

YOUNG
MEN'S CHORUS

SACRED SONGS, QUARTETS,
AND ANTHEMS FOR
MEN'S VOICES

By
CARRIE B. ADAMS

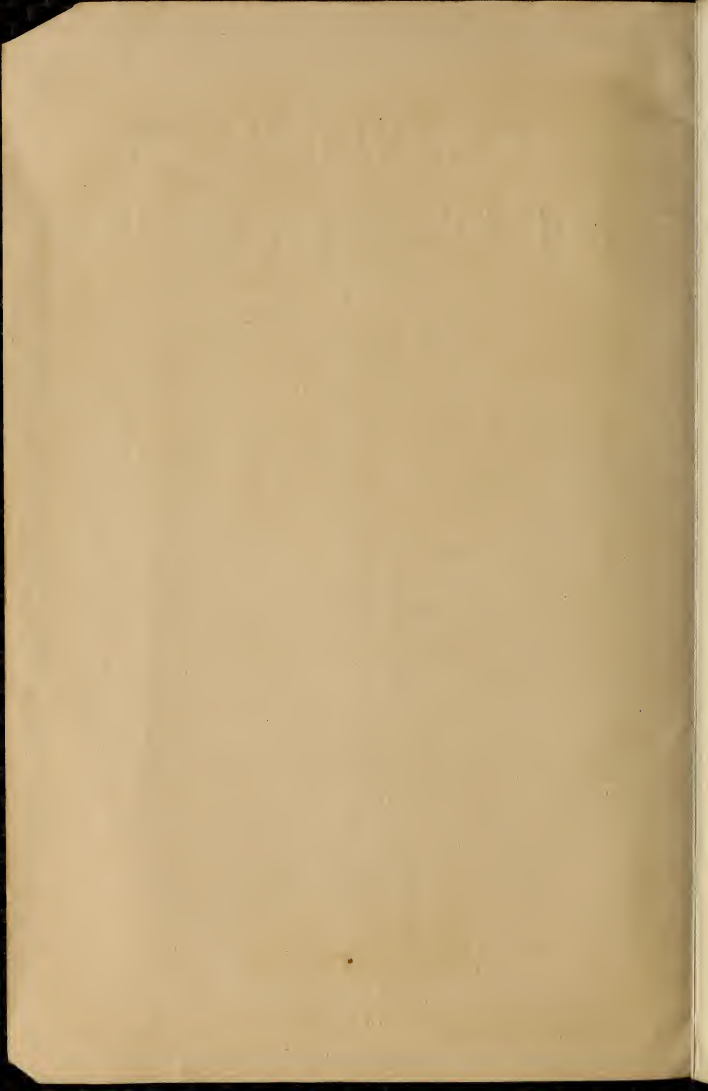
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Chicago

DAYTON, OHIO



Young Men's Chorus

A Collection of Sacred Songs,
Quartets and Anthems

FOR

Men's Voices

BY

CARRIE B. ADAMS



70 EAST 45 ST.,
NEW YORK.

LORENZ
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Come, My Soul.

JOHN NEWTON.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre-pare: Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer:
2. Show me what I have to do, Ev - 'ry hour my strength re - new:

He him - self in - vites thee near, Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.
Let me live a life of faith, Let me die thy peo - ple's death. *Fine.*

Take pos - ses - sion
Let thy love my
(Lord, I come to thee for rest;
While I am a pil - grim here, Take pos - ses - sion
Let thy love my

of my breast; There, thy blood - bought right main - tain, And with -
spir - it cheer; As my guide my guard, my friend, *1st time*
There thy blood - bought right, thy right main - tain,
As my guide, my guard, my guard, my friend,

out a ri - val reign. *2nd time* Lead me to my jour - ney's end. *D.C.*

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VI - 2 to 64

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King Most Merciful.

BERNARD of CLAIRVAUX.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

1. O Je - sus, King most won - der - ful, Thou Con - quer - or re - nown - ed, Thou sweet - ness
2. O Je - sus, Light of all be - low, Thou Fount of life and fire, Sur - pass - ing

most in - ef - fa - ble, In whom all joys are found! When once thou vis - it - est the
all the joys we know, All that we can de - sire; Thee may our tongues for - ev - er

heart, Then truth be - gins to shine, Then earth - ly van - i - ties de - part, Then
bless, Thee may we love a - lone; And ev - er in our lives ex - press The

kind - les love di - vine. O Je - sus, King most won - der - ful, Thou
im - age of thine own.

Con - quer - or re - nown - ed, Thou sweet - ness most in - ef - fa - ble, In whom all joys are found!

Published separately. Octavo No 2752; 10 cents per copy.

Happy Land.

ANDREW YOUNG.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry
 2. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come to day! Why will ye doubt-ing
 3. Bright in that hap-py land Beams ev - 'ry eye; Kept by a Fath-er's

sweet-ly sing,
 hap - py be,
 glo - ry run,
 stand, Bright, bright - as day. Oh, how they sweet - ly sing,
 stand, Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be,
 hand, Love can - not die. Oh, then to glo - ry run,

sweet - ly sing,
 hap - py be,
 glo - ry run,

"Worth - y is our King!" Worth-y our Sav - ior King! Sav - ior King! Loud
 When from sor - row free, Lord, we shall dwell with thee! dwell with thee! Lord
 Crown and King - dom won, And bright a - bove the sun, Sav - ior King, We'll

let his prais - es ring! Loud let his prais - es ring, His prais - es ring! Loud
 we shall dwell with thee! Lord we shall dwell with thee Shall dwell with thee! Lord,
 reign, we'll reign with thee! And bright a - bove the sun, We'll reign with thee! Lord,

1st and 2nd time | 3rd
 let his prais - es ring! Praise, praise for aye!
 we shall dwell with thee! Blest, blest for aye!
 we shall reign with thee! We'll reign for aye!

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VI - 2 to 64

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Come unto Me.

Mrs. W. C. E. ESLING.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

Andante.

pp Hum Hum

1. Come un-to me, when shad-ows dark-ly gath-er, When the heart is
 2. Large are the man-sions in my Fath-er's dwell-ing, Glad are the homes that
 3. There like an E - den blos-som-ing in glad-ness, Bloom the fair flowers the

pp Hum Hum

Hum

wea-ry and dis-tressed; Seek-ing for com-fort from your heav-en-ly
 sor-rows nev-er dim; Sweet are the harps in ho-ly mus-ic
 earth too rude-ly pressed; Come un-to me, all ye who droop in

Hum

Hum

Fath-er, Come un-to me and I will give you rest.
 swell-ing, Soft are the tones which raise the heav-en-ly hymn.
 sad-ness, Come un-to me and I will give you rest.

Hum

Come un-to me, Come un-to me, Come un-to me and

After last verse. rit. ad lib.

I will give you rest; Come un-to me and I will give you rest.

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VI-2 to 64

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2754-3

Softly now the Light of Day.

BISHOP DOANE.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way; Free from care, from
2. Thou, whose all per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in, Par - don each in -

la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with thee; Free from care, from la - bor free,
firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin; Par - don each in - firm - i - ty,

Lord, I would com - mune with thee.
O - pen (omit) fault, and se - cret sin.

