

# POLISHED PEARLS

FOR

Sunday Schools and Protracted Meetings

BY

T. J. SHELTON & J. H. ROSECRANS.

CINCINNATI:

*FILLMORE BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.*

POLISHED PEARLS—Price, by mail, \$12 per hundred; by express, \$10.

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## PREFACE.

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THIS is how it came about. In correspondence with the publishers, we said: "We want a small, cheap book of songs that will wear well in a protracted meeting, and in Mission Churches, and Sunday Schools, where the people are too poor to purchase a larger volume." They said: "Make your selections, and we will publish the book." The selections were made, and POLISHED PEARLS is the result.

Credit has been given to authors and publishers who have furnished us music.

Special credit is due the publishers for the missionary spirit—I can call it by no other name—that they have shown in furnishing, free of charge, so many of their own songs, and getting up such a neat, well-bound volume at so low a price.

May these POLISHED PEARLS grow brighter and brighter by constant use, and cause many of earth's children to sell all that they have and purchase that "one pearl of great price"—the Kingdom of Heaven.

T. J. SHELTON,

J. H. ROSECRANS.

ARCOLA, ILL., *January*, 1876.

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# POLISHED PEARLS.

## I'LL SING OF JESUS' LOVE.

JAS. H. FILLMORE.

1. I'll sing of Je-sus' love, For when I lived in sin He sought, with tender care, My wretched heart to win.  
2. I'll sing of Je-sus' love; He still remains the same; Tho' I am frail and weak, There's pardon in his name.  
3. I'll sing of Je-sus' love While God prolongs my days; At morning, noon, and night His love demands my praise.

### CHORUS.

Oh, the wondrous love That Christ has shown for me, Love that gave his life's blood, That I his child might be.



## THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

From "Little Sower," by per.  
J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. The Book of books, the Bi - ble, Oh, guard and keep it well, To all its sa - cred pa - ges, The  
 2. Read from that o - pen volume, The words your heart will move, Of all God's ten - der kindness, His  
 3. The les - sons that it teach - es, Are love to all man - kind, Hu - mil - i - ty and mer - cy, In

way of life do tell; The way of life to each is free, Yes, Je - sus died for you and me.  
 more than mortal love; Dear words of truth, they never fail, They reach to that within the vale.  
 un - ion sweet combined; Dear lessons of the boundless grace That meets the darkest sinner's case.

## CHORUS.

The Bi - ble, the Bible, the book of love and truth; Staff for aged pilgrims, guide for bounding youth.



E. A. HOFFMAN.

# ONLY JESUS.

From "Pearly Gates," by per.  
J. H. ROSECRANS.

5

1. On - ly Je - sus can save from sin; On - ly Je - sus can make me clean; On - ly  
2. On - ly Je - sus can keep me pure; On - ly Je - sus' sweet love is sure; On - ly  
3. On - ly Je - sus will be a friend, Ten - der, lov - ing, till life shall end; On - ly

**CHORUS.**

Je - sus can give me rest; On - ly Je - sus can calm my breast. I'll come then to  
Je - sus can lead me on Till my journey on earth is done. I'll come then to  
Je - sus I want to love, Here, and then in heav - en a - bove. I'll come then to

Je - sus, To Je - sus, to Je - sus, I'll come then to Je - sus, He a - lone can save.  
Je - sus, To Je - sus, to Je - sus, I'll come then to Jesus, He a - lone can save.



## TELL ME THE DEAR OLD STORY.

J. H. F.

1. Come sit by me in twilight, When dreary darkness falls, And ghostly gleams of firelight  
 2. My cup is full of sorrow, Yet patiently I drink; The path before me thorny,  
 3. Per-chance the wond'rous legend, That oft, in vanished years, Has soothed my childish sorrows,

Flit o'er my chamber walls; I'm tired of world's weak follies, Its heartless glare and gloss,  
 And yet I must not shrink; My i-dols all have crumbled, My gold has turned to dross,  
 May stay these manhood tears, And lull my soul to quiet, Forgetting pain and loss,

1st time. 2d time.  
 So tell me the dear old sto - ry, The sto - ry of the cross,  
 So tell me the dear old sto - ry, The . . . sto - ry of the cross.

From "Songs of Glory."

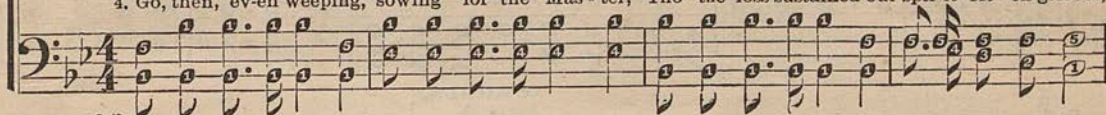


## BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

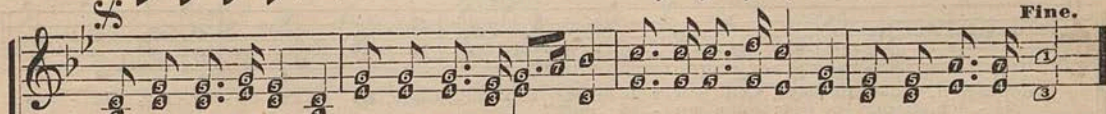
TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED BROTHER, A. D. FILLMORE.



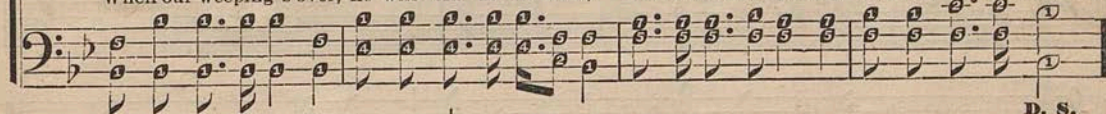
1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness; Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves;  
 2. Go and tell the nations now in heathen blindness; Tell them Jesus died—now no excuse he leaves;  
 3. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;  
 4. Go, then, ev-en weeping, sowing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustained our spir-it oft-en grieves,



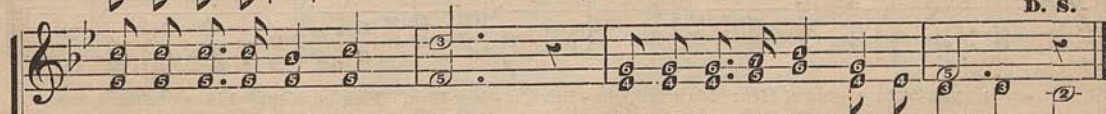
Fine.



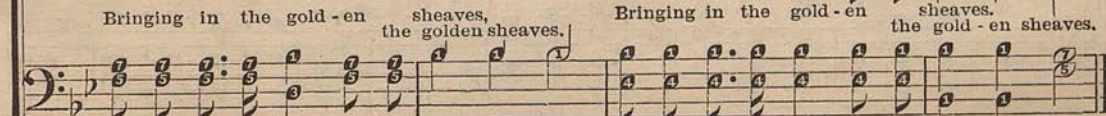
- D. S. Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.  
 Bid them come to Jesus; thus prepare the harvest, You shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.  
 By and by the harvest, and our labors end-ed, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.  
 When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.



