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H. N. Lincoln

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LITTLE SONG GEM

... BY ...
H. N. LINCOLN.

PUBLISHED BY
THE SONGLAND COMPANY
DALLAS, TEXAS

—*—
PRICE, 10 CENTS A COPY; \$1.00 A DOZEN.

Copyright, 1898, by H. N. LINCOLN.

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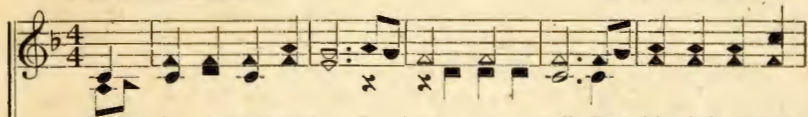
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LITTLE SONG GEM.

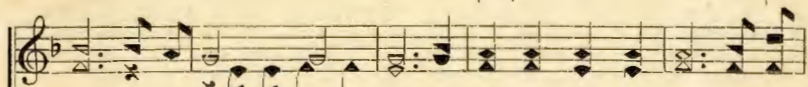
No. 1. THERE IS A MESSAGE TRUE.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

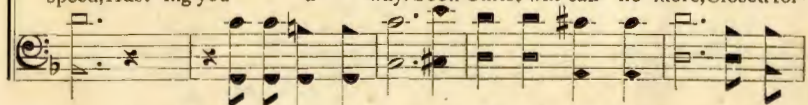
H. N. LINCOLN.



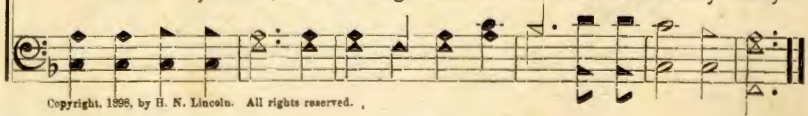
1. There is a message true, I love so well; Dear friends, it comes to
2. Come to that Saviour dear, Come, sin - ner, now; Why should you doubt or
3. If now you feel your need, Make no de - lay; Time slack-ens not its



you Who in dark - ness dwell. 'Tis of the Sav-iour's woe, How His
fear? And why ling - 'rest thou? Trust in the prec-ious blood, Plunge be
speed, Hast-ing you a - way. Soon Christ will call no more, Closed for-



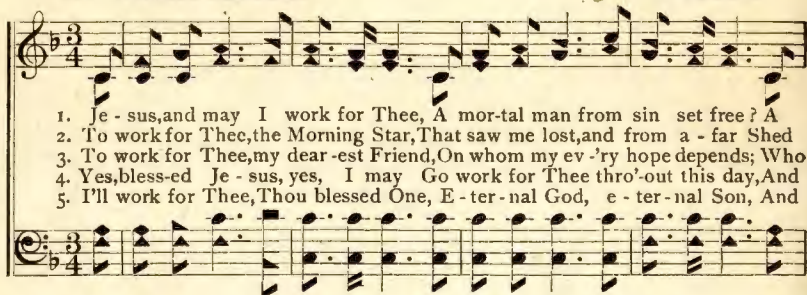
prec-ious blood did flow, On Calv-ry suf-fered so—More than tongue can tell.
neath the crim-son flood, And henceforth serve your God, To His man-dates bow.
ev - er mer-cy's door, His mes-sage will be o'er, Come then while you may.



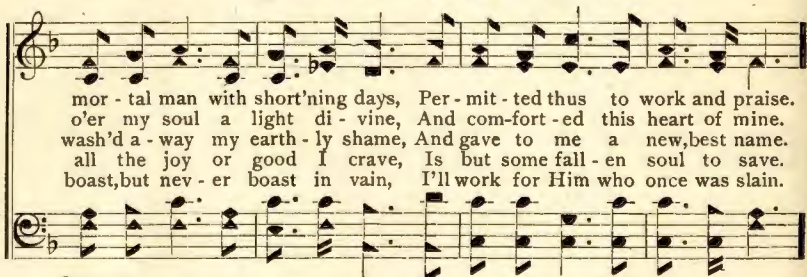
No. 2. I LONG TO WORK FOR THEE.

Rev. WILLIAM FAWCETT.

W. S. NICKLE.

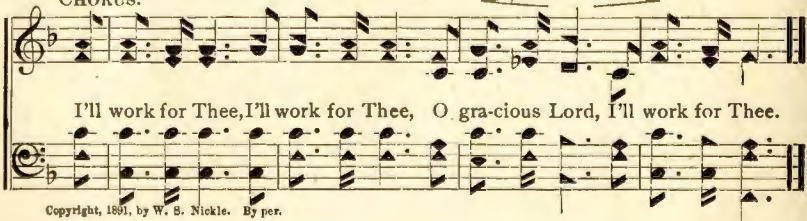


1. Je - sus, and may I work for Thee, A mor - tal man from sin set free? A
2. To work for Thee, the Morning Star, That saw me lost, and from a - far Shed
3. To work for Thee, my dear - est Friend, On whom my ev - 'ry hope depends; Who
4. Yes, bless - ed Je - sus, yes, I may Go work for Thee thro' - out this day, And
5. I'll work for Thee, Thou blessed One, E - ter - nal God, e - ter - nal Son, And



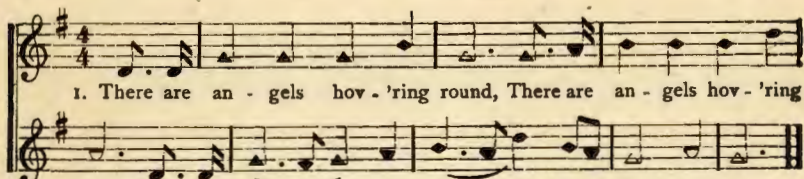
mor - tal man with short'ning days, Per - mit - ted thus to work and praise.
o'er my soul a light di - vine, And com - fort - ed this heart of mine.
wash'd a - way my earth - ly shame, And gave to me a new, best name.
all the joy or good I crave, Is but some fall - en soul to save.
boast, but nev - er boast in vain, I'll work for Him who once was slain.

CHORUS.



I'll work for Thee, I'll work for Thee, O gra - cious Lord, I'll work for Thee.

No. 3. ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.



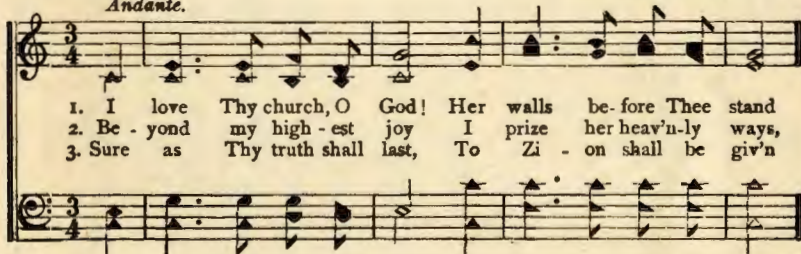
1. There are an - gels hov - 'ring round, There are an - gels hov - 'ring
 round, There are an gels, an gels hov - 'ring round.
 2 To carry the tidings home, etc. 4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.
 3 To the new Jerusalem, etc. 5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.
 6 There's glory all around, etc.

No. 4. SERVOSS. S. M.

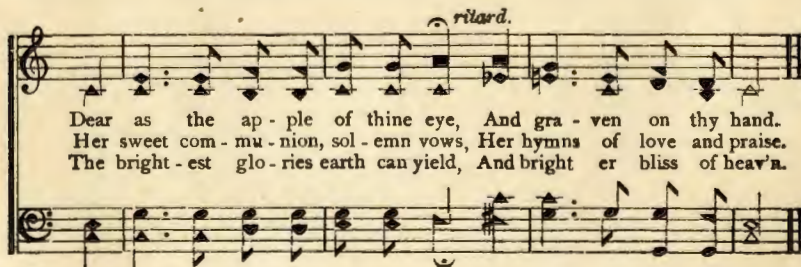
T. DWIGHT.

F. L. ARMSTRONG.

Andante.



1. I love Thy church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand
 2. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways,
 3. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n

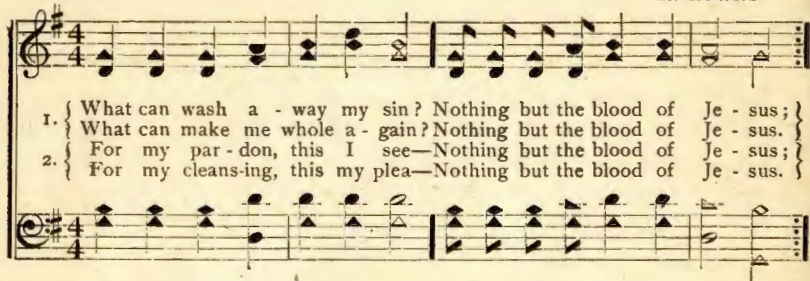


ritard.
 Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And gra - ven on thy hand.
 Her sweet com - mu - nion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
 The bright - est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright er bliss of heav'n.

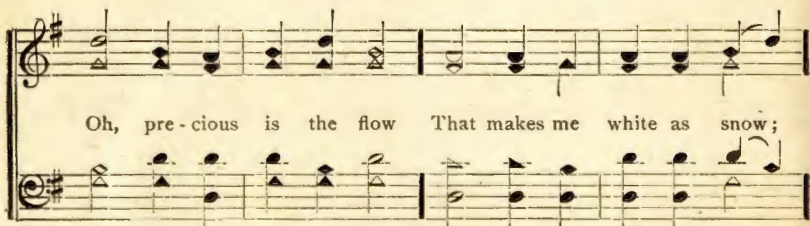
No. 5. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD.

R. L.

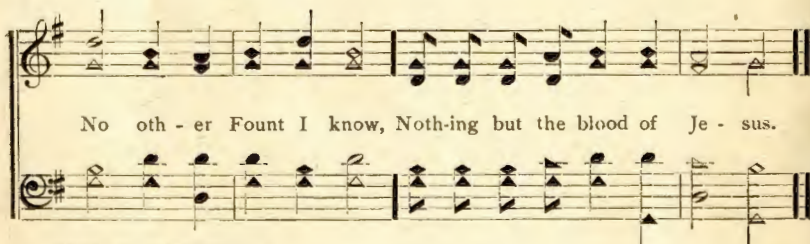
R. LOWRY.



1. { What can wash a - way my sin? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; }
 { What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus. }
 2. { For my par - don, this I see—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; }
 { For my cleans-ing, this my plea—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus. }



Oh, pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;



No oth - er Fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

Copyright, 1876, by Robert Lowry.

3 Nothing can for sin atone,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 Naught of good that I have done,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

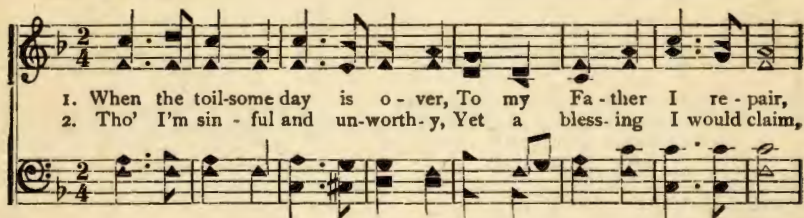
4 This is all my hope and peace—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 This is all my righteousness—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

NO. 6.

