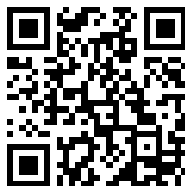

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THE CLARIONA:

A COLLECTION OF

Hymns and Tunes for Sabbath Schools.

BY WILLIAM B. BRADBURY,

AUTHOR OF "NEW GOLDEN CHAIN," "NEW GOLDEN SHOWER," "GOLDEN CENSER,"

"NEW GOLDEN TRIO," "FRESH LAURELS," &c.

NEW YORK:

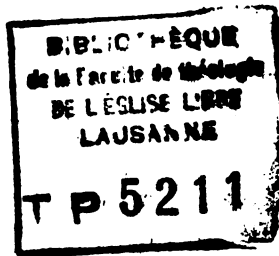
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Successors to WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

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16 Nov 1899.



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A COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

SABBATH SCHOOLS,

By WM. B. BRADBURY,

Author of "New Golden Chain," "New Golden Shower," "Golden Censer," "New
Golden Trio," "Fresh Laurels," &c.



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SUCCESSORS TO

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PREFACE.

THE CLARIONA is a compilation of Hymns and Tunes intended for the use of Sabbath Schools. So far as these pieces are concerned, which have been selected from the "NEW GOLDEN CHAIN," "NEW GOLDEN SHOWER," the "CENSER," and from other works already in use, they have been tested in the Sabbath Schools, and have stood the test. They are endeared to the hearts of tens of thousands in our land.

With regard to the selections from the "FRESH LAURELS," and other new pieces, it can only be said, that the best judgment and taste of many friends, experienced in Sabbath School management, have been consulted. The result is placed very confidently before the Schools.

THE CLARIONA differs from its predecessors, in its large number of Standard Church Hymns and Tunes, which have been loved by the Church, and are capable of being loved as much by the Sabbath School.

The compilation, which was commenced mainly with reference to the wants of Mission Schools, widened as it was pursued; until at last the publisher lays before the public a book which, he believes, will be well adapted to Mission or Church School, to city or country; so varied in Music that it will be ever pleasing and inspiring, and so rich in Hymns that the Leader of a School need never feel at a loss to illustrate a lesson in the singing, nor to find a hymn that is appropriate to any occasion that may arise.

NEW YORK, Oct. 1st, 1867.

WARREN, Stereotyper. 43 Center Street, New York.

THE CLARIONA.

SWEET SABBATH CHIMES.

Words by V.

From "FRESH LAURELS," by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st. 2nd.



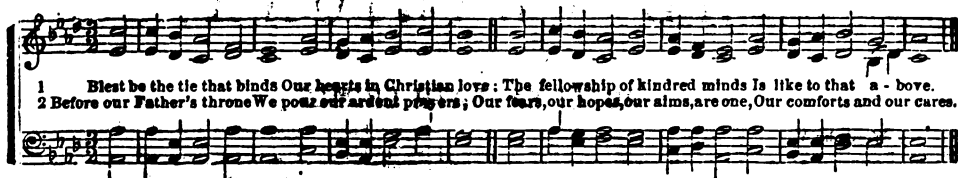
(Sweet Sabbath chimes float on the air, Blessed day! Blessed day!
(And call the world to praise and pray'r, Blessed day! Blessed day! Calm Sabbath, by our Father blest, And
Calm Sabbath, by our Father blest,



hallowed for his people's rest, It brings repose to eve - ry breast, Blessed day! Blessed day.
hallowed for his people's rest,

2 To day our dear Redeemer rose,
Blessed day! Blessed day!
And triumphed over all his foes,
Blessed day! Blessed day!
While each adores our God and King,
The heavenly portals sweetly ring,
While angel choirs with rapture sing,
Blessed day! Blessed day!

3 Beyond the veil a rest remains,
Blessed day! Blessed day!
A rest from sorrow, toil, and pains,
Blessed day! Blessed day!
The happy Christian free from care,
When anchor'd in that region fair,
Shall sing through countless ages there,
Blessed day! Blessed day!



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.

S. M.

- 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,

S. M.

- 1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
 Is whispering, "Sinner, come:"
 The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
 To all His children, "Come!"
2. Let him that heareth say
 To all about him, "Come!"
 Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
 To Christ, the fountain, come!
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
 O let him freely come,
 And freely drink the stream of life;
 'Tis Jesus bids him come.

- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
 Declares, "I quickly come;"
 Lord, even so! we wait Thine hour;
 O blest Redeemer, come!

S. M.

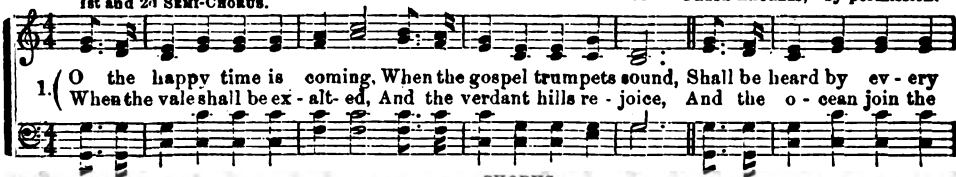
- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise,
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his saints to-day;
 Here may we sit, and see Him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day, amid the place
 Where God, my God, hath been,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days
 Within the tents of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 And sit and sing herself away
 To everlasting bliss.

THE HAPPY TIME.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 5

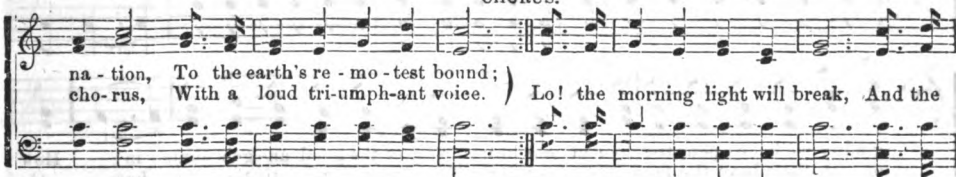
From "FRESH LAURELS," by permission.

1st and 2d SEMI-CHORUS.

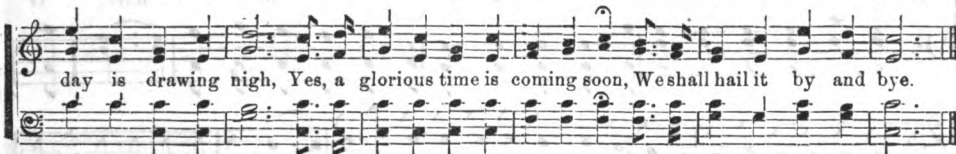


1. (O the happy time is coming, When the gospel trumpets sound, Shall be heard by ev-ery
When the vales shall be ex-alt-ed, And the verdant hills re-joice, And the o-cean join the

CHORUS.



na-tion, To the earth's re-mo-test bound;
cho-rus, With a loud tri-umph-ant voice.) Lo! the morning light will break, And the



day is drawing nigh, Yes, a glorious time is coming soon, We shall hail it by and bye.

2 O the happy time is coming,
When the cry of war shall cease,
And the standard of our Saviour,
Be the olive branch of peace;
Underneath our vine and fig-tree
We will never be afraid;
There is none will dare molest us,
In their calm and quiet shade. *Cho.*

3 O the happy time is coming,
By our father's once foretold,
It is promised in the Bible,
It was sung by prophets old:
They who sit in heathen darkness,
Soon the morning light shall see,
And the world, with songs of triumph,
Hail the glorious jubilee. *Cho.*

LET THE GOOD ANGELS COME IN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

From "FRESH LAURELS" by permission.



1. They hov - er around us, bright angels are near, To glo - ry im mor - tal they win; Then
 2. To com - fort the lone - ly, and strengthen the weak, Their mission of mercy and love; And

glad - ly we'll o - pen the door of our hearts. And let the good an - gels come in; How
 oft on their beau - ti - ful pinions of light, They bear our pe - ti - tions a - bove. O

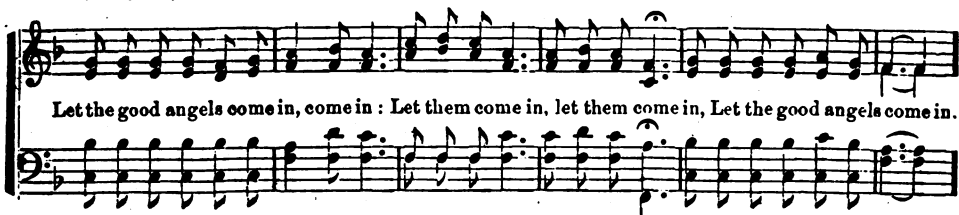
kindly our Father has sent them to keep, A watch o'er his children below; They're with us in slumber, their
 let them come in, they are holy and pure, Their presence how tenderly sweet; They echo the song of the

LET THE GOOD ANGELS COME IN. Concluded.

7



eyes nev - er sleep, They're with us wherever we go. Let them come in, Let them come in,
hap - py and blest, They learn at Im-man-u-el's feet.



Let the good angels come in, come in : Let them come in, let them come in, Let the good angels come in.



Repeat softly.
Come in..... Come in..... Good an - - - - gels come in....

Then let the good an - gels come in, come in, Then let the good an - gels come in....

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.

C. M.

- 2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fix'd this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
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.

C. M.

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Dispels the darkness of the night,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 3 Ten thousand thousand voices join
To hail this happy morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

AWAY! AWAY!

9

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

From "FRESH LAURELS." By per. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. A - way! away! not a moment to linger, Haste we now with footstep free, Where those who love in the
2. A - way! away! where the angels are bending Lightly o'er the house of pray'r, Glad hymns of praise to the

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

CHORUS.

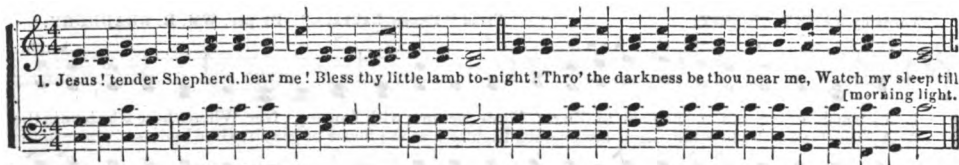
vineyard to la - bor, Wait for you and me. To the Sunday-school re - joicing we will go, 'Tis a
Lord of the Sabbath Sweet - ly e - cho there. To the Sunday-school, &c.

place where all are happy here below, Where the way of life we learn to know, And seek our home a - bove.

The chorus is presented in two systems of music. The first system includes the lyrics 'vineyard to la - bor, Wait for you and me. To the Sunday-school re - joicing we will go, 'Tis a Lord of the Sabbath Sweet - ly e - cho there. To the Sunday-school, &c.' The second system includes the lyrics 'place where all are happy here below, Where the way of life we learn to know, And seek our home a - bove.' Both systems feature the same two-staff musical notation as the first system, with a treble and bass staff in B-flat major and 4/4 time.

8. Away! away! for the moments are flying,
Time for us will soon be o'er;
This holy day we will try to improve it,
Ere its light is o'er.
To the Sunday-school, etc.

4. Away! away! not a moment to linger,
Haste we now with footstep free,
Where those who love in the vineyard to labor,
Wait for you and me.
To the Sunday-school, etc.



8s & 7s.

- 2 All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warm'd and fed me,—
Listen to my evening prayer.
- 3 Let my sins be all forgiven!
Bless the friends I love so well!
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

8s & 7s.

- 1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, Thyself revealing—
Rise and chase the clouds beneath.
- 2 Thou, of heaven and earth Creator!
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatter all the night of nature,
Pour the day upon our eyes.
- 3 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every meek, benighted heart.
- 4 Save us, in Thy great compassion,
O, Thou mild, pacific Prince!

Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.

- 5 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

8s & 7s.

- 1 PLEASE to watch us, blessed Saviour,
As we leave our "Sabbath home;"
Guide and keep us from all danger,
Till again to thee we come.
- 2 Though we very often wander
In the paths of vice and sin,
Yet we pray that thou wouldst hear us,
Cleanse and make us pure within.
- 3 Make each spirit meek and lowly,
Make us leave the ways of strife,
Lead us in the path of duty,
Lead us to the "better life."
- 4 Thus we'd serve thee, blessed Saviour,
Till we've crossed life's stormy sea,
And with each loved friend and teacher,
All are gathered home to thee.

LEBANON. S. M.

J. ZUNDEL. By permission. 11

1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold: I did not love my
 2. The Shepherd sought his sheep, The Fa - ther sought his child: They followed me o'er
 3. Je - sus, my Shepherd is, 'Twas he that loved my soul, 'Twas he that wash'd me

Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-troll'd; I was a way-ward child, I
 vale and hill, O'er des - erts waste and wild: They found me nigh to death, Fam-
 in his blood, 'Twas he that made me whole: 'Twas he that sought the lost. That

did not love my home, I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a-far to roam.
 ished, and faint, and lone; They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wandering o'le.
 found the wandering sheep, 'Twas he that brought me to the fold, 'Tis he that still doth keep.

PORTUGUESE HYMN.



1ls.

2
Fear not, I am with thee, Oh ! be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid :
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3.
When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4.
When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,

The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5.
E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

6.
The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes :
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake !

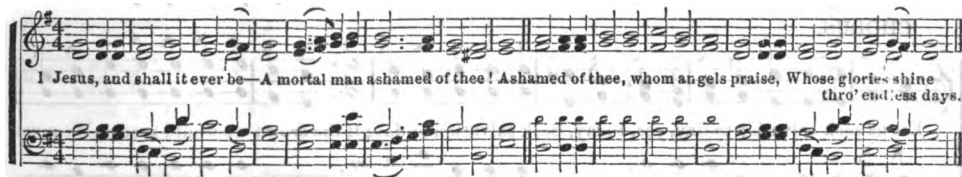
KENNEDY.

11s.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 THE Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I!
How tender and watchful my wants to supply,
He daily provides me with raiment and food;
Whate'er he denies me is meant for my good,</p> <p>2 The Lord is my Shepherd, then I must obey
His gracious commandment, and walk in his way;
His fear he will teach me, my heart he'll renew,
And though I'm so sinful, my sins he'll subdue,</p> | <p>3 The Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I!
I'm blest while I live, and I'm blest when I die,
In death's gloomy valley no evil I'll dread,
"For I will be with thee," my Shepherd has said,</p> <p>4 The Lord is my Shepherd, I'll sing with delight,
Till called to adore him in regions of light;
Then praise him with angels to bright harps of gold,
And ever and ever his glory behold.</p> |
|--|--|

MEROE. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



L. M.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.</p> <p>3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright morning-star! bids darkness flee.</p> <p>4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?</p> | <p>No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.</p> <p>5 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 hush, no soul to save.</p> <p>6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh, may this my glory be,
Jesus is not ashamed of me!</p> |
|--|--|

WORDS BY J. P.

"To-day if ye will hear His voice harden not your heart."

1. (We never shall be happy if we walk the ways of sin. 'Tis a path that leads onward to sorrow ;
If the right we would pursue, it is time we should begin For why need we wait till to-morrow ?)

CHORUS.

Let us seek salvation to-day, yes, today, Seek salvation to-day ; If the crown we would secure, We must

make our calling sure, And seek salvation to-day.

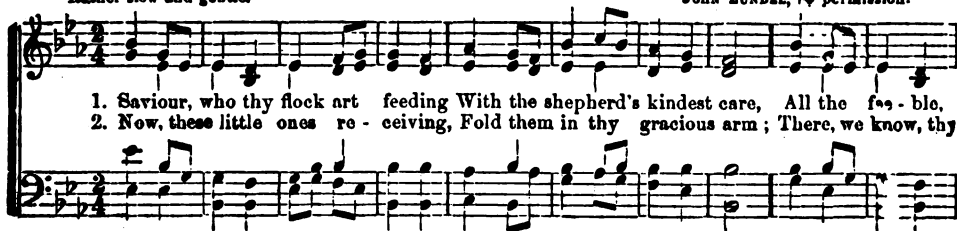
2. We'll never get to heaven if we do not learn the way,
And prepare for the journey before us ;
If for Jesus we would live, we must always watch and pray,
And thus will his banner be o'er us. *Cho.*
3. The tempter may assail us, but with Jesus by our side,
And a hope in his power possessing ;
We will make his holy word still our counsel and our guide,
And count every trial a blessing. *Cho.*

MILWAUKEE. 8s & 7s.

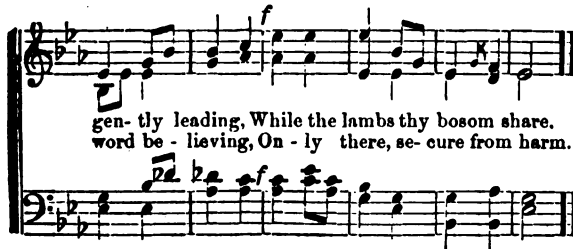
15

Rather slow and gentle.

JOHN ZUNDEL, by permission.



1. Saviour, who thy flock art feeding With the shepherd's kindest care, All the fa - blo,
2. Now, these little ones re - ceiving, Fold them in thy gracious arm; There, we know, thy



- gen - tly leading, While the lambs thy bosom share,
word be - lieving, On - ly there, se - cure from harm.

8s & 7s.

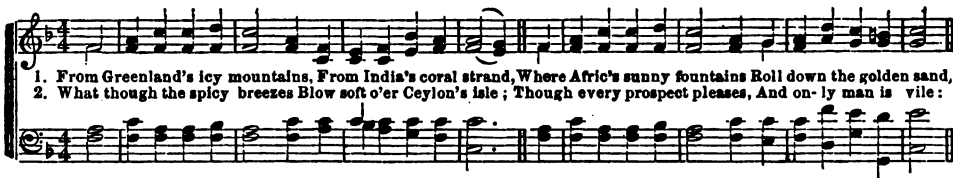
- 3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them thro' life's danger way.

- 4 Then within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

8s & 7s.

- 1 SAVIOUR! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our eyelids seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us—
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness can not hide from Thee,
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watcheth where Thy people be.
4 Should swift death this night o'take us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.



7s & 6s.

- 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.

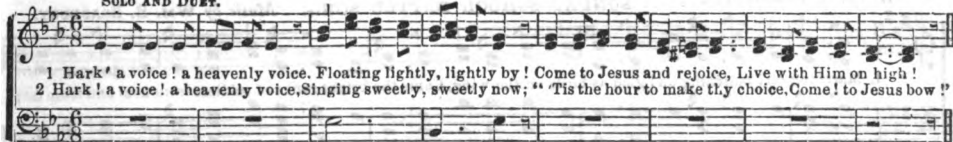
7s & 6s.

- 1 Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurl'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.

A HEAVENLY VOICE!

WM. B. BRADBURY. 17

SOLO AND DUET.

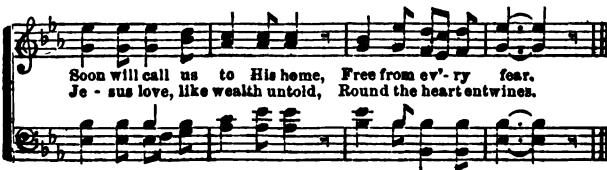


1 Hark! a voice! a heavenly voice. Floating lightly, lightly by! Come to Jesus and rejoice, Live with Him on high!
2 Hark! a voice! a heavenly voice, Singing sweetly, sweetly now; " 'Tis the hour to make thy choice, Come! to Jesus bow!"

CHORUS.



Yes! we come! to Jesus come, For our Saviour ev - er dear Soon will call us to His home, Free from every fear.
Jesus' love—worth more than gold Dug from out the richest mines—Jesus' love, like wealth untold, Round the heart entwines,



Soon will call us to His home, Free from ev - ry fear.
Je - sus love, like wealth untold, Round the heart entwines.

7s & 5s.

3 Hark! a voice! a heavenly voice,
Hear it! sounding through the land
"Souls on earth make heaven rejoice,
Who for Jesus stand."
Jesus! take us in thine arms,
Suffer that we come to Thee;
With Thy blessing, earthly harms
From our path will flee.

Tune—HOLLY, p. 135.

1 Wait, my soul, upon the Lord,
To His gracious promise see,
Laying hold upon His word.
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."
2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace,
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou may'st see;
This is still thy sweet relief,
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."
4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With Thy promise full and free;
Faithful, positive, and sure,—
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

" MARCHING ON!"

Words by Rev. R. LOWRY.

SUNDAY SCHOOL BATTLE SONG.

Music by 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 sol-diers of Zi-on prepared for the war

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.
Cho.—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.
Cho.—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.
Cho.—Marching on, &c.

MT. BLANC. 6s & 7s. PLYMOUTH COLLECTION, by permission.

1 We are on our journey home, Where Christ our Lord is gone; We shall meet around his throne, When He
2 We can see that distant home, Tho' clouds roll dark between; Faith views the radiant dome, And a

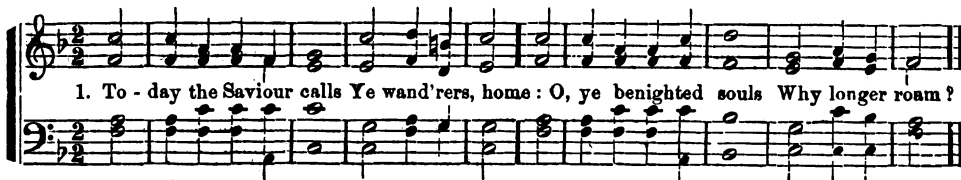
makes His people one In the new, In the new, In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.
lus-tre flashes keen From the new, From the new, From the new Je-ru-sa-lem.

6s & 7s.

3 O glory shining far
From the never-setting sun!
O trembling morning star!
Our journey's almost done
To the new Jerusalem.

4 O holy, heavenly home!
O, rest eternal there!
When shall the exiles come,
Where they cease from earthly care,
In the new Jerusalem.

5 Our hearts are breaking now.
Those mansions fair to see;
O Lord! Thy heavens bow,
And raise us up with Thee
To the new Jerusalem.



1. To - day the Saviour calls Ye wand'ers, home : O, ye benighted souls Why longer roam ?

6s & 4s.

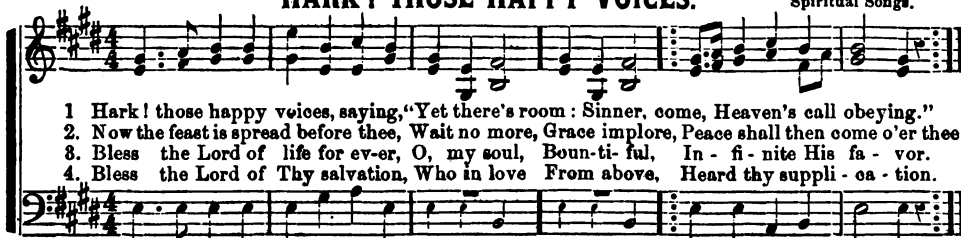
2 To-day the Saviour calls ;
O, hear Him now ;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

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

4 The Spirit calls to-day :
Yield to His power ;
O, grieve Him not away :
'Tis mercy's hour.

HARK ! THOSE HAPPY VOICES.

Spiritual Songs.



1 Hark ! those happy voices, saying, "Yet there's room : Sinner, come, Heaven's call obeying."
2. Now the feast is spread before thee, Wait no more, Grace implore, Peace shall then come o'er thee
3. Bless the Lord of life for ev-er, O, my soul, Boun-ti-ful, In - fi-nite His fa - vor.
4. Bless the Lord of Thy salvation, Who in love From above, Heard thy suppli - ca - tion.

5 Bless the Lord of earth and heaven
Through His blood
That freely flow'd,
Are thy sins forgiven.

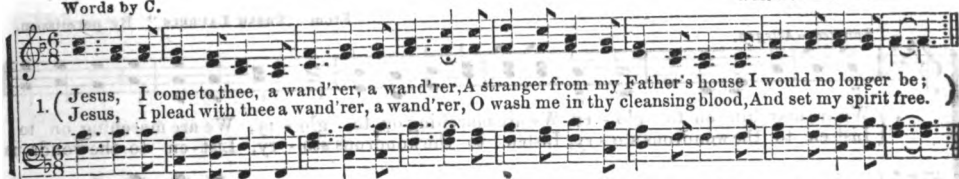
6 Bless the Lord, whose love abounding,
Fills thy days
With joy and praise,
Songs of triumph sounding.

WANDERER.

21

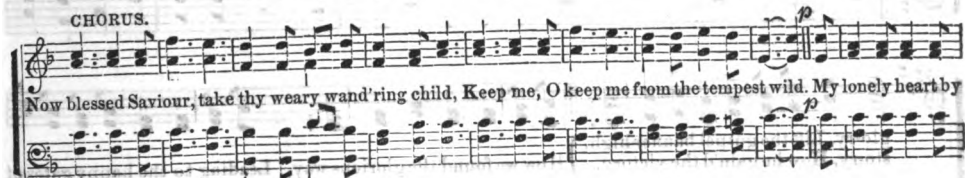
WM. B. BRADBURY.

Words by C.

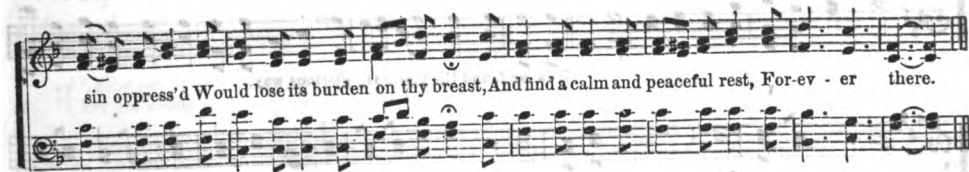


1. (Jesus, I come to thee, a wand'rer, a wand'rer, A stranger from my Father's house I would no longer be;
Jesus, I plead with thee a wand'rer, a wand'rer, O wash me in thy cleansing blood, And set my spirit free.)

CHORUS.



Now blessed Saviour, take thy weary wand'ring child, Keep me, O keep me from the tempest wild. My lonely heart by



sin oppress'd Would lose its burden on thy breast, And find a calm and peaceful rest, For-ev - er there.

2.

Jesus, the living way, O save me. O save me;
O lead me to the precious fold,
And let me never stray;
O let me hear thy voice, my Father, dear Father,
In gentle tones my pardon speak,
And bid my soul rejoice. *Cho.*

8.

Jesus, thy way is bright before me, before me,
My prayer is heard, the clouds are gone.
I see thy glorious light:
Jesus, no more I'll roam a wand'rer, a wand'rer,
My Father holds me in his arms,
And bids me welcome home. *Cho.*

OUR VICTORY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

From "FRESH LAURELS." By permission.

Spirited—Allegro.

1. (We are marching on to glo - ry, We are marching on to glo - ry, We are marching on to
 List-en to the wondrous sto - ry, Listen to the wondrous sto - ry, List-en to the wondrous

glo-ry, Lift the gospel banner high,) How we found the glorious way, Leading to the happy gates of
 sto-ry, How he gain'd the victory.

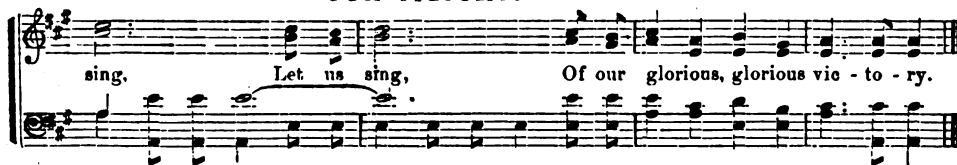
How we found the glorious, glorious way,

day, Let us sing, Let us sing Of our glorious, glorious vic - to - ry, Let us

day... Let us sing, Let us sing, Let us sing, Let us sing.

OUR VICTORY. Concluded.

23



sing, Let us sing. Let us sing, Let us sing,

2 ||: When beset by sore temptation, :||

Satan's host against us rose,

||: With the armor of salvation :||

Did we triumph o'er our foes;

Now we praise the Lord on high

For our glorious, glorious victory. *Cho.*

3 ||: When the clouds were dark above us, :||

And the storm came on apace,

||: He who cares for us and loves us, :||

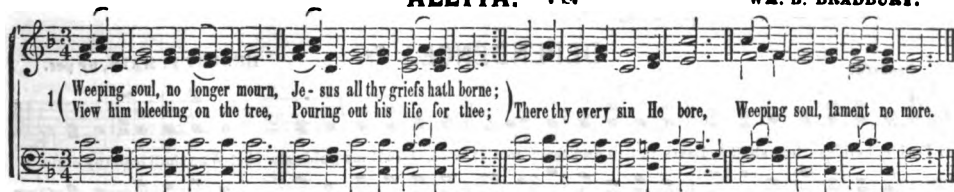
Was our shield and hiding place;

Under his protecting wing,

Now rejoicing gladly we will sing. *Cho.*

ALETTA. 7s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



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.

7s.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on him,

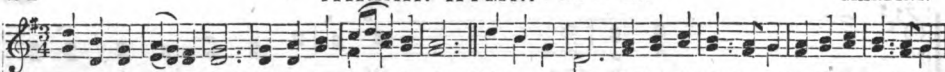
Find him mighty to redeem;

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. Come, Thou almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all glorious, O'er all vic-tori-ous,
 2. Jesus, our Lord, descend; From all our foes defend, Nor let us fall; Let Thine almighty aid Our sure defence be made,
 3. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword; Our prayer attend; Come, and Thy people bless; Come, give Thy
 [word success;



Come and reign over us, Ancient of days.
 Our souls on Thee be stay'd, Lord, hear our call.
 Spirit of ho - liness, On us descend.



4.

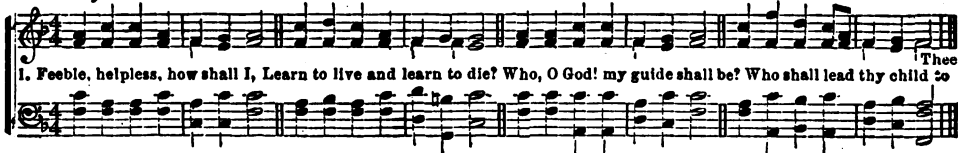
Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour;
 Thou, who Almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.

5.

To Thee, great One in Three,
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore.
 Thy sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

DEPENDENCE. 7s.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

Graceful.

1. Feeble, helpless, how shall I, Learn to live and learn to die? Who, O God! my guide shall be? Who shall lead thy child to Thee

2 Blessed Father, gracious One!
 Thou hast sent thy holy Son,
 He will give the light I need,
 He my trembling steps shall lead.

3 Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
 Led by Jesus Christ, the Lord,

In my meekness, thus shall I
 Learn to live and learn to die.

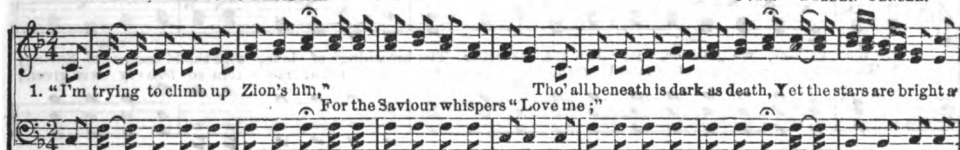
4 Learn to live in peace and love,
 Like the perfect ones above;
 Learn to die without a fear.
 Feeling Thee, my Saviour, near.

CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL.

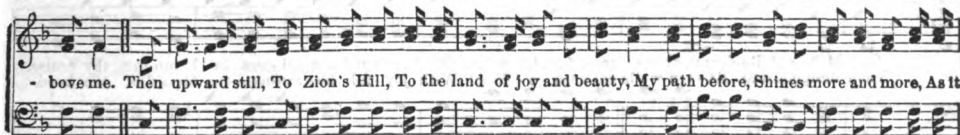
25

Words by REV. J. G. CHAFEE.

From "GOLDEN CENSER."



1. "I'm trying to climb up Zion's hill," Tho' all beneath is dark as death, Yet the stars are bright &
For the Saviour whispers "Love me;"



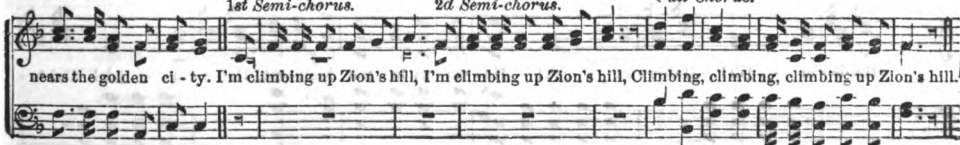
-bove me. Then upward still, To Zion's Hill, To the land of joy and beauty, My path before, Shines more and more, As it

REFRAIN.

1st Semi-chorus.

2d Semi-chorus.

Full Chorus.



nears 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 flon.
Chorus.—I'm climbing up, &c.

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.
Chorus.—I'm climbing up, &c.

THE GATHERING

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 Mak - er! Re-deem-er! we grate-ful - ly raise Our hearts and our voi - ces in hymn-ing thy praise.
 Thou design'dst to lis - ten while children a - dored, With joy-ful ho - san-nas—the bless'd of the Lord.

REFRAIN.

Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Ho - san - na in the high - est! Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le -
 Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Ho - san - na in the high - est! Hal-le - lu - jah!

... lu - jah! Ho - san - na to the Lord!
 Hal-le - 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.

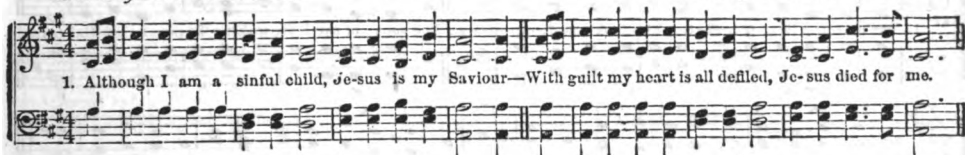
JESUS DIED FOR ME.

27

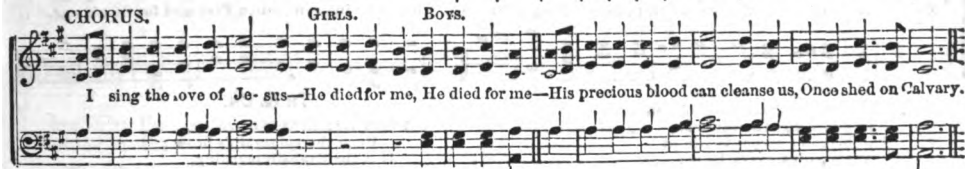
"HE DIED THAT WE MIGHT LIVE."

Words by Mrs. H. N. BEERS.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Although I am a sinful child, Je-sus is my Saviour—With guilt my heart is all defiled, Je-sus died for me.



I sing the love of Je-sus—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
And sing the love of Jesus
Through all eternity.

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.

7s & 6s.

- 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.

- 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 eye 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.

THE COOLING SPRING.

29

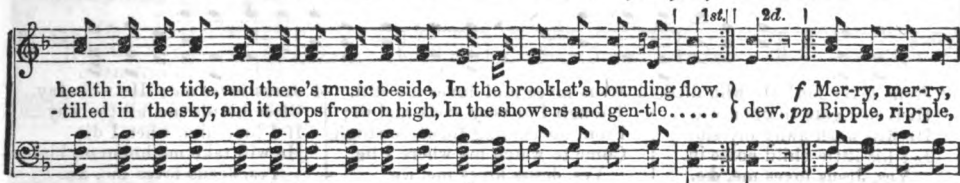
Opposite our chamber window is a clear, cool, never failing spring; and, running merrily along by its side, yet entirely disconnected from it, is a sprightly, bubbling, singing little brook, whose music lulls us to sleep at night, and gently awakens us at early dawn.—*The Parsonage.*

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 Mer-ry, mer-ry,
-tilled in the sky, and it drops from on high, In the showers and gen-tle. . . . } dew. pp Ripple, rip-ple,



lit-tle spring, Sparkle on, Sparkle on, Mer-ry, mer-ry, lit-tle spring, Sparkle on for me.
sil-v'ry brook, Rip-ple on, Rip-ple on, Ripple, rip-ple, silv'ry brook, Rip-ple 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.

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.—*Cha.*



CHORUS.

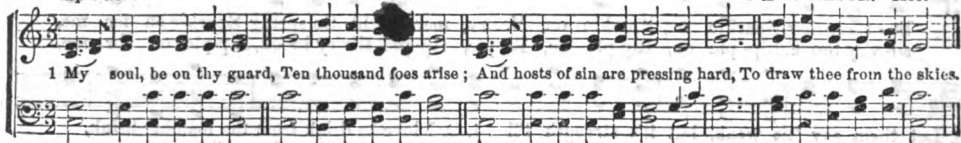


- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| <p>2 Jesus loves me! He who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.
Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.</p> | <p>3 Jesus loves me! loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From his shining throne on high,
Come to watch me where I lie.
Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.</p> | <p>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.</p> |
|--|--|---|

LABAN. S. M.

Spirited.


DR. L. MASON. 1830.

