

*L. A. Winget-*

# Hymns of Hope



Compiled by

EDGAR JAMES MEACHAM

Supplemental to

"MANUAL FOR FUNERAL OCCASIONS"



Published by

The Standard Publishing Company

Cincinnati, O.

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# Hymns of Hope

A COLLECTION OF  
APPROPRIATE HYMNS FOR FUNERAL  
AND OTHER OCCASIONS



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1911.

EDGAR JAMES McACHAM

THE STANDARD PUBLISHING COMPANY  
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CINCINNATI  
The Standard Publishing Company

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✓ = tune

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No. 1.

Abide With Me.

Henry F. Lyte.

Tune—EVENTIDE.

1. A - bid with me! fast falls the e - ven-tide, The dark-ness  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow  
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy  
 4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no  
 5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

deep - ens, Lord, with me a - bid! When oth - er help - ers  
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in  
 grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my  
 weight, and tears no bit - ter-ness; Where is death's sting? where,  
 gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and

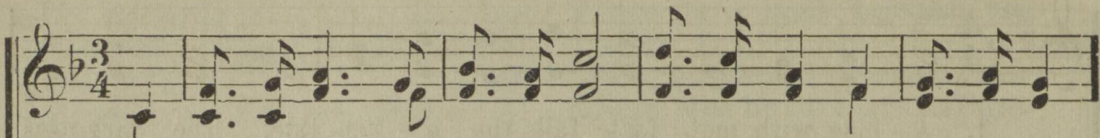
fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, O, a - bid with me!  
 all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bid with me!  
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bid with me!  
 grave, thy vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if Thou a - bid with me!  
 earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bid with me!



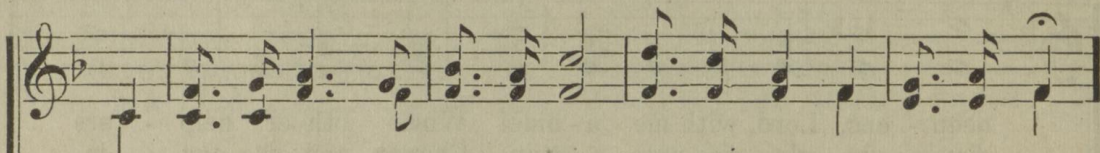
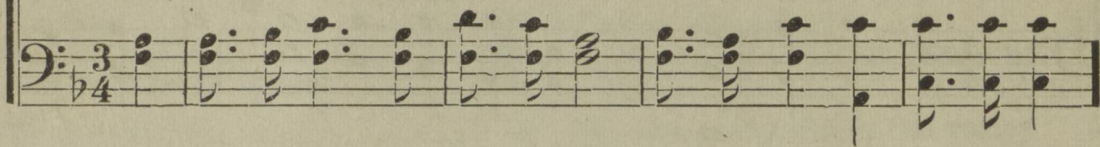
## No. 2. Bright Glory Land.

Ida G. Tremaine.

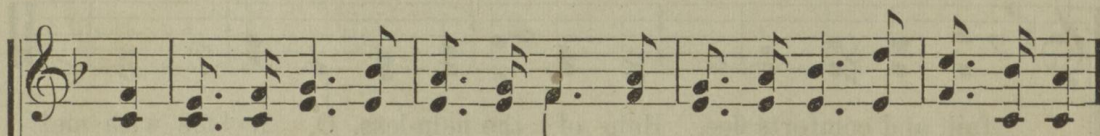
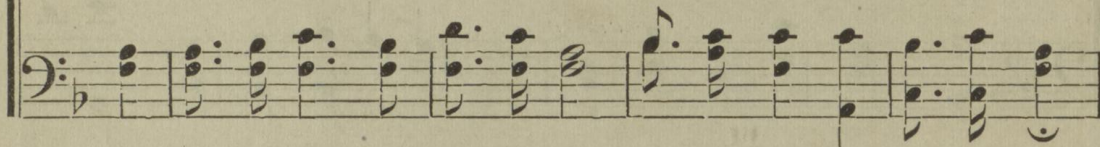
Hubert P. Main.



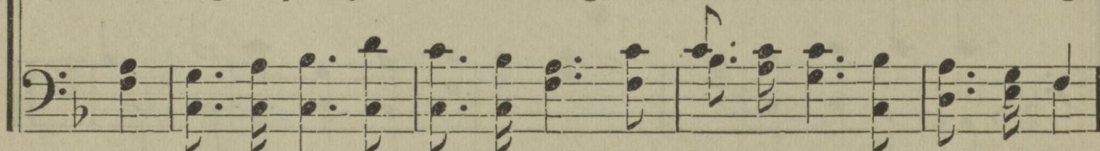
1. There is a land be-yond the stars, Glo-ry Land! bright Glo-ry Land!
2. The cit - y of our God is there, Glo-ry Land! bright Glo-ry Land!
3. We lift our eyes by faith and see, Glo-ry Land! bright Glo-ry Land!



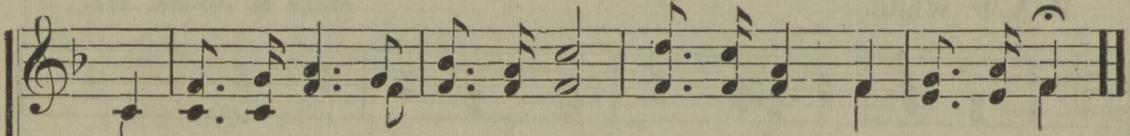
Be-yond the sun - set's crimson bars,—Glo-ry Land! bright Glo-ry Land!  
Its jas - per walls with beau-ty fair, Glo-ry Land! bright Glo-ry Land!  
Where Christ Himself the light shall be, Glo-ry Land! bright Glo-ry Land!



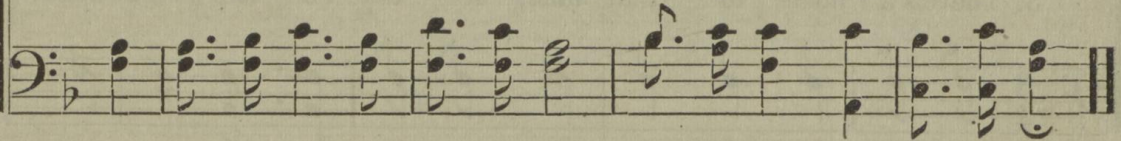
A land of peace without al-loy; Of joy be-yond all earth-ly joy;  
Its gates of pearl like sil-ver gleam, Its skies with fadeless sunlight beam,  
There songs of praise glad hearts shall sing; The ra-diant air with mu-sic ring;



## Bright Glory Land.

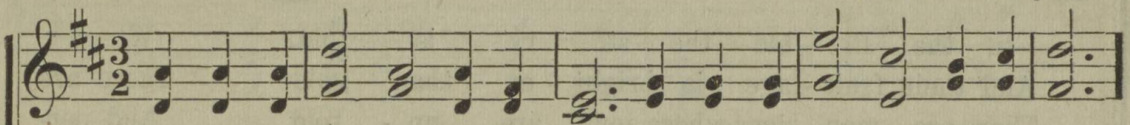


And naught its calm can e'er de-destroy,—Glo-ry Land, bright Glo-ry Land!  
And thro' it rolls life's crystal stream, Glo-ry Land, bright Glo-ry Land!  
Each voice proclaim our Saviour, King, Glo-ry Land, bright Glo-ry Land!

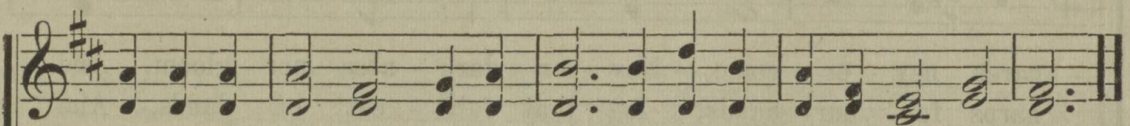
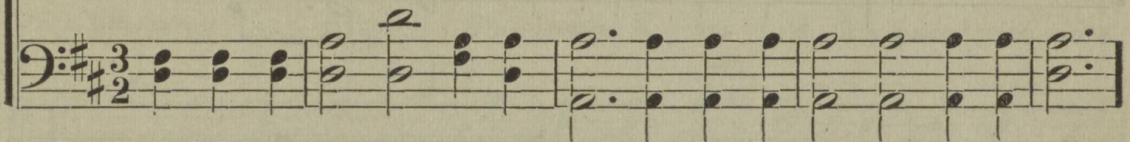


## No. 3. Asleep in Jesus.

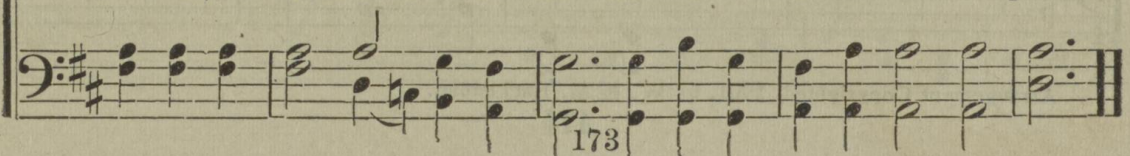
W. B. Bradbury.



1. Asleep in Je-sus! blessed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep;  
2. Asleep in Je-sus! O, how sweet To be for such a slumber meet!  
3. Asleep in Je-sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest;



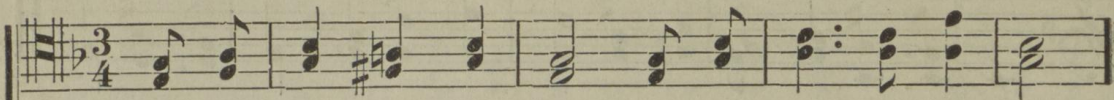
A calm and un-disturbed re-pose, Unbrok-en by the last of foes.  
With ho-ly con-fi-dence to sing That death has lost its venom'd sting.  
No fear, no 'woe shall dim that hour That man-i-fests the Saviour's pow'r.



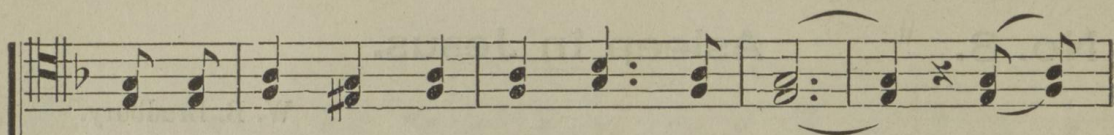
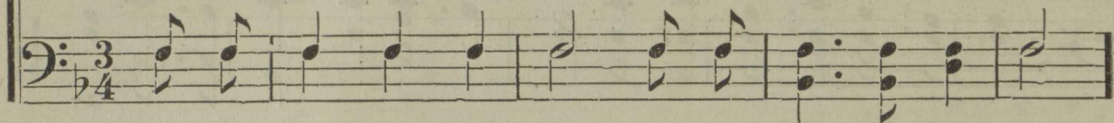
# No. 4. That Beautiful Land.

F. A. F. White.

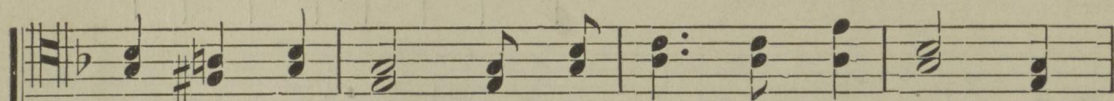
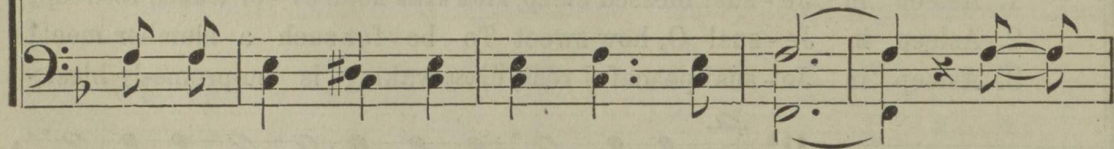
Mark M. Jones. Arr.



1. I have heard of a land On a far - a - way strand,
2. There are ev - er - green trees That bend low in the breeze,
3. There's a home in that land, At the Fa - ther's right hand;



In the Bi - ble the sto - ry is told, Where  
And their fruit - age is bright - er than gold; There are  
There are man - sions whose joys are un - told, And per -



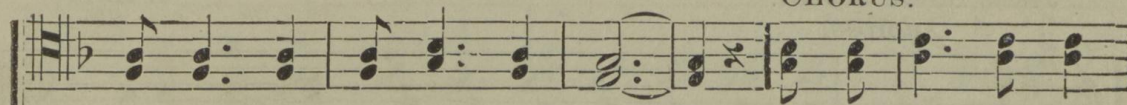
cares nev - er come, Nev - er dark - ness nor gloom, And  
harps for our hands, In that fair - est of lands, And  
en - ni - al spring, Where the birds ev - er sing, And



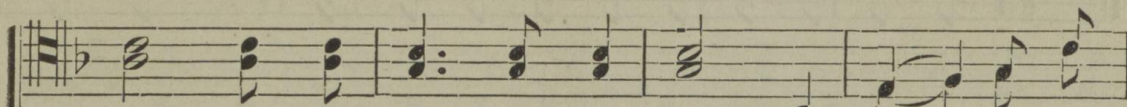
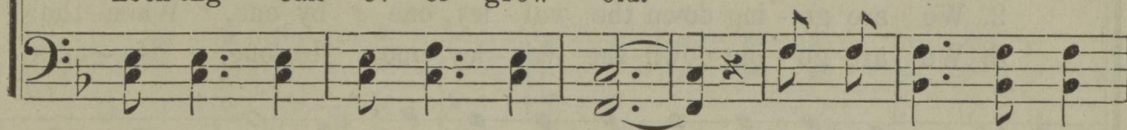
Arrangement Copyrighted, 1901, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

# That Beautiful Land.

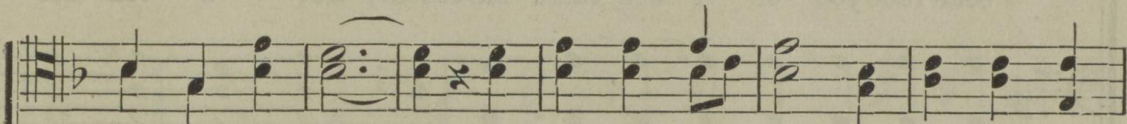
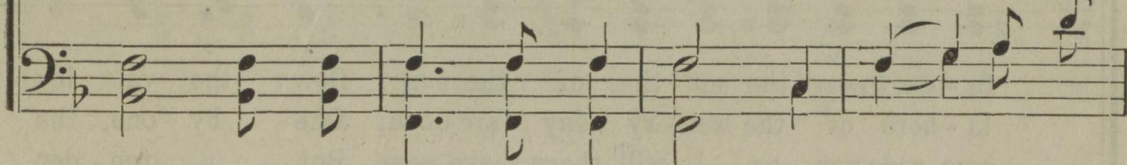
## CHORUS.



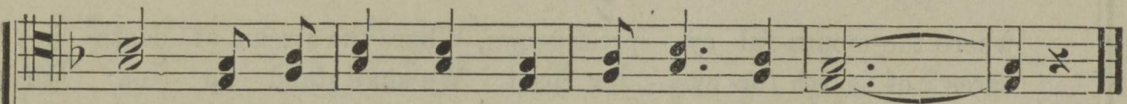
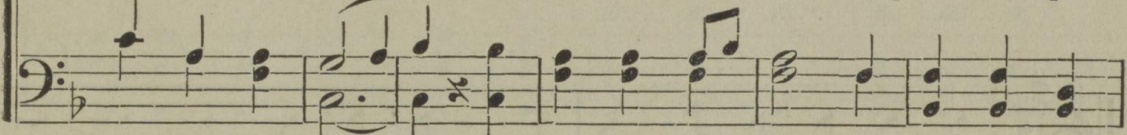
noth-ing shall ev - er grow old.  
noth-ing shall ev - er grow old. In that beau - ti - ful  
noth-ing can ev - er grow old.



land, On the far - a - way strand, No storms with their



blasts ev - er frown; The streets, I am told, Are paved with pure



gold, And the sun it shall nev - er go down.  
shall nev - er go down.



# No. 5. Going Down the Valley.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

J. H. F.

*Doloroso.*

1. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one, With our  
2. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one, When the  
3. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one, Hu - man

fa - ces toward the set - ting of the sun; Down the val - ley  
la - bors of the wea - ry day are done; One by one, the  
com - rade you or I will there have none, But a ten - der

where the mourn - ful cy - press grows, Where the stream of death in  
cares of earth for - ev - er past, We shall stand up - on the  
hand will guide us lest we fall, Christ is go - ing down the

# Going Down the Valley.

## CHORUS.

si - lence on - ward flows.  
riv - er - brink at last. We are go - ing down the val - ley,  
val - ley with us all.

Go - ing down the val - ley, Go - ing toward the set - ting

of the sun, We are go - ing down the val - ley,

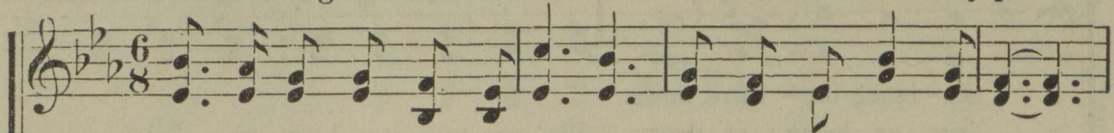
*Rit.*  
Go - ing down the val - ley, Go - ing down the val - ley one by one.

# No. 6. Beautiful Valley of Eden.

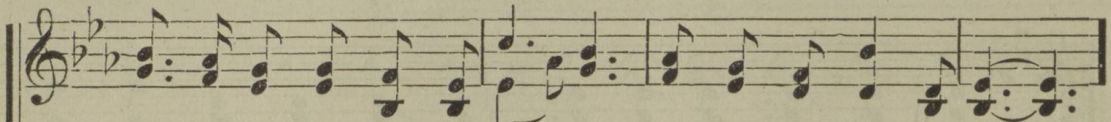
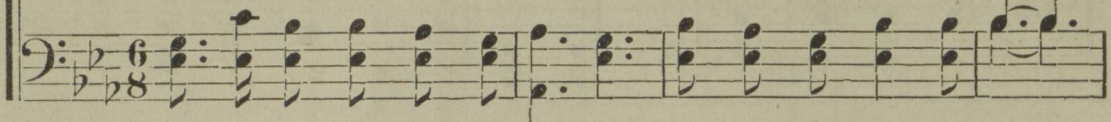
"A rest to the people of God."—HEB. 4:9.

Rev. W. O. Cushing.

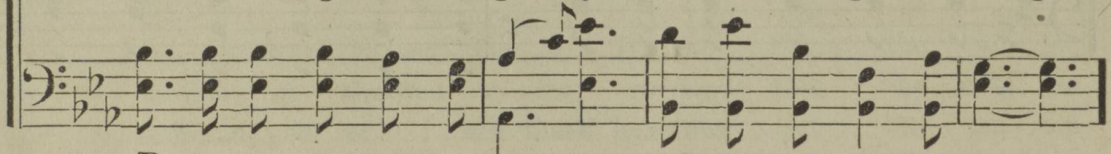
Wm. F. Sherwin. By per.