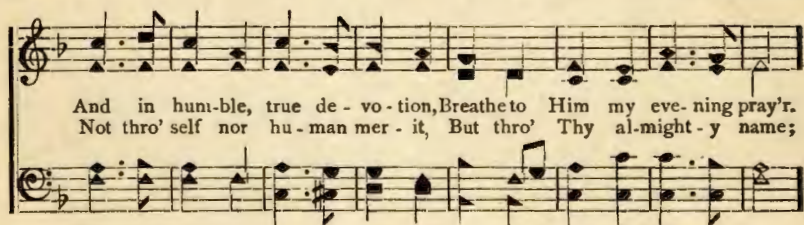
EVENING PRAYER.

Arr. by per. from
ANNIE HARRISON.

Music arr. and Words by
H. N. LINCOLN.

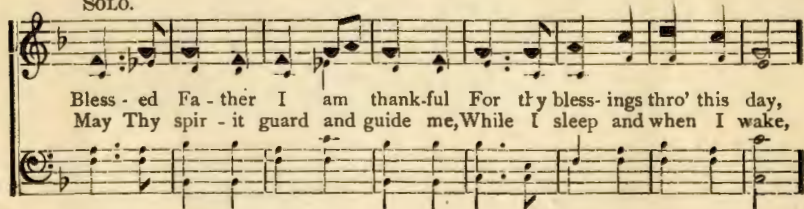


1. When the toil-some day is o-ver, To my Fa-ther I re-pair,
2. Tho' I'm sin-ful and un-worth-y, Yet a bless-ing I would claim,

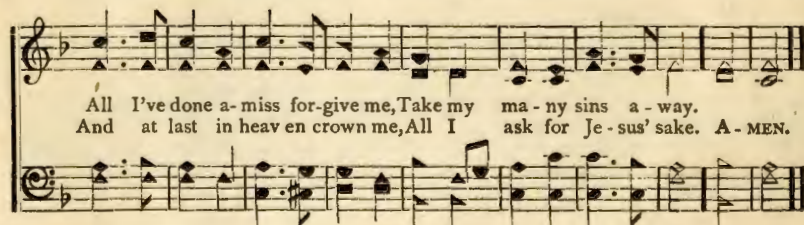


And in hum-ble, true de-vot-ion, Breathe to Him my eve-ning pray'r.
Not thro' self nor hu-man mer-it, But thro' Thy al-might-y name;

SOLO.



Bless-ed Fa-ther I am thank-ful For thy bless-ings thro' this day,
May Thy spir-it guard and guide me, While I sleep and when I wake,



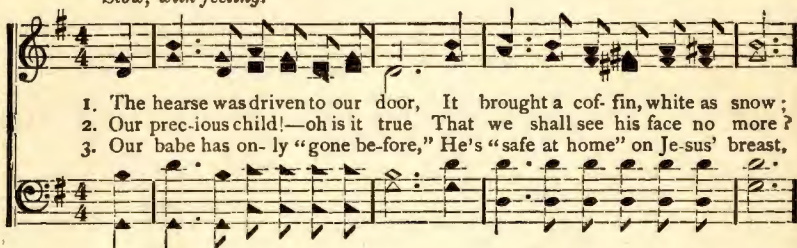
All I've done a-miss for-give me, Take my ma-ny sins a-way.
And at last in heav-en crown me, All I ask for Je-sus' sake. A-MEN.

No. 7. THE WHITE COFFIN.

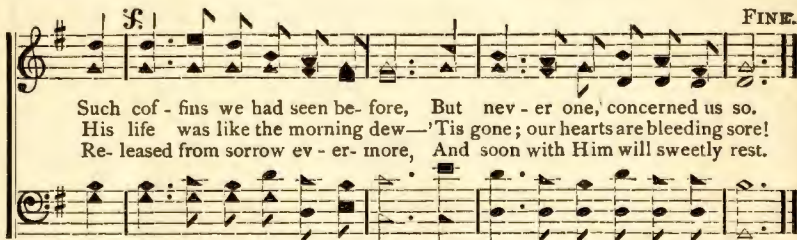
Rev. A. E. BATEN.

H. N. LINCOLN.

Slow, with feeling.



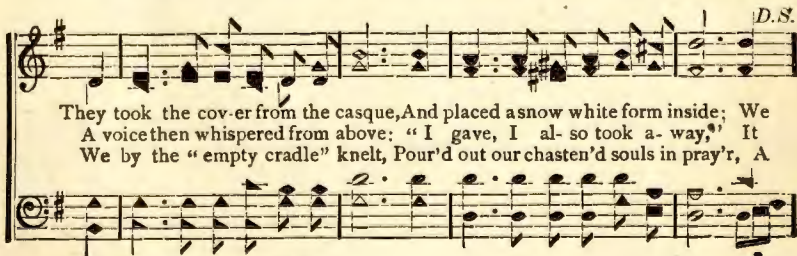
1. The hearse was driven to our door, It brought a cof-fin, white as snow;
 2. Our prec-ious child!—oh is it true That we shall see his face no more?
 3. Our babe has on-ly “gone be-fore,” He’s “safe at home” on Je-sus’ breast,



FINE.

Such cof-fins we had seen be-fore, But nev-er one, concerned us so.
 His life was like the morning dew—’Tis gone; our hearts are bleeding sore!
 Re-leased from sorrow ev-er-more, And soon with Him will sweetly rest.

D. S.—looked once more—it was the last— On him who once had been our pride.
 was our Fath-er’s voice of love! Our con-so-la-tion, hope and stay.
 strong-er tie to heav’n we felt, Be-cause we knew our babe was there.



D. S.

They took the cov-er from the casque, And placed a snow white form inside; We
 A voicethen whispered from above: “I gave, I al-so took a-way,” It
 We by the “empty cradle” knelt, Pour’d out our chasten’d souls in pray’r, A

No. 8. THE DEAD IN CHRIST SHALL RISE.

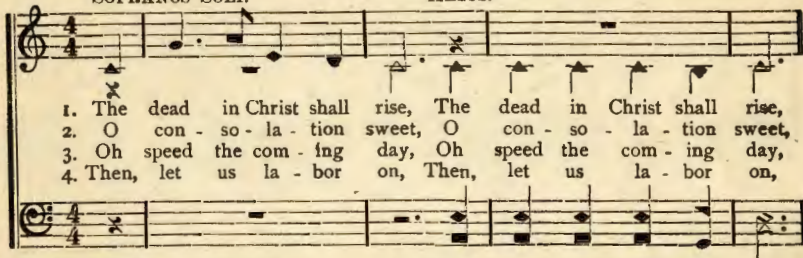
Suggested by the picture of a departed friend.

"And the dead in Christ shall rise first." 1 Thess. 4-16.

Words and Music by A. J. BUCHANAN.

SOPRANOS SOLI.

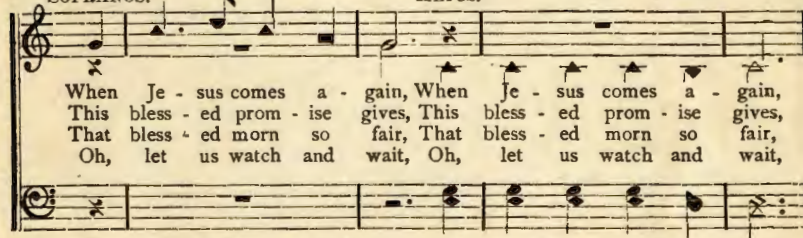
ALTOS.



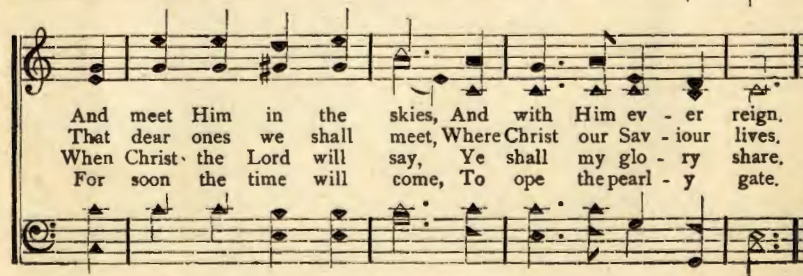
1. The dead in Christ shall rise, The dead in Christ shall rise,
 2. O con - so - la - tion sweet, O con - so - la - tion sweet,
 3. Oh speed the com - ing day, Oh speed the com - ing day,
 4. Then, let us la - bor on, Then, let us la - bor on,

SOPRANOS.

ALTOS.



When Je - sus comes a - gain, When Je - sus comes a - gain,
 This bless - ed prom - ise gives, This bless - ed prom - ise gives,
 That bless - ed morn so fair, That bless - ed morn so fair,
 Oh, let us watch and wait, Oh, let us watch and wait,



And meet Him in the skies, And with Him ev - er reign,
 That dear ones we shall meet, Where Christ our Sav - iour lives,
 When Christ the Lord will say, Ye shall my glo - ry share,
 For soon the time will come, To ope the pearl - y gate.

No. 9.

I AM TRUSTING THEE.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. I am trust - ing Thee Lord Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly Thee;
 2. I am trust - ing Thee to guide me Thou a - lone shalt lead;
 3. I am trust - ing Thee for pow - er, Thine can nev - er fail;
 4. I am trust - ing Thee Lord Je - sus, I shall nev - er fall;

Trust - ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
 Ev - 'ry day and hour sup - ply - ing All my need.
 Words which Thou Thy - self shalt give me Must pre - vail.
 I am trust - ing Thee for - ev - er, And for all.

No. 10.

AMAZING GRACE.

Amazing Grace.

- 1 Amazing grace, how sweet t'he sound,
 That saved a wretch like me!
 I once was lost, but now am found;
 Was blind, but now I see.

CHO.—O how I love Jesus, O how I love
 Jesus,
 O how I love Jesus, because He
 first loved me.

- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
 And grace my fears relieved;

How precious did that grace appear,
 The hour I first believed.

- 3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
 I have already come;
 'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
 And grace that leads me home.

- 4 The Lord has promised good to me,
 His word my hope secures;
 He will my shield and portion be,
 As long as life endures.

No. 11.

OVER THE SILENT RIVER.

Words and Music by A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. Je - sus our Sav - iour has gone to pre pare, O - ver the si - lent riv - er,
 2. Beau - ti - ful an - gels are all rob'd in white, O - ver the si - lent riv - er,
 3. Beau - ti - ful cit - y with streets of pure gold, O - ver the si - lent riv - er,
 4. Beau - ti - ful land where our loved ones will see, O - ver the si - lent riv - er,

Beau - ti - ful mansions so bright and fair, O - ver the si - lent riv - er.
 Beau - ti - ful songs in which all u - nite, O - ver the si - lent riv - er.
 Beau - ti - ful home of the saints we're told, O - ver the si - lent riv - er.
 Beau - ti - ful world where no sin will be, O - ver the si - lent riv - er.