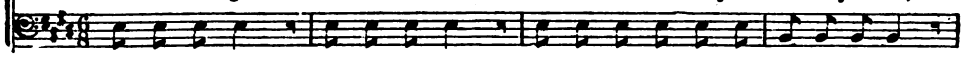


2
Oh! watch, and fight, and pray;—
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.


3
Ne'er think the 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.

- 
- | | | |
|----------------------|------------------|--|
| 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 nev-er save you. |
| 3. Dare to do right! | Dare to be true! | God, who cre - at - ed you, cares for you too; |



Do it so brave-ly, so kind-ly, so well, Angels will hast-en the sto-ry to tell.
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith; Stand like a he-ro, and bat-tle till death.
Treasures the tears that his striving ones shed, Counts and protects eve-ry 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!



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.

THE LAND OF BEULAH. C. M.

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.*

WHO IS HE!

33

From CHAPEL GEMS for Sunday Schools, by permission of the publishers, Messrs. ROOT & CADY.

Moderato.

CHORUS.

1. Who is He in yonder stall, At whose feet the shepherds fall! 'Tis the Lord, O wondrous
2. Who is He in yonder cot, Bending to His toilsome lot! 'Tis the Lord, &c.

sto-ry! 'Tis the Lord, The King of Glory, At His feet we humbly fall, Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

- | | | |
|---|--|-------------|
| 3 | Who is He who stands and weeps
At the grave where Laz'rus sleeps? | <i>Cho.</i> |
| 4 | Who is He in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness? | <i>Cho.</i> |
| 5 | Lo, at midnight, who is He,
Prays in dark Gethsemane? | <i>Cho.</i> |

- | | | |
|---|--|-------------|
| 6 | Who is He in Calv'ry's throes,
Asks for blessings on His foes? | <i>Cho.</i> |
| 7 | Who is He that from the grave
Comes to heal, and help and save? | <i>Cho.</i> |
| 8 | Who is He that on yon Throne,
Rules the world of light alone? | <i>Cho.</i> |

LOVE FOR JESUS.

From "FRESH LAURELS."

Moderate time.

1. I love the name of Je - sus, That name the an - gels sing; And with their loud ho -

san - nas, The heaven - ly por - tals ring. To Him my all con - fid - ing, In Him my joy com -

REFRAIN.

plete, I learn with Christian meekness My du - ty at His feet. I love, I

I love,

love, ... I love the name of Je - sus, The sweetest name, The name, The name the angels sing.

I love,

The sweetest name, The name the angels sing.

2 I love to think of Jesus,
When all is calm and still;
When pure and holy feelings,
My grateful bosom fill.
I love to think of Jesus,
Whose mercy crowns my days,

How just are all his counsels,
And true are all his ways.
Cho.—I love, etc.

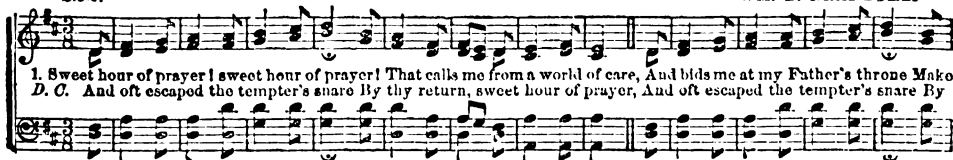
3 I love to work for Jesus,
And worship at his throne;

O, may his spirit help me
To live for him alone.
To labor for my Saviour,
My greatest joy shall be;
I know that Jesus loves me,
Because he died for me. *Ch*

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. Double.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

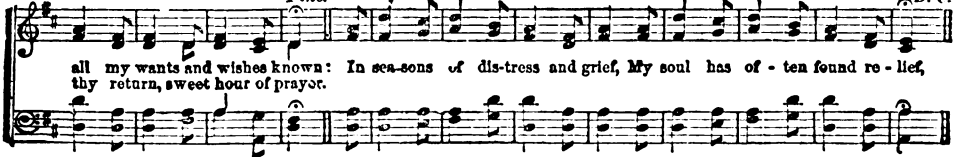
Slow.



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

Fina.

D. C.



all my wants and wishes known: In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has of - ten found re - lief,
thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

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! :

FAR OUT UPON THE PRAIRIE. 7s & 6s.

WM. B. BRADBURY. END.

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 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.

GLORY, GLORY TO THE LAMB.

"WORTHY IS THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN TO RECEIVE POWER, AND RICHES, AND WISDOM, AND STRENGTH, AND HONOR, AND GLORY, AND BLESSING."—Rev. 5: 12.

From "Golden Censer." WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st. 2d. REFRAIN.

1. (Hark the sweetest notes of angels singing, Glory, glory to the Lamb,
(All the hosts of heav'n their tribute bringing, Raising high the Saviour's ...) name. We will join the beautiful

Or this: Sing away, ye beau-ti-ful

an - gels, We will join the beautiful an-gels, Singing a - way, Singing a - way, Glory, glory to the Lamb,

an - gels. Sing away, ye beautiful an - gels, Sing a - way, sing a - way, Groy, glory to the Lamb

2.
Ye for whom his precious life was giv'n,
Sacred themes to you belong:
Come, and join the glorious choir of
Join the everlasting song. [heav'n,
We will join, &c.

3.
Hearts all filled with holy emulation,
We unite with those above;
Sweet the theme—the theme of free salva-
Founts of everlasting love. [tion,
We will join, &c.

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, &c.

SARDIUS. 8s, 7s & 4s.

LUDOVICK NICHOLSON, of Paisley, Scotland.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land : I am weak, but thou art mighty, Hold me
D. S. Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me

FINE.

with thy powerful hand ; Bread of hea - ven, Bread of hea - ven, Feed me till.... I want no more.
till I want no more.

D. S.

8s, 7s & 4s.

- 2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through ;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid the swelling stream divide ;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

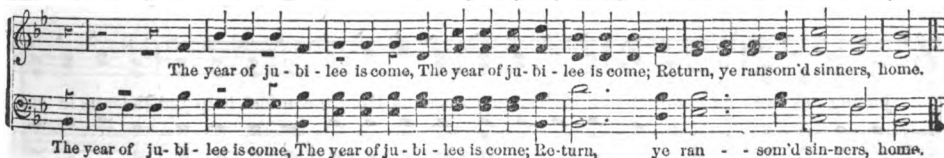
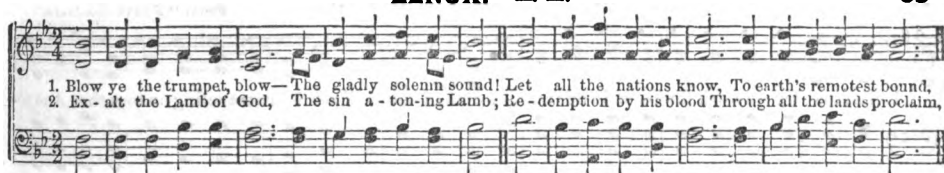
8s & 7s.

- 1 Holy Father, Thou hast taught me
I should live to Thee alone ;
Year by year, Thy hand hath brought me
On through dangers oft unknown.

When I wandered, Thou hast found me :
When I doubted, sent me light,
Still Thine arm has been around 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 fail me,
Well, I know, before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou canst give the power I need ;
Through 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 !



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 ransom'd sinners, home.
4 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 ransom'd sinners, home.

H. M.

1 Yes, the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our hellish foes,
High raised his conquering head;
In wild dismay the guards around,
Fall to the ground, and sink away.

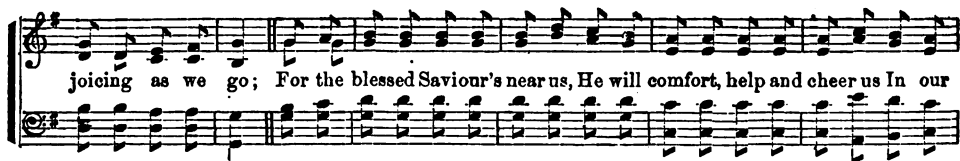
2 Lo! the angelic bands,
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet;
Joyful they come, and wing their way
From realms of day, to Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to Heaven they fly,
The joyful news to

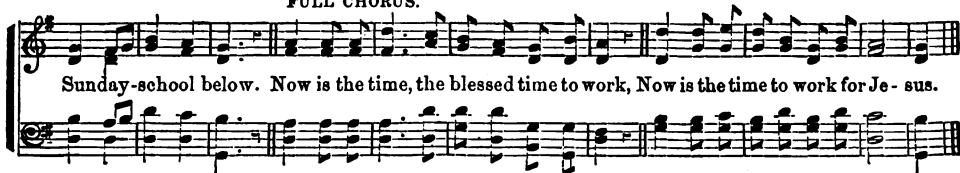
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air;
Their anthems say, "Jesus, who bled,
Has left the dead—he rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound.
Redeemed by him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe, on which you dwell.
Transported cry, "Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead—no more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'at with thy blood,
Wide be thy name adored.
Thou rising, reigning God;
With thee we rise, with thee we reign,
And empires gain beyond the skies



FULL CHORUS.



2 We are happy, always happy,
 In the Sunday School we love,
 We are singing, gladly singing
 Of the promised land above;
 There are crowns for us in glory,
 And we'll tell the joyful story
 In the Sunday School we love. *Cho.*

3 Come, come, dear friend, and join us,
 In our happy Sunday School,
 Come and work with us for Jesus.
 Come and learn the Golden Rule;
 Thus when life's short day is over,
 We will sing with joy forever
 In the promised land above. *Cho.*

THREE KINGS OF ORIENT.

41

Trio. 1 We three Kings of O - ri - ent are, Bear - ing gifts we tra - verse a - far, Field and foun - tain
Full Cho. Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - - men, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Fine. CHORUS.
moor and mountain, Fol - low - ing yon - der Star. O Star of won - der, Star of Night, Star with
Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - - - men.

D. C.
roy - al beau - ty bright, West - ward lead - ing, still pro - ceed - ing, Guide us to thy per - fect light,

Solo :—GASPARD.

2 Born a KING on Bethlehem plain,
GOLD I bring to crown Him again,
King for ever, Ceasing never,
Over us all to reign.—*Cho.*

Solo :—MELCHIOR.

2 FRANKINCENSE to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh:
Prayer and praising, All men raising,
Worship Him, God on High.—*Cho.*

Solo :—BALHAZAR.

4 MYRRH is mine; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom :—
Sorrowing, sighing, Bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone cold tomb.—*Cho.*

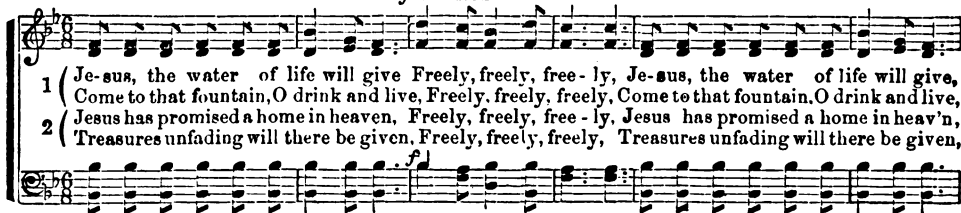
Trio.

5 Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice;
Hallelujah: Hallelujah,
Heaven and earth re-plies.—*Cho.*


THE WATER OF LIFE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." Rev. 21-6.

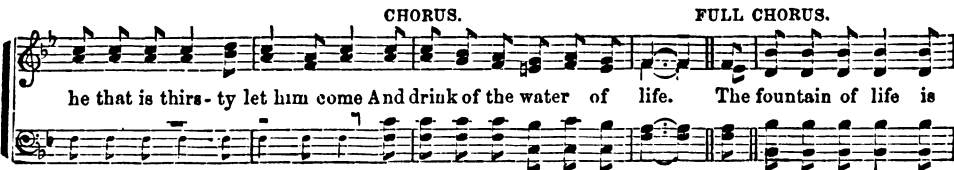
f CHORUS.


1 (Je-sus, the water of life will give Freely, freely, free- ly, Je-sus, the water of life will give,
Come to that fountain, O drink and live, Freely, freely, freely, Come to that fountain, O drink and live,
2 (Jesus has promised a home in heaven, Freely, freely, free- ly, Jesus has promised a home in heav'n,
' Treasures unfading will there be given, Freely, freely, freely, Treasures unfading will there be given,



1st. 2nd. Durr. CHORUS. Durr.

Freely to those who love him.) love him. The Spirit and the Brides say, "Come" Freely, freely, freely, [And
Flowing for those that)
Freely to those who love him.)
Freely to those that) love him. The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come," etc,

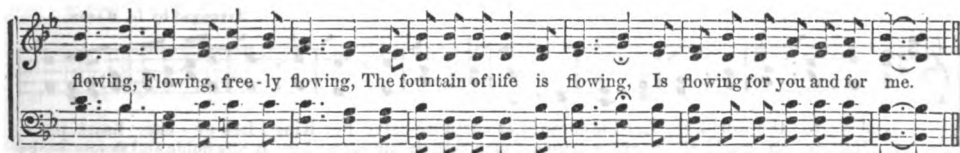


CHORUS. FULL CHORUS.

he that is thirs- ty let him come And drink of the water of life. The fountain of life is

THE WATER OF LIFE. Concluded.

43

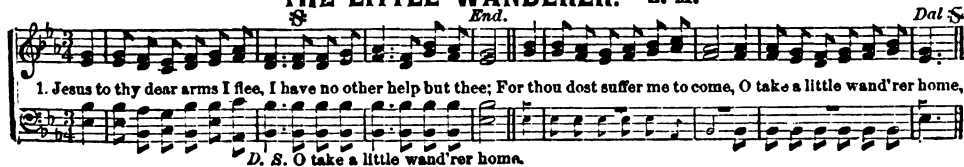


3 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
 Freely to those that love him;
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
 Freely to those that love him. *Cho.*

4 Jesus has promised eternal day,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised eternal day,
 Freely to those that love him;
 Pleasure that never shall pass away,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Pleasure that never shall pass away,
 Freely to those that love him. *Cho.*

5 Jesus has promised a calm repose,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised a calm repose,
 Freely to all that love him;
 Come to the water of life that flows
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Come to the water of life that flows
 Freely to all that love him. *Cho*

THE LITTLE WANDERER. L. M.



L. M.

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.

8 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.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - ery heart pre -
 2. Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns, Let men their songs employ; While fields and floods, rocks

- pare him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing,
 hills and plains, Re - peat the sound - ing joy.

And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture

..... And heav'n and na - ture sing.

sing

C. M.

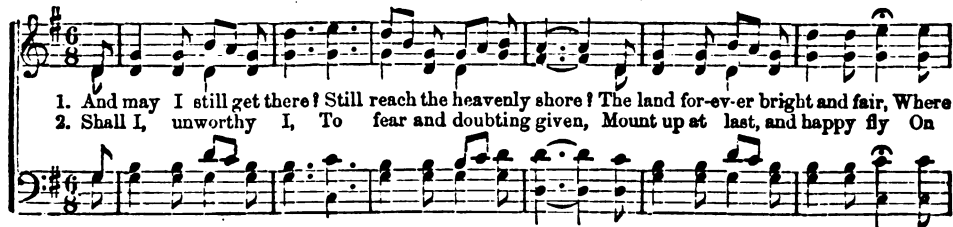
3. No more let sin and sorrow grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;
 He comes to make His blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.
4. He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of His righteousness,
 And wonders of His love.

WHERE THERE IS NO PARTING.

45

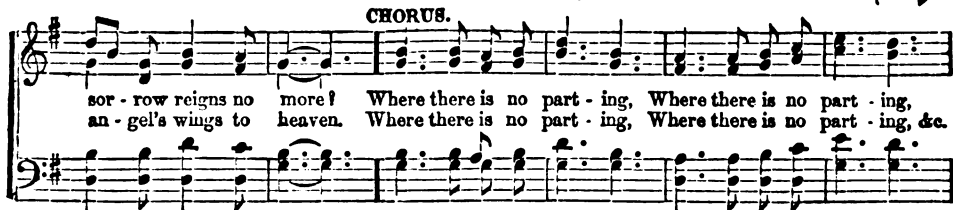
Words by Rev. W. HUNTER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. And may I still get there! Still reach the heavenly shore! The land for-ev-er bright and fair, Where
2. Shall I, unworthy 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 sor-row reigns no more.

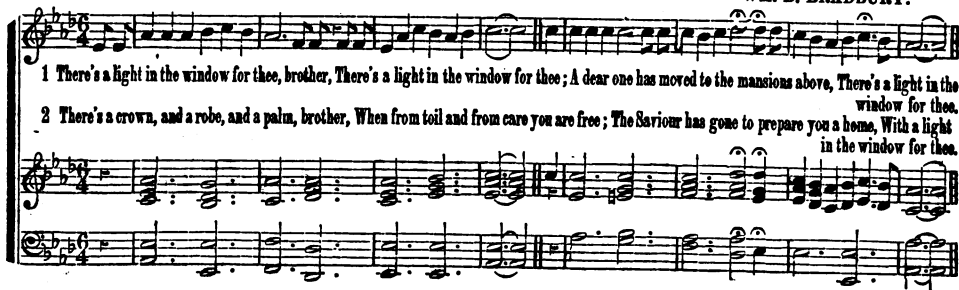
3. Hail, love divine and pure,
Hail, mercy from the skies!
My hopes are bright, and now secure,
Upborne by faith I rise. *Chorus.*

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.*

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

SOLO, or a few voices.

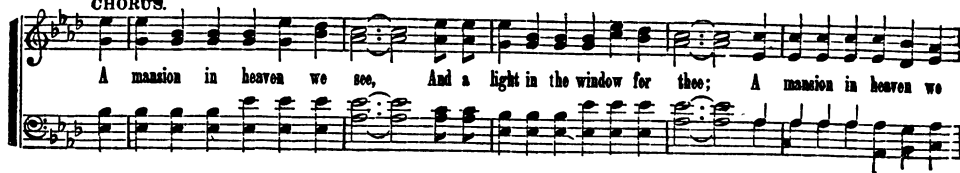
WM. B. BRADBURY.



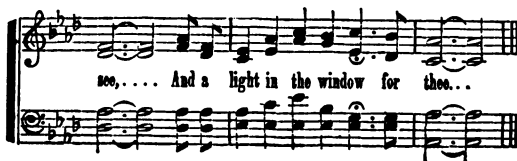
1 There's a light in the window for thee, brother, There's a light in the window for thee; A dear one has moved to the mansions above, There's a light in the window for thee.

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

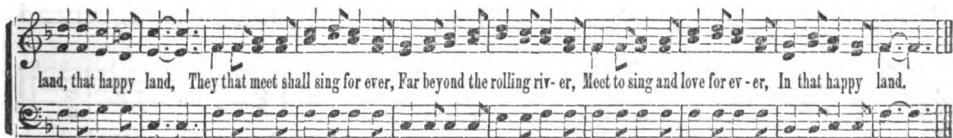
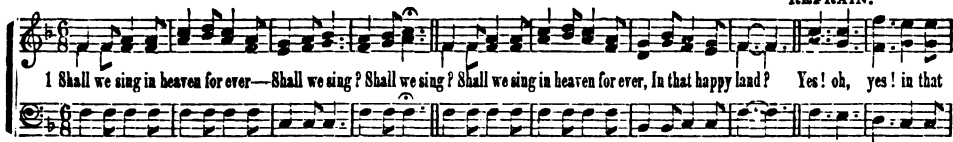


see, . . . And a light in the window for thee. . .

- 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 severe,
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.*

SHALL WE SING IN HEAVEN? WM. D. BRADBURY. 47

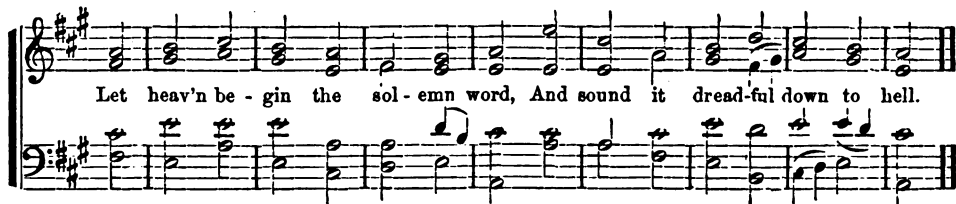
REFRAIN.



- 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.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



L. M.

- 2 High on a throne His glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss :
Fly through the world, O sun! and tell
How dark thy beams compared to His.
- 3 Let clouds and winds, and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire ;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea,
In this eternal song conspire.
- 4 Wide as His vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known ;

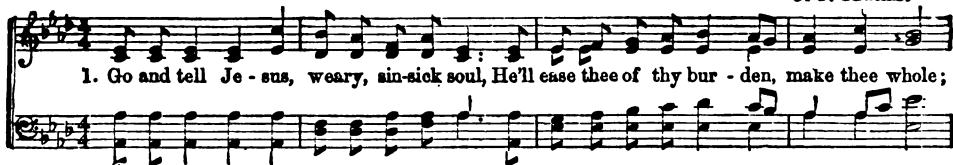
- Loud as His thunder, shout His praise,
And sound it lofty as His throne.
- 5 Jehovah—'t is a glorious word !
O, may it dwell on every tongue !
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- 6 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord ;
From all below, and all above.
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

GO AND TELL JESUS.

49

"AND THEY WENT AND TOLD JESUS."

T. F. SEWARD.

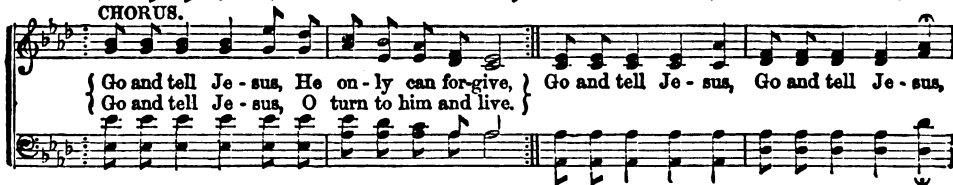


1. Go and tell Je - sus, weary, sin-sick soul, He'll ease thee of thy bur - den, make thee whole;



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 for-give, } Go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je - sus,
 { Go and tell Je - sus, O turn to him and live. }



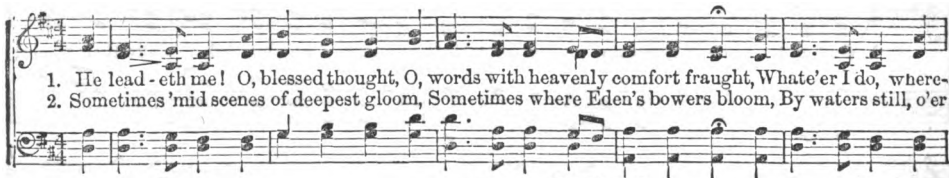
Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can for-give.

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. *Chorus*

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.—*Chorus*

HE LEADETH ME. From "Golden Censer." By permission.


"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."



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



REFRAIN.
e'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! He lead-eth me! &c.



his own hand he leadeth me; His faithful follower I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

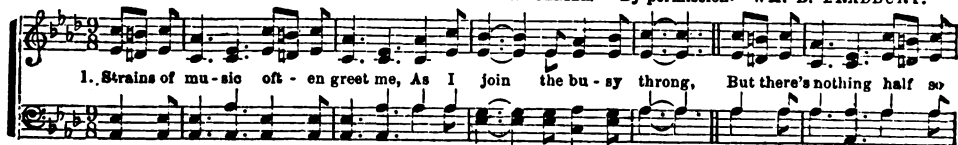
3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, &c.

4. And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
He leadeth me, &c.

MY SABBATH SONG.

51

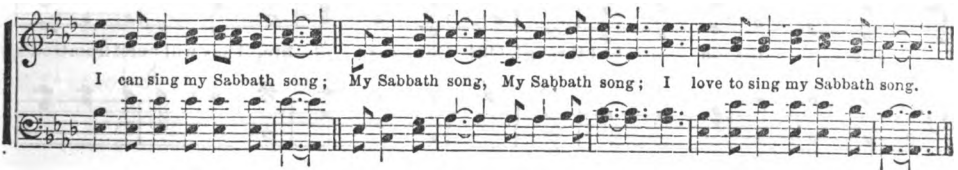
From "GOLDEN CENSER." By permission. WM. B. ERADBURY.



1. Strains of mu-sic oft - en greet me, As I join the bu - sy throng, But there's nothing half so



CHORUS.
pleas-ant, 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, &c.
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, &c.
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, &c.

CHORUS OF FIRE.

"And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with FIRE: and them that had gotten the victory, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God. And they SING THE SONG OF MOSES AND THE SONG OF THE LAMB." Rev. xv 2, 3.

Jubilant.

Words and Music by REV. R. LOWRY. By permission.

1. { O! golden Hereaf-ter, Thine ev'ry bright-rafter Will shake in the thunder of sanctified song; }
 { And ev'-ry swift angel Proclaim an e-vangel, To summon God's [omit.....] }

CHORUS.

saints to the glo - ri - fied throug! Oh! Cho - rus of fire, That will burst from God's

choir, When the loud hal - le - lu - jahs leap up from the soul, Till the flowers on the



2. O! host without number,
Awaked from death's slumber,
Who walk in white robes on the
emerald shore,
The glory is o'er you,
The throne is before you,
And weeping will come to your
spirits no more.

3. Oh! mansions eternal,
In fields ever vernal,
Awaiting your tenantry ran-
somed from sin,
We'll stand on your pavement,
No more in enslavement,
With home-songs to Jesus who
welcomes us in.

4. Oh! Jesus, our Master,
Command to beat faster
These weary life-pulses that
bring us to Thee,
'Till past the dark portal,
We stand up immortal,
And sweep with hosannas the
jasper-lit sea.

[Air—CHORUS OF FIRE.]

1. Our Saviour is risen, from Death's gloomy prison.
No longer he wanders by mountain and sea;
But ere He bereft us, this promise He left us;
"Faint not, where I am, my disciples shall be!"

Chorus.

We shall see Him one day, when the vail rolls
away

And the Christ who redeemed us shall welcome
us then;

While we join the glad throng, singing aye the
new song,

And shout Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen!

2. Yet loving and tender, new grace He doth render,
Nor waits in His mansion, till weary we come;

He journeys beside us, to help us and guide us,
Unseen by our eyes till he greets us at home!

Chorus.—We shall see Him one day, &c.

3. Our boat often veering obeys not our steering;
'Tis Jesus' strong arm over ours at the helm!
He knows the hid dangers, to which we are
strangers,

And He'll bring us safe to His beautiful realm!

Chorus.—We shall see Him one day, &c.

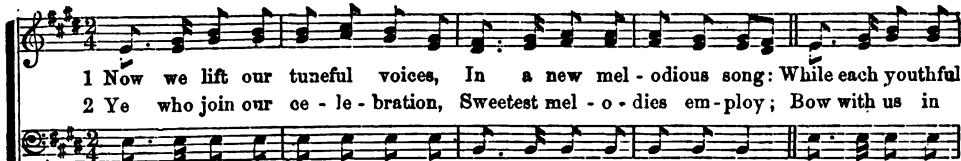
4. Then while the swift river flows onward forever,
That bears us upon its dark tide to the sea,
We view without sighing the banks swiftly flying,
And joyfully haste with our Master to be!

Chorus. We shall see Him one day, &c.

NOW WE LIFT OUR TUNEFUL VOICES

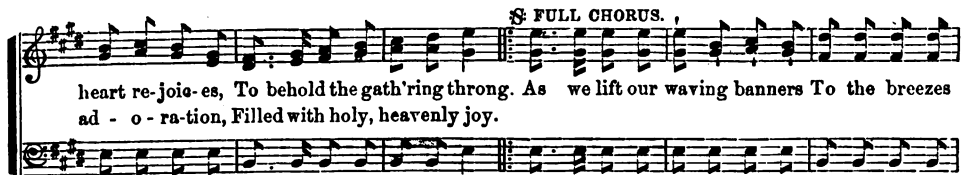
FOR S. S. CELEBRATION.

From "Oriola," by permission.

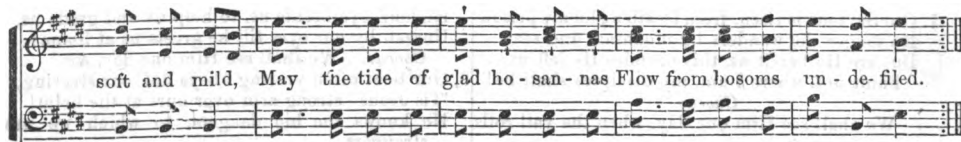


1 Now we lift our tuneful voices, In a new mel - odious song: While each youthful
2 Ye who join our ce - le - bration, Sweetest mel - o - dies em - ploy; Bow with us in

§ FULL CHORUS.



heart re - joice - es, To behold the gath'ring throng. As we lift our waving banners To the breezes
ad - o - ra - tion, Filled with holy, heavenly joy.



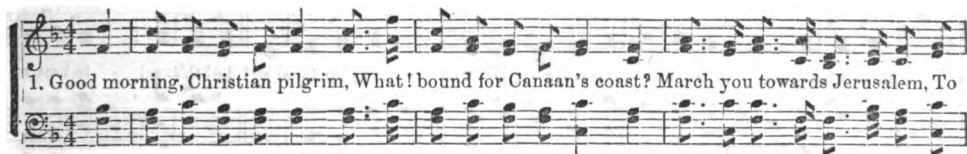
soft and mild, May the tide of glad ho - san - nas Flow from bosoms un - de - filed.

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.

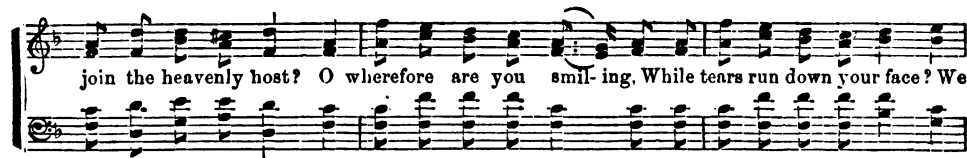
4 Thanks to God for every blessing,
Which his bounteous hand bestows;
All on earth that's worth possessing,
From that hand incessant flows.
Cho.—As we lift, &c.

BOUND FOR CANAAN'S COAST.

55



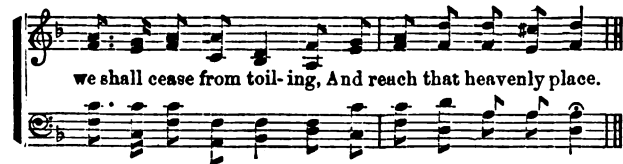
1. Good morning, Christian pilgrim, What! bound for Canaan's coast? March you towards Jerusalem, To



join the heavenly host? O wherefore are you smil- ing, While tears run down your face? We



soon shall cease from toil - ing, And reach that heavenly place, And reach that heavenly place, O!



we shall cease from toil- ing, And reach that heavenly place.

2 What care we for affliction,
It will not be for long :
Hark! from the banks of Jordan
How sweet the pilgrim's song :
'Tis Jesus leads them over,
And we shall hasten too,
We smile, and weep, and praise him
||: Our mortal journey through, :||
We smile, and weep, and praise him,
Our mortal journey through.

THE ANGELIC HOST. 8s & 7^a

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 voi - ces, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th'angel - ic host re -

- joi - 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

2. Peace on earth—good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found;
 "Soul's 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.
 Then we'll sing the wondrous story,
 And we'll chant in hymns of joy,
 Glory in the highest, Glory!
 Glory be to God most High.

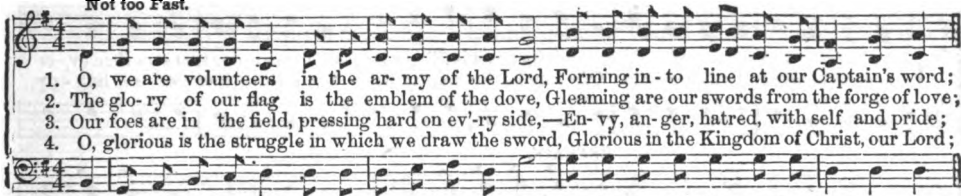
O, WE ARE VOLUNTEERS.

57

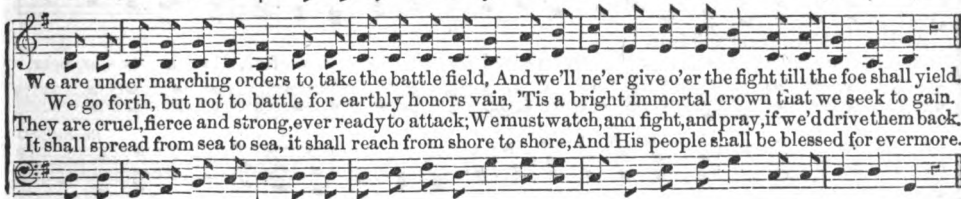
From "The Silver Chime," by permission.

Geo. F. Root.

Not too Fast.

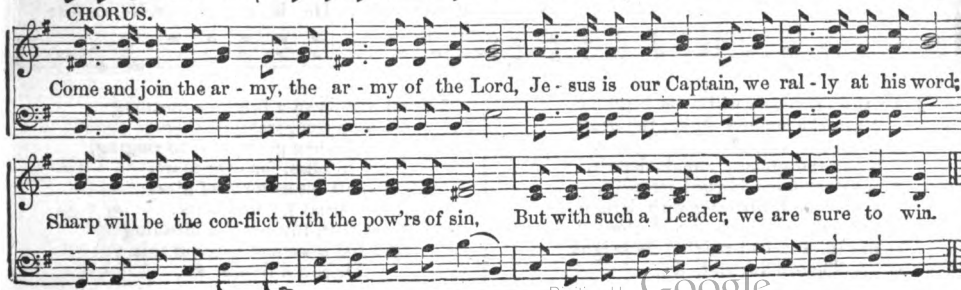


1. O, we are volunteers in the ar-my of the Lord, Forming in-to line at our Captain's word;
2. The glo-ry of our flag is the emblem of the dove, Gleaming are our swords from the forge of love;
3. Our foes are in the field, pressing hard on ev'-ry side,—En-vy, an-ger, hatred, with self and pride;
4. O, glorious is the struggle in which we draw the sword, Glorious in the Kingdom of Christ, our Lord;



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.
They are cruel, fierce and strong, ever ready to attack; We must watch, and fight, and pray, if we'd drivethem back.
It shall spread from sea to sea, it shall reach from shore to shore, And His people shall be blessed for evermore.

CHORUS.



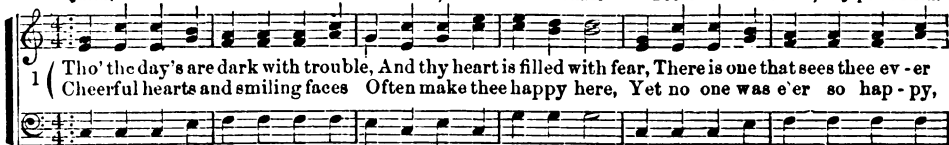
Come and join the ar-my, the ar-my of the Lord, Je-sus is our Captain, we ral-ly at his word;
Sharp will be the con-flict with the pow'rs of sin, But with such a Leader, we are sure to win.

A FRIEND THAT'S EVER NEAR.

Quick.

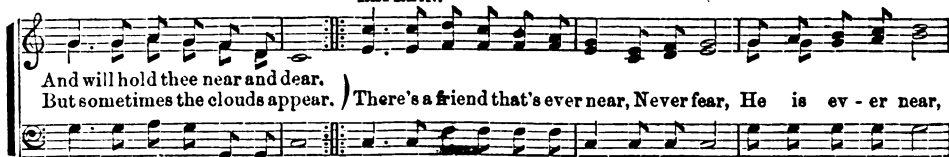
"FEAR NOT, FOR I AM WITH THEE."

From "Golden Chain," by permission.

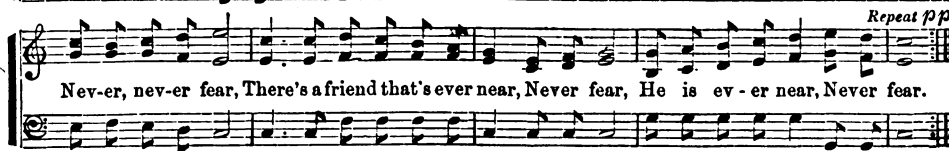


1 (Tho' the day's are dark with trouble, And thy heart is filled with fear, There is one that sees thee ev - er
Cheerful hearts and smiling faces Often make thee happy here, Yet no one was e'er so hap - py,

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.

3 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.

THE BEAUTIFUL TREE.

59

Words by L. W.

From "FRESH LAURELS," by permission.

mp

1 (On a hill stands a beau-ti-ful tree, Its fruit is all golden and fair,
And its shade and its treasures are free, For all who may thither re-pair;) Its

cres.

leaves ever green, do not die, Its flowers with fragrance abound, Its splendor enraptures the

eye, Its branches with mu-sic re-sound. Its branches with mu-sic re-sound.