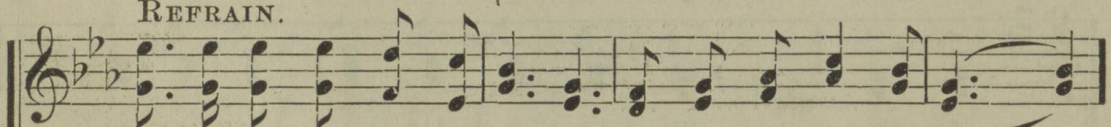
1. Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den! Sweet is thy noon-tide calm;
2. O - ver the heart of the mourn-er Shin - eth thy gold - en day,
3. There is the home of my Sav-i-our; There, with the blood-wash'd throng,



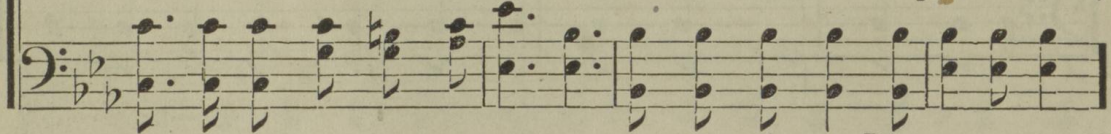
O - ver the hearts of the wea - ry, Breath-ing thy waves of balm.  
Waft-ing the songs of the an - gels Down from the far a - way.  
O - ver the high-lands of glo - ry Roll - eth the great new song.



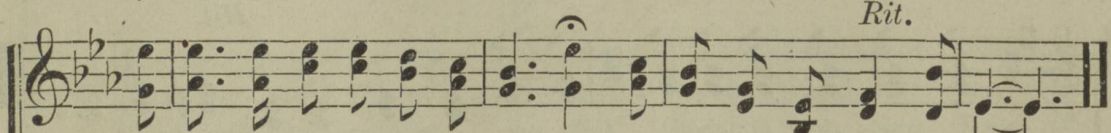
## REFRAIN.



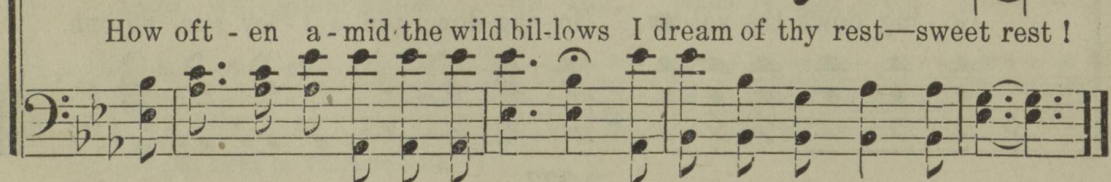
Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Home of the pure and blest,  
the pure and blest,



*Rit.*



How oft - en a - mid the wild bil-lows I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!



No. 7.

Beyond.

W. H. Gardner.

J. D. Patton.

DUET. *Soprano and Tenor.*

1. There is a world where sor-row nev-er comes, Where weep-ing ne'er is  
 2. There is a world where hearts can never break, Where bit-ter-ness ne'er  
 3. There is a gold-en shore, where-on some day Our shatter'd barks shall  
 4. The way is rough, life's hill is hard to climb, But, dear ones, list to

heard, And O I long to hast-en there Like some home-fly-ing bird.  
 comes, And O there in that realm of light Are our de-part-ed ones.  
 land, And dear ones then will meet us there And clasp us by the hand.  
 me! There's peace and rest for you be-yond For all e-ter-ni-ty.

CHORUS.

Be-yond the shadows and the dark-ness There is a home of light,

And O my wea-ry heart is long-ing To hast-en there to-night.



# No. 8. Hold Thou My Hand.

Mary M. McClelland.

Mrs. H. W. Elliott.

1. Hold Thou my hand, dark is my way; Temp - ta - tions meet me  
2. Hold Thou my hand, for at my side I hear the rush of

day by day; In - to for - bid - den paths I stray, Thrice tempt - ed  
Jor - dan's tide, Its flow - ing wa - ters dark and wide; O, Saviour

Christ, hold Thou my hand. Hold Thou my hand, for sor - rows  
dear, hold Thou my hand. Hold Thou my hand and walk with

fall, And fails my faint - ing heart and all, My cup is  
me, The wa - ters change to crys - tal sea, As once Thou

## Hold Thou My Hand.

worm - wood and is gall, Sweet Com-fort - er, hold Thou my hand.  
walked on Gal - i - lee, Oh, Cru - ci - fied, hold Thou my hand.

## No. 9. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

E. Hopper.

J. E. Gould.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;  
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;  
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar,

D. C. - *Chart and compass came from thee; Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.*  
D. C. - *Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.*  
D. C. - *May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."*

D. C.

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;  
Boisterous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"  
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

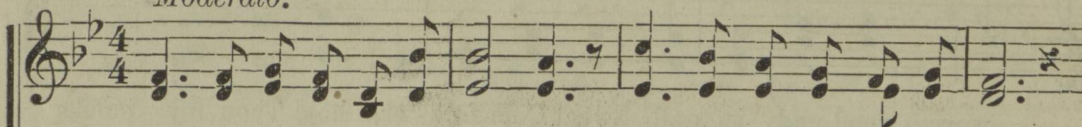
# No. 10.

# Face to Face.

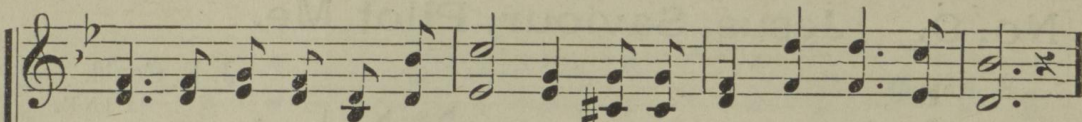
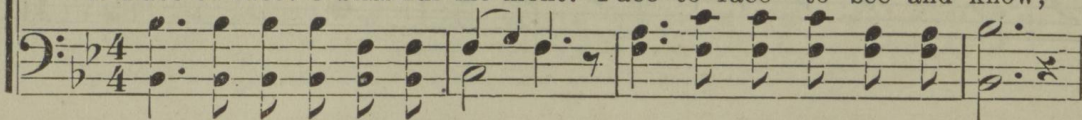
Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

Grant Colfax Tullar.

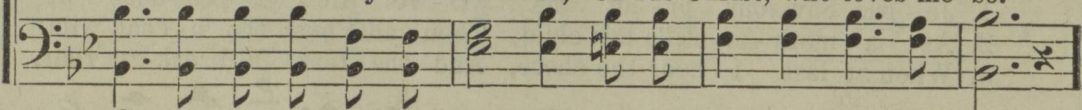
*Moderato.*



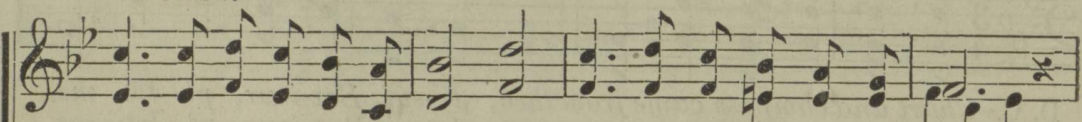
1. Face to face with Christ, my Saviour, Face to face—what will it be?
2. On - ly faint-ly now, I see Him, With the dark-ling veil be-tween,
3. What re-joic-ing in His pres-ence, When are ban-ished grief and pain;
4. Face to face! O bliss-ful mo-ment! Face to face—to see and know;



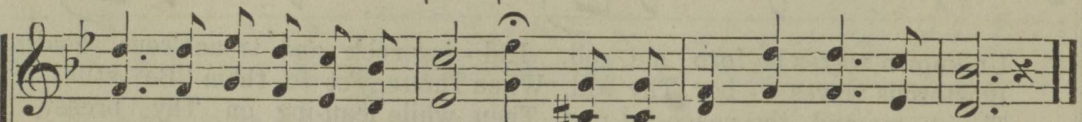
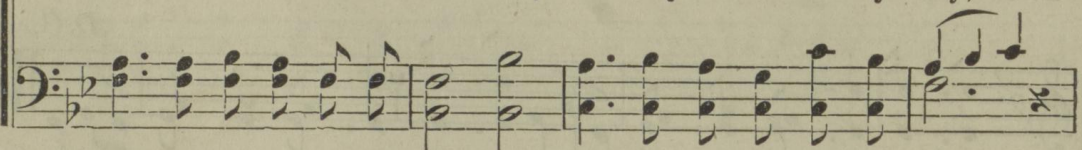
When with rap-ture I be-hold Him, Je-sus Christ, who died for me.  
But a bless-ed day is com-ing, When His glo-ry shall be seen.  
When the crook-ed ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.  
Face to face with my Re-deem-er, Je-sus Christ, who loves me so.



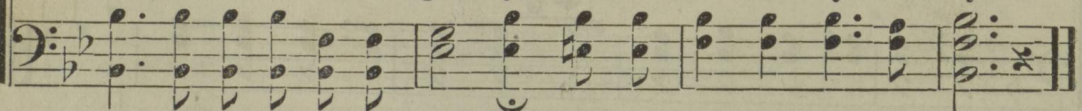
## CHORUS.



Face to face shall I be-hold Him, Far be-yond the star-ry sky;



Face to face in all His glo-ry, I shall see Him by and by!



No. 11.

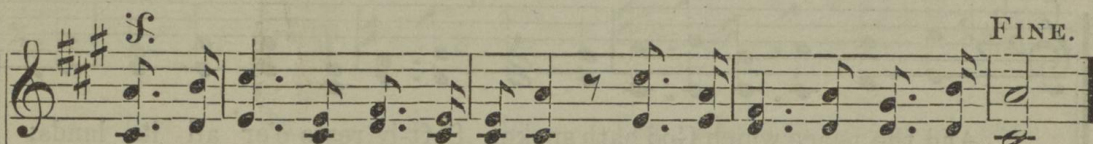
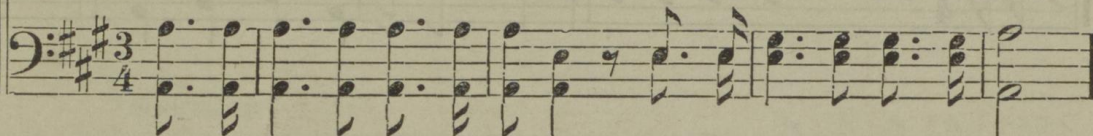
Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings.

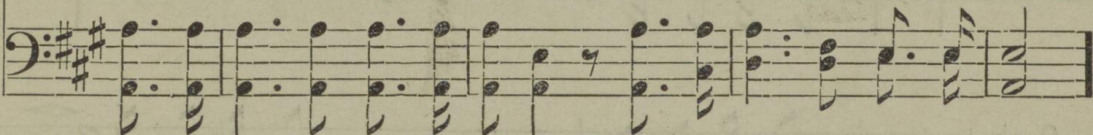
Elisha S. Rice.



1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg-es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our stormy voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit-y, Where the tow'rs of crystal shine?
4. Where the mu-sic of the ran-som'd Rolls its har-mo-ny a-round,
5. Shall we meet there many a lov'd one, Who were torn from our em-brace?
6. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own?

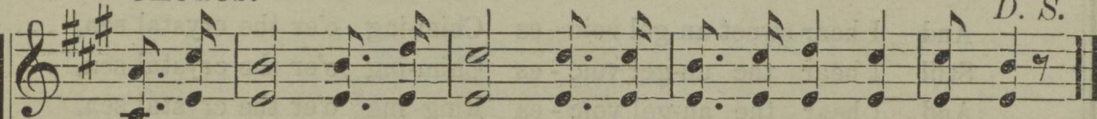


Where, in all the bright for-ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?  
 Shall we meet and cast the an-chor, By the bright ce-les-tial shore?  
 Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work-man-ship di-vine?  
 And cre-a-tion swells the cho-rus With its sweet, me-lo-dious sound?  
 Shall we list-en to their voic-es, And be-hold them face to face?  
 Shall we know His bless-ed fa-vor, And sit down up-on His throne?

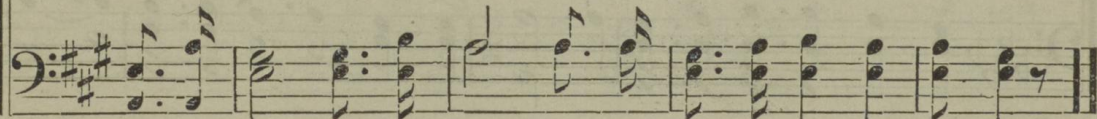


*D. S.* Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg-es cease to roll?

CHORUS.



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



No. 12.

Angel Voices.

Eliza Sherman.

J. H. Fillmore.

1. Just a-cross the si-lent riv-er, Is a house not made with hands,  
 2. Just a-cross the si-lent riv-er, There's a harp of shin-ing gold,  
 3. Just a-cross the si-lent riv-er, In the un-dis-cov-ered land,

And the peace which God hath spoken Soft-ly rests o'er all its lands;  
 Wait-ing till my ransomed spir-it Shall its mel-o-dy un-fold;  
 There are liv-ing wa-ters flow-ing Soft-ly o'er the gold-en sand;

And I hear sweet an-gel voic-es Chim-ing o'er the crystal sea, . . .  
 Still I hear the an-gel voic-es Chim-ing o'er the crystal sea, . . .  
 And I hear the an-gel voic-es Ring-ing o'er the crystal sea, . . .

By permission.

## Angel Voices.

"In that land of light and beauty, There's a mansion bright for thee."  
"In those pearl-y mansions yonder, There's a harp laid up for thee."  
"There's a robe of wondrous whiteness In those mansions bright, for thee."

### REFRAIN.

Chim - ing, chim - ing, Far a - cross the cry-tal sea, . . .  
Soft - ly chiming, sweet ly chiming, Come those voic-es yet to me, . . .  
Still those voices come to me, . . .

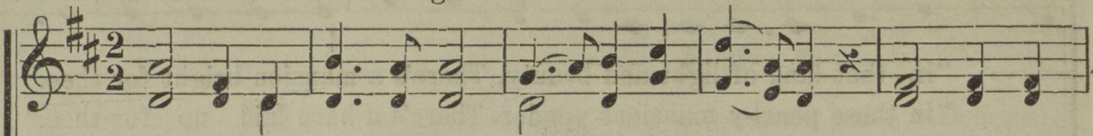
"In that land of light and beauty There's a man-sion bright for thee."  
"In those pearl-y mansions yonder There's a harp laid up for thee."  
"There's a robe of wondrous whiteness, In those mansions bright, for thee."

## No. 13. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

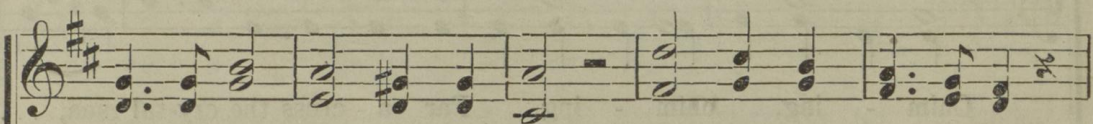
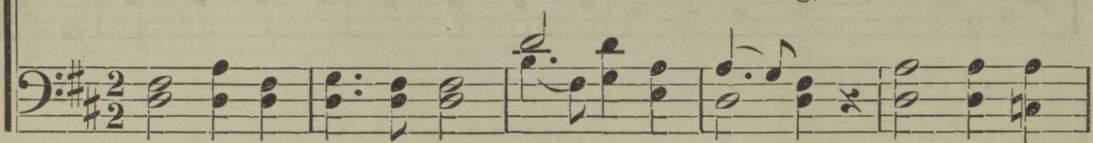
"Come unto me and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

Thos. Moore & Thos. Hastings.

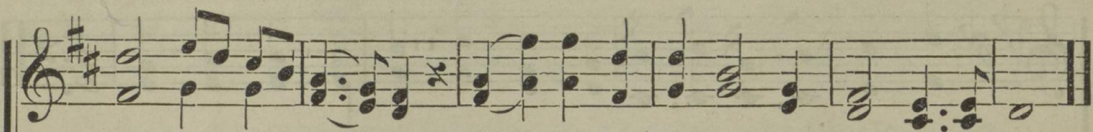
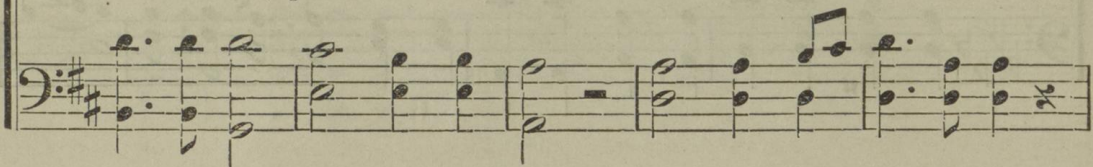
Samuel Webbe.



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



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



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



# No. 14. Go Bury Thy Sorrow.

"They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISAIAH 35: 10. P. P. Bliss, by per. Anon.

1. Go bur - y thy sor - row, The world hath its share;  
 2. Go tell it to Je - sus, He know - eth thy grief;  
 3. Hearts grow-ing a - wea - ry With heav - i - er woe

Go bur - y it deep - ly, Go hide it with care,  
 Go tell it to Je - sus, He'll send thee re - lief,  
 Now droop 'mid the dark - ness— Go, com - fort them, go!

Go think of it calm - ly, When cur - tained by night,  
 Go gath - er the sun - shine He sheds on the way;  
 Go bur - y thy sor - rows, Let oth - ers be blest;

*Rit.*

Go tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right.  
 He'll light - en thy bur - den, Go, wea - ry one, pray.  
 Go give them the sun - shine; Tell Je - sus the rest.



# No. 15. Out of the Shadow-Land.

I. D. S.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. Out of the shad-ow-land in - to the sun-shine, Cloud-less, e-  
 2. Out of the shad-ow-land, wea - ry and changeful, Out of the  
 3. Out of the shad-ow-land, o - ver life's o - cean, In - to the

ter - nal, that fades not a - way; Soft - ly and ten - der - ly  
 val - ley of sor - row and night, In - to the rest of the  
 rap - ture and joy of the Lord, Safe in the Fa-ther's house,

Je - sus hath called { him } Home, where the ran-som'd are  
 life ev - er - last - ing, In - to the sum - mer of  
 wel - com'd by an - gels, { his } the bright crown and e-

# Out of the Shadow-Land.

## CHORUS.

gath - 'ring to - day.  
end - less de - light. Si - lent - ly, peace - ful - ly,  
ter - nal re - ward.

an - gels have borne { him }  
her }, In - to the beau - ti - ful

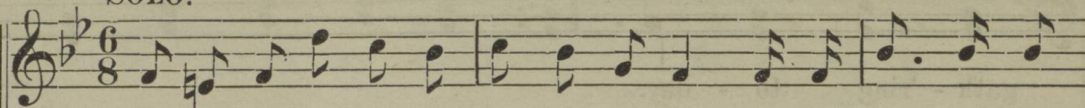
man - sions a - bove; There shall { he }  
she } rest from earth's toil - ing for -

ev - er, Safe in the arms of God's in - fi - nite love.

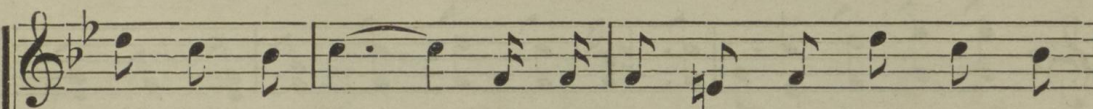
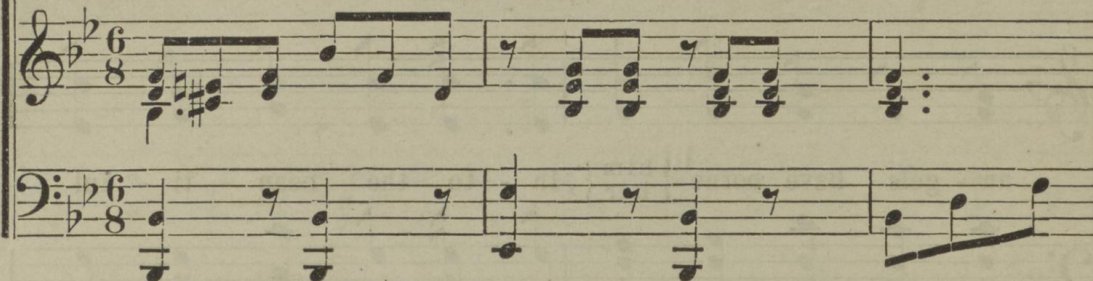
# No. 16. Death Is Only a Dream.

