, I will pray, Ev - er
 Je - sus Till he hears my prayer. }
 pray thee, Bless thy child to - night. }
 eve - ning, Ev - er will I pray. I will pray, I will pray,

will I pray. Morn - ing, noon and eve - ning, Un - to thee I'll pray.
 Ev - er will Un - to thee

THE EVERGREEN MOUNTAINS OF LIFE.

Music by WYATT MINSHALL.

Not too fast.

1. There's a land far a-way 'mid the stars we are told, Where they know not the sorrows of time,
 2. Here our gaze can-not soar to that beau-ti-ful land, But our vis-ions have told of its bliss;
 3. Oh, the stars nev-er tread the blue heav-ens at night But we think where the ransomed have trod;

Where the pure wa-ters flow thro' the val-leys of gold, And where life is a treas-ure sub-lime;
 And our souls by the gale from its gar-dens are fanned, When we faint in the des-erts of this.
 And the day nev-er smiles from his pal-ace of light But we feel the bright smile of our God.

'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul, Where the a-ges of splen-dor e-ter-nal-ly roll,
 And we sometimes have longed for its ho-ly repose When our hearts have been rent with temptations and woes,
 We are trav-el-ing home thro' earth's changes and gloom, To a re-gion where pleasures unchanging-ly bloom,

THE EVERGREEN MOUNTAINS OF LIFE. Concluded.

Where the way - wea - ry trav - el - er reach - es his goal, On the ev - er - green mountains of life.
 And we've drank from the tide of the riv - er that flows From the ev - er - green mountains of life.
 And our guide is the glo - ry that shines thro' the tomb, From the ev - er - green mountains of life.

TRIBUTE. 8s & 7s.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the sum - mer breeze,
 2. Peace - ful be thy si - lent slum - ber, Peace - ful in the grave so low;
 3. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee When the day of life is fled;

Pleas - ant as the air of eve - ning, When it floats a - mong the trees.
 Thou no more wilt join our num - ber; Thou no more our songs shalt know.
 Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee, Where no fare - well tear is shed.

A PILGRIM SONG.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER, by per.

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

FINE.

But I hope at last to stand On fair Canaan's peaceful land, Free from sorrow, from doubt and dismay.
 And be-yond that nar-row stream, Endless bow'rs of blessing beam, And they're blooming for you and for me.
 With the glo - ri - fied to stand On that glitt'ring glo-ry-land, And the Sav-iour, my Sav-iour, to see.

D.S.—Thro' the still - y hours of night, From the plains of endless light, Spirit voic - es oft whis-per to me.

CHORUS.

D.S.

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

I AM GOING HOME IN THE MORNING.

25

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I am go-ing home in the morn-ing, And the sun of day sinketh low, See, the tinge of sun - set a -
2. I am go-ing home in the morn-ing, I can almost see thro' the gloom, For the time is short in - ter -

CHORUS.

- dorn - ing All a - round with heav - en - ly glow. Fare - well! fare - well! fare -
- ven - ing, Be - tween me and heav - en, my home. farewell! farewell!

- well, I'm going home in the morning; Farewell! fare-well! fare-well! fare-well! I'm going home in the morning.
fare-well! farewell!

3 I am going home in the morning,
And my Savior stands at the door,—
He is waiting me at the portals,
I shall enter, and sorrow no more.

4 I am going home in the morning,
For with earth I shall soon be done;
Then I'll reign with Jesus in glory,
When my kingdom and crown will be won.

HAVE YOU HEARD THE GOOD NEWS?

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Have you heard the good news by the gos - pel proclaim'd? Great joy and sal - va - tion for all!
 2. Have you heard that a Fountain was o - pened for you, To cleanse you from sor - row and shame?
 3. Have you heard of the crowns that the ransom'd shall wear? The glo - ry so full and com - plete,
 4. Have you heard the great news that a home in the skies To th' patient and faith - ful is giv'n?

O ye starv - ing and poor, Je - sus waits at the door! Will you has - ten to an - swer his call?
 And tho' strange it may be that the wa - ters are free, On - ly en - ter in Je - sus - 's name.
 When your life - work is done and the vic - to - ry won, Of the rest at King Je - sus - 's feet?
 Give the Sav - iour your love: it will bear you a - bove To the man - sions prepared up in heav'n.

CHORUS.

And just..... o - ver there in the beau - - - - ti - ful
 And just o - ver there, just o - ver there in the beau - ti - ful land,

HAVE YOU HEARD THE GOOD NEWS? Concluded.

land,— From sor - - - row and sin ev - er free,—
 beau - ti - ful land, From sor - row and sin, sor - row and sin ev - er free, ev - er free,—

Hap - py an - - - gels of light, Robed in gar - - - ments of
 Hap - py an - gels of light, an - gels of light, Robed in gar - ments of white,

white, Fond - ly wait - - - ing for you..... and for me.
 gar - ments of white, Fond - ly wait - ing, wait - ing for you and for me.

OH, HOW SWEET!

W. F. COSNER.

D. P. AIRHART.

1. Oh, how sweet the blest as - sur - ance, God has to his peo - ple giv'n!
 2. God reigns o - ver all for - ev - er, All the earth is in his hands;

Who have been on life's dark o - cean, Long by storm-y tempests driv'n; Oh, how cheering to the
 Life and death, and joy and sor - row, All o - bey his high com-mands. He will keep his peo - ple

FINE.

Say - ing all things work to - geth - er For their good who love the Lord.
 He makes all things work togeth - er For their good who love the Lord.

D.C.

wea - ry Comes the sweet as - sur - ing word,
 safe - ly, Ev - er be his name a - dor'd;

3 Courage, then, press fearless onward,
 Still by faith in Jesus dwell;
 Rest assured whate'er befall you,
 With his blessing all is well.
 Grace sufficient for his people
 He hath promised in his word,
 And all things do work together
 For their good who love the Lord.

YES, THERE'S ROOM!

1st time.

1. { In our Fa - ther's house a - bove There is room for ev' - ry one:
 { Bound-less room in his great love For the sin - - (Omit.....)
 2. { Can you pray to be ex - cus'd? Can you wait an - oth - er day?
 { While the fier - y bil - lows roll, That may sweep (Omit.....)

2d time. CHORUS.

- ner who will come. Yes, there's room, bound-less room! For the sin - -
 your soul a - way.

1st time. *2d time.*

- ner who will come. - ner who will come.