D. S.



- Bringing in the gold-en sheaves, the golden sheaves. Bringing in the gold-en sheaves, the gold-en sheaves.



From "Songs of Glory."



## COME TO JESUS.

JAS. H. FILLMORE.

1. Come to Je - sus, he can save you, Come, for he has power di-vine, Come, how can'st thou longer  
 2. Come to Je - sus, he will save you, Are not these sweet words for thee, All ye wea - ry, heav-y  
 3. Come to Je - sus, he has pro-mised Thee to save, how can'st thou doubt, Hear him say-ing, "He that

## CHORUS.

doubt him, When he says, "All power is mine." Sin - ner, come, no more de - lay - ing, Je - sus  
 la - den, Here is rest; come un - to me?"  
 com - eth, I will in no - wise cast out."

calls you from a - bove, Hear his word, be - lieve, o - bey him, Now ac - cept his wondrous love.



1. Be - hold the li - lies of the field, No toil - ing do they know, No anx - ious thought from day to  
 2. No So - lo - mon in king - ly robes Was half so fair as they, These li - lies in their ten - der

## CHORUS.

day, Con - si - der how they grow. He car - eth for the li - lies, He gives each brilliant hue;  
 bloom Up - springing by the way.

3 Oh, why such anxious careful thought  
 For days that are to be,  
 Each day its duty brings, and then  
 The Lord will care for thee.  
 4 So leave thy future in his hands,  
 Thy Lord will still provide;  
 Around thee will his ceaseless love  
 For evermore abide.



## FOLLOW ME.

1. Long a - go, in old Ju - dea, By the shores of Gal-i - lee, Je - sus spake un - to the fishers:  
 2. Now no more in old Ju - dea, Je - sus walk - eth by the sea; But he calleth, ev - er calleth,

"Leave your nets, and follow me." Lit - tle children hear the sto - ry. Peeling through the a - ges dim;  
 Who will come and follow me? Come to Je - sus—time may tarnish Many a dream of beauty fair;

Who of you will leave your pleasures, Take your cross, and follow him.  
 What he of - fers fadeth never— Life e - ter - nal o - ver there.

Over there, beyond death's bil-  
 lows,  
 Eyes of faith can plainly see  
 The bright mansions where he  
 promised  
 All his followers should be.  
 Children listen to the story,  
 Peeling thro' the ages dim;  
 Jesus loves you! died to save  
 you!  
 Give up all, and follow him.

From "Songs of Glory."



# TAKE OUR HANDS.

From "Pearly Gates," by per. 11  
J. A. ROSECRANS.

1. Take our hands in thine, dear Fa - ther, Gen - tly lead our souls a - long; Lead us where thou'lt  
2. Though we meet with sore temptations, And with tri - als by the way, Thou hast prom - ised  
3. Now, dear Fa - ther, thou dost hear us, Take our hands in thine to guide; Keep on us the

have us la - bor, - Lead us, and we'll fol - low on. And we'll fol - low, yes, we'll fol - low, And we'll  
to pro - tect us, If we on - ly thee o - bey. And we'll trust thee, yes, we'll trust thee, And we'll  
pure white raiment, Keep us near the Sav - ior's side. Lead us ev - er, leave us nev - er, Lead us

**Rit.**  
fol - low, yes, we'll fol - low, Lead us, and we'll fol - low on, Lead us, and we'll fol - low on.  
trust thee, yes, we'll trust thee, To pro - tect us all the way, To pro - tect us all the way.  
ev - er, leave us nev - er, Let us all in thee a - bide, Let us all in thee a - bide.



## SING HIS GLORY.

JAS. H. FILLMORE.

1. Glo - ry, glo-ry ev - er - last - ing, Be to him who bore the cross,  
 2. Je - sus, love is love un - bound - ed, With - out meas - ure without end;  
 3. While we hear the wond'rous sto - ry Of the Sav - ior's cross and shame,

Who redeemed our souls by tast - ing Death—the death deserved by us.  
 Hu-man thought is here con-found - ed; 'Tis too vast to com - pre - hend.  
 Sing we, "Ev - er - last - ing glo - ry Be to God and to the Lamb!"

## CHORUS.

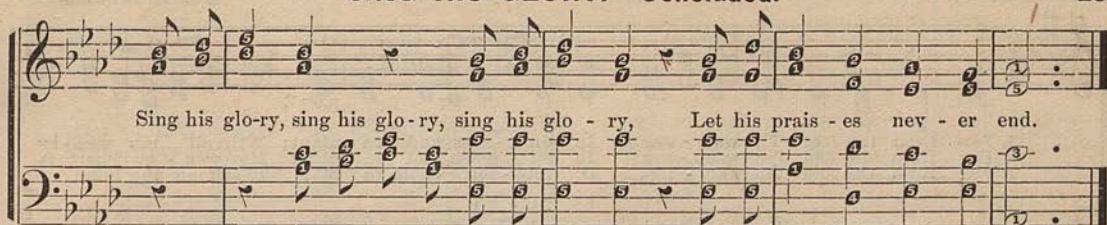
Sing his glo - ry, sing his glo - ry, Mag - ni - fy the sinner's Friend.  
 Sing his glo - ry, sing his glo - ry,

From "Songs of Glory."



# SING HIS GLORY. Concluded.

13



Sing his glo-ry, sing his glo-ry, sing his glo - ry, Let his prais - es nev - er end.

1

- 1 Yes, for me, for me he careth  
With a brother's tender care;  
Yes, with me, with me he shareth  
Every burden, every fear.
- 2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth,  
Ceaseless watches, night and day;  
Yes, e'en me, e'en me he snatcheth  
From the perils of the way.
- 3 Yes, for me he standeth pleading  
At the mercy-seat above;  
Ever for me interceding;  
Constant in untiring love.
- 4 Thus I wait for his returning,  
Singing all the way to heaven;  
Such the joyful song of morning,  
Such the tranquil song of even.

2

- 1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come;  
Let earth receive her King:  
Let every heart prepare him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth, the Savior reigns!  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.

- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;  
He comes to make his blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and  
grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

3

- 1 Mary to the Savior's tomb  
Hasted at the early dawn;  
Spices she brought and sweet perfume,  
But the Lord she loved had gone;  
For awhile she ling'ring stood,  
Filled with sorrow and surprise;  
Trembling, while a crystal flood  
Issued from her weeping eyes.

- 2 Jesus, who is always near,  
Though too often unperceived,  
Came her drooping heart to cheer,  
Kindly asking why she grieved;  
Though at first she knew him not,  
When he called her by her name,  
She her heavy griefs forgot,  
For she found him still the same.

- 3 And her sorrows quickly fled,  
When she heard his welcome voice,  
Christ had risen from the dead,  
Now he bids her heart rejoice:  
What a change his word can make—  
Turning darkness into day;  
You who weep for Jesus' sake,  
He will wipe your tears away.