C. W. Ray.  
SOLO.

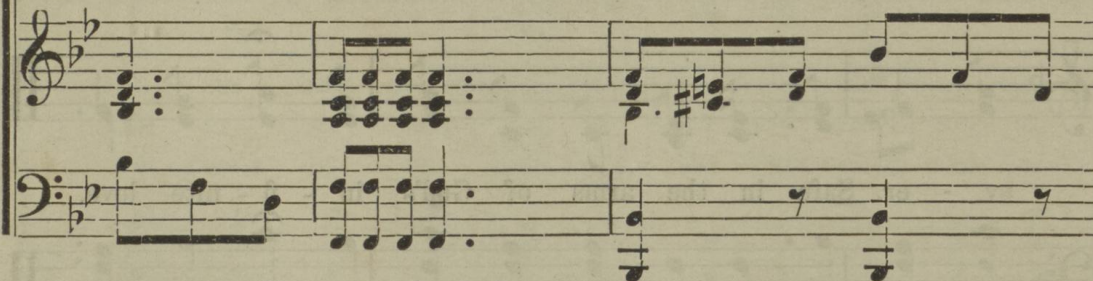
A. J. Buchanan, by per.



1. Sad - ly we sing, and with trem - u - lous breath, As we stand by the
2. Why should we weep when the weary ones rest In the bo - som of
3. Naught in the riv - er the saints should ap - pall, Tho' it fright - ful - ly
4. O - ver the tur - bid and on - rush - ing tide, Doth the light of e -

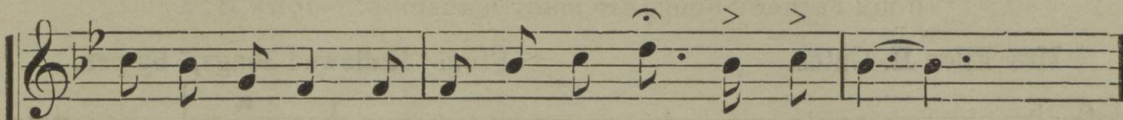


mys - ti - cal stream, . . . . In the val - ley and by the dark  
Je - sus su - preme, . . . . In the man - sions of glo - ry pre -  
dis - mal may seem, . . . . In the arms of their Sav - iour no  
ter - ni - ty gleam; . . . . And the ran - somed the dark - ness and



Hymn used by per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the copyright.

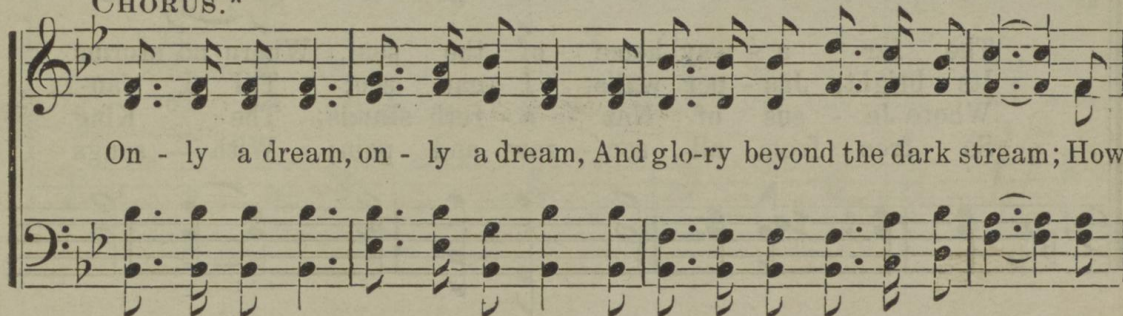
## Death Is Only a Dream.



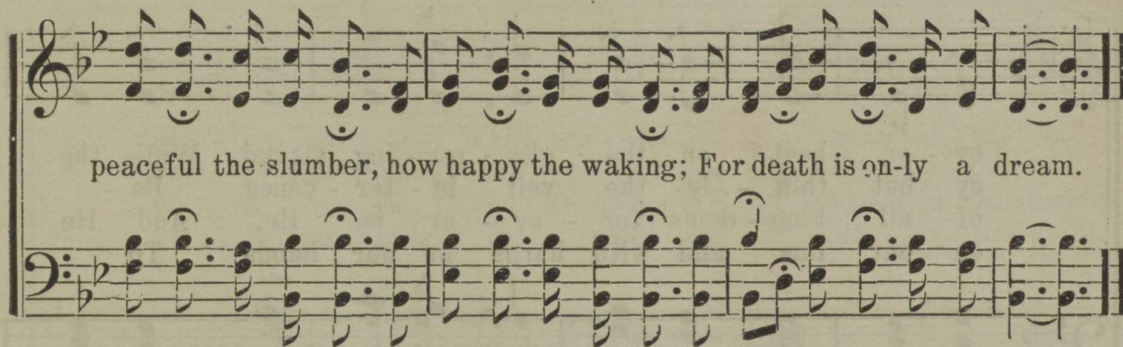
riv - er of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream.  
 pared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.  
 ill can be - fall, They find it no more than a dream.  
 storm shall out-ride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.



### CHORUS.\*



On - ly a dream, on - ly a dream, And glo-ry beyond the dark stream; How



peaceful the slumber, how happy the waking; For death is on-ly a dream.

\* Words and chorus by A. J. Buchanan.

# No. 17. Home of the Soul.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JOHN 14: 2.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.

From "Hallowed Songs," by per.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land,  
2. O that home of the soul in my vis - ions and dreams,  
3. That un - chang - a - ble home is for you and for me,  
4. O how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land,

The far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms  
Its bright, Jas - per walls I can see; Till I fan -  
Where Je - sus of Naz - a - reth stands; The King  
So free from all sor - row and pain; With songs

ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the  
cy but thin - ly the veil in - ter - venes Be -  
of all king - doms for - ev - er is He, And He  
on our lips and with harps in our hands To

## Home of the Soul.

years of e - ter - ni - ty roll,      While the years of e -  
 tween the fair cit - y and me,      Be - tween the fair  
 hold - eth our crowns in His hands,      And He hold - eth our  
 meet one an - oth - er a - gain,      To meet one an -

ter - ni - ty roll;      Where no storms ev - er beat on the  
 cit - y and me;      Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the  
 crowns in His hands;      The King of all king - doms for -  
 oth - er a - gain;      With songs on our lips and with

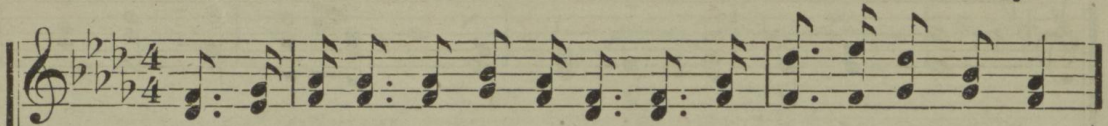
glit - ter - ing strand,      While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.  
 veil in - ter - venes      Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.  
 ev - er is He,      And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands.  
 harps in our hands      To meet one an - oth - er a - gain.

No. 18.

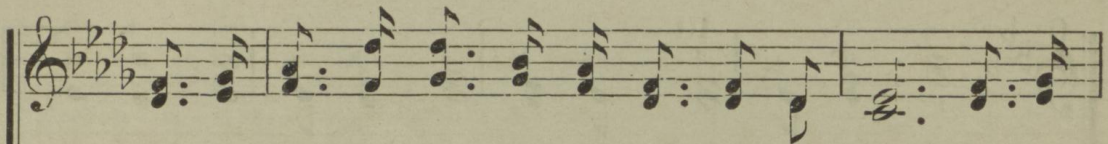
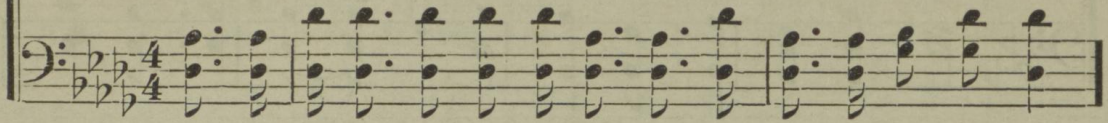
He's the One.

J. B. M.

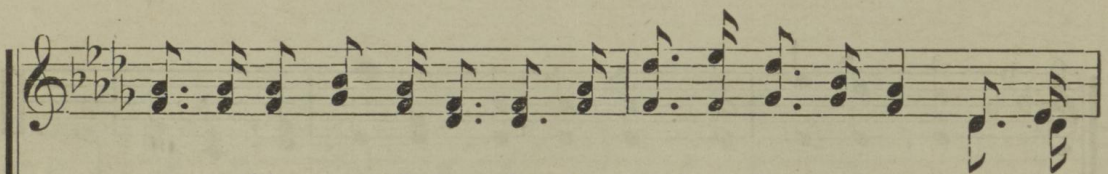
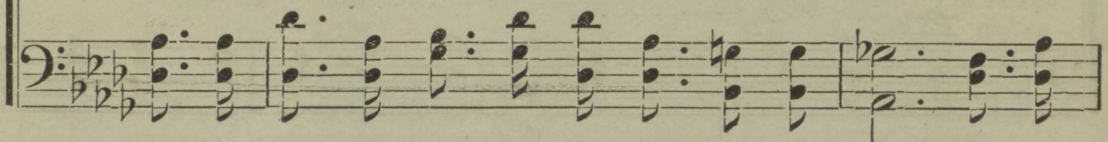
J. B. Mackay.



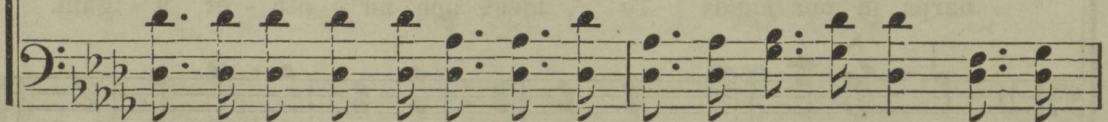
1. Is there an - y one can help us, one who un-der-stands our hearts,
2. Is there an - y one can help us who can give a sin - ner peace,
3. Is there an - y one can help us when the end is draw-ing near,



When the thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who  
 When his heart is bur-dened down with pain and woe; Who can  
 Who will go thro' death's dark wa-ters by our side; Who will



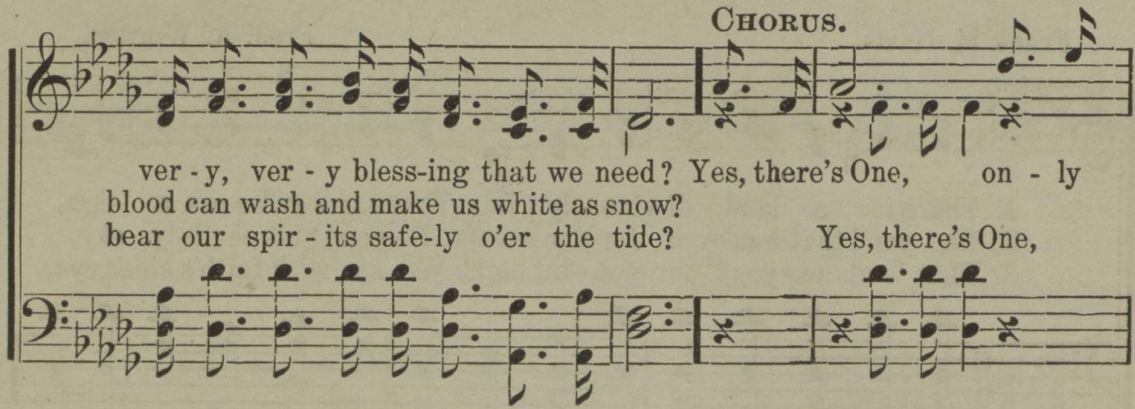
sym - pa-thiz - es with us, who in won-drous love im-parts Just the  
 speak the word of par - don that af - fords a sweet re-lease, And whose  
 light the way be - fore us, and dis - pel all doubt and fear, And will



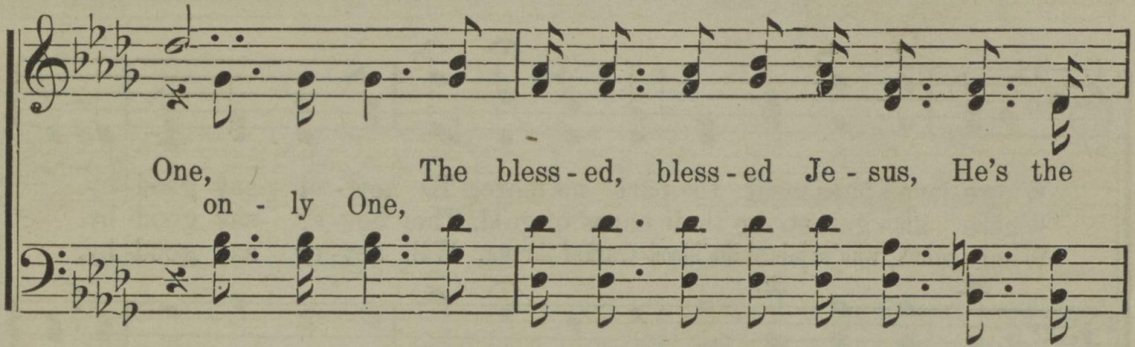
Copyright, 1899, by Hall-Mack Co. Used by per.

# He's the One.

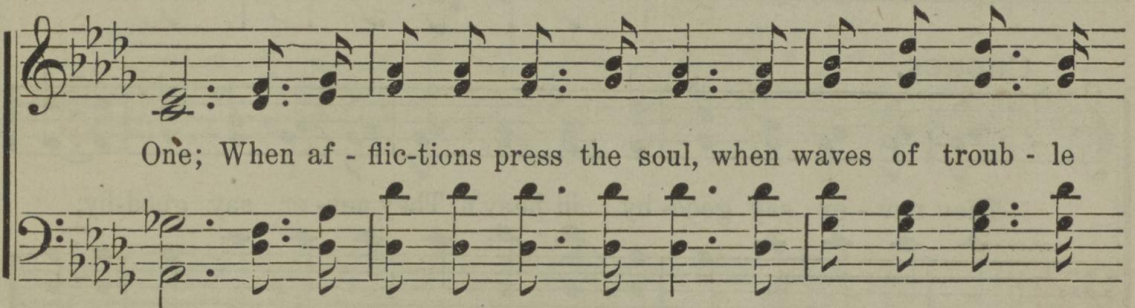
## CHORUS.




ver - y, ver - y bless-ing that we need? Yes, there's One, on - ly  
blood can wash and make us white as snow?  
bear our spir - its safe-ly o'er the tide? Yes, there's One,



One, The bless - ed, bless - ed Je - sus, He's the  
on - ly One,



One; When af - flic-tions press the soul, when waves of troub - le



roll, And you need a friend to help you, He's the One.



# No. 19. They Never Say Good-By.

Frank M. Davis.

Fred. A. Worden.

1. There is a land di-vine - ly fair That nev - er knows a sigh,  
2. Be - yond that banks of Jor-dan's stream, Be-yond this earth-ly sky,  
3. That land be - yond our mor - tal sight We see with faith's clear eye,

Where loved ones meet to part no more, To nev - er say good-by.  
Where an - gels strike their harps of gold, They nev - er say good-by.  
Where saints, who've joined the blood-washed throng, Will nev - er say good-by.

## CHORUS.

They nev - er say good-by in heav'n, They nev - er say good-by,

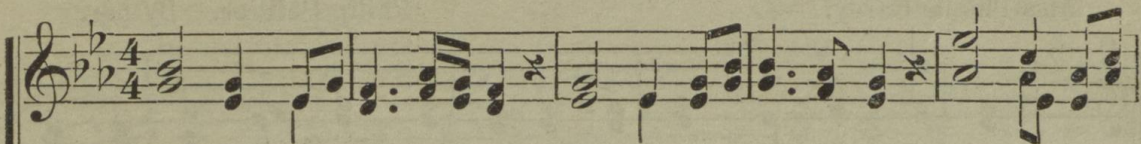
Where all is love, in realms a - bove, They nev - er say good - by.

# No. 20. My Saviour, As Thou Wilt.

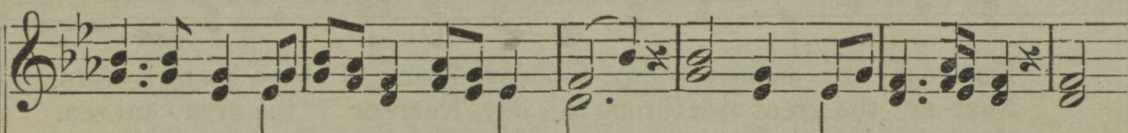
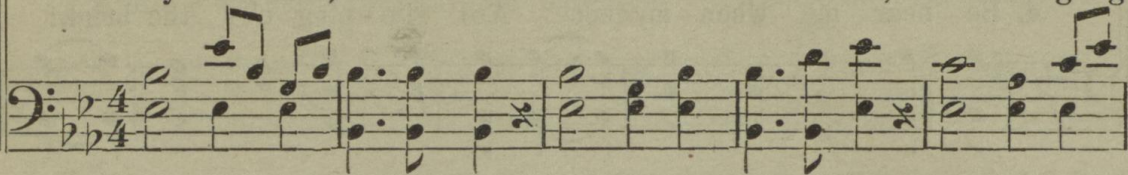
Jane Borthwick. Tr.

JEWETT.

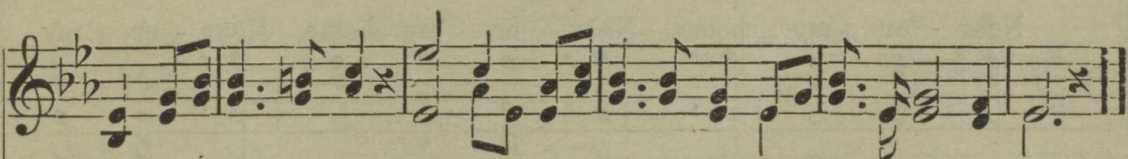
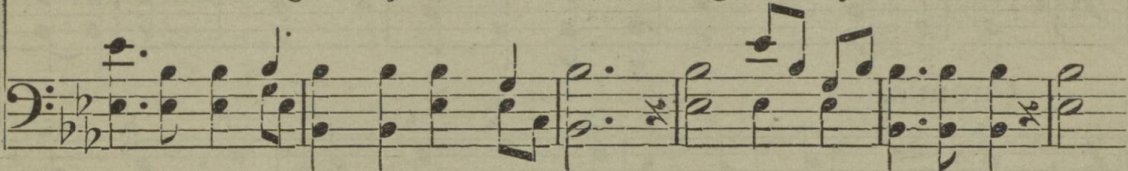
C. M. Von Weber.