2 Though thousands by night and by day
Have feasted and gathered in store,
Have borne its rich bounties away,
Its fulness remains evermore.
O, what is its name? who can tell?
And the hill, where, O, where can it be?
By thy side I will haste me to dwell,
O wonderful—beautiful tree.

3 On Zion's fair mount you behold
Its form in bright grandeur arise,
There glitter its green and its gold,
There lifts its tall head to the skies:
'Twas planted by Infinite love,
From the hills everlasting it came,
TRUTH ETERNAL, they call it above;
But, BIBLE, on earth is its name.

POOR PILGRIM.

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 - ful sto ry,

Sigh - ing for rest. }
Thore, there is rest. } There is rest, sweet rest, There is rest, sweet rest, Where the wick - ed cease from

troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest, Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the wea - ry 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*

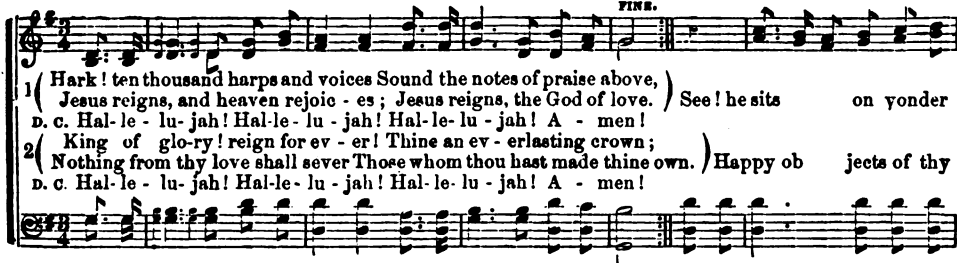
3. And, while we on earth are praying,
Jesus the blest
Unto us is sweetly saying,
There, there is rest.
We shall meet where parting never
Comes to the blest;
And we'll safely dwell forever
In heavenly rest.—*Chorus*

HARWELL. 8s, 7s & 7s. Or 8s & 7s. Double.

61

Dr. LOWELL MASON. By permission.

FIN.



1 (Hark ! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the notes of praise above,)
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoice - es ; Jesus reigns, the God of love.) See ! he sits on yonder
 d. c. Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! A - men !
 2 (King of glo - ry ! reign for ev - er ! Thine an ev - erlasting crown ;)
 Nothing from thy love shall sever Those whom thou hast made thine own.) Happy ob jects of thy
 d. c. Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! A - men !



throne ; Je - sus rules the world a - lone,
 grace, Destined to be - hold thy face.

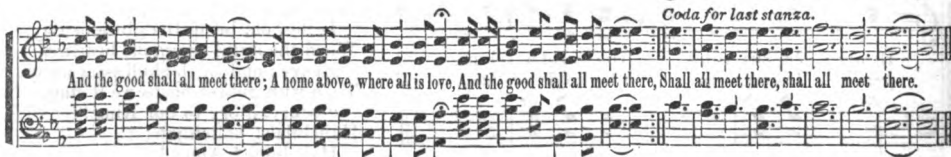
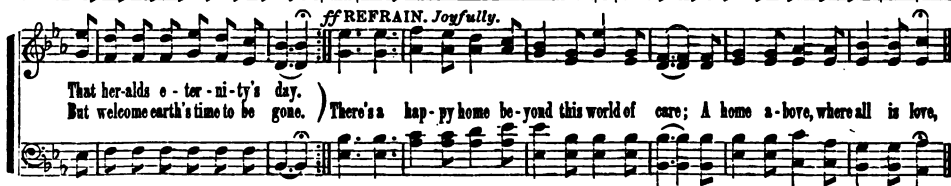
8s & 7s.

- 8 Saviour, hasten thine appearing !
 Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
 When the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away,
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King !"
 Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
 Hallelujah ! Amen !

8s & 7s.

- 1 Come, and sweetly tune your voices—
 Raise them to a lofty strain ;
 Sing aloud, while heaven rejoices,
 Shout ! for Jesus comes to reign.
 Glory ! hear the angels crying,
 Glory to the Saviour's name ;
 Shall not children, with them vieing,
 Here on earth his praise proclaim.

- 2 Yes ! it was the Saviour's pleasure,
 That they should not hold their peace ;
 And his blessings, without measure,
 He bestowed on such as these.
 Then to heaven, high ascending,
 Shall our anthems quickly rise—
 With angelic voices blending,
 Far above yon azure skies.

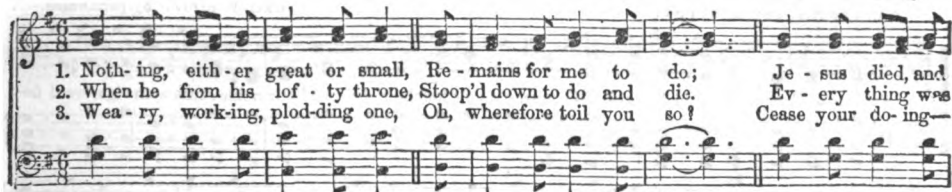


- 2 I am weaned from this land of the dying;
Decay is enstamped everywhere;
Earth's pleasures are seeming and fleeting—
My soul has grown weak with its care.
The joy-rays of life are remembered
Like sleep-thoughts that float thro' the brain,
The flesh and the spirit are weaving,
Each striving the mastery 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.*

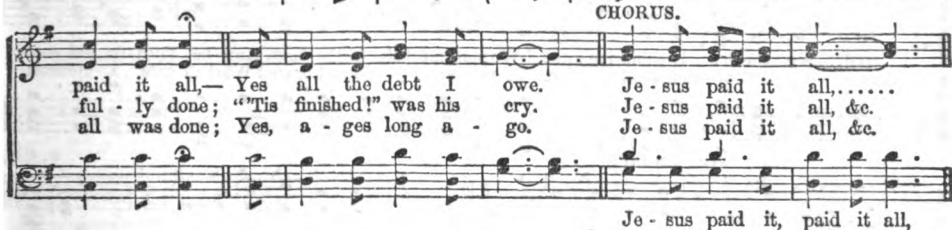
JESUS PAID IT ALL.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 63



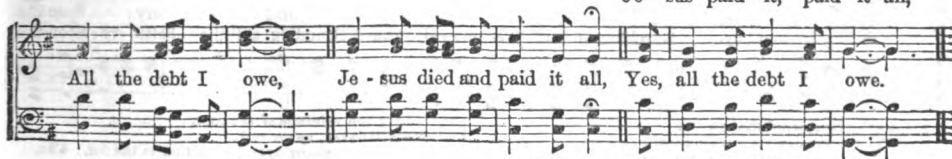
1. Noth- ing, eith- er great or small, Re- mains for me to do; Je- sus died, and
 2. When he from his lof- ty throne, Stoop'd down to do and die. Ev- ery thing was
 3. Wea- ry, work- ing, plod- ding one, Oh, wherefore toil you so! Cease your do- ing—

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.
 all was done; Yes, a- ges long a- go. 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.

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.

TEMPERANCE RALLYING SONG.

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 defend, 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

FINE. CHORUS. D. C. S.

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. *Chorus*
- 3 Throw our banner to the breeze,
Let the wings 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. *Chorus*
- 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. *Chorus*

RIGHT AWAY.

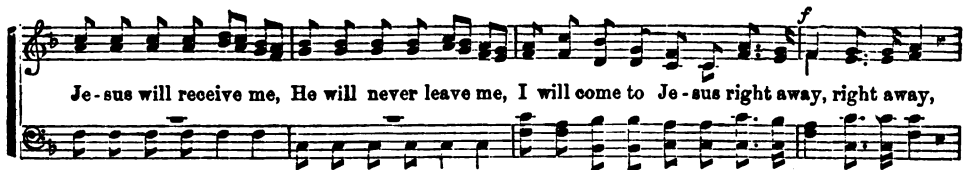
WM. B. BRADBURY. 65

WORDS BY C.

From "FRESH LAURELS," by permission.



1. I will come to Je-sus right a - way, right a-way, 'Tis his Spir-it calls me, I o - bey;



Je-sus will receive me, He will never leave me, I will come to Je-sus right away, right away,



I will come to Je-sus right a - way.

2 I will pray to Jesus right away, right away,
I will seek his blessing every day,
While my heart is pleading,
He is interceding,
I will pray to Jesus right away.

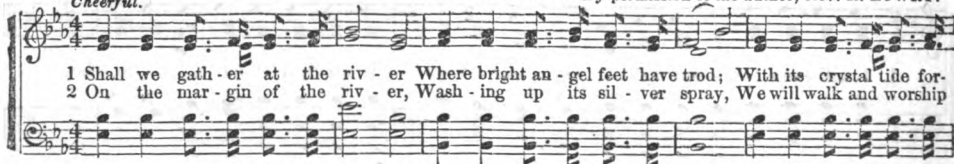
3 I will live for Jesus right away, right away,
'Tis my Saviour calls me, I obey;
Now in childhood's morning
Is the gentle warning,
I will live for Jesus right away

4 I will work for Jesus right away, right away,
Labor in his vineyard every day,
With my heart pursuing
What my hands are doing,
I will work for Jesus every day.

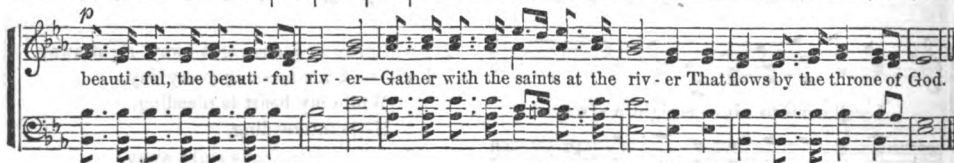
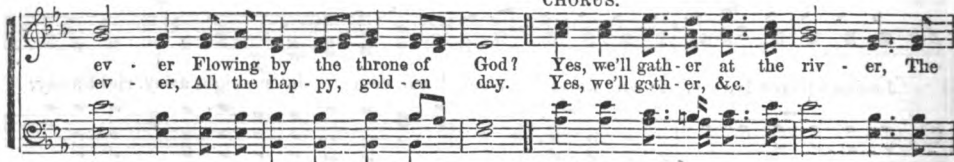
BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

"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. xxii. 1. By permission of the author, Rev. R. LOWRY.

Cheerful.



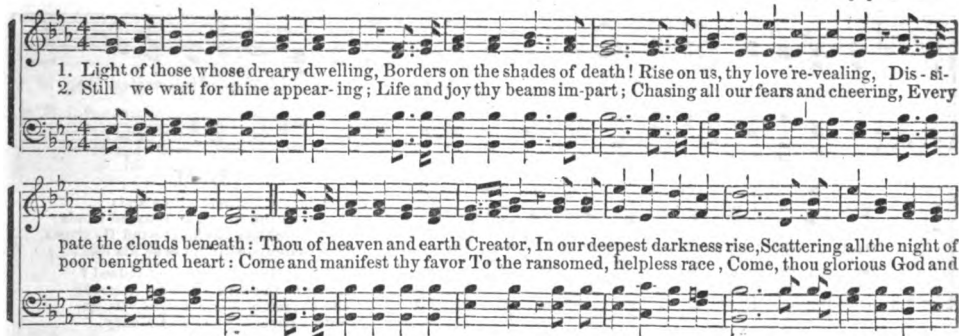
CHORUS.



- 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.—*Cho.*
- 4 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.—*Cho.*

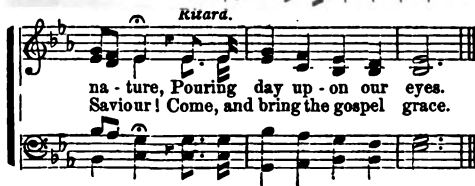
- 5 At the smiling of the river,
Rippling with the Saviour's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saying grace.—*Cho.*
- 6 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of Peace.

VISITATION. 8s & 7s, 8 lines. HUBERT P. MAIN. By per. 67



1. Light of those whose dreary dwelling, Borders on the shades of death! Rise on us, thy love're-vealing, Dis-si-
 2. Still we wait for thine appear-ing; Life and joy thy beams im-part; Chasing all our fears and cheering, Every

pate the clouds beneath: Thou of heaven and earth Creator, In our deepest darkness rise, Scattering all the night of
 poor benighted heart: Come and manifest thy favor To the ransomed, helpless race, Come, thou glorious God and



Ritard.

na - ture, Pouring day up - on our eyes.
 Saviour! Come, and bring the gospel grace.

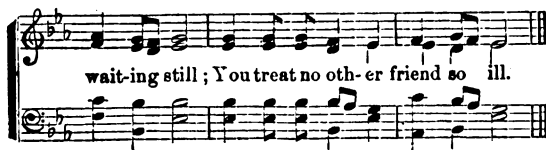
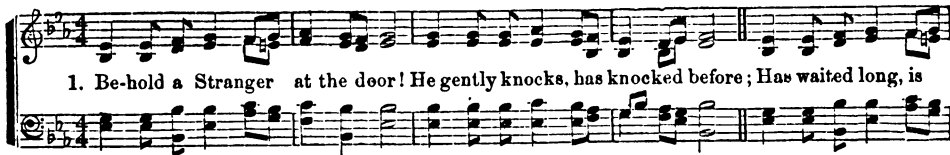
3 Save us, in thy great compassion,
 O thou mild, pacific Prince!
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Give the pardon of our sins;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Every burdened soul relieve,
 Every weary, wandering spirit,
 Guide into thy perfect peace.

2d Hymn.

1 Saviour, visit thy plantation!
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again.
 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest, for want of thy assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die.

2 Once, O Lord, thy garden flourished;
 Every part looked gay and green;
 Then thy word our spirits nourished:
 Happy seasons we have seen.
 But a drought has since succeeded,
 And a sad decline we see:
 Lord, thy help is greatly needed:
 Help can only come from thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent:
 Make us prevalent in prayer;
 Let each one esteemed thy servant
 Shun the world's bewitching snare
 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh,
 And begin from this good hour
 To revive thy work afresh.



L. M.

- 2 Oh! lovely attitude—He stands
With melting heart, and loaded hands:
Oh! matchless kindness—and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!
- 3 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very Friend you need;
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,—
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit Him, ere His anger burn,—
His feet departed, ne'er return;
Admit Him,—or the hour's at hand,
You'll at His door rejected stand.

L. M.

- 1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th'expiring breast!
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;

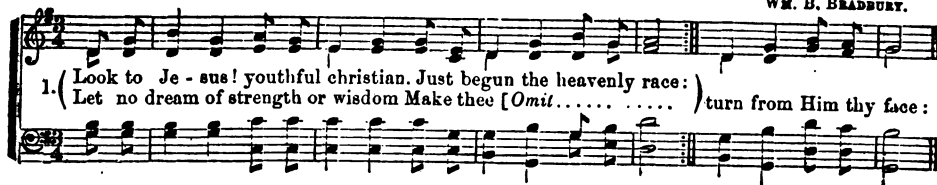
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

- 3 A holy quiet reigns around
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
- 5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

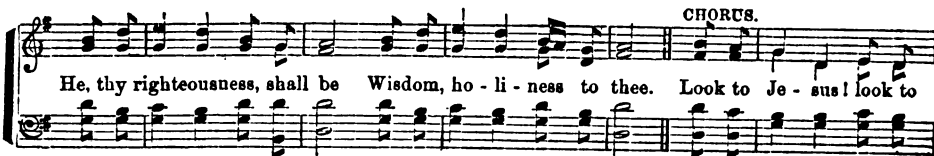
LOOK TO JESUS.

69

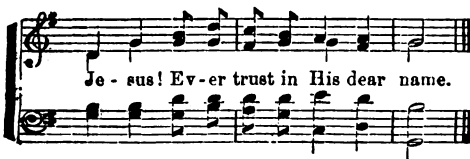
WM. B. BRADBURY.



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.

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.

8 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.

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.

MORNING RED.

Words by R. W. RAYMOND.

Music from the GERMAN. Arranged by J. R. H.

1. Morning red, Morning red, Now the sha - dows all are fled, Now the Sabbath's cloudless
 2. All a - round, All a - round, Solemn silence reigned profound, When, with blaze and sudden
 glo - ry, Tells a - new the wondrous sto - ry: Christ is ris - en from the dead.
 thunder, An - gels burst the tomb a - sun - der, And the Sav - iour was un - bound.

3 Forth he came,
 Robed in white, celestial flame!
 Mary, at his empty prison,
 Knew not her Redeemer, risen,
 Till he called her by her name.

4 Morning red!
 Christ is risen from the dead!
 Still he walketh in the garden,
 Speaking words of love and pardon,
 Though the crown is on his head.

5 Morning red!
 Thou dost light his crowned head,
 Brightest jewel of his glory,
 Ever shines that wondrous story,
 Christ is risen from the dead.

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

MARSH

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

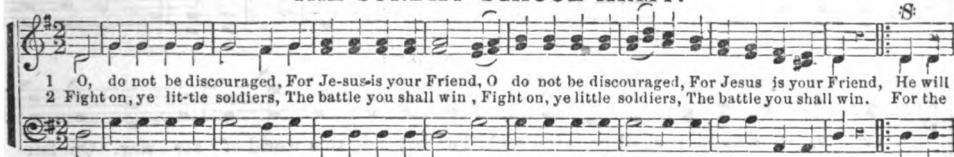
2. But her sorrows quickly fled
 When she heard his welcome voice;
 Christ had risen from the dead,
 Now he bids her heart rejoice;
 What a change his word can make,
 Turning darkness into day!

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

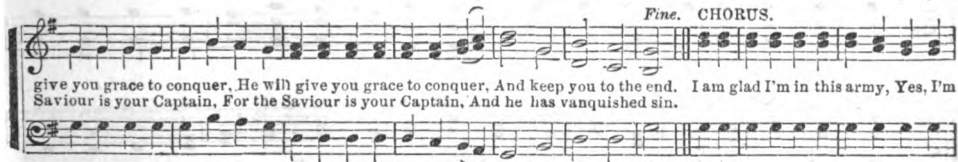
3. He who came to comfort her,
 When she thought her all was
 lost,

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.

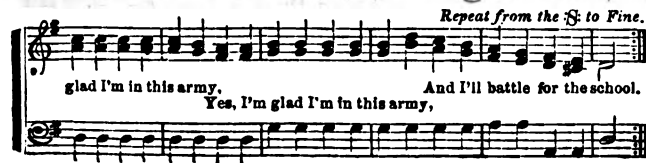
THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL ARMY.



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 little 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 8 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.

THE BRIGHT FOREVER.

From APPLES OF GOLD.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll, Where in all the bright for -

The first system of music consists of a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, Bb4, and A4, then a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

CHORUS.

ev - er, Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul? Far beyond this world of sor - row, On fair

The chorus begins with a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, Bb4, and A4, then a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

Canaan's peaceful shore, We shall meet, and with our Saviour, Dwell in love for ev - er -

The second system of the chorus continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The melody features a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, Bb4, and A4, then a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

more; We shall meet, and, with our Sa - viour, Dwell in love for ev - er - more.

The final system of the chorus concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The melody ends with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, Bb4, and A4, then a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

- 2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet, and cast the anchor
By the fair celestial shore?—*Cho.*
- 3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine,
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?—*Cho.*

- 4 Shall we meet with many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?—*Cho.*
- 5 Shall we meet with Christ, our Saviour,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And behold Him on His throne?—*Cho.*

"EVEN ME."

WM. B. BRADBURY.

From "The Golden Shower," by permission.

1 (Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessings. Thou art scattering full and free ;
Shows 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 fall on me.) Even me, Even me, Let some droppings fall on 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, O, bless me.—*Even me.*

ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

From JOHN 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,

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 thro' 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.

HIGHLANDS. 7s. 6 lines.

1. Jesus bids me seek his face; Lord, I come to seek thy grace; Send thy Spirit from above, Teach me to obey and love.
D. c. Unto thee I fain would go, All I want thou canst bestow.

HIGHLANDS. 7s. 6 lines.

75

2 Thou wilt e'en a child receive,
Thou wilt all my sins forgive:
Oh, dissolve this heart of stone,
Make me thine, and thine alone;
Sin is present with me still;
Disobedient is my will.

8 Sinful thoughts too oft prevail,
Vain desires my heart assail;
Oh, my Saviour, make me whole,
Form anew my inmost soul;
Kindly guard me every day,
Be my everlasting stay.

A LAND WITHOUT A STORM.

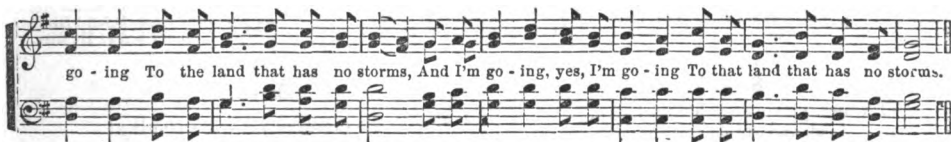
WM. B. BRADBURY.

IALOGUE AND CHORUS.

CHORUS.



Boys. 1 (Traveler, whither art thou go - ing, Heedless of the clouds that form ?) And I'm go - ing, yes, I'm
Girls. 1 (Nought to me the winds rough blowing, Mine's a land with - out a storm.)



go - ing To the land that has no storms, And I'm go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing To that land that has no storms.

Boys. 2 Traveler, art thou here a stranger,
Not to fear the tempest 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.*

COME YE SINNERS. 8s & 7s.

FIN. CHORUS.

1 (Come ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love and power.) Turn to the Lord and seek sal - va - tion,
 D. C. Glo - ry, ho - nor and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

D. C.

Sound the praise of his dear name.

- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings you nigh.
- 4 Come ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall,
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of Him.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
 On the bloody tree behold Him—
 Hear Him cry before He dies.

8s & 7s.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruined by the fall;
 If you wait till you are better,
 You will never come at all.
Cho.—Turn to the Lord, &c.
- 2 Let no sense of guilt prevent you,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of Him.

8s & 7s.

- 1 Hark! the morning bells are ringing!
 Children, haste without delay;
 Prayers of thousands now are winging,
 Up to heaven their silent way.
- Cho.*—Come, children, come, the bells are ringing,
 To the school with haste repair;
 Let us all unite in singing,
 All unite in solemn prayer.

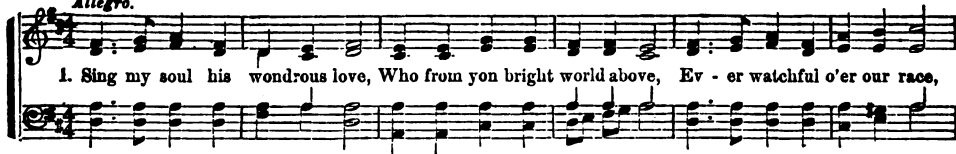
2 'Tis an hour of happy meeting,
Children meet for praise and prayer;
But the hour is short and fleeting,
Let us then be early there.
Come, children, etc.

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

WONDROUS LOVE.*

Dr. LOWELL MASON

Allegro.



2 Heaven and earth by him were made,
He by all must be obey'd,
What are we that he should show
So much love to us below?
Sing, my soul, his wondrous love,

3 God, thus merciful and good,
Bought us with a Saviour's blood,
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by his Spirit pure:
Sing, my soul, his wondrous love.

4 Sing, my soul, adore his name,
Let his glory be thy theme;
Praise him till he calls you home,
Trust his love for all to come:
Praise, oh, praise the God of love.

* The above composition was a great favorite with the author of *FRESH LAURELS*, when a boy. We have never seen it in print since that time, and think it has never been brought forward. We love it for its precious associations, as well as for its own intrinsic beauty, and reprint it, both melody and harmony, entirely from memory.—Thirty-two years ago (Dear father Mason; your then not very promising pupil, taught this to his celebrated "FORT HILL CHOIR OF BOSTON.")

NEVER BE AFRAID.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Never be afraid to speak for Je - sus, Think how much a word can do; Never be afraid to
 2. Never be afraid to work for Je - sus, In his vineyard day by day; Labor with a kind, and

CHORUS.

own your Sa - viour, He who loves and cares for you. Nev-er be afraid, Nev-er be afraid,
 wil - ling spi - rit, He will all your toil re - pay. Nev-er be afraid, Nev-er be afraid,

Never, never, never, Je - sus is your lov - ing Saviour, Therefore ne - ver be a - fraid.

NEVER BE AFRAID. Concluded.

79

2.

Never be afraid to bear for Jesus,
Keen reproaches when they fall;
Patiently endure your every trial,
Jesus meekly bore them all.
Never be afraid, &c.

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.
Never be afraid, &c.

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.
Never be afraid, &c.

LONG-LOVED ZION.

*

Words by Rev. WM. HUNTER, D. D.

CHORUS to each Stanza.

D. C.

1. (Where Babel's drooping willow stood, Far from long-loved Zion,) We're thronging home, Home to long-loved Zion.
We hung our harps, in silent mood, Far from long-loved Zion, we're thronging home,
D.C. We're thronging home, we're thronging home, Home to long-loved Zion.

- 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.

1. Who are these in bright ar - ray, This in - nu - mer - a - ble throng, Round the al - tar,

night and day, Hymning one triumphant song? "Worthy is the Lamb once slain, Blessing, honor,

glo - ry, power, Wisdom, rich - es to ob - tain; New do - min - ion ev - ery hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod!—
 These from great affliction came;
 Now before the throne of God,
 Sealed with His almighty name.
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor palms in every hand,

Through their dear Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed;

Them, the Lamb amid the throne,
 Shall to living fountains lead;
 Joy and gladness banish sighs;
 Perfect love dispels all fears.
 And for ever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away the tears.

THE DEAR ONES ALL AT HOME.

81

WM. B. BRADBURY.

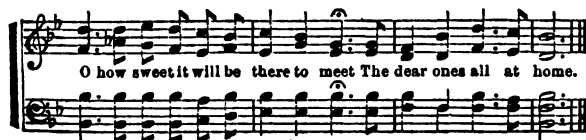
1st. 2d.



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. :||

A SAVIOUR EVER NEAR. From the Oriola," by permission

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.

Forte.

(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 ev - er 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

LET ME GO.

83

Words by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

From "Pilgrim Songs," by permission of 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, angel

deemer has prepared his people's rest. I would gain therealms of brightness, Where they
pinions, Longs my soul to be a - way.

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

2 Let me go where none 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 and die.

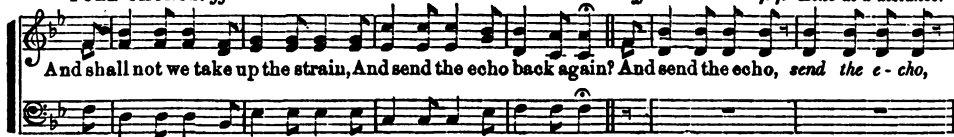
HYMNS OF GRATEFUL LOVE

TRIO or SEMI-CHORUS.

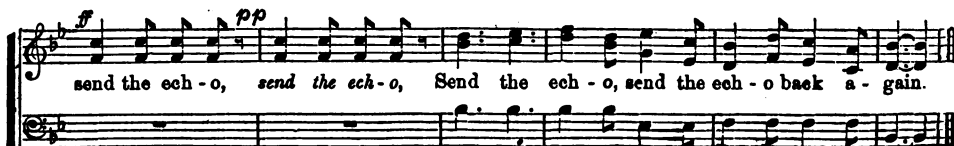
WM. B. BRADBURY.



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

FULL CHORUS. *ff**ff**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,



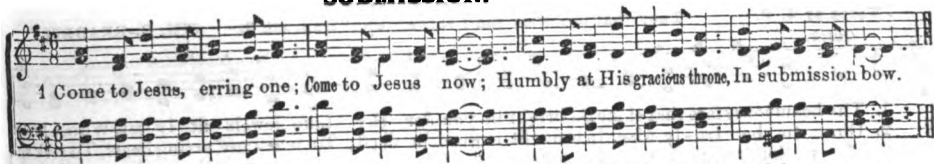
send the ech-o, send the ech-o, Send the ech-o, send the ech-o back a-gain.

- 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.

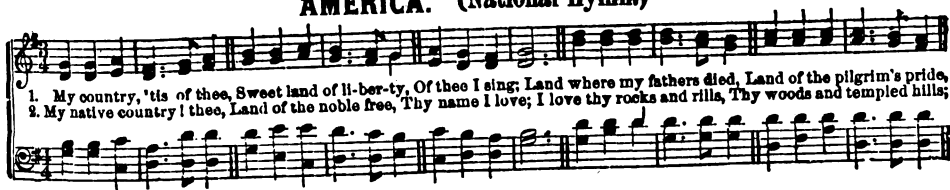
H. N. WHITNEY, by permission 85



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.

AMERICA. (National Hymn.)



2
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.

WHO SHALL SHINE ?

WORDS BY J. P.

They that are wise shall shine," etc: Dan. xii. 3.

WM. B. BRADBURY

Quick.

1. The beauteous stars that shine So bright in yon-der sky Like jewels fit-ly set, Whose lustre
 2. Oh, to be tru-ly wise, In thought, in word, in deed; To teach my erring heart, To seek the
 3. If wisdom's ways I seek, I sure-ly shall be blest; They run thro' joy and peace, Unto a

can-not die; And may I ev-er hope, Their wondrous height t'obtain And see the glo-ry they beheld On
 help I need! Thou rul-er of the world, Who keeps the stars in place, Oh, grant that I may yet behold The
 land of rest; And oh, I fain would reach Those starry heights above, And with new brightness ever shine, And

CHORUS. * *Spirited.*

old Ju-de-a's plain, They that are wise shall shine, They shall shine as bright as the stars, They shall
 brightness of Thy face, They that are wise shall shine, etc.
 sing a Saviour's love, They that are wise shall shine, etc.

They shall shine as bright as the

* If performed in public, with the assistance of an adult choir, a pleasant contrast may be produced by the children singing the first part, and the choir responding in the chorus, "They that are wise," etc. Or, if trained together, there would be no objection to all singing in the chorus.

WHO SHALL SHINE? Concluded.

87

shine as bright as the stars..... that shine up - on us from on high.

stars, as the stars that shine up - - on us from on high.

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

D. S.

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.

LOVE AT HOME.

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

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.

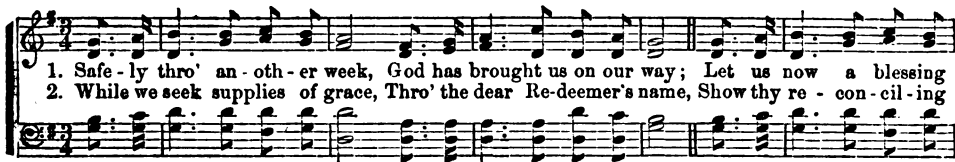
4.

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.

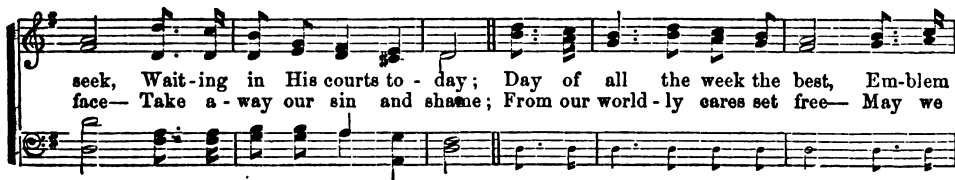
SABBATH. 7s.

Dr. L. MASON. By permission.

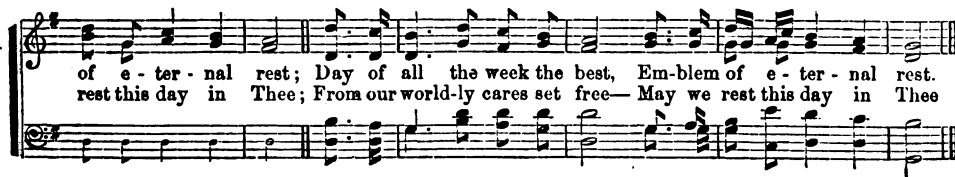
89



1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing
2. While we seek supplies of grace, Thro' the dear Re-deemer's name, Show thy re - con - cil - ing



seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day; Day of all the week the best, Em - blem
face— Take a - way our sin and shame; From our world - ly cares set free— May we



of e - ter - nal rest; Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
rest this day in Thee; From our world - ly cares set free— May we rest this day in Thee

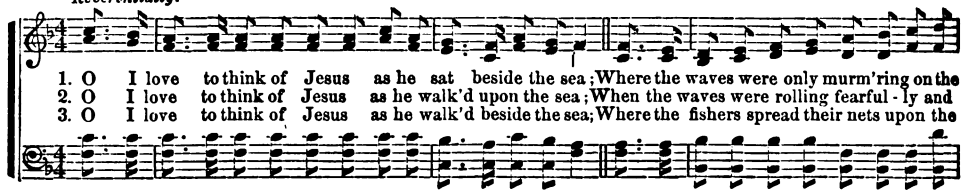
7s.

8 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glories meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

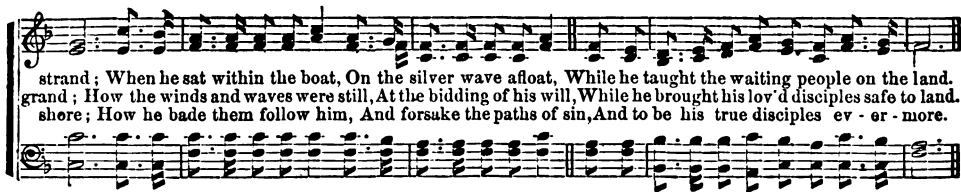
4 May the Gospel's joyful sound
Wake our minds to raptures new;
Let Thy victories abound—
Unrepenting souls subdue;
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we rest in Thee above.

JESUS BY THE SEA.

From CHAPEL GEMS, for Sunday-Schools, by per. of the publishers, Messrs. ROOT & CADY.

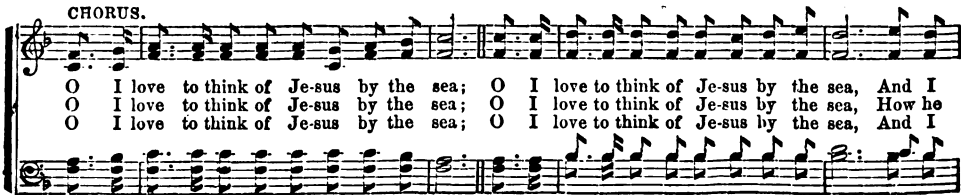
Reverentially.


1. O I love to think of Jesus as he sat beside the sea ; Where the waves were only murm'ring on the
 2. O I love to think of Jesus as he walk'd upon the sea ; When the waves were rolling fearful - ly and
 3. O I love to think of Jesus as he walk'd beside the sea ; Where the fishers spread their nets upon the

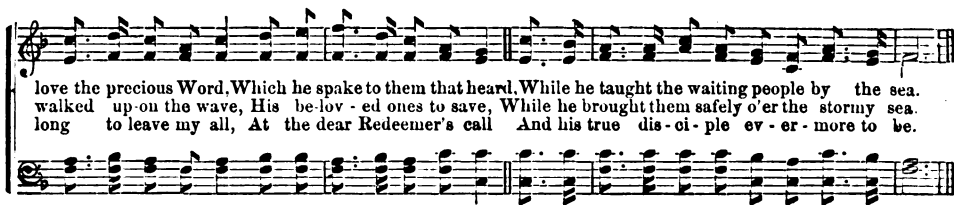


strand ; When he sat within the boat, On the silver wave afloat, While he taught the waiting people on the land.
 grand ; How the winds and waves were still, At the bidding of his will, While he brought his lov'd disciples safe to land.
 shore ; How he bade them follow him, And forsake the paths of sin, And to be his true disciples ev - er - more.

CHORUS.



O I love to think of Je-sus by the sea ; O I love to think of Je-sus by the sea, And I
 O I love to think of Je-sus by the sea ; O I love to think of Je-sus by the sea, How he
 O I love to think of Je-sus by the sea ; O I love to think of Je-sus by the sea, And I



JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

INFANT CLASS SONG.



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 leadeth 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!

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;) Blessed Je sus, Blessed
In thy pleasant pastures feed us. For our use thy folds prepare.

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

8s, 7s & 4.

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.

LONELY TRAVELER.

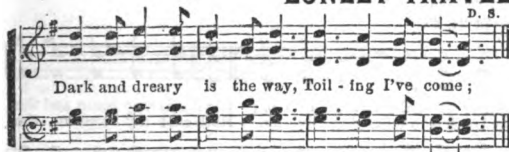
From "Golden Chain."

FIVE.

I 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, You - der's my home.

LONELY TRAVELER. Concluded.

93



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.