- 3 Dare you say "I will not go;"
 Dare you any longer wait?
 While the cry is "yet there's room,"
 And an hour may be too late?
- 4 Mercy's door still stands ajar,
 And the Spirit whispers come!
 Cries alike to rich and poor,
 Saying, yet, there's boundless room.

I'M REDEEMED.

A. S. KIEFFER.

WM. B. BLAKE.

1. I'll sing, I'll sing to my Saviour's praise, I'm re - deem'd, redeem'd! For he has led me from
 2. I'll sing his love, for he set me free, I'm re - deem'd, redeem'd! He paid the price on the
 3. I'll tell his prais - es while here be - low, I'm re - deem'd, redeem'd! And shout a - new when to
 4. O sing, ye saints, sing a - gain with me, I'm re - deem'd, redeem'd! And tell that par - don is

REFRAIN.

sin's dark ways, I'm re - deem'd, redeem'd! } I'm re - deem'd! I'm re - deem'd!
 cru - el tree, I'm re - deem'd, redeem'd!
 heav'n I go, I'm re - deem'd, redeem'd!
 full and free, I'm re - deem'd, redeem'd!

I'm redeem'd in the blood that on Cal - va - ry flowed; I'm re - deem'd, re - deem'd.

WHAT A GATH'RING THAT WILL BE.

J. H. K.

J. H. KURZENENABE.

1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gathered home, We will greet each other by the crystal
 2. When the an-gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall gather and the saved and ransomed
 3. At the great and fi-nal judgment, when the hidden comes to light, When the Lord in all his glo-ry we shall
 4. When the golden harps are sounding and the an-gel bands proclaim, In triumphant strains the glorious jubi-

sea, crys-tal sea, With the friends and all the loved ones, there a-wait-ing us to come,
 see, glad-ly see, Then to meet a-gain to-geth-er on the bright ce-les-tial shore, } What a
 see, we shall see, At the bid-ding of our Sav-iour, "Come, ye bless-ed, to my right," }
 -lee, ju-bi-lee, Then to meet and join to sing the song of Mo-ses and the Lamb,

What a gath' - - - ring, gath' - - - ring,
 gath'ring of the faithful that will be! What a gath'ring of the loved ones, when we'll meet with one another,

By permission, from "Song Treasury."

WHAT A GATH'RING THAT WILL BE. Concluded.

What a gath' - - - ring,

At the sounding of the glorious ju - bi - lee, ju - bi - lee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

gath' - - - ring,

dear ones meet each oth - er, What a gath' - ring of the faith - ful that will be!

Detailed description: This system contains the second two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

GLORY BE TO THE FATHER.

Glory be to the Father, and..... to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

Detailed description: This system contains the musical notation for 'GLORY BE TO THE FATHER.' It features two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. Both staves are in a key signature of one sharp (F#) and common time. The music is primarily composed of whole and half notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words aligned with specific notes.

BURTON. C. M. With Chorus.

1. A - las, and did my Sav-our bleed? And did my Sov'-reign die? Would he de - vote that
2. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, When Christ, the might-y

CHORUS.

sa - cred head For such a worm as I? } A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un - known!
Mak - er, died For man, the creature's sin! }

And love be-yond de - gree! That Je - sus bought with blood di - vine A home in heav'n for me.

C

TO BE THERE.

JOSEPH B. MOON.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun - try so bright and so fair,
 2. We speak of its path - way of gold, Its walls decked with jew - els so rare,
 3. We speak of its free - dom from sin, From sor - row, temp - ta - tion and care,

And oft are its glo - ries ex - pressed; But what must it be to be there?
 Its won - ders and pleas - ures un - told; But what must it be to be there?
 From tri - als with - out and with - in; But what must it be to be there?

REFRAIN.

To be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there?
 To be there, to be there,

TO BE THERE. Concluded.

To be there, to be there,..... Oh, what must it be to be there?
 To be there, to be there,

COLLYER.

DARAN. 8s & 7s. Double.

JNO. T. HALL.

FINE.

1. { Cease, ye mourn - ers, cease to lan - guish O'er the grave of those you love; }
 { Pain, and death, and night, and an - guish, En - ter not the world a - bove. }
 2. { Light and peace at once de - riv - ing From the hand of God most high, }
 { In his glo - rious pres - ence liv - ing, They shall nev - er, nev - er die. }

D.C. { 1. Glo - ry's bright - est beams are play - ing Round the hap - py Chris - tian's head. }
 { 2. There, no fear of woe, in - trud - ing, Sheds o'er heav'n a mo - ment's gloom. }

D.C.

While our si - lent steps are stray - ing, Lone - ly, through night's deep'ning shade,
 End - less pleas - ure pain ex - clud - ing, Sick - ness there no more can come;

ALL AROUND THE WORLD.

E. S. LORENZ, by per.

1. See the flag of Je - sus O'er the earth unfurled! Sabbath schools are singing All around the world.
2. Lit - tle In - dian dia - monds, Pre - cious isl - and pearls; Learning Bi - ble les - sons, Hap - py boys and girls.
3. Sun - day schools are sing - ing, France and Spain and Rome; Hear their joyous music, Songs of heav'n and home.
4. Sun - day schools in Chi - na Reaching down the coast; Mex - i - co is lead - ing, Gal - lant lit - tle host.

Sun - day schools in Chi - na, In - dia and Ja - pan; Training souls for glo - ry, By the gos - pel plan.
 Af - ric's gold dust scat - tered 'Neath the feet of wrong; Ris - es up in brightness From the darkness long.
 Where the mar - tyrs suf - fered Ho - ly seed is spread; Gather up these ru - bies Dyed in life - blood red.
 Glad Bra - zil - ian chil - dren Praise to God shall sing; Far - off Pat - a - gon - ia An - swers Christ is King.

D.S.—See the flag of Je - sus O'er the earth un - furled! Sunday schools are singing All a - round the world.

CHORUS.

Lift the cross of Je - sus, Bear the Bi - ble on; Soon the world will ech - o With his vict' - ry won.

D.S.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

B. A. GLENN.

1. White as snow; oh, what a promise For the heav-y - lad-en breast, When by faith the soul receives it,
2. White as snow; can my transgressions Thus be whol-ly washed a-way, Leav-ing not a trace be-hind them,
3. Yes, at once, and that complete-ly Thro' the blood of Christ, I know, All my sins, tho' red, like crimson,

CHORUS.