1st time 2nd time

(GOTTSCHALK.)
Soon from us the light of day Shall for ev - er pass a - way;

Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee. A - men.

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VI-2 to 64

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Rock of Ages.

A. W. TOPLADY.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my
 3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my

1. Rock of A - ges cleft for me,
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath,

hide my - self in thee! Let the wa - ter and the
 zeal no lang - uor know, These for sin could not a -
 eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds un -

Let me hide my - self in thee! Let the wa - ter
 Could my zeal no lang - uor know, These for sin could
 When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise to

blood, From thy wound - ed side which flowed, Be of
 tone, Thou must save and thou a - lone; In my
 known, And be - hold thee on thy throne, Rock of

and the blood, From thy wound - ed side which flowed,
 not a - tone, Thou must save and thou a - lone;
 worlds un - known, And be - hold thee on thy throne,

sin the dou - ble cure,
 hand no price I bring,
 A - ges cleft for me,

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

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

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VI - 2 to 64

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After last verse.

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee. A - men.

Just for To - Day.

E. R. WILBERFORCE.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

1. Lord, for to - mor - row and its needs I do not pray;
2. Let me no wrong or i - dle word un - think - ing say;
3. And if to - day this life of mine should ebb a - way,

Keep me, my God, from stain of sin, Just for to - day.
Set thou a seal up - on my lips, Thro' all to - day.
Give me thy sac - ra - ment di - vine, Fath - er, to - day.

Help me to la - bor ear - nest - ly, And du - ly pray;
Let me in sea - son, Lord, be grave, In sea - son, gay;
So, for to - mor - row and its need, I do not pray;

Let me be kind in word and deed, Fath - er, to - day.
Let me be faith - ful to thy grace Dear Lord, to - day.
Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Thro' each to - day.

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To Thee, My God and Savior.

Rev. THOMAS HAWEIS.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

1. To Thee, my God and Sav-ior, My heart ex-ult - ing sings, Re -
 2. Soon as the morn with ros - es Be - decks the dew - y east, And
 3. By thee, thro' life sup - port - ed, I'll pass the dangerous road, With

joic - ing in thy fa - vor, Al - might - y King of Kings! I'll cel - e - brate thy
 when the sun re - pos - es, Up - on the o - ceans breast, My voice in sup - pli -
 heavenly hosts es - cort - ed Up to thy bright a - bode, Then cast my crown be -

glo - ry, With all thy saints a - bove, And tell the joy - ful
 ca - tion, Well pleased the Lord shall hear: Oh, grant me thy sal -
 fore thee, And all my con - flicts o'er, Un - ceas - ing - ly a -

cresc.
 sto - ry, And tell the joy - ful sto - ry, And tell the joy - ful sto - ry, Of
 va - tion, Oh, grant me thy sal - va - tion, Oh, graht me thy sal - va - tion, And
 dore thee, Un - ceas - ing - ly a - dore thee. Un - ceas - ing - ly a - dore thee; What

ad lib. *pp*
 thy re - deem - ing love; Of thy re - deem - ing love, Of thy great love.
 to my soul draw near; And to my soul draw near, O Lord draw near.
 could an an - gel more? What could an an - gel more? Than thee a - dore?

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VI-2 to 64
2756-3

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I Stretch My Hands to Thee.

CHARLES WESLEY.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

p

1. Fath - er, I stretch my hands to thee; No oth - er help, no help I know;
2. Au - thor of faith, to thee I lift My wea - ry, wea - ry, long - ing eyes;

If thou with - draw thy - self from me, Oh! whith - er shall I go?
Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift, My soul with - out it dies.

On thy dear Son I now be - lieve: Oh, let me feel thy pow'r;
How would my faint - ing soul re - joice, Could I but see thy face!

mf

And all my va - ried wants re - lieve, In this ac - cept - ed hour;
Now let me hear thy quicken - ing voice, And taste thy pardon - ing grace;

f

And all my va - ried wants re - lieve In this ac - cept - ed hour.
Now let me hear thy quickening voice, And taste thy pardoning grace. A - men.

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VI-2 to 64

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The Mercy Seat.

H. STOWELL.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

1. From ev - 'ry stor - my wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing
2. There is a place where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fel - low -

tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re - treat, 'Tis found be - neath the
ship with friend, Tho' sun - dered far, by faith they meet, A - round one com - mon

mer - cy - seat. There is a scene where Je - sus sheds, The
mer - cy - seat. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And

oil of glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be -
sin and sense mo - lest no more, And heav'n comes down our

side more sweet, It is the blood - bought mer - cy - seat. The mer - cy - seat, the
souls to greet, While glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat.

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VI-2 to 64

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mer - cy - seat! It is the blood-bought mer - cy - seat; The mer - cy - seat,

the mer - cy - seat! It is the blood-bought mer - cy - seat!

Fairest Lord Jesus.

CRUSADER'S HYMN.

Arr. by C. B. A.

12th Century.

First four measures may be sung in unison.

1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus! Ru - ler of all na - ture! O Thou of
 2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er still the wood - lands, Robed in the
 3. Fair is the sun shine, Fair - er still the moon - light, And the

God and man the Son! Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I
 bloom - ing garb of spring; Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is
 twink - ling star - ry host; Je - sus shines bright - er, Je - sus shines

hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy and crown.
 pur - er, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing. A - men.
 pur - er, Than all the an - gels heav'n can boast.

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VI - 2 to 64

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Now God be with Us.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

1. Now God be with us, for the night is clos - ing: The light and
2. Let e - vil thoughts and spir - its flee be - fore us; Till morn - ing

dark-ness are of his dis - pos - ing; And 'neath his shad - ow here to rest we
com - eth, watch, O Fath - er, o'er us; In soul and bod - y thou from harm de -

yield us, For he will shield us.
fend us; Thine an - gels send us. 3. Let pi - ous thoughts be ours when sleep o'er -

takes us; Our ear - liest thoughts be thine when morn - ing wakes us;

High - throned, o'er all thine eye of mer - cy cast - ing, Lord ev - er - last - ing.

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Praise be to thee, O Lord ev-er-last-ing! A-men. A - men.

Wm H. HOW.

Watch and Pray.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

1. Chris-tian, seek not yet re- pose, Cast thy dreams of case a - way;
2. Gird thy heav-en-ly ar-mor on, Wear it ev - er, night and day;
3. Watch as if on that a - lone. Hung the - is - sue of the day;

Thou art in the midst of foes: Chris-tian, watch and pray.
Am - bused lies the e - vil one: Chris-tian, watch and pray.
Pray that help may be sent down: Chris-tian, watch and pray.

REFRAIN.

Watch and pray, Watch and pray, Cast thy dreams of
Watch, O Chris-tian, Pray, O Chris-tian,

Watch and pray, Watch and pray, ease a-way; Watch and pray, Watch and pray,
Watch, O Chris-tian Pray, O Chris-tian, Watch and pray.
Watch and pray, Watch and pray,

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The Light of Sabbath Eve.

