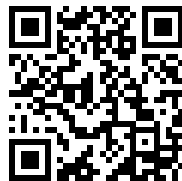
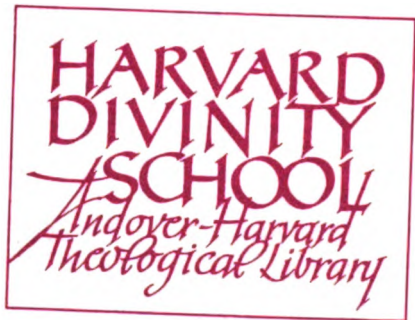

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THE
BRADBURY TRIO:

COMPRISING THE

New Golden Chain, New Golden Shower and New Golden Censer,

MAKING TOGETHER THE LARGEST AND MOST USEFUL

SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN AND TUNE BOOK

IN THE WORLD.

BY WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

New-York:

Published by **BIGLOW & MAIN, No. 425 Broome Street,**

(SUCCESSORS TO WM. B. BRADBURY.)

IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO., 138 & 140 GRAND STREET

AND FOR SALE BY BOOKSELLERS GENERALLY.

PREFACE.

It is now generally acknowledged that no one agency has added so much to the interest felt by children in our Sunday Schools as singing; and the Golden series, commencing with the GOLDEN CHAIN, was among the first to claim the popular attention in this interesting and elevating exercise. The new impetus which this popular work gave to Sunday School singing, made a demand for new books, and in due time the CHAIN was followed by the GOLDEN SHOWER, and finally by the GOLDEN CENSER. Millions of them were sold in a short time, and when the electrotype plates were worn out, and it became necessary to make new ones, the books were revised and improved. In this volume the three volumes are presented under a new name; and we do not hesitate to pronounce "The BRADBURY TRIO" the largest, most complete, and in every way most desirable Sunday School Hymn and Tune Book in the world. It contains many Hymns and Tunes that will never wear out, and it will long hold its place in the front rank of Sunday School Songs.

It will be observed that we have retained all the pieces of the NEW GOLDEN TRIO, except a few in the CENSER which were of but little use for Sunday School purposes, while we have added several that will materially enhance the value of the collection. We have also changed the folios to the head of the page, which will be found more convenient.

SUPERINTENDENTS AND LEADERS PLEASE NOTICE.

To use the BRADBURY TRIO with the NEW GOLDEN TRIO, it will be necessary between pages 127 and 254 to add 2 to the folio at the top of the page—for example: Page 130 in the BRADBURY TRIO is page 132 in the NEW GOLDEN TRIO; and from page 253 to 378, add 4, as page 260 of BRADBURY TRIO will be found on page 264 of NEW GOLDEN TRIO.

THE PUBLISHERS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by ADRA E. BRADBURY, in the Clerk's office of the United States District Court for the District of New Jersey.

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THE GOLDEN CHAIN. C. M.

1st 2d CHORUS.

1. (How sweet and heavenly is the sight, When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight, And so fulfill his.....) word! Praise the Lord,

Praise the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Praise ye the Lord.

2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.
Praise the Lord, &c.

3 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
Let union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action, glow.
Praise the Lord, &c.

4 Love is the GOLDEN CHAIN that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.
Praise the Lord, &c.

1. The Sunday-school, that blessed place, Oh! I would rather stay Within its walls a child of grace, Than spend my hours in play.
Chorus.—The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, Oh! 'tis the place I love, For there I learn the golden rule Which leads to joys a - bore.

2 'Tis there I learn that Jesus died
For sinners such as I;
Oh! what has all the world beside,
That I should prize so high.

3 Then let our grateful tribute rise,
And songs of praise be given
To Him who dwells above the skies,
For such a blessing given.

4 And welcome then the Sunday-school
We'll read, and sing, and pray,
That we may keep the golden rule,
And never from it stray.

WELCOME TO THE SABBATH. H. M.

1. Welcome delightful morn; Sweet day of sacred rest, I hail thy kind return; Lord, make these moments blest.

FULL CHO.

From low desires and fleeting toys, I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.) Then welcome, thrice welcome, Yes, welcome delightful morn.
Then welcome, welcome, welcome, Yes.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL RECRUITING SONG. 11s.

WM. B. BRADDERY.

MODERATELY QUICK.

Words by the Author of "I want to be an angel."

1st. 2d.

(1. To our dear Sunday-school there ought many to come, Who spend Sunday wandering or trifling at home;)
I'll try to bring one, or I'll try to bring two, Yes, all that [*Omit*] I can, I'm determined to do.

(2. God meet all the people who live in this place, To hear of his goodness, and join in his praise;)
So I'll try to bring one, or I'll try to bring two, Yes, all that [*Omit*] I can, I'm determined to do.

One or more Boys. Girls and Boys, or two Girls alone. FULL CHOR.

I'll try to bring one, I'll try to bring two, Yes, all that I can, I'm de-termined to do.

3 Let me think; are there none of the dear ones at home,
The large, or the little, who never have come?
Oh, I'll beg and I'll coax, try for one, try for two,
Yes, all that I can, I'm determined to do.

4 My cousins and playmates, who live in this street,
I'll ask them to come, the next time that we meet;
Who knows but among them I'll get one, or two,
For all that I can, I'm determined to do.

5 Out there in the lot where I pass every day,
How many spend Sabbath in frolic or play!
If I could but get one of those boys, now, or two,
To come here next Sabbath, what good it might do.

6 Perhaps up to heaven some day I may go;
What glory and blessedness then I shall know!
But I want in that glory that many may share,—
That one, two, yes, all I can take may be there.

" I RISE TO SEEK THE LIGHT." C. M. D.

1. I saw a lit - tle blade of grass, Just peeping from the sod, And asked it why it sought to pass Be-

yond its present clod? It seemed to raise its ti - ny head, All sparkling, fresh and bright, And

wond'ring at the question, said, "I rise to seek the light, I rise, I rise, I rise to seek the light."

I rise, I rise, I rise, I rise,

2 I asked the eagle why his wing
To ceaseless flight was given ;
As if he spurn'd each earthly thing
And knew no home but heaven ?
He answered, as he fixed his gaze
Un-dazzled at the sight,
Upon the sun's meridian blaze.
"I rise to seek the light "

3 I asked my soul, what means this thirst
For something yet beyond,
What means this eagerness to burst
From every earthly bond ?
It answers, and I feel it glow
With fires more warm, more bright,
"All is too dull, too dark below,
I rise to seek the light."

COME, CHILDREN, RAISE YOUR VOICES HIGH.

7

1 **COME**, children, raise your voices high,
Your Saviour's love proclaim,
And with the choir of earth and sky
Unite to praise his name :
Sing how he left the realms of light,
Where the bright angels dwell,
And, passing through death's gloomy
Redeemed the world, [night,
Redeemed the world from hell.

2 Yes, we will gladly join our lays
With heaven's seraphic throng,
And offer in our earthly days
To Christ our grateful song :
And oh, that all would join to sing
That Saviour's love, who came,
Mankind from chains of sin to bring
To liberty.
To liberty again !

3 **THE** loud hosannae to our King,
Jesus, eternal God !
Let earth with joyous anthems ring,
To spread his fame abroad ;
Let every tribe and nation own
His just and righteous way,
And all unite to hasten on
The great, the great,
The great millennial day.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

BOLD.



1. Lord, when thou didst ascend on high, Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky; Like chariots that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there;
While he pronounced his holy law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When all the rebel powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

4 Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent his promised spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

THE SABBATH.

1 **SWEET** is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;

To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part :
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wish'd below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

1st. 2d.

1. (Now to heaven our prayer ascending, God speed the right!) Be their zeal in heaven recorded, God speed the right!
(In a noble cause contending, God speed the...right!) With success on earth rewarded, God speed the right!

- 2 Be that prayer again repeated,
God speed the right!
Ne'er despairing though defeated,
God speed the right!
Like the good and great in story,
If they fail, they fail with glory,
God speed the right!
- 3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right!
Ne'er the event our danger fearing,
God speed the right!

- Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's own time succeeding,
God speed the right!
- 4 Still their onward course pursuing,
God speed the right!
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right!
Truth, thy cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it,
God speed the right!

TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS. 6s & 4s.

DR. L. MASON.

1. To-day the Sa- viour calls, Ye wand'ers, home; Oh, ye be-night-ed souls, Why long-er roam?

2. To-day the Saviour calls;
Oh, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3. To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4. The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away.
'Tis mercy's hour.

"NEVER LATE"

9

Sprightly.

W. B. B.

1 I'll a-wake at dawn on the Sabbath day, For 'tis wrong to dose ho-ly time away; With my lessons learn'd, this shall
 2 Birds awake betimes; every morn they sing; None are tardy there, when the woods do ring; So when Sunday comes, this shall

be my rule— Never to be late at the Sabbath school.
 be my rule— Never to be late at the Sabbath school.

3 When the summer's sun wakes the flowers again,
 They the call obey—none are tardy then;
 Nor will I forget that it is my rule
 Never to be late at the Sabbath school.

4 But these Sabbath days will soon be o'er,
 And these happy hours shall return no more;
 Then I'll ne'er regret that it was my rule
 Never to be late at the Sabbath school.

DISMISSION. 8s & 7s.

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace; (Let us each thy love possessing, Triumph in redeeming grace;)
 O refresh us, O refresh us, Traveling thro' this wilderness.)

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound;
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.

3 Then, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne, on angel's wings, to heaven—
 Glad the summons to obey—
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. Double.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

And.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Father's throne Make
D. C. And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer, And oft escaped the tempter's snare By

Fine. all my wants and wishes known: In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has often found relief,
thy return, sweet hour of prayer. *D. C.*

2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! :

3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! :

LULU. S. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 I love thy kingdom, Lord—The house of thine abode—The Church our blest Redeemer saved With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 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.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Sprightly. OH, COME TO THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL WITH ME.

1 Oh, come to the Sunday-school with me, Where sweetly the hours will pass a - way! Oh, come with a foot-step
2 We've teachers and scholars kind and true; We've plenty of books, both old and new; We read, and we sing, and
Chorus. Oh, come to the Sunday-school with me, Where sweetly the hours will pass a - way! Oh, come with a foot-step

light and free, And make no de - lay, make no de - lay. Around and a - bout us true happiness floats, While voices that
join in prayer, 'Tis sweet to be there, sweet to be there. Around and a - bout us true happiness floats, &c.

light and free, And make no de - lay, make no de - lay.

love us breathe out their soft notes; No place is so pleasant, so happy and free, As the dear Sunday-school for you and for me.

D. C.
D. C.

A BRIGHTER DAY. 8s & 7s, Double.

"SHINE LOOK UP, FOR YOUR REDEMPTION DRAWETH NIGH."—Luke XXI. 28.

1. "Lift your heads" with faith; the morrow Dawneth brighter than the day; Angel hands will lift the shadows,
 2. Art thou lonely, sad, and weary, Watching thro' the silent night? Dry thy tears, the orient glistens Like a thread of

CHORUS. *f* | 1st. || 2d.

gloom away. ("Lift your heads," the day is breaking, Soon the morning will appear ;
 sil-ver light. (See the earth from slumber waking ;..... "Lift your heads," the day

- 3 Does the night seem long and weary—
 Dangers threatening 'long the way?
 Joy will soon return to bless thee,
 Soon will dawn a brighter day.—*Chs.*
- 4 What, though wars and earth's commotions
 Try your faith, and cause dismay ;
 God, your Father, rules the nations,
 He will send a brighter day.—*Chs.*
- 5 Let the heart be cheered with gladness,
 Though the sun is veiled from sight ;
 See! the stars are brightly beaming
 Through the shadows of the night.
Chorus.
 Look! e'en now the morn is breaking,
 See the shadows flee away ;
 See! the earth from slumber waking,
 "Lift your heads!" behold the day!

THE CHURCH.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God!
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Form'd thee for his own abode.
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See! the streams of living waters
 Springing from eternal love;
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage;
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age!

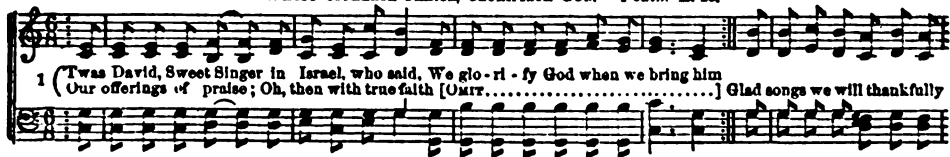
DAVID, THE SWEET SINGER.

13

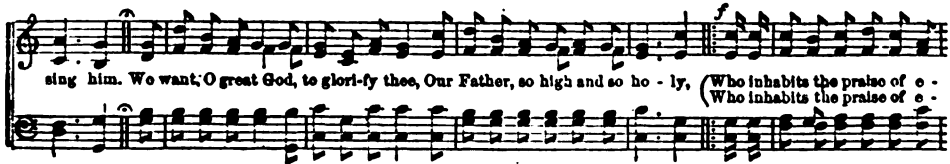
Words by Miss CARO. MAY.

Musie by WM. B. BRADBURY.

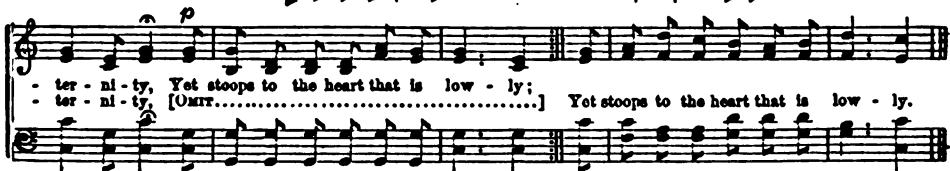
"WHOSO OFFERETH PRAISE, GLORIFIETH GOD."—*Psalm L. 23.*



1 (Twas David, Sweet Singer in Israel, who said, We glo - ri - fy God when we bring him
Our offerings of praise; Oh, then with true faith [OMIT.....] Glad songs we will thankfully



sing him. We want, O great God, to glori-fy thee, Our Father, so high and so ho - ly, (Who inhabits the praise of e -
Who inhabits the praise of e -



- ter - ni - ty, Yet stoops to the heart that is low - ly;
- ter - ni - ty, [OMIT.....] Yet stoops to the heart that is low - ly.

2 Thy love is so vast, so tender, and true,
A fountain of life, falling never;
Oh, what can we happy young children do
But praise thee for ever and ever?
We'll praise thee at morn, and praise thee at night,
For the work that brings quiet and slumber;
For our bread and our water, our reason and sight,
And mercies too many to number.

3 For the friends thou hast given to teach and to guide,
Who make the sweet Sabbath so cheering,
By telling of Jesus, who calls to his side
Young children with words so endearing.
For that Jesus our fullest hosannas are given,
His pity and prayers, ceasing never,
Are the source of all joy, on earth and in heaven,
And we'll praise him for ever and over.

Written and composed for the Fiftyeth Anniversary of the N. Y. S. S. Union.

D. C.

(Who shall sing, if not the children, Did not Jesus die for them?
 May they not, with other jewels, Sparkle in his di - a - dem?) Why to them were voices given, Bird-like voices, sweet and
 o.n. Why, unless the song of heaven They begin to practise here? [clear ?

2 There's a choir of infant songsters,
 White-robed, round the Saviour's throne;
 Angels cease, and, waiting, listen!
 Oh! 'tis sweeter than their own!
 Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
 When her ear is upward turned;
 Is not this the same, perfected,
 Which upou the earth they learned?

8 Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
 Loved them with a wondrous love;
 And will he, to heaven returning,
 Faithless to his blessing prove?
 Oh! they cannot sing too early!
 Fathers, stand not in their way!
 Birds do sing while day is breaking—
 Tell me, then, why should not they!

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

MARSH.

1. } Mary to the Saviour's tomb Hastened at the early dawn, } For a while } D. C.
 Spice she bro't, and sweet perfume, But the Lord she lov'd had gone; } she ling'ring stood, Fill'd with sorrow and surprise,
 D. C. Trembling, while crystal flood Issued from her weeping eyes.

3. But 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!

Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
 He will wipe your tears away.

3. He who came to comfort her,
 When she thought her all was
 lost,

Will for your relief appear,
 Tho' you now are tempest tossed.
 On his word your burden cast,
 On his love your thoughts employ,
 Weeping for a while may last,
 But the morning brings the joy.

HASTE AWAY TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

15

Words by LUCIUS HART, Esq.

Music by W. B. B.

1 *1st Semi-Chor.* Hark! how the cheerful morning bells Call us a-way to Sabbath school; Their sacred chime our
 2d *Semi-Chor.* With happy fa-cies, one and all, We haste a-way to Sabbath school; And hearts as hap-py
 2 *1st Semi-Chor.* In Sunday dress-es neat-ly clad, A-way we haste to Sabbath school; No day in all the
 2d *Semi-Chor.* Our lessons learned our books in hand. A-way we haste to Sabbath school; The happiest children

TENOR & BASS.

FULL CHORUS.

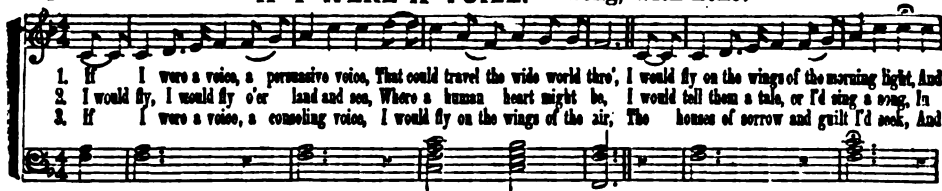
du-ty tells, A-way to Sab-bath school.) Then let us haste a-way, haste a-way to the
 at the call, A-way to Sab-bath school.)
 week more glad, A way to Sab-bath school.) Then let us haste a way, haste a-way to the
 in the land, A-way to Sab-bath school.)

1st. Sabbath school, Then let us haste a-way, a-way to the Sabbath school, A-way to the Sabbath school.
2d.

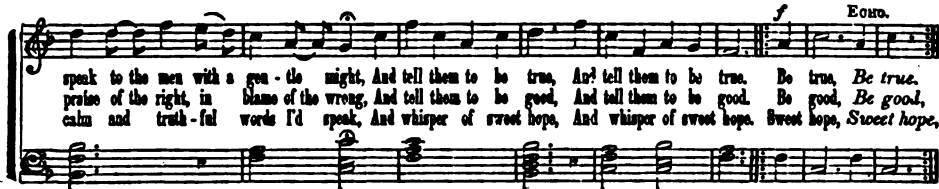
3 *1st Semi-Chorus.* We love to meet together there,
 Within our pleasant Sabbath school;
 And all unite in praise and prayer,
 Within the Sabbath school.
2d Semi-Chorus. And this our bond of love shall be,
 We're happy in our Sabbath school;
 And with our hearts in harmony,
 We'll haste to Sabbath school.—*Cro.*

4 *1st Semi-Chorus.* The Sabbath light shines clear and bright,
 Away we haste to Sabbath school;
 The church, it is a pleasant sight,
 Away to Sabbath school;
2d Semi-Chorus. This sweetest day of all the seven—
 We'll haste away to Sabbath school,
 And run the shining road to heaven;
 Away to Sabbath school.—*Cro.*

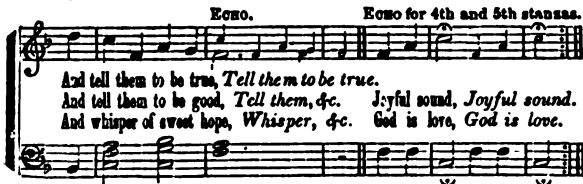
"IF I WERE A VOICE." Song, with keno.



1. If I were a voice, a persuasive voice, That could travel the wide world thro', I would fly on the wings of the morning light, And
 2. I would fly, I would fly o'er land and sea, Where a human heart might be, I would tell them a tale, or I'd sing a song, In
 3. If I were a voice, a consoling voice, I would fly on the wings of the air; The houses of sorrow and guilt I'd seek, And



4. speak to the men with a gen-tle might, And tell them to be true, And tell them to be true. Be true, *Be true.*
 praise of the right, in blame of the wrong, And tell them to be good, And tell them to be good. Be good, *Be good,*
 calm and truth-ful words I'd speak, And whisper of sweet hope, And whisper of sweet hope. Sweet hope, *Sweet hope,*

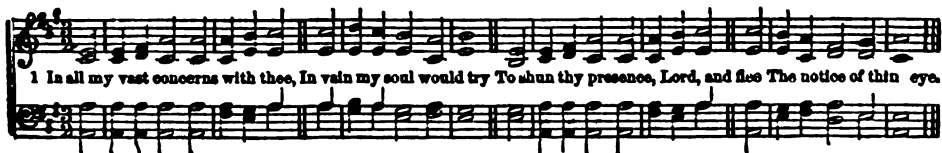


ECHO. And tell them to be true, *Tell them to be true.*
 And tell them to be good, *Tell them, &c.* Joyful sound, *Joyful sound.*
 And whisper of sweet hope, *Whisper, &c.* God is love, *God is love.*

4
 If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
 I would fly the whole earth around;
 And wherever man with error bow'd,
 I'd publish in notes both long and loud,
 The Truth's most joyful sound.
 Joyful sound. (*ECHO.* Joyful sound.)
 The Truth's most joyful sound,
ECHO.—Truth's most joyful sound.

5 I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,
 And point to the realms above;
 I would fly, I would fly over city and town,
 And drop like a happy sunlight down,

And whisper, God is love.
 God is love. (*ECHO.* God is love.)
 And whisper, God is love.
ECHO.—Whisper, God is love



1 In all my vast concerns with thee, In vain my soul would try To shun thy presence, Lord, and flee The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

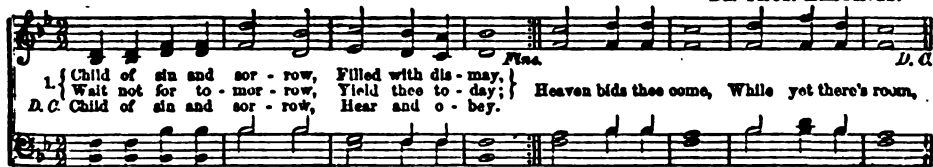
3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 Oh! wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW. 6s & 4s.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.



1. { Child of sin and sor - row, Filled with dis - may, }
D.C. { Wait not for to - mor - row, Yield thee to - day; } Heaven bids thee come, While yet there's room,
D.C. Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey.

2. Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come, while thou canst borrow
Help from on high:
Grieve not that love,
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

3. Child of sin and sorrow,
Where wilt thou flee?
Through that long-to-morrow,
Eternity!
Exiled from home,
Darkly to roam—
Child of sin and sorrow,
Where wilt thou flee?

4. Child of sin and sorrow,
Lift up thine eye!
Heirship thou canst borrow
In worlds on high!
In that high home,
Graven thy name:
Child of sin and sorrow,
Swift homeward fly!

GATHER THEM IN.

"GO, THEREFORE, INTO THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES AND COMPEL THEM TO COME IN."—LUKE XIV. 23.

WITH PROMPTNESS AND ANIMATION.

MAY BE SUNG AS A DUET.

1. Gather them in, gather them in, Gather the children in; (Gather them in from the broad highway, Gather them in,
Gather them in from the prairies vast, Gather them in,

CHORUS.

gather them in; Gather them in, in this gospel day, Gather, gather them in; Gather them in, let the
gather them in; Gather them in, of every cast, Gather, gather them in.

FULL CHO.

house be full, Gather them in to the Sunday-school: Gather them in, Gather them in, Gather the children in.

2 Gather them in, gather them in,
Gather the children in;
Gather them in from the street and lane,
Gather them in, gather them in;
Gather them in both the halt and lame,
Gather, gather them in;
Gather the deaf, and the poor, and blind,
Gather them in, gather them in;
Gather them in with a willing mind,
Gather, gather them in.

Chorus.—Gather them in, &c.

3 Gather them in, gather them in,
Gather the children in;
Gather them in that are seeking rest,
Gather them in, gather them in;
Gather them in from the East and West,
Gather, gather them in.
Gather them in that are roaming about,
Gather them in, gather them in;
Gather them in from the North and South,
Gather, gather them in.

Chorus.—Gather them in, &c.

GATHER THEM IN. Concluded

19

4 Gather them in, gather them in,
Gather the children in ;
Gather them in from all over the land,
Gather them in, gather them in ;
Gather them in to our noble ban!

Gather, gather them in :
Gather them in with a Christian love
Gather them in, gather them in :
Gather them in for the Church above.
Gather, gather them in.—*Chor.*

THE LOVE OF JESUS. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. I know 'tis Jesus loves my soul, And makes the wounded spirit whole; My nature is by sin defild, Yet Jesus loves a little child.

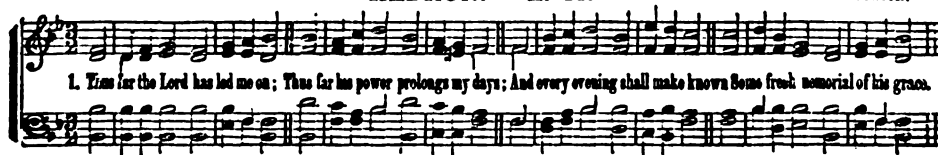
2 How kind is Jesus, oh, how good !
'Twas for my soul he shed his blood ;
For children's sake he was reviled,
For Jesus loves a little child.

3 When I offend, by thought or tongue,
Omit the right, or do the wrong.
If I repent he's reconciled,
For Jesus loves a little child.

4 To me may Jesus now impart,
Although so young, a gracious heart;
Alas ! I'm oft by sin defiled,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.

HEBRON. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. Thus far the Lord has led me on ; Thus far his power prolongs my days ; And every evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
But he forgives my follies past ;
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head ;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

1 Far out up-on the prairie How many children dwell, Who never read the Bi-ble, Or hear the Sabbath bell ;
2 For they have no kind pastor, Whose loving words have told, Of Jesus, the good Shepherd, And called them to his fold ;

Chor.—Far out up-on the prairie How many children dwell, Who never read the Bi-ble, Or hear the Sabbath bell ;

And when the ho-ly morning Wakes us to sing and pray, They spend the precious moments In idleness and play.
No Sabbath school in-vit-ing Its pleasant doors within, No teacher's voice entreating To leave the way of sin.

7s & 6s.

- 3 I wish that I could tell them
How Jesus came to die,
When he for little children
Left his bright throne on high ;
And all the sad, sad story
Of sorrow which he bore,
When for his crown of glory
A crown of thorns he wore.—*Chor.*
- 4 And so each morn and evening,
Whene'er I kneel in prayer,
I'll ask the gracious Saviour
To send his gospel there ;
That in the glorious city
In which he dwells above,
We all may sing together
Of his redeeming love.— *Chor.*

7s & 6s.

- 1 Come, let us sing of Jesus,
While hearts and accents blend,
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
The sinner's only Friend ;
His holy soul rejoices,
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices
Exulting in his love.
- 2 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who wept our path along ;
We love to sing of Jesus,
The tempted and the strong ;
None who beought his healing,
He passed unheeded by ;
And still retains his feeling
For us above the sky.

3 We love to sing of Jesus,
 Who died our soul to save;
 We love to sing of Jesus,
 Triumphant o'er the grave;
 And in our hour of danger,
 We'll trust his love alone,
 Who once slept in a manger,
 And now sits on the throne.
Cho.—We love to sing, &c.

4 Then let us sing of Jesus,
 While yet on earth we stay,
 And hope to sing of Jesus,
 Throughout eternal day;
 For those, who here confess him,
 He will in heaven confess;
 And faithful hearts that bless him,
 He will forever bless.
Cho.—We love to sing, &c.

MILLENNIUM SONG. 7s & 6s.

1 Reason, all ye believers,
 And let your lights appear,
 The evening is advancing,
 And midnight now is near;
 The Bridegroom is arising,
 And soon he draweth nigh;
 Up, up, and watch, and wrestle,
 At midnight comes the cry.
Cho.—Rejoice, &c.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
 Replenish them with oil,
 And wait for your salvation—
 The end of earthly toil.

The watchers on the mountains
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
 Go meet him, as he cometh,
 With Hallelujahs clear.
Cho.—Rejoice, &c.

3 Ye wise and holy virgins,
 Now raise your voices higher,
 Till in the songs of Jubilee,
 They meet the angel choir.
 The marriage-feast is waiting,
 The doors wide open stand,
 Be ready, then, to meet him,
 The Bridegroom is at hand.
Cho.—Rejoice, &c.

4 Ye saints, who here in patience
 Your cross and suff'rings bore,
 Shall live and reign forever,
 When sorrow is no more.
 Around the throne of glory,
 The Lamb ye shall behold,
 In triumph cast before him
 Your diadems of gold!
Cho.—Rejoice, &c.

5 Our Hope and Expectation,
 O Jesus! now appear;
 Arise, thou Son, so longed for,
 O'er this benighted sphere!
 With hearts and hands uplifted,
 We plead, O Lord, to see
 The day of earth's redemption,
 That brings us unto thee!
Cho.—Rejoice, &c.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Newly arranged and brought within an easy compass for Chorus Singing, by

SOLO, or SEMI-CHORUS.

W. M. B. BRADBURY.

1
2

O.... say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we balled at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming,
On the shore dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence re - pos - es,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the tower-ing steep, As it flit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis - clos - es;

CHORUS.

And the rock-et's red glare, bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our Flag was still there:
Now it catch-es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed now shines in the stream:

FULL CHORUS.

O.... say does that star-spangled ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave,
'Tis the star-spangled bau-ner, O long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

3

And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country, should leave us no more—
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge can save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave; *Chò.*

4

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!" *Chò.*

LOOK TO JESUS. 7s & 8s.

23

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. (Look to Je - sus! youthful christian, Just begun the heavenly race:
 Let no dream of strength or wisdom Make thee [Omit.....]) turn from Him thy face:

CHORUS.
 He, thy righteousness, shall be Wisdom, ho - li - ness to thee. Look to Je - sus! look to

Je - sus! Ev - er trust in His dear name.

3 Look to Jesus! aged traveler
 On life's long and changeful road:
 See'st thou not? 'tis almost ended,
 Soon thou'lt be at home with God:
 Lean upon Him as you go,
 Age and weakness stronger grow.

2 Look to Jesus! strong in manhood,
 Who art pressing on thy race:
 Slight the snares the world is spreading,
 Onward, upward speed thy pace:
 Poor and mean earth's brightest toys,
 Weighed with heavens eternal joys.

4 Look to Jesus! steadfast ever
 Let us on his glory gaze;
 Though revealed here but dimly,
 Brightly on our souls 'twill blaze.
 If by looking here below,
 Like to Him our spirits grow.

PEACEFULLY SLEEP. L. M.

1 Peaceful-ly lay her down to rest, Place the turf kindly on her breast ; Sweet is the slumber beneath the sod,
 2 Close to her lone and narrow house, Gracefully wave, ye willow boughs ; Flowers of the wildwood, your odors shed
 3 Qui-et-ly sleep, be-lov-ed one, Rest from thy toil—thy labor is done ; Rest till the trump from the opening skies

While the pure soul is resting with God. Peacefully sleep. Peacefully sleep, Sleep till that morning, Peacefully sleep.
 O-ver the ho-ly, beau-ti-ful dead. Peacefully sleep, &c.
 Bid thee from dust to glo-ry a-rise ! Peacefully sleep, &c.

PEACEFULLY REST. L. M.

- 1 **ANOTHER** fleeting day is gone ;
 Slow o'er the west the shadows rise ;
 Swift the soft-stealing hours have flown,
 And night's dark mantle veils the skies.
Chor.—Peacefully rest, &c.
- 2 Another fleeting day is gone :
 In solemn silence rest, my soul !
 Bow down before His awful throne,
 Who bids the morn and evening roll.
- 3 Soon shall a darker night descend,
 And veil from us yon azure skies :

- And soon shall death's oppressive hand
 Lie heavy on these languid eyes.
- 4 Yet when beneath the dreadful shade,
 I lay my weary frame to rest,
 That night shall not make me afraid,
 That bed the dying Saviour pressed
- 5 Again emerging from the night,
 I, like my risen Lord shall rise ;
 Again drink in the morning light,
 Pure at its fount above the skies.

AND CHORUS.—*All* D.C.

Girls. 1 (Pilgrims we are to Canaan bound, Our journey lies along this road;)
Boys. 1 (This wilderness we travel round, To reach the city of our God.) O happy pilgrims, spotless fair, What makes your robes so white appear D.C.

D.C. *Girls.* Our robes are wash'd in Jesus' blood And we are traveling home to God.

- 2 A few more days, or weeks, or years,
 In this dark desert to complain;
 A few more sighs, a few more tears,
 And we shall bid adieu to pain.—*Chorus.*
- 3 O blessed land! O happy land!
 When shall we reach thy golden shore?
 And one redeemed, unbroken band,
 United be for evermore.—*Chorus.*
- 4 And if our robes are pure and white,
 May we all reach that blessed abode?

- O yes, they all shall dwell in light,
 Whose robes are washed in Jesus' blood.—*Chorus.*
- 5 We all shall reach that golden shore,
 If here we watch, and fight, and pray;
 Straight is the way, and straight the door,
 And none but pilgrims find the way.—*Chorus.*
- 6 O, may we meet at last above,
 Amid the holy blood-washed throng,
 And sing for ever Jesus' love,
 While saints and angels join the song.—*Chorus.*

PILGRIM, IS THY JOURNEY DREAR?

L (Pilgrim, is thy journey drear? Are its lights extinct for ever!
 Still suppress the rising fear; [Ours.....] God forsakes the righteous never! Never, never! no, never!)

PILGRIM, IS THY JOURNEY DREAR? Concluded.

27

- 3 Storms may gather o'er thy path,
All the ties of life may sever;
Still, amid the fear of death,
God forsakes the righteous never!
- 3 Pain may rack the wasting frame,
Health desert thy couch forever,
Faith still burns with deathless flame,
God forsakes the righteous never!

- 4 Earthly joys may all decline
At the mandate of the Giver,
Yet why shouldst thou e'er repine,
God forsakes the righteous never!
- 5 When thy final hour shall come,
Dark will be death's fearful river;
But a voice dispels the gloom,
God forsakes the righteous never!

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL ARMY. 7s & 6s.

1 O, do not be discouraged, For Je-sus is your Friend, O do not be discouraged, For Jesus is your Friend, He will
2 Fight on, ye lit-tle soldiers, The battle you shall win, Fight on, ye lit-tle soldiers, The battle you shall win. For the

Fine. CHORUS.

give you grace to conquer, He will give you grace to conquer, And keep you to the end. I am glad I'm in this army, Yes, I'm
Saviour is your Captain. For the Saviour is your Captain, And he has vanquished sin.

Repeat from the 3 to Fine.

glad I'm in this army, And I'll battle for the school.
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,

3.
And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand;
And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand,
You shall sing his praise for ever,
You shall sing his praise for ever,
In Canaan's happy land.

Chorus.



1. Dear Saviour, ev - er at my side! How loving thou must be, To leave thy home in heaven, to guard A little child like me!
 2. I can - not feel thee touch my hand With pressure light and mild, To check me as my moth - er did, When I was but a child;
 3. And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down, Morn'ing and night to pray, Something there is within my heart, Which tells me thou art there.

Thy beau - ti - ful and shin - ing face I see not, tho' so near; The sweetness of thy soft, low voice I am too deaf to hear.
 But I have felt thee in my thoughts, Fighting with sin for me; And when my heart loves God, I know The sweetness is from thee.
 Yes! when I pray, thou prayest, too—Thy prayer is all for me, But when I sleep, thou sleepest not, But watchest pa - tient - ly.

"ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED." C. M.

- 1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?
 Remember me, remember me,
 Dear Lord, remember me;
 Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,
 And then remember me.
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done
 He hung upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree! Remember, &c.

- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide;
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
 For man, the creature's sin. Remember, &c.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While his dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes in tears. Remember, &c.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do. Remember, &c.

"REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR."

29

- 1 Remember thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days,
He will accept thy earliest vow,
And listen to thy praise.
- 2 Remember thy Creator now,
And seek him while he's near;
For evil days will come, when thou
Shalt find no comfort near.

- 3 Remember thy Creator now;
His willing servant be:
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.
- 4 Almighty God! our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear;
Let all our future days be thine,
Devoted to thy fear.

OUR PASTOR. S. M.

THE SCHOOL.

WITH A CHORUS RESPONSE BY THE INFANT CLASS.

mf

1. To-day a youthful throng, Their gratitude to prove, Would mingle in a closing song Of tenderness and love.

p RESPONSE BY THE INFANT CLASS.

Our pastor dear, our pastor dear, We sing a song of love to thee; Our pastor dear, our pastor dear, A song of love to thee.

- 2 Why has a pastor's care
So kindly been bestowed,
While many a sweet and ardent prayer
From his full heart has flowed?
- 3 And why has truth divine
Soft from his lips distilled?
Why should his heart so much incline
Toward every little child?

- 4 O may the God of grace,
Who all the glory claims,
Long spare him in this hallowed place
To feed the tender lambs.
- 5 And may our hearts no more
Incline to sinful ways,
But learn our Saviour to adore,
And give to God the praise.

* The words of this song (without the chorus) were originally written by Dr. Hastings for a S. S. Celebration at St. George's Church, New-York, then under the pastoral care of the late Dr. Milnor. The response has been added as an appropriate "Refrain" for the little ones.

CALL THE CHILDREN EARLY.

HENRY TUCKER.

1 Call the children early, mother, While the birds do sing; While the dew is on the flowers, Which by the hillside spring,

Of repeat the waking word, Till they rise to praise the Lord; Of repeat the waking word, Till they rise to praise the Lord.

2
Call the children early, father,
While the dew is on;
Great the work that must be done
Before the morning's gone.
Call them round the altar bright
On which burns devotion's light.

3
Call the children early, teacher—
To their wond'ring eyes,
Every Sabbath day, set forth
The pearl of richest price.
Call them early to the Lord—
Thou shalt reap a rich reward.

4
Call the children early, Shepherd,
Give the lambs thy care;
See that they are folded safe
Within the house of prayer.
Call them at the dawn of day,
Lead them in the narrow way.

CHRIST FOR ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st. 2d. D. G.

1 (My heart is fix'd eternal God, Fix'd on thee, fixed on thee:
(And my immortal choice is made, Christ for me, Christ for me.) He is my Prophet, Priest and King, Who did for me
v. c. And while I've breath I mean to sing, Christ for me, Christ for me. salvation bring.

2 In him I see the Godhead shine
 Christ for me, Christ for me;
 He is the majesty divine,
 Christ for me, Christ for me;
 The Father's well-beloved son,
 Co-partner of his royal throne,
 Who did for human guilt atone,
 Christ for me, Christ for me.

3 To day as yesterday the same,
 Christ for me, Christ for me;
 How precious is his balmy name,
 Christ for me, Christ for me;
 Christ a mere man, may answer you
 Who error's winding path purg'd,
 But I with past can never do,
 Christ for me, Christ for me.

I'LL RISE UP EARLY IN THE MORNING.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Quick. | 1st time. | 2d time.

1 (I'll rise up ear-ly in the morn-ing. The morning of the Sabbath day,) And haste to Sabbath school away.

CHORUS.

Sabbath-school.
 For oh, I love the Sabbath-school, The Sabbath-school, the Sabbath-school, For oh, I love the Sabbath-school, The precious

2
 While there I'll listen to my teacher,
 And treasure up what he may say,
 While their I'll listen to my teacher,
 As up to heaven he points the way.
 For oh, I love my teacher dear,
 My teacher dear, my teacher dear,
 For oh, I love my teacher dear
 So good and kind to me.

3.
 I'll learn my lesson in the Bible,
 And try to practice what I learn;
 I'll learn my lesson in the Bible,
 And every sinful way will shun.
 For oh, I love that blessed book,
 That blessed book, that blessed book,
 For oh, I love that blessed book,
 So full of grace and truth.

4.
 Then I'll not trifle any longer.
 Nor throw my precious hours away,
 Then I'll not trifle any longer,
 But go to Christ without delay;
 And dwell with him in heaven above,
 In heaven above, in heaven above—
 And dwell with him in heaven above.
 A heaven of joy and love.

A HOME IN HEAVEN.

Words by Rev. W. HOWTIZ, D. D.

1. A home in heaven! what a joyful thought, As the poor man toils in his weary lot; His heart oppressed, and with
 2. A home in heaven! as the sufferer lies On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes To that bright home, what a

A home, a home in heaven, &c.

CHORUS.
 anguish riven, From his home below to his home in heaven. His home, his home, his happy home in heaven, His
 joy is given, With the blessed thought of his home in heaven.

Repeat. pp
 home, his home, his happy home in heaven.

3 A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
 And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
 And strength decays, and our health is riven,
 We are happy still without our home in heaven.
 CHORUS.—Our home, &c.

4 A home in heaven! when the faint heart bleeds.
 By the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds;
 Oh! then what bliss, in that heart forgiven,
 Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.
 CHORUS.—A home, &c.

5.

A home in heaven! when our friends are fled,
 To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead,
 We wait in hope on the promise given;
 We will meet up there, in our home in heaven.

CHORUS.—Our home, &c.

6.

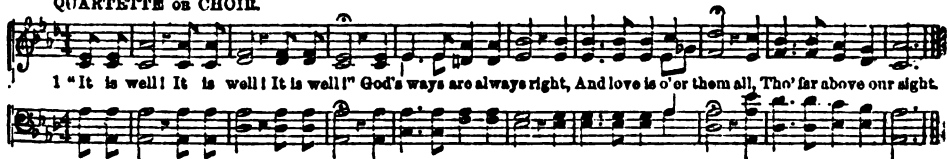
Our home in heaven! O the glorious home!
 And the Spirit joined with the Bride, says come;—
 Come seek his face, and your sins forgiven,
 And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.

CHORUS.—Your home, &c.

"IT IS WELL."

33

QUARTETTE OR CHOIR.



1 "It is well! It is well! It is well!" God's ways are always right, And love is o'er them all, Tho' far above our sight.

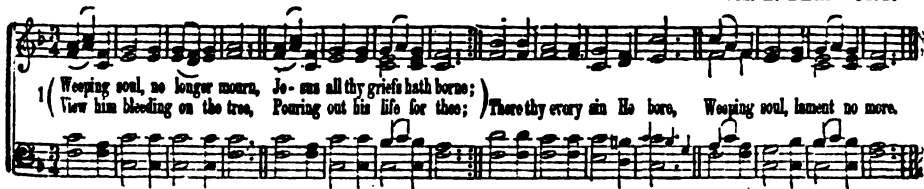
2
"It is well!"
Though deep and sore the smart,
He wounds who knows to bind,
And heal the broken heart.

3
"It is well!"
Though sorrow clouds our way,
'Twill make the joy more dear,
That ushers in the day!

4
"It is well!"
The path that Jesus trod,
Though rough and dark it be,
Leads home to heaven and God.

ALETTA. 7s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1 (Weeping soul, no longer mourn, Je- sus all thy griefs hath borne;)
(View him bleeding on the tree, Pouring out his life for thee;) There thy every sin He bore, Weeping soul, lament no more.

2 All thy crimes on him were laid;
See, upon his blameless head
Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,
Due to my offence and yours;
Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning sacrifice.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on him,
Find him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and fears away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

1 Shall we sing in heaven for ever—Shall we sing? Shall we sing? Shall we sing in heaven for ever, In that happy land? Yes! oh, yes! in that

land, that happy land, They that meet shall sing for ever, Far beyond the rolling riv-er, Meet to sing and love for ev-er, In that happy land.

- 2 Shall we know each other, ever,
In that land?
Shall we know each other, ever,
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall know each other,
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.
- 3 Shall we sing with holy angels
In that land?
Shall we sing with holy angels
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Saints and angels sing for ever,
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.
- 4 Shall we rest from care and sorrow,
In that land?
Shall we rest from care and sorrow,
In that happy land?

- Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall rest for ever,
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.
- 5 Shall we meet our dear, lost children
In that land?
Shall we meet our dear, lost children
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Children meet and sing for ever
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.
- 6 Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that land?
Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
We shall know our blessed Saviour,
Far beyond the rolling river,
Love and serve him there for ever, &c.

THE GLAD HOSANNA.

35

Words by H. S. WASHBURN.

Music by WM. B. BRADBOEN.

Full Chorus, *ff*

Semi-Chorus of Girls, *pp**

Full Chorus.

1. { Shout a - gain the glad ho - san - na! Shout a - gain the glad ho - san - na, Hith - er all your tributes bring,
Un - der - neath our star - ry ban - ner, Un - der - neath our star - ry ban - ner, Let the swell - ing an - them ring: }

pp In strict time.

Peace, Peace, Peace! For the Heavenly Dove de - scend - ing, Whispers to the na - tion, Peace, Peace, Peace!

Boys.

All in Full Chorus.

Then shout again your glad hosannas, Shout again your glad hosannas, Shout again! shout again! shout, shout again!

2.
: O'er the hills the Day is breaking, :
Brightly glows the morning star, :
: And the tolling bondman halleth, :
Tidings, tidings from afar:
Peace, &c.

3.
: East and West prolong the chorus, :
North and South are foes no more;
: War has ceased, and let the echo :
Swell along from shore to shore:
Peace, &c.

4.
: Youth and age repeat the story, :
God hath set the captive free,
: Unto Him be all the glory, :
Peal it over land and sea:
Peace, &c.

* This should be sung in strict time, and so soft as to produce by contrast the effect of an echo.

Composed for and sung at the semi-centennial anniversary of the Am. S. S. Union, New York, May 8th, 1863.

REST FOR THE WEARY. 78 & 88. Rev. J. W. DADNUM. Arranged.

1. In the Christian's home in glory, There remains a land of rest, There my Saviour's gone before me, To fulfill my soul's request.
 2. He is fitting up my mansion, Which eternally shall stand, For my stay shall not be transient In that holy, happy land.

CHORUS.

(There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you.
 On the other side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.)

8 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter
 Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
 But in that celestial centre,
 I a crown of life shall wear.
 There is rest for the weary, &c.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
 And his sting shall be withdrawn;
 Shout for gladness, O, ye ransomed,
 Hail with joy the rising morn.
 There is rest for the weary, &c.

5 Sing, O, sing, ye heirs of glory,
 Shout your triumph as you go;
 Zion's gate will open for you,
 You shall find an entrance through.
 There is rest for the weary, &c.

TEMPERANCE HYMN.

1. O'er the dark abodes of sorrow,
 Cheered by no reviving ray,
 Brightly temperance arising,
 Brings a bright and glorious day.

CHORUS.—There is hope for the fallen,
 There is hope for the fallen,
 There is hope for the fallen,
 There is hope for all.

2 Thousands long in bondage groaning,
 Hail the bright and glorious light;

See from eastern coast to western
 Quickly fly the shades of night.

3 May the heart-reviving story,
 Win and conquer—never cease—
 May the ranks of temperance ever
 Multiply and still increase.

4 Now the trump of temperance sounding,
 Rouse! ye freemen! why delay?
 Let your voices, all resounding,
 Welcome on the happy day.

WHAT MAKES US HAPPY.

* 37

D. C.

Sprightly.

1. (Why are we all so hap - py, Singing sweet, while we meet, Why are we all so hap py, In this dear retreat,)
 Nature the fields a - dorn'ing Fresh and gay, fresh and gay, Beauti - fal Sunday morning, 'Tis a ho - ly day,)

Oro. That is what makes us happy, Singing sweet, while we meet, That is what makes us happy, In this dear retreat

Here we learn a Saviour's name How on earth a child he came, Suffered died and rose again, That we might dwell with him.

2.

What are the wild birds singing,
 Full of glee—full of glee,
 Swiftly their pinions winging,
 O'er the flowery lea,
 Praising the God who made them,
 Free as air—free as air,
 Kindly his hand arrayed them,
 In the plumes they wear.
 Wood and stream and meadow gay,
 Join the merry, merry lay,
 All are praising God to day,
 And we will praise him too.

CHORUS.—That is what makes, &c.

3.

What are the angels singing,
 Robed in white, crowned with light,
 Ever their music ringing,
 In that world so bright,
 Singing of grace and glory,
 Sweet and clear—sweet and clear,
 Telling the wondrous story,
 Children love so dear.
 Happy, happy angel band,
 Round our Father's throne they stand
 In that pure and sunny land,
 Our home beyond the sky.

CHORUS.—That is what makes, &c.

PILGRIM, HALTING, STAFF IN HAND.

SOLO, OR A FEW VOICES.

CHORUS.

SOLO.

CHORUS.

1. Pilgrim, halting, staff in hand, Haste away! haste away! Pilgrim, halting, staff in hand, Haste, haste away.

E'en this path where thou dost stand, Endeth in a better land, Far away, far away, Far, far a-way.

3 Though thy way seem dark and lone,
Look above, look above;
Though thy way seem dark and lone
Look, look above;
All is light around the throne—
Sorrow's sighs are there unknown—
All is love, all is love,
All, all is love.

3 Pilgrim! God thy guide will be,
Him obey, him obey;
Pilgrim! God thy guide will be,
Him, him obey;
Trust him, though thou canst not see,
'Tis his hand that leadeth thee
All the way, all the way,
All, all the way.

4 Hark! a voice of melody!
"Pilgrim come! Pilgrim come!"
Hark! a voice of melody!
"Pilgrim, come home!"
'Tis thy father calleth thee,
Onward press, and soon thou'lt be
Safe at home, safe at home,
Safe, safe at home.

COTTAGE CHANT. L. M.

Wm. B. BRADBURY.

1. My gracious Lord, I own thy right To every service I can pay, And call it my supreme delight To bear thy dictates and obey.

3 What is my being but for thee,—
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live—
To him who for my ransom died
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, his glorious power.

CANAAN'S SHORE.



1. (Riv - er of death, thy stream I see, Between the bright ci - ty of rest and me;) (Fearless thy sa - ble surge I'll brave, For sweet is the prospect beyond thy wave.) Waft me, oh, waft me

safe - ly o'er, And land me, dear Saviour, on Canaan's shore.

2 Why should I fear to stem thy side,
With him who has loved me as guard and guide:
Wisdom and power control thy flood,
While faith says my passage was paid with blood.
Waft me, &c.

3 What is it gilds thy darksome foam.
'Tis light shiving forth from my happy home,
Music that thrills my soul to hear,
Scenes floating me over thy surfaon drear.
Waft me, &c.

4 Help me, I feel the waters rise,
Yet visions of glory still glad my eyes,
Saviour, I come—I soon shall be
Among the blest purchase of Calvary.
Waft me, &c.

THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION.



Very Spirited. CHORUS. *f*

1. (Hear the roy - al proc - la - mation, The glad tidings of sal - va - tion,)
Publishing to ev - ery creature, To the ru - ined sons of nature ;

2. (" See the ro - yal banner flying, Hear the heralds loudly crying,)
" Re - bel sinners, roy - al fa - vor Now is offered by the Saviour: ")

Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns, Je - sus reigns,
Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns,

Je - sus reigns, he reigns victorious, Over heaven and earth most glorious, Jesus reigns, Je - sus reigns, Jesus reigns!

3.

" Here is wine, and milk and honey ;
Come, and purchase without money ;
Mercy flowing from a fountain.
Streaming from the holy mountain."
Cao.—Jesus reigns, &c.

4.

Shout, ye tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation ;
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty Prince of Zion.
Cao.—Jesus reigns, &c.

5.

Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention,
Christ hath purchased our redemption ;
Angels, shout the pleasing story,
Through the brighter worlds of glory,
Cao.—Jesus reigns, &c.

ONE THING NEEDFUL. L. M. WM. B. HEADBURY.

1 Jesus, engrave it on my heart,
That thou the one thing needful art ;

I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord, from thee

ONE THING NEEDFUL. Concluded.

2 Needful is thy most precious blood,
To reconcile my soul to God;
Needful is thy indulgent care;
Needful thy all prevailing prayer.

3 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,
True peace and comfort to afford;
Needful thy promise, to impart
Fresh life and vigor to my heart.

4 Needful art thou, my guide, my stay,
Through all life's dark and weary way;
Nor less in death thou'lt needful be,
To bring my spirit home to thee.

5 Then needful still, my God, my King,
Thy name eternally I'll sing!
Glory and praise be ever his,
The one thing needful Jesus is.

OVER THE OCEAN WAVE. Missionary. *

Musical notation for the hymn 'Over the Ocean Wave'. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff. Above the staff, there are markings for '1st.' and '2d.' indicating different parts of the melody. To the right of the staff, there is a 'D.C.' marking. Below the staff, there are two lines of lyrics. The first line is for the first part of the melody, and the second line is for the second part. The lyrics are: '1. (O-ver the ocean wave, far, far a-way, There the poor heathen live, waiting.....) for day; (Groping in ignorance, dark as the night.)' and 'D. c. (Pi-ty them, pi-ty them, Christians at home.) and come. (No blessed Bi-ble to give them the light.)'

2 Bowing to idol gods, dally they pray.
"Pity us, Juggernaut! we've given away
Lives of our children dear, thee to appease,
Give to us, give to us tokens of peace."—*Chor.*

3 Here, in this happy land, we have the light
Shining from God's own word, free, pure and bright;

Shall we not send to them Bibles to read,
Teachers, and preachers, and all that they need?—*Chor.*

4 Then while the mission ships glad tidings bring,
List! as that heathen band joyfully sing,
"Over the ocean wave, oh! see them come,
Bringing the bread of life, guiding us home."—*Chor.*

STAR OF ETERNAL DAY.

1 Star of eternal day,
Cloudless and bright,
Guide of the pilgrims' way,
Banish my night;
Come thou celestial Dove,
Dwell in my heart!
Source of immortal love
Never depart.

Oh, how I long for thee,
Spirit divine,
What is the world to me,
Jesus is mine.

2 When shall my wanderings cease,
When shall I rest
Safe in the port of peace,
Happy and blest,

There from thy dear embrace
Severed no more
Lord, I shall see thy face,
Praise and adore.
Oh! I would fly to thee,
Spirit divine;
Earth has no tie for me,
Jesus is mine.

LOOK ALOFT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. In the tempest of life, when the wind and the gale Are a-round and a-bove, If thy foot-ing should
 2. If the friend who embraced in pros-per - i - ty's glow, With a smile for each joy and a tear for each
 3. Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye, Like the tints of the rain - bow be swift - er to

Look a - loft.....

fall, If thine eye should grow dim, and thy cau-tion de - part, Look a - loft, look a - loft, look a -
 woe, Should betray thee, when sor - rows like clouds are ar - rayed, Look a - loft, look a - loft, look a -
 fly, Then turn, and thru' tears of re-pent-ant re - gret, Look a - loft, look a - loft, look a -

loft, and be firm, and con - fid - ing of heart, Look a - loft, and be firm, and con - fid - ing of heart,
 loft, to the friendship which nev - er shall fade, Look a - loft, to the friendship which nev - er shall fade.
 loft, to the sun that is nev - er to set, Look a - loft, to the sun that is nev - er to set.

4 Should the dearest of earth, the son of thy heart—
 The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart;
 Look aloft from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
 To the soil where affection is ever in bloom.

5 And oh! when death comes, in his terrors to cast
 His fears on the future, his pill on the past,
 In the moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
 And a smile in thine eye. look aloft, and depart

WALK IN THE LIGHT. 78.

43

1. (Pleasant is the Sabbath bell, In the light, in the light, Seeming much of joy to tell, In the light of God,
But a music sweeter far, In the light, in the light, Breathes where angel spirits are, In the light of God.

CHORUS.

Let us walk in the light, in the light, in the light, Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.

- o Shall we ever rise to dwell,
In the light, in the light,
Where immortal praises swell,
In the light of God ;
And can children ever go,
In the light, in the light,
Where eternal Sabbaths glow,
In the light of God.—*Chorus.*
- 8 Yes, that bliss our own may be,
In the light, in the light,
All the good shall Jesus see,
In the light of God ;
For the good a rest remains,
In the light, in the light,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns,
In the light of God.—*Chorus.*

CALL TO PRAISE.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
In the light, in the light,
As we journey, sweetly sing,
In the light of God ;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
In the light, in the light,
Glorious in his works and ways,
In the light of God.—*Chorus.*
- 2 We are travelling home to God,
In the light, in the light,
In the way our fathers trod,
In the light of God ;
They are happy now, and we,
In the light, in the light,
Soon their happiness shall see,
In the light of God.—*Chorus.*

THE SWEETEST NAME.

"HE HATH GIVEN HIM A NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME" &c.

1st. 2d. 3rd. REFRAIN. D. C.

1. } There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heaven. } [Jesus;
 The name before his wondrous birth To Christ, the Saviour, given. } We love to sing around our King, And hail him blessed
 D. C. For there's no word ear ever heard, So dear, so sweet, as Je-sus. } D. C.

2. His human name they did proclaim,
 When Abram's son they seal'd him;
 The name that still by God's good will,
 Deliverer revealed him.—*Cho.*

3. And when he hung upon the tree,
 They wrote his name above him,
 That all might see the reason we
 For evermore must love him.—*Cho.*

4. So now upon his Father's throne,
 Almighty to release us
 From sin and pain, he gladly reigns,
 The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.—*Cho.*

JESUS IS OUR SHEPHERD. 6s & 5s.

Earnestly.

S. MAIN. From "Sacred Lute."

1 Je-sus is our Shepherd, Wiping every tear; Folded in his bosom, What have we to fear?

On-ly let us fol-low Whither he doth lead, To the thirsty de-sert, Or the dew-y mead.

3
 Jesus is our Shepherd;
 Well we know his voice;
 How its gentlest whisper
 Makes our heart rejoice!
 Even when he saith doth,
 Tender is his tone;
 None but he shall guide us,
 We are his alone.

3
 Jesus is our Shepherd;
 For the sheep he bled;
 Every lamb is sprinkled
 With the blood he shed.
 Then on each he setteth
 His own secret sign:
 "They that have my Spirit,
 These," saith he, "are mine."

4
 Jesus is our Shepherd,
 Guided by his arm,
 Though the wolves may threaten,
 None can do us harm.
 When we tread death's valley,
 Dark with fearful gloom,
 We will fear no evil,
 Victors o'er the tomb.

CANAAN.

Arranged.

1st. 2d. CHORUS.

1 (Come, children let us sweetly sing, We are bound for the land of Canaan;
 All glory give to Christ, our King, We are bound for the land of [Omit...] Canaan. O Canaan, bright Canaan, We are

bound for the land of Canaan; O Canaan, it is my happy home, We are bound for the land of Ca-naan.

2 Come, then, and join our happy band,
 We are bound for the land of Canaan;
 To ever dwell at Christ's right hand,
 We are bound for the land of Canaan.
Chorus.—O Canaan, &c.

3 Then louder still our songs shall rise—
 We are bound for the land of Canaan;
 When we are far beyond the skies—
 We are bound for the land of Canaan.
Chorus.—O Canaan, &c.

Words by Hon. ROBT. H. PRUYN.*

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 When the bat - tle is fought, and the vic - to - ry won, Life's tri - als are ended, and life's duties done,
2 The most youthful soldier will then have a share, In heav - en - ly mansions prepared for us there.

REFRAIN.

Then Je - sus, our Saviour, will welcome us home, No more in this desert of sin we shall roam. Safe, safe at home,
The song of redemption, from infants, shall swell, As of Jesus, to wondering an - gels they tell.

Safe, safe at home, No more to roam, No more to roam, Safe, safe at home, Safe, safe at home, No more, no more to roam.