Wea - ri-ness is changed to rest. } Whit - er, whit - er than snow, Washed in the blood of the
 Like a cloudless sum-mer day? }
 May become as white as snow. } Whit-er than snow, in the

Lamb;..... Whit - er, whit - er than snow, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
 blood of the Lamb; Whit-er than snow,

HE WILL RECEIVE ME.

Mrs. G. B. HOLSINGER.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Come now, dear Lord, re - ceive my heart, Make me thy serv - ant while in youth, From all that's sin - ful
 2. I dare not wait for rip - er years, But long, dear Sav - iour, now for thee, O! come and ban - ish
 3. I know in thee true joys are found, And all will fade, this world can mete, So for thy king - dom

CHORUS.

I'd de - part, Teach me, O! teach me love and truth.
 all my fears, And let me ev - er dwell with thee. } He will re - ceive, I know he will, He
 I am bound, - Cast all, my Je - sus, at thy feet. }

will, he will his love im - part, He will re - ceive, I know he will, He will, he will re - ceive my heart.

I AM WITH THEE EVERY HOUR.

Arr. from a "Jubilee Song," by J. H. TENNEY.

1. I am with thee ev'ry hour, O ransomed one, For too long the way, and dark, for thee a - lone.
 2. I am with thee ev'ry hour, trust thou in me, For my love un-chang-a - ble is pledged to thee.
 3. I am with thee ev'ry hour, I know thy care, I will cheer thy troubled heart, thy burdens bear.
 4. I am with thee ev'ry hour, my strength is thine, Thou the ten - der branch, and I the liv - ing vine.
 5. I am with thee ev'ry hour, till life's work done, I shall bear thee hence to stand before the throne.
 6. I am with thee ev'ry hour, and heav-en waits, To throw o - pen wide for thee its pearl-y gates.

CHORUS.

I am with thee, yes, I'm with thee, Ev'ry hour I'm with thee, Thou art mine, for thee my life I gave!
 with thee, with thee,

I am with thee, yes, I'm with thee, Ev'ry hour I'm with thee, With my love I'll guard and guide and save!
 with thee, with thee,
 From "Spiritual Songs, No. 2," by per.

MY REDEEMER LIVES.

REV. H. B. HARTZLER.

1. "I know that my Re-deem-er lives!" I feel his kindling love; I'll bear the cross till I shall gain
 2. "I know that my Re-deem-er lives!" To in-ter-cede for me; And by his rich, a-bounding grace
 3. "I know that my Re-deem-er lives!" The U-ni-ver-sal King; Let all the earth and all in heav'n

CHORUS.

My crown in heav'n a - bove. } Hal-le - lu - - - jah! Hal-le - lu - - - jah! Je-sus stands and bids me,
 I'm saved e - ter - nal - ly. }
 To him their prais-es bring. } Hal-le - lu-jah evermore! Hal-le - lu-jah evermore! Je-sus stands and bids me

bids me come. Hal-le - lu - - - jah! Hal-le - lu - - - jah, I am on my jour-ney home.
 come. Hal-le - lu-jah evermore! Hal-le - lu-jah evermore! I am on my jour-ney home.

From "Spiritual Songs," by per.

SACRED STREAM.

J. H. HALL.

1. O flood of liv - ing wa - ters, And might - y crim - son tide, Blest fountain of sal - va - tion, From
 2. Thy wa - ters drown all sor - rows, Ex - tin - guish ev' - ry grief, And blot - ting out transgressions, Brings
 3. Thy grace ex - cels the Jor - dan, Which made the lep - er whole; Lo! thou hast healed the sick - ness, Which

CHORUS.

Je - sus' pierc - ed side. } Flow on, Flow on, O sa - cred stream, flow
 to the soul re - lief. } flow on, flow on,
 was - tened in my soul. }

on; Flow on, Flow on, O sa - cred stream, flow on.
 flow on; flow on, flow on, flow on.

MEET ME AT THE KING'S RIGHT HAND.

I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. Meet me at the King's right hand, Scholars dear of mine; Gath-ered there, a joy-ful band,
 2. In that dread and sol-ern day Tribes of earth shall meet; Cast-ing off their proud ar-ray,
 3. Oh, re-mem-ber in your youth, Time must pass a-way; Heed the Sav-iour's words of truth,
 4. Come to Christ, a will-ing band, Schol-ars dear of mine; Then, up-on the King's right hand,

CHORUS.

Saved by love di-vine.
 At the judg-ment-seat.
 Think of that great day. } Let me see you wait-ing stand Read-y for the glo-ry-land;
 I shall see you shine.

Robed and crowned with an-gels round, Robed and crowned with an-gels round, Meet me, oh,

MEET ME AT THE KING'S RIGHT HAND. Concluded.

meet me! Meet me, oh, meet me! Meet me, oh, meet me at the King's right hand.

Musical notation for the song, including a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat and a bass clef staff. The melody is in a 4/4 time signature and concludes with a double bar line.

HAPPY GATHERING HOME.

A. S. KIEFFER.

WM. B. BLAKE.

1. When life's day is o - ver, We shall gather home To our Father's man-sion, Never more to roam;
2. There to dwell for - ev - er With the saints a - bove, Blest with all the pleas-ure Of a Saviour's love.
3. There, on hills of Zi - on, Drinking wa-ters pure, Sing-ing in God's presence Ever more se-cure.

Musical notation for the song, including a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat and a bass clef staff. The melody is in a 4/4 time signature and concludes with a double bar line.

REFRAIN.

Hap - py gath'ring home, May that joy be thine, Hap - py gath'ring home, May that bliss be mine.

Musical notation for the refrain, including a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat and a bass clef staff. The melody is in a 4/4 time signature and concludes with a double bar line.

AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1. { I think I should mourn o'er my sor-row - ful fate, If sor-row in heav-en can be.
 If no one should be at the beau-ti - ful gate, There wait-ing and watch-ing for me. }
 2. { How sad-ly I'd feel in the heav-en - ly state, If sad-ness in heav-en can be.
 If no one should be at the beau-ti - ful gate, Con-duct-ed to glo-ry by me. }
 3. { O Lord, I be-seech thee for wis-dom and grace, In win-ning lost souls un-to thee.
 That ma-ny may be in that beau-ti - ful place, A crown of re-joic-ing to me. }

CHORUS.

"Yes, wait - - ing and watch-ing for me, Yes, wait - - ing and watch-ing for me; May
 Yes, wait-ing and watch-ing for me, for me, Yes, wait-ing and watch-ing for me, for me; May
 ma - ny of those at the beau-ti - ful gate, Be wait-ing and watch-ing for me.