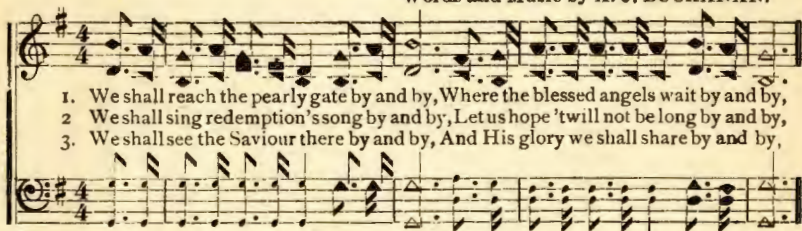
D.S.—Soon we will dwell in those mansions fair, O - ver the si - lent riv - er.

REFRAIN. D.S.

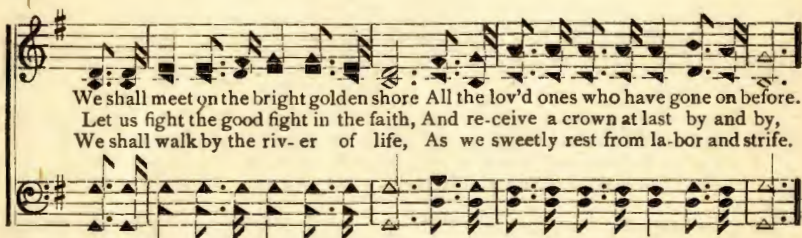
O - ver the si - lent riv - er, O - ver the si - lent riv - er;

No. 12. WE SHALL REACH THE PEARLY GATE BY AND BY.

Words and Music by A. J. BUCHANAN.

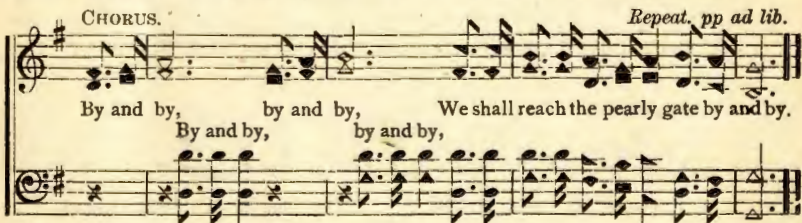


1. We shall reach the pearly gate by and by, Where the blessed angels wait by and by,
 2. We shall sing redemption's song by and by, Let us hope 'twill not be long by and by,
 3. We shall see the Saviour there by and by, And His glory we shall share by and by,



We shall meet on the bright golden shore All the lov'd ones who have gone on before.
 Let us fight the good fight in the faith, And re-ceive a crown at last by and by,
 We shall walk by the riv-er of life, As we sweetly rest from la-bor and strife.

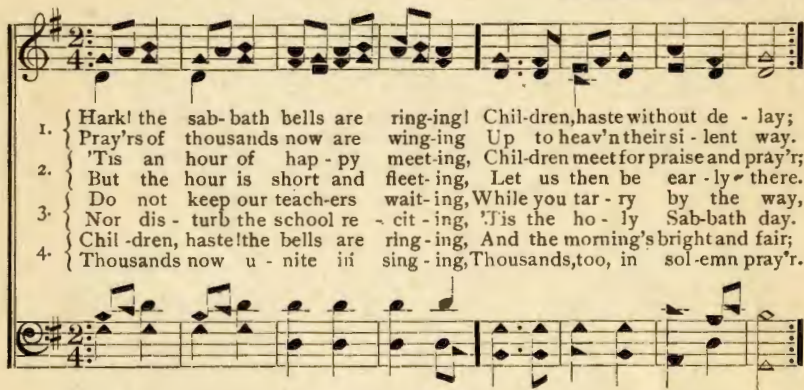
CHORUS. *Repeat. pp ad lib.*



By and by, by and by, We shall reach the pearly gate by and by.
 By and by, by and by,

No. 13. HARK, THE SABBATH BELLS ARE RINGING.

JEREMIAH INGALLS.



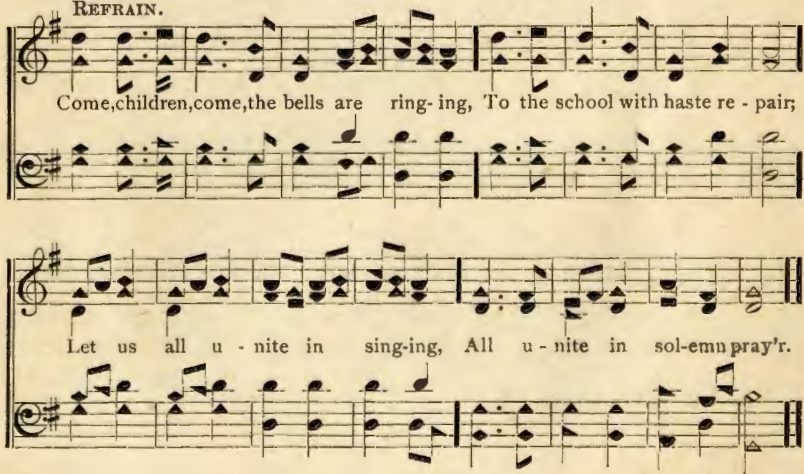
1. { Hark! the sab-bath bells are ring-ing! Chil-dren, haste without de-lay;
Pray'rs of thousands now are wing-ing Up to heav'n their si-lent way.

2. { 'Tis an hour of hap-py meet-ing, Chil-dren meet for praise and pray'r;
But the hour is short and fleet-ing, Let us then be ear-ly there.

3. { Do not keep our teach-ers wait-ing, While you tar-ry by the way,
Nor dis-turb the school re-cit-ing, 'Tis the ho-ly Sab-bath day.

4. { Chil-dren, haste! the bells are ring-ing, And the morning's bright and fair;
Thousands now u-nite in sing-ing, Thousands, too, in sol-enn pray'r.

REFRAIN.



Come, children, come, the bells are ring-ing, To the school with haste re-pair;

Let us all u-nite in sing-ing, All u-nite in sol-enn pray'r.

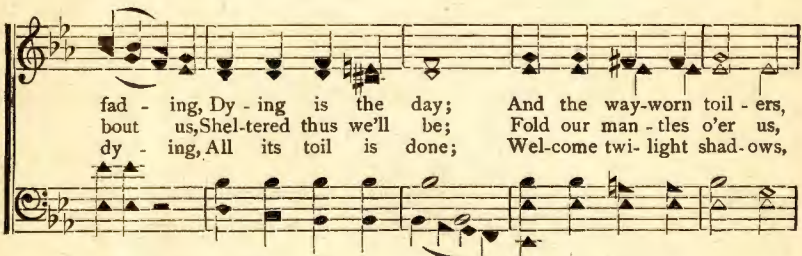
No. 14. WELCOME EVENING SHADOWS.

IDA L. REED.

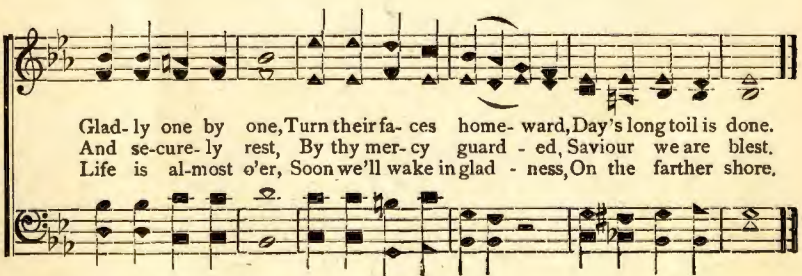
H. N. LINCOLN.



1. Welcome evening shad-ows, Welcometwi-light gray, Sun-settints are
 2. Welcome evening shad-ows, Fall-ing si-lent-ly, Like a veil a-
 3. Welcome shades of eve-ning, Fall-ing one by one, Day is soft-ly



fad-ing, Dy-ing is the day; And the way-worn toil-ers,
 bout us, Shel-tered thus we'll be; Fold our man-tles o'er us,
 dy-ing, All its toil is done; Wel-come twi-light shad-ows,



Glad-ly one by one, Turn their fa-ces home-ward, Day's long toil is done.
 And se-cure-ly rest, By thy mer-cy guard-ed, Saviour we are blest.
 Life is al-most o'er, Soon we'll wake in glad-ness, On the farther shore.

No. 15.

WINDHAM.

DANIEL READ.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - geth-er there,
2. De - ny thy-self and take the cross Is the Re-deemer's great command,

But wisdom shows a nar-row path, With here and there a tra-vel - er.
Na-ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.

No. 16. COME TO JESUS, JUST NOW.

1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus just now,

Just now come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus just now.

- 2 He will save you.
- 3 He is able.
- 4 He is willing.
- 5 He is waiting.

- 6 O believe Him.
- 7 O receive Him.
- 8 Jesus loves you.
- 9 He will bless you.

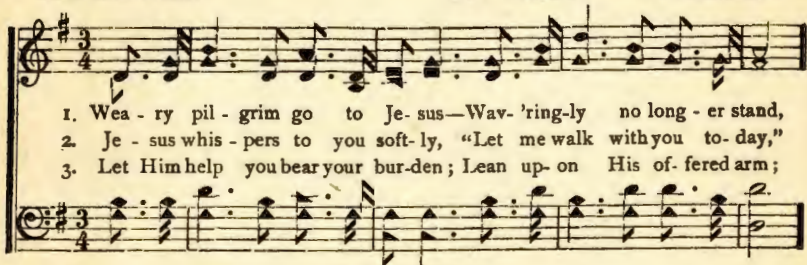
- 10 He will cleanse you.
- 11 Only trust Him.
- 12 Let us praise Him.
- 13 Hallelujah. Amen.

No. 17.

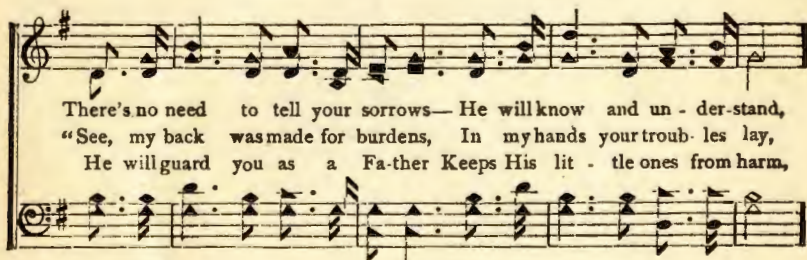
GO TO JESUS.

E. E. REXFORD.

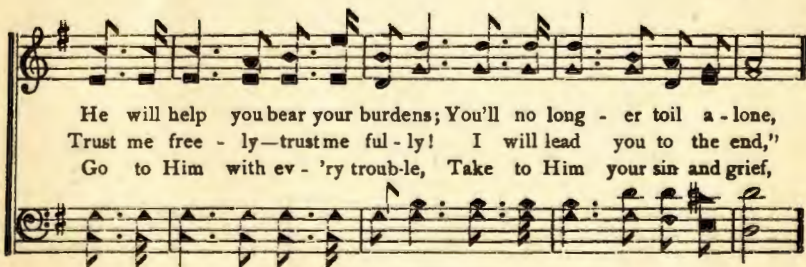
M. S. KERBY and D. P. AIRHAET.