- 8 Though taken from earth in life's earliest morn,
The crown of our Saviour we'll ever adorn.
More bright than the stars will thy ransomed ones shine.
For the radiance, dear Saviour, 's eternally thine.
- 4 Oh, then will our hearts swell, with rapture supreme,
For Jesus, thy glories will over us beam,
Our minds with the riches of wisdom be stored,
For God will be known and for ever adored.

* The Refrain has been added to the original hymn.

I WOULD LOVE THEE HEAVENLY FATHER. 8s & 7s.

CHORUS.

* 47.

1 (I would love thee, Heavenly father, My Redeem-er and my King;)
 I would love thee, for without thee Life is but a bit-ter thing.) I would love thee, I would
 love thee, My Redeemer and my King; I would love thee, I would love thee, My Redeemer and my King

2 I would love thee; every blessing,
 Flows to me from out thy throne,
 I would love thee; he who loves thee,
 Never feels himself alone.—*Cho.*

3 I would love thee; look upon me,
 Ever guide me with thine eye;
 I would love thee; if not nourished
 By thy love, my soul would die.—*Cho.*

CAPTIVITY. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. When we, our wearied limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Euphrates streams, We wept—with doleful thro'is oppressed, And Zion was our mournful theme.

2 Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,
 Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
 With silent string, neglected hung,
 On willow trees that withered there.

3 How shall we tune our voice to sing,
 Or touch our harps with skillful hands?
 Shall hymns of joy, to God our King,
 Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?

OH, THAT WILL JOYFUL BE.



1. Oh, that will joy - ful be, When we walk by faith no more, When the Lord we loved before As brother man we see,
2. Oh, that will joy - ful be, When to meet us rise and come All our buried treasures home—A gladsome company.

FULL CHO. to each stanza.

When he welcomes us a - bove, When we share his smile of love. Oh, that will joy - ful
When our arms em - brace a . gain, Those we mourned so long in vain.

be. Oh, that will joy - ful, joy - ful be, Oh, that will joy - ful be, Oh, that will joy - ful, joy - ful be.

- 3 Oh, that will joyful be,
When the foes we dread to meet,
Every one beneath our feet
We tread triumphantly.
When we never more can know
Slightest touch of pain or woe.
Chorus.—Oh, that will, &c.

- 4 Oh, that will joyful be,
When we hear what none can toll,
And the ringing chorus swell
Of angel's melody.
When we join their songs of praise,
Hallelujahs with them raise—
Chorus.—Oh, that will, &c

1 { The gos-pel ship is sail-ing, sail-ing, sail-ing, The gos-pel ship is sailing, Bound for Canaan's happy shore ; }
 All who would ship for glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, All who would ship for glory, Come and welcome, rich and poor. }

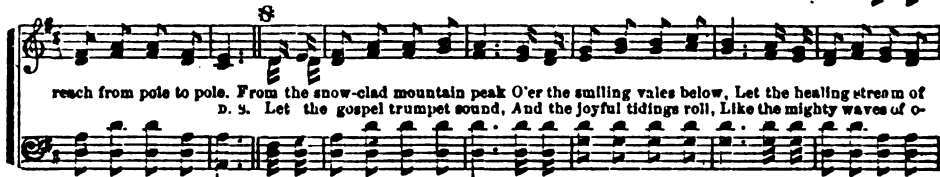
Glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah! All on board are sweetly singing, Glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

2. She has landed many thousands,
 Thousands, thousands,
 She has landed many thousands,
 On fair Canaan's happy shore ;
 And thousands now are sailing,
 Sailing, sailing,
 And thousands now are sailing,
 Yet there's room for thousands more.
 Glory, hallelujah, &c.
3. Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
 Breezes, breezes,
 Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
 Swiftly glides the ship along.

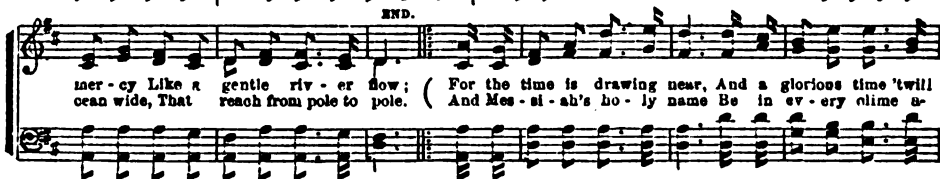
- Her company are singing,
 Singing, singing,
 Her company are singing,
 Glory, glory is their song.
 Glory, hallelujah, &c.
4. Take passage now for glory,
 Glory, glory,
 Take passage now for glory,
 Sailing o'er life's troubled sea ;
 With us you shall be happy,
 Happy, happy,
 With us you shall be happy,
 Happy through eternity.
 Glory, hallelujah, &c.



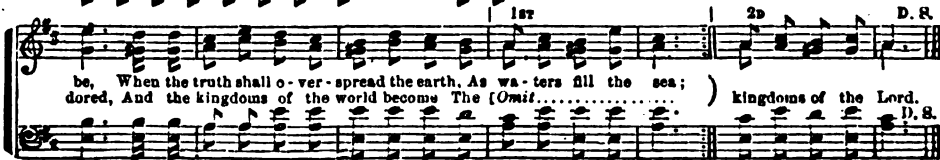
1. Let the gos - pel trumpet sound, And the joy - ful tid - ings roll, Shedding life and peace around, 'Till they



reach from pole to pole. From the snow-clad mountain peak O'er the smiling vales below, Let the healing stream of
D. S. Let the gospel trumpet sound, And the joyful tidings roll, Like the mighty waves of o-



mer - cy Like a gentle riv - er flow; (For the time is drawing near, And a glorious time 'twill
ocean wide, That reach from pole to pole. (And Mes - si - ah's ho - ly name Be in ev - ery clime a-



1st 2d D. S.
be, When the truth shall o - ver - spread the earth, As wa - ters fill the sea;)
dored, And the kingdoms of the world become The [Omit.....] kingdoms of the Lord.
D. S.

2 Go ye forth to every land,
Preach the gospel in my name,
Was the Saviour's great command;
Joy to every soul proclaim,
To the weary tell of rest;
Open wide the prison door,
Fear ye not, for I am with you,
Till the world shall be no more.
Lo, the mission fields are white
With your banners wide unfur'd,
Go, ye heralds of salvation,
Preach repentance to the world,

With the Bible in your hand,
And your Father's smile to cheer,
You shall reap a golden harvest,
And the happy time is near.
Chorus. Let the gospel, &c.

8 From their idols turned away,
By the light of pardoning love,
Shall the nations learn to pray
To the God who reigns above;
From the islands of the deep,
Over India's sultry plain,

Shall a choiced hymn be wafted
To our native land again.
For the time is drawing near,
And a glorious time 'twill be,
When the truth shall overspread the
earth,
As waters fill the sea;
And Messiah's holy name
Be in every clime adored,
And the kingdoms of the world become,
The kingdoms of the Lord.
Chorus. Let the gospel, &c.

THE MORNING BELLS. 8s & 7s.

FIVE CHORUS.

1 (Hark! the morning bells are ringing! Children, haste without de-lay;
Prayers of thousands now are winging, Up to heaven their st-lont way.) Come, children, come! the bells are ringing,
A.C. Let us all u-nite in sing-ing, All u-nite in ec-cen prayer.

D.C.
To the school with haste repair;

2 'Tis an hour of happy meeting,
Children meet for praise and prayer;
But the hour is short and fleeting,
Let us then be early there.
Chorus. Come, children, &c.

3 Do not keep our teachers waiting,
While you tarry by the way;

Nor disturb the school reciting,
'Tis the holy Sabbath-day.
Chorus. Come, children, &c.

4 Children, haste! the bells are ringing,
And the morning's bright and fair;
Thousands now unite in singing,
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.
Chorus. Come, children, &c.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

CHORUS.

1 (Ye val - iant sol - diers of the cross, Ye hap - py pray - ing band;)
 (Tho' in this world you suf - fer loss, You'll reach fair Canaan's land;) Let us
 nev - er mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world, For we've all got the cross to bear;
 It will on - ly make the crown the brighter to shine, When we have the crown to wear.

2 All earthly pleasures we'll forsake,
 When heaven appears in view,
 In Jesus' strength we'll undertake
 To fight our passage through. *Cho.*

3 O what a glorious shout there'll be,
 When we arrive at home,
 Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
 And God shall say, "Well done." *Cho*

HEAVENLY CANAAN. C. M.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

Ans.—Let us never mind the scoffs, &c.

- 9 O'er all these wide extended plains
Shines our eternal day;
Their God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 8 No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 4 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest!
When shall I see my Father's face,
And on his bosom rest?

HEAVEN. C. M.

- 1 THERE'S a cline where Jesus reigns,
A home of grace and love,
Where angels sing, in sweetest strains,
Of his redeeming love.
- Ans.*—Let us never mind the scoffs, &c.
- 2 And children, too, will join to bless
The precious Saviour's name,
Clothed in his perfect righteousness,
And saved from sin and shame.
- 3 Yet all, alas! may not be there,
For some will slight his grace;
Now, though he calls, they do not care
To turn and seek his face.

- 4 He says to all "Come unto me,
And I will give you rest."
Oh! linger not, but haste to be
With his salvation blest.

THE BLEST GOSPEL BANNER.

Music,—"*The Star Spangled Banner.*" p. 22.

- 1 It first was unfurled upon Bethlehem's plain,
Where shepherds their lone starry night-watch were
keeping;
And Judea's hills echoed back the refrain,
While God's chosen race all unconscious were sleeping,
As angelic bands lifted high in hands
The standard which yet was to conquer all lands,
O say, does the blest gospel banner yet wave
Over altars and homes, and the path to the grave?
- 2 Yes! from dark lonely watch-towers it floated for years,
When dim mists and black shadows enveloped the ages,
At first crimsoned with blood, and then darkened with
tears,
With which martyrs recorded their names on earth's
pages.
Now hath vanished the night, and we hail the glad light,
Which illumines that banner, unfurled to our sight,
"The blest gospel banner—long may it wave
Over altars and homes, and the path to the grave.
- 3 And thus be it ever with the foes of the right,
Who hurl on our cause their fierce imprecations,
For God helps to triumph in his roly might,
The men who will serve him through all generations;
And when dust to dust shall return, as it must,
We may praise him forever, who now is our trust:
And the blest gospel banner in glory shall wave
Over altars and homes, and the path to the grave!

KATE CAMERON.

1st. || 2d.

1. (Cheer-ful-ly, cheer-ful-ly eadward we move, A hap-py, bright band to the land that) we love, From whose golden gates we shall wander no more, A land where the

sorrows of life shall be o'er, Where is freedom from sin, and from sorrow and night, A land full of ho-li-ness, beauty, and light.

CHORUS to each verse.

1st. || 2d.

Pilgrims and strangers, no more shall we roam, Hap-pi-ly, hap-pi-ly resting at home; Hap-pi-ly, hap-pi-ly, resting at home.

2.

Cheerfully, cheerfully we will attend
The message which Christ thro' our teachers shall send,
A message of freedom, a message of peace,
From Satan's temptations a final release,
Oh! welcome the day, when thus ransomed from sin,
The teacher and scholar shall both enter in.
CHORUS.—Pilgrims and strangers, &c

3.

Cheerfully, cheerfully angels shall wait,
To welcome us in at the bright, pearly gate!
A Sabbath so sacred! so glorious we'll spend,
A long day of resting that never shall end,
One sweet song of praise to the Lamb that was slain!
When we pass over Jordan we'll praise him again.
CHORUS.—Pilgrims and strangers, &c.

LET ME GO. 8s & 7s.

55

Words by Rev L HARTSOUGH.

WM. B. BRADBURY

1 Let me go wheresaintsaregoing, To the mansions of the blest, Let me go where my Re-

chorus. Let me go, 'tis Jesus calls me, Let me gain therealms of day, Bear me o - ver, an gel

deemer has prepared his people's rest. I would gain therealms of brightness, Where they

pinions, Longe my soul to be a - way.

dwell for ev - er - more, I would join the frien is that wait me, Ov - er on the other shore.

2 Let me go where noue are weary,
Where is raised no wail of woe.
Let me go and bathe my spirit,
In the raptures angels know.
Let me go, for bliss eternal,
Lures my soul away, away,
And the victor's song triumphant,
Thrills my heart, I cannot stay.

3 Let me go, why should I tarry?
What has earth to bind me here?
What but cares and toils and sorrows?
What but death and pain and fear?
Let me go, for hopes most cherished,
Blasted round me often lie.
O! I've gathered brightest flowers,
But to see them fade awl' tho.

GENTLY.

1ST. | 2D. END.

D. C.

1. (Chide mildly the erring, Kind language endears,
Grief follows the sinful, Add not to their.....) tears; A - void with reproches Fresh pain to be - stow,
D. C. (The heart which is stricken Needs never a blow,
(The heart which is stricken Needs never a.....) blow.

2 Chide mildly the erring,
Jeer not at their fall,
If strength be but human,
How weakly were all!
What marvel that footsteps
Should wander astray,

When tempests so shadow
Life's wearisome way.

3 Chide mildly the erring,
Entreat them with care,
Their nature's are mortal,

They need not despair.
We all have some frailty,
We all are unwise,
The grace which redeems us
Must come from the skies.

ALL WILL BE WELL.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

"All things work together for good to them that love God."

1. Thro' the love of God our Saviour, All will be well, Free and changeless is His favor, All, all is well.

(Precious is the blood that healed us,
Perfect is the grace that sealed us.) Strong the hand stretched out to shield us, All must be well.

ALL WILL BE WELL. Concluded.

57

2 Though we pass through tribulation, All will be well,
Ours is such a full salvation, All, all is well;
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding
Holy through the Spirit's guiding, All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow, All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow, All, all is well;
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying, All must be well.

WHEN THE DAY WITH ROSY LIGHT. 7s.

Words contributed by LUCIUS HART, Esq.

Cheerfully.

1. (When the day, with rosy light, On the Sabbath morn appears,) (To the Sabbath school we go.) Sing the songs that
(And the dusk - y shades of night Melt away in dew - y tears,) (Glad to hear instruction there.) Sing the songs that

Boys. Girls. Both.

sweetly flow, And join the solemn prayer. Sing the song, Sing the song, Sing the songs that sweetly flow, And join the solemn prayer.

2 Softly on the Sabbath air
Swell our hymns of grateful love;
Jesus listens to our prayer,
Hears the children's strains above.
They who early seek his grace,
Objects of his tender care,
Sing the songs of endless praise,
In heavenly mansions fair.
Sing the song, Sing the song,
Sing the songs of endless praise,
In heavenly mansions fair.

3 He who left his throne above,
Poor, lost sinners to redeem,
He whose words are life and love—
Jesus Christ shall be our theme.
Thus to Sabbath school we go,
In its sacred duties share,
Learn the songs of heaven below,
And gladly worship there.
Learn the song, Learn the song,
Learn the songs of heaven below,
And gladly worship there.

THE MITES. Penny Contribution Song.

Quick.

1 The mites have the blessing, The mil-lions have naught; Our faith thus expressing, Our gift we have brought;
D. C. mites have the blessing, The mil-lions have naught; Our faith thus expressing, Our gift we have brought.

Had we followed love's promptings, It might have been such As to for-felt the promise, By giv-ing too much. The

2 The mites have the blessing;
Oh! when shall we learn
The first Gospel lesson,
And from the world turn

And leave to the miser
His golden delights!
Far better and wiser
With our blessed mites.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s.

DR. T. HASTINGS.

1 Rock of A-ges cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee! (Let the wa-ter and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed.)
D. C. Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

ROCK OF AGES. Concluded.

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

8 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 Thy fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, elect for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

1 We wish you all a... happy New Year, We wish you all a happy New Year, We wish you all, we

wish you all A hap - py, hap - py New Year.

2
We wish our teachers a happy New Year,
We wish our teachers, wish our teachers
A happy, happy New Year.

8
We wish our superintendent a happy New Year,
We wish our superintendent, wish our superintendent,
A happy, happy New Year.

4
We wish our pastor a happy New Year,
We wish our pastor, wish our pastor
A happy, happy New Year.

5
We wish our country a happy New Year,
We wish our country, wish our country
A happy, happy New Year.

6
God bless our land this happy New Year,
God bless our land, God bless our land,
This happy, happy New Year.

* Omit chime for third strain.

THE BIRD'S SONG.

QUOR.

MAY BE SUNG AS A SOLO OR SERMI-CHORUS.

1. I asked a sweet robin, one morning in May, Who sung in the apple-tree, o-ver the way, What 'twas she was
2. "Tee-to-tal! oh! that's the first word of my lay, And then, don't you see how I rattled away? I just have been

CHORUS.

singing so sweetly a-bout; For I'd tried a long time but I could not find out; "Why, I'm sure," she replied, "you dipping my beak in the spring, And brushing the face of the lake with my wing: Cold.. water! cold water! yes,

cannot guess wrong, Don't you know I am singing a temperance song? Cold water! cold water! cold water! cold
that is my song, And I love to keep singing it all the day long. Cold water! cold water! cold water! cold

Girls. *Boys.* *Girls.* *Boys.*

ALL.
water! Don't you know I am singing a cold water song.

All the birds to the cold water army be-long.

³ "And now, my sweet Miss, wou'd you give me a crumb
For the dear little nestlings remaining at home;
And one thing beside, since my story you've heard,
I hope you'll remember the lay of the bird,
And never forget, while you list to my song,
All the birds to the cold water army belong."
Cold water! &c.

WILL YOU GO ?

61

D. O.

1. (We're trav'ling home to heav'n above, Will you go? will you go?)
 To sing the Saviour's dying love, Will you go? will you go?
 D.O. And millions now are on the road, Will you go? will you go?

and priests to God.
 Millions have reach'd that blest abode, Anointed kings

2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
 Will you go? will you go?
 In rapturous strains to praise his name,
 Will you go? will you go?
 The crown of life we there shall wear,
 The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
 And all the joys of heaven we'll share;
 Will you go? will you go?

3 Ye weary, heavy-laden, come,
 Will you go? will you go?
 In the blest house there still is room,
 Will you go? will you go?
 The Lord is waiting to receive,
 If thou wilt on him now believe,
 He'll give thy troubled conscience ease,
 Will you go? will you go?

LABAN. S. M.

DR. L. MASON. 1830.

Spirited.

1 My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise; And 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,
 Esue it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.

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

4
 Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God;
 He'll take thee at thy parting breath
 To his divine abode.

I've roamed over mountain, I've crossed over flood, I've traversed the wave-rolling sand; Tho' the fields were as green, and the
D. S. Tho' the fields were as green, and the

END. CHORUS. D. S.

moon shone as bright, Yet it was not my own native land, No, no, no, no, no, no. No, no, no, no, no, no.
moon shone as bright, Yet it was not my own native land.

2 The right hand of friendship, how oft have I grasped,
And bright eyes have smiled and looked bland;
Yet happier far were the hours that I passed
In the west—in my own native land.
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,
Yet happier far were the hours, &c.

3 Then hail, dear Columbia, the land that we love,
Where flourishes Liberty's tree;
'Tis the birth-place of Freedom, our own native home,
'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free.
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,
'Tis the birth-place of Freedom, &c.

IMPORTANCE OF THE BIBLE TO THE YOUNG.

Tune.—BROWN. Page 97.

- 1 How shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 'Tis, like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

- 3 Thy precepts make us truly wise:
We hate the sinner's road;
We hate our own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, O God.
- 4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

THE BIBLE.

1

THANK God for the Bible! 'tis here that we find
 The story of Christ and his love—
 How he came down to earth from his beautiful home,
 In the mansions of glory above;
 Thanks to him we will bring,
 Praise to him we will sing,
 For he came down to earth from his beautiful home,
 In the mansions of glory above.

2

While he lived on this earth, to the sick and the blind,
 And to mourners his blessings were given;
 And he said let the little ones come unto me,
 For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
 Jesus calls us to come,
 He's prepared us a home.
 For he said let the little ones come unto me,
 For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

3

In the Bible we read of a beautiful land,
 Where sorrow and pain never come;
 For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
 And 'tis there he's prepared us a home.
 Jesus calls, shall we stay?
 No! we'll gladly obey.
 For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
 And 'tis there he's prepared us a home.

4

Thank God for the Bible! its truth o'er the earth
 We'll scatter with a bountiful hand;
 But we never can tell what a Bible is worth,
 Till we go to that beautiful land.
 There our thanks we will bring,
 There with angels we'll sing,
 And its worth we can tell, when with Jesus we dwell,
 In heaven—that beautiful land.

MY DEAR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

1

To the sports of the thoughtless, or pleasure of sin,
 Some give the sweet Sabbath of rest;
 But away with all sports, or pleasures so vain,
 For my dear Sunday School is the best,
 My dear Sunday School is the best,
 My dear Sunday School is the best.
 But away with all sports, or pleasures so vain,
 For my dear Sunday School is the best.

2

I love my companions, I love youth's gay scenes,
 With brightness and purity blest;
 Yet better by far is the sweet Sabbath morn,
 For my dear Sunday School is the best,
 My dear Sunday School is the best,
 My dear Sunday School is the best.
 Yet better by far is the sweet Sabbath morn,
 For my dear Sunday School is the best.

3

I love the sweet birds, and the fields, and the flowers,
 In beauty so charmingly dressed;
 But there's purer delight in the still sacred hours,
 For my dear Sunday School is the best,
 My dear Sunday School is the best,
 My dear Sunday School is the best.
 But there's purer delight in the still sacred hours,
 For my dear Sunday School is the best.

4

Then I'll sing of my school, and the Sabbath I love,
 Bright emblems of heavenly rest;
 Thou Guide of my youth—thou Saviour divine!
 Oh, bring me to share in that rest,
 Bring me to share in that rest,
 Bring me to share in that rest.
 Thou Guide of my youth—thou Saviour divine!
 Oh, bring me to share in that rest.

1st. | 2d. | CHORUS.—VERY SPIRITED.

1 (What are these soul-reviving strains Which echo thro' from Saron's plains?
What anthems loud and louder still, So sweetly sound [omit.....] from Zion's hill?) Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san-na to the

Lamb of God! Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san-na, in the highest, in the high-est, in the high-est.

2 Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings,
Hosannas to the King of kings.
The Saviour comes! and babes proclaim
Salvation sent in Jesus' name.
Chor. Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

3 Messiah's name shall joy impart,
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart;
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing hosanna too.
Chor. Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

4 Proclaim hosannas loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory shout thro' highest heaven.
Chor. Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

WARD. L. M.

Arranged by DR. L. MASON.

1 God is the refuge of his saints, When storms of sharp distress invade; Ere we can offer our complaints, Behold him present with
[his aid]

2
 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
 In sacred peace our souls abide;
 While every nation, every shore,
 Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

3
 There is a stream whose gentle flow
 Supplies the city of our God;
 Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
 And watering our divine abode.

4
 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
 Supports our faith, our fear controls;
 Sweet peace, thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls.

5
 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
 Secure against a threatening hour;
 Nor can her firm foundation move,
 Built on his truth, and armed with power.

ZION ENCOURAGED. L. M.

- 1 Zion, awake; thy strength renew;
 Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
 Church of our God, arise and shine,
 Bright with the beams of truth divine.
- 2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
 Wide as the heathen nations are;
 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view;
 All shall admire and love thee too.

LONELY TRAVELER.

I'm a lone-ly traveler here, Weary, oppressed, But my journey's end is near—Soon shall I rest!
 D. S. Ask me not with you to stay, Yon-der's my home

Dark and dreary is the way, Toll-ing I've come;

4 I'm a traveler, and I go Where all is fair;
 Farewell, all I've loved below—I must be there.
 Worldly honors, hopes, and gain, All I resign;
 Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain, If heaven be mine.

- 2 I'm a weary traveler here, I must go on,
 For my journey's end is near, I must be gone.
 Brighter joys than earth can give, Win me away;
 Pleasures that for ever live—I can not stay.
- 3 I'm a traveler to a land Where all is fair,
 Where is seen no broken band—All, all are there.
 Where no tear shall ever fall, Nor hearts be sad;
 Where the glory is for all, and All are glad.

5 I'm a traveler—call me not—Upward my way;
 Yonder is my rest and lot; I can not stay.
 Farewell, earthly pleasures all, Pilgrim I'll roam;
 Hail me not—in vain you call, Yonder's my home.

1 Oh! there is a riv-er whose fresh waters flow O'er earth's broadest surface, a cure for all woe Its streams are all

CHORUS.—*A little Faster.*

healing, there's life in each wave, Oh, try it and prove it, 'tis mighty to save. Jesus calls, will you come? will you

come? will you come? will you come? Je - sus calls, will you come? will you come? Come to Je - sus, come now.

CODA.—*Original Time.*

Yes, come, O come to Jesus, Come to Jesus, come now, Yes, come, O come to Jesus, Come to Jesus, come now.

2 Oh! drink of this river, its full crystal flood
Refreshes and lightens of sin's weary load,
Its ripples ne'er mix with the billows of strife,
This is the "Pure River of Water of Life."—*Chorus.*

3 This beautiful river our coast well may be,
'Tis fresh, overflowing, and better, 'tis free!
The sin-sick rejoice in this peace-speaking tide,
This river is Jesus, the "once crucified."—*Chorus.*

GRATITUDE. L. M.

BOST.

1 My God! how endless is thy love! Thy gifts are every evening now; And morning mercies from above, Gently distil, like early [dew.]

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings, from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

MORNINGTON. S. M.

LORD MORNINGTON.

1. Not all the blood of beasts, On Jewish altars slain, Could give the guilty conscience peace, Or wash away the stain.
2. But Christ, the heavenly Lamb, Takes all our sins a-way; A sacrifice of nobler name, And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes, her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

HERE IS NO REST.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Moderate, — Gently, — Smoothly.

1st. 2d. END

1. (Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam, Here is no rest ;
 1. (Here as a pilgrim I wander a - lone, (OMIT.....)) Yet I am blest ;
 D. C. My heart doth leap while I hear Je - sus say, (OMIT.....) There, there is rest.

For I look for - ward to that glorious day, When sin and sor - row shall van - ish a - way ;

D. C.

2.

Here are afflictions and trials severe,
 Here is no rest ;
 Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
 Yet I am blest,
 Sweet is the promise I read in his word,
 Blessed are those who have died in the Lord,
 They have been called to receive their reward,
 There, there is rest.

3.

This world of care is a wilderness state,
 Here is no rest ;
 Here must I bear from the world all its hate,
 Yet I am blest.
 Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
 Soon shall the weary for ever be blest,
 Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' own breast—
 There, there is rest.

LIVING WATERS. O. M.

Tune.—ALEXANDER. Page 75.

- 1 Oh ! what amazing words of grace
 Are in the gospel found !
 Suited to every sinner's case,
 Who hears the joyful sound.
- 2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds .
 Your every burden bring ;
 Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
 A deep, celestial spring.
- 3 This spring with living water flows,
 And heavenly joy imparts ;
 Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
 And drink with thankful hearts.
- 4 A host of sinners, vile as you,
 Have here found life and peace ;
 Come, then, and prove its virtue too,
 And drink, adore and bless.

THE PLEASANT SABBATH BELLS.

69

ALL.

Boys. Girls. ALL.

1. (The Sabbath bells are ringing, Ringing, ringing, The Sabbath bells are ringing, Then haste without delay)
 (To join in prayer and singing, Singing, singing, To join in prayer and singing, O children, come a-way.)

CHORUS.

The bells the Sabbath bells are ringing, ringing, They call to prayer and to singing, singing, The

pleasant Sabbath bells, Their joy-ful ring-ing tells that the hour for Sabbath-school has come.

2 The hour of pleasant meeting,
 Meeting, meeting,
 The hour of pleasant meeting,
 We'll all be ready there;
 Teachers and scholars greeting,
 Greeting, greeting,
 Teachers and scholars greeting
 To join in praise and prayer.—*Cho.*

3 Let none outside be staying,
 Staying, staying,
 Let none outside be staying,
 Or loitering by the way;
 But here their lessons saying,
 Saying, saying,
 But here their lessons saying,
 Enjoy this blessed day.—*Cho.*

SWEETLY SING, SWEETLY SING.

Words by Miss J. W. SAMPSON.

1. Sweet-ly sing, sweet-ly sing, Prais-es to our heavenly King; Let us raise, let us raise High our notes of praise;

Praise to Him whose name is Love, Praise to Him who reigns a - bove; Raise your songs, raise your songs, Now with thankful tongues.

2.

Angels bright, angels bright,
Robed in garments pure and white,
Chant his praise, chant his praise,
In melodious lays;
But from that bright, happy throng,
Ne'er can come this sweetest song—
Redeeming love, redeeming love,
Bright us here above.

3.

Far away, far away.
We in sin's dark valley lay,
Jesus came, Jesus came,
Blessed be his name!
He redeemed us by his grace,
Then prepared in heaven a place
To receive—to receive
All who will believe.

4.

Now we know—now we know
We to heaven must shortly go:
Soon the call—soon the call
Comes to one and all.
Saviour! when our time shall come,
Take us to our heavenly home.
There we'll raise notes of praise,
Through unending days.

DIFFUSION OF THE GOSPEL. S. M. *Time*—STATE ST.

- 1 O Lord our God! arise;
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world,
Extend her blessed reign.
- 2 Thou Prince of life! arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

- 3 Spirit of grace! arise,
Expand thy healing wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world,
Let light and order spring.
- 4 Let all on earth! arise,
To God, the Saviour, sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems sing.

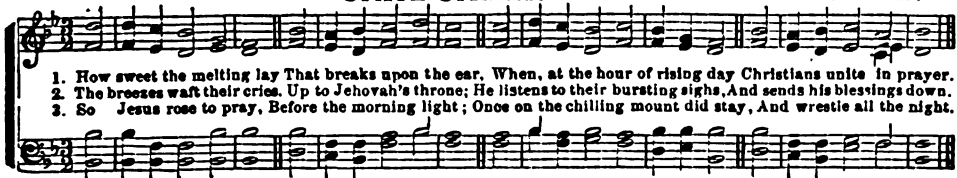
1 Early rise, early rise,
As the Sabbath school you prize;
Haste away, haste away, 'Tis the Sabbath day.
We must neither work nor play;
Nor from Sabbath school must stay;
This the rule, this the rule, Go to Sabbath school.

2 Sabbath school, Sabbath school,
How I love the Sabbath school?
Let us go, let us go, Wiser still to grow.
Here we read, and sing, and pray,
Talk of heaven, and learn the way;
Hie away, hie away, On this holy day.

3 Children here, children here,
Come to learn, obey, and fear,
Fear the Lord, fear the Lord, Read his holy word.
Thus shall love and filial fear
Mingle with devotion here,
Pressing on, pressing on, Youth will soon be gone.
4 We, in youth, we, in youth,
Will obey and love the truth;
Walk therein, walk therein, Turning from all sin.
Then, when age and death come on,
We may safely lean upon
Jesus' breast, Jesus' breast, Die, and be at rest.

STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.



1. How sweet the melting lay That breaks upon the ear. When, at the hour of rising day Christians unite in prayer.
2. The breezes waft their cries. Up to Jehovah's throne; He listens to their bursting sighs, And sends his blessings down.
3. So Jesus rose to pray, Before the morning light; Once on the chilling mount did stay, And wrestle all the night.

THE ACCEPTED TIME.

1 Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
2 Now is th' accepted time;
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time;
The gospel bids you come,
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.
4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels swiftly fly
To bear the news above.

[1. Come, come, sing to the Saviour, Love, love beams from his eye; Haste, then, share in his fa - vor!

Worship the Saviour on high, Worship the Saviour, Worship the Saviour, Worship the Saviour on high.

2.

Praise, praise, yield him with gladness,
Earth, earth, banish thy gloom;
Where, death, where is thy sadness?
Jesus returns from the tomb,
Jesus returns,
Jesus returns from the tomb.

3.

Rise, rise, free from thy mourning
Light, light, spreads from the sky,
See, see, bright the day dawning,
Jesus is risen on high;
Jesus is risen,
Jesus is risen on high.

4.

Hail, hail, children adore him.
Here, here, anthems should ring,
There, there, dwelling before him,
Loudest hosannas we'll sing;
Loudest hosannas.
Loudest hosannas we'll sing.

THE HOME MISSIONARY'S EXAMPLE. 7s. Tune.—VIOLET.

- 1 Onward, herald of the gospel,
Bear thy tidings through the land;
Preach the word, as heaven's apostle,
Sent by Christ's divine command.
Jesus, once the gospel preaching,
Through his native Judah went,
Salem's sons in mercy teaching,
Calling Israel to repent.
- 2 Israel, all his deep love slighting,
Spurning all his tenderness,
Still he followed, still inviting,
Weeping where he could not bless.

- Follow, then, thy Lord's example:
Toll in hope, nor faint, nor fear,
For thy needs his grace is ample,
At thy side he's ever near.
- 3 Work, until the day is ended,
Till thy sun sinks in the West;
Then, with joy and triumph blended,
Christ shall bring thee to his rest.
Onward, herald of the gospel,
Bear thy tidings through the land
Preach the word, as heaven's apostle,
Sent by Christ's divine command.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER. 8s & 7s.

73

"LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE ONE ANOTHER."—*The Beloved Disciple.*

1st. 2d. END. 1st. 2d. D. C.

1 Children, do you love each other? Are you always kind and true? (Are you gentle to each other?
Do you always do to others As you'd [OMIT.....] have them do to you? (Are you careful day by [UMIT] day?
[Not to give offence by actions, Nor by any thing you say?
[Not to give offence by actions, Nor by [OMIT.....] any thing you say?

D. C.

2 Little children, love each other—
Never give another pain;
If your brother speak in anger,
Answer not in wrath again.

Be not selfish to each other;
Never spoil another's rest;
Strive to make each other happy,
And you will yourselves be blest.

VIOLET. 8s & 7s.

1 (Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken, [OMIT.....] Thou from hence my all shalt be; Perish every fond ambition—
D. C. Yet how rich is my condition,— [OMIT.....] God and heaven are still my own.

END.

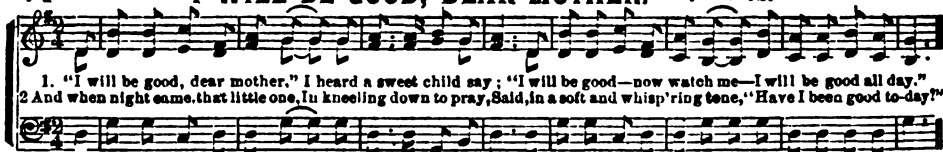
D. C.

All I've sought, or hoped, or known,

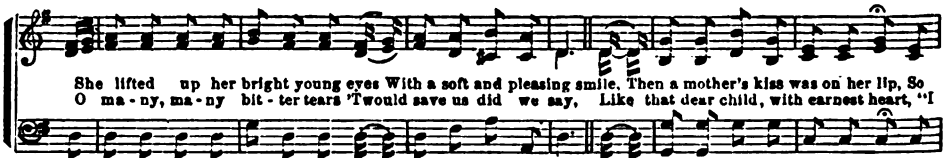
2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh! while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might!
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Perish, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor life is gain:
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me—
Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

I WILL BE GOOD, DEAR MOTHER.* 7s & 6s.

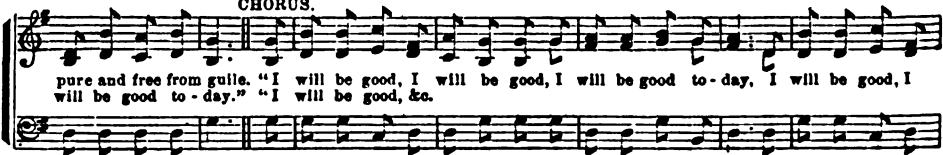


1. "I will be good, dear mother." I heard a sweet child say; "I will be good—now watch me—I will be good all day."
2 And when night came, that little one, In kneeling down to pray, Said, in a soft and whisp'ring tone, "Have I been good to-day?"

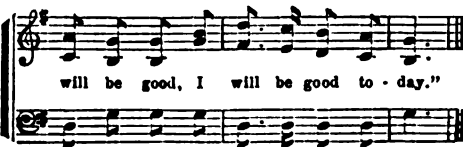


She lifted up her bright young eyes With a soft and pleasing smile. Then a mother's kiss was on her lip, So
O ma - ny, ma - ny bit - ter tears 'Twould save us did we say, Like that dear child, with earnest heart, "I

CHORUS.



pure and free from guile. "I will be good, I will be good, I will be good to - day, I will be good, I
will be good to - day." "I will be good, &c.



will be good, I will be good to - day."

* May be sung as a Song, with Chorus.

8 Jesus can help us to be good—
To Him we'll humbly pray;
His grace alone can make us good,
And keep us good all day.
He'll help us hate all evil thoughts,
All sinful words and ways;
And in his service take delight
Through all our earthly days.—Chorus.

SALVATION'S FREE. S. M.

* 75

Spirited.

Now come and seek the Lord, And know his pard'ning grace, Come, yield your hearts up to Him now, And learn to love and praise.

CHORUS. *f*

Salvation's full and free! Salvation's full and free! Salvation's free for you and me—Bless the Lord, salvation's free.

- 2 He bought you with His blood,
He'll wash you white as snow,
And through your soul the peaceful stream
Of love and joy shall flow—*Cho.*
- 8 Say, sinners, can you still
Resist His dying love;

Refuse the offers of His grace,
And lose a home above!—*Cho.*

- 4 Gaze on the bloody cross!
Gaze on your dying Lord!
Now think, He only died to save
From hell, from sin's reward.—*Cho.*

ALEXANDER. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. There is a time, we know not when, A point, we know not where, That marks the destiny of men, To glory or despair.

- 2 There is a line by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

- 3 How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?

Words by WM. HUNTER, D. D.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. We are joy-ous-ly voy-ag ing o-ver the main, Bound for the ev-er-green shore, Whose in-
 2. We have nothing to fear from the wind and the wave, Un-der our Sa-viour's com-mand And our

CHORUS to each Stanza.

hab-it-ants nev-er of sickness complain, And nev-er see death a-ny more; Then let the hur-ri-cane
 hearts in the midst of the dangers are brave; For Je-sus will bring us to land.

roar, It will the sooner be o'er We will weather the blast, and will land at last, Safe on the evergreen shore.
 roar.....

3.
 Both the winds and the waves our Commander controls;
 Nothing can baffle his skill;
 And his voice when the thundering hurricane rolls,
 Can make the loud tempest be still.—*Cho.*

4.
 In the thick murky night, when the stars and the moon,
 Send not a glimmering ray,
 Then the light of his countenance, brighter than noon,
 Will drive all our terror away.—*Cho.*

5.
 Let the high heaving billow and mountainous wave,
 Fearfully overhead break;
 There is one by our side that can comfort and save;—
 There's one who will never forsake.—*Cho.*

6.
 Let the vessel be wrecked on the rock, or the shoal,
 Sink to be seen never more;
 He will bear, none the less, every passenger soul,
 Safe, safe to the evergreen shore.—*Cho.*

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

Dr. L. MASON, by permission. 77

1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me!
 2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone,

Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!
 Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!

<p>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!</p>	<p>4 Then with my waking thoughts, Bright with thy praise, Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise; So by my woes to be Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!</p>	<p>5 Or if, on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars forgot, Upward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!</p>
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PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

1. Once more, my soul! the rising day Salutes thy waking eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To him who rules the skies.

<p>2 Night unto night his name repeats The day renews the sound; Wide as the heaven, on which he sits To turn the seasons round.</p>	<p>3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame, My tongue shall speak his praise; My sins would rouse his wrath to flame, And yet his wrath delays.</p>
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THE BETTER LAND. 8s & 7s.

'PUT NOW THEY DESIRE A BETTER COUNTRY, THAT IS AN HEAVENLY.'—*Paul.*
CHORUS.

1 BOYS. Whither, pilgrims, are you going, Going each with staff in hand?
GIRLS. We are going on a journey, Going at our kings command;) Over hills, and plains, and

2 BOYS. Fear ye not the way so lonely, You, a lit - tle, feeble band?
GIRLS. No, for friends unseen are near us, Holy an - gels round us stand;) Christ our leader, walks be-

val - leys, We are go - ing to his pa - lace, We are go - ing to his pal - ace, Going
side us, He will guard, and He will guide us, He will guard, and He will guide us, Guide us

to the bet - ter land; We are go - ing to his pal - ace, Going to the better land.
to that better land; He will guard and he will guide us, Guide us to the better land.

3 BOYS. Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
In that far-off, better land?
GIRLS. Spotless robes and crowns of glory
From a Saviour's loving hand;
ALL. We shall drink of life's clear river
We shall dwell with God forever,
We shall dwell with God forever
In that bright, that better land.

4 BOYS. Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright and better land?
GIRLS. Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band.
ALL. Come. O come! and do not leave us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
Christ is waiting to receive us.
In that bright, that better land.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD. 7s & 6s.

79

Words by KATE CAMERON.

"I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD."—*Jesus.*

1. (GIRLS. Oh, come to the good Shep-herd, And rest with - in his fold; He'll guard you from temp -
BOYS. His love is all - suf - fi - cient, His grace will bear you through, He'll aid you in your

CHORUS to each Stanza.

ta - tion, He'll keep you, young and old.) Then come, Oh come, yes come, come, come, You're not too young, You're
du - ties, And teach you what to do.)

not to old, To rest in the good Shepherd's fold, To rest, to rest in the good Shepherd's fold.

2.
GIRLS. Oh, who would wish to wander
From such a fold as this?
Without is gloomy terror,
Within is perfect bliss.
BOYS. Though rough the path, and thorny,
You will be safe from harm,
From all your foes defended,
By the good Shepherd's arm.
CHORUS.—Then come, &c.

3.
GIRLS. The world is full of trials,
And sorrow comes to all;
But happy those who listen
To the good Shepherd's call,
BOYS. For every grief that darkens,
And all the tears that dim,
Are sent to us in mercy,
To draw us nearer him.
CHORUS.—Then come, &c.

1 Happy the man, whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way where sinners go;
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2 He loves t'employ his morning light,
Among the statues of the Lord,
And spends the wakeful hours of night,
With pleasure pondering o'er the word.

3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And heaven will shine, with kindest beams,
On every work his hands begin.

WORTHY IS THE LAMB. 7s & 4s.

CHORUS.

1. Worthy, worthy is the Lamb, Worthy, worthy is the Lamb, Worthy, worthy is the Lamb That was slain. Glory, hallelujah!

Praise Him, halle-lu-jah! Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah, To the Lamb!

2. Sons of Morning, sing his praise,
In the noblest strains you raise,
Man's redemption claims your lays,
Praise the Lamb.—*Cho.*

3. Christ has come in very deed,
Born to bruise the serpent's head;

Sinner, he's the friend you need,
Praise the Lamb.—*Cho.*

4. See, in sad Gethsemane,
See, on tragic Calvary,
Sinner, see his love to thee,
Praise the Lamb.—*Cho.*

5. Strike the stoniest sinner through,
Force the cry, "what shall I do?"
Let him weep till born anew,
Blessed Lamb.—*Cho.*

6. Penitents, dry up your tears,
God hath heard believing prayers,
He forgives you when he hears
His dear Lamb.—*Cho.*

7. Thus may we each moment feel,
Love him, serve him, praise him still,
Till we all on Zion's hill
See the Lamb.—*Cho.*

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. Double.

SPANISH. 81

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, thou hast taught me, I should live to thee a - lone; Year by year, thy hand hath
 d. s. Still thine arm has been a

FINIS. D.S.
 brought me On thro' dangers oft unknown. When I wandered, thou hast found me; When I doubted sent me light.
 round me, All my paths were in thy sight.

2 In the world will foes assail me,
 Craftier, stronger far than I;
 And the strife may never fall me,
 Well I know before I die.
 Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
 Thou canst give the power I need;
 Thro' the prayer of faith receiving
 Strength—the spirit's strength, indeed.

3 I would trust in thy protecting,
 Wholly rest upon thine arm;
 Follow wholly thy directing,
 Thou, mine only guard from harm!
 Keep me from mine own undoing,
 Help me turn to thee when tried,
 Still my footsteps, Father viewing,
 Keep me ever at thy side.

CHRIST WITH US. 8s & 7s.

1 Always with us, always with us—
 Words of cheer and words of love;
 Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
 From his dwelling-place above.
 2 With us when we toil in sadness,
 Sowing much and reaping none;
 Telling us that in the future
 Golden harvests shall be won.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping
 O'er our pathway dark and drear;
 Waking hope within our bosoms,
 Stilling every anxious fear.
 4 With us in the lonely valley,
 When we cross the chilling stream;
 Lighting up the steps to glory,
 With salvation's radiant beam.

Words by MRS. J. W. SAMPSON.*

GIRLS. BOYS. FULL CHO.

1. (This life is a bat-tle with Satan and sin, And we are the soldiers the victory to win;) We will stand for the right,
(And Christ is the Captain of our little band, Whatever opposes, for him we shall stand.) (We will

stand for the right, We will stand, we will stand for the right.

- 2 To God, for our armor, we'll fail not to go,
He'll clothe us with truth and with righteousness
too;
The "Gospel of peace" shall our footsteps attend,
The good "shield of faith" from all harm shall
defend.—*Cho.*

Salvation our helmet, the Bible our sword,
Tho' wily our foes, we're "strong in the Lord;"
While watching and praying our armor keeps bright,
Our Jesus will help us to stand for the right.—*Cho.*

- 4 Tho' little temptations (the worst ones of all)
Will often beset us, to make us to fall;
We'll "stand up for Jesus," and, when life is o'er,
For us He'll be standing on Jordan's bright shore.—*Cho.*

* From "Sabbath Chimes."

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

DR. T. HASTINGS.

1. Majestic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant glories crown'd His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace, &c.

2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

SHINING SHORE.

G. F. ROOT. By permission.

1 My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stranger, Would not de - tain them as they fly! Those
D. S. And just be - fore, the shin - ing shore, We

hours of toll and dan - ger, For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver.
' may al - most dis - cov - er.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For oh! &c.

3 Should coming days be dark and cold,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For oh! &c.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says, Come, and there's our
For ever, oh! for ever! [home,
For oh! &c.

FIRST SEMI-CHORUS.*

SECOND SEMI-CHORUS.

FULL CHO.

1. (Je - ru - sa - lem di - vine a - bode, (Our treasures are in heaven ;)
 The ci - ty of the liv - ing God, (Our treasures are in heaven.) } O Je - ru - sa - lem ! bright home a -
 2. (The splendors of e - ter - nal morn, (Our treasures are in heaven ;)
 Thy lof - ty walls and towers a - dorn, (Our treasures are in heaven.) } O Jerusalem, &c.

bove, When shall we leave this world of care, And with the saints thy glo - ries share, The home of love.

8 There angel forms in fadeless youth,
 (Our treasures are in heaven—)
 Obey the God of love and truth,
 (Our treasures are in heaven.)—*Cho.*

4 There saints, in life's fair book enrolled,
 (Our treasures are in heaven—)
 Walk joyous through the streets of gold,
 (Our treasures are in heaven.)—*Cho.*

5 There white-robed throngs, with waving palms,
 (Our treasures are in heaven—)
 Triumphant chant their holy psalms,
 (Our treasures are in heaven.)—*Cho.*

6 And roll the anthem of their joy,
 (Our treasures are in heaven—)
 Like mighty thunders through the sky,
 (Our treasures are in heaven.)—*Cho.*

7 Our palace there already waits,
 (Our treasures are in heaven—)
 Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
 (Our treasures are in heaven.)—*Cho.*

8 We come through Jesus' blood to claim,
 (Our treasures are in heaven—)
 Our mansions in Jerusalem,
 (Our treasures are in heaven)—*Cho.*

* Or, the choir may sing the first part, and the children respond, "Our treasures, &c." Or Sabbath schools and infant classes may sing it in like manner.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me.
 2 How happy are the saints above, Who once went sorrowing here; But now they taste unmingled love, And joy without a tear.
 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free, And then go home my crown to wear—For there's a crown for me.

NOW I HAVE FOUND A FRIEND. 6s & 4s.

1. { Now I have found a Friend, Jesus is mine; } Tho' human friendships cease,
 { His love shall never end, Jesus is mine. } Tho' earthly joys decrease, Now I have lasting peace, Jesus is mine

2. Though I grow poor and old,
 Jesus is mine;
 He will my faith uphold,
 Jesus is mine;
 He shall my wants supply.
 His precious blood is nigh,
 Nought can my hope destroy,
 Jesus is mine!

3. When earth shall pass away,
 Jesus is mine.
 In the great Judgment-day,
 Jesus is mine.
 Oh! what a glorious thing,
 Then to behold my King,
 On tuncful harp to sing,
 Jesus is mine.

4. Farewell, mortality!
 Jesus is mine.
 Welcome, eternity!
 Jesus is mine.
 He my Redemption is,
 Wisdom and Righteousness,
 Life, Light, and Holiness,
 Jesus is mine.

HAPPY LAND. 6s & 4s.

1 There is a happy land,
 Far, far away,
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day.
 Oh, how they sweetly sing,
 Worthy is our Saviour King,
 Loud let his praises ring,
 Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,
 Come, come away,
 Why will ye doubting stand,
 Why still delay?
 Oh, we shall happy be,
 When, from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord, we shall live with thee,
 Blest, blest for aye!

3 Bright, in that happy land,
 Beams every eye;
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die.
 Oh, then to glory run,
 Be a crown and kingdom won;
 And bright above the sun,
 We reign for aye.

ALLEGROTTTO.

1. Joy to the sons of men On this bright Christmas morn! List to the welcome words a - gain That

charm our wait - ing hearts, as when The shepherds heard with glad a - maze Th' announcement of an

GIRLS. ALL. *f* *ff*
gel - ic lays, "A Saviour Christ is born, A Saviour Christ is born, A Saviour Christ is born."

2.
Joy to earth's sorrowing child
On this calm peaceful morn!
The holy harmless, undefiled,
Can soothe his breast with comfort
mild;
The hymn that floats along the air
Shall find an answer echoing there—
A Saviour, &c.

3.
Joy to the sick and poor,
"Blessed are they that mourn;"
If they submissively endure,
And trust his holy promise sure:
He comes all sorrow to relieve,
To comfort all who will believe—
The Saviour, &c.

4.
Love, joy, good-will, and peace,
Since that first Christmas morn,
Have come to earth, and ne'er shall cease
To Him who purchased our release,
Our hearts, redeemed from death, we'll
bring,
And humbly, gratefully we'll sing,
The Saviour. &c.

THE GOLDEN SHORE. 8s & 7s.

WM. B. BEADBURY. 87

CHORUS. *Cres.*

Girls. (We are out on the ocean sailing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide;) [anchor
Boys. (We are out on the ocean sailing, To a home beyond the tide.) All the storms will soon be over, Then we'll

in the harbor; (We are out on the ocean sailing, To a home beyond the tide;
(We are out on the ocean sailing, (Omit.....) To a home beyond the tide;)

1st. 2d.

2	3	4
Millions now are safely landed, Over on the golden shore; Millions more are on their journey, Yet there's room for millions more.	Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes Gently waft our vessel on; All on board are sweetly singing— Free salvation is the song.— <i>Cho.</i>	When we all are safely anchored, We will shout—our trials o'er; We will walk about the city, And we'll sing for evermore.— <i>Cho.</i>

WATCH AND PRAY. C. M.

TUNE—Peterborough, page 77.

1 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Through life's brief, fleeting hour,
And gives the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
Help, Lord, to bear thy voice to-day;
Obedience is our life.

3 The Saviour bids us watch and pray;
For soon the hour will come
That calls us from the earth away
To our eternal home.

4 O Saviour, we would watch and pray,
And hear thy sacred voice,
And walk, as thou hast marked the way,
To heaven's eternal joya.

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW. (Song and Chorus.)

LUCIUS HART.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 There's a light in the window for thee, brother, There's a light in the window for thee; A dear one has moved to the mansions above, There's a light in the window for thee.

2 There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, brother, When from toil and from care you are free; The Saviour has gone to prepare you a home, With a light in the window for thee.

CHORUS.

A mansion in heaven we see, And a light in the window for thee; A mansion in heaven we

see,.... And a light in the window for thee..

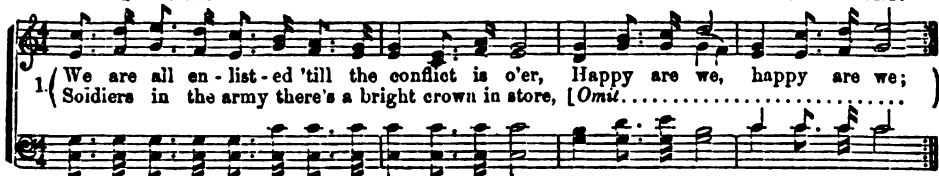
- 3 O watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea,
Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat across,
There's a light in the window for thee. *Cho.*
- 4 Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free.
Bright angels now beckon you over the stream,
There's a light in the window for thee. *Cho.*

MARCHING HOME.

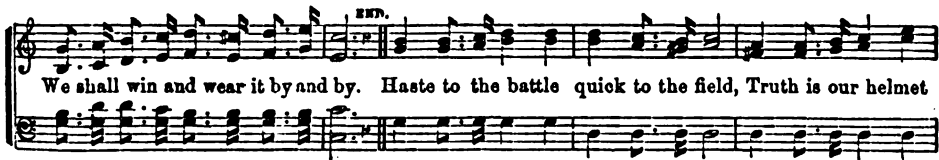
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WM. B. BRADBURY.

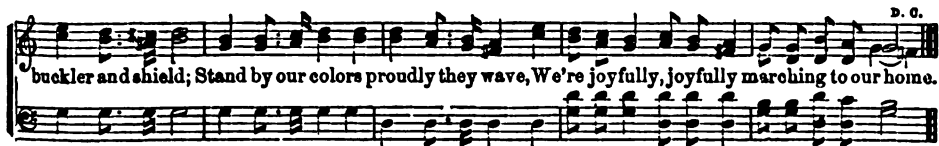
Marching movement.



1. (We are all en - list - ed 'till the conflict is o'er, Happy are we, happy are we;)
Soidiers in the army there's a bright crown in store, [*Omf.*.....)



END.
We shall win and wear it by and by. Haste to the battle quick to the field, Truth is our helmet



D. G.
buckler and shield; Stand by our colors proudly they wave, We're joyfully, joyfully marching to our home.

2 Hark! the cry of battle sounding loudly and clear, Come join the ranks, come join the ranks; We are waiting now for soldiers, who will volunteer, Rally round the standard of the cross. Hark! 'tis our captain calls you to-day, Lose not a moment, make no delay; Fight for our Saviour, come, come away, We're joyfully, joyfully marching to our home.	3 Fighting for a kingdom and the world is our foe, Happy are we, happy are we, Glad to join the army, we will sing as we go, We shall gain the victory by and by. Dangers may gather why should we fear, Jesus our leader ever is near, He will protect us, comfort and cheer, We're joyfully, joyfully marching to our home.
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1 (I am bound for the land of the liv - ing, O hin - der me not on my way; The sun - light is bright'ning be - fore me,
The flow - ers that bloom in my path - way Breathe o - dors that waft me right on; They lure me no long - er to tar - ry,

ff REFRAIN. *Joyfully.*
That her - alds o - ter - ni - ty's day.
But welcome earth's time to be gone.) There's a hap - py home be - yond this world of care; A home a - bove, where all is love,

Coda for last stanza.
And the good shall all meet there; A home above, where all is love, And the good shall all meet there, Shall all meet there, shall all meet there.

- 2 I am weaned from this land of the dying;
Decay is entamped everywhere;
Earth's pleasures are seeming and fleeting—
My soul has grown weak with its care.
The joy-rays of life are remembered
Like sleep-thoughts that float thro' the brain,
The flesh and the spirit are weaving,
Each striving the mastery to gain. *Refrain.*
- 3 I am waiting the summons that bids me
No longer a pilgrim to roam,
But, leaving the past in this death-land,
Make the land of the living my home.

- The messenger-angel stands waiting,
The signal to whisper to me,
That the place is prepared for my dwelling,
And the Master is calling for me. *Refrain.*
- 4 The land of the living is yonder;
There life to its fullness has grown;
There sin, and temptation, and sorrow,
And sickness, and death, are unknown.
There the songs of redemption are chanted,
By a holy, harmonious band,
O, when shall I leave this clay casket,
And fly to my home in that land? *Refrain.*

THE ANGELS ARE COMING.

W. B. B. 91

A CHRISTIAN CHILD'S DEATH-BED.—Little George D * * *, of Newark, N. J., for two years a consistent member of the Church of Christ was suddenly called to his death-bed. Trusting in Jesus, he was "not afraid to die." His mother bent over him trying to relieve his sufferings; when he looked at her tenderly, and said, "I don't think you can do anything more to help me, mother." Then extending his arms, and lifting his eyes, with an earnest gaze as if eager to welcome the bright messengers sent to bear him to his Father's house, he exclaimed, "*The angels are coming for me, they are coming!*" Blessed boy, but a few moments more and he was with them winging his way to the realms of the blest.

1. (The angels are coming for me, mother, Coming, coming, coming for me, The angels are coming for
Al - rea - dy their mu - sic I hear, mother, Singing, singing, singing for me, How lightly it falls on my

1st. & 2d. TIME.

ENDING OF D. C.

me, mother, To waft me a - way to the sky; (Coming, coming for me,
ear, mother, My spir - it is waiting to fly; (*Omit*.....) Waiting to burst from its
pp *Rit.*

prison away, Waiting a crown of rejoicing to wear, Waiting to enter the portals of day, My Shepherd my Saviour is there.

2 Now gently I'm going to sleep, mother,
Going, going, going to sleep,
To wake where I never shall weep, mother,
Or suffer a moment of pain.
Glad voices are calling for me, mother,
Calling, calling, calling for me;

Their pinions of glory I see, mother,
Farewell till I meet thee again.
Yes, we shall meet by the river that flows,
Tranquil and bright on that beautiful shore,
There will thy sorrow be lost in repose,
There I will leave thee no more.

JERUSALEM MY HAPPY HOME. C. M.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me; When shall my la - bors have an end In joy, and peace, and thee
2. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sorrow know; Blest seats, thro' rude and stormy scenes I on - ward press to you.

REFRAIN.

Canaan dear, O Canaan dear, Hap - py, hap - py land, Thy name we love, all names a - bore, Ca - naan, blessed Ca - naan.

2.
Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.—*Refrain.*

4.
Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.—*Refrain.*

WIRTH. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 There's nothing sweeter than the thought, That I may see the Lord, If I but seek him as I ought, And love his works and word.
2 I'd rather be the least of them That are the Lord's alone, Than wear a royal diadem, And sit up-on a throne.

3 Once in his arms the Saviour took
Young children, just like me,
And blessed them with a voice and look,
As kind as kind could be.

4 I'd rather be the least of them
That shar'd that look and tone,
Than wear a royal diadem,
And sit upon a throne.

5 And though to heaven the Lord hath gone,
And seems so far away,
He hath a smile for every one
That doth his voice obey.

6 I'd rather be the least of them
That he will bless and own,
Than wear a royal diadem,
And sit upon a throne.

ANGELS ARE HOVERING ROUND.

1. An - gels are hovering round, Hovering round, Hovering round, An - gels are hovering round—Then Christian, nev - er fear,

REFRAIN.

Cheer up, then, pil - grim, nev - er more do - spair; For Je - sus sends his an - gel, And he is ev - er near, For Jo -
For Je - sus sends

Jo - sus sends his an - gel, And he is ev - er near.