Joyously.

1. Let loud ho - san - nas joy - ful rise With - in thy courts to - day: And may they soar be -
 2. Ho - san - nas be to Christ our King! Who bore our sin and shame; Ho - san - na! let our
 3. Ho - san - na while we so - journ here! Ho - san - na when we die! Ho - san - na then our

CHORUS.

- yond the skies In loft - y notes of praise. } Ho - - san - na! Ho - - san - na!
 voic - es ring In hon - or of his name. }
 souls will cheer A - bove the vault - ed sky. } Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na!

Ho - - san - na! Ho - san - na! be to Christ our King.

THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE HARBOR.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

rit......

1. I am sail-ing o'er life's sea, Bound for Canaan's happy land. Onward glides the swing-ing keel, Quick the
 2. Tho' the billows high may toss, And the white-capp'd breakers foam, There's a hand upon the helm Which will
 3. Tho' my soul in patience waits, Soon I'll reach the golden shore, And with-in the Jas-per gates Sing his

CHORUS.

helm o - beys the hand, } There's a light, There's a light, Poor sin - ner, it shines for
 guide you safely home. } in the harbor, in the harbor, in the harbor,
 praise for - ev - er - more. }

rit......

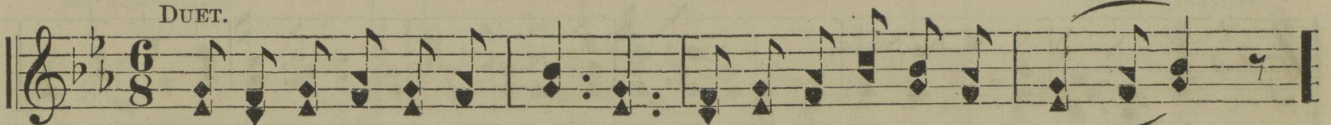
thee, There's a light, There's a light Shining bright for you and me.
 for thee, in the harbor, in the harbor, in the harbor,

COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

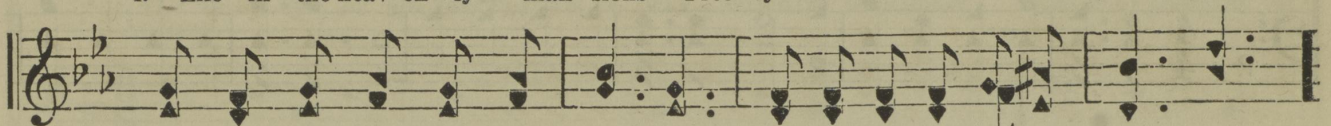
Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

Arr. from FRANK M. DAVIS.

DUET.

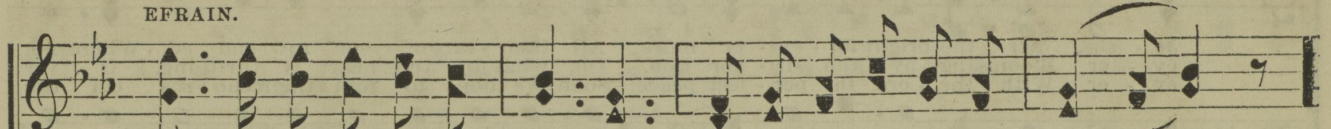


- | | | | | |
|---------------|-------------------|------------|----------------------------|--------|
| 1. Come to | the life-giv-ing | Fount-ain, | Drink, for its wa-ters are | pure; |
| 2. Free-ly | His love He be- | stow-eth; | Free-ly His ran-som He | paid; |
| 3. Grace all- | suf-fi-cient sus- | tain-ing; | Wis-dom to guide thee a- | right, |
| 4. Life in | the heav-en-ly | man-sions | Free-ly He of-fers to | thee; |

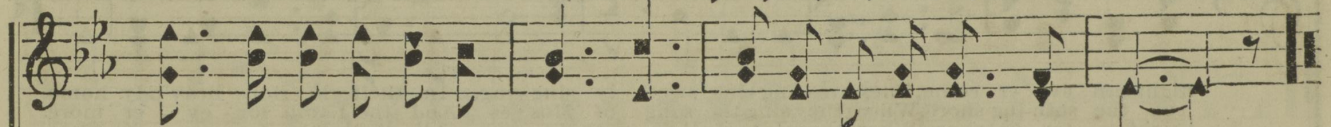
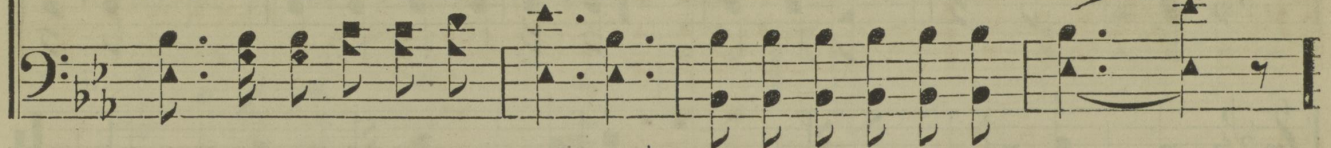


Close with the	of-fer of	mer-cy,	Trust, for His prom-ise is	sure.
He from thy	sin hath	re-deem'd thee,	On Him thy bur-den was	laid.
Out of the	re-gions	of dark-ness,	In-to the king-dom of	light.
Joy in His	pres-ence	for-ev-er,	This shall thy her-it-age	be. } Oh,

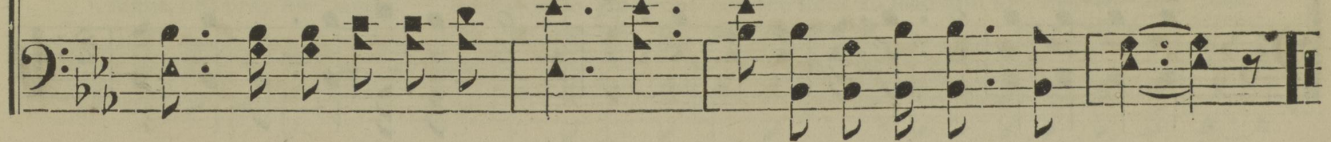
EFRAIN.



Come to the life-giv-ing Fount-ain, Drink, for its wa-ters are pure!



Come to the life-giv-ing Fount-ain, Drink, for its wa-ters are pure!



MUSIC OVER YONDER.