1. My Sav - iour, as Thou wilt—Oh, may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy
2. My Sav - iour, as Thou wilt—Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
3. My Sav - iour, as Thou wilt—All shall be well for me; Each chang-ing



hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Con -  
star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap - pear; Since Thou on earth hast wept, And  
future scene I glad - ly trust with Thee; Straight to my home a-bove I



duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!  
sorrowed oft a-lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done!  
trav - el calm - ly on; And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done,

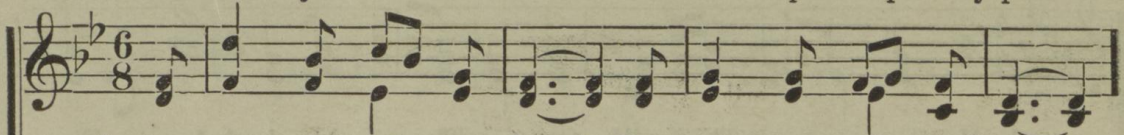


# No. 21. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

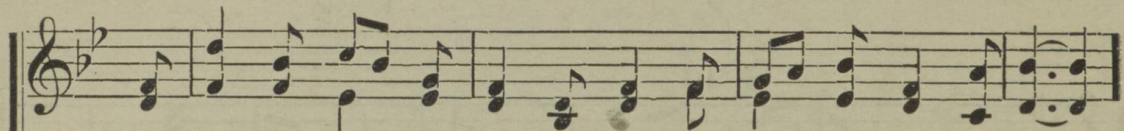
"Now they desire a better country that is, an heavenly."—HEB. 11: 16.

Miss Phoebe Carey.

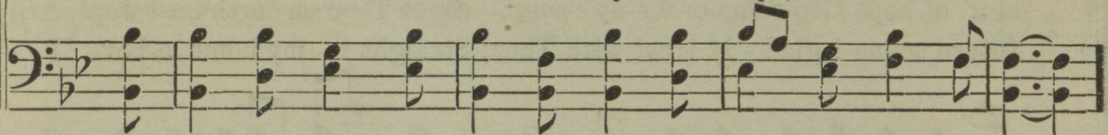
Philip Phillips. By per.



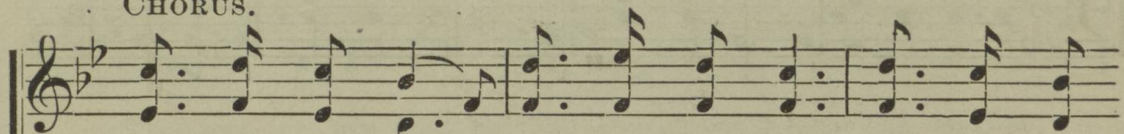
1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;
2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man - sions be;
3. Near - er the bound of life, Where bur - dens are laid down;
4. Be near me when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the brink;



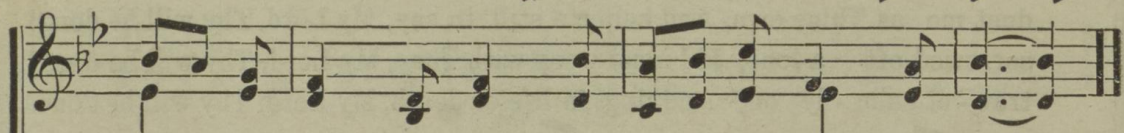
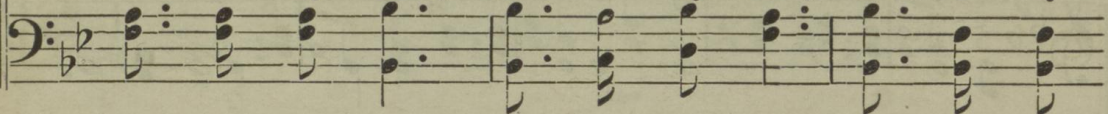
I'm near - er home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.  
Near - er the great white throne to - day, Near - er the crys - tal sea.  
Near - er to leave the cross to - day, And near - er to the crown.  
For I am near - er home to - day, Per - haps, than now I think.



## CHORUS.



Near - er my home, Near - er my home, Near - er my



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



# No. 22.

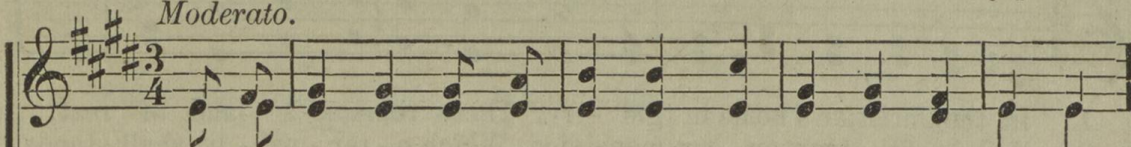
# Jewels.

“And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.”—MALACHI 3: 17.

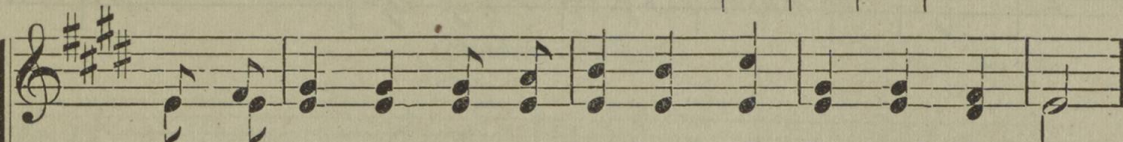
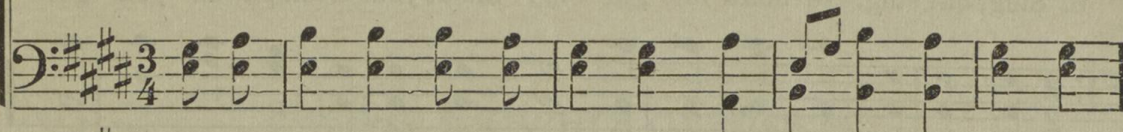
Rev. W. O. Cushing.

Geo. F. Root. By per.

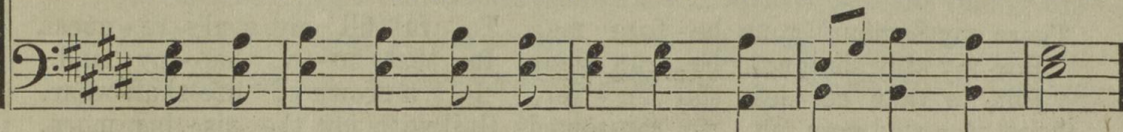
*Moderato.*



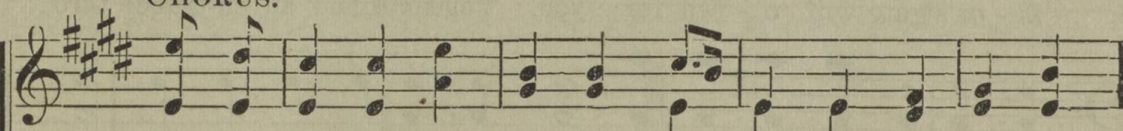
1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew-els,
2. He will gath-er, He will gath-er The gems for His king-dom;
3. Lit - tle chil-dren, lit - tle chil-dren, Who love their Re-deem-er,



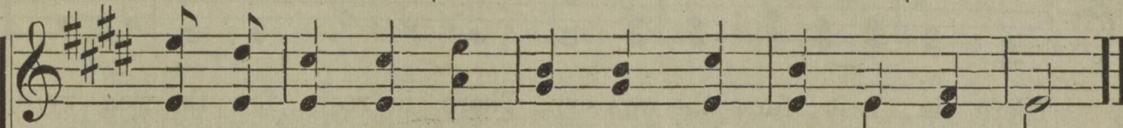
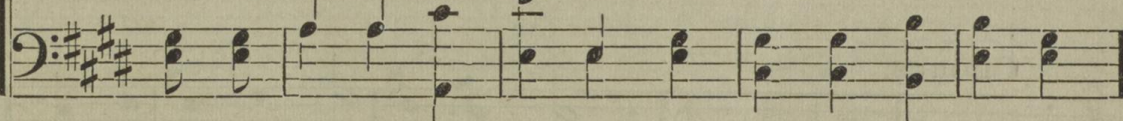
All His jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His own.  
All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.  
Are the jew-els, pre-cious jew-els; His loved and His own.



## CHORUS.



Like the stars of the morn-ing, His bright crown a-dorn-ing,



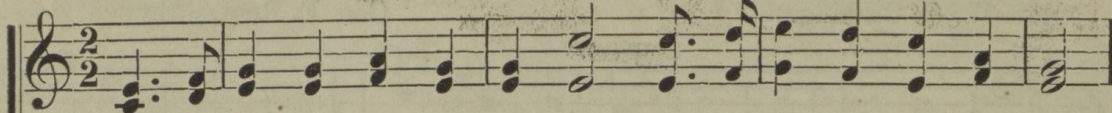
They shall shine in their beau-ty, Bright gems for His crown.



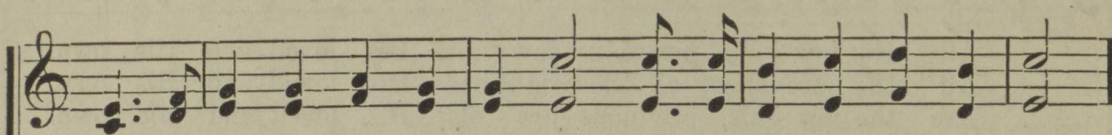
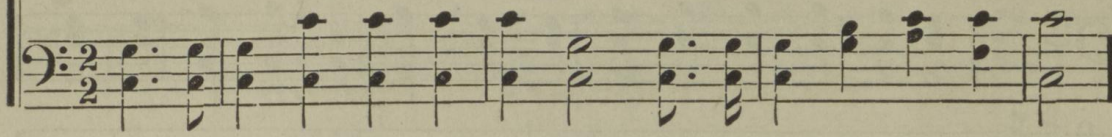
# No. 23. Rest for the Weary.

William Hunter. 1857.

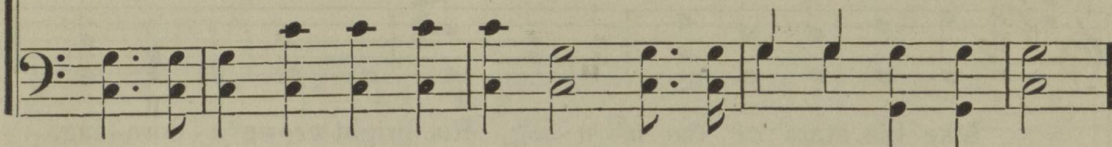
J. W. Dadmun. 1860.



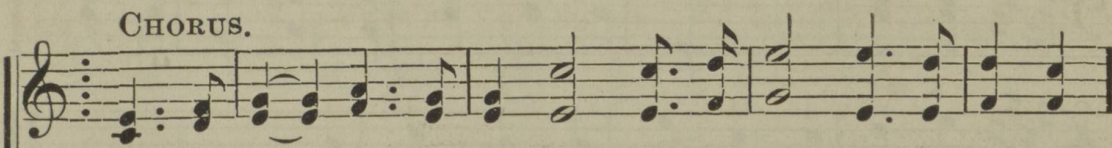
1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There remains a land of rest;
2. He is fit - ting up my man - sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand;
3. Pain and sick-ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
4. Death it-self shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be with-drawn;
5. Sing, oh! sing, ye heirs of glo - ry! Shout your triumph as you go;



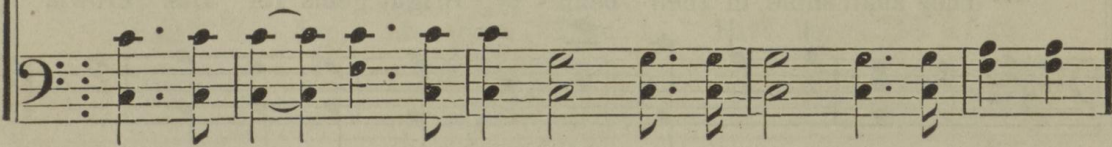
There my Saviour's gone be - fore me, To ful-fill my soul's re - quest.  
For my stay shall not be tran-sient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land.  
But, in that ce - les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.  
Shout for glad-ness, oh, ye ran-somed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.  
Zi - on's gate will o - pen for you, You shall find an en-trance thro'.



## CHORUS.



There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,  
On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,



## Rest for the Weary.

There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you.  
Where the tree of life is bloom - ing, There is rest for you.

The musical score for 'Rest for the Weary' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics printed below the upper staff.

## No. 24. Sweet Flowers of Morn.

(Funeral of Child.)

Peter Ritter.

1. As the sweet flow'r that scents the morn, But withers with the ris - ing day—  
2. Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade, Death timely came with friendly care;  
3. Died without sin, and all its woes, Ne'er for a mo - ment felt the rod—

The musical score for 'Sweet Flowers of Morn' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics printed below the upper staff.

Thus love - ly seemed the infant's dawn; Thus swiftly fled its life a - way!  
The open - ing bud to heav'n conveyed, And bade it bloom for - ev - er there.  
On love's tri - umph - ant wing it rose, To rest for - ev - er with its God.

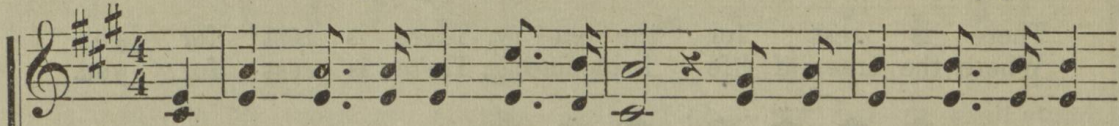
This block contains the continuation of the musical score for 'Sweet Flowers of Morn'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in Bb and 3/4 time. The melody continues from the previous block, with lyrics printed below the treble staff.

# No. 25. The Home Over There.

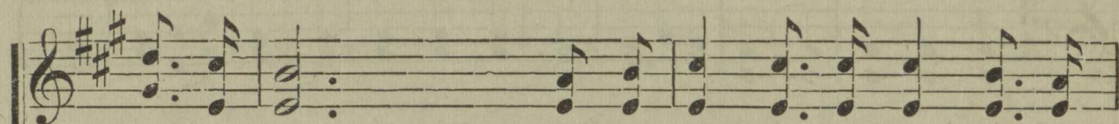
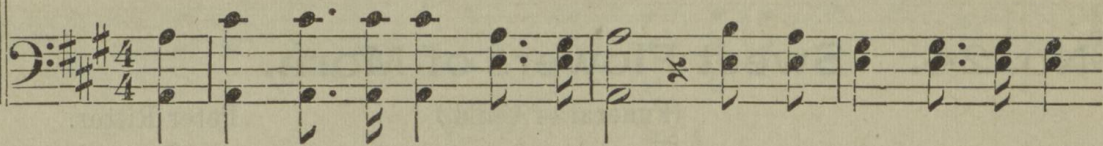
"O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."  
 —PSALM 55: 6.

Rev. D. W. C. Huntington.

Tullius C. O'Kane. By per.



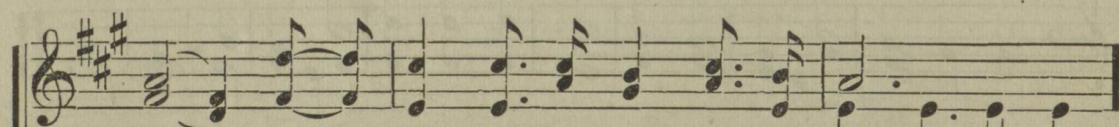
1. Oh, think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv-  
 2. Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour-  
 3. My Sav - iour is now o - ver there, There my kindred and friends  
 4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour-



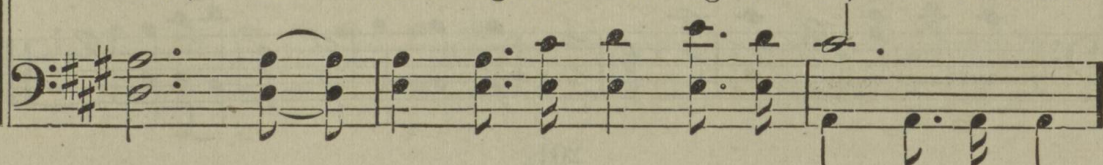
er of light, Where the saints, all im - mor - tal and  
 ney have trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the  
 are at rest; Then a - way from my sor - row and  
 ney I see; Ma - ny dear to my heart o - ver



o - ver there,



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



# The Home Over There.

## REFRAIN,

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

o - ver there,                      o - ver there,

home o - ver there, o - ver there; O-ver there, o - ver there, o - ver  
 friends o - ver there, o - ver there; O-ver there, o - ver there, o - ver  
 now o - ver there, o - ver there; O-ver there, o - ver there, o - ver  
 home o - ver there, o - ver there; O-ver there, o - ver there, o - ver

o - ver there,                      o - ver there,

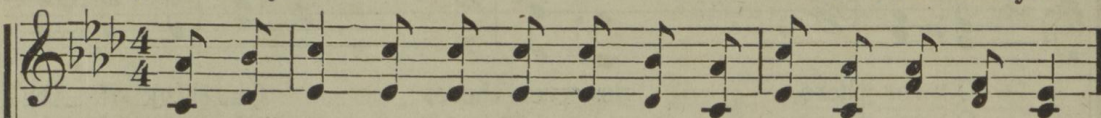
there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there.  
 there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the friends o - ver there.  
 there, o - ver there, My Sav - iour is now o - ver there.  
 there, o - ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.



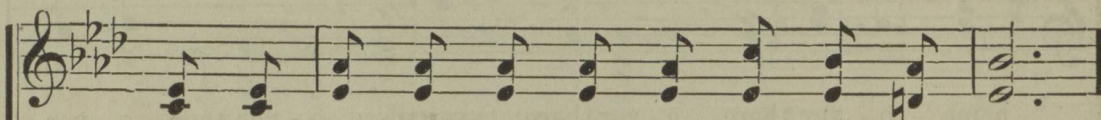
# No. 26. My Saviour First of All.

Fanny J. Crosby.

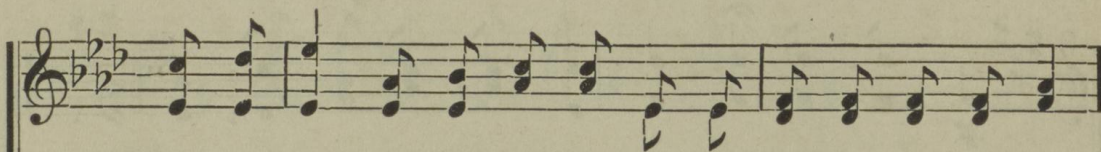
Jno. R. Sweney.



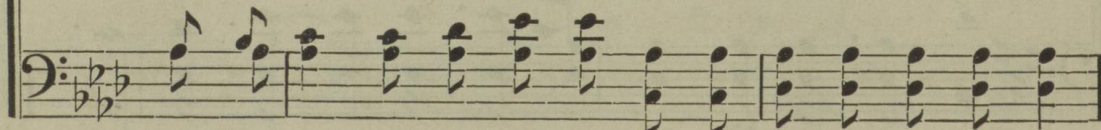
1. When my life-work is end - ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide,
2. O the soul-thrill-ing rap-ture when I view His bless-ed face,
3. O the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck - on me to come,
4. Thro' the gates of the cit - y, in a robe of spot-less white,



When the bright and glo - rious morn - ing I shall see;  
And the lus - tre of His kind - ly beam - ing eye;  
And our part - ing at the riv - er I re - call;  
He will lead me where no tears will ev - er fall;



I shall know my Re-deem - er when I reach the oth - er side,  
How my full heart will praise Him for the mer - cy, love, and grace,  
To the sweet vales of E - den they will sing my welcome home;  
In the glad song of a - ges I shall min - gle with de-light;



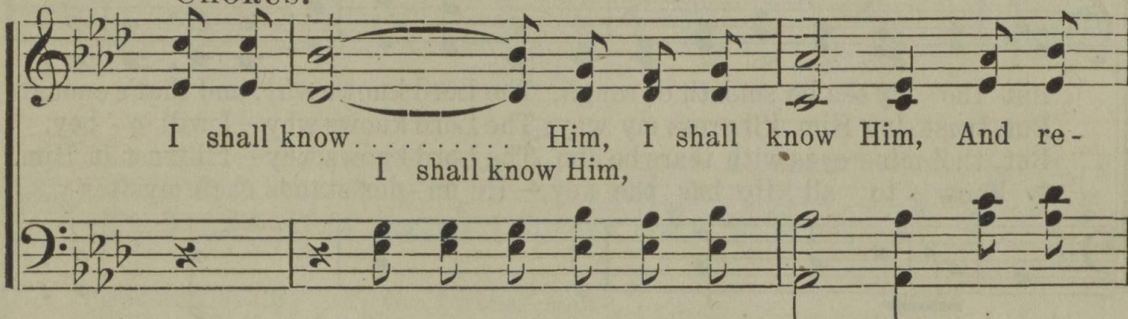
Copyright, 1891, by Jno. R. Sweney. Used by per. of John J. Hood.