- 2 Spirits blest are hovering round,
Hovering round, hovering round;
Spirits blest are hovering round,
Then Christian, never fear.—*Refrain.*
- 3 Dear friends are hovering round,
Hovering round, hovering round;
Dear friends are hovering round,
Then Christian, never fear.—*Refrain.*

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US. 8s, 7s & 4.

WM. B. BRADBURY

1 (Saviour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tend'rest care ;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us. For our use thy folds prepare.) Blessed Je - sus, Blessed

Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are. Blessed Je - sus. Blessed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us.
Be the Guardian of our way ;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be ;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will ;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us. love us still.

HELENA. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 Religion is the chief concern Of mortals here below ; May we its great importance learn, Its sovereign virtue know.

- 2 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the solemn tomb.
- 3 O, may our hearts, by grace renewed,
Be our Redeemer's throne :
And be our stubborn wills subdued,
His government to own.

- 4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love
Be joined with godly fear,
And all our conversation prove
Our hearts to be sincere.
- 5 Let lively hope our souls inspire ;
Let warm affections rise ;
And may we wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies.

JESUS, BLESSED JESUS.—Responsive Chorus.

Moderato. Teachers.

Response by Scholars.

Teachers.

1 (Who was in a manger laid? Je - sus, blessed Jesus.) Who up Cal - va - ry was led?
2 (Who for money was betrayed? Je - sus, blessed Jesus.)
3 (Who can hear us when we call? Je - sus, blessed Jesus.) Who a - lone can do us good,
4 (Who the dearest friend of all? Je - sus, blessed Jesus.)

Scholars.

All.

Who for us his life-blood shed? Jesus Christ, creation's head, Jesus, blessed Je - sus.
When we're tossed on Jordan's flood? Jesus Christ, our ris - en Lord, Jesus, blessed Je - sus.

- 3 *Teach.*—Who can rob the grave of gloom?
Schol.—Jesus, blessed Jesus.
Teach.—Who can raise us from the tomb?
Schol.—Jesus, blessed Jesus.
Teach.— { When before the judge we wait,
} Who will open heaven's gate?
Schol.—Jesus Christ, our Advocate ;
All.—Jesus, blessed Jesus.

- 4 *Teach.*—Who will give us sweetest rest?
Schol.—Jesus, blessed Jesus.
Teach.—Who in heaven shall we love best?
Schol.—Jesus, blessed Jesus
Teach.— { At his feet our crowns we'll fling,
} While with rapturous songs we sing.
Schol.—Jesus Christ, our Saviour King,
All.—Jesus, blessed Jesus.

HAIL, HAIL THIS HAPPY DAY. 8s & 7s.

1. When the Sabbath bell is ringing, Let us come without delay ; And unite with thousands singing, In their Sunday-

CHORUS.

schools to-day. Hail, hail this happy day, Hail, hail this happy day, Hail this day, hail this day, Hail this happy day.

Yes, hail this day,

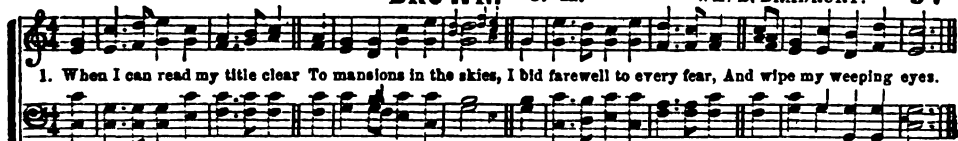
- 2 These are happy hours of meeting,
When we hear the voice of prayer ;
But these hours are short and fleeting ;
Let us then be early there.—*Cho.*
- 3 We shall keep our teachers waiting,
If we tarry by the way ;
Or disturb the school reciting,
On this holy Sabbath day.—*Cho.*

- 4 Here the blessed gospel shows us
All the precious stores of truth ;
And the Holy Spirit woos us
From transgression in our youth—*Cho.*
- 5 When the Sabbath bell is ringing,
Let us to the school repair,
That we may unite in singing,
And together kneel in prayer—*Cho.*

THE NAME OF JESUS. G. M. Tune—BROWN.

- 1 THERE is a name I love to hear :
I love to sing its worth ;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.
- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free ;
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinner's only plea.
- 3 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my smallest woe ;
Who in each scrow bears a part
That none can bear below.

- 4 Jesus ! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear !
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.
- 5 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road—
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God :
- 6 And there, with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.



1. When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, I bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

Cho.—I want to go, I want to go, I want to go there too, I want to go where Jesus is, I want to go there too.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.—*Cho.*

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall—
May I but safely reach my home.
My God, my heaven, my all.—*Cho.*

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.—*Cho.*

EVERLASTING LIFE.

1 There is a fold where none can stray,
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night is never seen.

2 Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.

3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
Divides that land from this:

I have a Shepherd pledged to save,
And bear me home to bliss.

4 Soon at his feet my soul will lie,
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die,
I shall not taste of death.

5 Far from this guilty world, to be
Exempt from toil and strife;
To spend eternity with thee,
My Saviour, this is life.

CHRIST'S LOVE TO CHILDREN.

1 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs
And folds them in his arms.

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
Nor scorns their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.

3 Oh! let us then with pleasure hear,
And seek the Saviour's face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

1. The soul on earth is doom'd to pine For rest, sweet rest; 'Tis heaven alone, in joys divine, Can give sweet rest.
2. Life is a sad and wea-ry day— It gives no rest; In care and pain it wears away, And brings no rest.
3. Then let us trust, 'mid good and ill, The promised rest, Since trial here will sweeten still, Our heavenly rest.

There, with brightest angels glowing, Joyful anthems ever flowing, Jesus seeing, loving, knowing, Is rest, sweet rest.
But earth's sorrows have their measure, Ending in eternal pleasure, When in heaven we find the treasure Of rest, sweet rest.
Joy from trouble we may borrow, Pleasure from our hours of sorrow, While we wait the dawning morrow Of heav'n's sweet rest.

SINNERS FLOCKING TO JESUS. 8s & 7s. Double.

- 1 See! the Scriptures are fulfilling—
Sinners flocking to their home:
Times the prophets were foretelling,
Signs and wonders now are come.
Gospel trumpets loud are sounding
Here and there on every hand:
God's own Spirit is descending,
Christians joining heart and hand!
- 2 Thousands fall before Jehovah—
"Mercy, mercy, loud they cry!
Then with shouts of "Hallelujah,"
"Glory be to God on high!"

Theme.—AUTUMN. Page 81.

- Many say, "'Tis all disorder,"
Disbelieve God's holy word;
Still these cry and shout the louder—
"Glory, glory to the Lord!"
- 3 "Come," is heard in each direction,
"Young and old, and rich and poor;"
These are "days of visitation;"
Gospel grace may soon be o'er.
Sinners, hear the invitation;
O, thou dead and dying one,
Fly to Jesus for salvation,
Ere he shut the judgment throne!

WHEN, ON THE SABBATH MORN.



99

FIRST TIME, 1ST SEMI-CHORUS. SECOND TIME, 2D DITTO, REPEATING THE SAME WORDS.

1. When, on the Sabbath morn, We leave our home, We leave our home. Then to the Sunday school We
 2. Our hearts each morning bright, With pleasures thrill, With pleasures thrill, But Sabbath morning light is
 3. Soon, soon these precious days Will all be gone, Will all be gone, Soon, soon our earth-ly work Will

love to come, We love to come. We love to sing, we love to pray, We love this blessed
 sweet-er still, Is sweet-er still. 'Tis then we hear God's ho-ly word, And learn to fear and
 all be done, Will all be done. O then that we in heaven might meet, And cast our crowns at

Sab-bath day, We love this bless-ed Sab-bath day, Yes, from our own dear home We
 love the Lord, And learn to fear and love the Lord. O yes, we love this day, This
 Je-sus' feet, And cast our crowns at Je-sus' feet. Yes, yes, in heaven a-bove, The

haste a-way, We haste a-way, Here, in our Sun-day school We love to stay, We love to stay.
 ho-ly day, This hap-py day, And in our Sun-day school We love to stay, We love to stay.
 an-gels sing, The saints all sing, They sing of Je-sus' love, Their heavenly King, Their heavenly King.

LITTLE DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

A LESSON FROM THE COWSLIP, THE DEW-DROP, AND THE SEPHYA.

1st. 2d.

1. (Suppose the lit-tle cowslip Should hang its golden cup,) (How many a weary traveler Would And say "I'm such a tiny flower, I'd bet - - - - -) ter not grow up!" (How many a little child would grieve To

miss its fragrant smell,) (How many a little child would grieve To lose it, To lose it, To lose it from the dell.)
 lose it from the dell.)

2 Suppose the glistening dew drop
 Upon the grass, should say
 "What can a little dew drop do?
 I'd better roll away!"
 The blade on which it rested,
 Before the day was done,
 Withert a drop to moisten it,
 :: Would wither: :: in the sun.

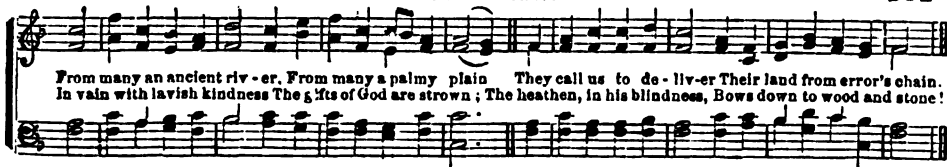
3 Suppose the little breezes,
 Upon a summer's day,
 Should think themselves too small to cool
 The traveler on his way;
 Who would not miss the smallest
 And softest ones that blow,
 And think they made a great mistake
 :: In talking: :: ever so.

4 How many deeds of kindness
 A little child may do,
 Although it has so little strength,
 And little wisdom too,
 It wants a loving spirit
 Much more than strength, to prove
 How many things a child may do.
 :: For others, :: by his love.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

L. MASON.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down the golden sand.
 2. What though the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle; Though every prospect pleases, And on - ly man is vile.



From many an ancient riv - er, From many a palmy plain They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.
In vain with lavish kindness The gifts of God are strown; The heathen, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone!

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole

Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

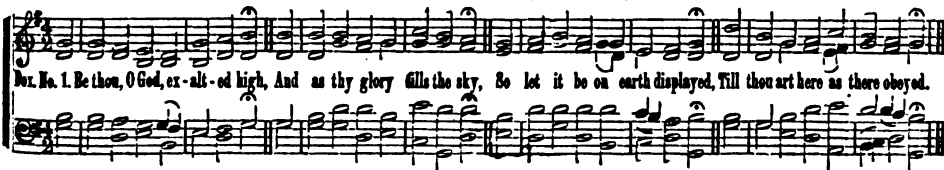
THE GOSPEL BANNER.

1 Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfur'd;
And be the shout, hosanna,
Re-echoed through the world:

Till ev'ry isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng

2 Yes, Thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings;
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



Dox. No. 1. Be thou, O God, ex - alt - ed high, And as thy glory fills the sky, So let it be on earth displayed, Till thou art here as there obeyed.

DOXOLOGY No. 2.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost

DOXOLOGY No. 3

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

TRIO or SEMI-CHORUS.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Shall hymns of grateful love, Thro' heaven's high arches ring, And all the hosts a-bove.. Their songs of triumph sing.

FULL CHORUS. *ff* *f* *pp* *Echo at a distance.*

And shall not we take up the strain, And send the echo back again? And send the echo, *send the e-cho,*

f *pp*

send the ech-o, send the ech-o, Send the ech-o, send the ech-o back a-gain.

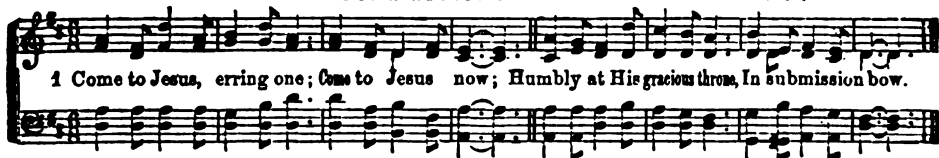
2 Shall every ransomed tribe
Of Adam's scattered race,
To Christ all powers ascribe,
Who saved them by his grace. *Cho*

3 Shall they adore the Lord,
Who bought them with his blood,

And all the love record,
That led them home to God. *Cho.*

4 Then spread the joyful sound,
The Saviour's love proclaim,
And publish all around.
Salvation through his name. *Cho.*

SUBMISSION. 7s & 5s. H. M. WHITNEY, by permission. 103

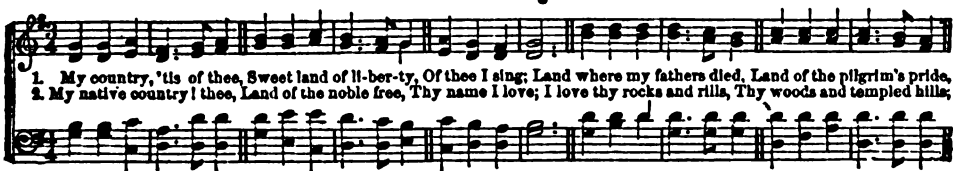


1 Come to Jesus, erring one; Come to Jesus now; Humbly at His gracious throne, In submission bow.

2 At His feet confess your sin;
Seek forgiveness there;
For His blood can make you clean,—
He will hear your prayer.

3 Seek His face without delay;
Give Him now your heart;
Tarry not, but, while you may,
Choose the better part.

Rev. S. F. SMITH. AMERICA. National Hymn. 6s & 4s. H. CAREY.



1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of li-ber-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride,
2. My native country! thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills;



From ev-'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.
My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a-bove.

3.
Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4.
Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness dis-ap-pears; The sons of earth are waking To pen-i-ten-tial tears:

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from a-far Of nations in commotion Prepared for Sion's war.

- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing
With peace upon their wings.
- 3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above:
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.
- 4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim the Lord is come.

WHEN SHALL I SEE JESUS.

- 1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above;
And from that flowing fountain,
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in?
- 2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er;
And since he has proved faithful,
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.
- 3 Where'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
O! cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love;
Then, when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

SABBATH MORNING HYMN.

- 1 THE rosy light is dawning
Upon the mountain's brow ;
It is the Sabbath morning,
Arise and pay thy vow.
Lift up thy voice to heaven
In sacred praise and prayer,
While unto thee is given
The light of life to share.
- 2 The landscape, lately shrouded
By evening's paler ray,
Smiles beauteous and unclouded
Before the hour of day.
So let our souls, benighted
Too long in folly's shade,
Lord, by thy smiles be lighted
To joys that never fade.
- 3 O see those waters streaming
In crystal purity,
While earth, with verdure teeming,
Gives rapture to the eye.
Let rivers of salvation
In larger currents flow,
Till every tribe and nation
Their healing virtues know.

EVENING HYMN.

- 1 THE mellow eve is gliding
Serenely down the west :
So every care subsiding
My soul would sink to rest.
The woodland hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close—
May angels, round me singing,
Thus hymn my last repose.
- 2 The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high :
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illumine the sky.

In golden splendor dawning,
The morrow's light shall break ;
O, on the last bright morning,
May I in glory wake.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

- 1 **STAND** up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross ;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss :
From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 **Stand** up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey ;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this his glorious day ;
"Ye are the men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes ;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 **Stand** up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own ;
Put on the Gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger
Be never wanting there.
- 4 **Stand** up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song :
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

A FRIEND THAT'S EVER NEAR. 8s & 7s.

Quart.

"FEAR NOT, FOR I AM WITH THEE."

by permission.

1 (Tho' the day's are dark with trouble, And thy heart is filled with fear, There is one that sees thee ev - er
Cheerful hearts and smiling faces Often make thee happy here, Yet no one was e'er so hap - py,

REFRAIN.

And will hold thee near and dear.
But sometimes the clouds appear.) There's a friend that's ever near, Never fear, He is ev - er near,

Repeat *pp*
Nev - er, nev - er fear, There's a friend that's ever near, Never fear, He is ev - er near, Never fear.

2 All thy prospects will seem brighter
When the shadow leaves the heart,
And the steps of time beat lighter,
When the gloomy clouds depart,
Many days have dawned serenely,
While the birds sang with delight,
But the skies were dark and gloomy
Ere the sun had reach'd its height.
There's a friend. &c.

8 Soon will dawn a brighter morning
On a blessed, tranquil shore;
Sighs will then give place to singing,
Tears to bliss, for ever-more,
Thou shalt see a world of glory,
And eternal joy and bliss;
Let not then thy soul be moaning
O'er the woes and cares of this.
There's a friend, &c.

H. N. WHITNEY. By permission.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Sav - our, Hast thou died for me? Make me ve - ry thank - ful In my heart to thee.
 2. Now I know thou lov - est, And dost plead for me; Make me ve - ry thank - ful In my pray'rs to thee.

When the sad, sad sto - ry Of thy grief I read, Make me ve - ry sor - ry For my sins, in - deed.
 Soon, I hope, in glo - ry, At thy side to stand; Make me fit to meet thee In that hap - py land.

SECOND HYMN.

1 God of our salvation!
 Unto thee we pray;
 Hear our supplication,
 Be our strength and stay.
 Wretched and unworthy,
 Poor, and sick, and blind,
 Prostrate we adore thee,
 Call thy grace to mind.

2 He that dwelleth near thee,
 Safely shall abide;
 Ever love and fear thee,
 In thy strength confide.
 Sure is thy protection,
 Safe is thy defence,
 While in deep affliction,
 Woe, or pestilence.

3 God of our salvation!
 Saviour, Prince of Peace!
 Boundless thy compassion,
 Infinite thy grace.
 While with love unceasing,
 Humbly we adore:
 Grant us thy rich blessing,
 And we ask no more.

LOTTIE. S. M.

Coda for last stanza.

1 How gentle God's commands! How kind his precepts are! Come, cast your burden on the Lord, And trust his constant care.
 2 His bounty will provide, His saints securely dwell; That hand which bears creation up, Shall guard his children well. [And.]
 3 Why should this anxious load Press down your weary mind? O seek your heavenly Father's throne, And peace and comfort find.
 4 His goodness stands approved, Unchanged from day to day; I'll drop my burden at his feet, And bear a song away, And bear, &c.

OH SAY, WILL YOU BE THERE. C. P. M.

1. Be - yond this life of hopes and fears, Beyond this world of griefs and tears. There is a region
2. Its glorious gates are closed to sin; Nought that defiles can enter in To mar its beauty

fair. It knows no change and no de - cay, No night, but one un - end - ing day.
rare. Up - on that bright, e - ter - nal shore, Earth's bitter curse is known no more.

FULL CHORUS to each Stanza.

Oh say, will you be there? Oh say, will you be there? Oh say, oh say, oh say, will you be there!

8 No drooping form, no tearful eye,
No hoary head, no weary sigh,
No pain, no grief, no care;
But joys which mortals may not know,
Like a calm river, ever flow.
Oh say, will you be there?

4 Our Saviour, once as mortal child,
As mortal man, by man reviled,
There many crowns doth wear;
While thousand thousands swell the strain
Of glory to the Lamb once slain!
Oh say, will you be there?

OH SAY, WILL YOU BE THERE. Concluded.

109

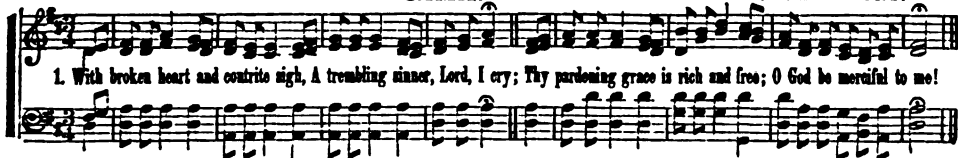
- 5 Who shall be there? The lowly here—
 All those who serve the Lord in fear,
 The world's proud mockery dare;
 Who, by the Holy Spirit led,
 Rejoice the narrow path to tread:—
 Oh, they shall all be there!
- 6 Those who have learnt at Jesus' cross
 All earthly gain to count but loss,
 So that his love they share;

Who, gazing on the Crucified,
 By faith can say, "For me he died;"
 Oh, they shall all be there!

- 7 Will you be there? You shall, you must,
 If, hating sin, in Christ you trust,
 Who did that place prepare.
 Still doth his voice sound sweetly, "Come!
 I am the way—I'll lead you home—
 With me, you shall be there!"

SEMA. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1 With broken heart and contrite sigh, A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry; Thy pardoning grace is rich and free; O God be merciful to me!

- 2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
 With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
 Christ and his cross my only plea;
 O God, be merciful to me!
- 3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
 Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
 But thou dost all my anguish see;
 O God, be merciful to me!

- 4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
 Can for a single sin atone;
 To Calvary alone I flee:
 O God, be merciful to me!
- 5 And when redeemed from sin and hell,
 With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
 My raptured song shall ever be,
 God has been merciful to me!

DESIGN OF PRAYER. L. M.

- 1 Prayer is appointed to convey
 The blessings God designs to give:
 Long as they live should Christians pray;
 They learn to pray when first they live.
- 2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
 If cares distract, or fears dismay;
 If guilt deject, if sin distress;
 In every case, still watch and pray.

- 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak:
 Though thought be broken, language lame,
 Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
 But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
- 4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
 Make all thy wants and wishes known;
 Fear not; his merits must prevail:
 Ask but in faith, it shall be done

O, WHO'S LIKE JESUS. L. M.

MAY BE SUNG AS SOLO, QUARTETTE,
OR SEMI-CHORUS.*

CHORUS.†

SOLO OR QUARTETTE.

1. Who came from heaven to ransom me? Jesus, who died upon the tree. Why did he come from heaven above?

CHORUS.

REFRAIN.—All.

He came because his name was "Love." O, who's like Jesus, who died on the tree, He died for you, he

died for me, He died to set poor sinners free, O, who's like Jesus, who died upon the tree?

- 2 And did he die—the Son of God!
Yes, on the cross he shed his blood.
Why did my Lord and Saviour bleed?
That we from evil might be freed.—*Cho.*
- 3 When he had died, what happened then?
On the third day he rose again.
Where did he go when he had risen?
He went to God's right hand in heaven.—*Cho.*

* For Choir or School.

- 4 Where is he now? Is he still there?
Yes, and he pleads with God in prayer.
What does he pray for, and for whom?
He prays that we to him might come.—*Cho.*
- 5 Should we not come? Should we not come?
Oh! yes, Christ is the sinner's home?
Christ is the weary sinner's home—
Oh, let us come! oh, let us come!—*Cho.*

† For Children.

COME, COME TO JESUS!

111

Words by Rev. GEO. B. PECK.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

Tenderly.

1. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to welcome thee, O wand'r'er eagerly; Come, come to Jesus!
 2. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to ransom thee, O slave e - ternally; Come, come to Jesus!
 3. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to lighten thee, O burden'd, trustingly; Come, come to Jesus!
 4. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to give to thee, O blind, a vision free; Come, come to Jesus!
 5. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to shelter thee, O weary, blessedly; Come, come to Jesus!
 6. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to car - ry thee, O lamb, so lovingly; Come, come to Jesus!

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Assembled in our school once more, O Lord, thy blessings we implore;
 We meet to read, and sing, and pray;
 Be with us, then, thro' this thy day.

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends
 For parents, teachers, foes, and friends;
 And when we in thy house appear,
 Help us to worship in thy fear.

1 How vain is all beneath the skies!
 How transient every earthly bliss!
 How slender all the fondest ties
 That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
 The with'ring grass, the fading flower,
 Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
 The glory of a passing hour.

SECOND HYMN.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
 May we above to glory soar,
 And praise thee in more lofty strains
 Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
 And all beneath the skies is vain,
 There is a brighter world on high,
 Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
 Dispel our cares, and chase our fears
 If God be ours, we're trav'ling home,
 Though passing through a vale of tears.

Words by R. P. CLARK.

1 The children are gath'ring from near and from far, The trumpet is sounding the call for the war, The

conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long, We'll gird on our armor, and be marching along.

CHORUS. *f*

Marching along, we are marching along, Gird on the armor and be marching along, The

conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long, Then gird on the armor and be marching along.

MARCHING ALONG. Concluded.

113

- 2 The foe is before us in battle array,
But let us not waver nor turn from the way.
The Lord is our strength, be this ever our song,
With courage and faith we are marching along.
Cho.—Marching along, &c.
- 3 We've listed for life, and will camp on the field,
With Christ as our Captain we never will yield;

The "sword of the Spirit," both trusty and strong
We'll hold in our hands as we're marching along.
Cho.—Marching along, &c.

- 4 Through conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,
For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin;
But one thing assures us, we can not go wrong,
If trusting our Saviour, while marching along. *Cho.*

I'M A PILGRIM GOING HOME. 8s & 7s.

From "Praises of Jesus," by permission.

CHORUS.

1 (Christians, I am on my journey! Ere I reach the narrow sea,
I would tell the wondrous sto-ry, What the Lord has done for me.) Glory, glo-ry, hal-le-

lu-jah, Tho' a stranger here I roam, I am on my way to Zi-on, I'm a pilgrim going home.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines.

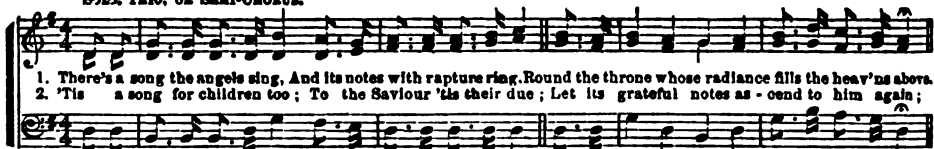
- 2 I was lost, but Jesus found me,
Taught my heart to seek his face;
From a wild and lonely desert
Brought me to His fold of grace.
Cho.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.
- 3 Now my soul with rapture glowing,
Sings aloud His pard'ning love;

Looks beyond a world of sorrow,
To the pilgrims home above.
Cho.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

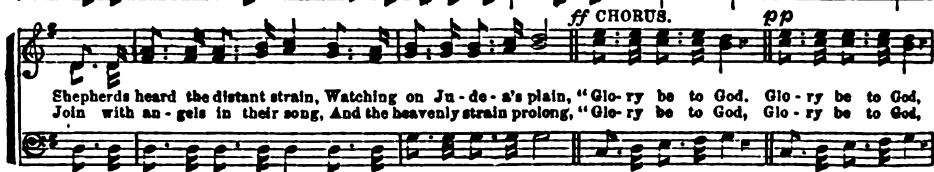
- 4 I shall yet behold my Saviour,
When the day of life is o'er;
I shall cast my crown before Him,
I shall praise Him evermore. *Cho.*

THE ANGEL'S SONG.

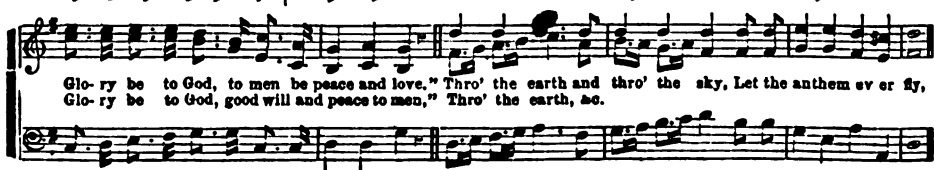
SOLO, TRIO, OR SEMI-CHORUS.



1. There's a song the angels sing, And its notes with rapture ring. Round the throne whose radiance fills the heav'ns above.
2. 'Tis a song for children too; To the Saviour 'tis their due; Let its grateful notes ascend to him again;



ff CHORUS. **pp**
Shepherds heard the distant strain, Watching on Ju-de-a's plain, "Glo-ry be to God. Glo-ry be to God,
Join with an-gels in their song, And the heavenly strain prolong, "Glo-ry be to God, Glo-ry be to God,



Glo-ry be to God, to men be peace and love." Thro' the earth and thro' the sky, Let the anthem ever fly,
Glo-ry be to God, good will and peace to men," Thro' the earth, &c.



*Repeat pp **
"Glo-ry be to God again, Peace on earth, good will to men."
3 Soon around that throne may we
With those happy angels be,
Striking harps to strains that nevermore shall
cease:
Mingling love with loftiest praise,
Still the chorus there we'll raise.
"Glo-ry be to God, to men good will and peace.
Chorus.—Through the earth, &c.

* For a Concert, a good effect will be produced by having a choir, out of sight, sing the repetition as a response

LOVE AT HOME. 7s & 5s.

115

Words and Music by J. H. McNAUGHTON, by permission.

The musical score consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

1. There is beau - ty all around, When there's love at home ; There is joy in every sound, When there's love at home. Peace and plen - ty here abide, Smiling sweet on eve - ry side, Time doth soft - ly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home, Love at home, love at home ; Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home.

2.

In the cottage there is joy,
When there's love at home ;
Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
When there's love at home.
Roses blossom 'neath our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home.

3.

Kindly heaven smiles above,
When there's love at home ;
All the earth is filled with love,
When there's love at home.
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky ;
Oh, there's One who smiles on high
When there's love at home.

4.

Jesus make me wholly Thine,
Then there's love at home ;
May Thy sacrifice be mine,
Then there's love at home.
Safely from all harm I'll rest,
With no sinful care distressed,
Thro' Thy tender mercy blessed,
With Thy love at home.



1 (Come, little soldiers, join in our band. March for the kingdom, our promised land,
Fearless of danger, onward we roam, [OMIT.....]) Jesus our leader is, soon we'll be home.

CHORUS by smaller Scholars.

We're a lit - tle pilgrim band, Guided by a Saviour's hand, Soon we'll reach our fatherland, No more to roam.

Repeat pp

2 Hark to the voices, bidding us come!
Angels, rejoicing, welcome us home;
No more shall sadness or sorrow oppress,
Come, little pilgrim band, there we shall rest.
CHORUS.—We're a little pilgrim, &c.

3 Soon we shall never know sorrow more,
But, blest for ever, God's love shall share;
Soon we shall see him in his blest home,
Ever still praising him, ages to come.
CHORUS.—We're a little pilgrim, &c.

HEAVENLY BREEZES.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. (Spread, my soul, thy golden pinions,—Bask in heaven's celestial ray—
'Tis a for - taste of the glories, Saved for that.....) e - ter - nal day! When thy pil - grimage is

2d. END

D. C. FULL CHORUS.
(As the tide is flowing, flowing, Onward to return no more—
So may heavenly breezes blowing, Waft my soul.....) to Canaan's shore!

HEAVENLY BREEZES. Concluded.

117

D. C. IN FULL CHORUS.



2 Though the path be long and dreary
And my way by thorns beset;
I will bravely onward journey,
Hopeful of the blessing yet!
Trusting in a loving Father;
One whose mighty arm is strong;
I will brave life's surging billows,
'Till I see the shining throng!—*Cho.*

3 Come then, all who seek God's favor—
See the open gospel door,
From the highways and the hedges
Gather in, ye needy poor!
Gather in, and taste the banquet,
Spread by wondrous love divine;
Then shall all things past and present.
All in earth and heaven be thine!—*Cho.*

LONG-LOVED ZION.



Words by Rev. WM. HUNTER, D. D

CHORUS to each Stanza.

D. C.



2 Great things the Lord has done for us
Far from long-loved Zion,
Our toilsome race is nearly run,
Far from long-loved Zion.—*Cho.*

3 As streams their mighty torrents pour,
Far from long-loved Zion;
So turn our hearts to thee once more,
Home to long-loved Zion.—*Cho.*

4 With faces turned for Zion's hill,
Home to long-loved Zion;

Our harps and hearts with rapture thrill,
Home to long-loved Zion.—*Cho.*

5 We soon shall reach our Father's land,
Home in long-loved Zion,
Our feet within thy gates shall stand,
Home in long-loved Zion.—*Cho.*

6 Our grateful incense to the skies,
Home in long-loved Zion;
Mingled with holy songs shall rise
Home in long-loved Zion.

CHORUS.

1 (A-round the throne of God in heaven Ten thousand children stand :)
 (Children, whose sins are all forgiven, A ho - ly, hap - py band.) Singing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry, hal - le -

- lu - jah, Singing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah.

- 2 What brought them to that world above,
 That heaven so bright and fair,
 Where all is peace, and joy, and love!
 How came those children there!—*Chorus.*
- 3 Because the Saviour shed his blood,
 To wash away our sin;
 Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
 Behold them white and clean!—*Chorus.*

- 4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
 On earth they loved his name;
 And now they see his blessed face,
 And stand before the Lamb.—*Chorus.*

- 5 In flowing robes of spotless white,
 See every one array'd,
 Dwelling in everlasting light,
 And joys that never fade.—*Chorus.*

THE PENITENT.

- 1 Prostrate, dear Jesus! at thy feet
 A guilty rebel lies;
 And upward to the mercy-seat
 Presumes to lift his eyes.
Chorus.—Crying save me, save me,
 Save me! blessed Saviour
 Crying save me, save me!
 O thou Lamb of God.
- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
 To pay the debt I owe,

- Tears should from both my weeping eyes
 In ceaseless torrents flow.—*Chorus.*
- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead
 To expiate my guilt;
 No tears—but those which thou hast shed—
 No blood, but thou hast spilt.—*Chorus.*
- 4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
 And all my sins forgive!
 Justice will well approve the word
 That bids the sinner live.—*Chorus.*

PRAISE OF CHILDREN ACCEPTABLE.

- 1 CHILDREN of old hosannas sung
To praise the Saviour's name ;
We, too, would join our infant song,
To celebrate his fame.
Singing glory, glory, glory, hallelujah !
- 2 Chief priests and scribes were sore displeas'd
That children thus should sing ;
But Jesus owned their early praise,
And we our praises bring.
Singing glory, &c.
- 3 We bless the Lord for all his gifts,
For life, and food, and friends ;
We bless him for the Word of life,
The choicest gift he sends.
Singing glory, &c.

HEAVENLY BLISS.

- 1 THERE is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky ;
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.
Singing glory, glory, glory, hallelujah !
- 2 And hark ! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite, and perfect praise.
Singing glory, &c.
- 3 Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey ;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's ways.
Singing glory, &c.

- 4 This is the joy we ought to seek,
And make our chief concern ;
For this we come, from week to week,
To read, and hear, and learn.
Singing glory, &c.
- 5 Great God ! impress the serious thought
This day on every breast :
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter into rest.
Singing glory, &c.

HOSANNAS IN THE TEMPLE.

- 1 WHEN Jesus to the temple came,
The voice of praise was heard,
The little children owned his claim,
And in his train appeared.
Singing glory, glory, glory, hallelujah !
- 2 Hosannas made the temple ring,
For many tongues agreed ;
Hosanna to the heavenly King,
To David's promised seed.
Singing glory, &c.
- 3 O let those scenes be now renewed,
Where children lip thy praise !
Thou art as gracious and as good
As in the former days.
Singing glory, &c.
- 4 Dwell by thy Spirit in our hearts,
And this will loose our tongues ;
The love that heavenly truth imparts
Will animate our songs.
Singing glory, &c.

TENOR SING WITH THE TREBLE.

1st Semi-Chor. How bright the day, the joyful day, When all the good shall come, And clothed in robes of white array, Meet
2d Semi-Chor. The Saviour's hand shall wipe their tears, And folded to his breast, His lambs shall feel no earthly fear, But

1st. | 2d. REFRAIN.

in their happy home!)
find e - ter - nal (OMIT.) rest. Oh! meet me in heaven, meet me in heaven, Meet me in heaven, where we'll

nev - er part a - gain; Meet me in heaven, meet me in heaven, Meet me in heaven, Where we'll never part again.

2 Ah! would you be among the blest,
Who walk the golden streets,
Or lean upon the Saviour's breast,
Or worship at his feet!
Then wander not from Jesus Christ,
Nor go the path of sin,
Until you find the gates of woe,
And there must enter in.
Oh! meet me in heaven, &c.

3 Your teachers can not bear to think
Those little feet shall slide
Upon the dark and dreadful brink
Of ruin's sweeping tide.
Come to the Saviour, little ones,
And with his own dear flock,
He'll hide you when temptation comes,
Safe in the clefted rock.
Oh! meet me in heaven, &c.

I OUGHT TO LOVE MY MOTHER. 7s & 6s.

121

1. I ought to love my mother, She loved me long a - go. There is on earth no oth - er That ev - er loved me so, When

a weak babe much trial I caused her, and much care ; For me no self - de - ni - al Nor la - bor did she spare.

2 When in my cradle lying,
Or on her loving breast,
She gently hush'd my crying,
And rock'd her babe to rest,
When any thing has ailed me,
To her I told my grief—
Her fond love never fail'd me,
In finding some relief.

3 What sight is that which, near me,
Makes home a happy place,
And has such power to cheer me ?
It is my mother's face.
What sound is that which ever
Makes my young heart rejoice
With tones that tire me never ?
It is my mother's voice.

4 When she is ill, to tend her
My daily care shall be ;
Such hope as I can render
Will all be joy to me.
Though I can ne'er repay her
For all her tender care,
I will honor and obey her,
While God our lives shall spare.

TO THEE, MY GOD. 7s & 6s.

1 To thee, my God and Saviour,
My heart, exulting sings.
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings ;
I'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication,
My Saviour, thou shalt hear ;
O, grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted,
Up to thy bright abode ;
Then cast my crown before thee,
And all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore thee ;
What could an angel more ?

1 (A lit-tle ship was on the sea, It was a pretty sight,
It sailed a-long so pleasantly And all was calm and bright:) When, lo! a storm began to rise, The wind grew loud and [strong:]

It blew the clouds across the skies, It blew the waves along; It blew the clouds across the skies, It blew the waves a-long.

And all but One were sore afraid
Of sinking in the deep,
His head was on a pillow laid,
And he was fast asleep;
"Master, we perish! Master, save!"
They cried: their Master heard;
He rose, rebuked the wind and waves,
And stilled them with a word.

3 A noble ship, our country dear,
Has weathered many a gale—
Yet now a storm beats so severe
That many stout hearts quail;
But One who rides above the storm
Can save us from all ill;
We only wait to hear his voice
Commanding "Peace, be still!"

4 O, Jesus! Master! hear, we pray,
Remove the chastening rod;
Let not our foes exulting say,
"There is no help in God." [land,
From threaten'g storms preserve our
Rebuke the winds and waves;
And let us, one united band,
Rejoice in God, who saves.

LATTER DAY. 8s & 7s.

1 We are living, we are dwelling, In a grand and aw-ful time, In an age on a- ges telling.
2 Will ye play, then, will ye dally, With your music and your wine? Up! it is Je- hovah's ral-ly!

LATTER DAY. Concluded.

123

To be liv- ing is sublime. Hark! the waking up of nations, Gog and Magog to the fray.
God's own arm hath need of thine. Hark! the onset! will ye fold your Faith-clad arms in la-zy lock?

Hark! what soundeth? is cre-a- tion Groaning for its latter day.
Up, O up, thou drowsy soldier: Worlds are charging to the shock.

8s & 7s.

3 Worlds are charging—heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On—right onward, for the right.
On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!

BALERMA. C. M.

1. Oh, happy is the man who hears Instruction's warning voice; And who celestial wisdom makes His early, on-ly choice.

2 For she hath treasures greater far,
Than east and west unfold,
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's paths to tread
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

THE BLEEDING LAMB.

CHORUS.

Arranged by H. P. MAIN.

1 { Je-sus Christ has bled and died, Glory to the bleeding Lamb! } [His
He for our sins was cru-ci-fied, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb! } The Lamb, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb

finished work I'll ev-er sing, And to it I will always cling, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb.

2 Once He dwelt in heaven above,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
And to this earth He came with love
Hallelujah to the Lamb! *Cho.*

3 And when on us the burden laid,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
He then the ransom freely paid.
Hallelujah to the Lamb! *Cho.*

4 And now from sin we may be free,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
He offers peace to you and me,
Hallelujah to the Lamb! *Cho.*

5 He knows that we are justified,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
If we will trust in Him who died,
Hallelujah to the Lamb! *Cho.*

6 His blood for us was freely spilt,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
And it will cleanse away our guilt,
Hallelujah to the Lamb! *Cho.*

7 Let justice from Mount Sinai flame,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Jesus has cancelled all its claim,
Hallelujah to the Lamb! *Cho.*

8 We boldly to the throne of grace,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
May come and claim the children's
place,
Hallelujah to the Lamb! *Cho.*

9 We now will sing the Saviour's praise,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
Him will we serve thro' out our days
Hallelujah to the Lamb! *Cho.*

Tune.—LA MIRA. Page 338.

1 I love to steal a while away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

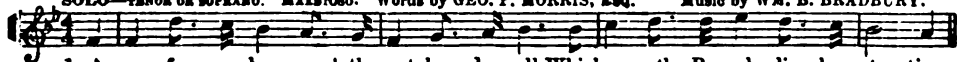
2 I love in solitude, to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
When none but God is near.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore:
My cares and sorrows all to cast
On him whom I adore.

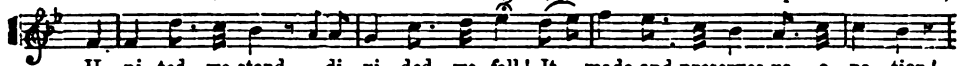
THE FLAG OF OUR UNION. National Song.

125

SOLO—TENOR OR SOPRANO. MAESTOSO. Words by GEO. P. MORRIS, Esq. Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. A song for our ban-ner! the watchword recall Which gave the Re-pub-lic her sta-tion:
2. What God in his in-fi-nite wisdom designed, And armed with his weapon of thun-der,



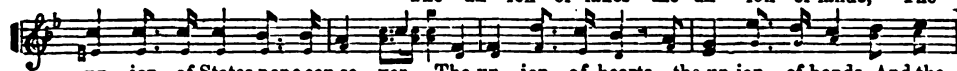
U-ni-ted we stand, di-vi-ded we fall! It.. made and preserves us a na-tion!
Not all the earth's despots and factions combined, Have the power to conquer or sun-der!

SYM.

FOR EACH VERSE.



The un-ion of lakes—the un-ion of lands, The

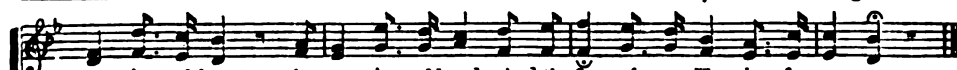


un-ion of States none can se-ver—The un-ion of hearts—the un-ion of hands, And the

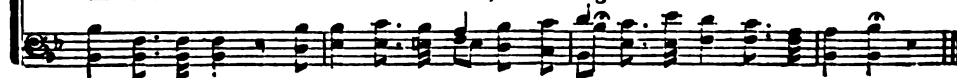
CHORUS.



flag of our Un-ion for ev-er. For ev-er, for ev-er, for ev-er! The



un-ion of hearts—the un-ion of hands, And the flag of our Un-ion for ev-er.



HOSANNAH. (ANTHEM.)

Two Divisions of the School may sing alternately.

WM. B. BRADBURY,

Hosannah, Hosannah, Hosannah, to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the

Repeat by 2d Division.

1st. 2d.

Lord, Lord, Hosannah in the highest, in the high-est, Hosannah in the highest, in the highest.

(And when he was come unto Jerusalem, all the.....) city was moved, saying, "Who is this?" And the multitude said,

*D. C. Chorus. Repeat *pp**
 "This is Je - sus, This is Je - sus, the pro - phet of Na - za - reth and Ga - li - lee."

COME YE BLESSED. Anthem.

127

MATT. 25TH CHAP. 34TH TO 40TH VERSES.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

RECITATIVE.

CHORUS.

Then shall the King) say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Fa-ther, in-her-it, the kingdom pre-

par-ed for you From the founda-tion of the world. For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat;

I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; Naked, and ye clothed me,

I was sick, and ye vis-it-ed me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me; "In-asmuch as ye have done it unto

COME YE BLESSED. Concluded.

one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it un - to me, ye have done it un - to me.

THERE'S NOT A TINT. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. There's not a tint that paints the rose, Or decks the li - ly fair, Or streaks the humblest flow'r that blows, But

God has placed it there, But God has placed it there.

- 2 There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of loveliest green,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.
- 3 There's not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But heaven gave it birth.

4.

There's not a place on earth's vast round,
In ocean's deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is every where.

5.

Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There God displays his boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

NEW GOLDEN SHOWER.

LO! THE FIELDS ARE WHITE TO HARVEST.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

MISSIONARY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st. 2d.

1 (Lo! the fields are white to har- vest; Who will thrust the sickle in ?
Who will reap the gold- en glo - ry, [Omit.....] Sa- tan ev - er strives to win!

Prone to evil men will follow Paths their father's long have known ; In their blindness, still they worship Gods of iron, wood,
(and stone.)

2 There are many, many children,
Growing up to sin and shame ;
And their little lips are never
Taught to speak a Saviour's name :
Though the sun is shining o'er them,
Bathing all in glorious light,
Yet their hearts are full of shadows,
Darker than the darkest night.

3 Lo, the master looks imploring ;
Lo, the myriad heathen stand,
Waiting for the gospel message
To arouse the slumb'ring land !
Who will bear the blessed tidings ?
Spread the knowledge far and wide ?
Telling heathen, wretched heathen,
"Twas for them a Saviour died !

Words by KATE CAMERON.

1st. 2d.

Semi-cho. / O what beauties adorn the bright Sabbath morn, The best day of all the week. (*Humbly let us enter in,*
Semi-cho. / And how gladly we start with a light happy heart, As the house of the Lord we seek. (*Praying to be free from sin.*)

FULL CHORUS.

Pure without, and pure within, On this Sabbath day. Let us keep, well keep this blessed Sabbath day, This holy Sabbath day.

This ho - ly Sabbath day, Let us keep, well keep this holy Sabbath day, 'Tis the best day of all the week.

2 Be it ever our care
 In that place of prayer.
 Our spirits above to raise.
 Let us try to drive out
 Each vain worldly thought,
 From God's holy courts of praise;
 Let no folly there intrude,
 Naught to mar our tranquil mood,
 Naught but what is true and good,
 On this Sabbath day. *Cho*

3 And our joy is full
 When the dear Sabbath School
 Throws open its friendly door;
 For we're sure there to find
 Our teachers so kind
 With riches of sacred lore.
 As our voices all we raise
 In sweet songs of love and praise
 May we tread in wisdom's ways,
 On this Sabbath day. *Cho.*

4 And when we go back
 To our week-day track
 Our lessons, and work, and play;
 Let us hold ever dear
 The counsels we hear,
 On the holy Sabbath day.
 And remember that God's eye
 Ever watches from on high,
 And each day he is as nigh,
 As the Sabbath day. *Cho.*

GOD IS LOVE.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 131

1 (What sound is this? a song thro' heav'n resounding, God is love!
And now from earth I hear the song rebound - ing, God is love!) Yes, while a - der - ing hosts proclaim Love

is his na - ture, love his name, My soul in rap - ture cries the same, God is Love!

2 This song repeat, repeat, ye saints in glory,
God is love!
And saints on earth about back the pleasing story,
God is love!
In this let heaven and earth agree,
To sound his love both full and free,
And let the theme forever be,
God is love!

3 Creation speaks with thousand tongues proclaiming,
God is love!
And providence unites her voice, exclaiming,
God is love!
But let the burden'd sinner hear
The Gospel sounding loud and clear,
To every soul both far and near,
God is love!

4 This heavenly love all round is sweetly flowing,
God is love!
And in my heart the sacred fire is glowing,
God is love!
That God is love I know full well;
And had I power his love to tell,
With loudest notes my song should swell,
God is love!

5 The love of God is now my greatest pleasure,
God is love!
And while I live I'll ask no greater treasure,
God is love!
This theme shall be my song below;
And when to glory I shall go,
This strain eternally shall flow,
God is love!

Teachers. Children, can you truly tell, Do you know the story well, Every girl and every boy, Why the angels sing for joy.
Scholars. Yes, we know the story well, Listen now, and hear us tell, Every girl and every boy, Why the angels sing for joy.

CHORUS.—*Lively.*

On a Sunday morning, On a Sunday morning, On a Sunday morning, The an-gels sing for joy.

Scholars.

3 Angels rolled the rock away,
 Death gave up his mighty prey,
 Jesus triumphed o'er the tomb,
 Rising with immortal bloom,
 On a Sunday morning.

All.

4 Lift ye saints, lift up your eyes,
 Now to glory see him rise;
 Hosts of angels on the road,
 Hail and sing th'incarnate God,
 On a Sunday morning.

5 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Jesus burst the gates of hell;
 Death in vain forbids his rise,
 Jesus opened Paradise
 On a Sunday morning.

6 "Peace" our every heart shall fill,
 "Peace on earth, to men good will;"
 We will join the angel's song,
 And the pleasant notes prolong
 On a Sunday morning.

On a Christmas morning. 2d Hymn.

1 Children can you truly tell,
 Do you know the story well,
 Every girl and every boy,
 Why the angels sing for joy,
 On the Christmas morning?

2 Yes, we know the story well,
 Listen, now, and hear us tell
 Every girl and every boy,
 Why the angels sing for joy
 On the Christmas morning.

3 Shepherds sat upon the ground,
Fleecy flocks were scattered round,
When the brightness filled the sky,
And a song was heard on high,
On the Christmas morning.

4 "Joy and peace" the angels sang,
Far the pleasant echoes rang,

"Peace on earth, to men good will,"
Hark! the angels sing it still,
On the Christmas morning.

5 "Peace" our every heart shall fill,
"Peace on earth, to men good will,"
Hear us sing the angel's song,
And the pleasant notes prolong
On the Christmas morning.

THE SCHOOL GATHERING.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 We come! we come! with loud acclaim To sing the praise of Jesus' name; And make the vaulted temples ring With
D.C. And lowly bend, to offer there, From youthful lips our humble prayer—To him who slept on Mary's knee, A

loud Ho - sannas to our King. With joy - ful heart and smiling face, We gather round the throne of grace,
gen - tle child, as young as we. D.C.

2 We come! we come! the song to swell,
Of him who loved the world so well;
That stooping from his Father's throne,
He died to claim us as his own.
With joy we haste the aisles to fill,

Yet youthful bands are gathering still.
Oh, thus may we, in heaven above,
Unite in praises and in love;
And still the angels fill their home
With joyful cry, "They come! they come!"

THE LAND OF PLEASURE.

1. (There is a land of pleasure, Where streams of joy fore - er roll,
'Tis there I have my treasure, And [Omit.....] there I hope to land my soul.) Long

2. (I'm on my way to Canaan, Still guided by my Saviour's hand,
Oh, come a - long, poor sinner, And [Omit.....] see Immanuel's happy land!) To

darkness dwelt a - round me, With scarcely once a cheering ray, But since my Saviour found me A
all that stay be - hind me, I bid a - long, a last fare-well! But come, dear friends, go with me, And

light has shone a - long my way, But since my Saviour found me, A light has shone a - long my way.
with the ransomed ev - er dwell, But come, dear friends, go with me, And with the ransomed ev - er dwell.

3 Death's waves shall not affright me,
Although they're deeper than the grave,
If Jesus will stand by me,
I'll calmly ride on Jordan's wave.
His word hath onlmed the ocean,
His lamp hath cheered the gloomy vale ;
Oh, may this friend be with me,
When thro' the gates of death I sail!

4 Soon, soon th'archangel's trumpet
Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,
And all the wheels of nature
Shall in a moment cease to roll :
Then shall I see my Saviour,
With shining ranks of angels come,
To execute his vengeance
And take his ransomed people home.

GO BEAR THE JOYFUL TIDINGS.

135

Words by [V.]

MISSIONARY.

T. F. SEWARD.

1. Go bear the joyful tidings, The first on Judah's plain, Awoke the wandering Shepherds, To praise Messiah's name,

Exalt the King of glo - ry, Who left his throne on high, And came on earth a ransom, For guilty-man to die.

CHORUS.

Go sound the gospel trumpet, Beyond the rolling sea, From chains of sin and darkness, To set the captive free.

2 Go in your master's vine-yard,
And labor heart and hand,
The word of life Eternal,
Proclaim to every land,
The sweet and precious promise,
To all who will believe.
Free grace and full salvation,
For all who will receive.

CHO.—Go sound the, &c.

3 Go tell the broken spirit,
That vainly sighs for rest,
There is a home in glory,
A home forever blest,
Go bring the lost to Jesus,
His tender love to share,
Go forth to every nation,
Immortal souls are there.

CHO.—Go sound the, &c.

4 Haste on your work of mercy,
The heavenly call obey,
Go in the strength of Jesus,
The true and living way,
Go like the old disciples,
And tread the path they trod,
Your duty lies before you,
Go—leave the rest to God.

CHO.—Go sound the, &c.

1. From ev'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes, There is a calm a sure retreat, 'Tis found

CHORUS

beneath the Mercy-seat. The Mercy-seat, the Mercy-seat, the blessed Mercy-seat, The blessed Mercy seat.

1st. *2d.*

- 2 There is a place where Jesus abode
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all beside more sweet,
It is the blood-bought Mercy seat.
CHO.—The Mercy-seat, &c.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy-seat.
CHO.—The Mercy-seat, &c.
- 4 There—there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy-seat,
CHO.—The Mercy-seat, &c.

The Wanderer invited.—Tune. OBERLIN.

- 1 Wanderer from God, return, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires, that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Wanderer from God return, return;
Thy Father hears that deep-felt sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
And mercy's voice invites thee nigh.
- 3 Wanderer from God, return, return;
Renounce thy fears: thy Saviour lives;
Go to his bleeding cross, and learn
How freely, fully he forgives.

Words by Mrs GODFREY

THINK OF JESUS.

T. F. SEWARD. 137

1. (Doth sorrow's shadow hover o'er thee, Think, think of Je-sus,)
Is toil, and care, and pain before thee, Think, think of Je - sus, Think of him on earth descending

'Neath thy sins and sorrows bending, With thy griefs his bosom rending, Think, think of Je - sus.

2 If morning's light to joy awaken,
Think, think of Jesus,
Should evening find thee lone, forsaken,
Think, think of Jesus,
Should Time's hands of friends bereave thee,
And thy brightest hopes deceive thee,
Think of one who will not leave thee,
Think, think of Jesus.

3 When stormy passions rise within thee,
Think, think of Jesus,
When earthly pleasure lures to win thee,
Think, think of Jesus,
Though the cup of anguish draining,
Cease thy wearied soul's complaining
See the Lamb in glory reigning,
Think, think of Jesus.

OBERLIN. L. M.

1. O Jesus, full of truth and grace, O all-atoning Lamb of God! I wait to see thy glorious face, I seek redemption in thy blood.

2 Thou art the anchor of my hope ;
Thy faithful promise I receive ;
Surely thy death shall raise me up,
For thou hast died that I might live.

3 Satan, with all his arts, no more,
Me from the gospel hope can move :
I shall receive the gracious power.
And find the pearl of perfect love.

1. The days for play are past, The Sabbath come at last, We've met a happy band in our own loved Sabbath school,
2. When thought recalls the past And sins are on us cast, We know they quickly feel what our aching hearts would say,

CHORUS.

With cheerful smiles we're seen, To greet with joyful men, Our teachers at our own dear Sabbath school. Teachers true and
Although we may not speak, We'll ever, ever seek, The guidance of such friends so true as they. [faithful]

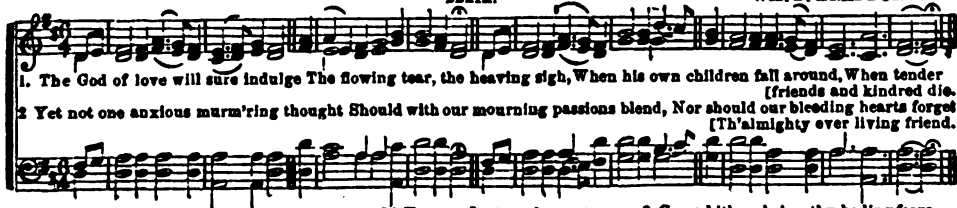
we are sure to find, Ready here to greet us with looks and words so kind, How can we re-pay them

for their work of love, Surely we'll obey them. Our grati-tude to prove.

3 Teachers we call our own
May vanish one by one,
The loved ones and the dear ones, they soon
must pass away,
But if we Jesus love,
We'll meet them soon above,
And join with them in songs of endless day,
Cho.—Teachers true, &c.

DEATH.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. The God of love will sure indulge The flowing tear, the heaving sigh, When his own children fall around, When tender
[friends and kindred die.
2 Yet not one anxious murmur'ing thought Should with our mourning passions blend, Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
[Th'almighty ever living friend.

3 Beneath a numerous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fall;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

4 Our Father God! to thee we look.
Our Rock, our Portion and our Friend;
And on thy covenant love and truth,
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

2d Hymn—Just as thou art.

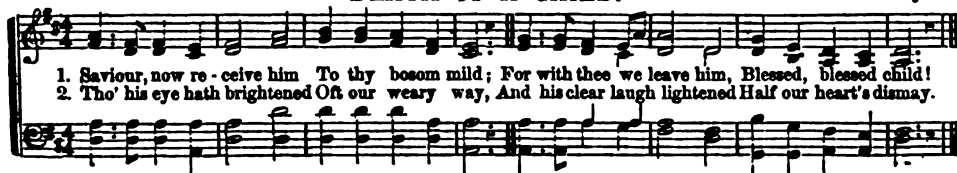
1 Just as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner come, O come.

2 Come leave thy burden at the cross,
Count all thy gains but empty dross,
His grace repays all earthly loss,
Then needy sinner! come, O come.

3 Come hither, bring thy boding fears.
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears,
Then trembling sinner come, O come.

4 "The spirit and the bride say, come,
Rejoicing saints re-echo, come.
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may
come,
Thy Saviour calls thee—Come, O come.

DEATH OF A CHILD.



1. Saviour, now re-ceive him To thy bosom mild; For with thee we leave him, Blessed, blessed child!
2. Tho' his eye hath brightened Oft our weary way, And his clear laugh lightened Half our heart's dismay.

3 Now let thought behold him
In his angel rest,
Where those arms enfold him
To a Saviour's breast.

4 Yield we, what was given,
At thy holy call:
The beautiful to heaven,
Thou who givest all.

5 Still, 'mid heavy mourning,
Look thee now to God!
There, thy spirit turning,
Kneel beside the sod.

Words by Mrs FANNY CROSBY.

Melody by S. C. FOSTER, by permission of WM. A. POUND & Co.

1 { Oh! be warned of your danger, nor slight the day of grace, The wine cup leads to sin and woe; }
 'Tis the Sa - viour that calls you, O fly to his embrace, What joy his mer - cy can bestow. }
 D. C. For the world and its pleasures are fleeting as a dream, O, come, and be for - ev - er blest.

CHORUS.

See the fount of sal - va - tion be - fore you, Drink, oh, drink, and find a peace - ful rest,

2
 Shall your homes still be lonely, and pity strive in vain,
 To wake one feeling in your heart?
 Will you doom those who love you, to sorrow, grief and
 pain?
 Oh! come, and choose the better part. *Cho.*

3
 Break the chain that would bind you, that sparkles to de -
 ceive,
 Be warned while yet you may return;
 If the spirit now striving too often you should grieve,
 The lamp of life may cease to burn. *Cho.*

Our loved ones gone before.

1
 Oh! how sweet when we mingle with kindred spirits here,
 And tell of Jesus and his love;
 When by faith we can see him, and feel his presence near,
 It lifts our longing souls above
Cho. We shall meet on the banks of the river,
 Happy, happy, there forever more.
 We shall dwell with the angels and join their choral
 song,
 Our loved ones, loved ones gone before.

OUR LOVED ONES GONE BEFORE. Concluded.