REV. W. F. COSNER.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. There is mu-sic o-ver yon-der, On the bright, e-ter-nal shore, Where the saints shall dwell with
 2. There is mu-sic o-ver yon-der, Where the crys-tal wa-ters glide, Where the tree of life is
 3. There is mu-sic o-ver yon-der, And the songs shall nev-er cease, For the saints shall dwell for-

Je-sus, All the bright for-ev-er more; All their years of sor-row end-ed, Where no
 ev-er Bloom-ing by the sil-ver tide. Oh, what joy the heart is thrill-ing, O-ver
 -ev-er With the Lord in per-fect peace. Soon we hope to join their cho-rus On the

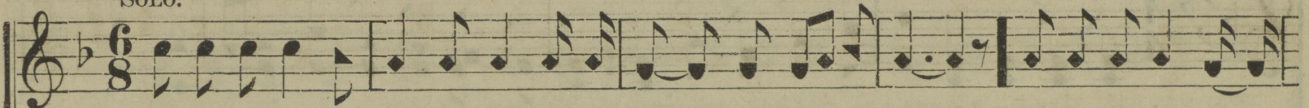
night can ev-er come, They are sing-ing, sweet-ly sing-ing, In their glo-ri-ous heav'n-ly home.
 on the shin-ing shore, Where they sing the song of Mos-es And the Lamb for-ev-er more.
 bright e-ter-nal shore, Where the saints shall be with Je-sus, All the bright for-ev-er more.

PRAY FOR YOUR BOY TO-NIGHT.

Mrs. T. M. GRIFFIN.

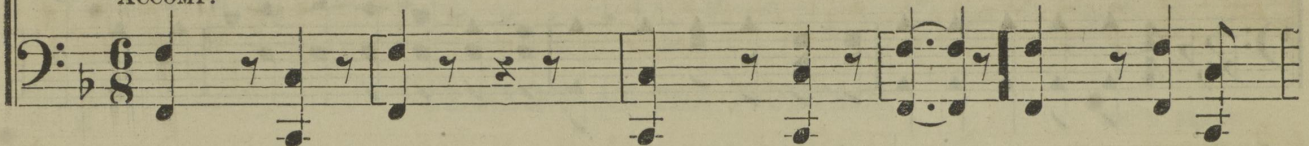
GEO. ROBT. CAIRNS.

SOLO.

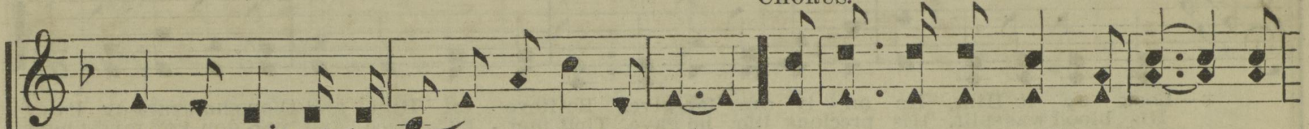


1. Once I was pure as dews that fall	From the morn - ing clouds a - bove,	Now I am held in the
2. Weary the world, and dark and wild,	And with ma - ny a fa - tal snare,	As onward sweeps the
3. Moth - er, my heart is hard and cold,	And is blighted with grief and care,	Pray for your boy as
4. Tho' in the toils of sin, your boy	Yet is wan - d'ring far from home,	Oft - en he yearns for the

ACCOMP.



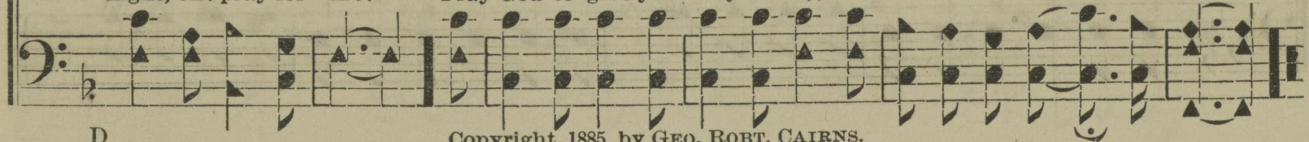
CHORUS.



world's dark thrall, A - - way from the Fa - ther's love.	} Then pray for your boy to - night, To
surg - ing tide, Far a - way from God and pray'r.	
oft of old, When a child be - side your chair.	
old - en joy Be - - fore he be - gan to roam.	



- night, oh! pray for me!	Pray God to give your boy the light	To lead him to heaven and thee.
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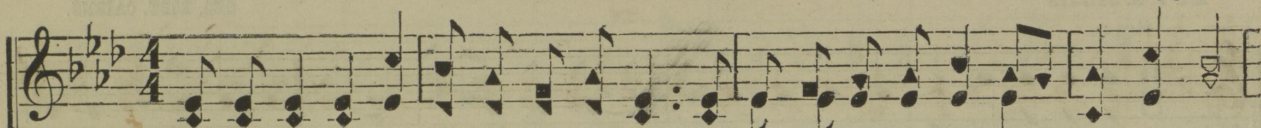


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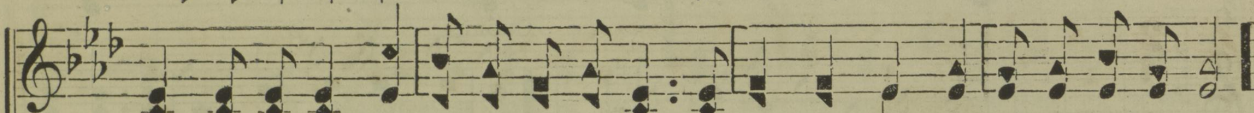
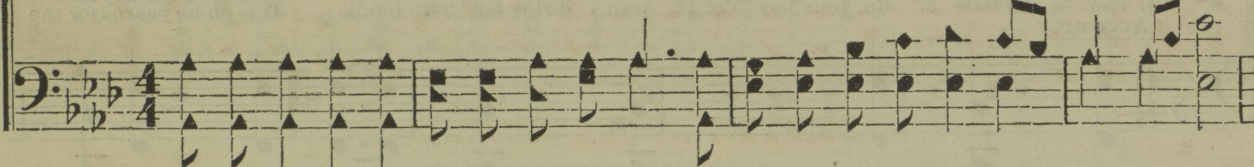
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GO AND TELL JESUS.