J. EDMESTON.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

1. Sweet is the light of Sab-bath eve,
 2. The time, how calm, how calm and still,
 3. Sea-son of rest! the tran-quiet soul

1. Sweet is the light of Sab-bath eve,
 2. The time, how calm, love - - - ly and how still,
 3. Sea-son of rest! the tran-quiet soul

1. Sweet is the light of Sab-bath eve,
 2. The time, how calm, how calm and still,
 3. Sea-son of rest! the tran-quiet soul

1. The gold-en sunbeams ling-'ring there;
 2. Peace smiles on all the world be-low,
 3. Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love;

And soft the gold-en sun-beams ling-'ring, ling-'ring there; For these blest
 Peace shines and smiles on all, on all the world be-low, The plain, the
 Feels the sweet calm, feels the sweet calm, and melts to love; And while these

1. The gold-en sunbeams ling-'ring there;
 2. Peace smiles on all the world be-low,
 3. Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love;

1. For these blest hours the world I leave,
 2. The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
 3. And where for aye the mo-ments roll,

hours the world I leave, Waft-ed on
 stream, the wood, the hill, All fair with
 sa-cred mo-ments roll, Faith sees the

1. For these blest hours the world I leave,
 2. The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
 3. And where for aye the mo-ments roll,

CHORUS.

wings of faith, on wings of faith and prayer. Sweet is the light
 evn-ing's glow, with evn-ing's set-ting glow. Sweet is the light
 smil-ing heaven, the smil-ing heaven a-bove. Sweet is the light

of Sab-bath eve, of Sab-bath eve, And soft the gold-en sun-beams ling-'ring

there; ——— For these blest hours ——— the world I

For these blest hours

leave, ——— Waft - ed on wings of faith, of faith and prayer.

the world I leave

Tell Me, My Savior.

Rev. CHARLES S. ROBINSON.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

1. Tell me, my Sav-ior! Where thou dost feed thy flock. Rest-ing be-side the rock,
2. Tell me, my Sav-ior! For I have lost the way; I will thy voice o - bey,
3. Show me, my Sav-ior! How I can grow like thee; Make me thy child to be,

Cool in the shade? Why should I be as one Turn-ing a - side a - lone,
Speak to me here. Help me to find the gate Where all thy cho-sen wait;
Taught from a - bove. Help me thy smiles to win, Keep me safe fold - ed in,

Left, when thy sheep have gone Where I have strayed?
Ere it should be too late Oh, call me near! A - men.
Lest I should rove in sin Far from thy love.

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VI-210 €4
2754-3

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Vesper Song.

R. HEBER.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

1. God, that mad-est earth and heav-en, Dark-ness and light, Who the day for
2. Guard us waking, guard us sleep-ing, And, when we die, May we in thy

toil hast giv-en, For rest the night, May thine an-gel-guards de-fend us,
might-y keep-ing, All peace-ful lie. When the last dread call shall wake us,

Slum-ber sweet thy mer-cy send us, Ho-ly dreams and hopes at-tend us,
Do not thou, our God, for-sake us, But to reign in glo-ry take us,

rall. REFRAIN. *p*
This live-long night. An-gel-guards de-fend us, Thy
With thee on high. May thine an-gel-guards de-fend us, Slum-ber sweet thy
m
An-gel-guards de-fend us, Thy

mer-cy send us, Dreams and hopes at-tend us, This live-long night.
mer-cy send us, Ho-ly dreams and hopes at-tend us, This live-long night.
Dreams and

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An - gel - guards de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet now
 May thine an - gel - guards de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet thy mer - cy
 An - gel - guards de - fend us; Slum - ber sweet now
 send,
 send, Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night.

Rest of the Weary.

Rev. J. S. B. MONSELL.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

1. Rest of the wea - ry, Joy of the sad, Hope of the drea - ry,
 2. When my feet stum - ble, I'll to thee cry, Crown of the hum - ble,
 3. Ev - er con - fess - ing Thee, I will raise Un - to thee bless - ing,
 Light of the glad, Home of the stran - ger, Strength to the end, Ref - uge from
 Cross of the high. When my steps wan - der, O - ver me bend, Tru - er and
 Glo - ry and praise. All my en - deav - or, World with - out end, Thine to be
 dan - ger, Sav - ior and Friend! Ref - uge from dan - ger, Sav - ior and Friend!
 dear - er, Sav - ior and Friend! Tru - er and dear - er, Sav - ior and Friend!
 ev - er, Sav - ior and Friend! Thine to be ev - er, Sav - ior and Friend!

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VI-2 to 64

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Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

ISAAC WATTS.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

BARITONE SOLO.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross? _____ Am I a
 2. Are there no foes for me to face? _____ Must I not

pp TENOR I & II.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, the bless-ed cross? Am I a
 2. Are there no foes for me to face, for me to face? Must I not

BASS I & II.

pp

fol-lower of the Lamb? _____ And shall I fear to own his
 stem the rag-ing flood? _____ Is this vile world a friend to

fol-lower of the Lamb, the bless-ed Lamb? And shall I fear to own his
 stem the rag-ing flood, the rag-ing flood? Is this vile world a friend to

cause _____ Or blush to speak his name? _____
 grace _____ To help me on to God? _____

cause, his glo-rious cause, Or blush to speak his name, to speak his name?
 grace, a friend to grace, To help me on, to help me on to God?

Must I be car-ried to the skies On
 Sure I must fight if I would reign: In -

Must I be car-ried to the skies, up to the skies, On
 Sure I must fight if I would reign, if I would reign: In -

flow - 'ry beds of ease, While oth - ers
crease my cour - age, Lord! I'll bear the

fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by thy word.

Am I a sol - dier of the cross? Am I a
Am I a sol - dier of the cross, the bless - ed cross?

fol - lower of the Lamb? the bless - ed Lamb?
Am I a fol - lower of the Lamb, the bless - ed Lamb? And shall I

fear to own his cause Or blush to speak his name?

2756-3

* If tenors can not take high notes have second tenors also sing their low notes.

VI-2 to 64

Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

HORATIUS BONAR.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

Be - yond the smil - ing and the weep - ing, Be - yond the wak - ing and the
 sleep - ing, Be - yond the sow - ing and the reap - ing, I shall be soon.
 Be - yond the bloom - ing and the fad - ing, Be - yond the shin - ing and the
 shad - ing, Be - yond the hop - ing and the dread - ing, I shall be soon.
 Be - yond the part - ing and the meet - ing, Be - yond the fare - well and the greet - ing,
 Be - yond the pul - ses fev - er beat - ing, I shall be soon. Love, rest, and home!

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VI-2 to 64

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Sweet, sweet home! Tar-ry not, Lord, tar-ry not, But come, but come!

The musical score is for a two-part setting. The upper part is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. It features a melody with various dynamics including *p*, *f*, and *pp*. The lower part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

More Love to Thee.