2 Hark ! the words of our Master, be faithful, watch and pray,

Press on where joys eternal flow ;
Let us journey together along the shining way,
And sing rejoicing as we go. *Cho.*

3 We are pilgrims to Zion, though trials we must bear,
Will count them blessings in disguise ;

Though the cross may be heavy, the crown we soon shall wear,

In heaven, where pleasure never dies. *Cho.*

4 When we walk thro' the valley and shadow of the tomb,
Dear Saviour thou wilt be our guide ;

Thy smile like a sunbeam shall light beyond the gloom
And keep the ransomed at thy side. *Cho.* (V)

THERE'S A CROWN FOR YOU AND ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st. 2nd.

1 (There's a crown for you and me, When we meet beyond the river ;
There from pain and sorrow free, We shall [Omit.....] dwell in bliss forev - er ; (Here alas ! the parting word
There its tones are never heard,

1st. 2d. CHORUS. 1st. 2d.

Thro' our tears is spoken ; (Weary pilgrims of a day, Strangers on the earth we roam,) home.
Ties no more are [Omit..] broken : Every hour that glides a way, Will bring us nearer

2 There's a harp for you and me,
When we meet beyond the river,
There from pain and sorrow free,
We shall strike its chords forever ;
Where the angel hosts above
Wake their joyful chorus,
Welcomed by the friends we love,
Dear ones gone before us ;

Pilgrims on a troubled tide,
Where the surges darkly rise,
Jesus, thou wilt safely guide,
To mansions in the skies.
3 There's a home for you and me,
When we meet beyond the river,
There from pain and sorrow free,
We shall dwell with Christ forever ;

In that sunny region bright,
We shall find our treasure,
Faith be sweetly lost in sight,
Hope in endless pleasure ;
Pilgrims on the earth no more.
We shall pass the troubled deep,
Where the billows cease to roar,
And storms are lulled to sleep. (V)

I OUGHT TO LOVE MY SAVIOUR.



1. I ought to love my Saviour! No earthly friend can be One half so kind and faithful, As he has been to me.
2. He left his home in glo - ry, To save my soul from death, And now in all life's dangers, He still sustains my breath.

Be - fore my lips could utter His sweet and precious name, Until the present moment, His love has been the same.
I lay me down and slumber All thro' the hours of night; And wake again in safe - ty To hail the morning light.

REFRAIN.

I ought to love my Saviour, My precious, precious Saviour, I ought to love my Saviour, He loves me well I know.
I ought, &c.

3 It is but very little
For him that I can do:
Then let me seek to serve him,
My earthly journey through;
And without sigh or murmur,
To do his holy will:
And in my daily duties,
His wise commands fulfil.

4 And when I reach the mansion
He has prepared for me,
'Twill be my grateful pleasure
My Saviour's face to see.
And 'mid the angel's music,
Which then will greet my ear,
How eagerly I'll listen
My Saviour's voice to hear.

THE CHILDREN'S JUBILEE.

143

(ANNIVERSARY HYMN.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na! Ho - san - na be the children's song, To Christ the children's King, His

cres. CHORUS. 1.
praise to whom our souls belong, Let all the children sing. (Hosanna then our songs shall be, Hosan - na to our King,
(This is the children's ju - bilee, Let all *Omit*.....)

2. FULL CHORUS. BOYS. GIRLS. FULL CHORUS.
the children sing. This is the children's jubilee, Jubilee, Jubilee, This is the children's jubilee, Let all the children sing.

- 2 Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna!
Hosanna here in joyful bands,
Teachers, and taught, proclaim,
And hail with voices, hearts, and hands,
Our loving Saviour's name. CHO. Hosanna, &c.
- 3 Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna!
Hosanna on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean flow,

Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth reply. CHO. Hosanna, &c.

- 4 Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna!
Hosanna, sound from church and hall,
Let every voice ascend.
And this our watchword, one and all,
Hosanna, praise the Lord. CHO. Hosanna, &c.

1. Lo! the Sunday School army is out on re-view. And each school is a reg-iment, valiant and true,

Tho' we meet in di-visions, in church or in hall, Yet the banner of Je-sus floats o-ver us all, Yet the

Girls only. banner of Je-sus floats o-ver us all. *1st.* (For the Cross is the banner that gathers our band,) *2d.* And beneath it we march to the (*Omit.*) heavenly land.

FULL CHORUS. *f*
For the Cross is the banner that gathers our band, And beneath it we march to the heaven-iy land.

2 In the May-days of old there were oft to be seen,
Where the wreath covered May-pole arose on the green,
Merry children assembled in many a throng,
To encircle their May-tree with dance and with song,
To encircle their May-tree with dance and with song,
But the Cross is our May-tree, and round it we sing,
To the praise of our glorified Saviour and King.
For the Cross is our banner, that gathers our band,
And beneath it we march to the heavenly land.

3 Lo! our Sunday School army is gathered to-day,
In the house of our Father to praise him and pray,
While a chorus of rapture united we sing,
Hallelujah to Jesus our Saviour and King,
Hallelujah to Jesus our Saviour and King,
But the Cross is the word to whose music sublime,
The steps of the Sunday-school army keep time.
But the Cross is the word, to whose music sublime,
The steps of the Sunday-school army keep time.

NAOMI. C. M.

Dr. L. MASON, by permission.

1. Father, what'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will denies, Accepted at thy throne of grace, Let this petition rise :
2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From every murmur free. The blessings of Thy grace impart, And make me live to Thee.
3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My life and death attend ; Thy presence thro' my journey shine, And crown my Jour-
(ney's end.

Words by Rev. WM. HUNTER.

THE SHEPHERD OF SOULS.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. (The Shepherd of souls, In his life-book enrolls The names of all the lambs of his flock
The juvenile bands are engraved on his hands, As if they were [Omit.....]) engraved on the rock.

2 He looks in his love
From his watch-tower above,
The books he bought with blood to survey
And points with his rod
To the pastures of God
And guards them there from going astray.

3 The little ones share
In his tenderest care ;
The lambs are his peculiar delight ;
At noon they are laid
In the cool of the shade,
And nestle in his bosom at night.

4 Great Shepherd, be near,
To deliver from fear,
And shelter from the heat and the cold,
That, safe from alarms,
We may rest in thine arms,
And never more depart from thy fold.

A LAND WITHOUT A STORM.

DIALOGUE AND CHORUS.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

CHORUS.

Boys. 1 (Traveler whither art thou go - ing, Heedless of the clouds that form ?)
Girls. (Nought to me the winds rough blowing, Mine's a land without a storm.) And I'm go - ing, yes, I'm

go - ing To the land that has no storms, And I'm going, yes, I'm go - ing To that land that has no storms

Boys. 2 Traveler, art thou here a stranger,
 Not to fear the tempests power ?

Girls. I have not a thought of danger,
 Tho' the sky more darkly lower. *Cho.*

Boys. 3 Traveler, now a moment linger,
 Soon the darkness will be o'er.

Girls. No ! I see a beckoning finger,
 Guiding to a far off shore. *Cho.*

Boys. 4 Traveler, yonder narrow portal
 Opens to receive thy form.

Girls. Yes ! but I shall be immortal
 In that land without a storm. *Cho.*

ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

From J. M. EVANS.

CHORUS.

1 A crown of glory bright, By faith's clear eyes I see, In yonder realms of light Prepared for me, I'm nearer my home

ONE DAY NEARER HOME. Concluded.

147.



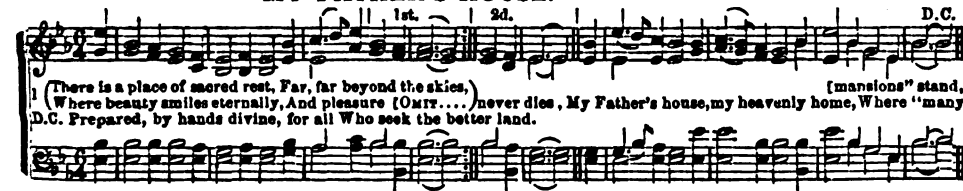
nearer my home, nearer my home to day; Yes! nearer my home in heaven to day, Than ever I've been be-fore,

2 O may I faithful prove,
And keep the crown in view,
And through the storms of life
My way pursue.

3 Jesus, be thou my guide,
And all my steps attend,
O keep me near thy side,
Be thou my friend.

4 Be thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard,
And when my work is done,
My great reward.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE. C. M. Double.



(There is a place of sacred rest, Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally, And pleasure (Omn....) never dies, My Father's house, my heavenly home, Where "many mansions" stand,
D.C. Prepared, by hands divine, for all Who seek the better land.

2 When tossed upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side,—
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
And foams the angry tide,—
Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.

3 Yea, even at that fearful hour,
When death shall seize its prey,
And from the place that knows us now,
Shall hurry us away,—

The vision of that heavenly home
Shall cheer the parting soul,
And o'er it mounting to the skies,
A tide of rapture roll.

4 In that pure home of tearless joy
Earth's parted friends shall meet,
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete:
There, there adieus are sounds unknown;
Death frowns not on that scene,
But life, and glorious beauty, shine,
Untroubled and serene.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Word by KATE CAMERON.



1st. 2d.

1 Oh! { when will be ended our warfare with sin? The } and with-in: Tho' fierce be the struggle, still let us en-
 foe that as - salls us without }

CHORUS.

sure, For when it is o - ver, the conquest is sure. Then gird on your ar - mor, Gird on your ar - mor,

Follow your Leader and the battle you shall win, For your Captain's gone before you, And he'll lead you on to victory,

Fol - low your Leader, Fol - low your Leader, Fol - low your Leader, And the battle you shall win.

- 2 Our leader is Jesus, our Captain and King ;
Who will all his army to victory bring,
Though now he is absent we know not how near
May be the glad moment when he shall appear.
Then gird, &c.
- 3 We look for his coming, and think night and day,
Of his parting order, to watch and to pray,
The sword of the spirit we'll grasp in our hand,

And like valliant soldiers, make desperate stand.
Then gird, &c.

- 4 The enemy watches our souls to ensnare ;
No weapon will daunt him but Faith, Truth, and Prayer ;
With these we may conquer each foe that we meet,
And lay down the trophies at our leader's feet.
Then gird, &c.

ANOTHER YEAR. (Anniversary Hymn.)

Or the Golden Rule.



The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The score is divided into two systems. The first system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has two verses, '1st.' and '2d.', and a 'CHORUS.' section. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are: '1 { Anoth - er year, another year, By God's grace has been given, } That we may tread with hearts sincere, The path that leads } to heaven, Our dearest guide, the golden rule, Has been the precious Sabbath School, The Sabbath School, the Sabbath School, The blessed, blessed Sabbath (School)'. The piano part consists of chords and moving lines in the left hand.

2.
Another year, another year,
We've hailed with happy greeting,
Our teachers and our schoolmates dear,
In this loved place of meeting.
Cmo. Our dearest guide, &c.

3.
We know not but another year
These precious ties may sever ;
And friends who to our hearts are near,
May then be gone forever.
Cmo. Our dearest guide, &c.

4.
Oh ! let us wisely spend each year,
Which is, at best, so fleeting,
So that at last we all may hear
With joy the angel's greeting.
Cmo. Our dearest guide, &c.



"FOR THEY THAT SAY SUCH THINGS DECLARE PLAINLY THAT THEY SEEK A COUNTRY." Heb. 11. 14.

TEACHERS. There's a country, dear children of endless delight, Unclouded by sorrow, ne'er shaded in night, Where the spirits in
SCHOLARS. And may all the children unite with that throng? Shall they to the choir ce-lestial belong? Oh! say, may our

glo-ry u-nite in the psalm, Ascribing all honor to God and the Lamb, Will you go? will you go, To join them in
voices with seraphim chime, And join the redeemed in that music sublime? May we go, may we go, And join the re-

praise un-to God and the Lamb? Will you go? will you go, To join them in praise unto God and the Lamb?
deemed in that mu-sic sub-lime? May we go, May we go, And join the redeemed in that music sub-lime?

3. TEACHERS.

Yes, come with your young hearts to Jesus, and pray
That early he'll help you to find the good way!
Oh! he'll meet you, dear ones, with his own smile of love
And appoint you a place in the mansions above.

You may come,
He'll give you a place in the mansions above.

4. ALL.

O Heaven! with joy from this world of distress,
Where sin is a burden, and trials oppress—
From the wilderness drear, where uncertain we roam
We look to that land where the soul has a home,
We will go,
Will go to that land where the soul has a home.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

151

"AND HE SHewed ME A PURE RIVER OF WATER OF LIFE, CLEAR AS CRYSTAL, PROCEEDING OUT OF THE THRONE OF GOD AND OF THE LAMB."—REV. xii. 1. By permission of the author, Rev. R. LOWRY.

Cheerful.

1 Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an - gel feet have trod; With its crystal tide for-
2 On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray, We will walk and worship

CHORUS.

ev - er Flowing by the throne of God? Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The
ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day. Yes, we'll gath - er, &c.

p
beauti - ful, the beauti - ful riv - er—Gather with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

- 3 On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour-king we own,
We shall meet, and sorrow never
'Neath the glory of the throne.—*Oh.*
- 4 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.—*Oh.*

- 5 At the smiling of the river,
Rippling with the Saviour's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.—*Oh.*
- 6 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

A SAVIOUR EVER NEAR.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Gently—Softly.

1. Hush'd be my murmurings, let cares depart, Je - sus is near me to cheer my heart; He's near to help me

whilst life's hours remain, He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain, He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain.

CHORUS.

Forse.

{ Gen - tle angels near me glide, }
 { Hopes of glo - ry'round me'bide. } And there lingers by my side, A Saviour, a Saviour, a Saviour ev - er

near, A Saviour, a Saviour, a Saviour ever near.

2 Why should I languish—why should I fear?
 In sorrow and anguish He's ever near;
 Sleeping or waking—in pleasure or pain,
 Roaming or resting, He'll near me remain.
Cho.—Gentle angels, &c.

3 Scenes that will vanish, smile on me now,
 Joys of a moment play round my brow,
 But soon in heaven He'll meet me again,
 There'll end my sorrow, and there'll end my pain
Cho.—Gentle angels &c.

BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH.

158

QUARTETTE.

W. U. BUTCHER, by permission.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, To its glories I fain would fly, When by sorrows press'd down I
2. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, I shall en-ter it by and by, There with friends hand in hand, I shall

CHORUS. *Cheerfully.*

long for my crown In that beau-ti-ful land on high. In that beau-ti-ful land I'll be, From
walk on the strand, In that beau-ti-ful land on high.

earth and its cares set free; My Je-sus is there, He's gone to prepare A place in that land for me.

- 3 There's a beautiful land on high,
Then why should I fear to die,
When death is the way, to the realms of day,
In that beautiful land on high.—*Ch.*
- 4 There's a beautiful land on high,
And my kindred its bliss enjoy;
And methinks I now see them waiting for me,
In that beautiful land on high.—*Ch.*

- 5 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where I never shall weep or sigh;
For my Father hath said no tear shall be shed
In that beautiful land on high.—*Ch.*
- 6 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say "good-bye;"
Where the righteous will sing, and their chorus will ring
In that beautiful land on high.—*Ch.*

Words by Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE.

GEO. F. ROOT. by permission.

1. Friends of Temperance, quick to arms, We must struggle for the right; And our noble cause with vigor we'll de-

fend, See the foe is gain - ing ground, We must meet him in the fight, And be faith - ful and cour -
D. C. ty - rant shall be slave, To our ar - my bold and brave! We shall gain a glorious

FIRST CHORUS.

D. C. §

ageous to the end. Marching onward, ever on - ward, Sounding still the battle cry; Soon the
victory by and by. Marching onward, ever onward, onward, Sounding still the battle cry; Soon the

- 2 Like the fatal wind that sweeps
O'er the the deserts burning plain;
Is the deep and deadly poison of his breath,
While the aged and the young:
He is binding with a chain,
That will lead them on by thousands down to death. *Ch.*
- 3 Throw our banner to the breeze,
Let the wrongs that claim redress,
Be our signal and our watchword as we go;

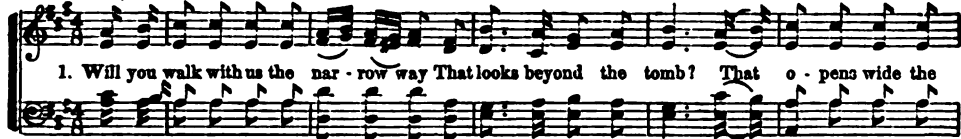
- Like the veterans of the past,
We will never, never rest,
Till our weapons deal destruction to the foe. *Ch.*
- 4 Friends of Temperance, quick to arms,
We must struggle for the right;
And our noble cause with vigor we'll defend:
See the foe is gaining ground,
We must meet him in the fight,—
And be faithful and courageous to the end. *Ch.*

THE NARROW WAY.

155

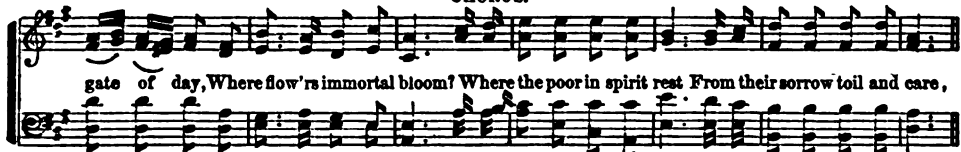
Words by Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE.

WM. B. BRADBURY

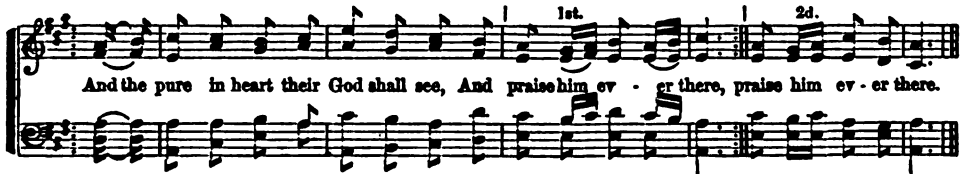


1. Will you walk with us the nar - row way That looks beyond the tomb? That o - pens wide the

CHORUS.



gate of day, Where flow'rs immortal bloom? Where the poor in spirit rest From their sorrow toil and care,



And the pure in heart their God shall see, And praise him ev - er there, praise him ev - er there.

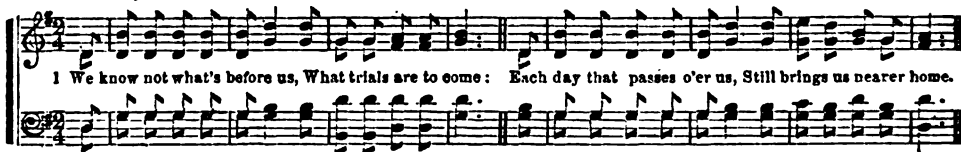
- 2 Will you come with us and join the throng,
That march to Cannan's shore?
Will you come with us and learn the song,
Where friends have gone before?
Ch. Where the poor, &c.
- 3 Will you come with us o'er Jordan's stream
Where God will safely guide?

- His rod and staff our comfort still
Will bear us o'er the tide.
- Ch.* Hallelujah God is love,
Hallelujah God is love,
When a few more storms have passed away,
We'll meet in the realms above.

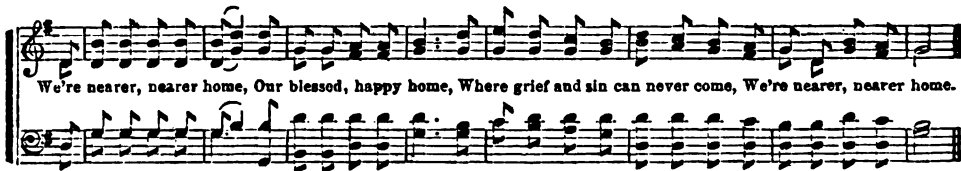
WE'RE NEARER HOME.

Words by KATE CAMERON.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

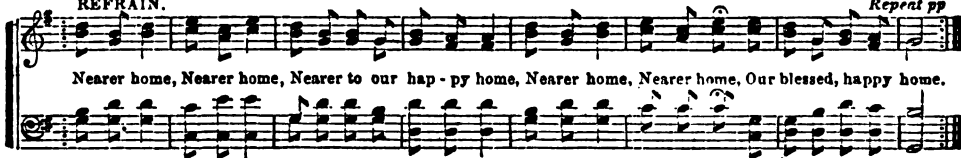


1 We know not what's before us, What trials are to come: Each day that passes o'er us, Still brings us nearer home.



We're nearer, nearer home, Our blessed, happy home, Where grief and sin can never come, We're nearer, nearer home.

REFRAIN.

Repeat pp


Nearer home, Nearer home, Nearer to our hap - py home, Nearer home, Nearer home, Our blessed, happy home.

2 Though dark our path, and lonely,
And clouds our sky o'er cast,
O let us each remember,
The storm will soon be past,
We're nearer, nearer home. &c.

3 Whate'er of gloom or anguish
Life to our hearts may bring,
In doubt we will not languish,
But cheerfully we'll sing,
We're nearer, nearer home. &c.

OUR MISSION FIELD AT HOME.

157

Words by (C.)

T. F. SEWARD.

FINE.

1. How many in our favored land, This ho - ly day pro - fane; Neglect the Saviour's gracious call, And
D. C. May each and all re - member still, Our mission field at home.

take his name in vain; Then while we pray for heathen climes, Far o'er the crystal foam, O let us ev - er

CHORUS.

D. C.

bear in mind, Our mission field at home. Our mission field at home, Our mission field at home.

2 "Go feed my Lambs," our Saviour said,
And bring them to my fold,
For us the same command is given,
As then to him of old;
While others toil for dying souls,
Far o'er the ocean's foam,
Be ours to wave its noble cause,
Our mission field at home.
Chorus. Our mission, &c.

3 How many a poor neglected child
With pleading eyes we meet,
A gentle word might hither guide
Its little wandering feet,
A precious lamb, that God may bless,
Beneath this hallowed dome,
Then let us ever bear in mind,
Our mission field at home.
Chorus. Our mission, &c.

1. Ah this heart is void and chill, 'Mid earth's noisy throngings; For my Father's mansions still Earnestly is longing;
2. Soon the glorious day will dawn, Heav'nly pleasures bringing; Night will be exchanged for morn, Sighs give place
[to singing]

Refrain.

Looking home, Looking home, Towards the heav'nly mansion Jesus hath prepared for me, In his Father's kingdom.

3 Oh! to be at home again,
All for which we're sighing,
From all earthly want and pain
To be swiftly flying.—*Cho.*

4 With this load of sin and care,
Then no longer bending,
But with waiting angels there
On our soul attending.—*Cho.*

5 Blessed home, oh! blessed home,
All for which we're sighing,
Soon our Lord will bid us come
To our Father's kingdom.

HUDSON. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Jesus! thou art the sinner's friend, As such I look to thee; Now, in the fullness of thy love, O Lord! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace—
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And, then, remember me.

3 Lord! I am guilty—I am vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.

4 And when I close my eyes in death,
When creature helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer-God!
I pray, remember me.

1 O God of truth to thee I cry,
Be thou my guide, my friend;
Send thy good Spirit from on high,
My footsteps to attend.

2 In mercy listen to my prayer,
And in my early days
May I thy precious blessing share,
Thy smile on all my ways.

3 For happy is that prayerful youth
Whose guide thou, Saviour, art,
Whose mind is steadfast in thy truth,
Who yields to thee his heart.

THE WELCOME HOME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. How sweet will be the welcome home, When this short life is o'er, When
pain and sor- row, care and grief. Shall [Omit.....] dwell with us no more.
2. When we that bright and heav'nly land With spir- it eyes shall see, And
join the ho- ly an- gel band, In [Omit.....] praise, dear Lord, of thee.

FULL CHORUS.

1. The welcome home, the welcome home, The Christian's welcome home,
Welcome home. The Christian's welcome home.
2.

In the last stanza the chorus may be repeated pp.

2 Lord, grant my frail and wayward bark
May anchor sure and fast,
Beside the shining gates of pearl,
Where I may rest at last!
When once within, my soul shall know
No hunger, thirst or pain,
No sickness, sorrow, care or death
Shall visit me again!—*Ch.*

3 Oh may I live while here below,
In view of that blest day,
When God's bright angels shall come down
To bear my soul away!
When I shall walk the golden streets,
In garments white and pure;
And sing an endless song to him,
Who made my soul secure!—*Ch.*



1 Come ye who love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join in the song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.

CHORUS.

The angels sing in their happy home, The angels sing in their happy home, The angels sing in their happy home, And we will join them here.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But children of the Heavenly King,
May speak their joys abroad.—*Cho.*
- 3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,

Before we reach the Heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.—*Cho.*

- 4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry,
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.—*Cho.*

HEAR GRACIOUS GOD.



- 1 Hear, gracious God! my humble moan,
To thee I | breathe my | sighs; ||
When will the mournful night be gone,
|: And when my | joys a- | rise! :|

- 2 My God! oh, could I make the claim—
My Father, | and my | Friend—
And call thee mine, by every name,
|: On which thy | saints do- | pen! :|

3 By every name of power and love,
I would thy | grace en- | treat;
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
||: Nor leave thy | mercy | seat. :||

4 Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is | all my | stay;
Here I would rest till light returns—
||: Thy presence | makes my | day. :||

5 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
Relieve my | aching | heart;
O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
||: And all the | gloom de- | part. :||

6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless the | healing | rays,
And change these deep, complaining sighs
||: To songs of | sacred | praise. :||

THE HEAVENLY CHORUS.



FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL CONCERTS.

1 We lift our voices, In a strain of gladness, And the songs upon our tongues, Banish all our sadness.
Small streams that murmur, Round each humble dwelling, While they flow so still and slow, Keep the tide-waves swelling.

2 If we with patience Run the race be-fore us, Soon our King will bid us sing In the heavenly chorus.

Children and parents, Cordial-ly in- vit-ed, Praise the Lord with one accord, Voices all u- nit-ed.
Thus we to- gether, With our small oblations, All u- nite, to send the light, To the darkened nations.
Let us with meekness Seek his face and fa- vor, And at last, when life is past, Meet the blessed Saviour.

GOOD TIDINGS.

Words by LUCUS HART Esq.

MISSIONARY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 Shout the tidings of sal - va - tion, To the a - ged and the young; Till the precious in - vi - ta - tion
2 Shout the tidings of sal - va - tion, O'er the prairies of the West; Till each gath'ring congre - ga - tion

f CHORUS.

Wa - ken ev - ery heart and tongus. Send the sound the earth around, From the ris - ing to the
With the gos - pel sound is blest. Send the sound, &c.

set - ting of the sun, Till each gath'ring crowd, Shall proclaim aloud, The glo - rious work is done.

3 Shout the tidings of salvation.
Mingling with the ocean's roar;
Till the ships of every nation,
Bear the news from shore to shore.
Oho.—Send the sound, &c.

4 Shout the tidings of salvation,
O'er the islands of the sea:
Till, in humble adoration,
All to Christ shall bow the knee.
Oho.—Send the sound, &c.

WE COME WITH SONG TO GREET YOU. WM. B. BRADBURY. 163

1 Another week has passed away, Time swiftly speeds along ; We come again to praise and pray, And sing our greeting song.

Repeat softly.
 we come,.... we come,.... we come with song to greet you, We come.... we come,.... we come with song again.
 we come, we come, we come, we come, We come, we come, we come, we come,

2 We come, the Saviour's name to praise,
 To sing the wondrous love,
 Of him who guards us all our days,
 And guides to heaven above.

3 We'll sing of mercies daily given,
 Through every passing year,
 We'll sing the promises of heaven,
 With voices loud and clear.

4 O, let us live that we may share,
 Unfading joys above,
 How sweet through endless happy years
 To sing redeeming love.

STEADFAST. L. M.



1 Now I resolve, with all my heart, With all my powers, to serve the Lord ; Nor from his precepts e'er depart Whose service is a
 [rich reward.]

2 Oh ! be his service all my joy !
 Around let my example shine,
 Till others love the blest employ,
 And join in labors so divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
 My solemn, my determined choice,
 To yield to his supreme control,
 And in his kind commands, rejoice.

4 Oh, may I never faint nor tire,
 Nor wandering leave his sacred ways ;
 Great God ! accept my soul's desire.
 And give me strength to live thy praise

CANAAN'S HAPPY LAND.



1. We are bound for Canaan's hap - py land, We are bound for Canaan's hap - py land, We are
Cho. Singing glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, Singing glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, Singing
 2. Say, comrades, will you go with us, Say, comrades, will you go with us, Say

bound for Canaan's happy land, Oh, will you meet us there?
 glo - ry. hal - le - [*Omit.*.....] lu - jah, We're bound for Canaan's land.
 comrades, will you go with us, To Canaan's happy land?

3.	4.	5.
To our Sunday School we'll all repair, To our Sunday School we'll all repair, And we'll sing with one accord while there Of Canaan's happy land! <i>Cho.</i> Singing glory, &c.	Our Saviour he will lead us on, Our Saviour he will lead us on, Our Saviour he will lead us on, To Canaan's happy land! <i>Cho.</i> Singing glory, &c.	Let us meet dear parents in that land, Let us meet dear teachers in that land, Let us meet dear schoolmates in that land, On Canaan's happy shore! <i>Cho.</i> Singing glory, &c.

WE LOVE TO SING TOGETHER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Girls. *Boys and Girls.*

1. (We love to sing togeth - er, We love to sing togeth - er, Our hearts and voices one;) his e - ter - nal Son.
 (To praise our heavenly Father, To praise our, &c. And [*Omit.*.....])

WE LOVE TO SING TOGETHER. Concluded.

165

Girls. 1. Repeat FULL CHORUS. | 2.

We love, we love, we love, we love, we love to sing to - gether; We love to sing to - gether.

2 We love to pray together
To Jesus on his throne,
And ask that he will ever
Accept us as his own.
We love, we love, &c.

3 We love to read together.
The word of saving truth,
Whose light is shining ever
To guide our early youth.
We love, we love, &c.

4 We love to be together
Upon the Sabbath-day,
And strive to help each other
Along the heavenly way.
We love, we love, &c.

REST. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep; A calm and undisturbed repose, Unbroken by
[the last of foes.]

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death hath lost its venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus; peaceful rest;
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power,

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

The Resurrection.

- 1 Awhile they rest within the tomb
In sweet repose, till morning come!
Then rise with joy to meet their God,
And ever dwell in his abode.
- 2 Celestial dawn! triumphant hour!
How glorious that awakening power,
Which bids the sleeping dust arise.
And join the anthems of the skies!
- 3 This weary life will soon be past,
The ling'ring morn will come at last,
And gloomy mists will roll away
Before that bright, unsetting day.

IF I WERE A SUNBEAM.

Words by LUCY LARCOM.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. (If I were a sunbeam, I know what I'd do;
I would seek white li-lies, Roaming woodlands thro'.) I would steal among them, Softest light I'd shed;

Un - til every li - ly Raised its drooping head, Un - til every li - ly Raised its drooping head.

2.

If I were a sunbeam, I know where I'd go;
Into lowliest hovels, Dark with want and woe,
Till sad hearts look'd upward, I would shine and shine,
Then they'd think of heav'n, Their sweet home and mine.

3.

Art thou not a sunbeam, Child, whose life is glad,
With an inner radiance Sunshine never had?
Oh, as God hath blessed thee, Scatter rays divine!
For there is no sunbeam But must die or shine.

A BRIGHT SABBATH MORN.

Arranged from ROSSINI.

END.

Sprightly.

1. Forth we go on a bright Sabbath morn, While the dew is on the lawn, List to the joyful notes that flow, On we go, we go.

A BRIGHT SABBATH MORN. Concluded.

167

1st SEMI-CHORUS. 2d SEMI-CHORUS. 1st SEMI-CHORUS. 2d SEMI-CHORUS. D. C.

Come, follow, follow me. We'll gladly follow thee, From sinful thought set free, We'll follow, fol-low thee

2 We will leave all worldly care,
And this hour we'll spend in pray'r,
Hark, how the heav'nly anthems flow,
On they go, they go.
Come follow, &c.

3 Blessed art thou, Sabbath joys,
Free from toil and care and noise;
Well we love in thy courts to stay,
Happy day, happy day.
Come follow, &c.

4 Let our songs of praise ascend,
And with angel music blend,
Until God in love shall say—
Come away, away!
Come follow, &c.

Words by Miss JANE HAMILTON.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. 2.

1. (Tis a blessed thought to know, When our follies grieve us,
(And the sins of all the past, Rise and will not [Omit...] leave us,) That before the Father's throne Pleading in our favor,

CHORUS.

Making all our cause his own, Stands our precious Saviour (Jesus is a faithful friend, He'll forsake us never.
(Jesus is a faithful friend, Love and serve him [Omit.] ev-er.)

2 Jesus owns our worthless names
At the court of heaven.
Stands and pleads that for his sake
We may be forgiven,
Pleads by that lone night of woe,
Spent in sad Gethsemane,

And the precious blood be shed,
On the Cross of Calvary.—*Cho.*
3 Though we long have turned aside
From his gentle warning,

Treated all his love with pride.
And his words with scornful;
Still his love abides the same,
Faithful, true and tender:
Still he stands at God's right hand
Ever our Defender — *Cho.*

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 We are now in youth's bright morning, Cherri-ly we're passing on; Joys around us sweetly dawning,
 2 If the charms of earth are fleet-ing, And should quickly pass away; Still the Ho-ly Spir-it's greeting,

REFRAIN. *ff*

Tell us joys may yet be won. We are young, and we are hap-py, We are hap-py,
 Shall not with those charms decay. We are young, &c.

hap-py in our song, We are young, and we are hap-py, hap-py, hap-py in our song.

For the last stanza, this refrain may be repeated *pp*.

3 Wisdom's cheering voice invites us,
 To the feast of Jesus' love,
 And a foretaste here delights us,
 On our way to realms above. *Choro.*

4 When we cross the shining Portal
 On the banks of yonder shore,
 And are clothed in robes immortal
 We'll be happy ever more. *Choro.*

PRAISE THE LORD. 8s & 7s. Double.

* 169

1 (Praise the Lord, when blushing morning Wakes the blossoms fresh with dew ;) (when
Praise him, when reviv'd cre - a - tion Beams with beauty [Omit.....] fair and new. Praise the Lord,

early breezes Come so fragrant from the flowers : Praise, thou willow by the brookside, Praise, ye birds among the bowers.

2 Praise the Lord, and may his blessing
Guide us in the way of truth ;
Keep our feet from paths of error,
Make us holy in our youth.

Praise the Lord, ye hosts of heaven,
Angels, sing your sweetest lays,
All things utter forth his glory ;
Sound aloud Jehovah's praise,

MANOAH. L. M.

PRAYER.

*

1 Come, Holy Spirit ! calm my mind, And fit me to approach my God ; Remove each vain, each worldly thought, And lead me
to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire ?
Oh ! kindle now the sacred flame ;
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see ;
Oh ! soothe and cheer my burdened heart
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

1st. 2d. CHORUS.—*Joyfully.*

1 (We seek the golden ci - ty, The ci - ty of our King,) [friends, to
And as we journey thith - er, We joy- [Omit.....) ful - ly will sing. Come, friends, come,

1st. 2d.

gether let us sing, (Of the Golden Ci - ty, The beauti - ful Golden Ci - ty,)
(Of the Golden Ci - ty, The Ci- [Omit.....) ty of our King.

2 Its walls are built of jasper,
Its streets are paved with gold;
And countless are the glories,
Which we shall there behold *Cho.*

3 The pearly gates stand open,
For there they have no night;
Nor sun, nor moon, nor candle,
The Lamb--He is their light. *Cho.*

4 And there is no more sorrow,
Nor pain, nor death, nor sin

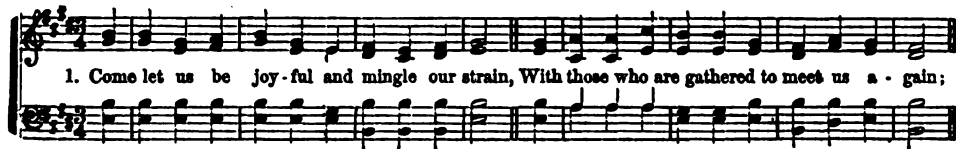
For nought that worketh evil,
Shall ever enter in. *Cho.*

5 And there Life's crystal river,
Eternally shall flow;
While leaves to heal the nations
Beside its waters grow. *Cho.*

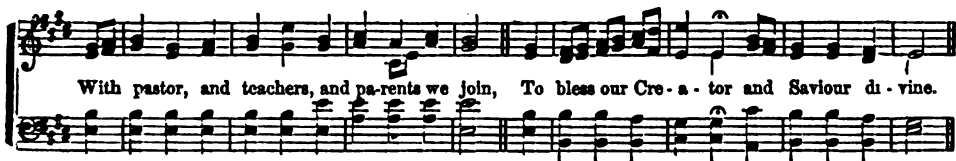
6 But through the Golden City,
Our loudest praise shall ring,
When we behold our Saviour,
Our Prophet, Priest and King. *Cho.*

HAPPY GREETING.

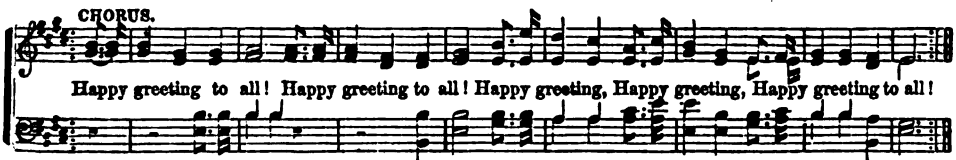
Arranged. 171



1. Come let us be joy-ful and mingle our strain, With those who are gathered to meet us a - gain;



With pastor, and teachers, and pa-rents we join, To bless our Cre-a - tor and Saviour di - vine.



CHORUS.
Happy greeting to all! Happy greeting to all! Happy greeting, Happy greeting, Happy greeting to all!

Happy greeting, &c.

2 A year has departed, how rapid its flight,
We welcome another, as joyous and bright;
How kindly our Father has kept us from ill,
He gives us his spirit to watch o'er us still. *Cho.*

3 Our Sunday school banner is waving to-day,
Our number's increasing, with rapture can say;

• Month, or week.

We'll stand by that banner and fight for the Lord,
We'll hope in his mercy, and trust in his word. *Cho.*

3 Our Father in heaven, we render to thee,
Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee;
Protect us and keep us, dear Saviour we pray,
That from thy blest precepts we never may stray. *Cho.*

Words and Music by THOS. HASTINGS, Mus. Doc.

1. Go forth ye glad heralds with tid - ings of joy, A Sa - viour is given for our

race; O bid all the heathen their i - dols de - stroy, And trust in his ful - ness of grace

CHORUS.

Let the sound of sal - va - tion be echoed abroad, Till the world shall acknowldger her Saviour and God.

2 O tell of his wisdom, his power and his love,
How he labored and languished and bled,
How he rose from the tomb and ascended above,
Rich blessings around us to shed.

Cho. Let the sound, &c.

Bid the heathen repent of their sin and believe,
And trust in Immanuel's word;

O tell them his promise can never deceive,
For righteousness dwells with the Lord.

Cho. Let the sound, &c.

4 O tell of his purity, gentleness, grace,
His holiness, kindness and care;
And bid them his offers of pardon embrace,
And unite in thanksgiving and prayer.

Cho. Let the sound, &c.

5 Go forth ye glad heralds, and publish afar
That sinners may now be forgiven;
Go, show them the brightness of Bethlehem's Star,
To lead in the pathway to heaven.

Cho. Let the sound, &c.

THE CROWN OF GLORY.

* 178

Words by Mrs. E. M. SANGSTER.

1. Go forth! young soldier of the Cross, The battle hour is nigh, And ye have bound the armor on, And sworn to do or die.

CHORUS.

(Our bu - gle ne'er shall sound retreat, While Jesus leads us on.
We will not lay our weapons by, Un - til we wear the crown.) There's a crown of glo - ry for you,

There's a crown of glo - ry for me, There's a crown for you, There's a crown for me, Far away in the promised land.

2.

Be watchful! army of the Cross,
The foe is lurking nigh,
A soul must be the mighty loss,
If but one soldier die.
Whene'er you dare the hostile ranks,
Forget not that within
There hides a most terrific foe.
The wily "inbred sin." Cmo

3.

On guard, young soldier of the Cross,
Thro' all the weary night,
With praise and pray'r, relieve your care,
And keep your armor bright.
Your Jesus once "without the camp,"
Bought liberty for you:
Then bravely fight for truth and right,
And keep your crown in view. Cmo.

4.

Rejoice! young soldier of the Cross,
The victory is sure,
The harp, the palm, are waiting all
Who to the end endure.
Your weary feet shall walk the street,
All paved with gold on high,
And he who wore a crown of thorns
Will crown you in the sky. Cmo.

TAKE THE CROSS.

Moderately quick.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 "Take thy cross and fol - low me," Thus the Master speaks to thee : Though in sin thou dost a - bide,

FULL CHORUS.

Je - sus calls thee to his side ; Trust no mer - it of thine own, Look to Him, and Him alone. Take the cross the

precious cross ! Count all worldly gain as loss, And all earthly things as dross ; Jesus bids thee bear the cross.

2 There's a cross for thee to bear ;
 Toil, and pain, and grief, and care,
 Yet though heavy it may be
 Jesus bore still more for thee !
 'Tis the thorny path alone
 That can lead thee to His throne. *Cho.*

3 Soon, life's work will all be done,
 Soon, thy mortal course be run :
 Then, if thou hast faithful been,
 And hast triumphed over sin,
 Then thy cross thou layest down,
 Christ shall give the promised crown. *Cho.*

GLORY TO THE FATHER GIVE.

175

Rev. W. H. COOK. From "Palm Leaves," by permission.

1. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther give, God, in whom we move and live, Children's prayer's He deigns to hear,
 2. Glo - ry to the He - ly Ghost, He reclaims the sin - ner lost, Children's minds may he in - spire,
 D. C. Children raise your sweetest strain
 D. C. For the Gos - pel from a - bove,

FINIS.

D. C.

Children's songs de - light his ear, Glo - ry to the Son we bring, Christ our Pro - phet, Priest, and King.
 To the Lamb, for he was slain,
 Touch their tongues with ho - ly fire, Glo - ry in the highest be, To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.
 For the word that God is love.

LORD, I BELIEVE. C. M. Double.

"LORD, I BELIEVE: HELP THOU MINE UNBELIEF."

WM. B. BRADBURY.

FINIS.

D. C.

1. (Lord, I believe: thy power I own. Thy truth I would o - bey :)
 (wander comfortless and lone, When from thy paths I stray.) Lord, I believe, but gloomy fears sometimes bedim my sight,
 a. c. I look to thee with prayers and tears, And cry for strength and light.

2 Lord, I believe: but thou dost know
 My faith is cold and weak,
 Pity my frailty, and bestow
 The confidence I seek.

Yes, I believe, and only thou
 Canst give my soul relief:
 Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow,
 Help thou mine unbelief.

Words by Rev. J. HASKELL.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

REFRAIN. *f*

1 (My lat est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run;
My strongest tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun.) O come, an - gel band,

come, and a - round me stand, O bear me a - way on your snow - y wings, To my im - mor - tal

home, O bear me a - way on your snow - y wings, To my im - mor - tal home.

- 2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks,
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near.—*Cho.*
- 3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;

The holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.—*Cho.*

- 4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.—*Cho.*

SWEET CAROLS.

177

Words by Rev. P. STRYKER.

CHRISTMAS.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 Sweet car - ols let us sing; Rich of - ferings let us bring To our Re - deem - er

King, Who reigns in glo - ry. From heav'n to earth he came; Praise to his he - ly name! Let

all redeem'd from shame Rehearse the sto - ry; Let all redeem'd from shame Rehearse the sto - ry.

2 Above angelic lays
Our Christmas hymns we raise;
With heart and voice we praise
The infant Jesus.
The song ascends on high;
It soars above the sky;
And echo gives reply,
"From sin He frees us."

3 For He, the humble born,
In poverty forlorn,
Subject to bitter scorn,
And vile behaviour;
The Great and Holy One,
Was God's anointed Son,
Who by his deeds hath won,
The name of Saviour.

4 Then on this natal day,
Our tribute let us pay,
And in a joyful lay
Unite our voices.
Loud will we raise the song,
Still the sweet strain prolong,
Thy church, in one vast throng,
O Lord, rejoice.

"SPEAK TO THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL THAT THEY GO FORWARD," EX. 14: 15, *

1. Forward shall be our watchword, As weeks and months revolve, Forward in earnest purpose, And

in each high re - solve. No recreant glances cast - ing On So - dom still so near, No wish of sloth in -

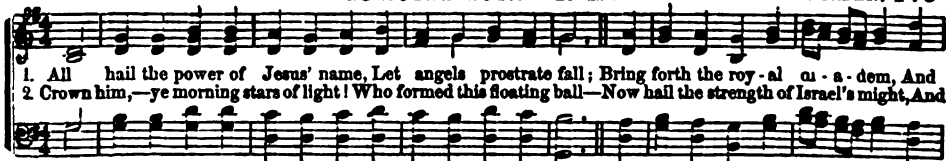
dul - ing, No thought of cow - ard fear, No wish of sloth in - dul - ing, No thought of coward fear.

2 Forward in holy likeness,
To him unseen we love;
Forward in faith unyielding,
His faithfulness to prove.
Forward to meet our Master,
Whose coming draweth nigh;
Forward to reach the gerdon
Prepared for saints on high.

3 Forward in God's great Army,
Embattled foes to meet;
Forward with songs of victory,
Our conquering Lord to greet.
Forward in ceaseless effort
For weal of all around:
Forward, yes, forward ever,
Till with Jesus we are crown'd.

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN. 179



3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Who ransomed from the fall,
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.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Glory of the sacred Page.

- 1 What glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise:
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Lord! everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 Our souls raptolingly pursue
The steps of him we love,
Till glory break upon our view
In brighter worlds above.

Perpetual Praise.

- 1 Yes, I will bless thee, O my God,
Through all my fleeting days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.
- 3 Nor will I cease thy praise to sing,
When death shall close mine eyes,
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights,
And sweeter raptures rise.
- 4 Then shall my lips, in endless praise,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

THE SABBATH BELLS.

1. List the Sabbath bells, so mer-ri-ly ringing, A thousand happy vol-ces sweet are sing-ing;

A thousand ho-ly thoughts are up-wards springing, To ush-er in this Sab-bath morn,
 & Learn re-demption's song, ye na-tions, learn it, And sing that song for ev-er-more.

CHORUS. Al Seg. 8

Bear the sa-cred sounds, ye breez-es, bear them, Bear the sa-cred sounds, to eve-ry shore.

- 2 Hear the grateful song of brooklet and river,
 And hear the little birds their praise deliver,
 A thousand hymns of praise to God the giver,
 'Tis music meet for Sabbath day.
Cho.—Bear the sacred sounds, &c.
- 3 Hasten forth to join this glorious chorus,
 For see the azure sky is bending o'er us

- And happiness divine is just before us,
 If we improve the Sabbath day!
Cho.—Bear the sacred sounds, &c.
- 4 List the Sabbath bells so merrily ringing,
 A thousand happy children now are singing
 A thousand holy thoughts are upward springing,
 To usher in the Sabbath day.
Cho.—Bear the sacred sounds, &c.

1. Oh, will you join our happy band, All, all is love, We're marching to fair Canaan's land, All, all is love, With cheerful hearts we love to sing The glories of our heav'nly King, And to his fold the wayward bring, Where all, all is love.

2.
His gracious hand our steps shall guide,
All, all is love,
There's safety near his bleeding side,
All, all is love.
Come wash in this atoning flood,
This fountain filled with Jesus' blood,
Twill fit you for that blest abode
Where all, all is love.

3.
By faith we see those hills so bright,
All, all is love,
And countless millions rob'd in white,
All, all is love,
And when we meet to part no more
With those we love, who've gone before,
We'll shout upon that shining shore,
Here, all, all is love.

4.
Oh, happy day! oh, glorious rest!
All, all is love,
We shall be safe among the blest.
All, all is love,
What notes of rapture strike the ear!
Is it the music of that sphere?
Oh, hallelujah! heaven is near!
And all, all is love.

SILVERTON. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

PRAYER.

1. Lord! when we bend before thy throne, And our confessions pour, O may we feel the sins we own, And hate what we [deplore].

2 Our contrite spirits, plying see,
True penitence impart,
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O let our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am—without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou biddest me come to thee, O Lamb of
(God, I come!

2. Just as I am—and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of
(God, I come!

3. Just as I am—though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fightings within, and fears without, O Lamb of
(God, I come!

- 4 Just as I am, poor wretched blind— Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God I come!
- 5 Just as I am, thou wilt relieve,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse relieve
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God I come!
- 6 Just as I am, thy love, unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

THE BLUE BIRD'S TEMPERANCE SONG.

*

1. Oh! I'm a happy blue bird, sober as you see; For pure cold water's the drink for me: I take a drop here, and a -

nother drop there, And make the woods ring with my temperance air. O don't defy it, Better, better try it,

Bva

Water, pure water from the spring below, Better, better try it, Better, better try it, Try it air? try it air? do.

Bva

REPEAT IN CHORUS.

2 There is a little Bobby-Linkum sitting on a tree
 He's singing a temperance song as you see,
 'Tis "Bobolink, take a drink, take a drink to-day,
 And Mister Bobolink, not a cent to pay!

Cho. Oh, don't defy it, better try it, &c.

3 As down among the lilies every day I go,
 To take my bath in the lake below,
 If I chance to meet a drunkard all so pale and thin,
 I say sir, "how d'ye do? and sir, "pray walk in!

Cho. Oh, don't defy it, better try it, &c.

4 Come rise up with the songsters early in the morn,
 See the thirsty grass and the waving corn—
 How their emerald faces brighten in the dazzling sun
 While catching the dew drops one by one.

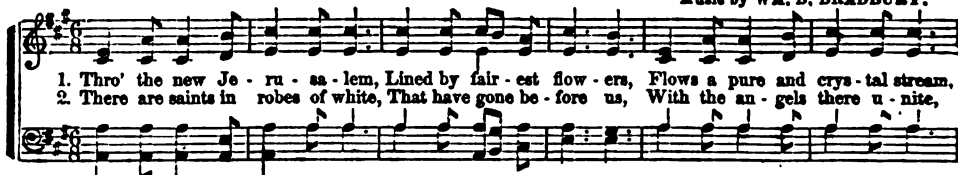
Cho. Oh, don't defy it, better try it, &c.

5 All up above the mountains all below the sea,
 With my temperance song agree—
 That for man in his toil, or the bird upon her nest,
 Cold water, cold water, the purest and best!

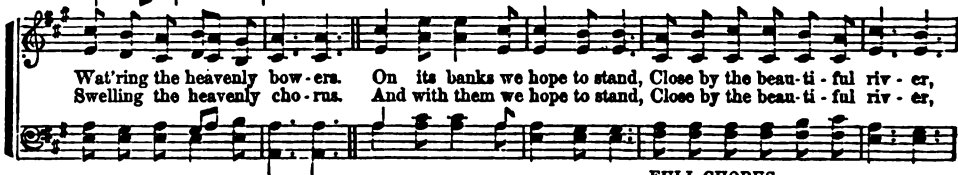
Cho. Oh, don't defy it, better try it, &c.

SINGING AND PRAISING FOREVER.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

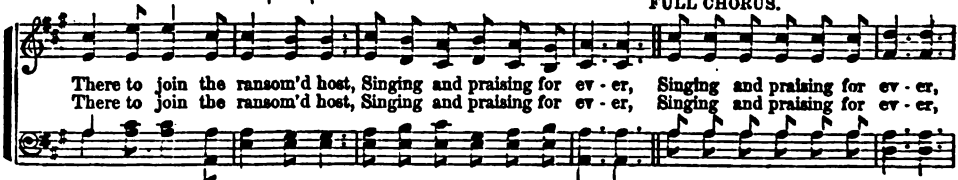


1. Thro' the new Je - ru - sa - lem, Lined by fair - est flow - ers, Flows a pure and crys - tal stream,
2. There are saints in robes of white, That have gone be - fore us, With the an - gels there u - nite,



Wat'ring the heavenly bow - ers. On its banks we hope to stand, Close by the beau - ti - ful riv - er,
Swelling the heavenly cho - rus. And with them we hope to stand, Close by the beau - ti - ful riv - er,

FULL CHORUS.



There to join the ransom'd host, Singing and praising for ev - er, Singing and praising for ev - er,
There to join the ransom'd host, Singing and praising for ev - er, Singing and praising for ev - er,



Close by that beau - ti - ful riv - er, There to join the ransom'd host, Singing and praising for ev - er.

SINGING AND PRAISING FOREVER.

Concluded.

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3 They who long the cross have borne,
Cast their crowns before him;
Martyrs with their palms of gold
Singing with joy adore him.
Soon along the verdant banks;
Close by the beautiful river;

We shall hail our Saviour, King—
Singing and praising forever.

4 Courage then, O fainting soul,
Jesus still is near thee;

If thy feeble strength should fail
Call, for he waits to hear thee:
He will bear thee in his arms,
Close by the beautiful river;
There we'll hail our Sovereign King,
Singing and praising forever.

COLD WATER.

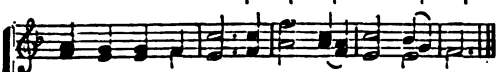
REV. R. LOWRY.



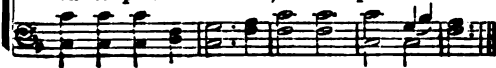
1 (The flowers drink their morning draught Of dew, of dew,) me or you; See how the crystal
Sweet-er than an - y nec - tar quaffed, By
2 (The meadows feel the scorching sun, His breath, his breath,) death! 'Tis death! But oh, when comes the
Like flames thro' many a field will run, 'Tis



drops im - part, A ten - der beau - ty to each heart! Oh, wa - ter, best of drinks thou art! I'll
evening hour, How grateful then the fall - ing shower, Re - viv - ing eve - ry drooping flower! Oh,



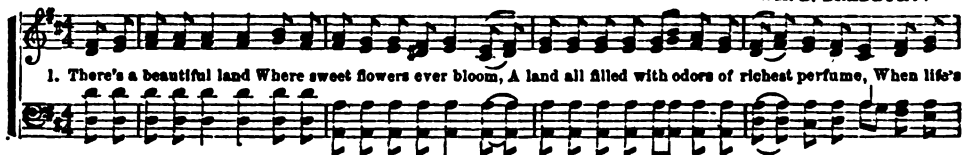
quaff thee every morn, I'll quaff thee eve - ry morn.
wa - ter pure and free! Oh, wa - ter pure and free!



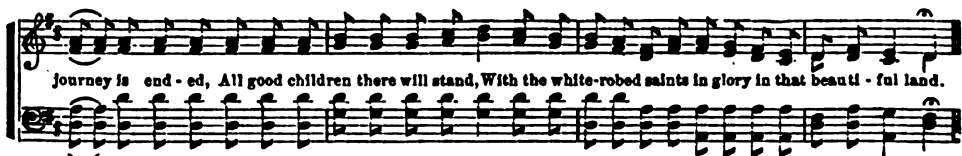
3 The birds, that blithely soar on high, On wing, on wing,
As brilliant as the glowing sky, And sing, and sing.
Their merry songs; by crystal rill,
They plume their wings, and drink their fill,
'Mid liquid pauses, singing still,
Their Heavenly Father's praise.
4 Since nature thus herself renews, By thee, by thee,
With fragrant showers, and gracious dews, So free, so free
Why should not I that fountain seek,
Those waters pure and clear bespeak,
The glow of health to every cheek,
To every heart a joy?

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

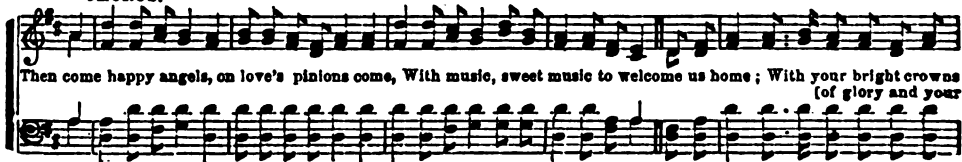


1. There's a beautiful land Where sweet flowers ever bloom, A land all filled with odors of richest perfume, When life's



Journey is end - ed, All good children there will stand, With the white-robed saints in glory in that beauti - ful land.

CHORUS.



Then come happy angels, on love's pinions come, With music, sweet music to welcome us home ; With your bright crowns
(of glory and your



golden harps in hand, O! welcome the children to this beautiful land.

²
In the beautiful land little children ne'er grow old ;
On every little forehead 's placed a crown of gold,
A harp tuned by an angel, in every little hand,
And they sing God's praise forever, in the Beauti-
ful Land. *Chs.*

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND. Concluded.

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3
 In the Beautiful Land our dear Saviour we shall see,
 We shall bear his words of welcome.—“ Little children come
 to me.”
 Then around His throne in glory, with our crowns and harps
 we'll stand,
 And we'll praise the Lamb forever in that Beautiful Land.
Ch. Then come, &c.

4
 But the Beautiful Land is not for little ones alone,
 There is room enough for every one, around the Father's
 throne,
 There join us friends and parents, take the children by the
 hand,
 And we'll journey on together to the Beautiful Land.
Ch. Then come, &c.

THE UNION BAND.



1. O we're a band of brethren dear, Who will join this happy band? Who live as pilgrim strangers here, Who will join this
 [happy band?]

CHORUS.

Hallelu - jah, hallelujah, We will join this happy band, Singing hallelujah, Hallelujah, We will join this happy band.

2
 The prophets and apostles too,
 Once belonged to this happy band,
 And all God's children here below,
 All have joined this happy band.
Ch. Hallelujah, &c.

3
 Let no contention e'er divide
 Members of this happy band;
 But firm, united, side by side,
 Thro' this life together stand.
Ch. Hallelujah, &c.

4
 And when death comes, as come it must,
 To divide this happy band;
 The links will not return to dust,
 They will shine at God's right hand.
Ch. Hallelujah, &c.

SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

Tune arranged from a popular Camp Song.

1. Ye soldiers of the cross, rise, and put your armor on; March to the ci - ty of the New - Je - ru - sa - lem;
2. The watchmen they are crying, attend the trumpet's sound, Take the gospel banner, and the pow'rs of hell surround,

CHORUS.

Je - sus gives the or - der, and leads his people on "Till vic - to - ry is won. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le -
Hearts and arms make ready, the bat - tle is at hand; Go forth at Christ's command.

REPEAT AD LIBITUM.

lu - jah! Glo - ry glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! We are marching on.

3.
Lay hold upon the Saviour by faith's victorious shield,
March on in order 'till you win the glorious field,
Faint not by the way, 'till you've gained that peaceful
shore,
Where war shall be no more.
Cao — Glory, glory hallelujah! &c.

4.
Ne'er think the victory won, nor lay your armor down,
March on in duty, 'till you gain the starry crown,
When the war is o'er and the battle you have won
Jesus will say, "well done."
Cao — Glory, glory, hallelujah! &c.

I'LL THINK OF MY SAVIOUR.

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WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. (I'll think of my Saviour when daylight is breaking Away from the darkness and gloom of the night,
1. (When fresh from his slumber the sun is awaking, And girding himself with the [Omit.....] armor of light.)

CHORUS. GIRLS. BOYS. CHORUS.

I'll think of my Saviour, And trust him for - ev - er. I'll seek for his fa - vor, And hope through his love,

FULL CHORUS.

With angels to meet him, With seraphs to greet him, And praise him for - ev - er, In mansions a - bove.

2 I'll think of my Saviour when daylight is sinking,
And blending its beams with the twilight so gray,
When bright starry eyes in the azure are twinkling,
And silence embraces the close of the day.
CHO.—I'll think of my Saviour, &c.