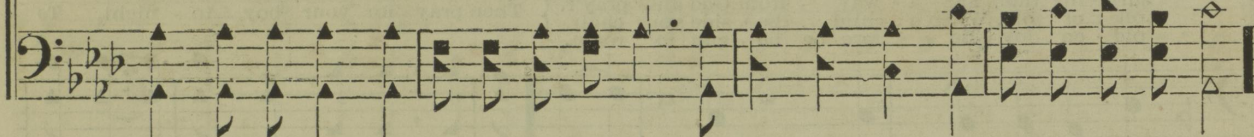
T. F. SEWARD, by per.



1. Go and tell Je - sus, wea - ry, sin - sick soul, He'll ease thee of thy bur - den, make thee whole;
2. Go and tell Je - sus, when your sins a - rise Like mountains of deep guilt be - fore your eyes;
3. Go and tell Je - sus, He'll dis - pel thy fears, Will calm thy pain - ful doubts and dry thy tears;



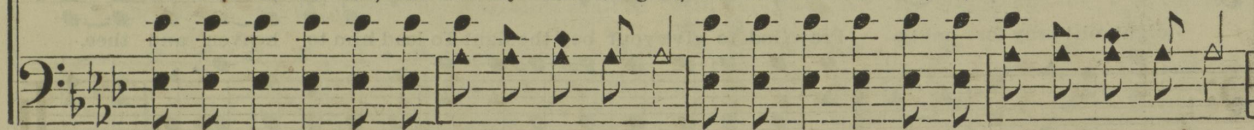
Look up to Him, He on - ly can for - give, Be - lieve on Him, and thou shalt sure - ly live.
 His blood was spilt, His precious life he gave, That mer - cy, peace, and par - don you might have.
 He'll take thee in His arms and on His breast, Thou may'st be hap - py, and for - ev - er rest.



CHORUS.



Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can for - give, Go and tell Je - sus, O, turn to Him and live.



GO AND TELL JESUS. Concluded.

Go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can for - give.

DRINKING AT THE FOUNTAIN.

WM. B. BLAKE.

B.

1. I come to thee, O bless - ed Lord, I'm at the fount - ain drink - ing!
 2. O won - drous love, that sought for me, I'm at the fount - ain drink - ing!
 3. I feel thy cleans - ing from all sin, I'm at the fount - ain drink - ing!

I claim the prom - ise of thy word, My soul is sat - is - fied!
 That pur - chas'd par - don full and free, My soul is sat - is - fied!
 It gives me joy and peace with - in, My soul is sat - is - fied!

REFRAIN.

Glo - ry to God! I'm at the fountain drink - ing; Glo - ry to God! My soul is sat - is - fied!

THE JASPER SEA.

JOHN THOMAS HALL.

1. When we've cross'd the Jasper Sea To the oth - er shore, Full of bliss our song shall be,
 2. To the judgement seat a - bove Swift - ly we'll re - pair, Saved from wrath thro' Je - sus' love,
 3. Cap - tive chains shall bind no more, When death sets us free; When we reach the oth - er shore,

Praising evermore. With the angels round the throne, Robed in white they stand, Death and tears are never known,
 We shall see him there. Parting days will never come, Bright our home will be, When we reach the other shore,
 O'er the Jas - per sea. Parting days will never come, Bright our home will be, When we reach the other shore,

CHORUS.

In that hap - py land. When we reach..... the shore,..... O'er the Jas - - - per
 O'er the Jas - per Sea. When we reach the shore, when we reach the shore, O'er the Jasper Sea,
 O'er the Jas - per Sea.

THE JASPER SEA. Concluded.

Sea, Joy shall reign ev - er - more, And heav'n our home will be.
o'er the Jasper Sea, joy shall ever reign, joy shall ever reign,

W. P. D.

WE'RE GOING HOME BY AND BY.

W. P. DAVIDSON.

1. { Je - sus has gone to pre - pare us a home; We're go - ing home by and by, by and by: }
Where pain and sor - row and death nev - er come; We're go - ing home by and by, by and by. }

CHORUS.

There we shall meet by the bright, shining riv - er; We're go - ing home by and by, by and by:
Sing - ing the prais - es of Je - sus for - ev - er; We're go - ing home by and by, by and by.

2 There he hath made all our mansions complete;
We're going home by and by, by and by:
Soon in those mansions of love we shall meet:
We're going home by and by, by and by.—CHO.

3 Kindred and friends in that sweet home shall meet;
We're going home by and by, by and by:
There we shall walk on the bright, golden street;
We're going home by and by, by and by.—CHO

NOT ALWAYS.

JAS. G. DOUTHIT.

1. Not al - ways, pil-grim stran-ger, Not al-ways on our jour-ney home; The place for you pre-
 2. The mu - sic hall is bril-liant, And sweet the cho - ral chant-ers there: 'Tis bright with shin-ing

CHORUS.

-par - ing, Will wel - come give when e'er you come. Not al - ways, no, not al - ways! Not
 an - gels, And many a cher-ish'd friend is there.

al - ways on our journey home; Soon with the white-robed angels We shall rest 'neath the bright, crystal dome.

3 The Prince of Life is with them,
 In majesty and peace serene;
 The mansions of the holy
 Are decked with lustrous golden sheen.—CHO.

4 With shouts of joy and triumph,
 They who have conquer'd in the fight,
 Are with their blessed Leader,
 Arrayed in robes of purest white.—CHO.

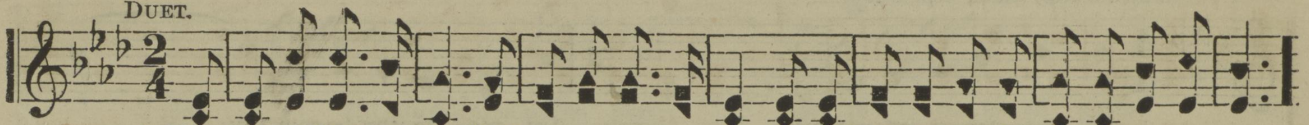
LUCY MURRAY.

IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

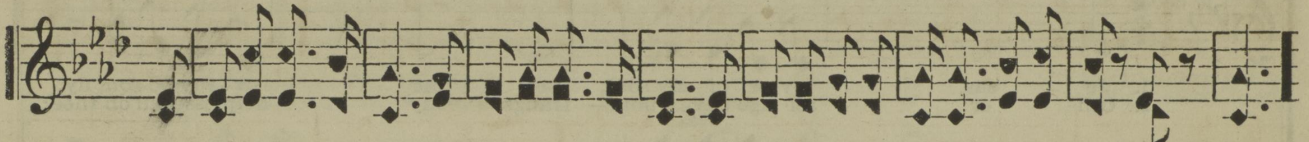
WM. B. BLAKE.