4

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, you martyrs of our God,  
Who from his altar call;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 You chosen seed of Israel's race,  
A remnant weak and small,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.



## FAR FROM THE FOLD.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Far from the fold I wan - der In dark - ness and in night; With all my wea - ry  
 2. Far from the fold I'm weep - ing In an - guish and in pain; My wea - ry heart is  
 3. Far from the fold I'm wait - ing, O Sav - lor, come to me! Reach me thy hand of

**CHORUS.**

seek - ing I can not find the light. Thou gen - tle, lov - ing Shepherd, The  
 long - ing To feel thy love a - gain.  
 mer - cy, And lead my soul to thee.

night is chill and cold, Oh, lead me by thy hand of love In - to thy hap - py fold.



# A HOME ABOVE.

J. H. F. 15

1. I have a home, a home a - bove, I have a God, a God of love; I have a Sav - ior  
 2. There through eter - ni - ty I'll sing The praises of my Heavenly King, A - loud my new-born  
 3. Soon an - gels bright with music sweet, Will greet my weary, wand'ring feet, And those from here who've  
 4. I have a place a - bove to rest, Safe folded to my Savior's breast; To dwell for - ev - er

## CHORUS.

in the sky, Who bids me come to him on high. A home a - bove where  
 voice I'll raise To shout my dear Redeemer's praise.  
 gone be - fore I'll meet up - on that an - gel shore.  
 in his love, Safe in my home, my home a - bove. A home a - bove, a home a - bove, where

all is love, A home a - bove where all is joy and love.  
 all is joy and peace and love, A home a - bove, a home a - bove where all is joy and love.

From "Songs of Glory."



## NEARER MY HOME.

From "Little Sower," by per.  
J. H. TENNEY.

1. One sweet-ly sol- emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; 'Tis that I'm near-er  
 2. Near-er my Fa-ther's house, Where ma-ny man-sions be; Near-er the sol- emn  
 3. Near-er the bound where life Shall lay its bur- dens down; Where I shall leave my  
 4. Sav-ior, per-fect my trust, Con- firm my fee-ble faith; And teach me fear- less-

## CHORUS.

home to- day Than e'er I've been be- fore. Near-er my home, yes, near-er,  
 judgment throne, Near-er the Jas- per sea.  
 ill- borne cross, And take my blood-bought crown.  
 ly to stand, Up- on the shore of death.

Near-er than ev-er be- fore; Nearer my home, yes, nearer, Near-er than ev-er be- fore.



# THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

Words and Music by  
K. SHAW, by per.

17

1st time. 2d time

1. Be - hold the love of Christ for me! Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus?  
He shed his blood on Cal - va - ry! Was there ev - er such a friend as (Omit. . . ) Je - sus? }

2. Be this my love to live for thee! Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus?  
Wilt thou, my Sav - ior, dwell with me? Was there ev - er such a friend as (Omit. . . ) Je - sus? }

He intercedes in heaven for me; Oh, may my soul from sin be free, And I his faith - ful foll'wer be—  
His foes he'll ban - ish far a - way, His foll'wers clothe in bright array, While heaven and earth combine to say,

Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus?

3 Then hear, O sinner, and obey—  
Was there ever such a friend as Jesus?  
And come to him without delay—  
Was there ever such a friend as Jesus?  
Come, peace and pardon now receive,  
No longer now his spirit grieve,  
'Tis Christ alone who can relieve—  
Was there ever such a friend as Jesus?



## BEAUTIFUL RIVER OF LIFE.

J. H. F.

1. On the banks of the Riv-er of Life, Far be-yond earthly sorrow and gloom,  
 2. Sparkling wavelets of beauty and light Kiss the banks of the bright sil-ver tide,  
 3. To the calm listening ear of our faith Even now these low murmurs de-scend,

Lie the realms of e-ter-nal de-light, In the val-ley where shadows ne'er come.  
 And their sweet murm'ring echoes re-peat Heavenly music as onward they glide.  
 Telling gent-ly as zephyrs of morn Of the hap-pi-ness nev-er to end.

## CHORUS.

O Beau-ti-ful Riv-er of Life, Ev-er flow-ing at God's right hand!

From "Songs of Glory."



# BEAUTIFUL RIVER OF LIFE. Concluded.

19

O Beau-ti-ful Riv-er of Life, Up-on thy fair banks may I stand!

This musical score is for the song 'Beautiful River of Life'. It is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'O Beau-ti-ful Riv-er of Life, Up-on thy fair banks may I stand!'.

## ALL MIGHT DO GOOD.

J. H. F.

1. We all might do good where we often do ill; There is always the way if there be but the will;  
 2. We all might do good in a thousand small ways: In for-bear-ing to flatter, yet yielding due praise;  
 3. We all might do good, whether low-ly or great, For the deed is not gauged by the purse or estate;

Tho' it be but a word kindly breathed or suppressed, It may guard off some pain, or give peace to some breast.  
 In spurning ill humor, reproving wrong done, And in treating but kindly the heart we have won.  
 If it be but a cup of cold water that's giv'n, Like the widow's two mites, it is something for Heav'n.

This musical score is for the song 'All Might Do Good'. It is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: '1. We all might do good where we often do ill; There is always the way if there be but the will; 2. We all might do good in a thousand small ways: In for-bear-ing to flatter, yet yielding due praise; 3. We all might do good, whether low-ly or great, For the deed is not gauged by the purse or estate; Tho' it be but a word kindly breathed or suppressed, It may guard off some pain, or give peace to some breast. In spurning ill humor, reproving wrong done, And in treating but kindly the heart we have won. If it be but a cup of cold water that's giv'n, Like the widow's two mites, it is something for Heav'n.'

From "Songs of Glory."



## WAITING.

J. P. POWELL.

## Quartet.

1. He is waiting, waiting, waiting, He has wait-ed thro' the night; He has looked with  
 2. He is waiting, waiting, waiting—You have let all oth-ers in; Some odd guests are  
 3. He is waiting, waiting, waiting—Have you kept him long enough? You will short-ly

## Duet.

wond'rous patience For the hour of dawning light, When the oft - mis - tak - en spir - it  
 in your tem - ple, Sad with sor - row, dark with sin. There is on - ly One can bless you,  
 need Him great-ly, When the win-ter winds are rough. Oh, cold hearts that keep Him waiting,

## Chorus.

## Rit.

Shall observe Him at the door, And shall cry, Come in, my Savior, Come and leave me never more.  
 In your times of grief and doubt, There is on-ly One can save you, But you strangely keep him out!  
 Do be warned by His great love, Nor refuse the pleading Savior Who has sought you from above.

From "Songs of Glory."