3 I'll think of my Saviour when pleasure is spreading
Her soft downy pinions to gladden my way;
Thro' sorrow and sadness, alone He was treading,
To open for sinners the portals of day.
CHO.—I'll think of my Saviour, &c.

4 I'll think of my Saviour when sorrow is flinging
Her thick robe of sadness around the dark tomb;
If light from His presence a glory is bringing,
'Twill scatter its darkness and hide all its gloom.
CHO.—I'll think of my Saviour, &c.

5 I'll think of my Saviour, my dear blessed Saviour,
When he from on high his bright angels shall send,
And take to His bosom His loved ones forever,
To join in the anthems that never shall end.
CHO.—I'll think of my Saviour, &c.

1 (Through a strange country as pil-grims we stray, For we're going, go-ing, go-ing home.)
 (On-ward we go through the swift fad-ing day, For we're going, go-ing, go-ing home.)

Wea-ry our march since the fair ro-sy dawn, Long is the distance we've trav-eled since morn.

But we re-gret not the hours that are gone, For we're go-ing, go-ing, go-ing home.

2 Why should we gather earth's withering flowers

When we're going, going, going home:
 Soon shall we tread the fair Heavenly bowers
 For we're going, going, going home:

There fragrant garlands immortal will bloom,
 Untouched by blight, and unshadowed by gloom,
 And never strewing the path to the tomb;
 For we're going, going, going home.

3 Hark! 'tis the storm crashing loud through the pines

We are going, going, going home;
 See the faint glimmering light that now shines
 We are going, going, going home.

Little we heed the wild roar of the wind,
 Onward we still look, and never behind;
 This thought alone gives sweet peace to our mind
 We are going, going, going home.

4 Soon we shall hear the glad welcoming voice,

We are going, going, going home:
 Bidding our spirits forever rejoice,
 We are going, going, going home:
 Home to our mansion prepared in the sky,
 Where we can never more suffer or die,
 O! let our anthem of praise ring on high:
 We are going, going, going home.

WILLOW DALE. C. M. Double.

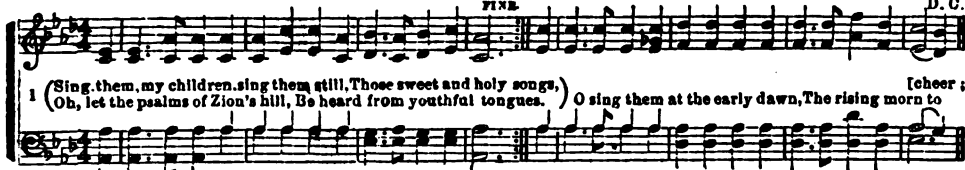
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"SING US ONE OF THE SONGS OF ZION."

WM. B. BRADBURY.

FINE

D. C.



1 (Sing them, my children, sing them still, Those sweet and holy songs,
Oh, let the psalms of Zion's hill, Be heard from youthful tongues.) O sing them at the early dawn, The rising morn to
[cheer ;
D. C.—And sing them round the evening earth, When fires are blazing near.

2 Sing them when Sabbath Schools are met,

And your young voices raise,
Your Sabbath evening melodies
To their Redeemer's praise.
So shall each unforgotten word,
When distant far you roam,
Call back your heart which once it
stirred,
To childhood's blessed home.

3 Sing them, dear children, many a saint
These holy strains have sung ;
These walls of ours have echoed them,
From many a pilgrim's tongue.
Oh, sing them in a land like this,
Where pilgrim's steps have roved ;
Oh, children sing these melodies—
The songs our father's loved.

Earth's shadowy years. 2d hymn.

1 Earth's shadowy years will soon be o'er,
Heaven's blissful morn arise,
And sorrow's night will then no more
Gaze on our weeping eyes,

Then will the Lord of life and love
Unveil his beaming face ;
And never from our sight remove
The bright celestial rays.

2 The precious jewels Jesus sent
To be our solace here,
Were only for a season lent,
They're shining brighter there.
And we shall soon their lovely forms
In glorious robes behold ;
Shall sing with them in angel's songs,
With harps of shining gold.

3 In that blest place no loved ones part,
No mourning there, no sighs ;
For God himself will gently wipe
All sorrow from their eyes.
There everlasting peace and joy,
And transport shall be thine ;
Praise shall our utmost powers employ,
In melody divine.

Thy Saviour cares for thee.

1 Be still, repining heart, be still,
And learn with humble trust ;

To lean confiding on his word,
The only good and just.
What tho' at times thy courage fail,
And dark thy path may be ;
Look up to God he knows it all,
Thy Saviour cares for thee.

2 In every changing scene of life,
His hand will ever guide ;
He will not leave thee here alone,
What can't thou want beside ?
The world may pierce with cruel thorns
Though deep the wound may be,
Remember Jesus bore it all,
Thy Saviour cares for thee.

3 There is a morn, a glorious morn.
For every night of gloom ;
A smile for every falling tear,
A hope beyond the tomb.
Then peace ; repose heart, "be still,
Whate'er thy trials be ;
Look up to him, who feels them all—
The saviour cares for thee. (O)

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEAR HOME.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. (Speed away! speed a-way! happy soul of the blest,
From thy prison-house fly, like a bird to [Omit...] her nest;) Angel spirits are bending in love from the sky, To

welcome thee home to the mansions on high! To the land where no night is, no tears, no decay! Speed a-

Speed a

ALTO FULL AND CLEAR—SOPRANO LIGHT.
Ritard ad lib.

way, speed a-way, happy soul of the blest, Speed a-way, speed a-way, to the land of thy rest.
Speed a-way.....
- way,.....

2 Speed away! speed away! O why linger below,
When thy measure of glory no mortal can know,
And the visions of beauty that beam on thy sight,
All come from the Christian's dear home of delight,
Thy darkness is turned into infinite day!
Speed away, speed away, &c.

3 Speed away! speed away! happy soul of the blest,
To the land where the weary-worn pilgrim may rest,
To the city celestial, that beautiful shore,
Where the presence of death we shall fear nevermore,
Up! heavenward! let nothing the journey delay!
Speed away, speed away, &c.

WE COME WITH REJOICING.

193

Words by KATE CAMERON.

(APPROPRIATE TO ANY ANNIVERSARY OCCASION.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 We come with re - joicing, thanksgiving, and song, The notes of our anthem, let ech - o prolong: To

Him who redeemed us, and saved us from death, We'll sing loudest praises, while He gives us breath.

CHORUS.

The Lamb that was slain! And liv - eth a - gain, We'll sing loudest praises, To the Lamb that was slain.

2 The Lamb that was slain! our salvation is made!
In robes of His glory, our spirits arrayed;
O why should we fear, while on Him we rely,
He'll help us to live, and prepare us to die. *Ch.*

3 Oh! Jesus our Saviour! the dearest and best,
On Thee all our hopes for Eternity rest!
We love Thee, we praise Thee, Thy name we adore,
To Thee all our thoughts and our wishes shall soar. *Ch.*

JESUS LOVES ME

W. M. B. BRADBURY.

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lat - tle ones to him belong, They are weak out

CHORUS.

He is strong. Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so.

2 Jesus loves me! He who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.
Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.

3 Jesus loves me! loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From his shining throne on high,
Comes to watch me where I lie.
Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.

4 Jesus loves me! He will stay,
Close beside me, all the way;
If I love him, when I die
He will take me home on high.
Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

From "Song Garden," by permission of MASON BROTHERS.

Work, for the night is coming. Work thro' the morning hours; Work, while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing bow'rs;
2. Work for the night is coming. Work thro' the sunny noon; Fill brightest hours with labor, Rest comes sure and soon,
3. Work for the night is coming. Under the sunset skies; While their bright tints are glowing, Work, for daylight flies,

cres.

Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
Give ev - ery fly - ing minute, Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
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.

THE MASTER IS GONE. ❁

SEMI-CHORUS, OR DUET.

1. Love sounds in her sighs, love flows in her eyes, How pensive she ut - ters her moan, The stone is re -

CHORUS.

moved, lost is all that she loved. Ah, Ma - ry! ah, Ma - ry! the Mas - ter is gone, Master is gone!

1st. 2d.

- 2 "In vain was my care those spices to prepare,
To enbalm my dear Saviour alone;
Taken home from my view, what alas shall I do."
‖: Ah, Mary! ah, Mary! the Master is gone! :‖
- 3 "I seek but in vain to relieve my heart's pain,
From bosoms as callous as stone;
No one here can calm, by sweet sympathy's balm,

- A heart full of sighs for the Master she loves.
Ah, Mary! ah, Mary! the Master is gone.
- 4 "Hallelujahs arise; assist me ye skies,
And rejoice with a mortal who mourned!
Hence sorrow, hence care; to the winds with despair.
‖: Raboni, Raboni, the Master's returned." ‡

HAPPY IN THE LORD.

WM. B. BRADEBURY.

1. A pilgrim and a stranger here, happy, happy, happy, I seek the home to pilgrims dear, happy in the Lord.
A home beyond this mortal shore, happy, happy, happy, Where sin and sorrow come no more, happy in the Lord.

CHORUS.

We'll cross the river of Jor - dan, happy, happy, happy, happy, Cross the river of Jor - dan, happy in the Lord.

2 I leave this world of sin behind, happy, &c.
That better home in heaven to find, happy in, &c.
Fair lands are here, and houses fair, happy, &c.
But fairer is my home up there, happy in, &c.
Cho. We'll cross the river,

3 In that fair clime of endless day, happy, &c.
The Lord shall wipe all tears away, happy in, &c.
To living founts, through verdant meads, happy, &c.
The Lamb his ransomed followers leads, happy in, &c.
Cho. We'll cross the river, &c.

4 The fruits and flowers of Paradise, happy, &c.
In plenteous showers round them rise, happy in, &c.
No death shall visit them again, happy, &c.
No sickness there, no touch of pain, happy in, &c.
Cho. We'll cross the river, &c.

5 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home, happy, &c.
My Saviour smiles and bids me come, happy in, &c.
No mourning there, no funeral gloom, happy, &c.
But health and youth forever bloom, happy in, &c.
Cho. We'll cross the river, &c.

MY MANSION IN THE SKY.

197

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

Music by HENRY TUCKER.

1 Oh, Je - sus, pre - cious bleeding Lamb, My spir - it longs for thee; My waiting soul on wings of

CHORUS.

love, From this vain world would flee. Oh! I'm glad there's a mansion in the sky, Where my

soul may be happy when I die, I'm glad, I'm glad, Oh, I'm glad there's a mansion in the sky.

- 2 In that bright world of love and light,
That city of our God;
I know a glorious welcome waits,
Each lover of the Lord!—*Cho.*
- 3 The vain pursuits of this short life,
How weak and frail they seem;

- When from my blessed home above,
I catch one shining gleam!—*Cho.*
- 4 If I'm a lover of the Lord,
And to his footstool come;
I know He'll send his angels down,
To guide me safely home;—*Cho.*

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st. 2d.

1 (Oh, give me a harp on the bright hills of glory—A home when life's sorrows are o'er,
Where joys that await the meek and the lowly, [Omit...]) Will more than lost Eden restore
2 (Oh, there let me roam on the banks of the riv-er, Escort-ed by angels a-long;
And with them a-dore the Bounteous Giver, [Omit...]) Whose love is rehearsed by the

FULL CHORUS. *f*

Where the new song of glo-ry Is the theme of the ho-ly, And the ransomed are safe ev-er more,
Where the new song is giv-en, To the loved ones in heaven, And the an-gels re-ech-o the song.

Where the new song of glo-ry Is the theme of the ho-ly, And the ransomed are safe ev-er more.
Where the new song is giv-en, To the loved ones in heaven, And the an-gels re-ech-o the song.

3 There sweetly we'll rest in those mansions for ever
And bask in the fulness of love,
Where fields are all bright with flowrets that never
Shall wither in Eden above.

Chor. ♪: There the new song of pardon,
Is the theme over Jordan,
And each harp swells the chorus of love. :|

4 Oh, who has prepared this banquet of pleasures,
In heaven's sweet bower of rest?
And bids us partake of all its rich treasures,
And waits now to welcome each guest.

Chor. ♪: It is Jesus, our Saviour,
And we'll praise him for ever,
When we're safe in those mansions of rest. :|

OUR BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR.

199

Words by KATE CAMERON.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 Je - sus is our morning star, Brightly beaming from afar; He is sent to guide our way, From the dark ness
 2 Je - sus is our morning star Tho' in sorrow's night we are; Tho' the clouds around our way Give no token
 3 Je - sus is our morning star When our prison we unbar, When we break the chains of sin, And the pure light

CHORUS.

to the day: And His dy - ing love a - lone, Can for all our sins atone. The bright and morning
 of the day: Still, the dawning hour draws near; Rise, and cast a - side each fear. The bright, &c.
 mah - ers in; Trust not earth's delu - sive ray, He a - lone fortells the day. The bright, &c.

star, The bright and morning star, Je - sus is the morning star, The bright and morning star.

Our Guiding Star.

1 Glorious hope, eternal life,
 Promise sweet to mourners given,
 Soon will end this mortal strife,
 Look beyond there's rest in heaven:
 Rest from sorrow, toil, and care
 In our Father's mansion fair.

Chs.—We're on our journey home,

We're on our journey home,
 Jesus is our guiding star,
 We're on our journey home.

2 We must meet with trials here;
 Through a desert waste we roam;
 But our Saviour still is near,
 He will guide us safely home,

From the world's coroding care
 To our Father's mansion fair.—*Chs.*

3 On a wild and stormy sea,
 When our fragile bark is driven,
 Shatter'd tho' its sails may be,
 We shall anchor safe in heaven;
 We shall rise triumphant there,
 To our Father's mansion fair.—*Chs.*

WE HAVE COME REJOICING.

Suggested in part by a melody of BELLINI.

Sprightly.

1 We have come re-joic-ing on this hap-py day, In our Sunday School we dear-ly love to stay;
2 Thro' the week^e he's kept us, and his smiling face Still is beaming on us in this hap-py place.

D. C. We have come re-joic-ing on this hap-py day, In our Sunday School we dear-ly love to stay;
END.

And with voi-ces blend-ing in a sa-cred song, We the Saviour's praise pro-long.
And the gra-cious Spir-it from his ho-ly throne, Tells us of a bet-ter home.

And with voi-ces blend-ing in a sa-cred song, We the Saviour's praise pro-long.

CHORUS.

There we shall never grieve him more, But with the angels on that shore, Strike the harps of glory in a sweeter strain, And

D. C.
ev-er with them praise his ho-ly name.

* Or "year," if for anniversary.

3 Jesus there is smiling, on his Father's throne,
Saying, "Come in welcome, come for here is room,
In these shining mansions I have still a place,
Children hasten to my face." *Ch.* There we shall, &c.

4 And in robes of glory, like the stars above,
Shall my loved ones ever, ever with me rove;
Where the waving flowerets of immortal bloom,
Shed around their sweet perfume. *Ch.* There we shall, &c.

FOR THOU HAST DIED FOR ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 201

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

1st. 2d.

1 (When clouds hang dark - ly o'er my way And earth - ly com - fort dies,
On thee my Sa - viour and my God, My [Omit.....] ev - ery hope re - lies.

I hear thy spir - its gen - tle voice, Thy cross by faith I see, — Thy precious blood O, dy - ing

Lamb, Redeems and makes me what I am, For thou hast died for me, For thou hast died for me.

2 My soul, confiding in thy word,
Can rest securely there,
And feel at peace in every storm,
Beneath thy watchful care;
A sinner lost, but saved by grace
Be this my only plea:
Thy precious blood, O dying Lamb
Redeems and makes me what I am,
For thou hast died for me.

3 O when I leave this mortal scene,
And rise to worlds of light;
Then shall I see thee as thou art
Arrayed in glory bright:
There by the living stream divine,
My raptured song shall be:
Thy precious blood, O dying Lamb,
Redeems and makes me what I am,
For thou hast died for me.

1. He who once to earth came down, Toi'd and suffered here be - low, Sits up - on his heavenly
2. Ma - ny lit - tle ones are there. Gathered in that shin - ing thron; Lis - ten! thro' the Sabbath

CHORUS.

throne, Wears the crown of glo - ry now; While an - gels join to sing, And
air, You may hear their joy - ful song. Come let us join to sing, &c.

While an - gels join to sing, And

FULL *f*

loud the sweet words ring— Je - sus is King, Je - sus is King.

loud the sweet words ring—

3.
Yes, our loved and lost are there,
They have reached the Lappy land,
Now white robes and crowns they wear,
They have joined the angel band.
Cho. They strike each golden string,
And loud the sweet words ring,
Jesus is King.

4.
Christians in the song unite,
Gladly swell the notes of praise,
And with saints and angels bright,
Still the grateful anthem raise.
Cho Come let us join to sing,
Loud let the sweet words ring,
Jesus is King.

5.
Surely we that song may share,
Jesus bids the children come;
Gives the lambs his tender care,
Guides them to his heavenly home.
Cho. Come let us join to sing,
Loud let the sweet words ring,
Jesus is King.

* "THAT WAS SETTLED LONG AGO."

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st. 2nd. Duet.

1 (Mother tell me, do not tremble, Hold me in your dear embrace;) (All is well, my soul is
Must I leave you, am I dy - ing? I can read (Omit.....) it in your face; I have made my peace with

1st. 2d. 2d CHORUS.

hap - py, I am not afraid to go: - go." I have made my peace with Jesus, "That was settled long a - go."

2.
Mother you are bending o'er me,
Trying hard to ease my pain,
You would make the struggle lighter,
But your tender care is vain.
Do not weep, my soul is happy,
I am not afraid to go:
Jesus loves me, yes, I feel it,
"That was settled long ago."

3.
Fainter grew that voice so gentle,
Quickly came his feeble breath,
Leaning on the arm of Jesus,
He had passed the gates of death.
How his cheering words of comfort
Like a strain of music flow,

* A dying Christian boy's answer to his mother, when asked if he was "willing to die."

I have made my peace with Jesus,
"That was settled long ago."

The weary are at rest.

1.
Earth may robe her fairest blossoms,
In her crimson light serene,
Yet the pleasures that await us,
Mortal eye has never seen.
'Tis a veil our souls dividing
From the region of the blest,
"Sorrow there can never enter,
There the weary are at rest."

2.
Through eternal ages rolling,
Angel choirs their notes prolong,

We shall join their choral numbers,
We shall learn their happy song.
Jesus calls us to his bosom,
From the region of the blest,
"Sorrow there can never enter,
There the weary are at rest."

3.
Here our kindred ties are broken;
Here our fondest hopes decay;
In that land of sacred pleasure,
God will wipe all tears away.
Those we love will bid us welcome
In the region of the blest,
"Sorrow there can never enter,
There the weary are at rest."

JESUS OUR SHEPHERD.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD, I SHALL NOT WANT.*

Slow and gentle.

1. Je - sus is our Shepherd, wip - ling every tear: Folded in his bo - som, what have we to fear
2. Je - sus is our Shepherd, well we know his voice; How its gentlest whisper, makes our hearts rejoice:

On - ly let us fol - low whither he doth lead, To the thirsty des - ert, or the dew - y mead.
E - ven when it chid - eth, tender is its tone; None but he shall guide us, we are his a - lone.

3.

Jesus is our Shepherd, for the sheep he bled:
Every lamb is sprinkled with the blood he shed,
Then on each he setteth his own secret sign,
They that have my Spirit, these (saith he) are mine.

4.

Jesus is our Shepherd, guided by his arm,
Though the wolves may raven, none can do us harm,
When we tread death's valley, dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil, victors o'er the tomb.

COME UNTO ME.

By permission of Dr. L. MASON.

1. Come un - to me, when shadows darkly gath - er, When the sad heart is wea - ry and dis - trest.
2. Ye who have mourn'd when the spring flow'r's were taken, When the ripe fruit fell rich - ly to the ground,



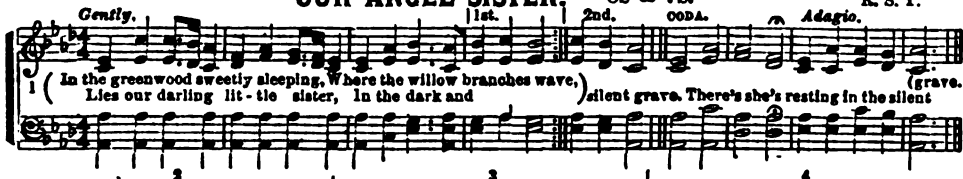
Seek - ing for com - fort from your heavenly Father, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.
When the loved slept, in bright - er homes to wa - ken, Where their pale brows with spirit wreaths are crown'd.

3 Large are the mansions in thy Father'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 heavenly 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!

OUR ANGEL SISTER. 8s & 7s.

R. S. T.



1 (In the greenwood sweetly sleeping, Where the willow branches wave,
Lies our darling lit - tle sister, In the dark and (grave.) silent grave. There's she's resting in the silent

2 There she lies and knows no sorrow,
In that silent lonely spot;
While around her grave are blooming,
Roses and For-get-me-not.
CODA. There's she's resting, &c.

3 There the Robin sweetly warbles;
There the wild Bee gaily hums;
There the streamlet gently murmurs;
There the water-lily blooms.
CODA. There's she's resting, &c.

4 When our sister mingled with us
Well she loved the Saviour's name,
Ere she reached the heavenly portals,
Angel guards to greet her came.
CODA. She is resting, &c.

Death of a S. S. Scholar.

1 Like a young and tender blossom,
Is the form before us now,
Death has laid his icy fingers
On the pale and gentle brow,
Cold and silent (he) she is sleeping new.
2 But her soul has gone before us—
Gone to join the holy throng,

In that bright and sunny region
We may learn her happy song,
There in glory learn her happy song.

3 When she crossed the darksome river,
Jesus cheered her lonely way;
Upward to the fields of Eden,
In the fadeless realms of day,
We shall meet her in the realms of day.

NOW WE LIFT OUR TUNEFUL VOICES.

FOR S. S. CELEBRATION.

From "Oriola," by permission.

1st. 2d. **FULL CHORUS.**

1 { Now we lift our tuneful voices, In a new melodious song: }
 { While each youthful heart rejoices, *Omit*..... } To behold the gath'ring throng. As we lift our

waving banners To the breezes soft and mild, May the tide of glad hosan-nas Flow from bosoms un-defiled.

2
 Ye who join our celebration,
 Sweetest melodies employ;
 Bow with us in adoration,
 Filled with holy heavenly joy.
Cho.—As we lift, &c.

3
 Teachers kind, whose care unceasing,
 All must honor and approve;
 Thanks for labor still unceasing,
 Heaven reward your works of love.
Cho.—As we lift, &c.

4
 Thanks to God for every blessing,
 Which his bounteous hand bestows;
 All on earth that's worth possessing,
 From that hand incessant flows.
Cho.—As we lift, &c.

Words by (V.)

WELCOME HOUR OF PRAYER.

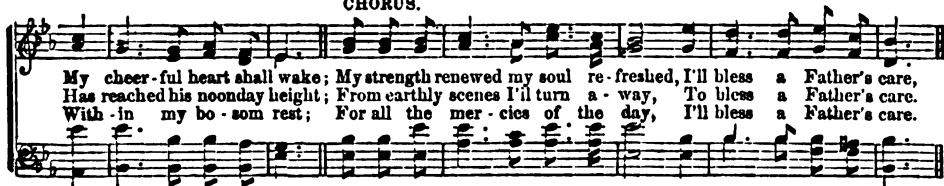
WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. When softly o'er the distant hills The beams of morning break, When nature breathes her choral hymn,
 2. When like a gi - ant in his course, The glorious orb of light, Ascend - ing in the radiant sky,
 3. When slowly fades the si - lent eve, Beneath the glowing west; And tranquil thoughts of heavenly peace,

WELCOME HOUR OF PRAYER. Concluded.

207

CHORUS.



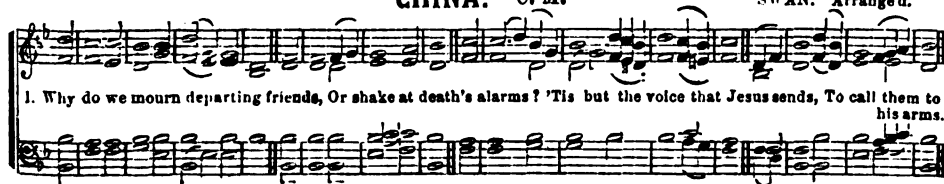
My cheer-ful heart a-ball wake; My strength renewed my soul re-freshed, I'll bless a Father's care,
Has reached his noonday height; From earthly scenes I'll turn a-way, To bless a Father's care.
With-in my bo-som rest; For all the mer-cies of the day, I'll bless a Father's care.



1st. 2d.
And hail with pure and ho-ly joy, The welcome hour of prayer, welcome hour of prayer.

CHINA. C. M.

SWAN. Arranged.



1. Why do we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death's alarms? 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends, To call them to his arms.

2
Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3
Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There, the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4
Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground!
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

1 We speak of the realms of the blest, Of that country so bright and so fair, And oft are its glories con-
 2 We speak of the pathways of gold, Of its walls deck'd with jewels so rare, Of its wonders and pleasures un-
 fessed: But what must it be to be there, To be there, To be there, But what must it be to be there.
 told: But what must it be, &c.

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation and care,—
 From trials without and within:
 But what must it be to be there?

4 We speak of its service of love,
 Of the robes which the glorified wear,
 Of the church of the first-born above;
 But what must it be to be there?

5 O Lord, midst our gladness or woe,
 Still for heaven our spirits prepare;
 And shortly we also shall know
 And feel, what it is to be there.

6 Then anthems of praise we will sing,
 When safe in that heavenly rest;
 To Jesus, our Saviour and King,
 Who reigns in those realms of the blest.

ROSSINI. C. M.

1 These are the crowns that we shall wear When all thy saints are crowned; These are the palms that we shall bear On yonder
 [holy ground.]

2 These are the robes, unsoued and white,
Which we shall then put on,
When, foremost 'mong the sons of light,
We sit on yonder throne.

3 That is the city of the saints,
Where we so soon shall stand,
When we shall strike these desert-tents
And quit this desert-land.

4 Then welcome toll and care and pain !
And welcome sorrow too !
All toll is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.

5 Come, crown, and throne ; come, robe and palm ;
Burst forth, glad stream of peace !
Come, holy city of the Lamb !
Rise, Sun of righteousness !

BONA.

Words by Mrs. E. CODNER.

"EVEN ME."

WM. B. BRADBURY.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The music is in common time and features a melody with various note values and rests. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

(Lord I hear of show'rs of blessings, Thou art scattering full and free ;
(Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing, Let some droppings fall on me.) Even me, Even me. Let some droppings fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be ;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather.
Let thy mercy light on me,—
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee ;
Fain I'm longing for thy favor ;
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me—
Even me

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see :

Witnesses of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—
Even me.

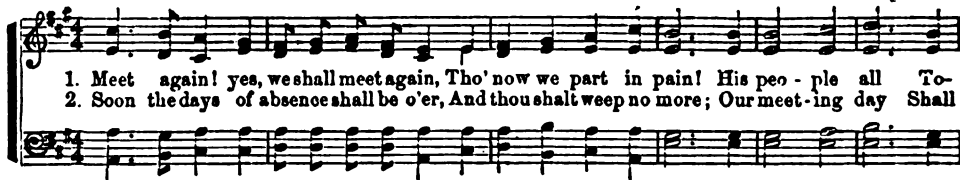
5 Love of God, so pure and changeless ;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free ;
Grace of God, so rich and boundless,
Magnify it all in me,—
Even me.

6 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing ;
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee ;
Whilst the streams of life are springing
Blessing others, oh, bless me,—
Even me.

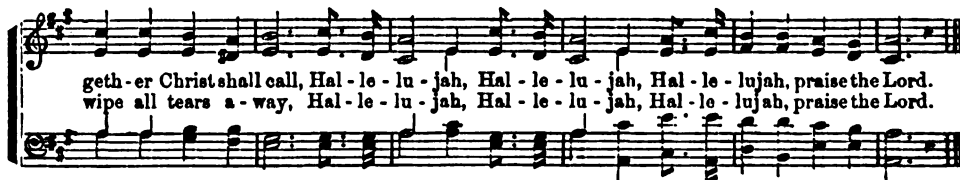
RE-UNION.

"I SHALL GO TO HIM." David

*



1. Meet again! yes, we shall meet again, Tho' now we part in pain! His peo - ple all To-
2. Soon the days of absence shall be o'er, And thou shalt weep no more; Our meet - ing day Shall



geth - er Christ shall call, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord.
wipe all tears a - way, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord.

3.

Now I go with gladness to our home,
With gladness thou shalt come;
There I will wait
To meet thee at Heaven's gate.
Hallelujah!

4.

Dearest! what delight again to share
Our sweet communion there!
To walk among
The holy ransomed throng.
Hallelujah!

5.

Not to mortal sight can be given
To know the bliss of Heaven;
But thou shalt be
Soon there, and sing with me
Hallelujah!

6.

Meet again! yes, we shall meet again,
Though now we part in pain!
Together all
His people Christ shall call.
Hallelujah!

YOU MUST BE A LOVER OF THE LORD.

211

Arranged.

CHORUS.

1. (Re-tur-n, O wand'rer, to thy home, Thy Father calls for thee;) (For you must be a lov-er of the
No long-er now an ex-ile roam, In guilt and mis-er-y.) (For you must be a lov-er of the

Lord, For you must be 'a lov-er of the Lord,
Lord. Or you can't go to heaven when you die.)

2 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee:
The Spirit and the Bride say come;
Oh! now for refuge flee.

Cho.—For you must, &c.

3 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.

Cho.—For you must, &c.

LEARNING OF JESUS.

Words by Miss H. MEEKER.

1. Haste we now with eager feet, Teachers, scholars gladly greet, On this Sabbath morn we meet That we may learn
[of Jesus.]

2 Help us, Lord, throughout this day,
While we sing and while we pray,
Let thy Spirit with us stay,
While here we learn of Jesus

3 Lord our hearts are full of sin,
Let thy Spirit enter in,
Make them pure, all white and clean,
And full of love to Jesus.

4 As we learn thy righteous will,
Help us, Holy Father, still.
Each commandment to fulfill,
And give the praise to Jesus.

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

WM. B. BRADBURY. From the "Day Spring." By permission.

1. Beautiful Zi - on built a - bove, Beautiful ci - ty that I love, Beautiful gates of pear - ly white,

Beautiful temple—God its light; He who was slain on Cal - va - ry, Opens those pearly gates to me.

2.
Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
Beautiful strains that never tire.
Beautiful harps thro' all the choir;
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet

3.
Beautiful crowns on every brow
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there;
Thither I press with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4.
Beautiful throne of Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace;
There shall my eyes the Saviour see,
Haste to this heavenly home with me

THE PROMISED LAND.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. I have a Father in the promised land, I have a Father in the promised land, My Father calls me, I must go.
2. I have a Saviour in the promised land, I have a Saviour in the promised land, When Jesus calls me, I must go.

CHORUS.

To meet him in the promised land, I'll a-way, I'll away to the promised land; I'll a-way to the promised land.
To meet him in the promised land.

My Father calls me, I must go, To meet him in the promised land.

3 |: I have a crown in the promised land, :|
When Jesus calls me I must go
To wear it in the promised land.
I'll away, I'll away, &c.

4 |: I hope to meet you in the promised land, :|
At Jesus' feet a joyous band;
We'll praise him in the promised land.
I'll away, I'll away, &c.

THE SABBATH SCHOLAR'S REQUEST. *

1. (Look on us kindly, friends, Met here to-day,)
Here from all worldly joys Turn we a-way,) We ask not wealth or fame, This boon we pray, Teach us the Saviour's
2. (Six days of toil and work Our portion are ;
Often our hearts must know Something of care:) But from our sorrows we all turn a-way, To learn the Saviour's love

Each Sabbath day, Teach us the Saviour's love, Each &c
Each Sabbath day, To learn the Saviour's love, Each &c

3.
Follies beset our path
Dangers surround
Often our feet must tread
Enchanted ground,
But from all vanity
Turn we away,
To learn the Saviour's love
Each Sabbath day

4.
Look on us kindly, friends ;
Watch us with care ;
Aid us with counsels good
Help us by prayer.
Guide back our wandering feet,
Whene'er we stray ;
Teach us the Saviour's love
Each Sabbath day.

THE INVITATION.

Words by K. C.

Arranged from a melody of the "CONTRABANDS,"

1. "Let little children come to me" The Lord the Saviour said, Forbid them not, for such shall be, The saints in glory made.

CHORUS.

Joy-ful are the words we hear, Saviour to thy arms we come Give us now thy blessing dear, Heav'n is our home.
Hal-le-lu-jah, we will sing Praise for-ev-er to the Lord, Father, Saviour, glorious King, Praise, praise the Lord.

2 Why should we wait for life to fade
And earthly joys grow dim?
When they the happiest are made,
Who early go to him.
Blessed are the words we hear,
Saviour to thy arms we come,
Keep our souls from doubt and fear,
Heaven is our home. Hallelujah, &c.

3 O! let us not a moment wait,
But haste to meet our friend;
The way is narrow—straight the gate,
But blissful is the end.
Precious are the words we hear.
Saviour, to thy arms we come,
Loving thee with hearts sincere,
Heaven is our home. Hallelujah, &c.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH

1. Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing, Jehovah is the sov'reign God, The u-ni-ver-sal King.
2. Come—worship at his throne, Come—bow before the Lord; We are his work, and not our own, He formed us by his word.
3. To-day attend his voice, Nor dare provoke his rod; Come—like the people of his choice, And own your gracious God.

THE ANGELS IN THE AIR.

Rev. R. LOWRY. 215

1. When Life's la - bor song is sung, And the e - bon arch is sprung, O'er the shaded couch of death so still,
 2. Dark the shadows in the vale, Fierce the howling of the gale, But the shining ones are near our door:
 3. Flood the heart with parting tears, Frost the head with passing years, Mingle want and woe to - geth - er here—

Then the Lord will light the scene With the angels' star - ry sheen, As they welcome us to Zi - on's hill.
 With our robes as bright as they, We will tread the starry way, With the shadow and the storm no more,
 But the Lord will lift the cloud That enwraps the shining crowd, And we'll never know a sor - row there.

CHORUS. *Steady time.*

We'll meet each other there Yes! we'll meet each other there, With the an - gels in the air, Yes, we'll meet each other

there; We'll meet each other, there Yes! we'll meet each other there, With the angels, with the angels in the air.

1. O! what shall I do to be saved From the sorrows that burden my soul? Like the waves in the storm When the winds are at
2. O! what shall I do to be saved, When the pleasures of youth are all fled? And the friends I have loved, From the earth are re-

war, Chilling floods of distress o'er me roll. What shall I do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
moved And I weep o'er the graves of the dead. What shall I do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?

3 O! what shall I do to be saved,
When sickness my strength shall subdue?
Or the world in a day,
Like a cloud roll away,
And eternity opens to view?
What shall I do? what shall I do?
O! what shall I do to be saved?

4 O! Lord look in mercy on me,
Come, O come and speak peace to my soul:
Unto whom shall I flee,
Dearest Lord, but to thee,
Thou canst make my poor broken heart whole
That will I do! that will I do!
To Jesus I'll go and be saved.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. (I'm but a stranger here : Heav'n is my home ;) (Dangers and sorrows stand)
(Earth is a desert drear : Heav'n is my home ;) (Bound me on every hand,) Heav'n is my Fatherland, Heav'n is my home.

2 What though the tempests rage,
 Heaven is my home ;
 Short is my pilgrimage :
 Heaven is my home ;
 And time's wild, wintry blast
 Soon will be over past,
 I shall reach home at last—
 Heaven is my home.

3 Therefore I murmur not :
 Heaven is my home,
 Whate'er my earthly lot,
 Heaven is my home ;
 And I shall surely stand
 There at my Lord's right hand :
 Heaven is my Father-land—
 Heaven is my home.

4 There, at my Saviour's side,
 Heaven is my home ;
 I shall be glorified,
 Heaven is my home.
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I loved most and best,
 There, too, I soon shall rest,
 Heaven is my home.

WE MUST LIVE FOR GOD.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

The image shows the musical notation for the hymn 'We Must Live for God'. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff is a treble clef melody line. The second staff is a bass clef accompaniment line. The third staff is another treble clef melody line. The lyrics are written below the first two staves.

1. (We must live for God, 'tis a solemn call, We were lost till mer-cy found us,
 In our glorious field there's a place for all, We must work for those around us,) We can bring a soul to the
 2. (We can lead perhaps to the living stream, When the heart is worn and weary,
 Or a word may fall like a sunlight beam, In a home that is cold and dreary,) We can seek the lost that have

wandered far, From the only source of pleasure—By the radiant light of our Polar star. We can point to our heav'nly treasure.

3 In the Sunday school we can train our youth,
 And our tender care bestowing,
 They will learn to walk in the way of truth,
 Where the spring of joy is flowing,
 We can tell of hope from the sacred page.
 To the erring heart returning,
 We can guide the steps of declining age,
 Where the lamp of life is burning.

4 We can cheer the faint, and the weak sustain,
 We can pray with the sick and dying,
 We can tell of peace through a Saviour's name
 To a soul for comfort sighing,
 We must live for God, 'tis a solemn call,
 We were lost till mercy found us,
 In our glorious field, there's a place for all,
 We must work for those around us.

THE ANGELS THERE WILL TEACH US.

"THREE ANGELS DO ALWAYS BEHOLD THE FACE OF MY FATHER." WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 (To the heavenly land; to the heavenly land, Where the saints and the seraphs stand;)
 (We are on our way; we are on our way, A u - ni - ted and hap - py band,) For the
 2 (Tho' we oft - en tire; tho' we oft - en tire, Where the pathway is steep and straight,)
 (We will still press on: we will still press on, Till we pass through the Golden Gate:) For the

an - gels there will teach us, How to sing a sweeter song! And no sorrow'll ev - er reach us, In that

happy, happy throug In the heav'nly land, in the heav'nly land, Where the saints and the seraphs stand.

3 But we need not fear: but we need not fear,
 For we've Jesus to be our guide:
 And with him so near: eye with him so near
 Naught of evil can e'er beside,
Cho.—For the angels there shall teach us, &c.

4 Will you go with us! will you go with us!
 Come and share this bright home above,
 Where the endless day, where the endless day,
 Is illumed by our Father's love,
Cho.—For the angels there shall teach us, &c.

SAVED BY GRACE. 8s & 7s, Double.

219

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

ARR. FROM SPIRITUAL SONGS.

1 Precious Saviour, I have found thee, Now I feel thy power divine; In my raptured soul re-lect-ed,

D. S. Precious Saviour, I have found thee,

CHORUS. D. S.
I can see thy glo-ry shine. What a change from grief to gladness, Lost in won-der I a-dore;

Thou art mine I ask no more.

2 Earthly pleasures fading round me,
Like the autumn leaf may fall;
Jesus thou wilt give me comfort,
Thou art dearer far than all.—*Cho.*

3 I will praise thee, I will bless thee,
This my happy song shall be;
When I reach the port of glory,
Jesus thou hast died for me.

Cho.—for 3d verse. Saved by grace, thy child forever,
Lost in wonder, love and praise;
Precious Saviour I have found thee,
Thou art mine, I ask no more.

For Missionary concerts.

1 In thy temple Lord we gather,
In thine own appointed way;

For thy glorious cause, and kingdom,
At thy sacred feet to pray.

CHO. Star of Jacob, King of Judah,
Hallelujah to thy name;
May thy love in every bosom,
Kindle to a living flame.

2 Bless thy servants gone to labor
With thy standard in their hands;
Guide them o'er the snow-clad mountain,
On the deserts burning sand. *Cho.*

3 May thy word in might prevailing,
Far and wide its power extend,
And the world its truth confessing,
To thy gentle sceptre bend. *Cho.*

220 Words by Mrs. C. G. GOODWIN. **SABBATH MORNING BELLS.**



1st. 2d. FINE. 1st. 2d. a.c.

1 (Ho - ly Sabbath, happy morning, Joyfully the bells we hear,
Sweetly call - ing, gently calling Us to praise [OMIT.....] and prayer. (Sweetly sounding thro' each street, And
floating on the qui - et [OMIT.....] air,
D.C. Comes the dear fa - miliar greeting, Calling us [OMIT.....] to prayer.

2 Holy Sabbath, glad young voices,
Welcome you with joyous song,
While the aged heart rejoices
With the youthful throng.
May the light of this blest morning,
Every youthful heart illumine,

* *Instrument, in imitation of the bells.*

With a cheerful sacred presence
That shall banish gloom.

3 Basking in the holy radiance
Of this blessed Sabbath morn,

May the blessed angels keep us,
Till another dawn.
And when earth's best, purest love-light
Fadeth from our sight away,
May our risen Saviour take us
To his endless day.

SABBATH EVENING BELLS.

R. S. T.—arranged.

1st. 2d.

1 (The shadows of night are creeping fast A - cross the hill and dell,)
(And soft - ly the zephyr's waft the tones, [OMIT.....]) Of the Sabbath evening bells.

CHORUS. *p* *cres.* *p* *cres.* *dim.* *cres.* *dim.*

Oh, Sabbath evening bells! Oh, Sabbath evening bells! What words of love, and joy and rest Thy quiet music tells.

2 As silently sinks the wearied sun,
Far down the western steep,
So peacefully at the eve of life,
May I lay me down to sleep. *Cho.*

3 And may the sweet hope be granted then,
Each doubt and fear t'ally,
That soon will the gloom of night be lost
In the dawn of endless day. *Cho.*

1 (O, Pilgrims to Zi - on, your courage re - new, Your Captain's be - fore you, his standard's in view;
Then why do you falt - er, He bids you be strong And help one an - oth - er to joarney a - long.)

O trust him for - ev - er your re - fuge and guide, Re - mem - ber the

With expression. *Ritard.*
prom - ise, "The Lord will pro - vide," "The Lord will pro - vide," "The Lord will pro - vide."

2 The world may disown you, and friends may forsake,
The night may be cheerless, but morning will break,
When burdened with sorrow and longing for rest,
Temptations may follow, " 'Tis all for the best;"
His arm is around you, your Shepherd and guide,
Remember the promise, "The Lord will provide."

3 Behold in the valley the lillies so fair,
'Tis not from their labor, the beauty they wear;
If clothed by your Father the grass that must die.
The wants of his children his hand will supply,
Then trust him forever, your refuge and guide,
Remember the promise, "The Lord will provide."

Spirited—in march movement.

1. The life-boat! the life-boat! how bravely she rides The darkened and stormy, and treacher-ous main, The
 2. The Bi-ble! the Bi-ble! o'er life's stormy wave, Is the life-boat to res-cue all tem-pest toss'd souls, It

wild moaning tempest, the fierce rolling tide, Unite their dark powers to o'erwhelm her in vain The mariner sees her, and
 ev-er is ready from danger to save; 'Tis safe on the ocean, tho' fiercely it rolls, The Bi-ble! the Bi-ble! it

hope fills his breast, The lamp from her bow gleams bright o'er the sea, It shines as a star on the billows fierce breast, And
 shines ever bright, Like a heavenly star on the water's dark breast, It sheds in man's pathway a glo-ri-ous light, And

mounts o'er the wa-ters so no-bly and free, And mounts o'er the wa-ters so no-bly and free.
 points out his course to the ha-ven of rest, And points out his course to the ha-ven of rest.

JESUS OUR KING.

223

MISSIONARY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 Go sound it a - broad, the tid - ings proclaim, Sal - va - tion to all, through Him that was slain;
2 The Isles of the deep shall lift up their voice, And na - tions a - far shall hear and re - joice;

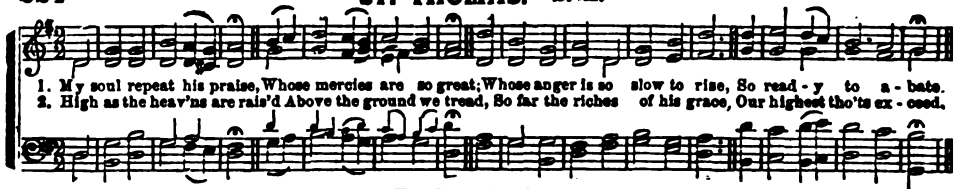
He lives to re - deem us, Je - sus our King! To mansions of glo - ry the ransomed will bring.
The harp that was broken—sweet - ly shall ring, And Ju - dah re - turn to her Saviour and King.

CHORUS.

Go sound it a - broad, the tidings proclaim, Sal - va - tion is purchased through Him that was slain.

3 Go, heralds, away! your mission fulfil
The Gospel declare, we'll pray for you still—
Be steadfast, be watchful, stand by the right,
And God will sustain you with wisdom and might.
CRO.—Go sound it abroad, &c.

4 Go, heralds, away! the harvest is near,
The reapers will come, the Master appear;
Be patient in labor, fervent in love,
And God will reward you in glory above.
CRO.—Go sound it abroad, &c.



1. My soul repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to abate.
 2. High as the heav'ns are rais'd Above the ground we tread, So far the riches of his grace, Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins,
 And his forgiving love,
 Far as the east is from the west,
 Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord,
 To those who fear his name,
 Is such as tender parents feel
 He knows our feeble frame.

Our days are as the grass,
 Or like the morning flower;
 If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
 It withers in an hour.

The Charming Place.

1. How charming is the place,
 Where my Redeemer, God,
 Unvails the beauties of his face,
 And sheds his love abroad!

2 Here on the mercy seat,
 With radiant glory crowned,
 Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
 And smile on all around.

3 Give me, O Lord, a place
 Within thy blest abode,
 Among the children of thy grace,
 The servants of my God.

"Jesus Wept."

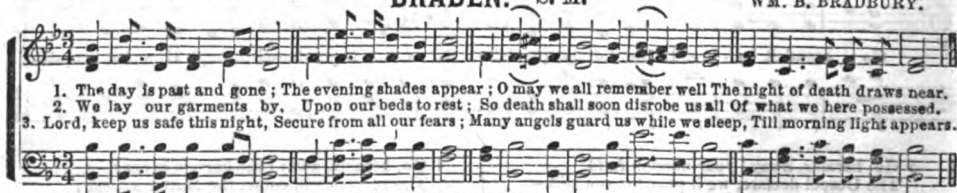
1 Did Jesus weep for me?
 And sigh o'er sinners here?
 My soul that weeping Saviour see,
 And shed thyself a tear.

2 Did Jesus pray for me?
 For such a wand'rer care?
 My heart subdued and broken be,
 And drawn to him in prayer.

3 Did Jesus die for me?
 Oh, depth of love divine!
 I die to sin—I'll live to thee;
 O, Saviour, make me thine!

BRADEN. S. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. The day is past and gone; The evening shades appear; O may we all remember well The night of death draws near.
 2. We lay our garments by, Upon our beds to rest; So death shall soon disrobe us all Of what we here possessed.
 3. Lord, keep us safe this night, Secure from all our fears; Many angels guard us while we sleep, Till morning light appears.

Superiority of the Scriptures.

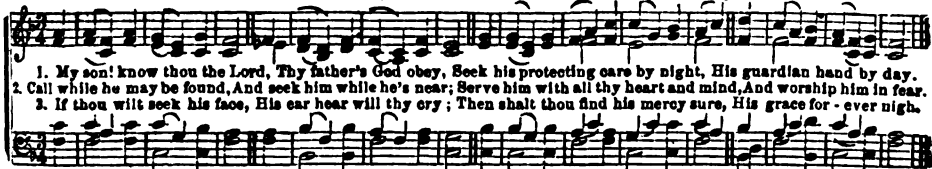
1 O Lord, thy perfect word
 Directs our steps aright,
 Nor can all other books afford
 Such profit and delight.

2 Celestial beams it sheds
 To cheer this vale below:
 To distant lands its glory spreads,
 And streams of mercy flow.

3 True wisdom it imparts,
 Commands our hope and fear:
 Oh, may we hide it in our hearts,
 And feel its influence there.

DENNIS. S. M.

Arranged from NAGELI. 225



1. My son! know thou the Lord, Thy father's God obey, Seek his protecting care by night, His guardian hand by day.
 2. Call while he may be found, And seek him while he's near; Serve him with all thy heart and mind, And worship him in fear.
 3. If thou wilt seek his face, His ear hear will thy cry; Then shalt thou find his mercy sure, His grace for - ever nigh.

Closing Hymn.

- 1 Once more before we part,
 Oh, bless the Saviour's name;
 Let every tongue and every heart
 Adore and praise the same.
 2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
 That blessing still impart;
 We meet in Jesus' sacred name,
 In Jesus' name we part.
 3 Thus nurtured by thy word,
 May each in wisdom grow,
 And still go on to know the Lord,
 And practice what we know.

Blessings sought in Prayer.

- 1 Behold the throne of grace!
 The promise calls me near;
 There Jesus shows a smiling face,
 And waits to answer prayer.
 2 Thine image, Lord bestow,
 Thy presence and thy love;
 I ask to serve thee here below,
 And reign with thee above.
 3 Teach me to live by faith;
 Conform my will to thine,
 Let me victorious be in death,
 And then in glory shine.

Prayer for the Intemperate. S. M.

- 1 Intemperance walks abroad,
 His victims day by day,
 Are wasting in the paths of sin
 Their precious life away.
 2 Dear Jesus! thou hast died,
 Thy gracious arm can save;
 O bring the wanderers to thy fold,
 And snatch them from the grave.
 3 Convicted of their guilt;
 O may they seek thy face,
 And never rest till they have found
 The comfort of thy grace.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. Chant.

GREGORIAN.

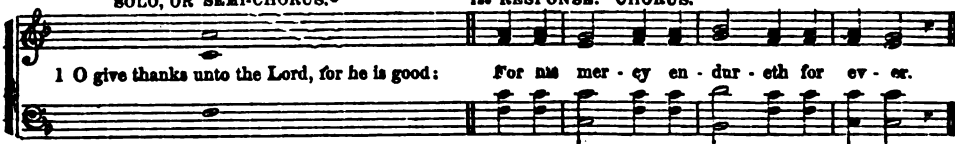


- 1 { Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name.
 { Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
 2 { Give us this | day our | daily | bread,
 { And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | tres - pass a - | gainst us;
 3 { And lead us not into temptation, but de - | liver | us from | evil:
 { For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for - | ever. A - | men.

GIVE THANKS.—Chant. Antiphonal.

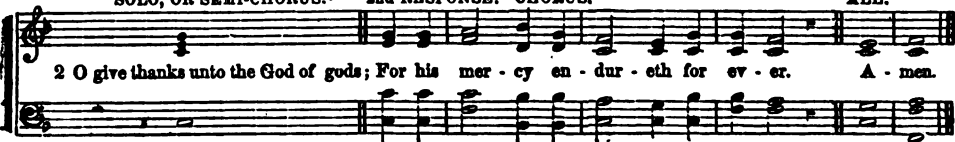
WM. B. BRADBURY.

SOLO, OR SEMI-CHORUS.* 1st RESPONSE. CHORUS.



1 O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: For his mer-cy en-dur-eth for ev-er.

SOLO, OR SEMI-CHORUS.* 2nd RESPONSE. CHORUS. ALL.



2 O give thanks unto the God of gods; For his mer-cy en-dur-eth for ev-er. A-men.

- 3 O give thanks unto the Lord of lords;
 4 To him who alone doeth great wonders;
 5 To him that by wisdom made the heavens;
 6 To him that stretched out the earth above the waters:
 7 To him that made great lights;
 8 The sun to rule by day; the moon and stars to rule by night
 9 Who remembered us in our low estate;
 10 And hath remembered us from our enemies;
 11 Who giveth food to all flesh;
 12 O give thanks unto the God of heaven;

- CHO. For his mercy endureth forever
 CHO. For his mercy endureth forever
 CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
 CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
 CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
 CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
 CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
 CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
 CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
 CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
 CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.

Amen.

* By teacher or teachers.—The responses by the scholars.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.—Chant Antiphonal.

227

1st DIVISION, or TEACHERS. 2d DIVISION, or SCHOLARS. ALL.

PSALM XXIII.

- 1 { The Lord is my shepherd; I | shall not | want.
 2 } He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me be- | side the | still— | waters.
 1 } He re- | storeth my | soul.
 2 } He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness | for his | name's— | sake.
 1 } Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will | fear no | evil;
 2 } For thou art with me; thy rod and thy | staff they | com - fort | me.
 1 } Thou preparest a table before me in the | presence.. of mine | enemies,
 2 } Thou anointest my head with | oil, my | cup.. runneth | over.
 1 } Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of.. my | life;
 2 } And I will dwell in the house of the | Lord for- | ever. A- | men.

COME UNTO ME. Chant.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

- 1 With tearful eyes I look around,
 Life seems a dark and | stormy | sea;
 Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
 A heavenly | whisper, | Come to me.
 2 It tells me of a place of rest—
 It tells me where my | soul may | flee;
 Oh! to the weary, faint, oppress,
 How sweet the | bidding, | Come to | me.
 3 When nature shudders, loth to part
 From all I love, en- | joy, and | see,

- When a faint ch'ill steals o'er my heart,
 A sweet voice | utters, | Come to | me,
 4 Come, for all else must fall and die,
 Earth is no resting | place for | thee;
 Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
 I am thy | portion, | Come to | me.
 5 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
 In conflict, grief, and | ago- | ny,
 Support me, cheer me from above!
 And gently | whisper, | Come to | me



1st. 2nd. FULL CHORUS.

1 (We are pilgrims on the earth, Journeying onward from our birth,)
 (Eve - ry hour and eve - ry breath Brings us near - er) still to death. Yes, we are

2 (But be - yond this vale of tears, Lies the land that knows no fears;)
 (Where our steps no more may roam, Pil - grims, we are) going home

RESPONSE. *pp* CHORUS.

pil - grims, Yes, we are pil - grims, Yes, we are pil - grims on our journey home.

3.
 Home to long-lost friends and dear,
 Friends we mourn in sorrow here
 Home to endless peace and love,
 In our Father's house above. CHO.

4.
 Let no trifles by the way,
 Tempt our hearts or steps to stray,
 From the narrow path and strait
 Leading to the golden gate. CHO.

5.
 No, our faith has still in view
 One like us, a pilgrim too;
 From his track we will not roam
 We to Christ are going home. CHO.

SWEET REST IN HEAVEN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Come, schoolmates, do not weary, But let us journey on, The moments will not tarry, This life will soon be gone.
 2. We've listed in the ar - my, We've listed for the war We'll fight until we conquer, By faith and humble pray'r

SWEET REST IN HEAVEN. Concluded.

CHORUS.

There is sweet rest in heaven, There is sweet rest in heaven, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heaven.

There is sweet rest in heaven.....

3 Our Captain's gone before us,
He kindly bids us come;
In yonder world of glory,
He's made for us a home.

4 Our Jesus will be with us,
E'en to the journey's end;
In every sore affliction
A "present help" to lend.

5 We bless the name of Jesus,
Who bought us with his blood:
All glory be to Jesus,
Who gives us every good.

WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

Dr. MILLER.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come, When I shall lay my armor by, And dwell in peace at home?

CHORUS.

We'll wait till Jesus comes, We'll wait till Jesus comes, We'll wait till Jesus comes, And we'll be gather'd home.

We'll wait till Jesus comes, We'll wait till Jesus comes,

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome,
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4 I sought at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heavenly home.

Words by Rev. J. W. DADMUN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
2d.

1st. 2d.

1 { In old - en times when boys were wild, On English soil arose a child, }
 { His name was Robert, true and mild, *Omit.* } So loving, loving, and good.

FULL CHORUS. 1st. 2d.

{ Then away! away! our cause is growing stronger, Away! away! to the Sunday School, }
 { Then away! away! we can't wait a - ny longer, A way to the Sunday School.

- 2 As Robert Raikes walked out one day,
 To see if children were at play,
 Some boys were seen on Sabbath day,
 A playing, playing—Ah me.
Cho. Then away! &c.
- 3 In seventeen hundred eighty-one,
 Across the sea in Glous'ter town,
 The glorious Sunday School begun,
 Its coming! coming! along.
Cho. Then away! &c.
- 4 O, how this little fire has spread,
 And warmed to life the carnal dead,
 And brought them to our living Head,
 So loving, loving and good;
Cho. Then away! &c.

- 5 Come, parents, teachers, one and all,
 And never think the work is small,
 But listen to the heavenly call:
 Be workers, workers to day;
Cho. Then away! &c.
- 6 When storms are past, and work is o'er,
 And Sunday Schools shall be no more,
 We'll gather on the golden shore,
 Singing glory, glory to God.
Cho. Then away! &c.
- 7 Then what a glorious sight 'twill be
 To see the millions of the free
 All happy in eternity,—
 So welcome, welcome the day!
Cho. Then away! &c.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD. **JESUS AT THE HELM.** Music by HENRY TUCKER. 231

Con Spirito.

1st.

2d.

1 { Frail is my bark and stormy is the ocean, How can I hope to stem the rushing tide; }
 { How can I face the billows wild commotion, { *Omit*..... } Dangers are threat'ning me

CHORUS.

1st.

on eve - ry side. { With Jesus at the helm, I shall journey safe - ly o - ver, Though the storm is raging
 { With Jesus at the helm, I shall journey safe - ly o

2d.

and the bil - lows foam; } ver, And find a re - fuge from the storm when Heav'n is my home.

2
 Though weak my faith, there's One whose love unfailing,
 Will cast a brightness over sight so dim,
 His strength for all my frailties still availing,
 Will make me feel the love I owe to Him. *Chor.*

3
 Hushed are my fears, and in his love confiding,
 O let me lean my head upon his breast;

At His command the troubled waves subsiding,
 Will safely bear me home with Him to rest. *Chor.*

4.
 Frail is my bark, but Jesus is beside me.
 E'en through the night I see his glorious form.
 With Him to cheer, to strengthen and to guide me.
 My soul will calmly brave the darkest storm. *Chor.*

"WE'LL ALL MEET AGAIN IN THE MORNING."

Words by KATE CAMERON

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 A { little child lay dying, As the sunset hour drew nigh, And }
 { these the words he uttered When he (Omit) breathed his last Good-Bye. "I know that my angel

mother Is waiting to bear me from thee, We'll all meet again in the morning, Dear father, weep not for

CHORUS.
 me! We'll { all meet again in the morning, We'll all meet again in the morning, We'll }
 { all meet again in the morning. Of (Omit.....) heaven's eternal day.

2 The words were full of solace,
 Falling like a healing balm
 On the heart so sorely stricken,
 That the mourner might well be calm.
 The sharp sting of anguish taken,
 The burden of grief grew more light,
 We'll all meet again in the morning,
 Like a rainbow spanned Death's night. *Ch.*

3 O, ye who sadly languish,
 Weighed down by grief and gloom,
 Beside the grave's dark portal,
 Look beyond the silent tomb!
 With God leave your precious treasures,
 Shall He not in all things do right?
 We'll all meet again in the morning,
 Death's sleep is but for a night. *Ch.*

THE FATHER RECLAIMED.

233

Music arranged by W. B. B.

1 How can he leave them? How can that Father go? Heedless of winds that blow Cold round his cot:

Leave them to pine for bread, Children of want and pain, Fa-ther they call in vain, He answers not.

2 How can he leave them,
Leave to the tempter's power,
Passing each golden hour
Careless away.
While in his dreary home,
Sad tears for him are shed;
Is every feeling dead,
How can he stay?