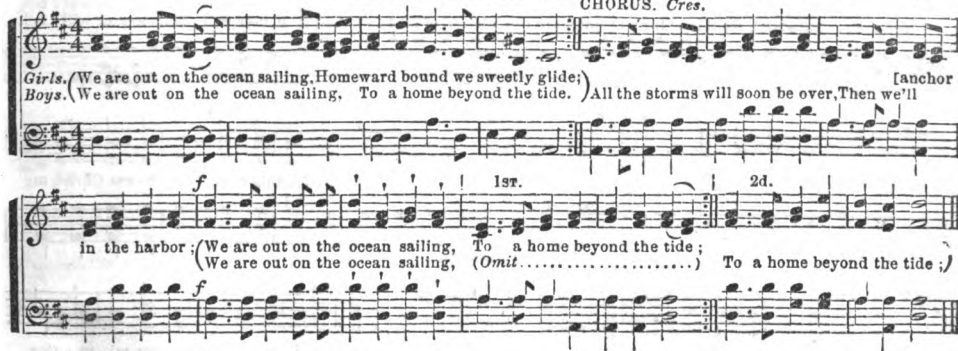
3 I'm a traveler to a land Where all is fair,
Where is seen no broken band—All, all are there.
Where no tear shall ever fall. Nor hearts be sad;
Where the glory is for all, and All are glad.

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.

THE GOLDEN SHORE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

CHORUS. Cres.



2 Millions now are safely landed,
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.

3 Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is the song.—*Chs.*

4 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.—*Chs.*

THE HOUSE UPON A ROCK.

Matth. 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 last-ing at the hills, Whose truth is unchanging 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. *f* *mp*

nev-er, nev-er, nev-er. My rock is firm, it is my sure foun-da-tion, 'Tis Je-sus Christ, my
 My rock is firm, is firm,

cres. *f*

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.

95

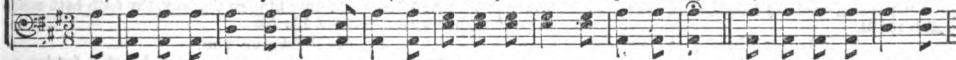
3 O, if my house is built upon the sand,
 'Twill fall when the floods are swelling;
 The winds will blow, and the tempest will descend,
 And beat upon my house that is built upon the sand,
 And it surely will fall—never to rise,
 Never, never, never!—*Chorus..*

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!.. *Chorus.*

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.



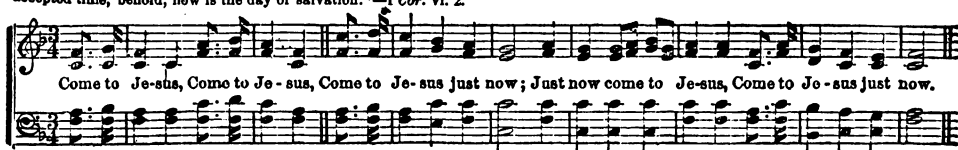
love us breathe out their soft notes; No place is so pleasant, so happy and free, As the dear Sunday-school for you and for me.



JUST NOW.

From "Praises of Jesus."

THIS tune, as it now stands, was first sung, in Scotland, where hundreds were asking "What shall we do to be saved?" Those who have never heard it under such circumstances, cannot judge of its persuasive power to lead trembling sinners to the cross. The verses, of which we have given the first lines, can easily be filled out. Thousands will remember this hymn to all eternity, as having been used by God to lead them to Jesus. It has often, also, impressed upon the careless the solemn declaration of God's word, "Behold, now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation."—1 Cor. vi. 2.



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

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 16: 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. Then 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.*

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: 13.*

AROUND THE THRONE.

97

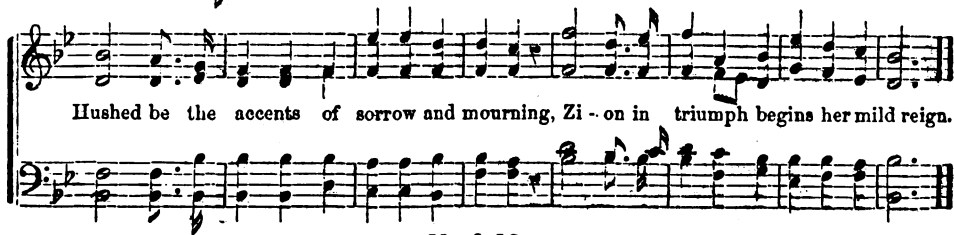
1. A - round the throne of God in heaven, Thousands of children stand; Children whose sins are
 2. In flow-ing robes of spotless white, See eve-ry one arrayed; Dwelling in ev-er-
 3. What brought them to that world above—That heaven so bright and fair, Where all is peace and

all for-given, A ho - ly, hap - py band, Sing-ing Glo - ry, Glo - ry,
 last - ing light, And joys that nev - er fade, Singing Glory, &c.
 joy and love, How came those children there. Singing Glory &c.

Glo-ry be to God on high.

- 4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
 To wash away their sin:
 Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
 Behold them white and clean,
 Singing, Glory, Glory, Glory, &c.
- 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
 On earth they loved His name;
 So now they see His blessed face.
 And stand before the Lamb,
 Singing, Glory, Glory, &c.

Dr. L. MASON.



11s & 10s.

2.

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
 Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
 Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
 Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3.

Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
 Streams ever copious are gliding along.

Loud from the mountain-tops, echoes are ringing,
 Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4.

See, from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,
 Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
 Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
 Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

1. ('Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is com-mu-nion with.... saints;) To find at the ban-quet of
D. C. Pre-pare me, dear Saviour, for

mer-cy there's room, And feel in the presence of Je-sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet
glo-ry, my home. [home,

11a.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love can not cease!
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold Thee in glory, at home

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee,
Though now my temptation like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with Thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day;

In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 What'e'r Thou deniest, O give me Thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of Thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at Thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in Thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise Thee at home

Words by R. W. RAYMOND.

Arranged by J. R. H.

1. Wake, children, wake! wake, children wake! For his care i. the night passed by, Praise God, For his grace and par-
[don to-

day, Pray God, For Jesus' sake when-e'er you wake.

- 2 Strive, children, strive! strive, children, strive!
For a pure and earnest mind, Pray God,
If you strive while you pray, you will find, praise God,
His grace he'll give to all who strive.
- 3 Sleep, children, sleep! sleep, children, sleep!
For life, and labor, and rest, Praise God,
And with heaven's own peace in your heart, Pray God
Your souls to keep, in death or sleep.

BROTHERS, MEET US.

Arr. by F. H. LUMMUS.

1. Girls.

||: ||: Say, brothers, will you meet us :|| :||
On Canaan's happy shore ?

Boys.

||: ||: By the grace of God we'll meet you, :|| :||
Where parting is no more.

Full Chorus.

||: ||: Glory, glory, hallelujah, :|| :||
For ever, evermore,

2. Girls.

||: ||: Jesus lives and reigns for ever :|| :||
On Canaan's happy shore.

Boys.

||: ||: Glory, glory, hallelujah, :|| :||
For ever, evermore.

Full Chorus.

||: ||: Glory, glory, hallelujah, :|| :||
For ever, evermore.

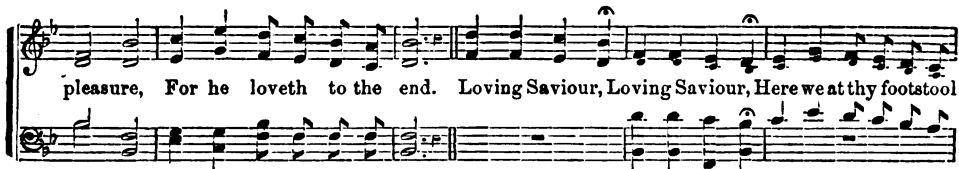
Words by R. P. CLARK.

THE CHILDREN'S SAVIOUR.

101
Wm. B. BRADBURY.



1. Je - sus is our loving Saviour, He, our best, our constant friend; In his service life is



pleasure, For he loveth to the end. Loving Saviour, Loving Saviour, Here we at thy footstool



bend, Here we at thy footstool bend.

2 Jesus is the children's Saviour!
'Twas for them he shed his blood;
Died, that poor and needy sinners
Might be reconciled to God.
Dying Saviour!
Bearing thus our sinful load.

3 Jesus is the children's Saviour!
"Suffer them," he says, "to come."
If they seek his face and favor,
They shall share his Heavenly Home.
Risen Saviour!
Never more from thee to roam.

4 Loving, Suffering, Dying Saviour!
Risen, *Glorious* on thy throne,
Haste the day when every idol
Shall by truth be overthrown.
And the kingdoms
Of the earth, to Thee bebor"

COME THOU FOUNT. 8s & 7s.

Arranged

by WM. B. BRADBURY.

CHORUS.

1. { Come, thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing, Tune our hearts to grateful lays ;
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est 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.—*Chorus.*

3. Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;

He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.—*Chorus.*

4. Prone to wander,—Lord, I feel it ;
Prove to leave the God I love ;
Here's my heart—O, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.—*Chorus.*

2d Hymn.

- 1 " Mercy, O Thou Son of David !
Thus the blind Bartimeus prayed ;
" Others by the word are saved ;
Now to me afford thine aid."
2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he called the louder still ;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him
Come, and ask me what you will.

- 3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live ;
But he asked, and Jesus granted,
Alms which none but He could give.
4 " Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day !"
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

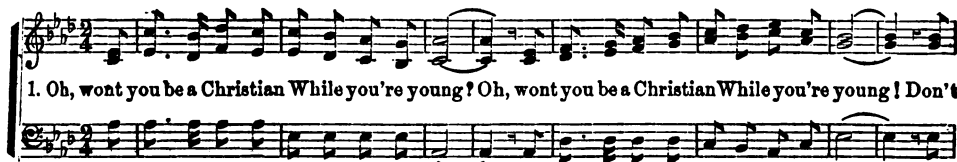
- 5 Oh ! methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around :
" Friends, is not my case amazing ?
What a Saviour I have found !
6 " O that all the blind but knew Him,
And would be advised by me !
Surely they would hasten to Him.
He would cause them all to see."

WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG.


103

A. A. G.

From "HAPPY VOICES." By permission of REV. A. A. GRALEY.



1. Oh, wont you be a Christian While you're young? Oh, wont you be a Christian While you're young! Don't



think it will be better To delay it un-til la-ter, But remember your Cre-a- tor While you're young.

- 2 ||: Oh wont you love the Saviour
While you're young? ||:
For you he left his glory
And embraced a cross so gory;
Wont you heed the melting story
While you're young?
- 3 ||: Remember, death may find you
While you're young: ||:
For friends are often weeping,
And the stars their watch are keeping
O'er the grassy graves, where sleeping
Lie the young.

- 4 ||: O walk the path to glory
While you're young; ||:
And Jesus will befriend you,
And from danger will defend you,
And a peace divine will send you
While you're young.
- 5 ||: Then wont you be a Christian
While you're young? ||:
Why from the future borrow,
When, ere comes another morrow,
You may weep in endless sorrow
While you're young?

1. 'Tis sweet to think, as night comes on, Dark and drear, Dark and drear, Ere "stars come twinkling
 2. 'Tis sweet to think when round us lie, Grief and care, Grief and care, Our Je-sus hears the

one by one" Earth to cheer. Earth to cheer, There is a world where comes no night, It needs no
 softest sigh, Breath'd in pray'r, Breath'd in pray'r; And if we love him, we shall see, That "land from

sun or moon to light, For Je-sus' presence makes it bright—No night there, no night there.
 sin and sor-row free." And, oh! we know that there will be—No tears there, no tears there.

1 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger: I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night;

Do not de-tain me. for I am go-ing To where the streamlets are ev-er flow-ing.

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger: I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.

2 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
And I'm longing, and I'm longing for the sight;
Within a country, unknown and dreary,
I have been wand'ring, forlorn and weary.

3 Of that country to which I'm going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying.

1 Songs of praise the an-gels sang, Heav'n with hal-le-lu-jahs rang, When Je-ho-vah's
 2 Songs of praise a-woke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born; Songs of praise a-

work be-gun, When he spake and it was done, When he spake and it was done.
 - rose, when He Cap-tive led cap-ti-vi-ty, Cap-tive led cap-ti-vi-ty.

7s.

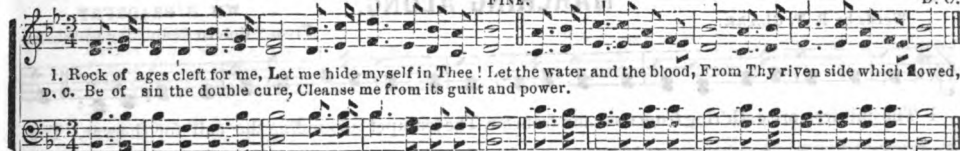
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,—
 Songs of praise shall crown that day;
 God will make new heavens and earth,—
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
 Till that glorious kingdom come?
 No; the Church delights to raise
 Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice
 Still in songs of praise rejoice;
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon the latest breath,
 Songs of praise shall conquer death;
 Then, amidst eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

ROCK OF AGES.

DR. T. HASTINGS. 107.
D. C.

FINE.



1. Rock of ages cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee ! Let the water and the blood, From Thy riven side which flowed,
D. C. Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

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

3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to 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, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

VARINA. C. M. Double.

From RINK.



1. (There is a glorious world of light, A - bove the starry sky,
(Where saints departed, cloth'd in white, Adore the Lord most high,) And hark ! amid the sa - cred songs Those

heavenly voi - ces raise, Ten thousand, thousand, in - fant tongues U - nite in per - fect praise.

2 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 way ;
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.

3 Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal frame decay,

Children and teachers, one by one, ♫
Must pass from earth away.
Great God, impress this serious thought
This day on every breast,
That both, the teachers and the taught
May enter to thy rest.

MARCHING ALONG.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Words by R. P. CLARK.

From "Golden Chain," by permission.

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 *ff*

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.

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.

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.

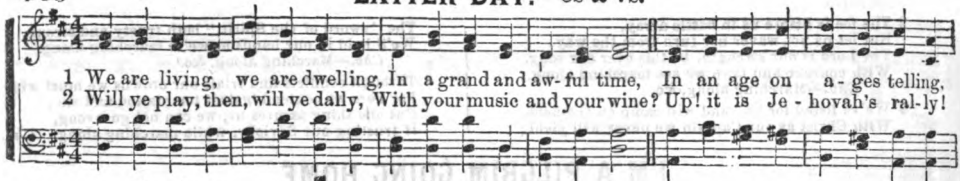
2 I was lost, but Jesus found me,
Taught my heart to seek his face;
From a wild and lonely desert,
Brought me to His fold of grace.
Cho.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

3 Now my soul with rapture glowing,
Sings aloud His pard'ning love;

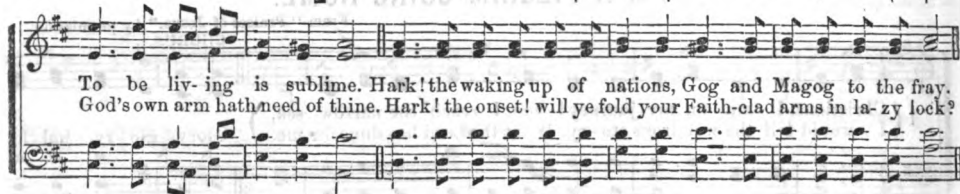
Looks beyond a world of sorrow,
To the pilgrims home above.
Cho.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

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.*

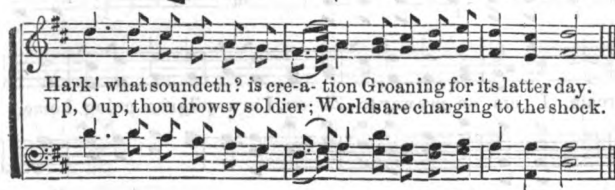
LATTER DAY. 8s & 7s.



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!



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!

2nd Hymn.


- 1 Onward, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone;
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee,—press thou on!
2 Listen, Christian, their Hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee,—“God is love.”
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
“Upward ever,—heaven's above.”

- 3 By the thorn road and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother
Jesus trod it,—press thou on!
4 By thy trustful, calm endeavor,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver,
For their sake, O press thou on!

BALMY DEW. L. M. Arranged by CH. BEECHER. 111




1. Come, children, drink the balmy dew, O glory, hal-le - lu-jah, For Christ has shed his blood for you, O
 D. S. O see the purple torrent roll, O
 2. Come, sin-ner, drink the balmy dew, O glory, hal-le - lu - jah, And let that blood avail for you, O
 D. S. "It is my Lord, He comes for me," O



FINE. D. S.

glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah, His blood can cleanse the vilest soul, O glory, hal-le - lu - jah.
 glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah.
 glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah, Then say when His bright hour you see, O glory, hal-le - lu - jah,
 glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah.

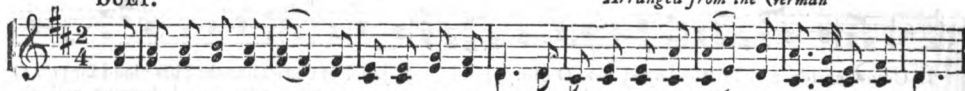


2d Hymn.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 I know that my Redeemer lives, O glory, hallelujah!
 What comfort this sweet sentence gives, O glory,
 hallelujah!
 He lives, He lives, who once was dead, O glory,
 hallelujah!
 He lives, my ever-living Head, O glory, hallelujah!</p> | <p>3 He lives to silence all my fears, O glory, hallelujah!
 He lives to wipe away my tears, O glory, hallelujah!
 He lives to calm my troubled heart, O glory,
 hallelujah!
 He lives all blessings to impart, O glory, hallelujah</p> |
| <p>2 He lives to bless me with His love, O glory, hallelujah!
 He lives to plead for me above, O glory, hallelujah!
 He lives my hungry soul to feed, O glory, hallelujah!
 He lives to help in time of need, O glory, hallelujah!</p> | <p>4 He lives, all glory to His name! O glory, hallelujah!
 He lives, my Jesus, still the same, O glory, hallelujah!
 Oh, the sweet joy this sentence gives, O glory,
 hallelujah!
 I know that my Redeemer lives! O glory, hallelujah!</p> |

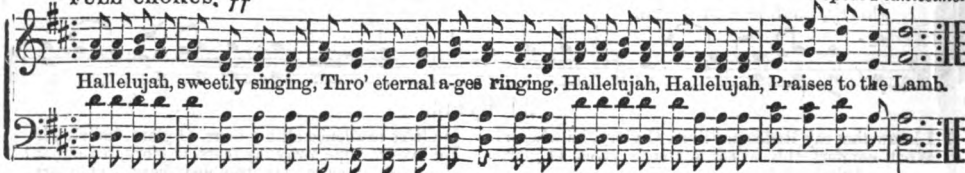
ONCE MORE OUR YOUTHFUL THRO'NG.

DUET.

Arranged from the German

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 robed in white, Our grateful song to hear.

SEMI-CHORUS.

FULL CHORUS. *ff**Repeat Pianissimo*

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.

BRIGHT HOME ABOVE.

113

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

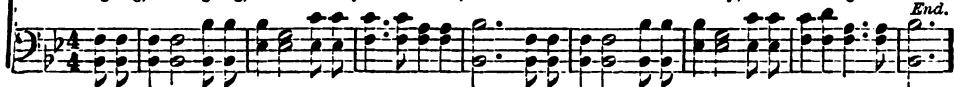
WM. B. BRADBURY.



End.

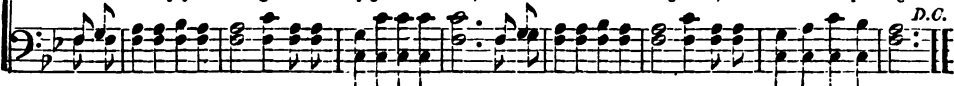
1. We are going, we are going, To a home beyond the skies, Where the fields are robed in beauty, And the sunlight never dies.
 2. We are going, we are going, To a home beyond the skies, Where the fields are robed in beauty, And the sunlight never dies.

End.



D.C.

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



D.C.

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.

8. 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.

BATTLE SONG.

Words by R. W. R.

Music from the GERMAN. Arranged by J. R. H.

1. The God who spanned the heav'ns above, And spread the earth around us, Is He, whose pow'rful
arm of love From slav'-ry has unbound us: And in his conqu'ring train we march, Not
sul-len and des-pair-ing, But sword in hand At His command For doing and for dar - - ing.

2 Then fly our banner overhead,
And let its motto glorious
Above us everywhere be spread,—
"In Christ we are victorious!"
Lo! how the ranks of Satan quake!
And through the battle's frowning,
See, Jesus stands, with outstretched hands,
For blessing and for crowning.

3 The crown His faithful soldiers win
Who would not proudly wear it!
The praise, the Master's "Welcome in!"
Who would not die to share it!
Then sound the trumpets toward the foe!
We'll show by our behavior
How freemen fight for God and right.
Whose Captain is their Saviour!

THANKSGIVING ANTHEM.

115



Words by H. S. WASHBURN.

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, &c.

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.

WE'RE NEARER HOME.

Words by KATE CARRERON.

, WM. B. BRADBURY. By permission.

1. We know not what's before us, What trials are to come: But each day passing o'er us, Brings us still nearer home.

We re nearer, nearer home, Our blessed, happy home, Where grief and sin can never come, We're nearer, nearer home,

REFRAIN.

Nearer home, Nearer home, Nearer to my happy home, Nearer home, Nearer home, Our blessed, hap- py home. *Repeat pp*

2 Though dark our path, and lonely,
And clouds our sky o'ereast,
Let us remember only,
That it will soon be past,
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.
Nearer home, &c.

CREATION. L. M. 6 lines. From HAYDN'S "CREATION." 117

1 The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a shepherd's care;

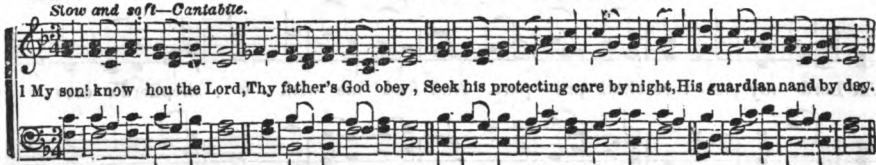
His presence shall my wants sup - ply, And guard me with a watch - ful eye:

My noon - day walks he shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend.

L. M.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through deserts, lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty shall my pains beguile;

- The barren wilderness shall smile,
With lively greens and herbage crowned
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dismal shade.

Slow and soft—Cantabile.

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 will hear 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.

S. M.

- 1 ~~THE~~ Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine and I am His
What can I want beside?
2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me, in His own right way
For His most holy name.

- 4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

- 5 In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread:
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

- 6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

S. M.

- 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 will soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possessed.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears

May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till mornin' light appears.

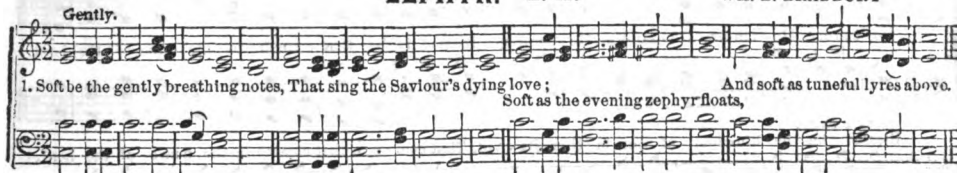
- 4 And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

- 5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

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.

SLEEPING IN JESUS.

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! oh, how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his cruel sting.

2. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

3. Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting a summons from on high.

HOSANNA. "Blessed is he that cometh."—Anthem.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

pp—as at a distance.

Hos-an-na, Ho-sanna, 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 fa-ther Da-vid, That com-eth, that cometh in the name of the Lord,

Blessed be the king-dom of our fa-ther Da-vid, That com-eth, that cometh in the name of the Lord,

HOSANNA. Concluded.

121

GIRLS. BOYS. GIRLS AND BOYS. GIRLS. BOYS. ALL.

Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, in the high - est, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na.

FULL CHORUS—CHOIR AND SCHOOL.

Blessed be the kingdom of our fa - ther David, Hosanna, in the highest, in the high - est. | - est, A - men, A - men.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

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.

C. M.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

8 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.

1. Sweet the Sab - bath morn - ing, Calm and bright re - turn - ing, Seems to sub-

due the tur - moil of the week; Sab - bath bells in - vi - ting, Children all u -
d. s. Ev - ery Sab - bath morning, See their footsteps

ni - ting, Sweetly sing the praise of Him, whose throne they seek. Je - sus is
turn - ing, Where they learn to sing and speak a Sav - iour's praise.

near them, Je - sus will hear them, Yes, he will hear those sweet notes they raise.

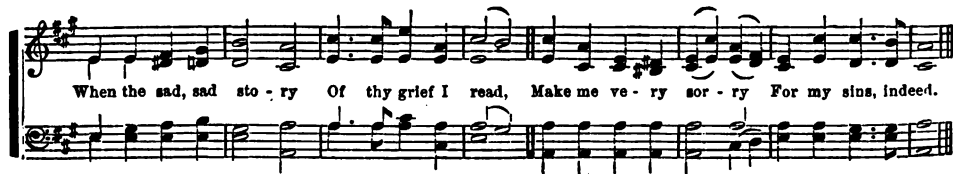
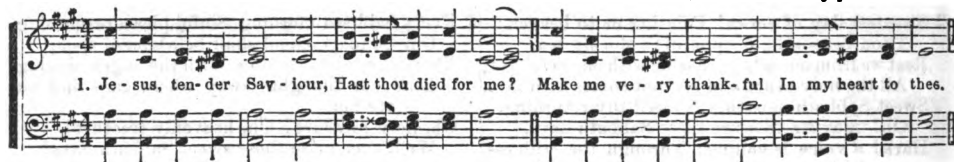
- 2 Sweetest day of seven! Pointing us to heaven ;
 Thou beacon-light upon life's stormy sea!
 Rest we from our labor, Sharing with our neighbor,
 All the holy peace and joy that comes with thee.
 Sweet Sabbath morning, Blessed thy returning,
 Oh! may we treasure these Sabbath days,
 Hark! a voice is calling; Through the stillness
 falling,
 Calling us to meet and sing our Saviour's praise.
- 8 Every Sabbath morning, Sinful pleasure scorning,
 Our Sunday-school shall be a sacred spot;
 There our voices ringing, With the angels singing,
 Lead our thoughts away where care and sin
 are not.
 Oh, holy pleasure! Oh, heavenly treasure!
 We'll ever prize these sweet Sabbath days!
 Bringing heaven nearer; Making Jesus dearer;
 Fitting us to join his saints, and see his face.

THY WORD IS A LAMP.

From the "DULCIMER." By permission.

(Thy word is a lamp un-to my feet, and a light, a light un-to my path!
 How sweet are thy words unto my taste, yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth.) Give me un-der-

standing, And I will keep thy law, For therein do I delight, O Lord, my God. A - men.



6s & 5s.

- 2 Now I know thou lovest,
And dost plead for me;
Make me very thankful,
In my prayers to thee.
Soon, I hope, in glory
At thy side to stand;
Make me fit to meet thee
In that happy land.

6s & 5s.

- 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.

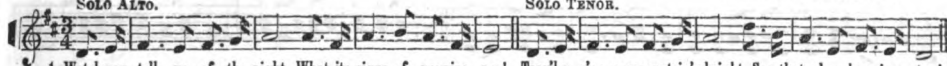
WATCHMAN. 7s. Double.

125

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

SOLO ALTO.

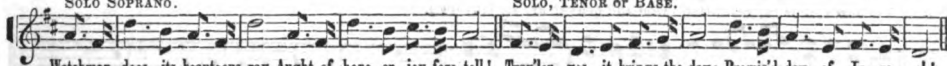
SOLO TENOR.



1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are! Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glory-beaming star!

SOLO SOPRANO.

SOLO, TENOR OR BASS.



Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell! Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day: Promis'd day of Is - ra - el!

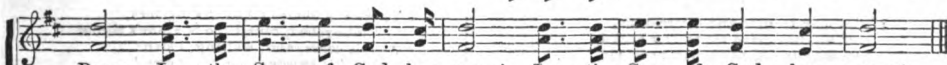
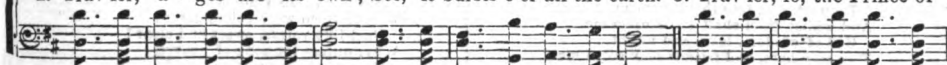
CHORUS for 1st and 2d verses.

CHORUS for 3d verse.



1. Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day, Promis'd day of Is - ra - el!

2. Trav'ler, a - ges are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth. 3. Trav'ler, lo, the Prince of



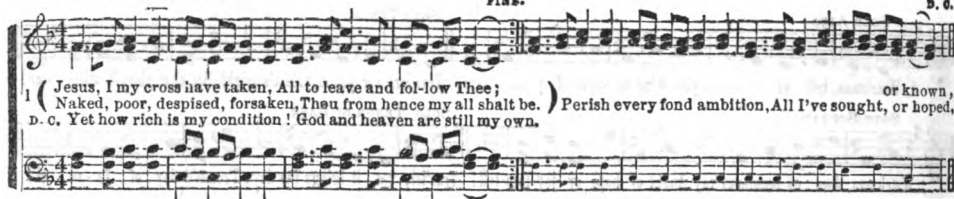
Peace—Lo, the Son of God has come! Lo—the Son of God has come!

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that stars ascends;
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home,
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

FINE.

D. G.



1 (Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and fol-low Thee ;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou from hence my all shalt be.) Perish every fond ambition, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
 D. C. Yet how rich is my condition ! God and heaven are still my own.

8s & 7s. Double.

- 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 ;
 And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me,
 Show Thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'T will but drive me to Thy breast ;
 Life with trials, hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest,
 Oh ! 't is not in grief to harm me,
 While Thy love is left to me,
 Oh ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
- 4 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

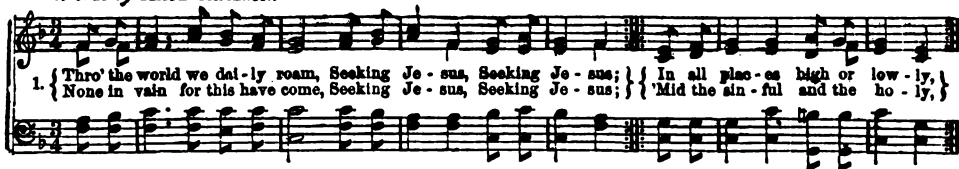
8s & 7s. Double.

- 1 Who shall sing, if not the children,
 Did not Jesus die for them ?
 May they not, with other jewels,
 Sparkle in his diadem ?
 Why to them were voices given.
 Bird-like voices, sweet and clear ?
 Why, unless the song of heaven
 They begin to practice here ?
- 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 upon the earth they learned ?
- 3 Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
 Loved them with a wondrous love ;
 And will be, to heaven returning,
 Faithless to his blessing prove ?
 Oh ! they can not sing too early !
 Fathers, stand not in their way !
 Birds do sing while day is breaking—
 Tell me, then, why should not they ?

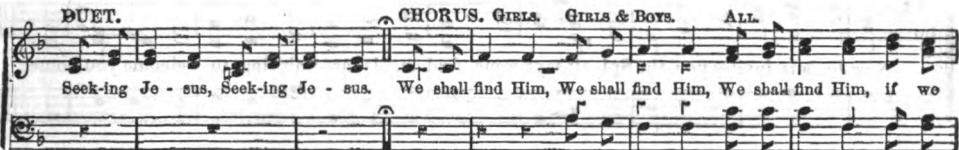
SEEKING JESUS.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 127

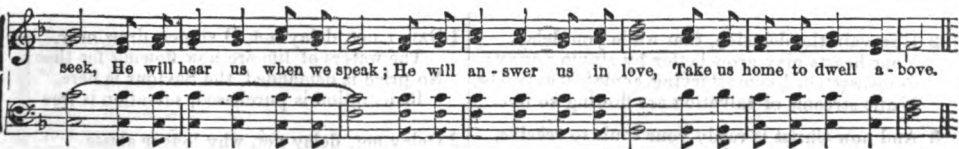
Words by KATE CAMERON.



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, }



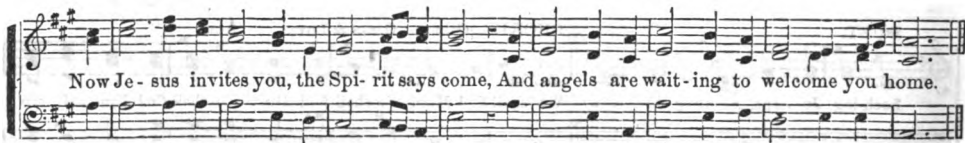
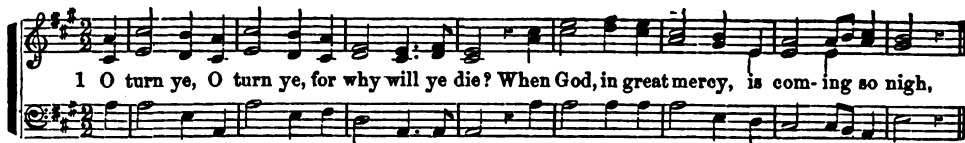
DUET. CHORUS. GIRLS. GIRLS & BOYS. ALL.
 Seek-ing Je - sus, Seek-ing Je - sus. We shall find Him, We shall find Him, We shall find Him, if we



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, &c.

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, &c.



11s.

- 2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come, wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.
- 3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.
- 4 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
And trusting in Heaven, we never shall part;
O how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

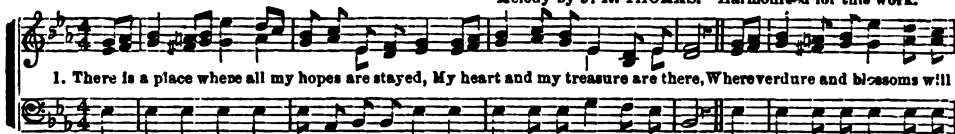
11s.

- 1 DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free
- 2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleaned in his pardoning blood?
- 3 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

MY FATHERLAND.

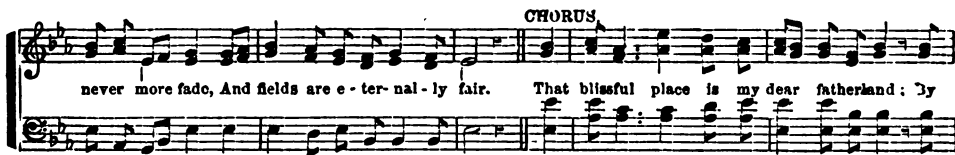
129

Melody by J. R. THOMAS. Harmonised for this work.



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 more fade, And fields are e - ter - nal - ly fair. That blissful place is my dear fatherland : 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 the holy angels dwell,
A pure and a peaceful abode,
Of the joys of that place no tongue can tell,
For there is the palace of God.—*Cho.*

2 There is a place where loving friends are gone,
Who suffered and worshipped with me,

Exalted with Christ on His pure white throne,
The King in His beauty they see—*Ch.*

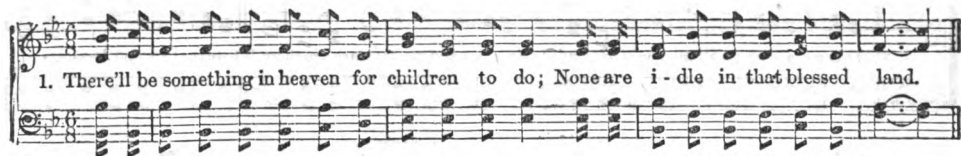
4 There is a place where I hope to live,
When life and its labors are o'er,
A place which the Saviour to me will give
And then I shall sorrow no more.—*Cho.*

By permission of WM. HALL & SON.

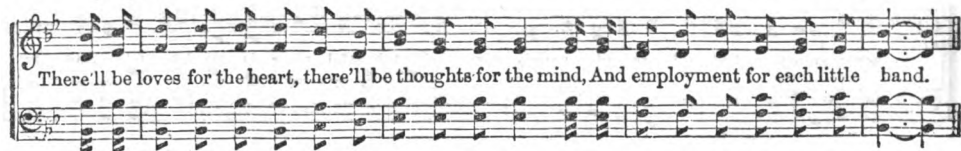
SOMETHING TO DO IN HEAVEN.