1. We are jour - ney - ing to heav'n, To the home our Lord has given; We shall  
 2. There the flowers e - ter - nal bloom, There will be no death, no tomb; There is  
 3. Full of song the glad free air, Sin nor grief can en - ter there; When we  
 4. Lift thou up thy joy - ful eyes, See the heav - en - ly hills a - rise; From life's

**CHORUS.**

walk the gold - en street, We shall sing in praises sweet. By and by, by and by, We shall  
 light and love un - told, There the summer ne'er grows old.  
 pass that pearl - y gate, Where the an - gels watching wait.  
 riv - er flow - ing free, Drink and live e - ter - nal - ly.

pass the pearl - y gate; By and by, by and by, Where the an - gels watching wait.



## IT IS EASY.

From "Pearly Gates," by per.  
J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. It was ea - sy to look at the ser-pent of brass, And it healed ev : ery one that o - beyed;  
 2. It was ea - sy to sprinkle the blood at the door, When the six hun-dred thousand were saved;  
 3. It was ea - sy to say, "If thou wilt make me clean," When the lep-er was in - stant-ly cured;

It's as ea - sy to look un - to Christ on the cross, Who was nailed there that we might be saved.  
 It's as ea - sy to trust in the blood of the cross, And "our passover" Lamb there portrayed.  
 It's as ea - sy to say to the same Je - sus Christ, Make me clean, make me thine "in a word."

## CHORUS.

Look then to him, who on the cross Shed his blood, and is near you to save;



# IT IS EASY. Concluded.

23

Look then to him, who on the cross Shed his blood, and is near you to save.

This musical score is for the song 'IT IS EASY. Concluded.' It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'Look then to him, who on the cross Shed his blood, and is near you to save.' The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, quarter notes, and rests.

E. E. S.

## I AM PERSUADED.

J. W. SUFFERN.

1. I am per-suad - ed that Je - sus loves me: I am per-suad - ed sal - va - tion is free;  
 2. I am per-suad - ed that now is the time, I am per-suad - ed sal - va - tion is mine;  
 3. I am per-suad - ed that Je - sus a - lone, I am per-suad - ed that no oth - er one,

Christ is the re - fuge and heaven is the home, Where all persuad - ed, to Je - sus may come.  
 Je - sus is rea - dy and tells me to come, Doubt - ing is end - ed, and heav - en is won.  
 Can to the sin - ner af - ford a re - lease, Grant - ing him par - don with blessings and peace.

This musical score is for the song 'I AM PERSUADED.' It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: '1. I am per-suad - ed that Je - sus loves me: I am per-suad - ed sal - va - tion is free; 2. I am per-suad - ed that now is the time, I am per-suad - ed sal - va - tion is mine; 3. I am per-suad - ed that Je - sus a - lone, I am per-suad - ed that no oth - er one,'. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, quarter notes, and rests.



## GLADLY SING.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

D. S. 1. Gladly sing, gladly sing, Happy hearts hither bring, Come with smiles and with songs to-day;  
 2. O, the day is so bright, All is beau - ty and light; We must all, we must all be gay,  
 3. Un-to Him, high in heaven, Blessings bright who hath given, We would car - ol our sweetest songs;

Fine.

Turn a - way from all care, In our pleas - ure to share, Swiftly pass - ing the hours a - way.  
 While with joy and with song, Fly the sweet hours a - long, On their shining, their hap - py way.  
 He who guards us from harm With his strong loving arm, Un - to us life and health pro - long.

**CHORUS.**

Gladly sing, gladly sing, gladly sing, gladly sing; Happy hearts, happy hearts, Hither bring, hither bring.

From "Songs of Glory."



# GLADLY SING. Concluded.

D. S. 25

Voices ring, voices ring, voices ring, voices ring, In a song of love and praise. Gladly  
D. S.  
song of love and praise.

CHAS. MACKEY

## STAND FOR THE RIGHT.

From "Pearly Gates," by per.  
J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Stand for the right! tho' false-hood rail, And proud lips cold-ly sneer; A poisoned ar-row  
2. Stand for the right! and with clean hands Ex-alt the truth on high; Thou'lt find warm sympa-  
3. Stand for the right! pro-claim it loud! Thou'lt find an answering tone In hon-est hearts, and

### REFRAIN.

can not wound A conscience pure and clear. Stand for the right! Stand, stand for the right!  
thizing hearts Among the pass-ers - by. Stand for the right!  
thou'lt no more Be doomed to stand a-lone.



## GLORY HALLELUJAH.

EDWARD A. PERKINS.

1. We've enlisted in a war, but 'tis not of flesh and blood. Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!  
 2. The weapons of our war - fare are sent us from a - bove, Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!  
 3. Our foes are fierce and strong, but our strength is in the Lord, Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!  
 4. Then we'll answer every or - der, and trust for every grace, Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

We are fighting for a crown in the Kingdom of our God; Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!  
 We can not fail to conquer with Faith and Hope and Love, Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!  
 And the vict'ry we shall win, trusting ev - er in his word, Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!  
 Till our lead - er shall appear, and we see him face to face, Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

## CHORUS.

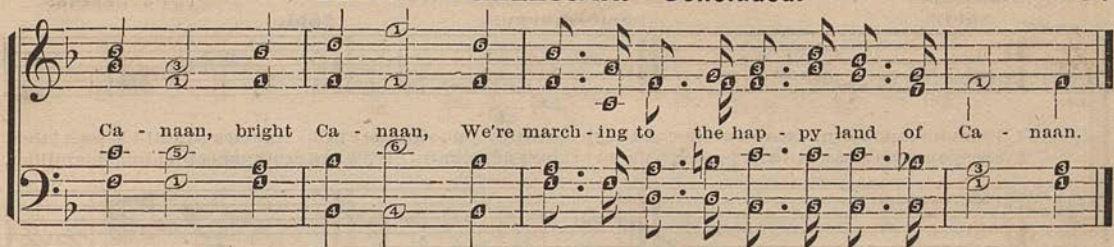
Ca - naan, bright Ca - naan, We're marching to the hap - py land of Ca - naan,

From "Songs of Glory."



# GLORY HALLELUJAH. Concluded.

27



1

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure;  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands  
Can fulfill the law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly;  
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my heart-strings break in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne,  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

2

1 To-day, if you will hear his voice,  
Now is the time to make your choice;  
Say will you to Mount Zion go?  
Say, will you come to Christ, or no?

2 Say, will you be forever blest,  
And with this glorious Jesus rest?  
Will you be saved from guilt and  
pain?

Will you with Christ forever reign?  
3 Make now your choice, and halt no  
more;

He now is waiting for the poor;  
Say, now, poor souls, what will you do?  
Say, will you come to Christ or no?

4 Once more we ask you in his name,  
(We know his love remains the same,)  
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?  
Say, will you come to Christ or no?

3

Praise God, ye heavenly hosts above!  
Praise him, all creatures of his love!  
Praise him each morning, noon and  
night!  
Praise him with holy, sweet delight!

4

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast,  
A thousand thoughts revolve;  
Come with your guilt and fear oppressed  
And make this last resolve;  
I'll go to Jesus, tho' my sin  
Has like a mountain rose;  
His kingdom now I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.