3 How can he leave them,
Pale is their mother's brow,
Hope's dying embers now
Fade in despair.
Folding her precious ones,
Hark! through the midnight dim,
Oh, how she prays for him,
Lord hear her prayer.

4 Why does she tremble,
Was it his voice that said—
"Lift up thy drooping head,
Sorrow is o'er:
Come to your Father's arms,
Children, your fears are past;
I am reclaimed at last,
I'll drink no more."

My Shepherd.

1 Thou art my Shepherd,
Caring in every need,
Thy little lambs to feed;
Trusting thee still;
In the green pastures low,
Where living waters flow,
Safe by Thy side I go,
Fearing no ill.

2 Or if my way lie
Where death o'erhanging nigh,
My soul would terrify
With sudden chill,—
Yet I am not afraid;
While softly on my head
Thy tender hand is laid,
I fear no ill!

3 If Thou wilt guide me,
Gladly I'll go with Thee;—
No harm can come to me
Holding Thy hand;
And soon my weary feet
Safe in the golden street,
Where all who love Thee meet.
Redeem'd shall stand.

MY FATHERLAND.

Melody by J. R. THOMAS. Harmonized.

1 There is a place where all my hopes are stayed, My heart and my treasure are there, Where verdure and blossoms will

CHORUS.

never, never fade, And fields are e-ter-nal-ly fair. That blissful place is my dear father-land; By

faith its delights I explore; But sweeter, dearer, dearer is the hand, That leads me in peace to the shore.

2 There is a place where holy angels dwell,
A pure and a peaceful abode,
The joys of that place no mortal tongue can tell,
For there is the palace of God.—*Cho.*

3 There is a place where loving friends are gone,
Who suffered and worshipped with me,

Exalted with Christ on His pure and spotless throne,
The King in His beauty they see.—*Cho.*

4 There is a place where through faith I hope to live,
When life and its labors are o'er.
A place which the Saviour to faithful ones will give,
And there I shall sorrow no more.—*Cho.*

THE UNION SONG

235

Words by WM. OLAND BOURNE.

2d. CHORUS. *Strong.*

1 (Boys and girls are all for Union, North and South, and East and West;
All the States in lov'd communion Heart and hand with [Omit.....] freedom blest. Then join in a loud hurrah! Hurrah for the land of the free! For Union and peace, for order and law! Hurrah for the land of the free!

- 2 We will love our land forever,
Dearest land beneath the sun;
Foemen's steel shall not dis sever,
Youthful hearts that now are one.—*Cho.*
- 3 We are all a band of Brothers,
And the states are Sisters too,
And in time there will be others
That shall happy vows renew.—*Cho.*
- 4 Let the hopeful words be spoken,
On the wings of promise borne;
Never shall the links be broken,
Never shall the flag be torn.—*Cho.*
- 5 Union now and Union ever!
Boys and girls for Union all!
We will keep it safe, and never
Shall our glorious Union fall.—*Cho.*

The crystal fountain.

- 1 'Tis the balmy shower descending
In the valley, on the plain,
Makes the air so cool around us,
Cheers the drooping flowers again
Cho.—Then joyful together we'll sing,
As gay as the bird on its wing
Cold water for me, our motto shall be,
And loudly our chorus shall ring
- 2 We are like the leaves unfolding,
Spangled o'er with morning dew;
Water from the crystal fountain,
Makes us glad and merry too.—*Cho.*
- 3 Give us water, sparkling water,
From the brooklet pure and free;
Grateful to our God who gave it,
Let our hearts forever be.—*Cho.*

Solo or Duet, with Chorus.

Isaiah, 35: 10.

1. Joy for the sorrow-ful, strength for the weak, Words of be-nev-olence Je-sus doth speak;

FULL CHORUS, or 1st time Solo, and repeat full Chorus.

Repeat ad lib.

His purpose of mercy no power can stay, For sorrow and sighing shall both flee away, For sorrow and sighing shall both flee away.

2 Joy for the sorrowful, sight for the blind,
The dumb singing praises, the savage made kind,
The lame leaping high; these are signs of the day.
When sorrow and sighing shall both flee away.

Cho. The lame leaping high, these are signs of the day,
When sorrow and sighing shall both flee away,
For sorrow and sighing shall both flee away.

3 Joy for the sorrowful, laughter and song,
Among the redeemed who journey along,
And looking for rest at the end of the way,
When sorrow and sighing shall both flee away.

Cho. All looking for rest at the end of the way,
When sorrow and sighing shall both flee away,
For sorrow and sighing shall both flee away.

4 Joy for the sorrowful! Spirit of God,
If on toward Zion but feebly I've trod,
O, strengthen my soul, and still lead me, I pray,
Till sorrow and sighing have both fled away.

Cho. Oh, strengthen my soul, and still lead me, I pray,
Till sorrow and sighing shall both flee away,
Till sorrow and sighing shall both flee away.

1. (When the morning light drives away the night, With the sun so bright and full,
And the day of rest lightens every breast; I'll a-way to the Sabbath-School.) For 'tis there we all a -

GIRLS. BOYS.
greet, All with happy hearts and free, And I love to ear-ly be At the Sabbath-School; I'll a-way! a-way!

GIRLS. BOYS. ALL
I'll away! away! I'll away to Sabbath-School.

2 On the frosty dawn of a winter's morn,
When the earth is wrapped in snow,
Or the summer breeze plays around the trees,
To the Sabbath School I go;
When the holy day has come,
And the Sabbath breakers roam,
I delight to leave my home,
For the Sabbath School;
I'll away, &c.

3 In the class I meet with the friends I greet,
At the time of morning prayer;
And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise,
For 'tis always pleasant there,
In the Book of holy truth,
Full of counsel and reproof,
We behold the guide of youth,
At the Sabbath school!
I'll away! &c.

4 May the dews of grace fill the hallow'd place,
And the sunshine never fail,
While each blooming rose which in memory grows,
Shall a sweet perfume exhale
When we mingle here no more,
But have met on Jordan's shore,
We will talk of moments o'er,
At the Sabbath school:
I'll away! &c.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sad is the drunkard's life, Wasting in crime, Far from the path of right, Reckless of time,

1st. Tears of re-pentant grief, Chill as they start, Hardly a tender thought, Wakes in his heart, Wakes in his heart.

2d. *p* Ritard.

2 Often a single spark,
Kindles a flame,
Kindness may win him back,
Prayer may reclaim,
Go when he sits alone,
Burdened with care
||: Tell him his sinful course
Plead with him there. :||

3 Picture a happy past,
Gone from his sight,
Bring back his early youth,
Cloudless and bright,
Tell how a mother's eye,
Watched while he slept
||: Tell how she prayed for him,
Borrow'd and wept. :||

4 Point to the better land,
Home of the blest,
Where she has passed away
Gone to her rest,
O'er that departed one,
Memory will yearn
||: God in his mercy grant,
He may return. :||

Jesus is near.

1 Lonely and desolate, far from thy home,
Why from thy Father's arms, why wilt thou roam,
Lovingly, tenderly falls on thy ear,
||: "Rest thee, O weary one," Jesus is near. :||

2 Life is a morning dream, passing away,
Come to the Lamb of God, why wilt thou stay,

Come to the precious fold, watched by his care,
||: "Rest thee, O weary one," Jesus is there. :||

3 Life is a desert wild mantled in woe,
Earth has no joy for thee, where wilt thou go,
Lift up thy drooping heart, banish thy fear,
||: "Rest thee, O weary one," Jesus is near. :||

THE PROMISED DAY. (Missionary.)

239

Words by Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE.

Music by HENRY TUCKER.

1. Saw ye not the promised day, Breaking o'er the mountain height? Doubt and darkness flee away, Trembling at
(its dawning

CHORUS.

light. Blessed Je - sus, reign for - ev - er Let sal - va - tion, like a riv - er, Rolling onward, onward

still, All the world with gladness fill.

2 Heard ye not the welcome sound,
Wanted o'er the heaving main?
Now the fruits of joy abound,
Precious souls are born again.
Cho. Blessed Jesus, &c.

3 Sing, O Zion, land of rest,
They are flocking home to thee;
From the East, the North and West,
And the Isles beyond the sea.
Cho. Blessed Jesus, &c.

"Go to Jesus."

1 Go to Jesus when thy heart
Droops beneath its weight of care;
When the joys of earth depart,
Seek a purer light in prayer.
Cho. Jesus will forsake thee never,
He is thine, and thine forever,
By the cooling stream that flows,
Thou shalt find a sweet repose.

2 O'er the hopes in ruin laid;
Does the tear in secret fall?
Is thy trembling soul afraid?
Go to the Jesus—tell him all. Cho.

3 Go to Jesus, on his breast
He will lay thy aching head,
Calm thy every pain to rest.
Beams of mercy o'er thee shed. Cho.

HOSANNA. "Blessed is he that cometh."—Anthem.

CHRISTMAS.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

pp—as at a distance.

Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord,

mf *Cres.* *Cres.*
Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Single voice.

Blessed be the kingdom of our father Da-vid, That cometh, that cometh in the name of the Lord,

Blessed be the kingdom of our father Da-vid, That cometh, that cometh in the name of the Lord.

HOSANNA. Concluded.

241

GIRLS. BOYS. GIRLS AND BOYS. GIRLS. BOYS. ALL.

Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na.

FULL CHORUS.—CHORUS AND SCHOOL.

Blessed be the kingdom of our father David, Hosanna, in the highest, in the highest, -est, Amen, Amen.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

JESUS HELP ME.

HENRY TUCKER.

Moderato. *Fine.* *D.C.*

1. (Je-sus help me I am weary, Let me hold Thy hand in mine,) (O! my Father,)
 For the stream of living water, In a thirsty land I pine,) (do not leave me,) In this dark and dreadful hour,
 D. C. Fold me in Thy arms of mercy, Keep me from the tempter's power.

2 Jesus help me, I am fainting,
 'Neath the deserts burning sky,
 Lead to pastures cool and fragrant,
 There my every want supply,
 Shade me with Thy wings eternal,
 Let me feel Thee ever near,
 Thou canst whisper words of comfort,
 Thou canst dry the falling tear.

3 Jesus help me, I am sinking,
 In the cold and chilly wave,
 Give me strength, my faith increasing,
 Thou alone hast power to save,
 Let my soul be filled with rapture,
 Let my hope be stayed on Thee,
 Let me bear my cross with patience,
 Till I sleep and wake with Thee.

THE CHILDREN'S BATTLE SONG.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY

1 Yes, we are soldiers of the cross, A young and joyful band; We've joined the army marching home To
 2 Yes, we are soldiers of the cross, We'll never quit the field; Like valliant heroes bold and brave, We'll

Canaan's promised land. The world and sin our strongest foes Will oft be - set our way; But we must keep our
 fight but nev - er yield. Our captain is the prince of peace, Who died that we might live; To all his faithful

FULL CHORUS.

ar - mor bright And al - ways watch and pray. We must keep our ar - mor bright, We must keep our
 children here A crown of life he'll give. We must keep, &c.

ar - mor bright, We must keep our ar - mor bright, And always watch and pray, always watch and pray.

1st. 2d.

3 Yes, we are soldiers of the cross,
Our colors we will show;
And with the bible in our hand
We'll boldly meet the foe.
O let us strive to win the prize,
The great command obey;
To love the Lord with all our soul,
And labor while 'tis day.—*Cho.*

4 Yes, we are soldiers of the cross,
And by that cross we'll stand;
We've joined the army marching home,
To Canaan's promised land.
And when we reach the golden fields
Of that immortal shore;
With all the armies of the blest,
We'll sing the battle o'er.—*Cho*

AWAY OVER JORDAN. *

Spirited.

1 Je - sus, my all, to heaven is gone, *View the land, view the land,* He whom I fix my hopes up - on,
2 His track I see, and I'll pursue, *View the land, view the land,* The nar - row way till him I view,

REFRAIN.

View the promised land, A - way, a - way over Jordan, We'll view the land, View the land, Away, a - way over
View the promised land, A - way, a - way, &c.

Jor - dan, We'll view the promised land.

3 The way the holy prophets went, *View the land, &c.*
The road that leads from banishment, *View the promised*
Cho.—Away, away, &c. [land]

4 The king's highway of holiness, *View the land, &c.*
I'll go, for all his paths are peace, *View the promised land.*
Cho.—Away, away, &c.

COME UNTO ME. (Anthem.)

mp Soft and gentle tones, but earnest and devout.

“Come un - to me all ye that la - bor And are heavy la - den, And I will give you rest,

Take my yoke up - on you and learn of me, for I am meek and low - ly of heart, And

ye.... shall find rest un - to your souls, For my yoke is ea - sy and my bur - den is light, My

SEMI-CHORUS.

yoke is ea - sy and my bur - den is light.” O precious in - vi - ta - tion, Help us, O Lord, to

COME UNTO ME. Concluded.

245

FULL CHORUS.

come with a bro - ken heart, and a con - trite spir - it, O pre - cious in - vi - ta - tion, Help

Quick and spirited f
us, O Lord, to come with a bro - ken heart, and a con - trite spir - it; We praise thee, we

bles thee, O Je - sus, for thy love, We bless thee for the pre - cious words that thou hast given to us.

highest, in the high - est, in the high - est.
Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na in the high - est, ho - san - na in the highest, in the high - est.

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

1. Lo! descending the heavens rending, Messengers from God to men : Angels winning, tidings bringing, Christ is born in
2. Dearest Saviour, grant thy favor, While in these thy courts we stay, Thy rich blessing on us resting, On this happy

Bethlehem; Come with gladness, and ban-ish sadness, Children sweetly tune your voices. Sing aloud while
fea-tive day, Bells are ringing, and birds are singing, Woods and fields their tribute bringing, Back the hills the

heaven re-joic-es; Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! "Peace on earth, good will to men." Lift a-loud a
ech-oes flinging; Let our voices swell the chorus In a grateful song of praise; Joy-ful, come be-

loft-y strain, God is re-conciled to man, Glo-ry to our Saviour King, Heaven and earth with glory ring,
fore him now, Humbly in his presence bow, Now to him our tribute bring, Lord of lords and King of kings

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM. Concluded.

247

Praise him, Praise him, The Lord Jehovah praise, Praise him, Praise him, The Lord Jehovah praise, Hosanna! Hosanna!
Praise him, Praise him, Ye grateful children, praise, Praise him, praise him, Ye grateful children, praise, Hosanna! Hosanna!

Words by KATE CAMERON.

THE LAND OF PEACE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 *sem. cho.* The storms of earth will vanish, And all its turmoils cease, Be-fore we reach that country, The
2 *sem. cho.* There clouds will never gather, Rude winds will ne-ver blow, And there will be that qui-et We

FULL CHORUS.

blessed land of peace,) (The land of peace, the land of peace, Oh! there will all our troubles cease.
cannot find be-low.) (And all our hap-pi-ness increase in heaven the land of peace.)

1st *Semi. Cho.* On earth are wars and tumults,
And danger, fear and strife,
While unseen powers combining
Assail our fleeting life.

2d *Semi. Cho.* But there is never conflict,
Nor danger, nor alarm;
The land of peace is guarded
By an Almighty arm.

Chorus. The land of peace, &c.

1st *Semi. Cho.* How blissful to look forward
When all these storms shall cease
And see that happy country,
The holy land of peace.

2d *Semi. Cho.* We will not mind life's struggles,
Which soon must have an end,
But place our trust in Jesus,
Our everlasting friend,

Chorus. The land of peace, &c.

Recitativo.

And when he was come nigh, even to the descent of the mount of Olives, the whole Multitude of the dis - ci - ples be -

FULL CHORUS. *f*

gan to rejoice, And to praise God with a loud voice, And to praise God with a loud voice, For all the mighty

works that they had seen, Say - ing, "Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Blessed be the
Peace on earth, and glo - ry in the high - est, Blessed be the King.....
Bless - ed, blessed be the
Blessed be the King blessed

THE WHOLE MULTITUDE. Concluded.

249

Blessed be the King, who cometh in the name of the Lord, Blessed be the King, who King,.....

Blessed be the King, the King,

A little faster. END.

cometh in the name of the Lord. Glo - ry, glory, glo-ry in the highest, Peace in heav'n, and glory in the highest.

Glory, glo-ry, glory,

ALTO SOLO. Original movements.

Blessed be the kingdom of our father Da - vid, that com-eth, that cometh in the name of the Lord,

Al Seg. End with Cho. "Glory in the highest."

Ho-san - na, ho-san - na, ho-san-na in the high-est, Ho-san - na, ho-san - na in the high - est.

HOSANNA ANTHEM.

A CONCERTED PIECE FOR PUBLIC PERFORMANCES.

SCHOLARS.*

Ho - san - na in the high - est, in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the

TEACHERS AND CONGREGATION.*

1. What are those soul - re - vi - ving strains Which ech - o

highest, in the high - est. Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est.

thus from Sa - lem's plains; What an - thems loud, and loud - er still,

SEMI-CHORUS OF GIRLS. *Sfly.*

Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the highest. Ho -

BASE SOLO.

So sweet - ly sound from Zi - on's hill. 2. Lo! 'tis an in - fant cho - rus

Cres *p*

san - na in the highest, Ho - san - na in the highest, Ho - san - - - - na, Ho -

sings, Ho - san - na to the King of kings, The Saviour, comes and babes pre-

* The children should sing their HOSANNA through once before the teachers and congregation commence—then the two unite.

HOSANNA ANTHEM. Concluded.

251

Cres.

san - na in the highest, in the highest, Ho - san - na in the highest, in the highest, in the
claim sal - va - tion sent in Je - - sus' name. Ho -

Solo voices in an adjoining room, or at a distance from the Chorus. Let the tones be clear and well sustained.

A little faster.

Ho - san - na in the high - - est, Ho -
SUNDAY SCHOOL & CHORUS.
high - - est, in the highest, 3. Mes - si - ah's name shall joy impart, A - like to Jew and Gentile heart, He
sanna in the highest, in the highest.

san - - na in the high - - est, in the high - - est.
bled for us, he bled for you, And we will sing ho - san - nas too, And we will sing ho - san - nas too.

PROCLAIM HOSANNAS—By congregation and choir to the melody of "Old Hundred," the children singing again the "Hosanna" attached to it.

4 Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear ;
See David's Son and Lord appear !

All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory about through highest heaven.—*Chs.*

THE DEAR ONES ALL AT HOME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Published in sheet form by ROOT & GADY, Chicago, Ill. Price 30cts.
1st. 2d.

1 (Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon ;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping, [Omit.....]) Beyond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home! Sweet, sweet home! O how sweet it will be there to meet The dear ones all at home.

O how sweet it will be there to meet The dear ones all at home.

2 Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon :
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home !
Sweet, sweet home !
||: O ! how sweet it will be there to meet
The dear ones all at home. :||

3 Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon :
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home !
Sweet, sweet home !
O how sweet it will be there to meet
The dear ones all at home. :||

4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon :
Beyond the rock waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home !
Sweet, sweet home !
||: O how sweet it will be there to meet
The dear ones all at home. :||

I LOVE THEM THAT LOVE ME.

Anthem.

253

WM. B. BRADBURY.

I love them that love me, And they that seek me ear - ly shall find me,

They that seek me ear - ly, Shall find me. I love them that love me, And

they that seek me ear - ly shall find me, They that seek me ear - ly shall find me.

They that seek me ear - ly, They that seek me ear - ly, They that seek me ear - ly shall find me.

THE MORN IS BREAKING.

WM. B. BRADBURY

1. Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee, And all the midnight shadows flee, Tinged are the distant

skies with glo-ry, A bea-con light hung out for thee, A-rise, a-rise the light breaks o'er thee, Thy

name is graven on the throne, Thy home is in the world of glo-ry, Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

2 Toss'd on times rude relentless surges,
Calmly composed and dauntless stand,
For lo! beyond those scenes emerges,
The heights that bound the promised land.
Behold! behold! the land is nearing,
Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er,
Hark! how the Heav'nly hosts are cheering,
See in what throngs they range the shore.

3 Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee,
Bright as the summer's noontide ray,
The star-gemmed crowns and realms of glory,
Invite thy happy soul away.
Away, away, leave all for glory,
Thy name is graven on the throne,
Thy home is in the world of glory,
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone

NEW GOLDEN CENSER.

GLORY, GLORY TO THE LAMB.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

"AND I BEHELD, AND I HEARD THE VOICE OF MANY ANGELS ROUND ABOUT THE THRONE, AND THE BEASTS AND THE ELDERS : AND THE NUMBER OF THEM WAS TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND AND THOUSANDS OF THOUSANDS ; SAYING WITH A LOUD VOICE, ' WORTHY IS THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN TO RECEIVE POWER, AND RICHES, AND WISDOM, AND STRENGTH, AND HONOR, AND GLORY, AND BLESSING.' "—Rev. 5 : 11, 12.

1st. 2d.

1. { Hark ! the sweetest notes of angels singing, Glory, glory to the Lamb, }
 { All the hosts of heaven their tribute bringing, Raising high the Saviour's } name. We will join the beautiful
 2. { Ye for whom his precious life was given. Sacred themes to you belong ; }
 { Come, and join the glorious choir of heaven, Join the everlasting..... } song. We will join, etc.

Or this: *Sing away, ye beautiful*

an - gels, We will join the beautiful angels, Singing away, Singing away, Glory, glory to the Lamb.

an - gels, Sing away, ye beautiful angels, Sing a - way, Sing a - way, Glory, glory to the Lamb.

3 Hearts all filled with holy emulation,
 We unite with those above ;
 Sweet the theme—the theme of free salvation,
 Founts of everlasting love.
 We will join, etc.

4 Endless life in Christ our Lord possessing,
 Let us praise his precious name ;
 Glory, honor, riches, power, and blessing.
 Be forever to the Lamb.
 We will join, etc.

WHY SHOULD CHILDREN HOLD THEIR PEACE?

Matthew 21: 15, 16.

Wm. B. BRADBURY.

SEMI-CHORUS.

FULL CHORUS. *f*

1st. 2d.

1 { "Why should children hold their peace?" Did the loving Saviour say, }
 { When the haughty, hating Jews Sought their youthful (OMIT.....) } songs to stay, "Hosannah, hosannah, ho-

san-nah to the Son of David! Praise him, O praise him, Our Saviour and our King." "Suf-fer them to

come," said Jesus; Hence our youthful throng, "Suffer them to come," said Jesus; Hence our joyful song.

2 Why should children hold their peace?

When the whole creation sings,

And the rounded firmament

With its Maker's glory rings.—*Cho.*

3 Why should children hold their peace,

When their happy hearts rejoice?

What so tuneful to our Lord,

As his praise from childhood's voice?—*Cho.*

4 Why should children hold their peace?

Why did God their voices give,

Save to praise the Lamb who died

That the children's souls might live?—*Cho.*

5 If the children hold their peace,

Then the very stones shall sing,

And the mountains and the hills,

Shall their echoing tribute bring.—*Cho.*

THERE'S ROOM FOR ALL.

257

p Soft and Gentle.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. "Come to me, all ye that la- bor, Hea-vy laden and oppressed," These were the precious words of Jesus,
 2. "Take my easy yoke upon you, Leave the wrong and choose the right; Come learn of me the meek and lowly,

mf CHORUS, with energy, but not very loud.

"Come, and I will give you rest." 'Tis a Father's love, 'tis a Father's call, In his house above, there is
 You shall find my burden light." 'Tis a Father's love, etc.

room for all, Yes, there's room for all in my Father's heavenly home, Yes, there's room for you, there's room for me.

3 Lord, we come to plead thy promise,
 We, by sin and guilt oppressed,
 Would take thy easy yoke upon us;
 Grant us, Lord, on thee to rest.
 'Tis a Father's love, etc.

4 Guard us by thy kind protection,
 Purify our every heart;
 O teach us, Lord, and make us humble,
 Meek, and lowly, as thou art.
 'Tis a Father's love, etc.

MY SABBATH SONG.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Strains of mu - sic oft - en greet me As I join the bu - sy throng, But there's nothing half so

CHORUS.

plea - sant as the ho - ly Sab - bath song. No fear of ill, No fear of wrong, While

I can sing my Sabbath song; My Sabbath song, My Sabbath song; I love to sing my Sabbath song.

- 2 'Tis a song of love and mercy,
Speaking peace to all mankind;
Telling sinners, poor and needy,
Where the Saviour they may find.
No fear of ill, etc.
- 3 Angels sweetly sing in glory
Songs of praise to God, their King;

But the song of blest redemption,
Man, redeemed, alone can sing.
No fear of ill, etc.

- 4 While I live, O, may I ever
Love the holy Sabbath song;
And, when death shall call me homeward,
Join it with the blood-bought throng.
No fear of ill, etc.

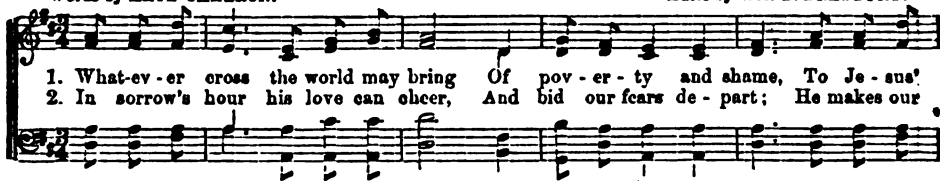
THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

259

"JESUS CHRIST—THE SAME YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOREVER."

Words by KATE CAMERON.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

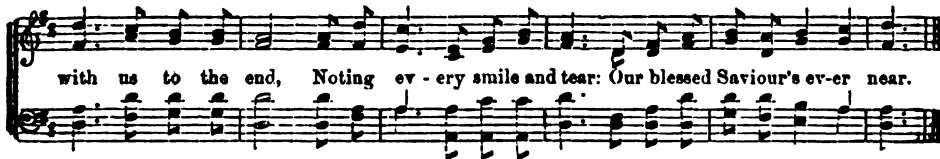


1. What-ev - er cross the world may bring Of pov - er - ty and shame, To Je - sus!
2. In sorrow's hour his love can cheer, And bid our fears de - part; He makes our

CHORUS.



hand we still can cling—He always is the same. He, who was the sinner's Friend, Will be
hap - pineas more dear, And fills with peace our heart. He, who was, &c.




with us to the end, Noting ev - ery smile and tear: Our blessed Saviour's ev - er near.

3 Dear Saviour, make us truly thine,
And all our sins forgive;
Conform us to thy will divine,
And bless us while we live.
He who was, &c.

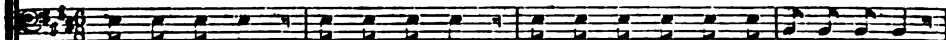

4 And in the world beyond the sky,
With thee we'll gladly dwell;
No more to weep, no more to die,
No more to say farewell.
He who was &c.

Words by Rev. GEO. LANSING TAYLOR.

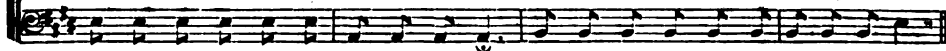
WM. B. BRADBURY.



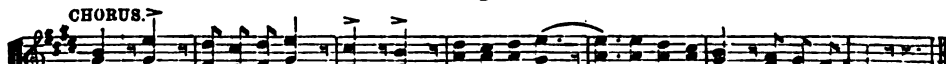
1. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! You have a work that no oth-er can do,
 2. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! Oth-er men's failures can never save you;
 8. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! God, who cre - a - ted you, cares for you too;


Do it so brave-ly, so kindly, so well, Angels will has - ten to sto - ry to tell.
 Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith; Stand like a he - ro, and battle till death.
 Treasures the tears that his striving ones shed, Counts and protects every hair of your head.



CHORUS. >



Dare, dare, dare to do right! Dare, dare, dare to be true! Dare to be true! dare to be true!
 Dare,

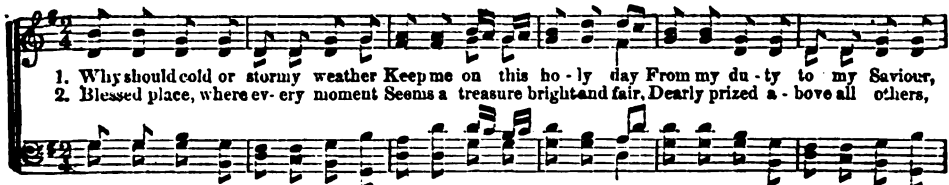


4 Dare to do right! dare to be true!
 Keep the great judgment-seat always in view;
 Look at your work as you'll look at it then—
 Scanned by Jehovah, and angels, and men.
 Dare to do right! &c.

5 Dare to do right! dare to be true!
 Jesus, your Saviour, will carry you through;
 City, and mansion, and throne all in sight,
 Can you not dare to be true and do right?
 Dare to do right! &c.

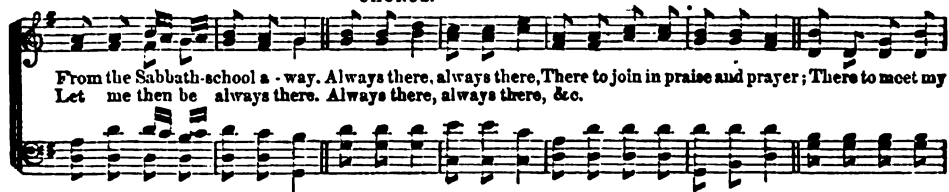
ALWAYS THERE.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 261

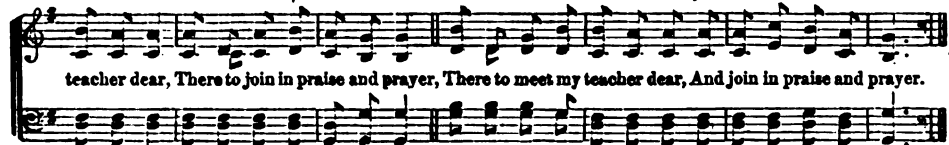


1. Why should cold or stormy weather Keep me on this ho - ly day From my du - ty to my Saviour,
2. Blessed place, where ev - ery moment Seems a treasure bright and fair, Dearly prized a - bove all others,

CHORUS.



From the Sabbath-school a - way. Always there, always there, There to join in praise and prayer; There to meet my
Let me then be always there. Always there, always there, &c.



teacher dear, There to join in praise and prayer, There to meet my teacher dear, And join in praise and prayer.

- 3 When on earth my Saviour wandered,
Cold and weary, many a day,
He at midnight sought the desert,
In its solitude to pray.—*Cho.*
- 4 With an humble, lowly spirit,
Would I know and do his will:

- Learning under every trial
How to suffer and be still.—*Cho.*
- 5 Ne'er shall cold or stormy weather
Keep me on this holy day
From my duty to my Saviour,
From the Sabbath-school away.—*Cho.*

RECRUITING SONG.

Words by Mrs. E. M. SANGSTER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

SINGLE VOICE. (BOY) OR SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Do you know a ny lit- tle bare-foot boy, In a gar- ret or a cel- lar, Who shivers with cold, and whose

CHORUS.

garments old—Will scarcely hold together? Go bring him in; there is room to spare; Here are food, and shelter, and

Repeat in full Chorus.

pi- ty: And we'll not shut the door 'Gainst one of Christ's poor, Tho' you bring every child in the ci- ty.

GIRLS.

2 Do you know any little tired girl.
Whose feet with cold are aching;
Whose shrinking form braves the winter's storm;
The alms of the richer taking?
"Go bring her in, &c.

3 Can you think of a comrade who often goes
To play in the lots on Sunday,
And who's late at school, and who breaks the rule
Of his teacher dear on Monday?
"Go bring him in," &c.

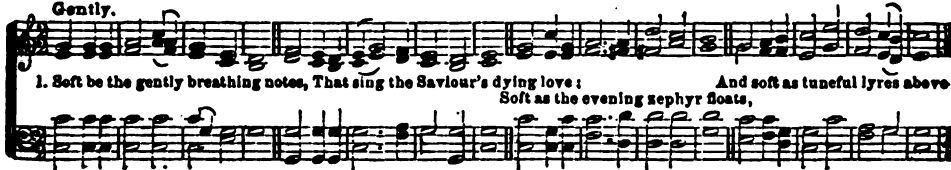
4 Go! gather them in from the tenement house,
 And the merchant's stately palace;
 From the world's dark strife, and the heavenly life,
 Let them drink from the golden chalice.
 "Go bring them in," &c.

TRACHER.
 5 'Tis the Masters's work! there is none so low,
 But his loving hand may reach them,
 And there's none so sunken in want and woe,
 But we'll joy to help and teach them.
 "Go bring them in," &c.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Gently.



1. Soft be the gently breathing notes, That sing the Saviour's dying love; And soft as tuneful lyres above
 Soft as the evening zephyr floats,

2 Soft as the morning dews descend,
 While warbling birds exulting soar;
 So soft to our almighty Friend
 Be every sigh our bosoms pour.

3 Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
 That scatters life and joy abroad;
 Pure as the lucid orb of day,
 That wide proclaims its Maker, God.

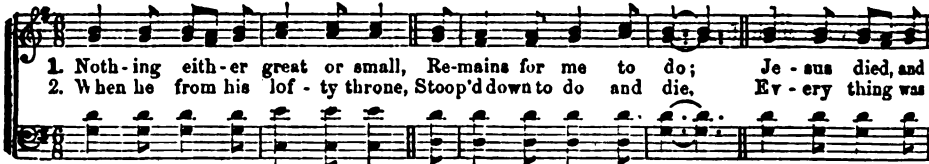
THE GUIDING SPIRIT.

1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With light and comfort from above;
 Be thou our guardian thou our guide;
 O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To us the light of truth display,
 And make us know and choose thy way,
 Plant holy fear in every heart,
 That we from God may ne'er depart,

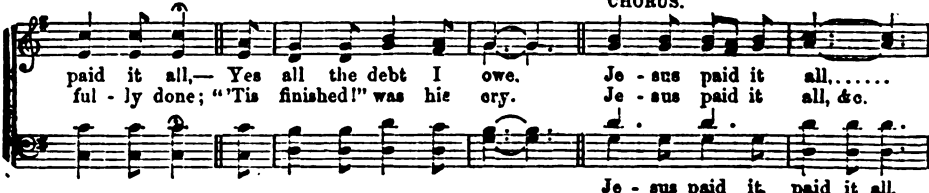
3 Lead us to holiness—the road
 Which we must take to dwell with God;
 Lead us to Christ—the living way;
 Nor let us from his pastures stray.

4 Lead us to God,—our final rest,—
 To be with him forever blest;
 Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
 Fullness of joy forever there.



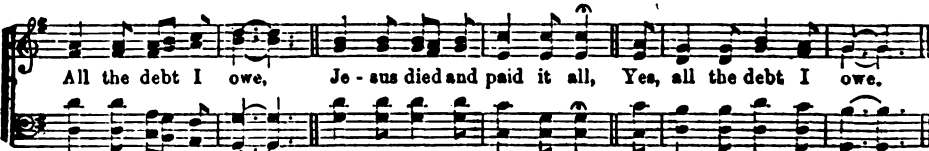
1. Noth- ing eith- er great or small, Re- mains for me to do; Je- sus died, and
2. When he from his lof- ty throne, Stoop'd down to do and die. Ev- ery thing was

CHORUS.



paid it all,— Yes all the debt I owe. Je- sus paid it all,.....
ful- ly done; "Tis finished!" was his cry. Je- sus paid it all, &c.

Je- sus paid it, paid it all.



All the debt I owe, Je- sus died and paid it all, Yes, all the debt I owe.

3.
Weary, working, plodding one,
Oh, wherefore toil you so?
Cease your doing—all was done;
Yes, ages long ago.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

4.
Till to Jesus' work you cling,
Alone by simple faith,
"Doing" is a deadly thing,
Your "doing" ends in death.
Jesus paid it all, &c

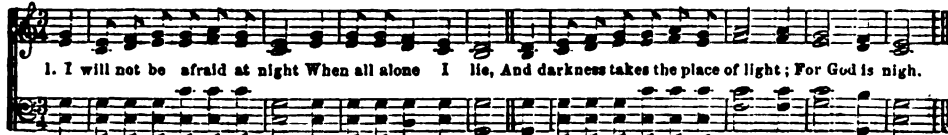
5.
Cast your deadly "doing" down,
Down all at Jesus' feet;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
All glorious and complete,
Jesus paid it all, &c.

TRUSTING.

265

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

From "FRESH LAURELS." WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. I will not be afraid at night When all alone I lie, And darkness takes the place of light; For God is nigh.

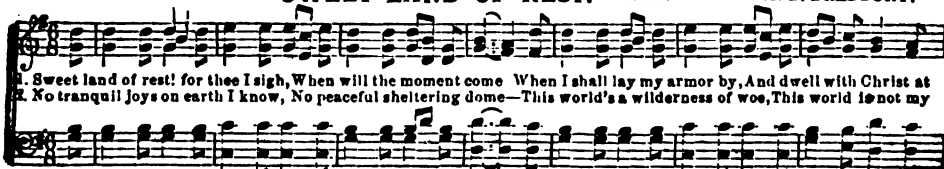
2 His shel'ring arm supports my head,
And lovingly he keeps
A constant watch around my bed;
God never sleeps.

3 I will not be afraid to hear
The rolling tempest wild,
If Jesus whisper in my ear
I am his child.

4 I will not be afraid to tread
The portals of the tomb,
For Jesus there a light will shed
To cheer the gloom.

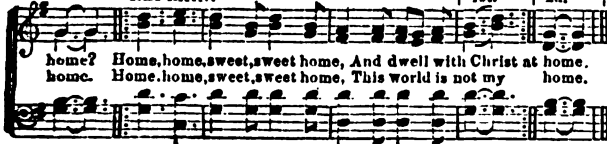
SWEET LAND OF REST. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Sweet land of rest! for thee I sigh, When will the moment come When I shall lay my armor by, And dwell with Christ at
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful sheltering dome—This world's a wilderness of woe, This world is not my

REFRAIN.



home? Home, home, sweet, sweet home, And dwell with Christ at home.
home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, This world is not my home.

1st. | 2d.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He bade me cease to roam,
But fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.
Home, home, &c.

4 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave the unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.
Home, home, &c.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. When across the ocean wide, Where the heaving waters flow, Came the May-Flower o'er the tide, With our
2. Sweetly rang their evening hymn O'er that region vast and wide, Thro' the forest dark and dim, And the

Fathers long a - go: When they near'd the rocky strand, And their chorus rent the air, Children in that pilgrim
rocking pines replied. 'Twas a cold December night, And the earth was robed in snow, But the stars with mellow

band Clasped their little hands in prayer, Children in that pilgrim band, Clasped their little hands in pray'r.
light, Blest our fathers long a - go, But the stars with mellow light, Blest our fathers long a - go.

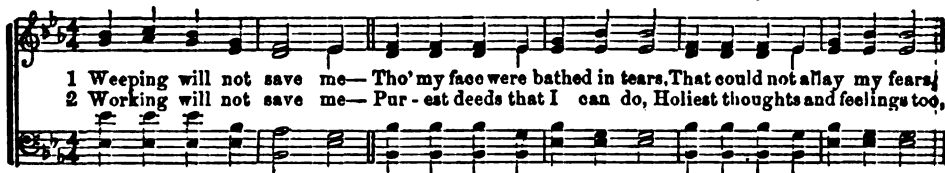
3 When the early buds were seen,
And the robin's song was heard,
Children frolicked on the green,
Happy as the woodland bird;
Culled the daisy young and fair,
Watched the brooklet's quiet flow,
Banished every cloud of care
From our fathers long ago. :||

4 When our country's banner bright
Told her deeds of noble worth,
Children hailed its radiant light,
Hailed the land that gave them birth,
Children now rejoice to hear,
All their youthful hearts can know,
And the precepts still revere
Of their fathers long ago. :||

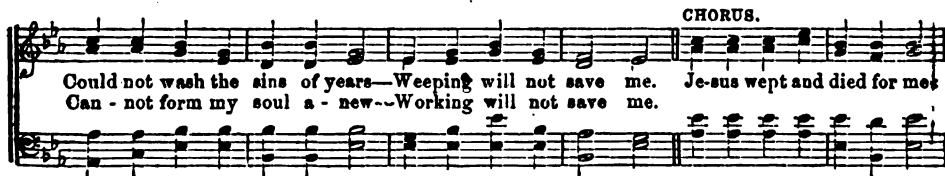
NONE BUT JESUS.

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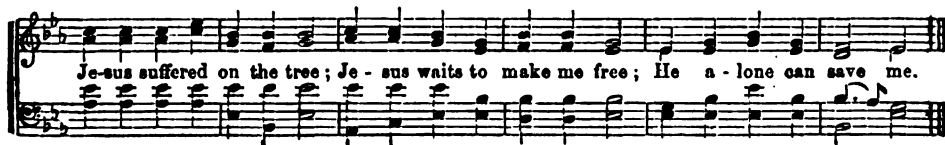
From "CHAPEL MELODIES." Words and Music by REV. R. LOWRY.



1 Weeping will not save me— Tho' my face were bathed in tears, That could not allay my fears,
2 Working will not save me— Pur - est deeds that I can do, Holiest thoughts and feelings too,



CHORUS.
Could not wash the sins of years—Weeping will not save me. Je - sus wept and died for me,
Can - not form my soul a - new--Working will not save me.



Je - sus suffered on the tree; Je - sus waits to make me free; He a - lone can save me.

3 Waiting will not save me—
Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie;
In my ear is mercy's cry;
If I wait I can but die—
Waiting will not save me.

4 Faith in Christ will save me—
Let me trust thy weeping Son,
Trust the work that he has done;
To his arms, Lord, help me run—
Faith in Christ will save me.

1. { When Ho - san - nas loud re - sounding Rang through Sa - lem joy - ful - ly, }
 { As the Sav - our came in tri - umph, [OMIT - - - - -] }
 2. { Je - sus heard their lit - tle voi - es, And with gen - tle, lov - ing face, }
 { Smiled up - on the hap - py ehil - dren, [OMIT - - - - -] }

Children's voi - ces rose on high, Hymning out the joy - ful cho - rus, Shouting forth the
 Sub - jects of his roy - al grace; Hushed the haughty priests to si - lence By the old pro -

glad ac - claim, "Mighty King, the Son of Da - vid, Coming in Je - ho - vah's name."
 phetic word: "Forth from infant lips per - fect - ed, Praise shall come before the Lord."

3 Still the mighty King of Salem
 Comes in holy triumph nigh,—
 Still hosannas, loud resounding,
 Rise from infant tongues on high,—
 Still the sceptic and the scoffer
 Sneer and ridicule the song,—
 And the Saviour smiles as sweetly
 On the happy infant throng.

4 In the day when gathered millions
 Sing hosannas, far away,
 'Mid the shining hosts of angels,
 Infant tongues shall swell the lay.
 Come then, children, to the Saviour,
 Sweetest welcome waits you here;
 And with those bright hosts in heaven
 You shall sing his praises there.

WE ARE COMING BLESSED SAVIOUR.

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Words by MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

WM. B. DRADBURY.

1. We are com - ing, bless - ed Sav - iour, We hear thy gen - tle voice; We would be thine for

FULL CHORUS.

ev - er, And in thy love re - joice. We are com - ing, we are com - ing, we are

com - ing, bless - ed Sav - iour, We are com - ing, we are com - ing, We hear thy gen - tle voice.

2 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To meet that happy band,
And sing with them forever,
And in thy presence stand.
We are coming, &c.
To meet that happy band.

3 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
Our Father's house we see—
A glorious mansion ever
For children young as we.
We are coming, &c.
Our Father's house we see.

4 We are coming blessed Saviour,
That happy home is ours;
If here we gain thy favor
We'll reach those fragrant bowers.
We are coming, &c.
That happy home is ours.

5 We are coming blessed Saviour,
To crown our Jesus King,
And then with angels ever.
His praises we will sing.
We are coming, &c.
To crown our Jesus King

OUR HOME WITH JESUS.

T. E. PERKINS.

SOLO.

CHORUS.

SOLO.

CHORUS.

1. My heavenly home is bright and fair; We'll be gathered home: Nor death, nor sighing, visit there, We'll be gathered home,

We'll wait till Je-sus comes, We'll wait till Je-sus comes, We'll wait till Je-sus comes, And we'll be gathered home.

2 Its glittering towers the sun outshine, &c.
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.—*Cho.*

3 My Father's house is built on high; &c.
Above the arched and starry sky.—*Cho.*

4 Let others seek a home below, &c.
Which flames devour, or waves o'erthrow.—*Cho.*

5 Be mine the happier lot to own, &c.
A heavenly mansion near the throne.—*Cho.*

6 Then fall this earth, let stars decline, &c.
And sun and moon refuse to shine.—*Cho.*

7 All nature sink, and cease to be, &c.
That heavenly mansion stands for me.—*Cho.*

MORN OF ZION'S GLORY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Morn of Zi-on's glo - ry, Brightly thou art breaking, Ho - ly joy thy light a - waking; Morn of Zi-on's glo - ry.

Ancient saints foretold thee, Seraph angels glad beheld thee : Streams of rich salvation Flow to every nation.
Far and wide, See them glide ;

2. Morn of Zion's glory—
Every human dwelling
With thy notes of joy is swelling ;
Morn of Zion's glory.
Distant hills are ringing,
Echoed voices sweet are singing
Haste thee on,
Like the sun,
Paths of splendor tracing,
Heathen midnight chasing.

3. Morn of Zion's glory—
Now the night is risen ;
Now the star is high in heaven ;
Morn of Zion's glory.
Joyful hearts are bounding,
Hallelujah sweetly sounding ;
Peace with men
Dwells again,
Jesus reigns forever !
Jesus reigns forever !

SINNER! COME. 3s & 6s.

1. Sinner! come, 'Mid thy gloom All thy guilt confessing ; Trembling now, Contrite bow, Take the offered blessing.

2 Sinner! come, While there's room—
While the feast is waiting,
While the Lord, By his word
Kindly is inviting.

3 Sinner! come, Ere thy doom,
Shall be sealed forever ;
Now return. Grieve and moura
Flee to Christ, the Saviour.

1. Never be afraid to speak for Jesus, Think how much a word can do; Never be afraid to
 2. Never be afraid to work for Jesus, In his vineyard day by day; Labor with a kind and

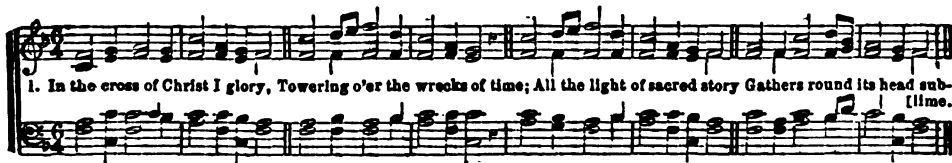
CHORUS.

own your Saviour, He, who loves and cares for you. Never be afraid, Never be a - afraid,
 will - ing spir - it, He will all your toil re - pay. Never be afraid, &c.

Never, nev - er, nev - er, Je - sus is your lov - ing Saviour, Therefore never be afraid.

- 3 Never be afraid to bear for Jesus,
 Keen reproaches when they fall;
 Patiently endure your every trial,
 Jesus meekly bore them all. *Cho.*
- 4 Never be afraid to live for Jesus,
 If you on his care depend;

- Safely shall you pass through every trial,
 He will bring you to the end. *Cho.*
- 5 Never be afraid to die for Jesus;
 He, the life, the truth, the way;
 Gently in his arms of love will bear you
 To the realms of endless day. *Cho.*



2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy;
Never shall the cross forsake me,
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

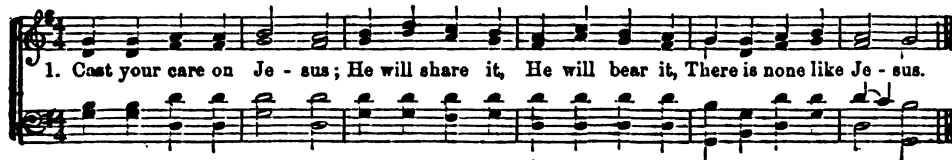
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessings, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the lights of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

CAST YOUR CARE ON JESUS.

From "CHAPEL MELODIES," by permission. Rev. R. LOWRY.



2 Cast your sin on Jesus;
He will take it,
Now forsake it—
There is none like Jesus.

3 Cast your heart on Jesus;
Do not grieve him,
Just believe him—
There is none like Jesus.

THE GATHERING.

Joyfully, with Spirit and Energy.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. We gath-er, we gath-er, dear Je - sus, to bring The breathings of love, 'mid the blossoms of Spring;
2. When, stooping to earth from the brightness of heaven, Thy blood for our ran - som so free - ly was given;

Our Ma - ker! Redeem - er! we grate - ful - ly raise Our hearts and our voices in hymning thy praise.
Thou designest to lis - ten while children adore. With joy - ful ho - sannas—the bless'd of the Lord.

REFRAIN.

f Halle - lu - jah! Halle - lu - jah! Ho - san - na in the high - est! Halle - lu - jah! Hal - le -

Hal - le - lu - jah!

Halle - lu - jah! Ho - san - na in the high - est!

Halle - lu - jah!

lu - jah! Ho - san - na to the Lord!
Halle - lu - jah! Ho - san - na to the Lord!

3 Those arms which embraced little children of old,
Still love to encircle the lambs of the fold;
That grace which inviteth the wandering home,
Hath never forbidden the youngest to come.

Hallelujah, &c.

4 Hosanna! hosanna! Great Teacher, we raise
Our hearts and our voices in hymning thy praise,
For precepts and promise so graciously given,
For blessings of earth and the glories of heaven.

Hallelujah, &c.

WHAT SHALL I DO FOR JESUS. THEO. F. SEWARD. 275

1. What shall I do for that kind Friend Who once for me so poor became; Who had not where to
 2. For Him who bore my sins a - way, Who freely shed His blood for me, Who sought me when I

CHORUS.

lay His head, Who suffered death, reproach, and shame. What shall I do, What shall I do. What
 went a-stray, Redeemed my soul and made it free. What shall I do, What shall I do, &c.

shall I do for Je - sus, What shall I do, What shall I do for that kind friend.

3 For Him who, with such tender love
 Bestows the riches of His grace ;
 For Him who intercedes above,
 And for my soul prepares a place.
 What can I do, &c.

4 I'll give to Him my heart and life,
 And love and serve Him day by day ;
 And this shall be my only strife,
 That from His fold I may not stray.
 This can I do, &c.

O, WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



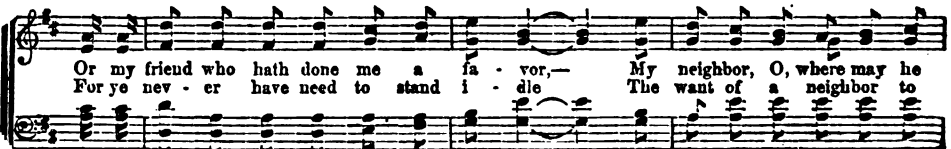
1. O, who is my neighbor? pray tell me, As I jour-ney a-long here be-low;
2. The world is thy neighbor, poor pil-grim; From the beg-gar so wretched to see,



For my Bi-ble commands me to love him As myself, And my neighbor I'd know;
To the rich man that rides in his car-riage,— All a-like have a claim up-on thee!



Is it he who sits down at my ta-ble, My brother so dear un-to me,
Go ye out in the high-ways and hedg-es, The al-leys, the lanes, and the street;



Or my friend who hath done me a fa-vor,— My neighbor, O, where may he
For ye nev-er have need to stand i-dle The want of a neighbor to

O, WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR? Concluded.

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be?.. Where may he be? Oh! where may he be?.. My neighbor, oh! where may he be?
greet! A neighbor to greet,—A neighbor to greet, The want of a neighbor to greet.

8 Drink deep from sweet charity's fountain;
Little fallings in kindness o'erlook;
For our Saviour had pity for others,
And he never his neighbor forsook.

He hath said that a cup of cold water,
If given in the name of the Lord,
In that day when he makes up his jewels,
Shall meet with a tenfold reward!
A tenfold reward, &c.

MELODY, or CHELMSFORD. C. M.

CHAPIN.

1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne ;
But all their joys are one.
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

DOXOLOGY.—To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Words by C.
Gently.

JESUS WEPT.—John 11: 35.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. How sweet in every trying scene. That wounds the spirit here, To feel that Jesus bore our grief, And know he still is near,

O ye who o'er the couch of death Your lonely watch have kept, Tho' anguish rend your aching breast, Remember Jesus wept.

2 He groaned in spirit while he spoke:
"Where have you laid the dead!"
"Lord, come and see," they murmured low,
He followed where they led;
Beneath a cold sepulchral stone
An only brother slept,
And angels wondered as they gazed,
For lo! the Saviour wept.

8 How oft the prayer our lips would breathe,
The heart alone may speak;
How oft the penitential tear
Bedews the mourner's cheek:
Poor child of toil, though dark and sad,
Thy weary lot may be,
With few to smooth life's rugged path,
The Saviour wept for thee.

LET ME BE THINE. From "CHAPEL MELODIES." W. BENNETT.

1st. 2d. FINE. D. C.

1 (Thine, Lord, O may I be, Teach me Thy will,
Draw my cold heart to Thee, [OMIT.....] With rapture thrill, Banish my guilty fear, Dry every bit - ter tear,
D. C. My troubled spirit cheer,..... Say, "Peace be still.")

2.
Keep me in danger's hour
Near to Thy side,
On me Thy spirit pour
With me abide,

Bid every doubt depart,
Fully possess my heart,
Mine be that better part,
In Thee to hide.

3.
Thus shall I sweetly prove,
While here below,
Thy tender dying love,
Thee truly know.

And when my work is done,
When I the race have run,
May glory's crown be won,
Sweet rest with Thee.

THE LAND OF CANAAN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Spirited.

1. We journey on to the land above, A land of light and a land of love; We're strangers here, and the land we're in, Tho' a
2. A lit-tle while in the land below, To that above we will shortly go; A few more days on the pilgrim road, Then we'll

REFRAIN.

pleasant land, is a land of sin. We are journey-ing on to the land of Canaan; Travelling with Abraham, and
rest at home with the Lord our God. We are journey-ing on to the land of Canaan; Travelling with Abraham, &c.

Chorus to last verse. We are here, safely here, in the land of Canaan; Travelling with Abraham, and

Isaac and Jacob, There we shall dwell, There we shall dwell, Ever in the
land of Canaan.
Isaac and Jacob, Here we shall dwell, Here we shall dwell, Ever in the
land of Canaan.

3 And while we pass through the land below,
We'll look to that where we soon shall go;
And fix our eyes on our Saviour's throne,
We must seek for strength in his grace alone.
We are journeying, &c.

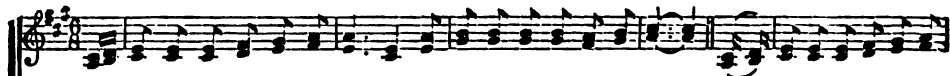
4 When life is done, and its conflict past,
The land above we will gain at last,
And shout for joy, as we enter in,
Farewell, farewell to the land of sin!
We are here, safely here, &c.

THE MASTER HAS COME OVER JORDAN.

Extract from a letter from Rev. Wm. Goodell, D.D., of Constantinople, Turkey, to Rev. Dr. Prime, of New York: "I come to ask a special favor of you, viz.: that you will see that 'sweet singer in Israel' and composer. Mr.—, and ask him to make a tune for that beautiful hymn beginning with 'The Master hath come over Jordan.' The tune should be a very simple one and suited to the popular ear, that all the Christian mothers in the world may learn to sing it by hearing it once. We shall pray that Brother — may be where John was 'on the Lord's day' (not in exile, but in the Spirit); and may be assisted to make a tune which shall be sung in every land by every tongue, not only till the beginning of the Millennium, but straight through till the very end of it, and even far beyond."

Words by JULIA GILL.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.



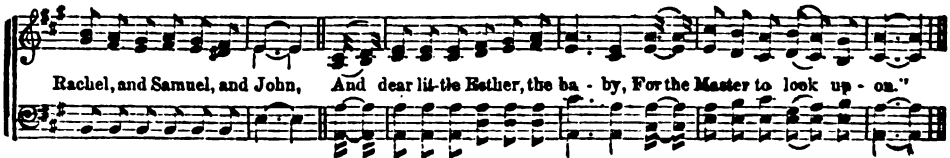
1. "The Mas-ter has come ev - er Jor-dan," Said Hannah, the mother one day; "He is healing the people who



through him, With a touch of his fin - ger, they say; And now I shall car - ry the children—Little



Rachel, and Samuel, and John, And dear lit-tle Esther, the ba - by, For the Master to look up - on."



- 2 The father then looked at her kindly,
And said, as he tenderly smiled,
"Now, who but a fond loving mother
Would think of a project so wild?
If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying with fever, 'twere well;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many around us who dwell."
- 3 "Nay, nay, do not hinder me, Nathan,
I feel such a burden of care;
And if to the Master I tell it,
That burden He'll help me to bear;
If He lay but His hands on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know,
For a blessing for ever and ever
Will follow them each as they go."
- 4 So, over the mountains of Judah,
Along with the vines all so green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between;
With the people who hung on his teaching,
Or waited His touch or His word;
Through the row of proud Pharisees hastening,
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.
- 5 "Now why shouldst thou hinder the master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these!
Thou knowest from morn until evening
He is teaching and healing disease."
Said Jesus: "Forbid not the children,
Permit them to come unto me!"
Then He took in His arms little Esther,
And Rachel He sat on His knee.
- 6 The care-stricken heart of the mother
Was lifted all sorrow above,

His hands kindly laid on the children,
He blest them with boliest love;
And said of the babes on his bosom.
"Of such are the kingdom of Heaven."
Then strength for all duty and trial,
That hour to her Spirit was given.

O COME AND BE HAPPY,

- 1 O come and be happy with Jesus,
For why should we longer delay,
The pleasures of time that surround us,
Like shadows are passing away;
His spirit is earnestly pleading,
How tenderly sweet is the call,
Then come and partake of the message
He offers so freely to all.
- 2 O come and be happy with Jesus,
Who died that his children might live,
To those who by faith will receive him,
The water of life He will give;
Come, learn at the feet of the Saviour,
How great His compassion and love,
Be willing His footsteps to follow,
And lay up our treasure above.
- 3 Our hearts He will guard in His keeping,
Our strength He will daily renew,
His beautiful star is before us,
Then gladly our journey pursue;
O live for a crown of rejoicing,
And live that we ever may share
A place in the mansion of glory.
Our Saviour has come to prepare.

THE BLESSED SABBATH SCHOOL.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

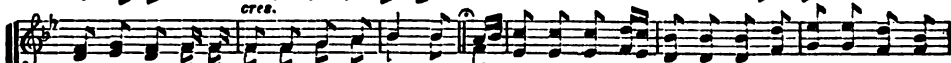
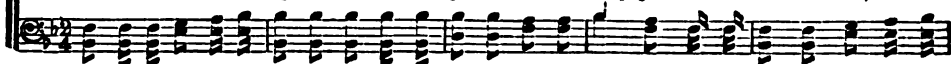
WM. B. BRADBURY.

ADAPTED TO ANNIVERSARY OR OTHER SABBATH SCHOOL OCCASIONS.