Words by R. S. TAYLOR.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

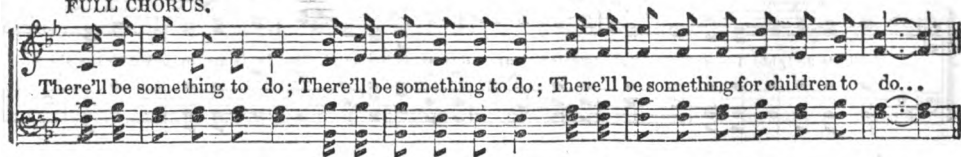


1. There'll be something in heaven for children to do; None are i - dle in that blessed land.

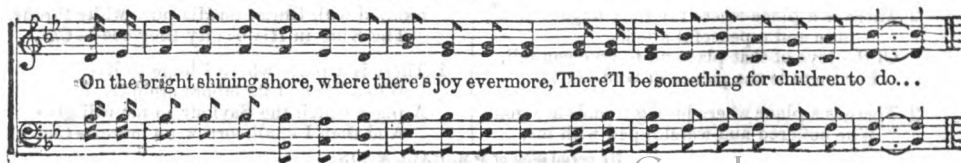


There'll be loves for the heart, there'll be thoughts for the mind, And employment for each little band.

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...

SOMETHING TO DO IN HEAVEN. Concluded.

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- 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.
- 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 something to do, &c.

THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION.



Very Spirited.

CHORUS.

1. { Hear the roy-al proc-la-mation, The glad tidings of sal-va-tion,
Publishing to ev-ry creature, To the ru-ined sons of nature; } Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns,
2. { "Re-bel sinners, roy-al fa-vor Now is offered by the Saviour:" } 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."
Cho.—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.
Cho.—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.
Cho.—Jesus reigns, &c.

PILGRIM BAND.

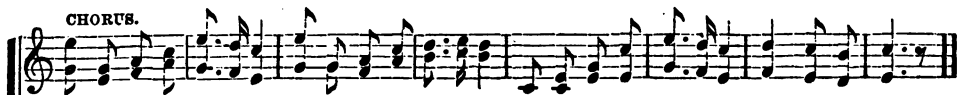


1 Come, little soldiers, Join in our band, March for the kingdom, Our promised land:



Fear-less of dan-ger, Onward we roam; Je-sus our Leader is, Soon we'll be home.

CHORUS.



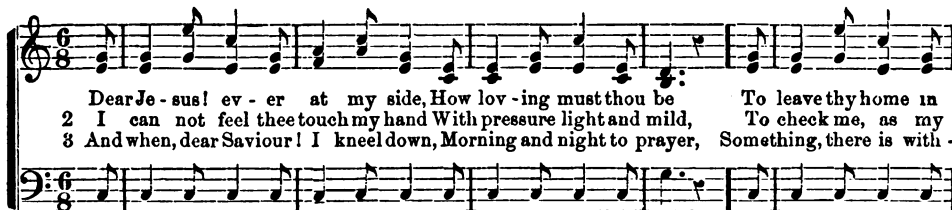
We're a lit-tle Pilgrim band, Guid-ed by our Saviour's hand, Soon we'll reach our Father-land No more to roam.

2 Hark to the voices, bidding us come!
 Angels rejoicing, beckon us home:
 No more shall sadness or sorrow oppress,
 Come, little Pilgrim band, there we shall rest.

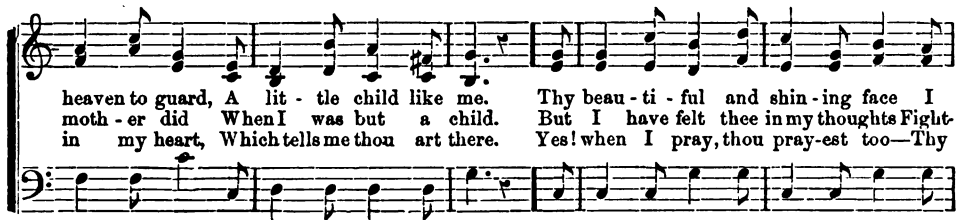
3 Soon we shall never know sorrow more,
 But blest for ever, God's love shall share;
 Soon we shall see him in his blest home,
 Ever, still praising him, ages to come.

DEAR JESUS. 8s & 6s.

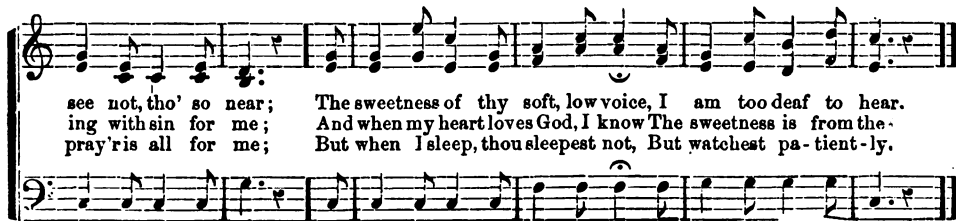
AUGUSTE MIGNON. 133



Dear Je - sus! ev - er at my side, How lov - ing must thou be To leave thy home in
 2 I can not feel thee touch my hand With pressure light and mild, To check me, as my
 3 And when, dear Saviour! I kneel down, Morning and night to prayer, Something, there is with -



heaven to guard, A lit - tle child like me. Thy beau - ti - ful and shin - ing face I
 moth - er did When I was but a child. But I have felt thee in my thoughts Fight -
 in my heart, Which tells me thou art there. Yes! when I pray, thou pray - est too—Thy



see not, tho' so near; The sweetness of thy soft, low voice, I am too deaf to hear.
 ing with sin for me; And when my heart loves God, I know The sweetness is from the -
 pray'r is all for me; But when I sleep, thou sleepest not, But watchest pa - tient - ly.

1 "For ev - er with the Lord!" Amen, so let it be! Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis

CHORUS.

im - mortal - i - ty. Here in the bo - dy pent, Absent from him I roam; Yet nightly pitch my

moving tent A day's march nearer home, nearer home, nearer home, A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Cho.—Here in the body pent, &c.

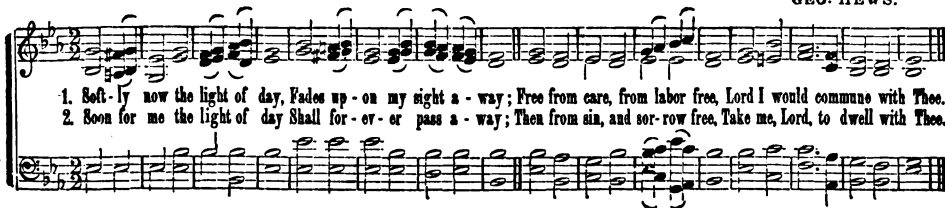
3 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,—

The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Cho.—Here in the body pent, &c.

4 'For ever with the Lord!'
—Father, if 't is thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfill.

Cho.—Here in the body pent, &c.



1. Soft-ly now the light of day, Fades up - on my sight a - way; Free from care, from labor free, Lord I would commune with Thee.
2. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way; Then from sin, and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

7s.

- 1 SINNER, hear the voice of love;
Sweet the message from above,
He will all thy sin remove,
Christ the Saviour passeth by.
- 2 Come, while life is in its prime.
Now is the accepted time;
Come, before the sun decline—
Christ the Saviour passeth by.
- 3 Come, thou youthful, trusting one,
In life's early spring-time come,
Haste, while in thy glowing bloom—
Christ the Saviour passeth by.
- 4 Come, with sin and doubt oppressed,
Early hasten to be blest,
He will grant you peace and rest—
Christ the Saviour passeth by.
- 5 Mourner, lift thy tearful eye,
Cease thy anguish, hush thy sigh;
List—a voice sounds from the sky—
Christ the Saviour passeth by.
- 6 God, the Spirit, hovereth near;
God, the Father, answereth prayer;
Now the voice of mercy hear—
Christ the Saviour passeth by.

7s.

- 1 JESUS, Shepherd of thy sheep.
Hither with thy flock we come;
All our souls in mercy keep,
Never from thy side to roam.
- 2 Take the lambs within thine arms,
Gently to thy bosom press'd;
From all sins and mortal harms,
In thy free salvation blessed.
- 3 Where the gentlest waters flow,
Thither, Lord, each wand'rer lead,
Where the greenest pastures grow,
There securely let us feed.
- 4 Close beside the shel't'ring rock,
When the desert wind is high.
Gather all our little flock
Till the tempest shall pass by.
- 5 Vain each under-shepherd's care,
Unless thou thy blessing give—
Hear, O Lord, our humble prayer,
Let us in thy favor live.
- 6 And when death's dark shadows fall
And the day of life shall close.
May each lamb, each shepherd, all
In thy heavenly fold repose.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. (CHANT No. 1.)

FIRST PART.

SECOND PART.

THIRD PART.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

To the First Part of the Chant.

- 1 Glory be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good || will towards | men.
 2 We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, || we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee | for thy
 great—| glory.

To the Second Part.

- 3 O Lord God, | Heavenly | King. || God the | Father | Al—| mighty !
 4 O Lord, the only-begotten Son | Jesus | Christ, || O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son.. of the | Fa—| ther!

To the Third Part.

- 5 That takest away the | sins.. of the | world, || have mercy up- | on—| us.
 6 Thou that takest away the | sins.. of the | world, || have mercy up- | on—| us.
 7 Thou that takest away the | sins.. of the | world, || re- | ceive our | prayer.
 8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, || have mercy up- | on—| us.

To the First Part.

- 9 For thou only | art—| holy, || Thou | only | art the | Lord.
 10 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high in the | glory.. of | God the | Father.. ||
 A- | men.

VENITE EXULTEMUS DOMINO. (CHANT No. 2.)

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BOYCE.



- 1 O come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord ; || let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.
- 2 Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving, || and show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.
- 3 For the Lord is a | great | God, || and a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
- 4 In his hand are all the corners | of the | earth ; || and the strength of the | hills is | his | also.
- 5 The sea is his, | and he | made it ; || and his hands pre- | pared the | dry | land.
- 6 O come, let us worship, | and fall | down, || and kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
- 7 For he is the | Lord our | God, || and we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep of | his | hand.
- 8 O worship the Lord in the | beauty of | holiness ; || let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.
- 9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth, || and with righteousness to judge the world,
and the | peo- ple | with his | truth.
- 10 Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Ho- ly | Ghost.
- 11 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev- er | shall be, || world with- | out end. | A | men.

THE LAND OF EDEN.

Words by KATE CAMERON.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st. 2nd.

1 (O E - den Land, thou land of bloom, Beyond the sha - dows of the tomb,)
Beyond the pain, and grief, and strife, [Omit.....] That dim and

mar our mortal life; O Eden Land, thou land of the blest, Where we a - lone find peace and

rest, O E - den Land, thou land of the blest, Where we a - lone find peace and rest.

2 O Eden Land—bright world of bliss,
More fresh and fair, and pure than this;
O! how our weary spirits long,
To reach that clime of light and song!
Thou Eden Land, at whose close gate
The treasures of our future wait.

8 Thou Eden Land, O! could we grasp
Thy promised blessings in our clasp:
Fain would we loose our hold on earth,
And rise to that immortal birth.
Which shall alone place in our hands
The key of heaven's fair Eden Land.

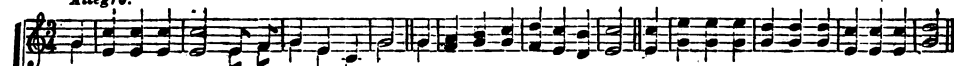
BE JOYFUL IN GOD.

139

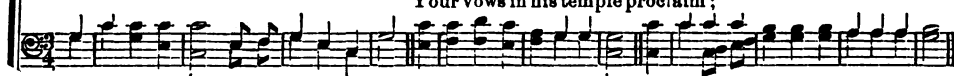

THANKSGIVING ANTHEM.

WM B. BRADBURY.


Allegro.




1. Be joyful in God all ye lands of the earth ; Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
Oh, serve him with gladness and fear ;
2. Oh! enter his gates with thanksgiving and song, His praise in melodious accordance prolong.
Your vows in his temple proclaim ;

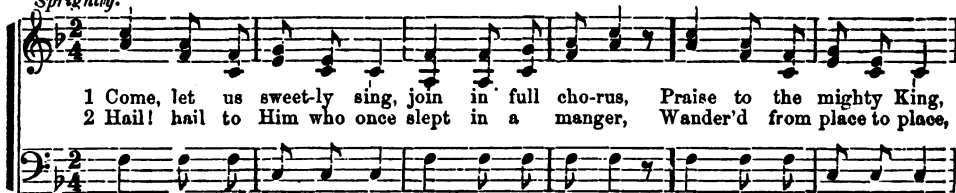



With love and devotion draw near, Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone, Cre-a-tor and Ruler o'er all,
And bless his adorable name, For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good, And we are the work of his hand ;

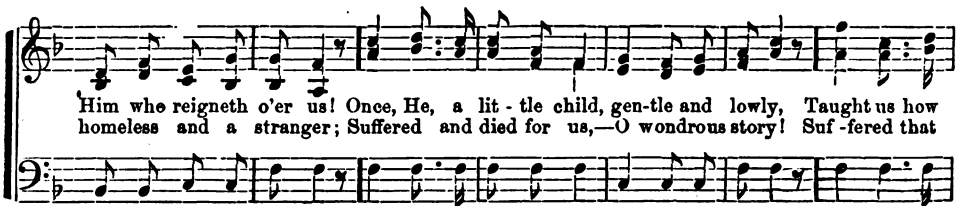



And we are his people, his sceptre we own. His sheep, and we follow his call ; we follow his call, we follow his call.
His mercy and truth from eter-ni-ty stood, And shall to e-ter-ni-ty stand, to e-ter-ni-ty stand, to eternity stand.

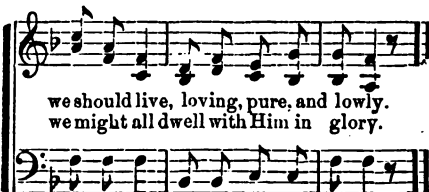


Sprightly.


1 Come, let us sweet-ly sing, join in full cho-rus, Praise to the mighty King,
2 Hail! hail to Him who once slept in a manger, Wander'd from place to place,



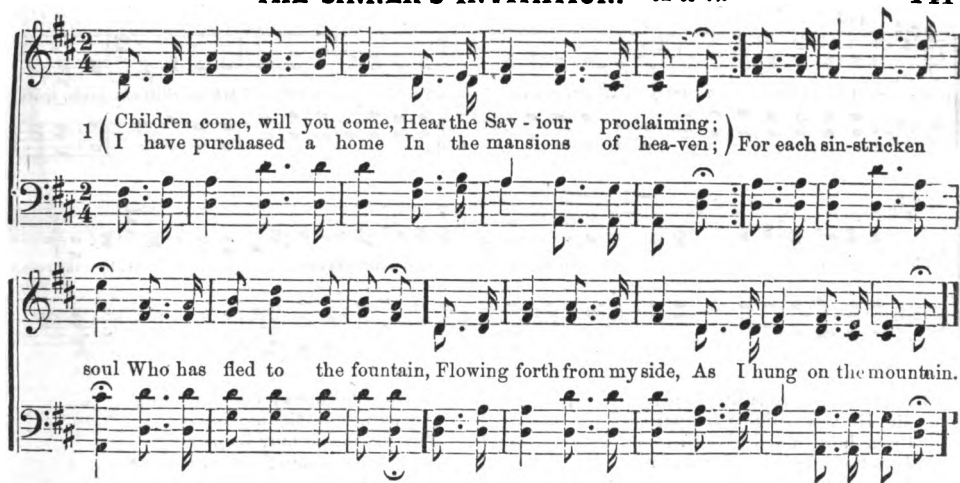
Him who reigneth o'er us! Once, He, a lit-tle child, gen-tle and lowly, Taught us how
homeless and a stranger; Suffered and died for us,—O wondrous story! Suf-fered that



we should live, loving, pure, and lowly.
we might all dwell with Him in glory.

11s & 12s.

- 3 O! Thou who once did hear children when singing,
Thou who didst sweetly say, Suffer ye their bringing;
From thy bright home above graciously bending,
List to our joyful songs gratefully ascending.
- 4 Be Thou our guard and guide, grant us thy Spirit,
Own us as thine at last, through thy perfect merit;
Then shall we sweetly sing in angelic chorus,
Praise evermore to Him who shall there reign o'er us.



1 (Children come, will you come, Hear the Sav - iour proclaiming ;
I have purchased a home In the mansions of hea - ven ;) For each sin-stricken

soul Who has fled to the fountain, Flowing forth from my side, As I hung on the mountain.

6s & 7s.

2 There the angels so bright
Listen pleased to the story ;
As the saints cloth'd in white,
Sing aloud of his glory.
There no sin nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.

3 He's prepared you a home,
Children will you believe it ?
And invites you to come,
Children, will you receive it ?
Oh come, children, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon
And forever cease pleading.

Andante

I Deft of mercy: can there be mercy still reserved for me? Can my God His wrath forbear? Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face; Would not hearken to His calls; Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

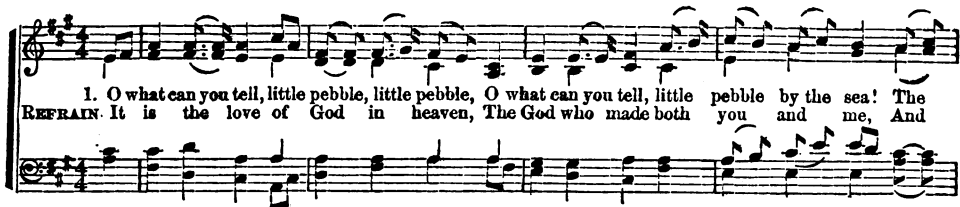
- 3 Kindled, His relents are;
Me, He now delights to spare;
Cries, how shall I give thee up?
Let the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

7s.

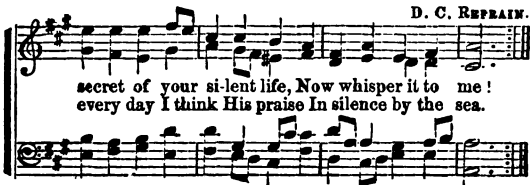
- 1 HASTE, O sinner! to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom warns thee from the skies,
All the paths of death to shun.

2. Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Thy probation may be o'er
Ere this evening's work is done.
- 3 Haste, O sinner! now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.
4. Haste, while yet thou canst be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Death may thy poor soul arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

(In this Hymn the Stanza should be sung by the whole school, and the Refrain by a Semi-chorus, or single Voice)



1. O what can you tell, little pebble, little pebble, O what can you tell, little pebble by the sea! The
REFRAIN. It is the love of God in heaven, The God who made both you and me, And



D. C. REFRAIN.
 secret of your silent life, Now whisper it to me!
 every day I think His praise In silence by the sea.

2 O what can you tell, little flower, little flower,
 O what can you tell, little flower on the lea!
 The secret of your sweet perfume,
 Now whisper it to me!

REFRAIN. It is the love of God in heaven,
 The God who made both you and me,
 And every day I breathe His praise
 In fragrance on the lea.

3 O what can you tell, little bird, little bird,
 O what can you tell, little bird upon the tree!
 The secret of your joyous song,
 Now whisper it to me!

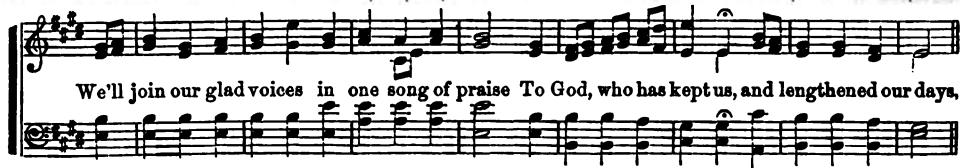
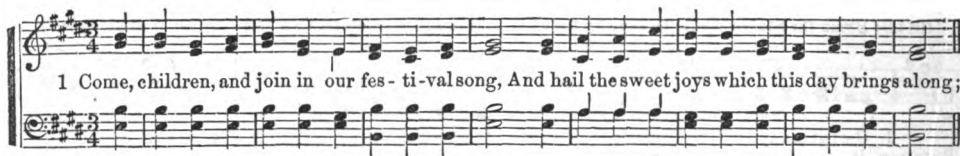
REFRAIN. It is the love of God in heaven,
 The God who made both you and me,
 And every day I sing His praise
 Upon the summer tree.

4 O what can you tell, little child, little child,
 O what can you tell, little child upon my knee!

The secret of your happy smile,
 Now whisper it to me!

REFRAIN. It is the love of God in heaven.
 The God who made both you and me,
 And every day I seek His face
 Upon my bended knee!

FULL CHORUS. Thus to the love of God in heaven.
 The God who made both you and me,
 The praise of all things here is given,
 And evermore shall be!



CHORUS.



Hal-le-lu-jah

to the Lamb.

11s.

11s.

2 Our Father in Heaven, we lift up to thee,
Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee;
Oh, bless us and guide us, dear Saviour, we pray,
That from thy blest precepts we never may stray.

3 And if, ere this glad year has drawn to a close,
Some loved one among us in death shall repose;
Grant, Lord, that the spirit in heaven may dwell,
In the bosom of Jesus, where all shall be well.

1 How loving is Jesus, who came from the sky,
In tenderest pity for sinners to die;
His hands and his feet were nail'd to the tree,
And all this he suffered for you and for me.

Chorus.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, hallelujah to the Lamb,
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, Amen.

- 2 How gladly does Jesus free pardon impart,
To all who receive him by faith in their heart;
No evil befalls them, their home is above,
And Jesus throws round them the arms of his love.
- 3 How precious is Jesus to all who believe,
And out of his fullness what grace they receive!
When weak, he supports them; when erring, he guides;
And everything needful he kindly provides.
- 4 Oh! give then to Jesus your earliest days,
They only are blessed who walk in his ways;
In life and in death he will still be your friend,
For whom Jesus loves, he loves to the end.

lls.

- 1 COME, children of Zion, and help us to sing
Loud anthems and praise to our Saviour and King;

Whose life once was given our souls to redeem,
And bring us to heaven to reign there with him

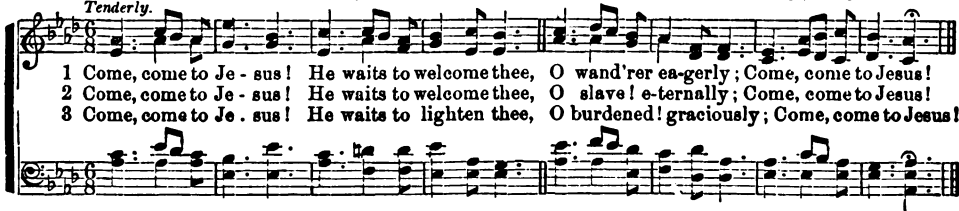
- 2 In regions of darkness, and sorrow, and pains,
We all lay in ruin, in prison, and chains;
But Jesus has bought us with his precious blood,
The ransom provided to bring us to God,
- 3 O come to the Saviour and take up the cross,
Seek treasure in heaven, count all else but loss,
His mercy invites us, then let us comply—
O why should we linger when he is so nigh.
- 4 We'll fear not the dangers that lie in our way,
His arm will protect us by night and by day;
All this we must suffer, and patiently bear,
Till Jesus shall take us where sufferings are o'er.

COME TO JESUS!

Words by Dr. GEO. B. PECK, Clifton Springs, N. Y.

H. P. MAIN. From "Hallowed Songs," by permission.

Tenderly.



- 1 Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to welcome thee, O wand'r'er ea - gerly; Come, come to Jesus!
2 Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to welcome thee, O slave! e - ternally; Come, come to Jesus!
3 Come, come to Je . sus! He waits to lighten thee, O burdened! graciously; Come, come to Jesus!

- 4 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to give to thee,
O blind! a vision free;
Come, come to Jesus!

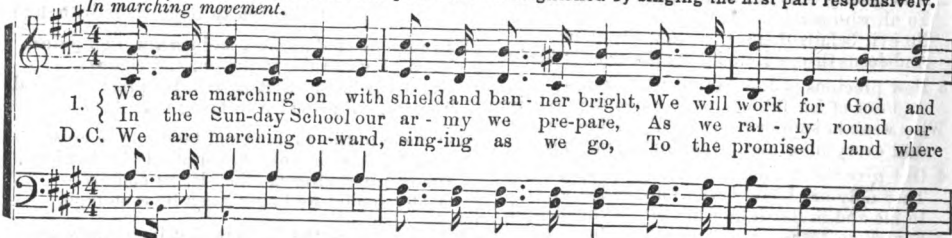
- 5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
O weary! blessedly;
Come, come to Jesus!

- 6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
O Lamb! so lovingly,
Come, come to Jesus!

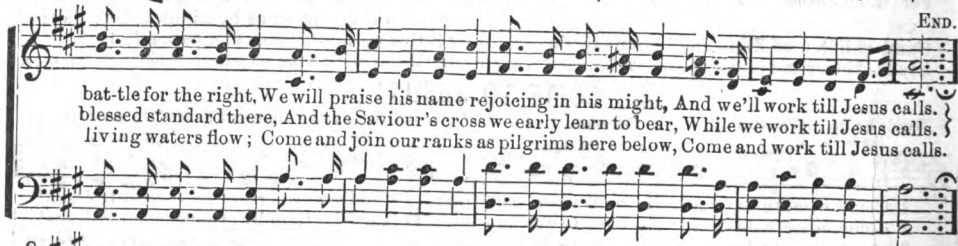
SUNDAY SCHOOL VOLUNTEER SONG.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

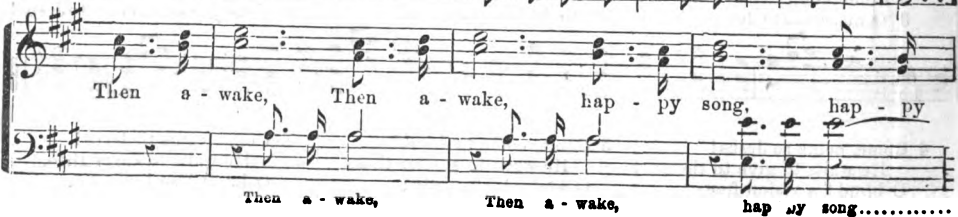
TO THE LEADER.—The effect of this piece will be heightened by singing the first part responsively.
In marching movement.



1. { We are marching on with shield and ban - ner bright, We will work for God and
 In the Sun-day School our ar - my we pre-pare, As we ral - ly round our
 D.C. We are marching on-ward, sing-ing as we go, To the promised land where



bat-tle for the right, We will praise his name rejoicing in his might, And we'll work till Jesus calls.
 blessed standard there, And the Saviour's cross we early learn to bear, While we work till Jesus calls.
 living waters flow; Come and join our ranks as pilgrims here below, Come and work till Jesus calls.



Then a - wake, Then a - wake, hap - py song, hap - py

Then a - wake, Then a - wake, hap py song.....

SUNDAY SCHOOL VOLUNTEER SONG. . Concluded.

147

D. C.



D. C.

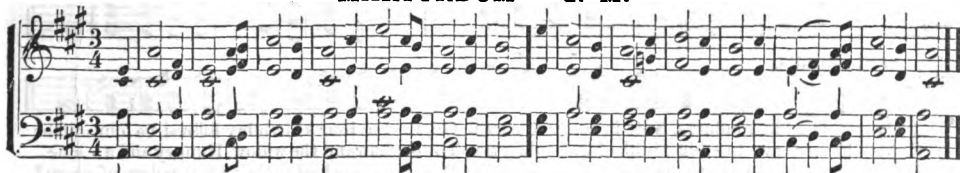
hap - py song, Shout for joy, shout for joy, As we glad-ly march a - long.

2. We are marching on, our Captain ever near,
Will protect us still, His gentle voice we hear:
Let the foe advance, we'll never, never fear,
For we'll work till Jesus calls.
Then awake, awake, our happy, happy song,
We will shout for joy, and gladly march along;
In the Lord of Hosts let every heart be strong,
While we work till Jesus calls. *Cho.*

3. We are marching on the straight and narrow way,
That will lead to life and everlasting day,
To the smiling fields that never will decay,
But we'll work till Jesus calls.
We are marching on and pressing toward the prize,
To a glorious crown beyond the glowing skies,
To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies,
And we'll work till Jesus calls. *Cho.*

MARTYRDOM. C. M.

SCOTTISH.



1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?
2 Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned upon the tree? Amazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in, When God, the mighty Maker, died For man the creature's sin.
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross appears, Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
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.

CAROL, BROTHERS, CAROL. Christmas.

Arranged by JAS. A. JOHNSON.

Words and Music by permission of Rev. W. A. MUHLENBERG, D.D.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Ca-rol, brothers, ca-rol, Ca-rol joy-ful-ly, Carol the good tidings, Carol mer-ri-ly.

INSTR.

CHORUS. (*Forte.*) *Animated.*

UNISON.

Carol, brothers, ca-rol, Ca-rol joyful-ly, Carol the good tidings, Carol mer-ri-ly; And

pray a gladsome Christmas. For all good christian men. Carol, brothers, carol, Christmas day a - gain.

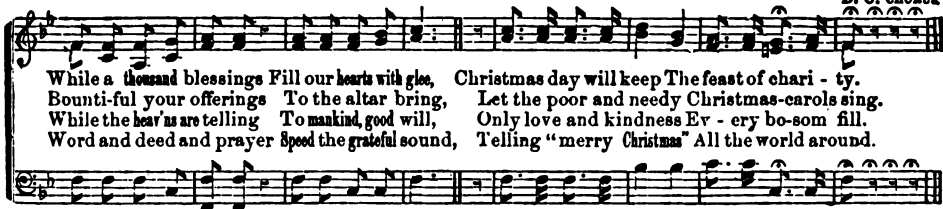
SEMI-CHORUS.

1 Ca-rol, but in gladness, Not in songs of earth, On the Saviour's birthday Hallowed be our mirth;
 2 At the mer-ry ta-ble Think of those who've none, The orphan and the widow, Hungry and a-lone;
 3 Listening an-gel mu-sic, Discord sure must cease, Who dare hate his brother, On this day of peace?
 4 Let our hearts responding To the seraph band, Wish this morning's sunshine, Bright in ev'ry land;

CAROL, BROTHERS, CAROL. Concludea.

149

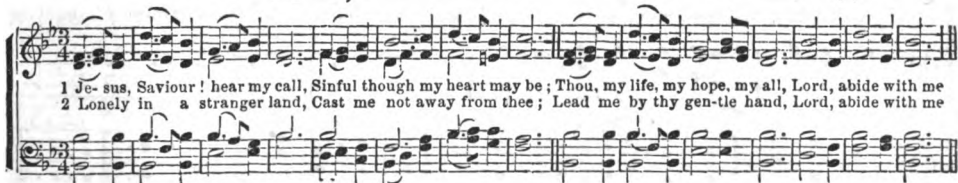
D. C. CHORUS



While a thousand blessings Fill our hearts with glee, Christmas day will keep The feast of chari - ty.
 Bounti-ful your offerings To the altar bring, Let the poor and needy Christmas-carols sing.
 While the hear'as are telling To mankind, good will, Only love and kindness Ev - ery bo-som fill.
 Word and deed and prayer Speed the grateful sound, Telling "merry Christmas" All the world around.

LORD, ABIDE WITH ME.

S. MAIN. by permission.



1 Je- sus, Saviour ! hear my call, Sinful though my heart may be ; Thou, my life, my hope, my all, Lord, abide with me
 2 Lonely in a stranger land, Cast me not away from thee ; Lead me by thy gen-tle hand, Lord, abide with me

- 3 Thou hast died the lost to save,
 Died to set the captive free ;
 Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
 Lord, abide with me.
- 4 Fill me with thy love divine,
 Consecrate my life to thee ;
 Bend my stubborn will to thine,
 Lord, abide with me.

- 5 When the shades of death prevail,
 Father, let me cling to thee ;
 When I pass the gloomy vail,
 Lord, abide with me.
- 6 Then, oh, then, my raptured soul
 Heaven's eternal rest shall see ;
 There, while endless ages roll,
 Live and reign with me.

JESUS, WE THY LAMBS WOULD BE. 7s.

C. A. MARVIN.

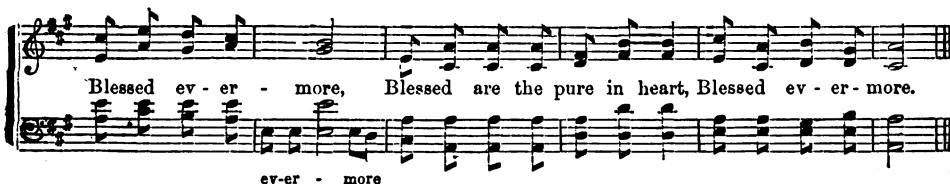
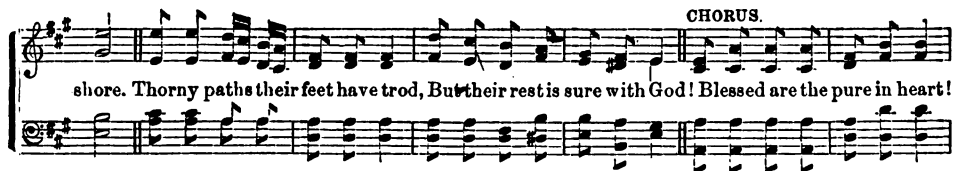
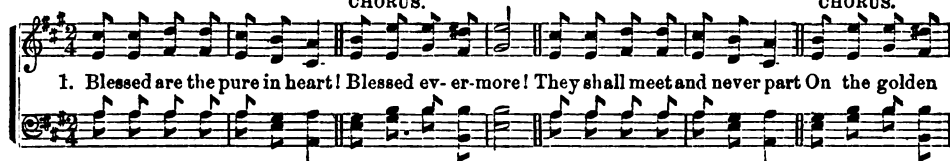
1 Je - sus we thy lambs would be, Humbly we would fol - low thee, Wait - ing for the
 joy - ful day. When all care will pass a - way, When the reaping time shall come, And an - gels shout the
 harv - est home, When the reaping time shall come, And an - gels shout the harv - est home

2 Now the field with grain is white,
 Now the day is dawning bright,—
 Brighter far the sky will be,
 When our Master we shall see,
 When the reaping time, &c.

3 May we wait, and watch, and pray,
 For the coming of that day,
 When the wheat shall sifted be.
 And the chaff be driv'n from thee,
 When the reaping time, &c.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.



ev-er - more

2 Blessed are the pure in heart,
 Free from sin and stain;
 Satan with his fiery dart
 Tempts their peace in vain;
 For they lean on Jesus' arm,
 He will keep them safe from harm. *Cho.*

3 Blessed are the pure in heart!
 Oh! that we may stand,
 Choosing now the better part
 At the Lord's right hand.
 With us may his love abide,
 For the sake of Christ who died. *Cho.*

THE ANGEL'S SONG.

SOLO, TRIO, OR SEMI-CHORUS.

From the "Golden Chain."

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 *

"Glory 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,
 "Glory 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

HOW BEAUTEOUS ARE THEIR FEET.

153

Dr. L. MASON.

1 How beautiful are their feet Who stand on Zi-on's hill; Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace re-veal! 2 How charming is their voice! How sweet the tidings are! — "Zi - on, be - hold thy Saviour King; Here reigns and triumphs here, He reigns, He reigns and triumphs here."

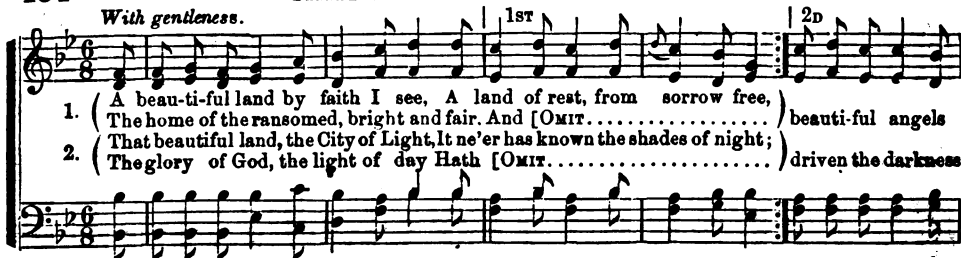
The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is primarily in the Soprano and Alto parts, with the piano providing harmonic support in the right hand and bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound!
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!

- Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND. 9s & 8s.

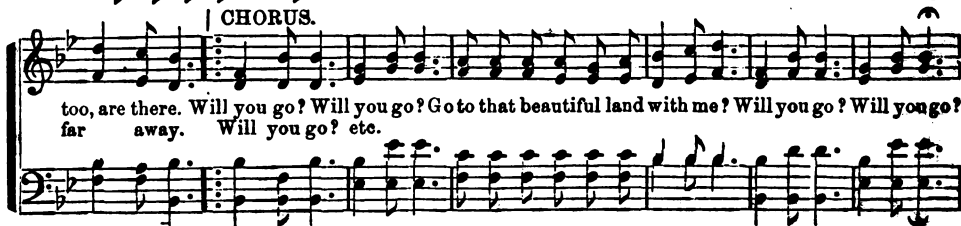
With gentleness.