2 Humbly I'll bow at his command,  
And there my guilt confess;  
I'll own I am a wretch undone,  
Without his sovereign grace.  
Surely he will accept my plea,  
For he has bid me come;  
Forthwith I'll rise and to him flee,  
For yet, he says, there's room.

5

1 'Tis religion that can give  
Sweetest pleasure while we live;  
'Tis religion must supply  
Solid comfort when we die.  
2 After death, its joys will be  
Lasting as eternity!  
Be the living God my friend,  
Then my bliss shall never end.



## NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

## Semi-Chorus.

## Solo.

1. Faint not, toil-worn, weary brother, In thy earthly pil-grimage; Ob-sta-cles will still be-set thee,  
2. See yon man of wealth and pow-er, Void of love and char-i-ty, When death takes him from his millions,

## Chorus.

## Duet.

## Chorus.

Round thy head the storm will rage. As you no-bly struggle on-ward, Look a-loft, nor be cast down,  
Tell me, what re-ward has he? Pomp and lux-u-ry will nev-er, Com-pen-sate for heaven's frown-

Take the good and ill to-gether—"Bear the Cross, and win the Crown."  
Dives had these, what did they bring him? "Bear the Cross, and win the Crown."

3 Child of sorrow and misfortune,  
Heart-crushed, weak, and full of woe,  
Recollect that he who suffered  
Grief more keen than you can know;  
Persecuted, jeered at, tortured,  
Like a wild beast hunted down—  
Even he, our King and Savior,  
Bore the Cross to win the Crown.



From "Golden Sunbeam," by per.

## THE RIFTED ROCK.

D. F. HODGES.

29

1. In the Rift - ed Rock I'm rest - ing, Sure and safe from all a - larm; Storms and bil - lows  
2. Many a storm - y sea I've trav - ersed, Many a tem - pest shock have known; Have been driv - en  
3. Yet I now have found a ha - ven, Nev - er moved by tem - pest shock; One in which I'm

### CHORUS.

have u - nit - ed, All in vain to do me harm.  
with - out an - chor Up - on bar - ren shores and lone.  
safe for - ev - er, In the bless - ed Rift - ed Rock.

In the Rift - ed Rock I'm rest - ing,

Surf is dash - ing at my feet; Storm - clouds dark are o'er me hov - 'ring, Yet my rest is all com - plete.



## THE LAND OF LIGHT.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful land, a land of light, A country just o'er the way, Where the night of life  
 2. There are sun-ny slopes and mountains high, And riv-u-lets laughing sweet, And voices dear,  
 3. There are loving eyes that we've closed at night, Mid sighing and bit-ter tears; They are beaming bright  
 4. Look up, ye poor and suf-fer-ing, Ye weary, troubled and sad, Let the eye glow bright

## CHORUS.

with its gloom and strife, Fades out in - to glorious day. There's a beau-ti-ful land of light,  
 that we loved so here, And th' patter of lit - le feet.  
 'neath the brows of light, Untouched by the frosts of years.  
 with the old-time light, And the aching heart be glad.

Where darkness will be no more; There's a beau-ti-ful land of light On Jordan's golden shore.

From "Songs of Glory."



# BEAUTIFUL LAND.

S. J. VAIL.

31

1. A beau-ti-ful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from sorrow free; The home of the ransom'd  
 2. That beautiful land, where all is light, It ne'er has known the shades of night; The Glory of God, the  
 3. In vi-sion I see its streets of gold, its beau-ti-ful gates I do behold; The river of life, the  
 4. The heav-en-ly throng, arrayed in white, In rapture range the plains of light; In one harmoni-ous

**CHORUS.**

bright and fair, And beau-ti-ful an-gels, too, are there. Will you go? Will you go?  
 light of day, Hath driven the darkness far a-way.  
 crys-tal sea, The am-bro-sial fruit of life's fair tree.  
 choir they praise The glo-ri-ous Savior's matchless grace.

**Repeat pp.**

Go to that beau-ti-ful land with me? Will you go? will you go? Go to that beau-ti-ful land with me?

From "Songs of Glory."



## THE LAND CELESTIAL.

From J. H. ROSECRANS'  
"Little Sower," by per.

1. There is a land celes-tial, A world that's bright and fair, And o'er its ho-ly  
There flows the peaceful riv-er, Beneath the tree of life! There comes no wail of

**CHORUS.**

beau-ty mourning, Floats not a cloud of care; } Land of per-fect beau-ty!  
Nor sound of bit-ter strife. }

World so bright and fair! When will an-gels call me! When shall I be there!

There are the sweet-voiced angels, Around the great white  
Who bow in willing homage To him who rules alone. [three.  
Death guards the mystic portals, And gently one by one  
He leads in weary mortals Whose earthly work is done.

They stand before the Father, The Lord of life and love;  
He smiles upon his children, He welcomes them above;  
And all in joyous singing, And peace for evermore,  
There in that far off country, Upon that golden shore.

From "Songs of Glory."

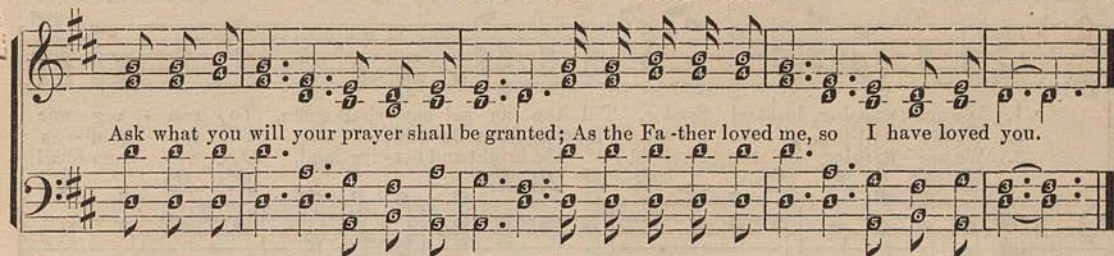


**PAGE(S)  
MISSING**



# I AM THE VINE. Concluded.

35



1

1 Sinner, go; will you go  
To the highlands of heaven?  
Where the storms never blow,  
And the long summer's given;  
Where the bright, blooming flowers  
Are their odors emitting;  
And the leaves of the bowers  
In the breezes are flitting.

2 Where the rich golden fruit  
Is in bright clusters pending,  
And the deep laden boughs  
Of life's fair tree are bending  
And where life's crystal stream  
Is unceasingly flowing,  
And the verdure is green,  
And eternally growing.

3 He's prepared thee a home—  
Sinner, canst thou believe it?  
And invites thee to come—  
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?  
Oh, come, sinner, come,  
For the tide is receding,  
And the Savior will soon,  
And forever cease pleading.

2

1 There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign,  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.  
There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-with'ring flow'rs;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between;  
But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger, shivering, on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With unclouded eyes;  
Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

3

1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of thine abode,  
The church our blest Redeemer saved  
With his own precious blood.  
I love thy church, O God!  
Her walls before thee stand  
Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
And graven on thy hand.