Mrs. E. P. PRENTISS.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

1. More love to thee, O Christ! More love to thee! Hear thou the
 2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now thee a -
 3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are thy

The musical score is in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb) and a 3/4 time signature. It contains three lines of lyrics corresponding to the numbered verses.

prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea,
 lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be,
 mes-sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me,

The musical score continues in the same key signature and time signature, with lyrics for the continuation of the previous section.

More love, O Christ, to thee, More love, O Christ, to thee,
 More love, O Christ, to thee, More love, O Christ, to thee,
 More love, O Christ, to thee, More love, O Christ, to thee,

The musical score features a repeated melodic phrase in the upper part, with lyrics for each iteration.

After last verse.
 More love to thee!
 More love to thee! More love to thee! More love to thee!
 More love to thee!

The musical score concludes with a final melodic flourish in the upper part, with lyrics for the final repetition.

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VI-2 to 64

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Lift up Your Heads.

GEO. WEISSEL.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

1. Lift up your heads, ye might - y gates! Be hold the King of
 2. Lift up your heads, ye might - y gates! Be hold the King of

glo - ry waits! Lift up your heads! Lift up your heads! Be -
 glo - ry waits! Lift up your heads! Lift up your heads! Be -

hold the King of glo - ry waits! The King of kings is
 hold the King of glo - ry waits! Oh! come, my Sover - eign!

draw - ing near, The Sav - ior of the world is here.
 en - ter in, Let new and no - bler life be - gin.

The Sav - ior of the world is here,
 Thy Ho - ly Spir - it guide us on,

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VI - 2 to 64

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* 2nd time go to Coda.

The Sav - ior of the world.—
Un - til the crown be won;— The Lord is just, a

help - er tried, Mer - cy is ev - er at his side; His

king - ly crown is ho - li-ness, His scept-er, pi - ty in dis - tress.

Vigorouso.

Fling wide the por-tals of your heart: Make it a tem-ple, set a-part From

earth-ly use for heav'n's em-ploy, A - dorned with prayer and love and joy.

Coda.

Thy Ho - ly Spir - it guide us on Un - til the crown be won!—

Fine.

Hasten, Lord, the Glorious Time.

HARRIET AUBER.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

Vigorouso.

1. Has - ten, Lord, the glo - rious time, When be - neath Mes - si - ah's sway,
2. Then shall wars and tu - mul - ts cease, Then be ban - ished grief and pain;

Ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry clime, Shall the gos - pel call o - bey; Ev - 'ry
Then shall right - eous - ness and peace Un - dis - turbed for - ev - er reign; Joy and

na - tion, ev - 'ry clime, Shall the gos - pel call o -
glad - ness, joy and peace, Un - dis - turbed shall ev - er
Ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry clime,
Joy and glad - ness, joy and peace,

bey; Ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry na - tion, Shall the
reign; Joy and glad - ness, joy and glad - ness, Un - dis -
shall o - bey;
ev - er reign;

gos - pel call o - bey. Might - iest kings his pow'r shall own, Hea - then tribes his
turbed shall ev - er reign. Bless we then our gra - cious Lord, Ev - er praise his

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name a-dore; All his wondrous love pro-claim, All his wondrous love pro-glorious name; All his mighty acts re-cord, Ev-er praise his glo-rious

claim; Might-iest kings his pow'r shall own, His pow'r shall own. name; All his mighty acts re-cord, His love pro-claim.
(his love proclaim)
(his glorious name)

CHORUS.

Has-ten, Lord, the glo-rious time, When be-neath Mes-si-a-h's sway,

Ev-'ry na-tion, ev-'ry na-tion, Shall the gos-pel call o-bey; (shall o-bey)

Ev-'ry na-tion, ev-'ry na-tion, Shall the gos-pel call o-bey. *ad lib.*

Watchman, Tell Us of the Night.

Sir JOHN BOWRING.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

Hum _____ Hum _____

1. Watch-man, tell us of the night, What it's signs of prom-ise are: Trav-ler,
2. Watch-man, tell us of the night, High-er yet that star as-cends: Trav-ler,

See the star! _____
See the star! _____

o'er yon moun-tain's height, See that glo-ry-beam-ing star! See the
bless-ed-ness and light, Peace and truth it's course por-tends. See the

See the star! _____
See the star! _____

star! See the star! See the star! The glo-ry-beam-ing star!
star! See the star! See the star! The glo-ry-beam-ing star!

Hum _____ Hum _____

Watch-man, does it's beau-teous ray Aught of joy or hope fore tell? Trav-ler, yes! it
Watch-man, will it's beams a-lone Gild the spot that gave them birth? Trav-ler, a-ges

Hum _____ Hum _____

brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is-ra-el; Trav-ler, yes it brings the day
are it's own, See it bursts o'er all the earth; Trav-ler, a-ges are it's own, *cresc.*

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VI-2 to 64

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e rit. cresc.

Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el; Trav-ler, yes it brings the day, Prom-ised
See it bursts o'er all the earth; Trav-ler, a - ges are its own, See, it

day of Is - ra - el. 3. Watch-man, tell us of the night, For the morn-ing seems to
bursts o'er all the earth.

dawn: Trav-ler, dark-ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter - ror are with-drawn. Watch-man,

p *p cresc.*

let thy wand'ring cease, Hie thee to thy qui - et home. Trav-ler, lo! the Prince of

cresc. *f*

Peace! Lo! the Prince of Peace! The Prince of Peace, the Son of God is come!

The Day is Gently Sinking to a Close.

C. WORDSWORTH.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

Con espressione.

1. The day is gen - tly sink - ing to its close, Faint - er and

yet more faint the sun - light glows: O Bright - ness of thy Fa - ther's

glo - ry, thou E - ter - nal Light of light; E - ter - nal Light of light, E -

ter - nal Light, be with us now! E - ter - nal Light of light, E - ter - nal

Light of light, be with us now! 2. In that last sun - set
Light of light,

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when the stars shall fall, May we a-rise, a-wakened by thy call, With

thee, O Lord, for-ev-er to a-bide, In that blest day,— in that blest

day — Which has no ev-en-tide, Which has no ev-en-tide;—

In that blest day,— in that blest day, Which has no ev-en-tide; In that blest

day which has no ev-en-tide. No ev-en-tide; no ev-en-tide! —

Till He Come.

E. A. BICKERSTETH.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

TENOR SOLO.

1. "Till He come!" oh, let the words Lin - ger on the
 2. When the wea - ry ones we love En - ter on that
 3. See! the feast of love is spread: Drink the wine and

"Till He come!" Till He

trem - bling chords; Let the "lit - tle while" be - tween
 rest a - bove, When their words of love and cheer
 eat the bread, Sweet me - mo - rials, till the Lord

come! Till He come!

In their gold - en light be seen; Let us
 Fall no long - er on our ear, Hushed be
 Call us round his heaven - ly board: Some from

Till He come! Till He come!

think how heaven and home Lie be - yond that "Till He come!"
 ev - 'ry mur - mur, dumb, It is on - ly "Till He come!"
 earth, from glo - ry some, Sev - ered on - ly "Till He come!"