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 angels)

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 [OMIT.....] driven the darkness)

CHORUS.



too, are there. Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beautiful land with me? Will you go? Will you go?
far away. Will you go? etc.

May be repeated at pleasure. pp



Go to that beau-ti-ful land?

3 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*

I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL. 7s & 6s.

155

1. (I want to be an an - gel, And with the an - gels stand,)
 (A crown up - on my fore - head, A harp with - in my hand ;) There, right be - fore my

Saviour, so glorious and so bright, I'd wake the sweetest mu - sic, and praise him with delight.

7s. & 6s.

2 I never should be weary,
 Nor ever shed a tear,
 Nor ever know a sorrow,
 Nor ever feel a fear ;
 But blessed, pure and holy.
 I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
 And with ten thousand thousands
 I'd praise him with delight.

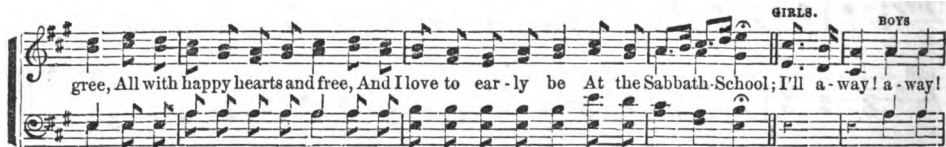
3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
 But Jesus will forgive,
 For many little children
 Have gone to heaven to live,

Dear Saviour, when I languish,
 And lay me down to die,
 O, send a shining angel
 To bear me to the sky.

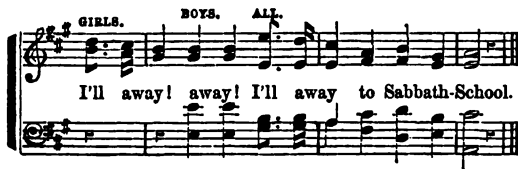
4 O, there I'll be an angel,
 And with the angels stand,
 A crown upon my forehead,
 A harp within my hand ;
 And there before my Saviour,
 So glorious and so bright,
 I'll join the heavenly music,
 And praise him with delight.



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



gree, 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.

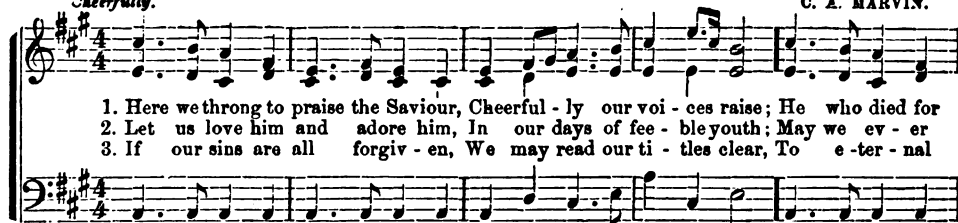
4 May the dews of grace fill the hallow'd place,
And the sunshine never fail,
While each blooming rose which in memory grows,
Shall a sweet perfume exhale
When we mingle here no more.
But have met on Jordan's shore,
We will talk of moments o'er,
At the Sabbath school;
I'll away! &c.

THE SAVIOUR'S PRAISE. 8s & 7s .

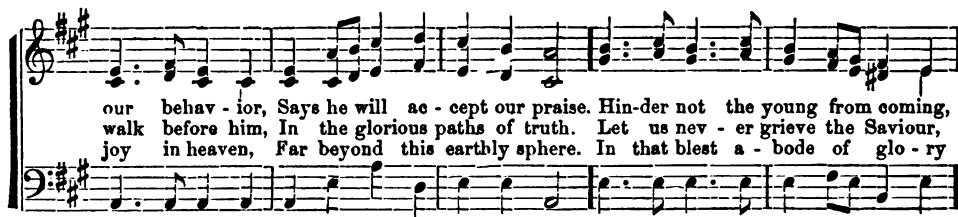
157

Cheerfully.

C. A. MARVIN.



1. Here we throng to praise the Saviour, Cheerful - ly our voi - ces raise; He who died for
 2. Let us love him and adore him, In our days of fee - ble youth; May we ev - er
 3. If our sins are all forgiv - en, We may read our ti - tles clear, To e - ter - nal



our behav - ior, Says he will ac - cept our praise. Hin - der not the young from coming,
 walk before him, In the glorious paths of truth. Let us nev - er grieve the Saviour,
 joy in heaven, Far beyond this earthly sphere. In that blest a - bode of glo - ry



For of such the Saviour said, Is composed my heavenly kingdom, 'Tis a rapturous thought indeed.
 Who has died our souls to win; Let us ev - er seek his favor, Shunning all the paths of sin.
 We may join the an - gel throng; Jesus' love shall be the sto - ry Of our never ending song.

THE GOSPEL SHIP.

*

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 Joyfully, joyfully onward I move, Bound to the land of bright spirits above;) Soon with my pilgrimage
 (An- gel- ic choristers sing as I come, Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!) Home to the land of bright

ended below,)
 spirits I go;) Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam; Joyful-ly, joyful- ly, resting at home.

10s.

1 JOYFULLY, joyfully onward I move.
 Bound to the land of bright spirits above,
 Angelic choristers, sing as I come—
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!
 Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
 Home to the land of bright spirits I go;
 Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam:
 Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

2 Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before;
 Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
 Singing to cheer me thro' death's chilling gloom;
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!

Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
 Harps of the blessed your voices I hear!
 Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome—
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

8 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
 Strike, king of terrors! I fear not the blow;
 Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb!
 Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
 Death shall be banished, his scepter be gone;
 Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

I. (Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise, from transitory things, Toward heav'n, thy native place.) Sun, and moon, and stars de-cay;

Time shall soon this earth remove ; Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats prepared a - bove.

7s & 6s.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire ascending, seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source ;
 So a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to see His glorious face,
 Upward tends to His abode,
 To rest in His embrace.

8 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon our Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies ;
 There we'll join the heavenly train,
 Welcomed to partake the bliss ;
 Fly from sorrow, and from pain,
 To realms of endless peace.

4 & 6s.

1 TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb;
Youth and vigor soon will flee.

Blooming beauty loses its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Inclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is bearing us away
To our eternal home;

Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb,
But the saints shall soon enjoy,
Life—immortal life above,
Where no worldly griefs annoy,
Where Jesus reigns in love.

HAPPY LAND. 6s & 4s.

HINDOSTAN AIR.

1 (There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way,
Where saints in glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day.) Oh, how they sweet - ly sing,

Worthy is our Saviour King, Loud let his praises ring, Praise, praise for aye!

6s & 4s.

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,
Besms 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.

THE HEAVENLY LAND.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

"A BETTER COUNTRY, THAT IS, AN HEAVENLY."—*Hebrews xi, 16.*

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 part-ing, There'll be no part-ing 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.

THE BETTER LAND.

From the "Golden Chain."

163

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

1 BOYS. Whither, pilgrims, are you going, Going each with staff 'n hand?
 1 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? }
 2 GIRLS. No, for friends unseen are near us, Holy an - gels round us stand; } Christ our leader, walks be-

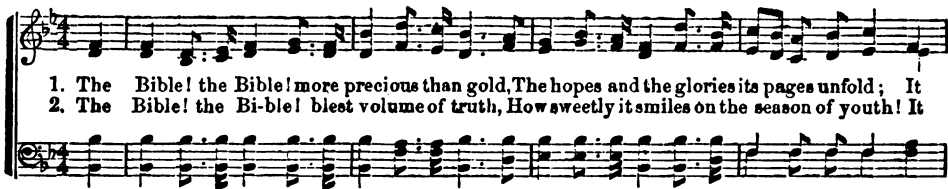
val - leys, We are go - ing to his pa - lace, We are go - ing to his pal - ace, Go - ing
 side us, He will guard, and He will guide us, He will guard, and He will guide us, Guide us

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.

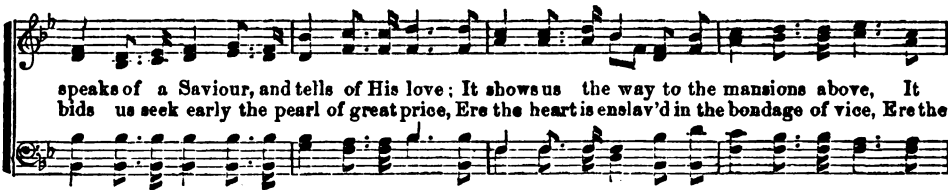
8 BOYS. Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
 In that far-off, better land?
 GIRLS. Spotless robes and crowns of glory
 From a Saviour's loving hand;
 ALL. We shall drink of life's clear river
 We shall dwell with God forever,
 We shall dwell with God forever
 In that bright, that better land.

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.

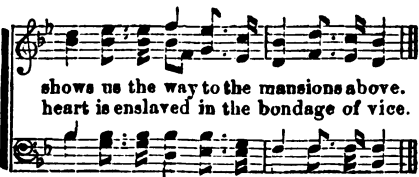
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. The Bible! the Bible! more precious than gold, The hopes and the glories its pages unfold; It
2. The Bible! the Bi-ble! blest volume of truth, How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth! It



speaks of a Saviour, and tells of His love; It shows us the way to the mansions above, It
bids us seek early the pearl of great price, Ere the heart is enslav'd in the bondage of vice, Ere the



shows us the way to the mansions above.
heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.

3 The Bible! the Bible! we hail it with joy,
Its truths and its glories our tongues shall employ;
We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of its worth,
And send its glad tidings afar o'er the earth.

4 The Bible! the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our Schools

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

165

WM. B. BRADBURY. From the "Day Spring." By permission.

The musical score is written for a piano accompaniment. It consists of three systems, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 8/8. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with chords and accompaniment in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff of each system.

1 Beauti - ful Zi - on built a - bove, Beauti - ful ci - ty that I love,
Beau - ti - ful gates of pear - ly white, Beau - ti - ful tem - ple—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 through all the choir;
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshipping 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.

GLORY TO THE FATHER GIVE.

Rev. W. H. COOKE. 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
 2. Glo-ry to the Ho-ly Ghost, He reclaims the sin-ner lost, Children's minds may

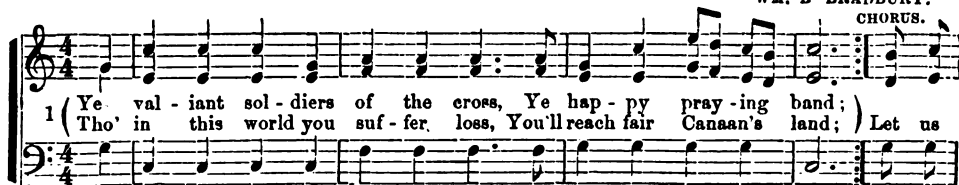
deigns to hear, Children's songs delight his ear, Glo-ry to the Son we bring, Christ our Prophet,
 he inspire, Touch their tongues with holy fire, Glo-ry in the highest be, To the bles-sed

Priest and King; Children, raise your sweetest strain, To the Lamb, for he was slain.
 Trin-i-ty, For the Gos-pel from a-bove, For the word that God is love.

THE BRIGHT CROWN.

167

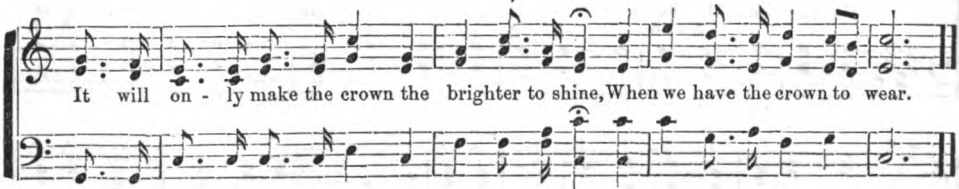
WM. B. BRADBURY.
CHORUS.



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*

JOY! JOY! JOY! (The Prodigal's Return.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

From FRESH LAURELS.

"Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."
 Luke xv, 10.

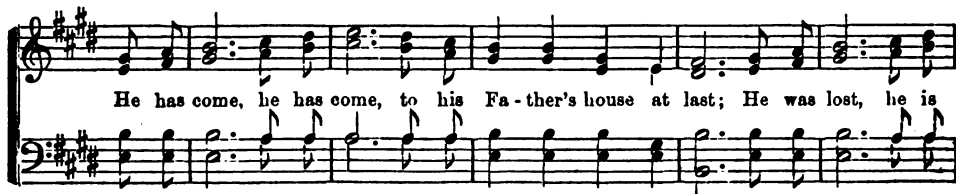
1st time *p*—2d time *f*

END.

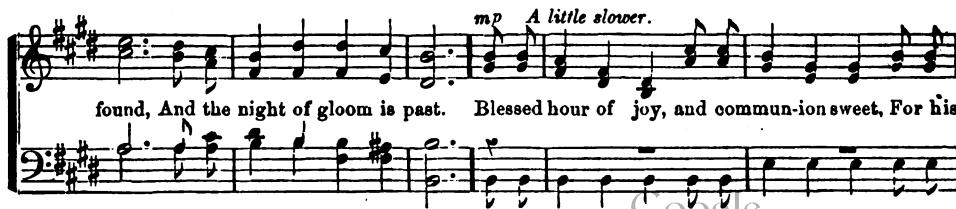


1. Joy! joy! joy! there is joy in heav'n with the angels; Joy! joy! joy! for the prodigals return!

END.



He has come, he has come, to his Fa-ther's house at last; He was lost, he is



found, And the night of gloom is past. Blessed hour of joy, and communion sweet, For his

JOY! JOY! JOY! Concluded.

169

D.C. f

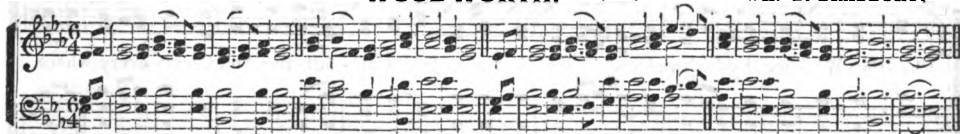


heart is full and his love complete, His Father sees him and hastes to meet, And bid him welcome home.

- 2 Joy! joy! joy! in the courts of heaven resounding, Joy! joy! joy! o'er the prodigal's return;
Hark! the song, hark! the song,
'Tis a joyful, joyful strain,
Welcome home, welcome home,
To thy Father's house again.
While his eye is dim with the falling tears;
Of repentant grief, over wasted years,
The pardoning voice of his Father cheers.
And bids him welcome home. *Cho. Joy! &c.*
- 3 Joy! joy! joy! in the radiant fields of glory,
Joy! joy! joy! when a wandering soul returns
Let us haste, let us haste,
While the morning sun is bright,
Jesus calls. Jesus calls,
To a land of love and light.
We will journey on till our pilgrim feet
Shall be found at last in the golden street,
Our glorious Saviour will smile to greet,
And bid us welcome home. *Cho. Joy! &c.*

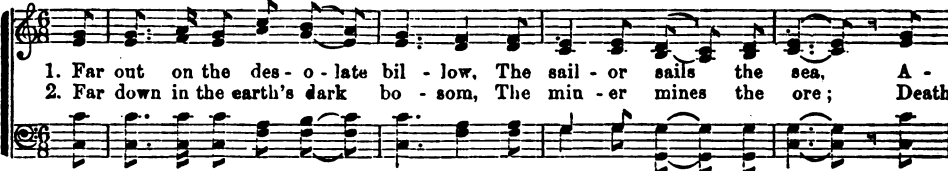
WOODWORTH. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



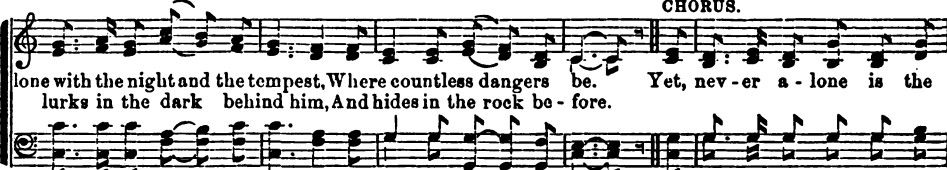
1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that then bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
2. Just as I am, and waiting not, To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
3. Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, "Fighting within, and fears without," O Lamb of God, I come! 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! I come!
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Because Thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come! 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! I come!

NEVER ALONE.



1. Far out on the des - o - late bil - low, The sail - or sails the sea, A -
 2. Far down in the earth's dark bo - som, The min - er mines the ore; Death

CHORUS.



lone with the night and the tempest, Where countless dangers be. Yet, nev - er a - lone is the
 lurks in the dark behind him, And hides in the rock be - fore.



Christian, Who lives by faith and prayer; For God is a friend un - fail - ing, And God is every - where.

3 Forth into the dreadful battle
 The steadfast soldier goes,
 No hand when he lies a - dying
 His eyes to kiss and close.
 Yet, never, etc.

4 Lord, grant as we sail life's ocean,
 Or delve in its mines of woe;
 Or fight in its terrible conflict,
 This comfort all to know,
 That, never, etc.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

J. W. DADMAN. 171

1 (Out on an o - cean all bound - less we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;
Tossed on the waves of a rough, rest - less tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;) Far from the safe, qui - et har - bor we rode,

Seek - ing our Fa - ther's co - les - tial a - bode, Promise of which on us each he be - stowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

- 2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars ;
We're homeward bound ;
Look ! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound ;
Steady ! O pilot ! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale,
Oh ! how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail.
We're homeward bound.
- 3 We'll tell the world as we journey along,
We're homeward bound ;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound ;

- Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppressed,
Join in our number, O come and be blest ;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound.
- 4 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last ;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last ;
Glory to God ! all our dangers are o'er ;
We stand secure on the glorified shore,
Glory to God ! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

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 gos-pel bring, O come! Let us
O ye heralds of the cross be up and do - ing Re-mem-ber 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 re-turn 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 salvation.
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 from Macedonia, &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,

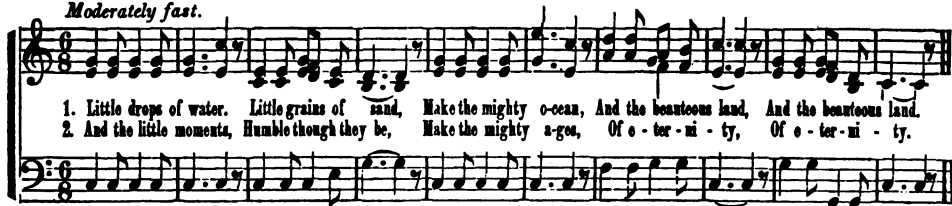
The Lord is your strength and shield.

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 ring.

There's a cry from Macedonia, &c.

LITTLE DROPS.

Moderately fast.



1. Little drops of water. Little grains of sand, Make the mighty o-cean, And the beauteous land, And the beauteous land.
2. And the little moments, Humble though they be, Make the mighty a-ge, Of e - ter - ni - ty, Of e - ter - ni - ty.

3. So our little errors
Lead the soul away,
From the paths of virtue
Oft in sin to stray.

4. Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

5. Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands.

1 Hark! the herald-angels sing: "Glory to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mercy mild; God and sinners reconciled."

2 (Joy-ful, all ye nations! rise,) (With th'angel - ic host proclaim: Christ is born in Bethle - hem.)
 (Join the triumph of the skies;) (With th'angel - ic host proclaim: Christ is born in Bethle - -) hem

1st 2d

7s.

- 3 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
 Hail! the Sun of righteousness!
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings.
- 4 Let us then with angels sing:
 "Glory to the new-born King;
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
 God and sinners reconciled."

7s.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing;
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are traveling home to God,
 In the way the fathers trod;

They are happy now—and ye
 Soon their happiness shall see.

- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
 You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
 There your seat is now prepared—
 There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light!
 Zion's city is in sight:
 There our endless home shall be.
 There our Lord we soon shall see.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of your land;
 Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
 Bids you undismayed go on.
- 6 Lord, submissive make us go,
 Gladly leaving all below;
 Only Thou our leader be.
 And we still will follow Thee

S. MAIN. By permission.

1. I come to thee, I come to thee! Thou precious Lamb who died for me, I rest confid-ing in thy word, And
D. s. Thy blessed name, my only plea, With

"cast my bur - den on the Lord." I come to thee with all my grief, Dear Saviour, help my un - be - lief;
this, O Lord, I come to thee!

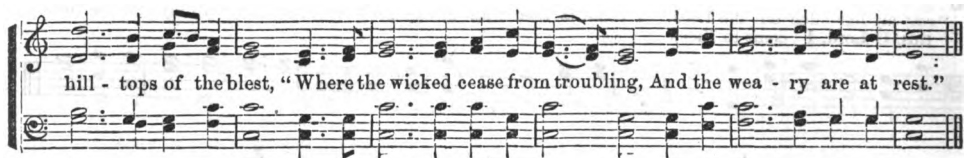
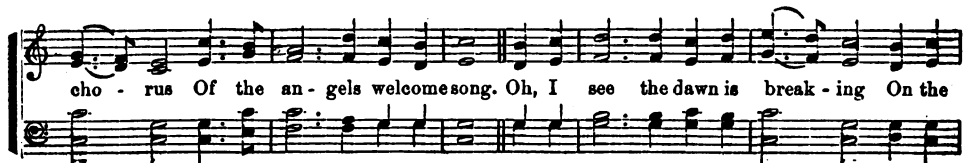
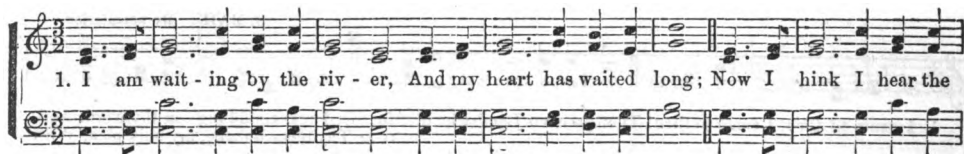
2.

I come to thee, whose sovereign power
Can cheer me in the darkest hour,
I come to thee, through storm and shade—
For thou hast said, "be not afraid."
I come to thee with all my tears,
My pain and sorrow, doubts and fears,
Thou precious Lamb, who died for me,
I come to thee, I come to thee!

3.

To thee my trembling spirit flies,
When faith grows weak, and comfort dies,
I bow adoring at thy feet,
And hold with thee communion sweet—
O wondrous love! O joy divine!
To feel thee near and call thee mine!
Thou precious Lamb, who died for me,
I come to thee, I come to thee!

I AM WAITING BY THE RIVER.



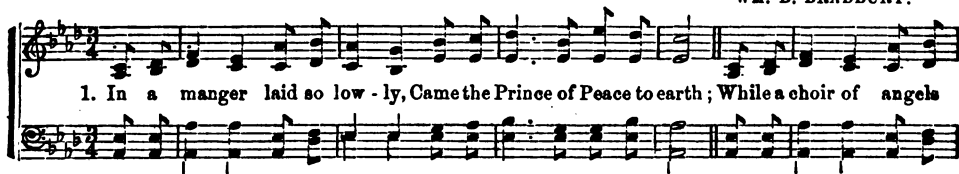
2 Far away beyond the shadows
 Of this weary vale of tears,
 There the tide of bliss is sweeping
 Through the bright and changeless years
 O! I long to be with Jesus,
 In the mansions of the blest,
 "Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest."

3 They are launching on the river,
 From the calm and quiet shore,
 And they soon will bear my spirit
 Where the weary sigh no more,
 For the tide is swiftly flowing,
 And I long to greet the blest,
 "Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest."

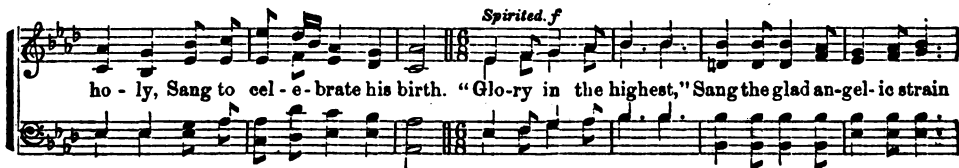
IN A MANGER LAID SO LOWLY.

177

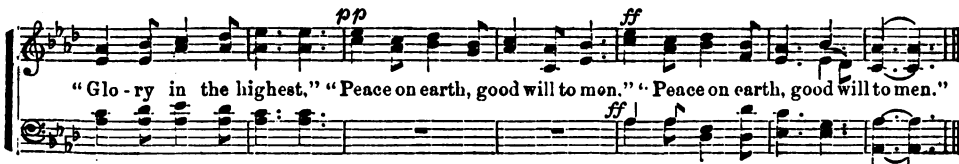
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. In a manger laid so low - ly, Came the Prince of Peace to earth; While a choir of angels



Spirited. f
ho - ly, Sang to cel - e - brate his birth. "Glo - ry in the highest," Sang the glad an - gel - ic strain



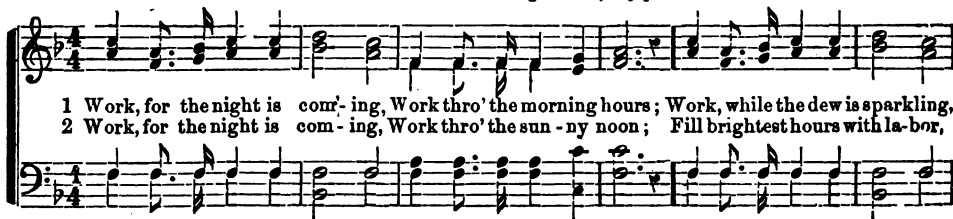
pp "Glo - ry in the highest," "Peace on earth, good will to men." "Peace on earth, good will to men."
ff

2 As the wise men from far Persia
Brought rich gifts to Jewry's King,
Grateful love, a richer treasure,
Would we as our offering bring.
"Glory in the highest."
Let us join the angelic strain;
"Glory in the highest," etc.

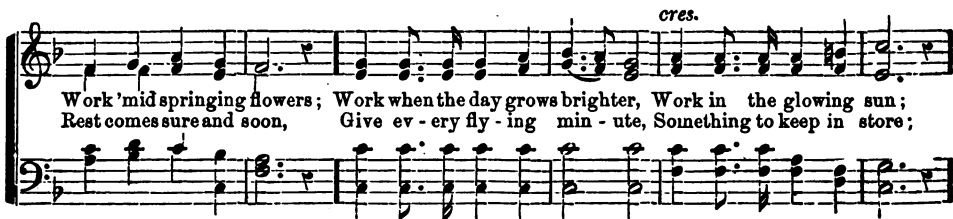
3 Where Christ's joyful kingdom cometh,
Deserts blossom as the rose;
And God's gracious rain descendeth,
Where the coral island grows.
"Glory in the highest,"
Once more sing th'angelic strain;
"Glory in the highest, etc.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

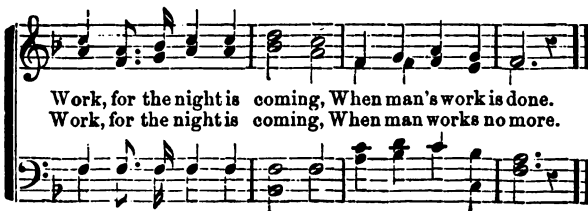
From "Song Garden," by permission of MASON BROTHERS.



1 Work, for the night is com- ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work, while the dew is sparkling,
2 Work, for the night is com- ing, Work thro' the sun- ny noon; Fill brightest hours with la- bor,



cres.
Work 'mid springing flowers; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun;
Rest comes sure and soon, Give ev- ery fly- ing min- ute, Something to keep in store;



Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.

8
Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies,
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

WE ARE COMING, BLESSED SAVIOUR

179

Words by MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

From the "Golden Censer."

1. We are com-ing, bless-ed Sa-viour, 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 Sa-viour, We are com-ing, we are com-ing, We hear thy gen-tle voice.

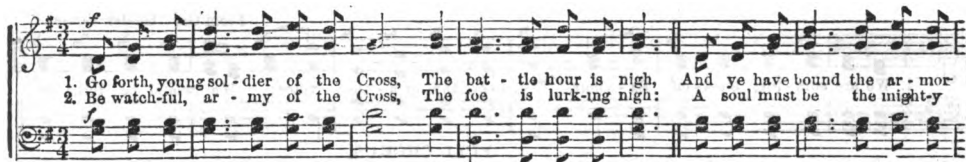
2. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To meet that happy band,
And sing with them forever,
And in thy presence stand.
We are coming, &c.
To meet that happy band.

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.

YOUNG SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS

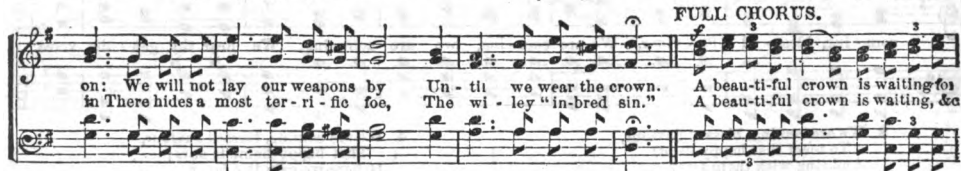
Words by Mrs. E. M. SANGETTA.


1. Go forth, young sol-dier of the Cross, The bat-tle hour is nigh, And ye have bound the ar-mor
2. Be watch-ful, ar-my of the Cross, The foe is lurk-ing nigh: A soul must be the night-y



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 sol-dier die. When-ever you dare the hos-tile ranks, For-get not that with-

FULL CHORUS.



on: We will not lay our weapons by Un-till we wear the crown. A beau-ti-ful crown is waiting for
in There hides a most ter-ri-fic foe, The wi-ley "in-bred sin." A beau-ti-ful crown is waiting, &c



you, Far a-way in the promis'd land; A beautiful crown is waiting for me, Far a-way, in the promis'd 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.

ROWLEY.

DR. L. MASON. by permission.



2 'Twas heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

3 Then all the day long
Was my Jesus my song,
And redemption through faith in his name
Oh that all might believe,
And salvation receive,
And their song and their joy be the same!

PEACEFULLY SLEEP. (Quartette.)

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, beauti - ful dead, Peacefully sleep, &c.
 Bid thee from dust to glo - ry a - rise ! Peacefully sleep, &c.

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
Cho.—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 me 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.

MERCY'S FREE!

From WEBER. 183
END.



1. (By faith I view my Saviour dy - ing, On the tree, On the tree;
To ev - ery na - tion he is cry - ing, Look to me, Look to me;
d. c. Hark! hark! what precious words I hear, Mercy's free, Mercy's free!



He bids the guilty now draw near, Re pent, believe, dismiss their fear.

- 2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin?
Can it be?
Oh, yes! he did salvation bring;
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free! mercy's free!
- 3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes;
Mercy's free!
And every moment Christ is precious
Unto me.

- None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove,
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,
Mercy's free! mercy's free!
- 4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
"Mercy's free!"
And this shall be my theme when dying,
"Mercy's free!"
And when the vale of death I've pass'd,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing, while endless ages last,
"Mercy's free! mercy's free!"

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

SONG WITH VOCAL OR CHORUS ACCOMPANIMENT. *

With earnest, tender expression.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly;.....
 2. Oth - er refuge have I none— Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;.....

While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high, Hide me, O my Saviour
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone, Still support and comfort me; All my trust on Thee is

While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high, Hide me, O my
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone, Still sup - port and comfort me; All my trust on

* This may be used occasionally with fine effect, by one Soprano singing the song—and all the Girls (and Boys whose voices have not changed,) singing the Alto, while Bass and Tenor sing their respective parts. Such pieces as the above, too difficult, it may be for general use, are intended for S. S. concerts and other public performances in which ample time for preparation is allowed. The accompanying parts should be sung in a soft, subdued tone of voice.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL. Concluded.

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hide,..... Till the storm of life be past,..... Safe in- to the haven guide.....
 stayed,.... All my help from Thee I bring—... Cov-er my defenceless head.....

Saviour hide, Till the storm of life be past, Safe in - - to the haven guide;
 Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring—Cov - er my defenceless head

Ritard.

O receive my soul at last. Safe in - to the haven guide,..... O receive my soul at last.
 With the shadow of Thy wing. Cov-er my defenceless head,..... With the shadow of Thy wing.

O receive my soul at last, Safe in - - to the haven guide, O receive my soul at last.
 With the sha - dow of Thy wing, Cov - er my defenceless head, With the shadow of Thy wing.

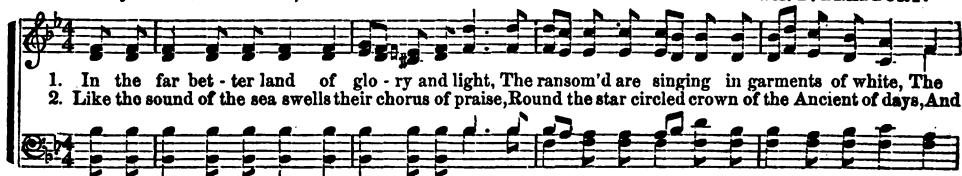
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 More than all in Thee I find,
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile and full of sin I am—
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

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


THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN.

Words by Rev. E. S. PORTER, D. D.

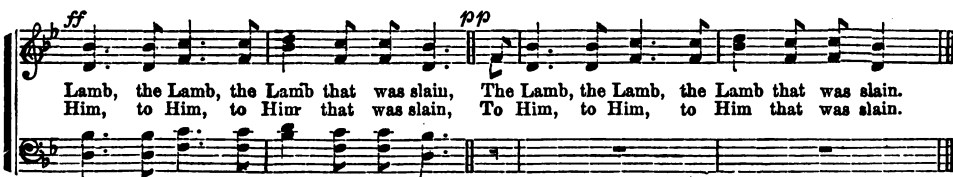
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. In the far bet - ter land of glo - ry and light, The ransom'd are singing in garments of white, The
2. Like the sound of the sea swells their chorus of praise, Round the star circled crown of the Ancient of days, And



harp - ers are harping, and all the bright train Sing the song of Redemption, the Lamb that was slain, The
thrones and domin - ions re - e - cho the strain, Of glo - ry E - ter - nal, to Him that was slain, To



ff Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb that was slain, The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb that was slain.
Him, to Him, to Him that was slain, To Him, to Him, to Him that was slain. *pp*

3.

Dear Saviour, may we with our voices so faint,
Sing the chorus celestial with angel and saint?
Oh, yes! we will sing, and Thine ear we will gain,
In the song of Redemption, the Lamb that was slain.

4.

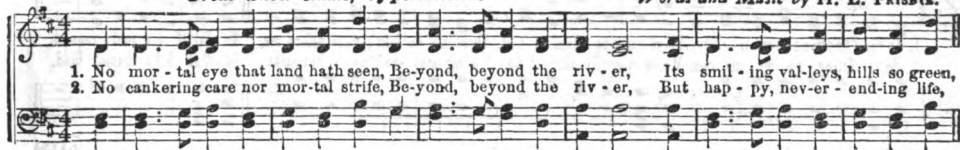
Now, children, and teachers, and friends all unite,
In a loud hallelujah with the ransomed in light,
To Jesus we'll sing that melodious strain,
The song of Redemption, the Lamb that was slain.

THE LAND BEYOND THE RIVER.

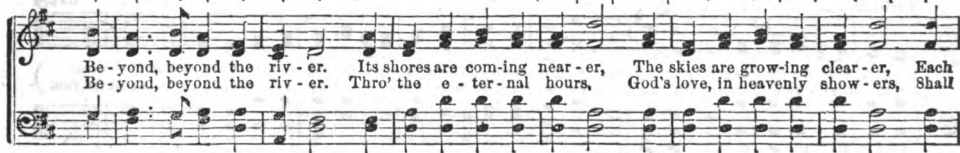
187

From "Silver Chime," by permission.

Words and Music by H. L. FRISBIE.

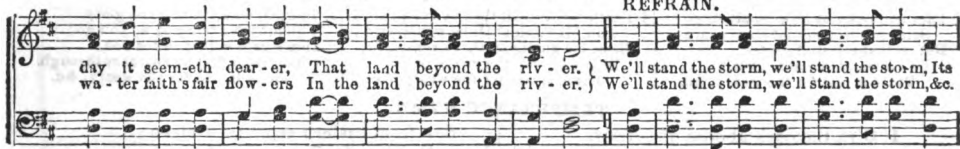


1. No mor - tal eye that land hath seen, Be-yond, beyond the riv - er, Its smil - ing val-leys, hills so green,
2. No cankering care nor mor-tal strife, Be-yond, beyond the riv - er, But hap - py, nev - er - end-ing life,

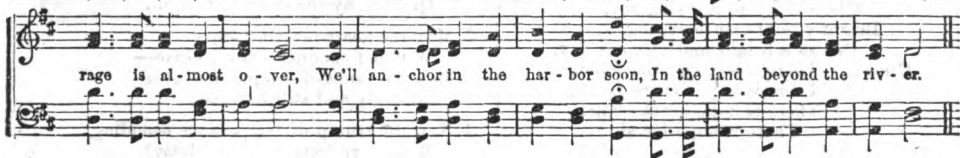


Be - yond, beyond the riv - er. Its shores are com-ing near - er, The skies are grow-ing clear - er, Each
Be - yond, beyond the riv - er. Thro' the e - ter - nal hours, God's love, in heavenly show - ers, Shall

REFRAIN.