# My Saviour First of All.

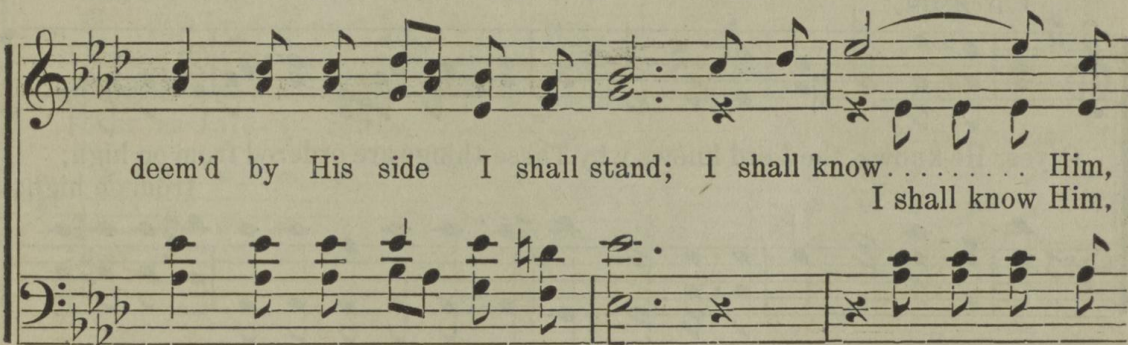


And His smile will be the first to wel - come me.  
That pre - pares for me a man - sion in the sky.  
But I long to meet my Sav - iour first of all.  
But I long to meet my Sav - iour first of all.

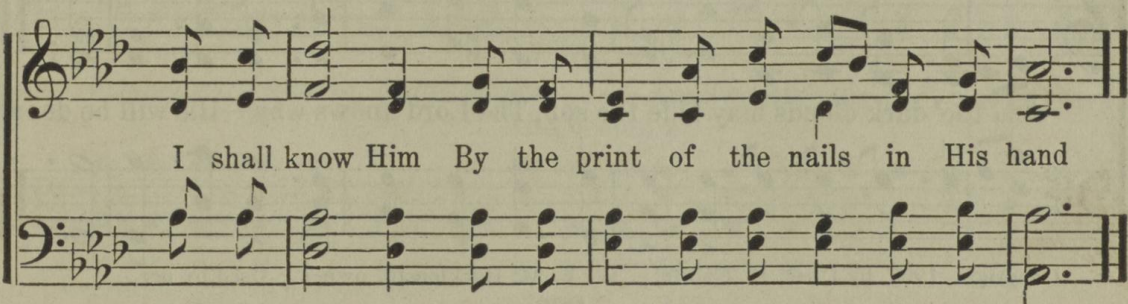
## CHORUS.



I shall know . . . . . Him, I shall know Him, And re -  
I shall know Him,



deem'd by His side I shall stand; I shall know . . . . . Him,  
I shall know Him,



I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand

# No. 27. The Lord Knows Why.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

SOLO.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I may not know the reason why Dark clouds so oft - en veil the sky,  
2. I may not know why I am led So oft - en in the paths I dread,  
3. I may not know why death should come To take the dear ones from my home,  
4. So, tho' I may not un-der-stand The lead-ings of my Fa-ther's hand,

But tho' my sea be smooth or rough, The Lord knows why, and that's enough.  
But, trust -ing Him, I'll press my way; The Lord knows why—I will o - bey.  
But, tho' mine eyes with tears be dim, The Lord knows why—I'll trust in Him.  
I know to all He has the key,—He un - der-stands each mys-ter-y.

## CHORUS.

O yes, He knows, the Lord knows why These things are ordered from on high;  
from on high;

And tho' dark clouds may hide the sun, The Lord knows why—His will be done.

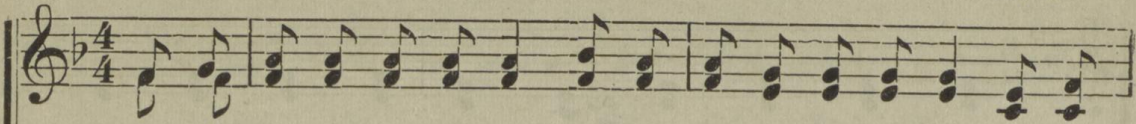
No. 28.

Golden Harps.

May be used as a Soprano and Tenor Duet.

P. H.

J. H. F.



- 1. O'er the dark and silent stream, Comes to us a cheering gleam, Of the  
D.C. *And our loved ones wait, we know, While we shrink and fear to go, To that*
- 2. We must hear the solemn knell, We must say the sad farewell, While with-  
And our hearts would sink with grief, Had we not the sweet re-lief Of a
- 3. Soon the evening shades will fall, Soon will sound the boatman's call, And our  
But the Hand that led us here Will not fail us in our fear, It will



FINE. CHORUS.



light and beauty of the farther shore, }  
*sun-ny land to dwell for ev - er - more.* } Golden harps . . . . . are loud-ly  
 in this land of part-ings we a-bide, }  
 Friend that standeth ev-er at our side. }  
 fragile bark must launch in-to the night, }  
 bear us safe-ly to the shores of light. } Gold-en harps are loud-ly



D. C.



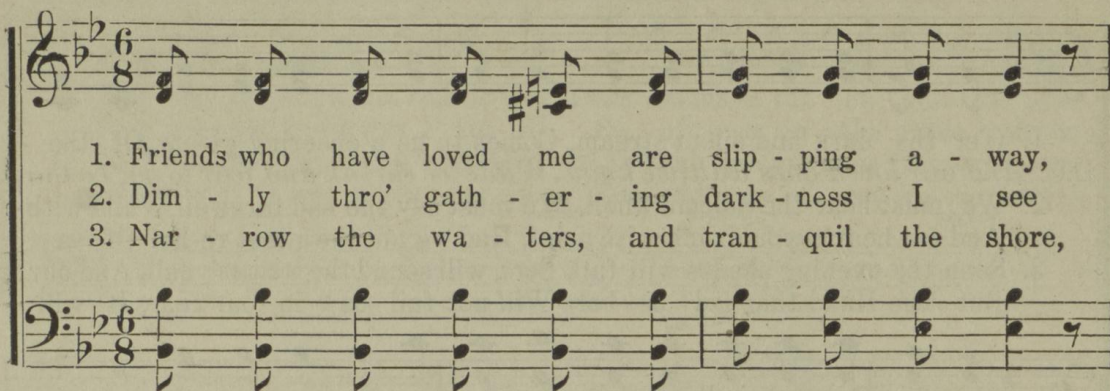
ring-ing o - ver there, Angel choirs . . . . . are sweetly sing-ing o - ver there.  
 An-gel choirs



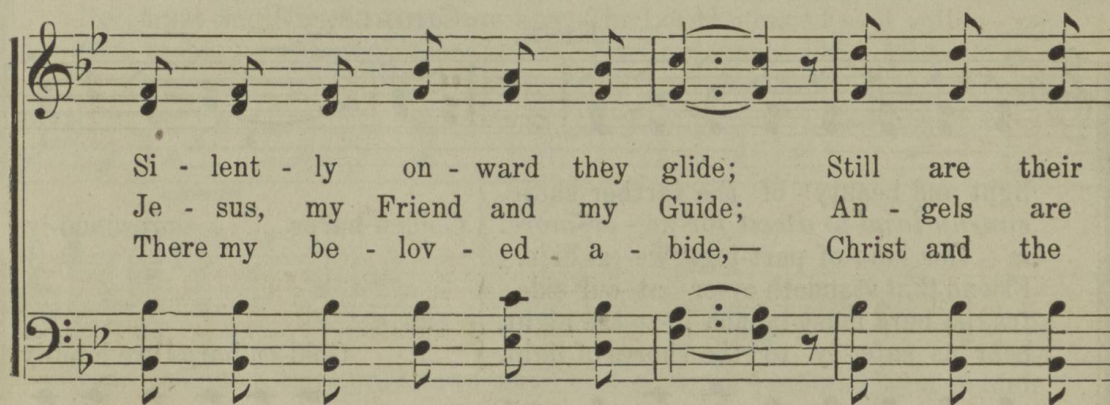
# No. 29. Calling Me Over the Tide.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

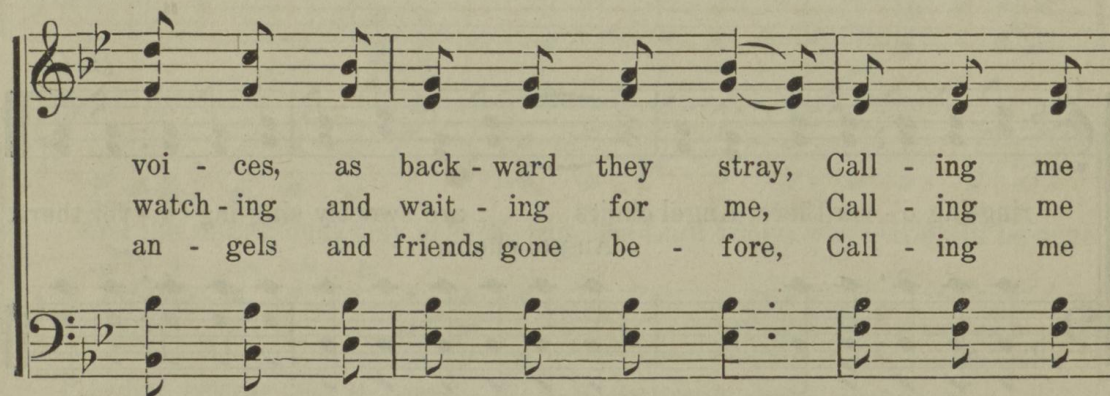
J. H. F.



1. Friends who have loved me are slip - ping a - way,  
2. Dim - ly thro' gath - er - ing dark - ness I see  
3. Nar - row the wa - ters, and tran - quil the shore,



Si - lent - ly on - ward they glide; Still are their  
Je - sus, my Friend and my Guide; An - gels are  
There my be - lov - ed a - bide,— Christ and the



voi - ces, as back - ward they stray, Call - ing me  
watch - ing and wait - ing for me, Call - ing me  
an - gels and friends gone be - fore, Call - ing me

# Calling Me Over the Tide.

## REFRAIN.

o - ver the tide. Call - ing to me,

call - ing to me, Loved ones are call - ing me

o - ver the tide; They are call - ing to me,

*Rit.*  
call - ing to me, Call - ing me o - ver the tide.

# No. 30. There'll Be No Night There.

Rev. 27: 23, 25.

Ida L. Reed.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. There'll be no night there, where God's chil - dren meet  
 2. There'll be no night there, nei - ther death nor pain  
 3. There'll be no night there, in that land of rest,

With the sav'd and blest, O the thought is sweet! There'll be  
 E'er can en - ter in with their som - bre train; Past the  
 Op - ly light and love, end - less joys so blest; No more

no night there, nei - ther grief nor tears In the  
 cit - y gates no more loss - es come, Not a  
 part - ing hours in that cit - y fair, But e -

Copyright, 1905, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, 2009 N. Fifteenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

# There'll Be No Night There.

## CHORUS.

man-sions fair thro' the end-less years.  
sigh, nor care reach our heav'n-ly home. There'll be no night  
ter-nal life; there'll be no night there.

there, in that cit-y fair, For the Lamb is the light;

there'll be no night there; There'll be no night there, there'll be

no night there, O-ver in that home-land, no night there.



# No. 31. The Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett.

Jos. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day,  
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore,  
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove,

And by faith we can see it a - far; For the  
The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our  
We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the

Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a  
spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the  
glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the bless - ings that

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# The Sweet By-and-By.

## CHORUS.

dwel - ing - place there. In the sweet by - and-  
bless - ing of rest.  
hal - low our days. In the sweet

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

shore, In the sweet by - and -  
by - and - by, by - and - by,

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

# No. 32.

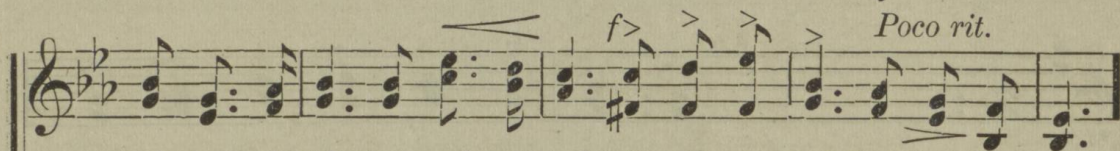
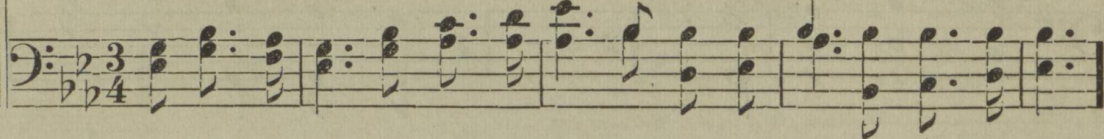
# God Knows Best.

Words and Music by J. C. Starbuck.

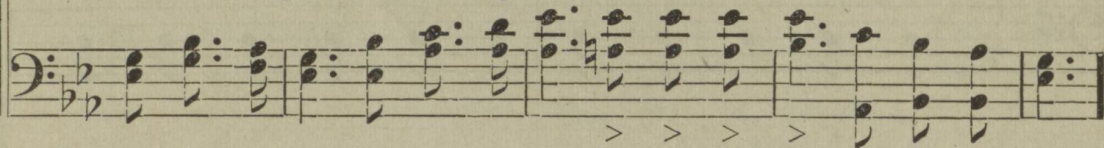
*mf* *Tempo moderato.*



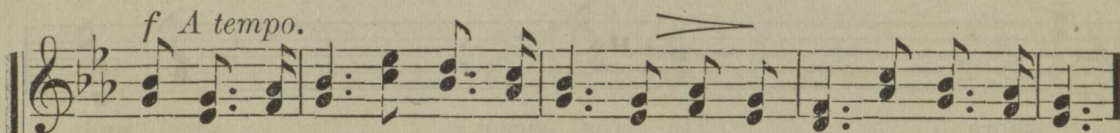
1. In wondrous ways God leads me on, And turns my sor-row in - to song,
2. That precious peace I oft have felt, When in His presence I have knelt,
3. His wondrous words inspire my heart, With truths I long to e'er im-part,



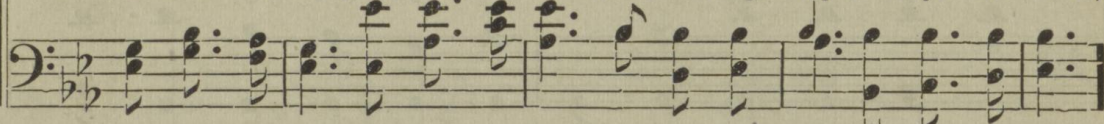
And when I fol - low and am blest, I tru - ly find that God knows best.  
 That peace I know has bro't sweet rest, And thus I find that God knows best.  
 And thus im-plant - ed in my breast, I find the tho't that God knows best.



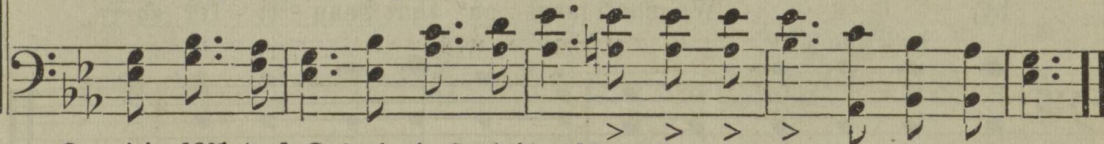
*f* *A tempo.*



Yes, God knows best, yes, God knows best, Thro' His great pow'r my soul is blest,



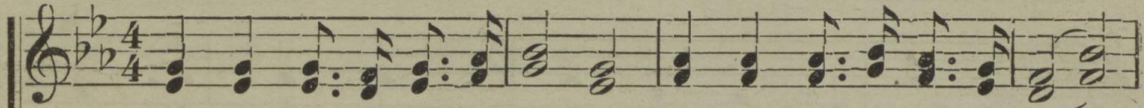
Thro' His great pow'r my soul is blest, And thus I find that God knows best.



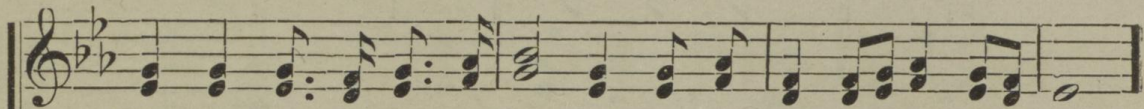
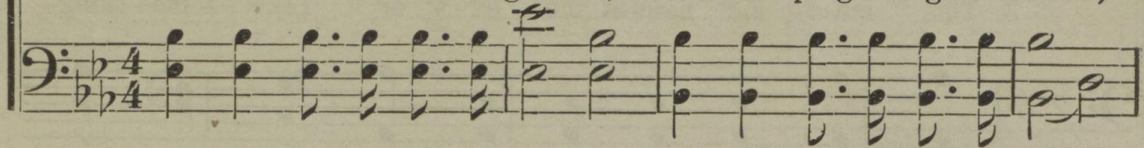
# No. 33. Shall We Gather At the River?

Robert Lowry.

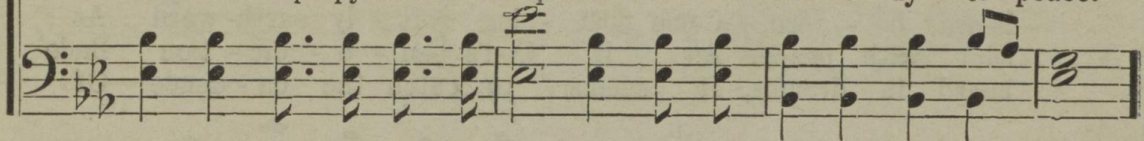
Robert Lowry. By per.



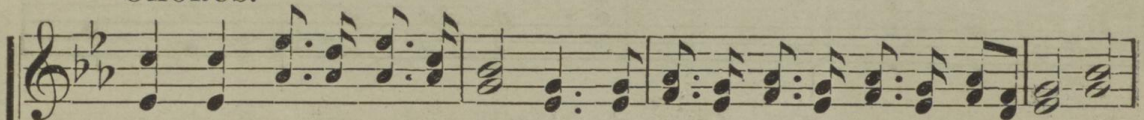
1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright angel feet have trod,
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. On the bo - som of the riv - er, Where the Saviour King we own,
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease,



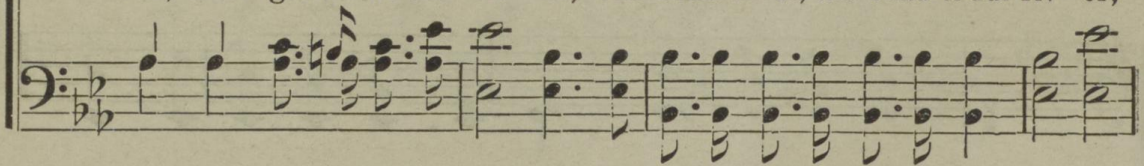
With its crys-tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing from the throne of God?  
We shall walk and wor-ship ev - er, All the hap-py gold - en day.  
We shall meet and sor-row nev - er, Neath the glo - ry of the throne.  
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiver With the mel - o - dy of peace.