1. Wea - ry pil - grim go to Je - sus—Wav - 'ring - ly no long - er stand,
 2. Je - sus whis - pers to you soft - ly, "Let me walk with you to - day,"
 3. Let Him help you bear your bur - den; Lean up - on His of - fered arm;

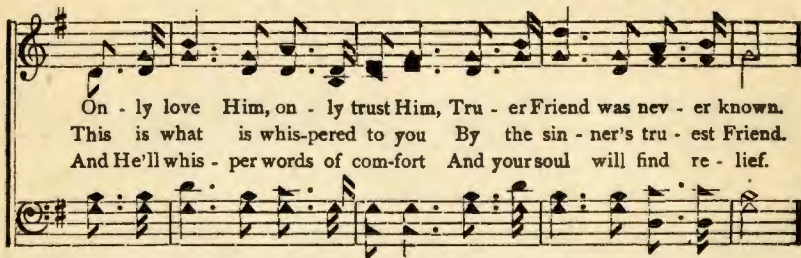


There's no need to tell your sorrows—He will know and un - der - stand,
 "See, my back was made for burdens, In my hands your trou - ble lay,
 He will guard you as a Fa - ther Keeps His lit - tle ones from harm,



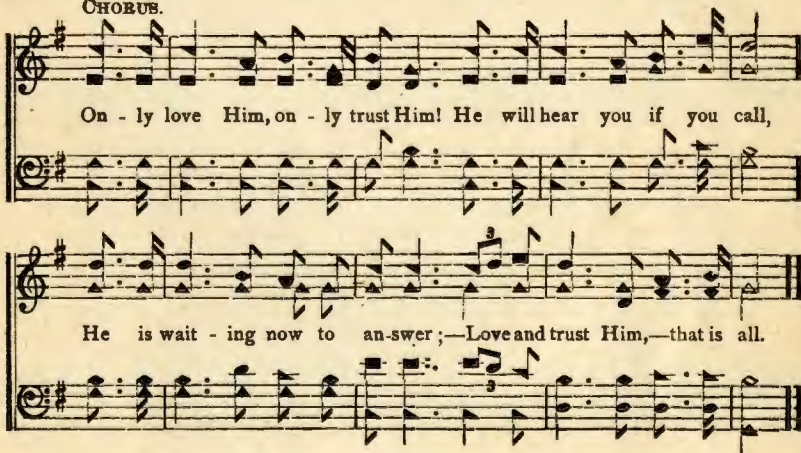
He will help you bear your burdens; You'll no long - er toil a - lone,
 Trust me free - ly—trust me ful - ly! I will lead you to the end,"
 Go to Him with ev - 'ry trou - ble, Take to Him your sin and grief,

GO TO JESUS.



On - ly love Him, on - ly trust Him, Tru - er Friend was nev - er known.
This is what is whis-pered to you By the sin - ner's tru - est Friend.
And He'll whis - per words of com-fort And your soul will find re - lief.

CHORUS.



On - ly love Him, on - ly trust Him! He will hear you if you call,
He is wait - ing now to an-swer;—Love and trust Him,—that is all.

No. 18. MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies. | 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown. |
| 2 Oh watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore. | 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode. |

No. 19. THE MORNING LIGHT.

(WEBB.) 7s & 6s. D.

G. J. WEBB.

1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
2. See hea - then na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God we love,

The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
D.S.—Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.
And thous - and hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;
D.S.—And seek the Sav - iour's bless - ing—A na - tion in a day.

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far,
While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The gos - pel call o - bey,

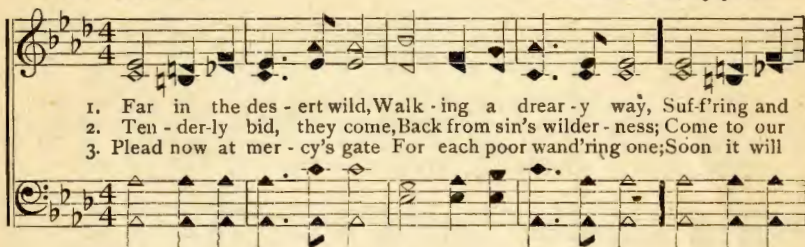
3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay,

Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim "The Lord is come."

No. 20. PRAY FOR THE WANDERER.

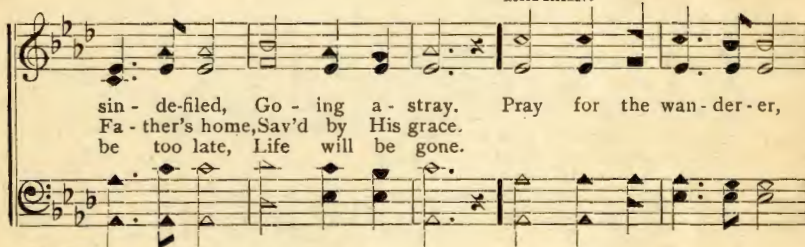
Rev. C. M. HOTT.

A. S. KIEFFER, by per.

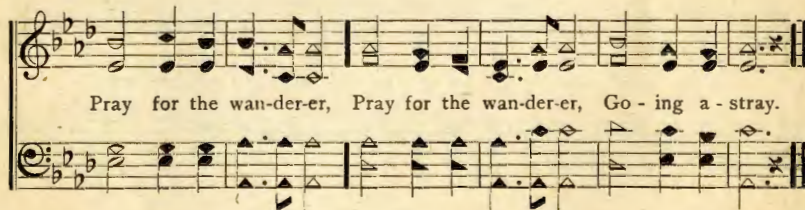


1. Far in the des - ert wild, Walk - ing a drear - y way, Suf - f'ring and
2. Ten - der - ly bid, they come, Back from sin's wilder - ness; Come to our
3. Plead now at mer - cy's gate For each poor wand'ring one; Soon it will

REFRAIN.



sin - de - filed, Go - ing a - stray. Pray for the wan - der - er,
Fa - ther's home, Sav'd by His grace.
be too late, Life will be gone.



Pray for the wan - der - er, Pray for the wan - der - er, Go - ing a - stray.

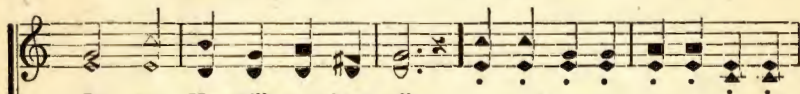
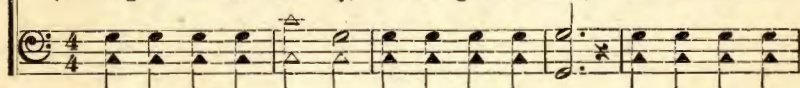
No. 21. HEAR THE PENNIES DROPPING.

(Infant class, for taking collections.)

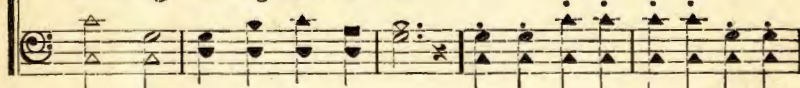
Arr.



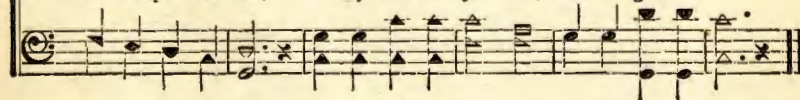
1. Hear the pen-nies drop-ping; List-en while they fall; Ev-ry one for
2. Drop-ping, dropping ev-er, From each lit-tle hand; 'Tis our gift to
3. Now while we are lit-tle, Pen-nies are our store; But when we get
4. Though we have no mon-ey, We can give Him love; He will own our



Je - sus, He will get them all.
 Je - sus, From His lit - tle band. } Dropping, dropping, dropping, dropping,
 old - er, Lord, we'll give Thee more.
 offer - ing, Smil - ing from a - bove.



Hear the pennies fall; Ev-'ry one for Je - sus; He will get them all.

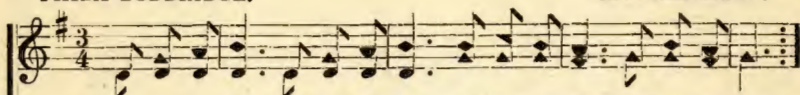


No. 22.

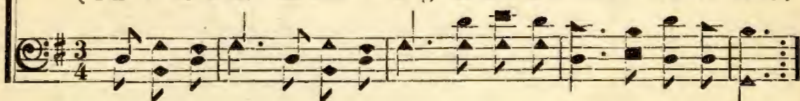
O, HAPPY DAY.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

E. F. KIMBAULT.

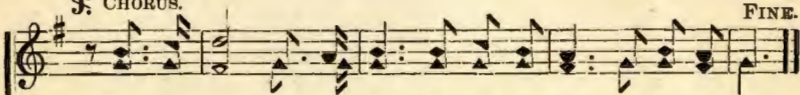


1. { O, hap-py day, that fixed my choice, On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God! }
 { Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. }
2. { O, hap-py bond, that seals my vows, To Him that mer-its all my love! }
 { Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move. }
3. { 'Tis done! the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's and He is mine: }
 { He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine. }
4. { Now rest my long-di-vid-ed heart; Fix'd on this bliss-ful, cen-ter, rest; }
 { Nor ev-er from thy Lord de-part; With Him of ev-'ry good possess'd. }
5. { High Heav'n that heard the solemn vow, That vow renew'd shall dai-ly hear, }
 { Till in life's lat-est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear. }

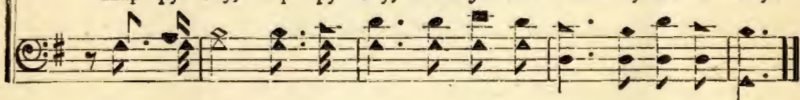


F. CHORUS.

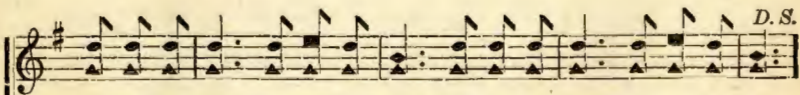
FINE.



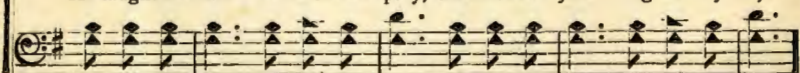
Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way!



D. S.



He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day.



No. 23.

ROCK OF AGES.

TOPLADY.

