

JUBILANT PRAISE

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Jubilant praise by William Shaw & E. O. Excell & Francis E. Clark

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WILLIAM SHAW & E. O. EXCELL & FRANCIS E. CLARK

JUBILANT PRAISE

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far

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES
SUNDAY SCHOOLS, AND
CHURCH PRAYER MEETINGS

WILLIAM SHAW, Compiler
E. O. EXCELL, Editor

RESPONSIVE EXERCISES
SELECTED AND EDITED BY
REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D.

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INTRODUCTION



E send out "Jubilant Praise" with the earnest prayer that its use may bring into all our devotional meetings the spirit expressed in its name.

The cause we represent is a conquering cause; and, when we gather for praise and prayer, the spirit of our service should be inspiring and uplifting. We believe that the use of "Jubilant Praise" will ensure this result.

"Jubilant Praise" is the result of more than twenty-five years' experience in Sunday schools, Christian Endeavor meetings, and conventions on the part of the editor and compilers.

It embodies the suggestions of a host of Christian workers, who speak from experience and not from theory.

We invite special attention to the Responsive Services prepared by Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D. The use of these services will promote the devotional spirit, introduce a spirit of freedom, and create an atmosphere that will make general participation in the meetings easier and more natural.

"O, sing unto the Lord a new song."

"Praise ye the Lord."

"I will praise Thee with my whole heart."

WILLIAM SHAW,
E. O. EXCELL.

Jubilant Praise.

No. 1.

Somebody.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPIRIGHT, 1871, BY W. S. WEEDEN,
B. D. EXCELSIOR, CLEVELAND.

John R. Clements.

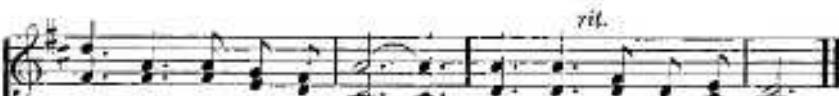
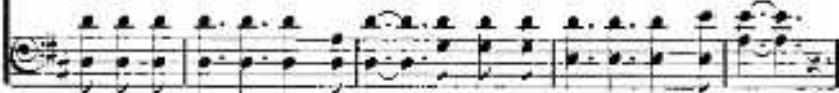
W. S. Weedon.



1. Some-bod-y did a gold-en deed, Proving him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-bod-y don't tis sweet to live, Will-ing-ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Some-bod-y made a lov-ing gift, Cheer-ful-ly tried a load to lift;
4. Some-bod-y i - died all the hours, Care-less-ly crushed life's fair-est flow'rs;
5. Some-bod-y filled the dugs with light, Con-stant-ly chased a-way the night;



Some-hod-y sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the skies the whole day long,—
Some-hod-y fought a val-i-ant fight, Brave-ly he lived to shield the right,—
Some-hod-y told the love of Christ, Told how his will was sac - ri - ficed,—
Some-hod-y made life loss, not gain, Tho't-leg-ely seemed to live in vain,—
Some-hod-y's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev - er cease,—



Was that some-bod - y you? Was that some-bod - y you?



No. 2.

The Hour of Prayer.

Penny Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELSIOR.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jas. R. Sweeney.



1. Glo - ry to God for the joy to meet, Here at the hour of prayer;
2. Far from the world we may turn a - way, Here at the hour of prayer;
3. Rich are the blessings that all may seek, Here at the hour of prayer;
4. O what a ho - ly and calm re - pose, Here at the hour of prayer;



Wel - come the bliss of com-mu - ion sweet, Here at the hour of prayer.
 Glad - ly we rest from the toils of day, Here at the hour of prayer.
 Grace for the wea - ry, the faint, the weak, Here at the hour of prayer.
 Love in its ful - ness the heart o'er-flows, Here at the hour of prayer.



CHORUS.



Nearer the gate to the souls bright home, Nearer the vales where the faithful roam,



Near - er to God and the Lamb we come, Here at the hour of prayer.



No. 3. Whom Having Not Seen I Love.

Maud Frazer.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY E. O. SPENCE.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. A Friend have I who standeth near, To com-fort me and still each fear,
2. In vain may fan - ey strive to trace My Sav-ior's beauty and His grace;
3. The pre- cious hope I have each day Il - lu - mines all my earth-ly way;
4. With that fair man-sion e'er in view, My pil - grim jour-ney I par-sue;



It is my Lord and Sav - ior dear, Whom,having not seen, I love,
More fair than I can dream,His face,Whom,having not seen, I love,
That He will take me home to stay,Whom,having not seen, I love.
And try my Sav-ior's will to do,Whom,having not seen, I love.



CHORUS.



And He is pre-par-ing a place.... For me in His home a-bove;....
And He is pre-par-ing a place. For me in His home a-bove;



Where I shall be-hold His face,... Whom,having not seen, I love.
Where I shall be-hold His face,



No. 4. Tell the Promises Over to Me.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY E. O. SPENCE.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Victor H. Benke.

o - ver to me; Their sweet ben-e - dic - tion will hush my complaint; Tell the
o - ver to me; The might of my Mas - ter his pow'r can con-trol, Tell the
o - ver to me; Their com-fort will ban - ish life's ut - ter-most fear, Tell the

Chorus.

prom - is - es o - ver to me. Tell the prom-is - es o - ver to me,.....
o - ver to me,

Tell the prom - is - es o - ver to me,... I need their strong stay for the
in me,

cares of the day, Tell the prom - is - es o - ver to me,...
o - ver to me,

No. 5. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY CHAR. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The
3. Then I bid fare-well to the way of the world, To

no oth-er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
path that the Sav-ior trod, If I ev-er climb to the heights sub-lime,
walk in it nev-er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

If the way of the cross I miss,
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
Where He waits at the o-pen door.

home, The way of the cross leads home; It is sweet to
leads home, leads home,

know, as I on-ward go, The way of the cross leads home.