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DUET.

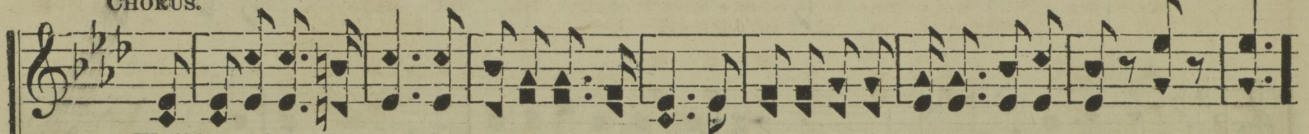


1. Wher-ev - er you may be, What-ev - er you may see That would lead you in - to e - vil, say you nay.
2. The meadows may be green, Where by-path stile is seen, Turn a - side the lit - tle flow-ers seem to say.
3. For on enchant-ed ground There's danger all a-round, And a thousand pleas-ant voic-es bid you stay.
4. Our God will guide us right, And walk-ing in the light, We shall win a crown of gio-ry in the day

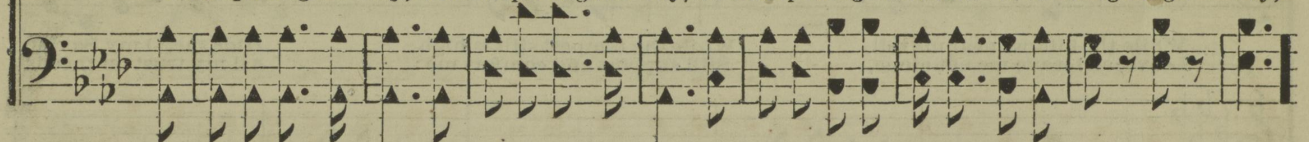


Oh, do not turn a - side, What-ev - er may be - tide, But keep along the middle of the King's high - way.
Be sure you take no heed, They're trying to mislead, But keep along the middle of the King's high - way.
With fingers stop your ears, And never mind the jeers, Just keep along the middle of the King's high - way.
When Jesus calls his own Together round the throne Who keep along the middle of the King's high - way.

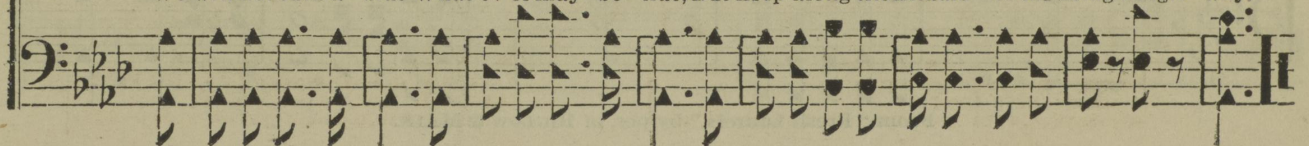
CHORUS.



We'll keep along the way, We'll keep along the way, We'll keep along the middle of the King's high - way,



We will not turn a - side What-ev - er may be - tide, But keep along the middle of the King's high - way.



JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

With earnest, tender expression.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
 2. Oth - er, ref - uge have I none— Hangs my helpless soul on thee;

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none— Hangs my helpless soul on thee;

While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high: Hide me, O my Saviour,
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone, Still support and comfort me: All my trust on thee is

While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high: Hide me, O my
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone, Still sup - - port and comfort me: All my trust on

From "Fresh Laurels," by per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL. Concluded.

hide, Till the storm of life be past; Safe in - to the haven guide;
 stayed, All my help from thee I bring— Cov - er my de-fence-less head

Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past; Safe in - - - to the haven guide;
 thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring— Cov - - er my defenceless head

ritard.

O receive my soul at last. Safe into the haven guide; O receive my soul at last.
 With the shadow of thy wing. Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of thy wing.

O receive my soul at last. Safe in - - - to the haven guide; O receive my soul at last.
 With the shadow of thy wing. Cov - er my defenceless head With the shadow of thy wing.

BE YE ALSO READY.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1. Ready when the dawn - ing Comes creeping cold and gray, And we waken up from slumber To
 2. Ready when the noon - tide Is quiv - er - ing with heat, And there stealeth o'er the spir - it A
 3. Ready when the eve - ning Fills lil - y cups with dew, And the last bright beam of day - light Is

CHORUS.

greet an - oth - er day.
 lan - guor dream - y, sweet. } Read - y in the morn - ing, Read - y at the noon,
 fad - ing from our view.

Read - y at the e - ven - tide, Christ com - eth soon.

4 Ready in the midnight
 A vigil still to keep;
 Tho' the wearied eyes by watching
 Have closed themselves in sleep

5 Blessed be that servant,
 What time the Lord returns,
 Who in faithful trust is keeping
 A lamp that brightly burns.

BEAUTIFUL HOME ABOVE.

A. S. KIEFFER.

B. BLAKE.

1. In the cit - y of God, that home of the soul, Oh, how I long, long to be there
 2. There are man - sions of light in yon - der bright land, Mansions for you, mansions for me;
 3. There are an - gels of light in robes of pure white, Harp - ing their harps, sing - ing in love;
 4. There is Je - sus the Lamb who purchased my soul, Je - sus, my Lord, fountain of love;

With the friends of my youth long gone to their rest, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove.
 There are fount - ains of love my lips long to taste, Flash - ing so pure and free.
 There are proph - ets and priests that walk in the light, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove.
 There I trust to a - bide while a - ges shall roll, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove.

FINE.

D.S.—beau - ti - ful home, beau - ti - ful home a - bove.

CHORUS.

I'll sing of that home, that beautiful home, Beau - ti - ful home, beau - ti - ful home; I'll sing of that home, that

D.S.

O REDEEMED!

Arr. from a "Spiritual."

O re-deem'd! re - deem'd! I'm wash'd in the blood of the Lamb! O re-deem'd! re -
I'm wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!

FINE.

- deem'd! I'm wash'd in the blood of the Lamb! 1. Lord, I am thine, en - tire - ly thine,
I'm wash'd in the blood of the Lamb! 2. With full con - sent thine would I be,
3. Grant one poor sin - ner more a place,
4. A wretch - ed sin - ner, lost to God,

D.C.

Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb, { Purchas'd and saved by blood di - vine,
And own thy sov'reign right in me,
A-mong the chil-dren of thy grace, } Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
But ran-som'd by In - manuel's blood.