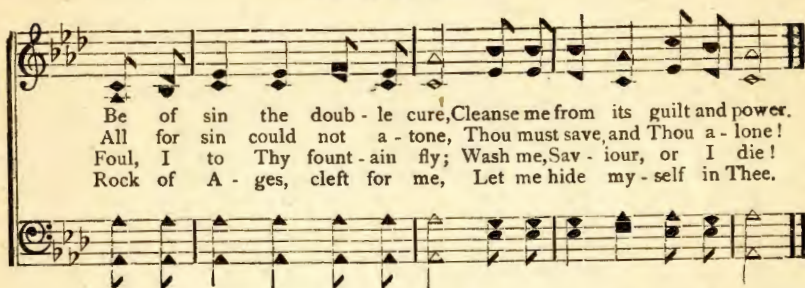
A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee!
 2. Not the la - bors of my hands, Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands:
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - strings break in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy riv - en side which flowed,
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
 When I soar to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,

Be of sin the doub - le cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone!
 Foul, I to Thy fount - ain fly; Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die!
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

ROCK OF AGES.

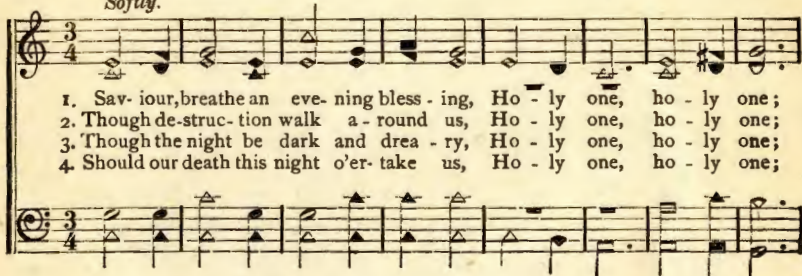


Be of sin the doub - le cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
 All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone!
 Foul, I to Thy fount - ain fly; Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die!
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

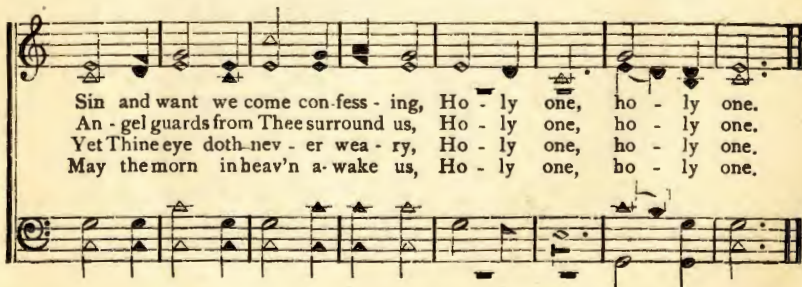
No. 24. EVENING BLESSING.

H. N. LINCOLN.

Softly.



1. Sav - iour, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing, Ho - ly one, ho - ly one;
 2. Though de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Ho - ly one, ho - ly one;
 3. Though the night be dark and drea - ry, Ho - ly one, ho - ly one;
 4. Should our death this night o'er - take us, Ho - ly one, ho - ly one;

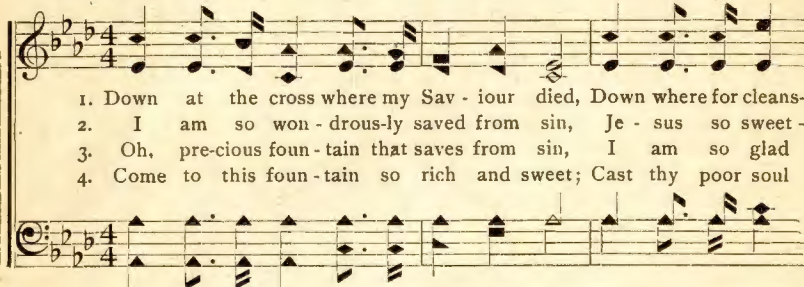


Sin and want we come con - fess - ing, Ho - ly one, ho - ly one.
 An - gel guards from Thee surround us, Ho - ly one, ho - ly one.
 Yet Thine eye doth nev - er wea - ry, Ho - ly one, ho - ly one.
 May themorn in heav'n a - wake us, Ho - ly one, ho - ly one.

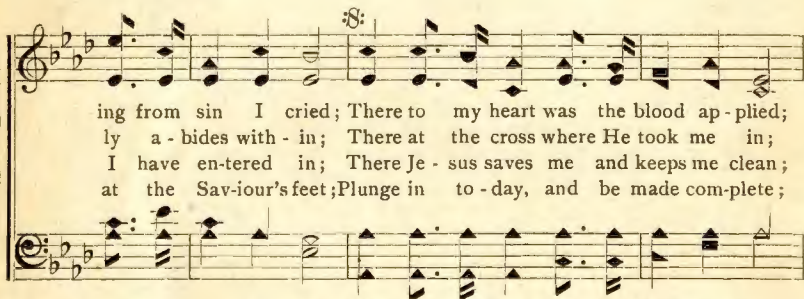
No. 25. DOWN AT THE CROSS.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



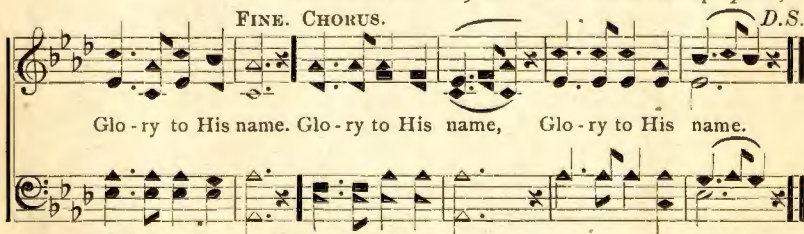
1. Down at the cross where my Sav - iour died, Down where for cleans-
 2. I am so won - drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet -
 3. Oh, pre-cious foun - tain that saves from sin, I am so glad
 4. Come to this foun - tain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul



ing from sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap - plied;
 ly a - bides with - in; There at the cross where He took me in;
 I have en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean;
 at the Sav-iour's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made com-plete;

D.S.—There to my heart was the blood ap - plied;

FINE. CHORUS.



Glo - ry to His name. Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name.

Glo-ry to His name.

No. 26. MY HEAVENLY HOME. L. M.

1. { My heavenly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there; }
 Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly man-sion shall be mine. }
 2. { My Fa-ther's house is built on high, Far, far a-bove the star-ry sky: }
 When from this earth-ly pris-on free, That heav-'nly man-sion mine shall be. }
 3. { Let oth-ers seek a home be-low, Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow; }
 Be mine a hap-pier lot to own A heav-'nly man-sion near the throne. }

CHORUS.

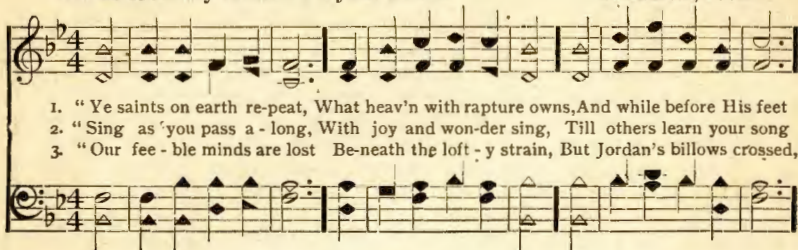
{ I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more;
 To die no more, To die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more; }

- 4 While here a stranger, far from home, Affliction's waves around me foam,
 Although like Lazarus, sick and poor,
 My heavenly mansion is secure.
- 5 Then fall this earth, let stars decline
 And sun and moon refuse to shine,
 All nature sink and cease to be
 That heavenly mansion stands for me.

No. 27. YE SAINTS ON EARTH REPEAT.

Words from my Mother's Hymn Book.

J. EDSON, 1782.



1. "Ye saints on earth re-peat, What heav'n with rapture owns, And while before His feet
2. "Sing as 'you pass a - long, With joy and won-der sing, Till others learn your song
3. "Our fee - ble minds are lost Be-neath the loft - y strain, But Jordan's billows crossed,



The eld - ers cast their crowns, Go, im - i - tate the choirs a - bove,
 And own your Lord their King; Till con - verts join you as' you go,
 We'll catch the sound a - gain. In praise we'll join the heav'n - ly choir,

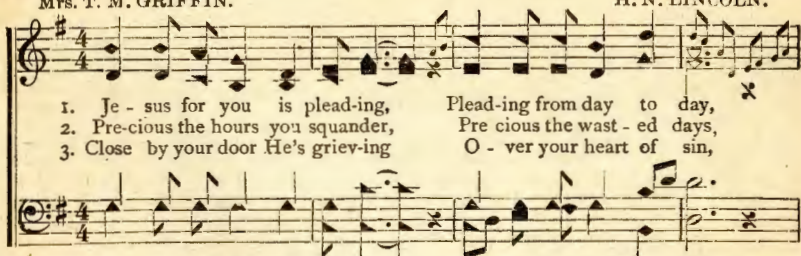


Go, im - i - tate the choirs a - bove, And tell the world your Sav - iour's love.
 Till con - verts join you as you go, And sing His prais - es here be - low.
 In praise we'll join the heaven-ly choir, Nor ev - er stop, nor ev - er tire."

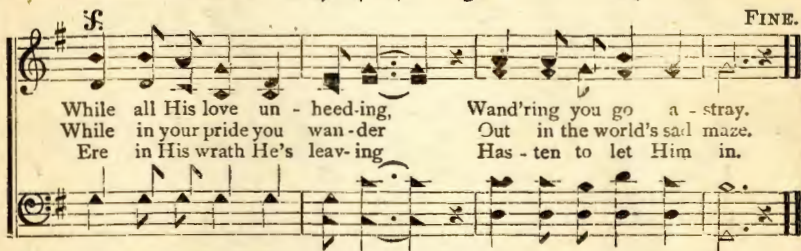
No. 28. JESUS FOR YOU IS PLEADING.

Mrs. T. M. GRIFFIN.

H. N. LINCOLN.



1. Je - sus for you is plead-ing, Plead-ing from day to day,
 2. Pre-cious the hours you squander, Pre-cious the wast-ed days,
 3. Close by your door He's griev-ing O-ver your heart of sin,

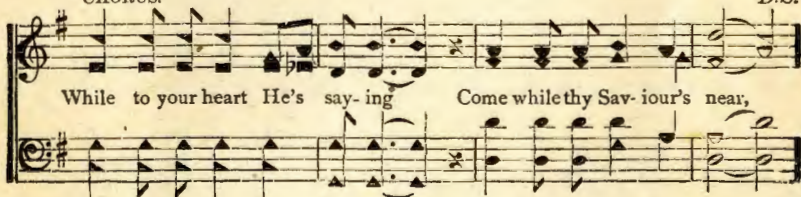


While all His love un - heed-ing, Wand'ring you go a - stray.
 While in your pride you wan-der Out in the world's sad maze.
 Ere in His wrath He's leav-ing Has - ten to let Him in.

D. s.—How can you be de - lay-ing? Come while He's ling'ring near.

CHORUS.

D.S.



While to your heart He's say-ing Come while thy Sav-iour's near,

No. 29.

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 sha-dows Chase a-way the light, Fa-ther, then I'll
 4. Thus in life's glad morning, In its bright noon-day, In its shadowy

REFRAIN.

kind-ness Keep me through this day. I will pray, I will pray,
 Je-sus Till He hears my prayer.
 pray Thee : Bless Thy child to-night.
 eve-ning, Ev-er will I pray.