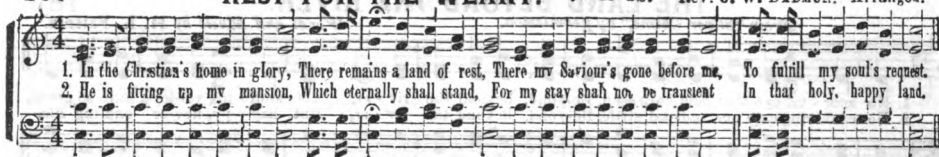
day it seem-eth dear-er, That land beyond the riv - er. } We'll stand the storm, we'll stand the storm, Its
wa - ter faith's fair flow - ers In the land beyond the riv - er. } We'll stand the storm, we'll stand the storm, &c.



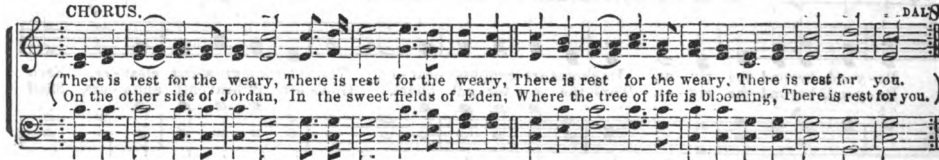
rage is al-most o - ver, We'll an - chor in the har - bor soon, In the land beyond the riv - er.

3. That glorious day will ne'er be done, Beyond, &c.
When we've the crown and kingdom won, Beyond, &c.
There is eternal pleasure,
And joys that none can measure,
For those who have their treasure In the land, &c.

4. When shall we look from Zion's hill, Beyond, &c.
With endless bliss our hearts shall thrill, Beyond, &c.
There angels bright are singing,
Where golden harps are ringing,
We ne'er shall cease our singing In the land, &c.



CHORUS.



3 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.

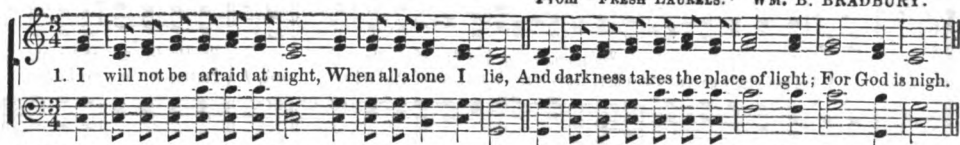
3 May the heart-reviving story.
 Win and conquer—never cease—
 May the ranks of temperance ever
 Multiply and still increase.

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

TRUSTING.

189

From "FRESH LAURELS." WM. B. BRADBURY.

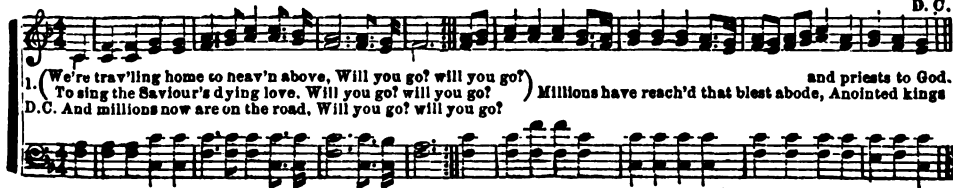


1. I will not be afraid at night, When all alone I lie, And darkness takes the place of light; For God is nigh.

2 His shelt'ring arm supports my head, 3 I will not be afraid to hear 4 I will not be afraid to tread
And lovingly he keeps The rolling tempest wild, The portals of the tomb,
A constant watch around my bed; If Jesus whisper in my ear, For Jesus there a light will shed
God never sleeps. I am his child. To cheer the gloom.

WILL YOU GO ?

D. C.



1. (We're trav'ling home to heav'n above, Will you go? will you go?) and priests to God.
(To sing the Saviour's dying love. Will you go? will you go?) Millions have reach'd that blest abode, Anointed kings
D.C. And millions now are on the road, Will you go? will you go?

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?

8 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?

190 Words by KATE CAMERON. **THE BEST DAY OF ALL THE WEEK.** WM. B. BRADBURY.

Moderato.

1 SEMI-CHO. (O what beauties adorn the bright Sabbath morn, The best day of all the week,) (Humbly let us en-ter in,)
 2 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 with-out and pure with-in, On this Sab-bath day. Let us keep, well keep this blessed Sabbath day, This
 ho-ly Sabbath day, This ho-ly Sabbath day, Let us keep, well keep this ho-ly 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 the Saviour so kind,
 And 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, our 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.*

THE WELCOME HOME. 8s & 6s.

From "Golden Shower," by permission.

1 How sweet will be the welcome home, When this short life is o'er, When pain and sor-row, care and grief Shall dwell with us no more.
(When we that bright and heav'nly land With spir-it eyes shall see, And join the ho-ly an-gel band, In praise, dear Lord, of thee.)

FULL CHORUS.

The welcome home, the welcome home, The Christian's welcome home, The welcome home, the welcome home, The Christian's welcome home.

Welcome home.

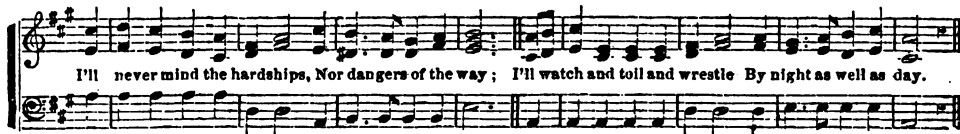
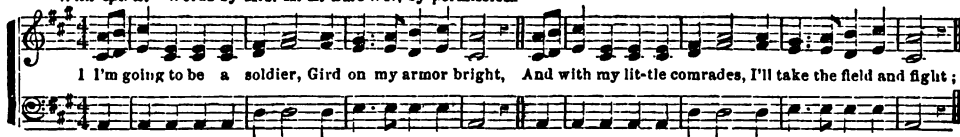
In the last stanza the chorus may be repeated pp

8s & 6s.

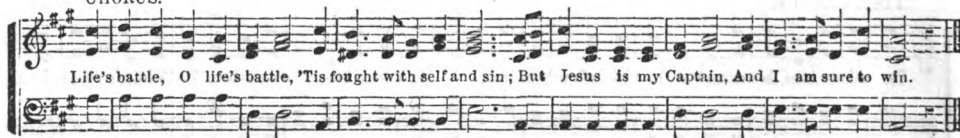
2 Lord, grant my frail and wayward bark
May anchor sure and fast,
Beside the shining gates of pearl,
Where I may rest at last!
When once within, my soul shall know
No hunger, thirst or pain,
No sickness, sorrow, care or death
Shall visit me again! *Cho.*

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! *Cho.*

I'M GOING TO BE A SOLDIER. From "8

With spirit. Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN, by permission.

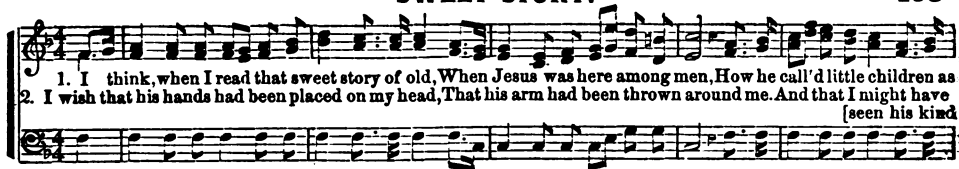
CHORUS.



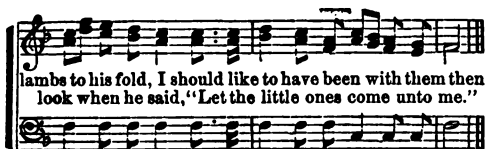
7s & 6s.

2 The foes that will assail me,
Are subtle, fierce, and strong ;
The war that they are waging
Will deadly be, and long ;
But I've a well-tried helmet,
A sword and trusty shield,
To quench the fiery arrows
That Satan's hand may wield.
Cho.—Life's battle, &c.

8 I know I'm small and feeble.
But Jesus is my head ;
He's wise and strong and able.
To triumph he will lead ;
And when beneath his banner
I've gained the victor's crown,
With one long, loud hosanna,
I'll lay my armor down.
Cho.—Life's battle, &c



1. I think, when I read that sweet story of old, When Jesus was here among men, How he call'd little children as
 2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arm had been thrown around me. And that I might have
 [seen his kind



lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then
 look when he said, "Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
 And ask for a share in his love;
 And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
 I shall see him and hear him above :

4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare,
 For all who are washed and forgiven ;
 And many dear children are gathering there,
 " For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

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, oppressed,
 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 chill 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.'

OPEN WIDE THE GARDEN GATE. 7s.

From "Silver Chimes." By permission.

Allegretto.

1. O - pen wide the gar - den gate, Let the lit - tle wand'ers in; Let them now no lon - ger
wait, Tho' their lives are soiled by sin. There is room e - nough for them In the
per - fume - la - den bow'rs, Room for many a sparkling gem 'Mid the Gard'ner's liv - ing flow'rs.

7s.

- 2 Take them from the sin toss'd flood,
Moor them at the Eden isle;
Sprinkled with atoning blood,
Theirs shall be an angel smile.
Shield them from the world's stern care,
Guide their little footsteps right;
Let them breathe the heavenly air,
Let them see its living light.
- 3 Suffer them to come to Him,
Shepherd of the cherub band;
He can light the valley dim,
Leading from this desert land,

Nurtured with a kindly care,
All the weeds of sin kept down,
Golden fruit their lives shall bear,
Till they win the sparkling crown.

- 4 And with golden harps in hand,
Glad'ning all that blest abode,
They shall shine, a star-gem'd band
In the coronal of God.
Open, then, the garden gate,
Let the little wand'ers in;
See the blessed Saviour wait—
Wait to save their souls from sin.

I LONG TO BE THERE.

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Moderato.

by permission. T. J. COOK.



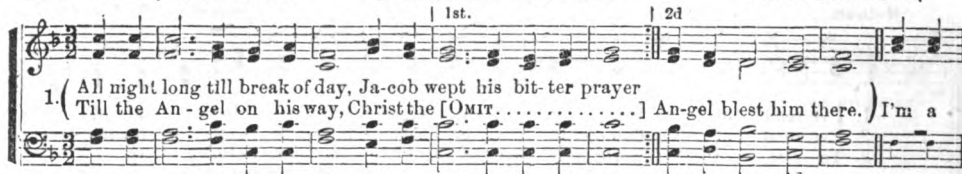
1. I've read of a world of beauty, Where there is no gloomy night, Where
2. I've read of its flow - ing riv - er, That bursts from be - neath the throne, And
3. To rise to that world of light, And breathe its balm - y air, To



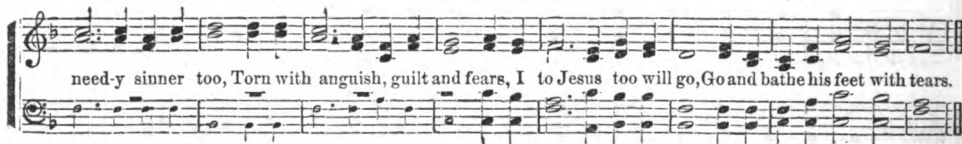
love is the mainspring of duty, And God is the fountain of light; I long, I
beau - ti - ful trees that ever Are found on its banks a - lone; I long, &c.
walk with the Lamb in white, And sing with the an - gels there; I long, &c.



long, I long to be there; I long, I long, I long to be there.



1. (All night long till break of day, Ja-cob wept his bit-ter prayer
Till the An-gel on his way, Christ the [OMIT.] An-gel blest him there.) I'm a

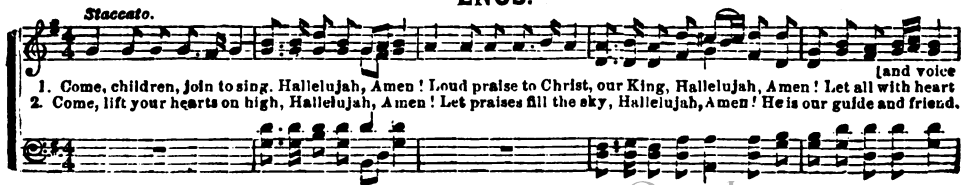


need-y sinner too, Torn with anguish, guilt and fears, I to Jesus too will go, Go and bathe his feet with tears.

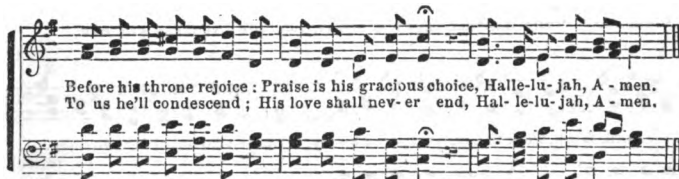
2 Jesus, at thy cross I lie
All night long till break of day;
Perish here, if I must die—
Unforgiv'n go not away.
Saviour, wilt thou take my heart?
It is all I have to give.
Sin-defiled in every part,
Such a gift wilt thou receive?

3 Oh, how kindly Jesus spake:
"Go in peace—all is forgiven;
Wilt thou all for me forsake,
Love, and follow me to heaven?"
Jesus, I thy goodness bless,
And with wondering love adore;
Let me never love thee less,
Let me love thee more and more.

ENOS.



1. Come, children, join to sing. Hallelujah, Amen! Loud praise to Christ, our King, Hallelujah, Amen! Let all with heart [and voice]
2. Come, lift your hearts on high, Hallelujah, Amen! Let praises fill the sky, Hallelujah, Amen! He is our guide and friend.



Before his throne rejoice : Praise is his gracious choice, Halle-lu- jah, A - men.
To us he'll condescend ; His love shall nev- er end, Hal- le-lu- jah, A - men.

3 Praise yet the Lord again,
Hallelujah, Amen!
Life shall not end the strain.
Hallelujah, Amen!
On heaven's blissful shore,
His goodness we'll adore,
Singing for evermore
Hallelujah, Amen!

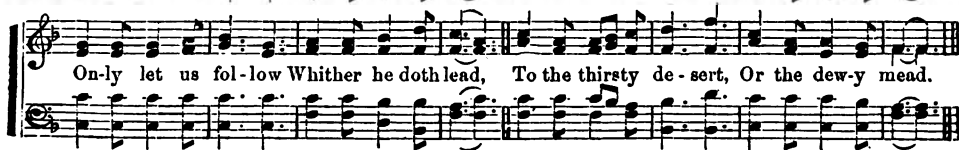
JESUS IS OUR SHEPHERD.

Earnestly.

S. MAIN. From "Sacred Lute."



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



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

2 Jesus is our Shepherd ;
Well we know his voice ;
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice !
Even when he chideth,
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.

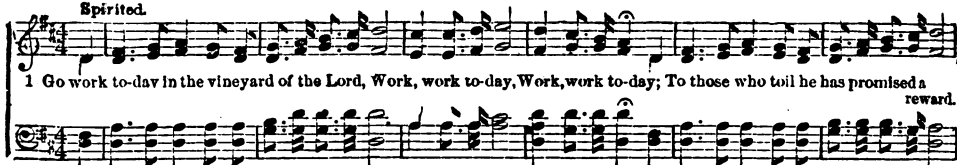
Then on each he setteth
His own secret sign :
" They that have my Spirit,
These," saith he, " are mine."

4 Jesus is our Shepherd,
Guided by his arm,
Though the wolves may rave,
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.

THE LORD'S VINEYARD.

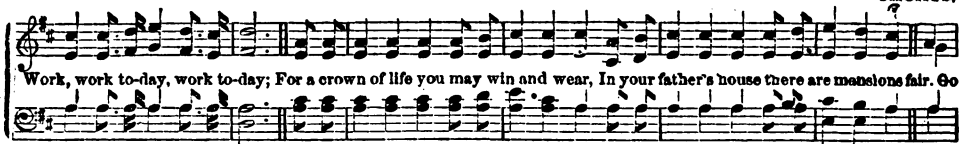
"GO: WORK TO-DAY IN MY VINEYARD."—"THE HARVEST TRULY IS GREAT, BUT THE LABORERS ARE FEW."

Spirited.

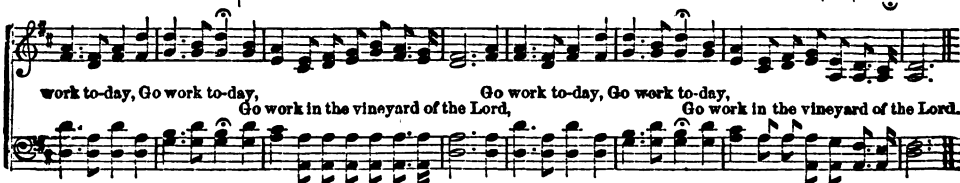


1 Go work to-day in the vineyard of the Lord, Work, work to-day, Work, work to-day; To those who toil he has promised a reward.

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



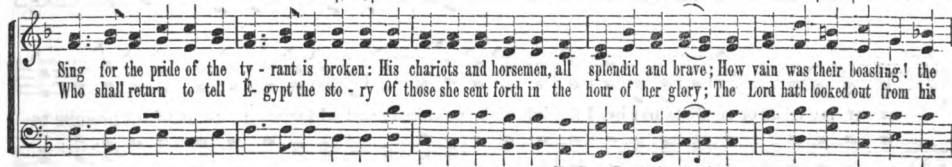
work to-day, Go work to-day, Go work to-day, Go work to-day, Go work in the vineyard of the Lord, Go work in the vineyard of the Lord.

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, &c.

3. Glad news, glad news to the 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, &c.

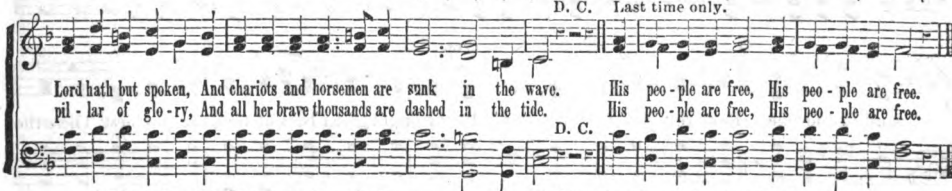


1 Sound the loud tin-brel o'er E-gypt's dark sea, Je-ho-vah hath triumphed, his peo-ple are free;
2 Praise to the con-quer-or, praise to the Lord; His word was our ar-row, his breath was our word;



Sing for the pride of the ty-rant is broken: His chariots and horsemen, all splendid and brave; How vain was their boasting! the
Who shall return to tell E-gypt the sto-ry Of those she sent forth in the hour of her glory; The Lord hath looked out from his

D. C. Last time only.



Lord hath but spoken, And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave. His peo-ple are free, His peo-ple are free.
pil-lar of glo-ry, And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide. His peo-ple are free, His peo-ple are free.

D. C.

- 1** Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!
Zion the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth,
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth.
- Cho.**—Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!
Messiah is King, Messiah is King!
- 2** Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

Tell how he cometh, from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round.
How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned.

Cho.—Shout the glad tidings, &c.

- 3** Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!
Mortals your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the glad some hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing,
One chorus resound thro' the earth and the skies.—**Cho**

ENDURING REST.

"There remaineth therefore a REST to the people of God."

1. O why should I fal-ter, or why should I fear, Tho' hea-vy the cross and tempta-tions severe, What-

ev-er my trials or conflicts may be, I'll think of the promise record-ed for me, I'll think of the promise re-

cord-ed for me. *p* Rest, rest, en-dur-ing rest, *cres.* In the bright green Isles of the pure and blest, There the

soul looks out on the smiling plains, There a rest for the people of God remains, *p* Rest, rest, endur-ing rest. *ritard.*

ENDURING REST. Concluded.

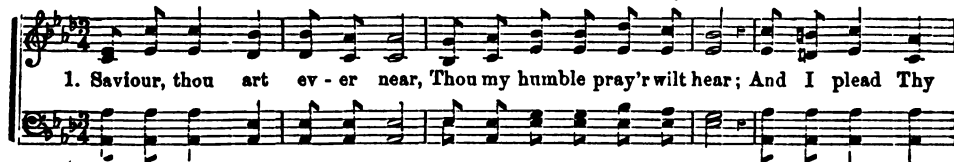
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- 2 Though long is the journey, and rugged the way,
In storm and in tempest, my spirit can say,
I love the sweet promise of Jesus divine,
That tells me where comfort will ever be mine. *Cho*
- 3 Tho' deepest affliction may wring from my heart,
The tear that in silence, unbidden will start,
- 4 Believing that promise, by faith I can say,
I know where all sorrow will vanish away. *Chr*
- 4 At sunset, when watching the rose-tinted skies,
My soul to the voice of the twilight replies,
I know of a country all teeming with light,
Where falls not a shadow of darkness or night. *Cho.*

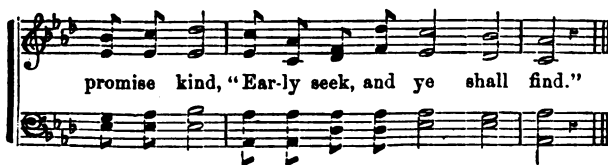
EARLY SEEKING. 78.

FROM "FRESH LAURELS."

By REV. ALBERT WALDRON.



1. Saviour, thou art ev - er near, Thou my humble pray'r wilt hear; And I plead Thy



promise kind, "Ear-ly seek, and ye shall find."

- 2 I am vile and full of sin,
Jesus make me pure within;
Lead me to Thy heavenly flood,
Wash me in Thy precious blood.
- 3 Lord, I want to be Thy child,
Make me gentle, meek and mild;
I would pure and holy be,
Teach me how to come to Thee.

- 4 When I go to work or play,
Be Thou with me day by day;
When I seek my quiet bed,
Let Thy wings be o'er me spread.

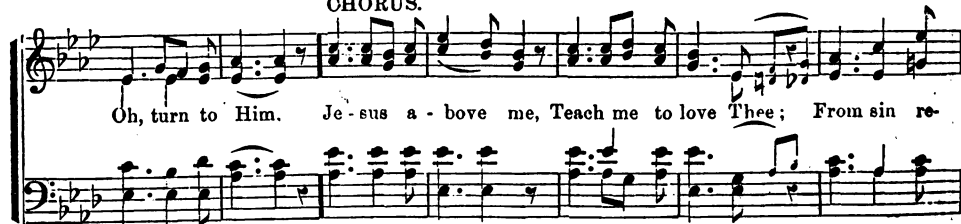
- 5 Saviour, hold me lest I fall,
Deign to hear me whilst I call;
O, regard my humble cry!
Save me, Jesus, or I die.

Words by W. C. W.



1. Turn to the Lord and live, On His true Word believe; He will your soul receive,

CHORUS.



Oh, turn to Him. Je-sus a - bove me, Teach me to love Thee; From sin re-



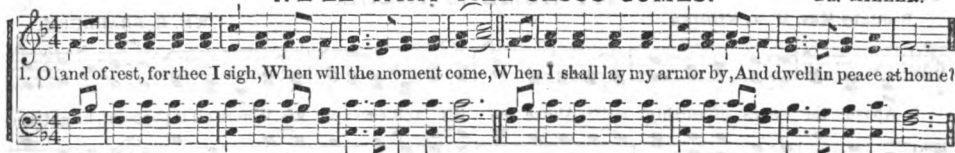
move me Lord, hear my prayer.

2 Listen! His promise hear,
Jesus can soothe all fear,
He can dry every tear,
Oh, turn to him. *Cho.*

3 He, for thy sins hath died,
Jesus, the Crucified,
He, Sacrifice supplied,
Oh! turn to Him. *Cho.*

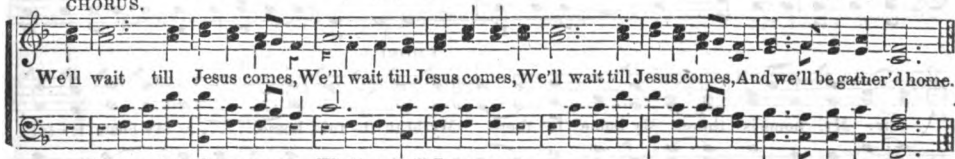
WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

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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,

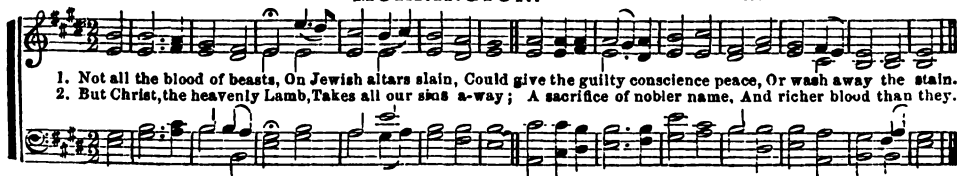
2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome,
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

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.

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.

S. M.

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

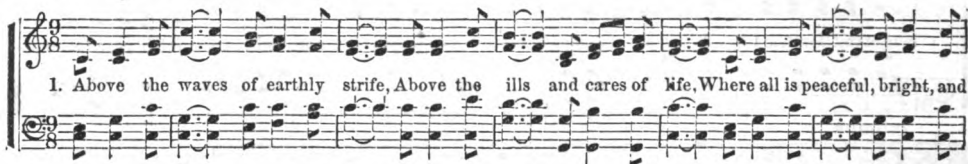
4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes, her guilt was there.

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

MY HOME IS THERE.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Above the waves of earthly strife, Above the ills and cares of life, Where all is peaceful, bright, and

CHORUS.



fair; My home is there, My home is there. My beau-ti-ful home,..... My beau-ti-ful
My beau-ti-ful home,.... My



home,.... In the land where the glo-ri-fied ev-er shall roam, Where angels bright, wear crowns of
beautiful home, In the land where the glo-ri-fied ever shall roam, Where angels, angels bright, wear crowns, wear



light.... My home is there, my home is there.

crowns of light,

2.

Where living fountains sweetly flow,
Where buds and flowers immortal grow,
Where trees their fruits celestial bear;
My home is there, my home is there.
My beautiful home, etc.

MY HOME IS THERE. Concluded.

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8 Away from sorrow, doubt and pain,
 Away from worldly loss and gain,
 From all temptation, tears and care;
 My home is there, my home is there. *Cho.*

4 Beyond the bright and pearly gates,
 Where Jesus, loving Saviour, waits,
 Where all is peaceful, bright and fair;
 My home is there, my home is there. *Cho.*

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

Dr. L. MASON, by permission.

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 wander-er, The sungone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone,
 Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee!
 Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er 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 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!

5 Or if, on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon and stars forget,
 Upward I fly.
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

I'LL THINK OF MY SAVIOUR.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. (I'll think of my Saviour when daylight is breaking Away from the darkness and gloom of the night,
When fresh from his slumber the sun is awaking, And girding himself with the [Omit] armor of light.)

2.

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.

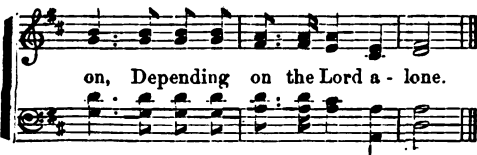
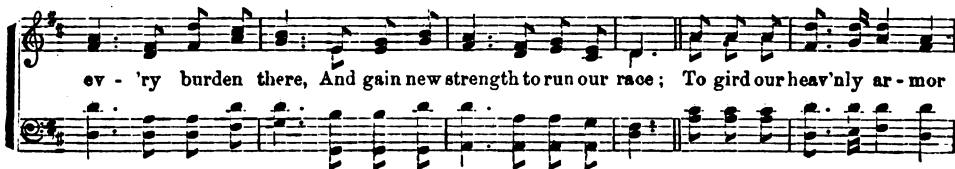
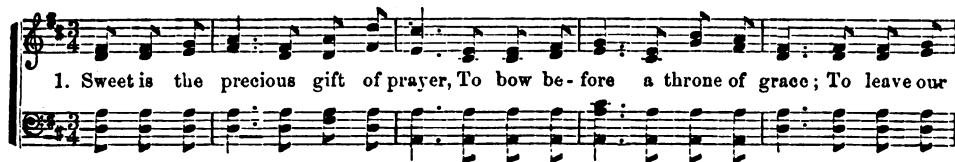
CHO.—I'll think of my Saviour, &c.

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.



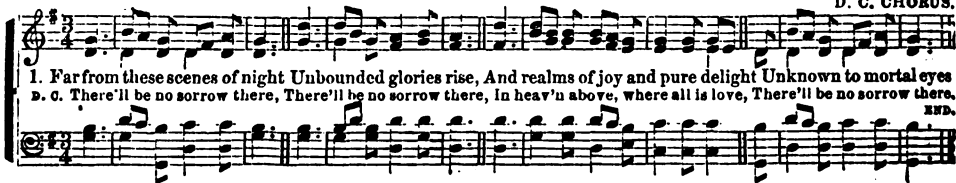
2 And sweet the whisper of his love,
When conscience sinks beneath its load,
That bids our guilty fears remove,
And points to Christ's atoning blood.
Oh then 'tis sweet indeed to know
God can be just and gracious too.

3 Sweet is the peace that Jesus gives
When all around is dressed in gloom;
'Tis sweet to know the Saviour lives
When friends are hurried to the tomb,
And those we love are snatched away
Like flowers that wither in a day.

4 But, O, to see our Saviour's face,
From sin and sorrow to be freed,
To dwell in his divine embrace—
This will be sweeter far indeed!
The fairest form of earthly bliss,
Is less than nought, compared with this

NO SORROW THERE.

D. C. CHORUS.



1. Far from these scenes of night Unbounded glories rise, And realms of joy and pure delight Unknown to mortal eyes
D. C. There'll be no sorrow there, There'll be no sorrow there, In heav'n above, where all is love, There'll be no sorrow there. *END.*

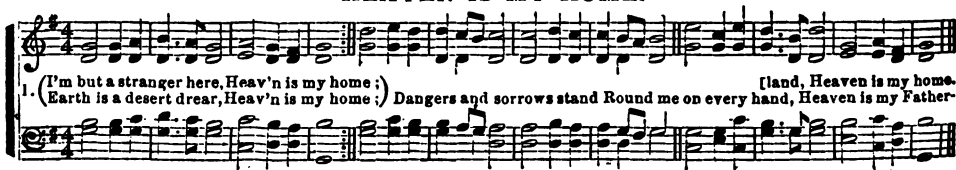
2 Fair land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more. *Cho.*

3 No cloud those regions know—
Realms ever bright and fair;

For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there. *Cho.*

4 O may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire,
Bear every thought above. *Cho.*

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.



1. (I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home;) [land, Heaven is my home.
(Earth is a desert drear, Heav'n is my home;) Dangers and sorrows stand Round me on every hand, Heaven is my Father—

2 What though the tempest 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.

FOR HE CARETH FOR YOU.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 209

1 Cast-ing all your care up - on Him, For He car-eth for you, For He car-eth, for He car-eth,
 For He car-eth for you. With a love so kind and tender, Grateful service should you render; Give to Him the
 lead you bear, Cast on Him your weight of care, For He car-eth for you, For He car-eth for you.

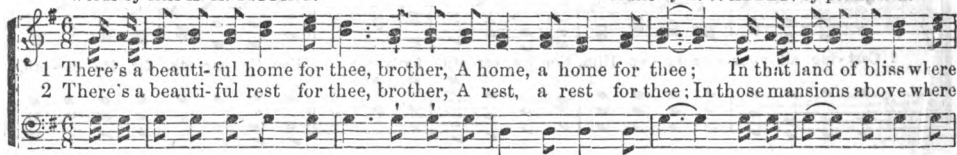
2 Casting all your care upon Him,
 For He careth for you,
 For He careth, for He careth,
 For He careth for you.
 In the time of grief and trial,
 Weary pain, and self-denial;
 Look to Him for grace and strength,
 He will comfort you at length,
 For He careth for you.

3 Casting all your care upon Him,
 For He careth for you,
 For He careth, for He careth,
 For He careth for you.
 In the hour of mortal anguish,
 When in death's cold arms you languish,
 Place in Him your perfect trust,
 He will raise you from the dust,
 For He careth for you.

A BEAUTIFUL HOME.

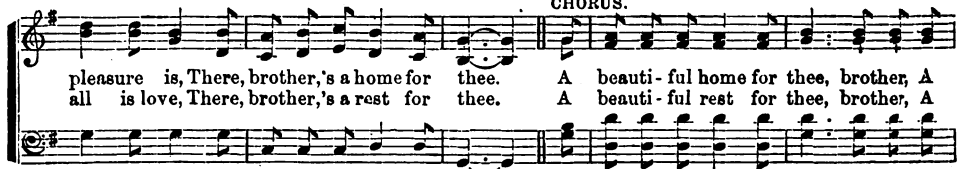
Words by Miss K. M. TOPPING.

Music by A. J. ABBEY, by permission.




1 There's a beauti-ful home for thee, brother, A home, a home for thee; In that land of bliss where
2 There's a beauti-ful rest for thee, brother, A rest, a rest for thee; In those mansions above where

CHORUS.



pleasure is, There, brother, 's a home for thee. A beauti-ful home for thee, brother, A
all is love, There, brother, 's a rest for thee. A beauti-ful rest for thee, brother, A



beauti-ful home for thee; In that land of bliss where pleasure is, There, brother, 's a home for thee.
beauti-ful rest for thee; In those mansions above where all is love, There, brother, 's a rest for thee.

3 There's a beautiful crown for thee, brother,
A crown, a crown for thee,
When the battle is done, and the victory won,
Our Saviour will give it to thee.

Cho.—A beautiful crown for thee, &c.

4 There's a beautiful robe for thee, brother,
A robe, a robe for thee;

A robe of white, so pure and bright,
A glorious robe for thee.

Cho.—A beautiful robe for thee, &c.

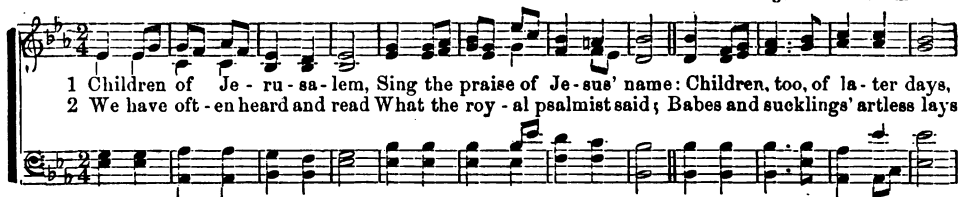
5 Wilt seek that beautiful home, brother,
That home, that home above;
In that land of light, where all is bright,
That land where all is love?

Cho.—A beautiful home for thee, &c.

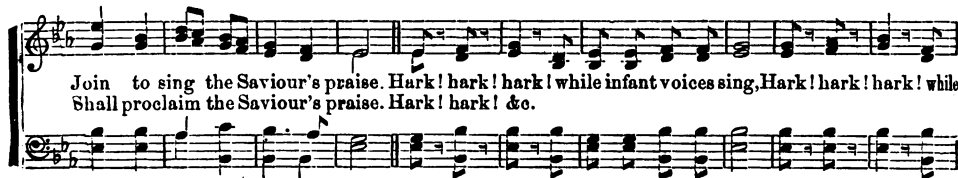
CHILDREN OF JERUSALEM.

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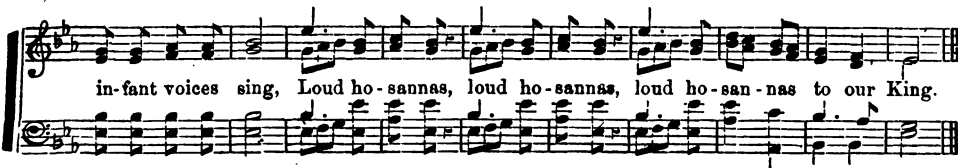
Arranged for this work.



1 Children of Je - ru - sa - lem, Sing the praise of Je - sus' name: Children, too, of la - ter days,
2 We have oft - en heard and read What the roy - al psalmist said; Babes and sucklings' artless lays



Join to sing the Saviour's praise. Hark! hark! hark! while infant voices sing, Hark! hark! hark! while
Shall proclaim the Saviour's praise. Hark! hark! &c.



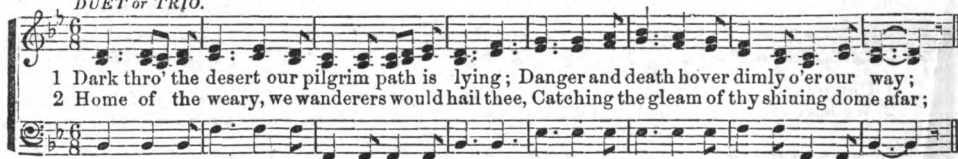
in - fant voices sing, Loud ho - sannas, loud ho - sannas, loud ho - san - nas to our King.