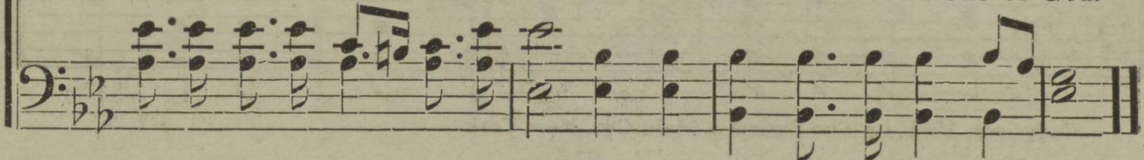
## CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er,



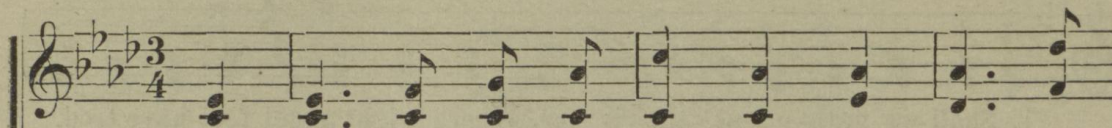
Gather with the saints at the riv - er That flows from the throne of God.



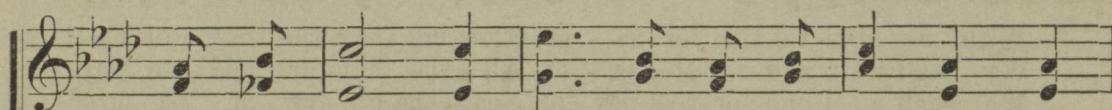
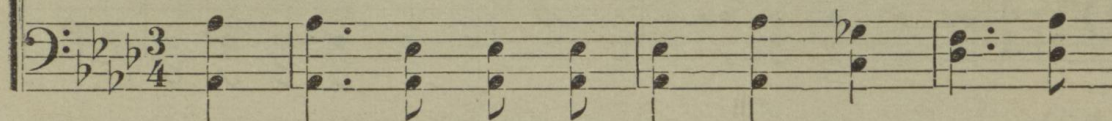
# No. 34. A Song of Heaven and Homeland.

Eben E. Rexford.

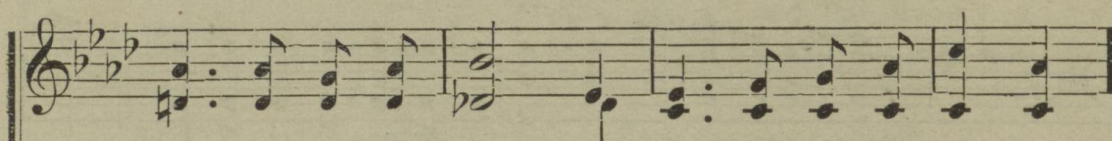
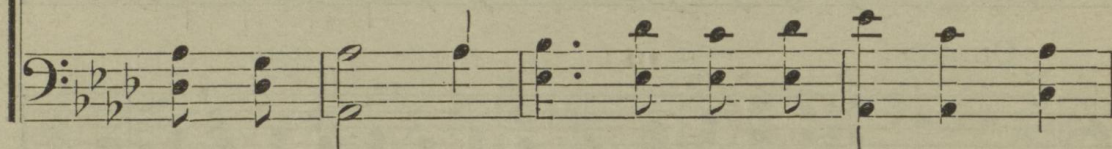
Ira D. Sankey.



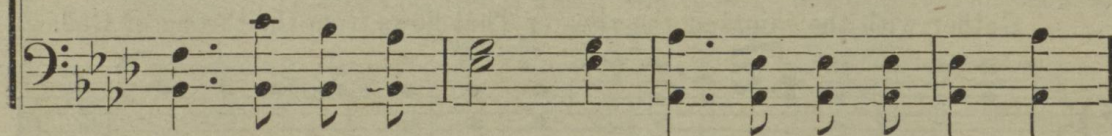
1. Some - times I hear strange mu - sic, Like none e'er  
2. Now soft, and low, and rest - ful It floods my  
3. This mu - sic haunts me ev - er Like some - thing



heard be - fore, Come float - ing soft - ly earth - ward As  
soul with peace, As if God's ben - e - dic - tion Bade  
heard in dreams, It seems to catch the ca - dence Of



thro' Heav'n's o - pen door; It seems like an - gel voic - es,  
all earth's trou - bles cease. Then grand - er than the voic - es  
heav'n - ly winds and streams. My heart is filled with rap - ture,



## A Song of Heaven and Homeland.

In strains of joy and love, That swell the might - y  
Of wind, and wave, and sea, It fills the dome of  
To think, some day to come, I'll sing it with the

### CHORUS.

cho - rus, A - round the throne a - bove.  
Heav - en With glo - rious har - mo - ny. O sweet, un -  
an - gels, — The song of Heav'n and home.

earth - ly mu - sic, Heard from a land a - far — The

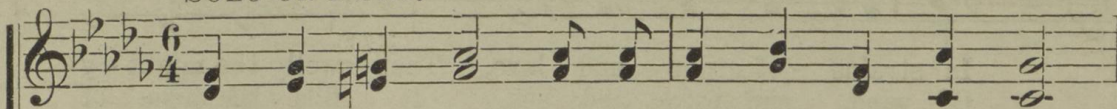
song of Heav'n and Home - land, Thro' doors God leaves a - jar.

# No. 35. Under His Wings.

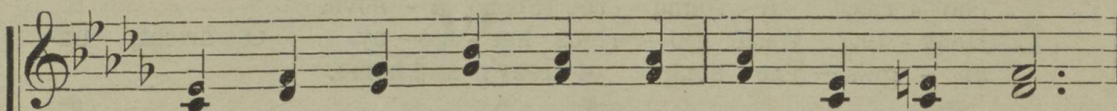
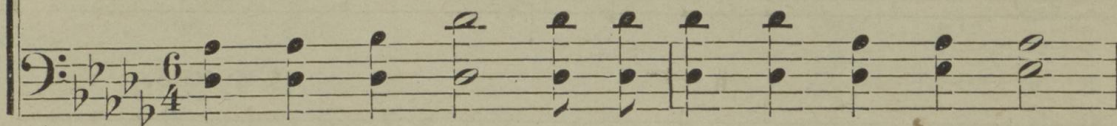
William O. Cushing.

Ira D. Sankey.

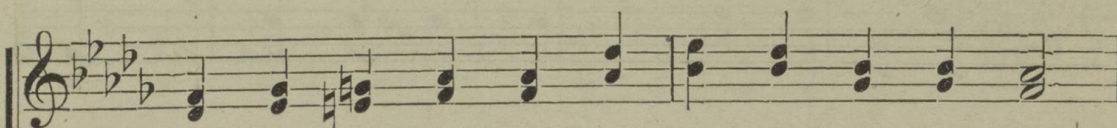
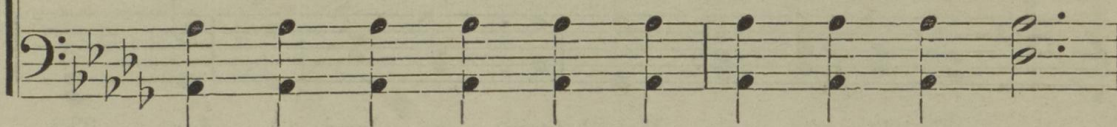
SOLO OR DUET.



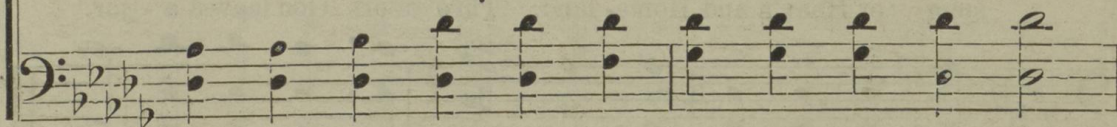
1. Un - der His wings I am safe - ly a - bid - ing;  
2. Un - der His wings, what a ref - uge in sor - row;  
3. Un - der His wings, O what pre - cious en - joy - ment!



Tho' the night deep - ens and tem - pests are wild,  
How the heart yearn - ing - ly turns to His rest!  
There will I hide till life's tri - als are o'er;



Still I can trust Him; I know He will keep me;  
Oft - ten when earth has no balm for my heal - ing,  
Shel - tered, pro - tect - ed, no e - vil can harm me;



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# Under His Wings.

He has re - deemed me, and I am His child.  
There I find com - fort, and there I am blest.  
Rest - ing in Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

## CHORUS.

Un - der His wings, un - der His wings, Who from His

love can sev - er?..... Un - der His wings my

soul shall a - bide, Safe - ly a - bide for - ev - er.

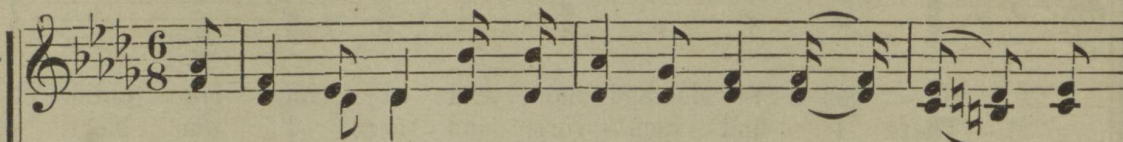


No. 36.

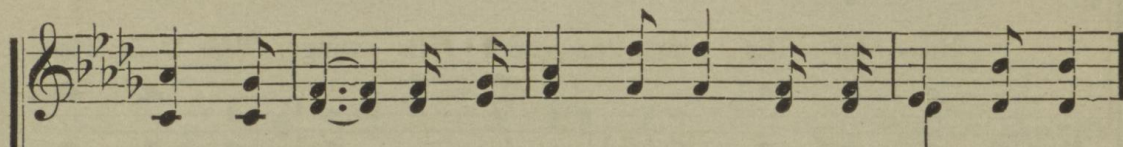
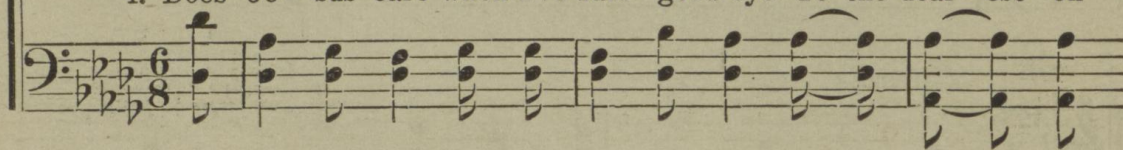
Does Jesus Care?

Rev. Frank E. Graeff.

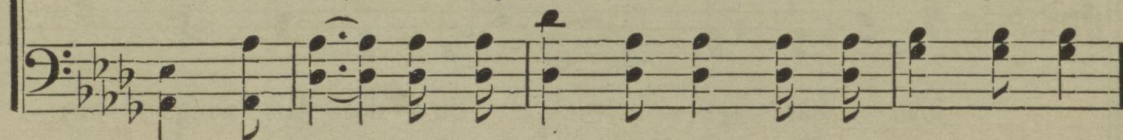
J. Lincoln Hall.



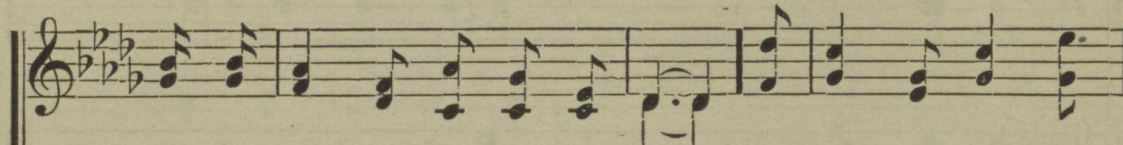
1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep - ly for
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp -
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dear - est on



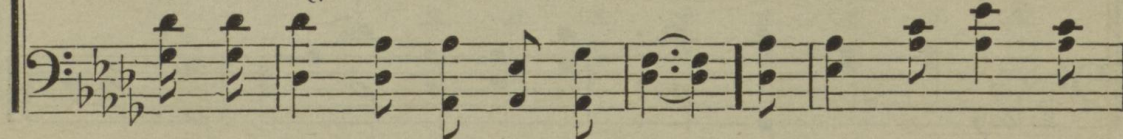
mirth or song? As the burd - ens press, and the cares dis - tress,  
 dread and fear? As the day - light fades in - to deep night shades,  
 ta - tion strong? When in my deep grief I find no re - lief,  
 earth to me, And my sad heart aches till it near - ly breaks—



CHORUS.



And the way grows wea - ry and long?  
 Does He care e - nough to be near? O yes, He cares; I  
 Tho' my tears flow all the night long?  
 Is this naught to Him? does He see?



# Does Jesus Care?

know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief; When the days are

The first system of musical notation for 'Does Jesus Care?' consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melody with a long note on 'grief;' and a phrase 'When the days are'. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

wea-ry, the long nights dreary, I know my Sav-iour cares. He cares.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff ends with a double bar line. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

## No. 37. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

(Martyn.)

S. B. Marsh.

The first system of musical notation for 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul.' is in 6/4 time and features a simple harmonic accompaniment in the bass staff and a melody in the treble staff.

FINE. D.C.

The second system of musical notation concludes the piece. It includes a 'FINE.' marking above the treble staff and a 'D.C.' (Da Capo) marking above the final measure. The notation shows a final cadence in both staves.

# No. 38. Peaceful Slumber.

W. B. Carnes.

J. H. Rosecrans.

DUET. *Moderato.*

1. Peace - ful be thy slum - ber, ev - - er,  
 2. Peace - ful in the grave we leave thee,  
 3. Peace - ful has thy spir - it left us,  
 4. Peace - ful in the arms of Je - - sus,

All thy war-fare now is o'er; Thou wilt wake to sor-row  
 There to wait the trumpet's call; Cares of earth no more shall  
 And the part-ing gives no pain; Tho' thy go - ing has be-  
 Close - ly nest-ling on His breast; Thou hast gone to join the

nev - er, Con - flict thou shalt know no more.  
 grieve thee, Thou art rest - ing from them all.  
 reft us, We shall meet to live a - gain.  
 ran - somed, In that home for - ev - er blest.

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## Peaceful Slumber.

CHORUS.

Peaceful, peaceful, peaceful, peaceful, Close be-side your Saviour's throne,

Peaceful, peaceful, peaceful, peaceful, Lo, the Lord has claimed His own.

No. 39.

Hursley. L. M.

J. Keble.

Arr. by W. H. Monk.

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

O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.  
 Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Saviour's breast!  
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.  
 A-bide with me till, in Thy love, I lose my-self in heaven a-bove.

# No. 40. Home, Sweet Home.

David Denham.

Henry R. Bishop.

1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu-sion and crea-ture complaints, How sweet to my  
2. Sweet bonds that u - nite all the chil-dren of peace! And thrice precious  
3. While here in the val-ley of con-flict I stay, O give me sub-

soul is com-mun-ion of saints; To find at the ban-quet of  
Je - sus, whose love can - not cease! Tho' oft from Thy pres-ence in  
mis-sion, and strength as my day; In all my af - fic-tions to

mer - cy there's room, And feel in the pres-ence of Je - sus at home.  
sad - ness I roam, I long to be-hold Thee in glo - ry at home.  
Thee I would come, Re - joi-cing in hope of my glo - ri-ous home.

## REFRAIN.

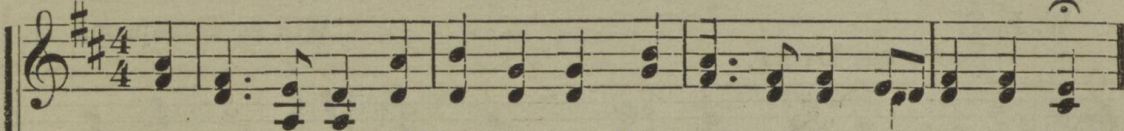
Home, home! sweet, sweet home! Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

No. 41.

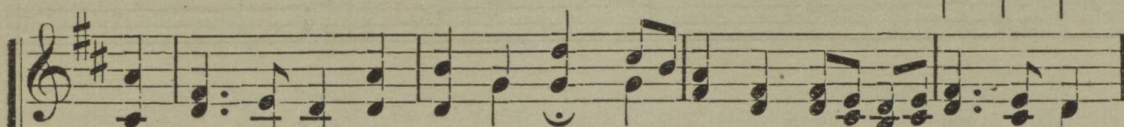
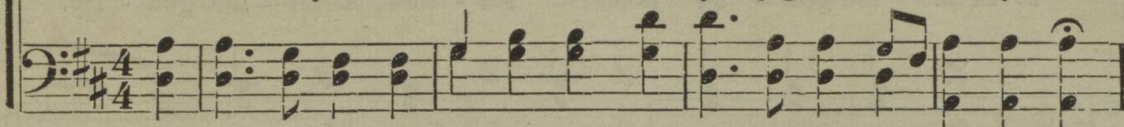
He Leadeth Me.

Jos. H. Gilmore.

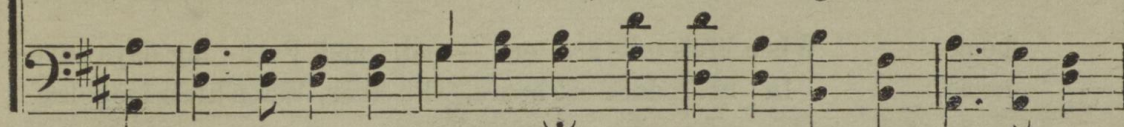
Wm. B. Bradbury.



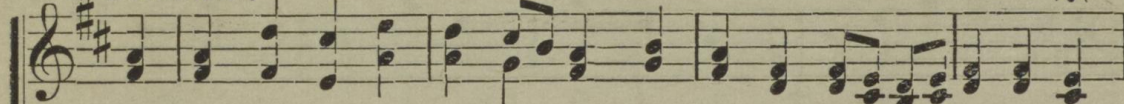
1. He lead-eth me! oh! blessed tho't, Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Some-times where Eden's bowers bloom!
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re-pine—
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,



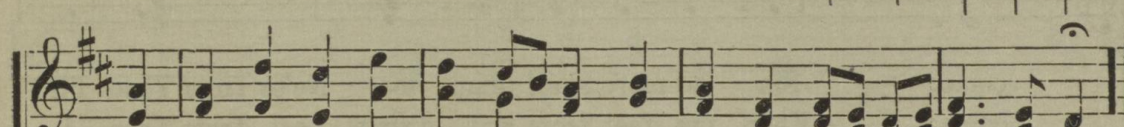
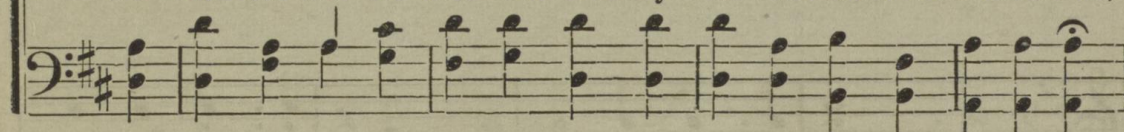
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.  
 By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.  
 Con-tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.  
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God through Jordan lead-eth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



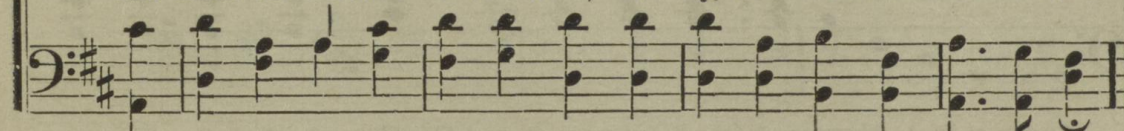
REFRAIN.