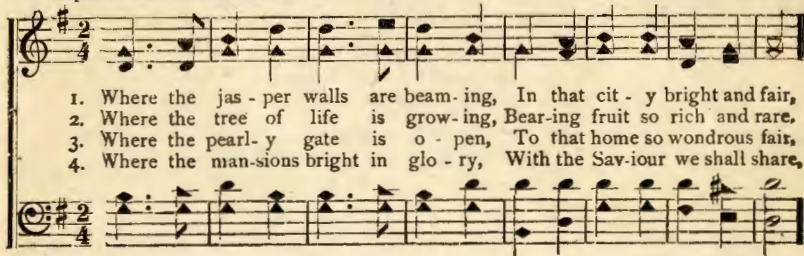
I will pray, I will pray,

Ev-er will I pray, Morning noon and evening, Un-to Thee I'll pray,
 Ever will Unto Thee

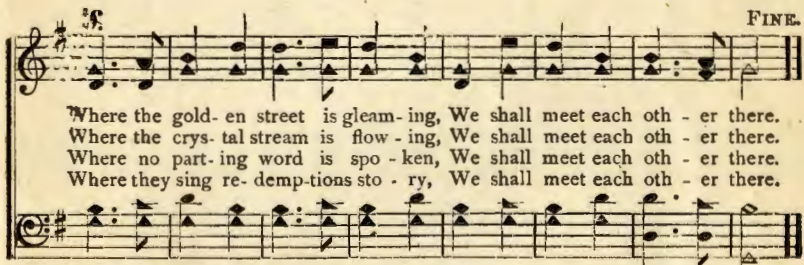
No. 30. WE SHALL MEET EACH OTHER THERE.

May be sung as a
Soprano and Tenor duet.

Words and Music by
A. J. BUCHANAN.

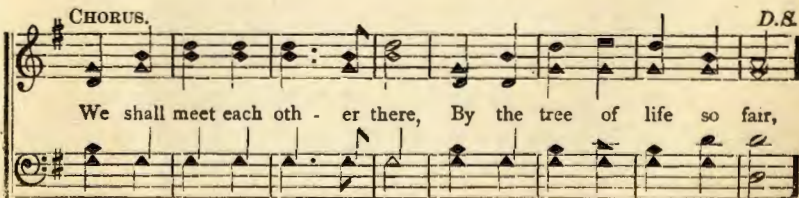


1. Where the jas - per walls are beam - ing, In that cit - y bright and fair,
2. Where the tree of life is grow - ing, Bear - ing fruit so rich and rare.
3. Where the pearl - y gate is o - pen, To that home so wondrous fair,
4. Where the man - sions bright in glo - ry, With the Sav - iour we shall share,



Where the gold - en street is gleam - ing, We shall meet each oth - er there.
Where the crys - tal stream is flow - ing, We shall meet each oth - er there.
Where no part - ing word is spo - ken, We shall meet each oth - er there.
Where they sing re - demp - tions sto - ry, We shall meet each oth - er there.

D. S.—On the banks of that bright riv - er, We shall meet each oth - er there.



CHORUS.

We shall meet each oth - er there, By the tree of life so fair,

D.S.

No. 31. SWEET SABBATH EVE.

Selected.

H. N. LINCOLN.

With expression.

1. Sweet sab-bath eve, Bright is thy smile, Lin-ger, O lin-ger to cheer us a-while;
 2. Sweet sab-bath eve, Hallow'd and blest, Sending, the soul to its heav-en of rest;
 3. Sweet sab-bath eve, Bear on thy wing Upward to heaven the prais-es we sing;

rit in the D.S. to fine. FINE.

Sweet sab-bath eve, Beau-ti-ful ray, Fade not so quick-ly a-way.
 Lin-ger a-while, Beau-ti-ful ray, Fade not so quick-ly a-way.
 Faint-er thy voice, Fa-ded thy hue, Gent-ly we bid thee a-dieu.

D.S.—Sweet sab-bath eve, beau-ti-ful ray, Fade not so quick-ly a-way.

CHORUS. D.S.

Love-ly and pure thy star-lit brow, Ho-ly the thot's thou art breathing now;
 Tell us, calm eve, if those we love Look on us still from that world a-bove?
 Love-ly and pure thy star-lit brow, Ho-ly the thot's thou art breathing now;

No. 32. THE FOUNTAIN NOW IS OPEN.

Rev. JOS. HART, 1759.

Arr. by J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, }
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. }
 2. { Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove, }
 { Praise the mount—I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of Thy re - deem-ing love. }

CHORUS.

For the foun-tain now is o - pen, the foun-tain now is o - pen,

The foun-tain now is o - pen, O sin - ner, won't you come?

3 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.

5 Oh! to grace how great a debtor, "
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

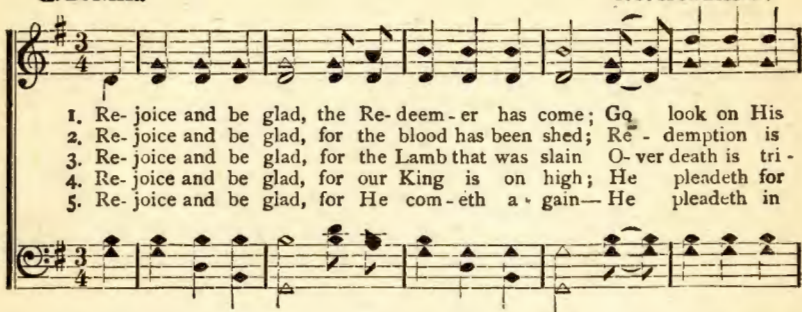
4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God,
 He to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, oh take and seal it,
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 33. REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

H. BONAR.

J. J. HUSBAND.

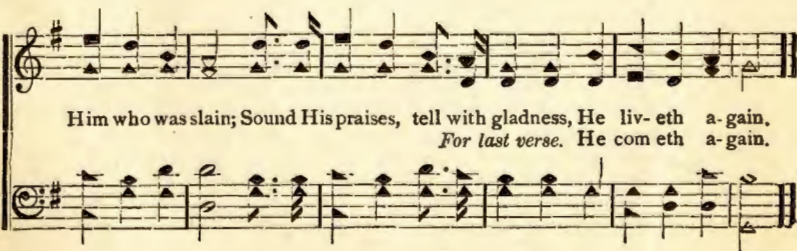


1. Re-joice and be glad, the Re-deem-er has come; Go look on His
 2. Re-joice and be glad, for the blood has been shed; Re - demption is
 3. Re-joice and be glad, for the Lamb that was slain O-ver death is tri-
 4. Re-joice and be glad, for our King is on high; He pleadeth for
 5. Re-joice and be glad, for He com-eth a - gain— He pleadeth in

REFRAIN.



cra - dle, His cross, and His tomb,
 fin - ished, the price has been paid.
 umphant, and liv - eth a - gain. } Sound His praises, tell the sto - ry, Of
 us on His throne in the sky.
 glo - ry, the Lamb that was slain.



Him who was slain; Sound His praises, tell with gladness, He liv - eth a - gain.
For last verse. He com eth a - gain.

No. 34. WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above!</p> <p>CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah, amen,
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, revive us again.</p> <p>2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.</p> | <p>3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.</p> <p>4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.</p> <p>5 Revive us again, fill each heart with Thy love,
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.</p> |
|--|---|

No. 35. SONGS OF PRAISE.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with hal - le - lu - jahs rang,
2. Songs of praise a - woke the morn, When the "Prince of Peace" was born,
3. Saints be - low with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise re - joice,
4. Things of earth must pass a - way, Songs of praise will crown the day,

Imperfect Cadence,

When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun, When He spake and it was done.
Songs of praise a - rose when He, Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.
Learn - ing here by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing a - bove.
God will make new heav'n and earth, Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

No. 36. THE NINETY AND NINE.

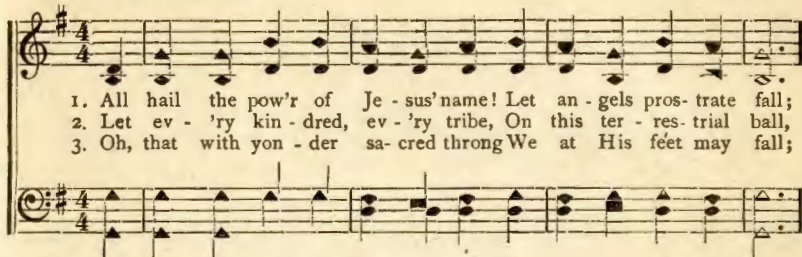
KEY A.

- 1 There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.
- 2 "Lord, Thou hast here thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer, "'Tis of mine
Has wandered away from me,"
"And although the rocks be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep"
I go to the desert to find my sheep.
- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found the sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick and helpless and ready to die,
Sick and helpless and ready to die.
- 4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They're pierced to-night by many a thorn"
"They're pierced to-night by many a thorn."
- 5 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a glad cry to the gates of heaven,
"Rejoice I have found my sheep."
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own,"
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own."

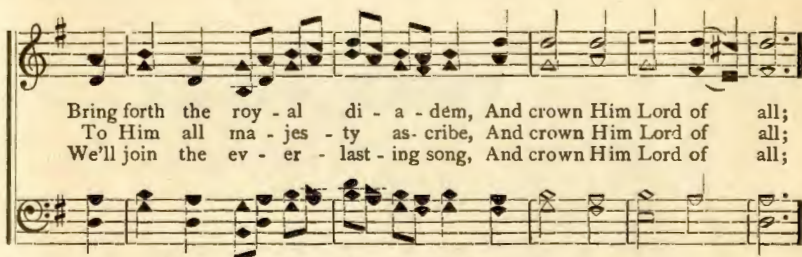
No. 37. ALL HAIL THE POWER.

Rev E. PERRONET, 1789.

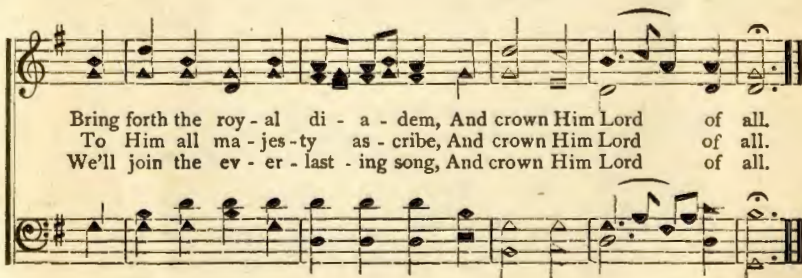
O. HOLDEN, 1798.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball;
 3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

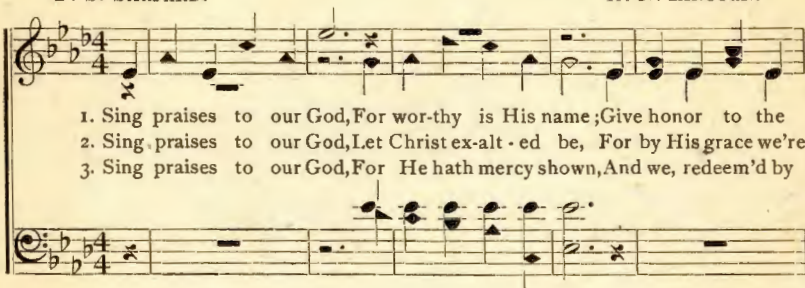


Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 38. SING PRAISES TO OUR GOD.