3 We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read his word,
We are taught the way to heaven,
Praise to God for all be given.—Hark, &c.

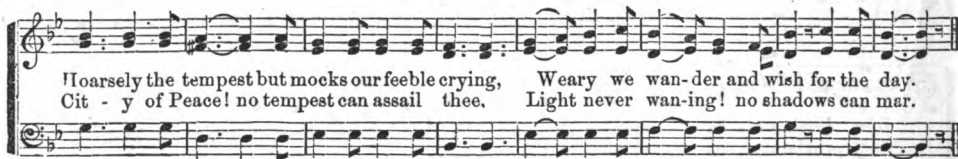
4 Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song;
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosanna reach the skies.—Hark, &c.

MORNING LIGHT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

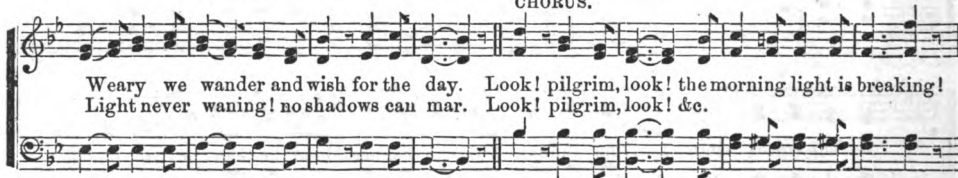


1 Dark thro' the desert our pilgrim path is lying; Danger and death hover dimly o'er our way;
2 Home of the weary, we wanderers would hail thee, Catching the gleam of thy shining dome afar;



Hoarsely the tempest but mocks our feeble crying, Weary we wan-der and wish for the day.
Cit - y of Peace! no tempest can assail thee, Light never wan-ing! no shadows can mar.

CHORUS.



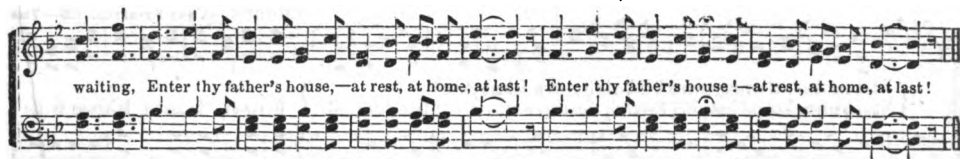
Weary we wander and wish for the day. Look! pilgrim, look! the morning light is breaking!
Light never waning! no shadows can mar. Look! pilgrim, look! &c.



Shout! for the perils of the gloomy night are past! Joy! for the shining ones to welcome thee are

MORNING LIGHT. (Concluded.)

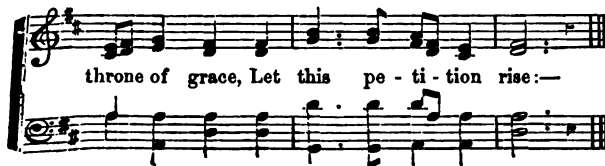
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- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 Robes of ransomed! our eyes have caught your
lustre,
Songs of the sinless! your echoes reach our ear!
Garlands of lilies on purest foreheads cluster;
Eyes beam with gladness unsullied by a tear.
<i>Cho.</i>—Look, pilgrim, look! &c.</p> | <p>4 Saviour Divine! to Thee our joys are owing!
Thanks be to God! for the victory is won!
Past is the peril, and thankful hearts o'erflow-
ing,
Join the glad choral, for heaven is begun!
<i>Cho.</i>—Look, pilgrim, look! &c.</p> |
|--|--|

NAOMI. C. M.

Dr. L. MASON, by permission.



C. M.

- 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 through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

ZION'S HILL.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st. 2d. CHORUS.—VERY SPIRITED. (20—Two measures.)

1 (What are these soul-reviving strains Which echo thus from Salem'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.
Chò. 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.
Chò. 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.
Chò. Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

ZION'S PILGRIM.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

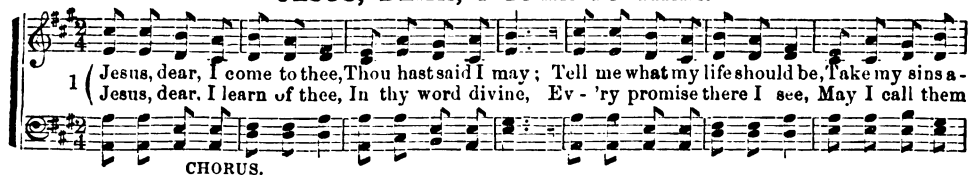
END. CHORUS.—All. D.C.

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. 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.—*Cho.*
- 3 O blessed land ! O happy land !
When shall we reach thy golden shore ?
And one redeemed and broken band,
United be for evermore.—*Cho.*
- 4 And if our robes are pure and white,
May we all reach that bless'd abode ?

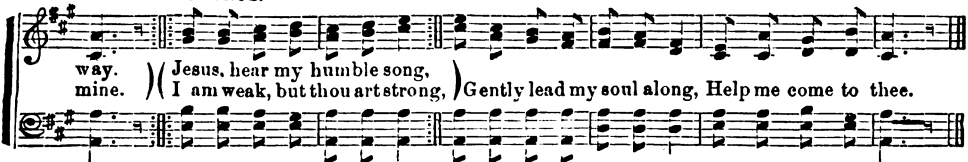
- O yes, they all shall dwell in light,
Whose robes are washed in Jesus' blood.—*Cho.*
- 5 We all shall reach that golden shore,
If here we watch, and fight, and pray ;
Straight is the way, straight is the door,
And none but pilgrims find the way.—*Cho.*
- 6 O, may we meet at last above,
Amid the holy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

JESUS, DEAR, I COME TO THEE.



1 (Jesus, dear, I come to thee, Thou hast said I may ; Tell me what my life should be, Take my sins a-
Jesus, dear, I learn of thee, In thy word divine, Ev - 'ry promise there I see, May I call them

CHORUS.



way.) (Jesus, hear my humble song,
mine.) I am weak, but thou art strong,) Gently lead my soul along, Help me come to thee.

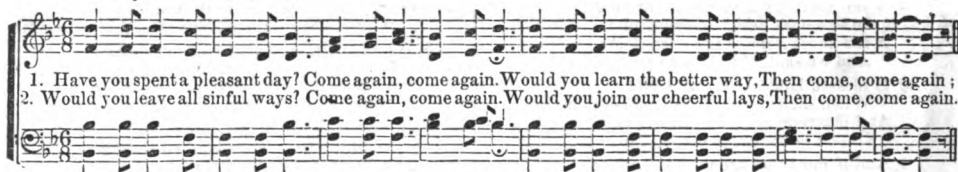
- 2 Jesus, dear, I long for thee,
Long thy peace to know,
Grant those purer joys to me,
Earth can ne'er bestow ;
Jesus, dear, I cling to thee ;
When my heart is sad,

- Thou wilt kindly speak to me,
Thou wilt make me glad,
CHO. Jesus hear, &c.

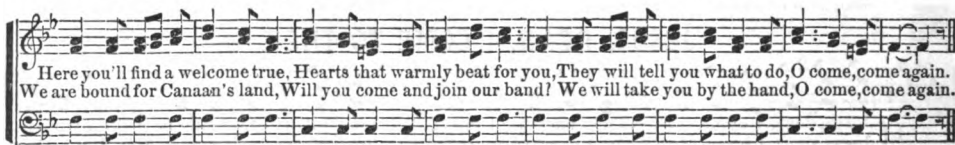
- 3 Jesus, dear, I trust in thee,
Trust thy tender love,

- There's a happy home for me,
With thy saints above ;
Jesus, I would come to thee,
Thou hast said I may,
Tell me what my life should be,
Take my sins away.—*Cho.*

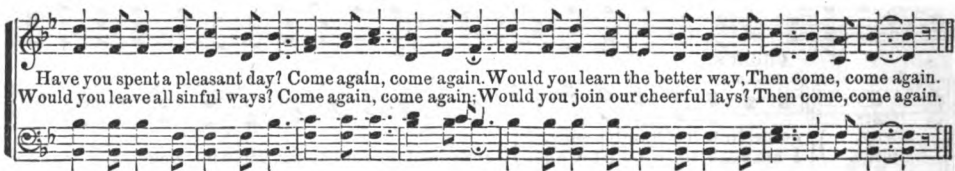
"COME AGAIN."



1. Have you spent a pleasant day? Come again, come again. Would you learn the better way, Then come, come again ;
 2. Would you leave all sinful ways? Come again, come again. Would you join our cheerful lays, Then come, come again.



Here you'll find a welcome true. Hearts that warmly beat for you, They will tell you what to do, O come, come again.
 We are bound for Canaan's land, Will you come and join our band? We will take you by the hand, O come, come again.



Have you spent a pleasant day? Come again, come again. Would you learn the better way, Then come, come again.
 Would you leave all sinful ways? Come again, come again; Would you join our cheerful lays? Then come, come again.

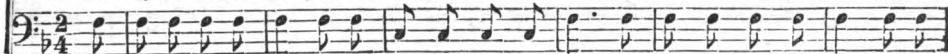
3 Words of comfort you shall hear,
 Come again, come again :
 From the book we love so dear,
 Then come, come again ;
 Jesus suffered on the tree,
 Jesus died for you and me,
 His disciple you may be,
 O come, come again.

4 Come on every Sabbath day,
 Come again, come again ;
 Never, never stay away,
 O come, come again ;
 Now improve the hours that fly,
 They are gliding swiftly by,
 You are not too young to die,
 Then come, come again.

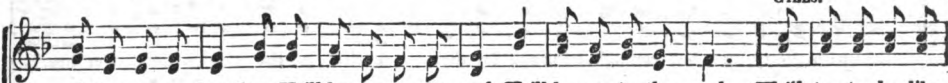
Gentle, not too loud.



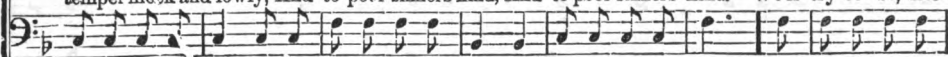
1. We'll try to be like Je- sus, The children's precious Friend, Far dear-er than a mo-ther, A
2. We'll try to be like Je- sus, In bo- dy and in mind; For pure he was and ho- ly, In



GIRLS.

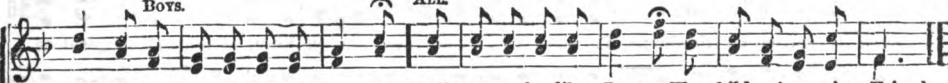


sis-ter, or a bro-ther, He'll love us to the end, He'll love us to the end. We'll try to be like
temper meek and lowly, And to poor sinners kind, And to poor sinners kind. We'll try to be, &c.

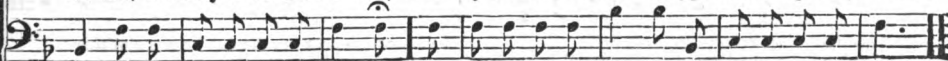


Boys.

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.—*Chorus.*

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.—*Chorus.*

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.

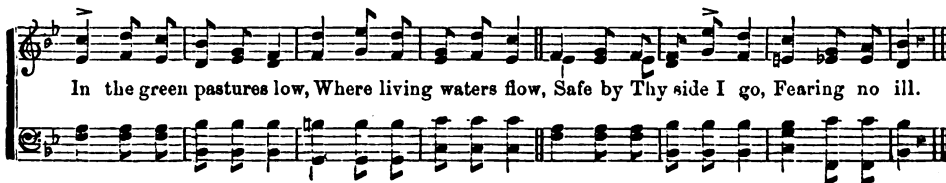
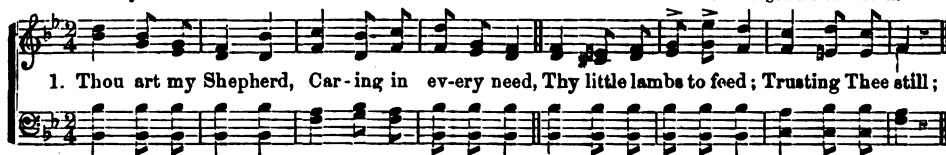
3 Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee,
Bright as the summer's noontide ray,
The star-gemmed crowns and realms of glory,
Invite thy happy soul away.
Away, away, leave all for glory,
Thy name is graven on the throne,
Thy home is in the world of glory,
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

MY SHEPHERD.

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Words by Miss THALHEIMER.

Music arranged for this work.



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 !

1 LORD, do not leave me !
I'm but a little child,
Weak, poor, and sin defiled,
Afraid, alone ;

But Thou art strong and wise,
No ill can Thee surprise ;
Beneath Thy loving eyes
Danger is none.

2 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.



- 1 O all ye Works of the Lord, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 2 O ye Angels of the Lord, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 3 O ye Heavens, bless, | ye the | Lord; || yea let it praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 4 O ye Sun and Moon, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 5 O ye Stars of Heaven, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 6 O ye Light and Darkness, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 7 O all ye Powers of the Lord, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 8 O ye Ice and Snow, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 9 O ye Winter and Summer, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 10 O ye Frost and Cold, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 11 O ye Nights and Days, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 12 O ye Mountains, and Hills, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 13 O let the Earth, | bless the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 14 O ye Seas and Floods, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever
- 15 O let Israel, | bless the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 16 O ye Children of Men, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 17 O ye Righteous, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever
- 18 O ye Servants of the Lord, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 19 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
- 20 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || world with- | ou: end, | A- | men.



- 1 Praise the Lord, | O my | soul; || and all that is within me, | praise his | holy | name.
- 2 Praise the Lord, | O my | soul, || and for- | get not | all his | benefits;
- 3 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin, || and | healeth | all thine | infirmities;
- 4 Who saveth thy | life from de- | struction, || and crowneth thee with | mercy and | loving |
kindness.
- 5 O praise the Lord, ye Angels of his, ye that ex- | cel in | strength; || ye that fulfil his com-
mandment, and hearken unto the | voice of | his = | word.
- 6 O praise the Lord, all | ye his | hosts; || ye servants of | his that | do his | pleasure.
- 7 O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of | his do- | minion: || praise thou
the | Lord, = | O my | soul.
- 8 Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
- 9 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without | end | A- | men.

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HYMNS FOR CHURCH WORSHIP.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE CLARIONA.

1—L. M.

GOD.

1. **BEFORE** Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.
2. His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.
3. We are His people; we His care;
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?
4. We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And Earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
5. Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

2—C. M.

GOD.

1. O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!
2. Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
3. A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone—
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
4. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
5. O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

3—C. M.

GOD

1. GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
2. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds, ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
3. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace:
Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face.
4. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

4—L. M.

GOD.

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, Thy holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

5—L. M.

CHRIST.

1. JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
2. From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at His feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.
3. To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
4. People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

6—L. M.

CHRIST.

1. WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown!
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

V—L. M.

CHRIST.

1. **He** lives, the great Redeemer lives,
What joy the blest assurance gives;
And now, before His Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of His blood.
2. Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
3. Hence, then, ye black, despairing thoughts;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
4. In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on His heart.
5. Great Advocate, Almighty Friend!
On Him our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

S—C. M.

CHRIST.

1. **The** head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
2. **The** highest place that heaven affords,
Is His by sovereign right;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright;—
3. **The** joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

4. To them, the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.
5. They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.
6. To them the cross is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him,
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

S—Ss & 7s.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

1. **In** the cross of Christ I glory!
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
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 more lustre to the day.
4. Bane and blessing, 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 light of sacred story,
Gathers round its head sublime.

10—L. M.

CROSS OF CHRIST.

1. OH! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God, the Saviour, loved and died;
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From His dear wounds, and bleeding side.
2. I would for ever speak His name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne.
3. All hail! Thou great Immanuel, hail!
Ten thousand blessings on Thy name!
While thus Thy wondrous love we tell,
Our bosoms feel the sacred flame.
4. Come, quickly come, Immortal King!
On earth Thy regal honors raise;
The full salvation promised bring,
Then every tongue shall sing Thy praise!

11—C. M.

IMMANUEL.

1. DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus, and my God,
Who can resist Thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with Thy blood!
2. 'Tis by the merits of Thy death,
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by Thy interceding breath,
The Spirit dwells with men.
3. Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.
4. But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sin.

12—8s, 7s & 4s.

CALVARY.

1. HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder;
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.
2. "It is finished!" Oh! what pleasure
Do these charming words afford,
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ, the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints! the dying words record.
3. Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs!
Join to sing the pleasing theme!
All in earth and heaven, uniting,
Join to praise Immanuel's name;
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

13—L. M.

LOVING KINDNESS.

1. AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me.
His loving kindness, Oh! how free!
2. He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all:
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, Oh! how great!
3. Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, Oh! how strong!
4. Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have Him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

14—L. M. STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

1. WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
2. Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But One alone, the Saviour, speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.
3. Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
4. Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a Star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
5. It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
6. Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

15—C. M. CHRIST, A REFUGE.

1. DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise—
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
2. To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
3. But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;

The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4. Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
5. Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

16—C. M. ADVENT.

1. WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground;
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
2. "Fear not," said he—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.
3. "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:
4. "The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
5. Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:
6. "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

17—C. M.

CHRIST.

1. MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd.
His lips with grace o'erflow.
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. To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.
6. Since from thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

18—C. M.

ADVENT.

1. MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
To hail th' auspicious day.
2. In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.
3. Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4. Down through the portals of the sky

Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5. Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
"Good-will and peace" are heard throughout
Th' harmonious angel throng.

6. Hail, Prince of life! forever hail,
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

19—C. M.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

1. OH! for a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King;
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
2. Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend Him, rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.
3. While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honor sing;—
O'er all the earth he reigns.
4. Rehearse His praise, with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock Him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
5. In Israel stood his ancient throne:—
He loved that chosen race;
But now He calls the world His own;
The heathen taste His grace.

20—C. M.

LOVE OF JESUS.

1. JESUS, the very thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast:
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!
3. O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!
4. But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show,
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

21—C. M.

NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST.

1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend His cause;
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.
2. Jesus, my God! I know His name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
3. Firm, as His throne, His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.
4. Then will He own my worthless name,
Before His Father's face;
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

22—11s&10s.

BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

1. **BRIGHTEST** and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
2. Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
3. Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would His favor secure;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,—
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

23—C. M.

PRAISE.

1. **COME**, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
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, for ever thine.
4. Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thy endless praise.

24—C. M.

PRAISE.

1. O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise—
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!
2. My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.
3. Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
4. He breaks the power of reigning sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

25—C. M.

JESUS.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And for the weary, rest.
3. By Thee, my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.
4. Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5. Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
6. Till then, I would Thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name,
Refresh my soul in death.

26—C. P. M.

PRAISE.

1. O, COULD I speak the matchless worth
O, could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.
2. I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.
3. I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.
4. Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

27—S. M.

PRAISE.

1. AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wako, 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 intercedes above,
For those whose sins He bore.
3. Sing, on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on rejoicing, every day,
In Christ, the exalted King.
4. Soon shall your raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

28—S. M.

PRAYER.

1. Jesus who knows full well,
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.
2. He bows His gracious ear,
We never plead in vain:
Yet we must wait till He appear,
And pray, and pray again.
3. Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry:
Yes, though He may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.
4. Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause His care.

29—C. M.

HOLY SPIRIT.

1. COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
2. Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.
3. Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?
4. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

30—C. M.

HOLY SPIRIT.

1. ETERNAL Spirit, God of truth,
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Kindle a flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.
2. 'Tis Thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed;
'Tis Thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.
3. Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be;
That we, in singleness of heart,
May worship only Thee.
4. Then with our spirits witness bear,
That we're the sons of God;
Redeemed from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

31—S. M. **HOLY SPIRIT.**

1. COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
2. Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
3. Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free,
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

32—L. M. **TRINITY.**

1. O HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Bright in Thy deeds and in Thy name,
Forever be Thy name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim!
2. O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its lay
Along the realms of upper day!
3. O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory giv'n,
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heav'n!
4. O God triune, to Thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may Thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

33—S. M. **REVIVAL.**

1. OH! for the happy hour
When God will hear our cry,
And send, with a reviving power,
His Spirit from on high.
2. Thou, Thou alone canst give
Thy gospel sure success;
Canst bid the dying sinner live
Anew in holiness.
3. Come, then, with power divine,
Spirit of life and love;
Then shall our people all be Thine,
Our church like that above.

34—L. M. **THE DIVINE TEACHER.**

1. How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and gladness filled the place!
2. From heaven He came, of heaven He spoke,
To heaven He led His followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.
3. "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest.
4. Decay, then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

35—6s & 4s.

FAITH.

1. MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.
2. May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.
3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide:
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray,
From Thee aside.
4. When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blessed Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

36—8s & 7s.

JESUS A FRIEND.

1. ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once His kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.
2. Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God;
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a Friend in need!
3. When He lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same;
Still He calls them "Brethren—friends,"
And to all their wants attends.
4. Oh! for grace, our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

37—7s & 6s. LONGING FOR 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. Whene'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.

MERCY SEAT.

1. How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of His face,
And sheds His love abroad!
2. Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds His court.
3. Here on the mercy-seat
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,
And smile on all around.
4. To Him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.
5. Give me, O Lord, a place
Within Thy bless'd abode,
Among the children of Thy grace,
The servants of my God.

PRAYER.

1. PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
2. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.
3. Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels, in their songs, rejoice,
And cry,—behold, he prays!

4. O, Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,—
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:—
Lord, teach us how to pray!

CONSECRATION.

1. I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us
From the accursed load:
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.
2. I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

CONSECRATION.

1. WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be Thine;
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages, Thine.
2. Known to all to be Thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near—
Shout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints, the Lord is near!

42—C. M.

AMAZING GRACE

1. AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see.
2. 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!
3. Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
4. The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my Shield and Portion be,
As long as life endures.

43—L. M.

LONGING FOR HEAVEN.

1. WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord! 'tis enough that Thou art mine;
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
2. This life's a dream—an empty show;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?
3. Oh! glorious hour!—Oh! blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
4. My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

44—7s.

PRAISE.

1. COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore, will not say thee nay!
2. Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
3. Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
4. Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

45—L. M.

LOVE TO CHRIST.

1. THOUGH all the world my choice deride,
Yet Jesus shall my portion be;
For I am pleased with none beside;
The fairest of the fair is He.
2. Sweet is the vision of Thy face,
And kindness o'er Thy lips is shed;
Lovely art Thou, and full of grace,
And glory beams around Thy head.
3. Thy sufferings I embrace with Thee,
Thy poverty and shameful cross;
The pleasures of the world I flee,
And deem its treasures only dross.
4. Be daily dearer to my heart,
And ever let me feel Thee near;
Then willingly with all I'd part,
Nor count it worthy of a tear.

46—C. M.

CLOSER WALK.

1. OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!
2. Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
3. The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
4. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame:
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

47—S. M.

PROVIDENCE.

1. How gentle God's commands!
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.
2. Beneath His watchful eye,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guard His children well.
3. Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
4. His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

48—S. M.

PILGRIM'S SONG.

1. COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround His throne.
2. Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
3. The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
4. Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

49—8s & 7s.

JOY AT THE CROSS.

1. SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend.
2. Love and grief, my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
3. Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in His gracious eye.
4. Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy streaming in His blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

50—8s & 7s.

SAVING GRACE.

1. SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
2. Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.
3. Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.
4. By Thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

51—G. M.

ASPIRATION.

1. O COULD I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on His word.
2. Lord, I desire with Thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.
3. Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly Thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve Thy love divine.
4. Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love Thee more.

52—C. M.

COURAGE.

1. AM I a soldier of the cross,—
A follower of the Lamb,—
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?
2. Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

53—S. M.

TIME.

1. TO-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.
2. The present moment flies
And bears our life away;
O, make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
3. Since on this fleeting hour,
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by Thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.
4. One thing demands our care;
O, be that still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

54—G. M. ENTIRE PURIFICATION.

1. **FOREVER** here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,—
For me the Saviour died.
2. My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.
3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own,
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.
4. Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

55—L. M. MERCY SEAT.

1. **FROM** every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.
2. There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.
3. There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy seat.
4. Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy seat?

56—S. M. A CHARGE TO KEEP.

1. **A CHARGE** to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
2. To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.
3. Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
4. Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

57—L. M. COURAGE.

1. **STAND** up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.
2. Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.
3. Then let my soul march boldly on,—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
4. There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

58—L. M. **THE EASY BURDEN.**

1. O THAT my load of sin were gone,
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!
2. Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp Thine image on my heart.
3. Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I can not rest, till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in Thee.
4. Fain would I learn of Thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The Cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labor of Thy dying love.
5. I would, but Thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with Thy perfect peace.

59—L. M. **SYMPATHY OF CHRIST.**

1. WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
2. If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,

To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do:
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Will guard me in that dangerous hour.

3. When mourning, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend;
And from his hand, his voice, his smile
Divides me for a little while,—
My Saviour marks the tears I shed,
For "Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead."
4. And, O! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

60—S. M. **CONFIDENCE.**

1. GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
2. Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
3. Still heavy is thy heart!
Still sink thy spirits down!
Cast off the weight, let fear depart;
Bid every care be gone.
4. Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.
5. What, though thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well!

61—C. M.

PROVIDENCE.

1. WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled!
2. Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To Thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.
3. In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.
4. In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

62—C. M.

THE RACE.

1. AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
2. A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
3. 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
4. That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victor's wreaths and monarch's gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5. Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

63—7s & 6s.

TRUST IN CHRIST.

1. WHEN my heart was sick and sore,
With the load of sin I bore;
And no earthly hope could see,
Jesus, I came to Thee!
In Thy love my safety lies;
In Thy perfect sacrifice,
All my terrors have an end,
O glorious, perfect friend.
2. When beneath the tempter's power,
Fallen in an evil hour,
In my shame, where could I flee,
Only, my Lord, to Thee?
Thou did'st comfort, cleanse, forgive:
By Thy perfect life I live;
Healing and mercy dwell for me,
Only, my Lord, in Thee.
3. When a thousand cares annoy,
And would all my peace destroy,
Tossed upon a changing sea,
Saviour, I rest in Thee!
Thou art free from earthly care
And Thy strength divine I share,
Happy, and calm, and safe, and blest,
While still in Thy love I rest.
4. When the terror of the tomb
Fills my fainting soul with gloom,—
Terror of the path unknown,
Where I must tread alone,—
In the cold and dismal vale,
Still my heart shall never fail;
Bright in the gloom Thy face I see,
And Saviour, I trust in Thee!

64—C. M. "COME UNTO ME."

1. I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.
2. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.
3. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

65—C. M. DYING LOVE.

1. THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
3. Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

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.
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.

66—C. P. M. HOLY TREMBLING.

1. Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.
2. O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.
3. Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?
4. Be this my one great business here—
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to ensure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

67—7a.

LOVEST THOU ME.

1. HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour—hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee—
“Say, poor sinner, lov’st thou Me?”
2. “I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
3. “Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath—
Free and faithful—strong as death.
4. “Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov’st thou me?”
5. Lord! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore—
Oh! for grace to love Thee more!

68—L. M.

MERCY.

1. COME, weary souls! with sins distress’d,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour’s gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
2. Here mercy’s boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace,—
How rich the gift, how free the grace!
3. Dear Saviour! let Thy powerful love
Confirm our faith,—our fears remove;
Oh! sweetly reign in every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

69—C. M.

RETURN.

1. RETURN, O wand’rer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam,
In guilt and misery;
Return, return!
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;
Return, return!
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:
Return, return!

70—C. M.

RETURN.

1. RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father’s face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by His grace.
2. RETURN, O wanderer, return;
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy soften’d spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.
3. RETURN, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Come to His cross, and, grateful, learn
How Jesus can forgive.
4. O wretched wand’rer, now return,
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn;
’Tis love invites thee near.

71—C. M.

CONTRITION.

1. O Thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye,—
2. See, low before Thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
Hast Thou not said—"Return?"
3. And shall my guilty fears prevail?
To drive me from Thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fall,
This only safe retreat.
4. O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let Thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

72—L. M.

CONTRITION.

1. Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?
2. O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
3. My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but Thou art clear.
4. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,—
Some sure support against despair.

73—C. M.

CONTRITION.

1. PROstrate, dear Jesus! at Thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
2. If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.
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.
4. Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive;
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

74—7a.

WARNING.

1. Hasten, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be ~~wise~~.
2. Hasten, mercy to implore:
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.
3. Hasten, sinner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.
4. Hasten, sinner, to be blessed;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

PLEADING SAVIOUR.

1. Now the Saviour standeth pleading
At the sinner's bolted heart;
Now in heaven He's interceding,
Taking there the sinner's part.
2. Sinner, can you hate the Saviour?
Can you thrust Him from your arms?
Once He died for your behavior,
Now He calls you by His charms.
3. Now He's waiting to be gracious,
Now He stands and looks on thee;
See what kindness, love, and pity,
Shine around on you and me.
4. Come, for all things now are ready,
Yet there's room for many more:
O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store!

JESUS THE WAY.

1. JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,—
He, whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.
2. This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
3. The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,—
Come hither, soul, I am the way.
4. Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shall take me to Thee, as I am:
Nothing but sin have I to give,—
Nothing but love shall I receive.
5. Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say,—Behold the Way to God.

1. Oft when the waves of passion rise,
And storms of life conceal the skies,
And o'er the ocean sweep,
Toss'd in the long tempestuous night,
We feel no ray of heavenly light,
To cheer the lonely deep.
2. But lo! in our extremity,
The Saviour walking on the sea!
E'en now He passes by!
He silences our clamorous fear,
And mildly says, "Be of good cheer,
Be not afraid, 'tis I."
3. Ah, Lord! if it be Thou indeed,
So near us in our time of need,
So good, so strong to save;—
Speak the kind word of power to me,
Bid me believe, and come to Thee,
Swift-walking on the wave.
4. He bids me come! His voice I know,
And boldly on the waters go,
And brave the tempest's shock:
O'er rude temptations now I bound;
The billows yield a solid ground,
The wave is firm as rock!
5. Come in, come in, Thou Prince of peace!
And all the storms of sin shall cease,
And fall, no more to rise:
O, if Thy Spirit still remain,
Our rest on distant shores we gain,
Our haven in the skies!

78—S. M. **CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.**

1. BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
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. When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.
5. This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lies,
And longs to see the day.

79—Ss & 7s. **LOVE DIVINE.**

1. LOVE divine, all love excelling!
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling:
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion!
Pure, unbounded love, Thou art!
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.
2. Breathe, Oh! breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest.

Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave!

3. Finish, then, Thy new creation;
Pure, unspotted, may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation,
Perfectly secured by Thee:
Changed from glory unto glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise!

80—S. M. **SEEKING REST.**

1. Oh, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul!
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
2. The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh.
'Tis not the whole of life to li
Nor all of death to die.
3. Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above;
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years—
And all that life is love.
4. There is a death whose pang,
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh! what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!
5. Lord, God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun;—
Lest we be driven from Thy face,
And evermore undone.
6. Here would we end our quest—
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love—the rest
Of immortality.

81—L. M.

ASPIRATION.

1. JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Oh! knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there.
2. Thy love, how cheering is its ray!
All pain before its presence flies:
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er its healing beams arise.
3. Oh! let Thy love my soul inflame,
And to Thy service sweetly bind;
Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
And mould me wholly to Thy mind.
4. Thy love in sufferings be my peace.
Thy love in weakness make me strong;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love shall be my heaven and song.

82—C. P. M.

HEAVEN.

1. THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'ers given;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast,—
'Tis found above in heaven.
2. There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean 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.

83—C. M.

HEAVEN.

1. THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign:
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
2. There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.
3. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
4. But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
5. Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unobscured eyes:—
6. Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er—
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

84—CHANT.

HEAVEN.

1. ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me | o'er and | o'er, |
I'm nearer home to-day,
Than I've | ever | been be- | fore. |
2. Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many | mansions | be, |
Nearer the great white throne, |
Nearer the | Jasper | sea. |
3. Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our | burdens | down, |
Nearer leaving the cross, |
Nearer | gaining the | crown. |
4. Saviour, perfect my trust,
Strengthen my | feeble | faith. |
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the | shore of the | river of | death. |

85—C. M.

HEAVEN.

1. JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace and Thee?
2. When shall these eyes Thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
3. Oh! when, thou city of my God,
Shall I Thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4. There happier bowers than Eden bloom,
Nor sin, nor sorrow know:
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
5. Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for Thee:
Then shall my labors have an end
When I Thy joys shall see.

86—7s & 6s.

HEAVEN.

1. JERUSALEM the golden |
With milk and honey blest
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress.
I know not, oh! I know not,
What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare!
2. They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an Angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.
3. There is the throne of David;
And there from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever,
Are clad in robes of white.

87—7s & 6s.

CRUCIFIX.

1. O SACRED Head now wounded,
With grief and shame weigh'd down;
Now scornfully surrounded,
With thorns Thy only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was Thine;
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.
2. What language shall I borrow,
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
O make me Thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.
3. If I, a wretch, should leave Thee,
O Jesus, leave not me;
In faith may I receive Thee,
When death shall set me free.
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish,
By Thine own wounded heart.
4. Be near when I am dying,
O, show Thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—through Thy love.

88—7s.

LITTLE TRAVELLERS.

1. LITTLE travellers, Zionward,
Each one ent'ring into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest:
There to welcome, Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns His followers win;
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travellers in.

2. Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reach'd that heavenly seat,
They had ever kept in view?
"I, from Greenland's frozen land;"
"I, from India's sultry plain;"
"I, from Afric's barren sand;"
"I, from islands of the main."
3. All their earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky!
Each the welcome "Come" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin:
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travellers in.

89—8s, 7s & 4s.

GOOD TIDINGS.

1. On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive,
God Himself shall loose thy bands.
2. Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.
3. God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.
4. Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God, thy Saviour, will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

90—C. M.

BIBLE.

1. How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
2. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
And life, and light, and joy imparts,
And banishes our fears.
3. This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

91—L. M.

LORD'S SUPPER.

1. At Thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend Thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns Thy board,
And Thine own flesh feeds ev'ry guest.
2. Our faith adores Thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One that died;
We hope for heav'nly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.
3. Let the vain world pronounce its shame,
And fling their scandals on the cause:
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in His cross.
4. With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He, that was dead, has left His tomb;
He lives, above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till He come.

92—C. M.

LORD'S SUPPER.

1. WITH trembling faith, and bleeding heart,
Lord, I accept thy love:
'Tis a rich banquet I have had,
What will it be above?

2. Ye saints below, and hosts of heav'n,
Join all your praising pow'rs;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.
3. Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to Thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.
4. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God, whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

93—S. M.

THE CHURCH.

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.

94—L. M.

VOWS SEALED.

1. O HAPPY day that fix'd my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
2. O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
4. Now rest, my long-divided heart:
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from Thy Lord depart:
With Him of every good possess'd.
5. High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

95—C. M.

CONTEMPLATION.

1. I LOVE to steal awhile away
From ev'ry cumb'ring 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
Where none but God can hear.

3. I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,—
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.
4. I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.
5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

96—C. M.

SANCTUARY.

1. LORD! in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye;
2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
3. Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.
4. But to Thy house shall I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.
5. Oh! may Thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

97—C. M.

LORD'S DAY.

1. **THIS** is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
2. To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumph spread,
And all His wonders tell.
3. Hosanna to th' 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.

98—7a.

BLESSING SOUGHT.

1. **LORD**, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
2. Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
3. Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
4. Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

99—L. M.

SABBATH.

1. **THINE** earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2. No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues;
3. No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade—no clouded sun—
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
4. O long-expected day! begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

100—C. M.

THE CHURCH.

1. How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day."
2. I love her gates, I love the road;
The Church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace, built for God,
To show His milder face.
3. Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds His throne,
And sits in judgment there.
4. He hears our praises and complaints;
And while His awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.
5. Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest!
6. My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell,
There God, my Saviour reigns.

101—L. M.

DAY OF REST.

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 at night.
2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast:
Oh! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels! how divine!
4. But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

102—L. M.

OPENING YEAR.

1. GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.
2. By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.
3. With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown.
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful, leave before Thy feet.

103—7s.

CLOSE OF YEAR.

1. WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.

2. Fixed in their eternal state,
They have done with all below.
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.
3. As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily, the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind:
4. Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise
All below is but a dream.
5. Thanks for mercies past received,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.
6. Bless Thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

104—S. M.

DEATH.

1. It is not death to die—
To leave this weary road,
And, 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.
2. It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.
3. It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.
4. Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen can not die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

105—L. M. **EVENING HYMN.**

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.

L. M. **DOXOLOGY.**

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.

106—8s, 7s & 4s. **DISMISSION.**

1. Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh! refresh us,
Travelling through 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. So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day!

C. M. **DOXOLOGY.**

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

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