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



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



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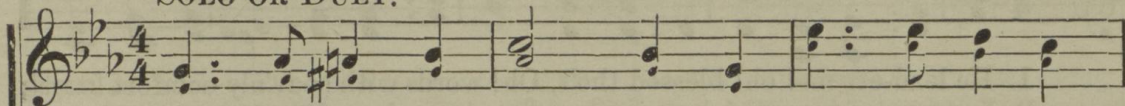
# No. 42. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

PSALM 31: 3.

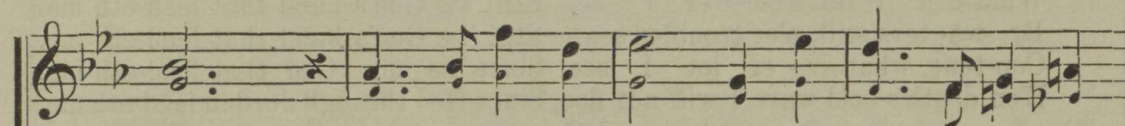
W. L. T.

Will L. Thompson.

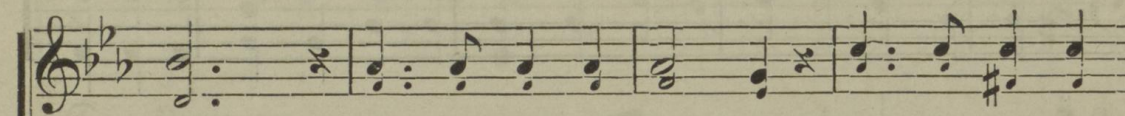
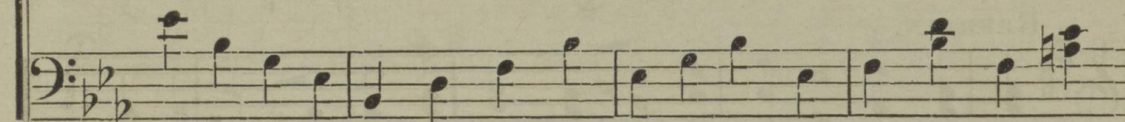
SOLO OR DUET.



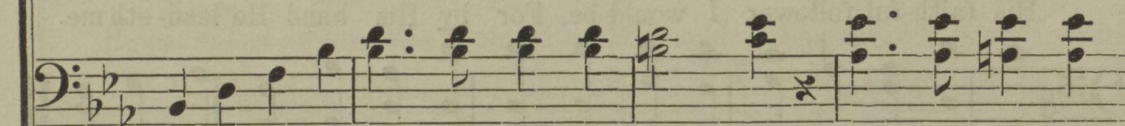
1. Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly  
2. Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly



home, When life's toils are end - ed, and Part - ing days have  
home, In life's dark-est hours, Fa-ther, When life's troubles



come; Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from Thee I'll  
come; Keep my feet from wan - d'ring, Lest from Thee I



By per. of W. L. Thompson & Co., E. Liverpool, O., and The Thompson Music Co., Chicago.

# Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

*Rit. p*

roam, If Thou'lt on - ly lead me, Fa - ther, Lead me  
 roam; Lest I fall up - on the way - side, Lead me

## CHORUS.

gen - tly home. Lead me gen - tly  
 gen - tly home. Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther,

home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly Lest I fall up -  
 Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther,

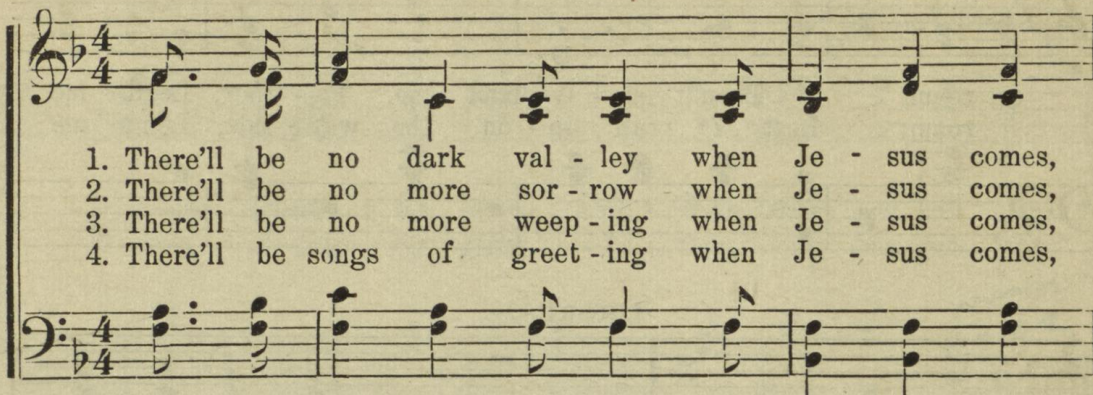
on the way - side, Lead me gen - tly home.  
 gen - tly home.



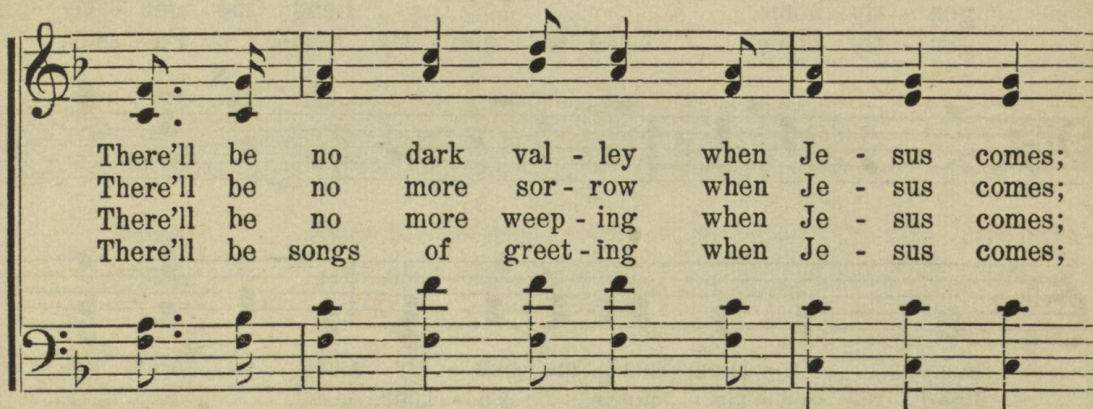
# No. 43. There'll Be No Dark Valley.

William O. Cushing.

Ira D. Sankey.



1. There'll be no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes,  
2. There'll be no more sor - row when Je - sus comes,  
3. There'll be no more weep - ing when Je - sus comes,  
4. There'll be songs of greet - ing when Je - sus comes,



There'll be no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes;  
There'll be no more sor - row when Je - sus comes;  
There'll be no more weep - ing when Je - sus comes;  
There'll be songs of greet - ing when Je - sus comes;



There'll be no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes,  
But a glo - rious mor - row when Je - sus comes,  
But a bless - ed reap - ing when Je - sus comes,  
And a joy - ful meet - ing when Je - sus comes,

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# There'll Be No Dark Valley,

REFRAIN.

To gath - er His loved ones home. To gath er His

loved ones home, (safe home,) To gath - er His loved ones

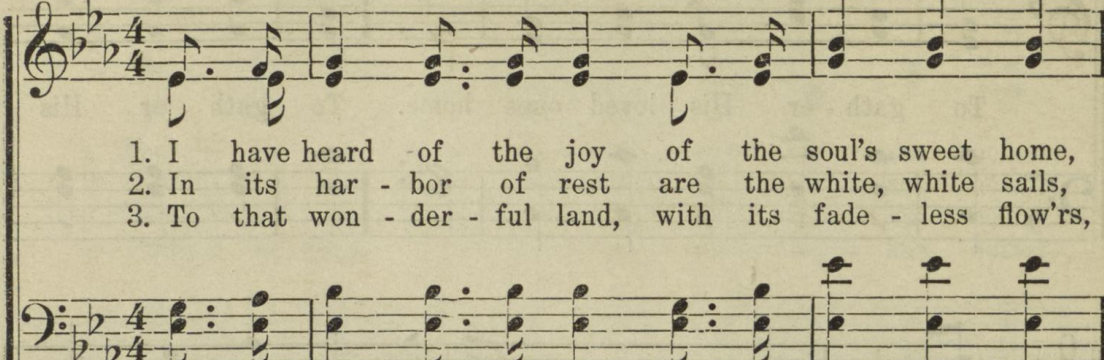
home; (safe home;) There'll be no dark val - ley when

Je - sus comes To gath - er His loved ones home.

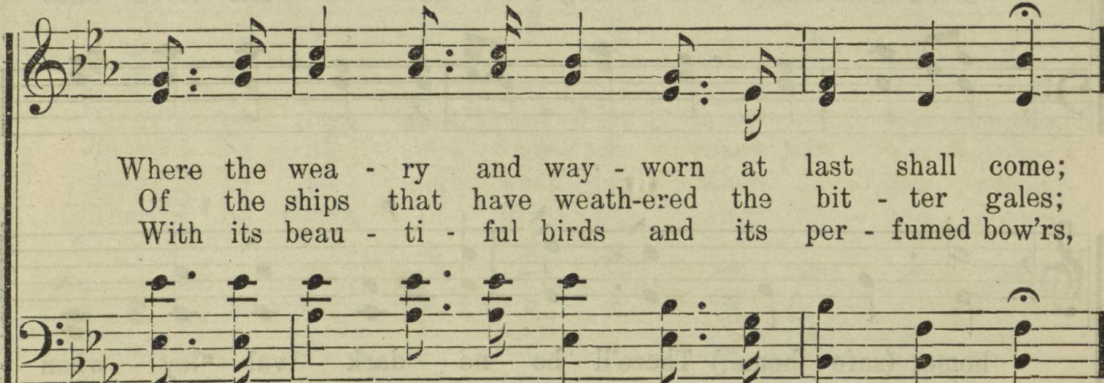
# No. 44. The Soul's Sweet Home.

Mrs. A. L. Davison.

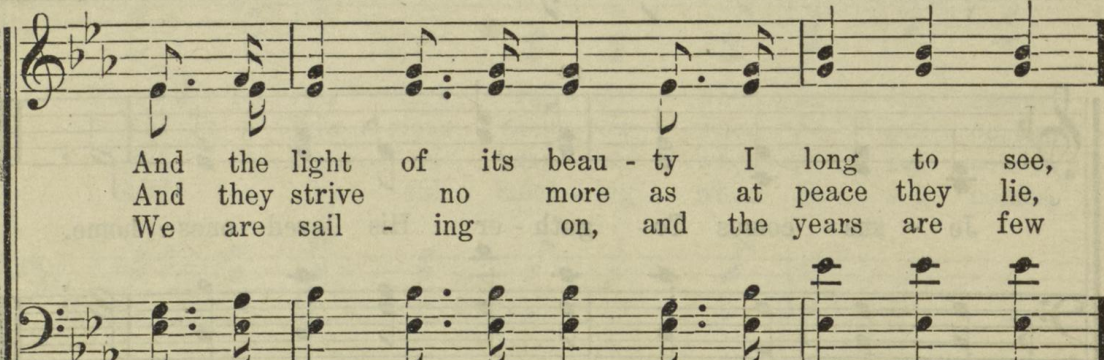
J. H. F.



1. I have heard of the joy of the soul's sweet home,  
2. In its har - bor of rest are the white, white sails,  
3. To that won - der - ful land, with its fade - less flow'rs,



Where the wea - ry and way - worn at last shall come;  
Of the ships that have weath - ered the bit - ter gales;  
With its beau - ti - ful birds and its per - fumed bow'rs,



And the light of its beau - ty I long to see,  
And they strive no more as at peace they lie,  
We are sail - ing on, and the years are few

## The Soul's Sweet Home.

When the glo - ry of heav - en shall shine on me.  
For the storms of the earth - life have all passed by.  
Ere its har - bor of rest shall ap - pear in view.

### CHORUS.

Oh, the soul's sweet home! Oh, the cit - y fair! Thro' the gold - en

gates we shall en - ter there; Oh, the light of its beau - ty I

long to see, When the glo - ry of heav - en shall shine on me.

No. 45.

Saved by Grace.

"By grace ye are saved."—EPH. 2: 5.

F. J. Crosby.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no  
 2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can - not  
 3. Some day, when fades the gold - en sun Be - neath the  
 4. Some day, till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all

more as now shall sing; But, O, the joy when  
 tell how soon 'twill be, But this I know— my  
 ro - sy - tint - ed west, My bless - ed Lord shall  
 trimm'd and burn - ing bright, That when my Sav - iour

I shall wake With - in the pal - ace of the King!  
 All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.  
 say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - - to rest.  
 ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.

# Saved by Grace.

## CHORUS.

And I shall see Him face to face,  
shall see Him face to face,

And tell the sto - ry— Saved by grace; And I shall

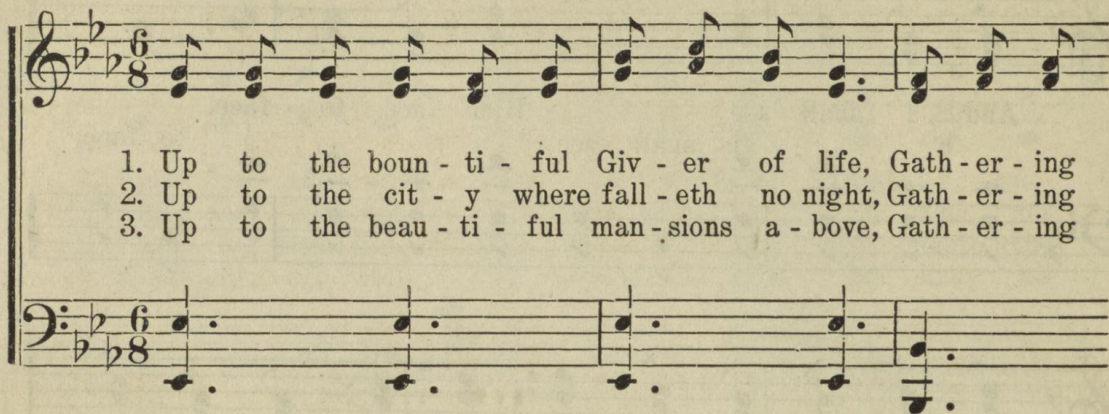
see shall see Him face to face,  
shall see Him face to face,

And tell the sto - ry— Saved by grace.

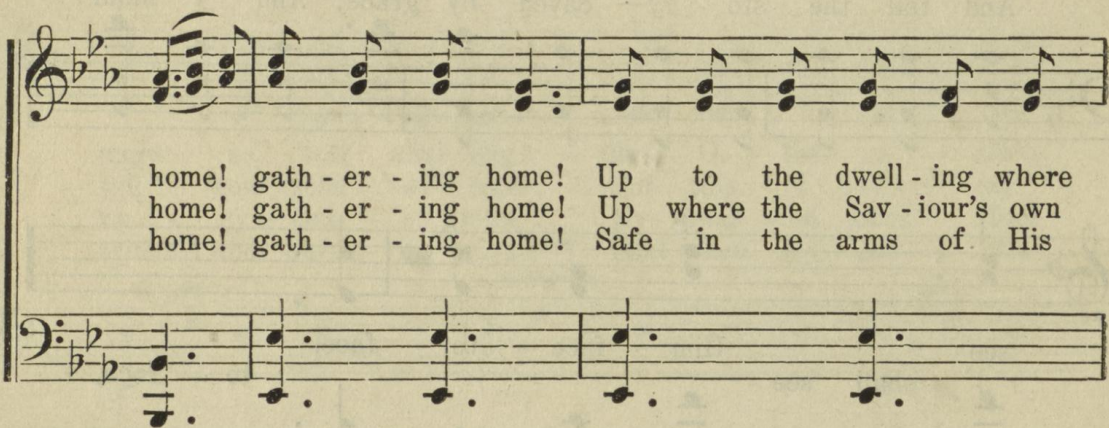
# No. 46. Gathering Home.

Miss Mariana B. Slade.

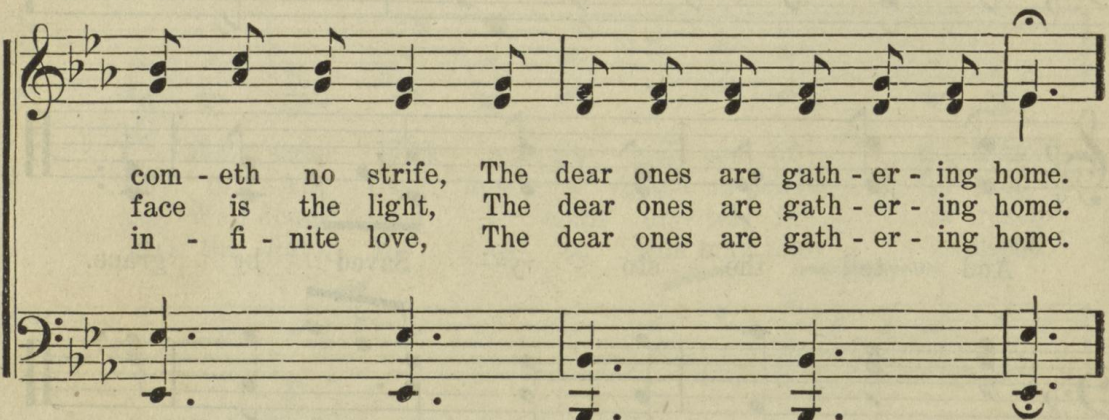
R. M. McIntosh.



1. Up to the boun - ti - ful Giv - er of life, Gath - er - ing  
2. Up to the cit - y where fall - eth no night, Gath - er - ing  
3. Up to the beau - ti - ful man - sions a - bove, Gath - er - ing



home! gath - er - ing home! Up to the dwell - ing where  
home! gath - er - ing home! Up where the Sav - iour's own  
home! gath - er - ing home! Safe in the arms of His



com - eth no strife, The dear ones are gath - er - ing home.  
face is the light, The dear ones are gath - er - ing home.  
in - fi - nite love, The dear ones are gath - er - ing home.

# Gathering Home.

CHORUS.

Gath - er - ing home!..... Gath - er - ing  
gath - er - ing home!

home!..... Nev - er to sor - row more, nev - er to  
gath - er - ing home! Nev - er to sor - row more, nev - er to

roam, Gath - er - ing home!..... Gath - er - ing  
roam, gath - er - ing home!

home!..... God's chil - dren are gath - er - ing home!  
gath - er - ing home! God's chil - dren are gath - er - ing home!



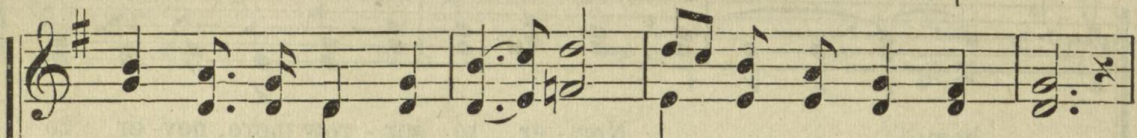
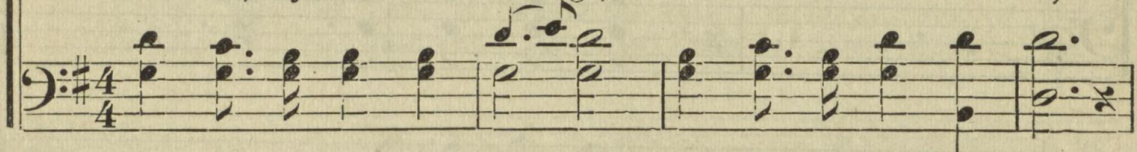
# No. 47. Safe In the Arms of Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby.