Heaven and home Lie be - yond that "Till He come! Till He come!"
 Mur - mur not, It is on - ly "Till He come! Till He come!"
 "Till He come!" Sev - ered on - ly "Till He come! Till He come!"

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VI - 2 to 64

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cresc.

Till He come! Till He come! Till He come!
 Till He come! Till He come! Till He come!
 Till He come! Till He come! Till He come!

1st and 2nd time

Let us think how heaven and home Lie be - yond that "Till He
 Hush! be ev - 'ry mur - mur, dumb: It is on - ly "Till He
 Some from *Omit*

Let us think how heaven and home Lie be - yond that "Till He
 Hush! be ev - 'ry mur - mur, dumb: It is on - ly "Till He
 Some from (*Omit*)

3rd time

come!"
 come!" earth, from glo - ry some, Sev - ered on - ly

come!"
 come!" earth, from glo - ry some, Sev - ered on - ly

p "Till He come! Till He come! Till He come!"
pp "Till He come! Till He come! Till He come!"

p "Till He come! Till He come! Till He come!"
pp "Till He come! Till He come! Till He come!"

My Ain Countrie.

M. A. LEE.

Arr. by Carrie B. Adams.

TENOR I. II.

BASS I. Hm

BASS II. Hm

1. I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wea-ry af-ten whiles For the
 2. I've his gude word of promise that some glad-some day the King To his
 3. So I'm watching, aye, and singing, 'o' my hame ' as I wait For the

land'd for hame-bring-ing and my Fath-er's, wel-come smiles.
 ain roy-al pal-ace his ban-ished hame will bring.
 soun'ing o' his foot-fa' this side the gow-den gate.

I'll neer be fu' con-tent un-til my een do see. The
 Wi' een an wi' heart run-ning owre we shall see The
 God gie his grace to ilkane wha list-ens noo to me, That

gow-den gates of heav-en an' my ain coun-trie.
 King in his beau-ty an' our ain coun-trie.
 we may gang in glad-ness to our ain coun-trie.

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VI-2 to 64

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pp

Hm

The
But
The

The earth is flecked wi' flow-ers, mon-y tint-ed, fresh an' gay; The
My sins hae been mon-y an' my sor-rows hae been sair, But
The earth is flecked wi' flow-ers, mon-y tint-ed, fresh an' gay, The

pp

bird-ies war-ble blithe-ly, for my Fath-er made them sae;
there they'll nev-er vex me, nor be re-mem-bered more;
bird-ies war-ble blithe-ly, for my Fath-er made them sae;

bird-ies war-ble blithe-ly, for their Fath-er made them sae;
there they'll nev-er vex me, nor be re-mem-bered more;
bird-ies war-ble blithe-ly, for my Fath-er made them sae;

p

But these sights an' these soun's will as nae-thing be to me,
For his bluid hath made me white, an' his hand shall dry my e'e,
But these sights an' these soun's will as nae-thing be to me,

But these sights an' these soun's will as nae-thing be to me,
For his bluid hath made me white, an' his hand shall dry my e'e,
But these sights an' these soun's will as nae-thing be to me,

f *pp* *riten.*

When I hear the an-gels sing-ing ain coun-trie.
When he brings me hame at last ain coun-trie.
When I hear the an-gels sing-ing ain coun-trie.

When I hear the an-gels sing-ing in my ain coun-trie.
When he brings me hame at last to my ain coun-trie.
When I hear the an-gels sing-ing in my ain coun-trie.

* The humming may be continued two measures more if desired.

My Country 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Sweet land of
2. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, And ring from

lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fath-ers died, Land of the
all the trees Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor-tal tongues a- wake, Let all that

pil-grims' pride, From ev-ry moun-tain-side Let free-dom ring!
breathe par-take, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.

Land of the no-ble free,
Au- thor of lib-er-ty,
My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no-ble free, Land of the
Our fath-er's God! to thee, Au- thor of lib-er-ty, Au- thor of

Thy name I love;
To thee we sing:
no-ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
lib-er-ty, To thee we sing: Long may our land be bright, With free-dom's

tem-pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove.
ho-ly light Pro- tect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

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VI-2 to 64

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Maestoso.

My coun - try, 'tis of thee, of thee, Sweet land of
 My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of
 My na - tive coun - try, 'tis of thee, of thee, Sweet land, sweet
 My na - tive coun - try, 'tis of thee, of thee, Sweet land of lib - er -

lib - er - ty, Of thee, of thee I sing;
 lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing;
 land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing, Of thee I sing;
 ty, of lib - er - ty, Of thee, of thee I sing;

Land where my fath - ers died, Land of the pil - grims' pride,
 Land where my fath - ers died, Land of the pil - grims' pride,
 my fath - ers died, Bless - ed land of the pil - grims' pride,
 O Land, where my pilgrim fath - ers died, Bless - ed land of the pilgrim fath - ers' pride,

From ev - 'ry plain and moun - tain side Let glo - rious free - dom ring!
 From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
 From ev - 'ry plain and moun - tain side Let glo - rious free - dom ring!
 From ev - 'ry plain and moun - tain side Let glo - rious free - dom ring!

Pilot Me.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

pp

1. Sav - ior dear, pi - lot me;
2. Sav - ior dear, Thou canst still;

Melody

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;

1. Sav - ior dear, pi - lot me;
2. Sav - ior dear, Thou canst still;

Un - known waves, Hid - ing rock and treach - rous shoal;
Boist - 'rous waves, When thou say'st to them, "Be still!"

Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach - rous shoal;
Boist - rous waves o - bey thy will, When thou say'st to them, "Be still!"

Un - known waves,
Boist - rous waves,

Chart and com - pass came from thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me;
Won - drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me;

Chart and com - pass came from thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me;
Won - drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me;

cresc.

Chart and com - pass came from thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Won - drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.

Chart and com - pass came from thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Won - drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.

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VI-2 to 64

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pp

3. Near the shore, Break - ers roar,

3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar,

3. Near the shore, Break - ers roar,

Peace - ful rest, On thy breast,

'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on thy breast,

Peace - ful rest, On thy breast,

Hear thee say, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee;"

May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee;"

Hear thee say,

f

May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee;"

May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee;"

pp ritard.

May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

Almighty Friend.

ISAAC WATTS.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

1. My Sav - ior, my al - might - y Friend, When I be - gin thy praise,
2. I trust in thy e - ter - nal word, Thy good - ness I a - dore;
3. A - wake! a - wake! my tune - ful pow'rs, With this de - light - ful song,

Where will the grow - ing num - bers end, The num - bers of thy grace?
Send down thy grace, O bless - ed Lord, That I may love thee more;
And en - ter - tain the dark - est hours, Nor think the sea - son long;

Where will the grow - ing num - bers end, The num - bers of thy grace?
Send down thy grace, O bless - ed Lord, That I may love thee more.
And en - ter - tain the dark - est hours, Nor think the sea - son long;

p (After third verse.)

And en - ter - tain the dark - est hours, Nor think the sea - son long. A - men.

The King of Love.