F. S. SHEPARD.

H. N. LINCOLN.

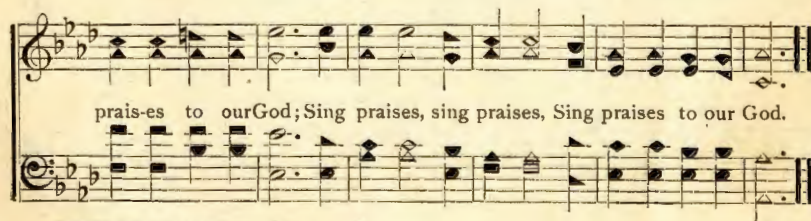


1. Sing praises to our God, For wor- thy is His name; Give honor to the
2. Sing. praises to our God, Let Christ ex- alt - ed be, For by His grace we're
3. Sing praises to our God, For He hath mercy shown, And we, redeem'd by



REFRAIN.

Lord, With songs of glad ac-claim. Sing prais-es, sing prais-es, Sing
saved, From pow'r of sin set free.
Him, Are chos-en for His own.



prais-es to our God; Sing praises, sing praises, Sing praises to our God.

No. 39.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

THOMAS E. WILSON.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. All praise to Je - sus' name, Who bare our sin and shame Up-
2. All praise to Je - sus' name, His lov - ing grace proclaim O'er
3. All praise to Je - sus' name, The Son of God, who came The

- on the tree, O may our songs a - rise, Like in - cense
land and sea : Let all the peo - ple raise Their notes of
lost to save ! O, thou e - ter - nal King, Thy bound - less

to the skies, To Him whose sac - ri - fice, Our theme shall be.
joy - ful praise, To Him who crowns our days With bless - ings free.
praise will ring, Thy end - less praise we'll sing Be - yond the grave.

No. 40. REVIVE THY WORK, O LORD.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Revive Thy work, O Lord, Thy mighty arm make bare; Speak with the voice that
 2. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Cre - ate new thirst for Thee; Still hung'ring for the
 3. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Ex - alt Thy precious name; And by the Ho - ly

REFRAIN.

wakes the dead, And make thy peo - ple hear. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, And
 bread of life, O may our spir - its be.
 Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine in - flame.

give refreshing show'rs; The glory shall be all Thine own, The blessing shall be ours.

KELLEY.

A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. Sing of Je - sus sing for - ev - er, Of the
 2. With His blood the Lord hath bought them, When they
 4. Through the des - ert Je - sus leads them, With the

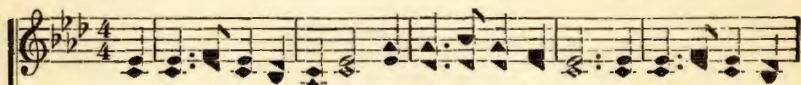
love that changes nev - er; Who or what from Him can
 knew Him not He sought them; And from all their wand'rings
 bread of heav'n He feeds them; And through all their way He

sev - er Those He makes His own?
 brought them, Him they serve and love.
 speeds them, To their home a - bove.

No. 42. I HAVE NO MOTHER NOW.

H. N. L. *

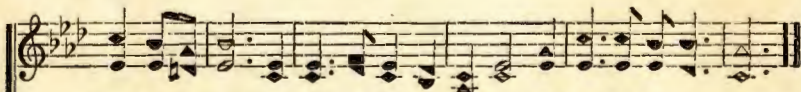
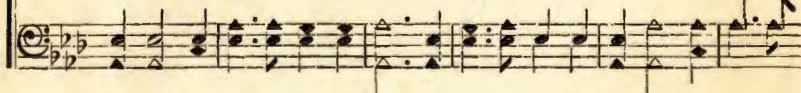
H. N. LINCOLN.



1. I hear the low winds sighing, Among the boughs that wave; Beneath, dear mother's
2. The pale moon shines so faintly, Yet I in fan-cy see Her face so pure and
3. I feel so ver-y lone-ly, The fu-ture seems so drear, My dear Redeem-er



ly-ing So qui-et in her grave. Un-bid-dent tears have started, As by the
saint-ly, As when she smiled on me. Although she's safe in glo-ry, Yet care be-
on-ly, Can make the pathway clear. Of wounds, past mortal healing, There's few like



mound I bow, I think of when we part-ed—I have no moth-er now.
clouds my brow, There's sorrow in my sto-ry—I have no moth-er now.
this I trow; This sad heart-broken feel-ing—I have no moth-er now.

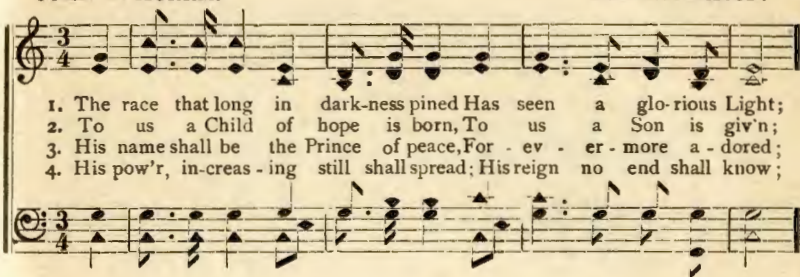


* Theme of words not original.
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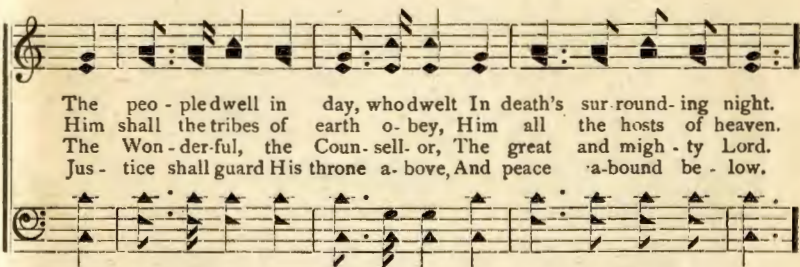
No. 43. THE GLORIOUS LIGHT. C. M.

JOHN H. MORRIS.

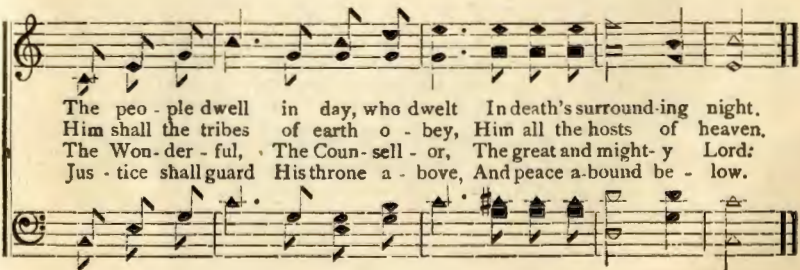
LOWELL MASON.



1. The race that long in dark-ness pined Has seen a glo-rious Light;
 2. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n;
 3. His name shall be the Prince of peace, For - ev - er - more a - dored;
 4. His pow'r, in - creas - ing still shall spread; His reign no end shall know;



The peo - ple dwell in day, who dwell In death's sur-round-ing night.
 Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heaven.
 The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sell - or, The great and migh - ty Lord.
 Jus - tice shall guard His throne a - bove, And peace a - bound be - low.



The peo - ple dwell in day, who dwell In death's surround-ing night.
 Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heaven.
 The Won - der - ful, The Coun - sell - or, The great and might - y Lord.
 Jus - tice shall guard His throne a - bove, And peace a - bound be - low.

No. 44. SAVIOUR AND FRIEND.

Andante.

H. N. LINCOLN, by per.

1. Rest of the wea - ry, joy of the sad, Hope of the
 2. Pillow where ly - ing, love rests its head, Peace of the
 3. When my feet stum - ble, to Thee I'll cry, Crown of the
 4. Ev - er con - fess - ing, Thee I will raise, Un - to Thee

drea - ry, Light of the glad, Home of the stran - ger,
 dy - ing, Life of the dead, Path of the low - ly,
 hum - ble, Cross of the high, When my steps wan - der,
 bless - ing, Glo - ry and praise, All my en - deav - or,

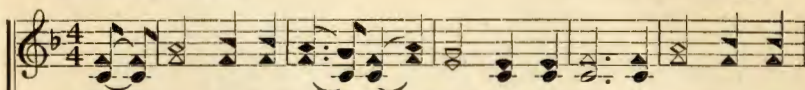
Strength to the end, Refuge from dan - ger, Saviour and friend.
 prize at the end, Perfect and ho - ly, Saviour and friend.
 O - ver me bend, Tru - er and fond - er, Saviour and friend.
 world with - out end, Thine to be ev - er, Saviour and friend.

From "GOSPEL CAROLS."

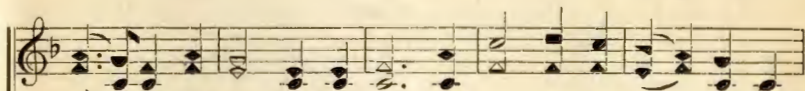
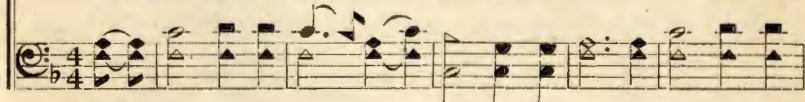
No. 45. LORD JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

London Hymn Book.

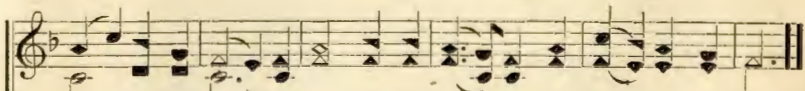
Rev. A. J. GORDON.



1. Lord Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -



fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing



Sav - iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, Lord Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, Lord Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, Lord Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, Lord Je - sus, 'tis now.



No. 46. SWEET EVENING BELLS.

THOS. MOORE,

SOLO WITH VOCAL ACCOMPANIMENT.

H. N. LINCOLN.

SOLO 1. Sweet evening bells, sweet evening bells, How many a tale their music tells, Of
 SOLO 2. Those joyous hours have passed away, And many a heart that then was gay, With-
 SOLO 3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, The tuneful lay will still peal on, While
 ACCOM. Ring, ring, sweet evening bells, Ring, ring, ring, ring, sweet evening bells, Ring,
 love and home, and that sweet time, When last I heard their soothing chime.
 in the tomb now dark-ly dwells, And hears no more sweet eve-ning bells.
 oth-er bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise sweet eve-ning bells.
 ring, sweet eve-ning bells, Ring, ring, ring, ring, sweet eve-ning bells.

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No. 47. CHRISTMAS BELLS.