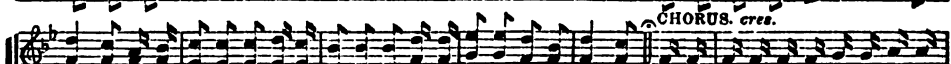
Sprightly and Joyous,



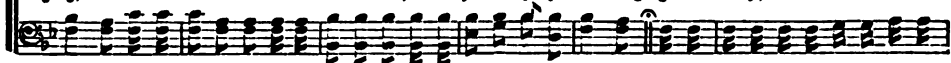
1. Ho-ly and bright in the sweet sunlight, Is the blessed Sabbath morn - ing, And to God our King we will
 2. Fleeting is youth, but the gems of truth That we glean from the sacred pages In our school so dear, tho' the



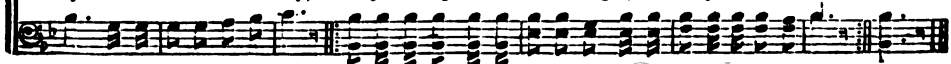
glad - ly sing, Who hath caused its glorious dawning, We'll haste away each hap - py day, Our dear companions
 storm is near, Still we'll point to the Rock of Ages, No time we'll waste but gladly haste While the pleasant bells are

CHORUS. *cres.**In Unison.*

greeting, To our Sunday-School, while the air is cool, 'Tis a pleasant place of meeting! Then away, away, away, a -
 ringing, To the cheerful rule of the Sabbath-School, To the place of prayer and singing. Then away, &c.



way! On this blessed Sabbath day, Holy and bright in the sweet sunlight, We'll away to the Sabbath School. School.



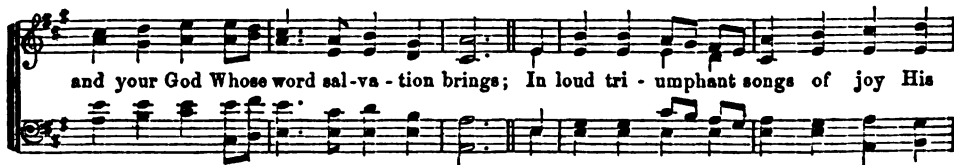
HOSANNA TO OUR GLORIOUS KING.

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FROM CHAPEL MELODIES. C. G. ALLEN.

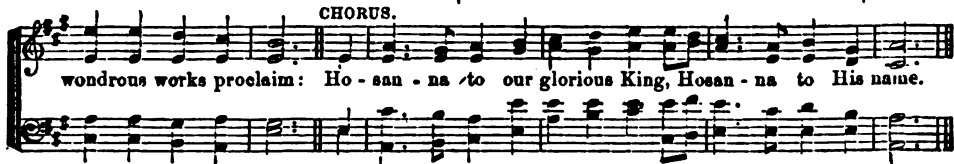


1. A - dor - ing saints lift up your heads Be - hold the King of kings, Your great deliver - er



and your God Whose word sal - va - tion brings; In loud tri - umphant songs of joy His

CHORUS.



wondrous works proclaim: Ho - san - na to our glorious King, Hosan - na to His name.

2 The mighty Lord, the Prince of peace
He reigns victorious now,
And all the nations of the earth
Shall to his scepter bow;
From wave to wave, from clime to clime
Let every tongue proclaim:
Hosanna to our glorious King,
Hosanna to His name.

3 Ye souls redeemed from sin and death,
Ye bright celestial band
That shout and praise Him day and night
As 'round His throne ye stand,
With you we'll strike our golden harps,
In heaven we'll soon proclaim:
Hosanna to our glorious King,
Hosanna to His name.

LET TO-MORROW TAKE CARE OF TO-MORROW.

"THE MORROW SHALL TAKE THOUGHT FOR THE THINGS OF ITSELF.—Matt. vi, 34.

Words by CHAS. SWAIN,

Music by O. J. WILLARD,

1. Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;
2. Have faith, and thy faith shall sustain thee—

Leave things of the fu-ture a-lone; What's the
Permit not sus-pi-cion and care.. With in-

use to an-ti-ci-pate sor-row? Life's troubles come ev-er too soon!... If to
vin-ci-ble bonds to enshrine thee, But bear what God gives thee to bear:... By His

hope o-ver-much be an er-ror, 'Tis one that the wise have pre-ferred: And how
Spi-rit sup-port-ed and gladdened, Be ne'er by forebod-ings de-terred; But

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The first system contains the first two lines of the song. The second system contains the next two lines. The third system contains the final two lines. The music is in a common time signature and features a simple, melodic style.

TO-MORROW TAKE CARE OF TO-MORROW. Concluded. 285

oft - en have hearts been in ter - ror Of e - vils that nev - er oc - curred.
 think how hearts have been saddened By fear of what nev - er oc - curred.

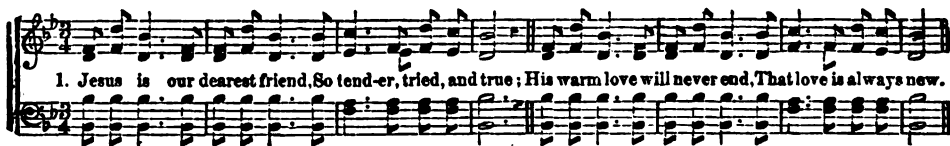
CHORUS.

To - mor - row, ... To - mor - row, ... Let to - mor - row take care of to - mor - row;

To - mor - row, ... To - mor - row, ... Let to - mor - row take care of to - mor - row.

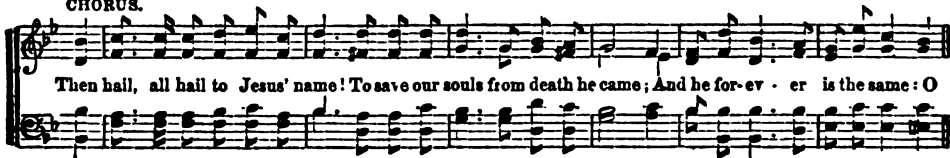
8 Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;
 Short and dark as our life may appear,
 We may make it still darker by sorrow—
 Still shorter by folly and fear;

Half our troubles are our own invention,
 And often from blessings conferred:
 We have shrunk in the wild apprehension
 Of evils that never occurred.—*Chs.*

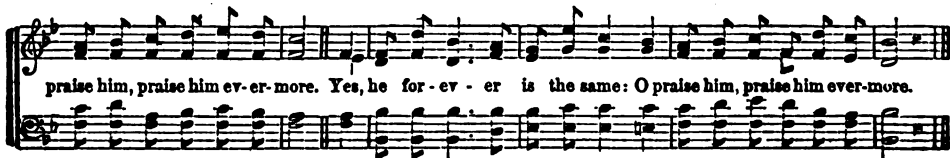


1. Jesus is our dearest friend, So tend-er, tried, and true; His warm love will never end, That love is always new.

CHORUS.



Then hail, all hail to Jesus' name! To save our souls from death he came; And he for-ev-er is the same: O



praise him, praise him ev-er-more. Yes, he for-ev-er is the same: O praise him, praise him ever-more.

2 Jesus is our faithful Guide,
We'll never go astray,
While we linger near his side,
And he directs our way.—*Cho.*

3 Jesus is our only Guard;
And still his mighty arm,

Tho' the way be rough and hard,
Will keep us safe from harm.—*Cho.*

4 Jesus is our All in All,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King,
On his name we'll humbly call
And still his praises sing.—*Cho.*

THE LAND BEYOND THE RIVER.

Moderato.

From "SILVER CHIME," by permission.

Words and Music by H. L. FRISBIE.

1. No mor - tal eye that land hath seen, Be - yond, beyond the riv - er, Its smil - ing val - leys, hills so green,
 2. No caukering care nor mor - tal strife, Be - yond, beyond the riv - er, But hap - py, nev - er - end - ing life,

Be - yond, be - yond the riv - er. Its shores are com - ing near - er, The skies are grow - ing clear - er, Each
 Be - yond, be - yond the riv - er. Thro' the e - ter - nal hours, God's love, in heavenly show - ers, Shall

REFRAIN.

day it seem - eth dear - er. That land beyond the riv - er. } We'll stand the storm, we'll stand the storm. Its
 wa - ter faith's fair flow - ers In the land beyond the riv - er. } We'll stand the storm, etc.

rage is al - most o - ver, We'll an - chor in the har - bor - soon. In the land beyond the riv - er.

3 That glorious day will ne'er be done. Beyond, etc.
 When we've the crown and kingdom won, Beyond, etc.
 There is eternal pleasure,
 And joys that none can measure,
 For those who have their treasure In the land, etc.

4 When shall we look from Zion's hill, Beyond, etc.
 With endless bliss our hearts shall thrill, Beyond; etc.
 There angels bright are singing.
 Where golden harps are ringing.
 We ne'er shall cease our singing In the land, etc.

JESUS DIED FOR ME.

"HE DIED THAT WE MIGHT LIVE."

Words by Mrs. H. N. BEERS.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Although I am a sin-ful child, Je-sus is my Saviour—With guilt my heart is all defil'd, Jesus died for me.

CHORUS. GIRLS. BOYS.

I sing the love of Jesus—He died for me—He died for me—His precious blood can cleanse us, Once shed on Calvary.

2 Though but a child, I'll do His will,
Jesus is my Saviour—
I'll hear His voice, and follow still—
Jesus died for me.
I sing the love of Jesus, &c.

3 Around my feet is many a snare,
Jesus is my Saviour—
I'll seek Him every day in prayer,
Jesus died for me.
I sing the love of Jesus, &c.

4 And since His service I've begun,
Jesus is my Saviour—

I'll tell His love to every one,
Jesus died for me.
I sing the love of Jesus, &c.

5 When all my duties here are done,
Jesus is my Saviour—
He'll take me nearer to His throne,
Jesus died for me.
There I shall be with Jesus,
Who died for me, who died for me,
And sing the love of Jesus
Through all eternity.

TRY TO LIVE LIKE JESUS.

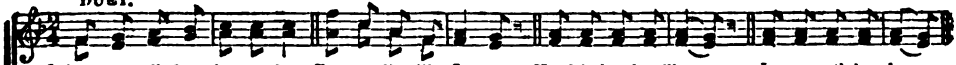
289

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

THE SABBATH SCHOLARS' COMPACT.

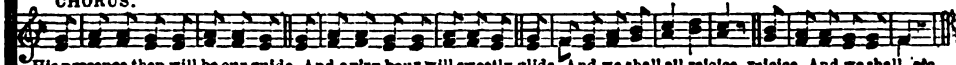
WM. B. BRADBURY.

DUET.

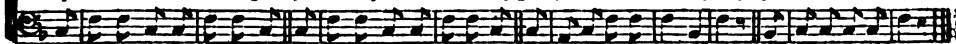


1. Let us all from day to day, Try to live like Je - sus; Hand in hand we'll go, In our path be - low.

CHORUS.



His presence then will be our guide, And ev'ry hour will sweetly glide, And we shall all rejoice, rejoice. And we shall, etc.



2 Love our parents, God's command,
First command with promise,
That we long may live
In the land he'll give.
His presence then will, etc.

3 Let us one and all engage,
That like friends and brothers
We in peace will live.
And our foes forgive,
His presence then will, etc.

4 Let us never do a wrong,
Howsoever tempted;
But in deed and word
Love and serve the Lord,
His presence then will, etc.

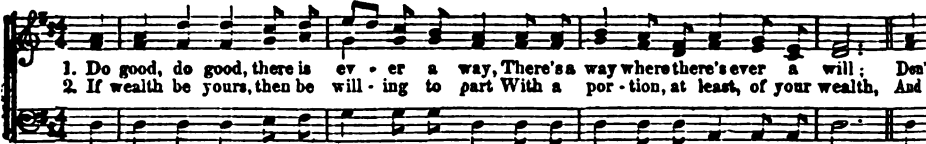
CHANT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



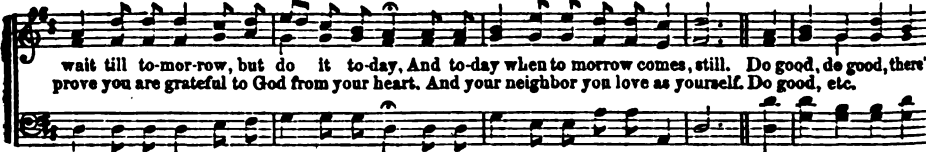
1. Father, I know thy ways are just, Al- | though to me un- | known; || O, grant me grace thy love to trust, and cry, | "Thy will be | done."
2. If thou shouldst hedge with thorns my path, Should | wealth and friends be | gone, || Still, with a firm and lively faith, I'll cry, | "Thy will be | done."
3. Although thy steps I cannot trace, Thy | sovereign right I'll | own; || And, as instructed by thy grace, I'll cry, | "Thy will be | done."
4. 'Tis sweet thus passively to lie Be- | fore thy gracious | throne, || Concerning every thing to cry "My Father's | will be | done."

DO GOOD.




1. Do good, do good, there is ev - er a way, There's a way where there's ever a will; Don't
2. If wealth be yours, then be will - ing to part With a por - tion, at least, of your wealth, And

FULL CHORUS,



wait till to-mor-row, but do it to-day, And to-day when to-morrow comes, still. Do good, do good, there's
prove you are grateful to God from your heart. And your neighbor you love as yourself. Do good, etc.



ev - er a-way, There's a way where there's ever a will; Don't wait till to - mor - row, but



do it to - day, And to - day, when to-mor-row comes, still, And to - day, when to-mor-row comes, still.

Words written for this work.

3 Perhaps you're poor—and have little to spare,
There are some not so favored as you;
If only a shilling—bestow it with care,
And remember the good it may do.
CHO.—Do good, etc.

4 Go help the weak, and the erring restore
To the path that in childhood they trod ;

And if they repulse you, then try it once more,
Till you lead them to virtue and God.
CHO.—Do good, etc.

5 Do good to all, and their burdens bear :
'Tis the will of your Father in heaven ;
Remember this council—wherever you are,
That in secret your alms should be given.
CHO.—Do good, etc.

EVENING HYMN. L. M.

TALLIS.



1. Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, O keep me King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

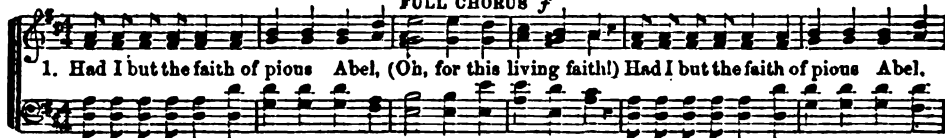
4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep, which shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care :
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

SONG OF FAITH.

"THESE ALL DIED IN FAITH, NOT HAVING RECEIVED THE PROMISES." WM. B. BRADBURY.

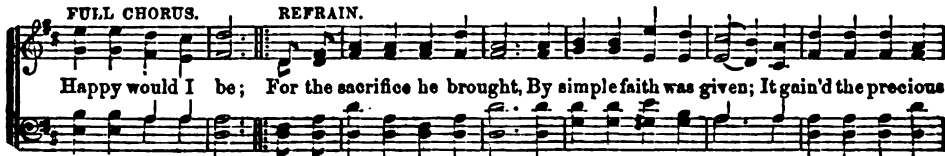
FULL CHORUS *f*



1. Had I but the faith of pious Abel, (Oh, for this living faith!) Had I but the faith of pious Abel,

FULL CHORUS.

REFRAIN.



Happy would I be; For the sacrifice he brought, By simple faith was given; It gain'd the precious

* 'Tis a faith that works by love, That pu-ri-fies the heart, It works by love, and



boon he sought, The love, the smile of heaven.

purifies the heart, And o-vercomes the world.

2 Had I but the faith of holy Enoch,
(Oh, for this living faith!)
Had I but the faith of holy Enoch,
Happy would I be :

For the gloomy vale of death
His footsteps never trod :
He went to heaven on wings of faith,—
For Enoch walked with God.

3 Had I but the faith of good old Noah,
(Oh, for this living faith!)
Had I but the faith of good old Noah,
Happy would I be :

'Twas by faith he built the ark,
And though by tempest tossed,
It saved him from the waters dark,
When all the world was lost.

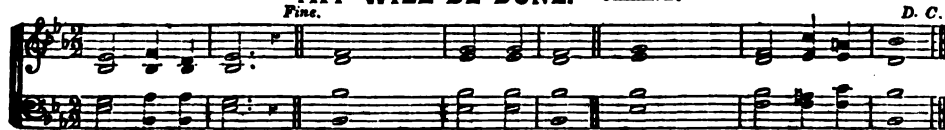
* These lines may be sung at the close of the piece, or at the end of each or every other stanza.

- 4 Had I but the faith of faithful Abram,
(Oh, for this living faith!)
Had I but the faith of faithful Abram,
Happy would I be:
For he left his native plain,
And sought a stranger land;
His only son he would have slain,
By faith in God's command.
- 5 Had I but the faith and meekness of Moses,
(Oh, for this living faith!)
Had I but the faith and meekness of Moses,
Happy would I be:
Through the wilderness he trod,
He, Israel's chosen guide;
Yet never lost his faith in God,
Though oft severely tried.
- 6 Had I but the faith of praying Joshua,
(Oh, for this living faith!)
Had I but the faith of praying Joshua,
Happy would I be:

'Twas by faith he called on God,
In battle wild and shrill;
And in the valley, at his word
The sun and moon stood still.

- 7 Had I but the faith of the Christian Martyrs,
(Oh, for this living faith!)
Had I but the faith of the Christian Martyrs,
Happy would I be:
They were racked with torturing pains,
Yet brilliant was their faith;
It shone above the burning flames,
Triumphant over death.
- 8 Had I but the faith that never falters,
(Oh, for this living faith!)
Had I but the faith that never falters,
Happy would I be.
Saviour, may thy grace divine
This living faith impart;
A faith that sweetly works by love,
And purifies the heart.

THY WILL BE DONE. CHANT.



1. Thy will be done! || In devious way The hurrying stream of | life may | run ; || Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
| Thy will be done!
2. Thy will be done! || If o'er us shine A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun, || This prayer shall make it more divine:— |
| Thy will be done!
3. Thy will be done! || Though shrouded o'er Our path with gloom, one | comfort, | one, || Is ours—to breathe while we
adore, | Thy will be done!

BLESSED BIBLE.

"THY WORD HAVE I HID IN MY HEART."—David.

Words by MRS. DOCT. PALMER.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

mp

1. Bless-ed Bi-ble! how I love it! How it doth my bo-som cheer! What on
 earth like this to co-vet! Oh, what stores of wealth are here! Man was lost and doom'd to
 sor-row, Not one ray of light or bliss Could he from earth's treasures borrow, Till his
 way was cheer'd by this. Blessed Bi-ble, Blessed Bi-ble, how thou dost my spir-it cheer, cheer.

2 Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee ;
 Precious Word, I'll hide thee here,
 Sure my very heart will bless thee,
 For thou ever say'st " Good cheer!"
 Speak, poor heart, and tell thy pond'rings,
 Tell how far thy rovings led,
 When this book brought back thy wand'rings,
 Speaking life as from the dead.
 Blessed Bible! &c.

4 Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee
 Deep—yes, deeper in this heart ;
 Thou through all my life wilt guide me,
 And in death we will not part.
 Part in death! no, never! never!
 Through death's vale I'll lean on thee ;
 Then in worlds above, forever,
 Sweeter still thy truths shall be.
 Blessed Bible! &c.

JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

INFANT CLASS SONG.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

The image shows the musical notation for the song 'Jesus' Little Lamb'. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble clef and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is written on a bass staff. The lyrics '1. I am Je - sus' lit - tle Lamb, Therefore glad and gay I am; Jesus loves me, Jesus knows me,' are placed below the first staff. The second system also has a treble clef and a 2/4 time signature. The melody continues on a single staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass staff. The lyrics 'All that's good and fair he shows me, Tends me ev-'ry day the same, Even calls me by my name.' are placed below the second staff.

1. I am Je - sus' lit - tle Lamb, Therefore glad and gay I am; Jesus loves me, Jesus knows me,

All that's good and fair he shows me, Tends me ev-'ry day the same, Even calls me by my name.

2 Out and in I safely go,
 Want or hunger never know,
 Soft green pastures He discloseth,
 Where his happy flock repositeth ;
 When I faint or thirsty be,
 To the brook he leadeeth me.

3 Should not I be glad and gay?
 In this blessed fold all day ;
 By this Holy Shepherd tended,
 Whose kind arms, when life is ended,
 Bear me to the world of light?
 Yes! oh, yes, my lot is bright!

CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL.

LITTLE ARTHUR BAIN, with tremulous voice and moistened eyes, uttered these words in the class-room:
 Words by Rev. J. G. CHAFFEE. Melody by PHILLIP PHILLIPS. Arr. by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. "I'm trying to climb up Zion's hill."
 Tho' all beneath is dark as death,
 For the Saviour whispers, "Love me;"
 Yet the stars are bright a-

bove me. Then upward still to Zion's Hill, To the land of joy and beauty, My path before, Shines more and more, As it

BEFRAIN. 1st SEMI-CHORUS. 2d SEMI-CHORUS. FULL CHORUS.

near the golden ci - ty. I'm climbing up Zion's hill, I'm climbing up Zion's hill, Climbing, climbing, climbing up Zion's
 (hill)

2 I know I'm but a little child,
 My strength will not protect me;
 But then I am the Saviour's lamb,
 And he will not neglect me.
 Then all the time,
 I'll try to climb
 This holy hill of Zion;
 For I am sure,
 The way is pure,
 And on it comes "no lion." *Chs.*

3 Then come with me, we'll upward go,
 And climb this hill together;
 And as we walk, we'll sweetly talk,
 And sing as we go thither.
 Then mount up still
 God's holy hill,
 Till we reach the pearly portals;
 Where raptured tongues
 Proclaim the songs
 Of the shining-robed immortals. *Chs.*

PRECIOUS IS THE TIME.

W. B. BRADBURY. 297

GIRLS.

ALL.

GIRLS.

ALL.

1. We must labor while 'tis day, Precious is the time; Soon the light will fade away, Precious is the time;
 2. Do we try the right to choose, Precious is the time; Not a moment should we loose, Precious is the time;

GIRLS.

ALL.

Whatsoe'er we find to do, Let us with our might pursue, Keeping still one thought in view, Precious is the time.
 Life is like a morning flower, Blooming in a fragrant bower, Drooping, dying in an hour, Precious is the time.

FULL CHORUS.

Precious is the time, friends! Precious is the time, friends! We must la-bor while 'tis day, Precious is the time.

3 Have we sought our Father's love?
 Precious is the time;
 Live we for our home above?
 Precious is the time:
 Do we daily kneel in prayer,
 Thanking God for all his care,
 Grateful for the gifts we share?
 Precious is the time.—*Cho.*

4 We must labor while 'tis day,
 Precious is the time;
 Soon the light will fade away,
 Precious is the time;
 Whatsoe'er we find to do,
 Let us with our might pursue,
 Keeping still one thought in view,
 Precious is the time.—*Cho.*

Words written for this work.

1. Gushing so bright in the morn-ing light Gleams the water in your foun-tain; And as pure-ly, too, as the
2. Qui-et-ly glide in their silv-ery tide, Pearly brooks from rocks to val-ley; And the flashing streams in the

CHORUS.

ear-ly dew, That gems the dis-tant mountain. Then drink your fill of the gushing rill, And
broad sunbeams, Like ban-nered ar-mies ral-ly. Then drink your, etc.

leave the cup of ser-row, Though it shine to-night in the gleaming light, 'Twill sting thee on the morrow.

3 Touch not the wine, though it brightly shine,
When a purer draught is given;
A gift so sweet our wants to meet,
A beverage bright from heaven.
Cmo.—Then drink your fill, etc.

4 O fountain clear, with a heart sincere,
We will praise thy glorious Giver:
And when we rise to our native skies,
We'll drink of life's brighter river.
Cho.—Then drink your fill, etc.

* Words adapted for this work.

THE COOLING SPRING.

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Opposite our chamber window is a clear, cool, never falling spring; and, running merrily along by its side, yet entirely disconnected from it, is a sprightly, bubbling, singing little brook, whose music lulls us to sleep at night, and gently awakens us at early dawn.—*The Parsonage*. Mont Clair, July 1864.

SEMI-CHORUS.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 (1st Semi-Chorus) O, a good-ly thing is the cooling spring, By the rock where the moss doth grow; There is
2 (2d Semi-Chorus.) And as pure as heaven is the wa - ter given, And its stream is for - ev - er new; 'Tis dis -

health in the tide, and there's music beside, In the brooklet's bounding flow.) *f* Merry, merry,
tized in the sky, and it drops from on high, In the showers and gentle. . . .) dew, *pp* Ripple, ripple,

lit - tle spring, Sparkle on, Sparkle on, Merry, merry, lit - tle spring, Sparkle on for me.
silv'ry brook, Ripple on, Ripple on, Ripple, ripple, silv'ry brook, Ripple on for me.

3 Let them say 'tis weak, but it's strength I'll seek,
And rejoice while I own its sway;
For its murmur to me is the echo of glee,
And it laughs as it bounds away. *Cha.*

4 O, I love to drink from the foaming brink,
Of the bubbling, the cooling spring:
For the bright drops that shine more refreshing
than wine,
And its praise, its praise we'll sing. *Cho.*

BRIGHT MANSIONS.

"A MERRY HEART DOTH GOOD LIKE A MEDICINE."—Prov. 17, 22.

W. B. B.

1st 2d REFRAIN.

1. { "I feel like singing all the time." My heart with joy is ringing ; } O happy they who reach that place
 { Since Jesus hath my sins forgiven, I'm happiest when I'm singing. } Where

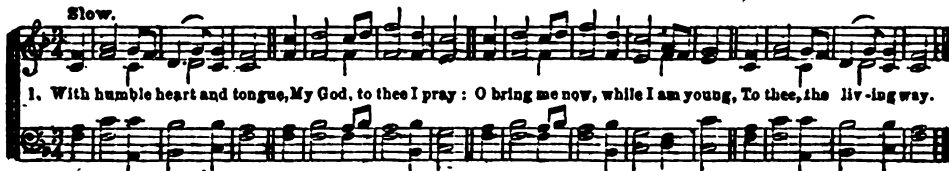
sorrow cometh nev - er ; Who rest within his lov-ing arms For-ev - er and for-ev - er. ev - er.

- 2 Since I have found a Saviour's love,
 To him my hopes are clinging ;
 I feel so happy all the time,
 My heart is always singing.—*Cho.*
- 3 A light I never knew before,
 Around my path is breaking,
 And cheerful songs of grateful praise,
 My raptured soul is waking.—*Cho.*
- 4 I see in heaven some mansions bright,
 The noonday soon outshining ;

- For those who feel the Saviour's love
 Around their hearts entwining.—*Cho.*
- 5 "I feel like singing all the time,"
 I have no thought of sadness ;
 When Jesus washed my sins away,
 He tuned my heart to gladness.—*Cho.*
- 6 Each moment, as it glides away,
 Some new delight is bringing ;
 Redeeming love, O blessed theme,
 My heart is always singing.—*Cho.*

* The Refrain may be sung after every second stanza.

Slow.



1. With humble heart and tongue, My God, to thee I pray : O bring me now, while I am young, To thee, the liv-ing way.

- 2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care ;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.
- 3 My heart to folly prone,
Renew by power divine ;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.
- 4 O let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.
- 5 To what thy laws impart,
Be my whole soul inclined ;
O let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

AWAKE, AND SING

- 1 Awake and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!

Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!

- 2 Sing of his dying love—
Sing of his rising power—
Sing how he interceded above,
For us whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue ;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ th' eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall we hear him say,—
'Ye blessed children, come!'
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.
- 6 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim ;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!

Words by Mrs. E. M. SANGSTER.
Spirited and Energetic.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Go forth, young soldier of the Cross, The bat - tle hour is nigh, And ye have bound the ar - mor
2. Be watchful, ar - my of the Cross, The foe is lurking nigh; A soul must be the mighty

on, And sworn to do or die. Our bu - gle ne'er shall sound re - treat While Je - sus leads us
loss, If but one soldier die. Whene'er you dare the hos - tile ranks, For - get not that with -

FULL CHORUS.

on: We will not lay our weapons by Un - til we wear the crown. A beau - ti - ful crown is waiting for
in There hides a most ter - ri - fic foe, The wi - ly "inbred sin." A beau - ti - ful crown, &c.

you, Far a - way in the promis'd land; A beautiful crown is waiting for me, Far a - way in the promised land.

3 On guard, young soldier of the Cross,
 Through all the weary night,
 With praise and prayer relieve your care,
 And keep your armor bright.
 Your Jesus once, "without the camp,"
 Bought liberty for you ;
 Then bravely fight for truth and right,
 And keep your crown in view.
 A beautiful crown is waiting, &c.

4 Rejoice, young soldier of the Cross,
 The victory is sure ;
 The harp, the palm, are waiting all
 Who to the end endure ;
 Your weary feet shall walk the street
 All paved with gold, on high ;
 And he who wore a crown of thorns,
 Will crown you in the sky
 A beautiful crown is waiting, &c.

THE STANDARD OF THE CROSS.

MISSIONARY SONG.—Tune, "Young Soldier."

1 The sacred banner of the Cross,
 The pledge of victory won
 By him who in his anguish cried,
 "Thy will, not mine, be done."
 Ye, who have borne through many a field
 Its blood-stained colors fair,
 Go where your dear Redeemer trod,
 And plant that standard there,
 A beautiful crown is waiting, &c.

Its chords are mute—their song no more
 Awakes the trembling air ;
 Yet Jesus trod those lovely wilds :
 Go plant that standard there.
 A beautiful crown is waiting, &c.

2 On Jordan's bank, on Olives' mount,
 And all those dewy plains
 Where Judah's harp in happier times
 Rang out its tuneful strains :

3 Jerusalem shall yet rejoice
 To hail Messiah's reign ;
 The solitary place be glad,
 The desert bloom again ;
 Her ruin'd towers, her crumbled walls,
 Their ancient glory wear ;
 The crescent to the Cross shall bend,
 Go plant that standard there.
 A beautiful crown is waiting, &c.

FOR CLOSING SCHOOL.

Tune.—OLD HUNDRED.

1 Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord,
 Help us to feed upon thy word ;
 All that has been amiss forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good,
 Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
 Give every fetter'd soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

1. A - wake, a - wake the morning dawns, Behold the opening day; A - rise and haste with courage bold, To

run the heavenly way; For wea - ry souls, a rest re - mains, The end of toils, the
 CHO.—We'll work and wait till Je - sus comes, We'll work and wait till

end of pains, We soon shall break these earthly chains, Thro' grace we'll soon be there.
 Jesus comes, We'll work and wait till Jesus comes, And then (*Omit.*) be gathered home.

2 Rejoice in hope, O trembling soul,
 Lift up thy tearful eyes,
 And in the strength of Christ, the Lord,
 Press onward to the prize.
 A crown of gold, a robe of white,
 A victor palm of glory bright,
 Are waiting in that world of light,
 Thro' grace we'll soon be there. *Chc.*

3 O may the fruits of joy and peace
 Within our souls abound,
 And in the vineyard of the Lord
 His children still be found;
 Then safely on the other shore,
 Our trials past, our journey o'er,
 We'll sing with dear ones gone before,
 Praise God! we're home at last. *Chc.*

YOUNG PILGRIMS.

805

Words by LYDIA BAXTER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1st (Life's journey we have started, Its opening dawn is bright: And if we're merry-hearted, We'll tune our songs aright.)
 2d (The flow'rs that blossom ever Around our pilgrim feet, With ho - ly joy we'll gather, And sip their dewy sweet.)

FULL CHORUS.

We are going to fields e - lys - ian. Far, far beyond the sky; The golden gates of hea - ven Will

o - pen by - and - by, Will o - pen by - and - by, Will o - pen by - and - by, The golden gates of

hea - ven will o - pen by - and - by.

2 With cheerful steps we'll hasten,
 Nor list the tempter's charms;
 But to the spirit listen
 That calls to Jesus' arms.
 'Twill make life's burden lighter
 To feel God's gracious love;
 And every precept brighter
 That points to realms above. *Chor.*
 3 His holy book will ever
 Our onward footsteps guide,

Until we reach our Saviour,
 And anchor near his side,
 And when we meet our Jesus,
 And tears are wiped away,
 We'll take the harp he gives us,
 And shout and sing for aye.
Chor. We've reached the fields eiyann,
 The Eden of the blest;
 With angels now in heaven
 The pilgrims are at rest.

Gentle.

1. We'll try to be like Je - sus, The children's precious Friend, Far dearer than a mother, A
2. We'll try to be like Je - sus, In bo - dy and in mind; For pure he was and ho - ly, In

GIRLS.

sister, or a brother, He'll love us to the end, He'll love us to the end. We'll try to be like
temper meek and lowly, And to poor sinners kind, And to poor sinners kind. We'll try to be &c.

*Boys.**ALL.*

Je - sus, We'll try to be like Je - sus, We'll try to be like Je - sus, The children's precious Friend.

3 We'll try to be like Jesus,
And do our Father's will;
We'll seek His strength in weakness,
We'll bear the cross in meekness,
Up Calvary's rugged hill.—*Cho.*

4 We'll try to be like Jesus,
And when we come to die,
At His right hand in glory
We'll sing the blessed story
The ransomed sing on high.—*Cho.*

THE LORD'S VINEYARD.

307

"GO WORK TO-DAY IN MY VINEYARD."—"THE HARVEST TRULY IS GREAT, BUT THE LABORERS ARE FEW."

Spirited.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Go work to-day in the vineyard of the Lord. Work, work to-day, Work, work to-day; To those who toil he has promised a reward.

CHORUS.
Work, work to-day, work to-day; For a crown of life you may win and wear. In your father's house there are mansions fair. Go

work to-day, Go work to-day, Go work to-day, Go work to-day,
Go work in the vineyard of the Lord, Go work in the vineyard of the Lord.

2 Go seek the lost who have wandered from the fold,
Work, work to-day, work, work to-day;
In guilt and sin they perhaps are growing old,
Work, work to-day, work to-day;
For a word may fall or a tear may start,
That will find its way to some grateful heart.
Go work to-day, etc.

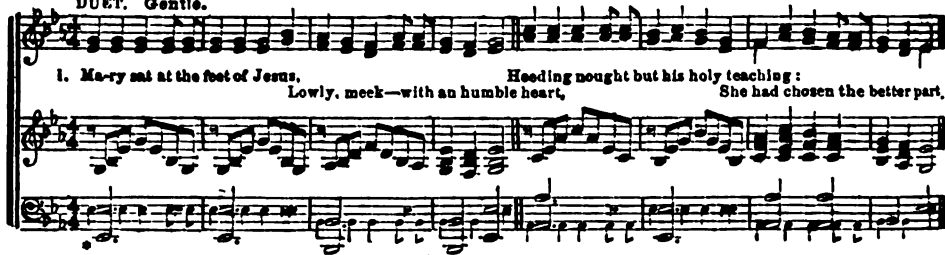
3 Glad news, glad news to a lowly one proclaim,
Work, work to-day, work, work to-day;
Good will to man, through a dying Saviour's name,
Work, work to-day, work to-day;
O, the time is short, it will soon be o'er,
And the night will come ye can work no more.
Go work to-day, etc.

" THE BETTER PART. "

" MARY HATH CHOSEN THAT GOOD PART, WHICH SHALL NOT BE TAKEN FROM HER "—*Luke 10 : 40-52.*

WM. B. BRADBURY.

DUET. Gentle.



1. Ma-ry sat at the feet of Jesus,
Lowly, meek—with an humble heart,
Heeding nought but his holy teaching:
She had chosen the better part.

CHORUS.



Mary's part was the better part, Sitting at the feet of Jesus; There, with an humble, a broken heart,
I would choose that better part.

- 2 Cares that long with their weight oppressed her,
Tears that oft to her eyes would start,
All were lost in a beam of comfort:
She had chosen the better part.—*Cho.*
- 3 Like a stream in a lonely desert,
Cool and sweet to the yearning heart,

Came the words of her blessed Saviour,
"She hath chosen the better part."—*Cho.*

- 4 Jesus, now at thy footstool kneeling,
Grant thine aid to my longing heart;
May sing with the blest in glory,
I have chosen the better part.—*Cho.*

* The small notes in the base are for the voice, when it is more desirable to have a vocal base than a mere instrumental accompaniment

MAN THE LIFE BOAT.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 309

Quick and Spirited.

1, Man the life-boat! man the life-boat! Hearts of love yoursuo - oor lend! See the shattered

ves - sel staggers! Quick! O quick! as - sist - ance lend! Now the fra - gile boat is hanging

On the billows feathery height; Now 'midst fearful depths descending, While we wither at the sight.

- 2 Courage! courage! she's in safety!
 See again her bueysant form,
 By his gracious hand uplifted,
 Who controls the raging storm,
 With her precious cargo freighted,
 Now the life-boat nears the shere;
 Parents, brethren, friends, embracing,
 Those they thought to see no more.
- 3 Christian, pause, and deeply ponder;
 Is there nothing you can do?
 The sinking ship, the storm, the life-boat,
 Have they not a veice for you?

There's a storm, a fearful tempest—
 Souls are sinking in despair;
 There's a shore of blessed refuge,
 Try, O try to guide them there.

- 4 O, remember Him who saved you,
 Whose right hand deliverance wrought.
 Who, from depths of guilt and anguish,
 You to peace and safety brought;
 'Tis his voice who cheers you onward—
 "He that winneth souls is wise;"
 Launch the Gospel's blessed life-boat
 Venture all to win the prize.

"A GROUP OF HAPPY CHILDREN."

Spirited.

1. (A group of happy children, One bright and sunny day,
Were tripping, lightly tripping To Sabbath-school a-way,) Along the fields and meadows, Where buds and blossoms
grew ; Their hearts were full of gladness, Of gladness, of gladness, Their hearts were full of gladness, Their faces smiling, too.

2.

How pleasant to behold them,
To hear the tuneful lay,
While tripping, lightly tripping
To Sabbath-school away,
Their little merry voices
Rang sweetly on the breeze,
And mingled with the robin,
The robin, the robin,
And mingled with the robin,
That sang among the trees.

3.

What made the children happy,
What made their hearts so gay,
While tripping, lightly tripping
To Sabbath-school away!

They loved the blessed Bible,
They loved the house of prayer,
For there they hear of Jesus,
Of Jesus, of Jesus,
For there they hear of Jesus,
And learn to praise him there.

4.

Then let us all remember,
And keep this holy day,
And when we're lightly tripping
To Sabbath-school away,
We'll thank our heavenly Father
For his own word of Truth ;
We'll give our hearts to Jesus,
To Jesus, to Jesus,
We'll give our hearts to Jesus,
And serve him in our youth.

WHERE THERE IS NO PARTING.

311

Words by Rev. W. HUNTER.

Arr. by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. And may I still get there? Still reach the heavenly shore? The land forever bright and fair, Where
2. Shall I, un - worthy I, To fear and doubting given, Mount up at last, and happy fly, On

CHORUS.

sor - row reigns no more? Where there is no part - ing, Where there is no part - ing,
an - gel's wings to heaven. Where there is no part - ing, Where there is no part - ing, &c.

Where there is no parting, And sorrow reigns no more.

3 Hail, love divine and pure,
Hail, mercy from the skies!
My hopes are bright, and now secure,
Upborne by faith I rise. *Chorus.*

4 I part with earth and sin,
And shout the danger's past;
My Saviour takes me fully in,
And I am his at last. *Chorus.*

THE LITTLE BAND.

Words by O.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Gently. in Ballad-style.

1. (Do you know the little band Gathered in our school to-day? Did you see them hand in hand Hither bend their way?
All are happy, all are glad, Hearts are bounding with delight, Not a single brow is sad, Every eye is bright.)

CHORUS. More Spirited.

Then go with me to the Sabbath-school, Go with me to the Sabbath-school,
The blessed, blessed Sabbath-school, The blessed Sabbath-school.

2.

Did you hear their gentle lay,
Telling of redeeming love,
Sweetly wafted far away,
To the courts above?
Would you live forever blest,
With your Saviour and your God?
Would you on his bosom rest,
Tread the paths He trod?
Then go with me, etc.

3.

Can you with those children kneel
In the Sabbath-school to-day?
Do you humbly, truly feel
Every word they say?
Is a glistening tear-drop seen
Trickling down your cheek the while?
In its penitential beam,
View a Father's smile.
Then go with me, etc.

GO AND TELL JESUS.

313

"AND THEY WENT AND TOLD JESUS."

T. F. SEWARD.

1. Go and tell Je - sus, weary, sin-sick soul, He'll ease thee of thy bur - den, make thee whole.

Look up to Him, He on - ly can for-give, Be - lieve on Him, and thou shalt surely live.

CHORUS.

{ Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can forgive, }
 { Go and tell Je - sus, O turn to him and live. } Go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je - sus,

Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can forgive.

2 Go and tell Jesus, when your sins arise
 Like mountains of deep guilt before your eyes:
 His blood was spilt, His precious life He gave,
 That mercy, peace and pardon you might have. *Ch.*

3 Go and tell Jesus, he'll dispel thy fears,
 Will calm thy doubts, and wipe away thy tears:
 He'll take thee in His arm, and on His breast
 Thou mayst be happy, and for ever rest. *Ch.*

THE HEAVENLY LAND.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

"A BETTER COUNTRY, THAT IS, AN HEAVENLY.—Hebrews xi. 14.

1. I love to think of the heaven-ly land, Where white-robed an - gels are ; Where
 2. I love to think of the heaven-ly land, Where my Re - deem - er reigns, Where
 3. I love to think of the heaven-ly land, The saints, e - ter - nal home, Where

REFRAIN.

many a friend is gathered safe From fear, and toil, and care, There'll be no
 rapturous songs of tri - umph rise In end - less joy - ous strains. There'll be &c.
 palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade, And all our joys are one. There'll be, &c.

part - ing, There'll be no part - ing, There'll be no parting, There'll be no parting there,

4 I love to think of the heavenly land,
 The greetings there we'll meet,
 The harps—the songs forever ours—
 The walks—the golden streets.
 There'll be no, &c.

5 I love to think of the heavenly land,
 That promised land so fair,
 O, how my raptured spirit longs
 To be forever there!
 There'll be no, &c

HEAVENLY HOME!

315

Words by Miss F. W. SAMPSON.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Heavenly home! heavenly home! precious name to me! I love to think the time will come when
2. Heavenly home! heavenly home! there no clouds arise, No tear-drops fall, no dark nights dim thy

Fin.

I shall rest in thee. I've no a-biding city here, I seek for one to come; And tho' my pilgrim-
ever-smiling skies. This earthly home is fair and bright, Yet clouds will often come; And, oh, I long to

D. C. for Chorus.

age be drear, I know there's rest at home.
see the light That gilds my heavenly home.

8 Heavenly home! heavenly home! ne'er shall
sorrow's gloom,
Nor doubts nor fears, disturb me there, for all
is peace at home.
I know I ne'er shall worthy be
To dwell 'neath heaven's bright dome;
But Christ, my Saviour, died for me,
And now he calls me home.
Heavenly home! heavenly home! ne'er shall
sorrow's gloom, &c.

Words by H. S. WASHBURN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Allegro.

1. Let ev-'ry heart re-joice and sing; Let cho-ral anthems rise; Ye rev'rend men and children bring To
 2. He bids the sun to rise and set; In heav'n his power is known; And earth subdued to him, shall yet Bow

God your sa-cri-fice, For he is good; the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways; With songs and honors
 low be-fore his throne, For he is good; the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways; With songs and, etc,

sound-ing loud, The Lord Je-ho-vah praise: While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills A

glorious anthem raise. Let each prolong the grate-ful song. And the God of our fathers praise, Let
 each prolong the grate-ful song, And the God of our fathers praise.

1st. || 2d.

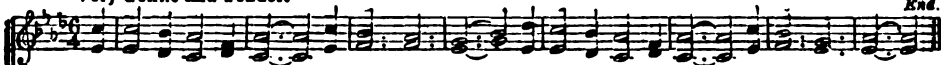
WEARY OF WANDERING LONG.

317

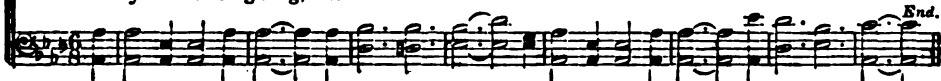
Words by Miss J. W. SAMPSON, Utiou, N. Y.
Psalm 25, 4-12.

Very Gentle and Tender.

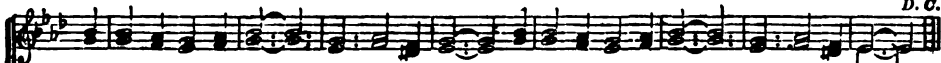
End.



1. Weary of wand'ring long, My sore heart saith, "Show me Thy way, O Lord! Teach me Thy path!"
D. C. Weary of wand'ring long, &c.



D. C.



I thought these weary feet Straightway would find All rough and rugged paths Left far be-hind.

D. C.



2 But, as I onward passed,
The way grew steep;
And black clouds gathered fast,
And skies did weep,
And darkness seemed to hide
The toilsome road;
Amazed, again I cried,
"Thy way, O God!"

3 "A lamp unto my feet,"
God's word did prove;
A "still, small voice," and sweet,
Spoke thus in love:—

"Whoso, through night and day,
God's way pursues,
Him shall He teach the way
That He shall choose."

4 Then, since He chose for me
This rugged path,
My hand in His shall be
With steadfast faith:
Each step, this darksome night,
Is bringing me
Still nearer to the bright
Eternity.

With gentleness.

1 (A beau-ti-ful land by faith I see, A land of rest from sorrow free,
The home of the ransomed, bright, and fair, And [Omit.....]) beauti-ful an-gels too, are there.

CHORUS.

May be repeated at pleasure *pp*.

Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beautiful land with me! Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beautiful land,

- 2 That beautiful land, the City of Light,
It ne'er has known the shades of night:
The glory of God, the light of day
Hath driven the darkness far away. *Cho.*
- 8 In vision I see its streets of gold,
Its beautiful gates I too behold,

- The river of life, the crystal sea,
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree. *Cho.*
- 4 The heavenly throng arrayed in white,
In rapture range the plains of light;
And in one harmonious choir they praise
Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace. *Cho.*

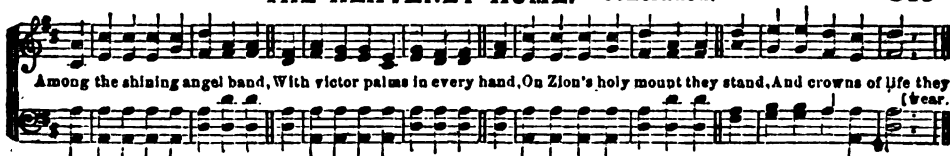
THE HEAVENLY HOME.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

Lively.

1. There is a home, a happy home, A beauteous mansion fair; The poor in spirit rest from toil, The pure in heart are there;

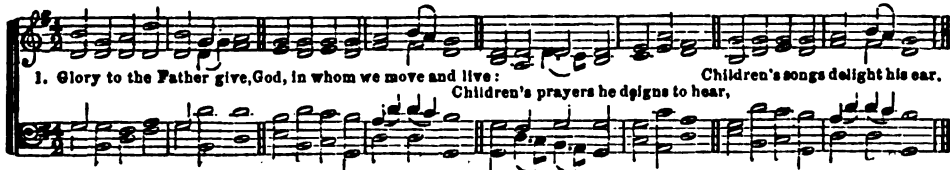


2 And gathered in that sacred fold,
Are children robed in white;
Transplanted from a world of sin,
To climes forever bright;
Beyond the pearly gates they sing
Hosanna to our Saviour, King!
Their choral voices sweetly sing,
In strains of pure delight.

8 Sing on, sing on, O happy throng,
That song forever new;
While pilgrims in this lonely vale,
Our journey we'll pursue;
We soon shall reach the heavenly shore,
Our trials past our journey o'er,
We'll dwell with Jesus evermore,
And sing his praise with you.

NUREMBURG. 7s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

8 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
He reclames the sinner lost;

Children's mind may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

1. } Thro' the world we dai-ly roam, Seeking Je - sus, Seeking Je - sus; } { In all plac - es high or low - ly, }
 } None in vain for this have come, Seeking Je - sus, Seeking Je - sus, } { 'Mid the sin - ful and the ho - ly, }

DUET. CHORUS, GIRLS. GIRLS & BOYS. ALL.

Seeking Je - sus, Seeking Je - sus. We shall find Him, We shall find Him, We shall find Him, if we

seek, He will hear us when we speak; He will an - swer us in love, Take us home to dwell a - bove.

2 If our days on earth are spent
 Seeking Jesus,
 With all things we'll be content,
 Seeking Jesus:
 Though our path be lone and dreary,
 Though our steps be slow and weary,
 Seeking Jesus.
 We shall find Him, etc.

3 Soon our life will all be o'er,
 Seeking Jesus;
 We shall reach the better shore,
 Seeking Jesus;
 In that land of peace and pleasure,
 We've laid up our dearest treasure,
 Seeking Jesus.
 We shall find Him, etc.

AT THE SABBATH SCHOOL. WM. B. BRADBURY. 321

DIALOGUE SONG.

QUESTION.

1. What do you do at the Sabbath school, At the Sabbath school, At the Sabbath school? What do you do at the Sabbath school, At the

ANSWER.

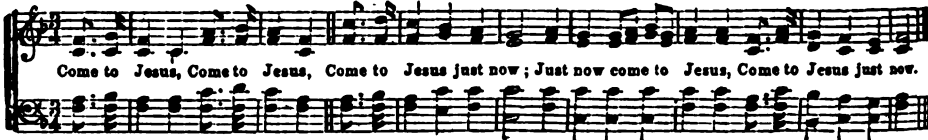
hap- py Sabbath school? (First we sing a song of praise, Then in prayer our voices raise.)
(Then we each our les-son say, Closing with an - oth-er, lay,) That's what we do at the

Sabbath school, At the Sabbath school, That's what we do at the Sabbath school, At the happy Sabbath school.
At the Sabbath school,

2 What do you learn at the Sabbath school,
At the happy Sabbath school?
First we learn Commandments Ten,
God's laws sent by him to men:
Then what Christ did here below
To redeem our souls from woe.
That's what we learn at the Sabbath school,
At the happy Sabbath school.

3 Why do you all love the Sabbath school,
Love the happy Sabbath school?
There we with our Saviour meet,
At the blood-bought mercy-seat;
Where he ever whispers, "Come
To thy blissful heavenly home."
That's why we all love the Sabbath school,
Love the happy Sabbath school.

"COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT LABOR AND ARE HEAVY LADEN, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST."—*Matt. 11: 28.*
 "BEHOLD NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME—BEHOLD, NOW IS THE DAY OF SALVATION."—*1 Cor. 6: 2.*



Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now; Just now come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now.

1. Come to Jesus, just now, &c.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*Matt. 11: 28.*

2. He will save you, just now, &c.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—*Acts 10: 31.*

3. O believe him, just now, &c.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—*John 3: 16.*

4. He is able.

"He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us."—*Heb. 7: 25.*

5. He is willing.

"The Lord is long suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."—*2 Pet. 3: 9.*

6. He'll receive you.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—*John 6: 37.*

7. Flee to Jesus.

"Flee from the wrath to come."—*Matt. 3: 7.*

8. Call unto Him.

"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."—*Acts 2: 21.*

* This little Chorus has been the means of helping many an inquiring sinner to embrace the Saviour, believe and trust Him.—"It was," says Rev. Mr. Hammond, "first sung in Scotland, when hundreds were asking, 'what shall we do to be saved?'"

9. "Mercy on me."

"Jesus thou son of David, have mercy on me."—*Mark 10: 47.*

10. He will hear you.

"And Jesus said unto him, go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole."—*Mark 10: 52.*

11. He'll forgive you.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."—*1 John 1: 9.*

12. He will cleanse you.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—*1 John 1: 7.*

13. He'll renew you.

"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."—*2 Cor. 5: 17.*

14. He will clothe you.

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment."—*Rev. 3: 5.*

15. Jesus loves you.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man should lay down his life for his friends."—*John 15: 13.*

16. Don't reject Him.

"He is despised and rejected of men."—*Isa. 53: 3.*

17. Only trust Him.

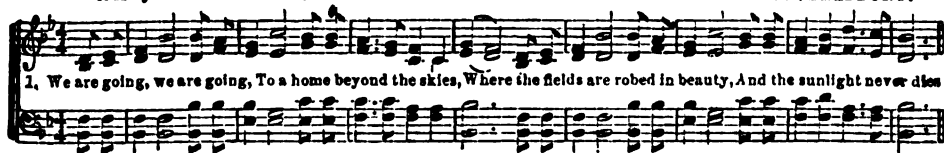
"He that hath the Son hath life."—*John 5: 12.*

OUR BRIGHT HOME ABOVE.

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Words by FANNY CROSBY.

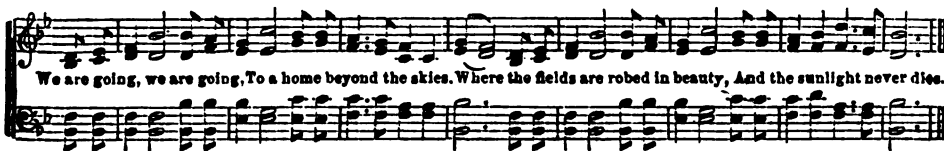
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. We are going, we are going, To a home beyond the skies, Where the fields are robed in beauty, And the sunlight never dies



Where the fount of joy is flowing In the valley green and fair, We shall dwell in love together, There will be no parting there.



We are going, we are going, To a home beyond the skies. Where the fields are robed in beauty, And the sunlight never dies.

2 We are going, we are going,
And the music we have heard
Like the echo of the woodland,
Or the carol of a bird ;
With the rosy light of morning
On the calm and fragrant air,
Still it murmurs, softly murmurs,
There will be no parting there.
We are going, &c.

3 We are going, we are going,
Where the day of life is o'er—
To that pure and happy region
Where our friends have gone before ;
They are singing with the angels
In that land so bright and fair ;
We shall dwell with them forever,
There will be no parting there.
We are going, &c.

Matt. 7: 24, 25.

1. O, if my house is built up - on a rock, I know it will stand for - ev - er; The floods may come, and the
2. For He whose word is lasting as the hills, Whose truth is unchang - ing ev - er; Hath said my house on the

rolling thunder's shock May beat upon my house that is founded on a rock, But it nev - er will fall, nev - er will fall,
solid rock shall stand, He'll hold it by his might in the hollow of his hand, And it nev - er will fall, nev - er will fall,

FULL CHORUS.

nev - er, nev - er, nev - er. My rock is firm, it is my sure founda - tion, 'Tis Je - sus Christ, my
My rock is firm, is firm,

lov - ing Saviour, Jesus Christ, my lov - ing Saviour, The rock of my sal - va - tion, The rock of my sal - va - tion.

THE HOUSE UPON A ROCK. Concluded.

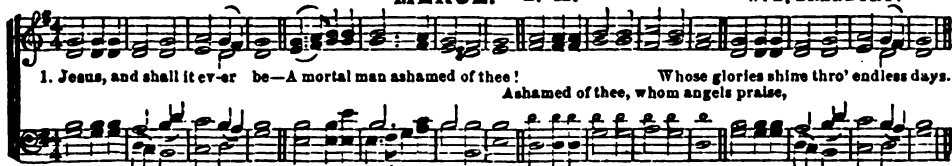
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3 O, if my house is built upon the sand.
 'Twill fall when the floods are swelling;
 The winds will blow, and the tempest will descend,
 And beat upon my house that is built upon the sand,
 And it surely will fall—never to rise,
 Never, never, never!—*Cho.*

4 Then let my house be built upon a rock.
 For there it will stand forever;
 The floods may come, and the rolling thunder's shock
 May beat upon my house that is founded on a rock.
 But it never will fall, never will fall.
 Never, never, never!—*Cho.*

MEROE. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. Jesus, and shall it ev-er be—A mortal man ashamed of thee! Whose glories shine thro' endless days.
 Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,

2 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
 No! when I blush, be this my shame,—
 That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 2. Before our Father's throne We pour our ardent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one, Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear,
 And often for each other flows,
 The sympathizing tear.

4 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.

"I'LL GLADLY SING."

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.
Spirited.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Hap-py and gay, I will hast-en away, While the sun is shi-ning o'er me; To the pleas-ant rule of my
2. Blessed the day, that without de-lay, All my young compan-ions meet-ing, And my teachers kind there I

D.C. Happy and gay, I will hast-en away, While the sun is shi-ning o'er me; To the pleas-ant rule, etc.

End. CHORUS.

Sunday-school, And the duties set be-fore me. I'll glad-ly sing of God my King, Who loves me, up in
al-ways find; Oh, I dear-ly love their greet-ing. I'll glad-ly sing of God my King, etc.

hea-ven; Who kind-ly sends me lov-ing friends. And the dear-est bless-ings giv-en. Then

3 Pleasant the rays of the sweet Sabbath days,
That will soon be gone forever;
O my Sabbath-school, my dear Sabbath-school,
I can ne'er forget thee, never.
I'll gladly sing, etc.

4 Dear heavenly home, soon the time will come,
That the world no more enthalls me:
Then I'll mind thy rule, blessed Sabbath-school,
And await till my Saviour calls me.
I'll gladly sing, etc.

MY PILGRIM WAY.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 327

Gent. 7.

1. Je - sus, while this rough and des-ert soil I tread, Be thou my guide and stay; Nerve

A little more spirited.

me for con-flict and for all the toil; Up-hold me on my pilgrim way. My pilgrim

way, My pilgrim way, Uphold me on my pilgrim way. way.


| 1st time. | 2d time.

way, My pilgrim way,..... My pilgrim way, Uphold me on my pilgrim way. way.

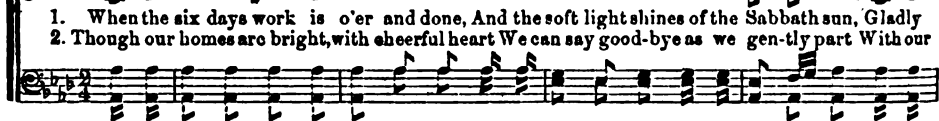

2 Jesus, here in heaviness and fear,
 'Mid cloud, and shade, and gloom I stray;
 For earth's last night is drawing very near;
 Oh, cheer me on my pilgrim way!
 My pilgrim way, etc.

3 Jesus, while in solitude and grief,
 The sun and stars withhold their ray,
 O come, O quickly come to my relief!
 Oh, light me on my pilgrim way!
 My pilgrim way, etc.


"WHEN THE SIX DAYS' WORK IS O'ER AND DONE."



1. When the six days work is o'er and done, And the soft light shines of the Sabbath sun, Gladly
2. Though our homes are bright, with cheerful heart We can say good-bye as we gen-tly part With our

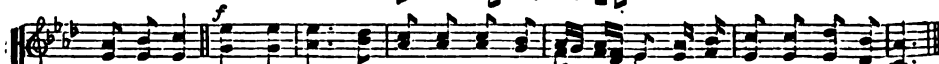
then we haste with mer - ry feet To the Sun - day school and its calm re-treat.
pa - rents dear, and haste a - way To the Sun - day school where we love to stay.




FULL CHORUS.



Oh, we love, we love, we love our dear Sun-day school, 'Tis a hap - py place, 'Tis a

blessed place. Loudest songs, yes, loudest songs of joy we raise For our blessed Sunday school.



3 On our heavenly way, so green and fair
 We are kindly led by our teachers there,
 And we read with them the page of truth,
 'Tis the light of age and the guide of youth.
 Oh, we love, etc.

4 Oh, then urge them in—the wan, the wild,
 Yes, the poor, the wayward, the erring child,—
 For our doors are open for one and all,
 There's a welcome for each in our Sabbath hall.
 Oh, we love, etc.