H. W. BAKER.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

Andante. *p*

1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness
 2. Per-verse and fool-ish so oft I strayed, But yet in

legato.

1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness
 2. Per-verse and fool-ish oft I strayed, But yet in

fail-eth nev-er; I noth-ing lack if I am his,
 love he sought me; And on his arm so gen-tly laid,

fail-eth nev-er; I noth-ing lack if I am his,
 love he sought me; And on his arm so gen-tly laid,

fail-eth nev-er; I noth-ing lack if I am his, And
 love he sought me; And on his shoul-der gen-tly laid, And

pp

And he is mine for-ev-er. Where streams of dark
 And home, re-joic-ing, brought me. In death's dark

And he is mine for-ev-er. Where streams of dark
 And home, re-joic-ing, brought me. In death's dark

he is mine for-ev-er. Where streams of liv-ing wa-ter
 home, re-joic-ing, brought me. In death's dark vale I fear no

liv-ing wa-ter flow There my ran-somed soul he leads,
 vale I fear no ill, Thee, dear Lord, be-side me still;

liv-ing wa-ter flow There my ran-somed soul he leads,
 vale I fear no ill, Thee, dear Lord, be-side me still;

flow My ran-somed soul he lead-eth, And,
 ill With thee, dear Lord, be-side me; Thy

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VI-2 to 64

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And where the ver-dant pas-tures grow, With food ce-les-tial feed-eth.
Thy rod and staff my com-fort still, Thy cross be-fore to guide me.

And where the ver-dant pas-tures grow, With food ce-les-tial feed-eth.
Thy rod and staff my com-fort still, Thy cross be-fore to guide me.

where the ver-dant pas-tures grow, With food ce-les-tial feed-eth. The
rod and staff my com-fort still, Thy cross be-fore to guide me. And

p The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev-er;
Thro' all the days, the length of days, Thy good-ness fail-eth *Omit*

The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev-er;
Thro' all the days, the length of days, Thy good-ness fail-eth *Omit*

f King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev-er;
so, thro' all the length of days, Thy good-ness fail-eth *Omit*

cresc. I noth-ing lack if I am his, *pp* And he is mine for-ev-er.

I noth-ing lack if I am his, And he is mine for-ev-er.

I noth-ing lack if I am his, And he is mine _____ for-ev-er.

2nd time. *accel.* nev-er: Good Shep-herd, may I sing thy praise, With- *f* in thy house, *in*

nev-er: Good Shep-herd, may I sing thy praise, With- in thy house,

nev-er: Good Shep-herd, may I sing thy praise, With- in thy house,

with - in thy house for - ev - er; For - ev - er, A - men! For - ev - er, A - men!
 with - in thy house for - ev - er; For - ev - er, A - men! For - ev - er, A - men!
 with - in thy house for - ev - er; For - ev - er, A - men! For - ev - er, A - men!

Hallowed Night.

ANNIE HOWE.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

Andante.

1. Si - lent night! hal - lowed night! Si - lent sleep, calm and deep!
 2. Si - lent night! hal - lowed night! On the plain wake the strain
 3. Si - lent night! hal - lowed night! Earth a - wake, si - lence break!

Soft - ly glit - ters bright Beth - le - hem's star, Beck - 'ning Is - ra - el's
 Sung by hea - ven - ly har - bin - gers bright, Fraught with ti - dings of
 High your an - thems of mel - o - dy raise, Sing, ye mor - tals, your
 eye from a - far, Where the Sav - ior is born, Where the Sav - ior is
 hea - ven - ly light; Christ the Sav - ior has come, Christ the Sav - ior has
 live - li - est praise, Peace for - ev - er shall reign, Peace for - ev - er shall

(After last verse.)

born.
 come. Si - lent night! hal - lowed night! hal - lowed night!
 reign.

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V1 - 2 to 64

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Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

p

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea,
2. Just as I am, poor, wretch - ed, blind;

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea,
2. Just as I am, poor, wretch - ed, blind;

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea,
2. Just as I am, poor, wretch - ed, blind;

But that Thy blood was shed for me,
Sight, rich - es, all in thee to find,

But that Thy blood was shed for me,
Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the mind,

But that Thy blood was shed for me,
Sight, rich - es, all in thee to find,

Thou bid'st me come: I come to Thee,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,

Thou bid'st me come: I come to Thee,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,

O Lamb of God, I come! To thee I come!
O Lamb of God, I come! To thee I come!

O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

O Lamb of God, I come! To thee I come!
O Lamb of God, I come! To thee I come!

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VI-2 to 64

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Just as I am, and wait - ing not
 Just as I am, thou wilt re - ceive,

Just as I am, and wait - ing not
 Just as I am, thou wilt re - ceive,

Just as I am, and wait - ing not
 Just as I am, thou wilt re - ceive,

To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 Wilt wel - come all, who come to thee;

To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 Wilt wel - come, par - don, cleanse, re - lieve;

To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 Wilt wel - come all, who come to thee;

To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
 Thy prom - ise true I do be -

To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O
 Be - cause thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O

To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
 Thy prom - ise true I do be -

spot, O Lamb of God, I come! O Lamb of God, I come!
 lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! O Lamb of God, I come!

Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Lamb of God, I come! I come!

spot, O Lamb of God, I come! O Lamb of God, I come!
 lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! O Lamb of God, I come!

Chorus.

Just as I am, one plea,
Just as I am, with - out one plea,

Just as I am, with - out one plea,
Just as I am, with - out one plea,

But that thy blood was shed for me, for me,
Was shed for me, was shed for me, was shed for me,
Was shed for me, for me, was shed for me,

And that thou bid'st me come, Thou bid'st me come to thee,
And that thou bid'st me come, Thou bid'st me come to thee,
And that thou bid'st me come, Thou bid'st me come to thee,

O Lamb of God, O Lamb of God, I come!
O Lamb of God, O Lamb of God, I come!
O Lamb of God, O Lamb of God, I come!

The Guiding Star.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

p

1. Star di-vine, that led the wise men, As they sought the new born King, Thou art
2. Star di-vine, thy ra-diant glo - ry Sheds its rays o'er all the earth; Since the

We fol - low

shin - ing bright with a ho - ly light: Glo - rious light to us dost bring.
first pale gleam of thine ear - ly beam That pro - claimed the Savior's birth.

on, ————— we fol - low on, —————

We fol - low on, we fol - low on, We fol - low

We fol - low on, we fol - low

on where that glo - rious star doth lead, We fol - low on

on, We fol - low,

we fol - low on, Fol - low where that star doth lead.

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Crossing the Bar.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

GARRIE B. ADAM

Andante.

pp *p* *m*

1. Sun - set and even - ing star, And one clear call for me! And

may there be no moan - ing of the bar, When I put out to sea,

m

But such a tide, tho' mov - ing, seems a - sleep, Too full for sound or foam, When

f *p*

that which drew from out the bound - less deep Turns a - gain home.

pp *p* *m*

2. Twi - light and even - ing bell, And af - ter that the dark! And

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VI - 2 to 64

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may there be no sad - ness of fare - well, When I em - bark;

For tho' from out our bourne of time and place, The flood may bear me far,

I hope to see my Pi - lot face to face, When I have crossed the bar,

When I have crossed the bar, Have crossed the bar.