2 For her my tears shall fall,  
For her my prayers ascend;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.  
Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

3 Jesus, thou Friend divine,  
Our Savior and our King!  
Thy hand from every snare and foe  
Shall great deliverance bring.  
Sure as thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.



## WE ARE WAITING.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. We are wait-ing, bless-ed Sav-ior, Till the an-gel band shall come, To con-vey our  
 2. We are wait-ing, at the por-tal, Pil-grims from the land of sin, Till the gold-en  
 3. We are wait-ing on the thresh-old Of the bright and bet-ter land, And we soon shall

## CHORUS.

ran-somed spir-its To the New Je-ru-sa-lem.  
 gates shall o-pen, And we all may en-ter in. On the thresh-old we are waiting,  
 join the ran-somed And the ho-ly an-gel band.

O-pen wide the door, And we'll share the shin-ing glo-ry Of the bright for-ev-er-more.



# DO N'T KEEP JESUS WAITING.

C. C. CLINE.

37

1. Don't keep Je - sus wait - ing At the door; Oft he knock-eth soft - ly,  
 2. Don't keep Je - sus wait - ing In the cold; He will bear you gen - tly  
 3. Don't keep Je - sus wait - ing At the door; He will be your Sav - ior  
 wait-ing at the

Ev - er - more; Hear him, soul, and o - pen, I im - plore.  
 Ev - er, ev - er - more; I im-plore, I im - plore.  
 To his fold; Hear him, soul, and o - pen, I im - plore.  
 Gen-tly to his fold; I im-plore, I im - plore.  
 Ev - er - more; Hear him, soul, and love him, I im - plore.  
 Ev - er, ev - er - more; I im-plore, I im - plore.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,  
 And shall our cheeks be dry?  
 Let tears of penitential grief  
 Flow forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears  
 The wondering angels see;  
 Be thou astonished, oh, my soul!  
 He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept, that we might weep--  
 Each sin demands a tear;  
 In heaven alone no sin is found,  
 And there's no weeping there.



## HEAVEN.

K. SHAW, in "Hours of Song."

DUET. Not too fast.

1. Oh, would to me were on - ly given A tongue in-spired to tell The beau-ties of yon  
 2. There hope's sweet flowers eter - nal bloom, While seasons come and go, Un-touched by sor-row's  
 3. There lim - pid wa - ters, bright and clear, Flow o'er the gold - en sands, While thrill-ing mu - sic

## CHORUS.

peace - ful heaven, Where saints im-mor - tal dwell. Bright, beau-ti-ful heaven, Bright, beau-ti - ful  
 chill - ing winds, That blight them here be - low. Bright, bright, beautiful heaven, Bright, bright,  
 strikes the ear—Harps swept by an - gel hands.

Rit.

Repeat

pp

(beau-ti - ful) heaven, Home where the pilgrim for-ev - er shall rest, Bright, beau-ti - ful heaven.



# HATFIELD. 7s.

W. T. PORTER.

39

1. Prince of Peace! con-trol my will; Bid this struggling heart be still;  
 2. Thou hast bought me with thy blood; O - pened wide the gates to God;  
 3. Did I meet no tri - als here, No chas - tise - ment by the way,  
 4. Tri - als make the prom - ise sweet; Tri - als give new life to pray'r;

Bid my fears and doubtings cease— Hush my spir - it in - to peace.  
 Peace I ask; but peace must be, Lord, in be - ing one with thee.  
 Might I not, with rea-son, fear, I should prove a cast - a - way?  
 Tri - als bring me to his feet, Lay me low and keep me there.

1 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Work thro' the morning hours;  
 Work while the dew is sparkling,  
 Work 'mid springing flowers;  
 Work when the day grows brighter,  
 Work in the glowing sun;  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Work thro' the sunny noon;  
 Fill brightest hours with labor,  
 Rest comes sure and soon;  
 Give ev'ry flying moment  
 Something to keep in store;  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming;  
 Under the sunset skies,  
 While their bright tints are glowing,  
 Work, for daylight flies;  
 Work till the last beam-fadeth,  
 Fadeth to shine no more:  
 Work while the night is dark'ning,  
 When man's work is o'er.

From "Songs of Glory."



1. Night, with eb - on pin - ion, Brood - ed o'er the vale; All a-round was si - lent,  
2. Smit - ten for of - fens - es Which were not his own, He, for our trans-gres-sions,

Save the night-wind's wail, When Christ, the man of sor - rows, In tears, and sweat, and blood,  
Had to weep a - lone. No friend with words to com - fort, Nor hand to help was there,

Pros - trate in the gar - den, Raised his voice to God.  
When the meek and low - ly Humbly bowed in prayer.

3 Abba, Father, Father!

If, indeed, it may,  
Let this cup of anguish  
Pass from me, I pray.

Yet, if it must be suffered  
By me, thine only Son,  
Abba, Father, Father,  
Let thy will be done.



## 1

1 My faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Savior divine!  
Now hear me while I pray;  
Take all my guilt away:  
Oh, let me, from this day,  
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart;  
My zeal inspire;  
As thou hast died for me,  
Oh may my love to thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be—  
A living fire.

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll;  
Blest Savior, then, in love,  
Fear and distress remove;  
Oh bear me safe above—  
A ransomed soul.

## 2

1 Come unto me when shadows darkly  
gather,  
When the sad heart is weary and distressed,  
Seeking for comfort from your heav-  
enly Father,  
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.  
2 Ye who have mourned when the  
spring flowers were taken;  
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the  
ground;  
When the loved slept, in brighter  
homes to waken,  
Where their pale brows with spirit-  
wreaths are crowned.

3 Large are the mansions in thy Fath-  
er's dwelling,  
Glad are the homes that sorrows never  
dim;  
Sweet are the harps in holy music  
swelling,  
Soft are the tones which raise the heav-  
enly hymn.

4 There, like an Eden, blossoming in  
gladness,  
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too  
rudely pressed;  
Come unto me, all ye who droop in  
sadness,  
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

## 3

1 O thou fount of every blessing;  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.  
Teach me ever to adore thee,  
May I still thy goodness prove,  
While the hope of endless glory  
Fills my heart with joy and love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by thy help I've come,  
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from thy fold, O God!  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind me closer still to thee.

Never let me wander from thee,  
Never leave thee, whom I love;  
By thy Word and Spirit guide me,  
Till I reach thy courts above.

## 4

1 Lead us, heav'nly Father, lead us  
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;  
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,  
For we have no help but thee.  
Yet possessing ev'ry blessing,  
If our God our Father be.

2 Savior! breathe forgiveness o'er us;  
All our weakness thou dost know;  
Thou didst tread this world before us,  
Thou didst feel its keenest woe.  
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,  
Through the desert thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God descending!  
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,  
Love with every passion blending,  
Pleasure that can never cloy.  
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,  
Nothing can our peace destroy.