LIGHT IN THE VALLEY FOR ME.

E. R. LATTA.

H. B. MATHIS.

61

1. When to the earth I am bid - ding a - dieu, And in the dis - tance the mes - sen - ger see,
 2. Je - sus, who suf - fer'd and died for my sake, Then will my stay and my com - fort - er be;
 3. Now I am los - ing my hold up - on earth, Je - sus is ten - der - ly set - ting me free;

CHORUS.

'Twill not be darkness my soul go - eth thro', There will be light for me. There will be light for me,
 Heaven's bright dawn on my vis - ion shall break, There will be light for me.
 Glo - ry is breaking and heaven has birth, There will be light for me. for me,

There will be light for me, for me, When thro' the valley of death I shall go, There will be light for me.

BRING THEM TO THE FOLD.

LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.

J. B. VAUGHN. by per

1. Je - sus loves the chil-dren, Bring them to the Mas-ter; To the ten-der Shepherd, Lead them to his fold;
2. Je - sus loves the chil-dren, And he died to save them; Heed his lov - ing mes-sage, Suf - fer them to come;

Let him bless the chil-dren, Bring them, parents, teachers, For the Saviour's blessing As in days of old.
Teach them love their Saviour While their youth is passing, Gath - er in the children To their sabbath home.

D.S.—Gath - er in the chil-dren, Hap - py lit - tle children: Gath - er in the children, Bring them to the fold.

CHORUS.

Gath - er in the chil-dren, The hap - py lit - tle chil-dren, Gath - er in the children, Bring them to the fold;

1. I have a Saviour, He's plead-ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov-ing Sav-iour, tho' earth-friends be few; And
 2. I have a Fa-ther: to me He has giv-en A hope for e - ter - ni - ty, bless-ed and true; And
 3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splen-dent in whiteness, A - wait-ing in glo - ry my won-der-ing view; Oh,
 4. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv - er—A peace that the friends of this world never knew; My
 5. When Je - sus has found you, tell oth-ers the story, That my lov-ing Sav - iour is your Saviour, too; Then

now He is watch-ing in ten - der-ness o'er me, And oh, that my Sav-iour were your Saviour, too!
 soon will He call me to meet Him in heav-en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me, too!
 when I re - ceive it, all shin - ing in bright-ness, Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv - ing one, too!
 Sav - iour a - lone is its Au - thor and Giv - er, And oh, could I know it was giv - en to you!
 pray that your Sav - iour may bring them to glo - ry, And prayer will be answered, 'twas answered for you!

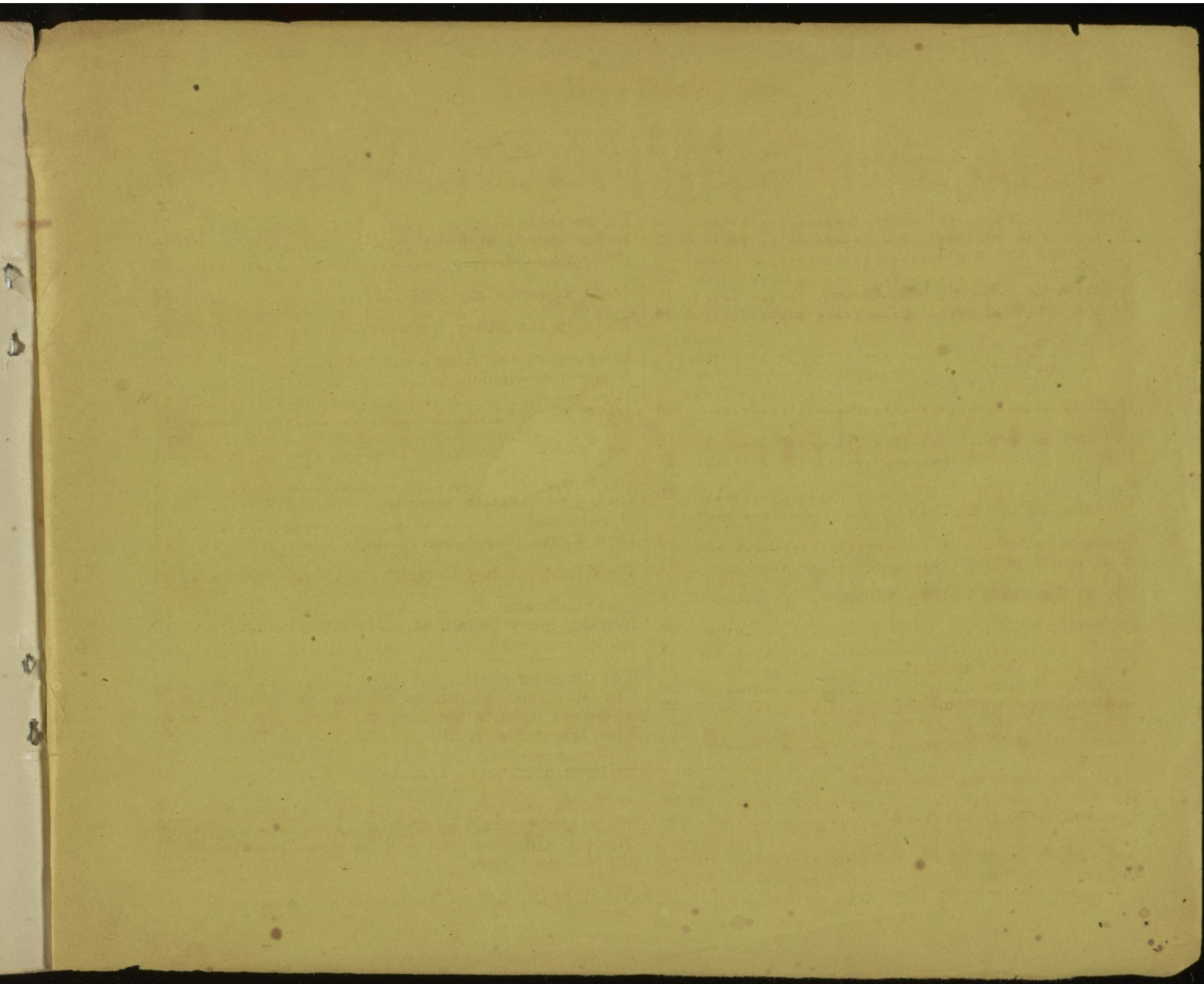
CHORUS. *p* *f* *pp* *rall.*

For you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, For you I am praying, I'm pray-ing for you.

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