Have crossed the bar.

Response.

C.B.A.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart Be ac -

ceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Re - deem - er. A - men.

The Heavens Declare the Glory of God.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

The heavens de-clare the glo - ry of God, And the fir - ma-ment show-eth his
hand-i-work; The heavens de-clare the glo - ry of God, And the fir - ma-ment
show-eth his hand-i-work. Day un-to day ut-ter-eth speech, And
Day un - to day ut-ter-eth speech, And
night un-to night show-eth know-ledge; Day un-to day ut-ter-eth speech, And
night un-to night show-eth know-ledge; Day un-to day ut-ter-eth speech, And

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VI-2 to 64

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night un-to night show-eth know-ledge. There is no speech nor lan-guage Where their

voice is not heard. The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul;
The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for - ever;

The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple;
The judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous al - to - gether.

The statutes of the Lord are right, re joic - ing the heart;
Let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart,

The commandment of the Lord is pure, en - light - en - ing the eyes;
Be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Re - deemer. A - men.

The Lord is My Light.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

Moderato.

The Lord is my light, my light and my sal - va - tion; Whom shall I
 fear? The Lord is my strength, the strength of my life; Of
 whom shall I be a - fraid? Of whom shall I be a - fraid? Though an
 host should en - camp a - gainst me, My heart, my heart shall not fear; Though
 war should rise a - gainst me, In this will I be con - fi - dent.

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VI-2 to 64

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Andante.

p
One. thing have I de - sired of the Lord, That will I seek af - ter: That

I may dwell in the house of the Lord All the days, all the days of my

life, To be - hold the beau - ty of the Lord, To be -
of the Lord,

hold the beau - ty of the Lord; That I may dwell in the
of the Lord;

house of the Lord, To be - hold the beau - ty of the Lord.

pp
 One thing have I de - sired of the Lord, That will I seek af - ter:

That I may dwell in the house of the Lorá — All the days of my

life, — All the days of my life, —
 All the days of my life, All the

— To be - hold the beau - ty of the Lord,
 days of my life,

pp *ritenuto.* *pp*
 To be - hold the beau - ty of the Lord. A - - men.

Oh, Sing unto the Lord.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

Moderato.

Oh, sing un-to the Lord a new song, For he hath done marv-'lous,

marv-'lous things. His right hand and his ho - ly arm Hath got - ten him the

vic - to - ry, Hath got - ten him the vic - to - ry, the vic - to - ry.

Faster.

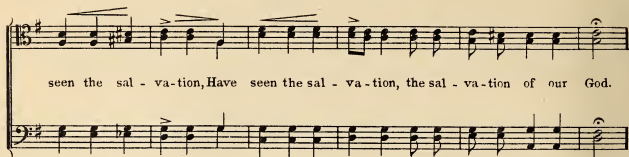
All the ends of the earth have seen the sal - va - tion, All the

ends of the earth have seen the sal - va - tion, All the ends of the earth have

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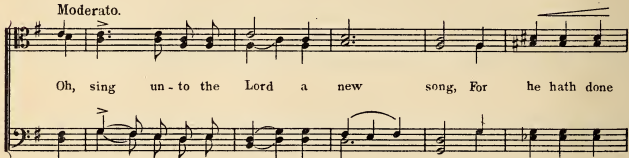
VI-2 to 64

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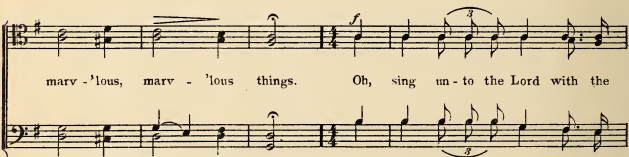


seen the sal - va - tion, Have seen the sal - va - tion, the sal - va - tion of our God.

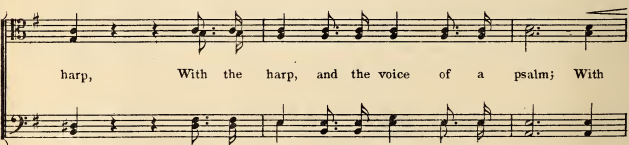
Moderato.



Oh, sing un - to the Lord a new song, For he hath done



marv - 'lous, marv - 'lous things. Oh, sing un - to the Lord with the



harp, With the harp, and the voice of a psalm; With



trum - pets, and sound of cor - net, Make a joy - ful noise be - fore the Lord.

Oh, sing un-to the Lord a new song, For he hath done

marv'lous things, done marv'lous things. A - men, A - men, A - - men.

Go to Thy Rest.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

1. Go to thy rest in peace, And sweet be thy re - pose;
 2. Go to thy peace - ful rest, For thee we need not weep,
 3. Go to thy rest, and while thy ab - sence we de - plore,

Thy toils are o'er, thy trou - bles cease; From earth - ly
 Since thou art now a - mong the blest, No more by
 One tho't our sor - row shall be - guile, For soon with

care in sweet re - lease Thine eye - lids gen - tly close.
 sin and sor - row pressed, But hushed in qui - et sleep. A - men.
 a ce - les - tial smile, We meet to part no more.

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VI - 2 to 64

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The Name of Jesus.

JOHN NEWTON.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, In a be - liev - er's ear! It
 2. It makes the wound - ed spi - rit whole, And calms the trou - bled breast; 'Tis
 3. Dear name! the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing place; My

soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
 man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.
 nev - er - fail - ing treas - ure, filled With bound - less stores of grace!

Refrain.

O Je - sus' name! No oth - er name so dear to me!
 O Je - sus' name, yes, Je - sus' name!

O Je - sus' name! No name so dear to me!
 O Je - sus' name, yes, Je - sus' name!

One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

PHOEBE CARY.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er: I'm nearer my home to -
 2. Nearer the bound of life, Where we lay our bur - dens down; Nearer leaving the
 3. Father! perfect my trust! Strengthen my fee - ble faith! Let me feel as I would when I

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VI-2 to 64

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day Than I've ev - er been be - fore; Nearer my Father's house, Where the
cross Near - er gaining the crown. But lying darkly between, Wind - ing
stand On the rock of the shore of death; Feel as I would when my feet Are

man - y man - sions be; Nearer the great white throne, Nearer the crys - tal sea;
down thro' the night, Is the deep and un - known stream, That leads at last to the light. A - men
slip - ping o'er the brink, For I may be near - er home, Nearer now, than I think.

My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

B. SCHMOLCK.

VON WEBER.
Arr. by C. B. A.

1. My Je - sus, as thou wilt! Oh, may thy will be mine! In - to thy
2. My Je - sus, as thou wilt! Though seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
3. My Je - sus, as thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each chang - ing

hand of love I would my all re - sign; Through sor - row or through joy
star of hope grow dim, or dis - ap - pear; Since thou on earth hast wept,
fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust to thee; Straight to my home a - bove

Con - duct me as thine own; And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done!
And sor - rowed oft a - lone, If I must weep with thee, My Lord, thy will be done!
I trav - el calm - ly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, thy will be done!