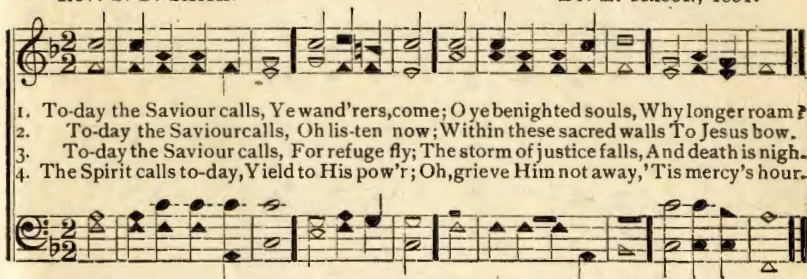
- 1 O Christmas bells! glad Christmas bells, 2 Ring, Christmas bells your anthem song,
 A message sweet your music tells, Let echoes far the strain prolong;
 Of peace and love, good-will on earth, By word of prayer and note of praise,
 To consecrate the Saviour's birth. We celebrate this day of days.

Sing these words to the above music alto, bass, and tenor, only change "evening" to "Christmas."

No. 48. TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

Rev. S. F. SMITH.

Dr. L. MASON, 1831.



1. To-day the Saviour calls, Ye wand'ers, come; O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?
2. To-day the Saviour calls, Oh lis-ten now; Within these sacred walls To Jesus bow.
3. To-day the Saviour calls, For refuge fly; The storm of justice falls, And death is nigh.
4. The Spirit calls to-day, Yield to His pow'r; Oh, grieve Him not away, 'Tis mercy's hour.

No. 49. COME, YE SINNERS.

- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power.
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him. REF.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all. REF.

JOSEPH HEART, 1759.

No. 50. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

- 1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 Thou dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.
- 3 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

No. 51.

LEAD ME.

E. R. LATTA.

Arr. by H. N. L., by per.

H. N. LINCOLN, by per.

1. Lead me, Sav-iour, lead me, Lest I go a - stray; Let my steps be
 2. Sin is all a - round me, I am help - less too; Lest Thou be my
 3. Lead me, Sav-iour, lead me, By Thy Spir - it still; Keep my heart sub -

ev - er In the nar - row way. O let not temp - ta - tion
 help - er I can noth - ing do. But I know Thy mer - cy
 mis - sive To Thy Ho - ly will. All my wan-d'ring o - ver,

Cause my wayward heart, From Thy blessed precepts Ev - er to de - part.
 In each time of need, Thou art ev - er pres - ent, And a help in - deed.
 All my tri - als past, To a home in glo - ry, Lead me safe at last.

No. 52.

SOFTLY WOO.

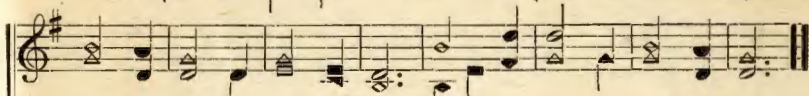
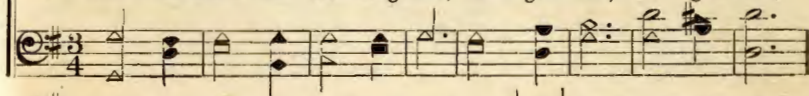
BARRY CORNWALL.

Slow and soft.

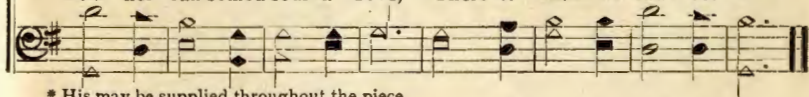
H. N. LINCOLN.



1. Soft - ly woo a - way her*breath, Gen - tle death, gen - tle death;
 2. She has done her bid - ding here, An - gels dear, an - gels dear;



- Let her leave thee with no strife, Ten - der, mourn - ful, murm'ring life.
 Bear her ran - somed soul a - bove, There to bask in end - less love.



* His may be supplied throughout the piece.
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No. 53. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

Key of A.

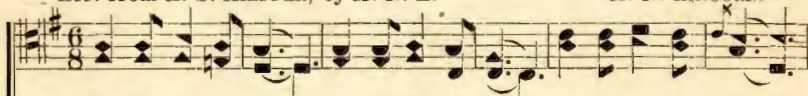
- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
 What more can He say that to you He hath said—
 You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
- 2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
 At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,—
 As thy day may demand, shall thy strength ever be.
- 3 E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 4 The soul that on Jesus hath learned for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to its foes;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
 I'll never, no never, no never, forsake!

No. 54. SEEK A REFUGE NOW.

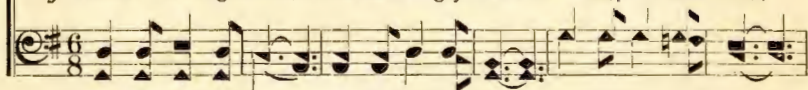
MALE VOICES.

Arr. from A. S. KIEFFER, by H. N. L.

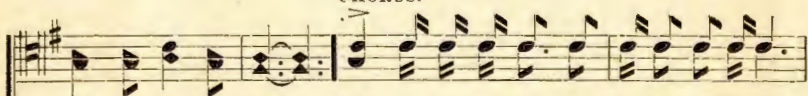
H. N. LINCOLN.



1. Seek a ref-uge now, Ere the day is gone; Storms are gath'ring fast,
2. See the wea-ry way, Where thy feet have trod; Thou hast found no peace,
3. Dark thy pathway grows, Night will soon come down, Lightnings fiercely flash,
4. Fly from fields of sin, For Thy life to-day, To our fa-ther's house,
5. Find a re-uge there, From sin's an-gry blast, Par-don, peace and rest,



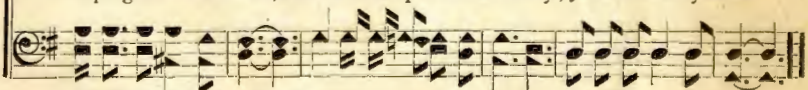
CHORUS.



Night is com-ing on. Fly for the tem-pest is coming, is coming,
Wand'ring from thy God.
Tem-pests dark-ly frown.
To the nar-row way.
Joys that ev-er last.



Sweeping the field of sin; Knock at the portals of mercy; Jesus will let you in.



No. 55. WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?

MALE VOICES.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

With great expression.

1. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? This question comes to you and me!
2. Ma - ny are choosing Christ to-day, Turn-ing from all their sins a - way;
3. Leav-ing the strait and nar-row way, Go-ing the down-ward road to-day,
4. Sin-ner, be-lieve, this ver - y hour, Trust in the Saviour's grace and pow'r,

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 4/4. The melody consists of a series of eighth and quarter notes, with some notes beamed together. The notation is in a simple, clear style typical of early 20th-century educational materials.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Merry Widow' waltz, measures 1-4. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The notation features a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody is written in a waltz style, with a strong emphasis on the first beat of each measure. The notes are primarily eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The first measure contains a quarter note, a quarter rest, and a quarter note. The second measure contains a quarter note, a quarter rest, and a quarter note. The third measure contains a quarter note, a quarter rest, and a quarter note. The fourth measure contains a quarter note, a quarter rest, and a quarter note.

Tell me what will your an - swer be? Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Heav'n shall their hap - py por - tion be, Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Sad will their fi - nal end - ing be, Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
Then will your joy - ous an - swer be, Sav'd thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of several eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. There are also some rests and a final measure with a double bar line.

E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
 E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
 E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
 E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

The first system of the musical score is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. There are several rests throughout the system. The system concludes with a double bar line.

No. 56.

BLESSED SHEPHERD.

J. H. BOYET, D. D.

A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. Bless ed Shep-herd of my soul, Let me in Thy pres-ence be;
 2. Might-y Shep-herd of my life, In Thy arms I help-less fall;
 3. Bless-ed Shep-herd of my soul, Let me on Thy bos-om rest;
 4. Shepherd, Bish-op of the sheep, Dost Thou love the one a-stray?

If in sor-row I should wander, Blessed Shep-herd be with me.
 Leave me not a-lone to per-ish, Save me when on Thee I call.
 Lean-ing there and sweet-ly trust-ing, I shall be for-ev-er blest.
 On the mount-ain wild and drear-y, Bring him to Thy fold to-day.

D.S.—Till this wea-ry life is end-ed, And these tears are wiped a-way.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed Shep-herd ev-er lead me, Be my com-fort day by day;

D.S.

SING A SONG. *rit*

Ex. 16.

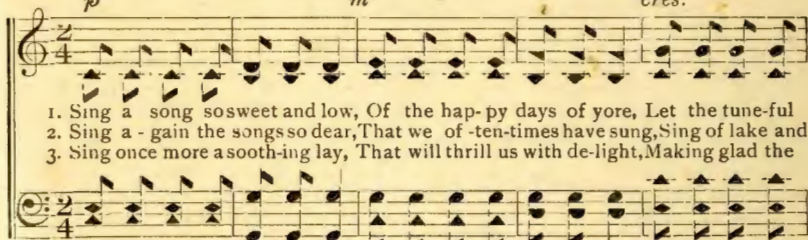
H. N. L.

H. N. L.

p

m

cres.

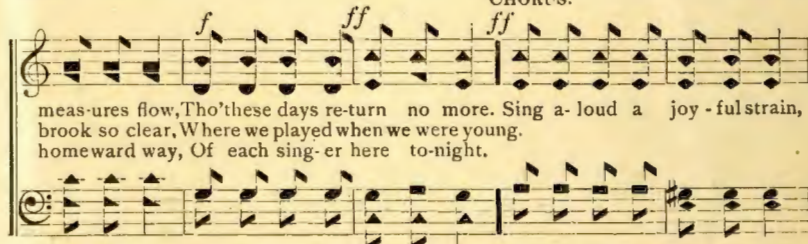


1. Sing a song so sweet and low, Of the hap-py days of yore, Let the tune-ful
2. Sing a - gain the songs so dear, That we of -ten-times have sung, Sing of lake and
3. Sing once more a sooth-ing lay, That will thrill us with de-light, Making glad the

POWER
SONG.

Now pi-an - o we will sing, Mez-zo loud-er grows our song, With in-creas-ing

CHORUS.



meas-ures flow, Tho'these days re-turn no more. Sing a-loud a joy-ful strain,
brook so clear, Where we played when we were young.
homeward way, Of each sing-er here to-night.

pow-er bring, Loud-ly now, then doub-ly strong, Still con-tin-ue loud and clear,

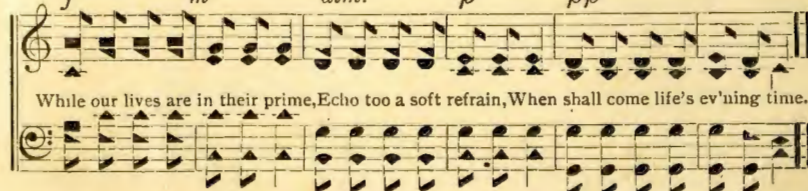
f

m

dim.

p

pp



While our lives are in their prime, Echo too a soft refrain, When shall come life's ev'ning time.

Till by signs it weaker grows, Now diminish with great care, Pi-an- is - si-mo we close.