## 5

1 My soul, be on thy guard,  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,  
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh watch, and fight, and pray;  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor lay thine armor down;  
Thy arduous work will not be done  
Till thou obtain thy crown.



1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly; While the bil-lows near me roll,

Safe in - to the ha-ven guide

**Fine.** While the tem-pest still is high, Hide me, oh, my Sav-ior, hide Till the storm of life is past.

**D. S.** Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee!  
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me:  
All my trust on thee is stayed,  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
Boundless love in thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is thy name, [ness;  
Prince of Peace and Righteous-  
Most unworthy, Lord, I am,  
Thou art full of love and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to pardon all my sins;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee;  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.



## 1

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee;  
E'en tho' it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

2 Tho' like the wanderer,  
Daylight all gone,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that thou sendest me,  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee!  
Nearer to thee.

## 2

1 Dropping down the troubled river  
To the tranquil, tranquil shore,  
Where the sweet light shineth ever,  
And the sun goes down no more.

Cho.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
The beautiful, the beautiful river,  
Gather with the saints at the river  
That flows by the throne of God.

2 Dropping down the winding river  
To the wide and welcome sea,  
Where no tempest wrecketh ever,  
Where the sky is fair and free.

3 Dropping down the rapid river,  
To the dear and deathless land,  
Where the living live forever  
At the Father's own right hand

## 3

1 When we hear the music ringing  
In the bright celestial dome,  
When sweet angel voices, singing,  
Gladly bid us welcome home  
To the land of ancient story,  
Where the spirit knows no care;  
In that land of light and glory,  
Shall we know each other there?

2 When the holy angels meet us,  
As we go to join their band,  
Shall we know the friends that greet us  
In the glorious spirit land?  
Shall we see the same eyes shining  
On us as in days of yore?  
Shall we feel their dear arms twining  
Fondly round us as before?

3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,  
And my weary heart grows light,  
For the sweet and cheerful voices,  
And the forms so pure and bright,  
That shall welcome us in heaven,  
Are the loved of long ago;  
And to them 'tis kindly given,  
Thus their mortal friends to know.

4 O ye weary, sad, and tossed ones,  
Droop not, faint not by the way;  
Ye shall join the loved and just ones  
In the land of perfect day.  
Harp-strings, touched by angel fingers,  
Murmured in my raptured ear—  
Evermore their sweet song lingers—  
We shall know each other there.

1 Faintly flow, thou falling river,  
Like a dream that dies away;  
Down to ocean gliding ever,  
Keep thy calm, unruffled way:  
Time, with such a silent motion,  
Floats along on wings of air,  
To eternity's dark ocean,  
Burying all its treasure there.

2 Roses bloom, and then they wither;  
Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;  
Shapes of life are wafted hither,  
Then, like visions, hurry by;  
Quick as clouds at evening driven  
O'er the many-colored west,  
Years are bearing us to heaven—  
Home of happiness and rest.

## 5

1 Tarry with me, O my Savior,  
For the day is passing by!  
See the shades of evening gather,  
And the night is drawing nigh.

Cho.—Tarry with me, blessed Jesus,  
Leave me not till morning light;  
For I'm lonely here without thee,  
Tarry with me through the night.

2 Many friends were gathered round me,  
In the bright days of the past;  
But the grave has closed above them,  
And I linger here at last.

3 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows;  
Paler now the glowing west;  
Swift the night of death advances;  
Shall it be the night of rest?

4 Tarry with me, O my Savior,  
Lay my head upon thy breast  
Till the morning; then awake me—  
Morning of eternal rest!



## ONLY WAITING.

J. H. F.

1. I am waiting for the morn-ing Of the bless-ed day to dawn,  
 2. I am waiting, worn and wea-ry With the bat-tle and the strife,  
 3. Waiting, hoping, trust-ing ev-er, For a home of boundless love,

When the sor-row and the sad-ness Of this fear-ful life are gone.  
 Hop-ing, when the war has end-ed, To re-ceive a crown of life.  
 Like a pil-grim look-ing for-ward To the land of bliss a-bove.

**CHORUS.**

I am wait - - - ing, on - ly waiting,

Till this

I am waiting, waiting, waiting, on - ly waiting, waiting, waiting, Till this

From "Songs of Glory."



# ONLY WAITING. Concluded.

45

wea - - - ry life is o'er, On-ly wait - - - ing

weary, weary, weary life is o'er, life is o'er, On-ly waiting, waiting, waiting,

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key of three flats (B-flat major or D-flat minor). The melody is in the Treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the Bass clef. The time signature is 4/4. The melody features a long note for 'wea' followed by a series of eighth notes for 'ry life is o'er'. The accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern. The piece concludes with a final measure marked with a double bar line.

for my welcome From my Sav-ior on the oth-er shore. may repeat pp.

for my welcome, for my welcome From my Sav-ior on the oth-er shore.

The musical score continues on two staves. The melody in the Treble clef features a series of eighth notes for 'for my welcome' followed by a half note for 'From my Sav-ior'. The accompaniment in the Bass clef continues with the eighth-note pattern. The piece concludes with a final measure marked with a double bar line.

4. Waiting for the sun to cheer me,  
With his pure, unmingled light,  
Waiting for the saints to greet me,  
In their robes of spotless white.  
I am waiting, etc.

5. Waiting for the golden city,  
Where the many mansions be;  
Listening for the happy welcome  
Of my Savior calling me.  
I am waiting, etc.

From "Songs of Glory."



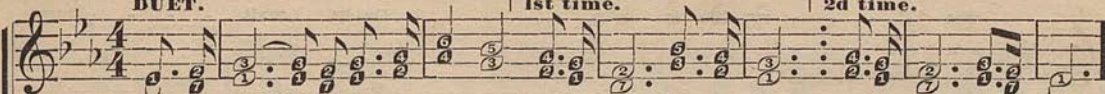
## SHALL WE SING IN HEAVEN?

JAS. H. FILLMORE.

## DUET.

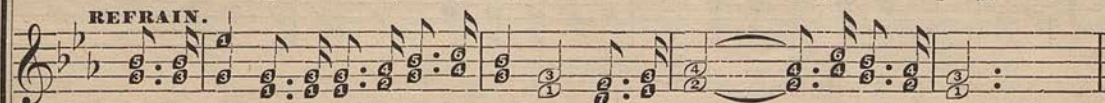
1st time.

2d time.