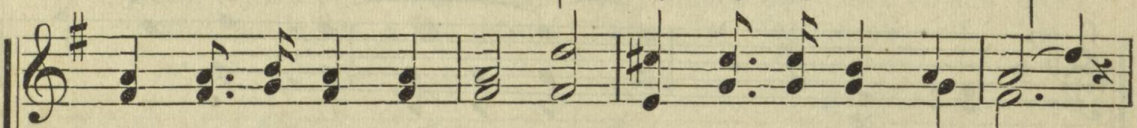
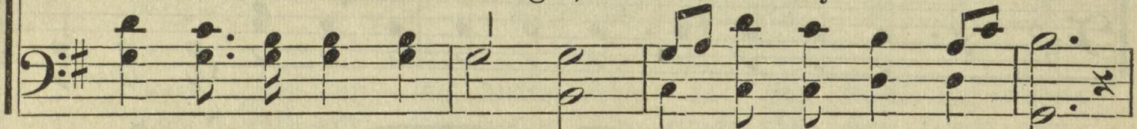
W. H. Doane.



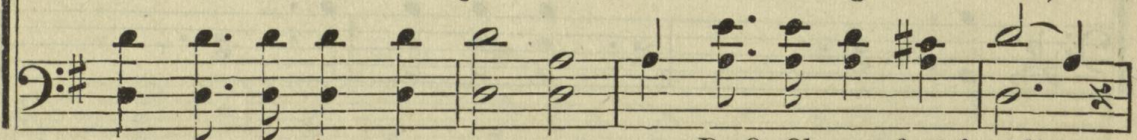
1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast—
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care;
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;



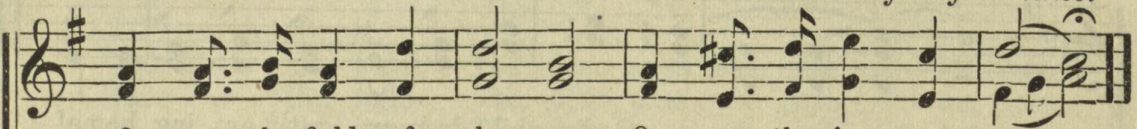
There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.  
Safe from the world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.  
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.



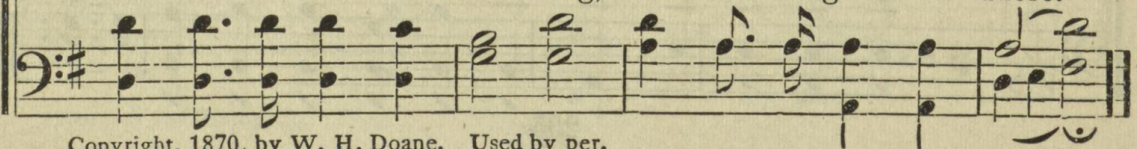
Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,  
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;  
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;



*D. C. Chorus first four lines.*



O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.  
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.  
Wait till I see the morn - ing, Break on the gold - en shore.

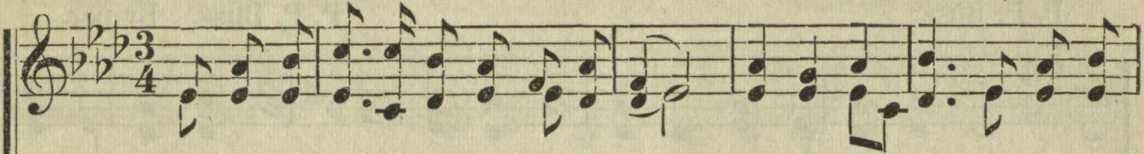


# No. 48. Lead, Kindly Light!

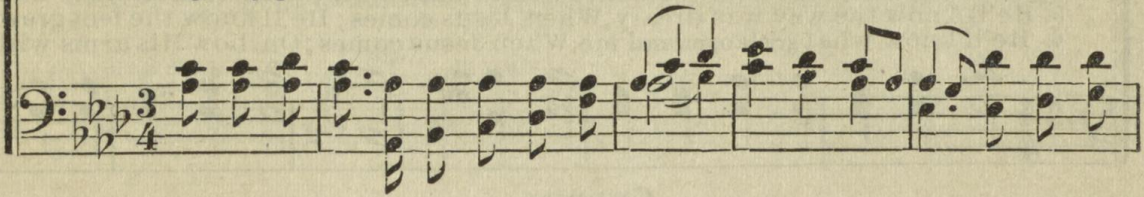
LUX BENIGNA.

J. H. Newman.

J. B. Dykes.



1. Lead, kindly Light! amid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on. The night is'
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on. I loved to
3. So long Thy power has blessed 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  
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar - ish  
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those



do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step enough for me.  
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.  
an - gel fac - es smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while.



# No. 49. When Jesus Comes.

"Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation."—HEB. 9: 28.

P. P. Bliss.

P. P. Bliss. By per.

1. Down life's dark vale we wander, Till Je-sus comes; We watch and wait and  
 2. Oh, let my lamp be burn-ing When Je-sus comes; For Him my soul be  
 3. No more heart-pangs nor sadness, When Jesus comes; All peace and joy and  
 4. All doubts and fears will vanish, When Je-sus comes; All gloom His face will  
 5. He'll know the way was dreary, When Jesus comes; He'll know the feet grew  
 6. He'll know what griefs oppressed me, When Jesus comes; Oh, how His arms will

## CHORUS.

won - der Till Je-sus comes.  
 yearning When Je-sus comes.  
 gladness When Je-sus comes. All joy His loved ones bringing, When Jesus comes:  
 ban - ish When Je-sus comes.  
 wea - ry When Je-sus comes.  
 rest me! When Je-sus comes.

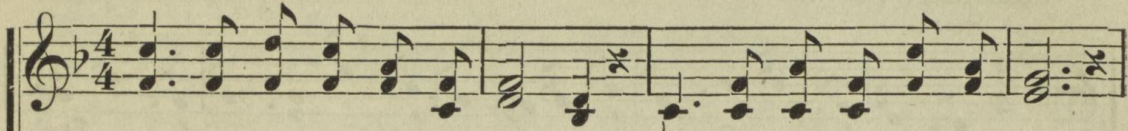
All praise thro' heav-en ring-ing, When Je-sus comes; All beau-ty bright and

vernal, When Je-sus comes; All glo-ry, grand, e-ter-nal, When Jesus comes.

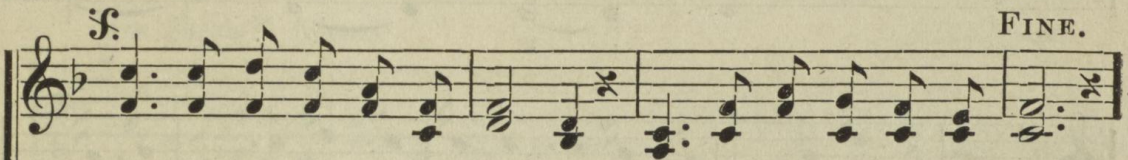
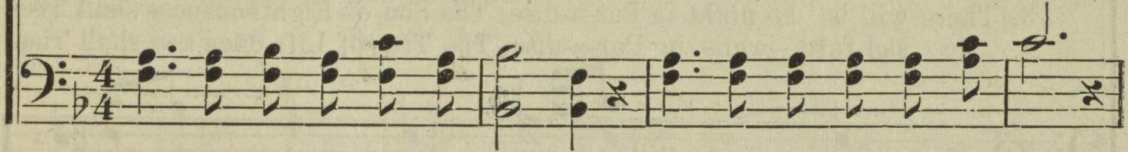
# No. 50. What a Friend We Have In Jesus.

Joseph Scriven. Alt.

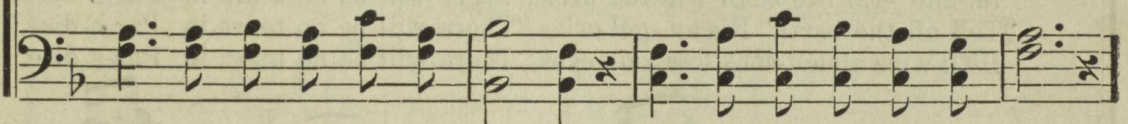
Charles C. Converse.



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



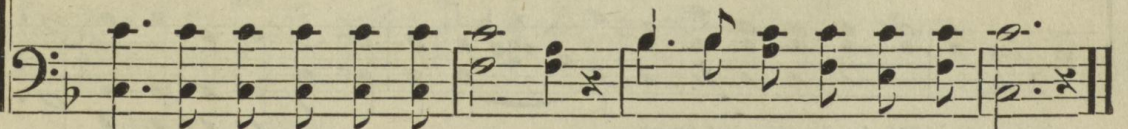
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r.  
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.  
 Pre - cious Sav - iour, still our ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in pray'r.



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



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

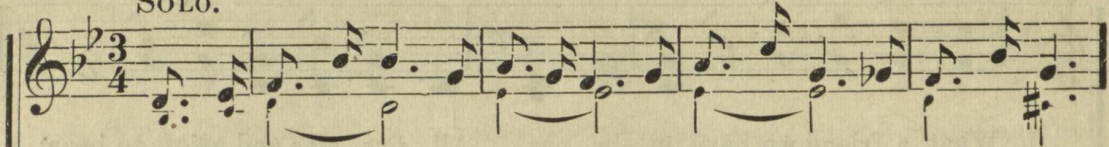


# No. 51. There Will Be No Tears In Paradise.

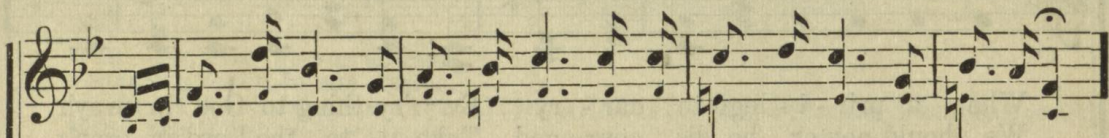
Chas. Reign Scoville.

De Loss Smith.

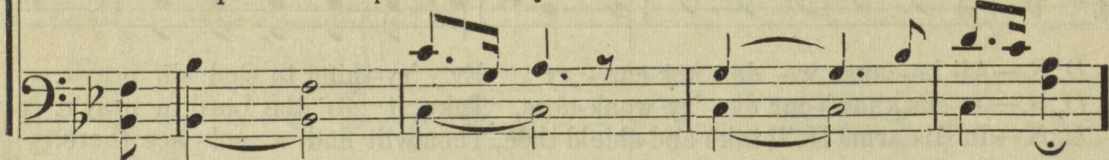
SOLO.



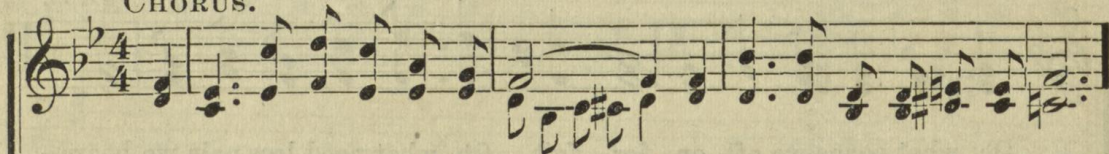
1. There will be no tears in Par-a-dise, No broken hearts nor mournful sighs;
2. We will meet those gone in Par-a-dise, The quick and dead shall all a-rise;
3. There will be no night in Par-a-dise, The Son of Righteousness shall 'rise,
4. No sad fare - wells in Par-a-dise, The Tree of Life once more shall 'rise;



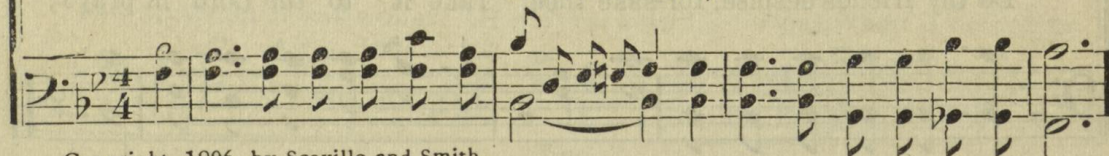
No cloud shall ev - er dim its skies, There will be no tears in Par-a-dise.  
Im - mor - tal life shall win the prize, There will be no tears in Par-a-dise.  
"Tell all the earth" His an - gel cries, "There will be no tears in Par-a-dise."  
He'll wipe all tear-drops from our eyes, There will be no tears in Par-a-dise.



CHORUS.



The birds fly north as well as south, . . . . The show-ers always end the drouth<sup>6</sup>  
as well as south,



Copyright, 1906, by Scoville and Smith.

There Will Be No Tears In Paradise,

*Rit.*

The sun that sets, again shall rise, . . . There'll be no tears . . . in Par- a-dise.  
 shall rise, there'll be no tears

No. 52. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

Lowell Mason.

1. Near-er, my God to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o-ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot,

*D. S.*—Near-er, my God, to Thee,

*FINE.* *D. S.*

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,  
 My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee,  
 In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me, Near-er, my God, to Thee,  
 Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Near-er to Thee!

No. 53.

No Night There.

John R. Clements.

H. P. Danks.

SOLO OR SEMI-CHORUS.

1. In the land of fade-less day Lies "the cit - y four-square,"  
 2. All the gates of pearl are made In "the cit - y four-square,"  
 3. And the gates shall nev - er close To "the cit - y four-square,"  
 4. There they need no sun-shine bright, In "that cit - y four-square,"

It shall nev - er pass a - way, And there is "no night there."  
 All the streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."  
 There life's crys - tal riv - er flows, And there is "no night there."  
 For the Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."

*mf* CHORUS.

God shall "wipe a-way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;  
 God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;

## No Night There.

Musical score for "No Night There." in G minor, 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte), followed by a *Dim.* (diminuendo) and then *mf* (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are: "And they count not time by years, For there is 'no night there.'" and "And they count not time by years, by years, For there is 'no night there.'" The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.

## No. 54.

## Rock of Ages.

Tune, TOPLADY. 7s.

A. Toplady.

Thos. Hastings.

FINE.

Musical score for "Rock of Ages." in G minor, 3/4 time. The score consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The lyrics are: "1. Rock of A- ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;" "2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-gour know," "3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death,"

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

Musical score for "Rock of Ages." in G minor, 3/4 time. The score consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The lyrics are: "Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed," "These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;" "When I rise to worlds un-known, And be-hold Thee on Thy throne,"

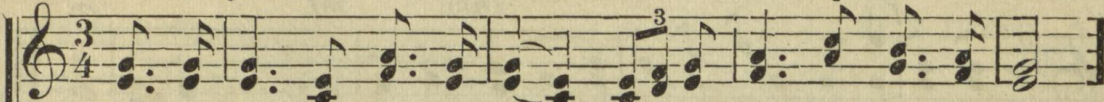


# No. 55. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

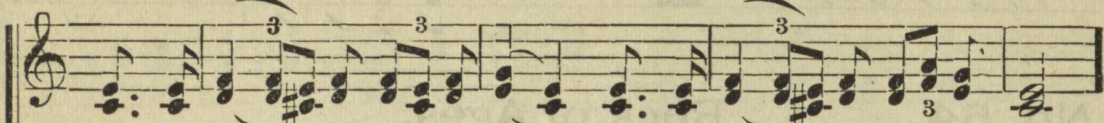
Chas. Wesley.

REFUGE.

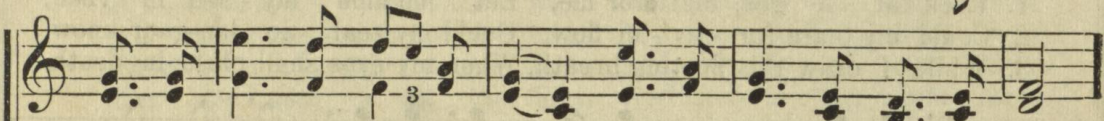
Joseph P. Holbrook.



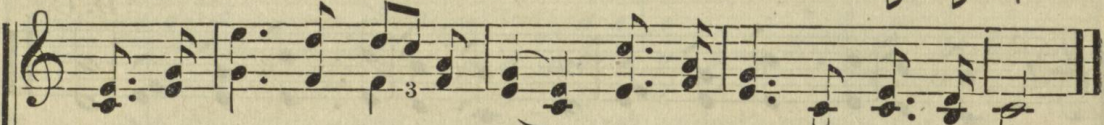
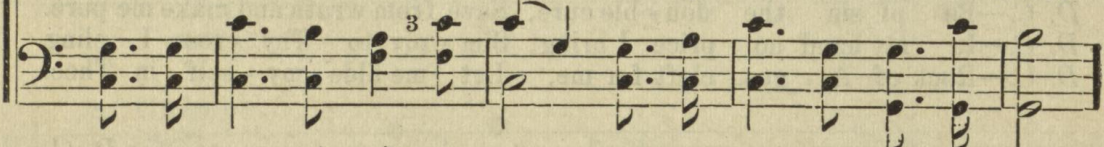
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,  
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;  
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find:  
 4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;



While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!  
 Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me!  
 Raise the fal - len, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind.  
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in.



Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring:  
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;  
 Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee:



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!  
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.  
 False, and full of sin, I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.  
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

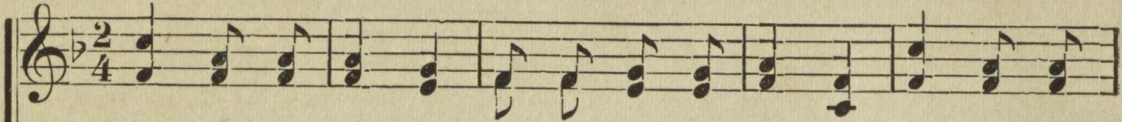


# No. 56. Come Unto Me, When Shadows.

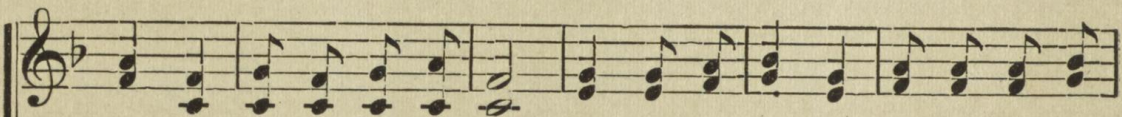
Catherine H. Esling.

Henley.

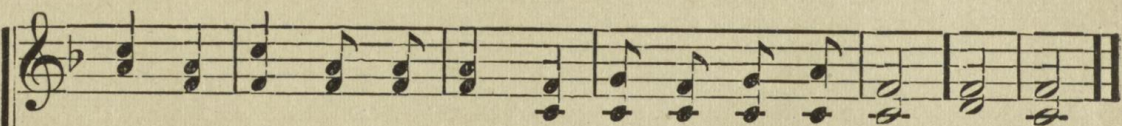
Lowell Mason.



1. Come un - to me, when shad - ows dark - ly gath - er, When the sad
2. Ye who have mourned when the spring flow'rs were taken, When the ripe
3. Large are the man - sions in your Fa - ther's dwelling, Glad are the
4. There, like an E - den blos - som - ing in glad - ness, Bloom the fair



heart is wea - ry and distressed, Seek - ing for com - fort from your heav'nly  
fruit fell rich - ly to the ground, When the loved slept, in brighter homes to  
homes that sor - rows nev - er dim; Sweet are the harps in ho - ly mu - sic  
flow'rs the earth too rudely pressed; Come un - to me, all ye who droop in



Fa - ther, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.  
wak - en, Where their pale brows with spirit wreaths are crowned.  
swelling, Soft are the tones which raise the heav'n - ly hymn.  
sad - ness, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest. A - MEN.