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VI - 2 to 64

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Teach Me Thy Way.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

pp *legato.*
p

Teach me Thy way, O Lord, Teach me thy
 Teach me Thy way, teach me Thy way. Teach me thy way,

way. I will walk in thy truth O Lord, Will
 Teach me thy way, And I will walk, will walk in thy truth;

walk in thy truth. U - nite my heart to
 and I will walk, will walk in thy truth. U - nite our hearts

fear thy name. U - nite my heart to fear thy name. For
 to fear thy name, U - nite our hearts to fear thy name.

p *m*
 great is thy mer-cy, great is thy mer-cy, Great is thy mer-cy for-

p *rall - en - tan - do.*
 ev - er - more. Teach me thy way, teach me thy way, Teach me thy way, O Lord.

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Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

Arr. by C. B. A.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know;
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood From thy woun - ded side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and thou a - lone,
When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold thee on thy throne,

Be of sin the dou - ble. cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling. A - men.
Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide 'my - self in thee.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are printed below the vocal lines.

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S. BARING-GOULD.

Now the Day is Over.

BARNBY.
Arr. by C. B. A.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, —
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose; —
3. When the morn - ing wak - ens Then may I a - rise, —

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With thy tend - rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close. A - men.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In thy ho - ly eyes.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (D major). It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are printed below the vocal lines.

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All must be Well.

MARY B. PETERS.

WELSH AIR.

Arr. by G. B. A.

Andante.

1. Tho' the love of God, our Sav - ior, All will be well;
 2. Tho' we pass thro' trib - u - la - tion, All will be well;
 3. We ex - pect a bright to - mor - row, All will be well;

Free and change - less is his fav - or, All, all is well.
 Ours is such a full sal - va - tion, All, all is well.
 Faith can sing, thro' days of sor - row, All, all is well.

Faster.

Pre - cious is the blood that healed us, Per - fect is the grace that sealed us;
 Hap - py still in God con - fid - ing, Fruit - ful if in Christ a - bid - ing;
 On our Fath - ers love re - ly - ing, Je - sus ev - 'ry need sup - ply - ing;

riten.

Strong the hand stretched out to shield us, All must be well.
 Ho - ly thro' the spir - it's guid - ing All must be well.
 Or in liv - ing, or in dy - ing, All must be well.

a tempo.

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Come, Ye Disconsolate.

THOMAS MOORE.

WEBBE.

Arr. by G. B. A.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, Wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the mer - cy - seat,
 2. Joy of the des - o - late, Light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent,
 3. Here see the bread of life, See wa - ters flow - ing, Forth from the throne of God,

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Hm Hm Hm

fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish;
fade - less and pure; Here speaks the Com - fort - er, ten - der - ly say - ing,
pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er know - ing,

Hm

Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal; Here bring your wound - ed hearts,
Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure; Here speaks the Com - fort - er,
Earth has no sor - row but heav'n can re - move; Come to the feast of love,

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

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ISAAC WATTS.

Sweet is the Work.

SCHUMANN.
Arr by G. B. A.

Andante.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest, No mor - tal cares shall seize my breast;

To show thy love by morn - ing light, And talk of all thy truth at night.
Oh! may my heart in tune be found, Like Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound.

* The first and third stanzas may be sung as a solo by the second tenor with humming accompaniment, for the sake of variety.

3.
My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! - how divine!

4.
Lord! I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

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VI-2 to 64

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Abide with Me.

H. F. LYTE.

MONK.
Arr. by C. B. A.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the ev - en - tide; The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's 'lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What, but thy
deep - ens, Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a -
grace, can foil the temp - er's pow'r? Who like thy - self, my guide and
com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me!
round I see; O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me'
stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me!

4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me!

5. Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

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GEO. W. DOANE.

Softly now the Light of Day.

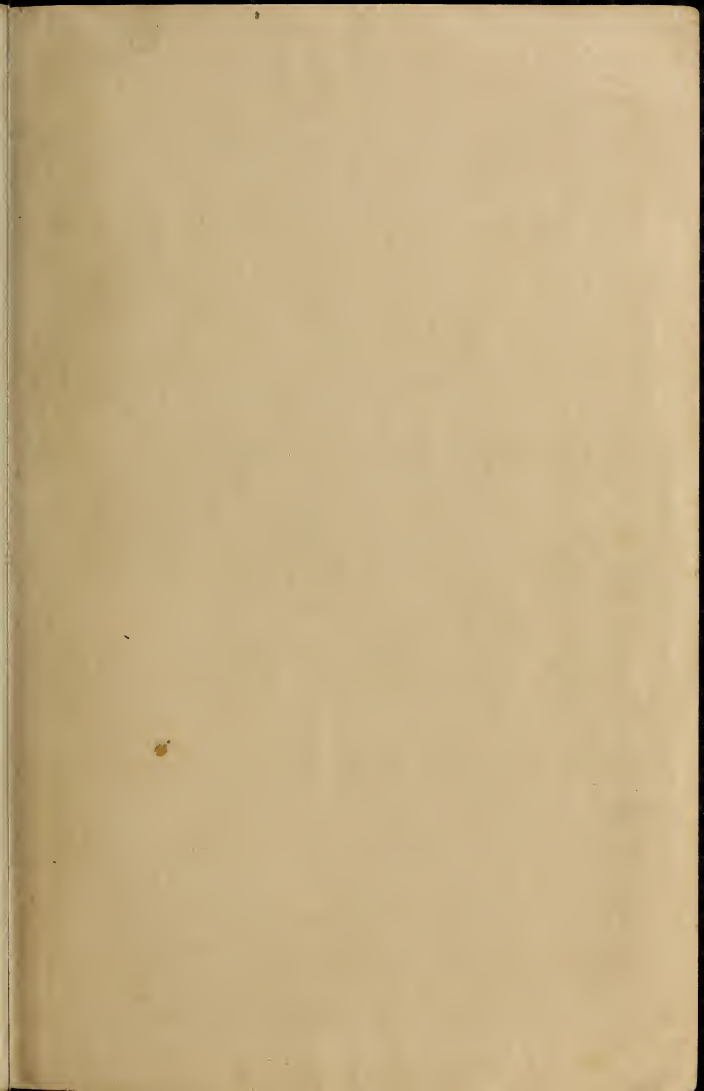
VON WEBER.
Arr. by C. B. A.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would com - mune with thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.

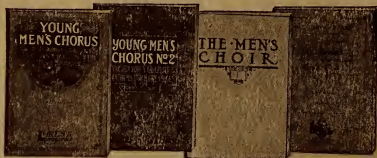
3. Soon from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

4. Thou, who sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity,
Then from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

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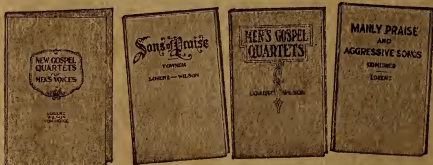
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