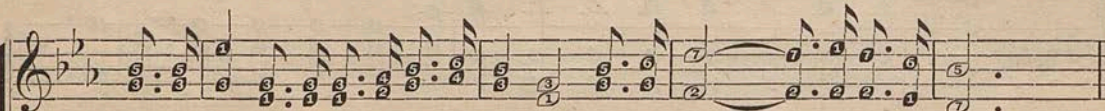
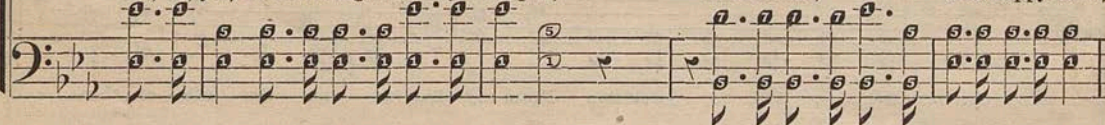


1. Shall we sing in heaven for-ev - er? Shall we sing, shall we sing?  
 Shall we sing in heaven for-ev - er? (Omit. ) In that hap - py land?  
 2. Shall we know each oth - er ev - er? In that land, in that land? ) In that hap - py land?  
 Shall we know each oth - er ev - er? (Omit. ) In that hap - py land?  
 3. Shall we sing with ho - ly an - gels? In that land, in that land? ) In that hap - py land?  
 Shall we sing with ho - ly an - gels? (Omit. ) In that hap - py land?

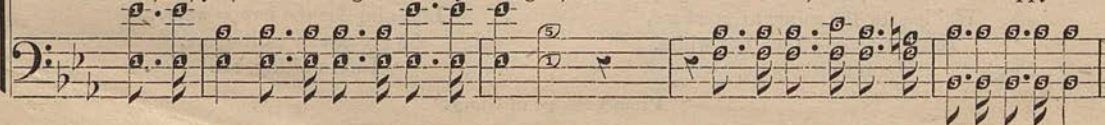
## REFRAIN.



Yes, oh, yes, we shall sing in heaven for-ev - er,  
 Yes, oh, yes, we shall know each other ev - er,  
 Yes, oh, yes, we shall sing with ho - ly an - gels,  
 In that land, that hap - py land;  
 In that land, that happy land;



Yes, oh, yes, we shall sing in heaven for-ev - er,  
 Yes, oh, yes, we shall know each other ev - er,  
 Yes, oh, yes, we shall sing with ho - ly an - gels,  
 In that land, that happy land.  
 In that land, that happy land.





# SHALL WE SING IN HEAVEN? Concluded.

47

They that meet shall sing for - ev - er Far be - yond the roll - ing riv - er,  
 They that meet shall know each oth - er Far be - yond the roll - ing riv - er,  
 Saints and an - gels sing for - ev - er Far be - yond the roll - ing riv - er,

Meet to sing and love for - ev - er, In that land, in that hap - py land.

4 Shall we rest from care and sorrow  
 In that land, in that land?  
 Shall we rest from care and sorrow  
 In that happy land?  
 Yes, oh, yes, we shall rest from care and sorrow  
 In that land, that happy land;  
 Yes, oh, yes, we shall rest from care and sorrow  
 In that land, that happy land.  
 They that meet shall rest forever  
 Far beyond the rolling river,  
 Meet to sing and love forever  
 In that land, in that happy land.

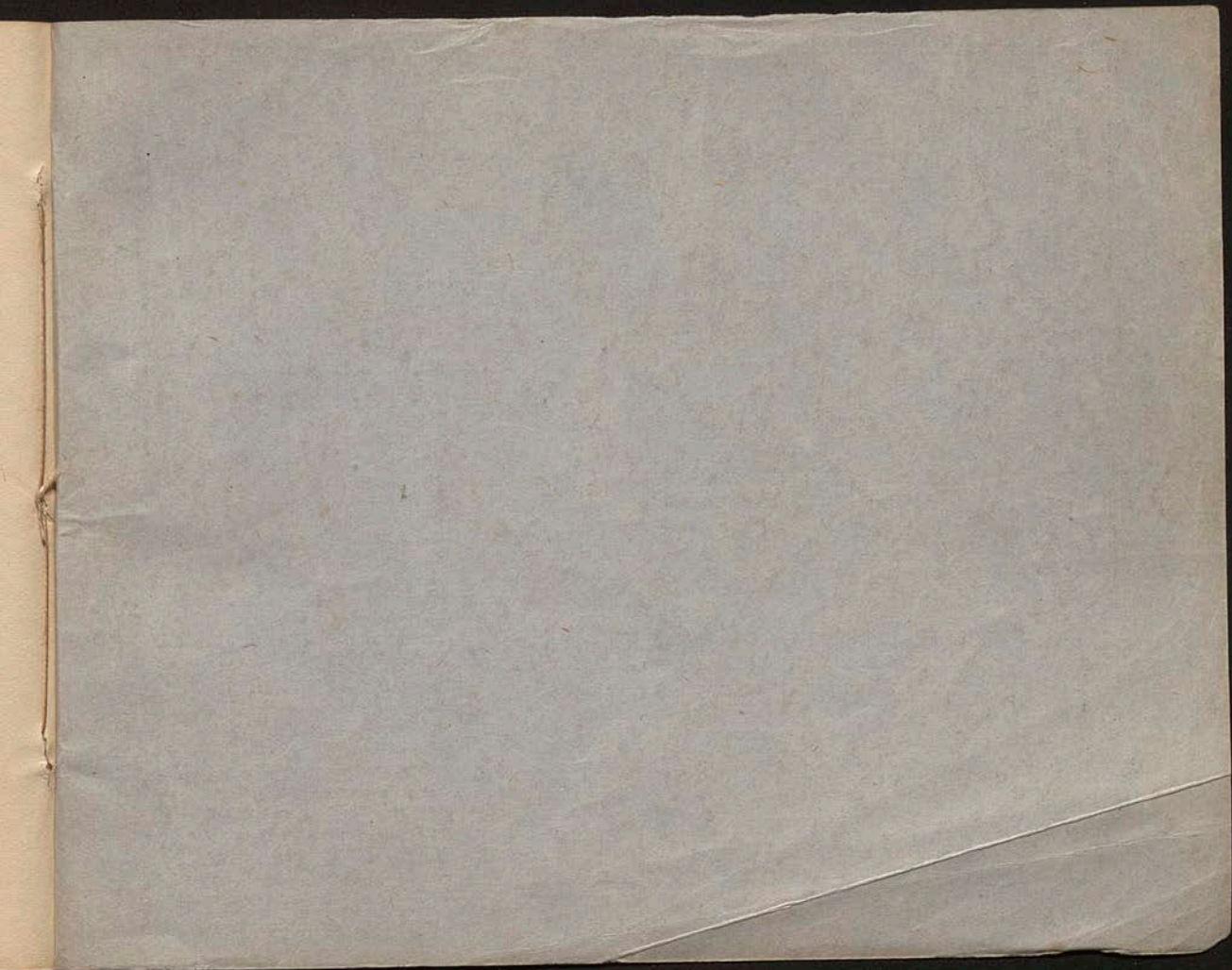
5 Shall we know our blessed Savior  
 In that land, in that land?  
 Shall we know our blessed Savior  
 In that happy land?  
 Yes, oh, yes, we shall know our blessed Savior  
 In that land, that happy land;  
 Yes, oh, yes, we shall know our blessed Savior  
 In that land, that happy land.  
 We shall know our blessed Savior  
 Far beyond the rolling river,  
 Love and serve him there forever  
 In that land, in that happy land.



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