Words by Rev. EDWIN H. NEVIN. **THE CHRISTIAN HERO.**

"FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT OF FAITH."—1 Tim. 6, 12.

Arranged.

1. Live on the field of bat-tle! Be earnest in the fight; Stand forth with manly courage. And struggle for the right.
 2. Watch on the field of bat-tle! The foe is ev-erywhere; His fi-ery darts fly thickly, Like lightning thro' the air,

FULL CHORUS.

Ending for last verse.

Live on the field of battle! Live on the field of battle! Live on the field of battle! Live! live! live! *Glor-y in view.*
 Watch on the field of battle! Watch on the field of battle! Watch on the field of battle! Watch! watch! watch!

3 Pray on the field of battle!
 God works with those who pray,
 His mighty arm can nerve us,
 And make us win the day.
 Pray on the field of battle!
 Pray, pray, pray!

4 Die on the field of battle!
 'Tis noble thus to die;
 God smiles on valiant soldiers—
 Their record is on high.
 Die on the field of battle!
 Glory in view!

1. (Come, poor pil-grim, sad and wea-ry, Why heaves thy breast? Roaming this wide world so drea-ry,
There is rest for thee in glo-ry, A-mong the blest; List-en to the joy-fu-ly sto-ry,

Sigh-ing for rest.) There is rest, sweet rest, There is rest, sweet rest, Where the wicked cease from
There, there is rest.)

troubling, And the wea-ry are at rest, Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest.

2 There are those who've gone before us,
All who are blest;
Singing now the happy chorus,
There, there is rest.
There the golden harps are ringing
Harps of the blest;
And the angel bands are singing,
There, there is rest.—*Chorus.*

3 And, while we on earth are praying,
Jesus the blest
Unto us is sweetly saying,
There, there is rest.
We shall meet where parting never
Comes to the blest;
And we'll safely dwell forever
In heavenly rest.—*Chorus.*

OUR PLEASANT SABBATH SCHOOL. WM. B. BRADBURY 331

Spirited,

A little slower.

1. Where, O where do we love to go, When the wintry breezes blow? What is it attracts us so?
 2. Where, O where do we love to be, When the summer birds we see, Warbling praise on every tree?

CHORUS.

GIRLS.—Original movement.

BOYS.—A little louder.

ALL. f

'Tis our Sabbath school, 'Tis our Sabbath school, 'Tis our pleasant, pleasant Sab - bath school.
 In our Sabbath school, In our Sabbath school, In our pleasant, pleasant Sab - bath school.

8 Where, oh where are we kindly taught,
 Who should rule in every thought;
 What the blood of Christ has bought?
 In our Sabbath school, &c.

4 May we love this holy day;
 Love to sing, and read and pray;
 Find salvation's narrow way.
 In our Sabbath school. &c.

SOMETHING TO DO IN HEAVEN.

Words by R. S. TAYLOR.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. There'll be something in heaven for children to do; None are i - dle in that blessed land.

There'll be loves for the heart, there'll be thoughts for the mind, And employment for each little hand.

FULL CHORUS.

There'll be something to do; There'll be something to do; There'll be something for children to do.

On the bright shining shore, where there's joy evermore, There'll be something for children to do.

<p>2 There'll be lessons to learn of the wisdom of God, As they wander the green meadows o'er; And they'll have for their teachers in that blest abode, All the good that have gone there before. There'll be something to do, &c.</p>	<p>3 There'll be errands of love from the mansions above, To the dear ones that linger below; And it may be our Father the children will send To be angels of mercy in woe. There'll be something to do, &c.</p>
---	---

OH! MAKE ME THINE.

T. F. SEWARD.

In chanting style.

1. My Fa-ther, I would be thy child, I know I'm sin-ful way-ward, wild;
2. With patience I the race have run, Not look-ing back when once be-gun.

To thee I would be re-con-ciled, Oh! make me, Oh! make me thine.
And seek sal-va-tion through thy Son, And make me, Oh! make me thine.

3 The narrow way I fain would tread,
And by thy gentle hand be led,
With heavenly manna daily fed,
Oh! make me, oh! make me thine.

4 Make me to love thee more and more,
Thy holy spirit on me pour;
Grant me of grace a plentiful store,
Oh! make me, oh! make me thine.

Words by R. S. TAYLOR.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Scatter smiles, bright smiles, as you pass on your way, Thro' this world of toil and care; Like the

CHORUS.
beams of the morning that gently play, They will leave a sunlight there. Scatter smiles, bright smiles, Scatter
Scatter smiles, bright smiles, bright smiles,

smiles as you pass on your way, Scatter smiles, bright smiles, Scatter smiles, bright smiles,
Scatter smiles, bright smiles, Scatter smiles, bright smiles, Scatter smiles as you pass on your way.

- 2 Scatter smiles, bright smiles, 'tis but little they cost; But your heart may never know
What a joy they may carry to weary ones
Who are pale with want and woe.—*Ch.*
- 3 Scatter smiles, bright smiles, o'er the grave of the past,
Where the orphan's treasure lies;
In the tear-drop that glistens there light will shine,
As the rainbow paints the skies.—*Ch.*

4.

Scatter smiles, bright smiles, o'er the young who
have strayed
From the path where once they trod ;
You may lead to the fountain of truth again,
You may bring them home to God.—*Cho.*

5.

Scatter smiles, bright smiles, as you pass on your
way
Through this world of toil and care ;
Like the beams of the morning that gently play,
They will leave a sunlight there.—*Cho.*

THE SOLID ROCK. L. M. 6 lines.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness ;

I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on

Jesus' name : On Christ, the sol- id rock, I stand ; All other ground is sinking sand, All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace ;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vale ;
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood :
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay :
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand .
All other ground is sinking sand.

"AND LO, A GREAT MULTITUDE, WHICH NO MAN COULD NUMBER, OF ALL NATIONS, AND KINDREDS, AND PEOPLE, AND TONGUES STOOD BEFORE THE THRONE, AND BEFORE THE LAMB, CLOTHED WITH WHITE ROBES, AND PALMS IN THEIR HANDS."—*Rev vii. 9.*

1. Who are these in bright array, This exulting, happy throng, Round the altar night and day, Singing one triumphant song!
2. These thro' fiery trials trod, These from great afflictions came; Now before the throne of God, Sealed with his almighty name.

CHORUS.

They have clean robes, white robes, White robes are waiting for me! Yes, clean robes, white robes, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

3' Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in ev'ry hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.
They have clean robes, etc.

4 Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.
They have clean robes, etc.

Moderato.

STEPHENS. C. M.

JONES.

1. This is the day the Lord hath made : Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
He calls the hours his own : And praise surround his throne.

- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell:
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 8 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men,
With messages of grace,
Who comes, in God, his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains,
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

LOVELY ZION.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

"ARISE, SHINE, FOR THY LIGHT IS COME, AND THE GLORY OF THE LORD IS RISEN UPON THEE."—*Isaiah 60, 1.*

FULL CHORUS.

1st. 2d.

(Zion! bright and fair, strong thy bulwarks are, And thy towers majestic stand!
Cit-y of our God, now our blest abode In this free and (Omit.....) happy land. O Zi-on, dear Zion,

lovely and fair, In thy beauty now appear! Arise, and shine, for thy light is come, And the glory of the Lord is upon thee.

- 2 Now the Isles of the sea looking imploring to thee
For the gospel's joyful sound!
And from heathen lands millions stretch their hands
For the Word which you have found.—*Cho.*
- 3 Let the Word go forth to the south and north,
And thy light be seen afar,

- Till the east and west with the rays are blest
Of the bright and morning star.—*Cho.*
- 4 Then the heavenly strain shall be heard again,
As it once o'er Judah ran;
And all nations join in the song divine—
Peace on earth, good will to man. *Cho.*

BRING IN THE LAMBS. L. M., with Chorus. WM. B. BRADBURY.

CHORUS.

1 (Welcome, kind friends and teachers dear, Ye who have tolled from year to year,) the tender lambs,
To lead us up the heavenly way, And teach us how to watch and pray.) Bring in the lambs, O bring them,

bring them in to Jesus' fold. Bring in the lambs, the tender lambs, O bring them, bring them in to Jesus' fold.

- 2 "Soon ye shall reap if ye faint not;"
 ("O, let that truth be ne'er forgot;)"
 "Wait on the Lord,"—"your strength renew,"
 "Be zealous," and be hopeful, too.—*Cho.*
- 3 Bring in the lambs, while yet ye may,
 Ere Satan claims them for his prey:

- So "ye shall shine as stars of light,"
 In yonder heaven so fair and bright.—*Cho.*
- 4 High, high the heavenly rapture burns,
 Whene'er a prodigal returns!
 Strive, strive that rapture to prolong,
 Till earth shall echo back the song!—*Cho.*

LA MIRA. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. How happy is the youth who hears Instructions warning voice, And who celestial wisdom makes His early, only choice,

- 2 For she has treasure greater far,
 Than east or west unfold;
 And her rewards more precious are
 Than all their stores of gold.
- 3 She guides the young with innocence
 In pleasure's path to tread;

- A crown of glory she bestows
 Upon the hoary head.
- 4 According as her labors rise,
 So her rewards increase;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

THE LAMB UPON CALVARY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. I saw One hanging on a tree In agonies and blood, Who fixed His languid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
 2. Sure never till my latest breath Can I forget that look; It seemed to charge me with his death, Tho' not a word He spake.

CHORUS.

O, the Lamb, the loving Lamb, The Lamb upon Calvary, The Lamb that was slain and liveth again To intercede for me.

- 3 My conscience felt and owned my guilt,
 And plunged me in despair;
 I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
 And helped to nail him there.
 O, the Lamb, the loving Lamb, etc.

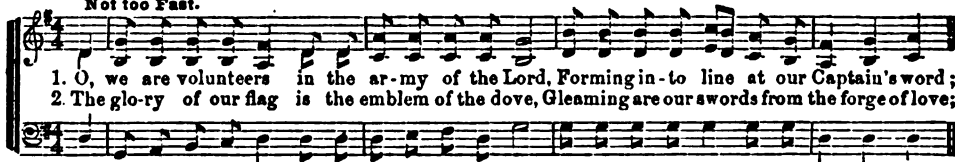
- 4 A second look he gave, which said,
 "I freely all forgive;
 This blood is for thy ransom paid;
 I die that thou may'st live."
 O, the Lamb, the loving Lamb, etc.

O, WE ARE VOLUNTEERS.

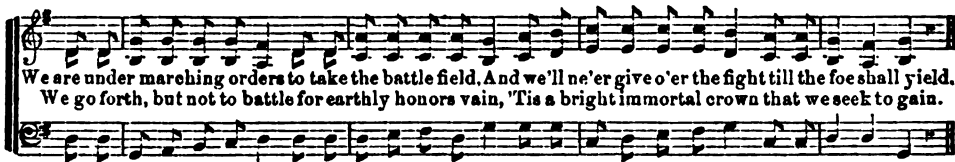
From THE SILVER CHIMES, by permission.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Not too Fast.




1. O, we are volunteers in the ar-my of the Lord, Forming in-to line at our Captain's word;
2. The glo-ry of our flag is the emblem of the dove, Gleaming are our swords from the forge of love;



We are under marching orders to take the battle field, And we'll ne'er give o'er the fight till the foe shall yield.
We go forth, but not to battle for earthly honors vain, 'Tis a bright immortal crown that we seek to gain.

CHORUS.



Come and join the ar-my, the ar-my of the Lord, Je-sus is our Captain, we ral-ly at his word;



Sharp will be the con-flict with the pow'rs of sin, But with such a Leader, we are sure to win.

O, WE ARE VOLUNTEERS. Concluded.

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3

Our foes are in the field, pressing hard on ev'ry side,—
 Envy, anger, hatred, with self and pride;
 They are cruel, fierce and strong, ever ready to attack;
 We must watch, and fight, and pray, if we'd drive them
 CHO.—Come and join the army, etc.

4.

O, glorious is the struggle, in which we draw the sword,
 Glorious in the Kingdom of Christ, our Lord;
 It shall spread from sea to sea, it shall reach from shore
 And His people shall be blessed for evermore. [to shore
 CHO.—Come and join the army, etc.

Words by H. BONAR.

JESUS IS MINE.

T. F. SEWARD.

1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine; Break eve - ry ten - der tie Je - sus is mine;

Dark is the wild - er - ness, Earth has no resting place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away,
 Jesus is mine;
 Here would I ever stay;
 Jesus is mine;
 Perishing things of clay,
 Born but for one brief day,
 Pass from my heart away,
 Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
 Jesus is mine;
 Lost in this dawning light,
 Jesus is mine;
 All that my soul has tried,
 Left but a dismal void,—
 Jesus has satisfied,
 Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell mortality,
 Jesus is mine;
 Welcome eternity,
 Jesus is mine;
 Welcome, O loved and blest,
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
 Welcome my Saviour's breast,
 Jesus is mine.

A BRIGHT AND GLORIOUS KINGDOM.

"JESUS ANSWERED, MY KINGDOM IS NOT OF THIS WORLD.—John 18, 36.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. There is a glo-ri-ous kingdom, A kingdom bright and fair, And ma-n-y lit-tle children Wait on the good King there.

CHORUS.

GIRLS. BOYS. ALL. GIRLS. BOYS. ALL.

Yes, children, children Are in that glorious kingdom, That kingdom, That kingdom, That kingdom bright and fair.

2 O, in that glorious kingdom
Is built a throne of gold ;
Its ornaments are jewels,
With riches all untold.
A kingdom, kingdom,
A bright and glorious kingdom,
A kingdom, a kingdom,
A kingdom bright and fair.

3 O, in that glorious kingdom,
And on that golden throne,
There reigns the blessed Saviour,
Those children are his own.

Yes, children, children,
Are in that glorious kingdom ;
That kingdom, that kingdom,
That kingdom bright and fair.

4 And in that glorious kingdom,
Around the throne of gold,
Are throngs of children's angels,
Their numbers are untold.
Yes, angels—angels
Are in that glorious kingdom ;
That kingdom, that kingdom,
That kingdom bright and fair.

5 The children of that kingdom,
 Around that glorious throne,
 Have palms and crowns of victory,
 And harps of sweetest tone.
 All singing—singing
 There in that glorious kingdom;
 That kingdom, that kingdom,
 That kingdom bright and fair.

6 And now they lift their voices
 In praises loud and sweet,
 And cast their crowns of victory
 Down at their Saviour's feet.

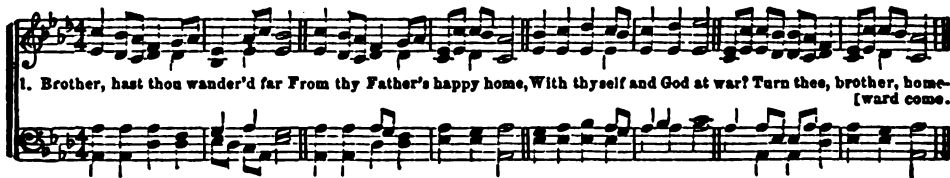
Of victory, victory,
 Their crowns, their crowns of victory,
 Of victory, of victory,
 Their crowns at Jesus' feet.

7 Come, all who love that kingdom,
 That kingdom bright and fair;
 Come, give your hearts to Jesus,
 And dwell forever there.
 And praise him—praise him
 Forever in that kingdom;
 That kingdom, that kingdom,
 That kingdom bright and fair.

Words written for this work by Rev. C. E. Knox, Bloomfield, New Jersey.

FULTON. 78.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Brother, hast thou wander'd far From thy Father's happy home, With thyself and God at war? Turn thee, brother, home—
 [ward come.]

2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
 God for noble uses gave?
 Squander'd life's most golden hours?
 Turn thee, brother; God can save.

3 He can heal thy bitterest wound,
 He thy gentlest prayer can hear;
 Seek him, for he may be found,
 Call upon him; he is near.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN SCHOLARS AND TEACHERS.

"IS ANY MERRY, LET HIM SING PSALMS."—James 5. 13.

The musical score is written on two systems of staves. The first system is for the vocal line, with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: "1. SCHOLARS I am so hap - py all day long, I can - not keep from singing; Glad words are ev - er on my tongue, And pleasant thoughts are springing. Teacher, teacher, Tell me why I am so happy, Happy, happy, In our own dear Sabbath school". The second system is for the accompaniment, with a bass clef and the same key signature. The lyrics continue: "CHORUS. Teacher, teacher, Tell me why I am so happy, Happy, happy, In our own dear Sabbath school".

TEACHERS.

2 You love the cheerful hymns of praise
That tune our souls to gladness,
And while their choral notes we raise,
There is no time for sadness.
Children, children, This is why you are so happy,
Happy, happy, In our own dear Sabbath-school.

SCHOLARS.

3 Fly swift ye week-days, come and go,
And bring the holy morning;
I rise with pleasure all aglow,
To greet its earliest dawning.
Teacher, teacher, Tell me why I am so happy, &c.

TEACHERS.

4 It is your gentle Shepherd's voice
That tells the pleasing story,
That makes your heart's in love rejoice,
And leads to life and glory.
Children, children, This is why you are so happy
Happy, happy, In our own dear Sabbath-school.

SCHOLARS.

5 I love to hear the Sabbath bells,
That call me to my teachers;
Where kindness in each bosom dwells,
And lights their happy features.
Teacher, teacher, tell me why I am so happy, &c.

* This piece may be sung by the school alone, omitting the stanzas for teachers, if preferred.

I AM SO HAPPY. Concluded.

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TEACHERS.

6 The Bible is the word of truth,—
A pure and priceless treasure;
O make it in the days of youth
The source of all your pleasure.
Children, children, This is why you are so happy,
Happy, happy, In our own dear Sabbath-school.

SCHOLARS.

7 Alas, for children far and near,
Who have no Sabbath teaching;
Will not some faithful guide appear,
With kindly hand out-reaching? [happy,
Teacher, teacher, O 'twould make them all so
Happy, happy, In their own dear Sabbath-school.

TEACHERS [while the Scholars sing the 9th stanza.]

8 These heavenly blessings while you share
Your hearts with wisdom lighted,
Remember in your evening prayer
Poor children thus benighted. [happy,
God will hear you, He will make them good and
Happy, happy, In their own dear Sabbath-school,

SCHOLARS [with Teachers singing 8th stanza.]

9 These heavenly blessings while we share
Our hearts with wisdom lighted;
We will remember in our prayer
Poor children thus benighted. [happy,
God will hear us. He will make them good and
Happy, happy, In their own dear Sabbath-school.

EVAN. C. M.

Arranged by Dr. LOWELL MASON.

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/2 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music consists of a series of chords and single notes, primarily in the lower register, with some higher notes in the treble staff. The notation includes bar lines and repeat signs.

1. Now condescend, Almighty King, To bless this happy throng; And kindly listen while we sing Our humble, grateful song.

2 We come to own the power divine
That watches o'er our days;
For this our cheerful voices join
In hymns of grateful praise.
3 We come to learn thy holy word,
And ask thy tender care;

Before thy throne, Almighty Lord,
We bend in humble prayer.
4 May we in safety pass this day,
From sin and danger free;
And ever walk in that sure way,
That leads to heaven and thee.

JOYFUL EVERMORE.

"REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAYS, AND AGAIN I SAY REJOICE."

WM. B. BRADBURY.

SEMI-CHORUS.

FULL CHORUS.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1. (1st. Thro' the world we're marching on, Joy-ful, joy - ful, joy - ful! Soon our Heaven will be won,
2d. Night will soon be turn'd to day, Joy-ful, joy - ful, joy - ful! God will wipe all tears a-way,

FULL CHORUS

1st.

2d.

REFRAIN.

Joy - ful ev - er - more!
Joy - ful ev - er - - - more!) O, the road is short and straight, Leading up to Zi-on's

gate, There our loved ones for us wait, Joy - ful, joyful, ev - er - more, Joyful ev - er - more.

1st *Semi-Chorus*.—Tho' we here must bear the cross,

Chorus.—Joyful, joyful, joyful ;

1st.—Counting earthly gain as loss,

Chorus.—Joyful evermore.

2d.—When we lay life's burden down,

Chorus.—Joyful, joyful, joyful ;

2d.—We shall take the promised crown,

Chorus.—Joyful evermore.

Refrain.—O, the road is short, etc.

1st.—Now we look to Christ for aid,

Chorus.—Joyful, joyful, joyful ;

1st.—None in vain to him have prayed,

Chorus.—Joyful evermore.

2d.—Let us place our trust in Him,

Chorus.—Joyful, joyful, joyful ;

2d.—Never let our faith grow dim,

Chorus.—Joyful evermore.

Refrain.—O, the road is short, etc.

IS THERE ONE FOR ME?

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. Mansions are prepared above, By the gracious God of love ; Many will those mansions see—Is there one prepared for me?
2. Crowns that dazzle human eye, Wait for those who reach the sky ; Many will those bright crowns be—Is there one, &c.

Is there one for me? Is there one for me? Many will those mansions see—Is there one prepared for me?

3 Robes of spotless white are given,
By the glorious King of Heaven ;
All can have them, they are free,—
Is there one prepared for me ?
Is there one for me? etc.

4 Harps of solemn sound above,
Swell loud praises to His love ;
Oh ! how sweet their sounds will be,—
Is there one prepared for me ?
Is there one for me? etc.

MARCHING ON!

Words by Rev. R. LOWRY.

SUNDAY SCHOOL BATTLE SONG.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Marching on! marching on! glad as birds on the wing, Come the bright ranks of soldiers from near and from far.

Happy hearts, full of song, 'neath our banners we bring, We are soldiers of Zi - on prepared for the war.

Marching on! marching on!

Marching on! marching on! marching on! marching on! Sound the bat-tle - cry! Sound the bat-tle - cry! Marching

on! Marching on!

on! marching on! marching on! marching on! Shout the vic - to - ry, the vic - to - ry, the vic - to - ry!

2.

Pressing on! pressing on! to the din of the fray,
 With the firm tread of faith to the battle we go;
 Mid the cheering of angels, our ranks march away,
 With our flags pointing ever right on tow'rds the foe.
 Marching on, &c.

3.

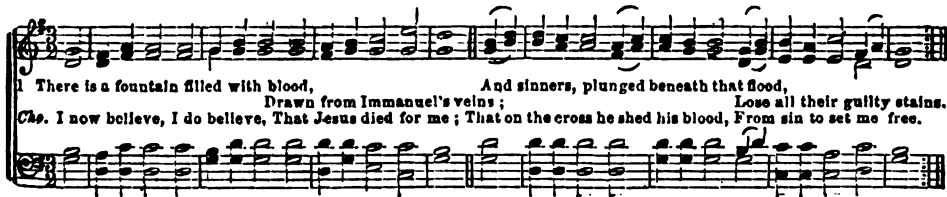
Fighting on! fighting on! in the midst of the strife,
 At the call of our Captain, we draw ev'ry sword;

We are battling for God, we are struggling for life,
 Let us strike ev'ry rebel that fights 'gainst the Lord
 Marching on, &c.

4.

Singing on! singing on! from the battle we come,
 Ev'ry flag bears a wreath, ev'ry soldier renown;
 Heav'nly angels are waiting to welcome us home,
 And the Saviour will give us a robe and a crown.
 Marching on, &c.

I NOW BELIEVE. C. M., with Chorus.



1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
 Chs. I now believe, I do believe, That Jesus died for me; That on the cross he shed his blood, From sin to set me free.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
 CHO.—I now believe, I do believe, &c.

3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Are saved, to sin no more.
 I now believe, I do believe, &c.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be, till I die.
 I now believe, I do believe, &c.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save;
 When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.
 I now believe, I do believe, &c.

CHORUS. *cres.*

(Girls. We are bound for the land of promise, Who will join our happy throng?) [sunny land forever ;
 (Boys. We are bound for the land of promise, And our march will not be long.) We shall meet, no more to sever, In that

We are bound for the land of promise, Come and join our happy throng, We are bound for the land of promise, Come and join our happy throng.

2 Far away in the fields of glory
 Saints and angels sweetly sing,
 Far away in the fields of glory
 Now their hallelujahs ring.—*Cho.*

3 When our hearts oppressed and weary,
 Jesus bids us watch and pray ;

When our hearts oppressed and weary,
 He will cheer us on our way.—*Cho.*

4 Onward, then, to the land of promise,
 Stay not in the vale below ;
 Onward haste to the land of promise,
 Where the streams of pleasure flow.—*Cho.*

JESUS MY OWN.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

1 Let the sha - dows round me gath - er, And the day Pass a - way— Je - sus loves me.

CHORUS. Je - sus loves me, al - ways loves me ; You may have All the world ; Je - sus loves me.

2 Tho' the tide of sorrow whelm me,
 In the flow
 This I know—
 Jesus loves me. *Cho.*
 3 Dearest earthly friends may leave me;
 He my own,

Stays alone—
 Jesus loves me. *Cho.*
 4 Neither sin nor death can fright me;
 Jesus died,
 He'll provide—
 Jesus loves me. *Cho.*

RESPONSE TO "JESUS PAID IT ALL."

The following hymn, by the Rev. E. P. HAMMOND, was first sung at a large Union Meeting of Children and Youth, in Rochester, N. Y., October 4th, 1863. As a response to that beautiful hymn, "Jesus paid it all," on page 12, it will be found very useful; for who that is truly converted, does not wish to be "doing something" for Jesus?

1 I have cast my "doing" down,
 Yes, down at Jesus' feet,
 Now I stand in Him alone,
 All glorious and complete.
 Jesus paid it all,
 All to Him I owe;
 Something either great or small,
 From love to Him I'll do.
 2 Now to Jesus' work I'll cling,
 Alone by simple faith;
 Doing was a "deadly thing,
 It would have been my death.
 Jesus paid it all, &c.
 3 Legal works I've given o'er,
 My Jesus is my all;
 Sins that tasted sweet before
 Upon my senses pall.
 Jesus paid it all, &c.

4 Jesus once in anguish bled
 Upon the cruel tree;
 There He bowed His sacred head,
 And suffered all for me.
 Jesus paid it all, &c.
 5 'Twas my sins that nailed Him there,
 My sins that shed His blood,
 Mine that pierced His bleeding side,
 The blessed Son of God.
 Jesus paid it all, &c.
 6 All my life shall now be given
 To Christ, my risen Lord;
 Learning all the way to Heaven,
 My duty in His Word.
 Jesus paid it all,
 All to Him I owe.
 Something either great or small
 From love to Him I'll do.

ALL BY GRACE.

"BY GRACE ARE YE SAVED, AND THAT NOT OF YOURSELVES: IT IS THE GIFT OF GOD."

1. O, if my soul is saved from death, 'Twill be by grace—all by grace; Let praise employ my latest breath, Praise praise, for grace.

My strength in weakness, hope in fear, A living light my way to cheer; O for grace, for saving grace!
My refuge when the storm is near.

2 If Jesus cleanse me from my sin,
'Twill be by grace, all by grace;
If now I feel a peace within,
'Tis all by grace.
Be this my shield against despair,
My joy in every pain I bear;
Be this the burden of my prayer,
O for grace, for saving grace!

3 If rescued from the tempter's hand,
'Twill be by grace, all by grace;
If on the Christian's Rock I stand,
'Tis all by grace,
Not of myself, no work of mine
Can light the spark of love divine;
No, Saviour, no, the gift is thine,
O for grace, for saving grace!

4 If on the wings of faith I soar,
'Twill be by grace, all by grace:
Where sin and death are felt no more,
'Tis all by grace.
O when my captive soul is free,
When life eternal opens for me,
That glorious theme my song shall be,
Saved by grace, yes, saved by grace!

THE LOVELY LAND.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

FINE CHORUS.
1 (O Mother, dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee?)
(When shall my sorrows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see?) Oh, the land, the love - ly land, The
D. S. golden strand wait the happy, happy band, To welcome the ransom'd home.

D. S.

land o'er the Jor - dan's foam; On the

2 O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrows can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil. *Cho.*

3 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamond square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl—
O God! if I were there. *Cho. F. QUARLES.*

COME THOU FOUNT. (Nettleton.) 8s & 7s.

Arranged for this work. by WM. B. BRADBURY.

CHORUS.

1. (Come thou Fount of ev - ery blessing, Tune our hearts to grateful lays;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.) I love Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah,

I love Je - sus, yes, I do, I do love Je - sus, he's my Sav - iour, Je - sus smiles, and loves me too.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptur'd saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.—*Cho.*

3 Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wa - dering from the fold of God;

He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.—*Cho.*

4 Prone to wander,—Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart—O, take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above.—*Cho.*

1. Go to thy rest in peace, And soft be thy repose; Thy toils are o'er thy troubles cease, From earthly cares in
 2. Go to thy peaceful rest, For thee we need not weep, Since thou art now among the blest, No more by sin and

in peace,
thy rest,

sweet repose, Thine eyelids gently close, Thine eyelids gently close.
 sorrow pressed. But hush'd in quiet sleep, But hush'd in quiet sleep.

gently close
hush'd in sleep

8.
 Go to thy rest, and while
 Thy absence we deplore.
 One thought our sorrow shall beguile—
 For soon with a celestial smile,
 We meet to part no more,
 We meet to part no more.

Andante.

DEATH OF A SCHOLAR. 8s & 7s,

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Sister, thou wast mild and lovely, Gentle as the summer breeze; Pleasant as the air of evening, When it floats among the trees.
 2. Peaceful be thy silent slumber, Peaceful in the grave so low; Thou no more wilt join our number, Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
 Here thy loss we deeply feel;
 But 'tis God that hast bereft us;
 He can still our sorrow heal.

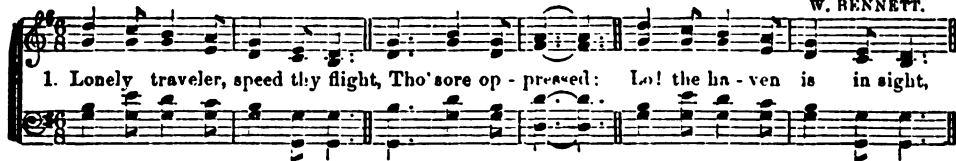
4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
 When the day of life is fled;
 Then, in heaven with joy to greet thee,
 Where no farewell tear is shed.

HASTE TO THY HOME.

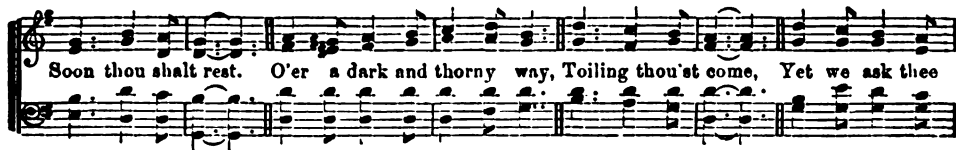
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AN ANSWER TO LONELY TRAVELER.

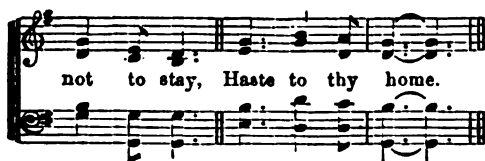
Words and Music by
W. BENNETT.



1. Lonely traveler, speed thy flight, Tho'sore op - pressed: Lo! the ha - ven is in sight,



Soon thou shalt rest. O'er a dark and thorny way, Toiling thou'st come, Yet we ask thee



not to stay, Haste to thy home.

2 Weary traveler, linger not,
But urge thy way;
Since earth hath no quiet spot,
Where thou may'st stay.
Purer joys than earth can give,
Beckon thee on;
Pleasures that will ever live
When earth is gone.

3 Thou art journeying to a home
Where all is fair,
Where the ransom'd ones shall come,
All will be there;
There no tears shall ever flow,
No heart be sad;
Bliss, immortal, all shall know,
All shall be glad.

4 On, then, weary pilgrim, on!
Though rough thy way,
Bid thy doubts and fears begone,
Haste thee away;
Earthward we would call thee not,
Longer to roam.
Heaven is thy rest—thy lot,
Heaven is thy home.

BEAUTIFUL LAND OF REST.

Music by R. LOWRY.

DUET.

CHORUS.

DUET.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, for - ev - er bright, — Beau - ti - ful land of rest, — No win - ter there, nor chill of night,

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful land of rest! The drip - ping cloud is chased a - way, The sun breaks forth in

endless day, — Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau - ti - ful land of rest. Beau - ti - ful land.

CHORUS.

Beautiful land, Beautiful land of rest, Beautiful land, Beautiful land, Beautiful land of rest.

2 Jerusalem, forever free, —
 Beautiful land of rest!
 The soul's sweet home of Liberty, —
 Beautiful land of rest!
 The gyves of sin, the chains of woe,
 The ransomed there will never know. Jerusalem, &c.

3 Jerusalem, for ever dear, —
 Beautiful land of rest!
 Thy pearly gates almost appear, —
 Beautiful land of rest!
 And when we tread thy lovely shore,
 We'll sing the song we've sung before. Jerusalem, &c.

HE LEADETH ME.

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"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD, I SHALL NOT WANT. HE MAKETH ME TO LIE DOWN IN GREEN PASTURES; HE LEADETH ME BESIDE THE STILL WATERS."
WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead-eth me! O, blessed thought, O, words with heavenly comfort fraught, Whate'er I do, where-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er

CHORUS.

o'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By
troubled sea—Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! etc.

his own hand he leadeeth me; His faithful follower I would be, For by his hand he leadeeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeeth me.
He leadeeth me, etc.

4 And when my task on earth is gone,
When by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeeth me.
He leadeeth me, etc.

THE MORNING LAND.

Words by KATE CAMERON.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. (The night will cast no sha - dow Up - on the morning land, The dark clouds ne'er will gather A
And there the sound of weep - ing Shall nev - er - more be heard : With sorrow and with sigh - ing Our

CHORUS.

bove the golden strand ;
hearts no more be stirred.) The morning land, the morning land, How blessed 'twill be there to stand, And

greet the glance, and clasp the hand Of those who've gone before, Of those who've gone before, Gone to

heaven's shin - ing shore, To the morning land, To the morning land, Where we shall part no more.

2 We mourn earth's faded blossoms,
 But *there* bright flowers will bloom,
 Beyond the grave's cold portal,
 Beyond the silent tomb.
 Fairer than early Eden,
 Fairer than aught below.
 Will be that land of morning,
 The home to which we go.
Cho.—The morning land, etc.

3 Our days are swiftly gliding,
 Fraught with both good and ill,
 But though life's draught seems bitter,
 We'll trust the Giver still.
 By faith we will look forward,
 Till joyfully we stand
 Beside the loved and loving.
 In God's own morning land.
Cho.—The morning land, etc.

NEVERMORE BE SAD OR WEARY.

Words by BONAR.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. This is not my place of resting, Mine's a cit-y yet to come; Onward to it I am hastening, On to my e-ternal home.
 2. In it all is light and glory, O'er it shines a nightless day; Every trace of sin's sad story—All the curse has passed away.

CHORUS.

Nevermore, Nevermore, Nevermore be sad or weary, Nev-ermore, Nev-ermore, Nev-ermore to sin a-gain.

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
 By the streams of life along,
 On the freshest pastures feed us,
 Turns our sighing into song.
 Nevermore, etc.

4 Soon we pass this dreary desert,
 Soon we bid farewell to pain,
 Nevermore be sad or weary,
 Nevermore to sin again.
 Nevermore etc.

1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweetly sound - ing thro' the skies? Lo! th'angel - ic host re -

Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th'angelic host re -

jo - ces; Heavenly hal - le - lu - jahs rise, Hear them tell the wondrous sto - ry, Hear them

Hear them tell

chant their hymns of joy, "Glo - ry in the highest - glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!"

Hear them chant

FOR CHRISTMAS OR OTHER FESTIVALS.

2 Peace on earth—good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found:
 "Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,"
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.
 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
 Heaven and earth his praises sing!
 O, receive whom God appointed,
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

3 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
 Learn his name, and taste his joy;
 Till in heaven ye sing before him,
 Glory be to God most high.
 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
 Learn his name, and taste his joy;
 Till in heaven ye sing before him,
 Glory be to God most high.


JESUS OUR PILOT.

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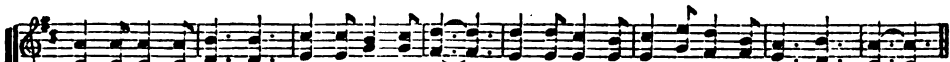
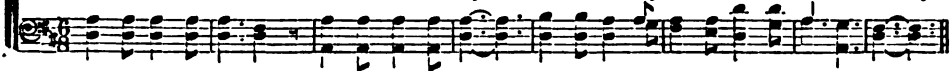
"AND HE AROSE, AND REBUKED THE WIND, AND SAID UNTO THE SEA, PEACE, BE STILL."—Mark iv, 39.

Words by KATE CAMERON.


WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Jesus is our Pilot,— No one else can guide Our frail bark in safety. O'er life's stormy tide.
2. Jesus is our Pilot,— Leaning on His arm, We are safe from danger, Safe from fear and harm.
3. Jesus is our Pilot,— Well he knows the way, From these earthly shadows, To the realms of day.



When the waves of trouble Baffle human skill, He can always calm them With His "Peace, be still!"
In His strong protection Let us ev - er rest; Refuge from all sorrow On His faithful breast.
He can find that harbor, Others seek in vain, Where as Lord of glory, Evermore He'll reign.



FULL CHORUS.



Jesus is our Pi - lot— Guided by his hand, We shall reach the haven, On the golden strand.



ONWARD, EVER ONWARD.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

DUETT. GIRLS.

1. Whither are you go - ing, Pilgrim of a day, Tar-ry but a moment. Rest you on your way?

DUETT. BOYS.

Ne we cannot lin - ger here, Day is waning fast, We must reach the haven, Ere the light is past.

CHORUS.

Onward, ev - er onward, Tho' by tempest driv'n, O how sweet the promise, We shall rest in heaven.

GIRLS.

2 You will soon be weary, Pilgrims of a day,
Trials are before you, Danger's in your way;

BOYS.

Still by faith we'll journey on, Tho' our path be drear,
If the Saviour lead us. What have we to fear?

CHORUS.

Onward, ever onward,
Tho' by tempest driv'n,
O how sweet the promise,
We shall rest in heaven.

GIRLS.

8 Pilgrims are ye going, Where the angels' song
O'er the fields of glory Gently floats along?

BOYS.

Yes, we seek the better land. Lovely, pure and fair,
Where no grief can enter—Will you meet us there?

CHO.—Onward, ever onward,
Though by tempest driv'n,
O how sweet the promise,
We shall rest in heaven.

GIRLS.

4 May we journey with you, Pilgrim of a day,
Will you help us onward, In the heavenly way?

BOYS.

Come, we gladly bid you come, Day is waning fast,
We must reach the haven, Ere the light is past.

CHO.—Onward, ever onward,
Though by tempest driv'n,
O how sweet the promise,
We shall rest in heaven.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

Fine.

1. Nev - er lose the gold - en rule, Keep it still in view; Do for oth - ers as you would They should do to you.
2. Help the fee - ble ones a - long, Cheer the faint and weak: To the sor - row laden heart, Words of comfort speak.
3. Love the Lord, the first command, With thy soul and mind: Love thy neighbor as thyself, Both in one combined.

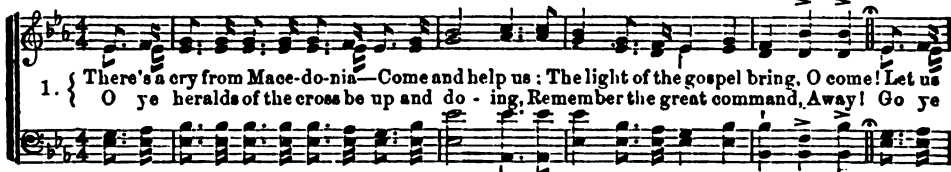
D. C. al fine 1st verse.

Kind - ly, gent - ly, In their bur - den bear a part; Meek - ly, chid - ing With a lov - ing heart.
Free - ly, free - ly, From the bounty of your store; Cheerful giv - ers Help the hum - ble poor
Just - ly, just - ly With each oth - er strive to live; Ev - er rea - dy Will - ing to for - give.

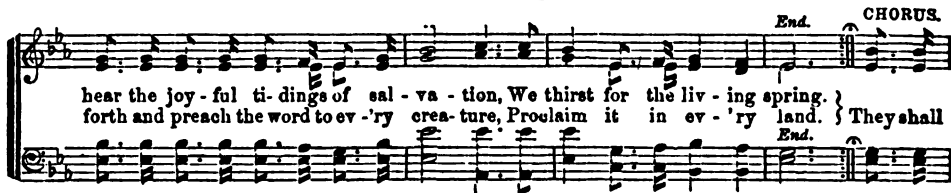
A CRY FROM MACEDONIA.

"COME OVER INTO MACEDONIA AND HELP US"—Acts 16: 9.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



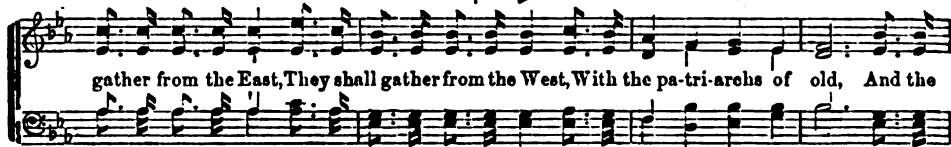
1. { There's a cry from Mace-do-nia—Come and help us : The light of the gospel bring, O come! Let us
O ye heralds of the cross be up and do - ing, Remember the great command, Away! Go ye



End. CHORUS.

hear the joy - ful ti - dings of sal - va - tion, We thirst for the liv - ing spring. }
forth and preach the word to ev - 'ry crea - ture, Proclaim it in ev - 'ry land. } They shall

End.



gather from the East, They shall gather from the West, With the pa - tri - archs of old, And the



D. C. in full Chorus.

ransom'd shall return To the kingdoms of the blest With their harps and crowns of gold.

D. C.

2 O how beautiful their feet upon the mountains,
 The tidings of peace who bring, *Who bring*
 To the nations of the earth who sit in darkness,
 And tell them of Zion's king;
 Then ye heralds of the cross be up and doing,
 Go work in your Master's field, away!
 Sound the trumpet, sound the trumpet of sal-
 vation,

The Lord is your strength and shield.
 Let the distant Isles be glad.
 Let them hail the Saviour's birth,
 And the news of pardon free,
 Till the knowledge of the truth
 Shall extend to all the earth,
 As the waters o'er the sea.
 There's a cry, &c.

3 Ye have listed in the army of the faithful
 Like heroes the battle fight, Away!
 There are foes on every hand that will assail you,
 Then gird on your armour bright;
 With the banner of the cross unfurled before you,
 The sword of the spirit wield, Away!
 Ye shall conquer through his mercy who hath
 loved you,

The Lord is your strength and shield.
 Ye are marching to the land
 Where the saints in glory stand,
 And the just for joy shall sing,
 Ye by faith may bring it nigh;
 Ye shall reach it bye and bye.
 And your shouts of triumph sing.
 There's a cry, &c.

* Words written for this work.

THINE, LORD, FOREVER.

Words by W. BENNETT.

FROM CHAPEL MELODIES. HUBERT P. MAIN.

The musical score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final double bar line at the end of the piece.

1. Thine, Lord, for - ev - er, Purchas'd by blood divine, Rescued and sav'd by Thee, Lord, I am Thine.
2. Thine, Lord, for - ev - er, Thro' storm and tempest wild, Trusting confiding-ly. I am Thy child.
3. Thine, Lord, forever, Cheer'd by Thy precious word, Thro' darkness doubts and fears; Thine, thine, O Lord.
4. Thine, Lord, for - ever, Tho' death shall lay me low, E'en in that dreadful hour Thine, Lord, I know.
5. Thine, Lord, for - ev - er, When safe before thy throne I stand, for - ev - ermore Thine, thine alone.

SONG OF THE LILIES.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD, HOW THEY GROW."—*Matt. 6, 28-30*
 Words by Rev. J. A. COLLIER, *Kingston, N. Y.*

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Hark, the lilies whisper Tenderly and low, "In our grace and beauty See how fair we grow;" Thus our heavenly Father

Cares for all below. The lilies of the field, The beautiful lilies of the field, Your Father cares for them,
 And shall he not care for you?

2 Hark, the roses speaking,
 Telling all abroad
 Their sweet, wondrous story,
 Of the love of God,
 In the Rose of Sharon,
 Jesus Christ the Lord.
 The roses how they bloom!
 The beautiful roses how they bloom!
 Your Father cares for them,
 And shall he not care for you?

3 Buttercups and daisies,
 And the violets sweet,
 Flowers of field and garden—
 All their voices meet;
 And their Maker's praises,
 To our souls repeat.
 They sing their Maker's praise,
 The beautiful flowers, how they sing!
 Your Father cares for them,
 And shall He not care for you?

4 Let us, then, be trustful,
 Doubting not, although
 Much of toil and trouble
 Be our lot below.
 Think upon the lilies,
 See how fair they grow.
 The lilies of the field,
 The beautiful lilies of the field;
 Your Father cares for them,
 And shall He not care for you?

THE LITTLE WANDERER. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Jesus to thy dear arms I flee, I have no other help but thee; For thou dost suffer me to come, O take a little wand'rer home,

D. S. O take a little wand'rer home.

- 2 Jesus, I'll try my cross to bear,
I'll follow thee and never fear;
From thy dear fold I would not roam;
O take a little wanderer home.
- 3 Jesus, I cannot see thee here,
Yet still I know thou'rt very near;

- O say my sins are all forgiven,
And I shall dwell with thee in heaven.
- 4 And now, dear Jesus, I am thine,
O be thou ever, ever mine,
And let me never, never roam
From thee, the little wanderer's home.

O, HOW I LOVE JESUS.

Arranged by HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Blest Jesus! when my soaring tho'ts, O'er all thy graces rove, How is my soul in transport lost, In wonder, joy, and love!

CHORUS.

(O how I love Je - sus, O how I love Je - sus, O how I love Je - sus, Because he first loved me.
How can I for - get thee, How can I for - get thee, Lord, How can I forget thee. Dear Lord, remem - ber me.)

- 2 Not softest strains can charm my ears,
Like thy beloved name;
Nor ought beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame. *Cho.*
- 3 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes
Unnumbered blessings see;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compared with thee *Cho.*

- 4 Hast thou a rival in my breast?
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well. *Cho.*
- 5 No: thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy:
Forever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ. *Cho.*

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!

FULL CHORUS.

ANNIVERSARY ANTHEM.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God in the highest! Shall
2. Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God in the highest! Shall

SEMI-CHORUS or DUET.

be our song to - day; An - oth - er year's rich mercies prove His ceaseless care and boundless love; So
be our song to - day; The song that woke the glorious morn When Da - vid's great - er son was born, Sung

FULL CHORUS.

let our loud - est voic - es raise Our An - ni - ver - sary song of praise. Glo - ry to God in the high - est!
by an heavenly host, and we Would join th'an - ge - lic com - pa - ny. Glo - ry to God in the high - est!

Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Glory, glory, glory, glory, Glo - ry be to God on high! God on high!
Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Glory, glory, glory, glory, Glo - ry be to God on high! God on high!

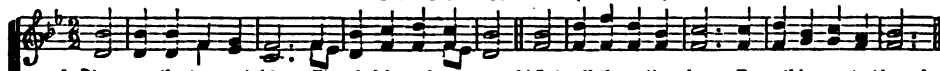
1st. 2d.

3 Glory to God in the highest!
 Shall be our song to-day,
 And while we with the angels sing;
 Gifts, with the wise men, let us bring
 Unto the Babe of Bethlehem,
 And offer our young hearts to him.
 Glory to God in the highest, etc.

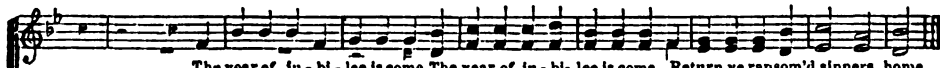
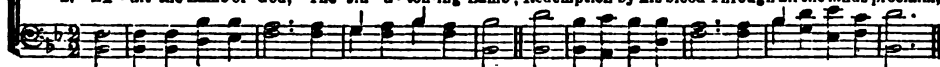
4 Glory to God in the highest!
 Shall be our song to-day.
 O, may we, an unbroken band,
 Around the throne of Jesus stand,
 And there with angels and the throng
 Of his redeemed ones, join the song,
 Glory to God in the highest, etc.

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE. (LENOX.) H. M.

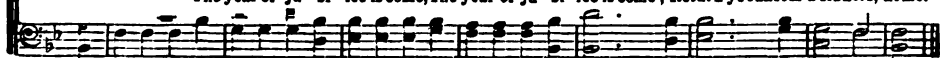
EDSON.



1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow—The glad-ly sol- emn sound! Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound,
 2. Ex - alt the Lamb of God, The sin a - ton-ing Lamb; Redemption by his blood Through all the lands proclaim,



The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Return ye ransom'd sinners, home.



The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The year of ju - bi - lee is come; Return, ye ran - som'd sin - ners home.

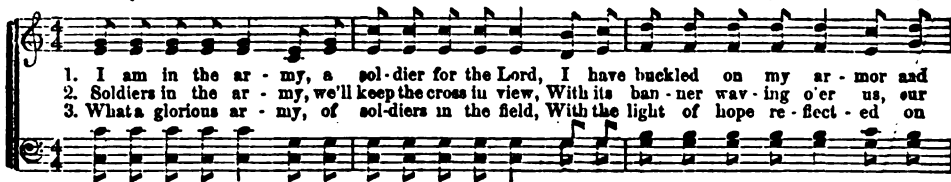
3 The Gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of pardoning grace;
 Ye happy souls draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's face;
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our Great High Priest,
 Has full atonement made;
 Ye weary spirits, rest,
 Ye mournful souls, be glad;
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

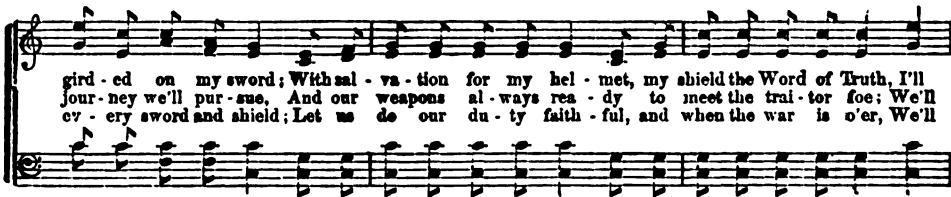
SONG OF THE SABBATH-SCHOOL ARMY.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

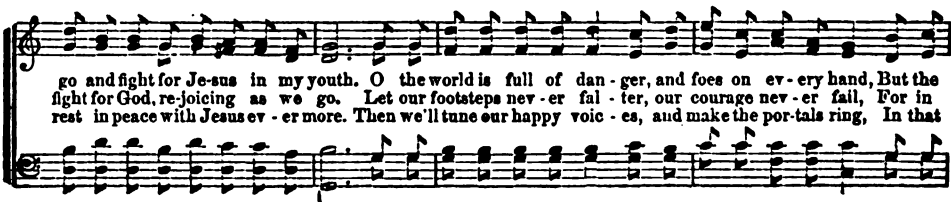
HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. I am in the ar - my, a sol - dier for the Lord, I have buckled on my ar - mor and
 2. Soldiers in the ar - my, we'll keep the cross in view, With its ban - ner wav - ing o'er us, our
 3. What a glorious ar - my, of sol - diers in the field, With the light of hope re - flect - ed on



gird - ed on my sword; With sal - va - tion for my hel - met, my shield the Word of Truth, I'll
 jour - ney we'll pur - sue, And our weapons al - ways rea - dy to meet the trait - or foe; We'll
 ev - ery sword and shield; Let us do our du - ty faith - ful, and when the war is o'er, We'll



go and fight for Je - sus in my youth. O the world is full of dan - ger, and foes on ev - ery hand, But the
 fight for God, re - joicing as we go. Let our footsteps nev - er fal - ter, our courage nev - er fail, For in
 rest in peace with Je - sus ev - er more. Then we'll tune our happy voic - es, and make the por - tals ring, In that

SONG OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL ARMY. Concluded. 371

Saviour is my Captain still, He has promis'd me his aid, if I follow his command. And do his ho - ly will.
 Je - sus we shall all be strong; Tho' our trials may be hard, yet we surely must prevail. Then boldly march along!
 sunny land of joy untold: We will worship at his throne, our Redeemer and our King, With harps and crowns of gold.

THE SONG OF JUBILEE. 7s.

End. *D.C.*
 1. Wake the song of Jubilee, Let it echo o'er the sea; Now is come the promis'd hour; Jesus reigns with sov'reign power.
D. C. Wake the song of Jubilee, Let it ech-o o'er the sea.

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
 Christ of lords and kings, is King;
 Let it sound from shore to shore,
 Jesus reigns for evermore.
 Wake the song, etc.

3 Now the desert lands rejoice,
 And the islands join their voice—
 Yea, the whole creation sings,
 Jesus is the King of kings.
 Wake the song, etc.

HOLY BIBLE.

1 Holy Bible, book divine,
 Precious treasure, thou art mine;
 Mine to tell me whence I came;
 Mine to teach me what I am.
D. C. Holy Bible, book divine, etc.

2 Mine to chide me when I rove;
 Mine to show a Father's love;
 Mine to guide my doubtful feet;
 Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.
D. C. Holy Bible, book divine, etc.

3 Mine to comfort in distress;
 Mine to cheer, sustain, and bless;
 Mine to show by living faith
 Man can triumph over death.
D. C. Holy Bible, book divine, etc.

4 Mine to tell of joys to come;
 Mine to lead the spirit home,
 O thou precious book divine,
 Holy Bible, thou art mine.
D. C. Holy Bible, book divine, etc.

Gently.

1. How sweetly the voice of the Saviour is call - ing, In accents of kindness its mus - ic is

fall - ing Thro' fear and temptation so patient - ly leading, So gently persuading and earnest - ly

CHORUS.

pleading. O Je - sus is call - ing us home,..... Je - sus is calling us
Je - sus is calling us home,.....

home..... Je - sus is call - ing, is call - ing his children home.
Je - sus is calling us home, Je - sus is call - ing, &c.

JESUS IS CALLING US HOME. Concluded.

373

2 He died from the burden of sin to relieve us,
And now He is waiting with joy to receive us,
How blest are the words of the pure and the holy.
Come hither and learn of the meek and the lowly.
CHO. O Jesus, &c.

3 The Bride and the Spirit, our souls are inviting,
The angels in glory their songs are uniting,
O drink of its waters, that beautiful river,
That flows at the feet of the Saviour forever.
O Jesus, &c.

THERE IS AN HOUR.

From the GERMAN.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'ers given : There is a joy for
2. There is a home for wea - ry souls By sin and sorrow driven, When toss'd on life's tem -

souls distressed, A balm for ev - ery wounded breast, 'Tis found a - lone in heaven.
pestuous shoals, Where storms a-rise and o - cean rolls, And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given :
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

ONCE MORE OUR YOUTHFUL THRO'NG.

DUET.

Arranged from the German for this work.

1. Once more our youthful throng In sweetest union raise To God our choral song Of gratitude and praise.
 2. From yonder world of light Our Father bends His ear, With angels rob'd in white, Our grateful song to hear.

SEMI-CHORUS.

{ *f* When shall we join the ho - ly an - gels, Tun - ing their harps on yonder hap - py shore? }
 { *p* When in the smiling fields of E - den, When shall we meet the loved ones gone be - fore? }

FULL CHORUS. *ff**Repeat pianissimo.*

Hallelujah, sweetly singing, Thro' eternal ages ringing, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Praises to the Lamb.

- 3 His eye that never sleeps,
 With ever-watchful care,
 His faithful children keeps
 From each besetting snare.
 When shall we join, &c.

- 4 Dear Saviour, may we rest
 Our heart, our hopes on thee;
 Reposing on thy breast,
 From every danger free.
 When shall we join, &c.

WATCHMAN, TELL ME. 7s & 8s. Double.

375

DIALOGUE,

Moderato.

The musical score is written for two voices and piano accompaniment. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The music is in 2/4 time and features a variety of rhythmic patterns and dynamics.

1. { Watchman, tell me, does the morning Of fair Zi - on's glo - ry dawn? }
{ Have the signs that mark its com - ing Yet up - on thy pathway shone? } Pilgrim, yes! a - rise, look

round thee; Light is breaking in the skies;... Gird thy bridal robes around thee, Morning dawns, arise, arise!

2 Watchman, see, the light is beaming,
Brighter still upon the way;
Signs through all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of the coming day
When the Jubal trumpet sounding,
Shall awake from earth and sea,
And the saints of God now sleeping,
Clad in immortality.

3 Watchman, hail, the light ascending,
Of the grand Sabbathic year;
All with voices loud proclaiming
That the kingdom's very near:
Pilgrim, yes, I see just yonder,
Canaan's glorious heights arise,
Salem too appears in grandeur,
Towering 'neath its sun-lit skies.

4 Watchman, in the golden city,
Seated on His jasper throne,
Zion's king enthroned in beauty,
Reigns in peace from zone to zone;
There on sun-lit hills and mountains,
Golden beams serenely glow;
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
On whose banks sweet flow'rets blow.

5 Watchman, see, the land is nearing,
With its vernal fruits and flowers,
On just yonder, O how cheering
Bloom forever Eden's bowers!
Hark! the choral strains are ringing,
Wafted on the balmy air,
See the millions, hear them singing,
Soon the pilgrim will be there.

PRAISE THE LORD.

ANTHEM.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. O praise the Lord, when blushing morning Wakes the flowers fresh with
 2. Praise the Lord. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. O praise the Lord, and may his blessing Guide us in the way of truth ;

Praise the Lord.

Praise him when reviv'd creation Beams with beauty fair and new. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord when
 Keep our feet from paths of error, Make us holy in our youth. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, ye hosts of

breezes Come so fragrant from the flowers. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, ye millions by the brookside,
 heaven, Ye angels sing your sweetest lays. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, O utter forth his glory, Sound a-

PRAISE THE LORD. Concluded.

377

birds among the bowers, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Let everything that hath breath, Praise the loud Jehovah's praise, Praise the Lord,..... Praise ye the Lord, Let everything that hath breath, Praise. &c.

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,

CODA.

Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord. Let every thing that hath breath,

NEARER TO THEE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

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,
2. Tho' like the wanderer, The sun goes down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone; (Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God to thee,

Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!
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!

4 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

1. (We've joined the glorious Army, Who march to Zion's Hill, And our Saviour is our Captain, And he'll protect us still.)
And tho' the conflict rages, We know 't will soon be passed. For ev-'ry soldier of the cross There's victory at last.

FULL CHORUS.

For there's victory at last, There's victory at last, We'll shout and sing to God our King, And praise him for the past,
O, we'll

praise him for the past, yes. Praise him for the past, For there's victory, vic-to-ry. vic-to-ry at last.

2.

Our foe, the cruel tempter,
The world our battle-field,
While the Bible is our weapon.
And God our strength and shield,
Press onward, gallant heroes,
The war will soon be passed,
Then to every soldier of the cross
There's victory at last.
Cmo.—For there's victory etc.

3.

Our troops are bold and fearless
And tho' our march be long,
O'er craggy rock and mountain,
We sing our battle-song.
Hosanna in the highest,
Our toll will soon be passed,
Then to every soldier of the Cross
There's victory at last.
Cmo.—For there's victory, etc.

4.

O joyful, joyful tidings,
Let every tear be dry.
For our army is advancing,
The promised land is nigh.
And when the war is over,
And every danger passed, [there,
Then we'll sing with all the ransomed
Of victory at last,
Cmo. For there's victory, etc.

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